24

# FOREST AND STREAM.

## A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## *FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.*

### III.—THE RED SQUIRREL.

A HAWK, flashing the old gold of his pinions in the face of the sun, flings down upon you a shrill, husky cry of intense scorn; a jay scolds you like a shrew; from his safe isolation in the midwater, a loon taunts you and the awakening winds with his wild laughter; there is a jeer in the chuckling diminuendo of the woodchuck's whistle; a taunt in the fox's gasping bark as he scurries unseen behind the veil of night; and a scoff on hunters and hounds and cornfield owners is flung out through the gloaming in the raccoon's quavering cry. But of all the wild world's inhabitants, feathered or furred, none outdo the saucy red squirrel in taunts, gibes and mockery of their common enemy, man.

He is inspired with derision that is expressed in every tone and gesture. His agile form is vibrant with it when he flattens himself against a tree-trunk, toes and tail quivering with its intensity of ridicule as fully expressed in every motion as in his nasal snicker and throaty chuckle or in the chattering jeer that he pours down upon you when he has attained a midway or topmost bough and cocks his tail with a saucy curve above his arched back.

When he persistently retires within his wooden tower, he still peers out saucily from his lofty portal, and if he disappears you may yet hear the smothered chuckle wherewith he continues to tickle his ribs. When in a less scornful mood, he is at least supremely indifferent, deigning to regard you with but the corner of an eye while he rasps a nut or chips a cone.

Ordinarily you must be philosophical or godly, to suffer gibes with equanimity, but you need be neither to endure the scoffs of this buffoon of the woods and wayssides. They only amuse you as much as they do him, and you could forgive these tricks tenfold multiplied if he had no worse, and love him if he were but half as good as he is beautiful.

He exasperates you when he cuts off your half-grown apples and pears in sheer wantoness, injuring you and profiting him only in the pleasure of seeing and hearing them fall. But you are heated with a hotter wrath when he reveals his chief wickedness, and you catch sight of him stealthily skulking along the leafy bypaths of the branches, silently intent on evil deeds, and plotting the murder of callow innocents. Quite noiseless now, himself, his whereabouts are only indicated by the distressful outcry of the persecuted and sympathizing birds and the fluttering swoops of their futile attacks upon the marauder. Then when you see him gliding away, swift and silent as a shadow, bearing a half-naked fledgeling in his jaws, if this is the first revelation to you of such wickedness, you are as painfully surprised as if you had discovered a little child in some wanton act of cruelty.

It seems quite out of all fitness of nature that this merry fellow should turn murderer, this dainty connoisseur of choice nuts and tender buds, and earliest discoverer and taster of the maple's sweetness, should become so grossly carnivorous and savagely bloodthirsty.

But anon he will cajole you with pretty ways into forgetfulness and forgiveness of his crimes. You find yourself offering in extenuation of his sins, confession of your own offenses. Have not you, too, wrought havoc among harmless broods and brought sorrow to feathered mothers and woodland homes? Is he worse than you or you better than he?

Against his sins you set his beauty and tricky manners, and for them would not banish him out of the world nor miss the incomparable touch of wild life that his presence gives it.

## *AN ERRATIC.*

FROM a high hill which gives a wide outlook may be seen, far off, on the very verge of the horizon, where the sky bends down to meet the earth, a tiny speck. Traveling onward, it grows clearer and nearer. At first it seems a haystack, then a cabin, then a wagon, at last a buffalo; but it is none of these.

Still riding on over the yellow, rolling plains, where the short stems of the prairie grass quiver with a constant motion, where little ground squirrels flash across the horse's path and hide behind tufts of grass, and shore larks rise with sweet, soft notes and swing away with undulating flight, where dainty antelope slowly walk to the tops of the hills on either side and look about with curious eyes, the object draws nearer. Sometimes from the crest of a hill it seems close at hand, again, descending into a little valley, it is lost to view behind a swell of the prairie. At length it is close by and its nature can be seen.

In those ancient days when the vast ice sheet was melting, a great mass of stone was floated from the distant mountains. Carried on some huge berg, parted from the glacier which gave it birth, this rock journeyed from the west, and at length, falling from its long-time resting place, sank to the earth, and when the waters disappeared, remained here, a landmark on the prairie.

Here for ages it has stood, steadfast, immovable. The winds of winter buffet it; the heats of summer scorch and bake it. Behind it the storm piles up a long white drift of snow; spring floods collect about it in a little lake, soon dried up. Under its lee, perhaps, the chilled Indian, returning alone from his unsuccessful war journey, has stopped to seek shelter from the bitter blasts which sweep over the prairie, bearing death on their icy wings; or in summer the panting wolf has stretched himself for a moment in its grateful shade. The birds have visited it. Eagles and hawks have perched here and with watchful eye surveyed the prairie, alert to see the slightest movement of grouse or hare or ground squirrel. The little birds, too, have rested here for a moment; sparrows and the titlark with sedate walk and gravely turning head. A mountain rat has made it his home, and in the crevice of the rock has built his nest.

Though it has traveled far on the ice the boulder shows little wear. Its knobs and roughnesses are still sharp, but each protuberance and angle is polished and covered with a bright brown gloss, like the corners of fence posts in a barn yard, against which cattle have rubbed their sides.

For ages this great erratic has been the buffalo's scratching post. Here in passing, the dark herds have turned aside and halted, and mighty bull, sleek young cow and playful yearling have sidled up to this massive rock, and with grunts of contentment have pushed their rounded bodies against it, and been jostled and crowded and struck by the horns of others, eager to take their turn. About this stone they have walked to and fro and cut up the soil with their hoofs and made it fine dust, which the unceasing wind has carried away and scattered far over the prairie. So, after the lapse of centuries of time and the passing away of many generations of buffalo, a deep trench has been worn about the erratic, and it stands on a pillar of the soil, the top of which is level with the prairie.

Never again will the boulder witness the sights that it has beheld in the past. It stands in its old place as firm and steadfast as of yore, but the friends that used to visit it have passed and are passing away. In these latter days no Indian crouches behind it for shelter from the storm, nor do buffalo crowd about it. No graceful antelope sweep by in rapid flight, seldom does a wolf approach it, or an eagle from its top look with unblenching eye toward the sun.

The life of the old prairie has passed away.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

How to get the better of the "Yorker" appears to be the chief aim of some of the New Jersey game protective societies. The Plainfield society exacts a tax of $2, for which it gives a membership certificate entitling him to shoot and fish anywhere in the State. But there is another society at Fort Lee, which refuses to recognize the Plainfield certificate, and calls for $10 more before a New York man can shoot or fish in the Fort Lee territory. And up to a late period—if not now—there was no shadow of authority under heaven for either one of these societies collecting a dollar from a non-resident of the State of New Jersey. Every dollar they ever exacted from a non-resident, who paid it under the belief that the law demanded it, was secured from him by false pretenses.

Ontario has a law limiting the fishing of the "tourist" or "summer visitor," these terms being defined to include "all persons who may, during the spring, summer or autumn months, be temporarily visiting, boarding or lodging in any locality at a distance of over five miles from their usual place of residence other parts of the year." This, it will be seen, includes Canadians as well as Americans. The restrictions forbid a tourist or summer visitor taking more than twelve black bass in one day, or any bass of less than ten inches in length; or more than fifty speckled trout (or fifty pounds), or any trout of less than five inches in length.

One who writes history that amounts to anything—that pictures the life, the men, the human nature of the past—must write with a certain gift of imagination by which he puts himself among the people and in the times whose deeds are recorded. So the writer of natural history must in a sense possess the same sympathetic insight into his subject. It is this quality which explains in part the charm of such a chronicle of bird life as is Dr. Morris's paper on the ruffed grouse.

And now the Delmonico case—illicit sale of woodcock in July—has gone over to next October. That is what they tell you down in the City Hall; but whether District Attorney Nicoll honestly intends to have the Fifth avenue July woodcock purveyor tried in October is something nobody can tell anything about. The public has learned not to take much stock in Mr. Nicoll's promises in a woodcock case.

You may measure a man's interest in the rod and gun by the thoroughness with which he reads the advertising pages of the FOREST AND STREAM.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—II.

### GREEN LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### Old Hickory Tries It.

THE next morning, after an early breakfast, ten minutes' work put the canvas boat together: and two of us carried it down the bank and launched it for its first cruise. It was a new Osgood folding boat 15ft. long, and sat so lightly on the water that it seemed but a feather at the whim of the light morning breeze that was amusing itself in fitful flurries and cat's-paws along the shore.

I could not have been more pleased had I been a boy again with my first pair of red-topped boots, for it just about filled my eye, and besides, it was a present from the Colonel; may his shadow never grow less.

I waited nearly an hour for Mason, chafing with impatience at his tardiness, and at last decided to start without him. I was eager to test the sea-going qualities of the new boat and feel the spring of the old rod again; the same "old reliable" that had stood by me for nine years in many a hard-fought battle with the bronzebacks and the pike tribe of low and high degree: and with a lunch, a minnow bucket with three frogs in it, a rod for minnows and a bait box full of Kentucky worms, the canvas was headed down the lake for the mouth of the little stream connecting Green and Duck lakes, where Sam and Charley had caught some fine minnows the day before.

Knowing from experience the weakness of the bass and pickerel of northern Michigan for speckled frogs, I hooked on one of the three in the bucket, and fished slowly along outside of an occasional patch of grass and bulrushes, patiently and expectantly, clear down to the mouth of the stream, without hearing a single note of music from the click of the reel to start the blood to quicker flow. This would have given Old Sam a serious backset, but as the water did not look very fishy along that shore I was not much disappointed, and maybe frogs were not the bait the fish were hankering after that day, and they would likely take more kindly to minnows when I got some.

I pushed the boat up the shallow, rapid stream a few rods till I found a deep hole scooped out under a root, where I got a few minnows; but they were too small for anything but goggles eyes; I wanted some that would fill the eye of a 5lbs. bass.

I got a few of the right size at another hole, and went on up till I came to the mouth of a little stream coming in from the left that was barely wider than the boat and nearly overlapped with long swamp grass. I had started to push the boat into the narrow opening on an exploring expedition, when I was startled with "Hello, there, old Kingfisher!" and looking down stream from whence the hail came, there were Aleck and his brother, my old friend Jim in Aleck's little tip-over-on-the-slightest-pretext dugout, which he had left at the camping place a few days before, as much at home apparently as though standing on the deck of a steamer. Jim had come from Leland the day before for a couple of days' visit to his brother, and finding him at the son-in-law's, where he had first gone, he had come over to the camp with him to see "old Hickory" and the boys, and finding me gone, had followed down the lake according to directions given them by the Colonel. As I was not in sight on the lake they had pushed up the stream, slipping up so quietly that I was not aware of their presence till Jim hailed.

They pushed alongside and after a hearty shake with Jim he said, "Knowin' the general habits o' kingfishers, he 'lowed he'd find the old bird settin' on a dead limb somewhere up the crick lookin' for minners."

Aleck said if I was not in a hurry to get back on the lake, to push on up the little stream a matter of twenty-five or thirty rods and he would show me the prettiest little lake in the country, and besides, we might get a bass or two out of it.

Jim got in my boat to lessen the draught of the dugout, and standing up and using an oar each as a pole—the stream was too narrow to use them in the rowlocks—we were soon in the solitude of the dense cedar swamp, through which the winding, twisting stream found its tortuous way.

It was so narrow that it was touch and go with the boat in some of the short kinks, and it required the sharpest kind of a lookout to avoid a shipwreck by ripping a hole in the canvas on some of the numerous roots and snags and limbs infesting the bottom of the stream, some parallel with the banks, others crosswise, "catawampus" and all other directions.

At times we had to stoop low to pass under some small tree or limb that reached clear across: and it was shallow, too, in places only three or four inches deep, and several times Aleck had a hard tug to push the deeper-draught dugout over places where the canvas had gone clear. At last we turned a kink in the stream and pushed the boat out through a dense mat of lily pads fringing the shore into as lovely a little sheet of water as the eye could wish to rest on. It was irregular in outline, something longer than wide, and, as near as a guess could make it out, about 500 or 600ft. across, with the evergreen woods, dense, solemn and silent, growing to the very water's edge clear around.

The water was clear and much colder than that in Green Lake, as I found on dipping up a cupful for a "cooler" after the trip through the hot woods from the other stream; and it looked so deep and gloomy that a cold chill chased up my back as I leaned over the side of the boat trying to get a sight of the bottom.

Aleck came alongside in the dugout from out of the stream and accounted for the clearness and coldness of the water by explaining that the lake was fed and kept full by a big cold spring a short distance back in the swamp at the upper end, nearly opposite the outlet.

When we had admired the little gem till well rested we prepared to fish it awhile, and Aleck took his way around to the right with a troller out, while Jim and I started to make the entire circuit to the left with live bait, thus giving our intended victims a chance to choose between two styles of "comin' to grief." I hooked on a good shiner and Jim pulled the boat slowly along a few feet outside of the narrow belt of lily pads and bulrushes that fringed the shore nearly all the way around. We fished around to a sandy point 100yds. away without a symptom, and around that with extra care and caution into a little rush-lined bay, and around to a small naked sand bar near where the spring came in, still without the encouragement of a single nibble.

Here we met Aleck and held a short meeting of condolence, his luck having been equally as good as ours. The water pitched off deep at the sand bar and looked fishy, which moved us to tarry awhile and still-fish, but it amounted to nothing, although we could see some blue-gills and big goggle-eyes "profligatin' 'round" the bar, just to tantalize us it seemed, but as we were not fishing for blue-gills nor big goggle-eyes, we passed a few resolutions bearing on the case and passed on.

We kept slowly on around to the outlet and took a turn back over 100yds. of good-looking water and back again to the outlet, where we waited for Aleck, who was taking another run over to the sand bar and back.

When he came alongside we compared notes and found that

"We hadn't ketched a single bass,
Nor nary pick-er-el."

And if there were any in that little lake we failed to find it out.

We picked our way back down the stream, carrying a load of discouragement that settled the canvas at least a half inch deeper in the water, and Aleck came near not getting through at all with his dugout. But after all I am not sorry to have wet a line in the beautiful little lake in the woods, and if I ever go back to Green Lake again I shall certainly pay it another visit and not count the time wasted, even if I don't get a nibble.

We stopped at a deep hole before we got out to the lake and caught a few more shiners, to make sure we would not run out of bait when the fun began.

When we pulled out at the mouth of the stream we found the wind had risen, blowing straight down the lake with a force that curled up a few white caps a mile below. This decided Aleck to hide his tottery little dugout in the bushes near the water and get in the canvas with Jim and me, and at the same time we were not sure how it would behave in rough water, but we concluded to take the chances, whatever the outcome. If it would not carry three men in a mild blow it was "no good," and the sooner I found it out the better, and, being good swimmers, we wouldn't growl much at such a trifle as a ducking, if a mishap overtook us.

I hooked on a shiner and with Aleck at the oars we struck out for the foot of the lake, hoping the luck would take a turn and we could go back in the evening with a string of bass that would cheer up the camp and shorten old Sam's face at least a foot. A quarter of a mile down we got out from under the shelter of the wooded shore around the mouth of the stream and into the wind and rough water; but the "iron clad" (old Sam had in a spirit of ridicule christened the canvas boat the "iron clad") behaved very well, except for a decided undulating motion that made the joints of the bottom boards creak as it rose and fell on the waves that went rolling by, for Aleck was holding the oars in the water as a drag to keep from going too fast to fish.

A half mile further down we met a jolly family party coming up the lake in a big ungainly skiff—father, mother and seven children, ranging from a toddler of two or three years to a couple of well grown boys at the oars. They had two lines trailing astern and two more winged out on either side on short rods, "spooning it;" and appeared to be out for a good time, as we were, and as we exchanged the greetings and civilities of the day, we learned they were having as good luck as we, and we hadn't been blessed with a nibble since leaving the little river—nor before.

The water got rougher as we neared the lower end of the lake, but it was a matter of small concern, as the iron clad was behaving admirably and the fish biting equally as well as at the beginning of the cruise. We saw our two boats from the camp across the lake, a half mile apart, too far away to recognize the occupants, and as they were headed up lake and pulling sturdily against the white-capped seas, we figured it out that they had caught all the fish they wanted and were going back to astonish the Colonel.

We were now near the foot of the lake, and on turning a point to our right, were in a sort of narrow pocket, in smooth water, and within a few rods of the outlet, the head of the Betsy River. We concluded to go down to the "Chute," a matter of a hundred yards or so down the stream, and get some good big minnows to tempt the bass with on our way back, for they would surely bite along toward evening, and we didn't feel quite safe to go back to camp without a single fin to show after a whole day's fishing.

Just before entering the river we passed another happy family of fishers anchored three or four rods to our left in a boat at the edge of the rushes and lilypads. This time it was an Indian family, Mister Lo and his wife and a couple of small brown youngsters that stared at us stolidly as we went by, wondering doubtless what manner of queer water craft the ironclad was anyhow. Mister Lo was equipped with a pole cut from the woods, not an inch under 18ft. long and of a weight that we could only guess at. Even as we wondered how much that pole would weigh, the cork went under, and almost at the same instant a hapless goggle-eye was yanked 30ft. in the air, and describing a circle overhead and shoreward, came down and swung back and forth two or three times like a pendulum till Lo caught the line, released the hook from the mouth of the paralyzed goggle-eye and tossed it over in the stern of the boat, where it was promptly pounced on by the suddenly alert youngsters. By the time we were well by Lo had adjusted his bait and cast in again and stood waiting for another victim, as fixed and motionless in his attitude as one of his wooden brethren that stand guard at cigar stores, without once deigning a glance at us before, during or after the performance. We smiled a stealthy smile at the amusing "episode," which we had no right to do, for the Indian had proved himself the better angler, as we hadn't even a paralyzed goggle-eye to our credit.

We landed at a convenient place a few rods above the chute and walked down to the lower end of it, where we rigged a couple of extra minnow rods, and in a few minutes were flipping out as fine a lot of big shiners as ever tempted a bass to his downfall.

The chute, or sluiceway, was a contrivance to raise the water in the lake; and when a sufficient head, 5 or 6ft., had accumulated to run logs through it on the flood and on down the river below. It was strongly built of heavy squared timbers, banked up solidly from both sides of the stream, and had two gates at the upper end like an old-fashioned forebay to a mill, which were hoisted out when the water was backed up in the lake and logs ready to run through. Just now the gates were out and only the water from the lake at its natural stage was running through like a streak four or five inches deep on the floor. The torrent rushing through at log-running times had scooped out a deep hole below, near 100ft. long and a matter of three or four rods wide, and it looked so provokingly "fishy" that I was moved to get the old rod and try for a bass. It was not perhaps the right time in the season to look for bass in such a place, but in the spring there are no doubt plenty of them seeking the upper waters and resting in the pool before making their way up the rapid current in the chute.

A choice shiner was hooked on and dropped in the swift water just below the timbers and the reel allowed to run as the current carried the bait nearly to the riffles below. When it floated off into the quieter water at one side it was reeled back with sundry alluring "out-curves and in-shoots" to the foot of the chute, where the swirl sucked it under the sheet of quick water and away down stream again to the riffles. I fished with great industry for half an hour without any sign of a bass being in the pool, but I was no worse off than two or three natives fishing along the bank below.

Long before I gave up the hope of capturing a bass out of the pool, Jim and Aleck had filled the bucket with a choice lot of shiners and a few chubs, and we went back to the boat and took our way out of the river and up the lake, under a settled conviction that it was a mighty poor day for bass or any other kind of fish except shiners.

#### Trout Stream and Camp Site.

The trout stream Aleck had mentioned in one of his letters was, he said, about a quarter of a mile away, flowing into the lake from a great spring; and we headed for the mouth of it with a lingering hope that we might take back a mess of trout for the boys, if nothing else.

As we paddled out from behind the shelter of the point we caught the wind square abeam; and as it was considerably fresher than when we came down, and the water whiter and rougher, we felt surer of a ducking before reaching the stream than we did of a trout supper; but we were pleased to find that a course parallel to the rollers, in the trough of the waves, was the ironclad's best point. Had we been in a skiff of the same dimensions, we would have been rolled over before going ten rods, but that odd-looking canvas "contraption," fashioned after no other model on the earth or seas, just rose and fell on the white-capped waves with as little roll as a raft. The only trouble was to keep the curling seas from breaking over the low, insloping windward side; but with care in meeting an occasional big one at the proper instant, we held our course without shipping more than a half pint of water.

When off the mouth of the stream it looked bad for making a landing, for here the wind had a full sweep for nearly the whole length of the lake, and the rollers were tumbling square on the beach with a crash that boded ill for the ribs of the ironclad; but we picked out a spot on the smooth strip of sand free of stones or pebbles, and went at it "sideways, like a hog goin' to war." When three or four yards from shore we stood up and let the wind blow us broadside on; and as a comber lifted the boat and was about to dash it on the beach, we made a preconcerted jump, landing in four or five inches of water, and when the next wave brought the boat back Jim and I grabbed it stem and stern and lifted it bodily out on the sand before another incomer had time to "get its work in" on us.

We sunk the bucket of minnows under a root in the stream, hid the boat in the bushes to be out of sight of any chance passers that might take a notion to it, and under Aleck's guidance took our way up the beach for a hundred yards to some higher ground to avoid the dense tangle along the stream near its mouth, out over the open country to its source, from whence we would fish back to where we had hidden the boat.

The way led along not far from the stream over a scope of country that had been ravished by fire except in the ravine through which it found its winding way thirty or forty feet below us, and we went floundering through loose sand, ashes and patches of tall ferns, over charred and blackened logs and prostrate trunks of limbless trees lying in all conceivable directions along the high rolling ground overlooking the ravine, till I found myself making a mental calculation of how many trout it would take to compensate us for all the labor and sweltering discomfort we were undergoing, and wondering if I would ever get forgiveness for all the subdued but none the less vehement cussin' it required to keep the somewhat rheumatic old starboard leg from failing me at a critical time when straddling over an extra large fallen tree, which extra large fallen tree seemed to obstruct the way with frequent regularity.

When less than a quarter of a mile from the lake we halted a minute or two on a knoll from whence we could look down on the stream, the most desolate and God-forsaken looking spot, doubtless, in northern Michigan; a lump of disappointing possibilities, sandy and bare except for three or four blackened, branchless stubs of trees pointing skyward, a few scattering, sickly ferns, and a patch of stunted, puny-looking quaking aspen bushes that fluttered feebly with every breath of wind, and *this*, Aleck informed me with a burst of enthusiasm, was the place he had originally selected for our camping place because it would be handy to the "beautiful spring and trout stream."

After a careful survey of the surrounding country and the approaches to this lovely spot, it occurred to me that we might possibly have transported the camp outfit to it in a balloon, but not in a wagon.

I said nothing to Aleck, only that I was very glad he had finally decided on the place where the camp then was, but I swore a silent but comprehensive oath right there on the spot that had he lured us to the cheerless, comfortless out-of-the-way region of wretchedness, without one solitary redeeming feature to it—not even a leaf for shade—and a quarter of a mile or more from the lake, over a road, or rather the lack of a road, that would have started a church deacon on the downward parth in five minutes, he would never have lived to return to the bosom of his family. At the same time I was satisfied

that his intentions were good, and that from the outset he wanted to do the very best he could for us, and did; but his judgment about the requisites for a good camping place was badly warped, in the case of this desolate knoll at least.

### Educated Trout.

A few rods further on, he led the way down the hill and through a narrow strip of cedars and willows that had escaped the fire, and we were at the fountain head of the trout stream, a mast remarkable spring of exceedingly cold water, and so clear that it looked as transparent as a drop of dew. The water seemed to come from some where under the hill, up from under the roots of some cedars at the head of a basin 50 or 60ft. across, that looked to be 8 or 10ft. deep, but it was no doubt deeper in places, for the water was so very clear that it was hard to judge the depth. There were few places in it clear of fallen trees and old logs, some of which looked to have lain there a hundred years. Their roots had lost their grip in the loose swampy soil bordering the basin, and they had fallen across it from nearly every point of the compass, filling the pool with a maze of tree trunks large and small—a wilderness of spikes and leafless limbs that looked almost too intricate for a trout to make his way through.

But there were trout there as we saw; but they were so wary and shy that the slightest move of a bush, or the least quiver of a half submerged tree trunk caused them to dart into hiding among the spikes and limbs. Their shyness was in a measure accounted for, however, by the dozen or more old and freshly cut fish poles lying around, which had been used by Tom, Dick and Harry when they "went a troutin' to the big spring," which Aleck said was almost a daily occurrence, so that hardly a day in the week did the pool get a full rest.

Jim and Aleck selected a pole each from the assortment, and my pocket "calamity box" completed the outfit. Then from the bait box strapped around my waist the "inducements" were produced, and we went carefully to the work of furnishing the boys a trout supper. Jim and Aleck worked around to the further side, while I mounted the fallen trunk of a good sized hemlock, reaching nearly across the pool, and stepped gingerly and cautiously out on it a few feet, where I could reach and drop the baited hook alongside the nearly submerged trunk, where there was a space of a yard or two clear of limbs.

Instantly three good sized trout flashed out from under the body of the tree and out of sight in the tangls over in the direction of Jim and Aleck. A minute or two after Aleck from his log yanked out an 8in. trout, may be one of the three I had scared over to him; and before Jim or I got a nibble—albeit we were expecting one every quarter of a second—he hoisted out another, a little larger than the first, this time undoubtedly one of my two.

In the next ten minutes he didn't get another, neither did Jim or I, which was a trifle discouraging to us. I moved down to another log, and after a few minutes quiet fishing flipped out a fingerling, which was tossed back in the water, to be yanked out next day, it might be, and "counted" by some hoodlum who had no respect for the trout law nor peradventure any other. The little fellow was under the limit of 6in., which I could tell to a nicety by the width of my hand, including the extended thumb.

Just as Aleck missed another one, the third probably of my trio, Jim lifted one out from among the limbs and exulted, for it was a little bigger than Aleck's best one, Not to be left, I got a nibble and missed, but at the next cast I swung one out over the edge of the bank, where he dropped off the hook, and with two flops was back in his native element and out of sight under a sunken log, wondering no doubt what had hit him. This one was even smaller than my first, at which I rejoiced and changed logs for one further down toward the outlet.

Meeting with no success on this log, I went on down near to the outlet, a matter of five or six rods from where I first made a cast, or rather drop, and finding just as good fishing there as at the last log, I concluded to fish along down the stream to the boat, leaving Jim and Aleck to follow at their will.

After leaving the basin of the spring the stream had a width of 8 or 10ft. for most of its length, with water enough flowing in it to run an average country sawmill.

This was the "beautiful spring and trout stream near by," and in truth it was a most wonderful spring, but to see it was hardly worth the trouble of getting to it, at least not more than once.

A hundred yards or more down the stream I came to a place where it spread out to a width of about 10yds. for 30yds. or more, and here I caught one trout of 9in., and lost another of about the same size by getting foul in some roots.

Soon after Jim and Aleck came meandering down on the other side, and stopping near the head of the widening took out three or four good trout in a few minutes; and it occurred to me, after a thoughtful survey of the surroundings, that I was on the wrong side of the stream—the "left" side, as it were.

I moved down to where the stream narrowed again, falling over a couple of logs on the way, on account of a hitch in the working gear of my starboard knee joint, and caught a small trout that I figured out was astonished twice. First, at the uncermonious manner in which he was persuaded to leave the water, and second, that he escaped with his life, by being thrown back in the stream.

I went on down, over logs and through the tangle, fishing a little here and there—which resulted in one more trout that crowded the limit, but I kept him—till at last I came out on the beach at the mouth of the stream, tired, hot and chock full of a feeling of "general cussedness" and disappointment. It wasn't a good day for trout; I made up my mind to that, or I had lost my cunning, which amounted to the same thing as far as my catch was concerned.

I went back over the ground in my mind. I had seen a dozen or more trout on the way down from the widening, but they were wilder than bucks and stood not on the impulse of going, but got. I had caught five measly trout, two only of which were above the lawful length of 6in.—which law is a farce and dead letter, because eight in ten pay not the slightest regard to it. I had barked both shins and carried away on my clothes a goodly portion of the black off numerous charred tree trunks and logs that infested the way. I had scattered along the route a good many new cuss words, some plain and some with "scroll work on 'em," that were wasted on the desert air. I had fished in the "beautiful spring and stream" and I struck a balance and called it square. I had enough.

### Cedar Root Meditations.

I sat down on a cedar root near the boat and cogitated on the day's experiences in general and on the "onsartinty o' trout fishin' as a satisfyin' pastime," and waited for Jim and Aleck to come. I was hungry and got out the lunch (for one), and dividing it in three equal portions ate my share and felt in a better frame of mind; in fact, I felt so much better that I involuntarily whistled the first eight measures of "Gettin' out o' the Wilderness" with such moving effect on the audience—a dejected looking kingfisher perched on a dead limb a few rods up shore and a couple of little teeter snipe bobbing and bowing along the beach and dodging the incoming rollers—that I felt called on to repeat it, with the chorus hitched on. Then I wished Barney had put up a heap bigger lunch, and waited some more for Jim and Aleck.

If any brother reading this has at some time sat waiting on a root or log, wondering what in the name of "old scratch" was keeping a comrade loitering and fooling away time along a stream that he had just fished over himself with poor results, he will understand the situation and maybe not blame me too much for the few remarks I made, some of them bordering on the profane.

After waiting two solid hours—it seemed so long, at least—the bushes parted near the boat and the two laggards stepped out on the beach with fourteen good-sized trout strung on a forked twig; and then it was plainer than ever that I had been fishing the wrong side of the spring and stream, a lame excuse, doubtless, but it was the best I could think of at the time.

They finished the remainder of the lunch in short order; and we got ready to launch the ironclad and try our luck again with the bass. This was not quite as easy as "fallin' off a log," for the wind was stronger and the lake even rougher than when we landed; but we placed the minnow bucket, trout and rods in the boat, and picking it up by the gunwales shoved it into the surf bows on, where I held it steady, keeping the sternpost from pounding on the beach till Jim and Aleck got in and shipped both pair of oars; and then as they let fall I rolled into the stern somehow with wet feet, and we were afloat again without a mishap. When four or five rods out we turned up shore and followed it around with the wind first abeam, but as we held a course corresponding to the curve of the shore line at the lower end of the lake we were soon pulling straight in the wind's eye. We found this to be the boat's worst point, but it was so buoyant that only once in a while would a bigger wave than usual dash a pint or so of water and spray in over the low bow, which was readily "sopped up" with a big sponge and squeezed out over the side.

Had the lake been much rougher we doubtless would have swamped and had to swim for it, but the little canvas shell climbed the waves like a water snake, without the least roll, and we felt as easy in her as though seated in the Traverse City boat with her high sides and 54in. beam. I was much pleased with the performance and seagoing qualities of the ironclad, and would not have swapped her for the best corner lot in Interlochen; however, even with Jim and Aleck each pulling a pair of oars we made little headway against the wind and sea, but we were in no hurry, for we were "goin' slow fur a bass."

I had hooked on a good lively shiner soon after leaving the mouth of the trout stream, and as I have found that the bass of these northern lakes usually bite better when the wind is blowing hard and the water is rough than when there is no wind and a smooth sea, I was looking every moment to feel the spool of the reel make a few rapid turns under my thumb from the "strike" of some bronzed warrior of the tribe; but as we had worked over a mile or more of fairly good water without a note from the click, it began to look as if all the signs were turned upside down, and the bass of Green Lake were not to be fooled by white caps, wind, or anything else as far as we were concerned.

We began to feel a trifle discouraged, but kept on up along the shore to the point, where Aleck felt tolerably certain we would get a bite or two, as that point was, he said, the best bass grounds in the lake. The water here was not nearly so rough as below, as the shore, looking toward Interlochen, afforded a partial shelter from the wind, and we fished quietly and carefully around the point and back, and then off it for 50yds., and right at the point for nearly an hour altogether, but not a click of the reel greeted our expectant ears from strike of bass, pickerel or other fish.

### Green Lake Voted a Fraud.

It was a backset of large proportions, and Aleck was busy most of the time inventing reasons and excuses for the poor fishing, or rather the lack of fishing around the best point in the lake for bass. At last even he gave it up as a waste of time and we pulled around the point and up to the rush-grown bar where the boys had done their first fishing the day before. We found most excellent looking bass water all around it, but with the most careful and painstaking work we were not rewarded with even the sign of the existence of bass, pickerel, or "muskylong," and as the sun was getting well down below the treetops, we struck across to camp, about as completely disgruntled over the day's experience as it was possible to be, and I was ready to wager the old rod against a dead minnow that there were not bass enough in the whole lake to make a good smell in a fryin' pan.

The boys had rowed for me carefully and patiently over not less than eight miles of water; I had fished with diligence and understanding, knowing in a general way by the "signs in the water" where would likely be the feeding and loafing places of the bass and pickerel, but the experience of years had availed not; all the signs meant nothing. I had started out in the morning gay as a meadow lark and filled with hope of a day of good sport, and I was returning in the evening without strike from fish of any kind (leaving out the five measly trout), wilted and humbled and bowed down with disappointment and a sense of utter "wuthlessness." Green Lake was a barren fraud, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

We climbed the bank up to the camp wearily and with drooping chins—like olp Sam's the evening before—with our tails between our legs (which may be taken as a "figger o' speech"), tired from sitting so long cramped up in the boat and hungry as pickerel (no reference being intended to the pickerel of Green Lake.)

While Barney dressed the trout and got supper under way, we talked the situation over and swapped lies about the happenings of the day with the other boys, who had pulled in an hour or two ahead of us. When we saw them in the forenoon they had been down to the foot of the lake looking for the mouth of the trout stream, but not finding it they had fished back, and finished up the day round the upper end nearer camp, where the wind was not so bad nor the water as rough as below.

Their experience had been the same as ours with the bass and pickerel; not a bite or an indication of one the whole day, but they had brought in another lot of bluegills and goggle-eyes, as Sam said, "to pervide agin another contingency, fur I don't believe there's a bass or snake in the whole confounded no 'count pond."

Old Sam was depressed in spirit, and sore over nearly two days of fruitless fishing; and the rest of us were much in the same frame of mind; but Barney put us in better humor by serving up an excellent supper, of which the sixteen trout formed a toothsome part; and it may be noted that the bones left from the entire lot would not have filled a pocket match-box.

We built a big camp-fire near the edge of the bank; and sat around it till a late hour, smoking and consoling ourselves with tales of old camps—always a fruitful mine of reminiscences and fish lore—and discussing the advisability of moving to some other lake where better fishing, certainly no worse, could be found. It was agreed that should no bass be taken next day we would break camp and go to some other locality, but it was not to be decided where till the next camp-fire conference the following night.

KINGFISHER.



THE CAMP KEEPER.—ADIRONDACKS.
Drawn by J. B. Burnham.

## MOOSE HUNTING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Doubtless a good many sportsmen are thinking as the season approaches of that bull moose they have been counting on killing on many of the trips they have made.

I have made three trips to Maine in the late fall and early winter, killing caribou and deer, but seeing no signs of moose, although I was told I should be quite sure of finding them. Last winter I went to the headwaters of the Aroostook. I killed two caribou one morning before 9 o'clock, and could easily have shot six at the time, as there were six in the drove and none of them offered to run until I walked toward them after killing the two. I also killed on this trip a very handsome deer, a buck with ten points, his body being nearly all pure white, a patch of gray on back near shoulders, and some gray on neck and head, the rest entirely white.

I have also been on three trips to Nova Scotia, twice in calling time and once still-hunting in December. Twice there were two in the party, and once three besides our Indians. We killed six moose and four bears. I killed two of the moose and the four bears, and could easily have killed another moose. As for signs, I never expected to see so many moose, so many tracks, beds and signs of browsing, or to hear so many bulls and cows calling. I have had three bulls answer our call at once; three times I have had them within from 50 to 100yds., when it was too dark to see them. In fact sometimes there seemed to be too many, there were so many tracks, I couldn't tell where they went, and in calling some would be sure to come up to leeward and spoil all chances of a shot.

Last fall when on the way to Nova Scotia I met a young man who was going on his second trip moose hunting. He told me about his first, saying he got three shots at three bulls, wounding them all, but failing to get any of them, although he followed them long distances. He said he was getting discouraged, he could not get a bullet in the right place. However, he got a shot at a fourth, which he killed. I had some letters from him telling of his hunt last year. He said they had been calling one morning without getting an answer, and had decided to give it up for that day and return to the main camp. He was lying down reading, while his men were packing up the things; happening to look up he saw a large bull standing on the edge of some timber about 300yds. away looking at them. He shot at and hit him somewhere, followed him two miles and lost him. It seemed like the same old experience of the previous year. A few days later they were crossing a barren when his man saw something sticking up out of the brush, which he thought looked like the tips of a moose's horns. They stopped and watched, and after a while a very large bull got up and walked out on the open ground. The hunter shot at him at about 200yds. and put a bullet through his lungs; the moose ran some 200yds. and dropped dead. He was an exceptionally large one with a first-rate set of antlers. My correspondent said he was satisfied and did not want to kill any more moose.

Again I have talked with men who have been to Nova Scotia, who said they found moose very scarce. I do not know what part of the Province they went to or what sort of guides they had. What I have stated regarding my experience are facts.

Now, as to the guides and callers in the Province, most of them are Mic-mac Indians. A few of them are good, the majority are not. Many of them are very unreliable, and if you engage them in advance you are very likely not to find them when you arrive. Many of them will take you out for so much a day, and will not try to get you shots; their main object will be to keep you in camp for as many days as they can. They are shiftless and lazy about camp, and if you leave it to them to provide an outfit and things necessary for a camp, you will find they have forgotten about every thing you will need. If you take a supply of liquor along they will be sure to take that and do their share of drinking it.

There are exceptions, however. Personally I know three Indians who are first-rate callers and good still-hunters, and who will try their best to get shots for the party. One of them has been in our party on all the trips, and in any part of the country that he knows I wouldn't ask for a better caller or still-hunter. Such Indians as these I refer to are scarce, and they must be engaged some time in advance, and if you know how to handle them you will get along all right. The Indian I refer to particularly told me about a man he had out on a hunting trip. He was very anxious to get a good caribou head (caribou at that time being quite plenty in Nova Scotia). He got several easy shots at moose and missed them all. The Indian had some doubt about his being able to hit a caribou, but as he was promised quite a sum of money extra if his man killed one, he worked hard to get him a shot. One day when traveling up a bog they came suddenly on a caribou with a fine set of horns. He was about 30yds. away looking at them. The Indian whispered, "Now is your chance." His man fired three shots and missed every time, and away went the caribou. That night in camp the Indian said: "How much longer do you want to stay?" "Two weeks," said the man. "All right," said the Indian, "I stay two weeks longer, but I will not go hunting any more; you promise me big money if you kill caribou; you no hit that caribou to-day, you can't hit one at all."

There is one thing more about hunting in Nova Scotia. You need to take out a hunting license for each sportsman in the party. Licenses cost $30 each. A few years ago parties could go without getting a license and were reasonably safe. At present it is very risky to do so, and you are very likely to have a game warden after you. My advice is buy your license or don't go. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., June 27.

## IN A WISCONSIN CAMP.

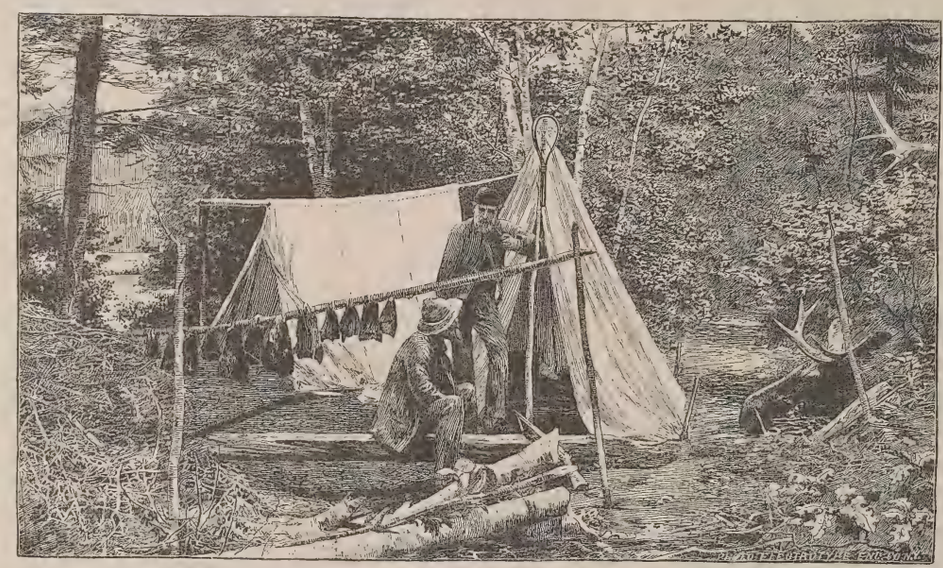
*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

THE WOODS, Wisconsin, July 1.—A study of camp life will establish many simple truths which have not yet become axiomatic in popular philosophy. Thus, there are many ways of washing table knives, many of them ingenious, most of them troublesome; yet it seems to have escaped general knowledge that the only way to clean a greasy knife is to stick it in the ground and then wipe it upon one's trousers leg. Take it also in the matter of coffee. There are many cook books in the land, and each of these will give several ways of making coffee. Your wife's folks will have their way, and every lady visitor will give you her recipe. How singular that the only correct way of making good coffee has never been announced publicly! A few days in camp will teach it. In the first place, you must never, under any circumstances, wash the coffee-pot. Every other vessel about the camp should be kept scrupulously clean, but the coffee-pot should never be washed. After each meal the coffee grounds should be emptied out into the end of the fire, and the coffee-pot should be knocked gently against the side-log, in order to disengage to the proper extent the adherent grounds. After this the coffee-pot should be left inverted, about 6ft. from the fireplace, with the lid resting upon the bottom of the pot. This position should be maintained till the next meal, without variation from day to day.

I am disposed to think that a careful observance of the directions up to this point have most to do with the success of the coffee, and am certain that the instruction not to wash the coffee-pot is essential. The size of the coffee-pot, contrary to common impression, has nothing whatever to do with the amount of the coffee to be used, neither has the number of persons at table anything to do with it. You always have a drinking cup about your camp, for instance the porcelain lined or blue granite sort. You take this cup, and pour it full of the ground coffee, so that the top of the heaped up coffee is just level with the rim of the cup. This rule should be followed in all cases, a cup full of ground coffee for each meal, be the drinkers two, four or more. You can put this into the full pot of water before you put the pot on the fire, and so bring it to a boil, or you can boil the water first, then put in the coffee and bring it to a boil again. There seems to be no difference about this. The main skill in making coffee seems to lie in the knocking out of the grounds on the fire log. An unpracticed hand may knock out the grounds too clean or not clean enough, or may leave the pot right side up, for the sun to shine into, in any of which cases failure must be the result. By the observance of the above plain and easy rules, I have never known poor coffee to be made in camp.

The right kind of coffee-pot is made of sheet iron, riveted, and is wider at the bottom than at the top, so that it is not always tumbling over when you set it on the fire. A proper coffee-pot must be set square down upon the fire. I always have my doubts about the man who suspends his coffee-pot over the fire by means of a gypsy fork, or allows it to depend from a chain or wire. Nine times out of ten that man is a tenderfoot, and builds too big a fire. I used to have a round-bottomed coffee-pot which liked to be treated that way, but it is no more in my kit. It was a first-class nuisance, always spilling at the critical moment, and needing besides a bonfire to boil it. The old-timer has a nice, narrow little fire between two side logs, and at this he will boil his coffee, cook a spiderful of bacon and eggs, and broil a bass or a bird, all at the same time, or so nearly synchronously that no one at the table will kick. For "table," read place where the dishes are. The old-timer never burns his hands, either, nor gets red in the face, nor swears while cooking. He does it just as easy, because he knows how.

The problem of rain in camp is one that occasionally comes up for quick solution. No one can be good-natured when the bedding is saturated. I have seen a great many tents which lacked an appliance as needful as the roof or sides of any tent; that is, a floor cloth, or rather a double floor cloth. We have been in camp about a week and have had very heavy rains often, and rain every day but one, yet our tent is dry, sweet and clean. First, we have it made with a sad-cloth to spread inside of the edge a little way. Most tents have this sad cloth, and all should have. Lapping over this sad-cloth is the bottom floor cloth, in our case made of waterproof tarred canvas, though it can be made of rubber. This is just as large as the bottom of the tent. On this lower cloth we spread a foot or so of hay (we have few pine feathers in Western camping), and over all this we strain the upper floor cloth or tent carpet, made of stout duck, and also just as large as the tent floor. On top of this come the blankets, which are always dry and clean. No taking cold in this sort of tent. No hay in the bed clothing, and no muss in the tent. I do not know whether this is anything of a pointer to anybody; but we have found the system exceedingly comfortable and useful.



A MOOSE HUNTERS' CAMP.

From a Photograph by Col. Cecil Clay.

An actual week in camp is apt to take the edge off the keenest sportsman, unless he be a very young one. I mean that he will not care so much to hunt and fish, but will begin to find more of the pleasures which are hidden in the life itself. This morning early one of our party went down to the spring for a pail of water, and in the lake just off the cold water, he saw 18 bass, which probably had a lien on the school of minnows which is a fixture near the spring. He sat on the bank and watched the graceful antics of the bass, and the thought of his rod never crossed his mind. The other evening we went out for a while with the fly-rods, and caught 13 strawberry bass and one black bass, but now we lie on the bluff at sundown and watch the rises which dot the lake, and comment on the big fellows and enjoy the panorama and the play of nature without a wish to act a part therein other than that of those who wait in passiveness.

This morning everybody left camp but myself, and I had a little house-cleaning time, after which I set forth, without a scruple of conscience, to transfer to our woodpile a few hardwood rails from a certain ancient fence I had discovered back in the woods. It seems to come sort of natural to a fellow to steal rails for camp wood, and they certainly do burn better than hit-or-miss fuel from the woods.

I was well up the hill from my second journey when I noticed a little motion high up in a tree, and presently made out a fine red fox-squirrel, with a gallant tail. He saw me at the same time, and we concluded to watch each other for a while. The watching lasted probably an hour, and for my part I enjoyed it hugely. On the part of the squirrel it was plainly defensive, and it is a question whether he liked it so well. If I had been obliged to hang head downward from a limb, in imitation of a dried branch or a bump upon a tree trunk, ten minutes at a time, I probably would not have thought it an unmixed pleasure. The squirrel did this, and did it perfectly. He never quivered in a muscle. It was his method of defense and it was well planned, for had I not watched him take this attitude, I could never have detected him at all, away up in the tree. As a courtesy to the squirrel, I moved a little bit, and in a flash he was gone. I lay flat on my back and searched the tree over for five minutes before I found him. His curiosity had been too much for him. He had gone higher up in the tree and had concealed even his tell-tale tail, but he must have an eye on the intruder. I could just see his head sticking out from a crotch, motionless as before, and seemingly part of the tree, with which the gray of the upper body color blended perfectly.

Who has not seen and wondered at this fine provision of nature for her helpless children, which makes them take on the semblance of the environing objects? Who has not marveled at Bob White, lost near by in the dry leaves, or wondered that the prairie chicken could hide in the scanty stubble almost at the hunter's feet? My squirrel aroused admiration in my heart. It was only his sharp, erect little ear that betrayed him. It is the large and prominent eye of the hare which reveals it when it

seeks to hide motionless, and it is the ear of the squirrel which is often its undoing; that and the uncontrollable squirrel curiosity. I allowed my friend to gaze for some moments at a rather ill-clad lounger, and then I tossed a twig at him. Presto! He had vanished again. This time I could not find him at all, and finally concluded that he had gone into an old nest which lay high up in the tree. I went a little closer and did something which made him run out of the nest. Just what this something was J. B. H., who showed me how to do it, tells me I must not tell, as it would enable too many hunters to overcome one of the best natural defenses of the squirrel, and so work harm to the family. Anyhow, the squirrel ran out. This time he was frightened beyond the pitch of curiosity, and ran over the boughs to another tree, where he got behind a limb, head and all, and lay there, I doubt not, in a state of abject terror. At this I took pity on him, explained that I would not hurt him for the world, being already so largely in his debt, and so set on my way, a little the wiser in squirrel ways and the ways of nature for the benefit of squirrel kind.

When the wind blows hard we go down to the old mill pond and rarely fail to take a big bass or so, over 4lbs. in weight, usually losing about three to every one we get into the boat. I never saw so many big bass in such a limited area of water as there are among these floating islands. They have a lot of fun with us, scare us nearly out of the boat by the savage splash they make when they jump on our frogs, run down in the weeds, break our lines, tear loose, cavort, rear, pitch and raise trouble generally. It is very hard fishing water, and although we have the best tackle that can be bought it is not good enough for these big bass in this weedy water.

The fact is, a bait-casting line which is even decently good does not yet exist, so far as I know. Before starting on this trip we visited every tackle store in Chicago and got an example of each firm's idea of a bait-casting line, the whole covering, as I suppose, the entire list of such lines now manufactured. A good one does not exist in the lot. We have them costing up to $2.50 for 50yds. The best one of the lot, strange to say, is a 50-cent line which we stumbled across in a department store and bought for a joke. This line withstood the wear and tear of heavy bait-casting for several days and was still strong, though not coarser than some of the others. The life of the other lines ran from one to three or four days. All the lines were dried each evening and reversed daily on the reel.

Tackle dealers who sell anglers a casting line at 75 cents or $1, knowing that the line will rot or wear to worthlessness before the end of the second day, have got plenty of nerve along with them. Still I do not know that they can do much better. This is a question for the manufacturers, not the dealer. Who is the raw silk line maker who can give a bait-caster a practical line which will last a week, and not rot so that a heavy fish will break it at the first sharp strain? Yesterday we lost two magnificent bass, furious, big fellows, which just simply walked on off with the line. One broke a line by twisting it in the weeds, a favorite game of the bass tribe, and the other broke the line at the leader knot square on the spring of the rod in clear water. The lines seem to cut themselves at the knot, but when tested develop flaws and break almost anywhere. They are strong when new, and they are strong when shrunken and dry, but you can't fish with a dry line, and the best of those offered break after a few days' wetting. The fish that escapes by his own skill or strength, or through fault of the angler is not to be mourned; but to lose a good fish through defective tackle, when that tackle is the best purchasable in its class, is something which grieves an angler's heart beyond possibility of explanation or comforting. We have lost seven big bass through broken lines this week, and the raw silk men have our bitterest thanks for it.

A wonderful country is this lake region of Waukesha, Racine and Walworth counties of Wisconsin. Some of the sheets of water we have discovered in our wanderings have been simply delightful in their beauty. Gillard's Lake, a couple of miles across the wood from us, is apparently untouched and wild, girt all about by forest, and headed by a somber tamarack swamp. Lake Beulah we visited for a day, a vast inland sea, 20 miles of shore line, and all encircled with summer cottages and choice building lots for sale for a consideration. They say this is second to Lake Geneva. Better looking fishing water we have not found, but it was sadly disappointing, for our two boats only took 5 bass. The deadly bullfrog brought in one 4-pounder, and this seemed to occasion some surprise.

In short, man has done all he could to tear down what nature has wrought. Continuous ice fishing for the market has ruined all these lakes. It takes expert work, and plenty of it, of the hardest kind, to get a decent string of game fish together. The lakes are regularly worked each winter, though the summer resort men on the larger lakes will tell you that no winter fishing is done. One man regularly fishes the mill-pond at Mukwonago in the winter, and they tell me he often catches 100lbs. a day. Others fish with more or less regularity, and not a lake is free from it. Summer and winter the fish are given no rest. In the last ten years the falling off of the supply has been very great. The farmers tell me that the fishing is no longer good, but eight or ten years ago they "could catch all they wanted." Somebody has wanted too much.

A special law of the last Assembly of Wisconsin makes the close season for all kinds of fish open March 1 and close June 15, and permits only fishing with the hook and line. If this law could be made to cover the winter also, say beginning at Nov. 1, it would mean money to the people of this region and preservation of the fish in a lake system which for beauty and natural productiveness in fish life is not to be surpassed in all this section.

It may be asked, how can any one know and how do I know that more money would follow a better law? That is easy to answer under proof. This morning a boat pulled up at our spring, and a young lady paused for a cup of water. Later inquiry developed that this was a lady stenographer from Chicago, boarding for two weeks at a farmnouse over the hill. This single specimen of a genus is enough. The lady stenographer will not be denied, and God bless her, who would shorten her all too short vacation, or wish her away from the pleasantest lake on earth? Still, this single specimen means that Chicago will now go 86 miles north for its modest, common-people vacation, instead of stopping at 55 miles.

The index of the flood does not purely betoken the full character of all to follow. There are all sorts of vacation people. Most of those who go North to the woods and lakes want a little fishing, where they can catch some fish without becoming past masters in the art of angling. Shall this be in lovely Waukesha county, or shall it be further north, or east, or west? This is the question for Waukesha county to answer, and to answer quickly, for it is not the habit of Chicago to wait. One lazy market fisher, and a lot of farmers who fish in the winter because they can catch more fish then—just what value does their catch represent to the commonwealth, or what principle do they uphold? Offset that against Chicago summer dollars, Lake Beulah men, Mukwonago men, and add to that the dearer and more beneficent policy of protection, which now is wise and needful, and then see how it looks when you come to look at it. E. HOUGH.

## A SIDE ISSUE, BUT NO TROUT.

"Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain."

—*Longfellow.*

BUT it was not welcome to Stephens and I that May morning as we sat in the dining room eating our breakfast at 4:30 o'clock, because as Whittier sings:

"Four weeks the clouds have raked the hills
And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist
And all the brooks complaining."

And we were up thus early to start on a two-weeks' outing east of Ely, in northwestern Minnesota, and the rain did not even stop to give us a fair start. But start we did, and all that forenoon, as the cars carried us toward Duluth, the rain streaked across the windows and beat upon the roof of the coach, and we emerged from the Union depot at Duluth into a regular downpour. After dinner we went to make inquiry about the guide and some other men who were going in on the Iron Range east of Ely with us. We learned that the guide was not there and would not be down from the Nesaba Range for three days. What should we do? "Let's go over in northern Wisconsin for a couple of days and try for some trout," said Stephens. "I'm with you," I replied. "Then let's go and dig some worms, we have just about time before the train goes," he said. In a few minutes we were at work in a vacant lot on First street, with the rain beating down, digging bait with a shovel we had borrowed from a livery barn.

By the time we had enough worms we were both pretty well wet through, but we were in time for the Ashland train and in a few minutes were whirling away through the Superiors, across the Nemadji which was at flood tide and the color of a very muddy mud puddle, in the strong current of which a young lad had accidentally found a watery grave the day before; on we went into the pine woods, crossing the American, the Poplar and many lesser streams, while the rain still came down, and the low hung clouds seemed to sweep the tops of the trees. The famous Brulé was left behind and here it dawned upon us that our ax was left behind also. It was wrapped up with our canvas boat, which we had left in the baggage room at the depot in Duluth, only taking our tent, blankets and some provisions with us. What were we to do? We would be left at a siding with not a house within miles, in a heavy rain and without an ax to cut a tent pole, drive a peg or cut a stick of wood. We discussed the situation, and concluded we would get along somehow—we always do manage to get along somehow. We just came to this conclusion as Iron River was reached. A boom has recently struck this place. Last fall when we were through it, three or four houses and a hotel comprised the town; within six weeks over half a hundred buildings have been put up and the plants for three large sawmills brought in, and this is but the beginning. The main street is lined for quite a distance on either side with brand new business blocks—some finished, others nearly so, and all untouched as yet by paint. The street is so thickly studded with stumps that no vehicle, unless it were a wheel-barrow or a hand cart, could get along.

Upon the depot platform we found the roadmaster of the division, who said "a few trout were being caught, or rather were before the rain, and some fishing was done in the Brulé in defiance of the law, some in Iron River, and several pretty good catches had been made in Pike Creek."

"Have you an ax?" was our anxious inquiry.

"No, all of our axes are in the section house at Topside, but if you get off at Ino get into the pump house if you can, and make yourselves comfortable."

Ino was soon reached, and in the gathering darkness and pouring rain, surrounded by the sighing, moaning pines, with "Good luck to you," "Success," and "Hope you'll fill your creels with trout," from the trainmen wafted to us as the train moved away, we took a look at our surroundings. There stood the water tank and here the little pump house; the former full of water, the latter securely locked. We tried the door, we tried the windows, but all in vain, and the rain just came down in sheets of wet. At length we did get a window open, and putting our dunnage inside, crawled through after, and found ourselves within a dry room, still warm from the fire left by the pump man. This was unexpected good luck, and with a roaring fire in the stove supper was soon ready and eaten, a bed made alongside the stove, and two would-be trout fishers were lying side by side fast asleep, from which they were awakened several times by squirrels running about overhead, and by the rushing wind and angry swish of rain upon the roof and against the windows.

Morning dawned bright and clear, with song of bird, whisper of breeze among the pines, and air fragrant with the odor of the pine trees. After breakfast, while Stephens put our dunnage outside and cleared up the room, I wrote a note to the pump man and laid it where he would see it the first thing when he came in. The note was as follows:

DEAR MR. PUMP MASTER—You will see that some one has been in your house. We came in to get out of the rain. We should not have done so if the road master had not told us to. We have done no harm save loosening the fastenings to one window. We are very much obliged for the shelter, and if it is ever in our power will do as much for you. Very sincerely,

TWO TROUT FISHERS.

In high spirits, we set off, going down the track a ways, then turning directly south through the woods toward Pine Creek. The dampness under our feet ought to have dampened our high spirits a little, but it did not. Here and there we came upon patches of snow, and occasionally I saw some trailing arbutus, with clusters of buds, but no flowers as yet. Our first feeling of discouragement came when we reached the creek and stood in dismay, wondering at what we saw. Was this our beautiful little trout stream, from which we had lured so many of the bejeweled, rainbow-tinted beauties? Was this roaring, muddy torrent, reaching high up the banks, and in many places overflowing them, covering rocks and stumps and logs that to us were landmarks, witnessing to some triumph of skill on our part over the wary trout? Was this the stream where

"Cool summer winds our heated brows;
Blue river through the green
Of clustering pines, refreshed the eyes
Which all too much have seen;"

where

"Fringing the stream at every turn
Swung low the waving fronds of fern;
From stony cleft and mossy sod
Pale asters sprang and golden rod."

Even so, but our hopes died with us, for no trout would we get in that maddened and surging stream; and none did we get. We faithfully tried, but all in vain. Neither worm nor fly had any effect. The only trout seen were two that Stephens saw trying to leap the rapids at the old dam where we ate our lunch. We wended our way through the grand old woods back to the water tank, packed up our dunnage and sat down to wait for the Pacific express. While we were waiting three tramps came along, eyeing us sharply as they passed. A short distance down the track they stopped, and after a consultation one of them came back and asked "If we were going to stop the train?" "Yes," said Stephens, and the fellow rejoined his comrades. "Those fellows are going to try and steal a ride on the train," remarked Stephens. And sure enough they did, for at Iron River we saw one of them standing in the crowd on the depot platform. We reached Duluth in time for an eight o'clock dinner. We put in the next forenoon along the shore and out on the light house pier watching the big steamers come through the ice which covered the lake for a long distance outside of Minnesota Point. The lake at Duluth had been free of ice for two weeks, and it was supposed that it was gone for good, but two days before our coming a heavy east wind had brought a great field of ice back, nearly blocking the port.

The day before a ghastly find had been made—a sail boat with a broken mast was observed out in the ice. A tug went to it and found the bodies of three men lying in the boat frozen stiff. They were from some port on the north shore, but how they came to be caught in the ice and meet their deaths will never be known on earth. As we came along the canal we saw two boys in a boat trolling.

"Do you catch fish here?" asked Stephens.

"Yes."

"What kind?"

"Pickerel."

"Big ones?"

"Yes, sir. Last Sunday I caught one as long as I."

The speaker was about 3½ or 4ft. long, so I had grave doubts as to his truthfulness. He was a stocky little fellow with ragged clothes and a torn hat, and between his lips he held a cigarette at which he was puffing with great vim, a character study for a Dickens or Miss Murfree. After a sumptuous dinner we put in the time as best we could until a quarter past 3, when we boarded the train for Ely and the Iron Range, intending to take a canoe at Ely, or rather our canvas boat, and go seventy-five miles east to Gun Flint Lake. Thus ended our "side issue" after trout. MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn.

## OLD PETE.

A FIELD MEMORY.

BY tangled brier and grasses dun,
With willing and untiring feet,
No more you course the fields with me
To flush the quail, Old Pete.

No more we skirt the stubble dry,
Nor track the brood through nodding wheat;
Our path across the yellow rye
Is grown with weeds, Old Pete.

Our dew-kissed footsteps come no more
To mark the woodcock's damp retreat,
Nor follow up the reedy shore
Behind the snipe, Old Pete.

The partridge in his hemlock bed
No longer wakes in fear to meet
Our faultless eyes and winged lead,
That seldom failed, Old Pete.

The spring beneath the leaning oak
At noon still bubbles, cool and sweet,
As when I rested there to smoke
And you to drink, Old Pete.

There's something whispers, trusty friend,
Your brown eyes waiting yet shall greet
Me when my lonely hunt's at end,
Dear faithful dog, Old Pete.

HARRY PRESCOTT BEACH.

### Mahomet and the Mountain.

THERE are a good many Mahomets who cannot go to the mountain, but who can do what the original Mahomet could not, have the mountain come to them, simply by subscribing for that charming periodical, FOREST AND STREAM. Its pen pictures of sylvan scenes and sports are the next best things to the real enjoyment of nature itself.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

## A DISASTROUS TRIP TO THE PARK.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

For the benefit of persons who may in some future June be hoodwinked into visiting Yellowstone Park, I should like to have you print the following statement.

We were in Portland, 2,500 miles from home. Yellowstone Park was right in our path, and after much debate and counting of pennies we went to the agent of the Northern Pacific. "Certainly the Park is open," said he. "You will have no trouble in getting in!" On the strength of this assurance we invested $100 in tickets and started.

Arrived at Livingston Friday, June 3, we set out for Cinnabar in a chilly wind that speedily brought snow, and the landscape from Cinnabar to Mammoth Hot Springs was entirely invisible. We could see the nearest span of horses, and occasionally the leaders. We had on two suits of woolens, and wished we had on a third when, arrived at the Mammoth Hotel, we tried to warm ourselves by the machine which passed for a steam-heater in our room.

"We can take you to the Upper Geyser Basin, but the roads are not open to the cañon and the lake," coolly explained the manager of the transportation company that evening, when we had returned from scrambling through the snow about the springs.

"But," we exclaimed, "we have come here under promise to see the whole, and the Upper Geyser Basin is but fifty miles of the way. Pray, what are we to get for the part we cannot see: and if the roads are unsafe to the lake and the cañon, are they safe to the Upper Basin?"

"Oh, the roads are perfectly safe. As for rebate," the manager scratched his head, "well, we'll allow you $3; the hotels will probably allow you something for the unused tickets."

"But fifty miles is but one-third of the way, and we lose the grandest sights. Moreover, we were promised that should we be unable to use any part of our tickets the money would be refunded," we expostulated.

At last the manager agreed to give us $5. The hotel management promised to refund dollar for dollar on unused meal tickets, and on Saturday, June 4, we set out for Norris's. The hotel is burned, and we were to reach there for dinner, and start on as soon as possible for the Lower Basin. There were two Concord coaches. Each one had ten passengers. Your correspondent sat beside the driver on the box. On my right was a lady friend; on my left the iron bar separated me from the driver.

It was bright and beautiful, but the sunshine had this drawback, it speedily revealed the fact that "the perfectly safe roads" were a series of quagmires. The melting snow heaps and the rivulets trickling from the heights above us had furrowed and guttered in every direction. The coach lurched and plunged from one hole to another until we were about two miles from Norris's, when we went over. How the driver sprang over me I do not know. I clung desperately to the back of the seat not to fall upon my companion, and I contrived to drop into a huge mud puddle on one foot and one knee, with no worse hurts than a sprained back and wrist. As the coach went over, of course, the passengers fell forward and across the neck of one and along the heads of the two others, the top of the coach lay pinning them to the earth. Had the four spirited horses moved a foot, held as they were by the weight above them and the edge of the coach top, they would have been terribly lacerated, if not killed. My companion had been held by the boot, and unable to help herself, had fallen heavily, and when, shaking like a leaf myself, I got her on her feet, one mass of mud, she turned violently ill. Three of the party were unable to go on to the geysers. One of the ladies in the coach was a mass of frightful bruises, and my companion and another lady suffering from nervous fever.

On our return to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel the manager said blandly, "How unfortunate," and he stoutly refused to give more than $5 to those visitors unable because of the accident to go beyond the Fountain.

"This place isn't fit for a human being to enter until after July 1," said a U. S. officer to me at the Fountain. "The appropriation for the repair of the roads does not take effect until about that time, and our ride yesterday into the Park was the hardest one I've had since I was a soldier. Even the cavalry horses were mired."

We met a party from Yosemite on the train going east from Livingston. One of them was regretting she had not taken in Yellowstone Park. "You wouldn't a got in," said a young fellow who till then had been silent. "A hotel clerk in Portland warned me not to try it. He said the company were selling tickets, though the Park was not all open and the roads unsafe," "That cannot be so!" exclaimed the young lady. But we put an effectual end to her unbelief.

Before separating our party wrote a letter to Secretary Noble calling his attention to the fact that the Yellowstone Association were selling tickets which they knew could not be used in whole, and in part only at risk of life and limb, and begging that in future the company shall be restrained from permitting tickets to be sold when to peril from cold is added risk to bones; that in fact since the Park is National property, its lessee's rapacity be held in check by the National Government.

For reply we have just received an assurance that "the roads are being rapidly put in good condition." How consoling this would be to the friends, had one or more of our party been killed! As the snow makes the roads impassable each year, how safe will travelers be the first of next June?

"I'm a pretty good sleeper," said an old gentleman, who, with his daughter, daughter-in-law and two grandchildren traversed the road the day after we did, and returned to the Mammoth Hot Springs at the same time. "But," here he shook a slim fore-finger in the red face of the manager, "I laid awake all night at the Fountain House, thinking how glad I'd be to walk the forty miles back if I could see you hung! Yes, sir, hung! A man who will permit women and children to enter the Park with the roads in their present condition, is an old scoundrel!"

We were thankful some one was able to find words expressive of our feelings, and we sincerely trust that so long as the present greedy management continues, all persons reading this letter will remember that they enter the reservation June 1, with the possibilities we have set forth. Mountain roads will always be mountain roads, and Mammoth Hot Springs lie high up on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., June 28.

# Natural History.

## BONASA UMBELLUS, REX.

KING by courtesy of all game birds and subject to no authority whatsoever is the proud ruffed grouse of our North American forest.

Named by Linnæus after the wild ox, *bonasus*, for his roaring, and specified as *umbellus* because of the arrangement of neck ornaments, he has received down through cyclefuls of generations a strength and beauty undegenerate. From the pines and hemlocks of the ravine he inhales the spirit and the energy of his moods. The wintergreens and birches furnishing provender give spicy life to his nerves and muscles. From the crags he adopts the suggestion of ruggedness, and from the winter gale cons music for his symphony by wings. The crash of the falling dead tree involves an idea of death, and by opposites he rushes upward with startling roar to liberty and life when found by the hunter.

### The Romance of a Grouse Family.

Through a small south-facing valley in western New York there runs a spring trout brook. Several years ago the choppers cleared off the arm of woodland that extended from the main forest up along the stream, and then the swale was quite barren except for the crooked alders that had not been worth cutting, and for the fireweeds that always come to the temporary assistance of newly cleared land.

Gradually the sheep and cattle began to find pasturage there, and two or three years later clumps of beech and poplar saplings sprang up. Patches of briers then crowded out the sparse grass, and here and there a thrifty green hemlock arose near the stump of its deposed ancestor, so that the barren ground that had become pasture land was transformed into a brush lot.

One Sunday morning in May the sun shone warmly in upon the budding saplings of the swale. The naiads of the brook murmured with hushed voices and the trailing arbutus which overhung the bank gave out a rarer fragrance than it would have done on any rude week day. Hardly a sound was heard save the wandering tones of the church bell in the far-off village, and the only appreciable motion of the air was in the gentle breaths that rise almost imperceptibly from the warming soil of quiet glades.

With almost noiseless footsteps a demure hen grouse walked from the edge of the thick moist woods and stopped for a moment a little way out in the brush lot. Again she went on and again paused, looked about her and listened, with one foot daintily lifted from the ground. So by degrees she advanced out among the saplings, her head gracefully moving back and forth in unison with her footsteps and the pretty brown neck feathers gliding so softly over each other that they seemed like one warp and woof of silk. Stepping upon the gnarled root of a rough lichen-covered stump she glanced over her own smooth outlines and the bright hazel eye looked the satisfaction of the comparison, but yet she could not resist the feminine impulse to rearrange several feathers that were already perfectly in place.

All at once she gave a start, and with upstretched neck and elevated crest assumed an attitude of strictest attention, for from a distant point in the forest there had come to her ears a low sound like muffled drum beats, the strokes first slow, then faster and ending finally in a long tattoo.

Poised upon the root with partly opened wings, she seemed almost ready to fly in the direction from which the sound came, but suddenly remembering herself the wings were closed again and her head dropped bashfully until the echoless drum beat once more sounded through the woods. It was the love call of Old Ironsides, a noble cock grouse that we had so named because of his seeming impenetrability to the shot that had been fired at him time and again in the lower ravine where he chose to spend most of his time. Day after day the hen grouse had listened for that call knowing that Old Ironsides would come in the spring time to find her, and now should she fly impetuously to him and let him know her impatience at his delay? Oh no! The annals of feminine nature contain no history of such rash action, so taking an easy running jump into the air she flew very quietly among the trunks of the big trees of the woods and then on curving wings sailed slowly near the ground to a point somewhere in his vicinity, and alighting waited for further summons. The roll call sounded again, and she the only musterer walked half hesitatingly in the direction from which it came, sliding quietly as a mouse behind boulders and thick kalmia bushes, and looking as unconcerned as you please.

At last he was in sight. High upon the prostrate trunk of a huge storm-riven pine he was pacing slowly to and fro with martial bearing, his proud crest raised, his broad tail partially spread, and all his feathers glinting in the lights of the woods.

The hen grouse was not many rods away, gliding stealthily from one hiding place to another, hoping that he would discover her and yet not daring to lose any of her reserve. How she did want to pull his black ruffs though, and strike him petulantly with her bill and pretend to be real angry at him for rough play!

For a moment Old Ironsides stopped his incessant pacing, glanced into the thicket on one side and on the other, and then drawing his feathers tightly together and standing perfectly erect upon the log, his sturdy wings were struck repeatedly against his sides, sending forth the long vibrations of a tone so low that it seemed to roll along the ground rather than penetrate the upper air, but with such initial velocity, nevertheless, that it rolled half a mile out of the woods before losing itself in the grassy fields. How grand the old warrior looked to the hen grouse. But what if he should become impatient and fly elsewhere to seek her and not return for a long week? No one will ever know whether she purposely stepped upon the small dead stick that snapped and revealed her presence just then, but who is prepared to deny a motive for the seemingly accidental movement of a dumb animal on such an occasion, the wished for result being obtained?

She was discovered and he was by her side. Coyly she stepped away from him, and then to gain further admiration, which was all unnecessary, he spread his great barred tail widely over his back, unfolded the iridescent black ruffs until they concealed his shoulders, dropped his curved wing tips to the ground, elevated his pointed crest, and with curved neck circled and pirouetted about her, nodding his head, fixing his strong, bold eye upon her modest one, and stepping in front of her to head off retreat, in such an exasperating way that it seemed as though she certainly would scream.

He would not have made any such pretentious movements if other cock grouse had been about to criticise him, and how the other hen grouse would have been amused at her assumption of simplicity and gentleness. She who was the boldest of all when associating with others of her own sex, and who could roar as loudly with her wings as any cock grouse when trying to unnerve an enemy.

But who could doubt that all of this display on his part meant that he was assuring her that he would be, oh! so true and loyal forever and forever? She believed in him most sincerely, and loving and respecting tried hard to avoid being annoyed at his overplus of attention.

It was not long afterward, however, that he acted in a rather independent manner and took little interest in family affairs, so that when in June there was a nest of ten eggs by the side of a clematis-covered stump out at the edge of the brush lot, Old Ironsides was either drumming again in another woods altogether, or he was associating with two or three chummy reprobates of his own sex during the livelong day.

The hen grouse took great comfort with her eggs though. Six of them were plain buff colored, and four of them were marked with light brown spots, and all were smooth and snug-fitting in the nest. Around about the nest she scratched some dry, loose beech leaves which could be whisked over the eggs in an instant with one movement of her wings in event of surprise by a marauder, and then being almost of the color of dead leaves herself, she could hardly be seen when she snuggled cosily down over the eggs and drew her head in closely. It seems too bad to think that after all this pains the mother bird might be discovered in her hiding place, alone and unprotected as she was. One evening a red fox trotted past, and when near the nest he stopped and sniffed the air, twisting the sharp tip of his nose from one side to the other, and alternately spreading and closing his whiskers, but he could not quite locate the gentle prey, and his attention was finally attracted elsewhere by a little squeaking evening mouse that had fallen from the soft cedar bark nest in the wild grapevine near by.

The noiseless swoop of a great ogre-eyed horned owl gave the mother grouse a cruel heart thumping one moonlight night just as she had almost dared to take a little nap; but the owl had dived for a gray rabbit, and did not suspect that a grouse was within easy reach. Why it was that the minks and skunks and weasels and raccoons and box turtles and blacksnakes did not find the nest is a mystery; but there is some strange protection afforded by nature for ground-nesting birds. Perhaps there is a certain sense of honor among predaceous animals. Hounds are disinclined to chase a nursing she-fox, and it may be that minks know better than to destroy the eggs that make the golden geese, although we do know that they are sometimes absent-minded in their morals. The only enemy that found the nest after all was a farmer's boy, and he did it quite accidentally by stepping so near the old bird on his way home from the trout brook that she was forced to fly out. The boy's first impulse was to leave the eggs undisturbed except for the turning that was absolutely necessary for an accurate count, but suddenly remembering that there was a "settin' hen" under the old wagon in the woodshed at home, he smiled a salute of thanks to his memory, and with well-meaning but rather thick-fingered caution that would have made most of us a little nervous if they had been our eggs, he rolled up two of the precious oval treasures in a youthful fisherman's Saturday afternoon handerchief, and tucking them carefully away in a side pocket trudged rather unsteadily over the stones as his mind became occupied with the thought of having two live grouse at home that would respond to his kindly efforts to tame them. At intervals he regretted that he had not taken two more of the eggs; but his conscience was quieter at knowing that the mother bird could bear two pangs more easily than four when she returned to the nest again.

For sixteen long days the mother grouse had been sitting, and she anxiously awaited the welcome sound of a little one tapping at the shell for release. While she had been waiting the blood roots and dog-tooth violets had dropped their petals, the white cornel flowers had turned to a feeble fading pink, the hepaticas and anemones become dingy, and in their places the azaleas and trilliums came out in full sponsal array. The ferns, which fought their way through the resisting cold ground with clenched fists, had now unfolded a generous wealth of fronds under the influence of a spring-time sun which brought harmony for all nature with its presence.

The patient bird had seen the hosts of warblers proceed bush by bush and tree by tree from the southland toward the northland, and it was time for her brood to appear. When at last she heard a faint tip-tapping and saw a movement through a long crack in one egg, it was not long before the gentle aid of her bill had released a cunning little yellow and brown head. Then a small struggling wing appeared, and out tumbled a dear downy chick of a grouse. One after another the eight young birds escaped, and one of them in his hurry to be in the world with us ran around as soon as his legs protruded; and comical enough he looked with the broken shell clinging to his back.

At about this time the old hen over at the farmhouse found under her feathers two chickens that were smaller than any that she had ever seen before, and they were ahead of any calculations that she may have made as to time; but she felt fully responsible for them, nevertheless, and was disturbed because they ran away from her sheltering wings and only returned to her most persistent clucking. The boy, who had been attracted by the solicitous calls of the hen, caught one of the agile scampering balls of down in his hand and held it up to admire the bright eyes and tiny bill that were thrust through between his fingers; but the little feet clutched his fingers so tightly, and the small heart throbbed so fast, that in pity he put the grouse chicken quickly down by the old hen again. What transformation a little warmth had wrought in the cold sense-

less yolk and white of the egg of a few days before, changing it into a beautiful warm little creature endowed with hopes, and fears, and longings, and knowing its friends from its enemies.

But what strange instinct was it that kept leading these two babes of the wood away from the motherly barnyard hen? What did they seek so persistently? Scarce an hour had elapsed since their escape from the shell, and they had wandered out of hearing of the good foster mother to seek a wild mother that would train their wild little natures in full sympathy and understanding. Down into the garden they ran, then out across the lane and into the grass in the meadow. Whither they were going they knew not, but go they must. They were hungry, but there was no mother to teach them to eat, and thirsty without knowing what water was. All day long they ran through the grass and under the rail fences—first brother ahead, then sister—the strange impulse urging their tiny pattering feet ahead as fast as they could go. It was chilly in the evening and their soft down was all wet and bedraggled with dew, and when it became too dark for them to see the way, they stopped by a sheltering stone and snuggled up close to each other with plaintive peeps, but they were too tired to sleep and every now and then the drooping eyelids opened with a start and the chicks pushed closer still to each other and lisped their longings for a mother's warm feathers. On the following morning they could not run nearly so fast, and very often they stumbled and fell over the sticks and weed stalks that seemed to them to offer more and more opposition. The pretty down was roughened so that it stuck together every which way, and all forlorn they were indeed. If one lagged far behind or chirped pathetically when caught in a tangle of grass the other would toddle back and wait, for even such mites of birds felt the desire for companionship in misery. Every few minutes they had to stop and rest, and again on they would struggle, but with such weak, uncertain steps that it was evident that their trifling energies were almost expended long before the cold dew had again soaked and chilled them. They were not so very far from the brush lot where their real mother was, but that night when the two tender little wanderers tried to comfort each other there was not a bit of warmth for them to exchange and they shivered and trembled so that they could not have kept very close together anyway. The morning sun looked down upon two wee wet grouse babies lying side by side in the field. Their eyes were closed, their yearnings had all ceased and no one would have distinguished them from the quartz stones of the field. Such a short experience with life!

All of this while the mother grouse was having care enough with her brood of eight, even if two were missing. They would eat nothing but insects, and it kept the old bird pretty busy scratching over the leaves to find enough for them. In one corner of the brush lot there was a large red ants' nest, and there the chickens had great fun when they had grown to be nimble of foot. The mother would scratch away a part of the loose heap of soil, and then when the ants bustled out, some devoted to angry passions and others hurrying to carry off the long white eggs that had been exposed, the little chickens became so expert at snapping them up that in the conceit born of successful experience they even chased a fly in the absurd expectation of catching it, and the fly was so much surprised at their assurance that it allowed itself to be caught, for such is often the relation of ambition to seeming impossibilities. One needs only to be stupid enough to obtain everything.

The young birds grew rapidly and became experts at avoiding their natural enemies. If a sharp-shinned hawk flew over, the mother gave a warning note, and instantly each chick dropped so flat against the ground that it was impossible for the very best eyes to see one of them. When the farmer's boy again had occasion to cross the brush lot the hen bird had advised the chickens to hide long before he came near them, for even if he had not cared to disturb the little ones, such a boy may accidentally tread directly upon angels if he does not see them, and to lead him away the mother fluttered and limped along the ground, pretending to be lame and unable to fly. The boy knew well this trick of the bird, but she pretended to be so really in distress this time that he floundered after her through the briers. When he was far enough away, however, she took to her wings as usual, and circled by a long route back to the brood again. One cluck was sufficient to cause the ground to spring into life about her, and the chickens were all safe.

A hooded adder that was sunning himself in the dry sheep path one day suddenly awoke and found a chicken quite near him, and although the little thing was too much frightened to run very fast it nevertheless got out of the dangerous vicinity in time and the adder had to console himself with a fat cricket. What luck for the chicken that it was a slow adder instead of a black racer, for the latter would have followed it at any necessary rate of speed, and after mesmerizing it by the cruel charming of cross glides and super-ambient head and fulgurating tongue would finally have ended the vicious play by creeping an ugly gullet over the soft prey.

There was one enemy, though, that came so insidiously that the mother gave no warning note, and it would have availed nothing if she had done so. A great harmless blue heron had just sagged along over the brook in awkward flight, when from his wake came a winged tick, the dreadful lipoptena, buzzing in eccentric lines until he espied the grouse. With devilish precision of aim the uncanny harpy of a thing struck the soft feathers of her back and disappeared among them with an eerie sidewise glide. The very thought of harboring such a parasite was enough to make the grouse shudder, but she feared more for the little ones than for herself. Follow the tick as she would with her bill when a wriggling feather disclosed its locality she could not find the horrible thing, until at evening, when the chicks were gathered about her it huskily buzzed from her breast. She caught it quickly, but could not swallow it, for the tough elastic legs had encircled the edge of her bill, nor could she crush it because the leathery body expanded in any direction when she brought all her strength to bear upon it. Finally the foul tick in the most unconcerned manner deliberately crawled from her bill and with its fiendish directness struck the neck of one of the handsomest of the brood and fastened itself there firmly in the intention of remaining in spite of all remonstrance. On the following day the tick, swelling with the life blood of the chicken, discarded its wings as an evidence of determination to remain, and a few days later it gave birth to a single offspring, full-winged and ready for attack. The young imp fastened itself to the chicken's neck close by its parent, and no matter how hard the mother grouse pulled at them she only succeeded in stretching out their rubber-like bodies and in pulling her little chick off from his feet. Day by day the poor chick grew thinner and scrawnier, while his sturdy brothers and sisters went steadily along in development, and the brood would soon have numbered only seven had not the mother bird fortunately led them far into the dank, cool swamp on one torrid day, where much to their delight was found a patch of skunk cabbage with its heavy fruit. How the mother did enjoy tearing open the green fleshy balls for the seeds, and the little fellows feasted upon the pulp like veritable gluttons, not knowing that at the same time the life of the invalid in their family was to be saved. The pungent aroma had only just begun to circulate through their veins when the young tick loosed his death-like grip and buzzed from one chicken to another, trying to find one that was agreeable, but they were all alike and so it sidled up to a passing rabbit and there found lodgment. In a few days it had discarded its wings and then there was no danger of its troubling the young grouse again. The old tick had tumbled off overpowered at the same time that the young one flew, and that night she was picked up on the sticky end of a toad's long tongue and successfully swallowed. Glory be to the toad!

In July the chickens began to feast upon huckleberries, and when the August blackberries were ripe they ate so many and grew so fast that it soon became time for them to throw off their short suits of soft brownish chicken feathers and to take on the finer colors and stout quills of real grouse. With their change in dress came a change in tastes, so that they no longer cared for insects, but sought instead the ripened seeds and berries and tender leaves, unconscious of the fact that the shooting season was near at hand and that such diet was making them perilously fat and luscious.

As their wings became stronger and their tails grew longer, pride began to appear in different members of the family and quarrels were frequent among the youngsters. They were disobedient, and stayed away from home at night whenever it pleased them to do so. The mother grouse was not much disturbed at this demonstration of independence, for she knew that she had raised a brood of the wildest birds of the forest, and now in September she was willing to leave them to their own resources, satisfied that she had trained them all properly in ways of self-protection.

DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

## SNAKES.

IN any publication the heading "Snakes," always attracts attention, and more readers are sure to peruse an article of this nature than those of any other department. It matters not how far the truth is stretched or if there is not a particle of sense in the story or account, nearly every person reading the heading will follow the relation to the end. It is even fair to say that there will be more believers if the tale smacks of the marvelous than where only plain truths are presented; however, there are so many points of a surprising nature, yet founded on absolute facts, that even the simplest biography of one of our scaled, legless friends calls up a degree of wonderment not equaled from recitals regarding any other class of animals. Should any person, prepared to speak, give his tongue range, relative to the many ridiculous notions held about reptiles, the scoring he would get from the ignorant would quickly cause him to learn that believers in the mysterious and ridiculous were still in large force.

It would illy become the writer to cast a reflection on the integrity of the natural history editor of this paper, for I doubt not his ability to determine many facts, and yet readers have seen items hardly consistent with plausible snake lore. Let us say, then, that inaccuracies have crept into this, as they do into all papers, and without reference to them, for we do not wish for a discussion or to be in any way personal, we will proceed to detailing a few observations taken with a view to a study of snake habits. The desire with me to answer many communications in different papers relative to habits of snakes has often been so strong that I could hardly restrain myself, but these remarks are intended to convey knowledge on the subject, and not as a criticism of others' views. All the insight I have had into the subject has resulted from personal observation, and the discoveries thus made have often been so surprising that I have largely forgiven many writers for exaggeration, and I am aware that it is not fair to assert that all persons who write improbable snake stories are snake liars.

Here in Michigan there is but a single species of poisonous snake among twenty-five or more kinds that I know. The dangerous one is the common massasauga or prairie rattlesnake (*Caudisona tergemina*, Say). Many times have I been called upon to decide on a specimen supposed to be poisonous, but always have found that the so-called copperhead or moccasin resolved itself into an innocuous water snake or harmless milk snake. I do not think that there exists another poisonous species in Michigan besides the common massasauga, although the northern or banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus durissus*) is found within fifty miles of our southern boundary in Indiana, and may, for ought I know, occasionally be found within our confines. It is common in Pennsylvania and Illinois.

The common massasauga is far from rare at present in southern Michigan, and in the early days of this (Kalamazoo) county was very abundant. To believe the stories of the early settlers, a low meadow could not be mowed without encountering from ten to a hundred of these poisonous serpents. They grew to an enormous size at that, few being killed less than 4ft. long, and a length of 5 or 6ft. was common; while the smallest number of rattles adorning a tail of this monster (?) species was sixteen, and from that up to forty odd. It may not be best to dispute the stories of the old settlers, for many of them are still vigorous and have their own ways of "argyfyin';" but if their mighty tales cannot be believed, it is best to go into the woods and fields and capture specimens, measure them and note peculiarities. This work, followed more or less assiduously since 1872, has proved and disproved many theories and also given me many reliable facts. I have yet to find an individual of this species 40in. long, and fully doubt if one ever did or ever will exceed that length in our State. The usual length is from 20 to 24in., and not one out of ten will reach a length of 28in. The greatest number of rattles found by me is eleven, and they were on a very large specimen. I did not wonder, as I gazed on its proportions as it lay coiled in an attitude of defense, that the timid should entertain rather strong stories as regards size. Science was to be benefited by a measurement of the animal, and a tap on the head followed by a dislocation of the vertebral column quickly silenced its noisily vibrating tail. This serpent—the most hideous specimen of its kind I have ever met with—measured only 36in. from tip to tip, less by 6in. than I had judged as she lay coiled. It was 6¼in. in circumference.

The number of rattles has never exceeded eleven, and six or seven is the usual number, many specimens being found possessed of only three or four. One that came near biting me was only 10in. long and sported a single rattle. It must not be supposed that the largest snakes possess the most rattles, for although this obtains in the majority of cases, very often shorter snakes have the greater number of adornments, and again the entire danger signal, or a portion of it, is removed by some means. It is an error to suppose that the rattles are shed each year as are the horns of the deer, or that a new rattle is added each time the skin is shed. A friend of mine owned a massasauga over one year, and while the skin was exfoliated the rattles remained intact and without additions. Men who owned rattlesnakes of the diamond species in Florida informed me that an adult might add one or two rattles, that is, sections to the rattle, in a year, or again not any, and that the changing of the skin exfoliation had nothing to do with the new formation. All agreed that the older rattlers of the South were provided, as a rule, with a longer rattle than the younger ones. Said one man, pointing to the six specimens of the diamond rattlesnake, *C. adamanteus*, about 16in. long and possessed of a single rattle and button, as the terminal and growing portion is called, "Those little rattlers were born in this house, and when they were a few weeks old I mounted them as you see them."

Once the pleasure of witnessing the shedding of a massasauga's skin was accorded me in a whortleberry swamp on a hot summer's day. The swamp was full of Indians, mainly squaws and pappooses, and bloodthirsty mosquitoes. In my efforts to keep the mosquitoes at a living distance and the redskins away from the snake in the regular path, the reptile sensed me or something, although as blind as a bat, and wormed into a hole, opening below into numerous ramifications made by the roots of scrub ash and tamaracks. His snakeship again made his appearance, having in the meantime increased the rent in his raiment. Twice more he disappeared during the following hours, and each time reappeared with more new bright skin visible, evidently showing that he made use of his underground retreat to assist in the removal of his external habiliments. The movements of this snake were so peculiar that they are described for the benefit of my readers, as very few will ever have the opportunity of witnessing a wild snake shedding his skin in its haunts. When the ugly fellow was first seen he was totally blind, as could be readily told by the white opaque appearance of his eye, caused undoubtedly by the separation of the external or sloughing cuticle. This covering of the eye is connected with the rest of the exfoliated tissue. As soon as the massasauga had liberated his head from the opening in his external skin a singular performance was enacted, the knowing fellow wormed himself around among the roots and against the bark of trees. One peculiar movement I noticed particularly; it consisted in backing up the base of a small tree tail first, till it was at an angle of nearly eighty degrees, and then suddenly squirming down in its natural way and again circling about among the roots. Occasionally it would apparently endeavor to distend the outer enveloping membrane by swelling its sides with air, and this was more noticeable when the skin was massed over the greatest diameter of its body. As soon as this portion of the body was passed, the process was quickly completed. In this case the operation did not occupy quite three hours in completion, and when finally the wand of Æsculapius came forth bright and shining and entirely free from his external or overcoat, he left that last year's article of wearing apparel lying directly across the hole where I had first beheld him. I have seen snakes in confinement which did not get entirely free from their old clothes for weeks, and then only in sections; and it is not unusual to observe wild individuals running about with various tatters hanging to them, giving a decidedly vagabond air to a naturally graceful creature.

While we are discussing the skin-shedding process it may be well to mention a few observations on the subject, although not directly dealing with the species under discussion. I am satisfied that in the unconfined state, snakes, as a rule, crawl out of their skins, leaving them nearly perfect, but of course inverted and with an invariable rent on the head. So exact are the impressions of every scale in the body and plates of the head, marked on the exfoliation, that one who is used to identifying specimens by this means can readily tell the species from which it came. Although the skin is generally entire, or that is intact at least, it is not always so; for, though it is a natural seasonal condition, it may be modified by some cause. This was noticeable in a gopher snake in the South, where an old wound on the side failed to admit of complete inversion, and consequently the skin clung to it and came away in patches. The skins may be found in June and July and sometimes in late May, and of course indicate by their identity the period of exfoliation of the species to the ophiologist. The skin is at first somewhat moist and may be drawn into shape and sometimes made into quite a fair representation of the original by the use of proper stuffing; but there is no coloring to the exfoliation, showing that the pigment cells lie deeper and that this mask corresponds to the human epidermis or scarf-skin. One use that discarded snake skins are put to, and in fact the only one which I have ever been able to learn of, is that of forming a part of the nest construction of a bird, quite abundant in these parts, known as the *Myiarchus crinitus*, great-crested flycatcher. This bird, which builds its nest in a hollow of a dead limb, telegraph pole or occasionally fence-rail or equally odd place, invariably, in constructing its nest, so far as my observations go, employs a cast-off snake skin. There may be only a piece of skin employed or several pieces,

and occasionally a whole skin, from which the identity of its former possessor may be secured. Two nearly complete skins have been taken, and I have found sections of three skins. It is said that these nests are occasionally found without the customary skin, but I have never found them so. To what deep law this peculiar feature is subservient would be difficult to demonstrate, but that there is a reason for this as in all other selected cases is plain to the thinker, and as a peculiar relation to our subject it may be an excuse to my readers for this digression.*

In tropical countries serpents are known to shed their skins at least twice a year, and I have heard that some exfoliate four times. In the United States the further south we go the earlier we find the period, and in Florida I found some species shedding in March; at a time when Michigan snakes had not left their winter retreats. North of the forty-second parallel the innocuous snakes generally shed in June, but some individuals get rid of their old overcoat and come forth in spring style in the month of May. All of the non-poisonous species change before the breeding season, and I presume the massasauga does also, but cannot assert positively, as I have yet to find an old one accompanied by young. As near as I can ascertain, our massasauga always exfoliates in July, at least during the heated term.

KALAMAZOO, Mich. DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*The ancients invested the serpent with marvelous powers both as to wisdom and as a possessor of ability in divination, and dignified the medical profession by ascribing it to Æsculapius. A bird which habitually makes use of a serpent's mask would undoubtedly have ranked high as a promotor of human weal or woe, and they would have assigned it special powers and attempted an explanation of the peculiar habit.

### Rat and Weasel.

The boldness of a rat mentioned by R. J. T. in a June number of the FOREST AND STREAM suggests an account of the experience of T. J. Thuma, of this city, with one of these animals, which, being cornered, leaped upon the arm of Mr. Thuma and sank its teeth into the wrist. And what is most remarkable, it kept its hold with the tenacity of a thoroughbred bulldog, and could not be shaken or pulled off. An assistant was called, who had to pierce the rat's brain with a knife, giving it its death wound, before it would release its hold. Mr. T. came very near losing his life as a result of the bite.

The weasel often exhibits extraordinary boldness. A lady of Highland, N. Y., had her attention arrested by the cry of a hen with chickens, one of which a weasel was dragging into a stone wall. She thrust her hand into the hole and succeeded in taking the chick from the weasel. But the saucy little thing came partly out of the wall as if to say, "Give me back my supper." Several attempts were made to strike the weasel, but with his proverbial vigilance he avoided the blows. The woman then held a stone just above the hole, and when he poked his head out she quickly pushed the stone down upon his leng neck and pinned him to the ground. N. D. E.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va.

## Game Bag and Gun.

*New Editions: The Gun and its Development, $2.50. The Modern Shotgun, $1. For sale at this office.*

### THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No instance of Indians dealing in wildfowl eggs has come to my notice. Perhaps they find sale for them in some of the larger towns, and from my knowledge of his character he would not hesitate to supply such a demand if it brought him money from the white man—provided the proceeding was not laborious. He has no solicitude for the hereafter in this world or the next—judged by any civilized standard. It is too bad that dealing in illegitimate game, fish, hides and furs, etc., cannot be prevented. The almighty dollar of unprincipled traders has been, and, it seems, will continue to be the main incentive to the destruction of wild fin, fur, flesh and feather of the country.

As long as it is profitable to evade them, our game laws, in localities where game chiefly is, will be evaded. Especially do these facts apply to the destruction of deer and elk. After fifteen years of observation on this coast I am certain that more deer are killed in California and Nevada for hides alone than for any other purpose. Wagon loads of deer skins, representing in their colors every month of the year, especially summer months, come from all parts of the mountains. Any one familiar with the subject can tell by a deer skin when the animal was killed. Why should it not be as illegal for a trader to have in his possession these as well as other stolen goods?

If there were no sale for the hides of deer killed in the spring, at least does with fawn and sucklings would escape. It is illegal to kill spotted fawn, but the traffic in spotted skins is not affected by this circumstance. In Nevada beaver are protected except that Indians are allowed to take them. The Indians bring in the pelts in large numbers and always seem to have captured entire colonies, from quarter-grown kittens up. The Indian gets 10 per cent. for the furs and the trader 90 per cent. The State or the government would make a good investment by by buying the beavers of the Indians before they are taken. But I have gone off at a tangent on this worn subject. A good many ducks nest hereabouts (at the head of Humboldt Valley), but I have learned of no traffic in the eggs. ESAU.

NEVADA.

### Adirondack Notes.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., July 4.—The prospects for good sport with the gun about here are very encouraging, for numerous broods of young partridges are seen about the clearings and several deer are running about the fields in this vicinity. One was seen less than 200yds. from the post-office one day last week, while a very large buck crosses the creek above Northwood several times a week.

A guide remarked to me not long ago that if the hunters of this place were prevented from going into the woods of the Adirondack League this fall a party of them will go crusting on the league's land during the winter.

Mr. Wm. Lee Fowler, of Holland Patent, N. Y., has three albino squirrels mounted. One is of the gray squirrel family and the other two are of the red squirrel family. Two of them, a "red" and a "gray," are snow white; the other chickeree is of a pinkish hue.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

### "IS THIS GOOD TO EAT?"

THE picture of that blue heron is above criticism. It brings to me, however, just a little twinge of conscience, just such a little twinge as all should have who wantonly destroy life. In confessing I may perchance "lay the ghost."

It was my first evening in the "houseboat blind" on Lake Champlain, last October, at the witching hour of twilight, and Elmer and myself were waiting for the last shot before taking in our decoys. No pen can adequately describe the beauty of those twilights on the lake, one has to live them in order properly to appreciate their charm.

'Twas absolutely still, the skimming swallows had long since disappeared, and even the live decoy on its little platform seemed lost in contemplation. The Adirondacks, silent and sphinx-like, flanked the western shore, and while the shadows gathered about their sides, the summits were fringed with gold, that shone like a "halo" through the purple haze of sunset. It was lovely! so tranquil! so restful! Like spirits the herons were winging their way toward their night camps near the march. Elmer used to say "that sometimes he felt too much to speak," and evidently the spell held him on this occasion, for though the gun stood ready to his hand, he heeded not. Suddenly a heron, unperceived till now, loomed close at hand in the dusk.

To fire at the ungainly silhouette was the work of an instant with me. A spurt of flame—the souse of the awkward bird in the calm water—and the foul deed was done; while rolling echoes from the hills seemed to taunt me a moment later.

The after glow in the sky was still sufficient for me to catch the look of disgust which overspread the countenance of Elmer, as with extended hand he congratulated me, in an ironical stage whisper, "Well b'gosh! 'tain't everyone can hit a barn a flyin'." All this I live again at sight of your faithful reproduction of the heron in your issue of to-day.

One word more. Kindly caution that sweet lady who holds the bird in regard to the danger of standing with her gun in the position shown. Accidents will occur, and "a gun is dangerous without lock, stock or barrel." For instance: I shudder to think of the tragedy a frisking dog might possibly precipitate under the circumstances as depicted in the photograph. Of course there are no cartridges in that gun? But it is the unexpected that always happens. WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. J., July 1.

### UNCLE AIK'S WOODCOCK.

MR. AIKEN GADSBY, of Washington, D. C., although an expert shot, does not always kill his bird, as will appear from the following remarkable capture. About the middle of June Uncle Aik, as we style him, was exercising his young dog on Georgetown Heights and saw him making a beautiful point about twenty or thirty yards away in the brush. Approaching the dog carefully he stepped into a little clearing when suddenly a flushed bird came into the opening so close to Uncle Aik that he made a spasmodic grab for it and caught in his hands a young but vigorous woodcock. The result was a double surprise—it astonished the captor as thoroughly as it did the bird. Mr. Gadsby took his prize home and placed it in a box covered with wire cloth. In the bottom of this simple cage he bored a number of holes. In feeding the bird he puts a lot of worms in a moist spot where the ground is soft and sets the box on top of them. It did not take the woodcock long to solve the puzzle, and it was soon taking worms through the holes as naturally as if it had always got them in that way. When Uncle Aik is making preparations to feed his pet the bird watches him intently, with his head turned first to one sid and then to the other, as if to catch on to the proceedings from all sides. It is a question now which gets more enjoyment out of the feeding, for Uncle Aik watches the boring as eagerly as the woodcock studies the details of preparation. The bird is contented and thriving. Its owner always takes it along when practicing the dog and says the dog makes most beautiful points on the hidden game.

Uncle Aik was the hero of the Virginia deer hunt described in FOREST AND STREAM Feb. 27, 1890, and brought home a whole shirt as a testimony of his prowess in escaping buck fever and the jokes of his mountain companions by killing his first deer. He is well known in Washington as a remarkable fancy shot with the rifle, and while the boys like to speak of him as Uncle Aik, few of them care to venture a trial of skill with him.

CLIFF.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

### Ontario Game and Fish Commission.

As a result of the recommendations made to the Ontario Legislature by the Commissioners appointed in November, 1890, to report upon the game and fish of the Province with a view of protecting, preserving and propagating the same, a permanent Board of Game and Fish Commissioners has just been established. The Commissioners appointed are as follows: Dr. G. A. MacCallum, Danville, Chairman; W. B. Wells, Chatham; Harvey P. Dwight, Toronto; John H. Willmott, Beaumaris, Muskoka; W. G. Parrish, Athens, Leeds county; A. D. Stewart, Hamilton, Secretary. As the above-named gentlemen are all practical sportsmen and inveterate haters of the poacher, pot-hunter and law breaker, some good results are confidently expected.

THE four full-page pictures, Young Mountain Sheep, American Elk, Group of Elk, and FOREST AND STREAM'S Grizzly, from the "*Forest and Stream Animal Series*," handsomely printed on heavy paper suitable for framing. The set of four (in tube) will be sent for ten cents (stamps will do).—*Adv.*

## Sea and River Fishing.

### SALMON FEEDING IN FRESH WATER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Probably no other living man has more earnestly, thoroughly and methodically studied the salmon and trout of the Pacific Coast than Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Luckily for us, too, he has been able to consider the subject from the standpoint of the thoroughly educated and equipped ichthyologist, supported by the power of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries and supplied with such essential if not indispensable facilities for the proper consideration of the subject as only the Commission can furnish. Luckily too, Prof. Jordan seems to be blessed with the happy faculty (so unusual with scientific men) of putting the results of his studies, observations and experience in plain English, as is evidenced by "Salmon and Trout of the Pacific Coast," being Bulletin No. 4 issued by the Board of Fish Commissioners of the State of California. I have just finished the third reading of this Bulletin, and would respectfully suggest to my brother anglers that we might all advantageously study the same until we know it by heart. It is certainly the plainest, most thorough exposition of the subject ever published.

But there is one thing that has not yet been made plain to me; and that is the claim, assertion or assumption that none of our salmon feed after entering fresh water. Dr. Jordan, on page 12 of Bulletin No. 4 says: "When the salmon enter the river they refuse to take bait, and their stomachs are always found empty and contracted. In the river they do not feed, and when they reach the spawning grounds their stomachs, pyloric cœca and all, are said to be no larger than one's finger.

They will sometimes take the fly, or a hook baited with salmon roe, in the clear waters of the upper tributaries, but there is no evidence known to us that they feed when there." Livingston Stone (another eminent authority) at page 479 of "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," published in 1884, expresses a like opinion. He says: "After entering fresh water they do not feed, and they continue their ascent until the season for spawning actually overtakes them."

Again on page 480 he says: "The salmon take no food in fresh water. In the headwaters of the rivers, in the clear water, they (at least the males) will take an artificial fly. Even at the time of first entering the rivers in spring the stomach is found empty and contracted." It is known that the salmon ascend the Columbia river at least 800 miles, and it seems that their maximum rate of travel per day is about four miles. I quote from page 14 of the Bulletin: "On first entering a stream the salmon swim about as if playing. They always head toward the current, and their appearance of playing may be simply due to facing the moving tide. Afterward they enter the deepest parts of the stream and swim straight up, with few interruptions. Their rate of travel at Sacramento is estimated by Stone at about two miles per day; on the Columbia at about three miles per day. Those that enter the Columbia in the spring and ascend to the mountain rivers of Idaho, must go at a more rapid rate than this, as they must make an average of nearly four miles per day." Taking four miles as the maximum rate of travel per day, and 800 miles as the limit of their pilgrimage, we find that the salmon has been battling against the currents, leaping falls and putting in full time for two hundred days without a mouthful to eat.

Doubtless it is true that they do not spend much time feeding after entering fresh water, for they are on, to them, an important mission.

While in the ocean they have nothing to do but feed and grow fat and prepare for the great, and to many of them, last journey of their lives.

But the apparent truth of the assumption that they do not feed at all while in fresh water is such a strain upon our credulity that we may be excused for resorting to what may appear to be unreasonable methods of supplying the salmon with the necessary food to sustain them in their long pilgrimage. At Willamette Falls, something more than a hundred miles from the ocean, thousands of salmon weighing from 4 to 50lbs. have been taken with the hook. The lure is generally either spoon or salmon roe, although the fly is sometimes taken, particularly in the Clackamas river, which empties into the Willamette but a short distance below the Falls. It seems that Mr. R. L. Ogden has caught many in the Navara river, California, with the fly. In this country they strike hard, almost viciously, and fight to the last. The great majority of those we catch are doubtless males, and it is possible that they are prompted to attack by the masculine combative proclivity so observable in the male of nearly every species of life during the period of procreation. It has been demonstrated by Dr. Jordan, Livingston Stone and other eminent ichthyologists that no solid food is ever found in their stomachs while in fresh water. But this ought not to estop us from claiming that the salmon may feed while in fresh water upon food as nutritious and strengthening, although not of so substantial an appearance as that of their fattening yards in the ocean; and the fact that the calls of nature demand food for all living things should warrant us in claiming the benefit of the doubt. We know that a human being can live for months if not years on liquid food, and that life can be sustained by even external absorption of nourishment for a considerable time. The first run of salmon, those that are bound for the headwaters, undertake their pilgrimages at a season of the year when they are likely to find a good supply of larvæ and other soft or gelatinous substances that would be very nutritious, while leaving little if any excrementitious substance. Those who follow would have the advantage of the spawn of their predecessors, and we know that they would not be at all backward about appropriating it, which itself, I presume, is very nutritious, for all the various kinds of salmon and trout are very fond of it. They cannot afford to expend the energy necessary to secure active, living food, for they need all that nature has supplied them with and often more to reach their spawning beds, and therefore, under the circumstances, they may be excused for resorting to the food of suckers and other plebian fish, with now and then a royal-coachman, silver-doctor or Jock-

Scott for dessert and as a reminder of their heritage of royalty.

Again, it has been stated by both gentlemen above referred to that salmon have been taken perfectly matured at 4lbs. It is not claimed, I believe, that they are of the same age as the 50-pounders, however, and it is hardly reasonable to suppose that they are. As they spawn at least every second year it would follow that no great proportion of them die after their first procreative effort, for here in Oregon streams you will always find the great big fellows fully as numerous as the small matured fish. Comparatively nothing is known by even the best informed persons about the habits or habitats of the salmon in the ocean, and I believe that much may yet be learned of their habits in fresh water.

Far be it from me to assume to criticise anything contained in Bulletin No. 4. I am "sitting at the feet of Gamaliel" asking knowledge; but I do know that we have great sport at Willamette Falls and in other fresh waters with the salmon by exciting their bumps of alimentiveness with tempting morsels of lazy tinsel; and I know that when once hooked they are active and gamy. A twenty-pounder on the hook in the foaming rapids at the Falls is very entertaining until brought to gaff, as dozens of Oregon sportsmen can testify from actual experience. Only last Friday a friend of mine hooked and properly landed a forty-two pounder, and [illegible] ready to lift both hands under oath that he was occupied by busy with both hands in making the [illegible] and S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon, [illegible]

[illegible]d how they became [illegible]
[illegible]ou that can be give
ANC[illegible]equire much im[illegible]S.
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Local [illegible]ou of the spa[illegible]ish.

IT is sometimes a diff[illegible]be remember[illegible]to identify an American fish by a local com[illegible]more compre[illegible]alone, for its country is vast and the local n[illegible] of the Clu[illegible]he different fishes are many and confusing, an[illegible] the same[illegible]ne is asked to identify a European fish by a loc[illegible]ee or [illegible]non name as the only guide it may become a tain Brita more difficult, particularly if the name is the [illegible]o thican pronunciation, expressed on paper, of a foreign word. A gentleman from Pennsylvania who had fished in Germany asked to have a fish that he had caught in a tributary of the Rhine identified by a local German [illegible]ad be. As he was a German himself I assumed that he [illegible]orcpelled the name to give the German sound to the w[illegible]rd. I could not find the name or anything like it in German ichthyological works, and applied to the author of "Fischzucht" for information and failed. The president of the Deutscher Fischerei Verein knew nothing of the fish, neither did Director Haack, but they sought information for me at the very place where the fish were caught and no fish was found that even locally filled the name given to me.

Early this spring I was having a little visit with Dr. Edward Eggleston, the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," etc., when he said that the most delicious trout of all the different kinds of trout was one that he ate in Galway, Ireland, last year. He said that it was caught in the rapids of Corrib within the town limits. That it was not a sea trout, and that it would not, as a rule, take a fly. This information he secured from an English gentleman, who presented a fish to him and called it a "Lenwog" trout. That, at least, was the pronunciation, although it might not be the spelling. Of course I was unable to distinguish the fish unless it might be the British lake trout, *Salmo ferox*, which had run into the stream from Lake Corrib, as our lake trout does in some cases. Mr. Marston submitted the matter to the author of "Where to Fish in Ireland" ("Hi Regan"), but from the name alone he was not entirely clear as to the identity of the fish. Mr. Richard Bradford, of Clonmel, however, is able to throw light on the subject. The name should be spelled "Len Og," *og* being Irish for young or small, and *len* meaning eels, thus "eel-fry trout" or "elver trout," also called "slob trout." They are the ordinary *fario* or brown trout which have been to sea and in returning follow up the elvers or young eels from salt to fresh water. It is an easy matter to have "len og" trout in this country, as the brown trout which we already possess has only to be planted in streams that will give them access periodically to salt water, and the salt water and the young eels, etc., will do the rest, as they now do to our common brook trout when it runs down to the rich pasture of the sea. Upon returning to fresh water the brown trout takes the fly [illegible]rily.

### The Lost Fish.

With a friend I was fishing for black bass in Lake Champlain, and having very good success, too. My friend had a strike, and for a moment the tip of his rod bent downward until it almost touched the water, then the bare hook came back to him, and he sat down on the boat seat with a most lugubrious expression on his face and mourned the loss of the largest black bass that he ever saw. He said he saw the fish plainly, and holding up his hands he indicated its length. I told him such a fish would weigh over 15lbs; but he stuck to his measurement. He sat perfectly dejected, making no effort to resume his fishing, as I [illegible]reached over for his hook to see if it was intact, and with the point of the hook was a fish scale and the scale [illegible]front le[illegible] the body of a big pike, generally called pickerel [illegible]front part [illegible]end was not convinced of the species of his l[illegible]ace are al[illegible]il a scale from a black bass was placed besid[illegible]nstead of a[illegible]le scale on the hook, when he smiled and said [illegible]ould stick to the length anyway.

### Fish Scales.

One hears or reads very little about the scales of fishes, except tarpon scales, and scales for the wings of trout flies, but they are worthy of study if for no other purpose than to find the difference in scales worn by different fishes. Mr. O. Greig, in the *Fishing Gazette*, tells how he is studying scales for a far different purpose. He is of the opinion that the scales of *Salmonidæ* may indicate the age of the fish. That portion of the scale which is free has numerous lines conforming in direction to the shape of the scale, and very like the concentric circles shown in the cross section of a tree, and which in the case of the tree represents its yearly growth. The lines in the scale are very fine and must be counted under a microscope. Of course no result will be obtained that is of value unless the lines in scales of fishes the ages of which are known, are constant. For instance, quoting from Mr. Greig's examples, brook trout, *fontinalis*, of 18 months had 12 lines on scales from the median line; scales from a trout, *fontinalis*, 29 months old, had 18 lines; scales from a trout 33 months old had 31 lines. These figures were obtained by counting the lines on several scales from the same fish. The lines may differ in number when taken from other fish, so that very many examinations must be made to arrive at satisfactory results.

### Thomas Jefferson Vindicated.

I am more and more convinced that it is not wise on all occasions to question a tall fish story—a story that on its face seems, to put it mildly, very improbable. Thomas Jefferson, of Stillwater, N. Y., was fishing in the Hudson River and returned home wet to the skin and said that he hooked a big fish which pulled him into the water from the boat, and very promptly the man with the historic name was classed as an A1 fish liar. A day or two ago a pike of 27lbs. weight was found dead or dying in the river, and in its mouth was found Thomas Jefferson's spoon hook, and attached to his hook was his line. The fisherman had told the truth. He was standing up in his boat and the fish caught him off his balance and pulled him in.

I personally knew of a fishing companion being pulled into the water in something the same way by a lake trout of less than half the weight of the pike. The angler hooked the fish and attempted to stand up in the boat. He was cold and cramped from sitting and the lake was rough, and over he went. The funny part of it was that his boatman who was looking ahead did not see him go overboard, nor did he hear him. The boat felt lighter and looking around the oarsman found himself alone in the boat and it was more than a mile to shore. The boat was backed up and the angler caught the gunwale with one hand and clung to his rod with the other, and fish and fisherman were both saved.

A guide at Schroon Lake told me on one occasion a she came in from fishing, that with a hook baited with crayfish he caught a black bass by hooking it through the eyeball. As he had a reputation for embroidering cold facts when relating his fishing experience, the eyeball story was received with allowances, and I was perhaps the chief of his inquisitors, yet the very next day I caught a black bass hooked in the same manner through the eyeball.

### Lake Trout.

The season for lake trout fishing, when the fish are at the surface of the water, is in the spring, directly after the ice disappears from the interior lakes. At such time it requires but little skill to find the fish if one knows where the deep water of the lake is, and the trout may be taken by trolling a bait without a sinker. The trout remain at the surface but a short time, and if one should continue to fish as the season advances it would be found that more and more lead must be added to the line to get it nearer and nearer to the bottom, until, to be successful, the trolling must be done at the very bottom with a heavy sinker. No longer does every "yank" on the line mean a bite and a trout, for it may mean that the sinker has struck grass, rocks and the other things that go to make up the bottom of a lake. One must know not only where to find trout, but when found must be able to detect the difference between a bite on the hooks and the sinker striking the bottom. I believe there are men who never learn the difference and so condemn deep trolling, or condemn it because it is harder work than surface fishing, and to be successful requires strict attention to business. Just now deep trolling for lake trout in Lake George is rewarded with great catches of fish.

### Lake George Trout.

On the east side of Green Island, Lake George, passengers on the steamers plying through the lake may see a battlemented stone tower rising in the trees above a castle-like structure, which the owner, Mr. E. B. Warren, of Philadelphia, calls a cottage, and which he has named Wapanak. On the south side of the island is an equally pretentious "cottage," called Belleview, which is occupied by Gen. Robert Lenox Banks, of Albany. General Banks and Mr. Warren are president and vice-president respectively of the Lake George Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. It is quite the fashion to troll for trout in summer from a small steamboat, and this year Mr. Warren has a new steamer, Cyric, to replace the Wapanak of last year, and Gen. Banks also has a new steamer, Cricket. For some years the respective boats of these gentlemen have been credited with the finest catches of fish (trout and black bass) made at the lake during the summer season. A letter from Mr. Warren, under date of June 26, says: "We are having a very fair catch of lake trout for this season of the year. Wednesday Robt. L. Banks, Jr., on his steamer the Cricket, caught 21 trout weighing 68lbs.; the largest 9¼lbs. The same day Aleck Taylor and I caught the same number on the Cyric, weighing 70lbs.; the three largest, 6, 7 and 8lbs. Thursday Alec and I caught 11 weighing 42lbs.; the largest, 6, 8 and 10lbs. Friday we caught 9 weighing 46lbs.; largest 8lbs, and the other eight were from 3¼ to 5lbs., which is a large average. From the 10th or 15th of July to the 1st of September we find that the trout bite better and average larger in size. If you can come up Friday and Saturday, I wish to give you a share of the sport." Mr. Warren's guide and fisherman is Alec Taylor, and there is none better at Lake George. Capt. Lee Harris, on the Cricket, also knows the trout grounds from one end of the lake to the other, and is a first-class fisherman in every respect. It must not be understood that because steamers are used for trolling they are a necessity, as a rowboat with a man at the oars answers every purpose.

### Lake George Seasons.

For a few years past there has been a special law for Lake George which provided a close season of four and a half months for pike—the so-called pickerel. Under this provision of the law, and rigid enforcement of all fish and game laws at Lake George, the pike have increased very rapidly and big catches of the fish have been made. Really there seems to be no good reason why a close season should be provided for a fish that increases so rapidly as the pike, for the average number of eggs deposited by a female pike is 100,000, and a big one will furnish 600,000 eggs, when if confining the means of capture to hook and line at all seasons they will increase further than any other hook and line fish in the lake. Many people regard the pike very highly both on the rod and on the table, and this fish should have suitable protection to keep up the stock, and if it is caught only with hook and line I believe there will be no marked falling off of the pike. To be seen it is a mere matter of taste which each one must exercise for himself whether or not he will catch and eat a fish that has just spawned, but it is not the catching with hook and line at all seasons that reduces the pike, it is the spearing and shooting and clubbing when they run into the creeks to spawn. The law which was passed last winter repealed the close season for pike in Lake George, and now they may be caught at any time with hook and line. Week before last George Fish of Locust Grove Hotel, near Bolton, caught eighteen pike at odd times during five days from the dock in front of the house. The fish were in good condition and fit for the table. Some weeks before that time two men stood on a bridge over a creek flowing into Dunham's Bay and caught about 70lbs. of pike in part of a day and their bait gave out before they could catch more. The fish had been up the creek to spawn and were returning to the lake. Here is where the question of taste comes in. When the close season for pike was in force fishing began July 1, and it is now good for those who care for it in spite of the fact that fish have been caught for several weeks. A. N. CHENEY.

## TEXAS TARPON AND JEWFISH.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Being a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and noticing the frequent reports of tarpon fishing on the other side of the Gulf, I have concluded to send you the inclosed clippings from our local daily paper of last week, not necessarily for publication, but for your own information and edification, and to use as you see fit. From these reports you will see that we have some opportunities for sport on this side of the Gulf also.

There is very little "scientific" fishing for tarpon here, the general plan being to use a very heavy hook and line, a whole mullet for bait, and, when you have hooked your tarpon, haul him ashore by "main strength and awkwardness." The jewfish is caught with a shark hook and line. They have been more plentiful this year than usual, and have proved a considerable source of revenue as well as sport for the lucky fishermen, as the dressed fish retails here readily for 25 cents per pound, ordinary fish (redfish, sea trout, sheepshead, etc.) being worth here only 5 or 6 cents per pound.

The tarpon are eaten by our Mexican population and considered by them excellent eating.

I hope, before many years, to see this portion of the Gulf coast the favorite resort of the lovers of the rod and gun, particularly those who live in the West and Northwest, it being much nearer and more accessible than the south Florida coast, offering equal, or, as I believe, superior advantages for hunting, fishing, boating and yachting, and being entirely free from the insect pests which are the bane of the sportsman's life in Florida, as I know from experience. J. S. PETER.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas.

[From the newspaper clippings referred to we learn that both tarpon and jewfish are caught from the city wharves. On June 14 a jewfish weighing 110lbs. was captured at Sidbury wharf, and on the 19th two individuals of about 90lbs. each were taken at the same place, while on the 15th a fine specimen weighing 75lbs. was "yanked out" at Central wharf. From the same wharves three tarpon were captured on June 14 and 15. On the 17th Perry Lege and Bob Hill caught a tarpon 5ft. 3in. long at Miramar wharf. Tarpon have been plentiful in Corpus Christi Bay and are biting more freely than usual.

The big jewfish may be the one illustrated in our Florida Supplement of Jan. 9, 1890, or the black grouper of Dr. Goode's "American Fishes," page 47. Both of these are giants and both are called jewfish; but the latter has the spiny back fin very high, the longest spine nearly one-half as long as the head, while the former, as shown in FOREST AND STREAM, has very low spines, less than one-sixth as long as the head. The colors are very different, too, at all ages. Perhaps Mr. Peter will tell us which of the two is found at Corpus Christi.

Another source of amusement in Texas waters is the great spotted ray or calico fish, which we think must be the bishop ray. A specimen of this fish weighing 347lbs. was taken in Aransas Bay, June 14; its tail was 13ft. long and its disk 6½ft. wide.

The leaping powers of the tarpon were forcibly illustrated in Aransas Bay, when a 5-foot fish boarded the pleasure boat Alice, flounced into the cabin to the great detriment of the glassware, returned to the deck in a few awkward somersaults, and then escaped overboard before its mad progress could be stopped. How a similar feat was performed in King's Channel was graphically told by E. M. Bryant in the Corpus Christi *Caller*, June 18:

"Capt. Tom Roberts's adventure with the tarpon on board the yacht Alice recalls to mind a similar experience of myself and two other Mustang Islanders some years ago, that was rendered all the more thrilling on account of my enfeebled condition, I being an invalid at the time and so weak that I could scarcely stand. I took passage for Padre Island on the old schooner Highland, bound down Corpus Christi Channel.

"Nearing the quarantine station we entered (close-hauled on the wind) a tortuous narrow cut known as 'King's Channel.' Just then I was standing near the companionway, watching the schooner's course, steadying my weak body by holding on to the mainboom, when all of a sudden a monster tarpon came on board, slightly grazing my left shoulder, turning me half round with the velocity of the touch, and nearly throwing me overboard. Striking the starboard side of the cabin with great force, the glancing blow launched the tarpon swiftly forward, where he brought up against the starboard hatch combing. My brother, Martin Bryant, immediately seized a hand spike and engaged the tarpon in battle.

"Capt. Jas. Grant, Sr., being closely occupied steering the vessel, took no part in the spirited action, while my weak condition rendered me a non-combatant. The violent struggles of the fish threw him into the hold down the hatchway, where he was speedily dispatched. He measured over 8ft., and his large silvery scales surpassed in size and brilliancy a brand new silver dollar. His scales were secured by Mr. Peter Benson, the quarantine officer, and are, I believe, still possessed by his good lady in Corpus Christi as a relic of the adventure."]

## PIKE COUNTY STREAMS.

THE sketch of "Tom's Creek," in FOREST AND STREAM of June 23 is locally interesting, says the Port Jervis *Gazette*, but the writer is all wrong in saying, or intimating, that trout fishing in the brooks of Pike county is not as good now as heretofore. There is no better trout fishing in the streams of any part of Pennsylvania, or any other State in the Union, than there is, this year, in those of our neighboring county of Pike. The writer hereof has had ample opportunity, during a number of weeks past, to see and experience proofs irrefragable that as many of the "speckled beauties" have been caught in the streams of Pike county, this season, as there have been for many years past, within a like number of weeks. He has been there and has seen and tasted the lovely trout, from time to time, and seen the "catches" of friends, during the season, as in former seasons, and knows whereof he affirms.

Several times this season has FOREST AND STREAM published paragraphs and letters in which it has been asserted that trout fishing is not as good in Pike county this season as heretofore, and we hope that this excellent sporting journal will permit us to convince it of its error and that it will hereafter do justice to that favorite resort of fishermen and hunters.

We fully concur with the FOREST AND STREAM contributor in what he says in praise of Mr. Fauchere's inimitable cooking of trout and of his excellent dinners. Mr. Fauchere has few, if any, peers in his line in these parts, or anywhere else for that matter. And we cordially agree with our lively sporting contemporary in all its praises of the charms of the Upper Delaware Valley—its fine drives and beautiful birds, lovely scenery, etc. But we object to our esteemed contemporary's disparagement of the trout fishing in Pike county, or its intimations that such fishing is not as good there as formerly, and we hope that popular paper will publicly acknowledge its error in this respect.

We are not certain who "Harry Hudson" is, but we suspect that he is our friend, Russel Headley, Esq., of Newburg, and that his friends, "John" and "Mac" are John W. Lyons, Esq., of Port Jervis, and Norman Maclean, Esq., late of Godeffroy, now residing temporarily in British India and amusing himself in the cultivation of coffee.

## SALE OF TROUT IN CLOSE SEASON.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I notice Mr. A. C. Collins of Hartford, Coun., has criticised my paper read before the American Fisheries Society in reference to Connecticut, having modified her law in relation to the sale of artificially raised trout. I give the law as furnished me by my Connecticut attorney:

SEC. 2499. Revised Statute of 1888 of Connecticut. Every person who shall catch any brook trout except with a hook and line, or shall sell, expose for sale, purchase, catch, or have in his possession any trout except from the first day of April to the first day of July, shall be fined not more than $50, or imprisoned not more than thirty days or both; provided that any person may take trout in waters owned by him, for the purpose of stocking other waters or take and sell any trout reared in such waters.

If the above is correct I think our friend will have his hands full in preventing the sale of cultivated trout in Connecticut at any season of the year, either dead or alive. If I have been misinformed I shall be happy to be set right in the matter.

I think our friend can find little consolation in the opinion of Chief Justice Shaw and others of the U. S. Supreme Court, which he has cited, for it must be acknowledged by every fair-minded man that the public would be greatly benefited to have 500,000lbs. of brook trout raised annually and sold in the markets as a food product after Jan. 15, thirty days after the spawning season has passed, and all objections that have been raised are purely sentimental, or as one sportsman expressed himself to me, that he did not want any trout sold in the market before the opening day, as it would take the romance from trout fishing. The estimated 500,000lbs. of trout to be raised annually in Massachusetts or Connecticut is certainly a large amount; but it is within the possibilities to do. I know of facilities in this town for raising 100,000lbs., and in what are now waste waters, not yielding 50lbs. of trout yearly.

Trout raising is to-day in its infancy, and only asks for a fair chance to become an important industry in many of the States. W. L. GILBERT.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., July 2.

## OHIO RIVER MASCALONGE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

At last I am able to exclaim with Archimedes, "Eureka!" For nearly ten years I have been trying to obtain a specimen of the mascalonge of the Ohio River basin, locally known as "pike," and have only recently succeeded in getting one through the zealous exertions of Mr. J. H. Newton, of Newark, O., a member of the Ohio Fish Commission.

Early last April I had a conversation with Mr. Newton on the subject, and he promised to use his best endeavors to secure a specimen. He was more successful than I dared hope for after the repeated failures on the part of others.

In the latter part of April Mr. Newton and Mr. Chas. Heipley, of Newark, proceeded to the mouth of Wills Creek on the Muskingum River, where they met, by previous arrangement, Messrs. John P. and Claude Sturtz, of Adamsville, all of whom were experienced anglers. After a day's fishing on the part of the four gentlemen, Mr. John P. Sturtz had the good luck to hook and land a fine mascalonge.

Mr. Newton packed it in ice and shipped it to me at Washington, where a mold and cast were made of it for the World's Fair. It measured 42in. in length and weighed 18lbs. In coloration it could not be distinguished from the typical St. Lawrence River mascalonge. Its back was dark olive green, a little lighter on the sides, and the belly of porcelain whiteness. The body and fins were marked by numerous dark, roundish spots, almost black.

I had previously seen the heads of some half dozen mascalonge of the Ohio Valley, and expected that the coloration would be similar to that of the same species in the upper Mississippi, or northern Michigan, that is, of almost uniform grayish green, and without the characteristic and well defined black spots usually seen in St. Lawrence River examples. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

### Susquehanna River Fishing.

MR. W. L. POWELL informs us that fishing in the vicinity of Harrisburg, Pa., has not been very good on account of continuous high and muddy waters, but a good many fish have been caught at Newport. Fish appear to be plentiful about Harrisburg, but the conditions are unfavorable for catching them. There has been a good deal of agitation, writes Mr. Powell, regarding the propagation of the rainbow trout; he assures us that a great many Pennsylvania streams have been successfully stocked with this species. In one stream to which he has given particular attention, and in which only mature fish were planted, a good many small ones, five or six inches long, are now being caught, which demonstrates the fact very forcibly that they will thrive in some of the waters of the State.


### The Yankee Fish Hook.

THE "Yankee" fish hook, advertised elsewhere in our columns, although only put upon the market a few months, has already achieved a great success. From trout streams and mountain lakes, as well as from tide waters and the deep sea, come reports of its achievements, and it is safe to say that no more practical or effective device for filling the angler's basket has ever been invented. The fact that it is endorsed by men who earn their daily bread by fishing is the strongest possible recommendation, but if further proof is wanted the reader is advised to send to the manufacturers for sample hooks and become convinced of their merits by personal experience.—*Adv.*


# Fisheulture.

## EASTERN FISH IN CALIFORNIA.

WE are indebted to Hon. Marshall McDonald for permission to publish the following extracts from a letter addressed to him May 16, by Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, secretary of the California Fish Commission, about the progress of landlocked salmon, brook trout and other fish introduced from the East.

The landlocked salmon at the Bear Valley Station "seem to be doing well, and the loss is exceedingly small, but the fry do not seem to grow very fast. They have not yet commenced to take food given to them, although the sac has left them for some time. We intend to put them into a small lake from which we will be able to take them for distribution."

The Country Club planted some brook trout "in one of its lakes one year ago last month. The club received from Mr. Mills, Fish Commssioner of Nevada, 14,000 fry. Nothing was heard of them after they were planted until last month, when some members visited the lake to investigate. They were surprised by catching fish measuring 12in. and weighing 12oz. Since then a few have been caught measuring 13in. and weighing from 13 to 14oz. There is no mistake that the fish caught were the ones planted, as before the planting there were no fish of any kind in the lake. The females are full of spawn, as large as No. 6 shot, and from present appearances it would seem as if they would spawn late in August or in the first part of September. We have had excellent luck with the spawn taken from Nevada and have distributed about 3,000 *fontinalis*, most of them in the streams on the coast. Ir is an experiment and we are afraid they will find their way to the sea and not return.

"We are now taking spawn of the rainbow, and up to date have secured about 500,000 eggs, and hope to raise this to 1,500,000 or even more.

"It has been reported to us that lobsters, which were planted here some years ago, have recently been caught in Monterey Bay. We are now at work trying to confirm the story.

"Our striped bass are increasing wonderfully. One was netted recently weighing 25lbs. Many experiments have been made, especially recently by, skillful sportsmen to take them with hook and line, but thus far without success."

The growth of the brook trout above referred to is certainly remarkable, and probably cannot be equalled in Eastern waters; the average weight of yearlings under domestication is only about 2oz.

The spawning season of the rainbow trout mentioned above is later than usual, on the McCloud River the season usually closed before May 1.

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Eugene G. Blackford, who was for nearly thirteen years a member of the Commission of Fisheries of the State of New York, and for a great part of that time president of the Commission, is in the city, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Mr. Blackford, who is the largest wholesale fish dealer in the Fulton Market, New York city, was appointed by Governor Lucius Robinson, and he held office until Dec. 31, 1891, the appointment of his successor, David Hackney, of Fort Plain, N. Y., who is said to have acknowledged that he "did not know a sucker from an eel," being the last official act of Governor Hill. Mr. Blackford has made a handsome fortune in the fish business, and he is now president of the Bedford Bank, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a director in three or four other financial institutions in New York and Brooklyn. He has been making a tour of California, spending two or three weeks in the southern part of the State, but for the past week he has been in San Francisco. He leaves here in a day or two for Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, and on June 6 he will sail on the steamer Queen from Tacoma on a tour of Alaska.

Mr. Blackford is an enthusiast on the subject of fish and fishculture. In conversation with a *Chronicle* reporter yesterday, he said: "During the week that I have been in this city I have been getting up early and making a tour of your wholesale fish markets at 5 or 5:30 in the morning. I did that because I wanted to get a view of your fish when they are fresh and before they are distributed to the retail trade, and I have in that way seen a good many things that interested me.

"What did I see that most interested me? Shad. The shad here not only interested but surprised me. Fifteen years ago the United States Fish Commission procured from New York and sent here 80,000 young fry less than half an inch in length in charge of Seth Green. They were planted in the Sacramento River and were the first shad ever seen in Pacific waters. To-day I should say, judging from the price, that shad are more plentiful here than in the East. Within the week the price has been one and a half to two cents a pound wholesale for shad of an average weight of five pounds. I have seen many shad here weighing twelve pounds and one exceptionally large one weighing fifteen pounds. Now I think that is remarkable when you consider that the average weight of our Connecticut River shad in the East is four and one-half pounds, and that the largest of which there is any record is eleven pounds.

"Then, too, I would like to say a word about your striped bass. Only nine years ago there was not a striped bass in your waters. At that time I was president of the New York Commission, and at the request of the United States Commissioners I procured 1,500 small fry about one inch in length. They were sent out here and planted, I think, somewhere near the mouth of the Sacramento River. Now I find them in your markets in such quantities that they are sold as low as fifteen cents a pound. They would probably bring a higher price if your people were as well acquainted with the merits of the fish as we are in the East, where they readily bring from thirty to forty cents a pound when the supply is at all light

"And right here I do not think that it is possible to give too much credit to the United States Fish Commission, and especially to the late Spencer F. Baird, who was so long at its head. In the introduction of the shad and striped bass alone they have given to the Pacific coast a food supply which more than repays the whole expenditure of the Commission since its establishment.

"How does the quality of the fish here compare with the same kind in the East? That depends. I have eaten as fine a piece of shad here in California as any that ever came out of the Connecticut River; but I got it fresh from the water, and it was handled and prepared according to my own directions. The fish, however, as it generally comes to the table of the consumer here is not in as good condition as we get it in the East, and that, probably, is why, as a food, it is not as popular here as it ought to be. Yes, I have heard complaints that the meat of the shad here is soft and mealy and that it has not that firmness which is its characteristic in the East. The complaints are perhaps just, but the fault does not lie with the fish but with the manner in which it is handled. Perhaps it is the high price of ice, or perhaps the unwise economy of those who control the wholesale trade here which operates to prevent the fish reaching the consumer in as good condition as it might and ought to. I notice that little or no ice is used in your fish markets. Now, shad should be laid in fine ice as soon as caught, and should be kept there until out on the stalls for sale to the consumer. It is the most tender-meated of all fish. The fish should be handled as tenderly as a baby and stacked up in boxes in the ice on their backs, edgewise, so to speak. Instead of that I see them here slammed around and thrown into the boxes one on top of another, flat side down and in all sorts of confusion. The result is that [illegible] is broken up and it reaches the consumer soft and [illegible] thing that has [illegible]ntly with the roe, which is the most [illegible] that is the claim, [illegible]e fish, all broken up.

"Halibut? Yes, your salmon fee[illegible] kind of halibut on the Pacific coast, [illegible]an, on page 12 [illegible]t comes mostly from Tacoma and Seattle, [illegible]n enter the ri[illegible]e now getting in New York a large portion o[illegible]aches are al[illegible] from those places. The first shipment we rece[illegible] river they [illegible]e year and a half ago, came in poor condition [illegible] the business for a time, but now we are getting [illegible]ing groun[illegible]arload in improved refrigerator cars, and it [illegible]d to be no[illegible]aper and better than the halibut from Gloucester[illegible] take t During the past winter, up to the time I left New[illegible]e clearwelve carloads had reached us from Seattle and Tac[illegible]o ev[illegible]e carloads averaging 22,000 pounds including ice, or a[illegible]t 12,000 net. The fish sells in New York for about 15 cents a pound wholesale."

Mr. Blackford concluded his remarks by reiterating his belief that in its fish the Pacific coast had an inexhaustible supply and that all that w[illegible]careeded to make our fish more popular as food was more [illegible]anful handling by those who are engaged in the trade.—*San Francisco Chronicle, May 24.*

## MINNESOTA PROTECTIVE WORK.

THE Fish and Game Commissioners are again after the law breakers, and the millers and proprietors of dams who have failed to comply with the requirements of the law providing for fishways over dams. A meeting of the Commission was held at the State capitol yesterday forenoon, at which were present W. S. Timberlake, Vice-Pres.; W. P. Andrus, of Minneapolis; A. F. Ferris, of Brainerd; and Capt. William Bird, of Fairmont. The Commissioners have become aware of the fact that very few mill owners have complied with the State law providing for the construction of fishways over dams. Their excuse has been that the water has been too high to allow such work on the dams. The Commissioners are determined to have the law obeyed and have instructed the game warden to see that its provisions are complied with.

The game warden submitted his report, covering a period from Dec. 1 to May 1. During these months he had conducted a number of prosecutions for illegal fishing and shooting game out of season. In several instances the parties were either fined or imprisoned. He called the Commission's attention to the fact that the law was being violated on Lake Pepin by parties using nets to catch fish. The city markets are largely supplied from this lake and the amount of fish taken in the course of a year is something astounding.

The game warden said that he was unable to enforce the law from the fact that the Wisconsin warden had failed to co-operate with him in the enforcement of the law although requested to do so. Whenever he had attempted to arrest the poachers they would cross to the Wisconsin side. Vice-President Timberlake was instructed to communicate with Gov. Merriam in reference to this matter, requesting the Wisconsin authorities to assist in the enforcement of the fish laws on that lake. The neglect of the Wisconsin game warden to co-operate in this affair is regarded simply as an oversight on the part of that official.

The committee appointed to confer with railroad officials to secure their refusal to transport game and fish out of season reported that the majority of the lines had agreed to this. They considered it [illegible] to their interest to preserve the game and fish on acc[illegible] of the additional traffic they received during the hunting and fishing season. Petitions were received asking that the lakes of the State be stocked with small-mouthed bass, of which the Commission has a large stock at the hatchery below St. Paul. The request of the petitioners will be complied with.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 6 to 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Can. [illegible]. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

Sept. 6 to 9.—Rochest[illegible]el Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Dr. O. S. Bamber, Sec'y.

Sept. 12 to 16.—Four[illegible] Dog Show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Canada. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Western Michigan Kennel Club, at Grand Rapids Mich. H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich., Superintendent.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.

Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. A. Holloway, Winnipeg, Man., Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. Geo. E. Stickney, Newburyport, Mass., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

## SPANIELS USED FOR FIELD SPORT.

[*Continued from Page 83.*]

THE IRISH WATER SPANIEL.

THE origin of the water spaniel has been a source of considerable speculation, each variety having characteristics foreign to the other kinds of spaniels, and there being no great resemblance between the three or four breeds of water spaniels at one time found throughout England and Ireland.

It is scarcely likely that the Spanish pirates, who occasionally landed on the west coast of Ireland, had sporting dogs with them, although sometimes the serenity of things generally and the attractions and hospitality granted to them very frequently turned foraging expeditions into friendly visits.

Besides the Irish varieties of water spaniels did not more nearly resemble spaniels of the orthodox kind, than those found in England. There was no dog common to Ireland that could be crossed with the land spaniel for the production of a new variety, such as the present Irish water spaniel, and hence there is no alternative but to revert to the introductory remarks regarding the difference of type and character and the probable cause for such in the land spaniel.

If we look to those countries through which the spaniel passed before getting to England we find that there is a curly water dog called the Barbet, which has many points in common with the water spaniels. The first point of resemblance is the unkempt appearance. Then there is the inclination to curl in coat, the same instinct and overpowering fondness for the water, and one feels disposed to ask why there should have been any question as to the origin of the water spaniel. Still the two kinds are not entirely alike and it may be asked how they became classed as spaniels? The best explanation that can be given to the former query is that it does not require much imagination to conceive that the Barbet and land spaniel together are responsible for this multiplication of the spaniel family. As to the latter question it may be remembered that the word spaniel was at one time far more comprehensive than it is at present, and as in the case of the Clumbers, it did not require the marriage of two of the same family, for the transmission of a name.

When there were three or four kinds of water spaniels struggling for existence in Britain, Mr. MacCarthy took in hand those more common to the south of Ireland, and succeeded in establishing a uniform variety, which is now the only one worthy of attention.

Mr. Justin McCarthy was very much attached to his kennel of water spaniels, and nearly fifty years ago had so far succeeded in securing a sporting dog suitable for the boggy districts, whose liking for the water, hardihood, hunting instinct, and intelligence of no ordinary nature, were just as essential as the foundation, as retrieving and other points were necessary accomplishments.

In striving for the production of a strain unrivaled in these respects, he did not overlook uniformity, and he was soon able to insure a dog, about 22in. at shoulder, with a thick-set sturdy build, supported by legs as straight as gun barrels, and larger than other dogs of his size, a coat of a dark liver, with a short curl, not exactly like the negro's head or that seen on one kind of French poodle, nor yet similar to the tagging of the other variety, but more of a crinkle. The ears were pendulous and rather well feathered like other spaniels, but not excessively so, like the poodle. The feet were webbed to the fullest extent, and the tail a few inches from the stern, was not covered with more than sufficent hair to cover the skin, and tapered to a fine point. The face and the front part of hind legs were simply covered with short hair, and as the eyes were a bright amber color, the McCarthy spaniel presented almost a grotesque appearance, but sportsmen of those days were sportsmen indeed, and though they were ever admirers of beauty, it was utility which they chiefly secured in adopting this strain, that soon proved its fitness to survive.

Some of the chief patrons of the breed were Capt. Edward Montresor. Mr. J. S. Skidmore, Sir W. Verner, Mr. Tallico Macarthy, Mr. J. M. O'Neil, Dr. Tuffnel, Capt. Keyes, Mr. Tollemache, Sir H. Mark, Lieut. Cole, Sir H. Massey, Mr. Philip Hill and the Earl of Howth.

After a time there was an attempt to improve this dog to make him more attractive for bench show purposes, when a cross with the French poodle was tried, which resulted in what might have been expected in attempting to caricature the grotesque. It soon became necessary that the coat should be ragged, and unless there was the necessary amount of poodle blood this was unnatural, and could only be imitated by allowing the growth of coat to remain, till at last vermin collected, and as exhibitors dared not clean their dogs properly without risk of spoiling their chances at the shows, it became an evil which the Spaniel Club of England was asked to remedy, and as Colonel the Honorable Le Poer-Trench championed the cause, matters have been much improved.

To detect the poodle cross it is only necessary to examine the parts which should only be covered with short hair, for unless the dogs are tampered with they are found to be about evenly covered on the front legs, which is not right; to be thickly covered on the front part of the hind legs, and less clean on the tail and face are also wrong, besides the eyes are often a dark hazel instead of an amber.

The Irish water spaniel, like all kinds of spaniels, is an excellent general purpose dog, good on all kinds of game, all conditions of land, whether in marsh or upland. He is, par excellence, a duck dog and a retriever, and in sport or as a companion, he is very sagacious and obedient. It is not surprising that in a country like America his usefulness should soon be appreciated, and there is no doubt that as the Eastern States get "cleaned up" and sportsmen have to seek other grounds, a still greater value will be attached to this variety of the spaniel family.

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HUNTING DOGS, when they grow old, become rheumatic, or at least debilitated with pains. We know, too, that they crave heat, and get as near the fire as possible—a craving which increases as they grow older. One such dog, older than the others, and slower in getting into the lodge on returning from the hunt, was often crowded away from the fire by the other livelier dogs getting all the best places before him. Finding himself thus turned out in the cold, he would dash toward the door barking, when the others, supposing it was an alarm, would rush away too, while the old rheumatic went to the fire and selected a place to suit him.—*Revue Scientific.* A similar experience occurs to us on reading the above. Toy spaniel fanciers will remember Duchess, that capital little Blenheim spaniel that went the round of shows a few years since. She was of course a great pet and fancied herself entitled to all the luxuries of this life. We



CHAMPION SHAWN (K. C. S. B. 26725).

had a fox-terrier, unknown to fame, still none the less a pet. Sunny mornings in winter, because of a sunbeam that came through the curtains on a certain spot on the hearth rug, the sitting room was a favorite lounging place for the dogs, and



CHAMPION HARP (K. C. S. B. 23578), AFTER A DIVE.

the Duchess usually appropriated this sunny foot of space for herself. The fox-terrier also had an eye to its soothing influences, and should he by chance be first on the spot and Duchess find him there, she would walk round him a few times pretending not to notice him, when all of a sudden she would rush to the front door, barking vociferously until Dick came out to see what was up. Then the Duchess trotted quietly back to the sunbeam, and it would have taken two fox-terriers and a host of possible beggars or tramps to fool her out of the vantage ground. This did not happen once, but many times, and the terrier never seemed to grasp the situation.

## "THE DOG IN HEALTH AND IN DISEASE."

THIS is the title of Dr. Wesley Mills's new work. In this book the author explains that for the student or breeder to form a correct idea of treatment in disease they should have a knowledge of the dog in health, and to this end he deals very extensively and minutely with the standards of the different breeds of dogs and explains all their physiological characteristics. The standards of nearly every breed of dog are given with intelligent explanations. From this the author passes to the care and management of dogs in health, breeding, rearing, and in fact everything that pertains to the dog from puppyhood to old age.

In describing the different diseases the dog is heir to, the Doctor has treated the subject very elaborately, but at the same time more with the view of its being a guide to the breeder rather than the students of veterinary surgery.

In glancing cursorily through the work there are several points in which we would differ from the Doctor in general treatment. On page 143 Dr. Mills says the bitch may be washed the first week after whelping, but even "if all goes well" we should say this is risky, especially with long-haired dogs. In dealing with foster mothers the author hardly lays sufficient stress on the foster mother being healthy; attention should be drawn to the fact that she must be free from mange and distemper, and there should be no risks of her carrying the contagion to the latter. There is no mention made of cats as foster mothers. They are very useful, especially for the smaller breeds of dogs. Attention should also be drawn to the fact that the foster's puppies should be as near as possible of the age of those to be adopted. In treating of diseases of the respiratory organs the Doctor recommends at the moment of chill, among other things, an ounce of whisky; this we should say is too much, and would very likely cause vomiting. In treating the diseases of the genital organs the author might have mentioned chronic balanitis, a common affection accompanied by a constant slight discharge from the sheath.

Regarding rabies, Dr. Mills omits the first and an important symptom—loss of appetite. In diseases of the skin several prescriptions for ointments are given, two of which contain morph. sulph.; but we should question the advisability of their being freely applied. Ointments containing morphia should be very sparingly applied. In speaking of the causes of rickets, the author upholds the heredity theory, but this is far from being the generally accepted cause; it is largely a matter of diet, and to be cured by dieting. Regarding distemper, Dr. Mills remarks that the disease is apt to break out in kennels during wet or cold, or during muggy weather. This weather has little if anything to do with it, no matter what the weather is distemper will not break out in a kennel unless the contagion has been carried there by some means or other. In dealing with anæsthesia, the author asserts that "dogs are extremely liable to die under chloroform—so much so that it may be laid down, as a rule, that its administration is contra-indicated." This position we beg to question. Our experience has been that dogs are not so extremely liable to die under this anæsthetic, but rather the opposite. It is preferable to ether, as the latter is more irritating and also causes more struggling before anæsthesia takes place. We quite agree that both should only be administered by an expert. There is little else to criticise in the work. Most of the principal diseases are accompanied by illustrations showing the parts under discussion. Altogether, the illustrations of the different breeds of dogs are better than anything that we have yet seen in any similar book as they represent dogs that are now winning on the bench either in England or this country, and of course go far to enhance the appearance of the book. Altogether the work is one of great use to the breeder and the veterinary student, and one that should find a place in every dog man's kennel shelf and library. The price is $2.25.

## JUDGE, REPORTER, EDITOR, SUPERINTENDENT

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

"And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

The quotation rises unbidden to the lips as we regard the fourfold combination in our title and see one fallible mortal attempt to fill all these offices. There is much discussion now in the papers anent shows, so it may be a good time to touch on what is a veritable abuse of office, an anomaly, almost an impossibility.

The judge's work needs no detailed explanation. His reasonable knowledge of the classes under his charge is a foregone conclusion—or should be. The reporter's province is simple, if he will let it be what it should, but he is apt to complicate it by acting critic also, and in place of giving us an intelligible account of the awards, and description of the dogs and their surroundings, he makes himself a judge of the judges and stabs with his pen their "mistakes," knowledge of which too often he gleans from disappointed exhibitors or interested spectators.

How else should the reporter know them unless he be a man learned in all classes of dogs, thoroughly posted on "points" of the possible forty breeds represented at a large show? By the time he has accumulated all that knowledge his span of life must have stretched into one longer than that usually represented by the brisk knights of the pen whom we see about the judging rings.

But never mind knowledge, let us be critics, say they; so the confiding public is bewildered to learn that the beauteous bulldogs it has admired as first prize winners are unworthy of notice and that quite the worst pointers have been given the best places. If Cato is present in the catalogue, though absent from the exhibition, it sometimes happens to that happy canine to be described and criticised all the same, while the catchy word, the meaningless phrase, does duty repeatedly, until we wonder why "well-defined" applies to a St. Bernard's skull as well as to a ring on a turtle's back or a limit of a boundary fence.

If the reporter has also acted as judge it is hardly in human nature not to exalt his own awards, if not to decry those of other judges. When he is judge, reporter and editor altogether the climax is reached and he must be a remarkable "all-round" man who can fairly, intelligently and ably conduct himself in the affairs of each.

To be judge and superintendent at once demands the impossible and in the effort to achieve it disaster must ensue somewhere. To perform two different sets of duties at the same time, to be in two places at once, to do and undo simultaneously, he must be more than mortal who succeeds in this.

The club so poor as not to afford a superintendent to superintend and nothing else may presently find none so poor as to do it reverence.

Who points out failings should at least suggest a remedy. Some aids to present ills may be in having each judge write his own report of his classes briefly, but explaining difficult decisions as space allows, and noting good and bad points for the instruction of the inquiring reader. Signed with his name it carries the weight of the writer's character.

That this adds to his labors is true, but it would be worth its cost in many ways. Let the reporter report, and also sign his articles, that the public may know of his knowledge and write, or not write, him down a Dogberry.

And when the critic sharpens his pen and attacks the error or misjudgment that stirs his reason rather than his personal feeling, let him too name his own name, that his criticism may stand in full strength, and if "offense be took" it may be in the right quarter. OBSERVER.

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The Sheffield (Eng.) show is said to have been a great success. Many of the best known dogs were on hand. The entries numbered 1,053, an increase of 277 over the last show held in the "Cutlery" town in 1885. Mr. James Mortimer was present and we are pleased to hear that Mr. George Helleswell, the well known and deservedly popular English judge, had so far recovered from his severe illness as to take part in the judging. Among the specials given was one for the "fattest fox-terrier." This is a novelty and hardly one to be encouraged. It was won by a poor brute that could scarcely toddle.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. Mercer in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM seems to doubt the correctness of the cause I assigned for Mr. Middleton's resignation as a member of the Ottawa committee. The following letter should satisfy him: "OTTAWA, June 7.—H. B. Donovan, Esq., Sec'y C. K. C., Toronto: Dear Sir—Mr. W. H. Middleton has tendered his resignation as a member of our bench show committee, and at a meeting held Friday afternoon it was laid over until an answer had been received from the C. K. C. executive as to whether the disqualification of his partner, Mr. Mercer, affected him. I have been instructed by the committee to say that in their opinion Mr. Middleton knew nothing whatever of the Little affair and that it was done without his knowledge or consent. Will you kindly bring the matter up at the next meeting and let me know the decision. Yours truly, ALFRED GEDDES, Sec'y." Is further proof necessary?

A bench show will be held at Winnipeg, Me., July 25 to 29. The following classification is provided: First prize of $5 to both dogs and bitches in mastiffs, St. Bernards (rough and smooth), Newfoundlands, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters and collies. In the following dogs and bitches have to compete together for one prize of $5: Great Danes, greyhounds, deerhounds, cocker spaniels, retrievers (smooth and curly), bulldogs, pugs, fox-terriers (smooth or wire) and toys. A prize of $5 is offered for the best kennel of foxhounds, not less than two couples; diploma for best kennel of sporting dogs (either setters, pointers or retrievers), also diploma for kennel of non-sporting dogs. Entrance fee is but 50 cents and judging commences Tuesday, July 26. The name of the judge is not announced. The show will not be held under kennel club rules. More's the pity!

A resolution on the books of the C. K. C. says that a mail vote of the executive committee shall be taken when requested and necessary. This is being done for the first time in the case of clashing of dates of Kingston and Montreal shows. The voters are asked, in a circular sent out by the secretary, to vote yes or no as to whether Kingston or Montreal should have the dates claimed, or both hold a show the same week under C. K. C. rules.

I had a long interview with Prof. Wm. Saunders, commissioner for the Dominion to the World's Fair. I went into matters pretty fully with him regarding Canadian dogs at the fair, and one result, I am glad to say, is that the Dominion government will bear the expense of the $1.50 entry fee on all dogs sent from Canada. A knotty point is the selection of fitting representatives of each breed—as the commission desire quality much more than quantity. This selection will probably be referred to the C. K. C., and that body will be asked to propose a plan whereby representative exhibits may be selected by competent men from all over Canada, though it is probable the entry will be largely if not entirely confined to Ontario and Quebec.

Mr. H. W. Fores, Toronto, leaves for San Francisco this month to occupy a position in the Western Assurance Company, with which corporation he is identified. He takes a brace of his fox-terriers with him, the dog Pickles, a winner here, and the brood bitch Kismeth.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held here at the Queen's Hotel on July 8 at 8 P. M.

At a meeting of the Toronto Kennel Club, held June 29, it was decided to apply for incorporation to the local government. A club room will be rented in a new uptown building to be ready in August, a "Question and suggestion box" inaugurated, etc. The subject for debate at the next meeting will be: "*Resolved*, That the dog is more deserving of admiration than the horse." A lively time is expected.

H. B. DONOVAN.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, July 2.—In the past few weeks there have been several cases reported in the daily papers here of mad dogs, dog bites and hydrophobia, newspapers apparently developing epidemics quite as much as communities of individuals, the Chicago daily papers having at present the mad dog scare. Not that it requires a real and genuinely mad dog to serve for the basis of a sensation—a dog in a fit; a dog so teased that he becomes angry or bites to defend himself; a dog in ill temper—any of these furnishes ample material for the reporter in search of a sensation. As to whether the dogs are mad or not, the reporter does not care. To simply write that John Smith's son was bitten by a dog would be only of local interest; but to publish that John Smith's son was bitten by a rabid dog which was last seen running up the street biting at people and horses promiscuously commands the earnest attention of everybody. The particulars are generally collected from people who know nothing whatever of the symptoms of rabies, or the symptoms of any disease which afflicts the dog, and no small part is collected from hearsay.

The following is taken from a Chicago daily paper of June 30 and refers to a recent event of the kind under consideration: "The Cook county hospital authorities have not yet decided whether or not the case of Joseph Schwager, who was bitten by a dog some weeks ago and died in terrible agony, was really one of hydrophobia. A post-mortem has been held, but no satisfactory conclusion could be reached from it. 'In order to settle the question,' said one of the hospital authorities, 'it has been determined to inoculate some rabbits with virus from the body of the dead man. If he really suffered from hydrophobia the poison will get in its work and in fifteen or sixteen days the rabbits will unmistakably show the evidences of the disease.'"

While the uninformed spectator feels competent to diagnose the case of any dog at a glance, the skilled physicians can only determine the matter by the most elaborate tests.

I once saw a dog running about blindly and wildly, on Madison street, this city, he having just recovered from the worst stages of a fit. His jaws were frothy, eyes wild and actions unnatural. He ran in erratic lines to and fro in the street. A crowd soon gathered, the cry of "mad dog" was raised, missiles were thrown at him and excitement was general. In his sickness and bewilderment he ran under a passing street car and was crushed to death—a lamentable ending, but perhaps more merciful than the policeman's club or uncertain bullets. The event was considered a lucky ending of a mad dog, yet the dog was not mad.

The Pearl of Pekin—Chicopee Lass case appears to drift further away from final action, and to become more complicated as time passes. There is a lamentable want of backbone displayed by the committee, as well as tiresome procrastination. Either Pearl of Pekin was run over or was not; yet, after nearly nine months have passed and after profound official evasion of the matter, the case is more complicated than at first, and still unsettled.

Mr. Bartels' letter of last week shows a remarkable phase of the case. It would seem that an executive officer of the club, if he performed his duty properly, would devote his energies and influence to the welfare of the club; and that he would in particular, in his official capacity, do his duty conscientiously as such officer. According to the quotation by Mr. Bartels from Mr. Lowe's letter, the latter gentleman being a member of the executive committee, the main idea pervading the letter was not so much an answer to Mr. Bartels' inquiry as it was an earnest effort to suppress everything pertaining to the matter till it could appear in his favorite journal. He sacrificed his duty as an officer to further a personal motive. His duty to his club, to the parties directly at interest and to the public from whom the club must look for its support and success, required that he should make the matter public through all the recognized channels, instead of suppressing it for weeks to accomplish a personal favoritism entirely apart from the issue and from his official capacity.

Will such a policy develop the coursing interests at large and in the best manner?

Is an officer of the executive committee supposed to carry his personal likes and dislikes into the club's affairs, and give them prominence over important club business?

The whole course of the executive committee in this matter has been one of shilly-shallying inefficiency and evasion. Not that there are not able men on the committee, but that in respect to this matter they have not acted. They are able men, for they are quite as able not to act as to act if it so pleases them.

The whole matter should have been settled within a day after the close of the meeting. So far as the executive committee is concerned, that committee's special strong point appears to be in referring the matter to some one else.

B. WATERS.

## DOGS AND DOG SHOWS IN ENGLAND.

THE interviewer is said to be an essentially American production, but has also now become a necessary adjunct to journalism on the other side, and *Stock-Keeper*, with its usual enterprise, succeeded in interviewing Mr. Mortimer as to how things dogly strike him in old England. The scene was the Harlow show in Essex. After the usual taffy the writer gets down to business, and as Mr. Mortimer is generally credited with a level head, his remarks on the English side of the question may be of interest. After touching on the duties on dogs exported to this country, and expressing the conviction that the A.K.C. will still be able to have the restrictions materially modified, Mr. Mortimer was asked what he thought of English shows, and we are glad to see that in the case of the Kennel Club show he gives good advice, for instead of having the sporting appliances on the ground floor and the dogs upstairs, he would have reversed the order of things and so done away with "all the tramping upstairs" and the dogs have been more comfortable.

The manager of the New York show also gave them a wrinkle on getting the public up to show fever heat through the aid of the daily press, which we well know over here can pretty well make or mar a show. Asked as to his opinion of the English dogs at the shows he had attended, he remarked, "What has struck me so far are the large classes of collies and fox-terriers you have here, and the St. Bernards are also good, and bob-tail sheepdogs wonderfully so; indeed, I don't think they have yet seen anything like them over with us. We have so many of the lurcher type, you know." This remark may not have been quite as Mr. Mortimer put it, as a bob-tail of any description is a rarity at our shows nowadays.

About sporting dogs in England, he said:

"I have seen some very good ones of those since I've been over, and I think they are ahead of ours by a long way; that is to say, they are a more even lot than we have."

"How do you, as an old pointer man, like champion Saddlebags?"

"Well, I have seen him before, you know, when I was over in the Jubilee year. Of course he was got by Naso of Upton, a son of Naso of Kippen, whom we had over in our kennels when I was at the Westminster Kennel Club. I I think Saddlebags a grand dog, and a better pointer than Graphic ever was, and I tell you why. You see, he has a better loin, and he beats Graphic in hindquarters, stern and carriage of stern."

"And any others?"

"Oh, yes! You have several others excelling in character, legs and feet. Devonshire Nero is another one I thought a very good little dog."

"How did you like the Gordon setters at the Hall?"

"We could a few years back have showed as good a lot in America, but they are getting them too coarse now, and breeders there could with advantage take a leaf out of Mr. Chapman's book, for I see he is getting a lot of quality in them."

"And the Irish setters?"

"Well, I thought several of them very small, which I fancy is to be regretted, although there were some exceptions, and I liked the winning dog." (Harlech.)

"And how do our setters compare?"

"Well, you see, it is like this; our setters are so mixed up in America. They—the Americans—pay more attention to shoulders, legs, feet, and style than they do to coat in England. The Llewellyn setters have proved themselves excellent dogs in the field, and that is the reason they are so very popular with us."

"And in judging them?"

"To tell you the truth, our great trouble is that we have a job to make our judges understand they are judging according to a standard. They often lose sight of this fact altogether, for they have seen the dogs work in the field, or know they are good ones there, and therefore become prejudiced."

"Our fox-terriers, what do you think of them?"

"I think they have improved vastly, so far as I can see since I was over last. There are more good ones about, and they certainly appear workmen, too. I fancy they are on the leg more, but shoulders, fronts, legs, feet, and heads have come on greatly. Most of them, however, are inclined to be leggy, but that good and real terrier head is coming back again, and breeders are to be congratulated."

"Have you any shows like this—Harlow?"

"Oh, yes! Of course we call them fairs, and dogs are being gradually taken in as one of the attractions, not only in America, but Canada. It's growing at a great rate, I can tell you."

And then we are told a little news about Mrs. Mortimer, who it seems takes a great interest in Sealyham terriers, those game little dogs from South Wales that Captain Edwards makes a specialty of. Mrs. Mortimer came from Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, which is near the old mansion of Sealyham, and the least Mr. Mortimer can do now is to bring a "Sealyham" back with him and incidentally allow Americans to see what they are like. Mr. Mortimer afterward was to spend some time in Devonshire among the pointers of that famed county, and from there intended to take in the Sheffield show, which took place June 22 and 23.

## DOGMATICS OF DOGDOM.

Many dogs work well regardless of any standard.

—§—

Dogs differ from men and mules in that they are not kickers.

—§—

Some men never discover how pretty, intelligent and well bred your dog is till they want to borrow him.

—§—

What does blue blood mean as applied to a dog?

—§—

Some people will blame a dog for barking all night without reason, yet the same people will thump a piano all night regardless of the dog's feelings.

## NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

A MEETING of the board of governors of the New England Field Trial Club was held at 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass., Tuesday, June 28, at 2 P. M., president W. A. Power in the chair. Present, Messrs. Power, Hayward, Lovell, Tucker, Wells and Osborne.

In the absence of the secretary Mr. Lovell was appointed secretary pro tem. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Chairman Hayward for the committee on judges reported the formal acceptance of Messrs. N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., and Washington A. Coster, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

This report was accepted.

The report of the committee on advertising was accepted. Mr. A. M. Tucker, for the committee on game, reported progress. The resignation of Mr. George E. Stickney, as secretary, was read, and on motion accepted. Voted to proceed to ballot for Secretary to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Stickney's resignation. Ballots were cast and counted, resulting in the unanimous election of Mr. E. Knight Sperry, of New Haven, Conn. Voted that all the existing committees be discharged and the following committees be established:

Finance.—President W. A. Power, Dr. J. W. Hayward, A. M. Tucker.

Auditing.—Dr. J. W. Hayward, J. C. Sharp, Jr., Wm. C. Davenport.

Publication.—President W. A. Power, C. P. Curtis, Jr., Geo. W. Lovell, E. Knight Sperry.

Transportation and Accommodation.—President W. A. Power, A. M. Tucker, Dr. J. W. Hayward, Geo. W. Lovell.

Membership.—E. Knight Sperry, John C. Sharp, Jr., F. W. Whitlock.

Prizes and Specials.—F. W Whitlock, Arthur R. Sharp, A. M. Tucker.

Legislation.—Dr. J. W. Hayward, A. Tucker, C. P. Curtis, Jr., W. C. Baylies.

Grounds and Game.—D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Dr. J. W. Hayward, A. N. Tucker, Geo. W. Lovell.

Rules.—E. O. Damon, Arthur R. Sharp, C. P. Curtis, Jr., A. M. Tucker.

The meeting then adjourned.

The next meeting of the board will be held at 266 Washington street, Boston, Tuesday, July 12, at 2 P. M.

## RETRIEVING AT FIELD TRIALS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You ask for my views on retrieving by pointers and setters in the field. I do not think that the act of taking up in the mouth and fetching a bird can be any more injurious to a dog than being allowed to find a dead or crippled bird without retrieving. The actions required in both instances are precisely the same, excepting the mere act of fetching. Any one who has ever hunted dogs in the field knows that the anxiety to find dead birds is just as great in the dog that does not retrieve as in the one who does, if the former has been used and encouraged to find the game killed as the latter has been. The great objection in both cases is that so many birds are flushed in the search and anxiety to find the dead or cripples. Every dog used by a good shot thinks there is something always killed when the gun goes off and is never satisfied until he finds out, and consequently in his search often puts up birds that under other circumstances he would have pointed. I think, however, that any sportsman would rather see ten birds flushed and go away unharmed than lose one dead or crippled bird, therefore when I have no other retriever I prefer a pointer or setter to retrieve. Had I a proper retriever I then would not want the others to move from their position until the retriever's duties were over.

I have seen setters quite equal to the best retriever I ever saw, both on land and water, and in no way injured in their field work by retrieving everything killed over them, even to wild turkeys and geese.

Where so many different opinions exist as to what constitutes a high class dog, like many others I have also an opinion—that is, the best gentleman's shooting dog is precisely the dog the old-time market-shooters (or pot-hunters, their more modern name) delighted to own. Speed, nose, dash, intelligence and endurance were the qualities sought after With these men it was a business, and as in all businesses of to-day they wanted to make the most out of the least investment; the fast, dashing, intelligent dog was the favorite, other qualities being equal. Then as to-day the fastest dog always found the most game by getting there first, and if he failed in doing so then he was lacking in some more useful quality than speed which another less speedy possessed. Life was considered too short to trifle it away in watching a dog run that could find nothing; we were out for the frequency of the occurrence, rather than the quality of the performance.

A gun that made a remarkable target and went off once a day would soon have been cast aside for one that went off on every opportunity, making a regularly fair target. We never knowingly left a country abounding in game to go into one where game was scarce, because the scenery was a little prettier in spots a long distance apart, our eyes always got tired and our guns heavy when the loads were carried too long. We had no colored boys to carry them, nor wagon to meet us with fresh relays of dogs. A man and dog that could not stand one full day through and through at a moderate rate was considered as belonging to the effeminate order. We wanted our dogs to cut out an open country at a slashing rate, ranging far and fast, and always hunting to the gun. When taken on to marked birds or into cover, to hunt as close and active as spaniels under full control. The proper use of pointers and setters is to find and point game, and the one possessing the greatest combination of qualities to enable him to do this to the advantage of the shooter, in the least time and with the least exertion to the sportsman, is the best dog for my use.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONROE, Mich., June 27.

We have received a charming photograph of some pointer puppies owned by Henry Matern, Jr., of Sandusky, O. We wonder breeders do not use the camera to a greater extent than they do. It is educational as well as a good business move. Educational because we are not all blessed with good memories, and should the puppy grow into a prize winner it is an advantage to be able to turn over the leaves of one's scrap book and see how the dog looked as a puppy, so that in future litters one may be in a measure guided as to which to dispose of and which to keep. A business move because the picture of a quaint little puppy may often sell it to a wavering customer when any amount of description and assertions that it will be a champion, sure, are unavailing.

The Canadian Government seem to be taking the greatest interest in the coming World's Fair, and anxious that the live stock of the Dominion shall be creditably represented. The Canadian Kennel Club has, however, a task before it that will task its resources to the utmost when it essays to determine which dogs of the different breeds shall uphold the honor of the country at the big show next year. Such selections will, however, considerably lessen the labors of the selection authorities on this side who are to decide what dogs are worthy of being placed before the judges and those that are not.

## DOG CHAT.

FROM a private letter from a well-known member of dogdom in England we learn that the Psovois are quite the breed in England, but the strength of one kennel, the Duchess of Newcastle's, will, it is thought, ultimately choke off competition. This hardly seems possible in such a country of sportsmen and wealthy fanciers as England; but we have had a similar lesson in America, when the continued success of Mr. Harrison's Chestnut Hill Kennel of collies did much to dishearten other breeders, or rather prevent them from exhibiting, and so meeting almost certain defeat. This the proprietor of the Chestnut Hill Kennels was wise enough to find out in time and sensibly profiting by the discovery withdrew his kennel from the ring till the fall of this year. Almost at once the effect was apparent, and our collie classes were filled by representatives from other kennels, while a number of smaller kennels sprang into existence, so that this handsome and intelligent breed will in all probability become even more popular.

We have received a pleasing picture of Messrs. Bartels' now very noted greyhound bitch, Pearl of Pekin. She seems to be a well formed animal, especially from the shoulder to quarters.

Mr. James W. Whitney is in London, and feeling himself among the heads of the fancy. He lunched with the editor of the *Stock-Keeper* at the Kennel Club soon after his arrival, so evidently he has fallen into good hands, and when under proper guidance he has had a look round the mastiff kennels, may return with a mastiff or two that will help to boom the breed along a bit, for it needs it bad enough.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club is called to meet at 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Monday July 11, at 5 P. M.

Mr. T. G. Davey is getting quite English in the make up of his kennel which now numbers no less than sixty dogs. He has just imported an English retriever bitch from Mr. S. E. Shirley and a dog from Mr. John Morrison. He has now on the ocean a pair of pointers, a dog and bitch, that are said to be clinkers. A bitch out of his Ightfield Madge by Lad of Kent will still further strengthen the Brighton Kennels. By the way, Lad of Kent seems to be doing his full share of good to the breed in this country, he is evidently that *rara avis*—a good dog himself and equally good as a stock getter. Mr. Davey tells us that his purchase from the Westminster Kennel Club some time back, Westminster Drake, is showing up well in the stud. Tom Hallam will have his hands full as Mr. Davey has entered his dogs in all the trials, and thinks he can pull something off and mutters something about "The people." Time will show.

Dr. Wesley Mills writes another letter for publication this week, but in accordance with our resolve that the controversy between Mr. Wade and the Doctor should end as far as FOREST AND STREAM was concerned, we only publish Dr. Mills' answer to that part of Mr. Wade's letter in which the latter accuses him of cuffing his greyhound's ears in the ring. Dr. Mills writes: "I therefore challenge Mr. Wade to prove that I ever unmercifully cuffed the poor beast's ears. If Mr. Wade will prove this I will donate the sum of $25 to any public charity in the United States, provided Mr. Wade will agree to donate a like amount to any charity I may name in this country should he fail. The evidence to be received and adjudicated upon by such person or persons as shall be mutually agreed upon. I did believe till recently that Mr. Wade was above this sort of writing, but as he has resorted to it I must now ask him to keep to this charge, and this alone, and to prove his case."

It is our sad task to chronicle the death of one of the most energetic workers at the late Denver dog show. This was Mr. Robert W. Isenthal, the show secretary of the Continental Kennel Club. He was a native of Pittsburgh, Pa., and went West, we believe, in search of health, being afflicted with consumption. He died July 1 at St. Luke's Hospital, Denver, Col. It will be remembered that FOREST AND STREAM at the time of the show published a capital portrait of the deceased secretary.

A meeting of the National Greyhound Club will be held at Mr. L. C. Whiton's office, July 11, at 4:30 P. M. The matter of the Pearl of Pekin protest will be fully discussed, as the letters from which we published extracts last week are now in the club's possession, and we trust that those who can in any way throw any light on this now celebrated case will aid the club in every way.

Mr. Calvin S. McChesney has sent us a capital picture of a litter of pointer pups by Pedro out or Jill II. If the puppies only develop as well in after life as they have done on the plate their owner will be a fortunate man.

The quarrel in the California Kennel Club grows warmer. In denying the charges against him which Mr. Schell published recently, Mr. Truman produces the following statement from the officers and members of the executive and managing committees of the club:

"We, the undersigned officers and members of the executive and managing committees of the California Kennel Club, desire to state that at no time during the existence of the California Kennel Club has a protest been entered by E. P. Schell or any other person against A. B. Truman assuming control of the financial affairs of the bench shows. We also deny that A. B. Truman disbursed or received money for this club without the full knowledge, authority and consent of the secretary and treasurer, also of the executive and managing committees. In fact, a motion to that effect was passed by the managing committee and approved by the executive committee authorizing Mr. Truman to act as chairman of the managing committee and business manager of the show. As such he secured a great number of valuable special prizes and gave his entire time to the success of the show. At a meeting held upon May 23, 1892, Mr. Truman presented a report of his management, including a report of moneys received and expended. This was accepted and referred to the financial committee. Mr. Schell officiated as presiding officer at this meeting and made no objection to the report. We have never heard Mr. Truman's honesty questioned in these matters, and have felt secure when placing this trust upon him, Mr. Schell's statements to the contrary notwithstanding. J. B. Lewis, President; E. T. Hervey, Treasurer; F. J. Silvie, Secretary; Robert Liddle, Joseph King, John de Vaull, J. J. Jamison, R. Ringrose, Dr. James Stanton, James W. Orndoff and Dr. John Gallwey."

Relative to the charge of Mr. Schell, that Mr. Truman without authority took charge of funds, Mr. Truman presents a check on the Hibernia Bank for $300, signed by Mr. Schell on May 6. This, Mr. Truman holds, should be proof of the fact that Mr. Schell did not, as he stated, protest against the handling of money by Mr. Truman.

Those who have followed reports of dog shows and field trials on the Pacific slope will remember Mr. Thos. Higg's English setter Lady Trippe (Mingo—Lady Thunder). She died June 27 at the kennels at West Berkeley. She was an excellent field dog, having won the All-Age Stake of the P. C. F. T. January 1892, and was also a winner on the bench her last win being at the late San Francisco show. He death is a severe loss to her owner, especially as she was due to whelp July 5, to Lee R. (Rodney—Phyllis), winner of the P. C. F. T. Derby, 1891.

Dropping into the "Rendezvous" where every one knows that current dog cases are continually being heard *in camera*, we found old champion Black Prince snoring on the office chair. Calling him down we saw that the old dog, who will be 11 years old on the 15th, was looking as well as many a one with only half his years. There are few field spaniels on the bench to-day that have better legs or a more typical head than he has, and that he is none too old to rouse a woodcock from his seclusion is vouched for by Mr. Wilmerding, his owner, who, with friends, shot several of the longbills over him last Monday near Morristown.

A correspondent writes us asking whether, in the event of the social club being formed, the A. K. C. will still continue to provide a reading-room with all the papers as at present. This is a very fair question and should receive attention. While there are, no doubt, many dog men and others who will not be inconvenienced by the dues demanded for the social club and who will of course be entitled to its varied privileges, there are also many poorer dog men who will visit New York, perhaps once or twice a year, to whom the club, as a club, will be useless. These men, however, belong to local clubs and no doubt do their share of sending in SI registration fees, and who, therefore, in a sense, make the A. K. C. possible. These should certainly not, in the event of the A. K. C. taking up its quarters in a club house, be deprived of the privilege of reading all the kennel papers, as at present, and the chance of meeting fellow-fanciers for an exchange of dog chat. The social department idea is all right as long as it does not interfere with the present rights of the dog men, but do not let us run the danger of having the A. K. C. called a rich man's club.

Paris, France, is experiencing the terrors of the dog catchers. The "machine" is run on the same principle as in New York, with the difference that, until brought to government notice, the dogs were at once hustled into the death chamber. Now, however, the dogs will be kept twenty-four hours after being caught. The Paris dog taxes amount to $100,000 during the year.

We once thought that the celebrated bulldog Forceps would find a home in America, but the latest is that Dr. Bennison has sold him to the owner of British Monarch, S. Woodiwiss.

There is a rumor in English show circles of a new St. Bernard star but it is kept very dark and nothing is known as to his breeding. The same thing happens over here continually, with this difference, that we are told every particular even to how long it will take for it to get into the challenge class.

Mr. Reick has not been able to devote much time to his St. Bernards last month, as the Minneapolis and Chicago conventions have demanded his undivided attention. He has returned to find his dogs well and puppies almost all sold out, shipping one to Maine yesterday; of course Mr. Reick advertises in the FOREST AND STREAM, *verb sap.* Princess Florence is well, but short of coat just now. She will probably be bred again to Refuge II.

Both *Stock-Keeper* and *British Fancier* publish interesting accounts of the Duchess of Newcastle's kennel this week, with pictures of the kennels, the principal Psovois and the Duchess herself. The former journal's pictures of the three most noted Psovois and the group of Clumbers are especially good, and the same may be said of the colored frontispiece of the Duchess and Ivan III. in the *British Fancier.* When Mr. Huntington was building his kennels at Lawrence, L. I., he would scarcely believe us when we remarked that one of Mr. Hanks' Psovois had leaped a 10ft. fence round its kennel; nevertheless, Mr. Huntington made preparations to keep his own dogs within bounds. According to *Stock-Keeper* the Duchess of Newcastle has one of these dogs called Peter that often jumps the 10ft. boundary fence of the kennel. Speaking of the Clumber kennels, it is unfortunate for the breed of spaniels of that name that the dogs seen at the kennels are not by any means representative specimens. No attention has been paid to the proper mating and consequently the breed has deteriorated considerably. Running round with the wolfhounds is a tame wolf that seems to be quite at home except when he, like the Psovois, takes it into his head to clear the 10ft. fence.

Joe Lewis, manager of the Oak Grove Kennels of Irish setters, called on us on his way to his old home at Canonsburgh, Pa., last Friday. He reports the Oak Grove dogs as in full bloom and quite ready for the fall shows, where they expect to take a leading part. "Joe" will sell nearly all his dogs at Canonsburgh, but brings back with him his well-known setters Tony Gladstone, Fanny and a promising Roderigo pup which he will retain for himself.

The National Greyhound Club will after all hold its show for all breeds of dogs on the dates originally intended—Nov. 22 to 25—at the Claremont Rink, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is expected that the prizes will be on a basis of $15 and $10; and there is no reason why the club should not hold a rattling good show.

There are several new advertisements of dogs this week. Among them H. Northwood offers his imported fox-terrier Painter and another for sale; James L. Little, Scotch terrier pups; Matern Pointer and Setter Kennels, pointer pups; Edward Brooks, Dandie Dinmont and Chesapeake Bay dog puppies; J. R. Pawling, Irish setter; M. A. Dorwart, English setter pups; Dr. Leo, great Danes; Rochelle Kennels, three Newfoundland pups. Wants: Dr. Treat, several dogs to break; The Gables, great Dane pup. In the stud: E. Brooks offers his well-known prize winner King o' the Heather. We also draw notice to Dr. Glover's "Book on Dog Diseases."

We draw the attention of our readers to the letter by "Observer" in another column. There is much food for thought in its perusal and we are not breaking any confidences when we say "Observer" is a very "fair" writer.

Mr. A. C. Bradbury, who has for some time managed the College Dairy and Poultry Farm, Findley, England, sailed on the Missouri last week for New York. He brings with him, according to *Stock-Keeper*, a St. Bernard, of which breed he is said to be a good judge, by champion Pouf out of Lady Curzon, who is by Lord Bute.

### A Foreign Opinion.

PRIZES for the best sporting photographs are being offered by FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York, and should attract a great many amateur competitors. The only conditions are: That the work must not have been exhibited or published; and that it must relate to game or fish, alive or dead; to shooting and fishing; to campers, camps and camp life; or to sporting travel by land or water. There are ten prizes, ranging from a first, of £5, to six of 25s. each. To a photographer who is interested in sport, the pleasure of having his work reproduced in a leading sporting paper is in itself a sufficient reward, even if he fails of the prizes.—*Practical Photographer (England).*

## WOLF COURSING IN RUSSIA.

(Translated from *Nòvoye Vremya.*)

THE 17th (29th) May at Kolomyágui (near St. Petersburg) were the last greyhound coursings. After the adjudication of prizes for fleetness (*rèzvost*, literally frskiness, playfulness), began the competition of Borzois in fighting (*zlóba*—literally wrath). The wolves replaced the hares. Truth requires it to be said that the wolves were stalwart enough this year, fresh and powerful, not starving and enervated wretches as in former years.

The prize was 250 roubles (about £26) for a couple of Borzois of any age and breed. The coursing commenced by the start of Mr. Ditz's couple Hvatai and Molodetz.

Dexterously set on a robust two-year-old wolf, the dogs collared him in the most brilliant fashion. One of the dogs was slightly bitten, and during the muzzling of the wolf the hunter was bitten in the hand. This first successful course proved to be also the last one, the following were quite unsuccessful. The dogs could not master the wolf. One of the wolves safely scampered away to the nearest forest, to the great terror of the inhabitants of Kolomyágui. The last of the wolves was attacked by four dogs, and notwithstanding this the brute was not mastered. They were obliged to let another couple loose on him, and only then the six dogs mastered the wolf with great difficulty. The prize was adjudicated to the couple of Mr. Ditz, Hvatai and Molodetz.

A. W. POLTOZATZAY, Chronicler of *Prizòda i Okhòta.*
—*Stock-Keeper (Eng.).*

## KENNEL NOTES.

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Golden Star and Golden Rose.* By J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., for black, white and tan fox-terrier bitches, whelped May 11, 1892, by Woodale Rustic (Warren Jim—Warren Torment) out of Blemton Rapture (champion Regent—champion Rachel).

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Fairhill Queen—King Regent.* J. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Fairhill Queen to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, April 9.

*Thelma—King Regent.* Edward Dudley's (Camden, N. J.) St. Bernard bith Thelma to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, Feb. 29.

*Harmony—King Regent.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Harmony to their King Regent March 7.

*Benita—King Regent.* O. W. Volger's (Buffalo, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Benita (Tristan G.—Mountain Queen) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, March 21.

*Nanciebel—King Regent.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Nanciebel to their King Regent, Feb. 4.

*Gladys—Spokane.* Eberhart & Kinnie's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Gladys (Sir Loris—Phyllis II.) to their Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora), June 26.

*Fairy—Eberhart's Cashier.* Miss H. Bell's (Milford, O.) pug bitch Fairy (Sir Victor—Topsy, Jr.) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), July 1.

*Maud Noble—Antonio.* N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Maud Noble (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble) to Blue Ridge Kennels' champion Antonio (Roderigo—Bo Peep), May 16.

*Countess W.—Rod's Whim.* N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Countess W. (Count Noble—Jennie III.) to E. A. Damen's Rod's Whim (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone), May 26.

*Loraine—King Regent.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Loraine to their King Regent, May 16.

*Lady Gay—Cop.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Gay to John Evan's Con, May 13.

*Dixie Bess—Ben Ormonde.* A. W. Albright's (Chattanooga, Tenn.) St. Bernard bitch Dixie Bess to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ben Ormonde, May 4.

*Lady Blanca—Ben Ormonde.* F. E. Hege's (Salem, N. C.) St. Bernard bith Lady Blanca to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ben Ormonde, May 14.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Flora A.* F. A. Anderson's (Chicago, Ill.) great Dane Flora A (Schultz's Cæsar—Schult's Daisy), May 7, eleven (five dogs), by J. C. Lineman's Fritz.

*Bonnie Bondhu.* L. Rausch's (St. Louis, Mo.) English setter bitch Bonnie Bondhu (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu), June 6, ten (seven dogs), by Blue Ridge Kennels' Gath's Hope; two bitches since dead.

*Princess Hepsey.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) rough St. Bernard bitch Princess Hepsey, June 9, eight (three dogs), by their King Regent.

*Broconie S.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Broconie, May 30, seven (one dog), by their Snowball.

*Hornell Lady.* Rev. L. Bradley's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Hornell Lady, March 24, five (four dogs), by Swiss Mountain Kennels' Snowball.

*Florette.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Florette, May 12, nine (three dogs), by their Scottish Leader.

*Benita.* O. W. Volger's (Buffalo, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Benita (Tristan G.—Mountain Queen), May 22, eight bitches, by Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent.

*Harmony.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Harmony, May 6, thirteen (nine dogs), by their King Regent.

*Nanciebel.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Nanciebel, April 11, four (two dogs), by their King Regent.

*Ida P.* V. Petrola's (Washington, D. C.) St. Bernard bitch Ida P., April 15, fifteen (eight dogs), by Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent.

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Busy Bee.* Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 21, 1890, by champion Jersey out of Chip K., by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H.

*Jerry Jarvis—Lady Bess whelps.* Dark red Irish setter bitches, whelped May 17, 1892, by F. L. Abbey, Detroit, Mich., one each to B. W. Parker and S. F. Fuller, both of same place.

*Columbian Cordova.* Maltese and white great Dane dog, by Hock's Cæsar out of Seiler's Bella S., by F. S. Anderson, Chicago, Ill., to Mr. Mosherpaugh, same place.

*Claremont Heather.* Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 23, 1889, by Claremont Patsy out of Nino, by H. G. J. Hallowell, Conshohocken, Pa., to Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

*Golden Star.* White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 11, 1892, by Woodale Rustic out of Blemton Rapture, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to G. W. Debenham, same place.

*Golden Rose.* White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 11, 1892, by Woodale Rustic out of Blemton Rapture, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to W. R. Jost, same place.

*King Regent—Flora whelp.* Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 9, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to Thos. Delaney, Providence, R. I.

*Cherry Boy—Lady Gay whelp.* Buff cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 24, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to Henry Jarrett, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

*King Regent—Dart whelp.* Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Dec. 9, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to W. B. Vandergrift, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—Give winnings of champion Plunkett (A. K. C. S. B. 629), champion Stella (imported), champion Bob (E. K. C. S. B. 1,700), Hutchinson's, both bench and field trials. Ans. Champion Plunkett.—Field trials: Second Shrewsbury, first Vaynol, 1870; first in Borough Stakes and first in braces with Countess Vaynol, 1871; divided second in Hampshire Stakes, Southampton, 1871; second Bodfel Stakes with Marvel Vaynol, 1872. Bench shows: Second Crystal Palace, first Boston, 1870; champion Bala 1872; champion North Wales 1873; first and special Louisville, Ky., 1877. Champion Bob, Birmingham champion 1864; second Islington 1863, first 1864; first Cremorne 1864. Champion Stella: First Birmingham 1869; second Crystal Palace 1870. The two latter not registered in the A. K. C. S. B.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

JULY.

8. Eastern, Cruise, Marblehead.
9. Riverside, Ann., Riverside.
9. Hull, Classes 1, 2, Hull.
9. Monatiquot, Open., Ft. Point.
9. Sippican, 1st Open Sw., Marion
9. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
9. Seawanhaka, Rouse and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
10. Savin Hill, Cash Prize.
13. L.Y.R.A., Belleville, Ont.
16. Roy. N.S., Chauncy Cup, Hal.
16. Hull, Classes 3, 4, 5, 6, Hull.
16. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
16. Winthrop, Ann. Cruise.
16. Dorchester, 2d Cham., Dorchester.
16 Beverly, Monument Beach.
16. Cape Cod, North Dennis.
18. Oswego, L.Y.R.A., Oswego.
21. Rochester, L.Y.R.A., Charlotte
22. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Monatiquot, 1st Cham., Ft. Pt.
23. Corinthian, Marblehead.
23. Hull Cor., Hull.
23. Sippican, Club, Marion.
23. Cherry Diamond, Ann., Larchmont.
25. Rhode Island, Cup.
25. Roy. Ham., L.Y.R.A., Hamilton
27. Royal Can., L.Y.R.A., Toronto
28. Queen City, L.Y.R.A., Toronto
28. Eastern, 21ft. Class, Marbleh'd
28. Quincy, Ladies' Day, Quincy, Mass.
29. Beverly, 21ft. Class, Marbleh'd
30. Hull, Classes 3, 4, 5, Hull.
30. Dorchester, Ladies' Day, Dorchester.
30. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.
30. Corinthian, Marblehead.
30. Savin Hill, 2d Cham.
30. Mos. Fleet, Open, Boston.
30. Beverly, Monument Beach
30. Buffalo, Cruising, Sweeps.
30. Roy. N.S., Wenonah Cup, Hal.

AUGUST.

2. New York Cruise.
3. Hull, Open, Hull.
5. Winthrop, Moonlight Sail.
5. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
5. Goelet Cups, Newport.
6. Douglaston, Ladies' Day, Little Neck Bay.
6. Sippican, 2d Open Sw., Marion
6. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
6. Corinthian, Marblehead.
6. Hull, Classes 1, 2, Hull.
6. Roy. N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Hal.
8. Royal Nova Scotia, Halifax.
8. Buffalo, Annual Cruise.
9. Miramichi, Stewart Pen., Black Brook.
10. Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.
11. Rochester, Ladies' Day.
13. Dorchester, Dorchester.
13. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Ft. Pt.
13. Chelsea.
13. Savin Hill, Second Cup.
13. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
13. Winthrop, Ladies' Day.
13. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
13. Quincy, Invitation Race, Quincy, Mass.
13. Seawanhaka, Rouse and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
15. Cor. of N. Y., 46ft. sweeps, Newport.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day.
15. Dorchester, 3d Cham., Dorchester.
16. Winthrop, Cash, Winthrop.
17. Hull, Ladies' Day, Hull.
19. Winthrop, 3d and 4th Classes, Winthrop.
20. Roy. N.S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
20. Corinthian, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Monument Beach.
20. Hull Cor., 3d Cham., Hull.
20. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
20. Miramichi, Triang., Chatham.
21. Winthrop, Cruise.
22. Rhode Island, Open.
23. Fall River, Open, Fall River.
25. Rochester, Club Regatta.
26. Quincy, 3d Cham., Quincy, Mass.
27. Hull, Cup Race, Hull.
27. Dorchester, Open Cup, Dorchester.
27. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
27. Savin Hill, Sail Off.
27. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
27. Winthrop, 2d Class Cham., Winthrop.
27. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
27. Sippican, Open, Marion.
27. Roy. N.S., Lord Alex. Russell Cup, Halifax.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Winthrop, 3d and 4th Classes, Winthrop
3. Roy. N.S., Handicap, Halifax.
3. Larchmont, Fall, Larchmont.
3. Rochester, Autumn Cruise.
3. Beverly, Monument Beach.
3. Buffalo, 2d Pennant.
4. Hull Cor., Open, Hull.
5. Corinthian, Marblehead.
5. Beverly, Monument Beach.
5. Mos. Fleet, Open, Boston.
5. N.Y.Y.R.A., Ann., New York.
5. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
5. Douglaston, Sweeps, Little Neck Bay.
5. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
5. Fall River Club, Fall River.
8. Miramichi, Sweep, Newcastle.
8. New York, Schooner Sweeps, New York.
10. Seawanhaka, Rouse and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
10. Sippican, 3d Sweep, Marion.
10. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
14. Roy. N.S., Capt. L. Russell's Cup, Halifax.
14. Winthrop, Cash, Winthrop.
15. Rochester, Grand Review.
15. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
17. Beverly, Monument Beach.
18. Miramichi, Triang, Newcastle.
24. Chelsea.
24. Buffalo, 3d Pennant.

OCTOBER.

1. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
15. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.

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The timely article on the ownership of the America's Cup which we publish this week presents a view which will be new to many, but which is in all probability the correct one. The writer, Mr. Jarvis, is an old yachtsman and a lawyer by profession, though better known as a writer on yachting subjects. The question of its legal rights as the temporary holder of the cup is one that has always been treated very lightly by the New York Y. C.; the first change of the conditions, in 1882, was made in the face of the opinion of an eminent lawyer that the club had no power to alter the conditions of the original trust, but as this action of the club received the tacit endorsement of yacht clubs at large in challenging under the new conditions of the second deed, the question of the legal right to make still another change was hardly considered at all in 1887. If our correspondent is correct it should be a very easy matter for the New York Y. C. to declare the new deed null and void and to recognize only the original terms of the trust. As we go to press a rumor is current to the effect that a new challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron is now in New York, to be delivered if the new deed of gift be rescinded by the club.

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The Boston *Herald* quotes a portion of our remarks concerning designers and dimensions as applying exclusively to British designers, and calls attention to the fact that the dimensions of the American yachts are published in the various club books. As a matter of fact, there is little to choose between the two nations, soaped windows, locked doors and "cooked" dimensions are quite as well known about New York and Boston as on the Clyde and Solent; and if more news is published on this side, it is due to the push and enterprise of American newspaper men rather than the desire of American designers to impart information. It is true that certain dimensions appear in the club books, but so many are plainly incorrect that they are all unreliable. The official measurements of length, sail area and rating of all British racing yachts are published through the season; and that the corresponding measurements, waterline and sail area, are usually known in this country is due solely to the courtesy of the club measurers, as they are not officially published.

## The America's Cup.

THE CUTTING OF THE GORDIAN KNOT.

At the late meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of England, which was called to consider the advisability of permitting the use of weighted centerboards, the celebrated yacht designer G. L. Watson, after speaking of the speed which might be developed by the innovation, and its influence on international yacht racing, went on to say: "This part of the question, however, in the present state of matters connected with the America's Cup, is not pressing. Now, this meeting of the Y. R. A. was attended by the most prominent and influential yachtsmen from all parts of the United Kingdom; and knowing how careful English artisans are to retain the good will of their patrons, it is clear that Mr. Watson was aware that he voiced the unanimous sentiment of the delegates from all the clubs which were there represented. And the incident indicates this—and it is openly stated in England—that no yacht club in either England, Scotland or Ireland will by any further challenge agree to the terms of the last deed of gift of this cup to the New York Y. C.

This means that the supreme interests and excitement of international yachting contests are apparently at an end until, as Mr. Dixon Kemp cheerfully suggests, "the present committees of yacht clubs die off, when possibly their successors may wish to challenge again."

Of course everybody is aware that the cause for the present deadlock is the conditions in the last deed of gift, in particular that which calls upon the challenger for the Cup to furnish a statement of the rig, the load waterline length and beam, the extreme beam and also the draft of the challenging vessel, together with ten months' notice of challenge. It is not the intention of this article to express the smallest opinion as to whether the English are justified in objecting to this last condition or whether the N. Y. Y. C. were right in seeking to attach this condition to the Cup. I deal with the matter in a different way. On this side of the water it is claimed that information as to length, breadth and depth of a yacht give but very little idea of what her sailing qualities may be. But as an Englishman said to me last week, "We know that these dimensions do not tell everything, but they tell more than you have a right to ask. Under the original deed to the club we could race on a six months' notice after supplying length, rig and Custom house tonnage; and we have a right to put our tonnage into any shape we like. If we manage to whittle out a model more speedy than any yet known, we have a right to win on it without disclosing any hint as to its shape."

Whether or not there be any truth in this, there is no question about one fact, that the Cup has been "deeded off the course as far as sport is concerned.

It was stated not long ago in a New York paper that "when Mr. William Henn, owner of the Galatea, was here last winter he was given to understand by members of the New York Yacht Club that the dimension clause could and would be waived." And the article continues. "But in England this generosity does not have much effect." As to this it may be said that the Royal Yacht Squadron, in whose name the Earl of Dunraven challenged in 1889, and which refused to recognize the deed, would not probably consent to be allowed through "generosity" to compete in a matter where its own rights as one of the many beneficiaries under the original trust gift are firmly established.

While carefully avoiding any expression of opinion about this clause, the ground I take and what I propose to show is this: That out of the conveyances of the Cup to the club the last two are void: that the only trusteeship the club possesses in this Cup is under the first trust gift; and that the only conditions under which it can be held are those therein set out.

The owners of the yacht America, which in 1851, at Cowes, England, won the Cup at the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, were Messrs. J. C. Stevens, J. B. Finley, Hamilton Weeks, Edwin A. Stevens and George L. Schuyler. Apparently the cup came to them as their own property and not as a challenge Cup; and in July, 1857, it was conveyed by all the owners of it to the New York Yacht Club, in trust to carry out the following conditions:

"Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, though any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this Cup, with any yacht or other vessel, of not less than thirty or more than three hundred tons, measured by the Custom House rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

"The parties desiring to sail for the Cup may make any match with the yacht club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent; but in case of a disagreement as to terms, the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the Cup, and subject to rules and sailing regulations; the challenging party being bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to start—this notice to embrace the length, Custom House measurement, rig and name of the vessel.

"It to be distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of the club, and not of the members thereof, or owners of the vessel winning it in a match, and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries, upon the terms above laid down, shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries."

In this conveyance the owners of the America parted absolutely and forever with the whole of their right, title and interest in the Cup, and it is clear that not until ownership in the same was legally conveyed back to them could they, or any of them, make any further conveyance of the slightest validity. There was in the original trust gift no reservation, condition or proviso by which the Cup could in any event revert to the grantors of 1857.

Subsequently, in 1882, it was thought desirable to alter the conditions regarding the trusteeship of the Cup. As they have been superseded, it is not necessary for this article to quote the alterations supposed to be made at this time. In the notice of same printed for distribution among foreign clubs, the secretary of the N. Y. Y. C. states that the Cup "having been *returned* to Mr. G. L. Schuyler, the only surviving donor, has been *re-presented* to the New York Y. C. subject to the conditions expressed in the following letter." Then follows the letter, signed by Mr. Schuyler, dated Jan. 4, 1882, which, I am informed, is the only writing supposed to be a conveyance which deals with this alleged transfer; but which, however, contains no words of transfer or assignment; merely saying that the Cup is again "offered" to the club on the conditions and for the trusts as therein stated.

Then, after the Thistle's contests with the Volunteer, it was again thought desirable to alter the trusts and conditions under which any club entitled to the possession of the Cup should hold it. And this time, by an instrument under seal, much more regular in appearance than the previous writing, and dated Oct. 24, 1887, Mr. Schuyler purported to again convey the Cup to the club "in trust for the following uses and purposes":

"The Cup is donated upon the condition that it shall be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries.

"Any organized yacht club of a foreign country, incorporated, patented or licensed by the Legislature, Admiralty or other executive department, having for its annual regatta an ocean water course on the sea, or an arm of the sea, or one which combines both, shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for this Cup, with a yacht or vessel propelled by sails only and constructed in the country to which the challenging clubs belong, against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the country of the club holding the Cup.

* * * * * * *

"Should the club holding the Cup be for any cause dissolved, the Cup shall be transferred to some club of the same nationality, eligible to challenge under this deed of gift, in trust and subject to its provisions. In the event of the failure of such transfer within three months after such dissolution, said Cup shall revert to the preceding club holding the same, and under the terms of the deed of gift. It is distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of the club subject to the provisions of this deed, and not the property of the owner or owners of any vessel winning a match."

Now, the grounds I take are as follows: Firstly—If the reader reperuses the conditions of the first conveyance of 1857 he will see that "it is distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of" any club whose representative yacht shall win it; and also "that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries." Here it will be seen that a distinct trust was created in favor of all yacht clubs whose representative yachts should either compete for or win the Cup; that the Cup should be "the property" (in trust, of course) of such clubs, "which shall always be entitled * * * to claim the right of sailing a match for this Cup;" and that the only ways in which the New York or any other yacht club could deal with the Cup were to observe the conditions which should forever attach to it, keep it perpetually open to challenge, and hand it over to the club whose yacht should win.

In the face of this unmistakably clear language in the creation of the trust, what did the officers of the New York Y. C. do? They twice handed the Cup over (as is said) to a man who legally had nothing to do with it, and on each occasion took back alleged conveyances from a man who had nothing to convey, because nothing had been conveyed to him. Mr. Schuyler, together with the other owners, parted forever with all their title in the Cup in creating a trust in favor of certain institutions. The important benefits passing to the beneficiaries under this trust gift immediately attached as of right to all of them, and could not be revoked or altered by arrangements between Mr. Schuyler and the present and merely temporary trustees. Mr. Schuyler's former intimacy with the matter, as one of the donors, seems to have blinded everybody's eyes to the fact that after the first conveyance he was, legally, a complete stranger to the Cup; and also that the trusts and conditions first made cannot be interfered with.

Surely it must be clear to all that the N. Y. Y. C. could not possibly convey to Mr. Schuyler an ownership in the Cup *which it did not itself possess*, and that consequently his alleged conveyances to the club should never have been made. The New York Yacht Club is a conduit-pipe to lead the Cup to another conduit-pipe which will lead it to another; and so on into the future. Even if Mr. Schuyler had actually paid the full hundred guineas for a conveyance to him from the club he could gain no particle of ownership in the Cup, as against the beneficiaries, and he took the same with full notice of the trusts attaching to it.

As a second ground, it may be as well to remark that in the secretary's notices to the foreign clubs of both the alleged conveyances he merely states that the cup was "returned" to Mr. Schuyler. There may be a "return" or "handing over" which by no means amounts to a re-conveyance; and it is suggested that although Mr. Schuyler acknowledged the return of the cup to him, and even supposing the club had power to re-convey to him, there was, in one case at least, no dealing with the cup which amounted to a legal reconveyance. This point, however, is of comparatively small importance.

If, then, the club had no power to re-convey, or if, as suggested in the last paragraph, it did not re-convey, where did Mr. Schuyler receive his ability to make the so-called deeds now in question? If anyone could be so absurd as to claim that any property in the Cup remained in him after the first conveyance to the club made by all the original donors, this would be to admit that the legal representatives of the four other deceased donors were now entitled to a four-fifths share of the same remnants of ownership as his. A member of the club suggested to the writer that perhaps these legal representatives ought to have been also dealt with in the transactions with Mr. Schuyler. This is a mistaken idea which many possess. These representatives and Mr. Schuyler were at the time of the last transactions total strangers to the Cup, legally speaking, who never by any imaginable means, except perhaps an act of Congress, could hold ownership again.

The writer states that this article will be understood to be written in no spirit of hostility to the N. Y. Y. C.; the only object of it is to indicate the way to cut the Gordian knot on strictly legal grounds, so that international contests may re-commence. And, if the above mentioned intimation to Lieut. Henn was in any way official, there is reason to believe that if the matter could have been done legally, the club would long ago have willingly expunged the clause which inadvertently gave offence in foreign quarters. If the same inclination still exists, it is a simple matter to take the advice of counsel for the club and ascertain that the views here expressed are the only legal views that can be held. When the club is thus satisfied that the last conveyance or conveyances can never be altered or renewed and that they never had any legal existence, then a public proclamation of intention to stand solely on the terms and trusts of the first conveyance will be in order.

It will be seen that the terms of the original trust gift were very poorly thought out, and that it allowed any club in possession of the Cup to make any rules it pleased, adopt any unfair system of measurement for taxation, and arrange a club course that might be utterly unfair to a foreign vessel. But it is, as I submit, all we have to go upon, and it certainly provides unlimited scope for amicable arrangement on any point. The vagueness of it illustrates the propriety the N. Y. Y. C. members felt in endeavoring to render permanent such conditions as would make all-round fairness compulsary upon any club which might in future hold the Cup; and they succeeded in making some rules and conditions which, if not legal, were satisfactory to everybody. The fact that they succeeded as well as they did shows that their desire for fairness was of a higher grade than the legal talent which advised the making of these two last deeds. Yachtsmen will consider that much of the care which has been expended in guarding against unfairness of foreign clubs, which might in future hold the Cup, may safely be dispensed with. The ethics of amateur sport are well understood.

When the two alleged conveyances from Mr. Schuyler are cancelled then the club, in reverting to the terms of the original trust gift and the six months notice of challenge, can simply propose for amicable settlement each of those conditions of the new deed which have been generally approved of. The proposals, when agreed to, will no doubt be retained and utilized by any club which may hereafter hold the Cup. No club winning the trophy under these agreed conditions could dare to alter them except for some unforeseen and perfectly fair reason.

If the N. Y. Y. C., through adoption of the views and methods here indicated, places the Cup once more in competition, then the American yachtsmen on the upper lakes will have a chance to compete in England if the Cup should cross the water. At present they and all yacht clubs on the great lakes are shut out because their annual regatta course is not "an ocean water course on the sea, or on an arm of the sea."

The New York Y. C. can experience no loss of dignity in retiring from a position which its present lawyers will doubtless advise to be untenable. There will be no altering or withdrawing of any particular stumbling block clause when the whole of the two alleged conveyances can be seen to be the result of a long mistake in which the best motives were so poorly assisted by legal advice.

The incompleteness of the terms of the original deed virtually bequeathed the America's Cup to the honor of succeeding generations of amateur yachtsmen. It comes to us with some of the vagueness with which the world comes to us in the Genesis record; but as with the world and the America's Cup, and all things which are given us under unalterable conditions, we must in every case "make the best of it" and endeavor to fulfill the trusts thus created. Indeed it seems not only a safe but also a becoming thing that the greatest sporting trophy the world has ever known should in this vague way be left entirely to the sense of fairness of gentlemen; and I feel that the New York Y. C. could do much to permanently establish highest standards of honor by trusting these standards of honor to the fullest extent.

STINSON JARVIS.

NEW YORK, June.

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## Atlantic City Yacht Association, June 24.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

THE first catboat race of the season was sailed under the most favorable circumstances, clear sky, stiff easterly breeze and a heavy sea. The course laid out was from the Inlet pavilion out the south channel across the bar, thence to the Brigantine Shoal Whistling Buoy (due east), thence to a stakeboat off Young's pier and around stakeboat off the North Bar, thence in over the bar to finish, a distance of 20 miles. The boats entered were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sayonara, Capt. George Gale | 11 33 04 | 3 51 41 | 4 18 37 |
| Carrie, Capt. Adolph Parker | 11 33 20 | 3 53 27 | 4 20 07 |
| Stella, J. Monroe | 11 32 38 | 3 58 27 | 4 25 49 |
| Meyer, Ed Crane | 11 33 10 | 4 10 53 | 4 37 43 |
| Linda, Samuel Mills | 11 33 42 | Withdrew. | |
| Katie, Capt Loder | 11 34 32 | 4 04 04 | 4 29 32 |
| Annie, Capt. Casto | 11 32 58 | 4 12 41½ | 4 39 43½ |

Sayonara allows Carrie 1m. 30s. over the course, which with the 16s start makes a tie.

From first to last the race was desperately fought out between the old champion (Carrie) and the new boat (Sayonara), while the heavy seas and stiff breeze added greatly to the excitement. It was a serious chance to face the breakers on the bar, but all the boats succeeded in running the gauntlet, but not without shipping some heavy seas. Linda caught one which so nearly filled her that she was obliged to withdraw from the race; the others were more fortunate, and although all suffered more or less succeeded in getting through safely and in fine trim. On the thrash to windward, while the wind was blowing strong, Sayonara did some splendid work, leaving Carrie rapidly, until put about on the port tack, having gained at least 2m.; but the wind became fitful and with many holes in it, and Sayonara found those holes to her detriment.

Carrie gradually overtook her and rounded the Whistling Buoy 10s. ahead in fine style. With booms athwartship, the yacht soon changed position again, Sayonara once more gaining the lead and keeping it, not only to the lower stakeboat but to the finish. The rest of the racers did good work, but Stella was badly handicapped by a bad fitting sail and the unfortunate neglect or forgetfulness of her captain to see that his board was sufficiently down to enable her to do her best; in point of fact, he did not attend to it until he had sailed three-fourths of the race, from which time he began to show that his boat had the ability to speed that the others claimed.

The recrossing of the bar, with a following wind, was sufficient excitement for two ordinary races considerd as one: the breakers were formidable and evidently bent upon swamping all that dared to encroach upon the circumscribed domain.

The race resulted in a tie between Sayonara and Carrie for first place, both having sailed over the course in exactly the same time to a second; the regatta committee decided that there was no race and that a resail should take place on June 29.

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## Douglaston Y. C. Annual, July 4.

LITTLE NECK BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Douglaston Y. C. opened its new house at Little Neck Bay and sailed its annual regatta on Monday, the course being from off the club house, around Old Tom and Gangway buoys, and home, 18 miles. The wind was strong N.W. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| CLASS A—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS. | | | | |
| Duster | 12 56 45 | 3 29 30 | 2 32 45 | 2 27 13 |
| Estella | 12 56 50 | Withdrew. | | |
| Minnie | 1 00 05 | Withdrew. | | |
| Fearless | 12 58 34 | 3 43 30 | 2 44 56 | 2 44 56 |
| CLASS B—CABIN CATBOATS OVER 22FT. | | | | |
| Greyhound | 12 56 46 | 3 27 55 | 2 31 09 | 2 31 09 |
| Archer | 12 56 04 | 3 28 30 | 2 32 26 | 2 32 26 |
| Roi | 12 57 04 | 3 13 40 | 2 16 36 | 2 16 36 |
| CLASS C—CABIN CATBOATS UNDER 22FT. | | | | |
| Willada | 12 57 27 | 3 33 55 | 2 36 28 | 2 31 43 |
| Melita | 1 00 05 | Withdrew. | | |
| CLASS E—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 28FT. | | | | |
| Sadie | 12 58 05 | 3 33 50 | 2 35 45 | 2 31 45 |
| Crescent | 12 55 24 | 3 28 31 | 2 33 07 | 2 33 37 |
| Sadie L | 12 56 17 | 3 28 52 | 2 31 35 | 2 25 45 |
| Ges So | 12 56 55 | 3 31 26 | 2 34 31 | 2 18 22 |
| CLASS F—OPEN CATBOATS 17FT. OR UNDER. | | | | |
| Sandpiper | 1 00 05 | 3 16 25 | 2 16 20 | 2 14 05 |
| Louise | 1 00 05 | Withdrew. | | |

Duster, Roi and Ges So each win a cup given by Mr. W. P. Douglas, Willada wins the Barnes cup, and Sandpiper the Douglaston Y. C. cup.

## New Rochelle Y. C. Annual, July 2.

ECHO BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE seventh annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. was sailed on Saturday over the usual club courses on the Sound, the classes over 30ft. sailing from the starting line past buoy at west end of Execution Reef, thence around buoy off Matinicock Point, thence around stakeboat south of Captain's Island, thence past the east end of Execution Reef, thence around buoy at west end of Execution Reef, leaving all buoys on the said reef on the starboard hand, thence across the finish line; 22 nautical miles. The boats under 30ft. sailed from starting line around buoy at west end of Execution Reef, thence around black buoy off Matinicock Point, thence around easterly home stakeboat, leaving it on the port hand, thence to buoy at east end of Execution Reef, thence around buoy at west end of Execution Reef, thence across the finish line; 17 nautical miles. The wind was W.S.W., moderate, all day, and the sky was bright and clear—an ideal summer day. The start was made at noon. After a reach across the Sound the fleet was timed at Execution:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anaconda | 1 07 00 | Phyliss | 1 24 20 |
| Penguin | 1 09 00 | Truant | 1 24 40 |
| Gulnare | 1 09 55 | Nellie | 1 24 40 |
| Sasqua | 1 12 45 | Kittie | 1 26 10 |
| Tattler | 1 17 15 | Sirene | 1 26 30 |
| Phantom | 1 19 00 | Addie L. D | 1 26 50 |
| Saona | 1 19 30 | Myrtle | 1 27 30 |
| Genevieve | 1 20 00 | Lena | 1 30 10 |
| Edna | 1 22 30 | Twilight | 1 30 40 |
| Roi | 1 23 15 | Sadie | 1 32 10 |
| Nellie | 1 23 30 | Punch | 1 32 40 |
| Wacondah | 1 24 30 | | |

After the run across to Captain's Island the times were taken:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anaconda | 1 46 55 | Saona | 1 59 00 |
| Gulnare | 1 49 50 | Genevieve | 2 04 45 |
| Penguin | 1 51 15 | Wacondah | 2 07 30 |
| Sasqua | 1 53 00 | Addie L. D | 2 11 00 |
| Phantom | 1 58 10 | Nellie | 2 11 10 |

The full times were:

CABIN SLOOPS—53FT. CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anaconda | 12 03 35 | 3 32 15 | 3 28 40 |
| Gulnare | 12 05 15 | 3 39 47 | 3 34 32 |
| CABIN SLOOPS—46FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Penguin | 12 04 35 | 3 40 40 | 3 36 05 |
| CABIN SLOOPS—40FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Nellie | 12 03 57 | 4 33 00 | 4 30 03 |
| Genevieve | 12 07 49 | 4 14 52 | 4 07 03 |
| CABIN SLOOPS—35FT. CLASS A. | | | |
| Sasqua | 12 06 45 | 3 46 37 | 3 39 52 |
| Phantom | 12 05 55 | 4 05 28 | 3 59 33 |
| Saona | 12 07 43 | 4 00 22 | 3 53 21 |
| CABIN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS B. | | | |
| Wacondah | 12 07 14 | 4 32 43 | 4 25 29 |
| Addie L. D | 12 06 00 | 4 42 32 | 4 36 32 |
| Elephant | 12 03 00 | Withdrew. | |
| CABIN SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Lena | 12 07 13 | 3 28 03 | 3 20 50 |
| Pavonia | 12 12 00 | 3 37 00 | 3 25 00 |
| Kittie | 12 10 17 | 3 18 45 | 3 08 28 |
| Petrel | 12 12 00 | 3 24 25 | 3 12 25 |
| CABIN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Duster | 12 11 50 | 3 41 10 | 3 29 20 |
| JIB AND MAINSAIL. | | | |
| Tattler | 12 08 54 | 2 57 15 | 2 48 47 |
| Sirene | 12 12 00 | 3 09 20 | 2 57 20 |
| CABIN CATS—OVER 26FT. | | | |
| Truant | 12 10 25 | 3 16 47 | 3 06 12 |
| Edna | 12 08 55 | 3 09 40 | 3 00 45 |
| CABIN CATS—26FT. CLASS A. | | | |
| Roi | 12 07 42 | 3 06 30 | 2 58 47 |
| Nellie | 12 07 40 | 3 12 10 | 3 04 30 |
| CABIN CATS—26FT. CLASS B. | | | |
| Archer | 12 08 54 | 3 36 10 | 3 27 16 |
| Marguerite | 12 08 52 | Disabled. | |
| Twilight | 12 08 15 | 2 25 12 | 3 26 57 |
| Myrtle | 12 00 56 | 3 14 58 | 3 05 02 |
| CABIN CATS—23FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Isnit | 12 09 15 | 3 46 35 | 3 37 21 |
| Melita | 12 10 54 | 3 59 05 | 3 48 10 |
| CABIN CATS—20FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Willada | 12 08 45 | 3 47 25 | 3 38 40 |
| Florence | 12 10 49 | 4 08 59 | 3 58 10 |
| OPEN CATS—23FT. CLASS. | | | |
| Phebe R | 12 12 00 | 3 32 40 | 3 20 40 |
| OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS A. | | | |
| Punch | 12 07 47 | 3 29 20 | 3 21 33 |
| Sadie | 12 09 49 | 3 29 43 | 3 19 54 |
| Ida K | 12 09 52 | 4 14 47 | 4 04 55 |
| Phyllis | 12 10 06 | 3 12 03 | 3 01 57 |
| OPEN CATS—UNDER 19FT. | | | |
| Ges So | 12 11 27 | 3 28 02 | 3 16 25 |
| Presto | 12 11 32 | Not timed. | |
| Spindrift | 12 07 55 | 3 47 00 | 3 39 05 |
| Narrisch | 12 07 14 | 3 54 55 | 3 47 41 |
| Caprice | 12 09 40 | 3 59 47 | 3 50 07 |

The winners were Anaconda, Penguin, Genevieve, Sasqua, Wacondah, Kittie, Duster, Tattler, Edna, Roi, Myrtle, Isnit, Willada, Phebe R., Phyllis and Ges So.

The regatta committee included P. J. Krackel, F. W. Schoonmaker and Edward H. Sturges.

The judges were B. C. Fuller, W. Grant Cook and G. B. Butler. The timers were C. C. Hughes, George D. Phillips and William Abbett.

The iron steamer Cepheus carried a large party of members and guests.

## Eastern Y. C. Annual.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

The annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C., sailed off Marblehead on Monday of last week, resulted in an interesting race in two classes at least, Marguerite, Merlin and Mayflower, of the schooners, making a good race; while the fin-keel Handsel again met Hawk and Fancy in the 30ft. class. The race between Wayward and Thetis was less interesting, while of the two 46-footers, Wasp so easily disposed of Barbara that there was no interest at all; though this class is expected to furnish much of the racing of the season. Neither Harpoon nor Alborak were entered. The starters were:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

| | Sailing Length. |
|---|---|
| Marguerite, R. S. Palmer | 83.75 |
| Mayflower, W. A. Gardner | 89.06 |
| Merlin, W. H. Forbes | 93.45 |
| SECOND CLASS CUTTERS. | |
| Wayward, David Sears | 65.77 |
| Thetis, C. S. Dennison | 66.95 |
| FIFTH CLASS CUTTERS. | |
| Wasp, Archibald Rogers | 55.27 |
| Barbara, C. H. W. Foster | 52.86 |
| SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS. | |
| Handsel, J. R. Hooper | 32.22 |
| Fancy, C. F. Lyman | 30.67 |
| Hawk, Gordon Dexter | 26.85 |

The weather in the morning was thick, damp and chilly, the wind fresh S.E. and a moderate sea, but by 10 A. M. the mist cleared away. The courses selected were: Course "W," from starting line with Half-Way Rock on port, leaving Outer Breaker Buoy (off Pig Rocks) on starboard, past Nahant Mark, leaving it on port; thence leaving Graves, Martin's Ledge and Boston Ledge Buoys on starboard, around stakeboat off Minot's, leaving it on starboard; thence return by same course, leaving each mark on the opposite hand to finish line. Allowance for 35 miles.

Course "F" from starting line, leaving Outer Breaker Buoy (off Pig Rocks) on starboard, past Nahant Mark, leaving it on port, thence leaving Graves Buoy on starboard, to and around Three-and-a Half-Fathom Ledge Buoy, leaving it on starboard. Thence return by the same course, leaving each mark on the opposite hand to the finish. Time allowance for 23 miles.

This made a reach over the first leg of the long course, a beat to the outer mark, a run to Nahant Mark and a reach home. The shorter course was practically the same in direction, the turning mark, Three-and-a-Half-Fathom Ledge, being about half way between the Nahant Mark and Minot's. The start was made by classes at 11:15, 11:25, 11:30 and 11:40.

The schooners carried their reaching kites, balloon jibtopsails and staysails, Thetis set a balloon jibtopsail and Wayward her No. 1, the sloop running rapidly ahead of the cutter; in fact, Wasp and Barbara had soon overtaken and passed Wayward. Hawk, with a No. 1 jibtopsail, led the thirties, Handsel coming next, while Fancy, with a balloon jibtopsail, was last.

There was more wind on the second leg, and with sheets in Marguerite picked up on the other two. Mayflower passed Merlin and held the lead for a time, but finally Marguerite went ahead and stayed there to the finish.

Thetis made poor work to windward and was passed by Wayward in spite of her long lead on the first leg. The 30-footers were timed at Three-and-a-Half Fathom Ledge:

From here they laid a course straight for Halfway Rock, a close reach. Handsel was far in the lead and Fancy, lugging a topsail, was second, Hawk stowing her topsail as she turned. At the finish she failed to cross the line and was not timed. Wasp had pushed the larger boats all day and won the Puritan cup for best corrected time. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

| | Start. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 11 19 55 | 4 34 47 | 4 27 54 |
| Mayflower | 11 18 48 | 4 37 58 | 4 35 12 |
| Merlin | 11 17 23 | 4 38 42 | 4 33 42 |
| SECOND CLASS SLOOPS. | | | |
| Wayward | 11 29 47 | 4 58 37 | 4 57 30 |
| Thetis | 11 25 25 | 5 01 21 | 5 01 21 |
| FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS. | | | |
| Wasp | 11 30 40 | 4 40 11 | 4 40 11 |
| Barbara | 11 30 50 | 4 59 12 | 4 57 05 |
| SEVENTH CLASS SLOOPS. | | | |
| Handsel | 11 33 45 | 3 28 15 | 3 19 30 |
| Fancy | 11 38 55 | 3 38 45 | 3 38 45 |
| Hawk | 11 38 50 | Did not finish. | |

Marguerite wins $100; Wayward, $100; Wasp, $75, and Handsel, $75

## Larchmont Y. C. Annual, July 4.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE 18th annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on Monday was quite a success, with a fairly good list of starters and the finest of summer weather without the usual Fourth of July squall, which arrived this year a day ahead of time. The only drawback was in the transfer of the guests from the shore to the steamer Albertina, the small propellor engaged as a tender failing to turn up, so that steam launches had to be used. This excitement is so much a part of the annual sport, however, that it would hardly seem like the Fourth if every one was put aboard and landed from the steamer in a convenient and conventional way.

The schooners sailed the Stamford course, 27 miles; the small schooners and the single stickers over 25ft. sailed the Captain's Island coure, 21 miles; the cabin cats and 25-footers sailed the Matinnicock course, 13 miles; the open cats sailed the Scotch Caps course, 10 miles. The entire fleet went first to the Hempstead mark, there separating. The wind was fresh from N.W., making the greater part of the course a reach. The water was smooth all day.

Dauntless sailed over alone, the three other entries in her class being absent. Atlantic, Phantom and Iroquois made up a class, but in the class below the racing was partly spoiled by a mistake of Viator, who followed the big schooners over the Stamford course, leaving a duel between Peerless and Azalea, the latter proving the winner. Wasp had practically a sail-over with the old sloop Bertie, now Forget-me-not. In the yawl class two of the three boats sailed the wrong course. In the 25ft. class Pyxie sailed alone. El Chico being late in getting over from Oyster Bay. The cabin cat class was well filled. The full times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dauntless | 12 16 50 | 4 01 51 | 3 45 01 | 3 45 01 |
| SCHOONERS—CLASS B. | | | | |
| Atlantic | 12 18 35 | 3 56 20 | 3 37 45 | 3 37 45 |
| Phantom | 12 17 23 | 4 14 37 | 3 57 14 | 3 47 14 |
| Iroquois | 12 22 20 | 3 51 11 | 3 28 51 | 3 28 51 |
| SCHOONERS—CLASS D. | | | | |
| Azalea | 12 22 41 | 3 27 40 | 3 04 59 | 3 04 59 |
| Peerless | 12 19 51 | 3 41 25 | 3 21 34 | 3 21 34 |
| Viator | 12 19 05 | 4 15 31 | 3 56 26 | Disqualified. |
| SLOOPS—CLASS 5. | | | | |
| Wasp | 12 38 51 | 3 28 46 | 2 49 55 | 2 49 55 |
| Forget-Me-Not | 12 39 17 | 3 52 10 | 3 12 53 | 2 54 58 |
| SLOOPS—CLASS 8. | | | | |
| Kangaroo | 12 42 54 | 4 42 51 | 3 59 57 | 3 59 57 |
| Petrel | 12 44 04 | 4 52 17 | 4 08 13 | 4 04 52 |
| YAWLS—CLASS 9. | | | | |
| Kwasind | 12 39 37 | 3 29 14 | Disqualified. | |
| Kittie | 12 37 44 | 4 42 05 | 4 04 21 | 4 04 21 |
| Rajah | 12 38 23 | 3 08 17 | Disqualified. | |
| 25-RATERS—CLASS 10. | | | | |
| Pyxie | 11 36 18 | 3 11 47 | 2 35 29 | 2 35 29 |
| CABIN CATS—CLASS 11. | | | | |
| Nellie | 12 36 21 | 3 27 40 | 2 51 19 | 2 51 19 |
| Adonis | 12 39 45 | Withdrew. | | |
| Truant | 12 43 25 | 3 25 01 | 2 41 36 | 2 41 36 |
| Almira | 12 39 24 | 3 16 07 | 2 36 43 | 2 36 43 |
| Elfin | 12 41 30 | 3 38 17 | 2 56 47 | 2 56 47 |
| Aura | 12 43 47 | 3 15 27 | 2 31 40 | 2 31 40 |
| OPEN CATS—CLASS 14. | | | | |
| Marguerite | 12 37 42 | 3 17 07 | 2 39 25 | 2 39 25 |
| Wilmerad | 12 41 05 | 2 44 25 | 2 03 21 | 2 03 21 |
| OPEN CATS—CLASS 16. | | | | |
| Zelina | 12 40 50 | Withdrew, | | |
| Phebe R | 12 40 22 | 2 49 47 | 2 09 25 | 2 09 25 |

The race was sailed under a handicap as was done last year, the result comparing well with the regattas of other clubs under the usual conditions.

Wasp wins the Connor cup, there being no competition for the Gould cup. Wasp also wins a special cup for her class under the regular club allowances.

Iroquois, Azalea, Wasp, Kangaroo, Kittie, Aura, Wilmerad and Phœbe each win first prizes, and Almira a second prize.

Guinare, Mr. John E. Dwight, was entered to sail with Wasp, but did not start. While running with the fleet from Hempstead to Captain's Island, she shook out a reef, her mast going over the side a moment later. The regatta was managed by Messrs. J. F. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony and C. L. Burger, of the committee.

## Hull Y. C., July 2.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE second club race of the Hull Y. C. for boats of classes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and special class, was sailed on Saturday in a breeze that varied from W. to S.W., increasing from a light air before the start to a double-reef breeze during the latter part of the race. It was a Herreshoff day in all respects, four out of six winners being Bristol boats. The times were:

SECOND CLASS—20FT.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Handsel, J. R. Hooper | 33.04 | 2 47 55 | 2 11 06 |
| Chapoquoit, C. H. Jones | 37 10 | 2 49 10 | 2 16 57 |
| THIRD CLASS—25FT. C. B. | | | |
| Gipsy, A. C. Drinkwater | | 1 53 56 | Not meas. |
| Posy, R. G. Hunt | | 1 58 38 | Not meas. |
| White Fawn, A. E. Jones | | 1 56 32 | Not meas. |
| Moondyne, Shaw Brothers | | 1 59 41 | Not meas. |
| Ustane, S. N. Small | 27.03 | 1 59 52 | 1 33 06 |
| FOURTH CLASS—21FT. J. AND M. C. B. | | | |
| Alpha, Dunne, Brown & Hunt | 23.05 | 1 30 28 | 1 06 45 |
| Catspaw, C. A. Prince | 26.05 | 1 32 20 | 1 10 56 |
| SPECIAL CLASS—21FT. J. AND M. K. | | | |
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr | 24.03 | 1 31 04 | 1 08 02 |
| FIFTH CLASS—21FT. CATS. | | | |
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 22.04 | 1 44 10 | 1 19 31 |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 23.04 | 1 44 14 | 1 20 27 |
| SIXTH CLASS—18FT. CATS. | | | |
| Mab, John Shaw | 17.02 | 1 22 42 | 0 57 58 |
| Marvel, H. M. Faxon | 20.03 | 1 27 09 | 1 04 20 |
| Don, W. H. Shaw | | 1 31 54 | Not meas. |

Handsel, Gipsy, Alpha, Vanessa, Magpie and Mab win legs for the championship and also cash prizes. Marvel wins second prize, and third goes to White Fawn or Posy, according to the measurement.

The judges were Messrs. J. R. Chadwick, W. A. Cary, E. K. Friend, E. C. North and Franklin Adams.

## Winthrop Y. C., July 2.

WINTHROP, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

ON Saturday the Winthrop Y. C. sailed an open race for cash prizes in second and third classes, the wind being fresh S.W. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Magpie, C. A. Pike | 20.03 | 1 33 37 | 1 08 49 |
| Harriet, L. T. Harrington | 23.00 | 1 35 43 | 1 12 19 |
| Perdita, Milton and Cheever | 23.06 | 1 37 23 | 1 14 17 |
| Eclipse, W. Myrick | 21.11 | 1 38 05 | 1 14 24 |
| Marion, Chesterton and Devereaux | 22.00 | 1 41 55 | 1 18 18 |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | |
| Cadet, C. F. Smith | 19.00 | 1 22 05 | 1 01 27 |
| Mattie G., W. A. Garrett | 19.09 | 1 28 03 | 1 08 13 |
| Soud, L. S. Meston | 17.00 | 1 33 48 | 1 10 47 |
| Modoc, H. Belcher | Not meas. | 1 29 00 | |

The annual cruise of the club, as far as Camden, Me., will start from a rendezvous off Point Shirley on July 9. The first anchorage will be Marblehead.

## Canarsie Y. C. Annual, July 2.

CANARSIE, L. I.—JAMAICA BAY.

THE annual regatta of the Canarsie Y. C. was sailed on Saturday over a 10-mile triangular course on Jamaica Bay in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS A—CABIN CATBOATS OVER 21FT.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Adeline, G. N. Johnston | 1 54 04 | 1 54 04 |
| Lona, J. C. Deubert | Withdrew. | |
| Gelert, F. A. Reid | Withdrew. | |
| Duchess, A. H. Ackerman | 2 15 18 | 2 12 18 |
| CLASS B—OPEN CATBOATS, UNDER 23FT. | | |
| Steeple Jack, C. Kent | Withdrew. | |
| Janet, W. A. DeLong | 1 55 18 | 1 55 18 |
| Pilot, T. H. Northride | Withdrew. | |
| Selfish, J. H. Ives | 1 52 24½ | 1 52 24½ |
| Caddie, E. X. Karr | 1 59 12 | 1 57 06½ |
| Winnie, J. H. Clark | 2 01 23 | 1 59 42½ |
| Siren, I. F. Fischer | 1 54 46 | 1 52 03 |
| CLASS C—OPEN CATBOATS, UNDER 20FT. | | |
| So So, J. D Brinsley | 1 56 18 | 1 56 18 |
| Spray, F. Maier | 2 06 03 | 2 05 35½ |
| Iseal, W. Sampson | Withdrew. | |
| Amaranth, P. Ketchum | 2 00 46 | 1 59 08 |
| Anita, E. O'Donohue | 2 01 28 | 1 59 35¾ |
| Lochinvar, Mr. Sabin | 2 05 20 | 2 02 19¾ |
| Flirt, Mr. Simmons | 2 03 02 | 2 02 05½ |
| CLASS D—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 18FT. | | |
| Wave, C. Fitzmaurice | Withdrew. | |
| Teaser, G. B. Wheeler | Withdrew. | |
| Arno, W. Smith | 2 08 42 | 2 06 56½ |
| No Name | Withdrew. | |
| Grace L., F. Manchester | 2 06 37 | 2 06 37 |

The winners were Adeline, Siren, So So and Gracie L., Selfish winning the pennant for the best elapsed time.

## Kill Von Kull Y. C. Annual, July 4.

PORT RICHMOND, S. I.—NEWARK BAY.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Kill Von Kull Y. C. was sailed on Monday over a 10-mile course, three rounds of a triangee between Staten Island, the Newark Bay bridge and the red buoy off the club house. The wind was strong N.W. The times were:

CLASS G—OPEN CATS, 18 TO 22FT.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Just Woke Up | 12 27 35 | 1 58 30 | 1 27 25 | 1 27 25 |
| Libbie May | 12 28 03 | 2 03 15 | 1 35 12 | 1 33 33 |
| CLASS F—CABIN CATS, 30FT. AND UNDER. | | | | |
| Sea Bird | 12 30 00 | 2 12 10 | 1 42 10 | 1 42 10 |
| Try Again | 12 32 50 | 2 06 45 | 1 33 45 | 1 32 54 |
| CLASS G—OPEN CATS, 22 TO 26FT. | | | | |
| Tarpon | 12 30 10 | 2 04 35 | 1 34 45 | 1 32 16 |
| J. J. Carroll | 12 33 15 | Did not finish. | | |
| CLASS H—OPEN CATS, 20 TO 22FT. | | | | |
| Tormentor | 12 33 20 | 2 05 06 | 1 31 03 | 1 25 54 |
| Eureka | 12 32 30 | 2 02 53 | 1 30 23 | 1 26 56 |
| Dora D. D | 12 31 40 | Did not finish. | | |
| CLASS I—OPEN CATS, 18 TO 20FT. | | | | |
| Playmate | 12 30 25 | 2 11 30 | 1 41 05 | 1 30 56 |
| Tomboy | 12 30 26 | 2 05 45 | 1 35 09 | 1 26 15 |
| Bon Ton | 12 30 27 | 2 03 50 | 1 33 23 | 1 21 21 |
| Doctor | 12 29 55 | Did not finish. | | |
| CLASS L—OPEN CATS UNDER 18FT. | | | | |
| Essex | 12 31 52 | 2 12 42 | 1 24 50 | 1 29 00 |
| Lydia | 12 30 00 | 2 11 27 | 1 40 27 | 1 30 38 |
| Gracie | 12 31 35 | 2 12 45 | 1 40 10 | 1 28 33 |
| Maggie P | 12 31 24 | 2 12 45 | 1 40 21 | 1 28 58 |
| CLASS K—CATS UNDER 16FT. | | | | |
| Irving H | 12 32 00 | 2 18 20 | 1 46 20 | 1 31 53 |
| CLASS L—OPEN CATS UNDER 16FT. | | | | |
| Nameless | 12 31 50 | 2 20 00 | 1 48 50 | 1 35 15 |

The winners were Just Woke Up, Try Again, Tarpon, Tormentor, Bon Ton, Gracie, Irving H. and Nameless. Bon Ton won the special prize for best elapsed time.

## New Haven Y. C. Annual, June 27.

NEW HAVEN—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE eleventh annual regatta of the New Haven Y. C. was sailed on Monday week in a fresh S.E. breeze, the courses being: For yachts 24ft. and over, from a line between the committee steamer and Pardee's Bar buoy, leaving Ludington's Rock, Welch's, Pond Point and Charles Island buoys on starboard hand, around the mid channel buoy at the entrance of the Housatonic River (located eight miles from Ludington's Rock buoy, on a line with Stratford Point), returning over the same course, leaving Charles Island, Welch's, Pond Point and Ludington's Rock buoys on the port hand. For yachts under 24ft., open sloops and catboat classes, from off Pardee's bar buoy, leaving Ludington's Rock, Welsh's and Pond Point buoys on starboard hand, thence around buoy off the southward of Charles Island and return over the same course, leaving Welsh's, Pond Point and Ludington's Rock buoys on the port hand.

Rival led the fleet over the course, winning in her class and also taking for the third time the Derby challenge cup for the best corrected time, thus holding it permanently without further challenge. The full times were:

CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS, 36 TO 40FT.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rival | 11 34 31 | 2 34 04 | 2 59 33 | 2 59 33 |
| Carrie W | 11 32 23 | 2 48 19 | 3 15 56 | 3 14 29 |
| CLASS 4—CABIN SLOOPS, 28 TO 33FT. | | | | |
| Stranger | 11 32 44 | 2 54 30 | 3 21 26 | 3 15 45 |
| Seabelle | 11 36 06 | 2 58 41 | 3 22 35 | 3 22 28 |
| Undine | 11 33 36 | 2 58 04 | 3 24 28 | 3 24 28 |
| CLASS E—OPEN SLOOPS, 24 TO 31FT. | | | | |
| Commodore | 11 33 31 | 2 39 59 | 3 06 28 | 3 01 29 |
| Venus | 11 32 33 | 2 46 37 | 3 14 04 | 3 14 04 |
| Dare Devil | 11 32 07 | 3 04 13 | 3 32 06 | 3 27 42 |
| CLASS 6—CABIN SLOOPS, 20 TO 24FT. | | | | |
| Vidette | 11 32 49 | 3 38 37 | 3 05 46 | 3 03 37 |
| Zenia | 11 37 16 | 2 49 00 | 3 11 44 | 3 11 44 |

The winners are: Class 3, Rival; Class 4, Stranger and Seabelle; Class 6, Vidette; Class 7, Commodore and Venus.

## Bensonhurst Club, July 2.

BENSONHURST—GRAVESEND BAY.

THE second annual regatta of the yachting department of the Bensonhurst Club was sailed on Saturday over an 8-mile course, two rounds of a triangle between Bensonhurst, Norton's Point and Fort Hamilton. The wind was strong S.W. The times were:

CLASS B—CATBOATS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Edda D., R. W. Rummell | 1 51 24 | 1 48 50 |
| Isabel, R. H. Sherwood | 1 51 17 | 1 50 04 |
| B. O., J. C. Egerton | 1 50 32 | 1 50 32 |
| Caprice, H. S. Hollis | 1 55 31 | 1 51 23 |
| Ariel, G. B Owen | 1 52 53 | 1 52 46 |
| Nettle, C. L. Cosine | 1 57 55 | 1 55 25 |
| CLASS 3—SLOOPS—SPECIAL RACE. | | |
| Seminole, John Brown, Jr | | |
| Jewel, Mr. Harper | | |

Seminole and Jewel were not timed, but the former won by a long lead. Edda C. wins, subject to a protest for fouling from Isabel.

## The Southern Y. C.

IT IS not generally known that the Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, La., is second only to the New York Y. C. in age; having been organized at Pass Christian, Miss., on July 21, 1849. But one of the original members, Mr. Harry Rareshide, is now living. The first regatta was held on Aug. 6 of the same year, with the following entries: Sloops—Laura, Rebecca, Undine, Mary Ann, Coralie, R. Morris, Harry Hill, Rigoletto, Mary Baker, J. L. Ditus, Anna, Pilgrim, Cora, Virginia, E. Riddle, and J. Mitchell.

The club has now a station and fine house on Lake Ponchartrain, with a large fleet of steam, naphtha and sailing yachts. The racing has up to a recent period been done by open sandbaggers, many of the fastest of the New York cracks having found their way to New Orleans, among them being Silence, Mary Emma and Mephisto; and the S. Y. C. has given some of the largest money prizes ever offered for small yachts. At the present time a larger class of yacht is coming rapidly into favor, the Burgess boat Nepenthe having been built for a member, while the new schooner Adrienne, designed by Stewart & Binney, is for another. The old waterline length rules have been used by the club since its organization, but as the results of the deliberations of a special committee on measurement, appointed at the last annual meeting, the Seawanhaka rule has just been adopted. On July 4 a race was sailed, open to seven classes, from 20ft. catboats up to schooners. The old rule is still used for the open catboats and for the working boats not enrolled in the club which are eligible in some regattas.

## Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. Annual, July 2.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE twenty-second regatta of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was quite a departure from those of a dozen years past, the scene being changed from the Lower Bay, the barren beaches of Sandy Hook and the green seas about the two lightships to the calmer and quieter waters of Long Island Sound, with green valleys and hills, and picturesque country places. The central point was of course the new club house and anchorage at Oyster Bay, the racing being done on the Sound just outside the harbor, where two courses of 34 and 18 miles have been laid out. The longer was from a starting and finishing line between the committee tug Mutual and a mark-boat off Lloyd's Neck, across the Sound to a second mark-boat off Shippan's Point, thence across again and around a mark-boat off Matinnicock Buoy, and back again over the same course. This with a W.S.W. wind made a run across, a beat to Matinnicock, a run back and a beat home. The classes under 46ft. followed the larger yachts to Matinnicock and then reached straight for the finish along the Long Island shore.

The day was fair and bright, with a moderate breeze by noon, and quite a party was gathered at the club house, many going aboard the yachts, while some waited for the steamer Myndert Starin, which left New York with other guests at 8 A. M. There was some delay after the Starin reached the club dock, owing to a slight mishap to the club steamer, which had gone to Oyster Bay to meet the train, but the steam yacht Emu and the committee boat finally carried over these guests and brought the club boat in tow. Through this delay it was 12:45 before the preparatory whistle was blown, the start for the larger yachts being given 5m. later. The starters, 20 out of a list of 24 entries, were:

Schooners over 80ft.—Montauk, F. E. Weeks.

75ft. class—Miranda, Com. G. W. B. Hill; Iroquois, R. N. Ellis; Peerless, Messrs. Ackley and Mitchell. 63ft. class—Viator, W. G. Brokaw; Azalea, Edmund Blunt.

SINGLE-STICK CLASSES.

46ft.—Wasp, Archibald Rogers.

35ft.—Indolent, S. V. R. Cruger; Mirth, Rear-Com. J. W. Beekman; Daffodil, William Whiting; Volusia, J. M. Williams.

25ft. Sailing Length—Pyxie, Oswald Sanderson; Nameless, C. W. Wetmore; El Chico, H. Maitland Kersey.

Jib and Mainsail Boats—Nadjy, A. P. Montant; Sinbad, T. S. Young; Meteor, William Trotter; Dodo, E. M. Townsend, Jr.

Catboats—Gunhilde, E. C. Jewett; Oconee, C. T. Pierce.

Iroquois was at the line too soon and ran back, while Miranda was well up the harbor, and was handicapped, Montauk making the best start. All set spinakers to port and large jibtopsails, the two schooners Peerless and Azalea looking odd with the old single jibs. The 25 footers presented a pretty picture with spinakers well bagged out and balloonjibs pulled hard. Nameless ran ahead quite fast and took lead at first, El Chico having hardly wind enough, but in a little time the fin-keel went to the front and continued to gain over the two Gardner boats.

On the second leg the fleet separated, Montauk and Iroquois holding out in the Sound, while Miranda and the smaller schooners went in by the Long Island shore. Wasp was with the two leaders, doing the best work to windward; Iroquois reached the Matinnicock mark ahead of Montauk, after an interesting bout, while Miranda, who had come up quite rapidly toward the end of the leg, put in between the two and also turned before Montauk. The times were:

Nameless withdrew on this leg. The first division of the fleet ran across to Shippan Point again with booms to port, having to beat home from there. Wasp easily left the schooners astern, and came home far in the lead; Iroquois being second and Montauk third. The full times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **SCHOONERS OVER 80FT.** | | | | |
| Montauk | 12 52 06 | 4 59 22 | 4 07 16 | 4 07 16 |
| Iroquois | 12 53 49 | 5 00 20 | 4 06 31 | |
| Miranda | 12 55 00 | 5 05 00 | 4 07 58 | |
| **75FT. CLASS.** | | | | |
| Peerless | 12 53 12 | 5 22 30 | 4 29 18 | 4 29 18 |
| **63FT. CLASS.** | | | | |
| Azalea | 12 52 29 | 4 59 44 | 4 07 15 | 4 07 15 |
| Viator | 12 55 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| **46FT. SLOOPS.** | | | | |
| Wasp | 12 58 35 | 4 46 53 | 3 48 18 | 3 48 18 |
| **35FT. SLOOPS.** | | | | |
| Mirth | 1 00 00 | 4 17 46 | 3 17 46 | not meas. |
| Daffodil | 12 58 29 | 4 20 42 | 3 22 13 | not meas. |
| Indolent | 12 59 03 | 4 35 26 | 3 36 23 | not meas. |
| Volusia | 1 00 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| **25FT. RACING LENGTH.** | | | | |
| El Chico | 12 58 47 | 4 12 24 | 3 13 27 | 3 13 27 |
| Pyxie | 12 59 06 | 4 18 12 | 3 19 06 | 3 19 06 |
| Nameless | 12 58 45 | Withdrew. | | |
| **JIB AND MAINSAIL.** | | | | |
| Meteor | 12 58 28 | 3 20 18 | 2 21 50 | not meas. |
| Dodo | 12 59 06 | 3 30 00 | 2 30 54 | not meas. |
| Nadjy | 1 00 00 | 3 25 00 | 2 25 00 | not meas. |
| Sinbad | 1 00 00 | 3 38 32 | 2 38 32 | not meas. |
| **CATBOATS.** | | | | |
| Oconee | 12 58 45 | 4 32 11 | 3 33 26 | not meas. |
| Gunhilde | 12 56 58 | 4 26 54 | 3 29 50 | not meas. |

Montauk and Iroquois were disqualified for passing inside of a channel buoy. Peerless and Wasp each win half the regular prizes, having sailed alone, $100 and $50. Miranda wins $200, Azalea $100, Mirth $40, El Chico $25, Dodo and Gunhilde each $25. Wasp also wins the Leland challenge cup, and the helmsmen of El Chico and Dodo each win prizes of $25 presented by Mr. Wm. Whitlock. The guests steamer returned to the city after the finish. The regatta was managed by Messrs. W. C. Kerr, R. C. Townsend, R. W. Gibson, Wm. A. Haines and W. C. Tuckerman. The second race for the Rouse and Wetmore cups will be sailed on July 9.

## The Peerless—Boyd Collision.

A DECISION has lately been reached in the case of the libel of the steam yacht Peerless, by the owners of the tug Thos. Y. Boyd, sunk last June by the yacht in Hell Gate. The case was tried before Judge Brown, whose decision, for which, we are indebted to the *American Shipbuilder*, reads as follows:

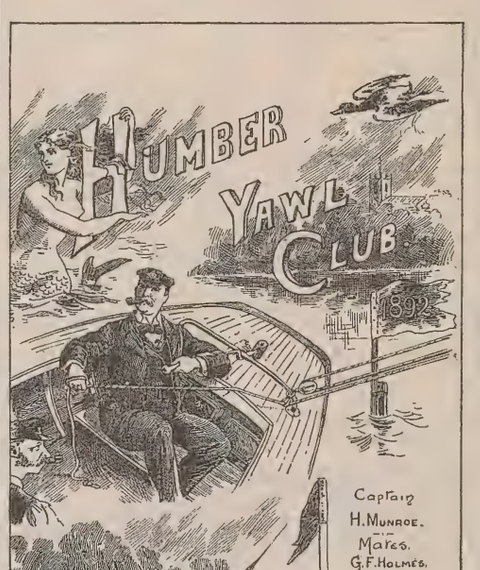
"At about 8 o'clock p. m. on June 26, 1891, the plantiff's tug Thomas Y. Boyd, while going up the easterly channel of Hell Gate between Flood Rock and the Astoria shore, in the first hour of the flood, and having in tow on a hawser of 40 fathoms two small schooners, each about 65ft. long, came in collision with the steam yacht Peerless bound west at a point a little below the line running from Hallett's Point light to the northerly end of Flood Rock. The stem of yacht ran into the starboard side of the tug. The force of the blow with the flood tide carried both together near the dredge at the upper end of Flood Rock, and as soon as the yacht was disentangled from the tug the latter sank and became a total loss. The libel was filed to recover damages, alleging negligence of the yacht in not taking one of the westernly channels, viz., either the middle or the main ship channel, and not keeping out of the way of the tugs. The claimants contend that the accident arose wholly from the negligence of the tug in not porting her wheel as she might and ought to have done after the exchange of one whistle between the two steamers.

"The most important fact in dispute between the two parties is the position of the tug at the time of collision. The clear weight of evidence is that the tug was then in mid-channel with the schooners directly astern of her, that is to say about 500ft. to the westward of the Astoria shore, and not within 100 or 150ft. of the Astoria shore, as several of the libellants' witnesses allege. This appears not only from the greater number of witnesses who testify to this fact, including some called by the defendant who were in the best position for seeing the true place of the tug in the channel, but from other circumstances, which confirms the weight of the direct evidence. For the tug after collision was carried by the force of the blow with the yacht close to the dredge on the western line of the channel; and this could not have happened if the collision had been close to the Astoria shore and the light. With the Peerless backing and the flood tide, the tug could not have been carried so far to the westward, and she must also have been swept further to the northeastward. The schooners, moreover, after the collision, the hawsers being cut or broken, continued on in about mid channel and passed about 100 or 150ft. to the eastward of the boats in collision. The Peerless at the time of the exchange of one whistle was upon a course about west, which course she had taken from about 400ft. off Negro Point, and which made her cross the channel from Negro Point to Hallett's Point about two points to port. The exchange of one whistle was made when the Peerless had nearly reached the light on Hallett's Point and the tug opened up below it. The boats must then have been at least 1,000ft. apart and probably more. The Peerless was running at half speed, about 7 knots through the water or 5 knots by land; the tug about 4 knots by land or 2 knots through the water.

"The signal of one whistle, which the yacht gave to the tug, and which the tug immediately answered with one, imported that the boats should pass port to port, and that the tug would keep to the right. The tug did not do so but kept a straight course and without slacking speed until collision. The yacht ported hard, and as soon as she saw that the tug was not turning to starboard, reversed, but not in time to avoid collision. Under her port wheel she changed before collision about 2 points to starboard, so as to head nearly directly across towards the dredge at the north end of Flood Rock.

"I find that there was nothing to prevent the tug from porting her wheel and going to the right as her signal agreed she would do. Despite the claimant's testimony this is evident not merely from the evidence of the libellants' experts, but from the fact that the two schooners lashed together behind passed on without difficulty, notwithstanding the fact of the collision. It is self-evident that a tug like this, which is handled easily, could have gone to the right as her signal imported she would do, with perfect ease and so save collision with herself. Nothing prevented the slacking of her hawser for a moment if that was necessary for a quick turn; and the schooners would not have been thereby in the slightest degree endangered, as their subsequent passage proved. As the tug could have pursued this course without difficulty, she was legally bound to do so, both under the agreement made by the exchange of one whistle and by the rule of the starboard hand (Rule 19.) Her failure to do this brought on the collision for which the tug is therefore to blame.

"I find no fault proved in the yacht. She was meeting two schooners under sail beating to the eastward through the gate, and were right in front of her in different positions. The course adopted by the yacht under such circumstances, viz., to go through the easterly channel, was deemed by her master to be the most prudent course to adopt to avoid the two schooners, and so far I can perceive was a proper one. If the tug when below at Astoria, gave any long whistle, as some of her witnesses testify, it was not heard by anybody on the yacht or other vessels near. The yacht, therefore, had a right to suppose that the easterly channel was clear. But even had the tug's long whistle been heard, if she gave any, her position in the easterly channel was not such as to forbid the yacht from taking that channel with two schooners impeding the course toward the middle and north channel; for upon the westerly course that the yacht was holding, the evidence shows that there was no difficulty in her going to the westerly side of the easterly channel, and that when the exchange of one whistle was made, there would have been no difficulty in passing the tug, had the tug observed her duty. The yacht had a right to assume that the tug would go to the right, as her whistle and the rule required. As soon as the whistles were exchanged the yacht did all that was required of her in porting her wheel, for there was time enough and space enough for the tug to go to the right. I am satisfied that the yacht backed as soon as she could perceive that the tug was not doing her duty. She was under no obligation to stop and back as soon as the exchange of one whistle was made; because that exchange of whistles was a suitable and sufficient provision for avoiding the collision, had the tug performed her duty. That exchange of whistles for the time being, therefore, determined the risk of collision, as the yacht had a right to assume; and as soon as the risk of collision could reasonably be apprehended anew, the yacht reversed. This was all that was required of her by the rules, or by common sense and prudence. The collisione therefor being the fault of the tug, the libel must be dismissed with costs."




## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The ladies' day race of the White Bear Yachting Association on June 18, brought out a fleet of fifteen yachts, all but one manned in part by ladies, Hornet sailing over but not being eligible. The wind was light from the west; the times were:

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| CATS. | | |
| Nushka, Mrs. J. P. Elmer | 1 01 17 | 1 01 17 |
| Queen, Miss Emily Galusha | 1 08 53 | 1 08 39 |
| Merry M., Miss Margaret Hall | 1 09 07 | 1 09 01 |
| Kelpie, Miss Newport | 1 07 50 | 1 07 41 |
| Katherine, Mrs. W. Morton | 1 10 20 | 1 08 26 |
| Secret, Miss B. Bement | 1 07 16 | 1 03 15 |
| Amelia, Mrs. A. McLaren | 1 10 33 | ..... |
| SLOOPS. | | |
| Kitten, Miss May Moore | 57 29 | 56 57 |
| Wapsie, Mrs. Harry Drake | 58 28 | 50 06 |
| Storm King, Miss Mary Taylor | ..... | ..... |
| Later On, Mrs. F. Ramaley | 1 00 22 | 57 17 |
| Follow Me, Miss Tracy | 1 01 26 | ..... |
| Fortune, Mrs. Dr. Welch | 58 15 | 56 21 |

The inquest on the bodies of Nicholas Michaels and Mary Simonin, who were drowned on June 11 in the Hudson River through the running down of their rowboat by the steam yacht Alva, was held on June 29, the verdict of the jury being accidental drowning. The testimony of Capt. Morrison, of the Alva, was to the effect that the rowboat, after once stopping, was rowed directly in the yacht's course, the oarsman being frightened and making no effort to row on out of danger. The yacht at the time was in such close proximity to the warship Atlanta that she had little room to clear the rowboat at the last moment.

Only three boats started in the second championship race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C., of South Boston, on July 2. The wind was strong S.W. and the times were:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tantrum, F. L. Perkins | 11.00 | 1 07 20 | 1 07 20 |
| Escort, W. H. Radsom | 14.11 | 1 07 45 | 1 07 40 |
| Annie, E. H. Rich | 14.08 | 1 09 21 | 1 09 01 |

This makes the second leg won by Tantrum.

Freak, the Paine fin-keel, is now completed, and sailed her first race on Monday. She carries a wire stay from the end of her bowsprit to the fore end of her fin-keel, to guard the latter from weeds and similar obstructions; an attachment which she is likely to dispense with after a very brief trial.

Titania, centerboard cutter, has been sold by C. Oliver Iselin, for whom she was built in 1887 from Mr. Burgess's designs by Piepgrass, to Robert H. Inman, owner of Adelaide. Mr. Inman will fit her out at once. She is still on the shore at Piepgrass' yard, City Island.

The owner of the Norwood has deposited the sum of $25,000 in the Park Bank, of New York, as a wager that the yacht can perform several feats in the way of fast steaming in smooth water. On July 1 Norwood made a record run of two miles at New London.

On June 27 Messrs. Read Bros., of Fall River, launched the Mabel F. Swift No. 2, designed and built by them for Mr. C. W. Anthony. The new yacht is a centerboard cutter, 53ft. over all, 34ft. 2in. l.w.l., 13ft. 6in. beam and 5ft. draft.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Y. C., resolutions of condolence were passed over the death of Augustus Russ, one of the founders of the club, its treasurer from its organization until 1886 inclusive, and its commodore in the years 1887, 1888, 1890 and 1891.

On June 27 the new Boston steam yacht Navarch No. 2, built by Ambrose Martin for Com. C. F. Merrill, South Boston Y. C., was launched at Jeffries Point, East Boston.

The race of the Rochester Y. C. on June 22, was postponed indefinitely on account of the disappearance of the lake buoys, none of which could be found by the competing yachts.

Lasca, the new Smith schooner owned by Mr Brooks, took her first sail on Saturday afternoon. Capt. Rhodes, formerly of Sea Fox, will command her.

Exile, 21-footer, has shipped a hollow mast, and one has been got out for Thrush.

*Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $10. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.*

## Savin Hill Y. C., July 2.

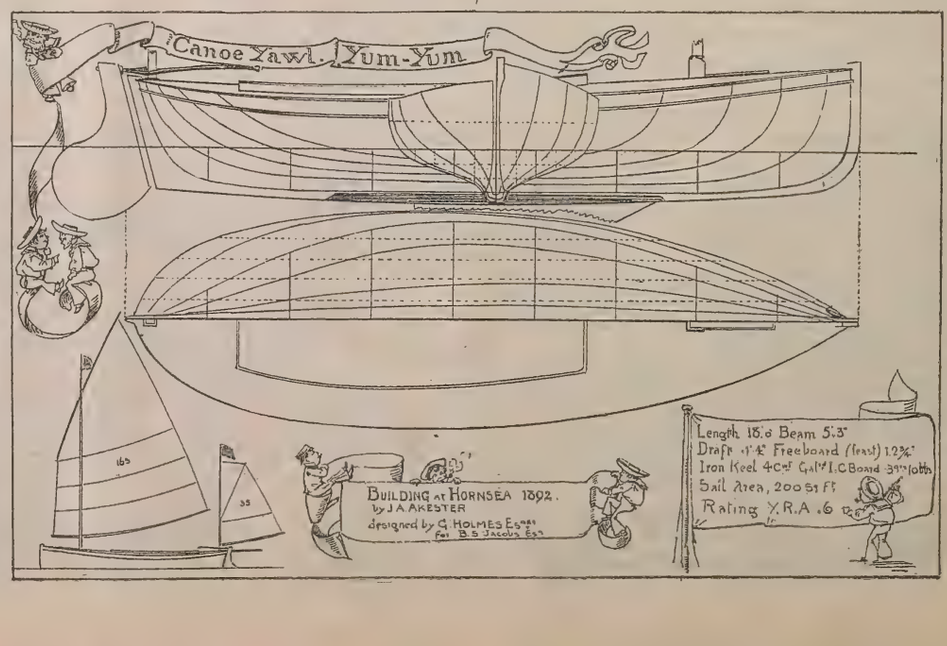
THE first of a series of races for cups offered by the Savin Hill Y.C. for club boats was sailed on Saturday in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| SPECIAL CLASS. | | | |
| Annie, E. P. Sharp | 22.02 | 1 26 00 | 1 01 12 |
| FIRST CLASS. | | | |
| Mildred G., G. L. Sears | 25.02 | 1 24 23 | 1 02 14 |
| Annie Maud, F. O. Vegelahn | Not meas. | 1 26 47 | ..... |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Arab, W. F. Scott | 19.11 | 1 24 30 | 57 32 |
| Siko, F. A. McInnes | 19.08 | 1 28 55 | 1 01 41 |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | |
| Marchioness, C. E. Hodges | 16.01 | 1 30 00 | 58 27 |
| Florrie, W. H. Besarick | 16.06 | 1 31 40 | 1 00 41 |

The winners each take a leg for a class cup.

## Humber Yawl Club.

THE little yearly record of the Humber Yawl Club, of Hull, Eng, is a unique affair, the list of members and boats being supplemented by a number of clever sketches, short cruises and lines of new craft, two specimens of which we reproduce. The club, which is devoted mainly to canoe yawls, has a membership of 50, with as many boats, canoe-yawls and wide canoes.



# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

JULY.

9. Toronto, Regatta and Paddling Cup, Toronto.
9. Rochester, 2d Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.
9-23. W. C. A. Meet, Oshkosh, Wis.
15-30. Northern Div. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Couchiching, Can
23. Rochester, 3d Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

AUGUST.

4-25. A. C. A. Meet, Willsborough Pt
6. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
15-20. A. C. A. Meet, race week, Willsborough Point.
27. Rochester, 4th Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
3. Brooklyn, Visiting Cruise, Passaic River.
3. Orange, Ann., Arlington, N.J.
5. Ianthe, Annual Regatta.
8. Rochester, Fall Regatta, Irondequoit Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

THERE is much sound sense in an editorial remark of the New York *Herald*, that "The only reason why there are not more carriage accidents than boating accidents is because horses have some sense." There would be still fewer accidents in pleasure craft, canoes, yachts, and rowing and sailing boats, if those in charge of boating parties knew how to manage a boat and to swim, and had the good sense to keep sober, to take no one on board who was not sober, to avoid overcrowding and skylarking, to keep all hands seated low in the boat, allowing but one person at a time to stand up in entering and leaving, to attend carefully to the direction of the boat at all times, and to carry no more ladies and children than there are good swimmers to care for them in case of a capsize. As to canoeing, a person who cannot swim should never be allowed afloat alone save in smooth and shoal water; and no one should attempt to sail or even paddle a canoe who cannot divest himself of part of his clothing and keep himself afloat for a time if thrown suddenly into the water. It is not absolutely necessary that a man should be a fast long-distance swimmer, but he should be able so regain his canoe under any ordinary circumstances and to keep himself afloat for five or ten minutes unaided. There are some accidents in which a much higher degree of proficiency is essential to safety; but in the great majority of cases it is the first one or two minutes which count, before the speediest of assistance can reach one.

BUT four weeks remain before the opening of the thirteenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association, at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain, and the time is short for such preparations as remain to be made by clubs and individuals. Those who are not members but desire to visit the meet will have but little time to file their applications for membership with the Division pursers, as the names must be published for two weeks before approval. Those members who have not made up their mind will have to decide quickly in order to get to camp early and with all duffle in good shape. There is yet time for the various clubs to do much in the way of inducing members to attend the meet and also to do so in a way that will reflect credit on their club. In each club delegation an officer should be in sole command, or if none of the regular officers can attend, one member should be chosen to take command of the club camp. By pitching tents together, setting up a big pole for the club burgee, and maintaining a neat and well-kept camp, members may do much to improve the appearance of the whole camp, and to bring credit to their club in particular. In club work of this kind the "club bar," which has become entirely too prominent a feature in some recent camps, is not at all essential, and may well be left at home.

THE early fathers of canoeing in America were noted for a tendency toward statistics and elaborate calculations which were about as truthful and reliable as the proverbial Waterbury watch. One of them is still at it, as witness the following from the Baltimore *News*: "John Habberton says there were not twenty canoeists in the country when he began to paddle a canoe twenty years ago. Now there are 20,000 of them who write their names 'in water' every year. John Murray, of the Challenger expedition, says there are 323,000,000 cubic miles of water in the world, so that there is still room for the paddler to increase, even at the astonishing Habberton ratio."

Apropos of John Habberton's calculation as to the number of canoeists who write their names in water every year, the display of bottles about the abandoned site of the various meets of the Association and divisions suggests that there are not a few who use something stronger, possibly ink or Vichy.

## Around Lake Champlain.

THE morning air was still cool from the shower of the night before when my chum and I shouldered our packs and started for the railway station at North Leominster to take the Western express on the Fitchburg R. R. We were bound on a summer's trip by boat and afoot through the Lake Champlain region, with no definite point to reach, for we intended to go wherever fancy led us without troubling ourselves to count the passing days. My chum carried an army knapsack which had become dear to him by service on several such expeditions, but I wished to economize weight and therefore carried only an Indian pack, of which our little shelter tent and my gray camp blanket formed the basis.

Once seated in the cars and disencumbered of our luggage, we fell to talking over our journey, and refreshed ourselves with several bottles of ginger ale. Away we sped through the cool morning and hot noonday down into the fertile valley of the Connecticut and on again up through the winding valley whence Deerfield River pours down from the Berkshire Hills. Then we saw for a moment the great, yawning mouth of the Hoosac Tunnel, and with a rattle and roar the train plunged into darkness. Fifteen minutes later we stopped for dinner at North Adams on the western side of the range. The ride from here to Saratoga was uninteresting, and we were glad when, soon after crossing the upper Hudson and skirting the northern shore of Saratoga Lake, the train reached the terminal depot at Saratoga Springs, and our journey had really begun.

The roads were dusty and the heat suffocating as we tramped along the country road which winds leisurely through a fertile country toward Mt. McGregor and we were glad to stop here and there to rest in the shade or to pick the ripe, juicy raspberries which grew in the valleys. By sundown our great camp-pail was full of berries and we thought it was about time to camp. We pitched our tent in an orchard, on a hillside which sloped gently toward the south, and got some milk for our berries at a neighboring farmhouse.

I had just seated myself on the stone wall with my pail of berries and milk on my knees, and was expatiating on the beauties of camp life to my comrade, who was more modestly seated on a log, when the stone under me rolled, and alas, my views of camp life were somewhat clouded. Thus the first day ended, with a quiet evening chat and refreshing sleep, disturbed only by the curiosity of some horses which were pastured in the adjoining field.

The days that followed were like the first. We visited Mt. McGregor and the cottage where Gen. Grant died. It is a spot of great natural beauty. The surrounding country is generally flat and stretches away in a broad circle of green plain and woods, specked with white villages and solitary farms, until the blue sky sinks to meet it on every side.

Then there was Glens Falls with its arched cave in the great sandstone ledge below the falls. This cave is the scene of the opening chapters of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and as one stands at the further opening of the passage and listens to the dull roar of the falls and watches the great patches of foam go whirling past, he can almost imagine that the centuries have turned back and that he is witnessing the stirring scenes of the "Leather Stocking Tales."

Other interesting spots were close at hand and we made our camp one night near the shores of Bloody Pond in the gloomy shadow of French Mountain. It is no wonder that the place has a dismal aspect, for here occurred the massacre which has stained Montcalm's name in English memories. The garrison of Fort William Henry had surrendered to the French officer, and under a promise that they would not serve again during the war were allowed to return to their homes. But as they passed along the narrow trail between the mountain and the pond they were attacked by the Indian allies of the French, and being wholly unarmed were massacred almost to a man.

It was not far to the southern end of Lake George, at Caldwell, where Forts William Henry and St. Edward and the little Fort St. George guarded the gateway from Canada until the final success of England in 1759.

We spent some time around the shores of the lake and at last one afternoon came back to Caldwell and boarded the steamer Horicon for a trip down the lake. We got seats in the bow of the boat and spread out our map of the lake in order to recognize the places of interest.

As we swung away from the pier the beauty of the lake burst suddenly upon our eyes. The water was clear as crystal, so that you could look down into immeasurable depths, and stretched away to shores where brown rock and green clad hills rose sheer from the water's edge.

Woody islands half concealed the entrance to innumerable bays, the main lake itself wound here and there among the hills, so that it seemed at times as if we must sail through the mountain wall, but at an unexpected moment a cleft would appear among the hills and a new stretch of lake open before us. The spray that leaped from the bow of our steamer fell back in the form of silver rain. The water was unruffled by the slightest breeze. The green hills were mirrored in its edge and did not lose in color by the reflection. Here and there along the shore beautiful villas glistened on the hillsides, while small hamlets clustered on the shore at points where there was a good landing. Here we saw men fishing lazily from the wharf or putting out in boats for more ambitious efforts.

One of the wildest spots was Roger's Rock, a lofty precipice to which no tree or plant can cling, where he who gave the rock its name leaped to the lake to escape his Indian pursuers.

When the boat reached Baldwin the twilight was rapidly deepening. After taking supper at the old tavern, we walked outside the village and rolled up in our blankets on a grassy bluff which overlooked the lake and its outlet.

The next day saw us in possession of a good skiff and bound on a voyage down Lake Champlain. "It's all very well to cruise here," said the good people along the shore, "but wait till you get down beyond Port Henry; then you'll have lake enough." Well, we did in time. But first we visited the historic places in the narrow end of the lake. The ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga stand on an old promontory between the lake and the river which connects lakes George and Champlain. The garrison house, powder magazine and redoubts are still in a fair state of preservation, and the hollow ways inside the fort can still be traced.

Crown Point was even a finer ruin. A strong earthwork incloses eleven acres, and inside four large barracks, built of rough slate, mark the limits of the old parade ground. Two of these barracks, though roofless, are still in good condition, and one is sure to notice the great fireplaces which are built into the wall of every room. On one of the walls is cut the inscription "G. R. (Georgius Rex), 1759," with the broad arrow and St. Andrew's cross. It was probably cut by some English soldier who wished to signify that the capture of the old French stronghold in 1759 had made the spot forever English soil.

And now we were really on the broader part of Lake Champlain, the only American lake that has a history. Before the Dutch had settled at Manhattan or the Mayflower landed her little band of Pilgrims at Plymouth, as early as the year 1609, the waters of this lake had been explored by the great French adventurer whose name it bears. For 150 years the hostile troops of two great nations passed up and down its valley. They left in their passage material for many a legend, and one cannot travel long without hearing some story of our country's "heroic age."

One of the finest bits of scenery on this part of the lake is Split Rock, the famous *rocher fendu*. The western shore is here a lofty limestone cliff, gray in color, mottled and striped with iron ore. The day of our visit was very calm and we were able to row close to the cliff and look up at its dizzy height while we thought of the 400ft. to which it sank through the green water at its base.

It was very pleasant to get up in the early morning, cook breakfast, and row until it was time to go ashore for dinner at some farmhouse, then to row on again for a spell and go into camp about 4 o'clock. Two of our camping places were especially beautiful. The first was on the shore of a shallow, sandy bay at the mouth of the Willsborough River. Our tent stood in a grove of pines which grew a rod or two from the shore, and as we sat there writing letters we had a view of many miles of lake. Just about sunset we rowed up the river a short distance, and, as the twilight deepened, floated back with the current. The blackness and coldness of the river water, the silent flight of birds overhead, and the dismal croaking of frogs coming to us across the water, lulled us into a frame of mind which was in keeping with the Sunday evening.

One afternoon we were driven ashore by a squall at the mouth of the Ausable River. After the sea had gone down we rowed to Valcour Island and camped at the head of the little bay on its western shore. Across a broad stretch of blue lake lay a semicircle of white, sandy beach, at the upper end of which stood a row of tall, spire-like poplars resting on the background of the blue Adirondack hills. The splendor of the sunset was added to this beauty, and we sat looking out over the waters until darkness shut out the picture from our view and it was time to roll up in our blankets and listen to the weird night sounds until we fell asleep.

In the bay, opposite our camp, Arnold's fleet was defeated by the British in 1776, and when the water is low you can still see the skeleton of his flagship, the Royal Savage, near the rocky islet south of Valcour.

We had grown rather tired of boating, so from Plattsburg we took a side trip into the lumber woods and the Northern Adirondacks. It was a strange region, rarely visited by tourists. We went from settlement to settlement along the old lumber roads, many nights coming across deserted logging camps, and spending other nights in the deep forest.

One of our most striking adventures befell us on the very edge of the "bush country." We had camped one night on the rough road which leads from Purdy's Mills to Jerusalem and Jericho (this is a biblical country, you perceive). The midgets were exceedingly attentive that evening, and at last we decided to break camp and travel all night. We knew that it was five miles to the next cabane, but the midgets were more terrible than the journey in the dark, even though we had been entertained all day with bear and panther stories by the natives. It was now twenty minutes of nine, and quite dark.

For two miles and a half we stumbled along over a corduroy road which was made up of tilting logs where they were not needed and deep mud holes where they were. Suddenly we heard a terrible scream in the distance. I looked at Allen, and he looked at me. "That's a panther's yell!" I said. We increased our pace decidedly. In a few minutes the cry rang out again. This time it was nearer. We grasped our hatchets and revolvers and started on a run. Every few moments one of us would stumble over a log and go down with a crash. Again the cry was repeated, and we immediately broke the record for all short distances.

We came to a *cabane* in the center of a clearing. All was dark inside, but we knocked at the door. It opened, and by the faint starlight we saw an old French lumberman. After a short parley in French and English we were admitted. It was a rather ticklish situation, for we did not know what sort of a crowd there might be inside. Some one lighted a lamp which burned a piece of porous wood instead of a wick, and by its light we saw that the only other occupants of the room were an old half-breed woman and a boy some 18 years old. We concluded that it would not be well to tell our real business in the country, and therefore passed as fellows looking for a job at the lakes. The old Frenchman was very communicative, and filled the evening with stories of adventure. He had taken us for Canadian spies at first, he said. Some years before he had been concerned in the Riel Rebellion and had lived ever since in fear of the Canadian Government.

He told how the game warden came up from Albany every year, and of a good joke he once played on him. It was winter and the deer were "in yard" in the snow of a mountain valley. He got the warden into one of the deepest paths and got an old buck started down it, so that the warden barely escaped with his life. He told us also of the murderer King who had been hiding in the "bush" for four years, and of the fight on last election day when the Canucks and Yankees laid out four Norwegians with clubs. He had a bitter hatred for the rich and said that the people of the bush country killed deer whenever they wanted them, but that when a rich fellow came up from New York his very guide betrayed him and got the reward.

We awoke after a refreshing sleep on the *cabane* floor. The lumberman was already stirring and we soon sat down to breakfast, which consisted of fried salt pork, eggs, bread and tea (without milk or sugar). Our host excused himself because he had no potatoes—they were very high, and for his simple life a luxury.

We spent many pleasant days tramping through the bush country and in Saranac boat or canoe upon the lakes, and among the pleasantest memories of our whole trip is that of the little whitewashed log huts and the mongrel French of their kind-hearted owners. For these people are kind-hearted in spite of their rough exterior, and many a man, in his rough, picturesque imagery, speaks of the deer as the "wild sheep," and kills, not for sport, but for livelihood.

Well, on Sunday morning we reappeared on the streets of Plattsburgh in season to shock the worthy people who were streaming into the churchyard and a few hours later were again on Lake Champlain. Our course lay to Lacolle, across the Canadian line. On this way lay picturesque Point au Roche, jutting out with lines of green and brown from a low green shore. Of course we saw the old Alburgh ferry as we returned along the Vermont shore and visited Isle la Motte and its quarries.

One moonlight evening we tried to row to Maquam, but our map was at fault and we were saved from going out into Broad Lake only by a chance meeting with a boatload of young people who invited us to their cottage on the South Sister Island. Next day, however, we reached Maquam, only to be detained several days by bad weather.

Toward evening on one of these days of waiting we were swinging lazily in hammocks on the crest of a bluff, which rose rocky and covered with cedars on the western shore. All day long dark clouds had been scurrying across the sky and the sheep had been running on the lake, as the fresh-water sailors say. But now the clouds lay piled on the western horizon, fitfully lighted by the embers of the sunset. When first we noticed them they were in the shape of the walls of some ancient city, with battlements and lofty towers, whose softened lines suggested untold age. But as we looked the hand of time was laid upon the city; great blocks of stone were dislodged, rolled down and crumbled into dust.

The walls opened and we saw a fair city with gilded domes and minarets and countless dingy roofs, while in the plain beyond a deep blue mountain pointed toward the evening star.

An unknown force breathed upon the city and walls and roofs gave forth a crimson glow. The heat increased; palaces, temples and hovels, all were fused in the vast crucible, the earth itself melted away, and against the glowing sky the solitary mountain still kept guard, the symbol of eternity in the midst of endless change. Then weird forms crept across the sky and sank struggling into endless fiery depths, until at last the fire seemed spent and all was black again.

Slowly the cloud mass took the form of a massive human face. Darker and more malignant it grew, ink-black, with eyes and mouth and nostrils of fire, until on a sudden a terrible flash shot forth from those bloodshot eyes, a look of infinite hatred and cunning blended with insufferable pain, searing its image into our memory forever—the sun had set.

After the storm was over we continued south, visiting St. Albans and minor places along the shore. One Sunday we stayed at Georgia and attended church. A farmer had offered to board us if we would let him use our boat. We ate "three loaves" and he caught "two small fishes."

I remember well how I took our skiff on my back across the Sandbar Bridge, and our visit to South Hero, and the evening row to Burlington across the broad stretch of lake where the Adirondacks and Green Mountains seem to meet at north and south.

We spent some time at Burlington and of course visited Shelburne Farms, the residence of Dr. Webb, but our pleasantest visit was to Ausable Chasm. We crossed by steamer to Port Kent and went by rail to the chasm. The Ausable River plunges into this chasm and flows through it in a channel from 5 to 10ft. wide with walls which measure in places nearly 200ft. For a part of the distance there is good walking along the brink of the river, lower down there is a trestle and hand-rail, while at the end is a wild boatride through the rapids of the little cañon.

To one who has seen the great western cañons and has looked up from their sunless depths to the narrow cleft and strip of darkened sky where the stars shine at noonday, this place has but little grandeur. But it has an element of beauty which many of the Western cañons lack, in that its walls are not so black and gloomy, and are more livened by vegetation. Indeed the picture of the glittering white sandstone walls rising ledge by ledge from the foaming stream, with gnarled cedars growing on every shelf, which the song of the thrush, and the squirrel's chatter are heard above the gurgling of the waters—this picture of life and sunlight leaves a pleasant impression upon one's memory which is totally different from the awe-stricken silence with which he emerges from one of those abysses where neither light nor life can dwell.

From Burlington to Ticonderoga we took passage on the canal boat John H. Ireland, Capt. Tom Kelly, Mate Tom, Jr. When we came on board Capt. Kelly was just lamenting the destruction of sixty barrels of beer, which had been seized and poured into the sewer by the Vermont authorities. "Sixty barrel o' beer!" he said. "Sixty barrel o' beer! Oh, Tom, me boy, there was many a good drunk in that. Sure, they'd never 'a' dared to do it among the longshore boys in New York. Sixty barrel o' beer! Sixty barrel!" He repeated this, mournfully shaking his head, at intervals all day long. The Ireland was one of twelve boats in the tow, lashed two and two, and as we followed rapidly in the wake of our powerful tug, we had a good chance to observe the strange life of the canal-boatmen.

We had spent part of the evening in the forecastle in order to escape the chilly air, but about midnight we came on deck again. All was bustle and confusion in the tow, for they were preparing to drop a boat at the iron furnace just above Port Henry. It was a striking scene—the shouting and creaking of ropes in the pitchy darkness and the weird, blood-red eye of the blast furnace glaring down upon us and lighting up the black lake water.

At Port Henry we lowered our skiff into the water and made fast to a tow of twenty-five loaded boats bound for Whitehall. Our lake adventures closed in a fitting way when our skiff broke loose at 4 o'clock in the morning and was saved only by a rash jump from the canal boat.

We left our skiff at Ti, and after crossing the lake on the wheezy old ferry, started for the summit of the Green Mountains. Our path led us through the region which was the scene of Ethan Allen's adventures with the New York officers, and to Lake Dunmore, a beautiful sheet of water with a mountainous eastern shore, where the great outlaw took refuge in a cave when they pressed him too closely.

From Lake Dunmore we passed down a beautiful valley between two ranges of the Green Mountains to Rutland, and thence up to Mt. Holly. The last two days of our tramp it rained steadily, so at Ludlow we took the train, and rapidly descending into and down the valley of the Connecticut, were again at Leominster, and had filled the measure of our summer wanderings.

W. R. BUCKMINSTER.

MALDEN, Mass.

## Arlington C. C. Anuual, June 25.

WEST ARLINGTON—PASSAIC RIVER.

THE Arlington C. C. held its first club regatta of the season on June 25, and proved a decided success; the following events being contested:

Event I., paddling, any canoe, seven entries: R. E. Molloy, Redante, first; B. R. Room, La Tosca, second; G. L. Crowell, Jr., Snake, third; C. V. Schuyler, Meda, fourth; R. Ellis, Surprise, fifth; H. Frazer, Zinga, sixth; F. J. Gibson, Joy, seventh.

Event II., paddling, tandem, open canoes, four crews: R. E. Molloy and H. Frazer, Zinga, first; R. Ellis and F. Gibson, Surprise, second; B. R. Room and G. L. Crowell, Snake, third; I. V. Dorland and C. V. Schuyler, Meda, fourth.

Event III., paddling club, two crews of four: Meda, I. V. Dorland, C. V. Schuyler, R. Ellis and H. Frazer, first; Snake, B. R. Room, R. E. Molloy, C. P. Shepard and P. E. Brockway, second.

Event IV., paddling upset, four entries: C. V. Schuyler, Meda, first; B. R. Room, La Tosca, second; G. L. Crowell, Jr., Snake, third; C. P. Shepard, Joy, fourth.

Event V., swimming: G. L. Crowell, Jr., first; B. R. Room, second; C. V. Schuyler, third; C. P. Shepard, fourth.

The club house has recently been much improved in appearance as well as in utility by the addition of a large covered balcony over the river. The club is now in a prosperous condition, its membership having increased materially this season, and it expects to send a delegation of at least six men to the A. C. A. meet. On May 28-31 a cruise was made by a party of nine, from Chatham, N. J., down the Passaic River, and several members propose to repeat the trip on July 4. The annual open regatta will be held on Labor Day, Sept. 5, in the morning. A number of club races will be held through the season, the next on July 16, all canoeists being welcome. The club house may be reached by the N. Y. & G. L. R. R., from Chambers street, N. Y., to West Arlington, the afternoon trains running at 1:30 and 3:22.

## A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Eastern Division—Sayward Galbraith, Springfield, Mass. Central Division—J. F. Nash, Albany, N. Y.

Canoeists who have attended the last two meets of the A. C. A. will learn with regret of the death of Mrs. Schuyler, wife of C. V. Schuyler, of the Arlington C. C., which occured on June 30. Mrs. Schuyler was a canoeist, a member of the A. C. A. and a lover of camp life. She was a victim to consumption, a trip to Florida last fall failing to arrest the disease.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

THE canoeists of Trenton, N. J., have obtained permission from the Park Commissioners to erect a club house on the Park land along the Delaware River, and a handsome two story building will be commenced very soon. Among the gentlemen interested are Messrs. Edmund C. Hill, W. C. Lawrence, J. B. Agnew, F. B Yard, Joseph O. Rickey, Jr., H. A. Hill, Fred. W. Donnelly, G. V. Packer, J. Wallace Hoff, H. C. Allen, Wm. B. Kirkbride, E. D. Anderson, F. W. Sigler, C. H. Swan, C. Carper, David S. South, Wm. T. Furman, R. P. Wilson and Herbert Lanning.

Many of the visitors of the coming A. C. A. meet at Lake Champlain will profit by their near proximity to the Adirondacks to make a trip, however short, into this famous resort. To them, and also to those who to reach the camp must pass through some of the most noted localities of the early colonial wars, since doubly celebrated by their natural beauty and historic interest, the new edition of Stoddard's "Adirondacks," a copy of which we have just received, will prove indispensable as a guide and cicerone

A very sad accident to a war canoe occurred on July 2, in which six young men were drowned. The war canoe Minnewawa, of the Grand Trunk Boating Club of Montreal, started out on Saturday afternoon with a crew of 17 bound for St. Helen's Island, in the St. Lawrence River. The canoe was capsized and but eleven of the crew were rescued by boats which put out for the purpose, the bodies of the other six not being recovered.

The New York C. C. has surprised itself and violated the traditions of years by a veritable canoe cruise made this week.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Revolver Shooting in England.

THERE is to be an extra prize for revolvers this year at Bisley, besides the eleven already mentioned. It is to be called the "Smith & Wesson" and is to be shot for with target revolvers, open to all comers, at 20yds., at a target appearing and disappearing at intervals of three seconds. First prize is a Smith & Wesson .38cal. Russian model target revolver, gold plated and pearl stock, presented by the makers. It has been decided, on the recommendation of Mr. Walter Winans, to reduce the 50yds. revolver bullseye from 8in. to 6in., but his suggestion that the "inner" should be reduced in proportion has not been adopted; the "inner" will therefore remain at 16in., leaving a ring 5in. wide round the bullseye, much too wide for a target meant for fine shooting. There seems some hitch about getting up a pistol competition as distinct from revolvers. The English revolver makers are experimenting in the direction of .303cal. for revolvers and they have attempted to induce the English National Rifle Association to sanction that caliber at Bisley this year, but without success so far, .38cal. being the minimum allowed for revolvers.

The new revolver range of the South London Rifle Club, at Staines, is not ready yet, but it is hoped it will be completed in time for members to begin practicing for Bisley next week.

The 50yds. pool target at Bisley is to have a 6in. bullseye with a 4in. ring inside this, shots in this ring only to count.

For the 50yds. competitions this ring inside the bullseye will not be used.

The best scores to hand in practice for the various competitions at moving targets at 20yds. have all been made by Mr. Walter Winans with various Smith & Wesson revolvers. They are: Disappearing target, with military revolver, 38; with target revolver, 39; at sliding target, 39 (with target revolver), equal to his winning score last year at Bisley where the target had the easier 3in. bullseye; rapid firing, 36, with military revolver; this target is in sight only twelve seconds, during which time all six shots must be fired. The bullseye being only 2in. at 20yds. makes it very difficult to get the aim rapid enough with military sights. Mr. Winans got five of his six shots into the 3in. center, three of them being bullseyes.

The English National Rifle Association have now decided to adopt Mr. Winans's suggestion of having smaller sub-divisions round the bullseye in the 50yds. revolver target. The bullseye being 6in., inner 10in., and "magpie" 16in. This will make it into a practical target. The Martin Smith competition at Bisley for hunting rifles at 110yds. stationary target used to be next the "running deer," this spot has been objected to by many of the competitors as being too much exposed to the wind, the range has therefore been removed to a sheltered spot to the west of the revolver range, a thick hedge being the full length of the range on the side the wind generally blows from; this ought to improve the scores several points. It has been decided not to have any competition for single shot pistols, but perhaps this can be arranged next year.

### Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE regular shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association was held on its range to-day—the shooting conditions were very unfavorable, there being a bad 6 o'clock fish tail wind; 200yds. off-hand, standard target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 10 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 8—84 |
| | 9 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 7—80 |
| | 6 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 9—81 |
| Best | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 9—75 |
| | 7 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 7—75 |
| | 9 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 6—72 |
| Weinheimer | 6 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 8—70 |
| | 9 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 8—75 |
| | 7 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 5—76 |
| Houck | 10 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 2 | 6 | 5 | 7—72 |
| | 8 | 5 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 4 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 5—62 |
| Zelger | 10 | 6 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 4—65 |
| | 10 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 4 | 7 | 6—54 |
| | 6 | 8 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 6—52 |
| Stegner | 7 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 4—63 |
| | 7 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 6—65 |
| | 7 | 1 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 5—63 |
| Wellinger | 7 | 7 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 9—72 |
| Topf | 7 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 6 | 6—62 |
| | 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 6—65 |
| | 6 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 5—60 |
| Speth | 5 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 10—80 |
| | 10 | 10 | 4 | 9 | 9 | 4 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 8—78 |
| | 10 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 6—76 |
| Brumback | 9 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 7—73 |
| | 6 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 10—74 |
| | 10 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 8—71 |
| Leiser | 8 | 5 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 4 | 6—58 |
| Drube | 9 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 10—65 |
| | 7 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 8—72 |
| Ehlerding | 9 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9—78 |
| | 3 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 7—68 |
| | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 8—6 |

### Chicago Rifles.

CHICAGO, June 28.—At the weekly shoot which took place this evening at the Burley and Erickson gallery, 146 South Halsted street, formerly known as Geo. McCune's gallery, the following scores were made, possible 300:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C A Haukle | 271 | Jos Hosie | 260 |
| W J Gibbs | 271 | G L Cutler | 257 |
| H S Burley | 262 | A McBean | 253 |
| W Frisbie | 252 | F Erickson | 247 |

In the sweepstake that followed Mr. Haukle won. The public will notice the change of name in gallery. Owing to the sickness of Mr. McCune he was obliged to dispose of his business, and Mr. Burley and Mr. Erickson can be quoted as being thoroughly conversant in the shooting gallery business, as both are members of the Garden City rifle team, they appreciate the wants of their customers; they have had the gallery refitted at a great expense both as to scenery, guns, pistols, targets and a drinking fountain. As a rifle shot Mr. Burley need scarcely be mentioned, as it is a well known fact that he is one of the finest marksmen (both long and short range) in Chicago, and in the championship revolver contest throughout the United States, which took place last spring, he captured second prize, closely crowding first place. He has been in the gallery business for several years throughout the United States and is well known to all the marksmen here. Mr. Erickson is genial in his way and a thorough gentleman, always ready to please and assist his fellow men. With the above enterprising men in the gallery sportsmen need not lack for accommodations. It may be added that the championship diamond medal contest will take place at the Burley & Erickson gallery, commencing July 11 instead of the McCune gallery as heretofore given out. All desiring to enter please make application to Burley & Erickson, 146 South Halsted street. C. A. HAUKLE.

### Rensselaerwyck.

ALBANY, June 30.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Third Brigade Rifle Association, at Rensselaerwyck range. Shooting was at 200yds., Standard American target; conditions were unfavorable for high scores:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chas P Frey (off-hand) | 8 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 6—71 |
| | 10 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 9—73 |
| | 7 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 6—62 |
| Wm C Gomph (rest) | 7 | 6 | 12 | 12 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 9—83 |
| | 11 | 12 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 7—82 |
| | 8 | 11 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 12 | 10—102 |
| Off-hand | 6 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 10—76 |
| Major Chas H Gaus (rest) | 10 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 9 | 10—108 |
| | 11 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 12 | 11 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 12—112 |
| | 12 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 11 | 9 | 11—102 |
| Off-hand | 7 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 8—81 |

### The Rifle at Shell Mound Park, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 25.—The crack of heavy-weight pistols to-day at Shell Mound Park informed the people of that neighborhood that the officers of the Second Brigade and First Regiment were holding a State shoot with .45cal. pistols. The scores:

State Shoot, Staff of Second Brigade.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gen D'ckinson | 0234324234—27 | Maj Easton | 0322202304—18 |
| Lieu-Col Edwards | 4244424033—30 | Maj Dodd | 2454444245—38 |
| Maj Stanley | 0442323323—26 | Maj Miller | 4443335344—38 |
| Maj Dubose | 0222442504—25 | Capt Coleman | 0000220000— 4 |
| Maj Miles | 2220000022—10 | Capt Smith | 3202444354—32 |

Score Officers First Regiment:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Col Sullivan | 4022403223—22 | Lieut Barrere | 4344455445—42 |
| Maj Gallwey | 4344044333—32 | Maj Burdick | 3434443304—32 |
| Lieut Bull | 3352243433—34 | | |

### The Revolver Championship.

Dr. Louis Bell is keeping his hand in at revolver work for the meeting with his first challenger, W. Geo. Jantzer. A recent



target is shown in the annexed cut of 6 shots at 20yds., measuring 5½in. as the string. It is a good line target, but the distance from the center one too great.

### Massachusetts Rifle Association.

BOSTON, July 2.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot at its range to-day with a good attendance of shooters. A strong, unsteady 6 to 9 o'clock wind kept the scores down rather low. Mr. French won the bronze seal medal Below are the scores in detail, distance 200yds., standard American target, all being re-entry matches:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Charles | 80 | F Daniels | 75 |
| C H Eastman | 79 | H H Martin | 74 |
| A Law | 76 | J A Jones | 72 |
| A N Winchester | 75 | E H Foote | 70 |
| D Bayley | 70 | | |
| O Moore | 68 | | |
| D N Winn | 65 | | |

All-Comers' Rest Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W P Thompson | 109 | J Hurd | 103 |
| R E Hunter | 103 | H L Willard | 102 |
| J French | 103 | A H Ballard | 101 |
| J B Hobbs | 98 | | |
| D Martin | 97 | | |
| H E Newton | 92 | | |

Pistol Medal-match—50yds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L Bell | 95 | O Moore | 90 |
| M T Day | 91 | A G Stevens | 88 |
| D Martin | 84 | | |

All-Comers' Pistol Match—50yds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L R Avay | 89 | J A Jones | 81 |
| A G Stevens | 83 | J B Hobbs | 80 |
| D N Winn | 79 | | |

### Lischke Scores.

JERSEY CITY, June 31.—Lischke Rifle Club:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lischke | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22—235 |
| Reicherz | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 16—218 |
| Steidel | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 16—213 |
| Schulte | 24 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 20—213 |
| Strater | 25 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 19 | 15—209 |
| Dyroff | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 15 | 14—207 |

O. S.

### Lady Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., June 30.—Card receiver, three months, one winning most, 80ft. rest:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss T Sina | 236 | Miss K Born | 243 | Miss L Sessmann | 242 |
| Miss A Cordts | 242 | Miss J Vogal | 236 | Miss L Kelly | 215 |
| Miss H Stadler | 228 | Miss M Miller | 239 | Mrs D Miller | 231 |
| Mrs H Meyer | 243 | | | | |

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

July 11-14.—Durant Gun Club's tournament and first interstate shoot, Durant, Miss.

July 12.—Boston Shooting Association tournament, under management of Capt. Frank Cowee, Wellington, Mass.

July 12-13.—Battle Creek Gun Club's tournament and State League shoot, Battle Creek, Mich.

July 12-13.—White House Gun Club tournament, at White House, N. J.

July 12-15.—Peoria Gun Club tournament, Peoria, Ill.

July 13.—Hadlyme Gun Club's tournament, Hadlyme, Conn.

July 14-16.—Second annual tournament, under management of Wallace and Miles P. Miller, Austin, Tex.

July 21-22.—Independent Gun Club tournament, Plainfield, N. J.

July 18-20.—Baltimore Gun Club, summer tournament, at Tolchester Beach, Baltimore, Md.

July 26.—Boston Shooting Association's tournament, under management of Capt. A. W. Gore, Wellington, Mass.

July 28-30.—Johnson City Gun Club tournament, Johnson City, Tenn.

July 28-30.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Watertown, N. Y.

July —.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, team contest, at Claremont, N. J.

Aug. 9-12.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament, Reading, Pa. Walter D. Eller, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, at Borlington, Ia.

Aug. 10-12.—Missouri State Amateur Association tournament, at Lexington, Mo. Added purses. Address G. A. Sturges, Sec'y.

Aug. 14.—Lincoln Gun Club tournament, Alameda Point, Cal.

Aug. 14.—Lincoln Gun Club's tournament, Alameda, Cal.

Aug. 19.—California State Shooting Association tournament, Concord, Cal.

Aug. 16-19.—Standard-Keystone Target and Trap Co., fifth annual tournament, at New London, Conn.

Aug. 17-18.—Gaillard Gun Club tournament, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 17-18.—Gaillard Gun Club's tournament, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Ia.

Aug. 23-26.—International tournament, Des-cbre-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich. Live birds and targets.

Aug. 29.—California State Shooting Association's tournament, Concord, Cal.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 1.—Hackettstown Gun Club tournament, at Hackettstown, N. J; two days at targets, third day at live pigeons. Address James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J.

September.—Saratoga Gun Club, annual tournament, at Saratoga, N. Y.

September.—Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Denver, Col.

Sept. 5.—Frankfort Game and Fish Protective Association, first annual tournament, at Frankfort, N. Y.

Sept. 6-8.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Jacksonville, Ill.

September (second week).—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Auburn, N. Y.

Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-13.—Wilmington Rod and Gun Club tournament, Wilmington, Del.

Oct. 12-13.—Wilmington Rod and Gun Club tournament, at Wilmington, Del.

Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.

### The Retired Trap-Shooter.

THE Retired Trap-shooter sat in the back part of his billiard hall in the little country town, and from where he sat he could hit the stove nearly every time. A stranger came in at the door at the front.

"Morning," said the stranger.

"Mornin'" said the old shooter, not getting up. The stranger paused a while, then went over to the cigar case.

"I guess I'll take a cigar," said he.

"I lowed you'd want one," said the shooter, still remaining where he was. "What for kind a cigar 'd you want?"

"Got any ten-centers?"

"Nope. We don't hardly ever go over five down here."

"All right, I'll take a half dozen."

"All right. Just open the case and take 'em out."

"Well, here's your money."

"How much money is it?"

"Dollar."

"Can't change it. Just put the cigars back, and come in again when you've got the change."

"Do you ever play billiards here?" asked the stranger, looking at the table.

"Sure. At half-past three there's a game here every day. Bill, he's the station agent, he comes in here every day then, and him and Lewy Augenheimer, he's the saloon-keeper 'cross the street, they play a game 'bout every day."

"Well, can't you and I get up a game of pool?"

"Game of pool? Can if you don't mind playin' with eight balls. Some's busted. Our fellers don't mind that."

"How do you know I'm not one of your fellows?"

"Stand-up collar. Our fellers wears their turned down. How's your club shootin'?"

"How do you know I'm a shooter?"

"Catrich on your chain. Medal on your necktie. Reckon you're club champion?"

"I am. This medal—"

"Umph-humph. Got a box full of 'em myself. You a world-beater?"

"Well, I think I'm about as good as any of them."

"Umph-humph. Used to think that myself. Feller challenged ye?"

"Yes. That's what I wanted to see you about. You see—"

"Challenge in writin'?"

"Yes."

"Published in all the papers?"

"Yes,"

"Umph-humph. Used to do that myself."

"Yes, and he's been making an awful lot of talk about it. Says I'm afraid to shoot a man like him. Says he's beat everything in the world but me, and that I'm no shooter, but he would just shoot me once before he quit the business. He's going to retire you see."

"You retired yet?"

"No, and you see I can't now."

"Yep. Too late now. You'd orto retired before, if you know'd he was goin' to challenge you. He got a forfeit up?"

"Yes."

"'N' you covered it?"

"Yes."

"Umph-humph. I used to do that way myself when I was young. You made any talk in the papers?"

"Right along. I've given him as much as he did me; and told him I was the only shooter of much account left in the country now. I've come clear down here to ask you what to do next."

"How's your health?"

"Good."

"That's too bad. How's your gun?"

"She's all right."

"Pshaw! Shells all right?"

"The best I can get."

"Same as you always shot?"

"Just the same."

"I see you're new in the business. Any death in your fambly lately?"

"No."

"Oh, yes they was."

"What do you mean?"

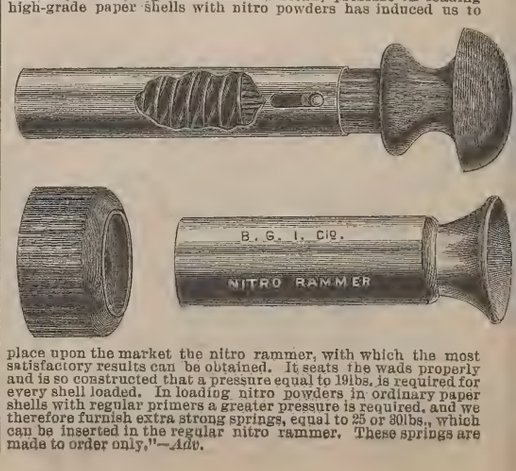
"Why, your Aunt Marier, respected rellertive, died this week in Ohier. On account o' w'ich lamerntable event, you will be obliged to start at onct for Ohier, and must declare all engagements in regard to the match at an end."

"Oh, I see; yes, certainly, I see."

"Say, you're a young hand at this business. Now, I'm retired myself, and have been fer years, but you sort o' stir me up again, talkin' of old times. Now, you just turn your champion man over to me. I'll take care o' him, and don't you forgit it. I only got one lung, and my wife and four daughters died last week. My shell man has disepointed me 'bout my shells, and my new gun ain't here yet. Besides, I've retired—more'n onct, 'tween you and me. You just leave me alone, and I'll make your man think he ain't no shooter at all. What chance has he got erg'inst a retired shooter with only one lung and five deaths in his fambly? Say, my friend, let me tell you something. No man with two lungs an' a healthy fambly has got any business in the trap-shootin' line. You hear me? Come in and git them cigars sometime, when you have the change."

E. HOUGH.

THE growing use of nitro powders has stimulated the invention of loading appliances specially adapted to insuring the best results from such explosives. The latest device is the Bridgeport Gun Implement Co.'s nitro rammer, of which they say: "The necessity of exerting a uniform and steady pressure in loading high-grade paper shells with nitro powders has induced us to




place upon the market the nitro rammer, with which the most satisfactory results can be obtained. It seats the wads properly and is so constructed that a pressure equal to 191bs. is required for every shell loaded. In loading nitro powders in ordinary paper shells with regular primers a greater pressure is required, and we therefore furnish extra strong springs, equal to 25 or 30lbs., which can be inserted in the regular nitro rammer. These springs are made to order only."—*Adv.*

## Willimantic Shots.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., July 1.—The weather was very unpropitious, but quite a number of shooters put in an appearance and the shoot was a decided success. The most interesting feature was the team race between New Haven and Willimantic, which was won by the former. The race between Messrs. Willey and Burbidge and Savage and Bates of New Haven was not shot, as Mr. Burbidge failed to appear on the grounds.

No. 1, 5 birds, 50 cents entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Baldwin | 01111—4 | Bates | 11011—4 |
| Webb | 11011—4 | Card | 11000—2 |
| Potter | 11111—5 | Goodwin | 10111—4 |
| Viberts | 11101—4 | Longdon | 11110—4 |
| Edgerton | 11112—5 | Willey | 11001—3 |
| Bill | 11113—5 | Ames | 11101—4 |
| Savage | 11111—5 | Penn | 11111—5 |
| Albert | 11111—5 | Hayzel | 10010—2 |
| Bush | 01111—4 | | |

No. 2, 10 birds, $1 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Edgerton | 0111111111— 9 | Viberts | 1110101010— 7 |
| Bates | 1111101111— 9 | Goodwin | 1°01001101— 5 |
| Bill | 1110101010— 7 | Sterry | 1111111110—10 |
| Albert | 1111110111— 9 | Webb | 1101111101— 8 |
| Potter | 1111111110—10 | Baldwin | 0011111010— 7 |
| Mike | 1111111110—10 | Bush | 0111111011— 8 |

No. 3, 15 birds, $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Albert | 111111011011111—13 | Webb | 111010111111111—13 |
| Potter | 111111101111111—14 | Baldwin | 111111111111111—15 |
| Bill | 111111111010100—10 | Willey | 111111110111111—14 |
| Mike | 111111101101111—13 | Williams | 111111111111011—14 |
| Edgerton | 111111001111010—12 | Longdon | 101101111111111—13 |
| Sterry | 110101101011111—11 | Mack | 110111011111011—13 |
| Bates | 111111011111111—14 | Jordon | 110111111101111—13 |
| Viberts | 111111110111111—14 | | |

No. 4, 20 birds, $2 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sterry | 11101100111011111—16 | Baldwin | 11111111101010101011—16 |
| Potter | 11111111111111010—19 | Savage | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Albert | 11111111111011111—19 | Bill | 01111111111111101111—18 |
| Edgerton | 11111101111001111—17 | Longdon | 11010111101111111010—16 |
| Vibert | 11111110101111011111—16 | Mack | 11010101111101011111—16 |
| Willey | 11111100011111110001—16 | Williams | 11111111111111101011—19 |
| Bates | 11111111111010011—18 | Card | 11110111010111011111—17 |
| Webb | 11011111111111010111—17 | | |

No. 5, team race, 30 birds, entrance $2:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bates | 111111011111111111111111111101—28 | | |
| Potter | 111011111010111111111111111111—28 | | |
| Albert | 111111111111001111111111101111—27 | | |
| Longdon | 101011101110111111111011111111—25 | | |
| Savage | 110011111111111001111011111011—24 | | |
| Sterry | 111011100111101010011010101—20 | | |
| Edgerton | 101111010111001110101011111—23 | | |
| Webb | 011111111111111111101111010011—26 | | |
| Baldwin | 111111111001111001111111111111—26 | | |
| Mack | 111111011110111111101111111111—27 | | |
| Willey | 111101110010110010101111111111—24 | | |
| Jordon | 100110010111111111111111111110—24 | | |

No. 6, 15 birds, entrance $1.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Potter | 111111110111111—14 | Bates | 111110111111011—13 |
| Baldwin | 111101111101010—11 | Bill | 111111111111001—13 |
| Albert | 111111111101111—14 | Edgerton | 111111011111111—14 |
| Willey | 011011111100111—11 | Williams | 011111101011111—12 |
| Sterry | 110111111001111—12 | Savage | 111111111011111—14 |
| Mack | 111011101111110—12 | Webb | 111101101011111—12 |
| Goodwin | 001000000001001— 3 | Card | 111111101111001—12 |
| Longdon | 111101101001111—11 | | |

No. 7, 10 birds, $1 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Edgerton | 1111111111—10 | Bill | 0111111100— 7 |
| Potter | 1111110111— 9 | Goodwin | 0111111101— 8 |
| Penn | 1100111101— 7 | Williams | 1111111011— 9 |
| Mack | 1110111111— 9 | Bates | 1111011110— 8 |
| Baldwin | 0111110110— 7 | Savage | 1111101111— 9 |
| Viberts | 1011010111— 7 | Albert | 1111111111—10 |

No. 8, 20 birds, $2 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Baldwin | 11111011010111011101—15 | Webb | 10111111111111101110—17 |
| Edgerton | 11110111111111111111—19 | Card | 11111111101101101101—17 |
| Albert | 11111111111111111111—20 | Bill | 01111111111101111111—18 |
| Potter | 11111111111111111110—19 | Mack | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Savage | 11111111111011111111—19 | Willey | 11011111111111111111—19 |
| Williams | 10111011110101111101—15 | Bates | 11111011011011111111—16 |

No. 9, 15 birds, $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Edgerton | 111111101111011—13 | Willey | 011111111111110—18 |
| Baldwin | 111101101111111—13 | Bill | 111110110110111—12 |
| Albert | 111101111010111—12 | Bates | 110111111111110—13 |
| Potter | 111111001011111—12 | Mack | 111111011111111—14 |
| Webb | 110111011111111—13 | Bristol | 101111001101101—10 |
| Savage | 111111111100111—13 | Penn | 111100110010111—10 |
| Goodwin | 011111111101111—13 | Williams | 101100111111100—10 |

No. 10, 10 birds, expert rules, entrance $1:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Albert | 0111010001—5 | Johnson | 1010110111—7 |
| Mike | 1111100111— 8 | Goodwin | 0001011111—6 |
| Webb | 1011111001—7 | Willey | 0011111111—8 |
| Edgerton | 1111101011— 8 | Mack | 0110111001—7 |
| Bates | 1111011101—8 | Potter | 1010111111—8 |
| Baldwin | 1101000101— 5 | Card | 0110010000—3 |
| Bill | 0010011001—4 | Williams | 0001101100—4 |
| Longdon | 1111011110—8 | | |

No. 11, 10 birds, $1 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bates | 1111111011— 9 | Baldwin | 0111110111— 8 |
| Mike | 1111111111—10 | Webb | 1011011110— 7 |
| Edgerton | 1111101101— 8 | Jordon | 1111101111— 9 |
| Albert | 1111111011— 9 | Longdon | 1101111011— 8 |
| Willey | 1111011111— 9 | Potter | 1111100111— 8 |

Extra event, 10 birds, $1 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jordon | 9 | Albert | 8 |
| Baldwin | 8 | Sterry | 7 |
| Potter | 9 | Bates | 10 |
| Mack | 10 | Viberts | 7 |
| Goodwin | 9 | Willams | 7 |
| Bill | 8 | Webb | 9 |
| | | Willey | 8 |
| | | Longdon | 5 |
| | | Savage | 8 |
| | | Ames | 9 |

## Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., Wednesday, June 29.—The Glenmore's regular monthly shoot was well attended. It was the last meeting of the club's year and several of the members considerably improved their averages for the Eppig diamond badge and other extra prizes. R. Phister, Jr., E. Helgans and Adam Eppig shot well, but the first named will probably be the winner of the trophy. Fine weather and good birds made the shoot a pleasant one. The score of club shoot and sweepstake:

Club shoot, for Eppig diamond badge, at 7 live birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Englebrecht (25yds.) | 1021210—5 | E Vroome (20) | 0011122—5 |
| Phister, Jr. (27) | 2111211—7 | J Bennett (30) | 1111120—6 |
| Helgans (27) | 1111211—7 | Schlieman (27) | 1200221—5 |
| Levins (27) | 0120120—4 | Vorbach (28) | 0010121—4 |
| L Eppig (25) | 1010000—2 | Vincent (27) | 1211121—7 |
| A Eppig (30) | 1111211—7 | Selover (28) | 2120122—6 |
| Still (28) | 1220110—5 | D Snipe (30) | 1111212—7 |
| Hayden (27) | 0000200—1 | F Thompson (28) | 2201110—5 |
| Dr Boehme (27) | 0211121—6 | F Thompson (25) | 1212101—6 |
| J Youngs (25) | 1110101—5 | | |

Sweepstake, $1 entrance; two moneys, 27yds.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Helgans | 021—2 | J Young | 110—2 |
| Hayden | 311—3 | Englebrecht | 011—2 |
| Phister | 111—3 | Still | 212—3 |
| L Eppig | 022—2 | Vorbach | 222—3 |
| A Eppig | 121—3 | | |

At the close of the regular club shoot some of the members arranged several small matches for $10 a side and the price of the birds. John Young defeated M. Hayden, and then the two as partners defeated F. Thompson and J. A. Still. The scores:

Match, 15 birds, $10 a side and birds, 27yds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hayden | 120120212210111—12 | Young | 222221111211112—15 |

Team matches, $10 a side and the birds; 27yds.

| | First. | Second. | Taird. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thompson | 11111—5 1 | 00201—2 | 0w. |
| Still | 01100—2 0 | 22210—4 | 20011—3 |
| | — — | — — | — — |
| | 7 1—8 | 6 | 3 |
| Hayden | 10011—3 0 | 02220—3 | 11011—4 |
| Young | 10111—4 0 | 21211—5 | 0w. |
| | — — | — | — |
| | 7 0—7 | 8 | 4 |

Referee, Major Pentz; scorer, Mr. C. A. Dellar.

## First German Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., Friday July 1, 1892.—The members of the First German Gun Club of New York held their regular monthly shoot at ten birds each, Long Island rules, for the club's gold medal and an extra prize. F. Pfander and D. Neusch were the best scorers, the latter taking the medal as the former, having previously won it, was not eligible to take it a second time, so he was awarded second prize. In the sweepstake shoot the two lowest scorers had to pay for the birds and the two highest scorers divided the one prize. The scores:

Club shoot for gold medal and second cash prize:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schwack | 1110001101—6 | P Neusch | 1110111011—8 |
| F Pfaender | 0011111011—8 | A Neusch | 0111000010—4 |
| A Pfaff | 1111000000—4 | A Loetz | 0110110110—6 |
| J Miller | 1001111100—6 | F Breitstein | 1011001111— 7 |
| C Schell | 0111011110—7 | H Zahn | 0111110101—7 |
| J Restedt | 0000100101—3 | | |

Sweepstake, $1 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schwack | 101 | C Schell | 0w |
| F Pfaender | 011 | J Restedt | 010 |
| A Pfaff | 000 | P Neusch | 101 |
| J Miller | 000 | A Neusch | 100 |
| A Loetz | 111 | | |
| F Breitstein | 111 | | |
| H Zahn | 011 | | |

Referee, Mr. F. Pfaender.

## The New Jersey State League.

THE Jersey shooters turned out strong at the monthly shoot of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, held under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club on their Plainfield grounds on June 30. Up to 1:30 P. M. the weather was favorable, but a that hour the clouds began to gather and a two o'clock at very heavy shower drove all hands from the field and compelled them to remain under cover for nearly an hour. Afterward the sport went merrily on until dark.

The grounds of the Independent Gun Club are situated about a mile from the depot, the roads between the two places being macadamized. They have a club house 15x20ft., one story in height. The grounds nestle down under the shadow of the mountain and are surrounded by heavy woods. The location is a picturesque one. On the above day Charley Smith, the Teutonic gent with the "Dutchy" cognomen, had a huge fly-tent pitched under some big trees and here he served up clam chowder, sandwiches and pies that would tickle the palate of an epicure.

The attendance previous to the noon hour was very light, but afterward the number steadily increased until fully fifty shooters were on the grounds. It was feared during the early hours that a small number of team entries would be received, but the management was agreeably disappointed to have nine teams report. The team shoot was under the supervision of Neaf Apgar, manager of the League, assisted by Secretary Wm. R. Hobart. It was close to 3 P. M. when the team match was called, Chas. H. Townsend, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, being the official scorer. The result of the contest was another victory for the team of the Independent Gun Club, which rolled up a grand total of 115 breaks out of 125 targets shot at, an average of 92 per cent. Enoch D. Miller, who is slowly recovering from a severe attack of bilious dysentery, put up a clean score of breaks, this being the only one made in the contest. There were eight full teams and one short one, that of the Brunswick Gun Club, which could muster only four men. Below are detailed scores of the team shoot:

East Orange G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dukes | 0011110111001111001101101—16 |
| Dentz | 0110001110010000001010000—10 |
| S S Hedden | 1011100111111101010100111—17 |
| A B Hedden | 0001111010100100010011011—13 |
| Babbage | 0101110010101101001001—14— 70 |

N. J. Shooting Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lawrence | 1110111111001111111010101—20 |
| Virden | 0000010101101010001111001—12 |
| Purdy | 1011111011101111101111011—20 |
| Moore | 1101101101011111100111101—20 |
| Richmond | 1111111111111111111111101—24— 96 |

Independent G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Smith | 1111111111111111111111111—24 |
| Brantuth | 1111111111101110110111111—22 |
| Soper | 1111111111101111111111111—23 |
| Apgar | 1101111111111001111111101—21 |
| Miller | 1111111111111111111111111—25—115 |

Passaic City R. & G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Shaw | 1111101111111111111111011—23 |
| Coeman | 1101111011111111111111111—23 |
| Abbott | 0011110101010110111010111—16 |
| Kevitt | 1111010101010100101111010—16 |
| Campbell | 1111011100010001111010100—15— 93 |

South Side G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall | 1111111111101110101111011—22 |
| Robart | 1111111110110111111111011—22 |
| Whitehead | 0011111011111111101111010—20 |
| Hedden | 1110011111111111011111111—22 |
| Phillips | 1111101111111111111111010—22—108 |

Boiling Springs R. and G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Meyer | 1101111111101111111111111—23 |
| Keller | 0011101101010110001110110—14 |
| Collins | 1111111111101011100000—17 |
| Lindsley | 1010110110111011110111000—17 |
| James | 1010111111111111111111111—22— 93 |

East Side—Mutual G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Baar | 0111001110101101011110110—16 |
| Koegel | 1100111111111111111111011—21 |
| Schrafft | 1111111111111111111101011—22 |
| Schilling | 1111111100110111111111011—22 |
| Hague | 1111000001001110011011111—15— 94 |

Maplewood G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Drake | 0111110110110111111111110—20 |
| C Deane | 1111111111011011111111111—23 |
| W Smith | 1111111001111101111111111—22 |
| Sickley | 1111111101101111111011111—22 |
| J L Smith | 0111111111110111001111111—21—108 |

Brunswick G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Voorhees | 1010111101111111111011111—20 |
| Fisher | 0100101110011011001001101—13 |
| Van Neil | 0101001011110110110100101—14 |
| Sperling | 0011110011110101001111111—17— 64 |

This is the fourth victory for the Independent team in five contests. During the day a regular programme of sweepstakes was shot off, besides a lot of extra events. On the regular programme No 1 was at 10 singles, $1 entry; No. 2, 15 singles, $1.50; No. 3, 10 singles, $1; No. 4, 15 singles, $1.50; No. 5, 10 singles, $1; No. 6, 20 singles, $2; No. 7, 10 singles, $1; No. 8, 15 singles, $1.50.

Below is a summary of the scores:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Russell | 7 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 17 | 8 | 10 | Abbott | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 13 | 7 | .. |
| Brau'gh'm | 8 | 15 | 10 | 14 | 9 | 19 | 9 | 11 | Hall | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | 3 | .. |
| Breintnall | 9 | 16 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 19 | 10 | 11 | Kevitt | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 9 | .. |
| C Hedden | .. | 6 | 14 | 10 | 12 | 8 | 16 | .. | 15 | Coeman | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| W Smith | .. | 7 | 13 | 9 | 11 | 8 | 20 | 9 | 14 | Campbell | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 6 | .. |
| Richmond | 6 | 13 | 7 | 15 | 9 | 18 | .. | .. | | Dean | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Moore | .. | 9 | 13 | 8 | 15 | 9 | 18 | 8 | .. | Terrill | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. |
| White | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | Apgar | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 18 | .. | 15 |
| Drake | .. | 7 | 12 | 9 | 15 | 9 | 16 | 9 | 12 | Baar | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. |
| J L Smith | 9 | 14 | 7 | 11 | 7 | 17 | 9 | 12 | Pierson | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 8 | .. |
| Manning | .. | 7 | 12 | 10 | 9 | .. | 8 | 12 | Voorhees | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. |
| Hobart | .. | 9 | 14 | 7 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | Geoffrey | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 9 | 13 | |
| Miller | .. | 10 | 6 | 14 | 8 | 18 | 9 | .. | Phillips | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18 | .. | .. | .. |
| C Smith | .. | 15 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 18 | 9 | 12 | Van Nuis | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. |
| Keller | .. | 14 | 8 | 12 | 6 | 18 | 9 | 10 | Heller | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | |
| Soper | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 8 | .. | 10 | .. | Meyer | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 13 | |
| Schrafft | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 10 | 14 | 7 | 12 | James | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 12 | |
| Lindsley | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 7 | 18 | 9 | 10 | Fisher | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 8 | |
| Addison | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 10 | 17 | .. | 12 | Bitz | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 11 | |
| Koegel | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 7 | 16 | 9 | 12 | L T Terry | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | |
| Collins | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 8 | 16 | 9 | 10 | Tice | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | |
| Schork | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | 3 | .. | B Hedden | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | |
| D Terry | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 9 | .. | 11 | .. | Cockefair | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | |
| Shaw | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 6 | .. | | | | | | | | | |

No. 9, 10 singles: Soper 8, Geoffrey 5, D. Terry 8, Meyer 9, Pierson 5, Cockefair 7, Apgar 10, Lindsley 10, Heller 7, Dutchy 9, Brantingham 7, Collins 6.

No. 10, 10 singles: Apgar 9, Lindsley 9, Meyer 9, Geoffrey 8, Heller 7, Cockefair 8, Dutchy 9, Soper 9, Collius 7, Tee Kay 6, Pierson 8.

Extra events: Ten singles each, $1 entry.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| W Smith | .. | 6 | 7 | 4 | 9 | .. | Rupell | .. | 10 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 8 .. |
| C Smith | .. | 7 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 10 .. | Hobart | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 8 |
| Apgar | .. | 9 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 9 .. | Dean | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 10 .. |
| Breintnall | .. | 10 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 9 8 | Moore | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 8 |
| C Hedden | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | 10 | 8 8 | Richmond | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 8 |
| Drake | .. | .. | 9 | 6 | 10 | 9 8 .. | White | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 .. |
| Keller | .. | .. | 9 | 9 | 8 | 8 10 .. | Hayne | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 .. |
| Brantingham | .. | 10 | 9 | 8 | .. | 8 .. | Miller | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 10 |
| Manning | .. | .. | 9 | 9 | 10 | 7 9 10 | Soper | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. 7 |
| J L Smith | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | 9 | .. 8 .. | | | | | | | |

## Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, July 1.—The Auburn Gun Club to-day had a change of sport, and answered a long siege of talk by an acceptance of the offer of the City Baseball club for a game of baseball. There were several hundred spectators and they saw the Baseball Club suffer its first defeat at the hands of the gunmen by a score of 36 to 16.

## Freche Outshoots Reinhardt.

A FAIRLY cool air, a pretty stiff easterly wind, a good gray light and two hundred birds, the like of which are seldom seen at this season, were the combination at John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark, N. J., on July 2, when Gus Freche and Chris. Reinhardt, both of Newark Gun Club, had a battle royal for the possession of a $200 purse. The match was made on the previous week, and as no notice had been given the public through the columns of the sporting or lay press, barely half a hundred people saw it. It was nearly three o'clock when Freche appeared on the scene and 3:05 when the first shot was fired. Chas. M. Hedden was selected as referee and C. H. Townsend, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, as official scorer. Reinhardt won the toss and he sent Freche to the score, the latter making a kill of a moderately fast incomer to the left. Reinhardt next downed a right incomer. Freche's 13th bird was an awfully tricky twisting left-quartering driver, killed with a fine first. His 14th, in the same direction, was also a fine kill, as was his 19th, 31st, 33d (fine second), 57st, 58th (a long second on an ugly bird), 68th, 69th and 79th. The star bird of the day was Reinhardt's 83d, an awfully fast left-quartering driver which dodged the first, after which Chris let it straighten in its flight and then brought it out of the air at full 70yds. This was a phenomenal shot. His 9th, 11th, 15th, 20th, 25th, 28th, 31st, 36th, 43d, 44th, 56th, 57th, 60th, 69th, 74th, 75th, 83d and 98th birds were also very hard ones. His 54th bird, a right-quartering driver, caught two full loads, flew within a few yards of the boundary, then turned and went across the grounds to the left and fell stone dead near the left fence. This was certainly a lead carrier. His 71st bird fell dead a foot inside the boundary. While some of this lot of birds had to be flushed, they were still, as a whole, the best lot of fivers I ever saw at this season. The score of the shoot is detailed below:

*Trap score type—Copyrigh 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

3 5 1 5 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 3 1 1 3 5 2 1 1 3 2 5 5 3 3
↙←↖↘←↗↗H←←↙↘↖↖↙↘↖H↘↖
G F Freche...2 1 0 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 0 1 1 1 2 2 0 0,2 1 1 1 1 1 0—19

1 2 1 1 4 5 5 2 1 4 3 3 3 5 2 5 4 4 4 4 5 1 1 3 3
↑→←H↖←↘↘↖H→↑H←↘→↘↑TT→H↘↗←↘
1 0 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 0 1 1 o 1 2—18

1 3 4 4 2 5 3 1 3 3 1 4 5 5 4 1 5 3 4 3 5 5 5 5 3
←←→→↗↘H↗↘↘↗→3↓HTH↙↖↗→→←↗↖→
1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2—24

3 5 3 1 3 3 3 2 4 3 1 3 3 3 2 3 1 2 3 3 5 1 4 3 4
←↗↗↖↗→↗↙←↑HTH←→H↖←↙←→H↑←
1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 0—20—81

3 4 3 5 3 3 3 1 5 3 5 4 3 1 5 4 1 2 5 3 5 2 5 3 5
↘↘↗H↘→↖←↑→↖↘↗←→HTT↖←↗←↗↙
C Reinhardt. 1 1 0 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 1—21

4 3 3 1 3 3 2 2 3 2 2 3 1 1 3 4 3 5 2 1 1 5 5 2 3
←↗←↙←↘↖↖↘↘↖H↖→→↗←↙↘←↗↘↖
1 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1—21

5 5 1 5 4 3 3 3 5 1 3 3 5 3 4 5 5 3 2 5 5 4 5 5 5
←↑↗←↖→↗→↗↘H↘→↙←H↖↖↘↘←↖
1 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 2 1 0 1 2—19

3 4 4 2 3 3 1 5 4 3 4 2 2 3 1 4 4 3 5 4 1 2 2 2 3
←↘↖↗→↗←↑3↘←↓↓→←←H↓↓→T←T↖↗
1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—18—80

Reinhardt had the match all his own way until it was over half shot, after which he seemed to lose his grip, while Freche steadied down to business. The chances at various stages are shown by the following table of kills in strings of 5 birds each:

First Half.

| | |
|---|---|
| Freche | 3 8 11 15 19 22 27 30 34 37 |
| Reinhardt | 4 8 13 18 21 25 29 33 37 42 |

Second Half.

| | |
|---|---|
| Freche | 41 46 51 56 61 65 68 73 77 81 |
| Reinhardt | 47 50 55 57 61 65 69 72 76 80 |

Previous to the above race a "warmer" was shot in the form of a $1 miss-and-out, the result being as shown below:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hedden | 1112 | Erb | 10 |
| Reinhardt | 1111 | Hollis | 0 |
| Castle | 2110 | | |

Hedden and Reinhardt div.

After the race the appended sweeps were shot, 4 birds each, $3 entry, two moneys, all ties divided. Hurlingham rules governed, as they did in the match:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Caetle | 1100—2 | 1122—4 | 1111—4 |
| Hollis | 2111—4 | 1111—4 | 0120—2 |
| Hedden | 2112—4 | 0021—2 | 1201—3 |
| Griffin | 1121—4 | 0110—2 | 1011—3 |
| Erb | 0110—2 | 2020—2 | 1222—4 |

## New Utrecht Gun Club.

WOODLAWN PARK, L. I., July 2.—The weekly competition for the first and second medals of the New Utrecht Gun Club for Keystone target shooting was well patronized on Saturday. Each member shot at 20 targets, 20yds. rise, right and left angles. A. A. Hegeman, the youngest member of the club, was the winner of the first medal with 18. W. F. Sykes won the second medal by defeating D. Deacon and J. Lott. In the sweepstake, at live birds, 28 and 30yds., the first prize was divided between P. Hegeman, D. Deacon, C. A. Sykes and R. R. Street. The second prize was also divided between W. F. Sykes, J. Lott, J. P. Adams and A. A. Hegeman. The scores:

Club shoot, at 20 Keystone targets, 20yds. rise, two medals:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P A Hegeman | 11 | H Zeigler | 7 |
| M Van Brunt | 15 | J P Adams | 8 |
| D Deacon | 15 | W F Sykes | 15 |
| P Adams | 2 | R R Street | 10 |
| C A Sykes | 12 | | |
| L G Mitchell | 0 | | |
| A A Hegeman | 18 | | |
| J Lott | 15 | | |

Sweepstake shoot:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P A Hegeman | 11111—5 | W F Sykes | 10122—4 |
| D Deacon | 22112—5 | R R Street | 21122—5 |
| P Adams | 00002—1 | C A Sykes | 11111—5 |
| H Zeigler | 0°022—3 | A A Hegeman | 01111—4 |
| J P Adams | 21210—4 | J Lott | 02211—4 |

## Erie Gun Club.

WOODLAWN PARK, L. I., July 1.—The postponed shoot of the Erie Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Friday. The wet weather considerably interfered with the attendance, only seven competing for the club medal and extra prizes. The birds were a fair lot. C. Mohrman won the medal and first prize with the only straight score of 7. H. Janskowsky took the second and J. Plate the third prizes. Two sweepstakes were shot off at 5 birds each, all ties divided. The scores:

Club shoot for medal and extra prizes:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Dohrman | 2211120—6 | J Plate | 0011211—5 |
| H Janskowsky | 2112102—6 | C Plate | 1111110—6 |
| Elssasser | 1010122—5 | H Blattmacher | 1011101—5 |
| C Mohrman | 2112112—7 | | |

Sweepstake shoots, $1 entrance, 2 moneys in each:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Dohrman | 12021—4 | | 22201—4 |
| H Janskowsky | 10120—3 | | 20100—2 |
| M Elssasser | 12212—5 | | 12101—4 |
| C Mohrman | 21012—4 | | 22111—5 |
| J Plate | 20212—4 | | 20121—4 |
| C Plate | 21112—5 | | 20112—4 |
| H Blattmacher | 21001—3 | | 12213—5 |

## Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 28, 1892.—*To the Clubs Composing the Pennsylvania Sportsmen's Association:* Do not fail to elect one delegate to attend the annual meeting of the Association at Reading, Pa., Aug. 9, 1892, at 8 P. M. It is especially intended to make the discussion of game and fish protection and propagation the important feature of this meeting. All delegates are therefore requested to be prepared to express the views of their clubs on these subjects. Suggestions and papers bearing on the revision of our game laws and the best means to secure legislative action will be most acceptable and receive close attention. United action and a clearly defined course of procedure for the ensuing year will undoubtedly bring success.—C. E. H. BRELSFORD, Pres.

## Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 29.—The third badge shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club took place this afternoon at the Monroe avenue grounds. The manner of the contest is a slightly peculiar one, the persons taking first place in the six separate shoots contesting at a seventh shoot for first place, and the same with those taking second place. The score of the shoot, which was at 25 bluerocks, follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Stewart | 23 | Richmond | 20 |
| Hadley | 21 | Borst | 19 |
| McVean | 21 | Mills | 19 |
| Mann | 20 | C S Smith | 18 |
| Creegan | 20 | Hicks | 18 |
| | | McCarthy | 17 |
| | | Babcock | 16 |
| | | Griffith | 15 |
| | | Don | 9 |

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

THE North End Gun Club, of Frankford, Pa., has been reorganized under the name of the Keystone Shooting League. The *Sporting Item* has the following anent the reorganization: "The spirit of reorganization that has pervaded the North End Gun Club, of Frankford, for some time, has at last borne fruit. The energy of the members has resulted in placing the club upon a good sound footing. To properly accomplish this result, it was found desirable to change the name of the club to Keystone Shooting League and incorporate the same, and this has been done. The prime reason for changing the name of the club was that the name of the North End Gun Club had made it so prominent that its name was pirated by every vagrant crowd who needed notoriety; hence, the name originated by the club over ten years ago, was discarded and Keystone Shooting League adopted. The men who brought the old North End into the very front rank of shooting circles, are the bone and sinew of the Keystone Shooting League, aided by fresh and constant accessions of tried and true men at the trap. The Wolstencroft brothers, Welch, Rust, Irwine, Kleinz, E. D. Miller, Treadway, Pack, Greenwood, and a host of others no less prominent, whose skill with the shotgun does not need the telling, shows the quantity of timber possessed by the league. New grounds have been secured near Bridesburg Station, P. R. R., and plans have been made for a new and commodious club house. Wednesday has been selected for regular weekly practice, and trappers will always be in attendance. Plenty of traps for either inanimate or live bird shooting have been provided, and members of other clubs, and visitors generally, are cordially invited to come and spoil all the ammunition they wish. The shooting fraternity are requested to make a note of change of name for future reference." Communications should be addressed to the secretary, John C. Shallcroft, 1,930 Harrison street, Frankford, Pa.

* * *

The meeting of the State League of Trap-Shooters at Lansing, Mich., was well attended, there being nearly sixty present from Battle Creek, Jackson, Manchester, Ovid, Kalamazoo, Detroit, Morenci, Mason, Vicksburg and Grand Rapids. The League was organized in Jackson, May 26. Its roster contains the names of some of the best trap shooters in the State. The officers are: President, J. C. Nichols, Lansing; first Vice-President, E. E. Thresher, Kalamazoo; Second Vice-President, H. E. Sutton, Jackson; Third Vice-President, N. A. Osgood, Battle Creek; Fourth Vice-President, N. W. Holt, Manchester; Fifth Vice-President, T. A. Rowley, Morenci; Secretary and treasurer, W. O. Woodworth, Grand Rapids. The League will hold two shoots during the season, the first being at Battle Creek, July 12 and 13, and the second at Grand Rapids, the date to be fixed later. The Cleveland bluerocks were adopted as the standard pigeon of the club.

* * *

Wm. Tell Mitchell, of Lynch Station, Va., although not heard of very often during the last four or five years, is by no means a new comer to the pigeon shooting ranks; as far back as 1878 he was able to hold his own with the best of the experts. He has shot six matches against John L. Brewer, the scores in each being as follows: 100 birds each, Mitchell 86, Brewer 92; Mitchell 88, Brewer 98. Out of 94 birds, Mitchell 88, Brewer 89 (match declared off owing to scarcity of birds). 50-bird matches, Mitchell 46, Brewer 44; Mitchell 47, Brewer 46; Mithell 48, Brewer 48. This gives him a grand total of 403 kills to Brewer's 417 out of 444 birds shot at. Living, as he does, in a very paradise for game, Mr. Mitchell has unlimited facilities for keeping up his practice and the chances are that during the fall he will make a tour of the Western States and shoot a dozen or more matches en route against the best men he can find. His best hold is in a 50-bird race.

* * *

The championship live bird match of the Hollywood Shooting Club was held at Hollywood Park, N. J., July 2. The entrance fee was $100. The conditions were fifty birds each at 30yds. rise. The wind blowing quite strongly from the southeast carried the birds quickly out of bounds, and therefore the scores made were on the whole very creditable. The winner of the match was R. E. Thompson of New York, who has won two previous matches this season, the last one being at Tuxedo, a couple of weeks ago. J. S. Hoey was referee of the match, and H. B. Wallack was the scorer. Following is the score: J. S. Williams, 38; T. S. Davids, 46; A. W. Money; 40; L. T. Davenport, 42, Fred Hoey, 39; E. J. Murphy, 44; E. R. Ladew, 33; R. E. Thompson, 47; Dr. W. Wilson, 36; Geo. Work, 40; W. G. Murphy, 28; C. Dolan, 41. W. G. Murphy withdrew after the thirty-seventh round.

* * *

The Baltimore (Md.) Gun Club are now making a very liberal offer to every one to take part in their weekly shoots, so as to promote the sport and get the citizens of the town interested in the sport. Thursday of every week they hold a match at Acton's Park, and Saturdays another at Tolchester. The members of the club have decided to furnish the shells and targets for 5 cents a shot to any one who wishes to take part, and, if you are not so fortunate as to own a gun, they will lend you one. This offer should certainly be liberal enough to induce many who are fond of shooting to take part, as it is cheaper than the shells and targets can be bought for by any private individual.

* * *

H. B. Bishop writes us that every effort will be made by the White House Gun Club to make their first annual tournament on July 12 and 13 a grand success. White House, N. J., is forty-five miles from New York, on the line of the New Jersey Central, the grounds are within easy reach of the depot and there are two good hotels in the town. Keystone targets and traps will be used. Plenty of lunch and ammunition will be on the ground. The club is very anxious to see all the New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey experts present.

* * *

Frank Class, the New Jersey champion, has been showing phenomenal form for several months, and just at present should be able to give even Brewer a run for his money. In his recent matches he has shot at 600 birds and killed 565, an average of 94 1-6. In five matches at 100 birds each he has killed in order 94, 94, 93, 93 and 95. On June 29 he killed 48 out of 50, and in two matches at 25 birds each he killed 25 and 24.

* * *

James E. Wheaton, of the Newark (N. J.) Gun Club, and R. N. Shelley, of Morristown, N. J., will test one another's nerve on the Morristown Driving Track next Tuesday. They will each shoot at 25 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules to govern, for $25 a side. Frank Class will have several hundred good birds on hand and open to all sweepstakes will preceed and follow the match.

* * *

The Watertown Gun Club is looking forward to a large attendance and a fine time for shooters at the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, to be held on their grounds at Watertown, N. Y., July 26, 27, 28. Keystones will be used. The grounds are easy of access and pleasantly situated. Programmes will be ready in a few days.

* * *

The fourth annual inter-state tournament at West Point, Miss., will be held Aug. 9, 10, 11 and 12; open to the world; $100 in gold added. The American Revised Association rules to govern all contests. A regular old-time "befo' de wah" barbecue will be served at 1 o'clock each day on the grounds. Geo. C. Nance is manager.

* * *

A match at 50 singles and 25 pairs of targets will take place on John Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J, early in August. The entrance fee will be $10, exclusive of the cost of the targets. There will also be a number of fifteen target events shot off on the same day open to all comers.

* * *

And, speaking of live birds, what a farce it is to attempt to have any sport in shooting them at this season of the year! It would be policy to drop the sport between June 1 and October 1, as during that period birds are not only hard to find, but those that are found are soft and unfit to shoot at.

* * *

Frank Fralic was severy injured by a prematurely sprung trap at the range of the Bradford (Pa.) Gun Club on June 25. He was repairing the trap; a boy pulled a string and the arm struck Frank across the mouth, bruising his upper lip and loosening several teeth.

* * *

Frank Class will have a three day's tournament which will be a formal opening of his new grounds, the last of this month. The first two days will be devoted to saucer smashing and the last day to shooting live pigeons.

* * *

"Tec Kay" and "Dutchy" say they will give the boys a great time during the Independent Gun Club tournament at Plainfield, July 21 and 22. They are both graduates of the famous Middlesex Gun Club and know just how to handle a shoot.

* * *

Thomas Brantingham, of the Independent Gun Club of Plainfield, N. J., has recently been shooting in his oldtime winning form. On June 30 he averaged 93 1-10 per cent. in shooting at 145 targets. Tom is looking for a position with some gun firm.

* * *

Gus Manitz and Jos. Williamson shot a match at ten live birds for $10 a side on the Essex county toboggan club grounds on June 25, the result being a victory for Williamson, who shot Manitz out on the seventh round.

* * *

West Orange, N. J. has a new organization known as the Ivy Hill Gun Club, which shoots at artificials every second Saturday. The club is comprised of amateurs only who shoot simply for practice.

* * *

The Washington City Rod and Gun Club held a tournament on June 29 but the scores were missing when the writer reached the town.

* * *

Plans are now being arranged for a grand tournament of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota sportsmen at LeMars, Ia., about Aug. 1.

* * *

Frank Class will run a three days' tournament at Morristown this month. Artificials for two days and live birds on the third.

* * *



J. FRANK CLASS.

The eighth annual tournament of the Baltimore Gun Club at Tolchester Beach, Md., on July 18-20, will be attended by a big crowd.

* * *

Frank Class is shooting the race of his life and is anxious to try his skill against some of the "world beaters."

* * *

The South End Gunning Club, of Reading, Pa., has fine grounds on Boyer's Island and shoots twice each week.

* * *

A gold watch will be shot for on the grounds of the West End Gun Club at Conshohocken, Pa., on July 16.

* * *

A number of Jersey sportsmen are strongly in favor of stopping live bird shooting from June 1 to October 1.

* * *

Lieut.-Col. Breintnall shot an average of 91 4-10 at the New Jersey League shoot.

* * *

Harry Mowry, of the *Sporting Goods Gazette*, of Syracuse, was in town last week.

* * *

Over 50,000 kingbird targets were thrown during the New York State shoot.

* * *

John Erb says gun clubs should stop shooting live pigeons from June 1 to October 1.

* * *

The next shoot in the Connecticut circuit will be held at Wallingford the last week in July.

* * *

The Peoria (Ill.) Gun Club tournament on July 12-15 will draw all the Western men.

* * *

E D. Fulford is pushing work on a new telephone line to run from Cleveland to Chicago.

* * *

Billy Wagner thinks of going on the road provided he can procure the right kind of an opening.

* * *

The Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club will elect officers on July 11.

* * *

The Standard-Keystone tournament will attract a big crowd to New London.

* * *

The Johnson City (Tenn.) Gun Club's programme is a great one.

* * *

A gun club is to be organized in Peoria, Ill.

### Boston Shooting.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 2.—The following scores were made to-day in the merchandise match at the weekly shoot of the Boston Shooting Association: Class A—Sanborn 23, Climax 22, Bradbury 21, Stone 17. Class B—Gore 21, Deftochemont 20, Amsden 17, Gale 17, Daniels 15.

### Shooting at Morristown.

FOR a number of years the Morristown (N. J.) Driving Park, controlled by Sire Brothers, has been noted for the memorable trotting matches which have taken place there, but until June 29 it had no standing as a trap-shooting ground. On that date, however, it was formally dedicated to the cause, when Frank Class and W. T. Mitchell shot a match at 50 live pigeons each. The park, which is about 1¼ miles from the D. L. & W. depot, is admirably adapted to the sport. Right at the entrance is a commodious and well-kept hotel where meals and lunch can always be procured at reasonable figures. A short distance beyond is a large and well-built grand stand, and directly opposite this across the track, where the ground is level almost as a table, is where the shoot was held. All around there is clear ground to the park fence. On three sides the park is bordered with a heavy wood. When the match in question was shot the grounds were not in as good trim as they might have been, there being no boundary staked off, and consequently no way of telling whether a bird was in or out of bounds except by pacing off the distance. Then again the grass was cut only for a few yards from the traps.

In my account of the Woodlawn match I stated that the match at Morristown would be at 100 birds, but upon arriving at the latter place I found that the men were to shoot at only 50 birds each, the result of this to also decide the tie match of the previous day. The day was a splendid one both for shooters and birds. The sun was warm and bright, but over the mountain tops came a refreshing breeze which caused the birds to feel like flying. The birds, which were furnished by Robert Cox, of New York, were all blue ones, old and hardy, and while some of them were slow in starting, they flew like demons once they felt the wind under their wings.

It was 2:50 when the match started, Dr. P. J. Zeglio, of Warrenville, N. J., being referee; C. H. Townsend, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and Frank Mason, of the *American Field*, official scorers; John Harrison, of Dover, N. J., trap puller. At this time there were on the grounds beside the above Harry Piper, Frank Piper, James Timmins and R. N. Shelley, of Morristown; John Riggotts, of Rockaway; James E. Wheaton, of Newark; Mr. Thomas, the well-known dog fancier of Denver, Col.; P. Cockefair, of Bloomfield, N. J.; Mrs. Frank Class, of Pine Brook; Fred. Class, of Pine Brook, and perhaps seventy-five others.

Class was in his best form, and no matter how hard the birds flew he mowed them down in great shape until he had 46 straight kills to his credit. His 47th bird, however, an ugly zig-zagging left-quartering driver, broke his run, as it took two full loads of No. 7 and went outside to die. His next bird was hit with the first, but dodged out of the second and got away. He finished his score with 48 kills.

Mitchell was not so fortunate. He caught a circling dodger on the opening round and scored a lost bird. His 16th, a right-quartering incomer, got safely through both loads, as did his 33d in the safe direction; his 46th, a zigzagging driver, and his 50th, another right-quartering incomer. This left him 45 kills.

Both men made some beautiful kills during the match. Class's 6, 9, 11, 14, 15, 21, 22, 24, 41, 36, 39 and 42 were all better than average birds, his 6, 9, 22, 31 and 42 being particularly fine kills. Mitchell's star birds were his 18, 22, 23, 28, 38, 39 and 41, all of which called forth applause. He also did great work on his 4, 11, 12, 20, 25, 30, 34 and 37 birds.

The particularly weak point of the Virginia man seems to be on right-quartering incomers. It will be noticed that he had only seven birds to take this flight. Of these he lost three, and the others were merely "slobbered" down. On birds that go away from him, no matter how fast or what style of flight, he seems to be capable of doing fine work, but he is surely in need of improvement in his work on incomers. The guns and loads used were precisely the same in all particulars as those used in the Woodlawn match.

The score of the Morristown match is here shown in detail:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

```
                  3 2 1 1 2 2 2 3 2 2 1 3 1 1 1 2 3 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2
                  ←↓→→←←↖↑↖↗H←←→↖↖←H←↑↗↖↑↗↑↑
J F Class.....1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1—25

                  1 2 2 1 3 3 3 1 2 3 1 3 2 2 1 3 2 1 3 2 1 3 1 2 3 2 3
                  T↗→→←↖↑↖↓←↑↗↑↗T↗←↖↘↗↖↖↖↗↘
                  1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 * 0 1 1—23—48

                  2 1 3 3 3 2 3 2 3 3 3 3 3 1 3 3 3 1 2 1 3 1 1 3 3
                  3H↗↖←H↖↘↑H↗↖↑H→↖↗↖↑T↖←↖←H↖
W T Mitchell.0 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1—23

                  1 3 1 3 1 1 3 2 2 3 3 3 1 2 3 3 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 3 2
                  ↖↗←H↖↓→↘T→→↗↖↑↙↖↖↗↗↘↖↑↑→↘
                  1 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 0—22—45
```

After the match the following sweepstakes were shot:

Four birds, $3 entry, three moneys:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J E Wheaton | 1202—3 | 2210—3 | J Timmons | 1210—3 | 2222—4 |
| F Thomas | 2012—3 | 0011—2 | J Leonard | 0002—1 | 0022—2 |
| P Jay | 2102—3 | 2112—4 | W Armstrong | 1000—1 | 2012—3 |
| J Riggott | 0112—3 | 1011—3 | R N Shelley | 2020—2 | 0020—1 |

In the second event Armstrong and Riggott divided on the shoot off, after killing 6 each.

### The Fountain Gun Club.

WOODLAWN PARK, L. I., June 29.—The members of the Fountain Gun Club held their postponed shoot at Woodlawn Park on Wednesday. The attendance was not as large as usual, but the marksmanship was up to the average. H. W. Blattmacher and Abel Crook did some fine shooting. The weather was delightful, birds good and a fine afternoon's sport was enjoyed by those present.

Club shoot for annual prizes, best averages, 10 live birds, 5 traps, unknown angles, 80yds. boundary, M. & R. rules.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H McLaughlin | 0120221112—8 | R Graves | 1212101112—9 |
| J E Lake | 1012212100—7 | A Crook | 1110112121—9 |
| H W Blattmacher | 1212211211—10 | W A Stewart | 1212100000—5 |
| M Lindsley | 2010221112—8 | W Schumacher | 2020221221—8 |
| "Wanda" | 0111221112—9 | Dr VanZile | 2101110211—8 |

Sweepstakes, 5 birds, $1 entrance, two moneys, 28yds.

| | First. | Second. | | First. | Second. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dr VanZile | 11210—4 | 12112—5 | "Wanda" | 10210—3 | 10200—2 |
| H McLaughlin | 01222—4 | 12111—5 | W A Stuart | 02211—4 | 01110—3 |
| R Graves | 22021—4 | 20 w.—1 | F McLaughlin | 12010—3 | |
| H Blattmacher | 01212—4 | 12111—5 | M Elsasser | 01110—2 | 21112—5 |
| M Lindsley | 21021—4 | 12111—5 | W Schumacher | 11112—5 | 01111—4 |
| A Crook | 20112—4 | 21211—5 | J E Lake | 21221—5 | 12101—4 |

First Sweep.—First divided, VanZile and McLaughlin divided second on shoot-off.

Second Sweep.—VanZile, Crook and Elsasser divided first on shoot-off.

Referee, Mr. H. McLaughlin.

### The Hollywood Matches.

LONG BRANCH, N. J.—Louis Duryea, of Glen Cove, L. I., shooting as L. T. Davenport, was the winner of the Futurity Cup at the opening Hollywood shoot on July 1, 25 birds, handicap rise, ties at 5 birds, entrance $50, or only $25 if declared out by May 15, 60 per cent. and the cup to the winner, 30 per cent. to the second and 10 per cent to the third; two declared:

```
L T Davenport (30yds.).....1211122222122222221112222—25
E G Murphy (31yds.).....2021222022222222222222222—23
W Wilson (Dr. Zolnowski) (27yds.).....1122212111212222222002112—23
B Killredge (27yds.).....2111221222201201202222020—22
L S Thompson (31yds.).....22222201222222222200w
J S Williams (30yds.).....1210222221002222221w
C Dolan (28yds.).....2120111220102020120w
W G Murphy (29yds.).....2222222220222000220w
Fred Hoey (31yds.).....2220222210220210021002w
```

Ties.—E. C. Murphy, 22222; W. Wilson, 01221.

Immediately after the Futurity the match and post entries for the Schmidt and Peters prize of three cases of yellow label champagne, miss and out, took place. The entries were the same as for the Futurity, with the addition of Messrs. Dando, Moorehead, Green and Capt. Money. Edgar Murphy had to shoot fifteen birds straight to win, Dando being second with fourteen.

### Blasted Expectations.

Hotel Guest—"Meester, what you call dem long bill tings?"
Sportsman—"Woodcocks."
Hotel Guest—"Vell, sir, I kill twenty-four woodcocks before brakefast."
Sportsman—"What! Where?"
Hotel Guest—"In mine pedroom."
Sportsman—"Oh, get out! You mean muskeeters."
Hotel Guest—Vell, den, I kill twenty-four muskeeters before brakefast in mine pedroom dis morning."—*Exchange.*

### Utica Scores in Fine Weather.

UTICA, N. Y., July 1.—Club shoot of the O. L. S. A., kingbirds, 5 traps:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hunter | 1111111111111101111111111—24 |
| Booth | 1111101111111011111111111—23 |
| Kilbourn | 1110011101001111111111111—20 |
| Gates | 0111111111101011111101111—21 |
| Smith | 1111111111111110011101111—22 |
| Knowlton | 1011011101111111111111111—22 |
| Gilmore | 1100110011010111111111011—18 |
| Katties | 1111111101111111111111011—24 |
| Pfeiffer | 1110111111111111111111101—23 |
| Wheeler | 1111110111101111111011101—21 |
| Weed | 1111010301010000010111001—13 |
| Trench | 1111000111000001000110110—10 |
| Klages | 1101010011110100000101001—12 |
| Smyth | 1110111111111011101111011—21 |

Badge shoot; on tie on 24 Hunter won with 10 straight to Smith's 6. Score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Katties | 1001111111111101011111111—21 |
| Knowlton | 1111110101111111101111111—22 |
| Hunter | 1111111111111111111111110—24 |
| Booth | 0011111111111011011111011—20 |
| Kilbourne | 0000011100F10111101101011—14 |
| Gates | 1111111111111010101011101—20 |
| Smyth | 1111111101101011010111111—21 |
| Pfeiffer | 1110111001111111011111111—21 |
| Gilmore | 0111010101101001010011100—14 |
| Elliott | 1110111101111111111111011—22 |
| Wheeler | 1011110011111011111111111—21 |
| Henning | 0101111110101011111111111—21 |
| Maynard | 0111111011010111110101111—19 |
| Smyth | 1111111111111111111101111—24 |

### Seattle Rod and Gun Club.

SEATTLE, Wash., June 25.—The Seattle Rod and Gun Club held its regular medal shoot to-day at its grounds in West Seattle. The honors in the first class were won by W. A. Hardy, in the second by Downing and in the third by Haven. The scores were as follows:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | First Class. | | | | |
| Churchill | 1101010111111011101—15 | 00 | 10 | 11— | 3—18 |
| Joe Hardy | 1111111101111101111101—17 | 10 | 10 | 11— | 4—21 |
| W A Hardy | 1111111111111100111—17 | 01 | 11 | 11— | 5—22 |
| | Second Class. | | | | |
| F Webber | 1610101000011110100010— 9 | 10 | 10 | 10— | 3—12 |
| Downing | 10110101'01101011111—14 | 10 | 01 | 10— | 3—17 |
| | Third Class. | | | | |
| Hoisington | 0010000010011000000— 5 | 10 | 10 | 10— | 3— 8 |
| Haven | 0010101010100100100— 7 | 10 | 11 | 10— | 4—11 |

There was also some practice shooting. In the first at 20 singles Conover killed 19 and A. H. Harrison 11. The second at 20 singles gave Haven 13, Downing 16, Conover 16, Churchill 18, Joe Hardy 17. In another at 10 singles Weber killed 9, Atkins 9 and Harrison 6.

### The Down Town Gun Club.

GRASSMERE, Staten Island, July 1.—Owing to wet weather, the second shoot of the Down Town Gun Club did not prove much of a success at their new shooting grounds, Grassmere, Staten Island. Eleven competed for the club's medal, at nine birds each, modified Long Island rules, 20yds. rise. C. Wolf won the trophy with a score of eight out of nine. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Ruppell | 110111000—5 | J Doscher | 110101110—6 |
| L Maisch | 011111100—6 | C Wissing | 000100010—2 |
| C Wolf | 111111110—8 | J Muller | 000000010—1 |
| H Fajer | 010111010—6 | C Hammer | 010110110—5 |
| W Joost | 111110100—6 | J Schmelz | 101111000—5 |
| J W Schmenger | 110010110—5 | | |

## Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. V. H., Chadwick.—Is there an attachment for the wheel of a naphtha launch to prevent the grass from entangling around it? Please answer in your next issue. Ans.—A great many experiments have been made to get something to serve the purpose, but without success. So far as we have been able to ascertain there is nothing that will do the work successfully.

C. W. H. Wellsboro, Pa.—Can you give me a recipe for dyeing gut for leaders lead color? Ans.—The favorite "mist" color is produced in gut in two very different ways. The old way is to immerse the gut for several minutes in a stain made by boiling a drachm of ground logwood and 6gr. of copperas in a pint and a half of water. This is considered objectionable by many anglers. A simpler plan is to use Arnold's writing fluid or French writing ink diluted with an equal quantity of cold water for the stain. By changing the proportions of ink and water almost any tint from greenish blue to dark brown can be produced.

N. T. L, New York.—Where, and from whom, can I get some small-mouth and large-mouth black bass? I am desirious of stocking a pond which I think suitable for this purpose, with these fish. Would also like to know about wall-eyed pike. Ans. Hugo Mulertt, Brooklyn, N. Y., advertises black bass for sale at 25 cents each and special rates for large numbers. He may be able to furnish wall-eyed pike also. This fish, known also as pike perch and Susquehanna salmon, is a valuable kind, but is not considered suitable for small ponds, it is better adapted to lakes and large rivers. The Susquehanna and the Delaware have been well stocked with the fish. In the upper Connecticut a specimen weighing 11½lbs. was taken, while spawning, in April. The pike perch grows to the weight of 40lbs. As a food and game fish it has few superiors.




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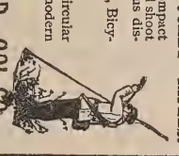
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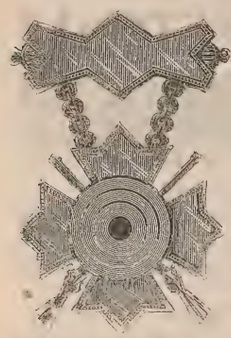
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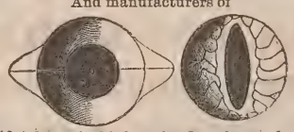
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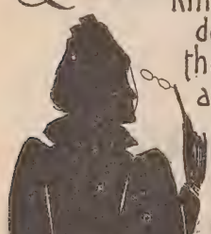
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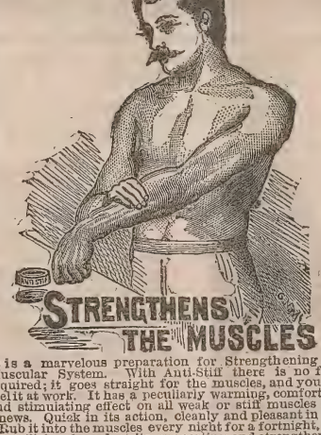
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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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## *REARING FISH FOR DISTRIBUTION.*

IN OUR comments upon the papers and discussions relative to fish distribution brought before the American Fisheries Society, we had no desire nor intention to profit by Mr. Mather's misplaced decimal point. It was our purpose merely to show how an earnest but prejudiced advocate of a certain disappointing system of stocking may let his fancy outrun his judgment and actually deceive himself by figures based upon theories not facts. It has been clearly shown, by actual trial in several localities at least, that yearling trout can be produced at a cost of about one cent each. In order to ascertain as accurately as possible the cost of attendance and transportation in the distribution of fish by the United States, we have applied to the Commissioner of Fisheries for data upon the subject. The appropriation for this work during the year ending June 30, 1891, was $50,000, nearly one-half of which was paid for salaries of employees in this branch of the work. The cars and detached messengers traveled about 180,000 miles (nearly 462 times the width of the State of New York) and five-ninths of the mileage was paid for. The distribution included about 152,000,000 eggs, 285,000,000 fry and upward of 2,000,000 fishes ranging from fingerlings to yearlings and older. If the transportation of those yearlings had cost one-tenth as much as Mr. Mather's estimate in our issue of June 30, the balance of the appropriation available for carrying 437,000,000 eggs and fry would have been only about $6,000. Evidently there is still something seriously wrong with the calculations of the fry-planters, and it will require more than talking to convince the people that a fish which they can see and count for themselves is not better than a score of fry which a sculpin can destroy in a minute.

## *FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.*

### IV.—"DRAW YOUR WEASEL."

A CHAIN that is blown away by the wind and melted by the sun, links with pairs of parallel dots the gaps of farm fences and winds through and along walls and zigzag lines of rails, is likely to be the most visible sign that you will find in winter of one bold and persistent little hunter's presence.

Still less likely are you to be aware of it in summer or fall, even by such traces of his passage, for he is in league with nature to keep his secrets. When every foot of his outdoor wanderings must be recorded she makes him as white as the snow whereon it is imprinted, save his beady eyes and dark tail-tip. When summer is green and autumn gay or sad of hue she clothes him in the brown wherewith she makes so many of her wild children inconspicuous.

Yet you may see him, now and then, in his white suit or in his brown, gliding with lithe, almost snake-like movement along the lower fence rails, going forth hunting or bearing home his game, a bird or a fat field mouse. In a cranny of an old lichen-scaled stone wall you may see his bright eyes gleaming out of the darkness, like dew-drops caught in a spider's web, and then the brown head thrust cautiously forth to peer curiously at you. Then he may favor you with the exhibition of an acrobatic feat; his hinder paws, being on the ground in the position of standing, he twists his slender body so that his fore-paws are placed in just the reverse position on the stone or rail above him, and he looks upward and backward.

He may be induced to favor you with intimate and familiar acquaintance, to take bits of meat from your hand and even to climb to your lap and search your pockets and suffer you to lay a gentle hand upon him, but he has sharp teeth wherewith to resent too great liberties.

While he may be almost a pet of a household and quite a welcome visitor of rat-infested premises, he becomes one of the worst enemies of the poultry-wife when he is tempted to fall upon her broods of chicks. He seems possessed of a murderous frenzy and slays as ruthlessly and needlessly as a wolf or a human game butcher or the insatiate angler. Neither is he the friend of the sportsman, for he makes havoc among the young grouse and quail and the callow woodcock.

The trapper reviles him when he finds him in his mink trap, for all the beauty of his ermine, a worthless prize drawn in this chanceful lottery.

When every one carried his money in a purse, the weasel's slender white skin was in favor with country folk. This use survives only in the command or exhortation to "draw your weasel." When the purse was empty, it gave the spendthrift an untimely hint by creeping out of his pocket.

In the primest condition of his fur he neither keeps nor puts money in your pocket now. He is worth more to look at, with his lithe body quick with life, than to possess in death.

## *BARTER.*

THERE was hint of a scheme in "Esau's" note last week, which might be put to the test in a small way. He suggested that as the Indians of the Northwest, who capture beaver for their fur, take everything that comes to hand, old and young, the State might well afford to pay the savages for the uncaught beaver to be left uncaptured.

The system is capable of expansion. For instance, in a certain village amid the hills of eastern Connecticut lives a young fellow who pots for the market practically all the game killed in the vicinity. There are others in the village who would like to have at least a chance to improve an occasional opportunity to try to capture some of the game for themselves. This chance of an opportunity they might acquire by treaty with the Connecticut savage. Thus: "How many quail and partridges do you expect to shoot and snare this year? How much do you expect to realize for them? Will you sell them all to us at that price, we to pay you in advance now? Here is the money. Now the birds are ours. You need not capture them for us. We will do that for ourselves. And if we fail to get them all, to the last feather, we shall not expect you to refund. But, remember, we have bought the game; it is ours; you are not to interfere with it."

Or, take a trout stream: "How many trout do you expect to 'snake out' this season? At so much a pound that comes to so many dollars. Here is the money. The fish are mine. You need not trouble to catch them." As every fisherman expects to catch twice as many fish as he actually takes, the man who is paid thus in advance on a basis of his great expectations is paid twice over.

Such a plan of compromising with the powers that be would not work in cases where the shooter or the fisherman is not a simon-pure pot-hunter, but is impelled by other than mercenary motives. The expert, who shoots or who fishes partly for money and partly for fun, might readily enough anticipate his money returns for quail, or ducks, or trout, or bass; but his fun he will not sell; or, if he would, the price put on it would be beyond reach. Game and fish have a market price; but who is ever to estimate the money equivalent of the satisfaction of the making a grand shot? or the worth per minute of playing a big trout? or the price for which one would sell the present transient delight—making no account of the precious memory—of a successful day afield?

There are some things in this world we cannot buy, and there are some things in this world that the poorest and roughest and most prosaic of mortals—even an Indian—would not readily barter.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

IN the distribution of animal life nature employs many agencies which at first seem mysterious, but admit of easy explanation. FOREST AND STREAM has contributed its share toward the fund of information upon the spread of species. A recently made and fishless pond becomes stocked with fish without human intervention and the result is a source of wonder until inquiry shows that winds, water birds and insects are the distributing agencies in some cases, while in other localities, notably in Florida, subterranean communication with bodies of fresh or salt water is capable of demonstration. Fish are "rained" down in the streets of a Nebraska city, or "snowed" down in a city of Tennessee. Crabs fall in the streets of San Francisco. Crawfish cover the ground near Union Depot at Cameron, Mo., after a heavy rain. These are results of cyclone action and have come under observation in localities widely remote. Frogs and worms are often carried in the same way, but for the most part these are simply brought out from hiding by rain and do not "drop from the clouds."

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The picture on another page entitled "In a July Woodcock Cover," was taken of an old woodcock shooter who was well known to many of our readers. He is no longer living, but in his life he was a good shot and a good fellow, and had followed the dogs in many fields. No one ever enjoyed summer shooting more than he, yet no one strove more earnestly to have it forbidden both by law and public sentiment. If ever there was a pleasure which was labor, it was this summer shooting. Who does not recall its tortures, its suffocating heats, its thick brush, its swarms of mosquitoes. How laboriously one used to break through the brambles and alders, and pull himself through the mire, while with one hand he wiped away the sweat and the insects, and with the other kept leaves and branches out of the eyes. It was hard work, but when one heard the ringing whistle and after the shot the rustle of the bird as it fell through the leaves, and the light thump as it struck the ground, he forgot all his sufferings.

---

"Didymus" has been prompted by "Podgers" [what names!] to utter a note of protest on the song bird millinery abomination; and he suggests that the language he uses may be intemperate. On such a subject virility of expression is in order, and the pity of it is that, however vigorous may be such denunciations of the atrocity, because aimed at the general public they are likely to prove as ineffective as did the remarks of the enraged Scotch lawyer who addressed no one in particular, but "just stood in the middle of the road and swore at large." If "Didymus" and "Podgers" had needed further proof that birds' feathers were still worn, they might have found it by studying the Christian Endeavor hosts who took possession of this town last week. There were some 35,000 of them, a large majority of the fair sex, and one noticeable characteristic, as observed by the FOREST AND STREAM, was that most of them wore birds' feathers in their bonnets.

---

Poetry is all right enough in its place; and it may serve a practical purpose when it voices humanity and a regard for bird life; but what shall be said of Mr. John Robinson's apostrophe in the *Witness* to the sportsmen to spare the birds?

> Then, sportsmen spare the birds!
> Still let the welkin ring,
> And feathered songsters symphonies
> To their Creator bring.
> Inviolate be the nest
> Beneath the verdant shade,
> Nor may the wanton, ruthless hand
> Peace and content invade.

Mr. Robinson's appeal is a work of supererogation. Sportsmen do not shoot birds in the spring, and the birds the sportsman does shoot are not of the species that join in symphonies.

---

The lawyers' year has closed, and according to the *Evening Post* the litigating lawyers of the great professional syndicates are off fishing. The Delmonico woodcock case is still untried. The records of the courts show that it is easier for a red-haired servant girl to get damages from a red-haired mistress for pulling her hair and blackening her eye, than for a game protector to get judgment against Delmonico for serving woodcock in July.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## RAMBLES IN THE ROCKIES.

It is so long since I have had a pen in my hand that the habit of writing a chronicle of my adventures and misadventures has almost left me. A new country has to be well explored before it can be thoroughly enjoyed, and the rapid melting of the snows during the latter part of April has made excursions in every direction pleasurable as well as possible.

As soon as the passage of the mountains is practicable, and that has been for the last two weeks, the sheep that have wintered in Dixie and in Arizona come over the divide to the lambing and shearing grounds and summer ranges of the upper Sevier country. There are now no less than 130,000 sheep within twenty miles of Panguitch, and the coyotes and kitties are enjoying their annual feast. The grass no sooner starts than the sheep have it nibbled to the roots, and so all the horses and cattle must be hunted and driven out of danger of starvation up to some of the grassy cañons and parks beneath the melting glaciers, where the shepherd will hardly dare to follow. Of course, the men are apt to spend several days hunting their stock, and bacon palls upon the taste of even an epicure. Fresh meat is easily obtained, and, as a rule, I find that the men living in this vicinity are careful not to kill more than they actually need for immediate consumption, and there is, at this time of year, no danger of mistaking the sex of the animal, as the knobs on the bucks are quite prominent.

It was my good fortune to go on one of these horse hunting expeditions with a mighty hunter, whose name is Ben. Ben has lived in this country for twenty years, and has the reputation of having never shot a deer or caught a trout beyond the number required to supply himself or his camp with grub. We had neither of us tasted fresh meat during the month of March, excepting two little messes of duck, and there is no use of denying the fact that Ben carried a rifle and was resolved to defend himself to the utmost against any male *Cariacus* that might put in an appearance. In woodcraft Ben is the peer of any man that I have ever seen. When Illinois was on the frontier he hunted and fished over the great prairie region, and forty-two years ago, with the Mormon pioneers, he crossed the plains. He knows little but the frontier, and until the completion of the railroad, he freighted in Wyoming, Utah and southern California. He would not be at home on the pavements of a great city, but turn him loose in the forest or on the desert, with a blanket, matches, knife and rifle, and he is on his native heath. The sun, the stars, the bark on the trees, and the trend of the sagebrush twigs are all the compass that he needs. How little knowledge we have, those of us who claim to be sportsmen, that we do not owe the patient teachings and careful observation of these noblemen of nature, who are as destitute of the urbanities of civilization as though they had been born in the heart of the dark continent.

The first day of our outing we left our horses in the cedars, just below the snow, and proceeded to climb and wade up to the high southern exposures, where we knew the deer were sunning themselves. But the wind arose and circulated among the cliffs, so, although we climbed clear up into the realm of the grizzly and of the mountain lion, we saw nothing but tracks and droppings that were scarcely five minutes old. We must have started at least a dozen deer, yet all we saw was a white-mountain hare, that gave us every opportunity to bag him had we been so disposed. For supper we had the same old bacon and frying-pan bread, but the next morning was calm and we started out with every assurance of success. Sometimes we were in waist-deep snow and sometimes stood on barren ridges where we could look over hundreds of miles of mountain and valley. At length Ben stopped and sniffed the air.

"I smell 'em," he said, though I walked fully a quarter of a mile before I could detect the deer odor. Slowly we crawled down into a cañon and up to the top of the next hog's back. Ben looked over the edge and down into the next gulch. His rifle was poked through the branches of a pine and there was a crack. I looked below. A deer was starting to its feet and wondering which way to run. The sight went up another notch, there was another report, and Mr. Deer leaped and fell beneath the pine where he had been taking his morning nap. We packed 80lbs. of fresh meat back to the wagon, and for a week we lived "high."

Trout fishing is the great sport of this section. We have the river fishing, where trout run from 3 to 5lbs in weight; lake fishing, where trout weighing 8lbs. are frequently caught, and brook fishing, which to my mind is the most enjoyable of all. A dozen small streams enter the Severn in this immediate vicinity, and to say that they are full of trout hardly does justice to them. Under the State law, fishing below dams in streams used for irrigating purposes is allowable at any season as these are not public waters, and in Panguitch we can have a mess of trout on any day of the year.

Old residents have a theory about the movements of the trout which I give for what it is worth:

"Lake trout remain in the lake save as they enter the tributary streams for the purpose of spawning. Fry hatched in streams and creeks remain in the brooks for two years. The third season they run down to the river and return every April to spawn, seeking the river again in June. Brook trout and river trout are identical save in point of size."

This last assertion is a little too much for me to swallow, as the river trout are typical red-throats while the brook trout are more like the *fontinalis*, though somewhat darker than the brook trout of the East. In the catching of trout this spring I have averaged seven males to every female. This I can account for only on the theory that the females, being havy with spawn, lie close to the bottom and are not especially hungry. Local fishermen, who use wood grubs for bait and fish on the bottom, catch as many females as males. I tip my hook with a fish eye and troll about three or four inches below the surface. Fly-fishing will be impossible for at least another month. The immense bodies of melting snow keep the waters muddy, and about noon the waters begin to rise and do not fall until after midnight. I have tried several of the creeks with very poor success, and even the Pah Utes, whose wicciups are in every cañon, have no luck with a hook and line.

Last Saturday I went upon one of the most delightful excursions that it has been my privilege to enjoy in this mountain land. It came about in this way: About two weeks ago an insurance agent, C. D. Seymour, formerly of New York, struck the settlement. He wanted fish; so did I. This was our golden opportunity. About 3 o'clock we started for Panguitch Creek. And now a word as to this outlet of Panguitch Lake. It travels by what Cæsar would call "a circuitous route" from the lake to the river, going about 46 miles to get 16 miles from its head. For 11 or 12 miles from the settlement it has no tributary, and there is neither ranch nor cabin upon its banks. There the aspect of the country changes. There is a succession of broad meadows and narrow, picturesque cañons. The meadows are all dairy ranches, and are deserted from November until April. But the farmers have just moved back to their mountain homes, in time to protect themselves from the inroads of the sheep, and, at this time of year, when travel is almost unknown, the fisherman is a welcome visitor at the lonely cabin or the isolated tent of the herder.

The road was rocky, and we went slowly uphill for 11 miles. I am heartily glad that we had neither shotgun nor rifle, for the numbers of mourning doves and of mallards that constantly encircled us would have tempted to a trial of marksmanship. About the creek and lake greenheads breed in great numbers and afford fine sport during the open season. Nor were fresh deer signs wanting, and once a spotted lynx deigned to show himself and a coyote surveyed us from a neighboring hill. Just as the sun was touching the western mountain we drew up at an old saw mill and made camp in its deserted bunk house. The creek was too high for any fishing. It had risen 30in. since noon and was very muddy. After supper we enjoyed the pipe and camp-fire, and then when

> "The charioteer and starry gem fair,
> Hung like glorious crowns, over Orion's grave
> Low down in the west."

there was a cracking of the sage brush, a footfall on the turf and a new comer stepped into the light. It was George Dodds, who owned the adjacent ranch and who proved to be one of the very few men of this region who know anything of the outside world. Dodds left New York at the close of the war; Seymour left three years ago, and somewhere between the two I started on my western journey. It was 1 o'clock when he left and we had discussed the ins and outs of the metropolis from Castle Garden to Harlem. We had a kind of homesick feeling when we lay down on the hard bunk and tried to sleep.

Before sunrise we were driving up the creek, reveling in the sharp, bracing atmosphere of dawn. Our route lay through a meadow that was literally covered with sage hens and they were of immense size. They were mating and I could not but stop and watch their curious antics. The love-dance of the *Pediocœtes* is not new to me, but I was not prepared for any such exhibition on the part of *Centrocercus*. The strutting, the combing of the ground, the cackling reminded me of a turkey-filled barnyard. Some of the birds have already mated, as I found, later in the day, a nest containing seven eggs. It was right at the edge of a snow bank, on a bleak hillside, but I suppose the old lady knows what she is about and will look out for her brood. Our horse and cart were left at Dodds's, tied to the corral, and we went on a quarter of a mile to get grubs from a dead pine. Beneath the pines I found the first wild flowers of spring—a diminitive species of *Draba*. Each with a white grub, we wandered back to the water, and one pool gave us six trout, of which I secured five. This was most encouraging as I rather dreaded Seymour, and he fully expected to do me up. Indeed if it had not been for this streak of luck he would have had the longer string at night. On our way back to Dodds's and to breakfast we had ducks within gunshot all the time, and there were plenty of killdeer and jacksnipe. I also saw a species of jay that was new to me and that must belong, with many of our southern Utah birds, to the avifauna of Arizona and Mexico. Speaking of birds reminds me that during the day I saw a small red hawk not so large as a domestic pigeon, and witnessed a pitched battle between a flock of blackbirds and a magpie in which the larger bird was ingloriously worsted.

Dodds had breakfast ready for us, and from him I obtained many facts concerning the country, and the same details were afterward given me by other residents along the creek. The fish in the streams are not nearly so numerous as they were before the sawmill sent its refuse into the water. But there are still enough for all comers. Every spring when the waters recede from the overflowed meadows the odor of decaying trout poisons the atmosphere for miles. Fly-fishing in the creek is excellent after the middle of June, and the fly-fisher always obtains more fish than his bait-loving rival. Regarding lake trout, the statement was made that twenty tons of trout are caught annually in the lake. This seems incredible, and yet on investigation I have found that, the price of fish being 10 cents a pound at the lake, eleven men during the past winter averaged $80 each, and three men with families, who do nothing but fish from June to February, average $350 per year. Half of the twenty tons are accounted for, and the sheepmen, ranchers and summer campers can get away with a great part of the remainder. Deer are so common in the summer time that Dodds says that they often come to his corral bars while he is drinking. Mountain sheep may be obtained within a half day's ride, and antelope in a day and a half. Sage hens, grouse and pheasants (*Bonasa*) are all here in season, and ducks are common in summer. Bears are few, but the *Felidæ* have at least four representatives. Wild berries commence to ripen late in July, and the August camper can, with a half-mile walk, supply himself with fish, flesh, fowl and fruit.

Leaving Dodds's hospitality we spent the day in wandering up the creek, throwing into the most attractice pools, enjoying the magnificent scenery. Now the stream, lined with silvery willows, meandered among broad fields and the further hills were pearly with the white coats of thousands of sheep, now the pines came to the water's edge and yet again the brook cut its way through perpendicular walls of basalt. In one of these gorges the stream, 20ft. wide, was forced through a chasm less than 3ft. in width, with walls as straight as plumb line for 42ft., thence gradually receding for 350ft. further. According to the Powell survey we were, at this point, 6,000ft. above the sea level. Higher up the creek we found fine fishing at the beaver dams.

Sundown found us back at Dodds's ranch with fish enough for supper and breakfast. The evening was spent at his fireside, and Nationalism and Theosophy, Mormonism and the silver question took up the time until midnight.

Monday morning our excursion ended with a drive to the lake, from which the ice has not yet entirely melted. The open water was black with ducks. But of Panguitch Lake more at another time. We struck a splendid dinner at a sheep camp and 6 o'clock found us back in the settlement ready for bacon and bed.

PANGUITCH, Utah. SHOSHONE.

## KELLUP'S CANOE.

TOWARD the latter end of winter Kellup disappeared after supper almost every night, and presently you might have noticed a light in the woodshed. Try the door though, and your rattle would only provoke a louder pounding within. Even his old friend Sammy Calhoun possessed no "open sesame" and had to betake himself to the house. "What's the old man up to now?"

"I'm not supposed to know;" and Susan shook her head solemnly at the work in her lap.

Presently Sam picked up a book from the floor full of cuts of boat models. Then he reached another from the sewing machine and found it treating of "Canoes and Canoeists."

"Aha!" This was long drawn out. "A-hah-h-h! Now I know what he's building," said accusingly. "His time o' life, too." This last in a deprecating tone.

"I know it," sighed Susan, "I've been through all that; but what do you suppose he says?" and she looked up quick at Sammy with big eyes and her lips set tight. "What do you suppose he says—says 'Nesmuk was older than me when he quit paddling.' All I'm afraid is he'll want to sleep in it nights, or under it out in the yard, and catch his death. This is a flannel shirt I'm making him now."

By the look on her face Sam thought she might be making him a shroud. "Yes" he said, "he'll probably sleep in it. I expect that's what he wants it for. There's no water near by." Then he said he guessed he'd be going, but he would be on hand on Fourth of July evening, because Susan said that was Kellup's next holiday and he had engaged a man to haul the boat to a little river out in the country.

* * * * *

Well, on Monday evening Sam dropped in about 8 o'clock and found Kellup sitting there with his sleeves rolled up, rubbing vaseline on his arms—a pair of thin, sinewy arms.

"Hello, Caleb! Where'd you get such a color as that?"

Kellup commenced to smile. First a little round the mouth, then a set of wrinkles took it up and communicated to others till presently the whole furrowed, beardless countenance was covered with smiles. "Sammy?" then he stopped and took his knee in his hands and it looked as if he was going to start another smile, but he checked it and finished his sentence, "Did you ever go canoeing?" Sam said no, and intimated that a steamboat would suit him better.

"Well, well, every man to his taste. Well, when I launched her down in the meadows she was pretty cranky at first, and I was wishing I was somewhere else and expecting to be in a minute. Well, she kept poking her nose in the reeds on both sides, and finally climbed up on a brown, slimy log just under the surface and hung wobbling. I coaxed and coaxed and at last she slid off like an alligator."

"Big river, Caleb?"

"No, just about wide enough for three barges abreast. Well, I trained her out of the meadow into a thick, swampy wood with grapevines hanging from tall trees and trailing in the water and the underbrush thick as a hedge and dripping in the river, too, and oh, Sam, I tell you with the current deep and slow and all shut in like that it seemed like, like—well, like floating on a tropical inundation."

"See any game along?"

"Well, no. Saw a watersnake wriggling over the surface toward the leafage, and by and by coming around a bend I surprised a chipmunk on his way to drink; and what do you suppose his way was? Why, a big old chestnut leaned out from the bank and dropped a limb till the water rippled up against his elbows, and that was his pathway. The little rascal chattered at me. But, by George, Sammy, I wish you could have seen the quiet cove I came to. I just lay there watching the brown scum on the surface, a kind or pollen scum, that left the current and came slowly round the bend to trace an intricate scroll work among the yellow lilies. Pretty soon I got on a move with the double paddle, slowly, slowly, till I got pretty close, and then I stole out the 'pudding stick,' the single blade, you know, and—" "What for?"

"What for! Why, Nesmuk always stole up on a deer that way, always," and Kellup got up, indignant, and pretended to rummage on the mantelpiece for his tobacco. When he sat down again Sammy commenced: "What y' got all over your flannel shirt collar, Caleb?"

"Well, you see, along about noon the black flies got pretty thick, so I spread on the fly daub. Some I made last"——

"Black flies, man, there's not a black fly in the State."

"Well, mosquitoes, then, hang it!"

These interruptions were irritating. The thread of his eloquence seemed broken, and he only mentioned casually the things he noticed on the trip down stream in the afternoon. The warm sun, the restless wind, the vines all swaying and showing the whites of their leaves, the dark retreats where the trees overarched, and the meadow vista of bushes and high tuft grasses, with red-winged blackbirds and a Bob White sweetly calling—somewhere. There was a place worn smooth on the bank near a willow that looked like an otter slide, but might have been made by boys in bathing, and there was a butterfly that lit on the prow and basked in the sun—a long voyage.

"But oh, Sammy, you talk about the 'poetry of motion.' I just lost myself for a minute once and thought I could paddle on forever, and paddle on and on and on and right into heaven, mebbe."

Then they all kept still for a minute till Sammy winked at Susan and broke the spell. "Yes," he says, "that's what your wife's afraid of."

Kellup didn't seem to realize that some one had sprung a joke anywhere round, so after Sammy had a good loud laugh by himself he said good night.

JEFFERSON SCRIBE.

## BREEDING BUDGERIGARS.

I KNOW of no bird which has such a multiplicity of names as this charming little fellow. In English, shell parrot, undulated grass parrakeet, warbling grass parrakeet, zebra grass parrakeet, singing parrakeet, scallop parrot, etc. In German, *Wellenstreifiger Sittich, Wellenpapagei, Kanariensittich, Muschelsittich*, etc. In Dutch, *Grasparkeit*. By scientists, *Melopsittacus undulatus*, but I prefer *Budgerigar*, as it is the name by which it is called by the aborigines of South Australia, from whence it comes in large numbers. I once saw a vessel in Cape Town which had three thousand on board, and afterward helped a dealer in Adelaide to count out three hundred and fifty pair, which were the catch of one of his trappers. It is deservedly a great favorite, no less from its pretty plumage than its great docility, and the wonderful readiness with which it breeds under the most unfavorable surroundings. It is now bred in large numbers by European amateurs, who have succeeded in producing varieties in color, such as yellow and also blue ones. But the most singular fact is that there are several well authenticated instances of its having developed the power of speech. Its surprising tameness and docility is well exemplified by the numbers which are seen on the street corners, sitting on the tops of their cages, waiting the signal from their Italian owners, to pick out an envelope, telling your fortune.

It is very hardy and can be safely kept in a room where the temperature falls nearly down to the freezing point, but no lower, provided it is furnished with proper retreats, into which it can retire and protect itself from the cold. I have frequently seen them flying about in an outside aviary during sharp snow squalls, in an early fall or a late spring. It is particularly sociable, and numbers of pairs will live together without trouble, if they are supplied with sufficient nesting facilities, without which there will be constant disputes for the choice of favorite locations. In all their movements they are graceful and quick; the flight is exceedingly rapid, can walk well on the ground, running about, nodding their heads and warbling musically, which no doubt gives them the name of "singing parakeet." Should one not have sufficient room, a canary breeding cage will answer for breeding purposes, provided it is furnished with a cocoanut husk, which should be fastened on the outside of the cage, with the wires bent aside, so as to allow a free passage for the birds. It is the best nest that can be offered, but has one serious drawback, being such an excellent harbor for parasites. So soon as a husk is found to be infested burn immediately, and give the cage a thorough painting with benzine, being careful to introduce it into every crack and crevice. Just below the hole made for entrance a small perch should be placed, where the male will sit and warble while the female is engaged in incubating on the inside. Should one be so situated as to have the use of a small room, or even a portion of it, so much the better, as it seems to me to be cruel in confining such active little birds in a small cage, where they will sit and mope a greater portion of the time, from not having sufficient space to follow their natural bent of flying about and keeping almost constantly in motion. By giving them room and ample nesting accommodations, their owner will be fascinated by their beautiful plumage, lively manners, low, but sweet song, and surprising prolificness.

If one cannot make use of an entire room I would suggest a place built in the corner of one, which should be in the second story with a southern exposure. There should be a window in the inclosed space, the size of which can be made suitable to the fancier's ideas, and the number of birds he intends to keep, as a cube of 30in. will suffice for each pair. It is better that the bottom should be supported on iron rods about 2ft. in height, so as to facilitate all cleaning operations, and also to prevent the entrance of mice, which are the greatest pests with which a breeder will have to contend. By building in a corner the walls of the room will serve for two sides of the cage, while the others can be made of wire netting of ½in. meshes. It is best to use netting which has been galvanized and then paint it with drop black, which will prevent any dazzling effect and show the birds with better advantage. Make a small door in one side for the purpose of introducing the vessels for holding food and water, and along the entire length of the bottom of the other side hinge a narrow flap, which is to be used for the introduction of a small scraper for cleaning the floor. Of course it will be necessary to cover the window with wire netting. It will add greatly to the birds' health and comfort if an outside cage is so constructed as to fasten on the outside of the window, in order that they can have the benefit of fresh air and sunlight during warm weather. It should be made entirely of wire netting and of the same width and height of the window frame, projecting some 3 or 4ft., thus giving the birds a chance of flying out and enjoying a bath during gentle showers. In this case the sash can be entirely removed during the season the outside cage is in use. The inner cage must be fitted with coacoanut husks and small nesting boxes hung upon the walls near the ceiling. The boxes to be 6in. in height and width, about 9in. deep, furnished with entrance holes near the top about 1½in. in diameter, and small perches as mentioned in reference to the coacoanut husks. Gouge out a slight depression in the centers of the bottoms of the boxes to keep the eggs from rolling about and becoming chilled during incubation.

In the center of the cage stands a pine or poplar log, from which the bark has not been removed and reaching from the floor to the ceiling. This must be fitted with nesting places, by sawing it in half from end to end, gouging out the halves of nesting places in each section, immediately opposite eaeh other, nailing the parts together, bearing entrance holes and fitting perches, as directed with boxes and husks. Just here I wish to relate an experience of mine with one of the above described logs. I had been using one with great success for some time, when I noticed that the birds had forsaken it entirely and were disputing with the occupants of the husks and boxes. For several days I watched closely, but could detect nothing wrong. I then changed my tactics to night surveys, and with the help of a small bullseye lantern detected a mouse peeping out one of the holes. The next morning each hole was stopped with a paper plug, the log removed outside, and as fast as each plug was extracted the spout of a kettle of boiling water was introduced. To my great surprise I found every nesting place occupied by interlopers, and the seed pans gave forth a decidedly mouse-like odor. Sawing off about 2ft. of the log, I inserted an iron rod to support it, hung the food and water pans by fine wire from the ceiling, and thus starved the enemy out. For perches, a few clusters of small branches fastened in the corners will be sufficient, and as they become soiled or gnawn can be easily replaced. Keep the bottom of the cage well covered with coarse sand, and a fresh sod should be given as often as possible. Give an abundant supply of pure water, which must be renewed twice daily. Budgerigars are essentially seed eaters, and will thrive on a diet of mixed canary and millet seed, but I have always been in the habit of giving them a crust of stale bread, soaked in hot water and squeezed dry, when they have young ones to feed. During hot weather this should be changed twice daily, as it is apt to become sour and cause diarrhœa. In the spring, when the different grasses begin to flower and seed, a small sheaf should be hung up in the cage daily. The food and water should be placed in small shallow pans, and these again in larger ones, which will prevent any dirt or moisture on the floor of the cage. The sod ought to be arranged in the same manner. I have never seen them bathe as other birds commonly do, but they seem to take a great delight in rolling and tumbling about in wet grass, consequently I have made it a practice to sprinkle the sod daily.

They are not subject to many diseases, a greater portion of which can be easily prevented by a few precautions. Fits or convulsions are caused by too much dry and heating food, therefore the remedy is low diet and plenty of green grass in seed. Cramps come from damp, accompanied by cold, hence it is necessary to remove the bird to a dry, warm place. Egg binding is the most serious complaint with which I have had to contend. My theory is that it is caused by a lack of lime in the food, and for that reason I use sea beach sand, mixed with bits of mortar, for the floor of the cage, and mingle crushed cuttlefish bone with the seed. A temporary remedy is a drop or two of castor oil, administered internally, and also applied to the egg passage with a small feather. To give internally, gently hold the bird on one side and drop the oil on the beak, when it will be instantly swallowed. I know of no permanent cure for this distressing ailment, and counsel that the bird be not allowed to nest any longer. Such is its fecundity that it will go on breeding during the entire year except during moulting season, if kept in a warm place. My custom has been to separate the sexes about October and place them together again about March or April. By so doing one will succeed in rearing much finer specimens. I have known them to mate before their first moult, and the sequence would be feeble, weakly progeny; therefore, take the young out and keep the sexes in different compartments until they are a twelvemonth old.

The hen lays from four to six eggs, but I have never been able to find out the exact period of incubation. Would say that it is from fifteen to eighteen days, and as the young are not all hatched at the same time, but will appear with the interval of a day or so between each exclusion, I am very much inclined to think that the hen commences setting before she has laid her full complement of eggs. The length of time which the young remain in the nest also varies very much. Have known them to come out in about thirty days, and sometimes forty will elapse before they will make their appearance. In a few days after exit the young are perfectly able to take care of themselves, and the female immediately cleans out the nesting place and prepares to bring forth another brood. In feeding the young, the old birds hold the youngsters by the beak, regurgitate the half-digested seed, which the nestlings swallow. Let any one follow the above directions, which are but the repetitions of more able pens, and take a few pairs of these exquisite little birds from the cages in which they are cooped up in all of our bird shops, transfer them to such a little place as I have described, and I will warrant, in a large majority of instances, that he will be transformed into a veritable "bird crank." FRANK J. THOMPSON.

[The budgerigar fortune-telling outfit is familiar to city people. A perch is provided with a rack of sealed envelopes, and there are usually two or three of the bright-plumaged birds, presided over by a grim-visaged wizard, and patronized by a bevy of giggling girls. When the fee is paid the wizard pokes up one of the birds with a stick; it runs along the perch and picks out an envelope, pulling it with its bill, and the wizard hands it over to the girl, who, giggling more than ever, opens it to find the promise of a handsome husband, with wealth galore—and all for five cents.]



UNDER THE BEECHES.

Examining Nest of Red-Eyed Vireo.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, JAN. 10, 1892, BY W. P. DAVISON, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

### "Under the Beeches."

THIS refreshingly cool winter scene should be acceptable in sultry July. The portrait is of our valued contributor "J. L. D.," whose frequent notes on bird life add to the interest of these columns, and whose story of a visit to "the old home" in our issue of May 12 will be recalled with pleasure. Mr. Davison tells us that he was "taken" all unconsciously by his son, and a most charming picture was the result, to be added to the FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection.

### A Quail-shooting Club.

WE have been shown the details of the plan proposed by the advertiser of quail shooting this week, and it appears to afford an unusual opportunity to make sure of excellent sport at a nominal outlay. The certainty of a plentiful supply of game appears to be assured by the project, which is, for that reason, well worth investigation.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—IV.

### GREEN LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### The One Lone Bass of Green Lake.

WE were up next morning before the sun, and on the water soon after—Sam and Charley in the skiff, Harry, Gooder and Kelpie in the Traverse boat, while I went it alone, the Masons having gone home the night before with a promise to come back next evening to see "what luck," and the Colonel still holding to his determination not to wet a line till a bass was brought in.

I pulled out for the point below on the further side of the lake, the other two boats going across to the rush-grown bar and around into the deep bay at the extreme further side of the upper arm of the lake, a part of the upper waters that they had been over only once the day before.

The lake was quiet except for a gentle ripple on the water, and I expected to get a bass or two at the point; but I fished patiently all around it for two hours without a solitary bite, and I was glad old Sam was not in hailing distance.

I pulled across to the further shore—the lake was narrow here, a matter of forty rods wide—and fished awhile along the bulrushes in shallow water with the same results as on the other side.

Tired of sitting in the boat, I went ashore and walked back to a farmhouse, a quarter of a mile from the lake, and bought a couple of pounds of home-made butter, which I carried back to the boat in a small tin lard pail furnished by the good housewife.

While she was getting the butter ready I tried to scrape an acquaintance with a big savage-tempered pup—a cross between a Newfoundland and a mastiff—chained to a small dog house in the yard, but the attempt was a total failure. I evidently didn't remind him of any one he had ever been introduced to, as he came near strangling himself in his efforts to break the chain and get at me to "chaw me up into sassige." He barked and choked and growled savagely by turns and surged at the chain at every move I made, and all my arguments to convince him he was making a show of himself were wasted. I would have given a dollar of our daddies for a chance to knock the conceit out of the vicious cuss with the swipe of a good peeled elm club, but at the same time I was glad the chain had no weak links in it, else I would have had to "tree" on mighty short notice.

Back at the boat I shaded my butter in the bow with some willow boughs and pulled across to the point, where I put in another hour trying to make the acquaintance of some stray bass or pickerel, but it turned out like the attempt to make friends with the big pup.

I went on down the lake, fishing carefully over all the good-looking water till near the mouth of the trout stream, and not caring to try that again, crossed over and fished up the opposite shore for a mile, crossed back and fished around the point some more, and then around into the bay at the head of the lake, and around the long sandbar and across to camp as the long shadows began to creep out on the water without once hearing a click from the reel that could by any stretch of the imagination have been caused by a fish during the whole unsatisfactory cruise, although I had tempted and persuaded them with minnows, frog and spoon.

Two days of patient, careful fishing without a symptom of a nibble was a backset to my pride as a bass fisher that tempted me to smash the faithful old rod across my knee, cut a pole in the "bresh," and tie on a piece of the flag halliards for a line and start in anew to learn it all over again.

I made up my mind that I was mistaken about the bass congregating in the pool below the chute in the spring or at any other time; I was done with Green Lake at all events and ready to break camp at the faintest suggestion.

The other two boats were in with another assorted lot of goggle-eyes and bluegills, and as I climbed the bank old Sam rubbed it in on me with—

"He didn't ketch a single bass,
Nor nary pick-er-el."

But Sam had really hooked a bass, a small-mouth, a 3-pounder, the lone bass of Green Lake, and lost him. In relating the unusual episode he wound it up with, "He sailed out o' the water a couple o' foot high an' when he lit into it agin, with the hook still a holdin', I thought sure he was my meat, but he made a streak for the grass, an' before I could git in the slack o' the line he was teetotally tangled up in the weeds, an' all the pullin' I could do didn't budge him. Charley backed the boat over the place where the line was fast an' I jest pulled on the durned thing till it broke, an' then my heart dropped down into my nigh shoe, for I wanted that bass worse 'n the boy did the woodchuck. I reckon he was the last o' the tribe in Green Lake, fur that was the only bite any of us got all day, 'ceptin' o' them ornery red-eyes and bluegills, which they ain't no 'count no how."

#### How Green Lake was Ruined.

When we had staked out our claims around the campfire after supper, with Kelpie in the chair, it didn't take long to vote Green Lake a full-sized failure as far as the fishing in it was concerned.

Aleck, who was present, admitted that he had not fished the lake for four years, but he had advised us to come there believing that it was as good as when he last fished it. He had overlooked the fact that the year before there had been two railroads built that passed near it, the Chicago and West Michigan within a mile and a half and the Manistee and Northeastern, that ran between Green and Duck Lakes, not more than twenty rods from our camp, crossing the C. & W. M. at Interlochen, and he had not kept track of the spearing that had been done in it, as told us by a farmer who stopped at the camp for a few minutes' neighborly chat while on his way home from the village. He said that the railroad laborers, the villagers and the neighboring farmers had speared the lake the season before till there were no bass or pickerel left in it, or at least only a very few; that often from 10 to 15 "jack-lights" could be counted on the lake of a night, and that from 30 to 150lbs. of bass and pickerel—mostly bass —to the boat was about the run of the "kill" for the night; that he himself, with a partner to paddle the canoe, had killed with a spear 150lbs. of bass and pickerel in one night; and he added, "I 'low there wasn't more than 10 or 12 big pickerel among the whole lot."

And that guileless mossback stood up there with a spring-lamb-like look of innocence on his face and bewailed the scarcity of fish in Green Lake.

Of what use are fish laws in a locality like that? Had the goggle-eyes and bluegills not been too small for the spear they too would have been included in the general slaughter, and it was lucky for us that they were small fry, else our frying-pans would have given forth only the smell of pork, not counting the fleeting odor of the sixteen hapless trout.

It was no longer passing strange that six old bass fishers had fished the better part of three days and only struck one vagrant, lonesome bass, and lost him, which was a fitting wind up to our shattered dreams of sport. Old Sam shifted his stool a few feet out of the smoke and remarked with a solemnity befitting the occasion, "Bunkoed agin," and he about echoed the sentiment of the camp.

Aleck's glowing account of the fishing in the lake had proved, as Sam said, "powerful misleadin'," but we "held no skunner agin him" for it, neither against Postmaster Colbjornson, who had doubtless just waked up from a couple of years' nap when he wrote, "The fishing is immense, the finest lakes for fishing in the State of Michigan," etc.

#### Carp Lake is the New Hope.

Duck Lake, about a quarter of a mile from the camp, had doubtless been more industriously worked with the spear than Green Lake, as the upper end of it was only a short distance from the village. At any rate we had taken a dead-set against the region and it was decided not to waste any time investigating Duck Lake, although as viewed from the shore nearest camp it was larger, much richer in scenery around its shores and a more "fishy" looking body of water than the other. It only remained to decide between Platte Lake, about fifteen miles west nor'west of us, and the upper waters of Carp Lake, nine or ten miles northwest of Traverse City, where we had camped the year before.

Carp Lake was the choice without much discussion because we knew the water and the fishing, which, if not the very best, was yet "good enough for the Joneses," and we would be near the best of neighbors who would be glad to welcome us back, and we could get boats without any trouble, to say nothing of the good things brought to us in the shape of vegetables, milk, butter, eggs, a chicken or two when we hankered after pot-pie, a quarter of Uncle Jimmy Nolan's unapproachable mutton whenever we felt "sheepish," "lashin's o' rozberries," and so on—all at prices so surprisingly low to us "city fellers" that it seemed like giving them away.

We would go back to Carp Lake and make our camp at some pleasant spot along its familiar shore and feel that we were again with an old friend. We would float and fish, and dream and idle away the sunny days on its bright waters, and be soothed to sleep by the plash of the waves on the beach as a child by the voice of its mother.

Again we were living in the pleasures of anticipation.

Aleck was to send over the wagon by 8 or 9 o'clock next morning for the first load, and the last was to be ready in time to reach the station for the 12:05 P. M. train to Traverse City.

Before breaking up next morning Harry took a few snap-shots at the camp with his Kodak, a copy of which he furnished each of the party after we returned home, and that is about all we have left (and about all we want) to keep the remembrance of Green Lake green in our memories.

On top of the last load the big boat was hoisted and tied fast, and when a hundred yards or two in the woods the wagon was stopped and we climbed on top, except Harry, who took a "pot shot" at us with the Kodak, which he afterward christened "yachting in the woods."

The wagon kept on down the road and we cut through the woods to the railroad track to walk to town, leaving Green Lake and its disappointments behind without a regret, although we had enjoyed the camp because it was a pleasant one.

There may have been hundreds of bass and pickerel, and a stray "muskylong" or two in the lake at the time, but they were not for us. It may be they were on a strike—albeit we felt "nary a strike" from any of them—or holding a mass meeting of three days' duration in some secluded bay to discuss the advisability of leaving a lake where everything in the shape of a man within miles of it was the owner of a spear; or it may be that we had forgotten our early training and failed to find out the kind of bait that would tempt their capricious or as Dick Mac says, their "facetious" appetites.

At any rate we got none of them, and we have been in some doubt since whether we were altogether in fault, or had been beguiled to a barren lake by a couple of guileless old fish liars for a little fun at our expense. If the latter, we "acknowledge the corn," but will keep our weather eye open hereafter for lee shores on "the best bass lakes in the State of Michigan."

As we strung out in single file along the hot, sand ballasted track, casting a glance now and then over toward Duck Lake, I think the only regret at leaving was, that we had not fished it a couple of days to see if there were any bluegills and goggle-eyes in it.

Some of the villagers had told us it was a better lake for fish than Green Lake, others that it was not nearly as good, but we were satisfied with our experience with the region and not in a mood to believe anything good of it. We had but a short time to wait for the train, long enough for Harry to arrange for shipping his boat back to Traverse City and to say good-bye to Aleck, who had come over to see us off. It may ease his mind, if he ever sees this, to know we found no fault with him. He had done the very best he could for us and was honest in his belief about the fishing in the lake, as it had been a few years before, and he had spent four or five days hunting boats for us and getting lumber and straw to the camping place, and the bill, including team work, was $16. We were satisfied and left him with kindly feeling and good wishes.

#### The Caravan Wends its Way toward Mecca.

Gooder had gone in on an early morning train to have a couple of wagons ready, so no time would be wasted in getting off for Carp Lake, for the camp had to be made before dark. The wagons were waiting, one a long-bodied lumber wagon that held all the calamities, the other a spring wagon with seats, and by 1 o'clock we were on the road, Harry and Gooder leaving us here, however, to take the steamer for Omena, with a promise to come over to camp in a few days; but they didn't come, which we laid to a "weakenin' o' the spine" on account of the experience at Green Lake.

A mile or so out of town we stopped at a little stream flowing into the bay a few rods from the road to eat a lunch, prepared before leaving Green Lake, which disposed of, the spring-wagon took the lead, and before 3 o'clock we were looking down on Carp Lake from the top of a hill with the site of our last year's camp in plain view over two miles away on the further shore, and we fancied we could see the inside of "Mother Nolan's" spring-house, nestling just below the dwelling house on the hillside, with its score or two of crocks and pans of sweet, cold milk and cream ranged in scrupulous order and neatness in the shallow, stone-lined basin, fed by a cold stream of purest water gushing out of the hill from under the very foundations of the house above. And we caught a glimpse, too, in our mind at least, of a big churn full of nectar fit for the gods, standing in one corner, and of divers rolls of hard, sweet butter in their snowy cloths, made by the hand of Mother Nolan herself, bless her gentle, kindly, motherly old heart.

All these good things and more we were reminded of, and our mouths watered, and we resolved that it would not be many days before we again saw the inside of that weather-stained old spring-house, to drink a health and long life to "Uncle Jimmy" Nolan, his good wife and their boys and girls for the kindness and neighborly feeling they had shown us the year before.

At the foot of the hill the road turned squarely to the right and led along down the lake shore, over a strip of lowland between the lake and the hills that would have been "bottom land" had the lake been a river. A pleasant drive of a couple of miles over an excellent road, at no time more than three or four rods from the beach, brought us in sight of a place we had selected the year before for a camp, should we ever visit the lake again.

It was in a small grove of young birches on a point overlooking the water from a height of 12 or 15ft., and only a short distance from a farmhouse standing a few rods back from the lake at the foot of the hill, near which a little clear cold stream flowed with ceaseless whimper into the lake, where we had often stopped to eat our noonday lunch and slake our thirst. A hundred yards off this point at the break of the sandy bar where the water suddenly deepened we had taken some very fine small-mouthed bass, some of near 5lbs., and we hankered after some more of the same hatching.

A couple of hundred yards, however, before we came to the farmhouse we noticed a spot on the bank of the lake that looked even more inviting for a camp than the birch point, and stopping the wagon the others waited while the Colonel and I walked down to the little grove to decide between the two places, either one of which was "good enough for the Joneses."

We found the point a trifle more rocky and lumpy than it had looked to us the previous summer, and although an excellent place for a camp we agreed that it "wasn't in it" with the other spot, and we have never regretted the choice, for we found it afterward to be the most perfect and comfortable camp we have ever had in all the years of our camping out.

The little village of Bingham, with a big sawmill near by it on the lake shore, was only about three-quarters of a mile below, and as we could do nothing toward camp making till the slow-going lumber wagon arrived with the calamities, Charley and I prevailed on the youngster who had driven us out to drive down to the mill for some lumber that we would need for a table, etc., and we were back with it as the boys were unloading the last mess box from the wagon. It just then occurred to us that the owner of the land might object to us camping there, and I went to the house to ask permission, but finding no one around but a mean yaller dog with an evil eye that wouldn't let me come inside the fence without a "permit," I went back and we concluded to risk it anyhow and move afterward if we had to.

As we were putting the finishing touches on the first tent our neighbor came up from the house—a pleasant old German who seemed to have spent a good many years in a fruitless effort to get the best of the American language, and when we had introduced ourselves and our wishes, permission was cheerfully given to camp there "yust so long what you like," adding, in his best American, "You make some company mit me, don't it?" Had he any straw in his barn? "No straw," and the only man he knew in the neighborhood who had any lived about three miles below Bingham. Would he hitch up his team (our teamsters had fulfilled their contract and started on their return) for a consideration and go after a load? He would, and Barney was detailed to go along in order to get back the sooner. Then camp-making began in earnest.

KINGFISHER.

## Game Bag and Gun.

*New Editions: The Gun and its Development, $2.50. The Modern Shotgun, $1. For sale at this office.*

### Iowa Prairie Chicken Grounds.

ALGONA, Iowa, July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In two months' time the prairie chicken crop will be fit for use. The rains have destroyed some of the young birds, but we have had no spring prairie fires to destroy the nests, so that taking everything into consideration I think prairie chicken shooting will be fairly good. I have talked with many farmers and they all say that there are a great many young birds. We are trying to stop all violations of our game laws; and if all the clubs take hold and work, there will be but little shooting out of season. The farmers in this section like to see game laws enforced, and are ready to lend a helping hand.

I receive many letters every week from sportsmen wishing to know where they can find chicken shooting. I know of no better place than the northern part of this county. Sportsmen can find hotels at Birt, Bancroft, Ledyard and Elmore.

Our lakes, rivers and sloughs are full of water, and I see no reason why our fall duck shooting should not be good.

JOHN G. SMITH.

## A DAY WITH THE GROUSE.

ON one of those clean, northerly, transparent November mornings, when the elfin frost sketchers had left the tops of the kitchen window panes sufficiently clear to give an impressionist effect of yellow sassafras leaves in the yard and embers of autumn over beyond upon the mountain side, John and I moved our creaky old-fashioned chairs up to the farmhouse table and fortified ourselves for the prospective hunt with hot buckwheat cakes and sausage gravy, with home-made sausages that had spluttered and burst in the frying-pan and then turned all crunchy when their insides had quickly browned, and finally, with a warmer of coffee containing blobs of real cream and uncertain sugar.

We were clad in stout canvas hunting suits, flannel shirts, thick hob-nailed brogans, and corduroy caps; and if any one doubted our intentions for the day they should have seen Don and Belle, the two setters, as they rapped the table legs with their tails, and poking their heads into our laps with impatient whines looked up with that intense expression that one sees when the dog realizes that his master is all ready for a hunt. Honest old Foghorn, the hound, sat in drop eared dignity with bowed head near the stove, looking at us occasionally out of the corners of his eyes and hoping that he would be invited to follow, but knowing full well that when we were out after grouse it was his day to remain at home. One who has not lived and loved with well-bred dogs cannot appreciate their keen perceptions and their quick divination of many of the master's thoughts and intentions. The ordinary observer would have said that Foghorn did not care to go with us on that day, and that the other dogs were wistful because such was their habit, but not a word had been spoken, and they all judged of our plans for the day from something in our manner that the gift had not been given us to realize ourselves. Dogs seem to see the ill-defined nebulæ of thought and have their deductions all made while the philosopher is waiting for something more definite; and although the quickness of their conclusions is antagonistic to good analyses of our motives, they turn at each limitation of knowledge to a friendly supposition, and it is with a wag of the tail instead of a growl that they await further information. So that as we become more familiar with philosophers' ways we find a little more yet to appropriate from our setters.

But this is digression. We were not out of the door before Don and Belle had bounced through ahead of us, and the frightened hens about the stone steps ran and flew ca-dark-ut-ing in great confusion back to the barnyard and over the fence into the orchard. A chilly crow unhunched himself from a frosty rail and flopped heavily along over the field of corn shocks and ungathered pumpkins, and out of the stiff frozen grass fluttered a few belated white-throated sparrow as we rustled noisily along through the windrows of dead leaves in the path. High up on the hill tops the sun was just beginning to mingle with the few brilliant leaves that still clung to the maples, and down in the valley a line of haze above the dark hemlocks marked the course of the stream that had been so interesting to us in the trout season. It was a rough climb through the woods to the upper grounds where we intended to hunt, and the air was provocative of such energetic movements that we were in a glow when the high levels and the morning sunshine was reached. Away to the right of us stretched a series of beech and chestnut ridges, with many acres of thick pines and hemlocks, while the edges of the woodland were lined with brushy lots, and patches of reddish buckwheat stubble here and there adjoined the saplings.

Festoons of grapevines hung from the hornbeams in the gullies, and the ground in many places was thickly carpeted with wintergreens and princess pine. In the debris of the very first crumbling log we found a group of four wallow holes and a loose grouse feather that looked as though it had been recently shaken out. Neither Don nor Belle made any signs of game just there, but they ranged eagerly back and forth to the loose heaps of brush, through clumps of sapling pines and along the stump fence, until the rapid wagging of Don's tail as he hesitated for a moment in the cart path showed that a grouse had been along there that morning. For several minutes Don was busy in trying to determine the direction of the trail, but gradually becoming convinced he started off cautiously through the scrubby oak bushes with elevated nose and swinging tail. We could see his nostrils dilate and hear him snuffing, as with half-closed eyes his every energy seemed concentrated in the delicate effort of catching the floating scent. How lightly he stepped as he led us off toward a fallen tree top! And then he began to grow stiff legged, and stopped. His tail straight out: every muscle rigid: and his right foot lifted from the ground. Belle, seeing that he had found a bird, bounded up so hurriedly that the grouse rushed out and disappeared behind a pine before we could shoot. Out from under a scrub oak went another grouse, and neither of the guns happened to be ready.

It was necessary to call Belle in and scold her for being so careless, and her drooping ears and tail showed that her feelings were hurt more than they would have been if we had punished her. The direction that one of the birds had taken led us out to a sumac thicket on a knoll. Both dogs were making signs of game and trying to locate the grouse, when suddenly out of the ferns at my very feet burst a great gray cock and sprang whirring into the air, swishing the saplings with his wings and whisking a circle of loose brown leaves into the air of his wake. The instant that the gun stock struck my shoulder and the trigger was simultaneously and unconsciously pulled, the feathers flew in a puff, the powerful bird dropped headlong through a thorn bush, and struck the ground with a thump, leaving a few loose feathers hanging lightly among the twigs, while dried thorn leaves rattled down from limb to limb as they followed the bird. The empty shell in the gun was quickly replaced with a loaded one and Don was given the order to fetch. How proudly he came trotting toward us, tossing the prize upward in order to get a better hold as he ran, and at the same time being careful not to muss the feathers. His eyes were not for a moment taken from the limp grouse in my hand until its tail had disappeared in the capacious hunting coat pocket.

Along the edge of a buckwheat stubble both dogs worked ambitiously back and forth, following first one trail and then another until we were convinced that a whole covey of grouse had been gleaning there and that their tracks were so intermingled that the dogs had a difficult riddle to solve. We were making a wide detour of the field when it was noticed all at once that Belle was standing on a "dead point" at a small wisp of foxtail grass and ragweeds, and Don was a few yards away backing her. The idea that a grouse could hide in such cover without being visible seemed ridiculous, but we had entire confidence in the two mute authorities standing there so motionless in the stubble, and as I walked up to Don a grouse sprang like a new revelation out of the wisp and started off with plenty of room to gain all wished for headway. The first charge of shot loosened a couple of wing feathers and the second shot sent the bird bounding all in a bunch among the seedy ragweeds. Just then two more clucking and squealing grouse with spread tails and half opened wings unexpectedly appeared and ran straight toward me, mounting on wing so close that I could almost have touched them with the gun. Another one jumped from the wisp straight up high into the air, and a moment later two red fellows whirred away side by side low over the field. A volcano and earthquake of grouse! There I stood with unloaded gun and trying so hurriedly to get two cartridges into the breech that they would not have gone into a peck measure just then. If my efforts at being wise had ever been so severe and so energetic as my efforts to get those cartridges into the breech in time for a shot, the nineteenth century might have had its Plato.

One of the birds scudding down the wind past John suddenly folded itself up in mid air, and a long shot at another so surprised the bird that it wheeled and alighted in a hemlock at the edge of the field.

In brush lot and in bark slashing and from hilltop to swale we found grouse that day, and when in the long shadows of the thin sunlight on a cold-waxing autumn evening we reached the farmhouse and spread our birds out upon the woodshed floor, the dogs with ears full of burrs and memories replete with good deeds, curled up contentedly behind the stove for the night.

The cider in the blue pitcher that was set upon the table after supper helped to strengthen many of the weak points in the yarns of the old settler who had dropped in to tell us of the three coons that he had found in one tree that day, and Gran'ther Bradtree, leaning his sunken cheek on the trembling hand that balanced the cane against the arm chair, was encouraged to tell again such stories of his exploits in the good old days as are usually reserved for grandchildren and withheld from contemporaries.

I have seen the beds of Eastern princes, and the luxurious couches of Occidental plutocrats, but under the rafters of a farmhouse in western New York, where the mud wasp's nest answers for a Rembrandt and the cobweb takes the place of a Murillo, there is a feather bed into which the hunter who has killed a dozen ruffed grouse in the day softly sinks until his every inch is soothed and fitted, and settling down and further down into sweet unconsciousness, while the screech owl is calling from the moonlit oak and the frost is falling upon the asters, stocks may fluctuate and panic seize the town, but there is one man who is in peace.

DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS.



IN A JULY WOODCOCK COVER.

## OLD-TIME HUNTING IN OHIO.

Further extracts from the hunting diary of a well-known Ohio sportsman, extracted from the original manuscript for the FOREST AND STREAM by the late Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland. See issues of Jan. 22 and Feb. 13, 1891.

*Nov. 24, 1837.*—Having received an invitation to join a hunting party from Cleveland, who had camped in Russia Township, Lorain Co., Ohio, we accepted and started off at 8 A. M. in the stage and arrived at Amherst at 4 P. M.; taking it from Amherst we went to Burgess's House, four miles, where we stopped for the night. In the morning, getting one of the boys for a guide we went four more miles through the woods to the camp of the hunting party. None of the hunters were in camp when we arrived, but toward night they began to string in like bees to a hive. The party consisted of six in all, including myself. A turkey and one deer constituted the result of this, their first day's hunt. Suffering some from cold from sleeping in a tent, it was proposed that the whole party should devote the next day to backing in straw from Hi chcock's clearing, two miles away, and try to make our sleeping department more comfortable. Some went to work and cut down a large tree for back logs, while others fixed up puncheons around our camp or extended the blazings. A few days after two more hunters joined us, bringing with them tobacco, pipes, a large bag of hard bread and a two-gallon jug of brandy. This addition made eight in all for our party. Our fire arms consisted of eight rifles, six pistols, two of them rifle barreled.

Game was not very plenty at first, but having a good stock of provisions including sugar, codfish, etc.; we passed the time away very merrily. At the end of the week, our party having killed five deer, and the weather getting warm, we went to work and jerked them. The snow having all gone and rainy weather setting in, we had no success in hunting for several days, but with our jerked venison and occasionally a turkey or partridge, we fared well. Coming into camp one day we discovered that a hound belonging to one of the party had eaten up a large portion of our jerked meat. The aforesaid hound being in the habit of chasing deer continually, and spoiling our hunting, we after a short consultation decided he should die. We drew cuts which of us should kill him. The lot fell to X. He led the hound off into the woods; shortly we heard the report of his rifle and the loud yelping of the hound. A few minutes later the hound, all covered with blood, came rushing into camp. We both sprung for our rifles, but getting mine first I shot him down. We then carried him into the woods and secreted him in a large fallen hickory tree top. X. said that when he raised his gun to shoot his heart failed him, and so he made a bad shot. We kept the affair an inviolable secret from the rest of the party, so it was generally supposed the dog had strayed off or gone home.

At this time a light snow fell, but in less than twenty-four hours turned to rain, and though still-hunting was bad we never lack for deer, turkeys and numerous lesser game in camp. It so continued rainy weather more or less for the next week, and no prospects for snow, discouraging many of the party. The result was that most of them left us for their homes, leaving myself and two others only in camp. We passed away our time pleasantly sitting around our camp-fire at night, smoking, discoursing about the part present and future, and recounting all little incidents in each other's history. Our camp was so far from any settlement no noise disturbed us, and the stillness of the forest was seldom broken at night save by hooting owls that had a fondness for our camp, or minor sound peculiar to the locality. Hunters from Wellington, Camden, Henrietta and other clearings near, often visit us, exchanged stories and news of the day and never departed without tasting and partaking freely of our camp hospitalities.

After living in camp by ourselves three weeks, (occasionally killing a deer or turkey, as our tastes demanded) with rain and warm weather continuing, one evening brought a change and fresh excitement in the almost every day routine, by the arrival of one of our hunters from Cleveland with the latest news. Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's day had all passed pleasantly, weather open and steamboats making their regular trips from Detroit to Buffalo and touching at Cleveland, on the route. This was Jan. 25. A little snow in the morning, but before noon it had all disappeared. Fate seems to be against us in regard to snow, we had had a glorious time all around, plenty of game to eat for the hunting of it. We were all stronger and in better health than when we

came into the woods, so it was voted on all hands to break the camp of 1837-38, and make for home, which was reached safe and sound in due time, partly by stage and partly by foot, as we came.

## INDIAN DOVE NOOSE.

GEYSERVILLE, Cal.—On the overland train going east, not long since, we had the pleasure of the companionship of one of the most ardent sportsmen that it has been our good fortune to meet for many a day. He hailed from Minnesota, the land of blizzards, and was on the way home from his first visit to our coast and fresh from a hunting trip among the Sierras, as well as from a raid upon the feathered denizens of the California tules. Being a born sportsman, a lover of nature generally, he was not long in discovering our weakness for the members of that persuasion, and he at once became an interesting traveling companion. Among other things, he was delighted with the coast scenery—particularly with Yosemite Valley—and enthusiastic in his praises of our State in general.

In relating some of the incidents of his trip, he referred to the unique manner in which the Indians of Tulare county capture turtle doves. Armed with a neat little device in the shape of a horsehair slipnoose fastened to the end of a rod, the catcher would secrete himself in the foliage beside a spring where the little birds were in the habit of going for water, and while in the act of drinking, the noose was dexterously slipped over the little head and the victim quickly whisked out of sight. It was done so quickly that there was no chance for a flutter or commotion to frighten away the other birds, and the "native son" soon roped in as many as he wanted.

I have just been reading the interesting article by Edward A. Robinson, in a recent FOREST AND STREAM, "On the Pampas of Entre Rios," and I notice that his scheme for capturing partridges in South America is somewhat similar to the Indian method of capturing doves, mentioned above. MARION.

### Freaks of Bullets.

WHILE shooting my .22cal. Ballard the other day, and adjusting my Lyman sights for shooting cats at 15ft. or thereabouts, I shot at the end of a stick of hard wood that was lying in a pile, and feeling a smart rap on my left side and seeing something drop, I stooped and picked up what was evidently a badly demoralized "long rifle" bullet. On examination I found my bullet had struck the lower side of the stick, gone diagonally through and made quite a dent in the side of another stick lying below and obliquely to it, and then around back, evidently to let me know that, if my sights were perfectly adjusted for 75ft., they threw lead too low at 15. Can "Podgers" tell me the wherefore of this? S. S. NORRIS.

### The Ideal Handbook.

THE Ideal Manufacturing Company of New Haven, Conn., is a progressive concern that aims at perfection in the manufacture of reloading tools, and is satisfied with nothing short of its ideal. Success, instead of assuaging, seems only to whet its appetite for improvement, and no wonder the company has made an enviable record, and intrenched itself in the hearts of shooters from Maine to Yubadam.

"The Ideal Handbook of Useful Information to Shooters" is a valuable little book published by this company, which will be sent free to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

# Natural History.

## BIRDS AND BONNETS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I pity that indiscreet contributor of yours, who spells his name with a big, big P. He hardly has time to pull his foot out of one scrape before he puts it into another. Some time ago he got to tampering with women's hair, and as might have been expected, it didn't take them long to go for his. He says, "Ask her to wear her hair some other way that may be much more becoming; do you think she will do it?" Well, no. I tried that when I was younger; but this court wont do it again if she knows herself, and I should think the aforesaid P. was old enought to know better than to meddle with female fashions.

A young lady at my present resting place indignantly denies that women are any longer at the bottom of this needless bird slaughtering business. She says that nearly all women who have souls worth saving have joined the Audubon Society, and scarcely a bird is worn in bonnets now.

If this is true I may yet die happy. I am a sportsman, but this bloody business has made me miserable for many a weary year.

In Florida, where I eat my daily bread, the slaughter has been frightful. I have heard men, who claim to be sportsmen, tell of shooting into a tree where egrets collect by hundreds to roost, and then in the morning picking up those that had attractive plumage and leaving the rest to rot. Now, I believe when such fellows die, their souls, if they have any, will be kept in a state of miserable unrest for several eternities by the screams and flutterings of birds that they have slain in wanton barbarity.

In Brazil a great part of the revenue is derived from the skins of humming birds and other birds of plumage, millions upon millions of the lovely little creatures being killed to decorate the hats of the tender-hearted ladies, who would hardly tolerate the presence of a man who would brutally treat a dog or cat. These little innocent creatures are in their finest plumage during the nesting season, and when the old birds are killed the young ones must, of course, die a miserable death by starvation.

Now, if the women who thoughtlessly give encouragement to this hellish torture could be brought to the point of thinking on the matter, the revenue of Brazil would be seriously diminished. DIDYMUS.

### A Feathered Cut-Throat.

MY cousin Sam, who lives in Beyroo, says that there is a pigeon hawk in Syria which kills pigeons by cutting their throats with its sharp bill as they fly. It gives a swoop, a quick dart, and presently there is a tumble. The pigeon is picked up with a gash across its throat.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

## RARE BIRDS' NESTS.

WE are permitted by the recipient to publish extracts from a private letter written by Mr. H. Austen of Halifax, N. S., to Dr. Elliott Coues. The notes are of great interest to ornithologists. It will be remembered that in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 26, 1891, we published a figure of the nest of the ruby-crowned kinglet from a specimen taken by Mr. Austen. This, if we recollect aright, was the first figure of the nest of this species ever published.

In his letter to Dr. Coues, dated June 27, Mr. Austen says:

"It has occurred to me that you might be interested in the following note about 'ruby' kinglets, as your Key to North American birds says 'eggs unknown.' I think I was the first to discover the nest and eggs of this bird. On the 5th of this month I found a female ruby that had just begun to build her nest. On the 6th all the outside was complete, on the 9th she was carrying feathers to line the inside, and on the 18th I examined the inside and found it to contain one egg. I looked at it again on the 24th, and as it still held only the one egg, and as the female did not show up and the egg was cold and inside of the nest damp, I knew she had deserted it. Hearing the male about I went to work and in one hour and ten minutes had the new nest, which contained six eggs. I left it until the 26th, and it still holding the same number I knew the set was complete and so took it.

"Now to-day I was out again, and hearing the male about the same place I spent part of the day in the vicinity and saw the female carrying material for another nest, and after a time I succeeded in locating the bough on which she has commenced to build her third nest for this month. I watched her come to the place three times, and can just make out with my glasses that the nest is started, and when it is complete and eggs are all laid I will take it. Is this not something remarkable and worth knowing?

"I have taken 5 nests of the bay-breasted warbler this month; 3 ruby kinglet, 2 with 6 eggs each and 1 with 10; 1 nest of the Nashville with 5 eggs; 1 nest of olive-sided flycatcher with 3 eggs; 1 nest of Canada jay (last April) with 2 eggs, and many others beside. H. AUSTEN."

# Sea and River Fishing.

## IZAAK WALTON.

With thee to trudge up Totnam Hill
That summer morn so cool and still,
When smiling in the early day
Around the peaceful landscape lay,
The humble cot in vale withdrawn,
The noble mansion on its lawn,
The village church whose taper spire
As index finger pointed higher,
The whistling plow-boy far afield,
And distant rivers scarce revealed,
I think as in thy book I read,
I should have liked it well indeed;
To listen to the homely talk
That still beguiled the tiresome walk,
Of scaly wonders of the flood
From Pliny and Dubartas good,
And texts with holy meaning fraught
In plenty from the Scriptures brought,
And legends, too, of pious men
Who loved to angle through the glen,
More pleased the speckled trout to hook
Than ponder o'er some ancient book,
To harken as thou didst rehearse
Sir Henry's or sweet Herbert's verse,
I think as in thy book I read
I should have liked it well indeed;
For such the talk with which the way
Thou didst beguile that summer day,
While pleased Viator,* led along
By holy text and fragrant song,
Forgot the dust and growing heat
As on he pressed with willing feet,
Till in surprise at length he sees
The "Thatcht House" shining through the trees,
Its swinging board the sign of rest
And comfort for the welcome guest,
Where in a brimming cup of ale
He reads the moral of the tale.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

* The first edition of "Walton's Compleat Angler" opens with but two interlocutors, *Piscator* and *Viator*.

## NEW ENGLAND FISHING.

THE trout fishing season has proved to be a most singular one thus far, especially in northern New England waters. Early in the season the water was unusually low, the melting of the snows in April and May not bringing the Maine lakes and streams nearly up to high water mark. Indeed at the time of the ice leaving the Sebago, the Rangeleys and Moosehead those waters were the lowest ever known at that season. This was generally unfavorable to trout and salmon fishing, though many fair catches were made. But later the tables have turned. From a very dry April and May there has followed a June noted for its rainfall. For twenty days in Maine it actually rained some part of the twenty-four hours, while for ten full days and nights it rained all of the time. This was followed by a perfect flood of rain the last days of June and the first of July, till by that time the lakes and streams the most noted for fishing were the highest ever known. Old guides said that they had never before seen the Rangeley Lakes so high as they were on the last days of June. The rivers have been running full banks, and the smaller streams have overflowed their banks. At the Upper Dam and Middle Dam, Rangeley Lakes, the gates had to be started, the water being above the danger line. All this has been ruinous to fly-fishing.

Some of the papers, which make it a business to habitually lie on this subject and always represent the fishing good at the points they are the most desirous to boom, have told fish stories this season the same as ever. But in spite of such stories, fly-fishing has been unusually poor. A party of expert fly-fishermen returned last week from Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, where they had been spending a couple of weeks. They tried the fishing faithfully every day, when it did not rain so hard as to preclude the getting out of doors, even clad in rubber coats and boots, and they found it difficult to get trout enough for the table. They caught nothing above 1½lbs. in weight. The water ran roily and spring high into the Richardson Ponds and all the streams where they tried to fish. This party was composed of Mr. C. S. Robertson, city auditor of Somerville; J. F. Wellington, of the Boston Coal Trade; J. S. Murphy, superintendent of Stickney, Poor & Co.'s spice works, and John J. Vaill, of Somerville. These gentlemen came back pleased with the rest they had had, but their fly-fishing was a failure. They tried at the Upper Dam several times, but without success.

A party consisting of H. H. Haskell, son of E. B. Haskell, one of the senior proprietors of the Boston *Herald*; H. C. Moffitt, R. D. Ware, S. A. Lord and C. B. Ashendent, have recently returned from Allerton Lodge, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, where they had been stopping for several weeks. They too found the weather noted only for the continuous rain and very poor fishing. Mr. Ashendent is credited with a 6lb. trout, however, by the papers, but the paper story remains to be confirmed by some member of the party. It is a remarkable fact that these later fishermen to return report that the black flies have been less troublesome than usual this season, notwithstanding the wet weather, which is usually favorable to their growth and increase.

Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, is an angler, and he is as popular among anglers as he is as the ruler of the Commonwealth. Lately he has had a new honor conferred upon him. He had good success with a peculiar fly at B Pond this spring, where he was the guest of Messrs. John and Bayard Thayer. The fly was a suggestion of Senator Simpkins, a companion angler with the Governor. It has the body of a silver-doctor, the wings of a professor, with brown hackle under feathers and a red tail. Messrs. Dame, Stoddard & Kendall have lately been making the fly, and at the suggestion of Mr. J. Otis Wetherbee, another companion angler of the Governor, the fly is to be called the "Gov. Russell." Such a fly is likely to be heard from in the fall campaign.

Some of the Boston salmon anglers in Canadian and other waters are already returning, generally reporting very poor success. The streams have been greatly swollen by the very heavy rains, conditions decidedly against success in taking salmon with the fly. It is believed that the run of salmon is being a heavy one, the high water being favorable to their ascent of the rivers to their spawning grounds, though not favorable to angling. Besides, it is understood that the unusually high water in some of the salmon rivers has hindered the operations of the net fishermen.

July 3 and 4 was to have been pretty generally given over to bluefishing by a number of Boston anglers. Reports indicated that bluefish were plenty, especially off Nantucket, and a great fleet of boats was chartered for the days in question. The late trains on the Old Colony were pretty well crowded with sportsmen on the Saturday night of the 2d, and matters looked propitious for good fishing. Mr. Horace Cook, of the Boston grain trade, at the Chamber of Commerce made up a party of his friends consisting of Harry B. Moore, A. A. Keen, agent of Pillsbury's flour in Philadelphia, and Mr. F. W. Darling. They had a nice 32-ft. boat. They went down to Nantucket, where they arrived Saturday evening. The next morning there were some 20 boats, with crews and skippers all engaged, in Nantucket harbor, ready to go for bluefish. But the weather was bad. There was a heavy wind, with one of those peculiar fogs that make it dangerous going a dozen rods from land. Most of the parties refrained from starting out. But the Cook party, having an excellent boat with a captain and a mate, decided they would try to get around the point. They made good headway before the wind, but when the Point was reached the captain decided that it looked "too nasty" to venture out into the open sea. The boys were disappointed, for not a bluefish had they caught. But there was nothing for it but to beat back into the harbor. By this time the wind had increased almost to a gale. The captain suggested to the mate to put on his oil suit and take the helm while he donned his own oil clothing. They put the boat about, and the fishermen, who were not much used to rough salt water, soon began to appreciate the putting about and the difference between running before a heavy wind and beating against it. Though the mainsail was under three reefs, yet the boat careened so that she took barrels and almost hogsheads of water at every sea. It was necessary to pump constantly to keep the craft afloat. Added to the wetting was the fact of a terrible *mal de mer* that seized the poor landsmen. I asked Harry Moore if he was seasick. He answered, "Seasick! No. I was too frightened to be sick. Honestly I was never so scared in all my life. I want no more salt-water fishing; the inland lakes and ponds are good enough for me."

After beating for two or three hours the Cook party got back into Nantucket harbor, and the universal verdict was that no money would hire them to try it again in such weather. The other boat that ventured out had about as tough a time as did the Cook party. Very few bluefish were caught. On Monday, the Fourth, the wind again blew a gale from the northwest and fishing was almost an impossibility. Such is fisherman's luck.

SPECIAL.

### Colorado Trout.

CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD FIELDS, Colo., July 3.—I am not a subscriber in the full sense of the word, but have been a purchaser of it for many years past. Being a miner, my occupation necessitates moving from place to place oftener than I would wish the address changed to reach me. It will be fifteen years this fall since I first beheld Old Sol rise over yonder mountain range. Since that time I have arrayed myself in raiments of buckskin, and with the ever trusty "Old Reliable" Sharp .45-90 have hunted all kinds of game to be found in the Rockies, sometimes being very lucky, at other times not so lucky. But of more recent years the study of geology has remained the foremost thought. I have just now come in, pick and shovel on shoulder and pan in hand, from a search for the yellow metal. At this season of the year Dame Nature (here in the mountains) is dressed in her loveliest of robes. Over on Ten-Mile trout are quite plentiful. A friend of mine went trouting there last week and had the pleasure of taking 32 fish. I will go and try my hand at the business, and if I have good luck will write you all about it, and if no good luck will write anyhow. BUCKSKIN HARRY.

## AMERICAN FISHERMEN IN CANADA.

AN unusually large number of American anglers are at present in Canada, both upon the salmon streams of the far east and the trout and ouananiche waters of the northern district of Quebec. On the Restigouche among other members of the Restigouche Salmon Club, Dean Sage of Albany and Mr. Caldwalder of New York and Colonel Cutting have done fairly well. Other members of the club now whipping the same waters are Arthur H. Weeks secretary, John S. Kennedy president and Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia. All report the fishing slightly better than last year. As a matter of fact, the shipments of salmon from the Restigouche this year exceed by over a hundred boxes the shipments last year up to the same date. Robert Goelet and Stanford White the well known architect are fishing at Red Bank on the Restigouche, where the former in one day killed eight salmon averaging over 25lbs. each. Harry Hollins, Mr. Vanderbilt's broker, has done well at Brandy Brook, having killed thirteen fine fish in two days. The pools at Indian House are being successfully fished by Mr. James Breeze and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Purdy, Charles Fearling and Captain Emmet, all of New York. Rev. Dr. Rainsford has been fishing the Patapedia for nearly a month, and Camp Albany on the Restigouche has yielded some famous fish to Abraham Lansing of Albany and Dudley Olcott and C. H. Raymond of New York.

The American anglers who have thus far fished the Lake St. John waters this season are charmed with their success, especially with the ouananiche. The run of these fish into the Grande Discharge of Lake St. John during the last week or two has been unyrecedentedly large, Messrs. E. N. Coates and D. H. Coates, of the Springfield Fishing Club, took upward of a hundred pounds of fish in one day at the Discharge at the end of June, and also report the trout fishing as excellent in their own lakes. Dr. J. Lundy, of Philadelphia, recently killed twenty-five ouananiche in one day, and Mr. and Madame Petit, of Paris, took sixty. Messrs. James Chamberlain and W. H. Mathews, of Rochester, are at the Alma Club on the Grande Discharge. Capt. Rose and the Lady Cecil Rose, of London, the latter a daughter of the Earl of Cathcart, are making a long stay in the Lake St. John district, and are at present fishing the splendid ouananiche waters of W. A. Griffiths, Esq., in the Grande Discharge, where some of the grandest sport is had and the largest fish taken. The fish are here sometimes taken up to eight pounds in weight, and those of three and four pounds each are by no means uncommon. To take equally large fish in Mr. Beemer's waters, anglers should descend two or three miles below Scott's Camp. At present the fish take bright and large-sized flies, chiefly the professor, Jock Scott, silver-doctor, etc. Soon they will require much smaller flies of the same character or darker hues, and will probably be easily seduced by the B. A. Scott, a new fly tied in close imitation from samples of flies taken last season in July and August from the stomachs of ouananiche and supplied by Mr. B. A. Scott, the manager of the hotels and fishing grounds at Roberval and the Grande Discharge.

Among others who have recently passed through Quebec on their way to the Grande Discharge are Messrs. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse; E. H. Curtiss, Dr. Paul F. Mundé and Dr. B. H. Wells, of New York, and Mr. Nowell, of the Boston & Maine Railway—all of them, with the exception of Mr. Nowell, old-time fishers of the ouananiche.

In Lake Edward there have recently been some magnificent catches of red trout. J. U. Gregory, Esq., recently took a beauty nearly 6lbs. in weight, and has splendidly preserved the skin. His nephew, Mr. Van Felson, took on Monday last a number of handsome specimens in the St. Anne River, from the preserve of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club, up the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, and that notwithstanding the constant rain of the last few weeks, which has swollen the rivers enormously. Two of these trout weighed respectively 2¾ and 5lbs. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC CITY, July 7.

## SALE OF TROUT IN CLOSE SEASON.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Mr. W. L. Gilbert, in his reply to me in your issue of July 7, appears to labor under the hallucination that I will have my "hands full in preventing the sale of cultivated trout in Connecticut at any season of the year either dead or alive." Probably I have had more experience in prosecuting illegal trout fishermen and illicit dealers in trout than Mr. Gilbert's "Connecticut attorney" ever did. I have never as yet failed to convict all persons found violating Connecticut's "modified" (so called) law. I fully understand how tenaciously some cling to the proviso in our law which reads:

That any person may take trout in waters owned by him for the purpose of stocking other waters, or take and sell any trout reared in such waters.

Undoubtedly Mr. Gilbert catches at the ellipsis in the above quoted proviso. To understand the fish laws of this State one needs to read more than one section. I beg to call attention to Revised Statutes, 1888, Section 2,525, which reads:

Nothing in this chapter [Fishing in Ponds, Reservoirs and Streams] shall prevent the Fish Commissioners, or any person authorized by them, from taking fish at any time and place, and as they choose, for the purpose of science and of cultivation and dissemination.

Now I claim that without one of these permits no person can legally sell trout in the close season. I am ready to try conclusions with Mr. Gilbert's "Connecticut attorney" to test my claim.

The courts would construe the statute quoted by Mr. Gilbert in accordance with the legislative intent; since it is always to be presumed the Legislature designed the statute to take effect, and not to be a nullity.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 9. A. C. COLLINS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Disappointed in his efforts to legalize in Massachusetts the sale of artificially reared trout during the months of January, February and March, Mr. Gilbert has applied to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia for information about the law governing the sale of trout in this District, and has been told that there is no law relative to the sale of brook trout. It was incorrectly stated that only about 100lbs. of brook trout per annum reach the city. It is true the markets have a very small lot of trout, but the large clubs and hotels receive the fish in large quantities from private preserves and distant markets. "There is no prohibition of hook and line fishing within the limits of the District at any season of the year," says the *Book of the Game Laws.* It would appear, therefore, that any kind of game fish can be lawfully sold in its spawning season. This is only one of the many signs of a benighted understanding among the District's lawmakers, and only here and in similar fossilized communities can the sale of unseasonable fish and game go unpunished.

Anglers' fishes in Washington comprise a goodly list in the markets during April, May and June. The inspector of marine products reported the arrival at the river front of weakfish (called sea trout), croakers, bluefish (called tailors), white perch, yellow perch, striped bass, flounders, spots, Spanish mackerel, carp, scup (called porgies), sheepshead, drum, pike and black bass. He might have added many other names, but these will serve to show how extensively the game fishes figure in the city's food supply. Only two black bass found their way to the market, but hundreds of the spawning fish were caught and eaten. FARIO.

WASHINGTON.

## SOUTH SIDE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.

FROM the twenty-sixth annual report of the committees of the South Side Sportsmen's Club, of Long Island, we find that the membership now numbers 100, which is the limit of the organization. The officers for the ensuing year are: Roland Redmond, Pres.; W. Bayard Cutting, Vice-Pres.; George P. Slade, Treas.; Francis O. deLuze, Sec'y; George G. DeWitt, Counsel. The four honorary members of the club are: William H. Furman, William Nicoll, James Benkard and Samuel Shaw.

The record book of the club shows 5,862 trout killed last year. "The brook fishing was excellent up to the close of the season, showing the wisdom of employing the game keepers or wardens, as only three years ago there was strong evidence of the stream having been netted." A large amount of woodland was cleared without improving the shooting. Many coveys of quail were raised, but owing to the drought they concealed themselves in inaccessible covers. Deer have increased on the property. Twenty-two were killed at and near the boundary fence.

Owing to ill health Supt. James P. Swain was forced to resign, and J. Brian Foulke was appointed in his stead.

In the fish preserves, during some necessary repairs, eels entered and proved very destructive to the young trout. One eel was killed containing 42 fry. By these depredations the stock of fry was reduced to 7,000, and it became necessary to buy 20,000 from the Tuxedo Club. In order to keep out these marauders concrete floors are being laid in the preserves. In the upper brook 3,213 trout were killed averaging in weight 3⅝oz. The average of the other 2,649 trout was 12½oz. Of the 192 rainbows killed the heaviest weighed 3lbs., 12oz.

"Of late years the number of large fish taken from the pond has been small, and upon examining the reports it was found that since three-year-old fish have been turned out instead of two-year-olds, the fishing in these waters has declined. It has now been decided to turn out mainly two-year-olds, keeping only about 1,200 until three years old. These will be put out for the early fishing. Experience has shown that after natural food becomes plenty, the old fish are hard to lure with artificial fly.

The members of the fish committee are Roland Redmond, John G. Heckshcr and George P. Slade. To the report of the committees are appended the charter, constitution, by-laws and fishing rules of the club, the rules of the executive committee and the special provisions of the new game code of 1892, Art. VII., relating to Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties and Long Island Sound.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FISHING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I see in your issue of June 23 Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, of San Francisco, sees fit to criticise my letter of April 7, and to make many erroneous statements regarding the same. If Mr. Wilson is capable of reading a letter intelligently, and will refer to my letter, he will note that I referred to the trout fishing in this State as being good. I am familiar with and have fished in some of the northern streams Mr. Wilson mentions, but have yet to find a better stream for trout than the San Gabriel. To be sure many fishermen would not come south so far to find trout, and no more would the angler here journey to the "northern citrus belt" for that purpose. My letter was meant to give the most convenient places where the fishing was good, and not out-of-way places like Tahoe, Donner, Independence, the Klamath, etc., which are practically out of the State. Mr. Wilson mentions some places where I do not think there are any better fish than catfish, and the statement made by me that the fresh-water fishing in the Eastern and Southern States is far superior to the fishing here, and that practically trout were the only fresh-water variety worth angling for here, remains a fact despite Mr. Wilson's numerous doubts.

I brought a fine rod with me when I came to this State ten years ago, and after spending a small fortune in tips and repairs, I now leave it at home when I go fishing, and take a couple of light bamboo poles. If Mr. W. will refer to my remarks about the purchase of tackle, he will see it referred to salt-water, and it is a fact, as any one who will investigate will find, that it is impossible to get a fine salt-water outfit—such as one will find at Mills or Vom Hofe's—in this State. Therefore I say, bring your salt-water fishing tackle with you.

Speaking of large trout, one was caught in the Bear Valley Lake weighing 12¾lbs. This trout was on exhibition in Los Angeles last year, and on its bed of ice looked very handsome and tempting. I believe Gus Knecht of the Bear Valley Hotel caught it.

In conclusion I will say whatever I write is the result of practical experience, and solely hoping to be of use to some brother sportsman. C. B. WILLIS.

ALHAMBRA, Cal., June 29.

### In the Great Back Bay.

ST. ALBANS, Vt.—Lake View House.—In July: One boat—32 wall-eyed pike, 3 Northern pike and 7 bass. One boat—37 wall-eyed pike, 1 mascalonge, 9½lbs. One boat—20 bass, 1½lbs. to 3½lbs. One boat—13 bass and 13 wall-eyed pike. All boats catching other small fish. Fishing good. H. L. SAMSON.

## THE ANGLING EXHIBIT.

Now that the exhibition space in the building for the Angling Exhibit at the World's Fair is nearly all allotted to manufacturers and dealers in fishing tackle, it is in order to notify the anglers of the United States and Canada that they can contribute very materially to this exhibit. Individual anglers and angling clubs can furnish various articles that will add much to the completeness and attractiveness of the display, in the way of paintings, drawings and photographs of fishing scenes, club houses, landscapes, etc., fish specimens, articles of tackle, etc., which can be utilized in decorating the screens and walls. It is hoped and urged that almost every angler will contribute something to this display. A single article from each angler would form an aggregation that would be both unique and novel, and one that could not fail to be exceedingly interesting to all who love the fisher's art.

At the Piscatorial Exhibition, held Feb. 18 to March 5, 1892, at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London, there were nearly 2,000 entries by anglers and angling clubs, consisting of paintings, photographs, drawings, fish specimens, articles of tackle, etc., and it seems to me that American anglers should do as much for the great World's Columbian Exposition and make this feature of it a truly representative one.

The classification of the Exhibit is as follows:

*Group 39.—Angling Exhibit.*

CLASS 242.—History and Literature of Angling.
- Section 1.—Books, periodicals, poems, etc.
- Section 2.—Paintings, drawings, engravings, photographs, maps, etc.
- Section 3.—Anglers' trophies, medals, prizes, etc.
- Section 4.—Mounted fishes, fish skins, fins, earbones, etc.

CLASS 244.—Salmon Rods and Salmon Tackle.
- Section 1.—Salmon rods.
- Section 2.—Salmon reels.
- Section 3.—Salmon lines.
- Section 4.—Salmon flies, leaders, etc.
- Section 5.—Gaffs, butt-rests, bags, etc.

CLASS 245.—Rods, Reels and Tackle for Bass, Trout, Pike, etc.
- Section 1.—Bait rods, fly rods, trolling rods, etc.
- Section 2.—Materials and mountings for rods.
- Section 3.—Multiplying reels, click reels, automatic reels, etc.
- Section 4.—Reel fittings, reel fastenings, etc.
- Section 5.—Fishing lines; braided, twisted, laid, etc.
- Section 6.—Materials and dressings for lines, etc.
- Section 7.—Fish hooks of all kinds, unmounted.
- Section 8.—Fish hooks, snelled and mounted, gangs, etc.
- Section 9.—Artificial flies and materials.
- Section 10.—Silkworm gut, leaders, snells, gimp, etc.
- Section 11.—Artificial minnows, insects, etc.
- Section 12.—Trolling baits, spoons, spinners, squids, etc.
- Section 13.—Sinkers and swivels, all kinds.
- Section 14.—Floats, furnished lines, etc.
- Section 15.—Minnow seines, nets, traps, etc.
- Section 16.—Landing nets, net rings, gaffs, etc.
- Section 17.—Creels, baskets, bags, live nets, etc.
- Section 18.—Minnow buckets, crates, bait boxes, etc.
- Section 19.—Rod cases, reel cases, butt rests, rod holders, etc.
- Section 20.—Tackle boxes, tackle books, fly books, leader boxes, etc.
- Section 21.—Insect repellers, fly oil, fly cream, head nets, etc.
- Section 22.—Tools, pliers, knives, files, oilers, etc.
- Section 23.—Miscellaneous articles, balances, disgorgers, stringers, clearing rings, drying reels, etc.
- Section 24.—Accessories; fly wax, dyes, varnishes, stains, waterproofings, etc.

CLASS 247.—Anglers' Apparel and Appurtenances.
- Section 1.—Hats, clothing, wading pants, boots, shoes, etc.
- Section 2.—Filters, cups, flasks, etc.

CLASS 248.—Anglers' Camp and its Outfit.
- Section 1.—Tents, portable houses, camp furniture, hammocks, cooking utensils, pack baskets, canned food, lamps, etc.
- Section 2.—Fishing boats, canoes, fish cars, etc.

I will take pleasure in furnishing blank applications for space, and all desired information as to details, etc., to all who will communicate with me.

JAMES A. HENSHALL,
In charge of Angling Exhibit.

No. 210 TENTH STREET, N. W., Washington, D. C.

### Fishing for Fun and Fishing for Money.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., July 4.—Trout fishing in all our streams this season shows a great improvement over former years, and numerous large ones, for our waters, have been taken.

I captured with fly in McElhattan last month a 15 and a 16in. trout weighing respectively 1¼ and 1½lbs.

We have a Fish and Game Protective Association, organized last spring, that is making great efforts to improve the fishing in our county and to compel the observance of the laws protecting fish.

It was reported that Clinton county applied for more trout fry this season than the whole State could furnish.

The greatest obstacle we have to contend with in replenishing our streams is market-fishing. Certain persons are on our trout streams night and day catching trout for sale to the saloons. They make a regular business of it throughout the entire season, and of course become very expert and successful in taking trout. They are bait-fishers. They are strongly suspected of using dynamite or other illegal devices to fill their baskets. They are the worst trout hogs we have—trout hogs for money. We want a law to prohibit catching trout for sale. T. M. C.

### Fishing Incidents.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Fishing Gazette* relates: "I had hooked and was playing a roach, when I saw hovering over it a kingfisher, which made a dash for the fish, but, striking the rod instead, fell partly stunned upon the water. I could have reached the bird with the net, but thinking it might recover, let it float away. All at once there was a rush, a swirl, up flew the water, and the kingfisher disappeared in the jaws of a pike."

In connection with the incidents of overboard hauling of fishermen by fish, noted by Mr. Cheney last week, read this from the Brownwood (Tex.) *Banner:* "Several parties were fishing in the Colorado River on the Brown county line a few days ago. One man left the party in a skiff to examine some set hooks. Not returning in due time his companions went in search of him. They found his empty skiff floating on the water. They then examined the hooks, and upon one they found a 125lb. catfish and their lost companion with the hook run through his hand. It is supposed the man had drawn the fish up and tried to take it off, but the fish in flouncing around had hooked his captor and dragged him under the water."

### Bluefish in Great South Bay.

THE first run of bluefish came into Great South Bay last week. Some of them weighed as much as 12lbs., and they were caught in large quantities near Sayville, Long Island.

## JUGGING FOR CATFISH.

AMONG the diverse modes of fishing in the great rivers of the Mississippi valley there is one that is known as jug-fishing or "jugging" but more properly float fishing, and is much in vogue with those who fish for recreation.

A dozen or more earthen jugs tightly corked, or blocks of wood, to which a baited line a few feet long is attached generally complete the outfit; but these make-shifts are clumsy and inconvenient and the better way is to secure the requisite number of air-tight tin cans four or five inches in diameter and twelve or fifteen inches long with a ring at one end to which the line or leader is attached. They are usually kept in stock where fishing tackle is sold, but can be made by any tinsmith. They should be painted white to prevent rust; and besides they are more readily seen in the water.

About two o'clock one warm afternoon of last August Harry and I loaded thirty-three floats (there's luck in odd numbers you know) in a light running skiff and pulled up the river about four miles to while away the afternoon and take in a few catfish. The river was smooth as glass, not a breath of air stirring, and o'd Sol was getting in his work as if it was his last chance for the season.

Coming to a suitable place we pulled across the river, throwing out the floats two or three rods apart with hooks baited with scraps of fresh meat from the butcher shop. We were "honin fur cat" and were coaxing them to leave the gravelly and muddy depths of the Mississippi to come up and take a bite.

The floats move off in line like a file of soldiers on parade. Now they break ranks, some lay behind, others advance. Some drift into shallow water and the lines drag the bottom. We row over to them, shorten the lines, examine the bait, and start them on their journey again. The floats in the eddies bunch up like a flock of teal as if in consultation, then they separate. Some swing off to the right, others to the left, others advance like skirmishers, and a few bring up the rear while the skiff floats silently a hundred yards behind.

"There's a bite!" Over to the extreme left a float goes down with a jerk and comes up with a jump; down it goes again, bobbety, bob, bob, now it goes up stream with a rush, then toward the bank. "It's a big one." Swiftly and quietly with muffled oars we pull over to interview him.

"Easy now, don't grip the line as if you were checking a lumber raft: take it between your forefingers and thumbs and pull him in gently; if he struggles turn him loose till his fight is over; the float will hold him. There, let him fret a little longer. Now try him again. Don't lift him out of the water for he may not be safely hooked."

The skiff is cautiously tipped until its edge is level with the water and he is floated in without a struggle. He's a "blue cat," a twenty-five-pounder if an ounce. He is dropped into the "live box" in the bow of the skiff; and the hook is baited and dropped overboard.

There's trouble with the lower float in the center of the current; it's spinning like a top but don't go under. "That's a little one, "a fiddler." Down we go to the front and take in a three-pounder, just enough for a good meal if you are really fish hungry.

The floats have now drifted to both banks and the line is three-fourths of a mile in length; but there is not a ripple on the water and you can see them without trouble.

"There's another bobble" near that tow head. He's lively but it's not a big one. He's moving down stream toward that drift pile." Then we row over and head him off and when his dance is done float him in, a good fifteen-pounder. This is safer than a landing net, for unless the fish is well hooked or completely tired out he is apt to plunge and you may lose him in the moment of victory.

We rest on our oars until the floats pass us, then we take our position in the rear again where we can overlook the scene of action.

Now we float a mile or more without a bite or nibble. "There's a float that seems to be sinking. I wonder if it leaks." It is still for a few minutes but slowly comes up again. "It's a turtle and you can bet your biggest fish he's stole your bait."

We drop quietly down and replace it and pick up a half dozen straggling floats and drop them noiselessly in deep water alongside an island and pull back to our position, to await results. On looking back there are but five floats in sight and away we go to see about it. But the missing float pops up suddenly as if to catch breath and down it goes again. In a few minutes it comes up thirty yards lower down.

"That's the biggest one yet and we mustn't lose him. He's too near the bank, he'll get fast in the willows and then good bye."

The boat is quietly backed down between the fish and the bank and by striking the water with an oar blade we drive him into safer quarters where he can take his time to finish the battle. When he got quiet down went the gunwale and we floated him in and took in several bucketfuls of water at the same time, but that is a small matter to a fisherman.

This was the biggest fish we caught and I will not say how much it weighed lest some of your readers might say it was a fish story and wouldn't believe any of it.

We had spent so much time in taking him in that our nearest floats were a quarter of a mile down stream and when we reached them three were dancing like puppets and made lots of sport for the next half hour, but we secured all the fish.

As it was nearly sundown and we were nearing home we picked up the floats and pulled into port. Our seven "blue cats" weighed 125lbs., a pretty good catch for a four-hour run. We divided liberally with our friends and had an abundance for ourselves.

Our luck that day was better than usual, but was not remarkable; I have seen better work when the run was longer and the water in the right stage and condition. At other times we might go over the same course and get nothing for our trip but fisherman's luck.

I could a fish tale unfold that would harrow up a fellow's feelings because he was not there himself, of phenomenal catches and big fishes of the western rivers in early days that would fall on incredulous ears except among those living near those streams and to whom such things are no marvel. CAMERON.

### An Oregon Trout.

OREGON is productive of many remarkable things, among which may be mentioned trout. Mr. John Williamson, who is in the employ of F. M. Warren, at the Cascades, has brought from that place a trout 3ft. in length and weighing 12lbs. This monster trout was captured in one of the waterwheels at the Cascades. Mr. Williamson says that in all his twenty years' experience he has never seen anything to equal in size or weight the fish that has been captured.—*Portland Telegram.*

### Big Salmon Score.

MR. STANFORD WHITE, of the well-known firm of architects, McKim, Mead & White, returned last Saturday from the Restigouche River where he has been angling for salmon. In a little over three weeks' fishing he killed forty-six fish, the aggregate weight of which was 1,049 pounds. This is the best salmon score for the Restigouche Club to date, and is well worth recording.

### Hemlock Lake Association.

A NUMBER of gentlemen met at Frank J. Amsden's office this morning and perfected an organization to be known as the Hemlock Lake Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Officers were elected as follows: President, L. A. Pratt; Vice-President, L. G. Wetmore; Secretary and Treasurer, F. W. Emerson; Executive Committee, Wm. Manning, Geo. A. Reynolds, R. B. Ashley, F. J. Amsden, Geo. P. Marten. The object for which the Association has been organized is a most meritorious one. It is to prevent as much as possible illegal fishing in the lake. This will be gratifying not only to cottagers at the lake but to citizens of Rochester generally, for it is a fact that there has been a great deal of illegal fishing at the lake. In many instances the poachers have left set lines in the lake such a length of time that the water has been polluted more or less by the decaying fish, and so many fish have been taken from the lake by set lines and nets that the stock has become diminished to such an extent that it is difficult for legitimate sportsmen to make a respectable catch. Similar associations for the protection of other bodies of water have been formed in different parts of the State. The local association will take steps to prosecute all persons found fishing illegally in the lake, and all property owners and cottagers at the lake will be asked to become members.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser, June 27.*

### Conesus Lake Association.

A NUMBER of cottage owners at Conesus Lake held a meeting in F. J. Amsden's office this morning and perfected an organization to be known as the Conesus Lake Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Officers were elected as follows: President, Horace McGuire; Vice-President, L. L. Williams; Secretary and Treasurer, Daniel C. Bascom; Executive Committee, John C. Hayden, Lewis Ennecker, Willard G. Rich, Geo. Field, H. T. Jaeger. The object of the association is the prevention of illegal fishing at Conesus Lake, which has heretofore been carried on to a considerable extent. All cottage owners at the lake and others interested in the protection of fish will be asked to join, and steps will be taken to prosecute all persons found fishing with nets and set lines at the lake.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser, June 29.*

### Better than Bait.

THE boy had been sitting for three hours watching the bob on his fishline when the man came along.

"What are you doing there?" said the man.

"Fishin'," said the boy.

"Got anything?" said the man.

"Yep," said the boy.

"What?" said the man.

"Patience," said the boy, and the man offered him four dollars a week to come down to the railroad office and answer questions.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Quebec Trout.

QUEBEC, June 3.—I have just returned from a short excursion on the Tourilli Club territory, up the St. Anne River, where, notwithstanding the height of the waters, which are overflowing its banks, we were fortunate enough to kill seven brook trout over 2lbs. each, the largest being 5lbs. VAN V.

## Fisheulture.

### LONG ISLAND SOUND STRIPED BASS.

A PETITION extensively signed and sent to the New York Fish Commission sets forth the great decrease in the game fish of the Sound, particularly between Fort Schuyler and Rye Neck and Oyster Bay. "Within twenty-five years it was not uncommon for an angler to secure one hundred good fish, of five or six sorts, in a single day, at any point within the bounds named, but now such a catch is unheard of, unless it be of the coarser sorts, such as flounders and eels. That an improvement of the angling in the Sound would be of great advantage to our towns, does not require proof; and it appears to be a discrimination against salt-water angling when the ponds and streams of the interior of our State are supplied with trout, etc., and these waters, so near New York city, are comparatively neglected. We therefore request that you will, as soon as practicable, commence an annual distribution of eggs or fry of salt-water fish, but especially of the striped bass (*Labrax lineatus*) and weakfish (*Otolithus regalis*), in the waters of the sound as indicated."

In response President Huntington advised the petitioners, July 1: "We have had one of our men at Barnegat Bay, and otherwise made efforts to secure weakfish eggs, thus far without success; hope to secure some yet this season, also of sea bass, and perhaps of other salt-water fish. Could do nothing with striped bass this season, as our finances are very close, and it would incur a considerable expense to get the eggs and handle the fish, as the coast of North Carolina is, from the most reliable information obtained after a diligent investigation, the only location where the eggs can with any certainty be had. Our appropriation for next year having been increased, we will then make the effort, and hope for success."

### American Fish in Germany.

MAX VON DEM BORNE wrote the Commissioner of Fisheries June 18, 1892: "The two dogfish sent by your kindness last year have spawned, and many hundreds of young dogfish were seen around a parent fish. The same happened with the long-eared sunfish sent last year. The calico bass unfortunately died during the severe winter."

### Yearlings Versus Fry.

MR. CHAS. F. ORVIS has informed the U. S. Fish Commission that he intends to rear 20,000 brown trout to yearlings before putting them into his ponds, for he believes the comparative failure of restocking their streams has resulted from the fry having been nearly all destroyed very soon after they were planted.

Mr. J. G. Bailey, president Silver Springs Milling Co., Rogers, Ark., wrote to Mr. William F. Page that a yearling rainbow trout received from him at Silver Springs December, 1890, or January, 1891, jumped out of his race April 21, when 28 months old. It was 22in. long and weighed 3lbs. dressed. No food has been furnished them. This was a female full of eggs.

### American Fisheries Society.

NO. 81 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK, June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are anxious to have at least 600 members present at the next annual meeting, which will be held in Chicago on the second Wednesday in August, 1893. All persons interested in the Society and its work are cordially invited to join as members. EDWARD P. DOYLE, Sec'y.

## The Kennel.

### NOTES AND NOTIONS.

PREVENTION of cruelty to animals is making rather a noise just now, various societies existing for this alleged purpose, being very active in various demonstrations, and unfortunately these demonstrations are much more in the line of punishing some one for assumed cruelty than in a preventive direction. A prominent magazine devoted to household science recently put the question whether the impertinent and presumptous interference with private rights by these societies was not a greater evil than the cruelties they seek to suppress, and startling as such an inquiry is at first sight, it is worthy of serious consideration. The underlying trouble attendant on the work of all such societies is the sentiment on which they are founded going the way of all sentiment and swallowing up considerations of practical utility or even common sense. It is practically certain that sentiment, that may almost be called fanaticism, is a necessary part of any such work. None will be apt to devote much of their time to a work so essentially abstract in its character from practical motives; "the game is not worth the candle" is the view practical men would take. As a result, fanatics, necessarily with ill-regulated minds, impatient of restraint or moderate measures, come to the front in such work, and the cruelty they practice and the enormous assininity they develop is simply natural evolution, soon arriving at the conclusion that an enforcement of law is a secondary matter, that their views of what the law should be is the right ground to proceed on.

Such idiotic procedures as opposition to vivisection, dehorning cattle, many sports, etc., are the result of mental fermentation that cannot and will not be tolerated in an enlightened country. To vivisection we owe all the brilliant triumphs of modern surgery in saving many human lives, dehorning cattle is wisely done for the benefit and comfort of the animals operated on, and the transient pain produced is many times outweighed by their subsequent comfort. Sports have long been an enjoyment of many of the noblest men the world was ever adorned by; and indulge in abstractions as much as fanatics may, it is useless to attempt to persuade the world that men, standing far above their fellows in self-sacrificing works of mercy, are cruel in their devotion to sports.

A most ludicrous spasm of prevention of cruelty societies is the performance in Cincinnati of such a society undertaking the work of killing vagrant dogs: sentiment has no place in such work. It is just as thoroughly a police duty to remove the hordes of vagrant and worthless curs that infest our cities as it is to suppress rowdyism, and it is just as much the duty of municipal governments to incur the cost of protecting the public from one evil as the other, and that irresponsible agents of a S. P. C. A. will continue to do the work as satisfactorily as sworn public officers is not to be expected, and if the prospect of making money by capture of vagrant dogs becomes a factor, the worst excesses of the dog-catcher will soon be excelled. This may seem unwarranted, but have not the outrageous assumptions of authority by such agents given a strong color of probability to such a belief? This suggests the only protection the public have from such men is a resolute defiance of their threats and commands, thereby teaching them that obedience to the law on their own part is the only condition on which they will be tolerated.

As to "dog catching," The Onlooker would again impress it on all municipalities that the foundation of the abominations of the business is the wretched "per head" system; make it a matter of duty of regular police officers to capture stray dogs and the work will be better done and without the disgusting features that now characterize it.

The Onlooker regrets that the respected editor of the London *Stock-Keeper* should misconceive his exception to the remarks as to that "noble" incident and assures said editor that nothing was further from his intent than any reflections on the motives directing the unfortunate remark. The Onlooker cannot but hold that the remarks to this were hasty, inasmuch as the editorial columns of FOREST AND STREAM have always been free from gush and maudlin sentiment, and an error of writing or print was more likely than that slush like the unfortunate word was the fact.

THE ONLOOKER.

### DOGMATICS OF DOGDOM.

BLOODHOUNDS are sometimes used to track criminals which do not take their tracks with them, but setters and pointers will make a good stand on "footpads."

—§—

According to recent versions of the two matters, the manner in which a Colorado wolf glimmers in the horizon and the manner in which a high class field trial dog ranges are one and the same.

—§—

Field trials must be most destructive competitions, for in the reports we read that nearly every dog "breaks his back" at some stage of the race.

—§—

It is generally admitted and presented as a special feature of merit that coursing is the noblest of sports, because the dogs run honestly, they being out of control of man for the time being. The converse of this suggests itself, and is a sad commentary on the honesty of man.

—§—

About the most pathetic scene in life is that of an old maid buying a Newfoundland because that breed is famous for saving children from drowning.

—§—

Man or dog does not look right when out at elbows.

—§—

Did you ever see a dog "toe the scratch"? If not, watch one which has mange or fleas. THE CYNIC.

## COLOR, TYPE AND RETRIEVING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It did me lots of good to read Capt. Pat Henry's sensible article in the last issue of a contemporary. The idiot's course that has been more or less in vogue to cull out all colors but black, white and tan for several years past, deserves to be severely condemned by all breeders who have a desire to improve the field quality of our setters. What figure color cuts, I cannot see; and when compared to field quality is of no more importance than coat.

Since Mr. Llewellin said his say on the color question, I have heard of several breeders saying that they have been right there all the time; yet, only a few years ago, one of these same parties was the worst color crank I ever talked to. Why! he could not see any good in a lemon and white at all, no matter if their work was deserving of the highest admiration.

My old friend "Pious Jeems" and myself have had many an argument on that question, but I have always stood firm on the basis of Capt. Pat Henry's logical illustration of Jersey cattle color. There you have it. Color cranks tried to side-track the breed, and might have done so if one sensible man had not pulled the switch and sent them right through on the main line again.

By the way, that illustration will knock the support "galley west" from under those who maintain that the field-trial dog is differently put up from the field dog, or that there can be a difference.

We want the field dog for his field qualities, same as the Jersey cattle for their butter qualities, and whenever the field trial dog is acknowledged not a field dog, the field trials have done our pointer and setters more harm than they ever have done good.

But, speaking of breeding, it makes me smile when I think of H. S. Bevan's article headed "English Setter Type," in a contemporary, not so much because he says nothing about type of any kind except to mention what Dr. Rowe said of old Gladstone, and the type he is pleased to call the Tennessee. Look out, friend Bevan, and don't jump your "Tennessee setter" on us quite yet. "Tennessee type!" That amuses me.

Take Mr. Bevan's partial list—Gath, Roderigo, Gath's Hope, Daisy F., Chance, Jean Val Jean, Rowdy Rod, Antonio, Lady C., Gladstone's Boy, Sportsman. This is not all, but enough. Take this list, and show me a type. Big-boned, sway-backed Sportsman won't type with Jean Val Jean, whose hips are two inches lower than his shoulders.

Daisy F. won't type with delicate Lady C.; Gath's Mark and Gath's Hope will hardly show the typical form of Rowdy Rod or Toledo Blade, the two last differing as widely from each other in type as they do from the two first, etc.

Now, where, Mr. Bevan, is your vaunted Tennessee type?

Then again, two Tennessee dogs, Gath and Roderigo, were sired by Count Noble; Jean Val Jean by Mingo, so rightly only the credit of breeding them belongs to Tennessee. Tennessee got in on the "ground floor" in this "dog business," and has bred more dogs and has more practical men breeding dogs than any other State in the Union.

But, Mr. Bevan, you have no type any more than Ohio has an Ohio type; Indiana an Indiana type, etc.

And, Mr. Bevan, the very type of dogs you condemn, you mention in your partial list as dogs of Tennessee type as wonderful how many dogs have been bred in Tennessee or its vicinity.

I note that the question of retrieving at field trials has about lost its interest. The "anti-retrievers" have the Eastern and Central trials solid. I see some have claimed that retrieving has a tendency to make a dog low-headed. I do not think so. I have always practiced a system of teaching my dogs to retrieve in the kennel, but not allowing them to retrieve in the field until they pointed staunchly, were steady to wing and shot, and obedient. With the amount of experience a dog would acquire in getting this far along, he would have become confirmed in his method of carrying his head, and the mere act of hunting a dead bird would have no influence on his carriage of head. I have seen many dogs that did not retrieve that carried low heads; and all the dogs that I know anything about personally that carry low heads and retrieve did so before being taught.

Only last winter I had a bitch that the only trouble in her retrieving was that she carried too high a head, and the runners nearly always escaped her in the grass, and my observation has been that, in the field trials, instead of low-headed retrievers, the opposite has been the case. The dog is told to retrieve, and he goes with his head up, like a shot, after the flushed birds. The handler gets him back and the dog hunts about with high head, and his handler gets nearer and nearer the birds, working his dog back and forth across wind until it finally strikes the scent, finds the bird and retrieves it. Of course, there are dogs that mark the dead bird when it falls, and go directly to it and get it. In either case there is an absence of low heads. There are few retrievers of good judgment but that can tell the difference between a live, a wounded, or a dead bird. Those who have ever experimented with a dog of any experience, with a cripple bird, by trying to get it to point, may recollect how unfruitful in points the experiment was.

The old way at field trials of throwing out a dead bird and shooting off the gun for a retrieve came as near showing the kind of a retriever a dog was as throwing out a ball would. I have had dogs that would retrieve a bird that way every time, but would not touch a bird on the ground until it had been handled.

That system was just as practical as a party I once knew, who made a practice of going to the market and buying a snipe before going out to look at a dog he intended to buy, and putting the bird in a pocket to test the dog's nose. If the dog was friendly inclined and came and smelled him, as dogs frequently do a stranger, he became a firm believer in the quality of that dog's nose. If the dog paid no attention to him, he held the opinion that the dog could not smell tar. I have noticed that a good, level-headed dog, with lots of experience, which retrieves, acts altogether differently on a wounded bird when the birds were shot at than on one which was slightly wounded and made a long flight. The dog expects to find a dead or wounded bird when the birds are flushed and shot, and pounces on the cripples with confidence unmistakable; but when he comes on to a cripple that has flown off when the dog knows there should be no dead birds, he often makes a hesitating point for an instant before being apparently satisfied that the bird is wounded, and then dashes in and gets it.

The main reason that retrieving is less thought of among the handlers is that most of them do not shoot many birds over dogs in their preparatory work; the dog's work being sharper without it. All handlers aim to produce a dog that will range and hunt just outside of its competitor, if within the bounds of possibility. Therefore, when a gun is fired and no bird is killed, a handler doesn't want his dog to stop in a long cast to look the ground out for "dead birds," but to hustle for the live ones. I could not help contrasting the Derby last year at High Point with a memorable one I recollect about seven years ago. In the one I have in mind were Bob Gates, Gath's Mark, Gath's Hope and other good ones. In the heat between Gath's Mark and Bob Gates, in the timber where a number of birds had been scattered, it seems to me they made more points than were made in the entire first series of the Eastern Derby last year.

I was glad the quality of the Southern Derby was good, as I have remarked a falling off in quality of the puppies each year now for several years past. Speaking of falling off, what has struck me more than anything in this line is the falling off in attendance. Compare the number of spectators at the last trials at High Point with those at the same trials of 1882. Then they had a crowd of sportsmen gathered together, all bent on having a good time and a friendly contest. Each had a dog entered and was anxious to have the best dog for field-shooting win. The last meeting I noticed was composed principally of handlers, judges and reporters.

Why is this? I think it is owing to several reasons.

First—Because the honor of winning is now secondary to the purse.

Second—Because all were then out with the idea that the dog whose work showed the quality of the superior field dog was the best dog. All were more or less practical shooters, and as such knew what qualities a first-class field dog should have. The trials were conducted on these lines, and every one understood and was interested. But now, let a practical man who has shot for years go to a trial and advance some of the ideas he has acquired by actual experience in the field, and he will be smiled on pityingly and told that his ideas will do for "plug shooting dogs," but not for "high class field trial dogs." He sees dogs hunt without regard to gun or whistle. He hears these dogs extolled to the skies for their pace and range. He sees them on game miss more opportunities to point than they take advantage of. He pictures in his own mind himself trying to shoot over one of these dogs in the small fields and brush where he and old Dash have put in so many pleasant days and had satisfactory bags, and he shakes his head as he thinks how impossible such a thing would be. Business calls him home by the next train and the field trials know him no more.

While it is necessary to keep the crowds at field trials where they will not interfere with the work of the dogs, yet field trials should be made as interesting as possible to all spectators who attend. The pleasure of a field trial are much increased by a large attendance of jovial spirits, and the entertaining chats that take place in the evenings after the day's work are full of pleasant recollections of the good old times that followed the trials in days gone by.

CROAKER.



PUPPYISM.

A puppy may look as wise as an old dog, but he don't always know as much.

## THE PEARL OF PEKIN PROTEST.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I notice a letter in your paper, June 30, from Mr. T. W. Bartels, asking for information respecting the decision arrived at by the executive committee of the American Coursing Club on the Pearl of Pekin protest. I thought Mr. Bartels understood the decision of the majority of the executive committee—Dr. Shaw and Mr. C. G. Page—for their decision appeared plain enough in the *American Field* of April 23, and the reason given why they had made this decision.

It appears that both Dr. Shaw, who is one of the executive committee, and Mr. Ira Brougher, the secretary of the club, made an affidavit that in their presence Mr. T. W. Bartels had agreed to an arrangement with Mr. Edmonds, the owner of Chicopee Lass, to settle the difficulty between them, so the majority of the executive committee under the circumstances considered it best to refer the protest back to the club.

As far as I am concerned in the case, as one of the executive committee, as Mr. Bartels thinks fit to quote remarks from a private letter, I may say that I made no secret of my decision, which was in favor of Pearl of Pekin, and I was simply guided in this decision by the coursing rule expressly laid down to meet such an emergency.

H. C. LOWE.

LAWRENCE, Kan.

### Death of a Noted Collie.

LAST week we had a visit from Mrs. Smyth, owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, and while she reported all well at her own place, we were very sorry to hear that Mr. Jarrett, owner of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, had sustained a severe loss in the death of his beautiful collie bitch Roslyn Dolly, which was worried by a mastiff boarding in the kennel. Though small, this bitch probably showed more intense collie quality than anything yet seen on our benches, but as a practical sheepdog she was rather too much on the bric-a-brac order. She was about two years old and had whelped only a week before her death a fine litter by Wellesbourne Charley, and these are living yet. Dolly was not shown extensively but in her short career she was most successful, beating among others the hitherto invincible Flurry II. Dolly was by Christopher out of Roslyn Torfrida. We hope that her last litter may console Mr. Jarrett for his heavy loss. Dolly had one litter previously by the English dog Gladdie, to whom she was sent during last summer.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 9.—The World's Fair management is busily engaged in arranging the preparatory routine details. There is, however, nothing new which is interesting to dog owners.

The recognition of the Canadian Kennel Club Stud Book by the bench show managers was a move in the right direction, for it is fair to presume that their registration is at least quite as correct as that of the American Kennel Club Stud Book. Moreover, it is the recognized registration of a large and prosperous country, and is entitled to recognition for this reason alone.

In regard to the registrations in stud books, it would seem to be a necessity that all errors should be corrected in the interest of dog fanciers at large, and a duty which should be promptly performed by those having the publication in charge. Volume II. of the A. K. C. Stud Book contains a number of errors. In Irish setters there are several registered as Irish setters, the dam of which was a coal black native English setter of short pedigree. There are also erroneous pedigrees, as in the case of Gath and others. Some dogs, erroneously registered, are re-registered in later volumes, while other registrations remain as originally and erroneously published.

The re-registration of a dog for the purpose of correcting an error in the original registration, accomplishes the purpose only in part, when there is no reference in the original registration to the error or the later correction of it. A reader can not possibly know that a registration is erroneous or that it is correctly registered in a later volume if the fact is not stated in connection with the registration. For these important reasons earlier volumes of the Stud Book should undergo a thorough revision, and printed slips should be inserted in each one, correcting erroneous pedigrees or giving information in regard to where the correct pedigree can be found. I was conversing recently with a gentleman who is thoroughly posted in kennel matters, and he incidentally mentioned the small value of a registration of which the pedigree contained a few common proper names. For instance, John Smith's dog Bob might be registered as being by Dick out of Sal, she by Jack out of Moll: Dick, by Tom out of Nell, etc. Of what value is such a registration to a breeder ten years hence? The pedigree may be correct, but as a record it has little value. The information is too meagre and vague. Out of the multitude of dogs having such common names the question of identity is most puzzling. Whose Dick? Whose Sal? Whose Jack? Whose Nell? These are questions which now occur to any one having much to do with pedigrees and the stud book. To make a registration of practical value to those who purchase the stud book as well as those who register their dogs, full information should be required of owners who register as to the owner and breeder of each parent in a pedigree, excepting where parents can be referred to by number in the stud book, which reference would accomplish the same purpose. This information would be available in later years to identify every Jack, Tom, Nell, Dick, etc., beside reducing the opportunities of fraudulent entry, which such loose requirements as at present obtain can not guard against. If this were enforced it might entail more labor and expense; but as the publication of a correct and useful stud book is one of the chief ends of the A. K. C., the added labor and expense would be most profitably incurred. As there is a fairly good sum in the treasury, probably, if more extensive information were given, it could be done without any added expense to owners.

I was pleased to notice the election of Mr. E. Knight Sperry, of New Haven, Conn., to the secretaryship of the New England Field Trial Club, and I believe that the club acted wisely in selecting him for the responsible position. Mr. Sperry is an earnest, enthusiastic sportsman, thoroughly interested in the welfare of his club and the improvement of the dog, and firm in the faith that a successful trial can be held and established in New England, in all of which he is perfectly sound. So I am informed that the honor came to him unsought (in fact, without his knowledge till after his election); the mark of confidence and esteem of his fellow members must have been most gratifying to him, although the office, so far as any profit is concerned, is only in the satisfaction of knowing that a good work was done and a good cause helped along. There is no money in it. There is, however, hard work and some expense. I shall look forward to a most successful trial in New England this fall, as the result of Mr. Sperry's popularity, skilful work and support of his efforts.

The time for giving pointers and setters their yard training is now here. Amateurs should not overlook the fact that morning and evening, the coolest parts of the day, are the best. The lessons should be given with deliberation and kindness, as hurry or severity is certain to make the dog nervous, or else he becomes overheated. In either case he is not in the best state to receive his lessons. But little can be accomplished in attempting to teach in the warm parts of the day. The dogs become too heated to pay any attention to the tutor and suffer much discomfort. A good run after the lessons and kind treatment at all times will permanently gain the affections of the youngsters, and if properly encouraged they will not look upon the lessons as something to be avoided.

B. WATERS.

### Terrier Importations.

MR. SYMONDS, of Salem, Mass., and his henchman, George Thomas, not content with running an already crowded kennel, are, like that well-known charity boy, still crying for more. The steamship Tauric brings another batch of dogs in charge of Harry Pinder—four Scotch terriers and a Yorkshire. The latter is—well, a dandy—so says our informant, especially if his price is any criterion. It has been imported for Miss Rotch, of Bar Harbor, Me., but unfortunately will probably not be shown. The terriers from the "land o' cakes" are brothers and sisters of Scotch Hot, which was seen out at the shows this spring. They are Highland Roy, Scotch Cold and Gipsey Yet, by Gipsey King out of Kelvoir and running back to the best blood of the breed. Then there is the bitch Norwich Mouse by champion Alister out of Ashley Kate. It will be therefore seen that this kennel will make a strong bid for honors in this game breed. The fox-terrier Ebor Spendthrift and black and tan Beaconsfield won in the challenge classes of these respective breeds at the Sheffield, England, show the other day.

## NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

THIS meeting was held at 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and was called to order at 7:55 P. M., President Chapman in the chair.

Vice-Presidents B. S. Turpin and W. S. Clark, O. W. Brooking, W. A. Power, J. T. Flannelly and H. V. Jamieson were present in person, and the following members of the club were present by proxy, viz.: Messrs. William H. Ashburner, John Davidson and Dr. N. Rowe were represented by Mr. F. W. Chapman; H. W. Lacy and E. L. Bryant were represented by Mr. H. V. Jamieson. The above gentlemen vested in said F. W. Chapman and H. V. Jamieson full power of attorney to represent and act for them on any matter that should come before the meeting for the welfare of the National Beagle Club. Messrs. H. L. Kreuder, C. S. Wixom, William Manard, William H. Child, Paul C. F. Hoffman and George W. Rogers were represented by Mr. F. W. Chapman, to vote on judges for coming field trials and bench show of the N. B. C., as per their written suggestions to the club.

Treasurer read report as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Total receipts | $114 68 |
| Total expenditures | 74 30 |
| Balance on hand | $41 38 |

Voted that report of treasurer be referred to executive committee.

The matter of the report of the executive committee having been brought forward, and the executive committee not having prepared a report, it was voted that the report of executive committee be laid over until next club meeting. Communications read. Moved by O. W. Brooking, and seconded by B. S. Turpin, "That selection of judges for the bench show and field trial of this club, for 1892, be left to the executive committee." Five affirmative, six negative. Vote doubted by B. S. Turpin. Ballot being taken resulted in the following: Messrs. Brooking, Turpin, Power, Clark and Flannelly in the affirmative; Messrs. Jamieson, Rowe, Davidson, Ashburner, Bryant and Lacy in negative. Motion lost.

Affirmative argument being that power of selection of judges lay wholly with the executive committee; that the club had no voice in the matter.

Negative argument being that a quorum of the club being present, they desired to act at once to expedite matters. Believing that power of selection of judges lay in the hands of the club when they so desire to exercise it, which desire had been manifested by their instructions to their representatives and their suggestions to the club.

Immediately after the above vote was announced, the meeting became a scene of such long continued disorder that it was evident that the members present would permit no further business to be transacted, and it was therefore voted to adjourn *sine die*.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—The circular issued to the C. K. C. executive has resulted in a vote almost unanimously in favor of Kingston alone being allowed to hold a show on the dates claimed by the dog show committee of that city. This means that if Montreal holds a show on same dates that it cannot be held under K. C. rules and wins will not count.

A meeting of the executive of the club was held Friday night, the following members being present: Williams, Kirk and Donovan (secretary). The meeting fully concurred in the full vote of the executive taken by mail in regard to the Kingston and Montreal claims for dates.

The club will issue a certificate for exhibits at the World's Fair show similar to that used by the A. K. C., but on a different colored paper. A dog to be entitled to such certificate must be eligible for registration in the C. K. C. S. B. under the regular rules, *i.e.*, three generations on both sides or have won two first prizes.

In the case of Mr. Bell's St. Bernard St. John the decision of the A. K. C. was upheld and the amended pedigree handed in by Mr. Bell (sent him by Mr. Jas. Watson) was referred to the stud book committee of the C. K. C. for its investigation and approval.

The letter that appeared in last week's "Flaps" from Mr. Geddes *re* Mr. W. H. Middleton's resignation from the Ottawa committee was read, and it was the unanimous opinion of the meeting that there was no evidence before it implicating Mr. Middleton in the act leading to Mr. Mercer's disqualification.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Williams, Mitchener and Stone was appointed to procure the certificates, cost not to exceed $100 for 1,000.

Fourteen new members were received. The secretary was instructed to procure the volumes of the E. K. C. S. B. for 1890 and 91 and to subscribe for 1892. Also to write the secretary of the A. K. C. to see what mutual adjustment of dates on both sides of the line could be arrived at.

I hear that Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, is down to judge all classes at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

H. B. DONOVAN.

## A DAY AT SPRATTS' KENNELS.

LAST Thursday we took a pleasant jaunt to the above kennels. It was not a business trip, as the kennels have already been described in the FOREST AND STREAM. We wanted the outing and to hear Mr. John Brett, the manager, talk of Darkies and Tycoons, Royal IV., etc., slipping greyhounds, beagle hunting, pheasant rearing, puppy raising, and the hundred and one trials and pleasures of a head game-keeper's life in England, is a delight that only those fond of dogs and a country life can fully appreciate. The man is a veritable encyclopedia on sport, and as a fisherman he can catch or "kipper" a salmon with equal facility; the catching we had to take for granted as there are no salmon in Jersey, but of his salmon-curing abilities we had a practical test and we liked it. The kennels hardly interested us much, as they were chiefly filled with boarders, which, however they might delight their owners, are not calculated to inspire a fancier with any great enthusiasm, though they all looked well and the kennels were sweet and clean. Mr. Brett's own dogs interested us more. We saw Real English, one of that trio of clinking good English setters that resulted from the happy nick of Mr. Brett's Myrrha, that he brought with him from England, and Mr. Windholz's champion Rockingham. The other two of the trio are Rockaway, that Mr. Raper bought and took back to England with him, and Rockingham, Jr., that Mr. Windholz swears by.

Real English, unfortunately, after Pittsburgh show, in racing through the fields became overheated, and to cool off ran into a pond and took a chill which resulted in paralysis. His limbs were useless for some time, but now we are happy to say the dog can almost raise a gallop, and though he may never face the judge again, Mr. Brett thinks he can pull him through. Of course, Myrrha was mated again with Rockingham, and as if to clinch the good judgment displayed in this breeding, there are four puppies, nine weeks old, that are tumbling over each other on the lawn that would astonish some of our setter breeders. They are simply grand. Such heads, general make-up and activity we never saw in pups at that age; and that they are game is fully proved by their destructive work among Brett's pet game fowls, six of which they put *hors de combat* the other day without turning a hair. While lamenting the loss of the chickens, their owner consoles himself with the thought that they "have it in 'em." A St. Bernard pup, by Kingston Regent, that suckled with them, in fact Myrrha and the St. Bernard bitch shared their milk, is a picture of its sire and we hope will grow to be as good. With genuine English hospitality, Mr. and Mrs. Brett, the latter of whom is a sort of ready reference for Brett's defective memory, entertained their visitors, and what with looking at photographs of celebrities on the other side, both canine and human, dog chat and rolling the puppies over on the grass, time passed all too quickly.

## RETRIEVING AT FIELD TRIALS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I differ with excellent judges as to abolishing retrieving at field trials. Mr. B. Waters in your issue of June 30 states, "Retrieving being an educational quality, is in the same category with dropping to shot, turning to whistle, staying at heel, dropping to order, etc., acts acquired by education." The field trial clubs justly recognize the educational qualities. The Southern Club puts a penalty of twenty-five points of demerit on the following educational qualities: Breaking shot, 5 to 10; breaking in, 3 to 5; chasing, 10. Why not dispense with these and other educational qualities and let the dog hunt *à la naturel*, it would save trainer's fees—quite a consideration—and time so often quoted by the advocates of abolishing retrieving. If the arguments used for abolishing retrieving hold good the same can be used with equal force in abolishing the other educational qualities. These educational qualities afford many useful requisites in a field dog, and demonstrate the ability of many dogs to train on when deprived of their own way of doing things and complying with some of the wishes of the shooter. The test of retrieving at field trials can be done as well as the testing of pointing, backing, ranging or any other quality of a field dog. It all takes time, and in the language of the Texan, "that is what we are here for." Instances can be mentioned for and against almost all essential qualities.

The question, is it of sufficient importance to be retained along with chasing, breasting shot, breaking in, barking, obedience and other educational qualities? I think it is. If these educational points are not retained there is very little of the natural dog I would want. If the natural qualities cannot be brought under control without injury, it is time we were finding the same out and breeding more for educational points. It is well known to many the peculiar characteristic many of the stud dogs of the day possess, and in their hereditary power of transmitting these characteristics lies their worth in breeding the dogs of the future. Some have speed and dash, others level-headedness; others bird sense; others retrieving. If you count out any good quality at the field trial, that quality will have little value to breeders and will finally be lost sight of. Retain as many good qualities as possible; have fewer stakes if time is such an essential feature to all, and run those well that are run, and do not eliminate so many good qualities simply on the plea—it takes time. P. H. BRYSON.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 7.

## MR. MIDDLETON AND THE C. K. C.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Mr. Geddes's letter shows that it is the committee of the Ottawa show who draw my partner, Mr. Middleton, into complicity with me in the Newcastle entry affair. A perusal of his letter as published by Mr. Donovan proves this clearly.

Mr. Middleton, I repeat, has nothing whatever to do with the matter, nor yet are the dogs composing the kennel implicated. My partner resigned simply because he did not desire to serve on the Ottawa committee. This he will state over his own signature if Mr. Donovan wishes it.

It seems hard that innocent persons should be dragged into this unpleasant business. F. H. F. MERCER.

NEW YORK.

## IS THE DOG TAX CONSTITUTIONAL?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Can any of your readers inform me as to whether the constitutionality of taxing dogs has ever been tested? I have an idea that a decision was rendered avoiding the dog tax on that ground either in New York or New Jersey, and that an appeal was taken, but the judge died without rendering an opinion. GRAY JOHN.

### Central Field Trial Club Derby Entry.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Through an oversight we find that the subjoined entry was omitted from our list of Derby entries. Will you kindly notice same?

BELLE OF KENTUCKY (Fairmount Kennels), English setter bitch. (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).

C. H. ODELL, Secretary and Treasurer.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

# DOG CHAT.

### New England Field Trials.

THOSE who are interested in the field trials this fall will be pleased to note in our business columns the rapid advance made by the New England Field Trial Club in the matter of stake money to be run for at their second annual trials, to be held on Nov. 8 at Assonet, Mass. Last year the prizes were a percentage on the entrance money. This year, in the Derby Stake for setters and pointers whelped after Jan. 1, 1891, the prizes will be $200, $100 and $50. Ten dollars to nominate and ten to fill. Entries close Aug. 1. In the All-Aged Stake, entries for which close Nov. 1, the prizes will be the same, also the entry fees. The stakes are open to all, and with such well known judges as Messrs. N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., and "Wash" A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., field trial men should have every confidence in entering their dogs. Any other information about the trials may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn.

### Who Comes Here?

Fox-terrier men in England are very much interested in a publication of a mezzotint of the celebrated fox-terrier champion D'Orsay, who is considered so nearly perfect in form that he was also chosen to represent the breed in bronze by the German Fox-Terrier Society. This is the first time a dog has been illustrated in such an ambitious style. The mezzotint is said to be a faithful representation of Mr. Redmond's terrier from a painting by Miss Maud Earl, and engraved by Richard Josey. The size is 20x15in. There are 100 artist's proofs at $15.75 and the prints cost $5 25. F. Mansell & Co., Barnsbury, London, Eng., are the publishers. We know there are many of our fox-terriers men who are anxious to get a good picture of this dog and that is the reason we tell them about it, for as an artistic illustration of type it is valuable to all lovers of the breed. D'Orsay has beaten every terrier on the other side.

### Hamilton Kennel Club.

ALTHOUGH the Hamilton, Ont., people cannot hold a show this year they do not mean to let the grass grow under their feet, as it is probable that about the time of the Canadian shows the H. K. C. will hold another dog show with entries confined to Wentworth county. As the club ran rather behind on their expenses at their first show, they, on July 1, held an athletic festival with the idea of raising money to repay some of the guarantors who made good the losses on the show. We are pleased to hear that quite a comfortable sum was realized, and this week a tug of war will be held to decide the championship of Wentworth county. Mr. John Hackett, one of the executive committee of the H.K.C., is in New York city, and will stay for about a month.

### Brooklyn Dog Show.

THE dog show at Brooklyn in November, to be held by the National Greyhound Club, promises to be quite an elaborate affair, second only to the W. K. C. show. A premium list of over $2,500 will be issued, and it is expected that a large number of specials will be given. Mr. James Mortimer will superintend, and that alone is a good move. The entry of sporting dogs, that is pointers and setters, will probably be affected by the field trials, but other breeds should fully make up the deficiency. There is every reason to believe that a show in Brooklyn, well managed and advertised, would be a big success. The ground is new and it is about time that the dwellers in the City of Churches fell into line.

### Gladstone's Pet Dog.

MR. GLADSTONE, who at the present writing seems to stand a good chance of once more being Prime Minister of Great Britain, has a pet dog to whom he is much attached. It is a black Pomeranian that came from Schwalbach, Nassau, Germany, where some of the family were sojourning in 1888. Mr. Gladstone finds a new amusement that varies the monotony of chopping down giant oak trees in the passion that his dog Petz has for retrieving sticks, and the dog will lie outside the noted statesman's dressing room door in the early morning hours in the hope that he may be allowed to accompany him on his matutinal walk, when he knows he will have an opportunity to indulge in his favorite pastime.

### Cuffing Elcho at Kingston.

IN answer to Dr. Mills's "charitable proposition," Mr. Wade has nothing to say except that he will pay no attention to such "financial arguments." As to whether Dr. Mills did cuff Elcho's ears, Mr. Wade writes: "I was informed as to Dr. Mills's cuffing Elcho's ears at Kingston show by Messrs. —— and ——, gentlemen of undoubted veracity, with ample opportunities to know whereof they spoke; and another wires me to-day, 'Take Mills up for five hundred.' Do I understand Dr. Mills to explicitly deny any such act?"

### Celebrated Dachshunds.

SOME time ago we mentioned that Mr. Manice was importing some crack dachshund bitches, to be sent over after the English Kennel Club show. Jargonelle, the best one, arrived July 4, and the next day whelped five nice large pups (two dogs), by champion Pterodactyl. Jargonelle has a most beautiful head, and with Janet, Mr. Manice has a great brace for next year's shows. Jay and the other two bitches were to arrive last Monday.

### Mr. Mortimer Buys an Irish Water Spaniel.

IN company with Mr. Raper, Mr. Mortimer has been doing a good deal of show trotting. He attended the Belfast show June 29, then back to England at Burton-on-Trent, in Nottinghamshire, the next day, and to Ripon, in Yorkshire, July 1. At Burton-on-Trent the manager of the Hempstead Kennel claimed an Irish water spaniel, named Eileen Shaughran, that won first and second.

FROM present indications the coming dog show of the Industrial Exhibition Association to be held at Toronto, Canada, Sept. 12 to 15, will surpass anything ever held there. A by-law was passed last week by the ratepayers of the city of Toronto voting $150,000 for exhibition purposes, all of which will be expended this year. A new race course will be made and a new grand stand erected capable of seating 12,000 people, the dog show also receiving its share of the grant. Exhibitors from the United States are reminded that the dog show is run in connection and by the Exhibition Association, and that the exhibition is second to none in America, being attended by some 300,000 people every year. Those holding bench show tickets are entitled to all the privileges of the grounds without any extra expense. The premium lists are now in the hands of the printer and will be ready next week. All communications should be addressed to C. A. Stone, secretary and superintendent of bench show, 82 King street, East, Toronto.

One of those inquisitive little birds has just whispered us that one of the most prominent officials of the Duquesne Kennel Club will shortly join the ranks of the Benedicts. We wish him, and so will every dogman that knows him, every happiness. Paul Gladstone, we believe, is quite reconciled to the change.

We have received a very tastefully arranged catalogue

issued by the Seminole Kennels. There are several capital pictures of the noted dogs in the kennel. One of champion Roslyn Wilkes is especially good, and so is that of the Irish setter champion Tim. The kennel contains some of the best blood obtainable in the three breeds, Irish setters, collies and pugs, of which their owner makes a specialty.

It was a matter of great surprise to Mr. George Raper when he saw the large number of excellent Japanese spaniels that were brought before him at the late New York show. He remarked then that it was the finest collection he had ever seen. It is more than likely that Mrs. Eugene Clark, who stands *facile princeps* in this breed, will be able to materially strengthen her kennel, as her husband sailed recently from San Francisco, Cal., on a visit to Japan, and will bring home some of the best of the breed that he can secure.

Good Reason—She—"That odious Mrs. Newritch seems to think more of her dog than of her boy." He—"Oh, well, the dog has a pedigree."—*Life.*

Dr. Griffin, of Hamilton, Ont., who is well known as an ardent sportsman and also as vice-president of the Hamilton Kennel Club, sails this week for Europe, with the intention of buying some good bull-terriers.

We are pleased to note that Mr. E. Knight Sperry, of New Haven, Conn., has been elected secretary of the New England Field Trial Club. Mr. Sperry is in touch with field matters, and we have no doubt that he knows how best to serve the club by bringing it more prominently to the attention of the kennel press than has been the case so far. The New England Field Trial Club should not hide its light under a bushel.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. James P. Kerr, the proprietor of the *Breeder and Sportsman*. Mr. Kerr was well and favorably known on the Pacific slope, having been for many years connected with the San Francisco *Call*. Ten years since he started the paper which he owned at the time of his death. Mr. Kerr was born in Scotland in 1853, and died June 27, 1892, at Denver, Col., where he had gone to try and recover his health.

The recent cricket match between North and South of England has created a feeling among several of our dogmen that a similar game should be arranged over here. There are difficulties in the way of such a meeting; still, if a committee of three could be formed to undertake the preliminaries, we see no reason why some such reunion should not take place. We have a list now of about twenty-five well-known dogmen who would more than probably take part, and should be pleased to receive the names of those who would really care to join in and make a pleasant day of it. Mr. Harry Twyford can secure a field for operations, and no doubt a little gathering of this sort will add to the good feeling that should prevail among all members of the fancy.

Mr. J. E. Long, of St. Louis, Mo., who is well known to all collie men as a breeder, and a judge at Chicago shows, is probably by this time on his way to England, where he will purchase some collies for his kennel.

Mr. Rawdon Lee's crack English setter Richmond met with a painful accident in London recently, breaking one of the bones in a hind leg.

In commenting on the great number of English dog shows, Mr. Freeman Lloyd wonders where all the dogs come from that make them possible. He says there must be, roughly speaking, 10,000 show dogs in England at present.

An important case bearing on the sale of dogs from pounds and dog homes, such as the institution in London, has just been decided in England. It seems a young lady bought a dog from the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs, kept it for some time until it was recognized by its former owner and action brought for its recovery. The judge ruled that, despite the authority given the secretary of the Home by the Commissioner of Police to sell dogs after detaining them three days, he had no right to do so in law, and the dog was restored to its former owner, the young lady being allowed the price she paid for the dog.

They are asking in America, "Will beagles follow a drag?" Will a bear eat honey? Will a fowl bask in the sun—Will a frog go a-wooing—Will a fool follow his nose—Will a soldier follow a cook? Well, what do you think?—*Stock-Keeper (Eng.).*

If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well is evidently the idea that prevails in Goshen, Ind. The other day a "mad dog" bit a number of animals. Twenty-seven dogs were exterminated during the afternoon owing to the difficulty in identifying the one affected.

The Horse—How are you getting along, old fellow?
The Dog—Oh, I have to work like a horse. How's things with you?
The Horse—I live a regular dog's life.—*Judge.*

Owing to the exertions of "Billy" Graham, who is so well and favorably known over here, the Irish terrier classes at Belfast show were filled with a record entry, no less than 168 entries facing the judge, and competition, especially in the open dog class, was so keen that many well-known winners were shut out of the money.

Arrangements have been made, according to the English *Field*, by the National Pointer and Setter Field Trial Committee, to hold a meeting over grouse during the forthcoming shooting season. It will take place August 23, on Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's place at Kingussie, Invernessshire, Scotland. Such a meeting has often been talked of but little or nothing has been done. It will be quite a change from the usual English style of trials in the spring, when necessarily no birds are shot over the dogs.

There was a sale at Aldridge's, London, the other day, and the pointers and setters belonging to that fine old sportsman, Mr. Thomas Statter, who died some time since, were sent to the block. Prices ruled small, Toil, a field trial winner, only bringing $70 and the lot $715. Mr. Lloyd Price's yearly draft brought good prices, Saule, a well-known field trial pointer, fetching $420.

One of the most useful small terriers we have heard of is one which helps an English electric light company to carry wires through the pipes laid underground. The terrier has been so trained that when a light cord is attached to him he runs through the conduit from one man-hole to the next, dragging the cord with him. After each performance he is treated to some favorite morsel, and he has thus come to consider his work a pleasure.

Among the new advertisements this week we notice that R. H. Alberts, Jr., offers a kennel of English setters for sale; R. O'Neill, English foxhound; H. G. Hallowell, litter of Irish setter pups; J. M. Fronefield, Jr., English setter pup; Samuel Abrams, two mastiff pups, C. D. Robers advertises portraits of his pointer Duke of Dexter; Ed Fisher wants dogs to break.

We have received from Mr. Stone a list of the railroads that carry dogs free to the Toronto show, but space will not permit of our publishing them this week. They will appear in the premium list.

J. Cumming Macdona, who is so well known in England as a thorough sportsman, and to American lovers of the St. Bernard as the pioneer breeder in England, has just been elected Member of Parliament for Rotherhithe, England.

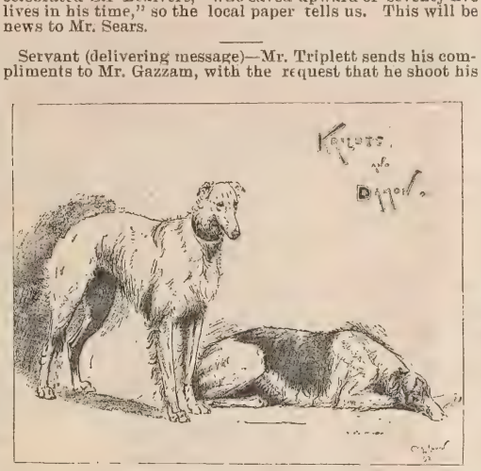
A good joke was played on the two farmers who judged collies at Edinburgh, Scotland. A Mr. Tait, according to *Scottish Fancier*, led in his celebrated Young Elsinore (which was not entered), to see how they would treat a good collie. Result—first out; award nothing!

As only two members of the board of governors of the National Greyhound Club are in New York city at present, the meeting which was to have been held last Monday was postponed.

The regular quarterly meeting of the New England Field Trial Club will be held at 266 Washington street, Boston, Tuesday, July 12, at 2 P. M. A meeting of the board of governors will be held at the same time and place.

We should not think that the climate of Florida would suit St. Bernards, but F. L. Siegel, proprietor of the Plaza Hotel, Pensacola, has just purchased Prince Rupert, by champion Ben Lomond out of Bernie IV. Prince Rupert will have as a kennel mate Princess Lula, a daughter of the celebrated Sir Bedivere, "who saved upward of seventy-five lives in his time," so the local paper tells us. This will be news to Mr. Sears.

Servant (delivering message)—Mr. Triplett sends his compliments to Mr. Gazzam, with the request that he shoot his




PSOVOIS KRILUTT AND DAMON.
From the London "*Pictorial World.*"

dog, which is a nuisance in the neighborhood. Gazzam—Give Mr. Gazzam's compliments to Mr. Triplett, and ask him to kindly poison his daughter or burn up her piano.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Jill—Bambo.* Dr. Nichol's (Cookstown, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Jill (Doctor—Lucy) to his Bambo (Bob Obo—Maida), June 3.

*Mystic II.—Chubb.* E. H. Bragg's (North Sidney, Me.) beagle bitch Mystic II. (Ross—Spot) to his Chubb (imported Blue Boy—Mystic), May 14.

*Primrose—King Krueger.* Dr. Nichol's (Cookstown, Ont.) beagle bitch Primrose (Brittle—Pearl) to his King Krueger (Sport Bannerman—Virgie), June 14.

*Louie—Master Rich.* C. E. Rowland's (Toledo, O.) greyhound bitch Louie (Trales—Dick's Darling) to F. S. Anderson's champion Master Rich (Rich and Rare—Minnie), March 3.

*Hawthorne Belle—Master Rich.* W. E. Stevens's (Riverside, Ill.) greyhound bitch Hawthorne Belle (champion Double Shot—champion Clio) to F. S. Anderson's champion Master Rich (Rich and Rare—Minnie), March 5.

*Narka—Knight.* E. B. & O. W. Pfau's (Hartwell, O.) St. Bernard bitch Narka (Peter—Nanet) to F. S. Anderson's Knight (imported Tell—imported Mona), April 5.

*Bonnie Bondhu—Gath's Hope.* L. Rausch's (St. Louis, Mo.) English setter bitch Bonnie Bondhu (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu) to Blue Ridge Kennels' Gath's Hope), April 6.

*Golden Rod—Inspiration.* Chas. Clippinger's (Lansing, Mich.) pointer bitch Golden Rod (champion Beaufort—Zuba) to J. H. Winslow's Inspiration (champion Bang Bang—Telie Doe), June 16.

*Lady Victoria—Eberhart's Cashier.* W. T. Garton's (Des Moines, Ia.) pug bitch Lady Victoria (Lord Clover— ——) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), June 25.

*Wee Wee—Bradford Ruby II.* Mrs. A. W. Cunningham's (New York city) pug bitch Wee Wee to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II., June 26.

*Princess Hepsey—King Regent.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Princess Hepsey to their King Regent.

*Lakme—King Regent.* Mrs. J. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lakme to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, Jan. 22.

*Ida P.—King Regent.* V. Petrola's (Washington, D. C.) St. Bernard bitch Ida P. to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, Feb. 17.

*Altonetta—King Regent.* F. E. Lamb's (Arlington, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Altonetta to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, April 2.

*Donna Silva—King Regent.* Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Chestnut Hill, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Donna Silva to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, May 7.

*Florette—Scottish Leader.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Florette to their Scottish Leader, March 22.

*Dart—Scottish Leader.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Dart to their Scottish Leader, May 6.

*Bounce—Ben Ormonde.* H. B. Ward's (Moore's, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Bounce to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ben Ormonde, Jan. 23.

*Miss Waggles—Snowball.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Waggles to their Snowball, May 14.

*Hornell Lady—Snowball.* Rev. L. Bradley's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Hornell Lady to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Snowball, Jan. 19.

*Brownie S.—Snowball.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Brownie S. to their Snowball, March 28.

*Bernie—King Regent.* W. S. Diffenderffer's (Baltimore, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Bernie (Sargano—Floss) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, April 6.

*Nellie—Gus Gladstone.* Dr. Geo. Lewis's (Westport, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie (Royal Albert—Nellie II.) to J. J. Scanlan's Gus Gladstone (champion Gladstone—Donna J.), June 16.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Louella,* J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Louella (Elcc—Hazelnut II.), July 4, eight (three dogs), by his champion Inchiquin (champion Shandon II.—Iona).

*Lucy Gloster.* L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) English setter Lady Gloster (champion Gloster—Lady Gay Noble), June 10, ten (four dogs), by his Roger (Count Noble—Queen Meg).

*Dora Deane.* L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) English setter bitch Dora Deane (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge), June 11, twelve (five dogs), by his Roger Count Noble—Queen Meg).

*Elsie H.* J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Elsie H. (Elcho, Jr.—Maggie H.), June 27, eight (five dogs), by his champion Inchiquin (champion Shandon II.—Iona).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Lady Blanca.* Orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 29, 1886, by Kastelhorn out of Topsey, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to F. E. Lamb, Arlington, Md.

*Lady Castlereagh.* Orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1887, by Puritan out of Ravine, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to F. E. Lamb, Arlington, Md.

*Lad.* Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 24, 1891, by champion Inchiquin out of Hazelnut II, by J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to Dr. Linsey, same place.

*Don.* Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 19, 1891, by champion Inchiquin out of Jess, by J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to Jas. Walker, same place.

*Kincarra.* Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 19, 1891, by champion Inchiquin out of Jess, by J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to C. L. Whitman, Greenwich, Conn.

*King Regent—Dart whelps.* St. Bernard dogs, whelped Dec. 9, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., one each to F. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, N. J., and J. P. Persch, Germantown, Pa.

*King Regent—Nancibel whelps.* St. Bernards, whelped April 11, 1892, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., a dog to C. M. Bull, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a bitch Miss R. Simkins, Vineland, N. J.

*Brantford Red Jacket—Brownie S. whelp.* Cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 9, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to F. W. Blaziel, Fitchburg, Mass.

*Tristan G.—Nancibel whelp.* St. Bernard dog, whelped May 28, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to G. S. Fox, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Inchiquin—Louella whelp.* Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1891, by J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to Wm. Coons, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

E. J. U., Hyde Park, N. Y.—You do not give the breed of dog.

H. H., Hyde Park, N. Y.—You do not give the breed of your dog. To register in the A. K. C. S. B., the only one now published, your dog must show an authentic pedigree for three generations back or the sire and dam be already registered. Registration in the A. K. R., which has been incorporated with the A. K. C. S. B., is not sufficient.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

JULY.

15. Massachusetts, 21 and 18ft. Classes, Dorchester Bay.
15. L. Y. R. A., Belleville, Ont.
16. Roy. N. S., Chauncy Cup, Hal.
16. Hull, Classes 3, 4, 5, 6, Hull.
16. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
16. Winthrop, Ann. Cruise.
16. Dorchester, 2d Cham., Dorchester.
16. St. Lawrence, Montreal.
16. Beverly, Monument Beach.
16. Cape Cod, North Dennis.
18. Oswego, L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
21. Rochester, L. Y. R. A., Charlotte
22. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Monatiquot, 1st Cham., Ft. Pt.
23. Corinthian, Marblehead.
23. Hull Cor., Hull.
23. Sippican, Club, Marion.
23. Cherry Diamond, Ann., Larchmont.
23. St. Lawrence, Montreal.
23. White Bear Lake, Club Trophy, White Bear Lake.
25. Rhode Island, Cup.
25. Roy. Ham., L. Y. R. A., Hamilton
27. Royal Can., L. Y. R. A., Toronto
28. Queen City, L. Y. R. A., Toronto
28. Eastern, 21ft. Class, Marbleh'd
28. Quincy, Ladies' Day, Quincy, Mass.
29. Beverly, 30ft. Class and under, Marblehead.
30. Hull, Classes 3, 4, 5, Hull.
30. Dorchester, Ladies' Day, Dorchester.
30. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.
30. Corinthian, Marblehead.
30. Swim Hill, 2d Cham.
30. Mos. Fleet, Open, Boston.
30. Beverly, Monumeat Beach
30. Buffalo, Cruising, Sweeps.
30. Roy. N. S., Wenonah Cup, Hal.

COMMODORE GERRY made a very unfortunate allusion in a recent interview when he spoke of respecting the last wishes of the late Mr. Schuyler, as such a remark naturally suggests an inquiry as to how the wishes of the other four original owners of the America Cup have been observed by those who have twice ventured to meddle with the original conditions, finally obliterating them entirely. It is a matter of history that the reception which Com. Stevens and his party met with on their arrival in British waters was neither chivalrous nor generous, the fame of the yacht had preceded her, and yacht owners declined to give her a race. This treatment was keenly felt by Com. Stevens, as his correspondence shows; but when, a few years later, he and the other four owners drew up the conditions under which they intended presenting the Cup to the club, they threw the competition open boldly to England and the whole world. No one can read the original deed without being impressed with the fair and sportsmanlike spirit which inspired it, and the absence of any vindictive or retaliatory feeling. The wishes of these five owners, so clearly expressed, have been utterly disregarded in the subsequent returns and reacceptances of the Cup; and yet the plea is made that a change which is imperatively demanded by all fair-minded yachtsmen must not be made because the last wishes of Mr. Schuyler must be respected.

THE report of a new challenge for the America Cup, based on a positive offer of a challenge in the event of the rescinding of the present deed of gift, has renewed a good purpose in provoking a discussion of the whole subject. The more American yachtsmen learn of the terms of the new deed and the manner in which the document was forced upon the New York Y. C., the better chance there is of a return to the true deed. The comments in the daily papers tell the story of the great change in public opinion. In 1887 but two American journals, FOREST AND STREAM and the New York *World*, dared to say that the New York Y. C. was wrong both in making a most arbitrary change in the conditions, and in requiring so much from the challenger; now the course of the club is boldly discussed by the leading daily papers.

At every fresh rumor of a change of the new deed the *Boston Herald* rushes to the defence of the New York Y. C. with the historic if somewhat time-worn remark of Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, to the effect that it is not any well grounded objection to the new terms that prevents British yachtsmen from challenging, but the recollection of the "two miles of open water between Volunteer and Thistle." When a man has an opportunity to distinguish himself by a clever *bon mot*, it is asking altogether too much that he should deny himself out of regard for anything so trivial as the truth; and under the circumstances Mr. Forbes cannot be blamed for his remark. At the same time all American yachtsmen know that this reflection on the pluck and courage of their antagonists is most unjust and untruthful.

The last race for the Cup was finished at 4:30 P. M. on Oct. 1, off the Scotland Lightship, the entire fleet reaching New York about 6 P. M. Within two hours later a formal notice of another challenge was

handed to the secretary of the New York Y. C. So far from being deterred by the victory of Volunteer, the new challenge was penned by the members of the Royal Clyde Y. C. before the wake of the two yachts, including the "two miles of open water," had disappeared from the face of the ocean.

Immediately on the receipt of this challenge a call was sent out for a special meeting of the club, held three days later, at which all matters pertaining to the America Cup were taken out of the hands of the club and entrusted to a special committee, the result being the new deed of gift. The many changes that appear in that document were made in the face of a *bona fide* challenge from reputable yachtsmen, which challenge was of course withdrawn when the terms of the new deed were made public a month later.

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On the eve of the sad cruise two years ago which was opened by the sudden death of Mr. Schuyler, the report was current that the meeting between him and the officers and leading members of the club on the flagship during the cruise would be the occasion of a discussion of the whole subject of the new deed, with a view to certain changes. Mr. Schuyler's sudden death on the evening he boarded the flagship of course disposed of the matter in an unexpected manner, but there is good reason to believe that if he had lived through the cruise the final and irrevocable terms of the new deed would have been materially altered, in accordance with what were understood to be his wishes. Throughout a long life Mr. Schuyler was noted as a particularly fair and liberal-minded sportsman, and his influence in behalf of fair play for a challenger is on record in connection with the early races for the Cup. In view of this lifelong record, it is difficult to believe that in his last years he could have indorsed something so completely contradictory of all the views of himself and his fellow-owners; or that he fully understood the terms of the document which was drawn up in his name by the lawyers of the committee.

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WITHIN the past week a new form of water sport, already quite well known in England, has been introduced in New York, which, if it becomes general, will add considerably to the excitement of yachting. The only requisites are a large cannon of the most modern type and a stretch of open water frequented by yachts, fishing vessels and trading craft. In England the hulling and sinking of small craft by guns used in tests and artillery practice has become quite common, some lives having been sacrificed. On Saturday last, in testing a new 10in. gun at Sandy Hook, one of the three shots fired passed completely through the hull of a coasting schooner, sinking her so quickly that her crew had barely time to launch the yawlboat. The decks were thrown up and two great holes smashed in the stern and port side, the vessel being a total loss. The crew were picked up by a steam yacht. While this is the first serious accident, it is by no means the first instance of reckless firing about New York and the Sound by which the lives of yachtsmen and fishermen have been imperilled.

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THE American Y. C. has met with undeservedly hard luck this year. On the day of the great steam yacht race the Sound was so rough that one of the yachts declined to start, while on the day of the annual sailing regatta there was not a breath of air all day. The obvious way in which to avoid such mishaps in the future is to set both the sailing and steaming events for the same day.

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## Boston City Regatta, July 4.

BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE annual regatta of the City of Boston, sailed off City Point on July 4, brought out an unusually small list of starters, owing to the bad weather, there being a heavy sea and a gale from N.W. Those that sailed the course had a hard time, and their skippers deserve much credit for making a race under such circumstances. The times were:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Nimbus, J. S. Cushing | 2 46 09 | 2 14 03 |
| Violet, H. J. McKee | 2 46 37 | 2 14 21 |

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Handsel, J. R. Hooper | 2 20 15 | 1 44 34 |

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Climax, M. F. Kelley | 2 25 15 | 1 45 11 |
| Minnie R., T. D. Rice | 2 40 07 | 1 58 26 |
| Stanley, W. L. Colson | 2 48 20 | 2 08 02 |

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Swordfish, Hall & Johnson | 1 34 32 | 0 52 22 |
| Ione, J. S. Poyen | 2 41 38 | 2 00 33 |

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Hazard, Pierce & Moody | 1 20 33 | 0 52 43 |
| Good Luck, J. B. Farrell | 1 21 48 | 0 52 55 |
| Sea Bird, C. L. Joy | 1 21 50 | 0 57 19 |

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Irene, W. E. Gordon | 1 20 14 | 0 52 04 |
| R. D., James McIntyre | 1 24 02 | 0 54 04 |
| Astrea, R. M. Benner | 1 24 32 | 0 54 18 |
| Wahneta, Smith & Cobb | 1 27 39 | 0 57 07 |
| Helen, George Collins | 1 27 06 | 1 00 19 |
| Judith, W. B. Pidgeon | 1 28 25 | 1 00 34 |
| Alcyone, O. S. Armstrong | 1 28 25 | 1 01 25 |

FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning | 1 24 09 | 0 48 29 |
| Magpie, C. P. Pike | 1 21 45 | 0 48 43 |
| Modoc, H. M. Belcher | 1 28 24 | 0 50 42 |
| Scamp, H. N. Nute | 1 25 25 | 0 51 07 |
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 1 23 15 | 0 51 42 |
| Arrow, W. F. Scott | 1 23 25 | 0 52 53 |
| Cadet, C. L. Smith | 1 28 53 | 0 52 33 |

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Phantom, George M. Hazlett | 1 31 52 | 0 58 36 |

JIB AND MAINSAIL CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Alpha, Dunne, Brown and Hunt | 1 14 49 | 0 43 05 |
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr. | 1 16 36 | 0 46 22 |
| Spurt, D. B. Pierce | 1 23 19 | 0 52 29 |

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Icurez, H. Jackson | 0 38 03 | 0 17 44 |
| Cutty Sark, M. Torrence | 0 39 10 | 0 17 48 |
| Tantrum, F. L. Perkins | 0 38 15 | 0 18 49 |
| Annie, E. L. Rich | 0 41 05 | 0 19 54 |
| Princess, Samuel Ware | 0 40 20 | 0 20 49 |

The judges were: M. J. Kiley, chairman; J. S. Cushing, E. A. Paige, James Bertram, Joseph O'Hare, W. A. Cook.

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## South Boston Y. C., July 9.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE second championship race of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a light southwest breeze, the courses being: For first class—From starting point, leaving Red Spar Buoy No. 2 and Thompson's Island on starboard, Spectacle and Long islands on port, Rainsford Island and Wilson's Rock Buoy on starboard; returning, leaving Raiesford Island on port, Long Island on starboard, Red Buoy No. 2 off Thompson's Island on port, to Red Buoy No. 4, leaving it on its starboard, to finishing point; 12 miles. For second class—To Cow Pasture Buoy No. 6, leaving it on port to Buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, leaving it on starboard, to Sculpin Ledge Buoy, leaving it on port; returning to Buoy No. 7, leaving it on port to finishing point; 7 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Quissett, W. P. Taylor | 25.08 | 1 44 00 | 1 15 47 |
| Climax, M. F. Kelly | 26.00 | 1 43 15 | 1 15 21 |
| Violet, U. J. McKee | 33.08 | 1 43 10 | 1 21 16 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Good Luck, John J. Bligh | 21.08 | 1 58 48 | 1 26 19 |
| Awilda, William McLeod | 24.09 | 1 55 17 | 1 26 10 |
| Julia, James Bertram | 21.11 | 2 10 11 | 1 38 00 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Triple, James Cashing | 18.05 | 2 04 24 | 1 35 46 |
| Race, J. F. Berrigan | 18 00 | 2 08 10 | 1 39 03 |
| Maggie, Peter Cougal | | Withdrew. | |

The judges were Thomas Christian, W. H. Godfrey, N. B. Stone and W. H. W. Cherrington.

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## Quincy Y. C., July 4.

HOUGH'S NECK—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Quincy Y. C. regatta of July 4 was sailed under the management of the Quincy Y. C., the wind being strong N. W. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater | 1 27 45 |
| Moondyne, A. J. Shaw | 1 28 47 |
| White Fawn, A. E. Jones | 1 29 55 |
| Posy, R. G. Hunt | 1 32 09 |
| Adolph, Henry Moebs | 1 33 38 |

JIB AND MAINSAIL.

| | |
|---|---|
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr. | 1 23 00 |
| Exile, J. F. Small | 1 23 21 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Magpie, J. S. Otis | 1 21 40 |
| Opechee, W. P. Barker | 1 22 20 |
| Vision, George Crane | 1 22 44 |
| Niobe, A. F. Schenkelberger | 1 23 48 |
| Smoke, Rice Bros | 1 23 51 |
| Helen, R. J. Sawtell | 1 29 56 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Midget, H. M. Faxon | 1 19 55 |
| Scamp, H. W. Nute, Jr. | 1 20 16 |
| Imp, Geo. F. Maybury | 1 32 15 |
| Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning | 1 32 16 |
| Don, W. H. Shaw | 1 22 55 |
| Dandelion, Arthur Adams | 1 22 55 |
| Mab, John Shaw | 1 23 22 |
| Elsie, Gordon M. Keating | 1 29 16 |
| Sunbeam, Harold Faxon | 1 32 27 |

The winners were: First Class—Gipsy, first; Moondyne, second; White Fawn, third.

Jib and Mainsail—Vanessa, first; Exile, second.

Second Class—Magpie, first; Opechee, second; Vision, third.

Third Class—Midget, first; Scamp, second; Imp, third.

The judges were George E. Pfeffman and P. H. Gavin.

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## Savin Hill Y. C. Open Regatta, June 30.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE annual open regatta of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed on June 30 in a strong blow from S.W., all the starters being close-reefed, and even then having more than enough wind. Only Exile and Alpha of the 21ft. class were present, and as the former was not willing to start with but one competitor, there was no race in the class. There were good races in the first, second, third and fourth classes, the winners being: Wapiti, Magpie, Don, subject to measurement, and Annie. The official times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Wapiti, James Bertram | 2 00 17 | 1 24 30 |
| Ustane, S. N. Small | 2 05 10 | 1 27 23 |
| White Fawn, A. E. Jones | 2 08 00 | 1 34 08 |
| Fannie, E. P. Sharp | Withdrew. | |
| Good Luck, J. B. Farrel | Disabled. | |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Magpie, H. S. Otis | 1 16 33 | 47 10 |
| Arab, W. F. Scott | 1 25 22 | 56 05 |
| Trifle, J. F. Cashin | 1 29 26 | 58 59 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Don, W. H. Shaw | 1 24 45 | |
| Agnes, James T. Bache | 1 24 22 | 53 19 |
| Wink, Frank Gray | 1 27 00 | 54 16 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Annie, E. H. Rich | 57 29 | 28 44 |
| Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrance | 57 15 | 29 32 |
| Princess, Samuel Ware | Withdrew. | |

The judges were A. A. Sallow, L. A. Horton and John S. Besarick.

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## Riverside Y. C. Annual, July 9.

COS-COB, CONN.,—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE third annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, but in such a light breeze that the race was anything but exciting. The larger classes had but few starters, the chief interest being in the open boat classes, Tattler beating Siren and Phyllis winning in her class. The times were:

SCHOONERS—80FT. CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nirvana | 12 47 03 | 5 45 03 | 4 58 00 |

SCHOONERS—70FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Azalea | 12 50 05 | 5 24 29 | 4 34 24 |
| Peerless | 12 52 35 | 5 26 15 | 4 33 40 |

SLOOPS—60FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eleanor | 12 47 41 | 5 28 55 | 4 41 14 |

SLOOPS—50FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alcedo | 12 46 07 | 5 27 40 | 4 41 33 |

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alma | 12 49 08 | 6 28 02 | 5 38 54 |
| Merope | 12 48 29 | 6 19 07 | 5 30 38 |

CABIN CATS—35FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gunhilde | 12 52 39 | 4 55 23 | 4 02 44 |
| Dawn | 12 54 29 | Did not finish. | |
| Aura | 12 53 30 | 4 55 54 | 4 02 24 |

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Almira | 12 54 59 | 4 42 21 | 3 47 22 |
| Myrtle | 12 52 35 | 4 44 20 | 3 51 45 |
| Oconee | 12 54 47 | 4 46 41 | 3 51 54 |
| Kittie | 12 52 44 | 4 50 34 | 3 58 00 |
| Nellie | 12 54 59 | 4 45 45 | 3 50 46 |

CABIN CATS—26FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mischief | 12 55 33 | 5 11 44 | 4 16 11 |
| Nahma | 12 51 29 | 4 45 44 | 3 54 15 |
| Pearl | 12 51 33 | 4 47 56 | 3 56 23 |

JIB AND MAINSAIL—25FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sirene | 12 51 14 | 4 23 07 | 3 31 53 |
| Tattler | 12 51 10 | 4 18 54 | 3 27 44 |

OPEN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wilmerad | 12 57 25 | 4 54 50 | 3 57 25 |

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gertrude | 12 51 29 | 4 56 17 | 4 04 48 |

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sadie | 12 51 45 | 4 51 45 | 4 00 00 |
| Effie | 12 51 57 | 4 51 12 | 3 59 15 |
| Phyllis | 12 54 23 | 4 17 32 | 3 23 09 |

The winners were Peerless, Merope, Aura, Almira, Nahma, Tattler and Phyllis, the yachts in the other classes sailing over. The steamer Hazel Kirke carried a large party of guests over the course

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## Corinthian Y. C., July 4.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE sixtieth regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed over club courses off Marblehead on July 4, the wind being very strong from N.W., all of the small number of starters being reefed down. In the third class the new Paine fin-keel Freak sailed her first race, but withdrew after picking up a lobster pot on her fin, a similar mishap befalling Reaper. The official times were:

THIRD CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Reaper, Benson | 24.3 | 1 47 58 |
| Sirocco, Fowle | 26.6 | 1 52 41 |
| Korali, Robbins | | 1 58 50 |
| Freak, Paine | | Did not finish. |

SPECIAL CLASS A.

| | |
|---|---|
| Modoc, L. Ring | 1 38 09 |

SPECIAL CLASS B.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Carl, Foster | 1 21 55 | 1 21 55 |
| Bob, Harding, 9m | 1 32 50 | 1 32 50 |
| Janet, Parker, 3m | 1 37 20 | 1 34 20 |
| Nancy, Taggard, 3m | 1 39 00 | 1 36 00 |
| Sculpin, Harding, 14m | 1 54 50 | 1 40 50 |
| Voga, Morse | Withdrew. | |

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## Southern Y. C. Cruise.

THE fleet of the Southern Y. C started on their annual cruise on Saturday, July 2, at 5 o'clock. The yachts raced from the start to anchorage at Waveland on Mississippi Sound that night, making the 60 miles sailed with a fair southerly breeze within six hours and a half. The flagship Zoe, Com. Gordon at the stick, won on time allowance. The boats were at Waveland all day Sunday, and on Monday, July 4, sailed in a regatta given by the Waveland and Bay St. Louis (Miss.) Regatta Association.

The race was started with double the required 5 knot breeze (S.W.) at 12 M., and ended pell mell in a rain squall. The sloops Susie B. and Montauk carried away their topmasts and the open sloop Lady Luckett capsized. The sloops Annie M. (50ft.) and the Siren came all the way from Mobile, Ala., but would not enter the contest. The sloop Nepenthe had nothing to sail against. The cruise continues on to the outlying islands of the Gulf and will last the greater part of two weeks. The times of the race were:

SCHOONER CLASS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Viola | 2 24 58 | 2 16 00 |
| H. T. Howard | 2 31 01 | 2 21 51 |
| Gertie | 2 31 45 | 2 26 03 |
| Folly | 2 47 56 | 2 47 56 |
| Hope | 3 24 49 | 3 18 52 |
| Nereus | Withdrew. | |

SLOOPS, 30 TO 40FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Stella | 2 08 51 | 2 06 27 |
| Zoe | 2 19 04 | 2 10 39 |
| Montauk | 2 53 46 | 2 53 46 |
| Susie B | Withdrew. | |

SLOOPS, 20 TO 30FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Silence | 2 10 22 | 2 10 22 |
| Nyanza | 2 20 18 | 2 12 14 |
| Bertie | 2 28 29 | 2 13 07 |
| Pluck & Luck | 2 22 44 | 2 17 16 |

SLOOPS UNDER 20FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Gypsie | 2 21 15 | 2 19 13 |
| Toutsey | 2 54 53 | 2 54 53 |
| White Wing | 3 17 00 | 2 58 15 |
| Susie | 3 13 44 | 3 11 43 |
| Edith | 3 18 44 | 3 15 38 |
| Lady Luckett, Withdrew. | | |

CATBOATS OVER 20FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| St. John | 2 33 17 | 2 31 30 |
| Maggie | 3 00 43 | 2 53 43 |
| Carrie V. | 3 03 31 | 3 03 31 |
| Emile Yell | Withdrew. | |

CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Yo Tambien | 2 55 36 | 2 50 34 |
| Juanita | 2 58 01 | 2 58 01 |
| Geronimo | 3 00 23 | 2 59 12 |
| Royal Flush | 3 00 34 | 2 59 42 |
| Volunteer | 3 00 14 | 2 59 52 |

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## Detroit Y. C., June 20.

DETROIT, MICH.—DETROIT RIVER.

THE opening regatta of the Detroit Y. C., on June 20, was sailed in a fresh southerly breeze, with a heavy rainstorm at the end.

The course for the first, second, third, fourth and fifth classes was from a stakeboat anchored abreast of the Park House dock, around the Grosse Pointe Lightship and return, thirteen miles. For sixth and double-cat classes, around the Dummy Light and return, eleven miles.

The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Crusader | 1 10 hd | 3 28 38 | 2 18 38 | 2 18 38 |
| Cora | 1 04 40 | 3 26 48 | 2 22 08 | 2 21 42 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alice Enright | 1 04 08 | 2 59 25 | 1 55 17 | 1 55 17 |
| Lulu B | 1 05 18 | 3 07 13 | 2 01 55 | 2 01 55 |
| Josephine | 1 03 42 | 3 13 50 | 2 10 08 | 2 09 42 |
| Columbia | 1 09 56 | 3 29 35 | 2 19 29 | 2 16 37 |
| Pearl | 1 10 hd | 4 05 00 | 2 55 00 | 2 54 08 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Shamrock | 1 07 42 | 3 17 55 | 2 10 13 | 2 10 13 |
| Cosair | 1 02 08 | 4 01 55 | 2 59 47 | 2 57 37 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Madeline | 1 06 55 | 3 32 52 | 2 25 57 | 2 24 13 |
| Naiad | 1 10-hd | 3 44 30 | 2 34 30 | 2 34 30 |
| Ugo | 1 04 58 | 3 57 13 | 2 52 15 | 2 51 23 |
| Viola | 1 02 48 | Withdrew. | | |
| Blanche B | 1 01 50 | Withdrew. | | |
| Madge | 1 01 52 | Withdrew. | | |

FIFTH CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cyclone | 1 09 05 | 4 19 52 | 3 04 47 | 4 03 29 |
| Eureka | 1 05 02 | 4 09 25 | 3 04 23 | 3 04 23 |
| Thistle | 1 02 12 | Withdrew. | | |
| North Cape | 1 10-hd | Withdrew. | | |

SIXTH CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Olive-Eva | 1 09 50 | 3 27 02 | 2 17 12 | 2 17 12 |
| Forma | 1 05 08 | 3 23 14 | 2 18 06 | 2 18 06 |
| Corsair, Jr | 1 06 21 | Withdrew. | | |
| George R | 1 10 00 | Withdrew. | | |

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Auguste S | 1 05 05 | 3 06 34 | 2 01 29 | 1 59 39 |
| Lois | 1 03 48 | 3 12 31 | 2 18 45 | 2 06 31 |
| Josephine, Jr. | 1 03 46 | 3 16 07 | 2 12 21 | 2 12 21 |
| Puritan | 1 03 03 | 3 19 15 | 2 16 12 | 2 14 00 |
| Nettie M | 1 06 25 | 3 25 30 | 2 19 05 | 2 17 37 |
| Yava | 1 06 18 | 4 03 58 | 2 57 40 | 2 55 28 |
| Martha | 1 02 26 | 4 29 00 | 3 26 34 | 3 23 16 |

Corsair, Jr., capsized and North Cape withdrew to go to her aid.

The judges were W. K. Parcher, Capt. Joe Nicholson and Will Hammond. The time-keepers were Louis Hilsendegen, J. A. Minnewegen, C. F. Fraser and Will Hayes.

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## New York Fishing Club.

RICHMOND VALLEY, S. I.—NEW YORK HARBOR.

ON July 4 the yachts of the New York Fishing Club sailed a race off the club station at Richmond Valley, S. I., the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bijou, J. A. Hassmer | 10 21 06 | 11 32 37½ | 1 10 53½ |
| Florence, W. Lubeck | 10 21 04 | 11 32 37½ | 1 11 33½ |
| Dolphin, A. Stroh | 10 20 54 | Withdrew. | |

FIRST CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bessie, O. Frohwein | 2 32 04 | 3 49 25 | 1 16 06 |
| Falcon, E. Vom Hofe | 2 35 00 | 3 51 41 | 1 16 41 |
| Lillie, F. Fredericks | 2 33 35 | 3 54 14 | 1 19 24 |
| Acme, Hy Fisher | 2 31 50 | 3 55 07 | 1 22 02 |
| Salvator, W. Lubeck | 2 31 30 | 4 01 22 | 1 27 19 |
| Petrel, F. Peterman | 2 33 21 | Withdrew. | |

The official timekeepers were Messrs. John H. Loose and N. Engel, Jr.

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## Beverly Y. C., July 4.

MONUMENT BEACH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

The 185th regatta, second sweepstakes, took place at Monument Beach on July 4. It had been blowing very hard from the west, but moderated before the boats started, the result being as a rule that they started with too many reefs, but soon shook them out.

As Hector is the only first class boat in the bay, there was no race in that class, and no fourth class boats appeared, it looks as if the new Herreshoff fin had frightened the whole class; but as she has not been delivered by the builders, and when delivered is likely to sail in third class, to say nothing of the fact that she will be an experiment in the water, the scare seems premature.

In second class Gynote again showed up well. She is vastly improved, but was not quite good enough for the old Mist with her overhanging stern. Torment was looked on by many as the winner, but broke down after being badly beaten.

In third class Doris had been pared down at both ends and got into the class, but does not seem quite up to Elna and Puzzle, who made a very good race.

Second class course 11¼ miles, third class 7½ miles, and rather fluky.

SECOND CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C. | 27.10 | 2 03 46 | 1 53 05 |
| Gynote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C. | 27.02 | 2 05 04 | 1 55 48 |
| Lestris (late Crawl), J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C. | 26.04 | 2 17 17 | 1 05 28 |
| Torment, C. C. Hanley, Mon. Beach | 27.04 | 1 19 44 | 2 09 03 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elna, John Parkinson, B. Y. C. | 22.04 | 1 37 05 | 1 26 16 |
| Puzzle, Wm. Amory, 2d, B. Y. C. | 22.09 | 1 37 52 | 1 26 58 |
| Doris, John Parkinson, B. Y. C. | 23.02 | 1 38 45 | 1 28 14 |
| Daisy, Howard Stockton, B. Y. C. | 21.01 | Withdrew. | |

Judges: N. H. Emmons, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

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## Eastern Y. C. Special Race.

A SPECIAL race of the Eastern Y. C. for invited yachts which do not exceed 21ft. waterline measurement, or which do not exceed 25ft. racing measurement, will be sailed from Marblehead Rock on Thursday, July 28, 1892, at 10:45 A. M., unless unfavorable weather necessitates postponement. All matters connected herewith, not otherwise specified herein, will be governed by the racing rules of this club so far as they may apply.

Entries, which must inclose the certificate of measurement from the measurer of the club from which the yacht enters, must be delivered to the secretary of the club, Mr. William S. Eaton, Jr., 281 Franklin street, Boston, before 2 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday, July 26.

Each yacht must carry a number, which will be supplied by the regatta committee at the club house, upon each side of her mainsail, as near the center as possible.

Time allowances will be given at the rate of $^{6}/_{10}$ of a second per mile for each tenth of a foot racing measurement, taking the nearest tenth. Racing measurements will be reckoned according to the present rule common to the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead and the Beverly Y. C. The crew of any yacht shall not exceed five men. No spinakers, shifting ballast, or outriggers will be allowed. One life preserver must be carried on deck.

The prizes are: First prize, $50 and the medal of the club; second prize, $25, if five or more start; third prize, $15, if seven or more start. Regatta Committee, Wm. S. Eaton, Jr., Chairman; R. D. Sears, P. T. Jackson, Augustus N. Rantoul, Henry H. Buck, Secretary of Committee, 50 State street, Boston.

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The Manayunk, Pa., Model Y. C. sailed a regatta on July 4 on the Schuylkill River.

## New York Y. R. A. Cruise.

The New York Y. R. A. made a decided change of programme this year in arranging the route for its annual cruise, Long Island Sound being abandoned as too far distant for a short cruise and the vicinity of the Lower Bay and the Highlands chosen instead. Although the waters are not so well adapted for yachting as the Sound, they answered the purpose of the cruise much better, and brought out a good fleet. The programme of the cruise was announced in the following:

General Order No. 1.—The annual cruise of the New York Yacht Racing Association shall start on July 4. Yachts shall rendezvous in Gravesend Bay off Bath Beach on Saturday afternoon, July 2, report to the fleet captain and remain at anchor over Sunday, and sail as follows:

Monday, July 4, to Keyport.
Tuesday, July 5, to Highlands.
Wednesday, July 6, to Red Bank.
Thursday, July 7, to Atlantic Highlands.
Friday, July 8, to Sewaren.

Saturday, July 9, to Brooklyn Y. C. and disband. This part of the programme will be decided upon by the owners of the yachts present at the rendezvous.

The start will take place at 10 A. M. each day. At 9:30 A. M. a gun will be fired to prepare to start, and all the yachts must remain at anchor until the starting gun is fired. The first yacht reaching the destination of the day will take her own time of arrival, anchor in some convenient place, hoist an ensign and take the time of arrival of all the other yachts, all of which must pass between this yacht and the nearest shore. The record of each day's run shall be delivered to the fleet captain immediately after the arrival of the last yacht.

In the event of a steam yacht accompanying the fleet the time of all arrivals shall be taken by the steam yacht.

Yachts desiring to leave the fleet must first obtain permission from the admiral. During the cruise the president of the association shall command the fleet and act as admiral of the fleet, and shall issue such orders as may be necessary. He shall also appoint a fleet captain, who shall see that his orders are executed.

The vice president of the association shall act as vice admiral during the cruise, and in the absence of the admiral shall command the fleet.

The admiral shall appoint a fleet surgeon, who shall attend to all sickness or accident to members while on the cruise.

The fleet shall be composed of a squadron from each club in the association, numbered according to date of organization, and each squadron will be commanded by a commodore of the club represented by the squadron, who shall receive all orders from the admiral and execute the same

All yachts shall carry the association flag at the masthead and its club flag at the peak, but yachts may display both flags at the masthead while at anchor.

The daily runs shall be subject to such changes as may be deemed proper by the admiral during the cruise.

Commodore B. F. Sutton, of the Brooklyn Y. C., will act as fleet captain during the cruise.

Prizes will be given to yachts making the best average runs in their respective classes during the cruise.

A. J. PRIME, President N. Y. Y. R. A.

The fleet assembled on Saturday in Gravesend Bay. Sunday being spent at anchor. On Monday at noon the yachts were under way for Keyport, arriving at 4 P. M. The above programme was carried out successfully, the fleet disbanding on Saturday.

## Royal Hamilton Y. C., Queen's Cup, July 1.

HAMILTON, ONT.—LAKE ONTARIO.

THE race this year for the Queen's Cup of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., won last year for the first time by Vreda, Com. Boswell, R. C. Y. C., was open only to yachts of the 30ft. class, and was sailed over a 20-mile triangular course off Hamilton on Dominion Day. The wind was west, quite light most of the time. Out of the fleet of fourteen starters the most interesting boats were the new Fife centerboard Vedette, sailed by Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, and Nancy, built from his own designs by Mr. Thos. Dalton for Mr. F. S. Malloch in 1889. Vedette is new and hardly tried yet, but Nancy showed her speed in the lake circuit in 1889, heading her class. Last year she was laid up, her owner sailing a new 35ft. Dalton boat, Dinah, but in view of the Queen's Cup being raced for by her class she has lately been launched and fitted out.

Vedette had the lead at the start, the first leg before a light breeze under spinakers, but Erma and Nancy soon passed her, the order at the first mark being Erma, Nancy, Echo, Maud, Vedette and Volante. On the second leg, reaching, Nancy headed higher than Erma, and passed her to windward near the mark, Maud pushing Nancy, the turn being timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nancy | 11 24 30 | Echo | 11 30 30 |
| Maud B | 11 26 30 | Vedette | 11 32 00 |
| Erma | 11 27 30 | Volante | 11 32 30 |
| Lotus | 11 28 00 | | |

The wind freshened for a short time on this leg, Vedette gaining, the times at the end of first round being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nancy | 12 17 24 | Maud B | 12 24 15 |
| Vedette | 12 23 51 | Lotus | 12 26 09 |
| Echo | 12 24 33 | Volante | 12 34 43 |
| Erma | 12 19 05 | | |

After some changes in second and third places the race ended as follows:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nancy | 10 | 2 50 21 | 4 50 21 | 4 49 21 |
| Maud B | 10 | 3 01 47 | 5 01 47 | 4 50 44 |
| Vedette | 10 | 2 54 26 | 4 54 26 | 4 54 26 |
| Erma | 10 | 2 56 05 | 4 56 05 | 4 55 54 |
| Echo | 10 | 2 56 56 | 4 56 56 | 4 56 24 |
| Lotus | 10 | 3 01 37 | 5 01 37 | 4 59 41 |
| Volante | 10 | 3 07 13 | 5 07 13 | 5 06 44 |

Clipper, Mona, Quickstep, Salona, Dolphin, Caruli and Illaway started, but were not timed.

Next year the cup will be sailed for at Kingston, open to the 40 and 35ft. classes. Nancy was sailed by Mr. J. H. Fearnside and the Nadia's crew.

## St. Lawrence Y. C., July 1.

MONTREAL—DORVAL—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

THE first race of the St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, for the perpetual challenge cup presented recently by Sir Donald A. Smith for an annual race on each Dominion Day between yachts of Classes A, 29ft. and 24ft., was sailed on July 1 over the club course from the station at Dorval. The entries were:

| | L.W.L. | Beam. | Length. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eagle | 36.03 | 10 | 36.02 |
| Viking | 30 | 12 | 35 |
| Dream | 28.09½ | 11.6 | 32 52 |
| White Squall | 27.01 | 11 | 31.01 |
| Coquette | 25 | 10 | 29 06 |
| Chaperon | 25.10 | 10 | 29 04 |
| Frolic | 23.07½ | 10.6 | 28.45 |
| Molly Bawn | 20 | 8 | 25.02 |
| Valda | 21.09 | 8 | 24.01 |
| Ellida | 19.10 | 7 | 21.01 |

Valda, sailed by her owner, Mr. G. Herrick Duggan, won; the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Valda | 10 10 45 | 12 19 24 | 2 08 40 | 2 00 03 |
| Viking | 10 13 10 | 12 13 45 | 2 00 35 | 2 00 35 |
| Chaperon | 10 12 25 | 12 49 30 | 2 36 55 | 3 32 15 |
| Molly Bawn | 10 11 20 | 1 04 30 | 2 53 10 | 2 46 06 |
| Eagle | 10 15 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Coquette | 10 11 26 | Withdrew. | | |
| Frolic | 10 26 30 | 12 52 40 | 2 26 10 | Not timed. |

Eagle ran aground at the Chateauquay Buoy. This race was sailed in the morning, one of the regular series races being sailed in the afternoon, Valda again winning.

## Monatiquot Y. C., July 9.

WEYMOUTH, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE club race of the Monatiquot Y. C. was sailed on Saturday over the club courses, the wind being fresh S.W. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Elapsed. | | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| White Fawn, A. E. Jones | 1 58 22 | Moondyne, A. J. Shaw | 2 15 49 |
| Posy, R. G. Hunt | 2 02 59 | Gipsy, M. F. Drinkwater | 2 18 41 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Opechee, W. P. Barker | 1 50 10 | Mab, John Shaw | 1 59 50 |
| Primrose, H. M. Faxon | 1 50 42 | Dandelion, Arthur Adams | 2 07 36 |
| Imp, W. F. Haybury | 1 52 05 | Asp, E. S. Hunt | 2 08 50 |
| Diadem, L. A. Hayward | 1 52 16 | Don, W. H. Shaw | 2 10 06 |
| Helen, R. W. Sawtell | 1 53 03 | Lora, D. E. Whelan | 2 13 56 |

Asp broke the jaws of her gaff on second leg. Com. Cavanagh's new yacht was disabled while leading the first class. The sailing lengths of the yachts are not yet known. White Fawn probably takes first prize in first class, with Posy second and Moondyne third. Primrose wins first in second class, Imp or Opechee second.

The judges were Henry Gardner, C. G. Sheppard, F. W. Cowing, Dana Smith and L. W. Morrison.

## Riverton Y. C., June 30.

RIVERTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

THE yachts of the Riverton, Philadelphia and Corinthian yacht clubs sailed a joint regatta on June 30, on the Delaware River, the course being 10 miles and the wind fresh from S. W. The times were:

SCHOONERS.

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Lydia, O. D. Wilkinson, C. Y. C. | 1 51 55 |

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Narounya, R. P. White, C. Y. C. | 1 38 43 |
| Schemer, F. S. Brown, P. Y. C. | 1 42 47 |

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Narina, W. B. Henry, C. Y. C. | 1 19 51 |
| Majorie, J. P. Edward, R. Y. C. | 2 22 30 |
| Mermaid, R. E. Tucker, C. Y. C. | 2 23 11 |
| J. S. M., M. R. Muckle, Jr., P. Y. C. | withdrew |

CLASS A—OPEN YACHTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Coronet, H. Yale Dolan, R. Y. C. | 1 54 35 |
| Mohican, C. B. Kugler, P. Y. C. | 1 56 18 |
| Olga, A. W. Hansell, R. Y. C. | 1 58 38 |
| Spray, L. C. Cook, R. Y. A. | 2 12 40 |
| G. de B. Keim, G. de B. Keim, R. Y. C. | capsized |
| Nettie, C. M. Riddle, R. Y. C. | disabled |

CLASS B—OPEN BOATS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Keystone, Geo. T. Gwilliam, P. Y. C. | 2 24 20 |
| Bonnie Jean, W. S. Grant, Jr., P. Y. C. | disqualified |

NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Camera, F. G. Stuart, R. Y. C. | 1 09 35 |
| Tillie, G. W. B. Roberts, R. Y. C. | 1 10 08 |
| Amerique, C. A. Wright, R. Y. C. | 1 11 37 |

## Volunteer Sailing Club, July 4.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—NEW HAVEN HARBOR.

THE Volunteer Sailing Club, of New Haven, sailed its first annual regatta on July 4, over a four-mile course. The race was started at 4:40 P. M. in a light northwesterly wind. The times were:

| | L.W.L. | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Veto, Com. Conklin | 17.05 | 4 42 30 | 6 06 00 | 1 23 30 |
| Norma, Capt. J. Jooss | 15.06 | 4 42 39 | 6 06 20 | 1 23 50 |
| Lottie, Geo. Vernholt | 14.11 | 4 43 00 | 6 08 00 | 1 25 00 |
| Lassie, J. Johnson | 15.01 | 4 43 00 | 6 21 20 | 1 38 20 |
| Belle, L. M. Cooney | 13.05 | 4 42 00 | 6 55 00 | 2 13 00 |

Veto, Norma and Lottie sailed a very close race, Norma winning by corrected time. Another race will be sailed on Sept. 5, the three boats making the best records in two races to be awarded first, second and third prizes respectively. Race committee, Webster R. Mathis, chairman; F. F. Upson, J. H. Jooss. Capt. George Damon judge. J. W. E. Johnson, Sec'y.

## American Model Y. C., July 4.

THE second regatta of the above club was somewhat a disappointment, due to the action of the owners of the first class yachts, who refused to start in the face of a northwest wind. True it was very unsteady, a large bill on the northwest shore splitting it up and causing it to come in spiteful puffs; but even so it would have been a very pretty race, with a quartering wind on the first half and a close haul on the last half of the ¼ mile course. Five yachts showed up at the starting line, and finally fearing the hard work before them concluded not to sail over the course. The second and third class yachts showed their mettle by starting, only two yachts finishing in their respective classes out of four starters over the regular triangular mile course. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Start. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Marjorie | 11 26 00 | 38 17 | 37 02 |
| Maria Shoofly | 11 25 30 | 35 42 | 35 42 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jennetta | 1 11 15 | 36 08 | 36 08 |
| Mischief | 1 10 50 | 37 15 | 35 01 |

Maria Shoofly won in the second class by 1m. 20s., while Mischief won in third class by 1m. 7s.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

THE White Bear Y. C., of White Bear Lake, near St. Paul, Minn., has arranged for a series of four boat races. The conditions are that the yachts must be owned and run by club members, and entries must be made to J. H. Ramaley, secretary. One race was sailed on July 4, the other dates being: July 9, club trophy, now held by Fortuna; July 23, club trophy, catboat cup; Aug. 13, club trophy.

The race of July 3 of the White Bear Y. A. was sailed in a heavy blow from the east, the times being:

SLOOPS.

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Wapsie, Charlie Bigelow | 1 49 40 |
| Kitten, Sam Stickney | 1 46 05 |
| Hornet, Paul Gotzian | 1 49 30 |
| Shark, Jim Elmer | 1 44 42 |
| Manitou, Gene Ramaley | 1 52 00 |
| Fortuna, Doc Welch | 1 43 18 |
| Victorine, Dick O'Brien | W. |

CATS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Nushka, Lucius Ordway | 1 46 01 |
| Kelpie, Oscar Taylor | 2 00 42 |
| Mischief, L. Bement | 2 03 00 |

Fortuna was disqualified for fouling a mark. Shark wins, with Hornet second. Nushka wins in her class.

On July 2 the sloop Vashti sailed from Hull on a cruise, having on board Com. Herbert O. Stetson, Hull Cor. Y. C., Messrs. Russell Field and Henry Wilson, and her regular crew. At 4 A. M. next day she was off Monhegan, the weather being foggy, with a heavy sea and very high wind. The yacht was under two-reefed mainsail and storm jib, and when about 6 A. M. she was found to be nearing the breakers an attempt was made to tack her. After the failure of three attempts, she was anchored close inshore, her two cables holding from 8 A. M. until 4 P. M., when she parted both and went on the rocks on Whitehead Island, near Rockland, Me. All hands reached the shore safely, but the port side of the yacht was entirely stove in and her dinghy was wrecked. The party were cared for by Capt. Freeman Shea, of the Life-Saving Station. The yacht was floated by Capt. Snow, of Rockland, Me., and towed to that place by a tug brought from Boston by Mr. Stetson's father, Com. John A. Stetson. The yacht will be repaired at Rockland.

The following additional notice has been sent out by the Beverly Y. C. to govern its regatta of July 29: "The club rule requiring boats to be sailed by a member will be waived for this race. Special class and third class sloops may carry five men. If no 25-raters start special class will be abandoned, and prizes in third class sloops will be increased to first, $50; second, $20; third $15; fourth $10; fourth prize to be given only if eight boats start. Beverly Y. C. rule of measurement is the same as that of Hull and Massachusetts clubs, and, except as regards spinnakers, the same as that of Larchmont and Seawanhaka clubs. Additional course—If two No. 7's or No. 8's are shown, third class and special class will sail same course as fourth class. The regatta will be open to yachts not over 30ft.

On July 9 at 10:30 A. M. the fleet of the Eastern Y. C. started on its annual cruise to the eastward, the following yachts making up the fleet: Schooners—Mayflower, flagship, Vice Com. W. A. Gardner; Gitana, W. F. Weld; Constellation, Bayard Thayer; Fortuna, H. S. Hovey; Marguerite, R. S. Palmer; Œnone, G. W. Weld; Triton, C. R. Holman. Sloops—Wayward, David Sears; Bayadere, T. W. Merrill; Barbara, C. H. W. Foster; Thelma, F. B. McQuesten; Baboon, Geo. A. Goddard; Elf, Henry Howard; Gossoon, Chas. A. Morse; Harpoon, Adams Bros.; Polly, str., C. S. Eaton. Harpoon sailed from Boston to join the fleet and will return to Lawley's after the cruise to ship her heavy board.

On July 4 a regatta was held at Onset, Mass., the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Adelaide, F. Sherman, East Wareham | 24.00 | 1 58 04 | 1 21 33 |
| Mary, H. Blout, Chatham | 24.00 | 2 11 36 | 1 35 15 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Phenomenon, D.L, Whittemore, Boston | 23.04 | 1 02 49 | 43 35 |
| Vivian, N. Huckins, Onset Bay | 23.04 | 1 05 58 | 45 28 |
| Marion, G. W. Jones, Onset Bay | 23.01 | 1 08 45 | 48 15 |
| Amy, Capt. Robinson, Onset Bay | 23.04 | Disabled. | |

The report has reached London from Australia that the steam yacht Sunbeam recently sunk in Admiralty Gulf, North Kimberly District, Australia. No particulars are given save that the disaster was caused by corrosion of floors. The yacht is of composite construction, built in 1874 and has been made famous by Lady Brassey's voyages and books.

The large sharpie Bristol, owned by Mr. Edward Ingraham, of Bristol, Conn., is a typical Florida cruiser, being built for the Indian River and similar waters. She is 77ft. over all, 73ft. l.w.l., 24ft. beam, 6in. draft forward and 27in. aft. She was built by J. McFadden of Melbourne, on the Indian River, in 1891, and cruised all last winter on the Halifax and Indian Rivers and Lake Worth. She is schooner-rigged and has a large cabin house elegantly furnished, offering accommodations for a large party. The yacht can make about 8 miles per hour and carries a crew of five. The large cockpit aft gives space outdoors, a great convenience in warm weather.

The American Y. C. held a race for naphtha launches on July 4, over an 8 mile course off Milton Point. There were 8 starters, Louise, G. C. Smith, winning by 4m. 6s., with Sweetheart, H. C. Schriever, second. On the morning of July 6, the date of the annual sailing regatta, there were present the yachts Iroquois, Peerless, Viator, Azalea, Wasp, El Chico, Fyxie, Chippewa, Sasqua, Oconee, Phyllis, Willada, Aura and Merula, with the regatta committee. There was hardly a draft of air on the Sound, and the regatta was finally postponed indefinitely.

On the night of June 30 the Sound steamer Maine and the steam yacht Nourmahal, now under charter from the Astor estate by Mr. J. M. Waterbury, were in collision off Bartlett's Reef Lightship, in Long Island Sound. The Maine struck a glancing blow on the starboard quarter of the yacht, damaging the rail and plating somewhat. The collision in some way stopped the dynamo on the yacht, and all the lights went out at once, causing some alarm on board. Mr. Waterbury and a party were on their way to the Yale-Harvard race at New London. The responsibility for the collision has not yet been determined.

The Massachusetts Y. C will sail its 146th race July 15 on Dorchester Bay, the classes being as follows: Special—Jib-mainsail boats measuring 21ft. waterline and under. Prizes $15 and $10. Sixth class—Catboats measuring 18ft. and less than 21ft. waterline. Prizes $10 and $5. Seventh class—Catboats measuring less than 18ft. Prizes $10 and $5. Fifty per cent. of the prize money will be awarded to any boat sailing over the course and having no competitor, and no second prize will be awarded in any class unless three or more start. The race will start at 2:30.

Mr. J. R. White, of Rochester, N. Y., present owner of the centerboard sloop Onward, has sent the following challenge to George N. Leavens, of Belleville, secretary of the Bay of Quinte Y. C.: "I hereby challenge the yacht Norah to a race for the Fisher cup, now held by her, and desire that the race be held on the 15th or 16th of July, 1892, if the owner of the Norah will waive Rule 3 of the conditions of challenge as to the twenty-five day clause, and if not I would name as the time July 30, 1892, unless another date can be agreed upon."

On June 28 a catboat belonging to Chas. H. Pratt, of Glen Cove, L. I., was found adrift and full of water, her boom broken and sail in the water. It was learned later that she was stolen from her moorings by two men, of whom no trace has been found except two satchels left in her cabin. It is not known whether the men escaped from her in safety or were drowned in the squall which swamped the yacht. Her watertight compartments kept her afloat after filling.

The annual regatta of the Carolina Y. C., of Wilmington, N. C., was sailed on July 4, the finish being timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Idler | 1 41 56 | Mamie B. | 1 55 48 |
| Peggotty | 1 43 58 | Comet | 1 59 44 |
| Little Alice | 1 53 10 | | |

The club having abolished the three classes of boats and put them all in one class, Idler was declared the winner.

The Baltimore Y. C. fleet, including the following yachts: E. L. Bartlett's Comfort, Capt. Dorry; Ella, steam yacht, Capt. J. D. Mallory; Ibis, schooner, Capt. S. C. Townsend; Leona, Capt. James A. Smyser; Lagonda, Capt. George W. Coale; and Gaetina, Capt. F. W. McAllister, has been on a cruise on the Potomac River. The steam yacht Ella struck a wreck when near Solomon's Island, and was beached for repairs.

The new Gardner schooner Alcese is now in commission, and has been at Boston, New London and New York, her appearance being generally admired. The Gloriana bow is not a thing of beauty in itself, but the model is a very handsome one above and below water. The trip from Bos on to New York proved that the yacht was oversparred, and she was taken immediately to Tebo's, where both masts were lifted out and shortened 3ft. 6in. on the heel.

The Marguerite Y. C., of Menasha, Wis., elected the following officers on June 25: Com., F. D. Lake; Vice Com., S. H. Vaughn; Fleet Captain, W. H. Miner; Sec'y, Harry DeWolf; Treas., Geo. U. z. Several new members were elected. It was decided to accept Com. Felker's invitation to join the Oshkosh and Fond du Lac yachts in the annual regatta to be held at Oshkosh, July 16, for the cup.

The "Yachting Guide," issued each year by Andrew Thompson, London, is a compact and convenient little volume of information for yachtsman, containing a great deal of useful matter, though much of it is of course adapted to British rather than American yachting. The rules and allowances of the Yacht Racing Association are given in full, also the rules of the Yacht's Boat Sailing Association.

On July 4 the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Lincoln Park, near Chicago, sailed a race on Lake Michigan with the following starters. Period winning with Alice second: Period, Charles Monsall; Alice, C. O. Andrews and D. D. Dutton; Louise, G. Poole; American Girl, Bergman Brothers and Wood; Dragon, Lovedale Brothers and Ford; Buano, W. Todd.

The latest addition to the small classes in Boston is a 24ft. racing skiff from the St. Lawrence River, imported by Mr. J. S. Poyen. She is 3ft. 4in. beam and of canoe model. If she is well sailed her performance against the fins and splashers will be very interesting. She probably carries 450sq.ft. of sail, the others carrying from 700 to 900.

On July 10 at 10 A. M., while Mineola, Mr. August Belmont, was lying off the Corinthian station at Tompkinsville, S. I., her gasoline stove exploded, injuring the deck and interior considerably. The steward, John P. Smith, was badly burned and jumped overboard, being picked up by Capt. Neilson, the club janitor.

The first race of the Provincetown Y. C. was sailed on July 4 over a 10-mile triangular course in a light breeze. The winners were: First class, sloop Hersey D. Taylor, 2h. 8m. 41s.; second class, sloop Etta, 2h. 30m. 30s.; third class, cat Duster, 1h. 33m. 21s.; fourth class, sloop R. R. Kelly, 1h. 51m. 33s.

On July 1 a yacht club under the name of the Lake Geneva Y. C. was organized at Geneva, Ill., with the following officers: Com., N. K. Fairbank; Vice-Com., C. Leß. Withrow; Rear-Com., H. W. Marsh; Sec'y and Treas., W. S. McCrea. Directors: Julian M. Rumsey, George S. Isham and J. Leiter.

The new fin-keel for Mr. Howard Stockton, for racing on Buzzard's Bay, has been named Fin. She is 17ft. lwl. The Herreshoffs have just sent away a centerboard 30-footer similar to Alpha, to be raced about New York. The machinery of the 130ft. steamer is in place and the cabin work is well advanced.

The fifth championship regatta of the Minnetonka Y. C., of Lake Minnetonka, Minn., was sailed on July 2 over a 10 mile course, the wind being light from the north. The winners in the various classes were White Wing, Bird, Idler and Ida. Bird is a Herreshoff boat.

Fyxie, Mr. Oswald Sanderson, is now at Woods's yard preparing for a cruise to Boston, where she will sail in the regular events of the Eastern, Beverly and Corinthian clubs, and also in special matches with Reaper and Vanessa, the two 21ft. fin-keels.

The St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal has issued a very neat year book, a chart of the club's racing courses being given for the first time. The club now numbers 340 members and a fleet of 51 sailing yachts and boats and 34 steamers.

On July 4 Luther C. Ward, formerly of the firm of Ward & Stanton, yacht builders, of Newburgh, N. Y., died at the age of 69. The firm built the steam yachts Radha and Polynia, and also the Shaugraun, afterward Henrietta.

Com. C. M. Connolly, of the Corinthian Navy, has bought the cutter Pelican of Hugh Boyd, of the Atlantic Y. C. The Pelican will be put in commission before Aug. 1 at Port Jefferson.

The fast run of the Yankee Doodle on July 4 was followed by the inevitable breakdown two days later, the steam pipe breaking and carrying away the smokestack. Vamoose is out again after her accidents.

On July 4 a catboat capsized on Ulster Park Lake, drowning Mrs. Kellert, of New York, and Herbert Slater, who was in charge of the boat.

Brunhilde, schr., J. J. Phelps, which has been under charter to the Bahamas' Lighthouse Service for a year, sailed for New York on July 5, her charter having expired.

On the night of July 6 a fire broke out on the steam yacht Thyra, Com. Lawrence, American Y. C., but was extinguished by the crew, the damage being about $200.

Alpha has been hauled out at Hull for painting and to replace her centerboard, which she lost in the latter part of the Boston City regatta of July 4. She will be ready for Friday's race.

On July 9 the fleet of the Winthrop Y. C. sailed on the annual cruise for Camden, Me. The yachts were Nimbus, Widgeon, Eva, Clara, Hattie, Signet, Naiad, Alda, Marion, Eclipse.

The open regatta of the Staten Island Y. C. on July 9 was sailed in a very light air, only two yachts finishing out of a fleet of six. Mamie S. won by 57s.

The annual cruise of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia will be through Long Island Sound, the fleet assembling at Larchmont on July 6.

Duplex, naphtha yawl, Dr. C. M. Wilson, dragged ashore on July 3 in the squall and sustained some damage to her bottom.

The Citizens' Yachting Association, a new organization, of Detroit, Mich., has just taken possession of a new club house.

The yachts of the New Bedford Y. C., Pointer, Nadir, Iris, Saracen, Wanda and Tahena sailed on July 2 on a cruise.

Vice-Com. Morgan's new steam yacht Ituna was spoken off Cape Race on July 7, and arrived at New York on Tuesday last.

The Herreshoff 2½-rater Wenonah has made a fine showing in the Clyde regattas, winning every race of last week.

The Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed a race on July 4, the winners being Bennie, Gil Blas Anna and Indian.

Tillie, steam yacht, has been chartered by W. H. Starbuck to H. McK. Twombly, of New York.

Meteor, late Thistle, has had her channels removed and her spars considerably lightened.

The South Boston Y. C. will start on July 16 on its annual cruise for Boothbay, Me.

Adrienne, schr., sailed from Boston for New Orleans on July 7.

The annual regatta of the Fall River Y. C. was sailed on July 4.

# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

JULY.

9-23. W. C. A. Meet, Oshkosh, Wis.
15-30. Northern Div. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Couchiching, Can
23. Rochester, 3d Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

AUGUST.

4-25. A.C.A. Meet, Willsborough Pt
6. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
15-20. A. C. A. Meet, race week, Willsborough Point.
27. Rochester, 4th Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

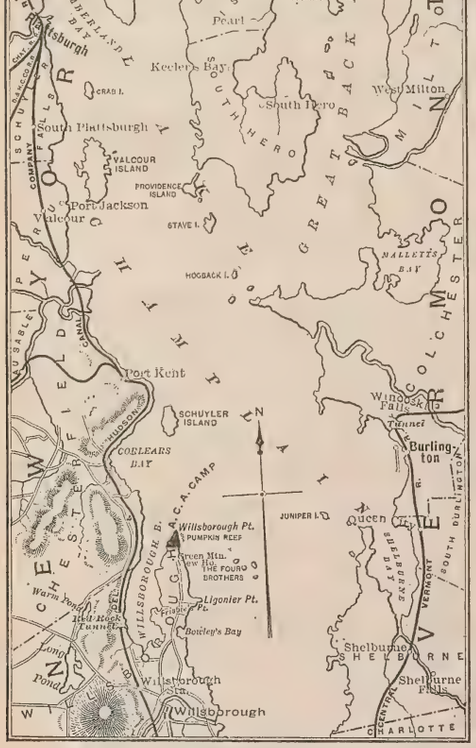
SEPTEMBER.

3. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
3. Brooklyn, Visiting Cruise, Passaic River.
3. Orange, Ann., Arlington, N.J.
5. Ianthe, Annual Regatta.
8. Rochester, Fall Regatta, Irondequoit Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

THE question as to the standing of a brass centerboard weighted with lead is a very interesting one, as there are indications in both canoeing and yachting that the loaded fin, whether fixed or movable, is likely to play an important part in racing. We pointed out some time since that the very wholesome restriction on weight of centerboard has disappeared from the rule, probably by a clerical error. As to the present standard of the weighted centerboard, we are inclined to differ from the opinion expressed unofficially by the chairman of the regatta committee, and to consider them as admissible under the rule. The use of a limited amount of ballast in the centerboard has been fully recognized in the rules for many years. No objection has ever been made to the hollow centerboards filled with movable blocks of lead that were used by the Toronto canoeists in 1883-4-5; they were admitted on the same footing as a solid gunmetal board of the same weight; and wooden boards weighted with lead have always been admitted under the rule. The principle of extra weight of ballast in the centerboard being thus recognized, the only question is that of form; and if the lead cylinder on the lower edge of the brass center plate is so fitted as to house completely within the trunk, we should consider it as coming under the same head as the ordinary heavy metal board of uniform thickness, which now is not even limited in weight.




LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to an error in Rule 1, as printed in the new Year Book, and asks for official information. While the Year Book is considered as the official standard of all rules, there is clearly an error in this case, as the sole change made in Rule 1 last November was the substitution of the word "cruising" for "general purpose." The limit of drop of centerboard was removed, but the vote was afterward reconsidered, and the limit was left as before, at 18in. We print elsewhere the rule as our minutes, made at the meeting, show it to stand, in effect unchanged from last year. The trouble arose from the hurry with which much of the work of the meeting was necessarily done, in which the racing regulations, as usual, are the chief sufferers, they being considered after the question of location, date of the meet, etc., are disposed of, usually at the end of an all-day session.

The work of amending the racing rules has been very badly done for several years, and it is time that more serious attention was given to a matter of such importance. It is one of the most important functions of the regatta committee to present to the executive committee at the November meeting a report which shall include in definite form all proposals for changes of the rules. The present regatta committee is better fitted to deal with this subject than any that has been appointed for some years, and they cannot do a better service to the racing men than to lay before the executive committee a careful revision of Rule 1. The rule has been very carelessly meddled with in the past, some important restrictions being dropped out for no apparent reason.

WE shall publish during the next month all the information obtainable in regard to the A. C. A. meet, and members will do well to watch our columns for official information which can be given to all through no other source after the camp circular has been sent out, which will be done very shortly. Com. Winne requests us to state that he will give personal attention to such inquiries in regard to the camp as may be addressed to him. At the same time we would suggest to inquirers that they make certain that the information has not already been published before applying for it, as the commodore's time is well taken up just now.

ON Saturday last the meet of the Western Canoe Association opened at Lindenwald Point, Lake Winnebago, and on Friday of this week the meet of the Northern Division, A. C. A., will open at Geneva Park, Lake Couchiching, Canada. We hope to give full accounts of each meet.



COM. C. V. WINNÉ.

# AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

## THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MEET.

### Willsborough Point.

OFFICERS, 1892.

COMMODORE, C. V. Winné, Albany, N. Y.
SEC'Y-TREAS., W. B. Wackerhagen, Albany, N. Y.
*Central Division*—Vice-Com., E. L. French, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., T. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. G. Belman, Amsterdam, N. Y.
*Eastern Division*—Vice Com., J. W. Cartwright, Jr., Boston, Mass.
Rear Com., E. C. Knappe, Springfield, Mass.
Purser, R. Appolonio, Winchester, Mass.
*Northern Division*—Vice-Com., D. B. Jaques, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., W. F. Sweny, Kingston, Canada.
Purser, J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
*Atlantic Division*—Vice-Com., L. W. Seavey, New York.
Rear-Com., L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.
Purser, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

REGATTA COMMITTEE—R. S. Oliver, Ford Jones, H. L. Quick, E. H. Barney and R. W. Gibson, chairman.
CAMP SITE COMMITTEE—W. H. Brown, W. E. Christie and W. R. Huntington, chairman.
TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE—J. W. Sparrow, Dr. Sidney Bishop, W. S. Smith and I. V. Dorland, chairman.
Signal Officer, Dr. Geo. L. Parmele; Ass't Signal Officer, H. R. Tilley; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. J. Nellis; Official Photographer, S. R. Stoddard. Clerk of the Course, Geo. P. Douglass.
GENERAL MEET—Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain, Aug. 4 to 25.
DIVISION MEETS—Central, Atlantic and Eastern, none. Northern, Lake Couchiching, Can., July 15 to 31.

The birthday of the American Canoe Association is Aug 3, as it was on that day twelve years ago that the little party of thirteen canoeists, mostly strangers to each other, met in convention at Crossbyside, Lake George, and organized the Association. The coming general meet will miss being a birthday party by just one day, as the camp will be formally opened on Aug. 4.

The location of the camp of 1892 is already familiar to many who were present at the same spot last year, and to many more through the very favorable reports which were spread by these former, as well as through the excellent photos made by Mr. Stoddard, several of which we reproduce by his permission. Willsborough Point is one of the most beautiful spots in a region famous for its scenery, which includes the famed Adirondacks, Lake George and the Green Mountains; not to mention Lake Champlain itself. The Point is six miles distant from Port Kent, eight miles from Burlington, Vt., and nine and one-half miles from Essex, N. Y.

It is a high rocky peninsula, a spur of the mountains on the mainland, running north and south for four miles, parallel with the New York shore, and forming on its west side a bay about one mile wide. The point is covered with thrifty farms and farmhouses, but there are no buildings within a long distance of the camp except the hotel. From Willsborough station, on the Delaware & Hudson R. R., the camp may be reached by a pleasant drive of nearly six miles. From the camp is visible a wide expanse of Lake Champlain, with the city of Burlington opposite, the Adirondack Mountains immediately at hand on the west, and the distant peaks of the Green Mountains on the east.

The camp may be reached from Burlington, on the east side of the lake, and on the west from Port Kent, the lake steamers from Port Douglass, a special station of the D. & H. R. R., by launch, and from Willsborough station by carriage. It may also be reached from the various points on the lake, Plattsburg and Ticonderoga.

The D. & H. C. Co. will have a platform and small station, with a telegraph operator in charge, ready by August just opposite the camp.

The following is the time table to let off and take on passengers:

Going North.

Leaves* N. Y. 7 P.M. Albany 11:15P.M. Arrives at Camp. 6 A.M.
Leaves N. Y.. 9:10A.M. Albany. 1:10P.M. Arrives at Camp. 7:30P.M.
Leaves N. Y..11:59P.M. Albany. 6:50A.M. Arrives at Camp.11:30A.M.

Going South.

L's Montreal. 7:15A.M. Camp...11 A.M. New York..... 7 P.M.
Leaves* Camp 8:30P.M. Albany. 2:30A.M. Arrives at camp. 6:45A.M

*Runs Sundays.

All freight and baggage must be shipped or checked to Port Kent, and then the owner can arrange with the baggage man on train to put off baggage at camp station.

All freight, duffle and canoes shipped to Port Kent will be looked after by the D. & H. agent, and if marked will be reshipped to camp. Mark everything with owner's name, Port Kent, N. Y., A. C. A. Camp, Willsborough Point, N. Y.

R. R. fare from Albany and return, $6.20; R. R. fare from New York and return, $10.30; Canoeists come on night boat from New York fare $1.50, and take the train that leaves Albany at 6:50 A. M. and arrive in camp 11:30 A. M., they can purchase their certificate at Albany.

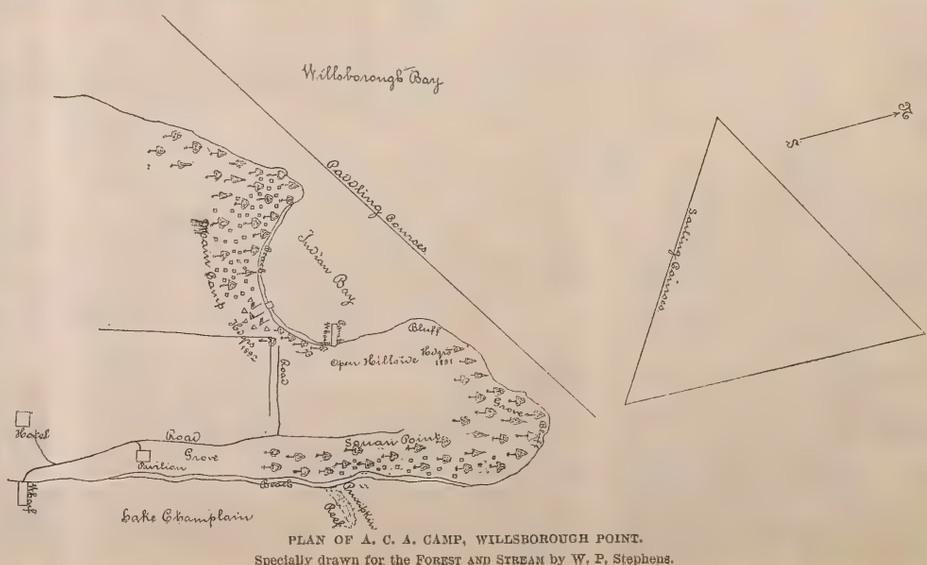
The steamer Chateaugay, of the Lake Champlain Transportation Co., will make trips as follows: Leaves camp at 8 A. M. for Burlington, connects with Vermont from Port Kent and returns to camp 9 A. M.; leaves camp 9:15 A. M. for Port Kent. Leaves Port Kent at 4:26 P. M. and arrives in camp at 5:15 P. M. Leaves for Burlington and connects with the Vermont coming from Ticonderoga and returns to camp at 6 P. M., making a ferry between camp and Burlington in the morning and evening at very convenient hours.

The steamer Vermont leaves Port Kent 7:20 A. M. and connects with the Chateaugay at Burlington, getting the canoeist in camp at 9 A. M., and the Vermont leaves Ticonderoga 1:25 P. M and connects at Burlington with the Chateaugay, arriving in camp at 6 P. M.

The trip from Ticonderoga permits the tourist to vary his route and pass through Lake George one way at an extra expense of but $1.50. The rates of fare for the round trip are very nearly as follows: From New York, $10.30; Rochester, $11.40; Springfield, $8; Toronto, $17. During August low rates from the West prevail. The railroad tickets to the camp are good on the Champlain steamer from Port Kent, Burlington and Ticonderoga. All of these points are reached by the D. & H. R. R. from Montreal on the north and Albany on the south, while Burlington is also in close connection with the entire railroad system of New England.

The A. C. A. camp covers the extreme north end of the point, on land owned by Mr. E. K. Baber and leased by him to the Association at a nominal rental of $1 per year. The accompanying plan of the camp, specially drawn for the FOREST AND STREAM, shows the general arrangement and the lay of the ground. Beginning at the extreme end, the ground is quite high, rocky bluffs rising from 20 to 30ft. above the lake, while the land slopes upward toward the center of the point, this portion being quite heavily wooded. The fringe of wood extends for half a mile along the east or lake shore, up to the wharf just in front of the hotel. Within this grove is the ladies' camp, which will take in a part of the point and the shore opposite Pumpkin Reef. The bluffs extend along the west shore, overlooking Indian Bay, and forming a fine point of view commanding the main camp and the racing courses. Last year headquarters was located on this high ground, as shown in one of the views, but this year no tents will be allowed on the large open meadow which forms the hillside. The men's camp will be located in the place selected by common choice last year, along the south shore of Indian Bay, where a grove provides ample shade for those who prefer it, while there is plenty of open space for those who prefer to camp in the sun.

The grove and beach in front of the main camp are shown in two of the views. Owing to the very low water of last year a wide and stony beach was exposed, but it is probable that the water will be higher this year, covering the worst of this beach. A wharf will be built, as shown, and a landing for canoes will be constructed immediately in front of headquarters. The ground in the main camp rises gradually and is very convenient to the beach, but high enough to afford dry tent sites. Headquarters will be located nearly on the site of the Puritan camp of last year, just inside the fence corner. The road has been graveled, making a good walk to the pavilion, where meals will be served. This is located between the camp and the hotel, on the lake shore, and in a pleasant grove. Members are at liberty to select such tent sites as they may prefer in all places not reserved for public use. These are the west slope of the hillside,




PLAN OF A. C. A. CAMP, WILLSBOROUGH POINT.
Specially drawn for the FOREST AND STREAM by W. P. Stephens.

the small grove on the beach in front of headquarters, and the open space on the west point of Indian Bay. It is desirable to preserve one compact and well-arranged camp, and members are requested in selecting tent sites to leave a clear road between the water and the first row of tents, and to preserve the necessary passageways at convenient intervals between the various groups of tents.

*Mess.*—The camp mess will be under the direction of Mr. Otis, as last year. It will be served in the large pavilion, and everything will be as clean, neat and palatable as last year, generally admitted to be the best yet provided at a meet. The price will be $1 per day, or thirty five cents each for breakfast and supper and fifty cents for dinner.

*Hotel.*—The Willsborough, formerly the Green Mountain View House, managed by Mr. J. Henry Otis, is a cosy and comfortable hotel, located about one-quarter of a mile from the camp. It offers every convenience for ladies and chance visitors who do not care to camp, and at the same time it is entirely free from the objections of the ordinary summer hotel which brings a host of tourists and sightseers into the camp. Mr. Otis has been specially accommodating to the Association, and will do all in his power to insure the comfort of those who prefer the hotel to the camp. Meals may be taken at the hotel, or, if preferred, with the canoeists in the pavilion.

No. 15. Sailing upset and maneuvering, no special appliances, no limit to ballast; at signal throw over astern and recover paddle; second signal, canoe to be righted and cross finish line under sail. Time limit ½ hour.

No. 16. Paddling upset, usual conditions, no special appliances.

No. 17. Hurry scurry, run, swim and paddle short distances.

No. 18. Gymnastics.

No. 19. Long distance cruising race, two or three days' racing, about six hours each day, and camping at night, each man with his own outfit. Details of this event to be decided at a meeting to be held at camp Saturday evening, Aug. 6.

*Note.*—The events will not be called in the order of numbers. The long distance cruising race will be made (if made at all) between Aug. 5 and 12.

The sailing races will be taken up Monday, Aug 15, if there is wind, and continued, as long as wind is good, until finished.

Paddling races will be called early on the first day if there is no wind, but if there is they will commence later that day, or on the second day.

Events 15, 16, 17 and 18 will be called, if possible, on the afternoon of Thursday, Aug. 18.



MAIN CAMP VIEWED FROM OLD HEADQUARTERS.

*Ladies' Camp* will be located the same as last year, on the east side of the Point, and will be in charge of one active member and four lady associate members, selected one from each division.

*Wharf* will be located on the bay side very near headquarters.

*Headquarters* will be located on Indian Bay, at the approach to camp from the main wharf.

*Mail* will be in charge of a postmaster at headquarters. Address for all mail matter, "A. C. A. Camp, Willsborough Point, Essex Co., N. Y."

*Telegraph* station at hotel.

*Barber.*—A good barber at hotel.

*Dark Room* at hotel for the use of A. C. A. photographers.

*Carpenters and Laborers* have been engaged and lumber purchased, and tent floors and skids, etc., will be built for members at cost on application to camp site committee. Flag poles can be furnished at a reasonable price. We earnestly request members desiring floors to send their measurements to Wm. R Huntington, chairman camp site committee, Willsborough Point, after Aug. 1.

*Camp Store* will be located near mess pavilion with a stock of the articles usually in demand, and orders taken for articles not in stock.

*Signals.*—The A. C. A. Signal Code will be used to convey all intelligence from headquarters to the entire camp, the signal station and poles being located at headquarters. Copies of the code may be obtained of the secretary. Price, 10 cents.

## Camp Rules.

1. A member of the executive committee will act each day as executive officer, and will be obeyed accordingly.

2. Daily before 10 o'clock tents and grounds must be put in order, all refuse, papers, etc., must be ready for removal by the camp cart. Members will be held responsible for the appearance of their tents and the surrounding grounds.

3. The commodore and secretary will be at headquarters for transaction of business each day from 9 to 11 A. M. Immediately upon arrival members will register at headquarters.

4. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at sunset.

5. Tents may be located by owners, subject to the approval of the camp site committee, and with due regard for the thoroughfares and lines.

6. Camp will be open daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Guests may be invited by card, to be obtained of the secretary. Before 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. no guest will be expected in camp except by invitation for occasions specially announced on bulletin board.

7. Neither guests nor members from main camp will be expected in the ladies' camp before 10 A. M. or between the hours of 5 and 7 P.M. At 11 P. M. all guests and members from the main camp are expected to leave the ladies' camp except when present by special invitation announced on bulletin board.

8. On Thursdays, Aug. 11 and 18, visitors are invited from 10 to 6, during which hours the rules governing admission of guests to camp will be suspended.

9. Visiting boats must land at the steamboat wharf or at the headquarters, unless otherwise directed by officers in charge.

10. Taps will sound at 11 P. M. After that hour quiet must be maintained in camp.

11. As these rules are few and simple as possible, the orderly and creditable appearance of the camp is intrusted to the members generally.

CHAS. V. WINNE, Commodore.

*Non-Members.*—By-Laws, Sec. 2: Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1 for camp expenses. Non-members when accompanying members may be admitted to the camp at the discretion of the commodore and secretary, provided that, if they spend more than two nights in camp, the members introducing them shall pay $2 each, the same dues and camp charges as regular members.

*Water Parade and Illumination.*—A special effort will be made to decorate and illuminate the camp. The executive officers urge the members to bring colored lanterns, flags and colored fire. An illuminated parade will take place if possible. The camp will open on Thursday, Aug. 4, and will terminate on Aug. 25.

## Regatta Programme.

REGULAR EVENTS.

No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined, half miles alternately, total three miles. Time limit, 1½ hours.

No. 2. Paddling, half-mile, straightaway.

No. 3. Sailing, four and one-half miles, same rig and ballast as in race No. 1. Time limit, two hours.

These three races to constitute the record races.

No. 4. Trophy paddling, one mile, straightaway. Exempt from one-man-one-canoe rule.

No. 5. Paddling, open canoes, not under 55lbs. weight, single blade paddles, one-half mile straightaway.

No. 6. Unlimited sailing race. No limit to rig or ballast, six miles. Time limit 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy race to be selected from this race. See Rule 5.

No. 7. Trophy sailing. No limit to rig or ballast, nine miles. Time limit 3½ hours. Starters to be selected as by Rule 5.

No. 8. Novice sailing race. No limit to rig or ballast, distance three miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Open only to men who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1891.

No. 9. Sailing, the Pecowsic Cup. Four and one half miles, no limit to rig or ballast. Time limit 2 hours. Winner of trophy barred.

No. 10. Sailing club race, distance four and one half miles. Time limit 2 hours. First three members of any one club to count. No club can be represented unless it enters at least three men; all men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the A. C. A. meet.

No. 11. Cruising race. Open to "general purpose" or "cruising" canoes, sailing and paddling combined, one-half miles alternately. Distance three miles. Time limit 1½ hours.

OTHER EVENTS.

No. 12. Paddling war canoe race. Details will be posted.

No. 13. Paddling tandem, half mile straightaway.

No. 14. Paddling club fours, half mile straightaway.

Particular attention is called to the following rule and notice:

RULE X.—Paddling races shall be started by the starter asking: "Are you ready?" On receiving no answer, he shall say "Go." If he considers the start unfair, he may recall the boats, and any canoe refusing to start again shall be distanced.

The combined paddling and sailing race shall be started in the same manner, the word "Go" being immediately followed by a gun.

RULE XIII.—Five minutes before the start, a signal will be given and a blue flag hoisted, and four minutes later a second signal will be given and a yellow flag hoisted, and one minute later a third signal will be given to start and an A. C. A. flag hoisted and left up.

Any canoe which crosses to the course side of the starting line prior to the third signal, must return above the line and recross it, keeping out of the way of all competing canoes, using the paddle if necessary; but after the third signal the start shall be considered as made, and all canoes on either side of the line shall be amenable to the Sailing Rules. Canoes may take any position for starting, and prior to the third signal, may be sailed and worked in any manner (outside aid not allowed). A green flag displayed signifies that buoys are to be left to starboard, a red flag means to port. The regatta committee may vary the manner of starting at their discretion, but all sailing races should be started to windward when practicable.

The course flag if used will be put on a staff separate from the starting flags.

The regatta committee will arrange for a division race of war canoes, if required, and will also arrange races for any special prizes offered by individuals.

*Notice as to Punctuality.*—The regatta committee and their assistants will make every effort to start races punctually on time, in justice to those members who are at the line ready. Any canoe entered may, if late, cross the line and join the race at any time after the start, but will not expect the race to await her arrival. All members will recognize the necessity of avoiding those delays, which tire out the punctual men before the race begins.

## Prize Flags.

THE regatta committee of the American Canoe Association begs to acknowledge receipt of contributions, or promises of contributions, for prize flags, since the last publication in the FOREST AND STREAM, as follows, and to cordially thank the respective clubs and members.

Yonkers Canoe Club $5. Prize flags: per Commodore C. V. Winne, one each from Miss Florence M. Seavey, Mrs. C. Bowyer Vaux, Miss S. E. Vair, Miss Fanny Archabald, Miss Christie, Mrs. W. P. Stephens, five from Mohican Canoe Club.

R. W. GIBSON, Chairman.

## A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Northern Division.—John Agnew, Toronto; W. R. Hornell, Lucknow, Ont. Central Division.—John C. Neville, W. R. Robeson, Archibald McClure, Albany; Stephen Waterman, Providence, R. I.; Quincy Pond, J. Merrill, Jr., Boston, Mass.

## The A. C. A. Measurement Rule.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

What is a canoe under A. C. A. rules? Material changes in Rule I. of the racing regulations—which defines a canoe—were made at the executive committee meeting in Boston, 1890, and published in the 1891 Year Book. Under the rules then adopted there were three kinds of canoes: Unclassified—racing machines—under which no canoes have thus far been built, or races provided for them on the programme, as far as I can learn; racing canoes, the boats that have generally been used for racing purposes, and "general purpose" canoes. The racing canoe, according to the 1891 rule, must not be over 16ft. in length, over 30in. in beam, or under 28in, and must not draw over 10in. of water, and the centerboard must not drop more than 18in. below keel.

The 1892 Year Book states on page 39 that changes were made in Rule I. at the executive committee meeting in Albany, Nov. 14, 1891. It does not state what those changes were; but on pages 9 and 10 the rule is printed, and it is quite different from that printed in the 1891 book. A hasty reading of this rule shows that there is a typographical error in it, and a careful reading develops the fact that the first paragraph remains unchanged, but that the new matter is in the second paragraph. The limit of drop of centerboard to 18in. is left out—by mistake or on purpose it is impossible to learn—and the restriction that the board when housed must not project above the coaming is added. The third, fourth and fifth paragraphs have not been changed, I believe.

Now, the questions are, has the limit of 18in. been done away with, and no limit placed on the drop of board? and did the committee pass a rule forbidding the board to project above the coaming when hauled up? These are points the racing men want to know about right away. If the board cannot project above the coaming, is there any boat, new or old, that can enter the races at the meet in August? It is certainly a vital point to have Rule I. absolutely free from errors, and I would suggest that a corrected copy of this rule be sent to every A. C. A member without delay.

Is lead on the centerboard ballast? and is it against Rule XIV. to put it there? This is a question for the regatta committee to decide, I suppose.

Is the unclassified canoe entitled to enter any races on the programme, and, if so, which ones?

Experience has shown that not more than four canoes can start in a sailing race around a triangle with half mile sides and have an even chance of winning. The canoe that gets the lead at the start, if more boats than four sail, has by far the best chance of winning. There is no chance after the start to make up even half a minute of lost time; for while the delayed boat is fighting her way through the fleet, the leader, unhampered, is increasing her lead all the time.

The short course is in the interest of the spectators and not of the canoeists. While it is, perhaps, inadvisable for the regatta committee to make any radical changes in the course this year for all the races, there is no reason why the trophy race should not be so laid out that every one of the fifteen canoes entitled to enter should not be given an even chance to win. This can easily be done. The distance to be sailed is 7½ miles. There will be several launches at the disposal of the committee and the A. C. A. owns a patent log. Therefore, on the day of the race a course could be logged off—after the start if necessary—3¾ miles to windward and return on the open lake, or an L course, 3 miles to windward and back and 1½ miles reaching. The start and finish would be where the whole camp could see them, and plenty of sea room would be given each canoe to sail a fair race from start to finish. Nothing in the rules prevents this change, and, so far as I can see, there is no reason why it could not be made, and every reason why it should.

AN OLD MEMBER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

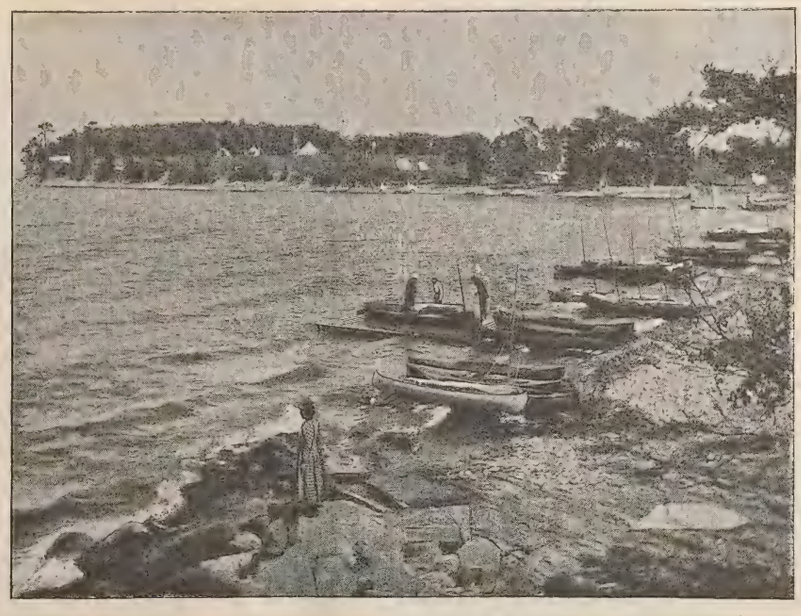
The confusion which is said to exist in Rule I. as printed in the A. C. A. book prompts me to direct attention to a matter which I laid before the executive committee at Albany last November.

I then urged the necessity of an official standard certified version of the A. C. A. constitution, by-laws and sailing regulations, which should be engrossed with enough space for the insertion of changes, which changes should be only entered by the secretary and certified by the commodore.

My suggestion was met by a declaration on the part of the committee that the book of that year was an official version of the constitution.

The present state of things shows that this action entirely fails to meet the requirements. Nobody knows what is the official reading of Rule I. The book is apparently incorrect, and there is no official document by which to correct it.

I therefore beg to repeat to the executive committee my personal suggestion, that a duly attested record is necessary.



BEACH OF MAIN CAMP. OLD HEADQUARTERS OPPOSITE ON HILL.

The regatta committee itself is unable to decide questions which will be brought before it.

My personal impressions are, however, that the A. C. A. rules recognize for races, only such canoes as come within its classification limits, but that it is a custom for the regatta committee to make a race for any canoes, even unclassified, if any one should offer a special prize for that purpose.

My impression is that the limit of drop of centerboard was not officially removed, and that the restriction that the board should not project above the coaming when housed was intended to apply only to cruising canoes. It would appear that Rule XIV. forbids lead on the centerboard and was intended to do so.

As to the triangular course, which has become customary in the A. C. A., there are many things to be considered besides the advantages of the spectators. The small triangular course develops and encourages and rewards maneuvering power in the canoe, and skillful handling by the racer. There is far more science in sailing this course than once around a long course. It is well known that more than once a race has been won by skill in handling a boat which was not absolutely the fastest, and it is not in accord with my experience that only four canoes can make a fair start on such a course. It is true that blanketing is apt to occur in a crowd, but it is equally true that it does occur even in races between two boats, and it cannot be avoided except by providing each boat with its own separate course, which would be absurd.

A radical change in the manner of laying out the course would make such a different kind of race, and so affect the result, that it should be made only after due deliberation by the authority of the Association.

Moreover, the uncertainty and confusion caused by the use of several different courses, as compared with the simplicity of the single triangle, seem to me to urge the latter method most emphatically.

All the A. C. A. sailing races should be sailed on the same triangular course, according to the established system which everybody understands, and which can be carried on without a hitch.

For the coming races the plans of the committee have been made after careful deliberation, and it would be undesirable at this late hour to make any radical changes. If an experiment is desired, such as a long L course, any member may offer a special prize and lay out such a course, and will in that way no doubt obtain satisfaction. But it would be unfair to increase the work of the committee, which every one knows is sufficiently heavy, by calling upon them to undertake the experiment.

Let me repeat, however, that these opinions are personal, and not from the regatta committee.

To conclude I would point out that it is the executive committee and the secretary who are the custodians and recorders of the A. C. A. constitution and by-laws and regulations, and to them we must look for the corrected version. R. W. GIBSON.

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In order to save time, we submitted the first letter to Mr. R. W. Gibson, chairman of the regatta committee, whose reply appears above. Rule I. is incorrectly given in the Year Book. As we understood the action of the executive committee at the November meeting, the rule should read as follows:

RULE I. A canoe, to compete in any race of the A. C. A., must be sharp at both ends, with no counter stern or transom, and capable of being efficiently paddled by one man, and must come within the prescribed limits, as follows: Maximum length, 16ft., and for that length a maximum beam of 30in. Minimum beam, 28in. Beam may be increased ½in. for each full inch of length decreased. No canoe shall have a draft of more than 10in., except the unclassified boats, to which class the limits of length and breadth only shall apply.

In centerboard canoes, the keel outside of the garboard shall not exceed 1¼in. in depth, including a metal keel band of not over ¼in. deep. The centerboard must not drop more than 18in. below the garboard, and when hauled up must not project below the keel. Canoes without centerboards may carry keels not over 3in. deep below garboard, and not weighing more than 36lbs. Leeboards may be carried by canoes not having centerboards.

Measurement.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and the aft side of stern. The beam shall be taken at the widest part, not including the beading, which shall not exceed 1½in. in depth. If deeper it shall be included in the beam. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the waterline shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale.

The "cruising canoe" shall be one which conforms to the above conditions, and, in addition, has a well not less than 16in. wide for a length of 3ft. 6in., with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which at least 5ft. shall be clear. There must be no projecting centerboard when housed. The sliding seat shall not be longer than the beam of the boat, and no standing sail shall be used. The regatta committee may rule out any canoe which, in their opinion, does not conform to the spirit of these regulations.

The foregoing rules of measurement shall not be interpreted to disqualify any canoe built prior to Jan. 1, 1890, which conforms to the rules prior to that date.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The fourth annual camp of the Owanux Canoe Association will be held at Merwin's Point from July 23 until July 30. The races will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, and are as follows: Paddling, one-half mile straightaway, paddling tandem, combined sailing and paddling, sailing on the triangle three miles with no limit to rig, etc., upset, 100yds. and hurry scurry race. The regatta committee are Messrs. J. H. Rowland, G. H. Lauzzettle and C. T. Gilbert. The camp committee includes G. Foster Sanford, William Stark and S. B. Rowland. On Wednesday evening of the camp week the annual meeting will be held and prizes for the different races awarded. At the conclusion of the meet the big camp fire will be lighted.

The neatest and daintiest of all canoe club books is the little white volume of the British Canoe Association, the fifth annual edition of which has lately reached us. The association has now 170 members. The book contains six handsome proto-gravures of the 1891 meet on the Norfolk Broads. The meet this year will be on the Menai Straits, beginning Aug. 15

The boathouse of the Brooklyn C. C., at the foot of Fifty-fifth street, Brooklyn, was entered the night of July 6 by thieves, who stole a gold watch and chain and a pocketbook containing $13 from a locker belonging to one of the members. The club house was robbed about a year since, the thieves being detected.

I would like to correspond with some one who would take a cruise on Lake Michigan and perhaps Huron, in canoes or small boats during July and August. House tent and camp outfit enough for four or five, and could accommodate one light weight in my sneakbox. Address, G. A. R., 47 Eleventh street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The *Mail and Times*, of Des Moines, Iowa, contains a very interesting canoe cruise on the Des Moines River by Messrs. Tac Hussey and Walter Weatherly. Mr. Hussey is an old A. C. A. man, No. 79 on the roll.

The July number of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains an article on canoe cruising, the sixth of the "Athletic Series," by W. P. Stephens.

Mr. George P. Douglas, of the Ianthe C. C., won the one-mile novice bicycle race of the Riverside Wheelmen in New York, on July 9.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

### The National Rifle Association.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I inclose herewith copies of the correspondence in regard to the withdrawal of the National Rifle Association of America and the holding of its annual matches at New Jersey, which speaks for itself.

While the abandonment of Creedmoor by the N. R. A. will probably put an end to competitive shooting in New York State, the N. R. A. will probably be maintained in existence, but only as the owner of the Hilton shield and other similar trophies which will probably be offered for competition at the ranges of the different States so as to give all the national guard an equal chance.

The aggressive association which has been the parent of the various international matches and the founder of rifle practice will, however, practically cease to exist. GEO. W. WINGATE.

NEW YORK, June 30.

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STATE OF NEW YORK, Department of Rifle Practice, 99 Fourth Avenue, New York, June 23,—Gen. G. W. Wingate, Pres. N. R. A., City.—Sir—To enable me to fix a date for the State and Brigade matches, I have the honor to request what dates in September next the N. R. A. proposes to hold its fall meeting at Creedmoor, L. I. A reply by bearer, if convenient, will much oblige very respectfully your obedient servant, B. M. WHITLOCK, General Inspector of Rifle Practice, S. N. Y.

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THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, Temple Court, cor. Beekman and Nassau Streets (Room 400), New York, June 24, 1892.—Gen. B. M. Whitlock, General Inspector of Rifle Practice, S. N. Y., Albany, N. Y.: Sir—I am in receipt of your letter of the 23d inst. requesting a statement "as to what dates in September next the N. R. A. proposed to hold its annual meeting at Creedmoor," in order to enable you to fix the dates for the State and brigade matches. In reply, I have to state that the dates assigned by you for the practice of the National Guard at Creedmoor have left no time unoccupied which could be used by the N. R. A. for its monthly matches or annual meeting. It has, therefore, been decided not to hold any annual meeting at Creedmoor during the present year, and the N. R. A. will transfer such meeting to the State of New Jersey, where its exertions in establishing rifle practice seem to have earned for it a warmer regard than on the range it created. Yours very respectfully, GEO. W. WINGATE, Pres. N. R. A.

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NEW YORK, June 24, 1892.—Gen. Bird W. Spencer, General Inspector Rifle Practice, S. N. J., Passaic, New Jersey: General—I wish to inquire of you officially whether or not arrangements can be made by which the matches which the N. R. A. has been in the habit of shooting at Creedmoor, may be shot upon the range at Sea Girt, New Jersey. The matches I refer to are those for the Hilton Shield, the Interstate Trophy, perhaps the Wimbledon Cup and the Judd Trophy. It is not desired by the N. R. A. to have any personal management of these matches, or to receive any of the income, but simply that they shall be shot as a part of the programme of the New Jersey Rifle Association and on its range, under the supervision of the N. R. A. We think the giving of these matches at Sea Girt will undoubtedly attract a number of competitors to it, who would not otherwise be willing to come. Yours very truly, GEO. W. WINGATE, Pres. N. R. A.

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STATE OF NEW JERSEY.—Inspector General of Rifle Practice, Trenton, June 28, 1892.—Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, Pres. National Rifle Association: Dear General—Yours 24th received. I have had a conference to-day with Governor Abbett and secured his approval to your proposition as therein outlined. We shall be glad to include the matches in our programme, and you may announce the completion of the arrangement as far as gone, as you deem best. The details we will arrange later. Yours truly, BIRD W. SPENCER, Inspector General Rifle Practice.

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NEW YORK, June 16, 1892.—General Josiah Porter, Adjutant-General, Albany, N. Y.: General—It is with the most profound regret that I learn that the State has taken steps which have practically resulted in driving the National Rifle Association from Creedmoor, and may result in its dissolution.

The Association, as is well known, only maintains itself by the receipts which it gets from the monthly sharpshooters' matches, with which receipts it is enabled to carry on the matches themselves (at which large numbers of National Guardsmen qualify without cost to the State) and to provide the prizes which induce the mass of the National Guard to engage in these competitions. The small surplus left and which constitutes its only income, enables it to provide the prizes and to carry on its annual fall meeting, which meeting always involves a loss of from $250 to $750.

The refusal of the new General Inspector of Rifle Practice to recognize as heretofore the scores made in these matches, prevents their continuance, and in consequence prevents the holding of the annual meeting at Creedmoor even if the assignments made by him of the range had not occupied the entire time which the matches and meeting could be held.

The N. R. A. has therefore been compelled to abandon the idea of having an annual meeting at Creedmoor and to close its office.

I desire to put upon record an earnest protest against this action by the State as I cannot but consider it as calculated to be destructive of competitive rifle shooting in the National Guard and as a necessary consequence to be injurious to all military rifle practice. The efficiency of the National Guard organizations in rifle shooting and the number of men who engage in it is in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, in direct proportion to the efficiency of their regimental teams, and those teams are developed and trained in the competitive matches of the N. R. A. The sharpshooters' matches did not interfere with the free practice proposed by Gen. Whitlock. No one was obliged to shoot in them and those who did so without expense to the State. Annual competitions in military rifle shooting such as those of the N. R. A. are fostered among the citizen soldiers of all English-speaking people as of great military value, and I am unable to see why the authorities of New York State should, upon the twentieth year after the establishment of Creedmoor, reverse all its traditions and turn the Association out of the range they have created, which is the birth place of rifle shooting in the United States.

I cannot also but consider that this action by the State authorities is a practical breach of faith toward the National Rifle Association. When we recently donated Creedmoor to the State it was with the express reservation of the right of the annual meeting and with the implied idea that we should be permitted to continue our matches there as previously under your administration. It was thought that it was possible that there might be in the remote future a new administration which might possibly interfere with this. But the idea that it would be done within two years after the giving to the State of this valuable property and by those who know the circumstances of the transaction was too incredible to be considered.

I must say also that I think in view of our personal and military relations, the position I occupy as president of the National Rifle Association, and the criticisms which I will be exposed to from its members, in consequence of the part I have taken in turning the range over to the State in reliance upon an understanding which is now ignored, I was entitled to have you confer with me before a policy was adopted by the State which will result in practically wiping out the National Rifle Association and abolishing all competitive shooting in the National Guard of this section.

Of course Gen. Whitlock is entitled to manage his department, but I respectfully submit that with all his experience in regard to shooting matters, it is not sufficient to justify upsetting the whole system and ignoring those, without whose efforts there never would have been any such position as that which he occupies. Truly yours, GEO. W. WINGATE, Pres. N. R. A.

### New Jersey Rifle Shooting.

*[Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.]*

MILLER RIFLE CLUB, Hoboken, N. J. Captain Richard W. Dewey, Wednesday evening, July 6. The appended scores were made to-night in the regular weekly shoot at the new headquarters of the club, new No. 423 Washington street, Hoboken. The conditions were 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250: D. Miller 243, F. Liell 242, Louis Sohl 239, F. Brandt 238, J. H. Kruse 238, Frederick Kloepping 235, August Meyns 235, W. Rogers 234, H. F. Meyer 232, Henry Seltenreich 232, H. Vanderheyden 225, W. Forkel 224, R. Zoch 222, G. A. Demorest 220, F. Kammel 220, J. J. Devitt 215, F. Dunstedt. The regular monthly meeting of the club followed, after which an unusually spirited social session was in order. The members are more than pleased with their new headquarters. Two 75ft. channels are fitted in with all improvements, on the Zettler plan.

Lady Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J. Headquarters 423 Washington street. Thursday evening, July 7. Unusual high scores were the rule to-night in the regular weekly competition for the handsome and costly cake basket. Those made are below. The conditions were 10 shots on rest, 25-ring target, possible 250:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Pres Mrs Stadler..243 | Miss L Prien.....242 | Mrs J Vogel.....239 |
| Mrs M Miller.....243 | Miss M Miller....241 | Mrs M Meyers....230 |
| Miss K Born.....243 | Miss T Sina.....241 | |

Greenville Schuetzen Park, Greenville, N. J., Friday, July 8. In the regular semi-monthly shoot between the Newark Shooting Society and the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, at the range in the park mentioned above, the scores made were: Fred. C. Ross, N. S. S., 232; Michael Dowler, N. S. S., 228; William Hayes, N. S. S., 222; L. P. Hansen, E. R. C., 215; John Coppersmith, N. S. S., 213; William Weber, E. R. C., 195; James Hughes, E. R. C., 190; W. Bergerow, N. S. S., 188; William H. Robidoux, E. R. C., 181. The conditions were 10 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250, distance 200yds. In the flag shooting that followed the result was:

| | Red. | White. | Blue. | | Red. | White. | Blue. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fred C Ross.. | 3 | 7 | 4 | WHRobidoux | 4 | 8 | 15 |
| W Bergerow.. | 3 | 8 | 19 | W Weber..... | 6 | 4 | 12 |
| JCoppersmith | 16 | 18 | 19 | Jas Hughes... | 9 | 8 | 35 |
| W Hayes.... | 10 | 19 | 17 | L P Hansen.. | 6 | 14 | 12 |
| M Dorrier.... | 11 | 17 | 11 | | | | |

The Greenville Rifle Club, Capt. W. H. Robidoux, are at present hunting up new headquarters. They lost their last through some trouble between the proprietors, Joseph Kaiser and Peter Vreeland. The outcome of the matter was that the "house" was closed up. The matter will probably be speedily adjusted, and an amicable feeling renewed between Messrs. Kaiser and Vreeland. The handicap tournament among the club members will continue just as soon as the club is again housed.

Many Hudson County riflemen attended the Newark Shooting Society's two-days' shoot at Newark, Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th inst. They also captured a fair number of the prizes.

The Excelsior Rifle Club of Jersey City has completed all arrangements for its annual open-to-all outdoor shoot at the Greenville Schuetzen Park, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19 and 20, through an unusually efficient committee. On the ring target fifteen prizes averaging from $40 down to $1 are offered. Tickets are $1 for three shots, best two tickets for first five prizes to count. On the bullseye target prizes ranging from $25 to $1 are up for competition. Premiums for the most flags and best three tickets consist of $5, $3 and $2. The shooting committee consists of: First Shooting Master, L. P. Hansen; Second Shooting Master, William Weber; William H. Robidoux, John Speicher, Ward J. Channing and William H. Hallowell. The shoot will no doubt turn out to be the success anticipated, as the committees and members are working hard.

The Palisade Rifle Club, Capt. John Reinhardt, is continuing its weekly shoots at headquarters, 354 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather. Barely possessing fifteen members they have among them a dozen men who are deeply interested in rifle shooting as a sport. The club has a committee at work making preparations for an outing.

The Shooting Club of the Sixth Battalion, Germania Schnetzen Bund, W. R. N. J., have changed its headquarters from Moye's Hall, First street, to August Meyns' Rifle Ranges, 423 Washington street, Hoboken. They meet for practice every Saturday evening. The change is for the better, as regards the locality and is nearer to the members' homes.

The Hansen Rifle Club shoot weekly at headquarters, Wisch's Schuetzen Ranges, 300 Adams street, Hoboken. The membership of this club is dwindling down lately, and unless new life is infused in a short time, the Hansen Rifle Club is liable to "go up the spout," to use a slang phrase.

The Hoboken Rifle Club, Capt. John H. Yeck, elect a new set of officers at next month's regular meeting. The present officers were elected for a period of three months.

Rifle shooting in Hoboken has received quite a boom. A club which will be composed largely of German citizens, will be organized in Benger's Hall, Adams street, near Second, next week. At present there are quite a number of clubs in Hoboken comprising the Miller, Hoboken, Hansa, Friesy Night, Shooting Club, Batallion and last but not least, the Lady Miller Rifle Club, which club possesses a membership of twenty, all of whom are ladies. At present they are interested in a shoot for a handsome silver cake basket.

The Herman Rifle Club, have abandoned rifle shooting for the summer. At present they pass their spare time away in fishing. The raids they make on the finny tribe and fish dealers are something enormous.

The Hudson Rifle Club, Captain Henry L. Hansen, unmindful of the warm weather, meet every Monday for practice at headqurrters, Giles avenue, Marion. By the way, Capt. H. L., isn't it about time you passed over that plate. JAY H. KAY.

### Bellville Sharpshooters.

BELLVILLE, Ill., July 2—The Bellville Sharpshooters held their tournament to-day and it proved to be one of the most enjoyable shoots of the season. It was a success financially as well as socially. To Mr. D. Schneidewind are due the thanks of all visiting shooters for the able manner in which the shoot was conducted, and his untiring efforts to make everything pleasant for the boys. Bellville has long held the reputation for her hospitality to visiting sportsmen and their appreciation of the same was shown by the crowd that came to-day.

The shooting was fast and furious from the opening gun in the morning until 5 o'clock P. M., when most of the visitors left for home on the evening trains; but a few could not resist the temptation to stay over until the Fourth.

Ring Target.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Chas Baptie.....67 | L Schweighoefer..63 | F Vogel.....60 |
| F Lendi.....66 | V Rapp.....63 | S G Dorman.....60 |
| Frank Kurka.....66 | Dom Wiget.....61 | Herman Zuber.....57 |
| D Schneidewind..65 | John Morf.....61 | L Frank.....55 |
| Otto Schroeder...63 | Wm Bauer.....61 | Frank Knapp.....55 |
| Fred Etling.....63 | Robert Bethmann.60 | |

Man Target.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Chas Baptie.....91 | Otto Schroeder....82 | Wm Bauer.....74 |
| Fred Etling.....91 | F Vogel .....81 | F Kurka.....73 |
| L Frank.....87 | S G Dorman.....78 | F Lendi.....73 |
| J Morf.....85 | L Schweighoefer..77 | V Rapp.....72 |
| D Schneidewind..83 | R Bethmann.....77 | C Ruoler.....58 |

The following prizes were won on the point target: Wm Bauer $9.55, S. G. Dorman $8.50, D. Schneidewind $7.95, L. Schweighoefer $6.60, F. Lendi $5.05, C. Baptie $4.10. NAMROD.

### Massachusetts Rifle Association.

BOSTON, July 9—The Massachusetts Rifle Association holds its regular weekly shoot at its range to-day for rifle and pistol shooting. There was a large attendance of shooters and some fine scores were made by Messrs. Lee, Cushing, Daniels, Francis, Burnitt and Bell. The shooting conditions were first-class, good light and not much wind. Below are to-day's scores in detail, 200yds., standard American target:

Seal Medal Off-Hand Match.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| H Cashing.....87 | E H Comey.....79 | S C Snow.....77 |
| S O Merville.....86 | D Martin.....75 | |

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| W C Spooner.....79 | M T Day.....78 | A Law.....76 |

Seal Medal Rest Match.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| F Daniels .....113 | B E Hunter.....108 | B J Cooke .....103 |
| O Moore.....111 | A H Ballard.....107 | |

All-Comers' Rest Match.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J Francis.....111 | S Wilder.....107 | J W Soule.....105 |
| P T Moxie.....109 | J French.....105 | |

All-Comers' Pistol Match—50yds.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| W O Burnite.....94 | S C Sydney.....87 | A G Stevens.....84 |
| L R Avay.....88 | H D Martin.....86 | J B Hobbs.....83 |

Pistol Medal Match—50yds.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| L Bell.....93 | J B Hobbs.....88 | D Martin.....85 |
| A G Stevens.....99 | L R Avay.....87 | |

Eagle Badge Pistol Match—50yds.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| L Bell.....91 | A G Stevens.....87 | J B Cooke.....86 |

### Palisade Rifle Club.

At the weekly shoot of the Palisade Rifle Club, I. Reinhardt, Captain; headquarters, 354 Palisade avenue; 25-ring target, possible 250:

First Class.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A Matz..... .....237 | I Reinhardt. .. ..233 | Reynolds.... .....230 |
| G Gray.....235 | Bird.....232 | |

Second Class.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| C Burk.....227 | H Rosenthal... ..205 | J Kehrwalt.....202 |
| C Engsberg.....211 | A Rossy.....204 | |

At the Target of Honor shoot of the Palisade Rifle Club, held at Shafer's Park, June 25. G. W. Graf won the first prize, a handsome gold chain; H. Rosenthal second, C. Burk third, A. Rossy fourth, A. Matz fifth, I. Reinhardt sixth.

H. ROSENTHAL, Sec'y P. R. C.

### Garden City Rifle Team.

THE Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halstead street, Chicago. Conditions were: 25yds, 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target. Possible 300 points:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W J Gibbs.....268 | A McBean. .....256 | F Erickson.....250 | |
| J P S Burley,.....264 | John Polittes.....256 | John Martin.....249 | |
| Roy Taylor.....262 | W Frisbie... .....253 | Thos Ford ... ....249 | |
| C A Henkle.....259 | | | |

After the regular shoot a sweepstake was shot for and won by Mr. W. J. Gibbs making a score of 110 points out of possible 120.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported,

## FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

July 14-16.—Second annual tournament, under management of Wallace and Miller, P. Miller, Austin, Tex.

July 18-20.—Baltimore Gun Club, summer tournament, at Tolchester Beach, Baltimore, Md.

July 21-22.—Independent Gun Club tournament, Plainfield, N. J.

July 23.—New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League seventh annual tournament, Claremont, N. J.

July 25.—Boston Shooting Association's tournament, under management of Capt. A. W. Gore, Wellington, Mass.

July 26 28.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Watertown, N. Y.

July 26-29.—Corry Gun Club tournament, Corry, Pa.

July 28-30.—Johnson City Gun Club tournament, Johnson City, Tenn.

July 28-30.—Springfield Gun Club tournament, Springfield, O.

July 29—Dexter Park Shooting League team contest, Dexter Park, L. I.

July —.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, team contest, at Claremont, N. J.

### Pelham Heights Gun Club.

PELHAMVILLE, July 6.—The Pelham Heights Gun Club held a private sweepstake shoot on Wednesday at 25 bluerocks under American Association rules. S. C. Barnum was the winner. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| S C Barnum..... | 1111011101111011101101010—18 |
| Dr J Hutchinson..... | 1100110101101010111101010—16 |
| M Rodman..... | 1010110110001001001001011—12 |
| H Halsey..... | 0010001010100801001000101— 7 |

Match between S. C. Barnum and Dr Hutchinson:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr Hutchinson.... | 1011101101111—9 |
| S C Barnum..... | 00.0100000010—3 |

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

John Parker, the ever popular "Jack," of Detroit, writes us that everything is booming for the International shoot, to take place at Des-Chree-Snos-Ka Island on August 23 to 26.

* * *

And, by the way, "Jack" has been conjuring his brain for many days to devise some equitable handicap for target events; a handicap which will serve to protect the medium shot without putting a sure-losing penalty on the man who has superior skill. He has at last worked out a scheme which is so well thought of in Michigan as to be adopted for use at the semi-monthly shoots of the Michigan Trap Shooters' League.

* * *

The handicap embodies a combination of the Interstate and North systems, and is thus described: In event No. 1 everybody shoots from known traps and angles. All who win or tie for first money are obliged in the succeeding event to shoot as experts from traps Nos. 1, 2 and 3, unknown traps and angles; those who win or tie for second money shoot in the succeeding event as semi-experts, from known traps and unknown angles; all others shoot from known traps at known angles. By using traps 1, 2 and 3 for experts the shooter is not out-gunned. This system was given a trial at Lansing, Mich., and suited everybody. This seems to be an equitable handicap, and we can see no reason why it should not become generally popular.

* * *

Once more we will say for the benefit of our readers that we have no space for publication of personal complaints concerning arms and ammunition. We do not believe that the experience of one or a dozen men is sufficient to properly demonstrate the fact that the product of a firm is defective. Because one man buys a "Jones" gun which bursts at the first fire it does not necessarily follow that all the product of the "Jones" factory is defective. A liberal-minded sportsman would refer to the "Jones" firm rather than to the public press. Again, if a man wishes to know why his shoulder was bruised by a charge of "Squedunk" powder he would be more likely to get the information from "Squedunk & Co." than from the editor of a paper.

* * *

A new gun club has been started by some of the hill sportsmen, Spokane, Wash., under the name of the Cliff Park Gun Club. Jos. H. Spear has been chosen president and Mr. D. S Cowgill secretary and treasurer. The club intend to fit up their grounds on top of the cliff, the use of which has kindly been offered by Mr. Dillman. They will put in the latest improved traps, which have been ordered for them by Messrs. Ware Bros. from the East. They will hold a regular shoot once a week, the day not having been fully decided upon, but the club will allow no Sunday shooting.

* * *

The Baltimore Gun Club members who are training to uphold their reputation in the tournament which will be shot at Tolchester, July 18, 19 and 20, had a $2 entrance pool at Acton's Park on July 7 with the following result: At 40 keystone targets Buffington broke 33, Dr. Smith 39, Greener 39, Malone 39, Hartner 40, Cantler 38, Price 30, Snip 28, Grey 37, Edwards 33, Johnson 28, Gilpatrick 36, and Nixton 23 Hartner, recording secretary of the club, won first money; second money was divided between Dr. Smith, Malone and Greener.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Inglewood (Mass.) Fish and Game Corporation, the treasurer reported no liabilities. The assets include cash, eight buildings, furnishings, boats, rights, privileges and about twenty years' lease. The directors elected for the ensuing year are: Andrew S. March, President; Henry P. Brigham, Vice-President; Samuel Shaw, Fred E. Whiting, Leroy S. Brown, Henry E. Cobb, C. A. Hopkins, E. Noyes Whitcomb and Joshua Knight. Henry O. Cutter was elected treasurer.

* * *

The sporting men of Waukesha, Wis., have perfected the permanent organization of the Waukesha Gun Club. The new organization starts out with thirty two members. It is the intention to hold bi-monthly trap-shooting contests the first Friday and second Saturday of each month. Officers were elected as follows: President, John C. Land; Vice-President, R. S. Greengro; Secretary, Adolph Estberg; Treasurer, William A. Gault; Captain, George Anderson.

* * *

The members of the Santa Fe (N. M.) Gun Club held a shoot yesterday afternoon, north of the Santa Fe elevator. Clay pigeons were used at a distance of 18yds. Following is the score out of a possible twenty-five: Peach 18, Myer 16, F. A. Foster 18, Babcock 10, J. P. Foster 20, Spien 14, Gumly 14, Thompson 16, Sweeney 18, Crube 15, Tolly 14, Eagan 17, Logan 18, Heffustay 15, Furman 17.

* * *

The seventh contest for the prizes of the New Jersey Trap Shooting League will take place at Claremont, N. J., on Saturday, July 23, under the auspices of the New Jersey Shooting Club. The traps will be in position at 8:30 A. M., and the team shoot will be started at 2 P. M. The facilities at these grounds are unsurpassed and a big turnout is looked for.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Watertown Gun Club, July 7, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., O. M. Paddock; Vice-Pres., A. F. O'Connor; Sec'y, J. C. Ayers; Treas. and Team Capt, W. H. Tallett. The club is in a prosperous condition, and is making active preparations for the coming tournament, July 26, 27 and 28.

* * *

Of the younger sporting associations in Grand Rapids, Mich., the Valley City Gun Club is one of the most flourishing. It has a membership of nearly forty, and many good shooters are being developed. In a short time, as soon as a classification of members can be perfected, suitable prizes will be offered for the best scores in each class.

* * *

Considering the fact that the various gun clubs throughout the country depend upon the trap journals for free advertising for their tournaments it would be no more than just for them to reciprocate by furnishing the said papers with the scores. At the Atlantic City shoot the newspaper men were obliged to sit down and copy every score.

* * *

Henry Matz, of the Reading Shooting Association, which will engineer the annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Association, August 9 to 12, says the shoot will be the best on record. Every member of the Reading Association is an active worker, and as they are all pulling harmoniously together, success is sure to be their portion.

* * *

The fourth annual interstate tournament of Mississippi gun clubs will be held at West Point, Miss., Aug. 9-12. Four days sport will be provided. On the last day the championship of the South will be decided in a race of 50 bluerocks. In addition to the sweepstake $100 in gold and several medals will be added by the management.

* * *

The following scores were made at the shoot of the Baltimore Gun Club at Tolchester on July 2, 10 Keystone targets: Caulter, 7, 10, 10, 10, 9; Meyers, 8, 6, 5, 7, 7, 2; Kelly, 6, 0, 6, 5, 5, 6, 5; Franklin, 10, 8, 9, 9, 10, 7; Coe, 5, 6, 8, 8, 5, 5; Smith, 8, 10, 9, 8, 9, 5; Lindey, 8, 10, 9, 7, 7, 10; Hall, 7, 9, 8, 8, 10, 8; Clark, 8, 0, 0, 0, 0.

* * *

The Androscoggin Gun Club of Auburn and Lewiston, Me., entertained the Bath and Lisbon gun clubs on the Fourth. A friendly Boston target shoot was indulged in on the club grounds, but there was no regular match. The regular shoots of the Androscoggin Gun Club occur every Thursday afternoon.

* * *

R. H. Breintnall was unable to get to Atlantic City on account of having to march his regiment in the Centennial parade at Paterson, N. J. If Col. E. A. Campbell is elected Brigadier-General of the First Brigade N. G. N. J., Lieut.-Col. Breintnall will be promoted to the colonelcy of the First Regiment.

* * *

As Charles Burbidge failed to appear to shoot along with Allen Willey against Messrs. Savage and Bates at Willimantic, Conn., on July 1, FOREST AND STREAM stands ready to pay over the forfeit to Messrs. Savage and Bates unless good reason is shown for their not doing so.

* * *

C. F. Barnes, of Wheeling, W. Va., is out with the following broad challenge: "I challenge all comers to a 100-bird shooting match, gun below elbow until bird is on the wing. I will lay odds of two to one and shoot a match of 100 birds, 50 from right shoulder and 50 from left shoulder.

* * *

The Island City Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va., has a team which should hold its own with any five men in the country. Its score of 115, made at Atlantic City, ties the score made by the team of the Independents, of Plainfield, at a recent shoot of the New Jersey League.

* * *

H. Balsir and E. H. Garrison are matched to shoot against C. Furgueson, Jr., and G. G. Morris, of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club at 50 live birds each, 28 and 30yds. rise, for $200. The match will be shot on the Atlantic club's grounds at Coney Island, when Garrison names a date.

* * *

The official organ of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League failed to publish a line anent the League shoot at Plainfield on June 30.

* * *

FOREST AND STREAM, however, gave a full account of the shoot.

* * *

The Sipe & Sigler cup shoot was held at the grounds of the Cleveland Gun Club, July 2. The number of birds killed by Crockett and Brett was 28 each, but a handicap of one bird each was given, leaving the score tied at 29. The cup was won by Crockett in the shoot-off.

* * *

The Young Men's Gun Club, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, has elected the following officers: President, J. H. Dils; Vice-President, Conrad Goetz; Secretary and Treasurer, G. M. Cover; Field Captain, H. H. McVey. The club has blossomed out finely this season.

* * *

The Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., thinks of locating a fish and game preserve in Pennsylvania. The club has an offer of a most desirable tract, which a committee of members will be delegated to inspect at an early date.

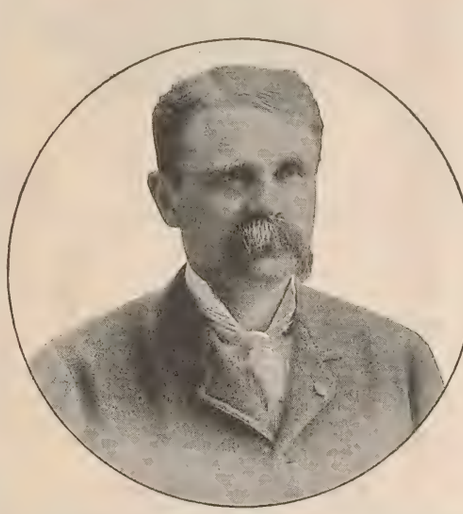
* * *

Fulton, Ill. has organized a gun club and has sent out a challenge for a match for the championship of amateur clubs of the State. The Spring Valley (Bureau county) Gun Club has accepted the challenge for a purse of $25 to $50.

* * *

George S. Atwater, a popular member of the Boiling Springs Fish and Game Club, has met with a sad loss in the death of his seven months' old daughter, Mabel, which occurred at Massilon, Ohio, on July 1.

* * *



R. B. ORGAN,

President Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. 1892-93.

All trains on the South Branch of the Central Railroad of New Jersey will stop at the shooting grounds during the tournament at Flemington, N. J., on July 26 and 27.

* * *

Johnson City, Tenn., will be the Mecca for trap shooters on July 26 to 30. This should be one of the biggest shoots of the season judging from the fine programme.

* * *

The East End Gun Club, of Houston, Ill., has been organized with J. W. Smith as President; Robert Jankes, Vice-President; W. H. Roberts, Treasurer; L. C. Palmer, Secretary.

* * *

The old grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club at Marion, N. J., will soon be converted to other uses. The coming live-bird season will probably be the wind up there.

* * *

"Court" will soon be in the vicinity of the metropolis worrying the gun trade. And he will be accorded a rousing welcome in sporting as well as business circles.

* * *

Harry Thurman will hold a two days' tournament open to all and no handicaps, on the Pier at Atlantic City some time during the early part of September.

* * *

"Dutchy" and "Tee Kay" are up to their eyes in business booming the shoot of the Independent Gun Club, to be held at Plainfield, N. J., July 21 and 22.

* * *

Shooters all over the Eastern section of the country agree with us in saying that gun clubs should discontinue live bird matches from June 1 to Oct. 1.

* * *

At the shoot of the New Jersey League on July 23, targets will be charged for at the uniform rate of two cents each. This should help fill the events.

* * *

The Baltimore Gun Club has put out an attractive programme for its summer tournament to be held at Tolchester Beach, Md., July 18 to 20.

* * *

Frank Class has organized a gun club at Morristown, N. J. The club will hold weekly shoots at the Morristown Driving Park.

* * *

Invitations have been received for the fourth annual tournament of the West Point (Miss.) Gun Club, to take place Aug. 9 to 12.

* * *

The Michigan State League has adopted the bluerock targets, expert trap, Paul North's electric pull and the Parker handicap.

* * *

The annual tournament of the Corry (Pa.) Gun Club will be held on July 26 to 29, and a big programme is announced.

* * *

The Harrisburg and Williamsport, Pa., and Staunton, Va., contingents failed to materialize at Atlantic City.

* * *

Paul North, the "ruddy faced chap" from Cleveland, O., will be chief hustler during the Johnson City shoot.

* * *

The Rod and Gun Club of Steubenville, Ohio, spent a week camping out at Toronto after the Fourth.

* * *

East Liverpool, O., has a new gun club, which will hold weekly shoots on the East End race track.

* * *

The Bucyrus (Ohio) Gun Club will give a big tournament Thursday, July 28, at live birds and targets.

The Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., will engineer an excursion to Augustine Pier on July 21.

* * *

Twenty members of the Knoxville Gun Club have signed an agreement to attend the tournament at Johnson City, Tenn.

* * *

The Parkway Rod and Gun Club will hold a shoot and picnic, open to all, at Miller's Dexter Park on Aug. 28.

* * *

"Picus" will be one of the prime workers during the Baltimore Gun Club shoot.

* * *

Tredway's new recoil block caught the fancy of the shooters at Atlantic City.

* * *

Joe Hunter says he will go to Johnson City if he has to walk.

* * *

The monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Club will be held at Marion on July 22.

* * *

Newport, Ark., has a new gun club.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### The Illinois Rule.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 9.—In the FOREST AND STREAM report of the Illinois State shoot there was comment upon the absurd rule adopted in the convention, which rule placed all gauges at the same score, without any handicap whatever. Dr. N. Rowe, editor of the *American Field*, was the mover for this rule, as was duly shown. In the issue of the *American Field* for July 2 the said gentleman editor replies in said paper to the aforesaid comment. There is no doubt as to the identity of the writer of the reply. No member of the *American Field* staff can imitate that fine Italian English, strive he never so diligently. To establish this point I need only quote the opening sentence: "The adoption of the rule at the convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, placing 10 and 12-gauge guns at the same distance, brought forth the remark on the following day, from a gentleman who was very much excited over it, that it had put the question of ten and twelve gauges back twenty years, a statement which could have been made only through not considering the circumstances."

A glance at this opening sentence establishes also further facts. The reply of the editor of the *American Field* lacks candor and a frank and cheerful manhood. It lacks logic. It lacks also a tenor even with the actual facts of this case.

In the first place, the "gentleman who was very much excited over it" is purely hypothetical. He is identical with "the friend I met at the Palmer House." He is a dummy. This "gentleman" means really "the FOREST AND STREAM report." For "back twenty years," read "one hundred years behind the times." There you have it. It was the FOREST AND STREAM report that the editor felt constrained to try to answer, not a dummy gentleman. The candid, frank and manly thing to do would have been to say so, directly and plainly. It was lack of frank and manly candor, and a surplus of concealed but purely selfish motives, which induced this gentleman and editor to move for the adoption of this rule. That got him into trouble. A further exercise of the same lamentable weakness will never get him out.

In the next place the reply is illogical. When the gentleman uses the expression "placing 10 and 12 gauges at the same distance" he is guilty of the logical fallacy known as "begging the question." I cannot speak as to the early educational advantages of the editor of the *American Field*, and perhaps he does not know what begging the question means. If he did, certainly he would not commit so ruinous a fallacy in the first sentence of an explanation meant to get him out of a serious difficulty. If he did not, he should take better thought. Certainly he knows or should know, and certainly all his readers know, or will know that this was not the question of "placing 10 or 12 gauges at the same distance," but of placing 10s, 12s, 16s 20s, all at the same distance. In short, it is the question of abolishing all handicap in pigeon shooting, for guns above 10 gauge are not to be used. The editor stuck to the 10s and 12s because he thought that would be the best sort of sophistry. Any sort of sophistry is bad, is ruinous, is self-condemning when the facts are shown. The editor of the *American Field* may fool himself, either through ignorance or intention, but he cannot fool the shooters of America nor of Illinois. They will see clearly through a misfit explanation intended to cover up a position taken for purely selfish and money-seeking reasons.

To evade the real issue in a case, to adopt a special pleading, to shift from post to post and not courageously stand and meet the statements of the original bill of declarations—all this may avail a lawyer or an editor who seeks only to save time and trusts to Providence to save his case; but they do not win a case, and they do not incite admiration or respect. Any explanation of an assumed position, no matter how unfortunate that position may be, must have a tenor even with the actual facts of the case. It will not do to say, "I have four potatoes and four turnips, therefore I have eight oranges." The people will not believe it. They will detect the lack of logic at once, and suspect that the mover of the proposition has neither turnips nor potatoes for the market.

To say so much is to cover the whole of the article in question. It is not candid; it is not logical; it is distant from the actual facts. I cannot find it in my heart to respect demagoguery which seeks to justify demagoguery, and which insults so noble a body of sportsmen as the Illinois Association with such remarks as, "The Illinois Association's rules are not national." . . . "The rule and its effect are purely local." What sort of pleading is it to belittle a body of sportsmen actually the first in all the land, unless we shall except the older organization of New York? No rules, neither those devised by any sportsmen's organization nor by any body of men are national, or can be national, for reasons that are obvious. But this great Illinois Association is national in its importance, and from it the shooters of this Nation have a right to expect and to demand wise and well-considered action, and not a cheap effort to gain a few subscribers for a newspaper. It will not take the Illinois Association long, when it sees it is being worked in so open-faced a manner, to show that it is national enough to change this "purely local rule," and to change it before all the world has had time to laugh at it.

To excuse this 10-gauge doctrine, as does the able editor of the *American Field*, on the ground that it is purely local in application, is not only slighting to the Illinois Association, but is of itself hopelessly illogical and absurd. No rules can be national, but in shooting matters there are certain principles, which, if established as true, must be national in their application. If a 10-gauge gun is no better shooter than a 12 here in Illinois, the same gun is no better than a 12 in New York. If 10s and 12s should theoretically stand at the same score in Chicago, they should theoretically stand at the same score in New York. If this proposition is wrong in New York, it is wrong in Illinois, if both States are equally alive to progress. Therefore it is no defense of the doctrine to call it purely local. That is inconsistent and absurd. The able editor's syllogism has a hole in it.

In logic this hole is called a faulty middle. A homely illustration in point of this is that of the ancient sow which sought to crawl through a hollow log which led into a turnip patch. The log was hollow, but also crooked, and both ends came out on the same side of the fence. The animal went through the log several times, but to its intense surprise remained always outside the field. To this day it does not understand why it could not get in to the turnips. The defense of this rule on the "purely local" basis is simply the act of going through the hollow log and coming out on the same side of the fence. This simile is further singularly fit. The editor of the *American Field* was after suffrages when he went into the log, and he is after them now he is out. But he will never get them until he finds a straighter log.

Not content with the weak "purely local" plea, and not content with evading the comparison between the 10-gauge and the 16-gauge, which is quite as legitimate as that between the 10 and the 12, the writer of this unique defense attempts to prove the practical equality of the 10 and the 12-gauges. He says:

"The only advantage the 10-gauge has over the 12 is a larger killing surface, but this is more than counterbalanced by the greater facility with which the 12-gauge can be handled and thrown on to a fast bird, and so make it an easy bird before it gets to be a hard one."

This proposition is much as if one should say, "Things not equal to the same thing are equal to each other." There is no hard and fast method of comparing the execution of 10 or 12-gauges, because the physical qualities of the shooters handling them are not available as factors. As a general thing 10-gauges are handled by powerful men, to whom their weight is no more than that of a 12-gauge is to a man of less physical strength. I know a very earnest 10-bore man who claims that he does not "fire steady" at the score with a gun lighter than his old 10-gauge. The matter of quickness in getting on is also variable. The quickest man I ever saw at the trap shot a 10-gauge. Now he has changed to a 12-

gauge, but he does not get his birds any closer to the trap. Nowadays, even with the gun-below-the-shoulder rule, the gun is practically at the shoulder when the trap is sprung, and the 10-gauge man gets on practically as quick as the 12. A study of the June tournament would go far toward showing this, physical differences of shooters duly considered.

I fear the able editor at bar is remembering the old days of gun-below-the-elbow-shooting, when he was so ardent a 12-bore man. A greater difference in the quickness of handling the two arms existed then, and a less need of handicap. To-day there is less difference in quickness in getting on, and therefore a greater need of handicap. Yet what does our able editor do? Instead of recognizing this fact, which cannot be avoided, he reverses the actual case for purely selfish and politic reasons, bars all handicap just when a handicap is actually needed, goes back a hundred years into the past, gets himself into an absurd position in trying to cover all his different policies, and then seeks absolution through an explanation whose absurdity will attract more pity than the original mistake, which might have been excused by the frank avowal, "Gentlemen, I want popularity with you all, 10s, 12s and every body else, and I will forego thought, progress, record, or anything else for that immediate purpose."

The closing sentences of this remarkable editorial utterance are as follows:

"Therefore, the quick shot has been developed, and the majority of birds are killed within 40yds.

"To do this and meet the changed conditions at the trap, the gun must be handled quickly, and the light 12-gauge is the gun only with which it can be done. It can, therefore, be seen that the man with the 10-gauge gun is handicapped, for he cannot possibly cover a bird as quickly as his equal in skill can with the 12-gauge; and it would be the rankest rot for any one to claim that at 40yds. the 12-gauge will not kill any bird that the 10-gauge will kill."

So we are informed that the "light 12-gauge is the gun only ["only gun" was probably meant] with which this can be done." Really, the 10-gauge men will feel their toes stepped upon, will they not? The able handler of two policies should be more careful with his feet. And how about the 16-gauges? Are they not a "gun only" also with which this can be done? Is not a 16-gauge as easily handled as a 12-gauge? If it can "be seen that the man with the 10-gauge gun is handicapped," should not the man with the 12-gauge gun be penalized? And if the man with the 12-gauge gun should be penalized, should not he with the 16-gauge be penalized still more? In short, should not the 16-bore stand at 32yds., the 12 at 36yds. and the 10 at 25yds.? These are some of the plain and logical conclusions to which so absurd a system of reasoning must bring us. The whole labored article reduces itself to an absurdity.

Therefore it proves nothing.

With one statement of the article in question I can not forbear asking space to file a specific exception. It quotes itself as follows: "The battle of the bores has passed into history, and has not to be fought now. It lasted many years, and ended in a victory for the 12-gauge gun."

I do not conceive that there has been any battle of the bores, or that there has been any "victory for the 12-gauge gun." I do not conceive that there has been any victory for any gauge, although the 12-gauge is the practical standard of to-day. I conceive that there has been a battle over the question of a handicap between different gauges, and that the necessity for such a handicap has been accepted all over the world, long ago. It is ridiculous to fight that fight over again. It is

ONE HUNDRED YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES.

It is ridiculous for any man, especially one who would pose as an authority, to gratuitously suppose that this fight has not been fought, when all the world knows better. Indeed, it is almost waste of time, almost threshing of old straw, to go over this reply in seriousness. It is dignifying the question too much. The principle of handicap is all of it that should be recognized. I have no right to say that one gauge is better than another. I believe a man has a right to shoot a 10-gauge if he likes, or a 12 or a 16. Destroy personal preference and you destroy sport. But destroy handicap and you destroy sport with equal and with speedier fatalness. It is a principle as old as the Mexican plains, as the Arabian deserts, as the Roman hills. It is recognized perforce in every form of sport, for the principle of fair play is only another form of the principle of handicap. Every shooter in America and every shooter in the "purely local" organization of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association must on thought admit it. It is a principle that cannot be explained away even by a writer who is careful and logical, far less by one who is unguarded, uncandid and illogical. It is the purblind abandonment of so well-established a principle which makes deplorable this action of the Association at this most momentous time. It is not in any sense a contest of the 12-gauge against the 10.

The facts in regard to the adoption of this rule seem to be as follows: There was great discussion at the convention and the 10-gauge men, irate in advance at a merely supposed attempt of the committee to force a heavy handicap upon them—an attempt never really made, for a compromise, naming the old handicap, was offered during the discussion—was and is more indignant than the talk advanced. An ardent believer in the 12-gauge arose and said that he thought a man who shot a 10-gauge handicapped himself—a statement which is both true and untrue, since it cannot be made general in its application, the individual man not being a constant factor. Quick as a flash, upon hearing this statement, an inspiration came to the mover for this remarkable rule and writer of this remarkable article in its defense. It was a strong 10-gauge crowd. Ten-gauge dollars were good. It would be a great stroke to make capital with—the 10-gauge men also. The no-handicap scheme would do it! Enough. The motion was made. No handicap whatever, gentlemen, that ought to be fair for all. The members, such as were left present, for it was now late, were tired, disgusted, ready for anything. No handicap, gentlemen, that ought to be fair for all. The weary disputants did not detect the sophistry. With a whoop the motion carried. There was no wisdom in its making, there was no deliberation in its acceptance.

What men do in their haste they undo at their leisure.

E. HOUGH.

## Towanda Gun Club Shoot.

TOWANDA, Pa., July 9.—An ideal afternoon for trap shooting was July 4 on the grounds of the Towanda Gun Club, and a number of would be target smashers came to take advantage of it. W. K. Park of Wilkesbarre, Pa., representing the Wilkesbarre Gun Co., was as usual one of the first to appear on the scene loaded to "break em all." Look at the scores and see how he did it. Joe Adams of Waverly, N. Y., came down but as he neglected to bring his reliable Scott gun could make no straights. McCormick of Ithaca, N. Y., who is a steady shot came to the front in fine form. Dr. Keyes of Williwanna, Pa., always attends our tournaments, but complained of making an unusual number of "gooseeggs." In fact the shooting was rather difficult for all. Among other shooters from out of town were: Chas. Armstrong of Arnot, Pa.; Joe Parrott of Scranton, Pa; Wm. Tyrell of Orwell, Pa.; Hamaker, F. Welles and N. Welles of Wyalusing, Pa.; Griffith of Foot-of-Plane, Pa.; James Emery of Evergreen, Pa. (Proprietor Evergreen Kennels); Montanye, Snider, Brown and Dittrich represented the home club. The shooting was from two bluerock and one Keystone trap, rapid firing system, birds thrown hard and varying somewhat in flight owing to trappers having trouble in setting traps. Sweeps were 50 and 75 cents entrance, 10 single targets each except last two. Score as follows:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Armstrong | 4 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Snyder | 6 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 10 |
| Purrell | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Parrott | 5 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 2 | 4 | 3 | .. | 7 | 5 | 7 |
| Montanye | 10 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 9 |
| McCormick | 8 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | .. | .. | .. |
| Adams | 5 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 6 | .. | .. | .. |
| Park | 5 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | .. |
| Dimock | 2 | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Keyes | 3 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 5 |
| Brown | 4 | 4 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| F Welles | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 5 | 4 | .. | 5 | .. | 8 | 6 |
| Hamaker | .. | 3 | 4 | 4 | 1 | .. | 5 | 8 | 6 | 5 | .. |
| J Emery | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| N Welles | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 9 | .. | .. |
| Dittrich | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 7 | .. | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 |
| Griffith | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | 4 | .. | 3 |
| Turner | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 7 |
| Shiner | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. |

Match 12, 3 doubles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Montanye | 10 10 10—3 | Snyder | 10 10 11—4 |
| Keyes | 11 00 11—4 | Dittrich | 00 11 00—2 |
| Hamaker | 10 10 11—4 | Parks | 10 00 00—1 |
| F Welles | 10 11 10—4 | N Welles | 00 10 11—3 |

Match 13, 4 singles and 3 doubles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Keyes | 1000 11 00 10—4 | Snyder | 1101 10 10 10—6 |
| Dittrich | 1111 00 10 10—6 | Parrott | 0000 10 10 10—3 |
| Hamaker | 1001 10 10 10—5 | Turner | 10 11 00—3 |

W. F. DITTRICH, Sec'y.

## The Fountain Gun Club.

WOODLAWN PARK, Gravesend, L. I., July 6.—The majority of the members of the Fountain Gun Club did some good shooting for the annual prizes, the best seven averages of the season to count. R. Phister, Jr., the winner of the Gleamore diamond badge, killed all his birds in good shape. Dr. Shields also shot well, killing 46 out of 49 shot at during the afternoon. The weather was delightful for shooting and the birds a very good lot of flyers. The sweepstake contests were all well contested, Dr. Shields, C. W. Wingert and W. Lair getting the most of the boodle. The scores:

Regular club shoot for best averages for annual prizes:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H McLaughlin | 1121200121—8 | Dr Shields | 1012011211—8 |
| C W Wingert | 1101212112—9 | J E Lake | 1121111021—9 |
| W Schumacher | 0120120112—8 | R Phister, Jr | 2212212112—10 |
| H W Blattmacher | 0111111131—9 | | |

Sweepstake shoot, $1 entrance, 3 moneys, 5 birds, 25yds. rise, classified:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Shields | 11101—4 | W Lair | 11221—5 |
| W Schumacher | 20121—4 | Dr Van Zile | 21221—5 |
| R Phister, Jr | 12112—5 | H W Blattmacher | 02022—4 |
| J E Lake | 11101—4 | C W Wingert | 11111—5 |
| H McLaughlin | 11212—5 | | |

Phister, Jr., Lair and Wingert div. first, Dr. Shields second, Blattmacher third.

Sweepstake, same conditions:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Shields | 12121—5 | W Lair | 10220—3 |
| W Schumacher | 10211—4 | Dr Van Zile | 10112—4 |
| J E Lake | 10112—4 | H W Blattmacher | 01111—4 |
| M McLaughlin | 11201—4 | C W Wingert | 12111—5 |

Dr. Shields and Wingert div. first, Phister, Jr. second, Lair third.

Sweepstake, same conditions:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Shields | 11111—5 | W Lair | 11021—4 |
| W Schumacher | 11220—4 | Dr Van Zile | 22211—5 |
| Dr Little | 02110—3 | H W Blattmacher | 01101—3 |
| J E Lake | 11120—4 | C W Wingert | 11011—4 |
| H McLaughlin | 10012—3 | | |

Dr. Shields first, Wingert second, McLaughlin and Blattmacher div. third. Referee, H. McLaughlin; scorer, C. A. Dellar.

## Wauregan Gun Club.

PELHAMVILLE, July 4.—The Wauregan Gun Club having secured new grounds at Pelhamville, N. Y., had a good day's sport on the Fourth in sweepstake and match shooting. They started early in the morning and kept the fun up until dark. The birds were a good lot and a considerable number got away, especially during the latter part of the day. The scores:

Live birds, Hurlingham rules, $3 and birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W H Brickner | 0101—2 | 110—2 | G Silberhorn | 20212—4 | 000—0 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|

Sweepstake shoots, first $3 and birds; second $3, 2 moneys; third $2, 1 money:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3 |
|---|---|---|---|
| G Silberhorn | 10200—2 | 00010—1 | .. .. |
| J Mills | 10100—3 | .. .. | .. .. |
| W H Brickner | 01101—3 | 21022—4 | .. .. |
| L E Miner | 00021—2 | 12012—4 | .. .. |
| J J Loonie | .. .. | 20102—3 | 10101—3 |
| P Brennan | .. .. | 00102—2 | 02202—3 |
| J Darling | .. .. | .. .. | 00111—3 |

Fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth miss and out, $1:

| | No. 4. | No. 5. | No. 6. | No. 7. | No. 8. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| W H Brickner | 20 | 20 | 0 | 0 | 10 |
| J J Loonie | 21 | 11110 | 0 | 21 | 0 |
| G Silberhorn | 20 | 0 | 0 | 20 | .. |
| P Brennan | 0 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| L Miner | 0 | 22211 | 0 | 0 | 22 |
| E Valentine | 0 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| J Mills | .. | 12110 | .. | 0 | .. |
| M F Brickner | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. |
| George | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 |

Sweepstakes, miss and out:

| | No. 9. | No. 10. | No. 11. | No. 12. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Loonie | 1110 | 00 | 0 | 01111 |
| W H Brickner | 11220 | .. | .. | .. |
| L Miner | 110 | 00 | 100 | 00012 |
| P Brennan | 0 | .. | .. | .. |
| J Tiernan | 21222 | 02 | 102 | 10021 |

Sweepstake, 3 birds, ties shot off: L. Miner 2, J. J. Loonie 3, W. H. Brickner 3, G. Gilbert 3. Brickner won tie.

## The Hollywood Shooters.

THE Independence Club had its third shoot of the season at Hollywood on July 8. It attracted a brilliant galaxy of Long Branch fashion and a score of crack marksmen. The conditions were 15 birds, entrance $20, 70 per cent. of the total amount to go to the winner, and 30 per cent. to the second man. The match resulted in a tie for first place between E. G. Murphy and J. S. Williams, both of New York, each killing 14 birds out of 15. Instead of shooting the tie off they decided to divide the prize money equally. Fred Hoey and C. Dolan each killed 13 birds. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| E G Murphy (30yds.) | 102222221222222—14 |
| J S Williams (30yds) | 211122202221212—14 |
| Fred Hoey (3yd.) | 212222222202220—13 |
| Clarence Dolan (28yds) | 212122022132201—13 |
| W W Leonard (22yds) | 122100222210221—12 |
| W Wilson (28yds) | 000w. |
| Capt Money (30yds) | 100w. |
| Gould Hoyt (20yds) | 222220212101w. |
| B R Kittredge (22yds) | 0110w. |

There was a second match, free for all, for the Moet and Chandon prize. Conditions, 5 birds at 30yds. rise, the prize for the winner being three cases of champagne, presented by George K. Kessler. There were fifteen entries. Capt Money, Fred Hoey, J. S. Williams and W. P. Thompson were tied for first place with a record of 5 straight for each. Capt. Money won on the shoot off with a score of 11 birds straight. John S. Hoey was referee.

## The Acme Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., July 5.—The members of the Acme Gun Club held their monthly competition for the annual prizes to-day, the best average of the two shoots to count. The attendance was small and the shooting was not up to their usual average. The score:

First club shoot, 5 live birds, H. & T. traps:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Lemaire | 11101—4 | C Horney | 11011—4 |
| T Short | 11111—5 | J Link | 11111—5 |
| F Rausch | 11111—5 | C Dethloff | 00111—3 |
| C Munk | 11001—3 | | |

Club shoot at 20 targets, annual prizes, 18yds.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Stuetzle | 10100001000001100110—7 | LeMaire | 10011010110000110000—8 |
| J Link | 01006000111001100110—11 | C Horney | 01000000001111100000—4 |
| C Dethloff | 11100101001000100001—8 | H Reach | 00000000000000000000—0 |
| C Munk | 00100100000010100000—4 | Lyon | 10-10111111111100011—15 |
| T Short | 00111011110000110101—11 | Monroe | 00000010010000010000—3 |
| F Rausch | 10111011110010000100—10 | | |

Sweepstakes, 6 targets each:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Dethloff | 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | C Stuetzle | 2 | 3 | 5 | 2 |
| S Lyons | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | C Monk | 1 | .. | .. | .. |
| J Link | 2 | 2 | 1 | .. | F Short | 3 | 3 | 5 | .. |
| F Rausch | 4 | 1 | 3 | 5 | C Horney | .. | .. | 2 | 3 |

In the first sweep Link won third money on the shoot-off. In No. 2 Short won second; in No. 3 Short won first; in No. 4 Lyons won first.

## New Utrecht Gun Club.

WOODLAWN PARK, L. I., July 9.—The weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club at 20 keystone targets each resulted in D. Bennett winning the gold medal and D. Deacon and C. A. Sykes tied with 13 each. Bennett being allowed a handicap of one bird, took the first, the other two shot off for second. The score:

Twenty clay birds, 20yds. rise, 3 trap.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Sykes | 01001010100001110100—8 | J Adams | 00010101101000000001—5 |
| Deacon | 11110001011101110—13 | Nostrand | 10101100100 0101100—10 |
| *A Adams | 01010110101110101011—11 | Bennett | 10010010111101111110—14 |
| *Forman | 00100001100101011001—7 | C Sykes | 11100100101111010—13 |
| P Adams | 00001001010.0 1010.0— 7 | | |

Ties for second place, Deacon and C. A. Sykes.
*Not members.

## A New Forest and Stream Club.

MARYSVILLE, Wash., June 30.—Last Monday the Forest and Stream Rod and Gun Club of Marysville was organized with ten members. Constitution and by-laws were adopted and the following officers were elected: President, Edmund Smith; Vice-President, H. B. Myers; Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Schaefer; Directors—C. A. Creese, F. C. Bertois and M. F. Shea. The objects of the club are recreation and the protection of fish and game. The club makes a creditable showing for a small town.

## Northwestern Shots.

TACOMA, Washington, July 4.—Seattle, Whatcom, Victoria and Tacoma were represented at the trap tournament under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. Tacoma kept up her record by carrying off the honors of the team shoot, as well as in the general averages. The prizes aggregated $500 in cash, and an additional $500 in extras donated in cash, and nearly $500 in articles contributed in prizes. The wind was quite strong, interfering slightly with the shooting. The team shoot resulted as follows, the teams following each other in the order named:

Tacoma: Morrison 6, Rist 5, Barry 8, Box 8, Mullen 9, Burnett 7; total 43.

Victoria, No. 1: Minor 7, W. H. Adams 8, J. C. Maclure 7, F. S. Maclure 8, Weiler 9, Combs 8; total 47.

Tacoma: Dodge 9, McNoughton 8, Kimball 7, Shutt 4, Northover 8, McCoy 6; total 42.

Victoria, No. 2: Beckford 8, John 4, White 3, F. Adams 7, W. Henly 7, W. A. Dier 3; total 32.

Tacoma: Smith 8, Dunham 10, Ellis 10, Eberly 9, Bringham 9, Barlow 10; total 56.

Tacoma also defeated Victoria in a team pool shoot, 106 to 93, out of 100 birds.

## Ottawa, Kansas.

OTTAWA, Kan., July 7.—There was a celebration at this place on the Fourth, appropriate to the day, and some of the prominent shooters of this county gathered together and had a pleasant shoot. For some unaccountable reason the Ottawa Club did not show up, except one member, so they do not appear in the club shoots.

Team shoot, 4 men from each club, 10 bluerocks per man: Richmond 34, Willow Springs 28, Centropolis 25

Team shoot, 4 men from each club, 6 bluerocks per man: Richmond 24, Willow Springs 23, Centropolis 14.

Team shoot, men chosen from all clubs present, 10 bluerocks per man:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sutton | 8 | Lock | 9 |
| Thornburg | 10 | Putnam | 9 |
| Paramore | 8 | G Anderson | 5 |
| W Anderson | 8 | Giles | 7 |
| Galt | 6—40 | Scott | 3—33 |

F. B.

## Endeavor Gun Club.

THE Endeavor Gun Club held its semi-monthly club shoot at Marion, N. J., on July 9. This is a lively organization, the members of which are divided into three classes in the prize competitions. They shoot from five traps, under the rapid-firing system. The scores, 25 bluerocks each:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mehl | 1110111011101101111101—19 |
| Hollister | 0100111010111010011111110—16 |
| Lawrence | 1110010111011111011111101—19 |
| McPeek | 1011111101111111111111001—21 |
| Fry | 1101111011100111000001001—14 |
| Straden | 1111111000001011000111111—16 |
| Dr Fletcher | 1011110011101010101000000—11 |
| Polhemus | 0000010011001010000000000—5 |
| Post | 1110000001101000000000001—7 |
| Creveling | 0111110101010010010101101—14 |

## The Manhattan Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., July 6.—The attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Manhattan Gun Club was very slim in the competition for the two class medals in A and B. The weather was fine and birds good, but the shooting was dull. H. Messerschmitt and D. Monsees did very well, the former winning the Class A medal. C. Lichtenberger won the second prize in that class. H. Deffar took the medal in Class B, being the only competitor. The score of club shoot:

Class A.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Messerschmidt | 2112111—7 | F Hoffman | 0112002—4 |
| D Monsees | 1112211—7 | H Funck | 2102001—4 |
| P Neusch | 0012010—3 | C Lichtenberger | 2012021—5 |

Tie:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Messerschmitt | 011 | D Monsees | 200 |

Class B.

| | |
|---|---|
| H Deffar | 1000112—4 |

Referee, Mr. D. Monsees; scorer, Mr. E. W. Dellar. Messerschmitt won Class A medal; Lichtenberger, second prize. Class B medal was won by Deffar.

## Down on the Newark Meadows.

THE members of the East Side Mutual Gun Club had some lively shooting at Wiedemeyer's Park, Newark, N. J., on July 7. The principal event was in the form of a challenge shoot between Robert Baar and Robert Schrafft in which each wagered that the other would not make a clean score in a match at 10 live birds each. Schrafft succeeded in killing his 10, while Baar was obliged to be content with 8. The artificial events were at 10 bluerock targets each, the results being as appended.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hague | .. | 8 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 6 |
| Koegel | 7 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 8 |
| Luedecke | 5 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 8 | .. | .. | 8 |
| Smith | 4 | 6 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Baar | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | 10 | 7 |
| Schrafft | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 7 | 9 | 6 |
| Merh | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. |
| Albright | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 3 | .. |
| Fisher | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 5 | 4 | .. |

## Shooting at Pearl River.

THERE was a small attendance at the Fourth of July shoot of the Excelsior Gun Club at Pearl River, N. Y., but what was lacking in numbers was fatoned for in the enthusiasm displayed. The day was a delightful one for the sport and the presence of a fine lunch served to keep the party in a holiday humor. In the ten sweeps at 10 targets each the scores were as below:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Peterson | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 |
| J H Blauvelt | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 8 |
| De Baum | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Taylor | 7 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 9 |
| J J Blauvelt | 6 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| McMillan | .. | 5 | w | 6 | 4 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| For Shay | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Demarest | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 9 | |

## The Ridgewood Gun Club.

RIDGEWOOD PARK, L. I., July 8.—The shooting on Friday by the members of the Ridgewood Gun Club was rather poor, although the birds were a medium lot. Louis Gehring and C. Laeger tied with six each for the club's gold medal and an extra prize of $10 to be won three times in succession. Gehring could not take the medal, having previously won it three times, so Laeger was awarded it, Gehring taking the second prize. C. Nicol also killed six, but was not eligible to win it, being a new member. The score:

Regular club shoot, 25yds. rise.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Guenoche | 1201202—5 | L Gehring | 1112101—6 |
| C Deckelman | 2210012—5 | F Gardes | 0010202—3 |
| H Welz | 0201110—4 | H Nodtl | 2000101—3 |
| C Nolte | 2021102—5 | F Durst | 2002212—5 |
| H Kramer | 0102010—4 | F Ibert | 1100201—4 |
| F Zwoeck | 0020002—2 | C Laeger | 2202111—6 |
| H Woltman | 0002000—1 | H Wiegold | 2002010—3 |
| C Nicol | 2120212—6 | F Hermendes | 0100101—3 |

## Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 9.—There was a good attendance at the weekly shoot of the Boston Shooting Association to-day, and some good scores were made in the several matches. In the merchandise match at 25 targets the following scores were made: Class A—Sanborn 22, Sanborn 22, Bradbury and Barrett 21, Perry 19, Cowee 18. Class B—Gore and Gale 22, Dill and Warren 21, Bradstreet 19, Daniels 14. Class C—Parker 13, Dobson 12. The usual sweepstake matches followed.

## Shooting at Morristown.

A NUMBER of Frank Class's friends gathered at the Morristown (N. J.) Driving Park on July 4, and as live birds were conspicuous by their absence, artificial targets were shot at. The principal event was 25 bluerocks each, $5 entry. The scores were: Timming 21, Quimby 20, Hathaway 20, Larison 19, Carlisle 19, Reilly 18, Day 16, Muchmore 16, Leak 15, Leonard 15, Shelley 15, Erni 11, Piper 10, Mann 9.

## By the Sounding Sea.

ATLANTIC CITY and the board walk are familiar to sightseers the world over, and no matter from what clime a tourist hails he has not "done" the country until he has seen them. At this season Atlantic City is especially attractive. All the hotels are running full blast; the bathing is superb; the fishing is first-class; all the amusement stands are offering special attractions; the owners of yachts are anxious to do business without taking all the wealth of the pleasure seekers; Pain's "Sardanapalus" burns regularly three times each week, and last, but not least, the fine grounds of the Atlantic City Gun Club are open every day, with traps in position, for the use of all comers, and J. Howard Brouse will be found ready to extend the right hand of welcome. Nearly every day a party drops in and spends a few hours practicing at the artificials. The club house is one of the most attractive both in point of appearance and location of any that the writer has had the privilege of visiting. It is situated on the shores of the Inlet, almost half a mile from its mouth. The building, an excellent cut of which accompanies this article, is about 22ft. square. The veranda, which extends around three sides of the house, is 10ft. wide. From this can be secured a fine view of the ocean beyond the Inlet. Directly opposite is Brigantine Shoals, on which are some attractive club houses owned by private parties. In the offing and made fast to the pier are dozens of catboats and sloops used for pleasure trips and fishing parties. All day long can these white-winged fliers be seen scurrying over the waters of the Inlet and old Mother Ocean.

Directly in front of the trap screens and distant about 100yds. is a line of piling, and beyond this can be seen the hotels above the Inlet. Adjoining the club grounds on the south is the driving, running, athletic and base ball park, and still further south the Inlet Park Amusement Company's property which comprises Pain's "Sardanapalus," Ed Travis's rifle range, merry-go-rounds and other attractions. East of this last-named place is Smith's Inlet Hotel and the Pavilion. South of the Pavilion is seen the north end of the board walk, which is 24ft. wide and three miles in length. This was erected in 1891 at a cost of $60,000. It replaced the old-time walk which was only 18ft. wide. This is "the" promenade of not only this town but of the country as well. All along the "walk" are found amusements galore. Here you find the tin-type fiends; next the Edisonian where at least a score of phonographs regale the ear with sweet strains. Then you can drop in to a Natatorium and see a number of experts display their skill in feats of daring in the water, after which you walk in and take a comfortable seat to watch the work on a dozen or more shuffle-boards, all the players being refined people who practice the sport for recreation only. The "elephant" also comes in for its share of attention. The lofty lighthouse on Absecom Shoals, for which the reflecting glasses cost Uncle Sammy $8,000, is in full view from all parts of the town, and at night its rays can be seen twenty miles away.

The above and a thousand and one other attractions, however, were not alone what took the writer and a large number of shooters to the famous watering place and kept them there for four days last week. The premier attraction was the second annual tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club. The shoot opened at 9 A. M. on the glorious Fourth, and from that time until near dark on the evening of the 7th bluerock and Keystone targets were kept flying about. Two sets of 5 traps each were used, one Keystone and the other the "expert" with Paul North's



H. THURMAN.

electric pull. The programme was so arranged that each alternate event was open for all with no handicaps. In the amateur events the experts were obliged to shoot from unknown traps. All the amateur events were at bluerock targets, while the open-for-all events were at Keystones.

The attendance on the opening day was much better than was anticipated, there being close to 30 entries in the regular events. The shooters came from various parts of the country and a number brought their families along. Among them were Milton F. Lindsley and wife ("Wanda") from Hoboken, N. J.; Enoch D. Miller and wife, Springfield, N. J.; Wm. Wagner, wife and children, Washington, D. C.; J. S. Thurman, Jr., and wife, Germantown, Pa.; Jos. H. Hunter, wife and child, Washington, D. C.; Harry Thurman and wife, Germantown, Pa.; E. R. McMullen, Mahanoy City, Pa.; R. T. Clayton, Tamaqua, Pa.; J. H. Penn, Dr. E. C. Myer, Geo. W. Lemon, R. D. Wright and R. B. Burt, of the Island City Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va.; Gus E. Griff, of New York; J. W. Tredway, H. L. David, E. W. David and Wm. Garvin, of Philadelphia, Pa.

While the shoot was generally supposed to be under the auspices of the Atlantic City Gun Club, and the members of said club were more than willing to be credited with the affair, it was very noticeable that the club members were conspicuous by their absence, all the active work being done by Harry Thurman, J. Howard Brouse, Wm. Garvin and Enoch D. Miller. Although the club has over thirty members, there were not enough on hand to take part in the management. In the events also very few of the members' names appear. In order that the general reader may judge for himself as to how liberally the club officers and members supported their own venture, we append a list of officers, members and associate members, so that they may be compared with the list of shooters in each day's events.

President, L. R. Adams; Vice-President, A. C. Griscom; Secretary and Treasurer, R. C. Griscom; Trustees, Chris. Sander, R. Stroud, Wm. Riddle; Captain, Charles Minerd.

Members: Geo. Thompson, S. Lillig, T. Wilson, Duke Smith, John Clark, George McCormick, H. Postoll, C. Marsden, John E. Mehrer, Adolph Schlecht, L. P. Scott, Geo. Cluin, E. L. Plum, Dr. J. D. Leckner, Fred. P. Currie, William Riddle, Daniel Sander, William Raun, C. Herold, J. L. Young, Frank Smith, J. Everett Mehrer, Jr., Charles Whippey, William A. Bell, R. Barlow, E. L. Griscom.

Associate Members: Charles Gale, William Muhlrod, Dr. A. L. Helmbold, E. L. Robinson, L. T. Brooks, E. A. Hibbs, D. Johnston, Dr. William Wright, W. H. Vanest, Phil J. Leigh, Louis Groff, Mr. Godshalk, J. Howard Brouse, manager.

The weather on the opening day was delightfully cool and the light perfect. The targets and traps worked fairly well and the shooting was up to the average. During the afternoon a large number of ladies visited the grounds to encourage the shooters. In the evening some went to see the burning of Sardanapalus, while others passed the time in patrolling the board walk or in other ways sought to kill time. Below are the scores of the first day's events: Ten bluerocks (amateur), $1 entrance; 15 Keystones, open to all, $1 50; 10 bluerocks (amateur) $1; 10 Keystones, open to all, $2; 10 bluerocks (amateur) $1; 20 Keystones, open to all, $2 50; 15 bluerocks (amateur), $1 50; 15 Keystones, open to all, $1.50; 10 bluerocks (amateur), $1; 15 Keystones, open to all, $1.50.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 8 | 13 | 9 | 16 | 6 | 17 | 13 | 13 | 8 | 14 | 83 57 |
| Hunter | 7 | 13 | 7 | 17 | 8 | 20 | 12 | 13 | 8 | 15 | 85.71 |
| Wagner | 4 | 15 | 8 | 20 | 6 | 14 | 12 | 15 | 9 | 13 | 86.42 |
| H Thurman | 8 | 12 | 7 | 18 | 9 | .. | 12 | 14 | 7 | 15 | 85. |
| Wright | 3 | 11 | 8 | 15 | 7 | .. | 13 | 12 | 9 | 14 | 81.66 |
| Lane | 8 | 13 | 7 | 18 | 10 | 16 | 14 | 14 | 10 | 12 | 87.14 |
| Apgar | 8 | 13 | 10 | 18 | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 7 | 7 | 83.33 |
| Clayton | 8 | 9 | 7 | 14 | 7 | 17 | 9 | 12 | 6 | 6 | 82.14 |
| Whitcomb | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| J Thurman | 9 | 12 | 7 | 15 | 7 | 13 | 14 | 14 | 7 | 14 | 80. |
| McMullen | 6 | 20 | 6 | .. | 7 | .. | 8 | 3 | .. | .. | .... |
| Terry | 6 | 11 | 7 | 16 | 7 | .. | 11 | 11 | 7 | 9 | 75. |
| David | 7 | 14 | 9 | 15 | 8 | 16 | 13 | 13 | 6 | 15 | 82.85 |



A. COOPER GRISCOM.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Treadway | 10 | 15 | 10 | 18 | 9 | .. | .. | 12 | 8 | 13 | 91.80 |
| Lemon | 9 | 13 | 8 | .. | 9 | .. | 12 | 12 | 8 | 19 | 85. |
| Penn | .. | 13 | 9 | 20 | 9 | .. | 13 | 14 | 8 | 15 | 97.08 |
| Landis | .. | 13 | 9 | 17 | 8 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 8 | 10 | 76.80 |
| French | .. | 11 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 10 | .. | 9 | .. | .... |
| Grieff | .. | 13 | 6 | .. | .. | 16 | 13 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 81. |
| Sanders | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | ... |
| Bruse | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Capeman | .. | .. | .. | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Snellenberger | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 4 | .. | 8 | .. | 6 | 4 | .... |
| Lindsley | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 19 | 12 | 12 | 5 | 11 | .... |
| Whitcomb | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .... |
| Murphy | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 8 | .. | .... |
| Budd | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 7 | 14 | ... |
| Adams | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 7 | .. | .... |
| Aikman | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .... |
| Clyscom | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .... |
| J Minerd | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .... |
| Mack | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .... |
| Clinton | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .... |
| Harvey | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .... |

*The Second Day*

opened with a cool breeze and a haze in the air which boded well for a good shooting day. This promise was fulfilled, the conditions being almost perfect up to the firing of the last shot. There were several new comers, among them being Eddy Collins of West Hoboken, N. J.; Neaf Apgar of Plainfield, N. J.; Dr. James Wolstencroft the noted specialist of Frankford, Pa.; W. I. Wolstencroft also of Frankford; "Tee Kay" Keller of Plainfield, N. J. and W. C. Clarke of Altoona, Pa.

The attendance was about the same as on the opening day and a very pleasant time was spent, the shooting being continued until dark. During the day the team of the Philadelphia Shooting Association shot its score in the team match, rolling up the handsome aggregate of 114 breaks out of 125 targets shot at. When the members left the score there were heartily congratulated upon their work and bets were offered that the score would not be beaten, during the next two days. The result of the second day's work is here shown:

No. 1, 10 Keystones (amateur), entrance $1; No. 2, 15 bluerocks, open to all, entrance $1 50; No. 3, 10 Keystones (amateur), entrance $1; No. 4, 20 bluerocks, open to all, entrance $2; No. 5, 10 Keystones (amateur), entrance $1; No. 6, 20 bluerocks, open to all, entrance $2.50; No. 7, 15 Keystones (amateur), entrance $1 50; No. 8, 15 bluerocks, open to all, entrance $1.50; No. 9, 10 Keystones (amateur), entrance $1; No. 10, 15 bluerocks, open to all, entrance $1 50.



BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lindsley | 8 | 12 | 8 | 20 | 6 | 17 | 12 | 12 | 7 | 12 | 81.14 |
| Collins | 6 | 12 | 8 | 18 | 7 | 19 | .. | 11 | .. | 13 | 73.04 |
| Miller | 7 | 13 | 6 | 19 | 5 | 17 | 12 | 14 | 9 | 13 | 82.84 |
| H Thurman | 7 | 15 | 10 | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Apgar | 6 | 14 | 8 | 19 | 8 | 19 | 14 | 14 | 10 | 11 | 87.85 |
| Hunter | 7 | 14 | 9 | 16 | 8 | 19 | 11 | 14 | 9 | 15 | 87.14 |
| Wagner | 9 | 13 | 7 | 18 | 10 | 17 | 13 | 14 | 10 | 15 | 90. |
| Tredway | 7 | 12 | 9 | 19 | 7 | 17 | .. | 14 | 10 | 13 | 86 40 |
| French | 10 | 13 | 9 | 17 | 9 | .. | 14 | .. | 8 | .. | 88.88 |
| Penn | 10 | 14 | 9 | 20 | 10 | 20 | 13 | 15 | 8 | 14 | 95. |
| Lemon | 8 | 13 | 8 | 19 | 10 | 17 | 14 | 15 | 9 | 13 | 90. |
| Budd | 8 | 13 | 8 | 18 | 8 | 20 | 12 | 13 | 7 | 14 | 86.42 |
| Lane | 10 | 15 | 8 | 17 | 6 | 19 | .. | 11 | 8 | 12 | 84.80 |
| Wright | 8 | 13 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 18 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 14 | 90 71 |
| Clayton | 8 | .. | 7 | 17 | 9 | 17 | 13 | 13 | 9 | 14 | 89 60 |
| Grieff | 10 | 15 | 9 | 17 | 8 | 17 | .. | 12 | 8 | .. | 85.45 |
| J Thurman | 7 | 14 | 9 | 19 | 7 | 15 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 10 | 85. |
| F Miller | 7 | 11 | 5 | 14 | 8 | .. | 9 | .. | 9 | .. | 76.73 |
| Brouse | .. | 13 | .. | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| David | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 10 | 18 | 11 | 12 | 6 | 14 | 85.71 |
| Gilbert | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Royals | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Lutz | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| J Wolstencroft | .. | .. | 6 | .. | 7 | 17 | 9 | 14 | 8 | 10 | 81.90 |
| W Wolstencroft | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 8 | 15 | .... |
| Keller | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 7 | 10 | .... |
| Hethersall | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 8 | 11 | .... |
| Minerd | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 6 | .. | .... |
| Clark | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 9 | 15 | .... |
| Landis | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 12 | .... |
| Thomas | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 10 | .... |

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Hunter, Apgar and Collins 10 each, Hathersall, Davis, W. Wolstencroft and E. D. Miller 9 each, Lindsley, H. Thurman, David, Clayton, Hunter, Wagner, Penn and Tredway 8 each, Budd, Garvin and French 7 each.

Extra No. 2, 15 singles, $1.50 entry: Hunter, Tredway and Penn 10 each, W. Wolstencroft, Wagner and E. D. Miller 14 each, Thomas, Wright and Budd 13 each, Landis, Clark, Apgar, Hathersall and Collins 12 each, Clayton and David 11 each, J. W. Wolstencroft 10, Keller, Lane and F. Miller 9 each.

Extra No. 3, 15 singles, $1 50 entry: Penn, Hunter, Wagner and Thomas 15 each, Tredway 14, Collins and Landis 13 each, Clark, Budd, Hathersall, Apgar, Wright and Clayton 12 each, Grieff 10, Wanda and Keller 8 each, E. D. Miller 7.

Extra No. 4, 10 singles, $1 entry: Apgar 10, Collins, Wright and Wagner 9 each, Brouse, Clayton, Thurman, Clark, Landis and Thomas 8 each, David, Tredway, E. D. Miller and J. W. Wolstencroft 7 each, Lane 6, Wanda 4.

Extra No. 5, 5 pairs, $1 entry: Apgar 10, Wagner and Brouse 9 each, Landis 8, Thurman, Rice, Tredway, E. D. Miller and Clayton 7 each, Clarke and Thomas 5 each.

### A GREAT BOWLING MATCH.

On the evening of Tuesday a large number of local and visiting shooters, accompanied by a party of friends, went to the Brunswick Bowling Alleys, the attraction being a ten-frame match game between teams of five men each representing Atlantic City and the visitors, arranged by the tournament managers. The alleys on which the match was rolled was in fairly good condition and of regulation length. The pins, however, were not spotted according to regulations. Previous to the start of the game several impromptu matches were rolled by the shooters and their friends, and some nice scores resulted. Everybody was in a holiday humor, and although the majority were pretty tired after their all-day's shoot they heartily enjoyed the sport.

It was 9 o'clock when the great championship match was started, the teams being as follows:

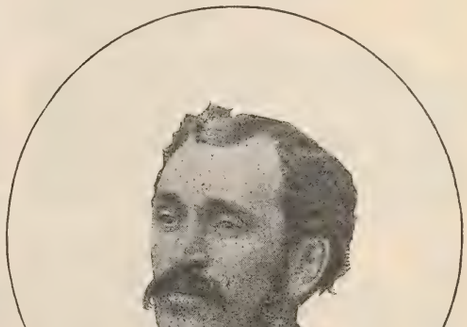
Atlantic City team: W. Leigh, L. R. Adams, captain, A. C. Griscomb, W. Chew and J. Clark.

Visitors' team: M. F. Lindsley, C. H. Townsend, J. H. Hunter, Harry Thurman and T. H. Keller, captain.

Mr. Webster, of New York, was impressed into service as umpire. From the start it was conceded that the home team had a decided advantage in being accustomed to the alleys to which the visitors were utter strangers. Under the circumstances the only wonder was that the margin in favor of the Atlantic City contingent was not greater than 86 pins. The full score of the match is given below, an asterisk (*) denoting a strike and a dagger (†) a spare.

Atlantic City Team.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Strikes | Spares | B'ks |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Leigh | 10 | *20 | 50 | 79 | *98 | 108 | *137 | 151 | 177 | *193 | 6 | 2 | 2 |
| Adams | †20 | *37 | 44 | *64 | †92 | †120 | 128 | *155 | †172 | 179 | 4 | 3 | 3 |
| Griscomb | 7 | 20 | 29 | 39 | 51 | 67 | †87 | *113 | *130 | 138 | 2 | 3 | 5 |
| Chew | †20 | †33 | 43 | 53 | *72 | 81 | *101 | †119 | †127 | *147 | 4 | 2 | 4 |
| Clark | 10 | †30 | 50 | 68 | 88 | 105 | *115 | 135 | *155 | 172 | 3 | 4 | 3 |
| | 67 | 150 | 216 | 303 | 401 | 481 | 563 | 673 | 761 | 832 | 19 | 14 | 17 |



WM. GARVIN.

Visitors' Team.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Strikes | Spares | B'ks |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lindsley | †16 | 23 | *42 | 51 | 58 | †74 | 82 | 92 | 101 | *120 | 1 | 3 | 7 |
| Townsend | *17 | 24 | †*54 | *82 | *102 | 115 | 133 | 141 | *158 | 167 | 5 | 2 | 3 |
| Hunter | 10 | 19 | 36 | 57 | 60 | 80 | *100 | 120 | *140 | 155 | 2 | 5 | 3 |
| Thurman | †20 | *37 | 48 | 55 | *73 | 82 | 88 | 107 | 116 | ***146 | 5 | 2 | 5 |
| Keller | 11 | 21 | 31 | †51 | *76 | *91 | 100 | †113 | 131 | **153 | 4 | 3 | 4 |
| | 74 | 126 | 211 | 296 | 369 | 442 | 503 | 553 | 646 | 746 | 17 | 15 | 22 |

Thurman and Keller did great work on the wind-up, the former getting a tripler and the latter a doubler. But for bad luck in the second and seventh frames the scores would have been much closer. The visitors were perfectly satisfied, however, with the showing they made.

*The Third Day.*

Another perfect stretch of weather, with the same cool breeze and gray light as on Tuesday. This was the big day of the tournament, there being over fifty shooters on the grounds. The great attraction was the continuation of the team match, in which two teams had shot on the preceding day. This drew a number of new men, among whom were Messrs. Matz, Ritter, Schmelck, Schaaber and Sheele of the Reading (Pa.) Shooting Association; Dr. Bristor, of Altoona, Pa., Mr. Burt, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Royds, of Germantown, Pa.; Messrs. Haddon, Austenruhl and Leaming, of Camden, N. J. It has been previously stated that on Tuesday, when the Philadelphia contingent rolled up 114 breaks they were looked upon as winners, but on this day the five men of the Island City Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va., proved themselves to be possessed of both nerve and skill by putting up a score of 115, this remaining the top figure in the match. Seven teams in all were entered, each man shooting at 25 targets. Joseph Thurman, Jr., of the Germantown Gun Club, and J. H. Penn, of the Island City Gun Club were the only ones to roll up clean scores. Harry Thurman, of the Germantowns, E. D. Miller, of the Unions, J. H. Tredway and Mr. Lane, of the Philadelphias, scored 24 each. In addition to receiving 30 per cent. of the entrance money, the winning team was awarded a special prize in the form of a $10 gold piece, presented by the management.

The programme events were all well filled during the day, and the shooting was first-class. In addition to the programme there were two extra events shot off, one at 10 and the other at 15 singles. Below are the team scores in full, and a table showing the result of the programme events.

No. 1, 10 Keystones (amateur), $1 entrance; No. 2 15 bluerocks (open to all), $1.50; No. 3, 10 Keystones (amateur), $1; No. 4, 20 bluerocks (open to all), $2; No. 5, 10 Keystones (amateurs), $1; No. 6, 20 bluerocks (open to all), $2 50; No. 7, 15 Keystones (amateurs), $1.50; No. 8, 15 bluerocks (open to all), $1.50; No. 9, 10 Keystones (amateurs), $1; No. 10, 15 bluerocks (open to all), $1.50.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Thurman | 9 | 15 | 8 | 18 | 7 | 18 | 12 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 89.28 |
| Penn | 9 | 14 | 9 | 18 | 9 | 18 | .. | 13 | .. | .. | 90. |
| Wagner | 8 | 15 | .. | 17 | 10 | 17 | 15 | 9 | 10 | 13 | 90.53 |
| Hunter | 9 | 14 | 7 | 18 | 9 | 19 | 12 | 15 | 9 | 14 | 90. |
| Miller | 8 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 8 | 14 | .. |
| Lindsley | 7 | .. | 6 | 18 | 8 | 15 | 12 | 11 | .. | 6 | 79.28 |
| W Wolstencroft | 9 | 11 | 7 | 14 | 8 | 18 | 14 | 14 | 9 | 13 | 87.14 |
| Collins | 2 | 12 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 18 | 11 | 11 | 5 | 13 | 80. |
| Apgar | .. | .. | .. | 19 | 10 | 17 | 12 | 13 | 9 | 14 | 85.52 |
| Penrose | .. | .. | .. | 18 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. |
| Lemon | 8 | 15 | 9 | 19 | 9 | 19 | 15 | 14 | .. | 14 | 93.84 |
| Wright | 9 | 13 | 9 | 18 | 8 | 17 | 14 | 13 | 9 | 14 | 88.57 |
| Meyers | 9 | 12 | 7 | 15 | .. | 16 | 10 | 10 | 6 | 12 | 70. |
| David | 10 | 12 | 7 | 17 | 9 | 20 | 14 | 13 | 8 | 11 | 86.82 |
| Burt | 9 | 13 | 10 | 17 | 8 | 17 | 13 | 14 | 10 | .. | 88.88 |
| Thomas | 10 | 14 | 7 | 17 | 8 | .. | 12 | .. | 9 | 12 | 84.76 |
| Landis | 9 | 12 | 8 | .. | 7 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 8 | 14 | 86.66 |
| Hothersall | 7 | .. | 9 | 16 | 9 | .. | 13 | .. | 7 | 12 | 81.11 |
| Clark | 8 | 12 | 6 | 17 | 8 | 19 | 8 | 15 | 10 | 11 | 90.50 |
| Schaaber | 6 | 13 | 9 | 11 | 9 | .. | 13 | 10 | 8 | 14 | 85.85 |
| Ritter | 9 | 10 | 10 | .. | 10 | .. | 11 | .. | 7 | .. | .... |
| Matz | 7 | 5 | 7 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| French | 7 | 12 | 10 | 17 | 10 | 20 | 12 | 12 | 9 | .. | 87.20 |
| Schmack | 8 | 14 | 8 | 20 | 7 | 13 | 13 | 5 | .. | 12 | 82 14 |
| Clayton | 8 | .. | 8 | 15 | 9 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 13 | 82.40 |
| Budd | 7 | .. | 6 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Lefever | 9 | 14 | 10 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .... |
| Mack | 7 | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | .... |
| Clinton | 4 | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Taylor | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Hadden | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Keller | .. | .. | 8 | 17 | 9 | .. | 11 | 12 | 7 | 12 | 77.89 |
| F Miller | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| J Wolstencroft | .. | .. | .. | 16 | 9 | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .... |
| Ritman | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Grieff | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 15 | 12 | .. | 13 | .... |
| Brouse | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Leckner | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Dennis | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .... |
| Dock | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 6 | .. | .... |
| A See | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 7 | .. | .... |
| Leaming | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .... |
| Lenison | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .... |
| McCormick | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 9 | .... |
| Leamon | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .... |
| Minerd | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .... |
| Young | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .... |
| R Griscom | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .... |
| Stroud | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .... |
| Mullen | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .... |
| Burke | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .... |

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Landis, Ustonhale, Penn, Hunter, Lemon and Grieff 10 each; Thomas and Burt 9 each; Lefever, David, Haddon and Meyer 8 each; Ritter, Wright, Hothersall, Dock and Schaaber 7 each; French, Green and Matz 6 each; Davis 5.

Extra No. 2, 15 singles, $1.50 entry: Hunter, Apgar and Thurman 15 each; Wagner 14, Lemon, David; Smack; Lefever, Wright, and Burt 13 each; Clayton and Meyer 12 each; Schaaber, Ritter, Landis and Clark 11 each; Dock 6.

THE TEAM MATCH.

Island Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lemon | 0111111110011111111111111111—22 |
| Meyers | 1011111110111111111111111111—23 |
| Wright | 1101101111111111111111111111—23 |
| Penn | 1111111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Burt | 1111111111111111111001110—22—115 |

Philadelphia Shooting Association, Philadelphia.

| | |
|---|---|
| Treadway | 0111111101111111101011111—21 |
| H David | 1111111110111111101011111—22 |
| E David | 1101111011111111111111111—23 |
| Thomas | 0111111111111001110111111—21 |
| Lane | 1111111011111111111111111—24—114 |

Germantown Gun Club, Germantown, Pa.

| | |
|---|---|
| J Thurman | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Jay | 1011111111111111011101111—23 |
| Royle | 1011111111111100011110111—19 |
| Garwin | 1011101111011111001111111—20 |
| H Thurman | 1111111111111111111111111—24—107 |

Union Gun Club, Springfield, N. J.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lindsley | 1101011111111010101011100—17 |
| Apgar | 1111111101111111111111111—23 |
| Keller | 0101010101111111110111—18 |
| Miller | 1111101111111111111111111—24 |
| Collins | 1011111110111111111111111—23—105 |

West Jersey Shooting Club, Camden, N. J.

| | |
|---|---|
| Griscom | 1101111110111101010000111—18 |
| Haddon | 1110011011101111111111111—20 |
| Austermuhl | 0111111111111111110101111—22 |
| Budd | 1111010111111111111101111—21 |
| Leaming | 1011111110011101110111111—20—101 |

Atlantic City Gun Club, Atlantic City, N. J.

| | |
|---|---|
| C Miner | 1111111111111101111110010—22 |
| A C Griscom | 1101111111111010101101111—20 |
| Brouse | 0110111111111101111110111—21 |
| J Minerd | 0111010110110101001001101—15 |
| S K Adams | 0111111101111101111101111—21— 99 |

Reading Shooting Association, Reading, Pa.

| | |
|---|---|
| Shaaber | 1001011110110111111010110—17 |
| Ritter | 1110111011101101101010001—17 |
| Schweck | 0111111111101101111010111—20 |
| Steele | 1011111011111111111011111—23 |
| Matz | 1000?0001101111001101001011—12— 88 |

MILLER IS A SWIMMER.

On Wednesday evening a swimming match took place at Kippell & McCann's Natatorium, among the contestants being Harry Thurman, Frank Mason, Neaf Apgar, Ed Collins and E. D. Miller. The swimming pool is less than 100ft. in length, and the course comprised the length of the pool and return, the premier honors were carried off by Enoch D. Miller, who easily out-swam his competitors. The affair was a pleasant one to all except Frank Mason, who was unfortunate enough to leave all his cash in his pockets when he placed his clothes in the closet, the result being that while he was sporting in the water some contemptible sneak "went through" his clothes and extracted all his wealth. The next time Frank goes bathing he will leave his valuables in the safe.

*The Final Day*

as usual was rather flat, the most of the shooters having left for home on the previous evening. Still a dozen men hung on until the last shot was fired. The scores are appended:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hunter | 8 | 14 | 8 | 19 | 6 | 19 | 13 | 15 | 8 | 14 | 88.57 |
| E D Miller | 6 | 12 | 7 | 15 | 5 | 20 | 13 | 13 | 9 | 15 | 82.14 |
| Thurman | 7 | 11 | 7 | 15 | 6 | 18 | 12 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 81.42 |
| Wright | 7 | 14 | 6 | 18 | 7 | 18 | 11 | 15 | 8 | 14 | 84.28 |
| Lemon | 9 | 14 | 8 | 18 | 6 | 20 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 89. |
| Jones | 6 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Landis | 9 | 15 | 7 | 17 | 5 | 19 | 13 | 14 | 7 | 13 | 85. |
| Myers | 7 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 14 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 11 | 72.14 |
| Burt | 9 | 13 | 9 | 19 | 10 | 18 | 15 | 13 | 8 | 15 | 92.14 |
| F Miller | 10 | 11 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Penn | .. | 13 | .. | 19 | .. | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Grieff | .. | 15 | 9 | 20 | 10 | 18 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Keller | .. | 11 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Apgar | .. | 14 | 8 | 19 | 7 | 17 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Gessler | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 8 | 7 | .... |
| Day | .. | .. | 6 | 13 | 7 | .. | 10 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 72.11 |
| Gaylor | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Clark | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .... |
| McCormick | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .... |
| Currie | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 10 | .... |
| Johnson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 8 | .... |
| Mullen | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 10 | .... |

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Putney Patriots' Fourth.

PUTNEY, Vt., July 5.—The Putney Rod and Gun Club held an all-day's shoot the Fourth of July, which was a success in every way. Besides their regular members, Messrs. Bolt, Blarney and Douglass, of Holyoke, and Messrs. Akeley and Stockwell, of Brattleboro, were present. The event of the day was the team match; two members compose a team, and each member to shoot 25 birds. Putney entered three teams, Holyoke one, and West Brattleboro one. First money was won by Putney No. 1 team, while Holyoke took second and Putner No. 2 took third. Sweepstake matches preceded and followed the above event. The winners were as follows:

No. 1, 10 singles: Warren 7, Robertson 6, Crosby 5.

No. 2, 5 singles: Wing, Blarney and Willard 4, Wing winning on shoot-off; Bolt, Crosby, Robinson and Pember 3, Robinson winning the shoot-off.

No. 3, 5 singles: Robertson and Bolt 4, Willard 3, Crosby, Blarney and Wing 2.

Team match:

Putney No. 1.

| | |
|---|---|
| Warren | 0111111010010111111011111—19 |
| Crosby | 1001111101011111111011111—20—39 |

Holyoke.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bolt | 0101111100101010000000101—11 |
| Blarney | 1101111101100001110101010—16—27 |

Putney No. 2.

| | |
|---|---|
| Aver | 0111001000100001101011101—12 |
| Wing | 0111101011100100011000101—13—25 |

Putney No. 3.

| | |
|---|---|
| Robertson | 1101101100100101101011100—14 |
| Willard | 0000000000010110010010 0— 6—20 |

West Battleboro.

| | |
|---|---|
| Akeley | 0011110100100000100000110— 9 |
| Stockwell | 0001100011000101100001110—10—19 |

W. E. AYER.

## Rochester's Fourth.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 7.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club observed Independence Day by holding an open-air tournament and sweepstake shoot on their grounds. The weather on the 3d was not very promising, but the 4th opened up in fine form, and as the day gave promise of being an exception to the usual rule it brought out a large number of sportsmen, and a programme of eleven events was shot. The conditions governing each contest were the same, 15 Peoria blackbirds, under the Paul North system of handicap, 5 traps.

No. 1:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Truesdale | 1111101101111111—13 | Hays | 111101100011001— 9 |
| Bruff | 1101011111101010—10 | Mann | 101111111011110 -12 |
| Borst | 0000010110111110— 7 | | |

No. 2:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bruff | 1101010111101111—11 | Norton | 1111111101011010—11 |
| Meyers | 0110011110000111— 9 | Orange | 1101111010110010—10 |
| Borst | 0111101111111111—13 | Truesdale | 1101100111101000— 9 |
| Walzer | 1111101100000110— 9 | Mann | 1001000111001111— 8 |

No. 3.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hicks | 1011011111110111—12 | Ely | 0101110101?1111—11 |
| Richmond | 1000101111011110— 9 | Hays | 0010101011111100— 8 |
| H J Stull | 0111001111010000— 8 | Foley | 1101110111111111—13 |
| Meyer | 1110111101111113 | Mann | 0111011101011101—10 |
| Quirk | 0010010000100010— 4 | Borst | 1111111111111101—14 |
| O S Stull | 1011111111101111—12 | Bruff | 0101100011111000— 7 |
| Walzer | 1101111010010010 | Norton | 0111001010C0100— 6 |
| Truesdale | 1110111111011111—13 | | |

No. 4.

Expert.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Borst | 1100101110111010— 9 | Truesdale | 1110101111110110—11 |
| Meyer | 0110111111101100—10 | Foley | 1000010110111111— 9 |

Amateur.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| B Hicks | 0310001100001110— 5 | Walzer | 0111111110010010—10 |
| Miller | 0100001010011111— 7 | Bruff | 1011011111100111—11 |
| Quirk | 1101001110010010— 8 | Norton | 1011111010111011—11 |
| H J Stell | 0011000101010101— 7 | Orange | 1010101111101001—10 |
| Richmond | 0111111101111011—12 | J Rissinger | 1110101111101111—12 |
| Porter | 1110110110100000— 8 | Hays | 0000010100100001— 4 |
| O S Still | 1011101111010101—11 | Rider | 1101111101111110—12 |
| Hicks | 1111101101011111—12 | Mann | 1111?1001011111—12 |
| Ely | 1101011110111000— 9 | Hill | 1110111111011111—13 |

No. 5:

Expert.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Rissinger | 0101001111111111—11 | Truesdale | 0100111010110111—10 |
| Rider | 0111111110101111—12 | Bruff | 1101011101000111—10 |
| Mann | 1110111101111111—13 | O S Stull | 0111110010010111— 9 |
| Hicks | 0000111011111111—10 | Norton | 0111110100111011—10 |
| Richmond | 0001001111101111— 9 | | |

Amateur:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Borst | 10 | Brusie | 5 |
| H J Stull | 7 | C Rissinger | 10 |
| Judson | 9 | Foley | 6 |
| Walzer | 12 | Gardiner | 10 |
| Ely | 11 | Quirk | 10 |
| Tassell | 11 | Meyers | 13 |
| Ryer | 14 | McCarthy | 9 |
| Hill | 12 | Van Ostrand | 11 |
| Rogers | 10 | Jeff | 12 |

No. 6:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Truesdale | 13 | Borst | 13 |
| Bruff | 10 | Rice | 12 |
| Richmond | 12 | J Rissinger | 13 |
| C Rissinger | 11 | Walzer | 11 |
| Norton | 12 | B Hicks | 7 |
| Quirk | 8 | Ely | 12 |
| Rider | 12 | Judson | 10 |
| Richmond | 12 | Tassel | 13 |
| Rogers | 8 | McCarthy | 9 |
| H J Stull | 10 | Orange | 12 |
| Cooper | 9 | Willard | 12 |
| Van Ostrand | 11 | Evershed | 11 |
| Hadley | 10 | Jeff | 10 |
| Hill | 12 | O Stull | 10 |
| Kay | 11 | Schleyer | 7 |

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bever | 14 | Mann | 13 |
| Meyer | 12 | | |

No. 7:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Willard | 9 | C Rissinger | 14 |
| McCarthy | 9 | Foley | 11 |
| Van Ostrand | 11 | Norton | 10 |
| Cooper | 7 | Ely | 10 |
| Schleyer | 8 | Peck | 12 |
| Quirk | 11 | Redmond | 11 |
| Bruff | 11 | Judson | 11 |
| Richmond | 12 | Hicks | 13 |
| Kay | 8 | Jeff | 7 |
| Rider | 13 | Barhite | 9 |
| Crouch | 14 | Walzer | 13 |
| Brusie | 7 | Rice | 13 |
| Evershed | 14 | Orange | 11 |
| Meyer | 9 | Rogers | 9 |
| Morris | 9 | Hart | 9 |
| Mann | 12 | Beyer | 12 |
| Borst | 11 | J Rissinger | 10 |
| Tassell | 13 | | |

No. 8.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kay | 1101111100111101—11 | Borst | 1111011101111001—11 |
| Barhite | 0101010000100010— 6 | Van Ostrand | 1111001101101111—11 |
| Ely | 0111111111111111—14 | Hill | 1100111111111110—12 |
| Norton | 0111111101111113 | Judson | 1011111110000000— 8 |
| Willard | 1001101100110000 — 7 | Brusie | 0110101111100011— 9 |
| Cooper | 0000010001011101— 6 | Sage | 1000000001011101— 5 |
| McCarthy | 1111010111111111—12 | Mann | 1111011111100000—10 |
| J Rissinger | 0101011010111101— 9 | Meyer | 1110111111111111—14 |
| Morris | 0110101111101101—10 | Fulton | 1110001010101101— 9 |
| Bruff | 1111101101101111—12 | Schleyer | 1?101011110110110—10 |
| Richmond | 1101011111111111—12 | Orange | 1001111011110111—11 |
| B Hicks | 0001?1011000110— 6 | Barr | 1111110011111113 |
| Redmond | 0010011000100110— 6 | Quirk | 1110010100111011— 9 |
| Foley | 1111111101111111—14 | Beyer | 1101101111111011—12 |

Expert.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Rissinger | 1111110111111101—13 | Hicks | 1111111110010113—12 |
| Evershed | 0111011111111113 | Walzer | 1111111000010 0— 9 |
| Crouch | 0011111010100 0— 9 | W Rissinger | 1001111010101101—10 |
| Rider | 1011110111111101—12 | Tassell | 0101111111111113 |

No. 9:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rogers | 10 | Quirk | 13 |
| McCarthy | 8 | Bruff | 13 |
| Mann | 14 | Richmond | 15 |
| Fulton | 12 | Byer | 13 |
| Nolan | 10 | Van Ostrand | 12 |
| Morris | 10 | Borst | 9 |
| Barhite | 11 | Kay | 11 |
| Rider | 13 | Hicks | 14 |
| Crouch | 14 | Schleyer | 9 |
| Walzer | 11 | Rice | 9 |
| Tassell | 11 | Hill | 8 |

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Meyer | 10 | Evershed | 12 |
| Norton | 9 | C Rissinger | 13 |
| Ely | 9 | | |

No. 10:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bruff | 8 | Redmond | 12 |
| Rider | 14 | Ely | 11 |
| Borst | 11 | Walzer | 11 |
| Barr | 11 | Norton | 13 |
| Van Ostrand | 12 | Kay | 10 |
| Byer | 15 | C Rissinger | 13 |
| Foley | 10 | Meyer | 11 |
| McCarthy | 9 | Evershed | 14 |
| B Hicks | 7 | | |
| Foley | 8 | | |
| Borst | 10 | | |
| Meyer | 6 | | |
| Crouch | 11 | | |
| Rider | 9 | | |
| Ely | 10 | | |

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hicks | 12 | Richmond | 12 |
| Crouch | 11 | | |

No 11:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Foley | 1111100111111110—12 | Meyer | 1111111111111011—14 |
| McCarthy | 1101010000111111—10 | W Rissinger | 0111010011111010— 9 |
| Borst | 1111000111101001—10 | Richmond | 1111111110101012 |
| Van Ostrand | 0100001010111111— 8 | Kay | 1111111101?0111—14 |
| Hicks | 1111111111111111—15 | B Hicks | 0010100010010010— 5 |
| Norton | 1111111100110112 | Ely | 1101111111111111—14 |

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rider | 0001110101111011— 9 | Beyer | 1111111111011101—13 |

JOHN B. MULLEN, Sec'y.

## The Glorious Fourth at Lynchburg.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 5.—The Lynchburg Gun Club held its annual picnic and Independence Day shoot yesterday. The day opened cloudy, but by 11 o'clock it was clear as a bell and just cool enough to be pleasant. The attendance was heavy. From Staunton there came a team comprised of W. F. Summerson, Dr. E. F. Wayman, E. Berkeley, "Happy Billy" McDonald and R. S. Bowman; Pamplin City sent us Murrell, Chambers, Hamlet, Franklin and Womack; jolly George McAlpin came over from Richmond; Bryan Taliaferro, of the Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club, came along with "Gaucho" Du Bray, of the Parker Gun Company, who has Lynchburg tied to one of his strings and is liable to push around this way at short notice; and W. F. Clements, the U. S. pigeon man from Baltimore, also put in the day.

The visitors were entertained in great form, and it was the most pleasant occasion since the organization of trap shooting in this city. Among the scores you will find some marked "field." In these events the shooter goes down in front of the traps and takes the field, as if following a dog. The man at the pull calls "mark!" and immediately pulls some one of the five traps. The shooter must find the bird as best he can and shoot. In these events it's best man win and no favors. The visitors were greatly pleased with the new idea. At noon an elegant luncheon was served, after which shooting was continued until dark.

One of the most interesting events was the contest for teams of 5 men each, at 20 targets per man, entrance $5 per team. First honors were tied for by the t am of the Staunton Gun Club and the Lynchburg No. 1 team on 70 breaks each. This match was for a silver cup. Below are the scores made in the team match, the "Picked Team" shooting for targets only:

| Only for Targets. | Lynchburg No. 1. | Staunton Team. |
|---|---|---|
| Taylor | 12 | Wayman 18 |
| Du Bray | 16 | Terry 13 |
| Taliafero | 15 | Bowman 13 |
| Clements | 14 | Dornin 19 | McDonald 10 |
| McAlpin | 16—75 | Moorman 15—70 | Cleland 13 | Berkley 13 |
| Lynchburg No. 2. | Pamplin Team. | Summerson 16—70 |
| Smith | 12 | Murrell 9 | Park Team. |
| Miller | 7 | Chambers 15 | Christian 8 |
| Withers | 13 | Hamlet 14 | Lee 2 |
| Durphey | 10 | Franklin 6 | Jenkins 15 |
| Clark | 15—57 | Womack 10—54 | Strother 8 |
| Picked Team. | | | Hamner 8—41 |
| Goggin | 8 | Adams 4 | D Christian 7—37 |
| Lee Long | 9 | Mitchell 9 | |

Below are the tabulated results of the programme events which were as follows: No. 1, 10 singles, rapid fire, $2 entry; No. 3, 6 pairs three traps, $2 entry; No. 4, 15 singles, $1 entry; No. 5, field shoot, 10 singles, $1.50 entry; No. 6, 10 singles rapid fire, $1 entry; Nos. 7 and 8, same as No. 6; No. 9, field shoot, 5 singles, $1.50 entry; No. 10, 3 pairs, $1 entry; No. 11, 7 singles, $1 entry. All ties were divided:

| | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dornin | 9 | 7 | 14 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 4 | 4 | 7 |
| Du Bray | 8 | 6 | 13 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 4 | 4 | 7 |
| Cleland | 8 | 9 | 10 | 5 | 4 | 8 | 8 | . | 4 | 6 |
| Taliaferro | 4 | 8 | 11 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 2 | 5 | 6 |
| Moffett | 4 | . | 11 | 5 | 5 | 4 | . | . | . | . |
| McDonald | 4 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 5 | . |
| Berkley | 6 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Clements | 9 | 5 | 13 | . | 7 | . | . | . | . | . |
| Summerson | 8 | 6 | 11 | 4 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 3 | 2 | 5 |
| Terry | 8 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 2 | 2 | . |
| Withers | 4 | 5 | . | 7 | . | 8 | 7 | 5 | 3 | 3 |
| Nelson | 9 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 3 | . |
| Mcorman | 7 | 7 | 11 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 6 | . | 1 | 6 |
| Wayman | 8 | 8 | 15 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 3 | 7 |
| Hamlet | 7 | 6 | 11 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| McAlpin | 7 | 7 | 13 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 4 | 6 |
| Strother | 2 | . | 6 | 5 | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Miller | 6 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Durphy | 7 | 4 | . | . | . | . | 6 | . | . | . |
| Merrell | 3 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Chambers | 7 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 8 | . | 2 | . | . |
| Bowman | 3 | 7 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 2 | 5 |
| Franklin | 2 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Taylor | 8 | . | 9 | . | 4 | . | . | . | . | . |
| Clark | . | 6 | 8 | 4 | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Younger | . | 5 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Smith | . | 6 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Womack | . | 1 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Goggin | . | . | 11 | . | . | 7 | . | . | . | . |
| Hanmer | . | . | 9 | 8 | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Jenkins | . | . | 6 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Averett | . | . | 6 | . | 3 | . | . | . | . | . |
| D Christian | . | . | 4 | 4 | . | . | . | 1 | . | . |
| Jennings | . | . | . | 5 | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| Adams | . | . | . | 4 | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| F Christian | . | . | . | 3 | . | . | . | . | . | . |

## A Novel Shooting Place.

TRAP-SHOOTING has become such a well-known sport that under ordinary circumstances the spectacle of a party blazing away at live birds or targets attracts little or no attention from the non-sporting public, unless some of the shooters chance to be personal friends. Away down the Jersey coast, however, at a place yclept Atlantic City, there may occasionally be witnessed a sight that is rather out of the common run and which invariably attracts a big crowd of interested spectators. If you chance to be in the town on a pleasant Friday, eat your lunch about 1:30 P. M. and then stroll down the board walk until you reach the pier of Young & McShea. Go out on the pier, and when you have walked about as far as you can without going overboard you will see fastened on the extreme end, 1,400ft. from shore, a set of bluerock traps. Rather a novel place for a trap-shoot, say you; and the novelty is still further enhanced when you are informed that the Pier Gun Club, by whom the traps are used, is comprised of both women and men, and that the members of one sex are fully as enthusiastic as the other. The last shoot of this organization, held on Friday, July 8, was attended by nearly a score of members, and the totals made were very creditable, considering the strong southeast wind, which caused the targets to be somewhat erratic in their flight. The shoot was directed by that irrepressible major domo of shooting affairs, Harry Thurman, better known as "Old Father Time" and "Rainbow." Harry is happiest when dabbling in shooting affairs, although incidentally he puts in an odd spell at the Rainbow Knitting Mills or in hustling up trap copy for the Philadelphia *Item*.

In the club shoot each contestant shot at 25 targets, 16 and 18yds. rise, under American Shooting Association rules. A feature of the event was the fine showing made by Mrs. J. L. Young. This was Mrs. Young's initial attempt at this style of work, but she proved herself to be an apt novice by powdering 15 out of her 25 targets. This score goes to show that with a little practical experience Mrs. Young will become an adept. In fact the entire Young family seems to be endowed with the ability to shoot, as Miss Emma Young broke 8 and J. L. Young 20 out of 25. Below are the scores of the shoot in detail:

| | |
|---|---|
| H Thurman | 1111111111110101010111110—20 |
| C Minerd | 1111111111011011011010001—19 |
| J Leigh | 1110111011101101010010001—16 |
| R Hires | 1000010101111100111001011—14 |
| J L Young | 1110101101111111100111111—20 |
| Geo McCormick | 1101010101110111011111111—19 |
| H McCann | 1110010001111111111010111—18 |
| J R Denny | 0000000011001010000w. —4 |
| L R Adams | 1001111011111111111111110—20 |
| H Wood | 1111111111111111111111010—23 |

Mrs. J. L. Young 15; Miss Emma Young 8; Mrs. F. Applegate 2; Mrs. E. Morris 1.

Two sweepstake events followed. Miss Emma Young securing first prize in each.

## Shooting at Somerville.

THE Somerville (N. J.) Gun Club held an interesting day's sport on July 4, there being a good attendance of shooters from surrounding towns. Among the visitors were Dr. P. J. Zeglio and Jos. Zeglio, of Warrenville; E. G. Lott, Geo. E. Reading and J. T. Chamberlin, of Flemington; H. Bishop and M. Anderson, of White House, and Geo. Cramner, of North Branch. The events were at 10 birds each, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 being from three traps, unknown angles, and No. 4 from three traps, known angles. The score:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bishop | 3 | 3 | 6 | 8 | Rockafellow | .. | .. | 4 | 6 |
| P Jay | .. | 6 | 8 | 7 | Hendershot | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| J Zeglio | .. | 3 | 6 | 5 | Lott | .. | 6 | 5 | 5 |
| Vallentine | .. | 2 | 6 | 2 | Mathews | .. | 5 | 5 | 7 |
| Layton | .. | 4 | .. | 4 | L Hall | .. | 5 | 5 | .. |
| Cranmer | 6 | 8 | 9 | 8 | M Anderson | .. | 3 | 2 | .. |
| Chamberlin | .. | 5 | 8 | 4 | Ellingham | .. | 3 | 3 | .. |
| Dickey | .. | .. | .. | 3 | Scott | .. | 4 | 3 | 6 |
| Voorhees | .. | 3 | 3 | 4 | W Anderson | .. | 5 | 2 | .. |
| Dilts | .. | 4 | 5 | 2 | H Hall | .. | 2 | 5 | .. |
| Pickel | .. | 3 | .. | .. | Clark | .. | 3 | .. | .. |

### The Fourth at Blauveltville.

THE Spring Hill Gun Club held a very pleasant shoot at Blauveltville, N. Y., on July 4, the attendance being good and the weather beautiful. Among those present were Messrs. Simpson, Moore and Richmond, the hard-shooting trio of the New Jersey Shooting Club, of Claremont, and L. H. Schortemeier, the rotund and tall German who made such a fine showing for the Emerald Gun Club at Syracuse during the State shoot. Both live birds and targets were used. The scores in the programme target events were as follows:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Richmond | 10 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 15 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 9 | .. |
| Schortemeier | 7 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 11 | 14 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 8 | 14 |
| Moore | 8 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 7 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 9 | 14 |
| Simpson | 7 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 12 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 11 | 10 | 15 |
| Baker | 6 | 10 | 11 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 7 | .. |
| Lewis | .. | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. |
| Fogarty | .. | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. | 15 | .. | 15 | .. | 13 |
| Farmer | .. | 5 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 8 |
| Bogart | 3 | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 15 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 9 | .. |
| Duryea | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 3 | .. |
| Allen | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 8 | .. |
| Little | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. |

Nos. 1 and 10 were at ten targets each, $1 entry, three moneys; all others fifteen targets each. $1.50 entry, three moneys, except No. 11, in which there was one money only. No. 5 was at unknown angles. Bluerock targets were thrown from Keystone traps

Special events: Ten pair doubles, $1.50, two moneys: Simpson 15, Moore 16. Richmond 16, Schortemeier 17.

Twenty-five singles, $2.50, 3 moneys: Simpson 21, Bogart 22, Dr. Allen 16, Moore 21, Richmond 20, Schortemeier 23, Baker 19, Duryea 13.

Live bird events: No. 1, seven birds, $4 entry, three moneys; No. 2, ten birds, $5 entry, three moneys; No. 3, seven birds, $4 entry, two moneys. Hurlingham rules, except boundary, which was but 20yds. each side and 60yds. straightaway from center traps, 25yds. dead line.

| | No 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Simpson | 2[c]2010—4 | 1112011122— 9 | 2011101—5 |
| Duryea | 1211021—6 | ..... | 1020121—5 |
| Richmond | 1111101—6 | 1121111111—10 | 1222110—6 |
| Allen | 0000101—2 | 1101021110— 7 | ..... |
| Schortemeier | 1221112—7 | 2212122101— 9 | o222210—5 |
| Bolton | 2000001—2 | 0012012100— 5 | ..... |
| Baker | 0111201—5 | 2022011121— 8 | 2112101—6 |
| Moore | 1022111—6 | 1021121000— 6 | 1111110—6 |
| Kettle | ..... | 1011112110— 9 | ..... |
| Farmer | ..... | ..... | 1221.. |

### Colt Hammerless Gun Club.

THE following scores were made by the Colt Hammerless Gun Club at Hartford, Conn., on July 9, each member shooting at 25 Keystone targets:

No. 1:

| | |
|---|---|
| Peard | 1001010010101000101101110—12 |
| Melrose | 1011111101111010110021111—19 |
| Olmstead | 0001010111001111011111111—17 |
| Hills | 1110111111101111101111110—21 |
| Risley | 1011111111111011111111111—23 |
| Green | 0111110010111111111011000—17 |
| Burbidge | 1111111111111111111111101—24 |
| White | 1111110010000000100101110000—11 |
| Decker | 1111111010111111000101000?—17 |
| M Cook | 1101010111000010000090101—12 |
| Higby | 1110011101111000110071011111—18 |
| Willey | 1009101010131110111000111—15 |
| Alger | 1010130111111110101011111—19 |
| Vibberts | 1111110000110011111111111—19 |
| Sterry | 1111111110101111110111100—20 |
| "McGinty" | 0101111111110011111111011—20 |
| Wood | 0110111101111111111100111—20 |
| Nichols | 1011010010100011001111111—16 |
| J Cook | 0010100101000000010110010— 8 |

No. 2, for medal prizes:

| | |
|---|---|
| Willey | 1111111111111010011111111—22 |
| Treat | 1001111101101111111011000—18 |
| W Hills | 1010100000111210101011111—17 |
| Risley | 1110111111111111111111?—24 |
| Olmstead | 1100101010010001110111101—14 |
| Bill | 1110111111111100111111101—21 |
| Higby | 1101001111010300011111101—15 |
| Hyde | 0000110101010000001000100— 7 |
| White | 1011100100001110000101100—10 |
| Parsons | 1000010111101111110001111—16 |
| Decker | 1111010010010001110111110—16 |
| Melrose | 1011010110010010111111101—16 |
| Alger | 1111010101111011010111110—18 |
| Manross | 0010111011110111111111111—19 |
| M Cook | 1011111111100111111110111—21 |
| Hotchkiss | 1111110111011110010111111—19 |
| Wood | 1001110110111011101111101—18 |
| Nichols | 0111011111010110101010100—15 |
| Vibbers | 1011110100000011111110111—17 |

### Oakleigh Thorne Wins the International.

THE international pigeon match for the Gun Club International Cup, which took place in England recently, was in many ways an unusual contest. The winner, Oakleigh Thorne, was one of the three Americans in a field of sixty-nine competitors, including some of the best shots of England and France.

Mr. Thorne is the wealthy owner of a stock farm in Millbrook, Dutchess county, this State. He is a thorough sportsman, and is very much interested in trap-shooting, devoting a large amount of his leisure time to the sport. The two other Americans represented in the contest for the cup were Charles Macalester and H. Yale Dolan. Among the Frenchmen were M. Moncorge, M. Journu and M. Drevon, who are considered to be the best trap shots in France.

The Gun Club international cup is valued at $1,000. Besides this, Mr. Thorne won $750 sweepstakes. A foreign paper describes the match as follows:

"Thanks to the strong wind, the birds left the traps at a rare pace and misses were very frequent, the fielders in the two opening rounds having by far the best of the betting. The chances of no fewer than twenty-one of the contestants were extinguished in the first tour, this number including several crack shots. Sixteen were dropped out in the second round, and on the termination of the seventh only seven were left in to continue the shooting. Of these Westley Watson was the first to retire, as his eighth bird, struck with both barrels, made a desperate effort and just cleared the line of demarcation. M. Journu, the French champion, shot under a rising bird with both charges, and in the tenth round M. Drevon was also beaten by a similar rock, which went away as if on a special mission. Mr. Dolan's bird looked like going, but was brought to grass by a rattling good second.

"The scorer now announced four ties, those successful up to this point being Mr. Thorne (31), Mr. Dolan (31), T. Taylor (28½), and C. Bewicke (28). Now for the battle royal between England and America. Our friends from across the Atlantic looked as confident as possible, but Mr. Bewicke displayed a certain amount of nervousness. The quartette brought down bird for bird until the 13th round, when Mr. Bewicke was beaten by a smart one from No. 2 trap. Success also failed to smile on Mr. Taylor's efforts, for his rock flew off to the left apparently none the worse.

"This left the issue to be fought out by Mr. Thorne and Mr. Dolan. Strange to say, both missed their 14th pigeons, after which Mr. Thorne added two more birds to his score, showing fifteen kills out of sixteen."

Mr. Dolan missed his sixteenth bird also, thus scoring fourteen kills out of sixteen shots. It was considered a grand performance for Mr. Thorne to beat such a field at 31yds. rise. Mr. Dolan won second prize of $500, and Messrs. Taylor and Bewicke divided third and fourth. The scores of the four prize winners were as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Oakleigh Thorne (31) | 1111111111 | 11101 1 |
| H Yale Dorlan (31) | 1111111111 | 11101 0 |
| T Taylor (28½) | 1111111111 | 110 |
| C Bewicke (28) | 1111111111 | 110 |

### The Machimoodus Fourth.

THE Machimoodus Gun Club held an all-day tournament at their park, Moodus, Conn., on the Fourth, which was attended by over thirty gunners from all over the State, including a number of Connecticut's best shots. The most exciting event of the day was the second contest for the genuine W. W. Greener breech-loading shotgun, the gift of F. C. Fowler, and sweepstakes. The conditions of the gift were that the gun be shot for at four tournaments held by the club during the year 1892. The man winning it at each tournament is barred from shooting for it at any other of the remaining tournaments. Then, at the end of the four tournaments, each winner will shoot off the ties and the gun will become the absolute property of the party winning it. In case of a tie at any of the tournaments, both or all parties will stay in and be allowed to shoot for the gun at the final shooting for the gun. Twenty-five targets, Keystone system, entrance $1, targets included. The score in the second contest was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cook | 1011110010111111111110110—19 |
| Brainard | 1111110111111111111111111—24 |
| Mcshier | 1011110011111010011110111—18 |
| Bill | 1100110000111111110101111—17 |
| Merriman | 1100011111111111111110011—20 |
| Fowler | 1111111111111011011111—23 |
| Edgarton | 1011110111111111111111101—22 |
| Burbidge | 1111111111111011111111—24 |
| Dana | 1111110101111111111011111—22 |
| Avery | 1111010101011111111111—21 |
| Pitt | 0000111111101010010011110—14 |
| Willey | 1011110101011011111111—20 |
| Banning | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| McGinty | 1111111011011111111111—22 |
| Bates | 1111111111111011111111—24 |
| Savage | 1111111100111111111111—22 |
| Olmstead | 1110110111111111111100111—21 |
| Treat | 0010101000010100110100101—10 |

On the whole day's shooting Bates of New Haven, Edgarton of Willimantic, Burbidge of Hartford and Brainard of Moodus ran up the highest scores, averaging over 90 per cent.

The next tournament will be held the last of the present month.

Machimoodus Club has a membership of 30, and their club house is second to none in the State. Keystone rules, traps and targets. The establishment of the club was mainly due to Mr. F. C. Fowler, proprietor of the well known Oak Grove Kennels at this place, the home of Kildare, Seminole, Duke Elcho and numerous others of the aristocracy of the Irish setter family.

At the election of officers of the club Mr. Fowler declined the presidency, to which he was unanimously elected, but accepted the none less essential office of captain. While the grounds are four miles distant from the Valley Railroad and five miles from the Air Line, the fact is no hindrance to visiting sportsmen from attending the tournaments given by the club, as on previous notification to the secretary they are met at either road and conveyed both ways free of expense, in teams provided by Mr. Fowler. A feature of Machimoodus grounds not found elsewhere is the "captain's tent," which is supplied with choice cigars and drinkables from sparkling Apollinaris to the best spirits Kentucky sends forth, which are dealt out free to patrons of the club, and the captain "pays the freight."

MOODUS.

### The Crescent Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., July 7.—The members of the Crescent Gun Club had a fine afternoon's sport on Thursday although the attendance was not very large. The contest for the Parker gun was very close, C. Mohrman killing his seven straight and won, W. Catman winning the second prize after outshooting three others. The birds were fair and shot from five unknown traps, gun handicap 25 and 27yds. The team shooting was very close, two out of three resulting in ties. The scores:

Regular monthly shoot for best averages for the Parker gun and extra prize:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Hubbell | 1110121—6 | W Gilman | 1021111—6 |
| O Hillmer | 0200201—3 | J Vagts | 2111110—6 |
| C Mohrman | 1221221—7 | W Boller | 0012121—5 |
| C Winchester | 0100112—4 | S Hopkins | 1110111—6 |

Tie for second won by Gilmer.

Team shoot, $1 each entrance, losing side to pay for the birds, 3 birds each, club handicap:

First Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Hubell, Capt | 100—2 | C Winchester, Capt | 111—3 |
| J Vogts | 010—1 | C Mohrman | 211—3 |
| W Gilmer | 112—3 | S Hopkins | 002—2 |
| O Hillmer | 120—2 | W Bolton | 202—2 |
| C Bandman | 111—3—10 | H Merrihew | 10c—1—10 |

Winchester's team won shoot off.

Second Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Hubbell, Capt | 011—2 | A Hopkins, Capt | 111—3 |
| C Mohrman | 101—2 | W Gilmer | 110—2 |
| C Winchester | 112—3 | J Vagts | 111—3 |
| W Bolton | 010—1 | S Short | 201—2 |
| C Landman | 112—3—11 | H Merrihew | 100—1—11 |

The second sweep was to decide the winner of first with both moneys.

Sweepstakes at 10 targets, $1 entry, three moneys. No. 1: C. Landman 5, C. Hubbell 9, T. Short 9, C. Winchester 7, H. Merrihew 8.

No. 2: C. Landman 8, C. Hubbell 9, C. Winchester 8, H. Merrihew 8.

Referee, Mr. C. A. Dellar.

P. S.—At the commencement of the shoot the birds were rather slow but improved during the afternoon when a good lot of flyers got away. The Crescents had fine weather for the first day in their change of dates.

### Shooting at Roger's Fort Hill.

THE Common Council of Lowell, Mass., appropriated $100 toward a trap shoot which was held at Roger's Fort Hill Park on July 4. Each man shot at 10 singles and 3 pairs of artificial targets, there being 51 entries. The results:

Edward Hartford 15, J. E. Burns 14, G. V. Gregg 13, G. C. Bates 12, Harry Runels 11, Chas. Hayes 10, W. L. Gregg 9, Dr. Downs 8, E. A. Smith 7, S. B. Hall 7, Edwin Coburn 5, N. W. White 4, W. H. Spalding 3, M. Knowles 10, H. Hartford 8, A. D. Butterfield 8, C. E. Blaisdell 6, James Shepherd 5, Enos Brocker 2, M. McDermott 8, James McCaskin 5, Frank Lee 6, A. Lawrence 2, W. P. Edwards 11, W. Butler 4, Peter Beck 5, Moses Davenport 4, A. Coburn 4, G. Maynard 12, L. A. Derby 9, J. C. Wheeler 14, D. D. Snyder 8, N. Brown 10, F. Bramhall 9, A. Maynard 6, E. W. Lovejoy 13, Samuel Greenwood 6, David Foster 2, G. R. Dickey 9, H. W. Burton 8, F. Sherman 9, W. Wiley 4, Henry Boynton 10, W. M. Owen 8, A. Allard 7, I. Allard 4, Geo. C. Moore 8, Geo. Massey 4, G. H. Nutting 8, H. Jones 14.

The approvriation of $100 was divided as follows: $15, $14, $13, $12, $10, $8, $7, $6, $5, $3, $2, $1. This will be presented to the first thirteen named marksmen in the above score.

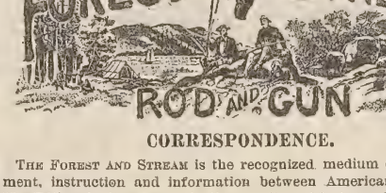
### Niles Gun Club.

NILES, O., July 6.—The second and last day of the Niles Gun Club tournament was a pronounced success throughout. The contests for the various prizes offered by the business men of the city were very exciting and close. The following is the score of the main shoot of the day: Upman 19, Runnell 21, Andrews 21, Morris 21, Lewis 16, Turner 21, Cremer 19, Cochran 21, O'Connell 19, Ward 18, Phillips 20, Fry 20, Wilson 16, Miller 19, Geo. Naylor 17, Winfield 17, John Naylor 20.

## Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. E. A., Waterbury, Vt.—Will you kindly give information on following points: 1. Weight and size of largest small-mouthed bass on record. 2. Weight and size of largest big-mouthed bass on record. 3. Is the snake commonly known as the spotted or checkered adder in this section a poisonous one, and if not is there any poisonous reptile in Vermont, except the rattlesnake? Ans. 1. 8lb. 10oz., length 25in., girth 18½in.; this was caught by Mr. Boynton near Glens Falls, N. Y., and weighed by Mr. A. N. Cheney. 2. 23lbs. 2oz., length 37½in., girth 29½in. Caught near Altoona, Fla., by Mr. H. W. Rose. The head of this fish is now in the FOREST AND STREAM office. 3 Probably your spotted adder is the snake known as spreading adder and blowing viper (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), a ferocious looking but harmless species. When alarmed it flattens and expands its head, darts out its tongue and hisses and sputters for dear life, but this is only for its own protection, and no harm is caused by its teeth. The spreading adder is usually brown or reddish, with numerous (more than twenty) dark blotches on the back and sides and half rings on the tail. It reaches a length of 30in. In the Eastern United States it is one of the commonest of the snakes. The copperhead, a venomous snake, is found in New England, but is comparatively rare. In color the body is brown, the belly yellowish and with 35 to 45 dark blotches on the side; the head is coppery-red above; across the back there are from 15 to 25 V-shaped markings.




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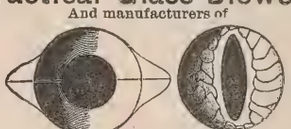
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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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## *MAJOR H. W. MERRILL.*

READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM, particularly those who remember his sketches in the earlier volumes, will learn with sincere regret of the death of Major H. W. Merrill, at his home in this city, on last Thursday, July 14. The intelligence was received at this office with sorrow, for the Major had been not infrequently a visitor here for many years, and he was one of those men with whom a personal acquaintance ripens into affection. His age was 78 years. His wife survives him. A son, Frederick J. H. Merrill, Ph.D., is Assistant State Geologist of New York. A brother, Nelson Merrill, is a member of the bar of this city.

Major Merrill came of New England Puritan stock. He traced his ancestry back to Nathaniel Merrill, who emigrated from England to Connecticut in 1633-34. About the year 1802 Jared Merrill moved from Connecticut to what was then the far West, and settled in the Oneida country of New York. In 1811, his son Asa Merrill went still further west, and made a pioneer farmer's home in the wilderness of the Genesees, at a point subsequently known as Byron. Here Hamilton Wilcox Merrill was born in 1814. The child whose birthplace was on the advance line of civilization was destined to spend a large portion of his active life in service on the frontiers. Living on the home farm to the age of twenty, he went as a cadet to West Point, and graduating in 1838 was appointed Second Lieutenant of the 2d Dragoons, then on duty in the Seminole War. On the way to Florida Lieut. Merrill was for a time with Gen. Scott in Georgia and Tennessee, effecting the removal of the Cherokees. Arrived in Florida his introduction to active service was as the volunteer leader of a scouting party in pursuit of the Indian murderers of a white family; the trail led into a dense hamak, impenetrable by horse, and the young officer led the way, pistol in either hand, into the dark cover, only to find, as was the rule in that war, that the Indians had made good their escape. The three years' campaigns which followed were full of hardship and adventure, relieved by indulgence in field sports, for which the Florida game supply of that period afforded unlimited opportunity.

Coacoochee and his followers at length deported from Florida, Lieut. Merrill in 1841 marched with his command 1,400 miles west to Fort Towson, in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, north of the frontier of the Republic of Texas; and from this time, except while in the Mexican War, he was almost constantly in the field, in the Indian country along the Texan frontier, and in the West, until his resignation from the service in 1857.

In 1846 he joined Gen. Taylor's army at Camargo, in Mexico, and took part in the battle of Monterey. Then, in the army of Gen. Scott, he was in the siege of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gorda, San Antonio, Contréras, Molino del Rey (where, now Captain, he won for gallant action and meritorious services the brevet of Major), and the bombardment and battle of Chepultapec; was one of the eight mounted men who escorted Gen. Scott into the City of Mexico after its fall; and took part in the two days' fight in that city after the surrender by Santa Anna.

One whose life had been passed around such scenes could not fail to be an interesting personality. Major Merrill had a rare fund of entertaining reminiscences of the old days, stories of how the elusive Seminole Coacoochee lured the Scouts into the depths of Florida swamps, there to make mock of them; of Capt. Martin Scott (the man for whom the coon came down) who, in a moment of peril, when some one called out to him to lie down, answered, "Martin Scott never lies down," and the next instant fell, mortally wounded by a Mexican bullet. Again it would be a story of the memorable charge over the Mudellin Bridge at Santa Cruz, where 300 American dragoons put to rout 1,400 Mexican lancers; or of that still more memorable charge, with fiercer odds, at Molino Del Rey, where Major Merrill's horse Black Warrior was shot under him; and more than once, in such recital, the narrator would catch the martial spirit of the hour and tell the story with inimitable effect. Or it might be a humorous incident in his own experience, how, when separated from his command in the Indian country and obliged to camp for the night alone, he was awakened by a terrific alarm, which, half awake, he recognized as the Indian war whoop, but which proved to be the screech of an owl perched just overhead. Again, it would be a pathetic tale of a pointer dog found on the battlefield of Molino del Rey, forgetting its own mortal hurts, to seek out its dying master and lick his face and wounds.

From early life Major Merrill had a decided taste for hunting, and it was his good fortune to be stationed throughout almost the entire period of his army life in regions where the game supply afforded unstinted scope for this favorite pursuit. In the vicinity of his first Florida camp, on the Ocklawaha River, the deer, wild turkeys, and wild ducks and geese were found in an abundance which astonished him. On the Texan frontiers and in the western Indian country were vast numbers of buffalo; the command often marched for days together in sight of the herds, and it was necessary to detail riders to keep between their hosts and the wagon trains to prevent the buffalo from stampeding the mules. Here too there were deer and antelope, wild turkeys, ducks and geese, grouse and quail, to say nothing of foxes and wolves. We may well believe that with such incitements to the chase hunting was often a more agreeable pursuit than scouting for Indians; and an officer who knew how to handle a gun might well deem it his duty to keep the mess supplied with fresh meat.

The records show that Major Merrill was a capable and efficient officer in the command of his troops and his dealings with the tribes; none the less was he accomplished as a sportsman. Constant practice gave him great skil', Mounted on his faithful "Black Warrior," or on his trained hunting pony, he outstripped the fleetest game and thought it no feat to bring a buffalo to earth by a shot while both pursued and pursuer were at full speed.

Such hunting will never be known again on this continent; it is as much a thing of the past as are the conditions of frontier life which prevailed in the Southwest a half century ago. His experiences on the plains in the '40s and '50s afterward furnisheds material for a number of interesting sketches contributed to the earlier numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The hunting rifle in use at that time was of course the muzzleloader, and it was the good work done by the arm in those days of frontier life that caused Major Merrill to be a life-long advocate of its merits. The superiority of the muzzleloader over the breechloader as an arm of precision he maintained with much sturdiness. His writings most valued by riflemen and of the greatest practical good were those relating to point-blank and the trajectory curves of sporting rifles. These were subjects to which Major Merrill devoted much study, and to him belongs the credit of having first presented them in a form adapted to popular comprehension and instruction.

Major Merrill inherited a strong constitution, which carried him unscathed through the exposures of Southern campaigns, and blessed him with a hale and vigorous old age; from his Puritan ancestry, too, came those high traits of character which marked his public and private life, and were the crown of that old age. His were the bluntness of the soldier, the simplicity of a child, the straightforwardness and ingenuousness of one who thinks no evil.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

Last autumn we chronicled the successful introduction of our native quail into China, where the American traveler is now greeted by the cheery whistle of Bob White. There are other conquests in store. The authorities of the Cape of Good Hope are greatly interested in a project of introducing into that colony American game birds. Their agent, who has naturally come direct to this office for assistance in the undertaking, tells us that the South African people want both quail and grouse. There is probably no obstacle to prevent the successful transportation of quail from America to the Cape of Good Hope. If properly cared for the birds will bear the confinement and hardships of the voyage; but it is very doubtful if ruffed grouse can be carried so far. The almost uniform failure of all attempts to keep this creature in confinement for any length of time appears to point to certain defeat of such an enterprise as its transportation to South Africa. On the other hand, the Massachusetts Association has been decidedly successful in bringing sharp-tailed grouse across the continent; and properly cared for that species might weather the voyage to the Cape. The undertaking is one which will be watched with much interest and with many hearty wishes for its successful achievement. Future Fourth of July orators may yet with truth and pride allude to the whistle of the American Bob White saluting with the British drum beat the rising sun around the world.

Two New Haven gentlemen, Mr. J. B. Robertson and Mr. Clayton Redfield, have secured two pairs of Mongolian pheasants, and are trying the experiment of rearing these birds in confinement. The birds were received from Oregon, and soon after their arrival in New Haven began to lay. The eggs were taken as fast as laid and put under bantam hens, and the first brood, numbering eight chicks, was hatched July 5 The hen pheasants continue to lay, and it is hoped that a considerable number of the young may be reared this summer. If the expected success should be attained, it is proposed next spring to turn out a number of the birds in different parts of Connecticut in the hope of stocking the State covers. If this turning out should be done, wide publicity ought to be given it, so that sportsmen who come upon the new birds may recognize and spare them for breeders.

Mr. Stewart Culin, curator of the archæological museum of the University of Pennsylvania, has been appointed secretary of the Board of Commissioners for the Columbian Historical Exposition in Madrid. The University will make a considerable display of its archæological collections at the Exposition.

The New York game law abolished at one fell swoop more than forty special county regulations respecting fish and game.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## CAMPING ON THE BLUE.

IN the running water there is life. Who can catch and hold the glint of the rivulet? No camera can reflect the rapids. No two breaks of water rushing over stones are alike. Writers have attempted to tell the story of the breakers, the song they sing. But they never sing the same song twice. Wherein they have the advantage of some singers and most story tellers. The songs of the waters are always melodious. It is a medley with melody. The rythm of swift-flowing water is the rarest sound in nature. The beauties of the Blue have been told in poetry. One denizen on the banks of this most crooked and turbulent stream, one who has studied it in all its moods, writes of its charms in a local paper:

Mark the massive walls arise,
Lifting rugged rocky sides
Into deeply vaulted skies,
Where the filmy fleece-cloud rides.
Here and there a stately column
Leans its lonely form, and solemn
Embattled lines of sharp peaks set
Spear-like upon the parapet
Pierce with jagged, cragged crest
The Heaven's unresisting breast.
There a gnarled oak, dark and high,
Bare and bleak, and blasted by
Crashing wind and flashing sky,
Extends its wasted, bony form,
And still, though dead, defies the storm.
Here a majestic monarch shoots
In rifted rocks its grappling roots:
Over the precipice, bald and bare,
It fearlessly flings to the upper air
Branches broad, storm-bent and old.
Black arrow-headed crags and tall
Leap up, and out, and over all.

Our camp is ten miles from Milltown, the crossing of the Air Line Railroad to Leavenworth on the Ohio River, by the country road. By river it is fifty-five miles. This will show the windings of the stream. It is not sluggish. It does not meander through meadows. At times the bluffs rise abruptly for 400 feet; natural falls, rapids, alternate deep pools, form natural feeding grounds and hybernating places for fish.

The canoeist can here find swift water, long reaches of deep and quiet water, abrupt turns with ever varying scenery.

Adown the stream is a picture for an artist of nature. The camera and the draughtsman may delineate its features as nearly as they can be reproduced. But yet the beauty of the scene is not portrayed. It can not be put upon canvas, neither can a pen portrait portray its beauties. Looking from the front of the camp, three rapids and two beautiful green isles make a picture that can only be realized by being gazed upon from our dining room on the days when sun and atmosphere combine to display effectively all its charms.

"Fishing is only for those who have learned the sport. Like that of the wing shot, the art must be learned in early life." One of the ladies of our party who had never handled a rod hung a very nice fish on an 8oz. rod without a reel, with a very light line, and with a little instruction from "the old man," landed it in very nice style. The main thing in taking a fish is to keep cool and keep your mind on the business you are engaged in.

Casting into a pool of a depth of from ten to twenty feet of clear, cold water forms an ideal fishing place for black bass. The expert fly-fisher has here full swing. For forty yards in his rear and forty in front there is no obstruction. He can stand and cast for hours without disturbing the pool. Aha! says the fly-fisherman, the bass will not rise to the fly. Yes, they will, but it must be cast with skill, and so rushing are the rapids on either side that his casting, the strike and struggles of the hooked fish, do not create the commotion and consequent disturbance that they would in quiet waters. Most valuable things learned are by experiment. Theory may teach but practice makes perfect. To catch a bass in midsummer in the streams of southern Indiana, requires patience, perseverance and a knowledge of the stream. By these requisites do not understand that the effort is to catch these braves of the waters on their spawning beds. Far from it. It is after they have gone through that process that they are the most wary. In the early spring and during the first frosts in the fall season the bass will rise to fly or bite at minnow, but in the season when camping out is the most agreeable, it requires finesse to catch the finny pride of middle Western waters. It is then the art of the angler has the most exercise.

Standing in the rapids and casting the fly for the bass one may occasionally be surprised by the lunge of the mascalonge (called the pike, but which David Starr Jordan pronounces the mascalonge of the great Northern lakes), and if he has tackle strong enough and his nerve is responsive to the effort, one of the gamest fish that swims may reward the expert angler. Within a mile of water stretch from where the patient angler in the picture stands, five pike (mascalonge) were captured in a short time, the smallest weighing 6 and the largest 8lbs. Dr. Jordan says these fish, or their progenitors, went down the Mississippi to the mouth, thence up the Ohio to the mouths of the small rivers emptying into that stream, up which they went and spawned and to which they annually return.

As a hint of how we live, here is a dinner bill of fare, in plain English, as all bills of fare should be made out for English-speaking people:

Turtle Soup.

Turtle fried in rolled crackers. Baked Mascalonge.

Claret Punch.

Broiled Squirrel, Frog Legs. Broiled Mushrooms.

Corn roasted in husk on the coals.

Boiled Beans with Bacon. Stewed Potatoes with cream dressing.

Buttermilk. Sweet Milk. Tea. Coffee.

Liquors.

Cigars—Cob Pipe if preferred.

We catch our own turtles, shine our own frogs, gather our own mushrooms, and, if particular about it, can milk the cows and make our own buttermilk, which the same we have not done.

Coon hunting at night is a favorite amusement for the young folks.

There is Wyandotte Cave only a mile away, where the underground way to the bowels of the earth can be traversed. And what is there not here or hereabouts to charm the eye, make music to the ear and cheer the heart of all who love nature in her manifold beauties. JAP.

NEW ALBANY, Ind.



CANNON ISLAND CAMP, BLUE RIVER, INDIANA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS MARY O. COLLINS.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—V.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### The Carp Lake Camp.

KELPIE was feeling better than when he first joined us, but he was still "powerful weak an' porely," and he was ordered to plant himself in a chair in the shade, light his pipe, look on and take comfort, which he did with some growls and protests, as he said it was the first party he was ever out with that wouldn't let him do any of the work of making camp.

But we wanted him to take it easy till he came to his appetite and gained a little strength, and we at last convinced him that it was no use for a "little old fragile half sick feller" to stand up and argue against four sizable old strong and hearty ones.

He had found his way into our hearts from the start, and I believe any of us would have turned out of a snug bed at midnight to roost on the ground and make a place for him.

The three larger tents were put up in line a few feet back from the break of the nearly perpendicular bank, which was here 8 or 9ft. above the level of the lake.

All along the steep slope, down to the narrow strip of sandy beach was a growth of young birch trees, white cedars and small bushes, with here and there a wild cherry literally loaded down with bright red, half ripe cherries, on which the robins, bluejays, flax birds and others of our feathered friends would have a rare feast as they ripened.

Between this and the foot of the hill, from 4 to 8 rods wide in places, was a strip of level, grass-grown, sandy ground entirely free of bush or shrub, except a few puny looking mullen stalks that had lost the ambition to grow for lack of moisture in the hot, sandy soil.

Near the first tent put up, a few feet from the bank, were two low, wide-topped jack oaks, dividing near the ground into two and three separate branches, and under their spreading boughs Charley and I built the table and stretched the big fly over it, tying the guys on the lake-side to small trees over the edge of the bank.

The ironclad was taken out of its box and the empty box mounted on its side on one end of the long table, the hinged lids to swing up, and this served admirably for a cupboard in which the keeper of the frying-pans kept his tin cups, plates, knives and forks, spoons, salt, pepper and sich. Here was at once our dining-room, parlor and general loafing place, a cool, laziness-breeding retreat, for it was in the shade at all hours of the day.

A couple of rods from the big fly, up lake, near the bank, where he would have shade in the afternoon, Barney's kitchen table and fireplace were located, and just across the road at the foot of the hill his tent was pitched to be handy to his working territory.

Kelpie, who had been lazily looking on and "cogitatin' in his mind" during the camp-making, emerged from a reverie and the shade of the oak with a well simulated Rip-Van-Winkle expression on his face, remarking as he knocked the ashes from his fireless pipe, that "it looked like somebody had been around there making a camp, and being a stranger in these parts, he wondered if he could get to stay all night with them."

This smacked of a protest against his enforced idleness, but his conscience was quieted by old Sam with, "Take it easy, old pard; we don't 'low any sick man to do any work around this ranch. Jest wait till ye kin git away with a pound or two o' bacon at a settin' an' git some fat on yer ribs, an' then maybe we'll let ye do somethin'—see?"

The wagon came back with the straw in good time and before dark the beds were made and the camp about finished except for a pole on which to hoist "old glory" to the breeze.

Barney put a good supper on the new table, helped out by a bucket of rich milk brought up from the house by neighbor Gehring, which was a welcome change from the pasty "condemned" stuff we had been using in our coffee at Green Lake, and even Kelpie attacked that supper with a zeal that started Barney into a quiet chuckle, as he poured him the second cup of coffee, at the success of his cookery.

We built no camp-fire that night, but went early to bed, as happy and tired a lot of mortals as ever turned in for a night's well-earned rest.

Next morning Charley and I walked down to the village to get a few supplies at the store and hire a couple of boats, old Sam going along with the axe at a "right shoulder shift" as far as a tract of swampy woods below the birch grove to cut a flag pole.

We found our friend Oberlin, who was postmaster and proprietor of the store, the same genial clever fellow as when we made his acquaintance the year before, ready to lick a stamp for a fair customer, or sell at a "marked down" anything from a cross-cut saw or a Chicago ham down to a yard of calico, a fish hook or a stick of black jack chewing gum. A good country store keeps about everything necessary to the comfort of mankind, and our wants were soon supplied, not omitting a "reddin' comb" for old Sam, whose wild-looking unkempt locks, Charley said, imitating Sam's manner of speech when he affected backwoods dialect, which was most of the time—"made him look like one o' them furrin' pianer pounders what goes 'round givin' recitals, as they call 'em."

Oberlin told us where we could hire a couple of boats, and in half an hour we were pulling against a stiff wind back to camp, where we found Snakeroot and the Colonel trimming a basswood sapling about 25ft. long, with Kelpie standing by trying to figure out, as he said, "how much longer that pole would be if the crooks were straightened out of it."

The next pole Sam cut, which he found in a grove a quarter of a mile above camp near the water, was a smooth-barked white birch 60ft. high, which he got neighbor Laidlaw, living a little further up the lake, to snake down to camp next morning behind his wagon as he went to his work at the mill, and when the old flag whipped out 55ft. from the ground to a salute from the Colonel's big pistol, he was so swelled up with "tickle" over his selection that we didn't hear the last of "that dandy flag pole o' mine" till he was in the wagon a couple of weeks later ready to start for home, and it will doubtless be his model for a flag pole when we make the next camp.

To make the spot even more perfect as a camping place there was plenty of dry wood scattered along the shore under the bank for the cook's fire and the nightly camp-fire, and we were "jest about as near heaven as the Joneses ever expect to get" when Barney found next day, not more than ten rods up the lake, a spring of delicious, cold water boiling up out of the sand under the bank, with a perceptible taste of iron and, we thought, a

little sulphur in it, as it coated the gravel and pebbles over which it flowed into the lake a few feet away with a dirty, blackish copper color.

Barney dug it out with a shovel and cribbed it up with a bottomless box, and it proved a spring of great comfort to us to the very last day in camp. The temperature was exactly 46 deg., as noted by the camp thermometer after being held in it a matter of five minutes.

Flowing out of the bank not two feet away was another spring not so cold, and without any taste or sign of iron or sulphur in the water, each running a stream about the size of the grip of a bass rod.

Afterward we found along under the bank for two or three hundred yards up the lake a dozen or more other springs of about the same volume or less, several of which were more or less impregnated with iron, but we stuck to Barney's first discovery for our drinking water, as we found that besides its refreshing coldness and agreeable mineral taste, it was possessed of slightly laxative qualities, and it must have had in it, too, some mysterious property that worked directly in harmony with the digestive organs, for before we were in camp a week Kelpie's appetite had developed at such a satisfactory and remarkable rate that he could hide a square meal with a celerity that put him in the front rank, a state of affairs that kept the keeper of the fryin' pans a hustlin' to meet the increased demands made on him at meal times.

A day or two after the keeper found another spring under the bank near the flag pole, boiling up clear and very cool near the roots of some young birches; just plain, pure spring water without the faintest taste of mineral in it. This he also cribbed and used as a refrigerator, where he kept his butter almost too hard to cut easily, the milk sweet and cold, and the buttermilk in such a state of seductive freshness that there was no resisting it, and at

strife with old-time foes; him of the bronze back and valiant heart, the crafty pickerel and the mighty maskinonge—peer he of all the warriors of the North or South.

Memories of battles won and lost come trooping through the rifts in the cloud of gray; the trusty old rod doubled to its work, the swishing line taut and tense; the frantic rush, the leap in air, the whirring reel—a tuneful melody—and last of all the deadly gaff or ready landing-net, or—parted line and blighted hopes.

Brother of the rod, a look into the past age stirs the blood.

A very wizard is the old brown pipe to revive the half-forgotten recollections of river, brook and lake; of the forests and the streams; to rekindle the old camp-fires, around which the weather-beaten disciple of the rod has spent many a happy care-free hour, that will never come again.

But now I know that if the reader is an old camper with silver in his hair he will forgive me this digression and charge it up to the old pipe, for has he not himself had dreamy visions of the camps of bygone days through the smoke of the weed that comforteth the angler's heart?

The camp was finished to our pleasement and nothing remained but to go a-fishing. The Colonel did not care to go out that day, and as I had some arrangements to make with our neighbors about milk, butter, vegetables, etc., we let Sam and Charley and Kelpie open the campaign in the two wooden boats off the birch point, where we had found some good bass fishing the year before.

When I went down to the Gehring farmhouse the same surly cur was there taking a nap on the porch with one eye open, and as soon as he got it trained on me he seemed to be reminded of something, but just as he got his bristles raised to the proper elevation for trouble to set in and sounded the tocsin of war in the shape of some

Tommy, be it known, was a sturdy youngster of ten years with a sixteen year old head on his shoulders, whom everybody in the camp took a liking to for his manly and upright ways. A bargain was also struck with Tom to pick every day and bring to camp from three to six quarts of the luscious red raspberries growing wild nearly everywhere in great abundance, a contract which he faithfully carried out, and we did the rest in the way of keeping them from getting sour.

If there is anything more satisfying to the inner man than a tin cup full of ripe red "rozberries" with powdered sugar and cold rich milk over 'em, it must be two cups, which line of figuring Br'er Kelpie was ready to uphold three times a day. Twice a week a butcher's wagon from Traverse City made the rounds of the neighborhood, from which we could get a cut of beef, a roast of pork or a quarter of mutton, selected by the "keeper," with the critical eye of an old meat inspector, and then we had bass and "rockies" (we were above eating the "snakes" we caught), and bluegills and trout till had there been anything in the popular delusion that a fish diet makes brains the camp might have been appropriately named "Camp Smarty."

"Great airth an' seas!" such living as the Joneses had in that camp was a caution to dyspeptics. With all the good things with which the table was supplied and the awful examples set him in the way of hiding them from sight, Kelpie began to pick up rapidly and come back to his original shape. Every few days he would furtively let out another tuck in the waistband of his breeches, so to speak, or, to put it nautically, shake out another reef to make room for the "rozberries" and trout called for by his steadily increasing appetite.

The color was coming back in his face, and the marked improvement in his health was a revelation to us, and a



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

CAMP OF THE KINGFISHERS.

Robin's Nest Camp, Carp Lake, Michigan, 1891.

1. Kingfisher (Old Hickory). 2. Snakeroot. 3. Kelpie. 4. Old Bluegill. 5, 8. The Two Johns. 6. The Keeper of the Frying Pans. 7. Old Frigid.

well-regulated intervals a "vial o' wrath" found its way into the spring to be cool for the boys when they returned in the evening after a hard day at the oars and felt the need of a "liver invigorator."

For a camp of pure, solid comfort, free, too, of black flies, skeeters and "croppies" (Dick Macauley's no see 'ems) we had never found its equal, and never expect to find a better one, and many a night when sitting before the camp-fire weaving fancies in the embers and looking back to the old camps of the past through the flickering flame and smoke I longed for my old dead comrade and chum Uncle Dick Sloan to be with us again in the flesh to help enjoy it all. And sometimes my fancy outlined his fragile old form holding his well-worn old camp stool down on the further side of the fire with the half paralyzed old leg hung limply over the good one, sucking comfort from his well-seasoned old briar root pipe, and fighting with his only good arm and hand the stifling puffs of smoke from the camp-fire as in the by-gone days. Ah, me! The loss of a cherished old comrade and bosom friend who has shared your camp in brotherly harmony in all weathers for twenty odd years is a calamity that never rights itself; a wound that takes the rest of a lifetime to heal.

Thinking of him as I write, I have wandered from the trail into a wilderness of old memories, conjured up by the dissolving rings of misty gray from a reminiscence-breeding pipe of "Old Judge," through which, from out the shadowy past, appear in turn the old camps on the Tippecanoe, on Central Lake, on Sisson's, Six Mile, Carp and Black, Echo, Douglass, Brown's and Platte; and around the wavering flame of the waning fire, disputing with feeble flicker the sombre shadows of encroaching night, sit "Daddy Foulds" and "Judge" Snider, Billy Wetzel and Ben Renshaw, rare old Ben, loyal old comrades they and well beloved, who with Uncle Dan have crossed over the divide into the unknown land beyond.

Through the delusive film come memories, too, of fierce

ominous growls, Mother Gehring appeared on the scene and by a vigorous kick in his rear and a few words in German—or maybe it was the attack in the rear—prevailed on him to slink around the corner of the house, where he turned and stood eyeing me with an expression on his dog(ged) countenance that said plain as print, "Old feller, I'll get even with ye for that kick if it takes me all summer."

It was plain, too, that he thought this in German, but I have rendered it into elegant American for the benefit of any reader who may not have had to do with cross-grained Teutonic canines.

He was another good subject for a peeled elm club, which I felt the more need of because, unlike the big savage pup at Green Lake, he was not chained. I had a notion, as the ill-favored cuss glowered at me from around the corner, that he would willingly parted with another joint of his already abbreviated caudal for a chance to hustle me out of the lot and take a mou'ful out of the seat of my breeches—if nothing else—as I went over the fence; but the presence of his mistress and the remembrance of the jolt in the rear prevented the carrying out this vengeful scheme, and Mother Gehring and I proceeded with our negotiations—a hard tussle for me without an interpreter—touching on the matter of milk, vegetables, and baking bread for the camp, without further interference from "the ornery cuss around the corner." We furnished the flour and Mother Gehring baked two, three or four loaves of most excellent bread at a time as needed, and every evening we got a half gallon or a gallon of fresh, sweet, rich milk, but no butter, as she made barely enough for their own table, and all the vegetables from the garden we wanted.

From neighbor Laidlaw's, a half mile or more up the lake we got every other day a roll of golden butter right from the churn and a big tin pail full of fresh buttermilk which little Tommy took on himself to tote to the camp.

flattering testimonial to Barney's out-in-camp cookery. The properties of the mineral spring, or something else, seemed to keep us hungry most of the time, and old Sam was not much out of the way when he remarked one evening as he speared his fourth trout from the pan with his fork, "This gang would bu'st up the best tavern in ole Kaintuck in two innin's," and in the same breath, with a wink at Kelpie across the table, "Jeems Mackerel, tech them rozberries a leetle mild; too many of 'em might give ye a pain in yer diafram."

It was a great camp; full of good fellowship and good cheer, and we enjoyed it all as only they who go to the woods with long intervals between: as only they who love the voices of the forest, and hear music in running brooks.

The boys came before sundown with a couple of snakes and a fair string of small-mouthed bass, and by the time Barney had supper ready the odor from the frying-pans reminded us of old times again.

They had not found the fishing quite up to their expectations, but it was so much better than at Green Lake that old Sam's chin—which we got to read like a barometer by the elevation or depression thereof—gave indications of a mind serene and at peace with all the world. When he came up the low bank near Barney's table with chin away down it meant "nary nibble all day;" chin away up "heap good luck," with graduations between the two extremes that told almost unerringly the measure of his success for the day.

After supper we carried up some logs and limbs from under the bank and built a big camp-fire at the foot of the hill back of the tents (that started the "ornery cuss' at the farmhouse to barking, thought it was a newfangled moon, maybe), and sat around it till well into the night, telling over the stories of old camps—stories that bear oft repeating and never grow old—and laying plans for the morrow's fishing.

Kingfisher.

# Natural History.

## THE BIRDS AND THE MUSIC BOX.

My music box I wound, and placed
It out of sight amid the grass,
Then, just beside it, artfully
Inclined a polished looking glass.

The birds were busy with their cares
Of keeping house and brooding young,
Trilling, meanwhile, soft lullabyes,
No sweeter songs were ever sung.

They heard the music in the grass,
And this is what they seemed to say:
"Why!" "What is that?" "What can that be?"
"Some bird has come from far away!"

A swallow first came skimming down,
And caught within the mirror bright
A flashing glimpse of her own wings,
Then circling upward with delight

Told all the birds that flitted near—
They heard the news with great surprise—
"A singing swallow has arrived,
I've seen it with my own two eyes."

Next robin redbreast hopped along
And chirped: "Oh, welcome, cousin dear;
No song so sweet as our old song,
'Twas kind in you to settle here."

Then an excited phœbe came,
And p'ped: "Dear me! I've always heard
That long ago, before the flood
The phœbe was a singing bird.

"And this one has a dress and hood
Just like the one I always wear;
I'll practice a few notes myself!"
"How very silly, I declare!"

A bluebird trilled. "I've just been nigh
And saw the bird. She's very fair,
With wings like bits of summer sky,
And such a modest, lovely air!"

Just then the music box ran down,
And all the birds began to sing;
A perfect medley filled the air,
That made the whole green hilltop ring.

MAPLE CORNER, Wellington, Conn. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

## THE MULE DEER IN DOMESTICATION.

THE mule deer is found in the Sierra Nevadas and Siskiyou Mountains of northern California and eastward into the Rockies, and also in the Cascades of Oregon and Washington. They are very seldom seen west of the summit, where the black-tail range. The latter sometimes cross to the eastern slope, but are not found far in the interior. The fawns of the mule deer can often be found during the latter part of May or early in June, hidden in the dense thickets of the wooded mountain side, where they have been left by the doe. If their dainty hoof-marks are seen in the soil they can be tracked, with considerable assurance of being found. When run upon they will lie very low and quiet, their ears thrown back so as to lie flat on their shoulders, and their large, lustrous eyes watching every movement of the strange enemy. If one is cautious in his approach, advancing in a sidelong direction, he may sometimes get so near to them, that by a quick spring he can catch them. It must not be supposed, however, that this little creature is slow in getting up and starting off. On the contrary, they are very active, and make no ceremony in starting. A sudden spring raises and throws it forward at the same time. And for a short distance they are very fleet, but when quite young they soon tire and can be run down and caught. Their cry is a low, plaintive bleat, which certainly must arouse the sympathy of the rather hardened captor.

The young do not run with the mother, but she goes to them a number of times during the day, that they may suckle, and then leaves them again. If you should chance upon them at this time they will separate, the doe going up the mountain side, while a streak of flicked white and russet disappearing in the thicket marks the flight of the fawn.

When captured they will struggle violently for a little while, and their sharp hoofs will do some damage to one's person or clothing. But they soon become reconciled to their new surrounding and are quite content.

They are beautifully spotted, and these remain during most of the summer, but gradually disappear as the hair falls, and by the last of September have entirely disappeared and given place to the uniform blue coat.

The fawns soon learn to drink milk from a bottle having a rubber nipple, or even from an open vessel; but owing to their habit of butting while drinking, the latter method of feeding is not always a safe one, as the dish, milk and all, is liable to be thrown into the lap of the feeder. Their appetites are vigorous, and they will drink too much if allowed, which causes indigestion and a weakened condition. They become very gentle and are fond of going into the house in search of any knick-knacks that may be given them, such as nuts, candies, fruits, etc. They know their masters or those who feed them, and will follow them about the yard. They begin browsing early, grow quite fast, and the supply of milk can be gradually cut down. The leaves of the wild rose and sarvis bushes are favorites with them, but the tender twigs and buds of various kinds are eaten, and they often graze on the meadows the same as a sheep. They generally feed late in the evening or early in the morning, preferring to lie in the shade and cool dark places during the heat of the day, away from the annoyance of flies and mosquitoes. They feed some at nigh , especially during moonlight, but dark nights are more quiet, and lie resting or sleeping under a tree or some rude cover. They will lie on the same spot night after night, preferring this to a new bed each night. In their wandering about, should they run across a cabbage patch, their appetite is soon satisfied with this dainty morsel.

The males grow a small stub of an antler the first fall. This drops off the following winter and the new antlers start out about the middle of March. These grow rapidly and are covered with the velvet most of the summer, drying and peeling off or are torn off on the bushes about the latter part of July, and by the first of September the antlers are clear and fully grown. These remain until the following January and then drop off, sometimes nearly at the same time, or there may be several weeks between the time of the two being shed.

The horns are often quite large the second autumn—that is, when the animal is a year and a half old, sometimes having four points, but there may be only a spike. Little reliance can be placed on an estimation of the age from the number of points. The hoofs of the animal in domestication grow long and are distorted, interfering considerably with its fleetness and activity. This is owing to their not being worn off by the rough rocks of the mountain sides in travel, as in the wild state.

The general appearance of the animal when quiet and undisturbed is awkward. Its form is not symmetrical; its gait is a long swinging stride. But when startled it becomes a thing of beauty; its whole figure commands admiration.

During the first year of its life its disposition is gentle and inoffensive; it is playful and harmless, but as it grows older becomes more sullen and treacherous, and will often attack children or women, and if it should get them down will stamp them with its front feet, or, jumping up and putting all four feet together, will come down, striking with all of them at once. It will also attack with its horns, and as they grow to healthy proportions it can do considerable damage in this way. It is prone to use them in a brisk tussle with the clothes line or any flaunting rag that it imagines is defying it. As sometimes happens, when in its moonlight rambles it comes across the previous day's washing idly flapping in the night breeze, it will strike at the garments with its feet, and the good housewife next morning finds the shirts and various other articles slit from end to end and hanging in halves and different shapes along the line. But not always is the battle to the brave or the strong. If during the fierce attack the line should break and become fastened around the antlers of the brave charger, there is a change of programme. The line and its array of ghostly forms now becomes the attacking party, and follows close the retreating and thoroughly frightened monarch of the forest, flopping and striking at every bound, producing a scene of the wildest confusion and most laughable nature. At the finish the deer is the most exhausted and subdued, if not the more dilapidated of the two.

The female is less sociable and more timid and treacherous than the male, neither is it so vigorous under domestication. Both are subject to diarrhœa and kindred disorders, owing probably to the change in diet. If not given entire freedom, and that in the locality or climate in which they are found in their wild state, they become sickly and do not live as a rule longer than three or four years, generally dying from some bowel trouble. If the does bear young at all, they are liable to be weakly and do not attain full growth.

When about a year old if given full liberty the animal will leave the place for several days at a time, and then return, only to leave again when its fancy dictates. Finally on one of these trips, especially if it be in the fall of the year, it meets with congenial company and never returns. Should you in hunting run across the band of deer to which it has joined itself, it will recognize you as a familiar and harmless creature, and will stand looking at you, until the rest have gone so far that it fears it will be lost from them, and then turns and follows them. This confidence on its part sometimes causes it to lose its life at the hands of some hunter who is not acquainted with the fact that it is the property of some particular individual.

The mule deer is larger than other species, sometimes attaining a weight of 275 or 300lbs. The best method of hunting the animal, and the various experiences one has in its capture must be deferred for some future time, or to some more skilled marksman than the writer.

DES MOINES, Ia. SYLVAN.

## SNAKES.

[*Continued from Page 8.*]

IF one's knowledge of snake habits is alone from observations made on specimens in captivity, but little credit should be given unless a study has been made covering a period of several years, and even then at best much is lacking. I am well satisfied that much that is written on the subject is copied from the writers of the marvelous or presented from stories recounted by others. One quickly learns or at least believes, and

"Like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie."

The idea that a snake can strike for its full length or a greater distance, and that, too, from the coil, is a popular and very erroneous belief, and must be quickly dispelled on consideration by every thinker. If a snake struck from a coil of two or even one and a half convolutions it would of necessity have to make one and a half turns or more of its head. To illustrate this plainly let any one flex the elbow, resting the finger-tips on the shoulder; then present the finger-tips from you at an object, straightening the arm. It will be seen at once that the hand has to make a half revolution in describing the

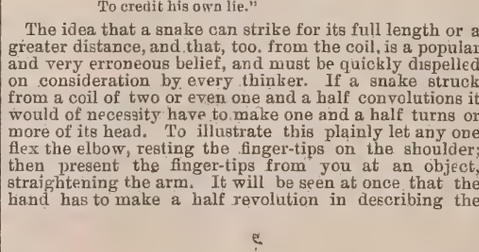



FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

semicircle in order to have the fingers still in position with palm of hand presenting down. Of course a striking snake does not direct his head away from the enemy, but the principle is identical, and any thinker will see that it is impossible for a snake to strike any distance from a coil. The fact is, no snake in America that I have met with can strike half the length of the body, anyway, counting from a standard or central point in the coil. Of course the innocuous species lack the dash and vigor of the poisonous ones in attack, but any person can readily verify what I say in the following lines by taking observations on any small streaked snake, and settle a point to their satisfaction. A massasauga 24in. in length can strike from a central point about 9 or 10in., but rarely more, and a large rattler 6ft. long could cover 3ft. or less. I have repeatedly irritated blacksnakes and blue racers and caused them to assume the defensive, and do not think one ever reached over two-fifths from a central point; that is, 2ft. in a length of 5ft.

In Fig. 1 is shown a very large massasauga lying at rest, and much as the diamond rattlers lie, although a favorite position with them is with the rattle more elevated and frequently drawn into the middle of the coil. Here the dotted lines indicate how the tail is vibrated by muscular action to warn in attack. At *A* is seen the deep pit in the upper jaw, an invariable cavity, which is well defined and lies between the eye and nostril in all rattlers, moccasins and copperheads, serving as an identifying mark for many poisonous species.

Fig. 2 shows exactly the position, from above, of a small massasauga ready to strike. The head is drawn back and the body arched out so that it can get the full spring of its tense muscles, and which it could not do from a coil. This is the exact position a massasauga assumes when badly bothered and from which it strikes about quicker than a flash and with remarkable accuracy within a short distance. It will be seen that there is no coil, or at least what we should look for from the descriptions we read of the marvelous, convolutions rising coil on coil, etc. At *C* is represented the head when thrown or sprung forward and which is elevated considerably, as could be seen if viewed from the side. *B* is the central point which I use or figure from as a standard from which to measure striking distance. Of course, the position varies constantly in an irritated individual, and frequently I have teased specimens so that they would flop about, first biting from one side, then the other, until finally they refused to strike at all. One word more and I have done on the subject of striking. Whoever answers this article let him quote no authority, but give only personal observations. "I'm weary of conjectures." Snakes cannot and do not strike from a coil, and though a portion of the body remains coiled, that portion thrown forward from a central point must certainly be free from the coil. Another time will consider snakes' methods of ejecting their venom.

DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

### The Red Desert Buffalo.

The *Rawlins* (Wyoming) *Journal* says that a buffalo bull was discovered on the range near Bridger Pass one day this spring and that he is believed to be one of the bunch that range up on the desert north of Bitter Creek. This bull was probably one of the survivors of the bunch, now we fancy all gone, which used to range in the Red Desert country. Not so very many years ago there were 450 of these, but they have been growing fewer in numbers, and when we last heard of them, a year or two since, there were only about fifteen left.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*New Editions: The Gun and its Development, $2.50. The Modern Shotgun, $1. For sale at this office.*

## RIFLES FOR BIG GAME.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

With regard to the size and weight of rifles for deer, it is plain that it depends not only upon the shooting capabilities of the man, but also very greatly upon the make of rifle and kind of ammunition used. The .45cal. Winchester need not weigh more than 9lbs., even when used with 100grs. good powder, if it is held properly. What difference will 1 or 2lbs. make to a sportsman?

I have shot a deer dead with a .32 long, and then had another run off, apparently unhurt, with at least two bullets in him.

I should like your correspondent to see my .32-40 do the work, and see whether it is a "bean-blower." A rifle with a good powder charge and a light bullet will do far better work than a much larger caliber, using a badly proportioned cartridge. A .32-40 should have a rapid twist, because otherwise, sufficient rotation will not be given to the bullet, to enable it to maintain its accuracy. Finally, though I prefer a .45 for all large game, I maintain that a .32 40 properly handled and using a split bullet is quite large enough for deer. "Aztec" says the .38 40 is large enough; well, my 32 40 is a long way ahead of a .38 40, as regards power, penetration, accuracy and long range. All sportsmen should bear in mind that good cartridges, good shooting and good rifles do the work, whether the calibers used are large or small.

BERGERVILLE, Quebec. L. D. VON I.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The comparative general effects of the .32cal. with any powder charge, and the .50 110 will be as follows: A deer struck by a .50-110 hollow point ball back of the shoulders is virtually dead the instant the ball hits it. If struck in the shoulder the animal is paralyzed, and remains in that condition until it dies. The opposite shoulder will be uninjured. If struck too far back, it is so badly hurt it cannot go away, and can be dispatched by a second ball.

A deer shot with a .32, any powder charge, will feel a sting, and being frightened by the report of the gun, will make a run. If the ball in passing through the animal should happen to sever any large artery, the deer will die—give it time enough. If shot in the shoulder the hunter may get it. The meat of the forequarters will be badly "bloodshot," the certain result, if the animal lives after getting the wound. If shot too far back, and the intestines are "distorted," it will also die. If not shot again it will go about one mile, and then lay down. And the hunter when he finds it—if he finds it—will also find from eight to twelve beds the deer has made, beds of great suffering. The meat of the deer will be valueless, but the man that shot it will have the satisfaction of knowing that by using a trifling gun he has added hours of agony to the death of a beautiful, harmless creature.

ED. RICHMOND.

COLORADO.

## A BIT OF GROUSE HUNTER'S LORE.

THE game laws of New York allow ruffed grouse shooting between the first day of September and the first day of January, and although the young birds are powerful and quite knowing early in the spring, they are not much hunted until the autumn leaves are falling and the cool, invigorating air allows the hunter to climb and tramp over windfalls and rocks with comfort. During the months of September and October the young grouse have comparatively short tails and small ruffs, so that they are readily distinguished from the old birds, but by the latter end of the season many of them are in perfect feather except that they lack the sheen, like that of polished mahogany, which can be observed when the back of an old bird is held in the proper light. The very large birds with iridescent black ruffs are usually cocks, although it is frequently difficult to find any marks of differentiation in plumage which will distinguish them from hens, and hunters are very often mistaken as to the sex of any particular ruffed grouse. The best test without dissection is perhaps that afforded by spreading the tail to it's full extent. If the two external tail feathers can be brought into a straight line with each other before the other feathers of the tail separate from each other at the margins, the possessor of that tail is in all probability a male bird. The feathers of the tail of the hen bird usually separate from each other while the two external tail feathers are making an obtuse angle. It is customary for hunters to suppose that the birds with brown or chocolate-colored ruffs are females, but the color of the ruff is not a distinctive sex mark.

The general coloration of ruffed grouse varies greatly in different localities, the "partridges" from northern New England, for instance, being almost invariably ashy gray in general effect, the color of the tail being most pronounced. In Pennsylvania the "pheasants" give an impression of reddish brown coloring, and the tails of these birds are beautifully rich in their reddish elements. In New York State we find red birds and gray birds in about equal numbers, and in one brood we find individuals representing both extremes in such color variation, just as is the case among the screech owls. Ruffed grouse from Oregon and from Texas are smaller and much lighter than their Eastern relatives. Late in the autumn the grouse develop a row of narrow movable projecting scales along the sides of the toes for aids in walking upon slippery snow and ice, and these scutellæ, as they are called, drop off when the snow melts in the spring. The average weight of full grown Eastern grouse is about twenty three ounces, but this weight varies two or three ounces in accordance with the character and abundance of the food supply. The food in the autumn includes almost all berries that are accessible in any given locality, but sumac and cedar berries are not usually eaten until winter. The grouse eat beech nuts, acorns, chestnuts, mushrooms, vetch pods and seeds, witch hazel flowers and many succulent leaves. They rarely touch wheat, maize, oats, or barley, but of buckwheat they are inordinately fond, and early in the season they strip off the flowers and immature grains, and continue to glean in the buckwheat fields until the stubble is deeply coveredwith snow.

Hunters who are familiar with the birds' habits beat the fences and deep furrowed plowed ground all about the buckwheat fields that are not too far removed from the woods, and find there many birds that the sportsman in the brush knows nothing about. Grouse are fond of tearing the fleshy fruit of the skunk cabbage to pieces in order to get at the seeds. They devour the fruit of all of the species of wild grapes with avidity, and a covey of grouse feeding among the tangled festoons of grapevines furnishes an inspiriting spectacle for one who knows how to approach them with due caution. The leaves of the bishop's cap (*Tiarella cordifolia* and *T. nuda*) are as staple an article of diet with ruffed grouse as bread and butter are for the American citizen, and at all seasons of the year fragments of the rough lobed leaves are found in their crops; even to the exclusion of all other articles of diet at times. During the winter the food consists principally of the buds of birch, poplar and maple trees, the leaves and berries of the wintergreen, and the leaves of the bishop's cap; and as there are very few days during the winter when grouse cannot find an abundance of some one of these forms of provender they are almost always in good condition and "as plump as partridges." Kalmia leaves, which are sometimes eaten by them in winter, are said on good authority to make the flesh temporarily poisonous for man, and the fact that the birds' food directly affects their flesh is exemplified in the delicious aromatic flavor of grouse that have been feeding extensively upon birch buds and wintergreens, the grateful odor pervading the whole house when such birds are so unfortunate as to get upon the hot old kitchen stove just before dinner time.

Ruffed grouse are as neat in their habits as such proud and self respecting birds ought to be, and they are very fond of dusting in the wallow holes which they make in the dry dust of crumbling logs in the woods. Wherever the grouse live we are so certain to find their dusting holes that the hunter wastes no time in the woods in which the crumbling logs have not been thus utilized by the élite. During the day the birds spend most of their time in the brushy edges of the woods and in the brambly gullies that extend out into the fields, and if there are stumps near at hand in the open the grouse are fond of running out about them and hiding there during the middle of the day. We should naturally expect to find the grouse on the sunniest hillsides when the weather is very cold, but they seem to be rather indifferent to the temperature of their surroundings and the covey is almost as likely to be found in the dreary north-facing ravine as on the warm southern exposures. When they are in company the birds keep up a constant talking to each other, but in low voices as though fearful of being overheard. There are querulous notes from the spinsters and solemn warnings from the dignified matrons when the obstreperous young cocks challenge each other to a wrestle, but the loudest vocal expression of the ruffed grouse is the clucking and squealing of a bird that has lain long to the dog, when, running like a rabbit out from under the brush heap, he bustles on roaring wing away through the swishing birch twigs and gives vent to his emotions as he departs. Not all grouse squeal when thus flushed, but they seldom fail to utter their loudest notes when alighting on a tree overhead after being startled; and when running for a hiding place they utter a hurried "*quit, quit, quit*," that attracts the immediate attention of the dog. A mother grouse with young whines precisely like a dog when an enemy is near her brood.

At night the grouse usually sleep upon the ground, and indifferently in the woods or out in the open clearing if the weather is dry. When it is rainy they sleep under logs or rocks or clumps of conifers, and frequently a whole covey will be found at night scattered along under an old tumbledown fence in the woods. In winter when the snow is deep they sleep either high up in coniferous trees or under the snow in the open, so that just at evening it is no uncommon sight to see a covey of grouse diving from wing, one after another, into the snow. If the weather is very boisterous and the birds happen to live down to a patch of wintergreens or clover or young winter wheat they may remain under the snow for several days, burrowing for short distances and eating the green leaves that are thus found. When a grouse is sitting quietly at no great depth beneath the snow, a little hole about as large as one's finger is kept open by the bird's breath, and the moisture congealing in large flakes upon the frosty twigs or grass just over the hole will easily locate the bird for a good observer; and the grouse in such a position will allow one to approach quite near before he leaves his comfortable room beneath the winds.



MAJOR H. W. MERRILL.

The snow is sometimes too hard to serve for house purposes, and then the birds may not alight upon the ground for many days at a time, but fly from the hiding tops of evergreens to the trees in which they bud at morning and at evening. On the first warm day though, when the sun has softened the snow, the boy who is following a rabbit in the warm corner of the thicket will suddenly come upon the neatest, the trimmest and the most inspiring bird track that is ever imprinted in any woods on the pure white surface of this good earth of ours. Three evenly spread toemarks in front and one short straight mark behind. One footmark just as far in advance of the previous one as that is ahead of the one before it, and all in definite order. Here the track leads around a mossy boulder; there it goes along the whole length of that half-sunken log and then straight out through the sheep path among the hazels. No slipshod stepper ever made such marks. So clear, so well defined, so mathematical a track is indicative only of such character as belongs to the noblest of all game birds, and perhaps the boy will hear from him in a moment. No! There is where he strutted; and there are the concentric segments of circles made by the wing tips in the snow as the old fellow flew, several minutes before danger approached. The danger was not so great, though, after all, if I am familiar with that boy, for the bird that left was game for a man of sharp wit and good judgment.

Grouse are quite apt to keep each other company in small coveys until spring, except when they are much disturbed, but certain very old birds are quite content to be solitary, and they are then quite difficult to approach under ordinary circumstances. A wary old bird will slide quietly out of the way as soon as he hears the sportsman approaching him, and it is folly to attempt to corner him, but most of the grouse run and hide when there are signs of danger, and a good pointer or setter will follow them easily to their places of concealment. A grouse will not often remain before the pointing dog for more than two or three minutes, and then he bursts forth with the startling roar that reminds one of the sudden dumping of a coal cart upon the pavement, unnerving the hunter who is not cool and steady in his aim. If the bird makes a high flight at first he may be expected to alight upon the ground on descending. If he goes off low he will probably slant upward at the end of his flight of a few hundred yards and alight in a tree, barring accidents which are liable to happen at the hands of gunners.

Grouse are sometimes caught in snares that are set for them on their feeding grounds, and hunters who cannot kill a flying bird are not beneath chasing them with spaniels which bark at the flushed birds and cause them to stop, out of curiosity, and alight upon limbs overhead in order to watch the antics of the dogs. The hunter can then approach closely before attracting the attention of the preoccupied grouse. It is a very difficult matter to see a grouse that has alighted in a large tree at the end of a deliberate flight, as he usually sits bolt upright very close to the trunk and moves not a feather, and unless one scans every foot of the tree systematically the bird will probably not be discovered. Hunters often declare that they have never been able to find a grouse in a tree, just as we hear young women complain that they cannot discover a four-leafed clover, and yet certain eyes are very expert at detecting grouse in trees and four-leafed clovers in the greensward; much to the discomfiture of untrained observers who were not previously aware of their lack of the requisite power.

Wing-shooting is the most certain and the most satisfactory way of getting a good bag of grouse, and for this purpose well broken pointers or setters are indispensable. Their keen noses enable them to detect the scent of a bird that has walked along the ground perhaps half an hour previously, and they follow the trail until the vicinity of the game is reached. The bird being located in his hiding-place, the dog stands silently pointing until the hunter has found a good place from which to shoot when the grouse springs out on wing. The most successful shots in the brush are not often the men who make good scores in open field shooting, for in the latter sort of work one learns to take sight along the barrel of his gun, and in the woods such sighting is naturally interfered with. The best grouse hunters of my acquaintance shoot with both eyes open and head erect, moving the gun with the same intuition that guides the batter in striking a ball after "suppressing the image" of everything except that of the object aimed at. The image of branches and trees upon the retina of the eye being suppressed at will by the hunter, he is then conscious only of the presence of the swiftly moving bird, and this object he follows as accurately with the gun as he would with his finger if he were pointing out the bird to a friend.

Very nice calculations are required in order to hit the bird, however, for if the gun were aimed directly at a crossing grouse at the instant of firing, the charge of shot would pass far to the rear of the game. It is necessary to know approximately the length of time required for combustion of the powder, the time occupied by the charge of shot in reaching any given point, and to judge correctly of the distance and direction of the angles and curves of flight of the bird. All of the factors excepting the first vary with each fraction of a second after the bird is on wing, so it would seem almost impossible that any one could be capable of making the calculations requisite for striking a swift-speeding grouse among the trees were it not for the aid of that peculiar faculty of instinctive co-ordination in action of brain and muscle. A strong bird is not easily killed even when fairly hit, and it seems cruel to allow a wounded grouse to escape, but men who have been struck with shot testify that the benumbing effect was such that they did not suffer any real pain after the receipt of the injury. When we know what a fox or hawk would do with a captured grouse it makes the hunter's conscience easy.

DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

### New Hampshire Deer and Grouse.

LANCASTER, N. H.—The prospects for game this fall are very flattering. Deer are seen by some of the anglers nearly every day, and people sitting on First Lake House piazza have several times seen deer in the small open space on the opposite side of the outlet, or narrows, above the dam, not over twenty-five or thirty rods from the house. Last Tuesday forenoon two ladies, guests at the Lake House, were out by the roadside above the house gathering wild flowers, when they saw a movement in some bushes just in advance of them, and on looking closely they spied a fawn not 10ft. from them. He had evidently been curled up, sound asleep, and was not aware of their approach until, as one of the ladies declared, "she could have reached out and put her hand on him."

The law protecting the deer until Sept. 1 is being strictly observed here, as has been the case for the past few years, and each year when the first of September comes is shown the wisdom of such a course, for nowhere in the New England States can a deer be more easily secured than in northern New Hampship during September or October, and it seems to us that the three Connecticut lakes possess more advantages in that direction than any other place, both in point of location and extent of territory.

This year is "partridge year," too; last season scarcely any were brought in; this season should furnish them more abundantly, and favorable reports of young broods are beginning to come in.

ROB.

THE four full-page pictures, Young Mountain Sheep, American Elk, Group of Elk, and FOREST AND STREAM'S Grizzly, from the "*Forest and Stream Animal Series*," handsomely printed on heavy paper suitable for framing. The set of four (in tube) will be sent for ten cents (stamps will do).—*Adv.*

### THE LONELY COOT.

TOM JENKINS owned an old musket,
Aged ninety years or more;
And everywhere that Jenkins went,
You'd find this old smoothbore.

He took it to the shore one day,
The wary duck to shoot;
And when the pebbly beach he reached,
He spied one lonely coot.

Tom hid behind a pile of stones
That this coot he might secure:
He capped his gun with a G. D. cap,
And aimed both long and sure.

For once the gun did not miss fire,
To Tom's unbounded glee;
And around that coot's devoted head
Struck a charge of double B.

But the coot it never moved or winked,
Or turned upon its back,
So in his gun Tom again poured home
An ounce of powder black.

On top of this a dried grass wad
And a pound of double B;
All rammed home by Tom's strong arm,
And capped with the old G. D.

Eight times or more Tom shot in vain,
Then cursed his wayward luck;
This iron-clad coot that died so hard
Was but a decoy duck. HERBERT A. DAVIES.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

### The Quail Shooting Club.

QUAIL shooters who have been used to expending much time and money per quail for their sport, will do well to investigate the plan proposed by an advertiser, "Quail Shooter," in this issue. As explained to us this is a perfectly practicable project for securing unusual quail shooting opportunities, and there is in it nothing of a speculation for the advantage of the advertiser, who is a sportsman, and has no axe to grind.

### Want a Camp Away Back.

*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having but two or three weeks at our disposal this fall, and consequently not wishing to spend much time en route, a small party of us have concluded to try Pike county, Pa. We wish to get well back and establish a camp. Can some of your readers give us through the columns of your valuable paper a pointer on the best locality for bear and deer, and how to reach it? W. A. D.

### Hardly.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Did you ever see or imagine anything more unsportsmanlike, inconsistent, more double-faced or incongruous than the spectacle of a professed sportsmen's paper this week offering nets for sale for advertiser of all descriptions, both for fish of all kinds *and partridges*, etc. Why, it's shameful. OLD SCHOOL.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

BILL PHILIP, a big, good natured Irishman—Red Bill we called him—told me he never shot a gun in his life. He always had a fine dog, usually a hound, and was fond of going hunting with some one of us hunters, taking his dog along on a chain. Passing his cabin one morning, I noticed his dog—a powerful hound—and I said to Bill, "What did you cut his tail off for?" "Well, I tell ye," says Bill. "Jim Mason an' me went hunting up the Hog Meadow Creek the other day, and just below where the tote road crosses it we jumped a big buck. The dog see him and gives a big jump and jerked me down on me hands and face, and away he went chain and all. The deer run across the alder bottom, and was just at the culass, when Jim shot at it. We went and looked, and Jim says, 'We'll get it; here is lots of blood;' and sure. the blood was spattered all over. We followed the trail down across the hardwood ridge to the river, and over into the big blow-down about a mile, finding blood all the way, when the dog came back to us. And phat do ye think? Every bit that Jim hit the deer was to shoot two inches off the tail end of the dog." IGNOTUS.

### It Puts Names on Hotel Registers.

*(An entirely unsolicited letter.)*

DUKINFIELD HOUSE, Avoca, North Carolina, May 18, 1892.—Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: Dear Sirs—Last season I put a small advertisement of my hotel in your valuable journal, and I must say it brought me letters from all over the country, and was the cause of quite a number of first-class Northern sportsmen finding my shooting place. I advise all who have hotels, shooting resorts, or anything for sale, to give your paper a chance. We are making great preparations for the coming season, as we have lots of quail left over for breeding purposes. While I am writing this there are several calling within 200yds. of the hotel. We are sowing large patches of buckwheat, peas, and oats all over the preserve, and intend adding one thousand more quail to the preserve early next season. I also intend giving the FOREST AND STREAM another advertisement when the season opens, to let all sportsmen know where good shooting can be found, as I believe they will be sure to see it if it is in the FOREST AND STREAM, as I think all the best of sportsmen read it. We also have as fine bass fishing at my place as can be found anywhere, and the door is always open to strangers.—S. W. EVERITT Manager.

FOREST AND STREAM
Amateur Photography
Competition.
See details in another column.

## CLOSE SEASONS.

### Game and Fish.

THE periods designated in this summary are those during which game and fish are protected and may not be taken. For other limitations, exceptions, etc., see full text of statutes in the *Book of the Game Laws.* Where no close season is given for game or fish the law provides none.

Insectivorous birds are protected in most of the States and in Canada.

*Arizona.*—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, mountain goat, ibex, between Feb. 1 and Oct. 1. Partridge, wild turkey, geese, brant, swan, curlew, plover, snipe, rail, ducks, between March 1 and Sept. 1. Grouse (prairie chicken), five years from 1887.

*Arkansas.*—Deer, between Feb. 1 and Aug. 1. Wild turkey, between May 1 and Sept. 1. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Quail (Virginia partridge), between March 1 and Oct. 1.

*California.*—Quail, partridge, grouse, wild duck, rail, between March 1 and Oct. 1. Doves, between Jan. 1 and July 1. Male deer, antelope, mountain sheep, until 1893. Female deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep, at all times. Imported wild turkey, prairie chicken, bob white quail, pheasant, grouse, until 1895. Trout, between Nov. 1 and April 1. Salmon, between Aug. 31 and Oct 1.

*Colorado.*—Wild turkey, quail, at all times. Partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken, except from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15. Wildfowl, except from Sept. 1 to April 1. Bison, buffalo, mountain sheep, mountain goat, ibex, at all times. Elk, deer, antelope, except between July 1 and Dec. 1. Trout and food fish, December to April inclusive.

*Connecticut.*—Woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse (partridge), gray squirrel, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Sora (rail) in counties of New Haven, Fairfield, Litchfield, between Jan. 1 and Aug. 20; in other counties, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Wild duck, wild goose, brant, May, June, July and August. Trout, except from April 1 to July 1. Black bass, in May and in June until after June 10.

*Delaware.*—Partridge, grouse, quail, woodcock, rabbit (hare), in Kent and Sussex counties, between Feb. 1 and Nov. 15; in Newcastle county, between Jan. 1 and Nov. 15. Reed bird, ortolan, rail, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Wild goose, swan, brant, wild ducks (except summer or wood ducks), between April 15 and Oct. 1. Black bass, trout (in Newcastle county), between Nov. 1 and June 1.

*District of Columbia.*—Partridge (quail), between Feb. 1 and Nov. 1. Pheasant (ruffed grouse), between Feb. 1 and Aug. 1. Woodcock, between Feb. 1 and July 1. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Snipe, plover, between May 1 and Sept. 1. Wild duck, wild goose, brant between April 1 and Sept. 1. Water rail, ortolan, reed bird, rice bird, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1.

*Florida.*—Deer, except November to February inclusive. See county laws. Wild turkey, quail (partridge), except from Nov. 1 to March 1.

*Idaho.*—Buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, between Jan 1 and Sept. 1. Mongolian pheasant, at all times. Quail, except between Oct. 1 and Dec. 15. Pheasant, grouse (prairie chicken), between Feb. 1 and July 15. Wild duck, goose, between April 15 and Aug. 1. Moose, for six years from 1891.

*Illinois.*—Deer, wild turkey, between Jan. 15 and Sept. 1. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), between Nov. 1 and Sept. 15. Ruffed grouse, quail, pheasant, partridge, between Dec. 1 and Oct. 1. Woodcock, between Sept. 15 and July 15. Gray, red, fox or black squirrel, between Dec. 15 and June 1. Wild goose, duck, brant, between April 15 and Sept. 15.

*Indiana.*—Deer, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Quail, pheasant, from Dec. 20 to Oct. 15. Wild turkey, between Feb. 1 and Nov. 1. Prairie chickens, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Woodcock, between Jan. 1 and July 1. Wild duck, between April 15 and Sept. 1. Squirrel, from Dec. 20 to June 1.

*Iowa.*—Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), between Dec. 1 and Sept. 1. Woodcock, between Jan. 1 and July 10. Ruffed grouse (pheasant), wild turkey, quail, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Wild duck, goose, brant, between May 1 and Aug. 15. Deer, elk, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Salmon trout, between Nov. 1 and April 1. Bass, pike, croppie, other game fish, between Nov. 1 and May 15.

*Kansas.*—Prairie chicken (pinnated grouse), between Sept. 1 and Jan. 1. Quail, at all times, except that a person may shoot quail on his own premises between Nov. 1 and Jan. 1.

*Kentucky.*—Female deer, March to August inclusive. Quail, partridge, pheasant, March to September inclusive. Wildfowl, May, June, July, August, and first half of September. Woodcock, January, February, March, April, May. See county laws.

*Louisiana.*—Deer, between March 1 and Oct. 1. Wild turkey, between April 15 and Oct. 1. Quail, partridge, pheasant, between April 1 and Oct. 1.

*Maine.*—Moose, deer, caribou, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Wood duck, dusky duck (black duck), teal or gray duck, between April 1 and Sept. 1. Ruffed grouse (partridge), woodcock, between Dec. 1 and Sept. 1. Quail, between Dec. 1 and Oct. 1. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Plover, between May 1 and Aug. 1. Salmon, between Sept. 15 and April 1. Landlocked salmon, trout and togue, between Oct. 1 and May 1. Black bass, Oswego bass, white perch, between April 1 and July 1. See other seasons for specified waters.

*Massachusetts.*—Deer, at all times. Pinnated grouse, woodcock, ruffed grouse (partridge), between Jan. 1 and Sept. 15. Quail, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 15. Wild ducks, between April 15 and Sept. 1. Plover, snipe, sandpiper, rail, shore, marsh or beach birds, between May 1 and July 15. Wild pigeon, gull, tern, between May 1 and Oct. 1. Gray squirrel, hare or rabbit, between March 1 and Sept. 1. Salmon, between Aug. 1 and May 1. Trout, landlocked salmon, lake trout, between Sept. 1 and April 1 (in Berkshire, Franklin and Hampshire counties, between Aug. 1 and April 1). Black bass, between Dec. 1 and July 1. Smelts, between March 15 and June 1.

*Michigan.*—Deer in Lower Peninsula, save only from Nov. 5 to Nov. 25; in Upper Peninsula, save only from Sept. 25 to Oct. 25. Wild turkey, except from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Woodcock, except from Aug 15 to Dec. 15. Wild duck, wild goose, waterfowl, snipe, save only from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1 (see sections 10 and 15, page 77). Ruffed grouse (partridge, pheasant), except from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive; in Upper Peninsula, except from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1 inclusive. Quail (Virginia partridge), save only from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), to Sept. 1, 1894. Trout, landlocked salmon, grayling, from Sept. 1 to May 1.

*Minnesota.*—Woodcock, between Oct. 31 and July 4. Prairie chicken, white-breasted grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, between Nov. 1 and Sept. 1. Quail, partridge, ruffed grouse, pheasant, between Nov. 1 and Sept. 1. Wild duck, wild goose, brant, snipe, all aquatic fowl, between April 25 and Aug. 20. Moose, deer, elk, antelope, between Nov. 30 and Nov. 1. Trout, save only in April to September inclusive.

*Mississippi.*—Deer, between March 1 and Sept. 15. Wild turkey, quail (partridge), between May 1 and Oct. 1.

*Missouri.*—Deer, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Wild turkey, between March 1 and Sept. 15. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), between Feb. 1 and Aug. 15. Ruffed grouse (pheasant or partridge), quail (Virginia partridge), between Jan. 1 and Oct 1. Woodcock, between Jan. 10 and July 1. Turtle dove, meadow lark, plover, between Feb. 1 and Aug. 1.

*Montana.*—Bison, buffalo, quail, for ten years from 1891. Deer, mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope, elk, moose, between Jan. 15 and Sept. 15. Grouse, prairie chicken, fool hen, sage hen, partridge, quail, between Nov. 15 and Aug. 15. Wild geese, wild ducks, between May 1 and Aug. 15.

*Nebraska.*—Buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, deer or antelope, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Grouse, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Quail, wild turkey, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1.

*Nevada.*—Partridge, pheasant, woodcock, wild goose, wild ducks, sandhill crane, brant, swan, plover, curlew, snipe, grouse, robin, meadow-lark, sharp-tailed grouse, between Jan. 1 and Aug. 1. Quail between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep, mountain goat, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1 inclusive. Trout, landlocked salmon, between Oct. 1 and April 1. Lake trout in lakes, from Jan. 1 to April 1.

*New Hampshire.*—Plover, yellowlegs, sandpipers, ducks, rails, between Feb. 1 and Aug. 1. Woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge, quail, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Moose, caribou, deer, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. (Dogs prohibited except between Sept. 15 and Nov. 1.) Raccoon, gray squirrel, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Hare, rabbit, muskrat, between April 1 and Sept 1. Landlocked, or fresh-water salmon, between Sept. 30 and April 15. Lake trout, brook trout, between Sept. 15 and April 15 (except that lake trout may be taken with single hook and line only during January, February, March and April). Pike-perch, white perch, May and June. Black bass between April 30 and June 15. Muskallonge, pickerel, pike, grayling, April and May.

*New Jersey.*—Deer, except between Oct. 31 and Dec. 1. Quail (partridge), rabbit, except between Oct. 31 and Dec. 16. Ruffed grouse (pheasant), except between Sept. 30 and Dec. 16. Woodcock, except during July and between Sept. 30 and Dec. 16. Upland or grass plover, except between July 31 and Dec. 16. Wilson snipe, English or gray snipe, except during March and April, and between Sept. 30 and Dec. 16. Reed bird, rail bird, marsh hen, except between Aug 25 and Dec. 16. Gray or black squirrel, except between Sept. 14 and Dec. 16. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), except between Nov. 1 and Jan. 1. Wood duck, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. European partridge, grouse, hen pheasant, protected to 1895. Lake trout, October, November, December, January and February. Brook trout, except from April 1 to July 15 inclusive. Black bass, Oswego bass, December, January, February, March, April and May to May 30. Pike, pickerel, between Dec. 1 and April 1.

*New York.*—Deer, between Nov. 1 and Aug. 15 (protected for five years in Greene, Ulster, Sullivan and Delaware counties). Hounding forbidden between Oct. 11 and Sept. 10 (forbidden at all times in St. Lawrence, Delaware, Greene and Ulster counties, and between Dec. 1 and Oct. 1 in Sullivan). Black and gray squirrels, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Web-footed wildfowl, except geese and brant, between May 1 and Sept. 1. Quail, between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1. Woodcock, partridge, grouse, between Jan. 1 and Aug. 15. Wilson's or English snipe, plover, rail, mudhen, gallinule, greenbittern, surf bird, curlew, water chicken, bay snipe, shore bird, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1 (except in Onondaga, Wayne, Oneida, Cayuga, Wyoming, Genesee, Niagara, Monroe, Erie, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and Orleans counties). Meadow lark, between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1. Robins and all other wild birds protected at all times (except English sparrow, crane, hawk, wren, raven, crow-blackbird, blackbird, kingfisher).

Trout of any kind between Sept. 1 and April 15 (trout, salmon trout and landlocked salmon under 6in. in length protected always). Salmon trout, landlocked salmon, between Oct. 1 and May 1. Black bass, Oswego bass, between Jan. 1 and May 30 (under 8in. at all times). Black and Oswego bass in Lake Geo ge between Jan. 1 and Aug. 1; Black Lake, Jan. 1 to May 5. Muskallonge, between Jan. 1 and May 30. Wall-eyed pike, pike, yellow bass, in Susquehanna River, between Nov. 1 and May 30.

*Long Island.*—Wildfowl, between May 1 and Oct. 1. Snipe, etc., Jan. 1 and July 1. Woodcock, partridge, grouse, Jan. 1 and Nov. 1. Trout, Sept. 1 and April 1. Salmon trout, landlocked salmon, Oct. 1 and April 1. Black bass, Jan. 1 and May 30. Hares (rabbits), Jan. 1 and Nov. 1. Deer, except from Nov. 10 to 16 inclusive. Black and gray squirrels, Jan. 1 and Nov. 1.

The law of 1892 abolished all existing local county laws.

*New Mexico.*—Elk, buffalo, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, wild turkey, grouse, quail, between May 1 and Sept. 1. Trout, food fish, during November to April inclusive.

*North Carolina.*—Deer, between Feb. 1 and Oct. 1; for exceptions see page 130. Partridge, quail, roe n, wild turkey, between March 15 and Nov. 1. Mountain trout, between Oct. 15 and Dec. 30.

*North Dakota.*—Prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse, wild duck, between Dec. 1 and Aug. 20. Quail for four years from 1891. Buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Pike, pickerel, perch, bass, muscalonge, between Feb. 1 and May 1.

*Ohio.*—Quail, except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 15. Gray, fox or black squirrel, except between July 1 and Dec. 15. Woodcock, except between July 15 and Nov. 1. Ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, except between Sept. 1 and Dec. 15. Wild turkey, except between Oct. 1 and Dec. 15. All dates inclusive. Wild duck, except between Sept. 1 and April 10, when shooting is forbidden on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of each week. Deer, except between Oct. 15 and Nov. 20. Brook trout, landlocked salmon and California salmon, from Sept. 1 to March 15, inclusive.

*Oklahoma.*—Wild turkey, quail, partridge, prairie chicken or grouse, except from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31. Deer, antelope, between Feb. 1 and Nov. 1.

*Oregon.*—Deer, between Nov. 1 and July 1 (females, between Jan. 1 and Aug. 1). Elk, moose, mountain sheep, between Nov. 1 and Aug. 1. Wildfowl, between March 15 and Sept. 1. Prairie chicken, sage hen, between April 1 and June 15. Grouse, pheasant, Mongolian pheasant, quail, partridge, between Nov. 15 and Sept. 1. Mountain or brook trout, November to March inclusive. Redfish, lake trout, from Aug. 10 to Dec. 31.

*Pennsylvania.*—Deer, save from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. Gray, black, fox squirrels, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Hare, rabbit, between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1. Wildfowl, save from Sept. 1 to May 1. Wild turkey, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 15. Upland or grass plover, between Jan. 1 and July 15. Woodcock, between Jan. 1 and July 4. Quail (Virginia partridge), between Dec. 15 and Nov. 1. Ruffed grouse (pheasant), pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Rail, reed bird, except in September, October and November. Speckled trout, save from April 15 to July 15. Salmon, grilse, save from March 1 to Aug. 15. Lake trout, in October, November and December. Black bass, rock bass, wall-eyed pike (Susquehanna salmon), between Jan. 1 and May 30. Pike or pickerel, between Feb. 1 and June 1. Pike County.—Deer, except between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1. Gray or black squirrel, except between Sept. 1 and Dec. 15. Gray rabbit, except between Oct. 15 and Dec. 15. Wood duck or summer duck, except between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1. Woodcock, except between July 4 and Dec. 15. Quail (Virginia partridge), except between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1. Ruffed grouse (pheasant), except between Sept. 15 and Dec. 15. Salmon or speckled trout, except between May 1 and Aug. 1. Pike or pickerel, except between June 1 and Feb. 15.

*Rhode Island.*—Grouse or heath hen, between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1. Woodcock, from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1. Ruffed grouse (partridge), from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1. Quail, from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1. Barnard's tattler, upland plover (grass plover), from April 1 to Aug. 1. Dusky or black duck, wood duck or summer duck, blue or green-winged teal, from May 1 to Sept. 1. Hare (rabbit), gray squirrel, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Trout, between Aug. 15 and March 1. Black bass, between March 1 and July 15.

*South Carolina.*—Deer, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. For exceptions see page 155. Wild turkey, partridge, quail, woodcock, pheasant, between April 1 and Nov. 1. Dove, between March 1 and Aug. 1.

*South Dakota.*—Prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse, between Jan. 1 and Aug. 15. Wild duck, snipe, goose, brant, plover, curlew, between May 15 and Sept. 1. Quail for three years from 1890.

*Tennessee.*—Deer except from Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail (partridge), except from Nov. 1 to March 1.

*Texas.*—Deer, between Jan. 20 and Aug. 1. Wild turkey, between May 15 and Sept. 1. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), March, April, May, June and July. Quail (partridge), April, May, June, July, August and September.

*Utah.*—Elk, deer, buffalo, bison, antelope, mountain sheep, between Dec. 1 and Sept. 1. Quail, partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken, sage hen or grouse, between March 15 and Aug. 15. Wild goose, wild duck, snipe, between April 1 and Sept. 20. Trout, except between June 15 and Feb. 15.

*Vermont.*—Deer, to Nov. 1, 1900. Quail, ruffed grouse, partridge, wild goose, wild duck, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Woodcock, between Feb. 1 and Aug. 15. Trout, landlocked salmon, salmon trout, togue, between Sept. 1 and May 1. Black bass, wall-eyed pike, pike-perch, between Feb. 1 and June 1.

*Virginia.*—Deer, from Jan. 1 to Aug. 15. Partridge or quail, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 15. Pheasant, ruffed grouse, wild turkey, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 15. In the counties west of the Blue Ridge (except Rockbridge), and in Rockbridge and the counties east of the Blue Ridge (except Prince Edward), between Jan. 15 and Oct. 15. In Prince Edward, between March 1 and Oct. 15. In Fluvanna, between Feb. 15 and Nov. 15. Waterfowl, between May 1 and Sept. 1. Woodcock, between April 1 and Nov. 1. Trout, between Sept. 15 and April 1. River bass (black bass, pond bass, black perch), pond bass (southern chub), between May 15 and July 1.

*Washington.*—Elk, moose, deer, mountain sheep, mountain goat, between Jan. 1 and Aug. 15. Wildfowl, between April 1 and Aug. 15. Mountain grouse, blue or dusky grouse, ruffed grouse (pheasant), pinfail grouse, prairie chicken, sage hen, between Jan. 1 and Aug. 1. Quail, and gold and silver and China or Mongolian pheasant, for five years from 1891. Trout, from November to April inclusive.

*West Virginia.*—Deer, from Dec. 15 to Sept. 15. Quail (Virginia partridge), between Dec. 20 and Nov. 1. Wild turkey, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 15. Ruffed grouse (pheasant), pinnated grouse (prairie chicken) between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1. Wildfowl, between April 11 and Oct. 1. Snipe, except between March 1 and July 1. Woodcock, except between July 1 and Sept. 15. Jack salmon or white salmon, between April 1 and June 15. Brook trout, landlocked salmon, between Sept. 1 and Jan. 1.

*Wisconsin.*—Woodcock, quail, partridge, pheasant, ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, prairie hen, sharp-tailed grouse, other grouse, mallard, teal, wood duck, snipe and plover, between Dec. 1 and Sept. 1. Wild duck, wild goose, brant, all aquatic fowl, between May 1 and Sept. 1. Deer, between Dec. 1 and Nov. 1. Brook, rainbow and mountain trout, from Sept. 1 to April 15. Muckinaw or lake trout, from Oct. 1 to Jan. 15. Pike (wall-eyed pike) from March 1 to May 1. Black, green and Oswego bass and muscalonge, from Feb. 1 to May 1.

*Wyoming.*—Partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken, prairie hen, grouse, except from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1. Sage chicken, except from July 15 to Sept. 15. Wildfowl, except from Aug. 1 to May 1. Deer

elk, moose, mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope, may be killed by residents at any time for food; at no time by non-residents. Buffalo to 1900.

CANADA.

*British Columbia.*—Deer, elk, reindeer, caribou, mountain goat, mountain sheep, hare, from Jan. 1 to Sept. 14 inclusive. Grouse, partridge, prairie fowl, quail and meadow lark, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Wild duck, between March 1 and Aug. 31 inclusive. Cock pheasant, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 30. On the mainland of British Columbia, quail and cock pheasant, to 1894. Trout, from Oct. 15 to March 15 inclusive.

*Manitoba.*—Deer, cabri, elk, wapiti, moose, reindeer, caribou, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridge, between Dec. 1 and Sept. 15. Woodcock, plover (except golden) snipe, sandpipers, between Jan. 1 and July 15. Wild duck, between May 1 and Sept. 1. Pickerel (1016), between April 15 and May 15 inclusive. Speckled trout between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1.

*New Brunswick.*—Moose, caribou, deer, red deer, between Jan. 15 and Aug. 31. Cow moose, at all times. Partridge, between Dec. 1 and Sept. 20. Woodcock, between Dec. 1 and Sept. 1. Snipe, between March 1 and Sept. 15. Salmon, except between Feb. 1 and Aug. 1, for rod fishing. Speckled trout, lake trout, landlocked salmon, between Sept. 15 and May 1.

*Newfoundland.*—Caribou, except from Sept. 15 to Feb. 15, inclusive. Ptarmigan, willow grouse, partridge, other grouse, between Jan. 12 and Sept. 15. Moose, elk, to 1896. Rabbit, hare, from March 1 to Sept. 1. Curlew, plover, snipe, other wild or migratory birds (except wild geese), between Jan. 12 and Aug. 20. Salmon, from Sept. 10 to May 1, inclusive. Trout, cuar, whitefish, landlocked salmon, between Sept. 15 and Dec. 1.

*Northwest Territory.*—Elk, moose, caribou, antelope, deer, mountain sheep, mountain goat, hare, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Snipe, between May 1 and Aug. 15. Grouse, partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Wild duck, wild goose, between May 15 and Aug. 15. Pickerel (1016) between April 15 and May 15, inclusive. Speckled trout, between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1.

*Nova Scotia.*—Moose, caribou, except from Sept. 15 to Jan. 31, inclusive. Hare, rabbit, between March 1 and Oct. 1. Grouse or partridge, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 15, inclusive. Woodcock, snipe, teal, between March 1 and Aug. 20. Blue-winged duck, during April, May, June and July. Salmon, between Aug. 15 and March 1; fly-fishing permitted between Feb. 1 and Aug. 15. Speckled trout, lake trout, landlocked salmon, between Oct. 1 and April 1.

*Prince Edward's Island.*—Trout, between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1.

*Quebec.*—Deer, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 1. Moose and caribou, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Woodcock, snipe, partridge, between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1. Wild ducks, between May 1 and Sept. 1. Pickerel (1016), between April 15 and May 15 inclusive. Bass, maskinonge, from May 25 to July 1. Salmon (fly-fishing), except between Feb. 1 and Aug. 15. Speckled trout, between Oct. 1 and Apr 30. Gray trout, lake trout, landlocked salmon, between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1, inclusive. Winanish, from Sept. 15 to Dec. 1.

# Sea and River Fishing.

## LITTLETON SPORTSMEN.

THE heavy rains during the past few weeks have raised the water in the ponds and streams so that fishermen have not put in so much work as usual. The trout season is well on, and although some very good catches have been made this spring, they will not compare with those of a year ago at this time.

A good story is told of a party of fishermen from this section. Late one evening they started for Round Pond, where there is good sport with pickerel. Arrived at the old deserted farmhouse about midnight, they put up their horses in the barn near by, and spreading their blankets on the mows above they sought the sleep of which they were so much in need.

There was a heavy storm during the early morning, and when finally they awoke it was to find the floor of the barn flooded and the horses standing knee deep in their stalls. There was no way by which they could dismount from their position, and to make matters worse the water was constantly rising. None of them could swim, and after a long consultation as to what was best to do, they collected enough timber for a raft. On this they paddled out of the barn, and, reaching the land, made their way to the nearest house. Here they received aid and ere long the horses and carriage were taken from their dangerous position. Without waiting to fish they made their way home. Somehow the story of their uncomfortable adventure leaked out, and they have not yet heard the last of it.

Profile Stream, about 12 miles from Littleton, is a favorite retreat for fishermen. Already several trips have been made to this place and good strings of trout secured. A few days ago Mr. Chas. H. McCarthy and Mr. Geo. Parker, with others, secured 340 fine trout in a few hours. This is probably the largest catch made at any one time in this section this season.

Dr. Rowell, of Stamford, Conn., a yearly visitor in Littleton, arrived here last week, and not a day passes but what he makes some trip to the lakes and streams in this section. The doctor is an expert angler and seldom returns without a good string of trout.

Judge Colt, of Boston, has been the guest of Judge Aldrich, and these two gentlemen have had some good sport with the rod. The judge enjoys a day's fisning now as much as he did twenty years ago.

One of our young insurance men had an experience recently which has furnished amusement for his many friends. He had passed the day fishing and secured about a dozen small trout. Returning home he had taken care of his team and was just leaving the barn when he met a little fellow who lived near and was thus accosted by him:

"Say, what'll you give me for these fish?"

Our insurance friend opened the basket the little fellow held and saw there ten or a dozen small trout. The thought occurred to him that should he buy these and add them to those he had caught it would make a fair showing for his day's trip.

"Well, how much do you want?" he asked.

"Will you give me a quarter?"

The twenty-five cents were placed in the hands of the youth, who readily promised not to tell that he had sold him the fish.

With a smile beaming upon his face as he thought of his cleverness, our friend returned to the barn to place the fish he had purchased with those he had brought back.

"Strange," he muttered to himself, "where I could have put that fish basket." High and low he searched, and then all at once an idea presented itself. He set down the fish basket he had taken from the youth, eyed it suspiciously, and then when he saw his own mended shoulder strap he for the first time realized that he had been the subject of a pretty good joke, the little fellow having taken it from his own team and then asked him to buy his own fish. He doesn't like to have people ask him about buying these fish now. He says it was a good joke, but they ought to let the matter drop.

There was some indignation among sportsmen here a short time ago when a report was circulated that the approach to Lonesome Lake on Cannon Mountain would be blocked. This lake is owned by Mr. Prime, of New York, who is now passing the summer at this retreat. The prevailing belief at one time was that bear traps would be set along the trail leading up the mountain, and for a few weeks no fisherman would venture on a trip to Lonesome Lake. It is not known who started this story, but it has been proven that there is no truth whatever to it. Mr. Prime is a true sportsman, and although owning this retreat, does not object to sharing it with fishermen, providing they do not abuse the privilege.

The Gale River valley is another favorite place for anglers. It is extremely picturesque, the water tumbling over rocks and boulders, forming miniature cascades along its course. The banks are lined with a heavy growth of evergreen, and the fisherman with long rubber boots must wade in the water or climb along the lower bank in order to cast his hook in the deep and shaded pools.

Mr. C. F. Nutting returned Friday from a trip to Gale River, and in his basket were thirty-five handsome trout.

The reader of the FOREST AND STREAM will remember the name of "Zip" Trombley, one of Littleton's noted sportsmen. On Saturday with Mr. H. Emery, of Lynn, Mass., he passed the day fishing around this section and secured a beautiful string of trout.

Already sportsmen from the East and South are commencing to arrive at the many resorts among the White Mountains. The vicinity in and about Littleton affords ample opportunity to engage in sports, and hardly a day passes but what some angler with rod and kit steps off the train at the station and makes his way to some of the hotels about here. W. STANHOPE HUSTON.

LITTLETON, N. H., July 12.

## THE RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB CUP.

THE silver loving cup presented to Henry W. de Forest, the well known sportsman, by members of the Restigouche Salmon Club, is more thoroughly typical of this popular sport than any trophy or testimonial yet conceived to perpetuate the festive salmon with all his associations, in the highest art of American silversmithy.

Tiffany & Co., the makers, have evidently studied the salmon from every conceivable point of view, and in this beautiful creation have pictured him to us with a snap and vim that must fire the heart of any fisherman to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

On one side of the cup we find the venturesome salmon making a reckless cut through the stream intent upon a first nibble at the bait, which in another minute will seal his fate. On the front of the cup he is pictured with his




THE RESTIGOUCHE LOVINGCUP.

tail curled up in that contemptuous fashion which bespeaks the fisherman's delight, who at the other end of the line is viewing with calm satisfaction the game fight for liberty which his latest victim is struggling for.

The body and handles of the cup are profusely embellished with decorative work of the highest order, every leaf and mark of which is closely associated with the subject treated. Over the inscription on the front are clusters of pine cones, which are always to be seen on the banks of the streams where the salmon are mostly found. Around the three handles are clinging vines of ivy leaves indicative of the friendship embodied in the testimonial. Around the base a pretty effect is produced by the maiden hair fern introduced between the palm branches, the latter suggestive of success.

The cup, which is of sterling silver, stands 11in. high, has a capacity of 11½ pints and weighs over 83 ounces.

The decorative treatment is a combination of repoussé work and etching, with the effect heightened by delicate shading produced by oxidizing, and as a whole is a masterpiece of study in design and faithful execution of workmanship. G. F. HEYDT.

### Bluefishing Near New York.

NEW YORK, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please say to the boys if they want good bluefishing with a rod and reel to go to Perth Amboy. On Saturday, July 16, with rod and reel our party of three caught 14 on the last of the flood and the ebb tide. We used shedder crabs. Mr. Frank Dawson was our boatman and placed us as usual in the center of the fishery. Last year on July 20 the same party caught fifty bluefish at the same place, still fishing. My opinion is that the reason we do not have better fishing in waters around New York city is that the bunker boats are seining not only bunkers, but our game fish that should be caught only with a line.

H. C. W.

## NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

AT the present time there is a great scarcity of desirable fish on the northern coast of New Jersey. This is not only true of the fish that ordinarily fall a prey to the skill, patience or luck of the angler, but is also observed in a marked degree in the case of those which are taken by commercial fishermen. For the nonce, therefore, the sportsmen and netters who have annually waged such fierce wars of words, have ceased hostilities and are exchanging sympathetic sentiments. Even the long-suffering "menhaden pirate," who has figured so prominently in the periods of fish scarcity in this State, is having a much needed rest.

Early in the season a large body of bluefish appeared off this coast, and the indications for a brief time were favorable for a period of good fishing; but the fish did not tarry, and almost before they were recognized they had passed on to the east. During most recent years there has been a substantial body of bluefish off this shore throughout the summer, but this season so far has been a conspicuous exception, and the few fish taken have been only stragglers. The extensive bluefish fishery at Seabright has been a failure, and the same unfavorable report comes from other points on this coast.

The principal angling now being followed at this place is for flounders; these are taken from the pier and in the surf. At times large numbers of people fish from the pier, although the sport has been poor. A short, stout rod is used, and by means of a heavy sinker, about 125ft. of line are gotten out. Crabs, clams and fish are used for bait. The only fish taken in quantities are flounders, locally called "plaice," and small skates which are numerous and annoying. Occasionally a sea bass or a kingfish is landed.

There is some surf fishing at times, but I can learn of no satisfactory sport of this kind.

Parties angling from boats catch flounders and sea bass. A local paper of the 12th instant contains the following account of a catch of the former fish:

"Leonard Hulit is credited with the largest catch of flounders this season. Seventeen, from 3 to 6lbs. each, is rather exciting sport. Mr. Hulit made his haul from a boat off Avon Beach yesterday morning."

Sea bass are quite abundant, and market fishermen usually take from 100 to 250lbs. daily to a boat.

The pound nets which are set in this vicinity to supply the hotels with fish are not yielding very satisfactory returns. The catch of late has consisted chiefly of sea robins (called "pigfish"), skates (called "sea 'possums"), and rays (called "pigeon stingrays"). The unusually great abundance of small skates is thought by the fishermen to be the cause of the scarcity of other fish. The pound nets are also securing a few porgies, sea bass, sheepshead, bonito and weakfish, and some days there is a good run of small butterfish.

Only four Spanish mackerel have been caught this season, but as the main run on this shore is usually in August, the fishermen are not much concerned at the present scarcity. Twenty-one sheepshead were taken at a lift on July 8, but this fish is scarce and some days none are caught. Weakfish are also generally not abundant, but a large school seems to have struck on during the night of July 10, for the pound nets above this place yielded 60,000lbs. the next morning, this being much the largest catch of the season. The nets here contained 2,000lbs. the same day.

The absence of menhaden from this coast attracts attention and occasions considerable comment when taken in connection with the scarcity of game fish. Like the bluefish, the "bunkers" appeared on this shore early in the season in large numbers, but they soon passed, going toward the east, and only small scattering schools have since been seen. At this time no schools are observed and the pound nets are taking only a few fish daily.

H. M. S.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., July 13.

## DO SALMON FAST WHILE RUNNING?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In reading some very interesting information concerning the Ranidæ by Dr. Garnier, the Canadian naturalist, I note this significant passage, to wit:

"I think I may state it as a fact that the first three species of frogs, *R. halecina*, *palustris* and *sylvatica*, do not take any food till after they have ceased spawning. I have examined many stomachs and do not remember having found food in them till after the rut has ceased."

This is precisely the analogue of what some observers claim for the salmon, and if true, will tend to give extraordinary support to what will have to be regarded hereafter as something more than a mere theory in respect to the salmon's abstinence from food during the rutting (running) season.

However, for myself I have always maintained, and do insist, that the food of the salmon in rivers and estuaries is mainly of a pulpy nature, and, therefore, is digested with such rapidity that it leaves small trace, if any, in the stomach. So, also, land frogs (as distinguished from aquatic frogs) feed principally on insects, slugs and earth worms, the pulpy nature of which readily accounts for their apparently empty stomachs. It is during the rutting season that such food is most abundant, and it therefore affords their staple article of diet at the time. Insect life disappears with the advent of frost, and terrestrial frogs then go into hibernation. CHARLES HALLOCK.

### Henderson Harbor Bass.

HENDERSON HARBOR, July 12.—When so many are seeking a place for a few days' black bass fishing this place should be made known. One may step on the train at New York at 9 o'clock and be at Adams at 8 next morning, where a conveyance will take you for a drive through a lovely country, and set you down here in ample time for dinner, and to make all arrangment for a day's fishing. To-day a party of six made an early start, and returned at 8 P. M. with 159 small-mouth black bass, ranging from ¾ to 2¼lbs. The larger fish will commence to run about July 20, and continue until Sept. 15, when the pike abound in numbers and of large size. At the close of the season I hope to give your readers some details regarding this charming spot, so little known to sportsmen of your city. INO.

## ANGLING NOTES.

IN a recent issue of the London *Fishing Gazette* there is a fascinating story written by "The Amateur Angler" about his outing with "Piscator Major" on the Itchen in the south of England. The sport is dry-fly fishing for brown trout, but there are grayling in the stream, and thereby hangs a moral:

"Another rise—across the water a little higher up. The major's eye is upon him, and his unerring fly is over him. Down he goes—a tremendous rush and splash.

"'It's a grayling, I'm afraid,' says Piscator. A grayling it turned out to be; and who after this will tell me that a grayling is a 'dead-hearted' fish? This grayling was as plucky as ever was a trout—he came to grass weighing at least 2½ lbs. Now, as a faithful narrator, I have to tell a melancholy story. Says the Major, 'He must go back to the water.' 'What for?' said I. 'What has he done? He's a regular beauty—fat and plump.' 'Out of season,' said this quixotic angler. 'Grayling spawn in April and this is only May.' And back to the Itchen goes this beautiful, sweet-smelling, thymy-scented fish."

That is "The Amateur Angler's" tribute to "Piscator Major's" respect for the unwritten laws of sport. 'Piscator Major" writes me:

"I had a glorious time on the Itchen with my dear father and hope to have many more. He is the best man I ever met, God bless him! Don't miss his articles in the *Gazette*." That is "Piscator Major's" tribute to "The Amateur Angler." Who will say that angling has not, as Walton says it has, "A calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it?"

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We look to England for our silkworm gut and England looks to Spain for it. Every year we get discouraging reports about the gut crop, and higher prices are predicted, until we have become accustomed to and look for these pessimistic reports from the other side. It is generally the best grades of gut that suffer most, but there is a generous falling off in the quality of all grades in length or thickness, or both. I cannot see what is to prevent the gut industry from starting in this country. A bill was introduced in the United States Senate early in the spring for the encouragement of silk culture, and it provided for five experimental silk stations to be under the direction of the Agricultural Department. There are now two Government stations, one at Washington and one at Philadelphia, but they lack money for carrying on the experiments. We have one silk-producing State, for in Kansas not only are the cocoons grown but the silk is reeled. This station receives State aid and it is said that cocoons are raised in forty-six counties in the State. I have seen gut drawn from Chinese worms, raised in the United States, that was equal to Spanish gut. It is a simple matter to draw the gut if you have the worms. If the worms are raised here it would seem that the gut would follow as a natural consequence. The gut of the future, however, will be that from native American silkworms, the *cecropia* and the *polyphemus*, when the proper food is found for the worms. Strong gut has been drawn from these worms that was 9ft. long, and can be again if they are thoroughly experimented with. I have two paintings, life size, of the *cecropia* and *polyphemus* moths that were painted in 1790.

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Most any kind of a record is a ticklish thing to deal with. A man may think he has a cinch on some particular record and prints it only to find that a fellow in the next county walks all over it. For instance, the St. Louis *Republic* has an interview with a man who has beaten a record, and it is all about a tarpon that is "perhaps the biggest silver king yet caught." As the fish weighed "nearly 170lbs.," and as Mrs. Stagg has killed two tarpon of 175½ and 205lbs., and Mr. John Hecksher killed one of 184½lbs., all three killed on a rod; it is not the biggest, but that is not where the record comes in. The record was about the time of playing and killing the fish. The tarpon was caught in April last, and its captor desired to "make a new record, the best then being about two hours from the time of a bite to that of landing a tarpon." After the tarpon was killed the gentleman's time keeper said: "You are the luckiest man I have ever seen. With a broken pole you have landed that tarpon in just 56 minutes." "It was true I had broken the record, but let me tell you I had to remain in my cottage for three whole days afterward." Now let us see about that record, for the tarpon which weighed "nearly 170lbs." has been presented to the St. Louis University and is on exhibition, and the record of its capture may need some repairs. On April 17, 1892, Mrs. McGregor killed a tarpon of 160lbs. in 45 minutes, but that may have been after the St. Louis fish. So we go back to 1891. On May 1, of that year, Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg killed a tarpon of 116lbs. in 27 minutes: on the 5th, one of 125lbs. in 32 minutes; on the 6th, one of 61½lbs. in 4 minutes; on the 7th, one of 115lbs. in 12 minutes, and one of 100lbs. in 15 minutes; on the 8th, three tarpon of 165, 153 and 125lbs. each, in 35, 24 and 35 minutes respectively. Even then this lady did not retire to her cottage for any length of time, for the next day she killed a tarpon of 148lbs. in 25 minutes. If it is necessary to whittle the "record" down any finer, the kill of Mr. H. A. Weatherspoon, of Louisville, Ky., who on April 5, 1892, landed a tarpon of 145lbs. in 3 minutes may be added. If the St. Louis gentleman had used a rod instead of a "pole" he might have killed his fish more quickly.

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I see that Dr. Henshall has succeeded in getting an "Ohio River pike" or mascalonge, and now he can settle the matter of the number of spines in the dorsal fin. In 1882 the late Dr. Sterling, of Cleveland, Ohio, wrote me: "The Mahoning pike of the Mahoning River, etc, is an inhabitant of all the tributaries of the Ohio, as far down as the State of Illinois. * * The markings of this fish are very similar to those of the mascalonge, without scales on the operculum, and would be taken by the careless observer for the latter fish. * * Another peculiarity of the fish is its thirteen spines in the dorsal fin." The same year that this letter was written one of these mascalonge weighing 36lbs. was sent to New York city, where it was found among other things that "the anterior half of the lower jaw was toothless and it had thirteen spines in the dorsal fin." This is a less number than is possessed by the mascalonge of the St. Lawrence system.

Judge Greene's article upon the feeding of salmon reminds me of a recent experience. A marketman in town sent me word that he had a salmon from the Delaware river which he would like me to see. Upon going to the market I found a handsome fresh-water fish, and one that had been in fresh water long enough to lose its silvery appearance, lying side by side. The bright fish was the alleged Delaware River fish, but I contended that it was not what it purported to be, as in all probability it came from Canada. In proof I could only say that the Delaware contained no salmon but those recently planted unless it might be a stray one from some other stream, in which case it would not get into the country to be sold for thirty cents per pound. The fish was so fresh that I bought a part or it—it weighed twenty-six pounds—and when it was opened the stomach was literally packed full of capelin; some were scarcely digested, being nearly perfect in form. This settled the question as to the salmon coming from the Delaware, for the capelin are not found so far south as even off the New England States. The fish proved to be by far the best I have had this year.

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An advertisement in one of the newspapers begins: "The grand pilgrimage to the wonderful shrine of Sainte Anne De Beaupre, 21 miles below Quebec, will leave, etc.," and it concludes: "This pilgrimage will give parties a splendid opportunity to make a trip to Saguenay and Lake St. John's celebrated fishing grounds." At first glance a devotional pilgrimage and a fishing trip may seem to be strange bed fellows, but the Christian religion and fishing have always been associated together. As the result of a conversation in the street with Rev. Dr. George B. Gow, he sent me a letter, of which I give the substance. The Greek word signifying fish is composed of five letters, although in English characters it is spelled *Ichthus*. The early Christians made use of the figure of a fish as a symbol of their faith, reading the word thus: The first letter stands for Jesus, the second for Christ, the third for God's, the fourth for Son, the fifth for Savior. So that the fish to the early Christians, carved on a tombstone or used in any place, signified "Jesus Christ, God's Son, (our) Savior." I conclude that the pilgrimage and the fishing trip are all regular.

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Last spring I sent you, at request of Mr. John Mowat, of Campbellton, N. B., an advertisement of some fishing water that he had for sale on the Restigouche. The fishing was not sold and I brought it to the attention of my friend Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., who leased it with the privilege of buying. Mr. Mitchell has just returned from fishing the water, and writes me that it was all that he expected to find it. He killed thirteen salmon, weighing 275lbs., an average of 21lbs. per fish. He also hooked eighteen kelts, which after giving lots of sport, were beached, unhooked and returned to the water. The last clean fish was a 25-pounder, which rose twice to a silver-doctor (which fly killed nearly all the fish taken) and then refused it, when it rose to and was killed on a Mitchell fly. One day while poling up stream one of the canoemen saw a salmon in swift water which the other man gaffed. It was an 18lbs. fish with both eyes gone, having lost them in a net. This, he was told, was not uncommon. Mr. Mitchell was so well pleased with the fishing that he bought Mr. Mowat's Upsalquitch water.

A. N. CHENEY.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., July 9.—The labor riot now agitating the town of Homestead, Pa., could have been predicted on May 9 by at least one man in Chicago. That man is Mr. A. Hirth, manager or Spaldings' retail tackle department in this city, who received letters at that time which described fully the situation now actually existing, saying the affair would be as bad as that of 1881 2. It is a fact not generally known that in 1881 2 Mr. Hirth was burgess, or mayor, of this same town of Homestead, and had the handling of the labor riot of that time. He says he doesn't want any more of it.

I presume that Mr. Chas. Norris, of the Big Four railroad, has this season caught more large trout than any angler of Chicago. He is back to-day from another trip to his paradise in the north peninsula, whose whereabouts he persistently refuses to divulge. This time he had good luck and bad luck too. He caught plenty of good trout, but lost nearly all he caught, through a series of singular accidents. He tried to keep his fish alive, and to this fact owed his misfortunes. Twice his live box upset in the river and let out every trout he had; once he smashed a barrel which he had impressed for similar use and so lost all the live trout he had in that. Finally, having caught another lot to bring home, he left them in still water over night and they all died and turned a faint and sickly yellow. This sort of fishing does not depopulate a stream very much, but it is rough on the angler. Mr. Norris swears an early revenge.

I ran across Charlie Burton and a party of friends up at Eagle Lake, Wisconsin. One day last week when I found him he was out in a boat, casting fly for sunfish. His party had 18 bass and a half dozen pickerel. On the day following, I hear, Mr. Burton got into somebody's trout preserve by mistake, caught a 2½lbs. trout, and got chased out of the field. And the trout went with him. If I had a 2½lbs. trout that I loved, I should hate to risk it with Charlie Burton.

There will probably be a good many anglers among those who for one reason or other will go up next week to attend the meeting of the Western Canoe Association at Lindenwald Point, below Oshkosh on Lake Winnebago. There is splendid fishing on this big body of water, and up Neenah way it is likely the mooneys have not yet all done running. Mr. John Earle caught 8 on the fly last week.

The Chicago Fly-casting Club sends out to its members the following card:

"The July practice meeting will be held Thursday, July 14, at Washington Park, 3 P. M. The entertainment committee will set out a light lunch at the grounds. These meetings are proving very instructive. Attend if possible." It is pleasing to think of a better understanding of this essential art in angling growing up in this city, where it has been all too little known.

Speaking of a light lunch reminds me once more of the proportions which the angler's appetite may assume. Now there is my friend T. B. W., just back from his camping trip. I went with him into a restaurant to-day.

"I am not very hungry," said he, "so I think I'll just have a New England boiled dinner:" and he did. I never saw a New England boiled dinner before, and at the time I had doubts as to my friend's ability to cope with it. Those doubts exist no longer. His sublime confidence in himself forced admiration. He told me these New England boiled dinners were the only thing that seemed to touch the spot, since he had come back from the woods.

Mr. Herman J. Burrell, of Portland, Ore., was in the city lately, though I believe he has since returned to his home in the great Northwest. The longing thoughts of many anglers of this region will go back with him. From what they tell us, I presume our fishing here is not worth the name, in comparison with the sport of that great domain beyond the upper corner of the Rockies.

Our little party on its brief camping trip took just 70 black bass, not fishing very hard, but still having only two really big days. I can not refrain from a word about the latter of these, because it was one of those thoroughly enjoyable and satisfactory experiences which make an angler feel good all over. We had been taking in the lake all the big-mouth bass we cared for, and had grown disgusted because they wouldn't come out of the grass and fight like men. We wanted some small-mouths, and the day before I had located some, during a frog hunt along the banks of the Fox River, about 3 miles from our camp. I had found them in a deep pool beneath a wagon bridge, but had not been able to make them bite, for they seemed as shy as trout. On our last afternoon in camp we concluded to walk over to this wagon bridge, just for the sake of looking at the big fellows in their home. I had tried them in vain with frog, fly and all the artificial baits at hand, and we had no idea that we could make them rise to any lure within our means, for we had no minnows nor crawfish, indeed no live bait whatever but a few big frogs, which under the circumstances we did not value, for the day was warm, bright and cloudless. As we approached the bridge, one of the party with his rod knocked down one of the dragon flies, or "devil's darning needles," which were flying all about. Recalling the fact that we had found many of these insects in the stomachs of the big-mouth bass we had taken on the lake, he put this one on his hook, and stepping to the end of the bridge tossed it over. On the instant the water was all a-boil! A dozen great bass broke for it. One big fellow missed, doubled back, nabbed it, and swung down under the bridge with a strain which nearly broke the stout bait-rod at the first rush. A pretty fight he made, but had to yield. He weighed 4lbs. and was a magnificent fish in every way. Meantime J. B. H. essayed a cast with a live frog, and at once hung a second bass almost as large. We could see a whole school of big bass following the hooked captive about as he rushed wildly through the water. The scene was most exciting, and all three of us yelled like Indians. We were directly above the fish, and the unruffled water was so clear that we could see every movement they made. I doubt if a better chance was ever offered for watching the feeding habits of the small-mouth bass.

The first bass struck boldly, savagely, and in apparent anger. His fins were all ruffled up, and he seemed mad clear through. The second bass seemed to feel the same about the frog. After that the bass acted differently. They seemed to see us, and to grow cautious. They sank to the bottom, and took the bait slowly, carefully, delicately, and only after the most thorough investigation. With the most tempting live frog they would have nothing to do. A spoon hook they scorned. A quill minnow they would not look at. An artificial cricket brought one gingerly rise, and no more. There was just one bait which they could not resist, and that was the dragon fly. When we lowered one of these, hooked lightly through the shoulders and not broken up or mutilated, down to the bottom of the deep clear water, we could see temptation depicted on every bass countenance. They would *chasser* around, look nervous, go up and softly take a smell of it, and then finally one old fellow would gently suck it in. Then would come the rush of his jealous comrades, suddenly emboldened, and the fight, and the wild yells from the bridge above. We could see the whole panorama, could count the bass in the pool, could see each bass take the bait, and knew in advance how large a fish we had to play. I do not think a similar opportunity often offers. We simply exulted in the fact that we had outwitted these wily fellows by finding the bait they couldn't help taking. It was matter of further self-gratulation that we found near by a clover field in which the dragon flies were numerous, and where we could catch them easily in the landing net. After this we shall bear the dragon fly in mind when the bass will not rise. We took here, under these interesting circumstances, 16 small-mouth black bass, averaging 2¼lbs. in weight. It happened that I was the only one using a fly-rod, in this instance a Harris model Kosmic, weight less than 4oz. On this baby tool I killed 3 bass, each weighing over 2½lbs., and a more sensational angling experience I do not care to have, for at every moment we expected to see the little rod go. The bass would only bite at the edge of the shadow on the upper side of the bridge, and when one was struck it ran with the current, directly under the bridge. There was no way of saving the rod, and there was little skill possible in playing the fish, for it was only a question of the endurance of the rod, whose slender tip, even under all the lift I dared give it, rattled ominously along the ends of the planks. Sometimes the fish would run out from under the bridge, but when he saw us he would go back under, and then we could hear the fight, but could not see it. The rod would tell when the bass sprang clear of the water, and we could hear him splash when he fell back, but we could not see the spring or the shaking of the head. We were all mightily tickled to see how the little strip of bamboo stuck to the big bass, and finally brought them out completely beaten. It was as severe a test as could be devised for any rod, and I must say my admiration for the capabilities of the fly-rod increased materially. There is no comparing a bait-rod with a fly-rod when it comes to sport in playing a fish. Here we had actual, genuine sport, and albeit a trifle anxious in its nature, I believe the best I ever knew under any circumstances. We left the bridge with our big string of bass after only a couple of hours of fishing, and each of us asserted that prettier, cleaner, easier and better sport he had never had. Above all rose the exultant feeling that we had circumvented these knowing fish, and beaten them at their own game. We had gone there baitless, but we returned with abundant credentials to show our fortune. Dillenbeck, the owner of the vill-

age hotel, said that we were the first party who had taken such a string of fish there, on rod and line, in 20 years. "We never go to the river to fish," said he. "Sometimes we go spearing there, or take a net and catch a lot of 'em, but no one fishes much with bait there." Still another citizen assured us that the spearing for small-mouth bass was better in the creek below the mill.

I noticed one singular thing in fishing for these bass, which makes me think the hook does not hurt a bass very much. I was directly above one old fellow when he sucked in the dragon fly, away down deep in the water. I struck him, and, as I learned later, drove the keen sprout clear up through the hard roof of his mouth. The bass did not seem to mind it much, but flirted his tail and made slowly off, sculling gently up toward a bank of weeds and grass above the bridge. Of course here I put strain on him, and soon as he felt the lift of the rod he changed at once and became a regular demon. I do not think a fish hooked in the mouth feels so much pain as it does anger. Immediately after its anger comes fear, sooner in the weak-hearted fishes than in the plucky small-mouth.

We had opportunity on our trip to compare the habits of the big-mouth and small-mouth bass very carefully. The big-mouth bites nearer the surface and plays near the bottom. The small-mouth bites nearer the bottom and plays nearer the top. The big-mouth makes a savage rush and splash in striking, while the small-mouth is far more deliberate, cautious and gingerly in its action. The big-mouth hunts the weeds when hooked and sulks, while the small-mouth will come to the top and try to shake out the hook, or to break away from it by sheer strength. As to fighting qualities, much depends on the depth and quality of the water. In Phantom Lake the bass, big-mouths, ran small and did not fight very well, though that is deep, cold spring water. In the mill pond the big-mouths ran very fierce and strong, but it was so weedy we could hardly tell much about their fight. Over in Beulah Lake, off a steep, rocky shore, we took a 4lb. big-mouth, which outfought any fish killed on the whole trip, large or small-mouth. It was probably 8 or 10 minutes before J. B. H. got him up out of the deep water high enough to see what he had on. We took the small-mouths under the bridge in about 10ft. of water, and had the water been deeper they would have made still more trouble. I believe they fought harder and longer than trout of the same weight. Under the circumstances it was easy to note everything very closely, and I am sure there was a difference in the fighting quality of individuals of the same weight. I could notice this on the fly-rod especially, because these ones could not hurry matters, but simply had to hang and let the bass kill himself. When I struck my last bass we all thought the rod was gone, for he kept the tip under the bridge for what seemed a quarter of an hour, and made so long and hard a fight that we thought he must be much larger than the others. Yet he was of just about the same size, as near as we could judge, and was hooked like the others, square up through the roof of the mouth, a fact due to our position directly above the fish.

We noticed another thing, which doubtless is not new, though it never appeared so forcibly to us before, and that is, a fish in the water looks only about half as big as it really is. Distance does not lend enchantment, if you actually land your fish. Our bass got bigger after we had them out. The largest small-mouth we took weighed 4lbs., but judging by the apparent size of some of the bass which followed him around after he was hooked, there must have been several in that pool which weighed over 5lbs., and one or two that would have gone 6lbs. or over. I don't believe that small-mouth bass ever get much bigger than one old fellow we saw swim lazily out from under the bridge several times. This fellow had a torn, white spot on top of his upper lip, as though he had been hurt or hooked before. We did not hook him, though once or twice he came very near yielding to the temptation of the dragon-fly, and apparently experienced keen regret at his own cowardice when he saw a bolder brother swim off with the coveted insect inside his mouth. For my part, I never dropped a fly down in there on my little fly-rod without the devout mental reservation that I didn't want that big bass to take hold. He would have smashed things sure.

I presume no angler would use a bait-rod to catch a bass if he could get the lure out to the fish in clear water with a fly-rod. Unfortunately, this cannot often be done, so we put up with the brutality of a short, stiff casting rod, which, aside from its utility in the pretty art of bait-casting, is a purely unsportsmanlike and butchering tool. When you are casting frog for big-mouths, the fun is over when the fish has made his rise. The best part of this sort of fishing is the casting itself. I cannot learn that casting from the free reel is much practiced in the East; at least, I have never seen an Eastern angler come out here who knew anything practical about our style of bait-casting. Eastern rod makers for a long time seemed to have no idea of the right sort of rod for it. Many a "bass rod" has been sold in Chicago which was worthless to its owner, though he paid a round price for it. A rod maker must know the sport for which he is making rods, or he is working in the dark, and does not know when he has hit the idea. I have seen so many handsome, highly finished "bait-casting rods" which would not cast a bait at all, though they would play a fish to perfection. There is the difficulty of it. It is no sport to snub a fish up on a short, stiff rod which gives him no chance, and yet without such a rod in much of our fishing one could not hook any fish to snub or otherwise. This is why we are congratulating ourselves upon our interesting evening at the bridge. We actually caught big fish on little rods, in clear water, on a fair field and with no favor.

The art of bait-casting from the free reel is much harder to learn than that of fly-casting. I shall never forget the bitterness which sounded in the voice of our friend, the Chief-with-two-Stomachs, as he wiped his brow and gazed intently at his frog, which had landed directly behind the boat instead of in front of it, as he had wished. "I can do almost anything some," said he, "but I can't do this any!" E. HOUGH.

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*Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.*

## IN NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

THE extremely high water in the New England lakes and trout streams is being of some advantage to the trout fishermen after all. Such a state of the water greatly injured the early fly-fishing, it is true, but later there are more encouraging reports. Just here it may be mentioned that good trout fishing is always to be looked for soon after high water. This is especially true of mountain streams. Trout bite in such locations soon after very high water has begun to subside, other conditions being favorable. Mr. J. W. Chickey, subscription manager of the Boston *Herald*, with a friend, has recently had a turn at the brooks in the vicinity of North Conway, N. H., with good results. They took some fine strings of trout, and were happily surprised at the size of some they caught; several running up to 13 and 14in. in length. There are also reports of better fly-fishing in the Maine lakes and ponds, now that the term of rain and high water is over.

Fish Commissioners Stilwell and Stanley, of Maine, finished their planting of salmon for 1892 two or three weeks ago. Last fall they succeeded in getting 175,000 landlocked salmon eggs from Grand Lake Stream and Sebago. These were hatched at Enfield, and have lately been distributed in Hopkin's and Flood's ponds in Otis; in Tomah Lake, in Washington county; Ashland, Franklin and Trunk ponds, near Sorrento, and in Cherryfield and Columbia Falls waters. They have also let out some fish in Waterville and Hartland waters. They have liberated 175,000 sea salmon fry in Sebago waters, besides returning some 400,000 Sebago salmon fry to the same waters, it being a law of the State that a large proportion of the eggs taken from Sebago shall be returned, when hatched, to the same waters.

Mr. Stanley says that great injury is being done to the brook fishing this year in that State, by the greed of the marketmen and hotel men. The market men in several towns have been selling these fish freely. In some cases they, with the hotel men, have had fishermen hired to take fish and have paid them wages. The Commissioners think that this should not be. Citizens and visitors should be allowed to fish for and catch what they can use for their own eating, but should not be allowed to catch and ship to market.

A true fish story is told of Commissioner Stanley this spring, and it is all the better for being perfectly true. Early in the spring he was one of the first at Weld Pond to fish for landlocked salmon. There was still some ice in the pond, but not strong enough to support a man. Mr. Stanley went out in a boat. He came to where he desired to fish and threw an anchor out on the ice. He fished there for some time, taking a number of fish. But after a while the wind caused the anchor to loosen. Mr. Stanley laid his rod on a cake of loose ice that was close beside the boat, while he went to the bow to throw the anchor again into more solid ice. Looking back he saw his rod disappearing over the edge of the ice. He calculated that a big fish had hooked himself and was away with his tackle. Soon he got sight of his rod again, but immediately it disappeared under a floe of ice. He rigged another rod and fished for about three hours. At the end of that time he saw his rod again coming up the pond. Evidently the fish had repented and was returning the rigging. The rod came so near to the boat that Mr. Stanley caught it and soon landed a 7lb. salmon. Mr. Stanley says it was a "spent" fish or it would have weighed 12lbs. at least. He liberated the penitent thief, and was thankful to get back his rod and line. He took that day eight salmon, weighing all the way from 2½ to 7lbs. Five of these were "spent" fish and returned to the pond at once. Mr. Stanley says he has seen a number of "spent" fish at Weld Pond this season. This shows that many have spawned there during the past season; a gratifying indication.

Mr. Stanley adds the injunction that every reasonable fisherman will return "spent" fish to the water. They are worthless and a sportsman should be ashamed to retain one. They are no worthy specimen of Maine salmon. If they are returned, one year will make them into salmon that any angler may justly be proud of. Such a course would tend to the good of the future of angling in Maine, and would not be much of a disappointment to the honest angler. Would it not be a good idea for Mr. Stanley to give the FOREST AND STREAM a nice description of a "spent" salmon or trout, in order that the uninitiated may recognize such when taken. It is easy to understand how an angler, not experienced in the Maine waters, might not be aware that he had taken a fish that was worthless from having bred only a few months previous.

The Commissioners say that more salmon have been taken at Sebago this year than ever, though not as many at Rangeley. Many small fish have been taken at Sebago weighing from 2 to 3lbs. This is a good indication that the number of salmon is increasing; the small fish evidently being young. They have great hopes of the salmon in Maine, and not without excellent reasons. One hundred salmon, weighing 1,850lbs., are reported as having been taken in the Bangor pool this year. As usual, Mr. F. W. Ayer has taken the lion's share, he having caught twenty-one fish, and his nearest competitor eleven. This is not a bad record for a pool that was almost totally exhausted for several years, till restocking and protection brought it up to present proportions. The more wonder is that it is a pool that everybody fishes, from the boy in a punt with an alder pole and a cotton line, up to the rig that cost the angler hundreds of dollars—both fishermen faring about alike.

Still the salmon fishermen are returning from Canadian waters with stories of rather poor success. Messrs. F. C. Coffin, T. J. Homer, J. W. Bailey and George L. Clark, all of Boston, together with Prescott Clark, of Providence, left Boston early in June, and after visiting Quebec, proceeded to Riviere du Loup. From thence they proceeded to the head-waters of the St. Francis. When they reached Fall Brook great expectations were dashed. The brook was too much of a roaring torrent, and big trout could not be taken. The St. John was followed as far as Fredericton, and thence to Boston. The members of the party are delighted with wilderness canoeing, but the fishing was not a success.

H. S. Kempton, of the Boston *Herald* editorial staff, and S. Albert Wetmore, city editor of the same paper, did the reporting of the Republican Presidential convention at Minneapolis. The time was too short for them to return to Boston before doing the Democratic convention at Chicago, so they resolved to try the fishing in the celebrated Minnetonka. They had great success, and they are distributing among their friends a photograph of their success. They are holding a pole between them in the picture on which are strung some twenty big bass. An enormous pickerel shows off his spotted sides in front of the other fish. This fellow weighed over 12lbs. The guide stands in the rear, and there is the lake and the boats. The picture should have been a good one, and worthy to have been entered in the photographic prize competition of the FOREST AND STREAM. But alas for the skill of the Western expert photographer! The picture was overtimed and not restrained, and is all too flat.

Mr. Rowe, Mr. F. A. Larkin and Mr. Sawyer, all of Milwaukee, Wis., are in the East for a few days' bluefishing. They are in the hands of Capt. Ned Robinson, of Cataumet, and it is calculated that they will have fine sport, since bluefishing is good in that direction.

Mr. Richard O. Harding, with George B. Appleton & Co., and secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has got back from salmon fishing. He has been absent for three weeks, the guest of Mr. D. H. Blanchard, at his fine river, the upper half of the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite. Mr. Blanchard owns the upper half of this river, and Mr. Walter M. Brackett controls the lower half. It was Mr. Harding's first trip to the Canadian salmon waters, and he enjoyed it much, as who could help enjoying a trip of that sort, under the patronage of so genial a soul as Mr. Blanchard. But alas! the salmon fishing was very nearly a failure. The water was remarkably high and the river white in all of the rapids. It rained every day for eight days during Mr. Harding's stay, and it not only rained, but it poured. Not a salmon was taken till just before Mr. Harding was obliged to leave. Then Mr. Blanchard hooked a big one in the pool below camp, and the fellow took them down river nearly a mile before he could be subdued. Mr. Harding had the good fortune to be in the canoe at the time, though he did not have hold of the fish. He says that the working of that magnificent fish was well worth the trip. He was hooked some thirty-five minutes before he was brought to the gaff. The fish weighed 37lbs. Mr. Blanchard got another one that weighed 12lbs. before Mr. Harding came away, and that was all the result of three weeks' outing with over two weeks on the stream. Mr. Harding got no salmon. When he came away Mr. Walter Brackett had taken no salmon, though his son Arthur had taken one 24lb. fish. Later the fishing will doubtless be better, since the "fresh run" of salmon had just begun when Mr. Harding came out. The small salmon of Mr. Blanchard's was evidently one of the "fresh run," while the big fish had been in the fresh water for some time. The St. Marguerite Club, which controls the northwest branch of the river, had taken but twelve salmon, the result of five rods for nearly two weeks.

SPECIAL.

## A TOUGH SCULPIN.

I am Sir Blob;
I enter and rob
The nests of the spawning salmon.
I down the fry
And wink my eye
At the law's protective gammon.

BOILING springs would not be selected, as a rule, for fishcultural operations; but occasionally tough-skinned fishes like the miller's thumb or blob hover around the edges of the hot-water areas in search of their prey. Even the blob, however, has a limit of endurance and falls a victim to heat stroke. Dr. O. P. Rex, 921 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was the owner of such a rash blob which was cast up by the Boiling Spring in Benton county, Arkansas. Not recognizing the fish he sent it to the U. S. Fish Commission for identification, and it was found to be one of the varieties of *Cottus bairdi*, the ubiquitous miller's thumb or blob, a very near relative of the one shown in our illustration accompanying these notes.



THE UBIQUITOUS BLOB.

The blob is a fresh-water sculpin, and if it has any good points they were long since forgotten. Represented by numerous varieties and ranging from Arctic regions across the continent and southward to Alabama, occupying besides other waters the territory inhabited by salmon and trout, it is one of the most inveterate and destructive of the enemies of eggs and young fish. The blob grows to a length of about 6in., but its capacity for destroying fry is not to be measured by its size. Multiply his length by his activity, his power of forcing his way into rock crevices, his superb digestion, insatiable appetite and tough armor, and you will more readily appreciate his approval of the ancient policy of planting tender trout fry in his domain. He lies in the streams and laughs a broad and generous laugh, and looks to it that the victims of misplaced confidence are planted sure enough.

## THE SHEOMET ANGLERS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I desire to acquaint you of a newly-formed angling club, all of whose members, with two exceptions, are residents and prominent business men of Springfield, Mass. The club has chosen an Indian title, the Sheomet, and has purchased 180 acres of land in Franklin county, Mass., six miles from Athol, and two hours by railroad from Springfield. The land compasses a little lake of some 50 acres, in which trout have always abounded, and in which 50,000 fry were placed this spring, the same experiment to be repeated annually. The club has also secured leases covering fifteen years of the various brooks in the vicinity and measuring over twenty miles in length. An excellent house and stable are included in the club's purchase, but the building will at once be enlarged and elaborately improved with all modern conveniences and comforts. Membership is limited to twenty persons, at a fee of $200 each, and when the project was started it required less than two hours to complete the roll. This will give an exhibit of the angling spirit that blossoms in the Queen City of the Connecticut Valley, and becomes more interesting from the fact that for some years Springfield has been the home of another prosperous coterie of fly-casters—the Amabelish Club, whose preserve, covering 300 square miles of woods and waters, lies near great Lake St. John, Quebec—the home of that marvelous finny warrior, the wininnish—the one superlatively grand game fish of the world.

The officers of the newly-formed Sheomet Club are: Pres., Dimon N. Coats; Vice-Pres., Henry M. Phillips, P. M.; Sec'y and Treas., W. F. Callender. Directors: W. H. Wetson and N. D Bill. Members are: E. M. Coats, A. B. Forbes, A. B. Wallace, E. S. Bradford, mayor of Springfield, W. H. Gilbert, E. C. Barr, E. H. Sterns, H. S. Dickenson, J. W. Goodrich, J. W. Kirkham, D. F. Fullerton, C. L. Goodhue, J. A. Murphy, Warren Cheney and R. L Cheney. KIT CLARKE.

NEW YORK, July 16.

### Merrimack Salmon.

THE salmon fisherman does not need to go down into Maine to find excellent sport at his favorite amusement. The Merrimack is now an inviting field for angling with the rod for the king of game fish. The salmon can be seen striking all over the lower river—that is, from the mouth of the Shawshin down—but it requires an expert handler of the rod and fly to secure a fish worthy of his prowess. Twenty-pound fish are no exception. They can be seen disporting themselves in the waters of the Merrimack at early morn or dewy eve, their silvery sides flashing back the earliest rays of the sun or its last glances as it reluctantly leaves the earth to lunar's glories and the night. Patrick McCarthy, with commendable pride, shows the first salmon caught with a fly of late years in the Merrimack. It is a fine specimen, weighing about 10lbs., and was captured just before dusk. Mr. McCarthy used his old rod which has stood him in good stead in Penobscot waters and there established his fame as a salmon killer. A fire-brown fly—an Irish production—was used. The salmon took it greedily, and was handled with care and skill for ten minutes, when Mr. McCarthy gave the rod to his companion, Fred Palmer, who continued the operation of leading the "silver king" into captivity for five minutes longer, when Mr. McCarthy gave him the gaff and secured the prize.—*Lawrence (Mass.) Eagle, July 12.*

### Fresh-Water Sunfishes.

FROM the Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries for 1888 we have just received a pamphlet copy of a Review of the Centrarchidæ or Fresh-water Sunfishes of North America, by Charles H. Bollman, A.B. This review was unfinished at the time of Mr. Bollman's death, but notwithstanding the want of notes on the names and observations on the habits of the species, which he intended to add to the paper, it will prove useful to students of these fishes. The article contains keys to the genera and species, together with accounts of their distribution and some critical notes upon their relationships.

Most of the species of this family are fully described and fifteen of them are illustrated, the figures with one exception being reduced copies of those in the Fishery Industries. The illustrations include the round sunfish, calico bass, crappie, Sacramento perch, rock bass, warmouth, mud bass, black-banded sunfish, long-eared sunfish of the West, red-breasted bream, chinquapin perch, blue sunfish or bluegill, the common sunfish, and the small-mouthed and large-mouthed black basses.

We notice that McKay's sunfish (*L. euryorus*) is referred to as identical with the common sunfish, but after a careful comparison with the type of this species and the examination of several additional specimens, we find that the two fishes are quite distinct.

### Sale of Pennsylvania Trout.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "T. M. C.," in your issue of July 14, bewails the catching of trout for sale to saloon and hotel-keepers. If he will consult Sec. 8 of Act of Assembly of Penn., April 16, 1870, P. L. 1870, page 12, he will find this provided for. It is too late this season for the Game and Fish Protective Association of his locality to take action. This act referred to applies to Potter, Lycoming, Tioga, Clinton and Sullivan, and if trout fishing is to be of any good hereafter in open waters should be made general. It is to be hoped that a united effort will be made by all the fish and game associations throughout Pennsylvania to have the Legislature at its next session make it a finable offense to catch fish for barter or sale and make the purchaser just as liable to punishment as the seller. This will do away with one great evil which now almost threatens the total destruction of trout fishing in open waters in Pennsylvania. R. M. HARTLEY, Treas.

### New Hampshire Fishing.

LANCASTER, N. H., July 15.—At last we are having some good fishing, the first this season. For the past week every one here has caught fish and plenty of them; some good ones, too. But the fishing is very backward, and although nearly every one who has been here has had plenty of fish, it has been an all-day's job to get enough of them to supply the table, instead of taking an hour or two, as usual.

The Connecticut Lakes have been well patronized this year and every one has seemed satisfied, after taking the weather conditions into account.

The jolliest party of anglers I have met for a long time arrived here last Friday, the 8th. The party was composed of twelve traveling men and members of the Stag Outing Club, of Boston. It was their first trip here, and they express themselves as being highly delighted with this section, both for fine fishing, beautiful scenery and good accommodations, and they all say that they have enjoyed the best fishing both with bait and fly that they have ever had, without any exception, and they are all fishermen, too.

The fish thus far have not averaged as large as they will from now out probably. Though a few good ones have been taken, they have been running from ¼ to 1½lbs., and within a very few days a few of from 1½ to 3lbs. have been taken. I see no reason why fishing in this section will not remain good the rest of the open season or until Sept. 15, so little having been done early, owing to the unusually wet June; but no one denies that this season has not been a "trout saver" all over the New England States. ROB.



### Something to Be Proud of.

THIS charming picture is from a photograph sent us by Mr. H. D. Stevens, of Malone, N. Y., and shows his little daughter, with the 4½lb. speckled trout caught by him in Lake Duane in the first week in June of this year, as already recorded in these columns. A man might well be proud of such a fish, and a man might well be proud of such a daughter. The privilege of being proud of such a fish and such a daughter is something that does not fall to the lot of one man in a million.

### Texas Tarpon.

VICTORIA, Tex.—I have just returned from Pass Caballo, which lies between the end of Matagorda Peninsula and the upper end of Matagorda Island. I spent two weeks there fishing, sailing and bathing. The fishing is very poor this year, both on the coast and inland throughout all southwest Texas. It almost seems as if some disease had attacked the fish, for a scarcity of fish is something we very seldom know here. Although most of the fish on the coast are scarce there is one kind that is not—the tarpon, or, as we call him here, the grand decoy. There are great numbers all through Matagorda Bay. The fishermen catch them in their nets and either throw them out on shore to die or kill them with a gig. As I had no regular tarpon outfit I only fished about half a day for them and did not succeed in hooking any. If I go down again I shall take a regular outfit and catch one or more. Having read all the accouns in FOREST AND STREAM of tarpon fishers' trips to Florida and other places, I thought this might be of interest to them.

Any information I can give concerning the place can be had by writing me through FOREST AND STREAM.

W. M. P.

### A Bunker Boat's Haul of Weakfish.

NEW YORK, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of friends started last Saturday morning from Canarsie for a day's chumming. The captain of our boat, who had been requested to obtain a barrel of bunkers, had failed to do so because no steamers were in; and he reported bunkers very scarce this season. On the way out we saw a steamer at Fairchild's unloading into the tramway cars that empty the fish into the vats. We could not get a bunker from them, because the whole boatload consisted of weakfish! The name of the boat was the John A. Moore. GONZALE POEY.

### A Low Rate to Washington, D. C., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

FOR the meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, to be held at Washington, D. C., July 18th to 20th, an event which promises to surpass anything of the kind held for years, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets at a single fare for the round trip from New York. These tickets will be sold and good going July 16th to 19th inclusive, and valid for return passage until July 24th inclusive.—*Adv.*

## Fisheulture.

### PLANTING TROUT AS FRY OR YEARLINGS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:*

In the last report of this Society, pages 11 and 13, this question was discussed in a small way, neither side having any figures to show the cost of feeding and planting a trout which was a year old. I am quoted as saying: "I do not believe that it is economy to raise trout" (for distribution) "to be a year old," and that belief has been confirmed by subsequent experience. The advocates of planting yearlings have had an innings, and have vented their views in the newspapers and perodicals, but the other side has not been heard from, and, if I am not mistaken, this opening gun from our line will be followed by others of larger caliber. We believe that the best results will be had from planting trout as fry and will essay to prove it.

If a man wishes to plant an orchard he would like to have trees that will give him a crop at once, and if he would stock a stream he naturally wishes yearling fish, hence the scheme of feeding trout until they are a year old commends itself to the anglers and also to their journals, but what they want and what we can afford to give them are different things. The nurseryman will give you several small trees for the price of an older one, and the fishculturist can give you a hundred or more fry cheaper than he can raise and deliver a yearling trout. That the yearling is worth many fry is true, for it has escaped a class of enemies that can only kill smaller fish, but the kingfisher can still take it, and does. I will not consider the question of the ability of a pond-fed fish to take care of itself, for it may be able to do so, and I propose to treat the subject squarely, and strictly on what I believe to be its merits.

At the last meeting of this Society, it seemed as if my position was unsupported to any extent, and this was not encouraging to one whose only object was the general good of fishculture, but, months afterward, letters of approval incited an experiment in the cost of feeding young trout and a consideration of the expense of planting them, but it was not until the first of January last that my foreman received orders to weigh and record the food of 16,300 brook and brown trout, the hatch of the previous spring. The record gives date, pounds of food, temperature of air and water, and remarks on weather, etc. It covers the months of January, February and March, 1892, ninety-three days, on three of which we had no food. If it be said that these fish, so near a year old, would consume more food in the last quarter, the record shows that on twenty-three cold days the fish were not taking much food, ranging from 4 to 8lbs. of horse meat against 15 to 20lbs. on other days.

During the previous quarter, October to December, I have the word of the man who cut the meat, that the fish took more food, for we have little cold weather on Long Island before Christmas, and the record shows that the taking of food was influenced not only by the temperature of the water dropping below 40deg. Fahr., but also by the temperature of the air and the atmospheric conditions. Therefore, I am disposed to take this, the last quarter, as a fair estimate of the consumption of food during the year, for we started in with nearly 25,000 fry which fed along from March to nearly the last of May, when the mortality began, the weaker ones died, and there is a great waste of food when so finely chopped as it is necessary to be for the "babies."

Horse meat has been spoken of and a digression may be pardoned to say that during my twenty-four years' life as a fishculturist the question of the best and cheapest food for trout has been the leading one. Beginning with hen's eggs, which is the worst of all, the usual beef's liver, lights (lungs), heart, maggots, mosquito larvæ, soft clams (*Mya arenaria*) and salt-water mussels (*Mytilus edulis*) have been tried, until in November last, a man who kills worn out horses for their hides, bones and dog-meat, was found, who delivers us clean, sound muscle, free from bone, of horse, mule, or cow that died in calving, at the uniform price of four cents per pound at the station, and it is the best food for trout and the cheapest that we have found. At this station beef livers from New York averaged, with express charges, seven cents per pound, *i. e.*, they cost fifty cents each and averaged 10lbs. apiece, and the freight on the box cost forty cents, whether containing one or three, and the supply was uncertain.

To resume. During the quarter mentioned, we fed 16,000 trout as follows:

| | Pounds. |
|---|---|
| January | 328½ |
| February | 376½ |
| March | 435½ |
| | 1,140½ |

This, for ninety days, would equal 12 66lbs. per day, which at 4 cents per pound would cost a trifle over 50½ cents per day or $184 per year for the 16,000 fish.

Divide this and it gives $11 55 per thousand fish. Add to this the transportation. One man can take care of ten cans of fry for twenty-four hours, and each can will carry 5,000 fry or 30 to 50 yearlings, according to size.

Say, for instance, that you have a million trout fry to plant. This will require one man for twenty days, if he can take them in lots of 50 000 in ten cans of ten gallons capacity each. Without counting railway fares, his daily expenses, say $3, and his pay, say $2, would equal about $100 for the whole. Now keep these fry for one year, and if you have good luck you may have 600,000 to plant. From thirty to fifty of these are all that can be carried in a can, and ten cans are as many as a man should be asked to care for on a trip of 12 to 24 hours, or 500 at one time, at the largest figure. This would require twelve men for 100 days, and again throwing out railway transportation, would cost at the low average of $4 per day per man for wages and expenses the sum of $4,800, and I defy any man to prove that the result of feeding trout to be yearlings, and then planting them, would be in any sort of proportion to the expense of food and transportation, which added together would make a grand total that would be appalling to States with small appropriations.

Let us say that one yearling is worth ten fry, which has not been proved, and then compare the expense. Let us plant fry in sufficient numbers to allow for all losses and not waste our means on planting yearlings, a new notion which has been loudly heralded as a grand success, but which cannot be proved to be so.

It has somewhere been stated that the United States Fish Commission had stocked some far Western stream with trout fry for years and no good results followed: a year or two ago some yearlings were put in, and lo, the stream now affords good fishing. If fry cannot live in this stream, we might ask how the stock is to be kept up? By planting yearlings each year, when their progeny cannot live? Surely such a stream is not a good stream for trout and should be abandoned.

That those who have streams to be stocked will clamor for yearlings instead of fry is to be expected. They would like two-year olds also, and if we would give them our old three-pounders, they would be very happy; but they should apply for their two-year olds just two years before they need them and give us twelve months to produce yearlings on natural food in their own streams without expense to the State.

When we count the cost of food, attendance and planting, with incidentals, such as ice, extra help, etc., it will be

found that a yearling trout will have cost from 6 to 10 cents more than it would if planted as a "baby" the year before. Of course, the idea of transportation is one that cannot be accurately figured, for obvious reasons. A man may be gone from half a day to three days with ten cans of fish, costing from $10 to $15 for his labor and hotel bills, exclusive of railway fares, and the planting of yearlings cannot, it seems to me, begin to compensate for the great cost of rearing and planting them. The assertion has been made that it is the best method, and this has been repeated and reiterated until many people believe it. There are but few men in the country whose practical experience renders them competent to speak on this question, and I am assured that an overwhelming majority of them are in favor of planting fry.

FRED. MATHER.

NEW YORK FISHERY COMMISSION, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., May, 1892.

### REARING FISH FOR DISTRIBUTION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your issue of June 30, Mr. Fred Mather, in discussing the question of "Rearing Fish for Distribution," takes occasion to correct the arithmetic, or punctuation, of his paper read before the American Fisheries Society at its May meeting, and while he virtually admits in this correction that the cost of food for a yearling trout, at Cold Spring Harbor, will be only a fraction above one cent, yet he states the fish (yearling trout) will cost about ten cents by the time it is planted. If under Mr. Mather's management the cost of attendance and transportation (with the courtesies of railroad and express passes*) is nine times the cost of food, then Mr. Bowman is right in his opinion that it is too expensive to raise trout to yearlings for distribution by the New York Commission. Moreover, Mr. Mather is right for once on this question, in saying he is one of those who do not believe in wasting money in that way. Right he is, as far as he goes. I fully agree with his Western friend that the Governor should investigate an establishment where the cost of attendance and transportation is nine times the cost of food—where it costs ten cents to raise and plant a yearling trout.

Mr. Mather brings into the question the element of cost of transportation. It would be interesting to know his basis for computation. It is true some approximate ratio may be obtained by comparing the number of fry with the number of yearlings which may be carried in cans of the same size. But it is manifestly absurd to state definitely in cents the cost of attendance and transportation without knowing the constantly varying factors of distance to be traveled, means of transportation, time of year, number of fish, etc.

Mr. Mather's broad assertion that the yearling advocates were routed horse, foot and dragoons, is born of fancy. We brought cold, hard, stubborn facts; the fry advocates were armed with vague and visionary theories backed by attempted ridicule and discreditable aspersions. The yearling advocates left the field well satisfied, and if there is to be a Gettysburg next year, Mr Mather will find other hands than Mr. Clark's bearing steel which will command his attention (I had almost said convince him).

He speaks of yearling advocates whose opinion on any fishcultural subject would have but little weight. That's tough. It reminds me of the boy who, having received a well-merited chastisement, threw a stone in the dark hoping to hurt something, but failed to hit anything. However, I extend my sympathies to Mr. Fairbank, Mr. Benkard, Mr. Redmond, Dr. Bean and others of my friends, who must feel this severe criticism.

If it were not, as Mr. Mather pertinently states, that life is too short and ink too high, I would tell him how trout can be raised to yearlings and planted for less than one-half of ten cents each. However, if he will come West we will try to show him, provided he is not one of those who will not see.

WM. F. PAGE.

NEOSHO, Mo.

* See Mather's report in New York Commission Report for 1889, p. 30.

### Pacific Halibut for New York.

MR. EUGENE G. BLACKFORD has visited Tacoma, Wash., on his recent travels through the Far Northwest, and has naturally enough looked into the future of the fishery interests of the Puget Sound region with particular reference to Tacoma as a shipping center. He predicts that in ten years eleven carloads of fish per day will be sent to the East. Except during the time from June 10 to Sept. 15, New York gets its supply of halibut from Portland and Vancouver. They can be shipped from Tacoma to New York by express in six days and arrive in perfect condition. The fishing banks off Cape Flattery, he believes, will prove wonderfully rich. Canneries, however, are not needed there and it would be injurious to the permanence of the industry to establish them.

If Mr. Blackford were less interested in fishculture and the development of the fisheries and more devoted to the spoils of office he might not have been set aside for a political worker, whose first remark on entering the office was: "What is there in it?"

### Lake Ontario Whitefish Hatchery.

IT is understood that the location at or near Theresa is practically settled upon for an United States whitefish hatchery, but owing to a report that the water supply is insufficient during the dry season and the midsummer temperature of the water too high, final action will be deferred until the Commissioner can examine into the matter and ascertain the true conditions of the place. In August, it is claimed, the adverse conditions are most evident, and in that month the investigation will be made. When these vital points are settled satisfactorily steps will be taken to secure a site. It is not probable that the station can be operated during the coming fall and winter. The Commissioner is greatly interested in the establishment of this station which has such great possibilities. Notwithstanding the present uncertainty about the site, Lake Ontario will probably not be neglected as the Commissioner can continue the usual heavy plants of whitefish from the Ohio and Michigan stations.

### State Fish Exhibits at Chicago.

FISH COMMISSIONERS FORD AND POWELL, of Pennsylvania, Huntington and Bowman, of New York, and Titcomb, of Vermont, had a conference on July 15 in Washington, D. C., with Capt. J. W. Collins, Chief of the Department of Fisheries, relative to their proposed live fish exhibits at the World's Fair. The plans proposed and the means available for making the display were brought up for discussion. Letters were read from a number of State Commissioners who are interested in the work but could not be present.

### Wisconsin Fish Planting.

SIXTY-TWO counties in Wisconsin received nearly 7,000,000 of fry of the brook trout and rainbow trout during the distribution from the State hatchery at Madison last spring. The trout were almost equally divided between the two kinds. In addition to the trout 6,000,000 bass (presumably white bass) and 15,000,000 pike perch were deposited in the interior waters.

### Mississippi River Shad.

YOUNG shad in a pond at the U. S. Fish Commission Station, Neosho, Mo., are doing well. They are seen in large schools throughout the entire pond, and excite the interest of the many visitors. Before the advent of cold weather in the fall the fish will be allowed to escape, and will make their way into the Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico. Owing to the abundance of natural food in the water supplying the station, the growth of fishes which feed upon insects and crustaceans is remarkable. This is particularly noted with the tench and the rainbow trout.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 6 to 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Canada. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

Sept. 6 to 9.—Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Dr. O. S. Bamber, Sec'y.

Sept. 13 to 16.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Canada. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Western Michigan Kennel Club, at Grand Rapids Mich. H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich., Superintendent.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.

Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. A. Holloway, Winnipeg, Man., Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. Geo. E. Stickney, Newburyport, Mass., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

### POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, July 16.—The possibility of holding field trials in different parts of the country comes up periodically for consideration, the matter of holding one in Kansas or vicinity being the most recent. The fact that successful field trials were held there in years past would go far toward proving that it can be done again.

I believe that a great deal of good could be accomplished if local clubs would form with a view to running their trials with local support only, thus developing a local interest and educating a larger class of sportsmen. The value of the purses could be gauged by the probable revenue which the trial would produce, or it could be made a sweepstake. Local trials run on the sweepstake plan could be run in many sections of this great country where no trials are now held.

Almost every field trial club starts with a determination to assume or achieve national importance. With this end constantly in view, they shape their policy to harmonize with that of the established clubs. They claim dates to fit in with the great national events, and run their trials in a different section of country from their own, a section so different in climate, cover, grounds and habits of birds that, from their local point of view, it is a foreign land.

If the local clubs were formed, with trials held in the best season on their own grounds, and run according to conditions existing in their own country, the test would be of far more value to the sportsmen of each section.

If a club is too ambitious, and hangs up larger purses than the support of the club will warrant, its efforts can only result in discouragement and failure.

In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM I read the article of that eminent authority on field trials and field work, Mr. P. H. Bryson, of Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Bryson, in the article referred to, discussed some of my remarks on retrieving at field trials and differed from my views, and also the views of those who oppose retrieving being considered at field trials. From Mr. Bryson's remarks, I perceive clearly that I did not make my argument so full on the point pertaining to educational qualities as I should, hence it needs more elaboration. Mr. Bryson states his position as follows:

"Mr. B. Waters in your issue of June 30 states; 'Retrieving being an educational quality, is in the same category with dropping to shot, turning to whistle, staying at heel, dropping to order, etc, acts acquired by education.' The field trial clubs justly recognize the educational qualities The Southern Club puts a penalty of 25 points of demerit on the following educational qualities: Breaking shot, 5 to 10; breaking in, 3 to 5; chasing, 10. Why not dispense with these and other educational qualities and let the dog hunt *à la naturel*, it would save trainer's fees—quite a consideration—and time so often quoted by the advocates of abolishing retrieving. If the arguments used for abolishing retrieving hold good the same can be used with equal force in abolishing the other educational qualities. These educational qualities afford many requisites in a field dog, and demonstrate the ability of many dogs to train on when deprived of their own way of doing things and complying with some of the wishes of the shooter. The test of retrieving at field trials can be done as well as the testing of pointing, backing, ranging or any other quality of a field dog. It all takes time, and, in the language of the Texan, 'that is what we are here for.' Instances can be mentioned for and against almost all essential qualities. The question, is it of sufficient importance to be retained along with chasing, breaking shot, breaking in, backing, obedience and other educational qualities? I think it is. If these educational points are not retained, there is very little of the natural dog I would want. If the natural qualities cannot be brought under control without injury, it is time we were finding the same out and breeding more for educational points."

Taking up Mr. Bryson's first point, namely, "The field trial clubs justly recognize the educational qualities. The Southern Club puts a penalty of 25 points of demerit on the following educational qualities: Breaking shot, 5 to 10; breaking in, 3 to 5; chasing, 10." The faults enumerated, which are really violations of education or lack of education, can hardly be considered educational qualities. They are faults pure and simple. It is true that clubs recognize these faults, not in the sense that they are educational, but that they are obstructive to the progress of the trial, injurious to a competing dog, since few dogs, however well broken, will perform well with an unsteady competitor; and, more particularly, it is impossible to judge with any precision the real capabilities of an unsteady or wild dog.

In respect to penalties, nearly all rules go further than the foregoing, and say that "the second chase, however, loses any further opportunity of competing in the stake." The best dog in the stake might chase twice, which, under the rule Mr. Bryson quotes, would foot up a demerit of 20. On the other hand, this dog might have merits amounting to 70, yet he is disqualified because he is not fitted properly to compete. This fact alone shows the true purpose of the penalties.

Now, dropping the purely negative aspect of the matter let us consider what the clubs say, directly and positively, about training. Nearly all say that "all dogs *must* be thoroughly broken as a matter of course," or "all dogs *should* be broken," etc. If a breaker disregards this requirement of the clubs, the latter punish him for it by penalizing the most offensive faults of his dog. This is more as a matter of protection to the interest of the competitors and the trials, as shown by only those grosser faults being considered which are obstructive to the trials or injurious to the competitors.

Concisely, it is as if a club should say: "We require your dogs to be well broken, but if they are not so, there are certain faults of training which we enumerate and which we will not excuse; we will penalize or disqualify your dog for them."

Thus it will be seen that all clubs require dogs to be broken, and if the requirement is disregarded up to a certain point, the club retains the discretionary power to consider and act upon it, and beyond that point inflicts arbitrary penalties or disqualification.

To suggest, even for the purpose of a *reductio ad absurdum*, that the dogs be turned loose in a trial in an unbroken state and run wild, or *au naturel*, is going entirely outside of the issue. No field trial man has ever advocated such a measure in whole or in part, therefore it is irrelevant. All appreciate and approve thorough training.

The term natural qualities are used to distinguish them from the educational, not to imply that the latter should be abolished.

If a dog is not educated properly, he suffers in the inferior quality of his work; for flushing, awkward performance on birds and working out the ground inefficiently carry their own penalty. That is, the results of educated natural qualities are judged, and not the education itself. Even the general results are governed by rule, for under the heading of "bird sense," nearly all clubs say in substance or in words: "Bird sense is shown in a dog by his desire to hunt birds; his selection of likely places to hunt in; his method of hunting places; his industry in staying out at his work, and his skill in handling and pointing the birds after he finds them." This embodies all that is required of a dog in working to the gun, and while his natural qualities are considered, it is only in their practical application and practical results, in a prescribed manner.

The values of all educational qualities are determined by their practical results. To give an arbitrary value to educational qualities would result in giving a thoroughly educated dog an arbitrary reward, whereas only by the application in actual work can his educated natural qualities be properly determined.

As to the purposes of a field trial, whether they are for the purposes of determining which are the best dogs for finding and pointing birds under conventional conditions, or which are the best dogs under other considerations, commonly called an ordinary day's shooting, is a question still unsettled by sportsmen at large. If the latter is the case, then the rules and theory of running which at present obtain need remodeling from beginning to end. I believe that the former is the case, hence I believe that the present theory is correct.

In other competitions there is an analogy in the principle. For instance, in a horse race, the education of the horse: breaking to harness and to respond to the bit and voice; his acquirement in hauling a weight, etc., are not considered. Only the results of these educational qualities combined with his natural abilities, are considered; but if an untrained and unbroken horse were started in a race he would suffer the penalty of disqualification. He would not be fitted for the competition without the training.

Therefore, all who consider that field trial clubs do not consider anything but the purely natural qualities of setters and pointers are laboring under a grave misapprehension. The natural qualities are considered, but they are educated natural qualities; and, as hereinbefore shown, if these qualities are uncultivated or imperfect, there are ample safeguards to meet any requirement.

The matter of retrieving at field trials has been pretty well threshed out, and so far as I have observed any reason in the arguments advanced by the supporters of retrieving at trials, it all rested on the fact that they wished to secure the birds after they had shot them. The fact that a field trial is not an ordinary day's shooting, in fact or in theory, was not considered for a moment. A field trial is for testing the dog's qualities thoroughly in competition on birds, while the ordinary day's shooting is to bag the birds. When a setter or pointer has found and pointed birds, he has done all that is natural to him in his special field as a finding dog. When the bird is killed, the matter of finding and bringing it to hand is a matter of education. Of course, it requires intelligence to retrieve well, but it is only such intelligence as is possessed by dogs at large, and not at all peculiar to pointers and setters. The shooter himself can often retrieve the bird. Poodles, Newfoundlands, etc, or even curs can be taught to retrieve, but they have not the natural requirements for hunting birds.

No field trial man denies the usefulness and necessity of a retriever in field work, and but few of them consider it a field trial quality. On the other hand, every man whose experience has been confined to ordinary shooting, considers such ordinary day's shooting the true test of a field trial.

I noticed recently where an advocate of retrieving made the ludicrous remark that those who advocated its abolishment at field trials were "compelled" to acknowledge its usefulness afield. This is truly a solemn affectation of partial victory. Considering it as a matter of fact, the writers referred to never admitted anything else than that retrieving was necessary in actual shooting; therefore, the term "compelled" is badly chosen and misleading.

There is a widespread misapprehension as to a field trial meaning of natural and educational qualities, owing, no doubt, to taking them in their commonly accepted meaning and not their special field trial meaning. If any doubter will carefully read any club's field trial rules, he will find that the matter is as herein set forth; and that field trial ideas have been greatly misrepresented in the arguments advanced during the past few months.

B. WATERS.

### Coursing Items.

A coursing correspondent informs us that Mr. Ralph Taylor, of the Emporia Kennels of greyhounds, has removed from Emporia, Kan., to Colorado Springs. Mr. Ed. Lyons, of the same kennels, will probably join Mr. Taylor at Colorado Springs shortly, and then they will move their kennels to the Springs. Among the noted dogs in their coursing "stable" are Girl's Favorite, Brilliant, Trales and some Trales—Brilliant pups. They seem to think that the altitude of Colorado Springs will develop the lung power of the greyhounds better than any other. The St. Patrick Greyhound Kennels have sent their bitch Irish Lass to North Platte, Neb., to be bred to Col. Cody's (Buffalo Bill) Dingwall, which was recently presented to him by Col. North. Irish Lass is a litter sister to the much talked of Pearl of Pekin.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—The beagles imported by the Albion Beagle Kennels of Toronto arrived from England two weeks ago. They are: Rally, a 4-year-old, 14½in. bitch, by old champion Ringwood out of champion Abagail. Ringwood in his day was the best beagle on the bench and champion Abagail was first three years in succession at Birmingham, besides winning other prizes Rallywood, a 14½in. dog, by old Rallywood out of Rally, is 2 years old; Comely, a bitch, by Duster out of Crafty; Baffler, a 3-year old dog by Bowler out of Ringlet, and Dimpler, a 14-months bitch by Duster out of Ringlet. Rally came out in whelp to Bowler. Comely whelped seven puppies (two dogs) to Chancellor at Cornwall on the way up from Montreal, one bitch has since died.

You have cut off a line of copy in second paragraph of mine last week. In addition to the names of those gentlemen given as being present at the C. K. C. executive meeting there were Dr. J. S. Niven, London (in the chair), and C. A. Stone and J. G. Mitchener, Toronto.

Mr. A. D. Stewart has been appointed superintendent of the exhibit of dogs from Canada at the World's Fair.

A special order has been issued by the Dominion Customs authorities to permit dogs entered for the Canadian circuit to enter in bond at one point, take in the circuit and leave at any point most convenient to owner's place of residence.

I cannot think that Mr. Geddes would bring Mr. Middleton's name up in connection with Mr. Mercer's case unless he had authority to do so. I have written Mr. Geddes, and if his reply reaches me in time will send it with this. If not, later.

An old spaniel breeder and judge writes me as follows: "Coat is a matter that judges must take a stand on in the near future. Last year we saw dogs winning that had no more coat than a smooth fox-terrier should have, and placed over better dogs because of a *straight* coat. This seems to me wrong—not what the standard calls for nor what a spaniel should have."

Mr. H. Falconer, Shelburne, Ont., has bought the mastiff bitch Attraction from Mr. Geo. P. Dustan, Peterboro, N. H. She is 16 months old, and is by champion Beaufort out of June (A.K.C.S.B. 13,548) (champion Ilford Caution—Winchell's Bess).

Mr. S. H. Thompson, Toronto, has purchased the rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Survivor, by Monarch out of Judy III., from Mr. A. M. Dodge, New York.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, Hamilton, has imported from Mr. Geo. Raper, Sheffield, the smooth fox-terrier dog Raby Domino, by champion Domino (Pitcher—Vene) out of Dawning (Brittle—Day Dream). In color she is white, with black and tan spot over left eye and ears ticked with black. Whelped April 7, 1890 Winnings, second puppy, second novice, second open, Haslingden. H. B. DONOVAN.

## PACIFIC KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club, held at 21 Kearney street, on July 6, was well attended, the following members being present: E. P. Schell, Horace Oscar, Clarence Haight, H. L. Miller, L. L. Campbell, Thos. Higgs, Geo. H. Croley, S. E. Fischer, T. J. Watson, William Henry Huber, Frank Markey, E. H. Wakeman, Dr. Bohill, P. D. Linville, Jas. E. Watson, A. Russell Crowell, T. W. Skaife, D. C. Golcher, W. J. Golcher, John Hefferman and Hypolite Biers.

The meeting was called to order by Vice-Pres. E. P. Schell in the absence of Ramon E. Wilson.

Committee on poultry and pigeon prizes reported $147.75 paid, other charges are on the books, but the parties cannot be found and consequently the bills cannot be liquidated.

The following names were submitted and the gentlemen elected to membership: Geo. P. Sperry, Stockton; Fred Howard, Howard Vernon and Henry Spencer, of San Francisco.

In the absence of the president, the appointing of the finance, membership and other committees was laid over until the next meeting, in August.

On motion of Mr. Watson the secretary was instructed to present the stricken family of the late Wm. S. Bowen, of Santa Clara, one of the oldest members of the club, with a copy of the resolution of regrets passed by the club.

The secretary was then instructed to purchase books and engage a collector for delinquent dues.

On motion of Secretary Haight the monthly dues will become due on the first of the month following their election. Afterward the treasurer reported $175.30 in the treasury.

On motion of Mr. Schreiber the secretary was requested to correspond with Mr. Jas. Mortimer, requesting him to act as delegate to the A. K. C. Adjourned at 9:45 P. M. until Aug. 3.

## IRISH SETTER CLUB MEETING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club, held July 11, 1892, there were present Messrs. Child, Thompson and Davis, and by proxy Dr. Rowe, E. B. Bishop, F. L. Cheney and F. H. Perry.

The following gentlemen were elected members of the club: Geo. T. Leach, High Point, N. C.; H. B. Anderson, Glen View, N. J.; F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn., and Dr. L. C. Sauveur, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

The question of holding field trials was taken up and many communications from members, trainers, and others were read and discussed. It was not thought advisable to hold our trials independently, but that it was essential to run them at or near the other trials so as to form one of the circuit, and thereby obviate the necessity of the trainers making a separate trip to run their Irish Setter entries.

This left two localities to chose from, New Albany, Miss., and Lexington, N. C. Should they be run in connection with the Southern trials it would necessitate holding them during the second week in February. As many of those who run their dogs also desire to exhibit them on the bench, it was thought that this would be too close to the bench shows and interfere with the preparation of the dogs for that event, besides putting the trials off too late in the season. In considering the question of holding the trials at Lexington, we could begin them immediately after the conclusion of the Central Trials, and as most of the handlers would be in attendance at either the Eastern, Philadelphia or Central Trials, which are to be held immediately before ours, it would not require them to make a separate journey to run their Irish dogs. Under these circumstances it was thought best to again hold the trials in North Carolina, and the following was decided on: To run the Irish Setter Trials at Lexington, N. C., beginning Dec. 19, immediately after the conclusion of the Central Trials; to have two stakes, a Derby, the entries to which are to close on Sept. 15, and an All-Age, the entries to close Nov. 1. The fees for each stake are $10 to enter and $10 to fill. The prizes for the Derby are $200 to the winner of first, $100 to second and $50 to third. The prizes for All-Age stake will be announced later. There will also be some special prizes. The rules of running are the same as used last year, being those of the United States and Eastern trials for 1891. Copies of these rules and any further information desired can be obtained by addressing the secretary. G. G. DAVIS, Secretary,

1378 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

A MEETING of the board of governors of the New England Field Trial Club was held at 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass., Tuesday, July 12, at 2 P. M., President Power in the chair.

Mr. A. M. Tucker for the committee on grounds and game read communications from several parties relative to an increased supply of game. The report was very satisfactory and was accepted.

The matter of posting the grounds and making a penalty for hunting on the preserve was referred to the next meeting.

The committee on incorporation reported that their duties were finished, the charter having been granted June 29, 1892.

The committee on publication submitted copies of circulars, entry blanks, etc., issued according to instructions from the board.

The following gentlemen were elected to membership:



THE POINTER RIP RAP.

Roading in the Four Hour Race at Central Field Trials, 1891.

Geo. H. Lyman and Dudley B. Fay, of Boston, and Geo. E. Thompson, of Bath, Me.

A very interesting discussion was indulged in by all present, and all felt greatly encouraged at the excellent prospects for the coming trials.

A pleasant feature of the occasion consisted of a large punch bowl filled with delicious lemonade from Young's Hotel, accompanied by cigars, donated by Mr. E. Knight Sperry, secretary of the club.

## MR. MIDDLETON'S RESIGNATION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I inclose a copy of Mr. Middleton's resignation which speaks for itself. I might just add that in handing it to Mr. McMahon he said that he would prefer to remain on the committee, but thought it was the only thing left for him to do. He also spoke in the same way to other members of the committee as well as myself, and asked me to write the secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club and ascertain if he, as a partner, was affected by the disqualification of Mr. Mercer. This, I think, is quite sufficient to prove that it was not the Ottawa committee that drew Mr. Middleton into the unpleasantness, as Mr. Mercer states.

ALFRED GEDDES, Sec. Bench Show.

OTTAWA, Can., July 17.

Copy of Mr. Middleton's letter:

"E. McMahon, Esq., Secretary Central Canada Fair, Ottawa: Dear Sir.—In consequence of the verdict of the Canadian Kennel Club with regard to the Little-Mercer affair, I have no alternative but to place my resignation as a member of your committee in the hands of the committee. I should like it, however, to be clearly understood that Mr. Mercer's action with regard to the entry of the Clumber Newcastle was done entirely without my knowledge or consent. Yours faithfully, W. H. MIDDLETON."

## CANADIAN FIELD TRIALS.

THE International Field Trials, which begin with the Amateur Stake Nov. 7, promise well. Birds are very plentiful; the young coming out after the rains had ceased were not destroyed by the wet weather.

Mr. William Brailsford, who is coming out on a visit this fall, will be one of our judges. The other two have not been selected yet. The Amateur Stake, which will begin a day before the regular trials, will be for all-aged dogs broken and run by amateurs. It is to be hoped that those who delight in breaking their own dogs, as well as shooting over them, will turn out and make the only amateur stake in the country a success.

The entries for the Derby close Oct. 1, All-Aged Stake Oct. 15. The judges will be instructed to be as lenient as possible as to breaking, in the Amateur Stake.

W. B. WELLS, Sec'y.

The handsome steam yacht owned by Dr. Derby, one of the officers of the American Mastiff Club, was burned to the water's edge at Nyack, N. Y., July 13. The origin of the fire is a mystery, as no fire or light was left on the yacht overnight.

Admirers of the red setter will be pleased to read Dr. Davis's letter in another column. The Irish setter men had almost come to think that the first attempt was to be the last, but we know what an enthusiastic worker Dr. Davis is and we scarcely expected him drop his oars until he had taken another pull. We sincerely hope that the success attained last year will be doubled this.

Mr. Grace, in a letter to one of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, says that he will be unable to attend the Great Bend meeting this year, and probably the Merced meet, too. He remarks further that the weather in San Francisco is beautiful for coursing and owners can run their dogs every day of the year at Cannavan's Park.

# DOG CHAT.

### National Beagle Club Affairs.

The next meeting of the National Beagle Club, July 28, promises to be a lively one. The friction among the officers seems to be on account of the selection of judges—whether this shall be done by executive committee or by the club. We do not know how such things are usually worked but one would think that the club as a whole should be heard in the matter. The secretary to secure the names of those who would be willing to act in a judicial capacity and then send out a voting list of those men and let the members choose, and the two men securing the most votes be elected judges. The executive committee is the servant of the club, and if a majority of the club calls for a certain line of conduct that line must be followed. By the way, the *American Stock-Keeper*, in a paragraph that is difficult to understand, wishes to know our authority for stating exclusively that Mr. A. C. Krueger would probably be one of the judges. We had our information from two sources, one was the secretary, and this is what he said after asking our terms to judge: "Mr. Krueger seems to be very favorably looked upon as one of our best judges; would he be acceptable to you as a coadjutor? I ask this that we may choose men friendly to each other, that the most possible good may come to the National Beagle Club." This seems to us sufficient ground to give the news that Mr. Krueger would *probably* be one of the judges. The club has sent out a list of amendments to be voted on by the members of the club.

The attention of members is drawn to the Rule III. Sec. 2, of the Running Rules. "Entries shall be mailed to the secretary in sealed, printed envelopes [to be mailed with entry blanks] endorsed 'field trial entries.' All entries so received to be open and acted upon at an executive committee meeting." This rule is contrary to all procedure and an insult to the secretary. If a secretary is elected he is supposed to command the respect of every one and his honesty be undoubted, then why may he not receive the entries as they come in, post them in his book in the regular manner in which this is done by other show and field trial secretaries, and has hitherto been the method pursued by the previous secretary of the club? This is not the open-hearted policy hitherto pursued by this club.

### Foster Mothers.

The prudent breeder makes provision for emergency. It is a well-known fact that many of our best breeding stock on the female side are sent around to shows to get a record, and they are often unfortunately in a condition when the quietude of home is better adapted to their state than the hurly burly of a dog show. The average breeder is not at all far sighted, and of course he should not expect a healthy litter or a healthy free-milking mother when the dam is subjected to such treatment. This leads up to the advice we wish to give—more attention should be paid to the subject of foster mothers. A man who owns a valuable bitch owes it both to his reputation as a breeder and the breed of which the bitch may be a shining light, to, if at all possible, arrange for a foster mother, so that even if everything goes right, and the bitch has say a litter of eight, several puppies can be transferred to the foster and the whole litter probably saved. Many breeders, when a bitch has a litter of eight or ten, or more, will drown three or four so that the remaining ones may do well, picking out those that seem least likely to grow into good ones. This is sometimes a dangerous policy and will often defeat its own ends, for it is a well-known fact that the ugly duckling of a litter may turn out to be a crack-a-jack when matured. In England more attention is paid to "fosters" than here, and only this week, as we turn to the *Stock-Keeper*, we find that there are nine advertisements for foster mothers or of them. The charge for the bitches averages about $5. That sum will secure a foster in this country, either through the dailies or the kennel press. This is very little outlay and trouble for a great deal of good. It is not necessary to order your foster according to the size of the breed of your puppies. We have known a small bull-terrier suckle three St. Bernard puppies and bring them up in fine shape. The case in point was champion Daphne's when she had a litter by champion Plinlimmon. By such a procedure the wear and tear of maternity does not fall with such a weight on the valuable bitch, and another important fact is that for every foster mother used there will probably be half a dozen mongrels less to run about our streets, and that means so many less "mad dog" scares.

### Peterborough Hound Show.

This is an annual event among hunting men in England that excites them to the highest degree of rivalry. The sight of so many beautifully modeled hounds with waving sterns and the background of pink-coated horsemen and whips, to say nothing of the musical chorus that must come from so many throats, would stir the blood of every one, even though completely ignorant of the top bar of a five-barred gate or the mysteries of a bullfinch. No less than twenty-four packs were entered, and "Brooksby," that entertaining writer for the *Field* (Eng.) tells us that there was hardly a discreditable hound among them and few without a fashionable pedigree. No one kennel swept the board, but as usual the Warwickshire, which showed the champion dog and the best bitch, was well to the front, while the Oakley, Mr. Fernie's, the Worcestershire and the Vale of White Horse packs also carried off their share of honors. It will hardly interest our readers to give the names of the winners, but we may say that Hermit, as stated above, belonging to the Warwickshire hounds, won the stallion hound cup, and Royalty, who was the best bitch in her class and would have won the champion cup had she been on the grounds at the time of judging, also came from the same pack. It is interesting to note that with regard to the bitches the judges seemed determined to enforce the wholesome principle that excellence of a pack of foxhounds is dependent mainly upon its brood bitches, and that if these do not promise sufficient power and size, a pack must of necessity deteriorate to weediness; and this doctrine holds good in other breeds as well.

The harriers and beagle packs also had their annual meeting and were surrounded by their special admirers. The beagle Bronwyd Nigle won the champion cup and was so much fancied that he was sold after the show for $130. Compared to a Frank Forest this is not a large price, but as working beagles go in England is considered so over there.

### Death of Noted English Collie.

One of the most celebrated collie brood bitches has gone the way of all flesh. We allude to Mr. T. H. Stretch's Sweet Lassie. She was known as the dam of such cracks as champion Ormskirk Amazement, Excelsior, Dolly and others. Her value both as a show and brood bitch was extraordinary; in fact one of her litters produced six cup winners. It will be remembered that two years since mention was made of her having been sold to Capt. Heaton for $1,250, but Mr. Stretch was never content till he got her back again. Unfortunately for her owner, Sweet Lassie was due to whelp the day she died of inflammation, to Ormskirk Chriss, the sire of Ormskirk Ormonde.

### Toronto Show.

The premium lists of the dog show to be held at the city of Toronto, Canada, Sept. 12, 13, 14 and 15, are now ready for distribution. Considering the entry being only $2, the list is a very liberal one, some $3,000 being offered in cash prizes, besides medals, diplomas, etc. The majority of the specialty clubs have donated specials. The list contains

193 classes in all, 53 challenge classes, $25 to the party making the largest number of entries, and $15 to second largest number, 34 kennel prizes and sweepstake prizes. In the majority of the large breeds four money prizes of $15, $10, $5 and $3 in the open classes, and $15 and diploma in challenge classes, sexes divided, are offered, while in the following classes, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies, field spaniels, cockers, three moneys: $15, $7, $3 and diploma in open classes, and $10 and diploma in challenge classes, are offered. The remaining classes have two, of $7, and $3 and diploma for third. There is also a rule that in classes made for dogs and bitches, should there be six or more entries, two classes will be made. We would draw the attention of our readers to the railway and express arrangements which are printed in the list, thus enabling intending exhibitors to have before their eyes the rates of the different roads. There are still, we learn, several roads to hear from which will be published through the press. Entries close Sept. 1. All communications should be addressed to C. A. Stone, secretary and superintendent of Bench Show, 82 King street, East, Toronto, Ontario.

### Pearl of Pekin Protest.

The news now comes from Mr. Brougher, secretary of the American Coursing Club, that this case having been referred back to the club, will not be acted upon until the annual meeting in October, 1893. Mr. Brougher's words are: "The executive committee have reserved their decision until the October meeting of the club. They did not give any reason for so doing." The protest was entered in October, 1891, and it is a sad commentary on the way coursing troubles are evidently adjusted in this country, that it will take one year to decide a question that, according to the rules, should require one hour to decide, especially as the evidence that Mr. Edmunds was in the wrong seems to be overwhelming. In the face of this it is hardly in good taste for any officer of that club to ask the N. G. C. or any one else to get up a sixteen dog stake and give a handsome cup. We have a letter from one of the principal members of the present executive committee, in which he says: "It matters not to me personally, which way it goes, as each party are personal friends of mine. I promise you this, if it should be referred back to the club and come up before the present executive committee, it will not lay on the table long—let it hurt who it may." This has the right ring about it, and with this coursing men and those directly interested in the affair must rest content till the meeting at Great Bend. It is not at all probable that the N. G. C. will get up a sixteen dog stake nor give the cup.

### Cat Nursing Puppies.

JANITOR ENOCH EDWARDS is having a little millenium, when we are told that the lion will lie down with the lamb, all to himself. At present in his flat is the unusual spectacle of a cat nursing four Skye terrier puppies. How Edwards happened to become possessed of this singular combination is not without interest. Up to last week he owned a Skye terrier bitch, but she was stricken with apoplexy or something, and died just before whelping. Her owner was much moved, and in the interest of science, and incidentally his own finances, he decided that the pups must be saved at all costs. The mystery of the Cæsarian operation was to him a blank, but he tried it, and successfully. He tried to feed the pups by sticking their noses in a saucerful of milk, but naturally this resulted in nearly suffocating them. He was about to reconcile himself to the inevitable, when he bethought himself of the cat, which was suckling her kittens, and the Skyes were quickly installed in the kittens' quarters during the mother's absence. The cat naturally acted a little queer at first, but being a sensible and a feline mother, she went to work and has since suckled them as if they were her own flesh and blood. The puppies are of ordinary size and perfectly healthy.

### Greyhounds.

Greyhound men are continually adding new blood to their kennels, and what is particularly noticeable and to be commended, is the fact that great attention is paid to running blood. Mr. James Black, of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., has imported a good young greyhound dog called Flash, by Col. North's Huic Holloa, out of Phœbe Mayflower. Huic Holloa is a well known coursing dog, having won $8,875 in stakes. Col. North gave Mr. Dent, his trainer, 500 guineas for him. Mr. Black's new dog has every appearance of being fast, having plenty of length and depth in the right places. Mr. Black's Dolly Dollar, that won at New York, whelped nine puppies recently by Prince Albert, but she killed all but three. This is hard luck, as there was a good market for them. Mr. Black has sold one and retains a dog and bitch. He is thinking of running Dolly Dollar and the new dog at the Great Bend meeting, and we trust he will do so, for we should like to see the Eastern kennels well represented this fall. If this is done our greyhound men must remember the leading cause for past defeats and send out their dogs in good time to become acclimated and in fit condition to run.

### Psovois.

It is well to throw a light on some of the smart gentry who think a dog an excellent medium whereby they can turn an honest (?) penny. *Stock-Keeper* (Eng) gives an extract from a Russian journal called in English *The Sportsman's Diary*. The part we quote will especially interest American buyers of these Russian dogs: "* * * At the last auction, which took place in the riding school of the St. Nicholas Palace, St. Petersburg, dogs did not sell easily, although the prices ran as low as three roubles, the highest fetching 200 roubles. It is true that the three rouble specimen was not worth that price even, being cross-bred. Count Sheremeteff bought a number of dogs at this sale, among them Zavlaidai, for 200 roubles; he is not a bad dog. Mr. J. J. Rousseau bought several Borzois—not expensive ones—for instance, one cost him six and another seven roubles. All these dogs will be sent to America, of course, which country Mr. Rousseau has flooded with Borzois that are not free from faults." To properly explain the pith of this we may remark that a rouble is worth about sixty cents in our money.

### Another St. Bernard Importation.

The Mount Sion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., have just purchased from Mr. Wm. Marshall, of Scotland, brother of John Marshall, of Troy, the Newfoundland breeder, a rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, litter sister to the late Scottish Prince, and is expected by steamer Circassia next week. She is described as "standing 31in. at shoulder, with immense bone, a beautiful orange in color, with perfect markings, great depth of muzzle, best of legs and feet and perfect in disposition." Mr. Marshall was the breeder of Scottish Prince, also Sunray, Harmony and Scottish Leader, owned by the Swiss Mountain Kennels, and several others of note It is from Mr Marshall's kennel Mr. Sidney Smith has picked up so many youngsters that have afterward made their mark in the St. Bernard world.

### Cuffing Elcho at Kingston.

On this subject Dr. Mills writes: "After Mr. Wade's fiasco regarding the charge of cruelty to a hound I showed at Kingston, it is plain to me, as I think it must be to others, that his object is simply to annoy me. I shall, therefore, take no further notice of anything that Mr. Wade may write affecting my character or reputation. If any of the 'gentlemen of undoubted veracity' he refers to will make the same charge as Mr. Wade over his own signature in any Canadian paper, I will however make him prove it in a court of law or suffer the consequences—if he is worth that much attention."

As an afterthought Mr. Wade sends us the following: "While I have no wish to trespass on your stand against prolonging the wrangle between Dr. Mills and myself, may I not point out that I have never quoted the incident as to cuffing ears as being, *in itself*, wrong. I simply pointed it out as an illustration of where ultra refinements of dog show moralities would land us."

### Coursing at Merced, Cal.

THE people of Merced, Cal., will give a purse of $1,000 for a coursing meeting next year, open to the world, but with this proviso, that Mr. John Grace will guarantee to sportsmen of Merced that he will be on hand to judge the meeting. The Californians are afraid to hold a large meeting unless they are certain of having a judge that can be relied upon to give fair decisions. The experience at Madera last year taught them a lesson. Dr. Irwin Royce is making strenuous efforts to have a coursing meeting at Topeka, Kan., this year; he says in a letter to Judge Grace that it is a grand location, with eleven miles square of open country and jackrabbits *ad libitum*.

### A Hunt Club For Albany.

The following gentlemen, Messrs. Henry A. Peckham, William M. Whitney, Jr., C. L. A. Whitney, Lewis Balch and George D. Miller, have formed a society to be known as the Albany County Hunt. The particular object or purpose of the society shall be the keeping and owning of foxhounds for the purpose of hunting and for other lawful sporting purposes.

### Marc Anthony Dead.

The well known St. Bernard Marc Anthony died last week of apoplexy. Last year he won first in the puppy class at New York show, and at the time of his death was owned by Mr. White, of Staten Island. Marc Anthony was a son of Courage III. out of champion Cleopatra and bred by Mr. Daniel Mann. He was only two and a half years old when he died.

### Beagle Stormy.

Mr. George Laick, of Tarrytown, N. Y., has sold the beagle field trial winner Stormy (10,785) to Mr. F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., secretary of the dog show that is held in that town.

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Now that the grouse season is near at hand, the principal pointer and setter breeders for the field in England are sending drafts from their kennels to Aldridge's auction sales in London. We notice that Mr. Heywood Lonsdale had some up the other day, ten setters realized $835; a lemon and white bitch, Alpha, bringing $130. Beacon, a pointer, brought $157. The prices do not seem large considering their breeding and field qualities.

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The best Clumber spaniel imported to this country so far, at least of those seen in public, is dying and may by this time have passed to the other side. This is Mr. Mercer's Lady Snow. Unfortunately she has never been in really good health since she was imported, as she arrived in wretched condition.

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Dog shows and field trials are working the good in California that they have already done in the East, and the sportsmen of the Pacific Slope are making constant drafts on the best blood that can be procured in Eastern kennels. Mr. R. L. Gardner, of Oakland, Cal., received July 7, from the Blue Ridge Kennels, two young English setters, a dog by Gath's Hope ex Tempest, she by Count Noble ex Lit, and a bitch by Gath's Mark ex Princess Joy. They arrived after the long journey in good condition. Mr. L. S. Campbell, of the Bay View Kennels, will have them in charge.

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Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., of Wellesley, Mass., is a new fancier in the fox terrier field, and will also go in for brown poodles. At present he has a fox-terrier bitch, Meg, a daughter of the wire-hair Tyke imported by G. E. I. Grainger, and two puppies. He has ordered two good bitches and a dog from England. In poodles he has a good brown one, a prize winner at Paris, France, shows, and has left a commission in that city for a first-class dog and bitch. His kennels are called Hill Hurst, and are now in process of erection.

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Mr. Frank F. Dole, the well known bull-terrier man, and his brother have organized an athletic and sporting goods company in New Haven, Conn., to be called the Dole Brothers Co.

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Mr. C. F. R. Drake, treasurer of the National Greyhound Club and part owner of the Tubby Hook Kennels, has not been well for some time and has taken a trip to Houghton, Mich., for his health, and will not return till September. He has just had presented to him a fine foxhound by ch. Bravo (9,291) out of Frances (15,409). He tells us that he has seen out there some very good deerhounds of Mr. Thayer's stock, and one, a puppy, he speaks very highly of, remarking that "it would make some of the New York cracks hump themselves"—and why not?

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The Seminole Kennels have purchased from Mr. F. H. Perry of DesMoines, Iowa, his Irish setter Pride of Patsy. The bitch Nino, formerly owned by Mr. Perry and now by Gail W. Hamilton, and a well-known prize winner, was bred to Claremont Patsy, and on June 23 whelped a litter of ten, five of which were dogs.

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A poor old toper, who was in the habit of getting lost on his way home, was asked how he could afford to keep the dog that was always with him. "That dog," he said, "not only boards himself, but finds me."—*Boston Post.*

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Among the records of the Superior Court there is a quaint little volume containing interesting reminders of the early days of Baltimore. The book has 504 small-size pages, on which are recorded indiscriminately everything legal thought worthy to be preserved. It embraces the time from June 2, 1741, to Aug. 2, 1750. Among other curious entries is the following, recorded by J. Bierewood, clerk: "This day John Bell, planter, on My Lady's Manor, in Baltimore county, with his son, Frederick Bell, about 12 years old, who had unfortunately lost his left ear by the bite of a dogg about a year agone, to the truth of which he attested, and requested me to record the same, and recorded accordingly 20th June, 1746."—*Baltimore Sun.*

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According to *Stock-Keeper* Mr. T. Duerdin Dutton, the well-known St. Bernard breeder, has lost his celebrated St. Bernard, Tiger III., through fatty degeneration of the heart, the dog being found dead in his kennel. The dog was by Pliny out of champion Grace, and, up to 1890, had won thirty-four prizes.

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Bulldogs must be a popular breed in England to be able to support two specialty clubs. A new one has been formed in England called the British Bulldog Club, with headquarters at Manchester, the first meeting has been held and the first specials will be given at the coming Gloucester show. Mr. Cyril F. W. Jackson is the secretary of the new organization.

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Mr. Mortimer has for some time had a sneaking liking for a dachshund, and it seems that the missing dachshund that we read about in the English papers after the Sheffield show was one that this gentleman had claimed at that show and the secretary had omitted to advise the previous owner of the transaction. The dog's name is Tack and with it Mr. Mortimer won his first prize on English soil at Belper show the other day. Mr. Mortimer also takes one of the Feldman K—Bessie K. litter, that Mr. Klocke, of Pittsburgh, tells us are now weaned, Mr. Frank Dole, we believe, taking nearly all the rest of them.

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The kennel of English setters and pointers belonging to Messrs. Jos. H. and J. A. Hunter has been moved to Bloomington, Monroe county, Ind. This reminds us that "Joe" Hunter has lately been devoting his spare time to trap shooting, and though we can scarcely term him a "Black Wonder," still he has surprised his many friends by his skill with the shooting iron. At the Washington Trap Shoot he tied with such a noted shot as Miller, and carried off several prizes; then he ran down to the big shoot at Knoxville, Tenn., where he won several sweeps and a lot of specials. He is one of the prime movers of the Washington Gun Club and very popular among his fellow members.

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Mr. Sidney Smith seems to have a faculty for getting hold of real good things in St. Bernards, for now we learn that he has a pup by the late Scottish Prince out of a sister to Mr. Moore's late Alton, that will, it is promised, "bang Banagher," and we all know what he did. Our informant says "it is the largest and finest specimen ever bred." This can be no other than the dark star we alluded to a week or two since.

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Mr. Manice's two dachshund bitches that he purchased from the English dachshund breeder, Mr. Harry Jones, have arrived, and he is well pleased with them.

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The secretary of the A. K. C. is all ready for business now, as far as the World's Fair is concerned, having procured a ponderous volume containing 1,600 duplicate certificates of registry, which owners of dogs that are intended to be entered in the World's Fair show must supply themselves with at a fee of 50 cents each. This, with $1 for registration in the A. K. C., and the $1.50 for entry fee to the show, makes the amount equal to an ordinary $3 entry fee; $1.50 of this will be returned providing the dog is absent from the show. The 50 cents extra that the A. K. C. charges for the certificate of registry may seem rather exorbitant, but it is the intention of the club to devote this money to the purchase of silver medals, which will be donated by the A. K. C. at different shows.

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Last Thursday we took a run up to the northern part of New York city and in the wilds of Morrisania we spent a pleasant hour or two looking over Mr. J. B. Blossom's Gordons and Mr. George Jarvis's pointers. First we took a look at Lad of Kent, who seemed as vigorous and full of health as ever; Lass of Kent, his kennel companion, is heavy in whelp to King of Kent, and the 23d is the date that "George" expects the advent of some future champions. The setter Rock Belton and a promising pup by Lad of Kent completed the kennel. Then we took a stroll over to Mr. Blossom's delightful place, but sorry we were that the rose garden's glory had almost departed. Old Beaumont, Heather Bee and York, well known to fame, seemed fit to show any moment, and champion Kelso, the Irish setter, was another interesting pet that has the freedom of the place. We were just about returning when Mr. Blossom came up from the city, and this was the signal for an adjournment to the cool of the dining room, where Mr. Blossom dispensed his hospitality with a true knowledge of the average dogman's weaknesses.

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Mr. M. H. Thiman has sold the noted Irish setter Gen. Husted to Miss N. Frances H. Cole, who in turn presented it to Mr. T. Chevalier of New York city. This dog is looking very well now, having filled out very nicely since the early spring, when he won several prizes. Mr. Thiman also sold Duke, an English setter, to Mr. Louis Contoit, the well-known Irish setter breeder.

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The well-known prize winner Irish setter Norna whelped July 11 nine puppies (six dogs), by the no less noted Duke Elcho. Edna H., who is also well known as a big winner from the same kennel, was bred July 8 to the same dog.

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There are several new kennel advertisements this week. Among them we find Gladerigo Kennels have seven English setter pups for sale; New York St. Bernard Kennels, several litters of puppies by their noted dogs; W. G. Kingsley, brok n liver and white setter; Handsome Brook Kennels cocker spaniels; John Fox, pointer bitch; Frank Forest Kennels, beagles; C. T. Brownell, five Gordon pups; Dr. Leo, Great Danes; Geo. Betts, cocker and field spaniels. Wants.—T. R. Burns, Irish spaniel; J. H. Lindsay, bulldog.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*King Don II.* By T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Feb. 18, 1892, by King Don (Vandevort's Don—Vandevort's Luck) out of Patti M. II. (Nick of Naso—Patti M.).

*Corktown Crib and Corktown Coxey.* By Corktown Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., for black and white chest and black tip cocker spaniel dogs, whelped April 20, 1892, by Tip Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo) out of Tough (Wildair—Bell ).

*Corktown Chubby, Corktown Caution and Corktown Tannie.* By Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., for two black cocker spaniel dogs and one black and tan bitch, whelped April 20, 1892, by Tip Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo) out of Œuone (Obo, Jr.—Tough).

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Bonnie Bondhu—Gath's Hope.* L. Rausch's (St. Louis, Mo.) English setter bitch Bonnie Bondhu (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu) to Blue Ridge Kennels' Gath's Hope (Gath—Gem), April 6.

——*—Duke of Dexter.* C. B. Pinto's (Bar Harbor, Me.) pointer bitch —— to C. D. Roberts's Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), June 6.

*Miss King Don—Duke of Dexter.* C. D. Roberts's (Dexter, Me.) pointer bitch Miss King Don (King Don—Patti M. II.) to his Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), May 9.

*Nino—Claremont Patsy.* G. W. Hamilton's (Centreville, Kan.) Irish setter bitch Nino (champion Elcho—champion Noreen) to F. H. Perry's Claremont Patsy (Friscoe—Nellie IX.), April 21.

*Carrie R—Kent Elgin.* F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pointer bitch Carrie R. to T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), April 24

*Dora Dott—Clip Graphic.* A. W. Bealer's (Atlanta, Ga.) pointer bitch Dora Dott (Meteor, Jr.—Belle S.) to T. T. Ashford's Clip Graphic (imported champion Brackett—champion Sally Brass II.), July 14

*Pera—Kent Elgin.* T. T. Ashford's (Birmingham, Ala.) pointer bitch Pera to his Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), June 6.

*Fanny V. Croxteth—King Elgin.* E. G. Eaton's (Athens, O.) pointer bitch Fanny V. Croxteth to T. T. Ashford's King Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), April 12.

*Lucky Trinket—Kent Elgin.* Dr. C. E. Mitchell's (St. Louis, Mo.)

pointer bitch Lucky Trinket to T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang). May 25.

*Mack's Juno—Clip Graphic.* T. T. Ashford's (Birmingham, Ala.) pointer bitch Mack's Juno (Rex Morgan—Fleet) to his Clip Graphic (champion Brackett—champion Sally Brass II). May 20.

*Lucy Dashwood—Flash.* M. Murphy's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Lucy Dashwood (Jumbo—Silvia) to Jas. Black's Flash (Rule Hollow—Peggie Mayflower). July 8.

*Lucy Dashwood—Flash.* M. Murphy's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhouse bitch Lucy Dashwood (Jumbo—Silvia) to Jas. Black's Flash (Rule Hollow—Peggie Mayflower). May 23

*Virginia—Happy Toby.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Virginia (Spokane—East Lake Virgie) to their Happy Toby (Spokane—Lalla Rookh). July 13.

*Peggie Pryde—Spokane.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Peggie Pryde (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossy II) to O. P. Kinnie's Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora), July 11.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Dolly Dollar.* Jas. Black's (Sheepshead Bay, L. I.) greyhound bitch Dolly Dollar (Pinkerton—Mrs. Goldfield). March 7, nine (seven dog), by his Prince Albert (McPherson—Brighton Lady).

*Kathleen.* E. Lever's (Overbrook, Pa.) Irish terrier bitch Kathleen (Paragon—Banshee II.), June 9, eight (six dogs), by J. Campbell's Sport (Mars—Sandy).

*Fannie V. Croxteth.* E. G. Eaton's (Athens, O.) pointer bitch Fannie V. Croxeth (Devonshire Sam—Rooney Croxet), June—, six (two dogs), by T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang).

*Nelly.* W. H. Gordon's (Ellenburgh, N. Y.) pointer bitch Nelly (Stanrich Bob—Flash), July 5, thirteen (seven dogs), by Dr. H. S. Paine's Castle Harold (Duke of Hessen—Fatinitza).

*Dot Smirle.* Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Dot Smirle (Bob One—Tough), June 29, four (two dogs) by their Tip One (Bob One—Cleo).

*Nino.* G. W. Hamilton's (Centreville, Kan.) Irish setter bitch Nino (Elcho—Norene), June 23, ten (five dogs), by F. H. Perry's Clermont Patsy (Pigeon—Nellie IX).

*Bonnie Bondhu.* L. Rausch's (St. Louis, Mo.) English setter bitch Bonnie Bondhu (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu), June 6, ten (seven dogs), by Blue Ridge Kennels' Gath's Hope (Gath—Gem); two bitches since dead.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Pride of Patsy.* Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 20, 1890, by Claremont Patsy out of Nino, by F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia., to S. Minole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

*Prince.* Black and tan terrier dog, whelped Sept. 14, 1891, by Vorrilcen II. out of Kitty, by E. Lever, Overbrook, Pa., to Addison Rowe, Lansdown.

*Pilot.* Gordon setter dog, whelped May 20, 1892, by Grouse out of Maud, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to B. W. Walker, Murray, Pa.

*Dixey.* Gordon setter dog, whelped July 25, 1889, by Murkland R. out of Beaulah, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to F. R. Wing, same place.

*Norah.* Gordon setter bitch, whelped July 10, 1889, by Max out of Judy, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to F. R. Wing, same place.

*Little Girl.* Gordon setter bitch, whelped Aug. 20, 1890, by Sam out of Belle, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to F. R. Wing, same place.

*The Judge.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped March 18, 1892, by Spokane out of Flora, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to A. A. Bogen, New Ulm, Minn.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

G. H. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—You will require two more generations on both sides to register your bitch in the A. K. C. Stud Book. If you register your bitch the puppies are eligible to registry providing you have their sire's pedigree for two generations back.

W. H. B.—What is the best cure for mange that is on an English setter about one year old. Ans. Apply the following: Sulph. sup. 8oz., kerosene 20oz., vaseline oil add 40oz; mix together and well rub all over the dog every other day for two weeks, then wash off and repeat if necessary. Treat for worms. Feed the dog well, allowing a fair quantity of meat.

J. D. C., Providence, R. I.—1. Does a bitch after spaying ever come in heat? 2. What are the usual prices for the op ration? 3. Do you know of any one in Boston or vicinity that does the work? 4. Are there any books published on the anatomy of the dog? Ans. 1. Yes. 2 From $10. 3. Any veterinarian can do it. 4. None on the dog alone; Cuevan treats of it.

CONSTANT READER, Falls Village, Conn.—I have a pointer puppy, 2 months old, that had small spots come on the head where the hair came off and would fester at first. Then the festers came on thick as they could be and would form one sore as large as a penny, and this is now working back over his body. Ans. Probably run to some dietic error. Apply the following lotion:

| | |
|---|---|
| Magnesia carb. | ʒii |
| Pulv. zinci ox. | ʒss |
| Pulv. amyli | ʒiii |
| Aq. ad | ʒvi |

Mix: Lotion.

Apply to irritable parts frequently with a piece of sponge. Give mixed with the food for a few days a grain of sodi bicarb. and 3grs. of mag. sulph. Treat for worms.

CROOKED LEGS, Long Branch, N. J.—I have three valuable setter pups of my own raising, now 4 months old, whose front legs have become so extremely bowed as to cripple them and prevent their moving faster than a walk. They have always been kept in an outdoor run, 25ft. by 12ft., naturally shaded and perfectly clean. The extreme crookedness has developed within the last month. The joints of two of the pups are immensely large, like those of young bastiffs. I have for the last week turned them out entirely except when feeding and at night. I feed three times a day at regular hours, giving table scraps, oatmeal and occasionally milk and stale bread. They are all very large and heavy, and hate to move. A brother of theirs, much smaller, is perfectly straight and active as a cat, but he has not been confined in any way since I gave him away. The dogs are now absolute cripples. Ans. Treat for worms. Feed principally on raw meat, minced, and milk, and add a little bone meal to the food twice daily. Keep the puppies out of doors as much as possible. Give half a teaspoonful twice a day of compound syrup of hypophosphites, and also one teaspoonful of cod liver oil twice a day, or use cod liver oil cakes instead.

# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

JULY.

9-23. W. C. A. Meet, Oshkosh, Wis.
15-30. Northern Div. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Couchiching, Can
23. Rochester, 3d Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

AUGUST.

4-25. A. C. A. Meet, Willsborough Pt
6 Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
15-20. A. C. A. Meet, race week, Willsborough Point.
27. Rochester, 4th Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
3. Brooklyn, Visiting Cruise, Passaic River.
3. Orange, Ann., Arlington, N.J.
5. Ianthe, Annual Regatta.
8. Rochester, Fall Regatta, Irondequoit Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Atlantic Division.—Herbert Wilcox, Summit, N. J.; Alfred W. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank Albertus Marsellus, New York. Eastern Division.—John A. Jennings, Frank F. Tuckerman, Boston, Mass.; Wm. T. Donnelly, Taunton, Mass.; I. A. Wadsworth, W. R. Slocum, Hartford, Conn. Northern Division.—A. H. O'Brien, Toronto. Central Division.—Wallace T. Foote, Port Henry, N. Y.; Rev. Lewis Francis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Arthur W. Francis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lewis W. Francis, Port Henry, N. Y.

# WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

## Eighth Annual Meet.

CAMP, Lindenwald Point, Lake Winnebago, Wis., July 14.—"S-s-s-sh—boom! ah!" This was the remark, made incidentally but positively, last night by thirty muscular young men dressed in sweaters and knickerbockers, who occupied the front row of seats at the Oshkosh Opera House. The rest of the audience jumped nervously, "Look out for the stick!" remarked the thirty muscular young men with equal positiveness. The audience dodged and looked a trifle scandalized. The audience was glad when the orchestra began to play. So were the thirty muscular young men, because before long they heard the opening note of a familiar popular air. The thirty muscular young men with one voice fell into line and joyfully sang—

"Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra bonm de-*ay!*
Ta-*ra*-ra boom de ay!
Ta-ra-ra *boom*-de-ay!"

Then they repeated softly, and repeated loudly, and did it *da capo*, and *allegretto*, and *staccato*, and *scherzando*, and *forte*, and *di capo* again some more yet. The thirty muscular young men were familiar with this air. They had sung it cheerfully to every farmhouse and to every young woman they had passed on their way into town on the long 'bus. Every time Dickie Merrill, who sat on the front seat and carried the honorable office of head bugeleer, gave warning, in the clear notes of the cavalry assembly call, that a farmhouse or a girl was in sight, the thirty muscular young men fell into line and sang cheerfully. This disturbed the cows a good deal, and caused most of the young women to jump the fence and take to the woods, but it gave the young men a fine chance to grow familiar with the intricate air of "Boom-de-ay," and enabled them to execute it at the opera house with great *esprit*, *eclat* and *sang froid*. At first the blood of the audience ran cold. Then the word went back that the thirty muscular young men were not wild men from Borneo, but canoeists from Lindenwald. The audience applauded. Mr. Kitchen of Chicago, appointed a committee of one, arose from his seat near the orchestra, turned to the audience and bowed profoundly with his hand upon his heart. Then the audience yelled with delight, and everybody was in the best sort of rapport for an evening of solid fun, in which the unfortunate stage people were the main sufferers. The villain was openly reviled, and the comedian and his wife were given some advice, in a frank, candid way, as to methods by which they could improve their make-up. With any song the thirty young men joined in and assisted the actors, and at any dance they cheerfully patted Juba in perfect time. Finally the leading danseuse, clad in scarlet all over and under, appeared to do her act, and a loud "Ah-h-h!" greeted her. A rapid word passed down the line—"Bouquet! bouquet!" Every muscular young man took from his broad bosom the brave red wild rose which had been ordered as part of the evening's uniform, and in a moment Commodore Gardner had a double handful of roses. A gentleman volunteered the rather dirty string which had bound a rag upon his sore finger, and the roses were tied together with a double bowline hitch. A collection, taken up in a cap, and consisting of cigarettes, chewing tobacco, matches, coppers, quarters, etc., etc., was passed with the flowers to the head usher, and he presented the latter to the dancer in scarlet, who smiled, flushed and redoubled her efforts. She danced harder, one dare say, and to heartier applause, than ever in her life before. In the next act she wore the roses on her bosom, and every time she appeared the thirty young men greeted her with a cheerful "Ah-h-h!" When the soubrette came on they said "Ah-h-h!" also, and helped her when she danced by patting lovely time and whistling a cheerful chorus. At the close of the performance the manager tried to make a speech, but he didn't make much of a speech. As the curtain fell the soubrette made a line shot at the young men with a half loaf of property bread, which was caught fair by Mr. Kitchen, who yelled, "Judgment!" The audience filed out, and in the open air took a long breath.

Then the thirty muscular young men got into their long war canoe 'bus, and sang "Boom-de-ay" for a change as they started home. They passed a policeman, a foolish Hibernian, who didn't know the mayor had given the W. C. A. the city of Oshkosh to play with for a week.

"O'wan, g'wan," said the policeman, whose name was Casey.

"Boom de ay," remarked the thirty young men.

"Oi'll not haive that!" said Casey. "Oi'll run yez in, Oi will, Oi will!"

"Whoa!" cried everybody. "Get in, officer, and we'll take you around to the station house."

So Casey got in, or rather got on the back step of the 'bus. From this he fell off after a short ride. When the boys missed him they turned around and drove back after him, meeting him much blown with a fruitless run after the departing vehicle. He was again offered a ride to the station house, and the situation seemed different to him.

"Oi'll arrist the driver," said he.

"No, no!" cried everybody, "it wasn't his fault."

"Well, then, Oi'll arrist the horrses and wagin!" said Casey, who felt that the dignity of the law must be maintained. But he thought better of even that, and so the party went on back to camp. This morning, when he sees the mayor and the chief of police, Mr. Casey will probably regret the fact that he tried to run in the owners of the town. As the war wagon left the city there was a temporary change of air to one embodying the sinfulness and lack of wisdom of that

"Peculiar policeman called Casey,
For fear of losing his place, he
Would run in the boys
For a-makin' a noise—
This peculiar policeman called Casey."

Then the thirty muscular young men sang "Boys will be Boys," also "Little Old Man," "Tavern in Our Town," and about a thousand other native melodies, with some occasional reverirance to the piece of resistance, "Boom de ay." And as they turned in it was nearly time for another day.

From the above and foregoing it may be seen that the canoe meet of the West is now in progress, and that all is going about as it should.

Under Secretary Woodruff's supervision the first tents went up last Saturday, July 9. Sunday there was rain. Monday was clear. Heavy rain fell Tuesday afternoon. It was clear yesterday and today is a lovely day. The prospect for enjoyable weather is good.

The movement of this Association meet from Ballast Island to Oshkosh for this year was probably beneficial on the whole, as it awakens interest in circles to which Ballast has seemed a distant country. In the future, should the old location be taken up, it may not seem so remote as now. It is new men who are needed in the Association, and this should not be forgotten in any place. The old men are bound to continue in their loyalty.

As to the quality and characteristics of the 1892 location, we can probably not do better than to read from the year book, which has the following to say:

"Lake Winnebago is one of the prettiest sheets of water in the Northwest, and unequalled either East or West in its facilities for canoeing or yachting. It is thirty miles long by eight to eleven miles wide. The eastern shores are high and abound in picturesque sweeps of scenery. The western shore is lower, insuring steady breezes. It is on this shore, four miles south of Oshkosh, and twelve miles north of Fond du Lac, on Lindenwald Point, that the camp will be pitched.

"Lake Winnebago has an historical interest, which is of itself one of the most charming features of the beautiful inland sea. It may well be called the Champlain of the West. When New England was an unexplored wilderness, Lake Winnebago was a link in the chain of waterways which formed a route by which French missionaries and French explorers had penetrated to the heart of the continent. Fleet after fleet of light canoes had danced along its waves or swept swiftly over its mirrored surface, while Boston was but a half-formed hamlet and New York a fat, somnolent burger town, owing allegiance to the land of the blue tulip. For years afterward this was the only route from the great lakes to the Mississippi. Starting from Green Bay, the line of canoes or batteaux would push up the Fox River with its foaming rapids, coming out into Lake Winnebago and gliding down its sparkling waters until the mouth of the Wolf was reached, where now stands the bustling city of Oshkosh, and then up the Wolf again into the Fox to the 'portage,' half way across what is now Wisconsin, and down that broad river to the Mississippi.

"Any canoer can, if he will, travel the same route this year, and with more ease than was given to the old explorers, as the government has locked the rapids of the Fox and pretty cities are strung along it every few miles, like pearls on a chain, where he can find resting place. Above, the traveler would have to pick his way along the rice swamps and reeds, as did his ancient predecessors.

"It will be seen, therefore, that in choosing Lake Winnebago for a camping ground the W. C. A. builded wisely. The point on which the '92 camp will be located is an ideal spot for an outing. It is 900ft. long and from 85 to 100ft. wide, the greatest width being at the lake end. The ground is delightfully shaded by native trees with soft turf beneath, with the exception of an open glade at the end farthest from the mainland, which is clear of shrub and has the appearance of an old council ground, for which it is admirably adapted. On the south side of the point the shore is rocky and abrupt, furnishing plenty of deep water for the docks. On the north side is a beach of hard, white sand, 150ft. long and the same in breadth, which shoals gradually and furnishes unexampled facilities for bathing.

"Once in camp, it will be the fault of the canoer if he does not enjoy himself. There is good cruising in every direction. It is but twelve miles to Fond du Lac, and the way is dotted with hospitable homes. Oshkosh is but four miles away, while if the canoer is in search of society he has only to keep on past the mouth of the Wolf River for four miles more and he will come upon one of the most fashionable resorts of the section, where he is certain to be warmly welcomed. Across the lake, plainly visible, a short ten miles away, is the beautiful land of the Stockbridges, who fleeing first from New England and New York, finally came here to seek and find rest. It is a country full of sentiment. If possessed by a touch of historical sentiment, the canoer can cut loose from camp and drift idly down the Fox, as the old explorers did; past Neenah, Menasha, Appleton—an old college town—Kaukauna and De Pere, to Green Bay, then put his canoe on the cars and be back ready for the races or any other sport the next morning. No better or interesting cruising grounds could be found anywhere."

The camping grounds on Lindenwald Point would have been much better had the undergrowth been cleared away at some spots along the shore. These wet thickets harbor mosquitoes, which pests made trouble for a night or so, though ordinarily a fresh evening breeze rids the camp of them. The site itself is pleasant, indeed very desirable, affording a fine view of the lake, and giving a fine position for starting sailing races, as no sweep of land cuts off the wind, the point being a long peninsula.

On this peninsula the camp is pitched along a central street, which sweeps out into a circular plaza on the bulb of the peninsula next the shore. In the center of this pleasure commons there is nightly builded the huge council fire, about which plenty pow-wow is held.

The arrangement of the tents is as follows, beginning at the big mess tent and cook house, and going toward the council ground: First, a tent of Ruckawa C. C., of Dayton, O.; next, the tent of W. H. Yardley, of Minneapolis C. C., who represents the St. Paul *Globe;* next, four large tents of the Mahn-a-wauk C. C., of Milwaukee, which has the largest showing of any organization; next, another Ruckawa tent, headquarters of Mr. O. A. Woodruff, secretary-treasurer; next, the tent of Commodore G. H. Gardner, of Cleveland C. C. This completes the line down to the council ground. Beginning again at the mess tent, and going down upon the right hand side, there come first the two tents of the Racine C. C., just beyond where space has been reserved for two tents of Traverse City (Mich.) C. C.; next beyond this Mr. A. S. Comstock, of Evanston C. C., has pitched one of his neat little Protean tents, and close thereby is the domicile of FOREST AND STREAM; beyond again is the abode of Mr. Geo. P. Mathes, of Milwaukee, representing the Chicago *Times* in Wisconsin, and the Milwaukee *Sentinel* here, also using his spare time in representing himself, for he has two boats along and is an enthusiast in the sport. Beyond on the line is the marquee of Commodore Smith, of Davenport (Ia.) C. C.; next thereto, the two large tents of Oshkosh C. C., then the small "A" tent of Grandpa Gates, of Columbus (O.) C. C.; then the tent of Kenwood C. C., of Chicago, and the big and well appointed canvas house occupied by the lively representatives of the Chicago C. C. This again brings us to the lake. There are now in place nineteen tents. Most of these are very large. Canoeists seem gregarious in their habits, here at least, and there is little camping of the solitary, individual sort which most people attribute to the craft.

There appear upon the mess tent register the following names, all present at date:

Messrs. D. H. Crane, H. Ware, Geo. M. Munger, A. W. Kitchen, J. F. Turrill, N. B. Cook, A. S. Comstock, of Chicago; Messrs Emil Hansen, Hugo Hansen, F. W. Dickens, P. B. Huntington, Richard Merrill, George P. Mathes, A. R. McLenegan, W. A. Hansen, A. P. Chapman, Jr., E. H. Holmes, Chas. Melville, J. D. McWhorter, L. H. Robinson, H. L. Atkins, Chas. Rogers, Masters Bert and Lester Atkins, W. A. Armstrong and F. W. Rockwell, of Milwaukee; Messrs. C. B. Pratt, Robert Brand, W. G. Cook, R. P. Finney, C. D. Cleveland, J. J. Cowham, W. H. Titus, F. H. De Grush, E. G. Mierswa, of Oshkosh, Wis. Messrs O. A. Woodruff and N. H. Crawford, of Dayton, O.; Mr. Thos. Kennelly, of Fremont, O.; Mr. G. H. Gardner, of Cleveland, O.; Mr. Thos. S. Gates, of Columbus, O.; Messrs. A. T. Johnson, W. J. Reynolds, A. Arthur Guilbert, Geo. A. Pease, Thos. Bishop and Capt. H. Gray, of Racine; Mr. Marcus C. Smith, of Davenport, Ia.; Mr. W. H. Yardley, of St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. J. E. Edgewright, of St. Louis, Mo.

There are at this writing 36 canoes in camp. This probably does not cover the full number to be expected, nor is the above list of names indicative of the full assembly. Friday and Saturday will probably be the biggest days. The Milwaukee fleet is quite respectable at date, including the following canoes: Lilla, F. B. Huntington; Bon Ami, H. H. Hansen; Skyver, F. W. Dickens; Oualaska, W. A. Dawson; Avis, E. J. Hansen; Ruth, Richard Merrill; Dixie, E. H. Holmes; No Name, A. W. Friese; Stevens, A. R. McLennegen; Unknown, Go Safely, George P. Mathes. Chicago will send up Messrs. Lee and Waters and perhaps others at the close of the week and possibly these will bring a boat or two along. All in all the meet is not disappointing in any of its bearings.

THE RACING.

The regular events did not begin until Tuesday, but on Monday a scrub race was pulled off for the amusement of the gentlemen on board the Milwaukee yacht Idle Hour, one of the many boats which from time to time had run into the bays near by. On board this boat were Messrs Will and John Mariner, H. B. Sanderson, George Nash, A. W. Friese and Richard Merrill. The start for the scrub race was made from the yacht and the course lay to a boat anchored about a mile out in the lake, around this and return. The starters were O. A. Woodruff, canoe Wood; Nat Cook, canoe Lotus; F. B. Huntington, canoe Lilla; F. W. Dickens, canoe Skyver; Emil Hansen, canoe Avis; A. McLaegan, canoe Safety; Hugo Hansen, canoe Bon Ami; A. W. Friese, canoe Electra. At the line the positions were Nat Cook, Huntington, Woodruff, E. Hansen, Dickens, H. Hansen, McLinegan and Friese in order given. At the turn the positions were, in order, Woodruff, E. Hansen, Huntington, Nat Cook, Dickens, H. Hansen, McLinegan and Friese. The first leg of the course was a straight run before a puffy southwest wind and the return was a beat to windward. At this latter the crew of the Wood seemed at home and won without serious doubt of it, Nat Cook and Huntington finishing next neck and neck, Emil Hansen, in his peculiar fin keel Gardner boat, Avis, coming next, after missing in his last reach and going about. The others in order were Dickens, McLinegan, Friese and Hugo Hanson.

After this little eye-opener the canoe Electra, a birch-model boat, furnished amusement to several amateurs by dumping them into the lake.

On Tuesday morning the course was established for the regular events. The starting stake was placed at a point perhaps 200yds. from the point of the peninsula, a line from this to the Commodore's tent being made the starting basis. The course is triangular, the first buoy from the line laid at a distance supposed to be half mile, though probably it is greater. The three legs of the triangle are equal, or intended to be so, and the course is twice round the triangle—about three miles. The starting is done by three guns, the first a five-minute gun, the second a one-minute gun, and the third for "go." In this work the tidy cannon presented the Association by the late Judge Longworth was used. The time-keepers sat on the high shore at the end of the peninsula, whence the entire course was easily visible. From this position of advantage the scene was very animated and beautiful as the graceful little ships went nodding and bowing by, or wheeled in graceful curves about the farther buoys.

The first event of the meet for the Gardner cup, was started at 10.20, under a stiff southwest wind.

Race No. 8, sailing, first heat, for the Gardner challenge (sailing) cup, presented to the Association by Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, July 1886. Open to all classes, no limit to ballast or rig for classes A and B; class C to be governed by the usual restrictions.

The starters were as follows: O. A. Woodruff, canoe Wood, B class; F. B. Huntington, canoe Lilla, B class; F. W. Dickens, canoe Skyver, C class; Emil Hansen, canoe Avis, B class; Hugo Hansen, canoe Bon Ami, C class; Nat Cook, canoe Lotus, C class; E. H. Holmes, canoe Dixie, B class; A. S. Comstock, canoe Bluebeard, B class.

By a clever maneuver Nat Cook made the line on a lead of 25yds., the others in order being Emil Hansen, Comstock, Dickens, Holmes, Woodruff, Huntington, H. Hansen. The first leg was a dead run before the wind and nearly all winged out early. Cook kept his neat lead, crowded by Woodruff and Holmes, till Woodruff broke his steering gear and fell out of it. At the home buoy on the first round the order was Cook, Woodruff, Holmes, Huntington, Dickens, E. Hansen, Comstock, H. Hansen dropping out. On the second round Cook led the chase, the finish being: Nat H. Cook, first, time 37m.; E. H. Holmes, second, time 39m.; F. B. Huntington, third, time 39m. 15s.

Race No. 12, sailing (passenger race); free for all classes, 3 miles.—This was a pretty and exciting event. The wind was almost a gale, and many a man from Corinth wished his hiking board was 12ft. long. The passengers weighted the B Class boats pretty well down. McLinegan and Hansen went over, and the wonder was that others did not also. The crews and passengers were as follows: G. H. Gardner and O. H. Woodruff, Nat Cook and John Turrill, F. B. Huntington and C. Cleveland, F. W. Dickens and Tom Kennelly, E. H. Holmes and Tom Bishop, A. McLinegan and Emil Hansen, Robert Brand and W. Cook. The start was at 2:47, and in the following order: Cook, Gardner, Huntington, Dickens, Holmes, McLinegan and Brand. All went off wing and wing, and Gardner collared Cook

for first place, and though the latter turned cleverly on his heel at the first buoy, Gardner forged by soon after, both boats going a clipping gait. McLinegan and Hansen went over near the first buoy and were picked up by a launch. At the second buoy both Gardner and Cook stood well out for an offing, for the home stake, and turning together, Cook went to windward and took the lead again. Rounding the home stake, Gardner winged out, and doing well at this, again collared Cook after a hard struggle up, and thence led him in. Holmes and Huntington also got in, but passenger work in the stiff wind was too much for the others. The finish was as follows: Gardner, first, time 34m. 36s.; Cook, second, time 35m. 20s.; Holmes, third, time 39m. 55s.; Huntington, fourth, time 4-m. The prize in this race was a handsome silk blanket, which Com. Gardner will henceforward wrap about his manly form of evenings.

The gale of wind increased after this race was finished, and soon a terrible rain and squall storm was upon the camp Everything was drenched, and at the time it seemed that all the tents would be torn up and the whole camp demolished. The pegs held, however, and by sunset nature seemed to have repented. Fortunately all the boats were in, and no accident occurred in consequence of the squall.

Yesterday, Wednesday, July 13, was fair and pleasant, with not enough wind to scare a ripe dandelion. The morning was well advanced when the gun sounded for the first event of the day.

Race No 9, first heat for the W. C. A. sailing trophy, which is raced for under the following rules and conditions:

1. The cup shall be known as the W. C. A. sailing trophy.

2. It shall be sailed for annually at the meet, on the fourth day of regatta week, weather permitting, or on the first fair day thereafter.

3 The race is open to all Class A and B canoes: no limit set for ballast or rig.

4. Only active members of the W. C. A. in good standing can enter.

5. At least five canoes must start to make a race.

6 The course to be triangular, distance not less than six miles (see Rule XXV )

7. The cup can be held by the winner, who must give bonds for its safe return, for one year. when it is to be returned to the regatta committee in good order, to be raced for again.

8. The winner of the Gardner cup will not be allowed to enter for the trophy, nor will the winner of the trophy be allowed to sail for the Gardner cup at any one meet. Note.—Both conditions are recorded, as it is impossible to state beforehand which race will be called first.

9. These rules can be changed or amended, if it is thought advisable by the regatta committee, at any annual meet, by a vote of two-thirds (⅔) of the members present.

There were five starters out of the entry, all B class boats: O. A. Woodruff, canoe Wood, Ruckawa C. C., Davton, O.; F. B. Huntington, canoe Lilla, Mahn-a-wauk C. C., Milwaukee; Emil Hansen, canoe Avis, Mahn-a-wauk C. C., Milwaukee; N. B. Cook, canoe Carrier Pigeon, Kenwood C. C., Chicago; E. H. Holmes, canoe Dixie, Mahn-a-wauk C. C., Milwaukee. At the gun these started for the line at 10:30, under a mere breath of a breeze from the north, getting off in the following order: Huntington, N. B. Cook, Woodruff, E. Hansen, Holmes. All hauled close and it was a pretty test of the boats for the first leg. Half way over Cook led, Holmes still further to windward, Woodruff away to leeward. Cook came about first at the buoy in 10½m., and taking the wind abeam, fairly flew for the second leg, leaving the others out of it. Mr. Cook is the designer of his boat, the famous Carrier Pigeon, for light work a hard one to beat. He has started four times in this event and every time has capsized, being unable to hold her down. To-day was his sort of a day, and the Pigeon showed only her heels to the rest. He even had in 160lbs. of ballast as it was. Holmes reached for the buoy but could not make it, he and Hansen going about together. Time at the first turn: Cook 10.30, Holmes 12.50, Hansen 13. Huntington 13.40. Woodruff 14.43.

At the second turn Cook was increasing his lead. Time: Cook 16.20, Holmes 19.15, Hansen 19 25, Huntington 20 20, Woodruff 21.10. The boats now winged out, came down running nearly free.

At the home buoy, end of the first round, Hansen was a little brush between Wood and Dixie. Woodruff blanketed Huntington, and they came down stem and stem in a slow struggle for the turn, Woodruff drawing by a half length. Time at the 1½ mile: Cook 24.42, Holmes 28.25. Hansen 29.13. Woodruff 31.35, Huntington 31.40.

On the leg for the 2-mile stake the wind hauled a little, and Cook could not point up so close. Woodruff now showed what he could do when he wanted to, and laid up closer than anybody, though he did not reach the stake. Dixie now had a bout with the odd fin-keel boat, but Hansen laid the latter about in advance of Dixie. Time 2 miles: Cook 36m. 55s., Hansen 40m , Holmes 40m. 05s., Woodruff 43m. 35s., Huntington 45m. 35s.

Cook seemed not in the least concerned about this race, and bettered himself when he liked. Time, 2½ miles: Cook 4 m. 22s , Hansen 44m. 40s., Holmes 44m. 50s., Woodruff 48m. 20s., Huntington 50m. 20s.

At the finish, Hansen bettered his lead for second over Holmes by several lengths, and this made all the contest that there was. Time record, 3 miles, W. B. Cook, first, 47m. 20s.; Emil Hansen, second, 50m. 05.; E. H. Holmes, 50m. 30s.; O. A. Woodruff, 55m. 06s.; F. B. Huntington, 57m.

After the above the wind freshened a little, and the next event was sailed before luncheon.

The start of the second heat for the Gardner cup was at 12:05. Emil Hansen got off first, Nat Cook second. Holmes and Woodruff fouled and had hard to clear. The others went off bunched. Nat Cook kept close to windward, Dickens following far out to leeward. Emil Hansen, in his flunan hadofe boat, nailed Nat for first place as they went about for the buoy, but fell out of it. Time at the one-half mile: Nat Cook 11.51, Huntington 12.15, Emil Hanser 12.37, Woodruff 13m. Dickens, Holmes, Oshkosh, Cook and Hugo Hansen turned the buoy in order.

At the mile buoy matters had freshened up a bit, and the time was: Nat Cook 17.15, Huntington 17.17, Emil Hansen 17.38, Woodruff 17.55. Holmes, Dickens, Oshkosh and Cook passed next in order. Hugo Hansen was still working patiently for the half-mile buoy. Comstock's Bluebeard had damaged her rudder, and he pulled out of it on the second leg.

At the one and one-half mile turn the time was: Nat Cook 22.10, Huntington 22.32, Emil Hansen 22.35, Woodruff 23; the others holding their former relative positions.

For the 2-miles buoy the fleet scattered badly. Cook and Woodruff both went about on a pretty brush for place at the turn. Woodruff not making it Cook and E. Hansen both drew by, Hansen having now shaken Huntington off. Hugo Hansen now left the course, and brought his diminutive dandy sail back to dock. Emil Hansen and Nat Cook now showed together in the lead, and there was great Milwaukee enthusiasm as Emil drew up and both boats went around together. Time, Nat. Cook and E. Hansen 35.02, Woodruff 35.40, Huntington 35.50.

Wind abeam on the next leg, Emil with the fin gained four lengths on Nat, and the turn was as follows: E. Hansen 39.50, Nat. Cook 39 57, Woodruff 40.32, Huntington 40.34.

On the run in for the home stake there was a lovely finish between E. Hansen, Nat. Cook, Woodruff and Huntington, the boats much of the time being only a couple of lengths apart. Hansen, however, jealously maintained his advantage and won the heat Record time, Emil Hansen, first, 45.34, Nat Cook, second, 45.35. Woodruff 45.55, Huntington 46.30; Holmes and Dickens followed later.

After luncheon two lively little paddling races took place, which furnished a great deal of amusement to the large crowd of spectators which had assembled.

Race No. 5—All canoes to upset at gun, and then to cross line, Entries: Emil and Hugo Hansen, O. A. Woodruff, Nat Cook, F. B. Huntington, F. W. Dickens. This race was won by Woodruff, Nat Cook second.

Race No. 6, Hurry Scurry—To dive from stand, swim 40yds., get aboard canoe and paddle 100yds. Same entry as in No. 5, except Huntington. Nat Cook was first aboard, Woodruff next. Woodruff had the shorter course, and there is grave suspicion he could have won even by greater margin than he did. Woodruff first, Nat Cook second. There will be suitable prizes determined later for first and second in both these events.

Racing will be continued throughout this week, and the camp will last through next week. All of which will duly appear in the following issue. E. Hough.

## Toronto C. C., July 9.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

THE annual regatta of the Toronto C. C. was held on Saturday afternoon, July 9, at Hanlan's Point, the first race being called shortly after 3 o'clock. The weather was perfect, a clear bright day, with a fresh southwest breeze, just sufficient to keep it from being uncomfortably warm The regatta committee and officers of the day deserve great credit for the excellent arrangemen s made for the accommodation of visitors and the way in which the races were put through.

The usual experience of spectators of aquatic sports is a succession of long waits and short excitements, but the several thousand who lined the shore floated about in canoes or boats or were lucky enough to have tickets for the grand stand witnessed the list of ten events promptly disposed of in two and one half hours.

The course was boomed on both sides for 200yds. at the starting point, thus giving the contestants all a good show. The officers of the day were: Com. G. R. Baker, referee; George Wilkie, judge; A. Shaw, starter; Fred Woodland, clerk of course.

On account of the lack of entries for decked paddling, a stern chase was substituted, which was won by E. R. Rolph, with A. E. Bell second and R. B. Elgie third.

No. 2. The International Trophy Race was the event of the day; the entries being: M. F. Johnston and H. R Tilley, Toronto C. C.; R. G. Muntz and J. F. Smellie, Argonaut R. C and J. H. Carnegie, Toronto C. C. When the starter arrived at the starting flags he found the quintette waiting patiently for him, each one conscious that a struggle was waiting for him. The wind seemed to freshen a little and it looked as if Johnston and Tilley, who paddle in the standing up position, would have it a little harder on that account.

The draw for position gave Carnegie the inside course, next Johnston; Smellie, Muntz and Carnegie used canoes lightly decked with oiled silk and paddled in the one knee position. Smellie had a comfortable wad of cushions and sat with both feet forward in a lean looking canoe.

The start ing was easy, a few words of direction and a pistol shot set the five at work; gradually Carnegie and Muntz and Smellie forged ahead leaving Johnston and Tilley slightly behind, the former steering badly and the latter shipping water at every dip. At half way Muntz took the lead, but so little advantage had he that he could not afford to let up till almost home, when he allowed Carnegie to close up to about three lengths with the same space back to Smellie. On account of the wind Johnston was driven out of his course considerably, while Tilley filled and a friendly skiff picked him up.

It was expected that the mile would be made in 9m. but the watches showed 10¼; this may be accounted for from the fact that it was necessary to paddle twice on one side and all drifted off the course slightly. The course was staked out on the ice last winter and is guaranteed and therefore perhaps differs from records on "estimated miles."

The result proves beyond doubt that Muntz is one of the fastest paddlers in the world and is justly entitled to the honors he holds as champion paddler of the A. C. A. and first winner of the T. C. C international paddling trophy. Undoubtedly his position in a canoe is the fastest, and that the standing positions of Johnston and Tilley should be discarded, as it has been abundantly proved that it is not the thing for a fast race. As for Carnegie and Smellie, they are worthy opponents, who will make the work for the winner a deal harder next year. Mr. Muntz will hold the cup until the next regatta when he returns it to the Toronto C. C. He is also the recipient of a handsome gold medal presented by Mr. W. G. Ellis.

No. 3. Junior singles was won by E. R. Rolph, who defeated A. E. Bell by 2ft., the pair being three length ahead of H. Ford, R. Sweny, R. Y. Douglas and R. B. Elgie, finishing in order named.

No. 4. Senior Singles.—J. H. Carnegie won easily by two lengths over M. F. Johnston, who steered a very erratic course.

No. 5. Fours.—A very close race to turning buoy, when the crew, consisting of R. B. Elgie, R. Y. Douglas and A. M. Rice won by a length from T. D. Ellis, E. R. Rolph, H. Ford and A. E. Bell, with M. S. Johnson, H. R. Tilley, J. C. Iredale and Jas. Wallace a few lengths behind.

No. 6. Gunwale Race.—M. F. Johnston won. R. Sweny second, R. B. Elgie third. H. R. Tiley overbalanced himself and had to give up.

No. 7. Handicap Tandems.—Seven crews lined up for this and got well started, all reaching the turning buoy together. when Bell and Rolph forged ahead, winning by two lengths, with Sweny and Rice. Douglas and Ford, Tilley and Musson, Johnston and Wiley, Elgie and Hill, Griffin and Vanston finishing in the order named, making a very exciting race, they being bunched at the finish.

No. 8 Tandem Hurry Scurry.—The competitors had to swim 50yds. to canoe anchored and paddle across the line. The Elgie brothers, who are expert swimmers, were the first to reach their canoes. but lost time getting in. Johnston and Ellis were first home, Rice and Sweny second.

No. 9. Tandem Upset.—Johnston and Tilley won handily, the former's ability being simply astonishing. After starting another gun warned them to upset The water was shaken out of the canoes, and climbing in they paddled across the line. Sweny and Ellis second, the other crews retired.

No. 10. Tug of war—which was a complete surprise. The lightweights succeeded in holding more than their own until the others swamped. Wingers: Bell, Rolph, Wallace and Sweny, defeating Johnston, Milley, Douglas and Elgie.

## Red Dragon C. C. Regatta and Camp-fire.

THE Red Dragon C. C. held its annual regatta on June 25, and never in the history of the club has there been a more successful and eventful day. Everything was favorable: perfect weather, a nice breeze from S. W. springing up with the flood tide and continuing until the termination of the sailing race.

The course was around a triangle approximately 1½ miles, twice around for sailing canoes and once around for canvas canoes and St. Lawrence skiffs The boats were all started together, making a very pleasing sight. They were well bunched together and crossed the line in the following order: Kie Loe, Enid, Pollywog, Kid, Ratz, Bubble, Osceola, Sugar Loaf, Nassau, Picnic and Olga. Osceola capsized about 200yds. from the starting point. In rounding the first buoy on the jibe Ratz, Bubble and Nassau upset, With no other mishaps they finished in the following order, with time of winners:

SAILING CANOES.

| | Start. | Finish. |
|---|---|---|
| Kie Loe, F. W. Noyes, R. D. C. C | 3 35 30 | 4 18 00 |
| Pollywog, R. B Fleischman, R. D. C. C | 3 36 00 | 4 17 00 |
| Enid, E. S Fenimore, R. D. C. C | 3 35 30 | 4 22 00 |
| Kid, W. P. Rickey, Jr., P. I. C. A | 3 36 30 | 4 25 00 |
| Ratz, E Booze, P. I. C. A | 3 36 00 | Upset. |
| Bubble, F Zeigler, P. I. C. A | 3 36 00 | Upset. |
| Osceola, D. MacCormick, R. D. C. C | 3 37 00 | Upset. |

ST. LAWRENCE SKIFFS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Picnic, W. F. Norgrave, R. D. C. C | 3 40 00 | 4 26 00 |
| Olga, H. Blumner, R. D. C. C | 3 40 00 | 4 30 60 |

CANVAS CANOES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sugar Loaf, W. Gray, R. D. C. C | 3 36 30 | 4 10 00 |
| Nassau, S. Wilson, R. D. C. C | 3 38 30 | Upset. |

In the single paddling race there were four starters: Ratz, E. D. Anderson, P. I. C. A.; Mochdronus, N. P. Rickey, Jr., P. I. C. A.; Kie Loe, M. D. Wilt Miquinonus C. C.; Enid, F. O. Gross, R. D. C. C. The start was made at 5:10¼, finishing in the order named above, the first 5:14, the second 5:14¼.

In the tandem paddling three canoes started: Mochdronus, E. D. Anderson and N. P. Rickey, Jr.; Enid, H. Fleischman, Q. C. B. C., and F. O. Gross, R. D. C. C.; Ratz, Robert Lucas and J. Rickey, P. I. C. A. They started with a bound, all taking the water at the same time. Enid had a little the advantage of the tide, having the outer course, and soon had the lead of about three-quarters of a length over Mochdronus, which she maintained until about 100ft. from the finish, when both crews spurted, Mochdronus gaining until almost at the finish, when she fouled Enid. The latter's crew ceased paddling, fearing a crash. However, Enid passed the line a few inches in advance of Mochdronus. Ratz was about three lengths behind the leaders.

There was only one entry in the upset paddling, F. W. Noyes with Enid paddled and upset over the course, giving a scientific exhibition of upsetting and righting a canoe while remaining in the cockpit.

As it was late in the evening and the wind had died out, it was decided to declare off the novice race.

The gentlemen then repaired to the club house, where lunch was spread and the inner man provided for. The corn cobs were lighted and songs indulged in. As the evening shades darkened the surroundings, Chinese lanterns suspended from the club house and trees, and the blazing camp fire on the beach, with occasional flashes of red lights, made scenes which will be long remembered by the 100 guests and members of the club.

Mr. Rothrey, in a humorous and apologetic speech, referring all his shortcomings to the effect of the influence over him of his friend Mr. W. H. Baker, presented the prizes to the winners.

First prize in sailing race, a silver smoking set, four pieces; second, a canoe lantern; third, a paper knife.

First prize canvas canoes, silver mug.

First prize St. Lawrence skiffs, silver mug.

First prize single paddling, silver cup; second, canoe ax.

First prize tandem paddling, each a silver goblet; second, each a can of spar varnish.

First prize in upset paddling, silver cup.

The members of the club extend their hearty thanks to the Park Island Canoeing Association for the large representation they sent and for the interest they manifested in making the regatta a success.

F. O. G.

*Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneak-box. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery By "Seneca." Price $1.*

I'm a shaky old-fashioned man,
With white locks on my poll;
And my ancient flash-in-the-pan
Flint-lock hangs on the wall.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

JULY.

22. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Monatiquot, 1st Cham., Ft. Pt.
23. Corinthian, Marblehead.
23. Hull Cor., Hull.
23. Sippican, Club, Marion.
23. Cherry Diamond, Aun., Larchmont.
23. St. Lawrence, Montreal.
23. White Bear Lake, Club Trophy, White Bear Lake.
25. Rhode Island, Cup.
26. Roy. Ham., L. Y. R. A., Hamilton
27. Royal Can., L. Y. R. A., Toronto
28. Queen City, L. Y. R. A., Toronto
28. Eastern, 21ft. Class, Marbleh'd
28. Quincy, Ladies' Day, Quincy Mass.
29. Beverly, 30ft. Class and under, Marblehead.
30. Hull, Classes 3, 4, 5, Hull.
30. Dorchester, Ladies' Day, Dorchest-r.
30. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.
30. Corinthian, Marblehead.
30. Savin Hill, 3d Cham.
30. Mos Fleet, Open, Boston.
30. Beverly, Monument Beach
30. Buffalo, Cruising, Sweeps.
30. Roy. N.S., Wenonah Cup, Hal.

AUGUST.

2. New York Cruise.
3. Hull, Open. Hull.
5. Winthrop, Moonlight Sail.
5. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
5. Goelet Cups, Newport.
6. Douglaston, Ladies' Day, Little Neck Bay.
6. Sippican, 2d Open Sw., Marion
6 Cape Cod, Town Cove.
6. Corinthian, Marblehead.
6. Hull, Classes 1, 2, Hull.
6. Roy. N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Hal.
8. Royal Nova Scotia, Halifax.
8. Buffalo, Annual Cruise.
9. Miramichi, Stewart Pen., Black Brook.
9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, Communipaw.
10. Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.
11. Rochester, Ladies' Day.
13. Dorchester, Dorchester.
13. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Ft. Pt.
13. Chelsea.
13. Savin Hill, Second Cup.
13. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
13 Winthrop, Ladies' Day.
13. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
13. Quincy, Invitation Race, Quincy, Mass.
13. Seawannaka, House and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
13. White Bear Lake, Club Trophy, White Bear Lake.
15. Cor. of N. Y., 46ft. sweeps, Newport.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day.
15. Dorchester, 3d Cham., Dorchester.
16. Winthr p. Cash, Winthrop.
17. Hull, Ladies' Day, Hull
19. Winthrop, 3d and 4th Classes, Winthrop.
20. Roy. N.S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
20. Corinthian, Marblehead
20. Beverly, Monument Beach.
20. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull.
20. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
20. Miramichi, Triang., Chatham.
20. St. Lawrence, Montreal.
21. Winthrop, Cruise.
21. Audubon, Cruise to Fishing Banks.
22. Rhode Island, Open.
25. Fall River, Open, Fall River.
25. Rochester, Club Regatta.
26. Quincy, 3d Cham., Quincy, Mass.
27. Hull, Cup Race, Hull.
27. Dorchester, Open Cup, Dorchester.
27. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
27. Savin Hill, Sail Off.
27. Mos. Fleet, Cham, Boston.
27. Winthrop, 2d Class Cham., Winthrop.
27. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
27. Sippican, Open, Marion.
27. Roy. N S, Lord Alex. Russell Cup, Halifax.

IN view of the unprecedented terms of the "dimension" clause," and the exacting nature of its demands, it is but natural that it should have become the central point of the argument from the time of the first publication of the new deed of gift; but the fact must not be overlooked that the objections extend much further than to this clause alone, and its "waiving," or even its complete abrogation, would not remove them. The real points at issue are two; first, and most important, the rights of all yacht clubs as beneficiaries under the terms of the original trust, to challenge for the America Cup; second, the specific conditions which shall govern the races. The importance which the dimension clause has assumed is due not only to its unfair and impracticable demands, but chiefly to the fact that it is the principal one of several limitations specially designed to restrict the free right of challenge originally bestowed on "all organized yacht clubs." The practical operation of this clause is to place the challenger in the position of a petitioner to the New York Y. C. asking humbly that he may be allowed the privilege of competing for the Cup on such terms as may graciously be granted him.

In all other challenges, not alone in yachting but in all sports, the two parties meet on an equal footing to agree upon terms, the challenger being the peer of the defender. In the case of the America Cup, however, the challenger must build, or at least begin the construction of his yacht, a year prior to the race, complying carefully with certain limits; he must then furnish to his opponents full information as to the yacht, and after they at their leisure have fully digested it, he will be permitted to know whether his challenge has been accepted and what "generous concessions" have been bestowed upon him, though he is still left in utter ignorance of the craft that will be pitted against him.

While the dimension clause plays an important part in bringing about this sort of "mutual agreement," it is not the only factor, and its abrogation would by no means remove the objections to the new deed. A critical comparison of that document with the true deed of gift will show this important difference, that while the deed of 1857 treats the challengers as the equals of the holders, specifying a "mutual consent" as the first steps toward a race, and imposing arbitrary conditions only in the event of a failure to agree; the deed of 1887 places the holders—practically the New York Yacht Club, so long as races are sailed under this deed—in a position far above the challenger; and imposes on the latter from the first moment a series of conditions such as have never before been known in the history of yachting.

In order to form a fair judgment on the whole question it is necessary to bear in mind the difference we have pointed out between the two classes of conditions. Just now, as in the offer recently made to Lord Dunraven, the New York Y. C. is ready to make a race on perfectly fair terms so far as matters of measurement, time allowances, courses, number of races and similar details are concerned: without inquiring whether this is due to an innate spirit of fair play, or to the pressure of public opinion since 1887, the simple fact may be accepted as correct. In regard, however, to the absolute right of all clubs to challenge, the New York Y. C. stands by the letter and especially the spirit of the new deed, in denying the right of a challenging club to meet it as an equal in the discussion of terms which shall be mutually agreeable to both parties. In this the club is at east consistent, having taken the position in 1870, on the receipt of the first challenge for the cup, and stood by it in 1871, in 1876, and notably in the case of the Royal Clyde challenge in 1886.

If the America Cup is to be restored to its old position of the premier yachting trophy of the world, it must be through no mutilated or patched-up version of the new deed, but through the re-establishment of the rights of all organized yacht clubs to challenge freely as the equals of the holders. If this right is restored by the present holders, there will be no objection on the part of any foreign club to such provisions in addition as may be necessary to secure fair and open courses and the rights of centerboard vessels.

FROM the first discussion of the new deed in 1887, its apologists have displayed much more valor than discretion, and have entirely failed to appreciate the very delicate nature of the task assumed by them. Forgetting all about stones and glass houses, they have repeatedly made open charges of dishonesty and unfair dealing against the Royal Clyde Y. C. in connection with Thistle's length, as though all unfair dealing in international racing had been confined to one party alone. They have urged as a reason for the 90ft. limit that a British club *might* be guilty of such an unfair act as the changing of a measurement rule after it, as holder of the cup, had received a challenge; an insinuation which very naturally suggests the delicate

question whether the New York Y. C. ever *has* done such a thing. In the same heedless manner they have brought up another subject which will not stand a strict scrutiny, in the recent attempts to belittle the number and character of their opponents.

Their statements that all opposition to the new deed is confined to a few malcontents who in no way represent the New York Y. C. naturally suggests the question of how fully does the new deed represent the real sentiment of this large club. The new deed was the work of less than a dozen men; the whole matter of returning the cup to Mr. Schuyler and accepting it back was arranged by a small and select party; it was nominally submitted to the club at a special meeting, at which few members and still fewer voters were present; and the actual work of drafting the new deed was done a little later by a committee of six, aided by the club secretary. Only the minutes of the meeting of Oct. 4 will show the exact number present and voting, but it is not likely that over 15 members, out of a total of some 700, actually voted on the question of returning and re-accepting the cup.

So far as the club at large is concerned, all knowledge of the terms of the new deed was kept from the members until long after the document had been finally adopted; and the yacht owners of the New York Y. C., the voting members, have never yet had an opportunity to vote on the acceptance or rejection of the work done in their name by a paternal board of officers. As the new deed stands it represents the ideas of about a dozen men out of a club of 700 to 800, many, if not a majority, of the larger number condemning it openly.

## The America Cup.

A STRONG effort is being made by the supporters of the new deed of gift and by several newspapers, the Boston *Herald* and New York *Recorder* in particular, to ridicule and belittle the growing opposition, as the work of a few malcontents whose sympathies are entirely English. So far from this being the case, those most interested in the matter—and there are too many of them, both within and without the club, to be hindered by such misrepresentation—are one and all American yachtsmen who feel that the national reputation has been seriously compromised in the blundering effort to retain at any cost the possession of a piece of silver whose whole value disappears the instant that any suspicion of unfairness attaches to the conditions under which it is held. It has taken nearly five years for the general yachting public and press to see the question in a fair and unprejudiced light, looking at its technical points rather than at the political ones, but that the subject is pretty well understood is proved by the current talk among yachtsmen, and by such extracts as the following from various American papers.

The New York *Times* of July 10 handled the matter in a very able editorial, too long for us to reprint in full. Speaking of the new deed it said: "It seems a pity that this matter has to be discussed anew, for all unprejudiced persons are bound to see that the small and obstinate element in the New York Y. C. which insists on the preservation of the clause as it stands in the deed of Oct 28, 1887, is an obstacle in the way of international sport. This element is fond of proclaiming its belief that, because all the donors of the famous cup have passed over to the majority, the club must not venture to tamper with the wishes of the last of them, Mr. George L. Schuyler, which are embodied in the present deed.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"As for the deference which must, according to certain luminaries in the New York Y. C., be paid to the wishes of Mr. Schuyler, a few words may be said. It is implying that he, who was one of the most thoroughly sportsmanlike yachtsmen that ever trod a quarterdeck, was lacking in every instinct that goes toward the encouragement of sport to insinuate that he deliberately constructed the new deed of gift with the purpose of putting an end to international yachting. If he did not do it for that purpose, then the club has a right to treat that deed as Mr. Schuyler would treat it were he alive; and it is beyond doubt that were he alive he would rather modify the dimension clause than see the death of the America's Cup contests.

"But if the club thinks that Mr. Schuyler's deed must be respected because he is dead, it takes a still more untenable ground, for all the other donors of the Cup are quite as dead as the gentleman just named, and there were more of them than of him. It is not from any disposition to treat this matter with levity, but with a wish to show the utter absurdity of the position of our yachtsmen that the facts are thus treated. If respect for the dead is to be an element in governing the action of the New York Y. C., it should go back to the original deed and obey the wishes of the majority."

The *Tribune* comments as follows: "It is strange if the New York Y. C., with the challenge for the America's Cup knocking at its doors, does not recede from the obstinate position which it has assumed and maintained in the face of the yachting sentiment of the civilized world. It seems as if the club must finally pay attention to and act in accordance with such strong public sentiment, which never yet existed without finally fulfilling the end for which it was striving. Waiving for a moment every other consideration it must be admitted that the deed of gift by which the America's Cup, the symbol of the yachting sovereignty of the world, is held, should be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. With the exception of a few men in the New York Y. C., who unfortunately, from their social standing, their reputation as yachtsmen and gentlemen, are able to draw after them a following which forms a wall of adamant, against which the great waves of popular sentiment have so far beaten in vain, and of two or three men in the Eastern Y. C., the whole yachting world and every man who has a sportsman's instinct and a love of fair play, whether he be a yacht man or not, is opposed to the present deed of gift. The challenge, which all Americans want, which would do so much for yachting, is already here, and it only remains for those few people, who have so far successfully opposed their wishes to the wishes of the great majority of people, to remove their opposition and we shall see again one of those great international yacht races which have done so much in the past, and, is is to be hoped, will do so much in the future, to improve the type of yachts, to increase the maritime spirit of the world, and to foster among nations a generous rivalry in matters pertaining to the sea and to the noble sport of yachting."

As showing how general the feeling in favor of strict fair play is among all classes, we quote the following extracts from various local papers which usually interest themselves very little in yachting:

"English yachtsmen, it is reported, have challenged the New York Y. C. to sail another race for the America's Cup provided the deed of gift is amended to meet with the approval of the Britishers. The deed should be amended and another international race should be run. We have beaten the English yachtsmen in every race since the America won the Cup, and with Yankee ingenuity to design the racers, the best workmen in the world to build and rig them and American sailors to run them, there is no reason why we cannot keep that Cup this side of the Atlantic."—*Chronicle, Pottsville, Pa., July 9.*

"It looks as though next year would witness another of those exciting yacht contests for the America's Cup which stirred patriotic America to her utmost depths in the seasons of 1885, '86 and '87. Since the latter date such races have been practically impossible because of the almost prohibitive terms of the present deed of gift under which the New York Y. C. holds the famous Queen's Cup captured of the English yachtsmen by the American yacht America at Cowes, on Aug. 22, 1851. The Cup was given by the owners of the America, J. C. Stevens, E. A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. B. Finley and George Schuyler, to the New York Y. C., to remain forever a perpetual challenge to international competition. The original conditions required of would-be contestants were very simple. The New York club accepted the cup on those terms and became the custodian of it. In 1882 the club, desiring more stringent conditions with respect to foreign competition, returned the cup to Mr. Schuyler, the only survivor of the original givers, and he returned it with a new deed of trust imposing the desired conditions. Under those provisions the races of the three years mentioned were sailed. The Englishmen were defeated on each occasion, yet after the Volunteer-Thistle race of 1887 was sailed, the New York Y. C. secured a new deed of gift in the same manner as before. This time the conditions were made practically prohibitive. A large number of American yachtsmen objected to this as manifestly unfair, and it is maintained that Mr. Schuyler had no power to receive the Cup and return it with a new deed of trust. It is announced that a challenge has been sent by an Englishman for a race for the Cup on condition that the restrictions be modified. This, it is believed, will be done, and that next season there will be another series of races off Sandy Hook seems probable. In view of the work done by the American yachts in all former races for the cup, there seems to be no good reason why the New Yorkers should be backward about letting the Englishmen try again. They certainly ought not to resort to unfair and unsportsmanlike means to prevent the old world yachtsmen from winning back the cup they lost forty one years ago."—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel, July 7.*

"Since 1887, when America beat the English contestants for the America Cup, yachting as a sport of general public interest has declined steadily. Recent contests in New York's lower bay have been failures, and the annual race of the New York Y. C. attracted little attention.

"Another international regatta would no doubt revive interest in one of the cleanest and fairest of sports, but the English show no disposition to enter upon another contest. For this the New York Y. C. is responsible. * * *

"Many yachtsmen, including a strong minority in the New York Club itself, acknowledge the injustice of the conditions, but a majority of the yacht owners stand by it. Therefore, the Cup is held in this country, not by reason of superiority, but because the terms by which it is held are unfair. No contestant in any trial of skill or ingenuity should be forced to confess his strong and weak points to his adversary before the contest. Every American must blush to think that an organization representing, in a sense, the nation, should seek to retain by unfair means an advantage fairly and honestly won. It would be better to lose the Cup than to retain it on such terms."—*Albany Evening Journal, July 15.*

The Boston *Globe* of July 27 has a very conservative and impartial statement of the case, in which the matter of waiving the dimension clause is presented with more emphasis than it deserves in an interview with an anonymous defender of the new deed, but the article as a whole is very fair.

The *Field* comments as follows: "The annual announcements that a challenge has been received by the New York Y. C. for the America Cup have commenced rather early this season, and the one made this week on the subject is shrouded in more than its usual quaintness. The statement that the New York Y. C. will not consider the challenge until it has the opportunity to eliminate the objectionable dimensions clause from the 'New Deed of Gift' shows a superb sense of magnaminity, if true; but we are inclined to think that somebody is poking fun at the New York Y. C. At any rate, there is not the slightest foundation for the statement that the Earl of Dunraven is the challenger, and we very much question whether any British yacht club could be found which would venture to back a challenge under existing conditions."

## Vessels and Drawbridges.

THE following decision, for which we are indebted to the *American Shipbuilder*, will be of interest to all yachtsmen who are unfortunate enough to cruise in the vicinity of drawbridges, especially the yachtsmen of Newark Bay.

We have had little personal experience of the bridge in question within the past two years, but from a long experience prior to that time we can bear testimony to the difficulty of the passage, especially for a small yacht, owing to the strong tides, the cross currents and the breaking of the wind by the bridge itself, and also the total disregard by the bridge tenders of all rights of small craft. The suggestion below, of a signal by which a sailing vessel might know whether to stand off or to come for the draw, is a most valuable one. No signal is now given, and when the draw is swung open the vessel is expected to be ready to go through at once, although it is impossible for her to lie near at hand while waiting. We have a lively recollection of one occasion on which, after waiting half an hour for the draw to open, we were greeted with a round of profanity from the bridge hands because of the necessary delay in beating up.

BROWN, J.—On Nov. 15, 1891, at about 5:30 A. M., the scow Senate, towed with a cargo of about 160 tons of brick, while proceeding up Newark Bay in tow on a hawser from the tug Winnie bound for Newark, in going through the westerly passage of the draw of the Central Railroad bridge, came in contact with the chamfered end of the central abutment. The bow of the scow was square on deck, but sloping beneath. In the contact with the pier a plank from its side was thrust through the bow of the boat below the waterline about a foot inside of the sloping corner beam, which caused a leak, from which she sank soon after passing through the draw.

The libellants claim that this collision was not through any negligence of the tug, but through the negligence of the defendants in not opening the draw when signaled by the tug, and in compelling her to wait for a freight train, without giving her any answering signal to show their intention, thereby embarrassing her in the handling of her tow, that through the cross set of the tide, collision resulted without any fault on the part of the libellants. The evidence leaves no doubt that as respects the management of the tug, the signal given, and the trains passing, the account of the libellants is more accurate than that of the respondents. The defendants' evidence with regard to the passing of the trains will illustrate how little reliance can be placed on the general recollection of persons in regard to ordinary occurrences under their immediate observation when their memory is not charged with the matter at the time. Several witnesses from the bridge testified most positively that no train went past within a couple of hours before the tug and tow went through, and that there was no detention or delay, whereas it subsequently appeared by incontrovertible evidence that at least three trains had passed within an hour, and one of them at about the same time the tug captain stated. The undoubted facts, therefore, are that the tug, pursuing the usual course to go through the westerly passage of the draw, gave the usual signal of three whistles when about half a mile distant. No answering signal being received the tug, after running 400 or 500ft., gave a second signal, and after that saw a freight train coming from Singer's factory to the westward about two miles off. The tug then stopped and drifted till the train had passed, when a third signal of three whistles was given, and afterwards three more, after which the draw was seen to be turning off; whereupon the tug started up full speed in order to pass her tow properly into shape for going into the passage; but then in consequence of the waiting and drifting meantime and of the set of the tide, the starboard corner of the scow struck with a heavy blow the sloping corner of the pier, some two or three feet from the angle, with the result above stated.

It is not the practice in the management of that draw to give any answering signals to vessels desiring to go through. In the day time vessels in passing are required to wait until they see the draw beginning to open; in the night time a red light is exhibited when the draw is closed, and a green light when it is off; and vessels do not know whether the draw is opening or not until the green light is seen.

With a freight train two miles distant and a tug on a hawser coming up with the tide not over 1,500 or 2,000ft. away, the refusal to open the draw in order to give a preference to so distant a train, was an unreasonable and unjustifiable obstruction of the tug and tow. Its unreasonableness was increased by the omission to give any signal, which left the tug in uncertainty what to do or what to expect. The practice of the bridge to give no answering signals, is one little to be commended and is liable often to place the bridge in the wrong. The draw is worked by steam, and answering signals, such as are given upon other bridges, could be given without difficulty. True, signals are not made a statutory duty. But the real necessity of such signals is manifest, particularly where there is a cross set of the tide, because without them it is impossible for the approaching vessel to know with any certainty whether she can safely continue on towards the draw, or whether she must stop and manœuvre for delay. The embarrassment to a tug encumbered with a tow upon a hawser is still greater, and it is so evident, that I have no hesitation in holding that the omission either to open the draw when the tug is at a reasonable distance, or to give prompt notice by some practicable answering signal if the draw cannot then be opened, is negligence and misconduct; because it violates the rule that is obligatory upon all persons charged with duties concerning navigation, to use all reasonable and practicable means of avoiding collision and the attendant losses of life or property. Edgerton vs. the Mayor 27 Fed. 230. The defendants neglected this duty in the present case; that was the efficient cause of the accident, and I do not find any lack of reasonable skill and diligence on the part of the tug.

Decree for the libellants, with costs, with an order of reference to compute the damages, if not agreed upon.

Robinson, Bright, Biddle and Ward for the libellants; De Forrest and Weeks for the respondents.

## Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE following are the official times of the two races thus far sailed for the Rouse and Wetmore cups, at Oyster Bay. The next race will be on Aug. 13.

*June* 25.—One gun start; preparatory 12, start 12:05:

| | Start | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pyxie | 12 05 00 | 5 31 00 | 5 26 00 | 5 26 00 |
| Nameless | 12 05 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Indolent | 12 05 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Mirth | 12 05 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Meteor | 12 05 00 | 5 29 00 | 5 24 00 | 5 25 50 |

*July* 9.—One gun start; preparatory 1:50, start 1:55:

| | Center | Lloyd's | Bell | Buoy. | Center | Lloyd's | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Island. | Point. | Buoy. | Island. | Point. | Finish. | Elapsed | | |
| Nameless | 2 08 31 | 2 38 07 | 3 42 40 | 3 56 20 | 4 25 36 | 5 02 05 | 3 07 05 | | |
| El Chico | 2 08 10 | 2 40 35 | 3 44 44 | 3 57 56 | 4 28 27 | 5 08 00 | 3 13 00 | | |
| Trinket | 2 10 56 | 2 41 49 | 3 50 25 | 4 03 30 | 4 33 30 | 5 15 30 | 3 20 30 | | |
| Nadjy | 2 08 54 | 2 35 09 | 3 38 30 | 3 51 35 | 4 19 45 | 5 01 10 | 3 06 10 | | |
| Meteor | 2 09 30 | 2 38 17 | 3 43 30 | Withdrew. | | | | | |
| Dodo | 2 08 48 | 2 39 50 | 3 41 30 | 3 55 30 | 4 25 25 | 5 04 41 | 3 09 41 | | |
| Pyxie | 2 08 30 | 2 34 42 | 3 35 28 | 3 49 11 | 4 19 36 | 4 56 06 | 3 01 06 | | |

The course in this race was a triangle off the mouth of Oyster Bay Harbor, around the Bell Buoy, Lloyd's Neck Buoy and Center Island Buoy, two rounds, making 10 miles.

R. C. TOWNSEND, Sec'y.

## Sippican Y. C., July 9.

MARION, MASS.—BUZZARD'S BAY.

THE first race of the Sippican Y. C., an open sweepstakes for first, second, third and fourth classes, was sailed on Saturday in a fresh S.W. breeze. The courses were:

For first and second classes from the judge's yacht, anchored off Hotel Sippican, past Southeast Ledge Buoy No. 13 on starboard, Nye's Ledges Buoy, Seal Rock Buoy on port, and return; 15 miles.

For third class was off Sherman's Wharf, Southeast Ledge, Cow Bells Buoy, Seal Rock Buoy and return; 8 miles.

Fourth class to a stakeboat off Plantin's Island, Seal Rock Buoy and return; 7 miles.

The new Hiller boat, Flight, was the only entry in the first class, and the new Jenney boat, Venture, was the only second class boat, so they sailed together. Flight, with her large sail, had all the wind she wanted, and Venture, with her small sail did not; but Venture did very well, considering, against the larger boat.

In the third class was the best race of the day. There were two new boats, Sippican, built by Holmes, and Vivian, by Huckins, and the Cottage City crack, Natica, came to try her luck with the Buzzard's Bay boats. Hermione crossed the line first, followed by Sippican, Phenomenon, Vatica, Vivian, Elna and Tycoon, in the order named. Sippican had too light a gaff and too short a masthead to hold up her large sail, and could not do very well to windward. After all her triumphs in Boston Phenomenon was near the tail end. Natica was passed by even the fourth class boats on the first leg, and she continued on her way home without finishing.

In the fourth class the old Edith met the champion Cat. Squall was missed, for she could not be put in condition in time. Cat gained about three minutes on the first leg, and Edith could not gain more than a minute and a half on the run home.

Worry had no competitor in the fifth class, and did not go over the course.

FIRST AND SECOND CLASSES.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flight, Louis Parks | | 2 34 19 | 2 23 11 |
| Venture, I. L. Jenney | | 2 45 23 | 2 31 08 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Mattapoisett | 23.01 | 1 36 10 | 1 24 52 |
| Hermione, R. L. Berston, Mattpoisett | 22.01 | 1 37 42 | 1 26 14 |
| Elna, I. Parkinson, Bourne | 22.10 | 1 38 38 | 1 27 06 |
| Sippican, W. H. Davis, Marion | 23.02 | 1 39 06 | 1 27 56 |
| Phenomenon, D. L. Whittemore, Boston | 23 08 | 1 40 32 | 1 28 49 |
| Vivian, H. Huckins | 23.02 | 1 40 59 | 1 29 46 |
| Natica, E. H. Raymond, Nantucket | | Withdrew. | |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cat, Bruce Clark, Marion | 19.03 | 1 48 32 | 1 33 03 |
| Edith, Van Renssalaer, Marion | 19.04 | 1 49 38 | 1 34 14 |

The judges were Dr. J. S. Whiting, J. G. Palfrey and W. A. Andrews.

## Beverly Y. C., July 16.

MONUMENT BEACH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

The 186th race, Buzzard's Bay championship, was sailed on July 16 at Monument Beach. All the morning there was a three-reef breeze blowing S.W. by S., and courses were fixed accordingly.

Just as second class was starting wind fell light and in two minutes was blowing N.W. by W., giving the boats a free wind race. The courses for third and fourth classes were hastily changed and third class went off in a light air, but five minutes later when fourth class went off, it was again blowing a strong double-reef breeze and rapidly increasing.

The result of this was a very rough race, the two seas running across each other, the smaller classes having a long and tough beat of it.

Whisper started for a walkover in first class, but carried away her rudder off Wing's Neck. In second class Lestris led off, but was soon passed by Gymnote, who is sailing very fast this year. Mist followed but could not catch the leader. Mist carried a single reefing reef only and finally split the step of her mast and started the planking. She had to give it up and was lucky to get home.

Doris and Daisy only started in third class. Sippican was on hand but carried away goose neck just before the start.

In fourth class Fin put in an appearance and attracted much attention. She is just from Herreshoff's yard, rather higher than the Boston fins and with rather more overhang in proportion. She measures 28ft. and some inches on deck, 16ft. 10½in. l.w.l. and 5ft. 9½in. beam. Kitten was ready, wishing to try the Marion boats with her new sail. Squall, Cat and Edith were on hand, but Cat had a bad attack of stage fright when Fin appeared and refused to start.

Fin got a very bad start. She was changing from second to first reef and shifting jibs when gun was fired, and when she got off with a five minute handicap, she had no jib set and mainsail was only half hoisted. This, however, did not trouble her. She took the seas easily, carried sail well and won handily.

Squall was oversparred and gave it up. Edith hung on till Kitten had beaten her very badly and then withdrew. Summary:

FIRST CLASS,

| | |
|---|---|
| Whisper, Theo. Weld | Broke down. |

SECOND CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis | 27.04 | 1 38 25 | 1 28 41 |
| Lestris, J. Crane, Jr | 26.04 | 1 40 46 | 1 30 00 |
| Mist, Geo. H. Wyman | 27.04 | Broke down. | |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Doris, T. Parkman | 23.02 | 1 35 10 | 1 24 49 |
| Daisy, Howard Stockton | 20.00 | 1 40 29 | 1 27 35 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fin, L. M. Stockton | 17.01 | 1 40 27 | 1 23 35 |
| Kitten, Toby Club | 20.00 | 1 45 55 | 1 32 14 |
| Edith, G. G. VanRansalaer | 19.04 | Withdrew. | |
| Squall, J. G. Palfrey | 20.00 | Withdrew. | |

Gymnote, Doris and Fin take first and legs for pennant, Kitten takes second.

## Hull Y. C., Third Club Race, July 16.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE third club race of the Hull Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a strong reefing breeze from N.W., making rough water over the course. The principal feature of the race was the 21ft. class, this divided, the keels making a "special" class, while the centerboards sailed in the regular fourth class. Alpha was not ready, her new board not being in place, so her crew sailed Idler. Mr. George Stewart sailed Catspaw, making a good race until her bobstay parted. The times were:

THIRD CLASS—25 FOOTERS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gipsy, A. C. Drinkwater | 26.08 | 1 50 20 | 1 24 46 |
| Posy, R. G. Hunt | 30.07 | 1 54 15 | 1 30 11 |
| Ustane, S. N. Small | 27.03 | 1 57 29 | 1 30 48 |
| No Name, John Cavanagh | | 1 55 58 | Not meas. |
| White Fawn, A. G. Jones | 30.11 | Withdrew. | |

FOURTH CLASS—21FT. CENTERBOARDS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Exile, J. F. Small | 26.03 | 1 26 33 | 1 05 02 |
| Catspaw, C. A. Prince | 26.05 | Disabled. | |

SPECIAL CLASS—21FT. KEELS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr | 24.03 | 1 21 35 | 0 58 33 |
| R. D., James McIntyre | 25.04 | 1 27 12 | 1 05 01 |
| Tadpole, W. E. Waterhouse | 23.04 | 1 27 53 | 1 05 42 |
| Asp, E. S. Hunt | | Withdrew. | |

FIFTH CLASS—21FT. CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Idler, F. L. Dunne | 23.04 | 1 23 36 | 0 58 40 |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 23.04 | 1 26 35 | 1 02 48 |
| Madge, W. H. Thayer | | 1 27 58 | Not meas. |
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 22.04 | 1 28 39 | 1 04 00 |
| Smoke, H. L. Rice | | 1 33 00 | Not meas. |

SIXTH CLASS—18FT. CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mab, John Shaw | 17.02 | 1 18 38 | 0 52 49 |
| Primrose, H. M. Faxon | 17.11 | 1 19 52 | 0 54 50 |
| Don, W. H. Shaw | 20.05 | Withdrew. | |

The prizes were: Third class, $15, $10 and $5; fourth class, $15, $10 and $5; special class, $15, $10 and $5; fifth class, $15, $10 and $5; sixth class, $10 and $5.

The judges were: W. A. Cary, Franklin Adams, James R. Chadwick, E. K. Friend and E. C. North.

## Cape Cod Y. C., July 16.

EAST DENNIS—CAPE COD BAY.

THE third regatta of the Cape Cod Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a fresh breeze, the times being:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| City of Chicago, F. Crosby | 25.05 | 3 04 44 | 2 39 07 |
| Nobscussett, L. Hall | 24.06 | 3 13 04 | 2 40 25 |
| Ariel, H. H. Sears | 21.07 | 3 17 04 | 2 40 52 |
| Percy Allen, V. Bacon | | Withdrew. | |

The judges were S. Sears, H. H. Hall and B. H. Porter.

### Hudson River Y. C., July 10.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

The Hudson River Y. C. sailed a regatta on July 10 over its regular course, a triangle off the club house at Ninety-second street. The wind was light and moderate, S.W. The times were:

CLASS I—OPEN SLOOPS—26FT. AND OVER.

| | Start. | Finish. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lizzie F. | 1 09 50 | 3 38 15 | 2 28 25 |
| J. A. Cameron | 1 12 04 | 3 35 40 | 2 33 24 |
| OPEN BOATS—24 TO 26FT. | | | |
| Clara S. | 1 12 04 | 3 58 37 | 2 46 01 |
| Moore | 1 12 04 | 4 01 22 | 2 49 18 |
| Wenona | 1 12 04 | Withdrew. | |
| OPEN CATS—21 TO 23FT. | | | |
| Roxie | 1 16 19 | 3 15 02 | 1 58 43 |
| Oliver | 1 15 50 | 3 15 10 | 1 59 20 |
| Hilma | 1 16 14 | 3 13 17 | 1 57 03 |
| OPEN CATS—17 TO 21FT. | | | |
| Maggie | 1 08 33 | 3 11 35 | 2 03 02 |
| J. L. Miller | 1 15 15 | 3 59 09 | 1 44 54 |
| Bon-Ton | 1 16 50 | 3 02 35 | 1 45 45 |
| Peerless | 1 15 35 | Withdrew. | |
| Bonita | 1 13 35 | 3 15 04 | 2 01 20 |
| CABIN CATS. | | | |
| Ada | 1 14 11 | 2 52 37 | 1 38 28 |
| Nell | 1 15 23 | Withdrew. | |
| Sophia | 1 14 56 | 3 17 06 | 2 02 10 |
| CABIN SLOOPS—24FT. AND OVER. | | | |
| Mermaid | 1 12 04 | 4 00 58 | 3 48 54 |
| Lottie | 1 17 37 | Withdrew. | |
| Nautilus | 1 17 37 | Withdrew. | |

After the finish of the race a tug of war took place on shore, with various water sports.

### Massachusetts Y. C., July 15.

COMMERCIAL POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE first race of the Massachusetts Y. C. off its new club house at Commercial Point was sailed on Friday in a very light S.W. wind, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Catspaw, Gordon Prince | 4 02 32 | 1 17 32 |
| Tadpole, C. A. Prince | 4 10 50 | 1 25 50 |
| Fannie, Percy Hodges | 4 17 06 | 1 32 06 |
| Thrush, Henry Bryant | Disabled. | |
| Exile, J. F. Shaw | Withdrew. | |
| SIXTH CLASS, CATBOATS 18FT. AND LESS THAN 21FT. | | |
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 4 23 40 | 1 33 40 |
| SEVENTH CLASS, CATBOATS LESS THAN 18FT. | | |
| Wink, Francis Gray | 4 24 07 | 1 29 07 |
| Scamp, C. H. Nute | 4 24 44 | 1 29 44 |
| Primrose, H. M. Faxon | 4 30 00 | 1 35 00 |
| Marchioness, C. E. Hodges | Withdrawn. | |
| Mirage, L. M. Clark | Disabled. | |

The judges were W. O. Gay, A. J. Clark and F. L. Perrin.

### Savin Hill Y. C., July 16.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE race of the Savin Hill Y. C. for cash prizes in Classes 1, 2, 3 and special, was sailed in a fresh west wind on Saturday, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Caprice, R. W. Bird | 20.00 | 1 34 51 | 1 07 57 |
| Fannie, E. P. Sharp | 22 02 | Withdrew. | |
| FIRST CLASS. | | | |
| Annie Maud, F. O. Vegelahn | | 2 01 38 | |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Arab, W. F. Scott | 19.01 | 1 45 02 | 1 18 04 |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | |
| Marchioness, C. E. Hodges | 16.01 | 1 45 37 | 1 14 03 |
| Circe, P. N. Kenway | 17.01 | 1 59 45 | 1 29 32 |
| Agnes, J. F. Bache | | 1 54 47 | |
| Mirage, L. M. Clark | | Disabled. | |

### American Y. C., July 16.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

THE first regatta of the American Y. C. of Newburyport, Mass., was sailed on Saturday in a single reef breeze from N. W., the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Spurt, D. B. Pierce | 19 11 | 1 25 11 | 0 58 12 |
| Gleam, P. J. Lowell | 19 08 | 1 39 35 | 1 12 21 |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Wizard, C. Cortwright | 14 06 | 1 06 00 | 0 41 04 |
| Pert F. Knight | 16 06 | 1 04 30 | 0 42 26 |
| Elf, E. M. Bailey | 16 09 | not taken. | |

Spurt is a new 21-footer, this being her first race.

### The Fisher Cup.

THE following acceptance of the challenge published last week has been sent by the Bay of Quinte Y. C.:

BELLEVILLE, Ontario, July 13.—T. B. Pritchard, Esq., Sec'y Rochester Y. C., Rochester.—Dear Sir: The Onward's challenge to yacht Norah to a race for the Fisher Cup, dated July 1, and postmarked Rochester, July 5, was received by me on the 7th. Mr. Bell, owner of Norah, being away from home, I was unable to answer you before the 8th, and as you stated that both Mr. White and yourself intended taking in the circuit, and would probably start on the 9th, I addressed Mr. Bell's acceptance of Onward's challenge to you at Cobourg. I have just learned that the Onward was not at Cobourg, hence this letter and telegram to-day. However, inclosed find conditions governing the competition for Fisher Cup, and Mr. Bell requests me to say that he accepts the challenge on behalf of Norah, and names the date July 30. Will be pleased to give you every possible information required, so that the race may be fairly and satisfactorily contested. Yours truly, GEORGE N. LEAVENS, Sec'y Bay of Quinte Y. C.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

THE steam yacht Linta, designed and built by Seabury & Co. for Mr. Walter Luttgen, Commodore of the Rahway Y. C., was launched at midnight on July 13, the shipyard being illuminated by electric light. The yacht is 85ft. over all, 72ft. l.w.l., 14ft. beam, 5ft. draft. The main saloons and staterooms are located aft the machinery, and consist of two large double staterooms, fitted with dressing cases, toilet rooms, etc. The owner's room, on the starboard side, has a bathroom attached These rooms are finished in cherry and mahogany, with panel ceiling. The saloon is aft of the staterooms. It has four large berths, which are used as seats during the daytime and for sleeping purposes at night. At the forward end of the saloon, on the port side, an Æolian organ is placed, and on the starboard side a large bookcase is fitted. This saloon is finished in very delicate cream color enamel paint, with gold trimmings, and highly ornamented with papier maché panel work on sides and ceiling. Forward of the machinery are the crew's quarters and forecastle, also galley and ice boxes, chain lockers, stores, etc. The pilot house is of polished mahogany, large and roomy, with smoking room adjoining. The machinery consists of a Seabury compound engine and a Seabury safety water tube boiler, very compact and powerful. The yacht is also supplied with complete electric light plant for lighting throughout. The furnishings are of silks and damasks, with Axminster carpets, rugs, etc. The yacht is intended as a family cruiser, her speed being 12 miles.

The second annual race of the Cherry Diamond Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday, July 23, on Long Island Sound off Larchmont. Prizes will be offered in each class where two yachts start with the full intention of completing the course, and in each class where four or more yachts start a second prize will be given. The race will be open to yachts of any club. All cabin yachts will be classified according to their racing length, and all open yachts according to the actual loadwater line length. Among the prizes are the Manhattan Athletic Club gold cup, value $500, for the 46ft. class only, and the Tyson cup, value $50, offered by Geo. G. Tyson, of the M. A. C., for the cabin cat class. The champion pennant, offered by Com. J. C. Summers for the 20ft. open class, and won by Phyllis, will also be raced for. The steamer Bay Queen has been chartered for the members and guests, and the steam yacht Vamoose will act as judges' boat. The Bay Queen will leave the foot of East Thirty-first street at 8:15, dock at New Rochelle at 10:30, making the same landings after the race. Cappa's 7th Regiment band will furnish the music and a caterer will serve luncheon on board.

The Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. are rapidly approaching their five hundredth boiler, having sold 150 this season. They are now building boilers of about 40sq. ft. of grate for the Titusville Electric Light Co., and also for Ross & Sanford's tug Margaret J. Sanford, as well as a large boiler for a Pacific coast steamer owned at Portland, Ore. They have also furnished a boiler of about the same size for the steam yacht Fra Diavolo, and a boiler with about 24sq. ft. of grate for a new fast steam yacht on Lake Champlain owned by Kellogg & Averill. Rev. Mr. Aspinwall's new steam launch Secret has one of these boilers and is reported to develop about 20 miles an hour, and the duplicate boiler is in a new launch owned by ex-Mayor Howell, of Brooklyn, and he expects to develop similar speed. The new Roberts boiler in the Bo-Peep will probably be tried this week, and the one in the Dock Department launch is giving the best of satisfaction. The owners of Theresa and Evelyn are reported to be well pleased with the boilers in their yachts.

On July 15 at 11 A. M. the flagship Electra, New York Y. C., with Com. Gerry on board, grounded on the middle Tuckemuck Shoal, near Nantucket, for which place she was bound. Intrepid, schr., Mr. Lloyd Phœnix, was near and offered assistance, and the steamer Nantucket parted a hawser in the attempt to haul the yacht off. In answer to a telegram from Nantucket, the Boston Towboat Co. sent their tug Elsie from Vineyard Haven, and at 2 P. M. the yacht was floated, apparently uninjured. She steamed to Vineyard Haven and later to New Bedford. The grounding is ascribed to incorrect information on one of the private charts, a change in the bell buoy, made some time since, not having been noted, although shown on the Coast Survey charts.

Mineola, cutter, was at Wintringham's last week to repair the damage caused by the explosion of July 10. The cause of the explosion is not known, but it was presumably due to the vapor of naphtha which had collected in the bilge. Although one burner of the naphtha stove was lighted, it was not extinguished nor was any damage done forward. The whole force of the explosion was about the companion ladder, well aft, there being one very loud report, accompanied by a flash, but followed by no fire. The damage was mainly to the deck, which was lifted several inches, the glass and chinaware, and the skylights, which were blown off, the coamings being loosened.

On July 5 a new yacht club was organized at Jamestown, R. I., opposite Newport; with the following officers: Com., H. R. Hostetter, of Pittsburg; Vice-Com., Nelson Emmons, of St. Louis; Sec. and Treas., W. Murray; Judges, A. S. Murray, A. W. Luther; Measurer, R. Wadsworth; Regatta Committee, Dr. Reichert, A. Emmons, Dr. Birney, T. Newhall, P. Labens. The pennant is dark blue with white J. The club now has thirty members owning twenty fine boats, and proposes to give a regatta at least once in every two weeks. Four courses were laid out and the catboats divided into three classes, the first over 21ft., the third under 18.

The programme for the Atlantic Y. C. cruise, arranged at a meeting on July 13, is to rendezvous at Cold Spring Harbor on July 22, running to Black Rock on Saturday, the 23d, to Morris Cove on Monday, New London on Tuesday, where a meeting of captains will determine the future course. The following new members were elected at the meeting: Theo. R. Hostetter, cutter Mignon; Roland A. H. Harper; R. Suydam Palmer, schr. Marguerite; Robert A. Osborn, cutter Ciara; Walter A. Peck, H. L. Goodwin, cutter Laxen; Theodore Van Tyne Johnson, D. D. Tompkins and Edwin B. Condon, schooner Republic.

Commodore G. W. Gardner, Cleveland, Ohio, has just received from the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., his new single rater, specially designed for the above company by Mr. Wm. Gardner. The boat is 18ft. l.w.l., 23ft. over all and beam 5ft., and draws (including fin) 4ft. The fin is composed of a steel plate ½in. thick, weigaing 500lbs., with a cigar shaped lead bottom weighing 700lbs. She is very fast, as well as being non capsizable and self-bailing. Com. Gardner will race her in the Inter-Lake Yacht Association races.

A very strange story is told of the schooner Crest, of Boston, which capsized off Newburg on July 16, her crew of two, with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Sturtevant and Miss Ella Gilson, guests, saving themselves in the yawl. According to the captain, John Masury, the yacht lost her metal keel a day or two before, and nothing was done to replace it, so she rolled over the first time a squall struck her. She had lately come from Salem, Mass.

On July 16 the sloop Galena, Thos. Giblin and John De Vito, of Boston, was in collision with a coal barge off Fort Independence, Boston Harbor. The yacht lost her bowsprit and leaked so badly that she sunk at Commercial Wharf, where she was towed by the police boat.

On July 12 the steam yacht Coot, owned by Dr. J. H. Derby, of Lloyd's Neck, was burned at Nyack, where she had gone for repairs The origin of the fire is unknown, as there was no fire in the furnace. The loss is $5,000, insured.

Prince Karl, cutter, has been hauled out at Wintringham's and her ballast increased by the addition of two semi-cigars of iron, bolted to the lower side of her iron keel, forming a bulb. The weight is about 1,400lbs.

The fourth annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will be sailed on July 30 off Greenwich, Conn. Entries may be made up to 11 A. M., July 28, to Mr. F. S. Doremus, 20 Nassau street, New York.

On July 14 Sakonnet, steam yacht, fouled a submerged can buoy off Vineyard Haven, losing all but one of her propellor blades and damaging her bows. She made New Bedford under sail.

The races of the Lake Yacht Racing Association are now taking place on Lake Ontario. Owing to other matter we are compelled to postpone our report until next week.

The third championship regatta of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed on July 16 with but one starter, Tantrum, this race giving her the trophy, a silver ice pitcher.

On July 12 an afternoon squall on New York Bay capsized the working schooner Palestine, her captain and crew of one being taken off by the steamboat New York.

On July 16 a race for $150 per side was sailed over a 16 mile course on the Shrewsbury between Undine, C. R. James, and Enigma, F. Oakes, the former winning.

On July 16 Pyxie, Mr. Oswald Sanderson's 25-footer, started from Larchmont for Boston. Among other races she will sail a match with Vanessa on Aug. 2.

The Larchmont Y. C. has enjoyed a very pleasant and successful cruise during the past week, the fleet reaching Newport on July 14.

On July 16 the Jersey City Y. C. held a ladies' day, the fleet sailing down the bay in the afternoon, a supper and dance following.

The revised times of the Larchmont Y. C. regatta of July 4 show that Marguerite, and not Aura, won in the cabin cat class.

The special regatta of the American Y. C., which was postponed July 6 for lack of wind, will be resailed on Sept. 1.

Mr. George L. Kingsland, a member of the New York Y. C. since 1855, died on July 16 at the age of 65.

Windward, yawl, has been sold by Mr. Whitehouse to R. H. Peebles, of New York.

Arab, sloop, has been sold by Edmund Fish to F. M. Freeman, of Bellhaven, Conn.

Windward, sloop, has been sold by G. C. Shattuck to G. A. Adams of New Bedford.

Mr. N. D. Lawton has replaced the 40ft. Chispa by a 25ft. Cape cat.

Starling, steam yacht, has been sold by E. A. Seccomb to David Dows.

Ione, sloop, has had a lead cigar added to her keel.

### Yacht Pictures.

FOR list of yacht pictures send your address to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

## Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The *Field*, *Land and Water* and the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, all of London.

A. P., Manchester, Va.—Please name some good book on chub and pike-fishing; also one on bass-fishing. Ans. The chub is not classed among game fish by American writers. We have seen chub taken with crickets and helgramites by black bass fishermen. Worms and small minnows have also been used successfully. All of the general angling works of the FOREST AND STREAM catalogue contain chapters on pike. For the black bass there is nothing else equal to Dr. Henshall's two books, "The Black Bass" and "More about the Black Bass."

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

July 21-22.—Independent Gun Club tournament, Plainfield, N. J.

July 23.—New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League Seventh annual tournament, Claremont, N. J.

July 26.—Boston Shooting Association's tournament, under management of Capt. A. W. Gore, Wellington, Mass.

July 26-27.—Fourth annual shooting tournament and family picnic of the Tri-State Gun Clubs, at Coney Island, Cincinnati, under the management of Henry Goodman, A. C. Dick and Wm. E. Limberg.

July 26-27.—Second tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, Grand Rapids, Mich. R. C. Wharton, Sec'y.

July 26 28.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Watertown, N. Y.

July 28-29.—Corry Gun Club tournament, Corry, Pa.

July 28-30.—Johnson City Gun Club tournament, Johnson City, Tenn.

July 28-30.—Springfield Gun Club tournament, Springfield, O.

July 29.—Dexter Park Shooting League team contest, Dexter Park, L. I.

July —.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, team contest, at Claremont, N. J.

Aug. 9-12.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament, Reading, Pa. Walter D. Eller, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-12.—West Point Gun Club tournament, West Point, Miss.

Aug. 10-11.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, at Burlington, Ia.

Aug. 10 12.—Missouri State Amateur Association tournament, at Lexington, Mo. Added purses. Address G. A. Sturges, Sec'y.

Aug. 14.—Lincoln Gun Club tournament, Alameda Point, Cal.

Aug. 19.—California State Shooting Association tournament, Concord, Cal.

Aug. 16-19.—Standard-Keystone Target and Trap Co., fifth annual tournament, at New London, Conn.

Aug. 17-18.—Gaillard Gun Club tournament, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Ia.

Aug. 23-26.—International tournament, Des-chre-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich. Live birds and targets.

Aug. 29.—California State Shooting Association's tournament, Concord, Cal.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 1.—Hackettstown Gun Club tournament, at Hackettstown, N. J; two days at targets, third day at live pigeons. Address James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J.

September.—Saratoga Gun Club, annual tournament, at Saratoga, N. Y.

September.—Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Denver, Col.

September.—Harry Thurman's tournament, on Pier, Atlantic City, N. J.

Sept. 5.—Frankfort Game and Fish Protective Association, first annual tournament, at Frankfort, N. Y.

Sept. 6-8.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Jacksonville, Ill.

September (second week). — Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Auburn, N. Y.

Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-13.—Wilmington Rod and Gun Club tournament, Wilmington, Del.

Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.

### DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

We have been informed, and the information is presumed to be reliable, that a match is to take place between Jacob Pentz, secretary of the Newark Gun Club, and George Raynor of the same club, the conditions to be 50 live pigeons per man for $100 a side. The challenge was a chaffing one from Mr. Raynor and it aroused the old-time enthusiasm in "Uncle Jake" who determined to enter the ranks once more and see just how much of his old-time skill he retained. The date has not been definitely decided upon, but the match will probably take place at John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark. It is a good many years since "Uncle Jake" has faced the traps in a contest, but still we are inclined to think that we will "go a box" on his chance of winning.

* * *

The shoot of the New Jersey State Trap Shooters' League to be held at Claremont on Saturday is expected to be a record-breaker in point of attendance, as the grounds are easy of access and well adapted to accommodate a large body of shooters. Sweepstakes will be shot from 8:30 A. M. and at 2 P. M. the State championship team contest will begin. The fact that targets will cost only two cents each in both the team and sweepstake events will materially increase the attendance. All New Jersey Central trains from New York will stop at the grounds. Those coming from Newark should get off at Lafayette, which is only five minutes' walk from the grounds.

* * *

The Boston *Herald* of July 7.—"Certain inquisitive sportsmen have been prying into the recesses of the coverts, just to find out how the young partridge are getting on. The report is full of promise. Broods are large and healthy, and unless some such mysterious allment as that of last year attacks the young birds between now and the autumn the sportsman is not likely to be as disgusted with his luck as he generally was last fall. Two bad years running are the exception, and probably the average per gun for '92 will be considerably better than it was in '91. The poacher, however, is certain to come out on top, as he always does."

* * *

The open tournament of the Independent Gun Club to be held at Plainfield, N. J. to day and to-morrow will draw a big crowd. Targets will be charged for at the uniform rate of three cents each. Blue rock targets will be used. One-half a cent for each target thrown will be divided into five average moneys each day. This should insure a neat purse. The program comprises events at 10, 15 and 20 targets each, and each alternate event will be at unknown angles from known traps. "Dutchy" Smith will be prime hustler during the shoot.

* * *

The Round Bay Gunning Club, of Baltimore, Md., will hold a picnic at Acton's Park on Monday, July 25, and the proceeds of the excursion will be applied to the purchase of three solid gold medals to be presented to the men who saved the lives of the eleven persons at the foot of Hanover street, July 3 The presentation speeches will be made by Ed. Thomas, president of the club.

* * *

An interesting shoot given by the Carondelet Gun Club was that of the medal shoot July 10. Mr. Labruyere won the gold medal killing sixteen birds straight. In the confusion shoot, which was an interesting affair, the score resulted as follows: Branecke 5, Hart 8, Schrempp 7, Yockey 3, Loy 6, Roy 5 and Labruyere 7.

* * *

President Baker of the Baker Gun Company, while shooting for practice on the grounds of the gun club at Batavia, N. Y., on July 9, received some copper shreds from an exploding cartridge in his right eye, producing a painful injury. Dr. LeSeur was called and removed the particles from the eye.

* * *

The members of the Watertown (N. Y.) Gun Club anticipate a big time during the Interstate shoot to be held on July, 26, 27, and 28. The Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association guarantees $200 on the first day, $350 on the second and $200 on the third. The usual average moneys will be awarded in the classes.

* * *

While cutting hay on his farm, near White House, N. J., on July 11, S. K. Large uncovered three nests of quail. He says these birds were never so plentiful in his section as now. But when the gunning season opens he expects to have the usual hard time to find the game.

* * *

The Savannah (Ga.) *Press*, of July 8, says: "Gun clubs seem to have the 'mning' on all other clubs now. Every day or so the pop, pop of their guns can be heard on Hutchinson's Island. Yesterday it was the Forest City and Independent clubs. The former won on a score of 103 to 96."

* * *

E. D. Fulford writes as follows from Bryan, O.: "I am pushing my line toward Chicago, with a force of 80 to 100 men, through a splendid country. I never saw so many quail. Every day I see from 8 to

15 coveys in a drive of from 10 to 20 miles. The young are big enough to fly strong. Expect great sport in the fall."

* * *

With twenty men from Knoxville, ten from Bristol, three from Washington, half a dozen from Lynchburg, added to the local contingent, Johnson City should show one of the biggest tournaments of the year. The added money, merchandise and special prizes for averages are the combination that catch the boys.

* * *

The following scores were made at the shoot of the Passaic City Gun Club at Passaic, N. J., on July 9.—Thirty birds each: Wise 27, Keyitt 20, Hall 26, Lenone 21, Reid 18, Bowes 17, Gaston 23, Smock 17, Stone 27, Coman 22, Jelleme 23, Hemion 18, Totten 14, Campbell 23, Abbott 21.

* * *

The Curry Gun Club tournament at Corry, Pa., next week, will attract the full strength of the Pennsylvania trap shooting fraternity. Corry is delightfully situated for a shoot and every person in the town will assist in entertaining the visitors.

* * *

The eleventh meet of the Madison County Sportsmen Association will take place at Cazenovia, N. Y. Two days' shoot at king birds on the gun club's new grounds, the first week in August. For programme address Will H. Cruttenden, Cazenovia, N. Y.

* * *

From Busyrus, O., we learn that the gun club members are going ahead with the preparations for their shooting tournament, which will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, July 27 and 28. It is proable a large crowd will be in attendance.

* * *

The White House (N. J.) Gun Club is officered as follows: President, J. H. Davis; Vice President, S. K. Large; Secretary, M. S. Anderson; Treasurer and General Manager, H. Bishop. The club will run a merchandise shoot in the fall.

* * *

E. D. Fulford shot at 100 targets on July 4 at Wauseon, O., and broke 98. He was to shoot at live birds, but as they could not be procured targets were substituted.

* * *

The Fond du Lac (Wis.) Gun Club has been organized with the following officers: President, M. S. Tredeven; secretary, A. R. Keating; treasurer, L. F. McLean; captain, M. M. Anderson.

* * *

The tournament of the Forester Gun Club advertised to take place on July 26 and 27, has been postponed until later in the season when it is hoped it will be cooler weather.

* * *

The ninth contest of the Connecticut Shooting League will be held on the grounds of the National Gun Club at Wallingford on July 26. The fun will start at 9 A. M.

* * *

Why is it that the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association does not arrange for reduced fares during the monthly tournament?

* * *

At Kalamazoo, Mich., on July 7, Wm. Ormsby broke 44 out of 50 clay pigeons, his shooting time being 2 minutes, 17 seconds. He used four guns.

* * *

The members of the Foresters' Gun Club, of Flemington, N. J., have assurances of a large attendance at their tournament on July 26 and 27.

* * *

The Manhattan Gun Club will hold an invitation shoot at Dexter Park on Aug. 3. The principal feature will be a contest at 10 live pigeons.

* * *

Had it not been for the West Virginia and Plainfield, N. J., contingents, the White House tournament would have been very flat.

* * *

All the Rochester, Buffalo, Saratoga, Johnstown, Auburn and Syracuse shooters are expected at Watertown next week.

* * *

Class and Helgins will have another match at 100 live birds each. Class should win by a wide margin.

* * *

The West Side Trap-Shooting League will hold its monthly team shoot at Woodlawn Park to-day.

* * *

The Parkersburg (W. Va.) Gun Club will run an excursion from that place to Huntington on July 24.

* * *

Don't forget. Targets only 2 cents each at the New Jersey League shoot at Claremont on Saturday.

* * *

Teipel's Park, in Covington, Ky., is becoming quite a popular place for trap contests.

* * *

S. W. Rhea, mayor of Bristol, Tenn., will be with his club at the Johnson City meet.

* * *

The great auburn-haired youth from Knoxville, Chas. B. Ross, will be at Johnson City.

* * *

The Somerville (N. J.) Gun Club will hold a tournament on Oct. 19 and 20.

* * *

The Kansas City (Mo.) Gun Club tournament on Aug. 3 and 4 will be a big affair.

* * *

Rhode Island shooters complain of a scarcity of sport at the trap.

* * *

Wm. R. Hobart has severed his connection with Von Lengerke & Detmold.

* * *

The Pier Club of Atlantic City shoots on the pier every Friday.

* * *

A gun and rifle club is to be formed in Raleigh, N. C.

* * *

New London will attract a big entry list.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Onondaga County.

UTICA, N. Y., July 15.—Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association, club shoots, 25 kingbirds, A. S. A. rules:

| | |
|---|---|
| Booth | 1111111111111111111110111—24 |
| Kollies | 1111101011111111111111111—23 |
| Knowlton | 1111111111111111111111111—24 |
| Kilbourn | 0110111111111011111111111—22 |
| J Pfeiffer | 1101111110110111100101011—18 |
| Hunter | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Gates | 1111011111111111011110100—20 |
| Mizner | 1111101010101111111111000 -18 |
| Elliott | 1110111111111111111111110—23 |
| Smith | 1110111101111011101110—20 |
| Kluges | 1111111111101111111111011—23 |
| Henning | 0111101011111111101101001—20 |
| Millspaw | 1111101111011110111111100—20 |
| Sherman | 0201100100100101111110101—16 |
| Hicks | 1010101010 1110111110 111—19 |
| Smyth | 0111 1111111101001110101—17 |
| Parker | 1110111100111010000110000—15 |
| Harris | 1101111110111010111111101—20 |
| French | 1101000001100010011000001—10 |
| Badge shoot at 25 kingbirds from expert trap: | |
| Gates | 1101101111110100011001111—17 |
| Booth | 1111111110111111111111111—24 |
| Kilbourne | 1101011111111011011111111—20 |
| Smith | 1100101000000110 v |
| Pfeiffer | 1101110110.0100001111111—17 |
| Elliott | 1011111101111111111111111—23 |
| Hunter | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Smyth | 0010111011101100101l w |
| Knowlton | 1011101111101101111111111—21 |
| Harris | 01111w |

## New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

THE regular weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Saturday, July 16. The competition was for the gold and silver medals. Mort Van Brunt won the gold one with a score of 18 out of 20, and D. Deacon again won the silver one with a score of 16. Several live-bird sweepstakes were shot off, also four matches between Dr. Wynn and R. R. Street. The scores:

Club gold and silver medals, 20 Keystones, 3 traps, unknown angles, 18yds. rise, American Association rules. Also three sweepstakes:

| | 1st. | 2d. | 3d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Deacon | 11101101111011111101—16 | .. | .. |
| Bennett | 01110110011011011010—12 | 5 | 7 5 |
| P Hegeman | 01000000000100010111— 6 | 4 | 6 .. |
| A Hegeman | 10011111101 111110110—15 | 2 | 6 6 |
| Dr Wynn | 01100110111011111000—11 | .. | .. .. |
| P Adams | 00100010000000000000— 3 | .. | .. .. |
| Van Brunt | 10111011111111111111—18 | 8 | 7 5 |
| *A W Adams | 11110 01000100010011— 8 | 8 | 4 4 |
| *Dr J Adams | 10110101111011110110—13 | .. | .. .. |
| *Fordham | 10000010000010000000— 3 | .. | .. .. |
| C A Sykes | 11101110001111011000—12 | .. | .. .. |
| R R Street | 00101000011000000011— 6 | .. | .. .. |

*Visitors and not members entitled to compete. Referee, Mr. W. F. Sykes; scorer, Mr. C. A. Dellar.

Sweepstake at 7 live birds, $1 entrance, 3 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R R Street | 1211210—6 | A W Adams | 2122001—5 |
| Dr Wynn | 2101111—6 | C A Sykes | 2211122—7 |
| D Bennett | 1122300—4 | H W Blattmacher | 1111121—7 |
| M Van Brunt | 1221111—7 | W F Sykes | 0101w |
| S Hegeman | 0011211—5 | | |

Same conditions:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R R Street | 1111111—7 | C A Sykes | 1202122—6 |
| Dr Wynn | 1121101—6 | H W Blattmacher | 1029111—5 |
| M Van Brunt | 1211221—7 | J Adams | 0111202—5 |

Match shoots, $20 a side and birds:

| | 1st. | 2d. | 3d. | 4th. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dr. Wynn | 1100111111—8 | 2121111111—10 | 21111—5 | 111—3 |
| R R Street | 1212012120— 9 | 2122210221— 9 | 11110—4 | 010—1 |

## Wheaton Outshoots Shelley.

A NUMBER of Jersey sportsmen went to Morristown, N. J., on July 12 to witness the 25-bird match between Jas. E. Wheaton, of the Newark Gun Club, and R. S. Shelley, of Morristown, which took place on Frank Class's shooting grounds. The match was for $25 a side, under Hurlingham rules. On the thirteenth round Wheaton had killed 10 to Shelley's 4, and at this stage the Morristown man threw up the sponge.

In a 4-bird sweep, $3 entry, which followed, the scores were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 2111—4 | Tenaud | 2010—2 |
| Hedden | 1211—4 | Riley | 10 0—2 |
| Wheaton | 1111—4 | Hathaway | 0020—1 |
| Timmins | 0111—3 | Riggott | 2111—4 |

The winding-up shoot of the day was at 25 targets per man, the results being as follows: Timmins 21, F. Quimby 20, A. Quimby 20, Hathaway 20, Carlisle 16, Tunison 19, Riley 18, Hill 16, Muchmore 16, Day 16, Tenaud 15, Leek 15, Shelley 14, Guailen 11, Piper 10, Mahan 9.

## Long Island Sportsman's Club.

ONLY four members of the Long Island Sportsman's Club were present at the regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Monday, July 11. L. Gentzlinger won the medal for the first time with a score of 16 out of 20. C. Stuetzle took the lion's share in the following sweepstakes shoots. The scores:

Club shoot, 20 bluerocks, two traps, 18yds. rise, monthly shoot for gold medal.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fluegel | 01101011111011111001—14 |
| Gentzlinger | 11011111111111111010—18 |
| Thiel | 10101110101101110011—13 |
| Stuetzle | 01101111110101011101—15 |

Sweepstake shoots, 25c. entrance, two moneys in each:

| | 1st. | 2d. | 3d. | 4th. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Stuetzle | 101111—5 | 11101101101— 8 | 01111111111— 9 | 11111111111—10 |
| Fluegel | 111100—4 | 10111010101— 7 | 01101101111— 7 | 01111111111— 9 |
| Gentzlinger | 110000—2 | 11111010000— 6 | 10101011111— 8 | 10101011010— 6 |
| Thiel | 110111—5 | 10110111001— 6 | 01101110110— 6 | 10110101111— 7 |

## Wauregan Gun Club.

SEVERAL members of the Wauregan Gun Club paid a visit to the club's new grounds at Pelham Heights, Westchester, and shot off three sweepstakes contests on Saturday, July 9. W. H. Brickner and J. Loonie were the principal winners. The scores:

Ten live birds, 5 traps, 27yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, M. H. rules, $3 entrance, 2 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E Bornhoeft | 2111211100—8 | J J Loonie | 0021220227 |
| W H Brickner | 0121210121—8 | S C Barnum | 1002200200—4 |

Five birds, $2 entrance; 2 monies:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W H Brickner | 22112—5 | S C Darnum | 00220—2 |
| E Bornhoeft | 00222—3 | W Hutchinson | 00020—1 |
| J J Loonie | 1-100—3 | | |

Same:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W H Brickner | 12000—2 | S C Barnum | 00110—2 |
| E Bornhoeft | 01002—2 | W Hutchinson | 02000—1 |
| J J Loonie | 12222—5 | | |

## Texas Traps.

LAREDO, Tex., July 8.—On the "glorious Fourth" the Laredo Gun Club held its shoot in Height Park. There was a large gathering of spectators, and many people from out of town were present.

The first shoot was 10 single bluerocks, which scored Dryer, of Laredo, 6, Colst, of San Diego, 7, Critzer, of San Antonio, 7, Field, of Laredo, 8, Statem, of Laredo, 6, Haynes, of Laredo, 8, Blaier, of San Diego, 9, Miret, of San Diego, 3, G. C. Woodman, of Laredo, 8, J. J. Haynes, of Laredo, 5, D. K. Murchison, of Laredo, 6, F. Ridder, of San Diego, 4; which resulted in Blaier, of San Diego, winning first prize.

The seventh and last regular shoot was live pigeons, which resulted as follows: Dryer 8, Colst 6, Critzer 7, Field 7, Murchison 5, Page 7, Stratham 6, McKnight 1, J. Haynes 2, Dryer winning first prize. The shooting was kept up during the day, closing at about 6 P. M., and the large number of spectators enjoyed the sport as well as those who participated.

## Waverly Gun Club.

THE postponed regular monthly shoot of the Waverly Gun Club was held on Friday, July 15 at Dexter Park. O. Hillmer won the club medal with a score of 6 out of 10. The scores:

Regular monthly shoot, 10 bluerocks, 2 traps, right and left angles, A. A. rules:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Helmstead | 1111011110—8 | Schulz | 1111101101—8 |
| Hillmer | 1111011111—9 | Fils | 0101111011—7 |
| Grane | 0111101111—8 | Mehrman | 1110110111—8 |
| Finkheiser | 1101010111—8 | | |

A number of sweepstakes followed.

## West Shores of Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, July 17.—The West Shore Gun Club, composed of engineers and firemen, held their shoot Saturday. The following is the score at 20 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crosby | 11110111111111111111—19 | Jones | 11010110001101010101—11 |
| Duncan | 11101100111101111111—16 | Eddle | 01000100031101100001— 7 |
| Davis | 01110111011010001—12 | Long | 11100111010111011101—15 |
| Peters | 00300000010011010010— 6 | R Peters | 00000w— 0 |
| Whitwell | 00000011110011101100— 9 | Farrar | 11100111101110101001—14 |
| Ackerman | 00011100111101111011—13 | Herman | 11111111101111111011—18 |

## Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., July 11.—The Cleveland Gun Club held their regular shoot this afternoon. Tamblyn won the first and Page second badge in Class A. Silsby won first and Watts second badge in Class B. The following were the scores made at 30 birds: Tamblyn 28, Curtis 14, Flick 25, Elworthy 22, Page 24, Watts 19, Silsby 23.

## Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 16.—Charley Bradbury did some fine shooting to-day at the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, breaking 23 out of 25 targets in the strong wind which prevailed, and which is considered by experts to be as good as a clean score on a calm day. Stanton also did some good shooting, getting 22. The scores made in the merchandise match follow: Class A, Bradbury 23, Stanton 22, Stone 21, Cowee 20, Climax 19, Bond 18, Class B, Warren 21, Gore and Gale 20, Daniels 16.

## North Side Gun Club.

FOURTEEN members of the North Side Gun Club turned out on Tuesday, July 12, at the Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I., to compete in the regular monthly shoot of the club for the gold badge and best average scores for the annual prizes. The veteran A. Duryea and J. Tiernan tied with scores of seven straight; the latter withdrew from shooting off and Duryea took the trophy. In the sweepstake contests, miss and out, the Meyer family were the principal winners. C. H. Meyer shot in fine form. The scores:

Club shoot for gold badge:

| Class A. | | Class B. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cardt Meyer | 1121100—5 | M C Manning | 1121101—6 |
| E Barlow | 1022120—5 | J Grau | 1160000—2 |
| D Franz | 0111200—4 | J Tompkins | 0121001—4 |
| A Duryea | 1111121—7 | H Kuhnast | 2010010—5 |
| J Tiernan | 2122122—7 | J Kroeger | 0111111—6 |
| Chas Meyers | 1212201—6 | C Steffens | 0210111—5 |
| C M Meyers | 1111110—6 | J Meyer | 0100000—1 |

Sweepstakes, $1 entry, miss and out:

| First Shoot. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cordt Meyer | 12112112 | A Duryea | 0 |
| C M Meyer | 21121111 | J Kroeger | 0 |
| Chas Meyer | 12110 | M C Manning | 10 |
| E Barlow | 2110 | J Tiernan | 1110 |
| H Kuhnast | 22112110 | C Steffens | 110 |

| Second Shoot. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cordt Meyer | 1110 | H Kuhnast | 1111 |
| C M Meyer | 110 | J Tiernan | 20 |
| Chas Meyer | 1221 | C Steffens | 2111 |

Referee, Mr. S. Lyon.

## Independence Day in Texas.

BURTON, Texas, July 6.—The shooting contest that took place here on the Fourth was well attended. The following is some of the shooting done. First, amateur shooters:

Shoot No. 1, 12 bluerocks: Payel and Moses 8 each, Wade and Sauls 7, Craig 6, Whitener 4, Epperson 3.

No. 2, 12 bluerocks: Moses 11, Craig 10, Gilham 9, Thompkins 8, Schwartz 5.

No. 3, 9 bluerocks: Thompkins 8, Moses and Williams 6, Gilman and Wendorf 5, Craig 4, Schwartz and Sauls 3.

No. 4, 7 live birds: Sauls 7, Thompkins and Wendorf 5, Gilham, Craig and Williams 4, Schwartz 3.

No. 5, 6 bluerocks: Williams 9, Thompkins 8, Wade 6, Moses and Payel 5, Gilman, Sauls and Craig 4.

No. 6, 9 bluerocks: Craig and Thompkins 8, Williams and Payel 6, Gilham 5, Sauls 4, Wade 1.

No. 7, 9 bluerocks: Craig 7, Thompkins and Payel 6, Williams 5, Sauls and Gilham 3, Wade 2, Smith 1.

No. 8, 6 bluerocks: Thompkins, Williams and Payel 5, Sauls 4, Craig and Bieberstein 3, Smith 1.

Here is some of the shooting done by experts:

No. 9, 6 bluerocks: Brown, 6, Thompkins 5, Craig 4, Rogers 3.

No. 10, 6 bluerocks: Rogers and Thompkins 5, Craig 4, Brown 3.

No. 11, 6 bluerocks: Brown, Craig and Rogers 4.

No. 12, 6 live birds: Brown and Craig 2, Rogers 1.

No. 13, 6 bluerocks: Brown 4, Craig 3, Rogers 2.

No. 14, 6 bluerocks: Brown 4, Rogers 3, Craig 2.

## A Pittsburgh Cruelty Case.

A CASE of considerable interest was brought up before Judge Ewing. It was that of Mrs. E. H. McWhorter and J. O'H. Denny, members of the Sportsman's Association, who were charged with cruelty to animals. The charge was based upon a pigeon shoot, held at the association's grounds in the Nineteenth Ward some time ago.

Judge Ewing charged the jury that the Supreme Court had recently decided that it was not cruel to kill pigeons when the shooting was in the interest of skill; that if a wounded pigeon was killed it was a question for the jury as to whether it was cruel or humane to deprive it of suffering. The judge cited the case of lame horses that are killed and quoted from the Scripture that birds and fish are made for the pleasure of man. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette, July 14.*

## At Hollywood Trap.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 15.—The Independence Sweepstakes shoot, the fourth of the summer's series of shooting events at Hollywood, took place at the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club this afternoon in the presence of a fair-sized crowd. The conditions were 10 birds, at rises ranging from 26 to 31yds. and $15 entrance fee. There were ten participants, including Capt. Money, Fred Hoey, J. Seaver Page, Edgar Gibbs Murphy, Dr. Wilson, Noel Money, W. B. Thompson, Walter Leonard, Gould Hoyt and Philip Daly Hazzard. Dr. Wilson won first money, 70 per cent. of the fees, killing his ten straight birds. Noel Money and Walter Leonard tied for second money, each killing eight.

## Newark Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club, at John Erb's, on July 14, was slimly attended, only half a dozen members taking part in the club shoot, at 10 targets per man. Despite the excessively hot weather the birds were as fine a lot as ever were trapped on the grounds, every one of them being a veritable "scorcher." The scores were as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Collins | 1222212212—10 | Raynor | 0120100111— 6 |
| Lindsley | 2122101122— 9 | Leddy | 1001222220— 7 |
| Castle | 0111111111— 9 | Hedden | 1121112111—10 |

At this point the supply of birds gave out and ended the sport.




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## The White House Gun Club.

ON Tuesday morning, July 12, the members of the White House (N. J.) Gun Club felt sanguine of success in their venture of opening a two-days' trap tournament, for at the opening hour quite a respectable contingent of visitors were on hand and they were quite sure that the number would be augmented before the day was far advanced. At the opening hour there were on hand Messrs. Brantingham, Squiers, Soper, Apgar and Pierson of the Independent Gun Club of Plainfield; M. F. Lindsley of Hoboken; Wright, Myer and Burt of the Island City Gun Club of Wheeling, W. Va., and R. Dickey of Somerville. The day wore on, however, without any further accessions to the ranks of the contestants, not a single member of the local club firing a shot in any of the regular events.

The grounds of this club are situated almost a half mile from the White House Depot of the New Jersey Central Railroad, on the farm of S. B. Large, who has erected for them a neat 15x20 house. Situated right in the heart of the most thriving agricultural section of New Jersey, White House offers great attractions to visitors. The country is rolling, with a rich soil particularly adapted to the raising of fine fruit. Peach orchards are seen in every direction, and the county also boasts of a large number of stock farms, as well as extensive dairies. The place received its name many years ago from the old "White House Hotel," situated almost a mile from the depot.

The shooting during the tournament was at keystone targets thrown from keystone traps, all at known angles. On the opening day events Nos. 1, 2 and 5 were at 10 targets each, $1 entry; Nos. 3, 4, 7 and 10 at 15 targets each, $1 50 entry; Nos. 6 and 9 at 20 targets each, $2 entry, and No. 8 at 25 targets each, $2.50 entry. The scores follow:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brantringham | 9 | 7 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 17 | 12 | 18 | .. | .. | 77.50 |
| Squiers | 5 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Lindsley | 6 | 7 | 11 | 11 | 9 | 14 | 8 | 18 | 15 | 14 | 76.09 |
| Myers | 9 | 7 | 9 | 11 | 8 | 15 | 11 | 22 | 19 | 13 | 80 |
| Pierson | 5 | 7 | 8 | .. | .. | 7 | 15 | 17 | 9 | | 61.81 |
| Wright | 8 | 9 | 12 | 14 | 7 | 19 | 14 | 24 | 18 | 14 | 89.67 |
| Soper | 6 | 7 | 12 | 11 | 8 | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Burt | 8 | 9 | 13 | 10 | 10 | 13 | 11 | 24 | 17 | 10 | 83.22 |
| Apgar | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 10 | 19 | 12 | 23 | 18 | 14 | 80.16 |
| Dickey | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |

*Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Apgar 10, Myer 9, Lindsley 8, Wright 7, Pierson 6, Bishop 6, Brantringham 5, Burt 4.

No. 2, same: Apgar 9, Myers 8, Wright 7, Lindsley 6, Burt 5.

No. 3, same: Lever 5, Bishop 6, Pierson 4, Soper 3, Dickey 3, Voorhees 2, Schenck 2.

No. 4, same: Bishop 7, Squiers 5, Pierson 5, Lever 5, Voorhees 4

*The Second Day.*

On Wednesday morning the members once more tried to anticipate a good attendance, and once more were their hopes dashed to the ground. The weather, as on the opening day, was intensely hot, with scarcely a breath of air until near 4 o'clock, when there was a strong blow lasting for an hour. It was after 1 o'clock before a shot was fired, the only visitors being J. L. Smith, of Hackettstown, and Mahlon Ruppell, of Milford. The regular programme was abandoned and a series of ten target events substituted, the results being appended:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 6 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| Ruppell | 8 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 4 |
| Bishop | 9 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 7 |
| Hendersot | 3 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 2 | .. | 3 | .. |
| Davis | 3 | 2 | 4 | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Large | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | 3 | 8 | .. | 7 |
| Cole | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 4 | 5 | .. |

## Team Shoot at Mobile.

MOBILE, Ala., July 5.—The team shoot which took place here yesterday was a pleasant affair throughout and all the visitors were pleased with the arrangements. The team contest was for teams of six men each, from any club, at 12 singles and 4 pairs of targets per man. First honors were divided by the Dixie Gun Club (of Pensacola, Fla.) and the Greensboro (N. C.) Gun Club. The scores:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Dixie Gun Club.** | | |
| Hutchinson | 110011110100 | 10 00 10 00—10 |
| Forbes | 101101111101 | 10 01 11 10—14 |
| Turton | 111111111101 | 10 10 10 10—15 |
| Vidal | 111111011111 | 10 11 10 10—16 |
| Muldon | 111101111111 | 11 11 01 00—16 |
| Yates | 111101011101 | 10 10 10 11—14 85 |
| **Greensboro Gun Club.** | | |
| Dallas | 111111111100 | 11 10 11 10—16 |
| Barbour | 110101111110 | 10 10 10 11—14 |
| Mathews | 111011101011 | 00 10 00 00—10 |
| Blount | 111101011101 | 10 11 00 10—13 |
| Ward | 101111111101 | 01 11 10 01—15 |
| Randolph | 111111111111 | 10 10 01 11—17—85 |
| **Mobile Wing Shot Club.** | | |
| Ladd | 111011011111 | 10 11 11 10—15 |
| Rodgers | 111010011000 | 10 00 10 10— 9 |
| Mangold | 111111111011 | 00 10 00 10—13 |
| Vass | 111111110111 | 10 00 10 10—14 |
| Lott | 111010111111 | 10 11 11 10—16 |
| Dimmick | 111010111111 | 11 10 00 00—13— 80 |
| **Mobile Gun Club.** | | |
| Vass | 110111111111 | 10 00 10 10—15 |
| Boltz | 011010110111 | 10 11 11 10—14 |
| Wegener | 000100121111 | 00 10 10 10—10 |
| Talbot | 110010011101 | 10 10 00 10—10 |
| Finch | 110001111011 | 10 10 11 10—13 |
| Casten | 000111111100 | 10 10 11 10—13—75 |
| **Brewton Gun Club.** | | |
| Buck | 111111111111 | 10 00 10 00—14 |
| Bass | 011011010101 | 01 10 10 10—11 |
| Stevens | 110111101010 | 00 10 00 10—10 |
| Lovelace | 111111011110 | 10 10 10 10—14 |
| Theis | 111111101100 | 10 10 00 00—11 |
| Rankin | 111101011011 | 10 11 10 10—14—74 |
| **Scranton (Miss.) Gun Club.** | | |
| Gautier | 111111111111 | 10 00 11 00—15 |
| E Gautier | 101111101110 | 00 11 01 11—14 |
| Inze | 100001011010 | 10 10 00 10— 8 |
| Fountaine | 101100111111 | 11 11 00 10—14 |
| Haynie | 001101010010 | 00 11 00 10— 8 |
| Wallace | 111100011001 | 00 00 11 11—11—60 |

## The Unknown Gun Club.

THE fine weather of Thursday, July 14, drew a big crowd of the members of the Unknown Gun Club to Dexter Park, L. I. It was the regular monthly shoot for the championship trophy and three extra prizes. The ties for the first divided. C. Hubbell won the second prize and W. Munch the third; C. Hubbell also won the sweepstake, miss and out prize. The scores:

Seven live birds, H. and T. traps, 80yds. boundary:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lohden | 1020303—3 | E Vroom | 2101122—6 |
| Dejean | 0110000—2 | A Merrihew | 2102220—4 |
| M Cuchester | 011 122—6 | H Knebel | 1112112—7 |
| J Rankez | 1012002—4 | J Flynn | 0102222—4 |
| J Doyle | 1112112—7 | Schumacher | 1102111—6 |
| Dr Schwartz | 1112101—7 | I Hyde | 0111111—6 |
| J Vagte | 1111021—6 | J Van Leben | 1021111—6 |
| C Kollver | 0111212—6 | W Munch | 2100211—5 |
| J Ashurst | 0111211—6 | C Detlefsen | 1210121—6 |
| W Skidmore | 2112001—5 | A Borkland | 1112211—7 |
| C Hubbell | 2112110—6 | M J Rathbone | 1101c21—5 |
| M Boiserman | 00 2201—4 | Dr Little | 1222012—6 |
| Sauter | 0100022—3 | W Gilman | 2120011—5 |
| P Sweenez | 0100111—4 | | |

Sweepstake, $1 entrance, miss and out:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M J Rathbone | 0 | C Detlefsen | 1110 |
| C Hubbell | 1111111 | W Gilman | 0 |
| A Merrihew | 0 | G Van Sice | 10 |
| J Merrihew | 1111110 | J Bolten | 0 |
| Dr Little | 1110 | | |

## The Keystone Annual.

NEW LONDON, Conn., July 16.—We have found it necessary to change the dates for our annual tournament in order to accommodate a number of local shooters and as the week following the dates already claimed by us have been claimed for the Des Ohree-Shos-Ka shoot, with which we do not care to conflict, we have decided to hold our shoot on Aug. 30 and 31, and Sept. 1 and 2, which we shall be pleased to have you note.

Programmes will be ready for distribution on Aug. 1, and we will send you a supply so that you will be able to furnish shooters that may write to you for same.

In addition to our regular trophy contests and diamond ring individual championship the first race between the New Jersey and Connecticut State League Teams will be shot during the tournament and also the team race between the East and West. We are also getting up a very attractive programme of regular events. One event will be shot under our novelty rule, open to all, nobody barred; then an event under the Interstate Association handicap, alternating, first one and then the other through the entire programme. This is quite novel and is bound to draw. In shooting the novelty rule we use 16 traps instead of 10. Six traps are placed in the field 60yds. from the score and throw right and left quartering and straight incomers. Unknown traps, unknown angles and different distances. This will make intensely interesting shooting and we believe that the amateurs will, at least at this first shoot, make nearly as good scores as the experts. The surplus money will, however, be added to the Interstate Association handicapped events, so that in case the amateurs do not shoot as well in the novelty rule events they will not lose the opportunity of getting their averages in the amateur class. We have made a study of this novelty rule, and made a practical test of it, and have come to the conclusion that it is the coming rule and will give entire satisfaction. The management reserves the right to modify the rules governing the shoot to please the majority of shooters present, and every shooter that attends will get all the shooting he could wish for and to his own liking.

Hotel accommodations will be first class, reduced railroad fares will be obtainable, and everything will be done to provide for the comfort and pleasure of visiting sportsmen. We have the finest located grounds in America, right on the banks of the famous New London Harbor, and they are being laid out with tournament fixtures that will make them second to none in the world. The tents will be arranged the same as at the Interstate Association tournaments, and will present a living mass of canvas, while the entire score will be covered with a canvas screen which will protect the shooter from the sun. H. A. PENROSE,

(Standard Keystone Target and Trap Co.).

## Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

At the monthly shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association at Utica, N. Y., on July 7, the members shot at bluerock targets thrown from expert traps by Paul North's electric pull, shooting at unknown angles, nevertheless the scores were as high as usual. Elliott made a straight in the shoot for the club prizes. The scores:

Medal shoot:

| | |
|---|---|
| Knowlton | 1100011111111111101111111—21 |
| Hunter | 111 0101111111111111100111—21 |
| Kelties | 0101011101111101101111111—18 |
| Smyth | 1111101111111111111111111—24 |
| Elliott | 1111011010101111111101111—20 |
| Pfeiffer | 1110010101001101101111111—18 |
| Wheeler | 1010101100000101010010101—12 |
| Kilbourne | 100 1011011100111110111—18 |
| Hebning | 1010110101101111111111111—13 |
| Booth | 1010111101111110111111111—21 |
| Gilmore | 0100011001010001111111111 -15 |
| Harris | 0111101111110111011111111—21 |
| Gates | 0011010111111111111101100—17 |

Club prize shoot:

| | |
|---|---|
| Millspaugh | 1000110111111111111111111—21 |
| Elliott | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Knowlton | 1111111111101111111111110—23 |
| Hunter | 1110111111111111111111101—23 |
| Booth | 1111111111101111111111111—24 |
| Kilbourne | 1011101110111110100111111—19 |
| Kalles | 1111110011111111111111110—22 |
| Smyth | 1011111110110111111111011—21 |
| Hayes | 0010100000100000100000001—7 |
| Gilmore | 1000110100100100110110—12 |
| J Pfeiffer | 1101011110111010101111111—18 |
| Parris | 1111101111111111111111111—24 |

## The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., July 11.—The Hamilton Gun Club held its monthly shoot on the East Hamilton grounds to-day. The extremely hot weather accounted for the meagre attendance. Wm. Stroud succeeded in winning the challenge medal from J. W. Bowman with the close score of 18 to 16. The match as usual was at 15 singles and 5 pairs. For the club medals Mr. J. Smyth won with the magnificent score of 24 in first class and Frank Kaiser won in second class. The new constitution and by-laws of the club are now in the hands of the members, who feel proud of the new edition.

Challenge medal, 15 singles and 5 pairs, unknown angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| W Stroud | 001100111111011 01 11 11 11 10—18 |
| J W Bowman | 0101011111100001 11 10 12 00 11—16 |

Club medals, 25 singles, rapid firing:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bowman | 1100101110111101001010110—16 |
| J Stroud | 0000000010010000100010010—6 |
| Ross | 0101001100011010011000011—11 |
| Parker | 0100111001100111001001001—12 |
| Kaiser | 00110 0100111010101010101—15 |
| Wilson | 1111101111111111101100010—20 |
| A Smyth | 1101101111111110110111111—21 |
| W Stroud | 0011000011110101111101010—15 |
| Eby | 0111111111111010111111111 22 |
| Graham | 1001110000000001001111110—12 |
| Jones | 1001001001001010w |
| Lindsy | 1011100111111100010101110—16 |
| W Stroud | 1110101110110110000w |
| D Smith | 0110101011010111110101101—17 |
| Crooks | 0010000101010101001010010w |
| J Smyth | 1111011111111111111111111—24 |

WILSON.

## Parkway Gun Club.

THERE was a good attendance at the Parkway Gun Club's regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, the 13th inst. The competition was for the prizes in Classes A, B and C, together with the president's medal. J. Ochs was the only member to kill 7 straight and took the medal with Class B prize; J. Bennett won in Class A and M. Meyer in Class C. The birds were good, a light breeze with a cloudy sky made shooting very pleasant. The scores:

Shoot for medal and class prizes, at 7 live birds, 5 traps, unknown angles:

Class A.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| T Short | 1212012—6 | A Andrews | 1101100—4 |
| A Botty | 0121111—6 | H Lemaire | 1220112—6 |
| E Helgans | 1115112—6 | F Rausch | 1120'00—4 |
| J Bennett | 1210111—6 | L Moeller | 111o202—5 |

Class B.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H J Bookman | 0002012—3 | J Ochs | 1111211—7 |
| H J Selover | 1112210—6 | J Link | 2202120—5 |
| H Bramwell | 2201112—6 | P Kunzweller | 1020122—5 |

Class C.

| | |
|---|---|
| M Meyer | 0211211—6 |

Sweepstakes, $1 entry; first, 2 moneys; second, 3 moneys; 3 live birds each:

| | 1st. | 2d. | | 1st. | 2d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| T Short | 111—3 | 011—2 | J Link | .... | 212—3 |
| A Andrews | .210—2 | 100—1 | H Selover | .... | 012—2 |
| H J Bookman | .202—2 | 101—2 | L Moeller | .... | 110—2 |
| H Bramwell | .121—3 | 111—3 | F Rausch | .... | 000—0 |
| A Botty | .110—2 | 112—3 | J Bennett | .... | 011—2 |
| E Helgans | .102—2 | 110—2 | A Don | .... | 122—3 |
| H LeMuire | .021—2 | 102—2 | | | |

First sweep—Ties div. Second sweep—Bramwell, Botty and Link div. first; Helgans, Selover, Moeller and Bennett div. second. Referee, W. Mills.

## At Los Angeles.

THE East Los Angeles (Cal.) Gun Club held its first shoot July 4 and great interest attached to the meet. The birds were bluerocks, 13 to a man, at 18 dollars. The scores were: Gibbs 9, Houser 8, Lewis 5, Menasco 8, Plummer 4, Weidenman 5, Lee 9, Whittaker 5, Welfare 2, Gircles 5, Brigham 6, Dewald 5, Merry 7. As will be seen Gibbs and Lee made a tie, which being shot off, was won by Lee. Gibbs and Lee then chose sides and a team shoot was held, which was won by Gibbs' side by a single bird.

## The Fourth at Portland.

THE Consolidated Rod and Gun Club held its third annual shooting tournament at Woodstock, July 4. The attendance was very good, and the event was characterized by much excellent work. Hoxie won the first prize for general average.

The first match resulted in a tie between Messrs. Wheeler, Hoxie, Hughes, Bial and Riley.

Match No 2: First prize won by Thorn, 20; second prize won by Beal, 19; third prize won by Hoxie, 18; fourth prize, tie by Story and Kropke, 17; fifth prize, tie by Caraher and Parker, 19; seventh prize won by Knzel, 15; eighth prize, tie by Hoxie, Powell, Riley, Lawrence, 14; ninth prize, tie by Pittock and Wheeler, 14; tenth prize, Hughes and Erlinger.

Match No. 3: First prize, Thorn, 19; second prize, tie, Barroll and Beal, 9; third prize, tie, Hughes, Hagie, Millard, Laise, Hudson, 8; fourth prize, tie, Riley, Lawrence, Krufete, Krufete, Kunzel, 7; fifth prize, tie, Parker and Powell 6; sixth prize, tie, Jacobson, Rubb and Inman, 5.

Match No. 4 was the Selby medal contest. Each team was composed of three men. Riley, Beal and Krophie won with a score of 65.

Match No. 5, two handsome gold medals, one to go to the man making the highest score who had never won a medal. Hoxie and Beal were the leaders, each 14. Hoxie won in the shoot off, 20 to Beals's 19.

The Dudley diamond medal was the first prize in match No 6. Story won the medal, 25. Then entrance money was divided into four parts and was won by L. Lyng, 26, Kropke, Hughes and Hoxie 24, Beal, Powell and Millard 22, Wheeler 21.

Match No. 7: First prize, Long, 15; second, Hoxie and Wheeler, 14; third, Kinzel, Riley and Evans, 13; fourth, D. Hart and Parker, 12; fifth, Millard, Pittock, Beal and Lawlor, 11; sixth, Krokke, Bubb, Hughes and Creighton, 10; seventh, Story, Honeyman, Barrel and Caraher, 9; eighth, Bubb, Seed, Jones, Greenwald and Guist, 8; ninth, Bowles and Honeyman.

Match No. 8: First money by Long and Evans, 21; second, Hoxie and Bottler, 21; third, Kinzel, Riley and Beal 20; fourth, Palmer, Wheeler, Story and Kropke, 19; fifth, Millard, Honeyman and Caraher, 18.

Match No 9, consolation shoot, prize Winchester repeating shotgun. Bowles and Edgar, 9.

Hoxie won the first prize for the general average shoot. The prize was a black onyx watch charm.

## Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

THE members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club turned out very strong on Wednesday, July 13 at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I. The day was favorable for shooting, a light breeze and slightly cloudy. The principal contest was for the Eppig diamond badge and six extra prizes. A good race took place between A. Eppig, the donor of the badge, and F. Pfaender; the latter won by killing 26 birds straight. J. E. Orr dropped out on the 23d round. The birds were a fair lot. The scores:

Shoot for Eppig badge and six extra prizes, at 10 live birds:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A Eppig (50yds) | 1112111111—10 | 2111122221222.0 |
| J Schleman (27) | 1111111221 10 | withdrew. |
| C Engleb echt (25) | 1010111011—7 | 010 |
| L Eppig (23) | 0070120000—2 | |
| F Lutzer (25) | 1021100000—3 | div. fifth prize. |
| W Lohmann (21) | 1020000210—5 | div. fifth prize. |
| F Pfaender (27) | 1112111121—10 | 1111111111111 won badge. |
| W Lair (25) | 2022220210—7 | 010 |
| J E Vroo bees (28) | 0121121111—9 | 11 div. second prize. |
| F M Laughlin (23) | 0111111111—9 | 22 div. second prize. |
| M J Rathbone (27) | 2121121112—10 | 002 |
| Dr Litt e (23) | 0110111210—7 | 11111 div. fourth prize. |
| M Eissasser (25) | 1122020202—7 | 110 |
| I Hyde (29) | 1022102211—8 | 110 |
| Dr Van Z le (27) | 0112120121—8 | 210 |
| W F Quimby (24) | 1022012201—7 | 11111 div. fourth prize. |
| W Hughes (25) | 2100122112—8 | 0 |
| J E Orr (25) | 2121121112—10 | 21211212212210 |
| C Plate (28) | 1112011210—8 | 110 |
| F Ibert (25) | 1112202221—9 | 20 |
| R Lambert (29) | 0201101010—4 | won sixth prize. |
| D Leveridge (25) | 0211011111—8 | 111 won third prize. |
| H McLaughlin (25) | 1011170111—8 | 10 |
| H Blattmacher (29) | 1211112112—10 | 12110 |
| W Green (21) | 0200121200—5 | div. fifth prize. |

Sweepstake shoot, $5 entrance, lowest scores to pay for the birds at 25yds.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R Lamoert | 11011—4 | 110 | F Ibert 11111—5 |
| W Lair | 11110—4 | 111 | |

Referee, Mr. H. McLaughlin; Scorer, Mr. J. C. De Fraine.

## Vernon Gun Club.

THE members of the Vernon Gun Club had a team shoot at the club's grounds, Ridgewood, L. I., on Tuesday, July 12. Dr. Corbin's team was the best. The scores:

Ten Keystones, 3 traps, 20yds. rise, A. A. rules:

| Dr. Little's Team—First. | | Dr. Corbin's Team—First. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Little | 0111000111— 6 | Dr Corbin | 0001001000— 2 |
| G VanSice | 1110 10010 — 5 | H Kuebels, Jr. | 1112101111— 9 |
| Dr Crutchly | 0001111000— 4 | Dr Schilling | 1011 00010 — 4 |
| Dr Dreyer | 0000000000— 0 | Dr Weischert | 00010 0111— 5 |
| Bullwinkle | 0000000011— 2 | H Harned | 1111100010— 6 |
| G VanSice, Jr. | 1000000001— 2—19 | Cameron | 1000001100— 3—29 |
| **Second** | | **Second** | |
| Dr Little | 1111111111—10 | Dr Corbin | 1111010000— 5 |
| Kreitler | 00 0000000— 0 | Schilling | 1111010011— 7 |
| J Merrihew | 1011101101— 7 | G VanSice | 1111111111—10 |
| H Knebel, Jr. | 1101011110— 7 | Scott | 0110011101— 6 |
| Cameron | 0000001011— 3 | Wischert | 1010000110— 4 |
| Dreyer | 0000010001— 2 | Harned | 0000100100— 2 |
| Cook | 0000000000— 0—29 | Bullwinkle | 0010100011— 4—38 |

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Walnut Hill.

BOSTON, July 16.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot at its range to-day with a good attendance of shooters, but the conditions were very unfavorable for high scores, there being a very strong 9 o'clock wind. Mr. Crowninshield won the bronze and silver pistol medals, Mr. Merville the bronze seal medal and Mr. Avoy the bronze and silver pistol medal, distance 200yds., Standard American targets, all re-entry matches:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E H Comey | 77 | C W Holmes | 72 O Moore 67 |
| B E Hunter | 73 | L Ames | 70 B C Snow 63 |

All-Comers' Rest Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Francis | 107 | O Moore | 103 E H Comey 91 |
| S Wilder | 105 | J B Hobbs | 100 D N Winn 89 |
| H L Willard | 104 | B E Hunter | 97 |

Eagle Bridge Pistol Match 50yds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crowninshield | 95 | L Bell | 89 L R Avay 83 |
| M T Day | 93 | D Martin | 88 J B Hobbs 82 |
| O Moore | 91 | | |

Pistol Medal Match—50yds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L Bell | 94 | O M ore | 90 D Martin 87 |
| M T Day | 92 | J B Hobbs | 89 E H Comey 84 |

Bronze eagle badge with pistol—Won on 10 scores of 80 or better by F. B. Crowninshield, 87, 92, 88, 92, 93, 91, 91, 89, 82, 94.

Silver eagle badge with pistol—Won on 10 scores of 88 or better by F. B. Crowninshield, 90, 88, 88, 90, 93, 91, 93, 95, 91, 95.

Bronze and silver pistol medal—Won on 10 scores of 81 or better by L. R. Avay 84, 81, 83, 85, 85, 82, 84, 85, 83 83.

## Rensselaerwyck.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 14.—The following scores were made today by the Third Brigade Rifle Association, shooting at 200yds. off-hand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wm C Gomph | 6 | 9 | 3 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 4 | —68 |
| | 7 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 8 | —76 |
| | 9 | 10 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 90 |
| Major Chas H Gaus | 7 | 5 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 2 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 10 | —67 |
| | 8 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 8 | —74 |
| | 9 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | —76 |
| Col Wm E Fitch | 8 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 7 | —67 |
| | 10 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | —76 |
| | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 5 | —66 |
| Chas P Frey | 5 | 10 | 5 | 4 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 6 | —66 |
| | 8 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 5 | —63 |
| | 8 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 6 | —63 |

## The Miller Rifle Club Team.

BELOW will be found a general description of the shooting careers of the men who helped win the FOREST AND STREAM'S handsome trophy emblematic of the New Jersey rifle championship, for the Miller Rifle Club, with a most handsome record, although several clubs were dangerously near. That the Millers are entitled to the trophy is conceded by every club entered in the tournament, as they met many good clubs with very strong teams. The first man whose career we will present is

CHARLES JUDSON.

In 1848 Charles Judson, then a boy of 12 years, was a drummer boy with a company of regulars stationed in Texas. One day during a stroll he stopped at a brook for a drink of water. He was about to arise when several Indians, members of a band who were known to be in the neighborhood, leaped upon him and made him prisoner. For two years he was compelled to stay with them. They endeavored to induce him to remain with them. They gave him a small rifle and a few rounds of ammunition and they taught him how to shoot game. He made it appear that he liked the Indians' life, but was ever on the lookout for the least chance for escape. At last his opportunity came. Every evening he would be sent out to bring in the horses of the band of savages. He took a liking to a horse, which he knew possessed endurance and speed. The latter equine he mounted, and just as soon as he reached a safe distance from the wigwam he let the horse out. His ideas of the horse's speed were verified. Upon reaching the neighboring hills he looked around him and saw that a score of the braves were in pursuit. Upon seeing this he gave the horse his head with the result that they stumbled upon a camp of United States scouts. As he was attired in Indian garb they were about to fire upon him when he hurriedly cried, "The Indians are coming." As the latter reached the scouts' camping place they turned to retreat but were fired upon with the result that quite a number were killed and wounded. After remaining with the men a few days he joined them, enlisting as a scout. He remained with them until 1866, then being 30 years old. In all that time he had never heard from his father or mother. He returned to New York, when, upon the organization of the Zittler Rifle Club, he became one of its members. In all he has shot 125 matches with them, they never meeting defeat. In the Newark Bundesfest five years ago he and two others divided the first, second and third prizes, amounting to $500. He was a member of the Knickerbocker Rifle Club and captain of the Seppenfeldt Rifle Club, of New York. He is also one of the organizers of the Miller Club. At present he is giving his "Wild Western" show in Rockaway. Although he is now 56 years old, Dave Miller believes himself to be the equal of any marksmen in the United States for all around shooting, including the rifle, pistol, gun and revolver. Unfortunately Charley Judson could not be over to be photographed, therefore he is left out of the group.

DAVID MILLER.

At 14 years of age, back in '57, Dave Miller, after taking a little preliminary practice joined the Christian Musketeers in Long Island, and at their target shoot he took his first prize with an old flintlock musket of his, made in 1812. A few months later he organized the Attorney Light Guards and was considered one of their best shots. Years latre, in 1876, he, after taking quite an amount of gallery practice, helped to organize the Zettler Rifle Club. He has shot 125 team matches with them. He has the record for the highest score ever made in prize shooting, 74 out of a possible 75, at the Union Hill Schuetzen Park, in 1878, distance 200yds. In that year he made 75 out of a possible 75, at a festival of the Seppenfeldt Rifle Club, at a distance of 200ft. In Cook's Park, Brooklyn, he made 74 out of 75 at the same distance. He was a member of the Knickerbocker and Seppenfeldt rifle clubs. During the war he served in the quartermaster department before City Point and Petersburg, re-enlisted and went to Nashville, Tenn. In 1871 he joined the Ninth Regiment, serving until 1879. He became a member of the Jersey Schuetzen Corps in 1878 and the Independent Schuetzen Corps, of New York, with whom he made the trip abroad a year or two ago. While there he won the urn presented by the North German Lloyd Steamship Company at the tenth annual Bundesfest at Berlin to the best American marksmen in attendance. The urn is valued at 2,200 marks. His score was 58 out of a possible 60 at a distance of 1,050ft. He also won two candelabras given by the City of Berlin and valued at 1,500 marks. To mention all prizes won by Dave Miller on that trip would be taking up too much space. On Feb. 13, with six others, he organized the Miller Rifle Club, which was named after him.

L. VOGEL.

L. Vogel, who is better known to his intimates as "Birdie," commenced shooting in 1861, taking in numerous target companies affairs. He has been connected with the Helvetia, Helwig, Zettler and Miller Rifle Clubs. Birdie holds the record for the highest score ever made on the target of honor, made in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park, in 1878, 73 out of a possible 75. During a tournament on the Helwig's club gallery in 1877 he beat the twenty shot record for 100ft. by getting them 67/16in. from center. The previous record made by a Mr. Hamilton measured 7 5/16. Birdie has won numberless prizes, but it is difficult to get him to talk of what big shooting he has done. He has shot in numerous matches with the Zettler Club of New York.

GEORGE SCHLICHT.

George Schlicht is now about thirty-four years old. When a boy in Guttenberg, he while with target companies as loader of the rifles, would now and then during a lull fire a few shots. This practicing at last brought good results, as to day George Schlicht is one of the best 200yds. shooters in the vicinity. He has been a member of the Miller Club for the past few years, and his boast is that he has never missed a match that the Millers shot in the tournament. He is well thought of in the Germania Schuetzen Bund of which he is a member.

AUGUST MEYNS.

August Meyns did his first shooting in '76 with the Atlantic Rifle Club of Hoboken. In '79 he became a member of the Hoboken Schuetzen Corps. Three times he became their king, that is making the highest score on the target of honor at the Corps' annual festival. He was one of the organizers of the Miller Rifle Club.

LOUIS FLACH.

Louis Flach has been shooting for the past fifteen years. In 1879 he became a member of the Zettler Rifle Club, New York. He has shot in fifty matches with them and is always considered for a first-class score. His record is nearly equal to that of all the well-known cracks. He became a Miller man in 1890. He is one of the most popular marksmen to-day. He is about 32 or 33 years of age.

ERNEST FISCHER.

Ernest Fischer is a comparatively new shooter, he only being in the "biz" for the past five years. His first shooting was done as a member of the Miller Rifle Club. He is a most enthusiastic marksman, he fairly being in love with rifle shooting. He accompanied the Independent Schuetzen Corps of New York on their trip to Europe. Among other prizes he won a handsome and valuable cup at Bingen on Rhine. He holds the position of treasurer in the Miller Rifle Club. He is 33 years of age.

FREDERICK BRANDT.

Frederick Brandt has been shooting for the past seven years. In 1887 he became a member of the Miller Rifle Club. In justice to him it can be said that he is one of the Miller Rifle Club's best members, he never missing a shooting or meeting night. He has won numerous prizes and trophies, as he is a clever marksman. He is 35 years old.

FREDERICK LIELL.

Frederick Liell commenced shooting ten years ago, when a member of the Hudson Amateurs. His popularity and efficiency in the holding of his rifle gained him the position of captain three years latter, '85 to '90 inclusive. Two years ago he became a member of the Miller Rifle Club. He is about 32 years of age.

LOUIS SOHL.

Louis Sohl started in shooting with Fred Liell ten years ago, and proved an adept at once. He has won many prizes in club tournaments and those of other clubs. He became a member of the Miller Club two years ago. He is about 30 years old.




FRED K. BRANDT. CAPT. R. W. DEWEY. AUG. MEYERS.
LOUIS FLACH. GEO. SCHLICHT. FREDK. LIELL. L. VOGEL.
ERNEST FISHER. D. MILLER. LOUIS SOHL.

CAPTAIN RICHARD W. DEWEY.

Captain Richard W. Dewey was one of the organizers of the Miller Rifle Club, and at the first meeting was elected their captain. This position he has held ever since, as his ability as a hustler has never been questioned. The genial captain becomes really enthusiastic when talking Miller Rifle Club. In credit to him it must be said that he leaves no stone unturned to improve the club's affairs.

J. H. KRUSE.

## Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE regular shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association took place on its range to-day (July 17) and the following scores were made. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. The shooting was not quite up to the standard, as a strong and fitful 12 o'clock wind, varying from 10 to 2 o'clock, was blowing:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 7 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 85 |
| | 9 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 84 |
| | 7 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 81 |
| Best | 7 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 79 |
| | 8 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 77 |
| | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 75 |
| Weinheimer | 9 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 6 | 78 |
| | 10 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 77 |
| | 8 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 68 |
| Houck | 7 | 7 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 70 |
| | 7 | 10 | 9 | 4 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 0 | 68 |
| | 5 | 8 | 8 | 2 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 10 | 62 |
| Stegner | 3 | 4 | 10 | 4 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 4 | 63 |
| | 9 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 2 | 5 | 6 | 63 |
| | 7 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 63 |
| Topf | 6 | 8 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 59 |
| | 4 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 10 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 59 |
| | 6 | 3 | 5 | 10 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 3 | 55 |
| Payne | 10 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 80 |
| | 9 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 5 | 77 |
| | 6 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 76 |
| Speth | 7 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 10 | 81 |
| | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 75 |
| | 7 | 10 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 73 |

## The Elcho Shield.

LONDON, July 16.—The shooting at the Bisley meeting, which began on Tuesday last, was continued to-day. The number of qualified competitors for the Queen's prize amounted to nearly 3,000, as against 2,050 last year, while that for the St. George's prize was about 2,000. In the contest for the Elcho Shield, which took place to-day, only four points separated the two leading teams when the shooting closed. The shield was captured by Scotland, the scores being as follows: Scotland, 1,096; England, 1,692; Ireland 1,665. In the shooting for the Kolapore Cup the team representing England secured the trophy, leading the Canadian team, the next highest competitor, by 22 points. The score was as follows: England 684, Canada 662, Guernsey 659, Jersey 658.

## New Jersey Rifle Shooting.

*[Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.]*

MILLER RIFLE CLUB, Hoboken, N. J., Captain Richard W. Dewey. Wednesday, July 13.—The scores of to-night are appended below. The conditions were: 10 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 239 |
| J H Kruse | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 236 |
| F Kloepping | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 234 |
| A Meyns | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 232 |
| W Forkel | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 18 | 231 |
| H F Meyer | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 230 |
| H Seltenreich | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 20 | 18 | 227 |
| G A Demerest | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 19 | 19 | 226 |
| R Roch | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 224 |
| H Vanderheyden | 25 | 25 | 24 | 25 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 222 |
| F Kammel | 25 | 25 | 25 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 220 |
| G Dunsteadt | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 17 | 16 | 212 |

The club has a fair attendance at its weekly shoots, considering the extremely warm weather, a time when it is a most difficult matter to get a man to do any rifle shooting.

Through a local paper, J. H. Kruse was challenged by Frederick W. Kroeger of the Hoboken Rifle Club, in fact a club member, to what the latter calls a "trick, fancy and difficult shooting match." The former has never dabbled in this sort of shooting, and was therefore surprised. He was, however, induced to accept by several friends, and the event takes place Aug. 7 in headquarters, Wisch's Hall, Third and Adams streets, Hoboken. Now Jay H. is busily engaging his spare time in learning all the looking glass and other shots possible. Fred. W. a year ago did quite some shooting in local amateur entertainments, letting the audience down easy with the *nom de plume* of Captain Fred. Leroy. It is not yet known who is training Mr. Kroeger, but he could not find a better one than Gus Thurk, a Miller man and proprietor of a shooting gallery on Washington street, Hoboken.

The Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, has received and accepted a challenge to a 5-men team match at 200yds. on Sunday, the 21st inst., with a team named after a Secaucus, N. J., hostelry, known as Tammany Hall. The proprietor of the latter place, Geo. B. Bergkamp, has lately fitted up a long range and he took this means of letting the shooting people of up this way know he is open for business. The Miller team will consist of Dave Miller, Louis Flach, Ernest Fischer, George Schlicht and either August Meyns, William Forkel or Frederick Brandt. They will take a stage, leaving the Hoboken ferry entrance, opposite the D. L. & W. depot, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the match starting at 3.

The Hoboken and Hansa Rifle clubs have agreed to put the five best men of each club in a team match, which takes place Friday evening, July 29, at the headquarters of both clubs, Third and Adams streets, Hoboken. The teams will be: Hoboken—J. H. Kruse, W. F. Dilger, Fred Kloepping, Capt. John Yeck and Charles Paasch. Hansa—Otto Schmidt, A. Selter, F. Hepke, L. Wangersheim and Max Klammer. This contest, it is guaranteed, will be for blood, as there is much friendly rivalry between the clubs. Come down and referee Henry E. B.

The annual shoot, picnic and summer-night's festival of the Hudson City Schuetzen Company No. 1, Capt. Peter Bluemel, took place at Berg's Park, Jersey City Heights, Monday the 11th inst. First Lieutenant Fuller was crowned King of the Festival, he making the highest score on the target of honor. Frederick Freitag made the second highest score. On the ring target the winners were: A. Schmidt, A. Malz, C. Buck, A. Mulheisen and G. Rotthmann. The winners in the bowling contests were: Henry Peters, Henry Keiser and Adolph Rapp. During the evening dancing was a feature. The floor was under the direction of Adolph Rossy. The company made quite a neat sum of money through the indefatigable efforts of the officers and men to make the affair a success.

Lady Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J., President, Mrs. Alson Stadler, Thursday evening, July 14. To-night's scores are appended below. Conditions, 10 shots, rest, 25 ring target; possible 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss K Born | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 25 | 23 | 243 |
| Mrs J Vogel | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 21 | 241 |
| Miss L Prien | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 21 | 240 |
| Miss L Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 240 |
| Miss M Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 239 |
| Mrs Stadler | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 22 | 239 |
| Mrs A Cordts | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 238 |
| Mrs D Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 236 |
| Mrs Meyer | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 236 |

The interest in the shoot for the handsome silver card basket is still unabated. At present Mrs. Stadler, the president of the organization, leads by a narrow margin.

Hoboken Rifle Club, Capt. John Yeck, Monday, July 18.—To-night's scores follow, the conditions being 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Capt Yeck | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 18 | 17 | 227 |
| J H Kruse | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 18 | 18 | 219 |
| W F Dilger | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 18 | 18 | 219 |
| F Kloepping | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 17 | 217 |
| Chas Paasch | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 20 | 19 | 18 | 18 | 216 |
| F W Kroeger | 25 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 216 |
| M Raedeger | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 16 | 214 |
| A Dahl | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 16 | 15 | 212 |
| J Schneider | 25 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 18 | 18 | 17 | 212 |

As a glance above will suffice, it will be noticed that poor scores were the rule this evening. This was due to the poor light, which will be attended to at once. The club will soon inaugurate a medal shoot among the members after the club has been divided into several classes.

The Palisade Rifle Club recently had an outing to Schaefer's Park, West Hoboken. The members enjoyed themselves hugely, as an unusually efficient committee had the arrangements in hand. George W. Graf captured first prize in the target of honor shoot.

August Meyn's shooting range, 423 Washington street, Hoboken, now has four rifle clubs who make it their headquarters, as follows: Wednesday, Miller; Thursday, Lady Miller; Friday, Friday Night and Saturday, the shooting club of the Sixth Battalion, Germania Schuetzen Bund. The ranges are models of neatness.

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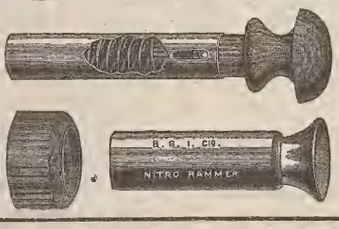
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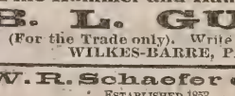
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## *OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE WORLDS FAIR.*

PROVISION has been made for an adequate FOREST AND STREAM representation at the World's Fair; and among other exhibits will be shown, in part or in whole, the collection of amateur photographs received by us in the amateur competition. It may safely be predicted that the series will set forth in most effective manner the outdoor life of the American sportsman.

## *FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.*

VIII.—THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.

THE migrant woodpecker whose cheery cackle assures us of the certainty of spring is rich in names that well befit him. If you take to high-sounding titles for your humble friends, you will accept *Colaptes auratus* as he flies above you, borrowing more gold of the sunbeams that shine through his yellow pinions, or will be content to call him simply golden-winged.

When he flashes his wings in straight away flight before you, or sounds his sharp, single note of alarm, or peers down at you from the door of his lofty tower, or clings to its wooden wall, or clinging to a fence stake displays his mottled back, you recognize the fitness of each name the country folk have given him—flicker, yellow-hammer, yarrup, and what Thoreau often termed him, partridge-woodpecker.

It is a wonder that the joyous cackle wherewith he announces his return from his winter sojourn in the South has not gained him another, and that love-note, so like the slow whetting of a knife upon a steel, still another. Perhaps it is because they are especially sounds of spring and seldom if ever heard after the season of joyful arrival and love-making.

During the same season you frequently hear him attuning his harsh sharp voice to its softest note of endearment, a long-drawn and modulated variation of his cackle.

When household cares begin, the lord and lady of the wooden tower, like too many greater and wiser two-legged folk, give over singing and soft words. At home and abroad, their deportment is sober and business-like, and except for an occasional alarm-cry, they are mostly silent.

As you wander through the orchard of an early midsummer day and pause beside an old apple tree to listen to the cuckoo's flute or admire the airy fabric of the wood pewee's nest, a larger scale of lichen on the lichened boughs, you hear a smothered vibrant murmur close beside you, as if the heart of the old tree was pulsating with audible life.

It is startlingly suggestive of disturbed yellow-jackets, but when you move around the trunk in cautious reconnoisance, you discover the round portal of a flicker's home and the sound resolves itself into harmlessness. It is only the callow young clamoring for food, or complaining of their circumscribed quarters.

Not many days hence they will be out in the wide world of air and sunshine of which they now know as little as when they chipped the shell. Lusty fellows they will be then, with much of their parents' beauty already displayed in their bright new plumage and capable of an outcry that will hold a bird-eating cat at bay.

A little later they will be, as their parents are, helpful allies against the borers, the insidious enemies of our apple trees. It is a warfare which the groundling habits of the golden-wings make them more ready to engage in than any other of the woodpecker clans.

In sultry August weather, when the shrill cry of the cicada pierces the hot air like a hotter needle of sound, and the dry husky beat of his wings emphasizes the apparent fact of drouth as you walk on the desiccated slippery herbage of meadow and pasture, the golden-wings with all their grown-up family fly up before you from their feast on the ant hills and go flashing and flickering away like rockets shot aslant, into the green tent of the wild cherry trees to their dessert of juicy black fruit.

Early in the dreariness of November, they have vanished with all the horde of summer residents who have made the season of leaf, flower and fruit the brighter by their presence.

The desolate leafless months go by, till at last comes the promise of spring and you are aware of a half unconscious listening for the golden-wings.

Presently the loud long joyous iteration breaks upon your ear and you hail the fulfilment of the promise and the blithe newcomer, a golden link in the lengthening chain that is encircling the earth.

## *THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.*

Two full-grown men in Clinton county, this State, on a recent Sunday, lugged a .44cal. Winchester rifle into the woods at Fern Lake for a hunt. In the evening two other men, alarmed at their failure to return, went out to look for them. When the searchers saw the hunters coming, one said to the other, "Let's scare them;" and the two hid in the bushes. Then one of the searchers, we are told, "began to imitate the roars of wild animals." The hunter who had the rifle promptly fired at the roaring, and the roarer lived an hour and then died.

At about the same time another catastrophe to a July hunter happened in the Maine woods. A young Bostonian went from Parmachenee to Rump Pond, near the Canadian border, on a hunting expedition. He was shot in the thigh, and the Phillips (Me.) *Phonograph* tells this story of what it means to "go for the doctor" when a man is wounded in the wilderness:

A guide was at once despatched for Dr. Palmer at Phillips, sixty miles away. The guide started about 6 P. M. He reached the falls on Cupsuptic River at half past nine. There was no boat there and he constructed a raft on which he hoped to reach Pleasant Island, but in the darkness he soon ran upon a snag which precipitated him into the river. He succeeded in getting safely ashore and remained there during the night. At daybreak he went to the upper landing and found a boat, which he dragged around the falls, a distance of half a mile. In this he reached Billy Soule's camp, and he accompanied him to Rangeley, where they summoned the doctor by telephone. The doctor left Phillips at quarter past ten A. M. by special train. From Rangeley he went by team to Haines's Landing, where a steamer was in waiting to carry him to the falls of the Cupsuptic. Above this he was conveyed by a rowboat for six miles to Camp Parmachenee. From that point they proceeded on foot across the "carry," six and one-half miles, to Parmachenee Lake, and then two and one-half miles by boat to Camp Caribou, which was reached at 8 P.M. The young man was found with the bullet in his thigh. The doctor removed it and the patient was taken to Boston in a comfortable condition.

It would be ungracious to point out to these victims of their own folly and carelessness—although the reflection naturally suggests itself—that had they not been breaking the game laws they would not have brought woe on others and themselves. A person who blazes away when he hears a roaring in the bushes may not be credited with intelligence enough to know that there are such limitations as game laws in existence. As for the Boston man, he cannot plead ignorance, and presumably is of that large class, hailing from other States than Maine, who go into the woods year after year bent on killing game out of season, in defiance of the statutes, of decency and of the rights of their law-abiding fellows. The list of their catastrophes and fatalities warrants the belief that a rigid enforcement of game laws would effect a saving of human limbs and human lives, as well as of the game. If, in the case of some of the visitors, the statute, which now prescribes imprisonment after violation of the law, could be applied to effect a preventive imprisonment before contemplated violation, there would be fewer unfortunates carried out of the woods on stretchers.

## *MEMORY.*

How magic is the sportsman's memory, and how potent the story of another's field experiences to renew the recollection of one's own days with dog and gun. It is one of the never failing charms of a sportsman's journal that, reading its pages, one may in fond fancy see again, as in the mirror of the Arabian tale, the fields and the woods and the streams and the skies and the comrades of years long gone by. Such a graphic sketch as the story of "A Day with the Grouse," by Dr. Morris, in a recent number, not only pictures the scenes described, but brings vividly to the minds of the reader his own days with the birds, and musing he lives over again each particular incident of the hunt.

By the way, if any one happens to require a fit reply to the carpers who can find no savor in shooting, we commend as something fully covering the case the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Hampton's sketch of grouse shooting, to be found on another page.

## *MASSACHUSETTS GAME BIRD IMPORTATION.*

THE report of progress sent us by the Acclimatization Committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association abundantly justifies their appeal to the sportsmen of the State for contributions of funds to extend the enterprise. The response should be prompt and generous. The results sought are for the common good of all Massachusetts sportsmen. In thus stocking public covers for public benefit, the Massachusetts Association is displaying a rarely disinterested spirit. In these days of private game preserves and the absorption of public hunting territory by individuals and clubs, a society which intelligently strives to better free shooting privileges is deserving of much honor and substantial support.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

FOR the very interesting amateur photographs of a nesting woodcock, reproduced in our Natural History columns, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. G. Hills, of Hudson, N. Y., who discovered the nest and suggested the photographing. Mr. Jaquins tells us that after he had taken two photographs of the bird sitting on the nest, the bird was lifted from the nest by Mr. Hills; and the third plate, of the eggs as shown, was then made. We have also a set of photographs of a nesting woodcock taken by Mr. T. M. Aldrich in North Carolina last spring. Mr. Aldrich at one time set up his camera, then going to the nest crouched behind it, and pulling a string snapped the shutter and succeeded in securing a picture which shows not only the bird on the nest but his own portrait as well. His experience and that of Messrs. Jaquins and Hills illustrate the well known fact that nesting birds lose much of their wildness and exhibit at times surprising fearlessness in the presence of man.

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Dr. Louis Bell, the holder of the Winans Trophy and the champion revolver shot of the United States, is now in the Eastern States on professional business. On several recent shoots he has been present at the Walnut Hill range, and at 50yds. outdoor work has shown that he is worthy of the leading place he holds in revolver endeavor. He is hard at work keeping in proper form for his defense of the trophy. The first and present challenger is Mr. Geo. F. Jantzer, of the New York Pistol Club. Mr. Jantzer stood third in the list of contestants at the opening shoot, and is ambitious to have the honor of holding the trophy. The men will have an early meeting, and if careful practice can secure them, some very close records are promised.

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Mr. Walter Winans, the donor of the American revolver championship emblem, is worthily maintaining his place as the leading revolver shot of the world. At the meeting of the British National Rifle Association, at Bisley, which closed on Saturday last, a special cable informs us, Mr. Winans is credited as the winner of nine in the twelve varieties of revolver matches provided, while in the other three he tied the winners but was not himself credited as a winner under the conditions.

t

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—VI.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### The Carp Lake Camp.

IN the morning Sam and Charley and Kelpie were satisfied to use the wooden boats again, while the Colonel and I put the ironclad together for a cruise up the east shore of the lake to Fouch's landing, about 3 miles, and thence across for a visit to Uncle Jimmy Nolan, "the rare ould Irish gentleman," and as good a neighbor as we ever had in all the years of our camping out.

We borrowed a few minnows out of old Sam's bucket "onbeknownst" to him, and throwing an old grain sack in the boat in which to bring back some potatoes, took our way up shore with a stiff wind abeam from across the lake that gave the ironclad a chance to show her best points. A half mile or more from camp I took my first bass, a small one, guessed at a trifle under a pound weight, which was returned to the water to grow larger if some wretch without a conscience didn't happen along in the near future and yank him out to glorify himself in the eyes of his friends of the same ilk as a count fisher.

He was a vigorous fighter, however, for his size, and for a minute or so the arch of the old rod came near fooling us into the belief that it was battling with a 3-pounder, but as he was the first bass I had felt for a year we charged the error of judgment to the old wrist, which was too much out of practice for a close guess at the size of a fish by the strain on the muscles, and to a "sneakin' hope" that overcomes us all at times that the fish at the other end of the line may turn out larger than he feels on the rod.

The little fellow must have slipped around ahead of us and told all the bass and other fish that he came across on the way that a couple of dangerous old fish cranks in a torpedo boat were coming, loaded, and to give them a wide berth or they might run against a "live wire" trailing after the boat and come to grief through the alluring antics of a harmless-looking shiner, for we fished all the way up to the point across the little bay from Fouch's landing without getting another bite, save from one bold and reckless goggle-eye who failed to heed the warning and fell a victim to his curiosity in trying to find out what was the matter with the erratic shiner.

We stopped around the point and caught a few good minnows with hook and line, still-fished awhile without success, and then pulled across the bay to the landing to stretch our legs ashore and slake our thirst at a pool in a clear, cold little spring branch that came stealthily out of the tangle to the right of the road and lost itself a few rods down to the left in the grass and lily pads lining the shore of the bay.

(It may be noted for any one desiring the information, that this landing is the place to where "summer resorters" for the Fountain Point House are conveyed from Traverse City by vehicle—there will soon be a railroad—to take the little steam launch Rambler for the house, twelve miles below.)

After a good rest and a smoke we got back in the boat, and shipping both pair of oars settled down to a pull of two good miles and a half across the lake almost in the eye of the wind and against a white-capped sea that slapped an occasional half pint of water in over the bows, but we had got used to the ironclad's ways and snaky manner of climbing a sea and didn't mind it much.

We forced the boat through a dense belt of bulrushes growing a couple of rods from the shore, to the landing we had made in front of our last year's camp, and got out to look around for reminders of the pleasant days spent there in sun, and rain, and storm, for even the rainy and stormy days have their pleasures in a well-balanced camp.

First, was the Colonel's famous camp-fire, or rather the reminder of it in the shape of a weather-beaten pile of ashes and a few sodden, partly burned roots of a great stump that he had spent many hours, far into the nights, in reducing by piling around it a half a cord or more of logs and limbs and touching it off with certain prefatory bibulous festivities and ceremonies, which would shoot up into a blaze of flame and sparks that could be seen for miles down the lake. Around this we had nightly gathered and smoked and told fish lies, and took solid comfort till drowsiness drove us one by one to bed, except the Colonel, leaving him to sit and weave fancies in the embers till the last flickering flame died out.

Two or three rods up shore was the "sign" of another old stump that had shared the same fate, and a little further on still another, which had moved the Colonel to call it "Three Stump Camp."

Of a verity, "The Kurnel is a main hand at buildin' a camp-fire."

Next came a smaller lot of ashes, flattened and beaten into the ground by the rains and snows of many moons, and a few charred ends of chunks and sticks, which denoted the spot on which many an appetizing meal had been prepared to the accompaniment of more or less variegated profanity, notably when it was raining and the fire wouldn't burn well.

Near it still stood the two posts on which had rested one end of the "kitchen" table, the other supported by a handy stump, on which the camp-fire fiend had not been allowed to operate for a display of his fireworks.

A rod from this were yet standing three of the six posts on which had rested the dining table, and off to the right were four well-defined squares where the tents had stood, with here and there the weather-beaten head of a tent pin sticking out of the ground as we had left them when we broke camp.

While we stood talking over the pleasant days we had spent on the familiar spot, a lot of cattle and some horses grazing in the field caught sight of us and came hurrying up to within a few yards, where they stood with necks outstretched and bursting with curiosity, staring at us in open-eyed wonder, with trouble brewing for us, as we knew, if the inspection did not turn out to their satisfaction.

We were in some doubt as to their intentions, and made a hasty mental calculation how long it would take us, with a sudden and pressing impulse for a starter, to reach a division fence a few rods back of us; but our fears were quieted by an old brindle cow with a clanging bell hung to her neck, who seemed to recognize in us old friends, by a low *moo-oo*, which the others appeared to understand as a signal that we were all right and not to be molested, and somewhat to our relief they turned lazily and began feeding again, as though nothing had happened to disturb the quiet of their humdrum life.

One mild-eyed young filly, however, seemed to wish a better acquaintance, and stood eyeing us curiously, afraid, or too timid to make the first advance, but when I snapped my fingers at her she came confidingly up and stood quietly to have her nose rubbed, making an occasional playful snip the while at the grain sack hanging over my shoulder.

It was a pleasant "episode," as old Sam would have called it, but when we had rubbed noses to our mutual satisfaction, and got quite well acquainted, the Colonel and I—having in mind the cream and buttermilk in Mother Nolan's spring house—started for the house, 60 or 70 rods back on the side hill, with her ladyship following demurely behind to the fence at the lane, where she stood looking after us with wistful, reproachful eyes, "cogitatin'" doubtless on the uncertainty of human friendship.

Truly, it is a comfort to make friends with the dumb animals—big, savage pups and "ornery curs" omitted.

At the house we found uncle Jimmy sitting out on the porch with a neighbor and Johnny, a lad of seventeen and the baby of the family, all three doing nothing and apparently enjoying it. He welcomed us cordially and boisterously as is his wont, shaking hands vigorously the while, and called in at the open door. "Mother, mother, come out; here's Colonel Culbertson and ould Hickory, two o' thim Kingfishers that wur camped down beyant by the lake last summer, d'ye mind!" "Gintlemen I'm glad to see ye, so I am: sit ye down an' have chairs an' rest yerselves; where's ould Sam and Charley, an' little Ed.—ah, but that Ed. was the bye for mischief an' pranks, an' makin' the fun, so he was; where is the botherin' bye, I'd like to see him—isn't he along with ye? An' Dick Marris [he remembered all the names of the party]; him that presinted mother with the illegant bottle o' the crather for midical purposes—be the same token the milary gi' me a bad twisht soon after ye left us," with a wink at the Colonel, "an' Mister Foulds, the rale gintleman that he is, an' Harry an' Mister Gooder as I mind him with the shiny sthandin' collar that 'ud make the side boards of a wagon—an' where ar' ye campin' now, for I know yer campin' or ye wouldn't be here, d'ye *see*?" All this without an intermission, in a high, strained voice that might have been heard half way across the lake, as the wind was, but his honest old heart was in it all and we let him run down without interruption for a fresh start.

Meantime gentle Mother Nolan had come out on the porch and we had a good handshake all around, and when Johnny brought up a crock of cold, sweet cream from the springhouse the Colonel made himself at home with it, while I preferred to go down to the springhouse and sample the buttermilk of the morning's churning in the big churn.

The first dipper went down so slick that I hardly got a good taste of it, and I tried another with better success, but it took the third one to get at the exact flavor, and then I wished brother "Wawayanda" was there to compare it with the nectar he drank once upon a time in a stone-lined cellar somewhere in Canada, and then telling about it afterwards in FOREST AND STREAM for the sole purpose, as I figured it out, of making my mouth water.

When I returned to the porch Johnny and the neighbor had slipped off somewhere, and as the two older boys, Dan and Mike, were out in the fields, and Mary too timid and shy to be coaxed from the back room, whither she had fled at the first sound of her father's greeting as we stepped on the porch, we spent near an hour in pleasant chat with the old folks.

When about ready to take our leave Johnny and the neighbor came up the hill to the porch with a sheepish expression on their faces that meant they had been in mischief of some kind, and it soon developed that they had gone down to the lake to have a look at our canvas boat, the first they had ever seen, and the temptation to try it was too strong, and they had been overcome.

Getting in, they raced up and down the shore awhile, having great fun, when they concluded to land at a sandy beach a hundred yards below that looked to them a better place than where we had left it. Alas! for their good intentions.

When within 10yds. of the shore they struck a sharp, unnoticed snag sticking up out of the sand, and ripped a hole in the canvas that started the boat to filling rapidly, but as the water was less than a foot deep they jumped out on either side and snaked it ashore before it had taken more than a few gallons.

Then they sneaked up to the house to break the news of the catastrophe.

When Johnny had, with much trepidation, told his tale Uncle Jimmy nearly exploded with wrath, and gave the boys such a scoring for their "schylarkin' an' meddlin' ways" that they were glad to take refuge in the house under the protection of Mother Nolan till the storm abated.

Uncle Jimmy insisted on "settlin' all the damiges," but we lifted a load from Johnny's mind by assuring him that we looked on it as purely an accident and he need not worry about it; that the damage done was so insignificant that it could be repaired in a few minutes when we got to camp.

After the Colonel and I had consoled ourselves at the springhouse with a last dipper of buttermilk, we started in a body for the scene of the wreck, stopping in the potato field on the way to "grabble" a half bushel or more potatoes to take to camp in the grain sack. However, we did not know how we were going to get them there, as our boat was useless and the camp on the opposite side of the lake three miles or more away. We found the boat dragged up half her length on the sand, with an L-shaped slit in the canvas about 2in. long on the starboard side near the forward stool and five or six gallons of water in the stern.

The water was scooped out with the tin cup brought along, aided by the big sponge, the boat carried out on the beach and taken apart, and then we stood looking at each other in a vacant sort of way, in a —— of a category as to how to get it back to camp.

"Shipwrecked b'gosh," old Sam would have said, but we were on a hospitable shore, which does not always fall to the lot of castaway mariners.

The neighbor came to our relief by saying he had a big new skiff a short distance down the shore which we could use to get to camp and keep till he needed it; and in half an hour we had the collapsed ironclad loaded into the bow of the big skiff and headed down the lake in the direction of the camp, much to Johnny's pleasement no doubt, for it was plain the boy had been greatly worried over the mishap and did not expect to come out of the scrape so easily.

A few hundred yards down shore we beached the skiff at the mouth of a little stream, out of which we had taken sixty or seventy good trout the year before, but after fishing it carefully up to an old deserted mill at the road without a bite—the only part of the stream we had found any fish in—we took a short cut back to the boat, convinced that it was either a poor day for trout or that the youngsters of the neighborhood had cleaned it out.

I tried it another day some time afterward, but got nothing, only the information from a boy that it had been fished industriously nearly every day for a month or more, and what fish they had failed to catch were doubtless scared to death.

Off the mouth of the little stream a hundred yards was a stake sticking up in about 12ft. of water, where with his boat tied to it, the Colonel had spent a fair part of his time the previous year "inveiglin' of bluegills" with a barnyard hackle for a tail fly and a couple of gaudy "other" flies for droppers, the heft of the pleasure and comfort being furnished by a light split-bamboo Leonard fly-rod. The immediate vicinity around the stake had been christened "the bluegill hole," for on almost any day or hour of the day a string of them could be had for the trouble of pulling a boat down from the camp to the "hole" after them.

The Colonel's weakness for bluegills, and the recollections called up by the sight of the old weather-worn stake overcame him, and we pulled out, and taking a couple of half-hitches around it with the painter, settled down for an hour's sport with "them little fellers that kin knock the spots off'n a trout a-hustlin' an' a-cavortin'," according to old Sam, and Sam's estimate of their fighting qualities is not far wrong.

After taking and stringing 25 or 30 big ones—enough for a couple of fries for the whole camp, and returning to the water as many more smaller ones, we had enough, and once more took our way down the lake—first changing snells and hooks for bass—but we got nothing but a pickerel in two miles' fishing, and gave it up and crossed over to camp about 5 o'clock, well satisfied with our day out, even though the ironclad had a hole in her bottom and had to go in dock for repairs.

When we climbed the bank near Barney's table we were greeted by two raw recruits from Cincinnati, sitting under the big fly, whom the Colonel had telegraphed to come up while in Traverse City, and they had been in camp an hour or more waiting for some of us to come in and do honor to their arrival.

They were father and son; the former a man of the sawed-off variety, the son a spindlin' shrub of 18 years from the sturdier parent stem, who had sprained his eyes by over-study so such an extent that he was afflicted with short sight—and glasses, but he was a good, jolly sort of boy, and we took a liking to him.

What the paternal parent lacked in stature he made up in other accomplishments, among which was a burning desire to impart his knowledge of angling to his son—who knew more about it than he did—and he could hold up his end, too, equally well with the Colonel or the Kentuckians when it came to a question of "O. F. C." or "Old Crow."

I will not inflict the whole of his name on the reader lest he get as tired hunting for the end of it as we did of his unappreciated wit, the old wormy chestnuts he sprung on us at all hours, seasonable and unseasonable, his very funny (to him) but pointless (to us) play on words and his irritating sarcasms directed chiefly at his friend, the Colonel, who we sometimes wished would pick him up by the slack of his breeches and pitch him into the lake. But he was a good fellow, with capabilities but little tact, and we finally got used to his "everlastin' smartness" and looked for it as a part of our daily fare, to be taken, however, like castor oil, with fortitude, if not with a relish, and thereafter the camp run along with less friction than might have been expected.

There may be a moral to this, if the reader has a mind to hunt it up.

We called them Johnny No. 1 and Johnny No. 2 to distinguish one from the other, but it was only a day or two till old Sam departed from the usual Kentucky custom and dubbed No. 1 "Perfessor" instead of Colonel, and thereafter it was "Perfessor" and "Johnny."

We carried the ironclad up in the shade of one of the oaks and sewed on a neat patch of canvas over the rent and waterproofed it with boiled oil, mixed with the preparation sent with the boat, and in the morning it was as good as new and ready for another cruise.

When the boys came in a little before sundown and climbed the bank old Sam's "barometer" indicated "not bitin' very well; toler'ble pore luck," but they brought in four or five bass and some pickerel, which, with the bluegills were more than enough for our needs, and some of us, at least, were satisfied.

KINGFISHER.

FOREST AND STREAM
Amateur Photography
Competition.
See details in another column.

# Natural History.

## THE MUNGOOSE IN JAMAICA.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read "Arefar's" letter in your issue of May 26, and would have replied to your request somewhat earlier but that an accident placed me *hors de combat* for nearly three weeks.

If "Arefar" and his Californian friends will take what I may term experienced advice, he and they will let well alone, and keep at as great a distance as possible that to us ubiquitous pest, *Herpestes ichneumon*.

The mungoose was introduced into this island for the ostensible purpose of destroying the large, gray, white-bellied rat, that played havoc with the growing canes on the sugar-making plantations. That they fairly achieved the object for which they were imported cannot be gainsaid, but that they would ever become the universal pest that they are at the present day, and have been for the last ten years, was never anticipated. So long as they kept to the cane-growing plantations and ate the planter's poultry, eggs and all young and available animal life within a reasonable distance, all went well; but with its rapid and prolific powers of reproduction, and its vagabond and roaming disposition, it in a very short time—a few years—was to be found in every part of the island, from the sea shore to the tops of our loftiest range of mountains, the highest peak of which runs up to 7,360ft. above sea level.

I have had a long and intimate acquaintance with the mungoose, that is since its first introduction, just about twenty years ago. In a brochure written some six or seven years since on agricultural matters, at the instance of a leading local society, that on Commerce and Agriculture, I drew attention to the mungoose, its greatly increased numbers, area covered, and the devastation it was accomplishing, not only to young animal life alone, but to vegetation. Toward the end of 1889, at the request of the editor of one of our foremost metropolitan dailies, I again drew attention to the mungoose question. This article served the purpose in view, and brought to our newspapers letters from all parts of the island, all of which complained most bitterly of the mungoose and the damage it was causing everywhere. The general wail had the desired effect, and a commission was appointed by the local government to inquire into and report upon *Herpestes*. When the commission sat I was the first summoned, and I stated what I knew of the animal, its habits, life, food, etc. Very many gentlemen were called and gave evidence, and with one solitary exception—a cane cultivator and sugar boiler—their voices were raised against this new and introduced pest. I have not a report of the mungoose commission, but if one is to be had it shall be sent on.

The mungoose, as I have said, was introduced to destroy the cane rat. It has by no manner of means destroyed these rats, but it has lessened their number in the cane fields, and saved the sugar planters a lot of money. It was not introduced to destroy, but it has most effectually nearly exterminated all our ground laying and feeding birds, our poultry, eggs of all kinds on the ground and in trees, including those of the land turtle; it kills young pigs, lambs, kids; eats fruits of all kinds; canes, ground provisions, fish, wildfowl, snakes (ours are, or rather were, harmless), lizards, crabs, etc. All young and tender life, animal and vegetable, is included in its menu of daily fare.

It has been said, when folks here knew but little of its habits, that the mungoose does not climb, and that he is only a day forager. Neither assertion is correct, for the animal will climb into a tree that would try the agility and pluck of a young descendent of Ethiopia, and during the beautiful moonlit nights, that one only experiences in the tropics, the mungoose will take his walks abroad intent on destruction of some kind. When up a tree he will destroy the eggs or young of birds, taking them from the nest, or eat the fruit that may be ripe. He does not kill our domestic or dark-furred rat, and I am aware of an instance in which a mungoose and two of these rats found a common home or lodging place in the hollow trunk of a fallen tree. This, however, must be taken as a rare exception.

We had in this island a beautiful and indigenous snake, a friend to the agriculturist, the *Chilobothrus inornatus*, commonly called the yellow snake, and growing to a length of 6 and 7ft. It is gone; love or money cannot procure an individual, at least I have not been able to obtain a specimen for a snake fancier friend living across the big water, although I have been trying for the last three or four years. Another friend of the land cultivator, the ground lizard (*Ameiva dorsalis*), is gone. I have seen but one individual during the last five years; formerly they might be seen by the hundred in every mile of ground covered.

When he has cleared off the animal life and the fruit in a district, the mungoose turns his attention to the ground provisions, and here again he shows the variety of his taste and the power of his jaws. He will grovel away with his paws until he lays bare yams, cocoas (*Alocasia*) sweet potatoes, cassava, bitter and sweet (the former, *Manibot utilissima*, poisonous in its raw and unprepared state), and other ground food bulbs. Of fruit he has a partiality for the banana, the various *Anonas*, the mango and others, as well as for some of our tree vegetables, for instance the delicious akee (*Cupania edulis*) and pear (*Pias cauliflora*) *et hoc genus omne*.

The mungoose will destroy fish, and when our irrigation canals are drawn off for cleaning, he will seize the fish and make off with them.

Beside the destruction to animal and vegetable life, not the least harm it has done has been by the destruction of insectivorous birds and lizards, and the great increase of another nuisance, the tick. Here is a subject that our local government is bound to take up in the near future, and there is or will be found only one remedy, the introduction, propagation and protection of insect-eating birds. (Would that we could exchange with you the mungoose for the sparrow).

*Herpestes* breeds about six to eight times in each year, and I have never known of more than five young at one time, but upon this point opinions differ, one eminent local doctor of medicine (and a naturalist) stated before the commission that the young numbered ten to eleven. The mungoose lives in the hollows of dead trees, dry walls and other such places. His activity is wonderful, and it is a treat to see him leap at and secure a young fowl; he very seldom misses the quarry, which, when secured, he proceeds to mutilate in the groin, first of all drinking the warm blood, then devouring the liver, etc. With all his activity and pluck—and he is plucky—he is no match against a good terrier, and those who wish to rear a few chickens must and do keep two or more terriers. The mungoose is cunning and sagacious; in fact he is highly educated. I have seen one abstract an egg from a hen's nest, take it up with the forepaws, hug it to its heart and walk off on its hind legs. Here is an instance in proof of its intelligence and reasoning power. The narrative comes to me first hand from a gentleman holding the commission of the peace and not given to Munchhausenism. My friend, who is the owner of one of our principal coastal wharves, and his own wharfinger, told me that his premises are overrun with mungoose, against which he wages a perpetual war. He had noticed for a considerable time, as he sat in his office, an old buck constantly traveling to and fro between a log wood heap and the large warehouse. His constant perambulations had worn a distinct track on the sandy soil. Afraid to have recourse to his gun in such a place, he provided a new spring trap, upon the lever platform of which he tied, as well as he could, an egg, and when the employees had drawn off for the midday meal he excavated a hole in the track, placed therein the trap, which he covered over with loose sand, leaving only the egg exposed, and after making all smooth retired to his office to watch. Ere long out came *Herpestes*, who commenced a series of maneuvers as comical as they were cunning. After reconnoitering by some half dozen circular evolutions he gradually approached the egg, and with his fore paws commenced to scratch the sand away about 6 or 7in. from the egg. A part of the trap soon became exposed, when a few runs round doubtless expressed his satisfaction at outwitting the wharfinger. The excavating and circular perambulations continued until the trap was undermined on the one side, when, losing its equilibrium, it fell into the miniature pit, the egg rolled off and was immediately carried away by the intelligent but destructive little animal.

The mungoose is easily trapped, and it is a strange circumstance connected with its capture that very few females are taken or killed, perhaps one in twenty. This would lead to the conclusion that either the males are greatly in excess of the females, or that the latter stay at home to superintend the domestic arrangements and the family.

However interesting the mungoose may be from a natural history point of view, the fact remains that it has overrun every part of Jamaica, has done and is doing incalculable damage in every direction.

The question may be asked, "Is it not possible to exterminate them?" The answer is handy in the negative. On the plains and in cultivated districts they may be partially kept down; in the hills, in the rocky, inaccessible and uncultivated districts, never. Here they are and here they are going to remain until the last trump sounds.

I have written no exaggerated account of the life of *Herpestes ichneumon* in Jamaica, but the facts experience has brought to my notice and note book. "Arefar" and his friends had better leave their gophers, squirrels, quail and poultry, and the mungoose alone.

Jamaica, W. I., July 4. Edward M. Earle.



MRS. WOODCOCK'S HOME.

From a Photograph by G. E. Jaquins.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)



MRS. WOODCOCK AT HOME.

From a Photograph by G. E. Jaquins.

Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

Chained to business? Can't go fishing? Make the best of it. Read Forest and Stream.

## CALIFORNIA SONG BIRDS.

OAKLAND, Cal., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To the native son of this State, to one who believes in California first and himself second, nothing is more soul-inspiring, nothing more nearly approaches the sublime in literature than an adverse criticism of the climate of this glorious commonwealth by the man who lives where he dare not go out of his house in winter without gloves on his hands, flaps on his ears and a 50 pound overcoat on his back; and dare not go out in summer without a sunshade over his hat and a piece of ice under it.

Thus "Didymus," of Summit, N. J., in FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 1, 1891: "During certain seasons" in California "every spear of grass, every weed dries up for want of water, and every insect dies for want of grass and weeds; and how, under such conditions, little birds can live I can't imagine. They require water very often, and Californians expect too much if they suppose the little musicians are going to entertain them with no grain, grass seeds or insects to live on and not a drop of water to wet their whistles with."

Shades of the Argonauts! Does man say this and live unhaunted? "Not a drop of water to wet their whistle with!" What, Mr. "Didymus," do you think we wet our whistles with—whisky? In this city, only a month ago, two temperance advocates secured total abstinence pledges from 4,000 people. Poor, ignorant fools; what will NOT be their sufferings before next rainy season! True, there are a few desert spots in California. But gather them all in one piece, place it at one end of the State, and cut that end off. Why, it would never be missed from the map; it would not be so much as a dog's ear on a quarto page. It might be a little larger than New Jersey, but would be considerably smaller than a reasonable-sized wheat farm. And who ever thought of distributing song-birds in a desert? Who would there hear the music but an occasional lost prospector who would give all the singing of all the birds that ever existed from the beginning of time until now for one small drop of water?

Mr. "Didymus," you err. Have you ever visited this State, or do you rely upon the vague hearsay of somebody who was told by somebody, who also was told by somebody, *ad infinitum*, that such is the case? Take your map of California, "Didymus," and I will give you a lesson in geography. Do you see that line of mountains near the ocean? That is the Coast Range. And do you see that other line parallel to the first, but further east? That is the Sierra Nevada Range. Here you will find many peaks perpetually covered with snow. Between these two ridges are the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, through which flow two large navigable rivers. These rivers are fed by innumerable smaller streams, which drain nearly the whole interior of the State. Now, when a bird, no matter where he may be (except in a cage), feels in a convivial mood and asks his neighbor to smile, within a few minutes' flight the two can always find flowing water with which to drink each other's health. Again, "the birds that wanton in the air" can here riot on luscious, juicy fruits of many varieties the whole year through, which, Mr. "Didymus," is more than you can do in New Jersey. Further, as the combined efforts of the population of all the planets can not make free birds stay where there is neither food nor water, your warning is unnecessary.

As to the seeds and insects dying, we have not so good luck. If such were the fact, and the injurious weeds and bugs would die, then indeed would this be Paradise.

But one word more and I shall be through. The irrigation district, when compared to the size of California, is very small; and while the conditions of plant life and in consequence insect life have been materially changed, the State as a whole has been unaffected. N. S. G. W.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*New Editions: The Gun and its Development, $2.50. The Modern Shotgun, $1. For sale at this office.*

## STOCKING MASSACHUSETTS COVERS.

*To the Sportsmen of Massachusetts:*

The undersigned, a committee appointed by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for the purpose of increasing the game supply in this State, present these facts to you. We have loosed alive in Massachusetts during the three years of our work the following:

349 pinnated grouse (*Cupidonia cupido*).
146 sharp-tail grouse (*Pediœcetes phasianellus*, var. *columbianus*).
1 020 Bob White quail (*Ortyx virginianus*).
320 Gambel's partridge (*Lophortyx gambeli*).
20 plumed partridge (*Oreortyx pictus*).
87 Northern hares (*Lepus americanus*, var. *virginianus*).
A total of 1,948 head of game.

Evidence in abundance shows conclusively that the undertaking is already successful, and from the Berkshire Hills to Provincetown, from Haverhill to Fairhaven, we hear that the game loosed has survived our winters, has bred and has increased.

The work has been done and paid for (save by the aid of a few donations from other generous and public-spirited gentlemen) by the members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association—a private club of sportsmen, for the public good alone. We are now at the opening of another season's work, having learned how and where to procure game valuable to our State and how to care for it when procured; and it is our purpose to loose in different parts of the State during the coming season some 2,000 head of hardy game birds, three-fourths of which are already ordered and will soon begin to arrive. We have some money left; this we shall use, and we want much more for the same good purpose, and it seems to us that there are many sportsmen who would gladly embrace this opportunity to add their contributions for increasing the order (as funds are provided for those already ordered).

Ours is a labor of love, for we pay no salaries, no office rent, neither is it merged with other moneys nor used for paying club expenses; all money at the command of this committee is spent for game, and the more money the greater the result may be. The opportunity is beyond our means, and we ask that every Massachusetts sportsman make our cause his and help us in this work.

Each year witnesses the retreat still further west of the pinnated and the sharp tail grouse, and every year brings more Western sportsmen to our Eastern country for the deer and moose formerly to be found near their own home. The deer and moose have gone, the grouse are going fast. Pinnated grouse were found when the Pilgrims landed in the old Bay State, and it may be no idle dream that an hundred years hence pilgrims from the West may come to find them here again.

Massachusetts is the only State east of the Alleghanies where it can be said the pinnated and sharp-tail grouse exist. Now, they do exist here, they thrive and may become a common game bird if sportsmen do their part to help.

*Now is the time. Help us now!* A few years hence will be too late, and the time will be past when it may be possible to do the work we are now accomplishing. Some have given to the cause a single dollar, some one hundred. Give us what you can, and join with the moral aid already proffered the financial help which will bring full success.

Edward E. Hardy, Sears Building, Boston, is treasurer of the committee, and due acknowledgment will be made to each contribution.

JOHN FOTTLER, JR.,
EDWARD E. HARDY,
HENRY J. THAYER,
EDWARD BROOKS,
OUTRAM BANGS,
Committee on Acclimatization.

Mr. Richard O. Harding, well known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as the secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has just returned from spending a most delightful day at the extensive game preserve of Mr. B. C. Corey, of Hyanis. As everybody acquainted with the place is aware, the game preserve of this gentleman is on an island, connected with the mainland by a bridge. Mr. Harding says that the center of the island is a perfect forest, where even deer can find sufficient cover to flourish in and remain as wild as the deer of Maine or the Adirondacks. Around the woods and on the borders of the sea the ground is cultivated with several varieties of grain in order to furnish the game birds with good and sufficient food. In the winter considerable fodder is supplied to the deer in the case of very deep and continued snows. The deer are prevented from leaving the island on the sides next to the mainland by a high fence. Even to Mr. Corey these deer are very wild and almost unnumbered. One day last winter he put out food that he was aware that the deer would come to, and then by climbing a high tree, he was able to count ninety-three of these beautiful creatures or to satisfy himself that there were that number in the preserve.

As for quail, he has a great abundance, the result of stocking, some of the stock for which he obtained through the Fish and Game Protective Association. Mr. Corey and Mr. Harding drove and walked over a part of the preserve. They became aware that they were near to a body of quail, when by a detour near the covey they were able to see nearly half a hundred of them as they flew away. The chicks were evidently two-thirds grown as they flew with the old birds without difficulty so far as seen. Mr. Corey is satisfied with his success in restocking with quail, but with pinnated grouse he is not at all satisfied. He put out last year all the birds of this variety he obtained from the Association. These birds he saw for a while but soon they all disappeared, and no signs of them have been discovered since, unless, indeed, a very long-distance sign is to be counted. It will be remembered that a pinnated grouse, in an exhausted condition, was found in the vicinity of Saguin Island, near the mouth of the Kennebec River, in Maine, last winter. It is suggested that this may have been one of Mr. Corey's birds, or at least it must have been from the birds put out somewhere in Massachusetts, since there are no pinnated grouse in Maine. Mr. Harding expresses the opinion, coming from Mr. Corey, that the pinnated grouse is too migratory in its habits to ever be a success in restocking the game resorts of Massachusetts. Mr. Corey has two or three golden pheasants at his preserve, but with these beautiful birds he has not made a success in general stocking. Some chicks have been hatched either artificially or by the old birds in confinement, but they have not done well, and have scarcely reached maturity in a semi wild state.

The quail put out in Franklin Park, Boston's great pleasure ground, are evidently there still, and in all probability they have bred. They have been out over one winter, and one of the drivers of the public carriages tells me that he has seen and heard them many times. As to what numbers he is not quite sure, but he is inclined to think that there is quite a covey in the vicinity of Scarborough Hill.

The open season on shore birds is at hand in Massachusetts, but what with the intensely hot weather and the flood of other summer attractions the gunners have not given them much attention yet. SPECIAL.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

## ANOTHER DAY WITH THE GROUSE.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind., July 17.—Among the mail received this morning was the FOREST AND STREAM, containing Dr. Morris's "A Day with the Grouse." As usual, FOREST AND STREAM received the first notice, and the doctor's article happened to be the first one read, and the last one for to-day, too, for I felt it to be a sufficient feast for one day. So graphic and so true are his descriptions that one who has been there felt that he was there again, and living over again, one of those happy days. Before a fourth of the article was read I forgot that I was only reading, and became one of the doctor's party and as full of enjoyment as any of them. When, at last, the day was over, the paper dropped from my hands and I sat a while, living over the days when a favorite brother (now gone to join the silent majority) and I with strong limbs that laughed at the idea of getting tired; well trained dogs who only lived to serve us, and good guns that we knew how to use, tramped the gray fields and the brown carpeted woods. There were many of those days, many of them, too, that did not bring heavy bags, but none that did not bring keen enjoyment, both at the time and when remembered. One day in particular was brought to view by the doctor's "day," and as it is the day of days in my shooting memories, perhaps it may be worth relating.

It was late in November when Brother Dave returned from the West, and we were reunited after a long parting. He had great stories to tell of shooting and fishing in the wildest parts of the Rockies. "But," said he, "there was none of it so good as the old times with you, and I now suggest that we have just one more day with the Jay county 'pheasants.' We will go on this afternoon's train, have Dick drive us to the west end of the big woods early in the morning, and then we will hunt back toward town."

A forty-mile ride landed us at Briant, just at dark, Dick was at the station, and gave us a hearty welcome, and said he had a hot supper waiting for us. After supper we told him we wanted to be set down at the west end of the big woods a little before sun-up. Next morning at 5 o'clock he announced that breakfast was ready and the team harnessed, and in thirty minuter more we were on the road. A faint gray tinged the eastern sky. The dead weeds and grass and the rail fences were silvered with frost. From a weed field near by came the plaintive calls of a covey of quail, scattered during the night by some owl or mink. Two or three owls were hooting in the woods, and a belated rabbit hopped across the road. In the south was a bank of fog, and all the air was hazy with smoke and tinged with the smell of burning brush and smoldering logs.

The sun was just in sight when we climbed the fence into a pasture lot dotted with clumps of hazel brush and littered with logs and piles of brush. The dogs jumped over the fence, but did not take a step. Both pointed the instant they struck the ground. "Must be quail," said Dave. "It isn't likely pheasants would be out here so early."

Just then five grouse thundered out from the further side of a clump of hazel brush. Four shots that woke the echoes far and wide—one bird down, another going off hard hit and the other three out of sight in the woods; all in a very few seconds.

The next performance was by a man who mounted a stump a hundred yards away and launched at us a string of expletives that showed long practice in that line. The expletives were sandwiched with commands to "get out of there," threats of prosecution, death to the dogs and personal violence to ourselves. Dave remarked that "that fellow must be feeling pretty lively, but was too talky to do anything else. At any rate he will have to come over here before we pay any attention to him. I marked the crippled bird, did you mark any of the others?" "Yes," said I, "two of them." Dan proposed that we get the crippled one and then hunt for the others. The bird was found without any trouble. It was able to fly but an easy shot finished it. We next went to the place the birds flew from and I got the bearings by which the two birds had been marked. One of them was found after thirty minutes' search and got away, followed by two loads of shot. We concluded that the other one must have gone into a tree, and as it is next to impossible to find one of these birds in a tree, unless the exact tree is known, we gave it up.

The next find was four birds that were wallowing in the dust on the sunny side of a log. They flushed wild from me but one dropped to my second barrel. Dave was forty years away but got a shot at one flying past him. It towered straight up above the tall trees, but recovered and flew away. We followed and it got up wild from the dogs. A second time it rose wild but did not fly so far. This time the dogs pointed in an open place, with nothing on the ground but dead leaves, beaten flat by the rains.

"Now he is our bird," said Dave. "We will get him sure. The bird is not 20ft. from old Dick's nose." Slowly we approached the dogs, every inch of us on the alert, at every step expecting the swift flight that would try our quickness. Step by step, till we reached the dogs, No bird flew. There was nothing to hide a humming bird, much less a grouse. I said I didn't think there was any bird there. "Yes, there is," said Dave. "Old Dick don't do that way for nothing. Catch it, Dick." D ck walked 10ft. further and stopped. "There it is," said Dave, "3ft. from Dick's nose." It was dead; lying breast down and wings outspread, its plumage harmonizing so closely with the dead brown leaves that it seemed a part of them. We found that but one shot had hit it, but that was in the neck at the base of the bill, breaking no bones but cutting a vein that bled it to death.

From here we crossed an open space grown up with weeds and bushes, the dogs flushing one bird that went into the woods, flying along a place that had been cleared of timber and a rail fence built. As I was some distance nearer to the fence than Dave, I went after the bird, and presently looking back saw him following. Forty rods down the fence I walked almost right on the bird. It rose within 4ft. of me and flew back between me and a tree, so close that I struck at it with my gun. This delayed my shooting, and by the time I had turned and was about to pull the trigger I remembered that Dave was back there, but immediately noted that the bird was 12ft. high and Dave would be safe. By this time the bird was under full headway, but the shot was a good one. The bird folded its wing and fell dead without a struggle. Dave stepped out of a fence corner and said, "When your gun

pointed this way I got into that fence corner pretty quick. Just as the bird was opposite me I saw the feathers knocked out of it. Look where it lies, and it was not over 12ft. high when it was hit." It was thirty-five steps to where it hit the ground. It seems incredible that a bird can fly so swiftly and safely through such thick brush, but they do do it, and have often done it in the night, too.

We next went into a tract of several hundred acres that had borne many large white oak trees. They had been cut down the year before when the leaves were on. The bodies of the trees had been hauled away, but the leafy tops still dotted the ground and were excellent cover for the birds. Wild rose berries, black haws and the seeds of various weeds furnished abundant food. One of the dogs pointed at the edge of a thicket and I saw the bird standing on a log not ten feet away.

"Come over here, Dave," said I, "there's one on that log."

"Why don't you shoot his head off?" said Dave.

"Oh, I'll kill him with a club;" said I, "look out now!" And I tossed a stick that flushed the bird. We shot three times at him, but for all I know he is a good bird yet.

The next find was in one of the big oak tops. We stationed ourselves on each side and urged the dog to go in, but he did not like to and stood looking alternately at us and at the leafy top that hid the bird. After a good deal of urging he ran to the butt end of the top, got on a big limb six feet above the ground, walked out on it till he got directly above the bird and pointed again, partly crouched on the limb, his head hanging down at one side of it. In spite of our urging he stood this way several minutes, but finally sprang at the spot he thought held the bird. Out came two in a mighty hurry. There were two shots, two clouds of feathers floating in the air and two birds fluttering on the dead leaves. The dog came out of the top and looked as though he had very grave doubts about that being the proper way to do it and wondering whether he would be switched or praised. He was patted on the head and told to fetch the dead birds, and after that was fully satisfied that it was all right, because we said it was. He had also got the idea that the birds were all in these tops and put in the rest of the day running from one top to another, always going on the lee side, generally running right by if there was nothing there, but would occasionally stop and take a sniff or two to make sure he had not overlooked a bird, and soon got very willing to go in and scarce the birds out.

At noon we lay on the dead grass in the warm sunshine and ate the lunch that our host had slipped into our shooting coats, and afterward tried to take a nap, but our minds were too full of the sport we had had and of the sport to come, and the dog wagged his tail and whined, so we were soon afield again.

At last the sun got low and the air chilly, but still we tramped the woods, and the faithful dog ran from top to top, and our guns cracked and the birds flew away or were killed, till at last the dark came on and the woods were left to the owls and the coons and the foxes. If the day had been longer the sport would have lasted longer, but we felt that we had had enough.

A review of the day's incidents showed that we had flushed sixty-five birds, shot at forty-two of them and had bagged twenty-one. Of course, we did not see sixty-five different birds, as quite a number were flushed more than once, and more than fifty shots were fired, as both of us frequently shot at the same bird.

Did the day's enjoyment end with the day? By no means. It was enjoyment to see the interest of wife and children as they unpacked the birds and counted them, and admired their plumage, and asked how they lived and how we got them. It was enjoyment to sit down to the luscious feast they made, to eat them and to see the loved ones eat them. It was enjoyment to lay one nice young bird in the hands of an invalid friend, and to be told how he had been longing for just one pheasant's breast. It was enjoyment to read the letter from a city friend to whom some of the birds were sent—a letter that said the birds made him smell the autumn leaves and see the smoky Indian summer, and ended by complimenting the skill that bagged so many of such wary and swift-winged birds. Neither was all this the end of that day's enjoyment, for the day had been lived over again in memory a hundred times, and will be a hundred times again. And further yet, that day and others like it have kept my body strong and my mind clear from many weary cares, and made warm friends for me.

O. H. HAMPTON.

### A Deer Floating Incident.

MR. ELLIOTT SMITH, president of the American Wood Powder Company, though an enthusiast at trap and field-shooting, does not think much of the sport of deer hunting—at least, by the method of water butchery so common in the North Woods.

Several years ago he was initiated into the mysteries of "floating," and killed a fine deer the first night. He had been out the best part of the night and had fallen asleep, when he was suddenly awakened by the boat stopping. He had heard his guide whisper to shoot, but though he looked carefully on all sides, he could see nothing at which to aim. Though only a few feet away, the deer the guide had located was hidden from view. Presently, however, it made a sudden leap for the safety of the woods, and he caught a glimpse of its tawny form. It was only a glimpse, but it gave him the opportunity he needed, and he bowled it over with a neat snap shot.

Several days later the guide he had on this expedition approached Mr. Smith and asked if he did not want to try for another deer. He agreed, and that night they went out jacking a second time, when the guide succeeded in paddling him up to a fawn that was neck deep in the water in search of the succulent lily bulbs, of which deer are so fond, and brought the boat so close that Mr. Smith was enabled to reach out his rifle and tap the frightened innocent on the head. This last experience was enough for him. The sport savored too much of barnyard butchery, and he made up his mind to give up deer hunting till he could find some better method.

**Chained to Business?**

Can't go fishing? Make the best of it. Read FOREST AND STREAM.

## THE OLD MUSKET.

YEARS ago, in the dreamy days of my early childhood, there stood, in the corner of the kitchen entry, one of those fearfully and wonderfully made firearms known to our grandfathers as a Queen's Arm musket. How well I remember the old gun, with its long barrel, heavily stocked full length, its rusty but still formidable bayonet, the iron ramrod and massive lock. How strong and safe seemed the great bands which strapped the barrel to the stock, and how suggestive was the heavy black leather sling which dangled about the piece from the big swivels. Proud indeed must have been its first possessor, as he shouldered the musket and hurried to the Assembly on General Muster Day. How at "ground arms" its glittering bayonet must have towered above my tall ancestor's head, as if to smell the battle afar off; and how handsome its carefully polished stock, redder than the blushing cheek of the maiden who stole admiring glances at his sinewy form, as the "Right shoulder arms, march," compelled him to go from near her.

It had in its youthful days been a noted weapon. Stories were told around the fire to eager, childish ears, of how the British had recoiled from its muzzle when my great-grandsire had pointed it in their direction at the battle of Oswego; and well they might, for its huge iron bore and mighty barrel seemed capable of annihilating a small army if it were only loaded to its full capacity. I, at least, never doubted that it had slain its dozens on that momentous occasion. That was half a century before I saw the light. Yet when I made its acquaintance it lacked none of those chief attributes which had made it formidable to invaders. The great brown barrel, the long red stock, the iron ramrod and the heavy bayonet which had lost its glitter, were all there. One great change, however, had taken place in its mechanism; when it no longer became necessary to hurl huge leaden bullets from its angry mouth at public enemies or dangerous beasts, it had been put away until the time came for grandfather to learn the use of firearms. Then it had been taken to a smithy and transformed into a percussion musket. What a lock that was! It yawned open when at full cock, like a bear-trap; and when the hammer fell something had to go.

It was during this period of its existence that its fame as a game destroyer became established, and traditionary tales of marvelous shots at vast distances and close range, performed by the old gun, have come down to the writer through generations of truthful men. Thirty-five pigeons at one discharge; a wild goose "at 30 rods;" a black squirrel at "90 paces," with bird-shot, and a man's leg at 10ft., with buckshot, are only a part of the wonderful record of this lead-slinging machine.

In the course of nature my grandfather laid the gun away, and my father, then a sturdy farmer's boy of fourteen years, became its possessor. Many times have I hung about his chair in breathless interest, listening to the story of when he went muskrat hunting. He used to tell it something like this: "When I was a lad I lived in the country on a big farm, which was a little boy's paradise. There was small game of all kinds to be had in the fields and woods, and through the back end a small brook ran, where I used to catch some nice fish. One day I was hoeing corn near the brook, and being thirsty went to it for a drink. As I clambered over the fence, to my delight I saw a number of muskrats swimming about in the water. I ran at once to the house for the old gun, which I knew how to use; stopping only long enough to hammer down a good big load, I went back to the creek and stole quietly up behind the fence. There were the long-tailed, sleek rats still sporting in the water, at least six of them. Carefully poking the gun through the rails, I took good aim, and shutting both eyes, I fired.

"There was a stunning report, a crash against my face as though a mule had kicked me, and for the next two or three minutes I didn't know anything. Then I got my senses, and began to look around me for the wreckage. My nose was bleeding a stream; there lay my hat a rod away; there lay the musket smoking like a volcano, I picked it up, got my hat and staggered home, with a fearfully blacked eye, an aching head, and a shoulder that was useless for a week. The gun was already loaded when I put in that second generous charge."

Just here I always asked, "Pa, how many muskrats did you kill?" But he never would tell.

The time finally came when my older brother must learn how to shoot, and to that end, the venerable Queen's arm was taken to the town and thoroughly cleaned. One day, a great flock of crows settled in the wheat field near the house, and began business on an extended scale. My brother saw them, and came flying into the kitchen, caught up the musket, loaded it heavily, and ran out. Stealing up behind the lilacs, he took aim and pulled the trigger; the cap only snapped. A fresh one was tried, with the same result. Then another was put on, the gun was cocked, and he was about to try again, when the thought came into his head to prime the nipple. Running back to the house, he leaned the gun against the side of the woodshed, and went in for the powder horn. Scarcely had he secured this, when a cannon-like roar and a crashing sound, as if the building was collapsing, broke the stillness. Rushing out, the cause of all the uproar was apparent; in some manner, possibly by slipping a trifle, the gun had been fired, and the entire upper corner of the wood shed had travelled off into the supernal empyrean, along with the charge of big shot.

Before I grew large enough to put in a claim to the use of the old musket, it had begun to show signs of dilapidation. In the first place, the bayonet was missing. Only two people in the whole world know, or ever knew, where or how it went; those are my brother and myself. He had been shelling corn in the time-honored way of rubbing two ears together, when the brilliant idea occurred to him of fastening that bayonet into the edge of the tub, and ripping the kernels off the cob on the point. The scheme was speedily put into operation, and worked splendidly for a time: but growing careless, he made a luckless motion, the point of the bayonet entered his wrist, and laid his hand open to the bone, an ugly gash 3in. in length.

Never shall I forget the ominous silence which succeeded his first yell of pain; then he seized the bayonet, wrenched it loose from the tub, and rushing out of the barn threw it a mile and a half into the next township. It was never seen again, unless some one has since plowed it up and put it carefully away under glass as a memento of some ancient conflict fought in that neighborhood.

Then the ramrod went; I suppose I was accountable for that. Down the road a piece, where the creek had been bridged, a deep pool, thronging with big yellow sun fish, used to tempt small boys like me to dally on their way to school. One morning I rigged the long, springy ramrod with line, hook and sinker, and started for school, intending to spend a few minutes in fishing at the bridge. I had pretty good success, and was hauling out the yellow beauties very freely, when suddenly I was startled at hearing the recess bell ringing from the school window. Forgetting that I had the ramrod and not a switch for a pole, I dropped it into the deep water and started for the seat of learning on a run. Then the horror of what I had done flashed upon me. I stood still, almost paralyzed. School was forgotten, fish were disregarded, and I spent the rest of the morning trying to recover the lost ramrod. I never did.

But the last and greatest catastrophe which befel the old musket, overtook it at the hands of my mother. We moved from the old home into town, and the days of its usefulness would thus naturally have been over, but it might, in its last days, still have adorned the wall of my bed-room, had it not been altogether shorn of its true proportions. One day after the kitchen stove had been put into place, mother wanted to insert a piece of oil-cloth beneath it. She was just then alone in the house; the stove was heavy, and would have offered an insurmountable obstacle to almost anybody else, but not to her. First she tried removing the legs, one at a time, but nearly brought the whole apparatus down, pipe and all. Then she thought of a lever, and casting about for a good one, discovered the musket in a corner of the store room. Eureka! The gun was brought in, and set to the task. As on every other occasion, it did its full duty, but when the job was over, what a gun it was! Had it been loaded and fired at the top of the church steeple, the charge would surely have blown a hole through the door. It was too bad, for four generations had loved, prized and revered the old Queen's Arm, and that it should meet its fate in that unromantic manner was hard. After its ruin, however, it was put away in the cellar with all its record and associations, and its history ceased to be told. I found it there the other day, in a search for something else, and there it still lies, rusty, worm-eaten, and almost nothing but a memory.

D. F. H.

## MAJOR MERRILL'S "BLACK WARRIOR."

THE story of the late Maj. Merrill's horse, "Black Warrior," which we copy from a New York *Herald* of November, 1857, is interesting, not only because it is the record of a noble war horse, but also because it shows an admirable feeling on the part of Black Warrior's master—a regard for the faithful comrade of march and scout, which proved a warm heart and fidelity to friends. The *Herald* said: "This remarkable war horse died in this city last week at the advanced age of 28 years. He was raised in Tennessee, and branded U. S. D. (United States Dragoons) on the opening of the war in Florida, where he served in the swamps and everglades to the close of that inglorious campaign; after which, for several years he was used in the chase of wild Indians, horse thieves, border ruffians and at odd spells of foxes, deer and buffalo, at the various military posts on the prairies west of Arkansas.

"Having marched all over the country, and swam all the principal rivers between St. Augustine, Fla., and Mexico, he was in the whole of the Mexican war, and took an active part in nine general battles, having been wounded by a musket ball at Molino del Rey, and again by a piece of shell at Chepultapec. Peace being restored, Maj. Merrill was unwilling to part with his faithful companion in arms, who had borne him successfully through two wars, from the grade of second lieutenant to brevet major, or to break him down with more service, and so he brought him North and placed him on a 'retired list' for life in this city with full rations, where he has been cared for at the stables of Disbrow, the equestrian professor.

"He was ridden by Kossuth, and also by President Pierce, on occasion of their triumphant entries into the city of New York a few years since, and was usually ridden by Gen. Sanford on the Fourth of July, and often by Col. Duryea, at the head of his famous Seventh Regiment.

"He was never in harness, but was unequaled for discipline and grace of movement under the saddle; very fond of music, knowing his place and the word of command, and the bugle call quite like an old soldier, was never sick or lame for a day, or known to fall or stumble; and was remarkable for his great powers of endurance, keeping fat on prairie grass on long marches; a fine blooded animal, of medium height and weight, perfectly symmetrical and beautiful in form, clean limbed, small head well formed, bright, quick, handsome eyes, large thin nostrils, red as fire when distended; very spirited, yet kind and gentle and very knowing, and possessing a greater number of good points than any other of his contemporaries in the long line of his service, all of whom, perhaps, he outlived.

"Black Warrior may well be classed along with the Bucephalus, Copenhagen, Old Whitney and other celebrated chargers that have 'said among the trumpets, ha, ha, and smelt the battle afar off the thunder of captains, and the shouting.'"

### Freaks of Bullets.

IF "Podgers" does not answer S. J. Norris's query I shall be very happy to do so, as I have often noticed this "freak." Every rifle has two points, at which the bullet and the line of sight strike the same point, viz., the near and far point-blank, your rifle being sighted for 75ft., would have its near point-blank at about 25ft.; and since the lines of sight and fire converge at only 25 and 75ft., the rifle would shoot low at 15ft., the line of sight being above the bullet. The flatter a rifle shoots the less will be the difference in elevation of the two point-blanks. This difference is also modified by thickness of barrel and height of front sight.

L. D. VON IFFLAND.

### "Chained to Business."

OFFICE OF "THE WORKMAN," Pittsburg, Pa., July 14.—*Publishers Forest and Stream: Gentlemen:* Enclosed please find 10 cents for the pictures of the grizzly bear's head, etc., which you offer in the last number of your paper. To those of us who cannot get away your journal is an ever recurring source of pleasure and joy, and in imagination we can live over again all the former delights of outings brought so vividly to our minds by the graphic and readable accounts of your correspondents. Yours truly,

D. L. PASSAVANT.

## YELLOWSTONE PARK NOTES.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weather here is very hot during the day, flies and mosquitos, dust and heat add to the tourist's discomfort, but the nights are cool and refreshing. It has not been hot long enough yet to dry out the forest, no fires have been reported, neither is there any smoke drifting in from fires outside the Park.

Owing to the late spring the snow did not begin to melt rapidly until about June 15, when our hot weather began in earnest, sending down the snow so fast that all the streams rose as high as ever before known. The bridge across Lamar River and one across the Yellowstone was carried off. Only one person was drowned in the Park so far as known; that was a stranger on his way to Cooke City; his body was seen going down the river below Gardiner.

While on a trip with Scout Burgess and three soldiers in June, we found that the buffalo had moved but a short distance from their winter range. As late as June 20 their summer range was under from 2 to 10ft. of snow. They had not crossed to the west side of the Madison River and only a few had moved as far south as the west bay of the Yellowstone Lake. They are not in the least danger from poachers as long as they keep on their present range.

All the ice did not go out of Yellowstone Lake until June 15. Even at that date the shore for miles along the south side was lined with immense drifts of snow. All the higher plateaus were covered with a very heavy body of snow which in places reached as low down as the lake shore. We found the roads in very bad condition owing to the late season. Now they are all open and tourists make the round trip.

Camping parties are very numerous, nearly all traveling with wagons, some of them coming from States as distant as Colorado, Iowa and Oregon. On July 2 Capt. George Anderson, superintendent of the Park, was called East on business. Capt. George L. Scott is acting superintendent during Capt. Anderson's absence.

Charles Pendelton, who was ordered to keep out of the Park for catching young buffalo, was arrested on Slough Creek. He is held in the guard house at Fort Yellowstone by the commanding officer, who is awaiting instructions from Washington. Pendelton had permission to travel the wagon road between Gardiner and Cooke City, but not to leave it. He was arrested three or four miles from the road.

The "tramp" bears that usually hang around the hotels during the summer, living on waste from the kitchens are back, some bringing their friends. The guests find it quite an attraction of an evening to walk out and see them feeding around the pig pens and corrals. So far they have been amusing scavengers. H.

## THAT GAME POCKET.

KEARNEY, Nebraska. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, "O. O. S." in your issue of June 30 is very enthusiastic for such a little thing as an offer to assist brother sportsmen in finding good locations for fall shooting. Indeed, I had no idea that my simple offer would be estimated "sublime" and was inclined to look on the letter from friend "O. O. S." as sarcasm. On second reading I believe that he means it, so "shake, old man."

Now, my experience has been that none but the "whitest kind of men" take up with such invitations as I issued, and that the true lover of field sport, the dog and gun is invariably a "white man." Once in a while one runs across a grumbler or a chronic kicker, but when the circumstances arise to show him in his true color, he always pans out what "O. O. S." calls "the whitest kind of a man." I have no fears but that the gentlemen who work out my game pocket this fall will be courteous to the farmers who kindly give their consent to hunting on their farms, equally as courteous and polite to those who deny their consent. That they will carefully close gates, damage no fences or live stock, drive over no grain or hay fields, and in case of accidental damage that they will call upon owner and settle for it. Upon their good behavior depends the continuance of the friendly feeling at present existing between the farmers and myself, and furthermore, it remains for them whether the parting words shall be "Come again next year," or a simple, polite, "good-by."

I have letters from the following gentlemen, some of whom have already signified their intention of coming here: Mr. A. C. Peterson, Homestead, Pa.; Mr. Wm. W. Tracy, Pittsfield, Mass.; Mr. R. C. Ferguson, Knoxville, Iowa; Mr. P. Moeller, Nyack, N. Y.; Mr. Wm. H. Wild, Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. D. R. Anthony, Leavenworth, Kan.; Mr. F. C. Hand, Atlanta, Ga. Most of those who come will bring friends with them.

Last week I found nine coveys of chickens within a half mile of each other. On an eighteen-mile drive I scared up six coveys along the road. Quail are more plentiful than ever before, and November will be the grandest month for sport this section has ever seen.

C. P. HUBBARD.

### Some Eddying Oddities.

THE Portland *Argus* tells of a Maine genius who captures seals by hooking them. He takes a pole several feet in length, to which is attached a number of common codfish hooks with lanyards several feet in length. The hooks are baited with herring. This contrivance is anchored and buoyed, the hooks being just below the surface. The seals in swallowing the herring become hooked and are caught.

The steamer Henry Dumois, which arrived at Boston from Port Antonion, Jamaica, on July 13, 9 A. M., when about forty miles southeast of South Shoal Lightship, picked up a fisherman in a dory that had gone astray from his vessel. He had been sword-fishing and was towed several miles to sea by a swordfish, which he harpooned about 7 o'clock on the morning of the 12th. He was towed until dusk. He managed to hang on to the fish, which weighed about 300lbs., and on the arrival of the Dumois at Boston he disposed of it to the market men.—*New York Times.*

Asimus has on exhibition a monster bear trap, which is interesting on account of its proportions. Billy Clark and his father, who was then blacksmithing at Olympia, constructed it about twenty-five years ago for an Indian named Mowitch Man, who was unable to pay for it. Clark afterwards loaned it to a hunter named Tucker, who lived at the head of the bay, and there it has remained until recently, when Asimus learned of it and had it brought to Shelton. The trap is enlarged on the scale of the common steel trap, but is nearly 5ft. long, and is all one man can carry. Every part is made of heavy iron and the springs of the best steel, which makes the cost; the pedal is big enough for an elephant's foot and the trap strong enough to be used in trapping elephants.—*Shelton (Wash.) Journal.*

# Sea and River Fishing.

## DAYS AT MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

KINEO, Me., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since June 18, when I arrived here, fly-fishing has not been as good as usual. I am told it was good in May. But few trout are now being taken with fly in the lake. I have killed a few large brook trout with fly, but I have had to work hard for it. Much rain has fallen and the water in the lake is high. The weather has been cool, but on the whole pleasant. Lake trout, a very fine fish, have been taken lately in abundance. Fishing for lakers, as they are called, is usually done here in nearly the same places year after year. These places are near the hotel, near the middle of the lake, where the water is 50 to 60ft. deep. The fish are found on the hard bottom, or among rocks there. Drop lines and minnows are used. Their weight usually is from 2 to 4lbs. One was lately taken which weighed 13½lbs. Occasionally one may be taken very much heavier. On all pleasant days several small boats and canoes are seen anchored out engaged in this, the most usual way for guests to fish. A good many parties for camping out make their start from here. They usually go on further north, where lakes and streams and wilderness abound.

A party of six married couples from New York lately left here to camp on Indian Lake, some 60 miles north. They took with them 23 guides and 23 canoes. They are expected to return here not long hence.

Moosehead is a beautiful lake. It is the largest in Maine, near forty miles long north and south, and one to four miles wide, very irregular in its shape, and it appears to be about half filled up with islands and peninsulas. Its margin is everywhere covered with dense woods of dark wildwood green. Back of this margin are high ridges, and still back of these are knobs and quite high mountain tops, a dozen or more of these, of ornamental cone-like shape, may be seen at one view in every direction, except Mt. Kineo near the hotel masks the distant northern view. The lake is on high ground, a thousand feet or so above Portland, and lies about 150 miles north of that salt-water city. The lake has not that sunken look that lakes frequently have. This, to me, adds much to its beauty. The air here is very invigorating. The water is cold and good. The neat lawn around the hotel is now covered with the sweetest white clover. Dust and mud and hay fever are unknown here. So are roads and plowed fields.

The great original growth of pine in this part of Maine was mostly cut off forty to sixty years ago. Now much spruce and a dense growth of more than half grown Northern trees make the forests everywhere around as dense and wild as they ever were.

When the State of Maine was first invaded by speculators in pine, somewhere about fifty years ago, not a single deer, I am told by an old resident, could be found anywhere. A vast number of wolves had then kept them out or destroyed them. Soon afterward the State gave large bounties on dead wolves. The wolves soon disappeared entirely, with the aid (mainly) of poison applied to the carcass of a moose or the like. Now deer abound everywhere in the wild woods, by thousands and thousands and thousands. Dogs that can chase a deer are now not allowed by law, as you know. Dogs have not been seen by me in Maine. A gentleman, while camping out from here a few weeks last year saw and counted 104 deer. They appeared mostly at the water's edge for drink or for water protection from flies. Last week two small deer were taken (for taming) in the lake not far from this hotel. An angler for trout when a little way north of the hotel last week pushed his canoe so near to a swimming deer that (angler like) he cast for it, and hooked it, but he hooked it foul—by the tail—and it broke away, as trout often do (you know) when hooked foul by the tail. [This story was told by the angler's guide.] Some moose and some caribou are yet in the Maine woods. Much pains has been taken by Maine to preserve by law her game and fish. It may be stated (I think) that hunting and fishing in season in Maine are generally good.

At the water's edge only a score of rods over the lawn in front of my window stand three stately pine trees. They seem to have been left to live as samples of the original growth here or to show what good pine trees are, as some men are said to "live to show what good men are."

Only a short time ago, amid clouds and rain and thunder, lightning struck the top of the tallest one and ruthlessly made bare a large bleeding wound, reaching from its top all the way down its aged body to its very root. The "good man of the house" here feared it would pine away (no pun intended) and die. A few mornings since I saw from my window two fearless men in the very top of that pine. They were nearly hidden from my view by its dense foliage. I first saw a movement, and then I saw a man, and then another man there. I wondered and looked, and wondered more, not seeing any person about the tree or in that direction. I could not make out what it all meant. My first thought was of that thrilling historical event about an Indian in a pine tree top, which occurred near Saratoga long ago, and at about the same time and not far from the same locality (if I remember right) when that other thrilling historical event occurred connected with Jane McCrea. The Indian event was this: It was war time. An Indian enemy had hidden himself with his rifle during the night in the top of a large pine tree which overlooked his enemy's military fort. Shot after shot was faintly heard at long distance in the fort and at long intervals, when every time a soldier would fall. For a long time no one in the fort could tell where the bullets came from, but it was finally discovered that the Indian did the firing, when of course his time to fall came.

You will pardon me (I know, Mr. Editor) for alluding to this Indian story when I declare to you that ever since the time of my boy-reading, now long ago, I have never seen a lone pine with a large top anywhere in any of my travels but I have instantly thought of that Indian story. But I must also, as a truthful chronicler, declare to you now, that with the Indian story again youthfully in my mind, and seeing, too, that this pine directly overlooked my window, I was not frightened.

I went out to investigate.

The two men were silent but active, and carefully at work. They were near together. The lower man with a broad chisel was very carefully cleaning the wound, as if preparing for some other's treatment. The upper man, with a large pail on his arm and a large brush in his hand, was applying coat after coat of healing tar over the wound.

I watched their silent working for a long time as they slowly worked their way downward among the limbs until they reached the lowest one, which was yet near fifty feet from the ground, when they used a dangerous-looking ladder leading them to the ground. That venerable old pine now appears to be cured of its fearful stroke.

Shall we not soon have among us Doctors of Trees or Doctors of Lightning as professionals emanating from colleges? Who knows! And the good they might do! For here we see that two fearless, astute citizens of the Pine Tree State have used the best Southern blood of the pine of North Carolina to heal an elemental wound of its Northern kindred. N. M.

## MAINE TROUTING.

THE recent very high water has begun to fall in the New England trout and salmon lakes and streams, and the result is better fishing. Several reports speak of remarkably good fly-fishing in the Maine lakes since the water began to subside. Mr. J. A. French writes from the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, that the fly-fishing for the past week has been the best for the season. Several of his guests have been having excellent success. Dr. Buckland and his wife have been taking from twenty to thirty trout a day in the pool below the dam. Good success is also reported from the Middle Dam. Mr. Edgar W. Curtis, of Meriden, Conn., has been having his usual good sport there. He is credited with a string of twenty-eight trout in a day, with one or two weighing 4lbs. and over. Mr. Curtis has long been a regular visitor to the same lake, and he is an expert fly-fisherman. The fact that he has taken trout always signifies that they were taken with the fly.

Reports of late have made His Excellency, Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, go down to Maine fishing again, and he is located by gossip at the beautiful camps of the Messrs. Thayer—Birch Lodge—at the head of Richardson Lake. Well, the Governor did not tell everybody where he was going, and it is more than probable that he has really joined Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the renowned actor, and Mr. A. H. Wood, of Wood, Pollard & Co., at Mr. Jefferson's salmon preserve, on the Miramichi. Mr. Jefferson left Gray Gables, the summer home of ex-President Cleveland, last week for his salmon pool, with Mr. Pollard, and Mr. C. W. Walker, the celebrated scenic artist, as guest. It was also understood that the Governor was to accompany them. But His Excellency did not leave the State House till several days after.

Mr. Leroy S. Brown, of Blaney, Brown & Co., is a prominent member of the Inglewood Club, the extensive preserves of which are located in New Brunswick. Mr. Brown is much interested in the success of this club. He is a very active member of the house committee, having been secretary for several years. He left Boston last Wednesday evening for the home of the club. His wife is to accompany him on this trip, the club houses and privileges being open to ladies and children during July and August. Mr. Brown received a letter just before leaving Boston that there were some thirty guests at the club houses, and it bethought him that his attention might be desirable, and especially some ten or fifteen more were to follow him on Friday. The letter also so stated that a bear weighing 600lbs. had just been killed on the club's preserve.

Mr Eugene E. Patridge, of the North American Insurance Co., has gone bass fishing to Lake Annebessecook. (I am not at all sure about the spelling of this name.) It is the lake below the village of Winthrop, Me., and is perhaps better known as the Lower or Long Pond. Mr. Patridge is a part owner of the island in the lake, and he expects good sport.

That there is actually good trout fishing in the near vicinity of the celebrated Bar Harbor may be news to the many. But such is the case, to those who are fishermen and are acquainted with the locality. Mr. A. S. Haskell, of Waltham, Mass., with his friend "Skipper" Somes (everybody calls him Skipper or Skip), have been spending their vacation at Somesville, very near to Bar Harbor. Mr. Somes comes from Somes' Sound, or Somesville; in fact the place was named for his ancestors. His father kept a hotel there for years, and indeed I believe that his mother is there in the hotel to-day. At all events, Skip is a great lover of the rod and line, though he is now a machinist in the Waltham watch factories. He told his friends, when he left the Hub, that he should take some 4lb. trout, but they were inclined to laugh at him. On Saturday evening Mr. Al Tompkins, of the firm of Foster, Weeks & Co., received a dispatch that there would be a box of trout on the Bangor steamer for him on Sunday morning. Mr. Tompkins went to the steamer and the box was there, but the steamer people informed him that the box came by express and that they could not deliver it. The express people would not have an open office till Monday morning, and in the meantime the trout would not be growing any better. Mr. Tompkins told the officer in charge what was in the box, and he also added that the box he was going to take. After some palaver and taking of names he obtained the coveted box and took it home. It contained two trout that weighed about 4lbs. each and two that weighed 2lbs. each. Skipper had kept his word. The trout were laken in Long Pond, or a tributary of that pond, in Somesville. SPECIAL.

### Lake Champlain Fishing.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 20.—Fishing on Champlain at the present writing affords poor returns. The water is higher than ever before in the memory of the residents thereabouts, and so roily that the only places worth trying are the bays and setbacks. Even here only perch, rock bass and an occasional black bass are taken. The pike and pickerel are beyond the reach of spoon or fly among the weeds close to the banks. A party of us who had intended spending some days there returned after a couple of days' stay, convinced of the uselessness of remaining longer. Good sport is expected with the falling of the water, and parties contemplating a trip to the lake would do well to defer it until that time. NATURA.

## DOC.

WHAT rare fortune it is to meet a kindred spirit on your trip to the woods—one who loves nature and all her children and is as keen after sport as yourself, and who counts the day not a total failure if the game bag be light and the creel contains more ferns than fish. Such a one was Doc, and moreover Doc was a woman.

The first time I saw Doc—that is after she had been reconstructed, so to speak—he came walking into the dining room of a small house in a big wilderness in Pennsylvania. His curly head, which had a pronounced sunset tone, was covered by a little blue cap. Rubber boots, a black negligé shirt, and my pair of best Sunday trousers constituted his make up. He was rigged out for trouting on one of the wildest streams of the State, where the underbrush, drifts and tangles would discourage the average man before he had traveled 100yds. It was trying work for the aforesaid trousers, and it is safe to say that I selected the most open paths for them.

Ten minutes previous to Doc's appearance I had hung my offering of the trousers upon the doorknob of Miss ——'s bedroom. She desired to go trouting and skirts were simply out of the question on such a brook. I christened her Doc after a most beloved chum. How could I say Miss to a pair of trousers. So, with two lunches stowed away in the pockets of my hunting coat and an ample supply of worms, Doc and I started for the stream. I did not think Doc would stick to it long, and insisted on a very small lunch for myself. That's where I made a most serious mistake, as I discovered later. But at lunch time Doc caught me eyeing his piece of cake so wistfully, "just like a hungry dog," as he remarked afterward, that he insisted on dividing with me. How could I resist?

We slid into the brook from a bridge a mile below the house and fished for nearly two hours without a nibble. We floated worms 20 or 30ft. ahead under bushes, by the sides of half submerged logs, and let the strong black eddy at the head of drifts suck them under, but all to no purpose. Doc was making excellent progress for a beginner, much better than some men I have seen at the work, and developing an amount of patience and perseverance that really astonished me. Sometimes he waded the stream and again walked the bank, or at my suggestion (as I thought of those trousers) made a short detour to avoid the top of a fallen tree or a clump of thick bushes. Once when my line got badly tangled on a limb Doc heard me running the scale on a few choice cuss words that I use only on that particular stream, and wanted to know what I was saying. "Nothing much," said I, "it's only a habit I have of talking to myself." But Doc, who had met with much of the same aggravating experience, smiled sympathetically, as though he had himself felt the need of something a trifle stronger than "goodness gracious."

My first fish was a pickerel. I promptly broke his neck and threw him away. They have a wonderful appetite for young trout. A few yards further down I took a trout, and then two more before we reached the clearing. Doc's head began to ache and I was afraid he would say "let's play something else" if he didn't catch a trout very soon. At the edge of the meadow I selected a likely spot and told Doc to run his line through it. He did so and pulled out a fish in short order. As he sat admiring his first wild trout, with such thoughts as any old fisherman can recall, I asked about the headache. "It is much better," says Doc, and so it was. It was not the first ache a fish or head of game has cured. Another trout soon fell a victim to Doc's rod, who was improving with success, but no more until we reached the end of the meadow, where he missed a nice one that rushed out from under a log, by pulling too quick.

We stopped in the edge of the woods and partook of lunch seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree. After lunch Doc walked back to try again for the one under the log, but could not induce him to take hold. Here was where I made my only bad break. I pulled out a little rainbow trout about 3in. long, and wishing to show it to my companion before returning it to the water, I called out, "Look here, Miss ——, I've caught a rainbow." Just at that moment a woman walked down from a barn above the bank, and from the sharp glance she bestowed on Doc I knew she smelled a mouse. But what cared we.

Before we quit Doc caught two more trout and I took one—just four apiece—making our total eight. Not a record-breaking event by any means, but Doc had obtained the experience he sought and we were not returning empty handed. On the way home I stopped at a bridge, saying I thought there was a trout under it, just to test Doc's gameness. He promptly demanded bait and began fishing. It was a hot day and we had been out nearly five hours tramping over the roughest kind of ground, so you must not wonder that I felt inclined to slap Doc on the back and say "Good boy." The experiment had proved a brilliant success all around. Doc was charmed with his outfit, and several times that day had I noted the smile of triumph light up his face as he straddled the trunk of some fallen tree, or rested for a moment upon the top rail of a fence, just like a sure enough man.

Trouting was not the only fishing Doc and I tried. We wet many a line together after the black bass in the lake near by, and some right interesting arguments we had with that noble fish. On these occasions Doc wore skirts, and it was always Miss —— from me, except in moments of intense excitement, as when a bass was doing the circus act on the other end of the line. However, I shall continue to call her Doc on paper, and when she reads this issue of FOREST AND STREAM I shall be too far out of the woods to be snubbed for my temerity.

Doc was a very fair hand at the paddle and could lay as straight a course as any man, provided the wind was not too strong, and could do good casting with the minnow, both accomplishments having been acquired during her stay at the lake this summer.

Even as late as the middle of July, spinning or casting with shiners was more effective than any other method. We tried trolling and still-fishing with shiners, sunfish, perch and frogs, but with poor success. We made a rule of these strikes and out, or one fish and out; that is, the fellow who got three strikes in succession, or boated one fish, whatever size, species or previous condition, had to yield up the rod and do the paddling. Often it was an 8 or 10-inch bass or a perch or small pickerel that made a fellow sit down just when some favorite spot was almost within reach. In such an emergency I have known Doc, I am pained to say, to be mighty slow in taking up slack line on a small bass. Every bass under 10in. was thrown back unless too badly injured.

One afternoon while fishing a piece of the lake where we seldom struck anything but pickerel, Doc landed his shiner within a foot or two of the shore and right alongside of a bunch of grass. The minnow had scarcely touched the water before a bass grabbed it with a rush that meant business. He made a break toward the boat for deep water and I yelled to Doc to take in the slack. Out of the water he came with a shake of his head that sent the spray flying and made me groan, for I expected to see the rod straighten up when he fell back. But no, down he went, and the rod curved and bent until Doc cried out, "Oh! it will break: I know it will." It was a light fly-rod and Doc was hanging on with both hands, but I knew its quality and feared not. Out he came again with another spiteful shake and then a dive that took more line. Doc began to recover some of the line and at the third break I was feeling that we had a mortgage on him. A few more curves and twists and his broad sides were showing, a sure sign of distress. The net was soon under him and he was safe in the boat. Doc sat down and chewed furiously on his wad of gum, actually too happy to speak. I weighed him by the "eye scales" for at least two pounds, and was very much surprised when reaching the house to find that one and three-quarters was his exact weight.

On another occasion Doc fastened to a bass, and at the same moment a red ant made his debut on the end of Doc's nose and started up to investigate her bangs. Examine a red ant and you will observe that he has very small feet, but when one is walking over your nose it feels as though he wore No. 13 shoes filled with spikes. Both of Doc's hands were on the rod. She would make a claw at the ant and the bass would pull down her hands. Another claw that fell short by half an inch, and then Doc tried to wobble her nose, but it was such a small nose that it wouldn't wobble, and the ant fell off after biting her under the starboard bang. Doc was not one of your summer girls, else I should have had to fish that rod out of the bottom of the lake. What's more she landed that bass and then squelched me for daring to laugh.

OLD MAN.




CHAINED to Business? Can't Go Fishing? Make the Best of it. Read FOREST AND STREAM.

## EXPERIENCE WITH RAINBOW TROUT.

I HAVE previously mentioned some points of interest in regard to the so-called California or rainbow trout, but now, after six years' experience with these fish, I am in a position to say with some positiveness what may be of special interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Six years ago I procured some fingerlings from the U. S. Fish Commission, and planted a hundred, all the survivors of a thousand which were sent to me, at Highlands, N. C. This locality is the highest inhabited locality east of the Rocky Mountains, and its climate and its abundant cold, sparkling water that pours down the mountain sides, renders it a most favorable home for the trout. The common brook trout has existed abundantly there for many years, some of the natives say they were always there, and others say the streams were stocked artificially. This may be so, for all the water that flows from the mountains goes either to the Gulf of Mexico or to the Atlantic below Cape Hatteras. The rainbow trout therefore had a good chance to show all their best qualities.

The fingerlings were put in the water in one of my ponds near Highlands in the summer of 1885. The next spring one was taken 10in long, and he made a gallant struggle for his freedom. He was at once returned to the water. But I heard of others being taken by poachers and sold in the village that summer, half a pound weight. The next year one of 2lbs. was taken and garnished the table. I need not describe its beauty, or its gameful resistance to capture, but only say that its flesh was all that could be wished by the piscatorial epicure. The color of it is a deep red, almost as deep as that of the salmon when fresh from the water. It is firm, and full of flavor equal to the best brook trout.

The next year one was hooked by a young lady in one of my ponds, in which it was placed three years before. There was an exciting battle between the lady and the fish, in which the issue was very doubtful for some time. But the fish was landed, and coming loose from the book, the fight was renewed on land for fifteen minutes longer, before the biggest fish ever taken in North Carolina waters was finally secured. The lady was, of course, as all young ladies are now, an amateur photographer, and transferred the fish and her own intensely pleased countenance to a film, a copy of which is laid before the editor in proof that it (the fish, not the countenance) was 22in. long and weighed over 3lbs. The lady's name is not Victoria, although her face has a victorious expression.

The same year other fish were taken down the river, where they had migrated from the pond and stocked another pond five miles lower down, but as the lower pond also belongs to me I was able to protect the fish to some extent. But a large number were taken from the stream by poachers in spite of all my efforts. Some of the original one hundred, however, still remain, probably more than half of them, and it is probable will remain, for those who have been hooked smash the tackle, and showing their tails insultingly, leave the fisherman without saying good bye. Some of my friends who have experienced this bitter disappointment aver that the fish are over 3ft. long and must weigh at least 7lbs., which is quite a reasonable conclusion considering the early growth which is safely known. The big fish are mostly in the deep holes under the waterfalls or between the rocks, or in the deepest parts of the ponds. The increase is enormous. In the early summer the little shallow pools near the banks of the stream are black with the young fish, and many fish of a pound, or two pounds, and less, are taken. They breed well and grow fast, and are more gamy than the common *fontinalis*.

I have the best reasons to believe that the two breeds have met and crossed. Three years ago I saw a male rainbow on a spawning bed with the brook trout, and his pugnacity against the waiting brook males was ridiculous. When one of these approached, its rival darted at it and drove it off, and like a flash returned to his duty again. I saw him two days in succession, and since then some fish having every appearance of being hybrids have been taken. The iridescent scales are plain upon them as is also the darker back, but they are not pure rainbows. Last year I tried to get a specimen for examination, but

failed, the first that is taken however will be sent to the FOREST AND STREAM to settle this interesting point.

From the foregoing it will appear very conclusively that this fish is a valuable addition to our Eastern waters, and that it will live peaceably, and perhaps usefully, with the native kind. I have never seen any indication that it preys on his relations, but one I saw take a good sized frog, as it jumped off a limb as I was slowly drifting down stream, and disturbed the frog's meditations. The fish met it in mid air, springing out of the water, and going under with a splash that indicated a large fish. It takes the water newts, crawfish and rises at a fly as freely as the common trout. The white miller in the evening when the shades are getting too dark to see anything, is the most killing bait, and the most prolific time for this fish. HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLANDS PARK, N. C.

## SALE OF TROUT IN CLOSE SEASON.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I notice in your issue of June 30 that Mr. A. N. Cheney says that I fix the spawning time for trout. I was not aware that I was endowed with supernatural power, so as to cause trout to spawn at my command. I notice he has found a place way up on the boundary line of Canada where trout are spawning as late as Dec. 23, eight days later than my date of the closing of the spawning season. He does not say whether there was any ripe male trout to fertilize the eggs, a very important subject to be considered in trout raising. Every trout raiser has probably experienced the difficulty of finding ripe males enough to fertilize the eggs taken the latter part of the spawning season, and for this season we are often compelled to stop taking eggs even while there are many ripe females yet to spawn. It is also well known that these very late eggs are of poor quality and hardly worth taking. My statement that trout are through spawning in New England and southeastern New York on Dec. 15 is practically correct, and is only owing to some abnormal condition that a few individual trout spawn after that time.

I think that the trout culturists who take millions of trout eggs annually ought to know as much about the spawning season as guides, whose only experience has been in catching trout, and know nothing about their habits. I will say, however, that my neighbor, Mr. Nath. Hoxie, was at the Parmachenee Lakes one year in September, and found trout on their spawning beds in great numbers at that time, which goes far to corroborate my statement. I am aware that the trout in Caledonia Creek spawn in January and February, and even into early March, but Caledonia Creek is in Western New York, while I confined my statement to New England and southeastern New York. I am also aware that the European brown trout spawn in December and January, but there are none of them to my knowledge in any public waters of this State. I imported the first lot of brown trout eggs in this country in January, 1881, and I now have them of all sizes from the fry up to 7lbs. in weight.

Mr. Livingston Stone in his work ("Domesticated Trout") says his trout begin to spawn Oct. 12 and finish the first week in December. Mr. E. B. Hodge, superintendent of the Plymouth, N. H., hatchery, says some of his trout spawned last year in July and August, but as there were no ripe males the eggs were lost. He says the first eggs were placed in the hatchery Sept. 3 and on Dec. 1 there were over 1,000,000 eggs laid down, and as that was about the extent of his taking we must conclude the spawning season was practically over at that time. On Nov. 24, 1874, I received 75,000 eyed brook trout eggs from Moosehead Lake, Maine, and to be eyed they must have been taken at least four weeks. The trout in Mr. J. W. Hoxie's ponds, at Carolina, R. I., are all through spawning early in December, also Mr. Furman's, at Maspeth, L. I. My trout begin to spawn about Oct. 20 and are all through before Dec. 15. I think with all this testimony it must be accepted that the spawning season is practically over by Dec. 15. Col. Theodore Lyman is authority for the statement that trout are done spawning in Marshpee River, Cape Cod, on Dec. 1.

It is evidently the intention of some few sportsmen to prejudice the public against the trout raisers as trying to destroy trout, when they are actually doing more toward stocking the streams than all the sportsmen in the country (the Old Colony trout ponds alone having furnished nearly 10,000,000 eggs and young fry for this purpose since 1881) and are as much interested in the passage and enforcement of laws for the protection of trout during the spawning season and development of eggs. The trout raiser could not be induced to sell his trout at such times. It would be like killing the goose that lays the golden egg. He does, however, want to sell his trout for food as soon as they can be brought into a good condition after the spawning season has passed, and no good reason has been advanced why it should not be done. The ever increasing demand for fish, consequent upon the increasing population and increased facilities for transportation is such that the time is not far distant when artificial culture must be resorted to. Nature is doing her best, but she cannot long stand the drain which is upon her without assistance. China has long since recognized this necessity, and fishculture is there carried on so extensively that the late Mr. Burlingame once stated that we had much to learn of those so-called barbarians, and among other things the cultivation of fish; that in China an acre of water is many times more productive than an acre of land.

Therefore, the best interests of the country demand that trout culture should be encouraged, and all legislation should be to promote rather than to cripple the industry. It will come in its own good time. The people only need to be educated on this subject and they will demand it. Then will trout culture receive its rights, the business be stimulated to a great extent, a food product of the highest class furnished in large quantities and at a season when most needed. W. L. GILBERT.

PLYMOUTH, July 23.

### Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence.

THE ninth annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence will be held at the Hubbard House, Clayton, N. Y., Aug. 3.

## POTOMAC NOTES.

WASHINGTON CITY anglers can now rejoice, and the knowing ones are all smiles. Fishing is good in every direction; fresh water, brackish water and salt water is giving up its inhabitants in great shape, and from the source of the Potomac to Norfolk, Va., and line fishing is extra good. In the bay, trout (weakfish) weighing from 1 to 6lbs. are caught in good numbers; about Fortress Monroe the fishing is exceptionally good. Bluefish, trout, sheepshead and tautog or blackfish are taken in quantity. H. C. Huggett, of Messick, York county, Va., has been very successful taking sheepshead and "chub" (what do you think of the name chub for blackfish or tautog), and it just puts one on needles to be there fishing. This place is about eight miles above the fort. Very few rods are to be seen on Chesapeake Bay; hand-line fishing is the rule. Mannanose clams are the principal bait, of course shedder crabs are choice, but the fishermen say they are too easily lost off the hooks.

One is never through learning; they call the blackfish chub, the black or gray drumfish sage drum or pale drum, the large-mouthed black bass in the fresh waters chub or mill-pond chub, the menhaden ol'wiv, the weakfish plain trout, the bluefish taylor or snapping mackerel, and what startled me most was to hear that the old Virginia name for the pompano is "sunfish." Some very fine pompano and lots of Spanish mackerel are taken in the bay, but they are seldom hooked. A pretty large fleet of fishing smacks are in the bay after bluefish for the New York market. They are taking rather small-sized fish, about 2½lbs. each, and during the middle of the month fish were a little scarce. Five thousand fish are considered a good fare, so the half dozen men to each smack have plenty of fishing, as it is all done with hook and line. The fish are kept in the well during the fishing and then packed away in barrels of ice and so preserved fresh until the boat reaches New York. A trip is made in from two to three weeks.

The black bass fishing in the Potomac and its tributaries is improving daily. Mr. Frank Libby has just returned from the South Branch and he is all over enthusiasm about the fine fishing at Wappocomo, Hampshire county, West Virginia, where Mrs. C. C. Parsons acted as hostess in a most satisfactory manner. John Bush is a guide at this point and a good one. The usual black bass baits were used, but the very best bait is the grasshopper; more large fish are taken there with the grasshopper than with any other. Mr. Libby had sixteen days of clear water and says that the fishing is the easiest he has ever come across. All done from boats; expenses of living and fishing merely nominal. Quite a number of clubs resort yearly to the South Branch. Mr. F. F. Davidson, Dr. McCann, Dr. King and Dr. Lang, all of Pittsburgh, Pa., were found there in July.

The Mignon Club of Washington will have the following members on the Potomac for two weeks: Tauber Schmidt (the well known woman-hater), A. Stanley, J. Brockingier, C. Mills, F. Schafhirt and C. Zange. These gentleman intend to camp out at different points along the river from Point of Rocks to Seneca or the Great Falls, leaving here Aug. 15. Myron A. is a very busy man nowadays—he keeps a tackle store. BON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.

## PLANTING SALMON AND TRAPPING BEARS.

LOWELL, Me.—I have just finished transporting and planting landlocked salmon at Nicatowas Lakes. Those fish were hatched at Enfield, in charge of A. J. Darling, and he estimated the amount that I had taken away from the hatchery to be 100,000. I put some of them in the stream at the foot of the falls. There were some good-sized rocks where I put them in, and a slime had collected on the rocks: and soon as the little fish were turned in some of them commenced to feed on the slime that had gathered on the rocks. I took one of them in my hand that was feeding and put him in a foot from the rock, and he darted for the rock again. I remember some few years ago watching some pollywogs feeding on slime or a substance that had collected on the sticks that were under water, and those little salmon reminded me of the young bullfrogs. Those small fish when being transported require a great deal of care. It does not do to let them stop on the road without keeping the water in motion to let in the fresh air, and the water must be kept the right temperature.

I had a young lad to help me beside the teamster. We had to make two trips from Enfield to the lake, and a shift of horses so to keep them moving. The last load to the lake I took six cans of them to the head of the lake, some eight miles to the inlet from Gasabeas Lake. I had a large canoe. The cans would weigh some 200lbs. each. I put the teamster in the bow to help me paddle, and the boy to keep taking out water from the cans and pouring in fresh water. A head wind sprang up and there was quite a heavy sea at times, but I worked along the shore until near the head of the lake, then we had to cross in a side wind, and occasionally a sea would break in. The boy of 14 years would look up to me and say, "I can't swim." I could tell about what the canoe could stand, and I intended if it looked to me dangerous to pour the water and fish into the lake; but we reached the inlet all right and put our young fry overboard and returned to the foot of the lake.

There was a party of fishermen there who had caught five nice ones, averaging 3lbs. Another party camping a short distance away that were said to be salting trout and salmon, and they are professors of high standing, too.

It has been but six years since the first young salmon were put into these waters and they have had good success with their own spawn, as many young yearlings have been seen to go through the dam to the lake this season; and it now looks as though this is going to be one of the best fishing resorts in Maine. It always has been good trout and white perch fishing.

The next morning we loaded the cans on the team and the boy and myself went down the stream, to the head of the falls and then to join the team again. On our way we saw a large doe feeding on the meadow. We got quite near her before she saw us. Then she gave a snort and bounded to the woods, and then halted and kept up the blowing until we were out of hearing. She had fawn without any doubt. When doe leaves its fawn and goes to the water or meadows to feed it is more attentive to feeding than other deer that have no young, and is not on the lookout half as sharp as are the bucks.

I had a trap set for bears near the head of the falls and we landed to look at it. The boy suddenly stopped and said, "Hark, I thought I heard a chain rattle." And sure he did. Bruin was in the trap sure and fast, and had been in but a short time. The log that the trap was fastened to had brought up on his first start; and he was digging and biting fearfully. I had no gun and I looked the business over and found that he could not get away or reach me if I did not get too near. I got a club about six feet long and two inches in diameter, and as I advanced on him he backed between two trees as far as the trap would let him. When I struck at him he dodged his head to one side and back, and I missed him. The boy laughed and remembered that the bear understood boxing. I then made several false motions and gave him one blow which felled him. I thought he might come to again and I took my knife and bled him.

We set the trap again and carried the bear to the road to join the team. We put the bear by the side of the road. The teamster had a very saucy dog with him and he came in advance of the team. I told the boy to watch the dog. When the dog got scent of the bear he wheeled as quickly as his legs could turn him and dropped his tail. Most dogs will give a bear a wide berth.

I had the bad luck to lose a bear in another trap; he had been in about a week and died and spoiled.

J. DARLING.

## ANGLING IN CANADA.

SINCE the date of my last letter several other parties of anglers have returned from the salmon streams. The largest fish reported to have been taken this season was a beauty of 53lbs, killed a week or two back on the Cascapedia by the Hon. Victor Stanley, a son of the Governor-General of Canada. This magnificent trophy was sent by the fortunate angler to his messmates, of H. M. S. Canada, upon which he is a lieutenant. With two exceptions the north shore salmon streams have yielded but little luck to anglers this season. Messrs. J. L. Pike, of New York, and J. G. Creamer, and F. S. Hodges, of Boston, however, enjoyed splendid sport on the Natashquan and left for home yesterday. The fishing on the Moisie has, too, been an exception to the general rule. It has been fished from the middle of June by Messrs. D. G. Yates, B. P. Moulton, Dr. F. H. Getchell and E. P. Borden, of Philadelphia, who arrived upon Sunday. The fishing only commenced to be good about June 24, and few fish were taken after July 9. Between these dates the above mentioned party killed 305 fish, averaging 22.71lbs. Mr. Yates was the most successful of the party, killing 94 salmon, which weighed 2,154½lbs., the largest turning the scales at 37lbs. Mr. Yates has come to the conclusion that it is the 25lbs. salmon that makes the gamest fight.

On the Trinity, the Mingan and the Marguerite, the fishing has so far been exceedingly indifferent.

Far less uncertainty has so far attended the fishing of our inland waters. Among ouananiche fishermen the season of 1892 promises to be long remembered as the most successful that has been experienced since the opening of the Lake St. John region to civilization by the construction of the Quebec and Lake St. John railway. This is doubtless due in some measure to the precautions taken during the last few years for the preservation of the fish, and to the prohibition of netting. But there is also a noted change in the manners and habitat of many of the fish at the Grande Discharge this season. A fortnight ago I mentioned the fact that the fish were exceedingly plentiful in Mr. Griffith's waters, and that in order to take them in the hotel preserves, it would probably be necessary to descend below Scott's Camp. But whether it be due to the higher water than usual or otherwise, certain it is that in addition to their ordinary haunts at this season of the year, the ouananiche are remaining in large numbers in and about the immediate outlet of the lake itself, above the first of the rapids of the Discharge and between and among the first small islands at the narrowing of the lake. Some excellent fishing has been done there by Captain and Lady Cecilia Rose of London, who are indefinitely prolonging their stay at the lake, by Dr. Lundy of Philadelphia and by Eugene McCarthy of Syracuse. The two latter mentioned gentlemen have also been working great havoc among the trout in the streams flowing into Lake St. John. In both the headquarters of the Ouiatchouaniche, which flows into the lake from the west, and in the Ouiatchouan, between the falls and Lake Bouchette, they managed to take nearly 200 fish in a day, the average weight being from ¾lb. to 1½lbs., though several fish were taken between 2 and 3lbs. each.

Some of the largest red trout, outside of a few from Lake Edward, that have been brought to town this season, come from the preserves of the Montmorency Fish and Game Club. Dr. Ivers brought to town yesterday, as the result of two days' fishing, a trout weighing 4¾lbs., one of 3¾lbs., two of 3¼lbs., two of 3lbs., one of 2¾lbs., two of 2½lbs., two of 2lbs., and two of 1½lbs. Besides these he claims to have returned to the water nearly fifty fish weighing 1lb. each and under. I hope soon to be in a position to speak more fully of the fishing in the Montmorency River. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC CITY, July 20.

### The Bluefish.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Bluefishing seems to be the best at the present time off Sandy Hook. We followed them last week from Perth Amboy, where we caught a large number; and on Saturday, July 23, Mr. Frank Dawson, our boatman, engaged Capt. Walter's sloop Metgser, of Perth Amboy. We started at 6 A. M. and anchored off Sandy Hook about 12 o'clock, after a tedious drift more than half way. We started fishing with shedder crabs for bait, and soon discovered it was absolutely necessary to have bunkers. We hailed a dory fisherman and purchased for $2.50 all the bunkers he had, which gave to us just three-quarters of a pail of chum. We used this in one and one-half hours' time and catching twenty of the largest and most gamy bluefish that ever we caught. We were anchored part of the time about 400ft. east of the Southwest Spit.

Mr. Wm. Pitman, Mr. Wm. Barnett and myself never fish for bluefish except with rod and reel, and from the way we are questioned by fishermen we are led to believe that it is considered a new departure. I should advise al-

to try it and see for themselves and stick to the way by which they can receive the most enjoyment. I do not deny one can catch more fish in the usual way, but to take one of these bulldogs with a long line out gives to one the genuine sensation of having a fish on one end and a fisherman at the other end.

I do wish our brother sportsmen would write more frequently to the FOREST AND STREAM telling us of their fishing trips; in this way we could locate where the fish are. H. C. W.

## ANGLING NOTES.

IF one should ask where the greatest variety of game fishes could be found in water that is open to the general public for fishing I should say in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, for of all the waters of the globe there is none to equal it in this respect. There are Sunapee trout or saibling, landlocked salmon, common brook trout, Loch Leven trout and black bass. Smelt are also found in abundance, and rainbow trout and blue-black trout have been planted. The best season for angling is soon after the ice goes out and when the salmon tribe is at the surface where they will take a fly, but the fishing is good now. An extract from a letter from Prof. J. D. Quackenbos will give an idea of the fishing: "Bickford" (this is Sidney Bickford, the artist, who has painted the best picture of the Sunapee trout that I ever saw, and I am very glad to say that it hangs on my wall, a present from Prof. Quackenbos) "caught a 9lb. salmon on his hand line yesterday off the banks; on Wednesday I took Prof. Dunning, a green hand with a greenheart, over to Hedge Hog; he had three bites on his greenheart, lost the first fish, then killed a 2¼lbs. *alpinus*, and then one of a pound. We had the refrigerator full of usual small fry at night. Two salmon were lost on smelt lines that afternoon. Jake Hutchinson was pulling in an immature trout when a monster salmon grabbed it and leaped from the water with a splash that turned everybody in that direction. But that was the last of him. I went out for the first time with Payn, my tip went down with a snap, and I hooked and killed a 3½-pound *alpinus*, which Payn netted with consummate skill. I longed for your presence that you might see the glory of his symmetry and July coloration. Large black bass nose around our pier; but since these disturbances in the weather, accompanied with a rise of some 8in. in the water of the lake, the bass have in the main left the shores and the fly-fishing for the moment is over." In explanation of the catching of salmon on smelt lines I may say that hand lines with small hooks baited with worms are used to catch smelt for the purpose of baiting the rod lines for salmon and trout, and the smelt fishing is done where salmon are found, so that it sometimes happens that after a smelt is hooked a salmon takes it instead of waiting until it is prepared for him on the rod. While smelt are most desirable for bait, I saw a salmon of 14¾lbs. caught at Sunapee last year on a common minnow or chub. Any one desiring a small map of Sunapee Lake, the pamphlet containing it also containing reproductions of Sunapee trout and black bass by Bickford, can obtain it at the expense of a postage stamp by writing to F. H. Davis, New London, N. H.

Of the salmon fishing in New Brunswick Mr. John Mowatt, of Campbellton, writes: "This has, on the whole, been a fair angling season on the Restigouche, and fully as good on the lower as on the upper waters. The reason of this is not far to seek. The early fish rise well, the rods are numerous and they have the first chance at the fish. Consequently so many rising salmon do not reach the head-waters as usual. Twenty years ago a salmon was not looked for until you got away up about 30 miles, and the famous pools of Indian House, Cross Point, Patapedia, Red Bank, Devil's Half-Acre and others were supposed to be *ne plus ultra*. Now the first 20 or 30 miles of water is equal to the best of them, particularly in the month of June. The catches run from 30 to, say 70 fish, for parties of two and three rods, and some single scores of 30 to 32 fish. I hear of no single rod that has done as well as our mutual friend, Mr. Archibald Mitchell. Many anglers have left for home and others have taken their places, but unless good rains come to freshen the waters the best of the season is past, as July is hot, unpleasant, and mosquitoes, black flies and midges rule the roost. From all I can hear none of the Bay Chaleur rivers have come up to the Restigouche. The Big Cascapedia brags of a 53½lb. fish, and our largest is 45½lbs.

In Answers to Correspondents you say the largest small-mouth on record is Boynton's bass of 8lbs. 10oz. That was the largest at the time, but last year one of 10lbs. was taken from Glen Lake. When I weighed it the fish weighed 9¼lbs., but when first taken it weighed ¾lb. more. A. N. CHENEY.

### State Stocking of Private Waters.

A correspondent asks why the *Telegram* does not condemn the posting of private lands under the game laws, it having condemned the stocking of private waters in this and other States and in foreign countries with fish fry hatched and reared at the expense of the State. The answer is a simple one. Private lands, woods, are stocked by private expense, and the State does not contribute one cent to that end. If private clubs, the same as the Monroe County Sportsmen's Association, at large expense, import quail and other game birds, they are justified in inducing farmers and owners of property to post their lands for the purpose of furthering the objects of the clubs. But the State is out of its legitimate sphere when it expends money to raise fish fry to stock private streams and premises, which are closed at all times to the public. That this has been done to a great extent is true. Under the present system of fish propagation and fish food supply, we cannot see that the public is greatly benefitted. The public waters stocked are netted to such an extent that the efforts of the State are nugatory. Several inland bodies of water have been stocked so that the line fishing was good at one time. But poachers and netters soon despoiled the waters, and the money expended went to support the pirates. The stocking of Lake Ontario and other great lakes with whitefish by the United States Government is a feasible project, one that would yield great benefit to the people, and these efforts should have the encouragement and assistance of the State of New York. It is an open question whether our fish commission is not a political junketing body, and of no earthly use or benefit to the people.—*Elmira Telegram.*

# Fisheulture.

## REARING FISH FOR DISTRIBUTION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I wish to thank you for publishing my paper on "Planting Fry or Yearlings," in your issue of July 21. You have been so unjust to our side that we are glad to have you present one of our arguments in favor of fry. In your issue of July 14 you treat the question as if I was one lone crank, by saying that you wished "merely to show how an earnest but prejudiced advocate of a certain disappointing system of stocking may let his fancy outrun his judgment," etc.

True, I am earnest and perhaps prejudiced, but I do not know of a single State Fish Commission that is not of my opinion, hence the injustice of your remark. The system of fry planting is not disappointing, but is perfectly satisfactory to Michigan, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and New York, the States that do the most trout planting.

I cannot go over my arguments again, and will only say it is a strange thing that our side should be expected to prove our position. A new theory is advanced and the burden of proof should rest on those who advance it.

Evidently Mr. Page did not have a copy of my paper when he wrote on the subject, for I leave out railway fares, and counting time of men and hotel bills the expense of planting yearlings is greater than their alleged worth. Who can say that the loss of fry in suitable streams so far exceeds the loss on artificial food as to make a yearling worth a large number of fry? Two of the gentlemen quoted by Mr. Page have long been connected with the South Side Sportsmen's Club of Long Island, and have raised many millions of trout, but for their own ponds mainly, and have not sent men on long journeys with yearlings, and therefore they come within the list of those with whom Mr. Page sympathizes.

My old angling friend, Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Mich., who has helped plant thousands of trout in years past, writes me as follows: "I have noticed your articles *in re* planting fry *vs.* more mature fish, and from our experience most heartily agree with you. Our State Commission, which has always been the most able one, has planted millions of fry, and now there is hardly a stream in the State which is suitable for trout that does not furnish good fishing. About six years ago I sent Babbit, whom you remember as one of our best guides (now, alas! in heaven) 5,000 fry from the commission, which were quietly placed in a stream which has not since been generally known to contain trout. I was on that stream five days ago, and it swarms with trout. In a few hours I took 86 fish going down a few miles, and I understand that the whole stream, about 30 miles long, gives as good a showing."

My time does not permit me, nor does inclination incline to further discussion of this subject at present, and only on account of what I consider to be a slighting of our side of the question and an assumption that the assertions of the yearling men are correct and that they are a majority of practical fishculturists, which is not true, I have been forced to intrude. The very able article by Hon. Herschel Whitaker, President of the Michigan Fish Commission, would, if published in your columns, give another view of our side, to which in all fairness we are entitled. FRED MATHER.

## THE LAKE ONTARIO WHITEFISH SUPPLY.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Your journal deserves credit for its efforts in arousing public sentiment for better laws to protect game birds and fish, but I would suggest a larger and more useful field for your efforts, food fish.

I am one of the very large majority of wage-earners (with a fair-sized family to support) who only once in a while can afford to knock off and go fishing. Of course, I get the recreation and possibly a mess of fish, but the cost of the latter comes pretty high. Now our State, I find, by the published reports, is expending nearly $40,000 yearly on the fish business, and I have been trying to make out how I derive any benefit from this large expenditure. This money seems to be wholly spent on trout, a fish that I have never seen and could not catch even if I had the time, for nearly all trout streams are now under control of wealthy individuals or clubs, and the few that reach the market sell at 75 cents a pound, which is beyond my reech, so that I must, for my family use, depend on the public fish market for fish diet. We are all fond of fresh fish and would like to have them twice or three times a week, but I find that good fish, and in fact all fish, have of late years gone up in price, so that it is, as a matter of sustenance, more costly than meat.

Whitefish now cost a shilling a pound, and as they come from Canada and Michigan they are seldom ever fresh—not in the least like our old time Lake Ontario whitefish. Why, I can remember, only a few years ago, when this fine fish, caught the night before, was brought to our very door and sold at five cents per pound. A great many people along the shore of Lake Ontario made a good living catching and peddling these fish; now there is no such industry and we poor people have to pay almost triple for the same fish, of a poorer quality.

Why should the Commissioners of the State of New York, with lots of the people's money, allow such a state of things to exist? Why have they not protected and fostered the fishing interest of Lake Ontario, instead of devoting their entire attention and expenditures to the raising of fish for the few rich to enjoy exclusively, while the poor man's fish have been entirely neglected?

Will you kindly take an interest in this matter? You may, if you wish, publish this, for possibly it may provoke a reply from the commissioners or their friends; they may have a good defense, and if so I would like to hear it.

A WORKINGMAN OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

### Chained to Business?

Can't go fishing? Make the best of it. Read FOREST AND STREAM.

Among the many enterprises in southwest Missouri there are probably none that attract more attention than does the snake farm located three-fourths of a mile due west of Chadwick. The farm proper consists of about five acres, half inclosed by a natural stone wall or a ledge. On one side of this inclosure is a natural rock cave, and out of this cave runs an everlasting stream of the purest water. This spring being on the highest spot of land on the farm, it is easily conveyed to all places where needed. Mr. Childs, the owner, has been dealing in snakes and manufacturing rattlesnake oil for over ten years and finds it quite profitable, as he supplies all species of snakes for exhibition purposes, all kinds of snake curiosities, rattlesnake oil to the drug trade and charges an admission fee of ten cents to all visitors who come to the farm. He is now fixing up the place for the summer trade, and will have large pens built for the snakes with a living pond of water in each one, and a platform on the outside where visitors may stand out of danger looking at the hundred different species, all in their natural state, eating, drinking, playing, swimming, fighting, sleeping, etc. Mr. Childs also proposes to pay cash for all live snakes of any species measuring over 3ft. in length. He proposes to ship all the snakes out of this part of the country and bring back cash in their stead.—*Ozark (Mo.) News.*

# The Kennel.

## REPORTERS, CRITICS, ETC.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The communication of "Observer" in your number for July 7 must have met with general approval, and the hot weather must alone explain why no one has written to support the position take by this writer. Lest, however, he shoul feel that he is alone in his opinions I wish to state that I have thought much as "Observer" has for a long time.

I think the judges' report in full would give more satisfaction to readers of all classes than any other, and it would probably be a popular thing for the journals to have the judges to write such a report, which might be furnished to all the papers, when the expense to each would be light, while the remuneration to the judge for his labor, which is not pleasant to all, would be considerable.

A judge who has to write a report is more likely to be careful and examine his dogs well.

The work of the critic might then be confined in pointing out those details in which he differs from the judge, for subsequent publication. Editorial or reporter's comments or statements would still be in place, and might be of the nature of encouragement, censure, etc., on the management of the show, and especially suggestions for the future.

In all cases reports, criticisms, etc., to be signed by the writer's own name.

If the FOREST AND STREAM and every other paper of standing were to announce that in future only those articles signed by the writer's name, or some well-known *nom de plume*, would be published, probably not a dozen valuable contributions would be missed in a year, while those who fling their mud from behind a ditch would find their occupation gone, greatly to the benefit of the kennel world as a whole.

Will the FOREST AND STREAM be the first paper to make the experiment? I confidently predict success for the journal that will do it; and were I about to establish a kennel paper to-morrow I should stand or fall on this platform, and would rigidly exclude all writing that was offensively personal no matter from what source it came. The latter is practically done by some papers in England now. But a very curious thing is seen in the case of one paper which, while doing this as regards Englishmen to a very large degree, seems to make an exception to abuse and misstatements which come from this side.

Do you not agree with my views, Mr. Editor? From your love of peace and fair play I think you are the very man to initiate the proposed changes. WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MONTREAL.

[The FOREST AND STREAM has made it a point for some time past to have all important show reports and reports of field trials signed by the writers.]

## GORDON SETTER CLUB MEETING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club of America, held on Wednesday evening, July 20, several new members were elected and various matters acted upon.

After considerable discussion it was resolved that the Gordon Setter Club offer a special prize of $50 for the Gordon setter showing the best field work at the New England field trials at Assonet, Mass., commencing Nov. 8, 1892—provided there are at least three starters.

This amount is likely to be increased soon, and it is earnestly requested that owners of Gordons send in their contributions early, so that a goodly number of Gordon setters can be attracted to these trials.

There are many Gordons, good in the field, in use for private shooting in the Middle and Eastern States, and as these can be shown at Assonet without the long and expensive journey to the North Carolina field trials, it is thought that they can be drawn out, as the kind of country calls for the manner of field work that our Northern sportsmen have been accustomed to.

As soon as details can be arranged, notice will be sent to the weekly journals. L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y.

NEW YORK CITY, July 23.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—During a chat with Mr. A. Murdoch, of Hamilton, a day or two ago, I learned that Rugby Norah, the crack Irish terrier bitch recently imported by Mr. Murdoch and his partners in the kennel, had whelped six fine puppies (three dogs), and that three, two dogs and a bitch, had already been bespoken to go to three different cities across the line. The others will be retained. The kennel has been named the Rugby Kennel, in honor of Norah, and puppies bred here will be registered with this prefix.

It is likely that the Toronto Kennel Club will hold a coursing meeting this fall, and beagle trials are also mooted. There is a difficulty in getting jacks to run on, and the little gray rabbit offers no sport.

Mr. Geddes' letter, in last issue, lets me out and should convince Mr. Mercer.

Mr. Kirk left on Thursday to fill his engagement at Winnipeg, Manitoba, show. H. B. DONOVAN.

## THE PACIFIC FOX-TERRIER CLUB.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The Pacific Fox-Terrier Club held its regular meeting July 18, J. E. Watson in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members: G. D. Shearer, Dr. Thos. Bowhill and D. J. McCarthy. The treasurer made his report, showing $50 on hand, but this amount will be increased to $150 by next bench show season, and the money will be used in purchasing special prizes to be competed for by dogs owned by members only at the shows of the Southern California and Pacific Kennel clubs.

The club is doing a lot of good for this breed on the coast, and expect to encourage the breeding of good specimens and educate the people up to the proper idea of just what a show terrier should be. J. B. MARTIN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

## DOGMATICS OF DOGDOM.

THE versatility of the dog is shown in having three or four different breeds of dogs in one litter. The versatility of man is shown in selling the litter as being of three or four different breeds, or more, if occasion arises.

—§—

To listen to many dogmen talk you would think that the whole world was their enemy. Go out in the world and you will seldom hear of them. When you do hear of them it will be in terms of indifference.

—§—

Specialty clubs are so, in fact, but specially for the advantage of the members and not for the dogs.

# DOG CHAT.

### A Dog Show at Nashville.

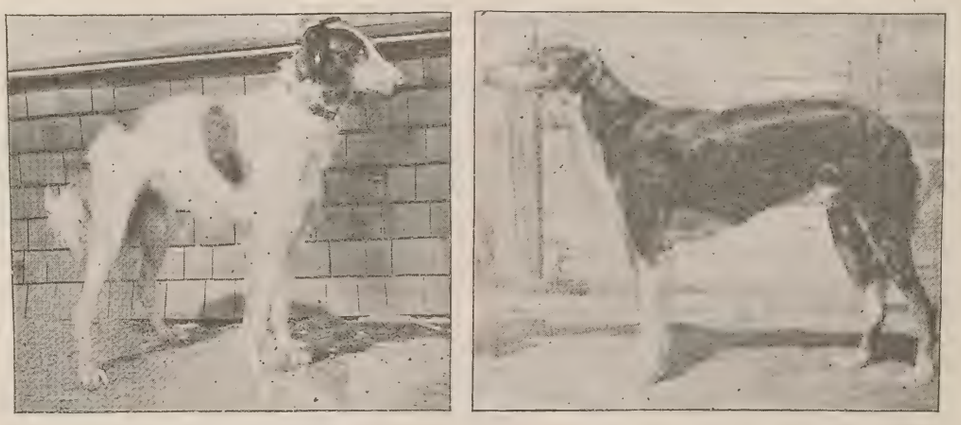
The executive committee which has in hand the pigeon, chicken and dog show to be held in Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 22 to 25, held a meeting last Saturday. The show is given in aid of the Day Home for Children of Working Women, to be established by the Flower Mission of the Relief Society. Mr. A. R. Gray, of Nashville, was elected superintendent of the dog department, and Mr. O. T. Ambrose secretary. The chicken part of the show is attracting a good deal of attention, but the time of year is unfortunate for the dog show, as many of the dogs and people that make Tennessee famous in dogdom will be busy at the trials. It is expected that a great many special prizes will be donated by the towns people.

### Psovois.

We publish this week an interesting series of pictures of two of the leading dogs of this breed in America, Mr. H. W. Huntington's Argoss and Mr. C. Stedman Hank's Leekhoi. There are many of our readers, too many, we fear, who not having attended a dog show, have been in the dark regarding the correct form of these animals. We are all familiar with the desultory discussion which has been carried on over the rival merits of the two dogs Argoss and Leekhoi. The former is known and has won over the other from the fact that he more nearly approaches the greyhound in build and general conformation than the latter, and in the present undefined state of the standard our judges have perhaps pursued the safest course, at any rate a tangible one. The fact remains, however, that according to a standard that has been more or less circulated in the kennel press, Leekhoi, with his "fish side," fills this standard better than Argoss. The standard also calls for a sickle-back in the dog, and Leekhoi shows this to a much greater extent than the other dog. The purpose of these pictures is to show these different points, also the wide difference between the two in formation of loin and spread of quarters. In the smaller pictures the apparent difference in size is not so in reality, as in taking the pictures we "focussed" Argoss somewhat nearer than the other dog. The question now resolves itself into this: Which type must our breeders follow? There is almost as much to be said on one side as the other. Let it be said.



ARGOSS. LEEKHOI. ARGOSS. LEEKHOI.



MR. C. S. HANK'S LEEKHOI. MR. H. W. HUNTINGTON'S ARGOSS.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF THE LEADING PSOVOIS IN AMERICA.

### A Dog Hospital.

The dog hospital now in process of erection in connection with the University of Pennsylvania, promises to be the most elaborate in the world. We have already given a description of the proposed building, which will be the first of the kind in America. The finish of the principal wards and bath-rooms will be elegant and tasty, and all the latest appliances for the amelioration of canine suffering will be found therein. The idea is to afford the students an opportunity to gain an insight into canine pathology, or in other words serve as a nursery for the qualified "vets" of the A. K. C. of the future.

### California Kennel Club Meeting.

The following account of the California Kennel Club meeting, which was held July 13, in San Francisco, Cal., with J. B. Lewis in the chair, was received too late for publication last week: The club passed a vote of thanks to A. B. Truman for his management of the last bench show. E. P. Shell's resignation was laid on the table, as his office had been declared vacant at the meeting previous to the receipt of his letter. The names of members who had joined the Pacific Club were not stricken from the roll as reported, but all officers of the club who joined a rival organization were expelled from office. The club decided to give $10 as first prize and $5 as second prize to the winners at its next bench show, and the secretary was instructed to notify the American Kennel Club accordingly. The reports of Mr. Truman, as manager of the recent bench show, were approved by the finance and executive committees and the club. The books handled by him are open for inspection by any member of the club who desires to review them. The treasurer has been notified to give a bond of $2,000. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and the members appear well pleased with the club's management up to the present time.

### A Valuable Collie.

Mr. Megson, the well known English collie breeder, has been giving another long price for a collie. This time it is Scotland's Prince, a noted winner of valuable prizes, including the challenge Collie Club trophy. Fifteen hundred dollars was the value given for Prince, Westwood Wonder being part of the deal. During eighteen months as a stud dog, Prince has served 111 bitches, which only shows what a little gold mine a man has in England when he possesses a good and well bred collie.

### Mad Dog Scares.

Scarcely a day passes in New York and vicinity or in fact any of our large towns, but that some dramatic incident is chronicled in the daily press with a "mad" dog as the heavy vilain in the cast. Though in many of these cases, we might say in nearly all of them, the dog is no more mad than its persecutors, still as so many injuries arise from these scares the matter should seriously command the attention of our city authorities. It has been shown that the existing regulations and mode of doing away with the curs of the street are well nigh useless. The situation calls for larger safeguards to protect the public. We would remind those who should know better, that human beings treated as many dogs are treated would generally lose their mental balance and be liable to become dangerous. Torturing muzzles, constant chaining, neglect in feeding, thirst and many other acts of carelessness on the part of owners, all contribute to put the dog in an unnatural condition. If the dog is a denizen of the street its peculiar actions attract an excited crowd and the dog driven to extremities loses all control of its passions and finding every man's hand against it, uses the only weapon nature has given it to defend itself with. The carelessness and ignorance of how much there is in common between the nature of man and brute is largely responsible for the increase of these seemingly rabid dogs. It is the neglected, half starved and persecuted dog who is in special danger of becoming wild. In all this great city it is a matter of comment that there are so few drinking troughs for horses, and it is a most exceptional case when a trough is low enough to allow any but the largest dog to drink from. There is a wide scope for philanthropy in this respect.

### Bribing a Judge.

It does seem absurd that a man with sufficient intelligence to form the idea of bribing a judge at a dog show, should be capable of carrying it out. Mr. J. F. Smith, the St. Bernard breeder, was to judge at Leeds show, and a man called Booth wrote to Mr. Smith, and after telling him that his dog was a rough-coated St. Bernard, class 9, bench No. 55, remarks: "Kindly accept this small present ($2.50) from me for good judgment. Will see you at the show, etc." The case was brought to the Kennel Club's notice, and though Booth was repeatedly written to for an explanation he did not reply, and a registered letter came back marked "refused." Sentence of the K. C. Court that Mr. Booth be deprived of the privilege of showing at K. C. shows during the term of his natural life.

### Central Field Trials Derby.

Col. C. H. Odell, the secretary of the Central Feld Trial Club, asks us to draw attention to the fact that the second forfeit of $10 for entries in the Derby is due and payable Aug. 15.

### American Field Trial Club Stakes.

The entries in the American Field Trial Club's Derby close Sept. 1, the All-Age Oct. 1, and the Puppy Stake Nov. 1. The membership fee of $5 must accompany the nomination. Mr. W. J. Beck, Columbus, Ind., is the secretary.

### A Peculiar Case.

Mr. A. C. Wilmerding's spaniel bitch High Rock Jet whelped July 25, three pups. This in itself would scarcely be matter for special comment, but it seems that she is peculiar in her nature and somewhat decided in her opinions. On April 27 and May 1 she was served by Mr. J. P. Willey's champion Jersey, and in less than a month afterward she came in season again, and not showing in whelp by the previous services was bred to Mr. Wilmerding's own dog Rollo on May 27, with the result as stated above. Rollo is a black, white and tan dog, and the pups are also parti-colored. The bitch is black and so is champion Jersey.

### A Dog's Long Fast.

A mastiff dog, weighing 100lbs. was inadvertently locked in a vacant store in Toronto, on June 18, and was not discovered until July 20. The dog was still alive after its twenty-nine days' fast, but weighed only 24lbs. A veterinary surgeon thinks he can save the animal's life.

### Valuable Terrier Stolen.

Some weeks since we drew attention to the fact that one of Mr. Brooks's importation of Dandie Dinmonts had been stolen from the ship when she reached her dock. It seems Mr. Frank Dole, who purchased for Mr. Edward Brooks, of Boston, Mass., the noted Dandies, King of the Heather and Heather Madge, last summer while in England, was also commissioned to buy another pair and bought a pup called Laird o' the Heather and its mother. They arrived all right, but on Mr. Dole inquiring for them he found the pup was missing. He, however, shipped the mother to Mr. Brooks, and then put a detective on the trail of the missing pup, which was a valuable one, $250 having been given for him. The detective found a clue and thought it better to keep quiet till the vessel returned from England. On Monday, July 15, the vessel arrived in New York and the steward of the vessel was immediately arrested. He turned State's evidence and said that a saloon keeper close by the pier was the person in possession of the animal. This was found to be true and the officers took charge of both the pup and the saloon keeper. The pup was shipped at once to Mr. Dole, who in turn forwarded it to Mr. Brooks, who writes the former that the dog arrived safe and sound July 20. The saloon keeper has been placed under $1,000 bonds, and the trial will be in the United States court. Perhaps it would be to Mr. C. S. Hank's interest to apply such corrective measures, for we are told that several of his wolfhound pups were stolen on their arrival the other day.

### Sale of Noted Pointers.

Mr. W. B. McCloud, manager of the Liberty Training Kennels, Hyattville, O., writes that as the result of a recent purchase the well-known pointers Spot Dash and Nadjy of Naso, lately owned by Mr. "Bob" Leslie, Lynn, Mass., have become their property. Spot Dash, who has been before the public very acceptably for some time, having won five firsts, four seconds, etc., will be used as their stud dog. Nadjy, who is also a winner, counting two firsts to her credit, will join the matrons. Mr. McCloud expresses himself as well pleased with the bargain, and infers that friend Leslie's modesty has not led him to say too much.

### Cuffing Echo at Kingston.

We should very much like to see this discussion brought to a close. Mr. Wade simplifies matters by the following: "My informants as to the above were Mr. Geo. Bell (who has repeated the same in *Turf, Field and Farm*), Mr. C. S. Wixom and a third that I decline to name. I dare Dr. Mills to deny my assertion. So sure as Dr. Mills ever figures as plaintiff in any suit over this matter so sure will he figure as defendant in another suit. I propose to 'take notice' of everything Dr. Mills writes and do not propose to keep silence about it either. I never propose to 'annoy,' I 'expose.'"

### Spratts Patent and World's Fair Show.

Spratts Patent on this side received by the steamship England, Saturday last, a pug consigned to a Mr. Gamble, of Louisville, Ky., and a Psovoi from D. Sewell consigned to a gentleman in this city. Spratts Co. will, it is expected, have charge of the German exhibits at the World's Fair, taking them out to their kennels when they land, fixing them up for the show and see that they reach Chicago and are properly shown. This is a good plan, and, by the way, is it not time to see about arrangements for the reception of English exhibitors and dogs? All this sort of thing must not be left to the last moment. It would be well to appoint Spratts Co. in England as secretary to receive English entries for the World's Fair show.

### English Shows.

English Kennel papers must have a hard task before them to keep abreast with the numerous dog shows that are held

in the tight little island during the summer. Fancy seven shows in one day! This is what occurs August 1. No wonder the secretaries have to send out hurry calls for entries, for the average exhibitor with such a selection before him will hardly hurry himself in deciding which to send his dogs to. The funny part of it all is that although England is such a "fancier" country, the work of judging seems to fall on the shoulders of some half dozen professionals, several of whom are also exhibitors, and we remark that the annual kick by the amateurs has commenced, they complaining, and justly, of the judges at certain shows being also exhibitors; in other classes, of course, than those they judge. Still this cause for complaint should not exist.

### Mount Holly Dog Show.

Those who do not care to take the long journey to Toronto show can make it worth their while to attend the Mount Holly, N. J., show, Sept. 12 to 16. The prizes for every breed are: Challenge, dogs and bitches, gold medal, value $10, sexes divided. Open classes, dogs and bitches, $10 silver medal and diploma; classes will be divided by sex when there are five or more enteries. Dogs will be received Sept. 13, but judging does not commence till the next day. The entry fee is $3, and entries close Sept. 1.

### Important Beagle Sale.

An important sale has just been made in the beagle world. Mr. O. W. Brooking, proprietor of the Forest Beagle Kennels, has sold his kennel and good will to Mr. H. V. Jamieson, Melrose, Mass. The dogs included in the deal are Forest Hunter, Gypsy Forest, June Rose, Forest Queen, Daisy S., Lady Lee and Vick R., all registered. Mr. Jamieson is to be congratulated on such a purchase, but we are sorry to hear of it, if this means the retirement of Mr. Brooking from active work among the beagles.

### Deerhounds in England.

Mr. W. Arkwright, in his report in English *Kennel Gazette* of his classes at the Kennel Club show remarks about deerhounds: "There was a large show of these dogs, but I cannot say the classes were very distinguished. There has evidently been of late a straining after excessive size among the breeders, to the prejudice of workmanlike qualities, and soft, woolly coats with poor movement and lumpy shoulders are some of the general results."

### A White St. Bernard.

Staten Island prides itself on having a pure white St. Bernard. He is a large, handsome dog, and has filled out nicely. He is called the white bear in St. George, S. I., where he is owned by Mr. Julius Smith, who we believe was the owner of Kingston Regent before Mr. Reick bought him. White Friar took vhc. at the last New York show. He is by Plinlimmon, Jr., out of Lady Tatton.

### Skye Terrier Importation.

Miss Sparks, of Philadelphia, Pa., has purchased from Mrs. Freeman, of Wandsworth, England, the drop-eared Skye terrier Sir Bevys (E.K.C.S.B. 30,001). This dog is very well bred, as he is by Kidd's Lochiel out of Mrs. Freeman's Lady, Rob Roy being the grandsire on both sides. Sir Bevys has won three first and several minor prizes.

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"Brockenhurst," whom every one knows as the genial and sunny-tempered son of Albion, Harry Twyford, intends the coming month to take his family to England. Leaving his better half and that eldest one with the "literary turn" at home, "Brockenhurst" will return with renewed energy and a "single" purpose to smother "Espan" before the "Bystanders" can interfere.

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Mr. Geo. R. Krehl underwent a new experience the other day, as judge of the cattle drovers' dog show at the Cattle Market, Islington, London. We are told that the tykes brought forward were hardly up to show form but that is not what was expected. The idea that is instilled into these men, by such a gathering, to give a second thought to the intelligent animals without whom they would get along but poorly in their daily work among the sheep and bullocks, is something gained, and from little causes like these oft come great effects. It is interesting to know that a "bob tail" won the special for best in the show. The drovers seemed to take great interest in the proceedings and especially when several well-known show winners were led into the ring as object lessons, among them being old Eclipse, the property of the judge.

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Mr. Nutt, the well-known beagle man of England, took several whippets to a show in Holland, where he gave exhibition races, incidentally sold his dogs and at the same time started a craze for the sport. Given a nice stretch of ground, about 200yds. long, which can be secured on any Fair grounds, there is no sport that would pay our Fair managers better to introduce.

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At this same show, Scheveningen, Holland, Mr. Freeman Lloyd, who is well known as "Thames Tattler," lost his Psovoi, Young Krilutt, after it had won in the novice class, through an acute attack of inflammation of the lungs.

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Mr. J. E. Fisher, the owner of the Riverside Kennels, Riverside, Ind., has remodeled his kennels and now has a house 50x80 and is fully equipped for boarding and training dogs. With the trials of the U. S. F. T. C. and American Field Trials Club to prepare for, Mr. Fisher should experience no difficulty in having both his hands and his kennels full in a very short time.

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The Oak Grove Kennels have sold Bonnie Sarsfield, in whelp to champion Kildare, to Mr. Paul H. Reilly, Oakland, Cal. Such breeding as this litter will have should make them a valuable acquisition to our California fanciers of the red dog.

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The black and tan terrier Beaconsfield has been having an easy time of it lately at English shows, scooping in challenge prizes here and there. At Belper, however, he came against the new aspirant for honors, Prince Eric, and the old dog went down.

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Any one who knows Mr. Kreuder, the beagle owner, will not be surprised to see that instead of resorting to the reading columns of a paper to exploit the merits of his dogs he does it at so much a word. At the same time Mr. Kreuder's dogs are so well known that he could have claimed that indulgence at our hands which is all too freely given by some journals until the continual and blatant bleating becomes a bore. Mr. Kreuder's challenge sounds like business from every point of view and we commend it to the attention of the beagle men.

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Although this is the hot and quiet season in dogdom our patrons find that the results of a FOREST AND STREAM advertisement are cold facts. Among the new ones this week we notice that J. J. Scanlan has Inchiquin pups for sale; W. Loeffler, well-bred dachshund pups; Seminole Kennels, several high class pugs, bitches and dog; C. E. Bunn, four mastiff pups; W. H. Gordon, well-bred liver and white pointers; L. L. Martin, broken and unbroken English setters; Wapsie Kennels, two black pointer bitches; A. E. B., English setter bitch; Box 77, beagle pups; H. L. Jeffrey, well-bred collie pups; C. A. Paetzel, pointer pups; Geo. W. Lovell, trained pointers and setters; Robert Leslie, two excellently well-bred pointer pups; L. N. Edwards, trained foxhounds. In the stud: J. J. Scanlan's Irish setter Inchiquin, Liberty Kennels' pointer Spot Dash, W. Loeffler's dachshund Hundesport's Bergmann, C. A. Paetzel's Nutwood. Training Kennels: Riverside Kennels. Wants: Frank A. Ward, a mastiff skin. We also draw attention to H. L. Kreuder's beagle challenge and J. E. Larmer's mange cure.

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We understand from Mr. Waters, who was so informed by the secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials, that Mr. J. M. Tracy has been chosen to judge those trials.

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It is a difficult matter to put much enthusiasm into any one these hot days, not to mention a dogman, unless one jumps on his dog. This cricket match, or excuse for general re-union, progresses but slowly; we have received just two names, and one of those from Philadelphia, outside of those who are directly interested in getting it up. We would like to have the names of those who would take part on the day selected, Aug. 11, to send in their names by Aug. 5.

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Mrs. Nicholson is having a good deal of trouble in getting her new St. Bernard off the steamship Circassia of the Anchor line. She has the certificates all right, but the shipper neglected to send the bill of lading, and consequently the dog stays on the ship till it turns up. The new bitch is Grizella, by Prince Regent out of Moss Rose. She won first in the puppy class at the late Scottish K. C. show at Glasgow.

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The judges for the Brooklyn dog show have been nearly all chosen but we cannot break confidence by giving their names. One, however, we will give, even if we incur the displeasure of every one concerned. Mr. W. Wade will judge mastiffs. At last.

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The National Greyhound Club should have held a meeting last Monday but there was no quorum and the meeting was adjourned for a fortnight, as Mr. Mortimer may be home by that time.

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Mr. Harry L. Goodman has given up his kennel at Auburn, Ill., to take the management of the Cumberland Kennel Club, with headquarters at Nashville, Tenn. The club has a fine farm of 140 acres three miles from the city, and everything is well fixed for the dogs. The Mohawk Kennels' pugs will form part of the kennel, which will include also great Danes and Italian greyhounds. We wish Mr. Goodman every success in his new undertaking. His letter will be published next week.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, July 23.—The following, taken from one of the great Chicago dailies, will be of interest to owners of Psovois and wolves: "The stockmen of South Dakota have recently imported from Tennessee a number of Russian wolfhounds to help in the extermination of wolves, which have of late been killing a number of calves and colts." Tennessee is not famous as a producer of Psovois, still there may be some owned there unbeknown to the owners. There are no gray wolves in South Dakota worth mentioning; but independent of all these matters, this item serves very well and with average truthfulness for news in a daily paper. This wolfhound and wolf business bobs up with cheerful frequency, and if the wolf supply were only larger there is no doubt but what the demand for the Russian dogs would be larger.

### The Pearl of Pekin—Chicopee Lass Matter.

I had a pleasant call a few days since from Mr. Page, who is a member of the executive committee of the American Coursing Club. The matter of Mr. Bartels's protest was incidentally discussed, and Mr. Page explained that the question of late hung on a proposition made by Mr. Bartels at the time of the meeting last year, namely, that if Mr. Edmunds would make an affidavit that he did not run over the dog, he (Mr. Bartels) would withdraw his protest. There now appears to be some misunderstanding or something as to what Mr. Bartels actually said concerning the matter.

Mr. Page is earnest and conscientious in this matter, as all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance know without any assurance being necessary. As for Mr. Lowe's action and effort in the matter, they appear to have been directed more to accomplish two purposes, one other than the main one.

With all respect for the acts of the executive committee, I think it has been following a wholly irrelevant matter for some months. To make my meaning clearer, I will quote the rule governing the matter, and which was adopted by the club at its meeting in October last year. It is as follows:

"RIDING OVER A GREYHOUND.—If any subscriber or his representative shall ride over his opponent's greyhound while running a course, the owner of the dog so ridden over shall (although the course be given against him) be deemed the winner of it, or shall have the option of allowing the other dog to remain and run out the stake, and in such case shall be entitled to half its winnings."

Briefly, in the course between Chicopee Lass and Pearl of Pekin the judge decided in favor of the former. The question then was raised that the owner of Chicopee Lass had ridden over Pearl of Pekin while running the course. The judge could not take cognizance of the matter, for in one place it is ruled that * * * "and shall not recall or reverse his decision on any pretext whatever, after it has been declared," and again, * * * "but the decision of the judge, once given, shall not be reversed for any cause."

That some provision was intended in case of a dispute is shown by the following clause of Rule 1, pertaining to the executive committee: "The management of the meeting shall be entrusted to this committee. The committee alone shall decide any disputed question by a majority of those present, subject to an appeal to the National Greyhound Club."

Thus it will be seen that the question could be decided only by the executive committee alone, and not by the club, and also that the question could be settled by a majority of those of the committee present. Therefore the committee was wrong in evading it and in referring it to the club proper, and the club was wrong both in taking cognizance of the matter and referring it to the National Greyhound Club before any decision had been reached by the executive committee, and appeal taken by the parties interested. The whole matter, under the club's laws, was in the hands of the executive committee.

The plea has been advanced that one of the members of the committee left Great Bend before the protest was considered, and that this hindered the committee's action. This is simply an evasion, for the rule states specifically that a majority of the committee present can act.

At the time the question came before the committee it was very simple and only concerned a matter of fact, namely, whether Mr. Edmunds did or did not ride over Pearl of Pekin. If he did do so, the rule was plain, and it was equally explicit if he did not do so. This matter could have been settled easily on the same day that it occurred, and it was the only matter in that connection for the committee to consider.

But the real issue has been abandoned. The committee has been considering a proposition which Mr. Bartels made, or is alleged to have made, to the end that if Mr. Edmunds would make an affidavit that he did not run over Pearl, Mr. Bartels would withdraw his protest. The committee accepted Mr. Bartels's proposition as the real issue, a matter entirely foreign and irrelevant to the real issue. It is plain that if Mr. Bartels by an agreement can settle a matter in a manner different from what the rule requires, John Smith or Tom Jones can agree to settle a matter differently from the requirements of some other rule, or the same rule, or all rules.

I doubt whether the withdrawal of the protest would have any effect whatever on the matter, for there is nothing said in the rules about a protest being necessary. The rule specifies "disputed questions." The committee once having charge of it, it was entirely and permanently out of the hands of the disputants. The simple fact that there was a dispute brought it under the jurisdiction of the committee. That anything the interested parties agreed upon would be irrelevant is shown by the wording of the rule: "The committee alone shall decide any disputed question," etc.

After nearly a year of inefficient action, the question now resolves itself into the same matter of fact which existed at the time the matter occurred, and it is wholly free, when properly considered, from the irrelevant matter and sophistries which have been tacked to it. There was no reason why it should not have been dealt with firmly and promptly on its real merits at the time it occurred. At all events it is precisely the same matter now, and it is not so easy generally to decide a matter of fact a year after it occurs as it is at the time of its occurrence.

The true reason is that the committee, as a committee, shirked the responsibility of deciding it. There is a lamentable want of "sand" displayed in dealing with the whole matter, and there was an absence of knowledge of the committee's powers and duties in considering every irrelevant and frivolous circumstance presented in connection with the affair.

### Coursing.

In a letter from the genial secretary of the American Coursing Club, Mr. Ira D. Brougher, he mentions that the prospects for a successful meeting in October are excellent.

The jack rabbits are more plentiful than ever, and a big meeting is expected. His cordial invitation to a staff representative of FOREST AND STREAM to be with them again is appreciated, and will be one of the things sure to happen in October.

### Dog Taxes in Australia.

The following, taken from *The Australasian*, shows that the doggy troubles have extended to the continent of Australia: "It is high time some revision was made in the dog act. At present Victoria is almost overrun with the cross-bred animal usually termed mongrel, for which most owners pay the sum of 5s. per head annually as registration fee. I would simply suggest, in order to decrease the number of mongrel canines, and restrict ourselves to pure breeds, to levy a tax of £1 per head on bitches, and all our dogs go free. Under such restrictions any person keeping a bitch in his possession would keep a good one, and in order to recoup his outlay would see that she was suitably mated, as the progeny would bring better prices."

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Gypsie, a toy black and tan terrier (Jack—Fancy), owned by Mr. L. F. Whitman of Chicago, died a few days' ago in her seventeenth year, an extremely old age for that breed, or for any breed nowadays. She was a winner on the bench in 1884 and 1885, and was well known to show goers.

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Owing to the energetic measures taken by the Chicago city authorities, the dog owners are observing the ordinances, pertaining to dogs, quite closely. The number of licenses issued have averaged 600 a day for several days. One issued yesterday bore the number 31,343.

B. WATERS.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

SUCH incidents as the cat nursing puppies, noted in your July 21 number, are always interesting, but it must be remembered that they are nothing new. In fact I think a recent chapter of the excellent notes in the London *Stock-Keeper*, headed "Hints to Beginners," mentions the use of cats as foster mothers for puppies. The Onlooker has seen even this fosterhood exceeded in a case of a cat suckling a young flying squirrel, her natural prey. Whether from race antagonism or from some other cause, the cat's milk evidently did not agree with the young squirrel, as it lost flesh steadily and died in about ten days after its strange adoption. That excellent English publication, *Chatterbox*, has cited at least one case of a cat suckling a young rat. The simple explanation of such unnatural associations, points the way to inducing any foster mother to adopt strange young. She is oppressed with accumulated secretion of milk, and the relief by suckling is grateful, therefore always allow the foster mother to go a considerable time without being suckled, and when her milk receptacles are distended put the strangers to her, she will take much more note of the relief afforded than of the kind of animals effecting it. Certainly the oddest association of this sort The Onlooker ever saw was a nanny goat suckling a donkey foal, which was kept up until the foal was considerably taller than the goat, and the nanny was induced to accept the foal by unusual retention of milk in her udder. Of course this method of securing acceptance of strangers is as old as dog breeding, but like many another old and most excellent idea, it has become forgotten more than it should.

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The course of FOREST AND STREAM as to a certain personal quarrel, apparently underlaid by bitter personal enmities, seems to the writer to be about the wisest course that can be adopted in such cases. We dislike them, would infinitely prefer not to know of them, but so we would also wish to avoid the pain of the surgeon's lance when a deep abscess afflicts us. About the only course for a wise editor is to let the wranglers write their fiery shot at each other, cutting down such as the public should not be inflicted with, and thereby giving the over-loaded boilers of the disputant's wrath a safety valve, for the mere writing of angry epithets let off a portion of the super-heated steam, even if the editor does not print it.

"Let dogs delight
To bark and bite"

and allow their owners and admirers a little of the same amusement. I fear "for 'tis their nature to" applies to owners as well as dogs.

THE ONLOOKER.

### Toronto Dog Show.

THE English Setter Club of America has donated the club's medal to the breeder of the best English setter dog or bitch without regard to ownerspip, and to the best English setter dog or bitch with a public field trial record. The Cincinnati, Dayton and Ohio R. R., will carry dogs free over their lines, and the Dominion Express will return dogs free on usual terms.

### Chained to Business?

Can't go fishing? Make the best of it. Read FOREST AND STREAM.

## Canoeing.

# WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

### Eighth Annual Meet.

CAMP, POINT LINDENWALD, Oskosh, Wis., July 20.—Good weather has continued to bless the little ship sailors fairly well throughout the meet. Only one day, last Friday, has been too rough for work. The wind on this sheet of water, however, proves streaky and capricious, and part of the time there has not been enough air to invite a journey on the scarcely rippled lake. It has been good loafing weather and this is probably the laziest crowd that ever got together. Com. Gardner, whose regatta committee has sedulously left him to run things, has hard work to get decent entries for the events. The records do not represent the canoes on hands fully as could be wished.

It takes an hour or two to persuade anybody to move after a race is called. The boys are growing fat. Mr. Kitchen, of Chicago has been obliged to send home for a pair of trousers with a gore in them, and even "Feather" Ware is exulting in the fact that he has gained a pound. For these reasons the racing has dragged along into the second week. There is talk of reducing the number of races next year, but it might be just as well to increase the number of sailors with a little more ginger in 'em.



G. HARRY GARDNER, RETIRING COMMODORE W. C. A.

### THE REGATTA.

Thursday last afforded a little working weather and some progress was made.

Race No. 1, paddling, class 1, ¼ mile (estimated).—Five entries, Messrs. F. B. Huntington, R. Merrill, Emil Hansen, O. A. Woodruff and E. H. Holmes. A pretty start was made at 9:45 and the boats came well bunched till the last 100yds., when a grave suspicion appeared that Woodruff was not paddling as hard as ever he might. Huntington crossed first, Merrill second. Time, 3m. 36s. and 3m. 39s., Woodruff next.

#### GARDNER CUP, FINAL HEAT.

The third heat of the Gardner cup was sailed in a breeze so light that the boats barely succeeded in keeping within the time limit. The start was at 10:41, wind in east. There appeared at the line the following: Charles White, sailing A. W. Friese's canoe Electra, C class; O. A. Woodruff, canoe Wood, B class; F. B. Huntington, canoe Lilla, B class; F. W. Dickens, canoe Skyver, C class; Emil Hansen, canoe Avis, B class; Hugo Hansen, canoe Bon Ami, C class; Nat H. Cook, canoe Lotus, C class; E. H. Holmes, canoe Dixie, B class. A. S. Comstock, canoe Bluebeard, B class. The start was scattered, the order at the line being Huntington, Comstock, Woodruff, Nat Cook, Holmes, White, the others back.

Emil Hansen was next to the last, and the lead over him was very considerable, but before the half mile stake was reached he had changed all that, and was next to first. This he accomplished by the well-known "pumping" antics, rocking or sawing his boat into the light wind, and gradually drawing by one after the other of his rivals. Cook also used these tactics at the latter part of the leg, as he saw Emil drawing on him. Catching a slight puff, Comstock went about, but although he crossed Emil's bow, he could not reach the stake, in spite of the fine new fin keel he had screwed on his canvas boat Bluebeard the day before. Time at the half: Nat Cook 23m. 35s., Emil Hansen 27m. 30s., Huntington 27m. 45s., White 28m., Comstock 29m., Woodruff 29m. 30s.

The fleet now got the wind on the quarter, but it was only a breath, and the time was a crawling sort. Time at the mile stake: Nat Cook 38m., Huntington 42m. 57s., Emil Hansen 43m 3s., White 43m. 12s., Comstock and Dickens 44m. 57s. Hugo Hansen and Holmes were now just rounding the half mile stake.

At the mile and a half home stake the crawling match showed little alteration, the times being: Nat Cook 51m. 25s., Emil Hansen 54m. 24s., Woodruff 54m. 46s., Huntington 55m. 2s., Comstock 56m. 19s.

The breeze now freshened a trifle. Woodruff pointed up strong on the reach for the two-mile stake. The birch model lateen Electra showed her nose in it also. The time at two miles for Nat Cook was 1h. 25s., Emil Hansen 1h. 1m. 2s. Electra, Wood and Dixie were close up.

At the 2½-mile turn the wind had freshened and the interest had increased. Time: Nat Cook 1h. 8m. 1s., Woodruff 1h. 9m. 30s., Emil Hansen 1h 9m. 42s., White 1h. 10m., Huntington 1h. 11m. 23s.

Still the breeze freshened, and the finish was exciting to a degree. The last leg of the second round was full of tacks as a carpet at spring house cleaning, and for moments at the close it was anybody's race. Just around the 2½ miles buoy Enid collared Nat for first, got to his windward, and on what both meant for the final tack Enid led, and was laying out on his board to a puffy wind, eating well up into the wind. Here he appeared rattled, went into stays by mistake and lost ten lengths. Both he and Nat now set another course for the stake, and Enid, thinking a good thing always good, began to "pump" again, though he soon dropped that. Nat skated across Enid's stern to blanket him, but threw himself out by doing so, as they were now close to the stake. To the surprise of every one who had been watching the fight between Nat and Enid, Huntington now bustled up, having laid up into the wind, and came near taking the place from both of them. The three boats were now lapped, and their bows did not differ by 6ft. The wind was provokingly irregular, but slowly they forged up, just grazing the stake. Inch by inch, as all held their breaths, the nose of the "finnan haddie" boat showed ahead, and at the gun a wild yell arose for the blonde young Mahn-a-wauk viking from Milwaukee. Finish time: Emil Hansen, first, 1h. 24m. 50s.; Nat Cook, second, 1h. 24m. 57s.; F. B. Huntington, 1h. 25m. 00s.; O. A. Woodruff, 1h. 25m. 46s. Others not timed.

Mr. Emil Hansen, canoe Avis, won the Gardner cup for 1892. Previous winners have been: 1886, Regina, C. J. Bousfield; 1887, Carrier Pigeon, N. B. Cook; 1888, If, G. A. Warder; 1889, Dixie, O. A. Woodruff; 1890, Wood, O. A. Woodruff; 1891, Nereid, J. R. Bartlett.

In the afternoon two races were sailed at once, the second heat of the trophy and the first heat of the Longworth cup, the start in the latter event being ten minutes later than the trophy gun. The records follow:

#### W. C. A. TROPHY, SECOND HEAT.

The wind was puffy and light. Start 2:01 P. M., the order at the line of the five starters being E. H. Holmes, A. S. Comstock, Emil Hansen, F. B. Huntington, N. B. Cook. Emil Hansen sailed only for a record, not being eligible for the cup, he having won the Gardner cup. Holmes went off with a tidy lead, which he got by a swift gybe almost at the stake. N. B. Cook, the veteran crew of the lovely little craft Carrier Pigeon, was delayed 2½ minutes at the line by fouling his gear, but this seemed to trouble him little. The light wind was just the sort for the Pigeon, and she drew away to windward of the fleet and calmly passed the first buoy in the lead. Time at the half mile, N. B. Cook 10m. 18s., Holmes 10m. 23s., Huntington 10m. 30s., Hansen 12m. 30s, Comstock 13m.

On the one-mile leg Holmes and Huntington blanketed the Pigeon and both drew by. Time at the one mile, Holmes 19m., Huntington 19m. 2s., N. B. Cook 19m. 5s., Hansen 21m. 20s, Comstock 23m.

The one and one-half mile stretch was closed in the following order, N. B. Cook having returned the compliment to Messrs. Holmes and Huntington: N. B. Cook 25m. 33s, Holmes 25m. 50s., Huntington 26m. 21s., Hansen 27m. 50s., Comstock 30m. 25s. Hansen fouled the buoy in passing.

At the two miles Cook had bettered his lead only a few seconds. Time, N. B. Cook 33m., Holmes 33m. 35s., Hansen 37m. 30s., Huntington 38m., Comstock 39m.

At the 2½ miles, Cook had just held his own with Holmes, who stuck close to him in "Sliver" Woodruff's old canoe Dixie. Time, N. B. Cook 40m. 25s., Holmes 41m. The others were out of it.

Coming down for the home stake, it being a case of windward work again, the Pigeon got the better of it, and the finish was: N. B. Cook 47m. 27s., Holmes 49m. 37s. Huntington, Hansen and Comstock followed in order.

This placed Mr. N. B. Cook winner of the trophy. Emil Hansen and Holmes having each taken a second, tossed for it. Hansen won.

N. B. Cook, canoe Carrier Pigeon, won W. C. A. trophy for 1892. Previous winners were: 1887, Pluck, C. J. Bousfield; 1888, Notus, R. W. Bailey; 1889, Wood, B. W. Wood; 1890, Ah There, G. H. Gardner; 1891, Wood, O. A. Woodruff.

#### THE LONGWORTH CHALLENGE CUP.

Race No. 10.—For the Longworth Challenge Cup (first heat). Presented to the Association by the late Judge Nicholas Longworth, and first sailed for at the meet of 1889.

Rules and Conditions.—1. The cup shall be known as the "Longworth Challenge Cup," to be competed for by Class C canoes only.

2. It shall be sailed for at each annual meet.

3. Only active members of the W. C. A. in good standing can enter.

4. At least five canoes must start to make a race.

5. The course to be triangular, distance not less than 3 miles, and the course must be completed in less than 1½ hours or no race.

6. The cup can be held by the winner, who must give bonds for its safe return, for one year, when it is to be returned to the Regatta Committee, in good order, to be raced for again. At the end of ten years the person winning it the greatest number of times shall become its owner. In case of a tie, the ownership shall be decided by another race at the same meet.

7. These rules may be changed or amended, if it is thought advisable by the Executive Committee, at any annual meeting, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

The entries for this C class event were as follows: F. W. Dickens, of Milwaukee, canoe Skyver; G. H. Gardner, Cleveland, canoe Ah There; Hugo Hansen, Milwaukee, canoe Bon Ami; Chas. White (for Mr. Friese), Milwaukee, canoe Electra; Nat Cook, Dayton, O., canoe Notus; D. H. Crane, Chicago, canoe Perhaps.

The start was made at 2:11 P. M., in the following order: Gardner, Dickens, White, Cook, Hugo Hansen, Crane. The lateen rigged Electra was in this race for third, otherwise it was much a question of Nat Cook and Commodore Gardner. The sailing time was as follows:

At the ½ mile: Gardner 7m. 10s., Nat Cook 7m. 22s., Dickens 8m. 8s., White 8m. 22s., Crane 8m 40s., Hugo Hansen 19m. 22s.

At the 1 mile: Nat Cook 16m. 31s., Gardner 16m. 37s., White 17m. 32s., Dickens 18m., Crane 18m. 55s., Hugo Hansen 9m. 45s.

At the 1½ miles: Nat Cook 22m. 53s., Gardner 23m., White 24m. 16s., Dickens (fouled buoy) 24m. 33s., Crane 25m. 30s., Hugo Hansen 27m. 52m.

At the 2 miles: Nat Cook 29m. 30s., Gardner 29m. 46s., White 31m. 52s., Crane 32m. 38s., Dickens 34m. 55s.

At the 2½ miles: Nat Cook 37m. 48s., Gardner 38m. 13s., White 39m. 33s., Crane 41m. 6s.

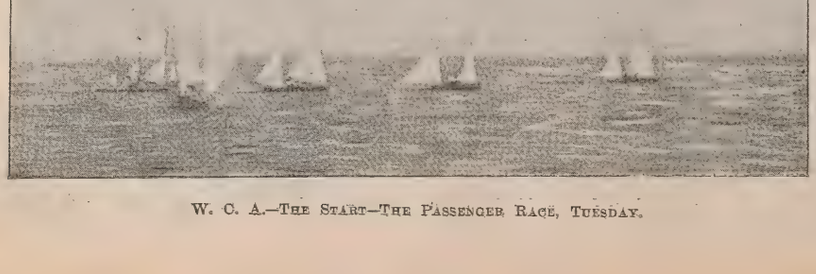
At the finish stake: Nat Cook 44m. 35s., Gardner 45m. 12s., White 46m. 45s., Crane 48m 17s. At the finish the remaining boats were about a half a mile astern bunched.

Race No. 13, Sailing maneuvering.—Conditions: Free for all. At the minute gun all sails will be lowered; at the starting signal sails will be hoisted and canoes got under way, sailing to first buoy; after turning first buoy all sails will be reefed, canoes continuing to second buoy under reef; after turning second buoy reefs will be shaken out, canoes continuing under full sail across the line; distance one turn of the course.

The start for this race was made at 3:5[illegible] P. M. with 7 entries, who crossed the line under canvas in the following order: Holmes, Dickens, Gardner, Woodruff, Crane, "Grandpa" Gates and N. B. Cook. "Grandpa" Gates has his canoe Isabel very nicely rigged, but at the minute gun he got into trouble with his halliards, and after that the others went too fast for him, or he might have been in a better place. As it was he was an easy last. Time at the half: Holmes 18m. 50s., Gardner 21m. 30s., Woodruff 21m 47s., Dickens 22m., Crane 22m. 15s., N. B. Cook 23m. 23s., Grandpa Gates 26m 30s.

At the 1 mile everybody was bunched, but Grandpa, who wasn't bunching. Time: Holmes 30m. 2s., Woodruff 33m., N. B. Cook 33m. 35s., Crane 34m., Dickens 34m. 7s., Gardner 34m. 15s., Grandpa 39m. 28s. At the last turn Holmes shook out his canvas away ahead, gave no one a chance to look at him, and came in easily first. Time: Holmes 37m. 30s., Woodruff 40m. 30s., N. B. Cook 41m. 2s., Dickens 41m. 57s., Gardner 42m. 13s., Crane 42m. 02s., Grandpa 58m. 31½s. Grandpa also got a gun as he crossed the line, but his bronzed and grizzled countenance was placid as ever.

START OF THE TROPHY RACE, WEDNESDAY.



W. C. A.—THE START—THE PASSENGER RACE, TUESDAY.



THE TIMING STAND.

Holmes won first, Woodruff second.

The camp has all the time attracted more or less visitors from neighboring points, and Thursday saw a great many of these on hand, the steam yacht Jessie bringing a goodly quota. In the evening the flyer Carrie Morgan, Capt. J. B. Harshaw commanding, brought down a pleasant little party from Oshkosh, including Mayor Dichman, and a highly enjoyable camp-fire was held, at which hosts vied with guests in entertaining. Messrs. Cole and Bass, of Oshkosh, did a song and dance, and Mr. Herbert Cornish sang popular airs. Mayor Dichman made a speech of welcome, apologized for the action of the noble Duke Casey, and assured the boys that if they should



DIXIE—E. H. HOLMES.

From photo by Fly.

come to town again there wouldn't be a second case of Caseyism. Commodore Dodd, of Fond du Lac, made a pleasant address also. Dave Crane, of the Chicago tent, recited a humorous selection, and all the boys joined in with the customary canoeing airs. It was late when the Carrie Morgan spread her big mainsail for home. It was a great Mahn-a-wauk night, that club feeling moved to celebrate the victory of their man, Emil Hansen. It is not of record that the winner of a cup should receive a shampoo, but it was decided to shampoo Emil, and there being no sea foam handy, a substitute was found in a mixture of mashed potatoes and tomato ketchup, which did very well.

On Friday morning it was very cold, with a northwest wind blowing a gale. The white-capped rollers broke on the beach with a violence that forbade all thought of boating. The yacht Molly, flagship of the Oshkosh squadron, with Com. Chas. W. Felker on board, was weather-bound in the bay by the head wind, and the Commodore had more time to visit at the camp. Minerva, of Fond du Lac, ex-Com. Dodd in command, also lay at anchor, making rather bad weather of it and threatening to go ashore. Dione, of Racine, was backed into the creek mouth, and Idle Hour, of Milwaukee, lay near by. Queen, of Oshkosh, with a party of ladies on board, came flying down into the bay early in the morning, but left her anchorage again later and went back. The Carrie Morgan and Marguerite, of Menasha, also hove to in the bay. The camp lay idle and watched the yachts. No canoeist put out except Nat Cook, who did a little interesting surf work with a paddling canoe. It is astonishing how much one of them sturdy little boats will do in rough water.

On Friday night the camp was strengthened by the arrival of Messrs. C. W. Lee, J. B. Keogh, Burt Gardner and Dr. C. F. Matteson, of Chicago, and G. Gregg, of Milwaukee. These with their guides arrived about midnight. They promptly began to burn red fire and sing sweet, joyful music. The whole camp was aroused, and sleep was forgotten until 2 o'clock in the morning.

Saturday morning dawned bright, and a light breeze had replaced the gale of the day before. A gallant mast was planted on the extreme end of the point and hereon was hoisted the black burgee of the Occident, showing a pleasant stove-polish sun in the act of sinking beneath the wave. After this declaration of possession, the Commodore ordered out the crews for a little business.

THE LONGWORTH CUP, SECOND HEAT.

Entries: Dickens, Gardner, White, Nat Cook, Crane and Keogh. At the gun, 9.37, Crane got off first, Gardner close behind, White and Dickens together. Cook went over the line too soon and fouled the buoy, but returned. Keogh, sailing Louise, also got over before the gun, but thinking he was all right, sailed on. His time is given,



AVIS—FINKEEL CANOE—EMIL HANSEN.

Winner of Gardner Cup. From photo by Ely.

but it is not of record. Had he gone about and made the line as Cook did she would have won the heat with ease.

At the half-mile: Keogh 6m. 56s., Crane 7m. 20s., Gardner 7m. 27s. Cook 7m. 40s., Dickens 8m. 4s, White 8m. 55s.

Rounding the first stake, the wind being light and from the northwest, it was slow work, with plenty of chance for different ideas in seamanship. Keogh and Crane stood on longest. Gardner came away in, apparently heading for the starting point. Twice his canvas fluttered, and he seemed in trouble, but explained later that it was the puffy nature of the wind which brought him up. When he laid over on the other tack he made a grand run, passed Nat Cook, who had stood in with him, and drew by the others nearer the buoy. Time at the mile: Keogh 20m. 20s., Gardner 22m. 5s., Crane 23m. 18s., White 22m. 41, Dickens 23m. 30s., Nat Cook, 25m. 40s.

Keogh kept on sailing around, sailing a faultless race and maintaining an easy lead. Time at the half mile: Keogh 25m. 50s., Gardner 29m., White 29m. 13s., Crane 29m. 28s., Dickens 29m. 36s., Nat Cook 30m. 57s.

White, in Electra, slipped the jaw of his boom as he went about the stake, but lost little headway, and held his place to the 2 miles. Time, Keogh 31m. 43s., Gardner 34m. 56s., White 35m. 31s., Crane 34m. 56s., Dickens 36m. 48s., Nat Cook 37m. 14s.

Gardner gybed close at the two-mile stake, but shaved around, and coming far in on his old tactics, maintained his place nicely. The divergent ideas appeared again on this windward leg. Electra stood away off and fell out of her place. Nat Cook followed Gardner's course and made up a little of the time he had lost so largely in the becalmed streaks of the freaky lake. Nat passed Crane, but the latter exchanged courtesies later. Time 2½ miles, Keogh 46m 21s., Gardner 49m. 21s., Crane 50m 12s., White 50m. 55s., Nat Cook 50m. 58s. Dickens quit and sailed home.

The finish was made in a very shifty, puffy wind. Keogh raced in away ahead. Nat Cook bettered himself a little. Electra fell back. Finish, sailing time, Keogh 52m. 10s., Gardner 55m. 45s., Crane 56m. 37s., Nat Cook 57m. 10s., White 57m. 43s.

G. H. Gardner won this heat. Keogh disqualified. Nat Cook having won the first heat, it became necessary to sail the third. All the others withdrawing, the commodore and Nat sailed this off together after luncheon.

LONGWORTH CUP, THIRD HEAT.

The start was at 2:25, with a puffy wind from the N.W. on the quarter. Gardner's bow showed past the line first to windward. Both boats made the half-mile in close company, Nat in 11m. 23s., Gardner in 11m. 38s. On the next leg, to windward, Gardner abandoned the tactics which had won for him before, and stood off, Nat coming well in and getting a substantial lead on the run to the one mile after he went over on the other tack. Time at the mile, Nat Cook 16m. 57s., Gardner 18m. 06s. The wind was now nearly astern, and on the free run Nat made the mile and a half at 23m. 03s., Gardner 24m. 31s.

At the two miles, Gardner was still losing slowly, the time being Cook 28m. 41s., Gardner 30m. 19s., but the race was close and apparently one of pure luck, as the puffs of air would send first one boat and then another spinning along. On the beat to windward, Gardner pointed up the closer, and made up some of his distance, but had to go about for Nat's right of way as they closed. Both reached for the stake. The wind headed Nat off, and he fell away, a seesaw now taking place in the flawing wind. Nat at length got around ahead, time 49m. 37s., Gardner 50m. 17s. On the run home, Gardner continued a very seamanly race, and gained but could not close. Time at the finish Nat Cook 55m. 48s., G. H. Gardner 56m 18s.

Nat Cook, canoe Lotus, won the Longworth cup, G. H. Gardner, canoe Ah There, second. Previous winners were: 1889, Dorothy, D. H. Crane; 1890, Nereid, J. R. Bartlett; 1891, Lotus, N. H. Cook.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

At the business meeting, held Saturday, the following members



LOTUS—NAT COOK—WINNER OF LONGWORTH CUP.

From photo by Ely.

were present: Messrs. W. H. Crawford and O. A. Woodruff, Ruckawa C. C., of Dayton, O.; F. H. Gary, N. G. Cook, G. A. Backstoff, R. P. Finney, W. H. Huntington, R. B. Pratt, R. Braud, Jr., of Oshkosh Why C. C.; F. W. Dickens, E. Hansen, H. Hansen, A. R. McLinegan, Wm. A. Dawson, Geo. P. Mathes, F. B. Huntington, A. W. Friese, R. Merrill, E. Holmes, G. F. Gregg, Chas. White, Mahnawauk C. C., of Milwaukee; Herbert F. Johnson, W. J. Reynolds, A. Arthur Guilbert, Racine C. C., Racine, Wis. Thos. S. Gates, of Columbus, O.; D. H. Crane, J. Herbert Ware, A. W. Kitchen, J. B. Keogh, P. F. Munger, B. M. Gardner, C. W. Lee, Dr. C. F. Matteson, Chicago C. C., Chicago; N. B. Cook and Nat Cook, Kenwood C. C. Chicago; G. H. Gardner, Cleveland C. C., Cleveland, O.; A. S. Comstock, Evanston C. C., Evanston, Ill.; G. M. Munger, of Eureka, Kan., Marcius D. Smith, Irrawadi C. C., Davenport, Ia.; Peter D. Krobb, Menasha, Wis.; W. H. Yardley, Minnesota Boat Club, St. Paul, Minn. This constitutes the largest meeting ever held by the W. C. A. Six States were represented. Had the promises directly and recently made to the secretary been fulfilled there would have been 25 more men on hand. This was disappointing, but not discouraging.

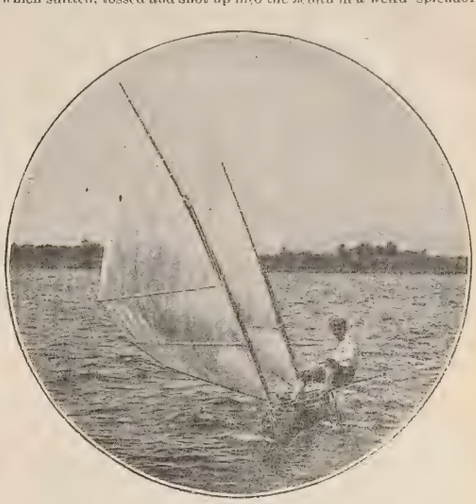
Commodore Gardner in the chair and Secretary Woodruff at the table, the minutes of the last meeting were read, election of followed. The officers chosen for 1892-3 are: Com., G. M. Munger, of Eureka, Kan.; Vice-Com., F. W. Dickens, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Rear-Com., F. H. Gary, of Oshkosh, Wis.; Sec'y-Treas., F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee. Executive Committee, G. H. Gardner, of Cleveland, O.; W. H. Crawford, of Dayton, O.; Hon. S. N. Maxwell, of Cincinnati, O. After the meeting the regatta committee for the ensuing year was announced to be Geo. P. Mathes, of Milwaukee; J. Herbert Ware, of Chicago; Gaylord G. Case, of Jackson, Mich, and Marcius D. Smith, of Davenport, Ia.

Nat Cook moved that the executive committee at their next meeting abolish the pumping or sculling a boat to windward by rocking her, calling attention to the fact that the A. C. A. had abolished this. Referred. Votes of thanks were passed to Secretary Woodruff and other officers for the labor of establishing the new camp, and to the owners of the grounds. Thanks were also extended to Mayor Dichman and to Frank Gary, whose unselfish labor as the "committee on terminal facilities" has lightened the cares of many non-resident members. Mr. Gary was later presented with a fine pair of marine glasses in token of his services.

It is probable the next meeting will go back to Ballast Island, though the Madison Lakes of this State are mentioned. This meet has been pleasant in many ways, but there have been drawbacks. The city of Oshkosh wished the canoeists well, but such local men as could have skinned the boys at every opportunity. The livery man who ran the club 'bus charged the boys 5 cents for every letter he carried out to camp, although he was getting plenty of chance to rob on passengers and freight. Such picayunish greed needs rebuke. Oshkosh can spare a citizen like that and may remember that he did his best to drive the meet away for next year.

On Saturday evening a pleasant *fête aux lanternes* was held at the council ground. About 200 Japanese lanterns were strung about the trees, a lantern was run up on the flagstaff, and a booming fire was built. A large crowd of members and visitors assembled, and music and merriment were prolonged until long past midnight. Indeed, the dawn was breaking and the birds were singing when a few of the best seasoned stayers ate the last of the Wiener-wursts and sought a couch more restful than the dancing platform by the fire. In these festivities Grandpa Gates shone well, and also Mr. Crane of Chicago, and "Three Times" Pratt of Oshkosh. No one knows why "Three Times" is called "Three Times." Billy Friese's camp name of "32" is easy of solution, because 32 is always freezing-point. "Sliver" Woodruff's common name, in view of his present portly frame, is not in evidence, but they do say he was once so slim they called him Sliver. Sliver Woodruff has a great head. Some friends of his came out to the camp, and he took them out fishing. His method of taking friends out fishing is to let one friend row and the other look after the bait, while he himself handles the rod.

A beautiful display of the Northern Lights took place Saturday night. The whole heavens seemed full of the lambent blue flames, which shifted, tossed and shot up into the zenith in a weird splendor



LILLA—F. B. HUNTINGTON.

From photo by Ely.

all their own. The apex of the display lay directly above the camp, and the whole effect was most impressive, all the sky being a glitter. No such display is remembered here, and it was something long to be borne in mind.

Saturday night developed the musical ability of Messrs. Ware, Yardly, P. F. Munger, Burt Gardner and others, who performed upon the guitar, banjo and mandolin, or led the cheerful vocal efforts of the happy band.

Sunday was passed in rest or in entertaining visitors. A few boats put out; among these Grandpa Gates, who went over out in the middle of the lake, but sustained only a slight wetting and no damage. Comstock started for home in the afternoon, cruising up the lake to Oshkosh, receiving the customary two guns salute as he set out.

On Monday the tank drama proceeded, under a wind south and very stiff. The boats were ordered out at 10 A. M. for the "man-overboard" race, but the weather looked so squally that only three crossed the line, Woodruff in Wood, Nat Cook in Lotus and Hugo Hansen in Bon Ami.

Race No. 11, sailing, free for all classes.—At signal, crew to throw a paddle to leeward, pick it up and continue course about half-mile buoy and return. Hugo Hansen went about first, but failed to collect his paddle, and his later efforts at this so delayed him that he was not a factor. A blue squall came up as the boats crossed the line, and it was very risky looking business, but the race itself was the prettiest thing in the whole regatta, Woodruff's run after he squared for the buoy being the most remarkable flight of a canoe ever seen by the oldest present. He got square into a squall of wind, and stayed in for a quarter of a mile, sitting out on his balcony as far as he could get. His boat never yawed, and his boom never lifted, but as if frozen rigid the boat slid across the rough water, carrying a spit of white water as high as her crew's head, clear across to the turn at the stake. The boat was probably going 15 to 20 miles an hour, and only the Sliver's substantial avoirdupois and his able seamanship kept her up in such weather. He started with mainsail and dandy reefed, but the wind blew out his mainsail reef, and he could not better matters with the broken gear. He said later that he was all of a tremble throughout the run, by reason of the excitement and the muscular strain. He certainly showed the capabilities of a well-handled canoe. At the turn he went about carefully and came back again, with centerboard almost out, and won amid hearty cheers, which latter expressed relief as well as applause. Had his boat not stood up she would have dived, and no one could have told where she would have stopped. The start was at 10:20, and the finish 10:36:02, but the time for the mile, 16m. 2s., does not indicate its speed, as much time was lost in the start to the line and the coming about for the man overboard.



BLUEBEARD—CANVAS CANOE—A. S. COMSTOCK.

Evanston C. C.

Nat Cook sailed the course without reefing, but did not have Woodruff's squall, though he caught plenty to make him go and to keep folks anxious for him. His sailing time was 19m. 47s.

Rain began to fall shortly after this event, and the weather being unfit for sailing, the greater number of the boys piled into the 'bus and went to town. Mr. N. B. Cook tried a spoon near the dock in the evening, and caught a little pike, which served as a basis for an out-of-door supper which was cooked on the beach back of the Chicago tent by the more staid members who had kept at home. From fish it was an easy step to coffee, and from coffee to the camp luxury, Wiener wursts, and from that to crackers and cheese. The impromptu meal developed all sorts of neat cooking outfits among these Corinthian men, and the night advanced well as Grandpa Gates, Mr. N. B. Cook, Sliver Woodruff and several others sat about the fire and talked about cooking outfits, cooking, canoes, tents, and all sorts of that kind of things. This was one of the quietest and also one of the pleasantest evenings of the meet.

Tuesday dawned fair and pleasant, with a working wind in the west, and the Commodore resolved to finish the racing in short order.

Race No. 7, sailing and paddling, Classes A and B, one and a half miles, finish under sail; record event.—It was resolved to sail this on starboard tack, so that the paddling leg would be nearer ahead of the wind. The starters were Geo. P. Mathes, canoe Nagawicka, B;

O. A. Woodruff, Wood, B; Emil Hansen, Avis, B; Grandpa Gates, Isabel, B; N. B. Cook, Carrier Pigeon, B; E. H. Holmes, Dixie, B; Chas. White, Electra, B; W. H. Yardley, Porcupine, A. They got off at 9:47 in the following order: Carrier Pigeon, Nagawicka, Wood, Dixie, Electra, Isabel, Avis. Porcupine broke her halliards, but came ashore, repaired, and pulled into the race only two minutes late.

At the half mile the order was as follows: Carrier Pigeon, Dixie, Avis, Electra, Isabel, Wood, Nagawicka, Porcupine. All now hauled down their canvas, but at this N B. Cook fell around in the wind and Holmes in Dixie got a good lead. Suddenly out of the ruck shot White in Electra, paddling a regular walking-beam stroke, passing everybody and going on Holmes, who went about the stake only 46s. ahead. The order here was Dixie, Electra, Wood, Avis, Isabel, Carrier Pigeon, Porcupine, Nagawicka. Holmes was 2m. ahead of Woodruff and 3½m. ahead of the fleet Carrier Pigeon, and it seemed his race.

To the surprise of every one now the Wood forged across to the lead, outpointing Dixie on the beat in to windward, and the Pigeon also, by a long reach in, appeared willing to make trouble. At the turn White had the misfortune to tear loose his deck pulley, and his mainsail came down with a run, putting him out of it. Half way in, all were about, and the fleet presented a pretty view spread out in profile. Holmes came about too soon on his home tack and his sails were flapping as the Wood came down, straining full. All this time the Pigeon was holding her course away to windward on a long leg, and when her veteran crew threw her over for his reach for the line she came down fairly boiling. Cries of "Cook! Holmes! Woodruff!" arose, and for a few moments it belonged to either of them. At the finish, however, the stratagem of the veteran sailor proved itself and the Pigeon won, Woodruff evidently giving second to Holmes. Time total, 1½ miles: N. B. Cook, 35m. 37s.; Holmes, 36m. 51s; Woodruff, 37m. 41s.; Emil Hansen, 39m. 36s.; Grandpa Gates, 40m. 47 2-5s. Maggie and Porkie were having a sociable time further back. After the race was finished it was discovered that the winner had gone the entire distance without dropping his rudder. His race therefore was fairly to be called a mixture of good judgment and good luck.

Race No. 14. Consolation Race, for non-winners. Sailing, one mile. —Three starters, Dickens in Skyver, White in Electra, Grandpa Gates in Isabel. Start at 12:25, Dickens first, Grandpa next, Electra, that exuberant example of what monkey shines a canoe can cut up at times, affording a good deal of pleasure to everybody but her rider, who sat on his porch in the cool morning air. If he had let off his mizen, he might have gybed easier. All the way across to the half mile Electra rolled and acted nasty, and later on broke the step of her mast. It wasn't her day. Dickens winged out, and the big Skyver made the half in 7m. 50s., Electra 8m. 30s., Isabel 8m. 50s. It took two tacks for the next buoy, and the time was: Dickens 17m. 40s., Electra 18m. 10s., Isabel 19m. 20s. On the run home, wind abeam, White had to crawl out to keep Electra up. Dickens took it easy and crossed winner. Time: Skyver 23m. 13s., Electra 23m. 30s. Grandpa was making one of his famous finishes by himself and came in at 26m. 10⅘s.

Race No. 2. Paddling, Class II., ¼ mile, estimated, record event.—Three entries. Emil Hansen, canoe Kitch; Hugo Hansen, canoe La Gitana; E. H. Holmes, canoe Huh. Start 1:07:10. Emil Hansen wanted this for his record string and worked like a beaver, winning in 2m. 20s., Hugo next 2m. 25s., Holmes 3m. 3s.

Race No. 3. Paddling, Class III., ¼ mile, estimated, record event. Four entries. J. Turrill in Kich, White in Mudhen, Nat Cook in Sunmaid, Grandpa Gates in Isabel. Start at 1:24:45. Time, White 1m. 50s., Turrill 1m. 51s., Nat. Cook 1m. 55s, Grandpa 2m. 2⅘s. White won.

Race No. 4. Tandem, all classes, ½ mile, estimated.—The boys stripped for this, and three boats came out, manned as follows: Dick Merrill and Hugo Hansen, canoe Kitch; G. M. Munger and Nat Cook, canoe La Gitana; Chas. White and Emil Hansen, canoe Go Slowly. Start at 1:25. A foul between Go Slowly and Gitana occurred directly after the start, for which each blamed the other. Go Slowly slowed up and didn't finish, and Gitana didn't git any. Meantime Dick and Hugo, bare to the waist and yelling like Indians, came on down and won in 52s.

This finished the long drawn out programme. After lunch a scratch race was sailed for a pair of shoes offered by Mr. Atkins. There was a good entry, the main interest centering about Mathes and Youlley. At the finish leg of the mile and a half course, Mathes was the favorite and won handily in 34m.

At the close of the racing all these husky youths let go a long sigh of relief as the last possible restraint on earth was taken away, and forthwith began to disport themselves. A most discordant band of diabolical instruments was organized, and the familiar air of "Boom-de-ay" was heard in the land, while the famous dialogue of Johnnie Turrill and Dickie Merrill was perpetrated over and over again.

Johnnie (in deep, gruff voice)—"Any ice to day, lady?"

Dickie (in fine, soft voice)—"No, thanks."

Johnnie—"Well, if the lady don't want no ice, git up, Bill!"

Dickie—"Oh my, what a heavy load that poor man has!"

One must come to a W. C. A. meet to fully appreciate this dialogue or many others he may hear. For sheer frolicsome fun and high spirits, a canoe meet seems to surpass any sporting gathering yet devised, just as in its picturesque features it is unapproachable. It shows at its best the prettiest form of sport indulged in by lovers of the outdoor air.

Last night the camp was nearly deserted, the boys going en masse to a ball over at Stony Beach. To day most of them will be out



THE GARDNER CHALLENGE (SAILING) CUP.

cruising. A two-days' trip through Lake Butte des Nortes will be made by a good number. The Mahn-a-wauk ice box is now nearly empty. Gone are the succulent Wiener wursts, the pumpernickel, the fonnyguegel, and other cherished dishes which have attained popularity in this tent of Milwaukee enthusiasts. Soon a change of base will be necessary, and the candle which was one morning found burning in the Mahn-a-wauk ice box may burn on unhindered. By Saturday the meet will be over, and all be looking forward to 1893.

SUMMARY.

The following brief statement will show the winners and their winnings:

Race No. 1, paddling.—F. B. Huntington, first, an umbrella; R. Merrill, second, a Swedish knife.

Race No. 2, paddling; record event.—Emil Hansen, first, a medal; Hugo Hansen, second, a tobacco pouch.

Race No. 3, paddling; record event.—Charles White, first, a silver match-box; J. Turril, second, a Tam O'Shanter.

Race No. 4, tandem paddling.—R. Merrill and Hugo Hansen, first, a pouch and a corkscrew; G. M. Munger and Nat Cook, second, two Tams.

Race No. 5, upset, paddling.—O. A. Woodruff, first, silver camping service; Nat Cook, second, silver flask.

Race No. 6, hurry-scurry.—Woodruff, first, a boat sponge; Nat Cook, second, a match-box.

Race No. 7, sailing and paddling; record event.—N. B. Cook, first, a jersey; E. H. Holmes, second, a camp knife.

Race No. 8, the Gardner cup; record event.—Emil Hansen, first, the cup; Nat Cook, second, camp knife.

Race No. 9, the W. C. A. trophy; record event.—N. C. Cook, first, the cup; Emil Hansen, second, silver camp service.

Race No. 10, the Longworth cup, second event.—Nat Cook first, the cup; W. H. Gardner second, silver flask.

Race No. 11, man overboard.—Woodruff first, an oil painting; Nat Cook second, a single blade paddle.

Race No. 12, passenger race.—Gardner and Woodruff first, two silk blankets; Nat Cook and J. Turrill second, two Oshkosh spoons, souvenirs of policeman Casey.

Race No. 13, maneuvering.—E. H. Holmes first, silver smoking set; O. A. Woodruff second, silver flask.

Race No. 14, consolation.—J. W. Dickens first, silver soap case; Chas. White second, a briar pipe.

Scratch race, for silver cup offered by Idle Hour Club of Milwaukee, won by O. A. Woodruff.

Special prize, a handsome Japanese doll, for last place in race No. 13, won by Grandpa Gates.

The W. C. A. 1892 record was won by Emil Hansen, Mahn-a-wauk C. C., Milwaukee, with two firsts, one second and one fourth in record races, a total of 160 points. The next in record were E. H. Holmes, 110 points; N. B. Cook, 100 points (2 starts and 2 wins); Nat Cook and O. A. Woodruff, 70 points tie; Chas. White, 50 points; F. B. Huntington, J. F. Turrill and Hugo Hansen, 40 points tie; Thos. S. Gates, 10 points.

The W. C. A. is all right. There is nothing the matter with it. It has 243 members, and has money to lend.

BELIEVE IT, FOR THEY TOLD IT SO.

*Com. G. M. Munger.*—I have been in Kansas 6 years. It is too dry there, and I am glad to be back among the sailors. I was one of the early Chicago canoeists.

*Ex-Com. G. H. Gardner.*—I will probably have a nice new little red



N. B. COOK'S CARRIER PIGEON.
Winner of the W. C. A. Trophy Race.

canoe when we meet next at Ballast. Why will my boat be like the other canoe papers? Because it is little red. I can't help it.

*Ex-Com. D. H. Crane.*—The only reason why I don't like knicker bockers is that the flies eat my legs. (Smack.) If this keeps up I shall have to stay covered up in bed all day. (Biff.)

*Sec'y Huntington.*—There appears to be no insurmountable trouble with Milwaukee this year.

*Ex-Sec'y Sliver Woodruff.*—When I lean out on my boat, she has to come. I carry my ballast right along with me, so it's always handy. That's a good thing.

*Ex-Sec'y J. Herbert Ware.*—In canoeing it is always best to part your name in the middle, so as to trim ship. Why don't I race this year? I'm resting. Yes, the report is true that I have gained a pound.

*Mr. Kitchin.*—Will you walk into the parlor? The key of the Chicago tent is always hanging out.

*Emil Hansen.*—I think we ought to have had more fonny-gugel in the ice-box.

*Hugo Hansen.*—I think we ought to have a Wiener-grab every night.

*Dickie Merrill.*—I never left the candle in the ice-box. It was Billy Friese.

*Billy Friese.*—I boil at 212°. When I look at that crazy boat of mine I boil.

*N. B. Cook.*—I didn't quite like the way centerboards were arranged, so I fixed mine to slide forward after dropping in the well. I didn't just like the rudders, so I fixed mine with a slot, so it drops and folds both. I didn't altogether like deck seats I saw, so I put springs under mine. You see, when the gunwale goes under this spring throws the seat board up clear from the resistance of the water. I didn't build the Carrier Pigeon on any creed. Her lines and rig are all my own.

*Nat H Cook.*—Maybe you think I didn't want to win the Gardner cup. I was awfully sorry when I found I couldn't make the stake. Say, why don't you have a lot of Western canoe news?

*Vice-Commodore F. W. Dickens.*—The maker of my ship Skyver only charged me $38 for the hull. I laid the lines myself, but I believe I would have done better to leave that to him. She's too high and round, and that makes her roll. Still, she skyves some.

*Charlie Lee.*—The regatta committee for 1892 was a pronounced success. I didn't mix up with it much because I don't like to push myself.

*Grandpa.*—You see, I had an idea there were a few prizes for last place, and so I played for last. That's a great deal easier than first. Did you see the handsome prize I won by this?

*Terminal Facilities Gary.*—Many happy days.

*Johnnie Turrill.*—Lady, lady, is there to be no ice to-day? No? Git up, Bill!

*The Bus Man.*—Youse fellers don't come often, see?

*The Mess-tent Man.*—We're 'way losers. Eat? Say—*eat!*

*Policeman Casey.*—G'wan, G'wan!

*The W. A. C.*—Many happy days.

*All.*—Many happy days.

*The Good-Bye.*—Many happy days.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

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MODERN canoeing originated with Capt. John MacGregor, a traveler and explorer familiar with nearly all the waters and boats of the world, who in his search for novel and attractive means of travel took up the crude and primitive form of decked paddling canoe once used to a small extent on English rivers, and set to work to produce from it a craft suitable for his purpose of solitary voyages on strange waters. The result was the Rob Roy canoe, in which his notable cruises on the Rhine, the Baltic and the Jordan were made, a craft so nearly perfect that after twenty-five years of development and improvement it still stands alone as a distinct type of modern canoe. General types by the score and special models by the hundred have been produced, filling in the whole scale from the 10lb. paddler to the small cruising yacht, but the Rob Roy of Capt. MacGregor, in the condition in which he left it, is still recognized by canoeists as one of the three or four distinctive types of cruising canoe.

From this little craft and from the voyages made in it has grown up a pleasure fleet of thousands of canoes; while the sport of canoeing has expanded and developed into the several distinct branches of cruising, pleasure-paddling and sailing, and racing.—*W. P. Stephens in July Lippencott's.*

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THE cable brings the news of the death last week of John MacGregor, the founder of canoeing, at the age of 67.

# AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

## Northern Division Meet.

LAKE COUCHICHING, ONTARIO, CANADA.

THE distance from Canada to Lake George or even Lake Champlain has prevented the general attendance of the members of the Northern Division, with the natural result that the home meets have been much more successful and largely attended than in either the Eastern, Central or Atlantic divisions. The meets thus far held by the Northern Division have been: 1887, Stony Lake; 1888, Lake Couchiching, Horseshoe Island; 1890, St. Lawrence River, Lake of the Two Mountains, Montreal; 1891, Pigeon Lake, Big Island. In 1889 the general meet of the Association was held by the Northern Division, no local meet being held, as will be the case next year.

This year for the second time the Division goes to Lake Couchiching, to Geneva Park, the property of Mr. Thomson, of Orillia and Longford (a member of the Division), which he has kindly offered the use of to the members; a point running out into the beautiful waters of Lake Couchiching. To the east of the point lies a bay well sheltered, except from a south wind, which is not the prevailing wind; to the west and south lies the body of the lake. Standing on the southern end of the point can be seen the town of Orillia, 6½ miles distant, the narrows opening into Lake Simcoe, and the Indian village of Rama, also some islands, among them the site of the '88 meet. The park is well wooded with maples and other trees, and the ground even and admirably suited for tents. Around to the southwestern part of the park is a cleared spot which the committee in viewing in April thought would make an ideal ladies' camp. There is a good beach for bathing, and on the point is erected a bathing house which is at the pleasure of the Association, also a platform on which those who are so inclined may trip the light fantastic in the cool of the evening.

The date set for the meet was July 14 to 31, the second week being largely given up to the following programme of races:

RECORD EVENTS.

No. 1. Paddling—One-half mile straightaway.

No. 2. Combined Sailing and Paddling—Half mile alternately, three miles in all.

No. 3. Sailing—Four and one-half miles. No limit to rig or ballast.

OTHER EVENTS.

No. 4. Free for all Sailing—Four and one-half miles; to be first sailing race called.

No. 5. Northern Division Trophy, Sailing—Seven and one-half miles. Open to members of Division only.

No. 6. Paddling—Open canoes, single blades, Class III., one-half mile straightaway.

No. 7. Paddling Tandem—Class IV., single blades, one-half mile straightaway.

No 8. Paddling Upset—Classes III. and IV., 200yds., canoe must be completely turned over and paddled across finish line with crew inside.

No. 9. Hurry-Scurry—Run, swim, paddle.

No. 10. Sailing Upset—No special appliances allowed, canoe to carry two sails, no limit to rig or ballast, half mile, at signal canoe must be tipped over till top of mainmast touches the water, canoe to be righted and cross finishing line under sail.

No. 11. Sailing Club Race—To windward and return, two miles, first two members of any club to count.

No. 12. Sailing Open Canoes—Three miles.

No. 13. Gymnastics.

The novice race, open only to members who have never sailed a canoe before September, 1891, will be awarded on the result of the first round in race No. 3.

The most important of the above races is that for the Orillia cup, presented to the Northern Division as a perpetual challenge trophy by Mr. Thomson, of Orillia, in 1888, and won thus far as follows: 1888, Lake Couchiching, by A. H. Mason, canoe Cecebe; 1889, Stave Island, St. Lawrence River, Colin Fraser, canoe Una; 1890, Lake Two Mountains, C. E. Archibald, canoe Mab; 1891, Pigeon Lake, D. B. Jacques, present holder, canoe Waif.

The officers and committees for the present year are as follows: Vice-Com., D. B. Jacques, Toronto; Rear Com., W. Sweny, Kingston; Sec'y-Treas., J. W. Sparrow, Toronto; Executive Committee, R. Easton Burns, Kingston; Regatta Committee, F. Minns, Geo. Hatton, J. G. Edwards; Executive Committee, D. B. Jacques, W. Sweny, J. W. Sparrow, R. Easton Burns; Committee on Camp Arrangements, W. J. Read, Arthur O'Malley; Transportation Committee, J. N. McKendrick, C. E. Archbald, J. W. Fairweather.

The first contingent, consisting of Vice-Com. D. B. Jacques, H. F. McKendrick, W. A. Fraser and Robert Tyson arrived at camp on Friday afternoon on a steam yacht kindly loaned by Mr. Thomson, of Orillia. On arrival they were greeted by a lively thunder storm and a heavy downpour of rain, but nothing daunted, they inspected the camp site, and found it very much improved since their former visit in April. The rain continuing, very little was done that day, but Saturday morning saw them up bright and early, and before that evening had set in they had headquarters tent pitched, docks erected and the camp assuming a presentable appearance. The same evening saw the purser and a party of ladies and gentlemen from Toronto arrive. Sunday was quietly spent in camp with no arrivals, the members enjoying themselves with short paddles and in viewing the scenery of the beautiful lake from headquarters. On Monday morn-




W. C. A. SAILING TROPHY.

ing the officers were up early and hard at work making further preparations for future arrivals, and were also anxiously awaiting the arrival of Mr. Jackman, the camp carpenter, who had been unfortunately detained by the death of his son. The afternoon boat arriving brought in a second party of ladies and also Mr. Jackman, who was soon at work, and with his long experience in many past camps soon had flag-poles up and tent floors laid, etc.

Tuesday and Wednesday saw a number of other arrivals, including a member of the regatta committee who soon had buoys made and placed in position, so that the sailing members, who had been anxiously waiting to try their speed, had their first opportunity to do so. Thursday morning broke bright with a light breeze, and soon the sailors were seen hurrying through their breakfasts, anxious to have some friendly brushes on the triangle. Among the arrivals that day were ex-Com. Edwards and his brother, J. G. Edwards, chairman of the regatta committee, who were delighted with the appearance of the camp site chosen by the committee and expressed the opinion of it being the finest ever held by the Association.

In the afternoon Vice-Com. Jacques offered a prize for a handicap sailing race with the following entries: Una, Colin Fraser; Goose I., W. A. Fraser; Eel, J. W. Sparrow; these men were placed at the scratch. H. F. McKendrick, who started in an old canoe loaned by one of the members, being given 200yds. start, Mr. John Agnew in Mr. Tyson's Proa being given 350yds., and Mr. Harry Ford in an open canoe given half a mile. Great speculation was indulged in as to the probable winner, every contestant having a number of backers in camp. The start was made in a light but steady wind, the first leg of the triangle being to windward, and here the three scratch men soon started to gain on the leaders, and on the beat to windward on second round they had passed them and the race was virtually in

their hands from that out. They finished in the following manner: W. A. Fraser first, Colin Fraser second with Sparrow lapping him about six feet.

Com. Winne will visit the camp during the present week.

### A. C. A. Transportation Committee Circular.

FOR the general information of canoeists who contemplate attending the annual meet of the American Canoe Association, at Willsborough Point, N. Y., Lake Champlain, Aug. 4 to 25, 1892.

FROM THE EAST.

The Fitchburg Railroad Co will grant reduced rates to the meet on the basis of fare and one-third for the round trip, on certificate plan, either to Burlington or Port Kent. Canoeists will have to make their own arrangements for the transportation of their canoes, either as freight or by expeess, as this road will be unable to take canoes on their passenger trains.

The steamer Chateaugay will leave Burlington for camp 8:30 A. M. and 6 P. M. daily, except Sunday.

FROM THE NORTH.

The D. & H. will have a platform and small station, with a telegraph operator in charge, opposite the camp.

The following is time table to let off and take on passengers:

Leave Montreal 7:15 A. M., Rouse's Point 9:10 A. M.; arrive at camp 11 A. M.

Leave Montreal *4:30 P. M., Rouse's Point 6:20 P. M.; arrive at camp 8:30 P. M.

Fare from Montreal to camp and return, $4.55; Rouse's Point and return, $2, certificate plan.

*Runs daily.

FROM SOUTH AND WEST.

Leaves New York *7 P. M., Albany 11:15 P. M.; arrives at camp 5:30 A. M.

Leaves New York 9:10 A. M., Albany 1 P. M.; arrives at camp 7:24 P. M.

Leaves New York 11:59 P. M., Albany 6:50 A. M.; arrives at camp 11:30 A. M.

*Runs daily.

FERRY BETWEEN STATION AND CAMP.

The new steam launch Ruth, Capt. Charles Piepenbrink, will meet all trains stopping at the station opposite camp.

The night boat leaving New York at 6 P. M (fare $1.50) connects at Albany with 6:50 A. M. train on D. & H. for camp.

The Lake Champlain steamer leaves Ticonderoga on arrival of the D. & H. 8:30 A. M. trains from Albany, reaching camp 6:30 P. M. by connection with steamer Chateaugay at Burlington, giving the canoeist a delightful sail through Lake Champlain. Railroad certificate tickets will be received for passage.

IRVING V DORLAND, Chairman,
DR. SIDNEY M. BISHOP,
WM. STUART SMITH,
J. W. SPARROW. } Committee.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Eastern Division—Philip A. Warner, West Newton, Mass.; Edmund B. Walbridge, Boston, Mass.; Clarence H. Kendrick, Barre, Vt., and F. P. Webster, Boston, Mass.; Geo. W. Conlie, Lawrence, Mass. Atlantic Division—Charles A. Deshon, New York. Northern Division—Fred H. Bratt, Toronto.

**Chained to Business?**

Can't go fishing? Make the best of it. Read FOREST AND STREAM.

## Yachting.

### FIXTURES.

JULY.

29. Beverly, 30ft. Class and under, Marblehead.
30. Hull, Classes 3, 4, 5, Hull.
30. Dorchester, Ladies' Day, Dorchester.
30. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.
30. Corinthian, Marblehead.
30. Savin Hill, 2d Cham.
30. Mos. Fleet, Open, Boston.
30. Beverly, Monument Beach
30. Buffalo, Cruising, Sweeps.
30. Roy. N.S., Wenonah Cup, Hal.

The regatta committee of the New York Y. C. has done the graceful and proper thing in changing the date of the schooner sweepstakes so as to avoid all interference with the Eastern Y. C. The date originally chosen was Sept. 8, but the race will be sailed on Sept. 15, thus giving time for yachts to reach New York after the Eastern Y. C. regatta of Sept. 10.

### Cherry Diamond Y. C., July 23.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE annual regatta of the Cherry Diamond Y. C. on Saturday was spoiled by lack of wind, the start at 2 P. M. being made almost in a calm, though a light S. W. breeze came up later. The times were:

CLASS F—SCHOONERS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Viator | 2 00 00 | Withdrew. | | |

CLASS 11—CABIN CATS AND YAWLS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Roi | 1 58 59 | 7 24 23 | 5 25 24 | Not meas. |
| Nellie | 2 00 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Oconee | 1 59 32 | 7 25 30 | 5 26 29 | . . . . |
| Almira | 2 00 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Kittie (yawl) | 2 00 00 | Withdrew. | | |

CLASS 12—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jennie A. Willis | 1 59 31 | 6 16 40 | 4 17 09 | 4 17 09 |

CLASS 15—MAINSAIL YACHTS, 23FT. AND OVER.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Elvira | 1 58 13 | 6 36 47 | 4 38 54 | 4 38 34 |

CLASS 16 OPEN CATS, 20FT. AND OVER 15.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Phyllis | 1 54 15 | 6 12 50 | 4 18 35 | 4 18 35 |
| Sadie | 2 00 00 | 6 38 03 | 4 38 03 | 4 38 03 |
| Zelda | 1 59 30 | 6 46 30 | 4 54 00 | 5 54 00 |
| Martha | 1 58 16 | Withdrew. | | |
| Dawn | 2 00 00 | Withdrew. | | |

The winners are Viator first, Roi first and Oconee second, Jennie A. Willis first, Elmira first, Phyllis first, Sadie third. Vamoose acted as judges' boat for Com. Summers, who had charge of the race, the steamer Bay Queen carrying the club's guests. Phyllis wins Com. Summer's pennant for best corrected time, held by her from last year. The Tyson cup goes to the winner in class 11, presumably Roi, though she has not yet been measured.

### West Hampton Country Club, July 23.

WEST HAMPTON CENTRE, L. I.—MORICHES BAY.

THE first yacht race of the West Hampton Country Club, for the season of 1892, was sailed over the club course in the eastern end of Moriches Bay, on Saturday, in a moderate southwest wind. The principal interest in this race was centered in the performance of the new boats—Ann T., Maisie and Vitka, the two former built by Gilbert Smith of Patchogue, and Vitka, by Thomas Clapham of Roslyn. The opponents of these boats included the cup winners in each class last year and two other crack boats by Smith.

As will be seen from the annexed table, Maisie, though the smallest boat in her class, won with ease, beating her nearest competitor by over 4m. elapsed time.

The Clapham boat finished third in her class, making a much closer race than had been predicted by all the local experts. She came in for second prize owing to the disqualification of Enigma:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Comet, G. Penniman | 21.08 | withdrew. | |
| Siren, H. Maddocks | 19.11½ | withdrew. | |
| Ouija, W. Laimbeer | 19.11 | 2 02 53 | 2 00 54 |
| Princess, O. Zabriskie | 20.02 | 2 02 37 | 2 00 56 |
| Ann T., J. L. Delafield | 20.00½ | 2 07 32 | 2 05 53 |
| Maisie, J. T. Horn | 19.04 | 1 58 30 | 1 55 38 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Enigma, M. Fitzgibbon | 19.02 | 2 05 00 | disqualified. |
| Betsy, D. Hare | 17.10 | 3 07 08 | 3 05 20 |
| Vitka, Thomas & Blagdon | 16.11 | 2 08 42 | 2 05 32 |
| Lady Margaret, C. E. Pellew | 18.09 | withdrew. | |

### Lake Yacht Racing Association, 1892.

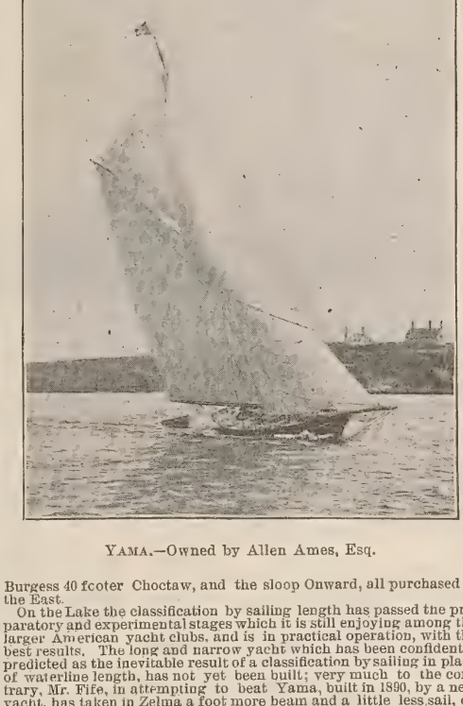
LAKE ONTARIO.

THIS week and last the yachtsmen of Lake Ontario, from Niagara to the St. Lawrence, have been enjoying their grand annual vacation on the ninth round of the lake by the Association of American and Canadian Clubs formed in 1884. The programme arranged at the spring meeting was as follows: Rendezvous and first race, Belleville, Ontario, July 15; Oswego, July 18; Rochester (Charlotte), July 22; Hamilton, July 25; Toronto, Royal Canadian, July 27; Queen City, July 28. The programme was later changed to bring the Rochester Y. C. regatta on July 22, while some of the yachts arranged to stop at Cobourg on the way to the rendezvous for a special regatta on July 12. The amount of work involved in the two weeks' cruise including seven races is shown in the following table of the distances around the lake:

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| Hamilton to Toronto | 30 |
| Toronto to Cobourg | 65 |
| Cobourg to Kingston | 95 |
| Kingston to Oswego | 54 |
| Oswego to Charlotte | 57 |
| Charlotte to Hamilton | 112 |
| Total | 413 |
| Toronto to Oswego | 145 |
| Cobourg to Oswego | 90 |
| Cobourge to Charlott | 55 |

As the fleet is not made up of large schooners and steam yachts, but of the smaller sailing yachts from 25ft. to 45ft. waterline, and as the two weeks of the cruise almost always include one respectable summer gale, such as the blow of 1884 at Oswego, that of 1885 following the Toronto regattas and scattering the fleet, and that of 1890 at Kingston, in which several yachts were badly damaged, the cruise calls for hard work and skillful sailorizing, a demand which the hardy Corinthians of the Lake are always ready to meet.

The Lake fleet this year is far ahead of anything yet seen on fresh water, to the older craft, the Smith schooner Oriole, the two Watson boats Vreda and Aileen, the new Fife Yama and the old but renowned Cyprus and the Cuthbert White Wings, having been added three new Fife boats built on the lake, Zelma, 40ft. class, Vedette, 30ft. class, and Nox, 25ft. class, with the Smith sloop Cinderella, the



YAMA.—Owned by Allen Ames, Esq.

Burgess 40 footer Choctaw, and the sloop Onward, all purchased in the East.

On the Lake the classification by sailing length has passed the preparatory and experimental stages which it is still enjoying among the larger American yacht clubs, and is in practical operation, with the best results. The long and narrow yacht which has been confidently predicted as the inevitable result of a classification by sailing in place of waterline length, has not yet been built; very much to the contrary, Mr. Fife, in attempting to beat Yama, built in 1890, by a new yacht, has taken in Zelma a foot more beam and a little less sail, on the same draft, from all appearances thus far with good results.

The experiment of placing all the details of the timing and management of the races in the hands of one man proved so successful last year that it was repeated this season, the official timekeeper of the entire round being Mr. Wm. Q. Phillips, Royal Canadian Y. C.

### Cobourg Regatta, July 12.

COBOURG, ONTARIO—LAKE ONTARIO.

THERE was no wind on Monday, and after waiting until the afternoon, all attempts at a race were abandoned. On Tuesday there was still a calm, but a start was made at 10:15, the course being from a starting buoy moored about 100yds. south of the harbor to a buoy about five miles west of south buoy in a line with Gull Island lighthouse and thence back to starting buoy, leaving all buoys on the starboard tack. The first round was timed: Condor 2:15:55, Vreda 2:17:51, White Wings 2:21:28, Oriole 2:24:07, Dinah 2:09:40, Zelma 2:12:45, Yama 2:12:50; Iolanthe 2:27.14. Whitewings won in the first class, Condor and Oriole giving up. The 40ft. class was timed as follows at the finish: Dinah 4:19:18, Zelma 4:20:27, Yama 4:21:50. Dinah, the winner, is a sister to the little Nancy, whose victory we recently noted. In the 30ft. class Erma beat Vedette, and in the 25ft. class Salola won, the starters being: Mona, of Hamilton; Kelpie, of Toronto; Quickstep, of Toronto; Nox, of Rochester; Java, of Toronto; Odie, of Trenton, and Salola, of Hamilton. The race was a drift throughout. In the evening a ball was given at the Arlington.

### Bay of Quinte Y. C., July 15.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.—BAY OF QUINTE.

THE programme arranged by the Bay of Quinte Y. C. was as follows, the fleet being divided into but three classes:

First Race.—For $100; for all yachts over 40ft. corrected length; divided $60 to first, $40 to second.

Second Race.—For $100; for all yachts under 40ft. and over 30ft. corrected length; divided $50 to first, $30 to second, $20 to third.

Third Race.—Purse $75; open to all yachts under 30ft. corrected length; divided $40 to first, $25 to second and $10 to third.

The day was fair, with smooth water and a moderate S.W. breeze, making a beat over one leg of the triangular course, with two legs reaching. The course was a triangle of 8⅝ miles, sailed three times by the first class and twice by each of the others. Vreda went over with the gun, the one-gun start being used in all races of the L. Y. R. A. Condor and White Wings also made good starts, but Oriole was handicapped nearly 5m. The first class started at 12:30, the second at 12:45, only Zelma, Iolanthe and Dinah being present. The third class started at 1 o'clock. The first round was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vreda | 2 01 00 | Erma | 2 43 10 |
| Oriole | 2 03 45 | Norma | 2 47 00 |
| White Wings | 2 06 30 | Nox | 2 55 15 |
| Condor | 2 15 45 | Salola | 3 01 10 |
| Zelma | 2 12 30 | Mona | 3 01 50 |
| Iolanthe | 2 20 30 | Odie | 3 07 00 |
| Vedette | 2 39 25 | Quickstep | 3 08 30 |

Dinah was very unfortunate, losing her mast at the bounds on the last leg of this round. Zelma on the same leg, to windward, sailed very fast, beating Vreda; the times of the round being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oriole | 3 13 30 | White Wings | 3 31 25 |
| Vreda | 3 18 45 | Condor | Withdrew. |

The full times of the race were:

FIRST CLASS—START 12:30.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oriole, G. Gooderham | 63.55 | 3 48 06 | 3 48 06 |
| Vreda, A. P. Boswell | 47.69 | 3 58 15 | 3 43 46 |
| White Wings, E. G. Zealand et al | 45.74 | 4 19 15 | 4 02 30 |
| Condor, C. A. B. Brown | 42.70 | Did not finish. | |

40FT. CLASS—START 12:45.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Zelma, N. B. Dick | 39 96 | 2 50 00 | 2 50 00 |
| Iolanthe, M. H. Biggar | 37.23 | 3 04 50 | 3 01 54 |
| Dinah, Dr. Malloch | 37.66 | Disabled. | |

30FT. CLASS—START 1 P. M.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vedette, Gray & Reed | 29.91 | 3 04 10 | 3 04 10 |
| Erma, L. O. Percival | 29.75 | 3 12 20 | 3 12 02 |
| Norma, F. Strange | 28.95 | 3 14 05 | 3 13 40 |
| Nox, Miller Bros | 25.38 | 3 22 30 | 3 12 38 |
| Kelpie, F. J. Campbell | 24.98 | Not timed. | |
| Salola, W. J. Briggs | 24.47 | Not timed. | |
| Quickstep, J. Gardiner | 24.69 | Not timed. | |
| Mona | | Not timed. | |
| Odie | | Not timed. | |

Winners: First class, Vreda first, Oriole second; 40ft. class, Zelma first, Iolanthe second; 30ft. class, Vedette first, Erma second, Nox third.

Regatta Committee—D. B. Robertson, chairman; John A. Brazier, A. Gillen, R. E. Lazier, F. C. Clarke, D. M. Waters, Jas. Jenkins, W. N. Ponton, J. H. Starling, D. R. Leavens, J. F. Wills, W. H. Campbell, Col. Lazier, Jos. D. Clarke. Judges, R. S. Bell and W. O. Phillips, Association timekeeper.

After the race the fleet anchored off Massassaga Point, and on Saturday morning all were under way early. A stop was made off Stone Mills for an excursion ashore, and at night the fleet anchored in MacDonald's Cove. On Sunday a heavy gale swept over a part of the lake, doing damage to the shipping, and the fleet met rough water as soon as the yachts were clear of the land, the wind being west, a reefing breeze. The passage was wet and hard for the smaller yachts, but all reached Oswego safely by night, where the yachtsmen found the usual hearty welcome.

### Oswego Y. C., July 18.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—LAKE ONTARIO.

MONDAY was fair and bright, with a freshening westerly wind and a good sea on the lake. The course laid out was five miles to windward and return, the yachts over 40ft. sailing 3 rounds, or 30 miles; those of 30 to 40ft, 2 rounds and the 24ft. class 1 round. A fine fleet was present, including Yama and Cinderella, making better classes and closer racing than at Belleville, but unfortunately Vreda while on starboard tack just before the gun was in collision with Yama, on port tack, losing her bowsprit. The first round was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cinderella | 11 31 25 | Erma | 12 14 08 |
| Oriole | 11 38 24 | Norma | 12 20 35 |
| Yama | 11 42 30 | Nox | 12 28 43 |
| Zelma | 11 42 44 | Salola | 12 47 58 |
| White Wings | 11 58 43 | Cyprus | 12 48 15 |
| Vedette | 12 07 25 | Kelpie | 12 54 30 |

Mr. Wintringham, Yama's builder, was knocked overboard in the fouling, but picked up by Kelpie, she losing some time in consequence.

On the second round Yama gained on Zelma, finally winning. A protest was made by Zelma against Yama for fouling at the outer buoy on the first round, but it was not allowed by the committee. The full times of the race were:

CLASS ONE (start 10:00).

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oriole, Geo. Gooderham | 63.55 | 5 21 29 | 5 21 29 |
| Cinderella, R. K. Pryer | 52.90 | 5 10 03 | 5 04 43 |
| Vreda, A. R. Boswell | 47.69 | Carried away bowsprit. | |

40FT. CLASS (start 10:00).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| White Wings, E. G. Zealand et al | 45.24 | 6 09 45 | 6 09 45 |
| Aggie, Marlett & Armstrong | 40.33 | 6 23 55 | 6 19 04 |

40FT. CLASS (start 10:00).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Yama, Allen Ames | 39.90 | 3 36 45 | 3 36 38 |
| Zelma, N. B. Dick | 39.96 | 3 38 10 | 3 38 10 |

35FT. CLASS (start 10:10).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cyprus, M. S. Thomson | 32.08 | 5 20 18 | 5 20 18 |
| Katie Gray, J. P. Phelps | | did not finish. | |

30FT. CLASS (start 10:10).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vedette, Gray & Reedy | 29.91 | 4 18 15 | 4 18 15 |
| Erma, L. V. Percival | 29.75 | 4 35 45 | 4 34 43 |
| Norma, F. Strange | 28.95 | 4 37 40 | 4 35 59 |

25FT. CLASS (start 10:10).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nox, Miller Bros | 24.38 | 2 18 43 | 2 17 58 |
| Salola, W. J. Brigger | 24.47 | 2 37 58 | 2 37 51 |
| Kelpie, F. J. Campbell | 24.98 | 2 44 30 | 2 44 20 |

Winner of first prizes: class one, Cinderella; 40ft. class, White Wings; 40ft class, Yama; 35ft. class, Cyprus; 30ft. class, Vedette; 25ft. class, Nox. Winner of second prizes: class one, Oriole; 30ft. class, Erma; 25ft class, Salola.

Regatta committee: A. H. Ames, R. S. Sloan, W. E. Lee, W. B. Couch, Karl Kellogg, F. D. Wheeler, L. W. Churchill. Judges: Hon. Clark Morrison, T. C. Goble. Timekeeper, W. Q. Phillips.

Yama was so badly damaged that she was obliged to haul out, and could not accompany the fleet to Charlotte. A dinner followed the regatta, the fleet sailing next day for Charlotte.

### Corinthian Y. C., July 23.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE first race of the championship series of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was sailed on Saturday in a light S.W. wind, there being a good lot of starters, the principal ones being Freak, the Paine fin-keel, Reaper, Herreshoff fin-keel, and Sirocco, the Stewart & Binney cutter. Tadpole was too late at the line to start in the race. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hawk, Gordon Dexter | | 2 01 45 | 2 01 45 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Susie, W. W. Keith | | 2 15 45 | 2 13 48 |
| Ione, J. S. Poyen | | 2 14 40 | 2 14 40 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak, J. B. Paine | 25.08 | 2 09 05 | 2 08 14 |
| Reaper, H. P. Benson | 24.03 | 2 12 23 | 2 09 58 |
| Sirocco, W. P. Fowle | 26.06 | 2 16 43 | 2 16 43 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Typhoon, J. I. Taylor | | 1 33 25 | . . . . |
| Koorali, R. C. Robins | | 1 41 00 | . . . . |

CLASS A.
Handicap.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Countess, R. L. Sewall | | 1 34 00 | 1 34 00 |
| Vandal, W. Friend | | 1 52 15 | . . . . |
| Cat Bird, Saltonstall | 20 00 | 2 11 35 | 1 51 35 |

CLASS B.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bob, E. Harding | 18 00 | 1 59 05 | 1 41 05 |
| Nancy, H. Taggard | 14 00 | 1 55 40 | 1 41 40 |
| Jane, C. W. Parker | 13 00 | 1 56 30 | 1 43 30 |
| Josephine, D. H. Follett | 3 00 | 1 52 06 | 1 49 06 |
| Edith, F. M. Wood | | 1 50 50 | 1 50 50 |
| Vega, C. J. Cabot | 6 00 | 1 59 15 | 53 15 |

Hawk sailed over. Susie, Freak and Typhoon each win first prizes of $10; Countess wins $15; Bob wins $10, and Nancy $7.

Typhoon is also a Stewart & Binney boat. The judges were Messrs. Appleton and Jones.

### Commonwealth Y. C., July 23.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE first championship regatta of the Commonwealth Y. C. was sailed in a light easterly breeze on Saturday, classes and courses being: First, keels 25ft. and over, 12 miles; second, keels 18ft. and less than 25ft., 9 miles; third, centerboards less than 21ft. sailing length. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Naiad, Macomber & Gallagher | 25.05 | 3 11 00 | 2 33 00 |
| Mamie, O. F. Justice | 25.00 | 3 09 30 | 2 34 40 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wahneta, Smith & Cobb | 20.09 | 1 45 00 | 1 11 24 |
| Phantom, G. Haslett | 19.00 | 1 51 40 | 1 15 44 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Coot, T. Murphy | 18.07 | 1 33 00 | 1 16 28 |
| Tike, L. Leverige | 20.02 | 1 54 05 | 1 19 44 |

The prizes were: First class, $18; second class, $15; third class, $15. The regatta committee included Messrs. C. R. Lyman, J. B. Smith, C. S. Rushton, W. C. LePetrie and George Cobb. The judges were: G. R. Lyman, James W. Booth and Charles H. Heath.

**Yacht Pictures.**

FOR list of yacht pictures send your address to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

## Chesapeake Bay Y. C., July 14.

EASTON, MD.—CHESAPEAKE BAY.

THE seventh annual open regatta of the Chesapeake Bay Y. C. took place off Oxford, Md., on Thursday, July 14. The race was open to all Chesapeake canoes not over 37ft. long; boats under 30ft. must rate at that length to enter. The class for Chesapeake skiffs did not fill, but one boat entering.

The course was from a line drawn from the judge's boat to upper wharf at Oxford, thence to markboat off Plaindealing Creek, leaving it on the port hand, thence to Castle Haven Buoy, leaving it on the port hand, and return over the same course, keeping to the westward of Benoni's Point Light going and returning; 10 nautical miles.

The canoes entered were: Island Belle, 35ft. 1in.; Island Bride, 35ft. 2in.; Island Bird, 28ft., rated at 30ft.; Hazel Kirk, Sadie B., Carrie V. and Dashaway rated at 30ft.

The preparatory gun was fired at 12:17 and the second gun five minutes later. The boats crossed in the following order. Wind, a fine breeeze, N.N.E.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sadie B | 12 22 15 | Island Bird | 12 22 50 |
| Island Bride | 12 22 25 | Carrie V | 12 22 50 |
| Dashaway | 12 22 30 | Hazel Kirk | 12 23 35 |
| Island Belle | 12 22 40 | | |

It was a beat to the first markboat, which was rounded as follows: Island Belle, followed by Island Bride, with Dashaway third, and the others following in close order. From this point to the Light it was a run dead off the wind, the boats setting spinakers and large square topsails. Passing the Light, Island Belle had obtained a lead of two minutes over Island Bride, who was about as far ahead of Dashaway, the others pretty well bunched. From this point the wind was on the port quarter and the boats flew for the buoy at Castle Haven, giving the fast launch in which the race committee were, all she could do to stay with them. The buoy was rounded as follows: first, Island Belle; second, Island Bride; third, Dashaway and others following in order, except Carrie V., who withdrew at the Light. The Bride gained on the Belle 30s. running from the Light to buoy, partly owing to Capt. Covington who sailed the Belle, mistaking the position of Castle Haven Buoy and running off his course.

From the buoy home it was a dead heat, wind fresh and some sea, in this work the Bride picked up the Belle in the first two tacks, but as the boats worked out of the Choptank River into the mouth of Third Haven River, the water grew smoother and the wind, though still holding, was not as fresh as outside, which seemed to suit the Belle better with her immense sails, carrying five men at times on her outrigger. After passing the Light on the return she opened the gap between herself and the Bride steadily and turned the mark at Plaindealer Creek some 4m. ahead, increasing this at the finish line to 5m. The full times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Island Belle | 12 22 40 | 2 42 00 | 2 19 20 | 2 19 15 |
| Dashaway | 12 22 30 | 2 49 30 | 2 27 00 | 2 21 55 |
| Island Bride | 12 22 25 | 2 47 00 | 2 24 35 | 2 24 35 |
| Hazel Kirke | 12 33 35 | 2 55 30 | 2 31 55 | 2 26 50 |
| Sadie B | 12 22 15 | 2 55 45 | 2 33 30 | 2 28 25 |
| Island Bird | 12 22 50 | withdrew. | | |
| Carrie V | 12 22 50 | withdrew. | | |

The time allowance was that of the club for its open races viz; 2m. to the foot for length from inside of stern to inside of stem post for twenty nautical miles. Island Belle wins first prize, and Dashaway second, as the Bride did not save her time although crossing the line second.

The fleet of the club met at Oxford on July 13, under the command of the commodore, there being present the flagship, Yawl Lulu, Com Goldsburgh; steamer Sunset, Rear-Com. Barton; Yawl Cora J G. Morris; schooner Water Lily, Capt. Thompson; steam launch Beulah, Messrs. Batemen and Leonard; Island Bride, E. L. Moodside and Peach Blossom, M. T. Goldsburgh.

A large number of the club members and their guests witnessed the race from the State steamer McLane, kindly offered to the club by the commander of the force, Gen. Seth.

## Mobile Y. C., July 16-17.

MOBILE, ALA.—MOBILE BAY.

THE Mobile Y. C. sailed two open races on July 16-17, the course in each being a 15-mile triangle on Mobile Bay. The first race was sailed in a S.W. breeze registering 20 miles an hour. the times being:

SLOOPS 25FT. AND OVER.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Carrie G., E. D. George | 33.09 | 2 13 20 | 2 12 03 |
| Olivia, W. R. Steiner | 33.00 | 2 11 35 | 2 09 54 |
| Mineola, A. E. White | 30.06 | 2 12 00 | 2 08 00 |
| Ocean, J. C. Witt | 35.00 | 2 04 40 | . . . . |

18 TO 25FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Phantom, T. I. Hodson | 22.90 | 2 32 40 | . . . . |
| Maggie P, B. F. Pickett | 18.00 | 2 23 45 | 2 16 15 |
| Ripple, T. G. Bush | 21.11 | Capsized. | |
| Seadrift, John McPhillips | 22.00 | Did not finish. | |

14 TO 18FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Teaser, S. R. Thompson | 15.06 | 2 25 05 | . . . . |
| Helen, T. E. Mitchell | 18 00 | 2 26 00 | . . . . |

CAT SKIFFS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gracie, D. R. P. Schowalter | 16.00 | Did not finish. | |
| Toy, Henry Gautier | 16.00 | 2 41 20 | 2 32 55 |
| Lone Star, Nom. Petite | 14 00 | 2 31 50 | 2 20 14 |
| J. J. Taylor, H. H. Hanson | 19.03 | 2 28 50 | . . . . |

The winners were: Class 1, Ocean, Mineola; Class 2, Maggie P., Phantom; Class 3, Teaser, Helen; Class 4, Lone Star, J. J. Taylor. Judges, L. C. Dorgan, G. M. Van Liew and W. H. Sadler.

The second race was sailed in a 22-knot breeze, and was open to working schooners as well as yachts, the times being:

WORKING SCHOONERS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Native, Rohuwick | 42.00 | 1 55 20 | . . . . |
| Corrigan, J. C. La Coste | 40.00 | 1 56 00 | . . . . |
| Ora May, Geo. Ross | 30.00 | Withdrew. | |
| J. E. Hooper, J. W. Fulford | 42.00 | 1 54 10 | . . . . |
| Consuello, W. Cuthbert | 48.00 | 1 51 40 | . . . . |

SLOOPS 25FT. AND OVER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Carrie G., E. D. George | 30.09 | 2 05 25 | 2 04 08 |
| Mineola, A. E. White | 30.06 | 2 09 05 | 2 05 05 |
| Ocean, J. C. Witt | 35.00 | 1 51 35 | . . . . |
| Olivia, W. R. Steiner | 33.00 | 2 03 45 | 2 02 04 |
| Amelia, John Plash | 34.06 | Withdrew. | |

SLOOPS 18 TO 20FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Phantom, T. Hodson | 22.00 | 2 13 20 | . . . . |
| Maggie, B. F. Bickett | 18.00 | 2 17 40 | 2 10 10 |
| Teaser, S. R. Thompson | 18.00 | 2 16 30 | 2 09 00 |
| Annie P., D. Callaghan | 18.00 | Withdrew. | |

CAT SKIFFS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lone Star, Nom Petite | 14.00 | 2 28 11 | 2 22 34 |
| Toy, Hy Gomtier | 16.00 | 2 17 00 | . . . . |
| Annie, J. Zundell | 15.10 | Withdrew. | |
| Brina, Chas. Rapier | 15.09 | Withdrew. | |

The winners were: Class 1, 1st, Consuello; 2d, J. E. Hooper. Class 2, 1st, Ocean; 2d, Olivia. Class 3, 1st, Teaser; 2d, Maggie P. Class 4, skiffs, 1st, Toy; 2d, Lone Star. Judges, G. M. Van Liew, W. H. Sadler' Ben Coster.

## The New York Y. C. Cruise.

THE usual large fleet is likely to be present at the rendezvous at Glen Cove on Aug. 2 for the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. and everything points to a very successful cruise. The racing programme will include the annual squadron runs and the very large number of ex-racers in the fleet, including many of the 40ft. and 46ft. classes, will make these races specially interesting. In the racing fleet proper there will be Wasp and Gloriana, with the new schooners Lasca and Alcese; with Marguerite, Iroquois and possibly Volunteer. The following general orders have been issued:

FLAG-SHIP ELECTRA, New York Yacht Club, Harbor of New York, July 15. General Orders No. 1.—The commodore hereby assumes command of the squadron. Mr. Stephen Peabody is re-appointed Fleet Captain. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, Commodore.

FLAG SHIP ELECTRA, New York Yacht Club, Harbor of New York, July 15. General Orders, No. 2.

1. The vessels of the squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove, on Tuesday, August 2.

2. Captains will report on board the flag-ship on the same morning at 11 o'clock when future movements of the squadron will be considered. Yachts will be in readiness to start on signal from the flag-ship immediately after the meeting if so ordered.

3. The race for cups presented by Capt. Ogden Goelet, will take place at Newport, on Friday, August 5, unless otherwise ordered.

4. During the cruise, the Owl and Game Cock colors will be raced for by the four-oared gigs and double scull cutters and dingies belonging to the yachts of the squadron, and the holder will be subject to challenge at any time on one day's notice.

5. There will also be a race for the steam and naptha launches belonging to the squadron, the time, conditions, and prizes of which will be hereafter announced by the Commodore.

6. The routine and rules contained in the club manual will be observed during the cruise. Attention is especially invited to the following amendments of the Signal Code, adopted at the third general meeting of the Club; and Captains are earnestly requested to correct their club books accordingly.

General signal F to read: "F.—Wants to speak with you."
General signal G to read: "G.—Dress ship (at...)."
General signal P to read: "P.—Prepare to get under way (at...)."
Special signal CF to read: "CF.—Race will come off (at ...)."
Special signal CG to read: "CG.—Race is postponed (until....)."
Special signal CN to read: "CN.—Finish off...."

7. The time of yachts competing in squadron runs will be taken by the Judges' boat, which will carry the American ensign at the fore, previous to the start.

8. The orders for the day will be signalled by the flag-ship each morning as soon after colors as practicable.

9. Captains are requested to apply aboard the flag-ship at all times during the cruise for any information affecting the movements of the squadron.

10 Captains are further requested during the cruise to utilize as far as practicable the stations and landing-floats of this Club, instead of availing themselves of other facilities for the purpose.

11 Yachts, when in squadron will take their ships' time in striking bells from that of the flag ship and in no case anticipate it.

By order of the Commodore, STEPHEN PEABODY, Fleet Captain.

A steamer will be provided to accompany the fleet to the rendezvous, and another to follow the race for the Goelet cups.

## Hull Corinthian Y. C., July 23.

HULL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Hull Corinthian Y. C. sailed a very interesting race on Saturday, the principal feature being the 21ft. class, in which Mr. Nat Herreshoff sailed his fin-keel Vanessa against his centerboard Alpha, with Catspaw, Thrush and Exile. Alpha won, with Catspaw sailed by Mr. Geo. A Stewart, second, and Thrush, sailed by Capt. Joe Turner, third, the fin-keel taking only fourth place. The wind was light southeast and the six-mile course included running, reaching and beating, R D. also started in the class, but with a handicap, finally withdrawing. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—21-FOOTERS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alpha, Brown, Dunne & Hunt | 23.10 | 1 26 15 | 1 06 14 |
| Catspaw, C. A. Prince | 26.06 | 1 26 45 | 1 08 27 |
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr. | 24.03 | 1 29 00 | 1 09 15 |
| Thrush, John Bryant | 27.02 | 1 28 45 | . . . . |
| Exile, J. F. Small | 26.03 | 1 30 10 | 1 11 33 |
| R. D., J. F. McIntyre | | Withdrew. | |

SECOND CLASS—19 FOOTERS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Caprice, R. W. Bird | | 1 45 15 | Not meas |
| Jewel, C. C. Hill | | 2 09 00 | Not meas. |

THIRD CLASS—21-FOOT CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Madge, J. W. Thayer | | 1 43 30 | Not meas. |
| Marjorie, M. C. Bouve | | 1 55 00 | Not meas. |

FIFTH CLASS—15-FOOTERS,

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Phyllis, W A. Comey | | 37 45 | . . . . |
| Victor, C V. Souther | | 39 25 | . . . . |

The first yacht in each class wins a silver trophy; Catspaw also wins a cash prize for second place.

## Monatiquot Y. C., July 23.

WEYMOUTH—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE first championship regatta of the Monatiquot Y. C. was sailed over the regular club courses off Fort Point on Saturday in a light east wind. Beatrice, a new yacht, did good work against White Fawn and the other old flyers. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Beatrice, John Cavanaugh | 1 43 09 |
| White Fawn, H. A. Jones | 1 45 25 |
| Posy, R G. Hunt | 1 50 50 |
| Secret, E. F. Linton | 1 58 20 |
| Folly, J. F. Sheppard | 2 00 41 |
| Moondyne, A. J. Shaw | 2 04 20 |
| Gypsy, M. F. Drinkwater | Not timed. |

SECOND CLASS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Opechee, W. P. Barker | 1 43 32 |
| Lora, D. E. Whelan | 2 02 32 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Imp, W. F. Mayberry | 1 47 50 |
| Primrose, H. M. Faxon | 1 49 10 |
| Mab, John Shaw | 1 49 53 |
| Dandelion, Arthur Adams | 2 33 17 |
| Don, W. H. Shaw | 2 03 42 |

The yachts are not measured, so no corrected time could be calculated. Posy protested Beatrice and White Fawn for passing on the wrong side of Pig Rocks.

The judges were Henry Gardner, Dana Smith, George B. Bicknell, Edward T. Jordan, Frank H. Cowing, and L. W. Morrison.

## White Bear Yachting Association, July 16.

DELLWOOD, Minn.—Pennant race of the White Bear Yachting Association:

CLASS I.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Wapsie | 1 25 45 | 1 23 23 |
| Hornet | 1 28 00 | 1 24 55 |
| Kitten | 1 25 35 | 1 24 58 |
| Storm King | 1 27 15 | 1 25 41 |
| Shark | 1 27 15 | 1 26 13 |
| Fortuna | 1 30 10 | 1 28 19 |

CLASS II.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Secret | 1 33 40 | 1 30 00 |
| Aurelia | 1 33 43 | 1 30 52 |
| Kelpie | 1 33 45 | 1 32 36 |
| Nushka | 1 33 10 | 1 33 10 |
| Queen | 1 36 25 | 1 36 11 |

Sloops and a catboat rounded the mark within 35s. without a foul or protest after overlapping for nearly a mile.

By an amendment to the sailing rules the fleet is now divided into two classes, catboots (II.) and sloops (I.).

A. A. MCKECHNIE, Sec'y.

## The Sinking of the Alva.

THE largest and finest steam yacht of the American fleet, Alva, owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, was cut down and sunk early on the morning of July 24 in a fog off Pollock's Rip, Nantucket Shoals. On Wednesday of last week Alva, in charge of Capt. Henry Morrison, formerly commander of the American Line steamship Illinois, with a crew of 52 men, left Newport for Bar Harbor. On board with the owner were Messrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, George W. DeForest, Winfield Scott Hoyt, Carrick Riggs and Louis Webb.

The yacht reached Bar Harbor on Friday afternoon, sailing for Newport at 3:30 P. M. on Saturday. When she was off the Shoals at 5 A. M. on Sunday, after a pleasant trip thus far, a dense fog was encountered, and the yacht anchored near some coasting vessels close by Pollock Rip Lightship. Her passengers were still asleep, but Capt. Morrison and the crew were on deck, a sharp lookout being kept, while the ship's bell was sounded constantly.

About 8:30 A. M. the large iron freight steamer H. F. Dimock, 1,786 tons, owned by the Metropolitan Steamship Co. and commanded by Capt. Chas. G. Berry, reached the shoals, bound from New York to Boston. It is claimed that she had stopped shortly before nearing the Alva, and was running slow at the time, but when she sighted the yacht in the fog she was unable to stop, and crushed into the port bow of the Alva, cutting her down below the water.

The sleeping passengers of the yacht were at once summoned, Mr. Vanderbilt on reaching the deck springing aboard the Dimock and helping his friends aboard her. Under Captain Morrison's directions, all of the Alva's boats, including the steam launches, were lowered and manned, everyone being safely taken off and transferred to the steamer.

Alva's launch started for Newport, while the Dimock laid by the wreck. The yacht settled and sank within a few minutes after the collision, lying on her starboard side in about six fathoms, with masts and stack above water. The Dimock reached Boston in the afternoon, the rescued passengers on the yacht taking the cars for Newport. When they left the yacht they were only pajamas and night clothes, but they were supplied by Capt. Berry with such clothing as the steamer afforded. Capt. Morrison came on to New York and on Monday, at 6 P. M., the Merritt Wrecking Co. sent the steamer Rescue from Staten Island to raise the yacht. The crew were paid off and discharged, each man being liberally recompensed by Mr. Vanderbilt for the loss of his effects.



W. K. VANDERBILT'S STEAM YACHT "ALVA."

The Alva was built in 1886 by Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Del., from the designs of Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne, of Liverpool, her principal dimensions being:

| | Feet. |
|---|---|
| Length over all | 285 00 |
| Length for tonnage | 256 00 |
| Length on l.w.l. | 252.00 |
| Extreme beam | 32.03 |
| Moulded beam | 32.00½ |
| Depth in hold | 19.01 |
| Diameter of wheel | 13.05 |
| Extreme draught | 16.08 |

She has been in constant use since 1887, having made three trips across the Atlantic. She is reported as insured for about two-thirds of her value.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

On July 23 the Greenville (N. J.) Y. C. sailed a special race, the regular event, for the Harrison cup, being postponed until July 30. The race was sailed over a 7-mile course in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Anita P | 4 08 45 | 5 14 47 | 1 06 02 | 1 04 02 |
| Lizzie | 4 08 35 | 5 13 25 | 1 05 10 | 1 05 10 |
| Alida P | 4 08 15 | 5 13 45 | 1 25 30 | 1 25 30 |

On July 25 the steam yacht Allegro, Col. S. V. R. Cruger, ran on the Niggerhead Reef, Thimble Islands, at 3 P. M. Col. Cruger was at the wheel, the yacht making twenty knots, her headway carrying her entirely over the reef, to the serious damage of her screw and shaft. The steam yacht Margaret went to her aid and escorted her into New Haven, and later on to Bridgeport for repairs.

The cruise of the Atlantic Y. C. began as per programme on July 23, with a rendezvous at Cold Spring Harbor, the fleet sailing on Saturday for Black Rock, where a stop was made over Sunday. On Monday the fleet sailed far Morris Cove. The following yachts make up the fleet: Schooner Waterwitch, Com. David Banks; steam yacht Kanapaha, Vice-Com. Moore; sloop Tigress, Rear-Com. James Wier, Jr.; steam yacht Orienta, E. R. Ladew; steam yacht Neaira, S. H. Austin, Jr.; schooner Una, J. F. Ackerman; sloop Athlone, E. B. Havens; sloop Rival, P. G. Sanford; sloop Daphne, W. H. Booth; sloop Concord, H. C. Roome; sloop Annie, J. M. Tappen; sloop Desireé, P E. Camp; sloop Portia, S. H. Mason, Jr.; sloop Penguin, George E. Brightson; sloop Nimpoy, H. H. Salmon, Jr.; sloop Aglaia, E. J. Bergen; catboat Gunhilde; steam yacht Ola, Mr. Harris, and sloop Forget-Me-Not, Butler Brothers. The fleet will sail to New London and thence to Greenport, where a race will be held for a prize offered by Vice-Com. Wier.

A regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at Delmonico's on July 21, with Com. Gerry in the chair. Beside the routine business in connection with the coming cruise, the club decided to give a reception to the officers of the United States cruiser New York on her return to the city, at which the silver punch bowl given by the club will be formally presented. Sec'y Oddie was empowered to secure statistics and prepare a report on the inland waterways to the Lakes and Chicago, which will be published for the use of all yachtsmen. The following members were elected: G. Weaver Loper, Lloyd Aspinwall, George W. Jones, Henry D. Tiffany, Colonel David E. Austen, William R. Hearst, William P. Ward, Grant P. Schley, F. E. Gilbert, William H Taller, Oliver J. Geer, G. Creighton Webb, Eugene Kelly, Jr., George Floyd Vingut, Lieutenant J. D. J. Kelly, U. S. N., Commander F. E. Chadwick, U. S. N., Alonzo Flint, William H. Mitchell, John G. Agar, Nathan D. Bill, John C. Furmer, Chauncey Marshall, William A. Hazard, Stewart Shilito, George Austin Morrison, George Austin Morrison, Jr., Harry M. Gillig, John E. Dwight, Lieutenant James H. Bull, U. S. N., James M. Waterbury, Jr., Lawrence Waterbury, Captain J. R. de Lamar, A. E. Austin, James Edward Tolfree, U. S. N., Duncan S. Ellsworth, Thomas G. Condon, Thomas S. Rodgers, U. S. N.

On July 20 the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Judges Lacombe, Shipman and Wallace sitting, handed down a decision in the case of the United States against the schooner yacht Miranda and

George H. B. Hill, affirming the decree rendered by Judge Benedict in the United States District Court releasing the vessels from the payment of "light money." Judge Shipman says: "We are of the opinion that the certificate issued from the Custom House, on Sept. 15, 1886, is a 'regular document,' proving the schooner Miranda to be American property within the meaning of Section 4,226, and that she is by virtue of that section exempt from liability to pay light money."

On July 20 the naphtha launch Bob, owned by Robert Soltau, of New York, was found bottom up off Long Beach Life-Saving Station, on the south shore of Long Island. Mr. Soltau, a wealthy India rubber dealer, had owned the boat for some weeks, but was not experienced in managing her. Two days before, in company with his younger brother, Ernest, he left Eighty sixth street, East River, New York, to run to Long Beach, where he intended to keep the yacht all summer. That same evening the launch was seen attempting to cross the bar at Far Rockaway Inlet, and the supposition is that she was rolled over in the heavy sea, and both men were drowned.

Our report of the Massachusetts Y. C. race of July 15 was incorrect so far as the weather is concerned, the yachts crossed the line in a heavy S.W. squall, which held its force through the whole race, the yachts lugging whole sail, there being no chance to stop and reef. Under these trying conditions the race was one of the most interesting of the season. Catspaw, sailed by Mr. Stewart, scored a most creditable win.

The latest phase of steam yacht racing is a newspaper controversy between the owners of Yankee Doodle and Norwood, which is likely to result in nothing. Thus far there are no indications of a *bona fide* race between any of the yachts, new or old, this season.

The steam yacht Sunbeam, recently sunk in Australian waters, was not the well known yacht owned by Lord Brassey, but an older craft built in 1861. She was an iron vessel and her loss was due to corrosion under the engine room flooring.

The arrangements have been made for a race for the Fisher cup between Norah, of Belleville, and Onward, of Rochester, to be sailed on July 29 or 30 on the Bay of Quinte.

On July 18 at midnight the schooner Alert went ashore on Goat Island, Newport, but was hauled off by the revenue cutter Dexter without injury.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## New Jersey Rifle Shooting.

[*Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.*]

HUDSON RIFLE CLUB, Marion, N. J., Capt. Henry L. Hansen.—Monday evening, July 18.—The scores made in the medal competition of the several classes are appended below. The conditions were 10 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target.

First Class.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C E Bird | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23—244 |
| J Rebhan | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23—243 |
| A Steuber | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22—238 |

Second Class.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 19—236 |
| M Hoff | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21—234 |
| T A Reynolds | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 20—232 |

Third Class.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S A Middleton | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 19—230 |
| A Heidorf | 24 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 22 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 20 | 19—229 |
| C Schleinacher | 24 | 23 | 23 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 18 | 17 | 17—201 |
| J Kneer | 25 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 17 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 12 | 11—180 |

A feature of the evening was a 50 shot match between C. E. Bird and John Rebhan, which the former succeeded in losing by these scores:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C E Bird | 238 | 241 | 244 | 239 | 241—1203 |
| John Rebhan | 240 | 243 | 243 | 239 | 241—1206 |

"Jerry" Steuber still holds the "shooting" championship of the club, although hard pressed for the honors (?) by Charles E. Bird. The latter alleges that Steuber derives considerable assistance from his (Steuber's) rifle, which it is alleged pulls a little over 410lbs., for it seems to strengthen his lungs when he gets a "flinger;" in other words, a bad cartridge, or "the —— gun moved just as I pulled the trigger." It is said that Jerry's laurels will be soon taken from him, as C. E. has purchased a patent lung strengthening machine. But appropos, as a team of shooters, Jerry Steuber and C. E. Bird can't be beat, and take Jay H. Kay's word for it.

Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken, Captain Richard W. Dewey, Wednesday, July 20. To-night's scores are below. The conditions were ten shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Frederick Brandt | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21—239 |
| G Schlicht | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21—238 |
| D Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21—237 |
| F Kloepping | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22—237 |
| A Meyns | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 20—237 |
| L Sohl | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21—237 |
| F Liell | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 20—236 |
| J H Kruse | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21—235 |
| J Carragher | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21—232 |
| D Peters | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21—231 |
| H D Hencken | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 20—229 |
| H Seltenreich | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 19—227 |
| H F Meyer | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 18 18—223 |
| R Zoch | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 20—222 |
| J J Devitt | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 18 | 18—220 |
| F Kammel | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 18 | 18 | 18—217 |
| F J Dunsteadt | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 19—215 |

The members are greatly pleased over the fine reproduction of a photograph of their victorious team.

Lady Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J., President Mrs. H. Stadler, Thursday, July 21.—The scores made to-night in the prize competition are appended below. The conditions were 10 shots rest, 25-ring target, possible 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss M Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23—244 |
| Mrs B Katenkamp | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 24—244 |
| Mrs H Stadler | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 242 |
| Miss L Prien | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22—241 |
| Miss K Born | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23—239 |
| Mrs D Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21—235 |
| Mrs H F Meyer | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21—238 |
| Mrs A Meyns | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21—233 |
| Miss Henckel | 25 | 24 | 23 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 17 | 16 | 15 | 14—195 |
| Mrs A Coodts | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 0 | 0—180 |

The shoot arranged by the Union Athletic Club of Hoboken for members closed recently. Three prizes were offered for competition. The winners were: First prize, James Malloy, with score of 116, silver goblet; second prize, Ernest Fischer, 175, silver watch; third prize, Harry Lohman, Jr., 114, gold locket. Others who made good scores were N. Grudens, M. J. Murray, C. J. Brown, C. Brower, G. Copp, George Stein, R. J. Tolles, Geo. Naegeli.

Excelsior Rifle Club, Jersey City, Friday, July 22, Greenville Schuetzen Park.—The scores of to-day on the 200yds. range of the club are appended below. Oscar Boise with his score of 206 and 25 points added captured the medal. The conditions were 10 shots off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| L P Hansen | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 20—218 |
| O Boice | 23 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 18 | 18 | 17 | 17 | 16—206 |
| W J Channing | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 19 | 18 | 18 | 17 | 16—201 |
| W H Robidoux | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 19 | 19 | 18 | 18 | 17—201 |
| Wm Weber | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 17 | 17 | 14—198 |

The record in the medal shoot now stands L. P. Hansen won three times, Wm. Weber won three times, O. Boice won twice.

The five-men team match arranged between the Miller Rifle Club and All Secaucus, took place at Tammany Hall Range, Secaucus, N. Y., last Sunday afternoon. Only two of the All Secaucus put in an appearance. The distance was 200yds. August Meyns led the scores with the fine total of 217, George Schlicht came next with 215 and Dave Miller third with 214. The scores made were:

Miller Rifle Club.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D Miller | 24 | 19 | 19 | 21 | 21 | 24 | 18 | 21 | 22 | 25—214 |
| G Schlicht | 19 | 25 | 21 | 20 | 19 | 24 | 22 | 24 | 21 | 20—215 |
| E Fischer | 19 | 16 | 23 | 22 | 14 | 19 | 22 | 22 | 16 | 22—195 |
| F B andt | 16 | 16 | 23 | 23 | 12 | 22 | 15 | 20 | 21 | 20—188 |
| A Meyns | 20 | 19 | 20 | 20 | 23 | 22 | 24 | 21 | 23 | 22 23—217—1029 |

All Secaucus.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Heflich | 19 | 23 | 18 | 15 | 15 | 24 | 23 | 18 | 21 | 19—195 |
| G B Bergkamp | 14 | 18 | 21 | 9 | 20 | 18 | 8 | 19 | 15 | 17—159— 354 |

Scorer, J. H. Kruse.

The stakes were $10 a side and refreshments. The absentees on the Secaucus team were several members of the Herman Rifle Club.

Hoboken Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J., Monday evening, July 25.—The scores made this evening are appended below. The conditions were: 10 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250;

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wm F Dilger | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 19—230 |
| J H Kruse | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 19—228 |
| F W Kroeger | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 18—220 |
| Chas Paasch | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 2 | 18 | 18 220 |
| Jno Stein | 25 | 25 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 19 | 19—219 |
| J Schneider | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 18 | 18—215 |
| M Raedeger | 25 | 25 | 25 | 23 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 18 | 17—212 |
| O Keller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 20 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 15—204 |

The members are working hard to make the trick, fancy and difficult shooting club championship affairs between F. W. Kroeger and J. H. Kruse a success. The event takes place in Wisch's Hall, Hoboken, on Aug. 7. A number of clever variety performers will also appear.

## North End vs. Schuetzen Verein.

EPHRATA, Pa., July 22.—The North End Rifle Club held its regular monthly "rest-shoot," on its new range on the grounds of the Ephrata Shooting Association, this afternoon, with the following results: the weather being very fine, distance 185yds., standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| L M Wiest | 9 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10—97 |
| W D Winters | 10 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 10 92 |
| J A Stober | 9 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 8—83 |
| D B Lefer | 10 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 10—82 |
| J M Sheaffer | 8 | 10 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 7—73 |

The next meeting will be off-hand, Friday, Aug. 12.

Ever since the North End Rifle Club was organized it has been customary for its members to annually meet the members of the Lancaster Schuetzen-Verein in friendly contest, either on the shooting grounds of the latter or on the grounds of the former. In these contests the North End boys invariably came out the winners, and many a handsome badge they took from the Lancaster boys, and they refused to enter into a contest with the North End marksmen where a medal was to be shot for, preferring to purchase a fine gold medal and give it to the member of the Ephrata team who did the best shooting.

The contest for the present year was arranged some time ago between the captains of these two clubs and was to consist of two matches, the first to be held at Eneleside, Lancaster, the second to be held on the shooting grounds of the Ephrata Gun Club, where the North End Club has it range. No medal was to be shot for in these matches. The Lancaster boys were willing to muster as many men as the Ephrata team could furnish, and have a friendly bout, a real good time and see which team could do the best scoring. The first match came off several days ago at Lancaster and proved a "Waterloo" for the North End boys. It was not owing to poor marksmanship alone that they suffered defeat, but rather to the very excellent shooting by the Lancaster boys, whose scoring was by far the best they ever did in contest with the Ephrata team.

Each team entered 8 men, 10 shots being allowed to each man. Out of a possible 800 points the Lancaster shooters scored 596, or an average of 74½. The North End boys scored 570 points, 26 points less than their opponents, or an average of 71¼. The following is the full score of points made by each club:

Schuetzen-Verein.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J H Wentzel | 7 | 10 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 8—83 |
| Thos Anderson | 7 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 0—70 |
| Jacob Wolfer | 8 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 7—61 |
| Benj Biehl | 8 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 9—71 |
| D W Wentzel | 10 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8—86 |
| Chas Franciscus | 9 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 5—80 |
| Chas Herbert | 6 | 9 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 10—76 |
| Peter Dommel | 5 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 5—69—596 |

North End Rifle Club.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J M Sheaffer | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 0 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 6—56 |
| J A Stober | 0 | 9 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 4 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 5—60 |
| L M Wiest | 9 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 10—82 |
| S L Sharp | 4 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 0 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 9—57 |
| C S Wenger | 9 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10—91 |
| D B Lefever | 7 | 4 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 6—72 |
| W D Winters | 8 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 4 | 4 | 9 | 8—74 |
| W L Carpenter | 8 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 10—78—570 |

D. B. LEFEVER, Sec'y.

## St. Louis Sharpshooters.

ST. LOUIS, July 17.—The King shoot of the South St. Louis Sharpshooters was held to-day at Creve Coeur Lake. The King medal shoot was open only to members of the South St. Louis Club, and the lucky winner was Mr. John Morf, shooting master. The other events were open to all and the following scores were made:

Ring Target.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aug Yunge | 65 | C K Dunkerley | 55 | E Schottlander | 47 | | | |
| John Morf | 64 | C Meisbach | 54 | Aug Mende | 45 | | | |
| Franz Lendi | 62 | W m Bauer | 52 | M Kaur | 45 | | | |
| S G Dorman | 61 | L Frank | 51 | T L Matthias | 44 | | | |
| D Schneidewind | 59 | D Wiget | 51 | John Hof | 41 | | | |
| F Kurka | 58 | C Bain | 49 | | | | | |
| L Schweighoefer | 58 | F Frank | 48 | | | | | |

Man Target.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F Kurka | 97 | F Lendi | 83 | Aug Mende | 74 |
| L Schweighoefer | 87 | C Meisbach | 82 | Nic Burch | 73 |
| Robt Bethmann | 87 | M Kaur | 81 | L Priester | 72 |
| S G Dorman | 87 | John Hof | 80 | F Frank | 70 |
| L Frank | 87 | F Buerkel | 79 | M Schottlaender | 69 |
| John Morf | 86 | C K Dunkerley | 76 | Fred Wagner | 69 |
| D Schneidewind | 85 | Wm Baun | 76 | | |

Point Target.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S G Dorman | 333 | C K Dunkerley | 208 | M Kaur | 129 |
| D Schneidewind | 329 | F Lendi | 159 | D Schroeder | 108 |
| Wm Baun | 247 | M Leil | 158 | | |

NAMROD.

## Massachusetts Rifle Association.

BOSTON, July 23.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot at its range to-day.

There was a fair attendance of shooters, but no high scores were made, there being a bad fish-tail wind.

There was a large number of military marksmen in attendance. Below are the scores in detail, distance 200yds., standard American target, all being re-entry matches:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D N Winn | 7 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 7 77 |
| O Moore | 10 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 8—76 |
| F Daniels | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 8 | 10—74 |

All-Comers' Rest Match.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Francis | 12 | 12 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 8 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 11—109 |
| H L Willard | 11 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9—107 |
| J Hurd | 8 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 12 | 12—101 |

All Comers' Military Match—Creedmoor Target.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G L Marshall | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—43 |
| D Martin | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—42 |

Pistol Medal Match—50yds.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| L Bell | 10 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10—95 |
| A G Stevens | 9 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 10—92 |

ON each Wednesday from July 13 to Dec. 28, inclusive, the Massachusetts Rifle Association, in addition to the usual practice and sweepstake matches, will offer the following list of prizes, open for competition to all trap-shooters, subject to these conditions: This "Gold Coin and Merchandise match" shall be shot through a series of 12 competitions; entrance fee 50 cents each day; scores—20 single birds, Keystone system, and 10 single birds, unknown angles. The medal will be delivered at the close of each day's contest to the competitor making the highest score of the day, who will hold and vouch for it, and return it to the secretary, at the range, on the day of the succeeding shoot. No competitor excepting the final receiver of the champion medal, can win more than one prize. Ties to be shot off at 20 targets. Shooting to begin at 10:30 A. M. The Gold Coin match will be shot at 2 P. M. Birds 2 cents each to non-members. Bird cards redeemed.

## Wilkesbarre Gun Club.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 25.—The following scores were made on the shooting grounds at the Wilkesbarre gun factory on Saturday. The day was rather warm for shooting, but all seemed to enjoy it.

First match, 25 single U. S. pigeons, known angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr Warren | 0100111111111101010011011—17 |
| W K Park | 0111100111111111100011010l—17 |
| Tom Eley | 1001110101011011100110101—16 |
| R Ernest | 1000101101010000000011011—10 |

Second match, 25 bluerocks, Paul North's expert target:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr Warren | 1111111101111111010101l1—21 |
| W K Park | 1111111101011010111111l0—21 |
| Tom Eley | 1001111111001101100111l1—18 |
| R Ernest | 0101101001001101010111l1—14 |
| J Roades | 0110000100110101010010100—10 |

We hope to send a delegation to the Pennsylvania State shoot at Reading Aug. 9 to 12. W—BARRE.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

## FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

July 26-29.—Corry Gun Club tournament, Corry, Pa.

July 28-30.—Johnson City Gun Club tournament, Johnson City, Tenn.

July 28-30.—Springfield Gun Club tournament, Springfield, O.

July 29.—Dexter Park Shooting League team contest, Dexter Park, L. I.

August.—New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League eighth monthly tournament, Harrison, N. J.

August (first week).—Madison County Sportsmen's Association eleventh annual tournament, Cazenovia, N. Y.

Aug. 2-3.—Standard Gun Club tournament, Acton's Park, Baltimore, Md.

Aug. 3.—Manhattan Gun Club open shoot and jollification, Dexter Park, Long Island.

Aug. 6-7.—Sheboygan Gun Club tournament, Sheboygan, Wis.

Aug. 9-11.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's tournament, at Hot Springs, Ark.

Aug. 9-12.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament, Reading, Pa. Walter D. Eiler, Sec'y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The second annual shooting tournament of the Kansas City, Kans., Gun Club will occur at Chelsea Park on Aug. 3 and 4. The committee in charge, Messrs. N. Smock, P. Larson, F. M. Soward, J. J. Rooney and W. E. Stevens, has arranged an interesting programme of 20 shoots covering the two days, the prizes being very liberal ones. Already a large number of answers have been received from the invitations sent out, and all the prominent crack shots of the two States will be present. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock each day, and will be governed by the latest American Shooting Association rules.

* * *

Wm. Tell Mitchell, of Lynch Station, Ma., writes us that he would like to have a go with C. F. Barnes, of Wheeling, West Va., in a match at 200 live birds each, gun below the elbow until bird is on the wing. Mr. Mitchell will shoot for a reasonable stake, and will allow Mr. Barnes his railroad fare if the latter will shoot the match at Richmond, Va. If Mr. Barnes will communicate with Mr. Mitchell at the above address a match can readily be arranged.

* * *

The rivalry between the New Haven and Willimantic gun clubs, the two crack teams of Connecticut, culminated in a team match for $100, which was shot on the grounds of the local club, July 21. The New Haven men won by a handsome margin. The score: Teams of four, at 20 targets each: New Haven team—Sherman 26, Savage 24, Langdon 27, Potter 30; total 107. Willimantic—Mack 17, Edgarton 23, Webb 21, Burbridge 25; total 87.

* * *

At the shoot of the Johnstown (N. Y.) Gun Club on July 21, Pierson broke 25 out of 30 for the club medal, Chapman scored 24, Northrup 25, Partiss 25, Walrath 20, Timmons 24, Kennedy 22, E Potter 23, Hildebrandt 24. In a series of sweepstakes at 10, 15, 10 and 5 targets in the order the scores were: Pierson 10, 13, Kennedy 10, 15 10; Hildebrandt 10, 15, 10; Northrup 9, 15, 10, 5; Partiss 8, 4; Timmons 10 4; Walrath 10, 14, 8, 4.

* * *

Shooters will be pleased to learn that for five years to come they will be able to smash targets and ruffle feathers on the old Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds at Marion. Last week a new arrangement was entered into and a five year lease signed. The grounds will be cut down about 20yds. on the Marion side, but otherwise they will not be disturbed except by moving the traps 10yds. further to the left.

* * *

The Stillwater Gun Club, of Minnesota, has elected the following officers: E. S. Brown, President; L. Manwaring, Vice-President; C. W. Merry, Secretary-Treasurer. The executive board is composed of the officers elected, Herman Jassoy and Harry Heisel. A proposition for the consolidation of the Stillwater and St. Croix clubs has been tabled for the present.

* * *

The monthly competition for the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club's live bird trophy will be held at Woodlawn Park, on Saturday, July 30, commencing at 1:30 P. M. sharp. A clay bird shoot for gold and silver medals will take place Saturday throughout the year, at 2 P.M. sharp.

* * *

John Riggott, of Rockaway, N. J., is said to be after the scalp of Frank Class, of Morristown, who is styled the champion of New Jersey. Mr. Riggott is a cool, nervy shot and skillful withal, and a contest between the two would be worth seeing.

* * *

E. D. Miller states that the Union Gun Club will hold a tournament at Springfield, N. J. on August 17 and 18. The first day's shooting will be at Keystone targets and the second day at live birds. Mr. Miller says he will have a good supply of first class birds.

* * *

The representatives of the press were handsomely entertainrd by members of the New Jersey Shooting Club at Saturday's League shoot. The only complaint they were justified in making was on account of the poor facilities for securing scores.

* * *

The eleventh annual tournament of the Madison County Sportsmen's Association will be held at Cazenovia, N. Y., next week, and some very valuable prizes will be awarded in the open as well as the State events.

* * *

The Pennsylvania sportsmen are laboring hard for the success of their State tournament. The members of the Reading Shooting Association are all workers and are doing yeoman's service.

* * *

The fourth annual tournament of the West Point (Miss.) Gun Club to be held on August 9 to 12, inclusive is expected to be a grand affair. The program is an attractive one.

* * *

The Sheboygan Gun and Rod Club will have a tournament on the Lake front at Sheboygan, Wis. on August 6 and 7. All the shooting will be at bluerock targets.

* * *

The Baltimore and Capital City Gun Clubs should enter teams along with Connecticut, New Jersey and Massachusetts during the Keystone tournament.

* * *

Jack Parker wants to see "everybody" at the Des-chree-shos-ka Island shoot in August. And by the way, Jack is now in the employ of the bluerock people.

* * *

The "Jack rabbit" system will be used at the tournament of the Standard Gun Club to be held at Acton's Park on Aug. 2 and 3. This is very popular in Harrisburg.

* * *

What has become of the proposed team match between the old North End Club, of Frankford, Pa., and the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J.?

* * *

Cincinati wants to pit a team of five of her representative marksmen against a like team from any city in Ohio at 50 targets or live birds per man.

* * *

Do not forget the shoot at Rockville, Mo., on Aug. 25 and 26. Everybody guaranteed a good time. Write for circulars to Sec'y, Jas. P. B. Veris.

* * *

The Dexter Park Team Shooting League will hold its monthly team contest at Dexter Park to-morrow. Live birds will be used.

* * *

Auburn is making great preparations for the Interstate shoot to be held there the second week in September.

* * *

The Johnstown (N. Y.) Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament early in August. Frank Northrup will be there!

* * *

The Black Bear Inn will catch a large number of visitors during the Pennsylvania State shoot.

* * *

Dr. Fort says the Baltimore Gun Club can defeat any 10-man team in the State "for $50."

* * *

The Oatka Gun Club, of LeRoy, N. Y., has elected James M. Hewitt as vice-president.

The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club has opened a summer headquarters at Canarsie.

* * *

Considerable live bird shooting will be done at Claremont this fall.

* * *

H. A. Penrose says the New London shoot will be a record breaker.

* * *

Brewer and Mitchell are to shoot a 100-bird match for $500 a side.

* * *

Billy Wagner was in great form at Tolchester Beach.

* * *

Jimmy Malone is a first-class hustler. C. H. TOWNSEND.

### The Emerald Gun Club.

Twenty-three members of the Emerald Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Tuesday, July 19. Louis Miller had furnished a fine lot of birds for the contest for the three club medals in their respective classes. Each man shot at 10 birds, unknown traps, club handicap, Emerald Gun Club rules. There was some good shooting, four making a score of 9 out of 10. Col. J. Voss won the Class A medal, Dr. Horn that in Class B, although he tied with H. Thau; the latter having won it on two previous occasions was not eligible to take it for the third time. W. Hogan won the Class C medal for the second time with 7. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Hudson | 1211010111—8 | P Butz | 1011200010—5 |
| J Voss | 2121110111—9 | J Porter | 1001200000—3 |
| A Graff | 1100020002—4 | L Schorkemeier | 1010001111—6 |
| A Nowak | 0101011210—6 | T Cody | 0220012000—4 |
| E Doeiuck | 2110010012—6 | Dr Leveridge | 1201122102—8 |
| Dr Klein | 0122022100—6 | H Thau | 0112111212—9 |
| J Boole | 1111102210—8 | W Hartye | 1111202022—8 |
| N Hogan | 1101022220—7 | F Moore | 2011021121—8 |
| R Regan | 1111000101—6 | Dr Horn | 1011121211—9 |
| L C Gehring | 0222111010—6 | J Moore | 1020001211—6 |
| C Klein | 0102220110—6 | F Thompson | 1112212230—9 |
| J Maesel | 1012202012—7 | | |

### Rockville Rod and Gun Club.

ROCKVILLE, Md., July 17.—The Rockville Rod and Gun Club was organized here Jan. 27 last. The officers for the ensuing year are Jas. P. B. Veirs, President; Hon. Geo. Peter, Vice-President; John W. Ketchner, Secretary; David H. Warfield, Treasurer; Wm. H. Robbett, Captain, and Harry C. Hurley, Lieutenant. Our club is quite a large one considering the size of our town, it having about forty members on its roll book, and our grounds are such that any club could justly be proud of, being close up to town and being well fitted by nature for the purpose, having plenty of shade and spring water. Here in old Montgomery, the banner county of western Maryland, within sixteen miles of the National Capital, where the hand of man has made so much improvement and game has become so scarce in the last few years, our members have at last realized the fact that either the flagrant violation of the game laws throughout the county, and especially along the Potomac, must be stopped, or in only a very short time our sport at wing-shooting will become a mockery. Our sport here at fishing is most exclusively for the small-mouth black bass.

The points along the Potomac where angling is mostly indulged in are Pennyfields, Point of Rocks, Hancock and Weaverton, though Pennyfields, about twenty-five miles above Washington, is the mostly frequented point. Here at this place is where, during the past Administration, ex-President Cleveland made some good catches. We hope to have a good many sportmen with us on Aug. 25 and 26 next, when our club will give a two-days' shooting tournament. V.

### Wilson Wins the Takanassee Cup.

THE shoot for the Takanassee cup was the drawing magnet on July 21, at the west end of Long Branch. The conditions were a sweepstake at $20 each, 15 birds, handicap rise, ties at three birds. The entries were: Chauncy Floyd Jones 28yds., Mr. Williams 30yds., Fred Hoey 30yds., Captain Money 30yds., Dr. Wilson 28yds., L. S. Thompson 30yds., W. P. Thompson 27yds., N. Simpkins 28yds., Phil Daly 27yds.

Fred Hoey and Dr. Wilson tied at 14 killed birds, the former missing his 13th and Wilson his second. In the shoot off Dr. Wilson had to kill 4 out of 5 to win.

The best shooting of the day followed in a sweep, $10 each, at 5 birds, all at 26, 27 and 28yds., allowed one miss as one bird. The entries were: Floyd Jones, Williams, Fred Hoey, Captain Money, Dr. Wilson, E. G. Murphy, L. S. Thompson, W. P. Thompson, Nat Simpkins, "Phil" Daly and Sullivan.

Five stayed in with straight scores, namely: Murphy, Floyd Jones, L. S. Thompson, "Phil" Daly and Sullivan. On the shoot off Sullivan missed his 12th, Floyd Jones missed his 20th, "Phil" Daly missed his 24th, counted as no bird, and killed his allowance. Daly, Murphy and Thompson then went on and shot 35 straight, when darkness prevented the finish and the stakes were divided. This is a remarkable performance at 21yds. boundary—105 birds killed straight.

### The Linden Grove Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Linden Grove Gun Club took place at Dexter Park, L. I., on Friday, July 22. There was a fair attendance of members, who competed at seven birds each for the best average of eight shoots during the season for the club's gold medal and extra prizes. Some good shooting was made, the birds being strong and fast. A sweepstake match and several small sweeps were shot off, the results as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P J Eppig | 0012000—2 | C Englebrecht | 1101111—6 |
| J Birmel | 2121201—6 | J Martin | 1111110—6 |
| C Horney | 1221212—7 | L New | 1021001—4 |
| J Schlieman | 1111111—7 | F Ibert | 2210120—5 |
| T Eich | 0002110—3 | C Birmel | 2212112—7 |
| A S Eppig | 2112211—7 | | |

### Shooting at Peekskill.

THE White and Peekskill gun clubs had a match at live pigeons on July 13 on the grounds of the Peekskill Club. Chas. S. Raymond and Wilbur S. Gettel are members of the Peekskill Club and were in the team. The scores made, out of a possible 25, were as follows:

| White Plains. | | Peekskill. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thos Ward | 22 | Wm H Pierce | 18 |
| Eugene Halpin | 21 | John B Halstead | 18 |
| Wm Ward | 18 | Wilbur G Gettel | 22 |
| Edwin Ward | 18—79 | Chas S Raymond | 20—78 |

A second shoot under the agreement is to be shot at White Plains in the near future.

### Kings County Gun Club.

ONLY seven members of the Kings County Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, on Wednesday July 20. H. Zirkell and F Greiner tied for the club medal with 8 out of 20, and on the shoot-off Greiner won. Several sweepstakes were shot off at 6 targets each, 3 moneys. The scores:

R Zirkell, .10101011100000000110—8 J Linstedt.0000101000001111O0016—7
F Greiner,.00100000001011110011—8 C Dones...0000100000001000000O—2
Dethloff...01110301000100030010—6 J Link....1130100000000000100—4
C Thiel....00011000001000000100—4

### Trap at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, O., July 21.—The East End Gun Club held their regular shoot this afternoon. Murray won first badge in the shoot off, with P. North and Dubroy second badge. The following were the scores made:

| | |
|---|---|
| P North | 011110111011111101110111011111—24 |
| Murray | 111011110111110111011111111111—24 |
| Dubroy | 011011011001101101101101011111—20 |
| Beard | 111010000110111101101001101011—18 |

Visitors.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elworthy | 24 | Clapp | 20 |
| Sterling | 20 | Meeker | 14 |

### Garfield Goings-On.

CHICAGO, July 19.—The Garfield Gun Club has accepted an invitation to shoot a friendly match with the North-Western Gun Club, at Avondale, Saturday, the 23d inst. Train will leave the North-Western Depot at 1:30 P. M. There will be no shooting on our grounds on that date. Notice has also been given that a photograph of our members and shooting grounds will be taken Saturday, July 30.—GEO. H. BROWN, Sec'y.

### The West Side Trap-Shooting League.

THE third meeting of the West Side Trap-Shooting League was held on Thursday, July 21, at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I. The five clubs that compose the league sent teams of 10 men each to compete for the two subscription cups for the first and second best aggregate scoring teams at the five shoots. The Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, Fountain Gun Club, New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club, Erie Gun Club and Coney Island Rod and Gun Club were the clubs entered, and their teams shot in the same order. The shoot was started one hour late. Up to the 42d round the Erie Gun Club held a lead over the New Utrecht and Coney Island teams, the Atlantics and Fountains being last. After the said round the Coney Islands and New Utrechts alternately led up to the 91st round, when they again tied with 81 each. The Coney Island team just managed to win by one bird at the finish with a score of 89, New Utrechts second with 88, Fountains third with 83, Atlantics fourth with 82, and the Erie last with 76.

The birds were a medium lot of flyers, but the majority of those missed were strong quartering drivers. The score:

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J E Voorhees | 2201121102—8 | J Dooley | 1210122111— 9 |
| G Morris | 0220221100— 5 | C E Morris | 1121111112—10 |
| J Martin | 0101222001— 6 | H Balzir | 1112112222—10 |
| C Meyer | 2212101110— 8 | D Monsees | 2111111121—10 |
| W Boyle | 2102122121— 9 | H Kronika | 1100021122— 7—82 |

Fountain Gun Club.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H W Blattmacher | 2201111121— 9 | C Wingert | 0111112111— 9 |
| Dr Schwartz | 2011210000— 6 | Schonmacher | 2012221112— 9 |
| A Crook | 1112011112— 9 | Dr Wynn | 2021121111— 9 |
| C Fisher | 1221201122— 9 | S Northridge | 2101011112— 8 |
| J E Orr | 2121100111— 8 | C Wingert | 0210121121— 7—83 |

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J C Bennett | 1101210022— 7 | C Furgueson | 1111121111—10 |
| W F Sykes | 2112101120— 8 | G W Cropsy | 0101221121— 8 |
| A A Hegeman | 1111211111—10 | D Deacon | 1202111112— 9 |
| M Van Brunt | 1212222112—10 | C Furgueson | 1211111111—10 |
| R R Street | 1111102111— 9 | G Nostrand | 0210022211— 7—88 |

Erie Gun Club.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Plate | 1111111121—10 | J Plate | 2110021110— 7 |
| J Schwadeke | 1222102111— 9 | C Detlefsen | 1212112111—10 |
| M Elssasser | 2012112211— 9 | H Janskowski | 1021211000— 6 |
| H Dohrman | 1211111121—10 | C Mohrman | 2212001020— 6 |
| W Scheelje | 1000100000— 2 | C Detlefsen | 1112212112—10—76 |

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E Helgans | 1120211221— 9 | S Northridge | 2112122112—10 |
| A Eppig | 1220212111— 9 | C Detlefsen | 2222122222—10 |
| J Schuemann | 1112101121— 9 | W Lair | 1121102120— 8 |
| Dr Van Zile | 2222112220— 8 | C Plate | 0110101111— 7 |
| F Pfaender | 2212111111—10 | E Helgans | 2211101111— 9—89 |

Aggregate Scores.

| | 1st. | 2d. | 3d. | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Atlantic | 81 | 92 | 82 | 255 |
| Coney Island | 80 | 91 | 89 | 260 |
| New Utrecht | 84 | 82 | 88 | 254 |
| Erie | 57 | 77 | 76 | ... |
| Fountain | 60 | 17 | 83 | ... |

### New York German Gun Club.

THE members of the New York German Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Monday, July 18, several days prior to their recognized date of shooting, on account of one of the members being about to take a trip to the Vaderland. The birds furnished by Bonden were fast ones and a good many were missed. There were two medals shot for at 10 birds each, H and T traps, modified Long Island rules. The ties for the best scores of six were shot off to determine the winner. J. Schlicht won the first and P. Garms, Jr., the second. Two small matches were shot off and then followed two shoots, the losing team to pay for the birds. The score: Referee, Mr. J. Carwein. Scorer, Mr. C. A. Dellar:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P Garms | 12010010—1 | F Santer | 11100001—4 |
| J Frazer | 10101200—4 | M Bonden | 12001111—6 |
| P Garms, Jr | 12101102—6 | J Schreiner | 20000011—3 |
| J Willbrock | 01221002—5 | J Schlicht | 12002122—6 |
| H Nobel | 12121200—6 | J Stuernagel | 20101111—6 |
| H Thornton | 21132200—6 | W C Edwards | 02120100—4 |
| J Carwein | 12210200—5 | J Kleinz | 00120000—2 |
| J Goerlitz | 21312001—5 | | |

First match, $10 and birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Nobel | 10001—2 | M Bonden | 01000—1 |

Second match, $10 and birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Willbrock | 12112—5 | J Carwein | 22002—3 |

| P Garm's Team. | | W Schlicht's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P Garms, Jr | 21—3 | 11—2 | W Schlicht | 111—3 | 12—2 |
| H Nobel | 02—2 | 10—1 | J Goerlitz | 001—1 | 11—2 |
| J Fraser | 22—3 | 10—1 | J Carwein | 120—2 | 22—2 |
| M Bonden | 11—3 | 01—1 | J Stuernagel | 120—2 | 22—2 |
| J Wellbrook | 21—3 | 21—2 | F Santer | 112—3 | 12—2 |
| W Bland | 01—2 | .. | J Klein | 111—3 | .. |
| | 16 | 7 | | 14 | 9 |

### Match Shooting at Utica.

UTICA, N. Y., July 22.—Henry L. Gates, of this city, defeated Charles H. Mowry, of Syracuse, to-day, after the most stubborn contest ever seen here. This was the second match between these gentlemen and was shot under expert rules from five traps. The first match was shot in Syracuse in May and Mowry won easily by the score of 85 to 76. The final match will be shot in Syracuse in September. Appended is the score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Gates | 1111011111011110111111111—22 |
| | 1111101111111111111001011—22 |
| | 1111110011011111111111111—22 |
| | 1111111011111111111111111—23—88 |
| Mowry | 1111111001111111011001—20 |
| | 1111011110111111111111111—23 |
| | 1111111111111111011111111—23 |
| | 1111111011111111111111111—22—88 |
| Tie: | |
| Gates | 1111111111110111111111111—24 |
| Mowry | 1011111111101111111111111—23 |

On the same day George Holloway, of Syracuse and J. George Knowlton, of this city, shot a match under the same conditions, which resulted as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Holloway | 1011111110111110011111111—21 |
| | 0111111111111111111111100—22 |
| | 1111011111111111111011111—23 |
| | 1111101110111111111101101—21—87 |
| Knowlton | 1111111111111101111101101—22 |
| | 1011010111111111101111101—20 |
| | 1111101111101111111111011—22 |
| | 1111011111111111001111111—22—86 |

O. A. W.

### Wauregan Gun Club.

THE members of the Wauregan Gun Club had a good day's sport at their new shooting grounds at Pelham Heights, Westchester, N. Y., on Tuesday, July 19. Eight competed for a new gold medal given by W. F. Brickner, the member making the best scores at five out of six shoots to become the owner of it. E. Bornhoeft and W. Harris tied with 8 each, and on the shoot-off the former won. Several sweepstakes and match shoots followed. The scores:

Ten live birds, 5 traps, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, M. H. rules, gold medal, wind light S.W., weather fine, birds first class:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E Bornhoeft | 1211210022— 8 | F Kerker | 2020010120— 6 |
| W Harris | 2121202211— 8 | J J Loome | 1010202021— 6 |
| J Fay | 1101200211— 7 | M Fay | 0002000011— 3 |
| W H Brickner | 0220200122— 6 | G W Silberhorn | 0000021100— 3 |

Four matches for the birds. No. 1, 5 birds: G. W. Silberhorn 2, N Kerker 1. No. 2, 5 birds: J. J. Loome 3, W. Kerker 2. No. 3, 3 birds: J. J. Qoome 1, W. H. Brickner 0. No. 4, 3 birds: J. J. Loome 1, W. H. Brickner 0.

Sweepstakes, 5 birds, $3 entrance, one money:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|
| W H Brickner | 12001—3 | 12011—4 |
| G W Silberhorn | 10110—3 | 11012—4 |
| W Harris | 10120—3 | 10101—3 |

No. 3, 3 birds, $3 entrance, won by Brickner.
Other sweepstakes followed.

### Colt Hammerless Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 23.—The following scores were made by members of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, at 25 bluerocks each, to-day:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John Alger | 23 | "McGinty" | 18 |
| Fred Risley | 22 | O B Treat | 17 |
| E Decker | 21 | C W Vibberts | 16 |
| A Willey | 20 | F Olmstead | 16 |
| T P Bill | 20 | Chas Higby | 16 |
| C H Burbidge | 19 | S B Douglas | 15 |
| D S Seymour | 13 | | |
| J J Peard | 12 | | |
| S Hills | 12 | | |
| John Melrose | 11 | | |
| A C Collins | 8 | | |
| M E White | 7 | | |

Mr. John Alger won the club medal.

### The Pennsylvania State Tournament.

ONE of the most instructive as well as attractive programmes received by us this season is the decidedly unique production of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, whose tournament will be held on the Reading Shooting Association's grounds, on Penn Mountain, on Aug. 9 to 12, inclusive. The book contains several pages of well-written matter descriptive of the past and present history of Reading; points out all the objects of interest in and about the city, and gives an original poem, in the genuine Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, the whole bearing the unmistakable imprint of that prince of good fellows, artist and journalist, "Jack Rabbit" Brelsford.

On page 28 is a list of the clubs, names of president and secretary, post office address and number of members of each, comprising the State Association. The list shows 28 clubs, with an aggregate membership of 987. The largest club is the Pottsville Game and Fish Protective Association, which has 149 members; the Reading Shooting Association has 97; Harrisburg Shooting Association 55; Fulford Gun Club, of Humnelstown, 52; Keystone Shooting League, of Frankford, and Lancaster County Shooting Association, of Mountville, 49 each. The Westchester Gun Club, with 13 members, is the smallest. The officers of the State Association are: Pres., C E. H. Brelsford; Vice-Pres., N. A. Hughes; Treas., Jas. Wolstencroft; Sec'y, J. H. Worden. Cor. Sec'y, W. D. Eller. Board of Directors: Harry Thurman, F. F. Davidson and H. C. W. Matz.

In addition to the very attractive programme of shooting events, a synopsis of which is given below, the committee has arranged for a summer-night's festival at the Black Bear Pavilion on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday evening there will be an excursion up the Neversink Mountain and on Thursday evening an excursion over the gravity road to the Tower. The annual meeting of the State Association will be held at Matz's saloon, corner of Tenth and Muhlenberg streets, at 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening.

Keystone targets and live birds will be used; shooting will begin at 9 A. M. each day; targets will be deducted from the entrance money at three cents each, and all ties in target events will be divided. The following prizes will be contested for.

American Wood Powder Co.'s silver cup, to be awarded to the club whose team designated as "No. 1" shall make highest average shooting in the following six events: Tuesday, teams of two men, match No. 1 at 10 singles, No. 2 at 15 singles; Wednesday, teams of four men, match No. 1 at 10 singles, No. 2 at 15 singles; Thursday, team of two men, match No. 1 at 10 singles and 3 pairs, No. 2 at 10 singles and 5 pairs.

Harrisburg Shooting Association's silver trophy, value $200, for team championship of the State, 6 men, 25 targets per man, to be shot on Tuesday.

Wm. Wolstencroft & Son's trophy, a medal, value $100, for individual championship of State, 50 targets per man, to be shot on Wednesday.

Reading Shooting Association's silver trophy, value $200, teams of 5 men, 25 targets per man, for championship of State, to be shot on Thursday.

Live-bird championship diamond badge, value $250, presented by citizens of Williamsport, 15 live birds, to be shot on Friday. The above prizes are to be held by the winner in trust for one year.

On each day there will be a State event at 20 Keystones, $3 entry, for 4 moneys. On Friday there will be five live bird events, open to the world. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday there will be ten Keystone events, open to the world. In the 10-target events the entry will be $1, 15 targets $1.50 and $2, and 20 targets $2 and $3. All the hotels will gives special rates.

### Shooting in Kansas.

MANHATTAN, Kan., July 23.—Inclosed find scores of match between teams of six men each from the Manhattan Gun Club, of this city, and the Wamego Gun Club, 10 targets per man, shot here to-day. Sweepstake events filled in the day:

Team contest:

| Manhattan. | | Wamego. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| G K Helder | 1011010111—7 | G Jenkins | 1110110111—8 |
| C Rehfeld | 0010010000—2 | H Crane | 1011101001—6 |
| G Flagg | 1000101111—6 | S D Pardee | 1100010100—4 |
| A J McCabe | 0001101110—5 | S Deweese | 1011011011—7 |
| H M Shepherd | 1000000000—1 | H E Porter | 1101101011—7 |
| W Shepherd | 0010111111—7—28 | J T Genn | 0100110111—6—33 |

First event, 10 single bluerocks: G. Jenkins 8, H. Crane 3, A. J. McCabe 4, H. E. Porter 4, C. M. Breese 1, S. Deweese 6, G. Flagg 8, J. J. Davis 5, S. B. Lald 3, S. D. Pardee 4, J. T. Genn 6, N. S. Mayo 3, H. M. Shepherd 7, W. Tegmeir 3, B. Harrop 7, G. K. Helder 7, W. Shepherd 5, C. Davis 3.

Third event, miss and out, 25 cents entrance, one money: H. Crane 1, S. D. Pardee 4, S. Deweese 8, H. M. Shepherd 0, J. T. Genn 1, H. E. Porter 4, W. Shepherd 0, G. K. Helder 4, G. Flagg 0, A. J. McCabe 1, G. Jenkins 2.

Fourth event, 10 singles, unknown angles, 50 cents entrance, four moneys: A. J. McCabe 4, G. Flagg 6, B. Harrop 1, G. K. Helder 6, H. E. Porter 4, S. Deweese 5, S. D. Pardee 6, J. G. Jenking 7, H. Crane 5, J. J. Davis 4, J. T. Genn 5, H. M. Shepherd 2.

Fifth event, 4 pairs double, G. Jenkins 7, H. Crane 5, G. Flagg 6, A. J. McCabe 2, O. McCormick 3, S. D. Pardee 3, S. B. Lard 4, W. Shephern 1, H. E. Porter 3. S. Deweese 5, W. Tegmeier 2, J. T. Genn 4, B. Harrop 3.

Sixth event, team contest, 5 bluerocks, per man, two men choose sides, losing side to pay for bluerocks: G. Flagg 2, S. Deweese 4, H. E Porter 1, G. K. Helder 2, W. Shepherd 1, H. M. Shepherd 5, O. McCormick, E. McDonald 0, S. B. Lard 0; total 19. G. Jenkins 5, J. T. Genn 4, A. J. McCabe 2, S. D. Pardee 0, J. J. Davis 2, W. W. Mills 3, C. Rehfeld 4, W. Tegmeier 2, H. Crane 2; total 25.

### North Star Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 23.—The following scores were made at the North Star Gun Club's weekly shoot yesterday:

Twenty-five singles: Marshall 24, Nicholson 23, Warwick 22, Hobbs 21, Pike 20, George 19. Marshall won the "Sports and Amusements" badge.

Fifteen singles and 5 pairs: Smith 24, Marshall 23, Pike 22, Nicholson 22, Warwick 19, Hobbs 15, George 14. Smith won the *Journal* badge and Hernlund the junior badge.

There are but four more shoots to decide the ownership of the *Journal* badge, and the race is a neck and neck one between Smith, Marshall, Whitcomb and Carriel, and the winner cannot be picked until the last bird is shot at.

### The Boston Trap Shooters.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 23.—"Dan" Melcher did the best shooting in the merchandise match under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association to-Tay, and it was the first time that a clean score has been made in the series.

The match is at 15 singles and 5 pairs and he broke them all.

Gale was a good second with 24, and there were several who broke 23, making the best scores that have thus far been made in the match.

The scores made in this match follow: Class A—Perry, Stanton and Sanborn 23, Stone 22, Bradbury 20. Class B—Melcher 25, Gale 24, Warren 23, Gore 21.

### Falcon Gun Club.

THE members of the Falcon Gun Club still adhere to the old Long Island rules. H. and T. traps, the bird if killed with second barrel to count a half bird. Only five competed on Thursday July 21, at 10 birds each, 25yds. rise for the club's gold medal. John Bohling killed 10 straight with his first barrel and won. The birds were first class. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| J H Moeller | 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1½ 1 1½— 8 |
| J Bohling | 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10 |
| J A Herkmam | 1 1 1 1½ 0 1½ 1 1— 8 |
| J F Laeger | 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1— 9 |
| J Meyer | 1 1 0 1 1½ 1½ 0 1 1 1— 7 |

### The Erie Gun Club.

THE Erie Gun Club, for the first time in the past three months, held its regular monthly shoot on the date of fixture, the Wednesday succeeding the shoot of the Con-y Island Rod and Gun Club, which was last week, July 20, at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I. Each member shot at seven birds, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. J. Plate won the medal and first prize, C. Plate the second; the third was divided. Owing to the poor quality of the birds no other event was shot off. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Dohrman | 1112112—7 | D Lynch | 0111012—5 |
| C Plate | 2111011—6 | J Schmadeke | 1222110—6 |
| J Plate | 1111111—7 | C Mohrman | 1112020—5 |
| F Graff | 2020121—5 | M Elssasser | 1122011—6 |
| H Janskowski | 1121110—6 | H Plate | 1112110—6 |

## On the Chesapeake's Shore.

ONE of the most popular summer resorts for the people of Baltimore is Tolchester Beach, situated on the west shore of Chesapeake Bay, twenty-nine miles below the Monumental City. The sail from the city on the three-decker Louise is a delightful one, leading past Fort McHenry, Fort Carroll and other points of interest. The attractions at the beach are of the character to attract the young people, who flock there in hundreds every day and enjoy the delights of the carrousel, "Pike's Peak" gravity road, toboggan shoot, swings and a hundred and one other things. The place is a strictly temperate one, nothing stronger than soda water having been sold there for fourteen years. The outfit comprises an extensive grove, a base ball diamond, quarter mile driving track, boat houses, bathing houses, and a well-managed hotel. Scattered here and there are tables and benches to be used for lunching. There is also a moderate-sized dancing pavilion. Over a score of saddle horses are kept in connection with the track, and for a nickel the boys and girls are allowed to take a mile ride. All the amusements are of an innocent character and there are to be found none of the usual fake games for fleecing the unwary. The fishing in the vicinity is excellent, and while the young people are disporting on the green or under the shady trees, the fathers and brothers take a hand in trying to fill their creels. Taken altogether it is one of the best adapted places in the country for family excursions, and every day from June 1 to Oct. 1 the grounds are crowded.

The grounds proper are about 30ft. above the level of the Chesapeake, and just across the hotel lawn, on a level field just on the edge of the bluff, occurred on July 18, 19 and 20 one of the most enjoyable trap-shooting tournaments of the season. This was the eighth annual tournament of the Baltimore Gun Club, one of the oldest organizations in the State, and the one which met with such shabby treatment from the weather bureau in March when it gave a tournament at Acton's Park in connection with the Interstate Association. But last week the clerk of the weather was in a more amiable mood, and excepting for a couple of hours on the 19th the weather was all that could be desired.

The shooting began shortly after 11 A. M. on the 18th, at which hour the sky was clear as a crystal, Old Sol was sending down warm, very warm rays; there was scarcely breeze enough to produce a ripple on the face of the placid Chesapeake; a quarter of a hundred shooters were on hand; the great and only "Jack" Parker from Detroit was hustling hither and thither arranging to start the sport; General Manager James Malone was casting his weather eye about and looking pleased at the promising outlook; "Ned" Hall was seated in the cashier's chair "scooping" in the shekels, and various other club members were assisting in various capacities. Beside all this there was the jolly, good-natured, steady-nerved old veteran from Washington, "Billy" Wagner, with the same old "90 per cent. glasses;" Henry Gulick, and crack of the Capital City and president of the Capital City Gun Club; tall John P. Miller and his club mate, George W. Haddox, all the way from Winchester, Va., "just for fun, you know;" Dr. Fort ("Pierce"), from Ellicott City, Md., where he alternately practices medicine and and revolver shooting, and John A. Hartner, from Orangeville, Md., who holds the position of recording secretary of the local club.

This place is not the regular stamping ground of the club, and consequently there is no club house, but still there was good provision made for the comfort of the shooters. The traps, ten in number, were all of the "expert style, with North's electric pulling attachment. In rear of the score line was a big duck fly, 50ft. long and 15ft. wide, which provided shelter from the rays of the hot sun. In rear of this was another fly, 30x25, under which the boys also took their ease. To the left of the first mentioned fly was the cashier's and secretary's tent, and in front of this the blackboard.

Under the orders of the officers of this club it must be stated that on the opening day and to the close of the tournament every one of them was on the ground, and what is more, each one assumed his share of the work and also shot in the majority of the events. This is an exception to the general rule, and is worthy of note. The officers are E. C. Hall, President; J. P. Jones, Vice-President; Dr. Heber Smith, Secretary; John A. Hartner, Recording Secretary; J. R. Malone, Treasurer and Tournament Manager; J. A. Williar, Captain. Every one of these officers is not only a good shot, but an untiring worker as well.

The shooting was under the American Shooting Association rules, bluerock targets being used. The purses were divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and the sliding handicap devised by John Parker was used. This handicap, which has been adopted by the Michigan State Trap Shooters' League, was fully explained in FOREST AND STREAM of July 14. It seemed to catch the fancy of all the shooters present and not a complaint was heard. When shooting as experts one of three traps only are sprung for each man. Each alternate event on the programme was at fifteen targets, for merchandise prizes, the others being the usual sweepstake events. In No. 1, a sweepstake, and No. 2, a merchandise event, all the contestants shot as amateurs (known angles and traps). The handicap was not carried forward through the events in regular succession, but No. 1 handicapped No. 3, No. 3 handicapped No. 5, No. 2 handicapped No. 4, No. 4 handicapped No. 6, and so on. The targets were thrown 50 yards. The shooting throughout was first-class, that of Wagner being an exceptional feature as he broke 141 out of 145 shot at, getting 97 out of his first hundred. His first 25 were shot under the amateur rule; at 45 he shot from known traps, unknown angles, and at the others under the three-trap expert rules. Franklin also had his "shooting clothes on," as his average of 95.17 will show. Cantler with 92.41 and Hartner with 90 were also "out for blood." Ducker was only one bird short of 90. The events were as follows: No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry; No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50; No. 5, 20 singles, $2; No. 7, 10 singles, $1; No. 9, 15 singles, $1.50. Nos. 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 were merchandise events at 15 singles, 75 cents entry.

The following table shows the result of each match, along with the average of those who shot in five or more events. An asterisk (*) before the score shows that the contestant shot under expert rules; a dagger (†) under the North expert rule, all others being amateurs:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Edward | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 14 | 13 | .... |
| Brown | 7 | 11 | 14 | 10 | *15 | 9 | 6 | 14 | 13 | †7 | 73.10 |
| Vance | 7 | 8 | 13 | 10 | †12 | 9 | 7 | 13 | 12 | 7 | 60.60 |
| Linday | 5 | .. | .. | 15 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Malone | 6 | 12 | 10 | 11 | .. | 12 | 8 | 14 | .. | .. | 78.94 |
| Jorey | 10 | 11 | *8 | 11 | .. | 13 | 9 | 14 | †15 | †13 | 83.25 |
| Franklin | 10 | 15 | *14 | *13 | *19 | 13 | †10 | 15 | *14 | *15 | 95.17 |
| Smith | 9 | 14 | †13 | †13 | †15 | 11 | 8 | 11 | w | 13 | 82.30 |
| Cantler | 9 | 15 | †13 | *15 | †18 | *12 | 9 | 14 | †14 | †15 | 92.41 |
| Hartner | 10 | 13 | *14 | 14 | *18 | †13 | 8 | 14 | .. | †13 | 90 |
| Willey | 9 | 10 | †11 | 13 | 19 | 14 | *8 | †11 | 13 | 11 | 82.07 |
| Haddox | 9 | 13 | †12 | 10 | 18 | 13 | 8 | 12 | 14 | .. | 80.86 |
| Wagner | 10 | 15 | *14 | *14 | *20 | †15 | *9 | *14 | †15 | †15 | 97.24 |
| Miller | 8 | 11 | 12 | 11 | 17 | 13 | 7 | 14 | .. | .. | 80.86 |
| Osborn | 10 | 11 | *10 | 13 | 16 | 12 | 8 | 11 | .. | 13 | 80 |
| Henry | 9 | 14 | †12 | †14 | 17 | †13 | 9 | 13 | †15 | 12 | 88 27 |
| Ducker | 8 | 13 | .. | 15 | 17 | *13 | 9 | 12 | †14 | 15 | 89.23 |
| Bonday | 9 | 12 | †12 | 12 | 16 | 11 | 10 | 11 | .. | .. | 80.86 |
| Parker | 9 | 13 | †14 | 14 | *18 | †12 | 10 | 15 | *13 | *11 | 89.96 |
| Willies | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 19 | †15 | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .... |
| Mattingly | .. | 10 | 11 | 12 | 19 | 12 | *8 | 14 | w | †13 | 82.50 |
| Linthicum | . | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Hall | .. | 13 | .. | 14 | .. | †13 | 10 | 12 | .. | .. | 88.57 |
| Freeland | .. | .. | 12 | 13 | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |

In the last merchandise event Edward Mattingly, Jorry, Smith Williar, Hartner, Osborne and Parker shot off, miss and out for third prizes, which were won by Parker and Hartner.

Below is the detailed score of event No. 5, at 20 singles, $2 entry:

*Parker..11111111011011111118
*Franklin1111111111111111101—19
*Wagner.11111111111111111120
*Hartner..11111111111111111018
*Brown...10101111101011111015
†Smith....11111111111111010016
†Vance...01000101101110101012
*Cantler..11101011011111111118
Osborn...01111011110101111116
Willey....11111110111111111119
Haddox...11110111110111111118
Bonday...11010011111101101016
Mattingly1111111111111111019
Ducker...01111111110111111017
Henry....11111111111101100017
Miller...01101111011111111118
Williar..10111011111111111119
Linday...10111101101101111117

The majority of the shooters took the two-hour boat ride to Baltimore in the evening, but some dozen of them remained at the Tolchester Hotel over night, when they were lulled to sleep by the swash of the water on the shore, this being about the only sound heard after 9 P. M. There were some half-dozen guests besides, but at the hour named all had retired. While an extremely pleasant place during the day it is dull enough to please the most fastidious after the evening boat steams away. There is positively no way of passing away the time during the evening, not even a drink of soda water being procurable.

*Tuesday, the Second Day.*

opened with a portentous haze in the air, which gave notice that either rain or intense heat might be expected. When the Louise cast off her fastenings from the Light street wharf a light sprinkle set in, but this lasted only a few moments. At 11 o'clock, when she was made fast to the Tolchester pier, the sun was shining, but the before-mentioned haze was still hovering about, and before 12 o'clock the rain began to fall again. This was another short-lived shower, however, as the sun soon reappeared, only to disappear at intervals, during each of which there was a shower. None of these bursts, however, interfered with the sport of the day.

This was expected to be the big day of the meeting, the premier attraction being the match for teams of ten men each at 25 bluerock targets per man, $10 entry per team for cash prizes of $50, $25 and $10 respectively to first, second and third best teams. This was a much talked of event for which teams were entered by the Capital City Gun Club of Washington, D. C.; Standard Gun Club of Baltimore and the Baltimore Gun Club. These teams had met in the arena before, and so evenly were they matched that the odds in favor of any one of them were very light. The shoot was called about 1:30 P. M., and I am fain to confess that it was one of the most hotly contested affairs held for many a day. The work of the Capital City team, who won first prize, was away above the average, their score of 232 out of 250 targets being so far as I can learn the highest on record. The first man on the list breaking only 19 out of his 25 targets seemed to have no effect on his team mates other than to stimulate them to more careful work, not a man going below 22. While the average of the team was 92.80, the last nine men averaged 94.66. Mattingly who was first on the list has recently passed through a severe illness, otherwise he would have rolled the aggregate up still higher.

The team of the Standard Gun Club was also in fine fettle, as its total of 227 breaks will show, this being an average of 90.80. The Baltimore Gun Club, which up to this time had a clean record of wins for all matches shot, was away below its usual form, beside being short of some of its regular team members. There is a great deal of allowance to be made for Malone, who made the low total of 14 breaks. All day on Monday and up to the time the team match was called on Tuesday "Jimmy" had been bustling hither and thither looking after the general running of affairs, beside taking part in the various events. The result was that when called upon to shoot on the team his nerves, which had been on a taut tension all along, failed him, as was perfectly natural. To play the part of "chief hustler" at a two days' shoot, with the mercury well up in the 90's is not the best thing in the world to fit a man to undergo the strain of a team contest. The Standard team claimed to be short one or two good men, while the Capital Citys were minus the great and only Joe Hunter.

Previous to the team shoot the programme events were being hustled off, the opening contest having thirty-three entries. About noon the party was called upon to welcome Wm. F. Summerson, of Staunton, Va., who can be depended upon to be on hand whenever he is able to find a chance to pursue his favorite pastime. The shooters all gave him a hearty greeting. The work thoughout the day was of a high order as a look over the table of averages will show. Wagner was in magnificent form, rolling up an average of 98.26 and making a run of 67 straight before losing a target. Cantler with 95.20, Jack Parker with 93.60, Ducker with 92.22, Buckbee with 91.24, and Mills and Evans with 90.43 each also showed to good advantage. In event No. 2 at 15 singles with thirty-three entries the average was 88.88, and in No. 5 at 25 singles with twenty-four entries the average was 88. This is a fine showing under any conditions. The events were as follows: No. 1, 10 targets, $1 entry; No. 2, 15 targets, 75 cents entry, for merchandise prizes; No. 3, 15 targets, $1.50 entry; No. 4, team match, ten-men teams, 25 targets per man, $10 entry per team; No. 5, 25 targets, $5 entry; No. 6, 15 targets, $2 entry; No. 7, 5 pairs, $1 entry; No. 8, 10 singles, $1 entry. Results and averages:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wagner | 10 | *15 | *15 | 25 | 24 | 15 | 9 | .. | 98.26 |
| Osborn | 8 | 13 | .. | 24 | 23 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Ducker | 8 | 14 | 14 | 23 | 24 | .. | .. | .. | 92.22 |
| Parker | 8 | 13 | 13 | 25 | 23 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 93.60 |
| Henry | 9 | 14 | †13 | 24 | 20 | 12 | 7 | .. | 86.08 |
| Brown | 9 | .. | †9 | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Franklin | 10 | 13 | *14 | 23 | 23 | 13 | 8 | 9 | 82.40 |
| Malone | 8 | .. | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .... |
| Miller | 6 | .. | 13 | .. | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Happers | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Mills | 10 | 13 | *11 | 24 | 24 | 15 | 7 | .. | 90.43 |
| Arnold | 9 | 14 | †13 | 23 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Evans | 10 | 12 | *10 | 25 | 24 | 14 | 9 | .. | 90.43 |
| Bond | 6 | 15 | 14 | 25 | 22 | 14 | 7 | .. | 89.56 |
| Haddox | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Tracy | 8 | 12 | 11 | 21 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Clements | 9 | 13 | .. | 21 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Lupas | 7 | 12 | .. | 24 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Buckbee | 8 | .. | 12 | 24 | .. | 15 | .. | .. | 91.24 |
| Price | 9 | 14 | .. | 22 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Pruitt | 9 | 13 | †14 | 23 | 21 | 14 | 8 | 8 | 88 |
| Happer, Jr | 9 | 15 | †13 | 23 | 20 | .. | .. | .. | 88.88 |
| Davall | 7 | 15 | .. | 24 | 15 | 15 | 2 | .. | 88 |
| Willey | 9 | 12 | *7 | .. | 16 | .. | .. | 7 | 80 |
| Fristo | 10 | 14 | *12 | 22 | 22 | .. | .. | .. | 88.88 |
| Bonday | 6 | 10 | 13 | .. | 25 | 14 | 9 | 10 | 87 |
| Hartner | 9 | 15 | .. | 22 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Barker | 7 | 11 | 12 | .. | 23 | 10 | .. | .. | 78.75 |
| Cantler | 10 | 13 | *12 | 25 | 24 | 14 | 10 | 10 | 95.20 |
| Smith | 10 | 14 | *14 | 20 | 22 | 15 | 7 | .. | 88.69 |
| Lindsay | 9 | 12 | .. | .. | 21 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| McCloud | 8 | 13 | .. | 25 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Williar | 7 | 12 | .. | 22 | 24 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Hicks | .. | 13 | 12 | 22 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Mattingly | .. | 14 | 11 | 19 | 21 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Euston | .. | 13 | 14 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Jorey | .. | 13 | 13 | 21 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .... |
| Spikes | .. | 14 | .. | .. | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Hall | .. | .. | .. | 24 | 19 | .. | .. | 8 | .... |
| Summerson | .. | .. | .. | .. | 23 | 12 | 8 | 10 | .... |
| Taylor | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .... |
| Edward | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .... |
| S Cantler | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .... |
| Mauldin | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .... |
| Warfield | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .... |

THE GREAT TEAM CONTEST.

Capital City Gun Club.

Mattingly....1111101110011001110111111—19
Mills....1111011111101111111111—24
Fristoe....0111011111111111101111111—22
McCloud....1111111111111111111111111—25
Osborn....1111111111111111111111110—24
Pruitt....1111111011111111111111191—23
Wagner....1111111111111111111111111—25
Arnold....1101111111111111101111—23
Happer, Jr....1011111111111011111111—23
Gulick....0111111111111111111111111—24—232

Standard Gun Club.

Franklin....1111111111111111111110110—23
Jorry....1011111111010101111111—21
Evans....1111111111111111111111111—25
Price....0111111111111111111111011—22
Devall....1011111111111111111111111—24
Hicks....1111111111101111011111011—23
Tracy....1100110101101111111111111—21
Lupas....1111111111111111101111—24
Buckbee....1111111101111111111111—24
Clements....0110111111111101111110111—21—227

Baltimore Gun Club.

Ducker....1111100111111111111111111—23
Parker....1111111111111111111111111—25
Smith....1101111011011111111111010—20
Hartner....1111101101101111111111111—22
Hall....1101111111111111111111111—24
Bond....1111111111111111111111111—25
Cantler....1111111111111111111111111—25
Malone....0100111001001001111111110—14
Brown....0100011001010101111111110—18
Williar....1111101111111111111111001—22—218

No. 5, 25 targets, $5 entry:

Linday....1110011111101111111011111—21
Willy....0100101111010010111111110—16
Soikes....1101111011111010011110111—19
Miller....1111101011101101011111101—19
Hall....0001100111111111111101111—19
Wagner....1111111111011111111111111—24
Mattingly....0111101111011111111111101—21
Pruitt....1110111110010111111111111—21
Parker....1111111111111111011111110—23
Mills....1111111111111111111111110—24
Henry....1011111111101011100111111—20
Happer, Jr....1011101101110011111111111—21
Frestoe....1111111001111101111111111—22
Barker....1111111101111111111111111—24
Evans....1111111111111111111111111—25
Bond....1111111011111111001111111—22
Osborn....1110101111111111111111110—22
Franklin....1111111111111111111111111—25
Duvall....1111111111111111111111111—25
Cantler....1111111111111111111111110—24
Summerson....1111111011111111111111111—23
Ducker....1111111110111111111111111—24
Smith....1111011111101111111111111—22—65

Penrose....1111111101111111101110111—22
Hartner....1111111111111111111111110—24
Cantler....1011111111111111111111010—22—68

Bond....1111111111111111111111111—25
Ducker....1111111111111111111111111—25
Bondy....1111101111111111101111111—23—73

Hall....1111110010110111011001001—16
Jorey....1111111010111111111101111—23
Smith....1111110111010111111111111—23—62

The scores in tabulated form are shown below. No. 1 was at 10 targets, $1 entry. No. 2, 15 targets, $5 entry, for merchandise prizes. No. 3, team race, 3-men teams, 25 targets per man, $6 entry per team. No. 4, 15 targets, 75 cents entry, for merchandise prizes. No. 5, 10 singles, $1 entry. No. 6, 15 singles, 75 cents entry, for merchandise prizes. No. 7 10 singles, $1 entry. No. 8, 5 pairs, $1 entry. No. 9 and 10, 10 singles, $1 entry:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Willey | 8 | 11 | .. | 10 | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 72.30 |
| Parker | 10 | 13 | 23 | 15 | *9 | *13 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 90.76 |
| Summerson | 10 | 15 | 22 | *8 | *7 | 13 | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | 80.00 |
| Penrose | 8 | 14 | 22 | †12 | 8 | 11 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 79.23 |
| Hartner | 9 | 15 | 24 | *12 | †8 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 92.22 |
| Jory | 7 | 10 | 23 | 10 | .. | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 78.75 |
| Bond | 10 | 12 | 25 | 15 | *8 | 12 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 89.23 |
| Bonday | 7 | 9 | 23 | 13 | 9 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 80 |
| Cantler | 9 | 14 | 22 | †13 | †9 | 11 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 86 |
| Smith | 9 | 10 | 23 | .. | .. | 14 | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | 85.88 |
| Malone | 10 | 12 | .. | *5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Osborn | 9 | 14 | 20 | †14 | †5 | †12 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 83 |
| Wood | .. | 10 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| S Cantler | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Ducker | .. | 14 | 25 | †12 | .. | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Hall | .. | 11 | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Hooper | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 8 | .... |
| C Smith | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .... |

It was about 6 o'clock when the tournament was brought to a close, and twenty minutes later a tremendous thunder shower came up, the rain falling in torrents for nearly an hour. Such a hurrying and scurrying to escape the elements is seldom seen. Scattered about the grounds were nearly 2,000 excursionists, abot three-fourths of whom were children dressed in the lightest of summer clothes. These all made a mad rush for the Louise, as though that was their only safety. Once on board it was found that owing to the fact that the heavy blow had sent a large portion of the water off the flats the steamer was hard aground, and it was only by driving about one-half the people to the shore that she was floated. Before the boat reached the Monumental City the shower passed by, the sky was clear and the rest of the night was intensely warm.

From start to finish the tournament was a very pleasant affair, with good management and the best of good feeling prevailing. The attendance was equal to the average tournament of the day, and in fact was considerably above some of them. The officers and members of the home club did all in their power to cater to the comfort of their guests. The targets and traps worked well and the merchandise prizes were of sufficient value to put vim into the contests. The club was satisfied with its venture despite the fact that on Tuesday evening some vandal stole about $30 worth of prizes, including a gold-headed silk umbrella. These prizes were made good by the management. C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., July 22.—The regular shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association took place here to-day, the weather conditions being fine. A light westerly wind was blowing. The conditions were 25 kingbird targets per man, thrown from 5 kingbird traps, A. S. A. rules. Contest No 1 was the regular club prize shoot and No. 2 was for the club medal. The results:

Club shoot:

Kilbourne....1111111111111111111100111—23
Hunter....1111111111111111111111111—25
Henning....1110100111101101111111011—19
Booth....1111111111111011111111111—24
Klages....1010000110011000100000111—11
Hicks....1011000000100101111000100—10
Weed....1010111111111111101000111—19
Knowlton....1111111011111111111110111—23
Mayhew....1111111101111011111111111—23
Gates....1111111011101101010111111—20
Sherman....0001100011001111111100111—15
Mizney....0011101111101110101110111—18
Pfeiffer....1111111111101111111111111—24
Smyth....1111101111111111111111001—22
Elliott....1111111111111111111111111—25

Badge shoot:

Hunter....1111111111111111111111111—25
Booth....1111111111111101111111111—24
Smyth....1111111101111111111111111—24
Kilbourne....1111001101111111111111111—22
Henning....0001110011010101100001111111—16
Knowlton....1101111101111111111111001—22
Klages....1101101001100110w.
Mayhew....1111101111101011111111111—22
Elliott....11111101111w.
Sherman....1001010110111110001010101—14
J Pfeiffer....0100011110011001000101111—12

## Passaic City vs. Boiling Springs.

THE members of the Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club journeyed from Rutherford to Passaic on July 16, and shot a match against the Passaic City Gun Club, on the latter's grounds. The weather was delightful and the members of the home club exerted themselves to make the visitors feel at home. The grounds were in splendid condition, and the traps and targets worked perfectly, as they invariably do at this place. The match was for teams of 10 men each, at 25 targets per man, the scores being appended;

Passaic City Gun Club.

Abbott....1170011010111111100101010—17
Kelley....0000001111110010100000011—11
Wise....1111101111111111111101013—23
Gaston....0110111111111111111111101—22
Coman....1111111101011110101010110—19
Shaw....1111111111111111111111110—23
Vermerol....1111110110011111111111110—20
Fevitt....1011110111001101111111101—20
Jelleme....1011110111001111111111101—19
Hemion....0010110111110011011011111—17—192

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Paul....0101111111101111111010110—19
Frank....1000011101110011010001101—13
Coe....0101010100011000101111011—13
Wood....1100301111111101011011011—18
Jennerette....1011110101101100101011—16
C Collins....1011001000100101011030000—10
James....1111111011110001100101—18
Meyer....1010110100110111111111101—17
Peck....1001000101000120100001101—10
W Henry....0010110100111111101110010—15—149

**Chained to Business?**

Can't go fishing? Make the best of it. Read FOREST AND STREAM.

Cantler....1111111111111111111111110—24
Summerson....1111111011111111111111111—23
Ducker....1111111110111111111111111—24
Smith....1111011111101111111111111—22—65

Penrose....1111111101111111101110111—22
Hartner....1111111111111111111111110—24
Cantler....1011111111111111111111010—22—68

Bond....1111111111111111111111111—25
Ducker....1111111111111111111111111—25
Bondy....1111101111111111101111111—23—73

Hall....1111110010110111011001001—16
Jorey....1111111010111111111101111—23
Smith....1111110111010111111111111—23—62

## The Peoria Shooting Club.

PEORIA, Ill., July 16.—The annual tournament of the Peoria Shooting Club was opened on July 12 and closed to-night. The shoot was held at Tonty Park, about four miles north of Peoria. The weather on the opening day was extremely warm and in consequence the attendance was light. Among those who were present was the Hon. Thos. A. Marshall, of Keithsburg; Rexroat, of Virginia; Penns, of Decatur; Thos. Taylor and Wm. Dunn, of Jacksonville; Chas. Williard, of the Colt Gun Company, and Ed Bingham, of Montgomery, Ward & Co., Chicago; Pendergrast, Mead, Haggerty and Redman, of St. Louis; Soloman, of Springfield; and Budd, of Des Moines.

On Thursday the heat made the shooting anything but pleasant and most of the shooters decided to start for home. Under the rapid-firing system a three-days' shoot will give all the shooting one desires. There is really no pleasure in this style of shooting and the majority of Americans will gladly welcome a return to the old style, under the old National rules, when they can do away with the machine work of shooting from known traps at known angles. The sooner we return to old times the better.

Below are the results of the various events:

No. 1, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Prendergast | 011101111111111—13 | Ide | 111110111110101—12 |
| Hagerty | 111111111111110—14 | L J McGee | 101111111101111—13 |
| Mead | 111111111111111—15 | Fontier | 111111111111111—15 |
| Walbert | 111110111110111—14 | Powers | 111101111111111—14 |
| Dixon | 111111111011111—14 | Rex | 111111111111111—15 |
| Boring | 111111010011111—13 | Budd | 111111011111111—14 |
| F Nelson | 111111111111110—14 | Emery | 111111110110111—13 |
| Brawn | 111111090111011—12 | Black | 111111111111111—15 |
| Pugh | 111111111111111—15 | Plattner | 111111111111111—14 |

No. 2, 15 singles, $1 50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Walport | 111101111110700—10 | Dixon | 111001111101110—11 |
| Poe | 111111111111111—15 | Black | 111111111111111—15 |
| Pondetill | 111110111111111—14 | Fortier | 011111010011110—10 |
| Hagerty | 111111111111101—13 | Howett | 111100111011111—12 |
| Porders | 111111011111111—14 | E C Bartlett | 111111111011111—14 |
| Budd | 111111111111111—15 | Fritz | 101111011100111—11 |
| Rex | 111111111111111—15 | Childs | 100111001011000— 7 |
| Nelson | 111111010010010—10 | Schilling | 011111001111011—11 |
| Mead | 111111111111111—15 | Brown | 100111011111111—13 |

No. 3, 15 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pendergrss | 111111111001111—13 | Buring | 111111011111111—14 |
| Pugh | 111111011111111—14 | Grim | 111111111111111—15 |
| Powers | 111111111011111—14 | Budd | 111111111111111—15 |
| Hagerty | 100111111111101—12 | Mead | 111110111111111—14 |
| Foutier | 111111111010111—14 | Brown | 111111111011101—13 |
| Ide | 101101111101101—11 | Homett | 101111100011000— 8 |
| Nelson | 010111010101001— 9 | Black | 111111111111111—15 |
| Walpert | 111111111011011—13 | Gillen | 110101111010111—11 |
| Dixon | 111111111111111—15 | Plattner | 011111111111111—14 |
| Harris | 000011111101011—10 | Fritz | 011111111101111—13 |
| Rex | 111111111011111—14 | Bartlett | 011111110100111—11 |
| L J McGough | 011101111111110—11 | Coulton | 101111111001001—10 |

No. 4, 20 singles, $2 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pender | 111011111011111011—17 | Mead | 111111111111111111—20 |
| Pugh | 111111111111011111—19 | Budd | 111111111111111111—20 |
| Powers | 101111111111111111—19 | Walpert | 111110010101111101—16 |
| Rex | 111111111111111111—20 | Fortier | 111101111010111100—15 |
| McGough | 101100111111111111—17 | DeMarr | 100111110101111010—14 |
| Hagerty | 111111111111101111—19 | Grimm | 111111111111111111—20 |
| Dixon | 111011111111111101—18 | Black | 111111111111111111—20 |
| Bouring | 111111111111110011—18 | Plattner | 101111111111111111—19 |
| Brown | 110111111110101111—17 | Bartlett | 101111011111101000—14 |

No. 5, 25 singles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Haverty | 1111111111111111111101111—24 |
| Pender | 1101111001110111111111111—21 |
| Budd | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Powers | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Pugh | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Rex | 1111111111111011111111111—24 |
| Dixon | 1111111111111111111000111—22 |
| Walpert | 1111111010111001001001010—15 |
| L J McGough | 1000011111111111111101101—20 |
| Marshall | 1111110111101111111111110—23 |
| Black | 1111010111111111111101111—23 |
| E Wright | 0010101000011000011001101—10 |

No. 6, 10 singles, $1 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pugh | 1111111110— 9 | Fortier | 1111001111— 8 |
| Fritz | 1111111011— 9 | Budd | 1111111101— 9 |
| Dixon | 1010110011— 7 | Mead | 1111111111—10 |
| Marshall | 1111111111—10 | Golder | 1111111001— 8 |
| Powers | 1111111111—10 | Black | 1111110111— 9 |
| Wright | 1100000100— 3 | Grimm | 1101111111— 9 |
| Rex | 1111111111—10 | L J McGough | 1111101101— 8 |
| Walpert | 1100111011— 7 | Howett | 1101111100— 7 |
| Brown | 1101110111— 8 | DeMarr | 1011110000— 5 |
| Hagerty | 1111011110— 8 | Plattner | 1111111110— 9 |
| Pengrass | 1111110111— 9 | Shilling | 0111011111— 8 |
| Nelson | 1110111011— 8 | | |

No. 7, 10 singles, $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pugh | 1111111011— 9 | Powers | 1111111111—10 |
| Hagerty | 1101111111— 9 | Mead | 1111111111—10 |
| Marshall | 1111111111—10 | Fritz | 1111111111—10 |
| Pender | 1111111111—10 | Taylor | 1111111001— 8 |
| Black | 1111111111—10 | Fahnestock | 1111101101— 8 |
| Dixon | 1111111101— 9 | Grimm | 1011111101— 8 |
| Rex | 1111111111—10 | Spink | 1100111111— 8 |
| Wright | 1001000000— 2 | Shilling | 0100111111— 7 |
| Budd | 1111111111—10 | Read | 0111100111— 7 |

No. 8, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pugh | 111101111111101—13 | Walpert | 111111111111111—15 |
| Powers | 111111111011011—13 | Hagerty | 111111111111010—13 |
| Marshall | 111111111110111—14 | Grim | 111111111111111—15 |
| Fahnestock | 111111101111011—13 | Plattner | 111111111111011—14 |
| Rex | 111111111111111—15 | Budd | 111111111111111—15 |
| Gelo | 010011011101111—11 | Penrose | 011010001111001— 7 |
| Dixon | 111011111111111—14 | Mead | 111111111111111—15 |
| Taylor | 111111 1111101—14 | Penderse | 111111110111111—14 |
| Harrase | 110010110100111— 9 | Budd | 111101011111111—13 |
| Wright | 0101011 0000011— 7 | Howett | 110011101111010—11 |
| Brown | 111111111011111—13 | Fortier | 111111110101111—13 |
| Giles | 011010111111111—12 | Fritz | 011111111111111—14 |

No. 9, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Marshal | 111111111111111—15 | Dixon | 111101111111110—13 |
| Budd | 111111111111111—15 | Wright | 011000011110100— 7 |
| Powers | 111111111111111—15 | Mead | 111111111111111—15 |
| Pugh | 111111111111110—14 | Black | 111101111111111—14 |
| Pendergast | 111111011111111—13 | Grim | 101111111111110—13 |
| Hagerty | 101111111111110—13 | Fritz | 111111110111011—12 |
| Taylor | 111111111111101—14 | Fahnestock | 111111101001111—12 |
| Rex | 111111111111111—15 | Splianon | 111111111111111—15 |
| Walpert | 111101111111111—14 | Spellman | 111100111111111—12 |

No. 10, 10 singles, $1 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Marshal | 111111111—10 | Powers | 1111010011— 7 |
| Riel | 1110111111— 9 | Budd | 1011111111— 9 |
| Pugh | 1111111111—10 | Fahnestock | 1111111111—10 |
| Bingham | 0011111111— 8 | Walpert | 1111111111—10 |
| Dixon | 1111111111—10 | Howett | 1111101111— 9 |
| Wright | 0110100001— 4 | Spink | 1111110110— 8 |
| Taylor | 1111111101— 9 | Grim | 0111101111— 8 |
| Penderegras | 1111101111— 9 | Fortier | 1101111111— 9 |
| Hagerty | 1110111111— 9 | Black | 1111111110— 7 |

No. 11, 5 pairs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Perdrase | 11 10 11 11 11— 9 | Spellman | 01 01 10 10 10— 5 |
| Hagerty | 11 11 10 11 11— 9 | Solomon | 11 11 10 10 11— 8 |
| Walpert | 10 10 11 11 11— 8 | Black | 11 00 11 10 11— 6 |
| Brown | 01 10 01 01 11— 6 | Power | 11 11 10 01 11— 8 |
| Pugh | 11 11 11 10 11— 9 | Rex | 11 11 11 11 11—10 |
| Marshall | 10 11 11 10 00— 6 | Bighorn | 10 01 11 10 11— 7 |
| Mosbier | 10 01 10 10 10— 5 | Budd | 11 11 10 11 11— 9 |
| Fritz | 00 01 10 11 10— 5 | Taylor | 10 00 10 11 11— 6 |
| Spink | 11 11 11 11 10—10 | Fahnestock | 11 10 10 11 10— 7 |

No. 12, 20 singles, $2.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Power | 111111111111111111—20 | Hagerty | 011111111111111111—19 |
| Pugh | 111111111101111111—19 | Howett | 111111011111111011—18 |
| Pender-gras | 0100010w | Wright | 111111010110111010—14 |
| Spellman | 100110111011111111111—16 | Fahnestock | 111111111111111101—19 |
| Walpert | 111111110111111111—19 | Solomon | 111111111111111011—17 |
| Taylor | 111111111111111111—20 | Rex | 111111111110111111—19 |
| Bingham | 111111111111011111—19 | Fortier | 101110001111011111—15 |
| Budd | 111111111111111111—20 | Grim | 110111011011110111—16 |
| Marshall | 111111111111111111—20 | Black | 111111111111111111—20 |

*The Second Day.*

No 9, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bowers | 111111111111111—15 | Hagerty | 011111111110110—12 |
| Marshall | 110111111111111—14 | Rex | 111011111111111—14 |
| Walpert | 011111111110111—13 | Willard | 111111111110111—14 |
| Penegan | 111111111111111—15 | Bingham | 111111011111110—13 |
| Pugh | 111111111011111—14 | Budd | 111011111110110—12 |
| West | 101110111111111—13 | Solomon | 011111111111111—14 |
| Mead | 111111111111011—14 | Shilling | 101101101111110—11 |
| Taylor | 111111111111110—14 | | |

No. 10, 15 singles, $2.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Marshall | 011111111111111—14 | Walpert | 111100111111010—11 |
| Pugh | 111111111111110—14 | Mead | 111111111111111—15 |
| Powers | 111111111111111—15 | Budd | 111111111111111—15 |
| Hagerty | 111111111011111—13 | Taylor | 101111111106011—14 |
| Bingham | 101111011011111—12 | Solomon | 111011001001101— 9 |
| Willard | 110101110030111— 9 | Penegan | 111011100111110—11 |
| Rex | 111011111111111—14 | West | 111111111110101—13 |

No. 11, 15 singles, $2 50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pugh | 111111111111110—14 | Haverty | 111101111101111—13 |
| Marshall | 111111101111110—13 | Bingham | 101111111111110—13 |
| Solomon | 111110001111001—11 | Walpert | 111101110001011—11 |
| Buddj | 111111111111111—15 | Willard | 111110111110110—12 |
| Taylor | 101111111111114—14 | Coywood | 111111111101100—12 |
| Powers | 111111111111011—14 | Rex | 111111111111110—14 |
| Penegan | 111111111110111—13 | West | 100011011111111—11 |

No. 12, 20 singles, $2 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hagerty | 10111111111111111111—20 | Willard | 10111011111111111111—18 |
| Puch | 11111111111111111111—20 | Rex | 11111111111111111111—19 |
| Bingham | 11010111111111111111—18 | Budd | 11111111111011111110—18 |
| Marshall | 01101111111111111110—17 | Taylor | 11111110111010101101—16 |
| Powers | 10111111111111111111—19 | Solomon | 11111110011101110110—15 |
| Penderg't | 11111011041111110111—17 | West | 11111111111111111011—18 |

No. 13, 25 singles, $2,50 entrance:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mead | 1111111101111011111111111—23 |
| Pendergast | 1111111111111111111111100—23 |
| Pugh | 1111111011111111111111111—24 |
| Powers | 1111111111101111011111111—23 |
| Hagerty | 1111111110101101101111111—21 |
| Walpert | 0111101111111111111111101—21 |
| Marshall | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Bingham | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Solomon | 1101111101011011010110110—18 |
| Rex | 1011111111111111111111111—24 |
| Willard | 1010011101111111001101001—16 |
| Redman | 1111111111101111011101101—21 |
| Taylor | 0111111111111011111111111—23 |
| Budd | 1111111110101111011111111—23 |
| Hagerty | 1111111111111111111101111—23 |
| Walpert | 1111111111101111111111011—21 |
| Bingham | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Solomon | 1101111111111111111111111—25 |
| Rex | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Willard | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Redman | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Taylor | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Budd | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Hagerty | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Walpert | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Bingham | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Solomon | 1111

## Maplewoods and Independents Tie.

THE seventh monthly shoot of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, which was held on the grounds of the New Jersey Shooting Club, at Claremont, on Saturday, July 23, reminded one of the old-time tournament days when Claremont was in the Jersey circuit and when the tournaments there used to draw such well-known experts as Budd, Courtney, McMurchy, Heikes, Whitney, Albee, Mosher, Luther, Kleinz, Brewer, Carter, J. E. Miller, McAlpin, Skinner and dozens of others of like ilk. Those were the days when a man handed out his cash and took his chances on an even mark with all others and never thought of calling a winner a "shark." The opening shoot on these grounds was on Oct. 23 to 26, 1888, the first two days being at Keystones and the last two days at live pigeons. On the first day was seen the first exhibition for this section of the working of the Keystone rapid-firing system, with which the Jerseymen at once fell in love. The management of the grounds was at that time in the hands of the New York Suburban Shooting Grounds Association, of which Charles Richards was president. The grounds are situated on the main line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey about seven minutes' ride from the ferry. The grounds have a frontage of 1,000ft. on the railroad, and run back 530ft. along Caven Point road on the east and 500ft. along the canal on the west, being narrowed down to 300ft. in width at the northern boundary along Pacific avenue. At the junction of the railroad and Caven Point road is a station where all except express trains stop. After running the grounds with varying fortune for some time the old association ceased to exist and about a year ago they came into the possession of the New Jersey Shooting Club, the majority of the original members of the club having been members of the shooting contingent of the New Jersey Athletic Club of Bergen Point. The original club house still remains but the "grand stand" which was on the roof has been removed. Otherwise the building presents the same old appearance, except that it is considerably weather-beaten.

On the day of the League shoot it was fearfully hot on the shooting side of the building where the sun poured down in merciless fashion on the heads of the enthusiasts. Here what little air one could catch felt as though it blew through a furnace. On the railroad side of the house, where there is a 3ft. verandah, there was a decided change for the better, it being shady and cool. The interior of the house was like an oven.

The shoot was fairly well attended, there being nine clubs represented in the team match. Altogether, in the sweepstake events 50 shooters took a hand, although the highest number of entries in any one event was 33. The traps were in position at 8:30, but it was considerably before a crowd gathered. The prime hustlers in the affair were Messrs. Moore, Virden and Richmond. The team match was supervised by Neaf Apgar and W. R. Hobart. The shooting was from 5 traps, under the rapid-firing system. Two sets of traps were in use. The shooting was not kept up at as lively a rate as would have been the case on a cooler day, but nevertheless a fair number of targets were thrown, the aggregate being close to 5,000. With the facilities at hand and a day when the shooters were not in fear of being converted into grease spots these grounds should readily get away with 10,000 in a day's shoot.

In connection with this shoot there is just cause for complaint by the newspaper men, as not a single sweepstake score was kept in duplicate, nor was any effort made to see that duplicates were furnished. The majority of clubs when running a tournament seem to take it for granted that newspaper representatives have nothing to do but sit down and copy scores, not seeming to think that their employers may object to paying men for what is really the work of a boy. As has before been stated, clubs are ever ready to avail themselves of the use of the columns of the sporting press in order to advertise their shoots and attract a crowd, this advertising being cheerfully given them. Once they get the crowd on their grounds, however, the usefulness of the papers is supposed to be ended. This is not as it should be. Carbon paper costs but 50 cents per dozen sheets and every club should have a supply on hand in order that duplicates may be made of all scores shot. It requires as much work to make one as four copies, one good turn deserves another, and if the papers accord free puffing the clubs should reciprocate by furnishing carefully written duplicates of all scores. The team scores at the League shoots are always made in duplicate.

It was 2 P. M. when the team shoot was called, and during this contest W. R. Hobart and Al. Heritage acted as referees; Wm. Sigler and W. S. Simpson being the official scorers. The conditions were five men to a team, 25 targets per man. The clubs entered were the Passaic City Gun Club, of Passaic; Woodside Gun Club, of Newark; Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, of Rutherford; South Side Gun Club, of Newark; Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield; East Side-Mutual Gun Club, of Newark; Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood; New Jersey Shooting Club, of Claremont, and the East Orange Gun Club, of Harrison. Each club was supposed to have out a rattling good team, and some sharp work was expected. When the contest closed it was found that the Maplewood and Independent teams had tied for first honors on 110 breaks each, the South Sides scoring 103 and the New Jersey Shooting Club 102. In five out of six previous contests the Independent team had won first place alone. E. D. Miller, Independent, was high man, with 24; Soper, Independent, Deam, Sickley, and Drake, Maplewood; Phillips, South Side; Purdy, New Jersey; Post, Boiling Springs, and T. Dukes, East Orange, making 23 each. It is very rarely that a party of this caliber gets together without some clean scores being recorded. The tie in the team match was not shot off nor is it likely to be, as the Independents have already won first place, and the shooting-off of the tie cannot benefit the Maplewoods. Below are detailed scores of the team contest:

Passaic City Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Abbott | 01110111011011111111111011—20 |
| Hall | 10100011110101011100111111—17 |
| Coman | 01011101110010021001011—15 |
| Wise | 11101101101111101111111—21 |
| Shaw | 10011101013011180101111100—15— 88 |

Independent Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller | 11111111011111111111111111—24 |
| Apgar | 11111111111011111011101111—22 |
| Sigler | 01111011011111111111101110—20 |
| Soper | 00110111111111111111111—23 |
| Brantingham | 10111111111101111111011101—21—110 |

Maplewood G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| E Dean | 11111110111111101111111111—23 |
| W Smith | 11111111101110101101111110 19 |
| Sickley | 11101111111110111111111—23 |
| J L Smith | 11111111011011111111110—22 |
| Drake | 11111001111111011111111111—23—110 |

South Side G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall | 11111111111111110011011—22 |
| Hedden | 11111111111101011111111—20 |
| Hobart | 10101111111111011001111—20 |
| Paillips | 11110111111011111111111—23 |
| Heritage | 01111000110110100011111110—16—103 |

N. J. Shooting Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Moore | 11000111111101110111010—18 |
| Simpson | 11110011111101101111011—20 |
| Purdy | 11111111100111110111111—23 |
| Richmond | 11110111110100111111111—21 |
| Compson | 11101111111111111010010—20—102 |

Woodside G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Geoffroy | 11111101111001111111010—20 |
| Heller | 10000011111101100111011—15 |
| Van Dyke | 01111011111100111111111—21 |
| Cockefair | 11110111100111101010010—18 |
| Walters | 01111111101101011111111—21— 95 |

Boiling Springs G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| James | 01111101000101111111111—19 |
| Mayers | 10101111111111111101011—21 |
| F Collins | 00101010110111111011011—17 |
| Lindsley | 01111010111111001111011—18 |
| Post | 11111101111111111111011111—23— 98 |

East Orange G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| T Dukes | 11110111101111111111111—23 |
| S Hedden | 11100111011110011111110—18 |
| W Dukes | 11110101011110000101110—16 |
| Reaney | 10100103000110111101110—12 |
| Babbage | 11101101011101010111101—18—87 |

East Side—Mutual G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Korgel | 11101101001010101010001—14 |
| Schrafft | 00101011010000110111101100—12 |
| Hassinger | 11011110110100011110100101—16 |
| Schilling | 11111100110111111010001—17 |
| Hague | 01110011111110010011101—16—75 |

The sweepstake shooting went along merrily both before, during and after the team shoot, and below is found a tabulated record of the events. No. 1 was at 10 singles; Nos. 2, 4 and 6 at 15 singles; Nos. 3 and 5 at 20 singles; No. 7 at 25 singles; No. 8 at 20 singles;

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Average |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Breintnall | 9 | 13 | 18 | .. | 15 | 14 | 22 | .. | 96.66 |
| Sigler | 9 | 11 | 18 | .. | .. | 10 | 24 | 20 | 87.61 |
| Moore | 9 | 13 | 18 | 11 | 20 | 13 | 25 | 19 | 91.33 |
| C Hedden | 9 | 14 | 16 | 13 | 17 | 10 | 21 | .. | 83.33 |
| Hall | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Wise | 8 | 11 | 14 | 12 | 16 | 11 | .. | .. | 75.76 |
| Perkins | 9 | 10 | 16 | 11 | 19 | .. | .. | .. | 81.25 |
| Shaw | 4 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Collins | 7 | 11 | 18 | 12 | 13 | 8 | 17 | .. | 71.66 |
| Hobart | 8 | 14 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| J Smith | 9 | 13 | 13 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 76.66 |
| Coeman | 8 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Abbett | 5 | 11 | 18 | 9 | 17 | 8 | .. | .. | 71.57 |
| Simpson | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Brantingham | 10 | 12 | 17 | 15 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 82.66 |
| Soper | 8 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .... |
| Van Dyke | 10 | 15 | 20 | 14 | 19 | 13 | 22 | .. | 94.16 |
| Dean | 8 | 13 | 14 | .. | .. | 13 | .. | .. | 80 |
| Addison | 6 | 13 | 15 | 12 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | 78.75 |
| Drake | 8 | 14 | 18 | .. | 17 | .. | .. | .. | 87.68 |
| Compson | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 12 | .... |
| Everingham | 7 | .. | .. | 8 | 13 | 9 | .. | 16 | 66.25 |
| Miller | 10 | 13 | 19 | 13 | 20 | 13 | .. | .. | 92.63 |
| Koegel | 8 | 12 | 15 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 78.33 |
| Hassinger | 5 | 11 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Clarke | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| W Smith | .. | .. | .. | 17 | 15 | 17 | .. | 20 | 86.25 |
| Shrafft | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 6 | 8 | 11 | 20 | 56.73 |
| Lindsley | .. | .. | .. | 16 | 8 | 15 | 11 | 15 | 68.42 |
| Geoffroy | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Richmond | .. | .. | .. | 20 | 11 | .. | 12 | .. | .... |
| Phillips | .. | .. | .. | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Apgar | .. | .. | .. | 16 | 14 | 16 | 13 | 24 | 19 | 88.69 |
| Heller | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| D Valentine | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 16 | .. | .. | .... |
| E Valentine | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 16 | .. | .. | .... |
| S Hedden | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 9 | .. | .. | .... |
| Babbage | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 13 | .. | .. | .... |
| Meyer | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 10 | 11 | 20 | 77.40 |
| Peck | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Connor | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 11 | .. | .... |
| Sunderman | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 15 | .. | .. | .... |
| Russell | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 15 | 12 | .. | .... |
| Cockefair | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 12 | 18 | .... |
| Reany | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Grieff | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | 11 | 23 | 16 | 83.75 |
| Walters | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Hague | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Baker | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 11 | .. | 11 | .... |
| Craft | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .... |

Regular event No. 7, 25 singles, $2 entry:

| | |
|---|---|
| Apgar | 1111111111111111111111101—24 |
| Moore | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Grieff | 1011111111101111111113011—23 |
| Sigler | 1111111111111111111110111—24 |
| Lindsley | 0001111110110110100000110—15 |
| Collins | 1101100111101011110111001—17 |
| C M Hedden | 0111001111111111111111110—21 |
| Van Dyke | 0110111111111101111111111—22 |
| Cockefair | 1011110001011111011110—18 |
| Breintnall | 1011110111111111111011111—22 |
| W Smith | 1111011111111010101110—20 |
| Schrafft | 1111110111011011111111—20 |
| Meyer | 1011101111110011101111111—20 |
| Wooley | 0100010110110001001101010—11 |

The following extra events were also sho :

First extra events, 15 singles, 6 entries: Van Dyke 15, Miller 15, Simpson 15, Breintnall 14 C. Hedden 14.

Second, expert rules, 10 targets, 6 entries: Miller 9, Breintnall 9, Van Dyke 7, Simpson 7, Hedden 7.

Third, 15 targets, 9 entries: Van Dyke 15, Miller 14, Breintnall 14.

Third, 15 targets, 11 entries: C. Hedden 15, Breintnall 14, Collins 14, Moore 14, J. D. Smith 14.

Fifth, 15 targets, 10 entries: Van Dyke 15, Miller 14, Moore 13, Z gler 13.

Sixth, 10 targets, 4 entries: Apgar 10, Moore 9, Everingham 8, Z gler 8

Seventh, 15 targets, 3 entries: Apgar 14, Everingham 12, Moore 11.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Shooting at Hyde's Park.

THE Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., had splendid weather for its tournament, held at Hyde's Park, on July 21 and 22. While the sun was hot on the opening day, a pleasant breeze came over the mountains. The grounds were in elegant shape and the arrangement of the traps, etc., was satisfactory to all. Under the shade of the big trees "Dutchy" Smith served an appetizing chowder and fixings, to which full justice was done.

The attendance on the opening day while not as large as was anticipated was still heavy enough to make a very interesting affair. Among the shooters was Hon. J. Lewis Bumgardner, of the Penrose Gun Club, of Staunton, Va., who was recently elected commonwealth attorney of Augusta county and who has been recuperating at Long Branch, N. J., for a couple of weeks; Harry Hartlove and Charles Febrenbach, of the Wilmington (Del.) Gun Club; F. R. Bissell, of Chicago, Ill.; W. Fred Quimby, Charles M. Hedden and Ferd Van Dyke, of Newark; Eddy Collins, of West Hoboken; R. M. Manning, of the North Side Gun Club, of Maspeth, L. I.; E. D. Miller, of Springfield; and "Uncle Billy" Sigler, of Montclair.

"Tee Kay" Keller and "Dutchy" Smith played the part of chief hustlers during the day and managed to keep everbody in a jovial humor as usual. The great and only Sam Wilbur officiated in his old-time style at the cashier's window. All the shooting was at blue rock targets thrown from blue rock traps, one set of five and one set of three traps being used. All purses were divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets were charged for at the rate of three cents each and half a cent was deducted for each target thrown for the purpose of creating a fund to be awarded at the close of the day to those making the first to fifth best averages in order in the known angle events. The programme was as follows: No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry; No. 2, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry; No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 4, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 5, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 6, 10 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 7, 20 bluerocks, $2 entry; No. 8, 10 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 9, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 10, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 11, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 12, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry. Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 were shot under the rapid-firing system, known angles; the others were shot from known traps at known angles. Below is a tabulated account of the day's work:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sigler | 10 | 9 | 15 | 14 | 15 | 10 | 19 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 13 | 14 | 95.75 |
| Hedden | 8 | 10 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 9 | 19 | 9 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 86 66 |
| Miller | 9 | 8 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 9 | 18 | 10 | 14 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 95.75 |
| Collins | 9 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 7 | 20 | 9 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 87.37 |
| Apgar | 8 | 10 | 14 | 12 | 14 | 9 | 17 | 10 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 14 | 87.87 |
| Smith | 10 | 8 | 14 | 12 | 12 | 8 | 17 | 8 | 14 | 11 | 12 | 14 | 84 84 |
| Keller | 9 | 8 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 7 | 19 | 8 | 14 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 84 24 |
| Van Dyke | 10 | 10 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 10 | 15 | 9 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 14 | 90.30 |
| Brantingham | 9 | 7 | 12 | .. | 11 | 10 | 16 | .. | 14 | .. | 10 | .. | 80.90 |
| Manning | 9 | 10 | 15 | 12 | 10 | .. | 15 | .. | 15 | .. | 15 | .. | 80.80 |
| Febrenbach | 6 | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | ..... |
| Hartlove | 8 | 1 | 12 | .. | 13 | 7 | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 10 | .. | 71.11 |
| Bumgardner | 8 | 6 | 13 | 11 | 14 | .. | 17 | 4 | 13 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 74.83 |
| Soper | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 6 | 19 | .. | 13 | .. | 13 | .. | ..... |
| Quimby | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 9 | 11 | .. | ..... |
| Bissel | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | ..... |
| Scott | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | ..... |

The average winners were as follows:

1.—Sigler ..... 96.66
2.—Miller ..... 95.55
3.—Collins ..... 88.88
4.—Hedden ..... 87.77
4.—Smith ..... 87 77
4.—Manning ..... 87.77
5.—Apgar ..... 86.66
5.—Keller ..... 86.66
5.—Van Dyke ..... 86.66

No. 7, 20 singles, $2 entrance, known angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Apgar | ...11111110011111101111—17 |
| Bumg'rd'r | 10111101111111111110—17 |
| Hedden | 11110111111111111111—19 |
| Collins | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Brant'h'm | 11111010011111111111—16 |
| Manning | 01001111000111111111—15 |
| Smith | 11111111111111010011—17 |
| Van Dyke | 01111101111110110110—15 |
| Sigler | 11111111101111111111—19 |
| Mill-r | 11110111111111111110—18 |
| Soper | 11111111011111111111—19 |
| Keller | 11111111111111111110—19 |

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Apgar and Miller 10 each; Sigler, Smith, Manning, Van Dyke and Collins 9 each; Brantingham 8; Keller 7; Bumgardner and Hedden 6 each; Febrenbach and Hartlove 4 each.

Extra No. 2, same as before: Miller and Sigler 10 each; Apgar and Manning 9 each; Smith 8; Keller and Brantingham 7 each.

Extra No. 3, another of the same style: Hedden, Quimby, Apgar and Sigler 10 each. Miller, Collins, Keller and Hartlove 9 each Van Dyke and Soper 8 each, Manning and Smith 6 each, Febrenbach and Scott 6 each.

Extra No. 4, a wind-up at 10 singles: Smith and Apgar 9 each, Collins 7, Hedden, Hartlove and Keller 6 each.

*On the Second Day*

the weather conditions were fully as favorable as on Thursday, but the attendance was considerably lighter, a number of the visitors having left for their homes. Among the new-comers was "Father Time" Thurman from Germantown, Pa., and Milton F. Lindsley, of the American Wood Powder Co., of New York. With the consent of the contestants the regular programme was abandoned and a series of ten target events, $1 entry, filled in the day. During the afternoon there was a little excitement caused by a couple of picked team races, the results of which were as shown below:

First match:

| | |
|---|---|
| Apgar | 1111111011—9 |
| Hartlove | 1100011110—7 |
| Squier | 1111111110—9—25 |
| Smith | 1001110011—6 |
| Keller | 1111111111—10 |
| Febrenbach | 1110100110—6—22 |

Second match:

| | |
|---|---|
| Apgar | 1100011011—6 |
| Hartlove | 1101110101—7 |
| Squier | 1101111111—9 |
| Lindsley | 1101111111—9—31 |
| Smith | 1111011111—9 |
| Keller | 0011111111—8 |
| Febrenbach | 1111111011—9 |
| Thurman | 1111101101—8—34 |

Third match, 25 singles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lindsley | 0111111111111011111111—23 |
| Hartlove | 1011101101111010000111111—18 |
| Brantingham | 1111110111111111111111—24 |
| Soper | 1101111111011011011110110—21 |
| G Squiers | 1101101000111010111101—19—103 |
| Apgar | 1111111111111111111111—25 |
| Smith | 1111111111111111111111—25 |
| Thurman | 1111111111111111011111111—24 |
| Keller | 1101011111101110011000—15 |
| Teeples | 1010101111111111000110111—17—106 |

The scores and averages were as follows in the sweepstake events:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 9 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 86 |
| Thurman | 8 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 80 |
| Febrenbach | 6 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | ..... |
| Keller | 9 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 82 |
| Lindsley | 10 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 86 |
| Apgar | 9 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 81 |
| Hartlove | 7 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 9 | .. | 77.77 |
| Soper | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 78.33 |
| G Squier | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | ..... |
| W Squier | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | ..... |
| Teeple | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 7 | .. | ..... |
| Terry | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | ..... |
| Brantingham | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 8 | 9 | ..... |
| Voehl | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | ..... |

Of the above events No. 4 was for both barrels, gun below the elbow until target was thrown. No. 5 was at unknown angles, shooter standing at center score. No. 6 was a walking match. No. 8 was from unknown traps.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., July 16.—Our club has been quite inactive this summer, many of our members having been absent on business, some away to the resorts, etc., and our regular shooting days have found but a few of the boys present. Live birds always call out the boys, however, if they are in town, so I quietly collected a couple of hundred birds and on Thursday last notified all whom I knew were in town that we would have our regular club shoot on Friday afternoon, at inanimate and live birds. The day was rather too warm for comfort, but a fair turnout was present to enjoy the sport, and a lively shoot we had. We first tackled the inanimates, just to get our guns warmed up, with the following result:

No. 1, 10 single bluerocks: Smith 7, Hughes 9, Armstrong 3, Byrne 2, Millspaugh 7.

No. 2, 15 single bluerocks: Smith 13, Hughes 14, Byrne 2, Millspaugh 14, Armstrong 5.

No. 3, 15 single bluerocks: Smith 14, Hughes 14, Byrne 7, Millspaugh 13, Armstrong 5.

No. 4, 25 single bluerocks:

| | |
|---|---|
| Smith | 1111111111111111101110—21 |
| Hughes | 1111111111111011110111111—23 |
| Byrne | 0000011000010001000100000— 5 |
| Millspaugh | 0111011010111111101111111—20 |
| Armstrong | 1001011100001110100001111—13 |

No. 5, 15 single bluerocks: Smith 12, Hughes 12, Byrne 6, Millspaugh 11, Armstrong 6.

Many were anxious for the live-bird events, so at them we went, and a lively lot of birds we had, in fact I never saw a better lot of flyers for this season of the year; out of 190 trapped only three or four refused flight the moment the trap was sprung. They astonished many, as some of the goose eggs will attest.

No. 1, 5 live birds, American Association rules, $3 entrance, 3 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Warfield | 22222—5 | Hughes | 20102—3 |
| Runk | 23111—5 | Millspaugh | 10101—3 |
| Smith | 10111—4 | Rothrock | 00112—3 |
| Armstrong | 22112—5 | | |

Ties on first carried forward in next event, others div.

No. 2, 10 live birds, $5 entrance, same conditions:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Warfield | 0011'12000—5 | Rothrock | 1101202120—8 |
| Millspaugh | 1101121011—8 | Hughes | 0222221211—9 |
| Runk | 1212110112—9 | Smith | 1111100022—7 |
| Armstrong | 1002012202—7 | | |

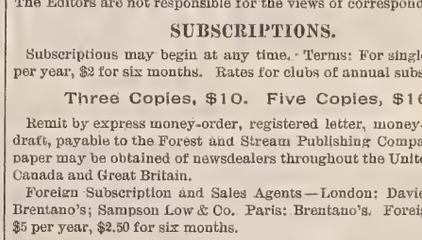
Runk won the tie in first match. All ties div.

No. 3, 15 live birds, $7 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Warfield | 101021010100222— 9 | Hughes | 1020111122210—12 |
| Millspaugh | 0221110101212201—11 | Smith | 1211110202211—13 |
| Runk | 2110012112111121—13 | | |

Ties div.

BESSIMER.




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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## *THE LONE TREE.*

THE last of its kind it stands alone in the midst of the wide, flat prairie. Immediately at its foot the cut bank breaks away, and beyond is the bed of the river, a broad expanse of white sand, interrupted here and there by narrow channels, through which the water flows. From the tree's top can be seen for miles east and west this verdureless bed of sand, and under the light of the morning and the evening sun its channels gleam and shine as if crooked bars of silver were laid across the colorless waste.

Here, many many years ago, stood a great grove of these trees, this one the furthest from the river. As time went by the course of the stream changed, and as it changed, the rushing waters, swollen by the melting snows which lay deep on the distant mountains, eat away the soil from beneath this grove, and one by one the tall trees bowed their lofty heads and fell into the stream. There they were rolled over and over and borne away by the current toward the Gulf, or were buried in the sands carried along by the hurrying torrent. Now there is left only this single survivor, a solitary sentinel overlooking the plain.

How long has it stood there? What has it seen since the time, when as a tender sapling it first pushed its pale green leaves above the grass toward the light? The deer and elk have brushed it as they passed, and birds have built their nests in its branches while they were still soft and green. As it increased in stature, it got to know all the animals of the plain and all the birds of the air. Each day it saw the buffalo come stringing in to water, and it watched them from the time when the herd first appeared a long way off, as a little dot against the distant sky, and then grew and became longer and longer, but still only a black line, until at last it could see that they were animals following one after another. Soon the herd reached the water, and drinking and climbing up the bank fed a little and then lay down. Ragged old bulls and little yellow calves alike rubbed their sides against the tree's rough gray bark, and after a while this bark near the ground was no longer rough and gray, but smooth and brown and shining, and in its crevices were left tufts of brown hair and wool, which the lark bunting and the white-winged blackbird and oriole found and snatched away to make soft beds in which their delicate eggs and their feeble, tender young should lie.

It learned to know the Indians, too, those wild rovers of the plains, who sometimes raced across the river bottom, piercing the fat cows with their feathered shafts, or rode slowly at the head of a great camp, with women and children and dogs and travois, and halted in its shade to make their camp. It had looked down on the women, hard at work dressing hides or drying meat, while black-eyed babies lashed to their boards stared about with solemn, unwinking eyes, and boys romped and shot arrows and chased each other about, and men reclined in the shade of the lodges and smoked and talked.

It had stood there long and had grown to be a great tree, still green and vigorous to its top, while such of its older fellows as were still standing were wind-swept and dead above, and each had only one or two living branches. And these its old-time comrades were growing few in number now, for each year the bed of the river was creeping nearer and nearer, and each spring those that stood nearest the bank were undermined by the waters. So at last it stood alone, a sentry keeping watch over the plain.

All the sights and sounds of the prairie it had seen and heard, but one day the tree saw a new thing. Far off on the horizon dark objects were coming as of old, but with them other objects which were white. Nothing like this had ever appeared before. As the shapes drew nearer and nearer they seemed still more wonderful, Indians on foot, but with white faces and beards, spotted long-horned buffalo followed by great white ill-shaped lodges —a train of wagons. These people called this the Lone Tree and camped under its shade, and the next day passed on, but that day and for many days after this the tree wondered at what it had seen. Afterward it saw many such comers, and travelers came to know the lone tree, and were glad when far off they saw it standing like a slender spire against the sky.

## *VERSATILITY.*

THE versatility of the typical American is admirably illustrated in his recreation as well as in his work; and an instance is afforded by the description Mr. Brelsford sends us of his gun camera, and the interesting specimen of work accomplished with it. The sportsman of Washington's day was taught to shoot, to ride, to cast the fly and speak the truth, in these later times a wider versatility and more varied accomplishments are demanded—among them the knack of photographing. That this accomplishment is possessed by a goodly number is abundantly demonstrated by the collection of pictures already received in the FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Competition. The ingenuity of the sportsman of to-day is shown in Mr. Brelsford's gun camera, devised by himself, and the capital specimen of work done with it is something which is creditable not alone to the individual who accomplished the feat, but to the American sportsmanship of the day. The pictures already received by us in the amateur contest give promise that the completed series will be a pleasing presentation of outdoor life with rod and gun as reflected by the camera; and the FOREST AND STREAM'S sportsmen's photograph exhibit at the World's Fair will deserve study and win appreciation.

## *IS THE SNIPE A "WATER FOWL"?*

THE question whether a snipe is or is not a water fowl, which is now agitating Chicago sportsmen, is not likely to be decided except by the courts.

The Illinois law of 1877 designated "any wild goose, duck, snipe, brant or other water fowl," in a subsequent section referring to these as "any of the wild animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in section one."

In 1879 the law was amended to read, "any wild goose, duck, brant or other water fowl," also using in another section the term "wild fowl" as synonymous with "water fowl." The present law retains in Sec. 1 the reading "wild goose, duck, brant or other water fowl;" forbids snaring "any wild goose, brant, duck, rail or other water fowl," and forbids the sale at certain seasons of "the animals, wild fowl or birds mentioned in Sec. 1." Evidently the law of 1878 included snipe among "water fowl," and the law of 1889 includes rail among "water fowl."

Manifestly the question is as to the intent of the legislature; the difficulty of determining this lies in the fact that the term "water fowl" is not susceptible of exact scientific definition. The lexicographers give us no help. It is quite certain, however, that the systematists in ornithology, who make the artificial classification into land and water birds, do recognize the snipe as belonging in the latter class. Nuttall many years ago, and more recently Baird, Brown and Ridgway in their great work on North American birds include the snipe among "water birds." If we use synonymous terms the snipe may fairly be called an "aquatic fowl." To this of course it may be objected that the term "water fowl" is used in this case in a special sense. Is a "water bird" of the systematists a "water fowl" within the Illinois law?

Many of our terms used in sport are hundreds of years old and come to us from England, and in English books on sport we may find hints on this somewhat obscure point. As Col. Bond and Mr. Bortree are bringing up old authorities, we offer them this from a work printed in 1792, 'The Sportsman's Dictionary; or, the Gentleman's Companion for Town and Country;" we find under the head, Fowl, the following definition:

"Of water fowls there are two kinds, fuch as live off the water and fuch as live on the water without fwimming in it, but wading and diving for it with their long legs: the other webfooted and fwim as the fwan, goofe, mallard, &c."

In describing the manner by which "waterfowl" are to be taken with "fnares and fprings," "woodcocks, plovers and fnipes" are mentioned. This doubtless will count on Mr. Bortree's side, although Col. Bond may well enough claim that the including of "woodcocks" shows the 1792 classification to be antiquated and not "a late authority."

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

It has been officially determined anew that one may not camp out in the wilds of New York city. There are inviting and umbrageous woods, running brooks and stretches of old farms run to waste, where the catbird calls in the hedges and Bob White pipes on the stone walls; but the would-be outer, who yields to these enticements and pitches his camp is destined to cruel interference. An oyster opener, out of work because oysters are out of season, and unable to pay rent, took to these woods with his family last week, and pitched his tent in the wilderness. At the end of a three days' outing the police captured them, and the children were turned over to the Aid Society to be cared for until the return of the oyster season shall provide work and wages for the father. "Nessmuk" once told us of an amusing attempt he made years ago to camp out for the night in Central Park, a project to which the police put a speedy and ignominous end.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," and than the shotgun and rifle and bowie knife and revolver. Armed with all of these, many a bold and courageous man would fail to "reduce to possession" the mighty and ferocious game he so comfortably and so expeditiously slays with his pen, when he sits down in the shade to work up an animal story for a Sunday newspaper.

A NOVEL fishing news item was given in the press dispatches last week, reporting the capture by fly-fishing of four salmon in the Hudson at Mechanicsville, July 29. Three of the fish were killed by Mr. Chas. Vandenburgh and the fourth by Mr. John Dyer, both of Ballston Spa. The weights were 8, 9, 11½ and 13lbs.

Newspaper publicity makes strange bedfellows. Two items in juxtaposition in one of the dailies last week recorded the heroism of a father who rescued his son, who had fallen into the water while fishing, and the fining of a Beaverkill (N.Y.) trout spearer who had speared a 5¾lbs. trout.

The Fort Myers (Fla.) tarpon record for the season from Jan. 1 to June 28, 1892, as printed in the *Press* of that town, shows a recorded catch of 200 fish, ranging from 4ft. 5in. to 7ft., and from 58lbs. to 184lbs.; 108 were over 6ft., and only six were under 5ft.

"Kingfisher" might be said to belong to the "realistic school" if that term were not applied to writers of fiction, and the "Kingfisher" chronicles are understood to be faithful relations of actual experiences. There is no disputing their claims to realism.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of the United States Fish Commission, and angling editor of FOREST AND STREAM, has just been appointed to the charge of the Division of Fish-Culture, a position which will give him larger opportunities in a chosen field.

The Amateur Revolver Championship now rests with Mr. Geo. A. Jantzer, who yesterday won it from Dr. Louis Bell. Mr. Jantzer must do better work the next time, however, or he cannot hold it.

"The Camp Keeper," which appeared in our issue of July 7, it should have been stated at the time, was drawn from an amateur photograph by Mr. A. Ames Howlett, of Syracuse.

# The Sportsman' Tourist.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—VIII.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### The Carp Lake Camp.

ABOUT this time our "trout tooth" began to bother us, each and severally, and Sam and I laid out a trip that night after the camp fire was built that promised to give us relief and some sport at the same time.

Something over a mile below on the opposite side of the lake was Alexander's Creek, out of which I took a 17in. trout in 1884, and we had taken a mess or two of good ones out of it the previous summer.

Thither we took our way in the ironclad next morning, Sam and I, with a big lunch wrapped in a paper, for we intended to be out all day for trout and bass. We stopped at Alexander's Point, across the lake, and caught a couple of dozen good big shiners with hook and line for bass bait, as we were going to cross over to "Cattail Point"—a noted place for bass—and fish along for maybe a mile or two below before turning back for camp. But we would fish the trout stream first, before the noon-day heat made the trout too lazy to bite.

We pulled down to the mouth of the stream and rowed carefully into a smooth, sandy beach, and when within 6 or 8ft. of the shore, with the boat at a standstill, I leaned over the side to scan the bottom for snags, when I heard a sw-i-s-h, and looking down near the stool on which I sat, there was a stream of water gushing up through another rip in that cussed canvas, this time on the larboard side nearly opposite the other one.

The water was not more than 4in. deep under us, and we stepped out with scant ceremony and pulled the boat up on the sand, and then I waded back to look far the cause of the calamity—like that would do any good after the damage was done.

There, sticking up out of the sand and barely discernible, was a snag an inch long of a broken-off limb on a log that the washing sand had covered out of sight except the little sharp point, and when I leaned over my weight had settled the boat squarely on it, from which only one thing could result—a hole in the canvas. Had we pulled in 4in. further to the north the boat would have gone clear.

Old Sam stood looking at the hole with an air of utter prostration, but he at last managed to give expression to his feelings with, "Shipwrecked agin, by the great gosh! I wouldn't give a nickel with a hole in it for a whole fleet o' sich boats, I wouldn't b'gosh."

We had seen an old skiff lying on the bank at the point as we came down and we decided to fish the stream up through the fields as far as the woods and then go to neighbor Schaub, living near the point, and borrow the boat to get back to camp in, first going back after the ironclad. We sunk the bucket of minnows under a root at the mouth of the stream, hid our coats and lunch in some tall grass near by and took our way up the stream, not very much discouraged over the mishap, but I won't chronicle the remarks we made about Brother Osgood, and canvas boats in general, lest it prejudice the reader a trifle against that species of water craft, and yet it was an accident that might not have been avoided, even with more vigilance in making the landing.

Next time we would maybe have "hoss sense" enough to bring along a needle and thread and piece of canvas, or at least needle and thread, in which case we could make shift with a piece of doubled shirt-tail till we got to camp.

We fished along quietly up into the last field next the woods pasture without any special happenings, taking a dozen or more good trout on the way, and it was open, comfortable fishing, too, for there was no tangle to bother us and make us warp a certain commandment, albeit old Sam always left it to "Jeems Mackerel" to do the "warping" when occasion required. When near the upper fence I had just picked out a finely-colored 9in. trout from under a big stump under which the water had scooped a deep hole, when I heard a bellow behind me, and looking over by shoulder I saw a big black bull coming toward me not 20yds. away, with a lot of other cattle following to see the fun, as I hastily figured it out. I knew there must be a couple more good trout under that stump, but I hadn't time to stay and have it out with them; the loss of a minute might complicate matters with the bull.

I jumped across the stream with an agility that would have made Old Sam smile had he seen the performance, without a thought of the hitch in the rheumatic old starboard knee joint, and before the bull was through with his little preliminary practice in the shape of pawing, bellowing, goring his horns into the soft ground and tossing a handful or two of earth over his back—as he was going to do me—I was on the further side of the fence, rod, trout and bait box, with a rent in the rear of my breeches made by an unfriendly knot on a fence rail as I slid over, shouting to Sam, who was coming up a hundred yards below, to "look out for the bull, and make a wide 'come around' to the left and climb the fence at his earliest convenience, or he might run into trouble."

When the bull had plowed up a yard or two of ground with his sharp horns, he straightened up and took a brief intermission to look in the direction where I had been, but I wasn't there, and I took comfort to myself for my absence, not counting the rent in my breeches.

He soon spied me shaking my fist at him, which I felt safe in doing as there was a good fence between us, and started with a warlike bellow straight for the fence, but stopped when he got to the stream.

He eyed me sullenly for maybe a minute, and then started to tear up the ground again with his horns right at the banks of the stream.

There must have been a friendly root in sympathy with me near the bank, for as I watched him he sunk a horn in the earth, and giving a great surge of his powerful neck the horn did not come up—it had caught under a root, and he threw himself flat of his back and rolled into the stream, at which I rejoiced vehemently and laughed till my sides ached; nor could I help shouting at him, "Goody, you black devil; I only wish you had broken your cussed neck." The water was less than a foot deep where he rolled in, and he was directly on his feet again, the most crestfallen-looking bull I reckon in the whole State of Michigan.

He shook his head in a dazed sort of way, gave a couple of snorts without once looking in the direction of the cause of his discomfiture and started slowly back to the other cattle, who not having perhaps enjoyed the turn of affairs as well as I, had quietly resumed cropping the short grass.

That hidden root was something that he could'nt quite understand, and it had knocked the conceit and "big injun me" air entirely out of him and he went to feeding with the other cattle with a look of humility that moved me to another fit of hilarity.

I left him to his grass and reflections and turned to the stream again, better satisfied doubtless with the outcome of the "episode" than the black bull.

Just above the fence was a mass of drift lodged against the bottom rail where the stream ran under it, and above this I dropped in the freshly baited hook, letting the current carry it under the drift, and in less time than it takes to mention it, I swung a trout out over the low bank that was about equal in size to the one taken at the stump where the black bull came to grief.

By this time Sam had climbed the fence 50yds. away and came up to "jine me" in another laugh over "gittin' one on the bull," and then he rasped out the introductory lines of old Bill Schroll's favorite ditty—

> "The old black bull came down from the mountains,
> Long time ago;
> He pawed up the ground an' then he bellered,
> Long time ago."

We felt under the drift for another trout, but not finding one crossed the lane and climbed another fence, to fish the stream up to the woods a hundred yards or more to the last hole, a deep pool under the roots of a great elm where I fooled the 17in. trout some years before 1884.

Two years before, little Ed. Vedder—my boy chum—and I had been chased away from this pool and out of the field "a whoopin'" by a red bull, and when I related the episode to old Sam he said we ought to call the stream "bull crick."

Fortunately there were no cattle in the field and we had a chance to fish the pool in quiet.

When within three or four rods of it we tied our fish in the water and laid our plans for fooling a big trout, for I had found in the three seasons I had fished it that there was always at least one big fellow in it that was boss of the hole, besides some lesser ones that were too big, however, for him to swallow.

I stood back a few yards and let Sam do the fishing, for I wanted him to have a taste of glory if it was in the pool. He crawled up on hands and knees till he could poke his rod over the water and let the carefully baited hook suck under the tree, when it was instantly seized by an 8in. trout and the victim of the wiles of a seductive Kentucky fisherman was as instantly and quietly swung out back on the grass, where I released the hook, adjusted the bait and Sam dropped it in again without changing a muscle or his position.

Before I had time to put him on the stringer, Sam hoisted out another of about the same size, and he kept repeating the performance till he had yanked out six in twice as many minutes, when they quit biting, and still the big fellow had not made a sign that he was there. Sam laid on his belly for half an hour trying all his arts to coax the big one to take the bait—we were of course certain that there was a big one in the pool—but to no avail, and he at last gave it up with the sage observation, "When trout quit bitin', they quit bitin', an' I reckon there's not nary 'nother one in that hole, nohow."

We went over to neighbor Schaub's and related our tale of shipwreck to him, and borrowed his boat without any trouble and went down to the beach and put it in the water, when we found it leaked about a gallon a minute, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that it would swell up after awhile and we could make out to get to camp in it by one bailing with an old basin while the other rowed. The oars, too, were a marvel in their way, handy almost as a pair of fence rails, but the outfit was the best at hand and we felt thankful for it. The wind had risen while we were on the trout stream, blowing down the lake—was it ever known to blow in the right direction when you want to get back to camp?—and the water was rough and choppy. It was no trouble to go with the wind, and we were soon at the sandy beach and had the ironclad apart and loaded in the clumsy skiff.

While Sam went for the minnow bucket I went for our coats and lunch where we had concealed them in the tall grass. The coats were all right, but some torn scraps of paper scattered around and a "passel o' hogs" grunting and rooting lazily a few rods up the shore told the tale of the lunch. Then it was in order to give the commandment another violent "warpin'," while old Sam stood and looked a complacent approval.

The "warpin'" finished to Sam's satisfaction, we pushed off again and began the real work of getting back to camp. We got along fairly well till we rounded the point, where we got the wind dead ahead in its full force, and then with our utmost exertions the headway was barely perceptible, and sometimes an energetic gust of wind would give us a backset of a few feet.

I unshipped one of the oars, and standing up in the stern used it as a pole, hugging the shore in shoal water where I could reach bottom, and with Sam alternately bailing and pulling at the other oar, we managed to keep the old tub moving. We labored slowly and sweatingly along up the shore till a quarter of a mile or more above, where we could see the old flag whipping straight out in the wind and slanted across with the wind on the quarter to camp, worn out, hungry, out of humor and the commandment badly warped, but with trout enough to satisfy the trout tooth of the whole camp and make up for some of our misfortunes besides.

The ironclad was again carried up in the shade of the oak, and when we had cleared the table of the lunch Barney set for us, we patched and waterproofed over the slit, and then old Sam made a big vow that he would "never set his foot in another one o' them confounded no 'count tissue paper boats as long as he lived."

The others had been in camp all day except a while in the morning on account of the high wind which made the lake too rough to handle a boat and fish, but they had caught more bass than we could use, a fact attested by three or four on a stringer tied to a log lying partly in the water, where they had been left hanging till the surf beat the life out of them against the bottom.

The sight of the trout Sam and I brought in had "het up" old Kelpie's blood to a point that gave him no rest, and that night around the camp-fire he fidgeted and squirmed around in his chair, and swapped legs so often that we knew there was something serious on his mind, and at last it came out. He must go trout fishing in the morning, and he wanted Johnny to go along and row the boat up to Fonch's landing, from where they would walk to the stream running through Fonch's land and fish it till they got trout enough to "take the conceit out of old Sam and Hickory," as he expressed it.

Johnny snapped eagerly at the chance of a day out with Brother Kelpie, and from that on till bedtime they became intimate as two old chums as they discussed their plans for the next day's fishing—beardless boy and grizzled veteran, they were drawn together by the same cord that binds the brotherhood the world over.

They were off in the morning early and when they returned in the evening "Sam and Hickory had the conceit knocked out of them" with thirty good trout as they were counted and laid on the table with a great flourish by Johnny, who spent the better part of the next three days, and the nights around the camp-fire, telling us just where each trout was taken and just how it was all done.

The same morning Sam and Charley had taken the big white skiff and started for Maybert's Creek, three miles below on the same side of the lake as the camp for trout, but they somehow misunderstood the directions I gave them about finding it, and wandered around through the woods two or three hours, sometimes within 50yds. of it, as I learned a few days after when Charley and I made a trip to it, when tired out and disgusted, and pestered to the verge of profanity by "skeeters," they went back to their boat and spent the rest of the day after bass and pickerel.

The day Charley and I fished it we took back to camp seventeen that were little over the 6in. limit, and put back in the water nearly twice as many more that were 3, 4 and 5in. long. A farmer whom we met told us there had been not less than 1,200 fish taken out of the stream before our arrival. No wonder the good ones were scarce; the count fisher and the trout hog had "got in their work."

Ever since we had been in camp we had been getting minnows with hook and line, and although there was "lots o' fun" flipping them out, the process was sometimes tedious when in a hurry to get to fishing. The Colonel and I determined to lay in a supply that would last two or three days or more, by setting the glass trap and filling all the spare buckets around the camp, which would please the boys and gratify our desire to "see the thing work."

Leaving the "Perfessor" in camp writing some letters, we pulled down to the break of the bar off the birch point, and drove a small, trimmed sapling in the bottom at the edge of the grass, to which we hung the trap a couple of feet under the surface, baited with pieces of broken cracker, and then anchored our boat 20 or 30yds. above to fish for bass awhile and await developments.

There were hundreds of good minnows along in the grass around near the trap, and we had no doubt but we could go back in half an hour or so and find it so full that their tails would be sticking out of the hourglass-shaped entrance hole. But we didn't.

We went back after awhile and saw plenty of them swimming unconcernedly around it, but "nary a one" in it. We moved it down the lake a few rods where the minnows were "thicker'n skeeters in a cedar swamp," caught a few good shiners with hook and line and went back to our bass fishing.

At the end of another hour we paid it another visit and found it full—of water and broken cracker, and nothing else. We began to think the contrivance a fraud, or maybe the bait didn't remind them of anything, and we caught five small shiners and put them in it, thinking that when the others saw them in there they would go in to get a share of the broken cracker.

This scheme promised so well that we did not stay long at our fishing but went back to see how it had panned out, ready to shout like a couple of boys at the success of our ruse. But the best laid schemes o' mice an' men, etc. There was a barred perch that could little more than turn around in the trap, who had crowded in through the hole, and one of the five shiners was missing. We were both amused and surprised and made a few remarks to suit the occasion. Here was a new way to catch perch, and we felt duly thankful and passed a vote of thanks to whoever invented the trap.

While we sat in the boat a few feet away, studying the case over, the big perch gave his tail a sudden flirt, closed his jaws on another of the helpless minnows and proceeded to swallow it with the greatest complacency, and then we were convinced that the first one had not made his escape by the entrance hole of the trap.

In the next ten minutes that cannibal deliberately swallowed the remaining three right before our eyes and then turned lazily two or three times in the narrow confines of the trap looking for more.

As we had not set out to catch minnows to feed a big lazy perch that was too shiftless to skirmish for them in a legitimate way, we raised the trap, and taking his pot-bellied smartness out, pitched him 10yds. out into the lake, for which he doubtless thanked us, for with all his cunning in getting in he hadn't sense enough to find his way out of the hole through which he went in.

We set the trap again and did not return to it till toward evening, when we found three small perch in it, but no minnows.

We had heard and read a good deal about the merits of this trap as a minnow catcher; some of our friends had used them of the same pattern with success, but our efforts with it resulted in total failure; none entered it only the five little ones we put in—to furnish a square meal for the big, lazy perch.

A day or two after we took it across the lake to Alexander's Point, where there were always hundreds of good minnows along the edge of the bulrushes and grass, but it remained empty from day to day, although we could sit in a boat a few feet away and catch with hook and line all around it as many good big shiners as we wanted, sometimes within a few inches of the entrance.

We lost faith in it altogether, but it may have been our own fault in not knowing how to manage it, and some of the brethren who have used them may be able to tell us the reason of our failure.

At any rate we got no minnows with it, and if it per-

forms no better when the next camp is made it will find a final resting place on the bottom in the deepest water to be found in the lake.

We burned a good many logs and limbs that night, for each one had his story to tell about the happenings of the day, and the hour was late before the camp-fire gave its last dying flicker, warning us to seek the tents and bed; even the Colonel had run out of warp and woof for the fancies he had been weaving for the last half hour in the glowing embers, the ashes were knocked from his fireless pipe and he was ready for once to turn in with the rest of us. KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Natural History.

## NOTES ON THE SANDHILL CRANE.

ON the top of the rush-built mound or house of the muskrat near the shore of lake or slough, and just far enough from the bank to be safe from the marauding coyote, the sandhill crane scooped out a nest and raised her young in safety, in the old days when Minnesota and northern Iowa formed the finest trapping ground on earth.

I once found such a nest, and although the mother bird laid her head down close to the side of the rat-house to escape observation, she was driven from her treasures, and a glance into the nest revealed two eggs about the size of those of the turkey, brown in color, mottled and spotted with darker brown. The sight of the nest and its embryo occupants was enough to repay the discomfort of wading in the icy water to reach them.

Who among the readers of our dear old journal has seen the weird dance of a flock of sandhills? Once only in a lifetime of more than half a century have I seen this strange performance in its perfection, when each member of the flock of fifteen or twenty long legs entered into the sport with the evident intention of getting as much square fun as possible out of this "all promenade" of nature.

It was on the prairies of Iowa nearly forty years ago, and for half an hour I faced the northwest wind of early springtime to watch the awkward hops and fantastic posturing of this merry group of untaught dancers, as with wings half outspread the strange "hop, skip and jump" went on, so very like the awkward, stiff-legged dances of the Indian braves that it really seems as though the Indian dances were first suggested by observations of the wild gyrations of the sandhill crane. Certain it is that the Indian is not so very much the more stiff legged and ungainly performer of the two.

Courageous, too, is this wary bird of the wilderness, and in extremity can fight with the energy of desperation. On a well-remembered day "lang syne," when dear old Jim Morehead followed the same trail across the prairies with me, a pair of cranes was approached within 200yds., and as Jim was the rifleman par excellence, the old muzzleloader was quickly passed to him, and the bullet broke the wing of a stately bird, which flopped and fell awkwardly as its mate rose in the air; and at the sight of the struggling bird Jim's old dog Coaly sprang forward to retrieve it.

Courageous and active as he was, for once he reckoned without the host. The brave old bird drew himself grandly up and met the reckless charge of the dog with a veritable lance thrust of the long neck and spear-pointed beak, so fierce and deep that with a howl of pain the dog recoiled, and tried by actively springing from side to side to catch his prey unawares. But ever the fiery eye and lance-pointed beak fronted his attack, and another fruitless effort or two soon taught him the value of discretion, and he was forced to await with impatience the help of his master to put his foe *hors de combat*.

I once had a fine exhibition of the courage of this bird when not half grown. I was looking for deer one evening an hour before sunset when, at a distance, I saw an old crane closely followed by two little ones nearly large enough to fly. As I approached the little ones disappeared and the old one took wing. Carefully marking the spot and keeping my eye fixed steadily upon it I walked directly to them as they crouched in the grass.

I lifted the little creatures in my arms, being careful meanwhile to protect my eyes, but as the little female appeared almost overcome with terror and refused to be comforted I put her carefully down again, when with drooping head and outstretched neck she scudded away through the grass for a few rods and dropped from sight again. Not so the male. He was for war immediately if not sooner, had got his "dander riz," and proposed to prove that he was from Bitter Creek direct.

After amusing myself with him for a few minutes, during which I kept hold of his neck to protect my eyes which he appeared viciously inclined to strike, I put him down and offered him his liberty. Not a bit of it! Liberty was nothing to the fierce joys of the warpath with this fiery young savage of the prairie.

The brightly shining heads of the brass rifle shells protruding from my cartridge belt seemed to arouse all his wrath, and a dozen times he amused me and no doubt gratified himself by stalking up in front of me and spearing those offending shell heads with rage insatiable. I really had quite a difficult job shaking him off as he followed me through the long grass for quite a distance, all the while muttering his little impotent wrath and daring me back to the fight.

But it was not until within a very few years since that I saw what I very much doubt if any half dozen readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever saw—a mother crane hovering her young. Again I was looking for venison, and having reached a point of rocks nearly a hundred feet above the swampy bottomland of the Colville River, almost directly beneath me, and as this was a favorite point of observation with me, from which I had killed a dozen or so deer at other times, I sat down on the gnarled root of an upturned tree, and as the sun sank behind the mountains far off toward the Columbia River I watched the open swamp for the coming of a deer. Not a deer appeared. Half an hour after sunset came three cranes instead—two old ones and a little bird half grown.

Flying slowly around to survey the ground, they alighted at length within 100yds. of the base of the cliff on which I sat. Taking a careful look at all his surroundings, but seeing nothing of me perched high on the rock above him, the male bird walked slowly forward toward the cliff, talking in a low note to the others behind him, while the mother bird stepped forward to a little point of dry land at the edge of the marsh, and there threw herself forward flat upon her breast, spread her long head and neck on the ground in front and lay still. Soon the little one walked up, and, poking his head under his mother's wing, squatted down and wriggled forward under her wing close to her side, and soon the little head and slender neck came twisting up through her feathers, and there he was housed perfectly from the cold of the approaching night. I watched them for an hour or more, as long indeed as I could distinguish my rifle sights, and when at last I crept away homeward I was careful to make no disturbance, and giving no alarm to the watchful creatures resting peacefully below.

What other reader of FOREST AND STREAM has ever seen the mother sandhill crane hover her young? Don't all speak at once. ORIN BELKNAP

### Is it a New Humming Bird?

I HAVE seen it stated that there is but one species of humming bird native to New England, namely the ruby-throat. This may be correct, though observers here in Cummington assert that they are visited very often in mid-summer by two kinds, which vary not only in color of plumage, but in form and figure. Every day at this season the ruby-throat visits the flower beds, very tame and often seen at rest on the stems of annuals and small woody plants. Last year and the year before there came frequently in company with the ruby-throats, two pairs of humming birds noticeable for their stouter bodies and shorter tails, with black heads and green reflections all over the body and wing coverts. One flew into a window and was caught; so that upon examination the difference became strikingly apparent. This year, however, none have been seen.

Is it possible that these birds with green plumage were mere casual visitors? or have they come to stay?

CUMMINGTON, Mass. CHARLES HALLOCK

# Game Bag and Gun.

*New Editions: The Gun and its Development, $2.50. The Modern Shotgun, $1. For sale at this office.*

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., July 20.—In regard to the suggestion of a test case in the much vexed question whether or not a jacksnipe is a waterfowl, my contentious friend, Col. Bond, has the following to say in regard to Warden Bortree's position:

"RAVENSWOOD, Ill., July 14.—I send you my reply to Mr. Bortree. It may worry him some. The sportsmen should contribute and have a test case, as they are as much interested as any one. But I do not expect a penny from them, as I never knew them to give anything for game protection, though they always stand nearby to share the benefits secured at the expense of others.

E S. BOND.

The article prepared by Col. Bond is as follows:

ARE SNIPE WATERFOWL?

"Sickness has prevented my answering Mr. Bortree's reply to my letter in the *Tribune*. Both have been published in the FOREST AND STREAM, and have been read with interest by sportsmen generally. Mr. Bortree appears to depend greatly on dictionary definitions to find out what a snipe is. They are poor authorities at the best, as compilers of dictionaries are not supposed to know much about birds, and probably would not know a snipe should they see one. Webster's definition of snipe is 'A bird of the genus *Scolopax*, that frequents the banks of rivers and the borders of fens.' In this he is correct. He does not say that they are waterfowl, or even go into the water. The Century Dictionary gives no definition of waterfowl; its definition of 'water bird' is 'an aquatic as distinguished from a terrestrial or aerial bird,' otherwise, water as distinguished from a land bird. Worcester's Dictionary is so old it is no authority. Mr. Bortree must be hard up for authorities to go as far back as Belonin in 1555. No one disputes that some old writers had a class called waders, but this classification has been abandoned by all modern ornithologists. The same can be said of Rev. Hick's catalogue. So far as Mr. Henry Breton, State geologist, is concerned, he may know something about rocks and stones, but is not supposed to know much about birds.

"Mr. Bortree says he does not find any authority to support my statement that "Any bird that makes its home on the land is not a waterfowl." The authority is the exercise of plain, common sense. If Mr. Bortree will read Coues's "Key to North American Birds" and Jasper's "Birds of North America," he will know more about birds than he does at present. The game warden's personal attacks I care nothing about, and do not consider them worthy of any attention. The question is "Are snipe waterfowl?" Mr. Bortree labors hard in defending Justice White, and his absurd decision as to what is a "wild buck." The inconsistency of his decision can best be illustrated by taking a mountain sheep. The male would be a wild buck and protected by law, but the female being a ewe, would not be protected. This would be hard on the ewe, as the game warden says as to snipe. I offer the following letters in support of my position that snipe are not waterfowl. Dr. N. Rowe writes:

CHICAGO, June 10, 1892.—Col. E. S. Bond: There is one thing that everybody is off on in regard to snipe. It was I who, in order to harmonize matters proposed to remove all protection from snipe, and it was thoroughly and positively understood that snipe should not be protected. Moreover, the snipe is not a waterfowl; that I stated in the *American Field* several times. In regard to this very question you can state positively what I have written you. That it was I who proposed to throw the protection off from snipe in order to get better protection on some other game birds. Yours truly, (Signed) N. ROWE

ALMOST EQUALLY GOOD.

"Prof. Elliott Coues, the author to Coues's 'Key to North American Birds,' a professor in the Smithsonian Institution, and the best living authority on birds, writes:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, June 3.—E. S. Bond: Dear Sir—You are right. Snipe are not waterfowl in any usual, proper or recognized sense of the word. By waterfowl is understood ducks, geese and swan, and such is always the intent of the laws concerning game. You can rest assured of this, and you will do good if you make it clearly understood whenever the question comes up. Yours truly (Signed) ELLIOTT COUES.

"Prof. R. A. Turtle, the well known taxidermist, writes:

CHICAGO, July 7.—Col. E. S. Bond: Dear Sir—You ask if I thought snipe came under the head of waterfowl. My answer is a decisive no. When you show me a snipe starting out from shore and swimming of his own free will, then I will say they are classified as such. "Waterfowl" includes ducks, geese, swan, pelicans and any bird that alights in the water. Yours truly,

(Signed) R. A. TURTLE.

"John Watson, the veteran sportsman and snipe shooter, who knows as much about snipe as any one, writes:

CHICAGO, July 7.—Col. E. S. Bond: As to the question 'Are snipe waterfowls?' my answer is: Clip a snipe's wings and throw it into the water 200yds. from shore, and it would drown before reaching land. The claim is unmitigated rot. Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN WATSON.

"Prof. Packard, of Brown University, in his elementary course in zoölogy, says there are four different types of birds, viz., the running, walking, swimming and the perching. Baird, Jasper and Coues follow this classification nearly. Among old ornithologists are Bonaparte and Wilson, about the beginning of this century, whose works are out of date and out of print. Audubon comes next as to habits and description of birds. He will always be authority, but great as he is, he has ceased to be authority on classification. Baird, Jasper and Coues's works have been published within the last fifteen or twenty years or later. I ask Mr. Bortree to produce some late authorities, or even the opinion of five men, who know anything about the matter, who say snipe are waterfowl. I do not believe he can find one in the State besides himself. In the whole range of my acquaintance I have not found one who takes his side of the question. The game warden thinks it very wrong and almost wicked for me to advise the dealers to make a test case, and appears to be very much aggrieved. He cannot tolerate an honest difference of opinion, but thinks it our duty to submit to his dictation. I will have to lacerate his feelings further by repeating my advice to dealers to test the law, and I now call on the sportsmen to contribute and make common cause against the dictation of one man, who probably never read a modern work on ornithology.

"In any event, where authorities conflict the courts will be governed by the intentions and understanding of the framers of the law, and this can be easily established. I have several letters from prominent sportsmen concerning the stand I have taken. The game warden's construction of the law means very little snipe shooting. It will not make much difference in the spring, but the best shooting in the fall comes before the 15th of September, and the best I ever knew opened on the 12th of August. This ends all I have to say on the snipe question.

"E S. BOND."

A TEST CASE NEEDED.

Col. Bond puts up a rather rugged case to handle, that is sure. As to the original intention of the law there is no question. Neither has there been any case, to my knowledge at least, with decision counter to this original intention. The general impression and belief of Chicago shooters is alike unmistakable. They do not class snipe shooting with duck shooting, nor snipe with ducks. One of the heaviest bags of snipe ever reported here was made by shooters who took off their rubber boots, walked in their thin sheepskin inside moccasins, and shot snipe on ground where the walkers kicked up dust at every step. The snipe shooter is not an expert who sticks to the marsh when the snipe are missing. He must try the high knolls miles back from the marsh, and perhaps even the willows or brush in rough weather.

This much, snipe hunting will teach any one, but it does not settle the question of classification, and it does not settle the point at law as raised by Warden Bortree. I hardly think the sportsmen will or should follow the shiftful advice of our friend the Colonel, and contribute toward the expense of a test suit. Should they do this, they would appear to rebuke Warden Bortree, and so might lose his services, which are altogether too valuable to be dispensed with. We can't afford to spare the first real, actual, active and in earnest warden we ever had here. Knowing so well that Mr. Bortree is sincere, even if he grows extra-zealous, I have some hesitancy in saying anything which he might take to be opposition, and I know a great many of our sportsmen feel the same way. It seems to me now, as it did at first, that we need a test case to live up by. The sportsmen will back the decision. They want to back the warden. We don't want a weak-backed warden. It is all right for Mr. Bortree to pluckily stand up for his position, and not to give it up easily. In this case, however, should he smile good-naturedly and say, "Well, boys, back me the better on the chickens and ducks and we'll let the snipe question rest for awhile," I don't suppose he would lose much dignity or prestige. The confession is nevertheless extorted that a compromise is not desirable to the warden, and not often desirable at all in a question of this kind. The right and the wrong of it should be determined actually and definitely. We may as well admit it; until the test case we are all at sea, and don't know what to think. Our personal beliefs or preferences ought not to weigh. We want a case. By courtesy the sportsmen can not start it. Has Col. Bond's right hand lost its cunning? He has retired from the street, but has he not his old influence among the dealers? In a half day can he not raise all the small money needed for a case? Come, Colonel; this would be only another chance at thine ancient enemies. For the game dealers, consider: Suppose the warden seizes 500 snipe some day, and makes his case hold. A case by consent might be cheaper. Let us have it.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30.—Mr Percy Stone, of this city, relates a little incident of his late visit to the old homestead near Oconomowoc, Wis., which may offer to Prof. Garner a new field for the study of language. Mr. Stone was looking out toward the wood in front of the house when he saw an old fox squirrel and five young ones coming toward him along the top of the fence.

"It looked just like one big squirrel, about 5ft. long," said he, "for they were all running along one close after another, and every time the one in front would come to a post in the fence over he would go and each one behind right after him. They kept right along on top the fence

for a number of rods, taking all the inequalities in line and never breaking rank. I stood and watched them and they were not afraid, for no squirrels are allowed to be shot on the old farm. At last they came to the wagon gate in front of the house, and here there was trouble. There was a high post, boxed up and with a board cap to it, that projected high above the level of the fence. The old squirrel took this right in her stride and so did the next four young ones, all going down on the opposite side of the post and running on across on the top of the gate. The last squirrel was a little one, apparently the last of the lot, and he balked at the post. He wouldn't try it, but seemed afraid. He put his paws up against the post and set up a dreadful chattering. The other squirrels all stopped and began to chatter too, but the little fellow wouldn't move. He just sat and hollered. All the other squirrels came on back across the gate, to the other side of the post, and then such a chattering you never heard. The little one didn't take any advice, however, and the upshot of it was that after a while he skinned down the post to the ground, ran up it on the other side and got into line behind again. Then away they went as far as I could see them, bobbing along like a long red snake on top the fence. It was easy to see that those squirrels had some sort of language, though I couldn't make out whether they were coaxing the little fellow or swearing at him."

Mr. Stone, it may be remembered, is active in the management of Diana Club, of the Horicon marsh. He says that this year there is plenty of water all over the marsh, so that there will be no difficulty such as there was last fall in getting about with the boats. In fact the second rise of water may have been damaging to the ducks, as it may have caught many on their nests. The mallards this year are nesting away back where it was dry and dusty last year.

Just what the effect of the wet spring has been upon the chicken crop it is still too early to learn with any accuracy, though the general impression seems to be that in this State the birds did not suffer so very much. Compared with the terribly dry season of last year, the shooting in Minnesota and South Dakota may be very satisfactory after all this year.

Messrs. M. R. Bortree and F. S. Baird will leave in August for their annual chicken hunt near Huron, in the Jim River country, Dakota. Here they get fair shooting, all the birds they care to eat at the farm where they stop.

The first of August is now at hand, and many are making plans for a little chicken-shooting campaign. He is very fortunate who can count with any certainty upon finding a chicken country where he can get good shooting. In accordance with my promise, made earlier in these columns, I shall on Aug. 1 privately notify all inquirers after the whereabouts of the "game pocket" over which we had a little writing last winter. There are several gentlemen who have inquired personally or by letter after this, and to all these the same reply will be made, viz.: The name and address will be given of the gentleman who gave me the information, and his terms for board, etc. I have no late information from this locality, but have written for it. There is every reason to think the chicken shooting good. I could not, and cannot now give this locality out publicly, for the informant does not want the market shooters down on him. To any gentleman of references the information is free as the air, of course, and gladly given, and I only hope that, difficult and usually thankless as it is to direct any one to a locality for a sportiug trip, this "game pocket" may prove itself not over-estimated, and may be the means of affording pleasure to some gentlemen who may in their time have gone further and fared worse. This year and next the market shooters will about clean up the chickens in northwestern Nebraska, which for the past few years has been the best chicken country left in the West. The Indian Nations country is pretty well shot down now. After this corner of Nebraska goes, there will not be any real chicken country left. The shooter will have to pick his shooting here and there, as he can find it, and "game pockets" like the one in question here will be of still greater value. I must add that I cannot testify to the actual value of this "pocket" out of any personal experience, though gentlemen who shot there last fall write me that it was all that could be asked as a chicken country.

The hot weather here has stifled all aspirations for sport for the present, and most of our shooters and fishers are absent at the country clubs trying to keep cool. Messrs. C. G. Page and N. C. Wheeler went this week up to Potter's Lake, near Mukwanago, Wis., after bass, but unless there comes a cooler time they will hardly get any bass. The Kankakee club houses are about all full now, but the chief amusement is sucking straws.

That pleasant summer club, the Grand Calumet Heights, has put in about $1,500 in improvements, and now has a pleasant lawn and improved buildings. The fishing for game fish is next to nothing, but the location on the lake shore is pleasant and restful, apart from the city, as it is by only a short remove. So far as can be learned, our friend Alex. T. Loyd, lately mysteriously disappeared, has been living down at Grand Calumet Heights Club all the time. I think some of organizing a relief expedition and going down after him. Mr. Loyd is a great explorer. It will be remembered that he discovered the sources of the mysterious Little Calumet in a country never before trod by the foot of civilized man.

E. HOUGH.

No. 175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

### What is the Interpretation?

THE Utah law on California quail is found in Act of March 13, 1890, as follows: "SEC. 4. Any person who shall kill, ensnare, net or trap any quail, partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken, sage hen or grouse within the Territory of Utah between March 15 and Aug. 15 of each year, or who shall kill, ensnare, net or trap at any time any lark, whippoorwill, thrush, swallow, snowbird, bobolink, woodpecker, or other insectivorous birds, not being birds of prey, except English sparrows, and the bird commonly known as the California quail, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." According to this, what is the law on California quail? May they be killed at no time or all the year around?

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*,

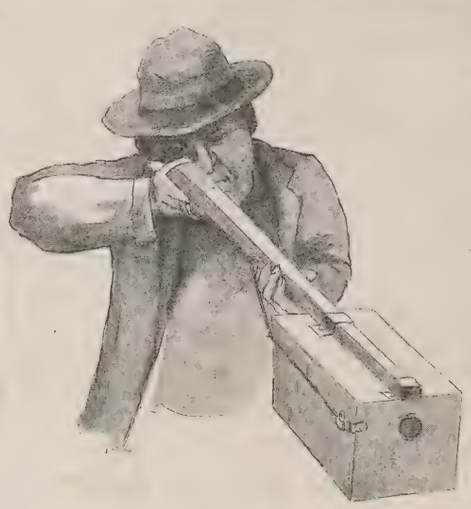
## A GUN CAMERA.

HARRISBURG, PA.—As I understand the photographic competition in the FOREST AND STREAM, it is the desire to get not only good pictures, but photographs of game, incidents, etc., out of the usual channels.

The ordinary tripod arrangements is hardly adequate to meet sudden emergencies (taking too long to set up). The hand cameras are good, but as used with the ordinary finder on top or sides, a small moving object, like a bird flying or hare or dogs running, is difficult to keep "in" the finder.

It has been my ambition to get a photograph of a bird in the air the moment it was struck by a charge of shot, and I have tried to accomplish this end by attaching a hand camera to a piece of wood shaped like a gun.

Instead of looking into my finder when a bird arises I



A POT SHOT.

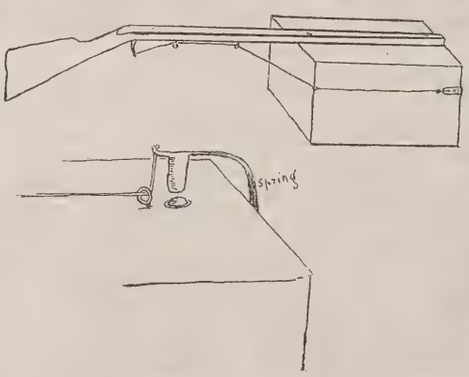
(Not a portrait of "Pizarth.")

throw my "gun camera" to the shoulder, and when on the bird "pull" the button.

It looks easy, and it is, to get the bird just before being shot (by your assistant) or just after, but frankly confess I have never caught it just at the right moment.

You don't get very good "pictures" by this method, but you will get some very queer photographs, although I have secured some pretty pictures by pointing the camera about half-way between the shooter and the game. One easily learns the angle of his lens and the camera, being on the under side of what correspond to the barrels of a gun, is bound to hang level. But it is not "pictures" you are hunting with this arrangement, but odd photographs, and with a little practice you will get them much better than by the usual way.

The accompanying rule drawing will give a fair idea




THE GUN CAMERA.

of the "rig" and any one can fix their hand cameras without injury to them. The method of pressing the button is easily arranged. The simplest being an old guitar string which has all the stretch taken out of it, running from the trigger on the stock to a spring near the button. By pulling the trigger you press the button.

Some of the results are rather astonishing.

PIGARTH.

On the opposite page is a reproduction of one of Mr. Brelsford's "gun camera" photographs, and though he did not succeed in getting the bird just at the instant desired he certainly did secure a most artistic and effective picture. In reply to an inquiry Mr. Brelsford writes:

Yours of the 24th at hand and noted regarding the picture of the duck rising at the water's edge.

I wish to state that it is bona-fide and taken while the bird was in the air. The negative was retouched and print spotted of course to give the necessary sharpness. The flight of the duck was a trifle fast for the speed of shutter. A second later I would have caught the discharge of the gun and the duck falling. I suppose I have wasted over a hundred—yes two hundred plates trying to get a picture of a bird the instant the shot struck it. I have several immediately before and lots just after. They don't make good pictures, as generally they are either all sky or all ground. When the dogs stand I endeavor to locate the bird on the ground, and telling my assistant who does the shooting to yell "now" just as he pulled the trigger, snap the shutter and by having my "gun camera" pointed about half-way between the shooter and the bird get the whole scene about once in twenty-five times, but have never gotten the supreme moment yet. But still we might just happen to strike it some day, and that would be our reward.

### Wooly Venison.

A $5,000 damage suit was instituted in the district court yesterday by William A. Peers, a minor, through his brother, Robert A. Peers, who, by order of the court, was on Tuesday appointed guardian in order that suit might be commenced. The action to recover is against Deputy Game Warden Charles A. Nichols, and behind the whole affair is a story that would be extremely ludicrous were it not for the serious consequences entailed. The ground for suit is alleged false imprisonment.

On Saturday evening last, according to the allegations of the plantiff, he was engaged in his occupation as driver of a meat wagon. About 8 o'clock in the evening he carried into the Ideal restaurant, on Superior street, a leg of mutton which had been ordered. Nichols was standing near the desk when the meat was delivered, and whether owing to defective eye-sight or ignorance of the real quality of the meat, he declared it was a leg of venison.

"You're mistaken," was young Peers' reply.

"Well, I guess I know my business," retorted Nichols; "I know venison meat when I see it. I guess I'll run you in for violation of the state game laws." The butcher boy did not take kindly to the threatened deprivation of his liberty and the aid of a policeman was invoked. He was finally taken to the central station and locked up.

After seeing his prisoner safely behind the bars, Deputy Game Warden Nichols returned to the restaurant and took possession of the piece of meat, about the "shank" of which clustered several large mats of wool. He took the meat and repaired to a butcher shop near by with his prize. He asked the man in charge to be allowed to place the meat in the ice box until Monday and was given permission, a receipt being given him for "one leg of mutton."

"That ain't mutton" said the game warden knowingly, "it's venison."

Notwithstanding the butcher declared it mutton and refused to give a receipt for venison. The warden sought out another shop but he was given a reception that led him to reflect. After consultation with several of the leading butchers in this city Mr. Nichols finally came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake and hurried to the jail and ordered the release of the boy. The latter had been imprisoned three hours and hence the suit.—*Duluth Tribune, July 14.*

### Here's a Programme.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I intend to shoot woodcock, ruffed grouse, etc., in the East during the autumn months; then spend the winter South, among turkeys and quail; then another summer in the northern Rockies and upper Pacific coast."

# Sea and River Fishing.

## POTOMAC NOTES.

FOR fine white perch fishing seek the estuaries of Chesapeake Bay. The fish run exceptionally large in the brackish water, and are as plentiful as mosquitoes on the Jersey coast. Then, too, the grounds are easily reached by railroad or steamboat, guides and boats are readily secured, and proper baits occur in the water at hand and along the sandy beaches. Messrs. O. C. Hine, George Scharf and Jake Scharf have just returned from a week's outing on the Chesapeake, about ten miles from Bengies, Md. The route from Washington is via Baltimore to Middle River Station on the P. W. & B. From this point they proceeded to their camping place, ten miles away, where they pitched their tent and had a very enjoyable time. Two of the party hooked 68 perch, none of which were less than 8in. long, in one hour and a half. The fish were taken on a spreader, two at a time, and being provided with rod, line and reel the sport was thoroughly interesting. The baits used were sand fleas, which proved superior to crabs and other baits. The fleas were caught at night by means of lights, around which they would gather in large numbers, when they were easily scooped up with the hands.

Although out of season, the boys took on the 20th of July seven fine rockfish, averaging about 2lbs. each. Yellow perch were very plentiful, but returned to the water as fast as they were taken; like your humble servant, the party had no use for that unjustly celebrated fish. Plenty of catfish are found in these waters also. Parties living at this point say that the prospect for rock and pike (pickerel) fishing next fall is all that could be desired. Bengies has furnished good duck shooting in the past, and President Harrison has made frequent trips there during his administration. There is ten miles of beach, which furnishes good sport in the fall, although the gunning has been poor for the past two years; whether the President has had anything to do with this or not is hard to say, but from the fact that the county is a Democratic stronghold, there is likely something in what this sentence is intended to suggest. These grounds are resorted to by hundreds of lovers of fishing from Baltimore.

The other day I approached one of our well-known anglers with the question as to how he had fared bass fishing on the Potomac during the present week. He replied that it was entirely too hot to fish, and so have many others. There has been a wonderful cleaning up of Secretarial and Senatorial outfits of fishing tackle during the past few weeks, and now throughout the mountain regions of the country, along every wooded stream is to be heard the term "Mr. Secretary," or "Senator," "what luck?" Secretary Noble has departed, and with him a very complete sportsman's outfit. Ex-Attorney General Garland is another enthusiast with the rod and gun, especially the latter, and has gone to his Arkansas home well supplied with guns and ammunition.

FOREST AND STREAM'S "Chained to business? Can't go a fishing?" is fully appreciated here by a lot of poor, sweltering cusses. Ye happy mortals, who can get away, go and let us hear from you and your enjoyments through this great, full medium.

BON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30.

### Shrewd.

Mrs. Barry—Our guide is a very shrewd fellow.

Mrs. Strange—Yes?

Mrs. Barry—He always makes out his bill on birch bark and it is so charmingly quaint that one can't help paying him.—*New York Herald.*

## DAYS WITH CANADIAN TROUT.

I HAD long been anticipating a trout fishing expedition to the Canadian lakes and rivers north of Quebec, when on the fifteenth of June last I received a note from my good friend and fellow sportsman, Mr. A. L , of Quebec, saying that he had learned from parties just in from the woods that the trout were taking the fly well and were of large size, and that I had better join him at once. I immediately made my plans to leave New York on the following Saturday, overhaul my fly-book, rods and tackle, and on Saturday evening took the night train for Montreal.

Monday was clear and beautiful, and as I had never seen the quaint old city of Quebec, L. insisted that I must remain there that day, at least, which was spent in driving about the most unique city on the Western Continent, completing our preparations for our trip and in conferring with N. Taché, the Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Province of Quebec, regarding the large number of lease-hold properties acquired by Americans during the past few years in the Province of Quebec for shooting and fishing purposes. N. Taché, who has held his present position for many years and whom I found a most courteous and cultivated gentleman, informed me that it was the policy of the Canadian Government to encourage the formation of sportsmen's clubs in northeastern Canada, that the Government were convinced these clubs protected the game, and brought a desirable class of people into the territory, many of whom became investors, and that while no long leases could be granted, those that are now in force would always be renewed or payment made for all improvements that the clubs had made during their term of occupancy. A delightful lunch at the Garrison Club was also one of the features of the day.

Monday morning dawned cold and gloomy with a strong northeast wind and every sign of rain, but we started off gaily at 8 A. M. on the day train on the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. We had with us two tents, an abundance, as we thought, of provisions, including an assortment of selected fresh meat and a small retriever spaniel. Our objective point was a little spot known as "The Bakery," on the railroad, about a hundred miles north of Quebec, and the four hours' ride to this point was one of the most beautiful railway rides I have ever taken. We passed the village of Indian Lorette, where a hundred descendants of the Huron tribe live, and it was interesting to see the numerous moose and caribou skins, which these Indians tan, hung out in rows on poles around each little house. At the French-Canadian village of St. Raymond, forty-five miles from Quebec, we took on the train one of our guides—Martel. From this point the railroad runs almost due north along the bank of the Batiscan River, one of the wildest and most picturesque of mountain streams imaginable, and although the long-threatening rain had now begun to descend in torrents, we enjoyed the scenery, wild beyond expression, to the fullest extent. Suddenly the train stopped. I could see nothing but woods around and an abandoned log hut on one side of the track.

"Here we are at the Bakery," said L., and we alighted, our traps were put off, and with calls of farewell from passengers and train crew the train moved off and left us in the wilderness. An old French Canadian and a young boy now came up and greeted us. These were Jean Marasse, known through the country side as one of the best bush cooks and an expert guide, and little Abelard, the fourteen-year-old son of Martel, who had joined us at St. Raymond. The rain had now ceased for awhile, and shouldering our traps we plunged into the woods, and after a short walk of a quarter of a mile reached the bank of the Batiscan River, where we found two birch-bark canoes and where we had intended starting at once in these canoes for the great lakes Des Passes and Batiscan, about ten miles to the eastward, and which are the largest in L.'s preserve, although it contains altogether about 100 lakes. But, "Man proposes, etc.," the rain again began, and on overhauling our traps we found, as we supposed, that the fresh meat had gone on in the train to Lake St John, sixty or seventy miles away. There was nothing to do but pitch the tent, send Martel on a long and weary tramp of fourteen miles up the railroad to the nearest telegraph station, at Lake Edward, where he could wire to Lake St. John and have the meat brought back on the train when it returned that night.

While old Marasse pitched the tent and kindled the fire, L. and I covered our faces and hands with a good glaze of tar and pennyroyal, for the rain made the flies troublesome, and taking my light rod I put on a cast especially prepared for L. by our good friend Wakeman Holberton, a yellow fly whose name I do not know, a Parmachenee-belle and a silver doctor, and despite the rain I stood on the bank of the river which just below our camp flowed quietly by after a long rapid, and made a cast. My flies had no sooner touched the water than I had a fine strike, and brought in two half-pound trout, one on the silver doctor and one on the yellow fly. I fished the remainder of the afternoon right in the same spot, and rarely if ever failed to bring in one trout and more often two at each cast. Toward the sunset hour, although it was still raining heavily, I had Jean Marasse paddle me in a canoe to the foot of the rapids above mentioned, where, although I was wet to the skin in the almost tropical rain, I forgot it all in the excitement of the sport, as I killed at least ten or twelve large trout. Returning to camp I found L. awaiting me with a steaming cup of tea, some good salt pork and some of the trout I had caught in the afternoon.

The night was a dreary one; as it rained constantly we were glad when the morning dawned, although it only brought gray skies and Martel, who had returned to say that the meat was not on the train. After breakfast I fished a rapid lower down the Batiscan with good success, but as the rain still continued, and as we knew it would take half a day to reach the Big Lakes, and I had to be back to New York on Saturday, we struck camp at 3, and returning to the railroad boarded a freight train which took us, traps, canoes and all, three miles further north to the little station known as Skroder's Mill, where we found a neat little frame house, clean as wax, and a thrifty little housekeeper, the wife of Section Master Colombe, who gave us good cheer and good beds. Thursday, the last day of my stay, dawned clear and beautiful, and at 4.30 A. M. I started with Martel and Abelard to portage over the mountain opposite Skroder's to the almost unknown Lac des Cotaux. A short paddle across the river to the opposite bank from Skroder's, a carry of half a mile up the mountain on one side and half a mile down on the other, brought us to the lake—one of the most beautiful sheets of water I ever saw. It was about five miles long by an average of half a mile in breadth, surrounded by hills, thickly covered with hemlock and studded with little islands, and best evidence of its remoteness, these islands were covered with the nests of wild ducks and sea gulls, who flew shrilly calling around our heads, fearful lest we should disturb their setting mates. We paddled the whole length of the lake and back, but the morning was too hot, and the trout would not rise to my casts, nor would they take trolling a small piece of pork cut in shape of a minnow. Two lovely twin islands at the head of the lake I named Abelard and Heloise, for my young companion.

Carrying over the portages again to Skroder's we found that L. had left two hours earlier for the waters of Lac de la Croix, where he expected us to join him. After a short rest we started, and after two short portages and a long, delightful paddle up the Batiscan River, through the Lac du Rivière into the Lac de la Croix, we reached its upper end and found L. awaiting us. The day was superb, Great masses of white, fleecy clouds rolled over the intensely blue sky and moderated the excessive heat of the sun. The lakes seemed like emeralds set in still darker emerald frames, and there was no sound save the mocking laugh of the loon. As the sun was too hot for fishing on the lakes, we camped for an hour or more on a grassy point, while Marasse cooked us a delightful lunch. This over, an hour's paddling brought us to the beautiful rapids where the Lake of the Three Caribou and the Lac du Biscuit discharged into Lac de la Croix. Here I left the canoe, and putting on a small piece of pork in the place of the silver-doctor, but retaining the Parmachenee and yellow-fly, I cast in the roughest part of the rapids. A three-quarter-pounder rewarded my first cast, and for an hour I had superb sport. L., seated in his canoe on the opposite side of the rapids, looked on approvingly, every now and then reeling in a large fish himself while Martel and Abelard handled the landing-net for me, and old Marasse and his companion, for a new guide, Pierre Jean, had joined us, looked on with suppressed excitement. The lengthening shadows at last told us we must start for home, but we found we had over 30 magnificent fish, and this compensated us for the disappointments of the preceding days.

The paddle home of fifteen miles was simply delightful. Long reaches of river and crystal lakes succeeded each other. We shot the rapids that we had portaged over in going up and reached Skroder's at nine o'clock P. M., wearied in body but joyful in spirit. At midnight we took the train for Quebec, reaching there early Friday morning, Saturday morning saw me in Montreal and Saturday night in New York, making a week filled with delightful incidents and one which will ever dwell in my memory from the sport it afforded me and the delightful hospitality that I received.

My experience and my trip showed me conclusively these lakes and streams between Quebec and the head waters of the Saguenay at Lake St. John are the Adirondacks of the future. The soil of the country does not permit of successful cultivation, and all the section for hundreds of miles is now taken up by clubs, who are obliged, under their leases, to properly protect their holdings from poachers. The tract belonging to L., which I fished and which is called the Grande Batiscan, is for instance, twenty-five miles long by thirty wide, and is a virgin wilderness. As can be seen from my experience, its waters team with large brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) only, while in its pathless woods the moose and caribou roam in good numbers. I can see no reason why the ouaniniche or landlocked salmon of Lake St. John, only sixty miles north, cannot be propagated in the rapid waters of this and the other tracts surrounding it, and Mr. Greenough, of Boston, who has made a study of the matter, tells me that they can. To the west of the Batiscan lies the St. Maurice Club, at Lake Edward on its northwestern boundary is the Paradise Fin and Feather Club, while the Metabetchuan Club bounds it on the east. This whole region, through the new Quebec and Lake St. John railway can now be reached within from twenty-four to twenty-six hours from New York city, and I advise any of my fellow readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are fond of and want to be sure of good trout fishing and deer shooting, to get into one of these clubs of the Province of Quebec as soon as possible. As I have before said, the territory is the Adirondacks of the future, and I may add, in my opinion, of the near future.

JAMES B. TOWNSEND.



"STEADY!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. C. E. H. BRELSFORD.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

### A Lobster of Record.

A LOBSTER said to weigh 48lbs. was exhibited at Campobello, New Brunswick, July 21.

Shad have been very abundant in Bass River, Nova Scotia; 2,800 were caught on a single tide.

## SALMON FEEDING IN FRESH WATER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your issue of July 7 is a very interesting article from Judge S. H. Greene, of Portland, Oregon, on the question of salmon feeding in fresh water. In this article a very complimentary reference is made to my studies on the salmon of the Northwest, together with a challenge for the proof of certain statements connected with my publication.

First, the statement which has been several times made, originally, I believe, by Livingston Stone and afterwards by myself, that while the salmon of the Columbia River will more or less readily take the fly or a baited hook, they have never been known to feed while in the river. The basis of this generalization lies in the fact that neither Mr. Stone, nor Dr. Bean, nor Dr. Gilbert, nor myself, nor any one else whose observations have been placed on record, have ever found any food of any kind in the stomach of an adult running salmon. This absence of food and ultimately the absence of any room for food in the stomach has been taken as negative evidence to show that the salmon does not feed. The fact that the running salmon become in time excessively lean, besides their sexual distortion and the fact of the gradual consumption of the oil which fills their flesh when they leave the sea, may be taken as collateral evidence in this matter. In taking the fly or baited hook it is apparently uncertain whether these running salmon take it as food or whether they simply snap at an object which happens to be in their neighborhood with no intention of actually devouring or swallowing it.

All these data on which our opinion is based seem to be accepted by Judge Greene. The question is, Are these data sufficient? And in this matter, as in all others, I trust, I am open to conviction. If any food can be found in the stomach of any salmon which has run any considerable time in the river, I shall certainly believe that the salmon feeds in the river. At present the balance of probability seems to be on the side that it does not feed. It may, however, be true that this early run of salmon feeds upon insect larvæ and other soft, nutritious, substances which leave little or no trace in the stomach, and I quite agree with Judge Greene that much is yet to be learned of the habits of the salmon in fresh water.

As to the second point, of the adult salmon which ascend the rivers in the spring and are therefore able to go some six or eight hundred miles before the spawning season overtakes them, it is certain that a very large and unknown percentage die before they reach the ocean. Of the young salmon which spawn before the age of four years is reached and of the salmon which enter the rivers late in the fall and can therefore go no great distance before the spawning season arrives, an unknown and doubtless large percentage survive. Considering the distortion, leanness, weakness and disease of those salmon which have started early in the spring and gone to great distances in the river, I think that the percentage of those which reach the ocean must be extremely small; perhaps none of them return. Of those whose run is a short one and who have gone but a little way, there is no doubt that there are many survivors. In regard to both these kinds of salmon we have absolutely no way of ascertaining the exact percentage. The great majority, I think, of the salmon running in the river are about four years old, and the average weight of these is or should be about 22lbs. I have no doubt that the occasional 50lb. salmon are fishes which have spawned more than once; but what percentage of the 22lb. salmon have had a previous experience in the river it is impossible to say.

Among all our fishes there is none the life history of which is so difficult to trace as that of the salmon. I have felt gratified that so much of the work which I have done on this subject has stood the test of time, and I have felt still more gratified at the general agreement of the conclusions which I have reached with those of Stone, Bean, Gilbert and others who have been at work on the same problems. But all conclusions of this kind are open to revision with more evidence. Biology is always an inexact science because it is never possible for one man or one generation to get together all the data necessary for an absolute settlement of any great question. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

PALO ALTO, Cal., July 20.

## "DOC" REPLIES TO "OLD MAN."

MAY the woman dubbed as "Doc" in your last issue venture into the columns of your paper, columns that are decidedly masculine: but then, having once worn trousers, and "Sunday ones" at that, I make the venture.

"Old Man," blessings on him, can never tell of the keen enjoyment of this vacation of mine. I, who never caught a trout or bass before in my life, surely appreciate this wild Pike county home. Here are worn the "old duds" and an immense straw hat, the only trimming being a shoestring to tie under one's chin when the wind blows. Here come the roses to one's cheeks in the shape of sunburn and here also come the freckles, which I give a flower-like name to, too. "Bachelor buttons" I call my freckles, for any man in beholding them would remain a bachelor all his days were I the only choice.

That trouting expedition will ever be as a poem in my memory. How I wished I was an artist with a box of water-colors, for oils would seem too gross for those tender shades. How soft those tones of green, with here and there patches of gold in them from "old Sol;" how tangled the ferns and vines running over some fallen tree of that wilderness!

I enjoyed that tramp, and the cool, rushing water was soothing to my feet, clad in hot rubber boots, and then—my first trout. Surely no trout ever before had such pretty specks on him, none ever so supple, and when his neck was broken I was downright sorry; but was soon busy with a fresh, fat, pink worm.

After such days are long past and we are back in the busy city once more, we can sit and muse or tell prodigious yarns about our sport. We are more charitable toward our fellow men, for we have been in communion with nature and she teaches us gentleness, patience and steadfastness of purpose.

I pore over the advertisements of FOREST AND STREAM with a very knowing air which I think would amuse my friends. I discuss light-weight rods, fishing tackle and boats in a manner that has the "courage of its convictions." My life will know content when I own a hunting coat such as I see advertised. "Old Man" carried worms, frogs, snelled hooks, leaders and book of flies, lunch, pipe, tobacco, reels and even small snakes in those blessed pockets, while I, with envy in my soul, trudged along, a handkerchief thrust in my belt and one poor useless pocket, the whereabouts known only to my modiste.

"Old Man" is modest and tells not of the frog he manufactured of pork, the legs of which dangled in the water in a most comical manner, causing us many a hearty laugh and many a loss when we attempted to strike. It was "Old Man" who taught me how to cast and how to coax the bass from "the shadows of great rocks" and to have patience with the fastidious pickerel and give him time when he chews with dainty nibbles your choicest perch bait. "Doc" blesses "Old Man" and forgives him that libel, that gum gossip.

"DOC" (M. K.).

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Photograph of Dr. Bethune.

WHEN Rev. Dr. A. J. Upson, vice-chancellor of the University of the State of New York, told me a few days ago that he had something to show me that I would be pleased to see, it was not long before I called upon him to find what the something was. I found it to be a photograph from life of Rev. G. W. Bethune, the editor of the American edition of "Walton's Compleat Angler." This photograph had but recently come into Dr. Upson's possession, having been presented to him by one to whom Dr. Bethune gave it, and it was taken under the following circumstances: The officers of the Piseco Trout Club were Mr. Henry Vail, President; Dr. Bethune, Vice-President; Mr. Alfred Brooks, Secretary. On one occasion Dr. Francis Vinton, of New York, entered Dr. Bethune's study, and noting the surroundings of books, fishing rods, creels and other angling paraphernalia, asked for a photograph of him for the club, as he saw him there. Consent was finally granted upon condition that after a few prints were made for members of the club and a few intimates the negative should be destroyed. The photograph represents him sitting in his study with morning gown and cap, spectacles on nose, pen in hand, and a ponderous volume on the desk before him. Leaning against the desk is a long-stemmed pipe—his "orthodox pipe," and on the wall are rods and fishing creel. A friend said: "We owe many a fervid page, and many a burst of eloquence to that same creel and rod, for they kept his heart young and his body manageable." I shall not attempt to give a description of Dr. Bethune's personal appearance from this photograph. I imagined him to have been tall and spare, but Dr. Upson, who knew him long and well, tells me that he was, as the photograph bears witness, rather short and quite stout. Dr. Upson relates that once Dr. Bethune was detained at the home of a fisherman all night by a storm: "Who are you?" said the man. "You have been with me in my boat all day fishing, skillfully, not swearing once, and now you have sung like an angel and prayed like a saint. Who are you?" One who was brought into the closest relation with Dr. Bethune by their common love of angling and forest life is a contributor to the columns of angling and shooting journals of to-day, but his identity is concealed under a pen name. He prepared a sketch of Dr. Bethune as an angler, but the copy was lost in a newspaper office before it was printed, and it is not probable that the sketch will be rewritten.

### False Cuff for Waterproof Coat.

A friend, Mr. Wm. W. Ladd, Jr., told me of a false cuff for a waterproof coat, and I asked him to describe it, which he does in a letter as follows: "The false or inner cuff about which I wrote you came to my notice in an English-made waterproof coat which I obtained last year. It is very simple in construction, and I have tested it last season and again this, and found it to answer its purpose admirably. Picture to yourself a cuff made of the same material as the coat placed inside the sleeve so that the lower edge is about one-half inch up from the end of the sleeve. The edge of the cuff nearest the elbow is attached to the inside of the sleeve so as to exclude water in the same way that the sleeve is joined to the body of the coat. The lower edge of the cuff is turned in over an elastic band which keeps it close to the wrist and prevents the water running along the arm. The cuff does not show below the sleeve, and is a neat, and as I have said, an efficient protection from that nuisance in wading or boat fishing—wet arms. I have never seen anything of the kind on waterproofs made in this country, but I am sure that it could be copied to the comfort of anglers and sportsmen in general." Wet arms and wet knees are to be avoided by anglers if possible, for as a rule these parts of the body add more to one's discomfort than any other when they get wet. I fought against wet knees unsuccessfully until I got a waterproof coat in Scotland with skirts that came to my heels, and with room enough to permit one to sit down. With false cuffs added to a long skirt, boat-fishing in the rain may be a pleasure, provided the fish bite, and in stream-fishing the skirts might be turned up and buttoned to the body of the coat.

### Open Season for Black Bass.

Just eight years ago, in a column letter in FOREST AND STREAM, I said: "For several years the impression has been gaining ground, from personal experience, that the close season for black bass in the State of New York is altogether wrong, and at no distant day will result in depleting our waters of this game fish, unless there is a change made in existing laws. From the examination of local waters, interviews with professional fishermen, and correspondence with anglers in different parts of the State, the impression has resolved itself into a fact as to the present, and the fulfilling of the prophecy must follow as a consequence."

In commenting on this letter editorially you were good enough to say that the subject was one upon which I was competent to speak, and added, among other things: "In the State of New York, the date at which all law-abiding bass should have finished spawning and protecting their young has been fixed at June 1, but we regret to say that the majority of bass are so depraved and have so little regard for law as to delay their family arrangements for a month later, and the question is, Shall the fish be compelled to change their habits to comply with the wisdom of our legislators or shall we acknowledge that they know best when they want to spawn and accommodate ourselves to them? * * * The main opposition to such a change would come from summer resorts and country hotels which look for black bass fishers in June. With them it is a question of dollars, in which we and unselfish anglers like Mr. Cheney are not at all interested. The law needs changing."

The law was changed and made to open May 30, Decoration Day, which is a holiday. The sole reason given for this change was to afford anglers the opportunity to avail themselves of the holiday to catch black bass in Greenwood Lake. Then those who were actually interested in keeping up the supply of bass, and who realized that June fishing promised to destroy them, procured special legislation to protect black bass in a dozen different waters until July 1 or later. The new law of '92 wiped out the special laws, and again the destruction goes on legally, for the season opens everywhere, except in Lake George, on May 30. I know that it is an old story, but I shall harp upon it as long as the abominable law remains on the books. In a recent letter from that prince of writers, the author of "Sam Lovel's Camps," occurs this reference to the black bass law:

"So far I have wet a hook but once this year, when the boy and I went to the Slang for bullpouts, and didn't get 'em. We fished opposite Sam's and Antoine's camping-place, very much changed since they and I first knew it, when it was surrounded by the primeval forest. What laws we have, and how they are enforced! What an absurdity to extend the close time for pike-perch months beyond their spawning time, and open the black bass season in the very height of their spawning. Such idiotic enactments disgust law-abiding people with protective legislation, and makes them lukewarm concerning the disregard of it by the lawless. I hope for more intelligent legislation." I think I have nothing to add to those sentiments. A. N. CHENEY.

## SALMON OF THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA.

The following letters explain themselves. The action of Mr. Davis is most commendable; and every one interested in salmon fishing will hope that no impediment may stand in the way of his completing the proposed arrangement.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., July 22 —*To the Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Can.:* DEAR SIR—The net-fishermen at the mouth of the Grand Cascapedia River, five in number, have agreed to take up their nets for five years if I pay a certain sum to each, and if the Government will not revoke their licenses at the end of said term, providing the law remains the same as it is now, allowing them to fish by paying so much to the Government. They seem to think by taking up the nets they will forfeit their rights, which I sincerely hope is to the contrary. I am very anxious to preserve the salmon in the river, and by taking up the nets for five years it will be the means of restocking it.

Will you kindly tell me at once if the Government will grant their licenses as usual? so that I may assure them that by leasing to me they will not be deprived of their rights at the end of the five years, if net fishing is then allowed. They of course will pay for their licenses each year, but will not put their nets out.

We are hoping to have a boundary placed at the head of the river to protect the salmon on their spawning ground and where fly-fishing will not be allowed.

I trust that you will please give this your immediate attention, so I may notify the men and make arrangements for the coming year. Respectfully yours,

E. W. DAVIS.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., July 22,—*To the Hon. Edmund J. Flynn:* DEAR SIR—For the past two years I have been trying to get the net fishermen, at the mouth of the Grand Cascapedia River, to take up their nets and have at last made terms with them for five years, providing the government will not revoke their licenses at the end of said term, if licenses are then issued as now. They will take out their licenses yearly and I am to pay them not to fish. It will help the river greatly, but to preserve the salmon a boundary should be made at some point on the river and no fly-fishing allowed above that point.

I have looked into the matter thoroughly and consulted with the oldest fishermen on the river—I refer to the natives—men who have speared and know the habits of the fish; they all tell me that no fishing should be allowed above Indian Falls, this giving a stretch of water thirty miles above the township line for fly-fishing. Some of the men think the boundary should be at the forks; if the boundary is made there parties can fish Lazy Bogan, which it is absolutely necessary to protect. Lazy Bogan is a stretch of pools where the salmon collect before starting up the forks, and any number of fish could be killed there, formerly, late in the season. It is their spawning ground as well as the forks and should by all means be protected.

If I am allowed by the government to pay the net fishermen not to fish for five years and you will help us in protecting the salmon at the head waters, it will take but a short time to get the salmon back by protecting the river as I have advised. The government, should it decide to lease some of the fishing, would receive a good round sum for the privilege.

A petition will be sent you and I sincerely hope you will give it your consideration, as by so doing you will be helping us to protect the gamest fish in the world, in their most beautiful river, the Grand Cascapedia, and at the same time you will have the good wishes of all true sportsmen throughout the Dominion, as well as yours respectfully, E. W. DAVIS.

### Tobogganing for Fish.

ERIE, Pa., July 24.—As I believe that catching fish with a toboggan is not a very general practice, I send you this account. A young gentleman using the marine toboggan slide at Massassauga Point (the summer resort at the head of our bay) experienced the queer sensation of some large slippery body gliding between his legs Saturday last. Suddenly remembering the reports which were circulated a few years ago, to the effect that some men when closing an exhibition at the Point had freed several good-sized alligators in the bay, the frightened young man scrambled to the shore and called the bystanders to the scene. The animal proved to be a huge sturgeon, which had probably wandered in from the lake to catch some spawn. Men set upon the fish with clubs, a gun not doing the work, and soon had him landed. The prize measured 4ft. 9in. and brought the scales down to 42lbs. MALLARD.

## WHITEFISH AND GRAYLING.

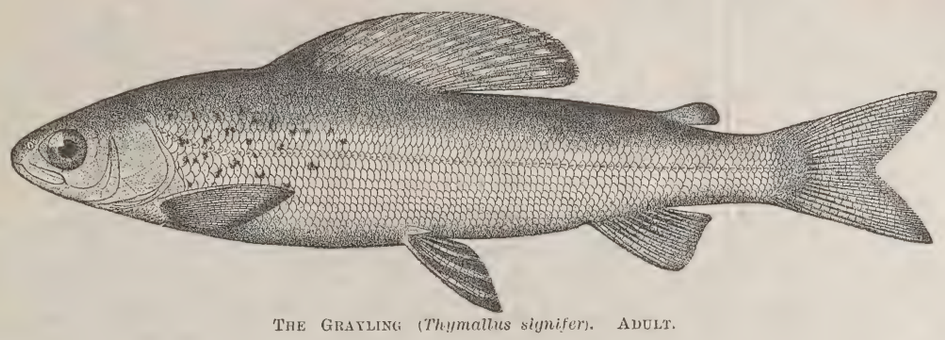
THE illustration of Williamson's whitefish will be welcomed by many anglers who have found it difficult to recognize at sight the differences between the grayling and the whitefish of the Rocky Mountain region. The whitefish has no teeth, but the grayling has well developed teeth in the jaws. The large back fin of the whitefish has about twelve rays; that of the grayling has about twenty; the color of the adult whitefish is bluish above, silvery below; the grayling has many small black spots on the front of the body and the back fin is gorgeous with rose-colored lines and green spots.

Williamson's whitefish inhabits clear streams and lakes from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific; it is common also in tributaries of the Saskatchewan. The figures accompanying these notes were copied from Commissioner McDonald's report on the establishment of fishcultural stations in the Rocky Mountain region and Gulf States. The presence of parr marks in the young whitefish was made known by Prof. Evermann and is of the highest interest.

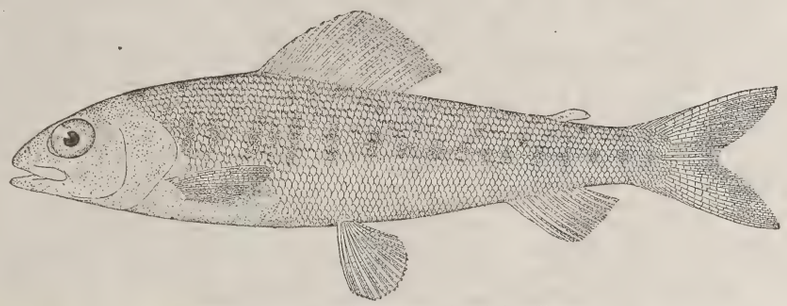
Judge L. B. France, who has given a graphic account of fishing for the whitefish in "Mr. Dide; His Vacation in Colorado," stated in FOREST AND STREAM, July 30, 1891, that he has seen fish of this kind weighing 3lbs. Our illustration is one-half the length of an adult specimen. The whitefish, according to Judge France, has an odor similar to that of the grayling. He says it "is an excellent food fish, rises readily to the fly and makes a good fight, although it keeps below the surface as long as possible when hooked." It spawns in the fall.

"Livingston," in FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 6, 1891, describes the whitefish as lying sluggish with heads up stream, agreeing with the observation of "Big Horn." He found an abundance of whitefish in the Gallatin, one of the forks of the Missouri, in Montana. "H. L.," in our columns Aug. 13, 1891, mentions "a fine place for taking whitefish in the Madison, at the upper end of the Upper Madison Cañon." With grasshoppers for bait his party caught about a bushel in about an hour's time. They found horseflies a killing bait also, taking a fish as soon as the fly struck the water.

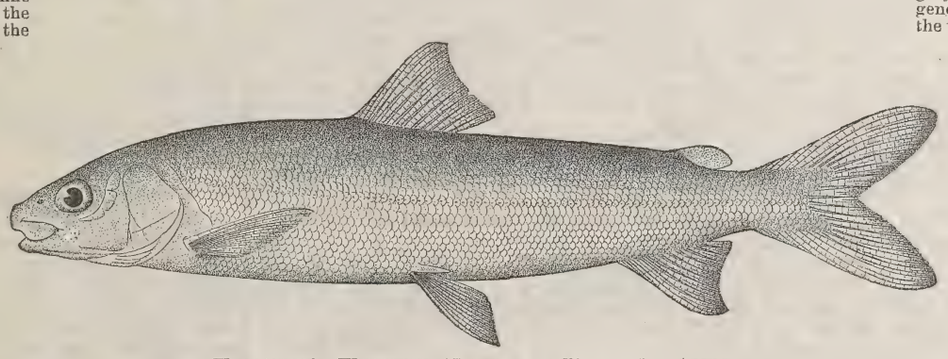
The food of the whitefish consists of small crustaceans and insects. As a table fish it is considered equal to trout and grayling. As a fighter "H. L." found it as strong as the trout, if not stronger, and inclined to hang to the bottom of the stream.



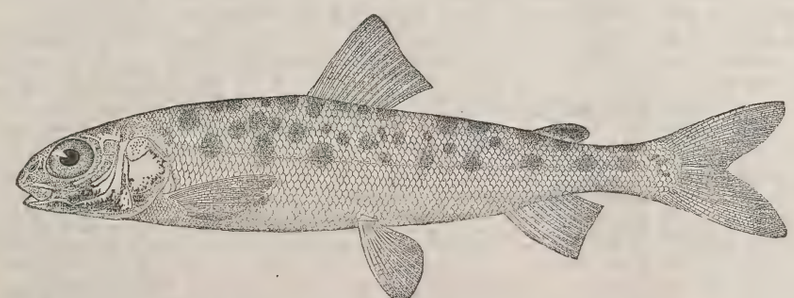
THE GRAYLING (*Thymallus signifer*). ADULT.



THE GRAYLING (*Thymallus signifer*). YOUNG.



WILLIAMSON'S WHITEFISH (*Coregonus williamsoni*). ADULT.



WILLIAMSON'S WHITEFISH (*Coregonus williamsoni*). YOUNG.

### The Graylings.

About six nominal kinds of grayling have been recorded from the temperate and Arctic parts of the northern hemisphere. Perhaps these really represent only three well-defined species, and of these we are concerned only with the common form of the British Islands and Continental Europe, the grayling of Michigan, and the wing-finned or Back's grayling of far northwest America.

*Thymallus*, the generic name of the graylings, was given because of a fancied resemblance of the odor of the fish to that of the water-thyme; although some authors trace a still stronger resemblance to that of the whirl-a-gig (*Gyrinus natator*). Grayling, probably a corruption of gray lin or line, relates to the horizontal lines along the body. The Esquimau name for the northern species, *Hewlookpowak*, denotes wing-like fin.

The European grayling inhabits the fresh waters of central and northern Europe, in England it lives in streams and does not enter the sea, but in Scandinavia it occurs in lakes; it is found also in the North Sea, Cattegat and Baltic. Our American species are known from Michigan, the headwaters of the Missouri, and from the region northward to the Arctic Circle in British America and Alaska. Richardson found it abundant in rocky streams of the primitive country north of the 62d parallel of latitude, between Mackenzie's River and the Welcome. According to "Kelpie" it frequents the Hersey, Pine, Manistee, Pigeon, Sturgeon, Au Sable, Maple, Black and other streams of Michigan. In Montana it is common in the Gallatin, and occurs also in the Jefferson and Madison. Prof. Evermann took it in Red Rock River, Beaverhead River, and in the Gibbon at its junction with the Firehole, also in the stream formed by Horsethief Springs.

Writing of the English fish, Dr. Day states: "It prefers clear streams, in which there are a succession of sluggish pools and shallows, with sandy, gravelly, or loamy beds, rocky or stony bottoms being unsuitable. The larger ones seem to resort more to the deeper and quiet spots, the moderately-sized and small ones to the shallows, taking their post behind a rock or a bunch of weeds. Although clear streams are preferred, still a moderate or cold temperature of the water seems to be of more consequence, but too much cold or too much heat are asserted to be equally fatal to it."

The Michigan grayling frequents spring-fed rivers with sandy bottoms of about 52°. In Montana and Alaska it abounds in rapid, rocky rivers and in lakes. In the Gallatin the temperature often rises to 60°. In northern America, according to Richardson, "it is found only in clear waters, and seems to delight in the most rapid parts of the mountain streams. In the autumn of 1820 we obtained many by angling in a rapid of Winter River, opposite to Fort Enterprise."

The graylings eat insects and their larvæ, small mollusks, also water fleas. The larva of the caddis fly is a favorite food of the English grayling, and it takes along with the larva pieces of stick and stone attached to it. Beetles and spiders are also eagerly sought for, while in the West grasshoppers and crickets form part of the food.

The spawning season and spawning habits of the American and European species are so nearly alike that I quote from Dr. Day the following account of the English species:

"It generally spawns on the shallows in April or May, or even earlier, while at a little distance the eggs somewhat resemble frog-spawn. Fish under half a pound weight do not appear, as a rule, to spawn, rendering it probable that they do not commence to do so until their third season, or possibly the fourth. The ova are smaller than those of the trout [*Salmo fario*], and transparent, while the interior may be white, opalescent, cornelian color, or even deep orange. The eggs are deposited on the gravel near the tails of shallows, and in shallow nests or redds, like the salmon, trout, or char, but not to so great a depth. Neither do these fish attempt to pass up to the heads of streams for breeding purposes, but select shallow localities near where they usually reside, and where females may be seen waited on by two or even three males. The ova are more delicate than those of the trout or char, and it has been remarked in Herefordshire that should a severe frost occur during their spawning season, the succeeding year's supply of young fish appears to be deleteriously affected. The body of the embryo is visible in the egg on the ninth day, and usually hatches from about the twelfth to the twenty-fifth day; few days elapse between the appearance of the eyes of the embryo and the eggs hatching. The young, when hatched must be kept in very pure water, for that which is sufficiently good for a trout alevin is not always suitable for grayling. At the hatching time the egg shells should be at once removed, as they are found to be very deleterious. About the end of July or commencement of August the fry are about 4 or 5in. long. In aquaria it has been observed that young salmon or trout will readily eat young grayling."

The graylings are capricious in their movements, but are bolder than trout, and on account of their tender mouths it is difficult to land them. The habit of boring with head up stream when hooked in order to get to the bottom has been observed by all who have fished for them. The rise is often unexpected, and when the natural fly is being taken freely, the artificial fly will often be refused. The fish will often rise repeatedly at the same fly unless touched by the hook. Richardson, in his early account of fly-fishing for grayling, said: "This grayling generally springs entirely out of the water when first struck with the hook, and tugs strongly at the line, requiring as much dexterity to land it safely as would secure a trout of six times the size." Pennell wrote: "Grayling seldom take the minnow, either natural or artificial, or the worm." "Kelpie" tells that he has seen it caught with worms and even with pork. In American streams the fish rises well to the black, brown, gray and red hackles. "Kelpie" found brown or gray gnats taking in early summer. Among the favorite grayling flies are the Abbey, Montreal, professor, royal-coachman, Lord-Baltimore, grizzly-king, green and yellow grasshoppers, and yellow-sally. There is no coyness about the fish, for it rushes at the bait and returns until hooked.

The characteristic black spots on the sides vary greatly in number. Prof. Evermann found twenty-five on one side and eighteen on the other side of the same fish. He has called attention also to the presence in young examples about 3in. long, of numerous steel-blue blotches along the sides resembling the parr marks of young trout, salmon and whitefish. These are clearly shown in the figure of the young accompanying this description.

The writer has continued to write of the American graylings as representing two well-marked kinds. With this, however, Dr. Jordan disagrees and he considers the Alaskan form identical with that of Michigan. My reasons for using distinguishing names have been previously stated in FOREST AND STREAM, and I have nothing new to add now. The Alaskan fish appears to have a much higher dorsal fin, a wider space between the eyes, a shorter lower jaw and fewer gill-rakers. By comparing our first figure with that of the Arctic grayling in Goode's "American Fishes," page 485, the reader will observe some of these points of difference. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of studying these fishes is the lack of large series of specimens of the Alaskan grayling; perhaps intergradation may be shown when sufficient material is at hand. With the present specimens, however, the characters noted should receive due consideration. T. H. B.

SEND us a postal card news note of fishing, where to fish, or fishing incident.

## LAKE BUELL.

How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves are still and mute:
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin's distant hum.
* * * * * * *
And bugle, lute and bell, and all
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall.
—*Scott's "Lady of the Lake."*

NESTLED among the wooded heights of Berkshire, Mass., like a beautiful diamond in a green casket lies the lovely sheet of water called Lake Buell, three miles long and one-half mile in width.

Our good old uncle had welcomed us in his heartiest manner to Fern Cottage, on the western shore of the lake, and though great sport had been promised, and though we had skittered with minnows, fished with worms, grasshoppers and crickets, thrown flies of every hue and varied combination, trolled with rubber frogs and fishes, yet, so far, but a few small black bass and perch had rewarded us for our efforts. Something must be done on this the 22d day of July, as we must return to our business the day following, and when the day dawned so gloriously, with a light breeze raising a catspaw on the surface of the waters, a trolling programme was at once laid out and agreed upon. Our enterprising and lively little Cousin Carrie had unearthed from some nook a perforated live-bait pail left by some fisherman, and from its depths extracted a troll line and spoon apparently in good order, and the rubber frog and fish were laid aside at once and declared "no good" forthwith.

What a morning it was—at first a mere glimmer of the sun was faintly discernible through a thick mist that covered the eastern shore and blended with the waters of the lake shutting out the wooded heights beyond. As the mist dissolved, the rays glared with fierce intensity and the waters glowed as a fiery furnace of molten metal. Troll lines and spoons were looked to and tested, boats slipped their moorings, anchors were hoisted, and amid the rattling of chains, oars and oarlocks, "good lucks" and farewells of our aunt, cousin and lady friends, we were off for a mile away, where black bass of large dimensions waited to be caught by lucky fishermen; Chapin rowed my boat, what a fisherman he was and how he wanted to hold the troll line himself, I knew only too well, but he is one of those magnanimous men who wants the other fellow to have a good time too, and so, though seventy-one years old, he insisted on doing the rowing while I handled the line and spoon. Out by the borders of the eel grass and pickerel weed we went, and he knew the course to take full well and he kept it too, with deep green waters on the one hand, clean and free from obstructions; and the lily pads and eel grass (under which lay bass and pickerel) on the other. Up and down we trolled, once, twice, three times, not a rise. Was I at fault? could a more experienced fisherman handle the troll in a more alluring and fascinating manner? I thought there might be something in it and taking my seat in the bow we allowed the boy to row awhile, and Chapin took his place in the stern with the troll. I had risen too early, the sun was pouring its beams with unstinted severity upon my head and I lay on the bow seat with my feet crossed lazily on the boat side, the motion was delightful and closing my eyes I listened with calm content to the ripple of the waters about the keel as it pushed its way through. I fancy that I lost myself for a moment: the waters sang me a lullaby and soothed me with their siren voices. I heard Chapin say in a far away tone "I've got him," but in the moment it took me to collect my scattered senses the best of the sight was over. I saw the troll line deftly brought in hand over hand, a wake of foam out for 50ft., and the stalwart form of the troller erect and vibrating with fiery excitement, but the magnificent jumps of the hooked fish I had lost; on it came, and with a deft toss was landed in safety, and a 2lb. bass splashed the water in the boat with the vim and velocity of a lawn sprinkler. With all our wooing no more would rise that forenoon, and as the wind died away about 10 o'clock, still-fishing was resorted to and a few good sized perch rewarded our efforts.

At noon our fair-haired cousin blew the dinner horn, its brazen notes roused the echoes of the sleeping hills and back it came, once, twice and thrice; we paused to listen and again the notes came from the fair musician's horn, and soft and softer came the echo back and forth across the lake. A row home to a good dinner and then we were ready for another troll. A strong breeze had now sprung up and light caps sat upon the waves which promised us sport, and seemed daring us to test their strength in another row, so not to be dared out we went again, Chapin at the oars, the undersigned at the troll. Up once and down part way—ah, a strike!—and a tingle through my hand and arm, every drop of blood flows madly through every vein. Way out in the waste of waters—at least 400ft.—a dark form shoots wildly in the air. "Keep him taut," you've got him," shouts my companion, and I wonder if it is possible that that fish way out there is mine, and pull madly on the line, the bass disputing and contesting every inch of the way. On he comes, fighting as I pull in, and now he darts this side and the other, and my best endeavor is not to let him get the advantage he is striving for. Suddenly I feel a slackening of the line, a sickening feeling comes over me; a complete let down. Have I lost him? No, he has made a rush for the boat, and when within 50ft. out he goes again 4ft. into the air, his sides gleaming like dusky, burnished bronze in the bright sunlight. Where am I? For a time I certainly lose sight of myself and all sublunary things except that fish. I call loudly for Chapin to help me at the finale. We have no landing net and I feel unequal to the emergency, but the end is near at hand. On comes the fish in a wake of foam, and we brace ourselves for the grand effort, and now he is close to the boat and I see his coppery, tawny sides gleaming in the green waters. I know he will do something entirely unexpected at the last moment; will he rush under the boat or jump? It's a jump, I feel the slackening; before my blurred vision springs a graceful form in a shower of watery diamonds, and just in the nick of time Chapin grabs the line and with a dexterous twist and flirt lands the fish safely in the boat.

"Over two pounds," says my friend. "Yes, and he pulled like a four-pounder. I am well paid now for all the waiting. Now my blood is up." "More and better ones where he comes from," says C., and we try it again. A few times more we run up and down without success, except for two good perch, and then we change to the west side of the lake. A sudden rush and strike and I have another fast. Hand over hand I haul him in; no breaks along the line, not a ripple on the surface except such as the line makes as it curves through the waters. "Seaweed," says C. "Eel grass," say I, and pull in with a mighty strain, as one would tug a refractory cow to the butcher. "Mighty heavy eel grass" I think, but not a quiver on the line, only a steady strain, but when within ten feet of the boat I see a glimmer too large for that of the spoon, and down to the bottom of the lake sullenly plunges a large pickerel, and now all is excitement; we didn't expect this, and up he comes to the surface. Now the fight begins in earnest; the water is foaming as though on a boil; I can hardly discern the fish though a glimmer as of a rapidly-revolving wheel of green dazes and bewilders me; I give him a flirt as he helps himself to a rise. Up he comes almost in the boat. I hold him in air a moment; a four-pounder at least. Down he comes. I do not give him line enough, his full weight bears on the slim hook, it breaks and the parting waters close over my prey. I gaze wildly in the direction he has gone.

But we must catch fish while we can, and up we go again, and the spoon is soon playing merrily in the lake waters. Ah! another strike and I have him hooked. Out of the water he goes high in air, "another bass and a bigger than the first." What a monster! He pulls until the line gets fairly hot in my hands and I am getting tired of pulling him in. You can trace him by the jumps and rushes he makes, and he keeps the water churning. Chapin is ready to help me, and I pull steadily and keep a tight line on the bass. Suddenly on he comes with a rush and the line is slackening rapidly. "Look out or he will rush the other way, or sulk suddenly and tear out." "Yes, I know it, but what can I do better than I am doing?" And now he comes straight toward the boat and rushes madly along until within fifteen feet, and then he turns and rushes fiercely for the center of the lake. Over my head goes the line, and I play it out until he stops and I feel it slacken; then I pull him in again. What rushes and thrills and throbs and pulsations! Up he comes. I lift him. We see him plainly, his broad back fin flared and pointed. Chapin cries, "He'll weigh 4 to 5lbs. sure." Again a broken hook, and the fish drops so closely to the boat as to graze its side. Lost, lost! Softly upon the breeze floats the melancholy plaint of two despairing and saddened mortals.

With chastened countenance and hope born of misfortune we prepare for battle again and mend our troll with new hooks, but "the day is far spent and night's coming on," and though we try our luck again nothing rewards our toil; and talking and sighing over the fish we have lost we row dejectedly to the cottage just as the sun is sinking over the blue hill in clouds of amber and red gold. Up through the narrows the waters reflect with vividness the high lights of a glorious departing day.

A church bell slowly tolls at Hartsville, its notes mellowed by distance chime in with the scene and fall on our ears as a benediction, soothing and quieting our ruffled spirits. Insensibly I close my eyes and the images of the "Angelus" shape themselves to my inward vision. I am worshipping at the shrine of which this sweet-toned bell is a reminder, and I trust I am better for the inspection.

A hot fish supper with tea, and a sing on the broad piazza in the gathering twilight close the day's sport.

A rumble of thunder with vivid flashes of lightning announce a coming storm and we sing until the rain pelts sharply on the piazza roof. Up from the cottage a quarter of a mile below comes a round of applause as a compliment to our singing, and with a good-night song to the appreciative cottagers we retire to sleep the sleep of the just and happy, and Lake Buell out in the storm receives the raindrops on its breast and reflects the vivid lightning from its darkened sullen surface, and the hills around echo and re-echo the booming thunder.

ALBERT LEWIS.

## NEW ENGLAND ANGLERS.

THE summer catches of trout that have followed the remarkably high water of the month of June and early in July are a surprise to all the fishermen who have been so fortunate as to have had the opportunity to try for them. Mr. Charles E. Sanborn, of the noted tea and coffee firm of Chase, Sanborn & Co., has been passing a few weeks at the celebrated stock farm and country residence of Mr. James Sanborn, of the same firm, near Poland Springs, Me. Mr. Henry Savage, the Boston agent of the New York coffee firm of Hard & Rand, has been with the Sanborns for a short vacation. Mr. Charles F. Nason, well known as a riflemaker at Lewiston, Me., for a number of years, but now foreman for Chas. Sanborn & Co., also took his vacation at the same time. It has long been understood in the vicinity of Lewiston that if anybody could get fish and game it was Charlie Nason. The above-mentioned gentlemen made several trouting trips to the streams with fair success, but it remained for Mr. Chas. Sanborn and Mr. Chas. Nason to cap the climax and surprise the country boys. They made an excursion to a stream that flows into Cobbosseecontee Lake. Here they expected some big trout. They had heard that some of the Lewiston market fishermen had been getting some remarkably fine trout somewhere. Indeed some of their catches had been displayed in the shop windows of that city. The stream was very high. The banks were also ornamented with a beaten path, made by the numbers of fishermen who had been there before them. They came to one of the best pools, as Mr. Nason well knew. They did not try the trout till after sundown. Then they carefully threw in well-baited hooks. They had previously tried flies without success. Almost the instant the bait struck the water there was a great swirl and a 2¼lb. trout was brought to the net. Still the fun continued, till they had taken 15 trout. Mr. Nason himself was much surprised. Eight of the string weighed 30lbs. Two of the truly splendid specimens of perfect *Salmo fontinalis* have been the town's talk ever since, though the sportsmen have not yet explained to the Poland Springs visitors where the string was obtained. One of these two weighed 4lbs. 8oz., and the other 4lbs. 10oz. There were a number of trout that were over 2lbs., and no small ones in the string. The big ones were brought to Boston. Mr. Nason says that he has thought over the catch a good deal. He has come to the conclusion that the high water had started the trout upstream and th t they had congregated in the pool. He also thinks that the low water of the fall, winter and spring previous had prevented their migration till the June rains had started them.

THE FOREST AND STREAM was entirely correct about the whereabouts of Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, in its account last week. The fact is the Governor tried to elude the reporters and the usual bores of his office and escape to a haven of actual rest for a few days. He could scarcely have selected a better place than the camps of Joseph Jefferson, the actor, on the Miramichi, in New Brunswick. When he left home it was understood by his private secretary that his location should be kept a profound secret till his return. He followed Mr. Jefferson, his son Willie Jefferson and Dr. Swan, of Cambridge. He was too wily to depart with them; that would have been giving away the whole story. They have had a glorious time: even Mrs. Russell admitted this when called upon by the ubiquitous newspaper reporter, but as to his present address she really did not positively know. The party made an excursion to a celebrated trout lake in the woods, a tributary, through its outlet, to the Miramichi. They went several miles through the woods, by compass, instead of going the regulay way suggested by the guides, and were lost in the woods, in fact, being nearly the whole of one day in getting straightened out and getting to the fishing ground at the inlet of the lake. There were four in the party to make the excursion; Gov. Russell, Dr. Swan, Willie Jefferson and Mr. Walker. They had six or eight guides to do the lugging, construct rafts to fish from and make the camps. The first fishing was done toward nightfall, and they had wonderful sport, till a thunder shower drove them under their partly-constructed lean-to. The shower was soon over, when again the sport was excellent, lasting till after dark. The Governor hooked and landed doubles, and Dr. Swan landed a 2-pounder. The trout would rise close to the rafts and all about the fishermen. The guides were kept busy unhooking the trout and handling the landing nets. The Governor's raft, with Willie Jefferson, had a score of 42, while the other raft made a score of 62. All the small trout were thrown back as soon as unhooked. One of the party thinks that they must have put back at least 150 trout.

The party remained in camp that night, under the lean-to and before the camp-fires. The next morning they were up very early and expected to renew the sport of the evening previous. But alas, for the fickle nature of the trout! Not a single trout would rise, however hard they might try. By 10 o'clock they gave up in disgust, and having all the trout they could possibly take care of they concluded to break camp and go back to the salmon river. The way back was taken by a detour through the woods by the old route, and then by canoes down the river to camp. No trail by compass was attempted. They had had enough of such traveling. But the Governor, as he usually does, took the lead, even in threading the almost impassable swamps of the compass trail of the day before. The Governor is to be back in Boston again this week, and at his position in the State House. From the salmon camp the party have made other excursions, some of them lasting two or three days. They have seen the tracks of caribou and deer, and numerous signs of bears. Who wouldn't be a governor and make such outings! Who wouldn't be a Joseph Jefferson, get rich through playing RipVan Winkle, and then own a salmon right on the Miramichi? SPECIAL.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., July 23.—This is the sort of weather that wears whiskers and talks in a deep bass tone of voice. The fish are out in the woods hunting shade. The frogs wear sponges on their heads and carry fans. It is an easy guess that the tepid waters afford but little sport, that the trout are hunting the little creeks, and the bass the deep sleeping holes. Worst of all, there now comes on the drying up of the many overflow ponds left by the unusually high waters of the spring, and the funeral baked meats of the little fishes in the mud.

It has been, for this section of the country, an exceptionally good year for the breeding of fish, barring the above inevitable attendant upon high water. The rivers literally swarm with fry of all sorts. Along the Fox River I noticed this especially. Another thing was noticeable as a result of the high water, and that was the distance fish will go out into shallow water, away from the main body, while in search of food. While hunting for frogs along the Fox River meadows I twice stepped on bass which were away out in the grass, where no one would have thought of finding them, and where the water was not ankle deep on my boots. Yet they gave a great flop and always headed right for deep water, though they could not swim direct to it, but had to follow the wetter places of the meadow. It was never clear to my mind whether these bass were after frogs or were out picking strawberries. The ground was not right for spawning beds.

Lake Winnebago, where the highly enjoyable and pleasant meeting was held of the Western Canoe Association, is nearly 10ft. above its usual level. The bay west of the canoe camp is ordinarily nearly cut off by a sand bar, but no trace of this bar was visible last week. The lake is also of an unusually brown stain this year, by reason of the heavy outpour of the northern Fox and its lumbering tributaries.

Neenah, on the north end of Winnebago, is a lovely place, and in the house kept by Roberts and his son I found one of the few summer resort places of which I could conscientiously approve from the standpoint of an angler and loafer alike. The grounds here slope right down to the mouth, or rather, the source of the Neenah River. The stream is so bold and wide that you can hardly think of it as running out of, not into, the lake, which rolls just beyond the two promontories a rifle shot from the docks. A boat left without anchor, however, would soon discover the error, for the current sets down very strong.

THE "MOONEYE" OF NEENAH.

It is in the Neenah River, and indeed generally right near this head of the river, or along a space less than

quarter of a mile in extent, that the now famous "mooneyes"or "mooneyed shad," or so-called "fresh-water shad," are taken. There has been much discussion over this fish in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, which has been the only paper to locate and name the fish. It had never been my fortune to see one of these fish, and being now upon the lake I was glad to find opportunity to accept Mr. J. P. Roberts's repeated invitations to come up and catch one. I did catch one, and just one; for although the run has been very large and has lasted very late, it is now long past time for the disappearance of these fish, and when they leave the river no one knows where they go. Their biting time rarely runs over thirty days, and usually depends upon the supply of a large ephemera, locally known as the "Green Bay fly." It is like the "sand fly," which sometimas deluges Chicago, though I think larger. The gray drake artificial fly is in its imitation, though a No. 3 bass fly would not be larger than the actual insect. Early in the season the fly deposits eggs on rushes or other water plants. These hatch and the larvæ fall into the water, and in the first stage of their life become water insects. Shortly the shell-like chrysalis is abandoned and left floating upon the water to make the ignorant wonder why so many young crawfish have shed their thin and tender skins. The delicate fly now takes to the shrubs and trees. All day long you will not see it unless the weather be very cool and cloudy. At evening, not at sundown even, perhaps, but half an hour or an hour later, and most just as the darkness thickens, you will see the fly come out. Then, if you be fortunate, you will in this restricted bit of water be indebted to it for a few moments at least of rare and keenly interesting sport.

In company with the best guide upon the lake, Chet Halsey (I wonder why the best guide and boatman on any water is always named Chet? I know a dozen of them), I went out from the hotel dock at about half-past 7 in the evening, and made for the bank opposite, near the inlet of the river.

"I don't expect we'll get a fish," said Chet; "they're working out pretty fast now. Few days ago you could see them rising, hundreds at a time, all over here. Look! There's a rise now."

A faint circle of the water showed where the fish had broken.

"There goes a fly now," said Chet, "watch it. There's another. Here they come. We're going to have a few flies after all. Look out now. Get ready. See 'em—there they rise!"

The dusky air now began to fill with the flight of large, gray-winged flies, and as these fell upon the water, splash, splash! the "shad" began to take them, all around the boat, and everywhere, sometimes with a faint ripple, sometimes with a big boiling splash. No man ever saw a scene like that on a trout stream.

I thought I was going to catch about a hundred fish in four minutes, for they were taking the fly within ten feet of the boat, but I soon found that they knew the difference between my No. 8 gray-drakes and the big natural insects, though I cast scores of times directly over the swirls made by feeding fish. At length I felt a sharp tug in the dark, and had a fish hung, all by accident. A prettier little fight I never had. The mooneye played fair, and did not take to the weeds. He ran long and sharp, and kept on running, and three times he came out high and shook himself like a little tarpon. I don't see that a trout of the same weight has much the advantage of a mooneye. This fish was not large, weighing only about a pound and a half. In shape and color it was quite like a shad. The great round eye was the distinguishing mark of it. The mouth was smallish, but not at all a sucker mouth. The roof of the mouth was very hard and covered with sharp teeth, which proclaimed it a minnow feeder beyond doubt. Some of the heaviest catches of these fish have been made on small minnows.

They speak of the mooneye being a very "tender-mouthed" fish, and needing very careful playing. I think this is only half true. The lower jaw is softer, but I believe most of the mooneyes are lost because they are so hard-mouthed. It must be hard to set a hook into that bony roof of the mouth.

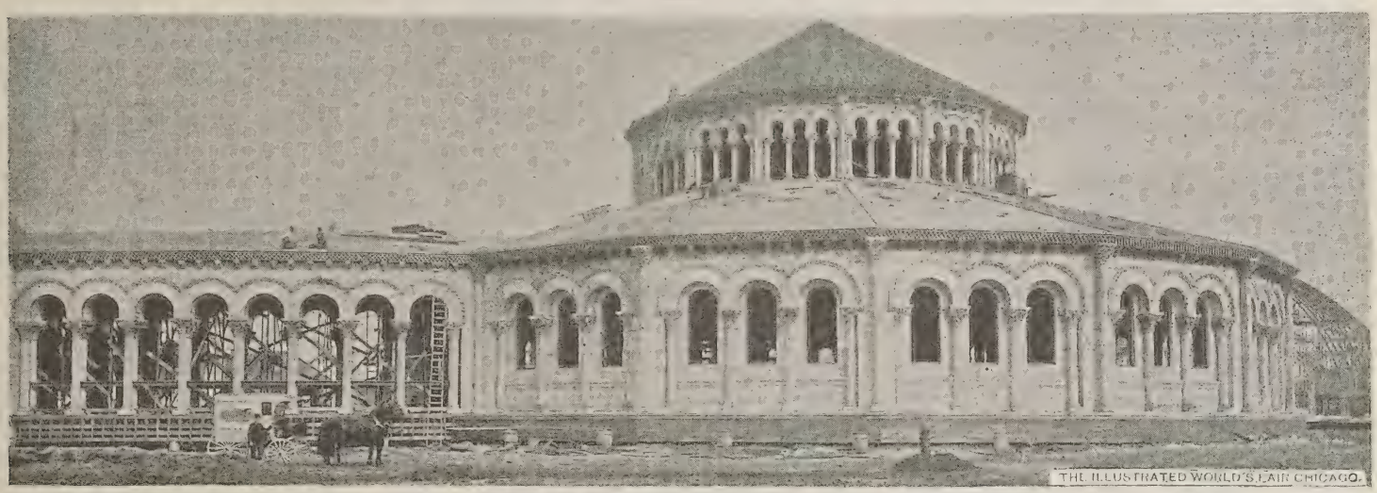
Out of 500 rises I saw, and seemingly twice that many casts, I only hooked one other mooneye, which escaped at once. The following night I did not get even one. I had a heavy strike, and after a long fight discovered that we had on two fish, a wall-eyed pike and a mooneye. In landing them the mooneye broke away, as Chet took the top fish, the wall-eye, into the net first, and the eader parted below the net at once. On that night the fishing lasted only about ten minutes. It was over in half an hour the night before. No one in the past week has caught over two on any evening. I have mentioned Mr. Earle's catch of eight a couple of weeks ago. A few years ago a boat could catch 40 or more in an evening. There were thousands of the fish. The dredging in the Neenah River seems to have disturbed the mooneyes, for they are not half so abundant as formerly. At no other point about the lake, neither in the Northern Fox River, nor in Lake Butte des Morts, or in Little Butte des Morts, nor in any of the other connecting waters, are these singular fish to be found. At least that is what I heard on my too brief trip.

WINNEBAGO BASS.

In early July the black bass were in schools and chasing minnows in shore. Chet told me that two weeks ago he saw one school of bass along the beach, which he thought was over a mile long. Heavy catches can be made on such occasions. We had very dull hot weather, and no really lively bass fishing, but we caught 21 black bass in our boat in the part of a day we fished. And on what sort of bait does one suppose? Worms. Plain worms and nothing else. Nothing else would do. Minnows, frog, fly, crawfish—none of these would my lord *Dolomieu* have. Just now the best of all bass baits on Winnebago, even for big bass, is the plain, red, wriggling worm, and plenty of him. This was the first time I ever still-fished with a casting outfit and got bass out from under the boat. We caught 4 good big bass, 2½lbs. each, on worm, but also caught a great many so small that I was ashamed to keep them. Thinking to give them a show for their white alley, I rigged up my fly-rod for worm, but the bass quit biting after I had lost half a dozen strikes by waiting too long. When you are fishing black bass with worms, it seems, you must strike as soon as you feel a touch at the hook. Chet says they take in the whole bunch of worms at the first motion, and will spit it out if you are not careful. When I was a boy and fished for minnows this way we used to "let them run with it," but this will not do on bass. So much for another chunk of experience.

Our friend the big-mouth bass seems in disrepute on Winnebago. Even Chet did not know where to find them. "I don't hunt after any sort of fish but the regular black bass," said he. This hunting after the bass in a big water like this, where they have full swing for all their capricious habits, is a course of study where it takes time to reach a degree. I took pleasure in listening to Chet, who is one of the men we don't hear talk about their skill and knowledge, but who do actually know something of what they talk about in black bass habits.

"No man can learn 'em," concluded he, "and it makes me tired to hear of anybody knowing all their habits so as to tell what they are going to do. You can't tell when they are going to bite, or what they are going to bite, or why they are going to bite. They are liable to take just the bait you don't expect, in just the sort of weather when you weren't expecting it. You can't figure 'em out, and all you can do is to learn their runways and keep on a trying. I've studied 'em for years and I vow they're too deep for me." E. HOUGH.




THE FISHERIES BUILDING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

By courtesy of the "Illustrated World's Fair."

### New Tarpon Grounds.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It is generally conceded that good tarpon fishing is to be had at only three or four localities in the United States and those on the Mexican Gulf coast. Of these probably the best are Punta Gorda and Fort Myers, Fla. But I saw last winter many tarpon at Tampico, Mexico; so plentiful were they that at times one could see several breaking the surface of the river at once. But the reader says Tampico is out of the world. Not at all. It is a pleasant ocean voyage from New York via Havana, and doubly so in winter. Tampico in winter is quite warm. The only drawback is the hotel accommodations, but better are promised soon. Tampico can also be reached by rail from Laredo, Texas, to Monterey, and by Monterey & Mexican Gulf Railroad to Tampico. Aside from the chief attraction, game of all kinds is abundant and the country and people odd, strange and picturesque. J. B. BURRIS.

CLOVERDALE, Ind., July 27.

### The Big Fish.

First Fish—Say, I came mighty near getting caught by an angler this morning.

Second Ditto—Well, you're in luck. I'll bet you've got the reputation of being the biggest fish in the sea now.—*N. Y. Herald*

## Forest and Stream's Fishing Postals.

*"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.*

*Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.*

CAPE VINCENT, Thousand Islands, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The following veritable record of a half day's sport by some of the guests of the Algonquin Hotel may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| G. W. Weeks | 97 | bass, | 71 | lbs. weight. |
| O. T. Mackey | 98 | " | 87 | " " |
| Clarence Fahnestock | 101 | " | 68 | " " |
| W. P. Esterbrook | 92 | " | 73 | " " |
| John Baldwin | 48 | " | 34 | " " |

The above gentlemen are all New Yorkers, who frequent the upper St. Lawrence River, and who know where the best bass fishing in America is to be found. Now that the illegal netting is well nigh under control, this is the most attractive spot in all the United States for those who love to "fight it out on that line" with the gamy bass or the fierce muskallonge. CARLETON.

◆

GLEN EYRE, Pike county, Pa , July 29.—The black bass fishing in the lakes and ponds of Pike county is the best for years, and the lover of this sport cannot complain of poor results. Not since 1888, then the best year for some time, have the average catches in numbers or size been equal to this season. This applies to all waters of Pike county. The waters near Milford are easy of access, and Jones Lake near Hawley offers ample sport. Trout fishing closing this month has been poor of late owing to severe drouth. Y.

◆

BOSTON, July 30.—I have just returned from an eighteen-day trip from Belgrade Mills, Me., after black bass. The largest bass caught while I was there weighed 3¼lbs., taken in Long Pond. They state that the fishing is not as good as last summer. H.

◆

FRANKENMUTH, Mich., July 26.—Perch and bass fishing is fine in Saginaw Bay at present. Some fine fish are caught here. K.


### Just What Was to be Expected.

DR. S. T. DAVIS, of Lancaster, Pa , who has been advertising his anti-friction tip in the FOREST AND STREAM and elsewhere, writes us: "I have had calls for the tip from all parts of the United States, and cheering words from nine-tenths of my customers. **I have received one-third more orders through the FOREST AND STREAM than from all the other sources combined.**" That was to be expected. There is no other medium in the land that goes to so many anglers as does the FOREST AND STREAM; none other of such value to anglers; none other so carefully read; none other that can pay so well the advertiser of anglers' goods.

### Three Harvest Excursions.

HALF RATES VIA THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL. AUG. 30TH, SEPT. 27TH AND OCT. 25TH, 1892.

THE Central Route will sell excursion tickets to the agricultural regions of the West, Southwest and South, at one fare for the round trip, from stations on its lines north of Cairo, on Aug. 30 and Sept. 27. A third excursion will be run to the South and Southwest on Oct. 25. Your local ticket agent will give you full particulars in regard to these Harvest Excursions. Arrangements can also be made in this connection to visit the desirable railroad lands for sale by the Illinois Central in Southern Illinois, on obtaining special permission to do so by addressing the Company's Land Commissioner at Chicago, Mr. E. P. Skene. In addition, a few weeks before the first Excursion date, your local ticket agent will be able to furnish you with a special folder, issued by the Illinois Central, which will give you particulars of these Harvest Excursions in such forms as will enable you to plan your journey at home. Should you not be within call of a railroad ticket office, address A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Illinois Central R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

COPY FOR ADVERTISEMENTS MUST REACH THIS OFFICE NOT LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING, AND SHOULD BE RECEIVED AS MUCH EARLIER AS PRACTICABLE.

# Fishculture.

## IMPREGNATING EGGS OF THE RAINBOW TROUT

[A paper read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE object of this paper is to bring to the notice of this Society and through it to the notice of fishculturists in general a subject which has not received that degree of attention its importance would warrant; the wish is to arouse interest sufficient to lead to a correct, and if possible a practical, solution of the difficulty of impregnating the eggs of the rainbow trout.

On page 819 of the Report of the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries for 1882, under the report of Mr. Frank N. Clark, is the earliest record of a peculiar incident occurring in the work of impregnating the eggs of the rainbow trout. This peculiarity cannot be better described than by quoting Mr. Clark's report:

"Our facilities being first-class and having been uniformly successful in the propagation of trout, not excepting the preliminary experiments with rainbow trout for four seasons, I had confidently expected to embryonize from one to two hundred thousand eggs from the stock of *irideus* hatched and grown at this station; but we succeeded in getting only 45,000 eggs (many of the females failing to mature their spawn) and in fertilizing but 15 per cent. of these, resulting in a hatch of 6,400 fish. The parent fish of both sexes were and still are perfectly normal, so far as conduct and appearances would indicate. The trouble, however, seems to have been entirely with the females, as the quantity and quality of the male principle was all that could be desired. Whatever the cause of the difficulty, the effect was at once apparent in the abnormal character of the fluid surrounding the eggs. From most of the females the eggs would fall into the receiving pan like shot, accompanied by one-half to one fluid ounce of watery substance, sufficient of which had been absorbed to prevent fertilization. If there was any doubt that absorption of water by a large percentage of the eggs had taken place before leaving the fish, it was dispelled by the fact that they were quite full and hard when taken and refused afterward to take up any more water. Moreover, the eggs from six females were found to be enveloped in the natural viscous fluid, and these were successfully fecundated."

The record above set forth refers to the spring work of 1883 at the Northville Station of the U. S. Fish Commission. Succeeding reports from this station, including the season of 1888, give varying degrees of success, ranging from 15 per cent. to 69 per cent., and averaging but 39 per cent. of impregnation during a period of six years.

When we consider the large experience and high degree of success attained by Mr. Clark as a fishculturist, we cannot help but be struck most forcibly by the seeming failure of this branch of work at Northville. But the report quoted by Mr. Clark shows us where to search for the cause. It is to be found in those hard, distended eggs which fall into the receiving pan like shot, and are frequently accompanied by an abnormal fluid. If this trouble were confined to the Northville Station solely, it might not be considered of sufficient importance to bring to the attention of this Society; but it is more widespread and destructive in its perniciousness than is generally known or supposed.

There is, in fact, just reason to believe that during the past twelve years there has been a loss of fully ten million rainbow trout eggs to the fishculturists of the United States. Had it been possible to impregnate these ten million eggs they would have had, all things considered, a value of $18,000 to $20,000.

While the trouble has proven insurmountable in Michigan, it has been serious in New York, alarming in Arkansas, and felt in no small measure in Virginia and Missouri. In Wisconsin the hard, distended eggs are not strangers (though Mr. Nevin is able to hatch 80 per cent.). And following it westward it shows its hydra head in Colorado and even in California.

In his original report of this trouble Mr. Clark says: "Without attempting to account for the failure I am inclined to think that the fish were overfed and that the inflow into their pond gave them a current quite too slow and feeble, resulting, for the most part, in a great inactivity and in their being in good condition for market at spawning time. I propose to reduce their food allowance to a minimum and place them in a good current of water."

Future reports do not show that these remedies were tried, though it is fair to presume they were. But in the U. S. Fish Commission report for 1885, page 126, this statement from Mr. Clark occurs: "It would seem that the species (*irideus*) will not acclimatize to the waters of this station (Northville, Mich.)."

These views of Mr. Clark are here given to call to your attention two theories which have been advanced and partially tried. Based on data which will follow, I believe the first two theories, "over-feeding" and "insufficient current," to be erroneous.

Messrs. Annin, at Caledonia, N. Y.; Monroe Green, at Mumford, N. Y.; Mather, at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; Dean, at Leadville, Col.; Robinson, at Mammoth Spring, Ark., and Fitzpatrick, at Chabot Lake, Cal., in common with Mr. Clark, at Northville, Mich., have not averaged above fifty per cent. of impregnation with the rainbow-trout eggs.

Mr. Seagle, of Wytheville, Va., concedes 20 per cent. of his average take to be "hard, glassy eggs," and Mr. Nevin, of Madison, Wis., acknowledges "we get a number of hard, glassy eggs." At the Neosho Station during the season just passed 66 per cent. of our rainbow trout eggs failed to fertilize. Summarizing the statements from these different sources, I am forced to the conclusion that of the whole number of rainbow trout eggs artificially spawned from domesticated fish, less than 50 per cent. are impregnated, because of the impotency of the eggs to receive the fertilizing principle, at some places, in some seasons, the percentage will run higher, while as has been shown, on other occasions it will fall much lower. This average of 50 per cent. is based on the work of ten hatcheries in eight States, embracing all the climatological and hydrographical conditions of the United States, except the Far South, and may be modified by the accession of additional information; but I feel pretty sure that upon fuller investigation the statement will be confirmed rather than disproved.

During the season just passed, when studying this matter, it seemed to me unreasonable to suppose that at all of these stations an error had been made as to the proper feeding and watering of the parent stock of trout. Therefore I discarded the theory first advanced by Mr. Clark and began to cast about for some other ground.

During January, 1892, Hon. Marshall McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, at my earnest request, sent Prof. Chas. Edw. Riley, of Drury College, Springfield, Missouri, to the Neosho Station to make a microscopic examination of the eggs and milt at the time of their extrusion. Prof. Riley made several examinations of the hard, glassy eggs, and also of the accompanying abnormal fluid. By the aid of the highest power lenses, he discovered a tape-worm-like parasite in the hard eggs and also in the accompanying abnormal fluid—no parasites whatever were found in any of the normal eggs, either dead or alive. He concludes his report of this investigation in these words: "From a careful consideration of these facts, I should say that some parasite had infested the trout. It breeds on this peculiar fluid before described, and is absorbed with the fluid before spawning; thus causing the eggs to swell up and sound hard when they strike the pan. I am strengthened in this belief since apparently the same thing was found in the 'peculiar fluid,' in the eggs, and in the water after passing over the eggs; while the water at the supply pipe was practically pure. I cannot name the parasite, or account for its presence."

Later in the season a series of eggs, normal and abnormal, was carefully prepared and forwarded to Prof. Riley, at Springfield, for further examination. Under date of March 24, he wrote: "I have carefully examined these specimens, and in each case simply corroborated what I found at Neosho."

Another series of specimens preserved at the same time were forwarded to Washington, D. C., but unfortunately were so long delayed before reaching Dr. Gurley, of the U. S. Fish Commission, as to be in most cases in an advanced stage of decomposition, and unserviceable for examination.

I stated above that the hard, shotlike eggs and accompanying fluid were the cause of the imperfect impregnation, but if Prof. Riley is correct they are but an effect, and the true cause is yet deeper. A study of these parasites with a view of their possible eradication opens a field which but few if any fishculturists are prepared to tread. If further investigation confirms the impression that these parasites are present and that to their presence is due the loss of one-half of the possible efficiency of our work with the *irideus*, we have a serious and delicate problem, one which probably only the skilled bacteriologist can handle.

Dr. Gurley has happily suggested that a simple though heroic cure may be found in the progressive elimination of those females producing abnormal eggs. The only practical solution may yet be found to lie in this direction. In the meantime it would be of value if any of our spawn-takers could positively state that the female rainbow trout which yield normal eggs in one season do not yield the abnormal hard eggs in subsequent seasons. The converse of this proposition would be of equal value.

It has been suggested as a possible solution of this difficulty that it arises from inflammation of the ovaries, established by improper and rough handling at the time of artificial spawning. From my own experience I can state that though this suggestion may be true in some isolated cases, it is scarcely applicable to the case in general.

At the Neosho Station during the season of 1891-92 we spawned 1,000 twenty months old *irideus*. Many of the females when handled for the very first time readily gave down these hard, shot-like eggs without the least pressure, showing conclusively, to my mind at least, that inflammation of the ovaries, if existing, had not been occasioned by improper handling. I might here state that it is poor workmanship to use any pressure on the abdomen of a trout in taking eggs. If the fish be ripe, and she be held in proper position, she will, by her own exertion, extrude her eggs. It is true that a gentle assistance will sometimes be necessary to enable her to pass the eggs from the anterior portion of the ovary to the vent; but the exercise of enough pressure to set up inflammation would be inexcusable. Such an amount of pressure may be and is employed on fish caught and destined for immediate marketing, such as shad, whitefish, etc., and again it is unreasonable to suppose that the exercise of pressure at one spawning sufficient to occasion inflammation of the ovaries would not result in the death of the female before the occurrence of another spawning period, or, if not in her death, at least in such a disordered condition as would be indicated by some outward symptom?

After reading the report of Prof. Riley, as above set forth, as to the presence of parasites, I thought that they (the parasites) might have been introduced into the domesticated rainbow trout by the use of beef liver, the almost universal fish food, somewhat in the way that trichinæ are introduced into the human system by the use of raw pork. Working in a preliminary amateur fashion along this line, I addressed a number of letters to prominent fishculturists. Some used raw liver, others a mixture of raw and cooked liver, and others a mixture of raw liver and mush. But the answer which upset my theory came from my old preceptor, Mr. Fred Mather, who had experienced the trouble of hard, glassy eggs from rainbow trout which had never been feed on any beef liver, raw or cooked. Following on the heels of this came a letter from Mr. James Richardson, Superintendent of the California State Hatchery at Sisson. His communication contained a statement of a fact which I had never dreamed. He says: "Yes, I have observed to a small extent the hard, glassy eggs from wild trout caught from the streams of the Pacific slope." This, so far as I am able to ascertain, is the first intimation that the hard eggs are found in these fish in their native home. It is true that Mr. Richardson says that under his observation it occurs to a small extent. Mr. Richardson's statement may be taken as a further argument against the theory of inflammation being established by rough handling. But its true significance is this: The origin of this abnormality of the *irideus* is not attributable to domestication. It exists to-day among these fish in their native State. But it seems that in domesticating them we have aggravated this abnormality. That is to say: we have, in some occult manner, given prominence to environments that increase the propagation of the parasite discovered by Prof. Riley, and which appears to exist, to a limited extent, in the female trout in her native habitat; while, on the other hand, we are omitting something which would tend to suppress its reproduction. This being true, the remedy for the trouble might be found in a condition of food and life approximating those of nature. Such may not be attainable at all points. No method seems so feasible as that employed by Mr. Gremaz, of France, in his ponds for the self-reproduction of natural fish food. It would, of course, be necessary in such an undertaking to stock the ponds with proper natural food from streams on the Pacific slope; for, otherwise, that particular element which tends to maintain a healthy condition of the reproductive organs of the *irideus* might be omitted.

In conclusion, I beg to quote the following significant clause from the Report of Wisconsin for 1882: "In producing and raising from helpless infancy some of the fish tribe, art may surpass nature; but only by a return to the ways of nature at a period when helpfulness succeeds helplessness can the best development come." WM. F. PAGE.

**Chained to Business?**

Can't go fishing? Make the best of it. Read FOREST AND STREAM.

**Low Rate Harvest Excursions.**

THE announcement that the North-Western Line, comprising over 8 000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway, has arranged to run two low rate Harvest Excursions during the months of August and September, will be gladly received by those who are interested in the development of the great West and Northwest, as well as by those who desire to visit this wonderfully productive region at a season of the year when exact demonstration can be made of the merits and advantages it offers to home seekers and those in search of safe and profitable investments. These excursions will leave Chicago on Aug. 30 and Sept. 27, and tickets can be purchased at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana. They will be strictly first-class in every particular, and will be good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of purchase. Full information concerning rates and arrangements for these excursions can be obtained upon application to any coupon ticket agent, or to W. A. THRALL, G. P. T. A., Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.—*Adv.*

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 12 to 16.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Canada. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Western Michigan Kennel Club, at Grand Rapids Mich. H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich., Superintendent.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.

Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. A. Holloway, Winnipeg, Man., Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, July 30.—In a letter recently received from an eminent field trial handler and trainer, one whose large experience and accurate knowledge entitles his views to careful consideration, I noted some comments on the subject of ranging which impressed me as being particularly interesting and instructive. He said, in regard to field trials: "I consider that ranging is the weak point, one which is not sufficiently studied. At present there seem to be two classes of rangers, one kind which will not go out far enough, and the other kind which bolts or does not hunt to the gun at all."

I claim that a dog should range very wide, any distance in fact that we want him to. But he should not just skim the ground out, taking the very best looking places and missing lots of ground quite likely enough to hold birds. It is easy enough to accustom high-class dogs to hunt in the latter way; and when they do that, provided that they will point and back, the average judge seems quite satisfied and gives such dogs great credit for bird sense.

"A trouble in this connection is that the judges always hurry on following the leading dog, when perhaps the other dog is working out some hard ground in good shape, knowing that birds are near at hand. Many a time have I been left behind in that way, and my dog found the birds when there was no judge to see him."

The points in the foregoing are well taken, and are of general interest. At every field trial one or more incidents of this kind occur, and every field trial handler has suffered a loss from them many times. In the greater number of instances the error arises from a lack of judgment on the part of the judges, or from not having any system in conducting the running. It is, nevertheless, one of the popular delusions on field trial matters that a man who has shot a great deal over pointers and setters must therefore be a good judge for field trials. As a matter of fact a man may have shot during every season of a long lifetime and not know what qualities constituted a good dog, or what constituted the first principles of a competition. The field shooter's sole test of a dog's performance is whether it affords a shot or not. Many setters and pointers of inferior capabilities afford good sport if they work intelligently. For instance, a dog may have a poor nose, yet, by his intelligence and caution, he may get quite close to the birds and point or flush them, in either case affording a shot. What was considered a success by the shooter might be an error in a field trial. An experienced field shooter, with no field trial experience, is a most helpless and incompetent judge.

Experienced judges even make many errors during a trial, the most common one being that mentioned in the foregoing quotation. One dog gets far ahead of the other, and all three judges become absorbed in watching and following him, thus leaving one dog without a judge to watch his work. There is no excuse or justification for this when three judges are acting. The presiding judge should always detail one judge to remain with one dog if separated from the other. It is unjust to do otherwise, aside from its unskilfulness and bad management.

Experienced judges should be so expert and vigilant that no circumstance could arise but what would be met by them promptly and effectively. But such is not the case. Many errors occur in all the large trials, due to the slowness, awkwardness or indolence of some one of the three judges; for it almost always happens that one judge has one or more of these qualities.

The most common fault is that of riding too far behind the handlers. From fifteen to twenty yards behind them is a good distance for the judges to ride when performing their duties in the open fields. It is a common fault for some one judge to get into a trance and ride dreamily many yards behind the other judges. He trusts to the others seeing any work which he may miss himself. In the thickets he lags behind in much the same manner as in the open, and is an endless nuisance to reporters who are striving conscientiously to get a full report of all the work, for they hesitate to go ahead of him. Nearly every judge feels more or less irritated if a reporter gets ahead of him, however far he may be behind himself. By their disinclination to any active exertion, many judges miss seeing about half the work done in cover, lagging behind just far enough to miss a great deal. One judge out of the three, in most instances, is active and alert, is up with all the work done, and the other judges seem satisfied to have him do so.

Another source of error is when the judges ride closely in a group in the open, chat pleasantly together and become inattentive to the work. Where the ground is irregular the judges when grouped cannot possibly see all the details. They should spread a proper distance apart so that each would secure a different view, and thus have as full knowledge of every detail of work as can possibly be secured.

Another error witnessed at times, one bordering on the ridiculous, is for a judge to ride furiously after a dog which is lost sight of for a few moments. It commonly breaks up the range of both dogs, and is a useless act. The matter could be handled much better in a less demonstrative manner.

The judge who gets left far behind every time a fence, ditch or gully is crossed, is another annoyance. He will ride gingerly to the edge of a ditch, his face expressing his misgivings. He will hold his horse in at the edge, at the same

time urging him forward. The horse soon becomes afraid or irritated, and refuses to cross. In the meantime, dogs, handlers and other judges are far in the lead. The timid judge takes a long detour to avoid the ditch and comes straggling in later on. At every obstruction he repeats his timid act.

One of the first requisites in a judge is that he should see the work. If he is too timid or such a poor horseman that he cannot ride over an ordinary ditch which everybody else rides over, or if he is too indolent to exert himself afoot to see the work in the thickets, or if his clothes and footgear are too pretty and new to go into briers and mud, he is not a good judge, however great his knowledge of field trials may be. He must have energy and intuition to be in the right place at the right time.

Then there is the judge who is ordering the handlers what to do at every turn till both handlers and dogs, by constant balking become confused and disgusted, losing all idea of what they should do. The moment a judge assumes to control the handling of the dogs he begins to injure and delay the running. He will soon get dogs and handlers into pockets and corners, will repeatedly be forced to make new starts, and will end in a broken, irregular and unsatisfactory heat. Aside from instructing the handlers in the beginning of the heat and at such other times during it as are necessary, old judges assume no supervision of a handler excepting when there is some matter necessary under the rules needing attention, such as to bring his dog in to back, etc. Under a judge who leaves the handling to the handlers everything generally goes smoothly and satisfactorily. I have always doubted the right of a judge to dictate to a handler where he should work his dog at every turn, although I never doubted its impropriety. The judge then not only judges the dog, but assumes his handling also. The trainer pays his entry fee to exhibit his dog, or the owner does so, and he should be permitted to handle in his own way, as is his right Of course the judge should point out the course to be followed, but the manner of working the dog is the handler's prerogative.

Ranging is an important matter, and has not been given proper consideration. It requires experience and thought to discriminate between a dog which will go over large tracts of country, working for his own pleasure and one working for the advantage of the gun. Some dogs will work steadily for the gun for a while, then self-hunt a while. Some will range wide and work to the gun, but have no intelligent plans. And there are other variations too numerous to mention.

In fact, field trial judging is susceptible of many improvements in its practice, not in the way of new rules, but in the judg s' attainments. It should not be inferred that there are no judges free from these faults. Some are very expert. The faults are confined to the minority, and it is only necessary I believe to point them out, to secure their correction.

B. Waters.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Some time since The Onlooker pointed out the solidity to which breeding dogs for sale had attained, as shown by the names of some of our leading kennels appearing in such a class business publication as the Seeger & Guernsey Encyclopedia, a work whereby a buyer may learn where any known article can be bought, from "cowboy boots" to "crab apple cider." This was reaffirmed in The Onlooker's mind quite recently by coming across the advertisement of one of our leading kennels in some high-class family journal, one of our monthlies, or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*.

That a seller of dogs finds it remunerative to advertise in such a periodical, and that such careful compilers as the Seeger & Guernsey Company include sellers of dogs in their encyclopedia demonstrates better than dozens of dog shows, the widespread, practical interest our people take in dogs.

In connection with this matter of breeding and selling dogs as a business, a most misleading remark recently appeared in the correspondence of a contemporary, that the man who ran a kennel as he would a business was no fancier. This is absurdly incorrect, both in practice and in the abstract. Mastiffs and pugs, for instance, have been made what they are in this country by two breeders of the former and one of the latter, who always conducted their business *strictly as business*, just as they would have run a grocery store, and this truth applies to breeders of many other breeds. As a philosophical abstraction, it would seem evident that the man who breeds dogs with the view of making money thereby, will accomplish greater success as a fancier than the man who breeds for amusement, the incentive to success being greater. That this rule is not constantly evident is due to the fact that the vast majority of such breeders devote themselves to the popular fancy of the day, devoting themselves at different times to different breeds and thus do not make as shining marks as fanciers, but their general averages will show the great practical work they accomplish. The Yorkshire owes his existence and the wonderful development of his coat to the wives and daughters of English workingmen, who have devoted many fold the care and attention to the dogs that their children received.

Another evidence of how widespread the interest in dogs has become is in the excellence of canine illustrations in our periodicals not specially given up to kennel matters. The August number of *St. Nicholas* has an admirable picture of a mastiff on page 744, and on page 745 a very good one of a dachshund, neither accompanying an article on dogs, apparently merely put in "to look pretty," and neither artist is known in connection with canine portraiture.

The "Onlooker" notes a regrettable dissension in our Beagle Club, and while most distinctively disavowing any partisanship in the dispute, dissents most strongly from the statement put forth in the dispute that there are acts as to the affairs of a club that the club itself may not lawfully do, but must be done by the board of management. This is utterly untenable. A board of managers, executive committee or whatever the working arm of the club may be called, is entirely the creature of the club at large; it is appointed by the club to do the executive work of the club, which by reason of the impracticability of convening the club members frequently, must be done by a smaller, more compact body, but it is utterly unreasonable to say that the creature is greater than the creator, and no inference as to powers being delegated to a board of managers to do what the club as a whole may not do, can be admitted. To support such a contention there must be an absolute, unmistakable statement of this intent, from the club itself, properly passed and recorded. It is important that this be carefully thought over and always borne in mind, as this very mischievous view has arisen in clubs in previous instances.

The Onlooker.

## A STRANGE GAIT.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have often noticed that some dogs that are perfectly well formed, always when they go at a walk or jog trot or canter, move sideways or diagonally. Can you account for it? When they gallop fast they go straight enough. Probably some of our anatomists can explain this. Tar Heel.

Lexington, N. C.

## NORTHWESTERN FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S DERBY

The entries for the Northwestern Field Trial Club's Derby closed July 21 with the following entry, consisting of 22 English setters, 16 pointers and 2 Irish setters. The All-Age Stake entries closed Aug. 1. The trials will be at Morris, Manitoba, Sept. 5.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Cleopatra (W. B. Wells), bitch (Mungo—Cambriana).
Swab (H. A. Greeley), dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Bessie June (Frank Richards), bitch (Chance—Bessie Avent).
Queen Noble II. (A. J. Kolflanda), bitch (Romeo—Queen Noble.
Ronair (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black and white dog (Roderigo—Juno A.), Jan 3.
Lochinvar (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.
Kingston (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.
Shadow (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), Jan. 7
Rill (Thos Shelton), (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Jem Gladstone (J. M. Sneed) dog (Paul Gladstone—Katonia).
Duff (W. T. Hunter), dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Fan Chatham (C. W. Smith), bitch (Chatham—Babali).
Winnipeg (Thos. Johnson), dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing)
Psyche (Thos. Johnson), bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Sut (Thos. Johnson), dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Cash Noble (H. K. Devereux), bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble).
Spot Cash (H. K. Devereux), dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
Varo (Thos. A. Montgomery), bitch (Bruce M.—Frost III.).
Borneo Rare (Geo. E. Grey), dog (Count Roderigo—Bonnie).
Nun of Furness (P. H. Gotzian), bitch (Monk of Furness—Merry Girl)
Eagle Monk (S. J. Gottschammer), dog (Monk of Furness—Quail).
Gath C. (Jos. Crugon), dog (Gath's Hope—Paxie Maid).

POINTERS.

David C. (Jas. Cugron), dog (Duke of Hessen—Marguerite).
Princess Dolly (Jas. Cugron), bitch (Duke of Hessen—Princess Marguerite).
Conscript (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), black and white dog (King of Kent—Hops) June 26.
Jingo (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels). liver and white dog (Mainspring—Queeny II ).
Biz (W. H. Smith), dog (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo).
Manitoba Shot (Thos. Stone), dog (Coton—Psyche).
Manitoba Sal (Thos. Stone), bitch (Coton—Psyche).
Diamond (Thos. Shelton), dog (Upton—Blythe).
Victor (J. B. Kelly), dog (Coton—Psyche)
King of Manitoba (Thos. Johnson), dog (Upton—Blythe).
Gem of the West (Thos. Johnson), bitch (Upton—Blythe).
Topsy Pape (George E. Grey), bitch (Joe Pape—Topsy M.)
Lonsdale (Joe Philips), dog (Coton—Psyche).
Alberta Joe (John Sharples), dog (Upton—Blythe).
Alberta Ruby (John Sharples), bitch (Upton—Blythe).
Sam (Thos. Stone), dog (Coton—Psyche).

IRISH SETTERS.

Claremont Clare (Messrs. Perry & Bowen), bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nellie Glencho).
Hawkeye Queen (Messrs. Perry & Swetzer), bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont).

## DEFORMITIES IN ST. BERNARDS.

Several letters have appeared lately in *Stock-Keeper* on this subject. Mr. Hughes-Hughes maintained that the large size, etc., that St. Bernards have been brought to is responsible for the crooked forelegs and cowhocks so often met with, and seeks to prove this by asserting that the monks of the Hospice St. Bernard never had dogs over 31in. in height at shoulder. This may be so, but we have met with about as many crooked-legged small ones as the large ones. A correspondent answering Mr. Hughes-Hughes contends that inbreeding is responsible for the deformities, but admits that nearly all their largest St. Bernards, and weeds too, are sadly crippled. He makes a startling suggestion to counteract this inbreeding, and start afresh, as it were. He proposes that a class shall be set apart at large shows for the best St. Bernard bitch the product of a mastiff and St Bernard. He remarks whether we like it or not that sooner or later this problem will have to be faced. We heard a whisper some time since that something of this sort had already been done with some celebrated mastiff as the sire.

Mr. Hughes-Hughes in a later letter says that he does not wish to make any dogmatic assertions, but his idea resulted from observation at shows and the results of his own breeding. Regarding cowhocks, he thinks they are caused to a great extent by dewclaws, and that he has for a long time past had these "hideous appendages" removed from all his puppies as soon as they could walk. Another writer this week thinks that the cause of crookedness is worms during puppyhood, a fat, heavy puppy being quite as likely to have them as a lean one, and that the requisites sought in a St. Bernard, big head, heavy, deep bodies, are the very things bearing the wormy puppy down, while the light collie-looking St. Bernard skips round with small leg bones that never go wrong. He thinks that if a puppy's legs go on right till it is 6mos. old, only distemper or some disease will affect them, and therefore he does not see why the puppy should be blamed for what occurred to it long before it was 31in. high. He also makes a plea for the cripples, asking that some definite number of points be deducted from a dog afflicted with cowhocks or crooked legs, but if he is good otherwise not to be thrown out at one show for that cause and win at another. We should think the standard provides for that.

## NEW KENNELS AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It is now a little over twelve years ago that I established the Mohawk Kennels at Auburn Park, a beautiful suburb of Chicago. During this time I have devoted almost my entire time and attention to the breeding and keeping of dogs, and there has never been a time when the kennels have not been filled to their full capacity, from the big mastiffs, St. Bernards and Great Danes down to the tiny toy terrier. During all these years I have managed the kennel with a profit to myself and satisfaction to my patrons. In many cases the same dogs have found a pleasant retreat here during the season for many years, but the time has at last come when such a thing as successfully conducting a kennel at Auburn Park must cease to exist. The reason for this is that Auburn Park is now nothing more than part and parcel of the great city, and a city is a poor place for a large kennel. Were it not for the fact that I was here first and that I own a good deal of ground I should have been compelled to move long ago. But the time has at last come, and after Sept. 1 the welcome bark of my many canine friends will be a thing of the past. But I am not going out of the business. I shall be in it bigger than ever after the above date. I have just completed arrangements with what hereafter will be known as the Cumberland Kennel Club. The club will be located at Nashville, Tenn., and is organized by a few of its best citizens and business men, every one a great lover of dogs. As to the terms of my arrangement the public is not interested, and it is therefore not necessary to give details. Suffice it to say that I stand on equal terms with the members in the profits of the business, and hold the position as manager. The club will breed great Danes, pugs, and Italian greyhounds, and hereafter the celebrated pugs of the Mohawk Kennels will be the property of the Cumberland Kennel Club.

To carry on the business successfully, the club have secured a most beautiful and lovely place of 140 acres, three miles from Nashville, eighty acres of this is timber. Here the kennels and yards will be located, there will be a commodious club house with office and reception room for visitors and the residence of the manager. The club will also have a city office which will be connected by telephone with the club house; but what strikes me most of all is the great beauty of the place, the land lies on the top of a gentle sloping hill, it is well drained in every direction, has several delightful springs, the water of which will be utilized in the way of a constant supply through the kennel yards. Commodious kennels will be fitted up, and with an unrestricted range for exercising, plenty of shade, abundance of pure water, a climate that cannot be excelled, this should be a perfect heaven for dogs. The country around and about Nashville is famous for its beauty and this place of all others is one of the most beautiful. It is on the same road that leads a visitor to the famous Belle Mead Stock Farm, three miles beyond, where 3,500 acres are inclosed by twenty-two miles of stone fencing and the sires of some of the most noted thoroughbred horses have their home. In conclusion I beg to extend a cordial welcome to all my friends and lovers of fine dogs, and let me assure you that the twenty minutes drive from the city over a perfect road will pay you for your trouble. The club besides keeping their own dogs will also keep those of others; dogs sent for the season will be returned free. The city office for the present will be at 428 Church street, Nashville, Tenn. Harry L. Goodman.

Auburn Park, Ill.

## PROF. WESLEY MILLS AND HIS TRADUCERS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Canadians as a class feel very bitterly in regard to the persecution that is being carried on against the eminent scientist, Dr. Wesley Mills. If this crusade were warranted in the slightest degree nothing could be said, and even now I should not feel it necessary to write in defense of my friend, if it were not for the fact that some men who are not personally acquainted with the Doctor are becoming prejudiced as a result of reading so much that is malicious and untrue. It is the old story of those who wish to do wrong fighting against the man who fearlessly upholds right. Few of those who have been fathering this persecution have dared to put their names to their productions, and the only thing that has been openly said against Dr. Mills is a foolish charge of cruelty to Elcho during the judging at Kingston. To those who know the man and his efforts on behalf of the dog and other domestic animals, and to those who have seen the affection he has for his pets, such a charge is absurd. The incident that gave rise to the charge was too trivial even to refer to, and as no less than three of the bench show committee—viz., Mr. Corbett, Mr. Oldrieve and myself—were present during the judging of greyhounds, there can be no mistake about the matter. If there is any one who practices what he preaches Dr. Mills is that man.

I am sorry that Mr. Wade should have listened to those who have said unkind things of Dr. Mills, for I feel satisfied that if Mr. Wade knew Dr. Mills as well as I do he would at once see how earnestly and deeply the man is devoted to the solving of problems that are of the most intense interest to dog breeders. We must have practical men of course, and it is wonderful how much they can add to scientific lore, but at the same time we cannot expect the most difficult scientific problems to be solved without the highest kind of scientific training. Mr. Wade and Dr. Mills are just the men who should be friends rather than at enmity, and it is unfortunate that such discussions as that over the Mercer difficulty have arisen. If Mr. Mercer should not have been disqualified there is something wrong in the constitution of the C.K.C. and the A.K.C Most of us think the rule that disqualified Mr. Mercer had a reason for existence, and although we are sorry to see any man get into trouble, feel satisfied that Mr. Mercer received a fair and impartial trial and just punishment.

I fancy that Mr. Wade did not "pour oil on the troubled waters" when he attempted to school Dr. Mills on the previous sire question and said that Dr. Mills's views had been "swept away" by Mr. Millais, an enthusiast in dog show hygiene (for which he deserves all praise), but a mere novice in biology. Dr. Mills is an investigator of the highest order and, like Darwin and men of that type, gives nothing to the world that is not founded on facts arrived at only after the most patient and careful investigation.

Possibly Dr. Mills may not thank me for writing of his standing in the scientific world, but an antidote for the venom that is defiling the columns of a contemporary must be provided if the best interests of cynology are to be protected.

Here are a few facts worthy of consideration: Dr. Mills is over forty years of age, and is neither a youth nor a novice as regards dogs. He is a graduate in arts of Toronto University, a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario; a graduate of Human and Comparative Medicine of McGill University; and a member of the Royal Society of Canada, etc. He practiced human medicine for years, but does not practice either human or veterinary medicine for a livelihood, but devotes his time to the duties of his chairs as Professor of Physiology in the Faculty of Human Medicine, McGill University, and of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science in the Veterinary Department of the same university. He has for years conducted a public clinic for dogs in connection with the Faculty of Comparative Medicine. His students are very enthusiastic admirers of their professor, and there is a strong feeling of indignation among them at the abuse heaped upon him by anonymous literary assasins who are bound to triumph in the cause of wrong.

Dr. Mills is the author of many works of high order, and his books on physiology are standards. He has written two excellent works on the dog, is an original investigator and an accomplished lecturer. He has been a breeder of dogs and other animals nearly all his life, and is about the oldest breeder of some varieties in America. His knowledge, which is derived from observation, has been gained in Europe and Britain as well as in America. Probably no one associated with dogs in America or Britain is prepared to discuss them more profoundly.

As a judge at Kingston last year he showed his characteristic independence and progressiveness and put into practice his belief that dogs should be so handled that onlookers can see the reasons for the awards. No one could be more careful than he was, and the ju ging was made most interesting to the general public.

Such a man as Dr. Mills should be welcomed by the kennel world, as he has no interest to serve beyond that of putting things on a higher level. The anonymous scribblings of a clique should not be allowed to prejudice good men who are interested in dog breeding. I feel satisfied that in the end this view must prevail; however, if it turns out that the kennel world is not ready for such a man, so much the worse for the kennel world.

Kingston, July 28. C. K. Clarke, M.D.

## MR. MIDDLETON'S RESIGNATION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

After reading the copy of Mr. Middleton's letter of resignation as a committeeman of the Ottawa dog show, which appears in Forest and Stream for July 21, the only course left me is to retract my charges against Mr. H. B. Donovan and the Ottawa Committee. I also wish to express my regret for having made them. There has been quite a bit of misunderstanding over this matter; but the only inference to be drawn from this published letter was that taken by your Canadian correspondent and the Ottawa Committee.

F. H. F. Mercer.

Ottawa, Canada, July 25.

### Business.

Lynn, Mass., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take pleasure in stating I received "more" in Forest and Stream have made five sales to-day from all other sources combined, and think the Forest and Stream the best advertising medium for kennel business in the United States.—O. W. Brooking.

# DOG CHAT.

### Dog Law in Pennsylvania.

In the case of "Commonwealth vs. Deputy," the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that dogs may be stolen. Not, however, with impunity. On the contrary, a majority of the bench has ruled that there is such a thing as property in four-footed beasts of the canine kind, and that the law passed to bring about this condition in 1889 does not offend against the constitution of Pennsylvania. It seems that one, Deputy, made off with a spaniel dog of the value of $20, and when branded as a thief claimed that there was no law in the State making dogs personal property. The decision of the Supreme Court is here given: "We need not discuss the rule of the common law upon this subject, nor its wisdom. This case turns upon the act of May 15, 1889, P. L. 222, entitled 'An act for the taxation of dogs and the protection of sheep,' the sixth section of which provides, 'That all dogs in this Commonwealth shall hereafter be personal property, and subject of larceny,' etc. It is urged that this act was unconstitutional, for the reason that the said provision of Section 6 is not fully expressed in the title of the act. We cannot assent to this proposition. One of the objects of the act, as expressed in the title, is the taxation of dogs. Hence when the Legislature seeks to lay a tax upon what was not property at the common law, we think it entirely germane to the object of the act to declare that the property taxed shall hereafter be personal property, and subject of larceny."

### The Same Dogs in Different Classes.

A writer in *Stock-Keeper* raises a point in connection with shows that is of interest. He wants to know if his brother exhibitors think it right for the judge, when a dog is entered in several classes, to ask the exhibitor if the dog has been in before and what his previous number was so that he could refer back and give the dog the "same again." The writer in question thinks, and properly so, that the dog should be judged on his merits each time he appears. This is right, though the judge's reputation may suffer afterward. As a dog may not show himself in the open class, but get him among a lot of puppies and more used to the noise, or have his own handler and he will be altogether a different dog and might easily, in the case of a fox-terrier, Irish terrier or collie, mislead the judge, who, not knowing the dog would probably place it higher comparatively than before, and the dog receive its due, whereas if the judge knows its number and refers back in his book and finds he against it in the other class, that dog's fate is sealed and he won't rise, but the judge has saved his reputation. Some of our judges are very careful in this respect, and we know one well-known judge who scanned his novice class awards very carefully when the open class was on, the novice class having come on first, and we can hardly blame him.

### Areca Nut Sometimes Fatal.

We are told from time to time that areca nut is a dangerous medicine to give dogs as a vermifuge. Probably it is, and like many another medicine if given in excess will cause death. We have used it extensively for worms in dogs and never had reason to regret it. Our plan is always to give it in two half-dram doses, with an interval of an hour between each dose, for ordinary sized dogs. Mr. Treman, a well known coursing man in California, has just lost one of his fine young greyhounds by giving it an overdose of areca nut. The powder one buys at the drug stores is rarely of much good. It should be freshly grated from the nut as required, and given in that way a small quantity will be found quite violent enough in its action and will generally move the toughest tœnia. As the action of this medicine is rather rugged, if we may use the term, it is always well to feed "soothingly" for a day or two afterward, giving soups, milk and soft food till the digestive apparatus gets into good working order again.

### More New Dogs.

Mr. Mortimer's visit to England is bearing fruit, for Spratts Patent Co. in this city advise us that on the steamship Canada their London house shipped three fox-terrier bitches, Refuge, Eggersford Safety and Eggersford Sapphire, and a black retriever, consigned to Mr. J. C. Hull, Jr., 51 Liberty street, New York city. Also by the same vessel come three fox-terrier bitches for Mr. J. C. Grainger, 54 Broad street, New York city. On the steamship France two more retrievers are coming for Mr. Hull. We are pleased to see the interest which is being taken in the useful retriever; provided they are good ones they are handsome and intelligent enough to become a favorite breed with sportsmen, especially along the shores, for though they probably are no better than the Chesapeake Bay dog for duck work, still they have this advantage, they do not come in all manner of shapes, sizes and shades. They are a distinct breed.

### Formation of Dogs' Feet.

Mr. D. F. Zambaco, the noted Psovoi breeder, says that in his short experience the barefoot is the best in the straight line, and the cat foot in turning. He says also that "Borzois" are wolfhounds, not rabbiters, and must therefore have hare feet. "Any Russian will tell you that." Further he remarks in *Stock-Keeper*, "That the ground dogs have to run upon has much to do with the conformation of their feet, and climate with texture of the coat. So no rule can be given in these matters," and he is about right. In regard to the theory that a light, flat-boned dog has always a hare foot, we can produce a fox-terrier with that sort of bone but standing on a very good sample of cat foot. Is not the flat, light-boned leg generally accompanied by a splay foot, long-toed and open? which is a very different thing to the tight, springy hare foot.

### Pointer Importation.

It may interest Eastern pointer men to know that Mr. Huber's, of San Francisco, Cal., pointer Sally Brass II. whelped July 13 nine puppies, all nicely marked, by his no less well-known Duke of Vernon. Four have since died, but Mr. Huber has still two dogs and three bitches. Mr. Huber seems determined to put his kennel in the front. When Mr. Mortimer went to Europe he had a commission from the Californian sportsman to buy the best pointer he could find, both for field and bench. Mr. Mortimer has just secured for him the noted field pointer dog Glenbeigh, by Grouse V. out of Rita, whelped February, 1890. This pointer won several stakes during the English spring trials and has also won on the bench, a third at Birmingham last year is one of his prizes.

### Gordon Setters and the N. E. F. T. C.

The action of the Gordon Setter Club in donating a handsome special to the New England Field Trials for the best Gordon running at their meeting this fall should provoke competition in this rather neglected breed from a field trial view. The owners of Gordons will not be able to complain of the pace being too fast for them, and the nature of the country should just suit them. Take time by the forelock and have them properly prepared this time, in the same way that the pointer and setter men treat their candidates.

### Duchess Kennels.

The Empress of Contoocock's one pup is coming along nicely and is now five weeks old—a most old-fashioned little piece of dog flesh. It was taken from its mother when ten days old and has been fed by hand since. At the age when most pups are being weaned this youngster can tackle a crust or a biscuit with the greatest vigor and relish. Col. Ruppert's Baroness Cardiff whelped July 27 to Aristocrat; and a peculiar fact is that three pups came first, live and strong and marked like the dam, with a good deal of white, then came five dead ones, all beautifully marked with solid orange bodies like the sire. Mr. Booth blames the inbreeding. This reminds us that a good St. Bernard stud dog with blood a long way removed from Plinlimmon is badly needed in this country just now. There is too much Plinlimmon blood about on both sides.

### Champion Plinlimmon, Jr.

The St. Bernard fancy is constantly receiving fresh recruits so that there is hardly any cause for the fear that interest in the breed will deteriorate, at least not at present. Mr. Geo. Fox, of Cincinati, O., is the latest aspirant for show honors, and in purchasing champion Plinlimmon, Jr., he has started with a good dog. Mr. Sears bought this well known dog in England as a puppy in arms as it were, and it was the nucleus of a kennel that has become widely known. There is no dog on the bench to-day that can surpass Plinlimmon in body, legs, feet and action. Mr. Fox is the proprietor of the Eden Park Kennels, and intends going in for St. Bernards. Mr. Al Eberhart will handle Plinlimmon, Jr., at Toronto and Grand Rapids, Mich., shows this fall. Plinlimmon, Jr., arrived at Cincinnati July 24 in charge of one of Mr. Sears's men.

### Pointer Devonshire Nero.

It is reported by *Stock-Keeper* that this well known pointer is booked for America. As the manager of the Hempstead Farm Kennels has been spending some time in Devonshire, and Devonshire Nero is or was owned by Messrs. Lee, Bulled & Turner, of Witheridge, Devon, we may be allowed to draw our own conclusions in lieu of definite information. This dog is by Molton Baron out of The Village Star, and was whelped January, 1888. He is a noted field dog, and can count several wins at important shows to his credit. He won a second in the Irish Setter Club's pointer puppy Derby Stake, and was fourth in the Kennel Club's All-Age Stake.

### Greyhounds and Coursing.

The greyhound Miss Kitten, one of the bitches presented by Col. North to Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill), whelped June 22 eleven puppies, five dogs and six bitches. They are sired by Dingwall, runner up for the Waterloo Plate in 1889. These puppies will be just the right age to run in the Great Bend Derby of 1893, and ought to give a good account of themselves if raised well. Col. Cody has quite a kennel of greyhounds at his ranch in Nebraska. H. S. Boal has the entire charge during the absence of Col. Cody.

### Beagle Trials Judges.

The meeting of the N. B. C. last Thursday night was a protracted one. We have not received full particulars of the meeting, but understand that, commencing about 9 P. M. on Thursday evening, it did not break up till about 5 A. M. Friday morning. The judges selected for the trials are Messrs. W. S. Clarke and "Joe" Lewis, an excellent pair to draw to and one that will command confidence. The bench show judge is H. W. Lacy. The meeting though protracted, ended harmoniously, and we trust matters will move smoothly henefcorth.

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There are a lot of new dogs advertised for sale this week. Among them we notice that Wyoming Kennels have brood bitches and puppies for sale; George W. Lovell, four well-bred pointer pups; W. H. Hyland, pointer pups; Fred. Schmitt, St. Bernard pups; Clay Gaitskill, foxhound puppies; C. J. Gayler, well-bred English setter pups; R. G. Overton, St. Bernard Kentucky Rex; A. E. Brown, English and Gordon setters and pointers; O. F. Conelly, some well-bred St. Bernard pups and Newfoundlands; F. R. Page, pointer pups. In the stud: W. H. Hyland's champion Pommery Sec and champion Ossining. George Thomas will handle dogs at Canadian shows, and those who know him are satisfied of his ability in this direction.

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Mr. H. W. Huntington is in ecstasies over a fine litter of Psovois whish his noted Princess Irma whelped, July 27, to his well-known Argoss. This blending of color should make some very handsome looking animals.

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We were in error in saying that Mr. Black imported his new dog Flash, as this dog was shown at the last New York show by Mr. Cushman.

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The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says that there is a probability of the Rochester Kennel Club holding their show with the Western New York Fair at Rochester, commencing Sept. 26.

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The well known beagle man, W. F. Rutter, Jr., of Lawrence, Mass., called upon us last Tuesday. He had been spending a couple of days with Mr. Phoebus, at Bernardsville, N. J., and the two beagle enthusiasts had a glorious time among such a crowd of the little hounds—there are about sixty at the kennel and Mr. Phoebus has about thirty more at Tuxedo Park. We are pleased to hear that friend Phoebus is enjoying better health, but is still not strong enough to take part in the coming beagle trials.

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Harry Jennings, Mr. Reick's kennelman has been "asked to resign" for sufficient reasons, and Mr. Reick next week will offer most of his dogs for sale. This does not mean, however, that Mr. Reick is going out of the breed by any means.

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Mr. Megson, the well-known collie man, has just bought Hadfield Monarch, by Metchley Wonder, for $2,000.

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The bull-terrier Autocrat Victor will find a home in Boston, having been purchased from Mr. J. J. Sturgess, and sailed from England July 16 per steamship Durham City.

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A writer in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, who "does" a kennel column, gravely tells us that Mr. Belmont cabled an offer of $10,000 for the fox-terrier champion Result, but the offer was promptly refused, the dog being more valuable as a prize winner and stock getter. The only comment that need be made on this is, if the above sum was divided by five Mr. Belmont would still be guilty of reckless extravagance.

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Last week we made mention of the Drovers' show in London, but omitted to allude to the rather novel way of judging collies as to their ability to work. It seems every drover making an entry for the best working collie prizes, was requested to name the dog, of course not his own, which, in his estimation was the best worker. In this way the committee was able to find out which dog in the popular estimation was a good performer among the sheep and bullocks, and as these men are generally pretty practical in their ideas there is little fear but that the best dog got his deserts.

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The Swiss Mountain Kennels have sold the rough-coated St. Bernard, Duke of Loraine (19,118) (Marquis of Stafford—Loraine) to Mr. F. E. Hege, Wachovia Kennels, Salem, N. C. This dog is well marked and nicely grown, and his blood should make him a valuable acquisition to the Southern kennel. Mrs. Smyth some time since purchased from Mr. Cobb, Wilmington, Del., the St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Arlington, by Lord Bute—Margharita. This is the bitch that struck Miss Whitney's fancy at Washington. The Duchess won in the novice class. Her infusion of Lord Bute blood should make her a good brood bitch for Mrs. Smyth's kennel.

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There is a movement on foot to organize another coursing club, to hold annual coursing meets. The meetings are to be held in October, near Kearney, Nebraska, where the jacks are nearly all "white tails," and plenty of them. It is to be hoped that such a club will be organized and the dates of their meets so arranged as not to conflict with the Great Bend meeting.

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We hear that Edgewood Fancy, the noted bull-terrier, has whelped a splendid litter at Mr. Huntington's kennels, by Mr. Dole's Gully the Great.

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The Psovoi we mentioned as coming over recently was Mr. Huntington's Zerry, who has been in England under Dr. Sewell's care for some months past. The English papers criticised her in a show report as a bitch of intense quality but small. She is really only a shade less than Argoss and Argoss is a pretty big sort of a dog.

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While the trouble caused by the peculiar actions of the Rochester Kennel Club is much to be deplored, we see no reason why Hamilton cannot step back to its original dates and hold a show. The sympathy of the exhibiting public is with the Hamilton Club in this business, and they would probably get a good entry. A little hustling may do it yet.

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Mr. Robert Leslie has shipped his two pointers, King and Cora of Lynn to Mr. McCloud's Liberty Kennels, Hyattsville, O., to be prepared for the field trials. His King of Kent—Belle Randolph litter is doing well. There were two dogs and five bitches, but one of the dogs has unfortunately died.

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Mr. O. W. Brooking has sold his noted beagle Tom Boy (Rattler—Actress II.), but the purchaser's name is not given.

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Mr. De Fashion—"I see an Englishwoman has been fined for having her two dogs pull the baby carriage." Mrs. De Fashion—"She ought to be, the cruel thing. Why didn't she make the baby pull the dogs?"—*Ex.*

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St. Bernarddom has evidently lost a wonder in the death of Messrs. Smith & Baker's Premier. When such a paper as *Stock-Keeper* says that he is "the best and biggest dog we have ever seen * * * and could beat and beat well any St. Bernard before the public," there must be fire with this smoke. The dog's only fault was hardly a deep enough stop. He stood 36in. high, and weighed 198lbs. at 18 months old. This is certified by the above journal, and besides his limbs were sound and straight. Inflammation of the lungs after an attack of distemper carried him off. He had not yet been shown, and was by Scottish Prince, whose death is still more to be regretted, out of Lady Melrose, and was bred by Mr. Docksey. It is a long time to wait for the next one now.

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Mr. James Mortimer, who has had quite a busy time of it in England, was to sail last Saturday, but in case he could not arrange his affairs to do so will sail for America Aug. 5.

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### DOGMATICS OF DOGDOM.

Nature always maintains an equilibrium of forces. Men wear shirts without collars and dogs wear collars without shirts.

—§—

Sometimes a dog's happiest moments are when he is lost, for then his master is absent.

—§—

The man who wrote that any stick was good enough to beat a dog with, had a depraved heart.

—§—

The most sheepish dogs are the collies. THE CYNIC.

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## HAMILTON AND ROCHESTER SHOW DATES.

ROCHESTER, July 22.—A. D. Stewart, Esq., Hamilton: Dear Sir—As I have been out of town, have been unable to keep posted about the affairs of our kennel club. Having just met our secretary, Dr. Bamber, he informs me that you returned his last letter unopened. I desire to say personally and as treasurer of the Rochester Kennel Club, that we have decided to withdraw our dates for the fall show and not conflict with Hamilton. If this notification is not all that is necessary, our secretary will be pleased to forward you official notice of our withdrawal upon application from you. Very truly yours, HARRY YATES.

HAMILTON, Canada, July 25.—Harry Yates, Esq., Treasurer Rochester Kennel Club: Dear Sir—I have to acknowledge receipt of your note of July 22, in which you tell me that the Rochester Kennel Club has decided to withdraw its dates for the fall show "in order that it should not conflict with Hamilton." The members of your committee evidently dearly love a joke and must be themselves a most jovial and hilariously inclined body of gentlemen. Permit me, however, to say that your club has already conflicted with Hamilton, and that so seriously and deliberately as to knock our club completely out of the Canadian circuit. Our fall show is now an impossibility, and whether your club goes on with its show or gives it up, is a matter of no moment to my committee. You will bear in mind that our club has never desired that you should give up your show, on the contrary we offered to withdraw voluntarily ourselves from the field, if no amicable arrangement could be arrived at, and an impartial board of arbitrators should decide against us. With your club on the contrary the cry was "no surrender" on any terms, no courtesy, no fair play, no give or take, nothing that was generous or sportsmanlike or manly, and as that style of doing things is not in vogue here we let your club have its own way, and it can go on just as it pleases without further reference to us. I am dear sir,
A. D. STEWART, Hon. Sec'y H. K. C.

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## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Yankee Gladstone.* By Dr. C. E Stanley, Middletown, Conn., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 5, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone (champion Gladstone—champion Sue) out of Fanny Flake (Chief Justice—Nancy Lee).

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Edna H.—Duke Elcho.* Oak Grove Kennels' (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Edna H. (champion Elcho, Jr.—Romaine) to their Duke Elcho (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid), July 8.

*Kildare Jessie—Duke Elcho.* Oak Grove Kennels' (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Kildare Jessie to their Duke Elcho (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), July 17.

*Bonny Bell—Duke Elcho.* Oak Grove Kennels' (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Bonny Bell to their Duke Elcho (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), July 15.

*Avondale—Duke Elcho.* Oak Grove Kennels' (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Avondale (Inchiquin—Jess) to their Duke Elcho (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), July 12.

*Belle—Dash.* J. A. Smether's (Berwick, Pa.) English setter bitch Belle to C. C. Evans's Dash, July 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Lady Alma.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Alma (Eberhart's Cashier—Mable E.), July 23, six (two dogs), by their Happy Toby (Spokane—Lalla Rookh).

*Norma.* Oak Grove Kennels' (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Norma (Grab—Flora), July 11, nine (six dogs), by their Duke Elcho (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid).

*Wave II.* A. C. Sill's (Harriman, Tenn.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Wave II. (Gowrie II.—Wave), July 13, ten (six dogs), by H. H. Smith's champion Barnum.

*Mack's Juno.* T. T. Ashford's (Birmingham, Ala.) pointer bitch Mack's Juno (Rex Morgan—Fleet), July 17, thirteen (five dogs), by his Clip Graphic (champion Bracket—champion Sally Brass II.).

*Carrie R.* F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pointer bitch Carrie R. Meteor II.—Carrie), June 23, eight dags, by T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Bonny Sarsfield.* Red Irish setter bitch, by Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., to Paul H. Reilly, Oakland, Cal.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Messrs. Jos. H. and J. A. Hunter, Bloomington, Monroe county, Ind., own a good strain of black pointers.

W. S., Cortland, N. Y.—1, Yes, if the pedigree is all right. 2. If the bitch can show a pedigree for three generations back. 3. A bitch can be bred at once after she has stopped bleeding.

H. L. J., Stratford.—The only greyhound called Prince is No. 7,808, Vol. V., and there is a Belle, No. 9,989, Vol. V., but they are bred and owned by Western people and do not correspond to those you mention.

A SUBSCRIBER, Medford, Mass.—The article you refer to about bloodhounds is a most sensible one and we quite agree with the writer. The bloodhound proper is a dog of good disposition and a noble animal, entirely different from the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" mongrels.

R. A. R., New York City.—Please give pedigree of pointer Rustic, shown in New York, 1887 or 1888. Ans. Rustic was shown by D. S. Gregory, 14 West Sixteenth street, New York city, whelped July 19, 1886, and was by Bracket out of Lucia. Shown at New York, 1887.

CHITTENANGO.—Are there any Irish pointers that you know of? If so give description. Ans. There is no breed called Irish pointers. Probably your dog is a cross between a red Irish setter and a pointer. There are liver-colored pointers, perhaps yours is a very light colored one. You cannot do anything for the tail. The best books are Modern Training, etc., by B. Waters, price $2, and Dog Training by S. T. Hammond, price 50 cents.

A. E. DAVIS, Worcester, Mass.—Give the pedigree for four generations, with numbers, of the English setter bitch Fedora Laverack, owned by O. H. Clapp, of Brockton. She is the dam of Draco Kent (24,825). Ans. Fedora Laverack (A.K.C.S.B. 17,202, Vol. VII.) by Gun (1,618, Vol. I.) out of Victoria Laverack (2,591, Vol. V.), by Tempest (1,793, Vol. II.) out of Lilly (2,070, Vol. II.), by Carlowitz (45, Vol. I.) out of Princess Nelly (——); Tempest, by Pontiac (——) out of Fairy II. (354, Vol. I.); Gun, by Gladstone (113, Vol. I.) out of May B. (——), by Rake (212, Vol. I.) out of Fanny (359, Vol. I.); Gladstone, by Llewellin's Dan (——) out of Petrel (472, Vol. I.). This is as far as we can go.

T. T. A., Birmingham, Ala.—How many years back is traceable the authentic pedigree of setters, also of pointers? Through which strains? Ans. Mr. Laverack, at the time he wrote his book on the setter in 1872, claimed that Old Moll and Ponto, from whom he derived his celebrated strain, were descended from pure blood in the kennels of Rev. A. Harrison Carlisle, England, from whom he purchased them in 1825, and for 35 years before that an authentic pedigree had been kept. But Old Moll and Ponto are the starting points of the breed in the records. The earliest public records of traceable pedigrees of pointers is that of the English Kennel Club's stud-book for 1859 to 1874. We can hardly be expected to trace out the different strains, it would take too much time. If there is any particular strain you would like to have traced we will do what we can for you.

X. Y. Z., Oakland, Cal.—1. A neighbor of ours has a dog, a cross between a Newfoundland and a mastiff, eight months old, which is suffering from an affection of the mouth. The symptoms are fetid breath and gray spots about the size of a pea on the lips and margin of the tongue. On the upper lip these are isolated and firm, while on the lower lip they are soft and appear to coalesce. There are also two wart-like growths on the top of his neck, one of which, on becoming partly detached, exuded a watery fluid. We are treating for blain as recommended by "Ashmont," but owing to the absence of ulcers or abscesses and the freshness of the floor of the mouth, although the disease is running two months, we are not sure of our diagnosis. 2. Also tell us if breeding from the two dogs, whose pedigrees are inclosed, is scientific. Ans. 1. Treat for worms. Wash the mouth out twice daily with the following: Boracic acid two drachms, chlorate of potash one drachm and a half, tr. of myrrh four drachms, water eight ounces. Touch the soft spots with nitrate of silver. Give five grains of salicylate of bismuth. 2. What do you mean?

J. P. W., Boston, Mass.—My pointer dog, not yet one year old, is in a bad condition due to the distemper. His left leg and shoulder is almost useless to him; they are twitching violently day and night, either awake or asleep. If he starts to run for a short distance the leg gives way and he falls prostrate. His nose is dry and crusty for a number of weeks past. I have used all methods that I know of to bring him around, but all of no avail. I am treating him after Dr. Mills's method, but I think I shall finally be compelled to hasten his exit to the happy hunting grounds. Do you think I can make anything out of him? Will he be able to stand a day's hunt if he gets well? He has not eaten anything for two days. He moans and cries at odd intervals during the day and night. He has been reduced to a shadow during the past week. I had him out one week ago and he had five fits inside of one hour. Ans. Give the following mixture:

| | |
|---|---|
| Syr. hypophos. co. | ʒ iii |
| Tr. cinchon co. | ʒ iss |
| Liq. arsenicalis pot. | mxxxvi |
| Aq. ad. | ʒ vi |

Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day. Also give three or four times a tablet triturate containing one hundredth of a grain of hyoseine hydrobromate. Along the spine apply compound turpentine liniment. If fits come on insert a seaton at the poll. Feed on raw meat minced, eggs and milk, beef tea and cod liver oil. Give a little whisky two or three time a day if necessary. Write again next week.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitted to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

5. Winthrop, Moonlight Sail.
5. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
5. Goelet Cups, Newport.
6. Douglaston, Ladies' Day, Little Neck Bay.
6. Sippican, 2d Open Sw., Marion
6. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
6. Corinthian, Marblehead.
6. Great South Bay, Ann., Islip, Long Island.
6. Roy. N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Hal.
8. Royal Nova Scotia, Halifax.
8. Buffalo, Annual Cruise.
9. Miramichi, Stewart Pen., Black Brook.
9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.
10. Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.
11. Rochester, Ladies' Day.
13. Dorchester, Dorchester.
13. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Ft. Pt.
13. Chelsea.
13. Savin Hill, Second Cup.
13. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
13. Winthrop, Ladies' Day.
13. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
13. Quincy, Invitation Race, Quincy, Mass.
13. Seawanhaka, Rouse and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
13. White Bear Lake, Club Trophy, White Bear Lake.
15. Cor. of N. Y., 46ft. sweeps, Newport.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day.
15. Greenville, Greenville, N. J.
15. Dorchester, 3d Cham., Dorchester.
16. Winthrop, Cash, Winthrop.
17. Hull, Ladies' Day, Hull.
17. Sippican, Cham., Marion.
19. Winthrop, 3d and 4th Classes, Winthrop.
20. Roy. N.S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
20. Corinthian, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Monument Beach.
20. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull.
20. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
20. Miramichi, Triang., Chatham.
20. St. Lawrence, Montreal.
21. Winthrop, Cruise.
21. Audubon, Cruise to Fishing Banks.
21. Audubon, Ann. Excursion to Fishing Banks.
22. Rhode Island, Open.
23. Fall River, Open, Fall River.
25. Rochester, Club Regatta.
26. Quincy, 3d Cham., Quincy, Mass.
27. Hull, Cup Race, Hull.
27. Dorchester, Open Cup, Dorchester.
27. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
27. Savin Hill, Sail Off.
27. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
27. Winthrop, 3d Class Cham., Winthrop.
27. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.
27. Harlem, Ann., New York.
27. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
27. Sippican, Open, Marion.
27. Roy. N.S., Lord Alex. Russell Cup, Halifax.

IF any of the New York yacht clubs desires to have some good racing and awaken a serious interest in the smaller classes, it cannot do better than to offer some substantial prizes for all yachts not over 21ft. l.w.l., prizes sufficient in amount to induce some of the Boston flyers to come around the cape, as they would undoubtedly do. Boston has learned a great deal since Mr. Alley took the old Cruiser around from New York in 1884, and in the new fleet she has undoubtedly the largest class of the fastest boats of their length afloat. A series of races near New York would attract a very large attendance of yachtsmen.

THE races of all the 21ft. class in the East derive a special interest from the fact that a number of the yachts are sailed by their designers, amateur and professional. Catspaw is sailed by Mr. George A. Stewart, Tadpole by Mr. W. E. Waterhouse, Freak by John B. Paine, Exile by J. F. Small, Gaddy by Mr. Sidney Burgess, and Mr. A. G. McVey is the most active and enthusiastic of Thrush's crew.

### New York Y. C. Cruise.

THE forty-eighth annual cruise of the New York Y. C. began on Tuesday, with a rendezvous at Glen Cove, Hempstead Bay, as last year, a large fleet being present on the arrival of Com. Gerry in the flagship Electra at 11 A. M. The principal yachts were: Ituna, Vice-Com. E. D. Morgan; Huron, Rear-Com. W. Butler Duncan. Steam yachts Conqueror, Sultana, Jean, Radha, Magnolia, Nomad, Helvetia, Allegro, Corsair, Halcyon, Emu, Avenel, Clermont, Ladoga, Vivienne, Neiera, Sapphire, Evelyn, Nooya, Oneida, Vidette, Daring, Lucille and Nydia. Schooners: Agnes, Gevalia, Magic, Montauk, Meteor, Nirvana, Constellation, Dauntless, Coronet, Fortuna, Viator, Merlin, Alceæ, Lasca, Iroquois, Viking, Lancer, Comanche, Fleetwing, Fenella, Miranda, Phantom, Azalea, Marguerite, Atlantic, Alert, Ramona, Quickstep, Columbia and Shamrock. Sloops and cutters: Katrina, Gracie, Wasp, Liris, Gloriana, Clara, Wizard, Forget-me-not, Whitby, Sayonara, Peri, Eleanor, Idlewild, Nymph, Athlon, Desire, Fanny, Pocahontas, Ventura and Sagitta. A number of outside yachts were present, while, by the courtesy of Mr. Hearst, the swift Vamoose accompanied the fleet and carried the representatives of the New York and Boston papers.

Immediately on the arrival of the flagship a meeting of captains was held, at which it was decided to sail at 1 P. M. for Morris Cove. New Haven, the run being an informal one, no times being taken; the regular squadron runs of the cruise to begin with the run from New Haven to New London on Wednesday.

The start was consequently very uneven, some yachts getting away far in the lead, but as the weather conditions were favorable for racing, the fleet broke up into little groups of yachts racing together.

The morning was cool and cloudy, with a moderate wind E. by S., a little rain falling at the start. There was a very strong flood tide against the fleet, but the breeze increased by 3 P. M., being then due east.

Wasp and Gracie were among the first away, so that Gloriana had no chance to try her rival, Wasp leading the entire fleet. The two new schooners, Lascar and Alceæ, naturally made a match, being anchored near together and getting an even start. They were close together all the afternoon, but with Lasca ahead.

At 4 P. M. Wasp was well in the lead in Smithtown Bay, with Gracie perhaps a mile astern. Constellation was over a mile astern of her, while next came Gloriana, Katrina and Viator, the latter having held a good place after an early start. On the other shore of the Sound, in by the Norwalk Islands, the other division of the fleet was led by Fanny and Marguerite, the latter having for the time distanced Merlin after a long brush. The order of the division was: Fanny, Marguerite, Quickstep, Shamrock, Lasca, Alceæ, Clara, Liris, Pocahontas, Iroquois, Fortuna and Miranda, with a large fleet scattered astern of them. A light rain was falling and the wind was moderate from the east, while the strong tide kept the fleet back.

### Eastern Y. C., July 28.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE special race of the Eastern Y. C, was the occasion of some very interesting racing off Marblehead last week, as two other clubs, the Beverly and the Corinthian, arranged to follow the Eastern with races for the same class. The original idea was to bring together the Boston 21-footers, built under a length classification, and the yachts of the 25ft. sailing length class established in New York last year, with a view to ascertaining the relative merits of the two classes. So far as this comparison goes, the experiment has hardly been successful, as but one of the New York yachts made the voyage to Marblehead; and she, almost as a matter of course, was badly defeated in the very light weather that prevailed in the three races.

The small attendance of the New York yachts was due to the distance and to the very few boats in the class, which really includes only the four Gardner boats (Smuggler, Nameless and Needle, built last year, and the new Pyxie) and the Herreshoff fin-keel El Chico. Of these, Smuggler and Needle are not racing this season, leaving three boats in the class.

A single look at the sail plans of the Boston craft is enough to convince one that the 25-footers have no possible chance beside them in weather that the smaller ones can carry their whole sail plan; the smaller boats measuring from 20 to 28ft. sailing length, as compared with the 25ft. to which the larger New York craft are limited. The smallest of the Boston boats, Alpha, the Herreshoff centerboard, carries on 21ft. l.w.l. about the same sail as Pyxie does on 23ft. 9in., while the other 21 footers carry from 150 to 300ft. more. Under such different conditions it is hardly to be expected that a test will afford any useful information, as the shorter hulls and larger rigs will win in light weather, the larger and snugly rigged boat having her turn as soon as the others are forced to reef.

The fleet of small boats that Boston turns out, not merely once or twice a year, but for every race, sometimes three or four a week, is calculated to awaken the envy of New York yachtsmen accustomed to seeing three or four boats in each of the small classes. Being limited to one class, the fleet of the Eastern Y. C. was much smaller than that of the following day, but even it was a sight well worth seeing, eleven yachts, all new and built to the class this year, the list being: Alpha, centerboard splasher, Brown, Dunne & Hunt; Thrush, centerboard splasher, John Bryant; Catspaw, centerboard splasher, C. A. Prince; Exile, centerboard splasher, J. F. Small; Koorali, centerboard Cape cat, R. C. Robbins; Sirrocco, keel cutter, W. P. Fowle; Vanessa, bulb-fin fin-keel, A. S. Bigelow, Jr.; Reaper, bulb-fin fin-keel, H. P. Benson; Freak, bulb-fin fin-keel, J. B. Paine; Pyxie, fin-keel cutter, Oswald Sanderson.

The exact classification of all the new types is a difficult matter, but a distinction seems necessary between such a boat as Pyxie, in which the lines of the middle body are those of a cutter, although the dead wood is so cut away everywhere as to make the keel a mere fin; and such of the still newer type in which the hull is of very shoal draft, almost a canoe in model, while the fin is of thin metal, carrying a cylinder of lead. Alpha, Catspaw, Exile and Thrush are more or less closely allied to the old skimming dish, or the Boston "splasher," but with longer ends; their beam varying from 9 to 12ft. and their sail area from 700 to 1,000 sq. ft. Koorali is of the common Cape cat type, carrying a jib in this race, but at times sailing without it, as a catboat. Sirocco is a cruising cutter, built for the 21ft. class early last fall, before the present development of the class was foreseen. The fin-keels have been so frequently described that no further mention is necessary.

Freak has undergone a number of alterations since her first trials, and is much improved, the wire grass-catcher that ran from her stem to the fore end of the lead bulb has been removed and a small well built through the keel and up to the deck, through which a pole may be used to clear the fin of weeds, lobster-pots and other impediments which it may collect on its vertical fore-edge. The hull is a very handsome bit of joiner-work, mahogany throughout, but for this race it was defaced by being roughly smeared with pot-lead and white paint after the fashion set by Mayflower in the international races.

So far as beauty goes, Pyxie was generally conceded to be far ahead of the others by the local critics, with her graceful ends, polished black top-sides and gold stripe and scroll. The 21ft. class, however, was built for performance and not appearance, and little has been wasted in merely ornamental features; but taken altogether the boats are far ahead of anything yet seen in workmanship, both of hull and rigging. Most of the boats are double-skinned, the outer skin of Spanish cedar or mahogany, the fins (and in one, Alpha, the centerboard) are of Tobin bronze, the spars are hollow, the rigging carefully fitted to turnbuckles and metal work of special design, and the sails by the best makers.

The extreme heat that has oppressed the entire coast during the past week was tempered by a light easterly breeze about Boston, making the weather comparatively endurable, but not promising much in the way of racing. About 10 A. M. the regatta committee on the large tug Dudley Pray ran out of the harbor and anchored off Marblehead Rock, the course being approximately an equilateral triangle of 7½ miles, the first side of 2½ being marked by a buoy set by the tug S.E. by S. of the Rock, the second mark being the whistling buoy on the Pigs. The course was sailed twice, making 15 miles.

The preparatory whistle was given at 10:55, the start being from the gun at 11 A. M. The wind was E.S.E., very light, making a beat to the first mark. Koorali was in doubt as to which way she should cross the line, coming up from the wrong side just before the whistle, and lying near the weather end of the line without steerage-way. As the other ten crowded for the line she lay directly in the way, being unable to recross. Catspaw, steered by Mr. George A. Stewart, her designer, was first over, near the middle of the line, followed by Thrush, with Mr. McVey, her designer, on board, and Tadpole, steered by Mr. Waterhouse, her designer.

The rest of the fleet rushed down in a bunch, crowding as close as possible to the tug, regardless of rules and overlaps, the best man over first. Freak, steered by Mr. John Paine, her designer, was in close company with Alpha and Pyxie, the latter steered by Mr. Sanderson. All came out of the scrimmage safely, and as they settled down to the windward work, all on port tack, the order was: Freak and Alpha together in the lead, Reaper and Tadpole to leeward of them, Catspaw, Vanessa and Pyxie next, the others scattered astern.

The leaders held on port tack for the first half hour, Freak showing well in the light airs; Reaper, to leeward, was holding a good pace; astern the rear of the fleet had tried to tack to the eastward. When Freak came for the mark, Reaper was a long way to leeward, but after tacking she caught a little breeze that brought her up very quickly, so that she rounded with Alpha, who had hunted Freak closely thus far. The elapsed times over the first leg were as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak | 50 36 | Exile | 59 37 |
| Alpha | 53 07 | Tadpole | 1 02 32 |
| Reaper | 53 52 | Pyxie | 1 02 46 |
| Vanessa | 57 07 | Thrush | 1 03 50 |
| Catspaw | 58 43 | Sirocco | 1 06 14 |

The second leg was down wind, booms to starboard, headsails boomed out to port, and all spinakers barred. The majority of the Boston boats, those which have sailed in all the races thus far, set their large jibs; Pyxie set her silk balloon jib made for this race. Freak in addition kept her working jib set and shifted to leeward, the ballooner being boomed out to windward. The order was changed on the run, Catspaw passing Reaper and Vanessa, while Alpha cut down Freak's lead. The elapsed time to the Pigs mark was:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak | 1 38 31 | Vanessa | 1 44 47 |
| Alpha | 1 39 48 | Thrush | 1 51 03 |
| Catspaw | 1 42 23 | Tadpole | 1 53 45 |
| Reaper | 1 43 25 | Sirocco | 1 54 46 |
| Exile | 1 43 42 | Pyxie | 1 57 14 |

After a jibe all started on starboard tack for the starting line, the elapsed times again being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak | 2 12 48 | Vanessa | 2 20 38 |
| Alpha | 2 14 48 | Thrush | 2 21 23 |
| Catspaw | 2 16 32 | Tadpole | 2 28 24 |
| Reaper | 2 18 43 | Sirocco | 2 28 52 |
| Exile | 2 19 50 | Pyxie | 2 32 36 |

On the first leg Catspaw had sailed poorly, but later on she began to pick up, finishing the round in the third place with a gain of 4m. Pixey had fallen into the last place, her small sail plan being of no use in so light a wind.

The second round was a repetition of the first, the elapsed times at the first mark being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak | 2 56 08 | Thrush | 3 10 20 |
| Alpha | 2 57 37 | Exile | 3 10 31 |
| Catspaw | 3 01 48 | Sirocco | 3 21 06 |
| Reaper | 3 05 24 | Tadpole | 3 22 16 |
| Vanessa | 3 07 54 | Pyxie | 3 25 21 |

After the second run the order at the Pigs stood:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak | 3 44 32 | Vanessa | 3 58 08 |
| Alpha | 3 45 49 | Exile | 3 58 22 |
| Catspaw | 3 48 36 | Sirocco | 4 12 40 |
| Reaper | 3 54 02 | Tadpole | 4 13 17 |
| Thrush | 3 55 42 | Pyxie | 4 16 49 |

The last leg, the reach from the Pigs to Marblehead Rock, was quite exciting, as Freak threatened to break Alpha's straight record of ten firsts to the same number of starts. Catspaw, by a fortunate puff, passed Alpha and came in between the two, but stood for nothing better than third prize after she had given her allowances. The finish was timed:

| | Finish. | Elapsed |
|---|---|---|
| Freak, John B. Paine | 3 16 54 | 4 16 54 |
| Catspaw, Gordon Prince | 3 19 10 | 4 19 10 |
| Alpha, Brown, Dunne & Hunt | 3 19 59 | 4 19 59 |
| Reaper, H. P. Benson | 3 24 36 | 4 24 36 |
| Thrush, Dr. John Bryant | 3 24 50 | 4 24 50 |
| Exile, John F. Small | 3 28 16 | 4 28 16 |
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr. | 3 28 31 | 4 28 31 |
| Sirocco, W. P. Fowle | 3 44 54 | 4 44 54 |
| Tadpole, W. E. Waterhouse | 3 45 34 | 4 45 34 |
| Pyxie, Oswald Sanderson | 3 50 43 | 4 50 43 |

The carrying of the large sails on Freak, Tadpole and Pyxie caused quite a commotion among the vanquished, and the news that the regatta committee had summarily disqualified both Freak and Pyxie was hailed with glee. Mr. Paine however decided to make a fight for the prize, and demanded a hearing in appeal from the decision, at the same time making a protest against every boat save Sirocco on the ground that each had violated the rule in booming out headsails. He also demanded a remeasurement of Freak and Alpha, which was made at once, the times being but slightly altered thereby. No corrected times were made up, but under the allowance, $^{6}/_{10}$s. per mile for each tenth of a foot of sailing length, Freak would take first prize, Alpha second and Catspaw third; the amount being $50, $25 and $15, the first boat winning in addition a handsome bronze medal given this year by the Eastern Y. C. as a trophy with each first prize. The final ownership of the prizes has not yet been determined in view of the appeals and protests, but Freak sailed a good race, being the first of the class to defeat Alpha. Catspaw's sailing was very uneven, as she was very slow at the start but picked up wonderfully after sailing for an hour. From all appearances it was splasher day, and the two Herreshoff fins bore out this idea, being well astern of the leaders, which makes the performance of Freak the more notable. While the wind was very light, it was as fairly steady as such breezes usually are, and though one boat or another was specially favored by a puff at times, the race could not be called a fluky one. The regatta committee included Messrs. Wm. S. Eaton, Jr., H. H. Buck and P. T. Jackson, Jr.

## Indian Harbor Y. C., July 30.

GREENWICH, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C., of Greenwich, Conn., was sailed Saturday under most unfavorable conditions. The start was called for 11 o'clock, but the wind was so light that the yachts could not work up to the starting line off Little Captain's Island, and it was nearly 2 o'clock before the preparatory signal could be given. Even then most of the larger boats were handicapped on account of not being able to cross the line inside of the time limit.

There was a light air from the southwest at the start, which died out shortly afterward and left the fleet becalmed for nearly three hours, when a light wind sprang up from the northeast which enabled such of the boats as had not been discouraged and given up the race to make the first mark, the buoy off Matinicock Point. Shortly after the leaders had rounded the buoy the wind began to freshen, and before the yachts had reached the second mark, the buoy off Center Island, it was blowing half a gale and the small fellows had a hard time of it on the run in to the finish.

There were 61 entries and 44 starters in the various classes, and but for the unfavorable weather the race would have been a great success. The fleet was the largest that has started in any regatta on the Sound this year, and comprised some very fast boats in the smaller classes.

The course for all yachts over 30ft l.w.l. was from the starting line to the buoy off Matinicock, to the buoy off Center Island, back to the Matinicock buoy, thence home, 20 nautical miles. The course for all yachts 30ft. l.w.l. and under was to the buoy off Matinicock, to the Center Island buoy, thence home, 15 nautical miles. The course for the little jib and mainsail boats and catboats was twice around Captain's Island, 10 nautical miles.

Gold Dust and Phyllis drew ahead of the fleet shortly after the start and retained the lead throughout the race. Volusia kept ahead of Daffodil and Kathleen passed Estela during the drift to the first mark. It was nip and tuck between the big Forget-me-not and the Nirvana all the way over to the buoy, Nirvana rounding the mark ahead. When the wind freshened up, however, Forget-me-not passed Nirvana and finally finished an easy winner.

The times of the leading yachts around Matinicock buoy were taken as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gold Dust | 5 16 10 | Kathleen | 5 51 15 |
| Phyllis | 5 20 59 | Oconee | 5 53 59 |
| Effie | 5 31 35 | Myrtle | 6 00 50 |
| Commodore | 5 34 59 | Daffodil | 6 02 35 |
| Romona | 5 35 00 | Nirvana | 6 04 48 |
| Senorita | 5 38 15 | Nahma | 6 05 29 |
| Jewel | 5 38 55 | Elvira | 6 05 29 |
| Chippewa | 5 42 05 | Roi | 6 05 40 |
| Alcedo | 5 50 35 | Forget-me-not | 6 05 50 |

The yachts finished in the following order: Gold Dust, Phyllis, Commodore, Vite se, Chippewa, Jewel, Kathleen, Roi, Myrtle, Elvira, Almira, Evelyn, Forget me-not, Senorita.

The full summary of the race is as follows:

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.—53FT. CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Forget-me-not, G. P. & W. H Butler | ... | 6 21 00 | 6 21 00 |
| Roamer, Stephen D. McElroy | ... | Withdrew. | |

46FT. CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nirvana, John Moller | Withdrew. | |

40FT. CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Alcedo, Wm. Hamilton | Disabled. | |

35FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Daffodil, J. R. Whiting | 40.87 | Withdrew. | |
| White Cap, Jos. R. Husson | | Withdrew. | |
| Senorita, J. Maxwell Williams | 36.50 | 6 20 20 | 5 33 39 |
| Viking, F. R. Adams | | Withdrew. | |
| Mascot, L. Lefferts | | Withdrew. | |

30FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kathleen, Merritt & Hoyt | 37.44 | 5 34 23 | 5 00 16 |
| Estela, C. S. Somerville | 34.67 | Withdrew. | |
| Marie, James B. Smith | | Withdrew. | |
| Abby Jane, Elmer E Smith | | Withdrew. | |

27FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chippewa, Thomas Clapham | 36.00 | 5 08 55 | 4 24 08 |
| Alma, Chas. E. Diefenthaler | 35.00 | Withdrew. | |

YAWLS.—30FT. CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Kittie, Hazen Morse | Withdrew. | |

CABIN CATBOATS.—30FT CLASS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roi, Lynch & Thomas | 28.95 | 5 46 55 | 5 02 50 |
| Almira, J. H. Hannan | 27.70 | 5 50 15 | 5 05 43 |

25FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oconee, Chas. T. Pierce | 26.30 | 5 37 14 | 4 49 57 |
| Myrtle, Ayers & Sanger | 26.91 | 5 42 01 | 4 54 43 |
| Nellie, M. F. Plant | 26.65 | Withdrew. | |
| Mabel, Dr. A. H. Scofield | | Withdrew. | |
| Archer, E. T. Smythe | | Withdrew. | |
| Nahma, W. E Luke, Jr. | 22.33 | Withdrew. | |
| Caper, P. L. Howard | | Withdrew. | |

21FT. CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Florence, A. L. Embury | | |
| Lestris, Chas. P. Williams | | |
| Ada, Elwood W. Russell | | |

JIB AND MAINSAIL—CLASS A.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Commodore, Francis Burritt | 27.00 | 4 59 14 | 4 12 06 |

22FT. CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ramona, Herbert Jennings | 21.00 | Withdrew. |

20FT. CLASS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Evelyn, Taylor & Downing | 18.10 | 5 53 50 | 4 47 32 |
| Senta, F. B. & W. J. Jones | 19.00 | Disabled. | |

OPEN CATBOATS—CLASS A.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elvira, Alfred S. Smith | 27.42 | 5 50 56 | 5 04 26 |
| Wilmerad, W. Hanan | 27.10 | Withdrew. | |

25FT. CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Edna, George Grieve | 24 33 | |
| Gold Dust, Hopkins & Ball | 24.21 | 4 52 39 | 4 00 33 |

20FT. CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jewel, E. S. Wheeler | 19.95 | 5 30 54 | 4 29 45 |
| Phyllis, W. J. & F. B. Jones | 19.92 | 5 03 26 | 4 02 02 |
| Effie, George Vassar, Jr. | 19.92 | Withdrew. | |
| Sadie, Benjamin M. Wallace | 19.92 | Withdrew. | |
| Zelda, Charles E. McManus | 19.42 | Withdrew. | |

SPECIAL 15FT. CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Presto, Harry Watson | 15.00 | Disabled. |
| Vitesse, Percy Hicks | 14.83 | 7 07 05 | 5 49 35 |
| Coot, A. D. Prince | 15.00 | Disabled. |

The steamer Wm. Fletcher accommodated the members and their guests and the launch Diana was used as committee boat. The regatta committee were F. S. Doremus, chairman, E. D Cowman, D. H. Winne and F. B. Jones. F. S. DOREMUS, Chairman Reg. Com.

## Two New Chicago Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 26.—There arrived in Chicago two days ago the new steam yacht, unnamed and known as "No. 12," property of A. V. Armour, of this city. This boat was built in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., after design of Dr. D. C. Miller, the yachting dentist who designed the Dagmar, later purchased by the U. S. Government for use as a despatch boat. This boat is 81ft. long, 10ft. beam, draft 5ft., fitted with triple expansion engines, 9in stroke, approximate horse power 200. On her trip through the lakes she steamed 14 knots easily. Mr. Armour expects 18 miles per hour. Mr. W. J. White's Say When, of Cleveland, is capable of making 25 miles an hour. Outside of this boat, or perhaps Mr S. C. Reynold's steam yacht Signal, of Toledo, No. 12 should be as fast as any craft on the Lakes. The latter boat will be at Detroit and possibly at Chicago this week on a cruise now in progress.

Mr. W. F. Steffens, owner of Bonito, steam yacht, is building a handsome new boat of the same class at North avenue, and expects to have it launched within a short time.

Lately I saw the ill-fated Countess of Dufferin, known later in her career as the Countess, lying idle and abandoned in a slip down in the lumber district near the mouth of the river. The Countess, like many another lady of high title and high claims, has had hard luck, and has also failed to substantiate all her claims. She was a good cruising boat, but she never got a good owner in late years, though she tried a good many. E. HOUGH.

## Yachting on the Miramichi.

The Miramichi river, besides being famous for its salmon and smelt fisheries, is noted as a splendid yachting water. The inner bay, which is protected from the outer bay by a line of sand dunes 15 miles long, is a beautiful sheet of sheltered water, varying from 10 to 60ft. deep, and there are passages from it into broad and shallow stretches of sheltered water, called gullies, whose channels are navigable for light draught vessels. The outer bay can be reached through these gullies or through the ship channel, and then the yachtsman has the Gulf of St. Lawrence before him, and may coast north or south, or stand across the Straits of Northumberland for Prince Edward Island. The first yachting association formed in New Brunswick was the Miramichi Yacht Club, which was organized in 1866, and still lives and flourishes. The membership is not large, but the leading spirits are enthusiastic and endowed with good staying qualities. John C. Miller, manager of the Miller Tanning Extract Company's works, has been commodore, and J. L. Stewart, editor of The Chatham World, vice-commodore, ever since the club was formed. It has held an opening meet every 24th of May and half a dozen races every season, besides club cruises to the lower bay. The fleet includes several small steamers. Improvements and additions are being made this season. The commodore has sold the flag-ship Kilbride, which has won most of the races so far, and is building a new one with larger cabin accommodation. She will have long overhang fore and aft, a lead keel and all the latest improvements regardless of cost. Vice-Commodore Stewart has a design for a center-board yacht which he and Surveyor General Tweedie are to build from. It was drawn by H. C. McLeod, agent of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Minneapolis, who has had great success as an amateur designer, his boats having been victors at Halifax, N. S., and Lake Minnetonka, Minn., on many occasions. Mr. Stewart explained its strong points to a visiting correspondent, and is confident that his new yacht will defeat all comers. The design embodies the very latest ideas in yacht architecture. There is nothing, unless it may be the boats now building by the Herreshoffs, showing a more radical departure from stereotyped form. This yacht, unlike them, has no abnormal features, like a lead cigar bung by a metal plate beneath her; but is nautical all over. She will be of moderate beam, draft and power, will be easily handled, will be non-sinkable and non-capsizable, and will be fast on every point of sailing. Her lines are all easy and she will sail as fast with her covering board under as on her bottom. The native builders are making very wry faces at the design and predict failure, but Mr. Stewart is confident of its great superiority. The first meeting of the two new yachts this season will be an interesting event.—*Exchange.*

## Sippican Y. C., First Championship, July 23.

MARION—BUZZARD'S BAY.

THE course for first and second classes was from judges' yacht, leaving Nye's Ledge and S. E. Ledge buoys on port and return, 15 miles. For third and fourth classes, from judges' yacht, leaving Bow Bells and S. E. Ledge buoys on port and return, 8 miles. Wind S.W., lightening toward finish:

FIRST CLASS CATS.

| | Length. | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Cor. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flight, I. Hiller | 30.00 | 1 39 06 | 4 14 03 | 2 34 57 | 2 24 21 |
| Hector, E. C. Stetson | 28.10 | 1 36 20 | 4 15 40 | 2 38 54 | 2 26 19 |

SECOND CLASS CATS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Venture, J. D. Jenney | 27.04 | 1 41 59 | 4 21 31 | 2 39 32 | 2 25 17 |
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis | 27.03 | 1 44 24 | Disabled. | | |

THIRD CLASS CATS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr. | 23 01 | 1 47 37 | 3 22 49 | 1 35 12 | 1 23 50 |
| Sippican, W. H. Davis | 22.10 | 1 46 22 | 3 21 59 | 1 35 37 | 1 24 05 |
| Doric, John Parkinson | 23.02 | 1 49 42 | 3 26 47 | 1 37 05 | 1 25 52 |
| Hermione, R. L. Barstow | 23.00 | 1 46 57 | 3 25 07 | 1 38 10 | 1 26 48 |
| Phenomenon, D. L. Whittemore | 22.08 | 1 48 30 | Withdrew. | | |

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer | 19.04 | 1 51 41 | 3 38 46 | 1 47 05 | 1 31 41 |
| Cat, Bruce Clark | 19.03 | 1 51 10 | 3 48 27 | 1 57 17 | 1 41 47 |
| Squall, J. G. Palfrey | 19.11 | 1 51 18 | Withdrew. | | |

Gymnote broke her rudder soon after the start. Squall had too much sail and withdrew. Flight, Venture, Tycoon and Edith win legs for the championship. Regatta committee, J. G. Palfrey, W. H. Davis and G. G. Van Rensselaer. Judges, Messrs. T. H. Yardley, J. H. Congdon and Dr. J. S. Whiting.

## White Bear Yachting Association, July 23.

DELLWOOD—WHITE BEAR LAKE.

SECOND championship, course, 5 mile arrow head course, twice around to go 10 miles, weather fair and bright, wind 12 to 15 miles west, distance 10 miles:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wapsie, Stickney & Bigelow | 3 40 44 | 5 17 42 | 1 36 58 | 1 29 41 |
| Kitten, Stickney & McKechnie | 3 42 04 | 5 16 57 | 1 34 53 | 1 31 16 |
| Shark, L. E Newport | 3 40 35 | 5 17 24 | 1 36 49 | 1 32 11 |
| Hornet, P. N. Gotzian | 3 41 26 | 5 22 55 | 1 41 29 | 1 32 45 |
| Manitou, E. J. Ramaley | 3 40 59 | 5 18 12 | 1 37 13 | 1 34 17 |
| Storm King, J. W. Taylor | 3 41 40 | Did not finish. | | |
| Fortuna, J. M. Welch | 3 41 15 | Broke down. | | |
| Later On, C. M. Griggs | 3 40 59 | Lost her rudder. | | |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nushka, Elmer Cordway | 3 47 15 | 5 22 02 | 1 34 47 | 1 32 14 |
| Albatross, W. J. Murray | 3 46 10 | 5 25 42 | 1 39 32 | 1 32 21 |
| Aurelia, A. McLaren | 3 47 05 | 5 29 09 | 1 42 04 | 1 33 49 |
| Mary Ann, L. Corning | 3 46 12 | 5 33 10 | 1 46 58 | Not meas. |

Our l.w.l. is taken at 2in. above the waterline. The Wapsie, Shark and Hornet are new boats with overhang fore and aft. It seems as though they "steal" something in time allowance on our measurement basis from the older boats whose sterns are straight. Regatta committee, S. C. Stickney, L. P. Ordway, W. S. Morton. Judges, R. B. C. Bement and A. Petersen.

## Eight Chicago Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 26.—Eight Chicago yachts sailed a brisk little race last Saturday in a stiff wind, which brought all the seamanship their skippers had. The yacht Lois could not stand up and was swamped early in the race, though she declined help from the judges' boat, and was towed in by a tug. The course was from opposite the foot of Randolph street viaduct to the intermediate and four-mile cribs to the waterworks crib and back to the stakeboat for the second class. For the third and fourth classes, from the same starting point to the intermediate and thence to the waterworks crib and return. The judges were Justice Brad well, Dr. Wallace Blanchard and George W. Rogers. H. F. Grusehow and M. J. Steffens acted as timekeepers. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hattie B | 3 08 29 | 4 50 24 | 1 41 45 | 1 41 45 |
| Zephyr | 3 08 10 | 5 07 21 | 1 59 11 | 1 57 17 |
| Pinta | 3 08 52 | 5 20 44 | 2 11 52 | 2 10 56 |

THIRD CLASS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| May B | 3 12 39 | 5 02 21 | 1 50 21 | 1 50 21 |
| Sea Shell | 3 08 02 | 5 03 19 | 2 51 17 | 1 53 59 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Growler | 3 07 45 | 5 02 11 | 1 54 26 | 1 50 16 |
| Eileen | 3 11 06 | 5 13 04 | 2 01 58 | 2 01 02 |
| Blade | 3 07 50 | 5 21 58 | 2 14 08 | 2 12 41 |

## Mosquito Fleet Y. C., July 30.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE tenth annual open regatta of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, starting in a fresh S.E. breeze and finishing in a calm, the times being:

FIRST CLASS

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ustane, S. M Hall | 21 07 | 2 34 09 | 1 57 58 |
| Good Luck, J. B. Farrell | 21.08 | 2 35 15 | 1 59 10 |
| Wapiti, J. Bertram | 23 04 | 2 38 31 | 2 04 32 |
| Strideaway, Snow & Allen | 24.10 | 2 42 10 | 2 10 04 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Caprice, R. W. Bird | 19 04 | 2 37 10 | 1 57 45 |
| Scamp, H. N. Nute | 18.01 | 2 56 40 | 2 15 14 |
| Trifle, J. F. Casbia | 18.05 | 3 06 25 | 2 25 32 |
| Saraphin, Niles & Richardson | 19.02 | 3 06 40 | 2 27 00 |
| Memento, Young & Co | 20.05 | 3 08 40 | 2 31 20 |
| Coot, T. Murphy | 18.07 | 3 11 22 | 2 30 46 |
| Wraith, J. F. Berrigan | 18.00 | 3 18 15 | 2 36 40 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning | 16.10 | 2 59 30 | 2 15 52 |
| Escort, W. H. Ranson | 15.01 | 3 07 10 | 2 20 03 |
| Elsie, Keating & Bailey | 16 02 | 3 36 35 | 2 51 40 |
| Cadet, C. L. Smith | 16.04 | Withdrew. | |
| Magnet, Turner & Narnock | 15.04 | Withdrew. | |
| Annie, E H. Rich | 15 00 | Withdrew. | |

The winners and prizes were: First class, first prize, $12, Ustane; second prize, $8, Good Luck, third prize, $3, Wapiti. Second class, first prize, $10, Caprice; second prize, $5, Scamp; third prize, $3, Trifle. Third class, first prize, $8, Flora Lee; second prize, $5, Escort; third prize, $3, Elsie.

The judges were E. J. Powers, T. A Maguire, J. F. Barry and W. O. Elliot. Messrs. J. T. Powers, G. L. Paget, W. O. Elliot, S. C. Higgins and L. P. Keiser made up the regatta committee.

## Bellport Regatta, July 29.

THE annual regatta of the yachts of Bellport, Long Island, was sailed on Friday, the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| The Duchess | 3 01 19 | 5 30 22 | 2 29 03 |
| Red Cedar | 3 01 35 | 5 33 16 | 2 31 41 |
| Idler | 3 02 08 | 5 37 04 | 2 34 56 |
| Ben Russell | 3 02 28 | 5 39 27 | 2 36 59 |

The winner, the Duchess, is a new yacht with modern overhangs, built by Gilbert M. Smith, of Patchogue, for Miss Helen Barry, the actress.

## Lake Yacht Racing Association, 1892.

## Rochester Y. C., July 22.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.—LAKE ONTARIO.

THE regatta of the Rochester Y. C. was sailed July 22, the day being warm and fair with a moderate S.W. wind and smooth water. The course was a triangle with four-mile sides, sailed twice by all over 25ft., and once by the 25 and 18ft. classes. Yama was not present, being out at Oswego for repairs. Cinderella lost her topmast on the first round, and Dinah parted her bobstay and withdrew. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS, START 10:40.

| | Length. | First round. | Finished. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cinderella, R. K. Dryer | 57.90 | 12 47 42 | 2 39 45 | 3 59 45 | 3 55 28 |
| Vreda, A. P. Boswell | 47.69 | 12 58 45 | 2 58 03 | 4 13 03 | 3 59 09 |
| Onward, J. R. White, et al | 54.20 | 1 02 26 | 3 35 13 | 4 55 13 | 4 48 00 |
| Oriole, G. Gooderham | 63.57 | 1 05 20 | 3 41 57 | 5 01 57 | 5 01 57 |

46FT. CLASS, START 10:50.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aggie, Marlatt & Armstrong | 40.33 | 1 13 55 | 3 45 57 | 4 55 57 | 4 49 01 |
| White Wings, E. G. Zealand | 45.74 | 1 09 32 | 3 43 20 | 4 53 20 | 4 53 25 |
| Verve, J. W. Hendrie | | Did not finish. | | | |

40FT. CLASS, START 11.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Zelma, N. B. Dick | 39.96 | 1 23 27 | 4 13 50 | 5 13 50 | 5 13 50 |
| Dinah, Dr. Malloch | 37.66 | Withdrew. | | | |

35FT. CLASS, START 11:10.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vision, Wm. Black | 33.95 | 2 00 12 | 4 52 35 | 5 42 35 | 5 42 35 |
| Cyprus, W. S. Thomson | 32.80 | 2 10 00 | 5 50 48 | 6 40 48 | 6 38 39 |
| Majil | 30.78 | Did not finish. | | | |

30FT. CLASS, START 11:20.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vedette, Gray and Reed | 29.91 | 2 11 55 | 5 14 05 | 5 54 05 | 5 54 05 |
| Erma, L. V. Percival | 29.75 | 2 24 00 | 5 18 23 | 5 58 23 | 5 57 57 |

25FT. CLASS, START 11:30.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nox, Miller & Bro | 24.38 | | 2 20 40 | 2 50 40 | 2 50 13 |
| Salola, W. H. Brigger | 24.47 | | 2 29 45 | 2 59 45 | 2 59 29 |
| Quickstep, J. Gardiner | 24.69 | | 2 33 20 | 3 03 20 | 3 03 20 |
| Kelpie | | Did not finish. | | | |
| Java | | Did not finish. | | | |
| Mona | | Did not finish. | | | |

18FT. CLASS, START 11:30.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dot, W. C. Whittlesey | | | 3 12 45 | 4 42 45 | 4 39 45 |
| Undine, J. W. Robbins | | | 3 11 48 | 4 41 40 | 4 41 40 |

The winners were: Class one—Cinderella, first, $40; Vreda, second, $30. 46ft. class—Aggie, first, $35. 40ft. class—Zelma, first, $25. 35ft. class—Vision, first, $25; Cyprus, second, $15. 30ft class—Vedette, first, $20; 25ft. class—Nox, first, $15; Salola, second, $10; Quickstep, third, $5. 18ft. class—Dot, first, $10.

Regatta committee, Boyd G. Saunders, chairman, Geo W. Browne, C. S. Davis, T. B. Pritchard, J. E. Burroughes, Henry Willis, Geo. H. Clark. Judges, Hon. H. H. Warner, Hon. Chas. S. Baker, Max Brickner and W. O. Phillips, timekeeper.

After the race a dinner was given by the Rochester Y. C. at Charlotte, the fleet sailing next day for Hamilton.

## Royal Hamilton Y. C., July 26.

HAMILTON, ONT.—LAKE ONTARIO.

THE wind was very light east on Tuesday, the day clear and water smooth. Oriole withdrew and the larger classes were stopped before the full courses were completed. The times were:

FIRST CLASS, START 10:30 (Decided on second round, 16 miles).

| | Length. | Turn. | Finished. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vreda | 47.69 | 2 17 38 | 6 10 27 | 7 40 27 | |
| Oriole | 57.90 | 2 52 40 | did not finish. | | |

46FT. CLASS, START 10:40 (Decided on third round, 24 miles).

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aggie | 40.33 | 1 35 07 | 7 01 35 | 8 21 25 |
| White Wings | 45.74 | 2 11 45 | did not finish. | |

40FT. CLASS, START 10:50 (Decided on second round, 16 miles).

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Zelma | 39.96 | 1 53 00 | 4 39 00 | 5 49 00 |
| Dinah | 37.66 | 2 02 30 | 4 48 12 | 5 58 12 |
| Psyche | 37.25 | 2 21 28 | 6 17 02 | 7 27 02 |

35FT. CLASS, START 11:00 (Course two rounds, 16 miles).

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vision | 33.95 | 1 45 40 | 4 38 28 | 5 38 28 |
| Alert | 32.38 | 1 54 28 | 5 03 27 | 6 03 27 |

30FT CLASS, START 11:10 (Course, 16 miles).

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Erma | 29.75 | 2 18 54 | 6 00 45 | 6 50 45 |
| Volante | 29 85 | 2 41 00 | 6 17 22 | 7 07 22 |
| Vedette | 29.91 | 2 59 04 | 6 42 52 | 7 32 52 |

25FT. CLASS, START 11:20 (Course, 12 miles).

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maud B | 24.68 | 2 25 30 | 3 57 03 | 4 37 05 |
| Salola | 24.47 | 2 48 40 | 4 25 25 | 5 05 25 |
| Nox | 24.38 | 3 00 29 | 4 58 40 | 5 38 40 |
| Wa Wa | 21.86 | 3 07 40 | 5 18 05 | 5 58 05 |
| Nadjy | | | 5 19 30 | 5 59 30 |

21FT. CLASS, START 11:30 (Course, 8 miles).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gwendoline | | 2 39 03 | 3 10 00 | 3 04 57 |
| Canuck | | 2 40 00 | 3 09 30 | 3 06 28 |
| I'll Away | | 2 40 45 | 3 10 45 | 3 10 45 |
| Eclipse | | 2 45 13 | 3 15 13 | |
| Alliance | | 2 46 40 | 3 16 40 | |
| Rustler | | 2 48 44 | | |

Winners—Class one, Vreda, $40; 46ft. class, Aggie, $40; 40ft class, Zelma, $30; Dinah, $20; 35ft. class, Vision, $30; 30ft. class, Erma, $30, Volante, $15, Vedette, $10; 25ft. class, Maud B., $25, Salola, $15, Nox, $5; 21ft. class, Gwendoline, $20; Canuck, $10, I'll Away, $5.

Regatta committee: F. H. Ambrose, chairman; J. F. Monck, R. A. Mathesius, T. L. Stephens, F. R. Waddill, J. B. Young. Judges: E. H. Ambrose and W. O. Phillips, Association timekeeper.

In the evening the Royal Hamilton Y. C. entertained the visiting yachtsmen at dinner in their handsome club house on the beach.

## Royal Canadian Y. C., July 28.

TORONTO, ONT.—LAKE ONTARIO.

THE final regatta of the circuit was that of the Royal Canadian Y. C., at Toronto, the proposed regatta of the Queen City Y. C. being abandoned. The day was cool and fair, with a light S.W. wind, freshening during the race. The course was a triangle on the lake, five miles to a side, the starting buoy being off the Exhibition Wharf, another off Mimico, and the other out in the lake, making a beat to the Mimico buoy, a reach to the lake buoy, and a run back. The times were:

FIRST CLASS, START 10, 30 MILES.

| | Length. | 1st round. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Oriole | 57.90 | 12 16 05 | 2 15 10 | 4 15 10 | 4 15 10 |
| Vreda | 47.69 | 12 18 10 | 2 32 54 | 4 32 54 | 4 15 31 |

46FT. CLASS, 30 MILES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aggie | 40.33 | 12 30 30 | 2 56 57 | 4 56 57 | 4 48 16 |
| White Wings | 45.74 | 12 37 05 | 3 14 54 | 5 14 54 | 5 14 54 |
| Condor | 42.72 | 12 44 04 | 3 35 25 | 5 35 25 | 5 30 44 |

40FT. CLASS, 30 MILES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Zelma | 39.96 | 12 35 20 | 2 53 07 | 4 43 07 | 4 43 07 |
| Dinah | 37.66 | 12 45 43 | 3 49 25 | 5 39 25 | 5 35 04 |
| Psyche | 37.25 | 12 57 30 | Did not finish. | | |

35FT. CLASS, START 10:10. 25 MILES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vision | 33.95 | | 3 36 29 | 4 26 29 | 4 26 29 |
| Alert | 32.38 | | 3 15 24 | 5 05 24 | 5 01 19 |
| Cyprus | 32.80 | | Not timed. | | |

30FT. CLASS, START 10:20, 15 MILES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vedette | 29.91 | | 1 03 40 | 2 43 30 | 2 43 40 |
| Erma | 29.75 | | 1 09 15 | 2 49 15 | 2 48 42 |
| Volante | 29.85 | | 1 12 48 | 2 52 48 | 2 52 40 |

25FT. CLASS, START 10:20, 15 MILES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maud B | 24.68 | | 1 27 34 | 3 07 34 | 3 07 34 |
| Nox | 24.38 | | 1 29 00 | 3 09 00 | 3 07 49 |
| Salola | 24.47 | | 1 30 15 | 3 10 15 | 3 09 24 |
| Caprice | | Did not finish. | | | |
| Edna | | Did not finish. | | | |

21FT. CLASS, START 2 P. M., COURSE INSIDE TORONTO BAY.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ethel | | 3 58 20 | 1 58 20 | 1 56 43 |
| Gwendoline | | 4 02 18 | 2 02 18 | 1 57 15 |
| I'll Away | | 4 02 41 | 2 02 41 | 2 02 19 |
| Canuck | | 4 03 13 | 2 03 13 | 1 59 04 |

Winners—Class one, Oriole, $100; 46ft. class, Aggie, $80; White Wings, $50; 40ft. class, Zelma, $60; Dinah, $40; 35ft. class, Vision, $50; Alert, $30; 30ft class, Vidette, $50; Erma, $35; 25ft. class, Maud B., $40; Nox, $25; Salola, $15; 21ft. class, Ethel, $25; Gwendoline, $15; I'll Away, $10.

Sailing Committee—C. A. B. Brown, chairman; N. B. Dick, A. E. Gooderham, T. J. Campbell, Æ. Jarvis, L. V. Percival, Wm. Armstrong, Thomas McGaw, C. W. Postlethwaite, W. O. Phillips, Association timekeeper. Judge and starter—Mr. Jeffrey Foot.

The cruise throughout was a success, the weather being moderate and pleasant, though two of the races were spoiled by calms. The absence of Yama, after her mishap at Oswego, was a disappointment to all, as the racing between her and Zelma promised to be very close.

## Beverly Y. C., July 29.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE 188th regatta of the Beverly Y. C. on Friday was open to yachts of any recognized club not over 30ft. waterline, the conditions being:

Yachts over 23ft. and not over 30ft. waterline to form first class; over 21ft. and not over 25ft. the second class; over 18ft. and not over 21ft. the third class; 18ft. and under the fourth class.

The third class will be divided into sloops and cats, separate prizes being given in each division.

In order to give a race to New York yachts which may be present a special class was arranged open to sloops which are either not over 24ft. waterline or not over 25ft. sailing length (Beverly Y. C. rules). This class will start with third class sloops and sail the same course.

Crews may include one man for every 5ft. waterline and fraction thereof, and special and third class sloops may carry five men. Corinthian rule will be waived for this race.

At 11:45 white flags with numbers of the courses will be hoisted on the judges' boat.

The race must be made by one boat in first and second classes respectively at the rate of 3¾ miles an hour; in third, special and fourth classes at the rate of 2½ miles an hour.

No restrictions as to sails in first and second classes; in third, special and fourth classes sloops may carry mainsail, forestaysail and jib; catboats, mainsail only. Jibs may be boomed out in third, special and fourth classes, but must be kept on the stay or in their usual position, if set flying.

The prizes are: First class, first prize $40, second $15; second class, first prize $30, second $10; third class sloops, first prize $30, second $5, third $10; special class, first prize $50, second $15, third $10; third class cats, first prize $40, second $15; fourth class, first prize $20, second $10.

No second prize will be awarded unless at least four boats start; no third prize unless six boats start; no fourth prize unless eight boats start.

The course for first class was from starting point, leaving E. Y. C. turning buoy on starboard, Graves whistling buoy on starboard, Pig Rock buoys, Roaring Bull, Tinker's Island and Tom Moore's Rock on port and return, about 24 miles. For second, third and special classes from starting point, leaving mark (buoy and red flag) anchored 2½ miles S. E. by S. of Marblehead Rock on starboard, S. E. Pig breaker buoy (bell) on starboard, Roaring Bull, Tinker's Island and Tom Moore's Rock on port; markboat on starting line on starboard; course to be sailed twice round, 15 miles. For fourth class, same as above, except course is to be sailed over but once, 7½ miles.

The race brought out the following large entry list, the majority of the yachts starting in the race, though some were absent through the very light weather. In the 21ft. class was Spurt, a new splasher from Newburyport, and R. D., the latter being entered for the E. Y. C. race, but only reaching the harbor on Thursday as the race ended.

| | Sailing Length. | | Sailing Length. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **FIRST CLASS.** | | | |
| Hawk, Gordon Dexter | | Handsel, J. R. Hooper | 33.05 |
| Chapoquoit, C. H. Jones | 37.10 | Climax, M. F. Kelly | |
| **SECOND CLASS.** | | | |
| Beatrice, J. Cavanagh | | Ustane, S. N. Small | 27.00 |
| Susie, W. W. Keith | | Korban, E. M. Herton | 23.08 |
| Ione, J. S. Poyen | | Seabird, C. L. Joy | 30.04 |
| Judith, W. B. Pigeon | 23.09 | Good Luck, J. B. Farrell | 27.03 |
| Black Cloud, E. H. Taylor | 30.04 | Hazard, Pierce Moody | |
| Irene, H. P. Armistead | 28.03 | White Fawn, A. E. Jones | 30.05 |
| Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater | 22.10 | | |
| **THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS AND SPECIAL.** | | | |
| Kraken, Percy Chase | | Freak, J. B. Paine | 25.10 |
| Nixie, F. D. Cochrane | | Catspaw, Walter Abbott | 26.10 |
| Thrush, A. G. McVey | 27.00 | Alpha, J. F. Brown | 23.05 |
| Tadpole, W. E. Waterhouse | 25.04 | Caprice, R. W. Bird | |
| Sirocco, W. P. Fowle | 26.09 | R. D., R. McIntyre | |
| Pyxie, Oswald Sanderson | 24.11 | Spurt, D. B. Pierce | |
| Vanessa, A. B. Bigelow, 2d | 24.00 | Exile, J. F. Small | |
| Reaper, H. P. Benson | 24.00 | | |
| **THIRD CLASS—CATS.** | | | |
| Typhoon, J. I. Taylor | 23.09 | Magpie, H. G. Otis | 22.04 |
| Vision, George Crane | 22.06 | Madge, W. H. Thayer | 22.04 |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 23.01 | Arab, W. F. Scott | 21.08 |
| Opechee, W. B. Barker | | | |
| **FOURTH CLASS.** | | | |
| Alpine, C. J. Blethen | 20.10 | Modoc, O. G. Allen | |
| Pearl, P. H. Kemble | | Marchioness, C. E. Hodges | |
| Scamp, B. Y. Nute | 20.03 | Imogen, M. B. Wendell, Jr. | 18.10 |

There was an interesting fleet in Marblehead Harbor on Thursday evening and Friday morning, including the majority of the new Eastern boats, all under 30ft. in length, but none the less interesting and instructive on that account. There is no use of talking of cruising accommodations or of desirable types so far as the 21ft. class is concerned, speed, and speed only, is the sole consideration there, and such craft as Hornet and Kraken, of 1890, or Sirocco, the new Fowle boat, which may be classed as all-around boats, designed for speed, but giving such accommodation as may be had on 21ft., are clearly out of the racing beside the new fins and splashers.

In the 30ft. class the same extreme has not yet been reached and the two new boats must be classed as legitimate cruisers so far as build and accommodations go. Handsel, the Herreshoff fin-keel, is a very different craft from her 21ft. sisters, being designed for general use, including the winning of prizes, but her useful features have been by no means sacrificed. The main cabin is roomy and most comfortable, with a reasonable amount of headroom, over 5ft., under a low house, while the stowage room fore and aft is pratically unlimited, space for berths, lockers, pantries and galley, as well as for anchors, gear, etc. The cockpit is roomy and quite deep, the owner carrying his children with him in cruising; the deck room is ample, clean and unobstructed, the rig is light and compact, and though 7ft. 8in. is a heavy draft in many places, in other respects the yacht makes a handy and roomy craft.

The other new 30, Chapoquoit, is a Cape cat, an improved Harbinger, but quite different from the usual build. Her bows have been run out to a shovel, she carries a permanent bowsprit, and she is rigged as a pole-masted sloop, although the mast is stepped at the end of the waterline. Her dimensions are: Length over all 41ft. 6in., l.w.l. 28ft. 10in., beam 14ft. 4in., draft 2ft. 8in. A low cabin house gives over 5ft. headroom, with good width of floor on each side of the long centerboard trunk. The cockpit is quite large, and there is ample room for galley, stores, water, etc. Unlike Handsel, she carries a club and jibtopsail on her high pole mast.

Friday morning was warm and calm, but by noon there was a light S.E. breeze, with a haze over the water. The steam yacht Corona, with her owner, Mr. J. P. Cushing, and his fellow members of the regatta committee, Messrs. Walter Lloyd Jeffries, N. H. Emmons and F. Elliott Cabot, was at the line in good season, but owing to the light wind the start was delayed as long as possible, the signal for first class being blown at 12:15. Hawk and Chapoquoit were to windward of Handsel, her rig being dwarfed by their clubtopsails; while Climax was to leeward. Chapoquoit was moving faster than the others, and she and Hawk were soon clear of Handsel, the latter luffing up and lying on the line for a moment before filling away again and starting. By the time the four were fairly under way a thick fog was rolling in from the sea, and within five minutes they were lost to sight from the judges' boat. The nine starters in the 25ft. class made a good start, all carrying topsails, but the fun began when the 21-footers came for the line five minutes later, a baker's dozen of them, all on the same tack and crowding for the weather end. The only rule recognized was the unwritten one, "Push your bowsprit in where you can and push your boat in anywhere that your bowsprit can enter." Such trivial details as overlaps and right of way were entirely disregarded, and there was a general scrimmage throughout the fleet. The yachts were bumped together, one pushing the other, and some were actually turned round by the crews of rival craft, who seized them by bowsprit or boom end and endeavored to push their own craft ahead. The third class cats started at 12:30 and the fourth class at 12:35, after which nothing was visible but the dense fog. The judges' boat ran out to the first mark and timed the small yachts as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak | 1 15 50 | Spurt | 1 29 46 |
| Alpha | 1 18 20 | Magpie | 1 31 52 |
| Thrush | 1 19 46 | Caprice | 1 34 26 |
| Vanessa | 1 20 36 | Kraken | 1 34 51 |
| Reaper | 1 22 06 | Moondyne | 1 35 34 |
| Exile | 1 22 27 | Typhoon | 1 35 53 |
| Catspaw | 1 22 55 | Susie | 1 35 56 |
| Pyxie | 1 24 16 | Ione | 1 36 35 |
| Beatrice | 1 25 10 | Ustane | 1 38 49 |
| Tadpole | 1 26 31 | Koorali | 1 40 09 |
| Seabird | 1 26 48 | Vision | 1 42 00 |
| Black Cloud | 1 28 50 | Alpine | 1 43 58 |
| White Fawn | 1 28 55 | | |

No times were taken at the Pigs, the steamer running to the line to guide the yachts by her whistle. The fleet was timed on the first round:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak | 2 10 22 | Black Cloud | 2 31 05 |
| Alpha | 2 19 24 | Pyxie | 2 31 33 |
| Thrush | 2 20 58 | Spurt | 2 32 32 |
| Exile | 2 22 58 | Tadpole | 2 33 48 |
| Vanessa | 2 24 58 | Ione | 2 40 34 |
| Catspaw | 2 25 13 | Magpie | 2 41 05 |
| Beatrice | 2 26 00 | Susie | 2 41 14 |
| Reaper | 2 26 00 | Typhoon | 2 46 36 |
| Seabird | 2 28 47 | Koorali | 2 47 05 |
| White Fawn | 2 29 14 | | |

Thrush was holding third place well; Pyxie had again dropped to the rear, the wind, though fresher than at the start, still being very light. The 25ft. class, starting 5m. before, and with all the advantages of topsails and larger sail plans, was well astern of the 21-footers at the end of the round. Typhoon had sprung her mast below deck, and withdrew at the end of the round.

One by one the boats loomed up into view through the fog, were visible for a minute as they trimmed in sheets and luffed around the markboat, and then disappeared entirely. Not until they were close aboard the steam yacht was it possible to identify each, and the excitement was much increased by the uncertainty.

The judges' boat laid at the line sounding her whistle, and a long and tedious wait followed, broken by the appearance of Thrush, followed by Tadpole and Vanessa, from the direction in which they had last disappeared. All reported that they had failed to find the outer mark. After them came other stragglers, until half of the fleet had given up. When Alpha finally appeared, hunted closely by Freak, she made for the line and crossed it, reporting that she had found both marks. Freak at once set to work inditing a protest against Alpha for setting two jibs at the same time. Hawk, Climax and Handsel turned up late in the afternoon, having abandoned the race, and it was supposed that Chapoquoit had done the same, but she finally finished late in the afternoon, reporting that she had completed the long course. The third class cats made the course, but were over the time limit. About 4:30 the wind fell entirely, though the fog was as thick as ever, the yachts as they came in having trouble in making the harbor.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| **FIRST CLASS.** | | |
| Hawk | Withdrew. | |
| Chapoquoit | Withdrew. | |
| Handsel | Withdrew. | |
| Climax | Withdrew. | |
| **SECOND CLASS.** | | |
| Beatrice | 4 36 26 | . . . |
| Susie | 5 26 34 | . . . |
| Ione | 5 27 18 | . . . |
| Seabird | Withdrew. | |
| White Fawn | Withdrew. | |
| Black Cloud | Withdrew. | |
| Moondyne | Withdrew. | |
| Gypsy | Withdrew. | |
| Ustane | Withdrew. | |
| **THIRD CLASS SLOOPS AND SPECIAL CLASS.** | | |
| Alpha | 3 55 47 | 3 35 21 |
| Freak | 3 55 68 | 3 39 12 |
| Catspaw | 4 21 23 | 4 05 30 |
| Exile | 4 34 32 | 4 18 47 |
| Thrush | Withdrew. | |
| Vanessa | Withdrew. | |
| Reaper | Withdrew. | |
| Pyxie | Withdrew. | |
| Sport | Withdrew. | |
| Tadpole | Withdrew. | |
| Kraken | Withdrew. | |
| Caprice | Withdrew. | |
| R. D. | Withdrew. | |
| **THIRD CLASS CATS.** | | |
| Magpie | No race. | |
| Vision | No race. | |
| Koorali | No race. | |
| Typhoon | No race. | |
| **FOURTH CLASS.** | | |
| Alpine | 2 21 15 | 2 11 28 |
| Marchioness | 2 23 30 | . . . |
| Modoc | 4 11 08 | 3 55 42 |
| Pearl | Withdrew. | |
| Imogen | Withdrew. | |

## Corinthian Y. C., July 20.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE race of the Corinthian Y. C. on Saturday fared even worse than the two preceding ones; the wind falling and allowing none of the fleet to finish. The race was open to the 21ft. class and the 25-footers, Pyxie alone representing the latter. The entries were:

| | Sailing length. | | Sailing length. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **CLASS A.** | | | |
| Pyxie, Oswald Sanderson | 25.00 | Reaper, H. P. Benson | 24.00 |
| Catspaw, Walter Abbott | 26.04 | Alpha, J. F. Brown | 23.06 |
| Spurt, D. B. Pierce | | *R. D., R. McIntyre | |
| Exile, J. F. Small | 26.03 | *Sirocco, W. P. Fowle | 26.05 |
| Thrush, A. G. McVey | 27.02 | Tadpole, W. E. Waterhouse | 25.04 |
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, 2d | 24.00 | *Carl, C. O. Foster | 23.00 |
| Freak, J. B. Paine | 25.10 | | |
| **CLASS B.** | | | |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 23.01 | Magpie, H. G. Otis | 22.04 |
| Madge, W. H. Thayer | 22.09 | *Modoc, O. G. Allen | 18.05 |
| *Typhoon, J. I. Taylor | 23.09 | *Arab, W. F. Scott | 21.08 |

* Did not start.

The course was from off the club house, leaving black buoys 1 and 3, Tom Moore's Rocks and Tinker's Island on starboard, bell buoy on the outer breakers off Pig Rocks and Halfway Rock on port; Cat island on starboard, and black buoys 3 and 1 on port to judge's line; ten miles: limit, four hours.

There was a promise of rain on Friday night, and a moderate N E. wind in the morning, holding when the race started at 2 o'clock. Catspaw took the start, with Alpha, Exile and Freak near her, the first incident of the day being the parting of Freak's bobstay, sending her home before the race had fairly begun. The course out of the harbor was by the wind, the sheets were started for the run to Pig Rocks, Thrush taking third place from Vanessa and then second place from Catspaw, the times at the mark being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alpha | 2 38 00 | Reaper | 2 40 20 |
| Thrush | 2 38 30 | Pyxie | 2 40 50 |
| Catspaw | 2 38 40 | Tadpole | 2 41 12 |
| Vanessa | 2 38 50 | Spurt | 2 41 40 |
| Exile | 2 39 27 | | |

On the first of the windward leg to Halfway Rock Alpha gained a long lead on the fleet, but after a little time the breeze dropped, finally dying away entirely and leaving the fleet scattered about, not one reaching the Rock. Reaper came nearest to it, but even she found that the time was too late for her to make the race within the allotted limit, and she with the rest withdrew. The race in the cat class was between Magpie and Madge, Koorali being a poor third. The race was finally postponed to Tuesday, when all will start again.

## Savin Hill Y. C., July 30.

SAVIN HILL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE second championship race of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, the wind being moderate from S.E. at the start, dying out to a calm before the finish. The times were:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **SPECIAL CLASS.** | | | |
| Romance, Loring Sears | | 1 46 11 | . . . |
| **FIRST CLASS.** | | | |
| Mildred G, Loring Sears | 23.02 | 2 12 52 | 1 50 33 |
| Annie Maud, F. O. Vegehlan | 27.04 | 2 18 40 | 1 57 12 |
| Anemone, J. Shaw | | Withdrew. | |
| **SECOND CLASS** | | | |
| Arab, W. Scott | 19.01 | 2 00 31 | 1 33 34 |
| Siko, J. H. McBeth | 19.08 | 2 05 32 | 1 38 18 |
| **THIRD CLASS.** | | | |
| Circe, P. N. Conway | | Withdrew. | |
| Marchioness, C. E. Hodges | 16.01 | 2 03 36 | 1 32 33 |
| **FOURTH CLASS.** | | | |
| Midget, W. H. Besarick | 12.03 | 1 44 00 | 1 15 17 |
| Margaret, S. Warr | | Withdrew. | |

## Hull Y. C., July 30.

HULL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE absence of a part of the Hull Y. C. fleet at Marblehead made a small entry list for the fifth club race on Saturday. The wind was moderate at the start, dying out before the finish. The times were:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **THIRD CLASS—21 TO 2 FT. L.W.L.** | | | |
| Beatrice, J. Cavanagh | Not meas. | 1 56 37 | . . . |
| White Fawn, A. E. Jones | 20.11 | 2 02 12 | 1 38 23 |
| Moondyne, W. H. Shaw | Not meas. | 2 12 22 | . . . |
| Gypsy, A. C. Drinkwater | 28.08 | Withdrew. | |
| **SIXTH CLASS—LESS THAN 16FT. L.W.L.** | | | |
| Mab, John Shaw | 17.02 | 1 27 49 | 1 02 00 |
| Primrose, H. M. Faxon | 17.11 | 1 28 52 | 1 03 50 |
| Don, W. H. Shaw | 20.03 | Withdrew. | |

The judges were John R. Chadwick, Com. J. J. Souther, J. Foster Clark, Wm. E. Sheriffs and Edward K. Friend.

## The Yachting Situation at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 25.—It is something of a mistake to think the water sports of the Great Lake region as in their infancy, or as not having reached an advanced stage of development. It is true that this development has been retarded, and will always be to some extent retarded by causes lying in the natural conditions of the country. It may be held back further by the fact that the country of the Great Lakes is still practically new, and its men still busy. Time will change much of this, and has already changed much of it. There is a large body of men living along the thousands of miles of shore line on these inland seas who know and enjoy the capabilities of a sailing craft. In no section of the country is canoeing growing so rapidly as here, and to say that the water lovers of Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and many others of the larger lake ports will not own yachts and sail them and race them and enjoy them, is to convey an impression founded on mistake.

So far from yachting being a new sport in Chicago, it is to the contrary an old sport, and one which has seen its best days, or rather days better than those of the present. The outlook for the future is more encouraging than for years back. In regard the yachting situation, past and present in Chicago, the Chicago *Times* of July 22 has the following sensible appropriate remarks:

"Chicago is to have a yachting revival. Time was when it had a couple of as energetic and sportsmanlike yacht clubs as any city. At all events there has been a decadence in yacht sailing for many years past. From time to time there were faint attempts to re-establish good clubs, but up to the present little or no success attended the efforts. Ten years ago some of the older members of clubs, almost forgotten, got together and the result was that temporary success crowned their intentions to make Chicago a yachting port. For a little while only though, for squabbles arose over expenses connected with regattas, and the men who loved the sport for the sport itself, and not for what money their was in it, got tired of the wrangling and soon dropped out. Many of the yachtsmen of that day were practical sailors, men like Commodore John Prindiville, who loved the sailing for itself alone. The fame achieved in such yachts as Frolic, Annie L. Carey, Fleetwing, Ina and Viking excited the envy of men of wealth. These latter entered with zest in to the pastime, but their ambition was for honors in the regattas. Yachting was popular then and the prize winners were considerably envied. But there were men also in the old clubs that never won a prize, and the fact did not lessen their ardor for the pastime one jot; on the contrary, it was constantly spurring them to greater efforts in building or finding better and faster yachts than the ones that failed to win a prize for them.

"Thousands, and for that matter, tens of thousands, of dollars were spent by the men of the time referred to in the purchasing or building of crack yachts. But it was not very long until the lucer-loving ones entered the field, and the true sports and owners found themselves competing against hired hands for the prizes of the regattas. The races deteriorated into a mere money-making business, and the old bloods changed their courses and went off on cruises by themselves.

"Although there were yachts and yacht racing here as far back as twenty years ago, it was not until 1876 that a regularly arranged race was held. It came off June 15 of that year, and the popularity of the affair was attested by the thousands of persons who lined the shore of the lake wherever a vantage point was to be found from which to see the race.

"The entries in that regatta were: Fleetwing, commanded by T. M. Bradley, commodore of the club; Frolic, Capt. John Prindiville, chairman of the regatta committee; Lucy, E. C. Band; Peri, John F. Quiggs; Zephyr, W. E Barnum; Dawn, William Dean; Lulu, William E. Miller; Annie L. Carey, William F. Higgie, vice-commodore of the club; Lincoln, Capt. Fergus; Naiad, R. B Ellerton.

"It was, however, when the Ina, a cutter yacht built at Cape Vincent, Canada, was brought down here by her Canadian owners that the greatest possible interest was created. The Ina was 37ft. on the keel, 14ft. beam, and 5ft. depth of hold. She was matched to race the Frolic and $2,000 was staked on the result. The Frolic won, but the result was not satisfactory to either yacht owner and a second contest was arranged. In this trial the Ina came in first, but on account of an error made in rounding a stakeboat the judges gave the decision in favor of Frolic. Great excitement resulted over the decision, and all sorts of unfair play were alleged against the Chicagoans by the Ina's people and lots of other Canadians. The papers of that period had columns about the trouble every day for nearly a week, so great was the interest manifested in the decision. As the race was not satisfactory to the Ina's owner, he immediately issued another challenge to the Frolic for any amount from $2,500 to $10,000 a side.

"Interest in yachting slackened considerably from 1876 to 1882, when a sort of revival again occurred and was maintained for a couple of years. In August, 1882, a famous cruise was made to Milwaukee in the teeth of a big gale. Although about a dozen yachts, among them the Countess of Dufferin and the Peri, started out, only five of them finished the voyage to the Cream City. The Idler was the first to make her appearance there, and was closely followed by the Wasp, the Viking, Thistle and Cora, in the order named. The Countess of Dufferin, the famous schooner yacht which had been brought from Cobourg, Ont., and the Peri were among the yachts that returned to this port after tasting the weather outside the harbor. The Countess, which was built by Cuthbert to beat everything in the shape of a yacht on sea or lake, now lies a forgotten hulk in the Michigan Basin. The Idler is owned by John Cudahy, and at present is at Mackinaw. She was built by George Steers, of New York, and bought by Capt. Prindiville in 1879. Two years ago she was completely overhauled and $25,000 expended in remodeling her under the supervision of the captain. She is said to be now in as good condition as she ever was. The Wasp, which was built for Capt. Prindiville in 1882, now has her moorings at Cleveland. She is owned by ex-Mayor Gardner, of that city. The Wasp was built on the same lines as the Greyhound, formerly the Annie Cuthbert.

"It might be interesting for yachtsmen of the present day to know who the pioneers of the sport were in Chicago. In 1875 the officers of the Chicago Yacht Club were: Com., John Prindiville; Vice-Com., T. M. Bradley; Rear-Com., W. F. Higgie; Sec'y, C. E. Kremer; Treas., Louis Wahl; Meas., W. W. Bates. Executive Committee: William C. Lyon, John A. Farrow, John Q. Fergus, Thomas E. Miller, W. H. Barnum. Regatta Committee: W. H. McHenry, Arthur C. Ducat, F. W. S. Brawley, W. F. Wentworth, E. C. Band

"As has been stated at the outset, there is a big revival of yachting on hand, and lovers of the sport predict that Chicago will soon again be a yachting port of no mean importance. The Columbia Yacht Club may well be given the credit as pioneers in the movement."

E. H.

## Plymouth Y. C., July 30.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

THE Plymouth Y. C. made an attempt to sail its annual regatta on July 29, but after one round the race was postponed until the following day, the wind falling to a calm. On Saturday the wind was strong N.E. at the start, but shifted to easterly and died out before the finish, though the large fleet of starters completed the course. The times were:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **FIRST CLASS—CATBOATS.** | | | |
| Ariel, H. H. Sears | 21.07 | 2 30 52 | 1 57 47 |
| Wave, W. B. Spooner | 20.01 | 2 23 38 | 1 59 11 |
| Percy Allen, V. D. Bacon | 21.03 | 2 34 28 | 2 01 29 |
| Future, W. T. Whitman | 21.08 | 2 40 12 | 2 07 44 |
| Wanderer, A. W. Watson | 22.01 | 2 40 00 | 2 08 89 |
| **SECOND CLASS—CATS.** | | | |
| Sigrid, Watson & Loots | 17.10 | 2 46 57 | 2 09 17 |
| White Swallow, E. W. Watson | 18.09 | 2 48 36 | 2 12 18 |
| Iris, John Crowell | 17 09 | 2 55 59 | 2 17 11 |
| Nan, y Hanks, P. W. Maglathia | 16.06 | 2 57 37 | 2 17 47 |
| Leda, C. P. Bliss | 17.10 | 3 00 00 | 2 22 00 |
| Mildred, Frank Harlow | 18.01 | Withdrew. | |
| Agnes, J. T. Bache | 17.02 | Withdrew. | |
| Nemo, M. F. Carll | 17.04 | Withdrew. | |
| Imp, V. D. Bacon | 19.04 | Withdrew. | |
| Marion, J. M. Watson | 19.04 | Withdrew. | |
| **THIRD CLASS—SPRITSAILS.** | | | |
| Old Honesty, J. C. Dawes | 16.10 | 2 41 45 | 2 02 29 |
| Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett | 16.10 | 2 47 17 | 2 08 01 |
| Vixen, A. Gorham | 17.01 | 2 54 14 | 2 15 22 |
| Puritan, C. D. Craig | 16.11 | 3 00 02 | 2 20 59 |
| Pilgrim, Ansel Bartlett | 16.02 | 3 18 42 | 2 37 17 |
| Mystery, T. S. Diman | 14.11 | 3 21 04 | 2 38 19 |
| Gipsy Girl, W. Steele | 17.01 | Withdrew. | |
| Clear the Track, O. Hunt | 15.02 | Withdrew. | |
| Katie L. J. Bagnell | 17.04 | Withdrew. | |
| Watermelon, W. W. Burgess | 15.04 | Withdrew. | |
| **FOURTH CLASS—GIFF FORESAIL SPRIT BOATS.** | | | |
| Aphrodite, A. G. Fay | 16.03 | 2 49 12 | 1 10 09 |
| Thelma, F. C. Holmes | 15 07 | 3 10 03 | 2 28 35 |
| Spray, C. F. Bradford | 16.00 | 3 18 24 | 2 37 41 |
| Wild Fawn, W. T. Eldridge | 17.02 | 3 19 24 | 2 40 40 |
| Abbie D, George Minter | 17.11 | 3 20 00 | 2 42 27 |
| Two Stars, H. M. Jones | 16.06 | Withdrew. | |
| Sachem, Frothingham & Gardner | 16.11 | Disabled. | |
| Minnie B., Israel Keith | 16.00 | Withdrew. | |
| Mignon, Damon Bros | 16.25 | Disqualified. | |

Mignon was disqualified for fouling Two Stars.

### The Loss of the Wanderer.

THE schooner yacht Wanderer, of Erie, Pa., was lost in a squall on the night of July 24 off Dunkirk, N. Y. She was being brought to Erie after rebuilding and recanvasing in Buffalo.

One of her men, Louis Granzow of Dunkirk, died from exposure while clinging to her main boom, which he and another sailor, Stack, her only other hand, had cut away before she foundered, they not being sighted until late on the following Wednesday. Stack was unconscious when rescued. The yacht was 50ft. over all, and the property of Bacon & Co. Stack's story is:

"We left Dunkirk Sunday morning about 11 o'clock," he said, "and between 9 and 10 o'clock at night we had reached a point between Barcelona and North East. I left the wheel in charge of the boy Granzow while I went into the cabin for a bite to eat. While I was below the squall struck us, throwing the yacht over on her side. I ran up and began to make things snug as best I could. The yacht had an iron keel of six ton in weight and carried six ton of iron ore as ballast. You can imagine how the wind blew, when the boat ran along on her side with the keel out of water, and the wind so strong that the weight of the keel and ballast could not right her again. It was dark as pitch, and we could not see where we were, or what our danger was only as the lightning flashed. I told Louis to get his shoes off as quick as he could, for we would soon be in the water. He didn't want to lose his shoes, but I compelled him to throw them overboard. Then we took off our oil skins, and cut the sail off. Then we cut away the main boom and lashed ourselves to it. We had hardly finished doing this when the Wanderer capsized and sank. We floated all night, with the waves washing over us, and with the small boom, only a few inches thick, it was hard work to keep afloat on the heavy sea."

### Jamaica Bay.

THE annual race of the Jamaica Bay yachts, for a sweepstakes of $150, was sailed on Saturday over a 10-mile course, the wind being light S.W. at start, freshening as the race progressed. Aurora parted her throat halliards when in third place, finishing last in consequence. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Selfish | 2 51 15 | 5 16 25 | 2 25 10 | 2 36 26 |
| H. H. Adams | 2 50 35 | 5 28 49 | 2 38 14 | 2 38 33 |
| Lady Glenmore | 2 53 40 | 5 40 08 | 2 46 28 | 2 44 20 |
| Aurora | 2 52 47 | 5 39 18 | 2 48 31 | 2 47 55 |
| Ours | 2 52 11 | 5 29 45 | 2 37 34 | 2 37 12 |
| Unknown | 2 50 10 | 5 28 59 | 2 38 14 | 2 38 14 |

Selfish takes $125 and H. H. Adams $25. The judges were Daniel Brinsley and W. Tillotson. Dr. O'Donohue was timekeeper.

### Brooklyn Y. C., July 30.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. sailed a race for catboats on Saturday, the two prizes being presented by a member of the club. The wind was light, making the race a drift. Duphen was disqualified for poling over the line. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| B. Q | 4 49 56 | 6 45 30 | 1 55 34 | 1 56 34 |
| Sappho | 4 45 54 | 6 50 54 | 2 04 00 | 2 02 49 |
| Duphen | 4 56 59 | Disqualified. | | |
| Edda D | 4 50 32 | 6 46 10 | 1 55 48 | 1 54 28 |
| Eddys | 4 47 42 | Withdrew. | | |

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Yapewi Aquatic Club, which was formed this summer at Bordentown, N. J., on the Delaware, has just completed a two-story club house on the river front, which will be opened in the near future. The building is 24×50ft., with an 8ft. verandah on the river end. The officers are: Pres., H. S. Watson; Vice-Pres., J. Hartley; Purser, C. E. Burr; Captain, J. H. Longstreet; Mate, L. W. Wiese; Directors—E. Haas, T. D. Landon, F. J. Potter. The word aquatic was used because the members are of such diversified tastes; the captain owns the famous catamaran Duplex and the 40ft. cabin steam launch May (this is the launch which was at the A. C. A. camp last year, and is now away on the usual summer cruise in the same latitude again), and among the members are sloops, canoes, St. Lawrence skiffs, duckers, batteaux, etc.; besides some are fishermen, bathers, etc. Yapewi (Yah pay-wee) was the Indian name for the bluff on which Bordentown is situated.—CAZIQUE.

On the night of July 26 the three-masted schooner Everett Webster, of Philadelphia, loaded with coal for Boston, ran over the wreck of the Alva, damaging the yacht very badly. The schooner sustained serious injuries, leaking badly and was towed to harbor. The hull of the yacht is reported as nearly cut in two. The Merritt Wrecking Co. secured the ship's safe, but the tug Rescue returned to Staten Island on Saturday. Mr. Vanderbilt has been in consultation with wreckers and has decided to abandon all attempts to raise the yacht, and she will be sold at auction as she lies this week. The steamer H. F. Dimock is at Boston with her bows partly stove in.

Harpoon was hauled out at Lawley's on Friday of last week, to prepare for the New York cruise. Messrs. Adams, her present owners, have been members of the club for some years, so that she will be eligible to all races. She is now carrying a heavy metal board, an iron framework filled with lead. Her rather short overhang carries a light outrigger of angle-iron, some 2ft. long, on which is a short traveler for the single outer block of the main sheet, giving a lead similar to the Herreshoff yachts. She is in fine condition above deck, but the bottom is not as smooth as Wasp and Gloriana.

In a race between Druid, Scorpion and Phantom, of the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, July 30, the course was estimated to be 14 miles long. The actual time of making it was 2h. 4m. 50s. for the Druid and 2h. 8m. 45s. for the Phantom. The time allowance given the Phantom on account of the Druid being 6ft. 8in. longer reduced the Druid's lead to 1m. 4s. The Viking was the winner of the pennant in the second class.

Sippican Y. C. has set dates for two more club races on Aug. 17 and Sept. 7. Championship cups will be awarded in each class to the yachts winning two of the three races, July 23, Aug. 17 and Sept. 7. In case of a tie between three yachts the sail-off will be held Sept. 14. Tee races are open only to members of the club. John Gorham Palfrey, William H. Davis and G. Griswold Van Rensselaer, regatta committee.

Wee-Winn, Miss Winifred Sutton's 5-rater, arrived on Saturday at Southampton, from Messrs. Herreshoff's yard. She is a beautiful piece of workmanship, built of pine, with oak and white cedar fittings, and is sloop-rigged. She sailed her first race at Bembridge on Monday, Mr. Cochrane steering her, and won easily, beating Semibreve, Idono, Jeanie, Pique and Otokesan.—*Field.*

## Canoeing.

### FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

4-25. A.C.A. Meet, Willsborough Pt
5. New York, Bensonhurst
6. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
15-20. A. C. A. Meet, race week, Willsborough Point.
27. Rochester, 4th Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Eastern Division—H. J. Bardwell, W. Chapman Brown, Wm. M. Raynolds, J. L. Wyckoff, John F. Chase, Holyoke, Mass, Northern Division—W. L. Germaine, Ottawa. Central Division—Walter Weatheroy, Des Moines, Iowa; Andrew Tromblee, Port Henry, New York; R. C. Black, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Warren N. Goddard, New York.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The following item, from the *Toronto Globe* of July 26, betrays an astonishing amount of ignorance concerning the American Canoe Association, of which many Toronto canoeists have been members for over ten years: "Com. Weinett in Town.—Com. Weinett, of the United States Canoe Association, is in the city en route to the Canadian annual canoe meet. He is the guest of the Toronto Canoe Club, the members of which entertained the commodore at dinner last night at McConkey's. After dinner an adjournment was made to the canoe club house, where many pleasant hours were spent."

The New York C. C. will hold its annual regatta on Labor Day off the club house at Bensonhurst. Arrangements are in progress for a large regatta, open to all canoeists.

Those who have promised prize flags are requested to send them to Com. C. V. Winne, A. C. A. Camp, Willsborough Point, N. Y.

## *Rifle Range and Gallery.*

### THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE first challenge shoot for the Winans Trophy and the Amateur Revolver Championship of the United States took place at the St. Marks Place Gallery, in this city, on the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug. 3. Dr. Louis Bell was challenged by George F. Jantzer, who stood third in the opening shoot for the trophy. At that shoot the score of Dr. Bell in his 18 record shots was 17.52in., while Mr. Jantzer's string was 20.40in. The challenge match was fired under the same conditions as the initial contest: Any revolver, any ammunition, 20yds., 5 rounds of 6 shots each, 3 best rounds to count for the score. The men have been ardently at work in practice since the match was decided on several weeks since. Dr. Bell has been busy at outdoor work on the Walnut Hill range near Boston, while Jantzer has taken his practice in the home galleries and on the outdoor summer range of the New York Pistol Club. The match of Wednesday passed off in a quiet way with the shooting editor of FOREST AND STREAM present as referee. The same revolvers as used in the opening shoot were employed, Dr. Bell firing a .44cal S. & W., while Mr. Jantzer used a .38cal. of same make. The scoring was very poor, indeed, and the uncertainties of revolver work were well illustrated. There was some smoke in the gallery between shooter and target, but a great deal more "buck fever" at the shooting end of the 20yds.

Only four strings of 6 shots each were fired, and in each of his strings Dr. Bell managed to get off the 5-inch disk. Mr. Jantzer did the same on two strings, and the other two measure about 8½ and 6½in. respectively, giving him an average of over 22in. in 18 shots. President Oehl, of the New York Pistol Club, was ready with a challenge, and it is likely that during September Jantzer will be called upon to meet a fellow member of the New York Club.

In the opening shoot for the trophy where Dr. Bell led the field, the record shot by shot score stood:

| DR. LOUIS BELL. | | | GEORGE F. JANTZER. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st string. | 2d string. | 3d string. | 1st string. | 2d string. | 3d string. |
| .15 | .72 | .40 | 1.00 | 1.07 | .85 |
| 1.34 | .44 | .25 | 1.64 | .48 | .90 |
| .50 | 1.75 | .68 | 1.28 | 1.42 | 1.35 |
| .86 | 1.63 | .80 | 2.48 | .90 | 1.40 |
| 1.70 | .95 | 1.15 | .01 | .50 | 2.30 |
| 1.04 | 1.06 | 2.10 | 1.01 | 1.00 | .75 |
| 5.59 | 6.55 | 5.38 | 7.48 | 5.37 | 7 55 |
| Total | | 17.52in. | Total | | 20.40in. |

### New Jersey Rifle Shooting.

[*Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.*]

MILLER RIFLE CLUB, Hoboken, N. J., Captain Richard W. Dewey. Wednesday, July 27. The following scores were made tonight in the regular weekly shoot of the above club, high scores were the rule. The conditions were 10 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G Schlicht | 241 | L Sohl | 235 | R Zoch | 230 |
| D Miller | 238 | J Carragher | 234 | F Landolt | 228 |
| E Fischer | 238 | F Brandt | 234 | W Rogers | 227 |
| J H Kruse | 237 | H F Meyer | 232 | J J Devitt | 208 |
| D Peters | 236 | F Kloepping | 232 | F Kammel | 206 |
| A Meyns | 236 | W Forkel | 230 | F Dunsteadt | 204 |
| F Lieli | 236 | | | | |

The members are greatly pleased over the choice made by a committee appointed some time ago to find new headquarters for the club, and the one selected, which is situate 423 Washington street, Hoboken, suits them to a T.

The defeat given the "All Secaucus" team on the 200yd. range, two weeks ago, was no surprise to the many followers of the Millers. Although only two of the former team were present, they could not have won, as the last three men had to make 225 average to win the match. Dave Miller with his 214, George Schlicht with 215 and August Meyns with 217 proved that at least three were in shooting trim.

The match arranged between the Hoboken and Hansa Rifle Clubs, to take place at headquarters of both clubs, Third and Adams streets, Hoboken, last Friday evening, has fallen through. The Hansas sent word that their membership has dwindled down lately and they therefore could not get a good enough team together capable of making a fair score, so as to stand a chance with the Hoboken's team. It will soon be a case of exit Hansa Rifle Club.

The Lady Miller Rifle Club were notified by their President, Mrs. Alson Stadler, that the weekly shoots of the club will be discontinued until the fall. The handsome silver card basket, which was offered for competition until two weeks ago, has been won by Miss Miller. Quite a number of the members are decidedly in favor of continuing the shooting through the summer, and if what they say goes for anything it will be resumed in a short time.

The Friday Night Club held their annual fishing excursion recently. An efficient committee had the matter in hand and the result was many took in the affair.

The Union Hill Schuetzen Corps, Captain John Engle, held their annual picnic and festival at the Union Hill Schuetzen Park last Monday and Tuesday.

Samuel Anthony and P. M. McCollough decided a fifty-shot match between them at Thurk's ranges, Hoboken, last Monday afternoon, with this result:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S P Anthony | 239 | 233 | 242 | 240 | 236—1190 |
| P M McCollough | 236 | 232 | 232 | 235 | 230—1165 |

"Billy" Dilger led in the scores of the Hoboken Rifle Club last Monday evening, with a total of 240. The other scores were rather poor. The light-haired "Capt. Bill" is feeling good over his good target.

### Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., July 31.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular shoot at its range and made the scores as appended. Conditions 200yds. off-hand at the standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Glindele | 82 | 80 | 76 | Simon | 71 | 69 | 69 | Topf | 65 | 61 | 61 |
| Best | 74 | 71 | 70 | Stegner | 69 | 67 | 65 | Drube | 75 | 73 | 73 |
| Weinh'im'r | 72 | 71 | 66 | Wellinger | 75 | 73 | 72 | Brumbach | 76 | 78 | 75 |
| Hanck | 64 | 66 | 59 | Payne | 78 | 76 | 74 | Speth | 81 | 76 | 75 |

### Denver Riflemen.

DENVER, July 25.—The following is the standing of the various members of the Denver Rifle Club:

At mid range, medal match, 500yds., possible 500 points: Chamberlain 485, Dean 473, Peterson 468, Frazer 466, Bell 462.

Standing at 200yds., championship off-hand match, possible 1,000 points: Adamson 851, Peterson 838, Schoyen 750, Dow 727, Gilbers 725

### New Jersey State Rifle Association.

AT the recent annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Gov. Leon Abbott; Vice-Presidents, R. S. Green, E. J. Anderson, J. J. Toffey, Gen. J. W. Sewell, Col. A. R. Kuser, James Smith, Jr., Gen. J. W. Plume, Gen. W. S. Stryker, Col. G. B. M. Harvey, Col. J. M. Van Valen, Col. J. C. Owens, R. B. Reading, Wm. Hayes, J. L. Kuser, Gen. G. E. P. Howard; Treasurer, Gen. B. W. Spencer; Secretary, Col. J. M. Van Cleef; Statistical Officer, Col. J. M. Van Valen; Superintendent of Range, Capt. J. M. Bodwell; Executive Officer, Gen. B. W. Spencer. A reduction was made in the dues from $10 to $2 per annum. Any officer or member of the National Guard of New Jersey may become a member.

### The Elcho Shield.

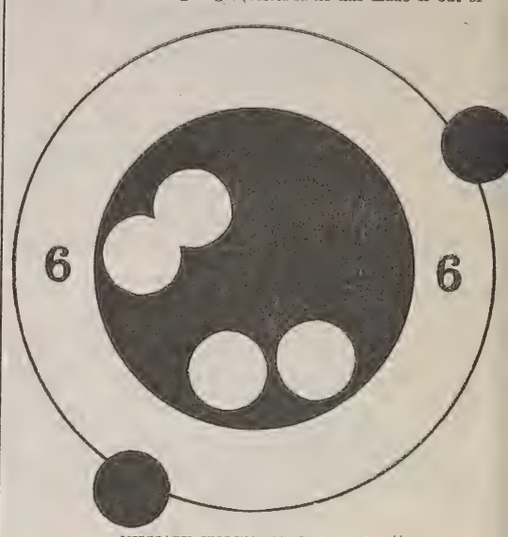
In the recent competition for the Elcho shield at Bisley five perfect scores, 875 each, were made. Four of them were at 800yds, by members of the English Eight, the team total reaching 579 out of 600 at that range. Capt. Millner, of the Irish team, made a 75 at 900yds. Capt. Lamb, of the English team, made the highest individual aggregate (319) in the possible 325.

### Revolver Work at Bisley.

BISLEY, July 17.—The first week's shooting is over. The revolver competition as well as the "running deer" and "running man" keep open till July 23.

At the revolver competitions Mr. Walter Winans has kept his lead in all twelve competitions except at the 50yds. military (Series IV.), in which Mr. Joynt has one point more. The 50yds. is a range at which Mr. Winans has not yet had more than a few entries, as he wishes to finish the short ranges first.

At the military sliding target (Series I.) he has made 40 out of




MILITARY SLIDING TARGET—SCORE 40.

a possible 42, which is practically certain to win it. At the military rapid firing, six shots in twelve seconds, he has 38, which is also about a certainty for first prize.

Mr. Winans does not intend to shoot any more in these two competitions, unless in the very unlikely event of their being beaten. Herewith are full size diagrams of these two scores. He used a patent military front sight of his own invention. He intends to try and make good scores in the other two military competitions, and then take gallery ammunition for the target revolver competitions.

The event of the week in off-hand work was the way in which Mr. Winans captured the running man prize.

A few minutes before lunch on Friday, having ten minutes to spare, he thought he would have a few shots at the "running



MILITARY RAPID FIRING TARGET—SCORE 38.

man" Hillhouse cup competition. He has not shot before at the "running man" for years. His rifle not being handy he borrowed one he had never shot before. He started straight into competition without any sighting shots, and greatly to his surprise made a score five points above that of Mr. Ellicott, the usual winner of the "running man" competition, and has most likely won the cup, as Mr. Ellicott considers it useless to try to beat the score.

The first shot hit the "man's" chest, and all the remaining five were in his heart or chest. The figure runs at a 5-minute gait at 110yds. distance. The rifle was a .4cal. double barrel by Purdey, the contest calling for either Martini or hunting rifle.

The Winans cup has been won by Capt. Edge.

A pistol maker here in camp is making a good business in selling Smith & Wesson revolvers, of which he has imported a batch, by going round and saying "Who wants a Smith & Wesson revolver exactly like that with which Mr. Walter Winans has made his wonderful score this morning?" They are selling like hot cakes, and he has had to send for a fresh supply, as all the revolver shots want them.

### Massachusetts Rifle Association.

BOSTON, July 30.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its weekly shoot at its range to-day. The attendance was good and a few fine scores were made. George R. Russell made 33 and 32 with a Springfield military rifle. Below are the scores made today, distance 200yds., standard American target, and all being re-entry matches:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *G R Russell | 33 | E H Comey | 26 | A S White | 21 |
| F Daniels | 29 | A Law | 24 | M T Day | 23 |
| B E Hunter | 28 | J B Hobbs | 24 | | |

All-Comers' Rest Match.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S Wilder | 112 | A H Ballard | 101 | A S Hunt | 87 |
| J Francis | 109 | S Jackson | 100 | L Ames | 84 |
| H L Willard | 106 | B E Hunter | 96 | | |
| M T Day | 103 | G E Emmons | 91 | | |

Eagle Badge Pistol Match, 50yds.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| L Bell | 88 | L H Greene | 85 | A G Stevens | 81 |
| J B Fellows | 88 | O Moore | 85 | J B Hobbs | 78 |

All-Comers' Pistol Match, 50yds.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S C Sydney | 93 | L R Avoy | 81 | B E Hunter | 75 |
| M F Day | 83 | A G Stevens | 78 | | |
| C P Moss | 81 | D N Winn | 77 | | |

* Military rifles.

## A Bisley Target Device.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The 100yds. range for hunting rifles (at a stationary target) has been put at the extreme west of the ranges under shelter of a hedge on a bank, which runs the entire length of the range.

This is a great improvement on last year, as then it was alongside the "running deer," in a windy part of the grounds.

The secretary, Col. MacKinnon, has invented a very ingenious arrangement at this range for showing if two bullets have gone through the same hole. The targets for the hunting rifles have always been cardboard discs a foot in diameter, with a 3in. bullseye, having a 2 in. "carton." This disc is sent down from the firing point after the shooter's name is written on it and he fires 7 shots in the single-barrel competition and 8 shots in the double-barrel rifle competition before marking.

As may be imagined, bullets often cut into the same hole, one of the rules being that nobody may tell the shooter where his shots have hit till he has fired all his shots.

Col. MacKinnon's invention is intended to overcome this difficulty. He has a band of paper on two rollers (like a "Kodak" film), which is stretched out behind the target so that bullets after they go through the target go through this paper, and after each shot a slight turn by cogwheels from the markers' butt rolls up the paper half an inch on one roller, taking it the same amount off the other roller.

The idea is that if two shots go through one hole on the target, they will be in separate holes on the paper behind and registered two hits.

Even with this apparatus it is possible for three hits on the target to appear as only two, as follows: Suppose the first shot is a plumb center, the next half an inch to the right of plumb center, this second shot will make a separate hole in the target but will go through the same hole as the first in the paper behind, because this latter has moved half an inch to the right after the first shot was fired.

Now if the third shot is again plumb center, there will be only two bullet holes in the target, No. 1 and No. 3 being in the same hole, and there will also be only two holes in the paper behind, No. 1 and No. 2 being in one hole and No. 3 an inch to the left, therefore a man putting three hits in the bullseye would only be credited with two. Of course this is a very unlikely thing to happen, and in practice Col. MacKinnon's invention ought to be a great success.

LONDON.

## Miss Leale, Riflewoman.

LONDON, July 18.—In the rifle shooting at the Bisley meeting to-day Miss Leale took part in the contest for the *Graphic* prize. She attracted much attention by her shooting. She handled her rifle in a businesslike manner, and, amid rousing cheers, scored 24 out of a possible 35. Revell, of Canada, and two others made the full score.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

Aug. 6-7.—Sheboygan Gun Club tournament, Sheboygan, Wis.
Aug. 9-11.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's tournament, at Hot Springs, Ark.
Aug. 9-12.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament, Reading, Pa. Walter D. Eiler, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Point Gun Club tournament, West Point, Miss.
Aug. 10-11.—Chadwick's tournament, at Marmont, Ind.
Aug. 10-11.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, at Burlington, Ia.
Aug. 10-12.—Missouri State Amateur Association tournament, at Lexington, Mo. Added purses. Address G. A. Sturges, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Lincoln Gun Club tournament, Alameda Point, Cal.
Aug. 15.—Live pigeon tournament, at Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
Aug. 17-18.—Dixie Gun Club tournament, at Pensacola, Fla.
Aug. 17-18.—Gaillard Gun Club tournament, Natchez, Miss.
Aug. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Ia.
Aug. 19.—California State Shooting Association tournament, Concord, Cal.
Aug. 23-24.—Hackettstown Gun Club tournament, at Hackettstown, N. J.
Aug. 23-26.—International tournament, Des-chre-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich. Live birds and targets.
Aug. 25-26.—Rockville Gun Club tournament, at Rockville, Md.
Aug. 26-27.—Sparta Shooting Club tournament, Sparta, Ill.
Aug. 29.—California State Shooting Association's tournament, Concord, Cal.
Aug. 29.—Parkway Rod and Gun Club open shoot and picnic Dexter Park, Long Island.
Aug. 30-Sept. 2.—Standard-Keystone Target and Trap Co.'s fifth annual tournament, at New London, Conn.
August.—Niles Gun Club tournament, at Niles, Mich.
August.—Connecticut State League, at Bristol, Conn.
August.—New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League eighth monthly tournament, Harrison, N. J.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Keystone tournament, New London, Conn.
September.—Saratoga Gun Club, annual tournament, at Saratoga, N. Y.
September.—Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Denver, Col.
September.—Harry Thurman's tournament, on Pier, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sept. 5.—Frankfort Game and Fish Protective Association, first annual tournament, at Frankfort, N. Y.
Sept. 5-7.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, two days at targets, last day at mud hens.
Sept. 6-8.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Jacksonville, Ill.
September (second week). — Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Auburn, N. Y.
Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The South Side Gun Club, of South Norwalk, Conn., has decided to hold a badge contest during the months of August and September. A badge costing $25 or $30 will be put up as the trophy, to be shot for every Saturday during the months named, at twenty-five birds per man, and at the end of the time specified to become the personal property of the man having won it the greatest number of times. The contest will be open only to Connecticut shooters.

* * *

The Belfast Rifle, Rod and Gun Club had a shoot at their new grounds on July 26, with the following score: Healey 19, Coombs 14, Decrow 10, Tuttle 13, Weshe, 6, out of twenty-five clay pigeons. Some new members were admitted to the club, and the following officers elected: Pres., Ralph H. Howes; Vice Pres., Horace Chenery; Sec. and Treas., Charles R. Coombs; Capt., John Healey; Directors, Geo. E. Johnson, Fred White and Will Weshe.

* * *

The Rockville (Md.) Rod and Gun Club has arranged for a grand clay pigeon tournament on its grounds the 25th and 26th of August. The contests are open to all and a number of expert shots are expected. The business men of Rockville and Washington have donated numerous costly merchandise prizes, and these, as well as money prizes, will be shot for. The grounds are almost in town and possess every advantage.

* * *

The gun club of the Fayetteville, N.Y., held its first shoot on July 26. In the first match George Ebeling and Edward Snook each scored 8 out of 10. In the second Robert Flattery made 7 out of 10, and Mr. Dunham 5 out of 10. In the third F. W. Strong was first, and M. S. Pratt second. Robert Flattery took the next by making 14 out of 15; Charles Pratt made 9 out of 15,

The Niles (Mich.) Gun Club elected the following officers on July 27: President, George Rough; Secretary, E. F. Woodcock; Treasurer, Charles Julius; Field Captain, Wm. Vanderbeck. On the same day the club shoot was held at Dowagiac Creek, Charles Julius breaking 27 out of 30 targets. The club will hold a big tournament this month.

* * *

James L. Smith informs us that the tournament of the Hackettstown (N. J.) Gun Club, announced for Aug. 30 and 31 and Sept. 1, will be held on Aug. 23 and 24, as the New London Gun Club has taken the dates formally claimed by the Hackettstown club. The latter club announced its dates early last spring. Only targets will be used.

* * *

The announced match between Mitchell and Brewer is off. Mitchell says he is anxious to shoot a match at 100 live birds with C. F. Barnes, of Wheeling, W. Va., for $100 a side, gun below elbow until bird is on the wing. At the Johnson City shoot he stated that he had written to Mr. Barnes, but received no reply.

* * *

A big tournament will be held at Milwaukee, Wis., on Nov. 23 to 26 inclusive. The principal events will be at live birds. The entries will be high, so that fat pots are assured. The shoot will be managed by Richard Merrill, president; A. H. Chapman, vice-president and E. P. Thomas, secretary.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Kirtland (Ohio) Gun Club, the following officers were elected: J. H. Schneider, President; C. H. North, Vice-President; J. Loomis, Secretary; George Auer, Treasurer; W. F. Bell, Captain, and A. Berger and T. Packard, Trustees.

* * *

The Arkansas State shoot, to be held at Hot Springs next week, promises to be a big affair. The most important event will be the State team shoot, to take place on the 11th, the conditions being 20 bluerocks per man, four men to a team.

* * *

Harry Matz, president of the Reading Shooting Association, says his club will erect a house for the exclusive use of the cashier and the press representatives. Don't forget to make carbon copies of all scores, Mr. Matz!

* * *

Chadwick's mid-summer tournament will be held at Culver's Park (Lake Maxinkuckee), Marmont, Ind., an Aug. 10 and 11. The shooting will be at artificial targets. Two purses of $40 each will be shot for.

* * *

The following scores were made at the weekly shoot of the Trojan Gun Club at Troy, N. Y., on July 26: A. A. Young 69, L. Butler 45, M. Gemmill 49, W. W. Turner 57, E. R. Dederick 62, G. W. Gemmill 60.

* * *

E. J. Brown, F. B. Porter and Thomas Baldwin are arranging for a big tournament to be held at Quincy, Ill., the last week in August. Live birds and targets will be used and $1,000 in prizes offered.

* * *

At the badge shoot of the Rockville (Md.) Gun Club on July 25 Edward West took premier honors with a score of 45 out of 50; Harry Hurley was second with 40, James Viers breaking 39.

* * *

Harry E. Smith, the young expert of the Newark Gun Club, and Allen Willey, editor of the Hartford (Conn.) *Globe*, are matched for a shoot at 100 live birds each.

* * *

Billy Wagner of the Capital City Gun Club of Washington, D. C., will manage the shoot at Rockville, Md., on August 25 and 26.

* * *

The Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association has been incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts.

* * *

Horace B. Darby is making a great reputation for the trap and trigger department of the Albany *Argus*.

* * *

C. W. Budd is president, G. E. Cowen secretary, and A. C. Miller treasurer of the Highland Gun Club, of Des Moines, Ia.

* * *

The next shoot of the Connecticut Shooting League will be held on the Bristol Gun Club grounds in East Bristol.

* * *

Harry Thurman says he will guarantee that no cabs will be upset on Penn Mountain during the Reading tournament.

* * *

All the Interstate tents will be pitched on the club grounds at New London during the Keystone tournament.

* * *

Joe Hunter has been sent to the mountains by his physician's orders. Hence his non-appearance at Johnson City.

* * *

The Knoxville Gun Club will have three days' shooting at targets and one day at live pigeons next May.

* * *

A. W. DuBray, Parker Bros.' popular traveling man, will probably make a a trip to Canada this season.

* * *

Maryland and the District of Columbia should send teams of ten men each to the New London tournament.

* * *

E. D. Fulford will be at the Pennsylvania State shoot to defend the individual championship which he won last year.

* * *

The eighth monthly shoot of the Union Gun Club will be held at Springfield, N. J., to-day.

* * *

A live pigeon shoot will be held at Mt. Pleasant, near Glen Carbon, Pa. on August 15.

* * *

Pennsylvanians should not forget that their State shoot will be held at Reading next week.

* * *

At the badge shoot of the Washington (N. J.) Gun Club on July 22 J. L. Smith was the winner.

* * *

Three days' shooting at Johnson City, Tenn. and not a 90 per cent. clip cut out on any day.

* * *

The Baker (N. Y.) Gun Company, is putting up an iron building at Batavia, N. Y.

* * *

A team match is likely to occur in the near future between the Baltimore and Standard gun clubs.

* * *

The several Pennsylvania gun clubs will hold forth in tents during the State shoot at Reading.

* * *

Enoch Miller says he will have plenty of good, lively birds at his tournament on Aug. 17 and 18.

* * *

Jack Parker's new handicap has caught the fancy of Michigan shooters.

* * *

The Newark Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot at John Erb's next Thursday.

* * *

The "Big Four" intend to "spread" themselves during the coming Interstate shoot at Auburn.

* * *

Neaf Apgar has been under the weather for some time, but is slowly getting into condition.

* * *

Two shoots in New Jersey and one in Connecticut were announced for the same dates.

* * *

Reading will be the Mecca for sportsmen next week.

* * *

A big crowd of Jerseymen will be at Reading next week.

* * *

Don't forget Reading on Aug. 9, 10, 11 and 12.

O. H. TOWNSEND.

## The Le Mars Tournament.

LE MARS, Iowa, July 28.—The three days' trap tournament of the Le Mars Gun Club was a pronounced success in every particular. The weather was warm and sultry on the first and second days, but to-day was cool and pleasant. The attendance was fairly good and the management was perfectly satisfied. Among the visitors were Abbett and Arff from Charter Oak; E. W. Bird of Fairmont, Minn.; Asland of Mitchell, Dak.; Baer, Campbell and Fritchell of Moville; Lyon, Brock, Gorman and Williams of Sioux City; Hon. J. G. Smith and Henry Durant of Algara; Steinburg and Sundstrom of Bancroft; Eddington of Sheldon; Slocum of Pringham; Todrick of Staunton, Neb.; H. J. and E. D. Trotter of Kingsley; John Georgeson of Kelley; G. E. Hughes of Fonda and C. W. Budd of Des Moines.

*The First Day's Shoot.*

Event No. 1, 10 targets, $1 entry; No. 2, 15 targets, $2.50 entry; No. 3, 5 pairs targets, $2 entry; No. 4, 10 targets, $1.50 entry; No 5, 15 targets, $2 entry; No. 6, 9 single and 3 pairs targets, $2.50 entry; No. 7, 10 targets, unknown angles, $2 entry; No. 8, 20 targets, $3 entry.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Georgeson | 8 | 11 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 5 | 16 |
| Arff | 7 | 10 | 7 | 10 | . | 8 | 6 | 15 |
| Hughes | 9 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 8 | 7 | 19 |
| Steinberg | 3 | 7 | 5 | 8 | .. | . | 1 | 14 |
| Campbell | 5 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 0 | 8 |
| Merves | 5 | 7 | 8 | 7 | .. | 6 | .. | .. |
| Baer | 1 | .. | 7 | 2 | 11 | 6 | .. | 8 |
| Smith | 6 | 12 | 5 | 3 | 11 | 7 | 2 | 14 |
| Budd | 9 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 15 | 8 | 10 | 19 |
| Durant | 7 | 8 | 9 | 3 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 13 |
| Bird | 7 | 12 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 18 |
| Asland | 9 | 12 | 8 | 8 | 10 | . | 3 | .. |
| Sundstrom | 8 | 13 | 9 | 6 | 14 | 7 | .. | 14 |
| E D Trotter | 8 | 13 | 10 | 9 | 12 | 8 | 10 | 19 |
| H J Trotter | 8 | 13 | 10 | 9 | 12 | 8 | 10 | 19 |
| Brown | 7 | 11 | 9 | .. | .. | 6 | 5 | .. |
| Eddington | .. | 8 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 8 |
| Abbett | .. | 13 | 7 | 8 | 12 | 7 | 5 | 15 |
| Slocum | .. | 9 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 2 | .. | 10 |
| Ackerman | .. | 10 | 10 | 5 | 14 | 7 | 6 | 18 |
| Brett | .. | 12 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 10 |
| Meyer | .. | 11 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 5 | .. | .. |
| Williams | .. | 9 | 8 | 8 | 13 | 5 | 6 | .. |
| Gorman | .. | 12 | 10 | 8 | 12 | 8 | 3 | 9 |
| Lyon | .. | 7 | 8 | 8 | 10 | . | 8 | .. |
| Burger | .. | .. | 5 | 7 | .. | . | 7 | .. |
| Katerman | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | 10 | . | 6 | .. |
| Twitchell | .. | .. | 10 | 10 | 13 | 7 | 6 | 12 |

*The Second Day.*

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.50 entry; No. 3, 15 targets, $2.50 entry; No. 4, 6 singles and 2 pairs targets, $1.50 entry; No. 5, 15 singles, $2 entry; No. 7, 15 singles, $2 entry; No. 8, 10 targets, $1.50 entry:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 8 | 14 | 8 | 14 | 14 | 8 | |
| Slocum | 6 | 9 | 9 | 9 | .. | .. | |
| Eddington | 4 | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | |
| Hughes | 10 | 12 | 9 | 13 | 12 | 6 | |
| Steinberg | 2 | 11 | 8 | 9 | 13 | 6 | |
| Miller | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Sundstrom | 9 | 14 | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | |
| Bird | 7 | 14 | 9 | 11 | 14 | 8 | |
| Ackerman | 7 | 14 | 9 | 15 | 12 | 9 | |
| Lyon | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | |
| Smith | 7 | 13 | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | |
| H J Trotter | 9 | 14 | 9 | 14 | 14 | 8 | |
| Georgeson | 8 | 11 | .. | 10 | 11 | 7 | |
| Minard | 7 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | |
| Olson | 5 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | |
| Twitchell | 7 | 10 | 6 | 13 | 12 | .. | |
| Brett | 7 | 9 | 8 | 10 | .. | 9 | |
| E D Trotter | 9 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | |
| Durant | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Gorman | 6 | 9 | 8 | 12 | .. | 8 | |
| Williams | 5 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | |
| Abbett | 8 | 11 | 10 | 9 | .. | 8 | |
| Arff | 9 | 13 | 8 | 11 | 13 | 9 | |
| Meyer | .. | 11 | 2 | .. | .. | .. | |
| Asland | .. | 9 | 8 | 13 | .. | .. | |
| Towson | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | |
| Dent | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 4 |
| Campbell | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 4 |
| Doney | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. |
| Means | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 7 |
| Barley | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. |
| Baer | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 8 |
| Turnbull | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. |
| Clark | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 8 |
| Watkins | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 6 |

No. 2, 7 live birds, $4.50 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Abbett | 0122011—5 | E D Trotter | 1110011—5 |
| Ackerman | 1111111—7 | Dailey | 1100110—4 |
| Bird | 1110012—5 | Baer | 1110011—4 |
| Arff | 1111110—6 | Eddington | 1110110—5 |
| Smith | 1111101—6 | Campbell | 1100011—4 |
| Hughes | 1111111—7 | Merves | 1101110—5 |
| Budd | 1111111—7 | Williams | 0111110—5 |
| Gorman | 1111100—5 | H J Trotter | 1111111—7 |
| Minard | 1111011—6 | Sampson | 1101000—3 |
| Slocum | 1000110—3 | | |

No. 6, 8 live birds, $5 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 11111111—8 | Minard | 00111110—5 |
| Arff | 11111111—8 | Baer | 11101000—4 |
| Hughes | 11111111—8 | Williams | 01111100—5 |
| Dent | 11111111—8 | Merves | 10000001—2 |
| H J Trotter | 11111111—8 | Abbett | 11111110—8 |
| Ackerman | 10111111—7 | Smith | 01110111—6 |

*The Third Day.*

Event No. 1, 10 targets, $1.50 entry; No. 2, 15 targets, $2.50 entry; No. 4, 5 pairs targets, $2 entry; No. 5, 7 singles and 4 pairs targets, $2.50 entry; No. 7, 20 targets, $3 entry; No. 8, 15 targets, $2.50 entry, four equal moneys.

| | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ackerman | 9 | 14 | 11 | .. | 17 | 14 |
| Campbell | 5 | 7 | 5 | .. | .. | 10 |
| Hughes | 7 | 14 | 6 | 15 | 20 | 15 |
| Sundstrom | 7 | 13 | 10 | 13 | 19 | .. |
| Sampson | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Hull | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Clark | 8 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Merves | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 |
| Smith | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Gorman | 5 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Brett | 6 | 10 | .. | .. | 16 | .. |
| Baer | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 |
| Bird | 8 | 12 | 7 | 12 | 15 | 15 |

No. 3, 8 live birds, $5 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hunt | 11111011—7 | Lyon | 01001111—5 |
| Ackerman | 11111111—8 | Williams | 11101011—6 |
| Budd | 01111101—6 | Clark | 00110100—3 |
| Georgeson | 11111111—8 | Sunstrom | 11111110—7 |
| Arff | 11111110—7 | Bratt | 11101111—7 |
| Bird | 11001110—5 | Gorman | 11101111—7 |
| Baer | 10111111—7 | E I Trotter | 11111111—8 |
| H J Trotter | 11110011—6 | Abbott | 11111111—8 |

No. 6, 10 live birds, $6 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Georgeson | 1110111101—8 | Williams | 1111001110—9 |
| Bird | 1100010111—6 | Heintges | 0101000110—4 |
| Dent | 0111111111—9 | Sunstrom | 0111011111—8 |
| H J Trotter | 1001111111—8 | Merves | 1010111110—7 |
| Budd | 1111101011—8 | Clark | 0100101111—6 |
| Ackerman | 1101111111—9 | Morton | 1110110000—6 |
| E D Trotter | 0111111111—9 | Brott | 1011111110—8 |
| Arff | 1110101111—8 | Lyons | 1111010100—7 |
| Kline | 0110111111—8 | Baer | 1111110011—8 |
| Campbell | 0111011111—9 | Gorman | 1111110110—8 |
| Hughes | 0111111111—9 | Abbott | 1111101111—9 |

A citizens' purse of $50 was added to the stake in event No. 6 on the third day. Fifty Peters cartridges were added as fifth prize in event No. 8 on the first day, No. 3 on the second day, and Nos. 2 and 7 on the third day.

## Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

The first shoot for the new medal by the members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club took place at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, July 27. Each man shot at seven birds, the usual club handicap. A. Eppig, R. Phister, Jr., and C. Englebrecht tied with seven each; the last named won the medal, R. Phister, Jr., withdrawing on the shoot off. Sweepstake shoots followed; the first, L. Eppig had to pay for the birds; J. T. Van Wicklen and M. Hayden divided the second; A. Eppig and C. Englebrecht also divided:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L Eppig | 2010000—2 | M Hayes | 2010111—5 |
| A Eppig | 1111222—7 | J J Van Wick | 1011001—4 |
| J Schlieman | 1111110—6 | R Phister, Jr | 1122112—7 |
| W Levins | 1212110—6 | C Englebrecht | 2112112—7 |
| W Vance | 0220111—5 | J Borrell | 1112111—7 |
| P Sutter | 0010211—4 | A Botty | 1112202—6 |
| F Maier | 1201131—6 | J A Still | 2112120—6 |
| W Livingston | 2001221—5 | | |

Englebrecht first on shoot off.

Sweepstakes, 5 birds, $1 entry, two moneys:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | Ties. |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schlieman | 00111—3 | 12210—4 | 0 |
| C Englebrecht | 11121—5 | 10210—3 | 122211 |
| L Eppig | 01200—2 | 12022—4 | 1 |
| A Eppig | 32101—4 | 20011—3 | 123122 |
| M Hayden | | 11110—4 | 2 |
| J Bodwell | | 11200—3 | 0 |
| J A Still | | 01112—4 | 0 |
| J Van Wick | | 12220—4 | 2 |

## Shooting for the Renault Prize.

HOLLYWOOD, N. J., July 29.—The live pigeon shoot for the Renault prize took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Hollywood Shooting Club, 30yds. rise, one miss and out, entrance free. The prize was given this year by George Renault. There were nine entries, as follows:

Dr. Wilson, Frederick Hoey, R. Muser, George Work, W. C. Floyd Jones, J. S. Williams, Capt. Money, L. S. Thompson and W. B. Thompson. Work and Floyd Jones were tied for first, killing twelve straight birds. They divided the prize.

## Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30.—Garfield Gun Club, of this city, has a peculiar method of establishing club shooting dues. No charge whatever is made to members for the targets they shoot, but the total club account for targets with the dealers is balanced monthly, and a per capita assessment is levied to cover the same. Thus every member, whether he shoot much or little, pays the same amount for shooting each month. At first sight this might seem unfair, but in the result it does not seem so. In two years Garfield Club shooting assessments have only been $20 in all, and the average monthly assessment in the best shooting season is about $1, certainly not a very high tax. This gives all the profit to the shooters, and it encourages the shooter to come out and shoot, if for no other reason than to get the worth of his money back. As a club this organization seems very well united and harmonious, and there is no grumbling over the arrangement. Garfield Club has a very high average attendance, this running for each shooting day about 50 per cent. of the membership. Today there were nearly as many shooters at the club's pleasant West Side grounds as you will see in the average tournament, there being 28 entries in the club medal shoot, and a very spirited representation in the practice shoots. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Central Presbyterian Church served a good lunch. Saturday afternoon at this club is very much a ladies' day, and to see the ladies and children about gave the place an air novel for a shooting ground, but one of decidedly agreeable impression.

Last Saturday Garfield Club accepted the invitation of the Northwestern Gun Club to shoot a friendly match, 8 men teams, 25 targets per man, on the Northwestern grounds at Avondale, and went over 20 strong, the Garfield Club team consisting of Messrs. Coppernol, Richards, O'Brien, Hicks, Tefft, Bortree, Brown and S. Palmer. The total score was: Northwestern Gun Club 118 Garfield Gun Club 145. A return match will probably soon be shot on the grounds of the winning team.

Mr. M. R. Bortree, well-known as the city game warden of Chicago, is now serving his second term as president of Garfield Club, and the present portly and obliging secretary, Mr. Brown, will doubtless have several more terms if he keeps his present gait. This seems to be a shooting club that shoots.

Garfield Club classifies its members, A, B and C; A class, all over 65; B class, all between 55 and 65; C class, all under 55. The average is obtained from five different shoots of the shooter's record. Following is the score of to-day's medal shoot, three medals, A. B and C, 20 U. S. pigeons:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cop | 11001111110111000001—12 | Grubbs | 11111011111111001111—17 |
| Drake | 01111111000100111—14 | Bowers | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| D Meek | 11001111111000101111—15 | J North-cott | 11110110100110110111—14 |
| Bortree | 11110001010010101011—11 | Hodson | 10110000010010011110—9 |
| Baird | 01000011100101010001—7 | Steck | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Paterson | 11010000110110111101—13 | Sparks | 11011110010110010010—11 |
| S Palmer | 01100101111000110100—10 | O'Brien | 11101111001111111111—17 |
| Lauterb'h | 00111010101010100000— 9 | Peters | 00001100001100000000— 5 |
| W Palmer | 00111111111111110010—15 | Stevenson | 10100000010101101110—10 |
| Richards | 11111111101101111011—17 | Tefft | 10101001110101111110—13 |
| Ackerm'n | 11111001100111111111—16 | Brown | 11110111011110101111—17 |
| Young | 10110011101101100000—10 | Hicks | 11111111111111001111—18 |
| W North-cott | 10011100101111001101—12 | Cruver | 00000101000010010110 — 8 |
| | | Campbell | 01101111101111111111—16 |

Messrs. Steck and Bowers shot off the 20 tie at 5 birds, and Mr. Steck missing his last bird, Mr. Bowers won the A class medal. Mr. Brown won the B class medal, and Mr. Drake the C class.

E. HOUGH.

## Canadian Trap Shooters.

TORONTO, July 23.—The Toronto Shooting and Game Protective Association held an interesting shoot this afternoon at Stark's grounds. The targets were live blackbirds, which make excellent sport owing to their rapid and erratic flight. The prizes, given by the president of the club, were gold and silver watches for first and second place respectively:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Charles | 21112111111111—13 | Gooch | 11011100111121—12 |
| McDowall | 21121101111111—14 | Bovel | 10011011101010—9 |
| Caldwell | 12111211101111—14 | Mander | 00021001012110 — 8 |

Ties at 14, 21yds. rise:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McDowall | 11112—5 | Caldwell | 21112—5 |

Ties at 5, 24yds. rise:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McDowall | 10201—3 | Caldwell | 11122—5 |

*July 27.*—The members of the Owl Gun Club held their semi-annual shoot for the Moore cup at Stark's Athletic Grounds this afternoon. Owing to the bad weather the attendance was not large, but those who were present had a good time and witnessed some very close shooting.

| | |
|---|---|
| D Bla (18yds) | 11011111111111111111111—24 |
| A J Tymon (18) | 11101111111111111111111—24 |
| W McDowall (18) | 11011011111111111111111—23 |
| C Ayre (18) | 11111111111011111111110—23 |
| J Douglas (27) | 01010111101111111111111—21 |
| G Henry (18) | 11111111101111001111101—21 |
| A Austin (16) | 11110111101101110101111—20 |
| C Cuarles (27) | 11111111101001111001111—20 |
| H George (18) | 01111100110110111111111—20 |
| W Smith (18) | 10111111111111101101100—20 |
| J Simpson (16) | 11111100001110101011111—19 |
| T Lynden (18) | 10111100111110110101101—19 |
| J Stinson (16) | 11010011111010110110110—17 |
| E Turley (16) | 00111101050010010111101—14 |

Ties of 24:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D Bla | 111111111—10 | A J Tymon | 111101110— 8 |

## Shooting at Utica.

UTICA, N. Y., July 29.—The regular shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association was held here to-day in the rain, with a strong westerly wind that bothered the boys in "getting on" to the targets. In event No. 1, at 25 targets, for club prizes, Elliott and Booth tied on clean scores each. In No. 2, same conditions, for the club badge, Hunter made a clean score.

No. 1, club prizes:

| | |
|---|---|
| Elliott | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Hunter | 1111111111101101111111111—23 |
| Booth | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Harris | 1111011110111111111011111—22 |
| Kilbourne | 1101111101111111111111111—23 |
| Knowlton | 1011111111111111111101111—23 |
| Hicks | 1111111001001111111001110—18 |
| Mayhew | 1110100101001001111000111—14 |
| Mizner | 1100111011111101111111011—20 |
| Dexter | 1111011111111101011111001—20 |
| French | 1110111111111001110111111—21 |

No. 2, for badge:

| | |
|---|---|
| Knowlton | 1111111111101111111111111—24 |
| Elliott | 1111111111111111111111011—23 |
| Hunter | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Booth | 1101111101101111111111111—22 |
| Mayhew | 1101011011111000110101111—16 |
| Kilbourne | 1111111111111111111111111—24 |
| Harris | 1111111011111111111111111—24 |

## The Kansas City Cup.

KANSAS CITY, July 28.—The quarterly shoot for the Kansas City cup, representing the local wing-shot championship, took place at the shooting park, and despite the showers and threatening weather a dozen of the crack local trap-shooters competed for the trophy. The conditions of the cup shoot are 25 single birds under American Shooting Association rules, entrance money the price of the birds. J. Lee Porter, who won the trophy at the last shoot, made a gallant fight to retain it and compelled Champion Elliott to kill 34 straight birds to win the race.

The cloudy weather and occasional showers made the birds somewhat slow in taking to wing, but this handicapped the shooter also, particularly on dark birds, and the scores made were very creditable to the shooters. J. A. R. Elliott, Lee Porter and Oscar W. Cogswell all shot in grand form, but the work of Jas. A. Bolen, who is matched to shoot against Elliott Saturday for the *American Field* cup, was a disappointment, as he made the tail-end score, losing 9 out of 25. He was shooting a strange gun, however, and may be able to put up a different race against Elliott on Saturday afternoon.

Elliott and Porter killed their 25 straight, and the match between them was an exciting one from start to finish. In the shoot-off Elliott grassed his birds clean and neat, while Porter did considerable "slobbering," and his 32d bird, although hit hard, fluttered out of bounds. Oscar Cogswell, of the Independence Club, was their most formidable opponent, staying right up with the procession until his 17th bird, which fell dead out of bounds. That was the only one he missed, but it cost him all the chance he had for the cup. Fred Maegley lost his 6th and 10th birds, but finished strong, killing his last 15 straight. J. B. Burrell, W. Kearns and Walter S. Halliwell also shot well, each scoring 22 dead birds, and Kearns had a straight score until the 17th bird, when he fell back and lost two more dead out of bounds. W. V. Rieger killed 21, George Oliver and A. A. Mulligan 20. A. L. Bennett 19 and J. A. Bolen 16. The score:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

| | |
|---|---|
| J B Porter | 2022222211210122120112212 1—22 |
| W Kearns | 2222212212212112022210 2—22 |
| W S Halliwell | 0222122221221111012212201 1 2—22 |
| G B Orr | 2001211021112211011201121 1—20 |
| A L Bennett | 0201122110201022211101222—19 |
| Geo Schroeder | 1021011111 Drawn. |
| J A Bolen | 1001101020201212110121202—16 |
| O W Cogswell | 2121211121121122101111211—24 |
| J A R Elliott | 1122121222121121212112 2—25 |
| J L Porter | 2111111212121121212122—25 |
| Rieger | 1111211121110111210212200—21 |
| Holmes | 2202221001 Drawn. |
| E W Kennan | 1102221111 Drawn. |
| Maegley | 1221102120111221222111222—23 |
| Whipple | 2012100102111210111212112—20 |
| W G Peters | 1001020102 Drawn. |

Shoot-off:

| | |
|---|---|
| Elliott | 21111212 Wins cup. |
| Porter | 2122120 |

WHITFIELD.

## Whipple and Kinnan.

KANSAS CITY, July 29.—A. A. Whipple and E. W. Kinnan shot a 50 bird race at the Shooting Park this morning. The weather was cloudy but the birds proved to be an average lot of flyers. The race was an exciting one throughout. Kinnan got off in the lead in the first half, but Whipple took a bracer and finished strong, killing his last 21 birds straight. The score:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

| | |
|---|---|
| A A Whipple | 2102112010102111000221221 |
| | 0210111211212121221221221—41 |
| E W Kinnan | 0121211111011222101202111 2 |
| | 0102022221100110201111122—40 |

## Elliott and Bolen.

KANSAS CITY, July 30.—James A. R. Elliott successfully defended the *American Field* cup for the tenth consecutive time, at the Kansas City Shooting Park, his opponent being James A. Bolen, also of this city. Elliott was in grand form and lost only one bird out of the 50, a big white one that was hit behind, but strong enough to carry the load back to the pigeon house. Bolen commenced losing birds pretty early in the race and grassed but 40 out of the 50. He made some great kills however, during the match and was enthusiastically applauded a number of times. The weather was pleasant and there was a good crowd out. The birds were an exceptionally good lot for this season of the year, but one bird out of the hundred requiring flagging, A. H. Piett of Topeka, Kan., refereed the match, and James Whitfield was the official scorer.

A specially interesting feature of the match was the retrieving by James A. Bolen's handsome setter dog, Glad's Sport, by Pray's Gladstone out of Guess II. This was a very enjoyable part of the afternoon's sport, and made the match go much smoother and faster than it would have gone with boys gathering the birds, the shoot being over in fifty minutes after it was started.

Elliott used his 12-gauge Greener gun, 7lbs. 4oz., and shot 4drs. of American wood powder in each load with 1¼oz. of Tatham's chilled No. 6 shot in the right barrel and No. 7 in the left in Eley's shells.

Bolen shot a 12-gauge L. C. Smith weighing 7lbs. 14oz., and his loads were 3 3-16drs. of Schultze powder and 1 3-16oz. of Tatham's chilled No. 7 shot in each barrel in Eley cases. Two of Bolen's lost birds fell dead out of bounds. His best run was 18, in the middle of the race.

The cup now becomes Elliott's personal property, he having successfully defended it for two years. Elliott first won the cup from George C. Beck, of Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 4, 1890. In that match he killed 47 out of 50, while Beck scored but 43. One of Elliott's last birds fell dead out of bounds, and two of Beck's got away after being hard hit. Elliott lost his first bird and then made a run of 39, and during the match killed 27 with the use of one barrel only.

Samuel Gay, Jr., of Glenhall, Ind., was the next candidate for the cup, and he shot a grand race against Elliott here on Aug. 25, 1890. The score at the close of the race was a tie, each having grassed 47 out of 50. Elliott's work was the best, however, the 3 lost by him falling dead out of bounds. In the shoot-off at 10 extra birds, Elliott made a straight score, while Gay lost two, making the grand total of the score at 60 birds 57 to 55 in favor of Elliott.

James E. Haggerty, of St. Louis, was the next victim, being defeated in this city on Oct. 27 by a score of 48 to 47. In that race Elliott made runs of 24 and 23 straight.

Wm. B. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., then challenged the champion, and Elliott beat him in hollow style on Nov. 24, 1890, by a score of 48 to 39. Elliott killed 28 straight, and out of the two birds lost one fell dead out of bounds. Crosby was handicapped with a poor gun, shooting under and behind the birds he lost.

Elliott was then given a rest, his next race being a second attempt by James E. Haggerty, of St. Lois to beat him. Haggerty did not make as good a showing as in his former match, being beaten by a score of 48 to 45, Elliott finishing strong by killing his last 28 birds straight. This match took place Feb. 23, 1891.

Charles W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., a former holder of the trophy, was the next challenger, and he was beaten April 13, 1891, by a score of 49 to 46. Elliott killed 31 straight from the opening of the match, his lost bird being a hard right-quartering driver.

William B. Crosby then essayed to down the champion again in July of 1891, and the race was a grand one. Elliott killed 50 straight, while Crosby scored 48, and of the two birds one fell dead out of bounds.

A. W. Wiley, the champion of California, familiarly known as "Bruner," was the next seeker after Elliott's scalp, and he met with defeat on August 17, 1891, by a score of 47 to 45, all of Elliott's lost birds falling dead just outside the boundary flags.

The next aspirant for the championship honor was E. D. Fulford, the Pennsylvanian, who created such a sensation by defeating the famous Capt. Jack Brewer in a series of matches in the East. Fulford had beaten Brewer by phenomenal scores, but he was clearly outclassed when he met Elliott. He came here several days in advance of the date set for the shoot, April 30, and practiced faithfully on the Kansas City grounds, but he was beaten easily by a score of 46 to 43. Both started off like amateurs in that race, Elliott losing three out of the first five and Fulford four. From that out it was a good race, Elliott shooting in perfect form, and killing 37 straight on the tail end of the race. The score in detail:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

| | |
|---|---|
| J A R Elliott | 1331353232334444439553214 2 |
| | 2222111211222222211212122—24 |
| | 5523311423455555212452532 |
| | 2122122121121212222111211 22—25—49 |
| | 5415121441242532252345151 5 |
| J A Bolen | 2*10201211022222201222111—20 |
| | 1443424532144432333343314 |
| | 1122122222223*01114202300220—20—40 |

## Dexter Park Trap Shooting League.

THE attendance at the third meeting of the Dexter Park Trap Shooting League, held at Dexter Park on Friday, July 29, was not quite as large as at the previous meetings. The hot weather and other attractions was the cause. The Wanreganis did not put in an appearance with their team, and the Crescents shot with six men only. Everything passed off very pleasantly, but the extreme heat affected the birds and shooters considerably. The Glenmores made the best scores with 92, their old rivals, the Parkways, being second with 88; the Emerald and Unknown coming next with 84 each, the Linden Grove slightly improving their position by scoring 80. The Unknowns still lead in the aggregate score by one bird, the Emeralds being second, Glenmores third and Parkways fourth. The scores:

| Glenmore. | | Parkway. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J K Borrell | 2201122120— 8 | H Selover | 2120212212— 9 |
| E Freucend | 1211111221—10 | A S Fryeloff | 1221110111— 9 |
| A Epng | 1201112212— 9 | T Short | 1111111112—10 |
| D Lichmond | 1111112111—10 | E Helgans | 2111121122—10 |
| C Englebrecht | 1121221121—10 | L Miller | 0211111120— 8 |
| W Hayden | 2221221202— 9 | A B | 2111201002— 8 |
| T S Van Wick | 0111122111— 9 | D Van Shakle | 2022121111— 9 |
| W Levins | 2221202212— 9 | H Booneville | 2021122111— 9 |
| J Schleman | 1211011102— 7 | A Anderson | 1011201102— 7 |
| R Phister, Jr | 1201112111— 8—92 | J Doainck | 1112122112—10—88 |
| Emeralds. | | Unknown. | |
| W J Simpson | 1111001201— 7 | M Chichester | 1201112211— 9 |
| E Domick | 1221121110— 9 | E Vroome | 1010011220— 6 |
| S C Genring | 2111211122—10 | C Hubbell | 2111211121—10 |
| J H Voss | 0120011012— 6 | J Hyde | 1110112212— 9 |
| W F Quimby | 2121221111—10 | H Knebel | 0221211101— 8 |
| G Nowak | 1112101111— 9 | D Monsees | 2121111122—10 |
| S Shortemair | 2011e22121— 8 | J Flynn | 2222222202— 9 |
| D Hudson | 1112e21122— 9 | Dr Schwartz | 0201020221— 6 |
| T Keller | 1211110201— 7 | C Murphy | 1102111021— 8 |
| P Batz | 0011211111— 8—84 | C Plate | 1122111101— 9—84 |
| Linden Grove. | | Unknown. | |
| J Link | 1212120122—9 | J Bermer | 2122111112—10 |
| H Wilman | 2222120110—8 | G Magior | 1222212221— 9 |
| P J Oppig | 1211212221—8 | H McLang | 2220201000— 5 |
| J Easer | 01e1111211—8 | F Ibert | 1112012110— 8 |
| L Neir | 2202220221—8 | C Horney | 0021021211— 7—80 |
| Gun Club. | | | |
| C Winchester | 0121112120 -8 | G E Laible | 1210111011—8 |
| C Mohrman | 2111101221—9 | W Gilmer | 1122110111—9 |
| C Floyd | 0110112210—8 | L Hopf | 1212120200—7—50 |
| | | Aggregate. | |
| Unknown | 248 | Emerald | 247 |
| Glenmore | 246 | Parkway | 242 |

## Worcester Shooters.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 28.—The nineteenth trophy shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was contested at Coal Mine Brook this afternoon. There was a good field of contestants and quite a number of spectators at the grounds. The scores were in the main very fair. In class A Crompton scored the largest number of points, but, as he had not challenged, the first place went to the next highest competitor. Henry and Davis tied with 14 each, and in the shoot-off Henry won, scoring 8 to his opponent's 6. In class B Larkin won without much effort. In class C Parker and R. C. Walls tied. Walls won in the shoot-off, scoring 7 to Parker's 6. The scores follow at 20 birds each:

| Class A. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crompton | 18 | Davis | 14 |
| Henry | 14 | Howe | 12 |
| Class B. | | | |
| Larkin | 16 | Fuller | 12 |
| A L Gilman | 14 | Harvey | 11 |
| C Forehand | 13 | Divoll | 11 |
| C Doane | 12 | A W Walls | 9 |
| | | Dr Gabeler | 9 |
| | | J M Harris | 9 |
| | | Webber | 8 |
| | | Crosby | 6 |
| Class C. | | | |
| R C Walls | 13 | Williams | 10 |
| W Parker | 13 | White | 10 |
| | | McClellan | 7 |

Only six more trophy shoots remain to be contested. The standing in the different classes up to date is as follows, the number of times each contestant has won the cup being given after his name: Class A, W. L. Davis 6, Howe 5, Henry 3, W. D. Gilman 1. Class B, A. L. Gilman 5, C. Doane 4, C. Forehand 3, Larkin 3, Webber 1, Walls 1, Kinney 1, Knowles 1. Class C, R. C. Walls 6, Parker 6, McClellan 4, Robinson 2, Day 1.

## New York German Gun Club.

THE members of the New York German Gun Club held an extra day's shoot at targets at Dexter Park, on Tuesday, July 26. Only six members were present, and the veteran shooter Sam Lyons joined with them in the fun. The competition was for a gold medal for target shooting, 20 birds each, 18yds. rise. P. Garms, Jr., won the medal with 15. Several team shoots followed at 5 birds each, the losing team to pay for the birds. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Garms, Jr. | 11101111111111001001—15 | Dannefel-Frazer | 01001011011001111001—11 |
| Wilorook | 10001101111100011010—10 | Sauter | 00000000001100011101— 6 |
| Thomford | 01010000110100111100— 9 | Lyons | 10001111111111011111—16 |

Team shoots, losers to pay for birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Frazer | 11001—3 | 11110—4 | 11111—5—12 |
| S Lyons | 11100—3 | 01111—4 | 01011—3—10 |
| J Welbrook | 00100—1 | 11010—3 | 01100—2— 6 |
| H Thomford | 00000—0 | 01001—2 | 01101—3— 5—33 |
| P Garms, Jr | 10100—1 | 11111—5 | 11001—3— 9 |
| P Dannefelser | 00111—3 | 01110—3 | 11011—4—10 |
| F Sauter | 01000—1 | 11111—5 | 01001—2— 8 |
| J Bland | 00111—3 | 10001—2 | 11010—3— 8—35 |

## The Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot for the Newton diamond badge was held at the West End grounds, Coney Island, by the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club on Thursday, July 28. Nineteen members competed, at 10 birds each, club handicap. D. Monsees and R. Dwyer tied with 10 each; the former won on the fourth round of the shoot-off. A long race took place for the second money, which was won by H. Balzer. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C E Morris | 1021111111— 9 | W Boyd | 1202101101— 7 |
| D Monsees | 1121122121—10 | C A Sykes | 1112121102— 9 |
| C Farguson | 0111211112— 9 | H Balzer | 1111121101— 9 |
| C Mohrman | 0012120110— 5 | A S Jounson | 2002100000— 6 |
| R J Sutherland | 0111212211— 9 | J Cavin | 2011210201— 7 |
| M Bondts | 0110100010— 4 | R R Street | 2002121111— 8 |
| F J Martin | 1001111011— 7 | G Kleist | 1110312001— 6 |
| D Nostrand | 1112210022— 8 | W Weber | 0210222102— 7 |
| C M Meyer | 1211120212— 9 | R Dwyer | 1121112221—10 |
| W F Sykes | 1102121112— 9 | | |

## Shooting in California.

OAKLAND, Cal., July 24.—The main season trap shoot of the Monaco Club was held at the Oakland racetrack yesterday afternoon. Some exceptionally good shots were made by the contestants, the regular match ending in three ties, between Robinson, Slade and Haas, who killed 11 birds each and divided first money. The following was the score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fay | 0221102122211—10 | "Randell" | 2110212221211—11 |
| Haas | 0122211211—11 | "Worth" | 1111210121111—10 |
| Robinson | 1210111210110 | Barney | 1210202212102— 9 |
| "Slade" | 2012111212—11 | | |

Still better shooting was done in the pool shoot, when the highest score made on the grounds for some seasons past was made. Slade and Robinson again tied with 12 birds each to their credit, which is the highest possible number. Below is the score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Haas | 1211122201l—11 | Robinson | 1211111211l—12 |
| Fay | 0122212121l—12 | Randell | 1120120001l— 8 |
| Slade | 1112121212l—12 | Barney | 1220122101l—10 |

## Rome vs. Utica.

ROME, N. Y., July 26.—A delegation of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association had a shoot at Rome yesterday. The scores were, Utica: Gates 22, Hicks 17, Mizner 18, Knowlton 23, Dexter 21, Kilbourne 24, Mayhew 24, Wheeler 19, R. H. Smith 15, Pfeiffer 16, Elliot 22, Cummings 18. Rome: Hauk 18, Wordwin 18, Rayland 18, A. H. Gahley 18, Scleicher 16, Betson 17, Bingham 22, Kingsley 15, Runnington 21, Fellon 20, Worden 13, Lamb 20; totals, Utica 234, Rome 219.

## Peekskill vs. White Plains.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., July 27.—A pigeon match for the championship of Westchester county was shot on the Westchester County Fair Grounds this afternoon between the Peekskill Gun Club and the White Plains Gun Club. The match was 100 live birds a side, 30yds. rise, Hartingham rules, for $100.

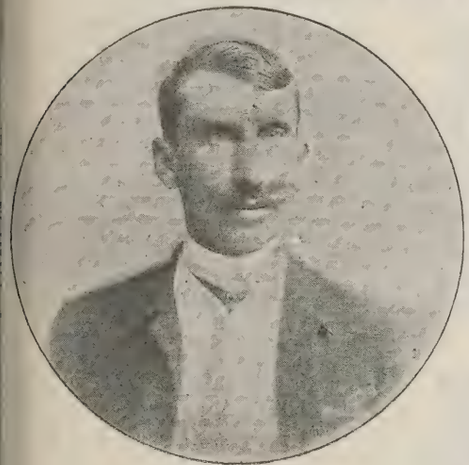
White Plains—Halpin 22, Ward 22, T. Ward 20, Wm. Ward 20.
Peekskill—Pierce 22, Gerrie 18, Halstead 21, Raymond 12.
Judges—L. C. Platt and C. Everingham. Referee—Wm. Wesley.

## In the East Tennessee Valley.

Those people who are imbued with the idea that the life of a newspaper man is one of unalloyed pleasure should have accompanied the writer on his trip from New York to the tournament of the Johnson City (Tenn.) Gun Club. Leaving the Metropolis on Tuesday, July 26, when the mercury was making frantic efforts to climb through the top of the tube, having to choose between the evils of sweltering with closed windows or smothering with them open was by no means a pleasant experience. On Tuesday night it was so intolerably close as to preclude any possibility of sleeping. Wednesday was hotter even than Tuesday, the thermometer in Washington marking 95 degrees. All along the line from Shenandoah Junction to Johnson City the dust rose in clouds, and owing to the numerous twisting and turning of the track it was impossible to find "a shady side" of a car for any length of time. On Wednesday evening there was a very heavy shower, lasting for an hour or more, but after this had passed away the heat was as intense as before. The route has been so often described that it is unnecessary to say more than that if there is any section of the country which offers more diversified attractions in the way of scenery than does the East Tennessee Valley the writer would like to see it.

Arriving at Johnson City the writer found at the Hotel Carnagie a goodly number of sportsmen all equipped and eager for the battle at the traps. There was William Tell Mitchell, the well-known live pigeon and target expert, field shot, dog breeder, trainer and handler and all around good fellow, who had traveled from Lynch Station, Va., just for fun; "Billy" Wagner, Washing on's most expert target breaker, who is shooting a champion's race this season, and worrying all the boys; Dr. S. W. Rhea, mayor of Tennessee, Bristol one of the best shots and most popular sportsmen in the State, and one who would "rather shoot than eat;" J. J King and Dr. W. H. Hicks, fellow-townsmen of Mayor Rhea, and both good shots; R E L. Gilman, the slim-built, auburn-haired youth from Greensboro, N. C., which town he says will give a cracking good shoot on Aug. 23 and 24; Arthur W. Du Bray, Parker Bros.' popular Southern salesman, who makes myriads of friends by his genial manner, bright conversation and habit of putting in a good word for every gun in the market regardless of make; J. W. Todd, J. S. Carson and G. A. Howell, all the way from Charlotte, N. C., which town Howell says is possessed of a club of "shooters" every one of whom puts in full time during a tournament; J. L. Fonda, of Cincinnati, O., who looks after the Western and Southern interests of the Clark Thread Co., of Newark, N. J.; S. P. Morris, another of Bristol's enthusiasts; and last but not least we come to the bright galaxy of expert enthusiasts from the Knoxville Gun Club, Roger H. and Sommer Van Gilder; Chas. B. Ross, the "youth with the auburn complexion," who carries a horseshoe for luck; Thomas J. Eldridge, F. Morris, Alderman John W. Connor, the Mead brothers, Arthur E. and Frank S., and A. F. Smith. They are the bright luminaries of the shooting world in their section, and while they are always willing to do a lion's share of the work in running a tournament they also do what is better still—shoot in every event from start to finish, and never utter a complaint if unfortunate enough to be shut out of a pot.

Johnson City is situated in one of the most fertile agricultural and rich mineral regions of the East Tennessee Valley, and is



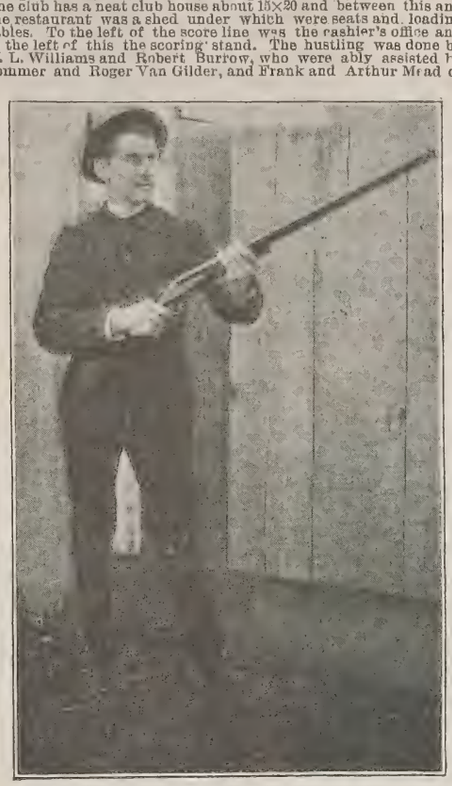
SECRETARY J. A. HARTNER.
Baltimore Gun Club.

surrounded by remarkably fine scenery. The town proper has a typical Southern aspect with its rambling buildings, but on the outskirts some fine modern buildings of stone and brick. The Hotel Carnagie, which stands on a rise of ground about a mile from the city proper is a model building, costing about $90 000. Directly opposite this are the depots—passenger and freight—of the "Three Cs" road, these being built of brown stone. This road when completed is expected to prove a boon to the city, opening up an entirely new country. The population of the city is 5,000, but it is steadily growing, the trend being toward the section where the above hotel and depots are located. During 1890 there were 63 buildings erected, and since that time there have been 400 dwellings put up. Its altitude is 1 650ft. above sea level, the average temperature being about 56 in the spring, 74 in summer; 57 in fall and 39 in winter, an annual mean of about 56.50. The Roan Mountain, 6,394ft. in height, is 23 miles east of the city and on the summit of this is the Cloudland Hotel, the highest human habitation east of the Rocky Mountains. North of the Hotel Carnagie is an immense steel plant, which while representing an outlay of $150,000, has stood idle for a year awaiting the completion of the "Three Cs" road. With its natural facilities aided by Northern capital the town has a great future in store. One of its premier attractions will be a public park comprising 60,000 acres, contributed by individuals and corporations.

The shooting grounds of the Johnson City Gun Club are situated about a mile from the Hotel Carnagie, and are reached by a finely equipped electric road run by a Thomson-Houston plant. Cars run every twenty minutes to and from the grounds. About a quarter of a mile beyond the shooting grounds is a fine little sheet of water known as Lake Watausee, which is surrounded by a heavy woodland, affording a cool retreat. On Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week the Johnson City Brass Band gives concerts in the pavilion at this lake. The shooters all went out to enjoy the music on last Friday evening.

When the shoot opened on Thursday morning there were about twenty-five shooters present for the initial event. The local men were conspicuous by their absence, Messrs. H. L. Williams and R. Burrow being the only club members to shoot through the programme. The weather was intensely hot, there being scarcely a breath of air until near evening. The shooting was at bluerock targets, thrown from expert traps by North's electric pull, and from start to finish these worked well. It was expected that the attraction of $500 added money, with additional valuable prizes of merchandise, would draw at least half a hundred shooters, but about one-third of this number failed to materialize. For one thing I can vouch, and that is, that just so long as clubs, no matter where situated, state in their programmes that the obnoxious "expert" rule will be enforced, just so long will the "spenders" remain at home, saving money by so doing. I was informed by members of the home club that had the Northern shooters appeared they would have been shown the same consideration previously accorded them at Knoxville; but after the shoot was opened was rather a late hour to make any such announcement, particularly when the shooting world had been told that the programme would be carried out as printed. The club that imposes the "expert" rule on a shooter commits an injustice to the shooter and injures its own prospects as well.

On the opening day the targets were not thrown in accordance with the rules, some not reaching over 5ft. from the ground at any point in their flight. This, coupled with the fact that just in the line of fire is a dense woodland, the ground sloping upward to this from the traps, made the shooting rather difficult, so that the average were not up to the usual standard. The first event was shot from known traps and known angles, the sliding scale being used in succeeding events. One set of five traps were used, and these were kept in steady use all day. The shooters were served with an abundant lunch at the restaurant on the grounds. To the right of the line of traps was a grand stand which afforded them shade between events, an entrance fee of ten cents was charged to this, shooters and all being obliged to "see the captain." The club has a neat club house about 15×20 and between this and the restaurant was a shed under which were seats and loading tables. To the left of the score line was the cashier's office and to the left of this the scoring stand. The hustling was done by H. L. Williams and Robert Burrow, who were ably assisted by Sommer and Roger Van Gilder, and Frank and Arthur Mead of



PRESIDENT E. C. HALL.
Baltimore Gun Club.

the Knoxville contingent. All of these Knoxville people are master-hands at working the "hustle-act," and they made their work tell from the moment they took hold. Had it not been for their assistance the programme would not have been completed before dark.

The shooting, as I have said, was extremely difficult on account of the dark foreground, and none of the men were able to pull our good averages, Wagner being high with 89.41, breaking 152 out of the 170 targets shot at. The next high man was Mayor Rhea, who broke 144; Sommer Van Gilder getting 143 and W. T. Mitchell 141. All of these men are good for 90 per cent. or better under reasonable conditions, but here they did not seem able to do their usual good work. The table of averages given will show that the poor showing was not on account of any "fluking" by an individual, but that it obtained with all hands.

The asterisk (*) preceding a score denotes that the score was made shooting from known trap, at unknown angles.

The club added $155 to the purses on this day. The events were as follows: No. 1. 15 singles, $2 entry; No. 2, 15 singles, $2 entry,



CAPTAIN J. A. WILLIAR
Baltimore Gun Club.

$20 added; Nos. 3, 5 and 9 same as No. 2: No. 6, 25 singles, $3 entry, $35 added; Nos. 4 and 8, 20 singles each, $3 entry, $20 added:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Averages. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Connor | 11 | *13 | *10 | 13 | 10 | *19 | *11 | *16 | 11 | *14 | 75.88 |
| R Van Gilder | 12 | *9 | *11 | *14 | *11 | *17 | *15 | *19 | *10 | *13 | 74.11 |
| Eldridge | 12 | 11 | 13 | 16 | 13 | 17 | 12 | 15 | 14 | *13 | 79.41 |
| Mitchell | 14 | *14 | *11 | 17 | 12 | *20 | 12 | *18 | *12 | *11 | 82 94 |
| Martin | 12 | 9 | 13 | 17 | 12 | 17 | 11 | 16 | 11 | *11 | 75.29 |
| Williams | 11 | 13 | *8 | 15 | 9 | 19 | 13 | 16 | 11 | 11 | 74.11 |
| Rhea | 13 | *13 | *15 | *16 | *13 | *21 | *14 | *14 | *11 | *14 | 84.70 |
| Burrow | 11 | 9 | 11 | 13 | 11 | 18 | 12 | 12 | 8 | .. | |
| Du Bray | 13 | *13 | *11 | *17 | *10 | *17 | *11 | *17 | *14 | *10 | 78.23 |
| Smith | 10 | *11 | *13 | *13 | *12 | *19 | *12 | *19 | *11 | *8 | 75.29 |
| Wagner | 14 | *13 | *12 | *16 | *15 | *22 | *15 | *18 | *14 | *13 | 89 41 |
| F S Mead | 8 | 11 | 15 | *19 | 11 | 19 | 12 | 14 | .. | .. | |
| S Van Gilder | 10 | 12 | 14 | *15 | 14 | *20 | 13 | *18 | 15 | *12 | 84.11 |
| Carson | 10 | 14 | *8 | 12 | 11 | 15 | .. | 11 | 9 | .. | |
| Gilmer | 11 | 11 | 10 | 16 | 14 | *19 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 72.94 |
| Fonda | 12 | 11 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 17 | 13 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 74.11 |
| Ross | 12 | 11 | 9 | 14 | 12 | 12 | .. | 12 | 7 | .. | |
| Morris | 12 | 10 | 8 | 15 | 12 | 23 | *12 | 15 | 10 | 13 | 79.41 |
| Wolfe | 10 | 9 | 7 | 15 | 9 | 19 | 8 | 11 | 7 | 9 | 62.35 |
| Todd | 9 | 13 | *13 | 12 | 10 | 23 | *9 | 14 | 11 | 14 | 75 29 |
| Howell | 7 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 14 | .. | 14 | 9 | .. | |
| A E Mead | 12 | 9 | 10 | 16 | 12 | 18 | 12 | *14 | 13 | *11 | 74.70 |
| Hicks | 12 | 10 | 16 | 12 | 16 | 6 | 17 | 10 | 12 | .. | |
| King | 8 | 13 | 9 | .. | 17 | 6 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | |
| Winston | 9 | 9 | 9 | 6 | .. | 7 | 13 | 6 | .. | .. | |
| Cox | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Boring | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Stover | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | |
| J R Burrows | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | |
| Scott | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | |
| Hart | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 17 | 11 | 7 | |
| Wofford | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | |

No. 4, 20 singles, $3 entry, $20 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *A Smith | 00101101011011111101—13 |
| *S Van Gilder | 11111011111111111100 - 15 |
| *Wagner | 11011111011111101111—16 |
| *Rhea | 11111101111001111011—16 |
| *Dubray | 11110101111111111110—17 |
| *Mitchell | 11111111111111000111—17 |
| R Van Gilder | 01111001110110111011—14 |
| Martin | 11111011111011110111—17 |
| Eldridge | 11111001011111011111—16 |
| Williams | 11011101111011101110—15 |
| Connor | 01011111111001100011—13 |
| Carson | 01111001100110001111—12 |

No. 6, 25 singles, $3 entry, $35 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Mitchell | 1111011111111111011111111100—20 |
| *Wagner | 1111111001101111111111111—22 |
| *Rhea | 1111111111111111111100011—21 |
| *S Van Gilder | 0101111111111101110110111—20 |
| *Gilman | 1111111111100011010110—19 |
| *R Van Gilder | 1100101100111011111011101—17 |
| *Conner | 0010101111011111111111110—19 |
| *Ross | 1100100000100110111111001—12 |
| Hicks | 0110100111111001001111100—16 |
| Eldridge | 0011000101111111110111010—17 |
| F Mead | 1101110110111111001010111—19 |
| Carson | 1101110101001010111101—18 |
| Fonda | 1111010101101101110011011—17 |
| Wolfe | 1001111111111011111000111—19 |
| A Mead | 1111101101110111110100101—18 |
| Martin | 1101100111000110101111111—17 |
| King | 1111010101101110010101111—17 |
| Du Bray | 1111111001111000110100101—17 |
| Smith | 1101101111011711011001111—19 |
| Burrow | 1010011111101001111011110—18 |
| Howell | 0100011010111101011010010l—14 |
| Williams | 1111101101101111010111101—19 |
| Todd | 1111111111111111100011111—23 |
| Morris | 1011111111011111111111111—23 |

No. 8, 20 singles, $3 entry, $20 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Rhea | 1101110010110111111—14 |
| *Connor | 1111110111011100111—16 |
| *Wagner | 1111101111011111111—18 |
| *Dubray | 0111110111111011111—17 |
| *S Van Gilder | 1111101111101111111—18 |
| *Eldridge | 1101101111111010110—15 |
| *Martin | 1111011111101111001—16 |
| *Mitchell | 1111111111101111011—18 |
| Howell | 0101011110010111111—14 |
| Hart | 0111110111111011111—17 |
| Williams | 1110101011111111011—16 |
| Burrows | 0000011111110110110l—12 |
| Hicks | 0111110111111111011—17 |
| Wolfe | 1011101101101111011—15 |
| Stover | 0100111000011100011—10 |
| Hicks | 1111110111011111101—18 |
| Howell | 0100161111000101009— 9 |
| King | 0011010110101001010090— 9 |
| Morris | 1111010110111101011—15 |
| *F Mead | 0100001001101101001— 9 |
| Todd | 0010001101110110111—12 |
| Fonda | 0111111111111110100—15 |
| A E Mead | 1111001110111011111—16 |
| Ross | 0111101101101110011—14 |
| Gilmer | 1110101111101110111—16 |
| Winston | 1001010010010010011— 9 |
| Burrows | 1011100001101111110—13 |

No. 9, 25 singles, $3 entry, $35 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Mitchell | 1111011111111111111111100—20 |
| *Wagner | 1111111001101111111111111—22 |
| *Rhea | 1111111111111111111100011—21 |
| *S Van Gilder | 0101111111111101110110111—20 |
| *Gilman | 1111111111100011010110—19 |
| *R Van Gilder | 1100101100111011111011101—17 |
| *Conner | 0010101111011111111111110—19 |
| *Ross | 1100100000100110111111001—12 |
| Hicks | 0110100111111001001111100—16 |
| Eldridge | 0011000101111111110111010—17 |
| F Mead | 1101110110111111001010111—19 |
| Carson | 1101110101001010111101—18 |
| Fonda | 1111010101101101110011011—17 |
| Wolfe | 1001111111111011111000111—19 |
| A Mead | 1111101101110111110100101—18 |
| Martin | 1101100111000110101111111—17 |
| King | 1111010101101110010101111—17 |
| Du Bray | 1111111001111000110100101—17 |
| Smith | 1101101111011711011001111—19 |
| Burrow | 1010011111101001111011110—18 |
| Howell | 0100011010111101011010010l—14 |
| Williams | 1111101101101111010111101—19 |
| Todd | 1111111111111111100011111—23 |
| Morris | 1011111111011111111111111—23 |

No. 8, 20 singles, $3 entry, $20 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Rhea | 1101110010110111111—14 |
| *Connor | 1111110111011100111—16 |
| *Wagner | 1111101111011111111—18 |
| *Dubray | 0111110111111011111—17 |
| *S Van Gilder | 1111101111101111111—18 |
| *Eldridge | 1101101111111010110—15 |
| *Martin | 1111011111101111001—16 |
| *Mitchell | 1111111111101111011—18 |
| Howell | 0101011110010111111—14 |
| Hart | 0111110111111011111—17 |
| Williams | 1110101011111111011—16 |
| Burrows | 0000011111110110110l—12 |
| Hicks | 0111110111111111011—17 |
| Wolfe | 1011101101101111011—15 |
| Stover | 0100111000011100011—10 |
| Hicks | 1111110111011111101—18 |
| Howell | 0100161111000101009— 9 |
| King | 0011010110101001010090— 9 |
| Morris | 1111010110111101011—15 |
| *F Mead | 0100001001101101001— 9 |
| Todd | 0010001101110110111—12 |
| Fonda | 0111111111111110100—15 |
| A E Mead | 1111001110111011111—16 |
| Ross | 0111101101101110011—14 |
| Gilmer | 1110101111101110111—16 |
| Winston | 1001010010010010011— 9 |
| Burrows | 1011100001101111110—13 |

No. 6, 25 singles, $3 entry, $35 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Mitchell | 1111011111111111111111100—20 |
| *Wagner | 1111111001101111111111111—22 |
| *Rhea | 1111111111111111111100011—21 |
| *S Van Gilder | 0101111111111101110110111—20 |
| *Gilman | 1111111111100011010110—19 |
| *R Van Gilder | 1100101100111011111011101—17 |
| *Conner | 0010101111011111111111110—19 |
| *Ross | 1100100000100110111111001—12 |
| Hicks | 0110100111111001001111100—16 |
| Eldridge | 0011000101111111110111010—17 |
| F Mead | 1101110110111111001010111—19 |
| Carson | 1101110101001010111101—18 |
| Fonda | 1111010101101101110011011—17 |
| Wolfe | 1001111111111011111000111—19 |
| A Mead | 1111101101110111110100101—18 |
| Martin | 1101100111000110101111111—17 |
| King | 1111010101101110010101111—17 |
| Du Bray | 1111111001111000110100101—17 |
| Smith | 1101101111011711011001111—19 |
| Burrow | 1010011111101001111011110—18 |
| Howell | 0100011010111101011010010l—14 |
| Williams | 1111101101101111010111101—19 |
| Todd | 1111111111111111100011111—23 |
| Morris | 1011111111011111111111111—23 |

*The Second Day*

opened much cooler than Thursday, although it was still warm enough to answer all practical purposes. There was just breeze



DR. S. J. FORT ("PICUS").
Baltimore Gun Club.

enough to make the targets take slightly erratic flights and to temper the edges of the sun's rays. The work began promptly at 9 o'clock, the attendance being about the same as on the opening day. About 10:30 there came up a shower and at noon there was another, the weather being delightful after this. On the previous evening it had been stated that the club members were complaining of the short attendance and that they were inclined to cut down the shoot to two days, as otherwise they would be sure losers. This brought forth expressions of indignation from every one of the men, many of whom had traveled long distances in order to take part in the sport, the main attraction being the announcement that $500 would be added to the purses "by the Johnson City Gun Club." This announcement should in honor have bound the club to run a three-days' shoot according to the programme no matter if only half a dozen men entered the events. It was finally decided that the programme should be continued for the full three days, but the members also decided to cut down the added money just one-half on the second day. Instead of $155, guaranteed on honor, only $77.50 was added to the purses. It was naturally supposed that the club was sure of $500 when it guaranteed to "add" that amount, but it transpired that the club had been unable to secure that amount and consequently it adopted the suicidal course of violating its promise, a procedure which will tend to keep shooters away from future events run under its management. With fifteen members on its roll there was no good reason for the breaking of a promise of this kind, as a pro rata assessment on its members would have been merely a nominal sum. The cut-down was made, however, despite the well-founded protests of those who had the interests of the club at heart. On Friday evening the club members held a conference and came to their senses, announcing that on Saturday the programme would be carried through as published. This was a most sensible conclusion and it is to be regretted that they did not look far enough ahead to keep their promise on the second day.

The shooting on the opening day was extremely difficult. The targets, however, were thrown in conformity with the rules as to height and distance. As on the previous day no one reached 90 per cent., Wagner again leading the van with 88 82, breaking 151 out of 170 targets. Harry Williams was his nearest opponent with 144 breaks, Todd scoring 143. The events and amounts added were as follows: Nos. 1, 7 and 10, 15 singles, $2 entry; Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 9, 15 singles, $2 entry, $10 added; Nos. 4 and 8, 20 singles, $10 added; No. 6, 25 singles, $17.50 added. Below is a table of scores and averages:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S Van Gilder | 11 | 12 | 12 | 17 | 9 | 15 | 13 | 19 | 11 | 12 | 77.05 |
| R Van Gilder | 13 | 12 | 13 | 16 | 12 | 19 | 14 | 17 | 10 | 12 | 81.17 |
| Mitchell | 12 | 8 | 11 | 17 | 11 | 13 | 12 | 19 | 15 | 14 | 77.64 |
| Rhea | 12 | 13 | 13 | 18 | 11 | 20 | 13 | 18 | 12 | 10 | 82,35 |
| Wagner | 15 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 13 | 22 | 15 | 20 | 13 | 13 | 88,82 |
| Cox | 7 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Burrows | 13 | 12 | 12 | 15 | 10 | 22 | 9 | 17 | 11 | 11 | 80.00 |
| Morris | 9 | 12 | 10 | 15 | 11 | 19 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Hicks | 11 | 8 | 14 | 13 | 11 | 21 | 14 | 16 | 11 | 13 | 77.64 |
| Fonda | 11 | 13 | 12 | 14 | 11 | 20 | 10 | 17 | 10 | 7 | 72.94 |
| Gilmer | 12 | 14 | 13 | 15 | 11 | 20 | 13 | 12 | 9 | 11 | 77.05 |
| Martin | 9 | 9 | 12 | 12 | 9 | 19 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 12 | 68.82 |
| A E Mead | 9 | 12 | 12 | 14 | 15 | 19 | 13 | 15 | 13 | 11 | 79.41 |
| Smith | 13 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 19 | 10 | 13 | 15 | 11 | 78.82 |
| Eldridge | 12 | 13 | 12 | 13 | 16 | 13 | 22 | 13 | 16 | 12 | 82,35 |
| Connor | 8 | 10 | 10 | 13 | 12 | 24 | 12 | 15 | 13 | 11 | 75.29 |
| Du Bray | 12 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 11 | 20 | 10 | 16 | 10 | 9 | 75.29 |
| F S Mead | 11 | 13 | 9 | 14 | 18 | 20 | 11 | 17 | 9 | .. | .... |
| Ross | 12 | 13 | 13 | 16 | 7 | 16 | 12 | 17 | 6 | 6 | 68.82 |
| Todd | 14 | 9 | 15 | 16 | 12 | 23 | 12 | 18 | 12 | 14 | 84,11 |
| Stover | 12 | 7 | .. | .. | 13 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Williams | 13 | 13 | 11 | 17 | 13 | 21 | 13 | 18 | 14 | 11 | 84.70 |
| J R Burrows | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| King | 12 | 10 | 11 | .. | .. | 17 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .... |
| Howell | .. | 11 | 6 | 14 | 12 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Carson | .. | 11 | 11 | 14 | 11 | .. | 10 | .. | 8 | .. | .... |
| Scott | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Love | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 11 | 10 | .. | 6 | 10 | .... |
| English | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 19 | 14 | 17 | 12 | 13 | .... |
| Wolfe | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 12 | 11 | .... |
| Boning | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 11 | 7 | .... |
| McNeil | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 11 | .... |
| Hart | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .... |
| Harrison | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .... |
| Denton | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .... |
| Kirkpatrick | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .... |

No. 4, 20 singles, $3 entry, $10 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *S Van Gilder...11111100101111111111—17 | *Wagner..00110111100111111111—15 |
| *Eldridge.10101111011111101111—16 | *Morris...10010111100111111111—15 |
| *R Van Gilder...11111100111011111110—16 | A Mead...11111111010711101011—16 |
| *Dubray..01110111001011101101—13 | Fonda...10111101010111011011—14 |
| *Gilmer..11111111101001010101—15 | Burrow...10011111010101111011—15 |
| *Mitchell.11111110101111101111—17 | Carson...01111011010111111110—14 |
| *Rhea...11011111111111101111—18 | A Smith..10000111110100011111—13 |
| *Ross...01111110111011111110—16 | F Mead...11111001010100101111—13 |
| *Todd...11100111111111101011—16 | Williams.01111101111101111101—17 |
| *Hicks...10100111010101111100—13 | Martin...01111101011010000011—12 |
| | Howell...10011111001011011111—14 |
| | Connor...10017111010111110011—13 |

No. 6, 25 singles, $3 entry, $17.50 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| R Van Gilder | 1111101101101101101111—19 |
| Wagner | 1111111101111011011110111—22 |
| S Van Gilder | 1011010110100011010101—15 |
| Dubray | 1110111011101101101111—20 |
| Rhea | 1110111011011011010111—20 |
| Eldridge | 1111101111101111011111—22 |
| Mitchell | 1011011010001101001011—13 |
| A E Mead | 1011111110011001110111—19 |
| Smith | 1111011011101100101111—19 |
| Burrows | 1111111111011111110010—22 |
| H Mead | 1011110111011101110111—20 |
| Martin | 1110111011101110101011—19 |
| Dodd | 1111111011101101111111—23 |
| Stover | 1110101000101011011000—13 |
| Fonda | 1111011011011011111101—20 |
| Gilmer | 1111011111101101110110—20 |
| King | 1000011111011101111111100—17 |
| Connor | 1111111111111111111110—24 |
| Williams | 1111110111011101111110—21 |
| Ross | 1101100110011101101011—16 |
| Howell | 1101011011101110010011—16 |
| Love | 1101000010000011011010—11 |
| English | 1110110011101110111111—19 |
| Hicks | 1111111001111111111100—21 |
| Morris | 1111111001111010111010—19 |

No. 8, 20 singles, $3 entry, $10 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Martin ..01101111001110010110—12 | *English ..10111111110101111111—17 |
| *Mitchell..11111111111111110111—19 | *Wagner..11111111111111111111—20 |
| *DuBray..10011111101101111111—16 | Smith.....10101100111101101111—13 |
| *S Van Gilder...11111111100111111111—17 | Fonda.....11100111111111111111—17 |
| *Eldridge..11110111111110110101—16 | Gilmer....11110000101101001101—12 |
| *R Van Gilder...00111111111101111111—17 | Williams..11111111111111101110—18 |
| *Rhea.....10111101111111110011—16 | Connor....01111010101110111110—15 |
| *Burrow..11111111111111110001—17 | Todd .....11101111011111111111—18 |
| *Hicks....11101111011101111101—16 | A Mead...10111110010111111110—15 |
| | F Mead...11111101111111111111—17 |

*The Third Day*

was cool and clear until 10:30, when a heavy shower set in, lasting for a half hour. Then there was a clear spell for an hour, another downpour and a very warm spell until a few minutes before 4 o'clock, when down came the rain again and drove all hands to shelter. A number of shooters had got away early in the morning and at noon a few more departed. The regular programme was shot out as printed, a dozen men shooting in all the events. Roger Van Gilder braced up and won first average on 88 23, A. W. DuBray making 84.11, Sommer Van Gilder 83.53, A. F. Smith 82.94, E. L. Gilmer 80.50, and W. T. Mitchell 80 per cent. The events were as follows: Nos. 1, 7 and 10, 15 singles, $2 entry; Nos. 2, 5, 8 and 9, 15 singles, $2 entry, $20 added; Nos. 4 and 8, 20 singles, $3 entry, $20 added; No. 6, 25 singles, $3 entry, $20 added. The results are here shown in tabulated form:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S Van Gilder | 12 | *13 | *15 | *17 | *12 | *20 | *13 | *16 | *12 | *12 | 83.53 |
| Mitchell | 14 | *12 | *11 | *18 | *14 | *17 | *11 | *12 | *13 | *14 | 80. |
| Dubray | 14 | *15 | *13 | *16 | *12 | *13 | *13 | *17 | *14 | *11 | 84.11 |
| R Van Gilder | 14 | *13 | *13 | *17 | *14 | *23 | *14 | *17 | *13 | *12 | 88.23 |
| Martin | 12 | *10 | *13 | 17 | 10 | 17 | *15 | *13 | *11 | *11 | 75.88 |
| Wagner | 10 | *13 | *14 | *16 | *13 | *23 | *12 | *18 | *14 | *13 | 76.47 |
| A Mead | 10 | 12 | 11 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| F Mead | 11 | 11 | 10 | 14 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .... |
| Williams | 10 | 10 | 12 | 19 | *19 | 22 | *14 | 13 | 12 | 9 | 75.29 |
| Conner | .. | 14 | *14 | *12 | 18 | *10 | 21 | 10 | 14 | 9 | *14 79.41 |
| Ross | .. | 11 | 12 | 12 | 15 | 11 | 22 | .. | .. | .. | .. .... |
| Carson | .. | 12 | 7 | .. | .. | 11 | 18 | 10 | .. | .. | .... |
| Rhea | .. | 12 | *13 | *13 | 11 | *13 | *17 | *12 | *13 | *14 | *13 78.42 |
| Smith | .. | 15 | *13 | *13 | 16 | *12 | *19 | *10 | *17 | *12 | *12 82.94 |
| Todd | .. | 10 | 13 | 14 | *19 | *12 | 19 | 14 | *17 | *13 | .. .... |
| Love | .. | 8 | 7 | .. | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. .... |
| Howell | .. | 13 | 11 | 11 | 15 | 14 | *12 | 9 | .. | .. | .. .... |
| Gilmer | .. | 12 | 11 | 13 | 17 | 10 | 18 | 13 | 12 | 5 | *10 80.50 |
| Fonda | .. | 10 | 10 | 11 | 16 | 10 | 20 | 10 | 14 | .. | .. .... |
| Burrow | .. | 10 | 13 | 13 | 18 | *13 | .. | 9 | 17 | 13 | 11 71.17 |
| Wolfe | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. .... |
| Denton | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. .. |
| McNeil | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 20 | .. | .. | 8 | .. .... |

No. 4, 20 singles, $3 entry, $20 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Wagner .10011111011111101111—16 | Williams..11111111111101111111—19 |
| *Mitchell..01111111101111111111—18 | Howell ...11111111111000100—15 |
| *R Van Gilder...11113101011011111111—17 | F Mead...01111010111111101100—14 |
| *Dubney..11111110101011111101—16 | Burrows..11111111111111111001—18 |
| *S Van Gilder..10111111101111110110—17 | Martin....10111111111111111101—17 |
| *Rhea....10110000101101100010—11 | Conner....11111111011110111111—18 |
| *Todd.....11101111111111111111—19 | Smith.....11001110111111110111—16 |
| Ross.....01101111101101011111—15 | Fonda.....11111101110010111111—16 |
| Gilmer....11111111101011111011—17 | A Mead...11111111111111001110—17 |
| | Love.....11110011111110001111—15 |

No 6, 25 singles, $3 entry, $30 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Wagner | 1011111011111111111111—23 |
| *Mitchell | 1111100011111000011101111—17 |
| *R Van Gilder | 0111111111111111111111—23 |
| *Dubray | 1110110111011100110101111—18 |
| *S Van Gilder | 1110111110111011111111111—20 |
| *Smith | 1101101101101101101111—19 |
| *Rhea | 0111111100111111100011100—17 |
| *Howell | 1100100110011010110100100—12 |
| Fonda | 1110011100111111111101—20 |
| Connor | 1111101101111011011111—21 |
| Williams | 1111111101111001111111111—22 |
| Burrow | 1110111011111011111111110—20 |
| Martin | 1010111011110011011010111—17 |
| Grenner | 1101111010011010111011111—18 |
| Dodd | 1110111100111011100111111—19 |
| Ross | 1111111111011111111111110—22 |
| Carson | 1110111101111100011011011—18 |

No. 8, 20 singles, $3 entry, $20 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Wagner..11111101111111110111—17 | *DuBray..11101111111111011101—17 |
| *Mitchell..11011010000111011100—12 | *Willia's.11001110110110011101—13 |
| *R Van Gilder...11111111111111111110—17 | *Todd ....01101111111111111110—17 |
| *Rhea.....11101101111001001110—13 | *Martin...11001011011011001101—13 |
| *Smith ...11111011011101111111—17 | Connor...11011100111011110110—14 |
| *S Van Gilder...11111011011111111111—17 | Fonda...10111010111101011101—14 |
| | Burrow...01111111110101111111—17 |
| | Gilmer...01010111010101011119—12 |

A Parker hammerless gun was presented to the management to be disposed of as they saw proper. This was drawn for and won by E. A. Mead, of Knoxville, Tenn. C. H. Townsend.

## Boston's Trap Shooters.

Wellington, Mass., July 30.—The closing contest in the merchandise match took place to-day at the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association. The prizes were articles of silverware and the conditions of the match were the best six scores out of 10 to count, at 15 singles and 5 pairs. Stanton won the first prize in class A with a score of 141 out of a possible 150.

## Fond du Lac Gun Club.

Fond du Lac, Wis., July 23.—The regular shoot of the Fond du Lac Gun Club took place to-day, each member shooting at 25 targets. The scores were: W. F. Keating 22, A. R. Keating 21, F. Hurlburt 19, F. McLain 17, Wm. Anderson 16, B. Amory 15, L. Trelivan 13, L. Erhart 11.

## Big Tournament at Battle Creek.

Battle Creek, Mich., July 14.—The first tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters was held in this city July 12 and 13. The Parker handicap and Michigan League's classification which was adopted at Lansing, was used throughout the shoot and worked to the entire satisfaction of all contestants. The attendance was not as large as anticipated, but withal the shoot was an exceedingly pleasant one and enjoyed by all participants. * This is the first tournament held by the Battle Creek Gun Club in which professionals were not absolutely barred, and all enjoyed having the experts in line under a handicap which placed them on an equal footing with less skillful but equally ambitious shooters.

The targets used were the reliable bluerocks, thrown from pitted traps, with the Paul North pull and John Parker, of Detroit, to see that the targets were sent off in style.

The weather on both days was all that could be asked, being cool and clear. Following are the scores:

*First Day.*

Event No. 1, 10 singles (all shooting under amateur rules): Parker 10, Halladay 8, Nichols 6, Woodworth 5, Schilling 9, Holt 9, Howes 8, Hopkins 10, Carpenter 7, Osgood 7, Melchoir 5, White 5, Hubbard 5, Crowell 9.

No. 2, 10 singles: Experts—Parker 9, Hopkins 9. Semi-Experts—Crowell 8, Schilling 10, Holt 9. Amateurs—Nichols 9, Haliday 9, Osgood 8, Melchoir 3, Woodworth 6, Hubbard 5, Carpenter 10, Howes 7.

No. 3. 10 singles: Experts—Schilling 9, Carpenter 7. Semi-Experts—Parker 8, Hopkins 9, Holt 7, Nichols 7, Halladay 9. Amateurs—Osgood 8, Crowell 10, Weickgenant 6, Woodworth 6, Howes 6, Hubbard 8.

No. 4, 10 singles: Experts—Crowell 8. Semi-Experts—Hopkins 10, Halladay 8, Schilling 10. Amateurs—Nichols 8, Woodworth 7, Parker 10, Weickgenant 7, Hubbard 4, Howes 9, Holt 8, Carpenter 9, Osgood 9.

No. 5, 20 singles: Experts—Hopkins 12, Parker 19, Schilling 13. Semi-Experts—Carpenter 14, Osgood 11. Amateurs—Woodworth 10, Halladay 18, Crowell 19, Nichols 19, Weickgenant 12, Holt 16, Howes 15, Hubbard 12, Andrus 12.

No. 6, 20 singles: Experts—Andrus 15. Semi-experts—Nichols 18, Parker 20, Crowell 18. Amateurs—Hallady 15, Hopkins 19, Carpenter 14, Howes 17, Holt 14, Schilling 19, Woodworth 5, Melchoir 5.

No. 7, 20 singles: Experts—Parker 20. Semi-experts—Hopkins 19, Schilling 17. Amateurs—Nichols 15, Carpenter 15, Halladay 19, Crowell 18, Stacy 13, Holt 15, Osgood 17, Searles 17, Andrus 18, Howes 14.

No 8, 20 singles: Expert—Parker 18. Semi-expert—Halladay 17, Hopkins 18. Amateurs—Nichols 16, Searles 15, Waruf 19, Osgood 16, Crowell 20, Weickgenant 10, Schilling 18, Andrus 18, Carpenter 18, Holt 17.

No. 9, 15 singles: Experts—Crowell 13. Semi-experts—Parker 11, Waruf 14. Amateurs—Searles 8, Stacy 10, Howes 9, Halladay 12, Schilling 13, Nichols 14, Carpenter 10, Osgood 8, Hopkins 12, Andrus 14, Weickgenant 9, Holt 11.

No. 10, 15 singles: Experts—Waruf 9, Nichols 11, Andrus 13. Semi-experts—Crowell 15, Schilling 13. Amateurs—Wood 12, Barringer 10, Searles 14, Parker 15, Woodworth 8, Halladay 13, Carpenter 13, Hewes 10, Hubbard 10, Hopkins 14, Stacy 10, Holt 12.

No. 11, 15 singles: Experts—Parker 11, Crowell 11. Semi-experts—Searles 14, Hopkins 14. Amateurs—Nichols 15, Waruf 13, Melchoir 7, Woodworth 7, Halladay 13, Holt 12, Schilling 13, Carpenter 13, Stacy 11, Andrus 14, Howes 11, Metcalf 12.

No. 12. 15 singles: Experts—Nichols 12. Semi-experts—Searles 14, Andrus 14, Hopkins 12. Amateurs—Carpenter 13, Hubbard 9, Parker 15, Crowell 15, Melchoir 7, Waruf 12, Metcalf 12, Holt 7, Halladay 13, Schilling 10, Howes 14, Stacy 8, Wharton 13, Gauthier 10.

In the evening a meeting of the Michigan League was called at the Williams House parlors and shooters classified for entrance in the medal race of the following day, the classification to stand until changed by the League. After a thorough discussion on each name, members were assigned to their respective classes and all appeared satisfied.

A letter to the League from Mr. E. E. Thresher, of Kalamazoo, whose gun exploded recently while trap-shooting, mutilating his left hand in a frightful manner, was read and resolutions of sympathy were adopted and wired to him at his home in Kalamazoo. In the letter referred to Mr. Thresher said: "Although suffering from a painful wound, the cause of which is enough to make almost any man afraid of a gun, I still expect the time to come when I shall be able to trot in the hottest company of the expert ranks." It is needless to add that all the Michigan shooters will be only too pleased to see him face the traps again.

A number of applications for membership in the League were presented and the applicants admitted to membership. The meeting then adjourned and your correspondent was unable to get the exact scores made for the balance of the evening, but from reports the next morning all seemed to have enjoyed themselves unless it was Sid Crowell, who, so John Parker says, was troubled with frigid extremities and had to retire early.

*Second Day.*

No. 1, 10 singles: All shooting under amateur rules—Bush 9, Parker 10, Gauthier 5, Searles 9, Waruf 10, Wright 10, Cooley 6, Crowell 9, Hopkins 9, Wharton 10, Schilling 7, Howes 7, Woodworth 6, Nichols 8, Holt 8.

No. 2: Experts—Wright 8, Waruf 9, Parker 8, Wharton 8. Semi-experts—Andrus 8, Carpenter 7, Crowell 10, Hopkins 9. Amateurs—Rennick 9, Nichols 9, Gauthier 7, Bush 8, Cooley 9, Searles 7, Halladay 7, Woodworth 5, Johnson 7, Howes 10, Schilling 10, Holt 9.

No. 3, 10 singles: Experts—Crowell 8, Howes 3, Shilling 8. Semi-experts—Rennick 5, Waruf 10, Nichols 9. Amateurs—Cooley 5, Holt 6, Woodworth 7, Bush 8, Gauthier 5, Searles 7, Parker 10, Wharton 7, Wright 8, Halladay 10, Carpenter 8, Stacey 6, Andrus 8.

No. 4, medal race emblematic of individual State championship, 25 single targets, each man:

Experts.

| | |
|---|---|
| John R Parker, Detroit, Mich | 1111111111011101111111011—22 |
| G A Crowell, Hastings | 1111111111101101101011—21 |
| H Waruf, Kalamazoo | 1110010111111011011111110—19 |
| Ben O Bush, Kalamazoo | 1100101111111101111111110—19 |
| Andrus, Detroit | 1010111111111101101111010—19 |

Semi-Experts.

| | |
|---|---|
| J E Nichols, Lansing | 1110000110111101110111111—18 |
| B F Cooley, Lansing | 0110101110010111010101101—15 |
| H L Searles, Lansing | 0001110111111011011111111—19 |
| Caspar Schilling, Lansing | 1111111111111111001011111—21 |
| Harry Hopkins, Kalamazoo | 1111111111010111111111011—22 |
| Ed Halladay, Battle Creek | 1101101111011111111111111—22 |
| W S Wright, Lansing | 0010101 0w |
| R C Wharton, Grand Rapids | 1101111111111001111101101—20 |
| N Holt, Manchester | 0000111011001001111100111—14 |

Amateurs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sam A Howes, Battle Creek | 1101010111110111101111111—20 |
| W O Woodworth, Grand Rapids | 0110011101111110011110000—15 |
| John Weickgenant, Battle Creek | 0000110110010111010110010—12 |
| Frank F Bock, Battle Creek | 1010111001101010110011010—13 |
| Dallas Carpenter | 0111110111101000010111010—19 |
| N A Osgood, Battle Creek | 1011011111111111111111111—22 |
| G Gauthier, Grand Rapids | 1101001111111111111111100—21 |
| Nelson E Hubbard, Battle Creek | 1101111011010110011111111—20 |

Harry Hopkins, Jno. R. Parker, N. A. Osgood and Ed. Halladay tied on 22 birds. The tie was shot off at 25 targets with the following result:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ed Halladay | 1111111111011111111110111—23 |
| Harry Hopkins | 0111111111111111111011110—22 |
| N A Osgood | 1111110111010w. |
| Jno R Parker | 1110100w. |

Medal and championship won by Ed. Halladay.

No. 5, 15 singles: Experts—Parker 12, Waruf 12, Halladay 12. Semi-Experts—Nichols 12. Amateurs—Searles 11, Gauthier 11, Cooley 9, Crowell 14, Wharton 12, Woodworth 6, Howes 11, Wright 14, Stacy 10, Schilling 11, Carpenter 15, Holt 8, Bush 10, Andrus 10, Rennick 14, Melchoir (birds only) 7.

No. 6: Experts—Carpenter 8. Semi-Experts—Wright 15, Crowell 14. Amateurs—Waruf 14, Wharton 15, Searles 15, Cooley 12, Gauthier 11, Halladay 12, Parker 15, Schilling 15, Andrus 12, Nichols 11, Howes 9, Holt 11.

No. 7, 18 singles: Experts—Wharton 12, Parker 8, Schilling 12, Wright 10. Semi-Experts—Crowell 14, Waruf 11. Amateurs—Searles 11, Cooley 14, Carpenter 12, Holladay 11, Nichols 14, Holt 10, Gauthier 13, Andrus 10, Howes 11, Bush 12.

No. 8, team race, for State team trophy, 25 singles, 3 men to a team:

Peoria Gun Club, Detroit.

| | |
|---|---|
| Parker | 1111111111111101111111111—24 |
| Andrus | 1111111111111111111101011—23 |
| Rennick | 1110111111100111111010111—21—68 |

Auxiliary League Club, Grand Rapids.

| | |
|---|---|
| Crowell | 1101110111111101110111011—20 |
| Gautheir | 1101111011111111111101111—21 |
| Wharton | 1111110111111111111111111—24—65 |

Lansing Rod and Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Nichols | 1111110111111111111111111—24 |
| Cooley | 0111110010110111111111010—17 |
| Schilling | 1111111111110111111111111—24—65 |

Battle Creek Gun Club, Battle Creek.

| | |
|---|---|
| Howes | 0111101101110110110111111—20 |
| Halladay | 1111110001110110111111111—20 |
| Carpenter | 1011011111110110111111111—21—61 |

The Peoria Gun Club, of Detroit, carried off the honors in this event.

No. 9, 15 singles: Experts—Cooley 12, Nichols 10. Semi-Experts—Crowell 12. Amateurs—Waruf 13, Bush 14, Carpenter 10, Hubbard 11, Wright 12, Holt 11, Parker 15, Schilling 13, Howes 10, Halladay 14.

No. 10. 15 singles: Experts—Parker 12. Semi-Experts—Halladay 10, Bush 7. Amateurs—Schilling 12, Carpenter 10, Crowell 15, Waruf 13, Cooley 13, Holt 14, Wright 14, Hubbard 11.

No. 11, 15 singles: Experts—Holt 12, Wright 10. Semi-Experts—Crowell 14, Waruf 14, Cooley 6. Amateurs—Parker 14, Halladay 14, Schilling 12, Carpenter 13.

No. 12, 15 singles: Experts—Crowell 11, Waruf 12, Halladay 11, Parker 13. Semi-Experts—Carpenter 9. Amateurs—Wright 14, Cooley 15, Schilling 14, Holt 15.

Henry Waruf, of Kalamazoo, and S. A. Crowell, of Hastings, tied for best average. J. R. Parket, of Detroit, won second best average.

The next meeting of the League will be held at Grand Rapids, July 26 and 27, and following this the League will meet at Kalamazoo on Aug. 10 and 11. Sam A. Howes, Sec.

## Shooting at 110 in the Shade.

Watertown, N. J., July 27.—On account of an unfortunate chain of circumstances, intense heat, railroad accidents, etc., it was deemed advisable to postpone the Interstate shoot which was to have been held at Watertown, July 26, 27 and 28, so in order to entertain the shooters who had come to participate in this shoot, sweepstake shooting was indulged in for two days which kept the boys in good spirits and gave them all the shooting they cared for. The thermometer climbed out of sight at 110 in the shade.

Among those in attendance we noticed "Uncle Dan" Lefever with his new ejector, which of course works to perfection; Geo. Mosher at the Hunters Arms Co., also with the ejector Smith gun; M. F. Lindsley, christened "Wood Pulp," in his usual pleasant mode, with a jolly word for everyone; Geo. Luther, and last but not least, H. A. Penrose, who in a shoot is invaluable and always hustling in the right spot, and the new Keystone targets under his management were thrown through the two days with a breakage of only two in delivery. The officers of the club, Messrs. Paddock, O'Connor, Tallett and Ayres, were in attendance, doing all in their power to give the visitors a good time.

The grounds are very pleasantly situated about a mile from the heart of the city and are easy of access, being reached by omnibuses once every half hour.

The scores as will be seen, were very good considering the extreme heat:

THE FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

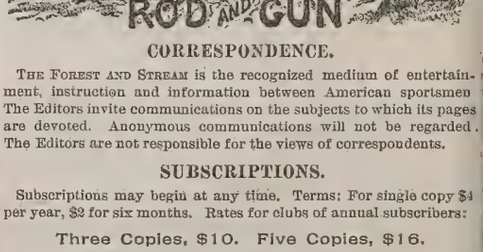
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 8 | 9 | 9 | 11 | 6 | 7 | 11 | 9 | 13 | 8 | 15 | 9 | .. | 8 | .. |
| Paddock | .. | 9 | 9 | 10 | 14 | 8 | 9 | 11 | 9 | 15 | 10 | 14 | 10 | 15 | 10 |
| Byer | 9 | 7 | 9 | 11 | 10 | 8 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 7 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 10 | 13 |
| Lefever | .. | 9 | 9 | 7 | 12 | 5 | 7 | 14 | 9 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 8 | 13 | 9 |
| Luther | .. | 8 | 8 | 5 | 12 | 5 | 9 | 13 | 7 | 15 | 8 | 13 | 9 | 13 | 8 |
| Tallett | .. | 9 | 9 | 9 | 13 | 7 | 8 | 15 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 14 | 10 | 13 | 8 |
| Ayres | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Lindsley | 8 | 9 | 7 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 13 | 7 | 11 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 12 | 7 | .. |
| Keyes | .. | .. | 2 | 4 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. |
| Sampson | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Taylor | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 6 | 14 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 10 | .. | .. | .. |
| Allingham | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 5 | 13 | 9 | 10 | 6 | .. | 9 | .. | 8 |
| Chickering | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 5 | 12 | 7 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. |
| Walker | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Livermore | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Knapp | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. |
| Conroy | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Vincent | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 7 | 13 | 4 | 8 | .. |
| Scott | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Pauling | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. |

Nos. 4, 7, 9, 11, 18 and 15 were at 15 Keystones each, $1.50 entry; the others at 10 Keystones, $1 entry.

THE SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Penrose | 8 | 14 | 9 | 13 | 10 | 15 | 10 |
| Tallett | 10 | 15 | 10 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 10 |
| Byer | 10 | 14 | 6 | 14 | 9 | 12 | .. |
| Lefever | 10 | 12 | 9 | 15 | 9 | 14 | .. |
| Paddock | 10 | 15 | 9 | 15 | 9 | 12 | 9 |
| Mosher | 8 | 13 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 13 | .. |
| Luther | 9 | 12 | 8 | 14 | 9 | .. | .. |
| Allingham | 9 | 11 | 9 | .. | 10 | 11 | .. |
| Ayres | 7 | 11 | 7 | 10 | 8 | .. | 9 |
| O'Connor | 6 | 11 | 7 | .. | 5 | .. | .. |
| Sampson | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. |
| Vincent | .. | 10 | 6 | 8 | 6 | .. | .. |
| Zimmerman | .. | .. | 8 | 12 | .. | .. | .. |
| Lindsley | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 5 |

Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 7 were at 10 Keystones each, $1 entry, the others at 15 Keystones each, $1.50 entry. J. C. Ayres.




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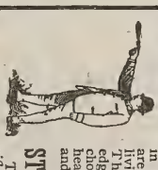
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## Fishing "Up Salt River."

ASSURED of good fishing up Salt River, a defeated political candidate, who is so blest as to have a taste for angling, may find in such piscatorial possibilities some mitigation of the sorrows of exile to that saline stream.

Both Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland are fishermen; before each looms up the alternative of going to the White House or departing hence "up Salt River;" and each of them may be presumed to be interested in the fishing outlook there.

With its customary enterprise the FOREST AND STREAM has undertaken to secure reliable information on this point. A special and well qualified correspondent has been detailed to investigate and report on Salt River's fishing resources. The result of his investigations will be printed next week, and we need not assure Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland that they will find in their FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 18 even more of interest than in the ordinary issues; and to all political candidates of lesser note, who may not be among our regular readers, we submit the wisdom of placing an order with their dealers for that number.

### *PAN-ANGLICAN SPORT.*

THE proposition has been made and favorably received for a periodical meeting for contests in athletic sports in a grand pan-Britannic and all-English-speaking gathering. The idea of the scheme is to bring together in a national festival, probably every four years, all the sport-loving English-speaking people. Suggestions are now in order for a programme of sports; and tentatively running, rowing and cricket have been placed on the list. The Canadians urge lacrosse and the Americans will probably be heard from with a hint that baseball is worthy of a place on the roll of sports. When each and every English colony and offshoot have been heard from, and their special sport offering accepted, there will be a reasonable prospect that each will go off a victor in at least one number on the programme. This plan would simply string together a number of foregone conclusions. The mother country ought to put the champion cricket eleven in the field. Canada ought to carry off the honors at lacrosse and the United States may be depended upon to capture the baseball record. Rowing is in large measure a restricted sport, and there are large sections of the country, particularly in the United States, where facilities for rowing are wanting. It is even in some respects more restricted by locale than even yachting.

Field athletics fill the bill admirably for the young, but there is the older sportsman, what of him? Anglo-Saxon blood, whether in British or American veins, never ceases to carry to every finger tip a love of sport. Strapped to the saddle, the one-legged Englishman will follow the hounds, and with only one arm, or supported by a crutch, he may be seen taking a pop at the live birds as they leave the trap. The gun is distinctly the mark of the English-speaking sportsmen. In rifle shooting and in shotgun work the blue Saxon eye is far and beyond all others the eye of the true marksman, and wherever an English-speaker is located he has his firearm by his side; he is ever ready to listen to its pleasant bang and note the perfect target score or game dropped in its track.

To have a pan Anglican sport gathering and omit powder burning from the list of contests, would be a grave error. With it on the bill in any or all of its forms, the veterans would come forward to rank with or outrank the youngsters. Instead of the young men only displaying their ability and prowess, a place would be found for the more mature sport-lovers, and this means the active interest and co-operation in the scheme of a very influential majority of the sport-pursuing people of both hemispheres.

### *A BISLEY WHINE.*

WITH the close of the Bisley meeting comes a curious sort of whine anent the revolver work. As readers of our revolver reports are aware, Mr. Walter Winans by his remarkable skill with the revolver has had things pretty much his own way in all the revolver competitions. There is no question about the fairness with which he holds his place, but his skill and prominence made him the mark for the following sling in a paragraph of the *Evening News and Post*, of London, on July 25:

> It can scarcely be maintained that the object of keeping up revolver competitions at the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association is to provide a little pocket money for an American millionaire who enjoys exceptional facilities for acquiring skill with the pistol, and retaining it by constant practice. There are seven revolver competitions at Bisley reported in Saturday's results; Mr. W. Winans won two, tied with the winner in a third, and was second in the remaining four; he drew a total of £26 10s. in prizes. Mr. C. E. Haig won two of the events, tied with Mr. Winans in a third, and was second in a fourth, drawing £17 in prizes. These two gentlemen, in fact, collared all the prize money given for the seven revolver events, except £12, which was divided among three other competitors. If the object of the competition is to encourage ordinary Volunteers to improve their skill with the pistol, it is obvious that the money is being wasted.

Is this British pluck and fair play? If the Volunteers do not like the fact that an American revolver in the hands of an American leads the field, they have the very simple resort of so improving their own skill as to force Mr. Winans back on the prize list. There surely is not going to be a repetition of the small-bore record, where Americans jumped, made the weapons, cultivated the teams and set the record in long-range work at a point where all the years of practice by British teams have not been able to land them. If Mr. Winans is to be barred off the English revolver butts because he shoots too well, let that fact be plainly stated, and let the English shots, civilian and military, squarely confess their incompetency as revolver shots. Don't whine; "either shoot or shut up."

### *THE TILEFISH REDISCOVERED.*

IN 1879, about 75 miles south of Newport, R. I., this large and beautiful new fish was taken for the first time in American waters, and was described by members of the U. S. Fish Commission. Until 1882 it continued plentiful, and had become famous for its readiness to take the hook and its excellent food qualities. Then it disappeared and was thought by many to have been swept out of existence by a sudden and fatal change of water temperature in its habitat, but now, after a lapse of ten years, Commissioner McDonald has succeeded in finding it on the old grounds during an investigation with the tilefish as its special object in the schooner Grampus. It is hoped now that definite information of the habits and migrations of this handsome species will result in great benefit to the public.

### *SNAP SHOTS.*

THE offer by the World's Fair Commission of a prize for the best collection of native birds has considerably stirred up some of the newspapers. The fear is expressed that this offer will greatly stimulate the destruction of our birds by inducing boys everywhere to kill them in the hope of securing the prize. This alarm is probably groundless. No one but a very young child would imagine that in the few months between now and May 1, 1893, a collection of North American birds could be made which would successfully compete for the prize. It will be awarded without doubt to some museum collection or to some professional collector, and the collection which wins it will be the fruit of years of work and thousands of dollars of expense.

The public holiday proclaimed by President Harrison for Oct. 21 next will commemorate the completion of 400 years since Columbus discovered America; also of 2 years, 3 months and 16 days since Game Protector Kidd discovered the serving of illicit July woodcock by the Delmonico establishment of New York city; also of periods of various durations from the several occasions on which District Attorney Nicoll discovered new excuses for not bringing the Fifth avenue law-breaker to trial.

It is a common defect in amateur photographs that if a human being is included the face is turned toward the camera, at which the eyes stare. Thus in a photograph of three persons fishing, with rods extended over the water, all three are staring hard at the camera as if if sitting for a full-face picture. The artistic qualities of scores of pictures have been spoiled in this way. A lake view with a man or woman, back to camera, looking out over the water, is decidedly better than the same scene with the man or woman full face to the camera.

A correspondent writes: "I am more and more impressed with the excellence of the amateur photographs you are reproducing in the FOREST AND STREAM series." Much interest is taken in the collection; and we appreciate the co-operation of those who have already contributed to make the competition a success. Several correspondents have requested copies of the printed slip giving details and conditions, to hand to their photography friends who are not readers of this journal. We shall be happy to supply these slips to any one who will make such use of them. The contest is open to all.

As a dealer in game, Col. Bond, of Chicago, must be conversant with the vagaries of nomenclature applied to game birds, and he might here find abundant ammunition for putting to rout Game Warden Bortree in the great question, is a snipe a water fowl? Let the Colonel remind the Warden that snipe means woodcock; that the woodcock may be a timber-doodle or a hookum-pate, but it is also a mountain partridge; a partridge is a pheasant; and a pheasant may be a quail or a ruffed grouse, but as neither of these can it by any possibility be classed with water fowl—so there you are.

If this shall not convince Mr. Bortree, let the Warden utterly confound the Colonel by accepting the proposition that snipe means woodcock, but showing that woodcock means woodpecker; and the sportsman who sets out in pursuit of the native's woodcock, which thus proves to be a woodpecker tapping grubs out of a treetop, surely goes on a "wild goose chase"; and, gentlemen of the jury, if a wild goose is not a water fowl, what is it?

Send us a postal card of fishing news or experience or incident. Our angling columns are always open, and their interest depends upon the number and diversity of communications which appear there. No other journal in this country begins to give the amount and variety of fishing literature here printed from week to week. It is the ambition of those in conduct of the FOREST AND STREAM to increase its value and interest for the American angler.

Individuals who have bear cubs, or farms suitable for preserves, or setter dogs, or sets of antlers, or houses to rent, or guns to sell or exchange, are advised that neither the editors nor publishers of this journal do a general commission business; nor do they "happen to know of some friend who might want to invest;" nor can they undertake to find customers. Our advertising columns are always open, and advertising in them always pays.

Secretary Ball, of the Syracuse Rifle Club, tells us that no one has come forward on the part of the breechloaders to enter the proposed contest of muzzleloaders against breechloaders. Probably a contest will not take place, since the result either way would be without practical advantage to the winner.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—IX.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### The Carp Lake Camp.

In the morning Sam and I got ready for a trip to McConnel's Lake for trout. It was a stream about three miles below the camp on the opposite side of the lake, comparatively easy to fish, and was usually fairly stocked with average-sized trout with an occasional good one or two to keep the "expectancy" up to the proper pitch. We had taken a good string out of it the years before in two or three hours' fishing and it was worth the pull down and back if we could do it over again, and besides there was always a bass or two to be picked up in Horton's Bay into which it flowed through a cedar swamp, a feature of nearly all the little streams feeding Carp Lake, only two or three of them being visible from a passing boat. When near the mouth of the stream we left the boat—one of the wooden ones, as old Sam could not be coaxed into the ironclad again—at the old log yard near where Ben Renshaw and I cut the poles for the dining fly in 1884, and followed a path out to the road which led us to the stream a short distance above where it was spanned by a rude log bridge. Here the little stream, at no place wider than an active youngster could jump across, made four or five sharp elbows in as many rods, at each one of which the water had scooped out a deep place. We tied on a barnyard hackle and Sam dropped his in at an elbow right against the steep bank above the bridge, and before I had time to note how it was done he swung an 8in. trout out on the grass with, "Jeems Mackerel, get on to that feller will ye?"

A rod above where he was fishing was the lower end of another pool, fringed on the side I was on with a growth of low bushes that hid the water from view along the foot-high bank over which they hung.

I reached the point of the rod over these and dropped the baited hook in the water close up to the bank, when the tip was suddenly jerked down and the next instant a bewildered trout nearly as large as Sam's was swung quietly out over the bushes with many twists and contortions and landed on the grass near where the other one was flopping and turning flip-flaps in his efforts to find the water again. Sam got another a minute after which appeared to exhaust his pool, for with the most careful fishing he got no more out of it. Meantime I had poked the rod over the bushes again and lifted out another a little larger than my first one, and the performance was repeated till I had taken out eight, each one a trifle larger than the one preceding, the last one an 11in. fellow most gorgeously colored. Then I took time to put them on a stringer and tie them in the water at the pool where Sam had left, and just then I was feeling mighty well satisfied with myself and the world at large.

Sam had crossed the bridge and was fishing from the top of a bank 8 or 9ft. high below it, when after a few minutes he shouted over, "Jeems, did you ever see the like o' that?" and looking over, there was a big trout dangling in mid-air half the height of the bank, the line tangled and caught in an overhanging bush and Sam helpless to release it without taking a tumble into the pool below him.

The trout kept curling up and twisting and doubling himself into all manner of shapes till at last the hook tore out and he dropped into the water, leaving Sam peering over the bank at the place where he disappeared, with his chin hanging down to about the point it did after the third days' fishing at Green Lake.

After a long and earnest look into the water he straightened up with "Well, ef that wasn't the beatinest flyin' trapeze performance I ever see in my born days," and giving the line a jerk, broke it short off at the bush and then made his way around across the bridge where he sat down on a log and tied on another hook with as much unconcern as though he had not just passed through a very temper-trying "episode."

The trout in my pool had quit biting at No. 8, and while Sam was tying on his hook I stepped cautiously up to the bank and looked over the low bushes to see what sort of looking water I had been taking them out of. It was not over a foot deep, but a yard or so further up it was much deeper and I dropped the hook up stream as far as I could for an overhanging bush that reached nearly across to the further bank.

As the bait touched the water a trout that looked fully 18in. long flashed from under the bank and dashed at the squirming worm, but he must have seen me as I leaned over the bushes, for when he got within a few inches of the hook he doubled back so suddenly that I fancied he must have sprained his backbone, and was out of sight under the bank before I could catch my breath.

"Great Scott, Sam, there's a trout as long as your leg," but Sam only laughed and said, "Got 'em agin, Jeems, another one o' yer fish lies," and baiting his newly tied on hook he crossed the road to another kink in the stream below and disappeared silently in the tangle along the bank and I saw no more of him for an hour or more when we met at the boat.

I made three or four more nervous casts, with my heart badly out of time, but the big trout would not come out again from his retreat under the bank.

I went to the stringer, killed one of the brightest-colored trout and cut off the anal fin and one of the ventral fins, the latter of which I put on the hook first; the anal was then put on in such a shape that it forced the ventral fin up the shank of the hook, which would make the bait whirl in the water like a trolling spoon when drawn along or acted on by the current. Then I slipped carefully around the bushes up to the abrupt bend in the stream where I could see the whole length of the pool, which was fifteen or twenty feet long. The water running squarely against the bank had scooped out a hole under it that looked to be three feet deep, but I couldn't tell how far back under the shell of earth that was upheld by a mass of roots belonging to the bushes along and overhanging the water.

I pulled six or eight feet of line from the reel and dropped the double-geared fin in the water at the foot of a little sandbar, and let the current suck it out of sight under the bank and then gave it a pull to make it spin. Instantly the point of the rod was yanked down, and for a moment there was a fierce tussle and I thought I had him sure; but, alas! the hook tore out and before it came in sight from under the bank it caught or doubled around an unseen root, and my heart slumped down into my left shoe, so to speak, and I felt that the game was over for that day at least.

I tried for ten minutes all the ways I could think of except diving under the bank to loosen that cussed hook, but it obstinately held its grip on the root, and at last, giving a strong pull, the line broke and a yard or more of it went with the current out of sight under the bank, and I stood there staring vacantly in the water, fairly beaten and unable to do the case justice from a profane standpoint; so I said not a word, as old Sam was not there to "approve the perceedin's."

It was no use to bother with that trout any more that day, and I tied on another hook and took my way up the stream to some other holes that I knew of, hoping to forget my disappointment in a fight or two with smaller fry.

This episode was worse than being hustled out of the field by the "ole black bull."

I fished along up the creek for two or three hundred yards, caught four or five more trout big enough to keep and string on a forked twig, got discouraged and flayed by mosquitoes and went back.

When I got to the big trout pool I looked into it and passed around the clump of bushes without dropping in the bait—it would not have been "trout sense" to do it—but I formulated some design for another day.

There is more satisfaction to the angler in being outgeneraled and beaten by the big trout of the pool than there is in fooling all the others of his lesser mates, for he knows he is still there and it puts him on his mettle to devise more cunning ways and means to circumvent him.

I took the string of trout I had tied in the water and left the stream with a determination to return, after giving the big fellow a rest of a day or two to doctor up his jaw and get over his scare, and slip up on him from the upper end of the pool and let the current suck under the bank to him a morsel that would make his mouth water to look at—something that he had not tasted nor seen since he left the lake to hunt up a summer loafing place some weeks before.

When I got back to the boat old Sam was still somewhere on the stream, but a few lusty yells brought a response from him, and after awhile he came poking out of the "bresh" with a respectable string of fair-sized trout, which, with what I had, made us feel easy about a good trout supper, and may be enough left for a taste for breakfast.

We pulled slowly along back to camp, trying the bass occasionally at likely looking places without much success, however, as the lake was too rough to pay much attention to fishing, and when supper was ready in the evening the 11in. trout somehow found his way, crisp and brown, to the Colonel's plate at the head of the table, and the expression of "pure delight" that overspread his sunbrowned countenance "a leetle more'n balanced the disappointin' episode with the big trout," as old Sam said, and the loss of his "flyin' trapeze performer" at the high bank below the bridge.

The others had not done much fishing during the day on account of the wind.

They had taken a few in the morning off the birch point, but the seas got so high the anchors would not hold, and they had been lying around camp in the shade of the oaks taking life easy.

I got small comfort out of my 18in. trout story, one making it out a big sucker that had strayed up from the lake, where the creek was high; another said it might have been a dogfish or a pickerel, and old Sam, with a wink at Kelpie, "reckoned it was a snappin' turkle," but they all agreed that they would not bother the pool when down that way, as they considered I had a preemption claim on the big trout, dogfish, or mud turtle, as the case might be, and might have it out with him whenever the spirit moved me. I gave him a day's rest and then the spirit prodded me sharply and headed me in the direction of McConnel's Creek soon after breakfast, alone in the ironclad, for Sam and Charley, Kelpie and the Colonel, and the Professor and Johnny had paired off and laid out a day's campaign in such a way that it left me to tackle the big trout in his fastness single-handed.

I stopped at another old log yard a few hundred yards above the mouth of the stream, caught a few small shiners with hook and line, secured the boat so as the waves would not beat a hole in her against the bottom before I got back, and took my way out to the road and down to the creek of many elbows, full of stratagems and schemes to secure the scalp of the warrior of the bridge—and anticipation; without which there is no real pleasure in going a-fishing.

The minnows were still lively in the bucket when I reached the stream, and hooking one on, I slipped quietly around the clump of bushes to the head of the pool and dropped it in where the current would suck it under the bank.

It was hardly out of sight when I felt a slight jerk on the line, and then I waited an hour—maybe it was not half a minute—with my heart in my mouth, for him to swallow the minnow, but when I gave the rod a twitch, to fasten the hook, it came back bare. I had pulled too soon and scored a backset in the first inning.

I made a detour around the bushes, got another shiner from the bucket and hooked it on, boiling over with eagerness, but with nerves as steady as a rock. The second attack resulted exactly as the first; the hook came back without the minnow. I was too eager and had miscalculated the time. I quietly got another minnow, and this time resolved to be possessed of a little more patience.

When the minnow drifted under the bank, another slight twitch of the line denoted that the old fellow was still there and thankful, doubtless, for the school of shiners that was coming his way.

I waited till I was quite sure he had ample time to swallow two minnows, and when I pulled the hook struck something and the next moment a trout of not a finger's breadth over 9in. was flopping and twisting and thrashing the water at the foot of the little sand bar, with the line reeled up too short to give him a chance to get under the roots again.

I stood looking at him, disappointed and amazed at the shrinkage that had taken place in that trout since a couple of days before.

I was reminded of old Knots's story of the darky and his catfish—"Golly, how dat fish am shwunk"—and found myself chuckling silently over the remembrance of the good old times in some of the old camps.

The shrunken trout kept up the racket near the sand bar, when suddenly a streak of color shot out from under the overhanging grass on the opposite side of the stream, from under a low bank where the water was not more than 6in. deep, and flashed out of sight under the bank from where I had just pulled the 9in. fellow.

Great Cæsar's bones! it was the big trout, who had been hidden under the grassy bank "a layin' for grasshoppers," and the struggles of his mate had scared him and moved him to hustle across to his retreat under the bush, lined bank.

Here was another backset of large proportions, for I knew it would be next to wasting time to fish for him any more till he got over his fright, and there was no telling how long that would be.

I lifted the now exhausted 9-incher out, released the hook and carried him around and chucked him in the bucket with the minnows, sunk it in the water near the bridge and then sat down on a log to reflect and study the situation over a while.

At the end of a half hour's vigorous "chawin' of terbacker" to help solve the problem, I hooked on another minnow and went around to the head of the pool and cast in, but after a minute or two of waiting it was plain he had not forgotten the queer antics and disappearance of his mate.

I let the minnow drift under the bank a dozen times or more and drew it out slowly, and with sundry alluring flirts and twitches, but it was no avail; he had suspicions around and would not be allured.

I got another minnow, the last live one in the bucket, and run the hook under the skin just in front of the dorsal fin which would give it the appearance of being disabled when in the water, having in mind the fool theory of an "eminent authority on bass," that a bass—and why not a trout as well?—will not take a minnow unless it seems to be crippled in some way, but even this "loony" idea would not work in practice, and I gave it up after a half hour's patient trying and concluded to give him another rest of a day or two.

I had been outgeneraled again, but the big trout was still in the pool.

I did not fish the stream at any other point, for my heart was set on the warrior under the bank only, and I wouldn't fool away time on fingerlings.

I went back to the boat considerably out o' gear, but still hopeful of the final outcome, for I was convinced that after a day or so in which to settle his disturbed thoughts he could not resist a live minnow, even though it did not belong to the order of cripples, for with due deference to the "eminent authority on bass" I may be pardoned if I think there is no "hoss sense" in his cripple theory. If bass had to wait on minnows to become disabled and crippled before feeding on them, they would soon all become so gaunt and thin that it would take a whole school of 'em to make a shadow.

I had intended to pull across to cat-tail point and fish a while but the wind was blowing a strong breeze up the lake when I got back to the boat, and I concluded to go to camp for once with a favorable wind.

When I got away from the shore outside the line of grass and rushes I saw old Sam and Charley in the big white skiff a hundred rods below, tied to a stake off the point above Horton's Bay, fishing for bass, and half a mile below was a line of whitecaps reaching across the lake, which denoted that a "capful o' wind was coming over from Lake Michigan." When the blow was within a hundred yards or so of them they seemed to take notice of it and headed the boat up lake with a sturdy pull at the oars which, however, did not keep pace with the wind that was roaring through the trees along shore in a manner that boded no good to me and the ironclad.

When the squall struck them Charley held the boat before the wind and they came pitching and rolling along like a ship scudding under bare poles before a gale.

In a minute or two I was in it with the ironclad and it was a caution to snakes to see that boat hump herself; first 'midships up and stem and stern down one moment, and the conditions reversed the next as she rode the seas without, however, taking a spoonful of water, as I kept her going before the wind at a pace that prevented the rollers from breaking in over the stern.

Sam and Charley were only a hundred yards astern coming up hand over hand, and Sam shouted, "Git out o' the way Jeems, or we'll run over ye," which doubtless caused a grin to disturb the gravity of Charley's face, as he was doing all the work at the oars, with old Snakeroot sitting complacently in the stern.

I shook a couple o' reefs out o' the foresa'l, took a pull at the weather braces, so to speak, and the ironclad increased her speed a couple of knots, but it was a powerful strain on the masts and sails—the skipper's back and muscles in other words.

The wind kept increasing in violence and it was not long till we shot around Alexander's Point, where the lake made a turn, and went rolling merrily across to camp a few rods apart, pulling a leisurely stroke, for the pace in the last mile had tuckered the two skippers out, and we were glad to beach our boats—lifting the ironclad well out on the smooth sand—and call the race a draw.

The others were in camp, having taken the hint when they saw the blow coming while fishing off the birch point, and Johnny was cutting a big swell over his daddy with a fine bass he had taken, while the Professor was trying to console himself with two or three measly goggle-eyes and a runty pickerel that had been forced to succumb to his prowess.

The wind veered around in the west, and by midnight had increased to a smart gale which threatened to send the tents sailing over the hill, but the big fly was protected by the small trees between it and the bank, and was in no danger.

I was awakened by the whipping and snapping of the tent fly overhead, which had started a corner guy, and the grinding and pounding of the wooden boats on the beach next called for attention without much waste of time. I lighted the lantern hanging against an upright, slipped on a pair of shoes, and getting out "breechesless and hatless," secured the loose guy and stayed the tent by throwing a line over the iron pin of the front upright and making it fast to a stake driven in the ground at the edge of the bank. The next tent was served in the same manner, but the third one—the headquarters of the Ken-

tucky delegation—and Barney's tent did not need it, as they were partly sheltered from the blast by some bushes. (Mem.—It is not hard to find your tools and other things in the dark if you have a place for everything and keep everything in its place, and another good line of conduct in a camp is, when you see anything that needs doing, go and do it, and you won't have to stand around waiting for some one else to do it. This is a good rule for the veterans as well as the youngsters.)

The boats were next attended to by pulling them up on the beach out of the reach of the rollers—a tough job for one—and then I went back and inspected the camp to see if everything was going to hold against the gale. I found all snug, and the boys apparently sound asleep, except Kelpie, and the Colonel, who had began to realize there was quite a blow going on outside, and they were discussing the matter of getting out to see what old Hickory was doing, but when they found everything had been looked after they changed their minds.

I turned in and went to sleep to the whistle of the wind and the roar of the surf on the beach; a strain of music that is always soothing to him who is in sympathy with nature and the wind god's moods. KINGFISHER.

## "PODGERS" IN THE MOUNTAINS.

IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS, California, July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems but a few days ago that I sat in your editorial sanctum, in your best chair, with my feet on the table, after the usual manner of editor's visitors, and here I find myself, "doing the grand in a foreign land 3,000 miles away," perched up near the very summits of the Nevada range, some six or seven thousand feet above sea level, inhaling the fresh, dry, invigorating atmosphere of the piny woods—while you poor mortals, slaves of the ring, are doubtless sweltering and perspiring over your work. At least, I suppose so; for, thank the stars, I am out of reach of telegrams, newspapers, mails or females. Think of the luxury, the satisfaction, of being out of reach of the telegraph fiend. Well! I am. There is many a mile of summit and cañon—mountains and valleys—between us.

Where am I? Doubtless you yearn to know of such a spot. If you are prepared to leave the drowsy, shade-embowered little town of Sonora, Tuolumne county, California, at an early hour one of these delightfully cool mornings, and drive 35 miles over a good road, climbing gradually up, up, all the way nearly, you will arrive in the afternoon at a little oasis or valley, where there is a roadside station or hostelry with good accommodations for man and beast. It is within a stone's throw of one of the branches or tributaries of the Stanislaus River, a rapid and in places torrent-like stream, roaring over huge rocks and boulders, with intervals of placid waters, beautifully clear and icy cold, where the trout are supposad to lurk, awaiting the impatient fisherman.

They had not long to wait for your humble servant, who was soon equipped with his best split-bamboo and a trio of the most killing flies in his pocketbook. The sun was just dropping behind the tall pines at the summit of the high peaks inclosing the valley, casting lengthening shadows across the stream, as the first cast was made and a moderate-sized trout found a peaceful resting place in the creel, soon to be joined by numerous friends and relations to keep him from being lonesome.

I have no big tale to tell of my "catch" nor of the whopper lost; the whoppers had gone up to the lakes above; but the hotel table abounded that evening and next morning with all the trout a dozen hearty appetites could dispose of. I have had better fishing, and I have had much worse, the trout of medium size, as fat as butter, and had the firmness and hardness that cold water gives them in mountain streams. The insect food seemed very abundant and the "crop" of every fish caught was full to repletion of this natural food, hence they were not over-anxious to take the artificial, and they bit languidly as if they merely took the fly to be obliging; still a good many found their way into the basket, all that a reasonable fisherman could ask for and not be a fish hog.

The next morning was simply a repetition as to size and numbers. It was what might be termed rough fishing, for there were huge rocks and boulders lining the shores to be climbed over to reach the pools in the deep gorges, with the usual accompaniment of slips, slides and barked shins. But what does a fisherman care for such trifles?

The next day was devoted to rest, lounging in the shade overhauling tackle and applying arnica and mutton tallow to damaged cuticle. On the following day along came a trio of cattle herders bound over the range to one of their possessions in the valley seven or eight miles distant, through which the main Stanislaus River runs, and an invitation to join them and partake of the hospitality of their camp was accepted. Blankets and traps were loaded on a pack horse, and we were soon climbing the next range, following a very blind trail—blind to any one but these hardy mountaineers, though as easy to them to follow as a turnpike. It was a long climb—up, up, ever up; and the rarified atmosphere caused us lowland fellows to blow like porpoises. Arriving at the summit we halted under the shade of the great pines to rest and cool off; and then commenced the descent—in places so steep as to cause much wear and tear to the seats of our canvas overalls as we slid down, catching at bushes to check our too great speed. The horses, planting their feet, plowed their way down, often threatening to come on top of us. An hour and a half of this warm work brought us to the foot of the grade and to the river, a large, rapid stream too deep to ford: but the boys soon produced a dugout and we crossed over, swimming the horses, and stood upon the level ground—a so-called meadow a couple of miles long, furnishing good grass for cattle and horses, which constituted the farm or ranch of our hosts.

Saddling our horses again, we rode up the trail to the extreme end of the valley, where the camp was located at the base of a towering ledge of rocks running skyward thousands of feet. Across the river ascended from the water's edge a similar range. No scenery in Switzerland can equal the grandeur and awe-inspiring sight. The tall pines at the summit seemed mere bushes at that great height.

An hour's rest in the shade, a hearty lunch, and we were ready for the fray—and spray—of the roaring, rearing, tearing stream before us, scarcely fifty feet distant. We anticipated great sport as we jointed up rods, but as we started our hosts took a little of the edge off our enthusiasm by warning us to look sharp for "rattlers," which pleasant neighbors, they said, were numerous and belligerent, and it was a poor day for snakes when they did not kill a dozen while mowing down on the flat, and quite frequently a stray one around the cabin. It was not a pleasant thought, that while you were landing a big trout an Eve's tempter might be behind you selecting the most vulnerable point of your physical system to give you an excuse for drinking all the whisky in camp; and I knew that the frequent appeals to our only flask on the way over had left but a scarce dose in the way of cure in case of a bite. However, the trout was what we were there for, not snakes, and we proceeded to business. The fishing was good, much better than on the other stream, and larger fish; and the two of us came in at sundown with baskets well filled, content and very hungry.

A frying-pan full of the catch was soon giving forth delicious odors of frying fish and bacon, mixed with wafts from the tin coffeepot. The camp afforded the luxury of a rude table, and seats were supplied by empty boxes; and soon we were at work, taking it in a primitive way, every fellow with a trout in his fingers, standing not on the order of his munching, with occasional approving remarks, such as "By shiminy, ain't those trout fine! Give us another." There were five in the party, and the artist of the frying-pan is prepared to make affidavit that he cooked eight dozen, and they were not small trout by any means, so that considering there were other edibles besides—coffee, bread, bacon, etc., it may be surmised that there were some mountain appetites in the party.

The usual luxury of a pipe, stories by our hosts of their hunting and adventures in these mountains, as we lolled at full length around the camp-fire, brought us in due time to the question of sleep. Our blankets were spread on the pine needles and the silence not soon unbroken except by the roar of the river and the chirrup of crickets.

It was many hours before I fell asleep, for as I lay looking up through the pine treetops at the stars the question of snakes became a very vivid one in my mind. Before leaving New York I had given much attention to the correspondence in the FOREST AND STREAM on the subject whether rattlesnakes did or did not "spit" or eject their poisons, and in consequence I had a pretty heavy dose of snake on the brain, which, now that I was brought in such close communion with the pesky things, was revived with most unpleasant vividness. I said to myself as I lay listening to the rustling of every leaf, "What is to prevent Mr. Snake from coming crawling along through the dry grass on his predatory excursions for his supper and coming to me lying there nice and handy, and saying to himself, 'Hello! here's a tenderfoot; his ear looks rather tempting. I'll give him a nip'." I pulled the blanket over my head and tucked it in all around me. But it was useless. Sleep and rattlesnakes would not fraternize. How I cussed those contributors of snake lore of yours. I would like to have had every mother's son of them lying outside of me and around me as barriers and let them have a good opportunity to ascertain whether rattlers do "spit" before they bite or after or not at all. The question would cease to be one of interest to them very soon thereafter no doubt; but anyhow I wished they were all there to take their chances. Finally I fell asleep, after realizing the fact that the growing chilliness of the mountain air was calculated to discourage such tramps, my hosts having assured me that when it began to get cold the reptiles suspended business.

I awoke suddenly soon after daybreak to find myself all right, and we were all soon astir; and going down to the river indulged in ablutions in water so cold as to render the fire very desirable to warm our benumbed fingers.

A hearty trout breakfast followed, and my fishing companion was soon off again after more trout; but your humble servant was *hors de combat*—done up—gone in his underpinning. Ill-fitting rough hunting boots had monopolized more than a fair share of the cuticle of the feet in them—in other words, had "chawed" my feet up to that condition to render it perfectly impossible to travel, and particularly to clamber over those big rocks and boulders necessary to get to the pools. So instead of fishing I spread my blankets under the trees, and finding some old newspaper sstuffed in the crack of the log cabin (a year and a half old), I lay on my back, read, smoked and doctored my feet. My chum accused me of funking and making the excuse of lameness in fear of those promised rattlers; but when I showed him my trotters and the barren patches—barren of cuticle—he apologized. Our hosts having their work to do, left me to my own devices, and I enjoyed a day of the most perfect luxury of indolence—laziness, if you will—and rest that had fallen to my lot since the Concord fight. The novelty of the situation, such a change of surroundings from the lurid streets of Gotham, the grand scenery, the delightful atmosphere, the lulling roar of the river, all combined served to make it a day to be remembered for a life time. I thought of friends I left behind me, how they would howl in ecstacy to be there, and you poor, tired wheel horse of the editorial department, what would you have given to have been lying on your back under that big pine tree towering 200ft. above your head? Can you imagine it?* Even hypothetically, like the mongoose in the basket?

I am sorry for people that can't come to California and catch trout 6,000ft. above the sea level, lie on their backs under big pine trees, and know that for three months to come they can live in the open, with never a cloud nor drop of rain to dampen their camp traps, where the days are all sunshine and warmth, the nights cool enough for blankets, and where sleep is a luxury, and where snakes don't come, even if you do lie awake expecting them.

PODGERS.

[MORE TO COME.]

"A hare in the garden! Hand me a gun, Jacques." "But, sir, it is 5 in the morning; everybody is asleep." "Never mind; I'll fire on tiptoe."—*Le Monde Illustre.*

THE EMERGENCY MEDICINE CASE.—The Emergency Medicine Case, advertised in our columns, is the best thing of the kind we have ever seen, and something no traveler or camper should be without. It contains in remarkable small compass a dozen standard medicines for the ills that arise from change of climate, water, etc., as well as bandages, antiseptic cotton, etc., for the treatment of wounds resulting from accident. The case is of tin, reasonably tight, and as it measures less than 6in. in length can easily be carried in the pocket. The medicines are ingeniously packed, and as they are all in solid form cannot spill and soil the pocket. The drugs are guaranteed to be pure, and altogether the case seems to fill a long felt want at a price that puts it within the reach of all.—*Adv.*

# Natural History.

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

IT is a quiet night. The atmosphere, clear as a bell after the gale which so lately blustered over the marshes, tingles with a faint suggestion of frost, though the light air, which wafts the smoke-wreaths from my pipe, is in the south.

There is no moon, only the misty starlight sparkling and snapping, in reflected glints from the still surface of the pools, scattered here and there through the marsh.

So still is it that we distinctly hear the metallic *tong! tong!—tink! tink!* of a cow-bell, way across on the uplands, where the cattle wander.

Plaintive, sweet in the stillness, there comes down to us the call of passing birds.

"Out of sight, out of mind" is a trite old saying, but in this case it is not fitting.

High up, somewhere in cloudland, a little flock of buntings is traveling. How do I know they are buntings? Listen! *Pink! pink!—Pink! pink!*—did you hear it?

Far away over the marsh, where the shadows are inky black, suddenly there rings a trumpet note *Orr-ronk!* only once, but startling, with its indescribable tone of wild, free life. That clarion tells us that far out there in the darkness a big gray goose is guiding its broad-winged followers through the night. In the morning perchance we may say, "I heard geese last night." But will that describe it all?

Hark! a *whirr-r rr* of wings seems to fill the air, as a bunch of ducks goes over. Every wing beat proclaims their identity as they speed away. Whistlers! Properly named from the shrill sound that accompanies the flight of these lovely birds.

Still we hear them *wheu-u-uuu!* fainter—fainter it grows—all is silence.

A *swish-h-h* of swift wings followed immediately by a sounding surge, announces that some sort of water-fowl has alighted near by, and presently a raucous quack betrays the presence of a dusky duck (*Anas obscura*). A startling *whirr*, a pattering of feet and wing tips on the calm water as he rises, and again the music of unseen wings throbs on the air as he darts away into the night.

From the northeast, where the Pleiades with their soft light are glowing in the heavens, there comes a weird cry, as of a pack of hounds in chase. Faint at first, it has grown with each repetition, until the welkin rings at intervals with the mysterious voices as they pass. What can they be? Our wonder is dispelled as old darky Jake pokes his wooly head out the cabin, with the query, "Hear dem swan, boss?" From some sedgy lake in the far North they have voyaged, their snowy wings have fanned the air by night, unseen, unknown, save as their wild notes come down to us.

Twice each year this living stream of bird life flows under the stars. Now north, now south, as the seasons come and go. We hear the clanging cries of wildfowl, and again the soft notes of their lesser brethren, like the chime of far-away bells, float out upon the night, clear, musical. Is it so very strange that one should find a fascination in listening to these "Voices of the Night?"

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

## AS TO MULE DEER.

LAKE CITY, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of July 21 is an article from "Sylvan" entitled "The Mule Deer in Domestication." In this article the idea is conveyed that the mule deer is a species separate and distinct from the blacktail deer. I think this is an error. After a residence of two years in the habitat of the blacktail—northern Montana—I believe the mule deer to be a blacktail. I have questioned many old frontiersmen and hunters, and all agree that the deer sometimes called the "mule deer" is an old, abnormally large blacktail doe, and that it is no uncommon thing to find them with what is termed "a roman nose," as is the case with some horses, and specimens have been killed that would weigh over 275lbs. The writer in fact saw the carcass of one such the past fall, which was shot on McDonald Creek, Fergus county, Montana, which weighed when dressed 287lbs.

I have never known a doe and fawns to be separated in flight, except the fawns be cut off, and by the time that they follow the doe they are eminently able to keep up with their dam.

They shed their horns at the same time the whitetail and elk do, along about the middle of the winter. The new growth of horn is covered with velvet until full grown, and when the horns are full and hard the velvet is disposed of by rubbing against trees and brush.

It is very difficult to preserve satisfactorily a head that has been killed in the velvet; it can be done, however, by hanging the head with the horns point downward, and daily inserting a darning needle through the velvet on the points of the horns. This permits the blood and the watery matter in the velvet to escape, and the velvet will then dry up without spoiling or shrinking unevenly.

A well known sportsman, Mr. John Sinclair, of Great Falls, Montana, has his own fun out of a colt's head, on which he has mounted the horns in velvet of a spike elk. Mr. Sinclair is not only a successful hunter, but a skilled taxidermist, and has a collection embracing many of the game animals and birds of this region, and nearly every specimen is a trophy of his ability as a hunter.

S. M. E.

[Throughout the West until the Cascade Mountains are reached the blacktail is a mule deer and the mule deer a blacktail. In other words these are two names applied to the same species. Mule deer is the book name, but blacktail the common one. On the Pacific coast is found the true blacktail or Columbian blacktail deer, which is quite a different animal from the big-eared fellow of the plains and the mountains. The great ears and the peculiar tail of *C. macrotis* will always serve to distinguish it from its relative *C. columbianus*, which more closely resembles the whitetail or Virginia deer than does the long-eared species known as blacktail or mule deer.]

## SPITTING OF SNAKES.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On my return from a long absence, I find that some of your correspondents have been denying the accuracy of some of my statements regarding rattlesnakes. The assertion which is criticised is contained in a paper in the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum, 1892, p. 687, on the species of North American snakes, and it is as follows: "They throw the body into a coil and sound the rattle, giving a sigmoid flexure to the anterior part of the body on which the head is poised with open mouth ready for action. At this time drops of the poisonous saliva fall from the fangs, and by a violent expulsion of air from the lungs are thrown at their enemy. In the act of biting," etc. Your correspondents allege that the dropping of "poisonous saliva" does not occur, and that it is not "thrown at the enemy" by a violent expulsion of air from the lungs or otherwise. One correspondent objects to the term "poisonous saliva," believing that the saliva is not poisonous, and is too viscid to be ejected forcibly from the mouth. To these criticisms I reply as follows:

First—The poison-secreting glands of venomous snakes are enlarged parotid salivary glands, and the poison is a modified saliva.

Second—I did not state that rattlesnakes always maintain the position described when about to bite. On the contrary, it is only when prevented from either biting or running away that they act in the manner mentioned. If a rattlesnake is annoyed by being stirred up with a stick and pebbles, etc., thrown at him, and is prevented from escaping, if he is in good condition and the weather is warm, he will sometimes act as I have stated from actual observations made on the *Crotalus confluentus* in New Mexico. When the mouth is opened widely the masseter muscle compresses the poison gland, and if the latter is full, forces some of it to escape through the duct, and it drops from the fangs. This is an observation which has been often made on various venomous snakes. If the snake expels air from the lungs in hissing, as it generally does when on the defensive, the drops will be thrown out with air toward the enemy. I do not suppose, and did not state, that this is done voluntarily by the snake: it is simply a necessary consequence of the mechanical conditions.

In conclusion, I would ask how many of your correspondents have teased an angry and vigorous rattlesnake who could not or would not run away, on a hot day, for a half hour or thereabouts, with a stick of suitable length, as I have done, so as to observe the consequences?

E. D. COPE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

## BIRD LIFE IN A CITY YARD.

WHEN I was a small boy one of my hobbies was observing the birds of our neighborhood, and the first annotated list which I began was on those species noted in my father's yard in the heart of the village. This list, at first, as my knowledge was small, embracing but few birds, rapidly increased after a few years, and has finally grown to "the bigness you see," embracing 134 species, and is here presented for the first time, as—it is hoped—an interesting evidence of continued observation.

The yard where these notes were recorded is 5×12 rods in size, and is at almost the exact center of a corporation of two and a half miles square. At the time the list was begun this was a village of about 5,000 inhabitants, and it is now a city of over 20,000. A house, barn and sheds occupied the lot at the first, as well as many evergreens, maples, oaks, apple trees, numerous shrubs and a garden. Time has changed the premises greatly, and fauna and flora have assumed consequent variations. Many species of birds which were formerly seen here each year are no longer recorded, a result of the greater size of our city and the increased density of the population of the suburbs, with the consequent destruction of neighboring forests, which were once within our limits. Notwithstanding the changes resulting from a quarter of a century in a thriving manufacturing city, there are still many species which each year visit us on their migrations from the south, and a few which are reasonably regular in appearance from their northern haunts, and there still occur occasional surprises in the appearance of new and little-to-be-expected species.

In addition to the list given there are a dozen or more other birds which I have recorded here in our yard, but about which I am not as yet fully satisfied, and therefore do not present.

I am acquainted with 236 species in this county of Kalamazoo, and below is given an exact list of those seem on or over the 60 square rods of space in the city.

English common names alone are used for the sake of brevity.

THRUSHES, ETC.

The robin is present from March to October, the wood thrush is rarely seen, while the olive-backed and hermit thrushes are regular in spring and fall, the former often loitering a week among the raspberry and current bushes. The catbird is common and noisy, but does not breed as formerly, as the shrubbery is gone. Occasionally a brown thrush airs his musical talent in May. The Wilson's thrush used to be seen in migrations.

The bluebird used to build in the little boxes we provided, but the plebeian highest sparrow has routed him.

KINGLETS, TITMICE, ETC.

Ruby-crowned and golden-crested kinglets are always seen in migration, cheering us with their active movements. The gnatcatcher in spring and the curious, pleasing black-cap titmouse in winter lend their cheerful presence. Of the nuthatches, the white-bellied is nearly always with us, while the northern representative, the red-belly, is sometimes seen in company with the delicate looking, yet vigarous brown creeper.

WRENS AND LARKS.

Only the house wren is present, breeding when provided with quarters. Both the horned lark and titlark are often heard flying over, the latter in scattered flocks.

WARBLERS.

Excepting the sparrows, the *Sylvicolidæ* are the family best represented in our yard, but the little fellows remain only a very short time in spring and fall, most of them avoiding us in their autumnal journey. It is strange that the redstart has been seen but once, while it is surprising that one should find the white-browed, Cape May and Wilson warblers in the city. The black and white creeper, black-throat green, yellow-rump, Blackburnian, chestnut-sided are the most common and may be observed yearly, while the blue yellow-backed, Nashville, Tennessee, yellow, black-throated blue, bay-breasted, black and yellow, yellow redpoll and golden-crowned thrush have only been seen at wide intervals and some of them but once.

SWALLOWS.

Five species out of six that I know fly over our yard: the barn, white-belly, cliff, bank and purple martin. The latter used to nest before the advent of the sparrow.

VIREOS, TANAGERS, ETC.

The pleasing notes of the red-eye are to be heard each May and June and again later in the season, while the soul-thrilling, gurgling melody of the warbling and the clear penetrating staccato of the yellow-throat are often heard. That sweet-singing bird of gorgeous plumage, the scarlet tanager, wanders into our domain during May, and while looking about inspires us, as well as convincing all who hear, that at least one gaudy bird is a true songster. The cedar bird used to build in our old greenery and still appears, generally in winter. The cherry trees, his attraction, are gone. One white-rumped and one great northern shrike have been seen; the latter was killed in winter.

SPARROWS.

Among the northern species, which only appear in winter, may be mentioned the evening grosbeak, which is found hereabouts once in six or eight years; the pine grosbeak is still rarer; the rare white-winged crossbill and common red one, both frequent the evergreens. The lesser red poll and pine siskin are not rarely seen, coming a little after the common junco departs, and about the time when the uncertain snow buntings fly over in scurrying flocks. The migrating, sweet-singing purple finch has been seen in past years, as also the tree sparrow in his seasonal journey. Later, and after the appearance of the chewink, the white-throated and white-crowned sparrows arrive, the former generally a little behind his handsomer relative, but willing to make up the deficiency by remaining a week or so and stimulating us with the beautiful notes of piano-like measure and harmony. Chipping sparrows are common from April to October and the song sparrow a week or two earlier and later; both nest in our yard, the latter always in a hedge 2 or 3ft. from the ground. A vision of color and loud song comes with the rose-breasted grosbeak, while the sweet refrain of the indigo bird is often heard. The sulphur coat of the goldfinch is a pleasing sight to summer observers, while the disagreeable notes and pugnacious ways of the imported sparrow are ubiquitous.

BLACKBIRDS, ORIOLES AND JAYS.

Bobolinks fly over, gushing forth rollicking song, but never deign to alight. The stealthy cowbird mopes about occasionally, but I could never find that she made any of her unsolicited deposits in the nests of any of the nineteen species of the feathered tribe that have favored us by nesting in our yard at various times. The redwing, rusty and meadow lark fly over during migrations, occasionally resting for a moment. The bronzed grackle for years built in the tall evergreens, while the orchard and Baltimore orioles both nested occasionally, before the old apple trees and sugar maples were removed. Straggling flocks of crows fly over spring and fall, there being an hundred seen now where one was observed twenty years ago. Surely civilization assists some birds, if others and useful ones are becoming extinct. Our bluejay is as numerous as formerly, and is one of our old standbys with the robins, but really more intimately connected with us as he does not migrate to any extent. His harsh notes are welcome in the cold months, and his agreeable colors and odd habits are always pleasing.

FLYCATCHERS.

The common pewee may be heard each year in early April, next comes the clamorous kingbird, then the least flycatcher, which, however, is rarely found in the city, and lastly the wood pewee, which nests. Thus far I have seen only one olive-sided flycatcher.

SWIFTS, HUMMERS, ETC.

An occasional night hawk flies over, as also kingfishers. The black-billed cuckoo is often heard, while the ruby-throat seeks the garden and the gyrating chimney swift moves in semicircles or drops into the chimney, where its stick nest is glued to the sooty side.

WOODPECKERS.

We have five species of these borers which visit us each year; the downy is hardiest of all, and frequently seen in midwinter. Next comes the hairy. Of the last three, the golden wing arrives first in spring, then the red-head, and the yellow-bellied last. All are seen several months of the year, excepting the latter, which while migrating remains with us only a fortnight, during which time it infests maples and evergreens, drilling hundreds of small holes from which to collect sap in the spring.

HAWKS AND OWLS.

A barred owl was taken many years ago, and a common screech owl made a short stay. Marsh harriers, red-tailed, red-shouldered and sparrow hawks have been seen flying over; a Cooper's hawk was observed plying his trade among the English sparrows about 4 o'clock one morning, and a sharp-shinned was engaged in the same glorious work in broad daylight.

DOVES, GROUSE, SNIPE, ETC.

Passenger pigeons, so abundant in old times, once flew over our yard in countless numbers, and I have seen the sun darkened by their passage; but alas, this was many years ago. An occasional mourning dove flits by in spring migrations. A good-sized covey of partridges or ruffed grouse flew bewildered into the yard long since, and one which came against the house was stunned and captured. Less than ten months ago a large bevy of quail crossed our yard, and I have heard them all about this season.

Golden plover fly over rarely in autumnal journeyings, occasionally I hear a semi-palmated, and each season killdeers. The form of a woodcock was once not a rare sight at dusk, while snipe occasionally towered. Least sandpipers, grass snipe and spotted sandpipers are often distinguished by their notes, as well as greater and lesser yellowlegs and occasionally the field plover.

The great blue heron is the only one of the family that I have seen, while a dead body of an ortolan is the only evidence of the rail family in our yard.

WATER FOWL, GULLS, DIVERS, ETC.

Once the whistling swan swept majestically by, and among geese, the black brant, snow goose and Canada goose were seen, the last two in thousands years ago.

Of the ducks I have seen only a few of the twenty odd species known here, for as they more often migrate at night, my opportunities are small; however, the following were distinguished: Mallard, pintail, butterball, wood-duck and goosander.

Among the gulls were distinguished the Bonaparte's and herring gulls.

In loons and divers were recorded the great northern diver and the pied-bill grebe.

In addition to the above list a great many were guessed at, but from uncertainty are not mentioned. To many this list will appear very defective, but to all we will simply state that the species were observed within a space of five by twelve rods and in the air above it. At different times nineteen species were found breeding.

KALAMAZOO, Mich. MORRIS GIBBS.

### Migratory Birds in Malta.

REFERRING to Malta's spring visitors the *Mediterranean Naturalist* for June says that during the preceding month the valleys and gorges were alive with orioles, warblers, rollers and bee-eaters. In the rich crimson clover enormous numbers of quails found shelter during their sojourn en route for the Continent, while the branches and foliage of the carob, the prickly pear and the orange trees were thronged with harriers and larks.—*Nature, London, June 30, 1892.*

# Game Bag and Gun.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of United States and Canada. Price 50 cents.*

## A MISSOURI DEER TRACK.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 10.—Waking one morning and finding about 3in. of snow on the ground, I suggested to my brother to try a new direction for deer. Fastening up the dog, and taking a lunch, I carried a .44 Winchester, and my brother a 10-bore shotgun, as we always do when we go together, as we expected to see turkeys, and a shotgun is handy for turkeys. We started for a tramp which we knew would not fall much short of sixteen or eighteen miles. We had not gone more than about three miles when my brother gave me the signal which I knew meant deer sign, and which afterward proved to be the tracks of two old bucks. With my brother watching the tracks and me out on one side looking ahead, we struck a good gait as the tracks looked pretty old, and as they were going fast we had an idea they were a long way away. After a while we found where they had fed the evening before. We followed around and around through brushy thickets and wood chopping for miles and miles, until I got pretty tired of it, and would have given them up; but Jack is a great sticker, so he followed them until they were on top of a big mountain, about eight miles from home, and as they were going straight away from home, and the tracks were still old, even Jack gave them up, and we started on a circle back toward home. We had not gone a quarter of a mile until we struck the very same tracks going in the same direction, but still old. So we sauntered along carelessly on the track, thinking they were somewhere in the next county, when looking ahead through a small opening in the light timber, about 300yds. off, I spied one pawing around in the snow for acorns.

Telling Jack to stop I dropped on one knee and took aim (just as though I was taking aim at a chicken's head at home). Seeing hair in the notch, I gave the trigger a big yank and bounced up to see the result. Of course the deer went out of sight quicker than a flash, and Jack took a run up ahead to see if he couldn't get in a few buckshot, as it was running quartering with us. He had got about 100yds. when I saw, as I thought, the same deer coming straight toward me. I shouted to Jack to stop, and at the same time the deer stopped too, about 150yds. off. Taking quick aim (expecting it to run) I fired and missed it and it wheeled. Jack let go a load of buckshot. The deer went out of sight and the next instant out bounced, as we thought, the same deer out of a ravine and dashed off over the hill, Jack sending some buckshot at it just to keep from carrying them home. So there we were—all that shooting and notning to show. But we started over in the direction it had disappeared, when I happened to think that we had been following two, so I said to Jack, "I wonder what has become of the other deer." We stopped and glanced around. There, not 50yds. from where Jack had fired his first load of buckshot, we spied a deer doubled up over a log. Cutting his throat and dragging him around with his head down the hill so he would bleed good, we struck out after the one we had seen disappear over the hill. As soon as we struck the track we knew we had touched him as the snow was tinted with blood. Coming on top of the hill we saw a long stretch of open timber. Hurrying along and looking away ahead, we walked within twenty steps of the game crouched down in the snow looking back at us. We both threw up our guns at once but Jack headed me off by putting a load of buckshot in his head. Fastening a strap to its head we dragged it back to the other one.

Now there we were, eight miles from home with two big deer that we could hardly lift, not to think of carrying them eight miles. Jack started for home after a wagon. He went but a mile when he ran across some wood haulers and hired them, and we got home about 4 o'clock, two of the happiest fellows in southeast Missouri, with lots of "meat in the shanty." JIM.

### Hosts of Michigan Quail.

DRYDEN, Mich., Aug. 4.—The Michigan quail season will open Nov. 1 and run to Dec. 15. There is a big crop. The birds have not been so plentiful for years as they are this season in this locality; and reports of plenty come to me from other parts of the State. Sportsmen are looking forward to having some excellent sport this season.

T.

## A HUNT IN THE ROCKIES.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

It is hardly necessary to state that months of preparation and the usual fond anticipations were all gone through with before the arrangements were completed. My old companions in many a hunt, Messrs. A. C. Kepler, of Lancaster, and Frank B. Blood, of Conneaut, O., were anxious to go but could not. "Kep," one of the most ardent and efficient hunters and trappers in the United States, and a royal good fellow, was building a new house and could not get away. Blood, the man with nerves of iron and deadly aim, was an important witness in court, and compelled, much against his will and inclinations, to forego what we considered the most gigantic hunting excursion on our list.

It must be admitted that my spirits sank somewhat below zero as I stood alone with my face turned toward Idaho, with the determination to go if I was obliged to go it alone." After all, much of the pleasure to be derived from an outing depends upon agreeable companions. But, as the old party was broken, and I was going, I called on the reserve, and wrote to my friend, fisherman, rifle-shot and gentleman, H. W. Bush, Esq., assistant auditor and treasurer of the Kansas City, Fort Smith & Southern Railroad, at Neosha, Missouri. Well, were it not for the space it would take up I would insert his reply. It began thus: "Dear Old Boy: Whoop 'er up—I will be thar! Tell me how and what I must get ready," and closed up by saying something about lead-heading," which of course I did not fully understand, but learned all about it later on. I had heard of and was in correspondence with that celebrated hunter, guide and Indian fighter, George W. Rea, of Beaver Cañon, Idaho, had his terms per diem for a complete outfit, and knew just what it would cost; and the possession of this bit of information caused me to feel very perceptibly the necessity of getting at least two more companions to join us, lest the hunt would, like the Indian's gun, "cost more than it came to." My enthusiasm was so great in that direction that I offered one or two of my friends who always had galore in their eyes $50 toward defraying expenses to join me; but business or some other good reason interfered, and they were reluctantly obliged to say no to my entreaties. Wonder if I will have the same difficulty to encounter this fall, when I expect to go to Newfoundland on a caribou hunt? Just as I was about giving up efforts to decrease the expenses by increasing the number of hunters, I received a letter from a perfect stranger to me, Christian Weber, of Baltimore, Maryland, who incidentally heard that I was going to the Rockies a hunt, and requested that he be added to the party. I was not long in writing him to show up with recommendations, which he promptly did; and soon the third and last recruit was mustered in, and a capital fellow he proved to be, besides being an amateur photographer and the possessor of a fine instrument.

I assumed command of the expedition, and at once issued orders governing the amount of baggage, and each man was limited to about the following articles, all to be packed in a carry-all, in order to facilitate transportation on pack animals: One hunting suit, two undershirts, two pairs drawers, two overshirts, four pairs stockings, one-half dozen handkerchiefs, one pair hunting shoes or boots, one pair gum boots, one pair gloves, one cap, one hat, one gum blanket, two woolen blankets, two towels, one piece soap, ammunition and loading tools to suit arm used, pipes and smoking and chewing tobacco, in case they used any, and any other small articles which would neither take up much room nor add much weight. In addition to the above enumerated articles I carried, as I always do, a limited supply of medicines, hypodermic syringe, bandages and adhesive plaster, etc. When all packed, each man's luggage, independent of the arms and each a short light trunk rod and fly-book, weighed less than 50lbs.

### The Start.

What follows I take from my journal of outings, religiously kept for the last fifteen years; and if every one would take as much pleasure in looking over some of the old records way back, where big catches of fish and bags of game are truthfully recorded, in localities on the borders of civilization, but now under a high state of cultivation, they could pleasantly while away many an hour, and fight some of their battles over as the old war veterans are said to do.

Left Lancaster Sept. 30, at 4:45 A. M., fast line, on time (I suppose it knew I was in a hurry to get on my way to the greatest hunt (to be) of my life. Arrived at Philadelphia on time, and, after practicing on a warm but delightfully tough steak, I was ready to take the 8:15 train, B. Baltimore and Ohio, for Chicago; 10:40 we crossed the river on transports and landed in "my Maryland." At 1 P. M. passed through Harper's Ferry, where I had not been since 1861, when I was a gallant soldier seeking to destroy him who would insult the American flag, or something to that effect. Arriving at Washington, D. C., the first man I saw, because I was looking for him as I presume, was Chris Weber, the little German recruit from Baltimore. We had dinner in the rear car, talked the proposed trip over, and each, I suppose, formed an opinion of the other. 1:35 P. M., "Martinsburg," shouts the trainman, and that reminded me of the three months' picnic. I recognized nothing familiar about the place, away back in memory's halls, on a back shelf, and shielded from age and inactivity, I resurrected a picture of the destruction of a distillery, and can yet see streams of whisky flowing like water as the heads of the barrels were being chopped out with axes. I also see soldiers filling their canteens from depressions in the ground. 5:20 P. M.—Passing through the Cumberland Mountains, and now we stop at Deer Park, W. Va. The President's cottage stands on a hill due north and about 500yds. from the station. It is the first cottage on the north side of the track, and a very modest structure when compared to the summer residences of some of the crowned heads of foreign countries. The scenery from Martinsburg to 20 miles west of Deer Park is romantic and magnificently picturesque. 7:10 P. M., Grafton.—A good supper and but 15 minutes to "bolt" it in.

*Oct. 1, 5:30 A. M.*—Just getting daylight. Had a good night's sleep, and just passing Findlay, Ohio. Arrive at Chicago at 10:55, and leave for Kansas City at 12 M.

*Oct. 2, 6 A. M.*—Retired last night at 8 o'clock, and slept the sleep of the just. Crossed the Mississippi at 10:55 last night, and since then have been in the State of Missouri. Arrive at Kansas City at 7 A. M., and find the smiling face of Bush in waiting. After a square breakfast at the Blossom House restaurant, we do up the town. 11 A. M. finds us on board train en route for Denver, Col.



"SHONGO" AND HIS HUNTING HORSE "WARRIOR."
From an amateur photograph.

*Oct 3, 7:45 A. M.*—Here we are in Denver, the great city on the plains, an oasis in a desert. The ride from Kansas City to this point was not very interesting. Western Kansas and all of eastern Colorado is an arid plain, and resembles the ocean in general appearance; small cactus, scrub sage and ant hills go far to make up the very uninteresting picture of desolation. The earth was so dry that dust filled the coaches and made existence very unpleasant. 9:45 A. M. finds us en route again westward bound. Sixty-nine miles west of Denver, a rig for $24, or $8 each, for selves and baggage. 10:30 A. M., all aboard, and we are on our way behind two cayuses hooked to a light though strong wagon. Road good, though very dry and dusty. Stop at 2 P. M., and about half way, to feed. Route leads through a basin, which is bounded on two sides by high wooded mountains. Meet a band of about 150 Indians on their return from their fall hunt to their reservation at Blackfoot, Idaho, which is south of Beaver Cañon. Their pack animals were loaded to the gunwales with meat and hides, and they had with them a fine herd of horses of all shades of color. We had quite a parley with their chief Tindo, who could speak some pigeon English, and inquired as to whether there were any Indians at Beaver. He was a fine, fat, sleek fellow, apparently about 50. To the question as to whether they got plenty of meat, his his reply was, "Indian he get plenty meat." Just at sundown we pulled up at our long-looked-for objective point, Rea's Ranch.

Well, almost any one could form a faint idea as to the extent of our curiosity and profound satisfaction at the picture before us, presented by a glimpse at this veteran hunter's ranch. Bear, deer, antelope, elk, badger and mountain sheep pelts were tacked up wherever you gazed, and on the roofs of the building were securely anchored several pairs of elk antlers. During the afternoon we saw hundreds of sage hens, or chickens, as they call them here, and we bagged several by way of getting our hands in.

Rea's Ranch is located on a bluff, about 200ft. from the Shotgun, and at an elevation of about 25ft. above the water. Rea named the stream, and says it came to pass thus: Away back in the sixties he and a partner were trapping on this stream. They had pack animals, and among other things too numerous to mention the "pard" had one of those old-fashioned, muzzle-loading smooth-bore guns, as heavy as a fence rail, and Rea says almost as long, "and not worth a white and black skunk skin anyway." They had camped on the west bank of the stream, about a mile and a half below the site of his present ranch. The snow was deep, the horses were overburdened and almost tuckered out; Rea was packing the last horse, when "pard" handed him the old gun to be strapped fast on the now overloaded horse. Rea says, "Keep your old gun, you are more able to pack it than the cayuse. For a thimbleful of beans I would chuck it into the creek," "Pard" took the old gun's part and reached for his revolver, which was always at his side. Rea promptly knocked him down, and that was the end of it. "Pard" pouted, stood the gun up against a cottonwood tree nearby, and the outfit moved on. They soon settled the difficulty and all went on as smoothly as before, but the old gun kept lonely watch leaning up against the cottonwood. Several years after the occurrence Rea came through the valley again, and remembering the circumstance as well as the location, visited the spot. Sure enough, there stood the old gun against the tree, looking much the worse from the action of the elements and its long vigil. Rea, true to his first intentions, took up the weapon and cast it into the stream. Since that time the stream is known as the "Shotgun," and is so shown on the maps.



REA AND HIS RANCH.
From an amateur photograph.

### Rea's Ranch.

We return to a description of Rea's Ranch and its surroundings. The stream is not more than 10 or 12ft. wide 200ft. above the buildings. About 100yds. above it receives the waters from a spring which rises one-half mile further south, and where this spring empties into the Shotgun it is 60ft. wide and will average 8in. in depth. Below the building Rhea has constructed a dam, the back water covering several acres. The dam is so constructed that trout can go up but few can return. The consequence is that the water above the dam is alive with the speckled beauties of all ages and sizes, and furnishes not only fine sport but a handsome revenue from the sale of fish. He seines out of that dam yearly thousands of pounds, which net him 20 cents per pound delivered on the cars at Beaver Cañon. He has 920 acres of improved land, most of which is park or meadow, well set with natural grass, well watered and beautifully located. The buildings include of the dwelling, which is built of logs, with planing mill doors and window frames with glass. The roof is formed with poles, averaging from 4 to 6in. in diameter, laid side by side, in the interstices ropes of hay are carefully packed in, and covering the whole is about 10in. of earth, which becomes solidly packed and makes a good roof, shedding water well and besides resisting the sun's rays in summer, as well as the chilling blasts of winter. A good-sized kitchen attached completes the dwelling part of the ranch; and, although not as elegant as a brown or green stone front, with the floors covered with Brussels and the windows draped with lace curtains, Rea's Ranch on the Shotgun, located as it is in that beautiful valley in far off Idaho, furnishes finer scenery, with more solid comfort, rest and recreation for the brain-worker than either my pen or camera can depict.

The valley is about eight miles wide, bounded on two sides by spurs of the Rockies, some of them snow-capped and well wooded, and the air as pure as the rippling water. Near the dwelling is another building, known as the "dead house," without windows, but two doors on opposite sides. The contents of this building furnished a medley for a tourist not soon to be forgotten. Here hung against the wall, to the left as we entered, the antlers and skull of a bull elk, which had been killed but two weeks before our arrival. In yonder corner hangs the saddle of an antelope, with a very large piece clipped out for our

*Oct. 4, 6 A. M.*—Just arrived at Green River, Wyoming. The scenery here is grand beyond description. Weber becomes enthused and as we are again delayed and there is sufficient time, he gets out his camera and takes a view of Castle Rock, which is a magnificent pile, 600ft. above the railroad track, and fashioned by one of nature's best architects. 9:20 A. M.—Off we are again, and our objective point is Pocatello, Idaho. 3 P. M.—Just crossed the line dividing Wyoming and Idaho. For the last hundred miles we have been traveling along the Bear River, and if we saw one goose, brant or duck we saw thousands. This stream meanders along through the Rockies, and is the only one within many miles; and hence the waterfowl all congregate on its limpid waters and guzzle over its pebbly bottom. 10:30 P. M., we arrive at our destination, Beaver Cañon, Idaho.

*Oct. 5.*—All hands up early, repacking our baggage and getting ready for our trip up the Shotgun Valley to Rea's Ranch, which is 45 miles due east, and in the direction of the southern boundary of the National Park. We hire and the only thing interesting either in the animal or vegetable kingdom this far through this barren land to a traveler is the fact that it is almost impossible to look from the car window and not see prairie dogs sitting upright and sometimes within 10ft. of the track, looking cute and wise. How they live there and keep sleek and fat, where nothing grows but sage, I leave others who know to tell. Athol, Wyo., 1:35 P. M.—Colorado is now east of us, and owing to a wreck on a branch road we are delayed two hours; likewise at Cheyenne, which is a beautiful town of 8,000 inhabitants.

supper. Over there in that corner lies a pile of mountain sheep horns, antelope heads and horns. On the poles above our heads hang bear, antelope, coyote, lynx, badger, mountain sheep, elk and moose hides, and on the joists above rest our guide's toboggan and Norwegian snow shoes (some of the latter 10ft. in length). On the ground floor are traps of all kinds, some for grizzly and silver-tip bear, weighing as much as 50lbs. each, to which are attached ponderous chains. A great heap of riding and quaint-looking pack saddles finish up the contents of this unique inclosure, the sight of which helps to dispel the cares of business which still hover around us, though far from home and out of its reach.

The next structure adjoining is used for a general workshop, and has a forge, work bench and all kinds of artisan's tools. Near by the latter is the stable for the horses, and connected with it is the corral, a large inclosure in which the cayuses are confined when not grazing. Below the dwelling and about half way to the edge of the water is a cave or "dugout," such as many families lived in on the borders of civilization, where I used to hunt years ago in Iowa and Dakota.

The front of Rea's cave is built of logs, and has a strong door. This is used as a cellar for the safekeeping of meat, etc. Supper was called, and we were all anxious to get there, as our ride of forty-five miles from Beaver Cañon and the additional exercise of taking a chance shot at sage hens gave us appetites for much less tempting grub than juicy antelope steak, brook trout and roast elk, with good bread and potatoes, which was the bill of fare for supper, with the addition of coffee or tea as preferred.

*Sunday Morning, Oct. 5.*—We have all slept soundly. The sun is just peeping over yonder snowclad mountain top, the air is thin and cold, and a white frost covers the ground. That hoary-headed peak doesn't look to be over five or six miles from here, but Rea assures me it is twenty good long Idaho miles off. So much for our judgment of distances in rarified air. As he and I stood in front of the door admiring the beautiful sunrise as it lit up the magnificent landscape, I kept him busy answering questions, when suddenly I thought I saw something move on the side of a small elevation off to the right. I called his attention to the fact. "Oh, they are antelope; I presume you can see them in almost any direction and at all times in the day from the ranch. Get your field glass and take a good look at them." The glass was forthcoming, the same I carried through nearly four years of the late war, and sure enough there was a herd of ten antelope quietly grazing. I say, "George, how far are they off?" Again I was surprised, and took lesson No. 2 in computing distances in rarified air, as he replied, "At least two miles." "Where are Bush and Weber? We will call them. They, too, must see the first four-legged game." They soon appeared, half dressed, slip-shod and rubbing their eyes. The gentleman of German extraction became suddenly very much excited, and insisted on starting in pursuit at once, before breakfast, and although it was Sunday morning. "How far are they off?" queried one of us. One said three-quarters, the other thought they might be out about half a mile. When informed by George that they were at least two miles off, and that it would take most of the forenoon to get around them and under cover within shooting distance, our German companion became somewhat less enthusiastic, and gave up the idea of going for antelope on that particular Sunday morning before breakfast. A splendid breakfast over, and, after filling our pipes, we were busy doing up the ranch and its surroundings, lest some object of interest might have escaped our attention during the evening.

We soon learned that two new and important recruits had arrived during the night, and, as they were to form a very important factor in the outfit, I will devote a few lines to a description of who they were and what function they were to perform. One was "Bill," known as the "Panama Kid," who was a practical "cowboy" and an experienced "packer"—the latter avocation is a trade, calling or profession distinct from any other in the Rockies, and whose services are indispensable on a hunt such as we were about to engage in. His wages are fixed both by custom and usage, and if he understands his business his services always command his price. The packer furnishes his own outfit—horse, saddle, bridle, blankets, lariat, etc., and gets $3 a day and his grub. His duties are to pack the animals, which is quite a feat, and can only be acquired by long experience and constant practice, and in addition he cooks for the outfit.

The other recruit was Frank, a very estimable young man who had been a sheep herder for years, and who received $2 a day, his grub and a horse to ride. His duties were to assist the packer, picket the animals and do chores generally. Eight pack animals were required to transport our duffle, and it required the combined efforts of Rea, "Kid" and Frank all day Sunday to get everything arranged for the start on Monday morning. Bush, Weber and myself concluded to try our horses, which had been assigned us by the guide, and they were saddled up. Warrior, Rea's favorite hunting horse, was assigned to the writer. He was a noble fellow, almost white, and as gentle as he was good, and more will be said of him hereafter. Bush drew Wardrobe, a fine, wiry, jet black horse, smaller than Warrior, but a trump also. Weber got Buckskin, a somewhat tricky, fractious cayuse, and smaller still than Wardrobe, as Weber was the light-weight of the party, only tipping the beam at 125. SHONGO.

### Adirondack Deer.

DEER hunting in the Adirondacks will begin on Aug. 15, and the season will close on Oct. 31. Hounding will be lawful from Sept. 10 to Oct. 10, inclusive. No deer hunting at all is permitted in Ulster, Greene, Sullivan and Delaware counties. Hounding is not permitted in St. Lawrence county. One person may take two deer in a season only. No transportation (except of heads, feet and skins) allowed, except that one carcass may be transported when accompanied by the owner.

### "Two are Company, Three a Crowd."

IN hunting moose by calling, the members of too large a party are likely to interfere with each other and spoil each other's chances. For instance, two of us with our callers start out in the afternoon to spend the night on the grounds where we intend calling the next morning at daybreak; we have to get at least four miles apart, and with a large party it is difficult to properly locate them. EXPERIENCED.

## A HUNT IN THE WHITE PINE COUNTRY.

IN northwest Colorado lies a large tract of land north of the Grand River, which is one of the best hunting grounds now left in the United States. It would be hard to imagine any use beyond a hunting ground to which it will be put, a good part of it being mesa land, near timber line in altitude, and so cut up by ravines and cañons that journeys between neighboring parts are matters sometimes of days. In the surrounding counties are good farming and grazing lands which have been so thoroughly settled that the scattered game which, not very many years ago gave the Ute Indians their living, has been driven into this much smaller area. The Government has been quietly considering lately the preservation of the game and the conversion of the land into a second great national park, but this is probably a long way in the future.

Two years ago I found myself with time on my hands in Glenwood Springs, the Colorado hot springs resort on the D. & R. G. R. R., which runs through the Grand River Cañon on the very edge of the game country. Since I had last been there, a year ago, several bears were killed by Big Ike, the professional of that district, in the well-nigh impassable ravines which here and there cut the perpendicular sides of this cañon.

I had only three days, but when one is in the midst of a game country a good deal can be done in a short time, particularly when you are familiar with the country. I was fortunate too, for in Dotsero a few miles up the cañon, reached by a freight train early in the morning, I found Ned Dempsey, my guide, who has supplied me and a great many others with sport in the mountains. He had happened to come to town that day, and I lost no time in securing him. It took us not more than an hour to buy flour and bacon enough for three days, pack them and our bedding on his donkey, and start for where, as he expressed it; he had some elk staked out for me. We went light, you see, for we were to be back in three days, and then I am a little of a crank on traveling with few impediments and dispensing with riding horses when possible. When it is a very long way to your hunting ground horses become necessary, but when you are there as I was, one's legs are best, for besides the saving of expense, one's movements are not controlled by the factor of food hunting and horse catching in the mornings. If you can go with Dempsey you will recognize soon that one of his virtues is a great faculty for packing quickly. We got an early start and were soon on the trail to the trout lake in the mountains about sixteen miles away, where we planned our first camp. About six of these miles is a good steady climb, sometimes zig-zag up a steep place among furs and pines through which one can rarely get any breeze or view of the country, but the panorama from the top repaid all our work with interest; forty miles away we could see the Mountain of the Holy Cross, so called from the shape of a snow-filled ravine on its side, near its summit. On our other side, the hill fell down into what Ned said was a first-class bear country, and I readily believed it as we looked down many hundred feet to the tops of the firs and the fallen timber on the ragged sides of the ravines. A bear hunt is still waiting there for some man with more time than I had.

Our road led along the crest of the steep hill we had come up, and we pushed on, startling a bunch of cattle or horses now and then, but no game though we were on the close watch. I was glad of it, as the killing of a deer meant the end of our hunt, for venison cannot be sold or even given away in the spring according to the laws of Colorado, though a man in the mountains can kill meat for his own use. As the day grew short I added to our sturdy little donkey's load, one by one, my coat, my hunting shirt, my rifle, and was thinking of climbing on top of them all, when at about 4 o'clock, after following up for perhaps half a mile the prettiest little trout stream with the clearest and shadiest of swirling holes that ever were seen, we broke through the last clump of swamp alders upon the bank itself of the trout lake, our first camp.

We fished from the time we drove the donkey out of camp to rustle for his food until it was too dark to see, and without moving from one small cove caught, on flies, 114 trout that would average from one-half to three-quarters of a pound. I am glad to say that the laws of the State, and their strict enforcement, which is more to the point, will, in my opinion, allow any one to do as well as we did for a good many years.

Four years ago, before the present Colorado fish and game law was passed which forbids the sale of uncultivated trout at any season of the year, Ned Dempsey and a partner fished this lake for the market; while one carried the fish to town on donkeys, a two days' trip, the other caught trout enough to keep him on the road all the time. One hundred pounds of fish a day caught on flies came out of that little lake and the mile of stream below it for a large proportion of spring and early summer. Now, happily, this can not be done, or I should not have enjoyed those crisp, thick little fish, for there must be a limit, though hard to imagine these, to the fish in any waters. The above fish law works well; fishculture has become a small industry in Colorado, and the fish dealers are the most jealous guardians of the law, which is to them the prosperity of their business, and they follow and arrest many law breakers every year.

An early start in the morning, and our donkey, with his big pack and short, convulsively moving hind legs, headed our little party to the elk country; over this great wood-covered hill and round the next we climbed, the little lake with its precipitous green sides appearing from time to time below us where I least expected it. Ned was as light-hearted as I, chaffing his firm friend, the donkey, on his foolish appearance, and encouraging him with descriptions of the bunch grass he would soon find in our camp above until we arrived, at 3 o'clock, beside a spring just left by the snow to do its summer bubbling and give to the elk and deer what we were going to try to take away. However, that's the way we are made.

I rolled my thick jacket up and tied it around my waist with a small rope, for, hot as it was then, the night air was going to be very different, and our hunt might lead us some distance from camp. Ned took the lead, going carefully, examining the tracks, old and new, of which there were plenty, but not a sight of any game did we get; we started to follow, but gave up. A bear track perhaps two days old peeped over each ridge, until we came on a patch of timber in which were unmistakably a number of fresh elk signs, and we knew we had got there; Dempsey, with his finger on his lips, turned and gave me a look of "I told you so!" and in whispers he stationed me beside a clump of bushes on an edge overlooking a green level patch with a small spring in its middle. Then he walked softly away, and I, untying my jacket from around my waist, examined every rock, tree and corner around, listening to my heart beat, and telling myself how absurd it was to come so far and then risk my object by excitement; but philosophy is out of place in the mountains.

There! How in the world did he get there? I had not seen him come into the meadow; but there he is, slowly walking toward me below, nibbling a tender root here and there, as confident of solitude as possible—a young stag elk. Will he see me as I stealthily raise my .45 70 to my shoulder and wait for a sight at his fore shoulder. He won't turn, but still he doesn't suspect harm; and I abandon my first bead to take a long breath and to get a better one as he comes from behind a shrub. Down hill and only about seventy-five yards off, so aim well under; he swings around, I pull, and I gulp down my heart into its place again; for with strong, long jumps he is making a new record for a fir patch a hundred and fifty yards away. I pump another cartridge and pull again, but no use, till all of a sudden down he goes, and falls with a crash on the very edge of the trees, a game beast, for he ran seventy-five good yards with his heart cut in two by my first bullet.

We carried his tenderloin to camp, down the mountain, in the dark, and no small job it was either, but success makes light of difficulties, and we enjoyed a hunter's meal cooked over embers, and turned in under the stars to sleep until daylight. We packed his saddle on the donkey, but his fore-quarters were more than the little fellow could be expected to carry, so I hung them in a fir tree and we took the back track for the lake. We found on our way a camp of two men and two women who had spent about all the money they had in the world to come out to the mountains from Kansas City, to give a last hope in the high altitude to one of the men, a consumptive. The poor fellow had little to eat besides trout. They knew nothing of hunting, and the invalid had failed rapidly for the last few days. We supplied them with some fresh meat, and before we had started again after our lunch they told us he had eaten a pound of steak and had taken a new lease of life. That's my story; I reached town within my three days, having accomplished, with good luck, you'll say, perhaps, what it takes oftener longer to do; but this, as I have said, is one of the best game countries left to us. *

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 6.—One of the most notable features offered for the entertainment of the public at the World's Fair will be the brilliant water pageant of the Procession of the Centuries, in which will be seen doubtless the most superb collection of allegorical floats ever prepared in the world. The series will present in colossal pictured form the story of America. The technical description of some of the most interesting is as follows:

"The floats or barges, 24 in number, will be mounted upon specially constructed catamarans, and by ingenious mechanical arrangements will be propelled through the water. The aboriginal age will occupy the first position. In lieu of a single float this group will be composed of a score or more of independent canoes of varying sizes and characteristics, from the tiny bark canoe for a single paddler to the great wooden war canoes propelled by many paddlers. These canoes will be manned by Indians to represent the many tribes, from the nearly naked bronze-hued Indian of the tropics to their fur-clad brethren of upper America. There will be seen the war canoe and the daintier peace canoe, and there will be hunting, fishing and racing canoes. All of these will perform complicated and beautiful evolutions in which they are to be sedulously drilled. They will form a changing, broken group that will serve to act as an advance guard to the great procession of floats. This feature of independent small boats is to be repeated at intervals along the line.

"The aboriginal age will be followed by the stone age, the cliff dwellers. This float will be approximately 40ft. long, 22ft. wide, and 30ft. high, dimensions that apply with necessary variations to the remainder of the floats. It will show in *fac simile* the rude dwellings of the old cliff dwellers, mere caves in the rocky faces of steep cañon walls and reached by rude notched posts or ladders. At the foot of the cliffs on the flat level space will be seen groups of the Indians engaged in sacred dances. Near by their women grinding corn and preparing the feast. Curious feathered poles, rude trophies of the hunt, great jars of pottery and all manner of their implements, domestic, for war, religion and hunting, will be seen scattered about.

"Following the stone age comes 'The Age of Metal, the Aztecs.' Not the bronze age, for America never had such an age, but in its place an age of gold and copper. The vast float shows one of the huge teocallies of old Mexico. Within the shrine is to be seen the flower-garlanded, blood-bespattered image of Huitzilopochtli, the war god. Before the shrine there is a possession, Motehcuhzoma borne aloft by nobles in gorgeous vestments, with slaves holding a brilliant canopy above them. The great chief is robed in marvelous garments made of the brightest feathers of millions of humming birds and adorned with massive gold ornaments and precious calchihuitls. He is being conducted from his devotions to his splendidly ornate galley blazing with gold and color, with nodding plumes and flaunting banners. Other smaller canoes attend on either hand. Some of these draw after them floating islands covered with blossoming flowers. On other parts of the platforms various groups enact other scenes of Mexican life."

Others of the floats will be "Columbus at the Spanish Court," "The Departure of Columbus," "The Discovery," "The Cavaliers," "The Pilgrims," "De Soto on the Mississippi," "Marquette and La Salle," "Pioneer Days," "War," "Peace," "Liberty," and still others showing the arts and industries, science and literature. It will be a noble spectacle in all, a brilliant and impressive sight, and he will be a poor American who can look upon it without a lump in his throat.

Now, I don't know that all this would be especially apropos of anything were it not for one fact, and that an interesting one. All these brilliant allegories required a

designer, and their birth shows the quality of that designer. It was no ordinary mind and no ordinary hand which put in color these unbackneyed pictures of form and thought. The artist was Mr. W. L. Wells, of this city. His famous pictures of "Mallards" and "Teal" show that he has been on the marsh with both eyes open. As a shooter he is very well known in all this section, so familiarly known, in fact, that almost everybody out here calls him just Billy Wells, though I presume after this we will have to speak of him as Signor de Welles, or something of that sort.

This shooter-artist is as versatile as he is clever. Perhaps some readers of FOREST AND STREAM may recall the amusing little comic sketches which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM report of the Illinois State shoot. These were the work of the same pencil that laid the draughts for this grand Procession of the Centuries. I think there will be many FOREST AND STREAM readers who at the World's Fair will gaze at this stirring pageant with an added interest, and perhaps with another reflection on the present surprising possibilities of the fellow with the gun.

THAT SNIPE.

It is probable that before very long Warden Bortree will have something further to say in regard to his position on the snipe-waterfowl question. Still, as I look over this week's FOREST AND STREAM, I cannot repress the thought that all his trouble must be for naught, since in the end the most valuable authority of all must be against him. In short, the thing has already been settled and there is no use talking about it any further. From Col. Bond's article I take, from the embodied letter written him by Dr. N. Rowe, the following:

"Moreover, the snipe is not a water fowl; that I stated in the *American Field* several times. In regard to this very question you can state positively what I have written you."

After this final and overwhelming word on the matter, I cannot see any use in further discussion, and trust that Warden Bortree will consider it in the same light. If it has been editorially stated by the *American Field* that the snipe is not a water fowl that do settle it, and no reference to the courts is necessary.

There is another phase of this question, for the sake of which I must again quote the opening sentence of this same letter:

"There is one thing that everybody is off on in regard to snipe. It was I who, in order to harmonize matters, proposed to remove all protection from snipe, and it was thoroughly and positively understood that snipe should not be protected."

The alarming position assigned the public by the eminent naturalist and rhetorician in question, in that the said public mind be both on and off a thing at the same time, cannot fail to set one thinking. When one thinks, the carking conviction eats into one's soul that there should be a more explicit statement as to the part the E. N. and R. actually played in that original legislation. I have just been talking with a gentlemen somewhat posted on the facts, and he tells me that the E. N. and R. did not cut even the figure of head midwife at the birth of that freak in legislation, the Illinois game law. If this be true, my quotation reads larger than it should. I hate like everything to destroy popular idols, but we have to do it sometimes in our business. It's tough.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

A young gentlemen who has lately been out prospecting around the edge of town says, "I believe there are more prairie chickens in Cook county than in all the rest of Illinois." He saw a number of pairs, but no young birds at the same time. Last week he bagged eight jacksnipe. Jacksnipe have also appeared in small numbers near Hammond, Indiana.

I have heard little from the chicken crop in lower Illinois, and we are not apt to hear much from it. Shooters who know a good chicken hole these days are not swarming into print for the most part. It is certain, however, that there will be good chicken shooting in Illinois, though the best of it will be gobbled before the law opens the season. I should not be much afraid to chance it below Bloomington, and I think a trip with Mason City as an objective point would be very likely to be successful. Barring the larger number of posted farms, I believe I would rather risk central Illinois for a chicken hunt than central Minnesota or South Dakota. I believe that northwestern Nebraska is in general the safest country of all to head for.

Mr. Chas. A. Rathbone, of Detroit, Mich., has the following to say in regard to the "game pocket" I have been keeping on ice for FOREST AND STREAM people:

"I have just received your letter of Aug. 1, and desire to thank you for your kindness in giving me the address and remembering me. I am uncertain about getting West this year; but should I go I will be glad to take advantage of the knowledge and use it in the proper manner."

As stated last week, I have written to all the gentlemen who inquired earlier about this chicken country, or have attempted to do so. If by chance any inquiries have been missed, I wish they might address me again so that I may get the names and addresses. Moreover, I should be glad if any reader of FOREST AND STREAM who wants to have a pleasant chicken shoot this fall would write for this address. I believe there is room for all, and while I know too much to guarantee shooting to anybody, I believe this is the place a good many men are looking for. Two days before the season opens there will still be the same number of men who will want to know, right away, where they can go quick and kill about 100 chickens a day, easy, not too far from the railroad. That isn't the wise way to do nowadays. It is wiser to begin plans for a chicken shoot at least a month ahead.

Unfortunately, the market-shooters begin their plans about a month ahead, also, and they get there, too. The unscrupulous are the most successful in the chicken game. Early chicken shooting is not sport for any one who ever did much of it and can shoot a little bit. The market-hunters do not shoot these "cheepers" for sport, but for so much a per each. It is a wonder they don't take the eggs home and kill the birds with a club as soon as they hatch. Great country, America.

E. HOUGH.

*New Editions: The Gun and its Development, $2.50. The Modern Shotgun, $1. For sale at this office.*

## UPLAND PLOVER SHOOTING.

DON'T think from this heading that it is my intention to describe my success in shooting upland plover or to give my views as to the best way of shooting them. I am merely going to give an account of an incident in connection with upland plover shooting, which, though not exciting or thrilling, is certainly uncommon, and I trust that it may be of interest to the reader.

I was driving over the hills of New Hampshire one afternoon late in July, just before the uplanders leave the inland pastures for the sea, when my attention was attracted by the whistling of some plover. Looking up I saw a pair flying over my head, and presently I saw them alight in a field where several more were feeding in the long grass. This promised sport; and a few days later I took the same drive with a gun in the wagon. When I arrived at the field where I had seen the plover feeding, I found that the grass had been cut and a number of men were loading hay into an ox-cart. In the lower corner of the field, however, I discovered a number of plover quite near a stone wall. Having hitched my horse, I made a long circuit and crept up to the wall, on the other side of which I had seen the plover. They were still there and within easy range; so I stood up and as they ran fired at them. Whether I got any or not is neither here nor there; but no sooner had I fired than one of the men whom I had seen loading hay came running toward me, shouting to me to get out and to take myself off to warmer climes, and calling me all manner of hard names. I waited till he came near and then tried to tell him that I was bent on no harm but was merely shooting plover. "Shooting plover!" he shouted. "Don't you suppose I know what you're doing?" and then he came very near calling me more names. Presently he became calmer, and then he told me that he had most as soon I went into his house and shot his children, and that he had much rather I shot his chickens. "Why," he said, "them plovers have been here every summer since I was a boy, and I wouldn't have them drove off and not hear them hollering and a whistling round the lot for nothing." I began to feel very mean and tried to say something about "sport," but whatever it was sounded very weak, and I went back to my wagon cured of all desire to shoot upland plover for the rest of the summer.

It is very rare to find such an appreciation and love of birds among farmers of New England, and it is this that makes me think this little incident worthy of note.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt. J. D. B.

## OLD DAYS IN MAINE.

MACHIAS, Washington Co., Maine.—These notes refer to the region watered by the Machias River and its tributaries. Memory carries me back for more than 60 years. At that time there were caribou in certain localities. In winter they collected on the plains where the moss grew upon which the fed, obtaining it by pawing the snow, making large heaps when the snow was deep. I remember seeing one brought into town alive, caught in spring on the crust. They were soon destroyed. I think there has not been a caribou on the river for 50 years.

The moose were quite plenty in those days, but the crust hunter annihilated them some 30 years ago. I was told that one spring the Indians had as many as 15 carcasses in one pile, killed on the crust. There came a thaw and took off the snow so that they could not get them out of the woods and so lost them.

The deer in my young days were not very plenty. They increased so that about 1845 they were quite plenty and kept so for about 20 years. In 1844 or '45 the first wolf was seen on this river. They seemed to come from the north, appearing first at the head of the river. They increased very rapidly, thinning out the deer. They reigned for some twenty or twenty-five years and then left and there has not been one seen or heard since.

After the wolves left, the deer increased. Before the game laws were passed I knew of two hunters who killed thirty-three deer in four days still-hunting in October. The hunters thinned them off till the law was passed protecting them, since then they have increased, till now they are as plenty as ever. One day last fall one of a party of hunters got lost and was out all night. The next morning his comrades with as many others as they could muster, some eight or ten, formed a line, each keeping within hailing distance of the other, and marched through the woods in the direction they though, him to be, shouting and making all the noise they could; this of course drove the game before them, and the man counted fifty-four deer go past him before the men came in sight.

Bears have always been plenty in this section. One fur dealer in this town tells me that he handles about twenty-five skins in a year killed within thirty miles of town.

Ducks of different kinds are plenty in autumn in our fresh water streams and ponds. Partridges are plenty some years and some years are not, owing I think to the state of the snow the previous winter. They have a habit of diving into the snow when it is light enough, to spend the night. Occasionally there comes a sleet storm in the night which forms a crust and they are imprisoned, and unless there comes a thaw in time they die. We have a few snipe and some woodcock in their season.

Pigeons were plenty in my boyhood days. We used to catch them in nets. I have caught 150 at one spring of the net. I know men who have caught over 5,000 each in a season. The pigeon had a habit of coming to the salt marshes for a drink of salt water about sunrise. As there were no trees for them to alight on, as they wanted to do before going down to drink, we used to put up what we called a raker; which has a pole set in the ground with another across the top with slats for them to alight on. The sportsman (?) would hide behind a blind with the largest kind of a gun (we called them King's arms) loaded with fine shot. The top pole was put in such a position that a gun fired from the blind would rake it "fore and aft." The pigeons would frequently come in so large a flock that the raker would not hold them. As many as could would alight, the rest would flutter for a moment over those already alighted, when the old King's arm would speak and down they came. I have known 100 as the result of two shots. But that is all gone. I have not seen a pigeon for years.

We have pickerel in our river, white perch yellow perch chubs etc., in our ponds. All of our small streams and many of our ponds abound with trout.

Now I do not think this a *paradise* for sportmen, but I *do* think there is sport to be had here in the season. In the summer, fishing; in the fall hunting combined with fishing. I think too there is one of the best if not the best chance for a deer park in the State. There is a tract of land in the market of over 20 000 acres which can be bought for about what the timber is worth standing on it, easy of access, no settlers and no turnpike crossing it, that takes in the best section of deer ground on the river. It was on this tract the man mentioned above saw the fifty-four deer. I would not be afraid to guarantee anywhere from 500 to 1,000 deer already on it. If protected they would double every year. As it is in one block my plan would be to enclose with a wire fence, the posts, iron rods driven into the ground. Such a fence would not burn or blow down and would not be very expensive. I should want about four men for game keepers. The timber on it would pay a good part of the price of the land, the increase of the game the cost of running it. This tract is about 15 miles from here, a turnpike within three or four miles, a buck board road the rest of the way. To get here, we shall have a steamer three times a week from Rockland via Bar Harbor. L.

## NORTHWESTERN DEER DESTRUCTION.

CHEWELAH, Stevens County, Wash.—The game is going fast from the Pacific coast, and we have not the power to prevent it, because away back in the mountains there is absolutely no game law, and no one to enforce it if there was one; so everybody who has a gun, except the true mountaineer, will shoot and kill any and everything he sees in the hills and at any and all times, and the small handful of sportsmen in this country cannot prevent it. All through the month of February the snowshoe hunters follow the deer so relentlessly in the deep snow that they are frequently driven down into the settlements, and shot or killed with dogs, the Justice of the Peace and the Sheriff taking a hand in the general slaughter. One man of my acquaintance long carried a black eye and a large section of sore ribs, the effect of a personal encounter with a buck deer in the deep snow. Being unable to kill it in any other way, he broke all its four legs with a club, and then went home for a knife and returned and cut its throat. Then he boasted of his daring and valorous deed, and his friends appeared to admire him. A while ago the Indians in this neighborhood made a drive in the mountains and killed seventy in one day. If the illegal killing of deer is allowed to continue long in that manner it will not be many years before venison will cease to occupy such a conspicuous place on the bill of fare of our city restaurants on the first day of March.

I notice an occasional contribution to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM from the pen of Orin Belknap, of this State. He is one whom I admire very much, because he is, to my own personal knowedge, one of the genuine sportsmen in this part of the country; a man who would not kill a deer or chicken out of season if his breakfast depended on it. K.

## DON'T BLAME US.

WHAT lover of shooting has not been called a fool or some other equally unpleasant name for being fond of such a childish and nonsensical sport as hunting?

If, however, those who ridicule some friend for walking and working hard all day in rain and mud just to get a few little birds which he could have bought for quarter the money would look at it from a psychological standpoint they would not wonder why others go shooting, but would be surprised to find that they themselves do not.

Human beings, like other animals, possess many instincts, and the hunting instinct is one of them.

If evolution and the survival of the fittest be true at all, the destruction of prey and human rivals must have been among the most important of man's primitive functions and these have become ingrained.

The hunting instinct is a transitory instinct, and if it is not exercised at all it may even entirely die out; and this is what has happened to most of the present civilized world. This desire is sure to make its appearance in each one of our lives at some time, generally before we are fifteen years of age, and if it be satisfied it becomes a habit, otherwise it disappears.

If we could retrace our lives we would undoubtedly find where this instinct has made its appearance. So, when in the spring or fall we get "the fever," and are blamed and scolded far going shooting, we can say that the bill is not to be settled with us, but with mother nature. M.

### What the Snipe Is.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It seems to me some contributors are wasting a great deal of ink on the snipe question.

After exhausting the stock of modern opinion they seem to be raking over the piles of ancient lore for "argument," as if a man's opinion was of greater value because he was a forefather!

If Adam himself had left a written assertion that a jacksnipe was a waterfowl, it would count for little with me, for I don't believe he ever shot one in his life. In fact, the most authentic ancient history doesn't state that there was any mud in his garden, and no snipe could live without mud. As the insignificant little thing that is now convulsing the continent could not possibly live in the water and would starve to death on dry land, why not compromise the matter and call it a mudfowl?

DIDYMUS.

### The Massachusetts Acclimatization Fund.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Committee on Acclimatization.—Boston, Aug. 8.—The committee on acclimatization of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions for the work of restocking the State with game, viz.: Mr. D. Kirkwood, $5; Mr. Richard Baker, $25; total, $30.

By the omission of three words in the Massachusetts paragraph of close seasons, in your issue of July 21, the close season for pinnated grouse in Massachusetts was stated to be between Jan. 1 and Sept. 15. The birds are protected at all times. Without such protection the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association could not expect to stock the covers with imported birds.

HENRY J. THAYER, Secretary.

# Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Seneaquoteem (Idaho) correspondent sends us this from the Pend d'Oreille *News*. It has the flavor of the soil:

Tom Murphy, W. P. Grainger and Harry Jackson are Priest Lake prospectors. While up there the other day and all the other boys having left camp to prospect, these three started out, two with pick, shovel and goldpan, to prospect for placer in a gulch near by, and the other, Mr. Murphy, with a gun to try and kill some meat, as that article was getting scarce in camp.

They traveled together for some little distance, when the party separated, Mr. Murphy keeping up toward the head of the gulch and the other two going lower down. They had been separated long enough for Murphy to cross the gulch and get on the other side and only a few hundred yards above the others when he was startled by a loud drumming noise, which he couldn't understand at the time, but which proved to be Grainger pounding on the goldpan. Anyhow, Tom, naturally thinking it to be a call of some kind although a new one on him, started toward the noise.

When about opposite the boys he saw Jackson up a tree hanging on to a limb for dear life, and making the most unearthly noise with his lungs possible, and Grainger going up another tree at a rate that would lead one to suppose he was no novice at the business. Tom, on seeing this peculiar performance, commenced to laugh, which it appears was not so thoroughly enjoyed by the others, as they commenced to swear at a 2:40 pace and wanted to know why he didn't shoot.

This brought the mirthful-disposed shootist to his senses, and standing on a rock from which he could look over a clump of brush he saw the cause of the boys' peculiar conduct. It was a grizzy bear and a vicious looking bear, too, for the dog had been running around and snapping at him for some time, which made his bearship somewhat angry, for he would strike such ugly blows at the dog that the force of them would turn him clear around. While all this circus was going on between the dog and the bear the boys were hanging in the trees, taking turns and then together cursing Tom for not shooting. Apparently an opportunity for a good shot presented itself, for he raised the gun to his shoulder, carefully took aim and as carefully lowered the gun again. Just to show how "cussed" a man can be, he innocently asked, "How much longer can you fellows hold on?" This was more than their wrought up feelings could stand, but their vocabulary was entirely too limited for them to express their reply in words—they just turned black in the face with rage.

Tom then sobered down and took a shot at the bear, which struck him, but not in a vital spot. The bear couldn't see Tom and consequently didn't know where the shot came from. He blazed away again, the ball striking home. On the second shot the bear saw where it came from and made a bee line for the place. He only made a few jumps, however, when he fell over, kicked a few times and died. The boys came down from their uncomfortable positions, Tom came over from across the gulch, they all helped skin the bear and went back to camp. Mr. Murphy brought the hide down with him. It's a beauty.

The funniest part of the whole business was drumming on the goldpan. It appears that Mr. Grainger had heard some prospector tell about charming a bear by pounding on a goldpan. The prospector was out trying some diggings and had no shooting iron with him when he saw a bear making for him. Not knowing what else to do he commenced pounding on his pan. The bear first stopped, looked awhile, then turned around and went away.

Grainger remembered the story when he saw the bear coming for them, and as neither of the boys had a gun with them, he said to Jackson, "Watch me charm him."

"Charm your mother-in-law," said Jackson, "I'm going up a tree."

Grainger kept pounding away on the pan and the bear kept coming. When the bear got within an uncomfortably close distance, Grainger started for a tree. At the foot of the tree, however, he made a last effort to charm the bear. Taking the pan and a stick he called out to Jackson, "Now watch me charm him."

"You fool, you'd better get up that tree, or the bear'll charm you," was Jackson's reply, whereupon Grainger started for the tree at the above-mentioned pace.

Mr. Grainger has no faith in the bear-charming proclivities of a gold pan.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the Forest and Stream offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to Forest and Stream's field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of Forest and Stream.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the Forest and Stream. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The* Book of the Game Laws *has all fish and game laws of United States and Canada. Price 50 cents.*

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Distribution of Black Bass in New York.

For many years the black bass distributed by the New York Fish Commission were caught during the winter in the "wide waters" of the Erie Canal at Rochester. This was rather an uncertain source of supply, for the number of bass available for planting in other waters was dependent upon the quantity of fish that might be left in the "wide waters" when the canal was drawn down. The bass, too, were of all sizes, so that it was not always convenient to transport them, and it was a trouble to get them when the ice had formed. It was found to be better and cheaper to procure small bass from the net fishermen in Lake Ontario, since which time the distribution has been made in summer. Last week the following shipments were made: To Lake George, upon application of Gen. Robert L. Banks, president Lake George Fish and Game Protective Association, 250; to North Creek, for M. J. Merrill, 200; for A. J. Cass, 250; for W. B. Young, 100; and for D. G. Yuengling, at Riverside, 250. Special Protector Wm. H. Burnett, who met the fish at Saratoga to take charge of the Lake George shipment, could not tell me the final destination of the bass that went to North Creek, but I know that those for Mr. Yuengling were for Brant Lake. North Creek is the terminus of the Adirondack Railway, and one of the gateways to the Adirondack region, where it is unlawful to plant black bass unless the waters already contain them, or the Fish Commission give consent by resolution. Brant Lake is a lake that was stocked with bass, and I have been witness to the growth and spread of the fish in this water, and witness also to their fall, which discounts the "rise and fall-off of the Roman Empire," vide Mr. Silas Wegg. I do not know of a lake of its size that promised after being stocked to furnish such unlimited bass fishing, in reason and in season, as Brant. June fishing, however, knocked it silly. Then the open season was made to begin Aug. 1. The recent fish law opened the season May 30, and now restocking has commenced. Gen. Banks asked for 1,000 black bass for Lake George, the only water in the State where there is a close time for the fish during the breeding season, and where the law is rigidly enforced, and was given 250. A special despatch from Fort Plain to the Albany *Argus* states that last week 2,000 black bass were planted in the Mohawk River under the direction of Fish Commissioner Hackney. As this is the Commissioner's own "deestrick," it naturally has a bulge on the balance of the State. A close season which covers the actual spawning time of the bass will do more to repopulate bass waters than all the bass that the State can buy and plant if the fishing season remains as it is.

### From Canadian Salmon Rivers.

The salmon fishing in Canada is on its last lap for this season, and my friend John Mowat in a personal letter says: "I traveled yesterday with our Premier, Sir J. C. Abbott, who had just returned from a week's tour up the main Restigouche, and although an ardent angler, had never seen our river. He was fairly successful in hooking, but the salmon were very delicate as well as fastidious, and three-fourths of those that interviewed him declined any handshaking. And although one of the most courteous of gentlemen, and Premier of Canada to boot, he could induce only six fish to enter the parlor. He was much pleased, however, and well he may have been, for it was the hottest week of the season. An odd fresh-run fish is still taken, principally at the home pool of the club. There will still be time for a week's good fishing in the upper pools if we have rain and cooler weather, only there will be very few rods to embrace the opportunity should it come."

Capt. Sweeny, poor fellow, could not die in Albany, and he made them bring him down here where he could breathe his last looking at the spot he loved so well. Peace to his ashes! He was one of the kindest, most hospitable and genial of men that ever cast a fly on the Restigouche.

### Hudson River Salmon.

When it was reported last week that four salmon had been killed in the Hudson River at Mechanicville with the fly, I made an effort to learn the particulars of the capture, because if the fish were actually killed with rod, reel and fly I believe that it was the first time that a salmon had been killed in this stream with the fly. A number had been reported previously as having been killed in this manner, but in every instance it was found upon investigation that the fish were killed on spoon bait. Mr. A. C. Johnson of Mechanicville, writes me that two of the fish were killed by Willian Vandenburgh and Albert Miller, that the salmon weighed 8 and 13lbs. respectively, and the captors tell him that they killed three with a deer-tail fly, *i. e.*, a bunch of deer's hair tied on a hook. The other two salmon, killed by John and James Dyer, father and son, were taken with spoon bait.

### Sale of Metis River.

Only a few months ago it was told that Lord Mount Stephen had sold his fishing on the Metapedia River to the Restigouche Salmon Club, and now Mr. Mowat writes me that he hears that he has sold his Metis property to an American friend, and that the price is probably well up toward $100,000, as the buildings are very fine, and the site and stream cost $32,000. Of the river Mr. Mowat says: "It is short, and a 90ft. fall three miles from the sea is a regular stopper for the fish. The stream is ledgy, with fine spawning beds, and unless supplied with fry will never be a salmon river. I hear that Lord Mount Stephen got only one fish on it this season. I hear also that he killed but one fish this spring in his Perthshire River, Scotland, but he rather astonishes the natives over there by running the rapids and fishing from a Gaspe canoe with a couple of his old guides taken over for the purpose.

"Some of the North Shore rivers, St. John and Moise, have done fairly—90 fish to three rods in twelve days and 100 to four rods in two weeks. The great complaint are, first, mosquitoes; second, lack of morning papers. Of course, vegetables, cream, butter, new-laid eggs etc., must all come out of the can, and it is so hard to combine business (which nowadays will not wait) with pleasure that the North Shore rivers are now only suitable for those who have retired from active business."

While three-mile salmon rivers in Canada are selling for a price well toward $100,000, the Hudson River is waiting to be opened in the upper part by fishways that will permit the salmon now in the river so reach suitable spawning grounds above the mills and factories. This can be done, and a fishway put in every dam and fall from Fort Edward to Luzerne, for about $40,000. These fishways will not only permit salmon to run up above all foul water to the streams where the fry has been planted, but they will also give shad and other fish an opportunity to do likewise. The State has built three fishways in the Hudson and now all interest appears to have ceased in making the Hudson a self-sustaining salmon river. This is an opportunity for Forest and Stream to show the power of the press in awakening the Legislature to the importance of building fishways in the Hudson.

A. N. Cheney.

## SUSQUEHANNA FISHING.

Bainbridge, Pa., Aug. 2 —Owing to the great amount of rain that fell during the month of June and in the early part of July in Pennsylvania, bass fishing in reality opened up auspiciously only three weeks ago. The dry spell which prevailed all along the river from the 10th of July to the 31st brought the water down to a proper level and the fishing was very good, with the exception of the very hot weather, which had a baneful effect. The absence of large fish among the large number of bass taken this season is remarkable, very few exceeding 2lbs. having been caught thus far. Of course the water has not yet reached its lowest stage, nor has bait become scarce; when such conditions exist then it is that the old mossbacks are wont to rush headlong to their destruction. There are many large bass, princely old fellows, in the deep waters of this locality, but they seem to have had so much experience with tempting lures in bygone days that only when driven by extreme hunger will they now take the baited hook.

About ten days ago the writer, while out fishing with a friend, witnessed a performance which was about as amusing to the spectators as it was provoking to the person most concerned in the affair. Mr. Bare and I were returning home from a trip to the riffles when we espied Squire McNeil, an old veteran fisherman of this place, busily engaged in fishing for chubs. As is his usual custom when out of bait, the Squire had pulled up to a grass patch, leaving his baited hooks trailing out from the stern of the boat, while he went on about the business of securing more bait. Just as we were passing by, at a respectful distance, and had said good morning and "what luck," two large bass tackled the two lines and were off before the Squire had time to wink; whr-r-r-r-r, whr-r-r-r-r-r sang out the two reels, up got the Squire with a rod in each hand and trying to keep both lines taut by a graceful see-saw movement of the body, which must have been acquired on the dancing floor years ago. Well, as a matter of course, one rod had to be dropped; this was done, and the fish was soon free. The other bass had by this time sought the kindly shelter of some rocks, snagging the line badly, and it was with considerable difficulty that the fish was finally landed, and found to be a 2-pounder. The Squire is certain that the bass lost was by far the larger of the two, but just why he did not hold on to him he is not able to explain. We were not near enough to help the Squire with his fish, nor were we close enough to hear any "un illigant" language. The Squire says there was none used, he didn't have the time.

In the middle of the river opposite this town there lies sunken in deep water an old tree; some of its branches extend above the surface of the water. About this tree a great many minnows gather to feed upon the insects found in the decaying matter collected about it. Some days since John Fullerton visited the spot and dipped bait from the bow of his boat, and with them fished for bass from the stern. In this manner he caught a dozen fish in a comparatively short time, and later in the day returned to the tree and took six more.

Pike-perch ("salmon") fishing has been fairly good for the early part of the season, but will be much better as cooler weather comes on. Some fine fish have been caught, and doubtless many more could be taken if the best bait, which is the lamprey eel, was to be had. The lamprey seems to be the only killing bait, and its scarcity is much deplored by the "salmon" fishers of these parts.

Among the fishes observed occasionally in these waters are the pickerel, rock bass, yellow perch and German carp. The pickerel and yellow perch are rarely taken here; the few pickerel that have been caught were very small as a rule. On July 20 George R. Bean, while fishing from a flat boat, at the river landing, caught a pickerel 19½in. long and weighing 1¼lbs. The fish was in prime condition, beautiful in coloration (we thought) and very excellent food. Rock bass are seldom seen. They are supposed to be hybrids between bass and sunfish here, which is not so according to the books.

The German carp has only recently made its appearance in the river and canal, and is frequently caught by using worms for bait.

Dr. Hollingshead tells me that the fishing on the grounds of the Red House Gunning and Fishing Club at the head of the Conewago Falls, has been very good during the past three weeks. Among the catches mentioned was one made by Mr. Fred Ebel and Mr. Baker. These gentlemen caught in a day's fishing thirty-two bass averaging a pound in weight. Fishing is reported good also at Marsh Run and at the Middletown Ferry, just a few miles further up the river.

Stehman Herr.

### The Kingfisher's Rattle.

I've been on the road almost night and day lately, and only at home long enough to read the rattle of "Kingfisher"—and that in time stolen from sleep. One of these days I too may have time to go a-fishing; just now I'm "chained to business."

Headlight.

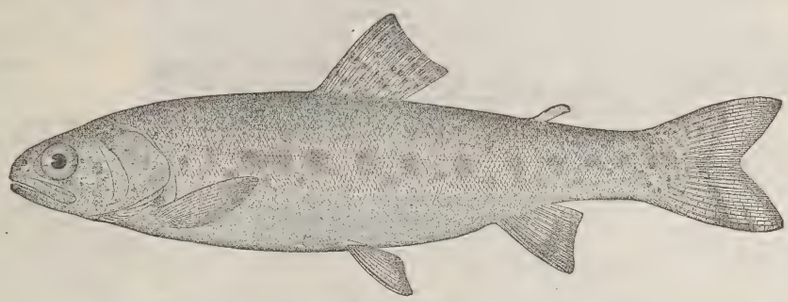
### Canadian Trout Ice Fishing.

An "order in council" of July 9 forbids fishing through the ice for trout in Canada.

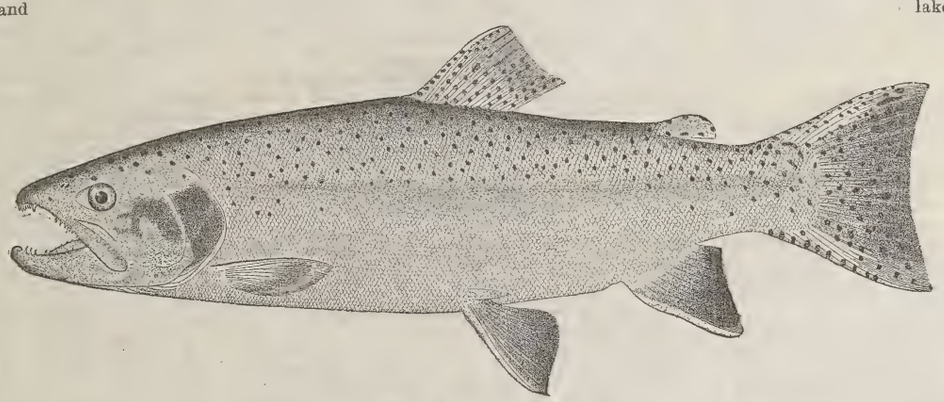
## THE RAINBOW TROUT.

THE brook trout, mountain trout, speckled trout, or golden trout, of California, having become famous in its own country, was introduced many years ago into Eastern waters, wherein it is commonly known as the rainbow. The fish has been acclimatized also in Europe and Japan. Wisconsin, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New York and North Carolina now furnish suitable conditions for the new-comer, and in some Pennsylvania streams the species thrives, multiplies and provides fine fishing. Mr. Stewart has told in FOREST AND STREAM how readily the rainbow has accommodated itself to mountain streams of North Carolina, and how it appears to take unwarranted interest in the spawning of the brook trout. Our illustrations show an adult male from Verona, Missouri, where fry were introduced by the U. S. Fish Commission in June, 1882, and a young specimen from California showing parr marks. The rainbow was planted in the Yellowstone Park in September, 1889, and two years later Prof. Jenkins and Mr. Elwood Hofer found a number of 10in. specimens in Gibbon River, both above and below Virginia Cascade, near the place of deposit. The fishing there was limited to the artificial fly or the catches might have been larger.

The rainbow grows to a length of 2ft., and individuals of 8lbs. are on record. The relation of the rainbow to the steel-head or Gairdner's trout is still open to question. Ten years ago the writer called attention in FOREST AND STREAM (June 15, 1882) to the difficulty of distinguishing the young of these two, and he finds no less uncertainty in the problem to-day. If the two are identical we should use the older name, Gairdner's trout, for the species. It is well known that the latter grows nearly as large as the average Atlantic salmon, which it resembles strongly in shape.



RAINBOW TROUT (YOUNG).



RAINBOW TROUT (ADULT).

The rainbow feeds on worms, insect larvæ and eggs of other *Salmonidæ*. Dr. Livingston Stone has given the following very interesting account of its feeding habits: "The California trout roams about his watery hunting grounds partly on his side, with one eye directed to the bottom. He is quite as dependent, and probably more so, upon the supply of food that is beneath as upon the supply that falls from above or floats on the surface. He has another peculiarity also about feeding; when he sees any food on the bottom that looks to him out of place, or has from any cause a suspicious apppearance, he wheels past it, and as he passes the suspicious object he strikes it a vigorous blow with his tail and then turns to observe its movements. If there appears to be anything 'crooked' about it he will not touch it, and will, after striking perhaps once or twice more with his tail, abandon it altogether."

Spawning takes place usually from January to May. The eggs are about one-fifth of an inch in diameter and vary in color from light straw to deep salmon pink. A 2lbs. female yields about 800 eggs. In water at 54° Fahrenheit the eye spots show in twelve days and the eggs hatch in twenty-six days. The form of the embryo can be seen through the shell four or five days before the eye-spots appear. The females spawn in the McCloud River when three years old.

In the McCloud June and July are the best months for fishing.

The writer has found quinnat salmon eggs the most attractive bait for the rainbow and others have hooked many of the fish with grasshoppers. For fly-fishing a brown-hackle and a white-moth were most effective for "Coquina," while in Pennsylvania several of the early brook trout flies were readily taken. For large rainbows the flies must be as large as for black bass and salmon and the gut snells increased in strength proportionally. Owing to the gregarious nature of these trout it is comparatively easy to fill a creel unless some of the big tackle-smashers are encountered. T. H. B.

## CANADIAN ANGLING.

THE remaining salmon fishermen are rapidly leaving the streams. Mr. Blanchard, of Boston, came up from the Marguerite on Monday, having killed 10 fish in his second stay of 10 days in camp. Mr. Walter Brackett's fishing on the same river was very poor. He went home to Boston last week. The Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Abbott, is just home from the Restigouche, where he found the fishing poorer than ever. A little more readiness on his part to meet the views of experienced anglers in the matter of fish protection would insure better sport for Canadian as well as for American anglers. Lieut.-Gov. Angers and Major Sheppard, of Quebec, have been the guests for 10 days past of Lord Stanley on the Cascapedia River. The Lieutenant-Governor took 10 fish and the Major 13. Lord Stanley, while fishing with them, killed 11 salmon. His Excellency will remain on the river until about Sept. 1, having a cottage at its mouth which he will occupy after the fishing season is over.

A fortnight ago I wrote you a report of the wonderful fishing done by Dr. Lundy of Philadelphia and Eugene McCarthy of Syracuse in the Ouiatchouan and Ouiatchouaniche rivers. Last week these persistent sportsmen made their way with a couple of Indian guides from Pointe Bleue to the opening of La Belle Riviere, in the Lake Kenogami district, some miles southeast of Lake St. John. They were only absent three days from Roberval and this is the result of their two rods' work, and the subject of a wonderfully fine picture from Mr. McCarthy's Kodak: two trout of 4½lbs. each, fully a dozen from 2½ to 3½lbs., and about 200 from ½lb. to 1½lbs. Mr. McCarthy writes that he has had the grandest time this year in the lake district that he has ever had, that he is completely in love with the country and that there is no place like it on God's footstool.

Mr. Martin J. Chamberland and Mr. J. H. Hendricks, manager of the Warwick Cycle Works, Springfield, Mass., have just returned from the Metabetchouan, where they have been fishing the waters of the Amabalish Club with wonderful success. They brought back with them some 130lbs. of speckled trout, including a splendid fish of 5½lbs.

I have good news this week for ouananiche fishermen, and in fact for all visitors to the Grande Discharge of Lake St. John. The splendid new iron steamboat has made a successful trial trip on the inland sea, and now crosses it daily from Roberval to the Discharge, making the distance of 24 miles in about an hour and a half—a saving of an hour in the passage. The Mistassini cost $45,000 and has accommodation for 400 passengers.

Mr. E. J. Myers, the New York barrister, ascended quite recently the great river from which the steamer takes its name. He was absent from Roberval about a fortnight, and made some remarkable catches of trout and ouananiche. After the next fortnight I believe that anglers in search of the best ouananiche fishing would do better to ascend some of the tributaries of Lake St. John than to fish the Grande Discharge. The best streams for this purpose are the Peribonca, the Mistassini and the Ashuapmouchouan. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 4.

## NEW ENGLAND FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, Aug. 4.—At the seashore resorts this season there seems to be more than the usual amount of fishing, and the participants seem to greatly enjoy it. Mr. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, is a good deal of a sportsman. This season he is spending the summer at Beachmont, as usual. Early in the season he purchased a good boat, and with his wife and friends the salt-water fishing is being tried with a good deal of success. The other day some sixty pounds of cod and haddock were the result of a single outing.

Mr. C. W. Leonard was formerly a partner in the successful firm of dry goods jobbers of Jackson, Mandal & Daniell, now Chatman, Kendall & Daniell. Mr. Leonard was tempted to go into the manufacture of dress goods at Bennington, Vt., where he has had a good deal of success. But he dearly loves to fish, and every opportunity that can be caught from the cares of a very busy life is given to his favorite pastime. He is training his boys in the same direction. This season his family is summering at Rockport, Mass., at the Turk's Head Inn. Mr. Leonard goes down there as often as possible and takes the boys out fishing. On a trip the other day they fished for perch and tautog from the shore with rods. Mr. Leonard likes this much better than fishing from a boat with hand lines. On the day in question his little son Charlie R., only 6 years old, was with him, with his brothers aged 9 and 11 years respectively, a cousin of 11 years, and two young friends of 12 and 14 years. In order to excite the boys Mr. Leonard offered prizes as follows: 1 cent for the first perch, 5 cents for a perch over 12in. in length, and 10 cents for the largest tautog. Little Charlie's black eyes sparkled at this announcement, and he was quickly at work fishing from the rocks. Soon he landed a perch, the first one, and took prize No. 1. Later he landed a perch that measured 12½in. in length, the largest for the day, and prize No. 2 was his. Then, to cap the climax, the little fellow soon hooked a big fish of some kind. In fact it was so strong that his father found it necessary to take the rod, it being evident that the fish was stronger than the boy. He played the fish carefully for several minutes when he was convinced that even a man had his hands full to handle the big fellow successfully. At last the fish gave up and was drawn near to the rocks, when one of the bigger boys ran down, and taking the line in his hands, by a careful jerk it was landed. It proved to be a tautog weighing 8¾lbs., and little Charlie had won prize No. 3. Mr. Leonard is at a loss to explain how it could happen that the little fellow took all three prizes.

Mr. James L. Reybold, salesman with Hyde & Wheeler, was born in the Adirondacks. His father was a pioneer farmer in that part of the country, but really followed hunting more than farming. His son naturally came up with a love for the woods. Every year, at vacation time, Mr. Reybold goes to what is left of the old haunts. At this time he is taking his few weeks at the old homestead, or near it, and his two sons, Will. E. and Frank S., are both with him; Will is a salesman at 101 Clinton st., and Frank is with his father. The boys, like their father and grandfather, both take to the woods and waters, and the gun and fish rod are the implements that suit them best. They intend to do some camping as well as fishing.

*Aug. 6.*—Reports from the salmon anglers are more favorable than early in the season, when the water was so remarkably high. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the actor, was seen in Boston the other day. He was just back from his salmon river, the Miramichi, where, as already mentioned, he has been for some days. He visited G. B. Appleton's tackle store, and doubtless many of his theatrical friends, before going down to his elegant summer home on the shores of Buzzard's Bay. His success, with that of his friends, in salmon fishing, was good. The party took 117 salmon, though a great many of them were grilse. His Excellency, Gov. Russell, one of the party, as already noted in FOREST AND STREAM, took sixteen salmon. Mr. Jefferson remarked of the trip that it was a particularly enjoyable one. A number of trips were also made to trout lakes and streams, with good success in most instances.

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, gave Congress the slip the other day, and last Tuesday morning he left Boston in company with a friend from Providence, and Mr. Henry R. Reed, of the Revere Sugar Refinery, and was on his way to Canada. The Senator is a lover of salmon fishing. When the gentlemen left the Hub their intention was to stop one day at Matapedia, and try the salmon there while waiting for transportation to their destination, the St. John, at Gaspe. There they are the guests of Mr. Ives W. Adams, of the American Net & Twine Co., of this city. Mr. Adams has one of the best salmon preserves in the Provinces on the St. John, at Gaspe. Very good success has already been had there this season, and up to the time of the departure of the Senator Aldrich party fifty salmon had already been caught, and these were all salmon and not grilse. Mr. Adams says that it is a peculiarity of this river that very few grilse are ever taken. The section is also noted for its splendid sea trout fishing. Mr. John Fottler, not unknown to the FOREST AND STREAM, as one of the most earnest laborers in the cause of game restocking in Massachusetts, and as one of the restocking committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, is now at the same river. But he is due in Boston this week. He is interested, with Mr. Adams, in the same river, I believe. He has had good success in salmon fishing. There are four or five camps on the preserve. The middle building of one of these establishments was formerly a camp built for Lady Dufferin, who, during the lifetime of Lord Dufferin, was with him exceedingly fond of salmon angling. There are also reports of several good catches of salmon on the Nepisiquit, but I have not the names of the fortunate anglers.

*Aug. 8.*—Mr. R. B. Foster, an earnest lover of angling, died at his home in Waltham July 29. Mr. Foster was not wholly unknown to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, since several of his quaint and delightful angling stories have been told in its columns. He was born in Bethel, Me., 66 years ago, and reared on the farm in that town, he early acquired a love for the woods and waters which never left him. During his last sickness his dreams, when sleep would come to his pain-racked body, were frequently of angling, often accompanied with struggles to find the best pools in the stream, and then a peaceful delight in landing the trout he loved so well to take. He came to Boston when only 17 years of age and went to work for a truck farmer in Belmont. He married Miss Salome G. Eams, of Newry, a town adjoining Bethel. The firm of Foster & Weeks was formed in 1855, in the produce trade, and it is in existence to-day. Mr. Weeks survives his much-beloved and respected partner.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard, well known as the author of the celebrated salmon anglers' petition, is back in Boston from his salmon river, the St. Marguerite. He has later had good success there, and makes a clean record of twelve salmon, the largest weighing 37lbs. He received a dispatch yesterday from his people at camp saying that there were a good many salmon in the river, and he will

immediately start again for another try at them. He is looking "as brown as a nut," and is as genial and earnest in the cause of salmon protection as ever. Mr. Walter Brackett, with his son Arthur, on the same river, have had rather poor success this season.

Mr. C. E. Fitch, president of the Waltham Watch Co., has just returned from the Romaine River. Usually he has had good success, but this year the sport has been indifferent. The same is reported to be true of the Natashquan, the Godbout and other North Shore streams. The Natashquan has been fished by J. L. Pike, of New York, and J. C. Cramer and F. S. Hodges, both of whom have rsturned to Boston. SPECIAL.

## Forest and Stream's Fishing Postals.

*"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.*

*Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.*

MANISTEE, Mich.—I spend much of my time in the woods looking pine land and carry a fish-line in my pocket, and sometimes a gun, and take what fish and game I need for camp. The best trout fishing I ever found was in the headwaters of Fence River, in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. It is also a great country for deer. I spent last summer in the woods from July 13 to Nov. 28. At the headwaters of Manistee River is the best place for grayling in the State. I went trout fishing twice this spring. Caught 23 in Cedar Creek, 8 miles south of Manistee. B. B.

LAKE VIEW HOUSE, Vt., Aug. 3.—Record of bass caught at Lake View House, St. Albans, Vt., by Mr. A. F. Troescher, of 860 Broadway, New York city: July 23, 23; July 25, 24; July 26, 22; July 27, 47; July 28, 7; July 29, 10 (½ day); Aug. 1, 20; total, 152. Weighed 1½lbs. to 4½lbs. each. SAMSON.

GOSHEN, Mass.—Trout fishing in Hampshire and Hampden counties closed Aug. 1. If the close season could now be extended to cover two half years from date, the range of sport would be materially enlarged. Meanwhile the State Commissioners ought diligently to replenish the rivers and brooks with fry and fingerlings. Twenty-five years ago hundreds of trout were caught to tens now. CHARLES HALLOCK.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Aug.—At Corson's Inlet (N. J.) fishing good. Flounders biting well, my best catch being ten within two hours. Sea bass plenty, weakfish commencing now, sheepshead around, can be seen around the piling of the railroad bridge, but are rather shy, few catches being made by the champion sheepshead fishermen; season now about opening and continuing to keep good until October. J. H. S.

### WASHINGTON FISHING.

MR. CHARLES J. BELL, of Washington, has spent several weeks trouting and salmon fishing in Canada and is again home after a very successful trouting, but reports very poor salmon fishing. Messrs. Ives and Bell took sixty-eight trout in one day, the weight of which was 50lbs. They were the sea run trout in their silvery dress and none of them weighed over 3lbs. Flies with red, such as red-bodied hackles, were the best. It is claimed by old residents that the salmon fishing is being ruined by the Government. So many spawning fish are netted for the purpose of propagation that the fish are being literally driven from the rivers by fright.

Mr. George Kennan, the well-known writer, was met by the streams, and is said to be very enthusiastic over the subject of salmon and trout, as the angler views them.

The Helmet Fishing Club, 12 members, all good, hard-working, *bona fide* anglers, will go to the head of the Chesapeake about the middle of August. A yacht will be procured at Havre de Grace, with which the bass fishing of the lower Susquehanna can be reached, and later the party will go to Mountain Shore, or Carpenter's Point, for rockfish and white perch. Aug. 11 this club gives their annual excursion to Marshall Hall, on the Potomac. The committee of arrangements is as follows: C. J. James, E. M. Tolman, H. Weyl and C. Birch. All, or many of the anglers of Washington are expected to be present and a royal good time is promised.

The bass are having a midsummer rest here, as the Potomac water is muddy. A few days of clear weather and black bass scores will be as thick as flies again.

The fishing in the lower Potomac has not been up to the standard lately; too much natural food perhaps. It will doubtless surprise some people to know that crabs are taken in very dry seasons at the Navy Yard bridge, here in Washington, and that sharks often come within sight of Alexandria.

Having some curiosity to know what tarpum tastes like I followed one over from the market here a few days since to a restaurant on the avenue where it was served up for lunch. The fish would never be taken for fish when boiled and served in big solid chunks were it not for the bones, and even they were mongrels. The flesh had a very ancient veal-like appearance, but tasted like? It is beastly bad eating to my thinking, and if a man had to eat tarpum after catching it I hardly think he would want to take the second one. I secured a large garfish in market last week and had it served up at the table. This fish is stated by Dr. De Kay in his "Fishes of New York" to be highly prized by epicures. I am not an epicure and could not go into ecstasies over the excellence of the silver gar, or bill-fish as it is called in Great South Bay, N. Y. The green colored bones of this fish, as well as its curious form, and the great prolongation of the jaws, make it a curiosity. The stomach of this example contained one lone fish, a spot or young croaker. The gar itself was 3ft. 7in. long, and came from the lower Potomac. They are very common in the Chesapeake and in the Potomac, and occur here at Washington in considerable numbers. A more voracious fish would be hard to find. They are bait stealers too of the worst stamp, and are seldom if ever hooked, as they take a minnow in the middle, owing to the structure of their jaws. Their internal structure is as simple as could well be devised; a simple stomach, with a moderately long, simple intestine, which has the appearance of being especially well adapted for rapid transit. BON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 8.

### JACK AND I AND THE MASCALLONGE.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

IN my mind's eye and ear, as Shakespeare would say, I heard and saw the blue waters of the lake and the swirl and dash of river the first week in June, and all the ordinary things of life became as mere refuse, things despised—for a-fishing I must go. "No," said Stephens, "I cannot go. There'll be thousands of bushels of wheat coming in this week and next; and if I'm to get off for our trip along the North Shore in August, I must attend to business now." Knowing this to be so, I went to see Jack. Jack and I are always taken for brothers when we are together, though why it is so neither of us has been able to find out. I found Jack busy finishing a barge. "Well," he said, when I made known my errand, "if I can get this barge launched by to-morrow night I'll go."

Where should we go for a week?

"By remote Superior Lake
And by resounding Mackinac,
When northern storms the forest shake
And billows on the long beach break."

Yes, we would go along old Superior, either to Knife River, between Duluth and Two Harbors, or else to Stewart River, just beyond Two Harbors. But the next day Jack said he would rather go after mascallonge at Elbow Lake for the week, and take the trouting trip when we could have more time. So we arranged it, and Monday morning found us whirling eastward from Detroit on the Portland express, and noontime found us waiting in Walden to go northward; and by the gleaming light of the setting sun, sent through rifts in skurrying clouds, we went to Park Rapids on a mixed train such as the Great Northern Railroad Company delight to harrow the finer sensibilities of humanity with. The Great Northern agent at Waldena refused to check our dunnage, and said we must ship it as express or freight. I flatly refused to do either, and left the outfit lying on the platform until the train pulled in, when I went to the train baggage man and asked him if he would not take it in his car, and he very graciously said "Yes." Jack said, "It was all your cheek that did it."

"The shades of night were falling fast" when we reached Park Rapids. Should we go to a hotel? No. We would begin camp life at once. So in the gathering darkness, in a grove of pines on the river's bank, we set up our tent, and after making arrangements for a team to take us to Elbow Lake in the morning, we went to bed and went to sleep with the sound of the rushing river in its channel and the sighing of the wind among the pine trees in our ears. We were awakened in the early morning by the song of birds, and by half past seven were on our way to the lake. It is a beautiful drive, through the pine woods most of the way. By 10 o'clock we were at the lake, and setting up the canvas boat, placed our dunnage and ourselves in it and started to hunt a camping place. As we went out into the main lake, one of the half dozen islands that beautify it was directly in front of us. "There is where I want to camp," said Jack. I preferred some of the pine groves on the main land and said so, but after cruising along for a mile or so and finding nothing entirely satisfactory I gave in and told Jack to pull for his island. I had his rod out and was trolling, hoping we might get a fish for dinner. When about half way to the island there was a tug at the line and a splash far behind, and a mascallonge was hooked. Jack had never caught a mascallonge so I handed the rod to him and told him to reel the fish in. The fish fought well and kept Jack busy for a time, but finally he brought it within reach and a nice 6lb. mascallonge lay in the boat and Jack had christened his new greenheart rod. We pulled ashore, built a fire, and soon had dinner ready, of which broiled mascallonge formed a toothsome part.

After dinner we walked across the island to look up a good camp site, which we soon found in a little grove of pines, with the water but a few feet away on two sides of us. Jack staid there and went to clearing up the ground while I went back to the boat to bring it and our dunnage around to the beautiful sand beach on the south side of our proposed camp. As I went around the western point of the island I stopped rowing long enough to cast my line out, and then taking the rod between my knees I rowed along and had gone but a short distance when there came the familiar tug at the line, just as though the hook had caught on a log. I had my hands full right away. A stiff head wind was blowing, and to keep the boat headed up away from the rocky shore and at the same time hold the rod so as to keep a tight line on the fish required all the skill that I was possessed of. Once I brought the fish to the boat, but had to let it go again. Finally I saw that the boat was going on shore anyway so I headed in, and after the boat struck I sprang out, holding the rod in one hand and catching the boat and hauling it up with the other, after which I proceeded to reel in the fish and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the beautifully-marked fellow lying on the stones at my feet. I killed it, and shoving off started toward where Jack was. I had just reached deep water and cast my line in again when Jack came in sight along the shore. He at once called out:

"Where have you been, I thought you were drowned?"

"Oh, I've been having some fun down here."

"Fun? How much?"

"As much as one can get in landing a ten-pound mascallonge."

"You never have gone and caught a mascallonge coming up against this wind."

"Yes, I have, and—I've got another as sure as you live, Jack!"

It was true, and without trying to reel the fish in, I headed directly for shore, and when the boat came within reach Jack caught it and pulled it up while I proceeded to land the fish, which I soon did to Jack's great satisfaction. That's one of Jack's characteristics, to enjoy a friend's success as much as his own. I landed the last fish only a few rods from our camp site, and we at once went to work to pitch our tent and fix up for our five days' stay. In a little while the tent was up and fragrant spruce boughs laid down, making a mattrass more than a foot thick, on which we spread our blankets.

We went out on the water and staid out until "near the setting of the sun," taking two more of the lusty, gamesome mascallonge, when we thought it time to call a halt, as the five we had now would keep the table supplied for our whole time in camp.

We enjoyed the supper amazingly, and while I made the bed and arranged the duffle in the tent, Jack built an enormous bonfire.

"Well, if this isn't homelike I don't know what is," he said, as he surveyed the bed and the tent after everything was fixed. "I'm so glad and happy I can't keep still. Whoop!" As we were going to bed the moon rose in majesty o'er the tops of the pine-tree-crowned eastern shore, and a great expanse of silver sheen spread from the darkling shadows of that shore to the sand beach by our tent.

As we lay in bed there came to our ears clear and flute-like the cry of a whippoorwill, and several times during the night I heard the song, *Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will;* and one night there were four singing all at once. We named our camp "Whippoorwill Camp." The next day we started to explore some. We went up one arm of Elbow Lake, and entering a narrow deep inlet, along which we went for nearly a mile, then came to a small lake, across which we went, and entered another narrow passage, which soon made an abrupt turn, and then another and still another, until Jack declared that we had "turned to every point of the compass, and more, too." On we went for miles, "The Thoroughfare," for so we learned that it was called, being generally a few rods wide, bordered by heavy timber all the way. Sometimes so stately were the pine trees along our watery way that what Longfellow has sung in his prelude to "Voices of the Night" seemed true for us.

"Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines."

It was very strange and we enjoyed it very much, winding about and at last entering a narrow gorge through which the water came rushing like a trout stream. On we went a mile or so further, when we pulled up to the bank, built a fire, boiled our coffee and eat dinner. We wondered where we could be, and found out later that we had come about nine miles, and where we ate our dinner was very close to Little Sand Lake, just beyond which is Big Sand Lake, then Turtle Lake and Man Trap Lake, all of which are famed muscallonge waters.

"Oh," said Jack, "if we could only stay a month and explore to our heart's content," and I heartily echoed what he said. Back we started, stopping at one place, where a trail led through the pines, along which we went but a short distance, when we came to a lake, a beautiful sand beach all the way around it so far as we could see. Bull Lake, we learned the name to be on inquiry. Returning to the boat we retraced our way through the Thoroughfare by the devious way of crooks and turns, until we reached Elbow Lake, again across which we went to Jack's Island and Camp Whippoorwill. We were pretty well tired out, but did not mind that, for we had seen something the like of which we did not know existed in Minnesota—the crooked Thoroughfare between Elbow and Little Sand lakes. The next day we went to the east end of the lake, picking up a couple of tigerish mascallonge on our way; and here we had another surprise. Entering a narrow channel that seemed to lead nowhere in particular, we came out to a part of Elbow Lake that we had not seen before, and following along the shore entered another channel, narrow, but very deep, and came out in Elbow Lake again off the east end of Jack's Island, the supposed east shore of the lake, thus proving to be an island completely hiding a long arm of the lake, which extends eastward over a mile, I should judge. Jack drew a long breath, and said, "Who'd have thought it."

In the afternoon we went fishing a while and I hooked "a whale" as Jack called it. I very foolishly told Jack to row to shore, and protesting against it he did. I commenced to reel the big fish in when something so strange happened that I record it as one of the many surprising things that happened on the trip. The fish ran around a bunch of rushes and I lost him. 'Twas very singular, and he was the largest one I hooked on the trip, too. Jack was almost heart-broken and would hardly be consoled for my mishap.

"If you'd only let me pull out into deep water as I wanted, you would have had that fish" he lamented, and I agreed with him only did not tell him so. It was one of the mistakes in judgment that we all make sometime or other in our lives.

That night as we lay in bed Jack gave a big sigh.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"It's our last night here and I wish we had a month more," he replied. It had been very pleasant indeed, Jack and I had never been off in camp before, but I had thoroughly enjoyed being with him, and hope we may have many trips together hereafter.

The next morning "we fished for keeps" as Jack said, and although no very large ones were taken we caught enough to make several of our friends feel very kindly toward us on our return home.

After dinner we reluctantly took down our tent, went over to the mainland, where the team was to meet us, rolled up our canvas boat and at 7 o'clock were in Park Rapids. We packed our fish in ice and I asked the agent at the depot to check our outfit and he promptly refused.

"Will you put the things in the car for us?" I asked.

"No, I will not."

"Can I leave them here at the depot until morning?"

"Yes," but with evident reluctance.

After supper we strolled around town awhile, went to the river and examined the new fishway just put in, then went to the hotel and asked to be shown to our room. The door would not shut tight, so I placed a chair against it, and placed my heavy grip on the chair. It was very hot, so we undressed, and lying down on the bed, Jack went to smoking, while I read aloud from the FOREST AND STREAM. Some one came along the hall, grasped the knob to our door and half opened it, then catching sight of two pairs of legs on the bed beat a hasty retreat. Then there was a row outside. Evidently the landlord had put us in some one else's room or had sent some one else into our room. Finally the clamor died away and we were disturbed no more.

In the morning when we went to the train I went into the baggage car and told Jack to hand me our dunnage, which he did. I stowed it away and told the some-

what astonished baggage master that that outfit was going to Wadena. He grinned, but said nothing, and it went. At Wadena the drayman took us and our outfit to the Northern Pacific depot, and at my request the baggage man checked every article for us and then said, "Gentlemen, if you want any more ice to put on those fish there is the icehouse, help yourselves." Jack opened his eyes and said, "Is the millenium dawning?" "No," I replied, "it is only the difference in the management of the two roads." "Great is the difference," quoth he. We were home in time for supper, and so ended a trip replete with pleasure and pleasing memories. The picture of Whippoorwill Camp and the many incidents connected therewith, with Jack filling foreground, middle-ground, and deeply shading the background, is one that I shall ever fondly cherish. MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn.

### "Where am I at?"

THE types make me blush and have brought the laugh on me. In the recent article, "A Side Issue, but no Trout," Ely is located in northwestern Minnesota when it is in the northeastern; there is no Nesaba Range, but Mesaba, and no river called American between Duluth and Ashland, but one named Amnicon. This last mistake, with locating Ely in the northwest, might arouse a suspicion that I was in a condition similar to that of a deer hunter Stephens and I met in Wisconsin last fall, who said, "I've hunted in the mountains in ol' Missoury lots, and never had no trouble, but I never saw such a country as this. I don't know where I am half the time." This was spoken with that drawl characteristic of some localities, and taken in connection with the dejected attitude of the man, made it very funny, and we've laughed over it many times since, as many a reader will laugh over the mistakes in question. MYRON COOLEY.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 5.—Our vigorous young organization, the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, used very good judgment when, through the advice of its energetic secretary, Mr. F. B. Davidson, who knew whereof he spoke, it secured special rates over the C. & E. I. road to the bass waters at Momence. The Kankakee River, from that point on down for miles, affords about as good fly-fishing for bass as any water within twice the distance. Even the tyro members of the club have benefitted by the late practice meets, and it is to be presumed will now go after the practical application of the acquired knowledge. That's different again.

The Kankakee has for ten days been clearing up and has offered some little fishing. The Fox has been in much better shape, and below McHenry some nice catches have been made on the fly. There are some waters where black bass will take the fly, and some where they won't. The Fox below McHenry and the Kankakee below Momence are two places where they will.

Mr. John F. Randall writes me from St. Louis, that himself and a few friends are about to organize a society for the protection of fish, with membership largely from St. Louis and Alton. He says "our work is all in the future." It is to be hoped it will not stay there. Much actual and practical good can result from intelligent and determined work in fish protection. Fish protection is a much easier problem than game protection. We can not have too many societies of purposes similar to the above, and all success should be prayed this one.

Mr. George E. Cole, easily the first man in the West in matters of fish protection, has given himself a vacation, and is now with his family in the East, at Long Branch, where he will remain for several weeks. Let no one step needlessly on a clam now at Long Branch.

It was grim, ghastly retribution which last week overtook that Maryland man who was dynamiting fish in Worton Creek and was hoist by his own petard. The dispatches say that his body was blown to fragments, his shoulder blade being driven into the body of the friend who sat behind him. This is horrible enough, and too horrible to point a moral.

I never saw dynamite used under water but once, and that was at Lake Marie last summer, when searchers were endeavoring to raise the body of a boy who had been drowned. Contrary to my expectations, there was no great volume of water thrown up, only a sort of boiling ridge a few inches high. At each explosion we could feel a sharp, ringing clink along the bottom of the boat, such as you will hear when a charge of shot strikes a board. The boats retired only a short distance for each shot. The charges did not raise the body, but destroyed a number of fish. In the Maryland case it was different. Dynamiting fish has become altogether too common a method of destruction even in the sections where blasting or mining is not common. It is justly censurable as about the lowest form of low-down ways to kill fish.

At Green Lake, Wis., last Sunday, three ladies and two gentlemen got into a small clinker boat to cross the lake to attend church. The ladies raised their umbrellas as sails. The boat went over. Arthur Bennett, of Chicago, being a good swimmer, saved the lives of two of the ladies. The third, Mrs. Hollister, was drowned.

Mr. R. K. Hitchens, of this city, is resident agent for an Eastern firm, and he does nearly all his fishing in New Brunswick, scorning Western trout and bass for the glorious sport with the sea trout. He has fished for the big brook trout of Lake Superior near Marquette, and declares that they look identically the same to him as the sea trout of New Brunswick. Mr. Hitchens says that before he came West he had never seen any free-reel bait-casting, and he still prefers the fly. For the latter he will find greater use in New Brunswick than here, where the range of fly-fishing waters is restricted. E. HOUGH.

### Ocean Grove Bass.

MR. A. A. BROWER, of Philadelphia, who has a summer cottage at Ocean Grove, on the New Jersey coast, is an enthusiastic and successful fisherman. Recently he took, fishing from the Ocean Grove pier, a 14lbs. bass, the largest fish of the season.

THE FAVORITE LINE.—The Shenandoah Valley route to the South, comprised of the Norfolk & Western and East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railways, is the sportsman's favorite line. "The Washington & Chattanooga Limited," which is a solid vestibuled fast flying train, consisting of Pullman, drawing room, sleeping cars, day coaches and Pullman dining cars, leave Washington 11:15 P. M. every day in the year, arriving Chattanooga 6:45 next afternoon, making close connection for all Southern points. Mr. B. W. WRENN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, E. T., V. & G. R'y, Knoxville Tenn., will furnish free any information desired.—*Adv.*

# Fishculture.

## LAKE ONTARIO FISHERIES.

THE movement of the Cheaper Food Fish Association of New York, of which Judge Danforth is the president, was a very timely one, as now demonstrated by the late census returns of the fisheries on the Great Lakes. The decline of the industry on Lake Ontario in the last decade is certainly worthy of attention. In 1880 the number of fishermen was 587, in 1890 398, a decrease of 189. The capital invested in 1880 was $54,050, and in 1890 $47,716, a decrease of $6,334. Number of nets in 1880 34, and in 1890 172, an increase of 138. The value of the fish in 1880 was $159,700, and in 1890 $85,431, a decrease of $74,260, almost 50 per cent. The number of pounds of fish taken in 1880 was 3,640,000, and in 1890 2,691,946, a decrease of 948,054, and on close examination this catch of fish in 1890 discloses the fact that more than half of it was an inferior fish—the herring. The number of pounds of lake trout taken in 1880 was 569,700, and in 1890 6,500, a decrease of 563,200. The number of whitefish taken in 1880 was 1,064,000, and in 1890 it was 23,383, a decrease of 1,040,617. What makes this decline more marked is the fact that on the other great lakes during the same period there has been a decided improvement. The number of fishermen in 1880 was 3,906, and in 1890 6,498, an increase of 2,592. The capital invested in 1880 was $1,291,925, and in 1890 $2,785,243, being an increase of $1,493,318. The number of nets in 1880 was 1,466, and in 1890 3,659, an increase of 2,193. The value of the fish in 1880 was $1,493,200, and in 1890 $2,530,353, an in of $1,037,153. The total number of pounds of fish taken in 1880 was 65,102,000, in 1890 114,393,622, an increase of 49,291,622. The number of pounds of lake trout taken in 1880 was 6,234,900, and in 1890 11,195,131, an increase of 4,961,231. Whitefish in 1880 20,399,900, and in 1890 15,303,105, a decrease of 5,096,795.

Superintendent Porter, in commenting on the above figures, gives credit for the condition of things in the upper lakes to the work of the Michigan, Ohio and United States Fish Commissioners; that their planting in those waters has been the preservation of the industry, and had the New State Fish Commissioners been awake and done their duty, the industry of our great lake would never have been in the condition in which it is.

The movement of Judge Danforth and his associates has been productive of one good thing, it has aroused the attention of the U. S. Fish Commission, and an appropriation has been secured for the establishment of a hatchery on Lake Ontario, and work will be commenced on it this season. There has been some planting of whitefish in Lake Ontario in a small way by both New York State and the U. S. Government, but not sufficient to make any visible effect. Such work, to be effective, must be done on a very large scale. From 1882 to 1891 the United States has planted in Lake Ontario 45 000,000 of whitefish; in 1877 to 1890 Canada has planted in Lake Ontario 34,000,040. In 1877 to 1890 New York State planted less than 7,000,000 in Lake Ontario. We have more to say on this subject at a later date.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

# The Kennel.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—While the matter of retrieving at field trials has been quite thoroughly discussed from every standpoint, there has been one argument brought forward by the advocates of it, which is most ungenerous and false, and which has been allowed to pass unanswered. It has, in substance, been stated that professional trainers were opposed to retrieving at field trials for the selfish reason that its abolishment would save them the time and labor necessary to teach and perfect the accomplishment. To me this appears most gratuitously unjust. With no data whatever except the suspicions which exist in their own minds, they present their surmises as existing facts. The writers who hold these views ignore the fact that the sentiment in favor of abolishing retrieving at field trials was not the result of demand on the part of field trial handlers alone. It was the result of the experience and knowledge of practical men who had made field trials a study. The measure had been considered many months by the E. F. T. C. before any action was taken on it. The correctness of the measure in abolishing it was not questioned by the majority; but the popular sentiment in favor of retrieving, by men whose personal field trial experience was little or nothing, was something to be considered. It was a matter which had been most carefully determined before many recent writers had given it a thought.

Even if the professional trainers had all argued against it—which they have not—it does not follow by any means that some man who disagreed with them would be justified in concluding that they did it for selfish purposes, much less in publishing his conjecture as a fact. Who would be more competent to give sounder opinions on the subject than the professional trainers? Having given an opinion, why should some man at a distance impute selfish motives to them, with no other proof to advance than the vaporings of his uncharitable imagination? Few professions can produce such a uniformly intelligent and reliable body of men outside of the learned professions as the dog trainers of America. It is only fair to assume, what is the fact, that they are interested in advancing their calling in every honorable way, not in obstructing its growth or lowering its standing.

That the imputation of insincerity on their part in opposing retrieving at field trials is groundless, is shown by the fact that all trainers concede the utility of retrieving in actual shooting. As all trainers break dogs in the manner required by their employers, the doings at field trials have no bearing on the matter. The trainer trains the dog according to its owner's wishes. But some men are supernaturally wise in discovering serious nothings. Their minds are so constituted that they abandon the fair consideration of the facts presented and search for dishonorable or selfish motives. It is gratifying to note that such writers are narrow and feeble in fair argument. As a matter of fact if the field trial retrieving of the past were taken as a standard it could do no harm to abolish it both in trials and in field shooting.

### Ranging.

I have received some most interesting letters of late on the subject of ranging and its properties, and I find that there is a keen appreciation of its true merits. It is a fact that there is much more in it than an exhibition of rapid scurrying over large fields or getting lost for an hour, more or less. One paragraph deals with the senseless exaggeration indulged in by ultra enthusiasts who strive to paint the sky in brighter tints. I would like to give the writer's name so that his words would carry the weight which his skill, experience and popularity have deservedly won, but as such would be against his wishes, I can only quote some of the interesting sayings. He says: "I cannot think about some of the ideas I have heard put forth without feeling inclined to be sarcastic. 'Killing pace' always amuses me. Who is to be killed? I suppose the dog is to try and kill himself. All these foolish sort of ideas would be of no consequence if it was not that some of our judges are possibly influenced by them, and consequently a fool dog that gallops like fury, if he only has luck enough to stumble on a good point now and again, is put before one that hunts from start to finish."

Speaking of fast dogs which performed indifferently as workers on birds, he says: "Off their noses, of course! That is the ever-ready excuse of owners whose dogs hunt the wrong way. I believe that there are not many all-around, high-class dogs whelped, not many good ones come by chance breeding. (I mean such as are bred by men who can only guess what dogs to breed together.) One must know the character of the dogs in every respect, in one's kennel, and for as many generations back as possible, before one can establish and keep up a good strain. Nothing but close observation for a number of years will do it, and that too by one who is quick to detect the faults of his own dogs. I asked Mr. ——— (a famous breeder and handler from boyhood, and now ripe in age and knowledge) if dogs were better now than they were when he was a boy. He said no, but that there were more of them. If a man can turn out one or two really good dogs every year he is doing well, I think. What we try to find are dogs that go as hard as they possibly can hunt, not run, much of which depends on their style of working. Ones which have good noses, high courage, fine tempers, lots of intelligence, endurance, style, etc., and no faults which cannot be cured. When we get a puppy of that sort, or even approaching to it, we expect to train him so that he will show off his good qualities at the trials. If another dog does not do as clean work we feel inclined to kick if he is put over our dog because he goes faster, our dog not being too slow. If he does as clean work and goes faster too, then it is all right."

### False Pointing.

On the subject of false pointing he says: "A well broken, experienced dog with a good nose will not false point at all. He may stop for a moment or two, but he will never stop on larks. If a well broken dog, with a good nose, a dog which uses his nose in the right way, makes a flush, or a bird flushes, you may be sure it is not the dog's fault. No man living can fairly say that a flush is excusable or otherwise, but he can soon tell where there is plenty of game whether a dog is a flusher or not. Some strange scent, some unusual disturbance of the atmosphere, may for the moment have destroyed the scent, but no well broken dog flushes on purpose."

Dr. J. Frank Perry, the famous litterateur and foremost writer on canine matters in this country, is now the owner of the copyright, plates, books, etc., of "Modern Training, Handling and Kennel Management." This work on training has been most generously conceded to be the best one before the public. Dr. Perry has, forthcoming, works on the diseases of dogs, conditioning, etc., which will add greatly to the literature on these subjects. B. WATERS.

## NEW ENGLAND F. T. CLUB DERBY ENTRIES.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The entries for the Derby closed Aug. 1, and the following satisfactory entry has been received. The total, 30, includes 4 pointers, 25 English setters and 1 Gordon setter. All these were whelped in 1891.

POINTERS.

DASH A. (George W. Lovell, Middleborough, Mass.), liver and white dog (champion King of Kent—Lass of Kent), July 4.

WILD LILY (George W. Lovell, Middleborough, Mass.), liver and white bitch (champion King of Kent—Lass of Kent), July 4.

BUD OF KENT (A. M. Tucker, Lexington, Mass.), liver and white dog (King of Kent—Vickery's Daisy Bang Bang), Aug. 25.

QUEEN OF KENT II. (G. A. Vickery, Lexington, Mass.), black and white ticked bitch (champion King of Kent—Vickery's Daisy), Aug. 25.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DASH B. (Edward Brooks, Hyde Park, Mass.), black, white and tan dog (Gloster—Movis), Sept. 1.

GROUSE B. (Edward Brooks, Hyde Park, Mass.), black, white and tan dog (Gloster—Movis), Sept. 1.

BOSS (Edward Brooks, Hyde Park, Mass.), black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Mamie A.), Oct. 23.

ROD'S CHAFF (E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass.), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), March 3.

ROD'S MIRTH (E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass.), white black and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl). March 3.

COUNT BERKSHIRE (F. W. Whitlock, Great Barrington, Mass.), black, white and tan ticked dog (The Corsair—Bona), June 3.

PRINCESS POLLY (F. W. Whitlock, Great Barrington, Mass.), black and white ticked bitch (Rod's Whim—James' Lassie), Dec. 29.

TENNESSEE VANDAL (Oakland Farm Kennels, Taunton, Mass.), black, white and tan dog (The Corsair—Effie Hill), Jan. 19.

TENNESSEE GIRL (Oakland Farm Kennels, Taunton, Mass.), black, white and tan bitch (The Corsair—Effie Hill), Jan. 13.

BARRETT (W. B. Foster, Brockton, Mass.), orange and white dog (Duke of Gloucester—Belle of Brockton). May. 6

PUNCK F (W. B. Foster, Brockton, Mass.), black and white dog (Duke of Gloucester—Belle of Brockton), May 6.

ROY KENT (Cohannet Kennels, E. Taunton, Mass.), blue belton dog (Kent II.—Fedora Laverack), Feb. 25.

NANNETTE (Cohannet Kennels, Taunton, Mass.), black, white and tan bitch (The Corsair—Effie Hill), Jan. 19.

BRADLEY (D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass.), black and white dog (Rowdy Rod—Breeze Gates), July 4.

ALBERT'S DAISY (Dr. James E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn.), white and orange bitch (Albert's Garry—Fanny San Roy), Feb. 7.

ROSE GLADSTONE (V. L. Bossa, New Canaan, Conn.), black, white and tan bitch (Dan Gladstone—Belton's Princess), April 10.

MARK'S LADY (J. L. Wells, Attleboro, Mass.), orange belton bitch (champion Gath's Mark—Jessie Noble), Sept. 10.

ROY WILSON (Noyes Billings, Dodgeville, Mass.), white, black and tan dog (Dad Wilson, Jr.—Bessie Roy), Sept. 6.

MATADOR (Rosecroft Kennels, New Haven, Conn.), black and white dog (Grover—Forest Dora), August.

PANG (H. C. French, Northampton, Mass.), black and tan dog (Paxtang—Mamie), May 15.

ROWDY ROY (A. M. Tucker, Lexington, Mass.), black, white and tan ticked dog (Roderigo—Field's Vic), Aug. 25.

ROD BELTON (Willard W. Lewis, Rockland, Mass.), black, white and tan dog (Count Roderigo—Bessie Roy), Jan. 14.

DRUID NOBLE (Agawam Kennels, Ipswich, Mass.), black and white dog (Count Noble's Boy—Model Bondhu), February.

DAMON C. (Hampton Kennels, Hampton, Conn.), lemon and white dog (The Corsair—Bona), June 3.

NELLIE G. (H. Rudolph Sack, Lymansville, R. I.), black, white and tan bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Lady Snowflake), Sept. 19.

GORDON SETTERS.

GYPSY (Hampton Kennels, Hampton, Conn.), black and tan bitch (Clarke's Jake—Daisy M.), January.

E. KNIGHT SPERRY, Sec'y.

### "From Nearly Every State."

DEXTER, Me., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From the small ad. in your paper offering the portraits of my pointer, Duke of Dexter, I have had orders from nearly every State in the Union, and "still they come." CHAS. D. ROBERTS.

## AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have just returned from a visit to the American Field Trial Club, at Columbus, Ind. I found the members of the club bustling, and there will not be anything left undone to make the trials next November a success. There will be dogs of superior breeding and of different nicks, entirely different from any that have run in trials before. The $5 limit is in reach of so many more sportsmen than a $10 limit.

These trials are for bird dogs and bird-finders, not so much for speed as the other trials (I did not meet any one claiming to be an expert with a lariat). Therefore these trials will show and try, in fact prove, some of the points our best breeders have been advertising on. I think there will be a big attendance just to see that merit. I went over the grounds where the trials will be run. The grounds are nicely located and there is plenty of water. We flushed several bevies of quail that were full grown, and no doubt the second hatch is on the way. The accommodations at Columbus for the trials are first-class; plenty of saddle horses (not plow horses) and vehicles for the dogs and man. Hotels are among the best, and those who stop at the Belvidere will find the landlord an all-around sportsman. As for railroads the Pan Handle will get you there. I will be there and would be pleased to meet you. ZULO.

INDEPENDENCE, Ind.

## CANINE TENACITY OF LIFE.

IN our issue of July 28 we spoke of a dog that had been shut up for twenty-nine days in an unoccupied store in Toronto. This particular dog may have undergone this lonely and trying experience or he may not, but we see nothing to doubt in the record made. It is well-known that dogs and other animals have undergone almost incredible fasts, and it would be interesting if some of our readers would give particulars of any case that has come to their notice, so that we can show how long a dog can possibly go without food. We have received the following from a correspondent on the subject:

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I enjoy reading your paper very much. I saw your account of the long fast of a dog in an unoccupied store. My wife had a cat that was driven under a bridge one evening by a dog. That night there came a severe ice storm and closed the mouth of the bridge. We missed the cat the next day and hunted high and low for him. Thirty-five days after there came a thaw, and in clearing away the snow and slush from the bridge so the water could run through, I found the cat. He was alive, but very weak; could not keep any food on his stomach, not even milk, for more than a week. When found he could not walk. We nursed him back to life and he lived for three or four years. When imprisoned he was a full-grown kitten and very playful, but after such a shock he did not recover his spirits, and was never known to play again like other cats. SAM ROGERS.

WEST NEWBURY, Mass., July 30.

## THE PEARL OF PEKIN PROTEST.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I read in your issue of July 21, under the heading of "Dog Chat," the following, relative to the Pearl of Pekin protest:

"The news now comes from Mr. Brougher, the secretary of the American Coursing Club, that the case will not be acted upon until the annual meeting in October, 1892. Mr. Brougher's words are, 'The executive committee have reserved their decision until the October meeting of the club. They did not give any reason for so doing'."

I was not a party to referring this protest back to the club, but the majority of the executive committee, Mr. C. G. Page and Dr. S. J. Shaw, gave their reasons for doing so, by the following statement: "That as Dr. Shaw, one of the members of the executive committee, and Mr. Brougher, the secretary of the club, had made an affidavit that in their presence Mr. T. W. Bartels, the owner of Pearl of Pekin, had made a settlement of the dispute with Mr. J. J. Edmonds, the owner of Chicopee Lass, therefore in the face of this affidavit the majority of the executive committee declined to act on the protest, preferring to leave it to the club to do so." H. C. LOWE.

LAWRENCE, Kansas.

## DEFENDS MR. ISENTHAL.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am indeed loath to enter into any controversy with "Aloin", of *Breeder and Sportsman*, but his ill-timed and ill-judged remarks anent "that hooked-nosed Israelite in Denver" impel me to ask a little space in your valuable paper in order to remove if possible every stain upon the character of a gentleman who was well-known and respected by a large circle of the lovers of the dog in this city.

To us, to whom the *nom de plume* of either "Aloin" or "hooked-nosed Israelite" is no cover of their respective personalities, the remarks in question are read with no other feelings than those of indignation and disgust, and of course "knowing the source," we treat them with the utter contempt both they and their author merit. But to those who may recognize "that hooked-nosed Israelite" and not be aware of the identity of "Aloin," I would say, that the former was regarded in the highest esteem by all who knew him, and his ill-timed death, a short time ago, was a severe loss to us who recognized that we had lost a good and valued friend and that the lovers of sport and the dog were minus a true and faithful devotee. L. F. BARTELS.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 4.

## ROCHESTER KENNEL CLUB SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In announcing that the bench show of the Rochester Kennel Club will be held in connection with the Western New York Fair, Sept. 26 to 30, instead of Sept. 6 to 9, it is proper that we should state that the very day we sent the telegram to Hamilton declining arbitration, we received from the fair managers a proposition to hold our show in connection with the fair, and it was decided that if Hamilton would not buy or sell, that we would give them the dates and consider the proposition of the fair managers. Every one knows Hamilton's answer to our buy or sell proposition, and the next week the correspondence appeared in print, and I wish to call attention to the fact that there were two letters published dated June 3, and both purporting to have been sent to me. This is not so, as for reasons unknown to me, the first of these was not received by me, but I hope this can be explained, as I do not wish it inferred that the letter was written at the time of the publication of the correspondence to fill a weak spot in Hamilton's case.

Again, on June 24 I wrote Hamilton a letter, which was returned unopened, with the statement written across the back that it was "Returned unopened, further correspondence not being desired." If this letter had been read by Mr. Stewart, he would have discovered that even after his hasty action the Rochester Kennel Club harbored no ill feeling, and was doing its best to drop out and allow Hamilton to have the conflicting dates, the conflict in dates being the fulcrum of our efforts to make satisfactory arrangements with the fair managers. When I saw Mr. Yates I suggested that he make a final effort to inform Hamilton that we would not conflict with them in any way. The result is well known, and the Rochester Kennel Club does not feel that it is their fault if Hamilton does not hold a bench show Sept. 6 to 9, 1892.

I wish finally to call attention to the "We are so much better than you" attitude assumed by Hamilton all through the correspondence. Comment is unnecessary; such things speak for themselves. O. STEWART BAMBER,
Secretary Rochester Kennel Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 8.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—I met Harry L. Goodman at the depot here on Friday on his way to Montreal, to select a brace of puppies, dog and bitch, from the Mount Royal Kennels' champion Melac—Minervas fawn litter. They accompany him to Tennessee. He is chock full of his Tennessee farm, with twelve-roomed residence and other bric-a-brac attachments, and can talk of nothing else. He may lay off for a day here on his way back, and if he does Mr. Bell will take him in tow.

Mr. R. G. Wilkie of this city has been presented by Mr. W. Simpson of Egemouth, England, with the King Charles spaniel bitch La Fleur, whelped January last, by Le Roi (champion Ben d'Or II.—Lady Ellenboro) out of Princess Adelaide de Bourbon (champion Jumbo II.—champion Grace Darling). Mr. Wilkie intends sending her round the circuit.

Mr. Wade will enter the lists at Toronto with the mastiff dog Ealderman, which he has entered for that show. He is by Beaufort out of Emma, whelped April 1891.

The secretaries of the C. K. C. and A. K. C. are in correspondence regarding the claims for dates sent to both clubs. It is desired to come to some mutually satisfactory arrangement whereby clashing of dates, as in the unfortunate Hamilton—Rochester case, will become an impossibility. The matter will be referred to the next meeting of the A. K. C., to be held Sept. 8, when some plan of settlement will be suggested.

There is a probability of a dog show on a limited scale being held in Belleville, Ont., this fall in connection with the Quinte District Fair. Mr. H. Parker Thomas, a prominent barrister, Mr. P. Hart and other dog men are taking an interest in it.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held Tuesday evening of the Toronto show, and in all likelihood preliminary meetings of a Canadian Breeders' Association and the Canadian Fox-terrier Club will be held on the same evening. The formation of the former is for the purpose of holding one or more winter shows in Canada.

In London, Ont., a by-law was in force whereby all dogs at large in the streets were compelled to wear muzzles. Strong pressure by prominent citizens, who claim that muzzling in hot weather is more apt to induce rabies than to prevent it, has induced the council to repeal the obnoxious law, so London canines can now travel without the birdcage attachment.

Mr. A. Laidlaw has disposed of his interest in the *Sentinel-Review*, to which journal he has been attached many years, and will likely leave Woodstock.

Mr. R. Wanless, Sarnia, has imported from Mr. W. Harley, Edinburgh, the Dandie Dinmont terrier dog Rodger. He was bred by Mr. J. Hutchinson, whelped June 8, 1891, and is by Lomond Prince (Rab—Fanny) out of Floss (Hatteraick—Dandy Polla) and in color is a pepper. Mr. Wanless when he sold Sora to a breeder on your side may be said to have had "wan less," but now, with his new importation, he certainly has "wan more."

Mr. A. T. Wilgress, of Clarksburg, Ont., who once owned Edgewood Fancy, has added three good ones to his kennels, Trentham Duchess, Rosemary and Ted Pritchard. The last two are light-weights. Mr. Wilgress hopes to show a strong team at the fall circuit.

Mr. Geo. N. Dean, of Kingston, has a large scheme in hand, in the formation of a Canadian headquarters club in Chicago during the Fair. He wants local dogmen who propose visiting the Fair to join in and spend part of this week in Toronto talking it up. H. B. DONOVAN.

## BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As a reader of your valuable paper I would ask how it is that a report of the business transacted at the late meeting (July 28) of the Beagle Club is not found in your paper. The secretary of the Beagle Club must have the minutes of that and other meetings, and as I do not reside in New England, I would like to ask (for, Mr. Kennel Editor, I believe you are a member of the club also) how the other fellows are going to find out what is being done. I have never read full particulars of any meeting since I joined. It would be of interest to those not members to see what is going on and being done; perhaps they would become interested and join us. The other clubs have full reports, why not the Beagle Club? We ought not to depend upon private correspondence for such information. Surely the FOREST AND STREAM can get a scribe to keep it posted. W. H. ASHBURNER.

[This will be attended to in future.]

## MR. KREUDER'S BEAGLE CHALLENGE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Any man, woman or child can buy good dogs if they have the cash, but it takes gumption to breed prize winners.

We are led to make the above remark after reading Mr. Kreuder's challenge in your issue of July 28, and we have waited a week to give Mr. Phoebus the first chance to accept. We know Mr. Kreuder well and that he is not bluffing, as the majority of challengers do nowadays. It is evident that he wants to show beagles, as he says they must be under 15in.; but why he wants them over 12in. is a puzzle to us, as some of the best beagles are under 12in. If Mr. Kreuder will modify his challenge a little we will give him a run for his money. We will show five dogs against his, but three must be bred by owner; and after the bench show we will run our dogs against his in the field trials for $10 to $25 each brace and $50 to the winner of the most heats.

HORNELL-HARMONY KENNELS.

HORNELLSVILLE AND COVERT, N. Y.

### Rochester Dog Show.

Mr. T. S. Bellin, of Albany, N. Y., has been engaged to judge non-sporting classes at the Rochester show. Premium lists will be ready soon. O. Stewart Bamber, M.D., 75 Rowe street, Rochester, N. Y., is the secretary.

### Business.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* * * * I am sure that your remarks as to ads. and answers to them in FOREST AND STREAM is all correct, as has been proven by my small ad. of a special character as to wire-haired Scotch terriers, etc. JAMES L. LITTLE.

# DOG CHAT.

### News from New Haven.

We are not gifted with powers of clairvoyance or we might be able to guess at dog news, and although FOREST AND STREAM covers a good many points and generally manages to give a news note now and then, still we have to send out a hurry call sometimes just to bring certain of our friends to a sense of their duty toward us. Mr. Frank Dole received one of these, and in answer he tells us he has been laid up for a few days, but how or in what way he does not say. He gives the name of the new Dandie Dinmont bitch Mr. E. Brooks, of Boston, Mass., purchased with Laird of the Heather, that was stolen, but recovered the other day. Her name is Ainsty Daisy and she is said to be one of the best living, having done a lot of winning and Mr. Brooks is quite proud of her. Frank Dole has just sent a draft for the well known Dandie, Amphion, winner of first, Birmingham; first, Manchester, and second, Cruft's show. All three mentioned are peppers, and the three cost in the neighborhood of $1,000. Mr. Brooks told us a year ago that he meant to have the best and he is carrying out his purpose. Mr. Dole has also just purchased for Mr. R. Dudley Winthrop, owner of the bulldog H. M. Stanley, the well known bulldog Leonidas. This is a big dog, weighing 57lbs., and is said to be the best over 55lbs. dog to be found. There will be a new thing in Skyes on the Canadian circuit this fall, and the Philadelphia people are expected to rub their eyes when they see it. The new comer is Endcliffe Maggie, a young bitch that has done quite a little winning at good shows on the other side. Mr. Dole imported her for Mr. H. K. Camer, of Philadelphia. She was in whelp to Poet when imported and had six fine pups last June.

For himself friend Dole has just bought the bulldog Leonidas II., by Leonidas out of Addiscombe Gipsey. He is a black brindle and has won a second, only time shown. Another is a good son of Pathfinder, that weighs under 45lbs., and also Lady Veino, by Rustic swell out of champion Rustic Lass. This is the bitch that is the heroine of the little story, "Three Hundred Miles to Buy a Bull Pup," published in *Stock-Keeper* some time since. Frank Dole has just sent to San Francisco one of the smartest bull-terriers he has ever bred It is eight months old, and is by Gully the Great out of Edgewood Fancy. "He was so good that I did not care about selling him around here." Our New Haven friend is very enthusiastic over a bitch that he has bred from champion Starlight by Gully the Great, and this will be reserved to hold up the stars and stripes against the English invasion at the World's Fair show next year. Better name her "Hail Columbia." Mr. Dole had a letter from one of the English bull-terrier men the other day, in which he said that since Gully the Great's departure they were hard put to find a good big stud dog. The dog is doing well for the breed over here; he has paid for himself, and on July 29 Mr. Geo. Runtun's bitch Wild Rose whelped thirteen puppies by him.

### Specialty Club Meeting Reports.

We draw attention to Mr. Ashburner's letter in another column. His ground is well taken. Every club secretary should either send a report of the proceedings to the club members or to such papers as will insure the report of the meeting being read by all interested. It is a short-sighted policy on the part of specialty clubs to so hide their light under a bushel. The reason is obvious. These reports create an interest in the readers that probably did not exist before, and this may lead to an increased membership list. Until the recent trouble in the Beagle Club we have received reports of all meetings with exemplary regularity, but the reports that are most anxiously looked forward to by outsiders have not come to hand, notably the July 28 meeting. FOREST AND STREAM contained exclusively, however, the main result of the meeting, the choice of judges, in its last week's issue. The following we are compelled to take from the American *Stock-Keeper*. The meeting was held in the Quincy House, Boston, Mass. Those present were "Messrs. F. W. Chapman, H. V. Jamieson, H. L. Kreuder, W. S. Clark, O. W. Brooking; B. S. Turpin, W. F. Rutter, Jr., and W. A. Power.

"Voted to accept the resignation of Messrs. William H. Hyland and George P. Berry. Voted that the field trial committee consist of the following members: Messrs. F. W. Chapman, B. S. Turpin, H. L. Kreuder, W. S. Clark, W. A. Power, O. W. Brooking, John Davidson, H. V. Jamieson, N. Rowe, C. S. Wixom, H. W. Lacy and W. H. Child. Voted that the name of Mr. W. H. Child be taken from the above committee at his own request. Voted to admit Messrs. T. Wills Hemphill, of Glen Mills, Pa., and Henry Hanson of Fall River, Mass., to membership." This is all the work that was done, the rest of the palaver from 9 P. M. Thursday to 5 A. M. Friday being taken up with smoothing things and arguing. Mr. H. L. Kreuder put down the law to some of them and his common sense prevailed.

### National Greyhound Club Meeting.

A meeting of this club was held on Monday afternoon at 4 P. M., in Mr. L. C. Whiton's office, 115 Broadway, New York city. Messrs. Huntington, Whiton and Osborne were present. The Brooklyn dog show was the principal subject of discussion and the time was chiefly taken up with selecting judges. Those so far chosen are: Mr. Wade, mastiffs, bloodhounds and Newfoundlands; W. Tallman, all setters; Aug. Belmont, foxterriers, and E. M. Oldham, spaniels. The following will be asked to judge: Dr. M. H. Cryer, pugs and toy spaniels, etc.; Charles Heath, pointers; Geo. Laick, beagles; H. W. Smith, greyhounds, etc.; A. M. Hughes, St. Bernards, R. F. Mayhew certain breeds of terriers, etc. The club will donate bronze medals for best dog and best bitch in the principal breeds and the prizes will be on a basis of $15, $10 and $5 in open classes for the important breeds and $10 and $5 in others. Kennel prizes of $20 will also be given to the more important breeds. Mr. August Belmont has offered $50 for the best American-bred fox-terrier under two years old. Mayor Boody has promised to open the show and several gentlemen like August Belmont, Col. DeLancey Kane and others will be patrons of the show. The list of names from which the club shall choose its list of judges was announced; they are: Messrs. H. Osborne, L. C. Whiton, C. F. R. Drake, C. H. Mason, Roger D. Williams, James Mortimer, H. W. Smith, Geo. Wilson and J. F. Kirk.

### Grand Rapids Show.

Our Western cousins seem quite capable of booming a dog show in approved circus style and are fully aware of the advantages gained by working the press with neatness and dispatch. The Muskegon *Chronicle* tells us that the Grand Rapids (Mich.), show is to be a great success. Two car loads of fine bred dogs are coming from Cincinnati alone and even friend Hawkes of Cincinnati will be surprised to learn that his Sir Walter Scot is quoted at $5,000 and is to be one of the main attractions. Messrs. Roger D. Williams and F. C. Wheeler will judge most of the show, the pointer and setter judge however, has not yet been chosen.

### Transfer of Coal Grove Kennels.

*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have sold to W. W. Titus my entire interest in the Coal Grove Kennel, only reserving for my own shooting Bohemian Girl. Mr. Titus will continue in the business at some point in the South and has my kindest wishes for his success. I bespeak the patronage of the public with my heartiest recommendation.

F. J. O'CONNELL.

### The Dog Catchers.

The Brooklyn dog catchers are waking up and Mayor Boody has received many complaints about them. The last one recites a case where a little boy and a Newfoundland were playing on the pavement before their home, when the boy saw the dog catchers coming at the other end of the street. The boy, who was quite young, tried to pull the dog into the house, but the latter saw no reason to hurry and the little chap had only succeeded in getting the dog half way into the hallway of the house when dog catcher No. 4 tried to take the dog away. The mother of the boy came to the rescue, was struck several times by the human brute and the boy was knocked down, the dog carted off and another act receiving the implied sanction of civic authorities had been rung down. Mrs. Gruyot, the owner of the dog, complained to the Mayor and the latter notified No. 4 to appear before him and explain matters, but he did not turn up and a warrant will be made out for his arrest. Justice should not lag in such cases.

### Black and Tan Terriers.

Dr. Foote is to be asked to become one of the vice-presidents of the English Black and Tan Terrier Club at its next meeting, according to the *Stock-Keeper*, the Duke of Newcastle to become honorary president. The club adopted the Scottish Club's standard, with these alterations: "That black and tan terriers should be more inclined to be cat than bare-footed; that the stern should be three-quarter and that in appearance he should be a terrier calculated to take his own part in the rat-pit." This latter is in contradistinction to the Scottish Club's idea, which is an appearance of speed and activity rather than strength and endurance.

### A New Pasteur Institute.

Dr. Gibier, whatever the merits of the Pasteur method may be, has certainly worked hard in the cause, and in the face of very adverse circumstances. The old building was found too small for the work, and ground has been broken in Central Park West and Ninety-seventh street, New York city, for a five-story brick building to be known as the Pasteur Institute. The building will contain every convenience and appliance for the special use to which it is to be devoted. Dr. Gibier has taken a ten years' lease of it and we can now look for a continued boom in hydrophobia scares.

### Fullerton.

Col. North has generally been accounted a most fortunate sportsman both on the race track and in the coursing field. It is, therefore, unfortunate that his numerous triumphs should be embittered by the knowledge that his great dog Fullerton, four times winner of the Waterloo Cup, is unable to sire a pup. Several of his own bitches have missed, and we all know about champion Spinaway's fruitless journey to Col. North's great dog. It is probable that in view of this unfortunate state of affairs that champion Spinaway will be sent to Col. North's Young Fullerton, who has sired some good litters and is well known as about the fastest dog in England.

### A Kennel Club for Richmond, Va.

We do not know who are the organizers of the poultry and kennel club that was to be started in Richmond, Va., one day last week, but those who remember the show held in that city in 1888 hope that some of the men of the Virginia Sportsmen's Association will take part in it. What a show that was, and no mistake, and how John S. Wise did hustle to make every one feel at home and enjoy himself. We can hardly imagine when we see this well-known pointer breeder walking decorously along the streets of New York dressed in sober broadcloth, that the jovial-looking man dressed *à la* John Bull in pink waistcoat and buff cords, marshalling that motley crew of foxhounds and way back fox hunters of "Ole Virginny," can be one and the same. Lots of dogmen wonder when the Association will hold another show. It will be a great one if they do.

### Trotting Dogs.

The trotting dog Doc has long held a unique position, but it is very likely that he will now have to share his honors with another "trotter" of the same breed. The Irish setter Joe, owned by D. Chapman, Cassopolis, Mich., is the newcomer. He is a handsome, well-bred animal, is three years old and weighs 72lbs. He was bred in Chicago. In his races he is harnessed to a pneumatic-tired sulky weighing 22lbs., which together with the rider makes an aggregate weight of 87lbs, behind the animal in a race. At a trial the other day Joe is said to have covered a half-mile in 1:43 and ran the same distance in 59s. Joe is matched to trot against the Canadian dog Doc, at the Detroit Exposition, and the contest will be an interesting one for those who care for such affairs.

### A. K. C. and C. K C. Registrations.

In connection with the Canadian shows it may be well to remind those Americans who intend exhibiting that owing to the reciprocity treaty in vogue between the A. K. C. and C. K. C., dogs listed or registered with the A. K. C. can exhibit themselves in Canada without regard to the C. K. C. register. There is rather a nice point that occurs to one when ruminating on this subject. Owing to these *vice versa* tactics an American dog can be registered in the C. K. C. book for 50 cents, whereas it costs $1 in the A. K. C. book. The American dog paying 50 cents is a registered dog just the same and carries its privileges across the border.

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Mr. H. V. Jamieson in buying out the Forest Beagle Kennels is going quite extensively into beagle breeding. He has moved his kennels to West Duxbury, Mass., where he has an enclosed kennel yard of one acre. There is already a kennel building 16x10ft. and another 50x30ft. in course of erection. There are lots of rabbits on the farm, which is situated in a good hunting country and well adapted for beagle raising and training.

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"Our congratulations to FOREST AND STREAM upon their Irish water spaniel illustrations, which are lovely."—*Stock-Keeper, England.*

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Dr. W. C. Sneeden's, of Jamesport, N. Y., well known bull-terrier bitch, Winning Wagtail, was bred to Mr. Dole's Gully the Great, July 15.

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The following have dogs for sale this week through the medium of our business columns: Lawrence Timpson, well-bred Skye terriers; D. E. Elbert, English setter pups and two brood bitches; 938 Prospect avenue, choice Irish and Gordon setter pups; W. Borrowscale, King Charles spaniel pups; John E. Davis, cocker spaniel Brock; Jas. G. Lathrop, trained coon dogs; F. L. Cheney, pointer pup and trained bitch, also setter pups; Wm. Arnot, mastiff pups and bitch, Handsome Brook Kennels, cocker spaniels, all sorts; F. F. Capers, black and white pointer pups; E. Kraeling, pointer Marc Anthony; C. Moulton, pug dogs; Wm. Carey, mastiff pups. Wants: W. A. Linn, a trained pointer dog.

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The entries for the Kingston show will close Sept. 12, first day of the Toronto show.

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Mr. Thos. Shillcock is selling out his entire kennel of St. Bernards. Here is a chance for some of our breeders, though all we need is an outcross from Plinlimmon blood. The kennels and all appliances are also to be sold, as Mr. Shillcock is going to take a large farm outside Birmingham.

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An item of news in the *British Fancier* will interest bulldog men. Messrs. Cyril F W. Jackson and Bowers are compiling a "Book of Bulldog Pedigrees" which is to contain authentic pedigrees and all information obtainable of every bulldog of note from the Ark down. This will embrace the particulars of about 6,000 dogs, and will be of great value to all bulldog men. The price is to be about $3.

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Col. Ruppert's St. Bernard Lyra whelped a very nice litter Aug. 1 to Aristocrat, eleven, five dogs. Lyra is by champion Hesper—Cleopatra. A gentleman in Pennsylvania owns a bitch that whelped twelve to the same dog, ten of them dogs; so the reports that Aristocrat was not a stock getter are blown to the winds. Mr. Booth has shipped Lady Hibernia, per Wells Fargo Express, to Mr. John Hefferman, San Francisco, Cal., in good condition. This bitch was the one we spoke so favorably of at Albany show. She is brimful of quality, nicely marked and should do the St. Bernard fancy some good on the Pacific coast.

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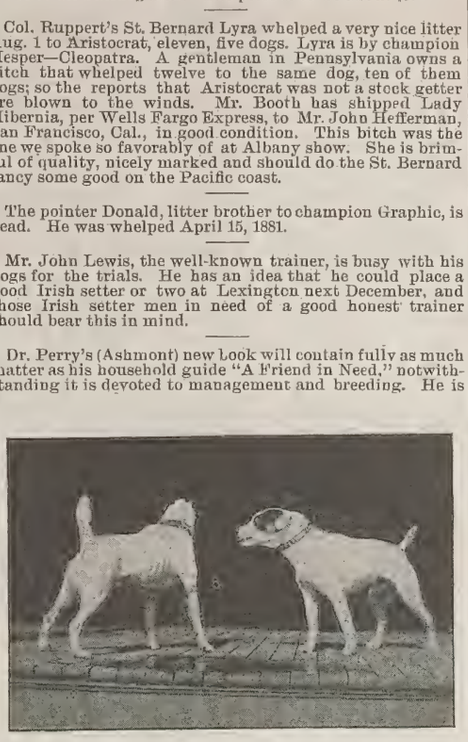
The pointer Donald, litter brother to champion Graphic, is dead. He was whelped April 15, 1881.

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Mr. John Lewis, the well-known trainer, is busy with his dogs for the trials. He has an idea that he could place a good Irish setter or two at Lexington next December, and those Irish setter men in need of a good honest trainer should bear this in mind.

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Dr. Perry's (Ashmont) new book will contain fully as much matter as his household guide "A Friend in Need," notwithstanding it is devoted to management and breeding. He is



"Touch me if you dare!"

BEVERWYCK TIPPLER AND BEVERWYCK MIKE.

Owned by Mr. Clarence Rathbone Albany, N. Y.

endeavoring to make it so complete the novice cannot possibly stray at any point. He is rushing this part of the book towards the printer and the work it has entailed has pretty well fagged the doctor out.

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Mr. Mortimer was to sail Aug. 6 and is probably now buffeting his way over to this side.

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Mrs. Morrison, until recently Mrs. Warner, the noted English exhibitor of toy spaniels, has accepted an offer to supply a Canadian gentleman with an important consignment of toy spaniels (all the different breeds), and Persian cats. So says the *British Fancier* this week.

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Mr. Geo. Raper met with an accident the other day and had to cancel some of his judging engagements. It is termed a "trap accident."

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Mr. John E. Williams imported recently the fox-terrier bitch Woodbine II., a half sister to the noted terrier Plaudit, from the kennels of Mr. Promfret Hikely, Rochdale, Eng. Woodbine came over in whelp to Brockenhurst Roger and whelped, just after landing, four dogs.

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We are rather surprised that Mr. F. J. O'Connell should so soon withdraw his interest from the excellent kennel that he and Mr. Titus gathered together. We know what an active partisan in politics Mr. O'Connell is and probably his interest in field trials and field trial dogs will crop up again when the busy campaign is over once more.

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It is not very often that Mr. Sears breaks out, but he had to tell us of a "special" litter by Sir Bedivere out of a Hesper bitch that, to quote his words, "I shall take a personal pride in showing to my friends. * * * Most of them perfectly marked and at a week old were walking all over the kennels."

## TORONTO DOG SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I wish to add a little information for intending beagle exhibitors at the coming Toronto dog show, Sept. 12 to 15, as there seems to be some misunderstanding as to the reading of the classes. Classes 137, 138, 139, 140 are for beagles 13 to 15in. inclusive. Classes 142, 143, 144, 145 are for beagles under 13in., consequently a 12½in. beagle cannot be entered in a 13 to 15in. class any more than a 15in. beagle can be entered in the under 13in. class. Entries for all the sweepstakes can be made on the same entry forms as used for the other classes. Canadian exhibitors must distinctly state if they wish to compete for the Canadian Kennel class specials. All entries close Sept. 1. C. A. STONE, Sec'y and Supt.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Happy Thought, Sis, Lady Estelle and Lizzie B.* By Eberhart Pug Kennels. Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pugs, one dog and three bitches, whelped July 23, 1892, by Happy Toby (Spokane—Lalla Rookh) out of Lady Alma (Eberhart's Cashier—Mabel E.).

*Kent III.* By A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., for black, white and tan ticked English setter dog, whelped March 22, 1892, by Kent II (champion Count Howard—Lady Westmorland) out of Miss La Salle (King Gladys—La Salle).

*Golden Chimes and Golden Gem.* By J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., for white and tan and white, black and tan fox-terrier dog and bitch, whelped May 11, 1892, by Woodale Rustic (Warren Jim—Warren Torment) out of Blemton Rapture (champion Regent—champion Rachel).

*Robert, Rollo, Roy, Rip Rap, Ruth and Rachel.* By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for four black, white and tan beagle dogs and two white, black and tan bitches, whelped June 14, 1892, by Jubilee out of Nellie Bannerman (Jack Bannerman—Fly II.).

*Rustic and Rumpus.* By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagle dogs, whelped May 22, 1892, by Drummer (Blue Cap—Chimer) out of Millie (Blue Cap—Minnehaha).

*Rhyme and Rill.* By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped May 13, 1892, by Elora Dash (Elora Yap—Lark) out of Gipsey (Blue Cap—Chimer).

*Rocket, Ransack, Reckless and Rash.* By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagles, two dogs and two bitches, whelped April 29, 1892, by Drummer (Blue Cap—Chimer out of Beauty (Blue Cap—Minnehaha).

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Winsome Wagtail—Watchful Wagtail.* Wagtail Kennels' (Jamesport, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Winsome Wagtail (Rusher—Nell Bright) to their Watchful Wagtail, July 16.

*Winning Wagtail—Gully the Great.* Wagtail Kennels' (Jamesport, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Winning Wagtail to F. F. Dole's Gully the Great (Gladstone—Florie), July 15.

*Ileene—Dick Swiveller.* F. C. Fowler's (Moodus, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Ileene (champion Ponto—Drenagh) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, Dec. 8.

*Fanny—Dick Swiveller.* F. J. Heinz's Irish setter bitch Fanny to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, Dec. 16.

*Grouse—Dick Swiveller.* Thos. Igne's Irish setter bitch Grouse (Count Patrick—Bella) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller. Dec. 8.

*Hazle Tearaway—Dick Swiveller.* A. Kreb's Irish setter bitch Hazle Tearaway (Tearaway—Hazlenut) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller. Dec. 19.

*Nellie—Dick Swiveller.* J. J. Mannion's Irish setter bitch Nellie (Cocksure—Tillie III.) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, Jan. 29.

*Bella H.—Dick Swiveller.* B. D. Matthews's Irish setter bitch Bella H. (champion Kildare—Red Rose) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller. Feb. 2.

*Rose XIII.—Dick Swiveller.* Oliver Sumner's Irish setter bitch Rose XIII. (Don L.—Haidee) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, Feb. 4

*Lady Snipe—Dick Swiveller.* A. C. Anderson's Irish setter bitch Lady Snipe (Snipe—Nelly) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller. Feb 10.

*Stella IV.—Dick Swiveller.* P. G. Hick's Irish setter bitch imported Stella IV. (Beaconsfield—Alma) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller. Feb. 20.

*Clidie—Dick Swiveller.* C. D. Jolliffe's Irish setter bitch Clidie (Don Pedro—Daisy) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller March 11.

*Lady O'Brien—Dick Swiveller.* G. C. Walker's Irish setter bitch Lady O'Brien (Joe—Kitty O'Brien) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, March 31.

*Lulu IV.—Dick Swiveller.* S. C. Anderson's Irish setter bitch Lulu IV. (Dick—Lulu II.) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, April 15.

*Kildare Tara—Dick Swiveller.* A. D. Sutton's Irish setter bitch Kildare Tara (champion Kildare—Bess P.) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, April 15.

*Lady Rose—Dick Swiveller.* H. Alexander's Irish setter bitch Lady Rose (Young Sarsfield—Haidee) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller. April 20.

*The Marchioness—Dick Swiveller.* Kildare Kennels' Irish setter bitch The Marchioness (McDuff—Molly) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, June 5.

*Bessie Zapp—Dick Swiveller.* Fred Paster's Irish setter bitch Bessie Zapp (Tippecanoe—Maude Jones) to W. L. Washington's champion Dick Swiveller, July 30.

*Ripple—Jubilee.* W. Wilson, Jr.'s (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Ripple (Drummer—Violet) to F. B. Zimmer's Jubilee, May 24.

*Twinkle—Stormy.* F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch champion Twinkle to his Stormy, July 24.

*Royal Rosey—Jubilee.* F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversvill, N. Y.) beagle bitch Royal Rosey to his Jubilee, July 17.

*Nellie S.—Jubilee.* Wm. Soule's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Nellie S. (Spite—Laure)), to F. B. Zimmer's Jubilee, July 10.

*Faith—Princelimmon.* F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Faith (Berkshire Prince—Jewell) to H. R. T. Coffin's Princelimmon (champion Plinlimmon—Lady Wellington), June 25.

*Juno—Jubilee.* Joseph Teetz's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Juno (Blue Cap—Minnehaha) to F. B. Zimmer's Jubilee, May 20.

*Flossie—Blemton Reefer.* D. F. McCarthy's (Tiburon, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Flossie (Blemton Shiner—Jess) to J. B. Martin's Blemton Reefer (champion Venir—champion Rachel), July 22.

*Diana II—Hundesport's Zaenker.* Iroquois Kennels' (Tonawanda, N. Y.) dachshund bitch Diana II. (Mink—Adelheid) to W. Loeffler's Hundesport's Zaenker, July 10.

*Lady Pug—Eberhart's Cashier.* F. C. Bloomer's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Pug to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), July 26

*Midget Nellie—Patsy Bolivar.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Midget Nellie (Lord Clover—Sister) to their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossy II.), July 30.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Uno King Don.* C. D. Roberts's (Dexter, Me.) pointer bitch Uno King Don (King Don—Patti M. II.), July 13, nine (three dogs), by his Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski).

*Woodbine II.* J. E. Williams's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Woodbine II. (Monte Carlo—Minx), June 23, four dogs, by Pomfret Hikely's Brockenhurst Roger (Rational—Yetene, sister to New Forest).

*Hillside Brilliant.* A. S. Cushman's (St. Louis, Mo.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Brilliant, July 12, four (three dogs), by Hillside Kennels' Reckoner.

*Nellie Bannerman.* F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Nellie Bannerman (Jack Bannerman—Fly II.), June 14, eight (six dogs), by his Jubilee (Lee II.—Flirt).

*Alice.* W. Loeffler's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachshund bitch Alice (Waldmann II.—Crawl), July 26, five (three dogs) by his Hundesport's Bergmann.

*Polly.* E. Schwarzrock's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachshund bitch Polly (Hundesport's Zaenker—Lina K.), July 14, three (two dogs), by Wm. Loeffler's Hundesport's Bergman.

*Popcorn.* Dr. R. A. Ferguson's (Bakersfield, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Popcorn (Doctor—Jrssie), June —, four (three dogs), by J. B. Martin's Blemton Shiner (Blemton Rubicon—Blemton Brilliant).

*Mystic II.* E. H. Bragg's (North Sidney, Me.) beagle bitch Mystic II. (Ross—Spot), July 14, five (three dogs), by his Chubb (imported Blue Boy—Mystic).

*Laville.* Manatang Kennels' (Marblehead, Mass.) greyhound bitch Laville (champion Memnon—champion Harmony), July 24, by Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hazlehurst (champion Balkis—champion Cassandra).

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Hayward.* White bull-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1891, by White Wonder out of Winning Wagtail, by Wagtail Kennels, Jamesport, N. Y., to W. B. Chamberlin, Danville, Pa.

*Gladys.* White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1891, by White Wonder out of Winning Wagtail, by Wagtail Kennels, Jamesport, N. Y., to J. H. Taylor, Bayside, N. Y.

*Blemton Brilliant.* White and ticked black fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 8, 1887, by The Moonstone out of Media, by C. D. Bernheimer, New York city, to J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal.

*Sir Kent.* Blue belton English setter dog, whelped April 8, 1891, by Kent II. out of Nicolette, by A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., to J. L. Adams, Louisville, Ky.

*Lord Clifton.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1891, by Bradford Ruby II. out of Lady Thelma, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to F. S. Pritchard, same place.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

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G. S. G., Britt, Ia.—Col. Le Poer-Trench, 3 Hyde Park Gardens, London, England.

H. B., Montreal, Can.—Kindly give address of secretary of the C. K. C. Ans. H. B. Donovan, Toronto, Can.

R. E. E., Edwardsville, Ala.—What are Psovois good for? Ans. We do not know. They are very handsome dogs and some people say they are used to hunt wolves with.

W. B. K., Rockford, Ill.—I have a pointer pup, 6 months old, by Prince Naso II. ex Lucksie. Can I use Hammond's system of training with success on my dog? Ans. Yes.

J.B., Hudson, N.Y.—1. I bought a young foxhound of a prominent breeder last April when it was one year old. The first gun I fired was in June, and the dog ran home. I find he will run and hide if you strike a parlor match or a cap on a gun. He was guaranteed to me to have no superior in this State or the State he came from. Is there a remedy for a dog that is gun shy. 2. Are there any foxhounds bred in the United States that can only be used with riders and not adapted for the use of a gun? Ans. 1. There is no remedy for a gun-shy foxhound. 2. Yes, lots of them. The packs of English hounds used here are never shot over.

X. Y. Z., Oakland, Cal.—The latter part of answer 1, to your query was omitted last week. It should read: Give 5grs. of salicylate of bismuth three times a day, shaken on the tongue, and in addition give the following pill:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ferri redact | grs. xxiv. |
| Quinine sulph | grs. xii. |
| Strychnine sulph | grs. ¼ |
| Arsenious acid | grs. ⅛ |

Mix and make 12 pills; give one twice a day.

M. C. B.—Would like to know what will cure a hound dog from itching; he scratches, and cannot be still hardly a minute without scratching. His hair also is coming out. Ans. Rub the following dressing all over every other day: Kerosene 10oz., oil of tar 6oz., sulphur 1lb., sperm oil add one-half a gallon. Treat for worms; then give this mixture:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tr. nucis vom. | |
| Ferri pyro-phosph. | |
| Acid phosphori. dil | āā ʒ i |
| Aq. add | ʒ vi |

Tablespoonful three times a day.

J. H. B., Gardner, Mass.—1. What is the matter with my rabbit dog? At times he wants to pass something and only a few drops of yellow water will come. Sometimes he looks thin and other times all right. He also drags himself along on his quarters. He is a cross bred foxhound and beagle. 2. What is the best book on dogs and diseases and treatment? Ans. There may be some foreign body lodged in the rectum. It would be advisable to have a S. examine it. Give a tablespoonful of castor oil and ten drops of laudanum. 2. Ashmont's "Dogs, Their Management and Treatment in Disease." Price $2. Dr. Mills's "The Dog in Health and Disease." Price $2.75. Also Dalzell's "Diseases of the Dog." Price 0 cents. We can supply them.

An Interested Reader, Chicago, Ill.—My pointer dog, 11 months old, is affected with the mange and is troubled with a substance resembling matter, which collects on his eyelids and ashes, rendering him almost blind. Will you kindly tell me of a remedy? Ans. For the mange rub sulphur ointment all over every other day for two weeks. Treat for worms. Then give this mixture:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dialyzed iron | ʒ ii |
| Tr. nucis vom | ʒ i |
| Tr. gent. co | ʒ ii |
| Syrup | ʒ ii |
| Water add | ʒ vi |

Tablespoonful three times a day. Bathe eyes three or four times a day with the following lotion:

| | |
|---|---|
| Boracic acid | ʒ ii |
| Zinci sulph | ℈ i |
| Water add | ʒ viii |

H. T., Dryden, Mich.—I have an Irish setter dog, now sixteen months old, but he keeps so thin I am almost ashamed to take him out. He seems to have a good appetite and plenty of life. I feed him house scraps, oatmeal and milk, bones from butchers, etc. I keep him confined out of doors in a good clean kennel all the time, but give from one-half to an hour's run every day. What do you think is the matter with him, and can you suggest anything that I can do to put some "flesh" on him. Ans. Treat for worms. Give a little more meat in addition to food you mention, also give twice a day a dessertspoonful of codliver oil and the following mixture three times a day:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ferri. pyro. phosph | ʒ iss. |
| Tr. nucis vomica | ʒ i. |
| Liq. arsenicalis pot | āā. |
| Syrup simplex | ʒ iss. |
| Aqua ad | ʒ vi. |

Sig. Tablespoonful three times a day.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

1. Dorchester, Dorchester.
2. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Ft. Pt.
3. Chelsea.
4. Savin Hill, Second Cup.
5. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
6. Winthrop, Ladies' Day.
7. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
8. Quincy, Invitation Race, Quincy, Mass.
9. Seawanhaka, Rouse and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
10. White Bear Lake, Club Trophy, White Bear Lake.
15. Cor. of N. Y., 46ft. sweeps, Newport.
16. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day.
15. Greenville, Greenville, N. J.
15. Dorchester, 3d Cham., Dorchester.
16. Winthrop, Cash, Winthrop.
17. Hull, Ladies' Day, Hull.
17. Sippican, Cham., Marion.
19. Winthrop, 3d and 4th Classes, Winthrop.
20. Roy. N.S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
20. Corinthian, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Monument Beach.
20. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull.
20. Cape Cod, Town Cove.
20. Miramichi, Triang., Chatham.
20. St. Lawrence, Montreal.
21. Winthrop, Cruise.
21. Audubon, Cruise to Fishing Banks.
21. Audubon, Ann. Excursion to Fishing Banks.
22. Rhode Island, Open.
23. Fall River, Open, Fall River.
25. Rochester, Club Regatta.
26. Quincy, 3d Cham., Quincy, Mass.
27. Hull, Cup Race, Hull.
27. Dorchester, Open Cup, Dorchester.
27. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
27. Savin Hill, Sail Off.
27. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
27. Winthrop, 2d Class Cham., Winthrop.
27. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.
27. Harlem, Ann., New York.
27. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
27. Sippican, Open, Marion.
27. Roy. N.S., Lord Alex. Russell Cup, Halifax.

The cruise which ends on Wednesday or Thursday is one of the most successful in the history of the New York Y. C., and is in one respect a remarkable one. The fleet has carried out a specially long programme without the least delay or postponement, a succession of fast runs carrying the squadron from Glen Cove to Marblehead in six days and a half. The fleet that went around Cape Cod before a fine southwester is nearly as large as that which ordinarily makes the final run of the cruise from New Bedford to New London. Thanks to the spirit of Com. Gerry and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the fleet will enjoy two fine races, the one already sailed, for the Morgan cups, being an extraordinary success, over 100 miles of hard fighting, with but minutes between the leaders. Com. Gerry and all associated with him in the management of the cruise and the races have every reason to be satisfied with the result.

While the question of absolute speed over a measured course is still undecided, and is likely to be so until some genuine sportsman shall build a yacht to race Vamoose, the latter has during the past ten days given conclusive proofs both of her high speed and staying qualities. She has kept ahead of the fleet without effort, and the skillful handling and willing co-operation of Chief Heilbron and Captain Young have made it possible for those on board to see everything to the best advantage.

### Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

The Rouse and Wetmore series, third race, and the handicap race for the Breese cup will be sailed simultaneously, and with the same entries, on Saturday, Aug. 13. They are open to all S. C. Y. C. yachts under 32ft. waterline, sailing in one class. The Rouse and Wetmore race will be sailed under the usual regulations for this series, except that time allowance for keel yachts shall be determined upon their racing length. A cup valued at $35 is offered by Miss E. L. Breese to the yacht winning this race, under such handicap allowances as may be determined by the race committee. The winner of the Rouse and Wetmore cup in this race shall not be eligible to compete for the Breese handicap cup. The race will be started as soon after 11 o'clock A. M. as possible.

Walter C. Kerr, Chairman, 17 Cortlandt street.

## NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE, 1892.

While there is much to regret in that decline of the regattas and general races which has been so marked within half a dozen years, there are at the same time two results of the change which go far toward balancing its disadvantages. In the first place the withdrawal of the larger classes has been followed by a marked increase of building and racing in the smaller; in the creation of special racing classes such as the 40ft. in 1889-90 and the 21ft. class this year, in which the racing is keener and the opportunity for improvement far greater than in the former classes, each with a few large yachts of various ages and of unequal quality. It is safe to say that more may be learned this year from the new 21ft. class than is shown in any five years of the history of racing in the old 70ft. class.

In the second place, the decline of general racing through the season or rather in June and again in September, has resulted in a vast improvement both in amount and quality, in the racing of the great annual cruise, that of the New York Y. C.

Not only do the two fleets of New York and the East that still enter in the regattas join forces on the cruise, but many owners who never think of entering an ordinary club race are tempted into taking part in the squadron runs, the result being a racing fleet of fifty to sixty yachts, from 120ft. down to 40ft.

This year the racing occupies its usual important place in the programme of the cruise, one which will probably include some six or seven separate events. The general arrangements of the races are much the same as usual; the Goelet cups, the ninth annual series, are still the premier prizes, to be supplemented probably by a race at Marblehead, while the usual prizes are given for the squadron runs. These latter are made under the regular racing rules, in cruising trim, anchors on bows and boats carried, no clubtopsails, and no water to be taken into tanks after 8 A. M. each day. A first prize is given in each class for every race, with two starters, a second if more than three start.

The racing division of the fleet includes about 40 yachts, all told, though the starters in each squadron run will average about 30. The largest schooner class is showing up well this year, in spite of the absence of the stately old Palmer, the handsomest by far of the historic old racing schooners. The new Constellation not only looks well, but is sailing fast under her new ownership of Mr. Bayard Thayer, and with Capt. Watson handling the wheel as though he had never heard of anything so small as little Pappoose with her bucket steering well. The old Dauntless looks and is a different boat with her masts plumbed, the old historic rake having been taken out last winter. This year she has fairly broken her record, sailing with the fleet for a whole week without breaking a spar. Ramona, the old Resolute, is around to make a picturesque background to the fleet of small fry, reminding one of the old days when she and Palmer, Intrepid, Fleetwing, Sappho and their mates were the queens of the racing fleet; when 40 and 46-footers were never dreamed of. Coronet, too, is with the fleet this year, big and ungainly in hull and rig, with neither the finish of the newer yachts nor the yachty style of the very old schooners.

The two old rivals, Fortuna and Montauk, are together again in the squadron runs, though standing aside when the Goelet cup is mentioned, their day for such racing being over.

The 90ft. class lacks only the presence of Volunteer and Sea Fox to make it complete, mustering more yachts than in half a dozen years before. To the old boats, Merlin, Mayflower, Phantom, Comanche, Atlantic and Alert, are added two new ones, Lasca, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and Alcæa, designed by Mr. William Gardner. Since last flying a racing flag Atlantic has been rebuilt and is now in new hands, being owned by two keen young yachtsmen, Messrs. Seeley & Marshall. Comanche, though an old yacht, is new as a racer, being the schooner Æolus, rebuilt last year.

Lasca, the new centerboard schooner, is a handsome yacht, a fitting mate to Iroquois and Yampa, with a good sheer and a handsome rig. Ugly as the "Gloriana bow" is in detail and on close inspection, it is not specially noticeable when the yacht is under way, and does not detract from her appearance, which has attracted only favorable comment throughout the fleet. Her topsides are black from the waterline up, with a heavy teak rail, the usual gold ornamentation showing well on the black paint. She has not been out long enough to stretch her sails, but her owner skipper, Captain Rhodes, is doing much to push her ahead in spite of this handicap.

Alcæa, the Gardner boat, is a keel craft, the most ambitious step in this direction yet made by an American designer, all the other racers of her class, deep as some of them are, having centerboards. Unfortunately, by dint of one even coat of white paint and the absence of all ornamentation, she does not show what a handsome boat she really is. Her figurehead, trail boards and other trimmings are to be very elaborate, but as they are not yet completed, she is sailing about with the rough end of her stemhead as the sole ornament. Her rig, patterned like Volunteer after that of Miranda, the "two-masted cutter," is very rakish, and under way there is no fault to be found with her appearance. Like Lasca, she has the fashionable snout, but of handsomer form, and her plating being all flush and particularly well laid, the bow has a cleaner look than in Lasca, whose "in and out" plating gives her a fullness in the bow. Alcæa has been under way long enough to stretch her canvas, and is ahead of Lasca in this respect.

The 80ft. class is sharing the prosperity of the 90ft. this year, with Marguerite, Iroquois and the new Shamrock. Since last season Marguerite has been entirely remodeled in sail plan and ballast plan by Mr. George A. Stewart in connection with her skipper, Captain Sherlock. The lead keel has been removed and recast in new shape, and important changes have been made in the sail plan. Though built in 1887 and rebuilt in 1890, Shamrock is new to the schooner class, her rig having been altered this spring. Her place is naturally at the head of the 70ft. class, but Mr. Maxwell has elected to lengthen her enough to sail with Marguerite, Iroquois and Œnone, the former two being 10ft. longer.

Quickstep has sailed for several seasons without a rival in her own class, but this year she has found one in the old Azalea, a boat that under her new owner, Mr. J. Clinch Smith, has been sailing very fast in the early regattas. With them is Gevalia, another old boat, and also Peerless.

The larger single-stickers are all well known, Gracie, Fanny, Katrina (with a new owner, Mr. George Work), and Huron. The 61 and 53ft. classes together include Wayward, Athlon, Clara and the Bronx River craft Ventura, the boats being classed from day to day according to entries.

The two Herreshoff boats in the 46ft. class, Wasp and Gloriana, are now well known, but the other leader, Harpoon, is comparatively unknown this season. As a matter of fact she was one of the most noted of the 46ft. class last year, but at the same time Harpoon of 1892 is a very different boat from Beatrix of 1891; so much so that the question that was involved at the end of last season, of the superiority of Gloriana or Beatrix, must remain without an answer. The change of name is hardly greater than the other changes which have been made in Beatrix under the direction of Mr. Burgess's successor, Mr. Stewart.

After a trial by Mr. Stewart of a heavy centerboard in the 30ft. Hawk, Messrs. Adams, Beatrix's new owners, determined to risk the same experiment in Harpoon, the change involving a material alteration of her ballast plan. The old keel was removed and replaced, a weight of 4½ tons being taken from it, the space on the keel being filled in with wood. The new board is made of steel plate, filled with lead, and weighs 3½ tons, special hoisting mechanism being necessary to handle it. The sail plan was changed by the use of a longer gaff with less peaking up, and a very large clubtopsail, together with minor alterations of the rigging by which the peak is held up. The result of the changes of ballast was a reduction of 1½ tons in the displacement, giving a shorter waterline, while the sailing length was not increased over last year. The stability has been increased by the weighted board, the yacht carrying her sail better.

The 40ft. class has brought out a few of the old flyers on the runs, but with no close or continuous racing; the suitability of yacht racing was never better shown than as the fleet moved running across from Newport to Vineyard Haven. The last boat, far in the rear, was a little black cutter, plodding along as though she had never been within hearing of a starting gun. Coming up from the eastward was a white cutter of about the same size, driving carelessly along with a boat in tow. The two met and passed with no more ceremony than a pair of coal-laden coasters, almost on the spot where two years before the white one was within her time allowance in the Goelet Cup race, and the whole yachting world was watching this pair. One was Gossoon and the other Minerva.

### Glen Cove to Morris Cove, Aug. 2.

RENDEZVOUS AND FIRST RUN.

Opinion was divided last year as to the advisability of abandoning the accustomed rendezvous at New London and returning to the former one at Glen Cove, Hempstead Bay, at the west end of Long Island Sound, and even after a practical trial the question was still an open one. The fact that Glen Cove was again selected this year may be taken as proof that the change was an acceptable one to the yachtsmen, and after this second trial the experiment may be set down as a success. The long and severe race of last year from Huntington to New London was not quite what yachtsmen were looking for, but no one was hurt by it; and this year the distance from Glen Cove to New London has been covered very easily and comfortably.

The main objection to a Glen Cove rendezvous has not been realized, so far from the traditional calms of Long Island Sound, some of the strongest winds of the cruises of both years have been met on the first and second day, west of New London. The weather on Tuesday for the first run was similar to that of the Huntington New London run of last year, though less severe.

In order to enable the non-owners and their friends to take part in the opening of the cruise, the steamer Myndert Starin was engaged, starting from New York early in the morning and accompanying the fleet until late in the afternoon. A tug was also provided to carry the captains from New York to their yachts at the rendezvous. The flagship Electra, with Com. Gerry on board, anchored off Glen Cove at 11 A. M. with a fleet of some 80 yachts in attendance. A meeting of captains was held at once, the decision being to sail at 1 P. M. for Morris Cove, New Haven Harbor, the run not being timed.

The morning had been cloudy and quite cool, with an easterly wind, and when the signal for a start was made a light rain was falling. The wind was then E. by S. moderate, with a foul tide and a little sea in the middle of the Sound. The yachts were anchored at random, some outside and some well up the harbor, and as they got under way as they pleased the start was a very uneven one. Viator took the lead, with Wasp and Gracie, Lasca and Alcæa were close together and got under way at the same time. Fortuna was in company with them. The most of the yachts started on starboard tack across the Sound, a few working the Long Island shore. Constellation and Merlin were at the head of the schooners out in the Sound. Lasca and Alcæa chose the latter course after a short time, Lasca being to windward and doing the better work, while Fortuna was astern of the two, but to windward of Alcæa.

The leaders, Wasp, Gracie and Viator, passed Oyster Bay about 2:30, Gloriana being then over a mile astern of Wasp. Fanny, Clara, Katrina, Quickstep, Shamrock and Liris were following along the shore. Lasca at this time was standing in for Lloyd's Neck, considerably ahead of Alcæa, crossing her bows by a good clear space on the tack off shore. Alcæa came about and the two stood on together, but Lasca was evidently pointing higher and holding on better, while she showed less angle of heel under the same sails. Shamrock, Quickstep and Fanny left the others off Lloyd's Neck and stood far across, Fanny working ahead very well.

About 3 P. M. the sky cleared, the wind still holding fresh. Marguerite, Merlin and Iroquois for a long time had been over on the Connecticut side, the former being ahead.

Shortly after 4 o'clock the Long Island division was in Smithtown Bay, Wasp leading Gracie in a very pretty race, the next boat, Constellation, being over a mile astern. Katrina, Viator and Gloriana had just passed Eaton's Neck. Over on the other shore, near the Norwalk Islands, was Fanny followed by Marguerite and Merlin, the two schooners fighting for the lead. Lasca and Alcæa were still together, inshore, but the former still ahead, though Alcæa was doing better work than in the first part of the run.

Thus far Marguerite and Merlin had held together, the advantage being on the side of the former, but after passing Norwalk Islands and making a long tack off shore, Marguerite stood in, while Merlin held her tack, the two parting company.

At 5 o'clock Fanny was still leading her division with Marguerite near her and Merlin well out in the sound. Shamrock had Quickstep under her lee inshore, while Lasca and Alæca, the next pair, were still in the same relative positions, save that the former had increased her lead. Little Liris was hunting Clara close inshore under Alcæa's lee, while astern were Pocahontas, Fortuna, Iroquois, Miranda, Athlon, Sayonara, and most of the tail of the fleet.

The real leaders were the boats which held to the Long Island shore, the order still being Wasp, Gracie, Constellation, followed by Gloriana, Katrina and Viator. With a head tide and a lighter breeze it was 8 P. M. before Constellation anchored in Morris Cove, soon followed by Gracie and Wasp. Marguerite was the second schooner and Lasca led Alcæa in. The others came in one by one until all were accounted for, save some who put in to Black Rock over night. Fleetwing lost her foretopmast off Eaton's Neck and kept on for New London.

### Morris Cove to New London, Aug. 3.

SECOND RUN.

Wednesday morning was cool and cloudy, after a brisk shower during the night, the wind being light from northwest. The orders were for a start at 10:30 A. M., and before that hour Ituna took her position outside New Haven harbor, sending out a dinghy to mark the lee end of the starting line. The race for the day was to New London, passing outside of Bartlett's Reef, 39 nautical miles. The preparatory gun was fired at 10:17, the start for the 70ft. schooners and all single-stickers being at 10:28, all others starting at 10:37.

The wind by this time was N.N.W., but still light, and a number of yachts which failed to make Morris Cove were coming up from the westward.

Gloriana and Wasp were first for the line, the former crossing just after the gun, setting balloon jibtopsail after crossing. Wasp, however, bore away, setting her ballooner and crossing with good way on. Gevalia was third, followed by Athlon, then Quickstep and Sayonara. Azalea was just too late for the handicap gun, at 10:37, the signal for the remainder of the fleet. Lasca was first of the large schooners, the fleet being timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Preparatory | 10 20 00 | Dauntless | 10 47 37 |
| Start | 10 30 00 | Ventura | 10 47 50 |
| Gloriana | 10 30 39 | Marguerite | 10 48 05 |
| Athlon | 10 32 20 | Comanche | 10 48 20 |
| Gevalia | 10 32 36 | Alcæa | 10 48 25 |
| Wasp | 10 35 12 | Œnone | 10 48 30 |
| Sayonara | 10 38 33 | Atlantic | 10 48 48 |
| Handicap Start | 10 40 00 | Fanny | 10 49 56 |
| *Quickstep | 10 40 00 | Handicap | 10 50 00 |
| *Liris | 10 40 00 | *Shamrock | 10 50 00 |
| *Clara | 10 40 00 | *Iroquois | 10 50 00 |
| *Azalea | 10 40 00 | *Constellation | 10 50 00 |
| Lasca | 10 43 38 | *Gracie | 10 50 00 |
| Alert | 10 45 25 | *Coronet | 10 50 00 |
| Fortuna | 10 45 25 | *Ramona | 10 50 00 |
| Katrina | 10 46 31 | *Phantom | 10 50 00 |
| Merlin | 10 47 25 | | |

*Handicapped.

With a ten-minute interval to cross in the yachts struggled over, one at a time, making the start devoid of all interest.

Nearly all carried balloon jibtopsails, the schooners carrying balloon maintopmast staysails. The course brought the wind about abeam, the fleet moving briskly on the last quarter of the ebb. Just after the handicap gun at 10:47 a number of yachts reached the start from the northward, among them Gracie and Phantom.

As the leaders reached the Thimble Islands they struck a calm patch, the result being a most remarkable lining up of the whole fleet. Gloriana stopped first, Wasp soon running up and stopping just abeam of her. As the others ran up each in turn stopped as she ran abeam of the leaders, until the thirty yachts lay in line as though for an anchor start. Fanny, Gracie, Wasp, Gloriana, Shamrock, Gevalia, and the others to windward soon caught a very light air and forged ahead, but Alcæa, Lasca, Fortuna and the larger boats were in a bunch, almost motionless.

As the first division drifted ahead the wind left them as well, and soon the leaders were drifting without steerage way. Wasp, Liris, Gracie, Fanny and Gevalia came together, the latter three being in collision, but touching so lightly that no harm resulted.

When the leaders were near Falkner's Island, at 12:30, a breeze from S.W. wandered along, picking up a yacht here and there at random. Sayonara, the first boat, had her boom to port, while Wasp near by had hers to starboard. While most of the fleet were holding the N.W. breeze a number of scattered yachts caught the new wind, all jibing over by 1 o'clock.

With a very light air and a foul tide, the fleet moved slowly, while it was so strung out that all semblance of a race was lost. Sayonara and Wasp were fighting for first place, the old boat holding the new one; Gloriana had been left in the toss for places some distance astern, and was now chasing Fanny for third place. Lasca was first of the schooners, with Marguerite and Shamrock further offshore, followed by Atlantic.

When Cornfield Lightship was passed, Wasp was timed 1m. 30s. ahead of Sayonara, the order of the leaders being Wasp, Sayonara, Fanny, Lasca, Gloriana, Marguerite, Shamrock, Iroquois, Atlantic, Dauntless, Quickstep, Constellation, Merlin, Phantom, Alert, Katrina, Alcæa, with the rest scattered astern. From Wasp to the last boat was a distance of three or four miles.

The remainder of the way was made still more slowly. Ituna and Electra ran in to New London about 5 o'clock, and Wasp crossed the finish line between Ituna and New London Light at 5:12, with Lasca 6 minutes astern, Fanny 6 minutes later. For two hours the others came straggling in, the wind having died out at sunset. Dauntless won in her class, Lasca was nearly an hour ahead of hers, Marguerite won in hers by half an hour, Quickstep in hers. Fanny came up to her old reputation as a big light weather boat; Clara beat Athlon in spite of a heavy handicap at the start, and Wasp was far ahead of Gloriana. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dauntless | 10 47 37 | 6 47 45 | 8 00 08 | " " " |
| Constellation | 10 50 00 | 6 58 28 | 8 08 28 | " " " |
| Ramona | 10 50 00 | 7 06 07 | 8 16 07 | " " " |
| Coronet | 10 50 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| *Fortuna | 10 45 25 | 7 30 26 | 8 45 01 | 8 37 04 |

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alcæa | 10 48 26 | 7 22 59 | 8 34 33 | . . . |
| Merlin | 10 47 25 | 6 46 21 | 7 58 50 | . . . |
| Lasca | 10 43 48 | 5 48 18 | 7 04 30 | . . . |
| Alert | 10 45 25 | 7 00 36 | 8 45 11 | . . . |
| Phantom | 10 50 00 | 6 50 55 | 8 00 55 | . . . |
| Atlantic | 10 48 48 | 6 47 07 | 7 58 14 | 7 53 02 |
| Comanche | 10 48 28 | 7 41 16 | 8 52 56 | 8 47 03 |

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 10 48 05 | 5 59 58 | 7 11 53 | 7 11 53 |
| Iroquois | 10 50 00 | 6 32 07 | 7 42 07 | Not meas'd |
| Œnone | 10 48 30 | 7 31 06 | 8 45 36 | 8 44 12 |
| Shamrock | 10 50 00 | 6 31 24 | 7 41 24 | 7 33 04 |

FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Quickstep | 10 49 00 | 6 51 58 | 8 15 50 | . . . |
| Gevalia | 10 32 36 | 6 55 20 | 8 22 44 | . . . |
| Azalea | 10 40 00 | 7 41 18 | 9 01 18 | 8 54 00 |

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Katrina | 10 46 31 | 7 12 14 | 8 26 43 | . . . |
| Gracie | 10 50 00 | 7 34 08 | 8 44 08 | 8 42 01 |
| Fanny | 10 49 56 | 5 54 35 | 7 04 39 | . . . |

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Clara | 10 40 00 | 7 48 23 | 9 08 23 | 9 08 23 |
| Athlon | 10 32 20 | 7 41 15 | 9 08 45 | Not meas'd |
| *Ventura | 10 47 50 | Withdrew. | | |

SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 10 35 12 | 5 42 39 | 7 07 27 | 7 07 27 |
| Sayonara | 10 38 33 | 5 51 58 | 7 13 25 | 7 12 16 |
| Glorijana | 10 30 39 | 6 08 12 | 7 37 32 | 7 36 30 |
| *Liris | 10 40 00 | 7 42 00 | 9 02 00 | 8 52 17 |

*Moved up from next lower class.

The winners are: Dauntless first, Constellation second prize; Lasca first, Atlantic second; Marguerite first, Shamrock second; Quickstep first; Fanny first, Katrina second; Clara first; Wasp first, Sayonara second.

The race amounted to nothing as a test, but was a fluke after the first hour.

A large fleet of New York yachts was in attendance at New London, while off the New York Y. C. station were anchored the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, Dolphin, Philadelphia, Concord, Miantonomah and Vesuvius. After nightfall the entire fleet was illuminated, electric lights and lanterns being shown all over the harbor, while the search lights of the war vessels threw their beams in all directions across the water and to the clouds overhead. A meeting of captains was held on board the flagship, at which it was decided to sail for Newport next morning on orders from the flagship.

## New London to Newport, Aug. 4.

THIRD RUN.

Thursday morning brought a fine summer day, clear and bright with a light southerly breeze and smooth water. Among the yachts which joined the fleet were Sagamore, Mayflower, Grayling, Narwhal, Minerva, Mariquita, Unquowa, Harbinger, Mineola, Uvira, Verena, Speranza, Peerless, Wampanoag and Aloha.

Fleetwing was up the harbor shipping a new foretopmast. Among the outside yachts in harbor were Social, schr.; Waterwitch, schr.; Rajah, yawl; Muriel, cutter; Countess, steamer; Awa, sloop.

There was a light haze over the water when Ituna ran out to Sarah's Ledge and set a boat to mark the western end of the line, but it disappeared a little later without troubling the fleet. The preparatory gun was fired at 11:15 with the gun for the first division at 11:25, with 10m. to cross in. With this time and a light wind the start was a mere straggling over the line, the times being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Preparatory | 11 10 00 | Montauk | 11 40 15 |
| Start | 11 20 00 | Alert | 11 40 32 |
| Wasp | 11 25 45 | Fanny | 11 41 05 |
| Sayonara | 11 26 35 | Atlantic | 11 42 55 |
| Gloriana | 11 25 27 | Fleur de Lys | 11 44 48 |
| Mineola | 11 27 02 | Ventura | 11 44 48 |
| Quickstep | 11 27 52 | Handicap Gun | 11 45 00 |
| Uvira | 11 29 01 | *Dauntless | 11 45 00 |
| Liris | 11 29 01 | *Lasca | 11 45 00 |
| Mariquita | 11 30 26 | *Merlin | 11 45 00 |
| Verena | 11 30 28 | *Alcæa | 11 45 00 |
| Gevalia | 11 31 12 | *Comanche | 11 45 00 |
| Clara | 11 33 19 | *Shamrock | 11 45 00 |
| Minerva | 11 33 44 | *Athlon | 11 35 00 |
| Handicap start 2d Div. | 11 35 00 | *Katrina | 11 45 00 |
| Iroquois | 11 36 53 | *Phantom | 11 45 00 |
| Huron | 11 38 16 | *Peerless | 11 45 00 |
| *Azalea | 11 38 30 | *Constellation | 11 45 00 |
| Mayflower | 11 38 48 | *Ramona | 11 45 00 |
| Gracie | 11 38 48 | | |

*Handicapped.

Wasp and her class crossed on the weather end of the line on port tack, in close company, the 40ft. class also being well together, but the other classes were broken up from the start. Lasca and Alcæa kept close together over the weather end of the line. Nearly all went in on starboard tack, working out for Race Rock.

The wind was light and fluky and the fleet was scattered. At 12:30 the leaders, Wasp, Gloriana, Mariquita, Sayonara and Quickstep were off Race Rock, the 46-footers carrying baby jibtopsails. Beyond the Race the wind was steadier, but many yachts were caught and becalmed before they reached the lighthouse, the result being that by early afternoon the fleet was strung out over some six miles of water, robbing the race of nearly all interest.

About 1:30 a moderate breeze from S.S.W. struck the leaders, waking up one after the other, until the whole fleet, save a few unfortunates who had not cleared the Race, was under way at a good speed, with ballooners straining at every topmast.

Far in the lead were Wasp, Gloriana, Mineola and Sayonara, the latter not doing as well as yesterday. Quickstep, to windward of them, was far ahead of Lasca, the second schooner. Atlantic, Iroquois and Mayflower were together well off shore, with little Uvira in a good place further in. Astern of her were Huron, Clara and Liris abeam, with Merlin astern of them, while far outside of her was Gevalia, Verena and Alcæa came next, while Shamrock, after leading for a long time, gave place to Marguerite. Inshore of these two was Constellation, reaching at a great pace. Gracie was leading Fanny, with Katrina half a mile or more astern, with Peerless following the three, while last of all was Ventura, heeled well over. Still in the Race were Alert, Dauntless, Fleur de Lys, and a lot of unfortunates apparently destined by hard luck to make an after dark finish off the Bumplings.

With the fleet so scattered and strung out, there was little opportunity for comparison, the smaller cutters being matched beside the large schooners. The 46ft. quartette was having a fair trial of speed, with Wasp and Gloriana nearly even; Quickstep and Lasca, each alone, were certainly sailing fast; Atlantic was holding Mayflower; Marguerite and Shamrock were having a race; and so were the three 70-footers. Many however, like Merlin, Clara, Constellation and Huron, were sailing far from their classmates, merely hurrying to the finish as fast as balloon sails could carry them.

Vamoose ran in and out everywhere through the fleet, now ahead to place the leaders and then drifting astern until the rear of the procession passed. At 3:30 she stopped off Point Judith to time the leaders as they passed, all breaking out spinakers to starboard before they bore away for Narragansett Bay. Those timed were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Quickstep | 3 35 00 | Lasca | 3 38 00 |
| Wasp | 3 37 00 | Gloriana | 3 39 00 |

With started sheet Lasca soon passed Quickstep and finished in the lead. Huron did excellent work, winning in her class. Clara started late, coming from Black Rock, and apparently alone in her class, to her surprise learning afterward that she had beaten Athlon. The most surprising detail of the race is the time made by Alert and the other large schooners, apparently left behind at Race Rock:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dauntless | 11 45 00 | 5 32 38 | 5 48 00 | 5 47 28 |
| Constellation | 11 45 00 | 4 55 05 | 5 10 05 | . . . |
| Ramona | 11 45 00 | 6 06 00 | 6 28 00 | . . . |
| *Montauk | 11 40 15 | 5 19 36 | 5 39 21 | . . . |

THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alcæa | 11 45 00 | 5 02 55 | 5 17 55 | . . . |
| Merlin | 11 45 00 | 4 55 21 | 5 10 21 | 5 10 21 |
| Lasca | 11 45 00 | 4 46 16 | 5 01 16 | . . . |
| Alert | 11 40 32 | 5 24 46 | 5 54 13 | 5 53 01 |
| Mayflower | 11 38 48 | 4 55 14 | 5 16 26 | 5 13 58 |
| Fleur de Lys | 11 44 48 | 7 36 22 | 6 51 34 | . . . |
| Phantom | 11 45 00 | 6 01 12 | 6 16 12 | 6 11 20 |
| Speranza | 11 45 00 | 6 33 27 | 5 28 07 | . . . |
| Atlantic | 11 42 55 | 4 58 37 | 5 15 42 | 5 10 38 |
| Comanche | 11 45 00 | 5 52 44 | 6 07 44 | 6 02 17 |

FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 11 44 40 | 5 05 15 | 5 20 35 | 5 20 35 |
| Iroquois | 11 36 53 | 4 58 12 | 5 21 19 | 5 20 17 |
| Shamrock | 11 43 41 | 5 22 00 | 5 38 19 | 5 29 33 |

FIFTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Quickstep | 11 27 52 | 4 47 45 | 5 19 53 | 5 19 53 |
| Peerless | 11 35 00 | 5 43 47 | 6 13 47 | 6 11 35 |
| Gevalia | 11 31 12 | 5 26 19 | 5 55 09 | . . . |
| Azalea | 11 35 00 | 6 08 07 | 6 33 07 | 6 25 45 |

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Katrina | 11 45 00 | 5 18 25 | 5 33 25 | 5 33 25 |
| Gracie | 11 38 48 | 5 21 14 | 5 42 26 | 5 40 29 |
| Fanny | 11 41 05 | 5 25 29 | 5 43 39 | . . . |
| Huron | 11 38 16 | 5 12 09 | 5 33 53 | 5 26 21 |
| *Ventura | 11 44 48 | 5 48 00 | 6 03 12 | 5 46 06 |

FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Clara | 11 33 19 | 5 27 28 | 5 54 09 | 5 54 09 |
| Athlon | 11 35 00 | 5 08 25 | 6 28 25 | . . . |

SIXTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 11 25 45 | 4 47 01 | 5 21 16 | 5 21 16 |
| Sayonara | 11 26 35 | 5 08 05 | 5 41 38 | 5 40 19 |
| Mineola | 11 27 02 | 4 54 51 | 5 27 31 | 5 26 20 |
| Gloriana | 11 26 27 | 4 48 46 | 5 22 19 | 5 21 08 |
| Uvira | 11 29 01 | 5 22 17 | 5 53 16 | 5 40 13 |

SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Liris | 11 29 01 | 5 27 46 | 5 58 45 | 5 58 45 |
| Mariquita | 11 30 26 | 5 49 35 | 6 19 09 | 6 17 55 |
| Minerva | 11 33 44 | 5 50 47 | 6 17 03 | 6 11 08 |
| Verena | 11 30 38 | 5 47 56 | 6 17 18 | . . . |

*Moved up from lower class.

The winners were: Constellation first, Montauk second; Lasca first, Merlin second; Iroquois first; Quickstep first, Gevalia second; Huron first, Katrina second; Clara first; Gloriana first, Wasp second; Liris first, Minerva second.

Near the finish Constellation was in collision with the schooner Idlewild, Mr. J. Cooper Clark, fouling the topping lifts and unshipping the main boom of Idlewild. The boom flew foreward, its fore end striking Mr. Clark in the head. He escaped with several cuts sufficiently serious to require the care of a surgeon, but the accident came very near proving fatal. The old sloop-cutter Active was also run into by a steamboat, losing her headgear.

In Newport Harbor were many more yachts waiting to join the fleet, among them being Harpoon, Wayward, Puritan and Wild Duck. It is five years since the New York fleet has gone beyond Vineyard Haven, and the idea of prolonging the present cruise to Marblehead was discussed early in the season. At a meeting of captains on board the flagship in the evening, it was decided to go around the Cape and hold a race at Marblehead, the entire programme being embodied in the following general order:

ABOARD FLAGSHIP ELECTRA,
HARBOR NEWPORT, Aug. 5, 1892.

GENERAL ORDER No. 4:

The squadron will next proceed to Vineyard Haven and thence to Marblehead.

The Commodore offers for competition two cups—one for schooners and one for sloops which have not hauled to clear bottom since the commencement of the cruise. The race to be sailed at Marblehead over the Eastern Yacht Club's course under the rules of the New York Yacht Club, and to be open for yachts belonging to other clubs.

Captain J. Pierrepont Morgan, of the Corsair, offers two similar prizes to be sailed for on the squadron run from Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.

The regatta committee offer an additional prize for all keel schooners on the squadron run to Marblehead.

The date and details of the race for the Commodore's cup will be duly announced at Marblehead after the arrival of the squadron, and after the race the fleet will there be disbanded.

The squadron will remain at anchor in port on Sunday and will dress ship on signal. The boat races will take place at Marblehead.

By order of the Commodore.

STEPHEN PEABODY, Fleet Captain.

## Goelet Cups, Aug. 5.

NEWPORT—BLOCK ISLAND COURSE.

Last year the Goelet cups, offered by Mr. Ogden Goelet for schooners and singlestickers, brought out two new and notable boats, the rebuilt Volunteer in the schooner class and the famous Gloriana. This year Volunteer is absent from the schooner class, but in her place are two new schooners, whose performance is watched closely throughout the fleet. Thus far Lasca has made much the better showing, but Alcæa is evidently capable of more than has yet been brought out of her.

In the singlestick class the interest was doubled by the presence of the new Wasp alongside the old victor Gloriana, the three preceding races having failed to settle finally the question of superiority. Harpoon, too, who as Beatrix was unable to enter last year, was waiting at Newport, while there was another unknown in the 53ft. Ventura.

The most interesting entry was the new Drusilla, the 35ft. fin-keel built for Vice-Com. Morgan by the Herreshoffs, and sailed to day by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff. She measures just the 15 tons required by the club rules to make her eligible to enter.

The entries were:

SCHOONERS.

| | Length. | |
|---|---|---|
| Constellation, Bayard Thayer | 107.28 | Allows |
| Alcæa, L. V. Clark | .... | Not meas. |
| Merlin, W. H. Forbes | 93.35 | 7 54 |
| Lasca, J. E. Brooks | .... | Not meas. |
| Alert, J. N. Laning | 91.53 | 9 03 |
| Mayflower, W. A. Gardner | 89.83 | 10 14 |
| Atlantic, Seeley & Marshall | 86 31 | 12 39 |
| Marguerite, R. S. Palmer | 83 48 | 14 42 |
| Iroquois, R. E. Ellis | 82.24 | 15 41 |
| Quickstep, Fred Grinnell | 70.11 | 26 07 |

SLOOPS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Gracie, J. P. Earle | 74.03 | Allows |
| Ventura, Tiffany & Austen | 60 22 | 14 24 |
| Wasp, A. Rogers | 54.97 | 21 11 |
| Sayonara | 54 24 | 22 19 |
| Harpoon, Messrs. Adams | .... | Not meas. |
| Gloriana, W. B. Hopkins | 54.17 | 22 19 |
| Drusilla, Vice-Com. J. P. Morgan | 38. | 38 |

The first event of the day was a short but severe squall about 10 o'clock, just as the yachts were preparing to leave Newport Harbor for the usual start off Brenton's Reef. Gloriana, just under way outside the inner harbor, caught the full force of it. Harpoon, at anchor inside with her big clubtopsail aloft, had hard work to stow her canvas, everything being adrift for a few minutes. A number of yachts dragged their anchors, but no damage was done, and by 11 o'clock the racing craft were working out of the harbor. There was a promise of real racing in the strings of small boats loaded down with anchors, hatches and general dunnage, and moored astern of friendly yachts that remained at anchor, and also in the big clubtopsails which were sent aloft for the first time on the cruise.

The storm left a flat calm, and the Ituna lay off the Brenton's Reef Lightship for over two hours waiting for the breeze. When it came it was from S.W. and very light, bringing a big fleet slowly out of the harbor, all the racers sending up clubtopsails. By 1:30 there was enough wind to warrant a start, late as the hour was, a postponement being in every way undesirable, and the course signals were set for the Block Island course, 18½ nautical miles, to a mark-boat off Block Island, almost dead to windward; 18 miles to a mark-boat off West Island, a free reach, and 6½ miles home on the wind.

As it proved, the race was almost a duplicate of that of last year. On the first leg the winners worked the Narragansett shore down to Point Judith, about half-way, doing better than those offshore. The second leg was run under spinakers, to starboard; but the third was a little closer work this year, three or four hitches being made, while last year each yacht laid her course for Brenton's Reef without a tack.

With a 5m. interval to cross in, the start was a very poor one. Ituna made the weather end of the line and the Brenton's Reef Lightship the lee end, the yachts coming on port tack from the one direction and on starboard from the other. Shortly before the start Quickstep took in her clubtopsail, carrying a jib-header through the race, and Drusilla, with a low pole mast, could carry only three lower sails. All the others carried clubtopsails and baby jibtopsails, Gracie setting a jib-header with the balloomer in case of more wind.

The first gun found Drusilla in the middle of the line, hove to, Harpoon was working to leeward of the lightship, while Gloriana, Gracie and Wasp were to windward of Ituna. With the gun Gloriana luffed around Ituna's stern, while Harpoon darted across from the lee of the Lightship. There was little to choose between them, save that Gloriana was on port tack, and when they met a few moments after crossing she was obliged to tack under Harpoon's lee bow. She stayed there for a short time, when Harpoon tacked and left her, standing in for the Narragansett shore. Gracie crossed on port tack a minute after Gloriana and at once straightened out for the shore, being to leeward of Harpoon. Wasp held back, working above the line, and finally following Gracie on port tack. Drusilla was slow in starting, going over on port tack from the middle of the line, only to meet a small steam yacht and a catboat directly in her way. In avoiding them she drove down on the lightship, squeezing by with her mainsail almost touching it.

The start of the schooners followed close on the smaller boats, at 2:25, Marguerite making a good start from the lee end of line, closely followed by Iroquois and Constellation, Mayflower meanwhile coming over from the weather end of the line on port tack. Merlin followed Constellation, Mayflower going between the two as she crossed tacks with them. A minute later and Lasca came by the lightship as Quickstep shot around clear of Ituna, with Atlantic well in her wake. Both Alcæa and Alert were handicapped. Though there was no close work for positions, the start was a pretty one, in the schooner class especially, the yachts shooting across from both ends of the line at the same time. The times were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gun | 2 20 00 | Mayflower | 2 26 20 |
| Gloriana | 2 20 53 | Constellation | 2 26 27 |
| Harpoon | 2 21 36 | Merlin | 2 27 08 |
| Gracie | 2 22 27 | Lasca | 2 28 35 |
| Wasp | 2 23 23 | Quickstep | 2 28 49 |
| Drusilla | 2 23 41 | Atlantic | 2 29 28 |
| Handicap and starting gun | 2 25 00 | Handicap gun | 2 30 00 |
| Marguerite | 2 25 54 | Alcæa | 2 30 00 |
| Iroquois | 2 26 10 | Alert | 2 30 00 |

Wasp went on the starboard tack early in the race, Drusilla held her original tack for a time, but when she came under Gracie's lee as the latter stood off shore, she tacked and started after Wasp, leaving Harpoon and Gloriana still heading for the beach. Mayflower and Quickstep made for the shore, but the other schooners made short tacks on middle course before standing in. Alcæa and Atlantic were close together, but after a luffing match the new boat took the lead, leaving Atlantic and Alert, the latter well off shore, to bring up the end of the procession.

Quickstep had dropped from second to nearly last place in her class, while Constellation, following the course of Pappoose and Sayonara in previous races off Newport, had worked the shore with good advantage and gone to the lead, with only Harpoon, now nearing Point Judith, ahead of her. Gloriana was to leeward of Harpoon, while Lasca held second place of the schooners. Well inshore and astern of her were Mayflower, Marguerite, Merlin and Iroquois, close together, the little Drusilla under their lee. Alcæa was alone, offshore from the group of schooners, and considerably astern, while Quickstep, Atlantic and Alert were hopelessly lost. Gracie and Wasp by this time were far offshore, Wasp having the better position and being about fifth or sixth boat in the fleet.

Harpoon was clear of Point Judith at about 3:30, standing along on starboard tack with Gloriana, Constellation and Lasca following on the same course. Mayflower had left her mates, and cleared the Point a good distance ahead of Merlin, the latter having Marguerite for company on her weather.

Alcæa had held a poor place all day, and was well astern of her fellows at Point Judith, but she saw a chance for a change of luck, and going on port tack as soon as she cleared the Point, she stood in along the land, holding a good breeze and stemming the strong tide which was driving the fleet to leeward.

Lasca was making a good race with Constellation, the pair going to the westward when some distance off shore, leaving Mayflower, Merlin, Marguerite and Iroquois chasing the small boats as they stood to the southward on starboard tack.

For a time the spectators were entertained by a brush between the two steam yachts Conqueror and Wild Duck, the former taking the lead. When nearing the outer mark, Lasca broke tacks with Constellation, standing over toward the leaders, Harpoon and Gloriana, the big schooner still standing to the westward until she could make a final leg for the mark.

Her long east upon her had so helped Alcæa that when the whole fleet came driving together for the turn she was close astern of Constellation, coming to the turn on starboard tack just in time to put Lasca about, the situations of the two suggesting the famous meeting of Volunteer and Gracie at the same point last year. The turning of the mark was a creditable piece of work all around, the big ships coming up close together and working like catboats. Harpoon led the fleet, setting her spinaker before she was fairly headed on her new course. The times were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Harpoon | 5 02 19 | Wasp | 5 10 18 |
| Gloriana | 5 04 02 | Merlin | 5 10 40 |
| Gracie | 5 06 21 | Marguerite | 5 11 17 |
| Constellation | 5 07 19 | Iroquois | 5 14 21 |
| Alcæa | 5 08 57 | Drusilla | 5 19 55 |
| Lasca | 5 09 27 | Atlantic | 5 21 08 |
| Mayflower | 5 09 31 | Quickstep | 5 38 18 |

Drusilla was 15m. astern of Harpoon, something more than her allowance. It was 5:30 P. M. when the last boat rounded, and with a light wind the finish was bound to be a late one. Every stitch was set, spinakers, balloon jibtopsails and maintopmast staysails. The order of the leaders was unchanged for a long time after the turn, but in the middle of the fleet there was some racing. Mayflower ran Lasca and headed her, Marguerite and Merlin had a close race, the former leading. Harpoon laid a straight course from mark to mark, with Gracie, Gloriana and Wasp following her, but Constellation, to avoid bothering the small fellows perhaps, held more to the south, the schooners following her rather than Harpoon. The wind fell at dark, and when Constellation found herself to leeward of her course to the West Island mark, she had but a light breeze to work up in. Alcæa followed her and was caught in the same predicament, the other schooners steering a better course and reaching the mark close to Constellation. The only times taken were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Harpoon | 7 26 00 | Gloriana | 7 28 45 |
| Gracie | 7 27 15 | Wasp | 7 32 24 |

Constellation came next, then Marguerite, Merlin, Mayflower and Iroquois. On the last leg the yachts headed up on port tack in hopes of fetching the lightship, but before the six miles were covered were obliged to tack. Gloriana passed Gracie, finishing second; Merlin led the schooners, with Constellation second, Mayflower third and Lasca fourth. Alert and Drusilla withdrew on the first half of the run. The full times were:

SCHOONERS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Constellation | 2 26 27 | 8 53 22 | 6 26 55 | 6 26 55 |
| Alcæa | 2 30 00 | 9 03 48 | 6 33 48 | . . . |
| Merlin | 2 27 08 | 8 50 06 | 6 22 58 | 6 15 01 |
| Lasca | 2 28 35 | 8 58 58 | 6 30 22 | . . . |
| Alert | 2 30 00 | Withdrew. | | . . . |
| Mayflower | 2 26 20 | 8 54 02 | 6 27 42 | 6 17 28 |
| Atlantic | 2 29 28 | 9 18 34 | 6 49 06 | 6 36 27 |
| Marguerite | 2 25 54 | 8 57 11 | 6 31 17 | 6 16 35 |
| Iroquois | 2 26 10 | 9 00 26 | 6 34 16 | 6 18 35 |
| Quickstep | 2 28 49 | 9 19 10 | 6 51 01 | 6 24 54 |

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gracie | 2 22 27 | 8 39 45 | 6 17 18 | 6 17 18 |
| Wasp | 2 26 23 | 8 35 47 | 6 12 24 | 5 51 13 |
| Harpoon | 2 21 36 | 8 30 11 | 6 08 35 | . . . |
| Gloriana | 2 20 53 | 8 35 00 | 6 14 07 | 5 51 48 |
| Drusilla | 2 23 41 | Withdrew. | | |

Merlin for the second time wins a $1,000 Goelet cup, while Harpoon wins the $500 one. The latter part of the schooner race was less interesting and decisive than the first part, but in the smaller class the fight was a good one from start to finish, unimpaired by chances or flukes. Harpoon and Gloriana had a square fight together all day, the former coming out ahead. Both Wasp and Drusilla suffered by leaving the fleet for the offshore course on the way out, and the little fin-keel did not find wind enough; but it is easily possible that with the breeze just suiting she might save her time, over half an hour, from the 46-footers.

During the first half-hour of the race an accident that nearly proved serious happened on board Constellation. Mr. Henry A. Bryant, of the Eastern Y. C., so well known as the amateur designer of Alert and Thetis, was working forward when the handle of a mast winch broke, striking him in the thigh and making a deep cut. He was cared for by his brother, Dr. John Bryant, and taken ashore after the race. Though the wound bled freely, no arteries were severed, and it is likely to heal quickly. With a light wind, it was quite late when the racers finally reached the harbor.

## Newport to Vineyard Haven, Aug. 6.

FOURTH RUN.

Saturday morning was very different from Friday, a perfect day for such an important race as the Goelet cups, but unfortunately they were already won, and the programme called for a 11 o'clock start for Vineyard Haven by way of Sow and Pigs and Vineyard Sound. The day was clear and sunny with a fresh breeze from S.W., making a free reach to the Sow and Pigs, 18 miles, and a run to West Chop, 19 miles further.

The gun was fired at 11:30 for the smaller yachts and 11:40 for the larger, with 10m. time to cross in for each. No clubtopsails were allowed, but backstays were well set up on the starboard quarter to stay there all day, and No. 1 jibtopsails were kept up. The first division was over the line promptly, but the second took more time, the procession being ten minutes in crossing. Gloriana was quickly away alone, but Wasp crossed to windward of Harpoon and the two were soon at it, hammer and tongs, in a luffing match, being so nearly equal that it lasted, off and on, for some five miles, when Wasp's topmast went over the side and she started homeward for Newport to repair damages and rejoin the fleet. The schooners set their maintopmast staysails on the line. Merlin having been in stops and breaking it out smartly. Mariquita was badly handled, getting on the wrong side of the lightship and jibing to get back to the line. Just as she crossed her topmast snapped and she returned to Newport.

After timing the start Vamoose returned to Newport for stores, the result being that when she was again off the start the last yachts of the fleet were so far ahead that even she could not catch them, and even a short cut through Quick's Hole only brought her in as the last boats were staggering into Vineyard Haven under the hard gusts off the hills. The race, however, though exciting through the speed, was devoid of any special incident, being merely a straight run. Off the Sow and Pigs spinakers were set to starboard before an increasing breeze. The stranding of a backstay cost Gracie her topmast

just above the cap, but her spinaker and the club burgee were lashed to the stump, and she came in but a little astern of her class. Uvira also lost hers. The story of the race is told in the following table of times:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.** | | | | |
| Dauntless | 11 44 13 | 3 03 53 | 3 19 40 | .. .. .. |
| Constellation | 11 41 32 | 2 55 45 | 3 14 32 | 3 14 32 |
| Ramona | 11 44 08 | 3 12 46 | 3 24 43 | .. .. .. |
| Fortuna | 11 45 15 | 3 12 34 | 3 27 19 | 3 20 21 |
| **THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.** | | | | |
| Alcæa | 11 43 29 | 2 09 51 | 3 26 22 | Not meas. |
| Merlin | 11 43 03 | 3 08 40 | 3 25 37 | Not meas. |
| Lasca | 11 44 32 | 3 05 12 | 3 20 40 | Not meas. |
| Alert | 11 42 32 | 3 12 43 | 3 30 08 | 3 29 01 |
| Phantom | 11 44 10 | 3 23 03 | 3 38 53 | 3 34 23 |
| Atlantic | 11 45 15 | 3 20 47 | 3 34 32 | 3 29 54 |
| Comanche | 11 42 54 | 3 20 51 | 3 37 57 | 3 32 54 |
| **FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.** | | | | |
| Marguerite | 11 49 30 | 3 19 18 | 3 29 48 | 3 29 48 |
| Iroquois | 11 55 00 | 3 24 55 | 3 34 55 | 3 33 57 |
| Œnone | 11 46 43 | 3 25 40 | 3 38 57 | 3 36 38 |
| **FIFTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.** | | | | |
| Quickstep | 11 31 49 | 3 17 52 | 3 46 13 | 3 41 13 |
| Peerless | 11 35 36 | 3 37 28 | 4 01 52 | 3 59 50 |
| Gevalia | 11 32 17 | 3 32 54 | 4 00 37 | .. .. |
| Azalea | 11 31 38 | 3 23 59 | 3 52 15 | 3 45 26 |
| **THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.** | | | | |
| Katrina | 11 43 42 | 3 24 37 | 3 39 55 | 3 39 55 |
| Gracie | 11 45 55 | 3 41 32 | 3 55 37 | 3 53 49 |
| Huron | 11 47 55 | 3 38 23 | 3 50 25 | 3 43 30 |
| **FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.** | | | | |
| Wayward | 11 48 15 | 3 39 12 | 3 50 57 | 3 50 57 |
| *Ventura | 11 45 20 | 4 00 41 | 4 15 21 | 4 09 20 |
| Athlon | 11 44 44 | 3 49 17 | 4 04 33 | .. .. .. |
| *Clara | 11 32 16 | 3 44 09 | 4 11 53 | 3 59 23 |
| **FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.** | | | | |
| Wasp | 11 30 50 | Withdrew. | | |
| Sayonara | 11 31 20 | 3 47 03 | 4 15 43 | 4 14 37 |
| Harpoon | 11 30 44 | 3 37 09 | 4 06 34 | .. .. .. |
| Gloriana | 11 30 24 | 3 36 30 | 4 06 06 | 4 04 50 |
| Uvira | 11 33 33 | 3 59 45 | 4 26 12 | 4 14 08 |
| **SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.** | | | | |
| Mariquita | 11 39 07 | Withdrew. | | |
| Verena | 11 37 18 | 4 06 31 | 4 29 13 | .. .. .. |

* Moved up to higher classes.

Constellation makes the best time in her class, probably the fastest recorded run over the course, but the great event of the race was the performance of Lasca, her elapsed time being but 6m. greater than Constellation. Marguerite beat Iroquois, and the old Azalea astonished every one by a victory over the smart little Quickstep. Katrina won in the 70ft. class, and Wayward, in the 61ft. class, defeated Ventura and Clara, who were put up with her, although she started with the last, and they, with Athlon, with the first division.

Gloriana and Harpoon had a close race, the former winning by seconds. Uvira saved her time from Sayonara in spite of a broken topmast.

For once the fleet was in harbor early, many of the yachtsmen finding their way over to Cottage City. Sunday, a clear bright summer day, with a fine bracing breeze off the sea, was spent as usual, the fleet dressing ship at noon, and the wise ones turning in early to prepare for a 5 o'clock start for the race from West Chop to Marblehead Rock, 120 nautical miles, for the two Morgan cups.

## Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.

FIFTH RUN—AUG. 8.

LONG distance races are seldom a success, owing to the uncertainties of weather, which decide the ownership of the prizes, or chance rather than merit. The last race around Cape Cod, on the cruise of 1887, for cups offered as now by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, was a marked failure, a drifting match of two days, the whole fleet lying becalmed off Chatham all night, and reaching Marblehead 36 hours after the start. The present race started under far more favorable conditions, and with every prospect of a good run, there being a nice S.W. breeze over the starboard quarter, with four hours of ebb tide to help the yachts well over Nantucket Shoals.

The yachtsmen have been favored with exceptionally fine weather at Cottage City, the atmosphere being remarkably clear on Saturday and Sunday nights, every line angle of the buildings in the town being sharply outlined against a cloudless sky of deep blue, with the full moon hung out aloft just over Cape Poge Light. Monday morning brought the same clear weather and cloudless sky, so that the turning out shortly after sunrise was a treat rather than a hardship. Sails were set on about 50 yachts, some going on with the fleet and others returning to the westward.

Vamoose is certainly an ideal boat for the work she is now doing, and though on the present cruise her possibilities have not been properly brought out, it is plain that only from such a craft and under proper management can the races of the cruise be seen with such accuracy as is necessary to insure a truthful report. The programme arranged for this race was to start several hours after the yachts, picking up the rear of the fleet and steaming slowly through it, reaching Marblehead in the afternoon. This involves the seeing of the race stern first, and by way of a change the story may be more interesting if told in the same direction.

In order to see the start it was necessary to turn out at 4 A. M., an easy walk of a mile or more carrying one to East Chop Lighthouse. From here the view well repaid the slight trouble involved, the rising sun lighting up the sea and showing the first of the fleet, Huron, Peerless and Gloriana standing out of the harbor, toward the line, Iuna being anchored off the black buoy under East Chop.

Huron set a jibtopsail and laid her course for Cross Rip, but Peerless and Gloriana stood back, the latter soon falling in with Wasp, who had shipped a new topmast at Newport, and rejoined the fleet, being towed from Newport by the steam yacht Tranquilo. The main fleet was slowly working out for the line, the preparatory gun being held until all were near it at 5:20. At the starting gun, 10m. later, Gloriana went over the line on Wasp's weather, the two timed together. Once over the line, Wasp walked ahead and was soon clear of Gloriana. Mr. Nat Herreshoff was with Mr. Rogers on board of Wasp.

Azalea made a good start, just after the two, Sayonara, with no number and a boat in tow, going over the line, America also crossing, though of course not in the race. She had met the fleet at Newport, being out to see the Gourd cups sailed for, and on Saturday she had sailed with the fleet, making a very fast run in spite of a foul bottom. To-day she started two minutes ahead of the gun, intending to try her speed against the newer boats.

Mariquita had shipped a new topmast and hurried over from Newport, crossing the line just under Quickstep's lee. With her was Gossoon, not in the club, but sailing a private match with Mariquita. Harpoon was in no hurry to get away, wisely leaving Wasp and Gloriana to do the luffing, while she sailed a course of her own. Mineola crossed with number up and boat in tow, returning in a little while and not starting.

The start of the schooners and the larger cutters was slow and uninteresting, they got over the line, which is about all that can be said. A line start with a ten minute interval is safe and convenient affair, and the risk of collision which attends a one-gun start is largely avoided. Such a slow but sure proceeding, however, is not racing, and robs the race of much of its interest. Alert, Speranza and Fortuna were all handicapped. With the racers started Electra, Iuna, Corsair, Oneida, Clermont, Columbia and Conqueror. Lasca did not wait for the race, but started on Sunday. Some of the yachts spread their ballooners, but a number were content with large jibtopsails and maintopmaststaysails. Once well clear of the headlands, the fleet struck a good pace and hurried off for Cross Rip Lightship. The start was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First gun | 5 35 00 | Katrina | 5 48 00 |
| Gloriana | 5 35 41 | Constellation | 5 48 39 |
| Wasp | 5 35 42 | Atlantic | 5 49 52 |
| Azalea | 3 36 01 | Dauntless | 5 50 23 |
| Quick | 5 37 27 | Œnone | 5 51 41 |
| Mariquita | 5 37 31 | Alcæa | 5 52 43 |
| Harpoon | 5 38 09 | Ramona | 5 53 37 |
| Second gun | 5 45 00 | Miranda | 5 53 52 |
| Peerless | 5 43 11 | Mayflower | 5 54 25 |
| Iroquois | 5 44 42 | Marguerite | 5 34 52 |
| Merlin | 5 46 43 | Handicap gun | 5 55 00 |
| Clara | 5 47 25 | Speraza | 5 55 00 |
| Wayward | 5 47 47 | Alert | 5 55 00 |
| Phantom | 5 47 57 | Fortuna | 5 55 00 |

The leaders not only carried a good ebb tide to Pollock Rip, but caught the tide to hold them along the shore of Cape Cod. At the Handkerchief spinakers were set to starboard, being shifted to port after the jibe. At Pollock's Rip Mayflower lost her foretopmast after passing Shovelful lightship.

It was 8:08 A. M. when Vamoose left the wharf in front of the Sea View House, at Cottage City; the fleet, with a start of over two hours, being out of sight. The sea was smooth, the yacht running easily and hardly rolling, the entire motion, including the vibration, being so slight as to permit of writing a fairly legible hand with little difficulty. At 8:45 a small cutter was passed, cruising to the eastward, not one of the fleet. At 8:56 Capt. Young put the boat cleverly under the stern of the Cross Rip Lightship, and Mr. Heilbron, the engineer who has charge of the boat, threw a bundle of papers aboard. On the way to Handkerchief a slight roll was met; the lightship was passed at 9:37, the bundle of papers just striking the rail and dropping into the sea, the first of many bundles thrown by Mr. Heilbron since the cruise began which has failed to go aboard.

At 10:05 Vamoose slid by the side of the red lightship on Pollock's Rip, and five minutes later she was beside the wreck of the Alva, near which was anchored a small wrecking schooner. The three masts are still standing, showing a heavy list to starboard, the bow lower than the stern. The foretopmast is broken short off above the cap, and the main and mizzenbooms are afloat, the ends showing on the surface of the water. The sight is a sad one, especially when contrasted with Electra, Corsair and Iuna, or even the jolly little Vamoose; enough to send a shiver through the stoutest of steel frames.

Just before Pollock Rip was reached the whole fleet hove in sight ahead, running with spinakers to port, and at 10:25 the schr. Fenella was passed, cruising along in the rear of the racers.

As the dreary sand wastes of Monomoy gave place to the green-topped bluffs, covered with snug old farmhouses and picturesque modern cottages nestling about the twin lights, which bore abeam from Vamoose at 10:38, the head of the fleet was picked up, the schooner Speranza holding that enviable position; always remembering that this yarn is running at half speed astern. In shore of her and 100yds. ahead was Clara. Closer in to the beach and a little ahead was Peerless, spreading a large ballooner between her topmasts, and ahead of her were Mariquita and Gossoon. Cavalier and Nonpariella were not racing, though the yawl was carrying a mizzenstaysail. Sayonara and Fleur de Lys were not racing.

This ended the first part of the fleet, there being over a mile of clear water between Fleur de Lys and Phantom, while half a mile further along were Œnone and Azalea. Before Nansett was reached spinakers came in. Another half mile of water and Alert was passed carrying balloon topmaststaysail and balloon jibtopsail, Wayward being close inshore of her and Miranda.

Another piece of open water with one little sloop pegging along inshore, and a fleet of nine yachts was met, Ramona being first, then Gloriana, inshore, Quickstep and Atlantic being immediately ahead of her. Harpoon was ahead of Atlantic, with Alcæa on her lee bow, Wasp was next, while Mayflower, Marguerite and Fortuna completed the group. When Vamoose passed Nansett Lights at 11:26, Mayflower inshore was just ahead, Marguerite a quarter of a mile astern, and Fortuna a short distance from the latter.

Iuna was off to seaward of Vamoose, with jib, fore and mainsail set, and ahead of her was Republic, in trouble, with headsails down. Wasp, Harpoon and Gloriana were spaced about a half-mile apart in single file.

When a couple of miles north of Nansett, Katrina lost her topmast, letting the three schooners run up on her. At the time she was a mile and a half ahead of Mayflower. Save a steam yacht in shore and Baboon alone outside of all the fleet, there were no yachts within three miles of Katrina. Marguerite and Fortuna took in jibtopsails, setting smaller ones. Katrina, after her mishap, ran for some time under two sails before setting her jib, but later she rigged a jury topmast and set a jibtopsail.

Below the Highlands the tug Sylvester Ward, carrying the two photographers, Messrs. Stebbins and Peabody, was passed.

The cutters Thelma, Huron and Iroquois were just off the Life-Saving Station at the Highlands, only the latter in the race, but she and Huron were both traveling fast, with booms well over the starboard quarter.

It was 12:20 when Vamoose passed the Highland Lights, and came upon the first bit of close work in the race. Thus far it had been a procession, but here were two yachts, Merlin and Dauntless, close together and fighting hard for the lead, having luffed each other all the way up the beach, Merlin going clear in this, the last of several spirited luffing matches. The breeze was now quite fresh, Merlin carrying working topsails and second jibtopsails, heeling to her scuppers.

The leaders, clear of the land, were heeling to a strong and steady breeze, but those still under the shore caught it in puffs, one striking Alcæa, with both big ballooners set, and heeling her well down. Both she and Iroquois picked up fast between Nansett and the Highlands, and improved their positions considerably. Constellation was visible a long distance ahead, astern of her being America and Columbia. Both had started from East Chop, Columbia about half an hour ahead of start of the racers. America was carrying a heavy naphtha launch swung out on the leeside, and when she met the sea and wind in the Bay it was necessary to stop for a time and swing in the launch. For a time she held side by side with Oneida, the latter under both steam and sail.

One large schooner in the middle of the fleet, not one of the racers, called forth many objurgations, especially from the smaller yachts, by her disregard of the rights of others, to say nothing of the courtesies always accorded by outside boats to those which are racing.

At 1 o'clock Vamoose passed Columbia, picking up America half an hour later, Conqueror and Oneida, both under canvas, being abeam but to seaward of America. Both America and Constellation were carrying spinaker booms dropped to windward. As the leaders left the lee of the land off the Highlands and hauled up for Marblehead, they found a freshening breeze, still S.W., and a lively roll to the sea out in Massachusetts Bay. Vamoose had a chance to show some of her good qualities, among which is not an entire freedom from rolling.

At 2 P. M. the afternoon was as fine as the morning had been, light, fleecy clouds on the horizon and a blue sky above; not only an ideal yachting day, but an ideal schooner day, with a good quartering breeze over nearly all of the 102 miles. At 2:20 Vamoose passed to the leeward of Constellation, far in the lead of the fleet and driving along with maintopmaststaysail and jibtopsail set, and at 3:14 the little steamer was off the lighthouse at Marblehead, where the flagship was already waiting to time the yachts.

Vamoose left Cottage City at 8:05, making the run of 102 miles in 7:06, or nearly 14½ knots an hour, 6:52. No effort was made to test her speed, the object being to obtain a good view of the entire race from start to finish, which was satisfactorily accomplished, there being half an hour in which to reach Castle Rock, on the end of Marblehead Neck, before Constellation crossed the finish line at 3:45:10. Not very long after came America and Columbia, the former well ahead.

Far out to the S.W. was a long string of white sails, Dauntless and Merlin rising fast, big Ramona easily distinguishable, and close by her the little 80ft. Iroquois. Next came the new linen sails of Alcæa, then two white schooners and a black one, beyond them a succession of white dots, all that was distinguishable being that the smaller boats were heeling to a sharp angle under the strong breeze in the middle of the bay.

Along the rocks were many excited spectators, attracted by the coming of the fleet, eagerly scanning the water with glasses and speculating as to the identity of each distant white dot. The interest of the race was centered on Harpoon as against Wasp and Gloriana, Boston against Bristol, and every white boat which appeared in the lead of a black one was triumphantly hailed as Harpoon, with Wasp second and Gloriana out of sight.

The finish was more exciting by far than the start. Dauntless crossed at 4:16:38, leading Merlin (4:22:13) by nearly 8m. Iroquois and Ramona made a fine finish, the little clipper luffing out and running ahead within the last mile, crossing at 4:39:48 to Ramona's 4:40:19. After Alcæa there was a long gap to the next group, the three passed long before in company off Chatham, Fortuna, Marguerite and Mayflower. They were separated by about a quarter of a mile each, Mayflower, in spite of the loss of her foretopmast, having held the other two all day. They were timed at 4:51:38, 4.53:57, and 4:56:28 in order.

On they came, Alert at 5:01, Atlantic at 5:03:33, and Miranda, also without a foretopmast, at 5:05:36. When Katrina approached she was carrying a small jibtopsail set on a jury topmast, a topsail yard lashed to the masthead. She was timed at 5:14:55. The golden serpent on Phantom's bow was visible a long distance off. She crossed at 5:21:30, with Quickstep at 5:24:03. Huron followed Katrina in, she not being in the race. Fleur de Lys, astern of Quickstep, also was not racing. Œnone crossed alone at 5:32:43.

Now came the ringlestickers, rising quickly, the second boat was unquestionably Wasp, and there were few on all Marblehead Neck who doubted that the white Burgess boat a quarter of a mile ahead of her was Harpoon. A lubber on the rocks who timidly suggested that the white boat was very large for a 46-footer, and that Wayward was not yet heard from, was completely withered by the scornful glances of those who heard him, and was glad to sneak off under the pretext that he could see the race better from behind a sheltering corner of the rock.

As the pair neared the excitement increased, until it culminated in a marked calm as the mainsail of the leader swung a little, disclosing the racing number, 94. Wayward crossed at 5:54:30, Wasp following at 5:55:58, Speranza between them at 5:55:07.

Again the buzz of excited conjecture was heard along the rocks, but this time it was shortlived, there was no mistaking the familiar shovel-nose of the leader of the two white boats now within easy sight. Gloriana was leading Harpoon, having passed her when the pair struck the sea, and was now a minute ahead, the times at the line being 6:07:09 and 6:08:08. As Gossoon has not been measured, the corrected time is not known, but with her late start she leads Gloriana by 1m. 32s.

Azalea had passed almost unnoticed at 6:02:24, and the last boats now came up, Peerless 6:09:44, Clara 6:44:58, and Mariquita at 7:09:14, winning her match with Gossoon by 1m, 20s., a close fit for a distance of 102 miles.

As the flagship passed into Marblehead Harbor she was greeted by the guns of the fleet, and the most successful long-distance race ever sailed in America, if not in the world, was over. Twenty-five yachts started, the longest of 116ft. waterline, the smallest of 40ft. The best time was just under 10 hour, or rather better than an average of 10 knots, while the 46-footers averaged 8 knots and the 40-footers just under 7½ knots. The full times were:

The times for the squadron run cups and for the regatta committee prize for keel schooners were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.** | | | | |
| Constellation | 5 43 09 | 3 45 10 | 9 56 31 | 9 56 31 |
| Fortuna | 5 55 00 | 4 51 38 | 10 56 38 | 10 31 15 |
| **THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS, 90FT.** | | | | |
| Merlin | 5 46 43 | 4 22 13 | 10 35 30 | 10 35 30 |
| Alcæa | 5 52 43 | 4 42 57 | 10 50 14 | Not meas. |
| Mayflower | 5 54 25 | 4 56 28 | 11 02 03 | 10 55 43 |
| Phantom | 5 47 57 | 5 21 30 | 11 33 33 | 11 21 02 |
| Atlantic | 5 49 57 | 5 03 33 | 11 13 41 | 11 00 47 |
| **FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS, 80FT.** | | | | |
| Iroquois | 5 46 42 | 4 39 48 | 10 53 06 | 10 50 25 |
| Marguerite | 5 54 52 | 4 53 57 | 10 59 05 | 10 59 05 |
| Œnone | 5 51 41 | 5 32 42 | 11 41 02 | 11 34 34 |
| **FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS, 70FT.** | | | | |
| Quickstep | 5 37 27 | 5 24 09 | 11 46 42 | 11 46 42 |
| Peerless | 5 42 11 | 6 29 44 | 12 27 33 | 12 21 54 |
| Azalea | 5 36 01 | 6 02 24 | 12 20 23 | 12 07 24 |
| **THIRD CLASS SLOOPS, 70FT** | | | | |
| Katrina | 5 45 05 | 5 48 05 | 11 26 50 | 11 26 50 |
| Wayward | 5 47 47 | 5 54 56 | 12 06 49 | 11 39 31 |
| **FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS, 53FT.** | | | | |
| Clara | 5 47 25 | 6 44 58 | 12 57 33 | 12 57 33 |
| **SIXTH CLASS SLOOPS, 46FT.** | | | | |
| Wasp | 5 35 42 | 5 55 58 | 12 20 16 | 12 20 16 |
| Gloriana | 5 35 41 | 6 07 09 | 12 31 28 | 12 28 25 |
| Harpoon | 5 38 09 | 6 08 04 | 12 29 54 | .. .. .. |
| Mariquita | 5 37 31 | 7 19 14 | 13 41 43 | 13 12 51 |
| **KEEL SCHOONERS.** | | | | |
| Dauntless | 5 50 23 | 4 16 38 | 10 20 15 | .. .. .. |
| Ramona | 5 53 37 | 4 40 19 | 10 46 42 | .. .. .. |
| Alert | 5 58 00 | 5 01 00 | 11 04 00 | 11 06 00 |
| Miranda | 5 53 52 | 5 05 36 | 11 11 44 | 11 01 12 |
| Fleur de Lys | 5 41 00 | Not timed. | | |
| Spranza | 5 55 00 | 5 55 07 | .. .. .. | 12 00 07 |

The times for the Morgan cups were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **SCHOONERS.** | | | | |
| Constellation | 5 48 39 | 3 45 10 | 9 56 31 | 9 56 31 |
| Dauntless | 5 50 23 | 4 16 38 | 10 26 15 | .. .. .. |
| Merlin | 5 46 43 | 4 22 13 | 10 35 30 | 10 14 06 |
| Ramona | 5 53 37 | 4 40 10 | 10 46 32 | .. .. .. |
| Fortuna | 5 55 00 | 4 51 38 | 10 56 38 | 10 37 15 |
| Mayflower | 5 54 25 | 4 56 28 | 11 02 03 | 11 34 19 |
| Alcæa | 5 52 43 | 4 42 57 | 10 50 14 | .. .. .. |
| Alert | 5 55 00 | 5 01 00 | 11 06 00 | 10 41 28 |
| Fleur de Lys | 5 41 00 | .. .. .. | .. .. .. | .. .. .. |
| Phantom | 5 47 57 | 5 21 30 | 11 33 33 | 10 59 38 |
| Speranza | 5 55 00 | 5 55 07 | 12 00 07 | .. .. .. |
| Atlantic | 5 49 52 | 5 03 32 | 11 13 41 | 10 33 23 |
| Miranda | 5 53 52 | 5 05 36 | 11 11 44 | 10 36 40 |
| Marguerite | 5 52 52 | 4 53 57 | 10 59 05 | 10 10 15 |
| Iroquois | 5 46 42 | 4 39 38 | 10 53 06 | 10 10 36 |
| Œnone | 5 51 41 | 5 32 43 | 11 41 02 | 10 54 44 |
| Quickstep | 5 37 27 | 5 24 09 | 11 46 42 | 10 35 55 |
| Peerless | 5 42 11 | 6 09 44 | 12 27 33 | 11 11 07 |
| Azalea | 5 36 01 | 6 02 24 | 12 26 23 | 10 56 37 |
| | | **SLOOPS.** | | |
| Wasp | 5 35 42 | 5 55 58 | 12 20 16 | 11 17 49 |
| Gloriana | 5 35 41 | 6 07 09 | 12 31 28 | 11 25 58 |
| Harpoon | 5 38 09 | 6 08 03 | 12 29 54 | .. .. .. |
| Katrina | 5 48 05 | 5 14 55 | 11 26 50 | 11 26 50 |
| Wayward | 5 47 47 | 5 54 36 | 12 06 49 | 11 39 31 |
| Clara | 5 47 25 | 6 44 58 | 12 58 33 | 11 55 29 |
| Mariquita | 5 37 31 | 7 19 14 | 13 41 43 | 12 10 23 |

Constellation wins the $1,000 Morgan cup and Wasp the $500 one, Mr. Rogers winning a similar cup in Bedouin in 1887.

The programme for the final days of the cruise was announced on Monday night in the following general orders:

ABOARD FLAGSHIP ELECTRA,
HARBOR OF MARBLEHEAD, Aug. 8, 1892.

GENERAL ORDER No. 5.

1. On Tuesday, Aug. 9, at noon, a gun will be fired from the flagship, both flags hauled down, the New York Yacht Club signal sent to the main and the Eastern Yacht Club signal sent to the fore.

Two guns will then be fired from the flagship as a salute.

Each yacht will then fire one gun as a salute to the Eastern Yacht Club.

When all the yachts have saluted the Commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club will return the salute in behalf of his club with two guns.

One gun will then be fired from the flagship, the colors hauled down and the former colors reset.

Immediately after, a gun will be fired from the flagship, when all yachts will dress ship and remain dressed until sunset.

2. The boat races will take place on Tuesday, pursuant to general order No. 6.

3. On Tuesday evening at 9:30 P. M. the commodore and members of the Eastern Y. C. have invited the captains of the New York Y. C. and their guests to a reception at their club house in Marblehead.

Yachts in the squadron will illuminate with fireworks during the evening.

4. The race for the commodore's cups will be sailed on Wednesday, under the direction of the regatta committee.

5. On Wednesday evening, Aug. 10, at 9:30 P.M., a reception will be given by the commodore on the flagship to the officers and members of the Eastern Y. C. and the captains of the New York Y. C. and their guests.

6. The attention of the captains of the squadron is called to a circular issued by the house committee of the Eastern Yacht Club, requesting the names of the guests in the squadron, and also containing valuable information; a copy of which is sent herewith.

7. A meeting of the captains will be held aboard the flagship on Wednesday evening at 9:15 P. M., in the event of the race having been sailed, for the purpose of disbanding the squadron.

By order of the commodore. STEPHEN PEABODY, Fleet Captain.
FLAGSHIP ELECTRA, Aug. 8, 1892.

GENERAL ORDER No. 6.

SQUADRON CRUISE BOAT RACES.

Owl and Game Cock colors—The Game Cock colors will be for four-oared gigs pulling sweeps, The owl for cutters pulling two sweeps or two pairs of sculls.

For other boat races—Entries will be $2 an oar, made by the owners of yachts, and boats will be classified according to the number of oars they pull.

Coxswains must be carried in all boats except dinghies.

The commodore offers as additional prizes $25 to the winners of the Game Cock and $10 to the winners of the Owl colors, and $25 to the winning launch.

The start will be made alongside the flagship, and entries will be received and details as to course be given on board.

Letter B (club code) displayed at the fore will signify "the boat races will take place to-day at —," and the hour will be indicated at the main.

By order of the commodore.

STEPHEN PEABODY, Fleet Captain.

In the evening the harbor was filled with boats and the rocks were covered with people, all eager to see the yachts. The chief point of interest in the fleet was Vamoose, the little flyer being new to Eastern waters. It was ladies' night at the Corinthian Y. C., a band playing on the lawn, while the piazzas were crowded. The steam yacht Sultana has attracted general attention in every port by a handsome display of green electric lights from bowsprit end up over her three masts and down to boom end.

On Tuesday the programme of salutation and boat races was carried out, the results of the races being as follows:

Gamecock colors, 4-oared gigs, Dauntless 1, Speranza 2, Constellation 3. Owl colors, pair-oared cutters, 7 starters, Nonpariel 1, Alert 2.

Single scull race, seven starters, Merlin 1, Barbara 2. The steam and naphtha launch race was won by Electra's launch, steered by the mate, Mr. Fish, with Columbia's launch second, beating Dauntless, Fortuna, Fleur de Lys, Atlantic and Sultana.

During the afternoon the shore of the Neck was lined with handsome turnouts from Beverly, Salem and the surrounding country. A band played in front of the Eastern Y. C. house, and the day was a general holiday for all Marblehead. The programme for Wednesday called for a race for the two cups offered by Com Gerry, with a possibility of another race for cups offered by the Eastern Y. C. on Thursday, the fleet disbanding Wednesday night.

## Racing at Marblehead.

Following the three races of the previous week were three separate matches off Marblehead on Aug. 1; the first being between the cats Magpie, Koorali and Typhoon; the second between Pyxie and Reaper; and the third between Reaper and Vanessa. The day was rainy, with a reefing breeze from N.E. and plenty of rain. The first race, from off the Eastern Y. C. house around Bowditch Ledge Buoy, two rounds, making 12 miles, was started at 11 a. M. The first leg of each round was to windward. Magpie and Koorali kept together by the wind, but with sheets started Magpie gained. Typhoon fell astern on the windward work and withdrew on the second round. The finish was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Magpie | 10 50 53 | Koorali | 10 51 34 |

Magpie wins by 41s. elapsed time.

The next race was between Pyxie and the Hereshoff fin keel Reaper, for $25 per side, over the same course. Both yachts carried single reefs, Pyxie leading from start to finish. She broke the jaws of her gaff on the last run, but won by 7m. The first round was timed. The race was not finished, but the stakes were paid on the result of the Corinthian race next day.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pyxie | 3 47 16 | Reaper | 3 53 00 |

The third race, started at 4:10 P. M., was between Reaper and her sister boat Vanessa, over the same course. Vanessa winning by 58s.

On Tuesday morning the wind was light, with a sea still rolling. Pyxie had to borrow a gaff that was too heavy for her. In the morning she sailed a match with Vanessa, once around Bowditch Ledge, 6 miles, being beaten.

The Corinthian Y. C. race of Saturday, postponed for want of wind, was re-sailed, starting at 2:10 P. M. The course for the 21ft. and 25ft. classes was around Pig Rocks and Half Way Rock. The wind was E.N.E. After beating out of the harbor the yachts ran for Pig Rocks, where the order was Vanessa, Thrush, Reaper, Freak, Catspaw and Pyxie.

After the beat to Halfway Rock the times were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Reaper | 4 06 10 | Catspaw | 4 09 05 |
| Freak | 4 07 30 | Vanessa | 4 09 40 |
| Thrush | 4 08 45 | Pyxie | Not timed. |

Reaper held her lead off the wind and won, while Vanessa was second on allowance. In the cat class there were three starters, Typhoon, Koorali and Magpie, the former leading all the way. The times were:

CLASS A.

| | Length. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Reaper, H. B. Benson | 24.00 | 4 44 15 | 2 34 15 | 2 30 53 |
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr. | 24.00 | 4 49 52 | 2 39 52 | 2 36 30 |
| Catspaw, C. A. Prince | 26.04 | 4 47 50 | 2 37 50 | 2 37 00 |
| Freak, J. B. Paine | 25.10 | 4 48 48 | 2 38 48 | 2 37 23 |
| Thrush, John Bryant | 27.02 | 4 48 03 | 2 38 03 | 2 38 03 |
| Pyxie, O. Sanderson | 24.11 | 5 09 20 | 2 59 20 | 2 57 01 |

CLASS B.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Typhoon, J. I. Taylor | 23.09 | 3 55 42 | 1 40 42 | 1 40 42 |
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 22.04 | 3 59 14 | 1 44 14 | 1 43 06 |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 23.01 | 3 58 23 | 1 44 38 | 1 43 07 |

Reaper wins $30, Vanessa $20, Catspaw $15, Freak $10, Thrush $5, Typhoon $25 and Magpie $15. Pyxie has ended her racing at the East and is on her way home.

## Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH.

The 188th race, third open sweepstakes was sailed at Monument Beach July 30 in a double-reefed northeast wind. Gymnote was on hand, but carried away her mast on the deck just before the start. Fin put in a little ballast in order to measure into the third class. Result as follows:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C | 27.04 | 1 57 45 | 1 48 01 |
| Lestris, J. Crane, Jr. B. Y. C | 26.04 | 1 59 40 | 1 48 54 |
| Torment, C. C. Hanley, Mon Beach | 27.04 | 3 02 56 | 1 53 12 |
| Surprise, Thos. Codman, B. Y. C | 27.04 | 2 04 15 | 1 54 31 |
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis | Dismasted before start. | | |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cayuse, F. W. Sargent, B. Y. C | 22.09 | 1 52 42 | 1 40 42 |
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr, B. Y. C | 23.01 | 1 53 10 | 1 41 41 |
| Elna, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C | 22.10 | 1 53 55 | 1 42 01 |
| Vivian, N. Huckens, Jr., Onset | 23.00 | 1 55 45 | 1 44 06 |
| Fin, L. M. Stocklin, B. Y. C | 17.01 | 2 00 00 | 1 44 01 |
| Phenomenon, D. L. Whittemore, Onset | 23.00 | 2 01 47 | 1 50 06 |
| Daisy, H. Stockton, B. Y. C | 21.01 | 2 03 17 | 1 49 30 |
| Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C | 23.02 | Broke tiller. | |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cygnet, E. Fenno, Falmouth | 19.11 | 1 17 55 | 1 08 44 |
| Kitten, Toby Club, B. Y. C | 19.11 | 1 18 50 | 1 09 39 |
| Edith, G. G Van Rensselaer, B. Y. C. | 19.04 | Withdrew. | |

Mist, Cayuse and Cygnet take first; Lestris and Fin second; Tycoon third.

Judges, N. H. Emmons, F. E. Cabot. Courses, 10½, 8½ and 5 miles.

189TH RACE—MARBLEHEAD.

The sail-off for the third class cats, not made on time July 29, took place Aug. 1, at Marblehead, in a strong two reef northeaster; course from stakeboat off E. Y. C. house to Bowditch Ledge beacon, and return, twice around; Bowditch Ledge being 2¾ knots dead to windward of starting point.

Only Magpie, Koorali and Typhoon started, at 11:10, the last crossed the line too soon and had to come back, losing 1½ minutes.

Magpie and Koorali carried two reefs, Typhoon seemed to have three. Magpie at first seemed to draw away from Koorali, but under the Beverly shore Koorali picked up a little, and Magpie not knowing the beacon turned rather wide at 12:01; Koorali made a close turn three seconds later and took the lead. Coming home before the wind Magpie stuck to her like a leach, the turn being made: Koorali 12:29:11, Magpie 12:29:19, Typhoon 12:35:35.

After rounding they split tacks for a minute, and when they met Koorali on the port tack barely cleared Magpie. Koorali at once went on starboard tack, close to windward of Magpie, who at once seemed to shoot into the wind, Koorali went on port tack and Magpie kept on. When they next met Magpie led, and from here on gained steadily. Bowditch Beacon was rounded by Magpie at 1:50:50, Koorali 1:51:25. Summary is:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 22.00 | 2 40 50 | 2 23 48 |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 23.04 | 2 41 25 | 2 26 03 |
| Typhoon, J. I. Taylor | 23.09 | Withdrew. | |

Koorali protests Magpie. It will be decided Friday. All three are new boats. Typhoon by Stewart & Binney, the other two by Hanley, of Monument Beach. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

## White Bear Yachting Association.

A cup and pennant race was sailed on July 30, at Dellwood, White Bear Lake, Minn., distance 10 miles, weather fine, wind 8 miles, unsteady and steady S.W.

FIRST CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Later On, C. M. Griggs | 3 45 12 | 5 41 58 | 1 56 26 | 1 50 15 |
| Hornet, P. H. Gotzian | 3 46 00 | 5 42 55 | 1 56 55 | 1 50 44 |
| Fortuna, J. M. Welch | 3 44 50 | 5 41 05 | 1 56 15 | 1 52 33 |
| Wapsie, Stickneys & Bigelows | 3 45 02 | 5 42 20 | 1 57 18 | 1 52 34 |
| Shark, L. E. Newport | 3 45 20 | 5 43 20 | 1 57 56 | 1 55 51 |
| Kitten, Stickney & McKechnie | 3 48 27 | 5 46 13 | 1 57 46 | 1 56 42 |
| Storm King, J. W. Taylor | 3 45 12 | 5 58 10 | 2 12 57 | 2 09 48 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Secret, L. T. Bement | 3 55 00 | 6 01 22 | 2 06 22 | 1 59 01 |
| Mischief, E. H. Ozmun | 3 51 05 | 6 01 06 | 2 10 01 | 2 03 11 |
| Nushka, Elmer & Ordway | 3 50 32 | 6 00 00 | 2 09 28 | 2 02 28 |
| Mary, L. Corning | 3 51 22 | 6 04 40 | 2 13 18 | 2 12 10 |
| Amelia, A. McLaren | 3 58 40 | 6 12 22 | 2 18 42 | 2 13 00 |
| Merry Monarch, H. Galusha | 3 51 41 | 6 09 40 | 2 17 59 | 2 17 47 |

Winners—First Class: First prize, Later On; second, Hornet. Second Class: First prize, Secret; second, Mischief.

Later On must stand remeasurement before being allowed the race. She will probably be placed second, with Hornet first, the others remaining unchanged. Judge: R. B. C. Bement.

## Lake Winnebago.

Oshkosh, Aug. 21.—The annual regatta of the combined fleets of Lake Winnebago has been sailed and the yacht Carrie Morgan owned by ex-State Treasurer H. B. Harshaw is the winner of the commodore's cup. The cup is a trophy given by Commodore Charles W. Felker several years ago, to be sailed for each successive year. The race for it this year was fixed for July 16, and upon that date a race that led to considerable hard feeling was sailed. Three yachts were entered. They were the Minerva of Fond du Lac, the Marguerite of Menasha and the Carrie Morgan of this city. The race had hardly begun when the wind died out and it developed into only a drifting match from which, just after rounding the stake boat, the Marguerite withdrew. The Carrie Morgan drifted in first and was awarded the prize. The Menasha yachtsmen at once entered a protest claiming that the race should have been sailed under a rule prescribing a time limit of three hours, whereas fully five hours had been consumed. In consideration of the distance sailed, six miles to leeward and windward, they urged that the time limit was just. Upon looking up the rules of the Oshkosh Yacht Club under which the race was sailed, it was found that the Menasha yachtsmen were mistaken as to time limit, that limit having been abolished by resolutions in '85. Owing to the misunderstanding, however, Col. Harshaw offered to sail a second race for the cup and a purse of $100. The proposition was agreed to and Thursday, July 28 was fixed upon for the second race. On that day it rained and the race did not come off till the 29th. Again it developed into a drifting match and again the Carrie Morgan won. The entries were the same as in the race of July 16, and the course measured the same distance, twelve miles. The exact time made was as follows:

| | Start. | Finish. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Carrie Morgan | 2 18 10 | 5 38 40 | 3 20 30 |
| Minerva | 2 16 35 | 5 37 45 | 3 21 10 |
| Marguerite | 2 20 20 | 5 43 12 | 3 22 52 |

Owing to a time allowance due the Minerva the Carrie Morgan won by only 35s., but the Marguerite was beaten by 3m.

## Hull Y. C., Aug. 1.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

The race of second class boats of the Hull Y. C. on Aug. 1 found only two starters, Handsel and Chapoquoit, the weather being very unpleasant, a N.E. storm with a heavy sea. The start was made at 11:3 from the pilot boat's moorings off Boston Light, the course being from the judges line, leaving Boston and Martin's Ledge buoys on the port, to the Graves Whistling Buoy, leaving it on the starboard to Davis Ledge Buoy, leaving it on the starboard, thence leaving Harding's Ledge Bell Buoy on the port to starting line, 20 miles.

There was a fresh N.E. breeze through the race. Handsel crossed with a lead of 10s., gaining rapidly on the first leg to windward and holding her own free. The times were:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Handsel, J. R. Hooper | 33.04 | 3 24 32 | 2 35 18 |
| Chapoquoit, C. H. Jones | 37.10 | 3 29 39 | 2 46 41 |

Judges, Com. J. J. Souther and Mr. J. R. Chadwick.

Handsel wins $25 and one leg for the championship.

*Aug. 2.*—On Tuesday a second race, the wind being E.S.E. The course was the same as on Monday, but there was smoother water. At the Graves Chapoquoit was ahead, but on the beat to Harding's she was passed by Handsel. On the close reach home, with more wind, Handsel gained, the times being:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Handsel, J. R. Hooper | 33.04 | 4 29 20 | 3 40 14 |
| Chapoquoit, C. H. Jones | 37.10 | 4 31 55 | 3 48 57 |

Judges, Com. J. J Souther, Messrs. E. C. North, J. H. Chadwick and W. E. Sherriffs. The prize was $25 and the Rice cup for 30 footers.

## Pyxie—Reaper Match.

Aug. 1 at 2:36 Pyxie and Reaper started on their match over same course as Magpie and Koorali, except they were limited to the channel, which meant rougher water. Pyxie with four men aboard, carried whole sail. Reaper, with five men, carried single reef and stormjib set half-way out on bowsprit.

They started on the second, Pyxie to windward; she at once began to outpoint and rather outfoot Reaper; half-way down Reaper lost about two minutes, luffing up and getting jib on end of bowsprit.

Bowditch Ledge was rounded by Pyxie at 3:22:10, Reaper 3:28:45, but in jibing round the beacon Pyxie badly cracked her gaff, a measurement-saving contrivance not over strong. The peak was slacked down, but as she entered harbor gaff broke completely in two. She crossed line at 3:47:30, Reaper at 3:53:15.

Pyxie of course was out of it and anchored. Reaper picked up a mooring, put in another reef and then sailed over course with Vanessa, who had just arrived and also carried double reefs and stormjib. Vanessa came back 58 seconds ahead of Reaper.

The accident to Pyxie was much regretted. It was fairly her race, and after Mr. Sanderson's very sportsmanlike conduct in bringing the boat from New York and testing the 25 rating and 21ft. classes, no one liked to see him lose a race in this fashion.

## Riverside Y. C.

New York, Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the delay in getting measurements of some of the new boats, the regatta committee of the Riverside Y. C. have just completed their corrected time of winners in regatta of July 9. First class schooners, Nirvana, a walkover; second class schooners, Azalia won, beating the Peerless by 3m. 58s.; first class sloops, Alcedo won, beating the Eleanor by 5m. 49s.; second class sloops, Merope won, beating Almy 9m. 25s.; yawls, Kitty won, beating Rajah 1m. 10s.; first class cabin cats, Gumslide won, beating Aura 6m. 4s.; second class cabin cats, Myrtle won, Nellie second by 20s.; third class cats, Nahma won, beating Pearl 15m. 4s.; jib and mainsail class, Tattler won, beating Sirene 5m. 7s.; first class open cats, Wilmered won, beating Gertrude 3m. 37s.; second class open cats, Phyllis won, beating Effie 36m. 6s.—C. T. Pierce, for Committee.

## Yachts, Boats and Canoes.

If you have a yacht, boat or canoe that is lying idle, and for which you would rather have the cash than the keep, or if you are thinking of buying and can't find what you want at the price you are willing to pay, advertise in the columns of Forest and Stream. For a dollar, or even fifty cents (at the three-cent a word rate) you can insert a comprehensive advertisement in our columns that will at once put you in communication with brother sportsmen far and near. Let them know what you wish to buy or sell and you will hear from them

## The Sale of the Alva.

The wreck of the steam yacht Alva was sold at auction on Aug. 5, as she lies under water off Monomoy Point, Cape Cod, the price realized being $3,500. The purchasers were Perkins & White, of Boston, who will set to work at once to raise her if it is still possible.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The race for the Queens cup of the Royal Yacht Squadron was sailed on Aug. 2, around the Isle of Wight, the principal interest centering in the Emperor William II., who was on board his yacht Meteor. There seems to have been a general attempt to let Meteor win, as Irena withdrew, L'Esperance grounded on the Brambles, and Corsair was nearly half an hour astern. The weather was light and fluky, and a stray breeze caught Corsair, the Payne 40-rater, near the finish, and brought her in just within her allowance.

Eugene Spear of Chicago, is building a handsome standing keel cutter yacht, 30ft. over all, 6ft. 6in. wide, and 4ft. 6in. deep, which will be launched early this month. Joseph Hansen is the builder.

On Aug. 3 both Meteor and Irene, Prince Henry's 40-rater, were defeated.

# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

4-25. A.C.A. Meet, Willsborough Pt.
27. Rochester, 4th Trophy Race,
15-20. A. C. A. Meet, race week, Irondequoit Bay. Willsborough Point.

## The Red Dragon Trophy.

Philadelphia, Aug. 8.—The second race for the R. D. C. C. trophy cup was sailed Saturday, July 30. Four boats competing. Start 3:30 P. M. Osceola, H. E. McCormick; Kieloe, T. W. Noyes; Enid, D. A. McCormick; Tadpole, R. G. Fleischmann. The wind was strong from N. W. terminating in a thunder squall. Rain drove the judges under shelter so the time was not taken at the finish. Max.

## Atlantic Division Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Division A. C. A., will be held at the A. C. A. camp, Willsborough Point, on Monday evening, Aug. 15, at 8 o'clock. Election of officers.—F. L. Dunnell, Purser, F. W. Seavey, Commodore.

## Northern Division Meet.

The report of the Northern Division meet in type for this week, has been crowded over to our next issue.

## A. C. A. Membership.

The following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Atlantic Division—Dwight G. Holbrook, Yonkers, N. Y.; L. S. Bracher, Thos. W. Bracher, C. Walter Cushier, New York city; W. Irving Hare, Brooklyn. Eastern Division—L. W. White, Charles A. Pratt, Worcester, Mass.; Wm. V. Forsaith, Boston, Mass. Northern Division—Thos. Main, Orillia; A. H. O'Brien, Toronto.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Big Shoot on the Jersey Range.

The magnificent range at Sea Girt, where all the Jersey guardsmen are put through their paces during the rifle shooting season, will be the scene of some intensely interesting matches on Sept. 5 to 10, inclusive. These grounds are on the New Jersey State Camp grounds, said by competent judges to be the finest camp grounds in the world. The plot comprises 148 acres of land, almost as level as a billiard table. The grounds are a parallelogram in shape, bordered on the north by the Beach Road, leading to the old Stockton mansion (now the Beach House); on the west is the Long Branch Railroad; on the south Squan Lake, and on the east the broad Atlantic. Situated 60 miles from New York and only 12 miles from Long Branch (8 miles from Asbury Park), the camp is not only easy of access, but those who go there to take part in the shooting can readily run up to the Park or Branch for a little relaxation in the evening.

There are ten mid-range and ten short-range targets, all of the elliptical pattern, similar to those used in the regular army. There are also two targets for 1,000yds. work. The shooting is done toward the ocean, and the light is invariably favorable.

The great attraction in September will be the second annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, the programme for which includes the Interstate, Hilton trophy and Wimbledon cup matches, formerly shot at Creedmoor.

The full programme of the meeting is given below:

No. 1. Member's Match.—Two hundred yards, open only to members of the New Jersey Rifle Association; rounds five; position, standing; weapon, any military rifle. Entrance fee $1, re-entries allowed. Prize—The member's championship gold badge, shot for annually, and held by the winner during the year. To be shot at any time during meeting. Won in 1891 by Col. A. R. Kuser.

No. 2. The Kuser Match.—Continuous, 7 shots at 500yds.; position prone, head toward target; rifle, any military; open to all comers. Entries $1 each, or three for $2, if taken at one time; re-entries allowed. Prize—A Maynard rifle with two barrels, value $85, presented by Col. A. R. Kuser. Second prize, 25 per cent. of the entrance money. Third prize, 10 per cent. of the entrance money. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores, and ties in totals to be decided by the next best score (or scores).

No. 3. All-Comers' Military Match.—Continuous. Open to everybody; distances 200 and 500yds.; position, standing at 200, prone at 500; five shots at each distance. Entrance fee $1, or three tickets for $2, if taken at one time. Rifles, the U. S. Springfield, or any military rifle adopted and issued by any State. The firing at both ranges must be done on the same day or the score will be void. Scores which would qualify members of the N. G., N. J., as marksmen will be allowed. Prizes—First, 10 per cent. of entrance money; two of 5 per cent. of entrance money; ten of 2½ per cent. of entrance money.

No. 4. The Schuetzen Match.—All comers, continuous match, distance 200yds., position standing, number of shots seven on the standard American target, with 11-inch bullseye (the bullseye including the 7 ring.) Any weight rifle with any trigger pull, palm or other rest allowed. When firing the muzzle of the rifle must be kept outside the loophole of the shelter. The allowance for military rifles will be four points on each string. Cleaning allowed between shots. The aggregate of three scores to count for all shots. All ties in aggregate will be decided in the manner prescribed in Paragraphs 651, 652, Small Arms Firing Regulations. Entries unlimited; fee $1 each ticket. Sixteen prizes, viz.: 1 of 25 per cent. of entrance money; 1 of 10 per cent. of entrance money; 4 of 5 per cent. of entrance money; 10 of 2½ per cent. of entrance money.

No. 5. New Jersey National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 6 from each regiment or battalion of the National Guard of New Jersey. (As fully provided for in circular, Department of Rifle Practice, dated Trenton, July 30, 1892.)

No. 6. Regimental Team Match.—Open to teams of six from the regimental and battalion organization of the National Guard of the following States: New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and District of Columbia. (As fully provided for in circular, Department of Rifle Practice, dated Trenton, July 30, 1892.)

No. 7, Perrine Memorial Match.—Continuous. Open to officers and enlisted men. N. G. N. J. only; 5 shots each at 200 and 500yds.; position, at 200 standing, at 500yds. prone, with head toward target; entrance fee 50 cents, re-entries unlimited. Rifles, the State arm. The firing on both ranges must be done on the same day. Scores which would qualify members of the National Guard as marksmen will be allowed. Prize, a gold medal presented by Col. Lewis Perrine, Jr., in memory of the late Quartermaster-General Lewis Perrine. Shot for annually, to be held by the winner during the year.

No. 8, Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States. Distance, 1,000yds. Thirty shots. Weapon, any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed. Position, any without artificial rest. Entrance fee $2. To be shot on Friday Sept. 9. First Prize.—The Wimbledon cup. Presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the N. R. A. of America, to be competed for on conditions to be decided upon by the National Rifle Association of America, and to be held by the winner till the next year, when it will be shot for on the same condition. Value, $560. Won in 1875 by Maj. Fulton; in 1876 by I. L. Allen; in 1877 by Dudley Selph; in 1878 by Frank Hyde; in 1879 by C. H. Laird; in 1880 by W. M. Farrow; in 1881 by F. J. Rabbeth; in 1882 by W. Budworth; in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell; in 1884, 1885 and 1886 by J. W. Todd; in 1887 by T. J. Dolan; in 1888 by W. M. Merrill, in 1889, 1890 and 1891 by C. H. Gaus.

No. 9, Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of twelve from the following: 1. The United States of America—A. The army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the three military divisions—Atlantic, Pacific and Missouri (three teams in all). B. The United States Navy (one team). The National Guard or ununiformed militia of the several States and territories, including the District of Columbia (one from each State or Territory). 2. Other countries.—England, Ireland, Scotland, and each of the provinces of Great Britain, and all other countries, one team each from the following: A. The regular army. B. The militia. C. The volunteers. D. The navy of any country. Separate teams may be sent out when the organizations are separate. The members of each team to be officers or enlisted men, and active members of the corps or organization which they represent, and to appear in the authorized uniform (full dress or fatigue) thereof. They shall be selected in such a manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities of the country or State they represent, and shall, if required, be certified to by them as being their authorized representatives. Distances, 200, 500 and 600yds. Rounds, seven at each distance. Position, standing at 200yds.; any at 500 and 600yds. Weapons, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Ammunition, any. Entrance fee, $2 each man. To be shot on Friday, Sept. 9. Prize.—A trophy, presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually at such range as the National Rifle Association of America shall select, to be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof. Value, $3,000. Also a medal to each member of the winning team: Won in 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by Division of Missouri, U. S. A., 1881 by New York, 1882 by Pennsylvania, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Division of Atlantic, U. S. A., 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889 by Massachusetts, 1890 by District of Columbia, 1891 by New York.

No. 10. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team from each State or Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or Militia of such State or Territory, including the District of Columbia, chosen in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities thereof. Each team must be provided with a certificate from the Adjutant General of the State it represents, certifying that each of its number is a regular member of their uniformed militia, in good standing, and was such on the first day of June, 1892. They shall appear in the uniform of their corps. Distances, 200 and 500yds. Position at 200yds., standing; at 500yds., prone. Weapon, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government. In cases where the State has adopted no particular model (which must be certified to by the Adjutant General), the team will be allowed to use the rifle in use by the regular army of the United States or by the uniformed militia of any other State. Rounds, ten at each distance. Entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize—

To the team making the highest aggregate score, a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon," presented by the Commander-in-Chief, on behalf of the State of New York, to be shot for annually at such range as the N. R. A. may select, and to be held during the year by the Adjutant General of the State whose team may win it. Value, $500. Also a medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1875 by New York, 1876 by Connecticut, 1877 by California, 1878 and 1879 by New York, 1880 by New Jersey, 1881 by New York, 1882 by Pennsylvania, 1883 by Michigan, 1884 and 1885 by Pennsylvania, 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889 by Massachusetts, 1890 and 1891 by New York. To be shot on Friday, Sept. 9.

Bullseye Targets.—Bullseye targets will be open all the time during the annual meeting. Tickets (entitling the holder to one shot at any bullseye target) will be sold at the office of the Financial officer, upon the range, at 10 cents each or twelve for $1. Each competitor making a bullseye will receive a bullseye ticket, provided he fires in the position authorized at that range. At the close of the firing each evening the pool receipts (less one-half retained for expenses) will be divided pro rata among those making bullseyes, on presentation of their tickets. No person will be allowed to fire more than three shots consecutively at any bullseye target, provided others are waiting to fire.

The team competitions, Nos. 5 and 6, will be of two days duration, each man to fire 10 shots at 500yds. and to make two skirmish runs of 20 shots each in each match. These runs will be from 600 to 200yds. and back, 5 halts on the advance and 5 on the retreat, with 90 seconds firing interval at each halt. A trophy will be awarded to the winning team in each match, the trophy to be held by the winner for one year.

### Revolver Championship.

THE match shoot between Dr. Bell, the first winner of the Winans trophy, and George A. Jantzer, the first challenger, was very quietly conducted at the St. Mark's Place Gallery in this city on the afternoon of Aug. 3. It was hot and sultry, and the inclosed gallery did not clear well of smoke, and the bright light upon the disk could only define the black bullseye as a gray spot, approaching a dull blur.

It was not an occasion for first-class work, and neither of the men shot up to their recorded ability. Dr. Bell had placed new sights on his revolver. The fore sight showed a square cornered face to the eye, being cut sharp off on the breech end. The rear bar had a square angled cut so that the fore-sight when centered showed a clear light all about it. Centered in this way and with the line of the rear bar tangent to the bullseye's lower cap a clear and definite sight was obtained and one which could be depended upon to be the same at each shot. The objection to the pinhead sight was the uncertainty of getting it centered on the bull's eye with each shot, particularly where the difference in the size of the two was large. When shooting with the pinhead tangent to the bull there was a like uncertainty, which Dr. Bell thinks he has obviated in the square-cut sight and slot.

Each of the shooters got off the 5in. disk, Dr. Bell five times and Mr. Jantzer four times. It was evident without shooting off the fifth round that Jantzer was a leader and this round was omitted, leaving the score stand:

| | 1st string. | 2d string. | 3d string. | 4th string. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jantzer | 8.3 | 6.1 | 8.1 | 13.05 |
| Bell | 13.6 | 7.6 | 8.5 | 10.55 |

Record.—Jantzer, **22.5in.**; Bell, **26.6in.**

The revolver offered by the Smith & Wesson Co. to the initial winner of the trophy has reached the office of FOREST AND STREAM from the Springfield factory and is subject to the order of Dr. Bell. It is as pretty a bit of workmanship as the lover of small arms would care to see. It is No. 28018 factory number, with elaborately engraved work upon the dark stock, barrel and chamber piece. It has 6½in. .44cal. barrels with ivory handle. It rests in a morocco case and may fairly be classed as a very choice output from a factory out of which a slovenly bit of work is never permitted to go.

### New Jersey Rifle Shooting.

[*Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.*]

THE much advertised shooting festival of the Allgemeine Schuetzen Bund, which took place at the Cypress Hill Shooting Park last week, has turned out a flat failure, as I predicted it would two months ago. In the first place the result was due to bad management, and another the park is too far out of the way. Had it taken place in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park the result would have been different.

Schiess Club, Sixth Battalion, Germania Schuetzen Bund, W. R. N. J., headquarters 423 Washington street, Hoboken. Friday, Aug. 5:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G Victoria | 235 | D Kruse | 226 | L Mahle | 214 |
| L Schmidt | 232 | L Neukranz | 226 | | |
| F Neuman | 239 | O Schmidt | 215 | | |

Class medal shooting will be inaugurated next month. This will no doubt prove a winning factor for the club, as something had been looked for, as the interest by the members in rifle shooting was waning.

Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J., Wednesday evening, Aug. 3.—The scores of to-night are appended below. Ten shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, possible 250:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D Miller | 248 | D Peters | 231 | R Zoch | 219 |
| F Brandt | 238 | H F Meyer | 229 | F Landolt | 218 |
| J H Kruse | 234 | J Vogel | 228 | F Vanderheyden | 217 |
| L Sohl | 233 | A Stadler | 222 | F Dunsteadt | 217 |
| F Kloepping | 233 | W Forkel | 221 | F Kammel | 212 |

Medal shooting will be resumed on the first Wednesday in October. A medal will be purchased for each of the three classes.

At the recent shoot and picnic of the Secaucus Horse Gardeners' Troop at the Union Hill Schuetzen Corps, excellent marksmanship was displayed by many of the members, and consequently high scores were in the majority. First prize was secured by Frederick Paschel, second by John Heflich, and third by Henry Engelbrecht. The affair was most successful, both socially and financially, and the committee who had the matter in charge deserve praise for their great hustling.

The Hoboken Rifle Club elected the following officers Monday evening: Captain, Wm F. Dilger; First Lieutenant, Chas. Paasch; Second Lieutenant, August Dahl; Orderly Sergeant, John Stein; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jos. Schauer, Jr.; Recording Secretary, Christy J. Kennedy; Financial Secretary, Frederick W. Kroeger; Treasurer, Henry Wirth, re-elected; First Shooting Master, J. H. Kruse; Second Shooting Master, Edward Rayot; Trustees, ex-Captain John Yeck, Chas. Paasch and August Dahl. A social session followed. The scores made in the regular weekly shoot which followed were:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Capt Dilger | 228 | John Stein | 217 | J Schneider | 212 |
| J H Kruse | 227 | A Dahl | 217 | C J Kennedy | 212 |
| C Paasch | 225 | J Schauer | 212 | E Rayot | 206 |
| F W Kroeger | 220 | | | | |

Class medal shooting will soon be a feature.

### Rensselaerwyck.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug 4.—The following scores were made to-day at Rensselaerwyck range by members of the Third Brigade Rifle Association. Shooting was at standard American target. Weather conditions were favorable for off-hand shooting, but light was not bright enough for good rest scores. There was no wind until late in the afternoon:

| | Off-Hand. | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maj C H Gaus | 10 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 10 | 7— | 87 |
| W C Gomph | 0 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 10— | 80 |
| | 10 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9— | 88 |
| | 5 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 6— | 84 |
| Chas P Frey | 7 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 6— | 77 |
| | 8 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 7— | 83 |
| *L Geiger | 7 | 5 | 3 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 10— | 64 |
| | Rest. | | | | | | | | | | |
| Maj C H Gaus | 12 | 11 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 10—109 | |
| | 11 | 9 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 10 | 9—102 | |
| | 10 | 6 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 11 | 11—106 | |
| *L Geiger | 9 | 12 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 9— | 98 |
| | 11 | 9 | 7 | 11 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 11 | 10— | 98 |

* 25-caliber.

### Garden City Rifle Team.

THE Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halstead street, Chicago. Conditions were: 25yds, 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target. Possible 300 points:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H S Burby | 275 | A Gormsen | 255 | Thos Ford | 250 |
| W J Gibbs | 267 | Mrs L Thornton | 253 | F Erickson | 249 |
| J Hosie | 262 | C A Henkle | 253 | | |
| John Polites | 257 | J C Martin | 251 | | |

After the regular shoot a sweepstake was shot for and won by Mr. H. G. Burby, making a score of 112 points out of possible 120.

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

Aug. 9-12.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament, Reading, Pa. Walter D. Eiler, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-12.—West Point Gun Club tournament, West Point, Miss.
Aug. 10-11.—Chadwick's tournament, at Marmont, Ind.
Aug. 10-11.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, at Burlington, Ia.
Aug. 10-12.—Missouri State Amateur Association tournament, at Lexington, Mo. Added purses. Address G. A. Sturges, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Lincoln Gun Club tournament, Alameda Point, Cal.
Aug. 15.—Live pigeon tournament, at Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
Aug. 16-17.—Union Gun Club tournament, at Springfield, N. J.
Aug. 17-18.—Dixie Gun Club tournament, at Pensacola, Fla.
Aug. 17-18.—Gallard Gun Club tournament, Natchez, Miss.
Aug. 18-20.—West End Gun Club tournament, at San Antonio, Texas.
Aug. 23-24.—Greensboro (N. C.) Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 23-24.—Hackettstown Gun Club tournament, at Hackettstown, N. J.
Aug. 23-26.—International tournament, Des-chre-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich. Live birds and targets.
Aug. 24-28.—California State Shooting Association tournament, Concord, Cal.
Aug. 25-26.—Rockville Gun Club tournament, at Rockville, Md.
Aug. 26-27.—Sparta Shooting Club tournament, Sparta, Ill.
Aug. 29.—Parkway Rod and Gun Club open shoot and picnic Dexter Park, Long Island.
Aug. 30-Sept. 2.—Standard-Keystone Target and Trap Co., fifth annual tournament, at New London, Conn.
August.—Niles Gun Club tournament, at Niles, Mich.
August.—Connecticut State League, at Bristol, Conn.
August.—New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League eighth monthly tournament, Harrison, N. J.
September.—Saratoga Gun Club, annual tournament, at Saratoga, N. Y.
September.—Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Denver, Col.
Sept. 5.—Frankfort Game and Fish Protective Association, first annual tournament, at Frankfort, N. Y.
Sept. 5-7.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, two days at targets, last day at mud hens.
Sept. 6-8.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Jacksonville, Ill.
Sept. 7-8.—Tiffin (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.
September (second week). — Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Auburn, N. Y.
Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Oct. 5-6.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.
Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.
May, 1893 (last week).—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, three days targets, last day live birds; $1,000 added to purses.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Denver, Col., *News*, of Aug. 1, says: "Most all of the marksmen have laid aside their killing apparatus for the heated term and adopted the more quiet but equally taking operation of fly fishing up in the cool mountains. Many of them returned last week from their outing with the usual fishy stories of large catches and big individuals. The only pair that have stuck to their breech-loaders have been Bryan Heywood and Mechling, both noted shots, and their stories of last week's sport among wild doves equalled some of the fish stories. They went out on Clear creek and in two hours bagged 131 birds. A match will be shot between the pair this week at the same targets, each man to take 100 shells and shoot alternately, the loser to pay for the supper. Charley Hampson has the fall tournament, which is to take place September 1, under the auspices of the Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association, already under way and promises to make the event successful."

* * *

People wonder at the fact of from 25 to 40 entries being high at the recent tournaments and say, "Why, a few years ago the entries ran up to double those figures." This is very true, but to-day gun clubs are numbered by the hundreds, where they were counted by the dozens (or less) in 1888. In the latter year there were held about a dozen first-class tournaments, whereas in May, alone, of 1891 there were over thirty. Nearly every club in the country takes a hand at engineering a tournament, the result being that as shooters can find plenty of sport close to their homes, very few of them do as they did four or five years ago, and swing around a circuit taking all the way from six weeks to three months. Outside of those men who represent some sporting goods, gun, ammunition or target firm, there are very few traveling shooters.

* * *

Dr William Nicholas Pindell, who died at Newark N. J. on August 3, was one of the oldest and most popular members of the Essex Gun Club and was a thoroughgoing sportsman, being passionately fond of field and water sports. Every year he would have an outing among the ducks on the Chesapeake and another with the quail in Virginia or Maryland. He had been ill for several months previous to his death, but four weeks ago he told the writer that he was rapidly coming back to his old form and hoped to enjoy some sport in the South this Fall. But the dread destroyer had set his mark on him and on the above date he passed over to the great majority, the immediate cause of his death being cancer of the stomach.

* * *

The New London (Conn.) Gun Club's grounds are taking on an active appearance. Preparations are being made for the fifth annual tournament of the Standard Keystone Company, which will be held the latter part of this month. We have assurances from all parts of the State of Connecticut, from New Jersey, Massachusetts and New York that a large number of shooters anticipate being present and predict that this will be one of the largest tournaments held this year. Programmes will be ready for distribution this week and may be had upon application to the office of this paper or to the Standard Keystone Company.

* * *

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 2.—The Clover Gun Club was organized here last evening with a membership of twenty. Seth Clover was elected president; Chas C. Rife, secretary, and R. T. Brown, treasurer. The objects of the club are to improve its members in the art of wing shooting and to do what is possible to enforce the game and fish laws in this section. We will hold weekly shoots, and in the fall will give a tournament that will attract all the noted cracks of the country. At our first shoot yesterday, at 100 Keystone targets each, Clover broke 97; Rife 89, and Blenner 88.—MALLARD.

* * *

The newly organized South End Gun Club, of Albany, elected the following officers on August 5. President, John Machwirth; Vice-President, Charles Voelker; Secretary, E. C. Rosche; Assistant-Secretary, P. J. Kresser; Treasurer, Dr. J. Pfitz; Club Captain, W. G. Parr; Electrician, Conrad Kleet; Board of Directors, R. H. Moore, G. C. Nichols, Geo. Deiseroth, John Saim, P. J. Kresser and J. Long. The club has fine grounds at Parr's Island. One of the features is a 200-yard rifle range. An opening tournament will be held shortly.

* * *

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 3.—The monthly meeting of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club was held last evening. There was considerable talk about the system of handicaps now in use by the club. It was considered by many members as very unfair in that it does not give the best shooters in the club a fair show to win in the medal shoots. It is a very favorable system for the poorer shooters and naturally they object to any change. No action was taken, but it is probable that a change will be made.

* * *

The International tournament to be held by Barnes and Gilman at Des-chre-shos-ka Island, at the mouth of the Detroit river, August 23 to 26, inclusive, is attracting attention all over the country and the chances are that almost every state will be represented. The island itself is a beautiful place for an outing and the projectors are noted as royal entertainers. Added to this the "only Jack" Parker will be major domo of the affair and this is a guarantee that things will run smoothly.

* * *

Clubs would do well not to agree to add money to purses until they have the hard cash in their possession, as subscribers to purses do not always fulfill their pledges. A Johnson City, Tenn., hotel proprietor promised to contribute $50 during the recent shoot at that place, but after the shoot he refused to pay more than $20, claiming that he could afford to give no more, on account of having "only 22 shooters" stopping at his place. The Johnson City boys are not likely to send many more boarders to the above mentioned house.

* * *

The West End Gun Club of San Antonio, Texas, published an attractive programme for the Texas Field Tournament to be held on August 18 to 20. On the first day there will be five events at Keystone targets; two at live bats and one at live pigeons. On the second day five at Keystone targets; two at live bats and and two at live pigeons. On the third day three at Keystone targets; one at live bats and two at live pigeons. The North handicap will be used in the target events.

* * *

Enoch Miller tells us that the tournament of the Union Gun Club at Springfield, N. J., will be held on August 16 and 17, instead of on the 17 and 18 as previously announced. On the 16th there will be five 10-target events, $1 entry; four 15-target events, $1 50 entry; and one 20-target event, $2 entry. On the second day the events in order will be at 5, 8 and 10 live birds and a miss-and-out. Shooting from 9 a. m. each day.

* * *

The Perth Amboy (N. J.) Gun Club recently had a Rhode Island clambake, and in the evening they made a fire of the boxes and barrels, in which their stores had been packed. Some one imagined that a big fire had broken out and gave an alarm, which called out the entire Fire Department. Now the Mayor and Chief Engineer are trying to find out whether the sounding of the alarm was a mistake or a practical joke.

* * *

The Harbor City Gun Club of Michigan City, Ind., was reorganized and elected the following officers. President, Fred. S. Whipple; Vice-President, M. H. Christner; Treasurer, C. W. Cole; Secretary, A. E. Thornton; Field Captain, Roman Eichstaedt. Several new members have been admitted and the club's prospects never were brighter.

* * *

The Belvedere Gun Club recently organized in Washington, Pa., is officered as follows: Capt. Robert L. Tidball, Messrs. F. B. Roberts, James Crall, B. W. Haywood, S. R. Riggle, C. A. Mansell, Chas. O. Smith, Wm. Smith, Harry Messenger and F. O. Lever. The club will shoot under the American League rules. The paraphernalia has been secured, and club practice begun.

* * *

A pigeon shooting match will take place at Girardville, Pa., August 13, between H. W. Foy and John L. Lavelle against George Griffith and P. C. Foy for $100 a side and four barrels of beer. Much interest is being manifested, as some of the gentlemen have acquired local fame as marksmen.

* * *

Some lively work will be seen on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark, N. J., the coming season, judging from the "match talk" indulged in by the live bird experts of Newark and vicinity. Very little shooting has been done there this summer, owing to the scarcity of pigeons, but after October 1st the sport will receive a big boom.

* * *

At Morristown, last Wednesdy, after Riggott shot his twenty-second bird the gatherer went after it, but just as he approached the bird a fine orange and white setter belonging to one of the spectators rushed out and picked up the bird with which it trotted back in triumph.

* * *

The monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Club will be held on the Marion grounds on Thursday next. In the club prize contest, each member shoots at ten live birds under the club handicap rules.

* * *

Enoch Miller promises a big time at the Union Gun Club tournament at Springfield, N. J., on August 17 and 18. The first day will be devoted to smashing Keystones, while live birds will be used on the second day. Stages will meet all trains at the Millburn depot.

* * *

The Hackettstown (N. J.) Gun Club tournament on August 23 and 24 will draw a big party of shooters. "Long Jim" Smith will be major domo, and that is equivalent to saying that everybody will have a jolly time. Targets only.

* * *

The employees of Uncle Sam in the Kansas City Post Office have organized a gun club. At a recent shoot for the club medal, F. B. Nofsinger, Jr., superintendent of the registry department, was the winner, breaking 24 out of 25 targets.

* * *

The following scores were made at the shoot of the Fond du Lac (Wis.) Gun Club on July 30, at 25 blue rock targets per man. M. M. Anderson 17; L. H. McLain 17; Fred. Hubbell 17; A. R. Keating 15; M. S. Trevelen 12.

* * *

At the shoot of the Bradford (Pa.) Gun Club on August 1, at 50 targets each, N. Wells broke 41, J. D. Ormsby 40, J. W. Vantine 32, L. E. Mallory 32, G. E. Benninghoff 31 and Ernest Koester 30.

* * *

The West Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., will give a big reception to the members of the Trapshooters' League during the shoot on Monday and Tuesday next.

* * *

Lieut-Col. R. Heber Breintnall, the well-known Newark sportsman and trap shot, will spend the latter part of August and a part of September in the Yellowstone Park region.

* * *

Harry Thurman is making big preparations for his target and mud-hen tournament to be held at Atlantic City, September 5 to 7.

* * *

It is to be hoped that at the next shoot of the New Jersey Trap League, the East Orange Gun Club will provide carbon copies of all scores for the sporting press.

* * *

Enoch Miller expects to take a team of "world beaters" from New Jersey to New London this month.

* * *

Dave Davis of Scranton, Pa., and James Jones of Sibley, will shoot a find, trap and handle match at 21 birds each for $100 a side at Sibley on August 16.

* * *

The Pekin (Ill.) Gun Club have paid $1,400 for thirty-one acres of land opposite the town, and will fit it up as a first-class shooting and base-ball ground.

* * *

The Atlantic (Iowa) Gun Club will hold a live bird and target shoot on September 1.

* * *

A big shoot is announced to take place at Tiffin, Ohio, on September 7 and 8, under the auspices of the Tiffin Gun Club.

* * *

The West End Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Iowa, will hold an amateur tournament on October 5 and 6.

* * *

J. L. Brewer and Dr. Carver are to shoot a match at 100 live birds at Atlantic City, on Saturday. The match is said to be for $1,000 a side.

* * *

The Kirtland Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., will shoot for the Cuyahago County cup on the third Monday of each month.

* * *

A live bird shoot will be held at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., next Monday and a good lot of birds are guaranteed.

* * *

The Rockville (Md.) Gun Club should make a big go of its tournament with Billy Wagner at the helm.

* * *

A gun club for sport and enforcement of the game laws has been organized at Randolph, Neb.

* * *

All the cracks in Jersey will attend the New London tournament.

* * *

Bradford, Pa., is to have a tournament next month.

* * *

Morganton, N. C. has a new gun club with eighteen members.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Riggott is Jersey's Champion.

SEVERAL weeks ago, in an announcement of a live-bird match to be shot between Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., and Wm. Tell Mitchell, of Lynch Station, Va., the title of "champion of New Jersey" was tacked on to Class's name. While Class had never contested in an out-and-out State championship match, he had nevertheless succeeded in defeating all the Jerseymen against whom he had contested, hence the title of champion had been conferred upon him by the newspapers, and until recently no exception had been taken thereto. He had repeatedly offered to shoot matches against not only any man in New Jersey but in the entire country as well, but his challenge went begging.

After the match above mentioned, his claim to the title was questioned by that well-known sportsman and boniface, John Riggott, of Rockaway, who challenged Class to a match at 100 live birds each, for $250 a side. The challenge was promptly accepted by Class and his backers, and Wednesday, Aug. 3, was decided upon as the date, and Frank Class's new shooting grounds, on the Morristown Driving Park, as the place.

The principals are too well known to need any lengthy licographi cal here. John Riggott with his rotund form and 230 odd pounds of avoirdupois is noted as one of the "squarest" and most nervy shooters in the State, and a man who will invariably "shoot to win" regardless of the "lay of the land" in the vicinity of a pool seller. While he is frequently seen on a shooting ground when sweepstakes are in order he has not been much heard of of late years in connection with match shooting. A couple of years ago he and Frank Class shot a match against two well known Philadelphia amateurs (?), the Quaker City contingent being the victors. Each man shot at 50 live birds, Riggott grassing 43 and having by far the hardest lot of birds. Last season he shot two matches at 100 birds each against L. H. Davenport and won them both. Living in a locality where game is very plentiful and being passionately fond of sports afield he never loses an opportunity to follow his dogs, and is able to make things interesting for those who attempt to outwalk or outbag him in the course of a day. This work, added to regular habits of life and constant inhaling of country air, has given him an iron constitution and a nerve which cannot be shaken by trifles.

Frank Class, his opponent, is at this time one of the best live-bird shots in America, and has made a phenomenal record during this and last season, his average being 93 6-10 for 750 birds shot at in consecutive matches, six being at 100 birds each, two at 50 and two at 25 birds each. This is a record of which any man could well feel proud. As a "finisher" Class is a very dangerous man, his nerve seeming to become hardened down as he passes the half-mark in a match. Both men are quiet and unassuming during the match, having little or nothing to say from start to finish, even to their handlers.

It was 2:45 when the match was called, and at that time fully 500 people were on the grounds, nearly every part of the State being represented. Among the spectators were noticed Chas. H. Raymond, of Morris Plains, who imported the first Laverack setters ever seen in this country; Robert S. McCracken, Court McCracken, W. B. Campbell, Theodore Young, J. L. Keggan and "Big" James L. Smith, all of Hackettstown; Fred Class, of Pine Brook; Harry E. Smith, Wm. S. Canon, the one-armed expert, Samuel Castle and Jas. E. Wheaton, of the Newark Gun Club; Harry Piper, Class's backer and a well-known hotel keeper of Morristown; Frank Piper, also of Morristown; Milton F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, the well-known wood powder expert; Al Heritage ("Old South Paw"), of Jersey City; Jas. Cavanaugh, of Madison, who was once considered the best live-bird shot in the State; "Uncle Jack" Harrison, of Milburn, an old-time field and trap-shot; A. Sickley, of the Union Gun Club of Springfield; Dr. P. J. Zeglio, the well-known Warrenville M.D., and his brother Joe, who is developing into a crack target smasher; Neaf Apgar, the popular representative of Henry C. Squires.

The weather was delightful. The sun shone brightly and warm, but there was just a suspicion of a breeze, which made the heat endurable. The grounds are very pleasantly situated about a mile and a half from the depot. On three sides are dense woods, over the tops of which can be seen the mountain ranges. The shooting is done on the baseball diamond immediately in front of the big grand stand. The birds were furnished by Al. Heritage and as a lot but little can be said in their favor. Some few were good flyers, some were fair, and there the story must end so far as their quality is concerned. Even at this season it would seem as though, for an event of such importance as this, better birds could be procured.

Dr. P. J. Zeglio, of Warrenville, was chosen as referee and Frank Mason as official scorer. Neaf Apgar, who has entirely recovered from his recent illness, was trap-puller. James L. Smith looked after Riggott, while Class's interests were looked after by his backer, Harry Piper. The press representatives were provided with seats and a table immediately in rear of the score. The match was governed by Hurlingham rules, both men standing at the 30yd. mark.

Class went first to the score getting a rather slow right-quarterer from No. 3 trap, which he grassed with his second barrel. Riggott's opener was a right-quarterer from No. 5 trap, which he killed with his first. The first miss was by Class on his eighth round, when he allowed a rather slow left-quartering driver to get away by using a slow second; he lost his tenth, a right-circler, for the same reason, and his twenty-fifth, an ugly zigzagger, dodged both barrels. Riggott had hard work with his fourteenth bird, a straight driver, and his fifteenth, a circler, both of which fell dead within 2yds. of the boundary. Score of the first quarter, 23 for Riggott to 22 for Class, with rising odds on Riggott.

On the second quarter Riggott made a clean run. Class's twenty-second bird was one of the very good ones which was able to carry a double allowance of shot to the rear boundary, over which it toppled, stone dead. Score 48 for Riggott and 45 for Class with wagers of five to three on Riggott and a few takers.

On the third quarter Riggott made a miscalculation on his eleventh round and allowed a slow circler to get away, this being his only miss. Class killed twenty-four and slipped up on the next, a fairly fast left-quartering driver. Riggott 72 and Class 70 killed with Riggott still the favorite.

On the final quarter Class made a run of seventeen and his next, a passable right-quarterer, fell dead over the boundary. Riggott made a goose-egg on his fifth, a slow driver, and on his twenty-second, a medium-paced ditto, missing the latter clear and clean. At this stage of the game the score stood 92 for Riggott and 91 for Class and the friends of both men began to throw out money at a lively rate. Speculation was rife as to the outcome and everybody began to stand on tip-toes as the men took their turn at the score. Class kills, Riggott does likewise. Again Class sends a third to grass and his merry opponent follows suit. Now the Morristown man goes to the score for his last trial, gets a hoverer, grasses it with his first and falls back with the consciousness of having given his opponent 9¼ to beat. As Riggott steps leisurely to the score and takes a long breath a hundred people are asking, "Will he flunk?" "Has he the nerve to kill this bird and win?" "Well, I guess he has the nerve," says one of the Rockaway man's supporters, "or at any rate I'll risk any part of a hundred on his killing."

Up goes the gun to the shoulder for a "sight," down comes the butt below the armpit and "pull" follows instantly. Over goes No. 2 trap, out start a left-quartering incomer and as the butt is pulled against the shoulder two reports follow in quick succession, the bird gives up the ghost and the State championship along with the more substantial $250 belong to John Riggott.

And what a shout went up from the supporters of the victor; a shout that made the welkin ring and tingle the ears, and well did the modest Rockaway boniface deserve all the applause he received. To face a man of Class' acknowledged skill and nerve, to have to kill the last bird to win, when your opponent has 94 kills to his credit requires an iron nerve and this Riggott showed that he possessed.

Class too came in for his share of credit for the splendid run he made, killing 72 out of his last 75 birds. His fight was a game one, the race being lost on the first quarter. During the first half of the race he seemed to be slightly off-form, his second being much slower than is usual with him. Later on he came down closer to form, but it was then too late to save the race.

Riggott's nerve is shown by the following occurrence which to a man of ordinary nerve would have meant sure defeat. Early on the morning of the day of the match a colt attached to a buggy balked in front of Mr. Riggott's hotel, in Rockaway. In the carriage was a lady who was naturally frightened. Mr. Riggott asked the lady's escort if he thought the colt would move by being taken by the bridle, and being answered in the affirmative he talked soothingly to the animal, seized the bridle and attempted to get him to move. The first pull on the bridle being ineffectual he gave another, when the colt suddenly reared, one of his hoofs badly bruising the back of Mr. Riggott's right hand. He then brought the colt to its feet, but no sooner did it settle than up it went again, this time giving Mr. Riggott a grazing blow on the side of the head. He also lost his footing, and as the animal landed a second time it threw him to the ground. For safety he retained his hold on the bridle, but before he could recover his footing had received another glancing blow on the head and an ugly kick in the ribs. He was helped into the house and his injuries attended to, but all the persuasions of his family and friends could not dissuade him from going to Morristown to shoot the match. After Mr. Riggott had been so roughly treated by the horse the driver told a bystander that "the animal always had a mortal antipathy to strangers and would never allow one to handle him."

And yet this same man allowed "a stranger" to risk his life with the horse. I regret very much my inability to give the name of this driver. To undergo the above experience and afterward shoot such a race as that at Morristown proves conclusively the stamina of John Riggott. During the earlier part of the race when Class lost two birds, some of Riggott's admirers began to cheer and shout, but they were very promptly checked by Riggott himself, who told them very plainly that he wanted "fair play and no favors." After this the applause was confined to good shots.

Below is the full score of the match, the use of FOREST AND STREAM'S copyrighted "trap score type," enabling us to give the full history of the shoot in this succinct form. The first line shows the trap from which the bird was sprung, the second line shows the direction of flight taken from and the third line shows whether the bird was killed with the first or second barrel, missed or fell dead out of bounds. T denotes a towerer; H a hoverer or bird killed close to the trap; and ○ a dead out of bounds.

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

```
                3 2 2 5 3 2 2 3 4 2 2 4 3 1 1 2 2 4 5 4 1 4 1 1 2
                →→↙←↑→↑→↖↖→↗↘↙←←←↖↗←↖↖↘↗↖←↘↗
J F Class.....2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 0—22

                1 2 3 5 5 5 2 4 5 1 5 1 4 5 5 5 4 2 1 4 3 4 5 4 1 2
                →→↑↘←→H↑→↗↗→↑↗H↗↙→↘←→↗
                1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 ○ 1 1 1—24

                2 4 4 3 5 4 5 1 3 5 5 4 3 3 5 4 2 3 2 2 4 1 2 5 4
                T←←H↗HT↖↗→↗↑↘↑→↖↖H←↗→→↑↖↖
                1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 ○ 1 0—24

                4 4 5 2 4 4 1 3 3 1 4 3 4 5 4 5 3 4 2 5 1 1 5 3 3
                H↑→→↑→→↗H↗↓↗↗H→H↓→↖H→H↖↙H
                1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 ○ 2 1 1 2 2 1 1—24—94
```



JOHN RIGGOTT.

Rockaway, New Jersey.

```
                5 5 3 3 5 2 3 1 4 4 1 3 5 5 1 2 3 2 2 4 3 5 2 2 4
                →↙↗↓↙↓↗↗←↖↘↓↑↘↑→↖↘↗→←↖←
J Riggott.....1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 ○ ○ 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2—23

                4 5 3 5 4 2 2 5 2 1 5 1 1 4 4 2 2 1 2 4 4 1 2 2 2
                →↙→↙→↖←↗↗↖→↗↗H→↙→H←→↗←←↖↗
                2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2—25

                2 1 5 5 4 5 2 3 5 1 2 4 5 4 4 2 5 5 4 5 1 3 2 3 5
                →↑←→↗↖↖→↗↗→↓↗↑↖→↗↘→↖↗↗↗←
                2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1—24

                2 2 1 4 2 2 3 2 5 4 4 4 1 3 5 3 3 1 1 2 3 2 2 3 1
                ↖←←↖↖→↖H↘↗H→↗H↖↗→←←↘←↑↘↙
                2 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 2—23—95
```

The match started at 2:46; at 3:26 each man had shot at 25 birds; the first half of the race ended at 4:02; 75 each had been shot at at 4:38 and the last shot was fired at 5:10. Class used Schultze and Riggott used American wood powder. C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Nitro Powders.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Several months ago I began a series of experiments with nitro powders, and due notice was given in FOREST AND STREAM, owing to which I received many letters of inquiries in regard to my experimental work. My object has been to obtain a nitro load for inanimate target shooting that I could do as good work with as I could with my black-powder load. For the past three years I have had a desire to shoot nitro powders, but I must say that I have given it up as a bad job many times, for I could not make as good scores with my shells loaded with nitro powders as I could with my regular black-powder load, which for the past two years has been 3drs. F. F. F. G. powder and 1⅛oz. No. 8 shot. Such a load in my 12-gauge, 7¼lb. gun has given me entire satisfaction. At the commencement of my experimental work with nitro powders it was my object to obtain a nitro load that I could do as good work as with 3drs. of black powder. And to give a full report of my experiments with nitro powders would occupy too much space in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, so I will cut the story short by saying that I have established a load that I consider the best I have ever used.

I use 2½drs. (measure), or 36grs. weight, of American "E. C." powder, loaded in U. M. C. smokeless shells, two No. 11 and one No. 12 black-edge wads over powder, and 1⅛oz. No. 8 chilled shot, with thin top-shot wad and a square crimp. On July 4, at a public tournament, I broke 97 out of 100 single Keystone targets, with a run of 73 broken without a miss. My reasons for being strongly in favor of "E. C." is that it has a hard grain and does not pack down in the shells, and can be loaded with as little care as black powder. "E. C." has another very desirable feature; with its hard grains it does not clog in running through a loading machine. In regard to wads for nitro powders, it is my opinion that thick cardboard wads should not be used, as a perfect gas-check can be obtained with 3 black-edge wads. When using "E. C.," "S. S." or Schultze powder in Club, Climax, Rival or other cheap shells in my opinion it is absolutely necessary to prime with fine black powder to overcome a perceptible hang-fire. Therefore I strongly advise the use of U. M. C. smokeless shells with all nitro powders. C. H. BURDIDGE.

HARTFORD, Conn.

## Nitro Measurement.

THE Union Metallic Cartridge Co. has decided to measure its charges of nitro powders in factory loaded shells by grains weight instead of by drams (bulk measurement). The company has prepared the following table of the comparative measurement of the principal nitro powders:

| | Schultze. | S. S. | E. C |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2½ drs. bulk measure equals | 36 grs. | 34 | 37 |
| 2¾ drs. bulk measure equals | 38 grs. | 36 | 40 |
| 3 drs. bulk measure equals | 42 grs. | 38 | 44 |
| 3¼ drs. bulk measure equals | 45 grs. | 40 | 47 |
| 3½ drs. bulk measure equals | 48 grs. | 43 | 50 |
| 3¾ drs. bulk measure equals | 51 grs. | 46 | 53 |

1lb. = 256drs. = 7,000 grains.

## Shooting at Fond du Lac.

FOND DU LAC Wis., Aug 6.—Inclosed find scores of our shoot today. This is only our third shoot, and as all except two are new men we think we are doing well. Twenty-five single bluerocks, expert traps: M. M. Anderson 20, Lant Lewis 21, S. B. Amory 18, Wm. Hamilton 11, L. F. McLain 20, Fred Hurlbut 17, A. R. Keating 17, Fred Hurlbut 17, A. R. Keating 17, Fred Hunt (visitor) 16.

## Shooting at Acton's Park.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 2.—The Standard Gun Club began a two days' shooting tournament at Acton's Park to-day. Notwithstanding the rainy weather the attendance was large and the shooting close and interesting. The entire day's programme, consisting of 11 events, was finished. The results:

First event, 10 singles, $1 50 entrance: Rice 8, Bonday 6, Clements 8, Bond 8, Willey 9, Buckbee 4, Hunt 6, Damm 9, Lupus 7, Ducker 9.

Second event, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Experts—Willey 8, Damm 6, Ducker 6. Amateurs—Bond 7, Bonday 9, Clements 5, Duvall 8, Hunt 6, Buckbee 7, Rice 8, Jersey 7.

Third event, 15 singles, $1 50 entrance: Experts—Duvall 12, Bonday 13. Amateurs—Bond 10, Ducker 10, Willey 11, Hunt 12, Damm 13, Jory 8, Buckbee 8 Rice 10, Hunter 8.

Fourth event, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance: Experts—Bond 13, Damm 11. Amateurs—Ducker 10, Willey 8, Duvall 13, Bond 13, Hunter 14, Hunt 14, Clements 8, Rice 11.

Fifth event, 20 singles, $2 entrance: Experts—Bonday 16, Duvall 15, Bond 17, Hunt 14. Amateurs—Willey 8, Damm 18. Ducker 17.

Sixth event, 10 singles, merchandise prizes, entrance 80 cents: Buckbee 8, Hunter 9, Dyson 6, Hunt 4, Jory 4, Rice 6, Damm 8, Bond, Jr. 9, Willey 7, Ducker 7, Lupus 5, Duvall 8, Bond, Sr. 5, Bonday 10, Franklin 8, Clements 8, Dankmyer 8.

Seventh event, 20 singles, $2 entrance: Experts—Bond 14, Ducker 14, Damm 14, Hunter 14. Amateurs—Franklin 15, Hunt 17, Duvall 16, Bonday 18, Willey 14, Dankmyer 17.

Eighth event, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance: Experts—Bonday 11, Hunt 11. Amateurs—Franklin 13, Bond 14, Duvall 11, Damm 9.

Ninth event, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance: Experts—Franklin 12, Bond 11. Amateurs—Willey 11. Bonday 14, Ducker 12, Hunter 9, Duvall 11, Hunt 14, Jory 10, Malone 10, Damm 11, Clements 10, Rice 7.

Tenth event, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Experts—Hunt 7, Bonday 7. Amateurs—Willey 7, Bond, Jr. 9, Duvall 9, Damm 8, Franklin 9, Bond, Sr. 5, Malone 8.

Eleventh event, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Experts—Duvall 8, Franklin 9, Bond 8, Ducker 9. Amateurs—Willey 7, Hunt 9, Bonday 8, Buckbee 5, Clements 8, Rice 6, Malone 7, Jory 6, Damm 7, Hart 5.

*Aug. 3.*—Not more than 25 members of the Standard Gun Club were present at the second day's tournament at Acton's Park today. There were but few spectators in attendance. The weather was fine, however, and the members of the club made a very good showing in the various contests. But nine events on the programme were shot. Following are the results:

First event, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Smith 7, Buckbee 7, Franklin 8, Ducker 9, Hunt 10, Damm 8, Hansen 5, Bonday 7, Malone 8.

Second event, 10 singles, $1 entrance, $10 guaranteed to the winner: Ducker 10, Hunt 10, Malone 6, Bonday 8, Damm 8, Buckbee 5 Lupus 8.

Third event, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance; Ducker 13, Hunt 10, Bonday 15. Franklin 10, Duvall 14, King 9.

Fourth event, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance fee, $15 guaranteed to the winner: Bonday 10, Ducker 14, Duvall 13, Damm 13, Hunt 13, Montgomery 4, Franklin 15, Smith 11, Clements 11, Malone 10.

Fifth event, 10 singles, $1.50 entrance: Franklin 9, Duvall 8, Hunt 9, Ducker 9, Damm 8, Bonday 9, Smith 9.

Sixth event, ¼ keg wood powder to first, 2 bags chilled shot to second and 2 bags chilled shot to third, 10 singles, 80c. entrance: Franklin 9, Hunt 9, Montgomery 6, Ducker 10, Duvall 10, Damm 9, Bonday 8, Stoor 4, Buckbee 7, Smith 8, Clements 14, Malone 5.

Seventh event, 20 singles, $2 entrance and $20 guaranteed to winner: Bonday 16, Smith 20, Ducker 17, Franklin 18, Hunt 18, Huks 17, Duvall 19, Damm 17, Clements 14, Buckbee 15.

Eighth event, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance: Ducker 13, Hunt 12, Damm 13, Huks 13, Duvall 14, Smith 11, Dankmyer 11, Franklin 14, Jory 19, Bonday 13, Lupus 10, Buckbee 11, Clements 12.

Ninth event, 10 singles, $15 guarantee to winner: Bonday 9, Damm 7, Ducker 9, Duvall 9, Franklin 9, Montgomery 8, Hunt 10, Jory 14, Dankmyer 6, Smith 9, Malone 8, Lupus 7, Buckbee 9, Clements 5. A rubber coat offered as a prize for the best shot was won by Bonday.

## At the Hollywood Trap.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 1.—The shooting contingent, operators and spectators were out in force to-day about the Hollywood trap. The principal match was between Fred Hoey and Captain Money. The conditions were 100 birds each, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. The stakes were put at the nominal figure of $100, but several thousand really hung in the balance until the last bird was dropped. Mr. Hoey has not been in his usual form this summer, and the odds were slightly in favor of Captain Money, $100 to $90 being offered and taken over and over again.

Both started off in good shape, the birds proving a lively lot of genuine bluerocks. Each led by two birds alternately through the match and four times the shooters were tied. Captain Money missed his 89th bird, which left Hoey a lead of one, but Hoey missed his 90th bird and the tie was re established, both then killing the rest and finishing with 91 killed and 9 missed each. The excitement was so intense that not a word was spoken on the grounds during the last ten birds except "Are you ready? Pull!" A similar match will probably be made as a shoot off.

Immediately afterward the third match between Dr. Wilson of New York, and Clarence Dolan, of Philadelphia, was begun at 100 birds, 30yds. rise, for $500 a side. The first match was a tie at 75, the second match was won by Dr. Wilson, 86 to 85, and to-day's match was supposed to settle the supremacy of one or the other of the shooters. Dr. Wilson was in great form, and steadily made and kept his lead of two birds, winning handily, with a score of 90 killed and 10 missed to Dolan's 88 killed and 12 missed.

Dr. Wilson gave a big dinner at Hollywood last night to celebrate his well-earned victory, as he is a much older man than Dolan, and is obliged to shoot with very strong spectacles on his nose.

*Aug. 3.*—There was the usual Wednesday crowd about the pigeon traps at Hollywood to-day, when a number of sweeps were shot. The Hollywood grounds have proved a great boon to pigeon cracks, as they are the only ones in vogue during the summer, and enable them to keep their hands in all the year round.

Some idea may be gained of the popularity of this sport from the fact that bills for pigeons alone last week aggregated $800.

The first sweep, 5 birds, handicap rise, with allowances, $5 entrance, brought out Fred Hoey, D. C. Johnson, Yale Dolan, V. Wilson, C. W. Dolan, P. Hazard and E. G. Murphy. V. Wilson and C. W. Dolan divided.

The second sweep, same conditions, same entries, was divided by Dolan and Hazard. The third event, $15 entrance, same conditions, was divided by Fred Hoey and Yale Dolan with scores of 11 straight. The next event, similar conditions, was divided again by Fred Hoey and Yale Dolan with 14 straight.

Final event, $25, sweep, was divided by C. W. Dolan and P. Hazard with 15 straight each.

## The Union Gun Club.

THE eighth monthly shoot of the Union Gun Club was held at Springfield, N. J., on Aug. 5, the weather conditions being fine and the attendance fair.

In the club medal contest at 25 targets per man the scores were; Class A—Wm. Sigler 24, R. H. Breintnall 23, E. D. Miller 21. Class B—C. Drake 23, Jos. Byran 21. C. Smith 21; Smith winning second on shoot-off. R. Williams, A. Sickley and Geo. Pudney tied for third in Class B Pudney wianing on the shoot-off.

Sweepstakes, 10 Keystones per man, $1 entry, two moneys:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| W Smith | 9 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 9 |
| Drake | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 0 | 8 | 6 |
| Sigler | 9 | 10 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Breintnall | 9 | 5 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| C Smith | 7 | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Miller | 8 | 10 | 9 | 8 | .. | 8 | 10 |
| Sickley | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Williams | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |

No. 8 was at 5 pairs.

## Bluerocks at Pine Brook.

ON July 27 the following scores were made at Pine Brook, N. J., in a match at 25 bluerocks each for $5 a side between Miss Jennie Smith and Frank Piper, the latter a recent addition to the trap shooting ranks:

Frank Piper .....1000110101010010101010110—12
Miss Smith.....1011110111101111111111110—20

On the following day the same parties shot a match at 50 bluerocks each on Frank Class's new grounds in Morristown, J. E. Wheaton also entering the lists. The entry was $10 each. The scores:

James Wheaton.0000110100111001110001000000001100110010011001101—21
Miss Smith.....1101110101011101101011111111111111011111111101111101—40
Frank Piper.....1101110110000111111010110101101101011111101111—35

### Bergen vs. Passaic.

THE members of the Passaic City Gun Club went from Passaic to Cherry Hill, N. J., on July 30 to try conclusions with the Bergen Gun Club in a contest between teams of ten men each, at 25 targets per man. The home boys had their shooting clothes on as the following scores will show:

Bergen Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Van Riper | 0001110110110111110111101—17 |
| Taylor | 1111111111111111111101001—23 |
| Friedman | 1101111011111110111111010—20 |
| Chaffee | 1111111100111110011111111—21 |
| Blackledge | 0011110101111111011101111—17 |
| Klees | 0100110110111000000100111—14 |
| Post | 1011111111110101111111111—22 |
| Jersey | 1100110101111101010101101—18 |
| Ely | 1110110111111111111111110—22 |
| K Chaffee | 1111111101100001111111011—19—193 |

Passaic Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Coman | 1111001111011001101011011—16 |
| Shaw | 1111010111110010001111100—16 |
| Beatty | 1001101100101110111011101—16 |
| Gaston | 1100110001001101100101011—13 |
| Hall | 0111010000111111111011010—16 |
| Wise | 1111100111111001111111111 - 21 |
| Kevitt | 1111010101110110001101010—15 |
| Lemone | 1101100101011111100111101—17 |
| Jelleme | 1100110111010111010011111—19 |
| Abbott | 1110101011010011111011111—19—168 |

The following sweepstakes were also shot. Nos. 1 and 2 being at at 10 targets per man, and No. 3 at 15 targets:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Post | 5 | 8 | 13 | Rabitt | 7 | .. | .. |
| Wise | 5 | 7 | 9 | Chaffee | 9 | 7 | 12 |
| Van Riper | 7 | 8 | 11 | Friedman | 8 | .. | .. |
| Abbett | 7 | 9 | 12 | Boess | 5 | 5 | 10 |
| Hall | 4 | 9 | 11 | Eling | 9 | .. | 10 |
| Klees | 7 | 6 | 13 | Taylor | 7 | .. | .. |
| Shaw | 6 | 5 | 10 | Gaston | 6 | .. | 7 |
| Coeman | 9 | .. | 7 | Rower | 7 | .. | .. |
| Lenone | 7 | 8 | 10 | Read | .. | 5 | .. |
| Jelleme | 6 | 8 | 9 | Kevitt | .. | .. | 5 |
| Blackledge | 5 | 8 | 12 | Breatly | .. | .. | 12 |

### Shooting at Pearl River.

THE Excelsior Gun Club had a very pleasant time at its last shoot, although the hot weather made a perceptible difference in the attendance. There were twelve contests on the list, three of these being at live birds. The scores in these were as appended: Nos. 1 and 2 being at 10 birds, $4 entry, and No. 3 being a $1 miss-and-out:

| | No. 1 | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Keittle | 0222002101—6 | 0020212212—7 | 0 |
| Shortemeier | 0111110211—8 | 2101o21022—7 | ..... |
| Allen | 02o2211222—8 | 2202010000—4 | ..... |
| Jones | 1021111221—9 | 0010100201—4 | ..... |
| Moore | 2012112112—9 | 1121211111—10 | 1111120 |
| Richmond | 1101121112—9 | 1012121112—9 | 2221111 |
| Simpson | 1110201221—8 | 0o22022020—5 | 120 |
| Baker | 0o1o11o212—6 | 1o1o211111— 8 | ..... |
| Lindsley | ..... | ..... | 20 |
| Wanda | ..... | ..... | 2120 |

In the target events the conditions in No. 1 were 10 targets, $1 entry; Nos. 2, 3 and 9, 15 targets, $1.50 entry; No. 4, 25 targets, $2.50 entry; Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8, 20 targets, $2 entry:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bogart | 8 | 13 | 10 | 17 | 14 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Jones | 7 | 11 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Richmond | 9 | 14 | 14 | 23 | 14 | 14 | 16 | 20 | 12 |
| Moore | 7 | 11 | 12 | 22 | 19 | 17 | 17 | 19 | 14 |
| Shortemeier | 8 | 13 | 13 | 22 | 20 | 16 | 12 | .. | .. |
| Allen | 6 | 9 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Simpson | 10 | 13 | 10 | 22 | 18 | 18 | 17 | 17 | 13 |
| Baker | 9 | 6 | .. | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 |
| Kettle | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 19 | 16 | 16 | 4 | 8 |
| Lindsley | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20 | 15 | .. | .. | .. |

No. 4, 25 targets:

| | |
|---|---|
| Simpson | 1111111111111011110111011—22 |
| Kettle | 1011111111100101011111119 |
| Lindsley | 1111011101101101111011111—20 |
| Richmond | 1111111101101011111111—22 |
| Moore | 1111111111011110111101111—22 |
| Rogart | 1110010011100001111111101—17 |
| Shorty | 1111010111111111111111110—22 |
| Baker | 1100111111111101101101010—19 |
| Allen | 0011030101100011100100100l—11 |

### The Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 4.—Enclosed please find scores of last three shoots of the Auburn Gun Club, at 20 singles per man for club medals, July 6:

Class A.

| | |
|---|---|
| Brinkerh | 11111111111111011111—19 Carr.....0111011100011101111—14 |
| Whyte | 1111111091111111001—16 *Stewart..0001110111001111003—11 |
| Tuttle | 0011100111111111111—16 |

Class B.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sinclair | 1011116111001010000l—12 Brister....0111100130100000101— 9 |

Class C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Kerr | 1011010101111111110—15 *Goodrich1100000111001111100—11 |
| Tripp | 1010010100111001101—11 Barnes....1100100001010111100—10 |

*Handicapped 3yds.

*July 29.*—Class A: Whyte 15, *Brinkerhoff 15. Tuttle 25, Carr 14, Stewart 11. On the tie Whyte broke 9, and won.

Class B: Nelles 9, Steele 8, Garrett 7, *Sinclair 6.

Class C: *Kerr 12, Goodrich 12, Barnes 9, White 8, Tripp 7. Kerr won the tie with 5 out of 10.

* Handicapped 2yds.

*Aug. 3.*—Class A.

| | |
|---|---|
| Tuttle | 1101111111110110100l1—16 Carr.....1101000111001001l010— 9 |
| Stewart | 1011011001100101111l—13 |

Class B.

| | |
|---|---|
| Church | 0110101111011010000l0—11 Brister....0100000100101100l011— 8 |

Class C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Goodrich | 1111111111101111110—18 Tripp.....0000100001111110010— 9 |
| White | 0101101110110011001l—11 Hurlbut...0100101001100010001— 8 |
| *Kerr | 1101110111000001000l—10 |

* Handicapped 3yds.

### Shooting at Jersey City.

BELOW are the scores made at the monthly shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club at Jersey City on Aug. 6, each man shooting at 25 bluerock targets, from 5 traps, 16yds. rise:

| | |
|---|---|
| C Mc Peek | 1011011110101110010010111—16 |
| J Mehl | 0110111110 0110101101111—18 |
| E Collins | 0101111100111111111111—21 |
| Fry | 0101100111010111000010011—13 |
| J McPeek | 1111010011010010000011111—13 |
| Polhamus | 0010 0000010001010000100— 6 |
| A Lawrence | 0000011010000000000110— 5 |
| Straders | 1110101111010100101111100—16 |
| C McPeek | 1001010111111111110101111—18 |
| Creveling | 1101010110101101101001011—15 |
| F Lawrence | 0101111010100101101010111—15 |
| T McPeek | 0100101001011100011110l—14 |
| Mehl | 1011011111101011111111110—20 |
| Collins | 1111110110111111101011110—20 |
| Post | 0001101001011000001001111—11 |
| Fry | 1000110010111011111111117 |
| J Creveling | 1011011111001001010010110—14 |

### Des-chre-shos-ka International.

JUDGING from the very attractive list of prizes to be contested for at the International tournament, on Des-chre-shos-ka Island at the mouth of the Detroit River, Aug. 22 to 26 inclusive, this should be one of the warmest affairs of the season. The first, third and fourth days will be devoted to shooting at bluerocks, while on the second day live birds only will be used. The big event on the opening day will be at 50 bluerocks for the L. B. Littlefield Michigan State championship medal and seven merchandise prizes; the medal can be won only by a resident of the State, but the merchandise prizes can be won by anyone who shoots a stiff pace. There will also be three 10-target events, two 15 and two 20-target events, open to all comers.

On the second day the main attraction will be the international match for the Gilman & Barnes medal, won last year by L. T. Duryea, of Brooklyn. This will be open to the world at 25 live birds per man. There will be three merchandise prizes also in this event. Other events in order are at 5, 7, 3 pairs and 10 live birds and a miss-and-out.

On the third day the premier attraction will be the match for teams of four men each from any regular organized gun club in America, 25 bluerocks per man, the first prize being $50 in cash, presented by Gilman & Barnes; second prize will be a set of four game pictures, value $25. There will also be three 10-target, three 15-target and three 20-target events open to all.

On the fourth day will occur the match for the international target championship trophy, at 50 single bluerocks, open to the world. In this there are eight merchandise prizes beside the medal. The rest of the day will be filled in with target events.

The Parker handicap will be used in all target events excepting those for the medals and trophies. In these no handicap will be used.

### Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug.—The weekly shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association drew out a fair number of members and some good scores resulted. Once more Elliott made a clean score in the club contest. Harris and Knowlton tying for the club badge in contest No. 2 on 24 breaks each, Knowlton winning on the shoot off. The weather was fair with a westerly wind. The conditions were 25 kingbird targets per man, event No. 1 being for the club prizes and No. 2 for the badge. The scores: Event No. 1:

| | |
|---|---|
| Knowlton | 1111111111111101111111111—24 |
| Booth | 1111111111111101111101111—23 |
| Katties | 1111100111111111010111111—21 |
| Elliott | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Smith | 1111011111110111111011111—22 |
| Hunter | 0011111111111001111111111—21 |
| French | 1101101100000111111011101—15 |
| Klages | 0101010010000001110010010 — 9 |
| Harris | 1110111111111101111111111—23 |
| Mizner | 1100100111011001101111110—15 |
| Williams | 1011001101110011011110111—17 |
| Hicks | 0110011110101010111111111—18 |

Event No. 2:

| | |
|---|---|
| Booth | 1111111101101111111111110—22 |
| Elliott | 1111111101101111101011111—21 |
| Hunter | 1111111101111101101111110—21 |
| Kalies | 1101111011001000011010—15 |
| Knowlton | 1111111011111111111111111—24 |
| Harris | 1111111111101111111111111—24 |
| Hicks | 0001000110011101100101101—12 |

### The Trap at Wilkes-Barre.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Aug. 8.—Quite a number of shooters met on the grounds near the Wilkes-Barre Gun Factory on Saturday last, and enjoyed themselves shooting at flying targets. Several had never shot at inanimates before, although they were good live-bird shots, and some of the low scores will be improved in a little time. We expect to have a practice shoot on each Saturday afternoon, and give a two days' tournament at bluerocks and live birds in a few weeks, as soon as weather will be cool enough to give live birds a chance. All scores were made at bluerocks, known angles. Ely, Park, E. H. K., Roth, Rhodes, and W. S. Jacobs used Wilkes-Barre guns.

First match, 10 singles: Tom Ely 10, E. Roth 9, W. K. Park 9, E. H. K. 8, W. Jones 7, C Renowden 7, T. N. Jones 7, W. S. Jacobs 7, E. A. Rhodes 6, C. Schomaker 4, J. Schooley 4, John James 3, J. Barnett 2, C. Schaffer 2.

Second match, 10 sirgle bluerocks: E. H. K. 9, T. Ely 8, E. Rhodes 8, W. Jones 7, J. James 7, F. Cole 7, M. Lewis 7, W. K. Park 6, E. Roth 6, J. Morgan 6, C. Schaffer 5, W. Jacobs 5, C. Schomaker 5, G. Attenger 5, C. Renowden 4, Collum 4, Schooley 3.

Third match, 10 single bluerocks: E. H. K. 9, W. K. Park 8, Rhodes 6, W. Jones 5, J. James 4, W. Jacobs 4, Schooley 4, Attenger 4, E. Roth 3, T. N. Jones 3.

W. BARRE.

### The Towanda Gun Club.

TOWANDA, Pa., Aug. 6.—A few of the faithful turned out to our regular monthly shoot for club badge, and demonstrated they were still able to hold their own in making a fine score of "goose eggs" as any club in the country. Following are the scores, first, 10 targets rapid firing system, last 15 from three unknown traps, known angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Montanye | 1111101111 1010010011111o—18 |
| Turner | 1101111100 1010001110100l0—14 |
| Snider | 1101111000 1101001111010—16 |
| Brown | 0111101101 1100000101000o—12 |
| Dittrich | 0001100110 0101010111111—14 |
| Hamaker | 0000101110 0010100000100 — 8 |

W. F. DITTRICH, Sec'y.

### Dunkerly vs. Ernest.

A LIVE bird match between Thos. Dunkerly, of the Eclipse Gun Club, and John Ernest, of the Delaware Gun Club, for $50 a side, took place on Aug. 2, on Lutz's farm, on the Notch road, at Paterson, N. J. Mr. Smith acted as referee, and a large number of people witnessed the contest. It was at first agreed that the contestants should have 15 birds apiece, but when it became impossible for Ernest to beat his opponent the shooting stopped at the twelfth bird. The official score is as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dunkerly | 111111110101—10 Ernest.....011010001011— 6 |

### The Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 4.—The East End Gun Club held their regular shoot this afternoon. The attendance was very poor. J. I. C. won first and Sweetman second badge. The following were the scores made:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sweetman | 1110011111111101111001111111—25 |
| J. I. C | 1100111111101111101111111111—26 |
| North | 1011011111100110001010000010000—14 |
| J C Beard | 1101111101011100101000110111—20 |

## Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. A. D.—Letter for you here.

W. M. TRACY.—We have a letter for you.

MOPANG.—Please send your address to this office.

L. W. F.—We are not advised as to the locality. You would do well to write to the postmaster.

G. V. G.—Your inquiry relates to a subject quite out of our line, and of the rules of which we know nothing.

BLUEFISH.—Write to Game Protector Robert Brown of Port Richmond, Staten Island, to whom we have forwarded your card.

J. H. D., Poughkeepsie.—We send you copies of FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 18 and 25, 1890, which contain full and illustrated description of the wingnish.

RATTLER.—There is no certain antidote for snake bite known; the subject has been discussed at length in previous volumes of this journal, but without result.

A. E. E., Lodi, O.—We cannot name prairie chicken shooting grounds in the locality mentioned, but President John G. Smith, of the Iowa Association, in our issue of July 14, recommended Birt. Bancroft, Ledyard and Elmore, and vicinity, Iowa, as affording good sport.

SNAKE KILLER.—We know of no acid used to put out where snakes abound for the purpose of driving them away. Broken glass scattered about their holes and in their haunts is sometimes effectual to drive off rats and field mice, and if your snakes are in dens a systematic and thorough treatment with broken glass might effect the purpose.

BLACK BASS, St. Lawrence River.—Fresh liver will probably be taken by black bass in the crates; they take it readily in ponds. The bass will eat frogs, toads, snakes, crayfish, helgramites and other insect larvæ; the yellow perch is a favorite food of this fish and the smaller sunfish serve its appetite equally well.

H. G., Trenton, N. Y.—In the town of Trenton we have several small brooks which have been stocked some three or four times with trout from the State Hatchery. They were stocked by subscription, a number of men got money enough together to pay the expressage on the fish and a man to go after them. We got permission from the owners of the land that the brooks ran through to put them in, and in each case it was granted. They were stocked the last time four years ago, and three years ago one of the men, through whose property one of the brooks runs, put signboards on his stream and a small pond which he has made since it was stocked. A man was caught fishing in this brook and was about to be arrested, and rather than to have any trouble he paid $10 to settle it up. Are streams which have been stocked from State Hatchery private or are they public? Ans. Stocking a stream does not in this State make it public. Under the trespass laws the owner of the land may forbid fishing in the stream, even preventing the contributors to the fund for stocking from fishing for the fish they paid for.

N. T. R., Westerly, R. I.—Will you please let me know in your next paper if the gray wolf and the timber wolf are the same? and will you also tell me if wolves roamed in the State of Maine in large numbers in 1869, and if there are any there at the present time? 1. The same. 2. There are believed to be no wolves in Maine at the present time.

G. P., Sr., Albert, Can.—Please inform me the best time of year to plant wild rice, and also the best kind of ground and how to put it down. Ans. Sow in September, as soon as gathered. It should be planted in water that has a muddy bottom, is not too cold, has not too strong a current, and is not more than 8ft. deep. Before sowing soak the seeds in water, so that they will sink at once when cast into the water.

M. W. P., Lakewood, N. Y.—On Chatauqua Lake here there are a few quite wide marshes and bays and ducks are very shy of the shore, no one shooting many of the immense number that stop here late in the fall. Now we do not have many days shooting, consequently would like to find some way to get them. Where can I get directions for building a sink-box? Sink-boxs are unknown here. We do not wish to slaughter them in quantities, but would like to be able to get a dozen in a day's hunt; as it is now one is lucky to get two or three ducks, though seeing thousands. Ans. You will find plans and full directions for building sink-boat in "Hints and Points for Sportsmen." But the law forbids use of floating devices other than boats propelled by hand.

CLEREMONT, South Dakota.—Have experiments been made testing velocity of shot, showing the time requierd for a charge of shot to go a distance of 50yds., gun to be loaded, say, 3drs. powder and 1 or 1¼oz. shot, or any first-class nitro or black powder? If such experiments have been made, will you give them for both 40 and 50yds.? Ans. Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, of Stevens Institute, once conducted an elaborate series of experiments to determine the velocities of shot charges. His report was published in full in our issue of Oct. 28, 1880. The results were given in mean velocities for 30, 40 and 50yds., *i. e.*, "the average velocities of the flight of shot over these distances, and not the velocities at 30, 40 and 50yds. from the gun," as follows:

I. 10 Colt gun, 5drs. Curtis & Harvey powder, 1¼oz. shot.

| Size of shot. | Vel. 30yds. | Vel. 40yds. | Vel. 50yds. |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 buck | 1153 | 1067 | ... |
| FF | 1147 | 1132 | ... |
| BB | 1147 | 1126 | ... |
| No. 3 | 1066 | 1015 | 928 |
| No. 6 | 1012 | 963 | 859 |
| No. 8 | 995 | 880 | 775 |
| No. 10 | 908 | 893 | 716 |

II. 10 Colt gun, 4drs. Curtis & Harvey powder, 1¼oz. shot.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 buck | 1067 | 1018 | ... |
| FF | 1017 | 1069 | 967 |
| BB | 1000 | 967 | 897 |
| No. 3 | 989 | 911 | 872 |
| No. 6 | 986 | 883 | 806 |
| No. 8 | 920 | 874 | 776 |
| No. 10 | 848 | 756 | 669 |

III. 12 Colt gun, 3¼drs. Curtis & Harvey powder, 1⅛oz. shot.

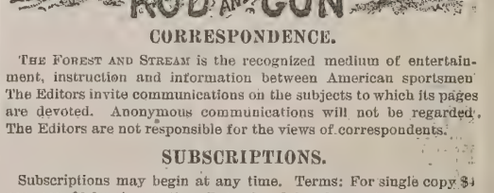
| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 buck | .... | .... | ... |
| FF | .... | .... | .... |
| BB | 862 | 795 | 667 |
| No. 3 | 844 | 754 | 696 |
| No. 6 | 825 | 739 | 670 |
| No. 8 | 816 | 749 | 607 |
| No. 10 | 796 | 680 | 610 |

IV. 12 Colt gun, 4drs. Curtis & Harvey powder, 1¼oz. shot.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 8 | 847 | 722 | 671 |
| No. 10 | 748 | 657 | 596 |

"The prettiest shot I ever saw was made by a woman," said T. R. Lane, of Oshkosh, Wis., an enthusiastic sportsman. "I was surveying in Coles county, Ill., in 1848, and stopped for dinner at the cabin of a settler named Junken. We sat in the shade by the cabin door while Mrs. Junken prepared dinner. A little tow-headed tot less than a year old was creeping about the big yard. Suddenly we heard the sharp *whir-r-r* of a rattlesnake. Full 60yds. away a big fellow was coiled, ready to strike, while within a yard of it creeping directly toward it as if charmed was the child. To cry would cause the rattler to strike; to reach the child in time to save it was impossible. The snake's head shot forward, and at the same instant a sharp report rang out from the cabin door and his snakeship was rolling headless in the grass. We found Mrs. Junken lying in a dead faint across the still smoking rifle. She caught the rattler's head at 60yds. on the fly."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"Tommy, how did you get the back of your neck all sunburnt?" "Pullin' weeds in the garden." "But your hair is all wet, my son." "That's persp'ration." "Your vest is on wrong side out, too." "Put it on that way a-purpose." "And how does it happen, Tommy, dear, that you have got Jakey Du Bois's trousers on?" (After a long pause)—"Mother, I cannot tell a lie. I've been a-swimmin'."—*Chicago Tribune.*




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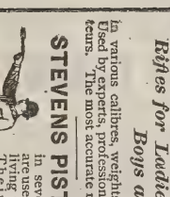
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## Why They Need It.

COURT HOUSE, Hamilton, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have much pleasure in informing you that at the last meeting of the board of Ontario Game and Fish Commissioners it was unanimously resolved that in future the Commissioners should be supplied regularly with copies of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Your paper has reached such a standard of excellence, treating as it does, both popularly and scientifically, all that appertains to the protection, preservation and propagation of game and fish on this continent, that the Commissioners feel that they cannot be without it.

You will therefore be good enough to place on your subscription list the following names, to whom you will send your paper regularly until further notice. [Here follow the names.]

A. D. STEWART,
Sec'y Ontario Fish and Game Commission.

## *ILLUSTRATIONS OF WILD LIFE.*

WE have in preparation a series of illustrations of American wild animals, to be published as supplements of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The drawings are by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, whose previous work in this line is well known; and we are confident that the merits of his successful delineation will be recognized. The subjects already drawn are of the Felidæ, and they will be published as follows. See that your newsdealer has the numbers:

Sept. 8. THE PANTHER.
Oct. 6. THE OCELOT.
Nov. 3. THE CANADA LYNX.
Dec. 1. THE BAY LYNX.

## *THE FISHING "UP SALT RIVER."*

MESSRS. HARRISON and Cleveland are anglers; and as we pointed out last week, since one of them, missing the White House, must in due time go "up Salt River," both must be interested in knowing what sort of fishing will be found in those famous waters; and the FOREST AND STREAM has undertaken to tell them. Since our announcement last week a correspondent has suggested that Mr. Cleveland might himself give us the information we are intent on giving him; but any personal knowledge Mr. Cleveland may have of Salt River fishing is based on an experience now four years old; and every one knows that the angling resources of a stream may be completely altered in a much briefer period than that, and it is one characteristic of our fishing columns that the reports in them are always up to date.

A special correspondent commissioned to investigate the fishing resources of Salt River has presented his report, which is printed to-day. It must be conceded that the picture drawn is not an enticing one for the angler, nor of a character to afford much consolation in the prospect. When the catalogue of "the finny tribe" of Salt River begins with water snakes, soft and hardshell turtles and crawfish, the stoutest-hearted statesman may well enough "view the situation with alarm." Nor is one in the end likely to be reassured by reading that the accepted sport on the stream is "cooning for cats," a special branch of the Waltonian art with which the new-comer, though a bait-fisherman, must be sadly unfamiliar.

Nature and man have joined forces to diminish the fish supply. Recurring floods pour into Salt River tons of mud and sand which kill the fish; impassable dams forbid ascent to spawning grounds; barbarous modes of fishing and a more barbarous disregard of nature's laws as to breeding seasons combine to ruin all possibility of well stocked waters.

The fish supply, however, might be improved by restocking. Mr. Harrison would be making a prudent provision for himself, or at least doing the graceful thing for Mr. Cleveland, if he were to ask the United States Fish Commission to turn into Salt River a few million goggle-eyes and gars and blue cats and jumpers.

But before restocking may wisely be pursued on any extensive scale, missionary work must be done among the dwellers on the river; they must be weaned from "cooning" catfish off the spawning beds, and taught to exchange trot-lines and pitchforks for hook and line, as savages are led to put away their breech-clouts for pantaloons. Then, in the good time coming, with fish in the river and true fishermen on its banks, the old question, "Which would you rather or go a-fishing," might be answered in favor of Salt River fishing, even though the alternative were the White House.

## *COMMON LAW AND COMMON CUSTOM.*

THE owner of a North Carolina mountain farm, through which flows a stream, stocked the waters at considerable expense with a species of trout not indigenous to the region. The fish did well; and though the stream was duly posted, the proprietor's neighbors helped themselves and defied his prohibitions. The trespass laws proving ineffectual, the common law was invoked, the trout catchers charged with larceny, convicted and punished.

The common law gives the owner of land and water the exclusive right to take the game or fish found thereon. It is this exclusive right to take them that constitutes his so-called "property" in them. Further, the common law principle is that whenever any one else, without permission, invades this right, and captures the fish or game, the fish or game, so soon as it is reduced to possession, becomes the property of the land owner; and taking away the fish or game constitutes larceny.

For instance, if Mr. O. O. Smith, of Pennsylvania, were thus to capture a trout in the brook on the farm of Mr. Rowland E Robinson, of Vermont, Mr. Robinson having the exclusive right to fish therein, the moment the fish was clutched by Mr. Smith it would become the property of Mr. Robinson; and if Mr. Smith should take it away, Mr. Robinson could have him punished for larceny.

This is the common law principle; but we need not say it is a principle more honored in the breach than in the observance. After a tussle with the fish and its capture, Mr. Smith would not for a moment consider that it did not belong to him; nor, whatever attitude Mr. Robinson might assume toward the man from Pennsylvania as a trespasser, would he think of confiscating the fish and lodging Mr. Smith in jail for stealing it.

Common law is one thing, common custom quite another. As a rule, in this country game and fish are looked upon as belonging to the person who takes them, not to him on whose land or in whose waters they are taken, except in those instances where an individual or association protects game and fish for the purpose of sport. It is probable that in the future, as game preserves shall multiply, and as private enterprise, like that of the North Carolina case we have cited, shall introduce new species and thus acquire an equitable claim to a certain ownership in them, we shall hear more of this phase of the common law. There will be, as there are now, certain aggravated cases, where the peculiar conditions would in public opinion justify punishing the taking of game or fish as larceny; but the day will be a long time coming, if it shall ever come, when the successful sportsman or angler shall regard himself or be regarded by others as a thief because he has taken game or fish from the premises of another.

AN interesting note of fishery protection, recorded in *Nature*, is that the Chamber of Commerce at Tahiti has recommended the abolition of the diving apparatus used in the pearl fishery because in their opinion the shells found in a greater depth than 10 fathoms are those mostly important for reproduction, and to destroy them will ruin the fisheries and bring distress upon the natives who depend upon the pearl-shell diving, without the dress and apparatus, for their livelihood.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

BY a discussion in the Moses case the General Term of this State has decided that the law forbidding Sunday fishing applies to private ponds. Last year the Clark's Lake Anglers' Club leased the exclusive fishing rights in Wickham Pond, in Warwick, N. Y., and the public was warned not to trespass. As the water had always been open to the public for fishing, much discontent was shown with the new order of things; and two young men having been arrested for trespass, a counter move was made by the villagers, and President R. H. Moses, of this city, was arrested for fishing on Sunday and was fined $5. Mr. Moses refused to pay the fine and appealed his case to the County Court, which sustained the Warwick justice, and then to the General Term, which has reaffirmed the decision of the lower court. As other fishing statutes apply to private waters, it is difficult to surmise the grounds upon which Mr. Moses hoped to evade paying his fine.

Probably few persons are aware of the large proportions of the canary bird trade between Germany and the United States, and fewer still dream of the extent of the American song-bird trade between the two countries. Some light on the subject is given in a recent report of George H. Murphy, of the Berlin consulate. Germany sends us every year 100,000 canary birds, of which about two-thirds come to one firm in this city, to be shipped thence to Charleston, New Orleans, San Francisco and other distributing centers. This same firm sends back to Germany from this country every year about 5,000 Virginia cardinal birds, 3,000 nonpareils, 2,000 indigo birds and 500 mocking birds. If there is no error in Mr. Murphy's figures this drain on the American bird supply is something which should have the immediate attention of the authorities.

Readers of the charming story which Mr. Hills sends us relating his experience in photographing a nesting woodcock, should turn back to the issue of July 28, and study again the reproductions there given of Mr. Jaquin's photographs. The pictures and the story together make up a very interesting contribution to the literature of this favorite game bird. In bringing out such pictures as these the FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition may already be pronounced a successful enterprise. A Washington correspondent suggests that some possessors of really meritorious amateur photographs may be deterred from submitting them by the notion that only difficult subjects are desired. This would be a mistake, the plan provides for all phases of outdoor life within FOREST AND STREAM'S special fields.

Have any game or song birds been introduced into New Hampshire? A law of the last legislature provides for the protection for five years of "birds not now to be found in the State, but which may be brought into the State prior to October 1, 1896." Our correspondent "Von W." suggests that this may have been designed to protect the game enterprise of Mr. Austin Corbin, on Croydon Mountain. It is also possible that some of the sportsmen in the southern or eastern portions of the State, influenced by similar action in Massachusetts, may have proposed to introduce pinnated grouse or Mongolian pheasants.

The trout fishing on the North Shore, Mr. Starbuck tells us, has been very poor this year, in fact "played out" for the rod and line fisherman. But the Indians have netted tons and tons of trout, selling their catch to a large fish dealing concern for 10 cents a pound; and the big ones find their way chiefly to Chicago markets.

A Wisconsin man brags of having taken 480 brook trout at one haul with a basket in a dammed stream. In the good old days before the missionaries went to the South Sea Islands there used to be go-as-you-please matches to determine which chief would eat the most man.

A sawfish 24ft. long was captured in a net at Evans River, New South Wales. The saw measured 5ft. and had 25 pairs of teeth.

We have several inquiries for prairie chicken grounds, and information of available territory would gladly be received.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## THE FALL HUNT.

For five days I could almost hear the monotonous patter of those two horses' hoofs coming nearer and nearer from northern New Mexico. I could shut my eyes and see Mat's tall figure coming as if he was a part of the horse he rode. Young, tall, a clean cut face, blue eyes, curly yellow hair, a trifle bleached out by living in the open all summer. But it was not by second sight that I knew he was coming. I had received a telegram which said: "Coming with two horses; trunk by express. Mat." I knew what it meant. Mat's steers were sold and he was coming to spend a month or so with me hunting and enjoying society—hunting a little and cooking some for his own pleasure. Mat is a Yankee cowman who has lived in New Mexico for several years, and who has made a practice to come and see me every fall. I know every water hole, every stream and almost every rock from his ranch to where we live; and so I can reckon how long it will take him to come. I told my wife, "So you can expect Mat Saturday night. We will go on a hunt Monday."

Saturday at 3 o'clock Mat came up to my office door, riding a beautiful black pony and leading a white one packed scientifically. The halter of White was hitched securely to Black's tail, and Mat paid no more attention to him than if he didn't have a second horse.

He dropped his bridle and came into the office. "How are the folks?" "Well." "Have you been on Pawnee lately?" "No, but everything is all right there. Come over to the house and we will stable the horses. I will be ready to go hunting Monday." It took but a short while to go to my house, unsaddle and unpack and soon the ponies had their noses deep in mangers of fragrant gramma grass.

Matthew looked like another man when he came into the supper room a little later. When he rode up he had on a suit of faded corduroy, a big white sombrero, and the boots with toothpick heels that are usually worn by cowboys. When he stepped into the dining room he was in a black suit that fitted like a glove, and looked like the gentleman that he is.

We sat up and talked far into the night, for we are partners in a bunch of mares that he is taking care of, and he had much to tell me. The next morning my wife remarked: "It seemed that you men never would stop talking last night. I woke up last night to hear Will declare that he never would own another of those Normans again and I believe that he talked you to sleep, Mr. King, for I know he followed you into your bedroom." But she didn't mean it, for I know she likes him almost as well as I do.

We commenced after breakfast to prepare for a little hunting trip, and in two days we started and steered northwest. In my old hunting buggy familiarly called the mud wagon, we loaded up tent and blankets, saddles and ropes, man food and horse feed, guns and cartridges. It's hard work to keep out useless things from an outfit, when I go hunting; and so I have adopted this method. I first pile everything I think I want on the floor in one room, and then weed it out till the load fits the wagon. I can get enough for a two weeks' hunt on the horse I ride if I have to, but I don't like to, so I generally go in a buggy or wagon if I can. We hitched up my two bay horses, Mat tied his ponies to the horses' girths; and away we went over miles and miles of prairie, level, dun colored and cold. There were but few houses in sight at the start, till after 20 miles there was not one: and at about sunset we drove down to Hackberry Spring to find that Fay, the old squatter, who had held it down for several years, had proved up and gone. The door of his stone house stood open, and we appropriated it and soon had our outfit inside. I picketed the bays on good grass; and Mat saddled up to prospect around, while I got supper. Hackberry Cañon is a wide open valley running down into the Pawnee Creek, and has only one good water-hole which is close to the spring which bubbles out of the bank near the cabin and runs down into the water-hole a distance of about 200 yards.

By the time I had made a fire, cleaned up the room, arranged our plunder and had a good supper ready, Mat came in looking pleased. "There is a bunch of antelope," he reported, "about a mile up the draw feeding, as quiet as if they had never seen a man. Cook is still on his ranch down at the mouth of Hackberry. Mrs. Cook wants us to come down and camp there, for Cook has gone away to be gone a week and she is afraid of the mountain lion."

So we ate supper, packed up again and moved down to Cook's, as I knew we would when we unpacked. For now I will let you into an open secret. The real reason Mat liked to hunt antelope on the Pawnee so well was that there was an attraction at Cook's ranch. When we rode up, Mrs. Cook and Nelly were bustling around getting supper. After we had unpacked again, we had to eat another supper and then Mrs. Cook and I exchanged news, while Mat and Nelly, who was a very handsome girl of 19, talked politics in the adjoining room. I retired at 10 and Mat came to bed two hours after in good spirits and seeming at peace with the world. "We are going to be married on Thanksgiving day, if Cook gets home all right," said he, which will show you, dear reader, that Matthew had been acquainted with the family before.

Don't think I am going to tell you much more about how these people spooned around. No, I am going to tell you how we killed the big buck, and try to have you see the broad prairie as I saw it.

Early next morning after breakfast Miss Nell declared that she was going hunting with us to hold the horses. Mrs. Cook said: "If Nellie will be in the way, Mr. D., I'll not let her go." I declared that I was glad to have a horse holder; and so Mat, Nell and I started up the cañon in my buggy with Mat's horses hitched up; but they were not Mat's more than five minutes longer, for he asked Nell how she liked them, after she had driven them about a mile, and when she said, "Splendid," he told her he brought them up for her, and I believe I would have given her a pair myself to get such a look as she gave him.

But soon we left the creek bottom and drove up on to the level prairie. Seeking a knoll, we swept the surrounding country with field glasses, and at last discovered the same bunch of antelope that Mat saw the night before, 10 in number, led by an enormous buck. They were just feeding up out of a little hollow about two miles away, and headed right toward us. We drove back out of sight. Mat and I slid into our leather pantaloons, so that we could crawl without wearing our knees out, and planned our crawl. We had to crawl over the hill in plain sight of the band and be in sight for half a mile. If they saw us they would probably take us for wolves, and not be frightened; then we could walk up a hollow that ran across their line of feeding, till the hollow got too shallow to conceal us as we walked, then crawl about half a mile more. It was a big contract; but at it we went, and in about half an hour we lay near the head of the swag, in a little hollow that had been worn long ago by the water, within half a mile of the antelope, who were feeding toward us unsuspicious of danger. I was perspiring freely, and my heart thumped against my ribs; but Mat looked as cool as a cucumber, for he was in good condition and looked as if he could crawl all day without losing his wind.

We lay and watched the band through the tall grass that fringed the water hole. An old doe was in the lead; and the big buck was behind, occasionally running off a young buck that was hanging around, when he came too near his harem. The hair on the neck of the buck stood up like a mane when he ran off the young one, and I could see that he looked white around the nose as I squinted at him through the field glasses.

They moved toward us very slowly, and once I thought they were going to change their course. But no, they fed slowly on by fits and starts. The does got within 100yds., the big buck 50yds. further back, and the young one—a two year old—about 50yds. behind him. "We have got to shoot," said Mat. I told him to shoot the big one (for I knew Nell was watching us), and that I would try the little buck. We sighted our Winchesters carefully and both shot at once. The big buck reared and pawed the air, then fell stone dead with a bullet clean through him. Mine fell, then got up and started after the does, which were making themselves scarce as fast as possible. I fired twice more at him and down he came at the second shot; and by the time Miss Nell had arrived with the ponies on a lope, and with the old mud wagon bouncing over the rough prairie, we had our quarry disembowled; and after gazing a moment admiringly at the big buck we lifted them both into the back end of the buggy and drove slowly down to the Hackberry spring, intending to stop there and have lunch: fried antelope liver, fried salt pork, fried potatoes, bread and butter, pickles and strong coffee. Mat and Nell cooked while I picketed out the horses.

We ate an awful big meal. As Nell was finishing off with a big pickle, Mat asked her if he shouldn't fry her another panful of liver. She said no, simply, but with an amiable smile. His foolishness bounds off that young woman very harmlessly. Just then Harry Cook, her twelve-year-old brother, came down the slope into our camp like a shot out of a gun on his bicycle, and took a header just as he reached camp. He landed with a resounding thump on his stomach and slid along like a toboggan; then limped into camp, holding both hands over his chest rather low down, and gurgled in a voice broken with sobs, "Oh, wouldn't ma feel awful if she saw me fall like that, Nelly?" We assured ourselves that he was not seriously hurt; Nell declared that she knew she would get gray some day on account of Harry's performances; and then Mat fried another panful of liver and Mr. Harry ate as if he was hollow clean down to his toes. "I believe the fall just shook Harry up enough to give him a good appetite," said Mat. "You just git on that velocipede and try it yourself, you old, long cow puncher," grumbled Harry, with his mouth full of liver.

We concluded to quit hunting and drive home to the ranch on Harry's account, for he was jolted up considerably; so we put the velocipede in on top of the bucks and went slowly home.

When we got there we found that two ladies had driven up from ten miles down the creek to visit Mrs. Cook, and they were having a great powwow when we arrived. I tell you four lively women can talk considerably when they don't meet but once in two weeks. Harry sat in one corner seeming to be awed for once at the four women who all talked at once like a flock of blackbirds, till at last he couldn't stand it any longer, and burst out in a dismal wailing, "Boo hoo." "What is the matter, Harry?" said Mrs. Cook in an anxious tone. "I told a lie yesterday, ma." "Oh, how could you do such a wicked thing, Harry? You must pray for forgiveness to-night." "I will," penitently exclaimed Harry, and then at it the women went again about dress skirts cut bias and other kindred subjects dear to a woman's heart, till Harry concluded that he was not receiving due consideration and burst out again with a melancholy howl. "What's the matter now, Harry?" snappishly exclaimed Mrs. Cook. "I just now remembered that I had told another lie." "When was that?" "Oh, about an hour after the first one." "Well, that was very bad; you must pray to be forgiven for both to-night."

Mat and I, who were in the next room, slid out to relieve our feelings behind the house, but Mat didn't joke any about it, for he is loyal to the whole Cook family.

The women departed at last and we had supper, after which Mrs. Cook and I beat Nell and Mat at dominoes, as Mrs. Cook is a religious woman, and does not believe in cards.

I went to bed early and Mat came some time, but I do not blame him, for he seems to enjoy Nell's society. When I got up next morning, they were both bustling round, Nell getting breakfast and Mat helping her. Mrs. Cook and Harry had not appeared yet. I went out to feed the horses; and when I came in the family were all up and waiting for me to help eat breakfast. After breakfast I overheard Mat tell Harry a story. It ran as follows: "When I lived in Kansas I worked for Bob Perry; and one day he told me that we must go from Jetmore, where we lived, up to the ranch to see how the cattle were getting along. We went. It was a distance of 20 miles, and when we got to the cabin we found it had been broken open and the grub all stolen, so Bob shot an owl and told me to cook it for supper. I cooked it whole, feathers and all, it was so small; and after boiling it for about an hour Bob asked me how dinner was getting along. I raised the cover and tried the owl with a fork to see if he was tender; and he squawked, so I slapped the lid on again, and left him to cook some more. At about 6 o'clock Bob came in and said we must have dinner, so I raised the cover of the pot again and the owl jumped out and flew away." "I am afraid ma will have to talk to you some about lying, before she lets Nell marry you," was Harry's comment on the story.

I started for home at noon and never saw Nell Cook again, for on Dec. 1 or therebouts Mr. and Mrs. Mat King came to town to take the train for New Mexico; and I shall call on them at their home in Chaparral Cañon on or about Oct. 1, if I am alive. W. J. Dixon.

## "PODGERS" IN THE MOUNTAINS.—II.

In the Sierra Nevada Mountains, Cal., July 31.—My last left me lying under the shade of the big pines on the bank of the main Stanislaus River nursing my galled feet, preparatory to resuming fishing, which I essayed the next morning, with only partial success as to feet, but fair as to trout, considering that I selected the easiest fishing in close proximity to the camp, not caring to do tall climbing over rocks and sliding down into the deep gorges to reach the big pools and larger trout.

A few hours of it convinced me that the feet would give out before the trout did, and I returned to camp to resume my blanket under the trees. I had caught all the trout a reasonable man could ask for and was content.

At sundown my compadre Brown came in with some very fine fish, and after a hearty supper we voted to return next morning to our headquarters at Strawberry Valley and Parson's comfortable hostelry, where we had left the team, and one of our party, who had pleaded illness and had remained behind. Whether the presence of several young ladies, daughters of the owner of the hotel, had a bearing and influence on his case was a question. At any rate we found him astonishingly healthy on our return. The breakfast over we saddled up and loading the pack animals with our traps, forded the river just below camp, and began the long climb up the grade to the summit.

By our early start we escaped the heat of the day later and made good progress, although we had fairly to scramble up places so steep that our horses had to put forth their best efforts and to be halted every few yards to breathe. The others dismounted and led their horses, but by virtue of my lame feet I was prone to stick to the horse, he being a veteran at this service and strong. We occasionally encountered springs of icy cold water trickling from under some huge rock, and stopped to rest the horses, throwing ourselves on the ground under the shade of the tall pines. Speaking of which I never saw such a magnificent forest of pine timber, trees five and six feet in diameter, as round as if turned in a lathe and running up to a height of 75 to 80 feet without a limb; timber that would fill a timber man's soul with joy. But these denizens of the forest aresafe from the sacrilegious axe. They are inaccessible to human hands, that is, could never be got out to the mill. The whole distance was one grand open park of these giants. There was no undergrowth, and a wagon could be driven in any direction so far as space was concerned, and provided a wagon could ever be got there, which would be impossible. So there is one noble forest that is safe from the ruthless hands of man.

A couple of hours' climbing brought us to the summit, and here we enjoyed a long rest, and man and beast needed it. Then began the descent, which on this slope was more gradual and easier. Just at 1 o'clock we looked down on the roof of Parson's wigwam, a very comfortable one, certainly, and a shout of welcome greeted us from the invalid, whom we found taking it very easy in a rocking-chair, surrounded by a bevy of young ladies reading and sewing, and apparently enjoying home comforts muchly.

We found that another expedition awaited us, a trip over another range to another stream 8 or 10 miles distant. The party included a young Catholic priest, who was said to be a most skillful fisherman. His hatband was decorated with numerous artificial flies, and he was evidently eager for the fray.

Brown and myself having had our fill, and feeling not over fresh after our morning's ride, declined, so the party left us to our own devices and dashed off across the bridge, and were soon lost to sight on the opposite slope of the mountain. Our invalid being this time one of the party, it was our turn to occupy the rocking-chair and fall heirs to the ladies for the next two days, at the end of which the party returned with marvelous stories of the number and size of their catch.

However skeptical we may have been as to their success, unsupported by the evidence of the padre, we could not of course go back on him, and therefore all was accepted as facts. They probably did have fine success, as the stream they went to is celebrated for being well stocked with fine large fish.

Ten lazy, dreamy days were dozed away at Strawberry, every moment an enjoyment, every respiration of the delicious mountain atmosphere redolent of the pine woods towering up behind the house, a discouragement to any waiting son of Æsculapius—no prospective doctors' bills for us.

It is one of the wonders that so few residents of San Francisco go to the mountains. The climate of the city is in the summer chilled by the northwest trade winds that rise at 10 o'clock every morning and blow strongly all day, and are not infrequently accompanied by a raw fog; consequently people go to the country to get warm instead of to get cool, as in the East.

A few strike out for Lake Tahoe, a beautiful sheet of water 15 miles long and from three to seven miles wide, abounding in lake trout—big ones; but it is not fashionable, hence only a few and sensible people are to be found there. The 400 go to Santa Cruz and Monterey, 75 miles down the coast, where the climate is a few degrees milder. They go there ostensibly to bathe, but do not bathe—very few at least. The water is too cold except for young women with good figures to exhibit; ice water would not exclude those—vanity keeps them warm. The world goes to show its Paris dresses—dance, sit on the piazzas, gossip and flirt. The women have a dreary time all the week, as it is not until Saturday that the men can leave business to run down over Sunday. A few superannuated old beaus remain through the week, but they are useless material to the summer girl aspiring to an engagement or a flirtation. It is a poor matrimonial market, but for the fisherman it has attractions. Trolling for salmon and barracouta is fine sport, and the season is just coming in, which fact will cause the subscriber to be heard from early the coming month.

To-morrow we start for home (Sonora), and with any ordinary luck will reach our boiled shirts by sundown.

We have had a glorious time, which like a serial story is "to be continued;" and I trust I shall have other mountain trips to write about. We have been everywhere received with open arms by the hardy mountaineers, a most hospitable set of jolly, big-hearted rough diamonds, whose camp, horses, bacon and frying pan are ever at the service of the tenderfoot (that is me); and conspicuous among those to whom we are greatly indebted for horses and hospitality I want to thank the Geniss boys, Tom and Ed, and their partner, Mr. Whitehouse. Nobler, more accommodating, good-hearted fellows never lived. They left their cattle and ranch work to pilot us over the mountains and entertained us right royally in camp, scorning the idea of compensation.

It is characteristic of the mountaineers of California, for they are truly such. Earning their bread in herding and raising sheep, cattle, etc., and lumbering, they are to a man splendid physical specimens, hardy, of remarkable endurance, whole-souled, brave as lions, fearing nothing that walks the face of the earth. They think nothing of a trot over a mountain range of ten or fifteen miles for a plug of tobacco or side of bacon, and back before night, fresh as larks. As for instance, our camp host, Whitehouse, thought no more of piloting us over the mountains eight miles and being back to his dinner in camp than we would of stepping around the corner to point out to a stranger the way to 318 Broadway. The mountains of California have given birth to a race of men that cannot be equalled by any country on earth for physical strength, endurance, high spirits and manly attributes, generous to a fault, slow to anger, but terrible when roused. Every man a Spartan—never turning his back to man or grizzly. It is a pleasure to go among such a people after the experience of a few years in cities, where it is every fellow for himself and Old What's-his-name for the hindermost—and he generally gobbles the lot.

This particular or special class of men I refer to are the outcrop, the second crop, I may say, of the early-day miners, bred in the hardy school of their fathers, and are peculiar to the mountain region. They are born and raised there, and nothing can tempt them to seek occupation on the flat lands. They are almost to a man cattle raisers, herders or mill men—sawmill or quartz—all good miners, but generally prefer the free, roving life of cattle raising, on horseback all summer and snowshoes all winter.

As an instance of pluck and endurance, the "boys" with whom we camped hauled a sick man from their camp last winter up the grade and over the mountain on a sled sixteen miles, on snowshoes, over snow 6ft. deep, to reach a doctor. Any one who has ever experienced the vigorous exercise of climbing a mountain on snowshoes can appreciate the muscle and endurance it must have involved. Your humble servant once essayed a trial of snowshoes on a side hill, resulting in his getting an involuntary start down the hill at a 2:40 gait, ending in a "pitch hole," landing him head foremost in the soft snow with nothing in sight but the snowshoes, whence he was ignominiously pulled out by the heels. Since which snowshoeing is to him a lost art. Every man to his trade. PODGERS.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—X.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### The Carp Lake Camp.

THE wind was still blowing heavily when we got out in the morning, and the lake too rough to handle a boat with any comfort, and Charley and I decided to walk over to Fouch's Creek, a couple of miles or more, for trout, leaving the others to put in the day as they chose. We were put on the trail by a neighbor up the lake where the road turned up the hill, and found our way over and into a dense cedar swamp swarming with mosquitoes, where we got bewildered and floundered around for an hour trying to find the stream, at one time scaring a cock grouse nearly out of his feathers as he sat near an old mossy log over which we stepped. As he sprung up almost in my face and shot off through the tangle and out of sight with a roar of his wings, it was a question which of us was scared the worst. We found the stream after we had wandered around in the hot, dank swamp till our tongues were about hanging out, Charley graciously allowing me to do all the cussin' necessary to get out of the tangle, and after I had fished up it a hundred yards or two and caught one juvenile trout I had enough, and went back to the road near where it crossed the stream, where Charley would be sure to see me when he came back, and laid down in the shade of a bush and went to sleep.

He came along after a while, it must have been a couple of hours, with six or seven trout strung on a twig, and we made our way back over the hills and to camp with a notion buzzing around in our heads that it was another case of old Sam's "bunkoed agin, b'gosh." We found the camp much as we left it in the morning, the only "episode" that had happened worthy of note being the hatching out of three young robins in a nest in one of the oaks to which a guy of the dining fly was made fast, an event that we had been looking forward to with much solicitude for several days.

The day we made camp and for a day or two after we had heard some peculiarly plaintive bird notes repeated at frequent intervals overhead in the oak which none of us, not even Kelpie, who was chock full of bird lore, could identify, but after much peering and straining of eyes through the leaves of the oak a nest was discovered, over the rim of which we could see the head and tail of a bird which Kelpie, after a few trials to get the right focus with his defective old eyes, keener than a hawk's when he was younger, pronounced a robin.

About the first thing that Johnny did after he arrived at camp and got his bearings was to climb into the tree and scare the old bird off the nest to see how many eggs there were in it, which he duly and vociferously reported from the tree. "Three little eggs, by cracky," and then he was hustled down from his perch, and in a couple of minutes or less Mrs. Robin was back on the nest.

Since then we had been waiting with daily increasing interest for the hatching, and to-day Johnny had again climbed into the tree and found three big-headed and featherless youngsters "gummed together" as it looked to him in the bottom of the nest, and the strain was over, for there had been much guessing as to whether all three of the eggs would hatch or not.

We had learned by watching Mrs. Robin that the plaintive note was a call for Mr. Robin to "bring on the victu-els," as old Sam said, while she was keeping the eggs warm: but now, when the hatching was safely over, the notes ceased and they were both kept busy hunting and carrying worms and insects with which to feed the hungry, gaping mouths, upstretched and expectant at the slightest jar of the limb on which the nest rested.

The mother bird seemed to know we intended her young no harm, and had become so well acquainted and tame that she would fly down from the nest and pick up crumbs and scraps thrown on the grass across the road, which doubtless saved her some trips to the neighboring fields and was a source of much gratification to us.

We watched the growth of our pets from day to day with a feeling that they were, in a sense, under our special care, and had any one disturbed them with the intention of harm he would have had the whole camp on his back in less time than it took one of the youngsters to gulp a worm.

Kelpie named the camp "Robin's Nest Camp," and by that name the remembrance of it will always be dear to our hearts. KINGFISHER.

# Natural History.

## SKUNK AND RATTLESNAKE.

CRIPPLE-CREEK GOLD FIELDS, Col.—While camped over on Oak Creek, in the summer of 1883, I was an eye witness to one of the most novel of combats. At noon one day as I was coming down from the mine for dinner, I spied a skunk shifting itself about in a strange manner. Thinking he was performing some acts that were unusual and not becoming to one of his race, I sat down; and with my powerful marine glass I soon found the reason. Before the skunk upon the ground lay a huge rattlesnake coiled up for business, his massive flat head presenting a most savage aspect. Now and then raising his head as the skunk would come within reach he struck it again and again. The skunk, as if anxious to continue the duel, would pounce upon the back of the snake until driven off by the powerful swaying to and fro of its body. This was repeated again and again, until finally with one heroic spring the skunk landed upon the snake and in a twinkling of an eye almost, had bitten the head from the body, save a shread of skin which held together. Being satisfied with the result, I hastily picked up a rock and throwing it at the skunk routed him, leaving me in full possession of the field. On examination, I found the hide of the rattlesnake uninjured save where the skunk had given it its death cut in the neck. The same evening and for six consecutive evenings I saw the skunk, and on the seventh evening shot it; after it had scampered around for that length of time. This satisfied me that rattlesnake bites do not materially retard the progressive life of a "pole-cat," to say nothing of proving fatal thereto. The snake was 3ft. 6 in. in length, with nine rattles. The snake's hide I kept until recently, wore it out as a hat band. The rattles I still have. The skunk is the only animal (to my knowledge) that will not succumb to the deadly bite of the "rattler," unless medical aid is invoked. BUCKSKIN HARRY.

## PHOTOGRAPHING A NESTING WOODCOCK.

HUDSON, N. Y., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking that some of your readers might be interested in the particulars of how I got the pictures of woodcock published in your paper of July 28, I write you.

One evening in the last week of June while out on my bicycle, a gentleman called me as we met on the highway and said: "Do you want to know where you can find a woodcock's nest?" I answered "yes," but continued to ride on, thinking he was joking me as I was just learning to ride, and that he wished to see how well I could fall off if I tried to stop. He well knew that if there was anything he could say that would call me to a halt it was "woodcock."

Having business in town the next morning, he called at our office and said he wished me to come out to his farm. I promised that I would; and that afternoon at 3 o'clock found me five and a half miles out of town. I met him and we walked up to a small piece of new cutting on the west side of a large piece of woods, and after a short search found the bird. She was on her nest, which was on the ground under a very thick bunch of new growth about three feet high, and so thick that the bird could not be seen unless you got right down on the ground, and she was so near the color of the dead leaves that you could not see her then unless you got very near. This was a new sight for me. I have seen woodcock feeding and have seen them running on the ground, but never before had I seen one on the nest; and I wished then and there that all the brotherhood of sportsmen might have seen her and enjoyed the sight as I did.

I had taken the precaution to bring Ed and his camera with me, so that if possible we might get some pictures. We talked by motion and walked on tiptoe for fear of disturbing her. After making six exposures we went home to see if we had secured any pictures. I was particularly anxious that we should get some good ones, and do not remember now if Ed said he would develop the camera, and if he had not focussed the tripod too sharp the pictures might be all right. Ed's place of business is next door to our office; and after working half an hour after our return I thought I must run in and see how they turned out. They told me Ed was in the dark room, and for fear he would forget to tell me, I opened the door three or four times just to see how he was getting along and to look at them, all of which Ed told me in a few emphatic words was not conducive to the success of a good photograph. Result, six plates and no pictures.

The next morning at 6 o'clock we were at the place again ready for another trial, and as the sun came up over the woods, the light being on our backs, we could get a better light. The nest was on the east side of the bush. We cleared away all growth that interfered with our view of the nest, fearing all the time, however, that she would fly away. We secured five negatives, and without any of my assistance at the door of the dark room we secured the photograph, No. 1, published in your paper. This was taken with the camera about 4ft. from the bird.

The next day being Saturday, and having a half-holiday, I rode out to see if she had been disturbed in any way. I worked carefully around her all the afternoon, cutting away any growth that would obstruct the view of her, and took off the leaves and extra limbs from the bush in order to let in more light. She did not leave the nest or appear to be in the least annoyed by my presence. I lifted her bill up with a small stick and had my hands on her back and she did not move. I was there until 8 o'clock in the evening and she did not leave her nest during that time.

On the following Monday it rained, and I could not go out. On Tuesday, June 28, we were out there at 6 o'clock in the morning, and knowing that there was no danger of her being frightened or leaving the nest we put the camera within 2ft. of her and got picture No. 2. I then lifted her from the nest, and we got picture No. 3 of the nest and eggs, which you reproduced. She jumped from my hand to the ground, and hid in the grass. I noticed that the eggs were not picked and thought by watching every day I might secure a picture of the young.

I was there the next day, but finding her sitting so quietly thought I would not disturb her. The next day I called again, and to my great surprise the house was deserted, the family had moved out, and nothing was left but the shells.

I was particularly anxious to obtain these pictures in order that all sportsmen who are interested in the woodcock might see them and thus enjoy in part what I did in witnessing the reality. G. HILLS.

### Nova Scotia Birds' Nests.

A NEST rarely found in this vicinity was discovered at this place July 19. It was a nest of the ruby-throated hummingbird, and at the time contained eggs. It was placed on the limb of a beech tree about 25ft. from the ground, and built of the seed cotton of the poplar or willow tree. The outside is covered with a lichen the same as grows on the tree. This lichen is fastened to the nest with the silk of cocoons. The nest is placed on the bare limb, not near any leaves, and would easily be mistaken for a bunch of moss grown there. The measurements of the nest are: Outside diameter 1¼in., outside depth ½ to 1¼, inside diameter ⅝, inside depth ⅝. Only two such nests were ever found near here, but no doubt there are quite a number, as hummingbirds are plentiful through the summer.

Another nest rarely found came under my notice last summer. It was that of the winter wren, and was built among the roots of an overturned hemlock tree. It was found June 1 and contained eight eggs. The young did not live to leave the nest, as the dirt caved in and destroyed the nest, overturning it and killing the young.

W. H. MOORE.

SCOTCH LAKE, N. B., Aug. 2.

### Habits of the Rattlesnake.

DR. DEWITT WEBB, of St. Augustine, Fla., sends us this note by Dr. John Vedder, whose museum of Florida wild life is well known to the tourists. Dr. Vedder writes: "You are quite correct; the diamond rattlesnake does not follow a person after he strikes; he springs back in a coil. He forms an S. The principle of striking is to straighten out the vertebra with some muscular force. He does not follow his prey; he lies in wait. I have never seen nor heard of one following or chasing its prey. Sometimes when discovered they will try to get away, and even will not rattle; but when surprised suddenly he is quite sure to strike and spring back and recover for another attack; rattles, awaits your approach and holds the fort."

# Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

It is a well known fact that human nature doesn't like to be laughed at, so I'll just tell you, as a friend, a little joke that was played on me by "force of circumstances"—if you'll promise not to print it. It happened on Long Island. I was down there woodcock shooting many moons ago, and on the evening preceding my intended departure I was urged to get up before daylight next morning to shoot a black duck or two to carry home. I strongly protested against it, as it was the last day of September and the law was supposed to protect them till the first of October. However, I stifled my conscience in the face of such a temptation as they held out (assuring me that they had been shooting them for two or three weeks) and slipped off quietly before the break of day to a small pond in the woods. I was covered all over with a guilty feeling, but "stood my ground," and with the first streak of dawn I saw a reconnoitering party sailing over and one of them tumbled suddenly into the huckleberry bushes not 40ft. away.

I waited in the frosty air till daylight, and as no more came I went to where I marked my victim down, and after parting the thick bushes and hunting carefully for some time I found him and hastily stuck him into my big coat pocket, imagining a game warden watching me from behind each tree. I hurried back to the hotel, and as it was nearly train time I ran to my room, opened my valise and jammed the duck in without even looking at him and got on the cars with about as guilty a feeling as a high-minded, honorable sportsman ever walked off with.

After getting home and sitting in my warm and cozy room an hour or two, I rang for the servant—an Irish lady—and told her to get that duck out of my valise and cook it for my dinner.

She opened the valise, dragged out the duck, and then with an ejaculatory sound that usually indicates a nasty smell, threw down the duck and rushed out of the room as if she suspected a trick.

But I protest, even to this day, that I was innocent of any such intention. It was merely a mistake.

I had hastily pocketed a duck that some other fellow had shot, and lost, at least a week before. It was a cold morning and the duck was stiff, but I stupidly overlooked that fact in my haste to put it out of sight of the game wardens; and it gave out no odor to indicate its condition till it got comfortably warmed up in my room.

I have always thought it best to respect the game laws, and I mean to do it. DIDYMUS.

# Game Bag and Gun.

## THE SNIPE AS A WATER FOWL.

CHICAGO, Aug 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed in a recent FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. E. S. Bond has published his second and last letter of attack on the game law, the snipe and the game warden. As the tone of his article appeals to the reckless and the vicious, I have concluded that it was best that I should reply. I am greatly surprised at the position he has taken. Not very long before my appointment, he urged me to accept the office, and promised me his support in enforcing the law against the violation. In explanation of my position in regard to enforcing the law against the killing and selling of snipe, I wish to say: That last spring there were a great many snipe offered in the market here. Game dealers were buying them and putting them in cold storage, as the supply exceeded the demand. Since 1879, these birds had been killed and sold at all times in this State.

To make my case clearly understood, I will state again what I have heretofore said. Examing the law carefully, I found that it read: "It shall be unlawful to hunt, kill, trap," &c., "any wild goose, duck, brant, rail, or other water fowl," &c.

I saw a number of game dealers and told them that I had concluded that the law really covered snipe, as it had mentioned the principal swimming game birds and then had mentioned "rail," which is one of the species termed "waders." and that it was a natural and reasonable inference that the law intended to protect the rest of that class of birds to which the "rail" belonged, meaning all the snipe. While the game dealers did not agree with me, they all admitted that snipe should not be killed during the breeding season. They all said they would not offer any of these birds until October 1st, when it should be lawful to sell the other birds mentioned in the law. Nobody has made any fuss about this matter since, except Mr. Bond. He says that I never have read a work on ornithology. Well, he is mistaken, as I have read all the works I can find on the subject, including his favorite authors. For several years I rented to him and his partner part of a store on South Water street, in which we were joint occupants. I have always had the kindliest feelings toward him in all matters (except on the subject of game destruction).

Now, I am not going to set myself up as an ornithologist, but I sincerely believe that a snipe is a "water bird." For about three hundred years they have been classed as "waders," and it doesn't matter whether recent writers call then runners, trotters, pacers or walkers. They are certainly made after the same pattern, and they are the same in habits and in every particular that they were during the past centuries, during which time scores and hundreds of able men have studied them and written about them. I cannot see any good reason for not still calling this class of birds "waders." They certainly are addicted to that habit and they seek their food in the mud and water, and one writer says they have a pump in their bill, and that "they take their food by a suctional or extractive process."

Mr. Bond says recent writers have changed the classification of snipe, but he gives very little information as to what the writers on birds have said on the subject. A prominent ornithologist says: "Almost every writer seeks to be a founder of a new system, and casting down the structures of his predecessors attempts to build upon the ruins an edifice of his own; Linnæus, Cuvier, Temmerick, Illiger, Fabricus, Latrilla, and a host of lesser authors have attempted to establish their own system."

In natural history there are mentioned many species of creatures under the title of "water animals," as distinguished from land animals of the same class. For instance, "water deer," a small musk deer of somewhat aquatic habits, found in certain parts of China. "Water antelope," one of numerous different kinds which frequents marshy or reedy places, a reed buck or water buck found in Africa. "Water dog," a dog accustomed to or delighting in the water, or trained to go into the water in pursuit of game.

I will refer the reader to several authors and what they have said:

"History of British Birds," including their organization, habits and relations on classification and nomenclature, etc.. by William Macgillivray, A.M., LL.D., Professor of Natural History, etc., London, England, in his able works arranges that class of birds usually called "Grallatores" (waders), in the following orders: 1st, Cursores or runners, embracing the cranes, bustards, prantincoles, etc. 2d, Tentatores or probers, consisting of plovers, lapwings, oyster catchers, sandpipers, curlews, snipes, woodcock, etc. 3d, Aucupatores or stalkers, the bitterns, storks, ibesses and spoonbills. 4th, Lattitores or skulkers, the rails, water hens and coots.

"Cassell's Order of Birds," as prepared by Dr. Brehm, says: "Order VII. Stilt walkers (Grallatores)." "The birds belonging to this order have usually long legs, formed in such a manner as to enable them to seek their food at a certain distance in the water, and are further characterized by their long, thin neck, slender, high tarsi, bare thighs, three or four-toed, and fully developed wings." "During a three days' passage to the White Nile we have seen an almost uninterrupted line of birds of this description, numbering some 50 species, running, fishing in thousands and tens of thousands upon each side of the stream, and literally swarming in every lake, pond and ditch."

The classification of birds, as adopted in the British Museum, comprises "Order VII., Stilt walkers (Grallatores) Waders:"

Family I. Plovers, sub family 6.

Family II. The Herons. sub family 5.

Family III. The Woodcocks, sub family 6, including snipe.

Family IV. The Screamers, sub family 2.

Family V. The Rails, sub family 2.

Order VIII. Geese (Anseres) Swimmers. Last family, 25 birds.

The Rev. J. H. Langille, M. A., writes a work which he dedicates to Dr. E. Coues, Buffalo, N. Y., June 26, 1884, entitled: "Our Birds and their Haunts, of Eastern North America." Brief histories and full description of all species east of the Mississippi. "The illustrations which should add much to the character of the book have nearly all been furnished by Dr. E. Coues. Where scientific nomenclature as given in his former work, I have adopted throughout."

Of the "Wilson snipe" he says: "The young are of a grayish color, heavily streaked with several shades of brown. According to the precocious habits of the infant waders, they leave the nest as soon as they are out of the shell and feed vigorously on the insects found in marshes, moss and meadow grass, until their tender bills are firm enough to probe the soft ooze." Of rail he says: "They are abundant in the marshes and about bodies of water throughout the middle district of our Union," etc. Of their habits he says: "Leaving the logs and floating debris it slumps in and wades or swims for a short distance without the least inconvenience." Of "yellow shanks" he says: "Long bills, long necks, long legs. They are not uncommon on the sea coast, but being, rather, fresh water birds, are more abundant in the interior."

The "Key of North American Birds," by Elliott Coues, A.M., Ph.D., says of snipe: "The birds are found by the water edge the ground is soft and oozy, in moist thickets, low rank meadows, bogs, marshes by the river side and on the sea shore."

"Theodore Jasper: Birds of North America," says of snipe birds: "Fourth Class, Runners. Three families; second division of stilt walkers. The members of this section usually inhabit marshy land, the boarders of swampy lakes and the sea coast." He calls all of the following birds runners: Doves, quail, pigeons, plovers, heron, snipe, storks, cranes, water pheasant, moor hens and many others.

I desire to quote once more what the "Century Dictionary" says, recently issued and regarded as the most complete and reliable dictionary ever published: Defines "water bird" or "water fowl," "An aquatic, as distinguished from a terrestrial or aerial bird, in the plural the Grallætorial and Natatorial or wading and swimming birds, collectively distinguished from the land birds."

It is unnecessary to furnish further evidence. All writers seem to agree that the snipe is a bird that frequents marshy places where there is water, and that he is in every respect perfectly equipped for that purpose. I desire to notice some things said by Mr. Bond's supporters.

Some old and some new men of learning have called a male sheep a ram, not a buck.

Now, it seems to me that Dr. Rowe, whose letter Mr. Bond publishes, is making a tremendous claim when he says he "proposed to throw the protection off from snipe." Will the Doctor inform us who put in the law these words, "Rail and other water fowl." Isn't it very probable that when the law was passed by our Legislature some other persons besides Dr. Rowe and the Hon. L. B. Crooker had something to do with formulating it? The Doctor also states in his letter that snipe are not water fowl; that he has said so a number of times heretofore in his paper.

I am in receipt of a letter from the FOREST AND STREAM, New York, which says: "You are undoubtedly right on the question of snipe being a water fowl."

Mr. Turtle says: "Water fowls include ducks, geese, swans, pelicans and any bird that alights in the water." That proves my case. Snipe will alight in the water anywhere when they can wade.

In answer to Mr. John Watson, I will quote the following from the *American Field*, July 30:

"In the last issue of the *American Field* I noticed in the snipe discussion a statement that a 'wing-clipped snipe placed in the water would drown before reaching a shore 200 yards away.' I recollect that many years ago, while I was shooting near Blue Island, Ill., a large yellow-legged snipe, being wing-broken, took to deep water to avoid capture and swam for a long time without any apparent fatigue. The distance was not any measured two hundred yards; but there was any amount of reserved force left in the bird up to the time when the muzzleloader was re-charged and the bird secured."—N. FERGERSON (Jacksonville, Ill.)

Now I am not going to defend the writers of all the dictionaries against Mr. Bond's statement, that they do not know anything about birds. I am sure if he had a single one to refer to, he would be very prompt to quote it to sustain his case if it was on his side, but they are all against him.

I have said much more on this subject than I had intended. As game warden, I am going to protect the birds as much as lies in my power. My feelings have been "lacerated" for years by Mr. Bond, while he was in the game business, when he was in league with the hide hunters of deer, elk, antelope, etc.; when he was the principal receiver of thousands and tens of thousands of trapped wild pigeons, until they were exterminated; when year after year he was encouraging the trapping of quail and prairie chickens in various parts of the West, and the baiting and netting of ducks in Wisconsin, and for years evading our game laws by keeping supplies of birds out of reach of the law, from which he filled orders at all seasons.

Now he has retired from business, he has ceased to be a sportsman. He has not a particle of interest in the game of our country. Game dealers are keeping their promises fairly well and obeying the law. Sportsmen are behaving themselves better than ever before known, and game is being protected and everybody seems satisfied and happy, except Mr. Bond. From him there comes a feeble appeal to dealers and sportsmen to fight the law, to exterminate the snipe and disregard the game warden.

What is to be gained by any one following his advice to "test" the law, I am unable to understand.

Among all the persons who have spoken to me on the subject, not one has shown such a spirit of quibbling and malice toward the poor snipe as has been exhibited by Mr. Bond. MAURICE R. BORTREE, Game Warden.

CHICAGO.

### The Utah Quail Law.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, Circleville, O., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug 4, 1892, you ask for an interpretation of this law. "Sec. 4. Any person who shall kill, ensnare, net or trap any quail, partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken, sage hen or grouse within the Territory of Utah between March 15 and Aug. 15 of each year, or who shall kill, ensnare, net or trap at any time, any lark, whippoorwill, thrush, swallow, snow bird, bobolink, woodpecker, or other insectivorous birds, not being birds of prey, except English sparrows, and the bird commonly known as 'California quail,' shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

There are evidently in Utah two birds known as "quail." One designated simply as "quail" (the common "Bob White"), the other as "California quail." The construction that I place upon this law is that "quail" may be killed only from Aug. 15 until March 15, and that "California quail" and "English sparrows" may be killed at any time without violating any of the provisions of Section 4 of the law. In other words, this section of the law does not at any season of the year favor "California quail," but treats them as outlaws. J. WHEELER LOWE.

## AN ACCIDENTAL DEER.

WHILE I was staying on a ranch some twelve miles from town, with my friend D., he proposed that we hitch up the buggy, take my Winchester and the shotgun and see if we couldn't get two or three geese. The only way we hunt them here on the prairie is to drive within about 200yds. of them as they feed, and shoot them—or rather, at them—with a rifle. Dick proposed that we go horseback, but as I had not ridden any for some six months until the day before, when we had ridden all day, I negatived his proposal on account of my feelings. "Well," said Dick, "if you don't care to go horseback we'll go in the buggy." This was a great concession on his part, as like all ranchmen he has a mortal antipathy to any mode of locomotion except by means of horse and saddle. "You clean out my shotgun, as it's rather dirty, and I'll go and get up the horses." He went on to the lot, caught and saddled a horse, and as I came out on the gallery to clean the gun (nearly all such work we do on the cool, shady porch of the house), he was riding off after the horses in a gentle "lope," sitting, as only a ranchman or cowboy can, with his body almost perpendicular, his feet just touching the bottom of his stirrups, and swaying easily with every motion of the horse. After cleaning the gun I took it, the Winchester and a jug of water, and placed them in the buggy. As soon as Dick penned the bunch he roped the buggy horse and between us we managed to hitch him up, but as he had not been driven for some time, the first mile was a sort of "go-as-you-please," and it was mostly his "please," too. We got him righted in time, though, and drove up along the creek toward the dam.

As we came to the top of a slight rise covered with scrub oak, the sun had just risen like a great ball of fire and now hung, seemingly motionless, with its lower edge just touching the horizon. Every twig, leaf and blade of grass shone beneath his rays, as though hung with diamonds instead of dew drops, while their scintillations almost concealed the forms of the twigs. I was interrupted in my enjoyment of the scene by Dick very calmly saying, "Yonder's a bunch of brant." Sure enough there, in front of us, about 500yds. away, sat a bunch of about fifteen brant; but alas for human hopes; before we got within 300yds. of them they flew off down the creek, quietly talking to each other in their own language. We went on around the dam and across the flats but "nary" goose did we see, so we struck out about six miles across the prairie making a circle toward the ranch.

As we were driving up a little swale covered with dead scrub oak, we jumped three deer out of the grass where they had been lying. Deer generally feed in the early morning, and why these were lying down I don't know, but so they were. After running about fifty yards they stopped to look at us—a buck and two does. I had made up my mind that we couldn't get any closer, so I picked up the Winchester and set the sight at 250yds., which I judged was the distance, and holding fine on the shoulder of the buck, I let her go. As the old gun spoke the deer started off at their usual "bunch of steel springs" gait. Hurriedly throwing another shell into the gun I held, as nearly as possible, about three inches over the buck and fired again. Just after I did so the buck dropped his tail and changed his gait into a sort of scrambling trot. He didn't travel very fast, but it was just about as fast as we could drive through the scrub, so I handed the gun to Dick and told him to knock him down. We stopped the buggy and he shot, knocking him over. We found when we reached him that my first shot had gone through him just behind the last rib and that Dick's had broken both hips. I had not hit him at all at the second shot. We found also that neither of us had a knife to bleed him with, so we put him in the back of the buggy and started for the ranch. He was a three-prong buck, but his hide was very seedy and full of ticks. As soon as we reached the ranch we cleaned and cut him up.

Dick and I have disputed ever since as to whose deer he was, some hunters claiming that the deer belongs to the hunter whose shot hits him first, others the one who hits him last. W. M. P.

VICTORIA, Texas.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE COTTONWOOD FIGHT.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WASHINGTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 14th inst. Mr. S. S. Norris gives the freaks of a bullet. It might be of some interest to your readers to learn of the freaks of two bullets that came under my observation in 1877, during the Nez Percé Indian war, in the Cottonwood fight.

F. A. Fenn had a bullet cut four holes in his pantaloons without drawing blood, and one burnt both lips and loosened a front tooth. This was kissing a bullet in reality.

About one week later I was running a race with some fifteen or twenty Indians, the goal was a small mound, whoever reached the mound first could hold it. We had some friends coming on the trail, which passed just at the foot of the mound. The horse I was riding was quite fast; I had got a hundred yards or so ahead of my companion, and stopped to take a shot at an Indian. After I shot I jumped on my horse, just as a young fellow came up. We were on the move, when he said, "Lew, I'm shot." I asked him if he was hurt bad. He said, "No, I have caught the bullet." "All right," said I. "Put it in your pocket."

I let my horse run, and soon left him, for I had the trail and the Indians had the grass. I reached the foot of the mound, when the nearest Indian was about 150yds. from the foot on his side. The mound was tolerable steep and about 150ft. high. I let my horse climb as fast as he could. When I reached the top I jumped off; and the Indians were on the run to get out of the reach of my long-range Remington. I opened fire and kept it up as long as they were in sight. When the excitement was over the young fellow showed me where he had been shot. The ball had just grazed his arm, making a blue streak about five inches long, and had struck his gun barrel (where it screws into the frame) and had raised a dent on the inside of the barrel as large as a pea; it then glanced and fell into his left hand. The gun was ruined, but it saved his life.

The shot had been fired at me, as the young fellow had not been in sight for an instant.

I tell you those bullets that are out of those Government guns, with 70grs. powder and 45grs. lead, are dangerous things to be kissing and catching. No, thank you, I don't want to be around when there are any more flying. LEW WILMOT.

## A HUNT IN THE ROCKIES.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.



THE day was all that could be desired, warm, clear and pleasant. We followed the Shotgun down to where it empties into a branch of the Snake River, three and a half miles below the ranch, and then went down the Snake about two miles, crossed over, and came up the right bank on top of the bluff to the forks, thence home. Ducks, geese and swan fluttered up at every bend in the stream, but as we were only on a pleasure trip we only carried our side arms. We got back to the ranch about 4 M., delighted with our trip and the performance of our horses, and so sore from r first ride that we were much more mfortable standing than sitting. Weber, r German recruit, said he was not sore, t the saddle was. Our guide and the ys, "Kid" and Frank, had in the meanile arranged the pack saddles all in a y and placed to each one what belonged it, which includes the saddle padding, ropes, double front and rear girths for ddle and girth for pack, also lariat or ket rope for horse. In another row opsite the saddles and their regalia were anged the various articles of household l kitchen furniture to be packed on each dle. These sundries consisted, in adion to our three carry-alls, of two wall ts, two large leather paniers, in which bedding was to be packed in order to ep it dry in case of rain, one Dutch oven, e large iron pot for boiling and making oss" game stews, two frying pans with ndles, one shovel, one mattock, one uble-bitted axe, one pole axe, one bag th potatoes and onions, two bags flour, e bag with mess pork, one with salt, one th roasted coffee and tea, one coffee mill, e sack containing horse shoes, nails of kinds, tools, etc., including copper and nealed wire of different sizes, also several whouse traps for small fur-bearing me, a box containing canned grapes, peaches, cherries, llies, condensed milk, etc.; a mess box also containing ffee-pot, knives, forks, spoons, tin plates and cups, yal baking powder and pepper; in addition, many ier small necessities too many to enumerate. As the hole outfit was furnished by our experienced guide, thing was wanting to make our mforts as complete as possible. fter moving around, observing e preparations which had been ade for the start in the morning, e were informed that there would a circus in the neighborhood of e corral before long, and if we ere interested we would be deadaded, and would be allowed oice seats. The "Kid" and Frank ere about to lasso, throw and shoe rebellious cayuse whose feet were nder, and fears were entertained at he might give out on the hunt thout shoes. We gladly accepted e kind invitation, and were much nused and highly entertained at messing the performance, which as entirely new to us. Kid was t long in casting a noose over the imal's head, and although he obcted to the fullest extent of his ility, it was not long until Frank d a slip knot around one of his kles, and in shorter time than it kes to write it he was down and ady for the operation of shoeing. en came supper, and after that a endly smoke and a general trad of some very large hunting and hing stories, the truth of which I uld not vouch for, except those I an myself. We also repacked r carry-alls, and very solemnly cussed the forest fires which re raging all over the country on th sides of the valley. We all ned in at an early hour in order be up in good time, that we ght get as early a start as posle.

*Monday morning, Oct. 7.*—There re no laggards this morning—all deck at break of day. A royal akfast and coffee that, as "Nessik" said once to me as he exded an invitation to join him at Tarpon Springs, rida, "takes you by the throat." All hands to the lm, and in two hours we were ready to photograph start. Our outfit consisted of eight pack animals, for riding and four extras in case of accident, hteen in all. We made a short ride across the valley the timber line, and encamped about 4 P. M. in the ra beds, which our guide informed us extend from the sers in the Yellowstone Park, following the general nge of mountains, at the foothills of which we were, ne 400 miles. The weather has been lovely since our rival in Idaho, although our guide informs us that no n has fallen during the whole summer. The drought d the presence of forest fires on all sides of us lead us fear that the smoke and fire have already driven or ll drive the game from their usual haunts, and make m restless and nervous even if they can be located. we camped in a cabin or shack and the time required put up tents was spared us, supper was soon prepared and disposed of, and all hands, except the packers (who do no hunting) took a whirl up the mountain side afoot, anxious to find out whether the game signs were fresh or not.

In this particular locality there are but two kinds of timber growth, pine and quaking aspen. Some of the latter are as much as 20in. in diameter, while the pine seldom grows to be more than 1ft. The altitude at this point is about 6,400ft. above sea level. The water from a small spring seeps out from under an immense lava bed, some 150yds. below the shack, and furnishes water for our party, though the shovel had to be used vigorously in order to get a sufficient supply for our thirsty animals. Along the course of the moist ground several old game water holes are plainly marked with the hoof and claw prints of the elk, deer, antelope, bear and wolverine, some dried up and hard, others where there was still some moisture quite fresh and looking as if they had been made but a day or two before our arrival.



READY FOR THE START.

From an amateur photograph.

None but those who have experienced the excitement of the chase can form any idea of the sensations experienced by seeing fresh signs of new game, and in a brand new country. But the fire cast a gloom over the venerable weather-beaten face of our guide, and had a tendency to dampen our ardor more than once, especially when we could satisfy ourselves that the fresh tracks were made when fleeing from the fiery element.

*Tuesday morning, Oct. 8.*—We all returned to camp last evening about dusk and had quite a tramp. Plenty of recent signs of elk, but not a hair in sight; grouse and sage hens until you could not rest; but now we were after bigger game, and having had satisfaction shooting small game, we paid no attention to them. Everybody well and in as good spirits as could be expected under the circumstances; and by the way, when I speak of spirits I don't mean spirits of wine, inasmuch as we took only one quart of whisky with us, which was sealed, and said seal was not to be broken except in case of sickness or some other important occasion of equal emergency. We concluded to insert the latter clause for fear none of the party would get sick, and we might want to celebrate at the close of the hunt.

*Wednesday, Oct. 9.*—Mounted yesterday morning at an early hour and crossed a spur of the range through a low divide, riding about five hours. Had several light showers of rain. Game signs no fresher than day before. During last night it began snowing, and at sun-up this morning it was still falling. This gladdened our hearts, for two reasons, and very good ones; snow is the best thing out in which to track game, and puts out fire better than rain.

*Camp Rea, on Rea's branch of Snake River Valley, Idaho, Oct. 10.*—We broke camp and headed for this point, which is at the foot of the range just crossed, and made camp by 2 P. M. Snow about 6in. deep. Leaving the packers to put up the tents, we divided up—Rea and Bush going south and Weber and I going north. Rea and Bush came up to a bull moose, and after following him for about six miles were obliged to return without getting an opportunity to administer a hypodermic of lead. No other signs of game seen, as most of the ground had but recently been burned over. The writer got into camp just before sundown, and out of the little stream just in front of our tents yanked a fine mess of trout for all hands in less than half an hour, with a brown-hackle. Supper over, we filled pipes and held a pow-wow, determining to push on in the morning in search of some country where the fire had not disturbed the habitudes of the "monarchs of the glen."

*Camp Kepler, on Split Creek, Rea's Park, Oct. 11.*—We pitched our camp in this magnificent grove of tall pines near the above-named little stream, which is not more than 4ft. wide, and from 12 to 15in. deep, and strange to say, the stream quietly disappears in a fissure in the earth not more than a mile from camp. The distance traveled yesterday was about eighteen miles. Rea's Park is a large area of meadow land, surrounded by high mountain peaks, mostly treeless with well-wooded foothills and flats, and contains many thousands of acres, well set with buffalo grass, and through it wind the glittering waters of the tortuous Snake River. Deep, dark cañons open out upon the entire plain, and through nearly all of them ripple beautiful streams of clear, pure, cold mountain water, which have their origin either from the snow-capped peaks or springs. These sparkling rivulets meander through the meadow lands, their banks fringed with water willows and their depths inhabited by speckled beauties, finally emptying into the Snake, that prince of rivers and the angler's paradise.

The march through this splendid country was simply delightful. The weather was all that could be desired. The sun shone brightly, and the air was just cold enough to be bracing and exhilarating. The little streams were full of mallard, black and teal duck, and by the time we arrived in camp we had fowl enough for days. The *honk* of the wild goose and the peculiar piping sound of the beautiful swan could be heard in all directions and at all times during the day. The arms of civilization had not yet extended to this region, though the said arms are getting very long in America; but frequently we came upon tepee poles and Indian sweat boxes, showing where some poor red devil had been first warmed up to the boiling point with red-hot stones, and then treated to a cold plunge bath in the chilling waters of the beautiful streams always close up. Poor fellows! They had no business to be sick, and they would not then have been subjected to so heroic treatment, and in the majority of instances violent death. But it is the same old story—all manner of mankind must be doctored in strict accordance with some chosen plan.



CAMP KIPLER.

From an amateur photograph.

Here and there also we noticed where hunters, trappers, or prospectors had camped at some time, from the fact that the marks of the axe or the picket pins to which the horses were tied could be seen. It is sad to notice throughout this whole territory the marks of that almost extinct species of American game, the buffalo. His bleaching bones, horns and old wallow holes were ever present, reminding us of the useless and wanton destruction of that noble game animal—gone never to return to his accustomed haunts.

As before stated, the game signs all indicated that they had traveled southeast, being driven in that direction by the forest fires. The snow, which but three days ago was several inches deep in the valley, has all disappeared, except on the mountain tops, which are still covered and reflect the rays of the sun, producing in the rarified atmosphere a magnificently weird picture never to be forgotten. The air during the afternoon has been so warm and balmy that the buffalo flies seem to have arisen from among the smouldering remains of their majestic namesakes, and to be trying to form a dress parade. They manifest an unusual amount of industry when on the bite, and insist upon creeping into our ears and nostrils, or investigating our eyes.

*Oct. 12.*—This was a cold, frosty morning. The sun came up clear and the day is warm. To-day is Sunday; we rest, write and darn our clothes. Rea says he is not tired and will go in search of fresh meat. Even this has been a grand, eventful day for us in this far-from-home wilderness. Rea returned to camp empty-handed about the middle of the afternoon. We cleaned our guns, slept, traded hunting and fishing stories, and the packers repaired the saddle pads and other paraphernalia pertain

ing to the outfit, and baked a supply of bread in the Dutch oven. My last act just before the sun went down was to sit astride a log which lay across Split Creek, and wash my handkerchiefs. Although only four feet wide and from twelve to fifteen inches deep, while thus engaged I counted eighteen trout flitting by, and not one of them was less than ten inches in length. We have trout baked, broiled, boiled and fried, and strange to say, we never tire of them. This evening we enjoy the camp fire, as the nights are cold and frosty. Rea's reconnoitre during the day satisfies him to a certainty that the game has gone south, and the order was given the packers to be up before day light in readiness for an early start.

As we have had five days' experience on the march, I must be pardoned for devoting a few words in relation to our faithful animals, the Rocky Mountain "cayuses." No beasts of burden could be better adapted to the wants of the plainsman, prospector, hunter or ranchman. They can live wherever a goat can manage to subsist, by pawing away eighteen inches of snow, if necessary, in order to crop the buffalo grass which abounds in most of the region through which we traveled. "Warrior," the horse which I ride, is strong, gentle, sure-footed and understands his business. I have ridden him both up and down mountain sides as steep as the roof of a house, and I never knew him to stumble or make a mis-step. He will pick his way through a windfall, stepping from one log to another, and intelligently trying each one to ascertain how strong it is before putting his whole weight upon it—leaping over the high ones, and breaking as few sticks as many men who think themselves still-hunters. I ride up to a flock of ducks or geese, and as they rise shoot from the saddle, and I am positively sure that while I take aim or have the arm in position to fire, he holds his breath. It is not necessary, most of the time, to use the reins to guide our animals; all that is necessary is to sway the body slightly to the right or left as the case may be, and they obey. When left to themselves on the march, they follow in single file, and the one in front usually picks out the best footing in the most difficult and uneven ground. What has been said of "Warrior" can well be applied to "Wardrobe" and "Buckskin," ridden by Bush and Weber respectively.



"COME TO BREAKFAST."

During our stay in this camp we scoured the country in all directions, and on many occasions found game-yards and water-holes at the foot of cañons tramped up like sheep-pens, and all signs not later than ten days or two weeks; the trails all going south in the direction of the Teton range and Jackson's Hole country.

*Camp Misery, Oct. 14.*—This camp was named from the fact that it is located on a divide between a meadow and lava bed. We arrived here about 3 P. M., after having marched about ten miles over very rough, poorly-wartered country, and but little feed for our stock; in fact, our present camp site afforded the first opportunity to graze our horses during all the day's march. About half a mile east of camp, on a small branch of Warm River, we found a beaver dam inhabited by one family of that interesting rodent. We set three traps along the breast of the dam, but as it was dark before we were done they were smart enough not to repair so recent a break in the dam, and the consequence was that when we came to look them up this morning they were as we left them. Had we remained another night, we would have caught one or two of the cunning dam-builders without doubt. The signs of moose were very abundant, as evidenced by the fact that the tops of all the willows which line the banks of the stream were clipped off, and the tracks of the ungainly game could be seen everywhere in the soft soil.

*Warm River, Wednesday Morning, Oct. 15.*—Yesterday we made about twelve miles through a country composed of lava beds, scrub pine wind-falls, and here and there small patches of prairie. All the streams were dried up, and our animals suffered for water. We arrived here about 3:30 P. M. and were obliged to go into camp on account of not being able to make the next water before dark. We are near the head of the stream, and on the right bank. The water is so warm that there are few, if any, fish in it at this point, and it was never known to freeze over. It is about fifty feet in width, and the water in some localities is quite deep. During most of the day's march yesterday, especially when we were on high ground, we could see the Teton Mountains in Wyoming, looming up to the south of us, and about fifty miles distant. The "Old Man" of the range, over 13,000 feet above sea level, especially appeared like a cloud; and when the sun shone upon its snow-covered top, it resembled the fabled cloud said to have a "silver lining," but on the outside.

After a hearty lunch we were off in different directions in search of fresh meat, and by sun-down when all had reported we had seven grouse, five hares, twelve ducks and seven squirrels. Yesterday evening after the tents were pitched, beds made and the stock attended to, the packers made a bean-hole, and the consequence was we had some very fine beans for breakfast this morning.

By the way, it might be interesting to some were I to describe the method of producing Boston baked beans in the wilderness. The trick is simple enough if you know how, and are in possession of the following ingredients, viz.: The beans, salt pork, salt, two or three tablespoonfuls of molasses, a metal stewing pot, with a good closely-fitting cover, and a spade or other instrument with which a hole two feet deep by eighteen inches in diameter can be made in the earth. Put the beans in the pot, interspersed with layers of thin slices of pork, add water sufficient to cover them and no more; then dig the hole, in which kindle a fire first with dry wood and keep it well filled with green hard wood if it is to be had. The fire should be kept up from early evening until bed time, if two or three hours all the better, which affords a good chance for any of the party whose turn it is to tell a whopper. When it is time to retire the coals are shoveled out of the hole, the molasses and pepper are added to the contents of the pot; and it is set in the bottom of the pit. The live coals are filled in around it and over the lid, and the whole covered to the depth of five or six inches with the earth which was taken out in making the excavation; the burning faggots and those of the regular camp fire are placed over the grave, and there you leave it until morning. When breakfast is nearly ready, the pot is unearthed, and you will be sure to have No. 1 baked beans—tender, rich and finely flavored, and an agreeable change while on the march. SHONGO.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11.—Mr. C. H. Warring, of Amsterdam, N. Y., writes me as follows: "I am very desirous of having some first-class chicken shooting. I want to go to some place where I can get good accommodations and where I can hire a man with good dogs. I noticed your letter in the FOREST AND STREAM, and if you could put me on any good shooting I would be very much obliged to you."

I gave Mr. Warring the address of my game pocket, which latter has proved to be a mighty convenient thing to have in the family. I do not know of any good chicken country on this sinful world where a man can get good accommodations and also be able to get good dogs. Singularly enough, in these days of advanced kennel interests, there are fewer good dogs in the Western country than there were twenty years ago. As the chickens disappeared the chicken dogs disappeared also. They have lots of fine dogs nowadays, they tell me, but of just plain chicken dogs, with no frills on them, but with kind hearts and hard feet, there is a large smallness.

Time was when you could go into almost any town, say in northwestern Iowa, or in Minnesota or Nebraska, and find a sort of stock dog that would hunt chickens for anybody. This dog usually belonged to the barber, and if the barber was too busy to go hunting with you, he would, provided you had your hair cut at his shop, let you take the dog and hunt him all the week. Of course on Sundays the owner of the dog would expect to do a little hunting with him himself. As for the dog, he enjoyed himself as well one way as the other, and just so he was hunting, he didn't care with whom. As for needing a special code of signals, or a regular handler, the poor, ignorant brute probably never dreamed of such a thing. He thought it was his business to find chickens, and not to chase them; to point, keep steady and retrieve the dead birds when the covey was all up. He did all this in a plain, straightforward way, and thought nothing of it. He liked it. He did it for one man just the same as for another. This dog, however, which I presume I may as well call the borrowing dog, failed to perpetuate himself. Like all immortal snaps, he was mortal and evanescent, and he is no more.

I recall such a dog which used to live on top the hill at the north end of Mud Lake, in Hamilton county, Iowa. He belonged to some one, the son of the man who owned the farm there. The dog's name was Don. I forgot the name of his master. Those were chicken days, and Don was a chicken dog, a big, orange and white fellow, of that sturdy strain which, in the '60s and '70s, was spread all over central Iowa, and known under the very vague name of "the Milwaukee dogs." This strain was said to be traceable to a pair of setters imported by a Milwaukee man, but when that happened, or who the man was none of us ever knew. Anyhow, we called Don one of the Milwaukee dogs, and in our camp we had another, a still better specimen of the same strain, which we called Rex. We came from a hundred miles below Mud Lake, but Rex and Don were only brothers whose paths had taken them apart. They affiliated at once, and how they did like to hunt chickens. It never occurred to Don's young owner but what it was all right for us to borrow Don whenever we wanted him, and we mostly wanted him; in fact, you had to tie Don up or he was bound to be out with the guns. And what a dog he was! Careful, methodical, business like, thoroughly master of his trade. I wish I had him now. He never wasted any time in a field. He just went right to where the birds were, because he knew their habits, and knew where the birds ought to be. I believe they call that bird sense now, or something of that sort. We didn't call it anything then. We just would rather hunt with that sort of a dog.

I can see old Don now, in the mind's eye, as he stood, head high up, solid as a rock, pointing a covey which we found on the hillside more than 200 yards away. And I can remember, too, there being some rivalry that day between Don's young master and myself, how we both shot into a bird just as it topped the grass out of that covey, and blew it out of semblance to a feathered fowl, much to Don's disgust. I wish I could think of that boy's name. He shot one of those old, side-bar Fox guns. I know there is a sore spot on my shoulder yet from carrying the 10¼lbs. Bonehill gun I shot that day. At that time the Bonehill gun was in our country thought to be the *ne plus ultra* of the shotgun kind. "They ain't no better gun except the Bonehill," said the small dealer who sold it to us.

Don and Rex, and the Bonehill, and Don's master are mostly memories now. If our inquirer had been on Mud Lake in those days and had offered Don and his master $2 a day to go shooting with him, he would have been regarded as an object of suspicion. But Don is dead now, and for his counterpart one must inquire elsewhere than here. Can any one help out?

CHICKEN COUNTRY.

If any one wishes to go to North Dakota for shooting, he will probably do well to go to Lakota, where within driving distance he will get good sharpie shooting. There is a Mr. Alexander at Lakota who takes parties out. Larimore, N. D., is another good point, if one wishes sharptails. Lakota is near the Devil's Lake country, famous for wild fowl. For a fall trip this should be a good point to head for. There is also good shooting on sharptails in eastern Montana now. The above information is given me by Mr. G. T. Sidway, o Monett, Mo., who spends most of his time in Chicag and shoots much over the country. Mr. Sidway says tha between the Seneca and Verdigris rivers in the Indian Na tions, on the line of the 'Frisco road, there are still a goo many chickens, though the shooting is unsatisfactory be cause contrary to the military regulations and liable to b stopped with a very round turn.

Mr. L. F. Loeb, of this city, will at the close of th month join a party of friends at Beatrice, Neb., for chicken hunt over pastures about twenty-five miles fro there, where plenty of birds are reported this week.

WILD PIGEONS.

My Missouri friend, Mr. Sidway, tells me that the wil pigeons visit southeastern Missouri every other year re ularly, and that he often sees large flocks of them. Th roost is west of the Ozarks, in the Indian territory. La year a man about thirty miles west of Fayetteville, northern Arkansas, fed and shipped to Boston 2,000 wil pigeons he had netted. The netting is no longer reg larly profitable, but the bird is not extinct.

For quail and wild turkey, and very good sport, say this same informant, one is perfectly safe to go to Ha rison, Boone county, Ark., going in via Eureka Spring The residents will furnish guides and the shooting is ve good. For fly-fishing the Elk, St. Francis, Gasconad Current and others of these Southern streams would pro ably open the eyes of many a Northern angler. F any one wanting a wild, romantic trip after big gam with a good working chance of getting shot by a nativ a trip to the Ozark Mountains would probably be alt gether satisfactory. I think the time is not far dista when Northern sportsmen will turn more and more Missouri and Arkansas for sport, either with rod or gu

Our friend Italian Joe killed 19 woodcocks one day th week near Willow Springs, right in the edge of Chicag

EARLY JACK SNIPE.

A most singular thing is the appearance of great nu bers of jack snipe all over northern Illinois and India in this first week of August. There are numbers alo the Kankakee marsh. Tolleston club on the Little C lumet reports that a good flight has come in there. have already mentioned them as abundant around Ha mond, Ind. About Summit, and below there on t De Plaines they are also in, and indeed there are doze of points which have reported them. The impression common that these are local bred birds, but this is hard possible. They have not appeared here so early in su numbers at any time, within my recollection, at least, a the fact attracts comment from old shooters.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## THE HUNTING RIFLE AGAIN.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I see in your paper of June 23, that there is a renew by "Aztec" of the old controversy about large and sm charges for killing game. Doubtless there will alwa be differences of opinion as to what is really the b change for this purpose, but it is evident that a la bullet with a proportionate charge of powder, will l on the average of shots, more quickly and certainly th a small bullet hitting in the same place, because it cludes in its course through the body a larger numbe blood vessels and nerves, and often strikes a bone or la vessel which the narrower diameter of the small bu would avoid.

The only question then remaining to be decided is weight of rifle necessary to counteract the recoil of larger charge. As this weight should never be more th can be carried without discomfort, it and consequen the amount of powder and lead should vary in acco ance with the physical power, the endurance and nervous sensibility of the hunter. A powerful man w can go through great fatigue must necessarily have advantage in being able to carry a heavy and powe weapon. A weak man, or one who is very sensitive recoil, will bag more game with a lighter gun and sma charges, but should not delude himself with the idea t such charges are in themselves as effective as large.

Experience proves that men of average strength endurance cannot, especially under a hot sun, carry ri of more than about 9lbs. weight without being fatig and thus losing chances of killing game when very qu shots are necessary. Every ounce of weight tells u even the strongest man in a long tramp, on the princ admitted by trainers of race horses, that 7lbs. extra the back of a horse is equivalent to a length in a r race. Hence the weight of each man's rifle should reduced as much as possible provided the increase of coil does not cause inaccuracy of shooting.

"Aztec" says that with heavy charges (apparently ref ing to those between 70 and 120 grains) the recoil is pleasant unless the gun weigh about 12lbs. I used, many years, rifles of .45-gauge weighing from 8½ to 8¾ and carrying from 110 to 124grs. of powder and 280 to of lead. They did not kick severely at target prac and were unfelt when firing at game. Here is a poin which beginners in the use of hunting rifles are liabl err. They try a weapon at a mark, and finding the k rather unpleasant, immediately conclude that the we is not enough for the charge. If they fired at an ani the recoil would not be noticed at all. This is prob owing to the attention being concentrated on the ob aimed at and the rifle being held more firmly than us

Before express rifles were invented I owned a .45 bre loading carbine weighing only 6½lbs., the charge which was 55grs. of powder and 390grs. of lead. Ow to the stock being very short and straight, the rifle only kicked terribly but jumped upward so as to m my cheek swell when at target practice, yet when fi at game, or even vermin, there was not only an abse of perceptible recoil, but my cheek was never hurt in least degree.

I have for years been convinced that the chief rea why rifles in America are made much heavier tha this country is that the stocks are shorter and smalle the base, a peculiarity which originated in old ti when barrels were very thick and rifles were held their crescent-shaped butts against the upper arm ins of the shoulder. The Winchester .40 62 210 and the .40 60 260 are each of 10lbs. weight, while the British 85 230 has hardly any noticeable recoil at 7½ to 8lbs. is due to the stock being long and fitted with a sho butt, having a much larger bearing surface than the t

of most American rifles. Other things being equal, the longer the stock the less is recoil felt; and it can hardly be too long, provided it does not catch in the clothing when raised quickly for a snap shot. A length of 14½in. from the trigger to the center of the butt suits most men with arms of average length, if they do not wear very thick clothes.

The Winchester .50-95-300, as made for the English market, has a shotgun butt and weighs about 8¾lbs. I have found this accurate at a target and without any disagreeable recoil. The '86 model, taking the .45-90-300 cartridge, if fitted with the same kind of stock, could be fired with perfect comfort at 8¼lbs. weight.

I will here say that the Winchester .45 90 shell seems to me more nearly perfect for ordinary large game than any other shell in the market. Being cylindrical, it is less liable to stick or require swedging than those of conical or bottle shape. It holds sufficient powder to give a very flat trajectory and great shock, yet not enough to spoil accuracy at ranges below 150yds., as is the case with the 125-grain express shell. With a hollow bullet, properly proportioned, it is powerful enough for grizzly bear, and is not too powerful for ordinary deer. "Aztec" states that "even .38 bullets, unless carefully placed, will spoil half a deer's meat. I am puzzled to account for his experience, having never known .45 solid bullets, striking in any position, to tear to any extent worth noticing. Even .45 hollow bullets, if the hollow be of the proper size in proportion to the powder, tear badly only when hitting the haunch. When placed in the shoulder they make a small hole at entering, a large one in the lungs or heart, and spoil the flesh for perhaps 4in. in diameter at the opposite side of the chest. As few people eat the lungs this is of little consequence, but, at the worst, by submitting to the loss of 2 or 3lbs. of meat the chances become infinitessimal of having a long stern chase or of losing the deer itself.

As to the danger to people or cattle from using large charges of powder, the .50 or .45 hollow bullets if they miss the game are usually knocked out of shape on striking the ground and then stop quickly. The solid one of much smaller size is far more dangerous. I have seen even a .38 125grs. bullet, driven by only 14grs. of powder and fired without elevating the sights, make its first graze and knock up a small cloud of dust at fully 400yds. from the muzzle, and the .38 56-255 would probably be dangerous up to a mile. I believe that the diminution in large game in America is to a considerable extent due to the use of rifles of insufficient power. I came to this conclusion when out with hunters using very small bores years ago in Canada, and it was confirmed by my own experience with small game in this country. I tried .22 rim-fire cartridges, chiefly at rabbits, from a very accurate Maynard barrel, was very successful at first, but in the long run lost a rather large proportion of wounded which escaped into their burrows, although hit in the neck or shoulder. This was not from insufficient penetration, for the bullets passed completely through in any direction. I then resorted to a .30-14-75 rifle, have used it for three seasons, and lost one badly wounded animal, which staggered about six yards to a burrow. Another rabbit escaped which seemed slightly wounded, but all the remainder which have been hit in three years have been bagged. Exactly the same principle applies to large game. A hunter with a .32 or .38 40 rifle may hit three or four deer in a day before securing one if the bullets happen to strike a little way from a deadly spot. Had he used a .50 95 or a .45-90 cartridge, the first deer hit in the same place would have been killed quickly and taken to camp, the others being left unmolested.

This subject was discussed most fully and ably several years ago by Mr. Van Dyke in the "Still Hunter," a book which it would well repay any one commencing his hunting career to study carefully. J. F. MEYRICK.

DEVONSHIRE, England.

### The Quail Shooting Club.

Mr. Coleman, who has been organizing a club to secure quail shooting privileges in North Carolina, "dirt cheap," sends us this note of the temporary organization of the club. He tells us that his advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM has been answered from all parts of the country and last Monday a letter about it came to him from London, England. He writes under date of Aug. 17:

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Members of the North Carolina Quail Club met last night, and formed a temporary organization, by electing Mr. A. Coleman President; Mr. Chas. J. Gayler (of the Inquiry Department, N. Y. City Post Office) Secretary and Treasurer; and Mr. James Moylan (civil engineer) of Jersey City, Chairman of Committee on Transportation, etc.

The membership, for the present, will be limited to 100, and the yearly membership fee to $15, every dollar of which will be devoted to paving for the lands now being leased by club members in North Carolina. The club will control over 30,000 acres, or some 46 square miles, of the choicest shooting grounds in the United States, and will be ready for sport by the opening of this season's shooting.

Those wishing to join must send in their names to the Secretary if they want to avoid disappointment, as applications are coming in from Maine to Illinois. Send names and inquiries to Chas. J. Gayler, Sec'y, Room 42, Post Office, New York.

### North Dakota Game.

GALESBURG, TRAILL CO., No. Dak., Aug. 11.—I fear your Mr. Hough's treasured game pocket will be at a discount this year. From observation and report I judge the Dakotas to be one vast game pocket about now. Game has not been so plentiful these ten years. The sloughs and lakes are full of water. One need not travel far to make a good bag. The open season begins Aug. 20. J. P. W.

THE FAVORITE LINE.—The Shenandoah Valley route to the South, comprised of the Norfolk & Western and East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railways, is the sportsman's favorite line. The Washington & Chattanooga Limited," which is a solid vestibuled fast flying train, consisting of Pullman drawing room, sleeping cars, day coaches and Pullman dining cars, leave Washington 11:15 P. M. every day in the year, arriving Chattanooga 6:45 next afternoon, making close connection for all Southern points. Mr. B. W. WRENN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, E. T., V. & G. R'y. Knoxville Tenn., will furnish free any information desired.—*Adv.*

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of United States and Canada. Price 50 cents.*

## FISHING UP "SALT RIVER."

IN THE BLUE GRASS OF KENTUCKY.—Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your instructions to "go up Salt River" fell upon most willing ears, and I am now prepared to tell the great army of would-be officeholders who may be relegated by unappreciative voters to go "up Salt River," that if they will actually go up or down the real Salt River, as it exists here in Kentucky, they will never regret the journey, provided they have one drop of real sportsman's blood in their veins and half an eye for the beautiful in nature. It is indeed a pleasant stream, and why should not a river flowing through the blue grass region of this most favored State be a gem among water courses?

Salt River has its start either in Mercer or Boyle county. Every man hereabouts is a partisan on that subject. If Cove Spring is the starting point, then Mercer county has the honor of starting the historic stream; but the country thereabouts is so full of purling brooks and delightful bits of clear, rippling runways, that the claims of the Boyle county men that Salt River has its start in a strong, cold, limpid spring in their county may be right after all.

In this region of the State at this season of the year no canoeist could ask for more sylvan scenes than those along Salt River. The blue grass pastures stretch away from either bank, and from the brink of Salt River many a fat shorthorn gets a cool refreshing drink, many a fair-faced, fine-limbed fawn-like Jersey comes down with swelling udder to draw in a supply of Salt River nectar and turn it out into the brimming pail at even tide as the richest and creamiest of high grade milk. Many a standard trotter, with a pedigree running back for generations, comes cavorting down to the borders of the much-talked-of stream, draws in a dainty drink of natural ale and turns for a frolic over the river pasture, presenting a picture to make the horse lover's eye dance with joy at the spectacle. The old home of Leonatus is visited up the bank, and the fliers of the Chinn and Morgan stock were raised in good part on Salt River water.

If there is a fondness for the historic and the weird in your nature, then come and look up the legends of Salt River. Its banks saw the earliest settlements of the white pioneers, and the border war between the whites and Indians waged long and bloody across these fertile fields. There are still the beautiful woodlands of walnut, blue ash, hickory, poplar and sugar-maple. There were more woodlands then and through them rang out the whoop of the marauding redskin, bringing dismay into the cabin of many a hardy Kentucky woodsman. There are Indian stories by the dozen clinging to the banks of Salt River, but there is nothing of a political significance about them. They are simply stories of love and hate, war and rapine, of brave deeds and fair maidens, and another decade will see these stories die out from the memory of the oldest of their narrators. The Indians have gone; those who have heard their storied lore are fast following after.

Some ten miles below Harrodsburg the river passes into Anderson county. This is, *par excellence*, the home and original birthplace of "old-fashioned-sour-mashed-copper-distilled" whisky. Eighteen or twenty whisky distilleries, turning out from 200 to 300 barrels per day, are operated in Anderson county, and most of them are supplied with water from Salt River or its tributaries. The river runs through this county in a northwesterly direction, and then passes into Spencer county, traverses its entire breadth, and entering Bullitt runs through it and finishes its course at the farther boundary of the county, and empties into the Ohio River.

It is not a long river. With all its graceful curves and sinuous meanderings it is not far from 100 miles long. At Harrodsburg it is perhaps 30ft. wide, at Shepardsville, the county seat of Bullitt county, it has broadened out into a stream of 400ft., fair to look upon, and with a carrying capacity far below the crowds who are yearly sent to float upon it. In talk that is, for really there is next to no travel on the clear, sparkling waters. If one wishes to navigate it he may come up its channel for a dozen miles to Pitt's Point in the small steamboats fitted to the work. In flood times boats have pushed up as far as Shepardsville, but this is generally a fording point.

In connection with the fish in the water, the dams come in for much attention. There are some half dozen or more at various points up the stream. Some of these are strongly built of hewn timbers and stone and give promise of permanency, and at all ordinary stages of the water it is impossible for any fish to pass over, through or under them. No fishways are provided, and the restocking of the stream has attracted little attention; yet it is an amusing fact that some years ago a practical (?) member of the Fish Commission turned out in this stream not far from its head, a few cans of salmon fry, telling the people that they would doubtless descend the river to the sea, but would as surely return to its headwaters to spawn.

The soil in Bullit county grows more flat, and sometimes, where loamy, it is very productive. The trees are being cleared off and the slopes turned into arable land. The light whitish clay soil is washed into the stream after heavy rains, to the destruction of the fish and the disfigurement of the river.

When the delegations arrive from the various political divisions of the country they will find that Salt River has a number of watering places awaiting their enjoyment. There is "old Paroguet Springs" near Shepherdsville (the buildings all burned). A very fine sulphur spring at Newton's or Milton's near Van Buren, and in Anderson county the "Boiling Spring," where is also located S. O. Hackley's distillery. There are many very pretty villages along the track of the stream, and no doubt some of the corner lot owners would gladly see the hamlets expand into cities even though the census roll was swelled with names taken from the minority ballots in the polling places of the people.

But after all what is a river good for except to fish in or from. Some people will say that a river of good pure wholesome water, such as this, is useful as a supply of drinking fluid. Well, those people are free to their opinion, but those people and those opinions are not found along this particular river. Others will argue that a water way is useful first and foremost as a means of communication, a sort of aqueous highway provided for those too lazy to build good roads and then to breed fast horses to drive on them. Salt River has not enough water to figure much on a highway of commerce, but it has water enough to furnish homes for the "finny tribe"—water snakes, soft and hardshell turtles, crawfish (some hard shells and some called peddlers), log-perch, sun-perch, goggle-eyes, hickory shad, eels, gars, carp (planted or escaped from ponds), suckers, some few white perch, yellow cats, black bass (called in Salt River "jumpers" or "jumping-perch"). I don't know whether small or large mouth, but I think the former), and the fish which was named by FOREST AND STREAM the crappie, called here "Newlight" or "Campbellite," calico perch, silver perch, bachelor perch, etc. Of course down toward the mouth there are other fish such as are found in the Ohio—buffalo, sturgeon, etc.

At Shepardsville there is a rocky fall in the river corresponding to the Ohio Falls, though not so long nor with so much fall; it is doubtless a continuation of the strata that make the falls at Louisville. Some years ago there was a high dam at this point, and it was told me by citizens living near that in the spring the fish trying to pass up stream were hindered by this dam, and accumulated in such quantities that horses would not cross the stream (the fish striking their legs), and the citizens would gather with teams and by using a short seine (some said pitchforks) would in a few minutes fill their wagons and haul them away.

The favorite fishing there and all along the river is for blue cats. Although there are some true anglers (*e g.*, Tom Floyd and Isaiah Yocum at Taylorsville), the fish are caught on trot-lines, and taken by "cooning," which is done in this way. During the spawning season, and while watching their young, in July and August, catfish burrow under broad rocks, clearing out beds under the rocks, and paths and entrance ways to the edges of the rock—two or three entrances. The fisherman locates these rocks and remembers them as a pilot runs the river, by an overhanging bough, a stump or some object on the bank; and having stopped all the holes but one, he reaches under with his hand. The fish, usually a large one, will seize his hand, and the fisherman quietly works his hand so as to grasp the fish by the gills and yanks it out, leaving the eggs or young unprotected and to be destroyed. Sometimes a long iron rod with a short, sharp hook at the end is used; when a fish is felt and located, the hook is put over it and with a short jerk fastened in the fish and it is thus drawn out. "Cooning" requires nerve, for a man might find something not a fish, and when the hand is seized it must not be jerked back, as this would take the skin off or make ugly scratches. I have never heard of fly-fishing in Salt River; worms and other baits are used for cats, perch and suckers; minnows for bass and crappie.

Away from Salt River it will not be necessary to travel far to get a shot at deer, and as for smaller game, it may be found all through the section.

You have asked for something of the history and surroundings of Salt River. I have given them to you, and you may begin to think that the candidate who is sent up Salt River is given a very pleasant journey after all. He finds fishing and frolic, boating if he is water fond, and the finest trotters in the world if he is one of that universal army of worshippers at the shrine of perfect horseflesh. There may be other so-called Salt Rivers, not so pleasant to travel upon, but this, the only original Salt River, is not of that sort. The tongue of the rabble makes it a place of unpleasant anticipation and regretful reminiscence. Nonsense; everything here assists in replacing the galling past with the all-satisfying present. The fiat of Jehovah has made it an elysium, and if the mob will still insist upon declaring otherwise, it is only one more illustration of the absurdity of the alliterative jingle, *Vox populi vox Dei.* BLUE GRASS.

## BLACK BASS IN ILLINOIS.

DR. S. P. BARTLETT of Quincy, writes that bass fishing at all points bids fair to be the best known for years in the State. Large strings are taken at Quincy every day, but the fish are mostly of the smaller size. To quote from the letter: "One thing is certain, I have never witnessed such a sight in my life as I did Sunday on the bay here. It seemed to me that every available log or sandy beach for its entire four miles of length was occupied by a man, woman or child with a fishing pole, and everybody caught fish."

"The water is fairly within its banks and affords an excellent opportunity for this sport, and Sunday is always a big day here with the working men and their families for a day's outing. The rivers are full of minnows, small hickory shad, and other food of the bass."

The following from the Chicago *Tribune* will serve to show what fishermen are doing in another portion of the State:

"Fox Lake, Ill., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Fishing at the lake this season is breaking the record. They are being caught by the bushel, and the women are outdoing the men at the sport. Guests at Hotel Lippincott had their catches weighed and counted. It was found that W. E. Goodman of Evanston caught 150 bass, weighing 210lbs. Tuesday, and 146 bass, weighing 225lbs., Thursday. Mr. Munson and the women in his party caught 110 fish, weighing 163lbs., one bass weighing 6lbs. 3oz. Mr. De Sabe caught over 250lbs. of fish Thursday. At the Oak Glen Club it was reported that Henry C. Davis, brother of George R. Davis, caught 93 black bass in four days."

### Slaughter of Small Bass.

MR. W. L. POWELL, Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, sends an account of the depletion of Maiden Creek by fishermen who catch bushles of yearling black bass with small hooks. A veteran angler fished this stream recently with a fly-rod and in the course of a day took 60 bass ranging from 4½ to 6in. in length. All of them were lip-hooked and were liberated alive. The creek was full of yearling bass during July, and newspaper accounts mentioned their capture by the bushel, by means of hooks so small as to be readily swallowed by the fish. The absence of big bass even in moderate numbers is notorious, but in the light of this information it is readily explained.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 10.—Mr. Addison Gumbert is one of the all-stars aggregation with which Capt. Anson defends the baseball honor of the city of Chicago, it being the specific duty of Mr. Addison Gumbert to cause the ball to assume unexpected curves, gyrations and deviations from its natural alignment. To master this intricate subject requires long and patient study, and leaves little time for anything else. Some people can never learn it at all, and many have not learned who think they have, and who draw salaries upon that supposition. It was hardly to be expected, therefore, that Mr. Gumbert, being a great pitcher, would be also a great fisherman. It was too much to ask of one man. Yet Mr. Gumbert accepted the invitation of some of the Mak-saw-ba boys to come down to the club and have a little fishing. This turned out to mean night fishing from a scow moored out in a bayou. It did not take Mr. Addison Gumbert long to prove the truth of his statement that he had never caught a fish in all his life before. That was evident when he had his first bite, the result of which was a ½lb. rock bass. This unfortunate fish Mr. Gumbert promptly elevated high in the air, where, the line being somewhat shorter than the rod, it dangled for some moments, in spite of Mr. Gumbert's sincere efforts to establish more intimate relations.

"What'm I going to do about it, boys?" asked Mr. Gumbert, as he looked longingly up at the fish.

*A Voice*—"Looks like you'd have to climb up the pole."

Mr. Gumbert did not like the idea of climbing so insecure a support, and spent some moments in deep thought. At length he hit upon a key to the situation. He reasoned that as, in the original relative positions of the fish and rod, the former had been in the water and the latter out, it would, in order to establish the proper status, be necessary to reverse the original positions; in which case, of course, the rod would be in the water. With a bright, glad smile upon his face, Mr. Addison Gumbert poked his rod into the water, and was pleased to observe that as the rod went deeper and deeper down into the bayou, the fish approached nearer and nearer to his waiting hand. At length he dropped everything, and allowing the fish to fall upon the bottom of the boat, sprang bodily upon it, and grasped it with both hands, calling aloud as he did so, "Judgment!" and "How's that?"

Mr. Addison Gumbert's young life had been so taken up with spherical trigonometry and allied lines of research that he had never learned that a rock bass has plenty of stickers on its back. This interesting fact he now discovered very rapidly and to his entire satisfaction. The next morning Mr. Addison Gumbert realized that his enthusiasm had given him a pair of hands which looked as though he had bearded a lion in his den, or gone against a corn sheller. Strange to say—and I say this the more to show the excellence of angling as a specific for all complaints, and so to lay a basis for this story—Mr. Addison Gumbert on the day after he had bearded the rock bass in his lair, went back to town and pitched such classic and refined ball that he shut out the opposing nine with only two hits, and so won a game for Chicago, something which had not occurred before for many moons. Mr. Addison Gumbert was heard to remark that the roughening up of the bark upon his fingers gave him better control of the ball. Thus doth the great and rational sport of angling appeal to all sorts and conditions of men.

THE BASS FISHING.

Along the Kankakee River the bass are now biting in great style, and the boys at Mak-saw-ba are enjoying the fun. Your uncle Joseph Card and Billy Mussey and Mr. L. R. Brown and Mr. John Hubbard, and about everybody else who has gone out fishing can attest to this. Mr. Card caught 28 bass one day, 24 the next and 15 another day. Mr. Brown caught 16 bass one day—a good many for a broken rod. Mr. Mussey has of late been averaging ten or a dozen bass daily and is living at the club. Nearly all these bass are big-mouths. It will be thirty days yet before the small-mouths begin to bite much, and through October there will be no big-mouths of consequence taken, though the small-mouths will then be biting ravenuously. I have never yet found any one who could explain the movements of the bass in this part of the Kankakee River.

The fact is that, for some reason or other, the bass have begun to bite all over this part of the country. In Fox Lake, Channel Lake, Lake Marie and all the chain of that country, heavy strings of bass are being taken daily by the casters. Lower down the system, in Pistaqua Bay, the fishing is also good. Here Mr. C. Blomgren caught a 6lb. pickerel yesterday, to the height of his delight, since he rarely aspires higher than sunfish or bullheads, while his brother, Mr. Oscar Blomgren, accumulated a vast number of bullheads, dogfish, wall-eyed pike and croppies, and also took several bass. Still lower down, in the Fox River, below McHenry, the bass have been biting well this week in spite of the hot weather, which is still at the frizzling point. At this point Mr. Charles Antoine, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, had some sport with minnow, deep fishing, day before yesterday. Unfortunately, Mr. Antoine has not been in good health for some time, and he came back yesterday with a bad fever. Not that there is any malaria along the Fox, for this is not the case.

The Fox River is now very low, at the opposite extreme of what it has been all spring and summer. The bass are now in the deep holes, which must be sought out among the overgrowth, and fished by still-fishing, if the best results are to be expected, as the fish do not rise much. Minnow, crawfish or helgramite they may take, but they will bite very gingerly and slow. Dragon fly might be good, and I verily believe that angle worms would be as good a bait now for small-mouths as anything.

Further north along the Fox, up Mukwanago way, the bass fishing should be good now. Billy Farmer brought down a 5lbs. bass from Eagle Lake, near Mukwanago yesterday, and also a number of brook trout from one of the streams near there.

Messrs. Fred Taylor and W. H. Haskell start next week for Johnson's ranch on the Little Oconto, via Ellis Junction, after more trout.

Spaldings show this season two mounted fish, a 2½lbs. brook trout caught in Gogebic Lake by Mr. C. Lester, and a 34½lbs. mascallonge caught in the State Line waters by Mr. Livermore. Mr. Lester and Mr. Armour are now at Manitou Springs, Col., and will try for trout in that neighborhood.

Mr. Lott, late of England, now in employ of Montgomery Ward & Co., has a quantity of fine English fishing tackle along with him, which several of us have taken much interest in examining. He has a ten guineas salmon rod, supposably a fine one, but a dreadful tool to an American eye. A greenheart fly-rod of the lot, also a high class article, felt as though it would pitch a fly, but the rod was terribly large and heavy. Even a pickerel rod, intended for a light one, must have weighed over a pound, we thought. All the rods seemed carefully and honestly made, but no one in this region could pick out a use for any one of them, and they appeared unspeakably clumsy to all accustomed to the fine class American rods. There were also two salmon reels and a trout reel in the collection, made of high polished wood, plain clicks, with no reel bars whatever, very simply made, though heavy and awkward looking, bearing evident marks of fine workmanship. These wooden reels ran as delicately almost as our casting reels, and were very interesting specimens. We were told that these were the best of the English goods of the sort. The impression was that English tackle makers are good at their station, but only in the infancy of angling ideas. The American implements of like nature are far and away superior in elegance, and of type altogether different from those here noted.

E. HOUGH.

## FISHING NEAR SYRACUSE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

According to promise, I send you a list of the fishing grounds in the vicinity of Syracuse which give us good fishing at our doors. Most any of them can be reached in twenty minutes, the furthest will not take over two hours' ride. From Syracuse, by R. W. & O. R. R., to Brewerton, 15 miles. On Oneida River and foot of Oneida Lake. Good bass, pike perch and pickerel fishing. From Brewerton to Caughdenoy, 6 miles; to Oak Orchard, 8 miles; good riffs all along the river and fine bass fishing. Brewerton to Oneida Lake, one mile; Constantia, 8 miles; South Bay, 5 miles; Shocketon's, 13 miles; along the shores both sides the lake, and around Frenchman and Durham's and all the other islands are fine bass and pike fishing. Opposite Shockelton Points there are two bars or shoals, about 5 miles long and one-half mile wide, where I think the finest bass and pike fishing can be had in the State. This week catches of black bass have been made as many as 88, twenty of them weighed 50lbs. Pike fishing in the grass this week, 30 to 50 fish per boat, some as large as 6lbs.

By Phœnix & Syracuse R. R.: Syracuse to Liverpool, 5 miles, to Onondaga Lake; good bass, pickerel and pike fishing. To Three Rivers, 8 miles; Phœnix, Oswego River, 15 miles; to Hinmanville, 19 miles; Fulton, 26 miles; at the above place all along the river are fine riffs and the best of bass fishing. Large catches have been made on flies this last week.

By Syracuse, Oswego & N. Y. R. R.: Pleasant Beach, Onondaga Lake, 4 miles; Maple Bay, Onondaga Lake, 5 miles; good bass, pike, pickerel and perch fishing at these points. Syracuse to Baldwinsville, 11 miles, Seneca River, the best of bass fishing directly in the village; below 4 miles, at Red Banks, one-quarter mile from the hotel. At B. I have known 55 bass taken in an afternoon, some weighing as much as 4½lbs. Above Baldwinsville, 10 miles, is Jack's Riffs, which are close to Cross Lake, anglers will find the best of bass and pickerel fishing; some pickerel weigh 15 to 20lbs. Good hotels and oarsmen at Baldwinsville. I know no better place for an outing and good fishing than this point.

The next station on this road is Fulton, twenty-four miles, Oswego River and Lake Como. This lake is noted for large-sized large-mouth bass and pickerel. At the next station, Minetto, on Oswego River, there are ten miles of fine bass fishing grounds. This is the favorite grounds of Judge G. N. Kennedy, who is one of the most expert bass anglers in central New York. Oswego is thirty-eight miles, where there is fine fishing on the river and close to many good angling resorts on Lake Ontario.

By New York Central & Hudson River from Syracuse, first station, Memphis, ten miles; then two miles by carriage to Jack's Riffs, Seneca River; Jordan, eighteen miles; two miles to Cross Lake and Seneca River; Port Byron, eighteen miles, one mile to river.

Montezuma, twenty-one miles, two miles to river; Savannah, twenty-four miles, two miles to river. All the above places have the finest of bass, pike and pickerel fishing, and are favorite places with Syracuse anglers. Some have cottages built there especially for fishing and shooting; among them are Senator Nichols and Hon. Wm. Kirk; the latter has leased several thousand acres of land for duck and snipe shooting. This was a favorite resort for a number of New York gentlemen years ago.

By this railroad it is easy to reach Sodus Bay, Little Sodus Bay, and other points on Lake Ontario; but its patronage is mostly from citizens of Rochester.

New York Central & Auburn Road, Syracuse to Skaneateles, eighteen miles; Skaneateles Lake has fine lake trout, bass and perch fishing.

To Auburn, 26 miles, 2 miles to Owasco Lake; fine trout, bass and perch fishing.

To Cayuga Lake, 37 miles; fine bass, pickerel and some lake trout fishing. All of the above lakes are fine resorts for the summer.

Seneca Lake, 52 miles, Canandaigua Lake, 74 miles; both of these lakes afford good fishing, but the writer has never visited them for angling. All other places I recommend from personal experience.

Syracuse & Binghamton Railroad.—Fair fishing at Tully Lakes, 18 miles.

Otisco Lake, 20 miles' drive; good bass and pickerel fishing.

Oneida Lake to South Bay, 13 miles' drive; Shockelton Point, 16 miles; Lakeport, 18 miles; the above places on Oneida Lake are favorite drives for the anglers of Syracuse when the weather is right. At South Bay last Sunday there were at least seventy-five carriages.

At any of the fishing grounds I have mentioned fair accommodations, oarsmen and boats can be had. It is early yet for large catches of black bass on Oneida Lake. Any information I can furnish the anglers will be furnished with pleasure by writing me at Syracuse.

HENRY LOFTIE.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### A New Trout.

DR. DAVID S. JORDAN writes me that in a few days he will send to the National Museum at Washington a description of the golden trout from Kern River or Mt. Whitney Creek, and he has decided to give it the name of this mountain, from the side of which the specimens were taken. The golden trout has no relation to the California trout, *irideus*, but is an offshoot of the *mykiss*, formerly called *purpuratus*, and has smaller scales than any trout yet on record, excepting the charrs. Mention of the golden trout was made in FOREST AND STREAM of June 8 last.

### "What Is a Peeper?"

This is a question that has been asked thousands of times I presume, and I do not know but it has been answered in a thousand different ways. Every fisherman has heard the peeper, but not every fisherman can tell what it is that does the peeping. There is a belief abroad in the land that a peeper is a very mysterious animal, and one evening several years ago when the peepers were doing some of their best work a sister asked me, "What is a peeper, anyway?" Truth compelled me to say that I did not know exactly, but I thought it was part bullfrog, part treetoad, part lizard, part cricket and a strain of bull pup to give it staying powers. I was immediately "sat upon" by the entire family and I then determined to find out about the peeper. Not long after I was at Cold Spring Harbor station of the New York Fish Commission and one evening while sitting on the verandah of Mr. Mather's house, the peepers themselves reminded me of my resolve. I asked Mr. Mather if the peeper was not a small frog, and he said it was and that he could and would catch one. Going down to the margin of one of the ponds he returned with a small brown frog not much larger than a copper cent. I put the little fellow in a tin box with wet moss and gave him considerable attention during the evening, but not a peep did I hear from him. When I came away I brought a lot of fish fry, but I put the peeper in my bag. At Albany I had to change the fish cans from one station to another and left the bag hanging in the express car of the New York Central. I sent back for the bag and it was forwarded to me, but when it arrived I was again away from home, and the bag was not opened for a week or more from the time the peeper and box were placed in it. The day that I returned I took the peeper, still in the box, to my sister, and that evening it was heard to peep and was taken to a near-by pond and liberated. Whether or not the peeper grows into a big frog I cannot say; but the one I brought home was just right so far as size is concerned for black bass bait, a pretty little brown frog.

A. N. CHENEY.

### The Cap Fitted Him.

IN the Muskoka news of the city papers there recently appeared a paragraph stating that Miss Blachford of Toronto had caught a 9¼lb. trout in Lake Rosseau. Details of the capture have just come to hand, and the only questionable part of the story is the small weight given the fish.

It appears that the young lady was rowing a small boat, in which her little brother was seated. The boy had a trolling rig out, but had caught nothing. He suddenly felt a tremendous strain on the line, and thinking the spoon was fast on the bottom asked his sister to stop the boat. As soon as the young lady ceased rowing the boat began to move in the opposite direction. Seeing that they had hooked a fish the anglers pulled on the line. They could not get the fish near the boat, however, so they tried to tow the fish to the shore. After great exertions they succeeded in getting to land, the boy having lost his cap overboard in the struggle. On reaching the boat house the pair hauled on the line, but as soon as the fish got near the shore the line broke and the fish took refuge under the wharf. A landing net was procured and the fish was dipped out, when it was found that the boy's cap was on the trout's head. The cap, it is supposed, had prevented the fish from escaping after the line broke. It is not stated in what manner the fish appropriated the boy's cap, but the story is vouched for by a number of church members.—*Toronto World.*

### A Dynamiter in Hard Luck.

PORTLAND, Ore.—This news note in a recent *Oregonian* contains a salutary warning—if only trout dynamiters were newspaper readers:

Archie Hutcheson, of Newcastle, met with an accident while fishing at the south end of Lake Washington yesterday. A stick of giant powder, with which he had been killing trout, exploded prematurely. His right hand was blown entirely off. He was alone and had to walk three miles to Newcastle, where his arm was amputated. His hat was blown to pieces and his clothing torn to shreds.

I am thankful to say that the mode of fishing mentioned is not the most popular in this country, despite our reputation for wildness and wooliness—for the brethren all know that we have Judge Greene and his dog Mike to keep up the standard of sportsmanlike angling—not to mention W. A. Storey, who thinks it cruel sport, but can kill 95 per cent. live pigeons without a pang of remorse.

MULTNOMAH.

### Pike Perch in the Connecticut River.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Aug. 14.—I can announce on the authority of one of my friends, the arrival of pike perch in the Connecticut River, opposite this village, as he informs me that he has caught two small ones of one half pound or so. The progenitors of these fish were, I believe, brought from Lake Massawippi, in Canada, about sixteen years ago, by my old friend and colleague on the Fish Commission, the late Albina H. Powers, of Grantham, who with some of his friends had been on a fishing trip to Canada. They brought back some of these fish alive, and placed them in some of the upper feeders of the Connecticut, I think the Passumpsic, and they have been taken for some years at Wells River, where the Passumpsic joins the Connecticut, but I have not heard of them so far down the river as this before.

VON W.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of United States and Canada. Price 50 cents.*

## THE RED-THROATED TROUT.

ONE of the most widely-distributed and best known of our native American black-spotted trout until a few years ago was called Clark's trout, in honor of the great traveler. Then it was found that Pallas had previously given the specific name *purpuratus* to this species of *Salmo* and the books carried it along under this designation until the still older name *mykiss* of Walbaum was revived for the fish, which is credited to Kamtchatka as well as Western America. Not having seen specimens of the black-spotted Kamtchatkan trout, I cannot speak positively as to its identity with the red-throated form of Alaska; but if Pallas's description may be depended upon, there is nothing of importance to separate the two.

The red-throated trout ranges from the Kuskoquim River in Alaska through British America, Washington and Oregon to California, where it has not yet been found common. It occurs in the Utah Basin and on both sides of the Rockies in Colorado, Montana and Wyoming. A trout closely related to this form is the most southerly species of *Salmo* in the world, inhabiting streams of the Sierra Madre in Mexico, near the boundaries of Durango, Chihuahua and Cinaloa, at an elevation between 8,000 and 9,000ft.

As might be expected, this trout runs into many varieties, differing in color, size of the scales and other characters. Until within a few years these varieties were discussed and figured under distinct names and represented about a half dozen nominal species. Perhaps some time in the future they may again be restored to their former dignity as our ideas of species happen to vary. It is worthy of note that the typical red-throat in Alaska, which is shown as one of the illustrations accompanying this article, has comparatively few large, roundish black spots on the body, chiefly above the lateral line and evenly distributed along the surface; the head bears a few black spots; the dorsal and caudal fins have a number of black, usually oblong, blotches. In the red-throat of the Rocky Mountains the black spots are usually small specks and abundant only on the second half of the body, while the scales are small.



RED THROATED TROUT (YOUNG). FROM COLORADO.



RED-THROATED TROUT (ADULT). FROM ALASKA.

In the mountain lakes and streams of Colorado this trout comes down to regions whose summer temperature reaches 60° to 65°, when it gradually disappears, extending its range much further, according to Jordan, in clear streams with gravel bottoms than in turbid waters or those with clay bottoms.

This trout attains to a weight of 25lbs., but adults will seldom average above 5lbs. or 6lbs., except among individuals from Lake Tahoe or seagoing examples.

Spawning takes place as early as March, but usually in May and June. Nests are made and the eggs guarded by the male only until the spawning is completed, after which they are left to work out their own future. In seventeen days after impregnation of the egg, the eye spots show, according to Gordon Land, and the hatching period is twenty-five days in water varying in temperature from 52° to 62° at midday.

The natural food of the trout consists of minnows, insects, water fleas and various small rodents which may fall into the water. Where salmon are plentiful the red-throat consumes vast quantities of their eggs. Dr. Yarrow says, "After spawning the trout invariably swim in schools in search of food, and are nearly always accompanied by mullets and suckers. The favorite localities for feeding in the summer are close to the mouths of rivers, the water of which from the mountains is ice cold, from 10 to 12ft. deep, and the current very swift." In the winter the trout retire to the deepest parts of the lakes, to escape the severe cold.

Dr. Yarrow found the best baits for this species to be minnows and grasshoppers. In Panquitch Lake the eye of a fish is considered a very tempting bait. When the genial "Piseo" invited me to join him in a fishing excursion at Sitka, we relied mainly on fresh salmon eggs, and usually tied them in a small piece of mosquito netting. In the small lake back of the village, however, we took all we cared for with pieces of fresh beef. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will recall an amusing account, under the title "Trout and Mouse," of the capture of a very large and crafty red-throated trout, by floating down near him a small mouse fastened upon a chip. Prof. Gilbert, of the U. S. Geological Survey, recently told me how Mr. Henshaw once vanquished an angler of great local fame in Colorado, by a little judicious study of the stomach contents of a captured trout. There were small trout galore and anybody could take more than enough of them; but the big fellows, although plentiful, were too smart to be caught with the common grasshopper. A match was arranged and Mr. H. stipulated that the local angler should fish the stream one day and he should take his turn the following day. The angler went out, fished all day, and brought back one trout weighing 6lbs. Mr. H. was much pleased and volunteered to clean the trout for supper. In so doing he found that the fish had fed principally upon mice. He carefully saved all the fragments suitable for bait and put them away for use; he also shot a ground squirrel and added this to his stock. On the next day he fished the same waters, and invariably opened the stomachs of the big trout he caught and took out the fragments of mice contained in them. When the mice were exhausted he used the ground squirrel. At the end of the day's fishing he had sixteen red-throated trout ranging from 5lbs. to 6lbs. and upward, and was nearly used up after packing in the load; but he had beaten the record, and the local celebrity was "snowed under."

Willard Nye gives a lively account of his success with Utah trout by the use of extemporized flies. The FOREST AND STREAM Trout Supplement contains the story, and to this the reader is referred for the particulars. T. H. B.

[The illustrations of this trout were copied from the Bulletin, U. S. Fish Commission.]

## BOSTON FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, Aug. 13.—Mr. Clarence M. Reed, of the iron firm of E. P. Cutler & Co., of Boston, with several friends from Lowell, Mass., has gone on a fishing trip to Nova Scotia. His Lowell friends are W. P. Edwards, proprietor of the Union Iron Foundry, Henry Edwards, a brush manufacturer, and Frederic Silkes, connected with the Merrimac Corporation. They started on Tuesday last and are to be absent a couple of weeks or more. They go first to a lake about 20 miles from Yarmouth, noted for black bass. Here they will stay some days. But it is scarcely possible that so much of a trout sportsman as Mr. W. P. Edwards will allow so much of a good chance to slip without trying the trout of that part of the world. Mr. Edwards is a frequent visitor to the Rangeley waters, and he has a record of one of the largest, if not actually the largest, trout taken in those waters last year. It weighed over ten pounds. It was taken at the Middle Dam, Richardson Lake. In fact, Mr. Edwards is a lover of angling, and his friends say of him that he "he always has hooks, lines and flies in his pockets." Mr. Reed is not so very much of an angler, but the party he has started with this time will very likely start him off as an enthusiast.

Fly-fishing reports are very quiet just now from the Maine waters, but occasionally anglers start off, and enjoy the outing, even if no great numbers of fish are taken. There is a complaint that most of the good trout waters are occupied, that is, somebody is located there. At every noted pond, lake or stream—noted for its fly-fishing—there are one or more hotels or camps, and expert trout fishermen are camped there for the summer. No wonder the poor transient complains that the grounds are all occupied. The little fishing left for him is necessarily poor.

Mr. A. E. Aldrich, of A. P. Aldrich & Son, of the flour and grain trade at the Boston Chamber of Commerce; Jerome Hilbourne, president of the Melrose Club; H. J. Pettengil, treasurer of the Postal Telegraph Co., and vice-president of the District Messenger Service Co., and Roswell Taylor, of Boston, have gone an a fly-fishing trip to Kennebago Lake, Me. They will be quartered at the Kennebago Lake Camp for some days. Mr. Aldrich says that he cannot be absent many days, but some of the party will spend considerable time in that region. He was somewhat doubtful concerning the possibilities of trout, especially during the hot weather of last week, but he felt that he could not get away from business at any other time; so he was bound to make the best of the poorest of the season for fly-fishing—the midst of hot weather.

The Hon. Daniel Gunn, who has been the head of a noted Boston printing house for a great many years, has just returned from his annual outing. This outing he has made for two or three years in Nova Scotia among the sea trout. This time he fully expected a couple of friends to be with him, one from the city of Brotherly Love, but when the day for the steamer to sail arrived they were not at hand. Mr. Gunn got on board with his tackle, just the same. He went by steamer to Halifax, and thence by land to Antiganish. Here he hired a team and drove across the country some fifty miles to the vicinity of Island Harbor, Seal Harbor and Coddle Harbor. It was at Coddle Harbor that he had his best sport. But the fishing was generally good and all that reasonable mortals ought to ask for. He took in all over 100 sea trout. The largest ones weighed 3lbs., with a number weighing from 2¼ to 2¾lbs. Mr. Gunn is delighted with the country there, and declares it to be a paradise for sportsmen. Moose he says are very plenty. He came across an honest old guide at Coddle Harbor, John McDonald, and learned from him that he had killed in all, since he commenced the business, over 100 moose. He has on exhibition at this time the most beautiful set of antlers Mr. Gunn ever had the fortune to see. Mr. Gunn did not take his usual three fish at one cast this time, though all of his trout were taken with the fly. A few years ago he took, on the same cast, a sea trout, a perch and a haddock, and this was told of in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time. Now his only ambition is to take a sea serpent, a shark and a whale at the same cast, and when he succeeds the FOREST AND STREAM shall be made acquainted with the fact.

Mr. A. T. Waite, assistant managing editor of the Boston *Herald;* his brother, C. N. Waite, and Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Odiorne left Boston on Tuesday for a fishing and an outing of a couple of weeks or more. Byron, Me., will be their objective point, though they will make something of a tour through the fishing regions of Oxford county. They will visit the young and booming city of Rumford Falls, where Mr. Waite has a brother engaged in the boom all over. From thence they will go up the mountain road to Byron.

Mr. W. T. Farley, of Farley, Harvey & Co., dry goods jobbers of Boston, has just returned from a most delightful ocean trip to Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton. He was accompanied by Mrs. Farley, and by Dr. Clark, of Auburndale, and a Mr. Peabody, with their ladies. They left Boston by steamer, and actually made the steamer their home a good part of the time. Mr. Farley had intended that this was to be a good deal of a fishing trip, but the attractions of ocean voyaging in summer in good weather were almost too great. They landed at Charlottetown, and from that point they took a carriage over to Rustico and Seaside, there intending to have some fun fishing. On the way over and near the church at Rustico they came into what is actually almost an Arcadian village. The inhabitants are almost entirely the descendants of the Arcadians. As they neared the little church of the village on Sunday morning they saw that everybody was out in gala attire. The men all wore Derby hats, and the women, many of them, had white kerchiefs pinned over their shoulders and wore poke bonnets, in true Arcadian style. As the carriage neared the church the priest headed a procession and came out to meet the carriage. He came along with all dignity till he saw he had made a mistake. He had mistaken Mr. Farley for Cardinal Gibbon, of Baltimore, who was expected to visit the church that day. A carriage that would carry six was no usual sight in that country, and very naturally the priest had thought that it was the grand turnout of the Cardinal. He explained his mistake in a most genial manner, however, and invited the excursionists inside the church and to wait and see the Cardinal, who was expected every minute. The party staid and saw his holiness, and were much pleased. They wished him joy and that he might be the next Pope. Then they continued on their journey without further adventure than the delights of a summer drive over a country of such primitive loveliness. They stopped at Seaside, which is something of a summer resort. Here Mr. Farley and Dr. Clark engaged passage with a boat's crew of Arcadian fishermen, who were going out after mackerel at the unreasonable hour of 1 o'clock on Monday morning. Mr. Peabody and the ladies wisely, as it proved, concluded that it was too early for them. The sail down to the fishing grounds was a fine one, but alas the wind sprung up and there was a sea on. The moon had not gone down in the west and the sun was rising in the east. The boat was first down in the trough of the sea and then on top of the billows, and the Cardinal begun to be dizzy-headed, and concluded that he did not care to see the sun and moon both at once. They came to the mackerel fishing grounds and two anchors were thrown out, one at each end of the boat. These soon "brought her up standing," and in the worst position possible for landsmen of light stomachs. The Arcadians lighted pipes that were truly Arcadian. Then they threw out bait—clams and fish mixed—that was beginning to get Arcadianed very fast. Occasionally they would pump bilgewater from the hold, as almost every sea would let a little too much clean water into the craft, and this bilge water was worse than Arcadian. It was terrible. Mr. Farley and the Doctor begun to catch mackerel. The Doctor enjoyed the sport, but his friend soon gave in and begun to put his head over the boat on the lea side. The Cardinal was seasick. SPECIAL.

### Curious Catches.

IN the fish trap at St. John's Island, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, a whale and three albicores were taken July 12. About six years ago the same trap took at one time a whale, four albicores and sixteen barrels of mackerel. A black calf whale about five feet long and weighing 40 lbs. was caught in a net about twelve miles off shore recently by a Cape Elizabeth fisherman. The calf died before reaching port; its mother was not seen.—*Gloucester Daily Times.*

## LEARNING A BETTER WAY.

After making preparations for a month's vacation and getting together rods, reels, flies, etc., my wife and I left Washington, via Washington & Ohio R. R., arriving at Round Hill, Va., at noon. Here we found that the stage would not leave for Castleman's Ferry until the next day, so I hired a private conveyance by which we reached Castleman's in time for supper. After leaving Round Hill the road passes through a very good agricultural strip of land before reaching the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains; continuing along the pike and up the mountain the village of Snickersville is reached, a quaint old town situated in Snicker's Gap. Passing the village the summit of the mountain is soon gained and the descent on the other side is greeted by a vision that will not soon be forgotten. The little valley lying below, about one mile distant, and that beautiful little Shenandoah River appearing as a silvery thread here and there, as it winds around low hills and heavily wooded country, and what makes it yet more attractive to the lover of rod and reel is the knowledge that its waters abound with that gamy and most wiry fish, the small-mouthed black bass.

The old Castleman homestead is situated about 200yds. west of the river, on a very high hill, and directly overlooks the valley where many a sportsman and summer tourist enjoys the excellent fishing, good living and the hospitality of an old Virginian family. My first question on arrival was, "How are the bass biting?" "Biting very good to the spoon," was the answer. Not having provided myself with a spoon, you can imagine my feelings. However, after a good bath, a good dinner and a pipe on the broad veranda, from which we could see the flow of the beautiful river below, and watch it as it rushed and foamed over short rapids and then glide along through its snake-like path to take another plunge a few hundred yards further on, I felt as if I could overcome my chagrin at not having a spoon. Soon the sun disappeared and we passed the time away in conversation. Bass were quite plentiful I was told; suckers, pike and sunfish were also numerous. Being thus assured of good fishing, we retired for the night.

At daylight we were awakened by the crying of two pea fowls, which were on hand each morning, making the use of an alarm clock quite unnecessary and saving me considerable trouble, as I did not have to bother oiling and winding the birds. After breakfast I was soon on the way to the river, taking with me an old pair of pants, shoes, shirt and broad-brimmed hat. Having reached the river, changed my clothes and carefully hiding with grass the garments just put aside to circumvent any mischievous small boys who might be near, I waded in waist deep, and tying a fly to my three-foot leader was ready for business. What to do next I hardly knew, as I had never fished with the fly before and had not even seen them used. I naturally wanted to be alone, and alone I was. Pulling off about fifteen feet of line, and getting it well behind me, I brought the rod overhand with a swoop that would have done credit to a professional baseball pitcher. The movement reminded me of throwing a mud ball with a limber stick. The fly described a circle having a radius of say 22ft. and was stopped by an overhanging willow branch, the hook burying itself in a small branch, causing the rod to bend nearly double. I soon had the branch in hand, hook extracted, and a position far enough from shore to prevent another hanging. Looking around to make doubly sure that I had no audience, and being encouraged by the pleasant sight of a bass breaking water at frequent intervals to secure an unlucky fly or bug, I faced down stream and attempted another cast, throwing the fly, right, left, forward and back; in fact, lashing the water all around me within a 40 foot circle. Every time in recovering the line that hook would make straight for my head, keeping me dodging to the four points of the compass, and fearing every minute that a surgical operation might become necessary before I took my first bass with the fly. Talk about hard work with a 20oz. rod, an 8oz. reel, and my lunch tied between my shoulders, with the thermometer at 90. It would be hard to tell what portion of the human anatomy was the wetter, that in or out of the water. Wading down stream and keeping this acrobatic like performance up for three-quarters of an hour without any success, I finally came to the conclusion that it was time for a smoke and a rest; the smoke, too, might bring a change of luck.

If there hadn't been fish there, all around me, I might have consoled myself with the thought that my operations had been carried on in an intelligent and knowing manner; but the evidence was all against me. Suiting the action to the word, I stuck the butt of the rod between my legs, and just as I struck a match (and I didn't do it on the heel of my shoe either) my rod gave a jerk and the reel began to hum. Grabbing my rod, I was soon convinced that the fish was well hooked, and I gave him the butt as I had often read of parties doing in Forest and Stream, and reeling in as fast as possible I soon found that it wouldn't do, as there was entirely too much strain on my tackle: therefore I gave him a little more line. I had fine sport watching and feeling the line cut the water from left to right, now coming directly to me and giving me all I could do to keep the line taut, then nearly doubling the rod as he made great efforts to get away. Knowing that 6lbs. bass had been caught in the vicinity, I imagined that there must be a ten-pounder on the other end of my line. Now for the first time he breaks water, throwing himself fully 18in. in the clear, and what a beauty, not a ten-pounder, but about 2lbs. After playing him for several minutes and getting him pretty well tired out, I tried to get him in. Not having a net I was at a loss to know how the feat was to be accomplished without the risk of losing the fish. Gradually working my way to shore, making a grand rush over the last ten feet, I succeeded in safely landing a 1¾lbs. bass. I pinned him down with both hands and knees, and soon had a stout cord through his mouth. The hook, which was firmly fixed in the upper jaw, was soon extracted, and washing the bass thoroughly I laid him on the grass, lit my pipe and sat there admiring the beauty as he lay gasping for life. Having securely fastened the stringer to my pants, I again waded in to try for the bass that were still breaking water every few minutes. I had scarcely gotten the line into good play, when another bass struck. Feeling very much elated over the first capture there was little doubt in my mind that the second would be very easy to effect; but in my haste to secure the prize I caused him to at once break water, and while in the air he did the triple forward and back double summersault act and disappeared. To make matters worse, my lunch came untied and got a thorough soaking before I could regain it. Spreading it out on a flat projecting rock to dry, I, too, took a sun bath. If any of you have ever eaten water-soaked lunches you can sympathize with me.

Having spent a good half hour in drying and trying to eat that lunch, I went into the stream again. Close to a small riffle, in water knee deep, I had a strike and landed a sunfish or tobacco box, as they are here called. Before leaving the spot I hooked and landed three more, and was surprised to find how readily they took the fly. Starting for the house and while following a narrow trail, I could hear the splash of hungry bass as they jumped for their prey and I could not withstand the temptation to go back several times and try for them. Finally, when near the starting place, I saw signs of a large bass. Wading slowly out and casting the fly as best I could I managed to hook myself in the seat of the pants. The hook was soon cut out, and casting from right to left I soon saw a rush and for an instant it seemed as though my hook had caught in the limb of a tree; but no, it was a bass, and a big one, too, as I knew when he started down stream. I followed and gave out line as fast as I could, fearing that I would lose my tip or line, and worst of all, the fish, if I attempted to hold my ground and rely on science of manipulation. The bass soon lured me into a trap in the form of several large boulders, which were hidden from view by about one foot of water. Gradually the fish worked his way in and around the stones, and the thin silk line not being strong enough to stand the sawing motion against the sharp-edged rocks, soon parted. I saw the bass as he made a dart down stream, taking my fly and about eight feet of line with him. This was tough luck for a beginner, and, gentle readers, you will sympathize with me when I tell you that the string holding my whole day's catch had worked loose in the excitement attending the play of the departed bass and was perhaps drifting a half mile down stream before I discovered the loss. Their loss is all I did discover, never heard of the fish since. I was mad clean through, and getting into my clothes I started up the hill toward the house.

Passing a blacksmith's shop where a half dozen idlers were attending the shoeing of one horse, I was hailed with a query as to the whereabouts of all my bass. Having truthfully explained to them that I had caught one bass and four sunfish they all laughed. One of the party said, "I am going after bass to-morrow; come and go along and I will show you how to hook bass." I crossed the road and entered the shop with the intention of telling them what I thought of them, but they were so good natured about their jokes that it put me in good humor also. I made arrangements to accompany two of them fishing early the next morning. On my way to the house, tired and hungry, I debated what would be best to tell them. If I told them that I had caught some fish but that they all got away it would raise a laugh, so I concluded to say that I hadn't caught any.

Reaching the house there they all were, the ladies reading and the men lounging around waiting for the supper bell to ring. "Hello, I see you are not loaded down with fish," says one. "I thought you were going to have bass for supper," said another. So it went the rounds, when one gentleman more observing than the others discovered fish scales on my hands. Then they all began to search me, saying that I had caught a fish. One insisted it must be in my mouth, others turned my vest pockets inside out, looking in my watch pocket, and in short did many little annoying things. Supper was soon announced, after which we adjourned to the veranda to take a smoke. A party of us made arrangements to go gigging the following night. Having set my alarm clock, which I always take with me on such trips, I turned in.

Five o'clock rolled around very soon, it seemed, and I was up and dressing. Hurrying down stairs I found breakfast and a good lunch waiting for me, and was soon at the appointed place of meeting. Starting off without delay we walked along down the river for about one-half mile to a point my companion styled the starting. These men were familiar with the section, being old residents, and were good fishermen. I was determined to take their advice and try to learn something.

The signs were favorable for good sport my guides said. Reaching a pretty little spot under some overhanging willows and grape vines, we changed our clothes; an old pair of pants, an undershirt, a pair of hob-nailed shoes and a broad-brimmed hat was all that was required. We were soon in the water, three abreast, and casting down stream. I always considered it necessary to keep quiet when wading, but my friends, Horace and Joe, on the contrary kept up a continual noise, singing, whistling and hallooing as we went along. I felt sure that they would drive all of the fish out of the river. To my query as to the effect of such noise, they answered that it would have no effect whatever. Being the tallest of the three, my position was in the middle, in the deepest water, often ranging from my waist to the shoulders. Joe hooked and landed the first bass; two minutes later Horace followed suit, landing a ¾lb. bass.

It being the first time I had ever seen a fly cast I was spell-bound for the time being and thought it one of the prettiest sights I had ever looked at. Being about 6:30 A. M., the air was fresh and pleasant, counteracting the heat from the water, which was very warm at that time of the year, and the river looking exceptionally pretty that morning, with its banks overhanging with rich foliage; beyond all it was pleasure to watch my companions casting the fly, as they did it to perfection. At no time did the fly seem to reach 4 or 5ft. above the water, with 40 or 50ft. of line out. The line would seem to pass over their shoulders within a few inches of their heads and touch the water at the full length of the line with hardly a ripple. It was especially pretty to see one or the other approach near an overhanging tree, with its branches touching the water, where you could almost count on one or two bass lurking around a sunken log or half hidden boulder, shielded from the rays of the sun. There is in most every case an opening in the branches and into this space they would put the fly without touching a leaf, and on an average of two times out of five they would be rewarded by hooking a fine bass.

While watching them with intense interest, holding the rod over my shoulder with the line trailed straight out by the swift current, I was surprised by the sudden whir of my reel. My companions being near, called to me to give him the butt, which I did by bracing myself and pointing my tip up stream. As my rod began to double they called to me to give him line, which I proceeded to do until there was none left and I had to follow on down stream, when I found out to my disgust that a drift log passing had fastened itself to my hook. Having out about 75ft. of line and following as fast as possible, taking in all the line I possibly could, Horace told me to make shore at my left as there was deep water below. I promptly started, but the log being large and heavy would not be guided so easily. Being then in water up to my shoulders and not being willing to lose my only line, I decided to swim a distance of about 150yds. to shoal water at the edge of a small rapids. As ill luck would have it the log got there first, and over the rapids it went parting the line at the leader. Putting to shore I soon had on a new leader and flies and joined the party, who now had five nice bass.

Having decided to cross the river and fish the other side, which was better, we joined hands and started across the edge of the rapids. The bottom was very rough and the water waist deep, but we managed to get over all right, and we at once resumed our fishing. This time I was near shore. Coming to a log that was barely covered with water, I cast my fly a few inches on the opposite side of the log, when there was a rush and a whirl, and my first bass for that morning was hooked. In about five minutes I had him on my string. Casting again exactly in the same place I had another strike, and hooked my second bass and had some fun with him. Horace and Joe stood close by coaching me. The water being perfectly clear, we could see every movement of the fish when reeled up close. He was finally landed and proved to be a fine specimen, weighing 1¾lbs.

Being thus encouraged, and with a promise of better fishing grounds below, we strung out and started casting again. This time I was in the middle, and only a few minutes elapsed when I hooked Joe in the collar and came very near treating Horace in the same way. Then the boys decided to give me a wider berth. By this time we could see bass breaking water all around us, and not getting many strikes we decided to change our flies to ones of a more yellowish hue. This change had a good effect, for as soon as Horace cast he had a strike, and fastened and landed a 1¼-pound bass in two minutes, while almost at the same time Joe hooked and landed his fish. By this time we came to rapids again, and, the water being too deep below on that side, we decided to eat our lunch and then cross over and fish below where the water was shallow.

Under the grateful shade of some sycamore trees we ate our lunch, smoked our pipes and watched our ten bass as they plashed around in the water. One thing I learned of my companions, which has proved of very much importance to me, and that was now to string bass or any other kind of fish. Instead of stringing them through the gills, and drowning them in a very short time, as I had been in the habit of doing, they cut them under the lower jaw, back and under the large muscle forming the lower part of the mouth, which is formed of very thin skin. By stringing them this way they will not only live hours while in the water, but a day or more. Being ready to start again, we attempted to cross the rapid in single file, Horace first, myself about 25ft. behind, and Joe bringing up the rear. The water was a little less than waist deep and coming down with a rush.

When near the opposite shore Horace told me to look behind, and turning around quickly I beheld a very funny and ridiculous sight. There was Joe, who had stepped on a loose rock and lost his balance, making rapid progress down stream in the shape of a ball, first his head and then his heels being in sight. He continued on in this way for a number of revolutions before regaining a foothold. It was a sorry sight to see him continue his march shoreward, his fishing-rod broken, to which he held manfully, hat gone and blood running down the side of his head, which was slightly cut by the sharp edge of a rock. The first word uttered by him was, "Thank the Lord, I ate my lunch." To his as well as to our surprise his fish were still fastened to him.

All hands being again on terra firma, we set to work splicing and wrapping Joe's rod, which was soon in working order again. Being ready once more to proceed, Joe noticed a yellowish tint in the water, which we found out to be mud, my companions claiming that there must have been rain up the country the night before. The muddy water they said often confines itself to one side of the river, not mixing with that of the other side for several hours. So hurrying down stream for some distance we crossed over and found the water perfectly clear, there being a distinct line near the middle; one side was now clear and the other was so muddy that we could not see six inches below the surface. Not losing any time we went to work with a will. It seemed as though the muddy water had the effect of driving the bass over to the clear side of the river and we had good fishing for about three hours, Joe catching altogether thirteen bass, Horace eleven, and I eight bass and a sunfish. As the water was getting muddy on our side, and having had glory enough for one day, we decided to start for home. Taking up our line of march we followed in single file a narrow trail along the banks of the river. When about half way home Horace proposed that we go to a pond about 100yds. to our left and try to catch some bullfrogs. Joe and I being in for it we were soon there. The pond was, say, 100x50yds. in size and full of lilies, grass, etc. Bringing our rods and flies into operation, we soon had five large bullfrogs.

Tired, hungry and hot, we again took up our line of march toward home. Leaving the banks of the river, we took the road leading past the smithy. There were several of the same parties at the shop who had guyed me the day before. They now came out to congratulate me.

At the house, as on the previous evening, the folks were all congregated enjoying the cool breezes. I walked up with the air of a lord. My eight bass, one sunfish and three bullfrogs, as they lay on the green grass, made a sight to gladden the heart and satisfy the soul of any man, woman or child who has the slightest inclination for such sport. It is needless to say that we had fish and frogs for supper, and fish for breakfast. My better half was the only lady that we could induce to partake of the frogs.

I can cast the fly now more gracefully and with better effect, at the same time those two days of my first fly-fishing will linger in my memory until I enter that sphere where fly-fishing is unknown. Cliff.

Washington, D. C.

## Forest and Stream's Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

WENT into country trouting. Place advertised: "Lovely trout streams right at door. Several. Milk, butter, eggs. Team will meet you." Went. Friend, too. Reception cordial; $1.25 to meet us. Own team. Very cordial. But streams protected. Man or woman waiting in every field. Shotguns. Bad language. Effective. Other streams fished to death. Three and 4in. But 'way over yonder 15 miles fishing lovely. Whoppers. Glad to take us. Guess not. Interest in us fading. Small boy would dig worms. Guess not. Fading, still fading. Faded away. Home; $1.25 to depot. Lost interest.

O. O. S.

WATERBURY, Vt., Aug. 8.—Friend S. while trout fishing last season caught a fine trout which he slipped in his pocket, intending to transfer it to his basket later. But the trout had other plans and promptly flipped out, regaining the stream. A few days since S. was fishing in the same place and caught a good one, which he placed in his pocket only to have the trout flip out as before. S. figures it out that this was the same one he caught before and thinks him fully "educated." F. E. A.

THE Columbia Fishing Club, Jr., of Washington, D. C., arranged to leave the city on Sunday for a two weeks' trip to the lower Potomac. The members who will make the cruise are: W. G. Walde, Geo. F. Smith, Dr. E. Burke, Rev. E. Atherton, Joseph Barres, Ben Bryan, John Burns, E. Gorman, John Harbin, G. F. Lewis, Fred Lewis, E. McDonald, S. Murphy, W. Murphy, J. L. Neurath and James Walsh.

MR. EDWARD M. EARLE is managing director of a company formed for the development of the fisheries of Jamaica. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM are aware that Jamaica has a wonderful wealth of food and game fish as well as other useful marine animals. Among the objects of the company are to catch, cure and sell fish, to supply the local markets and others outside with fish, mollusks and their products, to plant and cultivate oyster beds, and to establish and protect turtle nurseries. Mr. Earle has labored long and persistently to develop the Jamaica fisheries and he certainly deserves a generous reward and success.

## Fishculture.

### REARING TROUT FOR DISTRIBUTION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It is to be presumed that a public journal of the character of FOREST AND STREAM is interested in giving to its readers all the light that can be thrown upon questions in which they are interested, and that it will accord fair and impartial treatment to the advocates of all questions which are of public concern.

The columns of your valuable paper have been open to the advocates of yearling or fingerling planting of fish for a year or so, and they have been given opportunity to publish their ideas upon the theories they hold. The paper itself has rather seemed to lean toward the advocacy of this theory in such expressions as it has given. It is fair to presume of course that there is no pride of opinion in this matter, however, which would prevent you giving a full opportunity to the other side to be heard.

The question of fry vs. fingerling is a question in which all intelligent and progressive fishculturists should be interested, and the public should be given the benefit of such experience as they may have, and the question should be met fairly and discussed with a view of determining in a candid and fair manner what is best, because after all the public are most concerned in the questions of economy and results, and care nothing for fine-spun arguments and pet theories.

As the papers presented on this question before the meeting of the American Fisheries Society, which met last May in New York, were not printed in full, as were all the other papers presented at the meeting, and as the general argument contained in my paper seems to me to have considerable weight in determining this question, will you kindly permit me to briefly state my position upon this matter.

The two points which have the most bearing upon this question are:

1. Has fry planting been a success or failure in the stocking of public waters?

2. Has it been expensive or economical?

As to the first point, it would seem that it has been successful beyond controversy. This is attested by the successful stocking of innumerable streams with the brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) in the Eastern, Middle, Northern and Northwestern States. Its entire success in the Lower Peninsula of Michigan and some portions of Wisconsin is beyond all cavil or chance of dispute. In 1841 the Lower Peninsula streams were barren of brook trout, and none ever existed in them, with perhaps the bare exception of two or three streams on its extreme northeastern shore, until they were artificially introduced. The result of fry planting in this peninsula has been to stock hundreds of streams which have for many years since such stocking furnished most excellent fishing. This is also true of certain portions of Wisconsin, while the thousands of streams of the Eastern and Middle States which have been thus stocked furnish incontestible proof of the success of fry planting.

The Penobscot, the Hudson, the Delaware, and other rivers of the Atlantic coast have demonstrated beyond all question that the fry of the anadromous fishes like the salmon and shad may be planted in them successfully and with the certainty of a satisfactory result. This stocking of these rivers has been even a more trying test of the success of fry planting than the stocking of our inland streams. Not only must this fry encounter the natural enemies they find in the stream, but the vastly greater number to be found in the ocean itself, and yet the statistics which have been published of the fishing on these rivers show that great results have been secured.

Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, who is now sojourning on the Pacific Coast, in an interview in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of May 24, furnishes one of the strongest arguments upon fry planting. He says: "Fifteen years ago the United States Fish Commission procured from New York and sent here 80,000 young fry of the shad, less than half an inch in length, in charge of Seth Green. They were planted in the Sacramento River, and were the first shad ever seen in Pacific waters. To-day, I should say, judging from the price, that shad are more plentiful here than in the East. Within the week the price has been one and a half to two cents a pound wholesale for shad of an average weight of 5lbs. I have seen many shad here weighing 12lbs., and one exceptionally large one weighing 15lbs. Now I think that is remarkable when you consider that the average weight of our Connecticut River shad in the East is 4½lbs., and that the largest of which there is any record is 11lbs."

"Then, too, I would like to say a word about your striped bass. Only nine years ago there was not a striped bass in your waters. At that time I was president of the New York Commission, and at the request of the United States Commissioners I procured 1,500 small fry about an inch in length. They were sent out here and planted, I think, somewhere near the mouth of the Sacramento River. Now I find them in your markets in such quantities that they are sold as low as 15 cents a pound. They would probably bring a higher price if your people were as well acquainted with the merits of the fish as we are in the East, where they readily bring from 30 to 40 cents a pound, when the supply is at all light."

There is no question that the planting of fry is always successful where the streams are suitable. The elements of proper water and food are the main things to be considered. If these do not exist the stocking will be a failure, whether the stream be stocked with fry or yearling or adult fish.

As to the cost. No person familiar with fish breeding and rearing will contend it is not vastly cheaper to stock with fry. A calculation of the cost of hatching and planting to the Michigan Board of Fish Commissioners for the seasons 1888-9, 1890-91, shows that the expense per thousand per fry for these two seasons respectively was 10 51-100 and 10 50 100 cents per thousand.

These were not exceptional years, and I have no reason to believe that with some slight variation these figures cannot be equalled by any other board engaged in breeding equally large quantities. Certainly these figures are low and the State can feel that the money devoted to its fishcultural interests is spent with reasonable regard for economy.

The strong argument for the original instalment of hatching stations by the States in the early inception of these enterprises was the economy in maintenance and the maximum of results. With the greatly reduced numbers of fish which would have been the result of attempting to stock the streams and waters of this country to the extent to which they are now stocked, generations would have been born and passed away before present results would have been attained.

To persons who can afford private preserves it is as a rule of not much consequence what the original cost of stocking preserves may be. It matters little to them whether the fish needed cost ten cents a piece or ten cents a thousand. Such persons are as a rule more interested in securing a quick result from plants, and if they can secure a year advantage in time by planting yearlings they do not count cost. But to the greater body of the people who look to large results at a reasonably small outlay, the fry planting appeals as being entirely satisfactory in results from every point of view. HERSCHEL WHITAKER.

DETROIT, Mich., July 14.

### ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.


### Low Rate Harvest Excursions.

THE announcement that the North-Western Line, comprising over 8 000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway, has arranged to run two low rate Harvest Excursions during the months of August and September, will be gladly received by those who are interested in the development of the great West and Northwest, as well as by those who desire to visit this wonderfully productive region at a season of the year when exact demonstration can be made of the merits and advantages it offers to home seekers and those in search of safe and profitable investments. These excursions will leave Chicago on Aug. 30 and Sept. 27, and tickets can be purchased at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana. They will be strictly first-class in every particular, and will be good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of purchase. Full information concerning rates and arrangements for these excursions can be obtained upon application to any coupon ticket agent, or to W. A. THRALL, G. P. T. A., Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.—*Adv.*

### The Adirondacks.

Sportsmen and others intending to visit the Adirondacks should send to J. W. Burdick, general passenger agent of the Delaware & Hudson R. R., Albany, N. Y., for the company's illustrated guide to the Northern resorts, which will be sent post paid on receipt of six cents.—*Adv.*


"Papa," said a little Washington girl, "tell me a story." "Well, I'll tell you a true story." "I don't like true stories." "I don't know any other kind." "Oh, yes, you do. Tell me 'bout the last time you went fishin'."—*Washington Star.*

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 12 to 16.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Canada. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Western Michigan Kennel Club, at Grand Rapids Mich. H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich., Superintendent.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.

Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

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Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. A. Holloway, Winnipeg, Man., Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Northwestern Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man., Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

### ABOUT THE BEAGLE CHALLENGE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Under date of Aug. 7 the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, per "Uncle Dick," replies to my "Challenge to Beagle Owners" and he opens up as follows, viz: "Any man, woman or child can buy good dogs if they have the cash, but it requires gumption to breed prize winners," all of which is duly noted.

I fully agree with our "Uncle" that a win to the credit of your own breeding is highly pleasing and encouraging.

Supposing you buy an unmatured youngster at a long price, bring him out as your representative in puppy or open class, do you consider the rewards of your anxiety or anticipations less valuable simply because you did not actually breed the bitch?

I contend that the man who speculates on the puppy based on long price, is the man who possesses the "gumption," and not the man who breeds the bitch and turns the puppies out in a pen for better or for worse. The Hornell-Harmony Kennels ask that I change the wording of my challenge to read five dogs, but three must be bred by owner. If you have five beagle dogs and I have five, are yours better or mine poorer, or *vice versa*, because three of yours or three of mine are our own breeding?

My challenge was issued for the express purpose of making it a matter of record as to who had the best five beagle dogs scored on their respective bench qualities.

My challenge further reads that dogs must be over 12in. and under 15in. Why our "Uncle" should confess being puzzled as to my two extreme sizes I am puzzled to know. A beagle under 12in. is not bred for the size he has obtained, but is simply a "happenstance," and in eighty per cent. of such cases he was the dwarf of the litter and cannot possibly be considered a good, strong and healthly stock-getter. A dwarf may happen pretty as well as ugly, but he certainly is lacking in bone and substance which is so essential a quality for a good producing stud.

In conclusion and further reference to my challenge I would say that bench show qualities was the only point which I sought to make this time. I will say, however, that if any one has any desire to march his beagles against others for field qualities, a properly issued challenge would be in order, as that would give every one an equal opportunity of accepting. H. L. KREUDER.

NANUET, N. Y., Aug. 16.

### GOOD WORDS FOR THE IRISH SETTER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The red Irish setter dog Don F., advertised in your columns last March, which I bought from Mr. John Fox, of La Fayette, Ind., was in very poor health for two or three months after he reached me, owing to the extremely cold weather experienced in transit here; but he is now in very good form.

I brought him out on July 2 to the Allamuchy Game Farm, Warren county, N. J., kept by Mr. Donald McVicar, who had been formerly keeper for the Duke of Argyle, Scotland, and the Duke of Leinster, Ireland, and keeper of Rutherfurd Park, New Jersey, for the last five years.

I went out to the farm on Saturday, July 30, to find that another red setter, Flash, also advertised for sale in your paper, which I bought from Dr. A. P. Hull, of Montgomery Station, Lycoming county, Pa., had arrived there two days before. He was in fine working condition, and we took both dogs out to the field, where Don F. got a point and Flash backed him beautifully on a covey of English partridge, eighteen in number, the brood being a little larger than full-grown quail. They flushed and crossed a fence into an oatfield adjoining, when the dogs got several points, alternately leading and backing, both working magnificently. They also got a point on a covey of quail, but the little beauties could not fly more than 4 or 5yds.

I think it would be well worth the time and the expense of the trip to go out there and see Mr. McV. raising English pheasants by hand. He has now about 200 of them, varying from a month to three month old. He is also raising Belgian rabbits. Any sportman wanting a competent trainer or breaker to attend to his dogs would do well to call upon him, as he is both trustworthy and efficient in management of all kinds of sporting dogs. P. K.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A valuable dog belonging to a resident of the hill bit a drunken man the other day and the anxious owner is thinking seriously of having the animal treated at a Keeley institute.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—I had recently the pleasure of reading a few paragraphs in "The Practical Kennel Guide," by Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N., the first time I had seen the work for many years. It served to impress me very positively that doggy literature in all its branches has advanced and improved to a really wonderful degree in the last few years. The conclusions deduced from the imagination are much more rare at present, exposure and ridicule following any attempt at spurious instruction. Not that there is at present a uniform agreement on all subjects or that the knowledge of every individual is of the first quality, but there is greater precision in all knowledge. The advancement has been great. The literature abounds in facts, and it has a greater elegance and finish. I felt this forcibly on reading the following in the work mentioned, the subject being "grass." The learned author, whose name is adorned with many letters, says: "If dogs are permitted, they generally doctor themselves; and what they consider an infallible remedy and panacea for all the ills that can befall canine flesh in the shape of disease, is grass."

Here is some information of inestimable value. First, dogs will doctor themselves if permitted to do so. Observe what a saving would be made and what suffering avoided were this valuable fact known. Learned works on diseases and their treatment would be unnecessary, dog doctors and medicines would be useless, and nurses would have no occupation. Give the dogs a chance. The remedy is grass, free, green grass, winter and summer. I have seen dogs which were apparently in good health eat grass, and I have seen some sick ones which would not, but I believe that the dogs were in the wrong in the matter in the light of the knowledge quoted. It is good "for all the ills that can befall canine flesh in the shape of disease." It will be observed that diseases have "shape." "But," continues the erudite author, "dogs ought always to have free access to grass, and be allowed to help themselves. Grass has no doubt tonic and anti-scorbutic properties. It leaves the bowels in a half-digested condition, and mechanically not only increases the flow of mucus in its passage through the intestines, but also increases the peristaltic motion of the bowels, thus acting as an aperient. Grass is sometimes used by dogs as an emetic, when they swallow anything that disagrees and does not easily leave the stomach."

To sum up, grass is an "infallible remedy and panacea," has "both tonic and anti-scorbutic properties," "increases the flow of mucus and peristaltic motion of the bowels," "acts as an aperient," and is used "as an emetic." What I object to, or rather would like to have seen more precisely explained, is that "it leaves the bowels in a half-digested condition." Dogs with half-digested bowels would suffer discomfort or possibly inconvenience, according to modern beliefs.

There is one paragraph which impressed me very forcibly for the tone of liberality and justice in it, and which we of this land should specially consider, for the sentiment among a certain class of show-goers is very exacting in regard to hedging a judge up with every safeguard against possible favoritism. Following is the paragraph referred to:

"At a little south-country show—Selkirk, I think—was first inaugurated the custom of giving the judges open catalogues to judge from. Several other shows followed suit, such as Maidstone, Jersey and Cork, and I hope to see the day when such will be the general custom. It is, at all events, treating judges as gentlemen, which *most* of them are, and *all* ought to be."

I never could understand the objection to the use of a catalogue by a judge. In the first place, it casts an imputation of unreliability on the judge from the beginning. Second, it accomplishes nothing in the way intended, since the judges know the ownership of the greater part of the dogs, and know the ownership of all the winning ones.

Even if the judge does know the ownership of every dog, there is no inference from it that he would be guilty of favoritism. Of course there would then be no possibility of the judge reversing his decisions of the open class, when he judged the same dogs again in the novice class, if he was furnished with a catalogue. But the difference between a dog which gets c. or he. in any class is very small, and generally could be reversed or withheld without doing any injustice to any dog or owner.

Withholding a catalogue from a judge directly intimates that the judge is unreliable. True, no club, so far as I know, embodies such restriction in its rules; but there is a law of custom and public sentiment which governs the matter. Some judge, of courage sufficient for the occasion, should break away from the time-honored fallacy and unjust restriction and dare the issue. The judge is always open to fair, honest criticism in the event that there be any imperfection or errors in his work, which is safeguard enough. No one, gentleman or man, will do his work up to his best ability, conjointly with good, cheerful feeling, if he rests under suspicion of trickery. While judging is done openly before the public as it is done in this country, petty restrictions are as unnecessary as they are useless. It is hardly to be supposed that any bench show management would employ a judge if he was supposed to be untrustworthy.

On the subject of judging by points, scoring each dog and then comparing the scores, he mildly disapproves of it by saying that "the very best judges of the day admit that judging by points is not at all practical in the show ring." The Beagle Club, I believe, is the chief supporter of judging by points in this country. It has brought out some most ridiculous incidents, such as a dog being scored twice with widely varying results, the second scoring being due to the act of some mischievous exhibitor presenting his dog twice for judgment; and the judge, failing to recognize the dog, scored him again. Nothing shows the fallacy and insufficiency of such a system more than an incident like this. That a judge should vary ten or fifteen points on one dog in scoring him twice is the best proof against its utility which could be offered. In addition to its inaccuracy, the scoring consumes an unreasonable amount of time, so much so that it becomes wearisome. No judge alive can put the relative value of a number of dogs in figures. There is a certain harmony or its absence in the relation of parts and expression which he cannot put in figures. If he could, no one could follow the mental processes by which he reached his conclusions, therefore the figures would be valuable to himself alone. The column of figures, which is supposed to score a dog's value, represents no idea to the reader who is not acquainted with the dog represented. He can form no idea whatever of the dog's form, color, disposition, action, etc. Yet this venerable fallacy still finds its supporters and advocates.

In conversation with a doggy friend a day or two ago, among other matters the powers of dogs' eyesight were discussed. He held the view, which I believe is the popular one, that dogs possessed extremely limited powers of vision and placed but small reliance on that sense, trusting more to the sense of smell to determine any doubts in respect to the identity of a person. He cited the many instances, which are a matter of common knowledge, of the house dog barking at his master as he returns to his door, the dog not recognizing him by sight; but the dog's hostile demonstration is changed to joyous and welcome antics when he recognizes his master by the sense of smell.

I believe that the dog has the keenest of eyesight. The peculiarities mentioned are probably the result of carelessness, or from a habit of using the nose so much that dogs trust to it constantly.

But, on the other hand, there are the many well-known instances witnessed by all duck and upland shooters of dogs sighting ducks at great distances, even when they were mere specks in the horizon, and marking wounded birds accurately at great distances. The comparatively low height of dogs is a great disadvantage in distinguishing objects at any great distance on the same level as that on which they stand. Squirrel dogs when hunting will watch squirrels in the highest trees and note their every movement, a most difficult feat to perform. B. WATERS.

## BEAGLES ON THE TRAIL.

THE following correspondence will no doubt prove interesting to breeders of beagles who may in their experiences meet with similar instances:

*H. L. Kreuder, Esq.:*

The delay in my writing you has been owing to the fact of our having had lately such poor weather for hunting. The first day I took Rabbi out he had to work on quite a stiff crust, strong enough in places to bear the rabbit but not strong enough for his own weight. With the work he did under these circumstances I was well satisfied; he picked up a track, none too fresh, and worked it long and patiently. But I have been puzzled and disappointed by his work yesterday and a day or two ago, the only other occasions on which I have had him out. We have had a fresh fall of snow, a trifle deep, but not too deep for Rabbi to work in, nor deep enough to prevent a friend of mine from shooting yesterday morning four rabbits ahead of a small native-bred dog. I had Rabbi out alone, he worked indefatigably. I found a fresh track and was waiting for an opportunity to put him on, when out he comes from the swamp on this very track, giving good tongue. He works in hearing for a few minutes, then his voice grows fainter in the distance, once or twice at intervals I hear a distant note. Then in about twenty minutes I am exceedingly surprised to have him come running along silent on his back track. This is a fair sample of the work he has done for me. He hunts well and intelligently and has no difficulty in getting his rabbit up, but he won't stick to him. Granted the fact of his having legitimately lost his track on a road or something of the kind, nevertheless he should not give it up so willingly and quickly, he should show more stick-to-it quality. It is natural that the dog should at first be puzzled and thrown out in this doubtless new kind of work, but I hate to see this lack of perseverance. I know very little about the hunting powers of beagles, but certainly without perseverance they will never do for this country. I am disappointed so far, and would like the benefit of your opinion and advice. My having kept Rabbi so long makes me his owner, at the same time if you have a dog you think would be better for my work I should like to hear on what terms you would make the trade.

I am very anxious to introduce, if possible, beagles to this country; for the hunting of rabbits and deer, for my own use and for the general improvement of the stock. The native-bred dogs are of a most nondescript nature, now and then you will find a rattling good hunter, but breeding from mongrels is, as you know, absolutely uncertain and very unsatisfactory. Mr. Randolph has had an experience very much like mine. O. H. PALMER.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.

*O. H. Palmer, Esq.:*

Your esteemed favor of the 22d inst. at hand. Your account of the doings of Rabbi I find highly interesting and instructive. You ask my advice and opinion on the shortcomings of the dog.

In the first place new owner and surroundings must be considered. Secondly, the dog has been accustomed to running in a pack and in a measure dependent upon a pack support. Working up on an old trail, making the start and trailing first heat are strong and essentially good qualities for an individual dog to do with satisfaction. After the game has the trail and angles at will, then the most difficult work of accurate trailing begins, and at this point the individual dog misses the pack support. I deem it quite natural that a single dog at this point becomes disheartened after many efforts to recover the trail and finally becoming fearful of having strayed too far from the gun, returns. In a strange locality the surer course for returning is on his own track.

Under such circumstances the dog should be taken back and every possible support should be given him for a fresh start and so on until the game is bagged. Due allowance should be made for nature and condition of ground where the game is lost. If hard and flinty, possibly a windy knoll where scent is rapidly removed, then a dog as well as the gun should range wide, and if persevered in the game is usually found with head and ears pressed low. During our recent field trials I have seen good dogs run over an angling point and then range wide. A dozen and more, however, would scatter about and game finally start in the very center of the group.

When I sent you Rabbi I never was more earnest in sending out a thoroughly good dog, and I still remain in the belief that I fulfilled my purpose. Do not consider though that in your expressions of disappointment, etc., that I misconstrue your meaning, as on the whole I feel rather pleased with the result of Rabbi's doings, for I otherwise construe what you now deem essential defects. Let the dog become thoroughly familiar with owner, ground and game, and give him the assurance that he works the game for your gun and not for pastime, and if after a fair trial under such conditions you still consider him not the dog for your purpose, I will cheerfully accept his return and pay expenses for his homeward trip.

Kindly keep me advised from time to time and greatly oblige. Yours very truly, H. L. KREUDER.

NANUET, N. Y.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

THERE are few greater annoyances to a conscientious dog owner than his dog being a "roamer;" the dog is not at home when wanted there, generally being at some place where he is not wanted.

An excellent cure for this habit is to induce persons on whom the dog may trespass, to tie a tin pan to his tail and turn him toward home; the experience is so terrifying to the dog, and is so directly connected with absence from home, that it almost invariably effects a cure.

Sentimentalists among dogmen, the variety who rant at any punishment being inflicted on their dogs, may exclaim at encouraging such cruelty as attaching a tin pan to a dog's tail, but no force is to be found in any such contention. Whether anything is cruel, depends on the purpose in view; tying a tin pan to a dog's tail for amusement, is as vile a piece of cruelty as can be named, but if done as a remedy, it is perfectly proper.

Most dogs can be frightened out of trespassing on any particular premises by shooting them, carefully gauging the powder, shot and distance so that the dog will only be stung, not "shot," and The Onlooker has known of dogs being thus kept away, when the ground was covered with snow, and no trace of blood could be found in the path of the fleeing dog. A persistent ravager may be struck with stones, clubs, etc., and only learn caution and cunning thereby, but the shot rarely fails as a remedy. The Onlooker's theory for this is, that it is the sting of the shot, accompanying the report of the gun, that terrifies the dog.

THE ONLOOKER.

# DOG CHAT.

### Shipping Dogs.

In *Pacific Field Sports* this last week the editor speaks very severely as to the state that the St. Bernard Lady Hibernia was in when she arrived in San Francisco, and it will be a lesson to Californians not to import dogs, etc., etc. We sent Mr. Booth the paper and asked for an explanation. He writes us that he can bring witnesses who saw Lady H. before she was shipped and will secure their affidavits. Mr. Booth says: "The bitch was all right on shipment. She never had a skin disease, and as to being in whelp, if a swollen udder and the other indications—tired and lazy—are not sufficient to justify my thinking her in whelp, what is? Another thing, she was not guaranteed in whelp. I merely told him (Mr. Heffernan) there was every indication of it. The price was not $300 or near it—it was $235. I had a special desire of her arriving in good condition and sold her at so low a price because I thought there being no good St. Bernard on the other coast it would lead to a good deal of business. That was my only object in sending her that distance. I never really wanted to part with her. The only spot she had on her was a sore on her ear about the size of a bean and she was also casting her coat. The only way I can account for the humor on arrival must be the close confinement for six days and a seizure of acclimation fever which all St. Bernards are liable to." It would be well to think a little before condemning a shipper. Six days in a crate, with the attention dogs are likely to receive on Western roads, and in such torrid weather as we have had lately, would not be conducive to the good health of any dog, and it is entirely problematical if the dog was fed or watered during the journey.

### Mr. Mortimer Returns.

Mr. James Mortimer returned from his European trip on Sunday last on the s.s. Alaska. Mr. Mortimer must have had his hands full during the voyage over, as he brought quite a big list of dogs, and good ones, too. Additional interest was lent to the voyage by the race between the Aurania and Alaska, the former arriving two minutes ahead of the other. The dogs came over in good shape and were taken from the ship Sunday afternoon. Among the dogs Mr. Mortimer had with him were the pointer Glenbeigh for Mr. Huber, of San Francisco, Cal., and from Mr. Norrish's kennel the very promising young dog Sandford Druid, that is both a show dog and a fielder. Besides these a number of collies were brought chiefly from Rev. Hans F. Hamilton's kennels. The best is Conrad II., by Charlemague out of Grace III. This dog has won a number of prizes. Then there are two bitches Woodmansterne Trefoil and Deborah from the same kennel. From Mr. Thos. H. Stretch, the noted collie breeder, Mr. Mortimer bought Ormskirk Susie, who won three firsts at Belfast just lately, and Julia, second novice and Derby at the late K. C. show in London. Two bulldogs by ch. Harper now owned by Mr. Mariner were also included in the team. Their names are The Heathen and Wat Hampson. The Irish terrier Fenian Boy, second at the Liverpool show just held, completed the list. According to the *British Fancier* Mr. Mortimer has made many friends and he looks as if he had had a good time.

### Mastiffs.

Mr. James W. Whitney, the mastiff man, was at last accounts in Paris. Mr. Hughes tells us that he has now got the dogs and the kennels into good shape, but the strange puppy fatality in this kennel still seems to hang on. This is a sample of it: "I lost every puppy but one, which I now have, and that one is Caution's Own Daughter's baby. Lady Coleus had one dead pup that had been dead in her about ten days. Lady Pamelia had nine, seven of them died a few minutes after birth, one lived nine hours, and the last one eleven hours. Black Sal had four—one dead at birth, one died in a day or two and another I kept alive for eight weeks, and it died of worms in the stomach. Exeter Dirce had nine, and they all died within a few days of birth except one I took up to the house and kept him alive for a few weeks, and then it died of worms, too." Then comes a tale of sleepless nights that makes one yawn for very sympathy. The pups, he says seemed to lack vitality. Why is this thus? There must be something wrong. Perhaps a change of kennel quarters would alter this, and a liberal use of charcoal to bitches in whelp and to pups.

### English Shows.

The *Stock-Keeper* this week has reports of no less than twenty shows, some of them K. C. shows and with large entries; Darlington, for instance, with 860. This gives some idea of the state dog showing has reached in the past few years. The Darlington one-day show was certainly the most interesting, and as usual, well managed. Beagles were very good, and so were St. Bernards. Keeper and Lola IV. were the challenge winners, the latter beating champion Peggoty. Kingstonian Beauty, that won in novice bitches, is very well spoken of as a bitch with a future. This bitch is by Lord Bute out of Altonetta, a sister to Altonette, and owned by Mr. A. H. Moore. Kingstonian Hero is another one that Mr. Booth, of Hull, bred from bitches now in America. This one is by Scottish Prince out of Miss Hannah, and won third in the dog novice class at the same show.

### Canada Represented at Darlington.

Our Canadian readers, of whom we have so many, will be pleased to see the following from *Stock-Keeper:* "At Darlington we met Dr. Griffin, of Hamilton, Canada, a great friend of Mr. A. D. Stewart, president of the Canadian Kennel Club. A good and cheery sort, too, is the doctor, who is over for a holiday, at the same time that he is on the lookout for something good (canine) to take back. Dogs are booming in Canada just now, and with such men as Mr. Stewart and Dr Griffin behind them, up they will continue to go. One thing we continue to note—our foreign friends will have none but the best; and they know when they see them, too! So in a short time we may expect canine visitors from their shores, and when they come they will have to be reckoned with.

### It Would Cost but a Cent.

A correspondent who wrote a letter to the advertiser of a dog in our Kennel Special columns, complains that he has received no reply, presumably for the reason that the dog had already been sold, and he submits that even if the dog had been sold the advertiser should have had the courtesy to advise him of that fact in reply. We have repeatedly been assured that advertisers received more applications than they had dogs to sell; and it certainly would be a courteous thing to postalcardize those who come too late, explaining that the dogs have been sold. This would make better feeling all around.

### Death of Champion George.

Old show goers who were around in the early 80s will remember the pug champion George, and especially his charming mistress, and how she fought for what she thought were the dog's just dues. This was in the Rhoderick and Joe and George days. Old champion George is dead. This may surprise many people, as his long retirement led one to believe that his course had been run long since. George died about Aug. 10, having been overcome by the heat. He was nominally owned by Mr. Edwin A. Pue, of the Comp-

troller's Office, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Pue received the dog as a gift from the late George H. Boker, February, 1879, on the latter's return from Russia. He was exhibited for the first time in 1881, and was a familiar face at the principal shows till 1888. At the New York show in 1881, when he first came out, Dr. Niven was the judge, and placed Dr. Cryer's Rhoderick first; this so displeased the fair owner of George that she presented the judge with a copy of "Stonehenge," to give him a chance to read up on pugs. In 1883, when George beat Rhoderick under Mr. Kirk, it was the occasion of quite a demonstration in the ring. The late Mr. Lincoln presented George with a laurel wreath, and George made his then to be final bow to the public, while somebody delivered a neat speech in his honor. In 1885, however, he came out once more at the Philadelphia show, and under Mr. Mortimer was beaten by Mr. Geo. H. Hill's champion Joe. How time flies; we can almost fancy that we can hear Mrs. Pue's voice still ringing in our ears as she told us what she thought about it. This was champion George's last appearance in public. George was by Muggins out of Coquette, and was whelped December, 1878.

### Pacific Kennel Club Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club was held at 21 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., August 3, and was well attended. Nearly half of the members being present, President R. E. Wilson presided. Mr. James Mortimer was unanimously elected delegate to the American Kennel Club. The president appointed the following Committees for the ensuing year. Finance: Messrs. H. Bier, F. S. Butler and John Heffernan. Committee on Admission to Membership:—Messrs. William Murdock, James E. Watson, Herbert Spencer, E. W. Briggs and Henry Huber.

The Pacific Kennel Club has 90 members at present and from three to ten new names are presented at every meeting. The club is in a good strong condition and promises well to be the strongest kennel club in California. It is composed entirely of gentlemen of good standing in the community and the members propose to build it up to a large membership. At the last meeting a motion was passed offering a reward of $50 for the conviction of any party or parties caught stealing or poisoning any dog or dogs belonging to members of the club.

### New Chestnuts.

Mr. Jarrett, owner of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, is taking his ease these days, but still getting his due modicum of enjoyment out of country life. We all know that Mr. Jarrett runs the kennel portion of the Pembroke Hunt, and this week he writes us that the hounds are getting very fit. "We have just come in from a good exercise hunt. We found a fox, probably one that was let loose last season; he gave us a rattling run of fifteen minutes and went to ground. We left him at rest and will try him again in a few days. We are out every morning at daybreak—great fun!" Mr. Jarrett has purchased from Mr. John McLachlin, Estill, Mo., the collie dog Commander (The Squire ex Active). Active is a bitch the Chestnut Hill Kennels imported and sold in whelp to The Squire. Friend Jarrett having arranged to go to the fairs at Youngstown and Columbus, O., with some of the high-jumping horses owned by Mr. Harrison, will be unable to attend the Canadian shows, as the dates conflict. This will be good news for other collie men. He will send a strong team to Mount Holly show in charge of his kennelman. The dogs are all looking well and some "grand" puppies are coming on, as he has been very successful with their breeding this season.

### Wire-Haired Fox-Terriers.

Mr. Smith expects his new wire-haired champion Daylesford Broom, by Bushy Broom, to do a good deal of good to the breed over here; he is also getting two or three good bitches over as well, information about whom we shall be able to give later on. It is to be hoped that this whilom greyhound man will be as successful in the new fancy as he was in the old. There is plenty of room. Daylesford Broom was purchased through Mr. Geo. Raper, and was to be delivered after the Gloucester show, where he won third in a strong lot. He is said to have very good legs, feet and body, and his coat is of the best.

Speaking of wire-haired fox-terriers the new crack in England, Bolton Woods Perfection, is, according to all reports, not at all misnamed. Mr. Rotherham Cecil has just purchased him from his former owner, a Mr. Smith, for $500, and the latter stated that could he have afforded to keep him $2,000 would have been his figure. Bolton Woods Perfection was originally picked up at the Leeds show for $75. We all know that Brittle, now at the Rochelle Kennels, has sired some good ones, but being the sire of this new crack adds still further to his reputation. Mr. Smith is quoted as saying that he defied any judge of the breed to find any palpable fault in the dog.

### West Michigan K. C.

The West Michigan Kennel Club held a meeting Aug. 5 at the Kalamazoo House, Kalamazoo, Mich. Among those present were M. C. Byers, of Grand Rapids, Charles K. Farmer, of Indianapolis, Ind., and H. Dale Adams. A storm has been brewing for some time past and it culminated in a very interesting session. There are two factions, one favoring the bench show at Grand Rapids and the other the location at Muskegon. The feeling has been very bitter, but it was believed that at the meeting held last month the matter was finally decided in favor of Grand Rapids. At this meeting, however, an effort was made to change the decision of the former meeting, and it was 4 o'clock on Saturday morning before the contending factions smoked the pipe of peace and declared in favor of continuing the arrangements for the Grand Rapids show.

### Death of Boz.

Our valued correspondent, Bradford S. Turpin, writes us of the death of his Irish setter Boz. "He was an old dog and has not been hunting for a couple of years, but in his palmy days he had a local reputation which extended over a good part of Cape Cod. He had great speed, a fine nose and no end of bird sense. As a retriever from water he was great, and many a duck he has brought out of the surf for me. Many who have shot over him will feel an interest in hearing of his death. He knew everything that a dog ought to know and was a gentleman always."

### California Items.

Californians are particularly strong in well bred greyhounds, that is for coursing purposes, the coursing men evidently taking little interest in the bench shows. Mr. Tiernan has just bred his well-known greyhound bitch Catherine Hayes, by Ben Ali out of Dougherty's Daisy, to Mr. James E. Watson's Saturday, and this dog is by Friday Night out of Mother Demdike. Such a combination of the best imported and the best Californian blood should produce something that will make up for the young greyhound Mr. Tiernan lost by an overdose of areca nut.

### Water Toughs.

About a year ago the Humane Society of Detroit placed a large number of little tubs about the streets of the city to be kept filled with water for dogs, and already the good results are apparent. Next summer they will have 150 of the tubs out. An officer of the society said he had not heard of a single "mad" dog since they put the tubs in the street. This particular officer knew what he was talking about when he remarked, "I do not believe there would be any frothing animals running and snapping on the streets if the dogs had all the water they wanted. A great many people make a mistake about dogs in this particular. In the extremely hot weather dogs eat very little, but they want lots of water, and will go almost any distance to get it. If everybody owning a dog would keep a pan of water in his back yard and renew it daily his dog would never go mad. Why, dogs come here for a drink from every direction, and there are over a dozen of them that I call my regular customers."

### California Kennel Club.

The California Kennel Club held a meeting Aug. 3 at 436 Montgomery street, San Francisco. John B. Lewis presided and J. J. Jamison acted as secretary. Piercy McPartland, W. J. Blattner, Dr. F. W. Neif and Joseph Kruft were elected members. A committee on recommending names for officers to be voted for at the annual election, to be held the second Wednesday in next month, was appointed. The treasurer presented his official bond in $4,000, which was accepted. President Lewis congratulated the club on the success that had attended the club's various bench shows, and on the fact that it could boast of being free from debt.

### Cockers Again.

WESTCHESTER, Conn., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My cocker spaniel, Rex Obo, was stolen last Friday night, and on Monday night at 9 o'clock he came home minus the name plate on his collar and with a piece of clothesline attached to his collar, showing that he had chewed the rope in two and escaped, and then made tracks for home. He knew his business all right when he got his liberty. E. A. CARRIER.

### Toronto Show.

Among the specials offered at the coming Toronto show, Mr. Geo. Fisher, of Baltimore, Md., offers the services of his Calumet Ben d'Or for best toy spaniel in the show. Mr. Henry Brooks, of West Medford, Mass., donates the following specials: Kennel Scotch terriers, four or more, $10; best Scotch terrier dog, $10; best Scotch terrier bitch, $10. The Adams Express Co. will return all dogs free to original exhibitor who has prepaid regular rates going.

### American Field Trial Judges.

The judges of the trials of the American Field Trials Club for this year will be W. A. Thompson, J. M. Freeman and Royal Robinson. Over 1,700 acres in the "Haw Patch" just north of the city of Columbus, Ind., have been leased for the trials.

### Another Trust.

This is an age of trusts. The latest is a "mud-slinging trust," and the FOREST AND STREAM "ain't in it."

A correspondent writes: "I am glad to see you keep your columns clean, and do not court this later day style of personal blackguardism under the cover of *nom de plumes*."

When Chicopee Lass killed the hare in the final contest at Great Bend, Kan., last year, "bunny" was saved and has now been mounted, and is in the possession of Mr. M. Ryan of San Francisco. We are told by the San Francisco *Call* that the animal is much larger than the general run of California jacks found on the famous coursing plains of Merced.

We are sorry to hear of Mr. Eugene Glass's serious illness but trust he will soon be on the mend again. Meanwhile *The Dog Fancier* for August will not be published but will be combined with the September number.

In our business columns we notice that George Thomas is making every effort to get a good team for the Canadian shows. When these are over he will take a trip to England, and this affords those who wish to buy a dog or two, an opportunity of having a man select for them who knows something about a dog.

Mr. Michael Flynn we are pleased to see has not entirely given up his dogs, but bad luck still haunts him, as he lost by distemper three dogs and five bitches out of the litter by Glen Jarvis out of the well known bitch Sedan.

Mr. Hedley Chapman, from whom Mr. Reick purchased Princess Florence, has sold his residence and kennels at Maplecroft Hall in Bath, England, to Dr. Inman, who owns the St. Bernard Siegfried. Mr. Chapman is going to live in British Columbia, so *Stock-Keeper* says.

The same journal in its report on Duke Maplecroft, at Darlington, says his eyes are the sort that are now becoming so prevalent, *i. e.*, small and showing a good deal of the haw. This, we should think, is not by any means an improvement in a St. Bernard.

Mr. Brodie, the Irish terrier man, is coming on a visit to America and will probably bring his dog What Care I with him.

The Mount Holly Fair is always a notable gathering of country folks and agricultural stock, and when they hold out such good inducements for the dog show we are sure many dogmen will pay it a visit. Contrary to the custom of our regular bench shows, with the exception of the W. K. C. and the N. E. K. C., we have received our admission card and general invitation already. This reminds us that our show secretaries are very remiss in this respect as a rule. At all the shows last spring, with the exception of those mentioned, we had to cool our heels at the door while we craned our necks to catch a glimpse of some well known committeeman who could give the password and let us in.

Mr. Chapman, president of the Beagle Club, has left Boston on a trip to Maine, and expects to pick up a good beagle or two for the Toronto show. He expects to move the greater part of his kennel to Orland, Me., where there is unlimited range and plenty of game. This place is situated four miles from Bucksport, Me.

Mr. A. E. Foster, of New York city, has purchased from Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey his well-known field spaniel, Beverley Negus. This is a good move on Mr. Foster's part as it gives him a still firmer hold on the Field Spaniel Challenge Cup, which he holds by the aid of Judex at the N. Y. show last spring. Mr. Foster will show both at Toronto when the cup is put up again and is out for blood this time. We are glad to see this fancier coming into the fold again. He was the last owner of old champion Benedict.

One of our largest and best known exhibitors writes us this week, "Thanks very much for sending the paper, it has saved me a trip to town each week as F. & S. is not on sale on the stand here." Our friends want the best and spare no trouble to get it.

Mr. Phœbus does not wish people to suppose that he was "trying to fly with pin feathers where only full-fledged birds can soar" when we stated that some of his dogs were quartered at Tuxedo Park. He has, however, thirteen couple of them in Bill Marriott's hands not far from Tuxedo. He will take them South soon and use them there during the entire winter and spring.

We are told that Mr. T. S. Bellin has put up several prizes at the Rochester show and that Mr. Otis Fellows will superintend and also judge sporting dogs. At the Mohawk Valley Fair Mr. Fellows will also judge the dogs. Following this he will take in Kingston and Toronto, so "Uncle Dick" may be said to be fairly in it.

Mr. E. B. Bishop writes: "It seems that I was very previous in announcing the purchase of Erne II.: Mr. O'Callaghan later priced me her litter sister Elphin, and as the latter did creditable work in the Kennel Club's Derby she was much preferred, and the exchange was made. She is beautiful in appearance, in other words, she strikes me 'all in a heap'." They are waiting for rain before they start after the chickens again, as Irwin did not find two dozen on the previous excursion. Mr. A. C. Waddell, the veteran sportsmen and breeder, will soon be at Mr. Bishop's kennels and will assist in looking after the youngsters.

Berkshire county, Mass., has been troubled this year with sheep and fowl-destroying dogs that have already done $1,600 worth of damage. Now they are paying their attention to snapping at and chasing horses. A bulldog and a mongrel were seen the other day to attack a mare heavy with foal. The bigger dog brought the mare to the ground and the dogs were not driven off until the mare had sustained serious injury. The wounds will prove fatal to the foal and possibly to the mare. Two dogs have been caught "on suspicion," and short shrift should be their portion if found guilty, for these are the animals that give a dog a bad name and lead to obnoxious and prejudiced legislation.

Our call for an outcross from Plinlimmon blood has been the occasion of bringing several dogs, and quite good ones, to our notice, who possess the necessary blood qualifications. It would, of course, be invidious to mention them here unless their names were to be found in our business columns.

In our list of Derby entries of the P. K. C. and Central trials the owner of the pointer Bradley should have been given as Geo. N. Paine and not G. H. Price.

We have received a nice little photograph of Mr. Rathbone's Beverwyck Punster, that did so well in the spring shows. This young dog has filled out nicely since then and will do to show again. By the way, we did not say anything about the capital little picture that we published last week of Mr. Rathbone's fox-terriers. This gentleman pressed the button and we did the rest. Making a guess at the dogs' names we got one Tippler instead of Fizz. But, as Mr. Rathbone says, "one is now in heaven and the other in Canada," it does not much matter. He has some rather promising puppies coming on, but expects them all to go to pieces before the spring shows, "they generally do."

Mr. A. M. Hughes, now manager of the Flour City Kennels, will judge the St. Bernards at Brooklyn. Without any discourtesy to those who have so ably judged the St. Bernards the past few years we may say that a little change will be beneficial. Mr. Hughes has had lots of experience with St. Bernards, and as he is thoroughly unbiased and is personally unknown to many of the newcomers, there is no reason why he should not have a generous support at the Brooklyn show in November next.

Those who are interested in the Irish setter trials will find very useful information in our business columns this week. Those who have dogs to enter should remember the dates of closing of entries, and the liberality of this enthusiastic club, which now, we are pleased to see, has no need to go down on its knees for subscriptions. The Irish setter field trials is an annual institution now, and the thanks are due in great part to Dr. Davis.

Dr. Foote has been in communication with the Express Conference authorities in Chicago, as chairman of the committee appointed by the A. K. C. for that purpose, but gives little hope of any amelioration of present hardships that shippers must put up with. He has been trying to get the companies to reduce charges to single rates on dogs to shows and return free, and also single rates each way for bitches sent to stud dogs, but the companies fail to see that they would gain any increased custom by the concessions. They seem to entirely forget the injustice of their exorbitant charges.

Mr. William Tallman will probably judge sporting classes at Kingston and Ottawa shows.

The Ottawa club meeting report, held Aug 3, was received too late for publication this week. There is no further news in it than that given by our Canadian correspondent if we except the notice that the Canadian Pacific and G. T. roads will carry dogs to show at usual excess baggage rates and return free.

Probably the peculiar way in which we worded our par. about Henry Jennings leaving the New York St. Bernard Kennels, may have led some people to suppose that Jennings had done some heinous wrong. This is not so, it was simply a difference of opinion between employer and employee.

New advertisements are still coming in, showing the appreciation of the dogmen for FOREST AND STREAM as a selling medium. F. H. Perry has broken Irish setters; C. A. Paetzel, a number of well-bred and trained pointers; Lock Drawer 14, pointer bitch and puppies; H. V. Jamieson, trained beagles and pups; C. F. Lambert, pointer pups by King of Kent; F. Clinton, well-bred English setter, P. Mayher, broken pointer. In the stud we draw attention to V. L. Bossa's English setter Bow Bondhu, also Edward Brooks' new Dandie Dinmonts Amphion and Laird o' the Heather. Wants: Wm. H. Atwood, a well-broken setter dog; Henry Jennings, situation as kennel manager.

## SHOULD JUDGES BE THEIR OWN CRITICS?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The kennel press has existed a good while, and I fancy that the editors have tolerably correct ideas as to their wisest course, and it is somewhat startling to find a novice undertaking to point out new departures as exclusive paths of propriety.

It is all nonsense that a judge will be more careful if he knows he has to report on his classes. The true judge, who knows his business, is careful in his judging and lets any report take care of itself. The wildest judging I ever saw was followed by a still wilder report.

To exclude all communications over nom de plumes, would be a pattern absurdity. Some of the very, very best work for the kennel world ever done, was done by anonymes. If a man's public course as to kennel matters requires comment, it is far better to have it over a nom de plume, less acrimony is raised, the exposed cannot vent his enmity on his crucifier, enemies are not thereby made, and the knight of the hedge expresses himself with greater freedom. Personal attacks, not based on public facts, are the sort that should be over the writer's name. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., July 30.

## PSOVOI—BORZOI.

THE following remarks of Baron Kursel are very interesting as showing the unsettled state of the Psovoi breed even in Russia at the present time. Primarily this translation is given to show the doubting Thomases that the dogs are spoken of by the Russians themselves as Psovie in distinction to the "swift dogs"—Borzie, among which, it will be noticed, is counted the English greyhound. It is further worthy of remark that according to this article swiftness is not altogether the point most desired, and that the greyhound is all very well for the hare and fox work in the open, but not for the rougher country and wolves. We have not altered in any way the original quaintness of the translation:

REMARKS ON THE ARTICLE OF MR. W. S. TOLSTOI IN NO. 12 OF "THE JOURNAL OF THE HUNT":

The remarks of Mr. Tolstoi touched me to the quick as a hunter, and I cannot pass it in silence. The trouble is, that Mr. Tolstoi is not satisfied with the decision of the conclave of *Psovie* hunters, to divide the coursing grounds for each breed separately.

(The author is mistaken, even if the conclave asked that the *English Borzoi* should be entirely excluded from the grounds for trial runs.)

The object of the trial grounds was to show *which of the Borzie* was the more mettlesome and to recompense the most mettlesome with a prize. On the trial grounds the *English Borzoi* beat and beats yet the *Psovoi;* so the question, *which of the Borzie* is the most mettlesome can be regarded as decided. Then why speed the Psovoi with the *English* on the trial grounds?

There are, thank God, prizes for all breeds in the Fall—let them then compete if they can.

Traditional rough-coated Psovoi, as in olden times, of a phenomenal swiftness, they are no more, and therefore let us not try what we cannot accomplish at present, *i. e.*, to beat the English in swiftness on the coursing grounds. Let us on the contrary try to breed in time from the pitiful remainder of former Psovie, swifter dogs; if we succeed in this, then let us compete. At present we are not yet able to compete, as in general the present breed of *Psovie* is a poor one, even if it must be acknowledged that among *really* blooded exemplars there happen to be very swift ones. By such means, I think, by a judicious crossing of very swift and full-blooded ones, without hurrying and not expecting in one year the growing up of this breed, we will attain that which we had formerly, when they were not over anxious to try conclusions with the English dogs against ours.

(We are convinced that in the field it is yet the case, in particular late in the fall, which opinion the author later on sustains in speaking of Crimean dogs).

Admitting that the English dog is swifter than the *Psovoi*, let me put another question: Is this one quality—swiftness—sufficient to give the preference to the English dog? That the full-blooded English dog does not give satisfaction in all respects of a hunt with dogs nobody will dispute with me, I hope. Let me see only one such a pack, consisting only of greyhounds; take something else except gray hares, foxes, and accidentally perhaps a young wolf. I do not believe that the expectations from a perfect pack would be satisfied with such small demands.

Let us now look at the *English Borzoi* from a different point of standing. Of how much advantage are they to a single hunter, who hunts exclusively by trailing? Only this one fact that the majority of them only use *southern breeds of Borzie*, even if cross-bred with Psovies, even if, but very rarely, full-blooded Psovie shows that the English dog does not fulfil their expectations. Still, there are found, if even seldom, English dogs with single hunters, but on broken ground they run (hunt) worse than the Krimki, and if even tearing their toes, they are not faster in general. In cold weather it is even difficult to hunt with them, as they always shiver and whine. In general the English cannot satisfy the hunter, even if they take the greatest care with them—thick cloth blankets, warm housing, etc., etc.; on the contrary, the Krimki and Gorki stand the most severe frosts easily. I maintain firmly that the full-blooded Gorka by far beats the pet English.

I do not understand the reproach which Mr. Tolstoi makes to the *Psovoi* If Mr. Tolstoi aims at 33¼in. Pobedim I., of S. S. Karejeff's, it must be remarked that such remarks have no foundation whatever, as it was known that Pobedim I. was very swift and staying and caught gray hares singly. Those Psovie of whom I wish to speak do not belong to this class of dogs, but to the common class of *Psovie* about 30in. high and have not a drop of blood from the English breed. Some of these dogs, certainly not all, had strong legs, gameness and swiftness. I have hunted with them, and yet hunt with them, alone, and for all that I get old hares, and they do not get away because that the dogs were winded. When sometimes gray hares escaped it happened in a very wooded part or in the winter on a frozen snow crust, which carries the hare but not the dog. Under such conditions a hare can escape from any dog whatever. I am entirely satisfied that for a hunt of the gray hare or fox only, the English dog is more fitted than the more robust Psovoi, which proves that the stronger build of the Psovoi does not give him the lightness of the smaller English. But I warrant that the Krimka and Gopka beat them in this respect, and I believe that the small bitches of the Gepmoloff—Matchewarianski breed do not stand much inferior to them. As to baiting (on short distance) with Psovie, they are far more effective than the English. There are certainly Psovie which are not able to catch a gray hare, but the more should we prize the disappearing ones that can, an opinion which Mr. Tolstoi will not hold, as he rather prefers to them the swift English ones. We shall have need of English dogs when there shall be no hunting in Russia and she has become one field for sport and sportsmen. I do not think we shall live to see it, therefore it is too early to provide ourselves with English dogs, and even should we live to see it, we can till then develop our coursing dogs. Therefore let us rather pay attention to our Psovoi dog, or else we may lose him as we lost the famous Kostromski hound. What will be the good of it, if we shall be compelled to import in time the Psovoi from England, as at present the Bessarabian hunter George Basilievitch Kolmutzki was compelled to import a leash of foxhounds because he could not acquire a decent lot. Different black and tan celebrities, which cost him a great deal of money, did not satisfy even a not very high expectation. Now, gentlemen hunters, is it not a shame that for a Russian hunt with dogs there have to be bought foreign dogs? Thanks to the old hunters, that they preserved yet more or less pure breeds of Borzie. I do not speak at all about the defunct Matchevarianoff Germoloff, whose memory will always be preserved in the hearts of all Russian hunters, but also S. S. Karejeff has preserved to us full-blooded Psovie, whatever they may say of him. His dogs showed themselves also to advantage at the bench shows, and on the coursing grounds for swiftness and for wickedness.

Does Mr. Tolstoi really not know the A B C of breeding, that the mixing of the English breed with the Psovoi only gives in the first generation something likely? If he does not know then I allow myself to repeat this truth, and if Mr. Tolstoi does not believe me then I ask him to show to me authentic mixing of the *English* and *Psovoi* which ever acquired any renown. I on my part will point out the dogs of Duke Galitzin, Mr. Protasieff Germoloff, Matchevarianoff, Schusharieff, Moscharoff, N. A. and S. S. Karejeff, Tschebesheff, Imperial Hunt, Durasoff, Baljtzoff, Ozeroff, Tzvetkoff and many others. These dogs acquired well-deserved renown, even if they did do without the prescriptions of Mr. Tolstoi. I have seen Psovie take singly an old wolf and a gray hare. I had myself one such dog, and at the present time I know two such dogs; but perhaps Mr. Tolstoi's dogs are still better. It would be interesting to see them in action and not on paper.

BARON H. K. KURSEL.

P. S.—To take an old (full-grown) wolf single-handed I understand to be this way: The dog takes and throws him down, holds him some time, certainly not as long a a yearling, which a likely *furibund* can even strangle. K.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. Stewart has called a meeting of those interested in the proposed Fox-Terrier Club for Canada, for Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 8 P. M., in the Walker House, Toronto, and on Wednesday, Sept. 14, same time and place, will be held the first meeting of the proposed Canadian Breeders' Association. The objects of the latter are to be as Mr. Stewart writes me, "the encouragement of local breeders and the holding of annual bench shows at which entries will be confined solely to Canadian breeders."

Mr. W. B. Palmer, Woodstock, who judged spaniels at Ottawa last year, will again take these classes. The top row of benches in the show building has been removed and the committee must this year positively limit the entry to 230. Any coming in after the limit is reached will be returned.

Kingston is offering the same money as last year, *i. e.*: $7 and $3 with diploma for third; $20 is offered for the handler or kennel making the largest number of entries.

"Dealing in futures" seems to be coming into vogue with our kennel clubs. Kingston now claims the week following Toronto for its show of 1893 and also claims the same week in perpetuity. H. B. DONOVAN.

Mr. H. E. Twyford sailed yesterday morning on the S.S. Mohawk. A number of his friends gathered in the dining saloon Tuesday evening to bid the genial "Brockenhurst" and his better half *bon voyage.*

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Wait Awhile, Power, Bradley, Uncle Dick and Sedan II.* By Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I., for red Irish setters, four dogs and one bitch, whelped April 13, 1892, by Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid) out of Sedan.

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Enterprise—Gully the Great.* Wagtail Kennels' (Jamesport, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Enterprise to F. F. Dole's Gully the Great (Gladstone—Florie), July 20.

*Nellie Hunter—Bow Bondhu.* V. L. Bossa's (New Canaan, Conn.) English setter bitch Nellie Hunter (Ben Hill—Daisy Hunter) to his Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep), Aug. 3.

*Christenia—Bow Bondhu.* Wm. Scofield's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Christenia to V. L. Bossa's Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep), Aug. 10.

*Broomfield Madge—Broomfield Sultan.* Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) bla k and tan terrier bitch Broomfield Madge (Jackson's Patrick—Jackson's Queen) to their champion Broomfield Sultan (Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle), Aug. 1.

*Meersbrook Maiden—Broomfield Sultan.* Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch champion Meersbrook Maiden (Meersbrook Chance—Meersbrook Empress) to their champion Broomfield Sultan (Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle), July 30.

*Rochelle Majestic—Merry Monarch.* Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Majestic (champion Broomfield Sultan—champion Meersbrook Maiden) to their Merry Monarch (Halifax Charlie—Nell), July 21.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Fiomont.* Jas. B. Blossom's (Morrisania, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Fiomont (champion Beaumont—Countess Flo), Aug. 3, seven (four dogs), by his Heather York (champion Heather Harold—champion Belmont).

*Rochelle Carmencita.* Rochelle Kenuels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Carmencita (The Senator—Rochelle Nadjy), July 9, four (two dogs), by their champion Broomfield Sultan (Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle).

*Maid of Borstal.* N. McIntosh's (Providence, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Maid of Borstal (champion Inchiquin—Onota Belle), Aug. 7, seven (three dogs), by J. J. Scanlan's champion Inchiquin (champion Shandon II.—Iona).

*Sedan.* Glendyne Kennels' (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Sedan (Chester D. Herald—Nancy), April 13, thirteen (seven dogs), by their Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid).

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*White Wonder—Winning Wagtail whelp.* White, small spot around one eye, bull terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1891, by Wagtail Kennels, Jamesport, N. Y., to D. E. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Dakota.* White bull-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1891, by White Wonder out of Winning Wagtail, by Wagtail Kennels, Jamesport, N. Y., to W. F. Gardner, West Union, Ia.

*Rochelle Mamzelle.* Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped July 1, 1891, by champion Broomfield Sultan out of Broomfield Madge, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Louis Colomb, New Orleans, La.

*Rochelle Salts.* Black and tan terrier dog, whelped Aug. 11, 1890, by Broomfield Sultan out of English Lady, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to S. G. Myers, Chicago, Ill.

*Broomfield Sultan—Meersbrook Maiden whelp.* Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 19, 1891, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to C. B. Sutter, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

O. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Please give pedigree of pointer bitch Gift (A.K.R. 5921). Ans. Whelped Aug. 20, 1887. Sire—Mainspring, by Salter's Mike (Bang—Stella) out of his Romp, by Chang out of Brockenbury's Romp. Dam—Lulu, by imported Leonard Jerome out of Vansise's Swan, by Orgill's Rush out of Hedeman's Swan.

P. G., Toronto, Can.—Probably your dog was affected by the heat. It is very foolish to exercise dogs during the middle of the day this weather; better keep them shut till night if you have not the time to exercise in the morning. When the dog has a fit again, or shows any signs of being affected, apply cold water to the head and carry to a cool place. Do not feed too heavily or so much meat.

H. F. M.—The insect you sent us is a common tick. They are often found on dogs in country districts, and also are the direct result of dirty kennels and bedding and general neglect. Look the dog carefully over and remove the ticks, and then apply this lotion: Flowers of sulphur, 1lb; unslaked lime, ½lb.; water, 1 gallon. Slake the lime in the water, stir in the sulphur, adding water gradually until it is of a creamy consistency, then add the remainder of the water and boil down to half a gallon. Let it stand till cold, pour off the clear liquid and add cold water till you have altogether two and a half quarts of liquid. Saturate the dog with the lotion and leave on for ten minutes, then wash off with warm water and soap and thoroughly dry the dog. This is an excellent and safe remedy for mange and any kind of fleas.

### From a Subscriber With His Renewal.

I TAKE this opportunity to congratulate you on the great improvement in the paper. It has been my favorite journal for years, and I should not know how to get along without it now.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

19. Winthrop, 3d and 4th Classes, Winthrop.
20. Roy. N.S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
20. Corinthian, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Monument Beach.
20. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull.
20. Cape Cod. Town Cove.
20. Miramichi, Triang., Chatham.
20. St. Lawrence, Montreal.
21. Winthrop, Cruise.
21. Audubon, Cruise to Fishing Banks.
21. Audubon, Ann. Excursion to Fishing Banks.
22. Rhode Island, Open.
23. Fall River, Open, Fall River.
25. Rochester, Club Regatta.
26. Quincy, 3d Cham., Quincy, Mass.
27. Hull, Cup Race, Hull.
27. Dorchester, Open Cup, Dorchester.
27. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
27. Savin Hill, Sail Off.
27. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
27. Winthrop, 2d Class Cham., Winthrop.
27. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.
27. Harlem, Ann., New York.
27. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
27. Sippican, Open, Marion.
27. Roy. N S., Lord Alex. Russell Cup, Halifax.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Winthrop, 3d and 4th Classes, Winthrop
3. Roy. N.S., Handicap, Halifax.
3. Larchmont, Fall, Larchmont.
3. Rochester, Autumn Cruise.
3. Beverly, Monument Beach.
3. Buffalo, 2d Pennant.
4. Hull Cor., Open, Hull.
5. Corinthian, Marblehead.
5. Beverly, Monument Beach.
5. Mos. Fleet, Open, Boston.
5. N.Y.Y.R.A., Ann., New York.
5. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
5. Douglaston, Sweeps, Little Neck Bay.
5. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
5. Fall River Club, Fall River.
5. Volunteer, New Haven.
7. Sippican, Cham., Marion.
8. Miramichi, Sweep, Newcastle.
6. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.
10. Seawanhaka, Rouse and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
10. Sippican, 3d Sweep, Marion.
10. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
14. Roy. N.S., Capt. L. Russell's Cup, Halifax.
14. Winthrop, Cash, Winthrop.
15. New York, Schooner Sweeps, New York.
15. Rochester, Grand Review.
15. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
17. Beverly, Monument Beach.
18. Miramichi, Triang, Newcastle.
24. Chelsea.
24. Buffalo, 3d Pennant.
24. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
15. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.

THERE seems to be a doubt on the part of some Eastern yachtsmen as to the exact location of Bristol, R. I., with regard to the Hub of the yachting universe. When Harpoon and Merlin won the Goelet cups Boston was one place and Bristol another, Boston being still a long way ahead; but when the news comes by cable of repeated victories for the Herreshoff Wenonah on the Clyde, together with the good work of the little Bristol half rater, Wee Win, at Southampton, Boston tenderly nestled little Bristol under her motherly wing, along Roxbury, Duxbury, Dorchester, Jamaica Plains, Chelsea and the rest of her suburban brood, and is ready to place the name of Herreshoff beside those of Sullivan, Emerson and Lowell.

AFTER the following amusing account of a recent yacht race in England it will be well to "ask of the man in the moon," or to "seek the answer in the stars," before accepting as true any statements of the New York *Sun*. The race in question was sailed by Queen Mab, Thalia and Varuna, at Cowes:

"MELBOURNE, Aug. 3.—The race for the Australian cup, the great Australian turf event, was won by Queen Mab, Thalia being second, Urana third and last."

## NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE, 1892.

THE cruise of the New York Y. C. terminated on the evening of Aug. 10, after a brilliant reception on the flagship to the members of the fleet and their guests, together with the members of the Eastern Y. C. Prior to the reception a meeting of captains was held, at which the formal disbanding of the squadron took place, though the festivities continued until a late hour. On Thursday at 5 A. M. the Electra weighed anchor and sailed for Newport, leaving some of the yachts to start in the special race of the Eastern Y. C. The cruise has been a most successful one from the time the flagship cutted her anchor off the club station at New York on Aug. 2, until she passed to sea by Marblehead Rock nine days later, there was no mishap or interruption, everything ran smoothly, and the weather was as nearly perfect as can be had for nine consecutive days. The racing on the whole has been satisfactory both in the number and quality of the starters and in the general fairness of the conditions, and the fluky weather of the beginning of the first two runs, as well as the late start and unsatisfactory finish of the Goelet cups race, were forgotten after the rattling runs from Newport to Vineyard Haven, and thence to Marblehead.

### Commodore's Cups, Aug. 10.

MARBLEHEAD—E. Y. C. COURSE.

The last race of the cruise was for two cups, of $1,000 and $500, offered by Com. Gerry for yachts of the New York or Eastern clubs, under the rules and allowances of the former. Lasca went back to Vineyard Haven, leaving six schooners to start, Merlin, Marguerite, Mayflower, Constellation, Alcæa and Iroquois. With Gracie left behind at Vineyard Haven with a broken topmast, and Katrina minus hers, there was nothing in the 70ft. class, leaving the 46-footers alone to fight for the smaller cup, Wasp, Gloriana, Harpoon and the Fife boat Barbara.

Wednesday morning was bright and clear, with a perfectly smooth sea and little or no wind, a light S.W. breeze springing up before the start. The flagship came out of the harbor flying the flag of the State of Massachusetts at the fore, Governor Russell being among the guests on board. Ituna ran out and anchored off Half Way Rock. The course was one frequently sailed by the Eastern Y. C., a 36-mile triangle, the first 12-mile side to Harding's Bell Buoy, the second to a mark boat, and the third back to the Rock.

When the starting gun for the smaller yachts sounded at 10:55:00, the wind had strengthened, a light clubtopsail breeze from S.S.W. making a beat over the first leg. On the second the wind went round to the south, making a close reach and a run over the greater part of the third leg, backing a little toward the end of the race, and calling in spinakers.

Gloriana and Harpoon hung about the weather end of the line, the former going over shortly after the gun, but Harpoon, after coming to the line on Gloriana's weather, stood back and waited for a late start. Wasp and Barbara crossed from opposite sides, but at the same second, the times being: Gloriana 10:55:55, Wasp 10:57:32, Barbara 10:57:32, Harpoon 10:59:06. There was an interval of 10 minutes before the schooners crossed, they being timed: Iroquois 11:01:10, Merlin 11:01:51, Constellation 11:02:30, Marguerite 11:02:33, Alcæa 11:03:50, Mayflower 11:05:21. Iroquois crossed first, followed by Merlin and Marguerite, Constellation cutting in between the later pair and calling for some sharp handling. Alcæa and Mayflower were slow in starting.

Gloriana led the fleet inshore toward Tinker's Island, Wasp following and gaining on her, while Harpoon, also in chase, failed to hold either. Barbara left the others from the start, and chose a course of her own, offshore on starboard tack, which she held for a long time with good results. Iroquois followed Barbara offshore, Merlin and Constellation sailed a medium course, and the other two went close inshore. The wind was quite light along the shore, but outside it freshened and went to the southward, helping Barbara and Iroquois, while it left some of the others in a very bad box. Wasp left Gloriana to take care of Harpoon, and went in chase of Barbara, but failed to catch her. Gloriana broke the footyard of her clubtopsail, which hindered her considerably.

The times at the first mark were:

| | | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Barbara | 1 00 27 | 2 06 45 |
| Merlin | 1 07 17 | 2 09 27 |
| Constellation | 1 07 44 | 2 09 19 |
| Wasp | 1 08 38 | 2 13 13 |
| Iroquois | 1 08 54 | 2 11 50 |
| Marguerite | 1 10 13 | 2 11 42 |
| Mayflower | 1 12 23 | 2 11 07 |
| Gloriana | 1 19 30 | 2 27 40 |
| Harpoon | 1 20 00 | 2 24 45 |
| Alcæa | 1 25 05 | 2 25 20 |

On the reach, and with more wind, Wasp began to overhaul Barbara, while astern, Harpoon caught and passed Gloriana, the latter

being obliged to shift her damaged topsail for a smaller one. When Barbara had covered about a third of the leg her bobstay gave way and she was obliged to withdraw and return to the harbor, leaving Wasp with a safe lead. Constellation passed Merlin, and Marguerite sailed fast, passing both Iroquois and Mayflower, so that the times at the outer mark were:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Constellation | 2 22 35 — 1 14 51 |
| Merlin | 2 28 07 — 1 20 50 |
| Marguerite | 2 28 55 — 1 18 42 |
| Mayflower | 2 31 11 — 1 18 48 |
| Iroquois | 2 32 35 — 1 23 41 |
| Wasp | 2 37 52 — 1 29 14 |
| Alcæa | 2 30 40 — 1 14 35 |
| Harpoon | 2 40 50 — 1 29 50 |
| Gloriana | 2 30 32 — 1 31 02 |

Spinakers were set to port and balloonjibtopsails sent aloft, but when near the last part of the course the wind headed sufficiently to bring in all spinakers. The full times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Constellation | 11 02 30 | 3 56 24 | 4 53 54 | 4 53 54 |
| Alcæa | 11 03 50 | 4 15 18 | 5 11 28 | not meas. |
| Merlin | 11 01 51 | 4 03 18 | 5 01 26 | 4 53 58 |
| Mayflower | 11 05 21 | 4 06 58 | 5 01 37 | 4 51 55 |
| Marguerite | 11 02 33 | 4 06 26 | 5 03 53 | 4 49 58 |
| Iroquois | 11 01 10 | 4 11 43 | 5 10 33 | 4 55 42 |
| SLOOPS. | | | | |
| Barbara | 10 57 32 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Wasp | 10 57 32 | 4 18 56 | 5 21 24 | 5 21 24 |
| Harpoon | 10 59 06 | 4 29 35 | 5 30 29 | not meas. |
| Gloriana | 10 55 55 | 4 34 29 | 5 38 34 | 5 37 30 |

The elapsed times on the run in are interesting, the conditions being then very fair.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Constellation | 1 29 41 | Iroquois | 1 34 30 |
| Merlin | 1 31 03 | Harpoon | 1 35 36 |
| Alcæa | 1 31 31 | Wasp | 1 36 56 |
| Mayflower | 1 31 39 | Gloriana | 1 39 48 |
| Marguerite | 1 33 22 | | |

Marguerite wins easily, taking the $1000 cup, while Wasp wins the $500 one.

## Eastern Y. C. Special Race, Aug. 11. Off Marblehead.

The race for the Gerry cups nominally ended the cruise, but the race on the following day, Thursday, was practically one of the same series of cruise races, though entirely an Eastern Y. C. affair. Com. Forbes first made an offer of cups of equal value with those offered by Com. Gerry, but the entries were not numerous, only the 46-footers being willing to start. A $250 cup was promised them, and finally the four schooners, Constellation, Marguerite, Iroquois and Mayflower, made up a sweepstakes of $100 each, and started. The regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. managed the race from the tug Dudley Pray and with a light S. S. W. wind selected the Nahant-Gloucester course; from Halfway rock southwest by west, one-quarter west, seven miles to a mark off Nahant; thence east by south, one-half south, 8¾ miles to the E. Y. C. turning buoy; thence north by east, three-quarters east, 9½ miles to the whistling buoy off Eastern point, Gloucester; thence southwest by west, one-half west, 6¼ miles to the finish at Halfway rock.

This course is almost an isosceles triangle, the start and finish being in the center of the long side; as the wind held it gave a beat, then a quartering run, then a dead run, and finally a close reach home.

The start was made at 11 A. M., a one-gun start for the 46-footers and a time start five minutes later for the four schooners. Barbara was not ready, and only Wasp, Gloriana and Harpoon started, the three going over with a rush within less than a minute, all on port tack inshore, Gloriana leading, with the other two just astern, abeam of each other.

The schooners made the usual deliberate start—Constellation, 11:08:29; Iroquois, 11:09:39; Mayflower, 11:10:43; Marguerite, 11:12:51. Marguerite carried a peculiar little maintopmaststaysail for windward work, a triangular sail. All crossed on port tack, but Constellation soon went about and stood off after Wasp and Harpoon, together working seaward, while the other three schooners headed in toward Nahant, in the wake of Gloriana.

Wasp gained on Harpoon and was able in a short time to cross her bows, tacking seaward, but soon made another tack inshore to meet Gloriana. The latter held on until close to Pig Rocks, tacking and crossing the bows of Wasp, then going on starboard tack to windward of the others as they stood in for Nahant. Constellation held offshore for a long time, leaving the other schooners to follow the 46-footers, Mayflower catching Iroquois near the Pigs. Both Wasp and Gloriana overstood at the Nahant mark, Harpoon astern seeing their mistake in time to profit a little by it. Mayflower was now the leading schooner, Constellation being second, having made the whole leg offshore alone. The times at the Nahant mark were:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Wasp | 12 32 30 — 1 31 10 |
| Gloriana | 12 34 15 — 1 33 45 |
| Harpoon | 12 37 49 — 1 37 00 |
| Mayflower | 12 45 32 — 1 34 49 |
| Constellation | 12 48 43 — 1 40 14 |
| Marguerite | 12 50 19 — 1 37 28 |
| Iroquois | 12 54 25 — 1 44 46 |

Mayflower rounded with a protest flag flying, claiming that Iroquois had not given way to her.

The next leg, 8¾ miles, with a moderate breeze abaft the beam, was run with no change of place and little of position, Harpoon gaining on Gloriana. The times at the E. Y. C. mark, the white buoy, were:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Wasp | 1 38 35 — 1 06 25 |
| Gloriana | 1 42 45 — 1 08 30 |
| Harpoon | 1 44 50 — 1 06 51 |
| Mayflower | 1 46 40 — 1 01 08 |
| Constellation | 1 48 28 — 0 59 45 |
| Marguerite | 1 52 20 — 1 02 01 |
| Iroquois | 1 58 00 — 1 03 35 |

The next leg, 9¼ miles, was so nearly before the wind that it was a question as to which was the side for the spinaker. Harpoon set hers to port, all the schooners but Mayflower following her. Wasp and Gloriana chose the starboard side, which proved to be the wrong one. The wind was increasing all the time, the boats travelling fast, and Harpoon steadily gaining on Wasp. The latter shifted her spinaker to port, but Gloriana kept hers to starboard. Harpoon finally caught Gloriana, the latter when near the Eastern Point mark having to run by the lee to take her spinaker in. When she finally jibed, after taking it in, there was a delay with the backstay and her topmast went over the side. The times at this mark were:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wasp | 2 52 48 — Constellation — 2 58 23 |
| Harpoon | 2 54 40 — Marguerite — 3 00 03 |
| Mayflower | 2 55 42 — Iroquois — 3 10 55 |

On the last leg, 6¼ miles, the wind was quite fresh, and so nearly ahead that the singlestickers could just lay their course, the schooners making a short hitch to weather the finish line. The full times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| SCHOONERS. | | | | |
| Marguerite | 11 12 51 | 3 57 28 | 4 44 37 | 4 28 45 |
| Mayflower | 11 10 43 | 3 51 24 | 4 40 41 | 4 28 45 |
| Iroquois | 11 09 39 | 4 09 42 | 5 00 03 | 4 42 53 |
| Constellation | 11 08 29 | 3 53 56 | 4 45 27 | 4 45 27 |
| SLOOPS | | | | |
| Wasp | 11 00 00 | 3 49 27 | 4 49 27 | 4 49 27 |
| Harpoon | 11 00 00 | 3 55 25 | 4 55 25 | Not meas. |
| Gloriana | 11 00 00 | Disabled. | | |

Marguerite wins the $400 sweepstakes, unless a remeasurement should change the result. Wasp wins the Forbes cup. While the wind was shifting and fluky, the race was in the main a very fair trial, and taken with the preceding ones of the cruise, places Wasp as the first of the 46ft. class.

## Newark Bay Boat Club.

The Newark Bay Boat Club, a large and prosperous organization with two fine club houses at Bayonne, N. J., on Newark Bay, sailed its first race on Aug. 6. The club house was crowded during the afternoon by members and friends, and a varied programme of sailing, rowing and swimming races was successfully carried out under the direction of Messrs. Amerman, Higgins and Woodward. The sailing race was over two rounds of a five mile triangle, in a good S. W. breeze, the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| SLOOPS. | | | | |
| Coquette, F. H. Hobbs | 3 13 10 | 4 54 04 | 1 40 50 | 1 40 54 |
| Gracie, J. A. Serrell | 3 11 50 | 5 04 45 | 1 52 55 | 1 42 05 |
| Hilda, L. Burritt | 3 12 20 | 5 33 29 | 2 21 09 | 2 08 59 |
| CATBOATS. | | | | |
| Our Own, J. Vreeland | 3 15 35 | 5 09 13 | 1 53 38 | 1 53 38 |
| Nadjy, J. Dewey | 3 12 00 | 5 13 52 | 2 01 52 | 1 55 31 |
| Trankie, W. Moore | 3 14 05 | 5 37 03 | 2 22 58 | 2 15 28 |

## New York Racing Association.

The programme of the fourth annual regatta of the New York Yacht Racing Association, to be sailed on New York Bay Sept. 5, is as follows:

CLASSIFICATION.

Schooners.—Class A, all schooners 40ft. and over.

Cabin Sloops and Cutters.—Class B, all 62ft. and over 54ft.; class C, all 53ft. and over 45ft.; class D, all 45ft. and over 38ft.; class E, all 38ft. and over 32ft.; class F, all 32ft. and over 27ft.; class G, all 27ft. and under; class H, yawl rigged yachts.

Open Jib and Mainsail.—Class 1, all 32ft. and over 27ft.; class 2, all 27ft. and over 23ft.; class 3, all 23ft. and under.

Cabin Cat-Rigged Yachts.—Class 4, all over 23ft.; class 5, all 23ft. and under.

Open Cat-Rigged.—Class 6, all 32ft. and over 27ft.; class 7, all 27ft. and over 23ft.; class 8, all 23ft. and over 20ft.; class 8, all 23ft. and over 20ft.; class 9, all 20ft. and over 17ft.; class 10, all 17ft. and under.

In each class at least two yachts must start or no prize will be awarded in that class.

Entries must be made in writing and delivered to or sent in time to be recived by Mr. George E. Gartland, chairman regatta committee, No. 11 Wall street, New York, not later than Monday, Aug. 29, at 12 o'clock, midnight.

The start shall be a flying one for all classes and will take place as near 11 A. M. as practicable.

The starting and finishing line of all classes shall be an imaginary one between Oyster Island Buoy No. 13 and a stakeboat anchored to the eastward of that buoy.

To avoid confusion, if the wind be from the south, it is requested that all yachts cross the starting line on the port tack.

Preparatory signal will be given by a long blast of the steam whistle and raising blue peter on flagstaff of regatta committee steamer at as near 11 A. M. as practicable.

Ten minutes later, long blast of whistle and raising a large white flag will be the signal for Classes A, B, C, D, E, F, G and H to start.

Ten minutes later, long blast of whistle and raising a large red flag will be the signal for Classes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 to start.

Ten minutes later, long blast of whistle and raising American yacht ensign for Classes 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 to start.

Ten minutes later, long blast of whistle will be given as handicap signal and N. Y. Y. R. A. signal will be raised and remain flying.

All yachts not having crossed the line within ten minutes after the signal for their class will be timed as starting at the expiration of said ten minutes.

Course 1.—For Classes A, B, C, D, E and F. From the starting line to and aroung Red Nun Buoy No. 12 (Perch and Ball), located N. W. by W. ¼ W. of and distant 1½ nautical miles from the point of Sandy Hook, leaving the same in turning on the port hand and return over the same course. Distance, 27 statute miles.

Course 2.—For classes G, H, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 7 from the starting line to and around Swash Channel (red) bell buoy, located 1¼ miles N.W., ¾ W. from Roamer Shoal Light, leaving the same in turning on the port hand and return over the same course. Distance 21 statute miles.

Course 3.—Classes 3, 5, 8 and 9, from the starting line to and around Black Buoy No. 9, located ¼ mile E.N.E. from Swinburne Island, leaving the same in turning on the port hand and return over the same course. Distance 15 statute miles.

Dourse 4.—Class 10 from starting line to and around Black Buoy No. 11, ¾ mile S. by E. from Fort Tompkins, leaving the same in turning on the port hand and return over the same course. Distance 12 statute miles.

All yachts must keep to the eastward of all West Bank buoys, Nos. 7, 9 and 11, except in cases of rounding. In the absence of the committee steamer at the finish time will be taken from stakeboat.

The steamer Albertina, provided for the guests of the Association, will accompany the yachts over the course and make the following landings: Foot Franklin street, N. R., N. Y., 9:30 A. M. Foot Morris street, Jersey City, N. J., 10 A. M. Foot Fulton street, N. R., N. Y., 10.30 A. M.

## Royal Canadian Y. C.—Lansdowne Cup.

TORONTO.—LAKE ONTARIO.

The race of the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the Lansdowne cup on Aug. 6 was one of the prettiest matches sailed this year on Lake Ontario, being practically confined to the two new Fife boats Zelma, 40ft. sailing length, and Vedette, 30ft. The other two starters, Erma and Wa-Wa, were outmatched and did not finish. The course was across a line from a buoy off the town club house, thence around one at the Island club, returning around the starting buoy, through the westward channel four miles to windward or leeward and return in the lake, and back through the channel, finishing over the starting line, all buoys to port, making 12 miles in all.

The day was fair, calm throughout the morning and with only a moderate N.W. breeze when the gun fired at 2:30. Vedette, steered by Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, was over promptly, Zelma, steered by Mr. Norman Dick, was half a minute later, Erma fouled the buoy as she crossed, sailing short-handed and with ladies aboard, but followed the others. Wa-Wa was last over. The short leg across Toronto Bay to the Island buoy was made with wind abeam, Zelma passing Vedette. At the first turn Vedette was hindered by Erma, who turned the buoy with her. Zelma still led on the reach back to the city buoy, and the beat out through the channel to the Lake, spinaker being set for a time. At the outer mark, with 6m. lead, Zelma seemed to have the race in hand, but with a stronger breeze and some clever handling, helped by a little delay to Zelma through some damage to her jib sheets, Vedette made up a good part of her loss, enough to bring her over the line well within her allowance. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vedette | 2 33 00 | 4 50 05 | 2 23 05 | 2 14 15 |
| Zelma | 2 30 00 | 4 46 05 | 2 16 05 | 2 16 05 |
| Erma | 2 30 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Wa-Wa | 2 30 00 | Withdrew. | | |

## Congressman W. J. White.

The despatches for Aug. 9 have the following interesting news:

"CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 9.—The Hon W. J. White, the millionaire manufacturer of chewing gum, was nominated for Congress by the 20th district Republican convention to-day on the first ballot, the vote standing 163½ for White to 7½ for Burrows, of Painesville. White has the Republican plurality (2,000) back of him, and nomination is equivalent to election."

Mr. White is well known as the owner of the steam yacht Say When, a world wide cruiser, and doubtless the fastest boat on the Great Lakes. Even more widely known than Say When is that Yucatan gum, which many a yachtsman, cruiser and camper has made part of his stores. Yucatan gum binds Mr. White to the people very nearly, and his election will be a popular one.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The following are the winners in the Beverly Y. C. open regatta, the 187th, of July 29. Our first report was in error in stating that Chapoquoit withdrew, she found both marks and made the whole course, her three competitors failing to do so. First prizes won by Chapoquoit, Beatrice. Second prize won by Susie. Fourth class prizes are taken by Alpine and Marchioness but which gets first would be decided till Marchioness is measured. Third Class Cat Race will be re sailed Aug. 1. Third Class Sloop and Special Class prizes both go to same boats. On the face of returns both firsts go to Alpha. Both seconds to Freak. Both thirds to Catspeed but Freak protests Alpha for setting two jibs at once and Alpha protests Freak's start. The B. Y. C. rule as to sail differs from E. Y. C. B. Y. C. rule reads boats may carry jib and mainsail and the Committee in advance defined a jib to be jib shaped sail set to end of bowsprit or on jib stay, and hoisted by jib halliards or halliards no higher up. Circular permits booming out, provided tack of sail is kept at end of bowsprit. The Committee decided a sail so set was a jib and not a spinaker.

We have received from Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, Boston, a large volume entitled "The Official Register of American Yachting," compiled by Mr. Wm. B. McCleham, secretary of the Boston Y. C. The work is a complete yacht register on a new plan, the yachts being grouped according to their clubs, full information concerning the officers, stations, dues, etc., of each club, with date of building, dimensions, and all the usual particulars concerning each yacht. The club pennants and private flags are handsomely printed, and the list is very complete. The volume also contains much useful matter of a miscellaneous nature, the signal code, fog signals, "wig-wag" signals, rules of the road, list of fixtures, etc. Altogether it is a most useful work of reference for all interested in yachts and yachting.

In consequence of the unexpected extension of the New York Y.C. cruise to Marblehead, the Corinthian Y. C. has been obliged to postpone its annual sweepstakes off Newport to Aug. 22.

There was considerable interest at the Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Conn., in a match race on Saturday, Aug. 6, for a cannon, between the cutter Estela, formerly Wilful (Mr. C. S. Somerville), and the sloop Marie (Mr. Jas. B. Smith). Course was from black buoy off east end of Little Captain's Island to black buoy off Matinicock, and return. Wind fresh S.W., making it a dead beat to windward. The Estela, with new rig, her boom having been lengthened 4ft., sailed very well, easily outpointing Marie, and rounding Matinicock 8m. ahead. Coming home, with baloon jibtopsails set, Marie gained somewhat, the Estela winning, however, by 6m. 14s. corrected time. The race was under the auspices of the Indian Harbor Y. C., the regatta committee having it in charge.

The Delavan Lake Y. C., of Delavan, Wis., was organized Saturday night, Aug. 6, with the following officers: J. C. Howell, Commodore; L. B. Jones, Vice-Commodore; C. V. Bachelle, Secretary; John Koelling, Treasurer, and F. B. Noyes, Measurer. The colors of the club are orange and black. There are to be three races sailed this season, the prizes are pennants. The first class winner will take blue silk pennant. The red pennant goes to the winner in the second class.

# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

4-25. A.C.A. Meet, Willsborough Pt
15-20. A. C. A. Meet, race week, Willsborough Point.
27. Rochester, 4th Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
3. Brooklyn, Visiting Cruise, Passaic River.
3. Orange, Ann., Arlington, N.J.
5. Arlington, Ann., Arlington, N.J
5. Ianthe, Annual Regatta.
8. Rochester, Fall Regatta, Irondequoit Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

## The A. C. Meet.

The 13th annual meet of the American Canoe Association has been in progress since Aug. 4 at Lake Champlain, the attendance at the start promising one of the largest and pleasantest meets yet held. The number and importance of the recent yacht races of the New York Y. C. cruise has delayed our reports of the meet, but we shall give the usual complete reports of the camp and the races in the following numbers of the Forest and Stream. The races will occupy the present week.

## Northern Division Meet.

Friday, July 22, opened bright and very warm, with a few new arrivals. The regatta committee were hard at work all day arranging a programme for the following week. In the afternoon Mr. Thompson called upon us and invited us to visit his large lumber mill and to a sail on Lake St. John on the following morning. Saturday saw the members up bright and early. Canoes were soon pushed out from shore, and after a short paddle in the boiling sun we reached Longford Dock, where Mr. Thompson had waiting for us a team and a hay rack, and in about twenty minutes we were landed at the mill, where we were conducted through the different departments of their large business.

Again boarding the hay rack, we drove to the steamboat landing on Lake St. John, where a tug was waiting for us; and we steamed away northward up the beautiful lake. After passing large booms of logs, we arrived at the "portage," where, by the aid of steam and an endless chain, the logs are transported overland from Lake Couchiching to Lake S. John, about a quarter mile. Returning we reached camp in time for lunch, greatly pleased with forenoon outing and the kindness shown us by the owner of Geneva Park.

Immediately after lunch active preparations were gone into for the reception of Commodore Winne, who was expected over by the afternoon boat from Orillia. Many suggestions had been offered as to the form the reception should take, but by a large majority of the members it was decided to have a procession to meet the boat and escort the commodore to headquarters. Stock being taken for material to form a procession, we found the following available candidates: One horse, two donkeys, two goats, two peacocks, hens, duck, etc. The horse was placed at the head of the procession ridden by a canoeist in a bathing suit with sugar loaf straw hat. Next came the donkey attached to his little buggy driven by another canoeist in a red blanket and painted face, with a vacant seat for the Commodore, closely followed by a guard of honor consisting of twelve stalwart canoeists with paddles on their shoulders and dressed in gorgeous array, the remaining part of the procession being made up of the rest of the canoeists. The time prior to the coming of the boat was spent in active rehearsals by the guard of honor. The procession started for the dock and reached it as the boat steamed in, but no commodore appeared, much to the regret of the canoeists, but feeling it would be too bad to spoil the fun the vice-commodore spotted the stalwart form of Dr. Powell, of Toronto, who was seized by him, and with the aid of the guard of honor was safely placed in the vacant seat reserved for the commodore. The procession being now complete they started down through the avenue of trees to the ladies' camp, thence to headquarters, where they were received with blowing of horns, cheers of the canoeists and braying of the donkeys.

Feeling sure that Com. Winne would arrive by the evening train the vice-commodore went over to Orillia to meet him, but much to his regret failed to see him, he having in the meantime arrived at Orillia and driven to the camp, coming in by the rear. Soon a campfire was lighted, and every canoeist in camp assembled to meet the jovial commodore and to hear Mr. Fluffy's Canoe and other recitations.

Sunday was quietly spent in camp, some members enjoying themselves in sailing, others paddling in different parts of the lake; and the balance taking frequent baths to keep themselves cool. In the evening a camp fire with hymns by the choir, lead by Com. Winne.

Every person in camp regretted the arrival of Monday morning, for at 9:30 o'clock the boat was due to leave and take with it the commodore, who had been the life of the camp for the last two days.

A light but sure wind blowing from the southeast the regatta committee ordered the racers to be ready at 10:30 o'clock for the free-for-all sailing race, the following canoes started:

| | |
|---|---|
| Chas. E. Archbald, canoe Mab. | Roy Sweny, canoe Gwen. |
| C. Fraser, canoe Una. | J. W. Sparrow, canoe Eel. |
| W. A. Fraser, canoe Mac 90. | R. Tyson, canoe Boa. |
| Harry Ford, canoe ——— | H. F. McKendrick, canoe Mac 89. |
| D. B Jacques, canoe Waif. | |

The canoes got away well together with Una in the lead on the reach to the second buoy; rounding the buoy for the close-hauled work they soon spread out, Una still keeping the lead, closely followed by Waif. Turning the third buoy for the free run home, Mab showed great speed with her 150ft. of sail, passing both Eel and Waif and shortening the distance between herself and Una. On the next leg Waif again passed Mab, taking second place. This order was maintained until Mab fouled the buoy at the jibe, shortly after capsizing, thus putting her out of the race. Time: First, Una, 44m.; second, Waif, 45m., and third, Eel, 46¼m.

The next event called was the open canoe single blade half-mile paddling, which was won by J. H. Carnegie, with Harry Ford second.

In the afteraoon the combined sailing and paddling race was called at 2:30 o'clock, a good stiff breeze blowing. The following was the result: First, D. B. Jacques, canoe Waif; second, J. W. Sparrow, canoe Eel; third, Roy Sweny, canoe Gwen, with H. Ford and J. H. Carnegie in open canoes fourth and fifth.

About 6:30 o'clock large black clouds were noticed in the northwest, and in less than half an hour we had a terrific thunderstorm, accompanied by a gale which blew over some of the tents, postponed the camp-fire and kept the rest of the camp driving tent pegs and tightening guys.

Tuesday the first race called was the open canoe sailing, 3 miles, won with ease by Chas. E. Archbald, with H. R. Pratt second. At 10:30 o'clock was the tandem paddling, won by Archbald and Pratt, with Carnegie and Ford second, and Sweny brothers third. The first event in the afternoon was the record sailing race, started in a good northwest wind, which gave the sailers all they wanted to do to handle their large sails. The Waif took the lead, closely followed by Mab, and was never passed, finishing in the following order: First, Waif, second Mab, third Gwen, fourth Eel, fifth Una and sixth Mac.

H. F. McKendrick did not finish, having come to grief by the breaking of his hiking seat.

Second event was the upset sailing, distance half a mile, with wind abeam. The sight of the canoes in this race was beautiful from headquarters as they kept coming in abreast, and at equal distances apart. When two-thirds distance on their course the signal was given to capsize, all the canoes going over almost together. C. E. Archbald was first to right his canoe, giving him the lead which he held to the finish, closely followed by Colin Fraser with Will Fraser third. Immediately after the upset sailing race, while some of the canoeists were still wet, a trip was made to the steamboat dock to start the hurry scurry, which was admirably adapted for the purpose, the canoeists having a good run down the dock and a swim of about 25yds. to the canoes which were anchored, then to paddle around a buoy and back to the dock, finishing with the follow-

ing results: A. H. O'Brien first, with J. H. Carnegie about a half a boat length behind and Roy Sweny third.

Wednesday, the first thing was the meeting of the nominating committee. At 10 o'clock the record paddling race was called, there being six entries, and the result: J. H. Carnegie first, H. Ford second Roy Sweny third. At 10 o'clock the club race was started, the course being two miles to windward around Horse Island and return. The canoes started for the beat to windward, in a light baffling wind which dropped altogether as they neared the island. Fearing it would take all day to complete the course at this rate of going the contestants decided to abandon the race and paddle back to camp. Before they had gone far the rumblings of an approaching storm were heard, so they decided to take shelter in the lee of a small island, reaching it just in time to escape a gale of wind and to see the rain fall in torrents. Mr. Will Fraser, who had started back for camp was not so fortunate as the rest; he was caught by the storm and capsized, finally reaching shore by the aid of an open canoe.

At 2:30 o'clock the weather was somewhat settled, so that the regatta committee decided to start the great race of the meet, the Orillia Cup race. Heretofore the race for this cup has generally been sailed in a stiff breeze, but this year was the exception, the wind being very light and changeable. The first leg of the triangle was a reach, on which Una got a slight lead, rounding the second buoy, Una, Gwen and Eel stood off on the port tack, while Mab and Waif went about to starboard. For a while it seemed as if the three first named canoes were going to round the third buoy first, but Waif taking advantage from another quarter came about on the port tack, heading off the other and rounded the buoy first. On running down to the home buoy the wind was some time abeam or directly abaft of the canoes.

The positions at the end of the first round were: Waif first, Una second, Eel third, Gwen fourth, Mac fifth, Mab sixth. This remained unchanged until the third round, when Gwen took third place, passing Eel on the first leg of the fourth round, Una and Waif having been close together all through the race. Una took advantage of a slight slant in the wind and sailed ahead, which she held to the finish. Eel in the meantime having again taken third place.

The following is the result: First Una, C. Fraser, 1h. 31m.; second Waif, D. B. Jacques, 1h. 31m. 45s; third Eel, J. W. Sparrow; fourth Gwen, Roy Sweny; fifth Mac, Will Fraser. Chas. E. Archbald did not finish.

Immediately after the race for the cup the paddling upset was started, A. H. O'Brien winning, with Roy Sweny second.

This event was followed by gymnastic, which was won by Roy Sweny. The record winners were: First, D. B. Jacques; second, Roy Sweny; third, J. W. Sparrow.

In the evening the steamer Longford arrived at the dock to take the canoeists out for a sail on the lake, some of them enjoying themselves with dancing while others stayed on the upper deck and admired the scenery of the lake. After a pleasant sail of an hour or so the members returned and had light refreshments, which were supplied by the ladies at the mess tent.

Thursday morning the general meeting of the Division was held at headquarters, with the vice-commodore in the chair. The nominating committee brought in their report, as follows, the nominees being unanimously elected: Vice-Com., J. N. McKendrick, Galt; Rear-Com., M. F. Mims, Bobcaygeon; Purser, Colin Fraser, Toronto; Executive Committeemen, Chas. E. Archbald, J. H. Carnegie.

A discussion took place as to the charging of camp dues at the division camps, some of the members arguing that the fee of $1 was insufficient to defray the expenses of the division. The following resolution was adopted, "That in the opinion of this meeting the divisions should be empowered to charge camp dues at division meets and that the executive of this division be requested to take steps to secure the necessary amendment to the constitution."

An expression of opinion was taken as to the camp site for 1893 and it was the unanimous opinion that the general meet should be held at the Thousand Islands.

After a vote of thanks to the retiring officers and to Mr. Thomson for placing Geneva Park at the disposal of the division, and for his kindness to the members while in camp, the meeting adjourned.

The remaining part of the day was spent in packing up and getting ready to leave for home, and by the evening the majority had left, after expressing the pleasure they had in camp and the hope of meeting on the St. Lawrence next year. J. W. S.

### Aid for the Cruisers.

*To the Commodore and Officers of the American Canoe Association:*

GENTLEMEN—While each year the racing rules are vigorously discussed and many alterations considered, while weighted plate, housable centerboards and self-bailing closed cockpits are being devised and legislated about for the benefit of our racing brethren, the cruiser being less boisterous and given more to the quiet of the narrow river or open bay, away from the excitement of crowds is somewhat forgotten by our fully occupied officers and committees and little is done for a large contingent of our warmest supporters and best members.

Among the most prominent members have we had good cruisers, and seven of our twelve commodores have been known well for their cruises. The Richelieu, Otonanee, Connecticut, Delaware, Susquehanna and Hudson rivers have been written about by Alden, Edwards, Nickerson, Oliver, Gibson and Rogers, and I doubt if the pleasures of their cruises were any less than the flush of victory even in such racers as Edwards, Nickerson, Oliver or Gibson.

But coming right to the point it is hereby suggested that the newly elected commodore appoint in each Division one member who together with the librarian be a committee on cruising and whose duties would be that of a general scope committee to consider and devise ways and means by which each individual cruiser would be benefited. In the first place this committee could arrange the mass of matter now in the hands of the librarian, preparing it in such a manner that the full particulars with charts showing where railroads are, how long a carry from river to station at certain points, location of springs, dangerous points, etc. One such cruise a year would justify the committee's existence and see of how much utility such information would be. Then I would suggest that a similar committee of four be appointed as a committee on transportation whose duties would be apart from the regular camp transportation committee and who could specially look up all such subjects as the setting of a certain regular rate upon which canoes could be carried on rail roads, boats, etc., and all similar subjects.

Men ask now of what use is the A. C. A. to a man who can't attend the meet, and a good answer to this question could be given if we had such committees.

I send this open letter so that all the members of the Association may have an opportunity to see and consider it. With kindest wishes. ROBERT J. WILKIN.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 9.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Central Division—M. H. Smith, Frank Taylor, Geo. P. Wetherbee, C. P. Parker.

### Wants and Exchanges.

Certain individuals are born under a lucky star and gain something material each time they make an exchange. Others have the faculty invariably to lose. It does not follow, however, that in every exchange some one must come out at the small end of the horn, for both parties in such a transaction may be gainers and both frequently are so.

If Mr. Smith has an express rifle and lives in New Jersey, and if Mr. Jones has a .22 cal. gun and lives in a big-game infested region, they can make an exchange, very likely, that will be of profit to both. All that is necessary is to bring Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith into communication with each other; and this can be done by an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM.

FOREST AND STREAM—advs. and all—is read by sportsmen the world over, from Kamtchatka to Kalamazoo. Many of them have articles of value which nature or environment has made it impossible for them to use and which they would be glad to dispose of, while others have cash or equally valuable articles to exchange. All that is needed to accomplish a transfer and make both parties happy is to put them into communication with each other. FOREST AND STREAM, as noted above, stands ready to do this. For the price of a telegram (3 cents per word) it will advertise your want, or the article that you think will supply some one else's.

A woman who is camping in the Adirondacks sent out this message: "No one can fully value a frying-pan until one is taken to the woods. Our guide fries bacon, and he does it in the frying-pan. He boils potatoes, and he does it in the frying-pan. He bakes bread, and he does it in the frying-pan. He sweeps up the floor, and he does it in the frying-pan."—*Boonville Herald.*

The esteemed correspondent who writes on both sides of the paper means well but should do better. The way to do better is to write on one side of the sheet only.

# Trap Shooting.

**All ties divided unless otherwise reported.**

## FIXTURES.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

Aug. 18-19.—Riverside Gun Club tournament, Youngstown, O.
Aug. 18-20.—West End Gun Club tournament, at San Antonio, Texas.
Aug. 23-24.—Greensboro (N. C.) Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 23-24.—Hackettstown (N. J.) Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 23-26.—International tournament, Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich. Live birds and targets.
Aug. 24-28.—California State Shooting Association tournament, Conord, Cal.
Aug. 25-26.—Rockville Gun Club tournament, at Rockville, Md.
Aug. 26-27.—Sparta Shooting Club tournament, Sparta, Ill.
Aug. 29.—Parkway Rod and Gun Club open shoot and picnic Dexter Park, Long Island.
Aug. 30-Sept. 2.—Standard-Keystone Target and Trap Co., fifth annual tournament, at New London, Conn.
Aug. 31.—Kingbird tournament under the management of Cortland County Gun Club, Cortland, N. Y. E. C. Rindge, Sec'y.
August.—Niles Gun Club tournament, at Niles, Mich.
August.—Connecticut State League, at Bristol, Conn.
August.—New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League eighth monthly tournament, Harrison, N. J.
September.—Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club, annual tournament.
September.—Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Denver, Col.
September.—Conneaut (O.) Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 1.—Atlantic (Ia.) Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 5.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association, first annual tournament.
Sept. 5.—Muncie (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament.
Sept. 5-7.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, two days at targets, last day at mud hens.
Sept. 6-8.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Jacksonville, Ill.
Sept. 7-8.—Piffin (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.
September (second week). — Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Auburn, N. Y.
Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 5-6.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.
Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament; targets and live birds.
May, 1893 (last week).—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, three days targets, last day live birds; $1,000 added to purses.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

THE August meeting of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was held in the Court House, August 5, and a good number of members were present. The matter of arrangements for the State Shoot, which will take place in that city in June, 1893, was referred to a committee consisting of President W. J. Mann, E. D. Hicks and H. M. Stewart. The second annual tournament of the club will be held in the early part of September, the arrangements for which are in the hands of the Executive Committee. The secretary was instructed to issue a challenge to the Auburn Club for a shoot to come off as soon as possible. H. M. Stewart issued a challenge in behalf of President Mann, L. V. Byer and himself to shoot any three members of the club. The challenge was accepted by E. D. Hicks, who will choose his two associates. Ex Supervisor S. W. Bradstreet, of Parma, formerly of Rochester, was elected an honorary member of the club.

* * *

A largely-attended meeting of the West Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., was held August 5, to take action in regard to the State tournament, which is booked for this city. The state management has granted an extention of time to enable the home club to make the necessary preparations, and accordingly the affair is postponed until the second week in September, and will probably be of three days' duration. The Andre Driving Park on Court Street has been selected as the place for holding the shoot, but owing to lack of hotel accommodations on the west side the clubs will probably be compelled to make shooters' headquarters on the east side, in which case the league convention will also be held there.

* * *

The Baltimore Gun Club has organized a pistol club, the first one ever established in that city. The officers are: Dr. Heber Smith, president; J. A. Hartner, vice-president; H. E. Kelly, treasurer; J. R. Malone, field captain; Dr. S. Fort, secretary; D. Cantler, recording secretary. The scores made at the initial shoot were as follows: Out of a possible 25—Kelley, 20; Dr. Smith, 22; Malone, 24; Hartner, 24; Cantler, 21; Dr. Fort, 23; Richardson, 15. The range was 25 yards, and the shooting was fine for the first time. They will hold their shoots at Acton's Park and at Tolchester.

* * *

In spite of the excessive heat on August 11, several members of the Newark Gun Club put in an appearance at Erb's Park. In the club shoot the scores were: Castle, 10; Breintnall, 8; Lane, 9; Holis, 6; Lmith, 9. In a ten-bird sweep Castle killed 8; Breintnall, 9; Lane, 8 and Smith, 10. The entries were $5, with two moneys.

* * *

The New Lisbon Rod and Gun Club will go into camp at Bale's Run, on Saturday. The membership comprises James Charters, M. L. Nace, Ira Young, P. B. Young, Charles Huston, James Costello, Frank Farrell, S. E. King, F. M, Benner, J. S. Bowman, D. M. Miller and E. F. Moore.

* * *

The first fall tournament of the Peekskill, (N. Y.) Gun Club will be held September 29 and 30 and October 1; the first two days at blue rock targets and the third day at live birds. The club grounds are very conveniently located and well equipped.

* * *

In the match for the live bird championship of Pennsylvania, F. P. Smith forgot to put shells in his gun on the fourth round and lost his bird. This probably lost him a chance to shoot off for the badge, as he killed all the rest of his birds.

* * *

The South End Gun Club, of Albany, shoot every Thurhday afternoon on Parr's Island opposite the Albany Hotel. The members of the Forester and West End Gun Clubs have been invited to take part in the sport.

* * *

Messrs. Allen, Fearne, Faurote and Warden, of the Dallas, (Texas) Gun Club, recently shot a match at twenty live pigeons. Fearne and Allen scoring 18 each, Worden and Faurote 17 each.

* * *

The Muncie, (Ind.) Gun Club announces an amateur tournament for September 5. The shooting will be at U. S. targets thrown from five U. S. traps under the rapid-firing system.

* * *

With over a thousand members on the roll, it would seem as if the Pennsylvania Association should have had more than thirty-one entries for the State championship match.

* * *

The obnoxious Inter-state handicap was enforced at Reading on the opening day. This handicap should be ignored by all level-headed managers.

* * *

William T. Canon went all the way from Newark, N. J., to enjoy some live bird shooting at Reading and had a chance to shoot at only twelve birds.

* * *

During the last day of the Reading tournament a half-grown rabbit ran across the field and was followed by half a hundred shouting men and boys.

* * *

In his Des-chree-shos-ka programme Jack Parker makes very pleasant allusion to FOREST AND STREAM and its trap department.

W. K. Park and E. H. Kniskern, who represented the Wilkes-Barre Gun Company at Reading, shot in good form.

* * *

James L. Smith wants to see "everybody" at the Hackettstown (N. J.) tournament next Tuesday and Wednesday.

* * *

Henry Matz says the Reading Shooting Association will hold no more tournaments unless it be on inclosed grounds.

* * *

The Rockville Gun Club and Billy Wagner will attract a big field of entries to Rockville, Ind., on August 25 and 26.

* * *

Live bird shooters from all over America will contest for the International championship at Des-chree-shos-ka.

* * *

Charley Ross will travel all the way from Knoxville to Detroit to take part in the Des-chree-shos-ka shoot.

* * *

Enoch D. Miller was never known to lose control of his temper until the Pennsylvania shoot.

* * *

The Riverside, (Ohia,) Gun Club will hold a target tournament tomorrow and on Saturday.

* * *

During the New London shoot a canvas fly will be stretched over the firing points.

* * *

During the last two days at Reading, Gus. Greiff lost only 17 out of 260 targets.

* * *

The Conneaut (Ohio) Gun Club proposes holding a tournament in September.

* * *

William Wagner has secured the patents on his new loading machine.

* * *

Fred Quimby was full of life as usual at Reading.

* * *

Saint Peter, Minn., now boasts of a gun club.

* * *

Morse, Ia., has a gun club, just organized.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### San Francisco Clubs.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6.—The shoot to-day was the long-talked of match between the Country Club of this city and the Alameda County Sportsmen's Club. It was a good day, rather warm, at first making lazy birds, but later a sharp wind sent the birds in a hurry from the trap.

The Country Club, owing to the absence of Mr. Kittie, who is laid up with an injured leg, was minus one of its most reliable supporters.

Those who used 12 guns shot at 28 yards. Only one 10-gauge breech-loader was represented, and the handler of the larger weapon (H. A. Skell) retired with a clean score.

Fifteen birds per man, trophy valued at $50 to be subscribed for by losing team.

| Country Club. | | Alameda Co. Sportsmen's Club. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F L Wooster | 15 | W W Haskell | 15 |
| R E Wilson | 14 | C M Osborn | 12 |
| F W Tallant | 13 | W E Mayhew | 12 |
| R A Eddy | 13 | S E Knowles | 10 |
| W C Murdock | 9 | H Schroeder | 10 |
| E L Bosqui | 11 | H F Adams | 11 |
| J D Grant | 8 | Lichtenburg | 8 |
| R H Spague | 12 | T R Barney | 14 |
| F R Webster | 11 | L P Bolander | 11 |
| E Donohue | 13—119 | F B Norton | 13—116 |

### The Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 10.—The Gun Club held a regular shoot yesterday afternoon. The weather has been so very hot that only a few members ventured to the grounds. A ra n of short duration came up during the afternoon, but soon passed away, leaving the heat almost as great as before. The following scores were shot:

First event, 9 singles and 3 pairs: Nelson 14, Dornin 12, Terry 8, Cleland 12, Moorman 13, Christian 6. Nelson winning clean score and Siverthorn medal.

Second event, 9 singles and 3 pairs: Nelson 13, Dornin 12, Terry 6, Cleland 14, Moorman 10, Christian 4, Stearns 9, Owen 10, Durphey 6. Cleland winning bottle of cologne.

Third event, 10 singles, rapid-fire, expert rule: Nelson 4, Cleland 4, Terry 2, Owen 4, Moorman 4, Stearns 5, Dornin 6.

Fourth event, 10 singles, rapid-fire, expert rule: Christian 6, Owen 5, Stearns 6, Durphey 6, Langham 1.

Fifth event, rapid-fire, 5 singles: Nelson 5, Cleland 5, Terry 3, Moorman 3, Dornan 5, Durphey 5. D.

### Omaha Scores.

OMAHA, Aug. 6.—The Bemis Park Gun Club held its weekly shoot this afternoon, and notwithstanding the fact that the mercury was boiling, there was a large attendance. The grounds have been greatly improved since the previous shoot. A substantial board flooring has been put down over all the space from the shooting shed to the traps, and a broad plank walk laid from the motor station to the stand. Another week will witness still greater improvements, with a commodious club house, with bath and individual lockers, the club being determined to possess the best shooting grounds in or about Omaha. The condition of to-day's shoot was fifteen live birds to a man, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, from 5 unknown traps, modified English rules. The birds were an exceptionally fine lot, hardy and swift of wing, and as a consequence the general average did not reach its customary altitude, Colonel "Stocky" Heth leading the van with 12 kills. The scores are appended: Loomis 9, McDougall 10, Galbraith 9, Blake 11, Heth 12, Reed 9, Reinhart 10, J. J. Dickey 10, Lyle Dickey 10, McFarlane 10, Hawks 8, Salisbury 10, Chubbuck 12, Smead 11, Dumont 11, Peters 9, Brown 8.

### Hollywood Shoot.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 12.—The most brilliant and exciting live pigeon shoot of the season took place this afternoon on the Hollywood Gun Club's grounds before a large and fashionable assemblage. The event was the midsummer handicap, with eight entries.

The entries and their handicaps were: S. Williams, L. S. Thompson, Capt. A. W. Money, Edgar G. Murphy, Frederick Hoey, H. Yale Dolan, all at 30yds.; P. Hazard, 28yds; W. P. Thompson, Jr., 27yds. Mr. Hazard was the first to drop, he missing four out of nine; Capt. Money followed at twelve, Mr. Williams failed at fifteen, Mr. Hoey at seventeen and W. P. Thompson, Jr., at twenty. This left Messrs. Thompson, Dolan and Murphy in, with but one miss by Thompson and Dolan and two by Murphy on the third and fourth birds. Dolan reached his limit at twenty-nine, leaving the other two to fight it out. Murphy was shooting remarkably well, and when Thompson missed his second bird on the thirty-fourth shot he was the favorite to win, but a remarkably swift bird was too much for him on the forty-eighth round.

### Massachusetts State Shoot.

ORDERS for the official matches at Framingham of the Massachusetts National Guard have been issued: The team match will be shot Sept. 6, and the distinguished marksmen match will follow the next day over the same range.

The regimental teams, however, comprise only such officers or men as have made qualifying or requalifying scores as first-class marksmen during the current target year. It has been found, to secure safety in a match, necessary to restrict regimental teams to first-class marksmen. This will do away with the individual trophies for the three highest scores in the junior class. The distinguished marksmen competition will be conducted on similar lines to that followed in 1891.

### Ohio Trap Shooters.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 11.—There was a very good attendance at the regular shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club this afternoon. Redwing won first and Flick second badge in class A, and Curtiss first and Watts second badge in class B. The following were the scores made:

Tamblyn 23, Flick 24, Sterling 21, Redwing 27, Elworthy 16, Rage 18, Curtiss 23, Alberts 18, Watts 22, Holt 20, Williams 16

## PENNSYLVANIA STATE SHOOT.

PROMPTLY at 9 A. M., on Tuesday, Aug. 9, was fired the first gun ushering in the second annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held under the auspices of the Reading Shooting Association, on its fine grounds near the Black Bear Inn, under the shadow of the Stauffhead Mountain. The grounds were splendidly equipped for the occasion and their naturally picturesque appearance was enhanced by the pitching of a number of tents, among which were those belonging to subscribers to the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. The grounds are very pleasantly located in a basin just below the Black Bear Inn, three miles from Reading, and is reached by a well-equipped electric car line, running up the northern side of the Neversink Mountain. There is some magnificent scenery en route. The inn is just at the foot of the Neversink Mountains, and from the shooting grounds can be obtained views of Mount Penn, Guldin's Hill, and other lofty peaks, all clad in the greenest of summer verdure. Between the grounds and Guldin's Hill is the valley through which flows Antietam Creek, while to the southward is Oley Valley.

The members of the Reading Shooting Association had spared no labor nor expense in the completing of arrangements for a well attended and successful affair and had provided two sets of ten and one set of five Keystone traps, all of which worked perfectly during the entire shoot. The club house, an excellent cut of which accompanies this article, had recently been treated to a fresh coat of paint and presented an inviting appearance. Immediately to the left of the clubhouse was the cozy tent of FOREST AND STREAM, after which in order the arrangement of tents and stands was as follows: *American Field* wall tent; American Wood Powder Company's tepee; Henry C. Squire's big wall tent; Reading Shooting Association visitors' tent; cashier's and press stand; Harrisburg Shooting Association tent; Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club tent; Tatham Brothers' tent; Standard Keystone Target Company's tent; refreshment stand; "S. S." Powder Company's tent; Union Metallic Cartridge Company's tent; Colt Patent Firearms Company's tent; Von Lengerke & Detmoid's tent.

The attendance of the opening day fully satisfied the management; seventy shooters entering for the various events. In the first State event there were thirty-five entries, and in the first open event there were forty-three entries. The weather was intensely hot, and long before noon some of the contestants were obliged for their own safety to leave the grounds and take refuge in the shade of the trees. About 500 spectators visited the grounds, a large number of ladies being included.

Among those who were on hand at the opening hour were E. D. Miller of Springfield, N. J.; Neaf Apgar of Plainfield, N. J.; W. Fred. Quimby of Newark, N. J.; Gus. Greiff of New York City; H. A. Penrose of New London, Conn.; W. R. Fieles of Christiania, Pa.; Jas. Wolstencroft and W. H. Wolstencroft of Frankford; Jos. Thurman, Jr. and Harry Thurman of Germantown; C. E. H. Brelsford, Budd Kinzer, J. M. Worden, Commodore Nutt and J. S. Dustin of Harrisburg; W. R. Treadway, H. David, E. David, French and Lane of the Philadelphia Shooting Association; H. E. Buckwalter of Royersford; R. T. Clayton of Tamaqua; J. M. Millspaugh and N. A. Hughes of Williamsport; A. C. Krueger of Wrightsville; Elmer Shaner of Pittsburg; R. W. Park and E. H. Kniskern of Wilkesbarre.

The main event of the day was the contest for the team championship of Pennsylvania, prize a silver trophy, valued at $200, donated by the Harrisburg Shooting Association, to be contested for annually under the following conditions: Teams shall consist of six men, *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State Association. An entrance fee of ten dollars shall be charged each club, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets, the balance, 50 per cent., to holders of the trophy, the balance, 30 and 20 per cent. to the next teams in order. Twenty-five targets per man, 150 per team shall be shot at, known angles, rapid firing system, 10 and 12 gauge guns at 16 yards rise. A bond in the sum of $200 shall be given by the winners to the club under whose auspices this association shoot is given for its return to the club under whose auspices the next association shoot shall be given.

The scores follow:

Philadelphia Shooting Association.

| | |
|---|---|
| Tredway | 1101111111101101111111110—21 |
| H David | 1111101111111111111110110—22 |
| E David | 1111111111101101111110111—22 |
| Thomas | 0111111111111111101111111—22 |
| French | 0011101111101111101101110—18 |
| Lang | 1111101111010111111011—21—126 |

Williamsport R. & G. Club (shot Aug 10).

| | |
|---|---|
| Hughes | 1100101111101101101111—18 |
| Rohrbach | 0110111011111111111111111—22 |
| Millspaugh | 1111111 0011111006011111—20 |
| Park | 1111011100100011111111111—18 |
| Runk | 0001111010011010110110111—15 |
| Huff | 0000011011101111101110111—16—119 |

Keystone Shooting League.

| | |
|---|---|
| Buckwalter | 0111101111111111101111111—22 |
| David | 1111101110111111111111—23 |
| Treadway | 1100111011111011111110110- 19 |
| J Wolstencroft | 1111111111111111101111111—24 |
| Thurman | 1011111111111011101111111—22 |
| W Wolstencroft | 1111111111111111101111—24—131 |

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

| | |
|---|---|
| Brelsford | 1011111011111111111111100—21 |
| Kinzer | 1111110111110 01111101111—21 |
| Fieles | 1111101111011101101111—20 |
| Krueger | 1111101111111111101111111—23 |
| Duston | 0111110111101111111111111—22 |
| J H Worden | 1111111111111101111011110—22—129 |

Reading Shooting Association.

| | |
|---|---|
| Schmeck | 1111101111011111111110110—20 |
| Trego | 1101110101111010110110110—18 |
| Ritter | 1110011110111011011110111—20 |
| Shaaber | 1111101111010111011111111—21 |
| Scheele | 1011111101111011111110111—21 |
| Matz | 1111101111111011000001010—15—115 |

Before the above contest was finished a protest was made against the trophy being awarded to the Keystone Shooting League, who had made the highest score. The protest was based on the fact that H. David, who shot on the Keystone team, had previously, in the same contest, shot on the team of the Philadelphia Shooting Association. The rules, as will be noted above, state that "teams shall consist of six men, *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State Association," and does not state that no man shall shoot on more than one team. The management, however, accepted the protest and hold the trophy subject to a decision from the sporting press. This decision can not be other than favorable to the Keystone League under a technical interpretation of the rule. In contests of this kind a man should be barred from shooting on more than one team, but this should be stated plainly in the rules.

On this day was also shot the first two contests of the series of six for the American Wood Powder trophy, the first of the State sweepstakes at 20 targets per man and a series of open to all sweepstakes. In order to give a better idea of the work in the contests for the American Wood Powder trophy the results will be left to the finish. Below is the result of the State sweepstake at 20 Keystones, $3 entry.

| | |
|---|---|
| Treadway | 11111111111111101011—18 |
| Sharp | 11011011101011111010—14 |
| Thurman | 11111111111111111111—19 |
| Landis | 10111110111111111101—17 |
| Lane | 10111110001111111111—16 |
| Michner | 10111111011111100010—14 |
| David | 01111110110111111111—17 |
| Rohrbach | 11111111101111111111—19 |
| Hughes | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Millsp'gh | 11011011100110111101—14 |
| Shaaber | 11110111111111111010—17 |
| Harry | 11100101100101111111—14 |
| Sullivan | 11111111111111111101—19 |
| Kinzer | 01101101101011111111—15 |
| J Wolstencroft | 01111111111011100111—16 |
| Roat | 11111101100101001101—13 |
| Brewster | 11100101119011110010—12 |

Below is a table giving the results of the eight open events, the conditions being as follows: Nos. 1, 4, 6 and 8, at 10 singles, $1 entry; Nos. 3 and 7 at 15 singles, $1.50 entry; No. 2 at 20 singles, $2 entry; No. 5 at 20 singles, $3 entry. One-half a cent for each target shot at in these contests went to make up four equal prizes for the first to fourth best average in all events. First went to Harry and Sullivan; second to Landis; third to Rohrbach and fourth to Trego and Wellington. The table:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Apgar | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 |
| Miller | 7 | 18 | 14 | 8 | 17 | 10 | 11 | 9 | |
| Penrose | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Fieles | 5 | 12 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | |
| Field | 8 | .. | 10 | 8 | .. | 3 | .. | .. | |
| White | 8 | 16 | 13 | 8 | 16 | 8 | 14 | 9 | |
| Dustin | 6 | 15 | 14 | 9 | 20 | 7 | 13 | 10 | |
| Harry | 9 | 19 | 14 | 9 | 16 | 10 | 14 | 10 | |
| Hughes | 8 | 17 | 8 | 7 | 20 | 7 | 12 | .. | |
| Millspa'gh. | 10 | 14 | 10 | 5 | 14 | . | 12 | .. | |
| Rohrbach | 10 | 15 | 11 | 10 | 18 | 9 | 14 | 10 | |
| Park | 8 | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Trego | 9 | 17 | 14 | 8 | 17 | 9 | 14 | 8 | |
| E H K | 6 | 15 | 13 | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | |
| Nutt | 6 | 14 | 10 | 9 | .. | 10 | 13 | 7 | |

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Witmer | 3 | 10 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Black | 7 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. |
| Michener | 4 | 19 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 9 | .. |
| Wilson | 9 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 14 | 8 |
| M H R | 10 | 14 | 19 | 8 | 19 | 7 | 13 | 7 |
| Wellington | 8 | 19 | 13 | 7 | 19 | 7 | 13 | 10 |
| Matz | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Runk | 8 | 15 | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | 6 |
| Mack | 11 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Bender | 13 | 2 | 3 | .. | 4 | 4 | 7 | |
| Castle | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | |
| Treadway | 17 | .. | .. | 18 | 9 | 12 | .. | |
| French | 18 | 13 | 8 | 17 | 7 | .. | .. | |
| Thomas | 19 | .. | 9 | 17 | 8 | .. | 8 | |
| Sharp | 17 | 11 | 6 | .. | 8 | 10 | 9 | |



READING SHOOTING ASSOCIATION TROPHY.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Thurman | 9 | 14 | 12 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 10 | .. | |
| Landis | 9 | 19 | 13 | 10 | 16 | 9 | 13 | 10 | |
| Lane | 8 | 17 | 12 | 8 | 18 | 9 | 10 | 8 | |
| David | 9 | 16 | 12 | 7 | 18 | 7 | 10 | 8 | |
| Evans | 9 | 16 | 10 | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | 8 | |
| Sullivan | 9 | 19 | 10 | 9 | 19 | 6 | 15 | 9 | |
| Kinzer | 7 | 17 | 15 | 8 | 15 | 10 | 11 | 8 | |
| Brewster | 8 | 18 | 13 | 9 | .. | 9 | 12 | 9 | |
| Roat | 9 | 15 | 10 | 8 | .. | 5 | 9 | .. | |
| Brelsford | 7 | 17 | 12 | 9 | 18 | 8 | 11 | .. | |
| Worden | 9 | 16 | 14 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 14 | .. | |
| Shauer | 7 | 15 | 11 | 9 | 18 | 9 | 14 | 8 | |
| Ritter | 9 | 15 | 14 | 9 | .. | 9 | 13 | 9 | |
| Eppinger | 9 | 16 | 10 | 8 | .. | 9 | 10 | 7 | |
| Buckwa'er. | 10 | 18 | 13 | 10 | 19 | 8 | 15 | .. | |
| Leusenig | 8 | 14 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | |
| Dinger | 7 | 9 | 11 | 8 | 17 | 9 | 14 | 9 | |
| Johnson | 6 | 15 | 13 | 8 | 17 | 6 | .. | .. | |
| Greiff | 7 | 17 | 13 | 7 | 18 | 10 | 9 | .. | |
| Shaaber | 8 | 18 | 11 | 7 | 12 | 6 | 11 | .. | |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alvord | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | | |
| Smith | .. | 11 | 7 | 15 | 7 | 12 | 7 | | |
| Riger | 10 | 8 | .. | 6 | 10 | .. | | | |
| Kohr | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | | |
| Bolton | 8 | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | | |
| Hagenbuch | .. | .. | 6 | .. | 8 | 6 | 6 | | |
| Bickley | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | | |
| Scheele | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 7 | .. | .. | | |
| Schmeck | .. | .. | .. | 17 | 8 | 12 | 8 | | |
| Clover | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | | |
| Krueger | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | | |
| Wilmet | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | | |
| Fleck | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | | |
| Snapp | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 8 | 5 | | |
| Willywolly | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | | |
| Lacy | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | 4 | | |
| Stump | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | | |
| Ressler | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | | |
| Slipp | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | | |

MEETING OF THE STATE ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of the Pennsylvania State Shooting Association was called for 8 o'clock at H. C. W. Matz's, but it was 9 o'clock before the body came to order with President C. E. H. Brelsford, of Harrisburg, presiding. By unanimous consent it was agreed to admit the representatives of the press. Chairman Brelsford, of the committee on securing a charter, stated that one had been secured, and on motion of H. C. W. Matz, the committee was discharged with the thanks of the Association. Secretary Worden was tendered a vote of thanks for the faithful performance of his duties. Under the head of new business, Chairman Brelsford said that he thought a discussion of the subject of "the preservation of game in Pennsylvania" would be in order. D. B. Faust was of the opinion that the Association should know what they wanted before they asked for it, and when they so decided they should present the petition to the Legislature and back the matter up individually. Charles Matten said that the State Association had spent the most of their time at trap shooting instead of game shooting, to the detriment of the latter sport. R. T. Clayton said that in his vicinity many of the residents were ardent sportsmen, and that they had spent much money individually in punishing transgressors.

J. C. Nutt moved that the present officers of the State Association and five others be appointed a committee to draft a law to present to the Legislature and also asking for an appropriation for the purpose of protecting fish and game. Charles C. Matten asked that it be amended to read that a committee be appointed to be known as the committee on legislation, to whom all grievances shall be submitted and that the committee present the same to the Legislature with full power to act. It was unanimously carried and Chairman Brelsford said that the incoming president should name the committee.

Elmer Shaner, of Pittsburgh, asked that the game laws be amended to make them more uniform.

When the question of naming the place of meeting for next year came up, R. T. Clayton, of Tamaqua, presented the name of Allentown, stating that the grounds were easy of access and that the people were of a hospitable nature and that as the society was young it should be encouraged. Harry Thurman, of the Keystone Shooting League, presented the name of Harrisburg. H. C. W. Matz named Pittsburgh. Mr. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, thanked Mr. Matz for his courtesy and then withdrew the name of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Nutt, in behalf of Harrisburg, said that that association was the root and branch of the State Association and had gone to great expense, and further, that they had the assurance that the city railway company would have electric cars by next spring, therefore he felt that in the interest of the State Sportsmen's Association the next meeting should be held in Harrisburg. Mr. H. C. W. Matz then seconded Harrisburg and Mr. Fieles seconded Allentown. The vote resulted: Harrisburg 18, Allentown 4. The selection of Harrisburg was made unanimous.

It was then moved and carried that the club giving the shoot be allowed to name the date and that the State Association be given six months notice of their decision.

On motion of Mr. Matten, C. H. Brelsford was made a member and chairman of the committee on legislation. A resolution that all State shoots hereafter the winners in each event should shoot the next event at known traps, unknown angles. Mr. Matz moved to amend unknown traps and angles, as the Reading Club could not arrange the traps to-day. The motion, which was made by Mr. Hughes, was then amended to read "after the 15th inst.," and then carried unanimously.

The next subject which came up for discussion was the selection of targets for next year. Mr. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, moved that the Keystone target be adopted. This was amended by Mr. Millspaugh to read that "the targets be of as good quality as any other and at as low a figure, and that the club giving the shoot be allowed the privilege of selecting the targets." Mr. Millspaugh's amendment, so far as the purchase of targets was concerned, was adopted.

H. C. W. Matz, in the name of the Reading Shooting Association, the American Wood Powder Company, and J. W. Wolstencroft, presented the trophies offered by them to the Association. Charles Matten, of Pottsville, made the presentation speech.

The final business of the Association was the election of officers, and resulted in the re-election of the old officers with the single exception of corresponding secretary; H. F. M. Worden, of Harrisburg, was elected, as the constitution says that officer must reside in the city in which the annual tournament is to be next held. The board of directors elected were: E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh; Harry Thurman, Germantown; C. C. Matten, Pottsville; W. H Wolstencroft, Philadelphia; I. H. Milispaugh, Williamsport.

*The Second Day*

was another scorcher, but nevertheless it brought a number of new shooters. The day was several degrees hotter than the preceding one, and the shooters suffered accordingly. Among the new arrivals were Milton F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, N. J; Wm Garvin, J. A Mills and B. Greenland of Philadelphia; G. Wilson, of Franklin; F. W. Cooper, of Tamaqua; Fuller Wordan, of Harrisburg, and J. L. Smith, of Hackerstown, N. J.

The principal contest of the day was for the Wm. Wolstencroft & Son's trophy, for the individual championship of Pennsylvania, at targets, under the following conditions: Fifty single targets, entrance $3. Keystone rules—10-gauge guns 18yds., 12-gauge guns 16yds; entrance money to be divided as follows: First, 25 per cent. of purse and the trophy; second, 40 per cent. of purse; third, 20 per cent. of purse; fourth, 15 per cent. of purse. The prize to be held by the winner each year in trust; to be accounted for to the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. Should the said association at any time disband, this trophy shall then revert to the donors. This medal is of the value of $100.

The result:

| | |
|---|---|
| Harry Dill | 0111111111101111111101101 1111011111111111101111—42 |
| Landise | 1110011101111111111111 1111111111100101011111—42 |
| Rohrbach | 1111101111110100101111101 1111111011111111100111—42 |
| Hughes | 1101111011101111011111101 1010010101010101101101—35 |
| Cooper | 1111101111101111011111 1011111010101011111111—41 |
| White | 1111101101111111111111011 1111100111011101101111—42 |
| Thurman | 1010110001011100011111 1111111100111011111110—38 |
| Krueger | 0111111111111111110 10111 1111111001110110110111—42 |
| Green | 1001111111101101101011 1111111111101101111111—41 |
| Thomas | 1111110 1011111111111110 1110101111111111111001111—43 |
| Lane | 1111110011111101111011 1011111111010011101001100—38 |
| E H K | 1111001111011011111011 1111101100111111111111—38 |
| Brelsford | 1111111111111111111011 1011111111111111111101111—47 |
| Fuller | 0111111101000111011000110 1110101111101111111101111—37 |
| Wm Wolstencroft | 1111111101011111111101111 1111101011111111101111111—44 |
| Fieles | 1111101111101010121100111011101101111011111100—37 |
| Shaner | 0011111011101111111111111111111101101111111101111—44 |
| David | 1111011110111111111010110111111111101011111111—40 |
| Wilson | 1111111101001011111011011111100101010110100111011—34 |
| Duston | 1010101111111111101011011010111111111111111111—37 |
| Trego | 1111111110111111111101101011011011111111111010—43 |
| Dinger | 1111101111111111101111011111111111111111111111—45 |
| Wellington | 1111001111011000 0110011111111011011011011111—37 |
| Treadway | 1011111110101111111111111111111111111111111111—40 |
| Sharp | 1110001111111111111011011011010101010110110110—36 |
| Schmeck | 1111110111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45 |
| Mills | 0001100010011011001010100101010001100110100,01—22 |

This made Chas. E. H. Brelsford the target champion of the State for the ensuing year.

The second State sweepstake at 20 targets, $3 entry, resulted as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hughes | 11111100101111111110—16 |
| Rohrbach | 11111101111111111111—19 |
| E H K | 10110111111111111011—17 |
| Krueger | 11111111111111111110—19 |
| David | 00101111101111101011—14 |
| Mills | 10100011101100110001—10 |
| Brelsford | 11100111111111111111—18 |
| Duston | 01111111010111100011—14 |
| Landis | 11111010111111011111—18 |
| Schmeck | 11111010111011111011—16 |
| Dinger | 10111111111111111111—19 |
| Wellig'ton | 11111011111111111101—16 |
| Buckw'th'r | 10111110100111111111—16 |
| W Wolstencroft | 11111111111111111111—19 |
| Thurman | 10111111100110111111—16 |
| Fuller | 11111111011101111111—17 |
| Fieles | 11110101111111111110—18 |
| Millspa'h | 11111111111111111011—19 |
| Park | 01111111101111111111—18 |

Treadway1'01111111111101111101—17
Cooper....11111111111101111111—19
Sullivan..11011111111011011111—17
Kinzer....11111011111111111101—18

Melot.....11001101101110111111—15
Roat .....10111010101011011110—13
J Wolstencroft.....11111100111101111111—17

The open to all events resulted as follows, the full programme being shot off. The events were: Nos. 1, 4, 6, 8 and 10, 10 Keystones, $1 entry; Nos. 3 7, and 9, 15 Keystones, $1.50 entry; No. 2, 20 Keystones, $2; No. 5, 20 Keystones, $3 entry. The same average moneys were provided as on the previous day:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lane | 7 | 13 | 10 | 7 | .. | 10 | . | .. | 10 | 7 |
| Landers | 8 | 18 | 15 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 6 |
| Dustin | 4 | 18 | 10 | 9 | 14 | .. | 12 | .. | 13 | .. |
| White | 10 | 18 | 12 | 8 | 17 | 7 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 8 |
| Schmeck | 4 | 17 | 11 | 8 | 14 | 7 | 6 | 9 | .. | 10 |
| Greiff | 10 | 15 | 13 | 8 | 16 | 7 | 14 | .. | 12 | 9 |
| Evans | 8 | 14 | 12 | 8 | .. | 10 | 15 | 5 | 13 | 6 |
| Thomas | 6 | 16 | 13 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Thurman | 7 | 17 | 14 | 9 | 18 | 10 | 12 | 8 | 15 | 7 |
| Treadway | 8 | 19 | 13 | 10 | 18 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Trego | 10 | 15 | 12 | 7 | .. | 9 | 13 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Hill | 6 | 11 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| French | 9 | 17 | 13 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Miller | 9 | 20 | 12 | 9 | 17 | 9 | 15 | 10 | 15 | 9 |
| Fieles | 9 | 18 | 11 | 10 | 19 | 8 | 15 | 8 | 13 | 10 |
| Rohrbach | 8 | 18 | 15 | 9 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 9 |
| Cooper | 9 | 19 | 14 | 8 | 18 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Hagenbuch | 6 | 14 | 8 | 8 | .. | 7 | .. | 6 | 11 | 8 |
| Sullivan | 9 | 17 | 13 | 9 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Kinzer | 9 | 13 | 15 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Brewster | 9 | 16 | 13 | 9 | .. | 8 | 14 | 9 | 14 | 9 |
| Harry | 9 | 15 | 12 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Wellington | 9 | 18 | 13 | 8 | 14 | 10 | 12 | 9 | 15 | 7 |
| Dinger | 10 | 16 | 9 | 9 | 15 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 8 |
| Nutt | 8 | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Fuller | 7 | 14 | 9 | 6 | 15 | 10 | 9 | .. | .. | 9 |
| Ritter | 9 | 17 | 15 | 9 | 16 | 7 | 12 | 7 | 14 | 9 |
| Snaaber | 8 | 18 | 11 | 9 | 16 | 5 | 8 | .. | 13 | 9 |
| Sharp | 9 | 17 | 10 | 9 | 13 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Roat | 7 | 15 | 11 | 8 | .. | 6 | 11 | 6 | .. | .. |
| David | 7 | 17 | 14 | 10 | 12 | 8 | 12 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Mills | 5 | 8 | 14 | 5 | .. | 6 | .. | 4 | .. | 5 |
| Greenland | 6 | 15 | .. | 6 | .. | 8 | .. | 8 | 12 | 8 |
| Shaner | 6 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 13 | .. | .. | .. |
| Mock | 5 | 16 | 8 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| E H K | 5 | 15 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Park | 10 | .. | 12 | 5 | .. | 8 | .. | 8 | .. | 9 |
| Apgar | 9 | 18 | 13 | 10 | 17 | 10 | 14 | 8 | 13 | 9 |
| Wolstencroft | 9 | 19 | 14 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 14 | 9 |
| Kugler | 8 | 14 | 14 | 9 | .. | 7 | 14 | 9 | 11 | .. |
| M H R | 7 | 16 | 12 | 7 | 16 | 8 | 13 | 8 | 14 | 9 |
| Brelsford | 8 | 18 | 12 | 9 | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Millspaugh | 8 | 14 | 13 | 8 | .. | .. | 11 | 4 | .. | .. |
| Hughes | 8 | 17 | 14 | 9 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Smith | 9 | 15 | 14 | 8 | 11 | 7 | 11 | .. | 13 | 9 |
| Kizer | .. | 13 | .. | 4 | .. | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | 7 |
| Runk | .. | .. | 10 | 7 | .. | 7 | .. | 4 | .. | .. |
| Baxter | .. | .. | 11 | 6 | .. | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | .. |
| Winters | .. | .. | 11 | 7 | .. | 7 | 10 | .. | .. | .. |
| Green | .. | .. | 10 | 6 | .. | 10 | .. | 6 | .. | 7 |
| Bender | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Hagenbottom | .. | .. | 13 | 9 | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. |
| Melot | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 9 | 10 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Quick | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 8 | .. | 8 | .. | 5 |
| Lindsley | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 6 | 10 | .. | .. | .. |
| Quimby | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 11 | 8 | 11 | .. |
| Keese | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 9 | .. | 13 | 6 |
| Huff | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 9 | 7 | 4 |
| Dick | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 12 | .. | 15 | 6 |
| Wildy | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Buckholder | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 8 |
| Wilson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 11 | .. | .. | .. |
| Wentzell | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. |

The average winners were Wm. Wolstencroft, first; E. D. Miller, second; Landis, third, and Dinger, fourth.

An extra open event at 10 targets, $1 entry, with 36 entries was shot, the winners being: Schenck, E. H. K., Miller and Treadway 10 each, White, Mills, David, Cooper, Landis, Thomas and Fieles 9 each, Kinzer, Shaaber, Ritter, Sullivan, Lane, Dinger, Trego, French, Harry, Nutt and Greiff 8 each, Greenland, Hill, Brewster, Rohrbach, Hagenbuch, Dustin and Evans 7 each.

On this day occurred an incident which for downright "cheek" excels anything that has happened on a shooting ground for many a day. In the open to all events all were shooting at known angles. E. D. Miller was shooting in good form and for some reason or other this excited the ire of Budd Kinzer of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, who kept nagging at Miller about the injustice of being put on a level with "amateurs," insinuating that Miller was a pot-hunter, etc. All of this Miller stood until finally when patience ceased to be a virtue he warned Kinzer to keep away from him, advising him to take his complaints to the management and to stop annoying the shooters. Kinzer kept up his annoying tactics until finally James Wolstencroft lost his patience and gave him a first-class "tongue-lashing," after which he asked Kinzer how much he had lost. The reply was "$25." "Well," said Wolstencroft, "here's $25. Put it in your pocket and start for home or you'll get a trouncing." Kinzer, to the surprise of everyone, took the $25 and left the grounds and did not reappear during the shoot.

*The Third Day*

was much more pleasant than the second, a comfortable breeze from the mountains keeping the party comfortable. The principal event of the day was the contest for the $200 trophy offered by the Reading Shooting Association, to be contested for annually under the following conditions: Teams to consist of five men, *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State Association. Entrance fee $10, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets, the balance 50 per cent. to the donors or holders of the trophy; the balance 30 and 20 per cent. to the next teams in order. Twenty-five targets per man shall be shot at known angles, rapid firing system, 10 and 12 gauge guns at 16yds. rise. A bond in the sum of $200 shall be given by the winners to the club under whose auspices this Association shoot is given for its return to the club under whose auspices the next Association shoot shall be given.

Keystone Shooting League.

Kleintz.....1111111101111011111110110 —21
Armstrong.....0111111011111111101111111—22
Wolstencroft.....1111110011111111111011111—22
D vid.....1111111110111111101111111—23
J Wolstencroft.....1101100111110110101011111—18—106

Williamsport R. & G Club

Hughes.....1111111011001111111110111—21
Rohrbach.....1111110111111111111111111—24
Spicer.....1100111111111111111111111—21
Millspaugh.....1030100011001110111111101—15
Smith.....1110111100111111111111111—22—105

Reading Shooting Association.

Trego.....1101011110111111111111111—22
Ritter.....1110101100110101011110—16
Shaaber.....1110111001111111110101111—20
Schmeck.....1100110111111111110 1011—20
Graul.....0110110111111001111111111—20—98

Germantown Gun Club.

H Thurman.....1011110111111111111101110—21
J Thurman.....0111101110110111111111111—21
B Royds.....0010011111110001111011100—15
W Jay.....1111111000111111111111111—22
W Green.....1011111110111101111111111—22—95

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Hepler.....1011001110111011111111111—20
Brelsford.....1001001010101011110011000—12
Krueger.....0111001011111111111010—19
Dill.....1111001111101111010010111—18
Fieles.....0111111101111111111101111—22—91

Final of the State sweepstakes at 20 targets each, $3 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brelsford | 11111111111010101111—17 | Rohrbach | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Lane | 11111111111110111001—17 | J Wolsten- | |
| Krueger | 11110010101011011001—13 | croft | 11111111111111111110—19 |
| Fuller | 11111010111010101001—13 | Dustin | 11111110001110111110—15 |
| Wolfgang | 11101111111110110111—18 | Dinger | 11111111010011111111—19 |
| Brewster | 01111010111111110110—16 | Schmeck | 11110101010011110011—13 |
| Wilson | 11111111111100111101—17 | Thurman | 11111101111111110111—18 |
| White | 10111110111111111101—16 | Green | 11101111011111111111—17 |
| David | 10000100101010011100— 9 | Millsp'gh | 11111111010111111110—17 |
| Landis | 11111110011111111111—18 | Hughes | 01111111010100111010—14 |
| Fieles | 11101111111111111111—19 | Smith | 00111110111110010111—14 |

The averages for the 3 State events, one each day of 20 birds are as follows:

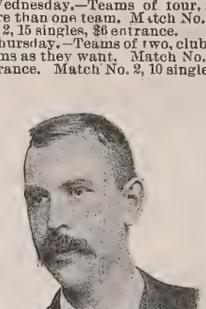
| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rohrbach | 19 | 19 | 20—58 | Millspaugh | 14 | 19 | 17—50 |
| W Wolstencroft | 19 | 19 | 19—57 | J Wolstencroft | 16 | 17 | 16—49 |
| Dinger | 18 | 19 | 19—56 | Krueger | 17 | 19 | 13—48 |
| Thurman | 19 | 16 | 18—53 | Brelsford | 13 | 18 | 17—48 |
| Landis | 17 | 18 | 18—53 | Schmeck | 16 | 16 | 18—45 |
| Fieles | 16 | 18 | 19—53 | Duston | 12 | 14 | 15—41 |
| Wellington | 17 | 16 | 18—51 | David | 17 | 14 | 9—40 |
| Hughes | 20 | 16 | 14—50 | | | | |

The final contest for the American Wood Powder trophy took place to-day, the trophy going to the York City Gun Club, whose team No. 1 broke in the series of shoots 183 out of 222 targets. The conditions were as follows, the trophy to go to the club whose team designated as No. 1 should make the most breaks in the following contests.

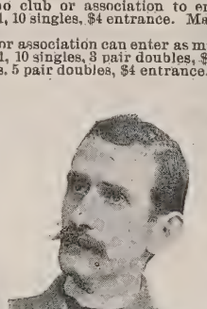
Tuesday.—Teams of two men clubs or associations to enter as many teams as they want. Match No. 1, 10 singles, $2 entrance. Match No. 2, 15 singles, $3 entrance.

Wednesday.—Teams of four, no club or association to enter more than one team. Match No. 1, 10 singles, $4 entrance. Match No. 2, 15 singles, $6 entrance.

Thursday.—Teams of two, club or association can enter as many teams as they want. Match No. 1, 10 singles, 3 pair doubles, $2.50 entrance. Match No. 2, 10 singles, 5 pair doubles, $4 entrance.



CAPT. GEO. RITTE.



The scores, Match No. 1:

Keystone S. L.

J Wolstencroft.....8
W Wolstencroft.....8—16

Harrisburg S. A. No. 2.

Wellington.....10
Dinger.....8—18

Philadelphia S. A. No. 1.

Treadway.....9
H David.....8—17

Philadelphia S. A. No. 3.

Thomas.....10
French.....8—18

Birdsboro S. A.

Kohr.....3
Mohr.....3— 6

Williamsport R. & G. C. No. 1.

Rohrbach.....9
Hughes.....7—16

York G. C. No. 1.

Fieles.....7

Match No. 2:

Keystone S. L. No. 1.

J Wolstencroft.....11111111101111—14
Wm Wolstencroft.....11101101011111—12—26

Harrisburg S. A. No. 2.

Kinzer.....01110101101111—11
Duston.....00100111110110—9—20

Harrisburg S. A. No. 3.

Dinger.....11111111111115—15
Wilfington11101101111111—13—28

Philadelphia S. A. No. 1.

Thomas.....11111101010010—10
H David.....11110111111110—13—23

Philadelphia S. A. No. 2.

Treadway.....11101111111110—13
E David.....11111101111110—13—26

Williamsport No. 1.

Hughes.....10111011000111—10
Rohrbach.....11111111111101—14—24

Harrisburg S. A. No. 1.

Brelsford.....8
Worden.....10—18

Harrisburg S. A. No. 3.

Kinzer.....8
Dustin.....8—16

Philadelphia S. A. No. 2.

E David.....7
Lane.....7—14

Reading S. A. No. 1.

Shaaber.....7
Ritter.....8—15

Independent G. C.

Gates.....3
Larkin.....5—8

Williamsport R. & G. C. No. 2.

Millspaugh.....7
Runk.....6—13

York G. C. No. 1.

Krueger.....10—17

Match No. 3:

Philadelphia S. A.

Landis.....9
David.....8
Thomas.....9
Lane.....9—35

Reading S. A.

Ritter.....5
Shaaber.....6
Schmeck.....8
Scheele.....6—25

Keystone S. A.

W Wolstencroft.....9
Treadway.....8
Thurman.....7
White.....9—33

Match No. 5:

York City G. C.

Fieles.....11111111111111—15
Krueger.....11011111111001—13
Trego.....11110111111111—14
Clayton.....11111111100110—12—54

Keystone League.

J Wolstencroft.....11101111010111011—12
W Wolstencroft.....11111111011111—14
J Thurman11011101101010—10
H Thurm'n11101101111100 0—10—46

Harrisburg S. A.

Shoop.....11101100011000— 7
Dill.....11110111111111111—14
Fuller.....11011111100 011—12
Dinger.....11111111000111—12—45

Matches Nos. 5 and 6:

Harrisburg No. 1.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Brelsford | 16 | 16 |
| Wellington | 12—28 | 14—30 |

Harrisburg No. 2.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dill | 13 | .. |
| Dinger | 13 | 13 |
| Harry | 2—26 | 12—25 |

York City G. C.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fieles | 12 | 15 |
| Krueger | 15—27 | 11—26 |

Reading S. A.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ritter | 11 | 11 |
| Shaaber | 10—21 | 11—22 |

Summary of matches for the American Wood Powder Co. trophy:

| No. shot. | Williams-port. | Key-stone. | York City. | Harris-burg. | Phila-delphia. | Read-ing. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 | 16 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 17 | 15 |
| 30 | 24 | 26 | 26 | 26 | 23 | 26 |
| 40 | 32 | 33 | 33 | 35 | 35 | 25 |
| 60 | 52 | 46 | 54 | 45 | 51 | 41 |
| 32 | 23 | 25 | 27 | 28 | 19 | 21 |
| 40 | 34 | 32 | 26 | 30 | 28 | 22 |
| 222 | 181 | 178 | 183 | 182 | 173 | 150 |

The third day's open events were as follows: Nos. 1, 4, 8 and 10, 10 Keystones, $1 entry; No. 7, 10 singles, $1.50 entry; Nos 3, 8 and 9, 15 singles, $1.50 entry; No. 2, 15 singles, $2 entry; No. 5, 20 singles, $3 entry. The results are appended:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Greiff | 8 | 14 | 15 | 9 | 19 | 14 | 10 | 10 | 13 | 7 |
| Trego | 9 | 14 | 14 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Ritter | 9 | 13 | 12 | 10 | 16 | 16 | 9 | 7 | 11 | 7 |
| Shaaber | 9 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 19 | 12 | 6 | 6 | 12 | 8 |
| M H R | 9 | 15 | 14 | 9 | 19 | 15 | 7 | 7 | 14 | 8 |
| Schmeck | 10 | 13 | 11 | 7 | 16 | 10 | 4 | 7 | 12 | 5 |
| Fieles | 10 | 15 | 12 | 10 | 15 | 13 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 10 |
| Ducker | 6 | 12 | 14 | 5 | 11 | 8 | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Fuller | 7 | 9 | 14 | 7 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 |
| Shaner | 10 | 11 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Miller | 10 | 12 | 12 | 9 | 18 | 15 | 10 | 8 | 14 | .. |
| Rohrbach | 9 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 18 | 11 | 9 | 10 | 13 | 9 |
| Krueger | 9 | 14 | 13 | 9 | 18 | 13 | 8 | 8 | 11 | .. |
| Landis | 10 | 12 | 15 | 8 | 14 | 14 | 8 | 8 | 12 | 7 |
| David | 10 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 16 | 15 | 8 | 8 | 11 | 0 |
| Dustin | 10 | 11 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Paul | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Wolstencroft | 9 | 15 | 13 | 9 | 17 | 14 | 10 | 9 | 12 | 8 |
| Arthur | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Benning | 6 | 13 | 12 | 9 | 14 | 8 | .. | 10 | 13 | 8 |
| Lane | 6 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 11 | 8 |
| Thomas | 9 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| White | 9 | 12 | 11 | 9 | 15 | 13 | 9 | 7 | 12 | 5 |
| Green | 8 | .. | 11 | 7 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Brelsford | 6 | 12 | .. | .. | 17 | 13 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Dinger | 7 | 12 | 10 | 9 | 14 | 11 | .. | 7 | 12 | .. |
| Brewster | 7 | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 14 | .. | 7 | .. | .. |
| Wellington | 7 | 13 | 15 | 10 | 20 | 14 | 7 | 8 | 12 | 8 |
| Waldron | 9 | 8 | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. |
| Runk | 8 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Apgar | 8 | 14 | 13 | 9 | 16 | 14 | 9 | 8 | 14 | 8 |
| L Smith | 6 | 11 | 14 | 9 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 8 |
| Hendricks | .. | 5 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 8 | 6 | .. | .. | .. |
| Taylor | .. | 10 | .. | 3 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| J. Thurman | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Williard | .. | .. | 14 | 7 | 14 | 13 | 8 | 7 | 15 | 6 |
| H. Thurman | .. | .. | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| F. Smith | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 12 | 8 | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Armstrong | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 17 | 15 | 5 | 8 | 12 | 9 |
| Kleinz | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 19 | 12 | 8 | 8 | 15 | 15 |
| Hillegas | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Bucknolder | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Spicer | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 13 | .. | 9 | 8 | 10 | 9 |
| Hagenbuch | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 13 | 6 | .. | .. | 4 |
| Park | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 12 | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| E H K | .. | .. | 4 | 16 | 13 | 10 | 9 | 13 | 9 | .. |
| Quick | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Yost | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 13 | .. | 7 | 10 | 7 | .. |
| Schutz | .. | .. | 6 | .. | 12 | 7 | 5 | 10 | 7 | .. |
| Zellers | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | 5 | 3 | .. | .. | .. |
| Gilbert | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Goodman | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Dick | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 9 | 9 | 13 | .. | .. |
| Willywolly | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 3 | .. |
| Graff | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Bray | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Lindsley | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 7 | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | .. |
| Millspaugh | .. | .. | 10 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Boyd | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Jay | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Luiz | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Huff | .. | .. | 6 | .. | 4 | 8 | 4 | .. | .. | .. |
| Hughes | .. | .. | .. | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 |
| Henry | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Wilson | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 9 | 8 | 15 | 10 | .. |
| Essicks | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Fleck | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. |
| Leaming | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | 12 | 8 | .. |
| Walt | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. |
| Arthur | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 0 | .. | .. |
| J Wilson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 |

First average money was won by Greiff, second by M. H. R. and Miller, third by Wolstencroft and fourth by Fieles.

*Friday, the Final Day.*

This was live-bird day and the clerk of the weather must be favorably disposed toward this branch of trap shooting, judging from the fine weather conditions dealt out. From early morning until along toward 5 o'clock the air was dry and there was a good stiff breeze to help the birds in their flight. The attendance both of contestants and spectators was very heavy. Shortly after dinner the number of spectators was estimated at fully 2,500, and of these a large number were ladies. The room of the club house as shown in the cut is formed into an elevated pavilion and this was filled with lady visitors who were very enthusiastic in applauding an exceptionally good shot.

The club had about 1,500 birds on hand, these being what could be classed as fair summer birds. Some were rattling good flyers, some were veritable duffers, but the majority were up to the standard for the season.

The first event of the day was an open to all sweep at 5 birds, $5 entry, four moneys. All live bird events were shot under American Association rules.

The results follow:

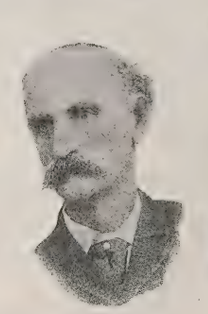
| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fieles | 12222—5 | Thurman | 22222—5 |
| Apgar | 11110—4 | Clayton | 00111—3 |
| White | 12011—4 | Wilson | 20112—4 |
| Weil | 11021—4 | Hinnershitz | 12 21—5 |
| Swartz | 10120—3 | J Thurman | 02222—4 |
| Storden | 12212—5 | Hughes | 20012—3 |
| Melot | 11112—5 | Staldron | 0.020—2 |
| Ducker | 11000—3 | Nillard | 11121—5 |
| Duston | 22021—4 | Z ller | 12110—4 |
| Cooper | 21210—4 | Gruber | 00100—1 |
| F P Smith | 11211—5 | Shaaber | 010.0 2 |
| Armstrong | 01111—4 | Goodman | 21222—5 |
| Kleintz | 01112—4 | Willywolly | 10111—4 |
| Denny | 3.101—3 | Webb | 20.02—2 |
| Spicer | 22112—5 | J Bolton | 11000—2 |
| Millspaugh | 21101—4 | Rothaker | 21211—5 |
| Miller | 11111—5 | Mack | 21100—3 |
| Wolstencroft | 212.2—5 | Rohrbach | 11211—5 |
| E H K | 10011—3 | Schmeck | 21221—5 |
| Harry | 02010—2 | Essick | 22011—4 |
| Cannon | 12022—4 | Dinger | 12021—4 |
| Lindsley | 01222—4 | Runk | 21002—3 |
| Quimby | 10210—3 | Buckwalter | 11222—5 |

THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST,

which was next in order was the big event of the meeting, calling out thirty of the crack Keystone marksmen. The entrance fee was $10 per man, birds extra, each man snooting at fifte n birds. First prize was a magnificent diamond badge, costing $250, presented by the citizens of Williamsport. Last year's winner, E. D. Fulford, received 40 per cent. of this year's entrance money, his share aggregating the neat sum of $125. Of the balance 50 per cent. went to second score; 30 per cent. to third and 20 per cent. to fourth. The scores are given below:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wilson | 10110121112210010—11 | Hughes | 12120122110020—10 |
| J White | 11001020021211—10 | Smith | 22101222121111—14 |
| F Thurman | 10102122222111—13 | Millspaugh | 11201122012212—13 |
| Kleintz | 22122111112201—14 | Rohrbach | 01021110100111—10 |
| Clayton | 11212010102010—10 | Armstrong | 22121212220111—14 |
| Melot | 22112012222220—13 | Williard | 12121011102211—13 |
| Spicer | 21211001111201—12 | Dustin | 21102121011121—13 |
| Denning | 02101022210.0—9 | Essick | 10121111121111—14 |
| Swartz | 11110211120111—13 | J Thurman | 22120020101111—11 |
| Hinerschitz | 22121112021111—14 | Runk | 00020212020002—7 |
| Cooper | 11121121112020—13 | Schmeck | 20111220101122—12 |
| Wordon | 22102122121221—14 | Buckwalter | 11222222222222—15 |
| Fieles | 22202201122220—12 | Dinger | 12100112112100—11 |
| Mertz | 00111e01011001—9 | Hepler | 10221220111010—10 |
| Geisinger | 01112110200200—9 | Wolstencroft | 11211100022222—12 |
| Rothaker | 12201201011122—11 | | |

Thus it will be seen that Harry E. Buckwalter, of Royersford, won the badge and the State championship. Up to and including the sixth round he was tied by Kleintz, Hinerschitz, Cooper, Armstrong, Spicer, Melot, and W. H. Wolstencroft. On the seventh Melot got a dead out of bounds, and Spicer also lost.



JAS. THURMAN, JR.



JOHN SHAABER.

Hinerschitz fell out on the tenth round; Wolstencroft on the ninth; Cooper on the thirteenth; Armstrong on the eleventh, and Kleintz on the fourteenth.

The final event on the live bird programme was a sweep at 7 birds, $7 entry, four moneys. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Swartz | 1110111—6 | Clayton | 0110111—5 |
| Smith | 1011111—6 | True Clayton | 2200111—5 |
| Canon | 1111100—5 | Armstrong | 1102211—6 |
| Essick | 1111111—7 | Huff | 1121100—5 |
| Kleintz | 1110121—6 | Webb | 1110011—4 |
| Worden | 1111112—7 | Bolton | 2021001—4 |
| Willywollly | 0f'0001—2 | Lindsley | 1222221—7 |
| Ducker | 0211102 5 | | |

The target events shot during the day called out very light entry lists, as the majority preferred to stick to live bird shooting. During the week almost 27,000 targets were thrown.

## Madison County Meet.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Aug. 3.—A more glum lot of shooters never looked upon the morning of Aug. 2, than those who came to attend the shoot. Rain, rain, all day long; it came down not slowly but thickly; but despite it a few "sweeps" were shot and the regular county shoot postponed until Thursday. When Wednesday morning came the sun showed itself, and once more the shooters looked happy.

Contest No. 1, 10 single kingbirds, entrance $1: Mosher 10, Knowlton 10, Lefever 9, Rindge 6, Hill 9, Mayhew 8, Luther 10, Wheeler 9, Thompson 9, Squiers 2, Gain 5, Barrett 9, Courtney 10, Schemerhorn 10, Dwyer 3, Petrie 5, Lansing 9, Berry 7, Card 8, Cruttenden 9, Strong 4, Hallery 3.

Contest No. 2, 15 single kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 111110001111111—12 | Lefever | 111110101111111—14 |
| Schemerhorn | 010111111101111— 12 | Barrett | 111111111111110—14 |
| Knowlton | 111111111111111—15 | Rindge | 110111111110111—13 |
| Mayhew | 011110110011110—10 | Courtney | 111111111111111—15 |
| Lansing | 110010011111101—11 | Berry | 000011011010001— 6 |
| Thompson | 110110011001110— 9 | Card | 001011011110010— 9 |
| Cruttenden | 111111111110111—14 | Dwyer | 110110110101111—11 |
| Hill | 111111110111011—13 | Luther | 101110110111111—12 |

Contest No. 3, 10 single kingbirds, entrance $1.30: Knowlton 9, Mayhew 9, Lefever 9, Barrett 9, Mosher 9, Luther 10, Wheeler 5, Cruttenden 7, Gain 7, Rindge 8, Courtney 9, Schemerhorn 9, Lansing 7, Berry 8, Petrie 8, Hill 8, Thompson 7, Strong 6, Card 6, Dwyer 8.

Contest No. 4, 20 single kingbirds, entrance $2: Knowlton 19, Lefever 17, Barrett 17, Lansing 17, Rindge 16, Petrie 14, Dwyer 14, Cruttenden 19, Hill 19, Mosher 20, Courtney 17, Schemerhorn 17, Luther 16, Berry 15, Mayhew 17, Card 14, Wheeler 13.

No. 5, 9 singles and 3 pairs double kingbirds, entrance $1.45:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 111111001 11 01 11—12 | Petrie | 010111111 11 11 11—13 |
| Lefever | 111111111 11 10 10—13 | Luther | 111111011 10 01 00—11 |
| Courtney | 111111111 11 10 00—13 | Mayhew | 111111111 11 10 10—13 |
| Schemerhorn | 111111111 11 11 10—14 | Cruttenden | 011101110 10 10 11—12 |
| Rindge | 111100101 11 11 11—13 | Wheeler | 110111011 11 10 00—10 |
| Lansing | 110111111 11 11 10—12 | Card | 110110101 00 11 10— 9 |
| Barrett | 111111111 01 11 10—13 | Berry | 011110111 10 00 11—10 |
| Knowlton | 111111111 11 11 11—15 | Thompson | 011111110 10 00 10— 9 |

No. 6, 20 single kingbirds, R. T., entry $2: Schermerhorn 17, Mayhew 20, Petrie 17, Elliott 17, Wheeler 16, Berry 17, Lefever 16, Barratt 18, Knowlton 18, Dwyer 15, Luther 19, Card 14, Rindge 15, Hill 18, Mosher 16, Cruttenden 14, Courtney 18.

No. 7, 5 pair double kingbirds, by indicator, entry 80 cents.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 11 11 11 10 11— 9 | Dwyer | 00 11 00 10 01— 4 |
| Knowlton | 11 11 11 10 11— 9 | Wheeler | 10 10 00 11 00— 4 |
| Cruttenden | 01 11 11 11 11— 9 | Card | 00 00 00 11 00— 2 |
| Berry | 01 10 01 00 10— 4 | Schemerhorn | 10 10 10 11 11— 7 |
| Mayhew | 11 10 11 11 01— 8 | Petrie | 00 10 10 00 10— 3 |
| Barratt | 11 11 11 11 10— 9 | Rindge | 10 10 00 10 11— 5 |
| Luther | 11 11 11 01 00— 7 | Courtney | 11 11 11 11 10— 9 |

No. 8, 15 kingbirds, R. T., entrance $1.45: Barrett 15, Luther 15, Hill 14, Lansing 13, Squires 8, Mosher 13, Courtney 15, Knowlton 15, Schemerhorn 10, Flattery 5, Wheeler 12, Rindge 9, Mayhew 15, Petrie 14 Thompson 14, Cruttenden 15, Lefever 15, Duyer 14, Strong 9, Crain 9, Card 10.

No. 9, 10 single kingbirds, R. F. K. T. U. A., entrance $1.30: Mosher 9, Rindge 8, Luther 9, Mayhew 9, Dwyer 7, Wheeler 8, Petrie 6, Lansing 7, Berry 8, Hollaway 4, Mowry 6, Lefever 9, Courtney 9, Barrett 10, Knowlton 10, Card 6, Strong 2, Schemerhorn 7, Cruttenden 7, Elliott 8, Ayling 6, Thompson 9.

No. 10, 15 kingbirds, T. T., entrance $1.45: Mosher 15, Courtney 15, Luther 15, Petrie 15, Berry 13, Schemerhorn 14, Ayling 12, Mayhew 15, Holloway 14, Cruttenden 13, Thompson 14, Strong 4, Lefever 11, Barrett 12, Elliott 13, Lansing 13, Knowlton 14, Rindge 12, Wheeler 12, Mowry 13, Hill 14, Prettie 7, Card 8.

The averages were won by J. G. Knowlton, $6; A. G. Courtney, $3.50; C. O. Barrett, $2; W. M. Mayhew, $1.75; G. C. Luther $1.

*Aug. 4*.—Yesterday was a perfect one in every respect, but the clouds once more hung around the horizon, and before the day was out had gathered, and it rained quite a little at different times; but the entire programme was shot out and some extra sweeps indulged in. Promptly at 9:30 the ball opened. This was the regular county shoot with some extra prizes for outsiders:

No. 1, 10 single kingbirds, R. F., entrance 80 cents: Dwyer 5, Rindge 10, Thompson 9, Schemerhorn 8, Markham 8, Berry 7, Bass 8, Petrie 9, Potter 5, Card 7, Squires 3, Cruttenden 8, Atwell 8, Maxwell 8, Wheeler 9.

No. 2, 15 single kingbirds, R. F., entrance $1: Schemerhorn 15, Potter 10, Dwyer 11, Cruttenden 11, Bass 8, Card 11, Rindge 14, Squires 6, Petrie 7, Thompson 12, Markham 14, Maxwell 13, Berry 12, Atwell 9, Wheeler 12.

No. 3, 10 single kingbirds, R. F. K. T. U. A., entrance 80 cents.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Schemerhorn | 1111111111—10 | Maxwell | 1111111111—10 |
| Markham | 1111101111— 9 | Potter | 0000111101— 5 |
| Dwyer | 1111100100— 6 | Thompson | 1111111101— 9 |
| Cruttenden | 1111001111— 8 | Squiers | 0001100001— 3 |
| Atwell | 0101110110— 6 | Wheeler | 1111110111— 9 |
| Rindge | 1100111101— 7 | Berry | 1111100001— 6 |
| Card | 1100101110— 7 | Petrie | 0011101111— 7 |

No. 5, 15 single kingbirds, R. F., entrance $1.25: Schemerhorn 13, Maxwell 14, Dwyer 12, Petrie 10, Berry 14, Rindge 12, Wells 8, Squiers 7, Torry 3, Cruttenden 9, Card 11, Atwell 13, Wheeler 13, Thompson 14, Potter 11, Markham 11.

Team championship for Madison county, 15 singles and 6 pairs, entrance $3 per team for four men. First prize, silver cup valued at $150; second prize, silver cup valued at $60; third prize, score book, donated by Keystone Target Co., valued at $3.50. Outsiders may enter a team for targets only or for such money as they choose to put in purses:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Canastota Team.** | | | |
| Barrott | 1011011111111111 | 11 11 11 01 10 11—23 | |
| Ward | 1101111101011 | 10 01 00 10 10 11—19 | |
| Duffy | 1001011010 10010 | 00 10 10 10 10 11—13 | |
| Roberts | 1011101110111 | 10 10 10 11 00 10—18—73 | |
| **Oneida Team.** | | | |
| Maxwell | 1111111131011 | 10 11 11 11 11 11—24 | |
| Tuttle | 1101111010111101 | 00 11 11 11 00 11—20 | |
| Cavana | 0111101011111 | 00 01 11 11 11 11—20 | |
| Markham | 1111101111111111 | 10 11 10 10 00 10—20—84 | |
| **Cazenovia Team.** | | | |
| Atwell | 1010111110000001 | 11 10 10 10 10 10—15 | |
| Wheeler | 0111110010110 0 | 11 11 10 10 11 11—19 | |
| Berry | 1111111111111111 | 10 10 10 10 11 10—22 | |
| Card | 1111011111111111 | 01 00 01 10 10 11—20—76 | |
| **Cazenovia Team.** | | | |
| Cruttenden | 1111101111111111 | 11 11 10 11 11 10—24 | |
| Thompson | 0010101110111111 | 10 11 10 11 11 11—21 | |
| Dwyer | 1101011001111111 | 11 10 10 10 11 11—20 | |
| Petrie | 0111110111111110 | 10 11 10 10 01 11—20—85 | |

This gave the first prize cup to the Cazenovia team, and as it is the first time they have been at the head they feel quite proud, especially when the birds were thrown harder than in any previous contest. Oneida won the second cup and consoled themselves by saying, "You only beat us one bird and this cup is a daisy." True, but one in this case is as good as a thousand. The score book was won by the other Cazenovia team.

No. 5, 10 single kingbirds, R. F., entrance 80 cents: Schemerhorn 9, Markham 8, Duyer 9, Rindge 7, Berry 10, Atwell 7, Petrie 9, Wells 6, Potter 9, Maxwell 8, Thompson 8, Wheeler 8, Bass 6, Card 8, Cruttenden 7, Squiers 2.

No. 6, 15 single kingbirds, R. F. K. T. U. A., entrance $1:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Berry | 101111101111110—11 | Squiers | 1000011010010 0— 6 |
| Cruttenden | 101111611011110—11 | Card | 0011100100011010—10 |
| Rindge | 111111010111110—12 | Petrie | 1111000101010101— 9 |
| Wheeler | 100011110111110—20 | Wells | 101111000011001— 9 |
| Atwell | 000010101111100— 7 | Duyer | 010101011010000— 7 |
| Schemerhorn | 111111111011110 -13 | Maxwell | 111110111011111 -13 |
| Markham | 111111101111110—13 | Potter | 010011001110001— 7 |
| Thompson | 110101110101111—11 | | |

No. 7, 10 single kingbirds, R. B., R. F., entrance 80 cents: Petrie 10, Atwell 9, Rindge 5, Schemerhorn 8, Markham 10, Duyer 7, Squiers 3, Cruttenden 7, Wheeler 10; Card 8, Berry 10, Maxwell 9, Potter 6, Thompson 9, Wells 5.

No. 8, 15 single kingbirds, R. F., entrance $1.25: Duyer 13, Berry 11, Wheeler 13, Poter 11, Squiers 3, Maxwell 12, Cruttenden 14, Thompson 14, Card 10, Rindge 15, Atwell 14, Petrie 13, Schemerhorn 14, Markham 14, Wells 9.

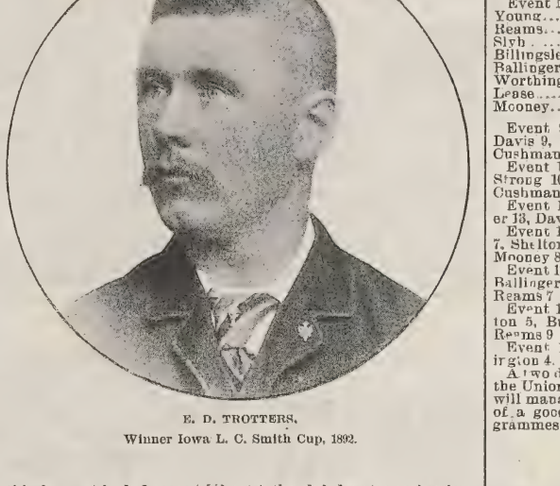
Members of each club in association making highest averages in shoots 1 to 8 inclusive will be entitled to first choice by lot of prizes. The next their second choice in same manner and so on. Member of Cazenovia Club making poorest average 10 shaves.

Space in your valuable paper will not permit of awarding the prizes as won. All were satisfied in the association with what they won and went home each with a souvenir of Cazenovia. For outsiders A. M. Schemerhorn won the bass rod and E. C. Rindge of same place, the smokeless shells, and as no more outsiders shot in all the events, the other prizes went to the club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Markham | 10111111111110111111111111—23 |
| Roberts | 11011110111011111111111111—22 |
| Petrie | 01111111011111101011100—20 |
| Cruttenden | 11111110111001111101101—20 |
| Tuttle | 11111110111001111101101—20 |
| Cavana | 10111101101011111111111—21 |
| Card | 10101011111111111111111111—21 |
| Barrott | 11111001100011110111110—17 |
| Duffy | 10101111001110001111000000—14 |
| Atwell | 00111101110111101111100—19 |
| Maxwell | 11111110110101101111111—21 |
| Ward | 00111111100511111111111—21 |

James Markham of Oneida won badge until next meet of County Association. Second prize was won by E. B. Roberts of Canastota, N. Y., a shooting vest. Third prize, box of cigars was won by Tuttle Maxwell Cavana of Oneida, Ward of Canastota and Card of Cazenovia. Fourth prize, oak stand, was tied for between Petrie and Cruttenden of Cazenovia; a "Bland" was produced. Petrie took it odd and Crutty got left. Fifth went to G. T. Atwell of Cazenovia Club.

To the shooters making five highest averages in both days events



E. D. TROTTERS,
Winner Iowa L. C. Smith Cup, 1892.

(this does not include county shoots), the club donates cash prizes: A. M. Schemerhorn, Cortland, first, $6; Wm. Cruttenden, Cazenovia second, $5; J. C. Rindge, Cortland, third, $4; Fred Berry, Pompey Hill, fourth, $3; Frank Petrie, Cazenovia, fifth, $2.

Notwithstanding the shoot was postponed it was a complete success. The new expert kingbird traps were used and worked to perfection. The next meet will be at Canastota or Eaton. The price of entrance includes the birds and money divided, 35, 30, 20, 15. HAMMERLESS.

## Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 6.—Following are the scores of Garfield Gun Club in their regular shoot to-day.

Shoot Nos. 1, 2, 3, 15 singles, unknown angles. No. 4, 5 pair doubles:

| | No. 1 | No. 2 | No. 3 | No. 4 | | No. 1 | No. 2 | No. 3 | No. 4 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hicks | 9 | .. | .. | 5 | Pilz | 9 | 11 | .. | .. |
| Patterson | 9 | .. | 3 | 3 | Brown | 2 | 12 | 7 | 6 |
| Drake | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 | W. N'tcott | 5 | 10 | .. | .. |
| Dr. Meek | 11 | .. | .. | .. | Moran | 10 | 7 | 12 | .. |
| Tefft | 12 | 12 | 13 | 6 | W. Palmer | 9 | 12 | .. | 3 |
| Steck | 10 | 14 | 10 | .. | Richards | 12 | 12 | 13 | 4 |
| O'Brien | 11 | 12 | 14 | .. | "Cop" | 9 | 11 | 6 | |
| Bowers | 11 | 9 | 6 | .. | Ack'rmann | 14 | .. | 6 | |
| Skinner | 13 | 13 | 10 | .. | O'Neil | .. | 11 | .. | |
| Laut'rbach | 11 | 14 | 9 | .. | Campbell | .. | 8 | .. | |
| Sidway | 12 | 10 | 7 | 5 | Bortree | .. | 11 | .. | |
| Young | 13 | 12 | .. | 5 | | | | | |

Medal shoot, 20 U. S. pigeons, rapid five known traps.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bowers | 10011110001000111001—10 |
| Brown | 01101010000111110101—11 |
| Drake | 11000100101101011010—10 |
| Steck | 01111110111111111111—18 |
| Richards | 11011001110111110011—14 |
| O'Brien | 01111111101011111011—16 |
| Campbell | 11111000000010111001—10 |
| La'f'rb'ch | 00100111111111111101—15 |
| "Cop" | 01110111111100111111—16 |
| W.N'tch'r | 10001010110100100100—8 |
| Tefft | 11111111111111111101—17 |
| Dr. Meek | 01111111001010011110—13 |
| Pilz | 01110111111011100011—14 |
| J. N'tch'r | 11001010110111010110—11 |
| W. Palm'r | 11110001111011111111—16 |
| F. Meek | 10090100011111000001— 8 |
| Patterson | 11000000111111001101—11 |
| Hicks | 11110111111110101001—15 |
| Young | 01101101010111011111—16 |
| Ack'rman | 11111011111101111111—18 |
| O'Neil | 11010100111101111101—15 |
| Bortree | 11011001111001101001—12 |

Tefft won class A medal. Ackerman won class B medal. Paterson won class C medal. GEO. H. BROWN, Sec'y.

## Colt Hammerless Gun Club Medal Shoot.

THE following scores were made at Hartford, Conn., Saturday, Aug. 6, by members of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, 25 bluerocks, 5 angles. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| Fred Risley | 01111111111111111111111101—23 |
| John Alger | 11110111111111111111111101—23 |
| J C Capen | 11111111110111101101011—21 |
| F H Whittelsey | 11110111100111101111111—21 |
| C H Burbidge | 11110111110011110111111—20 |
| Allen Willey | 01010110111011111111011—19 |
| O B Treat | 11110111110010111101110—18 |
| S B Douglas | 11101111000001010111111—17 |
| Fred Olmstead | 10101110001011010010110—14 |
| Charles Higby | 11100101101111010001111—14 |
| Morgan E White | 10010101101101010111010—13 |
| S T Colt | 00001001101010110101111—10 |
| A C Collins | 10100101000100101000100— 8 |

The tie between Risley and Alger was not shot off. The annual meeting of the club will be held Saturday, Aug. 20, at 3 P. M. at the club house.

## Toronto vs. Oshawa.

TORONTO, Aug. 8.—The Oshawa Gun Club gave a bluerock shoot at their grounds to-day, Oshawa's civic holiday. Ten Toronto shots went down and had a friendly shoot with the club. It is needless to say that the visiting team were treated to the best in the land, and returned feeling in good spirits after their outing. The Oshawa men will return the visit on Monday the 22d. The scores:

| Oshawa. | | Toronto. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Hastings | 13 | H George | 13 |
| J Millar | 13 | D Rlea | 19 |
| T Finnie | 16 | S Sloper | 12 |
| T Hastinos | 19 | J L Cox | 16 |
| P Mothersell | 14 | B Pearsall | 15 |
| D Mackie | 15 | C Norris | 16 |
| D Vanzant | 11 | W Bugg | 16 |
| J Sykes | 13 | T S Bayles | 12 |
| E Everson | 11 | O Simpson | 16 |
| M D Campbell | 13—138 | W McDowall | 17—152 |

Sweeps were also put on to fill out an enjoyable day.

## Milford Center Shooting Tournament.

MILFORD CENTER, O., Aug. 11.—The largest event of its kind so far this season in this vicinity was the tournament held recently at this place under the management of C. W. Tway, of Irwin, O. Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon the management for the manner in which the tournament was conducted. The tournament was held at the baseball park, between the C. C. C. & St. L. and P. C. C. & St. L. railroads. These are ideal shooting grounds, with clear backgrounds and good boundaries. Ten traps were used, facing northwest, one set open to all events and one set open for amateurs. The programme was shot out with a number of extras. A large crowd assembled to witness the tournament and a number of shooters from a distance attended. Among the noted shooters present were Messrs. Hughes, Strong and Young, of Springfield; Lease and Reams, of Zanesville; Davis and Billingsley, of Dublin; Money, Slyh, Roby, Ballinger and Worthington, of Plain City; Cushman, of Fountain Park; Shelton, of East Liberty; Pierce, of Marysville; Burnham, of Mechanicsburg; Bennett, of Irwin, and many others not called to mind at present. Tents were up, refreshments served on the grounds and everything was comfortable for the shooters. Shooting commenced at 9 A. M. and lasted until it was too dark to see the flying targets. Scores:

Event No. 1, 10 singles: Davis 9, Billingsley 7, Reams 10, Mooney 9 Shelton 7, Burnham 7, Slyh 5, Cushman 7, Lease 9.

Event No. 2, 10 singles: Cushman 10, Mooney 9, Davis 9, Slyh 5, Burnham 5, Reams 8, Billingsley 5, Sanderson 2, Lease 6, Shelton 6.

Event No. 3, 10 singles: Cushman 6, Mooney 9, Slyh 6, Davis 9, Billingsley 8, Shelton 3, Reams 7, Brannon 3, Burnham 9, Tway 7, Lease 5.

Event No. 4, 10 singles: Mooney 5, Slyh 8, Shelton 2, Davis 9, Burnham 9, Billingsley 10, Cushman 9, Reams 7, Lease 7.

Event No. 5, 10 singles: Slyh 9, Strong 9, Davis 8, Mooney 6, Billingsley 9, Young 7, Cushman 4, Reams 7, Tway 7

Event No. 6, 10 singles: Young 9, Strong 8, Slyh 8, Mooney 8, Davis 8, Billingsley 6, Cushman 8, Shelton 4, Hughes 7, Burnham 5, Reams 6.

Event No. 7, 10 singles: Young 8, Reams 8, Davis 7, Strong 9, Burnham 4, Slyh 7, Mooney 5, Billingsley 7, Cushman 8.

Event No. 8, 10 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Young | 1111111001— 8 | Davis | 1011111111— 9 |
| Reams | 0111111110— 8 | McIlroy | 0101101110— 6 |
| Slyh | 0000001110— 3 | Strong | 0101111110— 7 |
| Billingsley | 0111111101— 8 | Hughes | 0010100001— 3 |
| Ballinger | 1111111110—10 | Roby | 1111111110— 9 |
| Worthington | 1110111110— 8 | Cushman | 1010110100— 5 |
| Lease | 0100101100— 3 | Shelton | 0110011101— 6 |
| Mooney | 1011100111— 7 | Bennett | 0000000001— 1 |

Event 9, 10 singles: Worthington 6, Ballinger 9, Slyh 5, Roby 7, Davis 9, Strong 5, Young 9, Mooney 6, Billingsley 8, Hughes 5, Cushman 5, Howard 6, Reams 7, Bennett 5.

Event 10, 15 singles: Ballinger 10, Roby 12, Worthington 11, Strong 10, Davis 14, Young, Slyh 8, Billingsley 11, Reams 11, Cushman 8.

Event 11, 15 singles: Worthington 13, Roby 8, Young 14, Ballinger 13, Davis 9, Mooney 11, Strong 9, Billingsley 12, Reams 12.

Event 12, 10 singles: Howard 5, Billingsley 9 Pince 4, Burnham 7, Shelton 1, Worthington 4, Roby 8, Young 9, Strong 7, Davis 8, Mooney 8, Ballinger 9, Kennedy 6, Hughes 3.

Event 13, 15 singles: Burnham 11, Shelton 8, Worthington 12, Ballinger 11, Young 13, Davis 8, Strong 10, Billingsley 14, Roby 12, Reams 7

Event 14, 12 singles: Ballinger 9, Young 11, Roby 9, Worthington 5, Burnham 10, Kennedy 5. Shelton 4 Strong 10, Tway 8, Reams 9 Billingsley 9.

Event 15 5 pair doubles: Young 9, Strong 6, Ballinger 5, Worthington 4.

A two days' tournament will be held soon under the auspices of the Union Gun Club at this place. Messrs. Tway and Cushman will manage the tournament and visiting shooters will be assured of a good time. Persons desiring further information and programmes should write to Mr. C. W. Tway at Irwin, O.

A. W. T.

## The Trap in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 8.—The Recreation Club held their sixth regular match for the monthly prizes yesterday afternoon at the Oakland racetrack. Although the sky was cloudy and hazy the shooting was good, and the birds were very good flyers.

Following is the result of the match:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Worth | 101112011101— 9 | H. C. Golcher | 2212221102 02—10 |
| Allen | 0011012111 12— 9 | Gere | 2211111022 21—11 |
| Barney | 0111121102 10— 9 | Slade | 1221002212 20— 9 |
| W. J. Golcher | 1221102022 021— 9 | Kyle | 1222202121 26—10 |
| Eddy | 1011012122 21—10 | Randall | 1201210011 21— 9 |
| Liddle | 1011010000 00— 4 | | |

Dr. Gere won the first prize, a handsome silver smoking set, with a score of 11. This is Dr. Gere's first season at trap-shooting, and his success yesterday augurs well for his future prize-winning.

Eddy, H. C. Golcher and Kyle shot off for the second, third and fourth prizes. At the fourteenth bird Kyle dropped out through an error of judgment and took fourth prize. The bird dropped within the bounds and the dog went to fetch it when it flew out of the bounds. Kyle had retired without discharging his second barrel under the impression that the bird was killed. Golcher missed his seventeenth and eighteenth birds. Eddy missed his seventeenth but killed his eighteenth, winning second prize, Golcher third.

## Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 13.—The Forester Gun Club held its monthly medal shoot at the Shooting Park, Friday. The club shoots at 15 live birds, and, while the birds were slow flyers on account of the heat, there were many clever kills made at long range. Barton and Groves tied on 14, and in the shoot-off the former won the medal. Jones won the second medal on 13. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Whipple | 1201121011011 9—11 | Mohr | 1020101210 02001— 8 |
| Groves | 1212211211011 21—14 | Young | 0001201211 10100— 8 |
| S arritt | 0001100 21010221— 8 | Barton | 2222011112 22222—14 |
| Nofsinger | 2200222220 21211—12 | Graham | 2100011022 02002— 8 |
| Knoche | 2120011012 21212—12 | Jones | 0112120211 21212—13 |
| Harrison | 0102022212 11110—11 | Flowere | 0112022211 11201—12 |

The Belt Line Gun Club had its monthly shoot last Wednesday. Following is the score, at 20 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mumma | 00101111001110001001—10 | Van Horn | 01111011111010010010—12 |
| Peck | 01101011000100001110— 9 | Sonnsch'n | 01000100100100100111— 8 |
| Reinholdr | 11011010110111011100—13 | Baer | 11001100001000100001— 7 |
| Hintsche | 10110110101010101000—10 | C J Neff | 10111101010111010100 12 |
| Kelley | 11011001111111111111—17 | Winters | 01100101101000100010— 8 |
| Neff | 11010101011111101111—15 | | |

You ought to hear Senator Frye tell his latest fish story—the story of how he caught the biggest trout ever taken at Rangeley Lake, and if we mistake not (although we have not the Senator's authority for the assertion and get this story second-hand), the biggest square-tailed trout ever taken anywhere. It was only the other day, and Mr. Frye sat at ease in his camp, known all over the lake region. Looking off toward the lake, he saw a trout jump from a pool in among some logs, and not very far from his camp. He was surprised at his size and at the splash and splurge he made. The day passed and the same big fish jumped again and again. The afternoon Senator Frye passed in looking at his tackle, and making it strong beyond all peradventure. He reasoned that the big fish would not quit his retreat, and he sized up his tastes in the matter of the fly. About 7 P. M. he called his guide; announced what he had seen; told him that as soon as the fish should strike and he should give the word, he (the guide) should pull for the lake, and, thus arranged, they went forth to the campaign. Mr. Frye's first cast was followed by a break of the pool, the swish and swirl of the big trout as he leaped to the fly. For a moment he saw the head and body of this wondrous fish, and then there was business. The guide rowed with all his speed to open water, and Mr. Frye led his trout that way, holding the fish up to the taut of the line. After that the fight was on in clear water, with no favors, and the huge fish, over 10lbs., we believe, was landed at last.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## New Jersey Rifle Shooting.

[Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.]

Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J., Wednesday evening, Aug. 10, at headquarters, 432 Washington street. The scores of to-night are appended below. The conditions were 10 shots, off-hand, 25 ring target, possible 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D Miller | 25 | 25 | 22 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | —243 |
| G Schlicht | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | —242 |
| A Meyns | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 22 | 23 | 22 | 21 | —235 |
| J H Kruse | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 20 | —234 |
| L Sohl | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | —274 |
| D Peters | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20 | —233 |
| H F Meyer | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | —232 |
| F Brandt | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 20 | —229 |
| F Kloepping | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | —229 |
| H Vanderhayden | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 21 | —228 |
| C Carragher | 25 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | —223 |
| W Rogers | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | —223 |

Hoboken Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J., Capt. Wm. F. Dilger, Monday, Aug. 15. To-night's scores are given below:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J H Kruse | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | —229 |
| Capt Dilger | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 20 | —224 |
| Chas D Pasch | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 19 | —222 |
| Aug. Dahl | 25 | 25 | 25 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 18 | —216 |
| H Wirth | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 18 | 17 | —212 |
| J Schneider | 25 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 18 | 18 | —209 |

The Palisade Rifle Club of Jersey City Heights is just now busily engaged in shooting for gold class medals every Thursday evening.

In regard to Messrs. C. E. Bird and A. Steuber of the Hudson Rifle Club being termed a team of "shooters" in Forest and Stream a few weeks ago, it would not, perhaps, surprise many to know that a typographical error is the cause of the mistake. I had it written for shooters. The gentlemen named do not like the idea of being "boomed up" as a pair of shooters hard to beat.

## St. Louis Sharpshooters.

The St. Louis Club held their king shoot at Creve Cœur Lake, Aug. 7, and there was a large attendance, all of the local clubs being well represented, although it was one of the warmest days of the year. Mr. A. McBean, formerly an active member of the club, but for some time past a resident of Chicago, came down to see the boys and incidentally captured first prize on the ring target. Come again, Mack.

The event of the day, the king shoot, was won by Wm. Bauer, who was presented with the king medal and crowned king. Fourteen more prizes were also distributed in the following order: Second, L. Priester; third, G. Roth; fourth, F. Knapp; fifth, L. Schweighoefer; sixth, J. Bardenheier; seventh, C. Mueller; eighth, C. K. Dunkerley; ninth, C. Meisbach; tenth, Wm. Mackwitz; eleventh, S. G. Dorman; twelfth, F. Lendi; thirteenth, G. Alexander; fourteenth, A. Mende; fifteenth, J. Hof.

Ring target, points:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McBean | 66 | Dorman | 57 |
| Dunkerley | 62 | Mueller | 56 |
| Schneidewind | 61 | Priester | 55 |
| Kaar | 59 | Morf | 55 |
| Kurka | 58 | Steffen | 55 |
| Wiget | 58 | Bauer | 55 |
| Schweighoefer | 58 | Rapp | 55 |
| Stettner | 54 | | |
| Meisbach | 52 | | |
| Bethmann | 52 | | |
| Alexander | 51 | | |
| Frank | 49 | | |
| Baptie | 48 | | |

Man target, points:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kaar | 94 | Schweighoefer | 84 |
| Bauer | 94 | Kurka | 83 |
| Dunkerley | 87 | Zimmerman | 82 |
| Rapp | 86 | Mende | 81 |
| Most | 85 | Alexander | 81 |
| Meisbach | 85 | Frank | 80 |
| Schneidewind | 84 | Bethman | 77 |
| Knapp | 76 | | |
| Erdman | 75 | | |
| Schottlander | 72 | | |
| McBean | 71 | | |
| Baptie | 68 | | |
| Steffen | 60 | | |

Point target, points:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dorman | 358 | Dunkerley | 150 | Rapp | 87 |
| Schneidewind | 255 | Kaar | 131 | Kattseiper | 71 |
| Bauer | 252 | Baptie | 121 | | |

Namrod.

## New York Revolver Shots.

New York, August 13.—At the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, the following scores were made at the 50-yard range, Washington Park, 50 shots per man, 6 sighting shots:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Geo. E. Jantzer | 8 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 9—90 |
| | 10 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 10—83 |
| | 8 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9—89 |
| | 7 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 8—83 |
| | 9 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 9—80—425 |
| C. Bishop | 9 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 8—76 |
| | 6 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9—78 |
| | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 10 | 10—89 |
| | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 7—77 |
| | 8 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8—81—401 |
| B. Walther | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 7—66 |
| | 7 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 7—81 |
| | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 7—74 |
| | 5 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8—74 |
| | 6 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 10—71—366 |
| H. Oehl | 7 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 10—82 |
| | 10 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 5—76 |
| | 7 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 9—77 |
| | 7 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 7—79 |
| | 10 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 7—77—391 |

Mr. Bishop used a Smith & Wesson .38-44, the others S. & W. .44 caliber.—F. Hecking, Sec'y.

## Lischke Rifle Club.

Jersey City, Aug. 13.—The Lischke Rifle Club had a grand time at their last meeting, it being Capt. A. Lischke's fortieth birthday, and the club's first birthday. The medals were awarded to the best marksmen of the three classes as follows: first, A. Lischke; second, R. Reicherz; third, O. Schulte. Very little interest was shown the last month, the weather being so hot, but we have started again and ordered three new medals for the next six months. The score of Aug. 5 was as follows, of the 5 best members, 110ft., 25 ring target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Lischke, Capt | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | —232 |
| H Dyroff | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 17 | —215 |
| O Schulte | 25 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 19 | —208 |
| H Strater | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 18 | 17 | 16 | —208 |
| F Steidel | 25 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 17 | 14 | —207 |

O. Schulte.

## The Muzzle vs. Breech Contest.

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Regarding the contest between muzzle and breechloading rifles proposed by our club and published by you June 10, we have received no entries, but have received a letter from H. V. Perry of Jamestown, N. Y., inquiring as to entries and stating that there were three or four in their club using muzzleloaders who intend to enter if any breechloaders come to the front, but he states that he has no "confidence or expectation" that the breechloaders will "whack up." But if they do the Jamestown parties will gladly send their money and meet them at the butts.

F. A. M. Ball, Sec'y, Syracuse Rifle Club.

## Quebec Rifle Association.

Montreal, Aug. 9.—The twenty-fourth annual meet of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association opened at the Cote St. Lac range this morning with fine weather, but the afternoon brought heavy showers. There was a good showing of the recent Bisley team there and a good delegation from Ontario.

Some of the best shooting of the day was done by the Ontario men, and the chief event, the military competition for the Houghton cup in skirmishing and volley firing by squads of various corps, was won by the Royal Grenadiers, of Toronto. In the extra series, 500yds., Staff-Sergt. Simpson, of the 12th Rangers, made a possible of 25. Lieut. T. Mitchell, of the 12th, and Lieut. A. Elliott, of the 12th, made 24 in the extra series. In the 600yds. Pvt. Smith, of the Royal Scots, made a possible 25.

Aug. 10.—A sunny dawn and a violent thunderstorm later in the day were the weather conditions to-day. The active militia match was fired at 200 and 500 yards in very hot weather, but the opening squad in the Merchants match struck a black storm, completely obscuring the targets. The council met and decided that the entire match should be shot over on the next day, whereat there was much grumbling.

The Ontario men again showed up well in the day's shooting, taking many of the best prizes.

In the active militia match, the Queen's Own, of Toronto, led the teams with a score of 444, closely followed by the Royal Grenadiers, with 441. If the Montreal Jubilee Challenge Cup had not been confined to Montreal the Queen's Own would have received it, as they headed the list in the team shooting.

At a meeting of the council of the association in the afternoon the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Sir Donald Smith; Vice-Presidents, Lieut.-Colonel Macpherson, A.D.C., Lieut.-Colonel Brosseau, Major Jones, and Hon. John McIntosh. Council, Lieut.-Colonel Stark, Lieut.-Colonel Martin, Major Bond, Major Sims, Major Busteed, and Captain Spearing.

*Aug. 11.*—The Western marksmen again carried everything before them at to-day's meeting of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association. They have already won all the principal events, and to-day the Carslake trophy was added to their laurels. The cup was won by the Royal Grenadiers' team with a score of 630 points, the Queen's Own Rifles' team following closely after with a score of 622 points. The shooting to-day was carried on under great disadvantages. The rain came down freely, making the ground a swamp, and enveloping the butts in a thick mist. Despite the weather some very good shooting was done.

The following is the scoring in the Carslake trophy match:

Royal Grenadiers.

| | 200yds. | 400yds. | 600yds. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Capt. Bruce | 25 | 33 | 27 | 85 |
| Lieut. Pringle | 16 | 33 | 21 | 70 |
| Staff-Sergt. Dent | 21 | 31 | 25 | 77 |
| Staff-Sergt. R. McVittie | 25 | 32 | 25 | 82 |
| Staff-Sergt. Brooks | 21 | 28 | 30 | 79 |
| Col.-Sergt. Fowler | 25 | 33 | 28 | 86 |
| Corp. Windatt | 28 | 33 | 22 | 83 |
| Pvt. McVittie | 17 | 31 | 20 | 68 |
| Totals | 178 | 254 | 198 | 630 |

| | 200yds. | 400yds. | 600yds. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Queens Own Rifles | 188 | 238 | 201 | 627 |
| 43d Battalion, Ottawa, first team | 172 | 253 | 173 | 598 |
| Sixth Fusiliers | 193 | 234 | 157 | 584 |
| Royal Scots | 167 | 247 | 160 | 547 |
| Victoria Rifles | 171 | 237 | 156 | 564 |
| 12th York Battalion | 189 | 238 | 126 | 553 |
| 43 Battalion, Otta, second team | 143 | 230 | 142 | 516 |
| Montreal Garrison Artillery, 7 men | 145 | 216 | 140 | 501 |

Capt. Bruce, the veteran captain of the winning team, has been shooting on the Grenadiers team and acting as captain for the past ten years. He has coached his men to many victories, but feels prouder over winning the Carslake than any other of his many successes.

Staff-Sergt. McVittie may be said to be one of the most widely known rifle shots in Canada. He shot for a great many years at Wimbledon as a Scotchman; but when he came to Canada he decided to cast in his lot with the Grens, and has never been sorry that he did. He has shot into the second stage of the Queen's eight times, which has only been beaten by one man. He has been on every winning team which the Grenadiers have sent out during the past four years.

## Hartford Rifle Club.

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 15.—I inclose you scores made by the Hartford Rifle Club at their opening shoot at Union Grove on Saturday. The club shot last winter at 50yds. gallery, but this is our first outdoor work as a club, although a number of our members are old hands. We start in with several new men at rifle shooting, but their crankiness is evident, and as all members are of that description, it is hoped and expected that the club will be successful, and our days long in the land.

In our medal match the club offers a bronze medal for 10 scores of 70 or better, a silver medal for 10 scores of 80 or better, and a gold medal for 10 scores of 85 or more.

We have also taken up pistol shooting at 50yds. for the first time in Hartford, and although our scores were low, owing to our unfamiliarity with this weapon, it is believed that the future will show rapid improvement.

50 Shot and Medal Match.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H M Pope | 10 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 6 | 9 | 5—82 |
| .25-30-99 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 8—74 |
| | 9 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 9—86 |
| | 7 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 0 | 7 | 8 | 8—80 |
| | 9 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 9—79—401 |
| D S Seymour | 10 | 6 | 4 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 8—78 |
| .25-20-99 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 8—74 |
| | 6 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 10—83 |
| | 8 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 4—69 |
| | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 7—76—280 |
| F K Rand | 10 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 3—74 |
| .32-40-165 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6—67 |
| | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 9 | 19 | 7 | 5—75 |
| | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 5—70 |
| | 8 | 9 | 7 | 10 | 10 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 5—25—361 |
| F B Covel | 5 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 7—58 |
| .32-40-165 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 10—69 |
| | 8 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 9—74 |
| | 8 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 6—57 |
| | 10 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 4—61—329 |
| W J Dunbar | 4 | 4 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 5—71 |
| .32-40-165 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 5—64 |
| | 7 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 8—62 |
| | 8 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 7—61 |
| | 7 | 4 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 10 | 10—68—316 |
| F Seaver, .32-40 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 9—71 |
| J Edwards, .32-40 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5—63 |
| T W Fahy | 8 | 9 | 0 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 6—54 |
| A H Tyler, .32-20 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 0—39 |
| H Rand, .32-40 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 5 | 3—36 |

50yd. Pistol Match.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pope | 8 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 8—84 |
| Seymour | 9 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 7—78 |
| Rand | 6 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 8—77 |
| Fahy | 8 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 3 | 6 | 10 | 8—65 |
| Dunbar | 4 | 6 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 8—45 |
| Covel | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 4 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 5—23 |

H. M. Pope, Secretary.

## Oakwood Rifle Tournament Programme.

Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 9.—The Second Annual Oakwood Rifle Tournament is to be held here Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 23 and 24, the committee of arrangements being composed of members of the Dayton Sharpshooters' Society and Greenville Rifle Club. Executive Committee: Gustav W. Sander, of Dayton; and Dr. A. J. Marling and John Charles Hahne, of Greenville. Ashley Brown, of Dayton, is the corresponding secretary. All programme matches are at 200yds., and the six regular matches each day are for four money prizes, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. of entrance money. Telescopic sights are barred, and there is no restriction as to trigger pull. Three shots in all matches.

*First Day.*—First match off-hand, shooting 9 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., German ½in.-ring target, 12in. bullseye.

Second match, 9 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., muzzle rest, shooter standing, gun held to shoulder, German ½in.-ring target, 12in. white bullseye.

Third match, 9 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., bench rest, one white and one black bullseye.

Fourth match, 1 to 6 P. M., off-hand, German target.

Fifth match, 1 to 6 P. M., muzzle rest, conditions same as match No. 2.

Sixth match, 1 to 6 P. M., bench rest, conditions same as in match No. 3.

*Second Day.*—Six regular matches, two of them off-hand, two muzzle rest and two bench rest, same as to time, conditions and prizes as in the first day's programme, are to be shot on second day.

Special matches A, B and C are to be contested through both days, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., for $150 in gold.

Special match A, off-hand, German half-inch ring target, 12in. bullseye, guaranteed purse $50 in gold; first prize $25, second $15, third $10.

Special match B, muzzle rest, position standing, gun at shoulder, German half-inch ring target, 12in. white bullseye; gold prizes same as in special A.

Special match C, bench rest, same conditions as in special B, except that one target has white and one a black bullseye; gold prizes same as in special matches A and B.

Ten dollars in gold for best two off-hand tickets by same shooter, one ticket to be shot first day and one on the second day.

Buckeye.

## Rochester Schuetzengilde.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 12.—The Rochester Schuetzengilde finished its annual shoot at Rosenbauer's to-day. On account of the unpleasant weather those from Syracuse and other places who were expected to be present as guests did not come. The rain, however, did not prevent the marksmen from carrying out their programme as they had expected, for they shot from under a tent. Shooting offhand in separate strings with a possible 50 in each string. The highest scores made Thursday and to-day were as follows:

Hoehn 39, C. Harvey 44, F. Schwickert 44, Schmitt 43, Cook 43, Kercher 39, Halstrick 38, Zenner 40, Bernhard 40.

Shooting with what is known as a "peg rest" in strings as before mentioned with a possible 50 in each the following scores were made: Hoehn 51, Harvey 53, Bernhard 56, Schmitt 52, Zenner 53, Kercher 55, Wackerle 41, Neuhart 57, Halstrick 51, Perry 45, Cook 52, Schwikert 53, Dr. Habenstreit 45.

The King badge was awarded to Thomas Henley, and he will be entitled to wear it for the coming year. It was won by him hitting the exact center of an 8in. dial at a distance of 175yds., shooting with a "peg rest."

Sept. 4 and 5 the Buffalo Schuetzengilde will have a tournament for which great preparations are already being made. It is expected that a large delegation will attend from the organization here.

## A Revolver Challenge.

In the *Shooting Times* of London, a weekly sporting paper, there appeared the following on July 9, last: "M. Journu, the famous French amateur pigeon shot offers to shoot a revolver match, 100 shots, for £500 against all comers."

In the next number of the *Shooting Times* July 16, it says: "If M. Journu, after the Bisley meeting, is still open to carry out his challenge one of our readers would accept it under the following conditions:

First. "Business" revolvers and ammunition, to be used (not less than .44 bore and 13grs. of powder and conical bullets), and not less than 4lbs. trigger pull.

Second. The target shall appear and disappear at intervals of three seconds, or the target shall be in sight for twelve seconds for each series of six shots.

There being no answer from M. Journu, on July 30 the *Shooting Times* says: "Mr. Walter Winans authorizes us to state that it was he who in the *Shooting Times* of July 16, offered to accept M. Journu's challenge. A meeting between two such sportsmen would be worth going a long journey to see."

Here the matter rests at present.

## South London Revolver Scores.

Now that Bisley is over, the attention of the crack revolver shots of London is directed toward the Staines Range, where the South London Rifle and Revolver Club holds its matches. The revolver championship of this club, now held by Mr. Walter Winans, is decided by the five best selected scores made on separate days, one score only on each day to count; to be shot at 20yds. with military ammunition, no restriction as to sights but 4lbs. trigger pull.

To-day (Aug. 4) there were two revolver competitions in connection with the usual weekly shoot. The weather was very windy, and Mr. Walter Winans, who shot there for the first time, was not able to make more than 40 at the stationary 20yds. target. This, though winning first prize, is yet one point behind Major Mackerrell's best score for the revolver championship of the club, made earlier in the season. Mr. Winans also won first prize at the disappearing target with 37.

The top scores for the championship now stand to date, as follows: Major Mackerrell 41, Walter Winans 40, T. W. Heath 37, C. F. Lowe 36.

## Cincinnati Rifle Scores.

Aug. 14.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the standard American target. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 84 | Gindele | 81 |
| Best | 76 | Best | 72 |
| *Weinheimer | 66 | *Weinheimer | 68 |
| *Wellinger | 70 | *Wellinger | 66 |
| Drube | 76 | Drube | 75 |
| Payne | 78 | Payne | 80 |
| Speth | 77 | Speth | 74 |
| *Brumbach | 67 | *Brumbach | 75 |
| Topf | 59 | Topf | 56 |
| Gindele | 90 |
| Best | 71 |
| *Weinheimer | 61 |
| *Wellinger | 64 |
| Drube | 71 |
| Payne | 82 |
| Speth | 71 |
| *Brumbach | 61 |
| Topf | 68 |

*Military shooting.

## Garden City Rifle Team.

The Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halsted street, Chicago. Conditions were: 25yds., 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target. Possible 300 points:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W J Gibbs | 266 | J C Martin | 265 |
| A Sorensen | 265 | Ed Pierce | 259 |
| John Polites | 256 |
| F Erickson | 255 |

After the regular shoot a sweepstake was shot for and won by Mr. J. C. Martin, making a score of 112 points out of possible 120.

B.

## Dayton, O., Tournament.

The second annual tournament of the Dayton Sharpshooters will take place Aug. 23 and 24. Nine running matches have been provided, with percentage prizes in several and $160 in gold prizes besides. The conditions have been liberally drawn, with off-hand, bench and muzzle-rest matches.

# Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. M., Bridgeton, Me.—How can landlocked salmon be caught in deep water in August? Ans. The same fish is taken in some New Hampshire lakes by deep trolling with the smelt. The latter are caught with small hooks in considerable depths.

R. J. R., Lakeside, N. Y.—Please let me know if large-mouth bass bite at night at troll or minnow? Ans. They feed at night and under certain conditions may be caught in the ways you suggest, but they do not take bait well until the sun is several hours high. When the moon is about full they can be caught at night with artificial flies.

R. M., Wis.—1. What size grain of Dupont's Eagle ducking powder do you consider best for use in a 12-guage gun where very close, strong shooting is required, as in duck shooting? 2. Will a coarse-grained powder give better penetration than a fine grain? I have seen conflicting statements as to which is best. Will you please state about the maximum size attained by the wild goats found in the Rocky Mountains? Ans. 1. Use No. 2 grain. 2. For duck shooting the coarser grain is preferable, being less subject to dampness, and while slower, puts less strain on the gun.

A. S. S., Ellisburg, N. Y.—All of our county papers in publishing the game laws wind up by saying that it is no longer a misdemeanor to trespass on private parks; all that the owner can do is to sue for damages. Is this correct? Ans. The section prescribing penalties for trespass reads: Sec. 217. Violations of the provisions of this article subject the person violating to exemplary damages in an amount not more than $25 for each violation, in addition to the actual damages sustained by the owner or lessee. An attempt to violate the provisions of this article shall be deemed a violation thereof.

G. D. L., South Boston.—Will you be so kind as to tell me in your Answers to Correspondents the cause of occasional wild shots in a shotgun? Barrels well choked, and it makes a fine pattern of from 280 to 320 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40yds., with 1⅛oz. No. 8 shot. But at frequent intervals it makes a very wild shot, sometimes not more than 25 or 30 pellets going into the target. I load the shells with the greatest of care, precisely alike, and with the same amount of crimp on the shells. Will you please tell me the cause of these wild shots, and can they be prevented? Ans. It is probably due to the bunching of the shot if the holding is correct. The whole batch goes off at a wide angle upon leaving the muzzle. A defect in wadding will also permit the gas to get into the shot, and then the scattering is so great as to produce the poor pattern.

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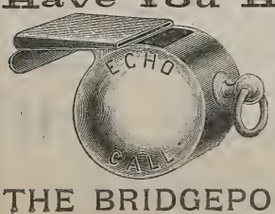
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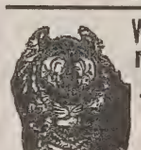

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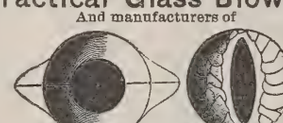
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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1892.

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## Why They Need It.

COURT HOUSE, Hamilton, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have much pleasure in informing you that at the last meeting of the board of Ontario Game and Fish Commissioners it was unanimously resolved that in future the Commissioners should be supplied regularly with copies of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Your paper has reached such a standard of excellence, treating as it does, both popularly and scientifically, all that appertains to the protection, preservation and propagation of game and fish on this continent, that the Commissioners feel that they cannot be without it.

You will therefore be good enough to place on your subscription list the following names, to whom you will send your paper regularly until further notice. [Here follow the names.]

A. D. STEWART,
Sec'y Ontario Fish and Game Commission.

## *ILLUSTRATIONS OF WILD LIFE.*

WE have in preparation a series of illustrations of American wild animals, to be published as supplements of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The drawings are by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, whose previous work in this line is well known; and we are confident that the merits of his successful delineation will be recognized. The subjects already drawn are of the Felidæ, and they will be published as follows. See that your newsdealer has the numbers:

Sept. 8. THE PANTHER.
Oct. 6. THE OCELOT.
Nov. 3. THE CANADA LYNX.
Dec. 1. THE BAY LYNX.

In connection with the illustration of the panther will be given some notes of observation of that creature by Mr. George H. Wyman, and Mr. O. O. Smith's story of how he won his cougar skin trophy in Oregon last year.

## *OUR COLUMBUS NUMBER.*

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 20 (the day before the Columbus celebration) will be a special Columbus number. The contents, both text and illustrations, will relate largely to the age of Columbus, and will be as interesting as unique.

What is a "family paper?" Certainly not every one which flies the term "family" at its mast-head can rightly be classed as such. There are so-called "family" journals which one would never permit to get into his home, rather let the house burn down first. And then there are journals which not one man in a hundred, unfamiliar with them, would class as "family" papers, but which are such indeed. The FOREST AND STREAM, for instance. A "sporting" paper it is called, yes, but—a *fin de siècle* phenomenon—a "family" "sporting" paper. And why not? The subjects it treats of, are they not of interest to all, old and young? And the manner of their treatment, is it not acceptable to the most exacting? As a matter of fact—and we rejoice in it—this is a "family" paper which goes into thousands of homes every week in the year, and no one ever thinks of scrutinizing its contents before laying it where all may read. The subscriber soon comes to have faith in this quality of the FOREST AND STREAM; and—on our side—the faith is never broken.

## *FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.*

### VI.—THE FOX.

AMONG the few survivals of the old untamed world there are left us two that retain all the raciness of their ancestral wildness.

Their wits have been sharpened by the attrition of civilization, but it has not smoothed their characteristics down to the level of the commonplace, nor contaminated them with acquired vices as it has their ancient contemporary, the Indian. But they are held in widely different esteem, for while one is in a manner encouraged in continuance, the other is an outlaw, with a price set upon his head to tempt all but his few contemned friends to compass his extermination.

For these and for him there is an unwritten code, that, stealthily enforced, gives him some exemption from universal persecution. They, having knowledge of the underground house of many portals where the vixen rears her cubs, guard the secret as jealously as she and her lord, from the unfriendly farmer, poultry wife and bounty-hunting vagabond. Confiding it only to sworn brethren of woodcraft, as silent concerning it to the unfriendly as the trees that shadow its booty-strewn precincts or the lichened rocks that fortify it against pick and spade. They never tell even their leashed hounds till autumn makes the woods gayer with painted leaves than summer could with blossoms, how they have seen the master and mistress of this woodland home stealing to it with a fare of field mice fringing their jaws or bearing a stolen lamb or pullet.

They watch from some unseen vantage, with amused kindliness, the gambols of the yellow cubs about their mother, alert for danger, even in her drowsy weariness, and so proud of her impish brood, even now practicing tricks of theft and cunning on each other.

They become abettors of this family's sins, apologists for its crimes, magnifiers of its unmeant well-doing.

When in palliation of the slaughter of a turkey that has robbed a field of his weight in corn, they offset the destruction of hordes of field mice, they are reviled by those who are righteously exalted above the idleness of hunting and the foolishness of sentiment.

At such hands one fares no better who covets the fox, not for the sport he may give, but for the tang of wild flavor that he imparts to woods that have almost lost it and to fields that lose nothing of thrift by its touch.

You may not see him, but it is good to know that anything so untamed has been so recently where your plodding footsteps go.

You see in last night's snowfall the sharp imprint of his pads, where he has deviously quested mice under the mat of aftermath, or trotted slowly, pondering, to other more promising fields, or, there, gone airily coursing away over the moonlit pastures. In imagination you see all his agile gaits and graceful poses. Now listening with pricked ears to the muffled squeak of a mouse, now bouncing upon his captured but yet unseen prize, or where on sudden impulse he has coursed to fresh fields, you see him, a dusky phantom, gliding with graceful undulations of lithe body and brush over the snowy stretches; or, halting to wistfully sniff, as a wolf a sheepfold, the distant hen-roost; or, where a curious labyrinth of tracks imprint the snow, you have a vision of him dallying with his tawny sweetheart under the stars of February skies; or, by this soft mold of his furry form on a snow-capped stump or boulder, you picture him sleeping off the fatigue of hunting and love-making, with all senses but sight still alert, untouched by the nipping air that silvers his whiskers with his own breath.

All these realities of his actual life you may not see except in such pictures as your fancy makes, but when the woods are many-hued or brown in autumn, or gray and white in winter and stirred with the wild music of the hounds, your blood may be set tingling by the sight of him, his coming announced by the rustle of leaves under his light footfalls, or unheralded by sound, he suddenly blooms ruddily out of the dead whiteness of the snow.

Whether he flies swiftly past or carefully picks his way along a fallen tree or bare ledge, you remark his facial expression of incessant intentness on cunning devices, while ears, eyes and nose are alert for danger. If he discovers you, with what ready self-possession he instantly gets and keeps a tree between himself and you and vanishes while your gun vainly searches for its opportunity.

If your shot brings him down, and you stand over him-exultant, yet pitying the end of his wild life, even in his death throes fearing you no more, he yet strains his dulled ears to catch the voices of the relentless hounds.

Bravely the wild freebooter holds his own against the encroachments of civilization and the persecution of mankind, levying on the flocks and broods of his enemy, rearing his yellow cubs in the very border of his field, insulting him with nigbtly passage by his threshold.

Long ago his fathers bade farewell to their grim cousin the wolf, and saw the beaver and the timid deer pass away, and he sees the eagle almost banished from its double realm of earth and sky, yet he hardily endures. For what he preserves for us of the almost extinct wild, ness, shall we begrudge him the meagre compensation of an occasional turkey?

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

THE condition of things prevailing on Salt River, as described in our columns last week, is fairly typical of the state of fishing interests in all parts of Kentucky. With abundant opportunities for a generous supply of food fish, the waters have been rendered comparatively unproductive by unwise and improvident methods of fishing. It is discouraging to note that there is little prospect of reform. The Legislature has again failed to pass the fish bill, and the practices it was intended to suppress will continue. The measure forbade the damming of streams without providing suitable fishways, the employment of set-nets, seines, bush-drags, drugs and dynamite; and gigs. In this effort made by the enlightened part of the community to reform fishing methods there is not a whit of sentiment; the impelling force is common sense. A time must come when forethought and wisdom must prevail. If some of the money and time and eloquence devoted to a political campaign were to be spent in educating the masses in fishery economy, a change would come in short order. Keep up the "campaign of education."

It appears that in the Sunday fishing case alluded to last week, the defendant, charged with fishing on the Sabbath, contended that he was guilty of no offense, because according to a decision (in the case of the People vs. Denin), "to constitute the crime the act must disturb the repose of the community." It was not shown by the prosecution that the fishing disturbed anybody, nor indeed did it attract any attention, nor was it witnessed by any other than the complainant.

But Judge Cullen held that since the statute prohibited "all shooting, hunting and fishing," this applied to private fishing as well as public fishing, and the disturbance of the public repose was not involved. It is well worth noting in this connection that the complaint in this case was made out of spite. The same thing happened last year when some Jamaica Bay net fishermen out of spite complained of certain Sunday line-fishermen. This New York fishing law is a practical and absolute dead-letter except as an engine for spiteful prosecutions.

A writer in *Our Animal Friends* holds up the sportsman as a bloody-minded creature whose enjoyment in the field or on the stream consists wholly in the killing of game or fish. This is not in line with our knowledge of the American sportsman of this generation as we know him. If, as the writer declares to be the case, the essence of sport with the gun were "the enjoyment of death and bloodshed," few gunners would tramp fields and force their way through brush, when the poultry yard at home would supply all the "bloodshed" they wanted; and fewer still would cross plains and climb mountains when a visit to an abattoir would sate them with "enjoyment of death." The fact is that the writer who sets out to depict sportsmen as bloodthirsty monsters must shut his eyes to the truth and evolve a fancy picture. And it would be so much better to tell the simple truth.

We print to-day a valuable resumé of information about wild rice, by Mr. E. E. Thompson. The cultivation of this food cereal has been successfully accomplished in numerous instances; and wild-rice planting is one of the most sensible and satisfactory enterprises open to wildfowlers. The frequent requests which come to us for information on the subject give evidence of widespread interest, and Mr. Thompson's text and drawings must prove of practical use.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## THE OPEN AIR LIFE.

Give me the life beneath an endless sky,
Whose blue afar the darker of the lake
Meets in horizon kisses; here may I
The echo of primeval hollows wake,
And in a joyous and exultant cry
My effervescent spirits partly slake,
Nor fear man's pigmy interdict. Here I may be
Like that which is around me—boundless, bold and free!

'Tis some small comfort in this fettered time,
When man within convention's prison broods,
To feel I am not harnessed to the rhyme
And jingle of her brainless platitudes;
But that in freedom I may boldly climb
With Nature to her most majestic moods;
Scale mountains—stand alone—or, eager, feel
My pulses answer some swift moving keel.

This is the grandest life that man can live;
And happy he who knows it from his birth!
The freest and the best old earth can give—
For 'tis indeed earth-given. 'Twixt the worth
And meaning of these words—which are the sieve
Through which we drain our pleasures—world and earth,
There is a difference which doth not savor
Of much within the world—or the world's favor.

And here the camp is pitched; and on the shore
The boats 'gin glimmer in the light and blaze
Of merry camp-fires, round which goes a roar
Such as the Titans laughed in olden days.
And tales are told—what though their years be more
Than those gaunt trunks the pioneer did blaze?
They'll blossom, too, and will revivify
Beneath the influence of this life and sky.

Charles Gordon Rogers.

## AS THE HOURS PASS.

Bluish haze, that seems to absorb the fervent rays of the sun, a "saturated solution" of heat as it were, envelops the landscape. The very leaves hang motionless and limp, in silent protest against the melting heat.

Quiet reigns, save in the swamps where birds are bathing on the margin of the still pools; there an occasional twitter is heard, subdued and peevish as though the little fellow who voiced it were ill at ease.

Only the cuckoo is indifferent to the prevailing lethargy which holds all animate nature. This fellow is in his element, and industriously "paddles" himself from tree to tree, through the glowing atmosphere, pausing to utter at intervals that resounding *koo! koo! koo! koo!* which testifies to his enjoyment of the torrid heat. He meets with encouragement from the locust, who answers his call with a peppery *bizz----z!* This bird and the locust are associated in my mind with hot weather, the voice of either is sufficient to recall hours of humid suffering.

At last relief is at hand. A murmur of delight in the tree-tops, a whisper of welcome to the sea breeze, whose gentle breathing they are quick to catch. Now it is rollicking among the boughs and dancing in a thousand tiny ripples on the erstwhile lifeless water. All nature revives, a new life courses the veins.

---

The shadows lengthen with the westening sun. The birds, though active, are more composed in their movements, much of the vigorous life of early morning has apparently deserted them, and an "I'm in no hurry" manner takes its place. The *biz-zzz zzz* of the locust, long-continued and loud as before, is more jerky and irregular, as though the poor fellow had wearied of the monotony of his one song, and vainly essayed to add variety to the refrain.

For the last hour we have heard the pipes of the swamp robin, a few rich notes *pianissimo*. Like the musicians in an orchestra preparing for the overture, which ushers in the evening's performance, these retiring birds are tuning up for the concert at sunset. Indescribably sweet, these open air concerts, enjoyed by performers and audience alike, until the fading twilight rings the curtain down.

---

The last faint blush of sunset melts into dusk. The *bzeep-bzeep* of a nighthawk flapping overhead in erratic flight, falls with strange distinctness as we listen. Soon it is lost in the distance and the hush of night is upon valley and hill.

---

The querulous chirrup of a toad announces that a new phase of life has entered into activity, and quickly the darkness is resonant with little voices. From the damp coverts on every hand come curious noises, quirks and trills of insects and the rhythmic croon of crickets, while a pungent earthy odor, redolent of ferns and mosses, steals about us. Now it is a whippoorwill who chants his love song in the gloom.

The quiet chuckle of an owl arouses me, an instant his silhouette is seen as he darts by on velvet wing to vanish in the shadows.

A sudden commotion among the leaves; sharp, shrill cries of bird agony speedily silenced, apprise us that a tragedy has been enacted. It is safe to assume that owls were present; but as they never will tell, we shall be none the wiser.

The hours pass! Woodfolk rest! All save little Phœbe, as Lowell so beautifully tells us:

Ere pales in Heaven the morning star
A bird, the loveliest of its kind,
Hears dawn's faint footfall from afar,
While all its mates are dumb and blind.

It is a wee sad colored thing,
As shy and secret as a maid
That ere in choir the robins sing
Pipes its own name, like one afraid.

It seems pain prompted to repeat
The story of some ancient ill,
But Phœbe! Phœbe! sadly sweet
Is all it says, and then is still.

* * * *

The plaint of the little voice is unspeakably sad as it floats upon the night, owing to the falling inflection with which it ceases. The emphasis is given in the first syllable *Phœ-be!* a cry of entreaty, it seems to say "*won't* you answer?"

---

The cool light of morning is awakening the eastern skies! Among the heralds of the dawn the robin takes "the right of line." His is generally the first voice to sound the call. While shadows still linger in the woodland we wait impatiently his cheery shout. "Half-past 3 o'clock! There it is! Get up! get up! You are late! you are late!" he calls, and the cry is repeated by scores of his kind. Now the ear catches the flutes of thrush and catbird, their sympathetic voices mingle with the *fortissimo* of the robins, and lend a sweetness to the echoes.

A swamp robin (*T. mustelinus*) sings just under my window, his liquid tones fall like grace notes among the bird voices that fill the dawn with melody.

While the twilight lasts these songs continue. As morning hurries to the sunlit day the jarring cries of English sparrows make discord, and harmony is gone. "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., is good doctrine, no doubt, and as far as retiring is concerned this ubiquitous nuisance lives up to it, but thank fortune, he rises late, and we are therefore spared the infliction of his irritating presence during one enjoyable half-hour. Gradually the songsters cease, and shortly the feathered orchestra is at breakfast.

The birds with few exceptions are faithful sun worshippers. Full of music though they be at all times, their very souls seem inspired at the rising and setting of the sun.

Another day is begun! "Fall in! fall in!" ring the bugles of orioles in the treetops, where they flash their golden wings in the sunlight. "Fall in! fall in!" Alas! that I have to obey the command, but there is no use in repining, so away to the daily grind.

Wilmot Townsend.

Bay Ridge, N. Y.

## AN EXPLORATION.

There is a chain of nine—or, as some say, fourteen—connecting lakes, not too difficult to be reached from our camp. Eight of these I knew from having visited them. There are trout in all but one of them, but mostly those great gray *namaycush*, which I do not care for. They are good to eat, especially when fresh from the water, but taking them is no sport for me. I would rather like to pull out a 29-pounder, as was done through the ice last winter, but where *fontinalis* are plenty I will not troll for *namaycush*.

But there was one lake of the chain that we did not know about. Lumbermen's tales reported that there were splendid trout there. It was at the head of the chain, and there is where I look for the best fish, but to get to it involved several portages, and moreover I did not know exactly where it was. I had only been there once, in winter, and then Damase took me across country, over roads where canoes don't go easily in summer. Afterward I had tried three times to find it, but failed in all. Twice my guides were no good and the other time the muscles of my athletic but youthful companions gave out under labors too heavy for their years.

But now we seemed to be well equipped. Accident had favored us. First, we had Nazaire, and Nazaire can find any lake in existence. Besides him we had three passable boatmen and two canoes, and we were only three passengers. There was the Professor, he who makes straight for Lac Clair every time that his teaching duties let up a bit. And with him this time came another Professor, who had never thrown a fly or seen one thrown in his life. We christened him "Fontinalis" before we were done with him, so great did his enthusiasm grow. So we determined to find this unknown lake or perish in the attempt.

We were off at 6 A. M. A twenty minutes paddle across Lac Clair, half an hour to get canoes and baggage down the cliff 300ft. into Lac Long, forty minutes to repair damages and get suitably packed for portaging and then we were fairly under way.

It was an hour to Lac Goujon and another forty minutes were used up in getting up its inlet and over the dam into Lac Marie. It was another twenty minutes paddle across and we came to another inlet, more portaging and more canoeing into Lac Rat Musqué (Muskrat Lake). This is a curious place, the water being nowhere more than about a couple of feet deep and having a narrow channel, a dozen feet wide or so, with a very moderate current and all the rest of the lake, perhaps a couple of hundred acres all covered with the rushes called *prelles* by the Canadians, but I do not know their English name. I have seen this lake later in the summer when these rushes were dotted as full as they could be with white water lilies, a plant which is rare in these parts. They reminded me of stars in a winter's sky. I had not then seen them anywhere here except in these connecting waters, but have since found them once elsewhere. My men had never before noticed them.

Over another short portage and a dam we reached Lac Travers and after that some more of the same took us into Lac Aux Pins, where we took dinner, for somehow we had used up a good deal of time. Next was quite a portage, where the baggage was carried, but the canoes were handed up the stream *à la cordelle*. It was rather a nasty stream to get canoes up, but being light they suffered no great damage. So over another dam we got into Lac à Damase and across that we came to a little rapid with a beaver dam at the top of it, the whole not making more than 10 or 12yds., but giving us all the trouble of unloading and loading the canoes. The next lake ought to have another name but it is still called Lac à Damase.

We left the outlet of the Lac des Isles on our right and continued through a very pretty bit of water to where we found the outlet of the lake we were after.

There were remains of an old lumber road which half an hour's work made into a rough but practicable portage, and at length we reached Lake Pas de Nom, or the lake without a name. A canoe was carried over first, and while the men went back for the baggage Nazaire and I explored for a good camping ground, which it took us a full hour to find, for the shore was mainly composed of holes and boulders, which I do not like to sleep in or on. Moreover, the narrow part of the lake toward the outlet was so full of fallen timber that we had to get over as best we could, disembarking three or four times in a few hundred yards.

By the time we had found a camping place the baggage was over to the edge of the lake. The Professors and I smoked our pipes till it was brought up, and then the men all set to work making a bark camp. My Professor and I took the canoe and pushed off. Had we come up there for nothing after all?

I began casting.

Once—Nothing.

Twice—Nothing.

Three times—Nothing, but I thought I heard a little splash somewhere.

Four times—Another splash and a strike. In due time a trout was in the boat, and then a shout went up such as Lac Pas de Nom never echoed before. We had no scales, but I knew he would weigh well over a pound. I held him up in sight of Nazaire, who immediately added another section to the camp he was building, for he knew then that this was not at all likely to be my last visit there. The Professor and I kept on till we had seven fish, enough for a taste all round, and we were decidedly hungry. So we went back to camp and ate them.

After supper, although it was rather late, we went out again but got very little. My Professor took one. The other Professor smashed his tip over another and lost him.

We went to bed, Nazaire and I agreeing that at 3:30 A. M. we would be out again. At that time I was up. Nazaire heard me preparing my morning cup of coffee and got up too, but the good old fellow looked as if he would prefer another hour's sleep to anything else and I sent him back to bed. But by this time my Professor was up and we two went out but had not much luck. The other Poofessor said he wouldn't fish any more, thinking his lack of skill was responsible for his lack of fish, his broken rod and his tangled lines, but after breakfast we made him go and he took the largest fish of the cruise.

We could not spare much more time, and as the weather looked threatening and the main object of our excursion had been accomplished, we turned homeward.

On the way up there had been some singing of canoeing songs, but on the way down there was a constant succession of them. They were sung in the regular voyageur manner and some of them lasted a good while. Sometimes a voice on one boat would sing one line, which would be repeated in chorus from the other, then another line sung and likewise repeated, and then both air and chorus would be taken by both boats together. This made the dozen or fifteen verses, of which many of these songs consist, carry us over a good deal of ground. It was very interesting and pleasant, for although I had heard most of the songs sung around camp-fires, in lumber camps and elsewhere, I do not think I ever heard them where they were so completely in accord with all the circumstances and surroundings.

The other men teased and bulldozed poor Nazaire until he had to contribute his share to the general entertainment.

Now, I had never heard Nazaire sing anything except "L'Alouette," in which noise and vigor are of more importance than music, and I would for my part have very willingly excused him. But he commenced, and he continued. When he had sung about fifteen or twenty verses I was strongly tempted to cry out, "Haul le slack," but the song was so evidently a reminiscence of the days of his youth that I could not find it in my heart to stop the dear old fellow, who kept on to the end and was rewarded with general applause.

The two Professors also tried to sing, and although both of them had excellent voices and could sing in various languages, unfortunately they couldn't remember more than two consecutive verses of any one song. So they failed utterly.

We paddled softly and gently all the way down Lac Long and finally reached our home camp just as the sun was going down.

That was the evening when no lamps were lighted and every man of us was in bed by 8 o'clock.

But we were immensely pleased with our excursion, having satisfied ourselves that there are fine trout in Lac Pas de Nom, and that they will take the fly.

Aside from the principal object of our expedition was another that I have not mentioned. I wanted to see if there were any good places that I didn't already know about in which to place the fry of the ouananiche. I had already placed a good lot in waters more or less remotely connected with these lakes. They had done well in some places, when last seen, but in one spot some were found dead when grown to be about 6 or 7in. long. I found that lake to be very shallow, and am satisfied that the water got too warm in summer, and was not pure enough for them.

Last week we saw some that were turned out about the first of June of this year. They had already grown to about 3in. long and were lively as crickets.

Of those previously turned out in other places than the one just mentioned I do not expect to see anything for a year or two at any rate, and perhaps longer. Ten thousand fish would not make a great showing in 20 square miles of water, if they should ever do so well. They have a good chance and I have no doubt will thrive.

We did not find any good place not known before, but I had excellent success in hatching the eggs, and see no reason why with time and patience any suitable waters may not be stocked with this splendid fish.

G. De Montauban.

August, 1892.

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### "Useful Information."

Perth Amboy, N. J.—From a "Manual of Useful Information" widely distributed in the interest of Dr. So-and-so's wonderful liver pills, I cull the following astonishing statement under the heading of "Notes of Interest:" "The Condor of Peru has a spread of wings 40ft., feathers 20ft., quills 8in. round." Whew! And here is another:

"The flight of the swift is estimated at 200 miles an hour, the swallow 60 miles, and carrier pigeons 38 miles."

While on natural history, it may not be out of the way to give one more "Interesting Fact," from the same high authority:

"A Bull is one who operates to depress the value of stocks that he may buy for a rise. A Bear is one who sells stocks for future delivery, which he does not own at the time of sale."

K.

# Natural History.

## WILD RICE.

THIS is what Prof. Asa Gray has to say about wild rice in his 1862 handbook:

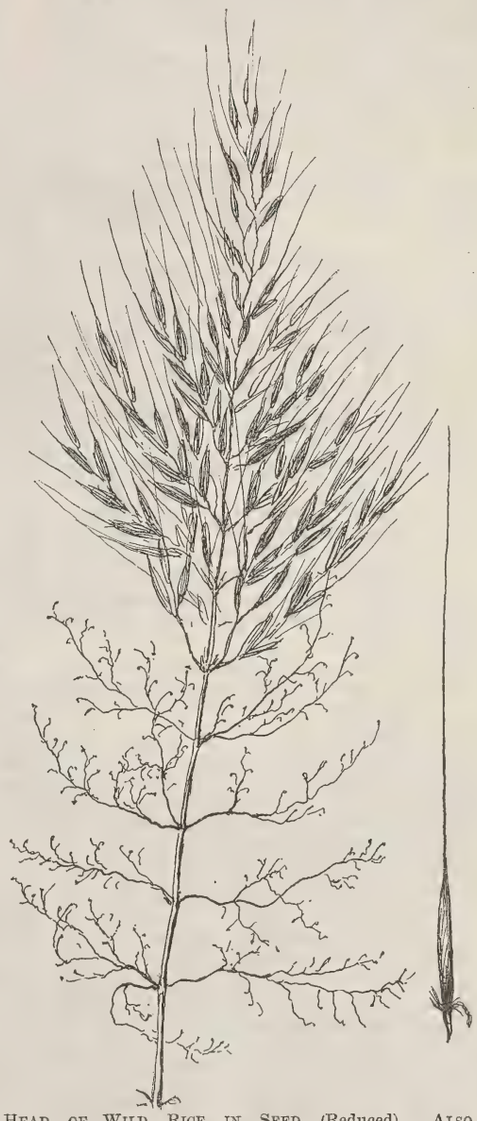
GRAMINÆ—GRASS FAMILY.

*Zizania*, Gronov. Water or Indian Rice.—Flowers monœcious. The staminate and pistillate both in one-flowered spikelets in the same panicle. Glumes wanting or rudimentary, and forming a little cup. Paleæ herbaceo-membranaceous, convex, awnless in the sterile spikelets, the lower tipped with a straight awn in the fertile ones. Stamens, six. Stigmas, pencil-form. Large and often reed-like water-grasses. Spikelets jointed with the club-shaped pedicels, very deciduous. (Adopted from *Zizanion*, the ancient name of some wild grain).



WILD RICE. ADAPTED FROM TRANSACTIONS LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

1. Head of rice plant, 2ft. long. 2. Stem and root. 3. Leaf. 4. Male glume, with anthers, magnified. 5. Female glume, magnified. 6. Female glume, opened, showing pistillum. 7. Rice grain, 1½ size.



HEAD OF WILD RICE IN SEED (Reduced). ALSO SEED (Enlarged.)

Adapted from plate in Agricultural Report, 1870.

*1. Z. aquatica*, L. (Indian Rice. Water Oats.) Lower branches of the ample pyramidal panicle staminate, spreading; the upper erect, pistillate; pedicels strongly club-shaped; lower paleæ long-awned, rough; styles distinct; grain linear, slender. An annual plant. (*Z. clavulosa*, Michx.)—Swampy borders of streams and in shallow water, common, especially northwestward. Aug.—Culms 3ft.-9ft. high. Leaves flat, 2ft.-3ft. long, linear-lanceolate. Grain ½in. long; gathered for food by the Northwestern Indians.

*2. Z. miliacea*, Michx. Panicle diffuse, ample, the staminate and pistillate flowers intermixed, awns short, styles united, grain ovate. A perennial plant—Penn.? Ohio and Southward. Aug.—leaves involute.

According to Beck, the botanist, wild rice is found from Canada to Florida and west to Missouri. Canada is a vague term when used as a northern limit, and we may better comprehend the distribution by remembering that it has long grown in great luxuriance at Rice Lake in Ontario and the Lake of the Woods, and also, as we shall see, has lately been successfully introduced into Lake Nipissing marshes.

The appearance of the plant will be sufficiently known by the illustrations herewith, and its economic importance is attested by the early notices of travelers in America and the extensive literature extant on its uses, value and mode of propagation.

The earliest important notice that I have met with is by Carver, the American traveler. It dates about 1766, or even before that, and is as follows:

Wild Rice.—This grain, which grows in the greatest plenty throughout the interior parts of North America, is the most valuable of all the spontaneous productions of that country. Exclusive of its utility as a supply of food for those of the human species who inhabit this part of the continent and obtained without any other trouble than that of gathering it in, the sweetness and nutritious quality of it attracts an infinite number of wild-fowl of every kind, which flock from distant climes to enjoy this rare repast, and by it become inexpressibly fat and delicious. In future periods it will be of great service to the infant colonies, and it will afford them a present support, until in the course of cultivation other supplies may be produced; whereas in those realms which are not furnished with this bounteous gift of nature, even if the climate is temperate and the soil good, the first settlers are often exposed to great hardship from the want of an immediate resource for necessary food. This useful grain grows in the water where it is about 2ft. deep, and where it finds a rich muddy soil. The stalks of it, and the branches or ears that bear the seed, resemble oats both in their appearance and manner of growing. The stalks are full of joints and rise more than 8ft. above the water. The natives gather the grain in the following manner: Nearly about the time that it begins to turn from its milky state and to ripen, they run their canoes into the midst of it, and tying bunches of it together just below the ears with bark, leave it in this situation three or four weeks longer, till it is perfectly ripe. About the latter end of September they return to the river, when each family having its separate allottment, and being able to distinguish their own property by the manner of fastening the sheaves, gather in the portion that belongs to them. This they do by placing their canoes close to the bunches of rice, in such position as to receive the grain when it falls, and then beat it out with pieces of wood formed for that purpose. Having done this, they dry it with smoke and afterward tread or rub off the outside husk; when it is fit for use they put it into the skins of fawns or young buffalo taken off nearly whole for this purpose and sewed into a sort of sack, wherein they preserve it till the return of their harvest. It has been the subject of much speculation why this spontaneous grain is not found in any other region of America, or in those countries situated in the same parallels of latitude, where the waters are as apparently adapted for its growth as in the climates I treat of. As for instance, none of the countries that lie to the south and east of the Great Lakes, even from the province north of the Carolinas to the extremities of Labrador, produce any of this grain. It is true I found great quantities of it in the watered lands near Detroit, between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, but on inquiry I learned that it never arrived nearer to maturity than just to blossom; after which it appeared blighted and died away. This convinces me that the northwest wind, as I have before hinted, is much more powerful in these than in the interior parts, and that it is more inimical to the fruits of the earth, after it has passed over the lakes and become united with the wind which joins it from the frozen regions of the north than it is farther to the westward."

The next important contribution to the subject is dated 1804, and is by Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq., who published in the Linnæan Society's Transactions the plate from which the above is adapted (Trans. Linn. Soc., Vol. VII., 1804, XVI., p. 264), and comments as follows:

The seeds of *Zizania aquatica* in a vegetating state from America was long a desideratum among the botanists of this country, for although seeds were received here at different times, yet none of them grew. At last Dr. North by the desire of Sir Joseph Banks sent them from the lakes of Canada, put up in jars of water. As soon as they arrived they were sown in a proper situation, where they came up in a few days, and the plants ripened their seeds extremely well in the autumn. In a pond at Spring Grove Sir Joseph Banks has a great quantity of this plant growing annually, ripening its seeds and sowing itself round the ledges; and I am persuaded that it might be sown with some advantage in Great Britain and Ireland, especially in the latter country, where I have seen several extensive lakes which appear well suited for the purpose. It grows in great abundance in the lakes of Canada, and the seeds, which are as large as oats, and perhaps as nutritive, are used by the Indian for food, as may be seen in "Carver's Travels in America," and also in "Kalm's Travels," vol. 3, pp. 32 and 54.

What effect was produced by this article in the most important of English botanical journals I do not know, but public interest seems to have been directed toward the plant later in America, and the early Patent Office Reports (U. S. Agriculture) contain numerous references to the wild rice of the Northwest. From these I select the following, 1847: "Gen. Verplank, late Commissioner of the Chippewa Indians, pronounces it better than Southern rice. The kernels are larger and its flavor is better; for when boiled and stewed and left to cool, it forms a consistent mass like good wheat bread, and more nutritious. It is stated that very great quantities grow on all the lakes in this northern country. The outlets and bays are filled with it. It ripens in the month of August, and is the main reliance of the Indians during the winter months for their subsistence."

In the 1848 Report is a note by Prof. Randall, of Cincinnati, testifying to the economic value of the grain. "It is considered by him superior in taste and far more nutritious than the Southern rice. * * * An Indian squaw will gather from five to ten bushels per day. It will grow in water, we are informed, from 6in. to 5ft. deep, when it finds a muddy soil." Comparing it with the commercial rice of the South, Prof. Randall says that "the Minnesota rice ground produces as much to the acre, and will at no distant period compete with the Southern production."

Interest in the plant seems to have grown steadily. Quantities of seed were distributed, but the silence of the Reports regarding the results is ominous.

In the Report for 1855 is a note by John B. C. Gazzo, of La Fourche parish, Louisiana, as follows: "The water

oat or wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) is an interesting plant, exceedingly prolific, the roots of which are perennial, it grows at the edges of our prairies and bayous. Stock of every description are fond of it, when green or cured as hay. The first settlers of Louisiana called it *folle avoine*. It is also found wild in all the Southern States, grows tall, and will yield two crops a year of good hay." Clearly the writer confounds the two species, the one he refers to must be *Z. miliacea*, but his statement is none the less interesting. We learn from a later report that an attempt was made to introduce the species into Russia, but it appears to have failed.

In the Report for 1863 is a note from Mr. O. H. Kelly of Itasca, Minnesota, remarking the unaccountable disappearance of the wild rice from his neighborhood, within eight years.

The Report for 1870 gives a good plate of the plant in seed (reproduced in FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 10, 1889), and the following:

Wild Rice (*Zizania aquatica*, Plate 9).—The Sioux call it *pshu*, and the Chippewas *man-om-in*. It is a constant article of food with the Northern Indians of the lakes and rivers between the Mississippi and Lake Superior. This plant delights in mud and water 5 to 20ft. deep. When ripe the slightest wind shakes off the grain. After being gathered it is laid on scaffolds about 4ft. high, 8ft. wide and 20 to 50ft. long, covered with reeds and grass, and a slow fire is maintained beneath for thirty-six hours, so as to parch slightly the husk, that it may be removed easily. Its beard is tougher than that of rye. To separate it from the chaff or husk, a hole is made in the ground, a foot wide and one deep, and lined with skins; about a peck of rice is put in at a time; an Indian steps in, with a half jump, on one foot, then on the other, until the husk is removed. After being cleaned the grain is stored in bags. It is darker than the Carolina rice. The hull adheres tightly and is left on the grain, and gives the bread a dark color when cooked. The hull is easily removed after being exposed to heat. In Dakota the men gather this grain, but all other grain the women collect. An acre of rice is nearly or quite equal to an acre of wheat in nutriment. It is very palatable when roasted and eaten dry.

Prof. Hind, who explored the Manitoba region in 1857, dwelt much on the silence and birdlessness of the woods traversed between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods, until the rice grounds were reached, when he says (pp. 115, 116-118):

Below James Falls the poles of wigwams are numerous and many Indians were seen at the foot of the different rapids, engaged in fishing. The scarcity of animal life of all kinds was very remarkable. Eagles and fish-hawks, ducks and rabbits being the only representatives seen. This scarcity is, however, confined to the autumnal months, as to time, and to the Great Winnipeg River in respect of area. Some distance from the river the extensive rice grounds cover many thousand acres and continue for miles on either bank. Here the game congregates, and reveling in the midst of such an abundant supply of nutritious food, vast flocks of ducks, geese and all kinds of aquatic birds common in these regions, are to be found. It is here too that the Indians assemble at stated periods amidst the rice grounds, procuring without any difficulty, in favorable seasons, a large supply of food for winter consumption. * * * * * The Indians described the appearance in favorable seasons, of the ground through which we were hurrying, as a vast expanse of waving grain, from which they could soon fill their small canoes by beating the heads with a stick."

In the early part of his report he says also: "Wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) grows very abundantly in the marshes bordering the Lake of the Woods. It is an important article of food to the Indians. They gather it about the end of August and the beginning of September, and lay up a store for winter consumption. A soup made of wild rice and blueberries is a very palatable dish and eagerly sought after by those who have been living on salt food for several weeks."

The following letter written to Mr. Chas. Gilchrist and published in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 26, 1882 (Vol. XIX., p. 246), is of interest as showing an effort to cultivate the plant in England:

BULCHRYCHAN, Llangbythen, N. S. O., South Wales.—Dear Sir: I fancy you must have been rather surprised at my long silence about the success of the wild rice, but the fact is all our experiments last year, 1881, were a failure; I gave it to several friends, but none seeded excepting in one instance, two or three very small weak seeds being the result. The seeds you kindly sent me by post last fall, and the bushel subsequently sent I again divided. The first seed sent by post began to sprout in February in the house, and I sowed some of it in small tubs, which I placed out of doors, and some in pans in the house. The latter sent, or at least what I kept myself of it, I sowed thickly in a pond, but it has not done any good. That put out of doors in tubs has much of it blossomed, but there does not appear to be any chance of seed forming. Either it is too cold or the winds we have had have blown the flowers off. I am glad to say, with what I have in the house, in a cool room, I am succeeding quite beyond expectations. Some of the plants have grown quite 5ft. high, and to my intense delight, two or three days ago I discovered that seeds were forming on several of them in quite an unexpected way. I looked for the seed at the lower part of the truss of flowers, whereas I find they all form at the point. I expect to gather from fifty to one hundred seeds. They fall most quickly I find, and I have been obliged to put something under to catch them. In one of the ponds in which I sowed a lot of seed, both last year and this, there is no sign of anything, and I much fear the rats and water-hens have taken the seed. I sowed some of the seeds you sent me in the spring of 1881 in another pond, but none came up, so I did not put any there this year; however, to my astonishment about six weeks ago I noticed five or six plants showing above the water and looking well and healthy. Alas, in one week's time they were all nipped off either by rats or water-hens. I was down at the pond this afternoon, and there are now twenty plants up, but I fear it is much too late for them to do any good; in fact never were two summers more against the experiments—wet, cold and stormy, and scarcely any sun. A friend to whom I gave some in Berkshire succeeded very little better with the first seed I gave him than myself, his gardener getting only two or three weak seeds, and when I paid him a visit on July 13 his gardener had a number of strong and healthy plants growing in a pot in a well-sheltered pond, and one or two were then showing for flower. I have not heard the result, but am in great hopes to have a satisfactory account in a day or two. I must say I am now (as we get a little more acquainted with the habits of the plant) very sanguine as to acclimatizing it with your kind assistance. Am determined to persevere. I think one mistake I have made in the pond is the sowing it in deep water, and so there is not sufficient heat to make it vegetate early enough.—JOHN PUGH VAUGHAN PRYSE.

In FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 5, 1891, appeared the following:

Last fall I gathered about six bushels of wild rice at Rice Lake, Ontario, Canada. I took the same with me to Lake Nipissing and planted it, about the middle of September in one of the marshes in South Bay. On my return there this fall I found (to use the words of Mr. Hough) the result simply amazing. I found rice growing abundantly over the entire marsh, thousands of yards away from where any had been sown. How it spread itself in this manner is a puzzle to me. Formerly the marsh was full of a sort of joint grass, of which I don't know the proper name. I planted the rice wherever I found an open hole in this, and very much feared that the joint grass would choke it out, but instead of that the rice has choked out the joint grass, and there is scarcely any of it left. I also planted some in several small creeks, and in every case it did well, except in one place where the bottom of the creek was clayey, and where in spring there must be rather a swift current. ("Nipissing," Boston, Mass., Nov. 2).

In Vol. XXXI., No. 9, of FOREST AND STREAM (Sept. 20, 1888, p. 166) appeared the following brief but important article:

I have handled wild rice seed for several years, in fact was the first person to advocate planting it in waters where it did not grow naturally. I have never known it to grow well when planted in the spring, and the sooner it is planted after it is harvested in the fall, the better. After the seed has been gathered for some weeks, the enamel on the outside of the kernel seems to crack, and this I believe accounts for failure in spring planting. It should be planted on a mud bottom; where there is little if any current, and if possible where there is no other vegetation. As it grows only in the water, it should not be planted on ground that goes dry in midsummer. It will grow in water from a few inches to 4ft. in depth, but does best in shallow water. Before sowing I always soak the seed for an hour or so, in order that it will sink at once. I also think it best to sow very thickly, rather than to scatter a small amount of seed over a large space. RICHARD VALENTINE.

Those who wish to follow further the literature on wild rice may do so by turning up the following pages in FOREST AND STREAM: Vol. IV., p. 39; Vol. IX., p. 148; Vol. X., pp. 430, 447; Vol. XI., pp. 8, 170, 429; Vol. XV., 168, 251, 269, 331; Vol. XVII., pp. 49, 91, 128; Vol. XIX., 246, 325, 364, 385, 427; Vol., XXI., p. 46; Vol. XXIII., p. 4; Vol. XXV., p. 208; Vol. XXIX., p. 106; Vol. XXXI., p. 166; Vol. XXXIII., pp. 87, 226.

Rice has been found doing well on prairie sloughs of Minnesota, the water of which is more or less tinctured with alkali; it has been successfully introduced into many of the salt marshes of the Hudson River and Long Island, and it grows well in fresh-water marshes and on the banks of slow-running streams.

Its failure to grow in so many cases is due to the fact that the vitality of the seed has been impaired by too long keeping, and in a number of cases the seed used had been threshed by the Indians, who scorch the grain to facilitate the operation. A few months seems sufficient to destroy the vital germ, so that, though spring sowing has succeeded in some few cases, the trial of winter storage is usually too much for this delicate grain.

A perusal of the evidence already cited, as quoted, points to the following conclusions:

Wild rice is a plant of very great importance. It is useful as food to both man and game, and well worthy of a wider dissemination. It is very prolific and grows annually on the same grounds, requiring no care to cultivate. It will grow well in almost any water that has a muddy bottom, is not too cold, and has not a strong current and is not more than 8ft. deep. It will succed in any of the Middle States and Northwest as far as latitude 50°. The vitality of the seeds is extremely delicate and is readily destroyed by too long keeping, by rough usage in threshing, or by complete or too rapid drying. The proper time for sowing the seeds is immediately after it is gathered ripe, *i. e.*, in September. The plant is hardy, prolific and aggressive, and usually more than maintains a footing once established, but it is readily extirpated by cutting it for fodder while yet in flower or while the seed is in the milky state. ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

## MAKING POISON ARROWS.

CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD MINES, Col.—About the most vile use of which the rattlesnake is the vital factor is in brutal practice among several tribes of Indians in Arizona and New Mexico—that of poisoning the points of arrows. I was an eye-witness at one time to the manufacture of these much-to-be-dreaded instruments of torture and death. Part of the summer of 1884 I spent in Arizona and western New Mexico, and about ten days of that time in the neighborhood of the Comanche and Apache Indians. As I wandered one day up to one of their tepees I perceived a number of Indians standing around some newly slain cattle. Being at all times in search of new things in the shape of knowledge, I soon found out the cause of such a proceeding. The Indians had slain two full-grown beeves and were taking the livers out of them very carefully. When this operation was at an end, a box containing several large rattlesnakes was brought and placed on the ground near the almost smoking chunks of liver. An aged buck standing near by, who seemed fully to understand his business, procured a piece of blanket, and with its aid succeeded in taking one of the largest snakes out of the box. Then unfolding the blanket so as to expose the head of the snake, he procured a forked stick and pinned its head to the ground, while another Indian took a small switch and tapped it gently upon the head until it was aggravated almost beyond endurance; then taking a chunk of the still steaming liver they let the snake bite it repeatedly until it had turned to an almost purple hue. Then the arrow points were thrust into it about one-half inch deep and left a few minutes. When withdrawn there appeared a scum on the points thus inserted. Afterward the arrows were laid in the sun to dry, being ready in a short time for such use as the owners of them saw fit: whether it was to take human life or not, it mattered but little to them. BUCKSKIN HARRY.

## HUMMINGBIRDS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not like to oppose a statement made in good faith, but this new hummingbird question cannot pass unchallenged.

Mr. Hallock says, "Observers here in Cummington [Mass.] assert that they are visited very often by two kinds, etc." So this is a second-hand matter. It has not only been stated, but it is still stated that there is but one species this side of the Rocky Mountains, and this statement can only be disproved by securing a new one and submitting it to the inspection of a competent authority. I have repeatedly been told that at least two distinct species have been seen, but a little questioning has always settled the matter.

The throat of the male in our bird, in certain lights, is like a coal of fire, while in other lights it is almost black.

The whole of the under part of the female is white, but the wing and tail coverts of both are green.

Now, why these strangers, on two successive summers, should have favored the little town of Cummington, exclusively, with their visits is unaccountable. And why should they visit that place in pairs? I have lived a great many years, have had a great many tamed and have studied their habits from boyhood up, but I have never seen them traveling round in pairs. The only time when one will tolerate the presence of another is at the mating season, and even then they are seldom seen together except at the nest.

I thought it best before replying to this Cummington puzzle to hear from Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence, who is probably the most scientific authority on hummingbirds in this country, and I find that we agree in the opinion that the parties there have in some way deceived themselves. He says, "Such a bird could hardly escape the wide-awake New England ornithologists. I cannot place such a bird with any known one, and my collection contains 320 species. It can only be settled by a speciman being procured and submitted to competent authority."

As an instance of how easily a person who does not make these things a study can be deceived: A writer some time ago described, in one of the daily papers, a sparrow fight, where four or five of our common sparrows attacked a smaller one of another species, and now the little one successfully defended itself against such odds when he expected to see it killed. Now, this was simply a little courting scene of every-day occurrence. The rival males spread their feathers and strut around the female, while she with her drapery gathered so close about her that she seems but half their size, tries to fight them off, sometimes holding on to one of them while he drags her around, but they never attempt to hurt her.

DIDYMUS.

# Game Bag and Gun.

## MASSACHUSETTS GAME.

BOSTON, Mass.—The season for shore birds in Massachusetts is open, was open on July 15 in fact, but the gunners have done very little yet. The weather has been remarkably hot, and the lovers of the shore bird shooting on ordinary seasons confess that the exertion, or the bare thought of it, has been too much for them. It is not so all along the coast, however. Reports from Chatham speak of a fusilade of shot that every bird has to run that dares to fly by that point. No good bags are reported yet, however. Mr. Charles Canterbury is reported to have killed a large number of "big birds" already. By "big birds" the local gunners mean every bird bigger than a peep. It seems that Mr. Canterbury first tried Chatham, but the gunners were to many for him, and he has since been seeking his own grounds farther north, along the shore, and has been having excellent sport. At the "dumping ground," the inner bay at South Boston, a good many birds are reported. They are chiefly yellow-legs and peep. But it is against an ordinance of the city to shoot there, and a local gunner says that the birds seem to know it; they are as tame as chickens at that point. Even the small boy presumes to pelt them with stones.

Mr. Al. Chiffin and C. E. Davie, of Reading, have lately made a most remarkable bag or two of woodcock. Mr. E. M. Gillam, of the Boston *Advertiser*, is a friend of Mr. Davie—one of the most noted gunners in this part of the country, and better known as Charlie. Mr. Gillam introduced him to Mr. J. C. Frost, of the Boston flour trade. Now Mr. Frost has a beautiful place at Vernon, Vt., and he is aware that there is some excellent shooting there. The result of the introduction was an invitation to Charlie and his friend to come up after the woodcock season opened, Aug. 15 in that State. They came, and at the same time a couple of gunners from Springfield. The result of a couple of days shooting of the four was thirty-two woodcock. Charlie and his friend Al. think that they shot the larger part of the birds, though all shooting together the second day, they were unable to be certain of the number to each gun. It was a most remarkable shoot to say the least, and a surprise to the local gunners. The fact of well trained dogs had a great deal to do with the success of the party. It is also altogether likely that the first flight of woodcock was hit at just the right time.

The gunners at Vernon, Vt., mentioned above, found partridges to be remarkably abundant. They saw flock after flock, and the chicks were well grown for so early in the season. Indeed, the reports concerning partridge shooting for fall are good from all directions. This is the reverse of last year, which was pronounced by all the worst season for years. It was thought that ticks, or bad weather, or some other cause had destroyed the young birds. This year the reverse is true, if reports have not been exaggerated or those who have seen the birds have not mistaken their eyesight. Large coveys of partridges are reported in almost every direction in the State of Massachusetts, and the same is true of southern New Hampshire.

Reports are yet meagre and uncertain from Maine, but so far as received, they indicate that grouse are very plenty. It is hoped that these reports have not been overdrawn, and that on the beginning of the open season, partridge shooting may be the best for years. From quail the reports areal so good. A gentleman tells me that on a single ride from Bayfield to Newburyport he started five or six bevies of quail, the most he ever saw on the same road, and it is one with which he is familiar. The same is true on the Cape, and in the western part of the State. SPECIAL.

### Florida Bears.

DUKE, Fla., July 24.—I have killed three bears in little over a month's time. Mr. Bryant and myself went down on the edge of Graham one rainy evening. In the huckleberry patch, where we had seen the sign before, we had some fun. We got two cubs apiece, but did not see either one of the old ones. But last week I got into it right. I was down in the swamps with the dogs. I heard something coming, the trees fairly snapping off, and I got ready. The old bear was coming, and had the dog in the lead. You know I did not have time to climb either, so you know how my hair was; but I fired one barrel of my gun at her, and shot her down. Up she got; did not have time to catch my breath before she was on me; but the last barrel I shot her brains out. Mr. Will Raulerson killed one of her cubs, so that hunt was completed. To-day we had a little fun, but it was calm. Just after sunrise we heard a hog squealing about one mile off. We gathered our guns and heeled it to Graham. We got there in time to kill the bear. E. A. E.

### Kansas Wild Geese.

SEDGWICK, Kans., Aug. 19.—Last evening about 6 o'clock a large flock of wild geese known in this locality as "big Canadas" passed over this city on their way south, and this morning quite a number of people report having heard wild geese passing over during the night. This is something unknown before here, and may possibly interest some of your readers. A. G.

## A HUNT IN THE ROCKIES.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

Oct. 19, Camp on Robinson's Fork.—After leaving our lovely camp on Warm River, en route for this point, we were obliged to work our way through gorges, scale mountains and cut trails through thickets. This stream is about half the size of Warm River, and its bed is composed of boulders, some of which are quite large and furnish ideal pockets for myriads of trout. The water is several degrees cooler than Warm River, but strange to say, not more than 60ft. from our camp boils up a spring, the water of which is as cold as ice water. We are about fifty miles from the nearest habitation.

On Thursday, the 17th, and the day after arriving here, Rea and the writer left with two days' rations to look up game signs, returning yesterday morning, the 18th. We traveled over a large extent of country, ascending one of the highest ranges composing the continental divide, and in our ascent we went up places so steep that small rocks, starting to roll, would gain such velocity that they would jump from 20 to 60ft. at a bound before reaching the bottom of the cañons. Our trusted cayuses never missed a step. Warrior would nip bunch grass when descending places so steep that he seemed to be standing on his head. Our camp is within about fifteen miles of the Park line, and while on our scout yesterday and day before we were not more than eight miles from the Park line. Up to yesterday afternoon the weather was of the same character, heavy frosts at night and quite warm during the day. In the afternoon about 3 o'clock it began snowing, which was followed in half an hour by rain.

During our absence of two days Bush and Weber have been amusing themselves fishing and shooting small game in the neighborhood of the camp, and they have been quite successful, as is evidenced by a supply of fresh meat and several pelts on stretchers and tacked against trees near by. Yesterday evening on our return toward camp we struck a fresh elk trail, and this morning Rea, Bush and Weber started in pursuit, I concluding to remain in camp to write up my journal, repair some tents in my wardrobe, and arrange for an early march.

*Fall River, Wyoming, Thursday Morning, Oct. 22.*—Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock Rea and Weber returned to camp and reported having found a fresh-washed water hole by elk and moose, and we at once started for the vicinity, with blankets and provisions for two days. The game did not materialize, though we remained in ambush until long after dark. Weber and I were at the blind before daybreak and on the lookout. Rea scoured the hills and saw an elk, but he was too far off to get a shot. He killed a pine martin and shot a lynx, but too far back, and he was lost. We returned to camp about noon, empty-handed, solely on account of having no snow by which we could track the game. During the night a bull elk came within 75yds. of our bivouac, and kept us awake by disturbing the stillness of the night with his peculiar whistle, well known to hunters where the wapiti abounds. The only water we could get had to be taken from the water hole which we had come to watch, and it was so saturated with the excrement of the animals visiting it that when our coffee was ready our friend of German descent could not drink it, neither could Rea and I without tasting more of the animal than the coffee flavor.

We spent all of Sunday afternoon getting ready to move early on Monday morning. I set two traps along the fork, and in the morning I had a fine specimen of the pine martin, which I carefully skinned for setting up, and it now adorns a secluded spot in my sanctum. Monday morning we were astir early, and made this camp about 4 P. M. We are camped in a beautiful cañon through which Fall River flows. Yesterday evening we caught in a short time all the trout we wished, and some of them weighed as much as 2lbs. They are of the salmon variety. Yesterday it rained all day and was somewhat unpleasant, until about 8 P. M. it cleared up, and to-day the sun is shining bright and warm. Six of the fifteen miles we traveled yesterday was through a burned district, and no signs of game were to be seen except what was made before the fire.

We are heading for Jackson's Hole on Lake Wyoming, and as we will get an early start and have but about twenty miles, we hope to make it to-day. Bush, the mighty angler, is out whipping the stream, and by the time the packers are ready to start I expect him in with as many trout as he can take care of.

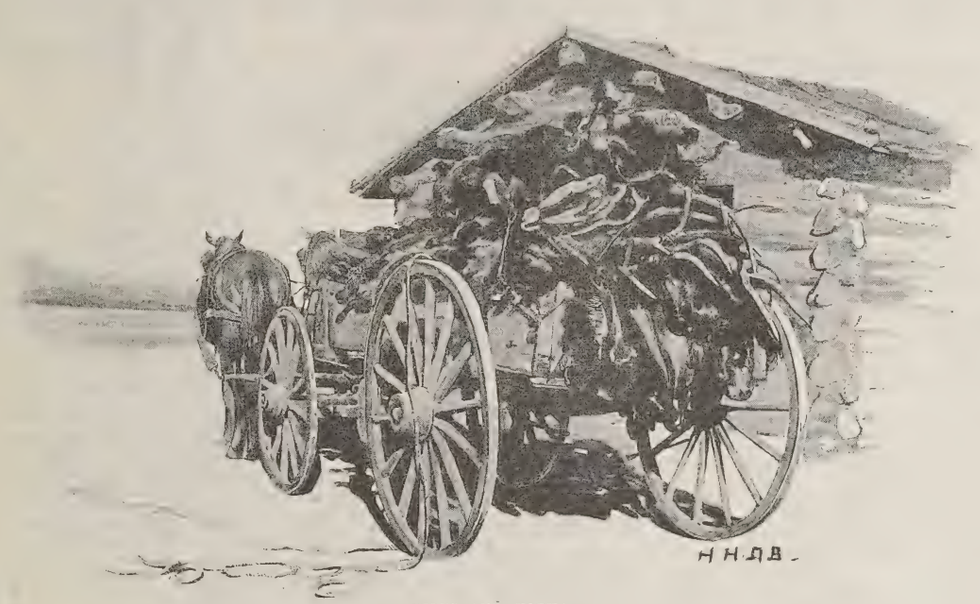
*Tuesday Evening, Oct. 22.*—As I expected, Bush came in with a fine string, and they tasted good for supper. We had some rain to-day, but it cleared off during the afternoon. To-day we passed over what is known as the Continental Divide, which puts us east of the grand old Tetons, which still loom up into the clouds, looking as grand and majestic as they did thousands of years ago, no doubt. On our march to-day we passed through what is known as the Teton Range, and at one point one of the spurs seems to have been cut abruptly off, leaving a beautiful meadow of say a hundred acres where the base of the mountain would have been. Imagine a spur of mountains ending in a perpendicular wall a thousand feet high, with here and there a stunted jack pine clinging to the rocks, its rootlets sucking an existence out of the interstices. Along the base meanders a small stream alive with trout, and soaring above its rocky summit were a dozen eagles, keeping watch over their favorite hatching places.

We are camped on the right bank of the Snake River, Wyoming, about six miles west of Jackson's Hole, celebrated for the size of the trout caught in it and the seemingly inexhaustible supply.

*Wednesday Morning, Oct. 23.*—We had intended to take up our line of march for the lake this morning, but after a consultation Rea and myself concluded to take a hunt, the other boys, Rush and Weber, electing to remain in camp and fish at leisure.

*Friday Morning, Oct. 25.*—Here I am in camp alone—no, not altogether alone, for within 10ft. of where I sit are two members of that peculiar bird family well known to hunters and prospectors as camp robbers, picking up bits of meat, and just at this moment they are quarreling about a choice morsel. Although these birds are called robbers, no true hunter will harm them. More than once have I sat on a log or stone eating my lunch in the wilderness, not conscious of any living thing near me, when—as if by magic—one or a pair would appear, and frequently within a few feet of me.

As I was the sole occupant of our camp last night and of necessity my own cook and chief "bottle washer," I have just finished a royal breakfast—good coffee, hot biscuit, and elk steak of my own killing. The history of this hunt in the Rockies, marred by the presence of almost universal forest fires, and the absence of snow, which was due over a month ago, only proves again that perseverance is always crowned with a certain degree of success, even under the most unfavorable circumstances.



HIDES AND HORNS.

Drawn from an amateur photograph.

Now to Wednesday's hunt, which will explain why I am alone in camp. But before I proceed further it might be well to call attention to the locality in which we were encamped, Uintah county, Wyoming.

Jackson's Hole, in Lake county, is a continuation of that region beginning with the Washburn Range in the Yellowstone National Park, and continuing south and southeast, embracing the Teton Range, Wyoming Mountains and Wind River Range, for a distance of about 180 miles to the Sweet Water Mountains in southwestern Wyoming. I am fully convinced that there are more mountains, mountain gorges, deep cañons, high snow-clad peaks, beautiful lakes and less park land here than any other section in which we have traveled. Directly east and across the Snake from our camp ran a range north and south, cut through with a deep cañon. We determined to make the summit, which could be seen covered with snow from the little valley below—the snow line being about midway between the summit and the foothills at the base, through which the Snake rippled over the pebbly bottom toward the lake.

An early start and a fearful ride through thickets, over high rocks and around cañons in an unbroken wilderness, brought us to the highest point of the range by 11 A. M. Here we dismounted, dropped our reins, and gently moved in the direction of the bluff or point where we were in a position to get a view of the country below us. We did not advance more than 50ft. until we were enabled to see over the whole top of the range—a country on top of the mountains. Below us was a scoop-out or basin, as near as we could calculate about two and a half by three miles in diameter, with a ridge or hog-back running through it from northeast to southwest. This basin was composed of small hills, open parks and clumps of stunted pines, with here and there a boulder, the general elevation being between 8,000 and 9,000ft. From our location we could see into nearly every nook of the territory composing the peculiar cup-shaped cavity.

For several minutes we scanned every part of the picture with our natural eyes, and just as I was about removing my field glass from its holster I thought I caught sight of four small objects which seemed to move, though they seemed not larger to the eye than a half-grown sheep, but dark in color. I said, "George, I've found them; look just this side of the divide, emerging from that clump of pines—what are they?" and handed him the glass. His practiced eye was not long in solving my enigma. "Elk! Game at last! See, they are still coming out of the clump of lines—5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18! Now for business!" One fine old bull with magnificent antlers, thirteen cows and four spring calves; they are our meat; we are entitled to it, and we need it. Keep cool and your powder dry, we will outgeneral them sure, if we can get down off this mountain and into the basin on the other side of the little divide. There we will leave our horses and slip on to them, and the battle will begin. They will get rattled and we may be able to drive them into the rocks beneath our feet, and bag the whole band. No time is to be lost! The top of the range was bald, that is to say without trees along the edge of the precipice, and for a distance varying from 50 to 200yds. to the timber line, tolerably well covered with bunch grass, and that with about 6in. of snow.

We were soon mounted, and after a brisk ride of about two miles, all the while on the lookout for a place to descend, we came upon the tracks of two elk. After following their trail for some 300yds., we were not surprised to find them good guides, as we suspected they had business in the basin, and they knew well where they could descend. Though very steep, we knew where elk could get down a cayuse could also.

Dismounting, we landed safely in the basin, and on the east side of the divide, after which we soon found a clump of trees in which to leave our horses. They were soon secured with the picket ropes. "Now," says George, "we will take off our coats, but all the ammunition we have must go along, for if we came up to that band of elk there will be a regular old-fashioned serenade, and that is what we want—follow me."

Stealthily, though as rapidly as was prudent, we descended the west side of the divide, slipping from one clump of trees to another and pick over one little gulch to the top of another, until we came to their trail, which indicated that though being pursued they knew it.

Soon they turned to our left, toward the rocky range from the top of which we discovered them. "That is what we want," whispered George, "we will bear off to the west and head them off." To our right was a gulch running in the right direction. Hurrying down it 100yds. we crept up to where we could get a view of the situation. The guide was some 20ft. in advance of me, and creeping on his stomach; suddenly he dropped his head and came running back. "I got sight of them just above us, and about 200yds. distant, and from the way they act I am convinced that they have winded us, but they are unable to locate us, as the currents of air in these basins have no regular course, one moment the elk would get a whiff of air from us, the next would be as like as not vice versa. Now we will follow this depression and get nearer, as we must make sure work."

In a few minutes more we had by crawling on hands and knees gained our place of attack, and peering over the rise, our whole band was in full view at about 100yds., bunched or huddled together as closely as they could get. What a picture for a hunter! Eighteen of the noblest game in the Rockies, each one trying to see, hear or smell danger, which they felt was present, but no one of them being able to solve the mysterious disturbance of the atmosphere, and to complete the picture and make it still more interesting, on the opposite side of the herd from us towered the antlers of the only bull, who stood in a cowardly position, protected by the presence of the band of cows between him and our unerring rifles.

"Have you got your wind yet," asked the guide as I lay flat in the snow on his right; "when you have, make sure work of that big cow in front. I'll take care of the big one in front of me: perhaps my .45-90 will go through her and kill or wound another. When you are ready say fire, and off she goes."

"Fire," and the two cows fall. Still the herd stand, and quickly two more shots go into the band, both hits, and now they scamper up the mountain, which I omitted to mention was thinly wooded up to within about 200yds. of the rocky ledge, the point from which we first sighted them.

"Now come on, we will drive them to the rocks," and off goes the giant, sixty years of age and six feet tall, bounding up the steep mountain like an antelope in pursuit. Were it to save my life I could not have followed him at his pace. In time I, too, got there, and I shall never forget the spectacle that met my gaze. Under two immense boulders as large as a 12ft. wall tent, at the very top of the mountain and some 200yds. from the timber line where we were, stood half of what was left of the band, including the bull. Some 50yds. lower down were the remaining half. We opened fire again, and it was not long before all save the four spring calves had shared a common fate.

Just as we had finished, a trapper named Joe Kemp, attracted by the firing, came to us and rendered valuable assistance in removing the entrails from the fourteen elk. It was 2 P. M. when we began, and at 5 P. M. we had succeeded in getting the bodies out from among the rocks and slid down to the foot of the range. By 5:30 we were ready to start down the mountain, a task which we feared would be not only dangerous but impracticable in the

dark. Each of us strapped a hindquarter of elk behind his saddle for our hungry companions. Our new helper went with us, and after many detours over a terrible country, we at 10:30 reached the snow line, when the darkness of the night and the roughness of the route prevented further progress. We could do no better than build a fire and bivouac for the rest of the night, and without water for ourselves or horses.

In the morning, as soon as it was light enough for us to see our way, we started for camp, being obliged to follow the bottom of a gorge and in many places cut logs in order to make it possible to get through. Arriving at 9:30 A. M., we soon gladdened the hearts of our companions with the tale of our hunt, and at once set about organizing the pack train and getting it off to the scene of the killing.

Fortunately, within a mile of our camp the only other inhabitants of the section for many miles were in the trapper's camp, Joe and his companion. A day or two before our arrival two men with a wagon had brought in their supplies for the winter, and were waiting to get meat and hides for a back load to Ricksburg, Wyo., as near as I can tell, about 105 miles from where we are located.

At 1 P. M. I had the satisfaction of seeing the whole outfit off for the top of the mountain, consisting of 9 men and 17 horses—5 of the horses ridden by our party, and 12 to be used for packing the hides, horns and meat. Some one had to remain in camp, and the writer preferred to fill that position, and that accounts for my being alone.

*Sunday Morning, Oct. 27.*—The skinning out and packing in the meat, heads, horns and hides of fourteen elk proved to be more of a task than was first supposed, and our people did not get back to camp until Saturday at 2 P. M. The hides we kept and as much of the meat as we could make use of on our march home, and the rest we gave to our trapper friends, who were glad for so valuable a back-load. During my lonely vigil in camp I had full satisfaction with the rod and line, fishing in the Snake, and was not obliged to go more than a few hundred yards from the magnificent pool just in front of our quarters. The largest specimen weighed 3¼lbs., caught with a small spoon bait. He made a good fight, and became the subject of a photograph, also of the process of skinning.

While up the mountain the outfit came in sight of another herd of twenty-six elk, most of which could have been killed, but we had all that could be taken care of, and there was no object in pursuit except wanton destruction, and that ingredient did not enter into our composition.

The antlers of the bull elk proved to be of unusual size and perfect in every particular. It took me two hours yesterday to prepare the head for transportation on the animals, as it had to be sawed through its center and the flesh carefully trimmed off, our German artist making a good picture of the operation during its progress.

Yesterday evening we built a fire on the point of a small peninsula in the river, and tried the experiment of fishing by firelight. In three-quarters of an hour we caught 26 very fine trout by casting the line down stream as far as we could and then reeling up, when scarcely a single cast failed to get a strike, and mostly a fine trout.

To-morrow morning (Monday) the trappers' team will start for their destination, and if the snows do not come they will get through inside of a week. This will afford us the first opportunity of sending out mail since leaving the ranch, and by arrangement we are to deposit the letters in a Royal Baking Powder can at the end of a log two rods north of the trappers' camp, they being up the mountain bringing down the balance of the meat which they were unable to transport yesterday.

*Rea's Ranch on the Shotgun, Idaho, Nov. 2.*—We arrived here yesterday at 4:30 P. M., after a continuous march of six days. We did no hunting or fishing, except the catching of a few fish as we needed them, and picking up a few ducks and an occasional wild goose while on the march.

The only incident worthy of note occurred one morning as we were nearly ready to take up our line of march. Three swans came flying along; Bush, who happened to have his gun in his hand, made the remark that he would have swan steak broiled for his supper, and as he made the remark he stepped a few feet from the fire, took aim and fired—and to the utter astonishment of all present the last swan in the row toppled and fell dead to the ground just 210 steps from where he stood. Swan invariably fly in single file and he averred that he aimed about 4ft. in front and 3ft. above the first swan. Upon examination it was found that the ball had passed through the neck 2in. behind the head. This was one of the most remarkable chance shots on record, at least in my experience, as the ball did its work not less than 16ft. further back than where it was aimed.

All hands were now busy attending to the hides, photographing the horses and their riders and arranging for the departure of Bush and Weber, who started for home next day. I remained a few days until the hides were in a condition to ship, when Rea and I took up our line of march to Beaver Cañon, where they were crated and shipped by freight East. As I write the sightless glass eyes of the bull, two cow elk and a black-tail buck appear to be looking down upon me from the walls of my office, and continually remind me of my most remarkable outing in the Rockies. SHONGO.

LANCASTER, Pa.



## AN AROOSTOOK REMINISCENCE.

THE first time I ever went deer hunting, I was successful. I admit at the start, however, that luck was a more potent factor than skill in bringing about the result.

Ever since I was first able to lug around a gun, it has been my practice to spend at least a few days, generally a couple of weeks, in the fall hunting.

For some time I made my uncle's farm, not far from Portland, my headquarters, where I got a fair number of partridges and gray squirrels with an occasional duck in the river, and at the same time had the pleasure of revisiting old friends and relatives. But a business boom struck the town and it settled up rapidly, and finally one fall some years ago, after hunting several days without capturing either fur or feathers, I realized with regret that the hunting ground of my boyhood days was played out.

Well, I laid my gun aside and made my stay somewhat shorter than usual that fall, and next year when the hunting season drew near, I began to look around for a new field of operation.

The result of my search was that I brought up in a little hamlet of some half dozen houses in southern Aroostook the first day of October. The ruffed grouse was the main object of my quest, and I found him in greater numbers than had ever before been my fortune to encounter, getting from three or four to as high as a dozen in a day's hunt. After my arrival there I found what I had not known before that this was quite a noted locality for deer.

I had never hunted any for large game, but was considered a fair shot with a rifle, and the first few days of my stay the new report of several deer being killed within a radius of a few miles stimulated me to make the attempt myself. Just at this time a party of three sportsmen from Massachusetts came to the house. They were very fly young men, and were going to kill all the game in the region. They procured the best guides to be found, hunted two days, saw several deer, but failed to secure any, and at the end of the second day gave it up and returned home disgusted.

The second day was Friday, and that evening one of the guides dropped into my hostelry, and conversing with us on the result of the late expedition, said that there were plenty of deer over the route they had traveled, if anybody was smart enough to get them, and that he meant to try it again to-morrow. Another young man who was present offered to accompany him. I had had a pretty good session with the partridges, and being invited to go also, concluded to make the third member of the party.

We did not get a very early start, leaving the house about half an hour after sunrise. I had a Winchester .34, belonging to the house, which I had used some, Ernest, the guide, had a Kennedy .44, and Arthur, the other man, had my double shotgun. We walked up the main road about a mile, then by a crossroad through the woods half a mile, to an arm of the lake. Here we took a batteau, our route for some two miles and a half being by water. One rowed and another paddled, the third man by turns relieving the others. The wind was dead against us and it was no slight job to make any headway with the batteau, as any one who has used one of these craft can testify. They are sharp at both ends, the bow and stern overhanging, about twice as large as a common dory, and weigh something less than four tons each.

The arm was half a mile long and reaching the end, I got my first view of the lake. Good judges have pronounced it one of the loveliest in the country, and I could but admit, not without reason. It was of oblong shape, some three miles long and a half mile wide at the widest point, surrounded on all sides by ridges heavily wooded with a birch, beech and maple growth, which had already begun to put on its autumn regalia of brilliant colors. No sign of previous human occupancy was to be seen from our point of view, and we could easily imagine ourselves a hundred miles from the nearest habitation of civilized beings. The smart breeze blowing had ruffled up the surface of the water into waves of quite respectable size, but by perseverance we finally reached our landing place, in the lee of a point putting out into the lake, and where an old logging road ran back into the woods.

We hauled the batteau up a little on the shore, took our guns and started up the logging road, following it in a westerly direction about quarter of a mile, when it turned to the north and ran up over a ridge. Here the hunt proper began. I kept the road, Ernest took a position about 100yds. to my left, and Arthur the same distance to my right, and we moved slowly up over the ridge, occasionally catching sight of each other to direct our movements, the programme being to keep somewhere near in line, and if either jumped a deer somebody would stand a chance of a shot.

We walked along slowly and cautiously, I keeping the road, and after proceeding a quarter of a mile I discovered that I had lost both companions, but I had taken the lay of the land and knew I could easily get back to the boat, and pushed on. A few hundred yards more brought me to the edge of a little clearing some sixty yards square, which was evidently the end of the road. I could see some distance through the forest in all directions, and thinking it probable that by reason of better walking in the road I had get ahead of my companions, I sat down on a log and waited for them to show up. I had not sat there more than two or three minutes, when I heard a shout and then a rifle shot to my left, apparently a couple of hundred yards away. I cocked my rifle and waited. Presently, in the direction of the shot, I saw a small white object bobbing through the woods, coming straight toward me. I did not know that it was a deer's tail, and thought at first that it was an extra large robin. Then I saw that it was too high in the air, and the idea struck me that it might be a deer. I put the rifle to my shoulder and sighted it on the object as near as possible. In a few seconds a deer jumped over a fallen spruce about forty yards away, into the clearing in plain sight. I covered him, and the instant he struck the ground I fired. The only effect it apparently had was to increase his speed, and he went by me like a streak, I getting two more shots at him before he got out of sight. I was just about to follow him when I heard a call from Ernest; I answered, and presently he came up and said he had jumped a bunch of three or four deer, but failed to get a shot, and knowing that one had gone in my direction had shouted and fired to warn me.

I told him my experience, and we went to the place where the deer was when I first fired, and followed his track to where he reëntered the woods. We found no blood or hair, and I could see that he thought I had missed him clean. But I knew that I had not lost my nerve, and felt sure that I had not missed the bigness of a deer at 40yds. So we entered the woods, he taking the lead and I following close behind. The deer showed no signs of giving up, and after tracking him nearly 200yds., Ernest stopped and said, "It's no use, I guess you didn't touch him."

I was about to acquiesce, when looking ahead I saw about 50yds. away just one of his ears sticking up behind a little hillock. I exclaimed, "There he is!" and instantly aiming in the direction of the ear, fired two shots in quick succession. I admit that I was a little excited then, and was about to let go a third time, when the guide said, "Don't shoot, partner, don't shoot; he's down." And so it proved.

He was dead when we reached him, having bled inwardly. It was a yearling buck and weighed, we estimated, 125lbs. Having bled him we looked for the shots, and found but one hole in him and no place where the ball came out. We afterward found that the ball had struck his right shoulder, breaking it, traversed him lengthwise and lodged in one of his hips.

So it was my first shot, as he was nearly head on when that was fired. My second and third shots were missed as he skipped by, which somewhat lowered my pride as a marksman. The two last could not be expected to reach him, as he was all out of sight behind the hillock except the ear. The fact that he had traveled 300yds. with such a wound, spoke wonders for their vitality.

We tied his legs together, cut a sapling and ran through and each took an end on his shoulder and started for the boat.

It was a pretty severe job getting him along that rough old road and over fallen trees, but I was not in a mood to complain; and Ernest was a powerful fellow, used to such work, and made no bones of it. We reached the boat in due season and found it was only 11 o'clock. We rested a while, ate a lunch, and then struck out again. Arthur was quite deaf; he had evidently heard nothing of the scrimmage, and it was useless to try and call him back. We hunted several hours, but found no more deer and returned to the boat to find Arthur not yet arrived.

We interviewed the grub basket again; and after another rest went back into the woods a little way, where we had seen a flock of partridges in the morning. In a short time we got three, shooting their heads off with rifle balls. Two of them came my way and Ernest shook hands with the other. Then finding no more we returned to the lake shore and waited, occasionally making a trip to the grub basket, and glancing into the batteau, where the deer lay in state with the partridges, minus heads, arrayed on either side, giving us the comforting reflection that the day had not been spent in vain. It was nearly sundown when Arthur showed up. He had not heard the shots and had spent nearly the whole day trying to find us. We set out at once, Ernest and I rowing, and Arthur taking his turn at the basket.

The wind was with us this time and we made pretty good progress to our landing place, put up the batteau, lugged our game out to the main road, hung the deer up in a tree, and reached the house soon after dark. We harnessed a horse, went back and brought him home in triumph.

So I got my deer after all, and even now the recollection of that day forms perhaps the most pleasing reminiscence of my hunting career. E. W. L.

## HUNTING RIFLES AND BULLETS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Regarding hunting rifles for large game, I have read statements of sportsmen who have had some experience in hunting, advocating the use of rifles from .38 to .40cal. and in some instances single shots in preference to repeaters, saying that the single shot can be made much lighter and therefore easier to carry, also that such a rifle shooting a fair charge of powder and a solid bullet will kill any game liable to be found in such localities as Maine, northern New York and the Provinces, if the bullet is put in the right place.

Now in my opinion this if is a good deal larger than it may generally appear. Suppose you are still-hunting deer on the first snow, and find the track of a buck and follow, sometimes directly on the track, if you are a still-hunter keeping some distance to leeward if you have reason to think you are getting handy to your game. Often the deer is lying down in some fallen treetop or similar place. It is ten to one you will not see him until he gets up, and if he gets up it is usually because he has heard you or has reason to suspect some danger. He may be in such position that you can put your bullet right in the center of his shoulder, or you may be flurried and shoot high and break his spine. In either case you won't have any more trouble with him. Suppose, however, he is in such position (and the chances are more than even that he will be), that you only see a patch of gray. You ought to shoot at what you see (that is if you know it is the game you are after); it is not safe to move so as to get a better chance. You shoot and put your solid .38 or .40 bullet through his body. If it goes through anywhere between the shoulders and hips and does not touch the heart or spine, you are likely to have a long tramp before you get him, and the chances are good you will not get him at all. I can give a number of instances occurring in locations where I have been hunting when deer were lost in this way when shot through the body with .38, .40, .44 and .45 solid bullets. Some were followed all day and some were left until the next day in hopes that they would either die or get stiff during the night.

When I am hunting I prefer to get my game as quickly as possible after shooting at it, and I therefore believe in a rifle which may be considered heavy, but which shoots a charge of powder and a bullet which I have found by practical experience to do its work effectively. A very light rifle and small bullet will do it occasionally. I saw a handsome buck which was killed with a single shot from a 12in. .22 Stevens pocket rifle. The buck was running fast through hard-wood timber, and was dropped at once at 70yds. with a .22 short cartridge. It was a pure case of luck. The man who did the shooting couldn't hit one deer in ten under similar conditions, and wouldn't get one in twenty if he did hit them.

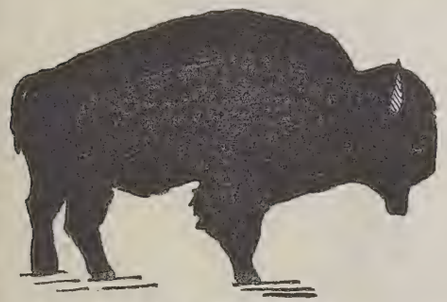
Last winter I spent a night in the camp of a friend, a young man who is as good a woodsman and still-hunter

considering his age, as I know. On the night I refer to he was feeling rather blue; he had been out that day and found the track of a large buck and followed it about two hours, when he saw him get up about 30yds. away, behind a fallen treetop. All he could see was the middle of his body, and he put a bullet from his .40-65 through him, but did not get a chance for a second shot until he had followed him some distance. He struck him in the neck the second time, then spent nearly all the rest of the day following, and finally lost him by his taking to some open water. This man killed a buck the next day, also a two-year-old moose while on the trip, and had to shoot several bullets into each before getting them.

The rifle I have used durinng the last four seasons is a Winchester .45 90 half magazine weighing 9¼lbs. I had it made to order and hesitated at the time between a .45 and .50. I load my cartridges with 100grs. of powder and a 300grs. Keene express bullet. My old bone-breaker has done good work so far, I have killed fourteen heads of game such as moose, caribou, bears and deer. None of it has gone 50yds. from where it was shot at. I have been fortunate in getting a number of good shots, but I think some of my game would have gone quite a distance if the caliber had been smaller or solid bullets used. A rifle of 7lbs. is easier to carry on a long tramp, but if you do much hunting you are pretty sure to make up for the 2lbs. or so of weight in the number of miles you will travel after some of your wounded game. Also I believe in a repeater, although I have never been obliged to call on the magazine for more than a second shot, except once; in this case I saw two bears at quite a distance on an open barren; I crept up within 25yds. of them and found there were three, they were in some low scrubby bushes. No. 1 sat up and got shot, so did No. 2 and 3; it was pretty quick work—less than ten seconds. I did not want a single-shot rifle just then. It was very easy, about like shooting at three flour barrels at less than 25yds., only they were bears.

I have talked with parties who questioned the penetration of the bullets I use, some of them saying they did not think they would be effective on a moose at distances over 100yds. My companion on my first trip to Nova Scotia used a rifle, a duplicate of mine, and cartridges of my loading. He killed two moose one afternoon, one at 295yds. and the other at 175. (We measured the distance.) The first dropped at once, got up and staggered a few yards and went down to stay; was struck back of the shoulder just over the heart. The second was struck at base of ear and dropped in its tracks. Last fall I shot a bull which came to our calling; he came without answering and was working around to get to leeward of us. We suspected he was trying something of the sort, so we tried still-hunting him and came unexpectedly on him at close quarters in some quite thick timber. I could see parts of him, but not his shoulders, and shot at what I took to be the center of his neck; afterward found it was his head. The bullet struck him fair in center of side of head. He wheeled around in his tracks and I put a second bullet in his shoulder; he just folded his knees under him and went down. The penetration of the Keene bullet with 100grs. of powder is not as great as a heavier solid bullet with less powder. The trajectory is pretty flat, and I have found them very killing. They will not go through a moose. On the caribou and deer they went clean through, coming out in from three to five places. They will spoil some meat, but not more than several small solid bullets would.

I was told that some members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association tried the Keene bullets at targets and



THREE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.
I.—The Buffalo.

found them very erratic. I have used between 200 and 300 of them at targets from 50 to 400yds. when testing my rifle, and I never saw any signs of their spreading before reaching the targets. At 50, 75 and 100yds. I shot at sheets of cardboard dipped in melted wax; the holes were clean cut, with no sign of spreading. Before starting on a trip after game I always test my cartidges, rifles and sights to be sure they are all right. When you are on the hunting grounds and in presence of game, it will not lessen your chances of securing it if you know your tools are to be relied on.

As for hunting sights, those usually put on American rifles as sold by the trade, consisting of a chunk of brass or copper at the muzzle and a sort of buckhorn with high sides and a fine notch at the bottom for a rear sight are about the worst. Good hunting sights should show clearly and quickly and as uniformly as possible in different lights. I think this can hardly be claimed for the above. In different lights the reflection from the front sight will vary considerably, also when shooting quickly you are very likely not to get down into the fine notch of the rear sight, causing over-shooting. A good deal of game is missed at very short range, and two-thirds of it by shooting too high. I have experienced a good deal with various so-called hunting sights and have not found anything equal to Lyman's, and I have used the latter on all my hunting trips. I think the Winchester express sights are pretty good, and should choose them next to Lyman's. It may take a little practice to get accustomed to the latter; but as I have said, it is well to test both your rifle and sights before starting on a trip. Do not start off as I have seen parties do with rifles they had just bought, with no knowledge whatever of their shooting qualities except what they had been told by the salesman.

Mr. O. and I expect to be on some good moose ground the latter part of next month. We may not get the game we are after, but we expect to, and at all events we shall try.

C. M. Stark.

Dunbarton, N. H.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 18.—The biblical names seem to be out of luck on South Water street. Last year it was B. Aaron & Son who were found with a couple of barrels of illegal prairie chickens in their clothes. And now come Moses Gray & Co., of the same delectable neighborhood, and admit in open court that they had twenty-five illegal chickens secreted on their persons last week. Warden Bortree developed this fact. Justice White assessed the outfit $125 and costs, which caused patriarchal tears to flow last Wednesday when the case came up for trial. The way of the poor but honest South Water street man is growing harder every year. It looks like some of them will have to take to work before long.

The new president of the State Sportsmen's Association, Mr. R. B. Organ, has been doing a lot of quiet hustling in game protective matters lately, and while it would not be wise to disclose his plans; it is safe to say that he will fully sustain the work so ably inaugurated last year by Mr. Price. This week Mr. Organ got wind of some illegal prairie chickens in the hands of the Adams Express Co. here, three boxes consigned to a



THREE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.
II.—The Moose.

South Water street firm. He went to the superintendent, who made examination, and opened not three but five boxes of illegal chickens. All these were destroyed and the promise of the company was given that they would not knowingly handle any such game. This will not save game unless in the form of an order extended to local agents along the line, and such an order should be issued.

Last week ccmplaints came in that a great many young ducks were being killed along the marshes of the Calumet, now lying within the corporate limits of the city. Mr. Organ entered complaint to Chief of Police McClaughry, who at once detailed some officers and the Calumet duck shooting came to an abrupt close. It would be well if Chicago would extend her limits fifty miles further out still.

WORLD'S FAIR COMMITTEE.

President Organ has announced his choice of an executive committee, upon whom will fall the arduous labors of preparation for the World's Fair Tournament of 1893, on which much interest centers. The names are as follows: F. C. Donald, chairman; W. J. Edbrook, M. J. Eich, H. D. Nicholls, E Hough. The fair committee will be, W. N. Low, chairman; F. S. Baird and B. F. Cummings.

CHICKEN COUNTRY.

Perhaps some light can be thrown on the Forest and Stream's want for good chicken country. My "game pocket" man writes me that he has sold out his former ranch and will start on the 23d of this month for Laramie, Wyo. I asked him to state something about the game prospects, and also to give me a few addresses of good chicken points outside of his country, which I could publish for the general. He replies as follows:

"Chickens are too thick for sport, only fit for murder. Ducks are fine and lots of 'em. Snipe in countless numbers; tatlers, etc., *ad lib.* Deer are more plentiful than for some time, and lots of moose and a few elk. Caribou further north.

"Grass very heavy, you want good dogs and lots of 'em. Thanks for your kind references. Business unfortunately prevents my remaining. I think there is lots of game in Wyoming. Will write you on arrival.

"Write Ed. Cavileer, Pembina, N. Dak.; tell him I said so, and he'll answer you all right. There is a fine place some twenty-five miles west of Pembina. He knows it.

"W. B. York, of Badger P. O., Kittson county, Minn., will guide men over to good shooting on chickens. I don't advise ladies to go anywhere there without a tent."

I think that the above addresses will secure good chicken shooting to any one who cares to go after it; but I have been having so much fun all by myself over my game pocket that I do not intend to give the name of my man or of his sacred game pocket publicity. I will gladly inform any proper inquirer by mail as to the whereabouts of this mysterious spot, which I verily believe just a leetle lays over anything up to date.

As to the chickens nearer home, it is feared that the wet spring wrought great damage. Reports come in from Du Page, De Kalb and other counties of this State that there are very few young chickens yet apparent. Of quails, however, the greatest abundance is reported. There is every reason to believe that this fall will bring unusually good quail shooting all over northern Illinois and Indiana, contrary to the earlier impressions.

Major J. M. Taylor, well known authority on dogs, was this morning talking with me after reading my remarks last week on the old-fashioned chicken dog.

"I am a firm believer in the excellence of the modern dog," said he, "but you want to give him a chance. Your old dogs were tough because they had the exercise. You can't take a soft city dog out in the country and expect him to do the work of a country cousin that is in constant training."

That may do all very well for an excuse, but it doesn't explain everything. Now, the Major is going to publish a fine book about field trial dogs. He showed me the picture of the first field trial winners in America, a big, husky, stout dog, about as big as a yearling ox. That's the sort of dog for me—the kind you can run a wagon over without making 'em holler. No dog is a good chicken dog unless you can run a wagon over him with impunity to the dog; the wagon to take its chances. Turn loose a lot of your flyers in that "high grass" my chicken man speaks of, and see what they will do on a warm day. They'll be hunting a place to die in a patrician way, and I'll guarantee it'll take two generations of them before they learn to stay. When they do, they'll be wider out, and higher through, and plenty tougher than they are now. Try running the wagon over your modern dogs. That's the way to see whether they're any good or not. I used to run over my old dog, every once in a while, when he was busy thinking of something, and he never seemed to mind it much. That's what I call a good dog.

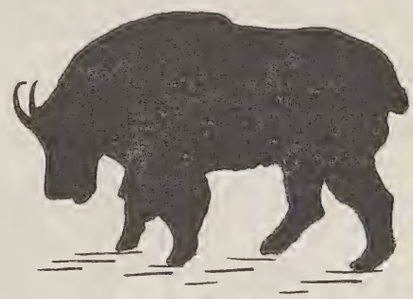
SHOT A FOX.

A friend of mine in Indiana writes me the following in regard to an incident which in the West or South would naturally be thought to require explanation or apology. Out here we do not hunt foxes with a gun. It would seem that the fox in question was aware of that fact. The worst of it is, I had loaned my friend the gun with which he did this deed. This constitutes a lawful taboo for that instrument, and I reckon now he'll have to keep the gun. His letter is as follows:

"Landersdale, Ind., Aug. 17.—I would have written you sooner but have been busy hunting squirrels. Was out yesterday and killed five squirrels, a big black snake, a ground hog and a big red fox. I didn't intend to shoot the fox, but he kept passing in front of me till I got mad. He had passed the third time, and I said to myself as I put a shell containing some No. 4 shot in the gun, 'Now, you cross my way again and I will try to kill you.' In a short time I saw him in a canter in front of me. It was a good long shot, but I blazed away. Old Mr. Fox jumped it seemed to me about 6ft. high. I did not think I had hurt him much, but my dog lit out and soon had him in her mouth. He was a fine specimen of fox, but he crossed my path once too often."

If there can be any consolation for the owner of a disgraced and tabooed gun, it may lie in the reflection that the latter proved itself a good shooter, even in the ways of crime. I always thought that used to be a good gun, when I was on speaking acquaintance with it, and I will say that now, though henceforward our ways must part.

Speaking of squirrels; another friend and I tried for some this week when we were out fishing. We had along two .22cal. rifles, splendid little arms, accurate to a hair. We found nine squirrels and got seven of them. I can not call it right to shoot squirrels with a .22. The head is not always visible, and unless you hit a squirrel fair in the throat with a .22 bullet, you will not kill it outright one case in ten. We shot one squirrel six times. This seems to me cruelty. A .22cal. may be big enough to shoot deer, but a .32 is none too large for squirrels. The old whirling-round ball of the muzzle-loading squirrel



THREE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.
III.—The Mountain Goat.

rifle used to take a squirrel out of a tree if it ever barely touched him, or perhaps if it did not even touch him. I shall use my father's old squirrel rifle next time, before I would use a .22 on squirrels.

TOLING ANIMALS.

In an interesting little brochure, "The Development of a Pawnee Myth," Mr. Grinnell continues the idea of one of the stories of his earlier book, "Pawnee Hero Stories," and tells of the way the Indians "called the buffalo." That buffalo could be called, or toled into a surround will, I imagine, be news to many white men in these days. Incidentally the author mentions the toling of canvasback ducks as practiced on the Chesapeake Bay. I remember that "old man Wood," a well-known character around Senachwine Lake, in this State, once told me he used to tole flocks of mallard ducks up to shore, by the use of a dog trained to play up and down along the edge of the water. This is the only instance I ever heard of where mallards were toled, and perhaps I mentioned it in Forest and Stream at the time.

E. Hough.

### Three Beauties of Nature.

"I don't wonder they shoot at you," said the young Moose to the Mountain Goat.

"If I looked like you I'd join a menagerie," said the Goat.

"Humph! there'll be some beauty left in the world after you are both gone," said the Buffalo.

The silhouettes are from photographs of living specimens: that of the moose (a young female) was sent us by Mr. Henry Austen, of Nova Scotia.

### Adirondack Game Notes.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are several deer and bears wandering around this town.

A few inhabitants here would like to have the FOREST AND STREAM tell them why a bounty was put on bears. No one was ever killed or wounded in the Adirondacks so far as we know. They have killed no domestic animals or tramped down any grain.

One was seen walking leisurely away from a large flock of sheep a dozen rods away. He had not touched one though he passed within three or four rods of them.

A guide who was in the Moose River region for three months from April 1 this spring says he did not know of any deer dying of starvation and that there was enough feed for ten times as many deer as there are there.

Woodchuck oil is used in preference for all others by backswoodsmen here for keeping their guns in condition.

A farmer complained of the partridges which were eating up his buckwheat.

I saw a black-headed doe on Moose River three weeks ago. Another deer seen at about sixty yards was so thin that its ribs could have been counted. All deer are in poor condition now.

"Johnny" Jones measured the leap of a panther on a fly of Big Brook a few years ago. It was just 36 feet; the jump was on a level. Mr. Jones who saw the leap made said he went in the air about ten feet.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

### The Rhode Island Association.

THE Long Island Association for the Protection of Fish and Game publishes for gratuitous circulation the Rhode Island game and fish laws and adds: "In presenting the game laws of the State in the present form for distribution, the Association deems it proper to state its general object. First—We propose to enforce the laws for the protection of game, fish and song birds within this State. Secondly—To protect the farmers and land owners against persons who mutilate stock, tear down fences, or shoot and fish on forbidden premises. We desire and ask for the co-operation of our farming friends throughout the State, believing the object sought beneficial alike to the farmer and sportsman, whom we aim to protect from a class of law-breakers who have in the past defied them, and have killed and trapped birds, taken fish, and trespassed regardless of all laws.

"Therefore we request any person who knows of violations of these laws, to make complaint of such offenses to the Association, which complaint will be carefully investigated and action taken. All communications will be treated as strictly confidential, and should be addressed to

A. L. ANDREWS, President,
75 Westminster street, Providence, R. I."

### My First Goose.

ONE morning in the early part of November while I was camped on Lake Ingalls I looked out from my tent door, and behold! I saw coming across the lake a flock of ten Canadas. As they were coming directly toward me I loaded my gun and stepped down to the edge of the lake and hid behind an old stump, hoping that they would come near enough to give me a chance to kill my long coveted first goose.

I had no sooner gotten well hidden when I saw that my wish was going to be gratified, for on they came, very low and directly toward me. At the head of the flock was an old honker who looked to my young eyes to be big enough to swallow me. *Honk! honk!* he said to the rest of his feathered friends, and as if a bugler had sounded an order, the flock broke their V-shaped form and straightened out in a line.

Now I was pleased, for in this shape it looked as if I could kill the whole flock with but one shot, so just as they got within good range I pulled on the one nearest me. Spat! fell the bird, but instead of the whole flock only one had fallen to my gun. I had shot at the nearest instead of shooting down the line. When I saw but one fall I was so surprised that I forgot I had another load, so nine out of the previous ten went on their way toward the sunny South as if nothing had happened; and as they went they seemed to laugh at me and say: "Honk! somebody got tooled." I wonder who it was. J. M. M.

### Bolting Woodchucks.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

"Woodchucks" exist here in large numbers and are a nuisance to the farmers. I believe that good sport could be had killing them with terriers, but as we have many stone walls and as the animals remain in their burrows all day and only come out at night, we have seldom succeeded in killing any. The most desirable way would be to drive them from their holes and have the terriers ready when they come out. How could this be done? Can you or any of your readers tell me? Could they be smoked out? If so, how could this be done? Some of our farms are absolutely undermined by woodchucks, and I do not see why there should not be a great chance to see some pretty terrier work. Could ferrets be used?

O. W. D.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 11

### New Jersey Reed Birds.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J. Aug. 22.—Yellow-leg snipe are reported to be on the Raritan River meadows. No reed birds have as yet been observed flying over. The law on rail and reed birds is off on Aug. 26. They are fairly numerous along the South River, and feed is abundant this year.

### Low Rate Harvest Excursions.

THE announcement that the North-Western Line, comprising over 8,000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway, has arranged to run two low rate Harvest Excursions during the months of August and September, will be gladly received by those who are interested in the development of the great West and Northwest, as well as by those who desire to visit this wonderfully productive region at a season of the year when exact demonstration can be made of the merits and advantages it offers to home seekers and those in search of safe and profitable investments. These excursions will leave Chicago on Aug. 30 and Sept. 27, and tickets can be purchased at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana. They will be strictly first-class in every particular, and will be good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of purchase. Full information concerning rates and arrangements for these excursions can be obtained upon application to any coupon ticket agent, or to W. A. THRALL, G. P. T. A., Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.—*Adv.*

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of United States and Canada. Price 50 cents.*

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Pike, Commonly Called Pickerel.

IN New York State the pike (*Esox lucius*) is almost universally called pickerel, which is the proper name for another and smaller fish of the same family, namely, *Esox reticulatus*. In the fish laws of New York pickerel are mentioned twice, once each in two different sections, and in each instance when the name pickerel is used the fish meant is the pike. The pike is referred to once and then the fish meant is the pike-perch, which is in this State more generally called pike than by its proper name of pike-perch or wall-eyed pike. I have written columns of descriptions to separate these fishes, the pike, the pickerel and the pike-perch, one from another, and sometimes the mascalonge comes in as a pike to add to the confusion, but no written description is equal to an accurate portrait of the fish for the purpose of identification. Hon. Jerome Lapham, of Glens Falls, who has a cottage on Phantom Island, Lake George, caught a pike in the lake which weighed 17½lbs., another of 14½ and still another of 12¾lbs., all within a few days of each other the last of July. The larger fish of the three was photographed and the markings of the fish are so plainly shown that FOREST AND STREAM has reproduced it. The lemon colored, bean-shaped spots on the sides of the fish appear more distinctly than in any figure of the fish that has been published that I can recall. Usually, and in very excellent figures of the pike these spots are represented as faint, light-colored markings; the shape of them is not well defined, so that altogether I think this is the best portrait of the pike that has been published, as it certainly is the best photograph. I have a photograph said to be of a pike that weighed 35lbs., and was caught in Lake Le Bouef, Erie county, Pa., by Charles Phelps, but it does not show spotting of any kind on the sides of the fish, and this very fact has caused me to think it might be another of the pike family, but the photograph is too small to determine the matter with certainty. If one will imagine that the lemon-colored spots on the side of Mr. Lapham's pike are removed, and picture in place of them dark lines and streaks, producing a reticulated appearance, it will be very like the pickerel; and if the bean-shaped spots are made round and of a dark brown color on light ground it will answer for the mascalonge. To make this fish into a pike-perch or wall-eyed pike it will be necessary in the first place to put two dorsal fins on it, so I shall not undertake it, for the structure of a fish is not so easily changed as the color.



PIKE OR PICKEREL.

Caught by Hon. Jerome Lapham in Lake George.

### Mr. Stockton's Tame Fishing.

Mr. R. B. Marston says in a recent letter from London: "Mr. Stockton, who is one of our authors, called the other day, and I had a pleasant chat with him about fishing. I told him I quite agreed with his tame fishing ideas as against game fishing. He says he has written to you about it. The tendency is to get too scientific and mechanical and 'dodgy' in our angling."

This is Mr. Frank R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Grange," etc., and his idea is that with our extremely light rods and very fine tackle the modern scientific angler is too long in killing his fish. He makes one of his characters say: "There's only two animals in the world that likes to worry smaller creatures a good while afore they kill 'em; one is the cat, and the other is what they call the game fisherman. That kind of a feller never goes after no fish that don't mind being ketched. He goes fur them kinds that loves their home in the water and bates most to leave it, and he makes it jist as hard fur 'em as he kin. The longer the weak'nin' business can be spun out the more the sport. The idea is to let the fish think there's a chance fur him to git away. That's jist like the cat with her mouse." Mr. Stockton thinks that fish taste better that are quickly landed with the fight still in them, and because he believes in short work with a fish once it is hooked. Let no one think that he is not a finished angler, because he is. The best evidence that I can produce that I agree with his plain fishing idea is that while I have a couple of split-bamboo fly-rods that weigh about 4oz. each, I do not use them once where I use an 8 or 9oz. rod a hundred times. Catching big fish on extremely light tackle is not always proof of sport. I once caught a pike of 23¾lbs. that was the biggest dough-head of a fish that I ever saw. A linen sewing thread would have brought him to gaff so far as any fight that he made was concerned. There is a happy medium between "derricking" a fish with a weaver's beam and playing a fish with a fairy wand, and that is a rod and tackle to match that is fine enough not to scare the fish, and strong enough to kill them quickly once they are hooked.

A. N. CHENEY.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 20.—It was one of those ancient parties, Col. Heraclitus, I believe, who was the author of the saying, "No man has ever been twice upon the same stream." I am persuaded that Col. Heraclitus was both philosopher and fisherman, and that he made the above remark after having had bad luck on a stream where he had every right to expect the fishing to be good. Verily, all things are fleeting, and nothing is more than once alike.

Thus reasoned my experienced friend, the Chief with Two Stomachs, and myself as we paused last week at the deep hole under the bridge where a few weeks ago we caught the 14 small-mouths. The river had fallen 4ft. and the weeds had risen 4ft. more, and our pool was much contracted. Moreover, there were two anglers on the bridge ahead of us, which was eminently wrong, *prima facie*.

"I'll bet they've read FOREST AND STREAM," said the Chief, "and so got on to our hole." And so it proved later.

"Say, won't you come over here and unfasten my line?" called one of the fishers to us as we passed by in our boat.

"Naw, unfasten nothin'," I replied; whereat the Chief rebuked me, and gently rowed over for the required service. Shortly we learned that the anglers had recognized us, though we did not know them at first. It was Billy Tuohy, from over at Eagle Lake, who had brought over Doug. Bergh, of Chicago, to try for some of our small-mouths under the bridge, as per recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Such are the ministries of a big sporting paper.

"Your big bass with the white spot over his eye is in there yet," said Billy. "I hooked him and ought to have landed him if I had been careful. He's a whale." (This shows the veracity of my fish story in regard to this old fellow.) Still, as Col. Heraclitus said, things change, and so far from catching very big bass, our friends had only taken five fish, none over a pound and a half. The school of big bass we had left in there had dispersed or been destroyed. I much suspect the reel or spear of the natives who saw us catch our big string there.

There remained for us, however, the consolation of the fact in natural history that if bass are not in one place they are in another, provided there are any bass. As to this latter we can speak in the light of our discoveries in quite a new water of the different waters near this same town of Mukwonago. Indeed, as we talked to our friends on the bridge, we had in our boat a water pail full of big bass which we had caught on the way to the bridge. We had passed hurriedly over good fishing to get to what we thought was better, only to find the latter poorer than we could have believed.

Mukwonago Creek rises in Beulah Lake, for one leg. Its other leg is dammed and makes Eagle Lake. Joined, filled with cold springs and dammed again, it makes the Mukwonago mill pond. Above this lower dam there are no small-mouth bass, though once in a while you see one in Lake Beulah. Below the dam at the village the stream is shallow enough to wade, 10 to 20yds. wide, and though it runs through a marsh for its two and one-half miles to the Fox River it has a hard, gravel bottom nearly the whole way. No one had ever fished that water, so far as we could learn, because it was very hard to get at. The Chief and I sort of 'lowed we would try it, knowing that we could descend the stream to the Fox River, and thence row a mile or so up to the bridge, where we expected to make a heavy killing in the bass family. We hauled our boat over the dam, struggled under innumerable wire fences, and at length found ourselves drifting down a swift, cold, hard-bottomed stream running through what looked like a sea of marsh and mud. The bass were in that creek, about 7,000 of them, and for about a mile of the swiftest water every one of them was a small-mouth.

"See here," said the Chief, who was rowing, "that bridge may be all right, but there's a good many fish right here. S'pose you put up a rod and try these fellows right here, and not go hunting for those in the bush, you know."

Without thinking that the bass would take a bait in such clear shallow water, I did put up a fly-rod, and began to whip a small frog about the boat, trying to head off the big waves which were running every way just ahead of the boat. By and by and biff! a big fellow went at the frog, and after a hard tussle we got a 2lbs. small-mouth in on the fly-rod—about as much fun as landing a hundred big-mouths on a bait rod. This set us to thinking, and though we passed rapidly on down the creek, and did not stop and fish carefully, I kept on whipping with the little frogs, and we caught six splendid small-mouths in this way and one big-mouth, out of fifteen strikes. They smashed our leaders up awfully, and tore loose in the weeds very often. The bass were feeding, and they had that little creek fairly alive with big boiling splurges where they were catching frogs. Right there was where we missed our chance to catch a big string of bass. The bass had left the dirty, weedy river to run up in that cold creek and catch minnows and frogs. If they had ever been fished very much they would have been too shy to take the bait so close to the boat as they did. I think we made a discovery in this creek here, just as we did in hunting out the channel through and above the big pond, where we caught the largest big-mouths ever taken in that section.

And yet the Chief heeded not Heraclitus. "To-morrow," said he, "we will go down that creek again, and we will break the record." On the morrow I could not

go with him, but he went alone. He came back bathed in a long-forgotten, honest perspiration, and had in his company—one solitary bass!

"Those bass didn't want any frogs to-day," said he: "they just turned up their noses at 'em." 'Cause why, it wasn't the same stream. Heraclitus had a good head, if he was a ancient.

Nevertheless, when Mr. W. H. Comstock, of this city, asked me yesterday where to go for some fly-fishing for bass, I sent him to this same locality unhesitatingly. I do not know of any wading water, anywhere in the country, where there are so many large bass. They ought to rise to the fly, and if they do at all, Mr. Comstock will get some of them, for he never uses anything but the fly for bass, and is very successful.

GREAT FISHING.

I do not know any reason for it, and indeed, there is every reason against it, but it is a fact that fish of all kinds are biting ravenously all over this part of the country. Everybody is having luck. Mr. C. W. Lee, of the Board of Trade, tells me that all the Board of Trade men now dropping in from their summer trips report good fishing. On all hands the stories are the same. The high water of this spring was a blessing to anglers. The Fox Lake country is alive with fish. At Antioch we found big-mouth bass a drug on the market.

Bass are now taking the fly very well on the Fox at Elgin, and the fly-fishing there will be good all the rest of this month and perhaps for a week or so in September.

The Kankakee swarms with bass in its upper reaches. The Mak-saw-ba boys are glorying in the sport. Billy Mussey has been living there, and weekly adds some new and lurid light on records. He brought up 34 bass in one lot, the last time he came, and in three days caught 24, 19, 14. Roll Organ caught 16 last Saturday, L. R. Brown 10, Frank Reynolds 12, Geo. Holden 8, and others of the club in the same ratio. Talk about bass! I never heard of such fishing in these parts. All frog casting. I recommend to these anglers in the narrow Kankakee that they lay aside their bait-rods and try pitching small frogs on fly-rods. It is a shame to use a fly-rod so, but you can take an old and stiffish one. In this way the angler can have some fun with his fish. I should like to hear some of these mighty men in connection with a 4lbs. bass and a fly-rod, and the Kankakee current.

Mr. C. W. Lee starts soon for a couple of weeks at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., where he anticipates divers struggles with mascallonge, pickerel or maybe rock bass, if he has luck.

Mr. Abe Pool, of this city, is back from a northern lake whose whereabouts he is not anxious to reveal. In one day he caught 82 bass there. On the same day a market-fisher caught 189 bass in the same lake.

Mr. Harry Wadhams is just back from Wausaukee Club, near Wausaukee, Wis. In his stay of some days he caught 582 trout in the adjacent streams. He caught 87 trout in one day. He brought back with him 21 trout, of which not one weighed less than 1¾lbs. They ranged from that up to 2¾lbs. I knew in a minute where these trout were caught, for there is only one place in that region where that is possible. It was in the deep, cold hole at the mouth of Medicine Brook, where it empties into the Peshtigo River, about 10 miles above Ellis Junction. I have reported other heavy trout from the same spot in previous years. Yet old men will tell you gravely that there isn't a trout in the Peshtigo!

DESTRUCTION OF YOUNG BASS.

Dr. Bartlett, of the State Fish Commission, cites an unusual and most unfortunate state of affairs in the hook-and-line murder of young bass along the Mississippi River. The worst of it, there is no remedy. Leave the greed of the average clown alone, and it will know no limit till the end of the fish has come. The letter mentioning this reads as follows, and one can imagine the feelings of the man who wrote it, for Dr. Bartlett is sincere in his love for things that swim.

"QUINCY, Ill., Aug. 17.—Small game fish never so plenty as this season. Everywhere the waters are full of them, but I fear that irreparable damage is being done to the future of good bass fishing. Hundreds of thousands are caught every week of young black bass, measuring hardly 4in. in length. I presume Sunday last and Sunday preceding 100,000 young black bass were taken by hook and line out of Quincy Bay, and every day enormous strings of these little fish are taken. I have just come to my office from the depot, and on my way up I counted thirty-two men and boys on one little point of land jutting out in the bay, not over 40ft. across, and there was a little black bass in the air all the time. Every individual had a big string; as I sit now writing I look out of my office window and count nine boys all catching these little bass as fast as they can bait hooks.

"Think of it; one man boasted of a catch of 800 Sunday, and not one of them fit to eat. Ninety per cent. of all these fish are thrown away, spoiled when they come in, or, if taken home, go to the ash heaps. These people are doing more harm to the bass fishing of the future than the fishermen, a long way, and yet there is no redress. It is a hard sight to see the strings that go by the office—200 to 300 on each.

"We have a goodly number of prosecutions and convictions reported by our wardens—over 1,100 for the season.

"Am out of all my damage suits in good shape—new trials or continuances. I have been quite busy with the work in hand. S. P. BARTLETT."

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club continues its practice meets, the last being that of Aug. 13. Many erstwhile novices are becoming quite profishient, as it were.

E. HOUGH.

### Fishing at Fountain City, Wisconsin.

R. L. C. and myself left Minneapolis Aug. 11 on the Chicago, Burlington & Northern for a week's vacation at Fountain City, Wis., 107 miles from Minneapolis. Fountain City contains, in its normal condition, 972 inhabitants—970 German, 1 Englishman and 1 Irishman, the last two speaking the German language as she is spoken. It will repay any one to make a trip to Fountain City, and it's dollars to cents they will say they have seen no other place like it in the United States.

The fishing on the Mississippi River is very fair, and is improving every day as the water in the river lowers. A large variety of fish can be taken with the minnow for bait—black bass, striped bass, croppie, pickerel, sand-pike, pike, skip-jack, buffalo, sheepshead, gar, sturgeon and catfish. Trout can be taken in the brooks from four to six miles into the country.

The accommodations are first class; at the Scherer Hotel, which is kept by Albert Scherer, board can be obtained at $2 per day, or by the week for $7.

Aside from the fishing, as notes of special interest may be mentioned the springs, or fountains, and the bluffs. The place is rightly named Fountain City; it abounds with clear, cool, sparkling springs, gushing out from the side of the bluff, and almost every residence has its private fountain. The high bluffs overhang the city to the height of between 500 and 600ft. Eagle Bluff, the highest, takes its name from Eagle Valley, in which is located a very nice trout stream.

C. and I made a trip up the bluff and were well repaid by the view we got of the Mississippi River and the neighboring islands.

We have put in the week and are to come back in October, when the trees of the hills and bluffs have taken on their autumn colors and the ducks and jacksnipes are in the land. W. F. D.

## BLUEFISHING IN OLD TIMES.

HAVING read in the FOREST AND STREAM many accounts of fishing trips and of various incidents in connection therewith. And being an old and enthusiastic bluefish fisherman, I wish to add my part to reminiscenes of the past life in New York city. I found myself financially able to own a fishing yacht and thus to follow my favorite sport night and day, for pleasure and profit. Profit consisted in an outlay of $5 for 25 cents worth of fish sold.

My thoughts go back to my apprenticeship of five years. Date 1840. Shop 11th street and 3d avenue, New York city. Terms $20 per year, boss to board me. We used to go fishing and bathing, summer evenings, at Sandy Gibson's, corner 13th street and Avenue B.

This love of sport seems to follow man from youth to old age. Well, I love it yet. But alas! where are the fish? Thirty years back, bluefish were plentiful and were then caught by trolling, or in the absence of wind, by throwing and hauling the squid. As a edible or saleable fish they were scarcely marketable. But the mode of catching for the past thirty years has been by chumming or baiting. In a conversation with that noted smack fisherman, the late Capt. Hiram Bebee, he told me how this mode of baiting bluefish was found out. It was thus: After catching in the smack a fare of sea bass, porgies and other marketable fish, and when the smack's crew were washing the decks, the large bluefish were seen feeding on the scraps of bait. So Captain Bebee would drop a line and baited hook and haul in a few for market. Thus, I am informed, this mode of fishing was introduced.

Let us go on a bluefishing trip. Time, twenty years back. We have a boat, say 40ft., with living accommodations on board and provisions. There are four of us on this trip. We get 500 mossbunkers for bait from pound nets in Gravesend Bay. Then we sail outside of Coney Island Point on the ebb tide as we sail off shore. We wish to anchor inshore off the lightship, or off shore of the wreck of Black Warrior. We grind our bait in a mill, thus making our mossbunkers into sausage, or fine ground fish. We do this grinding as we sail out for the fishing ground.

And now the order is down jib and stow it away, round up in the wind and drop anchor, down mainsail and stow it. And now a guess as to how long before we can draw the fish to us and get them to bite. I say fifteen minutes. As I generally feed the bait overboard with a spoon I could, most times, get the first fish. But to-day we have a novice at this mode of fishing. I see we have a nice tide to carry the bait so I bait my line and give him the best place, and also try to instruct him how to act in fishing. In about ten minutes I see the wake of the fish which have found our feed, and I tell him the fish are around. Then I see him snatch and haul in his line as if his own life depended on it. As I stop him he finds there is no fish on his hook, but he tells me what a bite he had. I tell him not to snatch his line, but if he feels the fish working at his bait to pay out his line and the fish will take the bait in, and when hooked will pull in earnest; then to pull him on board. In a short time he said he felt a fish at his bait. I told him to pay out his line. He did so, and now he has an 8lbs. bluefish. But what an exciting time until he gets him into the boat. And as he admires the fish he asks how it will be known from the other fish. I cut a notch in this wonderful fish's tail so that it can be known. And thus we fish, some days catching five to 200, and then, as we read of fishermen in the wonderful Book catching nothing, so the same with us.

I am writing of twenty years back, when fish were plentiful. The past few years they have been scarce, and there are too many blank days. But they now make it a game fish by using rod and reel. But the fish of the past would have broken fancy tackle.

We formerly caught bluefish by trolling. I often think of and laugh over the tricks and pranks we used to play on each other, especially on a novice at trolling. It used to be great fun, when you had 150ft. of line out, and thought you were pulling in a large bluefish to lift in a couple of bricks or a bottle, or two dead fish on one hook. And how the man knew it was not a fish on his line.

The late C. G. Gunther (ex-Mayor) was a noted one for pranks when out with a party of friends. As he owned a small steamboat he was often out trolling. Once as I lay baiting fish I saw him with friends trolling for bluefish; and as his boat passed my own his friends and himself were shouting, and the water was flying, and what they thought was a large bluefish on their line I saw was a large iron frying-pan. But how that fish did skip and jump; and what a time when his friend lifted it into the boat. But I must stop this rambling, and if worthy of a reminiscence to you, you are welcome to it; and if not, these thoughts have brought to me pleasant memories of the past. JOHN BATEMAN.

GRAVESEND BEACH, New York.

*Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.*

## FISHING RODS FROM THE HUB.

BOSTON, Aug. 22.—The latest reports from the fly-fishermen are rather dubious. The weather has been extremely hot and very few trout have been taken in the principal New England trout waters since August came in. Fishing at Rangeley has been very poor. There is some fly-fishing in the smaller bodies of water that are remote in the woods. At Kennebago the sport has been only fair. Mr. Frank S. Dexter, of Boston, left Dixfield, Me., last week for Kennebago. Mrs. Dexter is with him and Miss Addie Sherma as guest. This will be the young lady's first trip to the Maine trouting grounds, though Mr. and Mrs. Dexter have spent some six weeks at Kennebago every season for a number of years.

Mr. J. F. Dwinell, of Dwinell, Hayward & Co., left Boston the other day for a fishing trip to Moosehead. He was accompanied by Mrs. Dwinell and one or two lady friends. Mr. Dwinell is an expert fly-fisherman. He writes his son that he whipped the waters of Moosehead all one day without a single rise. Then he was ready to give up in disgust. The party has since started for a trip to the White Mountains.

It seems that the opening of the narrow-gauge railroad from Phillips to Rangeley, Me., twenty-eight miles through woods and mountains, has opened up some very good trout streams and ponds. It also seems that the fishing has been abused. People who go up and down the road tell me that enormous strings of small trout have been taken in that vicinity of late. The little train even stops to let the sportsmen off, and at night it stops to take them on again. They tell of catches of 500, and even up to 700 trout in a day, or from one train to another. A Boston gentleman tells me of a couple of New York boys who got on the train he was coming out on the other afternoon. The boys got on at Reddington, a lumber town that has sprung up on this road. They had fifty-eight trout that weighed 30lbs. They had never had any previous experience in catching trout, but this time their trout catching was only limited by their bait giving out. They had tried to dig worms with a stick, but did not succeed very well.

As suggested in the account of their departure in the FOREST AND STREAM, the gentlemen of the Edwards party, with Mr. Clarence M. Reed, were not satisfied with fishing for bass in Nova Scotia. Mr. W. P. Edwards is too much of a lover of trout fishing. They fished for trout at Kempville, about twenty miles from Yarmouth, and had excellent sport. Their best catch was about fifty pounds of trout, weighing about three-fourths of a pound each. These were caught in about an hour and a half.

It seems that the inhabitants about Lake Cobbosseecontee and the Winthrop, Me., ponds are at last awakening to the desirability of having their beautiful sheets of water stocked with salmon and trout. It is proposed that if local fish and game societies can be formed, so that the fish may be protected, that the State will furnish the fry. But the worst drawback to be encountered is the fact that black bass are now in the most of these waters, and that they are fast destroying the perch, pickerel and other food fish. A gentleman, well acquainted in that section, tells me that the inhabitants are now claiming that it was a great mistake ever putting bass into these waters. The people care nothing for the bass; not many of them ever using them for food, and as for the sport of taking them, they have little time or care for such pastime. Such is generally the case in Maine. People who have a taste for trout and salmon—a taste for angling for them—do not take kindly to black bass.

At last some pickerel are being taken in the Charles River this summer. It will be remembered that the pickerel fishing was good in that river last year; but those who have given the river a fair trial this year, a number of times, have met with no success. Local fishermen have been at a loss to understand the situation. But now it would seem that the lusty pickerel has concluded to come to the hook. Mr. T. J. Houlahan made a good catch of pickerel near Millis the other day. He took fifty-five fish, the largest weighing 3lbs. A Mr. Ellsworth is reported to have caught a 7-pound black bass in Lake Waldron last Saturday. This is the largest bass on record from that lake. It is perhaps not generally known that Chestnut Hill Reservoir was stocked with black bass several years ago, and that some permits to fish there are being granted. No considerable strings are reported, however. Bass are being taken from Island Pond at West Roxbury and Dedham this summer, the first for several years.

SPECIAL.

### Harvey Goddard's Trout.

THERE is hardly a fisherman in Springfield, Westfield or Hartford who does not know Harvey Goddard, of Granby, and few who are not more or less under obligation to him for fishing privileges in his streams or trout pond. An unusual feature of a recent heavy storm, as related by himself, will prove interesting to perhaps more than the fishermen of the vicinity. At 6 o'clock on a recent evening there came up a heavy thunder storm, and the rain fell in torrents for two hours. Mr. Goddard's stream during this storm rose higher than it had ever been before, overflowing the road and the stone wall, rushed through his fields, digging deep gulleys, and finally plunging down through the ravine with a terrific roar. The water, however, subsided almost as quickly as it rose, and the following morning the stream was only at its usual height for this season of the year. But here comes the sad and painful feature of the narrative to the hearts of all genuine sportsmen: On investigation Mr. Goddard found that thousands and thousands of speckled trout had been washed from the stream, and while most of them were lying dead in the fields, there were many still alive in the various pools of water that were left in the little hollows. With assistance he placed many of the surviving trout back in the brook, but it will take years, says Mr. Goddard, to get the stream in the fine condition that it was in before the storm. He has kept this stream well stocked for years, mainly for the pleasure of his friends, of whom he has many in Hartford, where he has served in the Legislature as representative of his town. No one regrets the work of that great storm more than Mr. Goddard, but there are still trout in his stream, and, compared with the average trout brook, it will prove "mighty good fishin'."—*Correspondence Springfield Republican.*

## Forest and Stream's Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

BOSTON, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When you announced your special expedition for the investigation of the fishing resources of Salt River I hailed the enterprise and looked forward to a report on a stream which I once came near visiting and investigating on my own account; but, behold! Your Salt River is not my Salt River, and I never before heard of yours and you betray no knowledge of mine. Now who knows but there are other Salt Rivers yet to be heard from and all equally well worthy of attention? Will the enterprise of FOREST AND STREAM not make the investigation complete? My Salt River is in Arizona and its valley is asserted to be the very best fruit-producing region on earth, and this is said by those who know southern California and New Mexico. But what is its volume? Are its waters inhabited by fishes and, if so, of what kinds? Who has explored it from mouth to source? I have a faith that my Salt River is larger and more interesting, and worthy of exploration, if not larger, than the Blue Grass Country stream. There must be readers of FOREST AND STREAM who know all about the Arizona river and who will champion it. If not let the FOREST AND STREAM commissioner explore it at once.

C. H. AMES.

EAST HEBRON, N. H., Aug. 19.—I have been on Newfound Lake every day for one month and have only caught pickerel and perch. Salmon trout, for which this lake is so noted in the spring, seem to be rather shy at this time of year. Mr. Fowler, of Bristol, N. H., caught one, weight 10lbs., the early part of this month, and this is the only one caught since last May. It seems strange they do not take hold at this time of year. This is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by the Green Mountains, and Mr. J. W. Sanborn, our landlord, keeps a good house, and I can recommend this place to any one. I first saw account of Mr. Sanborn and Newfound Lake in the FOREST AND STREAM. I do not regret the trip. Of course the salmon trout fishing is a great disappointment, but I am satisfied the spring is the time to come. I left New York city in the height of grand bluefishing and intend to return in time to catch these bulldogs of the ocean before they leave. H. C. W.

GOSHEN, Mass., Aug. 19.—Yesterday I brought in three fine pickerel from Damon's Pond, caught with the Enterprise luminous spoon, which were cooked by mine hostess of the Highland House, and seemed to have the merit of being boneless. Perhaps it was in the cooking. Least-wise there were no bones to bother, and the flavor was inimitable and superior to brook trout, the water being clear and pure and the food choice and abundant. There have been 3,000 picnickers and fishermen at Damon's Pond this season. It is a lovely spot.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

LAKE VIEW HOUSE, Vermont, Aug. 20.—The bass fishing just all any one could ask for, for July and August 10 to 50 bass per boat. Better than at any time during the past five years. Dr. McNeil, of New Haven, caught to-day 49 after 4 P. M. One catch of 14 averaged 3½lbs.

H. L. SAMSON.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Aug. 22.—The fishing in Raritan Bay near Perth Amboy is poor. Even porgies are scarce, as well as weakfish, and the bluefish have disappeared.

K.

MUNCY, Pa., Aug. 19.—Two large German carp were taken in Muncy Dam a few days ago. The largest weighed 14lbs., the other 10 or 12. M. E. J.

## BUZZARD'S BAY.

ON almost any pleasant afternoon in August one may find this delightful bay, with its myriads of coves and harbors, studded with fishing craft of almost every description. Yet the abundance of fish in these waters is to many lovers of salt-water angling comparatively unknown. Our fellow fishermen from the Middle Atlantic or the Southern States, who happen to be visiting the New England coast during a portion of the summer months, could find no better sport than to try a day's fishing on Buzzard's Bay.

As I have already intimated, many varieties of fish exist here. Perhaps the most exciting sport is the bluefishing. There are, however, other kinds of fish nearly, if not quite, as gamy as the bluefish; namely; the tautog or blackfish and the rock bass, also the little "snapper" (or young bluefish), which is so highly prized on the shores of Long Island, and which has achieved a deserved reputation for its gaminess, has recently made its appearance in large numbers along the shores of Mattapoisett and the neighboring villages on the coast. The most common fish, however, throughout the bay is the scup or porgy, a species doubtless familiar to most readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The flounder and squiteague, too, are rather plentiful in the deeper parts of the bay, while those who are eager for a more uncommon and rather more exciting sort of fishing can try their luck at dogfishing. I myself have lately landed several of these "small sharks," averaging somewhat over 25lbs. apiece approximately.

ANDREW OLIVER, JR.

### A Curious Capture.

THE following fish story comes from Brewerton, N. Y., on Oneida Lake, and is vouched for by reliable parties who witnessed the occurrence. Edward Bell, an oarsman who takes parties after fish, was trolling for large lake pickerel one day this month, and succeeded in hooking a large fish. He had him near the boat when the monster made a lunge and either cut or broke the copper wire line and got away.

Our friend Edward was ready to dive in after the fish, but thought it would avail him nothing. In despair he looked over the side of the boat, and lo and behold what he saw—the pickerel on his back struggling in his death agony. Bell made an effort to secure the fish, but again lost sight of him for fully 10 minutes. The party scanned the water closely and were at length rewarded by seeing the fish come to the surface again, when he was with difficulty gotten into the boat with the aid of a pole and two hooks. The fish choked to death with the spoon hook. When the party returned they weighed him and found he tipped the scales at 7¼lbs. S. B. M.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 12 to 16.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Canada H. C. Bates, Sec'y.
Sept. 20 to 23.—Western Michigan Kennel Club, at Grand Rapids Mich. H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich., Superintendent.
Sept. 26 to 30.—Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Dr. O. S Bamber, Sec'y.
Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.
Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

1893.

Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—Manitoba Field Trials, at Morris, Man. A. Holloway, Winnipeg, Man., Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Northwestern Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man., Sec'y.
Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nauguet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Charham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird. Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell. Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

REMEMBER, entries close for Toronto Sept. 1.

### POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—In a letter dated Aug. 17, Mr. W. T. Hunter, of Wheatland, N. D., writes me that birds are very plentiful at Morris, Man., where the trials of the Northwestern Field Trials Club and Manitoba Field Trials Club will be run. The trials of the latter commence on Aug. 31, those of the former on Sept. 5. Mr. Hunter also mentions that there is a favorable outlook for a successful trial.

The best route from St. Paul, Minn., is by the way of the Great Northern Railway to Gretna, thence by the way of the Canadian Pacific to Morris, which is but a short distance from the boundary of North Dakota, in a section where prairie chickens are said to be in great numbers.

#### The Exposition Dog Show.

The entry blanks for the dog show of the World's Columbian Exposition have full information of all requirements printed on them so that any one who contemplates exhibiting need only send for entry blanks to obtain all needed information. The entry fee, $1.50, is small, too small, in fact, to give reasonable assurance of sufficient money to defray the expenses of benching, feeding and expenses of caretaking. If a dog offered for entry is not exhibited the entry fee will be returned. This is a very unwise provision, inasmuch as the management will incur the expense of arranging for the showing of many dogs which will be entered, but which will not be shown. The management will thus incur a direct expense for such dogs, with no compensation whatever in return. It is only just that an exhibitor should forfeit his entry fee if he does not show his dog. It is possible that, with such a small entry fee required and not forfeited by non-appearance, a large number of dogs will be entered without any intention of being shown, the mere advertising being an inducement when it can be gotten gratuitously.

#### Coursing and Field Trials.

The famous coursing judge, Mr. John Grace, of San Francisco, in a pleasant and interesting letter to this office, mentions, among other things, that coursing holds its popularity undiminished in California, and also that some of the coursing there this season was very fine. Referring to the delightful climate, he says that dogs can be run without injury almost every day in the year, the weather conditions and temperature are so favorable. With all the attractions of the noble sport, he says that the love of fine horses and horse racing is so widespread that it obstructs the growth of coursing. However, a steady, natural growth is undoubtedly more permanent and better for the best interests of the breed than a boom for a season, violent for the time being and ending in failure or neglect.

The constant gain made in coursing interests, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, indicates the intrinsic merits of the sport and its power to interest the people, auguring most favorably for its continued prosperity and permanency.

It is gratifying to know that the growth is not confined to the greyhound interests, but is general in all branches of field sports in which dogs are factors.

There are ten field trials arranged for setters and pointers, and one for beagles to be run in the coming fall and winter this year, nearly all of which are liberally supported.

If these events multiply and the doggy interest grows as steadily as the signs of the times indicate, they will have become so large and important, five years hence, that the doggy fancier of that time will look back upon the present as very crude and hardly out of the stage of infancy. The kennel writers of that period will be individually faultless, if faults there be, it will always be the other fellow who has them. But it is to be hoped that vindictiveness will not then pass current for candor, envy pass for enthusiasm; impertinence for wit; avarice for zeal, and the improvement of the dog a cloak for ill nature.

Major J. M. Taylor made a hasty visit to Chicago yesterday and to-day. He is hard at work putting the finishing touches on his forthcoming work, "Bench Show and Field Trial Records and Standards of Dogs of America." He expects that the first edition will be in print by the middle of next month.

I have received from the West End Kennels, of San Antonio, a catalogue of the dogs of their kennel. Manitoba Frisk heads the list in the setters, and Trinket's Chief, Jr., holds the first place in pointers. B. WATERS.

### PSOVOIS.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Wade we are enabled to publish several translations from a late issue of the Russian periodical, *Journal of the Hunt*, and if further proof was needed that the Russians speak of these Borzois as Psovois, the following free translations amply show that the latter is the correct name. The following letter is of interest, and Mr. Kapegeff's visit next year is sure to create a sensation, but we fear that he will be disappointed if he expects to present any wolf coursing. We have thought best not to interfere with the translator's phraseology in any way, as there are many words which, if we altered them, might spoil the meaning the writer wishes to convey.

SALE AND PURCHASE OF DOGS.

"We hear that during the late show in Tambor, Mr. Boldareff bought from S. S. Kapejeff these Psovie-Borzie. From the same breeder were bought, by Baron Shteingel, during show in Kieff, nine dogs. Duchess of Newcastle's Psovoi male dog Golubz was bought in England from Mr. Knorr, being from Mr. Baljtzoff. W. N. Tschebischeff bought from Mr. Ozepoff the male Psovoi Lebedj, son of Sudarok, of Mr. W. P. Chleboff's breed, and Aspid, of Baljtzoff's. On the last auction, being held after the coursing of Kolomjaschki and in the Riding Academy of the Nikolajeff Palace, the dogs did not sell very fast, even when the prices were very low—from 3 to 200 roubles. Even the 3-rouble dog was not worth the money, as the breed was something abnormal—the father an English greyhound, the mother the first best cross breed of a Psovoi with a Crimean dog.

Many of those dogs were bought by Mr. Scheremetjeff, among them not a bad male dog, Bavladaja, for 200 roubles, Mr. Rousseau also bought several dogs, but cheap ones, as one for 7 roubles and another for 6. All these dogs will certainly go to America, which country Mr. Rousseau *inundates with worthless (refuse) hunting dogs.*

LETTER TO THE REDACTION.

*Most Honored Editor:*

Having read just now in your esteemed journal of the pitiful fate of our Psovie, which met them in America on their trials, I cannot pass it in silence, as it hurts my hunter's heart too much. The Americans cannot judge our dogs, as our blooded and in particular wicked dogs do not reach them often, *because those people whom they charge with the purchase of our dogs, will not pay the money which they are worth according to their qualities. Mr. Rousseau and others buying here dogs for 15 roubles and even for 6 roubles, transport whole herds of them, and certainly make a pile of money.* For a good wicked dog, in particular now, when there are very few blooded and sportive dogs left, we ourselves pay up to a thonsand roubles. Not long ago I was offered by one of those Americans 300 roubles for bitches in whelp. Naturally I also could get dogs for such a price, but I don't wish to compromise my breed, particularly in selling, by deceiving people, but a blooded bitch cannot be sold for less than 3,000 roubles apiece. It is to be supposed that not one honest hunter will sell for less. I am going to the fair in Chicago and shall bring with me a full Russian hunt, six leash of Borzie and ten of hounds, and also shall take with me wolves, and shall try to show how our Russian dogs take them. If the Americans don't trust our wolves they may put their own in. Even if it is not according to our rules that the dogs should kill the wolf, still if the Americans like, I shall show it to them. Three dogs easily kill a young wolf; even should he tear himself away several times, he will be left on the spot. Now when in Germany and America there are formed societies of lovers of the Russian Psovoi; many solid hunters by us sacrifice large sums of money for the formation of such societies"

S. S. KAPEJEFF.

### FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. "Andy" Laidlaw is down to judge spaniels at Kingston.

You or I made a "break" in the dates of meetings in last week's "Flaps." The Fox-Terrier Club meeting is called for Monday and not Tuesday, as therein announced.

The Toronto Humane Society also use those little water troughs, and they can now be seen all over the city. They are given without charge to any person who agrees to place them outside the house or store door and keep them filled with fresh, clean water. They are neat in appearance, being made of iron, standing on short legs and painted. The name of the society appears in raised letters.

Mr. W. A. Haskell, formerly of Kingston, is now in Boston, where he has gone into business.

Several applications for entry at the World's Fair have already been received at the office of the Ontario Commission. Among others are 10 St. Bernards from S. F. Glass, London; 8 spaniels from J. F. Kirk; 4 greyhounds from C. E Ireson; 4 spaniels, P. J. Keating; 4 fox terriers from H. O. Bennett, all of Toronto. The Woodland Kennels, Woodstock, have sent in no less than 18 applications; Mr. Curtis, Simcoe, 8 spaniels. Mr. John Campbell, Guelph, hopes to send a kennel of Newfoundlands. Several smaller entries have also been received. H. B. DONOVAN.

### OTTAWA DOG SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

A meeting of the bench show committee was held on the 3d inst. Mr. W. B. Palmer, of Woodstock, Ont., who gave so much satisfaction last year, will again judge the spaniels. The other judges will be announced later on. The Dominion and Canadian Express Companies will carry dogs at regular rates to the show and return them free. The Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways will carry dogs at regular excess baggage rates and return them free, but exhibitors must be furnished with certificates (which will be mailed to every exhibitor with entry tickets) to be filled up at starting point by the agent. The top row of benches, which were so objectionable last year, have been removed, which leaves only 230, and when that number has been received the entries will be closed. It is therefore to be hoped that intending exhibitors will take the hint and make their entries early, as a number had to be refused last year. The committee are now busy collecting specials, which will be announced later through the papers.

ALFRED GEDDES, Sec'y and Supt.

OTTAWA, Can.

## SHOULD JUDGES BE THEIR OWN CRITICS?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Replying to your inquiry, I think it very well for judges to write reports of the classes they judge, provided they give in the report an intelligent description of all the dogs in their classes. If this is done readers can gather some idea of how the different points, good or bad, appear to the judge. I do not think this should be the only report published; judges are bound to make some mistakes, and if the representatives of the sporting press do not criticise, the public would only have the judges' views, which are practically published in the awards. In order to write a full report the judge would have an endless task, and this is probably the reason their reports, as a rule, are so short. If defeated, any one can, by properly addressing the judge, obtain his reasons. If a winner, best let well enough alone.

CHARLES HEATH.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 19.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Have not much faith in the criticisms of judges in general when making reports on the dead carcasses that are left behind at every show. But many that are half slain have had new life put into them by some charitable work of the critic of some paper, and it has given the owner courage to try again under some judge who can bring out his good points.

Some judges, in bull-terriers for instance, can get no further than the head, and a little cheekiness, that all possess, will outweigh the grandest body, legs and feet and tail.

I have suffered a long time, waiting patiently for a judge that knew what he was doing, before I got recognition, having been slaughtered almost past recall had it not been for the FOREST AND STREAM's enterprise in putting a man to judge the judges. That was the best stroke ever done by FOREST AND STREAM, to my mind.

I would have a report by judge and by jury, and Mr. Lacy should be fearless and be the jury. His reports are always interesting and have every appearance of truth.

CHARLES N. SYMONDS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In answer to the question whether judges should write a report on their own judging, if you are taking a vote on the subject please record me in the affirmative. It seems to me it is a desirable result, but it should by no means take the place of the ordinary and instructive criticisms as usually published in the sporting papers. CLARENCE RATHBONE.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 22.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Replying to your question, Should judges write their own criticisms? I should say no; though it would no doubt be interesting to know, from the judge himself, the reason for some of the decisions made.

I think the judge's report would be simply a repetition of the prize list. What we want is a criticism of the judge's decisions by competent men well acquainted with the breeds they criticise. The critic should at least be as competent as the judge. HENRY JARRETT.

CHESTNUT HILL, Pa., Aug. 22.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Yes; a judge should write his own report if he is paid double rates for doing it; this writing a report for love or just because you are asked to do so is nonsense, but it is not as bad as judging and then trying to explain why you did thusly. Let the reporters and the public be the critics, not the judges. "UNCLE DICK."

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 21.

## NORTHWESTERN FIELD TRIALS ALL-AGE ENTRIES.

THE entries for this stake closed Aug. 1, with six pointers and sixteen setters.

POINTERS.

COLON (J. C. Philips), liver and white dog (Ponto—Dainty).

ALBERTA JOE (John Sharples), liver and white dog (Upton—Blythe).

ALBERTA RUBY (John Sharples), liver and white bitch, (Upton—Blythe).

DAVID C. (Jos. Crugona), liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Princess M.).

MANITOBA SHOT (Thos. Stone), liver and white dog (Colon—Psyche).

IGHTFIELD BEAUTY (Thos. A. Montgomery), liver and white bitch (Ightfield Dick—Polly P.).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

HALLELUJAH (Elms Kennels), blue belton bitch (Gath's Mark—Esther).

MINNESOTA (Elms Kennels), blue belton bitch (Monk of Furness—Lady Faydette).

ST. PAUL (L. T. Menkey), black and white dog (Monk of Furness—Madge D.).

DOC QUINN (Chas. Travis), black, white and tan dog (Monk of Furness—Merry Girl).

DAN NOBLE (Ad. J. Kloflanda), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Flame).

MANITOBA PATTI (Thos. Johnson), blue belton bitch.

MANITOBA PET (Thos. Johnson), blue belton bitch.

IGHTFIELD RHUELAS (W. J. Beck), blue belton dog (Down—Sconaidh).

HULMAN (W. D. Hardins), orange and white dog (Gath's Mark—Esther).

SPORT (J. H. Fuller), liver and white dog (Don—Dolly).

LUCKY DRUID (H. P. Kennetts), lemon and white dog (Ruber's Druid—Hoosier Belle).

ATLANTA (L. W. Smith), black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Shienavan).

CLICK NOBLE (C. M. Griggs), black, white and tan dog (Dan Moore— ———).

RUPERT (Avent & Thayer Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

BETTIE S. (Avent & Thayer Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Ollie S.).

IZA (Avent & Thayer Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Ollie S.).

## IS SCORING DOGS POSSIBLE AND FEASIBLE?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am not sure that any regular contributions to the kennel press are more valuable than those of Mr. B. Waters. The topics treated are timely, the style clear, his judgment sound, and above all, the spirit of his writings is calculated to inspire confidence by leading all to see that he is dealing with facts and arguments and not persons. I do not remember to have noticed any of that fiery rhetoric which is but too common in our press. He does not seem to regard everything as already settled—settled long ago beyond all improvement, but he invites suggestions and is ready to admit that there may be two sides to most questions, even if in his opinion one may be much better than the other. To me, accustomed to be on the constant lookout for changes in scientific thought—indeed in all things—this attitude so common in the doggy world, of all being fixed and no room for modification, seems one of the greatest barriers to progress; for I hold that all subjects should be considered as open to investigation and if so to possible change. The man who advances a new idea should be encouraged, not "sat upon," as is so commonly the case. Any good cause does not need to be bolstered up by rhetoric of any kind, and to knock a man on the head does not clear his mental vision.

I have dwelt upon this subject a little because until we become more hospitable to new ideas I do not see how we are to advance much.

Notwithstanding an occasional exception in this respect, FOREST AND STREAM is progressing, and Mr. Waters's writings will greatly help in this direction. In your last number this writer raises the question of scoring dogs. This is one that people now seem to think may be discussed in a few lines; but I venture to think that a little candid discussion of the subject may do good. I therefore ask Mr. Waters to explain to us how it is that for years poultry have been scored with the greatest rapidity. If one animal can be scored why not another? If dogs cannot be correctly scored, why not? The question of feasibility should be kept separated. If Mr. Waters is not an expert as regards fowls I refer him to the "American Standard of Excellence," published by the American Poultry Association, for all the standards in compact form. I am taking no side on the question at present, but would simply like to hear better reasons against scoring than I have yet known offered, and altogether apart from any past attempts that have been made to score dogs, my suggestion may at least serve the purpose of leading many to think upon an important subject, and it is hoped with open minds.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MONTREAL, Aug. 20.

## THAT BEAGLE CHALLENGE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Circumstances may alter cases, but "happenstances" do not occur in the Hornell-Harmony or in any well regulated kennel. If we breed a 12¼in. dog to a bitch under 11in. we expect three-fourths of the litter to be under 12in. The laws



"What's the matter with us?"

MASTER "WINNIE" TAYLOR AND BREEZE GLADSTONE.

of breeding are as well defined as the law of gravity—like begets like. The worst thing a breeder has to contend with is atavism, but if a breeder knows his stock for three generations and cannot mate to get eighty per cent. of what he wants, then he had better give up breeding. If he goes very slow he might in time learn how to peddle fish.

Who told Mr. Kreuder that a beagle under 12in. was a "happenstance" and what difference does it make as long as they can run for eighteen hours as three of ours under 12in. did last week? Any time they can get out they will run all night and the next day until the dew is off. What good is a beagle if he has not field qualities? They are just like the world beating cockers that would not know a woodcock or a ruffed grouse if they met it in the street.

According to the code the challenged party has choice of weapons and place of meeting; we will meet Mr. Kreuder at Toronto, and show five or ten against his, but for good and sufficient reasons our dogs will not be at Nanuet this year. Speaking of Nanuet I do not think that any judge would place any dogs ahead of Mr. Kreuder's after partaking of Nanuet hospitality, and a record at Toronto is just as good as at Nanuet.

I don't see any "gumption" in buying a pup at a long price and waiting for it to develop into a crack; the gumption would be in buying at a low price, for the breeder knew that he had a good one and put his price on it, and the breeder gets the glory, not the buyer.

HORNELL-HARMONY KENNELS, per "Uncle Dick."

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 21.

## FOX-TERRIER IMPORTATION.

THE Queen City Kennels, Elmira, N. Y., have secured from the well-known fox-terrier kennels of Mr. Robert R. Raby, Blackrock, Ireland, the prize-winning bitch, "Blackrock Belle." She is by "Vesuvian," the most successful sire of the period, and the only dog living who has sired two winners of the fifty guineas challenge cup, out of "Richmond Rescue," winner of over thirty prizes at leading shows, including the twenty-five guinea challenge cup presented by the Fox-Terrier Club for the best fox-terrier in the show, as well as the club's silver medal for the best animal of the opposite sex to the winner of the challenge cup. She has given a good account of herself as a brood bitch, having produced several winners, among them "Raby Pilgrim," owned by the well-known fancier and judge, Mr. George Raper, and "Blackrock Dick."

Belle was served by the well-known Champion Dominie, already sire of "Dona," "Dominica," "Dion," "Desperate," "Dice Box," and many other winners. She left Blackrock, July 27, via Liverpool, and arrived in Elmira, August 11, in first-class condition, and whelped four pups August 13, which are doing nicely.

# DOG CHAT.

### Mr. Mortimer in England.

Mr. Mortimer called on us on Monday and he is looking very fit after his trip abroad. Quite a long talk ensued, naturally, upon his experiences in "dogly" England. He says he had a royal time and every one was kind. He thinks they are behind us a good deal in the way they manage their shows; in fact, as he says, the shows are run off so quickly there is hardly time for things to settle into shipshape. There is little sentiment in the English shows as a rule. The dogs are taken in the ring and the judges put their awards down in their books, and that is the end of it—no ribbons, no cards to flutter tantalizingly in the face of the defeated ones. How different here, what a disappointment to every one when the ribbons are not forthcoming. The awarding of them constitutes half the charm of showing to most people—any way one looks at it. Exhibitors in England have to rush off to the award board at one end of the show building to know how their dogs stand. Mr. Mortimer says he saw a couple of cockers that can beat anything we have here, but the general run of this breed is inferior. He also spoke very highly of a field spaniel that was shown. Glenbeigh, the pointer he brought over for Mr. Huber, has shown so much field ability that Angus Cameron, the Hempstead Kennels' trainer, almost grew enthusiastic over him, and we all know it takes a good deal to move our Salopian friend. Sandford Druid is said to be a great dog, and no wonder Geo. Jarvis felt anxious. Provided with the requisite papers and passing the customs, Mr. Mortimer had his dogs on the wagon and on the way home half an hour after landing on Sunday. He says that it is no wonder dogs come over here in bad shape, as the captains will not allow exercising on the decks, off the chain, and one knows how this affects some dogs and doubtless the seeds of disease are laid by their very cleanliness. To obviate this Mr. Mortimer had to get around very early before the captain got up in order to let his dogs run loose. This reminds us that all these circumstances should be taken into consideration when condemning a shipper of dogs if after a six or eight days' journey they should arrive in bad shape. Mr. Mortimer has not moved to Hempstead yet, but will do so next month. The collies he brought over are very good, but we will have more to say about them in a future issue. His dachshund Tack he left with Mr. Raper and will be shown from time to time in England. As may be supposed, our friend has not a very exalted idea of the general run of show reports in English papers. The time the reporters have to do them in precludes all chance of anything but the "skimmiest" work, and how could it be otherwise with twenty shows to report in a week. As a guide to the American buyer they are practically useless. We say this with no disrespect to the journals in question, for to have the right men do the work as it should be done is a physical impossibility.

### Seminole Kennels.

Dr. L. C. Sauveur, proprietor of these kennels, called upon us the other day on his way to Spring Lake, where he is rusticating for a time. He was accompanied by champion Roslyn Wilkes, who looked in good shape for this time of year. The Seminole dogs will be right in the fight this fall, and chief factotum Connors will have his hands full. The Doctor tells us that he has some beautiful collies coming on, and one he bought from Mr. Jarrett is a "cracker;" she is a sister to Chrisolyte, that was shown during the spring. She has a peculiar color, body black, head sable, and a white frill. She must look very handsome. Laura B. is in whelp to champion Tim, and this should mean something good. The Doctor talks enthusiastically of a red setter called Claremont Heather, by Claremont Patsey out of Nino, and this will be seen out at the shows. Metchley Surprise should throw something good by Roslyn Wilkes, as she is in whelp to him. Then there is another good red dog, Sir Elcho, by Elcho, Jr., out of Deele, both of which were by Elcho out of Noreen. One peculiar thing the Doctor told us of. He has made a dead set against cod liver oil, for it has caused the death of two or three good dogs. When giving the dog the oil there is always more or less resistance and the dog is apt to get the oil into the windpipe, and from there into the lungs, where the oil causes congestion of those organs. We suggested cod liver oil cakes, which always go to the right spot, and are really very beneficial to a bad doer. We may have to report an important sale in collie circles; at present we are told to keep quiet.

### Kingston Show.

Mr. W. Tallman will judge most of the classes at Kingston show. The secretary tells us that the prospects of a good show are very bright. The premium list is about the same as last year with the addition of several enticing kennel prizes and money specials. Kingston is one of the prettiest towns in Canada and exhibitors will find profit and pleasure in meeting the genial superintendent, C. H. Corbett and his fellow-members.

Mr. H. C. Bates, the secretary of the Kingston show, writes: "Everything points to a most successful show at Kingston, Ont., this year, the large number of inquiries for premium lists from prominent breeders show our efforts during the past two years to have not been forgotten. Mr. Ben Lewis stated last year that he never saw a finer building for a dog show than our big skating rink, being so airy and well ventilated, and the large grass field of 50 acres surrounding the rink used as exercising ground was a grand thing for the dogs. Collie breeders will be pleased to know that a $10 cash special will be given for the largest and best exhibit of their favorites; $20 will be given for the largest and second largest number of entries; $5 for the best kennel of four Dandie Dinmonts; $5 for best kennel of 4 setters, and $5 for best kennel of 4 dachshunds. Specials are also given for cockers, pointers, fox terriers, etc., etc., in fact, all breeds are remembered. Our entries close Sept. 12, Kingston, Ont." Mr. Andrew Laidlaw is down for spaniels.

### News from Thomasville, N. C.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard, whom all field men know well, tells us that the Mock House at Thomasville, N. C., which was burned last March, has been rebuilt on a much improved plan. The main building is 104 by 36 feet, with an L 54x20 feet. The house contains forty-three rooms. There are sleeping rooms, single and en suite on both first and second floors, and the whole is cooled by 569 feet of porches and verandas. The furniture is new and handsome and was made by the High Point Furniture Company. This house has always been headquarters for the shooting fraternity and they will undoubtedly appreciate Mrs. McIntyre's efforts to provide for them a comfortable stopping place.

### Mr. Laidlaw Selling Out.

Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, of Woodstock, Ont., proprietor of the Woodstock Spaniel Kennels, has disposed of his business interests in Woodstock, and on Sept. 1 removes to Galt, Ont., where he has purchased a newspaper business. He writes that as his time will be fully occupied he has decided to dispose of his entire kennel of cockers, including the well known Red Roland and numerous other very good ones. His advertisement appears in our business columns. We fancy, all the same, that however big Mr. Laidlaw's business may grow, it will never prevent his having a good cocker or two around.

### Toronto Dog Show.

Mr. Stone writes: At the coming Toronto show the following additional specials are offered: $10 cash for best kennel of four Dandie Dinmonts, and a friend of the breed offers $25 for best kennel of four, and $25 each for best dog and bitch. O. P. Kinnie offers $10 for best pug dog or bitch sired by Eberhart's Cashier. For the benefit of intending exhibitors from the United States, I beg to state that I have received from the Customs Department, Canada, the following circular: "Dogs for exhibition purposes will be allowed entry in bond, the building in which the exhibition is held to be considered as a bonded warehouse for the purpose." The dogs may be entered under bonds and if returned to the United States at the close of the exhibition, the bonds to be cancelled. The Industrial Exhibition Association furnish bonds to the extent of $25,000 to cover all exhibits from the United States, consequently exhibitors exhibiting in Canada have a great advantage over Canadians who exhibit in the United States, as in the majority of cases they have to put up at the line the hard cash for the duty to have it returned to them upon their return from the show.

### Western Michigan Dog Show.

The Western Michigan Kennel Club's dog show at Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 20 to 23, will be well patronized from all over the country, according to letters received from intending exhibitors. The show will be held in connection with the Grand Rapids fair in a new building erected specially for the purpose, and as no additional admittance is charged to kennel building it will probably have as large attendance as some of our largest shows, and this alone has proved a great inducement to exhibitors to show their stock. A good premium list has been provided with a fine list of specials, including those of the National Greyhound Club, National Beagle Club, Collie Club of America, and those of Mr. A. H. Heppner, secretary of the Great Dane Club. A special feature will be the care of dogs not accompanied by owners. All express companies will have offices on grounds and passenger trains arrive and depart from fair grounds depot. Roger D. Williams, Frank Wheeler and John Davidson are the judges. H. Dale Adams is the superintendent.

### Death of Champion British Monarch

Probably there has been no bulldog with a more world-wide reputation than Mr. Woodiwiss's champion British Monarch. The dog was found on the morning of Aug. 5 dead in his kennel with his head resting on his paws in a most natural position. Heart disease was the cause of his taking off. *Stock-Keeper* this week gives a very interesting account of the dog, but space forbids our more than giving it a cursory notice this week. British Monarch was by Monarch out of Venice, and would have been eight years old next October. Mr. Mortimer saw the dog when he won his last first prize at Cirencester show and he remarked then to Mr. Woodiwiss that the dog did not look long for this world and should not have been shown, as he could scarcely stand up, and was in luck to beat His Lordship.

### Club Reports.

That we struck the keynote in our paragraph published a short time since about club secretaries and their duties is proved by the following from the Boston *Herald*: "The FOREST AND STREAM has the following in its last issue, and as it exactly voices the sentiments of numberless dog fanciers in this city, it is here reproduced. Anything more shortsighted and absurd than the methods of some of the Massachusetts clubs in respect to the semi-secrecy of their meetings could not well be imagined. The more publicity such meetings get, the better for the clubs holding them."

### Amateur Photographs.

The editor of this department, having represented to his associates the injustice of excluding the dog from the charmed precincts of the Amateur Photography Competition, has of course carried his point. Photographs in which dogs figure are to be eligible; and to show what the competition will gain from this we print to-day a specimen of the work of Mr. F. G. Taylor. There is another picture, by Mr. Brelsford, all ready, and to follow before long. Read the conditions of the competition in the announcement which has been crowded over into the advertising pages.

### Death of Champion Kash.

We regret to record the death of another good pug. In the death of champion Kash last week Mr. A. E. Pitts sustains a great loss and the pug fancy loses one of its best exemplars. Champion Kash was a son of that good pug Bradford Ruby and out of Lady Cloudy, and bred by Mr. W. D. Peck. He has seldom, if ever, met defeat in the ring, and as a pet dog, Mr. Pitts tells us, he was a general favorite. The cause of death was inflammation of the bowels, caused probably by the extreme heart.

### J. Otis Fellows.

We do not think there is any more thorough fancier or sportsman living than the man who is known among his friends as "Uncle Dick." A letter from him always brings a smile on the cloudiest day. Here is a bit of one: "Don't I buy and read the paper, and don't I kick if any one needs kicking? Yes, I am in it, and by gosh! I won the Hornellsville Gun Club's gold badge last week, so you see I am not dead yet." Mr. Fellows' one rifle arm must be a handy weapon.

### Trotting Dog Doc.

There are not very many dogs who can be considered a source of revenue. But the Irish setter Doc fairly "trots" the money into his master's pocket. Up to the present time this wonderful dog is said to have earned for his master $17,000. His skeleton, properly articulated, should speak for itself and be an interesting object lesson to our "lay anatomists" and settle the question as to whether a dog's propelling power is fore or aft, etc., etc.

### Mr. Titus Changes Quarters.

Mr. W. W. Titus, the well known field trial man, is going to locate in Mississippi, taking the entire kennel of dogs formerly owned by the Coal Grove Kennel Co., except champion Bohemian Girl. He will locate probably at Montpelier, Miss., and go to training for the public when he gets the kennels, etc., arranged, which he will do by the time the season opens, Oct. 15.

### Bohemian Girl Changes Hands.

Mr. O'Connell seems bent on severing his connection with celebrated field dogs, for he has now sold champion Bohemian Girl to Mr. J. Shelley Hudson, Covington, Ky., so this grand bitch goes back again to her old home.

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Gertie—Papa, will our new mamma go mad after awhile? Father—What a question! Why do you ask such a thing? Gertie—Well, I heard her tell the cook yesterday that she got badly bitten when she married you.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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Several interesting litters have arrived at the kennels of Mr. N. Wallace, the well-known field trial judge. His Countess W. whelped three dogs to Rod's Whim last month, but the litters that please most are one by Paul Bo, the noted field trial winner, out of Bell Noble, and another by Antonio out of Pearl Noble. There is a saying about "keeping quiet and sawing wood." Mr. Wallace carries out this precept quite a good deal.

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Mr. A. D. Stewart tells us that he has given notice of motion officially to the secretary of the C. K. C., that at the annual meeting of that body in Toronto next month he will move for the reinstatement of F. H. F. Mercer, of Ottawa, and the removal of the penalty of disqualification now resting on him.

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Mr. F. L. Cheney lost a letter from a gentleman in Providence in answer to his advertisement of a pointer in FOREST AND STREAM, and he has forgotten the man's name; he would like him to write again.

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Stout Party—"I like the dog and feel rather inclined to have him, if he's anything like my figure." "Well, an' if he isn't, sir, you've only got to feed 'im a bit, an' that'll come all right."—*Funny Folks.*

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Advices from Canada are to the effect that the competition in the fox-terrier classes at Toronto will be very keen, and Mr. Wheeler will have his work cut out to please every one. Mr. A. D. Stewart has put all his dogs in the hands of young Spracklin to condition for the shows. Suffolk Coronet, the sire of the FOREST AND STREAM office dog, is doing good work for the breed in Canada, his services being in constant demand.

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The fox-terriers consigned to Mr. Hull, mention of which we made recently, were, it seems, the purchases Mr. Mortimer made for Mr. Winthrop Rutherford. Refuge is in whelp to Charlton Verdict, the latter by Venio out of Sentence, litter sister to Stipendiary, sire of D'Orsay, etc. Eggesford Safety and Eggesford Sapphire are by Starden's King out of Vatican. Safety was served by Vice Regal, and Sapphire by champion Venio before coming over. They were purchased as brood bitches and their excellent breeding should strengthen even the Rutherford kennels. Mr. Winthrop Rutherford has not been well lately, and will leave for Europe this week for a change of air.

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Those who only know Mr. F. Blackwood Fay through the Boston shows will be surprised to hear that he is an expert polo player. A Boston paper recently published a capital picture of him on his smart looking pony Buckwheat. Mr. Fay was one of the Myopia Club team that played in the final games for the Westchester cups.

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Mr. Frank Dole has purchased all Mr. Comstock's black and tan terriers and a young "Jap" bitch. On the water, coming from England, he has the bull terriers Sir Ruloph, Woodcote Bill, Scamp and Lily. All will be at Toronto.

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Mr. Tracy will not judge at the Northwestern trials.

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Looking through our business columns this week we find among the new advertisements Andrew Laidlaw has a fine lot of prize winning cockers for sale; Lenawee Kennels, cocker bitches and pups; D. W. C. Parker, pointer bitch and two dogs; W. P. Palmer, black and red cockers; Box 26, pointer bitch; Peter Paulus, St. Bernards; Tenn. River Kennels, Chesapeake Bay dogs; Merry Mount Kennels, great Dane dog; M. W. Reid, poodle pups; 854 Seventh avenue, well bred collie dog; S. Anderson, mastiff. Wants—G. O. Smith, high class broken pointer dog; G. K., smooth St. Bernard pup; G. S. Thomas will prepare and handle dogs for fall shows.

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The revised premium lists and rules for the World's Fair dog show are now in the printer's hands and will be issued very shortly. Entry blanks can now be had of Mr. Vredenburgh.

## ROCHESTER AND HAMILTON DATES.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your last issue you publish a letter from Dr. O. S. Bamber, secretary of the Rochester Kennel Club, in which that gentleman very coolly states that the two letters written by me to him on June 3 were not received by him. Dr. Bamber further insinuates, negatively, that one of the letters referred to was written deliberately "to fill a weak spot in Hamilton's case."

Whether Dr. Bamber received my letters or not I cannot say, but I do say most emphatically that both letters were written to him, and that in the presence of witnesses, who will be forthcoming if desired.

Anything more thoroughly mean and contemptible than the insinuation made by Dr. Bamber I cannot conceive, and his letter is a fitting wind up to the correspondence which has passed between the two clubs.

As far as my committee is concerned, it has only sought to place the situation fairly before the public, and having done so, it has no desire to continue the correspondence, especially after this last emanation from Dr. Bamber's pen.

That gentleman now has the field to himself and can say just what he pleases, for we shall pay no further attention to him.

A. D. STEWART,
Hon. Sec'y Hamilton Kennel Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., Aug. 16.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Corktown Clipper and Corktown Clinker.* By Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., for two black cocker spaniel dogs, whelped June 29, 1892, by Tip Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo) out of Dot Smirle (Bob Obo—Tough).

*Archie.* By B. H. Adams, New York city, for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 8, 1892, by Count Paris (Count Noble—Dido II.) out of Nellie Cambridge (Racket—Daisy Cambridge).

*Gypsie Queen.* By J. K. Boyd, Hempstead, N. Y., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 8, 1892, by Count Paris (Count Noble—Dido II.) out of Nellie Cambridge (Racket—Daisy Cambridge).

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Queen Olive—Bonsor.* Jas. Bowden's (New York city) pug bitch Queen Olive to A. E. Pitts's Bonsor, Aug. 12.

*Lillian—Bonsor.* Geo. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Lillian (champion Kash—Zudie), to A. E. Pitts's Bonsor, Aug. 8.

*Blemton Brilliant—Blemton Reefer.* J. B. Martin's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Brilliant (The Moonstone—Media) to his Blemton Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel), Aug. 13.

*Cleo—Blemton Shiner.* A. F. Baumgarten's (Oakland, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Cleo (Le Lojos—Gyp) to J. B. Martin's Blemton Shiner (Blemton Rubicon—Blemton Brilliant), Aug. 15.

*Dorothy—Rustic Swell.* C. P. Lawshe's (Trenton, N. J.) bull bitch Dorothy (Caliban—Hillside Girl) to A. J. Hatch's Rustic Swell (Kittering Jubilee King—Rustic Belle), Aug. 10.

*Corktown Bebe—Tip Obo.* Corktown Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Corktown Bebe (Bounce—Œnone) to their Tip Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo), Aug. 8.

*Lady Melville—White Wonder.* H. M. Howes's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Melville (champion Trentham Dutch—Old Lil) to H. A. Harris's White Wonder (Gully the Great—Kit), June 13.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Darky.* E. Mayer's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Darky, July 1, six dogs, by A. E. Pitts's Bonsor.

*Kash Girl.* W. W. Stukey's (Mt. Sterling, O.) pug bitch Kash Girl, July 29, six (four dogs), by A. E. Pitts's Bonsor.

*Nellie.* C. F. Wilson's (Elyria, O.) pug bitch Nellie, July 13, three (one dog), by A. E. Pitts's Bonsor.

*Pansy Blossom.* B. A. Smith's (North Attleboro, Mass.) collie bitch Pansy Blossom (Maney Trefoil—Spoiled Miss), June 9, four (three dogs), by J. A. Long's Archie L. (Roderick of Ruthven—Airedale Duchess).

*Maud Noble.* N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Maud Noble (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble), July 17, seven (six dogs), by Blue Ridge Kennels' Antonio (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

*Bell Noble.* N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Bell Noble (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble), July 28, five (one dog), by R. Merrill's Paul Bo (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl).

*Countess W.* N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Countess W. (Count Noble—Jennie III.), July 30, three dogs, by E. O. Damon's Rod's Whim (Roderigo—Fanny Gladstone).

*Queen of Kent.* F. D. Freeman's (Central Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Queen of Kent (imported Royal Kent—imported Lady Kendall), Aug. 7, nine (four dogs), by Gordondale Kennels' Soudan (champion Druid—champion Ruby).

*Lady Melville.* H. M. Howes's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Melville, Aug. 16, eight (five dogs), by White Wonder.

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Mrs. Money.* Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped May 7, 1891, by champion Kash out of Flirt C., by A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., to W. A. Donaldson, same place.

*Duke of Al De Ber.* Sable, with white points, collie dog, whelped June 9, 1892, by Archie L. out of Pansy Blossom, by B. A. Smith, North Attleboro, Mass., to Chas. Hopkins, same place.

*Tricolor.* Black, sable and white collie dog, whelped June 9, 1892, by Archie L. out of Pansy Blossom, by B. A. Smith, North Attleboro, Mass., to A. D. Smith, Baltimore, Md.

*Royal Lee.* White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped November, 1891, by Lee II. out of Mayflower, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to L. Merritt, Norwalk, Conn.

*Jack Bannerman.* White and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 20, 1888, by champion Bannerman out of Kate, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to H. Card, Elora, Can.

*Handicap.* White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped 1891, by Fairy's Lee out of Zimmer's Blue Bell, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to F. Williamson, Holley, N. Y.

*Bill.* White, black, tan and blue ticked beagle bitch, whelped May 13, 1892, by Elora Dash out of Gipsie, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to S. W. Hulett, same place.

*Debonair Roy.* Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 14, 1892, by Jubilee out of Nellie Bannerman, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to John McFarland, Vallonia, Pa.

*Reckless.* Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 28, 1892, by Drummer out of Elora Beauty, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to John McFarland, Vallonia, Pa.

*Rip Rap, Ruth and Rachel.* White, black and tan beagles, one dog and two bitches, whelped June 14, 1892, by Julia out of Nellie Bannerman, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to E. L. Stine, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Hope.* White and brindle St. Bernard bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1892, by Crystal out of Faith, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to M. Conley, same place.

*Ivy.* White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 28, 1892, by Jack Bannerman out of Nellie Bly, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to C. E. Morris, North Wilton, Conn.

*Rollo.* Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 14, 1892, by Jubilee out of Nellie Bannerman, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to C. E. Morris, North Wilton, Conn.

*Blackcap.* Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped 1891, by Fairy's Lee out of Zimmer's Blue Bell, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to B. A. Carter, Benson, Vt.

*Hazel Deal.* Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Nov. 26, 1891, by Duke Boy out of Sue Ellen, by J. K. Boyd, Hempstead, N. Y., to R. B. Hamel, Bellport, N. Y.

*Hazel Deal.* Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Nov. 26, 1891, by Duke Boy out of Sue Ellen, by W. F. Foss, Maineville, O., to J. K. Boyd, Hempstead, N. Y.

*Hazel Sam.* Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Nov. 26, 1891, by Duke Boy out of Sue Ellen, by W. F. Foss, Maineville, O., to J. K. Boyd, Hempstead, N. Y.

*Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge whelps.* Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped March 8, 1892, by W. F. Foss, Maineville, O., to J. K. Boyd, Hempstead, N. Y.

*Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge whelp.* Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 8, 1892, by J. K. Boyd, Hempstead, N. Y., to B. H. Adams, same place.

*Chatham Bob.* White bull-terrier dog, whelped April 29, 1892, by Roscoe out of Loumont Kit, by H. M. Howes, Somerville, Mass., to J. McCormack, Toronto, Can.

*Lady Chatham.* White bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 29, 1892, by Roscoe out of Loumont Kit, by H. M. Howes, Somerville, Mass., to C. M. Kohn, Montgomery, Ala.

*Duke of Ellerslie.* White bull-terrier dog, whelped May 2, 1892, by White Wonder out of Rose, by H. M. Howes, Somerville, Mass., to C. M. Kohn, Montgomery, Ala.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

J. L. K.—The strain and dogs you mention are of the best Irish setters, and you can make no mistake in purchasing at that price.

W. T. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Kindly give an extended pedigree of Bess, the dam of Duke, 574, also of Marster's Bang and Thompson's Belle (Irish setters). Ans. Bess was said to be from an imported brace, names unknown. The others are not registered.

B. D. T.—My foxhound dog has got a bunch on his lower jaw about as large as a hen's egg. I noticed it last night for the first time, it has not grown any since then. Can you tell me the cause of it, and what I shall do for it? Ans. Do not know exactly what you mean by "bunch." If it is a soft swelling, open it and allow contents to escape; syringe out daily with Listerine and water; do not let wound close for a few days. If it is hard, poultice for a few days and when soft, open.

H. P., Lake George.—1. Will you kindly inform me what is the best food for hard working bird dog of about six years of age? 2. Proper treatment for a heavy accumulation of yellow matter around eyelids of dog in the morning? 3. Remedy for loosening bowels and conditioning? Ans. 1. Plenty of meat, stale bread and gravy, crackers occasionally and little oatmeal. 2. Apply following lotion to eyes three or four times a day:

| | |
|---|---|
| Boracic acid | ℥ ii |
| Sulphate of zinc | grs. xx |
| Water | ℥ viii |

Mix. 3. Castor oil or a compound cathartic pill; for conditioning, any of the advertised tonics.

J. W. A., Taylor, Pa.—I have a setter pup five months old, whose mouth is filled with warts. Can you tell me the cause and recommend a course of treatment? Ans. Due to some defect in the nutrition of the skin or to some debilitating influence. Try the following mixture first:

| | |
|---|---|
| Liq. ferri perchlor. | ♏ i |
| Liq. arsenicalis | ♏ xxxvi |
| Aq. ad | ℥ iii Mix. |

Give one teaspoonful three times a day. If the mixture is not effectual then touch each of the warts with very strong acetic acic. Take care that the acid does not go on the skin. Only do a few warts a day.

R. J. W., Ashland, Pa.—I have a young setter dog that is very much troubled with what I first supposed was mange. In some instances small hard lumps appear all over the body, resembling mange. Lately he has had numerous pustules filled with yellow matter, also a light discharge from the eyes. I have applied an ointment of sulphur, salicylic and carbolic acids with petroleum, and an internal remedy of cream of tartar, saltpetre and sulphur. Ans. Treat for worms. Try the following mixture:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mag sulph. | ℥ i |
| Ferri sulph. | ℈ i |
| Acid sulph dil. | ♏ i |
| Aq ad | ℥ viii |

Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

Wash the dog in a solution of creolin (one ounce to gallon of water) every other day.

### Appreciating Good Advice.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

My pointer whom you prescribed for a fortnight ago, is improving rapidly. Gaining flesh, good appetite, etc., but the twitching in the leg and breast is just as bad. I am afraid he will never stand a day's hunt.

Many thanks for your advice. J. P. W. (Boston *Daily Globe*).

# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

27. Rochester, 4th Trophy Race, Irondequoit Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.
3. Brooklyn, Visiting Cruise, Passaic River.
3. Orange, Ann., Arlington, N.J.
5. Arlington, Ann., Arlington, N.J.
5. Ianthe, Annual Regatta.
8. Rochester, Fall Regatta, Irondequoit Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

# THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1892.

### Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain.

A SECOND visit to Willsborough Point has confirmed the opinion formed last year by most canoeists as to both the good and bad features of the place. The former have been developed by the light of experience, making this camp in many ways superior to that of 1891, while the latter as well have kept pace with this development, with most disagreeable results.

The weather last year was all that could be desired, with comparatively little rain, but at the same time there was a threat of evil in a small black cloud which hung persistently over the hills to the westward, occasionally driving over the camp and sprinkling a few drops. Though nothing came of it, the cloud was there night and day, and it was evident at the time that the skies were full of moisture, which might descend on the camp at a moment's notice, regardless of a bright sun and clear blue sky in other quarters.

This year unfortunately the latent possibilities of this small cloud have been brought out in a most marked and unpleasant manner, and for the first ten days of the meet the camp has been a swamp and the atmosphere a deluge.

Com. Winne has been at the camp many times this spring, and was ready by Aug. 1, Mr. Huntington, of the camp site committee, being with him, while Mr. Gibson, of the regatta committee, had been at the hotel for several weeks with his naphtha launch. The result of system and timely preparation during the winter and spring was apparent as soon as the camp opened on Aug. 4, all arrangements for transportation, camp mess, tent floors, etc., being complete from the start.

When the advance guard, including a number of ladies for Squaw Point, reached the camp on Wednesday and Thursday, the weather was showery, and rain fell at intervals on Friday and Saturday. Sunday was fine, but on Monday began a deluge that lasted with hardly a break for seven whole days. A dark curtain of cloud hung over the lake and both shores, blackest to the west, over the Adirondack hills, and from it came rain in a steady, soaking downpour. The low spots of the camp, always wet, were soon little lakes, and after a couple of days even the hilltops were covered with spots on which the water lay ankle deep. Every tent site was a puddle, every path a brook or a mire, and the general moisture penetrated even the clothing and blankets in the tents. Outdoor life was impossible, and all sought shelter under canvas. Camp-fires would not burn, and on two days the weather was quite cool.

The only thing which was not dampened and which kept the camp alive during this trying time was the enthusiasm of Com. Winne, who worked unceasingly to counteract the evil spell of the rain nymphs of the Adirondacks. He was about the camp from early morning until long after "taps" had sounded at night, attending to a thousand details of business, and yet finding time to be everywhere with a pleasant word, a joke about the weather, trying with good success to put a good face on a very serious matter.

As the rain continued the price of rubber boots rose with each half inch of rainfall, large supplies being sent for from Burlington. The chief amusement was digging and ditching, until the whole camp resembled a distorted map of Holland's miniature canals everywhere. The journey over heavy sodden fields to the mess pavilion was a hard one, especially for the ladies, and many spent the time from breakfast to dinner and then to supper and even later in the dry and roomy pavilion. Stories were told, games played, songs sung, and at times the floor cleared for dancing.

The customary work of the racing men during the first week, the practice spins under paddle and the scrub races over the triangle, were not possible, and there was no chance to stretch or try sails.

This meet has offered several proofs that the average canoeist or A. C. A. man is not the chronic growler and kicker that some have pictured him, paying a dollar a year and expecting everything in the way of luxury and convenience; and this was nowhere better seen than during the week of rain. In spite of the general discomfort and discouraging surroundings, with grave doubts whether they would not be obliged to return home without a race or a camp-fire, and with all vacation time wasted, the men, and especially the ladies, maintained a constant good nature, not a growl nor a grumble was heard save some uncomplimentary remarks of a general nature directed at the weather.

Before the patience and forbearance of the camp was tested beyond endurance, a happy change occurred, after a rainy Sunday the sun made his appearance for the first time in a week on Monday morning, and from that time on to the date of writing the weather has been absolutely perfect, clear and bright all day, starlight at night, with a clear blue sky, gentle and moderate breezes, and a dry atmosphere with little dew, making it possible to sit and lie on the grass during the various entertainments at night.

The present camp is identical with that of last year, and has been frequently described and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM, the location of the various points being as given in the accompanying plan.

The arrangement of headquarters is by far the best yet seen at a meet; the officers' tents are pitched around a semi-circular board walk, in the center of the circle being a pole with the large A. C. A. burgee. On one wing is the American flag, on the other the national ensign of Canada, the three large flags showing out well. At one side are the two high poles for the code signals. In front of each tent is the small pole on which is displayed the official flag of the owner, the commodore, secretary or other officer.

In the center of the crescent is the double tent of Commodore Winne, the inner tent at the rear being for his private use; the large one in front being filled with the prizes. The tent is very handsomely decorated; the floor and a couple of divans are covered with bright rugs; the roof is lined with a large British Jack, the walls are hung with about forty handsome silk flags, and on a table are the A. C. A. trophies, Peconsic cup, Jabberwock trophy and other prizes. One that has attracted much attention is a beautiful little canoe cannon, presented by the Winchester Arms Co. On the left are the tents of Secretary-Treasurer Wackerhagen, the outer one being his office, also the A. C. A. post office. On the left wing of the crescent is the hospital, presided over by Fleet Surgeon Nellis, of Albany, with the little Red Cross flag above it. On the end of the other wing is the tent of Signal Officer Parmele, end between it and the Commodore's are the tents of the camp site committee. The headquarters face on a little grove, from which runs out a very good little dock, at which the camp launch lands.

Being just outside the main camp, headquarters is what it should be—the general center and rendezvous of the whole camp. Through the day the ladies of Squaw Point and many guests are seated under the shade of the wide awnings, and at night the camp-fire is lighted on the beach, nearly in the center of the semi-circle.

The official bulletin board is here, and through it and the signal flags information is quickly spread through the camp.

The main camp is much more compact than last year, beginning just in the rear of headquarters and extending well around the point on the west of Indian Bay. The main hillside is kept clear, and in consequence the tents are closer in the main camp. Last season's tent floors and skids are being used again, quite an item of saving. The level of the lake is from one to two feet higher than last year, the result being that the stony and bad part part of the beach is under water, leaving a wide path of pebble and shingle along the water's edge. The men have observed the requests of the camp site committee very carefully, and all tents are pitched well back from a line marked out by a row of stakes, each decorated with a red rag, leaving a wide walk along the entire camp front.

The main part of Squaw Point is unchanged from last year, but a large camping party, the Bulwagga C. C., of Port Henry, further up the lake, has filled the extreme point occupied before by the Toronto men. A number of large tents are pitched here, all being nicely furnished, and one boasting an upright piano. Two steep flights of stairs have been built down the cliffs, leading to little coves where a large fleet of canoes and boats are hauled up. The Bulwagga C. C. possesses a number of very enthusiastic novices who are likely to become known in future races.

The mess pavilion is the same, the fare being similar to last year.

For once the Association has been blessed with transportation arrangements which leave no ground for complaint. Through the personal efforts of Com. Winne, the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. has established a new station called Willsborough Point, just opposite the camp, at which all trains, to and from Albany and Montreal, stop. A horse and stone drag are at hand to transport baggage, and a walk of a couple of hundred yards down the hillside brings one to a little landing in a most picturesque nook of the steep rocky shore. Here the launch Ruth, Capt. Piepenbrinck, is ready, and in fifteen minutes the passengers and baggage are on the headquarters dock. From the camp to the train is a journey of less than half a mile, and for once the old experience of six hours on the springpiece is but a memory in place of a sad reality. There are several other ways of reaching the camp, but this is the most popular, and in spite of one or two delays in very bad weather, there has been no cause of complaint over getting to or from camp.



PAUL BUTLER'S CANOE WASP, TROPHY WINNER, 1892.

The work of the regatta committee has been done no less thoroughly than that of the camp site committee; Mr. Gibson was early on the ground with his naphtha launch, and the buoys were laid out with the greatest possible accuracy. Just off the north point is No. 3, the finish of the paddling races. No. 2, the half mile paddling starting buoy, is off the west point, and up Willsborough Bay is the starting buoy of the mile paddling course, No. 1. Half a mile to the north of No. 3 lies No. 4, the south angle of the sailing course. No. 5 is in a line with No. 3 and 4, half a mile distant, while No. 6, the west buoy, is half a mile from No. 4 and 5. The distances have been very carefully laid off and verified, and they are as nearly accurate as is practicable. The arrangements for announcing and starting, and for all details of the races were unusually complete, and all have been carried out without a hitch.

The first three days in camp passed very quietly, the rain keeping all under canvas. On Saturday night a dance took place in the pavilion. Sunday Aug. 7, was very pleasant, the one clear day of the early part of the meet. In the morning service was held in the pavilion, Dr. Savage of Newburgh officiating, and in the afternoon Mr. Francis held a service in the Bulwagga Camp. The week was a dull one, with little to enliven it until Saturday night, when a hop was given at the Willsborough. On Sunday the rain had decreased, and some stray gleams of sunlight gave a promise of better weather.

The starters in the various races were as follows:

A. C. A. MEET, 1892—ENTRIES FOR RACES.

| *Canoe.* | *Owner.* | *Club.* |
|---|---|---|
| Wasp | Paul Butler | Vesper. |
| Bee | D. S. Goddard | Vesper. |
| V | Howard Gray | Vesper. |
| Jog | W. H. Cottingham | Stanley Is. B. C. |
| Mab | C. E. Archbald | Pointe Claire B. C. |
| Iolante | J. D. Patterson | Pointe Claire B. C. |
| Toltec | T. E. H. Barrington | New York. |
| Paddle | | |
| Hornet | Wm. Whitlock | New York. |
| Bubble | S. Schieffelin | New York. |
| Io | F. H. Foster | |
| Tornado | F. C. Moore | Knickerbocker. |
| Glenwood | T. X. Oxholm | Yonkers. |
| Evangeline | Thos. Hale, Jr. | Yonkers. |
| Foggy Dew | H. L. Quick | Yonkers. |
| Pollywog | W. C. Witherbee | Bulwagga. |
| Pagan | W. T. Foote, Jr. | Bulwagga. |
| Bulwag | C. A. Neidé | Bulwagga. |
| Kiowilla | C. E. Cragge | Bulwagga. |
| Bedouin | W. N. Goddard | Bulwagga. |
| L'Hirondelle | E. C. Knappe | Springfield. |
| Marguerite | | |
| —— | W. E. Parsons | Springfield. |
| Eel | J. W. Sparrow | Corinthian. |
| Rana | S. J. Benson | Troy. |
| White Cloud | Enoch Aston | Troy. |
| Gertie | J. R. Robertson | Puritan. |
| Kitty Clyde | C. B. Ashenden | Puritan. |
| Wannolancet | F. J. Burrage | Newton B. C. |
| Sunbeam | R. D'A. Scott | Ottawa. |
| Banshee | A. M. Adamson | Ottawa. |
| Zoe | E. L. Jones | Ottawa. |
| Idlemere | G. P. Douglas | Ianthe. |

The two remarkable things about this list are the very small total of starters, and the still smaller proportion of first-class racing canoes, while of the latter all are old boats. Wasp, Bee, Toltec, Hornet, L'Hirondelle and Tornado have all raced before at the meets, Glenwood is known through the New York cup races last June, a new Ruggles racer. Mab is a new canoe, a handsome racer designed and built by Gilbert, of Gananoque, of good model and well built, with a smooth lap. She is, however, but 28in. wide, and so unable to carry her sails, two huge standing batswings such as are used on the St. Lawrence River skiffs. The masts are hollow but they are 3½in. in diameter and the longest is 16ft. In addition she is fitted with the old fore and aft deck tiller, so that her crew has nothing to help him in off the seat. In spite of her model and finish she was outclassed by the older American boat of 30in. beam. The only other racer was a very handsome paddling canoe built for O. E. Knappe by W. F. Stevens, a Spanish cedar racing shell, of the lightest construction, decked fore and aft with oiled linen. In model she is similar to a rowing gig, very light bilge, but in use she is amply stiff. Mr. Knappe uses a seat about 5in. above the keel, both feet resting in shellboat stretchers.

V is a canoe built in 1888 by Paul Butler, a peculiar model, with the S section of a modern compromise centerboard yacht such as Mayflower or Puritan. She has never been raced to any extent, and has never been to a meet. There were a number of Rushton canoes and some new open canoes, but none of special note.

Four of the regatta committee were present, Messrs. Gibson, Oliver, Barney and Quick, Mr. Ford Jones not being in camp. These, with Mr. George P. Douglas as clerk of the course, were on Mr. Gibson's launch Sirius. In some races the start was made at the leeward buoy, so as to make the first leg to windward, this necessitating the addition of one half-mile leg to the announced course, the finish in nearly all cases being at Buoy 4. Two men in a rowboat made the starting and finishing line, and managed the signals very well.

With a light south wind on Monday morning, the record sailing, Event 3 was called at 9:30, the starting gun being fired at 9:55, the start being off Buoy 5. There were 14 starters, Mab, Io, Hornet, Toltec, Bubble, V, L'Hirondelle, Tornado, Evangeline, Bulwag, Kiowilla, Joy, Banshee and Eel. L'Hirondelle and Eel made a good start, V soon came to the front and led the fleet, with Eel second, but on the second round Mab gained down wind and passed V. The wind fell very light, and after a drift the race was called, the two-hour limit having expired.

At noon there was a flat calm, but by 1 o'clock a strong north wind was kicking up a heavy sea in the bay, and after dinner the unlimited race was called, Event No. 6, starting at 2:42, with 11 starters—Wasp, Bee, V., Mab, Toltec, Glenwood, Tornado, Bulwag, Pagan, Hornet and Bubble. Io capsized before the start. Wasp and V carried big sails, but reefed before the start. With a windward start from Buoy 6, Tornado was first over, but V., Wasp and Glenwood were soon in the lead. Wasp took a knockdown and the seat slid to leeward, Mr. Butler falling backward into the drink, but he regained the canoe and held on his course. At the end of the first round the order was Glenwood, Tornado, V, Bee, Bubble, Wasp, etc. On the next round Hornet capsized, but righted; Glenwood had her weather and took a long lead, being nearly 3m. ahead of Bee at the end of second round. Bee, Wasp, V and Tornado were close together. On the first leg of the third round the lashings of Wasp's mainsail gave way along the yard, the waxed thread of each knot slipping. One by one they went, until the sailwas disabled, when Mr. Butler lowered it and ran in under the mizen. Glenwood held her lead and won easily, her time being 57m. 45s. for the six miles, a very high speed. Each of the four rounds, 1½ miles each, was sailed by the leaders in an average time of 15m.

In the evening a camp-fire was held at headquarters, and a meeting of the Atlantic Division was held at the Trenton camp, the following division officers being elected: Vice-Com., J. R. Lake, New York; Rear Com., H. L. Quick, Yonkers; Purser, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn; Executive Committee, M. V. Brokaw, W. E. Dodge and W. E. Lawrence.

The rest of the evening was spent (as are all nights in racing week in camp) in protracted discussions of the sailing work of the day, canoes and their handlers.

Tuesday was as fair and bright as Monday, and a number of new arrivals reached camp, the register showing nearly 200 names. The first race was the resailing of the record race, started from Buoy 6 at 9:38, the wind being light south, with smooth water. The first leg was a beat, the second free and the third a reach. With a good start V led over the course, Tornado being a poor second. The full times are given in the table further on.

The novice race followed, starting in a lighter wind at 11:50, the starters being Rana, Pollywog, Pagan, Bedouin, Zoe and Joy. The start was particularly poor, all waiting until long after the gun. Pagan was first over, holding his lead for the two rounds and winning easily.

At noon there was no wind, the lake being calm and smooth, and the principal paddling races were posted, the trophy being called at 2:00. Last year the interest and excitement ran high over the paddling trophy, a fine field of starters and some good canoes were present, and some sharp paddling was promised for this year, especially in the event of the removal of the weight limit of 40lbs. This change was made last November, and there has been much talk over paddling during the winter, but the result was very disappointing.

Only two of the leading paddlers, Messrs. Knappe and Parsons, were present, while total starters numbered but five. The only Canadian, Mr. Archbald, is a sailing rather than a paddling man, and was neither boated nor trained for a very sharp race. The paddling men, McKendrick, Muntz, Johnson, Carnegie and Tilley, were all absent. The starters were five—Knappe, Archbald, Barrington, Parsons and Scott. Mr. Knappe used his new 30lbs. racer before mentioned, Parsons used a canoe of a new material, a paper called Linenoid, made by Crane & Co., the paper manufacturers. Barrington paddled a light open Ruggles canoe, Archbald an open Gilbert canoe, and Scott an ordinary light Canadian canoe. All used double blades, some standing and some kneeling, Knappe alone being seated with legs extended and feet braced. He took the lead at the start and increased it for the whole mile without effort, winning in 7m. 36s., with Scott 42s. later, then Archbald, Barrington and Parsons. There was much disappointment on the part of the Eastern men because none of the recognized cracks were present to meet Knappe. There was no question such as was raised last year over the accuracy of the course, which in this case was the full mile, and he was never pushed from start to finish, so that his time shows very fast paddling.

The first race of the afternoon was the record paddling, won by Mr. Knappe from Messrs. Moore, Sparrow, Hall, Gray and Foster. The open canoe race with single blades was won by Mr. Archbald, with Scott, McKinley, Robertson and Titus in order. The first three men were disqualified, their canoes being under the limit, 55lbs., and the prizes go to Messrs. Robertson and Titus.

There were but three crews in the tandem paddling, Knappe and Parsons defeating Robertson and Ashenden and Burrage and Drake. The club fours brought out five crews, Springfield winning after a good race, with New York second.

A meeting of the Central Division was held in the evening, the following officers being elected, Vice-Com., T. S. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.; Rear-Com., W. B. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.; Purser, C. G. Behman, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Executive Committee, C. V. Winne and W. R. Huntington.

On Tuesday evening the camp and a number of visitors from the hotel were entertained by a novel performance, of course under the management of Mr. Seavey. A small stage was built in the grove on the hill, a curtain being fitted between two trees. A series of 17 tableaux from "As You Like It" was given here, the parts being taken by ladies and gentlemen from the camp. The costumes and the little necessary scenery were sent from New York, a chorus sang some of the music from "The Foresters," and the orchestra was

made up of guitars, mandolins and banjos. The audience found seats on the grass, on rugs or camp stools. The tableaux were most elaborate and artistic, and the whole performance was a remarkable one considering the conditions under which it was given.

After the return of the men to headquarters, at 10:30 a couple of bouts with gloves took place, one very amusing one between two men of 130lbs. and 206lbs., the smaller man being the victor.

Wednesday morning was similar to the preceding ones, the same moderate south wind just rippling the surface of the water. The sailing trophy race was the first called, being started at 9:44 with the smallest field of starters yet seen in the race since it was established in 1886. The men who were eligible through having finished in the unlimited sailing race were Oxholm, Goddard, Moore, Gray, Schieffelin, Barrington and Whitlock; to whom the committee added Butler and Archbald, both disabled in the unlimited.

The course was nine miles, six rounds of the triangle, starting and finishing at buoy 6. The first leg was to windward, the second so nearly free that several canoes, Bee in particular, sailed it winged out, and the third a reach. The wind was moderate and very steady, and there was no sea. The fleet made a good start on starboard tack, Toltec and Wasp in the lead, but V was over on port tack from the other end of the line just in time to meet them and foul Toltec, throwing the fleet into confusion. Tornado fouled the starting buoy, and Bubble was 5m. late in crossing. Wasp took the lead, with Glenwood second, Bee third and Mab fourth when they came to the finish buoy. Wasp held Glenwood down wind, while Mab passed Bee. Just after passing the second mark, Mab's deckseat broke and she capsized. Mr Archbald righting her and sailing home, having lost some time and being badly disabled. Toltec was filling with water from a leak forward, and by the end of the round her stemhead was hardly out of water. There was little change in the second round save that Tornado capsized, continuing the race however, and Hornet sprung her mizen mast and withdrew.

At the end of the third round Wasp and Glenwood were in nearly the same positions as at the start, but in getting in sheets for the beat Mr. Butler lost some valuable seconds, and Glenwood ran up dangerously close. Being out on the end of a 5ft. deck seat, Mr. Butler was unable to handle the sheets quickly, the canoe lying in the wind for quite a time. This brought the two leaders very close, and the race became still more exciting. There was very little difference in the speed, and the result seemed likely to be decided by some small mishap.

At the beginning of the last leg of this round, Mr. Oxholm lost his sheet and nearly slipped off his seat, but saved himself; losing, however, a few precious seconds to Wasp. On the next turn, beginning the fifth round, the Wasp was again in trouble, losing a little to Glenwood, but on the last leg of the round she ran away from the latter, and also made the last turn very neatly, with no loss of time, the difference between her and Glenwood being but 21s. There was some close racing and fine handling on the last round, but with little change of position, and Wasp crossed the line with a lead of 14s. in a 9-mile race. After the finish the two canoes came side by side, the men shaking hands and then exchanging boats and sailing into the camp. Mr. Butler is the only man who has sailed every race for the trophy since 1886, and his victory has given pleasure to all, as he has been very unfortunate in several previous races, as last year, when his canoe was injured in launching for the start. The winners of the trophy have been: 1886-7, R. W. Stisser, in Vesper and Notus; 1888, M. V. Brokaw in Eclipse; 1889-90-91, Ford Jones in Canuck, and 1892, Paul Butler in Wasp. The positions on the various rounds were:

| | First. | Second. | Third. | Fourth. | Fifth. | Sixth |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Glenwood | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Bee | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| V | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Toltec | 6 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 5 | Withdrew |
| Tornado | 4 | 4 | Capsized and withdrew. | | | |
| Hornet | 7 | 6 | Disabled. | | | |
| Bubble | 8 | Withdrew. | | | | |
| Mab | Capsized and withdrew. | | | | | |

Mr. Goddard sailed a good race, but never was near the leaders. The three Vesper canoes all sailed the race without mishap. Butler and Oxholm each carried about 150sq.ft., the former having his well known rig, while Oxholm used Pecowsic sails.

The first race on Wednesday afternoon was the sailing and paddling event No. 1, the race for cruising canoes being continued with it. There were eight starters, L'Hirondelle, Io, Tornado, Evangeline, V, Eel, Foggy Dew and White Cloud.

The race was started from Buoy 4 at 2:43, the first leg under paddle, L'Hirondelle leading with Foggy Dew second and Evangeline third. On the sailing leg Foggy Dew ran ahead, while V took second place, but on the second paddling leg L'Hirondelle regained the lead and held it to the end, increasing it steadily. V lost on each paddling leg and gained on the sailing, finishing second, with Foggy Dew, Tornado, Eel, Evangeline, White Cloud and Io in order. L'Hirondelle and V win the sailing and paddling prizes and Foggy Dew the cruising prize.

The club race was called next, with six starters, the Vesper representatives being Wasp, Bee and V, and the Yonkers being Glenwood, Evangeline and Alpha. At the start Evangeline broke a mast, throwing her out. Bee carried a large mainsail in the mizzen tube and another forward, so that she was unmanageable. She collided with V and also struck three buoys, thus being disqualified. Glenwood finished first, Wasp second, V third and Alpha fourth, giving each club five points. A resail was ordered, but as the usual individual prize for first was not offered the Yonkers men decided not to start.

On Wednesday evening the general meeting of the Association was held for the election of officers, Col. Cotton, of Kingston, being elected commodore, and Mr. C. E. I. Porteous secretary-treasurer.

All the camp was invited to a camp-fire on the point, as the guests of the Bulwagga C. C., and nearly two hundred persons assembled around the blazing logs. The entertainment, which lasted from 8 P. M. until after 11, was one of the best ever given at a meet, with very good vocal and instrumental music, recitations and dances. The whole grove was illuminated, and the view from the lake was very beautiful.

Thursday another perfect day, with a breeze in the morning for the Pecowsic Cup, which was called at 9:30, being started from buoy 6, making four and a half miles. There were but six starters: Glenwood, Toltec, Mab, V., Alpha and Hornet; Bee breaking a mast before the start. Glenwood led all the way, scoring an easy victory, Toltec being second and Mab third. Mr. Oxholm won the cup in 1891, and by this second win he becomes the permanent holder. The cup was given in 1889, being won by Dr. Gage in that year, by Mr. Butler in 1890, and by Mr. Oxholm since then.

The resail of the club race was only possible through the entry of another trio from the New York C. C., Messrs. Whitlock, Barrington and Moore. The Vesper trio were the winners.

Thursday was visitor's day, and in the afternoon there were two or three hundred strangers present. The crowd was remarkably quiet and unobtrusive, quite different from the hordes of picnickers who have sometimes invaded the meets. The afternoon was given up to the upset and similar races, the first being the paddling upset, won very cleverly by Mr. L. B. Palmer, who was the quickest to right his canoe. The hurry scurry race had nine starters, Mr. Barrington leading in the run and being first in his canoe, winning very handsomely. The sailing upset and maneuvering had five starters, Wasp, Bee, V, Glenwood and Mab. Mr. Archbald handled Mab very cleverly, being the first to throw his paddle over at the signal and to regain it. After the capsize Bee took the lead in the run to the buoy, V lost her mainmast, Mr. Gray standing on the centerboard in the effort to right her quickly. Mab was first at the turn, holding her lead on the beat home and winning easily. Wasp and Glenwood finished almost at the same time.

The sports closed with an exhibition of canoe gymnastics by Messrs. Douglas, Barrington, Goddard and Butler. Some of the feats were very clever, each of the men capsized his canoe through a complete circle, standing on the keel and then righting her and sailing on. Mr. Douglas set four sails, passing along the deck and around each mast. Mr. Butler walked all over the deck and around both masts, also standing on his head on the deck seat. Mr. Barrington kept his canoe under way while he stood on the extreme stem and held the mainmast in his hands. He finally climbed the mizenmast. All of the work was good, but the prize was awarded to Mr. Barrington, his performance being the most graceful and most easily executed.

Late in the afternoon the annual meeting of the Eastern Division was held, the officers elected being: Vice-Com., Geo. L. Parmele, Hartford, Conn.; Rear Com., F. A. Sears, Worcester, Mass.; Purser, F. B. Lewis, Hartford; Executive Committee, Paul Butler, W. U. Lawson and Raymond Appolionio.

Although but two of the three weeks had expired, the old practice of breaking camp after the races is not extinct, and many prepared to leave, quite a number being recalled to join their regiments in consequence of the railroad strike. Thursday night was the culmination of the meet, and it was celebrated in a fitting manner, all hands taking part, while the whole camp was thrown open to visitors until a late hour, a volunteer patrol force keeping them within the prescribed limits and guarding the tents. The steamer Vermont brought a large party from Burlington, lying off Indian Bay, where a fine view could be had.

During the day a large structure of joists and boards had been erected under Mr. Seavey's direction on the hill near the old headquarters. This wall, about 70ft. long and 12ft. high, was covered with painted canvas representing a fort, a high tower rising from the center and one from each wing. At dark a hundred large torches were lighted and planted in the beach around the whole long arc of Indian Bay, from the west point around beyond the headquarters dock, at intervals of 15ft. Chinese lanterns were hung in all parts of the camp, a huge campfire was started in front of headquarters, and a large fleet of canoes, decorated with lanterns, was launched on the bay, where steam launches and other boats were awaiting them. The fleet moved around in procession, winding like a huge serpent about the bay. Fireworks were set off on the water, and others from the shore. After a time a bugle sounded the attack, and a reply came from the fort, followed by a volley of fireworks from the water, returned by bombs and rockets from the fort, now brilliantly illuminated by green and red fires. For half an hour the firing continued, the successful attack ending in a grand explosion, the shattered towers of the fort falling and leaving all in total darkness

During the morning a bass drum and snare drum arrived in camp to augment the three cornets composing the band. At noon the line formed, all fell in, led by a drum major waving an old horn, and all marched to dinner and up past the hotel. When the attack on the fort concluded, at night, the drum beat called the camp together, each man seized a torch from the beach, and a wild march began, from headquarters, up to the west end of the main camp, back and over the hill through the Bulwagga camp—"Three cheers for the Bulwaggas!"—on through the ladies' camp—"Three cheers for the ladies!"—on to Mr. Seavey's tent—"Three cheers for Mr. Seavey, and three more!"—then on over the fields and the rough road to the hotel, the long line of 100 bright torches marching zigzag in a serpentine path, from one side of the road to the other, a most fantastic procession. In front of the hotel a halt was called—"Three cheers for Mr. Otis!"—"Three cheers for the A. C. A.!"—"Three cheers for the ladies!" and the march was resumed back to headquarters, where the entire party broke up quietly, leaving the camp in peace after one of the noisiest, jolliest frolics that has ever enlivened a meet. Apart from the general fun, the scenic display, afloat and on shore, was most striking.

Friday saw a few arrivals and many departures, but the pavilion was still well filled at meal times. The weather was warm, but with a strong south breeze; and toward noon some ominous clouds gathered over the hills, with distant thunder and a few drops of rain at times. The race for the Jabberwock trophy was called in the morning, limited to members of the Central Division, not less than five starters. As the requisite number were not ready, the race did not take place. Early in the morning a cruising party of three canoe yawls, with Messrs. Dennison, Ward, Johnson, Connell and Hatch, reached camp after a cruise down the lake and Richelieu River as far as Sorel, having left Plattsburgh on Aug. 4. They were towed into camp by the steam yacht St. Julian, of Ottawa, with Mr. J G. Edwards on board. Among the late arrivals at the camp were Vice-Com. Cartwright and Mr. M. V. Brokaw.

Friday was the hot day of the meet, but toward evening a cool northerly breeze came up the lake. At 8 P. M. a camp-fire was lighted in front of headquarters, and after a short speech by Com. Winne, the prizes were distributed as follows, the names of donors being in parenthesis:

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS AND DONORS.

Bunting Flags.—Sailing (Paul Butler), Paddling (E. C. Knappe), Record (E C. Knappe).

1. Combined Race.—1st, E. C. Knappe (Puritan C. C.), 2d, Howard Gray (Miss Stanford).

2. Record Paddling.—1st, E. C. Knappe (Com. C. V. Winne), 2d, F. C. Moore (Miss Francis S. Archbald).

3. Record Sailing.—1st, Howard Gray (Miss Beatrice Winser), 2d, F. C. Moore. 1st Record. E. C. Knappe (Miss Gertrude V. Fredericks). 2d Record, F. C. Moore (Com. C. V. Winne), 3d Record, Howard Gray (Miss Mary Warren Fuller), 4th Record, J. W. Sparrow (Mrs. W. P. Stephens), 5th Record, Thos. Hale, Jr. (Miss Beatrice Dartnell).

4. Trophy Paddling.—1st, E. C. Knappe (Flag, Asssociation Trophy), 2d, R. Scott (Mrs. Bessie W. Leonard).

5. Open Paddling.—1st, J. R. Robertson (canoe cushion, Mrs. F. B. Yard, flag, Miss Elizabeth Upham), 2d, W. C. Titus (Miss Frances C. Archbald).

6. Unlimited Sailing.—1st, T. S. Oxholm (canoe cannon, Winchester Arms Co.; flag, Com. C. V. Winne), 2d, D. S. Goddard (Mrs. Edward Leigh).

7. Trophy Sailing.—1st, Paul Butler (Association Trophy), 2d, T. S. Oxholm (flag).

8. Novice Sailing.—1st, W. T. Foote, Jr. (Miss S. E. Vair), 2d, W. C. Witherbee (Lt. Col. W. H. Cotton).

9. Pecowsic Cup.—1st, T. S. Oxholm (Pecowsic Cup), 2d, T. E. H. Barrington (Miss Elizabeth Norton).

10. Sailing Club Race.—Individual prize, D. S. Goddard; 1st, Vesper (Misses Sherwood).

11. Cruising Race.—1st, H. L. Quick (mirror, Mrs. W. C. Lawrence, flag), 2d, Thos. Hale, Jr. (flag).

13. Tandem Paddling.—1st, Knappe and Parsons (Com. C. V. Winne), 2d, Ashenden and Robertson (M. F. D.).

14. Club Four Paddling.—1st, Springfield (Mrs. John D. Parker), 2d, New York (Mrs. H. J. Winser).

15. Sailing Upset.—1st, C. E. Archbald (Miss Draper), 2d, Paul Butler (Mrs. J. H. T. Burr).

16. Paddling Upset.—1st, L. B. Palmer (Miss Dartnell), 2d, T. Hale, Jr. (Mrs. Edward Leigh).

17. Hurry Scurry.—1st, T. E. H. Barrington (Mrs. F. G. Mather), 2d, T. Hale, Jr.

18. Gymnastics.—1st, T. E. H. Barrington (Mrs. C. B. Vaux).

19. Jabberwock Trophy.—W. C. Wetherbee.

The prize flags were very handsome, and bore evidence to no small amount of taste and skill on the part of their donors. As the successful racers came up for their prizes they were greeted with cheers from the large group of ladies and canoeists assembled in front of the officers' tents. Mr. Butler's victory is the cause of general congratulation, as he has been most persistent in the face of a number of mishaps, such as that of last year, when his canoe was stove in while launching for the trophy race. Mr. Knappe carried off a large number of prizes, the result of special skill in paddling and of good all around work in all the races. Mr. Oxholm, too, was very successful, counting among his many prizes the valuable Pecowsic Cup, his permanent property by virtue of two wins.

After the presentation there followed music and some recitations, the ladies retiring to Square Point at about 11 o'clock. The wind had been rising through the evening, and by midnight it was piping half a gale from the north, squarely into the bay. All hands turned out, first to set up tent pegs and stow the tent flies, then to carry all canoes from the skids to the beach, and finally to look out for wrecks on the shore.

The steam yacht St. Julian was anchored off headquarters dock, with her fires out. She began to drag and fires were quickly lighted and fed with kerosene and light wood, but before steam was up she had dragged aboard the little cutter Madge, the latter's bowsprit fouling her at each jump and smashing seventeen of the cabin windows. The St. Julian finally steamed around the Point to shelter, but the cutter dragged ashore, going quite high on the beach. All hands were at work from midnight until 3 A. M., everyone being wet, as rain came with the wind, and nearly all were more or less in the water in saving the yachts.

During the excitement several accidents occurred. Mr. Benson, of Troy, slipped on the wet rocks, and in falling cut his wrist very badly on some broken glass. The wound was sewed up by Dr. Nellis, fleet surgeon, and Mr. Benson left for home next morning. One man made a misstep and fell over a bank about 10ft. high into the water, a companion who tried to help him sharing the same fate and falling on him. Skids and landings were washed ashore, and if the storm had occurred a few days earlier there would have been serious inconvenience. As it was, many were ready to leave, and the skids were no longer needed.

Saturday was cloudy and very cool, though the rain stopped early. During the morning those who were not busy packing up gathered on the beach to watch or to assist in the work of wrecking, and with the aid of the Ruth and many willing hands both yachts were finally floated with no serious damage. All through the day the tents fell, and canoes and trunks were carted to the wharf, the scow Gloriana being loaded high with canoes. In packing up Mr. Knappe met with a serious accident, cutting his foot badly on a broken bottle.

After dinner the weather improved, and with a light northerly wind the race for the Jabberwock trophy was started at 3:45, with five starters, Bulwag, Bedouin, Pollywog, Bonnie and Mr. Francis's canoe, the course being 1½ miles, by consent. Pollywog won the trophy, which Mr. Wetherbee will hold for the year.

On Saturday evening a dance took place in the pavilion, with the guitar and banjo orchestra and a fiddle steered by Mr. Spaulding, a local celebrity. The pavilion was well filled and the evening passed very pleasantly.

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The general programme of the races was as follows:

REGATTA PROGRAMME.

REGULAR EVENTS.

No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined, half miles alternately, total three miles. Time limit, 1½ hours.

No. 2. Paddling, half-mile, straightaway.

No. 3. Sailing, four and one-half miles, same rig and ballast as in race No. 1. Time limit, two hours.

These three races to constitute the record races.

No. 4. Trophy paddling, one mile, straightaway. Exempt from one-man-one-canoe rule.

No. 5. Paddling, open canoes, not under 55lbs. weight, single blade paddles, one-half mile straightaway.

No. 6. Unlimited sailing race. No limit to rig or ballast, six miles. Time limit 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy race to be selected from this race. See Rule 5.

No. 7. Trophy sailing. No limit to rig or ballast, nine miles. Time limit 3½ hours. Starters to be selected as by Rule 5.

No. 8. Novice sailing race. No limit to rig or ballast, distance three miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Open only to men who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1891.

No. 9. Sailing, the Pecowsic Cup. Four and one half miles, no limit to rig or ballast. Time limit 2 hours. Winner of trophy barred.

No. 10. Sailing club race, distance four and one half miles. Time limit 2 hours. First three members of any one club to count. No club can be represented unless it enters at least three men; all men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the A. C. A. meet.

No. 11. Cruising race. Open to "general purpose" or "cruising" canoes, sailing and paddling combined, one-half miles alternately. Distance three miles. Time limit 1½ hours.

OTHER EVENTS.

No. 12. Paddling war canoe race. Details will be posted.

No. 13. Paddling tandem, half mile straightaway.

No. 14. Paddling club fours, half mile straightaway.

No. 15. Sailing upset and maneuvering, no special appliances, no limit to ballast; at signal throw over astern and recover paddle; second signal, canoe to be heeled over until top of foremast touches the water; canoes to be righted and cross finish line under sail. Time limit ½ hour.

No. 16. Paddling upset, usual conditions, no special appliances.

No. 17. Hurry scurry, run, swim and paddle short distances.

No. 18. Gymnastics

No. 19. Long distance cruising race, two or three 'days' racing, about six hours each day, and camping at night, each man with his own outfit. Details of this event to be decided at a meeting to be held at camp Saturday evening, Aug. 6.

Event No. 1, paddling and sailing combined, distance 3 miles. Start 2:43:

| | 1st round. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| L'Hirondelle | 3 00 20 | 3 27 00 | 44 00 |
| V | 3 02 55 | 3 29 05 | 46 05 |
| Foggy Dew | 3 00 55 | 3 29 05 | 46 05 |
| Tornado | 3 03 00 | 3 29 45 | 46 45 |
| Eel | 3 04 40 | 3 31 45 | 48 45 |
| Evangeline | 3 01 50 | 3 34 30 | 51 30 |
| White Cloud | 3 02 45 | 3 35 40 | 52 40 |
| Io | 3 05 30 | Withdrew. | |

Event No. 2, record paddling, distance ½ mile. Times not taken:

| | |
|---|---|
| L'Hirondelle | 1 |
| Tornado | 2 |
| Eel | 3 |
| Evangeline | 4 |
| V | 5 |
| Io | 6 |

Event No. 3, sailing record, distance 5 miles. Start 9:33:

| | 1st round. | 2d round. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| V | 10 01 10 | 10 18 45 | 10 34 16 | 56 16 |
| Tornado | 10 03 25 | 10 22 40 | 10 41 25 | 1 03 25 |
| Eel | 10 04 00 | 10 24 00 | 10 43 06 | 1 05 06 |
| L'Hirondelle | 10 05 55 | 10 26 10 | 10 45 45 | 1 07 45 |
| Io | 10 08 53 | 10 31 23 | 10 52 00 | 1 14 00 |
| Evangeline | 10 31 30 | 10 36 44 | 11 01 15 | 1 23 05 |
| Pollywog | 10 24 35 | 10 49 40 | 11 16 25 | 1 38 25 |

Event No. 4, paddling trophy, distance 1 mile. Start 12:09:35:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Marguerite, E. C. Knappe | 7 36 |
| Sunbeam, R. D. Scott | 8 18 |
| —— C. E. Archbald | 8 36 |
| Paddle, T. E. H. Barrington | 8 39 |
| —— Parsons | 8 46 |

Event No. 5, paddling, open canoes, distance ½ mile:

| | |
|---|---|
| —— C. E. Archbald | Disqualified—over weight limit. |
| Sunbeam, R. D Scott | Disqualified—over weight limit. |
| Iolanthe, J. D. Patterson | Disqualified—over weight limit. |
| —— D. S. McKinley | Disqualified—over weight limit. |
| Gertie, J. R. Robertson | Winner. |
| —— W. C. Titus | Second. |

Event No. 6, sailing, unlimited, distance 6 miles. Start 2:47:00:

| | 1st round. | 2d round. | 3d round | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Glenwood | 3 02 00 | 3 16 00 | 3 30 17 | 3 44 45 | 57 45 |
| Bee | 3 04 03 | 3 18 39 | 3 33 25 | 3 46 55 | 59 55 |
| Tornado | 3 03 44 | 3 19 47 | 3 35 51 | 3 50 59 | 1 03 49 |
| V | 3 03 45 | 3 19 35 | 3 36 25 | 3 52 37 | 1 05 37 |
| Bubble | 3 04 07 | 3 21 40 | 3 37 54 | 3 54 44 | 1 07 44 |
| Toltec | 3 06 50 | 3 23 30 | 3 39 35 | 3 56 47 | 1 09 47 |
| Hornet | 3 05 07 | 3 22 44 | 3 41 30 | 3 59 12 | 1 12 12 |
| Wasp | 3 04 14 | 3 19 07 | Dist.; withdrew. | | |
| Mab | 3 06 16 | Dist.; withdrew. | | | |
| Pagan | 3 08 37 | Withdrew. | | | |
| Bulwag | 3 11 47 | Withdrew. | | | |

Event No. 7, sailing trophy, distance 9 miles. Start 9:44:

| | 1st Round. | 2d Round. | 3d Round. | 4th Round. | 5th Round. | 6th Round. | 7th Round. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 9 59 34 | 10 14 11 | 10 29 06 | 10 44 01 | 10 59 27 | 11 14 37 | 1 30 37 |
| Glenw'd | 9 59 59 | 10 14 53 | 10 29 47 | 10 44 30 | 10 59 48 | 11 14 51 | 1 30 51 |
| Bee | 10 01 09 | 10 16 14 | 10 31 20 | 10 46 01 | 11 01 22 | 11 17 03 | 1 33 03 |
| V | 10 02 31 | 10 19 01 | 10 35 12 | 10 53 27 | 11 10 05 | 11 28 04 | 1 44 04 |
| Toltec | 10 02 50 | 10 21 12 | 10 39 39 | 10 58 13 | Withdrew. | | |
| Tornado | 10 02 02 | 10 18 30 | Withdrew. | | | | |
| Hornet | 10 02 55 | 10 20 12 | Withdrew. | | | | |
| Bubble | 10 07 10 | Withdrew. | | | | | |

Event No. 8, novice sailing:

| | Elapsed. | | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pagan | 47 50 | Redouin | Not timed. |
| Pollywog | 1 10 00 | Rana | Not timed. |

Event No. 9, Pecowsic cup, distance 4½ miles. Start 11:48:

| | 1st Round. | 2d Round. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Glenwood | 10 03 07 | 10 18 14 | 10 33 47 | 45 47 |
| Toltec | 10 04 32 | 10 20 22 | 10 35 33 | 48 33 |
| Mab | 10 04 45 | 10 21 25 | 10 38 16 | 50 16 |
| V | 10 04 52 | 10 21 55 | 10 38 30 | 50 30 |
| Alpha | 10 05 12 | 10 23 14 | 10 40 30 | 52 30 |
| Hornet | 10 05 46 | 10 24 10 | 10 42 33 | 54 33 |
| Eel | 10 08 35 | Withdrew. | | |
| Evangeline | 10 13 30 | Withdrew. | | |

Event No. 10, club race; distance 4½ miles;

VESPER C. C.

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Bee | 29 39 |
| Wasp | 31 35 |
| V | 32 03 |

NEW YORK C. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Tornado | 32 22 |
| Toltec | 34 36 |
| Hornet | Disabled. |

Vesper 12 points, New York 3 points.

Event No. 11, cruising canoes, distance 3 miles. Start 2:43:

| | 1st round. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Foggy Dew | 3 01 55 | 3 29 05 | 46 05 |
| Evangeline | 3 01 50 | 3 34 30 | 51 30 |
| White Cloud | 3 02 45 | 3 35 40 | 52 40 |
| Io | 3 05 30 | Withdrew. | |

Event No. 12, tandem paddling, distance ½ mile;

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| ——, Knappe and Parsons | 3 52 |
| Gertie, Robertson and Ashenden | 4 09 |
| ——, Burrage and Drake | 4 12 |

Event No. 14, club fours, distance ½ mile:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Springfield C. C. | 4 02 |
| New York C. C. | 4 09 |
| Pointe Claire B. C. | 4 11 |
| Puritan C. C. | 4 15 |
| Bulwagga C. C. | Not timed. |

Event No. 15, sailing upset and maneuvering, distance 1½ miles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mab | 1 |
| Wasp | 2 |
| Glenwood | 3 |
| Bee | 4 |
| V | Dismasted |

Event No. 16, paddling upset, distance ½ mile.

| | |
|---|---|
| L. B. Palmer | 1 |
| Thomas Hale | 2 |
| T. E. H. Barrington | 3 |
| R. D. Scott | 4 |
| A. S. M. Adamson | |
| J. W. Sparrow | |
| H. D. Banks | |

Event No. 17, hurry scurry, distance ¼ mile:

| | |
|---|---|
| T. E. H. Barrington | 1 |
| Thomas Hale, Jr. | 2 |
| —Taylor | 3 |
| A. S. M. Adamson | 4 |
| R. D. Scott | 5 |
| C. B. Ashenden | 6 |
| F. J. Burrage | 7 |

—Foster..... 8
H. D. Banks..... 9
Event 18, gymnastics:
T. E. H. Barrington..... 1
Paul Butler..... 2
D. S. Goddard..... 3
George P. Douglas..... 4

Jabberwock trophy, distance 1½ miles. Start 3:50:

| | Finished. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Pollywog | 4 37 28 | 47 28 |
| Bulwag | 4 46 20 | 56 20 |
| Bonnie | 4 48 08 | 58 08 |
| Bedouin | 4 49 00 | 59 00 |
| | Withdrew. | |

SUMMARY OF RECORD, 1892.

| | Sailing. | Paddling. | Combined. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| L'Hirondelle, E. C. Knappe | 6 | 3 | 6 | 15 |
| Tornado, F. C. Moore | 5 | 5 | 4 | 14 |
| V, Howard Gray | 2 | 6 | 5 | 13 |
| Eel, J. W. Sparrow | 4 | 4 | 3 | 11 |
| Evangeline, Thos. Hale, Jr. | 3 | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| Io, F. H. Foster | 1 | 2 | 1 | 4 |

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

26. Quincy, 3d Cham., Quincy, Mass.
27. Hull, Cup Race, Hull.
27. Dorchester, Open Cup, Dorchester.
27. Larchmont, Oyster Boats.
27. Savin Hill, Sail Off.
27. Mos. Fleet, Cham., Boston.
27. Winthrop, 2d Class Cham., Winthrop.
27. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.
27. Harlem, Ann., New York.
27. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
27. Sippican, Open, Marion.
27. Roy. N.S., Lord Alex. Russell Cup, Halifax.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Winthrop, 3d and 4th Classes, Winthrop
3. Roy. N.S., Handicap, Halifax.
3. Larchmont, Fall, Larchmont.
3. Rochester, Autumn Cruise.
3. Beverly, Monument Beach.
3. Buffalo, 2d Pennant.
4. Hull Cor., Open. Hull.
5. Corinthian, Marblehead.
5. Beverly, Monument Beach.
5. Mos. Fleet, Open, Boston.
5. N.Y.Y.R.A., Ann., New York.
5. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
5. Douglaston, Sweeps, Little Neck Bay.
5. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
5. Fall River Club, Fall River.
5. Volunteer, New Haven.
7. Sippican, Cham., Marion.
8. Miramichi, Sweep, Newcastle.
6. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.
10. Seawanhaka, Rouse and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
10. Sippican, 3d Sweep, Marion.
10. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
14. Roy. N.S., Capt. L. Russell's Cup, Halifax.
14. Winthrop, Cash, Winthrop.
15. New York, Schooner Sweeps, New York.
15. Rochester, Grand Review.
15. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
17. Beverly, Monument Beach.
18. Miramichi, Triang, Newcastle.
24. Chelsea.
24. Buffalo, 3d Pennant.
24. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
15. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.

## Mattapoisett Regatta.

AUG. 13.—The annual regatta took place here to-day. There were six classes, one for sloops and five for catboats. The race was sailed under the Beverly Y. C. rules. The course for the sloops, first and second class cats was 16 miles, third class 15 miles, fourth class 6 miles and fifth class 4 miles. The interest centered in the third class, for the Tycoon, a Mattapoisett boat, beat the Sippican, a Marion boat, by 10 seconds. There was a good whole sail breeze from the southwest, and some of the boats carried a reef. The following is the summary:

SLOOPS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fin, H. Stockton | 17.01 | 2 54 31 | 2 17 42 |
| Chapoquoit, C. A. Jones | 33.11 | 2 24 80 | 2 18 09 |
| Lorita, J. M. Arnold | 31 10 | 2 36 03 | 2 27 15 |
| FIRST CLASS CATS. | | | |
| Hector, E. C. Stetson | 28.10 | 3 40 48 | 2 27 52 |
| Flight, C. E. Hiller | 30.00 | 2 40 31 | 2 29 13 |
| Surprise, J. M. Codman | 27.04 | 2 45 10 | 2 29 58 |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Mist, G. H. Lyman | 26.08 | 2 42 02 | 2 25 46 |
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis | 27.02 | 2 44 41 | 2 29 13 |
| Defiance, A. G. Perry | | 2 46 35 | .. .. |
| Daisy, John Welch | 24.03 | 3 03 25 | 2 44 58 |
| Success, John F. Perry | Disabled. | | |
| Minnie B., Ben Slocum | Did not finish. | | |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | |
| Tycoon, J. Stackpole, Jr. | 23.01 | 2 36 34 | 2 15 24 |
| Sippican, W. H. Davis | 23.01 | 2 36 44 | 2 15 34 |
| Doris, J. Parkinson | 23.03 | 2 38 24 | 2 17 32 |
| Algol, J. B. Bullard, Jr. | 22.02 | 2 39 06 | 2 18 05 |
| Eina, J. Parkinson | 22.10 | 2 39 43 | 2 18 06 |
| Hermione, R. L. Barstow | 23.00 | 2 41 06 | 2 19 47 |
| Hera, L. Bacon | 21.11 | 2 45 31 | 2 22 10 |
| Aucoot, E. Battelle | 23.03 | 2 44 53 | 2 24 01 |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | |
| Marianna, L. G. Wood | 17.07 | 1 12 30 | 0 59 14 |
| Cat, Bruce Clark | 19.03 | 1 12 20 | 1 00 42 |
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer | 19.04 | 1 12 36 | 1 01 03 |
| Ramona, J. L. Sherrate | 17.08 | 1 16 34 | 1 03 23 |
| Annie and Susie, W. L. Gammon | | 1 16 37 | .. .. |
| Frolic, N. W. Cobb | 16.11 | 1 23 26 | 1 09 37 |
| Psyche, R. L. Barstow, Jr. | | 1 24 10 | 1 10 11 |
| Hermia, T. R. Sherwell | 17.03 | 1 29 23 | 1 15 45 |
| FIFTH CLASS. | | | |
| Rena, A. M. Hiller | 16.07 | 53 06 | 43 32 |
| Cola, H. Dexter | 17.02 | 52 51 | 43 47 |
| Lady May, S. Bartelle | 14.04 | 57 34 | 46 07 |
| Konungo, A. Stackpole | 12.07 | 1 09 07 | 55 55 |

## Sippican Y. C.

MARION—BUZZARD'S BAY.

THE second championship race was sailed Aug. 17 in a fresh W.S.W. wind. Flight, Venture, Tycoon and Edith had already won legs. In the first class Hector started first and held the lead on the first leg to windward, but Flight outran her, passed her on the second leg and finished well ahead.

Venture was unable to race and Gymnote was the only starter in the second class. She soon came to grief again, this time breaking her centerboard.

In the third class Sippican led off, followed by Algol (a new boat just built by Holmes), Buzzard, Eina and Tycoon. Tycoon sailed remarkably well to windward and was second boat at Bow Bells. From that time she had the race well in hand, although Sippican gained a little running. Buzzard beat Algol until they got into a seaway and then Algol gained on the whole fleet. Tycoon protested Sippican for fouling a buoy and Sippican and Algol protested Tycoon for not being sailed by a member of the club. Both of these protests, however, proved to be groundless and were not allowed.

In the fourth class Edith started first, followed by Eel, Squall and Cat. Cat had some difficulty in hoisting her sail and consequently was handicapped 2?s. She gained 3m. on the first leg, passing Squall and Eel. Squall mistook the mark and overstood it, losing thereby about 5m., but she gained a little on the run home. Cat sprang her rudder-head and could not be steered off the wind, and lost the race after she had apparently won it.

In the special class Cheemaun distinguished herself by not only distancing Wide Awake but keeping up with the fourth class. In the sea she was in her own element, while her rival seemed to be stopped by it.

Courses—First class, from judges' yacht, leaving Nye's Ledge and S. E. Ledge buoys on port and return, 15 miles. Third and fourth classes, from judges' yacht, leaving Bow Bells and S. E. Ledge buoys on port and return, 8 miles. Special class, from judges' yacht, rounding Bow Bells Buoy an port and return, 6½ miles:

FIRST CLASS CATS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flight, J. Lewis Parks | 29.08 | 2 22 07 | 2 11 05 |
| Hector, E. C. Stetson | 28.10 | 2 25 58 | 2 13 50 |
| SECOND CLASS CATS. | | | |
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis | 27.04 | Disabled. | |

THIRD CLASS CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr. | 23.01 | 1 30 03 | 1 18 45 |
| Sippican, W. H. Davis | 22.10 | 1 31 42 | 1 20 11 |
| Algol, J. R. Bullard, Jr. | 22.11 | 1 32 37 | 1 21 10 |
| Buzzard, A. B. Shepley | 23.07 | 1 34 23 | 1 23 33 |
| Eina, John Parkinson | 22.10 | 1 35 31 | 1 23 59 |
| FOURTH CLASS CATS. | | | |
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer | 19.04 | 1 42 21 | 1 26 57 |
| Cat, Bruce Clark | 19.03 | 1 43 35 | 1 28 05 |
| Squall, J. G. Palfrey | 19.11 | 1 48 03 | 1 33 21 |
| Eel, W. E. C. Eustis | 16.03 | 2 00 47 | 1 41 07 |
| SPECIAL CLASS. | | | |
| Cheemaun, F. W. Palfrey | 18.01 | 1 25 36 | 1 11 47 |
| Wide Awake, J. C. Pegram, Jr. | 16 06 | 1 38 51 | 1 23 11 |

Flight, Tycoon and Edith win championships, having won in the first race, July 23. Cheemaun wins a leg. Judges—Dr. J. S. Whiting and Mr. T. H. Yardley.

10TH OPEN SWEEPSTAKES REGATTA.

MARION, Aug. 6.—First class, from judges' yacht leaving Nye's Ledge and S.E. Ledge buoys on port and return, 15 miles. Third and fourth classes, from judges' yacht leaving Bow Bells and S.E. Ledge buoys on port and return, 8 miles; wind, a three-reef breeze, S.S.W.:

FIRST CLASS CATS. 24FT. AND NOT OVER 30FT.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hector, E. C. Stetson | 28.10 | 2 21 43 | 2 09 35 |
| Flight, J. Lewis | 29.08 | 2 23 43 | 2 13 17 |
| THIRD CLASS CATS, 17FT. AND NOT OVER 20FT. | | | |
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr. | 23.01 | 1 37 21 | 1 16 08 |
| Doris, John Parkinson | 24.02 | 1 29 20 | 1 18 07 |
| Hermione, R. L. Barstow | 22.11 | 1 29 57 | 1 18 29 |
| FOURTH CLASS CATS, 14FT. AND NOT OVER 17FT. | | | |
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer | 19 04 | 1 42 22 | 1 26 58 |
| Eel, W. E. C. Eustis | 16.03 | 1 47 56 | 1 28 16 |

Winners: Class 1, Hector; Class 3, Tycoon; Class 4, Edith. Judges; Messrs. Carey, Yardley and Whiting.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Excelsior Rifle Club Shoot.

THE Excelsior Rifle Club of Jersey City, held its second annual prize shoot at Ambruster's Greenville Schuetzen Park last Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19 and 20. A large number of New York and New Jersey marksmen attended, with the result that the prizes offered for competition were equally distributed among the representatives of both States. Fred Ross of the Zettler Club came to the front on the last day, making a 73, tying the high man, Henry Holges. The results on the different targets are below.

German Ring Target.—Open to all comers. Tickets (3 shots) $1. Tickets unlimited. Two best tickets to count for first five prizes, one ticket to count for the remainder. Only one prize and one premium can be obtained by any one shooter. Ties divided, distance 200yds. First prize, $40, and second prize $30, divided between Henry Holges, Zettler Rifle Club, with scores of 23 24 25—72 and 23 25 24—72 total 144 and 24 25 24—73, and 22 24 25—71 total 144 respectively. Third prize, $25, William Hayes, Newark Shooting Society, 23 23 25—71 and 24 23 24—71 total 142. Fourth prize, $20, Louis Flach, Zettler and Miller rifle clubs, 25 23 23—71 and 23 24 23—70, total 141. Fifth prize, $15, Ernest Fischer, Miller Rifle Club, 25 25 22—72 and 25 24 19—68, total 140. Sixth prize, $12, A. Bergerow, Newark Shooting Society, 23 24 23—71. Seventh prize, $10; eighth prize, $9, and ninth prize, $7, were divided by Wm. Weber, Excelsior Rifle Club, 23 23 22—68; Michael Dorrler, Zettler R. C., 24 23 22—69 and Joseph Speecher, Excelsior R. C., 24 21 24—69. Tenth prize, $6, L. P. Hansen, Excelsior R. C., tied Barney Walther, Zettler R. C., for this and the eleventh prize, $5, with scores of 23 22 23—68 and 23 22 25—68 respectively. Twelfth prize, $4, J. G. Hard 23 20 22—65. Thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth prizes, consisting of $3, $2 and $1 were divided by David Miller 23 21 20—64, Geo. Weigman 20 22 22—64, C. Hutch, Harlem R. C. 20 21 23—64, and L. Vogel, Miller R. C., 22 20 22—64. The premiums for the best five tickets were secured by the following gentlemen: First, $5, F. C. Ross, 73 71 70 70 70—354. Second, $5, Harry Holges, 72 72 70 70 69—353. Third, $2, Wm. Hayes, 71 71 70 70 70—352. A premium of $1 was also offered for the first and last flag every day. The winners were: First day, morning, Wm. Weber; evening, F. C. Ross. Second day, morning, Wm. Hayes; evening, James Hughes.

Bullseye Target.—Open to all comers. Tickets (10 shots) $1, re-entries unlimited. Target with black of 12in., with 8in. center. The best shot of every shooter to count by measurement. A peculiar feature in the shooting at this target took place at about three minutes to five, a few minutes before firing was discontinued William Hayes, the Newark crack, scored the best flag at the last moment, beating the next man. Fred Ross, by a hair. A summary follows: First prize, $20, William Hayes, 17; second prize, $15, Fred C. Ross, 20½; third prize, $12, L. P. Hansen, 34; fourth prize, $10, Henry Holges, 37; fifth prize, $8, Wm. Weber, 41; sixth prize, $6, D. Horn, 41½; seventh and eighth prizes, $5 and $4, were divided by Ernest Fischer and J. Hughes with 43 each: ninth prize $3, J. Chavant; tenth prize, $2, George D. Wiegman, 46½.

The premiums for the most bullseyes were secured by Fred C. Ross, $5, with 35 flags to his credit; William Hayes second prize, $3, with 17, and third, $2, to L. P. Hansen with 16. In all there were 221 flags made on the bullseye target.

Target of Honor.—Open to members of the club only, three shots, for prizes contributed by members and friends:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st prize, L P Hansen | 21 | 22 | 22—65 |
| 2d prize, Thomas Hughes | 23 | 22 | 20—65 |
| 3d prize, J Speicher | 20 | 19 | 25—64 |
| 4th prize, W J Channing | 21 | 22 | 20—63 |
| 5th prize, Wm Weber | 20 | 20 | 20—60 |
| 6th prize Colin Boag | 20 | 15 | 15—50 |
| 7th prize, James Hughes | 15 | 12 | 20—47 |
| 8th prize, Oscar C Boyce | 16 | 14 | 11—41 |
| 9th prize, Wm J Hennessy | 12 | 14 | 11—37 |
| 10th prize, C L Pinney | 12 | 10 | 11—33 |
| 11th prize, Wm J Hallowell | 10 | 11 | 10—31 |

The hours of shooting were from 9 A. M. to 12 M., then 1 P. M. to 7 P. M., with the exception of the bullseye target, on which shooting was stopped on the last day at 5 o'clock. The shooting committee consisted of L. P. Hansen, First Shooting Master; Wm. Weber, Second Shooting Master; Wm. H. Robidoux, John Speicher, William H. Hallowell and W. J. Channing. The Excelsiors are no doubt pleased with the financial outcome of their shoot.

NOTES.

Messrs. Horn and Hutch created some merriment by their efforts to strike a bottle with several stones. Their excuse was that they had forgotten how to shoot at a target and were getting square with the bottle.

Fred Ross, William Hayes and several others enlivened those present with a rendition of the celebrated "Obadiah" chorus. The only needed article missing to make it a bigger success was said by Barney Walther to be a certain well-known Alexander. The latter, it is said, can drive what little music there is in any popular song right out of the question.

The measuring of the bullseyes scored was done by Henry Oehl, of the Zettler Rifle Club.

George Schlicht had charge of the markers and warners, and consequently this part of the affair ran smoothly.

Messrs. John Bender and Laute, of the Our Own Club, Newark, also attended.

## Revolver Shooting in England.

AT the South London Rifle Club's competition of Aug. 11, there were two competitions for revolvers, one at a stationary target, the other at a target appearing and disappearing at intervals of three seconds at a distance of 20yds. (similar to the Bisley competitions). Mr. Walter Winans won first prize in both with a score of 41 out of a possible 42 in each; the one at the disappearing target being the "best on record" at the 2in. Bisley target. Only one score being allowed for the revolver championship in each day, Mr. Winans chose his 41 made at the stationary target (which was a slightly better, counting 41) to represent him for the championship. He has now passed Major Mackerrell, the scores for the revolver championship of the club now standing:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Walter Winans | 41 40—81 | T W Heath | 39 35—72 |
| Major Mackerrell | 41 37—78 | C F Lowe | 36 36—72 |
| H Andrews | 39 38—77 | Mortimer | 34 34—68 |

## Chicago Championship.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 17.—H. S. Burley accepts C. A. Haukle's challenge to shoot 150 shots on the same conditions as the championship of Chicago was shot for, 25yds., strictly off-hand, with open sights, for $50 a side, match to take place at the Garden City shooting gallery, Saturday evening, Aug. 27. H. S. BURLEY,
Champion of Chicago.

## North Ends Defeat Lancasters.

EPHRATA, Pa., Monday, Aug. 22.—Some time ago the members of the Lancaster Schuetzen-Verein and the North End Rifle Club arranged for two contests for the championship of Lancaster county, the first contest to be held on the range of the former near Lancaster City, on the banks of the Conestoga Creek; the second on the range of the latter on the Cocalico Creek, in Ephrata, the headquarters of the North End team. The first match was held several weeks ago, eight shooters on each side, and was won by the Lancaster team. The distance was 200yds., rest shooting, standard American target being used. The Lancaster boys scored 596 points, the North End boys but 570 points. The day was favorable for good shooting and the event was greatly enjoyed by all participants.

The second contest came off last Friday morning on the range at Ephrata, the conditions the same as on the previous occasion except that there were ten shooters to a side. The visitors came to Ephrata in the morning and the entire day was spent on the range. After all trial shots had been had, which occupied an hour or two, the contest was entered, both sides determined to do their best shooting. At the end of the contest the visitors had made 697 points, and the home team 781 points, leading 84 points. The following are the scores made:

| Lancaster Schuetzen Verein. | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J H Wentzel | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | —85 |
| T Anderson | 10 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 7 | —75 |
| J Wolfer | 10 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 8 | —77 |
| B Bihl | 7 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 8 | —75 |
| D W Wentzel | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 5 | —84 |
| C Franciscus | 8 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 7 | —73 |
| C H Obreiter | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6 | 0 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 5 | —46 |
| P Dommel | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 0 | 5 | —61 |
| H Breiter | 7 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 4 | 7 | 9 | 7 | —75 |
| Weber | 6 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 6 | 7 | —45—679 |
| North End. | | | | | | | | | | | |
| L M Wiest | 9 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 0 | 8 | 10 | —69 |
| G S Wenger | 7 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 9 | —85 |
| I N Lightner | 8 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 0 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 8 | —74 |
| W D Winters | 9 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | —90 |
| W Carpenter | 9 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 9 | —82 |
| J M Shaffer | 10 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 8 | —83 |
| S L Sharp | 9 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 9 | —75 |
| J A Stober | 6 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 9 | —81 |
| D B Lefever | 9 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | —77 |
| Kegel | 4 | 8 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 0 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 8 | —65—781 |

During the shooting a fine lunch was spread upon the grounds of the club and afterwards the visitors were taken to Winter's hotel, in Ephrata, where they were entertained at an elegant supper. As things stand now the clubs are even, each having won one match. To decide the best two in three another match will be shot shortly. Both clubs will make a desperate effort to win, and will pick out their best men to go to the front. When the third match will take place is not known as yet. It is probable, however, that it will be held at Mt. Gretna, in the latter part of September. D. B. L., Sec'y.

## New Jersey Rifle Shooting.

[*Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.*]

A hundred-shot match has been arranged between Secretary Charles E. Bird and Captain Henry L. Hansen, of the Hudson Rifle Club, to take place August 27, at headquarters on Giles Avenue, Marion. The conditions are to the effect that the match be finished in an hour and thirty minutes. Mr. Bird thinks he can do it inside the hour mark, as he is counted upon as the most rapid shooter by the club. Speaking of the Hudson Club's members, reminds me that Monday is an off day with John Rebhan, the former captain. He is one of Jersey City's many tonsorial artists.

Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J., Wednesday, August 17. Tonight's scores are appended below. The conditions were:

Ten shots off hand; twenty-five ring target; possible, 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | —241 |
| E Fischer | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | —240 |
| F Brandt | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21 | —236 |
| J H Kruse | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20 | —234 |
| F Kloepping | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | —234 |
| A Meyns | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 20 | —234 |
| H D Hencken | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21 | —230 |
| W Rogers | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 20 | —227 |
| R Zoch | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | —223 |
| H F Meyer | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | —223 |
| H Vanderhayden | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 18 | 18 | 18 | —219 |
| H Seltenreich | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 17 | 15 | —217 |
| F Kammel | 25 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 18 | 18 | —210 |
| F Dunsteadt | 25 | 25 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 18 | —205 |

The sixth anniversary shoot of the Our Own Club of Newark, N. J., at Shooting Park, Labor Day, Sept. 5, promises to be a fine affair. The bullseye target which is open to all comers, offers prizes of a silver ice pitcher as first prize, $5, $4, $3, $2 and $1, also nine silver medals. The shooting commences at 9 A. M. and closes at 7 P. M. The committie of arrangements consists of Gus. Goerk Chairman, G. D. Wiegman, John Coppersmith, Jacob Hunziker, Jr., Henry D. Uhl and John F. Bander.

All communications for J. H. Kruse will kindly be addressed to No. 105 Adams street, Hoboken. JAY H. KAY.

## The Big Shoot at Sea Girt.

GEN. SPENCER is beginning to feel sanguine that the second annual fall meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, to be held at Sea Girt, Sept. 5 to 10 inclusive, will be an immense success. The First, Second, Sixth and Seventh Regiments, N. G. N. J., will positively enter teams of six men each for the New Jersey team and Columbia trophy matches, and the Second and Fourth Regiments may also put teams in. These teams, along with two from the District of Columbia Militia, Sixth Pennsylvania, Twenty-third New York and a team from men will also contest in the match for six-men teams for the Interstate Regimental Team trophy. The Interstate and Hilton trophy matches will call out strong teams from New York, New Jersey, Maine, and the District of Columbia and Pennsylvania and Massachusetts may also enter teams, although it is not certain that they will.

The District of Columbia team will reach the Sea Girt Range on Sept. 4 and will camp there until after the meeting is ended. The Jersey teams will go to the camp on the same date. They will be quartered in comfortable wall tents, provided with floors, cots, blankets, camp stools, tables, etc., these being furnished gratis by New Jersey. Meals will be procured by the teams at Greason's restaurant on the grounds. Plenty of tents will be pitched on the field near the rifle range, and civilians and guardsmen alike, who go there to shoot, will be provided with quarters.

## World's Fair Schuetzenfest.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—There is a grand gathering expected by the Chicago Schuetzen-Verein at the Columbia Schuetzenfest in connection with the World's Fair. The programme is a simple one but some big prizes will go to the lucky winners. The list of matches stands as follows:

Point Target—4in. center in 12in. black, distance 200yds; entrance fee $25, entitling the shooter to 200 shots. All shooters shooting the 200 shots will receive a gold medal valued at $15; 173 prizes, ranging from $100 to $3.

King Target—German ring-target, 25¾in. rings; entrance fee $5, 10 shots each. First prize $150 and king medal valued at $50; 200 prizes, ranging from $150 to $3.

Stich Target—9in. center in 12in. black; entrance fee $5. A premium of $5 will be given to each shooter making three center shots; 162 prizes, ranging from $250 to $1.

Public or Ring-target—German ring-target, 25¾in. rings; entrance fee $3 for first ticket, re-entries $2, three shots per ticket; 116 prizes, ranging from $150 to $1.

Man Target—Entrance fee $3 for first ticket, re-entry $2; five shots per ticket; 116 prizes, ranging from $150 to $1.

Creedmoor Target—8in. bullseye target divided into six rings. The entrance fee, number of shots and prizes are the same as on the man target.

## Garden City Rifle Team.

THE Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halstead street, Chicago. Conditions were: 25yds, 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target. Possible 500 points:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H S Burley | 279 | W J Gibbs | 260 | F Erickson | 252 |
| C A Hankle | 268 | J C Martin | 259 | Ed Pierce | 250 |
| A McBean | 263 | G O Misga | 256 | | |
| Al Sorensen | 262 | John Polites | 255 | | |

The score of Mr. Burley is the largest ever made in the team sweepstakes, Mr. Burley scoring 118 out of a possible 120, the largest score ever made in the gallery. B. S. H.

### Port Chester Riflemen.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 20.—The following scores were made by members of Port Chester Rifle Club on Saturday, Aug. 20, 200yds. off-hand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F A Bachman | 9 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 3 | 60 |
| | 6 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 5 | 8 | 63—123 |
| J Smith | 4 | 8 | 2 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 55 |
| | 6 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 4 | 7 | 66—121 |
| R Rudd | 9 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 5 | 55 |
| | 5 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 3 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 61—116 |
| R McNeil, Jr | 2 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 4 | 7 | 3 | 60 |
| | 4 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 51—111 |
| H Boeger | 9 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 2 | 4 | 47 |
| | 7 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 58—105 |

R. MCNEIL, JR., Sec'y.

### Massachusetts Rifle Association.

BOSTON, Aug. 20.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot at its range to-day. Some very good scores were made by Messrs. Willard, Bell and Merville in the different matches. Following are the scores, distance 200yds., standard American target, all being re-entry matches:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.—H. L. Lee 80, A. Law 74, P. H. Kemble 73, D. Bayley 71, A. Remington 70.

All-Comers' Rest Match.—H. L. Willard 112, John French 109, D. Winchester 108, O. Moore 108, A. Ballard 103, W. P. Thompson 103.

All-Comers' Military Match, Creedmoor Target.—C. H. Brigham 44, A. F. Cary 41, G. C. Marshall 40, O. Moore 39.

Eagle Badge Pistol Match, 50yds.—L. Bell 92, A. G. Stevens 91, M. T. Day 91, O. Moore 91.

All-Comers' Pistol Match, 50yds.—L. R. Avery 76.

### At Lion Park.

AT the annual reunion of the A. O. U. W. at Lion Park, New York city, Aug. 17, Charles E. Bird, of the Hudson Rifle Club, Marion, N. J., succeeded in securing the second prize, and Gus Zimmerman the first. The scores were: G. Zimmerman 17 17 18—52, and 18 17 18—53, total 105; C. E. Bird 16 17 17—50, and 16 18 18—52, total 102. The distance was 75yds. Mr. Bird did his shooting with a .22cal. Ballard, while Mr. Zimmerman used a .32-40 Ballard.

### Two Harvest Excursions.

THE great West and Northwest offer special attractions this season to tourists and home-seekers. For the purpose of enabling the public to visit the immense region included, the Chicago Great Western Railway (operating the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway, will run two harvest excursions, selling tickets to all principal points in the territory included, on Tuesdays, Aug. 30 and Sept. 27, 1892, at the low rate of one fare for the round trip. An additional excursion will be run Oct. 25 to points South and Southwest. Tickets sold only on above dates, good to return in twenty days. For detailed information call on your nearest agent, or address F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. G. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

THE FAVORITE LINE.—The Shenandoah Valley route to the South, comprised of the Norfolk & Western and East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railways, is the sportsman's favorite line. "The Washington & Chattanooga Limited," which is a solid vestibuled fast flying train, consisting of Pullman, drawing room, sleeping cars, day coaches and Pullman dining cars, leave Washington 11:15 P. M. every day in the year, arriving Chattanooga 6:45 next afternoon, making close connection for all Southern points. Mr. B. W. WRENN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, E. T., V & G. R'y, Knoxville Tenn., will furnish free any information desired.—*Adv.*

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Aug. 24-28.—California State Shooting Association tournament, Concord, Cal.
Aug. 25-26.—Rockville Gun Club tournament, at Rockville, Md.
Aug. 26-27.—Sparta Shooting Club tournament, Sparta, Ill.
Aug. 29.—Parkway Rod and Gun Club open shoot and picnic Dexter Park, Long Island.
Aug. 30-Sept. 2.—Standard-Keystone Target and Trap Co., fifth annual tournament, at New London, Conn.
Aug. 31.—Kingbird tournament under the management of Cortland County Gun Club, Cortland, N. Y. E. C. Ridge, Sec'y.
August.—Niles Gun Club tournament, at Niles, Mich.
August.—Connecticut State League, at Bristol, Conn.
August.—New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League eighth monthly tournament, Harrison, N. J.
September.—Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Denver, Col.
September.—Conneaut (O.) Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 1.—Atlantic (Ia.) Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 1-3.—Uniontown (Pa.) Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 1-5.—California State Sportsmen's Association tournament, Shell Mound, Oakland, Cal.
Sept. 5.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association, first annual tournament.
Sept. 5.—Muncie (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament.
Sept. 5.—Beaver Falls (Pa.) Sportsmen's Association tournament.
Sept. 5-7.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, two days at targets, last day at mud hens.
Sept. 6-8.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Jacksonville, Ill.
Sept. 7-8.—Tiffin (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.
September (second week). — Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Auburn, N. Y.
Sept. 14-15.—West Side Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester, Ind.
Sept. 20-22.—Auburn Interstate Tournament.
Sept. 20-23.—Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club, annual tournament.
Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 5-8.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.
Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.
May, 1893 (last week).—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, three days targets, last day live birds; $1,000 added to purses.

### DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The following has been received from H. A. Penrose: "The work on the grounds of the New London Gun Club where the fifth annual tournament of the Standard Keystone Target & Trap Company is to be held Aug. 30, 31, and Sept. 1 and 2, is now about completed. The tents of the I. M. & D. A. are pitched with other tents and canvas covering score where shooters stand so that those attending can be in the shade continually if they wish to. As our grounds are on the banks of the harbor and within gun shot of the water, it is almost sure to be cool and pleasant. We have stated in our programme that the management reserves the right to modify programme to suit the shoofers present and every visiting sportsman may be assured that he will get all the shooting he wants and to his own liking. We give this shoot annually in order to bring the boys together and to determine who are the champions of the season, for which we have arranged team races, individual races, etc., each day. Event No. 5 on the 4th day, is to determine who is the champion target shot of America, for which we give a handsome diamond ring. I purchased the ring while in New York last week, and it is by far the best one that we have ever given. It weighs a karat and a half, is handsomely set and will certainly be worth battling hard for. We have also arranged to have stages run from the hotel to the grounds and have arranged with hotel people for a reasonable rate for all attending the tournament. So come one and all, and to those that enjoy shooting we can guarantee a royal good time. Shells for prominent trap shots from different points have already, at this early date, arrived, and all those who are going to attend and want to ship their shells may ship them to me and I will see that they are taken to the grounds and cared for. There will also be plenty of loaded shells on the grounds, and in fact, everything pertaining to a tournament. The citizens are taking a good deal of interest in this shoot, so taking it all in all it should be the shoot of the season."

* * *

Programmes have been received for the fifteenth annual tournament of the St. Paul (Minn.) Gun Club to be held at the State Fair grounds, Sept. 6 to 8 inclusive. The programme comprises five 10-target events, five at 10 singles and 3 pairs: four at 15 singles, three at 20 singles. The entries are from $1.50 to $2.50. The main event of the week will be a special contest at 26 singles and 12 pairs of targets, $5 entry, targets extra, for the Chamber of Commerce diamond badge and nine valuable prizes of merchandise. The winner of the badge this year will receive the entrance money in the 1893 contest. Very valuable merchandise prizes are offered in each event, in addition to the money divisions. All except the special badge contest are open to the world. There will also be 23 prizes for the high averages in all the events during the three days, first prize being $40 in cash, second $35, third $30, fourth $25, fifth $20 and so on down to a bronze figure for the 23d average.

* * *

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 22.—The Pier Gun Club, of this city, will hold their first tournament Sept. 5 and 6, and what was at first thought would be only a small shoot promises to be quite a tournament, as we have had letters and assurances from quite a number of shooters from different parts of the country that they will be there, and as we have a variety programme and a novel place to shoot, it will be something new for the boys. The pier, off the end of which the birds will be thrown, extends 1,400ft. out into the Atlantic Ocean, and just behind the score is a large pavilion for spectators. Atlantic in September is at her best; the mud hens are ripe and the fishing in its prime; the nights cool and the air through the day bracing and healthy. Just what a person wants after the long hot spell this summer—a few days of fresh salt air.—THURMAN & GARVIN, Managers.

* * *

Labor Day, Sept. 5, will be a great day for trap shooters all over the country, and almost every club will do more or less shooting on its own grounds. Besides there will be any number of tournaments at various places. Those on our list at this time are the Central Gun Club at Elizabeth, N. J.; Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association; Muncie (Ind.) Gun Club tournament; open shoot at John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds, Newark, N. J.; opening of the Pier Gun Club tournament at Atlantic City, N. J.; Beaver Falls (Pa.) Sportsmen's Association, and the final contest of California State Sportsmen's Association at Shell Mound, Oakland, Cal.

* * *

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, Wis., Aug. 17.—The Sheboygan Falls Gun Club has just been organized here with a membership of 16. The officers are: Pres., A. C. Bassuener; Vice-Pres., Wm. Langner; Sec'y and Treas., M. Clark. Directors, Geo. Wilson, Wm. Blust and J. Kehl; Capt., Chr. Kerskamp. Traps and a supply of bluerock targets have been ordered, and the first shoot will take place next Sunday. The club will meet the last Monday in each month.—W. C. THOMAS.

* * *

The Londonville (N. Y.) Gun Club announces a kingbird target tournament to take place on Sept. 6. This club has very convenient grounds, reached by the Troy and Albany electric cars. The targets will be thrown from improved Keystone traps. The events will comprise five at 10 targets each, $1 entry; four at 15 targets each, $1.50 entry, and one at 20 targets, $2 entry. Shooting will begin at 9 A.M. and there will be no postponement on account of the weather.

* * *

The next shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the East Orange Gun Club at Harrison, on Sept. 14. The grounds of this club are located within three minutes' walk of the terminus of Newark & Harrison Horse Railroad Company, and are provided with a pretty club house and plenty of room for any number of traps desired. A fringe of trees extends across the field in rear of the club house, providing an elegant shade after 11 o'clock.

* * *

Teams of five men each from Orange and South Orange will shoot a match on the Maplewood Gun Club's grounds on Saturday. The conditions are 50 bluerock targets per man, 5 traps, Keystone rules, the losing team to pay for the targets. The contest will begin at 2 P. M., and these are the teams: Orange—J. Warren Smith, Quintin McGall, John Siggins, Henry Quad, O. L. Yeomans. South Orange—A. Sickley, A. Perry, W. Swift, W. N. Drake, F. Tillou.

* * *

A. G. Courtney received a warm reception from his friends in and about New York city. "Court" has the happy faculty of being welcomed wherever he goes. He says the new Lefever ejector is "the gun," and that it is going to revolutionize the market. From the Metropolis "Court's" route leads through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, and thence to Detroit and the West.

* * *

The St. Paul Gun Club has arranged to give its annual tournament at the State fair grounds at Hamline, Minn., on Sept. 6, 7 and 8. Bluerock targets and Paul North's electric pulls will be used. The programme will include fourteen regular events, and the contest for the Chamber of Commerce diamond badge for the individual championship of the State, now held by Sheriff Block, of St. Peter.

* * *

The Colt Hammerless Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., has elected the following officers: A. C. Collins, president; John Alger, vice-president; Millard F. Cook, secretary; J. C. Capen, assistant secretary; W. R. Hopkins, treasurer; executive committee, A. C. Collins, John Alger, M. F. Cook, J. C. Capen and John Melrose. E. Decker, instructor.

* * *

The final match of the series between the Cambria and Western Maryland Gun clubs took place on Aug. 18, at Cumberland, Md., the teams comprising ten men each and each man shooting at 25 targets. The result was in favor of the West Marylands, who broke 118 to their opponent's 122.

* * *

The traps will be in position on Monday on the New London grounds so that the "early birds" will have a chance to shoot in impromptu sweeps to "catch on" to the lay of the land. It is likely that a number will go up on Sunday night and will spend Monday in sailing about the beautiful harbor and in shooting for practice.

* * *

T. W. Morfey and G. Doremus shot a match at 10 live pigeons each for $30 a side at Williard Park, Tom's River, N. J., on Aug. 17, Morfey killing 8 to his opponent's 6. On the same day a match at 25 glass balls each, for $20 a side, took place between James Donnelly and Milton Garside. Donnelly broke 13 to Garside's 7.

* * *

The following bags were made by Utica sportsmen on the opening day of the season. John Cummings and Charles Mizner got 10 woodcock; George Knowlton one partridge and one woodcock; Thomas Parson, three woodcock and one partridge; Hardie Richardson and J. P. Davis, five partridge and one jacksnipe.

* * *

The Oxford Rod and Gun Club has got leave from the Supreme Court to change its name to the Long Island Country Club. The club is composed of Brooklyn gentlemen and owns 900 acres of land at Eastport, where it has erected a large club house for its members. Mr. Henry G. Preston is president.

* * *

A New York daily on Aug. 13 gave a very graphic account of a match "at 100 bluerocks," between J. L. Brewer and Dr. Carver, said to be in progress at Atlantic City, when said paper went to press on the above date. On that date Dr. Carver was in the West.

* * *

The Pierrepont Gun Club, of Utica, has been incorporated with the Secretary of State for hunting and fishing purposes. The directors for the first year are Henry T. Crouse, Isaac N. Maynard, Frederick S. Kellogg, Hugh White and Wm. Pierrepont White, all of Utica.

* * *

Mystic, Ia., has a new gun club with twenty-five members. The organization was formed on Aug. 8, the officers being as follows: President, Wm. Orr; Secretary, Peter Barker; Treasurer, Wm. Ellis. The club will shoot on the 20th of each month.

* * *

A few short weeks more and all the Browns, Jones, Grays, Blacks, etc., will begin to come out with their periodical challenges to shoot for the championship of Squedunk and other large countries, to say nothing of the United States.

* * *

The Union Hill Gun Club held its semi-monthly shoot at Guttenberg on Aug. 17. Each man shot at 25 birds. J. Waller won first prize by killing 23. The other scores were: H. Untereiner 19, P. Sullivan 3, Theo. Butterbaum 18 and J. Collins 23.

* * *

The Dayton (Ohio) Gun Club entertained about 300 of their friends to a picnic on Aug. 15. A fish-fry was prepared in the evening and George Kiett acted chief cook and bottle washer. After a meal was made on fish the genial cook was presented with a diamond.

* * *

The Conesus Lake (N. Y.) Fish and Game Protective Association has elected officers as follows: Horace McGuire, Pres.; L. L. Williams, 1st Vice-Pres.; Robert Matthews, 2d Vice-Pres.; C. C. Woodworth, 3d Vice-Pres.; D. C. Bascom, Sec'y-Treas.

* * *

It should have been "Jos." instead of "Jas. Thurman, Jr." in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. And the real handsome chap whose picture appeared beside that of George Ritter is Harry Matz, president of the Reading Shooting Association.

* * *

"S. S." powder is gaining a decided foothold, and is doing good work. When E. R. Sperry, a Connecticut shooter, used this powder for the first time he broke 99 out of 100 keystones. This is his best-on-record score.

* * *

The officers of the St. Paul (Minn.) Gun Club are: John Pfister, President; Dr. Wm. Richeson, Vice-President; B. F. Schurmeier, Secretary; R. S. Kennedy, Treasurer; Henry Blakely, J. P. Burkhard and Paul Hauser, Jr., Board of Directors.

* * *

The Von Lengerke & Detmold representatives, Ferd. Van Dyke and Gus Grieff, made a great showing at last Saturday's shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club. Each of them shot at 110 bluerocks and each broke 102, an average of 92.72 per cent. for the pair.

* * *

The Passaic City Gun Club has purchased a tract of eight acres of land situated between Speer's Vineyard on Van Houten Lane and the D. L. & W. R. R., at Passaic, N. J. A fine club house will be erected.

* * *

At the monthly shoot of the Lake City Gun Club, at Madison, Wis., August 16, at 18 singles and 3 pairs of Peoria blackbirds, C. A. Mayer broke 22, Louis Fauerback 21 and Wm. Dunn 16.

* * *

The Long Pond Fishing and Game Association has been incorporated at Utica, N. Y. The trustees are Joseph Ardesson, Andrew Zehr, Thos. Glenn, P. H. Striffe and Michael Nortz.

* * *

We regret being unable to produce pictures of the officers of the Missouri State Amateur Sportsmen's Association owing to the fact that it was impracticable to reproduce the tin-type pictures.

* * *

The regular monthly shoot of the Kansas City Gun Club took place on Aug. 16, the medal being won by Rooney on a score of 22 breaks.

* * *

At the shoot of the Quincy (Ill.) Gun Club on August 17, Frank McDavitt broke 17 out of 20 Peoria blackbirds and won the club's medal.

* * *

In another column will be found an attractive ad. of the "S. S." company, showing each week the picture or some noted expert exponent of that explosive.

* * *

Jos. Wolstencroft has received a letter from H. M. Worden, of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, denouncing in strong terms the actions of Budd Kinzer, detailed in last week's story of the Reading shoot.

* * *

The Norwich line boat which leaves Pier 40 (old number), North River, at 5:30 next Monday afternoon will take a jolly crowd of New Jersey and New York shooters to New London, Conn.

* * *

Charley Tuttle and his fellow hustlers, of the Auburn Gun Club, will give visitors a warm reception during the coming Interstate shoot at Auburn.

* * *

It is expected that a score of 100 straight will have to be made to win the diamond ring at the Keystone shoot. And the ring is well worth 100 per cent.

* * *

Lieut.-Col. R. Heber Breintnall won the Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club's monthly cup contest on Saturday last by breaking 48 out of 50 targets.

* * *

The Eagle Eye Gun Club, of Centre Belmont, Me., shoots every Saturday afternoon on the premises of Chas. Lamb, near Tilden Pond.

* * *

The Courtland County Gun Club anticipates a big time on Aug. 31 when it will hold an all-day tournament at kingbird targets.

* * *

"Doc" Wolstencroft, alias "Captain McFarland," was in great form at the Springfield tournament, killing 58 live birds straight.

* * *

The Rockville (Md.) boys expect to have a lively time at their shoot this week. Billy Wagner will be prime hustler.

* * *

The Findley (Ohio) Gun Club held its weekly shoot on August 16, Evans winning the main event with a score of 43 out of 50 targets.

* * *

"Happy Jack" Milliott and Pilkington, the shooting oarsman, are matched for a 100-bird race, to take place early in September.

* * *

Prizes aggregating $500 will be awarded at the shoot of the Michigan Trap-Shooter's League, at East Saginaw, on Sept. 6, 7 and 8.

* * *

W. H. Wolstencroft, E. D. Miller and Rolla Heikes will be members of the Western team at the Keystone tournament.

* * *

John Cullen defeated Stewart Linton in a 15-bird match at Easton last week by a score of 12 to 11.

* * *

The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club will have a two-days' tournament this fall at Syracuse.

* * *

Al Spangler has had a force of men engraving on parts of Smith ejectors for a year and can not catch up to the orders.

* * *

The Central Gun Club, of Elizabeth, N. J., will have a bird shoot at Deugler's Grove, on Labor day.

* * *

H. A. Penrose says the Keystone tournament will reach high-water mark so far as entries are concerned.

* * *

The Peekskill Gun Club will have some first-class birds on the final day of its tournament.

* * *

The Cortland County (N. Y.) Gun Club will have a big time at its Kingbird-target tournament, on August 31.

* * *

The annual open shoot and picnic of the Parkway Gun Club will be held at Dexter Park, Long Island, on Monday.

* * *

The West End Gun Club will hold a tournament on Sept. 4 and 5 at Davenport, Ia.

* * *

The Griffin Gun Club, of Atlanta, Ga., holds its regular shoots at Camp Northern.

* * *

The Walkerville and Keystone Gun Clubs, of Detroit, Mich., have consolidated.

* * *

It will be a battle royal between the New Jersey and Connecticut teams at New London next week.

The next shoot of the Connecticut Shooting League will be held at Windsor Locks.

* * *

The "Smokeless" shell of the U. M. C. Co. is making friends wherever it is tried.

* * *

The Wauregan Gun Club has elegant new grounds at Pelhamville, Staten Island.

* * *

What a gathering of the clans there will be next week at New London.

* * *

Saratoga has not yet announced the date for its tournament.

* * *

E. R. Kniskern says the Wilkesbarre gun is having a "boom."

* * *

All the Interstate tents will be at New London.

* * *

St. James, Minn., has a gun club.

C. H. Townsend.

### Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you will see the Garfield Gun Club won a victory on Aug. 13, over their neighbors the Douglas Gun Club, by a moderate score on both sides, but still with a good fair margin. It is a curious thing that some men who usually are strong shooters at a club shoot go all to pieces, so to speak, when an event like this is on hand. This can be readily seen by comparing the scores in the two shoots. Next week we shoot a match with the Northwestern Gun Club. In fact, from now till the end of our season our time will be pretty well occupied in various matches. This is right, it wakes up the boys, and if defeat meets us we will try still harder. By a challenge received we will have need of all our skill to maintain our lead. Scores below:

Garfield Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| S Palmer | 01100111111111011111—16 |
| O'Brien | 11111111110111111101—18 |
| Steck | 01111111001101111111—16 |
| Bowers | 11010111100001111111—14 |
| "Cop" | 10111111010100111111—15 |
| Hicks | 11011011011111110111—16 |
| Richards | 10101010000011010110— 9 |
| Tefft | 11011111101110000111—14 |
| Lauterbach | 11011101111100001111—14—132 |

Douglas Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Harris | 11111111101111111111—19 |
| Eich | 11111111111111101111—18 |
| Church | 11001011001101111011—13 |
| Beckman | 00001100000100011101— 7 |
| Johnson | 00010110101010131000— 8 |
| Lansdon | 10100110111000900100— 8 |
| Bingham | 11011111110111111111—18 |
| Barto | 11110111111111000111—16 |
| Stabford | 11010010100110100011— 9—116 |

Regular medal shoot, 20 C. S. pigeons, known angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tefft | 11001010101101101001—11 |
| Ackman | 01111101101001001110—13 |
| "Cop" | 00110100111111101011—14 |
| Steck | 11011111111110013011—17 |
| Hicks | 00011110010101011000— 9 |
| Bowers | 10010090111101101011—12 |
| Richards | 10111111111111111111—19 |
| Cruver | 00000111110000100000— 8 |
| O'Brien | 11101011110111101111—16 |
| Drake | 10000111001011011111—12 |
| Norfolk | 11011100101011000110—11 |
| Pilz | 01010111111101100111—14 |
| Northcott | 10001011111010000000— 9 |
| S Palmer | 10101101011110101101—13 |
| Campbell | 10300111111011111111—15 |
| Baird | 11100011000010100011— 9 |
| W Palm'r | 01010101001100011010— 9 |
| Stevens'n | 00000010010001001100— 5 |
| Lauterb'h | 01110111011001109111—13 |
| O'Neil | 11111111111011111110—18 |
| Brown | 10111010010100011101—11 |
| Young | 10001011111101111111—15 |

Richards won A class medal, Young B class and Drake C class.

H. C. Brown.

### New Utrecht Gun Club.

The usual weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held on Saturday, August 20, at Woodlawn Park, S. I. The competition at targets was for the gold and silver medals in that class. D. Deacon, who has won the golden trophy several times in succession, had to succumb to R. R. Street, a novice at target shooting. M. Van Brunt won the silver trophy. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| M. Van Brunt | 11101010101101011111—14 |
| D. Deacon | 01110101010101101111—13 |
| A. A. Hegeman | 10110111100100101011—12 |
| D. Callender | 11011001011011011100—12 |
| D. C. Bennett | 00100100111010010100— 8 |
| P. Adams | 10000100010000100010— 6 |
| R. R. Street | 11111001011011011101—15 |
| W. F. Sykes | 11011111001110011011—13 |

Sweepstake shoot, $1 entrance; three moneys; live birds:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| W. F. Sykes | 11111—5 | 02021—3 |
| R. R. Street | 11112—5 | 12111—5 |
| D. C. Bennett | 11121—5 | 12011—4 |
| D. Deacon | 11111—5 | 11001—3 |
| M. Van Brunt | 11210—4 | 21021—4 |
| P. Adams | 02212—4 | 11111—5 |
| A. A. Hegeman | 10122—4 | 11211—4 |
| D. Reese | 10101—3 | |
| D. Callender | 10221—4 | |

### The Ottawa Tournament.

Ottawa, Aug. 20—The Rideau rifle range had an attendance of trap-shooters to-day at the tournament given under the auspices of the St. Hubert and Rideau Gun clubs. The shooting at times was away up and the St. Huberts first team with 94 in a possible 100 did a noteworthy feat. Much regret was felt that the Aylmer Gun Club were unable to send a team to compete for the beautiful silver cups given for this match by Mr. R. J. Shaw, president of the St. Hubert Gun Club; but it is understood that a challenge will shortly be sent by the Aylmers to the St. Huberts for the Montreal challenge cup, at present held by the St. Huberts. Should this be the case an interesting contest may be looked forward to.

Sweepstake No. 1, 15 birds: W. P. Batterton 12, J. Locke 11, J. P. Nutting 10, W. J. Johnstone 11, A. Stewart 7, A. W. Throop 12, P. Trudeau 12, R. G. Dalton 14, C. L. Panet 5, W. E. Calvert 6, W. R. McEwan 10, E. A. Grant 3, W. McMahon 8, W. J. Henry 6, J. Stewart 12, J. N. Desiauriers 8.

Match No. 2, guaranteed to $40, five prizes of $8 each, class shooting, 20 birds each: Dr. McPhee 12, Throop 17, Johnston 18, Lack 19, A. Stewart 10, Dalton 18, Deslauriers 17, Calvert 12, Batterton 16, Nutting 13, Martin 16, Trudeau 16, McMahon 12, Panet 12, White 18, Stewart 19, McEwan 15, Grant 9.

Match No. 3, sweepstake at 15 birds: Lock 14, Johnstone 14, Dalton 13, Throop 15, Deslauriers 13, Trudeau 13, McEwan 13, Dr. Martin 12, J. Stewart 13, Batterton 12, Nutting 12, White 9, A. Stewart 10.

Match No. 4, team match:

| St. Hubert No. 1. | St. Hubert No. 2. | Rideau Gun Club. |
|---|---|---|
| R G Dalton....20 | Dr Martin.....17 | W R McEwan..12 |
| A W Throop...19 | J P Nutting... 14 | W E Calvert...10 |
| A Johnstone...19 | P Trudeau.....18 | W P Batterton,16 |
| J Lock.....19 | S White.....14 | E A Grant.....10 |
| J Stewart.....19—96 | T Deslauriers,.17—80 | W J Henry.....10—58 |

Match No. 5, guaranteed of $40, 5 prizes of $8 each, class shooting, 20 birds: Johnston 16, Lock 20, Throop 19, Deslauriers 19, Dalton 20, Dr. McPhee 12, Calvert 12, Nutting 15, Batterton 17, Trudeau 16, McMahon 15, Panet 11, Grant 8.

### Fond du Lac Gun Club.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Aug. 20.—Inclosed find score of our shoot Aug. 13, 25 bluerocks: S. Burris Amory 18, Fred Hurlbut 14, Will Reinig 5, L. F. McLain 10, Will Hamilton 15, M. S. Treleven 15.

Score of regular shoot Aug. 20, 25 single bluerocks: M. S. Treleven 15, W. I. Hamilton 9, A. R. Keating 12, F. Hurlbut 10, A. Hamilton (visitor) 4, F. S. McLain 10, Lant Lewis 19, M. S. Treleven 5 pairs, 6; A. R. Keating 6 pair, 7; Lant Lewis 6 pair, 6, with Winchester repeater.

A. R. K.

### Coney Island Shooters.

Some good races were shot off on Monday morning at Coney Island between some of the members of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club. The first under modified Hurlingham rules between R. Dwyer and C. E. Morris against J. B. Collins and T. Langcake was won by the former with the score of 42 to 39. The second under modified Long Island rules, bird to be on the wing, both barrels, caused a considerable amount of fun between the shooters and referee. All the birds scored as missed were lost on account of gun being above the elbow. The last match resulted in a tie, and as the birds gave out it was declared a draw, each man paying for his birds. The score:

First team match, $200 a side, 25 birds:

| | |
|---|---|
| R Dwyer | 1121122120102111101102o—18 |
| C E Morris | 1112211212110111221121121—24—42 |
| J B Collins | 1121102221120200121221012—20 |
| I Langcake | 11o1c001122212111020121l—19—39 |

Second match, $100 a side, both barrels bird on wing:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R Dwyer | 00021 0111—6 | 10011 0111— 7 | |
| T Langcake | 1101110111—8—14 | 1110111101— 9—16 | |
| C E Morris | 2002101111—7 | 1111111111—10 | |
| J B Collins | 1101120211—8—15 | 1110111100— 6—16 | |

### Wauregan Gun Club.

On Thursday, Aug. 18, several members of the Wauregan Gun Club had a private match shoot at their new grounds at Pelhamville, Westchester county, N. Y. A match was shot off on Saturday, Aug. 6, between W. H. Brickner and partner against F. Kerker and partner, which resulted in a tie of 43 on each side. The return match was arranged to come off at the last meeting but only Brickner and Kerker were present, so the two shot off a race for the birds. Some other good races took place and the scores were:

First match, 27yds., $25 a side:

| | |
|---|---|
| W H Buckner | 2213010221212210122101222—21 |
| F Kerker | 0210120122212012002102002—16 |

Second match, 10 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Elliott | 1202212210—8 | P McGee | 2110220220—8 |

Third match:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Elliott | 0021022021—5 | P McGee | 1210022102—7 |

Sweepstake, miss and out, $1 entry, won by Godfrey.

Bluerock sweepstake, 25 targets: J. Elliott 19, G. Greenville 19, J. Godfrey 12, P. McGee 2.

### Riverside Gun Club.

Red Bank, N. J., Aug. 19.—The regular monthly shoot of the Riverside Gun Club took place to-day on the Beach street grounds. This was the first meeting of the season, and the attendance was large. The first event was a club handicap at seven live birds, in which there were twelve entries. First money was divided between John and Edward Cooper and John B. Bergen,



WALTER D. FILER,

Secretary Reading Shooting Association.

who scored 6 each. Henry C. White and Frank Heyer scored second money with 5, and James Cooper, Jr., was third with 4.

A sweepstakes match at nine bluerocks had ten entries, Edward Cooper winning first money with 9, John Cooper and Oscar Hesse broke 8 each and divided second money. Edward Cooper won the final event at five pairs of bluerocks, scoring 8. John Cooper and Hesse got 7 each.

The club is getting ready for its tournament on Oct. 5, 6 and 7. The grounds are to be inclosed and other important improvements to be made. A number of the leading clubs in the State will be invited to take part. The targets will be live and clay birds.

### Wilmington vs. Grubb's Corner.

The following scores were made in a match between teams of 10 men each from the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club and the Grubb's Corner Rod and Gun Club, both of Delaware, on Aug. 13:

| Wilmington R. and G. C. | | Grubb's Corner R. and G. C. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bilderback | 12 | W Pierce | 19 |
| Clark | 13 | A Harvey | 15 |
| M H D | 14 | W Brown | 16 |
| Harris | 15 | L Vance | 16 |
| Stout | 17 | W Booth | 12 |
| Hartlove | 20 | W Pierce | 13 |
| Byrne | 13 | B Vance | 13 |
| Cooper | 13 | I Bird | 19 |
| Hamilton | 13 | N Grubb | 11 |
| Wagoner | 19—148 | I Pierce | 9—144 |

The match took place on the grounds of the winning team. This is the second time the Wilmingtons have defeated the Grubb's Corner team. A series of sweepstakes at 10 targets each resulted as follows:

No. 1: Bilderback 6, Booth 3, Hamilten 9, Pyle 6, Grubb 3, Hartlove 8, Underwood 8, Cooper 9, Clark 4, Harris 6, Pierce 3, Lancaster 8.

No. 2: Bilderback 6, Hamilton 9, Wamsly 5, Harris 7, Cooper 8, Pyle 5, Lancaster 5, Grubb 1, Hartlove 8.

No. 3: Hamilton 7, Wamsley 5, Harris 9, Cooper 8, Lancaster 8, Pyle 6, Grubb 5.

### Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 19.—The weekly shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association was rather slimly attended despite the favorable weather conditions. The scores were as follows:

No. 1, badge contest:

| | |
|---|---|
| Smyth | 11111101111101111111111—23 |
| Elliott | 11111111111111111100011—22 |
| Knowlton | 01111000111101111010111—19 |
| Harris | 00111111111111101011111—21 |

No. 2, club shoot:

| | |
|---|---|
| Knowlton | 11101111111111111111111—24 |
| Smyth | 11111111111111111111110—24 |
| Elliott | 11111111111111111111111—25 |
| Kollies | 11111111111111111011111—24 |
| Gilmore | 10000001011011100111110—13 |
| Harris | 11101111011111111110101—21 |
| Kilbourne | 01111111101111101111111—22 |
| Weed | 10010000101000100010100— 8 |
| Lane | 01100011001011100101010—13 |

### South Branch vs. Centreville.

A match between teams of eight men each representing the South Branch Gun Club, of Somerville, N. J., and the Centreville Gun Club took place at Centreville on Aug. 13, the scores being:

| South Branch. | | Centreville. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L T Schenck | 10 | H Cortelyou | 17 |
| J H Ross | 19 | D Dilts | 12 |
| J Dewis | 16 | F Hall | 11 |
| P S Tingley | 15 | F Servis | 19 |
| G V Apgar | 19 | O Huff | 19 |
| F Lewis | 20 | D Hall | 14 |
| R Hoagland | 10 | Davison | 17 |
| M Hurling | 15—124 | D Snyder | 4—112 |

### Shooting in the Blue Grass State.

Covington, Ky., Aug. 15.—An interesting shoot at live pigeons took place at Teiple's Shooting Garden, Covington, Ky., yesterday, among the contestants being C. A. Young, of Springfield, O.; Verges, of Lowell, O.; Richard McGraw, an old-timer from Mason; Benj. Davis and Samuel Condell. The grounds are finely adapted for live-bird shooting, the boundary being 40yds. front, 32yds. left and 32yds. right, with a dead line 32yds. from the center trap. Otherwise the shooting was governed by Hurlingham rules. The result:

Event No. 1, 5 birds, entrance $3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schreck | 11202—4 | Lee | 22122—5 |
| C A Young | 01011—3 | Snider | 12011—4 |
| C E Verges | 02222—4 | Ben Davis | 20121—4 |
| Tug | 12111—5 | Wood | 21022—4 |
| Murphy | 12102—4 | | |

No. 2, entrance $3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schreck | 11010—3 | C A Young | 12101—4 |
| H Robinson | 12111—5 | Tug | 12222—5 |
| D McGraw | 11210—4 | W Condell | 21101—4 |
| Reed | 23222—5 | Lee | 00011—2 |
| Snider | 12101—4 | J Klein | 10011—3 |
| H Goodman | 12101—4 | Duff | 20100—2 |
| B Davis | 10221—4 | Murphy | 01111—4 |
| C E Verges | 21101—4 | | |

No. 3, entrance $3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McGraw | 11111—5 | Verges | 12211—5 |
| Reed | 11100—3 | Mason | 02211—4 |
| Robinson | 21201—4 | Condell | 01012—3 |
| Snider | 12211—5 | Erlanger | 22111—5 |
| Tug | 10222—4 | Schreck | 12000—2 |
| Murphy | 21121—5 | Davis | 11020—3 |
| Kline | 01101—3 | Goodman | 21110—4 |
| Young | 21110—4 | | |

No. 4, miss and out, entrance $3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tug | 11121212110 | Schreck | 0 |
| Verges | 12112112121 | Mason | 0 |
| Young | 12211110 | Goodman | 0 |
| Erlanger | 12210 | Condell | 0 |
| Murphy | 12210 | | |

### Hamilton Gun Club.

Hamilton, Aug. 5.—To-day for the fourth time the members of the Hamilton Gun Club competed for the handsome silver medal donated by the Hamilton Powder Co. This is a handicap competition, with the number of birds allotted to each marked opposite their names. The winner has one bird taken off and all the others a bird added for the following competition. As no score can count higher than 20 it will readily be seen that it will be next to impossible for one individual to win many times in succession.

To-day was J. W. Bowman's second win, D. Smith and Wilson having won once each. The competition for this medal is to continue until May 1, 1893.

The club medals were also shot for, Bowman winning easily in first class and Parker in second class.

Much regret was expressed at the absence of our esteemed vice-president, Captain Spencer, whose portly form and pleasant face add much to the enjoyment of our monthly competitions.

Hamilton Powder Co.'s medal, handicap, unknown angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bowman, 24 | 10110111011111001111111 —19 |
| Kaiser, 30 | 00001010011000000001111011000—10 |
| Hunt, 24 | 11100010100000111111010 —13 |
| Clifford 25 | 10011001010111100011100111 —14 |
| Wilson, 22 | 10111101111101100001001 —13 |
| Hamilton, 25 | 00101011101110000001101111 —14 |
| Parker, 29 | 01111001011100101010110o11010 —16 |
| Crooks, 28 | 00001110111010011111011101 —18 |

Club medal, 25 singles, rapid-firing:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bowman | 01101111101111111111111111—22 |
| Kaiser | 01001100101010110011111—15 |
| Hunt | 11001100101111110111011111—17 |
| Clifford | 10101000011111001010000011—12 |
| Wilson | 01111011110111100011011—18 |
| Hamilton | 01100101001111100110001—12 |
| Parker | 11001111100110101111111011—18 |
| Crooks | 10001100010010111001111011—13 |
| J Smyth | 11011111111111010111001l—20 |
| A Smyth | 11000010010100101111011111—14 |
| Marshall | 00000010111001110111011100—12 |

### Colt Hammerless Gun Club Scores.

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 22.—The following scores were made by members of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, Saturday, Aug. 20, 25 standard keystones, 5 traps:

| | |
|---|---|
| F H Whittelsey | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| C L Hotchkiss | 1111111111111111111111011—24 |
| F Decker | 1011111111111111111111111—24 |
| John Alger | 1011111111111101111111111—22 |
| C H Burbidge | 1111111101101110011011—21 |
| Allen Willey | 1101011011111111101110111—20 |
| Millard F Cook | 1110101001101011010111111—18 |
| Frederick Green | 0101101011111111101111001—18 |
| Samuel T. Colt | 1010101001111111111100101—17 |
| Henry F Nichols | 1111110011010110110110100—16 |
| Morgan E White | 0111101011000110111011100—15 |
| John F Cook | 1101100111011011101010000—15 |
| Charles H Higby | 0011010110100011110100110—13 |
| Lewis B Bushnell | 0001011101030011111110100—13 |
| James J Bedard | 1100001100101111101010000—12 |
| A C Collins | 0100001100100001010000o— 8 |
| Willie G Melrose | 0000101000010000001000100— 5 |

A. C. Collins, President.

### Minneapolis Gun Club.

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 20.—The Minneapolis Gun Club will open its regular winter season on Sept. 8. The diamond badge contest will be at 100 singles. The secretary announces the following members eligible to shoot in the several classes, their average for the past season being also shown:

Senior Class—John Marshall .875 per cent., E. W. Ensign .875, L. Harrison .865, H. C. Lawrence .860, J. C. Joyslin .860, H. A. Richter .800.

Junior Class—W. L. Ellis .785 per cent., James Ford .775, W. L. Wolford .770, John Nicholson 760, F. A. Richter .760.

Amateur Class—F. C. Lawrence .760 per cent., W. H. Jacoby .755, Ed Terrill .645, Geo. Gooseman .635, F. B. Whitcomb .630.

All ties in these matches will be shot at 30 singles and 10 pairs.

Diamond Badge—Senior Class—John Marshall .935 per cent., H. C. Lawrence .935, J. C. Joyslin .936, D. Harrison .925, E. W. Ensign .895, F. C. Lawrence .886.

Junior Class—H. A. Richter .875 per cent., Jas. Ford .845, W. L. Wolford .815, John Nicholson .815.

Amateur Class—F. A. Richter .810 per cent., F. B. Whitcomb .800, W. L. Ellis .795, Ed Terrill .660.

Ties in this match will be shot at 50 singles. Juniors are allowed a handicap of 8 birds in the 100 and amateurs 16.

### Erie Gun Club.

On account of the scarcity of birds during the month of May, the regular monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club was indefinitely postponed. The regular monthly shoot for August was held at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday Aug. 17, and it was then decided to shoot off the postponed May contest for the club's gold medal and three extra prizes, at seven birds each. C. Plate and H. Dohrman tied with seven straight, the former winning on the shoot off. The ties for the second prize to be decided by the scores in the regular August shoot which followed. A good race took place between J. Schmadeke and M. Elsasser for the medal and first prize, Schmadeke won on the seventh round. J. Plate took the second money and D. Lynch the third in both shoots. A sweepstake shoot followed with eight entries, and a long race took place between J. Plate and C. Mohrman, the former winning on the fourteenth round of the tie. The scores:

| | May Shoot. | August. | | May Shoot. | August. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Plate | 2111112—7 | 0110211—5 | J State | 1111120—6 | 0220111—5 |
| F Greff | 1101121—6 | 1102021—5 | Schmadeke | 1211202—6 | 2201211—6 |
| H Dohrman | 1111112—7 | 0112210—5 | C Mohrman | 1122120—6 | 1221201—6 |
| D Lynch | 1011000—3 | 0000011—2 | M Elsasser | 0211112—6 | 1211101—6 |

Sweepstake, 5 birds, $1 entrance, 3 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Plate | 01101—3 | M Elsasser | 11021—4 |
| J Schmadeke | 12110—4 | C Mohrman | 02222—4 |
| J Plate | 11220—4 | H Dohrman | 01010—2 |
| D Lynch | 10000—1 | F Greff | 10123—4 |

## The Central Iowa Tournament.

AMES, Iowa, Aug. 18.—The Central Iowa Shooting tournament opened at the Driving Park at this place on Tuesday and closed last night, the attendance being rather light owing to the warm weather and busy season. The shoot was under the management of G. C. Christianson and John Georgeson. Bluerock targets and traps were used and both gave good satisfaction. The shooting was from five traps under the rapid-firing system, which in my judgment takes away every particle of pleasure from target shooting. I for one will welcome the day when some shooting club gets backbone enough to hold a tournament under the old system of shooting from three or five traps under the National or American Association rules.

Among the shooters in attendance were Hon. J. G. Smith and Henry Durant, of Algona; E. D. and H. J. Trotter, of Kingsley; G. E. Hughes, of Fonda; Bergen and Kosterman, of Ida Grove; Butler, of Boone; Leonard, of Nevada; Allerton, of Sandford; Whiting and Budd, of Des Moines; J. M. Taylor, of Knoxville and G. W. Rexroat, of Virginia. The office work was done by F. C. Whiting, who was always ready to take in or pay out cash.

*The First Day's Scores.*

Target events, 10 targets, $1, and 5 targets, $1.50; 20 targets, $2; 25 targets, $2:50:

| | Regulars. | | | | | | | | | Extras. | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| Budd | 9 | 11 | 11 | 9 | 19 | 7 | 13 | 24 | 17 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 7 |
| Hughes | 8 | 11 | 10 | 7 | 19 | 8 | 14 | 20 | 20 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 8 |
| Sandford | 9 | 12 | 11 | 6 | 16 | 8 | 13 | .. | 14 | 9 | 9 | 8 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Higgins | 6 | 8 | 6 | 11 | .. | 14 | 21 | .. | .. | 6 | 4 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 5 |
| E D Trotter | 9 | 14 | 11 | 10 | 17 | 10 | 12 | 23 | 19 | 10 | 3 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 7 | .. |
| H J Trotter | 7 | 12 | 11 | 9 | 18 | 6 | 12 | 21 | 18 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 7 |
| Allerston | 9 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Berger | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 7 |
| McFarlane | 7 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 8 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Durant | 5 | 12 | 8 | 4 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Rex | 9 | 14 | 12 | 9 | 18 | 6 | 11 | 23 | 17 | 9 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 |
| Taylor | 2 | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Georgeson | 10 | 8 | 6 | 15 | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 5 | 3 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 8 |
| Christianson | 10 | 9 | 7 | 13 | 7 | 14 | 10 | .. | .. | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 8 |
| Waite | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 2 | .. | .. |

No. 8, 7 live birds, $4 entry, 4 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 1112111—7 | J H Waite | 0122122—6 |
| Hughes | 1211121—7 | Rex | 1111121—7 |
| Sanford | 1112212—7 | E D Trotter | 1121111—7 |
| Higgins | 0201221—6 | Taylor | 0120000—2 |
| H J Trotter | 2122111—7 | Georgeson | 1112100—5 |
| Christianson | 0211211—6 | | |

H. J. Trotter killed 8 straight and won tie for first.

*The Second Day.*

Target events, 10 targets $1, 15 targets $1.50:

| | Regulars. | | | | | | | | | Extras. | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | | | | | | |
| Budd | 9 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 15 | 14 | 14 | 7 | 5 | | | | | | |
| Durant | 9 | 9 | .. | .. | 4 | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | | | | | | |
| Berger | .. | 4 | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | | | | | | |
| Hughes | 10 | 13 | 15 | 14 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 14 | 15 | 15 | 9 | 9 | | | | | | |
| Christianson | 8 | 14 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 11 | .. | 14 | 5 | .. | | | | | | |
| H J Trotter | 9 | 14 | 15 | 12 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 13 | 15 | 13 | 9 | .. | | | | | | |
| McFarland | 6 | 11 | .. | 9 | .. | 9 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | | | | | | |
| Rex | 8 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 6 | 10 | 9 | 14 | 13 | 12 | 7 | 8 | | | | | | |
| Higgins | 6 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 3 | 2 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 7 | | | | | | |
| Kosterman | 8 | 11 | 12 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | | | | | | |
| J G Smith | 8 | 14 | 12 | 14 | .. | .. | 9 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | | | | | | |
| E D Trotter | 10 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 14 | 8 | .. | | | | | | |
| Georgeson | 5 | 12 | 11 | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | | | | | | |
| Butler | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | 4 | 2 | 9 | 4 | .. | .. | | | | | | |
| Leonard | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 5 | 10 | .. | .. | 6 | .. | | | | | | |

Citizens' purse match, at 10 live birds, $5 entry, $15 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 1111112112—10 | Georgeson | 1212120111— 9 |
| J A Smith | 1111201211— 9 | H J Trotter | 1111111211—10 |
| Butler | 0201210110— 6 | E D Trotter | 1111111110— 9 |
| Higgins | 0121012121— 8 | Rex | 1001110111— 7 |
| Hughes | 1111131101— 8 | Johnson | 0000002200— 2 |
| Christianson | 1221112122— 9 | | |

Miss and out, $1 entry, one money:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Higgins | 0 | Hughes | 111 |
| Georgeson | 10 | McFarland | 0 |
| Christianson | 0 | Rex | 10 |
| Butler | 0 | E D Trotter | 211 |
| H J Trotter | 221 | J E Smith | 221 |
| Budd | 0 | | |

Eight live birds, $5 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 12111111—8 | Durant | 21211012—7 |
| Higgins | 00121111—6 | Christianson | 12111211—8 |
| Hughes | 21111111—8 | Georgson | 11211220—7 |

Miss and out, $1.50 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H J Trotter | 11210 | E D Trotter | 12121 |
| Butler | 0 | Budd | 11220 |
| Georgson | 120 | J A Smith | 10 |
| Hughes | 1210 | McFarland | 0 |
| Christianson | 21121 | Rex | 11210 |
| Higgins | 1210 | | |

C. W. B.

## Dando Wins the Grand National.

THE grand national handicap of the Hollywood Gun Club was shot at Hollywood Park, near Long Branch, N. J., on Aug. 19, the conditions being 50 live pigeons per man, $100 entry, 70 per cent. to first, 20 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third, modified Hurlingham rules to govern, rises from 27 to 31yds., 21yds. boundary. ties to be shot off at 10 birds each. There were eleven entries. The birds were a mixed lot, some being extra good, some few poor, but the majority above the standard for the season. The weather was beautiful, with a southeast breeze tempering the heat. The grand stand was filled with a fashionable audience. The match was a close one throughout, the result being a victory for Thomas Dando, who grassed 48 of his birds. E. G. Murphy shot a game race, killing straight after the eleventh round. John S. Hoey was referee. The birds were procured by L. M. Gilbert. The shoot began at 11:35 A. M., and closed at 5:15 P. M. Dando saved his last bird and will have it mounted.

Below are the scores of the match in full:

F Hoey (30yds).,2222022220222222022022002222222212201112221221241
H Y Dolan (31)..1222112022002222212220212212220211111212102102—44
A W Money (30).2122222222210221202222022011122222212121222220211111—45
P Daly, Jr (27)..1222222222222222222222222222222222222222222222222—45
F Loeb (28)....101111122122222222022021212120220112221212120—41
E G Murphy (31).2220012122022222222222222222222222222222222222222—47
J Williams (30)..1221221202101222000202121110222212222222222222222—42
C Dolan (27)....2210201212000201120201202221211210221011001132112—36
E Garrison (28)..2222222222022202222222222222222222222222222202212—45
T Dando (30)....1211222111211211112121111110211112111202222111221—48
L Davanport (31)1021221211022220220030212211111212221221211001122—42

Ties for third money:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A W Money | 1221021101—8 | | 2221222211—10 |
| Phil Daly, Jr | 0221012220 | w | |
| E H Garrison | 1222221200—8 | | 2022222211 | w |

## The Utah Championship.

OGDEN, Utah, Aug. 1.—The second match for the championship badge of Utah between James M. Anderson, formerly of Kansas City, who won the badge July 4, and A. J. Dermody, of Ogden, took place in Salt Lake City July 29, and was won by the latter. Conditions: 40 single bluerocks and 10 pair, 5 unknown traps. Score:

| | | | | | | | | |

## "New London Will Catch Them All"

SAYS H. A. Penrose, and if his word is not made good it will not be the fault of himself nor the Standard Keystone Target and Trap Company, whose fifth annual tournament will be held at the above place on Tuesday to Friday, inclusive, of next week. A very handsome souvenir programme has been scattered broadcast throughout the country, this showing well-executed pictures of several well-known trap experts, as well as of the Standard-Keystone, L. C. Smith and Peters Cartridge companies' trophies. Mr. Penrose has secured reduced rates on all railroad and steamboat lines, and has also secured a reduction in hotel rates during the tournament. The shooters' headquarters are announced as the Crocker House. Stages will be run from the hotel to the grounds. Lunch will be served on the ground, under canvas, at noon each day.

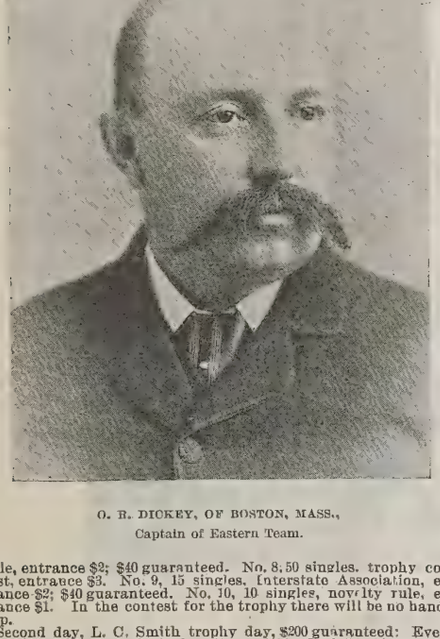
The tournament will take place on the grounds of the New London Gun Club, which are situated on the banks of the New London Harbor (about one mile from the hotel), affording an almost unequalled open foreground for shooting. The tents will be arranged, after the manner of the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' tournaments, on the wooded slope of the hill to the rear of the grounds, while the score will be covered with an immense awning that will prevent the rays of the sun from interfering with the work of the shooters.

In previous years the Keystone tournaments have attracted immense lists of entries and the prospects are that the coming affair will exceed all previous efforts. The program has been carefully prepared and presents events under a diversity of rules. An innovation will be in those events shot under the "Novelty" rules which call for sixteen traps, the system being thus described: Six traps will be placed in the field sixty yards from the score, five yards apart, and will throw right and left inquarterers and straight incomers, while the other ten traps will throw the targets in the usual manner. Unknown traps, unknown angles, different distances, open to all, no handicap. As this rule is entirely novel, as its name implies, the amateur will have an equal chance with the expert.

When shooting the Interstate Association Handicap events the shooters will be classified under those rules and the management will make particular efforts to classify every shooter according to his abilities. Ten traps will be used in a straight line. In shooting the Trophy, Diamond Ring and Team Races the Amateur Rules will govern. There will be no handicap and all will shoot on an equal footing.

The full program is as follows:

First day, Standard-Keystone trophy day, $200 guaranteed: Event No. 1, 10 singles, novelty rule, entrance $1. No. 2, 15 single, Interstate Association, entrance $2; $40 guaranteed. No. 3, 10 singles, novelty rule, entrance $1.50; $20 guaranteed. No. 4 15 singles, Interstate Association, entrance $1.50. No. 5, 20 singles, novelty rule, entrance $2.50; $50 guaranteed. No. 6, 10 singles, Interstate Association, entrance $1. No. 7, 15 singles, novelty



O. R. DICKEY, OF BOSTON, MASS.,
Captain of Eastern Team.

rule, entrance $2; $40 guaranteed. No. 8, 50 singles, trophy contest, entrance $3. No. 9, 15 singles, Interstate Association, entrance $2; $40 guaranteed. No. 10, 10 singles, novelty rule, entrance $1. In the contest for the trophy there will be no handicap.

Second day, L. C. Smith trophy day, $200 guaranteed: Event No. 1, 10 singles, novelty rule, entrance $1; No. 2, 5 pairs, open to all, $2, $40 guaranteed; No. 3, 20 singles, novelty rule, $2.50, $50 guar.; No. 4, 15 singles, Interstate Association, $1.50; No. 5, 20 singles, novelty rule, $2.50, $50 guar.; No. 6, 10 singles, Interstate Ass'n, $1; No. 7, 50 singles, trophy contest, $3; No. 8, 15 singles, novelty rule, $1.50, $30 guar.; No. 9, 10 singles, Interstate Ass'n, $1.50, $30 guar.; No. 10, 10 singles, novelty rule, $1. There will be no handicap in events No. 2 and 7.

Third day, Peters Cartridge Company's day, $200 guaranteed: No. 1, 10 singles, novelty rule, $1; No. 2, 15 singles, Interstate Ass'n, $2, $40 guar.; No. 3, 20 singles, novelty rule, $2.50, $50 guar.; No. 4, 15 singles, Interstate Ass'n, $1.50; No. 5, 20 singles, novelty rule, $2, $40 guar.; No. 6, 10 singles, Interstate Ass'n, $1; No. 7, 50 singles, trophy contest, $3; No. 8, 15 singles, novelty rule, $2, $40 guar.; No. 9, 10 singles, Interstate Ass'n, $1, $30 guar.; No. 10, 10 singles, novelty rule, $1.

Fourth day, championship day, $75 guaranteed: No. 1, 10 singles, novelty rule, $1; No. 2, 15 singles, Interstate Ass'n handicap, $2, $35 guar.; No. 3, 20 singles, novelty rule, $2 50, $40 guar.; No. 4, 25 singles per man, first match New Jersey State League vs. Connecticut State League, open to one team from any State association or league, $50 per team; No. 5, 100 singles, individual championship of the United States, $5; No. 6 100 singles, team race between East and West for championship of America, $60 per team; No. 7. 10 singles, novelty rule, $1. No handicap in events No. 4, 5 and 6

Event No. 4 on the fourth day is open to one team of 10 men from any State association or league. In case more than two teams enter the purse will be divided to suit the captains of the several teams. Enoch D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J., will captain the New Jersey State League team and C. E. Longden, of New Haven, Conn., will captain the Connecticut State League team. Entries will be received up to 12 M. of the day of the match.

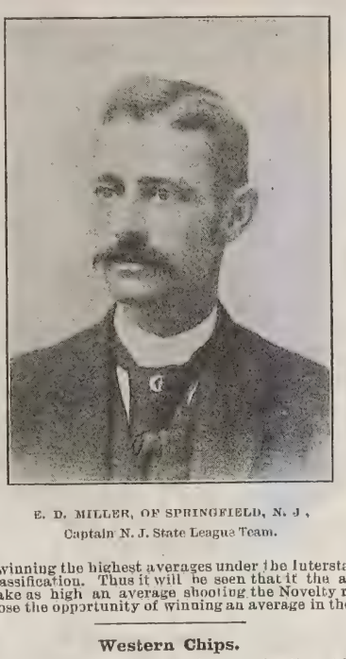
Event No 6, on the same day, is between teams of six men each, representing the Eastern and Western sections of the country. The purse will go to the winning team. M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, N. J., will captain the Western team, and can select any six men living west of New England. O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass., will captain the Eastern team, and can select any six men living east of New York. Each captain will have at least ten men on the grounds to select from.

Event No. 5 on the fourth day is to determine the individual champion target shot of America, the prize to be a diamond rug costing $200, which becomes the property of the winner.

All trophies won by individuals at this tournament are to be held by them for one year, and bond given for their safe return at expiration of said term. If winners prefer, donors will hold trophy and no bond will be required.

In the trophy contests, winners of trophies get the trophy only this year; and the money is divided, to winners of trophies in 1891, 40 per cent.; second, 30 per cent.; third, 20 per cent.; fourth, 10 per cent. Next year the winners of this year's trophies get 40 per cent. of the entrance money.

All purses in the regular events will be divided 30 per cent., 25 per cent., 20 per cent., 15 per cent. and 10 per cent. All ties will be divided unless majority in purse decide to shoot off. All surplus money divided as follows: 55 per cent. added to purses; 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for best average in expert class to those shooting in all guaranteed purses on any one day; 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for best average in semi-professional class, and 10 per cent. to first and 5 per cent. to second for best average in amateur class to those shooting in all guaranteed purses on any one day. All averages paid each night. The surplus money in the Novelty rule events will be added to the surplus money in the handicapped events, and will be paid to the



E. D. MILLER, OF SPRINGFIELD, N. J.,
Captain N. J. State League Team.

shooters winning the highest averages under the Interstate Association classification. Thus it will be seen that if the amateurs do not make as high an average shooting the Novelty rule they will not lose the opportunity of winning an average in their class.

## Western Chips.

CHICAGO Ill., Aug. 19.—There has been no shooting at Watson's Park of late, chiefly for the reason that there hasn't been any Watson's Park. As announced last June, Mr. Watson has been compelled by encroaching real estate improvements to give up the lease on the old Burnside ground, and for the second time in three years has had to get out of the way for south-bound Chicago. He has secured grounds just beyond the old ones, equally good and almost as accessible; since they are reached by the same railroad station, Burnside. In a short time Mr. Watson will have things in running order again and will be furnishing the old J. Watson brand of harsh, sudden pigeons. In the meantime a large slice is taken out of Chicago trap shooting.

COL. MEADE-WINSTON.

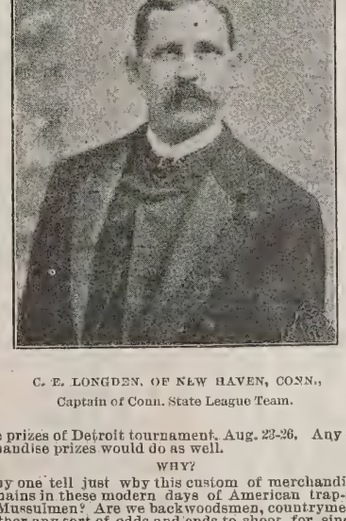
Col. Jack Meade-Winston, of St. Louis, which is the same that beat Geo. Kleinman here once and probably thinks he could do it again, though probably he might not, has, it appears, forsaken the tobacco trade and gone into the hand-loaded shell business a St. Louis. He aptly claims for trade mark the "Winner Brand," and will load three grades, the winner best, the winner medium and winner worst.

MERCHANDISE PRIZES.

There are certain customs which by reason of their hoary old age have attained a respect and reverence which do not belong to them by any existent virtue of their own. I am told that there is a certain holy stone in Mecca which all good Mohammedans kis when they travel thither in pilgrimage. Continual kissing has worn the stone thin. I am told also that devout Catholics have in similar way nearly kissed the great toe off the statue of St. Peter at Rome. Evidently these people have thus kissed this natural stone and this artificial toe in stone because they have seen thousands kissing before them. Now, I should not like to be irreverent, or to step upon anyone's toe, artificial or otherwise, but really, those are just the sort of places I should not want to kiss at all. The antecedent thousands would be no argument.

I can not see why the antecedent thousands should be *per re* an argument anywhere. I can not see why a custom should continue simply because it is a custom. This is no day for Mecca stones. No temple threshold to-day is sacred but the door stone of the temple of progress. Customs to-day need reasons under them, not history behind them.

These things occur to me as I look over the list of special mer-



C. E. LONGDEN, OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
Captain of Conn. State League Team.

chandise prizes of Detroit tournament, Aug. 23-26. Any other list of merchandise prizes would do as well.

WHY?

Can any one tell just why this custom of merchandise prizes still remains in these modern days of American trap-shooting? Are we Mussulmen? Are we backwoodsmen, countrymen, knocking together any sort of odds and ends to shoot for, since cash is not at hand? Admitted that we are, why, then, should we not shoot for our own stuff? What right have we to go to uninterested home merchants and beg for contributions? Is it not asking quite too much of local tradesmen of all sorts, to draw upon them for contributions for which they cannot in natural course expect any return by way of trade? My expectant tradesman, importuned by the tournament manager, gives from his stock (I quote) "one stiff hat," "one pocket knife," "one umbrella," "one picture," "one ornamental beer mug," "one parlor lamp," etc., etc. I have seen loaves of bread, bottles of liniment, etc., in such lists. My tradesman is not a shooter, perhaps, but only that much enduring man, a local merchant. Does the winner of the ornamental beer mug or the parlor lamp go to the donor of his prize and buy other ornamental beer mugs and parlor lamps? Not in the least. He does not even know the donor's name. He speaks of the gift in tones of the utmost carelessness and contempt. It is a gift pure and simple, without reason in commerce or in common sense, yet I never knew a shooter who had consideration enough to thank the donor for such "plunder"—as it is usually called.

The management would not beg stuff for his own personal use. Why should he beg it for a use which is intended for his own direct personal gain? Because it is a custom? I can see no reason for such a custom. It might have done for the past, when shooters needed pampering. We ought to be more dignified and manly than that now. We are men grown in shooting now, and we ought to have the independence and dignity to shoot like gentlemen and like men. It is time for the trap-shooter to shake free from the old pampering policy, to get out of coddling arms, and stand square down on his own legs. He is old enough now to walk. He is old enough to see that the most honorable future for his sport is one in which it shall not be mere gambling and dividing up of unfairly obtained and still despised "plunder;" but where it shall be a manly and honorable contest of skill among competitors made as nearly equal as possible by a just system of handicap. Sport, not a gambling scramble, that is what trap-shooting should be.

"But," says some timid friend, "such talk will offend the shooters."

Not in the least. Such talk will offend no shooter of intelligence who will stop for one instant to give the matter thought. The custom has nothing to do with it. If we must go back in customs, much better would we hold to the customs of the old Olympic games, where men contended with all the energy of their lives, not for stiff hats and ornamental beer mugs, but for a simple crown of laurel. The American custom is wrong. The Greek custom was right and is right. Give us medals, trophies, prizes, souvenirs—honors, in short—but keep us away from tawriness, mercenarness, from the vulgar principle of mere personal gain. These latter will ruin trap-shooting if allowed to run an unthinking course.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association took the first step in the right direction this year, when it declined to do any soliciting for special merchandise prizes, offering only such as came in voluntarily. It may be that in this is sounded the first note of the coming cry, "The merchandise list must go."

NOT ONE GUN LESS.

Not one less gun would be fired if every management would hoist this motto on its banners. Indeed, that state of affairs would be a relief to all concerned. No shoot will suffer which abandons this old and senseless custom. No shooter will suffer who casts his vote against it. To vote thus is to vote for a modern and a higher sportsmanship. It is to take a step up, to a more dignified and manly plane of sport. I fear of offending no one. I know that that plane is where trap-shooters belong, and where



M. F. LINDSLEY, OF HOBOKEN, N. J.,
Captain of Western Team.

they want to go. They do not belong in babydom to-day. They do not belong in a mercenary machine system. They belong in a system of active, fair and honorable competition in sport among men and gentlemen. That is the plane for them. That is where they belong, and where they all want to go. The trap-shooter of to-day is a man of thought, intelligence and progress. He is advancing with all the world of sport.

The merchandise list must go.

E. HOUGH.

## Michigan Trap Scores.

SAGINAW, Mich., Aug. 16.—The West Side Gun Club tried a new style of expert trap at their shoot Sunday for the first time. They are operated by an electric pull and the appliances were put in perfect operation by John Herman, of the electric light works, the traps operating in fine style. The operation of the new traps puzzled the marksmen of the club not a little and more lost birds were scored than at any previous shoot. The medal for the A class was won by Edward Carpenter for the second consecutive time. The scores are as follows, each being out of a possible 25:

A class—Carpenter 22, Brechtelsbauer 20, Keller 20, Bowden 21, Bastian 18, Kindler 14, Ward 16, C. Zschoerner 20, Adams 14, Cone 14, Hatcherson 17.

B class—J. Herman 20, H. G. Zschoerner 17, Wirth 11, C. Delonjay 14, C. Schoeneberg 14, Held 11, H. G. Krogmann 7, Michelson 12.

C class—A. Delonjay 21, Wm. Brown 9, L. Herrig 8.

GRAND RAPIDS, Aug. 17.—As the game season is near at hand, the Valley City Gun Club will probably discontinue its trap shoots hereafter and confine its attention to the more exhilarating sport of shooting animate birds. The farewell shoot took place yesterday afternoon at the club's grounds near the Country Club and a contest for a supper was indulged in. Gauthier, the winner of the State individual championship, and W. S. Coleman were chosen captains. The score by teams is as follows:

Captain Gautbier 19, Summers 17, Davidson 16, Hansen 8, Kelsey 4, Freaut 13, Knowlson 15, Pugh 10, Planes 9, Stainton 1; total 112.

Captain Coleman 13, Wharton 18, Gould 16, Walton 12, White 17, Rood 15, Temple 6, Nelson 12, Scribner 4, Love 11; total 124.

The losing team escorted the winners to Sweatland's, where a sumptuous supper was served and a general good time enjoyed.

## Money Defeats Hoey.

CAPTAIN A. W. MONEY, the well-known expert, and Fred. Hoey of Long Branch shot a match at Hollywood on Aug. 15, the conditions being 100 live birds each, 30yds. boundary, 21yds. rise, for $100 a side. The shoot began soon after 11 A. M., there being breeze enough from the west to temper the sun's rays and keep the shooters comfortable. Lou Thompson looked after Captain Money while Daniel Johnson did the honors for Mr. Hoey. The birds were a good lot. Up to the eightieth round the race was a close one, but from that point to the finish Money had things his own way as the appended scores will show:

Fred Hoey.....2222222212222122221010221122222122022222212220222
12122222022222222122222222200200200200102020212220—84

Captain Money..1122220120022222111211222211222222022222222122222
21221122122210021222222212220021222212222222222221—92

## Missouri State Shoot.

LEXINGTON, Mo., Aug. 13.—The Missouri State Amateur Association held its second annual tournament at Lexington, Mo., Aug. 10, 11 and 12, which proved to be the most pleasant and successful shoot ever held in the State. The tournament was under the management of the Lexington Gun Club, and much of the success of this association is due to the Lexington Club. Long since the old Missouri State Association was taken in hand by all the professional shooters of the United States, and is run and managed so entirely for this class of shooters that the membership of this association has dwindled from 35 clubs to 9 clubs, there being no chance for the younger shooters to do anything but put their money into the professionals' pockets, and they have become tired of this. The old association now stands with an enrollment of 5 clubs from Kansas City, one from St. Joseph, one from Lexington, one from St. Louis and one from Jefferson City. The Lexington Club last year feeling it was time something be done for the amusement of the amateur shooters of the State, issued a call for a meeting of the amateurs throughout the State to be held in Lexington in the month of August for the purpose of forming an association exclusively for the amateur shooters. The call was responded to by 23 clubs with indorsements of clubs from all over the State in the movement. And at the second annual meeting just held about 10 additional clubs were enrolled. Constitution and by-laws were adopted protecting the amateur shooters by barring all professionals and A class shooters.

This association under the protection for the amateur shooters, as provided for in its constitution and by-laws, is bound to grow more popular each year; the attendance during this tournament was over 100, and the Lexington Club had spared no expense to make it the grandest affair ever held in the State, together with placing on their programme $300 in added purses. The weather was fine, the grounds the best in the State. There were two sets of live bird traps constantly in use, the live bird traps were operated with the W. T. Best non-electric pull, and one set of bluerocks with the Paul North electric pull. The Best and North pulls were the crowning success of the tournament, consuming 5,500 live birds and 20,000 bluerocks. Paris, Missouri, was decided upon as the place of next meeting, and judging from all present appearances the next tournament of this association will be even more successful than this has been.

C. L. Blanton, President; J. W. Barre, Vice-President; G. W. Haden, Secretary and Treasurer; R. E. Seer, Montgomery City; E. Chanslor, Lexington; J. W. Wright, Warsaw, were chosen officers and board of managers for the ensuing year. This closed the second tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Association, which, with its popularity, is bound to become the association of the State of Missouri.

Following are the scores of the principal events of the tournament:

TARGET EVENTS.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: See 8, Love 9, Spencer 4, Brasher 7, McQueen 6, Francatte 8, Dallmeyer 8, Doehler 8, Rhodes 3, Lucas 10, Hall 6, Meyer 5, Barre 7, Wright 6, Morgan 6, Lindsey 4, Vaughan 7, Pendegrass 6, Weaver 8, Rawlings 9, Ski Ski 9, Coppock 6, Seward 7, Hayson 9, Blanton 6, Redman 6, Nickell 9, McNally 9, Buttles 5, Haydon 9.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Seward 4, Coppock 7, Redman 6, Love 8, Trigg 8, French 5, Hales 8, Francotte 9, Shacklett 8, Davis 7, Wright 5, Hayson 10, Lucas 6, Marshall 7, Dallmeyer 4, Doehler 5, Meyer 2, Haydon 7, Pendergrass 10, Vivion 4, Ski Ski 8, Meyer 8, See 9, Wilmot 6, Green 5, Hughes 7, Nickell 6, Rawlings 8, Weaver 9, Hall 7.

No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance: Redman 7, Haydon 12, Kish 7, Marshall 14, Trigg 8, See 11, Doehler 13, Barre 8, Davis 10, Wilmot 9, Rawlings 7, Chanslor 11, Pendegrass 13, Rush 11, Marrs 14, French 8, Wright 10, Green 11, Hayson 11, Weaver 13, Trigg 5, Hill 12, Coppock 12, Bennett 13, Dallmeyer 11, Blanton 8, Shacklett 12, Wright 11, Hales 11, Ski Ski 14.

No. 4, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Ski Ski 10, Hayson 5, Drepps 1, McNally 5, Dallmeyer 9, Doehler 7, Hill 8, Buttles 7, Goullute 3, Green 6, Payne 7, Buchanan 5, Davis 7, See 6, Blanton 5, Hales 7, Barre 9, Haydon 6, Mize 8, Marshall 9, Pendegrass 10, Rush 8, Brasher 10, Redman 7, Coppock 7, Happy 7, Francotte 8, Hall 7, Chanslor 8, Wilmot 6, French 5, Rawlings 10, Haggerty 9, Wright 8, Weaver 8, Lucas 9, Shacklett 7, Rhodes 8, Hughes 8, Marrs 9, Bennett 8, Sturges 7.

No. 16, 10 bluerocks, $2 entrance: Pendegrass 8, Weaver 10, Marrs 9, Haggerty 10, Wright 8, Hayson 8, Hales 5, Francotte 8, Bennett 9, Wilmot 10, Ski Ski 10, Coppock 9, Sturges 6, Rawlings 6, Davis 5.

No. 17, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Bennett 7, Francotte 10, Wright 6, Pendegrass 9, Weaver 9, Hales 8, Haggerty 10, Lucas 7, Blackwell 7, Brown 7, Redman 6, Hughes 8, Ski Ski 9, Rush 5, Harnes 9, McKee 6, Hayden 6, Davis 8, Rawlings 1, Barre 7, Dinsmore 6, Hughes 5, Hayson 6, Green 9, Wilmot 9. See 9, Dallmeyer 7.

No. 10—Any number of teams of two. 10 blue rocks. Entrance, $4 per team.

First Prize—Badges, donated by Central Missouri Association, to be shot for annually; the winner this year to receive 50 per cent. of the entrance money next year; 50 per cent. of entrance



TREASURER A. GEYER.
Missouri State Amateur Association.

money this year goes to present holders of medal. Balance divided, 30 and 20 per cent.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dallmeyer | 7 | McKee | 8 |
| Doehler | 8—15 | Rush | 3—11 |
| Bennett | 8 | Pendegrass | 6 |
| Francotte | 9—17 | Weaver | 9—15 |
| Redman | 5 | Wright | 6 |
| Barre | 9—14 | Rawlings | 8—14 |
| McKee | 5 | Hayden | 8 |
| Shacklin | 5—10 | Davis | 5—13 |
| Love | 8 | Wilmot | 10 |
| Carter | 7—15 | Sturges | 8—18 |
| See | 9 | McNally | 4 |
| Hales | 8—17 | Buttles | 8—12 |
| Marrs | 7 | Campbell | 3 |
| Happy | 9—16 | Hughes | 3— 6 |
| Clark | 8 | Thompson | 9 |
| Longnecker | 5—13 | Nelson | 3—12 |
| Haggerty | 10 | Chanslor | 7 |
| Ski Ski | 9—19 | Trigg | 4—11 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Weaver | 5 | Rush | 4 |
| Morgan | 3 | Doehler | 5 |
| Ski Ski | 5 | Chanslor | 5 |
| Pendergast | 5 | Hill | 5 |
| Dripps | 4 | Wilmot | 5 |
| Bennett | 5 | McNally | 5 |
| White | 5 | Buttles | 5 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Spencer | 2 |
| Davis | 2 |
| Miller | 4 |
| Dinsmore | 4 |
| Hayson | 3 |
| Hughes | 0 |

STATE MEDAL SHOOT.

No. 3, 10 live birds, medal won by Edward Pendegrast, of St. Louis. Medal cashed the following year by holder. Medal was held and cashed this year by Love, Barre, Chanslor and Dripps for $135. Score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nickell | 7 | Clark | 7 |
| Florida | 10 | White | 8 |
| Francotte | 10 | Brasher | 8 |
| Barre | 7 | Green | 9 |
| Buchanan | 8 | Love | 8 |
| Seward | 10 | Shacklett | 8 |
| Wright | 6 | Wilmot | 8 |
| Morgan | 3 | Thompson | 7 |
| Weaver | 8 | Spencer | 8 |
| Dripps | 5 | Dinsmore | 8 |
| Ewing | 4 | Happy | 8 |
| Redman | 5 | Lucas | 8 |
| Dallmeyer | 8 | Pendegrast | 10 |
| Doehler | 7 | Ski Ski | 9 |
| Martin | 5 | Hayson | 5 |
| Vaughan | 4 | Hughes | 6 |
| Hill | 7 | Bennett | 9 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Rhodes | 10 |
| Blanten | 9 |
| Sturges | 10 |
| Chanslor | 9 |
| Lindsey | 9 |
| Kist | 7 |
| Hale | 7 |
| Buttles | 7 |
| McNally | 7 |
| McQueen | 6 |
| See | 8 |
| Longnecker | 5 |
| Davis | 6 |
| Trigg | 8 |
| Campbell | 8 |
| Meyer | 6 |

No. 5, 10 live birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Weaver | 9 | Pendegrast | 6 |
| Hill | 9 | Doehler | 9 |
| Florida | 7 | Sturges | 5 |
| Dallmeyer | 9 | Lucas | 9 |
| Seward | 8 | Ski Ski | 8 |
| Bennett | 9 | Francotte | 10 |
| Chanslor | 7 | | |

| | |
|---|---|
| Love | 7 |
| See | 8 |
| Wilmot | 10 |
| Jones | 8 |
| Drepps | 8 |
| Redman | 3 |

First money $38, second $29, third $19, fourth 10.

No. 6.—This was the most interesting shoot on the Association programme this year and was for any number of teams of two, 10 live birds to each man, 19 teams were entered. The first prize was $100, given by the Lexington Gun Club, to team making best score, and was won by Hill and Chanslor, the only team having 20 straight:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bennett | 9 | Doehler | 10 |
| Farotte | 9—18 | Dallmeyer | 8—18 |
| Happy | 10 | Clark | 9 |
| Buchanan | 9—19 | Lindsey | 9—18 |
| Dinsmore | 6 | Pendegrass | 10 |
| Barre | 8—14 | Ski Ski | 8—17 |
| Bush | 9 | Florida | 6 |
| Rush | 6—15 | Weaver | 8—14 |
| Green | 8 | See | 8 |
| Hayson | 7—15 | Love | 10—18 |
| Seward | 9 | Martin | 9 |
| Lucas | 10—19 | Hughes | 9—18 |
| White | 7 | Hill | 10 |
| White | 9—16 | Chanslor | 10—20 |
| Shackler | 9 | Wilmot | 10—19 |

Second money $70, third $53, fourth $35, fifth $18.

No. 7, 10 live birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Florida | 7 | Hughes | 10 |
| Ski Ski | 9 | Sturges | 9 |
| Hill | 10 | Dallmeyer | 10 |
| Barre | 10 | Blackwell | 10 |
| Martin | 8 | Wilmot | 9 |
| Faratte | 10 | Lindsey | 10 |
| Bennett | 10 | Longnecker | 7 |
| Weaver | 10 | Clark | 8 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Spencer | 9 |
| McQueen | 9 |
| Pendegrass | 10 |
| French | 7 |
| Dripps | 9 |
| Davis | 6 |
| Seward | 9 |
| Coppock | 9 |

No. 8 was an extra shoot, 20 live birds to the man, between Haggerty and Florida. Haggerty 18, Florida 13.

No. 9 was also an extra; 10 live birds per man: Haggerty 10, Weaver 7, Florida 8, Wilmot 8, Bennett 10, Pendegrass 7. Haggerty and Bennett shot off for first money, Haggerty missing his 27th bird. Florida and Wilmot shot off for second money, Florida missing his 13th bird.

The $25 given by the Lexington Gun Club to the shooter making



MISSOURI STATE AMATEUR ASSOCIATION.
Lexington, Mo., Aug. 13, 1892.

No. 5, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance: French 6, Haydon 10, Dripps 1, Hall 11, Bolton 10, Ski Ski 14, Spencer 9, Barre 10, Bennett 12, Pendegrass 13, Weaver 12, Chanslor 9, Love 13, Blanton 9, Wilmot 12, Nelson 10, Marrs 13, Lucas 14, Shacklin 11, Hayson 10, Davis 14, Brasher 5, Davis 12, Doehler 10, Wales 11, Rush 7, Dallmeyer 12, See 11, Francotte 14, Marshall 12, Rawlings 8, Sturges 12, Redman 12, Hughes 10, Coppock 11, J. R. Davis 8.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: McNally 4, Davis 7, Marrs 7, Payne 4, Chanslor 6, Hill 8, Redman 6, Haydon 1, Barre 8, Hammer 5, Weaver 9, Blanton 7, Bolton 8, Brown 5, Hughes 5, Davis 9, Doelher 9, Francotte 8, Rawlings 5, Frain 9, Dallmeyer 7, Bennett 9, Sturges 5, Wright 9, Buttles 9, Hayson 9, Hamlin 8, Brasher 8, Love 8, Thompson 8, James 3, Meyer 3, Trigg 9, Nickell 9, Kist 1, See 9, Mize 6, Wilmot 6, Marshall 10, Hughes 2, Rush 8, Lindsey 5, Coppock 6, Lucas 8, Pendegrass 7, Ski Ski 15, Hall 7, Nelson 4.

No. 7, 8 pairs bluerocks, $1 entrance: Marshall 7, Francotte 5, Barre 9, Lucas 7, Ski Ski 9, Pendegrass 6, Bennett 3, Sturges 3, Trigg 6, Hales 4, Thompson 4, See 6, Hayson 8, Hall 6, Marrs 2, Haydon 7, Mize 5, Brasher 6, Shacklin 6, Coppock 5, Wright 8, Rhodes 5, Rawlings 7, Wilmot 7, McNally 7, Buttles 9.

No. 8, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Bennett 10, Ski Ski 8, Barre 6, Francotte 7, Hughes 4, Love 7, Wright 10, Weaver 9, Haydon 8, McNally 8, Buttles 5, Sturges 8, Hayson 7, Pendegrass 9, Brown 8, Wilmot 7, Lucas 7, Rawlings 4, Hall 8, Hales 9, Blanton 5, Coppock 8, See 7, Davis 8, Brasher 9.

No. 9, 10 bluerocks, $2 entrance: Pendegrass 8, Hayson 7, Bennett 4, See 10, Weaver 8, Ski Ski 10, Francotte 9, Love 7, Redman 7, Wright 9, Sturges 6, Bolton 4.

No. 10, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Wilmot 8, Weaver 10, McNally 7, Buttles 9, Bennett 9, Ski Ski 9, See 8, Francotte 9, Wright 8, Ring 9.

No. 11, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Francotte 9, Brasher 8, Dallmeyer 6, Hall 10, Blanton 6, Hayson 4, Pendegrass 7, Rawlings 8, Ski Ski 10, Haggerty 8, Wright 8, Weaver 9, Martin 5, Hughes 5, Chanslor 8, Brown 7, McNallie 7, Buttles 7, Lucas 8, Deahler 4, Rush 6, Nickell 9, Coppock 6, Wilmot 9, Meyer 7, Hill 6, Bennett 8, Haydon 6, Love 10, Hales 8, Davis 7, Barre 7, See 10.

No. 12, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance, unknown angles, 5 traps, shot down: Rawlings 4, Francotte 7, Barre 6, Hayson 8, Pendegrass 9, Wright 6, Davis 8, Ski Ski 9, Coppock 7, Hill 7, See 5, Haggerty 8, Leaversy 2, Hales 7, Hayden 6, Hall 9, Chanslor 1, Bennett 8.

No. 13, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Weaver 9, Love 9, Wilmot 8, Ski Ski 8, Hales 8, Marrs 7, Leavsy 3, Hughes 2, Lucas 6, McKee 6, Brown 2, Rhodes 8, Haggerty 9, Pendegrass 9, Francotte 7, Rush 5, Bennett 9, Wright 7, Davis 8, Shackten 8, Blanton 5, Carter 9, Barre 4, Coppock 8, Prather 6

No. 14, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: See 9, Carter 7, Pendegrass 7, McKee 8, Rush 5, Weaver 8, Ski Ski 9, Martin 6, Wright 8, Love 7, Hayden 2, Hales 8, Coppock 6, Redman 6, Davis 9, Haggerty 10, Vaughn 5.

No. 15, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Bennett 5, Francotte 6, Weaver 8, See 6, Hales 6, Sturges 8, Redman 4, Prather 1, Coppock 7, Davis 8, Besh 4, Haggerty 10, Leasey 3, McKee 7, Pendegrass 7, Ski Ski 8, Marrs 9, Nickell 7.

Haggerty and Ski Ski win the badges. Wilmot and Sturges win first money. Bennett and Francotte, and See and Hall win second money.

No. 19, 5 pair bluerocks, $1 entrance: Pendegrass 3, Nickell 3, Wilmot 4, Bennett 9, Wright 6, Jones 6, Buttles 7, Seward 2, McNally 5, See 7, Weaver 4, Barre 5, Ski Ski 7, Hales 6, Rhodes 3, Buchanan 4, Haggerty 7, Blackwell 7, Hill 5, Hayden 6, Francotte 6.

No. 20, 20 bluerocks, $2 entrance: Redman 14, Ewing 7, Weaver 17, Wilmot 13, Ski Ski 18, Marrs 16, Francotte 19, Hales 10, Coppock 14, Wright 13, Rush 9, Doehler 14, Jones 17.

No. 21, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance: Haggerty 10, Bennett 10, Ski Ski 12, Wright 11, Hayson 13, Francotte 14, Coppock 9, Hughes 2, Hayden 9, Weaver 12, Blackwell 4, Pendegrass 13, Rush 7, See 12, Hughes 12, Davis 9.

No. 22, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Dripps 0, Morgan 5, Ski Ski 7, Weaver 9, Francotte 8, Jones 7, Wright 6, Hughes 7, Coppock 8, Rush 5, Redman 7, Haggerty 6.

No. 23, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance: Francotte 14, Coppock 9, Mayer 10, Sturges 11, Ski Ski 11, Bennett 12, Wright 10, Hughes 9, Haggerty 12, Weaver 13, Rush 5.

No. 24, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Pendegrass 9, Haggerty 9, Ski Ski 7, Coppock 8, Rawlings 6, Bennett 9, Wilmot 10, Payne 3, Wright 7, Weaver 8, Thompson 7, Miller 5, McDonald 9, Shacklett 8.

No. 25, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Pendegrass 7, Coppock 10, Francott 7, Haggerty 5, Weaver 9, Shacklet 4, Wilmot 7, Miller 3, Rawlings 7.

LIVE BIRD EVENTS.

No. 1, 10 live birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Florida | 8 | Hamlet | 7 |
| Sturges | 8 | Campbell | 10 |
| Pendegrast | 8 | Hale | 10 |
| Brasher | 9 | Ski Ski | 8 |
| Hicklin | 6 | Mize | 10 |
| Spencer | 5 | McNally | 9 |
| Francotte | 10 | Buttles | 9 |
| Dallmeyer | 9 | Barre | 8 |
| Dripps | 4 | Hill | 7 |
| Doehler | 7 | Longnecker | 7 |
| Lucas | 9 | Rhodes | 9 |
| Wilmot | 9 | Clark | 8 |
| Morgan | 6 | McQueen | 8 |
| Wright | 6 | Rist | 8 |
| Love | 10 | Hayson | 8 |
| See | 10 | Seaward | 10 |
| Lindsey | 9 | Chanslor | 10 |
| Buchanan | 10 | Coppock | 7 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Weaver | 9 |
| Green | 9 |
| Bennett | 9 |
| Nickels | 8 |
| Hughes | 8 |
| Meyers | 6 |
| Hammer | 9 |
| Rodman | 7 |
| Happy | 9 |
| Trigg | 7 |
| Thompson | 9 |
| Davis | 6 |
| Marrs | 8 |
| Hassell | 7 |
| Nelson | 7 |
| James | 7 |
| Martin | 7 |
| Vaughan | 9 |

First money $70, second $55, third $35, fourth $20.

No. 2, 5 live birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Florida | 5 | Lucas | 5 |
| Rhodes | 5 | Francotte | 5 |
| Clark | 4 | Lindsey | 5 |
| McQueen | 4 | Meyer | 5 |
| Rawlings | 5 | Blanton | 5 |
| Dallmeyer | 5 | Wright | 5 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Longnecker | 3 |
| Hassell | 5 |
| Sturges | 5 |
| Kiser | 4 |
| Seward | 5 |
| See | 3 |

highest average in shoots 1, 3, 5 and 6, was won by F. M. F. Fourote of Osceola.

The $25 given by the Lexington Gun Club to the shooter making lowest average in shoots 1, 3, 5 and 6, was won by E. C. Redman of St. Louis.

## Wawaset vs. Nonesuch.

The Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., and the Nonesuch, of Newport, shot a match with teams of twelve men each, at twenty-five targets per man, on August 13, the result being as appended:

| Wawaset. | | Nonesuch. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C. Buckmaster | 25 | Smith | 12 |
| E. Miller | 22 | Wright | 11 |
| W. Buckmaster | 21 | Groome | 19 |
| A. Williamson | 18 | Williamson | 16 |
| T. Wright | 19 | Webb | 13 |
| R. Miller | 24 | Young | 18 |
| J. Fitzgerald | 19 | Allen | 21 |
| J. White | 15 | Myers | 13 |
| E. Camp | 16 | J. R. Lynam | 14 |
| G. Huber | 19 | Slaw | 16 |
| D. Buckmaster | 17 | H. Lynam | 11 |
| C. Springer | 23-238 | Lancaster | 13-187 |

## Pacific Slope Shooters.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Aug. 15.—The Spoonbill Gun Club had a shoot at the Curtis ranch, which resulted as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thomas | 23 | Soule | 19 |
| L Morrison | 21 | Bryant | 18 |
| Flohr | 21 | VanAlstine | 17 |
| Capt Bohn | 20 | Maddux | 14 |
| Naeghel | 19 | Chapman | 14 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Morrell | 14 |
| Todd | 13 |
| Stiegler | 13 |
| Mold | 12 |

# Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. H., New York.—Yes, you will find such game in the Adirondacks.

E. R. J., Albany.—Rail season in New York State will open Sept. 1. On Long Island it opened July 1. The birds are not protected at any season in Onondaga, Wayne, Oneida, Cayuga, Wyoming, Genesee, Niagara, Monroe, Erie, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and Orleans counties. Full text of law in *Book of the Game Laws.*

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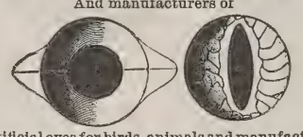
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Imported. Has proved the most successful stock dog in America, who has only been 18 mos. in stud and has shown 1st prize winners at N.Y. and Boston. Sire of Avondale, winner 1st N. Y., 1st Washington, 1st Pittsburgh, only times shown. Sire of Minnie L. and Frank L., winners 1st and 2d at Boston. Sire of Maid of Borstal and Alice Kent, winners at all the large shows whenever shown. Puppies by this unequalled sire out of prize winning bitches, comprising the best blood both of Europe and America, constantly on hand. Stud fee, $25. Send for pedigree and cut. JOHN J. SCANLAN, P. O. Box 339, Fall River, Mass.

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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### *ILLUSTRATIONS OF WILD LIFE.*

WE have in preparation a series of illustrations of American wild animals, to be published as supplements of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The drawings are by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, whose previous work in this line is well known; and we are confident that the merits of his successful delineation will be recognized. The subjects already drawn are of the Felidæ, and they will be published as follows. See that your newsdealer has the numbers:

Sept. 8. THE PANTHER.
Oct. 6. THE OCELOT.
Nov. 3. THE CANADA LYNX.
Dec. 1. THE BAY LYNX.

In connection with the illustration of the panther will be given some notes of observation of that creature by Mr. George H. Wyman, and Mr. O. O. Smith's story of how he won his cougar skin trophy in Oregon last year.

### *NIGHT SOUNDS.*

USUALLY when the labors of the day are ended the men sleep soundly. A long day's toil, marching or hunting, the work of making camp and cooking supper, prepare the traveler for the dreamless enjoyment of his bed.

It may now and then happen, however, that some man of the party for a long time lies awake, and such a one hears sounds that are hushed except during the watches of the night. Even the commoner sounds of the wilderness—those that are audible at all times—take on a different character to ears that listen to them after the quiet of slumber has stolen over the camp. The wood of the still burning fire snaps and crackles now more viciously than it did during the evening, and the fall into its soft bed of ashes of a burned-off stick, which would have been unnoticed in the daytime, is now distinctly heard. The whisper of the gentle breeze among the pines and the intermittent brawling of the little brook speak to the listener in tones whose purport he feels that he understands, though, perhaps, he could not translate their speech into the commonplace language of everyday life. To all of us there come now and again thoughts and emotions that we cannot voice.

Soon after darkness has settled down over the earth, the coyote begins to utter his complaint, and from the top of some near hill sound introductory barks, followed by a series of shrill yelps, growls and shrieks, swelling at length into a chorus, as if all the little wolves of the neighborhood had gathered here to announce their woes and make their appeal to those whose camp-fire burns so brightly near at hand. Yet we know that all this noise issues from the throat of one little wolf, so small that a man could easily carry him in one hand. The noise continues for an hour or two—longer if the moon is bright—and then ceases, to be renewed just before daylight in the morning. Though the little animal which makes this noise is a most harmless beast, from his cries you might judge him to be a demon, and more than once we have seen men new to the country nervously grasp their rifles, and anxiously inquire "What's that?" when they first heard the coyote's voice.

It is in the middle of the night that we hear the stranger voices of nature, some of which we may not comprehend. The cracking of sticks in the timber, close to the camp, tells of the passage of some heavy animal, perhaps a bear, since no footfall is heard, though the sounds are near. Besides, it is only now and then that a stick snaps, and the changing directions from which the noise comes show that the creature is not merely passing by the camp, but is prowling about it on all sides. At length these sounds come more and more faintly as their author moves away, and there is silence, broken only by curious faint noises hardly to be detected or described, but which the ear as one listens recognizes as the dropping of a pine cone on the soft forest floor, the snapping into place of a twig which has been bent back and is now freed, or the passage of some tiny animal through the grass. All at once one is startled by a sound like that of a horse galloping; but it is only a little field mouse that is running over the canvas of the tent, which, drum-like, magnifies the patter of the tiny feet, and makes them seem like thunder. Often the tent may be invaded by a dozen of these little intruders, which race over the sleepers, forage among the food, and have a genuine revel amid their novel surroundings.

As the night wears on, an odd snuffling, almost like the grunting of a young pig, is heard approaching, and for a time a skunk works about the camp, causing—if the tent door has been left open—some anxiety lest curiosity should lead him to enter and investigate. In the Southern country, the bite of this animal is greatly feared, but we recall no cases in the North where skunks have attacked sleepers.

The minutes and the hours pass. The skunk has moved away and again there is silence, interrupted now and then by the petulant squall of the lynx or the faint bark of the distant fox. If the month is September, and the moon is bright, one may hear all night long, if in an elk country, the musical bugling of the challenging bulls, and perhaps a band, coming down from the mountain side to the water, will call and whistle and splash and play all night, making sleep impossible in the camp. Sometimes will be heard the clash of horns when two enraged bulls meet in the headlong charge, and push and push until the weaker little by little yields and gives ground, and either comes to his haunches or nimbly springs aside to draw off and get his breath for another charge, or perhaps to fly ingloriously before the threatening antlers of his victorious rival. But in these latter days such sounds are seldom heard.

As day approaches the great owl sounds his resonant call from the tall tree where he rests, and is answered by some distant comrade, and a little later the serenade of the coyote begins again. The whistling wing-beats of migrating wild ducks thrill the air with their faint music, and other sounds of traveling birds are heard. The horses, whose footfalls and croppings of the grass ceased early in the night, awake. You can hear those which have been lying down get up, and all begin to move about and feed. The wind rises; the sighing of the pines becomes at first a murmur, then a groan, and at last a roar, drowning every other noise except the shrill scream which comes from two branches rubbing together, or the crash of some falling tree. This tumult will last till morning. There will be heard no more voices peculiar to the night. Let us turn over and go to sleep.

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One of these days we shall have a legal treatise on the "Fishing Alibi." Some years ago an absent bank cashier was charged with having absconded; but he turned up again and explained that he had been belated on a fishing excursion. A defendant in a murder case on trial for his life was asked to explain certain blood stains on his clothes; he showed that the stains were not of blood, but of a mosquito preventive, which he had used on a fishing trip. In the Borden murder case at Fall River, the woman accused of murdering her father and stepmother alleges that at the time the murder was done in the house she was in the barn looking for some lead to make sinkers to go fishing with. It is not often that a fishing trip or the preparation for a proposed fishing trip is fraught with such momentous consequences.

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AN international fly and bait casting tournament will be held at Edinburgh on Sept. 20. The competition will be in trout and salmon fly-casting. What has become of our own National Rod and Reel Association with its angling tournaments?

### *SNAP SHOTS.*

THE syndicate letters sent out over the signature of Albert Edward Tyrrell are among the phenomena of modern journalism. We observe one of his efforts in a recent New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, headed "Mecca of Hunters;" and it is as extraordinary a mixture of lies and thievery and silliness as an exchange reader may come across in a fortnight. "When you have named Cameron, Deer River, Tuxedo Park and Ellenburgh," says Mr. Tyrrell, "you have called off all the really available hunting grounds in New York State." A deer stalking, he tells us, is now being arranged by some of the famous New York hunters, who make annual pilgrimages to Florida. An enthusiastic quail hunter, whom his friends call the "philosopher," lets Mr. Tyrrell into the mysteries of shooting. Many a novice, the philosopher tells him, does not know when he has hit a bird, but a good quail hunter ought to know "before the bird has fallen two feet" whether or not to shoot at it again. "Henry Welles, the gentlemanly secretary of the Spalding Club," evidently "sized up" Mr. Tyrrell for an idiot, and stuffed him with a story of having bagged four pheasants (by which he means quail), "each of which weighed three and three-quarter pounds apiece." The syndicater also claims to have interviewed one "Edward Lacy, of the FOREST AND STREAM," who was bound for Maine hunting, and told him, "In fact, I'm going into Washington county after deer. I understand that some one has seen a jet black animal of that genus up there, and that's the creature I am going after." Mr. Lacy also appears to have filled him up with a pleasing bit of fiction about a fox-hunting club formed by "rich New Yorkers," to gather in all the best foxhounds of the country. All this, and there is more of it, is illustrated with drawings stolen from the FOREST AND STREAM, without a word of credit; one of them being labeled "A Moose Hunter's Camp." The marvel is not that the Albert Edward Tyrells of the syndicate bureaus will write such screeds as this, but that any managing editor in his senses will print them.

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Politics unfortunately often have an evil influence in the appointment of game and fish wardens; but on the other hand it is equally unfortunate that an official's record and attitude with respect to the enforcement of fish and game laws are not more often taken into consideration as political factors. It is only occasionally that we hear of the members of the fish and game protective societies going into a local election to support a constable or sheriff or district attorney who has done good service in this respect, or to oppose one who has made for himself a bad record as to fish and game. In Massachusetts, Sheriff Crosby, of Pittsfield, was asked the other day to appoint as a deputy, for special service in enforcing the fish law, a member of the Rod and Gun Club. The sheriff not only refused to do this but told the seventy petitioners that he didn't think much of the law anyway, didn't see why a man couldn't buy or eat a trout of any size at his own table at any time of year—an official opinion about a law he is sworn to enforce, which recalls the advice of Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, when as a fish commissioner of this State he instructed the game protector not to enforce the reed bird law because that statute did not find favor in the Commissioner's eyes. There is some satisfaction in learning that the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club members propose to make Sheriff Crosby's dereliction an issue of his campaign, and it will be a yet greater satisfaction when election time comes to record their success. A fish commissioner who instructs his subordinates not to enforce a certain game law which he disapproves, a sheriff who sneers at a trout law, and a district attorney who assumes to have private opinions respecting the woodcock in close season law, may have views on a dozen other subjects, and as public officials will bear watching.

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A German fish breeder has brought suit against the Duchy of Oldenburg to recover for damages for the loss of his fish, which he claims was due to neglect on the part of public officials who permitted drainage from mills to pollute the breeding waters. Yet in this country the public is year after year defrauded of a possible food-fish supply in rivers and streams by the thousand and one pollutions from mills and factories; and in its simplicity the public never dreams of collecting damages nor of putting an end to the costly abuse.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## THE CONTEST.

The day is well chosen; this rock-riven stream
  Is the angler's ideal resort.
The waters rain-tinted, nor muddy, nor clear,
Not twenty such days in the calendar year
  Are designed for the lover of sport
Who draws near the brink—true to nature as ever,
And matches his own with the flies on the river.

For he who would master the art must discern
  The shade of each delicate thing;
From the creatures that glide o'er the waters' clear face,
Interwearing themselves in their frolicsome chase,
  To the dragon fly's gossamer wing.
How the shades of the silk and the wild fowl's feather
Are suited to changes of season and weather.

A cloud has passed over the sunlight, and he
  Who'd remained for an hour so still—
Having stretched his gut line to its utmost tense
And examined each knot to relieve the suspense—
  Now wields the lithe weapon with skill.
Each angler we meet has original notions;
Come let us approach and observe all his motions.

His flies are cast forth with a sinuous sound
  That resembles the flight of a dove,
While each in succession drops into its place,
To lure and to baffle the star-speckled race,
  'Til again the line whistles above
And falls unperceived in the white foaming eddy.
A flash—'tis a rise, now you have him, hold steady.

And now the rod bends to its shadow below,
  And the pulse of the angler beats quick,
While his fingers are artfully trying to deal
With a subtle silk line rolling out from a reel
  That responds with a musical click.
Look out for the rapids and "bear on him" lightly;
When he runs give him rein, when he slackens hold tightly.

Behold, now the struggle is reaching its height,
  And the brisk trout, to vary the scene,
Leaps upward and quivers one moment in sight,
Then pierces the pool with the shafts of his light,
  'Til the angler, though watchful and keen,
Finds out that his utmost precaution is taxed;
The fish has run shoreward—the line is relaxed.

Step back a few paces—rely on the reel;
  That fatally musical click
From the clock of a life; and it runs rather low,
As the king of the water course soon must know,
  For his movements no longer are quick;
Keep his head above water and bear him down streamwise,
As a landing, yon shadowy inlet would seem wise.

Our hero has yielded—his efforts were vain
  Against science, that dealer in death;
Full twenty-five minutes—the struggle was brave;
He floats like a sunbeam aslant on the wave,
  All conquered and gasping for breath.
The landing net now does the last stroke of duty
And we are "all eyes" for the star-speckled beauty.

The steelyards bring hither—five pounds to an ounce:
  Such a prize rarely falls to our lot;
And to-night when you meet with the mates of your club,
You can give the old anglers an eloquent snub
  When they greet you with "What have you caught?"
That infallible question—they're certain to ask it,
  For answer—just raise up the lid of the basket.

H. F. O'Beirne.

El Moro, N. M.

## VACATION TIME.

The vacation time is here, and go where we will we meet tellers, bookkeepers and clerks from all branches of business—on wheels, in canoes, in the mountains with rod and reel, with dog and gun; on the seashore; all enjoying their outing—and what a blessing it is. The getting ready and packing up for weeks before, the thinking of every little thing to take—all these are a pleasure in themselves. Oftentimes the outing itself is a disappointment. We don't find the birds. Fish do not bite. Water too rough. And other things that interfere, but the large majority have very enjoyable times and come home refreshed and ready for the duties that their positions require. We find work has accumulated in our absence, but we are equal to the task, and as the weeks roll on into months, some day or evening, while poring over a ledger difference, there comes the thought how that old partridge did tumble, and then in less time than it takes to tell it here we see all the nooks and corners in the woods, and after that staunch point of Mollie, how the old grouse did get up from the other side of that log and like a rocket fly right over toward Doc. And what a shot. "Steady now, old girl, there he lies. Fetch." We sit down and look him over, and as it is lunch time and here is a cool spring we enjoy the spread, and after a smoke then on to that woodcock cover.

But where is the ledger difference? Oh, that is all right. We'll find that now very soon, and we do. We have had the help of Doc and Mollie and that glorious October day—all have given us a helping hand.

With me vacation never ends. It comes to me in days of trial and perplexities in business, in the evening hours at home with my family or with friends. How pleasantly we talk over our outing days of each year, and read over the diary, where we saw our first deer—and so on.

Vacation to me is not how many birds shot or how many fish caught. These may count for something, but the true and lasting value of every vacation comes from the lifting of mind and body out of the daily ruts of toil and care. The individual who carries his business into his vacation might as well stay home. To such an one the strike of a mosquito will do as well as the strike of a trout, and the pop of a ginger-ale bottle as well as the report of a wood powder shell. Fling care to the wind when vacation begins, and every wind will waft back comfort and restful influence.

One word on half days off and the man at the head of the office in which I am employed. He isn't a shoot fisher—don't know a woodchuck from a woodcock or a sandpiper from a pickerel. He isn't interested in field sports, but he is interested in the help under him, and there is no occasion to use the old dodge (which they say so many clerks have used), presenting a telegram to the employer that your aunt's grandfather of the mother's side is dead and you wish to go to the funeral. Nothing of the kind. We walk up and say we would like to go away for the afternoon. It is always, "Go, and I hope you will have a pleasant time, and if the boys have too much to do call on me and I will do your work."

My brother bookkeepers, clerks and any and all of you who may read this, my wish is that you all had such an employer, but I know you have not. I know that there are those who only think of you for the good you are to them, and if they give their consent for your going for a half day, do it so reluctantly that it takes from the afternoon all the anticipated pleasure, and you are wishing that you had remained at your post, and not asked for the favor.

I expect to take my vacation about Oct. 15, when the grouse are all full-grown and the woodcock from the north are with us, and I may tell you about it. H.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—XI.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### The Carp Lake Camp.

At breakfast next morning while sorting the bones of one of Charley's trout, old Sam said, with a face as solemn as an owl's, "Jeemes Mackerel, that 18ft.—beg pardon, 18in. mud turtle o' yourn must be getting oneasy at your absence by this time; better go down this mornin' an' hive 'im. Take the glass minner trap along with ye an' put two er three shiners in it an' he'll go in after 'em, same as the big-bellied perch did, an' then you've got 'im. See?" And then they all laughed, even the keeper of the fryin' pans had a broad grin on his face as he peered over the boat box at the end of the table, and Kelpie rubbed it in still deeper with, "Hickory, I'll go along if you like, and take a landing net, and if you succeed in getting the 'what d'ye call it?' out from under the bank I think we'll manage to land him." It needed no hint with a sarcastic twist in it from old Sam to start the expedition, and in half an hour Kelpie and I were on the way across the lake to Alexander's Point, in the ironclad, where we stopped and caught a lot of shiners, for we intended to do some bass fishing on the way down which would only give the boss of the pool a little longer lease of life.

We stopped and caught three or four medium sized bass near the first log yard, and kept on down to the point at Horton's Bay where we always expected a strike from a maskinonge, for hadn't we been told by not less than a score of people since making camp, that one had been caught on a troller right there a few weeks before that was six feet and an inch long, and another of five feet—eye measure—lost by the clothes line breaking after a prolonged and desperate fight of two soul-harrowing hours?

None of the twenty or more who had told us about this monstrous fish—the six-footer plus an inch—would put themselves in a corner by saying they had seen it, but one at last said that George Fox, living near the head of the lake, had actually helped weigh it (he had forgotten the number of pounds), but knowing George, we never asked him about it, as we didn't care to have a good fish story spoiled by hearing George's version, for we knew he would tell the truth.

I have no doubt it was the same fish we heard about in 1884—weight 37lbs.—that had only kept pace with the natural growth of country fish stories till now the fish had stretched to 6ft. 1in. in length, and if the ratio of increase holds out, and the natives along the lake don't forget the combination, that fish (story) will be about 6ft. 13in. at the end of July, 1895. At all events, the story had its effect, and none of us ever neared the point without a streak of expectancy running through our frames, hence Kelpie and I forgot the big trout for the time and dropped the anchor stone in 10 or 12ft. of water near a patch of big bush weeds to have a try for the five-footer that had got away with the troller and some yards of the clothes line to which it was attached.

However, we were not loaded for maskinonge, having no trollers or clothes lines along; nothing but bass tackle and minnows for bait, but if we should by any mischance strike one, we could do no worse than lose him in the bush weeds, with mayhap a few fathoms of line. Besides, we would not have fished with a hand line, for we hold the angler in small respect that uses one to "windlass" in a fish: that is not angling.

We fished diligently for half an hour or more, making long casts up, and down, and out into the lake, reeling in after each cast by which a bass was brought to grief now and then by Kelpie's rod, but neither the five-footer nor any other footer of his tribe seemed to be around, and the streak of expectancy gradually gave place to a feeling of mild disappointment, a state of mind that had possessed us more or less ever since we struck Green Lake, till we had come to look on it as one of the natural results of too much anticipation.

We said nothing (audibly) but fished.

Kelpie, fishing outside from the stern of the boat was having some sport with the bass, while I, fishing further inshore, had my patience about worn out with goggle-eyes—the pests of Carp Lake—which were returned to the water with what must have seemed to them unseemly haste and a lack of gentleness that doubtless gave them a crick in their backs for the rest of the day.

I got little comfort out of my share of the fishing except when Kelpie let me handle a bass on his new Bristol steel rod. I had been anxious for some days to try the temper and "feel" of it in actual service—goggle-eyes barred—and when he struck a fish that gave promise of some weight I asked the favor of trying the rod, which was cheerfully granted, and for a few minutes that little steel tube was in shapes that must have brought Kelpie's heart in his mouth, for at times the tip was pointing the same way as the butt. I was well pleased with its performance, and were it not for a feeling of "top-heaviness" they seem to possess—I have handled two or three others since—I believe that for a bass rod and rod for all work they are not surpassed.

(Old Sam, and Charley, and Harry and Gooder have d themselves each with a steel rod, but the Colonel and I are sticking to our old friends that have been true to us for years.)

When the bass was at last led over the landing net and swung over into the boat I handed the rod back to Kelpie, who looked carefully over it from butt to tip to see if it were all there, I fancied, for I had given it a straining, purposely to try its backbone, that few rods would have stood.

"Three pounds and a half, strong," Kelpie made it out when he had hung the bass on his pocket scale and squinted at it for a good half minute—it seems that fish are always two, three or four pounds, strong, as the case may be, but never two, three or four pounds scant, unless it may be the "other feller's" fish is on the scale—and then he complacently consigned him to the stringer with the others. The fish was a big-bellied, big-mouthed bass, but he had made a good fight for a big-mouth, and we made no complaint about his girth amidships.

A quarter of an hour after, when the anchor was stowed, we pulled around to the old log yard in Horton's Bay, and after securing the boat were soon at the bridge crossing McConnell's Creek, talking in subdued tones about the prospect of hiving the big trout, and treading softly the while lest we jar the ground near the stream and remind him of something. Kelpie said he would slip around up the stream a few yards and fish while I was getting ready to "lay the big fellow out," but would be within call if I should happen to need the landing net, which he took along; from which I inferred that he, like the others, did not take much stock in my 18-inch trout. He made his way around the upturned roots of a big tree that lay prostrate across the stream a few yards above the pool, and was at once out of sight in the tangle. I got a lively 2-inch shiner from the bucket, hooked it carefully through the lips and slipped stealthily around to the head of the pool, having it in mind not to jar the overhanging bank as I passed around the bushes, where, without showing anything but the upper half of the rod over the water, I dropped the minnow in below the little sandbar, when the current soon sucked it under the bank.

It was barely out of sight when I felt a slight twitch of the line which, being interpreted, meant "trouble has set in." I pulled 2 or 3ft. of line from the reel and let it run freely through the guides as it went under the bank, and then I waited till I thought that whatever was tampering with the shiner—trout, dogfish or "mud turkle"—had plenty of time to swallow it and settle down to digest with a mind free of care, unless the line tickling his throat would arouse a suspicion that the harmless looking minnow was loaded.

I felt a "nudge-nudge" on the line, and not to hurry the proceedin's, bit off a fresh "chaw t'backer" and waited some more, for I was determined to take no chances on hooking him somewhere in a tender part of the jaw and have the hook tear out and destroy my peace of mind for another week.

I waited till I got a trifle nervous and then stepped cautiously out from the screen of the bushes where I could see the whole pool, taking up the line at the same time till the rod tip was down near the water.

When the suspense had reached the unbearable notch I gave the rod a quick, strong side pull—a "Watterson wipe," as they call it in Kentucky—to keep the line clear of the overhanging bank, and at the same time I felt a violent yank that sent a thrill up the old rod, and the fun was started.

I drew him straight out from under the bank without giving him time to dodge around a hidden root or find out what was "agitatin' his bowels;" he didn't even have time to leave a notice saying when he'd be in his office again, and the next moment a magnificently colored trout was out in the open water making the spray fly, turning over and over, and squirming and twisting at a rate that threatened to turn him inside out.

I kept a short line on him that prevented him from getting under either bank, and several times in less time than it takes to write it, the rod tip was doubled nearly to the point of breaking; but the trusty old stick had pulled through worse difficulties than that, and I still had faith in it.

I shouted to Kelpie, "Bring the landing net, quick; I've got him!" and then waited seemingly an hour before I heard a commotion in the brush above and his answering "All right; I'll be there in a moment." But Kelpie's eyesight was poor and the tangle bad, and the trouble was increasing in the pool.

I noticed that the hook was out of sight down his throat and I decided to try and land him without waiting for Kelpie and the net.

Raising the point of the rod and letting the line run off the reel under a pressure to keep it taut till I got enough off to get the spring of the whole rod, I dragged him, despite his twisting and flopping, out on the little sandbar, and stepping down from the bank, the rod upheld in one hand and the line still taut, I grasped him and threw him out on the bank with a "Whoop-ee!" that must have made Kelpie's hair stand on end.

I stood looking at him as he turned flipflaps on the grass, a good deal disappointed, for he did not look near as large as I thought the big trout ought to look; in fact, I couldn't make up my mind that it was the same trout that had disturbed my nightly rest for near a week in devising schemes for his capture.

The old warrior was still in the pool, hid under the bank, laughing at me—that was a settled point in my mind—and this greedy imposter had snapped up the shiner before the big fellow got a chance at it.

Kelpie emerged from the bushes around the upturned root with, "Well, Hickory, I see you've got him, and he's a fine one, too. I came as quickly as I could for the tangle, but I see I'm too late to be of any service with the net. I'm sorry I wasn't here to see the fun," and then he deliberately pulled a rule from some hidden pocket, and after unfolding it with the same deliberation placed it alongside the trout as it lay on the grass.

After squinting at it deliberately for half a minute or more a smile twitched the corners of his mouth, he said, with the most harrowing deliberation, "Hickory, somebody must have been along here in the last day or two and sawed off about 5in. of your 18in. trout, for I find he is only 13in., strong," and then as the smile broadened he folded the rule and returned it to the mysterious pocket with the same calm deliberation that had marked his movements and speech while measuring the trout.

We stood looking silently at one another for the frac-

tion of a minute and then laughed, for we were doubtless thinking of the same thing. The possibilities for fun for the boys in camp at the expense of "Old Hickory" and his foot and a half trout were great, and I had a notion to toss the gasping beauty—for he was a beauty even though only 13in. "strong"—back into the pool.

But I thought better of it, and biting off the line near his mouth, leaving the hook still in his bowels, he was soon on a stringer and "coming to" in the cold water near where the minnow-bucket was sunk.

Then a mild difference of opinion arose as to whether that one was the big trout of the pool or not, Kelpie trying to convince me that it was, while I held out and still believe that the big fellow that I had been fishing so persistently for was at that very moment "layin' low" under the bank and tickling himself against a root over the thought of having outgeneraled me again by holding back, while his less wary mate swallowed the loaded shiner and found himself ingloriously yanked out, for there had not been a semblance of "artistic angling" from a fly-fisher's standpoint during the whole performance, but I got the trout—not the big one, however, as I still maintain, Kelpie and the boys to the contrary notwithstanding.

Kelpie took his way down the stream to fish toward the lake, while I hooked on another shiner to try the pool just once more with a forlorn hope that the big trout might be fool enough to bite, to the utter confusion of Kelpie and his notion that I had taken the last one in the pool. Besides my "Scotch was up"—obstinacy, if it fits the case better—and my pride as a trout fisher was a trifle ruffled and I hated to give up the fight.

But the wary warrior of McConnell's Creek was too smart for me, and after trying patiently for half an hour or more without as much as an indication, I put the 13 inches of disappointment in the minnow bucket, and burdened with a good-sized load of "depression of spirit," went back to the boat laboring under the conviction that it was another case of "bunkoed ag'in, b'gosh."

Somehow I lost interest in that pool—the reception I got at camp may have had something to do with it—and never went back to it again.

The difference of opinion as to whether I got the big one or not still exists, and I reckon I'll not hear the last of that 18in. trout till the Kingfishers break camp for the last time, which I trust is many years yet in the future.

I found Kelpie at the boat ahead of me, and as I caught sight of him a few yards upshore he was just shying a club at a thieving mink that he had caught in the very act of trying to steal our bass hanging at the side of the boat. He was a "sassy cuss" and went "snoopin' along" near the water seemingly in no hurry to get out of range of Kelpie's missiles, but at last he dodged one that struck the ground uncomfortably close to him and disappeared in the bush, and Kelpie came back to say as he drew near: "That mink's got more cheek than two book agents and a tree peddler. I found him tampering with our fish on the stringer and he wouldn't leave till I was on the point of tapping him on the head with the tip of my rod. Then I tried what virtue there was in clubs and chunks of wood, instead of the 'tufts of grass' of our boyhood spelling books, with the result that you have just seen.

"The nerve of some minks is past comprehension; the audacious rascal"—this last in a tone that doubtless would have paralyzed the hungry mink had he been within ear shot—and then with characteristic deliberation he fished out his tobacco pouch and pipe from some recess in his clothes, filled the pipe with careful accuracy, returned the pouch to its proper receptacle, scratched a match, took several long, deliberate whiffs to fire the tobacco, and after blowing out the flame of the match and tossing it with a satisfactory flourish into the water, sat deliberately down on a log to comfort himself with a smoke, remarking between two whiffs, "That rascally mink;" while I got the boat in readiness to start back to camp.

He had taken no trout from the stream worth mention, but he never growls over poor luck, neither does he become unduly hilarious over a big catch; he sails always on an even keel, so to speak, and never envies a comrade the taking of the biggest fish. Rare old Kelpie—the world were better were there more in it like you.

We stopped at the point and caught a few minnows in the grass and fished awhile, expecting, of course, to get a strike from a maskinonje, but, of course, we didn't, but we did get another bass to put on the stringer and then went on our way up the lake to Alexander's Point, where we stopped to "feel fur a bass or two" and have another look at the glass minnow trap that had been hanging on a pole for several days at the edge of the sand bar where we always found the grass and rushes alive with minnows and an occasional school of young perch. We thought to find mayhap that another pot-bellied perch had strayed in, if nothing else, but there was nothing in it but pieces of broken cracker and water and we once more voted it a transparent fraud; however, it was a great contrivance for keeping our "expectancy" up to the proper pitch, and we let it hang.

KINGFISHER.

### Care of Animals in Captivity.

"A Handbook on the Management of Animals in Captivity in Lower Bengal," by Ram Bramha Sányál, Superintendent of the Zoölogical Garden, Calcutta, is favorably reviewed in *Nature*, Aug. 4, 1892. The author is a native of British India who has a taste for natural history and has been for some years in charge of the collections supported by the Government of Bengal, but controlled by a committee of the subscribers. The plan of the handbook was drawn up by a sub-committee.

The volume contains a complete classified list of the mammals and birds—241 of the former and 402 of the latter—which have been kept alive in the Garden. The author kept a journal of observations on the treatment of the animals in health and in sickness, their longevity, and their habits in confinement.

"In a case of a fight between a lioness and a tiger, which were by some accident allowed to pass into the same compartment, the tiger was completely victorious and killed the lioness." "The longest period during which a tiger has lived in the Calcutta Gardens is fourteen years." An account is given of a young rhinoceros which was born in captivity. The American ant-eater and the African ant-bear endure life in confinement very well.

The handbook will prove of much value to superintendents of zoölogical gardens in other parts of the world.

## Natural History.

### A CARIBOU WITHOUT FEAR.

MONTREAL, Aug. 6.—A very remarkable adventure befel my two daughters on Saturday afternoon last while on their way to the Mastigouche Lakes, where they usually spend several weeks every summer. About a quarter of a mile beyond the last settlement (Mastigouche), where the woods road to our camp begins, there is an abandoned clearing of some few acres in extent, now overgrown with ferns, raspberry bushes and small shrubs.

The buckboard with my two daughters and driver (David Prevost, who is so well known to all the visitors at the lakes) had just entered this clearing when David suddenly stopped his horse and pointing with his whip said, "Oh, look at the caribou," And there some 200yds. or less directly in front of them, was a fine caribou quietly feeding and apparently unconscious of their presence. After looking at him for some moments David said he would drive on slowly and see how near he could get. After covering about half the distance the caribou looked up at them, and evidently thinking there was nothing very alarming in their presence, quietly returned to its feeding.

David then drove slowly along to see how close he could approach without frightening it away, and when within some 40 or 50yds. it walked into the woods, but almost immediately returned and stood gazing at them. As the team still drew nearer, it again turned into the woods, but this time came out again close to the wagon, and walked deliberately toward them. David put out his hand and called and the animal reached out his head to smell of his fingers. It then passed on to the horse, walking alongside of it, then crossed in front under the horse's neck and back along the other side, so close to the buckboard that my daughter could have put her hand on it, then around the back of the wagon and up again on the other side near the horse.

David thinking that as the animal seemed so tame he would try and catch it, handed the reins to my daughter, quietly got down and approached the caribou, holding out his hand and calling to it, when it put out his nose and smelled of him. He rubbed its nose, scratched its head, which it put down and rubbed against him, and finally got up close alongside of it, and threw his arms over his neck and grasped the long hair underneath. Then the caribou jumped and struck at David with its feet, but fortunately did not strike him. David meanwhile grasped it under the throat with his other hand and held on, and in the struggle both fell to the ground, David on top. The girls of course were very much excited and kept calling to David not to hurt the poor creature, but to let it go; and as it lay there panting after Prevost got up they were sure he had broken its leg or hurt it some other way so seriously that it could not get up. However, after punching it with his foot once or twice the caribou got up, shook itself and moved slowly away; and as David got into the wagon and drove off the last the girls saw it was quietly feeding again as if nothing had happened.

From the description given of the animal I should judge it to be a female about 18 months old and full grown.

The place where this happened is near the Mastigouche Club lakes, in the Laurentian range of mountains, about ninety miles northeast of Montreal, and is a locality probably well known to a number of your readers.

H. W. A.

### THE SNAKE'S SKIN-SHEDDING.

AS DR. GIBBS says, snakes always attract attention, at any rate, mine always do. I have owned several, of different kinds, at different periods of my existence, but each specimen for only a very brief season, but like the majority of your contributors, I never saw a snake spit, or eject venomous saliva or other material, and the consensus of opinion seems to be largely against any such habit. When a person states positively that he has seen a snake eject froth, spittle or venom, that ends it as far as that specimen goes, or as far as the spittle went, though we are as much in the dark as ever as to whether it was froth, spittle or venom, whether the snake just "b'iled over" with rage and frothed at the mouth because he couldn't help it, or whether he had "malice prepense and murder aforethought" in mind, neither do we know that any other snake would do it if he had a chance. There is so much individuality about snakes, as there is about other animals (never mind now, whether a snake is an animal or not) that it isn't safe to generalize. Some animals (men included) when angered right smart will "tear passion to tatters" and froth at the mouth like "all possessed," but they are not always the ones you want to watch the closest, generally it's the non-spitting kind that bite. So with snakes, maybe. Seems to me if a snake ejects venom, being as how it comes from his fangs on each side his jaw, he has got to have his air-gun trained down pretty fine to hit anything, though maybe he is choke-bored. If the current shoots out the center of his mouth it wouldn't hit the venom on the side, unless the snake has muscles specially formed to convey the venom to the center, and you don't suppose that is the case, do you? And if the current went every which way, he couldn't shoot anything with it. I am impelled to the belief that any case of snake spitting was purely accidental and shouldn't count.

But what I set out to say was about the skin shedding of snakes. Dr. Gibbs wrote a very interesting account of the process as performed by a massasauga. That snake had much "method in its madness." We infer from the doctor's article that snakes in casting the skin begin at the head and work backward, inverting the skin as they crawl out. This is not always so, I believe. Once, while hunting in the South, I found a snake skin, not long cast, lying stretched nearly perfectly straight, by the side of a brush heap. The tip of the tail was firmly glued to a twig and the skin was right side out. That case needs no demonstration.

I was reading the doctor's article to my little daughter, who is quite observant and who has found a number of cast-off skins, when she remarked, "Why, papa, I don't believe all snakes crawl out of their skins in that way, leaving them wrong side out." "Why not?" said I. "Because," she answered, "I have seen a good many, and the skin over the eye was convex side out, which wouldn't be the case if the skin was wrong side out." Which I thought quite natural and a very rational conclusion.

O. O. S.

### A Habit of the Robin.

AT my home in New York a robin had built her nest on a projection over a window which was well shielded by a rose bush. From the story above I could plainly observe her every action through a small hole in a cardboard which I had tacked to the window sill, and which projected sufficiently to shield my head from the bird's view. Generally, after she had fed her young, she would stand upon the edge of the nest as if in meditation. As soon as one of the birdlings began to stir, as with a trembling motion, her attention was at once directed toward it. With this motion of the birdling its rump became elevated and it voided excrement, being a globule the size, say, of a small marble. Instantly the old bird took it before it could drop into the nest, and invariably swallowed it. If the naturalist has never observed this I have taught him something.

N. D. ELTING.

### Migrating Martens.

BUCKSPORT, Me., Aug. 26.—Migratory martens are coming into Bucksport daily from the eastward. On the evening of Aug. 25 a bird house on the premises of Mr. J. F. Moses was filled with these birds, and the writer counted forty which could not crowd in and were clinging to the outside during a rainfall. Mr. Moses has another bird house over his carriage shed, but the martens never enter it, and nobody can tell why they prefer the other. The resident martens left Bucksport on Aug. 15. Mr. Moses has in previous seasons observed hundreds of the birds resting over night on the masts and yards of vessels lying in the harbor.

B.

## Game Bag and Gun.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of United States and Canada. Price* 50 *cents.*

### VELOCITIES OF SHOT.

OAKLAND, N. J., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Aug. 11, that in answer to "Cleremont, South Dakota," you give the results of Prof. Mayer's trials, as to the velocities of shot. I do not know what instruments he used to obtain these results, but either his instruments must have been inaccurate, the calculations wrongly worked out, or a misprint have taken place. His results show that with 3¼drs. Curtis & Harvey's, 1⅛ shot, the following velocities were obtained:

| Size of shot. | Vel. 40yds. | Vel. 50yds. |
|---|---|---|
| BB | 795 | 667 |
| No. 3 | 754 | 696 |
| No. 6 | 739 | 630 |
| No. 8 | 749 | 607 |

No. 3 shot is shown to give higher velocity than BB at 50yds. Also, No. 8 is shown to give higher velocity than No. 6 at 40yds.

I believe both of these results to be an absolute impossibility, and I cannot understand the velocities being so low, although several things may account for that. Since 1880 great improvements have taken place in shells, shot and wadding. Curtis & Harvey's powder may also have been improved, but I rather think it is the same now as it was then.

Prof. Mayer's trials may also have been shot in bad weather; velocities are high in dry, still, clear weather, but in a damp, rainy day they are very much lower, as the following results show, the difference in velocities on the two different dates being entirely due to the atmosphere.

The shot used is No. 7 Leroy's chilled trap, 276 pellets to the ounce.

| Aug. 22.—Dry, clear day: | | |
|---|---|---|
| Powder. | Size of shot. | Vel. 40yds. |
| E. C., 42grs. | No. 7, 1⅛oz. | 883ft. per second. |
| C. & H., 3drs. | No. 7, 1⅛oz. | 883ft. per second. |
| April 4.—Damp, wet day. | | |
| Powder. | Size of shot. | Vel. 40yds. |
| E. C., 42grs. | No. 7, 1⅛oz. | 826ft. per second. |
| C. & H., 3drs. | No. 7, 1⅛oz. | 812ft. per second. |

The damp causing a decrease of about 60ft. a second; these averages were taken from a series of twenty shots each.

The velocities were obtained by Boulengé electric chronograph, which gives the results absolutely accurate.

N. E. MONEY.

### THE HUNTING RIFLE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I read with great interest Mr. Meyrick's article in your issue of August 18. I find that we agree that large caliber rifles should be used for deer and all other large game; but there is still one question to be discussed; in fact more than one. Now for example, I go into the woods expecting to see deer, and knowing that I shall see all manner of small game. Now the question which at once presents itself is, "what rifle shall I take?" I need a rifle with which I can kill small game (especially large birds) without breaking them all to pieces; and as most of these are shot (my experience at least) at a considerable distance, a shotgun is of no use. The rifle then must be of small caliber. In the second place the rifle must be powerful enough to kill a deer, and kill it quickly too. I don't want to shoot any more deer with a .22 (your types make me say a .32). I have tried a great many rifles of almost all makes and calibers, and now have a .32 40 Merwin & Hulbert. The rifling is the best that I have yet seen for that caliber and cartridge, and with a solid bullet and 40grs. of C. & H.'s No. 6 powder it gives a flat trajectory and is very powerful. With a split bullet it will tear any ordinary-sized cat or hawk all to pieces. I cut a crow completely in two with one of these bullets: in fact it smashes far more than the solid .45 bullet has ever done to my knowledge. For deer its penetration must be sufficient, as I shot a ball completely through a dead steer at about forty yards, making a very ugly-looking hole. I think that this is a good all-around gun and am certain that a deer shot in any vital part, or near it, will die as quickly as though shot by a .45 solid bullet.

L. D. von IFFLAND.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 25.—Altogether the most important shooting event now on the tapis is the opening of the duck season at Horicon Club marsh, Wisconsin, Sept. 1. This event has grown greatly in importance, the more so because of the heavy bags usually made on that now famous marsh. The forty who will go up to the Diana club house will, under lead of Manager Percy Stone, include Col. C. E. Felton, Messrs. F. C. Donald, C. L. Hunter, Walter F. Clark, L. M. Hamline, L. J. Stone, W. S. McCrea, P. D. Armour, Jr., C. B. Dicks, W. P. Mussey, W. C. Buchanan, F. H. Lord, Geo. C. Lamos, W. L. Shepard, Henry Smith and J. A. Hanley, all of Chicago; Messrs. H. B. Hibben and brother, of Indianapolis; Mr. H. D. Smith, of Appleton, Wis.; Messrs. Richard Merrill, L. J. Petit, Wm. Sanderson, Frank Falk, Louis Auer and B. Leidersdorf, all of Milwaukee; quite a party certainly. These should bag somewhere between 300 and 800 ducks the first day; the lowest bag of any spring day before last fall never having been lower than sixteen birds, with top bag seventy or over sometimes. Just what the shooting will be this time is hard to say, but one thing is certain, it will be much pleasanter than it was last September, for there is plenty of water all over the marsh, so that the boats can get about. Last fall the marsh was a sea of mud, and punting over it was an experience never to be forgotten. I only wish I could accept the kind invitation to come up next week and have a horrible revenge for last fall's experience on the flats of the West Bay. Not so many ducks are reported this fall as last, but the grass is very high, and it is likely that there are plenty of ducks on hand, and more are appearing daily from somewhere or other, possibly young birds coming out of the grass.

Great numbers of snipe have appeared on Horicon Marsh, and when the grass is dry enough to burn and the low ground has been burned over, the shooting at this bird will be very fine.

No one seems to know what has brought the snipe down so early this fall. There is some report of low water in the British Provinces, but without confirmation.

### THE NORTHWEST.

Dakota and Minnesota are this year experiencing a complete revival in game matters on account of the general rise of the local waters. For some years these two States have been dried out, and this affected even the chicken shooting very seriously. This year the dried-out lakes and sloughs are full of water, and the result is most surprising in the improvement of the game supply. There will be better duck shooting in the Northwest this year than for several seasons past, and the chicken shooting will be much better than it was last year.

Yesterday that widely-traveled market-shooter, Billy Griggs, came up to my office, on his way from Central America to Dakota, and in search of a good, comfortable place to shoot a few thousand ducks this fall. Billy tells me he had word from northern Minnesota a week ago that the Indians were gathering the wild rice nearly three weeks earlier than they usually begin. He thought that pointed to an early fall and an early flight. The snipe may see more attractions in the well-soaked soil of this parallel than in the country further north.

Mr. Mart M. Whitcomb, president of the Minneapolis Gun Club, and an enthusiastic fowl shooter, was in town this week, and has completed arrangements by which Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, who had so nearly a fatal experience last season in his night in an open boat on a Minnesota lake, will in October join the old party, including Mr. Whitcomb and Col. Jacoby, and will again try conclusions with the ducks in the blizzardy clime of northern Minnesota.

There are very few Western men, I presume, who go East for either shooting or fishing, but it is surprising how many Eastern men there are who are interested in the shooting and fishing country of the West. Just now I average from two to five letters a day from gentlemen of the East who want to know about chicken and duck country. From two received this morning, one from New York city, and the other from Amsterdam, N. Y., I take the following:

"Two friends and myself contemplate taking a trip during September out West, and I write to ask if you can inform me where we can obtain good prairie chicken and duck shooting, and what part of September is the best time to go? It is immaterial whether we go to Minnesota, Wisconsin or any northwestern State, but we desire, if possible, to obtain good shooting. Do you think the shooting would be better in North Dakota than in your vicinity? Can you give me the names and addresses of parties in your section who could give me information in reference to the shooting?"

Of course reply was made to this to the best of my ability, much on the lines of such comment as appeared on this topic in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 18 and 25. Illinois is not the place for chicken shooting this fall. Last fall, I believe, Illinois was really better than Dakota or Minnesota, though very few believed that then or will now. This season it is different, for any one coming from so far east as New York for a shoot it would be much better to follow the usual Chicago trend and go on out to the further Northwest. A party could take the Great Northern road, north from St. Paul, and go on up into extreme northern Minnesota, and relying on local advices of the railroad men, etc., could hardly go wrong for a good, pleasant trip, if they had any experience in hustling at all. The Manitoba field trials, which will be run next week, will be held at Morris, Man., not far across the Minnesota State line, and they certainly expect plenty of chickens in that section. It is obviously impossible to give exact local advice, for we don't get much idea of the supply of birds until the season opens, and only a general idea of the excellence of a locality can be had until after parties have reported actual experience there. It is safe to go to North Dakota or Northwestern Minnesota for grouse this year, but it is assuredly not safe to take any outside advice blindly. Get the general direction, get out on the ground, and then inquire and move around, 25 or 50 miles at a jump, till you get your spot. Judicious treatment of local residents has much to do with success in locating good country.

### LATE SHOOTING.

For those who want to kill a whole lot of soft young birds out of the grass or stubble, now is the time to go, for the coveys are not so much shot down and the birds are much easier to kill. I cannot see in what respect this early chicken shooting can be called sport. A trip in late September or early October would offer far more pleasureable shooting at chickens, with a much better chance at ducks. For chicken shooting as a sport, with some features of skill and chance in it, I would rather, personally, wait till October, and then go to the sandhill country of northwestern Nebraska. Then one gets grouse shooting in a form fit to be called a sportsmanlike performance. No fluttering of wings of a weak bird trying to get out of the grass. Each bird booms up strong, clean and swift, and you have to hurry, not wait till it gets far enough to shoot. It is a mistake to think that chicken shooting is not good, and that the birds will not lie to the dog after they have packed up. If they are worked properly on a warm day, they will not only lie to the dogs, but will offer the prettiest sort of sport. I can well quote our market-hunting friend, Billy Griggs, on this, and I like to do so, as showing that a market-shooter is not always fond of shooting young grouse.

"I like to hunt chickens in October," said he. "You go along a strip of the light sod corn in the morning, and you put out a great big bunch of birds, maybe 500 of them, big as turkeys and as wild as deer, you think. You watch 'em go, far as you can see them, maybe two miles, your driver standing up on the wagon seat and watching them with a pair of field glasses till they go down in some grass or slough. Then you drive right for them, and put them up again, and shoot at them often as you like. They won't go so far this time, maybe half a mile, and you work over after them. By and by your dog strikes one, and you kick it out and kill it, and then another one goes out, or two or three. That's all you want. Don't be in a hurry then, but just unhitch your team, get out your lunch and wait a while. The sun gets warmer and the birds will not leave. You have got them located all right, and after awhile you go to work on them. You will find they lie well enough for the dog, but they are wilder and stronger than the August birds, and better shooting every way. You want No. 6 shot for this shooting. Very often you can walk around the edge of a bit of sod corn and get maybe a dozen of these great big booming flyers. I would rather kill a dozen that way than to kill fifty little ones in August or early September."

The second letter above mentioned has to do with my now famous game pocket, and from it I quote:

"I write to you for the location of your game pocket. I do not want the location for myself, but for my grandfather, Mr. Elias Mathias, of this city, and Mr. Joseph McMurray, of New York city, both thourough sportsmen, who hunt for sport and never for profit. They would like to hunt chicken for ten days and hire dogs at the pocket. If you should conclude to give me the location please let me know if they can hire dogs at the pocket."

This inquirer was also given the address of the "pocket," which, fortunately, is big enough for all. As to the dog question, one must refer again to the issues of Aug. 18 and 25. I beg to be understood not as advertising a spot where all the earthly wants of a shooter can be supplied on demand, but only a place where there are some birds, therefore a place a good ways from the conveniences of civilization. Never having been there myself, as I must repeat, I cannot say whether or not any broken dogs can be hired. One or two might be found, but it would be far safer to take dogs along. This I say for the benefit of other readers who contemplate a trip of this sort. The Northwest chicken country is not yet much given over to the guides who furnish everything, including dogs. Go out in there and get acquainted with some man who has a herd of Jersey cattle, and a good-looking family, and some well-broken dogs, and treat him so well that he'll invite you to come out next year and shoot with him. That's the way Roll Organ does, and others of our successful sportsmen who go out to Minnesota and the Dakotas. Under this system you don't need a dog.

### IGNORANCE OF THE LAW.

A young gentleman of this city has long been planning a trip to Nebraska after chickens. He and his party went last week, and he faithfully promised to send friends a lot of chickens before this time. At this writing he has sent a pair of jack rabbit ears, invariably the first trophy of an Easterner in the West. As the Nebraska law does not open the season until Sept. 1, and as it prohibits the shipping of such game out of the State, it is probably just as well that he didn't send any chickens. Now, if this gentleman had only read the *Book of the Game Laws* before starting on his trip, he need not have wasted two weeks of time, nor have gone to Nebraska to learn the Nebraska law. One thing I do counsel, and that is that every one about to go shooting should get this same book and refer to it. Without such reference to the different laws, the best of shooters may unintentionally violate a law. I am sorry for our friend waiting out in Nebraska for the season to open.

For any one desiring chicken shooting near Chicago, I would advise a trial at Annawan, Henry county, Ill., via Rock Island railway. There is good nesting ground there still, and from earlier prospects there should be a little shooting there now at least.

Some chickens are to be found, or last week were to be found, near La Grange, in Du Page county, just west of Chicago on the C. B. & Q. road, though it is doubtful whether there will be any left Sept. 15, as the early shooters are after them. Mr. T. C. Morris, lately of Baltimore but now of Chicago, lives at Hinsdale, near by the fields, and he has long had a covey located in the fond hope that he would be able to get a shot at a prairie chicken, something he never had in his life. Mr. Morris got wind of a party of three who next Sunday, Aug. 28, will make a sneak on his covey of birds. He entered complaint of this in the proper place, and President Organ of the State Assodiation will have an officer meet Mr. Morris to-morrow night. They will arrange a little Sunday surprise party for these three ardent souls if they can, and I truly hope that by the time this appears the way of the transgressor may have been made hard. All three of these men know the law is not off till Sept. 15.

A well-connected young sportsman of this city was innocently telling his friends yesterday of killing sixteen woodcock out of seventeen that he found in a little willow patch near Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, last week. He was absolutely ignorant of the fact that the Wisconsin season for woodcock does not open till Sept. 1. I did not know this myself till I looked it up to-day in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

R. A. Turtle is just back from a few days on the Kankakee Marsh above Water Valley. He and a friend killed fifteen dozen yellowlegs, but only saw three jacksnipe in the country where they hunted. Mr. Turtle says that dozens of young wood ducks are being killed along the river at that point, and that one party whose identity would occasion great surprise, had been netting, and one day caught 144 fish. It would seem that the Kankakee Association could do a little desirable work just about there just about now.

The game law of Ontario opens the season on ducks Sept. 1. I understand that another paper states this as Sept. 15. The same law limits any shooter to 300 ducks in a season. This clause, one would think, would sit lightly on our urbane friend and earnest young sportsman, Col. Harry Dale, of Rice Lake Club, Ontario. Col. Dale, however, resents this imputation, and offers to bet $1,000 to $250 that he kills 500 ducks this fall. At a reasonable fine per each of the extra 200, I am afraid he wouldn't get the best of it, even on that basis, though I don't believe he thought of that.

"That's nothing," said Mr. R. S. Cox, also of Rice Lake, and Col. Dale's faithful friend and companion. "After a while I'll tell you the name of another man over at Rice Lake who always fishes all through the close season, and promptly winds up his line when the season opens. He says he wouldn't give a cent to fish when everybody else can." From all I can learn Rice Lake must be a weird country. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## ABOUT KILLING ELK.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Happening to glance over an article in FOREST AND STREAM, current date, I came upon an account of an elk stalk, in which the two gentlemen killed fourteen head out of a small bunch, of which thirteen were cows. Now every one who ever had anything to do with wapiti knows that after the difficulties of the stalk are overcome and fire is opened, the herd will huddle and lose their heads so that most of them can be killed. There is no particular skill required in the process, for their confusion admits of much shooting, and the veriest "duffer," if he fires often enough, must make some hits. So much for the achievement. The disgrace lies in the fact that two men were unsportsmanlike enough to kill fourteen of these fine creatures, and thirteen of these cows, for a camp of about eight people. Killing the bull for his trophy was well enough, especially as the cows would be gone to find a new mate during the rutting season, and perhaps one cow might have been shot for meat. The death of the other twelve with their possibilities of eight or ten calves next season was an atrocity. Alas! however, it is only one of the atrocities which have made of a country, which one remembers twenty-five years ago as well stocked with beautiful creatures, now a dismal waste without life.

I note that these considerate "sportsmen" let the yearling calves go free, possibly out of a fellow feeling for the bears and wolves who probably made meat of these unprotected innocents in a very short time.

I really wish that it could be made a penal offense in this country to kill any game bird or animal with any other weapon than a long bow or single-barreled smooth flint-lock. This would give the game a chance and in case of an able-bodied bear would indicate "sand" in the hunter. M.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I feel that, in common with other sportsmen, I owe you a debt of gratitude for publishing, in your impression of Aug. 25, the account of the hunt in the Rocky Mountains signed by "Shongo."

Many men—even many newspaper editors—would have suppressed the article on the ground that such a tale of butchery had no place in a journal published for sportsmen's reading. I am glad that you took the broader view and published the paper, thus bringing up for discussion a subject which can not be too thoroughly canvassed. Many wrongs are committed through ignorance or thoughtlessness, which if publicly condemned will not be repeated, and many young men, who have read the article by "Shongo," and will see the comments which it must call forth, are likely to ponder both, and to mark out for themselves a course of action against the time when they shall find themselves within easy range of a band of elk or blacktail.

I presume that I am old fashioned, and having hunted in the West in early days, when all game was very plenty, I learned never to kill more meat than I could use. I have always been a "pot-hunter," so far as big game is concerned, for I always killed meat to eat and for no other purpose. I always preferred to kill a deer rather than an elk, and an elk rather than a buffalo, and if the season was right I never killed does or cows.

The butchery of thirteen cow elk in these days seems to me little less than a crime, and so far as can be learned from the account given by "Shongo" was entirely without justification. I do not wish to condemn that writer, for I know too little of the circumstances to do so. It may be that he is a young boy who lost his head in the excitement of seeing game, and led on by his older companion, kept shooting as long as there was anything standing; or he may be one of our English cousins, who are somewhat notorious for their love of bloodshed. The Reas, George and Tom, I used to know well enough years ago. They are old and good hunters, men who value the game for what it will put in their pockets and with no idea above the dollars and cents of a hunting trip. They have been hide hunters, and I was told years ago that they made a practice of dynamiting trout at Henry's Fork of Snake River, and I know that they used to haul away the fish by the wagonload to the towns nearest their place. These men would shoot down the last buffalo or the last elk in America with no feeling beyond one of triumph that they had the last one and there were none left for other people to kill.

In these days every man who reads knows that big game is very scarce, and it should be the ambition of the hunter to kill as little as he can get along with rather than as much as possible. The hunter's camp must have meat, but a single deer or a single elk represents enough of this to last a long time. A great quantity of meat carried about for a long time spoils or becomes sour.

Females should never be killed unless meat is really

needed. Most men hunt in the late summer, or during the autumn, when the males of all the larger game animals are fat and in good condition, while the females, which are only just weaning their young, are usually thin in flesh and poor eating. Each female spared means one or two head of game added to the next season's supply. The importance of preserving the females is coming to be more and more generally recognized, and to-day the laws of several of the States prohibit the killing of female deer at any season of the year.

I might write much more on this subject, but I will close by asking "Shongo" whether he expects us to understand that he and Rea, after killing thirteen cows and the bull, really spared the four calves?

WHITE WOLF.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Shongo" is a butcher; he should be ashamed to tell the disgraceful story of butchering 14 elk cows. I am surprised that you print such reports. C. P.

## MASSACHUSETTS SHOOTERS.

THE gunners are getting ready. The open season on partridge and woodcock begins on Sept. 1 in New Hampshire and in Maine, and several Boston gunners propose to make early excursions into these States. Reports say that grouse are very plenty in southern New Hampshire, though the backwoods remain to be heard from. From Maine I have not yet heard any reports that have made me very enthusiastic in regard to game birds. Mr. C. Z. Basset, of Geo. B. Appleton & Co., is as fond of gunning as he is of trout fishing. With his friends, Dr. Langmaid and Mr. Thairlwall, he will go to their shooting ranch in New Hampshire as soon as the season opens. They have a spot up there that they do not like to talk much about; and no one can blame them. There is a farmhouse that they make their headquarters, and they have a number of well-trained dogs. They will be at the ranch off and on till the fall shooting is done.

Mr. G. N. Smally, the trout-fishing friend of Mr. Basset, with his brother, is already at their shooting ranch up in Canada. They are on the borders of a lake and report the fishing excellent. They will be absent till the autumn has flown or till they are tired of shooting.

About the best bags of shore birds for the seaeon by Boston gunners were made about Aug. 28, just after the great storm. Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, with A. E. Aldrich & Co., at the Chamber of Commerce, is keeping house, with his wife, in a cottage on Plum Island, just off from Newburyport. On Saturday he invited Mr. R. H Jenkins, chief of the grain inspection, and Mr. Allen P. Aldrich, of the firm, down home with himself for a bird shoot. The next morning before breakfast Mr. Tarbox, who, by the way, is one of the best gunners in this section, had brought down thirteen birds by himself, and several of them were black-breasted plover, birds that delight the gunners. After breakfast the shoot begun in earnest. The sport was truly rare. Mr. Jenkins made a bag of thirty-four birds to take home. They were summer yellowlegs, plover, ring-necks and peep. Some golden plover were seen, but none were obtained. Mr. Aldrich also had rare luck, taking some large birds.

There are also several reports of other good bags, and at other points. A party of Boston sportsmen were down to Pittick's Island on Saturday and they obtained eleven big birds and some twenty peep. They saw numerous plover flying in the morning, both golden and black-breasted, but they would not respond to either decoys or whistles. On the whole, several of the gunners claim that the flight of birds was not what might have been expected after an easterly storm of such violence and long duration.

Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., will start for Camp Leatherstocking, on Richardson Lake, Me., on Saturday. He will be accompanied this time by his friend Mr. Ned Bynner, Mrs. Bynner and her sister. Later they expect a brother of Mr. Bynner with his wife, from Chicago. Mr. R Henry Fuller, a relative of Mr. Manson, will also be one of the party, the same as last year. Mr. Fuller has been spending the entire summer at Pine Point, Scarboro, Me. He is a retired New York hotel man, and finds nothing equal for his leisure to the woods and waters of Maine. Later in the month of September Mr. Manson expects the company of his brother in camp. Camp Leatherstocking was built last year, and Mr. Manson is sparing no pains to make it an attractive spot for his friends. He will enjoy a well-earned vacation during the month of September, "under his own vine and fig tree." Like Nathaniel of old, his namesake, he may climb one of the fig trees to see what is passing beneath. SPECIAL.

## NEW YORK WOODCOCK AND GROUSE.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A fair number of Albany gunners took advantage of the opening day of the woodcock and grouse season last Monday, and hunted favorite covers adjacent to the city. No bags of any account were secured, however. The want of success was chiefly due to the dense underbrush, which rendered it almost impossible to do any work except on the outskirts of the covers; but hunting before the lawful time was also somewhat accountable for it. We found evidence of this in the broken up broods and in the wild and scattered condition of the broods.

Sportsmen complain of a scarcity of woodcock and grouse, but in this I think they are mistaken. From my observation, covering a good portion of the State, birds were never, of late, more abundant than this summer.

That the section of the present code, permitting the killing of game birds at a time when it is impracticable, and undesirable, is unwise, must be admitted. Were the sentiment of sportsmen generally expressed in the enactment of a law, the season would not, I think, open earlier than formerly if before Oct. 1. There is no reason why a State law that is of benefit to but one county should be borne by the remaining counties. And sportsmen should look to their boards of supervisors for legislation more in harmony with their interests. NATURA.

### Nebraska Prairie Chickens.

A NEBRASKA correspondent offers to give information as to good prairie chicken grounds in that State to any inquirer who may address him through this office. He writes that there will be plenty of quail, prairie chickens, grouse and ducks in northwestern Nebraska this fall.

### How I Hunt the "Grays."

WHITEHALL, New York.—From Sept. 10 to 20 is the best time to shoot gray squirrels in this locality, and in my judgment there is no better ground in the State than here.

Last "squirrel year" I bagged thirty-seven in four hours (two hours in the morning and two at night).

Some years they are more plenty than others. Twice in my life I have seen "squirrel year," the last about nine years ago, when it was no trick to bag twenty-five in a day.

My way of hunting them is to "look for shuck" in the hickory groves, then, just at night, or early in the morning, sit down and wait for a bark, or for a gray to show up. When I see one if out of shot I run toward him until near enough to kill, then I stand perfectly still, and as he jumps from treetop to treetop I drop him with No. 4s. I have killed as many as eight out of one hickory tree. It will soon be time to hunt them, and I anticipate some great sport, for I am told by many farmers that they are quite plenty this season. C. B. PIKE.

### Lard with Shot.

SOME months back a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM gave his observations of the effectiveness of lard as a concentrator of shot. I concluded to test the matter, having, however, doubts about duplicating his extraordinary target.

The result of my test was that two charges, one with and the other without lard, gave exactly the same results—92 No. 6 pellets each in the same target. I once read of a man who killed a very poor, scraggy bear and applied his oil to his own head, and the man's hair all came out, but he solved the mystery by concluding that the bear was shedding his coat and that it was "hair sheddin' ile" that he had used. Maybe the lard I used was the shot sheddin' kind. Sportsmen with sufficient curiosity may try the difference between the Suffolk and a razorback. I don't know the condition of the porker from which my lard was taken. N. D. ELTING.

### Vermont Woodcock and Grouse.

HIGHGATE, Vt., Aug. 24.—We are having fine woodcock shooting here now. The writer has never in former years found as many birds in our covers as are now here, though the wet season has made it laborious work to hunt them, as the ground is very soft, and there is a most luxuriant growth of vines that makes our bottoms veritable tangle swamps. Ruffed grouse are also unusually plentiful; the open season for them does not begin until the first of next month, so they now are a perfect nuisance, for half the points that my dogs get are on grouse. Yesterday my blue belton, Bruce M., gave me more than a score of staunch points on these birds, which means big sport when the season opens. STANSTEAD.

### Two Harvest Excursions.

THE great West and Northwest offer special attractions this season to tourists and home-seekers. For the purpose of enabling the public to visit the immense region included, the Chicago Great Western Railway (operating the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway), will run two harvest excursions, selling tickets to all principal points in the territory included, on Tuesdays, Aug. 30 and Sept. 27, 1892, at the low rate of one fare for the round trip. An additional excursion will be run Oct. 25 to points South and Southwest. Tickets sold only on above dates, good to return in twenty days. For detailed information call on your nearest agent, or address F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. G. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

DANVIS, Haugus fourteen Day.—*M'sieu Fores Strim:* Ah'll ant read it biccause Ah'll ant gat tam for read, but Ah'll hear ma frien' M'sieu Mum'sin read on you papier 'baout rattlin snake spit off hees pizins for keel somebodee w'en he'll go hugly.

Wal, sah, Ah'll ant b'lieved it, an' Ah'll tol' you what for.

We'll ant got some wil' rattlin snake here, but Ah'll see some tame one, w'en hol' Joe Maurice brought it roun' for show on hees woggin' from York State where he'll caught it.

Hol' Joe he'll come any place where dere be some folkses, he'll beegin holler, "Any one man want see nine rattlin snake, for twanty-fav cen', jomp on de woggin."

Den w'en you'll gat on for look, hol' Joe he'll stroke it wid a steek an' mek it tur'ble hugly, so he'll rattlin lak ev'ryting an' bit lak lightlin.

But Ah'll ant see it spit, no sah, for all he look lak he gat juice plenty for spit 'f he'll mine to.

Naow Ah'll goin' tol' you what Ah'll mek off ma mine of it.

De rattlin snake ant spit fore he'll bit, but after sometam.

W'en he'll bit off piece of man he lak tase of it, he'll ant spit. If he'll ant lak tase of it or be be too hol' an' tough, den he spit heem off, jus' sem anybodee.

Ant dat sensibly for rattlin snake? Hein?

ANTOINE BISSETTE.

That reminds me of the way they catch rabbits in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The hunter goes out just at dusk, and builds a large fire at the edge of a cedar swamp, then retire. The rabbits seeing the light are attracted in large numbers. Finding the fire warm and agreeable they sit around until the fire burns out. The snow being warmed and melted, freezes rapidly, and very soon the rabbits find themselves frozen fast. In the morning the hunter comes armed with a club and knocks them on the head. B. B.

MANISTEE, Mich.

*Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.*

## Sea and River Fishing.

### TROUT AND BEATEN PATHS.

MANISTEE, Mich., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Monday, Aug. 1, I went to Snerman, a small town on the Toledo & Ann Arbor R. R., 60 miles north of here, on business; but I always combine pleasure with it when opportunity offers. That evening Mr. Frink, who keeps the Exchange Hotel, told me of some wonderful catches of trout. He had caught over 700 in three weeks. A man who keeps the book store said he kept count of his catch until he got 520; had caught quite a number since that he did not count. Other natives of the town also reported large catches until they had me so excited that I was ready to start at once and fish all night. As I could not persuade any one to go with me I decided to wait until morning. The book store man furnished me a box of nice worms. Said he had tried artificial fly with poor success, and everybody used worms. I got the location of a stream 1½ miles from town; there were three other streams from 2 to 5 miles out, all good trout creeks.

I made arrangements to have a lunch put up that evening so as to get an early start, as I had to leave on the 10:49 train next morning. I retired early and slept well considering my excited state of mind in consequence of the big fish stories. I put up my window curtain so as to catch the first streak of dawn, and awoke promptly at a quarter past four; was soon dressed and eating my lunch just as the chore boy commenced to rattle around the kitchen stove, and by the time the sun was half an hour high I had found my way to the creek, which looked very trouty, indeed. It was fifteen to twenty feet wide, full of fallen tree tops and old logs, deep holes, and every little way a cascade three or four feet deep. It ran through a deep ravine, and hemlock, maple, elm and cedar shaded it beautifully. A well worn path on either side told its own story—fished to death. I soon cut a yellow birch pole, and using line and hook that I always carry with me, I baited with a wriggling worm and dropped into a fishy-looking pool where the water dashed over an old log. The bait was no sooner out of sight than it was caught and I landed a 9in. trout. Then I began to think how I could carry them all home and speculated how I would surprise my friends, several of them each with a fine mess of trout. I rebaited my hook and tried again and for five minutes did not get another bite.

It was a lovely morning, just cool enough so the mosquitoes were not troublesome. The sun was glinting through the trees; birds were singing; the stream was rapid and I felt repaid for getting up early, if I did not catch a bushel of trout, and that is just about what happened. I fished until half-past nine and only caught five measuring from 7 to 8in.

When I got back to the hotel I was told the fish bite better toward evening; but my enthusiasm of the night before had cooled off somewhat, and I took the train for Manistee. Got to Copemish ten minutes behind time and had the satisfaction of seeing the train on the Manistee & Northeastern road just going around the curve, and there I had to wait from 11:30 to 4:20. At the hotel I was told of a trout creek one mile down the railroad. After dinner I found the barber, who had angle worms to sell, and for a good cigar furnished me all I wanted. I started for the trout once more and found the creek; but it was rather a tame looking affair, small and shallow, with no current or rapids, but a well beaten trail and plenty of fresh-cut poles showed that there had been plenty of fishermen there before me. I fished up and down for two hours in all the likely looking places I could find, but never got a nibble; saw three trout run out from under a log that I stepped on, so I think likely there might have been some in the creek; but it was not the right time of day for them to bite. The sun was so hot and mosquitoes so numerous that I returned to the hotel without adding anything to my morning catch.

I met Mr. Hatch at Copemish, who had some fine trout in a basket for a friend. He has a private trout creek on his farm, three miles from Copemish, and has been engaged in raising trout for the past five years. Said he had now 350 full-grown trout, some measuring 21in. and weighing 3½lbs. Said he had as much right to raise and sell trout any time of year as sheep or cattle; they were his private property and the law had nothing to do with him. He was deputy game warden. Had never seen a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, and I have forwarded him several copies, especially those containing articles on sale of cultivated trout during the close season. He gave me a pressing invitation to visit him, and said he would show me some fine trout and one of the finest natural trout streams in the State of Michigan. Said he could contract all the trout he could raise for 40 cents per pound delivered at the station. I expect to visit his farm in the near future and may have something to write you in regard to it. B. BRISTOL.

### A REMARKABLE STATEMENT IN THE CENSUS RETURNS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Have you noticed in the report of Mr. Porter, Superintendent of Census, the following statements, which would indicate that in the State of New York for once there had been too much legislation in the way of protecting fish:

"The marked decline in the fisheries of Lake Ontario has been chiefly due to legislation. Laws have been enacted with the avowed purpose of prohibiting commercial fishing, and the effect of their rigid enforcement is shown in the decadence of this once important industry."

"From 1886 to 1889 the Legislature of the State of New York passed many laws, the avowed purpose of which was to stop all commercial fishing in certain counties bordering upon Lake Ontario excepting that fishing done with hook and line held in the hand or attached to a fishing rod. As is shown elsewhere in this bulletin, the decline in the fisheries of this lake has been marked, and is no doubt largely attributable to the legislation referred to."

"Lake Ontario is the only one of the Great Lakes that shows a uniform falling off in the points under consideration. These results are due undoubtedly to the restrictive acts passed by the New York Legislature to prevent commercial fishing in Lake Ontario, and the figures are conclusive evidence that this purpose has been largely accomplished. The decrease in the number of persons employed in 1889 as compared with 1880 was 32.20 per cent.; in capital invested, 11.72 per cent., and in the value of the catch, 46.51 per cent., or very nearly one-half." WESTERN NEW YORK.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Caught on a Fly.

THE artificial fly is intended only for hooking and catching fish, but fishermen have caught very strange strings other than fish when casting the fly, and a list of the things, of the air that have been hooked with fly-rod and fly at some time or another would prove interesting. Birds, bats and chickens would in all probability occupy the most prominent places in the list of animals that have fallen victims to the allurements of counterfeit insects, but other animals have been captured or hooked when they had no desire to accept the fly as a lure which promised to satisfy the appetite. One of the most notable cases was told by the late Dr. T. S. Up De Graff, of his friend Mr. S. S. Hamlin, who gave his name to the Hamlin fly. Mr. Hamlin was fishing a Pennsylvania trout stream when a deer appeared on the bank within reach of his cast, and as the deer made a startled plunge into the stream to cross, the angler cast over his back and the tail fly fastened in his rump. The butt of the rod was advanced, but it was useless to hold such big game, and the deer disappeared in the woods taking flies, leader and most of the line that was on the reel, for the angler tried hard until the smash came, after all the line was run off. I have a photograph of Dr. Up De Graff in the act of fishing the "Slope-Wall Pool" on the Lycoming and after the doctor gave it, to me some one wrote on it with pencil "Deer Pool," but it is not where the deer was hooked.

A few years ago I caught an owl with a fly-rod, but not with a fly, for a slip noose in the end of the line did the business for his owlship. The most recent instance of catching other than fish with a fly I find in *Land and Water*. A gentleman was fishing the Ilen, in Cork, Ireland, for salmon, and hooked and played an 8-pound fish, and as he was about to gaff it a fox-terrier jumped from the bank and made a dash for the salmon and succeeded in getting a dropper fly fast in the paw. "Then came the tug of war. The salmon, frightened by the sudden appearance of the dog, rushed out with renewed energy into the pool carrying the little fellow well under water. Sometimes both would come to the surface, the dog wanting to reach land and the fish to escape. This continued amid the greatest excitement for twenty minutes, when the salmon was successfully landed and the fly was taken out of the terrier's paw."

Of water animals the late Col. Frank Pinckney has told of hooking a big bullfrog, and another angler hooked a muskrat, both being caught foul while fly-fishing in the evening. I presume this list may easily be added to, for I think Mr. R. B. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, once hooked a cow on the back cast.

I was once fishing a stream that in places was so thick with brush that it was impossible to get a fly on the water, and I was using flies, while a friend who was with me used bait. He declined to fish one alder-covered hole, and I borrowed a worm of him and took off my leader and flies and baited a snelled hook, and caught the largest trout of the year from the stream. Expecting to at once replace the leader I did not wish to coil it, so went out of the brush and placed the leader and its three flies, all new, on a flat rock. In ten minutes the leader and flies were gone. There was no wind and the earth was bare about the rock, but I never saw the leader again. If I could know what animal was deceived by the flies I might add it to the list.

### Rank Heresy.

A few years ago I thought it my duty as an angling writer to criticise adversely one of the letters in the *Journal of Commerce* that are signed with an old English W. I did so with the greatest regret, the more so because for twenty-five years I have had a warm admiration for this brilliant, captivating, angling author, but his position made his advice the more pernicious. Then his letter was headed, "Stop Killing Large Trout—Absurd Game Laws—Useless Fish Commissions." Briefly, he advocated the abolition of the 6in. trout law, the capture of fingerling trout, and a law which should forbid the capture of trout over a half pound or a pound in weight. Fish commissioners were held to be useless, and a possible repeal of all fish and game laws predicted. Of that letter I wrote that in my opinion "It is weak in argument, wrong in assumption of facts, and utterly lacking in that for which it was commended—common sense. I say it with regret, but the author appears to have given no heed to the results, derived from years of practical fishculture, and little thought to the habits of the fish themselves, otherwise he would have chosen comparisons in breeding with surrounding conditions more alike than those of farm cattle and wild fishes. * * * Except for the old English W at the foot of the letter, one would think it was written by a pot-fisherman or 'trout hog' of the most pronounced type, a man who delights to catch fingerlings for market or to boast of his catch in numbers. If all the male trout could have rings in their noses and be led with leading sticks, and the female trout be haltered in boxstalls, and the fry be herded in pastures by watchful men, then Dr. Prime's plan might work; but until trout are taught to eat hay and oats, and stay on a farm without jumping the fences, I fear we will have to continue to breed fish in water, strengthen our excellent Fish Commission, protect the young, healthy breeding fish, kill the old cannibals, and send the netter, fingerling hunter and trout hog to jail for non-compliance with just and reasonable laws. * * * I can charge the letter only to lamentable ignorance, but coming from such a source it might work injury if it was passed by unnoticed, as it would be if written by another pen. I have attempted to write mildly upon this subject in face of the fact that a grievous wrong is done to our Fish Commission by one whom I feel would uphold them if he understood better the admirable work they have accomplished and are accomplishing, but such changes as are advocated in the letter would surely be the means of destroying entirely our trout fishing for years to come." Dr. Prime has recently written another letter dealing chiefly with black bass and the manner of fishing for them, which is interesting and instructive, but he thinks that an error has been made in stocking the lakes and ponds of New England with this game fish, because it has displaced the pike (the so-called pickerel) and the yellow perch. I fully agree with him that many small lakes and ponds have been planted with black bass that should not have known the fish in their waters, but I think no one will agree with his manner of getting rid of them. I quote only the final paragraph, which contains the remedy, and this requires no comment from me: "The beginning of the remedy should be to repeal all laws protecting the black bass in the early season. They are as good a food fish when they begin to form their nests on the shallows in the spring as in July, and if with spear, and net, and trap and hook their increase can be kept down, there may be a chance for the perch and pickerel, and the farmers' families may again have fish food once in a while." I wonder if the omission of dynamite was intentional, and also wonder what the farmers' families think of the remedy? A. N. CHENEY.

## TROUTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

ON Friday evening, July 22, at 4 o'clock I finished sawing the last log I had in the mill, went up and turned off the water, went to the house, hung my hat on a pair of antlers, which I use as a substitute for a hat rack, picked up the FOREST AND STREAM, and had just finished reading "Kingfisher's" article No. 2, when there was a rap at the door, and I said, "Come in." In stepped Andrew, my Indian helper, and said: "Lew, nica, nica tillicums tickey clatawa. Sockley ocoke illihe iskum mowich. Wake siaw. Polackley Sunday kilipi." Which meant that he and his friends wanted to go up on the big mountain and kill some deer and he would be back Sunday evening. I told him "All right."

After he left I read for a short time, but could not help sympathizing with "Kingfisher" and his companions and wish he was here. We would go to a stream where the trout are not all caught out yet. I concluded I would go over to Kettle River and see if I could catch a few trout.

Next morning I heard the clock strike 3. I jumped out of bed, donned my clothes, started a fire in the stove, and milked my cow while the stove was heating up. After eating a hearty breakfast, consisting of oatmeal mush, poached eggs, a slice of bacon, hot biscuits, fresh butter and honey, I picked up a rope and started for my horse, which I found in a short time. On getting back to the house it did not take me long to get ready.

At 5 o'clock I mounted my horse and was off for Kettle River, B. C., distant twenty-three miles, over a tolerably high divide, but splendid trail. To a person who is not accustomed to mountains this route would be considered quite picturesque; here were rolling prairies, deep cañons, high mountains in the north, a high mountain covered with thickets that are almost impassable for man or beast on the south, while the snow-capped peaks stretched far away to the west. But this beautiful scenery has long since lost its charm for me. When I reached the summit I rode out to a little lake which covers four or five acres of ground and is the breeding place of a few mallards and coots or mud hens. The old mallard had quite a brood; I could not count them, as they made a break for the tules as soon as she discovered me; but the mud hens were not so shy, there were nine young ones.

I kept on, and Frank (my dog) kept flushing bevy after bevy of grouse, some over half grown, while occasionally a brood would not be as large as larks. He made some very nice points, but I would not shoot any, as we were too far from camp and I was fishing, not hunting, just then.

I reached Kettle River at 12; here I met an Indian acquaintance who wanted to know where I was going. I told him I was after fish. He exclaimed, "Tenas; kikooly hyiu," down the river a little there were lots of them, and he measured up on his arm to the elbow that they were that long. I went down about one-half mile to a shallow ford, but the river was quite deep. I was told by the Indian that I could not cross, but I was going to try, for the fishing is always best on the other side.

I rode in and the water came up within six inches of my horse's withers. Here the stream was about fifty yards wide and ran quite swift. I got across O. K. and went down a short distance where I found a good place to camp. I soon had my traps off, picketed my horse, jointed my rod, attached the reel and line, and put on a couple of small hooks baited with grasshoppers.

I went down a short distance to a small point that had an eddy below it, where I threw out my line and it had floated down but a short distance when, ripity swish splash, and a reddish silver streak flashed through the water. It looked as if a trout was trying to play whale, and my grasshopper a yawl loaded with sailors; it was so sudden it made me jump, and I think a stethoscope would have shown that my pulse was on the increase at a rapid rate. In an instant my pole received a big jerk. I gave it a quick twitch which hooked a fish, and from the way he jumped and thrashed I thought I had one as large as the Indian had indicated.

The reel began to sing as the trout made for the other side of the river, he, too, thinking the other side was the best. After he had gone seventy-five or eighty feet I began to haul him up; I saw two leap clear out of the water, and as they were near together, I thought they were both hooked. I played them until they would fight no more, when I landed them. They were beauties; one was fourteen inches long while the other was a foot. I killed them, then took them off the hook, put them on a string and laid them in the water.

I put on a couple more grasshoppers, threw out my line, and in an instant felt a jerk at the pole, which I responded to by a smaller jerk. This was a very lively one, but he soon ran down and I landed him. He was about the size of the smaller one of the first pair. I dressed these, went to camp, built a fire and got my dinner.

I brought along a spider to cook in, as it is much thicker than a frying-pan. I can cook anything better, and do not scorch it. I put in four tablespoonfuls of lard, one of butter, rolled my trout in flour, and when my grease was smoking hot I put my trout in, covered up the spider with a tin plate and let them cook until they were a delicate brown: then I turned them over and cooked them until they were done. After they were done I poured the grease off into a can and my dinner was ready—such a dinner, too, fit for a workingman: fried trout, bread, butter and gooseberry preserves, and for beverage a cup of hot water.

After dinner and a short rest, but no smoke, I went to fishing, and in two hours I caught 27, the smallest 10in., longest 15in. I fixed up my pack, saddled up my horse, recrossed the river, went back up about four miles, and camped for the night. After picketing my horse I got supper, then made down my bed, went to bed and in a very few minutes was sound asleep.

Next morning I was up long before old Sol, got my breakfast and pulled out for home. I had gone but a short distance when Frank put up a fine bevy of ruffed grouse, they were not large enough to kill, when one could do better and I was not hungry. In a short time he came to a staunch point. As I had left the creek and brush I thought it must be blue grouse. I got down and walked up to him, when up got six or seven nice grouse, they were a little more than half grown. I shot twice, got one I marked down, when a couple settled, and when they got up one at a time I got both. I drew the three, tied them on to the saddle, and started on.

Frank was very anxious to have his hunt; he was up a slope to my right when he ran out an old cock grouse. When it flushed he chased it down past me. I hollered at him and he came in. I scolded him. He looked up as much as if to say: "My father is a greyhound, my mother a Gordon setter; now, if I point half the time you ought to be satisfied. Last winter when you broke the leg of that big black-tail doe and you told me to catch it, I bayed it in the brush until you came up and shot it in the head; then you patted me on the head and said, 'Good doggy,' now, because I chase a grouse you scold me. I will just get in the trail behind George and won't hunt any more." Well, if that is what he thought he did not carry it out, for in less than 100yds, he was hunting as busy as ever, and he made some points as nice as I ever saw.

The cover was good; the day not hot. I kept getting off and killing until my last cartridge was shot. I started with fifteen loaded shells and I had killed ten birds. Not a first-class showing. Well, I will have to do better than that if I cut much of a figure in the World's Fair tournament at Chicago.

I reached home just as the clock struck eleven. I had had two days' splendid sport, and the only thing that could have made it better would have been to have had Kingfisher or any other good sportsman along to share the sport with me. LEW WILMOT.

LOOMIS, Wash.

## WHEN YOU HAVE ON A MUSKALONGE.

AUGUSTA, Ga.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a letter writen by Rev. Dr. Lansing Burrows, of Augusta, and published in the *Chronicle*, of this city, yesterday. The Doctor has been on a vacation to Michigan, and for description of the sensation of fishing it excels anything I have read. Thinking you would like to republish same I inclose copy.—JOHN M. WEIGLE.

There are four of us in this pilgrimage into the wilderness. Mr. F. N. Lewis, a Main street merchant of Louisville and his son, a student of fair Harvard, Col. Weir, of Owensboro, a typical Kentuckian, and the Georgia pilgrim. With wonderful preparations for fish slaughter we have penetrated to the furthest extreme, headquartering at the "Elliot." This is no Arlington. The glimmer of a few white tents bespeaks the presence of a party of campers, and this is as near the chair-warming feature as woods hostelry can boast of. The points further back have claimed the greater part of the fishers and we have the primeval wilderness almost to ourselves. The breath of the balsam woods fans the tanned cheek, the same air that Bayard Taylor has described "as grateful to the lungs as Falernian to the palate." The clear, cold waters rush and swirl in tortuous channels ranging from boulder-lined shore swallows to fifteen fathoms. Merrily they dash their green waves striped with golden sunrays upward to catch the blue of the cloudless ether. This is the home and haunt of the bass and pickerel and trout and the majestic and gamy muscalonge. On first landing our introduction was a seventeen pound pickerel! What do you think of that, ye Edisto fishermen?

McGulpin is the guide. Brown of face and with a cheery smile, he looks like a battercake with a dab of honey on it. From Elliot's he leads us through the spruce forest a half mile, over a velvety turf formed of the fallen spruce leaves, as soft as a Persian carpet, and we come out on the most lonesome expanse of water I ever saw. It is between great islands, but the entrances on either side are narrow and winding. The shores of rock are lined with the everlasting green of the balsam—and the trees, the bright green water and the encircling sky are all that eye can behold.

The trolls are out. The silent oarsman bends to his work. The quiet is depressing. Not a sound disturbs the eternal silence. Even the oars dip without more than a ripple. Only two lines follow in the wake of the boat. The Colonel and the Student have gone away to themselves, too far off to note their luck. The moments lengthen out—and then the line lengthens, too. What is this? Have I caught a hidden rock? Queer rock to lash tail like that! In it comes, tugging and raging, and with open mouth threatening a modern edition of Jonah, to lie panting and wrestling in the boat—a 10lbs. pickerel.

> Better a moment of Les Cheneaux
> Than a hundred and twenty Edistos!

This is enough to make a man poetic. Solomon never would have written in dyspeptic vein had he been able to land 10lbs. pickerels. The fishing is not very good in Palestine, I think. With a line pulling out almost as fast as one is pulling in, and the waters white with contagious rage of a finny gladiator, there could be no recollection of the depressing heart-burn and provoking cough of indigestion. To be fishing where there never are mosquitoes or malaria, or even black flies and other insects contributes to the sources of universal charity and generosity. Even the hay fever patient snuffs only the battle with the trout.

But to catch a muscalonge—a palpitating, throbbing, gamy aggregation of five and twenty pounds of aqueous life—you Brier Creek men must wait for that before you come to tell what luck you have had. Oh you swamp fishermen, gently throw out your line and watch that no leaf or lily pad or stalk of bulrush entangles its intrusive green upon your glittering spoon. Did you feel a gentle tug? Draw up: you have caught a weed. Take it off and carefully let your 100ft. of line out again. Be patient, for you may do this a dozen times. But the air has stirred the waters with ripplings. The fugitive clouds have swept the golden glitter from these creeks—be wary now. Permit the line to lie along the fore finger, pressing the tips. Lounge not, sit steadily, drawn up like a tiger ready to spring, alert and lithe in an instant. That glittering,

revolving spoon, spinning on its swivel will be seen presently. Look out! is your arm out of joint? Gather yourself. Never mind McGulpin's chuckle, for he will look out for oars; you look out for yourself. You have hitched a lightning express train, and it is billed through. Haul in, keep taut, oh, for your life don't slack the line. Blood on your finger? all right, that will cool your fever a little, it is only the line that has cut through into the flesh. Come in steady, jerk not, still come in. You can't. You must. Take a good breath. Never mind McGulpin, he is pulling toward shore. There he goes, that hillock of foam means one fearful strike for life. It must be tiger against tiger now. Let him tangle your line and he is safe. Ah, that rush means business, never mind the boat, go overboard, but hold that line tight. Pull, pull, pull—oh, pull, for a yard of slack will raise the laugh on you. Good, McGulpin, the bow is among the bulrushes and the shore is near. The lashing monster feels the tickling of the bulrushes and he knows that means speedy death. Now for one last, mad, despairing effort. Straight up into the air he shoots himself, his lithe sides sparkling with drops that glisten like diamonds, a volcano of hot rage; let him have his way, let out the line just so much; how much? enough to keep him from snapping it in twain, and not enough for him to loosen that hook; this is his one grand chance for life. He flings himself like a circus acrobat, nose pointed away from boat and shore. Now, if you know anything, let him go, but only until with gentle pressure you can turn him as a tug will tow a great ship around. Is he off? No, that white turbulent circle means that he is still hooked and your skill is bringing him toward you again. Will he try another leap? He would if he knew how out of breath you are, standing there quivering like a frightened girl, panting and with eye aflame with delirious intoxication. Draw in steady, the boat is in the shallows. What's that brushing your legs? Never mind, it is McGulpin crawling aft with his gaff-hook. Are you going to lose your quarry? You see him plainly now, six feet away. Will he shoot that monstrous power against the boat and tear himself away to freedom? You may have the muscalonge ague and lose everything if you are not cool and steady. Lean out, throw that right arm as far as possible from the boat. Suppose you do fall out. Stand up to your armpits but don't lose your taut hold. There he is, his tiger eyes, bloodshot and defiant, glaring at you. Now for McGulpin—you have done all that man can do. Steadily the guide reaches out the gaff—a plunge, a mighty lashing—a peaceful flash—out you go—up the bank—falling limp and breathless on the sweet, soft boughs of spruce, while McGulpin hauls in hand over hand your 40lbs. muscalonge.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

FROM Sept. 1 on till Nov. 1 the fishing for bass, pike and mascallonge will be good and will improve for thirty to sixty days. This fact is usually lost sight of in the advent of the game season. From now on we will hear less and less of fishing, and more of shooting, from those who leave the city for a sporting trip. Bass fishing is better now than it has been at all, but the ducks and chickens will drown the bass, so to speak, after next week.

Mr. F. H. Andrus, of A. G. Spalding & Bros., in company with Mr. J. D. Knight, start to-morrow to join the Oliver camping party, now on the Little Two-Heart River, Lake Superior, South shore. There are already in camp Messrs. John Oliver and his law partner Mr. Showalter, with Messrs. Snow, Holden and Marshall, all of this city. These have been in the woods for some time, and must doubtless have had magnificent fishing on those little-fished and abounding waters. Mr. Andrus and Mr. Knight will arrive too late for trout fishing, as the season closes Sept. 1, but will have some bass fishing near by. Word comes down that the party now in camp killed a fine black bear lately.

State Fish Warden F. L. Buck, of Elgin, had a serious affray in attempting the arrest of four men who were doing illegal seining in Honey Lake, Lake county, July 23. The men resisted arrest, and one of them stabbed Buck in the back. Buck used the fellow, a big Bohemian, very roughly, indeed, after he was struck himself, and would probably have killed him—as he ought to have done—had he not grown weak from loss of blood. Buck landed all of his prisoners, and they were duly fined, but the warden was then forced to take to his bed, and is now only just able to be about. It is a very foolish thing for illegal netters to resist arrest, and resistance of this sort would have justified the promptest and straightest sort of shooting the warden knew how to do. Buck did not shoot, but beat the fellow insensible with his revolver. The Bohemian is badly disfigured for life, and he is no longer in the ring.

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She wore glasses, carried a handbag, and wanted to buy her husband a birthday present.

"You sell fishing poles?" she asked of the gentleman at the tackle counter.

"We have a few rods in stock for that purpose, madam," said he.

"What do they cost?" asked she.

"More than we sell them for, madam," said he. "This is a——"

"You needn't get gay with me, man. All I want to know is what them poles cost. I want to buy one for my husband for a birthday present. Is this here the bargain counter?"

"Madam," said the salesman, with his hand upon his heart, "every rod on this counter is a bargain. We sell only the finest goods, made especially for the birthday trade. Our birthday presents in fishing tackle are warranted to restore peace and harmony to families long torn by discord."

"Say, I'd like to know what difference——"

"Oh, not at all, madam——"

"How do you know there's any discord in my fambly?"

"I did not mean in the least——"

"Oh! you didn't? Well, I don't care what you mean. I won't have no talk like that from you, a perfect stranger. I come in here to buy a pole——"

"Yes, madam, a rod——"

"A pole for my husband, an' you go to talking of discord in my fambly."

"You misunderstand me, madam, I assure you. I beg a thousand pardons, but I meant another family altogether,"

"Oh, did you? You didn't mean me an' Henry? Well, now, I tell you: there hez been a little trouble in our fambly. Me an' Henry has been havin' an argyment ever sence last winter."

"Ah?"

"Yes. He's great to go fishin'."

"Yes."

"I told him it cost too much, an' me needin' a new dress."

"Exactly."

"Yes. An' he said I had dresses enough."

"Humph."

"Yes. That riled me."

"Of course."

"Yes. An' I cried."

"So?"

"Yes, an' threatened to leave him."

"Well!"

"Yes, an' — say, I didn't half cook."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Well, that fetched Henry."

"He got the dress?"

"Yes. Got it on. Pretty good dress, ain't it?"

"Certainly is."

"Fits pretty smooth?"

"Indeed it does."

"Becoming, eh?"

"Well, I should say it was. You look simply charming in it."

"Go 'way! Do I?"

"Yes indeed. A good figure, you know, always—"

"That's what I always said. Henry, he's got carelesser about how I look or what I wear, but I says a woman has to have clothes, if she expects to be anybody at all."

"Why, certainly."

"Well, Henry he got the dress all right, an' so, to show him there's no feelin's on my part, I thought I'd get him a fishin' pole, for I know there's nothin' on earth he likes so well as to be foolin' around with a fishin' pole, even if I didn't let him go fishin' very often."

"Exactly."

"Now, what's the price of this here little pole, with red an' yellow stripes around it? It's rather pretty, but I think navy blue 'd be a better color for summer wear."

"We can sell you this rod for $25, madam."

"What! Twenty-five dollars for that little thing? You must be crazy. Say, you don't know your business. I'm goin' right to the head of this house and see if I'm going to be insulted this way."

"The boss will charge you $40, madam; the further upstairs you go the more it costs."

"You don't say? Well, I'll have to get another sort of pole. Have you got any for a dollar?"

"Yes, madam, we sell an excellent rod for a dollar, with hook, line and sinker thrown in."

"That's more like. I guess I'll have to take it, though I did like that pole with the red and yellow passamenterie trimmin's on it. Say, have you got any o' these little wheels they wind up the line on?"

"Reels?"

"Yes, maybe. What do they cost?"

"A good one can be bought for $10 to $50."

"What! Gee, but you folks are robbers. Got any for fifty cents?

"Yes, madam, an excellent reel for thirty-seven cents."

"That's too much money. I guess I won't buy none of them wheels. I used to go fishin' myself, not so very long ago, when I was a girl, an' I know we never had no wheels to wind up fish with.

"No?"

"No indeed. Well, how much do I owe you?"

"One dollar, madam. Is there nothing else to-day?"

"Oh, yes, Henry must have a yachting cap. I come near forgetting that. How much is these blue ones on this counter?"

"Two seventy-five, madam. They are the latest."

"All right, I'll take one of them. Six an' five-eighths, please. I'll get it small so't I can wear it myself sometimes."

"Is that all, madam?"

"Yes, that's all. How much? Three seventy-five? All right. Good bye. I think this is a real nice place to buy things."

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## THE FISHERMEN OF BOSTON.

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—It is singular how bad luck always goes in strings. I do not mean that a plenty of twine in one's pocket when one goes a-fishing means bad luck, or that there is bad luck in a good string of fish. Bad luck goes quite the contrary, in both cases. Perhaps my meaning is more exactly expressed by the familiar saying that "It never rains but what it pours." Mr. David H. Blanchard has got back from his second trip to his salmon river, the St. Marguerite. He left Boston Aug. 9 on receiving word from his men that there were a good many salmon in the river. He reached Quebec all right, but there his string of bad luck began. The steamer started down the river, but she encountered such rough weather that she had to put back; something that very rarely happens. This delayed Mr. Blanchard two or three days, and all the time the salmon were running. Finally he got started again, with his baggage and his fishing tackle all checked for Tadousac. He got ahead of his tackle. It went wrong, and he saw nothing of it for ten or twelve days. All this time the salmon were running but he had no tackle. After the rods did come he got four salmon—one up to 27lbs. Mr. Blanchard carefully cleaned and smoked his salmon. They were for friends in Boston and elsewhere. He used fine salt in the process. When he got to Boston the other day he opened the smoked salmon that were intended to be the finest his friends ever saw. They were all spoiled. This completed the string of bad luck and tied a knot in the end. He thinks the fine salt did it.

Mr. John Fottler, Jr., is in Boston again after his summer's outing at the celebrated salmon river, the St. John, at Gaspe, owned by himself and Mr. I. W. Adams. He went into camp early in the season, with Mrs. Fottler and his little daughter, twelve years of age. They have actually "kept house" in camp for some thirteen weeks. Mr. Fottler says that he has found the true way to enjoy a fishing season. He has taken some fifteen salmon this season, the average weight of which was about 17½lbs. The largest weighed 26lbs., and there were several that tipped the scales at 25lbs. and above. But then one would come in that would only weigh 10lbs. or so, and this would knock the average down badly. But their best sport was with brook trout, after all. Mr. Fottler and Mr. Adams own a beautiful trout lake also. It is up the mountain something like a thousand feet above the river, and yet is reached quite easily from the salmon camps. At the lake Mr. Fottler has built a cabin or two, so that fishing trips can be made there covering several days. The fly-fishing in the lake is something delightful, as Mr. Fottler explains it. Even the little Miss Fottler could take the very lively trout with the fly, though only just beginning to learn to cast. But like the real sportsman that he is, Mr. Fottler allowed no trout to be killed that could not be made useful for food. Small ones were invariably returned to the lake.

Mr. Fottler must have had simply a glorious time, and there are few men that deserve it more than he, for the noble work he is on record for having put in for fish and game protection in Massachusetts. While not flagging in his interest in the cause in his own State, Mr. Fottler is forced to acknowledge that after all "we must go further into the wilderness for fishing and hunting than is at all satisfactory." He will visit the salmon camps later in the season, or go into that section for caribou, and he has every reason to believe that his chances for success are very good. It seems that Senator Aldrich and Mr. Reed, of Boston, did not get as far as Gaspe, as mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, though they started, and Mr. Fottler was ready to receive them. The Hon. Senator received telegrams that called him back before the St. John was reached. He hopes to accompany Mr. Fottler after caribou this fall, however.

SPECIAL.

## A KANKAKEE BASS POCKET.

HUNTINGTON, Ind., Aug. 25.—Last Sunday we visited some friends at a railroad contractors camp, on the Kankakee River, just above Mud Lake, and were told some very encouraging stories of the good fishing, not four or five miles up or down the river, but right there at the camp. We took a look at the water, and found the channel 30yds. wide, with a depth of 8 to 12ft., the current sluggish, and the moss encroaching on the channel from both sides, till there was only 20 to 40ft. of clear water in the center. Had we been looking for an ideal place for 4lb. bass and 15lb. pickerel, we would have looked no further.

The following evening we drove to a creek five miles away and caught several hundred minnows, and an elegant lot they were. From 2 to 6in. long and of all varieties that live in creeks. The minnows were supplemented by two dozen half-grown frogs.

Next morning the rising sun found us in the boats, entirely happy, except that we feared our tackle was not strong enough. It had not entered our heads that possibly they would not bite. No indeed. No bass in his right mind would refuse such tempting minnows as those, and no pickerel ever passed by such frogs as we had. It was not in expectation but in full confidence that our minnows were dropped right at the edge of the moss; but the confidence soon changed to disappointment, for nobody got even a nibble. At last, after an hour of this, Mr. R. said, "I've got one." At this, the rest of the party took in their tackle to give Mr. R. a clear field, and lots of advice.

He was told to "play him easy." "Don't let the line slack." "Keep him out of the moss," and a general assortment of advice was showered upon him. For the first five minutes the fish had it all his own way. The line did not seem to control him a particle, but fortunately he did not go straight away till he reached the end of the line and then break it, but chose to swim in circles. After a while he weakened and was drawn nearly to the top of the water, but he didn't stay there. He went straight to the bottom, and was see-sawed between the bottom and top of the water a good many times before he was drawn near enough to see what he was, and when we did get a view, there were vigorous exclamations that would not look well in print, for the fish was nothing but a worthless old dogfish, but it was the only fish that was hooked in eight hours' faithful work. They would not bite and we couldn't make them. Sadly we put away our tackle, threw the minnows overboard and were unanimously of the opinion that we had been basely lied to by everybody that told us fish could be caught in that part of the Kankakee.

O. H. HAMPTON.

## CRAIG'S POND.

BUCKSPORT, Me., Aug. 25.—The fishing in Craig's Pond has been better than ever before. Brook trout and landlocked salmon are found in considerable numbers. Parties have gone from Bucksport, Castine and other towns, and most of them have been unusually successful. The pond contains minnows and smelts in great quantities, and these are the natural food of trout and salmon.

At first it was sufficiently easy to catch all the minnows needed with a dip net along shore, but gradually the little fellows would rush off out of reach upon the approach of the netter. Earth worms and cut fish were relied upon for hand line fishing, and the best grounds were located near the middle of the lake in about 40ft. of water.

The same difficulty was met in the capture of landlocked salmon during August, as described by a correspondent in Bridgton; the fish refused to take bait because they were in the deepest water in company with their favorite food, the smelt.

The improvement in the fishing in Craig's Pond has steadily improved since the results of stocking from the Craig's Brook station were first noticed. The average afternoon catch of landlocked salmon has been 8 or 10 to the line, and the fish weighed from 2 to 4lbs.

Last spring for the first time these salmon were caught in Toddy Pond, at Mason's Mills; but Craig's has been the favorite water. Mr. Creamer, of Bucksport, had taken 35 salmon up to the end of July, and continued to make fair catches in August. Mr. Winters and Mr. Emerson were also among the successful anglers.

Many of the lakes in the vicinity of Bucksport contain black bass, white perch and pickerel, and furnish excellent fishing.

T. H. B.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. Price 50 cents.*

## Forest and Stream's Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

CAMP JIBBENAINOSAY, Lake Waquekobing (Clear Water), Aug. 17.—Algoma, Ontario. Total catch of the Kingfisher Club, 816 bass and 77 trout, pickerel, etc., while at this camp. Will try and give you a few items soon. Camp breaks up to-morrow. KELPIE.

RUSHMORE, Aug. 26.—Lake Champlain not quite up to the average this year, owing in part to high water. I think the vast hordes of yellow perch are helping to clean out the black bass. Have been through part of the Adirondacks this week. Had three kinds of trout—bullhead trout, perch trout and trout. DEXTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 24.—The fishing at Anglesea is fine, large catches of sea bass, with a few weakfish, porgies and eels are caught daily from the decks of the steamer which takes you to the banks. Bait and lines are furnished on board. S. P. M. T.

### CHAIRBACK MOUNTAIN TROUT.

IT is not generally known, I think, that West Chairback, the highest trout pond in Maine, is also one of the best stocked. West Chairback is 2,120ft. above the sea level and is situated on the side of Chairback Mountain, whose height is 2,270ft. above the sea.

It is not of the height of the pond or the quantity of the trout I wish to speak, but of a peculiarity regarding the latter I never noticed elsewhere, although it may be common. When you strike them right—and it's rare that you don't—you catch square-tails averaging about a pound almost as fast as you can land them, and our party was enjoying this very agreeable pleasure. After we had brought in a dozen, I happened to glance down at them as they lay in the boat. We hadn't taken the time to cover them up and the sun was shining upon them. Instead of being a uniform color, some reflected back green, some a royal purple, some crimson and some yellow. Of course they didn't show these colors out of the sun, but they were distinct enough as they lay glistening in the bottom of the boat.

After that I noticed them when brought over the side of the craft we were fishing from with the dip net. First there would be a yellow one, then a green, a purple or red. What I desire to know is if West Chairback trout deserve any special distinction on account of this peculiarity I have mentioned. FRED K. OWEN.

AUBURN, Me.

[The same variation in colors of brook trout has been observed in many other localities; but besides this there are geographical races of trout which differ permanently in color from the usual standard and yet have no other character of importance which would entitle them to a distinct name. Maine lakes contain a red-spotted trout which is different from the brook trout and has a name of its own—the silver trout of Flood's Pond is an example.]

### GREEN LAKE, MAINE.

AT this date the fishing for brook trout and landlocked salmon is comparatively poor, as these fish are found only in deep water, where they have smelt in abundance. White perch, on the contrary, are just beginning to take the hook freely. A fisherman caught eighty one day last week.

As we steamed up to the head of the lake at noon, Mr. Girard and Mr. Webster, of Bangor, who were fishing from a boat, told the writer that one of them had just lost a fine large salmon by the breaking of a leader.

Mr. Daniel E. Wight, foreman of the Green Lake fish hatchery, states that fully 200 landlocks have been caught in the lake during the season, chiefly with worms, in June and July. Mr. Gould, of Bangor, took 25 and Mr. Samuel Carr, of the same place, has caught more than that number, besides some very nice brook trout. Mr. J. W. Davis and other employees of the hatchery secured about 25. At the mouth of Mann's Brook fully 75 were captured from the bridges in shallow water.

What brings the landlocked salmon into shallow water and the mouths of streams early in the season, say in May and June? Smelt. These toothsome little fish form the favorite food of the salmon. They run up into the mouths of streams to spawn and are followed thither by the landlocks, as well as the big brook trout.

It must be a wonderful sight, this struggling host of smelts that fills the stream, crowding upward only in the night, and coating every rock, twig, and blade of grass with the little golden adhesive eggs. Mr. Wight has scooped up a half bushel of the fish at a single scoop of a net.

These eggs evidently hatch in a short time, for on July 1 the fry were from ½ to ⅝in. long, just right to feed young salmon and trout in the hatching troughs. The wild trout of course help themselves to the same delicate food in the brooks.

In October another instinct will impel the landlocked salmon from its feeding haunts in deep water and cause it to re-enter the streams falling into Green Lake. The female will ascend first, and she will select a place in shallow water where stones are plentiful, from which to build a nest. She will work at night and rest in hiding during the day under some sheltering bank or submerged stump in the deepest water she can find. Two nights will generally suffice for the hard work she must accomplish. The nest will be a rock pile about 3ft. long, 2ft. wide, and 7 or 8in. high, and it is surprising to see it composed largely of stones as big as a man's fist.

Mr. Wight has seen the female making her nest, and says she loosens the stones with her snout and pushes them into position with her tail. The male makes his appearance after the work is completed. No female will use a nest abandoned by another female, but each must have a new nest of her own.

It seems evident that this salmon spawns biennially. A number of females were tagged and liberated after spawning two years ago. None of the tagged fish were taken last year, but six have been caught this year.

The nest does not protect more than about one fourth of the eggs, the rest are carried away by the current and eaten by chubs and suckers, which are always to be seen on the spawning grounds of the salmon, and are always found to be gorged with eggs when their stomachs are opened. T. H. B.

GREEN LAKE, Me., Aug. 27.

### WOODS HOLL AND THEREABOUTS.

WOODS HOLL, Mass., Aug. 23.—Bluefish made their appearance in the "hole" about two weeks ago, and are here now in small numbers, but they do not take the hook freely, and bait has been scarce and high. Eelskin, which was the favorite for trolling last year, is not effective now. Menhaden have been selling for 5 or 6 cents each until yesterday a party secured a fine lot for bait at 3 cents each. This party steamed out into Vineyard Sound, about half way to Tarpaulin Cove, and in a couple of hours took about forty fish, one-half of which were beautiful sea bass, the largest weighing 5lbs. The rest of the catch was chiefly scup, with a few grunting sea robins and several small sharks. It goes without saying that the bass and scup slacked off as soon as the sharks appeared.

Bass have only recently "struck in," and our catch attracted considerable praise at the wharf. The "robins" are despised by most persons, but without reason, for their flesh is really very good eating. Professional fishermen have such a prejudice against them that they do not consider them fish at all. The bass were very plump and full of food, and when they came on the breakfast table they were found to be white-meated, flaky and firm, while the flavor was excellent.

We were fishing on hard bottom, in water about 75 to 90ft. deep. The tide runs strong and heavy sinkers were required during its strength.

The fresh-water black bass which were introduced into ponds in the vicinity of Falmouth many years ago thrived and multiplied under judicious protective laws. Now that the leases have expired and fishing is open to the public, the fishing has declined somewhat, but is still fairly good. Bass weighing 6lbs. have recently been taken.

The Grampus returned on Sunday from a trip to the tilefish grounds and brought in another fine specimen weighing 13lbs. The rich lemon yellow spots were well preserved, but Prof. Libbey said it showed none of the characteristic rose tinge in life. The upper parts were steel blue, and with the overlying lemon blotches the colors were very pleasing to the eye.

The shores are almost barren of fish. I do not recall a season in which young scup, tautog and menhaden have been so scarce.

Birds are few and far between; the kingfisher and a small tern are the only species in sight. The surrounding country is parched and thirsting for rain. T. H. B.

### CULTIVATED TROUT AGAIN.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

When a Governor assumes superior knowledge to the combined wisdom of the Legislature he invites criticism.

It cannot be said of this trout bill that it was passed hastily and without due consideration. On the contrary it received more than usual attention and was fought fiercely and persistently by the sporting fraternity. But after all the objections, both real and imaginary, it was the decision of the Legislature that the fishculturist should have the freedom to sell the products of his industry in a more extended season. But not so the Governor; as a sportsman and in sympathy with the present restrictive, arbitrary and despotic trout law, he vetoed the bill. Although a sportsman, the Governor does not seem to realize the wonderful achievements and grand possibilities of fishculture.

With repeated demonstrations beyond question of the value of artificial propagation of trout for increasing this desirable fish, he expresses fears that if the people are allowed to engage in this business, without restrictions, the streams will become depopulated. This is strange logic. If the business is made profitable it will incite capital to enter it, and our streams will be taken and utilized to their full capacity. With increased production will come competition and with competition only can the price be reduced.

The Governor speaks of the expenditure of large sums of money and expensive offices of the State, in trying to preserve and increase the trout. The State has undertaken the artificial propagation of trout, and with great care and expense hatches and rears about one-half million of trout annually, to a certain size, but not having waters where a trout can live, they drop both scientific and business methods and turn them into private streams to the tender mercies of their enemies. When we consider the variety of birds, animals and reptiles that enjoy a meal of trout, and know they can catch them, we can form some idea of the number the State will be obliged to hatch to make them plentiful and cheap. The fishculturist employs scientific and business methods, but unlike the State, uses them continuously. He would as soon turn his young fry into the street as into a stream with their enemies and expect profit. He is obliged to class his fish according to size, as it is a fact that big fish eat little ones.

A yearling trout has no scruples in devouring twenty-five of his kindred young fry for breakfast, while a dozen would not furnish a frog with a luncheon. It is in the utilization of the great fecundity of fish and carefully guarding life from the germ to the marketable product that fishculture has achieved its wonderful results. In the natural state, but a small per cent. of the eggs can hatch, as they are eagerly devoured by other fish, while the trout, cannibal like, will destroy the eggs of his neighbor. By the artificial method of propagation in a well-regulated hatchery more than ninety per cent. of the eggs are expected to hatch. Those familiar with Warrens Wells brook before Mr. Gilbert employed scientific and business methods in the production of trout can readily compare the difference between nature and art. Now, more than one hundred pounds of trout are produced where one grew before. As the business has developed into an industry, it does not ask for special legislation, it only asks for the same freedom in water farming that is accorded to land farming, but it does ask to be divorced from game laws.

Artificially reared fish being domesticated, should not come under game laws. With game is associated pleasure, but pleasure and business cannot harmonize. It is this point that needs adjusting. The Legislature has favored business, while the Governor has favored pleasure, and in his veto calls it special legislation if this business is allowed to develop naturally and the people allowed to buy the fish when they want them. We think the Governor has more than made a mistake; he has blundered. The population is too dense and the small boy too numerous to respect game laws. The savage still lingers and is ever on the alert to measure his strength with all animate nature around loose.

If the æsthetic gentlemen of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association must have game for pleasure, they must retire to distant fields where the shriek of the locomotive is not heard, where the music of the babbling brook is not hushed by the mill dam; where nature in its primitive beauty greets them; where the small boy is not; there they can find game that is worthy of the name, and there around their camp fires can spin their yarns of what once was in Massachusetts. W. S. HADAWAY.

PLYMOUTH, Aug. 5.

[This communication is interesting chiefly because by its characterization of the Association members as "the æsthetic gentlemen," it illustrates the misconception many people have as to the character of those who care about preserving the wild fish and game.]

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 12 to 16.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Canada H. C. Bates, Sec'y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Western Michigan Kennel Club, at Grand Rapids Mich. H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich., Superintendent.

Sept. 26 to 30.—Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Dr. O. S Bamber, Sec'y.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.

Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

Nov 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

1893.

Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Northwestern Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man., Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

### SOME GOOD GREYHOUNDS.

WHEN the s.s. Tauric arrived a couple of weeks since she brought over a lot of horses and four greyhounds consigned to W. E. Warren, Fox Lake, Wis. Not being able to gain any particulars from the steamship people about the dogs, we wrote Mr. Warren inquiring the pedigrees, etc., of the dogs. The principal owner of the greyhounds is Mr. E. H. Mulcaster, of Brandon, Wis., an Englishman who has had considerable experience in breeding and training greyhounds in the old country. These fine dogs were selected and purchased by his father, Geo. Mulcaster, whose name is familiar to greyhound men. The four dogs are Glen Kirk, Miller's Rab, Gilda and Roy. Glen Kirk is a red dog, weighing 65lbs., and is by Misterton out of Glengowan. His performances are as follows: Ran up to Lord Sinkat in February Stakes (32) at Haydock Park, February, 1887; won five courses Gosforth gold cup, March, 1887, beaten by the winner, Huic Holloa; won three courses Gosforth gold cup, 1888, beaten by the winner, Burnaby; divided September Stakes (21) at Haydock Park, 1888; won Londesborough Stakes (12) at Market Weighton, 1888; divided Gosforth gold cup, 1889, and has always ran a good course whenever slipped. Miller's Rab is by Waterford out of Nancy McPherson. Weighs 62lbs. and is a black dog. He divided the Haydock Champion Puppy Stakes, value £650, 137 runners, and won Buccleugh cup, etc. He is the sire of Gymnast, Porridge, Gladiator, Jungfrau, etc. Roy is a fawn, by Glentruim out of Glade and is also well bred. Gilda, fawn, was whelped in 1889 and is a full sister (later litter) to Gladia, who won the Caledonian (16) and Lytham cup (18) and also sister to Gladiola, who won the Croxteth Stakes (35) at Altcar and three courses in the Waterloo cup. She is by Mentor out of Gladys, by Misterton—Annie Macpherson. It will therefore be surmised that these dogs are both good performers and of royal breeding. Mr. Warren is also interested in their ownership and tells us three or four will be fitted for the Kansas meeting. There are few greyhounds in that locality, and unless our breeders see fit to take the risk we are afraid these dogs will be lost to the general run of greyhound breeders. However, it shows that the greyhound fancy is spreading, and as long as such good ones are imported we shall always see some good coursing.

### PACIFIC FOX-TERRIER CLUB.

MR. J. B. MARTIN writes us that the Pacific Fox-Terrier Club held a meeting Aug. 22, at 21 Kearny street, San Francisco, J. E. Watson presiding, J. B. Martin, secretary. G. W. Debenham, Dr. Thomas Bowbill and Robert Liddle, of San Francisco; R. B. Bain, of Fruitvale; A. F. Baumgartner, of Oakland; G. D. Schearer, of San Rafael and H. H. Carlton, of Alameda, were present. H. W. Fores was elected a member. He recently arrived from Toronto, Canada, and is the owner of Pickle II., by Suffolk Coronet ex Flora Tatters; bitch Kismuth, by New Forest ex Ebor Nettle, and an unnamed bitch puppy, Pickle II. ex a Brockenhurst Rally bitch.

The matter of awarding prizes to Californian bred dogs only was fully discussed, but this did not meet with the approval of the members, who desired that competition be open to all dogs owned by members of the club, but a prize will be offered for the best California bred pup at each of the shows of the Southern California and Pacific Kennel Clubs. It was determined that all the specials to be given by this club consist of cups and silver plate.

The following was adopted: Whereas, The Pacific and California Kennel Clubs, having each claimed the dates May 3 to 6, 1893, for the holding of a bench show in this city; Resolved, That the Pacific Fox-Terrier Club extends its support to the Pacific Kennel Club, and requests the American Kennel Club to award the above dates to said club.

Treasurer Debenham reported $70 on hand. The meeting then adjourned until Monday, Sept. 26.

J. B. MARTIN, Sec'y.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—There is no more common fault in training than that of over-training. Nearly everybody thinks that a setter or pointer cannot be trained too much; that the most perfect obedience and dcference should be established and maintained, and that the dog should look frequently to his handler for orders, when searching for birds. This is the belief of nearly every shooter or amateur trainer who has not attended field trials or had the advantage of coaching, in practical training and handling, by professionals, and it is the opinion of some who have had both. Many a good dog has had his individuality entirely destroyed, or his best capabilities impaired, by a course of training wherein the trainer taught on the theory that he furnished all the brains and the dog simply did the work. Even in the practice of professional trainers it is not an infrequent occurrence to see dogs show hesitation in certain parts of their work and look to their handler for orders or assistance, often in matters so simple that they should have instantly decided for themselves without any reference to the handler. This is a much more serious fault than is commonly supposed, since the dogs work but a few moments at a time on any plan or responsibility of their own before looking up for orders, which they obey promptly as soon as received, entirely abandoning all previous plans. He may not precisely understand what the order or signal means, but he works diligently in obedience to the order as he understands it, whether it is useful or entirely useless. As this erratic matter happens every few minutes, the day's work, in its entirety, is but a succession of disconnected efforts, every one different from its predecessor in direction and idea; consequently the results must be unsatisfactory. A dog of this kind may be industrious and willing, but having no self-reliance and no plans, his work is commonplace.

Many dogs of mild and pleasant dispositions are easily over-trained. They are naturally deferential and anxious to please their masters, therefore soon look to them habitually for orders at every turn. Very few dogs are of such an independent and confident disposition that they cannot be over-trained. However, constant meddling and ordering, in season and out of season, will mar the work of any dog, be he ever so self-reliant by nature.

In positive contrast is the dog which plans his work on his own responsibility, ranging from place to place in an intelligent manner, one act following another in useful sequence. Such a dog is rarely in doubt about what is correct to do next. With all his diligence and earnestness in hunting, the self-reliant dog works to the gun with the greatest nicety and good intention, if his training has the proper finish.

It should not be inferred that a self-reliant dog is self-willed or disobedient. On the contrary, he should be thoroughly obedient. The distinction is that one is constantly looking to his handler for orders as to where to work or what to do, the other works freely without any prompting.

### Handling.

As the season for dog training is now begun and the shooting season has opened in the larger part of the vast region comprising the chicken country, a few hints as to manner of handling a dog to develop his best abilities without overtraining him, may be of value to many readers. The manner of doing so is very simple, so simple, indeed, as to be deemed hardly worth observing by the sportsmen at large. The fault of overtraining comes chiefly when the trainer becomes a boss of his dog.

The whole matter of correction is comprised in permitting the dog to do his work and solve his problems in his own manner without bossing. Of course, training to systematically work to the gun should be enforced, but as to the manner of searching, the dog should be thrown largely on his own resources. If he shows a disposition to unnecessarily look to his handler for orders or prompting, the latter should ignore him entirely. When the dog finds that the handler goes on his way without concerning himself about him, he will soon work on his own plans and cease to expect assistance at every turn. The thoroughly trained, high-class dog is one which will work correctly and diligently without orders or prompting. Too often a dog is bossed when he is doing right.

A fault very common with amateurs, and one from which professionals are not always freed, is too many orders habitually given in too loud a tone of voice, sometimes at the highest pitch of the voice. Besides being harsh and inelegant, it is harmful, and withall it is needless.

If Mr. Angus Cameron, who handled the team of English dogs in the trials of 1890 in this country is a fair representative of English trainers, they far excel the American trainers, considering them as a class, in handling dogs quietly and establishing perfect obedience. I do not mean to imply that American trainers can not handle quietly or enforce perfect obedience. The fact that they have not done so is the point presented.

Undoubtedly the old heat system had much to do in developing a large class of disobedient dogs, as each heat was a separate race, one dog beating the other regardless of what good or bad work either may have done in previous heats. A disobedient dog had a great advantage over an obedient one, providing that he did the bulk of his own work well. The dog himself and the loud orders necessarily used in handling him constantly interfered with the obedient dog.

The signs of the times indicate that a more finished style of training is desired and demanded, in addition to developing the dog's best natural capabilities, and trainers will act wisely in recognizing those signs.

### The Memory of Dogs.

The powers of memory are much more acute in dogs than is commonly known, and those who do recognize it do not give it the importance to which it is justly entitled. Many instances could be mentioned, showing that some have remarkable ones. However, everybody has observed this faculty and other phenomena of mind in the dog.

I desire to mention the importance of it in a field trial competition, in respect to which it is very rarely considered. So far as I know it is not recognized by field trial judges in general, although it is often a very important factor, and has been sometimes decisive in its results in determining winners. It is in this connection that it is more particularly important from a competitive standpoint.

So keen is the memory of some dogs that they will remember the exact location of each bevy found in a heat. From experience in field work, they know that if a bevy is not found in a certain place where it has been found and where it haunts, it will be found somewhere in the near vicinity of it. A few rapid casts skilfully taken, generally result in finding it. Dogs of this class often have a great advantage in a field trial. One having such keen power of memory and certainty in applying it, has a great advantage in running subsequent heats over the same grounds. He skims from the haunt of one bevy to the haunt of another, seldom failing to find them. His competitor is hopelessly handicapped by his absence of knowledge of the locality, if he has not hunted the same grounds. It is particularly harmful in the final heats where the best dogs come together. I have seen many dogs handicapped in this manner. It is a fault in management which occurs a number of times at every large trial, the opportunity to profit by knowledge of the grounds being repeatedly afforded by following the same route over the same grounds every time that they are used. Not only does a dog learn a certain route after hunting it out once, but in a case where such dog has previously competed in the same trials in previous years, he has a good knowledge of the grounds before he starts in the competition. It may be asked how such complications and inequalities of conditions can be avoided. Simply by not running a dog or dogs a second time over precisely the same route, and by running the final heats on grounds entirely new to the competitors. There is not much real hunting in working a dog over a route with which he is perfectly familiar. He goes from bevy to bevy as a matter of absolute knowledge, the real searching being insignificant.

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The Chicago *Tribune* in an account of a landslide at St. Paul, has the following mention of a pathetic incident which deserves wide publication so it may be added to the innumerable good acts already credited to "man's best friend." It says: "In one of the houses demolished two little boys were buried, one of them, a child named Swengert, ten years of age, being killed, the other badly injured and may die. A dog belonging to one of the boys scratched away where they were buried until he uncovered the earth and thereby saved one."

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Messrs. A. Merriman and W. B. Gates made a pleasant call at this office. Mr. Gates is on his way to his home at Memphis, after a pleasant sojourn at Eastern watering places. Both were looking in the best of health.

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Mr. Harry L. Goodman will probably not be able to finish up his business interests by Sept. 1, in this city, but he expects to have his affairs settled and be in charge of the kennels near Nashville before Sept. 12.

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### Scoring at Bench Shows.

I was just closing up "Points and Flushes" for this week when FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 25, came to hand and afforded me the pleasure of reading Dr. Wesley Mills's courteous letter on the subject of judging by scoring to a scale of points. I have not the time at present to deal with the subject at length, as I start shortly for Manitoba to attend, in the interest of FOREST AND STREAM, the field trials held there.

Touching the matter briefly, I think that chicken fanciers, among whom scoring by points had its staunchest believers and advocates, have become divided in their beliefs as to its soundness, the chicken fancy being arrayed for and against it. If my memory serves me correctly, the great poultry show of New York was judged by comparing fowls, the old style of judging by scoring being thereat abandoned. I think that the circumstances in this respect were the same this year at that show. In short, the theory and practice of poultry judging is in a state of evolution. All progress means destruction of something preceding, and I think that Dr. Mills will find on investigation that scoring to a scale of points is already partially demolished and piled up with the debris of the past. I believe it will not be long before it is abandoned.

Reading between the lines of Dr. Mills's pleasant and instructive letter, I infer that he is a believer in judging by a score card. If so, it would interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, as I know it will me, if he will give his views at length. B. WATERS.

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## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—My Ottawa correspondent tells me the electric cars are playing havoc with the dogs in that city. Going home recently he saw two "laid out," one a fine black and tan foxhound, a recent purchase of Mr. G. W. E. Austin, V.S., the other a nondescript spaniel.

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Mr. J. W. Wurtele, Ottawa, owner of the greyhound Justinian, has added Jetsam, first in open class and diploma for best bitch at Ottawa last year. Mr. Geddes will handle the pair at the Canadian shows.

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Mr. Hugh Falconer, Shelburne, has been making further additions to his kennel. One is the pug dog Peek-a-Boo, from Mrs. J. V. Newton. He is by Wink out of Little Kate, and back of these are Lord Clover, champion Treasure, etc. He also has had from Mr. J. L. Winchell a mastiff puppy by Beaufort's Colonel. I have seen Mr. Winchell's letter and he writes highly of him and says he is "one of the most promising young mastiffs in America."

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The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held in Richmond Hall, Richmond street, Toronto, on Tuesday, Sept. 13. An executive meeting will be held one hour earlier at same place.

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Mr. A. D. Stewart showed me part of a letter the other day from Dr. H. S. Griffin, of Hamilton, who is now in England. Dr. Griffin has purchased the crack bull-terrier champion Principio, the winner of many cups, medals and other prizes, and who has beaten Streatham Monarch. But meagre particulars are at hand other than that he is by Bendigo out of Kit. A bitch is also coming over, Kathleen Mavourneen, by Gully the Great out of Rose.

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Mr. John Saunders, Hornston, has imported a sable and white collie bitch who claims Gladdie as her paternal parent. She is due to whelp Sept. 1, to one of the best dogs in Scotland.

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Mr. T. Swan Smith, Montreal, has imported from Mr. Alex. Smith, Auchcairiel, Scotland, the collie bitch Auchcairiel Lassie, a black, tan and white, about one year old. She has a double cross of Christopher, being by Auchcairiel Topper (Christopher—Pittengaden Flirt) out of Auchcairiel Duchess (Christopher—Sweet Lassie).

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A small dog show will be held at Barrie, Ont., in connection with the Agricultural Fair, Sept. 26, 27 and 28.

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The following notices of motion have been forwarded the C. K. C. secretary for action at the annual meeting. By Mr. H. Gorman: "That a breeder's certificate be attached to every application sent in for registry in the C. K. C. S. B." By Mr. A. D. Stewart: "That the penalty of disqualification imposed by this club upon Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, of Ottawa, be and is hereby removed, and that said Mr. F. H. F. Mercer be and is hereby eligible for re-election in the Canadian Kennel Club upon payment of usual fees." 2. "That Section 7, of Rule 15 be amended by striking out all the words after the word 'class' in the sixth line of the said section." The adoption of this would do away with the necessity of a dog winning at least one challenge first, in a show of 500 entries or over to become eligible for the title of champion. 3. That Rule 18 be struck out and the following be substituted: "No dog eligible for special prizes can be withdrawn from competition in the regular class, a class in which it has been entered" This compels every dog benched to come before the judge.

The following addition to Rule 26 I entirely agree with, and if adopted it will do away with this circus style of advertising, which if carried to excess, as it frequently is, becomes nauseating: "Exhibitors at bench shows held under C. K. C. rules may nail, hang up or fasten to the back of the bench, cage or section in which their dogs are exhibited, a printed card containing the name of the dog, the name and address of his owner, and a list of the prizes which the dog may have previously won. No other particulars of any kind shall be allowed to be printed on the said card, nor shall any card, notice or printed or written particulars of any other sort, other than the card above alluded to, be nailed, hung up or fastened to the cage or bench occupied by the dog. But nothing contained in this rule shall prevent the nailing up by the secretary or superintendent of the show any prize cards awarded to the dog during the progress of the show at which the dog is being exhibited."

By Mr. J. G. Mitchener: "That no two dogs of the same breed shall be registered in the C. K. C. S. B. under the same name unless with a registered affix or prefix." The word "registered" may well be left out of this otherwise excellent rule. It will hardly do to compel a man who may have perhaps but one or two dogs to enter to claim and pay for a registered prefix or affix.

Mr. A. Murdoch gives notice of motion: 1. "That the office of treasurer be abolished and that the duties appertaining to that office shall be performed by the secretary under the title of 'secretary-treasurer,' such secretary-treasurer to give a bond for $1,000 to the Canadian Kennel Club annually as security." 2. "That a patron be elected." 3. "To amend clause 4 of Rule 15." The notice of motion does not give the proposed amendment to the rule, but we surmise it is to strike out the word "Britain." The rule now reads: "The novice class * * * shall not have won a prize at any recognized show in Canada, United States or Britain."

C. A. Stone will move that Sec. 6 of Rule 15 read, "The open class shall be for dogs of any age which have not already qualified for the challenge class and for which no challenge class has been provided." That Sec. 2, Rule 26 be struck out. The rule now reads, "No addition or alteration shall be made to any prize list issued by any bench show committee after it is once printed and distributed, special prizes excepted."

Mr. Donovan has an eye to the funds, and gives the following notice of motion to Rule 5 of the constitution: "After the word membership on first line insert the words 'accompanied by the necessary fees.'" This rule refers to the application for membership.

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Mr. C. H. Corbett, Kingston, will take all setters and pointers at Ottawa, and Dr. Wesley Mills the remaining classes other than spaniels. Mr. P. S. Keyes has undertaken to compile the catalogue, and entries sent in after Sept. 17 will most positively be declined. H. B. DONOVAN.

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## THE USE AND THE ABUSE OF ARSENIC.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Before the abuse of any drug can be rationally understood its use must be known. Every one is aware that arsenic will produce, in sufficient doses, acute fatal poisoning. It is not, however, generally recognized that chronic or slow poisoning also occurs. I remember a physician being hanged, in my boyhood, for poisoning his wife with arsenic, the process extending over months, if not years. I am convinced that some dogs are slowly poisoned with this drug, owing to constant drugging with it to keep them in show condition, though this is probably more common in Britain than in America, shows being so numerous across the water.

Arsenic is an alterative, *i. e.*, it produces profound changes in the nutritive processes of the body. The object of the administration in disease is, of course, to alter processes that are abnormal. The drug should never be given to a healthy animal, even if a little out of sorts.

What are the circumstances that call for the administration of arsenic? I do not propose to exhaust the subject but to mention a few of the conditions that clearly call for its use. It is never to be used in acute conditions of any disease of the dog. It is well known to those of experience that nothing disorders a dog's skin so quickly as a derangement of the digestive organs. But keep these right and skin disease, excepting, of course, those forms due to animal and vegetable parasites, will be rare. Now as arsenic has a strong tendency to disorder the digestion under the most favorable conditions, it is manifestly unwise to give it for the acute stages of skin disease. As a rule, all forms of eczema, except the dry and usually chronic kind, are made worse by arsenic.

There is, however, one kind of skin disease that is often benefited, viz., the dry or scaly, either patchy or diffuse form of eczema or skin inflammation. Occasionally a dog does not do well; his coat keeps constantly falling out; attempts are made to rectify his condition by attention to his digestion; he is perhaps given tonics to no purpose, as well as that attention which a judicious person is accustomed to bestow on an animal he values. In such cases a few small doses of arsenic often work a great change for the better.

Indeed, when other means fail in bettering the health of an animal that does not pull up after distemper, after rearing puppies, after excessive field work, etc., arsenic may be used with great advantage. Before it is resorted to, however, other remedies should be given a trial, such as cod liver oil and various tonics. Judicious regular grooming and massage will often do more for a dog than any medicine. The method of administration of arsenic is important. The liquid form freshly prepared is to be preferred to pills. Fowler's solution is excellent, perhaps the best. But the drug should always be given at first in minute doses, in plenty of water, and just after food; absolutely never on an empty stomach. By a small dose I mean one to four drops for a dog of the size of a setter. Large doses at first never do good, and may do much harm.

The effect should be carefully watched. As soon as the eyes get red, the tongue whitish, the appetite poor, or there is any evidence of digestive disturbance, it should be stopped. In any case it is well to make the administration intermittent. If the dog does not show improvement in two weeks, after two or three intermissions in the administration, it is better to desist for some time at least. In the case of chorea it may take months of treatment to accomplish much good.

I would like to utter a very strong warning against the use of arsenic for "conditioning" dogs as ordinarily understood. It is absolutely impossible to predict what the results may be; but they are almost sure to be bad and possibly ruinous to the physical or mental condition of the animal. I have seen very bad effects follow a two weeks' use of the drug in moderate doses given to a healthy dog to improve coat and general condition. The dog, weeks or months later, may become very fat or wretchedly thin, dull, etc. In my opinion it is unwise for any one to prescribe arsenic for a dog except he be an expert conversant with the action of drugs, the laws of life (physiology), the principles of disease (pathology), and with an experience greater than falls to any one breeder or handler. As a last resort an owner of a dog who cannot possibly consult an expert may use the drug cautiously under the conditions stated above. I think all owners of dogs who put them in charge of handlers or trainers should stipulate that they be given no arsenic in any form except under the advice of a thoroughly qualified expert. The FOREST AND STREAM has in the past uttered timely warnings against drugging dogs for shows, and for the second time I wish to emphasize in the strongest way the danger of this treatment, which is the rankest sort of an abuse of a powerful remedy. WESLEY MILLS, M. D.

MONTREAL, Canada.

## SHOULD JUDGES BE THEIR OWN CRITICS?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I think there is a great deal of humbug about this fuss for judges making reports over their own names. Everybody knows some of our very best judges cannot clearly express their ideas of their own judging; they know they are right, and I know it too, but they haven't the faculty of putting it in words. All the use there is in judges reporting their classes is that sometimes we get mighty good reading, and more times the judge shows us what kind of an ignoramus he is. If the judge is a good critic in the way of writing a good criticism, we want his own criticism, if he is not, we don't want to be bothered with any more rot; that is the size of it as I look at it.

But I can tell you what we do not want; we don't want a lot of men, that don't know a dog from the doxology, that can no more judge dogs than they can jump over the moon, who don't know any more about dog men, dog shows, doggy ways, or doggy rights and wrongs than a dog does of preaching, breaking out like lava from Vesuvius and laying down the law as though Solomon could not hold a candle to them. This kind of pest has become very numerous lately. There is nothing whatever about dogs, from the color of a St. Bernard to the twist of a pug's tail, that these fellows haven't learned more about in two years than you or I have learned in all our years with dogs, and they suppose it is fun for us to swallow it. They don't hurt any of the old hands, we all know how much value to put on upstarts, but they swell round with such airs of universal doggy knowledge that modest fellows, new at the fancy, think these imposters really "know it all" and have to unlearn a lot before they know where they are.

I have bred more dogs than some of these prattlers ever saw. I am sure I would not undertake to say that I could always breed them of any particular temper, yet novices are getting such rot put down their throats all the time. I know scores of men that are able writers that never think of sitting down to write an article to any paper, yet these same men could write more common sense in five minutes than some we are afflicted with could write in a life time. G. BELL.

TORONTO, Canada, Aug. 27.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As to whether or not I think a judge should write a criticism of his own awards, I most emphatically say "yes"—provided that a competent critic reports in the same paper his opinions of the decisions, and both are placed side by side, but not otherwise. This will then let us know at once how much the judge knows, and if it is wise to show under him again. Thanks to whoever it was who taught us, we all now are able to tell the faults and strong points of our dogs, and if we discover the judge criticises ours wrongly, we then know what to expect of his other decisions. Such egregious errors have been made in the ring and are constantly being made, that I consider it absolutely necessary for the good of all breeds, that experts should go over the judge's work and point out the defects, else the judge, who alone makes the report, will overlook his errors (if they have been pointed out to him), and so will be led to believe bad ones are phenomena. It is not human nature to expose and parade one's errors, and I know not many judges who, discovering them, would boldly come out in their reports and acknowledge them. They will try to cover them up and mislead the public. But if the expert critic is after errors, he'll find plenty, and so correct what would become a grievous wrong if repeated. Where the judge writes his own reports, he becomes both judge and jury, which is not my idea, except he be one whose continued work is so meritorious that even his enemies consider him eminently capable to act in the dual capacity. H. W. HUNTINGTON.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I see no good reason why a judge at dog shows should not write his own report, or, in other words, be his own critic. If he is considered honest and capable enough to judge his classes, he should certainly be able to send in a report of the dogs he judged, conforming with his judgment of same.

Judges make mistakes, and often enough too, but if honestly made all we can do is to consider that no one is infallible. There has been to my certain knowledge a lot of funny judging done, some of it at our last New York show, and one of these days I intend putting some strong facts in shape and sending it for publication. There has been entirely too much fuss made over some of our judges. This will spoil a good man oftener than benefit him.

AL. G. EBERHART.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 24.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

If the judges explain in their reports why they awarded prizes to certain dogs I think it all right, because it is instructive to the owners, but I disapprove judges writing and not signing their names and praise in glowing terms the work of the judge. The reports in the *American Kennel Gazette* I approve of. JOHN E. THAYER.

LANCASTER, Mass., Aug. 27.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In regard to whether judges should be their own critics or not, I should most decidedly say no. Judges should no more criticise their own work than exhibitors judge there own dogs. GEO. W. LOVELL.

MIDDLEBORO, Mass., Aug. 27.

## HANDSOME.

IT is not often that a well bred dog is honored with a biography, although lengthy pedigrees are compiled and photographs taken of many that are unworthy of the time and trouble. It is rarer still for the exploits of a cur to appear in print, although many curs are valuable and of great service to their masters. All of us have met with animals of this race which were, so to speak, ill begotten in every sense of the word, yet possessed of traits stamping them as much above the average, in canine sagacity, and recommending them to our consideration as factors in the movements and undertakings of sportsmen and hunters.

Handsome was the property of my friend Ben S., and in the position he filled as follower and often forerunner of his master, frequently came under my notice in the many trips taken by Ben and I. These trips, the memory of which transports me twelve to sixteen years into the past, were made by us in our search for game and were among the pleasantest of my youthful days of hunting. This unpedigreed cur of doleful aspect and sneaking manners was by all odds the most uncouth and misshapen creature it has ever been my experience to gaze upon. From this lack of redeeming qualities in his personnel, his master in a moment of grim humor had dubbed him Handsome, a name which clung to him during life and which even now, after the faithful animal has lain under the sod for some years, causes one to smile, at the memory of his gaunt figure and generally ridiculous appearance.

The mother of this peculiar cross was a foxhound of some pretensions as a hunter, but the sire's pedigree was shrouded in obscurity of such density that its elucidation was finally given over. As this evidence of mesalliance grew up from puppyhood, the conjectures as to his suspected lineage were all proven fallacious by the appearance of a decidedly shaggy though scanty coat of a dark grizzly and tan color, which hung from his skin in isolated tags.

Ben always maintained that his strongest evidence of a good strain lay in his voice and ears, "for you see," he would continue, "his ears are just like his mother's, and you ought to hear him bellow when he gets after rabbits." In features it would be as impossible to describe Handsome by a pen picture as to attempt an anatomical relation and sketch of the joining of the wing of an angel with the shoulder; an absolute impossibility from want of precedent. No other dog ever had quite so elongated a jaw; no canine before or since possessed an eye of equal depths of melancholy; no specimen of the race owned so woebegone an expression of countenance as did Handsome. In general appearance, aside from his pathetic expression, he failed to inspire the beholder with confidence. He might be wise from experience, judging from his facial interpretation, but his entire makeup failed to heighten one's opinion. He was angular, ragged, thin, slab-sided and crooked-legged.

Handsome's chief peculiarities lay in his singularly drooping ears and tail. They were long, with a decided droop, suggestive of many whippings, and as they were stuck full of burrs and brambles over half the year, usually had the appearance of a collection of door mats hung about him.

This remarkable animal had a gait that was the crowning splendor of magnificence, and at first sight one wondered how he maintained his perpendicular. He always moved sideways and on a slow trot, and dragged his feet, which were so big they hardly passed each other. If he increased his pace he much resembled the movements of the carriage horse which the grand marshal of the day borrows to ride on the Fourth of July in the procession, and which forges sideways before admiring crowds. However, you must not think that this 30lb. cur, without a redeeming trait in personal appearance, was good for nothing. On the contrary, he was a good hunter and faithful friend, in addition to which Ben said he was an excellent "skyoudle" to keep bread from molding. MORRIS GIBBS.

## THE PSOVIE—BORZIE IN AMERICA.

THE following is another translation from the *Journal of the Hunt*, of interest to those who own this breed of dogs:

The Americans, as the FOREST AND STREAM communicates to us, have been entirely disenchanted as to the Psovoi dog without any cause whatever, let us add, on our part. The matter is this: Mr. Paul Hacke and Dr. Grimes imagined from some cause or another that the Psovie-Borzie in Russia serve especially for the extermination of the wolves, which they strangle without the least assistance of man. In addition they have convinced credulous people that the jaws of the dogs have a capacity of shutting spasmodically on the wolf till he is strangled.

To show people how the Psovois exterminate wolves, two dogs were slipped on a wolf, one a cross breed of a deerhound, the other a Psovoi, Pospeck (of what Russian kennel is not said). The first to attack was the deerhound; he struck the wolf with the chest and passed by. After this Pospeck reached the lying down wolf, but when the wolf showed his teeth he gracefully skipped by; deerhound returned to the wolf, looked at him and ran away, but Pospeck pushed (pulled) the wolf several times. Seeing this a certain Mr. Rae put a bullet into the wolf. Dr. Grimes explained the action of Pospeck by saying that he was used to take a wolf by twos and the deerhound did not help him. Mr. MacDougall did not say anything but shot his dog then and there, only remarking, "I bought him for wolf-baiting (hunting), and was cheated." The other hunt also ended in a fiasco. The wolf used for the hunt was a tame one, as the original said, but as it happened this tame one had been for all that a wild wolf for eight months and was about a year and a half old. A boy led the wolf by a rope into the field, took the rope off and ran away, the wolf remaining on the spot and following him with his eyes. But when he saw two dogs speeding toward him he hardly moved from the spot. The onslaught of the dogs astonished him, and when he turned toward them one of them desisted right away and turned back, the second threw himself on him and pushed him, which he returned, and this light pushing forth and back continued on both sides until they took the wolf away. After this Dr. Grimes undertook to show how Psovois strangled a wolf, at the same time accepting two bets of $100 each that his dogs would strangle the wolf. The following day the hunt took place in the same locality and with the same already experienced wolf. As the "stranglers" appeared, two male Psovois, Zloeem, a dark brown from the Duke Galitzin, and Asmodei, whose pedigree we do not know. The first to reach the wolf was Zloeem, who caught him near the "shoulder" (probably the neck), and threw him, but tore again loose; the wolf righted himself and threw himself on the coming Asmodei. Then the dogs began to push from both sides, but the wolf tore himself away and ran, followed by the dogs. But when Zloeem caught him from behind he turned and catching the dog threw him 6ft. in the air. After recovering from the onslaught Zloeem again started to attack the wolf, together with Asmodei, but neither one nor the other dog took him up, and after five minutes both of them stopped and wagging their tails followed the judge's horse. On all questions Dr. Grimes only answered that the dogs did not fullfil their mission and that he could find no excuse for their behavior.

As to the wolf, he was bought there and they gave for him instead of $15, which sum he had cost his owner, $200. Dr. von Hummel and H. C. Lowe, who bought him, explained that the object of this purchase was a speculation: they would exhibit the hero wolf, his mate, a fox-terrier, and the boy who looked after the wolf, at the American dog shows. The result of this hunt was a complete disillusion, says the American journal, as it was supposed that the Psovois were bloodthirsty dogs who devour the wolf.

*Stock-Keeper* remarks on this head very rightly that only in America they imagine that the Psovoi-Borzoi is an "exterminator of wolves," whereupon all Russian hunters only shrugged their shoulders, and that such amateurs like Mr. Hacke and Dr. Grimes should not endanger the propagation of such a splendid breed as the Psovoi-Borzoi and can only provoke ridicule.

It is to be regretted that no good coursing dogs with a good handler happens to be in America, and more to be regretted that the Americans do not trouble to occupy themselves with Psovoi dogs. Still this trouble can be remedied and a very opportune time for it will be the coming exhibition in Chicago. Probably there will be found Russian hunters who will bring to this fair good and sportive dogs, providing themselves with an experienced huntsman.

## BEAGLE HANDLERS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

From experience derived as secretary of the National Beagle Club during the last two years as well as from correspondence which has recently come to hand, I am led to believe that many are deterred from entering and running their dogs in our trials because of the difficulty in procuring efficient and reliable handlers. To all such I would say that if they will write either to the secretary, Mr. H. V. Jamieson, Melrose, Mass., or to myself it will be a pleasure to us to put them in communication with parties who are thoroughly conversant with the training and handling of beagles both for the field trial and bench show, and who will do so at moderate prices. Intending exhibitors can thus send their dogs to the trainers, who are located not far from where the trials will be held, and rest assured that their dogs will have the best of care that experience can suggest.

F. W. CHAPMAN, President National Beagle Club.

MELROSE, Mass.

## SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY ENTRIES.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Inclosed find list of entries to the fifth annual Derby of the Southern Field Trials Club. There are 10 pointers, 1 Irish setter and 52 English setters, all whelped in 1891.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ROXIE (F. T. Myles), black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Queen Ella Noble), March 27.

FAY (F. T. Myles), black, white and tan bitch (Dan—Princess Belton), April 10.

MODOC (F. T. Myles), black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Princess Joy), May 21.

BEV. S. (F. T. Myles), blue belton dog (Tennessee Dictator—Tennessee Livy), July 10.

MAY GATH (F. T. Myles), blue ticked bitch (Jolly Gath—Lulu), May 6.

PAUL DOMBEY (H. S. Bevan), white, black and tan dog (Chance—Nettie Bevan), June 4.

PET GLADSTONE (W. T. Hunter), bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Gladstone's Girl), March —.

JEAN MEDA (Will Wilson), white, black and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Andromeda), April 23.

ESMERALDA (Blue Ridge Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Cincinnatus—Canadian Queen), May —.

LIATH ADAMS (J. A. McCorgo), black and white bitch (Dave B.—Kate), March —.

ONWARD (D. C. Jones), black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Sees II.), Oct. —.

PROCTOR KNOTT (Blue Ridge Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), Jan. 6.

HOPE'S MINT (Blue Ridge Kennels), orange and white dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), Jan. 6.

LANCIERS (Blue Ridge Kennels), orange, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), Jan. 6.

DICK POX (Blue Ridge Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Chance—Countess Rush), April 8.

LADY BROOKS (Blue Ridge Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Chance—Countess Rush), April 8.

MISS WRAY (Blue Ridge Kennels), blue belton bitch (Gath's Mark—Mollie Belton), July.

DOT ROGERS (P. Lorillard, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), March 3.

ROD'S SUE (P. Lorillard, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), March 3.

ADDIE T. (P. Lorillard, Jr.), white, lemon and tan bitch (Roderigo—Maggie Gladstone), March 3.

MAIDEN MINE (P. Lorillard, Jr.), white and lemon bitch (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), Jan. 8.

GLADEOLA (P. Lorillard, Jr.), white, black and tan bitch (Blade—Estelle), Jan. 15.

SPIKE'S GIRL (P. Lorillard, Jr.), white, black and tan dog (Chance—Spike), May 25.

SCHLEY (P. Lorillard, Jr.), black, white and tan dog (Chance—Lufra), May.

GAIETY (Royal Robinson), black, white and tan bitch (Lone Jack—Gay Rhœbe), Feb. 13.

DESSIE HOPE (P. T. Madison), lemon and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Stocking), May 9.

ANDREW WHITE (M. F. Rogers), black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Mary Anderson).

RAP EYE DAN (Miss Helen McCreary), white and black dog (Ben Hill—Dolly S.), May 9.

APOLLO HILL (J. Shelly Hudson), black, white and tan dog (Ben Hill—Dolly S.), May 9.

TIM TREZEVANT (Pat. Henry), dog (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl) March.

DIRECT (J. W. Shriver), black, white and tan dog (Gun—Victoria Laverack), Aug.

CLEO (J. W. Shriver), black, white and tan bitch Gun—Victoria Laverack), Aug.

AULD CLOOTIS (N. B. Nesbitt), white, black and tan dog (Dick Boudhu—Shena Van), July 9.

KINGSTON (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.

HAMLET (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.

LOCHINVAR (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.

SAMIS (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.

CHEVALIER (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean)—Lucy Avent), June 7

SHADOW (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), June 7.

MISS JUNO (Avent & Thayer's Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Juno A.), Aug. 11.

HOPE'S PRIDE (Manchester-Watrace Kennels), liver and white dog (Gath's Hope—Georgia Belle), Aug. 21.

RANGER B. (Manchester-Watrace Kennels), liver and white dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), Jan. 8.

SPORT (Manchester-Watrace Kennels), liver and white dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), Jan. 8.

PINK (Manchester-Watrace Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle) Jan. 8.

TOLEDO SUE (Manchester-Watrace Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Toledo Blade—Bess S.) April 16.

—— (W. P. Conner), black, white and tan dog (De Soto—Zuda M.), Feb. 23.

—— (C. L. Stewart), black, white and tan bitch (De Soto—Zuda M.), Feb. 23.

—— (Whyte Bedford), black, white and tan dog (De Soto—Ruth), July 27.

NAPOLEON (J. W. Barker), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Hazel Heny), December.

REX THE KING (Jackson Denmark Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Lad B—Phyllis), Jan. 2.

LILLIAN RUSSELL (Jackson Denmark Kennels), black, white and tan bitch (Philip Gladstone—Lark), May 15.

GALE NOBLE (H. K. Devereux), black, white and tan bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble), March 21.

SPOT CASH (H. K. Devereux), black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), Jan. 8.

RUBY BLADE (R. B. Morgan), black, white and tan bitch (Toledo Blade—Zula C.).

IRISH SETTERS.

ELPHIN II. (Glendyne Kennels), red bitch (Tyrcunne—Kinovara), May 21.

POINTERS.

DON PASQUAL (W. N. Kent (liver and white dog (King of Kent—Vickerey's Daisy), Aug. 25.

LADY MIGNONETTE (J. R. Purcell), black and white bitch (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang), Feb. 3.

LADY PEG (W. T. Hunter), bitch (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo), March 20.

GEORGIA SUND (M. F. Rogers), black and white bitch (Adam's Ale—Bessie Pope).

KENT ELGIN (T. T. Ashford), black and white dog (King of Kent—Vera Bang), March 2.

RIDGEVIEW BEPPO (Graphic Kennels), liver and white dog (Beppo III.—Revelation), February.

BERMY LASS (Ed Gordon), liver and white bitch (Earl of Kent—Charlotte), June 21.

CONSCRIPT (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels) black and white dog (King of Kent—Hops), June.

JINGO (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), liver and white dog (Mainspring—Queen II.), May.

T. M. BRUMBY, Sec'y.

The Irish Setter Club trials will be held Sept. 13 and following days on the moors of Cookstown, County Cork, Ireland. Judges, I. Small and Capt. W. Arbuthnot Gresson.

# DOG CHAT.

### Rochester Dog Show.

The premium list of the fall show to be given by the Rochester Kennel Club in connection with the Western New York Agricultural Society, Sept. 27 to 30, has been received. It is a model of simplicity, and the only numbers the exhibitor has to keep before his mind are 5 and 3, which represent the number of dollars put up by the club as prize money in every class provided—challenge as well. Although in common with other members of dogdom, we cannot indorse the action of the Rochester people in their late "dog in the manger act," still they deserve the thanks of exhibitors for not providing a puppy class in any breed. Whether this arises from motives of economy or humanity it matters not, the fact remains that the puppies won't be in it. Spaniels have classification No. 1. Several cash prizes are given, among which Mr. Bellin, the judge, gives $5 for best in each open class and the third prize in open dog, bitch and novice classes in wire-haired fox-terriers. The Irish setter winner in the open dog class, will get $3 extra, through the kindness of Messrs. Selhaar and Warren. Mr. T. S. Bellin will take all non-sporting breeds, and the sporting classes will devolve on Mr. J. Otis Fellows, who also fills the role of superintendent. This is not a wise arrangement nor one that will allow Mr. Fellows to do justice to himself. It is beyond the physical possibility of any man to be in two places at once. We are expressing our views simply in the interests of justice to exhibitors, for if there is any man whom we would like to see benefit by such an arrangement it is "Uncle Dick." There is, however, a saving clause in this affair, we notice that Mr. Harry Yates will be assistant superintendent. Entries close Sept. 15 with Dr. O. S. Bamber, 75 Rowe street, Rochester, N. Y. Judging will commence Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 10 o'clock, and as all dogs must be in the building on Tuesday A. M. this gives Mr. Fellows time to arrange matters. Dr. O. S. Bamber, secretary of the Rochester dog show, announces later that a special of $2 will be given by fanciers as a third prize in the smooth fox-terrier open dog, open bitch, novice dog and bitch classes. He also calls attention to the fact that those holding bench show tickets are entitled to all the "fun of the fair," which includes races, competitions for hunters and four-in-hands.

### The Beagle Trials.

The beagle trials are assuming more inportance every year, and since the initiative was taken in 1890, sentiment has largely given place to business methods, and few dogs will be entered "just to fill up," as was the case at the first trials. It will not be long before professional handlers and trainers will crop up whose business it will be to see that their charges come well-trained and in proper condition for the work to be done. This all shows a progressive spirit and is to be encouraged. At the same time we should like to see a little more sportsmanship displayed. If men who keep beagles simply for show purposes and therefore look upon their stock more or less from a business point of view, have their opinion as to whom they will show under, all well and good. In the field, however, an etiquette obtains that should inspire every beagle owner with a different feeling. In the field there are so many untoward happenings and, contrary to a bench show, the animal itself is so much more the master of the situation, that this very uncertainty should appeal to the sporting temperament of the owner and lead him to enter his dogs for the pure love of the sport and not with the idea as to whether such and such a judge will be inimical to his chances of winning. If a man has a good field beagle he should not be afraid to run his dog under any two judges, provided of course, those chosen are capable of recognizing good work when they see it, and the beagle club committee is not a body which would choose certain judges unless they were fully satisfied as to their ability. Let there be no cry of cliqueism or favoritism and especially in an underhanded way. If a beagle owner thinks he will not receive justice or has not received justice, let him state his case and there are any amount of men on the grounds who will be able either to refute or indorse his criticisms. Run your dogs like sportsmen and don't be deterred by the idea that one or the other of the judges favors certain strains of beagle to the disparagement of others. We do not believe it.

### Railroad Jack.

Those dogmen who attended the Albany and Toledo shows some time since where he was exhibited were all interested in Railroad Jack, the apology for an Irish terrier that is so well known to every express messenger and baggage "smasher" on the roads from New York to Chicago. A couple of months since he took a trip to Cuba in company with some member of the fraternity. He was sent to Jacksonville last month and since then he has been traveling in the South and Southwest, passed on by one road to another, finally reaching New York last Wednesday, where he held a reception at the American Express office, and some 500 people "shook him by the hand." Jack had his trunk along; and this was almost as much of a curiosity as Jack himself. Originally a strawberry basket box, it now contains an assortment of material that would puzzle others than Jack to know what to do with. Every trainman and admirer on the roads seems to have contributed something, for among the articles were umbrellas, a box of cigars, pipes, tobacco, a knife over 2ft. long, two pistols, a pair of handcuffs used for slaves at Harper's Ferry during the War, a silver medal marked with a lone star and inscribed "Texas Jack," and a lot of other things more ornamental than useful. He left New York for Albany, his "native" city, on Wednesday afternoon. He was dressed in a tag which read, "In bond from New York." When he arrived at Albany he greeted his old friends in the depot and then started off into the city, probably to see old friends of his own kind. His trunk is covered with tags which tell an eloquent tale of his wanderings. For instance, on July 27 he was at Andad Suarez, Mex., and C. H. Schaffer, a customs broker, took him across the Rio Grande into old Mexico.

### Toronto Dog Show.

Mr. Stone informs us that entries have commenced to pour in for the Toronto dog show, Sept. 12 to 15, and the indications are that it will be the most successful ever held. The show now ranks among the first in America, and exhibitors both in the United States and Canada are very desirous to secure a win at Toronto. The fair itself being an unusually good one the fixture is always popular. The diplomas donated by the Canadian Kennel Club for competition among the members will be very handsome and well worth winning. Exhibitors are reminded that there are special passenger rates to Toronto. Entries close Sept. 1.

### Heavy Bonds for a Dog.

An interesting dog case of mistaken identity has just been decided, at least for the time being, in the Second District court of Newark. A Mr. Hammesfahr was positive a certain Irish setter belonged to him and another, Murtha, was equally positive that he had a just right to the dog. Hence the suit. Hammersfahr lost his dog on June 21 and advertised for it on June 28. Murtha owned a dog which had been lost a year, but a day before the advertisement appeared his dog returned home. Hammesfahr found out about Murtha's dog and then claimed it as his own. Murtha refused to give it up and the other brought a charge of grand larceny against him, besides taking out a writ of replevin and furnishing a bond of $11,000, which was demanded by Murtha's counsel. Then Murtha replevined the dog on his own account and the other man's counsel insisted that a large bond be given. Murtha's counsel said they could go to any extent; Hammesfahr then said he would be satisfied with $50,000, and Murtha qualified in $61,000, $50,000 for the dog and $11,000 to cover Hammesfahr's bond. While the dog was in the jurisdiction of the court the constable had a sleepless time of it, thinking of the heavy responsibility he had assumed, and built a structure especially for the dog. The trial resulted in testimony which favored Murtha as the owner and judgment was given in his favor. The end is not yet, for Hammesfahr intends to appeal, and the case may resolve itself into a repetition of the famous Western "calf case."

### A Musical Dog.

A very unique and amusing trial developed out of a suit of replevin for a dog brought by Dr. E. T. Brady against John A. Levi, in Justice Shannon's court in Kansas City, Mo., the other day.

Both parties claimed the ownership of the dog, and after several witnesses had been examined on either side the judge was at as great a loss to decide the question of ownership as at first. Dr. Brady's attorneys, however, stated that they could prove the claimantship beyond doubt by the recognition of the dog for Mrs. Dr. Brady, and she was accordingly summoned. The dog immediately jumped from his place in the prisoner's dock and showed with every demonstration of canine joy his recognition of his mistress. In consideration of the adverse testimony this was still not convincing to the judge, so Mrs. Brady agreed to give a last indisputable proof of the dog's ownership.

She stated that if she would sing a certain song the dog, in response to his training, would join in with her in his dog fashion and voice and sing the song through. This she did, and at the first words of the song the dog leaped for joy and fulfilled his part of the duet, to the astonishment of the spectators and the court.

No further evidence was taken, and the dog returned home with Mrs. Brady by order of the court.

### Grand Rapids Dog Show.

The premium list of the above show, to be held Sept. 19 to 23, issued by the Western Michigan Kennel Club, is before us. For an inaugural effort we must say the prize list is quite a good one, but we can scarcely compliment the management on the division of money. Mastiffs, great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, Irish and Gordon setters, collies and bloodhounds are given the Blodgett and bronze medals in the challenge and $8 and $4 in the open classes. St. Bernards are put off with the same challenge prizes, but only $6 and $3 in open classes. Other breeds have various moneys ranging from $5 and $3 to $3 and $2, but scarcely according to importance. Pointers and English setters have $10, $5 and $3 in the open classes with the same medals as above in challenge classes. The sporting classes are well cared for with specials. The National Greyhound Club gives several medals, as well as the Collie Club. The show is held under A. K. C. rules and entries, fee $2, close Sept. 10, and should be addressed to H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich. Roger D. Williams will judge greyhounds, deerhounds, bloodhounds, Psovois, foxhounds, whippets, etc. Frank C. Wheeler will take all non-sporting classes, and on John Davidson devolves the task of sorting out the winners in the sporting classes which include great Danes.

### An Interesting Trio.

"For several years I resided at Bromley, Kent, in rooms, as a bachelor, "says a writer in *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*," and when I first went there the landlady had a rabbit and a kitten, which lived in the house. I took my collie with me and he soon was used to the rest of the family. I objected to the rabbit coming into my room as it used to eat the newspapers, and therefore whenever I went in and heard the rabbit there, I used to say to Scot the collie, 'turn him out,' whereupon he would look under the sofa, and when he found the rabbit used to go after him and chase him out. If the rabbit got away from the chairs and tables, but would not go through the open door, Scot would guide or force him out with his nose. I never saw Scot offer to bite it. I have often seen collie, cat and rabbit all lying in front of the fire on the rug in the winter—rather a funny trio. Many friends of Scot's will remember the performance with the rabbit, as Scot used to have to perform the difficult feat of driving the rabbit out of the cover provided by chairs, table, sofa, etc., for their amusement."

### Brooklyn Dog Show.

The Brooklyn show people are out with their list of judges for the November show. It looks almost like a new draw to the average exhibitor, and as they say new brooms sweep well we hope the result will be satisfactory to all:

T. S. BELLIN—Bedlington, black and tan, bull, Dandie Dinmont, Irish, Scotch, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, bloodhounds, bulldogs, dachshunds and miscellaneous.

E. M. OLDHAM—Chesapeake Bay dogs, Clumber, cocker and field spaniels.

MARTIN DENNIS—Collies.

H. W. SMITH—Deerhounds, greyhounds and psovois or Russian wolfhounds.

W. TALLMAN—English, Irish and Gordon setters, pointers.

AUGUST BELMONT—All fox-terriers.

A. H. HEPPNER—Great Danes.

W. WADE—Mastiffs and Newfoundlands.

M. H. CRYER—Poodles, pugs, schipperkes, Italian greyhounds, toy spaniels and toy terriers.

A. M. HUGHES—St. Bernards.

H. W. LACY—Foxhounds and beagles.

### Unsound St. Bernards.

That a change will come over the methods of judging St. Bernards in the near future we are firmly impressed. Mr. W. O. Hughes-Hughes is striking in the wedge of common sense that we hope will make itself felt. At the last meeting of the English St. Bernard Club he gave notice of the following motion to be brought forward at the next meeting: "1. That in the opinion of this committee a St. Bernard which shows unsoundness in any respect ought to be disqualified by the judge at a dog show from receiving any prize or commendation whatever. 2 That in the opinion of this committee a St. Bernard is unsound which has in the slightest degree bowed forelegs or cowhocks." This, if carried into effect at once, would put a stop to the pretensions of a good half of the winning dogs of to-day, and this we cannot hope for at present. Still, if judges would pay a little more attention to the symmetry of the whole and leave size alone, in a year or two we should see a vast improvement, and owners would not be so liable to have that sinking feeling of shame when they walk out with a dog whose legs describe pothooks in the earth as he strolls along.

### Kingston Show.

The judges for Kingston are W. Tallman, who, as stated before, will have most of the classes; Andrew Laidlaw is down for spaniels and Dr. Mills for mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlands, etc. An excess baggage certificate will be issued with every identification ticket and the express companies will do as well as usual.

### A Dog Without a Brain.

According to the *Weider Medical Presse*, at the last meeting of German neurologists, held in Baden Baden, Prof. Goltz, of Strasburg, reported a most remarkable experiment. He cut out, in two operations, almost the entire cerebrum of a dog, leaving the cerebellum and a small portion of the base of the cerebrum. The animal lived for fifty-one days after the last operation, and then died of pneumonia. The remarkable part of the experiment was the influence it had on the dog, who, a few hours after the operation, raised himself on his hindlegs, put his paws over the side of the box, and looked inquiringly around. He could walk, eat and drink, and would chew any food that was placed in his mouth. Waking and sleeping alternated naturally. He was restless before feeding, but afterward became quiet and slept. A slight touch would awaken him from sleep. Hearing, taste and smell were, of course, absent.

### Smuggling Dogs.

That many good dogs are smuggled into this country very few will deny. We need not revert to the genteel evasion that goes on under the "for breeding purposes" plea. Last Saturday, however, the customs officers dropped on a man named James Doyle, an oiler on the s.s. Nevada, who tried to smuggle a Skye terrier and two Prince Charles spaniels. The dogs are valued at $75 each. Besides the animals, five dozen dog collars, two dozen dog brushes and other similar articles were found in Doyle's quarters. With the almost prohibitive rules now in force regarding importation of dog breeding stock there are likely to be a good many canine *sub rosa* importations.

### Sympathy in a Dog.

A butcher residing at Brodick, in the Isle of Arron, told me that he had two collie dogs at the same time, one old and the other young, relates a writer in the *Spectator*. The old dog became useless through old age and was drowned in the sea at Brodick. A few days afterward its body was washed ashore, and it was discovered by the young dog, who was seen immediately to go to the butcher's shop and take away a piece of meat and lay it at the dog's mouth. The young dog evidently thought that the meat would revive his old comrade, and thereby showed remarkable sympathy in aid of, to him, the apparent "weak."

That Mr. Mortimer has "landed with both feet" in the dog world is amply proven by the interesting article *Stock-Keeper* publishes in the issue Aug. 19. A capital pen and ink sketch is furnished showing our "impressario," as some one had it, with one foot in England and the other in America, just "landing." It is clever and a good likeness. Mr. Mortimer's visit to England should be of inestimable value to him in the judging ring, for we agree with the above journal when it infers that he is thoroughly "up to date" in dog show matters, has seen the latest styles of winners and talked with the men who are making the history of dogdom on the other side, a condition enjoyed by no other man in this country. Fashions change in dogs as well as in other less important matters.

When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned in regard to this peculiar superstition they will only answer: "A dog can find his way anywhere;" and we should think would do his level best to get out again.

Canadian fanciers will be pleased to hear that there is a movement on foot to start a kennel club in Montreal, Canada. The dog show last fall seems to have furthered the idea, and the then secretary and others are now anxious to start a club on the proper lines. There is no reason why a good kennel club should not be started in Montreal. There are many fanciers there, and it should be a good show town. A local paper says: "There is plenty of room for improving our kennel interests in Montreal, and the principal drawback seems that we are too bashful to make ourselves known to the doggy world."

The Toronto Kennel Club is an active body. They will move next month into their new quarters in the new Odd Fellows Hall. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario has promised to become a member, and the club has been incorporated under the laws of Ontario.

The president of the Beagle Club writes us that he was more than pleased with his trip to Maine, where he secured a place, as we mentioned in last issue, for the raising and training of his beagles superior to any he has yet seen. Deer, wildcats, foxes, coons, rabbits, etc., abound, and it is needless to say the range is unlimited. When he gets things fixed, as he has engaged an experienced man to break and train his dogs, he will have quarters for a few others whose owners may not be able to give their dogs such advantages at home.

The only "German" does not come out of his shell of silence very often—unless it be show time. He tells us in a recent letter that he intends doing the Canadian shows, and as he will have time to run a dog or two there for some other exhibitor, any one wishing to avail himself of this chance should do so. We all know the care Mr. Hopkins takes of his dogs when on the circuit and that he is reliable.

Messrs. Charles Diffenderffer and T. J. Sheubrookes, two leading members of the M. K. C., called on us Monday morning on their way to Atlantic City. They tell us that the M. K. C. will surely hold a show in Baltimore next year, and whisper very mysteriously of a spaniel that the former has invested in. Under what classification of the Spaniel Club it comes could not be ascertained, but that it is a No. 1 dog we were fully assured.

"If you have any regard for suffering humanity, refrain from mentioning in columns of FOREST AND STREAM that I have any pups for sale, or else I will be compelled to secure the services of a type writer. Announce to the public that all my pointer pups are sold, and that FOREST AND STREAM was an important factor in disposing of them." So writes Mr. R. Leslie of Lynn, Mass.

The Southern Field Trials Club must be congratulated on the excellent entry secured for their fifth annual Derby. As will be noticed, the English setter is still strongly intrenched, but we trust that the few pointers entered, which by their breeding show that they come from the right sort, will, in spite of all odds, give a good account of themselves. Mr. Bishop's solitary Irish setter has a heavy burden to bear, but for the honor of the country she has recently come from and her previous reputation, we hope that her owner's pluck will be rewarded. The English setters can take care of themselves or others for them.

The freedom of the Adirondacks would be considered ample exercising ground for any dog. If the report in the Auburn paper is true, that Kemp, "the dog fancier of the Adirondacks," has sold Dr. Conant-Sawyer a St. Bernard pup three and a half months old and weighing 80lbs., it would seem as if the question as to the best climate and country for breeding St. Bernards was solved.

New advertisements continue to fill our business columns we notice this week that C. T. Brownell has Gordon setter pups for sale; E. S. Everett, broken setter; E. Leach, English setter bitch; John N. Lewis, choicely-bred English setter pups; W. H. Chapin, pointer puppies; Matern Pointer and Setter Kennels, six well-bred pups; H. B. Vondersmith, Gardon setter pups. Training dogs, J. M. Whaite and C. W. Ellis. Wants—E. K. C. and A. K. C. stud books.

## SKIN DISEASES OF THE DOG.

DR. A. J. SEWELL writes another interesting article on this subject in the English *Kennel Gazette* and as it applies to questions as to treatment that we are continually receiving from readers of FOREST AND STREAM its publication may be of benefit to some poor tortured animal. Dr. Sewell says: "Several articles by my pen about canine skin diseases appeared in different numbers of the *Kennel Gazette* during last year, but no mention was made of that particular form of cutaneous disorder called Pityriasis versicolor, the subject of the present paper.

"This disease, like follicular mange, is confined almost entirely to puppies, by which I mean dogs under twelve months of age; it sometimes occurs in puppies as young as two months, but it generally commences when the dog is about four months old, which is the time the teeth are being changed, and the system, as a result, seems somewhat below par.

"I do not mean to say that adult dogs do not suffer from this complaint, but it is of a most rare occurrence and they do not form one per cent. of the cases.

"Pityriasis versicolor is of a contagious nature, but all dogs that come into contact with the disorder do not contract it more than they do follicular mange. Some are more susceptible than others, but if a healthy pup is put to live in the same kennel with one suffering from the disease it is almost sure to be transmitted.

"Dogs of all breeds are more or less liable, but of the two kinds, the long and smooth-coated, the latter seem more susceptible; at any rate, one sees more cases among the short-coated varieties; and dogs with a white coat seem more subject to the disease than those of other colors.

"Pityriasis versicolor is due to a vegetable parasite, which can only be seen with some difficulty with a microscope; it consists of a number of tortuous tubes, many of which branch at right angles.

"However, the disease is so very characteristic that the aid of a magnifying instrument is scarcely required to diagnose a case.

"*Symptoms.*—Small bald patches, about the size of a three-penny-piece [ten cent piece], which have a tendency to be circular, appear in different parts of the body, legs and head. During the earliest stages the spots are very small, in fact are scarcely noticed even upon a smooth dog when one is standing in front of the animal, more especially when the patient is a dark-colored one, but when standing behind the dog, and looking as it were through the coat, the bare places may be observed.

"If the patches are carefully examined by parting the hair from the surrounding healthy cuticle, the diseased skin will be noticed almost circular, and nearly denuded of hair; occasionally there remain a few straggling hairs, but as a rule, these are broken off short.

"The surface of the skin is a dull greyish color, of a dry, scaly appearance, and covered with fine dandriff. Here and there upon some of the patches may be seen small red pimples.

"The patches of diseased skin, as just stated, are, as a rule, at first small, but without the parasite is destroyed they increase in size until they become as large as half-a-crown, or even bigger. Now and then one sees a case where the whole head is covered with the disease; this has been caused by the disorder spreading from several centers and meeting.

"The same may happen on the body or legs, and then, of course, it loses its circular form.

"There is considerable irritation—more so in some cases than others—accompanying pityriasis, but nothing near to the same extent as is noticed in ordinary mange.

"*Treatment.*—This is now a simple matter, but at one time, when I used to use cooling lotion, with the idea of relieving the irritation, also sulphur ointment, which is one of the most useful remedies for general skin diseases, the attack very often used to continue for months, whereas since I have dressed the affected parts with the sulphur and lime lotion I find the complaint yields to treatment in most cases in about a month. The lotion should be made as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Slaked lime | ¼lb. |
| Powdered sulphur | ½lb. |
| Water | 2qts. |

"The lime and sulphur should be mixed together and then boiled with the water in an earthenware vessel until the fluid is reduced to about one-half. Set aside to cool, and when cold pour off the clear fluid, which should be kept in a well corked bottle.

"The dog, before being dressed, should have a thorough washing in tepid water, in which a little common soda has been dissolved.

"The lotion should be applied with a somewhat stiff brush, daily, to all the affected parts, not only to the bare places, but also to the apparently healthy skin, for at least half an inch outside the margin of the diseased skin, so as to insure the whole of the cutaneous structure likely to be attacked being dressed.

"This is most important, for, if the remedy, whatever it may be, is otherwise used, it will be found that, while the pityriasis is being cured in the center of the spot, the disease is extending at its borders

"When a person has neither the time nor convenience for making the sulphur and lime preparation, a bottle of Spratts' mange lotion, which answers the same purpose, should be obtained.

"With the idea of preventing the spread of the complaint, once a week I recommend the patient should have a bath in a warm solution of sulphurated potash, made of the following strength: One ounce to every gallon of water.

"This is to be used in addition to the above lotion, which should be applied only locally.

"When the disease is dead, new hair soon commences to appear on parts that were bare, and to stimulate its growth I advise that the dog should be dressed all over, twice a week, with cocoanut oil, but the lotion should not be discontinued too quickly, for if that be done there is sure to be a return of unfavorable symptoms.

"As to internal remedies, arsenic is useful, and the solution of arseniate of soda is about the best preparation.

"For toy terriers, give from one to two drops.

"Fox-terriers, and other dogs of similar size, from two to four drops.

"Collies, etc., from three to six drops.

"St. Bernards, etc., from four to eight drops.

"The minimum doses are for puppies four months old, and the maximum doses for pups ten months or older. Between these ages the medicine should be given proportionately."

## BAD FORM.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Mr. Donovan notes my entry of my mastiff Ealderman at the Toronto show, and while I, personally, have not the faintest objection to the fact being ever so widely known, I wish to suggest to Mr. Donovan and to all show officers, that it is bad form to announce in advance that any dog is to compete at any show. I remember well that many years since I had a bitch come in use just before a Pittsburgh show, and was uncertain whether I had better ship her to Boston for service or await coming of a dog to the Pittsburgh show, and on inquiry of Mr. Lincoln whether any mastiffs were entered, found him very reticent about the matter, although finally on my representation of the case, he advised me, in very strict confidence, that a certain dog was coming, and I kept the bitch for this dog, securing the owner's consent to the service. Exceptional circumstances may make it proper to divulge entries in advance, but the presumption is always very strongly against the propriety of so doing.

I again assure Mr. Donovan that I have no shadow of objection as far as I am concerned, but am merely calling attention to a dangerous custom that seems growing.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Aug. 13.

## SNAKE AND DOG FIGHT.

A MOST exciting fight, says the *Indian Daily News*, between a bull mastiff and a snake about 4ft. 5in. long, apparently of the dhamin species, was witnessed early last Friday morning by a number of persons residing in a house in Entally. The gentleman in whose house the occurrence took place keeps a large poultry yard, and the snake intending no doubt to make a meal of one of the fowls or ducks, was stealthily crawling into the yard, when the birds, scenting an enemy, began to crow and cackle and flutter about in their alarm. The snake had just caught a duck when the bull mastiff came running to the spot attracted by the noise, sprang upon the snake, and seized it close to the head. Acting on the defensive now, the snake released the duck and coiling itself round its antagonist endeavored to crush it. It compelled the dog to roll over; but the latter refused to quit his hold, while with his hind paws he struggled to tear the coils off him. This he partly succeeded in doing, and regained his feet, but the reptile once more coiled round him, and it appeared now as if the dog would be strangled, the folds of the snake forming a double ring round the mastiff's neck. The wriggling of the snake and the frantic struggle of the dog were now almost terrible, and were all the more intensely watched from the fact that no help could be rendered to the plucky dog, who never relaxed his grip. Both combatants rolled over a second time, and continued struggling for fully five minutes, while the dog pawed up the ground all round, and at last managed to make a slit about a span long in the skin of the snake by means of his claws. This was the beginning of the end. The dog once more threw off the coils and rose to his feet. Releasing his grip for a moment he made a dash at the head of the snake, and completely crushed it. Having disabled the snake so far, he tore the snake's body till the reptile was disemboweled. After a severe contest, extending over a quarter of an hour, the brave dog gained a complete victory. Strange to relate, the mastiff, with the exception of a large swelling in the inside of his mouth, sustained no injury, and appears to be doing well.

## THE CREDIT IS DUE TO THE BREEDER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It is not my usual custom to rush into print, but there has been a good deal said of late in the beagle line as to whom belongs the credit of bringing out good dogs, the buyer or the breeder.

As one of the oldest breeders, I wish to briefly state my views in the matter. "Uncle Dick" in his letter to FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 25, seems to hit the nail on the head when he says, that to the breeder belongs the glory. While the buyer should receive his share of credit for showing his speculative judgment in buying good dogs, the breeder should be entitled to most of the glory for producing the same. For instance, a careful breeder will study the disposition, breeding, and also the good and bad points of his bitches, and will then select a stud dog who will most likely suit them in all points, and past experiences tell me that the result will usually be gratifying. That is the way good specimen dogs are bred, and I think the breeder who produces them should receive the glory. It is gratifying to me to state, that two of Mr. Kreuder's best beagle dogs were bred by me.

GEORGE LAICK.

TARRYTOWN, N., Y. Aug. 27.

## DOGMATICS FROM DOGDOM.

It is astonishing what a close resemblance there is in the appearance of famous dogs and ones not famous.

—§—

The man who buys a dog and pays before seeing him learns a whole lot after.

—§—

The number of quarrels a bone contains depends on the number of dogs about.

—§—

Barking dogs will sometimes bite; also barkless dogs.

—§—

Because a greyhound carries a long face it does not follow that he is a sad dog.

—§—

What is considered an amiable discussion among dogmen would be considered a battle royal among other fraternities.

—§—

I once bought a watchdog, and then had difficulty in accumulating property for the dog to watch.

—§—

The dog that the policeman would destroy he first makes mad.

THE CYNIC.

## IS SCORING DOGS POSSIBLE OR FEASIBLE?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Scoring dogs is possible, but not feasible. It has been tried and abandoned many times years ago. If you will publish that little picture that you drew years ago, "Point Judging Beagles," it will nip all such nonsense in the bud. Poultry has been scored by points, but no large shows do it now. Comparison is the only true test for dogs, poultry or anything else. I could a tale unfold about scoring dogs, but do not care to inflict your readers any more than possible.

"UNCLE DICK."

## GREAT DANES.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am not very familiar with dog shows and the classification of the different breeds of dogs, but just now, being the owner of a solitary Great Dane or what I am led to suppose is one, I would like to know whether this handsome and intelligent animal is considered under the head of "sporting dogs." My friends tell me he is not, but as I believe this breed is known in some countries as a boarhound, I should think that ought to settle it.

GERMAN DOGGE.

WOODSTOCK, Can.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Jennie D.—Daybreak.* Thos. Dunn's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Jennie D. to N. McIntosh's Daybreak (Roy Monarch—Blue Jennie), Aug. 17.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Sarah.* E. Brooks's (Hyde Park, Mass.) Dandie Dinmont bitch Sarah (Border Jim—Fan), Aug. 23, five (two dogs), by his King o' the Heather.

*Lady Flute.* R. W. Pope's (Gardiner, Me.) beagle bitch Lady Flute, Aug. 18, six (four dogs), by his Royal Hunter.

*Flossy.* C. V. Griffith's (Anderson, Ind.) pug bitch Flossy (champion Kash— ——), Aug. 9, four (three dogs), by Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora).

*Mabel E.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman). Aug. 22, six (three dogs), by their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossy II.).

*Gladys.* Eberhart & Kinnie's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Gladys (Sir Loris—Phyllis II.), Aug. 23, five (three dogs), by their Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora).

*Primrose.* Dr Nicol's (Cookstown, Ont.) beagle bitch Primrose (Brittle Pearl), Aug. 14, three (one dog), by his King Krurger (Sport Bannerman—Virgie).

*Jill.* Dr. Nicol's (Cookstown, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Jill (Doctor—Lucy), Aug. 4, nine (three dogs), by his Bambo (Bob Obo—Nina).

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Happy Thought.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 23, 1892, by Happy Toby out of Lady Alma, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to F. A. Davies, Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Satan.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1891, by Spokane out of Sara Bernhardt, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Wm W. Weeks, Bridgeton, N. J.

*Kildare—Rose Sarsfield whelp.* Red Irish setter, by Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., to David Laughlin, Utica, N. Y.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

READER, Detroit, Mich.—I have an English mastiff whose ears are sore, caused by flies. Please inform me what will cure them and also prevent the flies from settling on them again. Ans. Rub some oil of tar on the spot, when dry put more on.

A. S. L., Buffalo, N. Y.—Please give extended pedigree of Countess of Devonshire. Ans. By Bruce out of Wiltshire Kate, by Monarch out of Nora, by Marquis out of Bell; Monarch, by Lang out of Rhona; Bruce, by Don out of Countess, by Lang out of a bitch of Mr. Lang's; Don, by Lang out of a bitch of Mr. Lang's. Breeder, J. L. Bulled, England.

W. A. D.—Should the nose of a dachshund be black or flesh-colored? Ans. It all depends on the color of the dog. If a black and tan, the nose should be black; but if red, it is a matter of choice. If black, it enhances the dog's appearance somewhat. Yes, the ears should be long enough to lap over the nose.

CONSTANT READER, New York City.—See advice to "F. T. A." Syringe the sheath out with warm water three times a day, and then use the following lotion:

| | |
|---|---|
| ℞ Zinci sulph | gr. v. |
| Plumbi acet | gr. iii. |
| Carbolic acid | m. v. |
| Glycerine | 3ss. |
| Pulv. acacise | gr. viii. |
| Aq. ad | ʒvi. |

M. P. T. lotis.

Inject a tablespoonful each time and hold it in the sheath for a minute or two.

F. T. A., Sharon, Conn.—I have a liver and white setter dog, some five years old and a fine worker. He is fat and feels lively, but he has had two or three turns of bleeding from the sheath during the past six months. He has not been hurt to my knowledge and has no weakness of the back or hips, and why he bleeds I cannot see. For the last two weeks he has seemed to be very much constipated; at any rate, seemed to be in pain when the bowels wished to act. Will yelp and draw his hinder parts on the ground as if it hurt him to have a passage. Does the constipation cause the trouble? What is the best physic to administer? Ans. Better take the dog to a veterinarian, who could examine the parts to see if there are any lesions, the result of injury or disease; he might also examine the rectum. You do not say whether he passes water freely. Give a tablespoonful of castor oil with 10 drops of tincture of hyoscyannis. Keep the parts clean and give the following pills: Ergotine grs. 3ss; gallic acid, ʒi; to make 12 pills. Give one three times a day.

# Canoeing.

ONE of the pleasant features of the meet has been the abundance of music, not strictly classical, perhaps, but none the less appropriate. The three cornets made lively music; not only at "colors" and "taps" and for marching, but at the camp fire. The two drums, too, gave martial air to the camp, and one of the pleasantest frolics of the meet was the wild march by torchlight over the entire point, to the music of the drums and cornets. The Bulwagga camp boasted a real piano, but it was not of general use, being non-portable. The eight or ten guitars, banjoes and mandolins in camp made a very good orchestra for dancing and singing, as well as for instrumental music at the camp-fires.

Fortunately "Comrades" was forgotten this year, but the other "spielers"—"Maggie Murphy," "Annie Rooney" and "Joe"—were on hand, in company with "Mary Green," and even the disreputable Mr. "McCluskey" found his way in with them.

The A. C. A. meets have been remarkable for the odd and attractive songs which have come in from year to year, some being undeservedly forgotten. In 1884 there were the two French Canadian songs, "Alouet'é" and "Boule Roulant," both very taking airs; also the old catch, "Hop Aloug, Sister Mary." A year later Dr. Neidé brought to camp a shanty song of more than usual merit, "Rolling Down from Old Mohea," which has since been forgotten, though deserving of preservation. A favorite song in 1886 was "Ring, ring the Banjo," sung by Mr. Andrews, of the Rochester C. C. In 1888 Mr. Lundberg, of the Mohicans, came to Lake George and captured the camp with his magnificent voice and the charming song "Necken." The Jessup's Neck meet of 1889 will long be remembered for its famous "Coon Band" of three darkies with their "Watermelon Growing on the Vine," still a universal favorite in camp, as well as for the popular "Cock Robin."

The present meet has brought out more music than usual. Mr. Howard Gray, of the Vespers, has helped out every camp fire with some good comic songs; Mr. Moffatt, of the Yonkers C. C., has sung a number of ballads, though his taste for comic songs has, for some reason declined since 1890, and the "Wail of Toe" was not heard once, though often demanded; Mr. J. R. Lake, of the New York C. C., brought to camp a rousing shanty song, "Bound for Australia," which has been sung, hummed and whistled everywhere, lending good aid in all the camp work. Messrs. Francis, of the Bulwaggas, brought some good college songs to the camp-fires and lent good aid in all choruses. The chief musical feature, however, was the singing of Mr. C. B. Asbenden, of the Newton Boat Club, the fortunate possessor of a fine baritone voice. His singing of "Annie Laurie" won the praise of all who heard him, and the little song "Fraulein," which was demanded on every occasion, is one of the quaintest and daintiest of airs ever heard at a meet.

THE work of the various committees this year has been so carefully done as to call for no complaint or criticism. Messrs. Gibson, Huntington and Dorland in particular have managed their respective committees in a way never done before, and the races have been run on time, with no protests or unfinished business; the transportation has been most satisfactory, and Mr. Huntington has been on the ground from the first day to the last, attending to the camp floors and lumber supply and the general management of the camp.

THE various comments and criticisms which the FOREST AND STREAM in common with canoeists has made on previous meets have been met by the statement that the average canoeist is a chronic kicker who pays but a dollar a year and wants everything in return. That this is untrue is shown by the present meet, at which there has been hardly a complaint from anyone, even under the trying conditions of the rainy weather. The fact that the officers had made an earnest and successful effort to secure all practicable advantages for the campers, was appreciated by all; and such work and discomfort as is incidental to all camping was accepted cheerfully as a part of the fun. That grumbling which has been heard in other years over defective transportation or poorly managed races was absent this year, not because everything was absolutely perfect, but because all arrangements were as good as could reasonably be expected.

THE incidental entertainments which have been an interesting feature of every camp since Mr. Seavey joined the A. C. A. in 1884 have all been surpassed by the number and quality of those given this year. The old fellows will remember the first affair, the Indian war dance and tableau on the hill at Grindstone, in which little Sob took a star part. From that time on Mr. Seavey has been the recognized head of all camp frolics, including the famous "ball" at Bow Arrow Point in 1887, the "Great Triple Aggregation" at Stave Island in 1888, the minstrel show at Jessup's Neck in 1890 and the great sea serpent and impromptu tableaux here last year. The greatest of all of these was the Stave Island circus, an entirely impromptu affair, but excellently managed. The two entertainments this year were more elaborate, being planned long in advance. The "As You Like It" tableaux were worthy of a far larger audience and of more than one solitary performance, being most artistically produced. The illumination and storming of the fort were also on a most elaborate scale, and would have attracted attention under any circumstances, being all the more remarkable when produced for a single night in the woods. With these two were the camp-fire of the Bulwagga C. C. with the best musical programme ever given at a meet; the three making a series of performances which will probably be unequalled for a long time, although it is the wish of every good A. C. A. man that "Seavey may manage all our shows, for a hundred years to come."

THE two facts which stand out most prominently in connection with the 13th annual meet of the American Canoe Association are that it has been an unqualified success, and that this success has been due primarily and principally to Com. Winne. The able and efficient work of every committee has been an important factor, but from first to last, from the meeting of the executive committee last November until the A. C. A. flag was lowered for the last time in camp last week, the Commodore has worked unceasingly over every detail. The weather of the first ten days was most discouraging, threatening a failure of the entire meet; but through it all the Commodore was as bright and cheerful as ever, all over the camp, with a pleasant word here and a laugh at the rain there, leading in one project or another to keep the camp alive and the canoeists amused. The perfect working of all details of transportation, camp location and other matters which have given so much trouble in previous years, bears testimony to his executive ability; but beyond this he has done much for the social life of the meet, bringing the men together and making of the camp one large party of intimate friends.

There are two very difficult tasks which fall to the lot of every commodore during the meet at which he presides. One of these is to keep the camp alive, to amuse and interest every one, and to mould the whole party of over two hundred, many of them new men and strangers, into one friendly and sociable body. The other task is to restrain the more turbulent spirits who bring disorder to every meet, and to keep them within bounds which shall not infringe on the enjoyment of the majority of those present.

Com. Winne has proved equal to both tasks; he has taken the lead in every entertainment, and has made the headquarters what it should be, the central point of the whole meet and camp.

THE quiet and order which has prevailed in the present camp is in marked contrast to some previous years. The first experimental outbreak after the style of last year, led by men who from their positions should know better, met with such prompt action on the part of the Commodore that it was not repeated, and the result was that such fun as prevailed after taps at 11 P. M., was so subdued as to cause little disturbance to those who wished to spend a part of the night in sleep.

### A Lazy Cruise for Recreation.

SMYTH proposed it. Ward suggested the destination—the Atlantic Highlands. Vaux moved that a sloop be chartered to take the canoes and duffle across the Bay and bring them back. Stevens engaged the sloop, and he and Plummer purchased the "prog." Mac, Lake and Schieffelin simply agreed to go. Raoul said he would sail over in his own boat and camp with the party, and he did. Ward could not get his catboat off the shore, where she grounded in a squall, and therefore missed the fun and unfortunately for all—himself included—had to stay at home over the glorious Fourth.

Friday evening just at sunset the 40-ton sloop Grover Cleveland dropped anchor off the Bensonhurst pier and Captain Mack came ashore to the New York C. C. float in his yawl to report ready for orders.

The club house presented a busy scene. Old camp kits and shore tents were being overhauled, and the racing canoes were put in cruising trim. Few regatta day visitors would have believed that the house contained any cruising outfits, since their many visits there had revealed to them nothing but large sails, 5ft. sliding seats, and purely racing canoes. It must be confessed that the word *cruising* has rarely been heard spoken in the club house of late years, and since the ante South Beach days no cruising has been done by the members or from the club house except by the veteran Dr. Curtis—who is now off for a month—and young Raoul who has never had an attack of racing fever.

There was no wind at 8 on Saturday morning and therefore the five who were on hand took things leisurely, and by easy stages ferried the duffle out to the Grover and got their canoes on deck. Raoul left the house at 5 in the morning to sail to the camp in Marguerite, Lake and Schieffelin could not leave their offices in time to sail down on the sloop, but were to go by train later in the day, and therefore their canoes and camping things were put aboard the Grover with the rest.

A light breeze sprang up at 10 o'clock, S.S.E., and dead ahead. Everything was on board and ready for the voyage. The anchor was lifted, the jib set and the sloop headed as near south as she could point. The day was perfect, hot sun and cool breeze, and the men could not have enjoyed the sailing more if they had been on the deck of the finest yacht.

The steward started a fire in the cabin stove a little later on and prepared a meal for the captain and crew, including a big batch of hot biscuit, a large part of which he offered to the passengers, and they were not slow in accepting the kindness. The stove was turned over to the two cooks of the party as soon as captain and crew had dined, and a delicious meal was served up to those on deck, thus making the first hole in the camp stores.

The tide was high at 1:30. At 2:30 the sloop ran hard and fast aground on the highest flat in the Horseshoe, a mile off shore. By 3 P. M. the canoes were all afloat and all the camp duffle was stowed in the yawl alongside ready for the voyage up the Shrewsbury to the camp ground that had been settled upon beforehand. All sailed, even the yawl, and worked to windward up to the Central R. R. drawbridge. There a very strong ebb current was encountered and the yawl carried away her centerboard by striking a bar. Plummer and Smythe had gone ahead above the draw. Mac, Stevens and Vaux kept near the yawl, their base of supplies. A council of war was held, and it was decided to get a shore meal before proceeding further. While the men were dining Plummer and Smythe returned and then it was decided to camp nearby as it was getting late and the crew had to return to the sloop to help Capt. Mack get the Grover off the flat at the next high tide.

The only Republican in the party deliberated some time early in the day before he consented to board a transport having such a name, and was jubilant when the sloop ran aground, and he could get in his "I told you so."

Running down before the wind the canoes skirted the shore at the mouth of the river, and a mile below the bridge on the shore of the bay a fine sand beach was found. The canoes were beached less than half a mile from a house where it was evident fresh water could be obtained, and the camp things were taken ashore from the yawl, and the work of pitching tents began. It was dark before the two tents were up and the cots and blankets placed in them ready for the night. Plummer put a small tent over his canoe and slept in it.

After the heavy work was done a camp-fire was started and a refreshing beverage brewed over it, just as a like tipple used to be made on Grindstone Island.

Probabilities were talked over and it was agreed that Raoul had reached the camp ground on Pleasure Bay before dark, and that Lake and Schieffelin, coming down by train, had found him and would camp with him over night, and not finding the rest of the party, all three would sail down the river next morning in the Marguerite looking for the main camp.

Exactly this happened. The Marguerite made her appearance before 11 o'clock and then the party was complete. Lake and Schieffelin went out to the sloop and got their canoes and pitched their tent. As a stiff gale of wind was blowing, the rest of the party was content to stay ashore and rest. The day was intensely hot, and swimming proved to be the most satisfying diversion.

After dinner the west showed manifest signs of a heavy squall and thunder shower. It was fine watching the storm gather and the heavy clouds gradually spread out to the north and east. Ample warning of the coming trouble was given, and the old campers heeded the signs in the sky by securing their tents with strong guy lines and long pegs driven far down into the heavy sand. Rubber blankets were spread over the things in the tents, oilers and sou'westers were fished out ready to put on at a minute's notice. When the storm broke it did no damage, although it was by far the most violent experienced in this vicinity thus far this year.

Those who were at Jessup's Neck in 1890 that first Sunday of camp will appreciate what a heavy thunder squall means to campers. The men did not stay in their tents, but in oilers and with bare feet remained outside to be prepared to repair damages quickly and satisfactorily if any accident happened. The tents stood the test and remained firm, leaking so little that nothing of any account got wet. Dry wood had been stored away, and when the heavy part of the shower passed over, a fire was started and a royal dinner cooked and eaten just as darkness shut in. The rain kept up in a half-hearted way till nearly 10 o'clock; but with a good camp-fire and comfortable tents it mattered not to the campers what the weather might be.

One of the fellows had a bad habit of going out at inconvenient times. The owner had been using it pretty constantly for some time, either carrying it about with him, or leaving it on the ground to mark the spot where some useful article had been temporarily placed. While carrying this lantern late in the evening the owner was seen moving about the beach in a way that indicated that he was in search of something. He visited every spot where his things had been placed at different times, and was heard to mutter strange incantations meanwhile. Finally he exclaimed, "Confound that lantern; it's out again, and I can't find it." A roar of laughter greeted this remark, and he was asked if he expected to find it by the light in his hand. He then admitted that "it was one on him"—and his name was Vaux. Before 11 all were asleep.

At about 1 A. M. the wind shifted, the sky cleared and a violent wind squall from the west struck the camp, driving sand, sticks and beach-drift before it, which hammered on the canvas and awoke the sleepers, who at once supposed another rain squall was upon them. The wind was even more severe than during the thunder squall, and blew the hot coals from the slumbering camp-fire along the beach, emitting sparks as they went, which threatened destruction to tents, sails and canoes. Water had to be hastily thrown over the fire to prevent a conflagration. The large tent occupied by Lake, Schieffelin and Plummer blew about in such a violent manner and made such a noise about it that sleep for them was impossible, even after they felt certain it was not in danger of blowing away. Not until 4 A.M., when the wind moderated somewhat, did they go off to sleep again. The others had no trouble.

Monday morning was in every way the glorious Fourth. The sky was clear, the air cool, not a cloud to be seen and a strong west wind was blowing, which kicked up a heavy sea, as it had the full width of the bay for its sweep. After a very elaborate breakfast, which took time to prepare and dispose of, the wind dropped somewhat and the canoes were launched for a little sailing.

The tide was low, but rising, and the canoes often ran aground and had to be pushed off the flats. Stevens's canoe Kismet draws about 10in. of water and therefore he had more trouble than the rest. At one time his keel touched and he luffed up, and being within 10ft. of the shore stepped overboard to wade in. Imagine his surprise and the mirth of those who were watching him when he did not find bottom with his feet, but lost his balance and plunged in head over ears. He happened to hit upon a deep hole and was unmercifully laughed at for his misplaced confidence.

The boy of the party—Schieffelin—kept the others in constant fear of their lives while he celebrated the Fourth in the true old-fashioned way, firing giant crackers near the tents and canoe sails. Then he shot at a mark with a long-barreled revolver, the muzzle of which had a bad habit of raking the entire camp from time to time. Peace of mind was not restored till his last shell had been exploded. Part of his kit consisted of two heavy, long, sharp, bowie knives. These he did not carry about with him but dropped on the sand, innocent of sheath, wherever it happened to suit his convenience. As the fellows were walking about with feet bare, there was constant danger of stepping on these villainously murderous weapons. As luck would have it he only succeeded in cutting himself in the hand. The single serious wound of the entire three days was inflicted by a mild and usually harmless tent peg which came in contact with a bare toe moving at a high rate of speed along the beach in order to enable its owner to see the sunset.

Smythe remarked Monday morning when some one called his attention to his gloriously sunburnt face, that if he expected to keep his present skin he would have to rivet it on.

After dinner tents were struck, the canoes and yawl—which came off from the sloop—launched and loaded, and the voyage to the transport began. By 3:30 all was on board and a start for home was made. The wind had died away almost entirely, and the Grover only drifted "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Supper was served on board, and by 8 o'clock the sloop was within half a mile of Norton's Point. Then the wind died out entirely, or came in puffs from any and all directions, and a strong ebb tide set the vessel out toward the open sea. Four hours of drifting ensued, beguiled by song and story, and then a gentle puff carried the Grover around the Point into Gravesend Bay and out of the tide. The anchor was dropped off the pier at 12:30, and by 1 A. M. the canoes, camping things and men were all in the club house and the cruise was over.

The present indications are that the cruising fever has set in, and if the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM never hear of a New York man racing again they will know the reason

ONE OF THE CRUISERS.

### Detroit Boat Club.

ON Sept. 19 and 20 an open canoe meet will be held on the Detroit River, under the auspices of the Detroit Boat Club. The events will be:

Paddling races—1, ½ mile, single; 2, ½ mile, tandem; 3, ½ mile, paddling upset; 4, ¼ mile, tandem, standing; 5. ½ mile, single blade, with turn; 6, ½ mile, club fours; 7, hurry scurry.

Sailing races—8, 3 miles, limit measurements; 9, 3 miles, no limit; 10, combination, sailing and paddling.

Any canoeman who is a member in good standing of a recognized canoeing association or club will be eligible to compete in any of these events. Suitable prizes will be offered for each event. A. C. A. rules will govern measurements and races. It is earnestly requested that all who purpose entering any of these races will signify their intentions at the earliest possible date.

### New York C. C. Regatta.

The fall regatta of the New York C. C. will be held at Bensonhurst, Gravesend Bay, Saturday, Sept 3. Paddling, sailing, swimming and other races; gymnastics, tricks and other contests. Members of the A. C. A. and of canoe clubs in the vicinity, will be welcome. All races open to all comers. Sleeping accommodations, in the club house, will be provided for those canoemen who come from other clubs. Meals can be had at the pier, near by. Ferry every half hour from the Battery to Thirty-ninth street, South Brooklyn; train from there.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Northern Divison: J. Dakers Paterson, Montreal. Central Division; Abram Barker and W. E. Bailey, Seattle, Wash.

# Yachting.

### Corinthian Y. C. 4th Annual Sweepstakes, Aug. 22.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of New York, has this year shared the luck of nearly all clubs in the way of small entry lists, the fleet of eight or ten starters in its former sweepstake races having shrunken to three. The race, too, has been less exciting than usual from the fact that the positions of the three yachts composing the present 46ft. class had already been finally settled by the races of the New York Y. C. cruise, at least so far as first place is concerned.

In the three previous years it has so happened that there have been questions of supremacy undecided by the earlier racing, and the Corinthian sweepstakes, with its fair and neutral course, and with every yacht specially overhauled for it, has been accepted as the final test. This year the concluding races of the cruise at Marblehead left no room for question as to Wasp's superiority over both Gloriana and Harpoon, the only important issue being between the latter two for second place, and even this question excited comparatively little interest after the heated discussions of last year, owing to the important changes in the yachts, owners and skippers.

There is little doubt that Harpoon is a decided improvement over last year's Beatrice, but it is a more difficult matter to gauge Gloriana's present performance with that of 1891, and in the present race this difficulty was increased by the fact that her trim had been changed by the removal of some 1,500lbs. of lead from her keel, to compensate in part for the added immersion caused by over a year's soaking of the hull.

The race was much the same in all its conditions as in the other three years, being sailed over the same triangular course, 25 nautical miles, and in a moderate S.W. wind, there being, however, but one prize, the $300 sweepstakes with a sum added by the club. The course was off Newport, starting and finishing off the Brenton's Reef Lightship, the first leg, 8½ miles, being in the direction of Point Judith. The starters were:

| | Owner. | Designer. | Helmsmen. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | Archibald Rogers | N. G. Herreshoff | Capt. Chas. Barr |
| Gloriana | Dr. W. B. Hopkins | N. G. Herreshoff | Capt. John Barr. |
| Harpoon | Messrs. Adams | Edward Burgess | Chas. F. Adams. |

The wind was light from the north early in the day, finally settling in the S.W., and when the regatta committee, Messrs. E. B. Clarke, Chas. Stewart Davidson and W. H. Plummer, with Mr. George A. Cormack, reached the start on the steam yacht Sapphire, they set the signals for the usual course, the first leg S.S.W.

There was a ten minute preparatory interval after the first signal, at 12:25, and three minutes in which to cross after the starting whistle, at 12:35. All three swung club topsails, Wasp alone carrying a baby jibtopsail. On board Wasp was Mr. Rogers and Mr. Hereshoff; on board Gloriana were Messrs. Royal Phelps Carroll and Hugh Norman, and on board Harpoon were Messrs. Sharp and Sigourney Butler with her owners.

Wasp was close by the line and went over within 12s., Gloriana being 42s. later. Harpoon laid back and waited almost the full limit, being timed at 12:47:42. All crossing on the starboard tack, they stood off shore for about a mile, when Wasp tacked, followed by Harpoon, and headed in for Narragansett, leaving Gloriana to stand on some distance further before tacking after them. The wind was very light at the start, but increased gradually, Wasp leaving Harpoon all the time. When Gloriana and Harpoon met, after the former's long tack off shore, which happened as the two were nearing Point Judith, Harpoon had the starboard tack and Gloriana was forced to bear away a little, Harpoon having thus gained 2m. on her.

The weather mark was turned:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Wasp | 1 47 48 |
| Harpoon | 1 52 28 |
| Gloriana | 1 55 11 |

The second leg was run with booms to port and balloon jibtopsails set, Harpoon setting her spinaker to starboard when a couple of miles from the second mark. All jibed at the mark, the times being:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Wasp | 0 59 52 |
| Harpoon | 1 03 01 |
| Gloriana | 1 05 35 |

With a freshening breeze Wasp reached for the finish, still making a gain on the other two, the times at the line being:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Wasp | 1 01 09 |
| Harpoon | 1 02 20 |
| Gloriana | 1 10 47 |

The official times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wasp | 12 35 12 | 4 24 01 | 3 48 49 |
| Harpoon | 12 37 42 | 4 35 26 | 3 57 44 |
| Gloriana | 12 35 54 | 4 38 27 | 4 02 33 |

Neither of the yachts was measured before the race, but fortunately the finish was so decided that no question can arise over the corrected times. Admiral Belmont was on board of Ituna as the guest of Mr. Morgan. The steam yacht Linta, Mr. Walter Luttgen, carried the representatives of the press, Fleet Captain M. Roosevelt Schuyler being in command. A number of steam and sailing yachts were present to witness the race.

### Fall River Y. C., Aug. 23.

FALL RIVER—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

THE open regatta of the Fall River Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 23 in a light breeze, the times being:

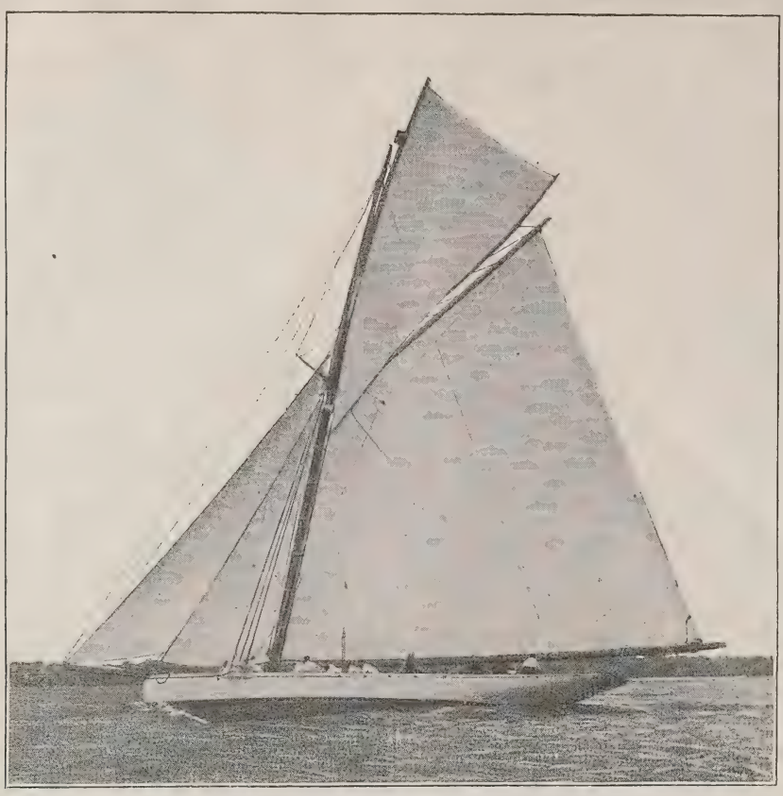
| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| **FIRST CLASS.** | | |
| Verena, Providence | 2 03 00 | 2 02 45 |
| Mariquita, Providence | 2 05 11 | 2 05 11 |
| **SECOND CLASS.** | | |
| Hattie, Fall River | 2 28 23 | 2 25 03 |
| Lorita, Marion | 2 19 42 | 2 19 42 |
| Composite, Fall River | 3 00 15 | 2 35 17 |
| **THIRD CLASS.** | | |
| Pigeon, New York | 2 32 11 | 2 32 11 |
| Mabel Gertrude, Fall River | 3 01 51 | Not meas. |
| Onysia, New York | 2 32 40 | 2 32 33 |
| Flight, Marion | 2 25 27 | 2 22 23 |
| Hector, Mattapoisett | 2 30 30 | 2 25 25 |
| Annie, Fall River | 2 39 54 | 2 28 21 |
| **FOURTH CLASS.** | | |
| Cocheco, Providence | 1 42 51 | 1 42 25 |
| Curlew, Providence | 1 41 41 | 1 39 23 |
| Olivette, Fall River | 1 42 15 | 1 38 22 |
| Gymnote, Cataumet | 1 34 53 | 1 34 53 |
| Ahedine, Providence | 1 39 13 | 1 37 45 |
| Maud, Providence | 1 41 54 | 1 38 30 |
| Victor, Providence | 1 37 26 | 1 35 08 |
| Alice, Nayatt | 1 40 45 | 1 35 45 |
| Catspaw, Newport | 1 41 56 | 1 39 51 |
| **FIFTH CLASS.** | | |
| Doris, Monument Beach | 1 45 23 | 1 44 26 |
| Unknown, Swansea | 1 44 00 | 1 38 19 |
| Viobrara, Newport | 1 53 10 | 1 49 22 |
| Patience, Fall River | 1 45 09 | 1 45 09 |
| Hesper, Fall River | 1 43 44 | 1 40 31 |
| Daisy, Wareham | 1 42 52 | 1 40 01 |
| **SIXTH CLASS.** | | |
| Marianna, Fall River | 1 45 14 | 1 43 09 |
| Alice W., Fall River | 1 44 38 | 1 44 38 |
| **SEVENTH CLASS.** | | |
| Midget, Fall River | 58 14 | 56 45 |
| Dido, Fall River | | Not measured. |
| Madchen, Fall River | 54 39 | 54 39 |
| **EIGHTH CLASS.** | | |
| San Jose, Fall River | 1 07 02 | 1 05 18 |
| Marietta, Fall River | 1 04 39 | 1 04 33 |
| Marie, Fall River | 1 10 08 | 1 10 08 |

The winners were: First class, Verena; second class, Lorita; third class catboats, Flight first and Hector second; fourth class, Gymnote; fifth class, Unknown; sixth class, Daisy; seventh class, Dido; eighth class, Marietta.

Prizes: First class, silver ice pitcher valued at $30; second class, pair Lemaire's field glasses; third and fourth classes, first $20, second $10; fifth class, $15 and $8; sixth class, $10 and $5; seventh and eighth classes, $5 and 3.

### Dilemma and El Chico.

ON Aug. 22 a private match was sailed in connection with the Corinthian Y. C. sweepstakes between the two Herreshoff fin-keels Dilemma and El Chico, the former being the first of the type, built last fall, and now owned by Mr. Gouverneur Kortright, who sailed her. El Chico was sailed by her owner, Mr. H. Maitland Kersey. The course was over the windward leg of the Corinthian triangle and return, 16⅜ miles, the start being made just after the 46 footers crossed. Dilemma led by nearly 8m. at the weather mark, increasing her lead some 2m. on the run in, and winning easily; her time for the 16⅜ miles being 3.54.04.



CORSAIR. DESIGNED BY ARTHUR E. PAYNE.

## British 40 Raters.

THE largest and finest class of yachts yet built under the length and sail area rule of the Y. R. A. is the 40 rating, nearly equivalent to the American 60ft. lwl. class. Above this class are a few large yachts of various sizes, Iverna 118 rating, Metor (Thistle) 116, Valkyrie 77, Yarana, now Maid Marian, 62, and several of 60 rating; but the largest class with sufficient yachts to make a strictly class race is the 40 rating. A number of good boats have been built for it within the past five years, Deerhound, Creole, Castanet, Thalia, Reverie and others; but the new boats of the year have proved themselves more than a match for the best of the old ones.

The accompanying pictures show the three, Queen Mab, Varuna and Corsair. The former is the most noted of the three, not only from the fact that she is the most successful, but because she is the largest racing yacht yet built in England with a centerboard, not including one or two yachts, such as Iverna, which have tried and discarded a small fin. Queen Mab was designed by Mr. Watson and built by Henderson & Co., of Glasgow, her waterline being just under 50ft. and her sail area about 4,000sq. ft. Lloyd's Register is discreetly silent as to her beam, but we understand that it is about 16ft. or 17ft. more than Genesta and Galatea, 20 to 25ft. longer. She has a centerboard of Delta metal weighing 3½ tons. The hull is of composite build. Varuna is a sister ship by the same designer and builders, but a keel craft, and narrower. She has been by no means as successful as Queen Mab.

The third yacht, Corsair, is the first large racer built by Mr. Arthur E. Payne, one of the most successful of British designers in the smaller classes. Thus far she has shown very well, though not up to Queen Mab. How much of the latter's success is due to her centerboard is as yet an open question here, as nothing is known as to the extent to which the board is used. In some of the smaller British racing yachts the centerboard has been tried this year only to be discarded, and one authority states that Queen Mab is now sailing with the board permanently housed, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the statement. The most noticeable feature of each of the yachts is the long, full bow.

## The Freak Protest.

THE regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. has rendered the following decision in the appeal of Mr. John B. Paine against the disqualification of Freak in the race of July 28:

REGATTA COMMITTEE, EASTERN YACHT CLUB, BOSTON, Aug. 25.—At a rehearing of the Alpha-Freak protest, held Aug. 23, the regatta committee have revised their previous decision, and now unanimously decide that the sail carried to port by Freak and Pyxie on the second leg of the second round of the race on July 28 was, to all intents and purposes, a spinnaker. They therefore disqualify the Freak and Pyxie. They refer to an English decision attached in confirmation of their finding. The committee are also of the opinion that the sail carried by Freak and Pyxie as above, if not a spinnaker, was a second jib, which is not allowed under racing rule 11. The committee have heard Freak's side of her protest against the other boats for booming out their jibs, and have decided not to allow said protest, as no rule is infringed, William S. Eaton, Jr., Chairman; R. D. Sears, P. T. Jackson, Augustus N. Rantoul, Henry H. Buck, Secretary of Committee. Regatta Committee E. Y. C.

The official summary of the race is as follows, Alpha beating Freak by 4 seconds:

SPECIAL RACE.

| | Length. | Allowance. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alpha | 23.70 | 4 03 | 4 19 59 | 4 15 56 |
| Freak | 25.76 | 0 54 | 4 16 54 | 4 16 00 |
| Catspaw | 26.24 | 0 18 | 4 19 10 | 4 18 52 |
| Reaper | †24.03 | 3 36 | 4 24 36 | 4 21 00 |
| Vanessa | 24.03 | 3 36 | 4 28 31 | 4 24 55 |
| Thrush | † | . . | 4 24 50 | . . |
| Exile | †26.30 | 0 09 | 4 28 16 | 4 28 07 |
| Tadpole | †25.57 | 1 12 | 4 45 34 | 4 44 22 |
| Sirocco | 26.42 | Allows | 4 44 54 | 4 44 54 |
| Pyxie | 24.96 | 2 06 | 4 50 43 | 4 48 37 |
| Koorali | 25.06 | Withdrew. | | |

† Owner's measurement. ‡ Not measured; about 27.17.

Freak and Pyxie are disqualified for carrying spinnakers.

The prizes are awarded: First, to Alpha; second, to Catspaw; third, to Reaper.

## Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE third race for the Rouse & Wetmore cups and the Breese handicap prize was sailed on Aug. 20 off the mouth of Oyster Bay Harbor. The times were. Start 12:55 from the gun:

| | Center Island Buoy. | Lloyd's Buoy. | Bell Buoy. | Center Island Buoy. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Cor. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nameless | 1 19 15 | 2 05 03 | 2 52 23 | 3 10 29 | 4 08 03 | 3 13 08 | . . . . |
| Dodo | 1 19 20 | 2 11 48 | 2 55 06 | 3 11 26 | Did not finish. | | |
| Pyxie | 1 19 45 | 2 05 42 | 2 52 00 | 3 07 45 | Did not finish. | | |
| Meteor | 1 19 31 | 2 06 37 | 2 52 24 | 3 06 13 | Din not finish. | | |
| Nadjy | 1 19 55 | 2 10 17 | 2 54 54 | 3 10 36 | Did not finish. | | |
| Rose Marie | 1 19 35 | 2 13 46 | 3 52 22 | 3 08 15 | 4 14 36 | 3 19 36 | 3 19 36 |
| Martha | 1 22 09 | Did not finish. | | | | | |
| Trinket | 1 22 20 | 2 07 44 | 2 53 52 | 3 11 15 | Did not finish. | | |
| Indolent | 1 20 24 | 2 12 12 | 2 53 10 | 3 07 55 | 4 26 20 | 3 31 20 | 3 30 20 |

Nameless wins Rouse & Wetmore cup; Rose Marie wins Breese handicap.

## Larchmont Y. C.

THE annual oyster boat regatta of the Larchmont Y. C., was sailed on Aug. 27, over the Captains Island course in a light N. E. wind, the following boats finishing, out of 19 starters:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS, 35FT. AND OVER.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Jennie R., A. L. Ford | 5 38 00 | 5 29 22 |
| Tosco, H. Pausch | 5 59 21 | 5 50 51 |

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 35FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Claudia M., A. L. Ford | 5 18 46 | 5 13 16 |
| Amateur, W. A. Lewis | 5 33 51 | 5 25 51 |

CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS, 30FT. AND OVER.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| S. C. Bond, A. A. Bond | 5 30 58 | 5 30 58 |
| Stella May, H. C. Smith | 6 10 24 | 6 09 56 |

CLASS 4—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 30FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jennie A. Willis, J. A. Willis | 5 07 23 | 5 07 23 |
| Agitator, C. T. Wiggins | 5 43 32 | 5 40 54 |

CLASS 5—CATBOATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Uncle Dan, W. Fordham | 5 40 56 | 5 40 56 |
| Delphine, A. L. Smith | 5 57 49 | 5 55 34 |

On Sept. 3, the full regatta will be sailed, with prizes in all the club classes and a special handicap prize for three starters in the 46ft. class. On Sept. 13, a race will be sailed, open to schooner yachts only, for a special prize known as the "Larchmont Cup of 1892." The prize winners on the recent cruise were as follows:

July 9—Larchmont to Black Rock: Atlantic, Gevalia, Dare and Nymph.

July 10—Black Rock to Shelter Island: Atlantic, Gevalia, Clara and Nymph.

July 13—Shelter Island to Newport: Atlantic and Agnes.

July 15—Newport to New London: Dauntless, Gevalia and Dare.

July 17—New London to Shelter Island: Magic and Katrina.

## Plymouth Y. C., Fourth Regatta, Aug. 22.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—CAPE COD BAY.

THE fourth regatta of the Plymouth Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 22 in a light but freshening breeze, the course being 9 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS CATS, OVER 20FT.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wave, W. B. Spooner | 20.01 | 2 34 27 | 2 00 00 |
| Ariel, H. H. Sears | 21.07 | 2 32 57 | 2 00 22 |
| Future, W. T. Whitman | 21.08 | 2 36 13 | 2 03 45 |
| Percy Allen, V. D. Bacon | 21.03 | 3 40 55 | 2 07 56 |
| Nobscusset, Luther Hall | 24.06 | 2 40 32 | 2 11 10 |
| Curlew, H. Lawton | 22.09 | 2 37 13 | 2 05 59 |

SECOND CLASS CATS, UNDER 20FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Attempt, G. W. Shiverick | 17.11 | 2 30 11 | 1 52 38 |
| Nancy Hanks, F. W. Maglathlin | 16.06 | 2 44 03 | 2 04 13 |
| Leda, C. P. Blinn | 17.11 | 2 44 48 | 2 07 18 |
| White Swallow, E. W. Watson | 18.09 | 2 43 49 | 2 07 31 |

THIRD CLASS SPRITSAILS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Old Honest, J. C. Dawes | 16.10 | 2 33 38 | 1 54 22 |
| Fairplay, G. B. Bartlett | 16.10 | 2 40 30 | 2 01 14 |
| Gypsy Girl, W. Steele | 17.03 | 2 44 01 | 2 05 25 |
| Spray, C. F. Bradford | 16.10 | 2 46 20 | 2 05 37 |
| Mystery, T. S. Diman | 14.11 | 2 53 04 | 2 10 19 |
| Puritan, C. D. Craig | 16.11 | 2 51 24 | 2 12 16 |
| Peerless, A. Holmes | 16.04 | Withdrawn. | |

FOURTH CLASS GAFFSAILS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Two Stars, H. M. Jones | 16 06 | 2 41 08 | 2 01 18 |
| Aphrodite, A. G. Fay | 16.08 | 2 42 40 | 2 03 07 |
| Thelma, T. C. Holmes | 15.07 | 2 51 23 | 2 09 55 |
| Sachem, J. Gardner | 16.10 | 3 08 09 | 2 28 43 |
| Abbie D, G. Morton | 17.11 | Withheld. | |

## Quincy Y. C. Open Regatta, Aug. 13.

QUINCY, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

ON August 13 the Quincy Y. C. sailed an invitation race, open only to yachts enrolled in clubs which have adopted the length and sail area rule. The wind was quite light at the start, but increased to a good breeze later. Alpha sailed a fine race with Vanessa, the former leading for a time, but being passed by Vanessa toward the finish. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Beatrice, John Cavanaugh | 1 58 30 | Not meas. |
| White Fawn, A E Jones | 2 04 46 | 1 55 44 |
| Asp, C S Hunt | 2 07 30 | Not meas. |
| Posy, R S Hunt | 2 09 15 | 2 04 00 |
| Secret, E F Linton | 2 18 42 | 2 10 10 |

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Alpha, Brown, Dunne, Hunt | 1 54 39 | 1 44 05 |
| Vanessa, A Bigelow, Jr | 1 54 59 | 1 44 33 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Opechee | 1 47 01 | 1 36 30 |
| Magpie, H G Otis | 1 48 39 | 1 38 07 |
| Madre, W H Thayer | 1 50 38 | 1 40 41 |
| Vision, George Crane | 1 58 24 | 1 48 18 |
| Smoke, H L Rice | 1 58 59 | 1 48 27 |
| Lorna, P E Whalen | 2 10 34 | Not meas. |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Primrose, H M Faxon | 1 48 12 | 1 33 12 |
| Mab, John Shaw | 1 52 29 | 1 36 22 |
| Flora Lee, C D Lanning | . . | Not meas. |
| Imp, S F Maybury | 1 52 00 | 1 37 53 |
| Diadem, L A Hayward | 1 53 24 | 1 41 38 |
| Don, W H Shaw | 2 04 26 | 1 51 55 |
| Elsie, S M Keating | 2 06 26 | Not meas. |

## Savin Hill Y. C., Aug. 13.

SAVIN HILL MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Savin Hill Y. C., sailed a championship race on Aug. 13, the wind being very light at the start, but increasing later. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Romance, Loring Sears | 1 47 15 | . . . . |
| Urstam, S. N. Small | 1 50 12 | 1 25 37 |
| Fannie, S. P. Sharp | Disabled. | |
| Caprice, R. W. Bird | Disqualified. | |

FIRST CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Elite, C. H. Conant | 1 57 12 | . . . . |
| Adolph, H. F. Moebs | 1 59 11 | . . . . |
| Mildred G., Loring Sears | 2 04 06 | 1 41 47 |
| Qui Bono, L. A. Horton | 2 09 47 | . . . . |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Arab, W. F. Scott | 1 53 00 | 1 33 55 |
| Siko, F. A. McInnis | 2 03 24 | 1 36 10 |

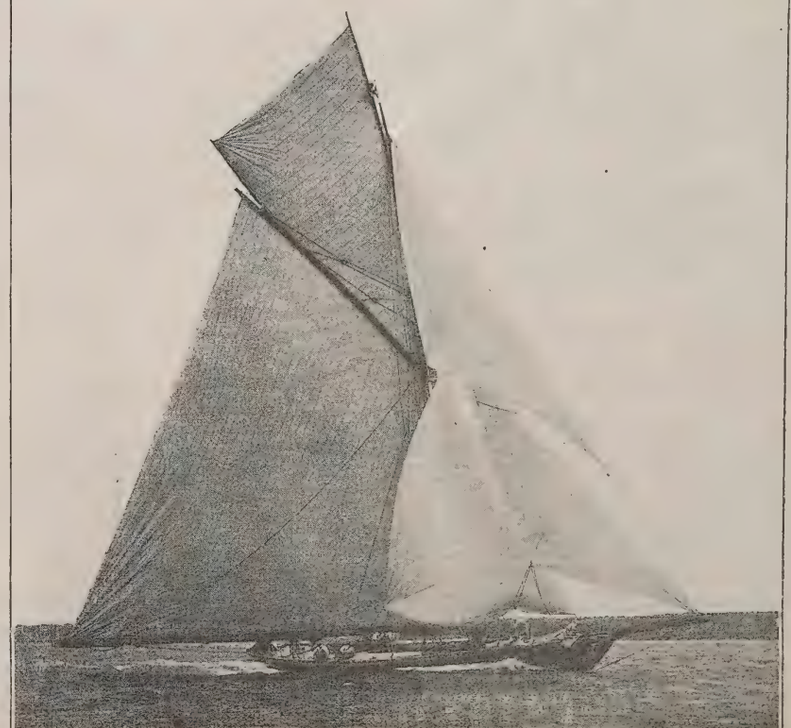
THIRD CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Marchioness, Percy Hodges | 1 57 12 | 1 25 38 |
| Circe, P. N. Kenway | 2 18 04 | 1 42 50 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Midget, J. H. Besarick | 1 42 06 | 1 13 23 |
| Marigold, E. D. Gay | 1 46 59 | 1 20 38 |
| Princess, S. Ware | 1 47 48 | . . . . |

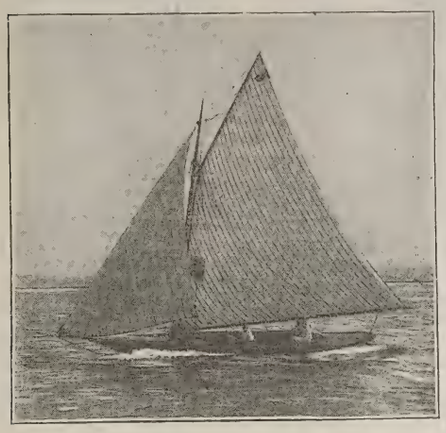
The judges were S. S. N. Small, W. B. Bird, Loring Sears, A. L. Hill, R. K. Rice.



VARUNA. DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON.

## To Boston in a 25-Footer.

WE are indebted to Mr. Oswald Sanderson, owner of Pyxie, for the following log of her recent cruise from Larchmont to Boston, where she will race during the present week. Pyxie is the fourth yacht designed by Mr. Gardner for the 25ft. sailing length class, and is the shortest of the four, her dimensions being: L.w.l. 23ft. 8in., beam 7ft. 8in., draft 6ft. 7in., lead keel 5,000lbs. The 12 miles from Nausett



Light to Highland Light was made in 1h. 30m. or at a speed of 8 knots, very good speed for the rig, trysail and jib The performance of the yacht in rough water was most satisfactory. Mr. Sanderson was accompanied by a Boston pilot, Capt Kidder, and one hand:

*July 16.*

10:30 A. M.—Got under way from moorings in Larchmont Harbor; wind W.N.W., fresh breeze. Set stormtrysail and No. 1 jib. Head tide in Sound.

11:30 A. M.—Captain's Island abeam.

12:15 P. M.—Stamford Light abeam.

1:15 P. M.—Sheffield Island Light abeam. Wind freshening and sea rising, yacht jumping and throwing some spray, but taking no heavy water aboard.

2:05 P. M.—Penfield Reef abeam, blowing strong breeze and squally; yacht making good weather; fair tide.

3:52 P. M.—Stratford Point abeam.

5:30 P. M.—New Haven Light abeam. High sea running; very difficult to keep yacht on her course, owing to her being tossed around by sea just abaft beam. Wind hauled N. by W. and commencing to moderate.

6:22 P. M.—Brantford Beacon abeam. Took in trpsail, set whole mainsail; sea going down.

7:13 P. M.—Falkner's Island abeam.

8:00 P. M.—Wind freshening; stowed mainsail snug for night and set stormtrysail. Sea moderate.

10:23 P. M.—Little Gull Island abeam. Tide just turned against us, causing lumpy sea to make. Wind N.W. moderate.

11:57 P. M.—Race Rock abeam. Hauled up for Point Judith. Wind N.W., moderating fast. Smooth sea outside Race.

*July 17.*

12:30 A. M.—Watch Hill abeam. Wind very light. Set mainsail and No. 1 silk balloon jib.

4:50 A. M.—Point Judith abeam. Squared away for Vineyard Sound, spinaker to port. Wind very light S. E., swell rolling in.

7:35 A. M.—Sakonet Light abeam.

9:30 A. M.—Sow and Pigs Lightship. Wind light W. by S.; strong head tide. Lowered mainsail to secure gaff jaws, which showed signs of giving way. During time this work was being done, boarded lightship, got some pepper and salt and left them New York papers.

10 A. M.—Finished repairs to gaff and made sail. Steady W. to S. breeze and strong head tide. Set spinaker to port.

11:10 A. M.—Gay Head abeam. Took in spinaker and jibed ship. Wind hauling W.S.W.

1 P. M.—Nobska Light abeam. Took in light jib and set No. 1.

3 P. M.—On course for Cross Rip Light vessel, strong S.W. breeze, yacht traveling very fast, light following sea. Gaff jaws broke in pieces, so that repairs were quite impossible. Lowered and stowed mainsail and set storm trysail.

5 P. M.—Tide turned dead ahead for us, causing sea to rise and break badly. Wind strong, S.W. breeze. Yacht making good weather.

6 P. M.—During lull in wind a sea boarded us, filled cockpit and washed fore and aft, causing boom to jibe, but fortunately checked full force and did no damage.

7 P. M.—Pollock Rip abeam. Hauled up for Chatham. Wind strong S.W., blowing over port quarter. Yacht throwing much spray, but taking no heavy water aboard.

8:30 P. M.—Chatham Light abeam. Hauled up for Nausett Light. Wind abeam. Sea smoothing fast.

10:30 P. M.—Nausett Light abeam.

Midnight.—Highland Light abeam. This makes the speed from Nausett to Highland Light eight knots.

*July 18.*

3:05 A. M.—Race Point abeam. Light breeze and strong tide rip.

6 A. M.—Wind very light and yacht not carrying good helm to windward. Took in trysail and tried effect of hoisting mainsail and throwing peak over quarter lifts to hold sail up as well as possible. While it made a sack, still it had effect of taking away nearly all lee helm. Set small silk balloon. Stood close hauled on port tack. Wind N.W.

9 A. M.—Wind very light, hardly steerageway.

Noon.—Dead calm.

2 P. M.—Light W.S W. breeze, slipping along, four knots.

3 P. M.—Wind hauled W. by N., freshening, still close hauled. Port tack, Minot's Light on port bow, about five miles off.

5 P. M.—Passed Boston Light. Tacking up the Bay. Wind good W. sailing breeze.

6 P. M.—Arrived off Jeffries Yacht Club. Moored to spare mooring. Time of passage 54 hours.

## St. Lawrence Skiff Racing Association.

CLAYTON (N. Y.) REGATTA.

THE fourth race of the 1892 series for the championship pennant of the St. Lawrence Skiff Racing Association was sailed at Clayton, N. Y., on Aug 26, and was started in a northeasterly gale. Out of nine entries there were but five starters, viz: St. Lawrence, of Gananoque, Ont.; Sunrise, of Clayton, N Y.; Bertha, of Clayton, N. Y.; Shamrock, Gananoque, Ont.; Akahe, of Prescott, Ont.

In the first round both St. Lawrence and Akahe carried away their mainmasts, leaving Shamrock with a long lead, which was gradually lessened until the last round, when Bertha passed her and won by 4m. 50s., Shamrock second and Sunrise third. Time over 15 miles triangular course, Bertha 2h. 35m., Shamrock 2h, 39m. 50s, Sunrise 2h. 43m. Clayton thus taking first and third prizes.

The second race was for the regular St. Lawrence River fishing skiffs, with spritsail, 12 sq. yds. limit, patent folding centerboards and no rudders. Clayton again demonstrated her superiority over the Canadians and won easily, America beating the Gananoque boat Ether by nearly 10m. over a six miles course.

## South Boston Y. C., Aug. 13.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE final championship races of the South Boston Y. C, were sailed on Aug 13, only the first and second classes competing, the third class having completed its racing in the previous regatta. The times were:

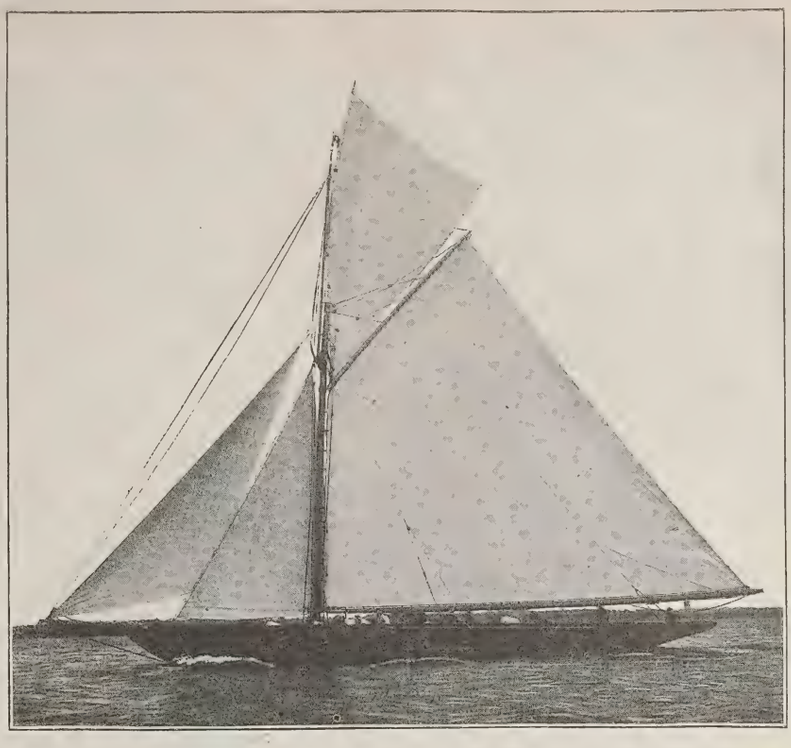
FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Climax, W. P. Taylor | 26.00 | 2 03 03 | 1 35 11 |
| Quisett, M. F. Kelly | 25.08 | 2 04 24 | 1 36 11 |
| Violet, H. J. McKee | 33 08 | 2 00 59 | 1 59 59 |
| Stanley, W. L. Colson | 26.00 | 2 04 46 | 1 36 52 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Good Luck, John Farrell | 21.08 | 2 02 21 | 1 29 05 |
| Awilda, John Blight | 24.06 | 2 01 13 | 1 30 50 |

The judges were C. McKenna, John Crawford, Wm. Allerton, Com. Morrill and N. B. Stone.



QUEEN MAB. DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON.

## Beverly Y. C., Aug. 20.

THE 190th race of the Beverly Y. C., the second Buzzard's Bay championship, was sailed Aug. 20 in a strong N.N.E. breeze, all the boats but Gymnote carrying more or less reefs. Course for first and second classes, 10¼ miles; special class, 8¼; fourth class, 5.

In first class Violet had it all her own way. In second Mist got off first and led round Pine's Buoy, but Gymnote passed her before reaching Bird Island, where Mist jibed inside her and got almost on even terms. In the reach to Scraggy Neck Gymnote spun out a minute's lead. Beating home Mist pointed closer and gained a trifle at first, but on last tack Gymnote held a better wind.

Race in third class was close and exciting, all the boats reaching Pine's together, where Tycoon ran into Cayuse and, it is claimed, bothered the others.

First round was made in following order: Tycoon, Sippican, Doris, Phenomenon, Cayuse, Daisy. At this point Doris managed to foul judges' boat and lost a good deal.

In fourth class Fin and Edith started, the latter drawing out. All the boats seem afraid to race Fin.

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Violet, Toby Club | 27.06 | 1 50 47 | 1 41 13 |
| Whisper, S. M. Weld | 28.00 | 1 56 55 | 1 47 50 |

SECOND CCASS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis | 27.04 | 1 47 02 | 1 37 18 |
| Mist, G. H. Lyman | 27.04 | 1 48 11 | 1 38 27 |
| Lestris, Joshua Crane, Jr. | 26.04 | 1 51 35 | 1 40 49 |
| Widgeon, Moses Williams, Jr. | 26.10 | 1 53 53 | 1 43 38 |

THIRD CLASS CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr. | 23.01 | 1 32 55 | 1 21 16 |
| Sippican, W. H. Davis | 23.01 | 1 34 46 | 1 23 07 |
| Doris, J. Parkinson | 23.02 | 1 35 56 | 1 24 22 |
| Phenomenon, D. L. Whittemore | 23.00 | 1 36 49 | 1 25 05 |
| Cayuse, F. W. Sargent | 22.09 | 1 37 03 | 1 25 04 |
| Daisy, Howard Stockton | 21.01 | Withdrew. | |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fin, L. M. Stockton | 17.01 | 1 04 50 | 53 18 |
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer | 19.04 | Withdrew. | |

Winners: Violet; Gymnote, Mist; Fin. Sippican protests Tycoon for fouling Cayuse—not yet decided.

The protest Koorali *vs* Magpie in race of Aug. 1 was decided in favor of Koorali, and Mr. Robbins at once offered to sail a race for it. This was sailed Aug. 11 at Nahant over a 10-mile triangular course, boats racing on the owners' length. Magpie led to windward, but Koorali outran her:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 23.00 | 2 37 03 | 2 42 50 |
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 22.04 | 2 38 31 | 2 43 38 |

The protest of Freak *vs.* Alpha in race of July 29 was allowed, that of Alpha *vs.* Freak was not.

This gives first prize in special class and third class sloops to Freak, second prize in each to Catspaw, third prize in each to Exile.

## Hobb's Hole Y. C., Aug. 13.

THE first regatta of the Hobb's Hole Y. C. was held off Plymouth, Mass., on Aug. 13, being sailed in a light S. E. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—CATS.

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Moondyne, A. J. Shaw | 1 46 46 |
| Sigrid, Watson & Lootz | 1 47 18 |
| Wave, W. B. Spooner | 1 50 33 |
| Wanderer, A. M. Watson | 1 50 38 |
| Leda, C. P. Blinn | 1 54 33 |
| Nemo, M. F. Carll | Withdrew. |
| Triture, M. T. Whitman | Withdrew. |

Moondyne won special prize for best elapsed time.

SECOND CLASS—SPRITSAILS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett | 1 46 58 |
| Mystery, P. S. Dimon | 1 50 41 |
| Puritan, C. D. Craig | 1 54 23 |
| Gypsy Girl, W. Steel | 1 58 44 |
| Orisis, J. Watson | 2 03 02 |
| Alice, Horace Drew | 2 04 26 |
| Pilgrim, C. Bartlett | 2 11 07 |
| Watermelon, W. W. Burgess | 2 04 03 |
| Vigilance, Charles Rogers | 2 08 31 |
| Jessie, L. Morton | 2 07 45 |
| Sarah, Frank Rogers | 2 11 22 |

THIRD CLASS—GAFF SAILS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Old Honesty, J. C. Daves | 1 53 32 |
| Mignon, Damon Brothers | 1 54 43 |
| Spray, C. F. Bradford | 1 58 15 |
| Abbie D., George Manter | 1 59 13 |

## Ruffle Bar Y. C., Aug 24.

JAMAICA BAY.

THE annual regatta of the Ruffle Bar Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 24 over a 10-mile course, in a strong southeast breeze and rough water, the times being:

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Editha | 2 05 15 | 2 03 15 |
| Aggie | 2 09 52 | 2 10 00 |
| Flyaway | 1 58 31 | 2 00 30 |
| Mazeppa | 1 59 30 | 2 01 00 |
| Erminie | 2 12 06 | 2 11 06 |
| Gypsy | 2 03 58 | 2 02 50 |
| The Jap | 2 01 16 | 2 00 40 |
| Grace | 2 14 30 | 2 10 30 |
| The Elm | 2 04 05 | 2 05 00 |

Flyaway wins first prize, Jap second and Mazeppa third. The judges were Messrs. Righter, Clarkson and Moore.

## Corinthian Y. C., Aug. 13.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE second championship regatta of the Corinthian Y. C., was sailed on Aug. 13, in a light S. S. E. wind, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | Handicap. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jane, C. W. Parker | 15 | 2 42 10 | 2 27 10 |
| Bob, E. Harding | 20 | 2 47 22 | 2 27 22 |
| Bath Bun, E. D. Jordan | 20 | 2 51 06 | 2 31 06 |
| Nancy, H. Taggard | 15 | 2 48 42 | 2 33 42 |
| Kraken, Percy Chase | | 2 34 57 | 2 34 57 |
| Thais, E. Richardson | 20 | 2 55 26 | 2 35 26 |
| Oimara, D. H. Holden | 15 | 2 50 28 | 2 35 28 |
| Edith, F. M. Wood | 5 | 2 42 26 | 2 37 26 |
| Shingle, E. W. Hodgkins | 30 | 3 08 45 | 2 38 45 |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Susie, W. W. Keith | | 3 07 24 | |
| Ione, J. S. Poyen | | 3 12 22 | |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak, J. B. Paine | | 2 46 50 | 2 46 50 |
| Reaper, H. B. Benson | | 2 57 37 | 2 57 04 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | No race. |

Koorali did not finish within the time limit.

## Hull Corinthian Y. C., Aug. 20.

HULL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE second championship race of the Hull Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 20 in a strong N.E. breeze, the times being:

JIB AND MAINSAIL CLASS.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Undertaker, F. C. Walsh | 3 20 00 | 4 22 33 | 1 02 33 |
| Caprice, R. W. Bird | 3 20 00 | 4 37 59 | 1 17 59 |
| Coot, F. T. Murphy | 3 20 00 | 4 45 45 | 1 25 45 |

CAT RIGS—18 TO 21FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Madge, W. H. Thayer | 3 25 00 | 4 47 49 | 1 22 49 |
| Majorie, M. C. Bouve | 3 25 00 | 4 53 16 | 1 28 16 |

15 TO 18FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mab, John Shaw | 3 30 00 | 4 54 00 | 1 24 00 |
| Primrose, H. M. Faxon | 3 30 00 | 4 56 55 | 1 26 55 |
| Don, W. H. Shaw | 3 30 00 | 5 02 27 | 1 32 27 |

OPEN CLASS—15FT. AND UNDER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Phyllis, W. A. Comey | 3 25 00 | 4 03 56 | 28 56 |

Judges: H. O. Stetson, H. B. Wakefield and F. H. Smith, Jr.

The corrected times are not known, the boats not having been measured.

## Hull Y. C., Aug. 12.

HULL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 21 for the 21-footers, in two classes, and for the 18ft. cats, the wind being very light from the west. The times were:

FOURTH CLASS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Alpha, Brown, Dunne and Hunt | 1 21 10 | 0 57 27 |
| Catspaw, C. A. Prince | 1 22 39 | 1 01 15 |

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr. | 1 23 50 | 1 00 48 |
| E. D., James McIntyre | 1 39 32 | 1 15 21 |

FIFTH CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Madge, W. H. Thayer | 1 28 25 | 1 04 21 |
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 1 30 12 | 1 05 33 |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 1 29 30 | 1 05 43 |
| Typhoon, C. H. Taylor | 1 29 40 | 1 06 14 |
| Opeechee, W. P. Barker | 1 31 20 | 1 06 49 |

Judges: James R. Chadwick, Franklin Adams, E K. Friend, E C. North and W. A. Carey.

## Winthrop Y. C., Aug. 27.

WINTHROP, MASS., BOSTON HARBOR.

The second championship race of the Winthrop Y. C. on Saturday, was sailed in a heavy northeast gale, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mattie, H. Hutchinson | 28.01 | 1 31 55 | |

SECOND CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tramp, Cann and Maxwell | 25.00 | 1 40 40 | |
| Erminie, S. H. Cann | | withdrawn. | |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Magpie, C. P. Pike | 20.03 | 1 33 00 | 1 06 22 |
| Harrie, L. T. Harrington | 23.00 | 1 34 00 | 1 10 16 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Florrie, G. C. Leighton | 18.05 | 0 47 00 | 0 24 31 |
| Scud, L. S. Meston | 17.00 | 0 48 00 | 0 24 50 |
| Mattie G., W. A. Garrett | 19.09 | 0 46 45 | 0 27 06 |

Judges, Com. J. Stearns Cushing, C. H. Studley and L. S. Meston.

## Lynn Y. C. Expert Cup, Aug. 13.

LYNN, MASS.—LYNN HARBOR.

THE fourth race for the expert cup was sailed by the Lynn Y. C. on Aug. 13 in a very light air, the times being:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Black Cloud, E. H. Taylor | 30.04 | 2 32 34½ | 2 03 42½ |
| Astrea, R. M. Benner | 26.00 | 2 25 20 | 2 03 52 |
| Irene, H. P. Armstead | 28 02 | 2 25 46 | 2 06 34 |

Black Cloud now holds two legs, Astrea and Irene one each.

## American Y. C., Aug. 13.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

THE third and final race of the American Y. C. was sailed off Newburyport on Aug. 13. The championship having been decided in the first class, only the second class boats started, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wizard, C. Cartwright | 14.06 | 1 35 55 | 1 11 44 |
| Scout, J. Besse | 18.11 | 2 02 55 | 1 38 04 |
| Pert, Knight Brothers | 16.06 | 2 19 53 | 1 56 57 |
| Sunday, L. Balch | 15.02 | 2 29 13 | 2 05 37 |

Wizard wins the second time, taking the first prize, with Pert second.

## Ocean Waves.

THE highest waves, as might fairly be expected, are met with in the lone Southern Ocean along the 40th parallel of south latitude, where they have a good fetch and but little land in the way. Scoresby, more used to narrower northern waters, marvelled at the high waves he saw, while a passenger on board the Royal Charter, between the Cape and Australia. The height of the waves is said to vary in the several oceans, and exact measurements tend to prove that exaggeration is not wanting in popular descriptions, whether poetry or prose. An encyclopædia of repute gives 20ft., as the maximum altitude of ocean wave summits, whereas Dumont d'Urville asserted that he had met with one which was 100ft. in height from trough to crest! In January, 1875, Captain Kiddle, of the steamship Celtic, when in 48° N., 40° W., found from reliable observations of several waves, that their mean height was no less than 70ft., with a velocity of twenty-five knots an hour. The late Admiral Fitzroy, of "Weather Book" fame, had previously measured waves of this stupendous height; and quite recently the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, a very careful observer, used to seawork, has measured waves nearly 50ft. high. It would appear that from 30 to 40ft. is about the average height of ocean waves in a storm; but, as we have pointed out, exceptional waves certainly do occur, and these may be quite 70ft. high, as recorded by such eminent authorities as Kiddle and Fitzroy.—*Nautical Magazine.*

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

We are indebted to the Quincy Y. C. for a copy of the club book for 1892

Thyra, steam yacht, has been sold by F. R. Lawrence to John A. Aspinwall for $10,000.

WE are obliged to leave over this week a number of reports of yacht races, with other news matter.

The report is current that Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll has ordered a 90ft. schooner from the Herreschoffs for next year's racing.

Marblehead Harbor was treated to a very severe storm on Saturday, a number of small yachts being driven ashore, but without serious damage.

INTREPID, schr, has been sold by Lloyd Phœnix to Thos. L. Watt for $22,000. She was built in 1878 from a design by A. Cary Smith, and has long enjoyed the reputation of one of the finest cruising yachts in the American fleet.

A movement which has been on foot for some time for the consolidation of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet and the Corinthian Navy, has lately been perfected, and the two organizations will in future be known as the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet. The terms proposed by the Corinthian Navy, the adoption of its burgee, and the carrying out of the scheme of port stations and of lectures during the winter, were accepted by the Mosquito Fleet, and several officers of the Navy were elected to the board of the C. M. F.

Labor Day will see some close competition in the American Model Y. C. for a cup offered by Park Superintendent De Wolff, and the winner will have to do some fast sailing to secure this valuable prize. The first, second and third class yachts will race for the cup in this manner: Each class will sail over the course for the best two out of three in heats, the winners in each class to meet in a final race in heats, best two out of three. This will evidently bring out the crack yachts of each class and will no doubt be the most interesting race of the season. The first class first heat will be called at 9:30 A. M. sharp.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Now for Fun at Sea Girt.

AWAY back when the rifle-shooting season first opened and when the New Jersey State Rifle Association first began to discuss plans for its second annual fall meeting, Brig.-Gen. Bird W. Spencer expressed confidence in the belief that the meet would be a big success and that the matches, especially those for teams, would draw big lists of entries. The meet does not open until next Monday and even at this writing the expectations of the general are sure to be more than realized. A FOREST AND STREAM representative visited the magnificent range at Sea Girt on Tuesday and in a conversation with Gen. Spencer the latter stated that while he had all along felt assured of a successful meeting the outlook promised far more than he had anticipated.

The programme as originally issued had awakened great enthusiasm both in New Jersey and other National Guard circles; in fact, it has been the absorbing topic wherever military rifle shooting was cultivated. Even away up in Maine the Sea Girt shoot has engrossed the attention of all National Guardsmen and the Governor as well. The result is that that far-away State has held a series of competitive shoots and has chosen 15 of its representative marksmen to travel to Sea Girt, where they will shoot in the Interstate and Hilton trophy matches, as well as the regimental match of the N. J. S. R. A., both the First and Second regiments being represented.

Pennsylvania, too, which for some time has confined its team shooting to its own soil has caught the fever and will be represented by a team of fifteen fine marksmen, all members of the crack 13th regiment, which has the reputation of being the strongest shooting organization in the State, having qualified every one of its 900 members last year. The contingent will shoot as a State team in the Interstate and Hilton trophy matches, and six of its men will also shoot in the Regimental Team match.

From the District of Columbia comes the glad tidings that thirty-two of its militiamen will spend the week at Sea Girt, that twelve of this number will shoot for the Interstate and Hilton trophy matches, and that both the 1st and 2d regiments will enter teams for the Regimental Team match.

New York will put in a strong team for the Interstate and Hilton trophies and for the Regimental Team match the strong shooters of the 23d regiment will try their skill and nerve.

New Jersey will enter a good team for the interstate and Hilton trophies, while for the Regimental Team match each of its six regiments will enter

There are two matches restricted to teams of six men each from regiments of the New Jersey National Guard. The first of these is called the New Jersey National Guard match, open to teams of six men from any regiment in the State, ten shots each at 200 and 500 yds., and two skirmish runs of twenty shots each. The other is the Columbia Trophy match, open also to teams of six men each from any regiment in the State, the conditions providing that each man shall make four skirmish runs of twenty shots each. In each of these matches teams will be entered by the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth and Seventh Regiments. Last year's contest was won by the Seventh Regiment team.

The Regimental Team match is open to teams of six men each from the regimental, battalion and separate company organizations of New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Maine, Connecticut, District of Columbia and New Jersey. The conditions are ten shots at 200 and 500 yds. and two skirmish runs of twenty shots each. The teams in this match, so far as entered, are as follows: New York, Twenty-third Regiment; Maine, First and Second Regiments; Pennsylvania, Thirteenth Regiment; District of Columbia, First and Second Regiments; New Jersey, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth and Seventh Regiments. This gives a grand total of twelve teams. In the above three matches the firing at known distances will be done on Wednesday, Sept. 7, and the skirmish runs will be made on Thursday, Sept. 8. There will be a preliminary practice at known distances on Monday and at the unknown distances on Tuesday.

The contestants in the Interstate match for the "Soldier of Marathon," and the Hilton Trophy match to be shot on Friday, September 9, will represent New York, Maine, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia and New Jersey.

The match for the Wimbledon cup, thirty shots at 1,000 yards, will be shot at 7 A. M. on Friday, September 9.

In addition to the above team contests there will be the following individual re-entry match, open from Monday to Saturday inclusive.

N. J. S. R. A. Members' match, five shots at 200 yds, for a gold medal.

Kuser match, seven shots at 500 yds. for a Maynard rifle with two barrels, and two cash prizes.

All-comers' Military match, five shots each at 200 and 500 yds. for thirteen cash prizes.

Perrine Memorial match, five shots each at 200 and 500 yds. for the Perrine medal. This is open only to the officers and enlisted men of the N. G. N. J.

The Kuser and All-comers' are open to all, as is the Schuetzen match, seven shots at 200 yds. on the Standard American target (11-inch black) for any rifle without restriction as to weight or trigger-pull. In this match military rifles will be allowed four points on each string of seven shots. Three scores will count in this as well as in the Kuser match. The Schuetzen match offers sixteen cash prizes.

The camp is all prepared for the reception of the teams, the most of whom will arrive on Sunday. The District of Columbia and Pennsylvania teams will reach Sea Girt on Saturday, while the Maine team is expected to-day. The State of New Jersey provides every man with a floored wall tent, cot, two blankets and camp stools, free of charge. The tents are pitched in groups of eight so that each team will be by itself. These tents are pitched convenient to the range as well as Greason's restaurant, where the teams will be furnished with meals. There is plenty of good soft water for washing purposes, while drinking water is procured from an artesian well 700ft. in depth. The ocean is only three minutes' walk from the camp, so that the visitors will have ample opportunities for surf bathing. Below is a list of the men who will represent Maine and the District of Columbia.

Maine team: Col. E. C. Farrington, inspector of rifle practice; Lieut. Col. W. S. Choate, 1st Reg.; Maj. L. S. Chilcott, 2d Reg.; E. J. Cram, Co. G, 1st Reg.; W. F. Cummings, Co. G, 1st Reg.; Corp. P. B. Guptill, Co. G, 2d Reg.; F. A. Guptill, Co. G, 2d Reg.; H. F. Willey, Co. G, 2d Reg.; Sergt. Geo. Emery, Co. A, 2d Reg.; Sergt. E. A. Robertson, Co. A, 2d Reg.; W. A. Paul, Co B, 2d Reg.; W. W Cookson, Co. B, 1st Reg.; Lieut. J. A. Fairbanks, Co. F, 1st Reg.; Corp. D. W. Lovejoy, Co. F, 1st Reg.; E. M. Smith, Co. B, 2d Reg.

District of Columbia team: Corp. Maurice Appleby, Co. B, 3d Batt.; Capt. James E. Bell, I. R. P., 2d Reg., Capt. W. L. Cash, I. R. P., 1st Reg; Col. Cecil Clay, 2d Reg; Corp. C. W. Dickey, Engineer Corps; Lieut. F. L. Graham, Engineer Corps; Lieut. Geo. H. Harris, I. R. P., 2d Batt.; Priv. C. L. Himebaugh, Co. C, 1st Batt.; Sergt. A. O. Hutterly, Engineer Corps; Com. Sergt. C. H. Laird, 2d Reg; Sergt. T. T. Page, Co. A, 6th Batt.; Priv. S. R. Rollins, Co. D, 3d Batt.; Col. Sergt. S. D. Rozramel, 2d Reg.; Sergt. Russell, Co. D, 3d Batt.; Corp. R. B. Smythe Engineer Corps; Lieut. James M. Stewart, I. R. P., 3d Batt.; Priv. S. B. Wetherald, Engineer Corps; Priv. G. B. Young, Engineer Corps. The team will also be accompanied by Maj. J. M. Pollar, inspector general of rifle practice: Lieut. T. S. King, 5th Batt., Priv. A. S. McClain, 6th Batt., and Priv. S. I. Scott, Engineer Corps. Over a dozen other District militiamen will also spend the week at Sea Girt and shoot in the individual contests.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Guelph Rifle Association.

GUELPH, Aug. 24.—The annual meet of the Guelph Rifle Association was held to-day. Weather was good, and with several Bisley men there a high grade of shooting was the rule. The leading scores stand:

First match, open to all members, 200yds., 7 shots, kneeling position, Snider rifle:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E Skedden | 32 | Chas B Crowe | 29 |
| H Berry | 30 | Sergt Fairburn | 29 |
| John Ogg | 30 | Lieut Conboy | 28 |
| Major Orchard | 29 | R Rennie | 28 |
| W S Russell | 28 | J W Gilchrist | 28 |
| W G Wright | 28 | Adjt McDonald | 28 |

Second match, open to members who never won a prize at Toronto or Ottawa; 200yds., 7 shots, Snider rifle, any position:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| T Grice | 35 | H Bartram | 29 |
| F Holton | 31 | G A Sleeman | 29 |
| J A Coyne | 30 | J Smith | 29 |
| T Bertram | 28 | W Keffer | 28 |

Third match, open to all members; 500yds., 7 shots, any position, Snider rifle:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| George Sleeman | 33 | M D Mercer | 31 |
| Chas Armstrong | 32 | W Conoby | 31 |
| William Harp | 31 | C E Sleeman | 31 |
| J Crowe | 30 | W S Russell | 30 |

Fourth match, open to one or more teams of three member of any rifle association, military corps or organization of any kind. Scores made in first and third matches count. Berlin Rifle Association first, $10:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N S Young | 55 | G Wright | 56 |
| W S Russell | 58—169 | | |

Victoria Rifle Club, Hamilton, second, $7:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E Skedden | 51 | F A Bertram | 51 |
| H Bertram | 57—169 | | |

First Brigade Field Artillery, third, $5:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John Ogg | 55 | Chas Crowe | 56 |
| John Crowe | 57—168 | | |

Toronto Rifle Association, fourth $3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mercer | 58 | Rennie | 56 |
| J K Fairbairn | 53—167 | | |

Guelph Rifle Association, fifth, $3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chas Armstrong | 55 | John Goldie | 52 |
| W Conboy | 59—166 | | |

Fifth match, open to all members, 600yds., 7 shots, any position, Snider rifle:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Limpert | 31 | C E Sleeman | 28 |
| J K Fairbairn | 26 | | |
| H Bertram | 31 | W S Mercer | 28 |
| John Crowe | 25 | | |
| G Armstrong | 30 | W Orchard | 28 |
| J Wagner | 25 | | |
| Chas Crowe | 29 | Wm Harp | 27 |
| J W Griffith | 24 | | |
| E Skedden | 29 | John Ogg | 27 |

## The Massachusetts Rifle Association.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot at its range to-day with very unfavorable weather conditions. The attendance was good. Messrs. Sydney, Paine, Brigham, Law and Bell won association medals. Below are the scores made to-day, distance 200yds., standard American target:

Bronze and Silver Military Medal Match.

Won on 10 scores of 40 or better:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| S C Sydney | 44 44 43 42 41 41 43 41 43 44 | | |
| S Paine | 40 42 42 40 42 40 42 43 45 40 | | |

Silver Eagle Pistol Badge.

Won on 10 scores of 88 or better:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Louis Bell | 88 88 91 92 94 88 88 88 89 91 | | |

All-Comers' Off-Hand Rifle Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| S C Sydney | 82 | O Moore | 73 |
| B E Hunter | 63 | | |
| S O Merville | 74 | A S Hunt | 72 |
| A Ballard | 60 | | |
| M T Day | 73 | D Martin | 65 |

All-Comers' Rest Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H L Willard | 103 | R J Snow | 102 |
| A Ballard | 89 | | |
| J French | 102 | S A Wise | 99 |
| S B Sampson | 82 | | |
| W P Thompson | 102 | O Moore | 93 |

Eagle Badge Match—50yds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L Bell | 95 | O Moore | 87 |
| J B Hobbs | 82 | | |
| M T Day | 92 | | |

All-Comers' Pistol Match—50yds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *J B Fellows | 88 | S O Sydney | 83 |
| A D Stevens | 78 | | |
| *L R Avay | 83 | D Martin | 80 |
| J B Hobbs | 77 | | |

* Revolver.

## Canadian League.

THE five matches of the Military Rifle League of Canada have been shot, but with a number of protests to be considered no announcement has been made of winners. The shooting was by teams at 200, 500 and 600yds., seven shots per man each distance. The ten leaders in the fourth and fifth shoots stood as follows:

| Fourth shoot: | | Fifth shoot: | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 95th Batt, No 2 Co | 886 | 96th Batt, 1st team | 736 |
| Amherst R A | 852 | 10 h Batt, 1st team | 785 |
| 13th Batt, 1st team | 826 | 59th Batt, 1st team | 782 |
| 82d Batt, 1st team | 799 | 63d Batt, 1st team | 770 |
| 2d Batt, 1st team | 796 | Halifax G A, 1st team | 769 |
| 95th Batt, No 2 Co | 913 | Prescott R A | 841 |
| 49th Batt, 2d team | 894 | 96th Batt, No 1 team | 832 |
| 82d Batt, No 1 team | 851 | 13th Batt, 2d team | 814 |
| 7th Batt, 1st team | 849 | Charlottetown Engineers | 813 |
| 45th Batt, 1st team | 849 | 13th Batt, 1st team | 811 |

## Garden City Rifle Team.

THE Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halstead street, Chicago. Conditions were: 25yds, 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target. Possible 300 points:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H S Burley | 276 | G O Misga | 263 |
| John Polites | 257 | | |
| W J Gibbs | 275 | Mrs L Thornton | 261 |
| Roy Taylor | 255 | | |
| A McBean | 270 | J C Martin | 260 |
| W Frisbie | 255 | | |
| Al Sorensen | 268 | F Erickson | 259 |
| Ed Pierce | 254 | | |
| R McBean | 266 | H. | |

## The Canadian Military Gazette.

WITH the issue of Aug. 15 the *Canadian Militia Gazette* becomes the *Canadian Military Gazette*. The change will materially enlarge the scope of this excellent periodical. Militia matters will as before occupy the chief attention, but military matters of a professional sort will be given more space and the whole field of British and foreign topics carefully covered.

## New Jersey Rifle Shooting.

MILLER RIFLE CLUB, Hoboken, N. J., Wednesday, Aug. 24. The scores of to-night are below. The conditions were ten shots, off-hand, sporting target, possible 250:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| George Schlicht | 25 | 28 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 243 |
| F Kloepping | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 238 |
| A Mayns | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 20 | 236 |
| J H Kruse | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 20 | 235 |
| D Miller | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 235 |
| E Fischer | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 234 |
| L Sohl | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 234 |
| L Vogel | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 234 |
| F Lell | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 20 | 233 |
| W Forkel | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 232 |
| R Zoch | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 232 |
| H Seltenreich | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 20 | 230 |
| H B Murphy | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 230 |
| T J Carracher | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 227 |
| H Vanderheyden | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 10 | 220 |
| F Kammel | 25 | 25 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 18 | 18 | 218 |
| F Dunsteadt | 25 | 24 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 18 | 18 | 210 |

Medal shooting will be inaugurated on the first Wednesday in October. This is a feature which keeps the members' interest in club affairs at a white heat during the winter season, and therefore serves to also keep up a big attendance at the weekly shoot and meetings.

The Lady Miller Rifle Club will soon resume its regular weekly shoots at headquarters, 423 Washington street, Hoboken.

The Palisade Rifle Club holds its regular weekly shoot at headquarters, 354 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights, every Thursday evening. Shooting for several handsome gold class medals helps to draw a large percentage of the members to the regular weekly practice.

The Hoboken Rifle Club, Captain "Bill" Dilger, will this week purchase a Ballard rifle.

George Roedel lost a fine .22 Ballard rifle last week, some one helping himself to it while George was absent. Mr. Roedel was a member of the late Standard Rifle Club, of Hoboken. No clue as to who the thieves were has been picked up.

## Rensselaerwyck.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 22.—The following scores were made to-day at Rensselaerwyck Range, shooting at 600 yds. on Creedmoor second class carton target. Weather conditions were favorable, no wind, and a clear, bright light:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wm C Gomph | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 5 | —48 |
| | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | —49 |
| | 6 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | —46 |
| Chas P Frey | 6 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | —54 |
| | 6 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 | —48 |
| | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 4 | —43 |
| Oliver Akin | 6 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 2 | —44 |
| | 4 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | —38 |
| | 5 | 2 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 4 | —37 |

*Aug. 23.*—The following scores were made to-day at Rensselaerwyck range, shooting at 600yds., Creedmoor second-class castor target. Weather conditions were favorable: L. Gieger 50, 56, 55, 53; Major Chas. H. Gaus 54; Wm. C. Gomph 52, 49, 49; Charles P. Frey 46, 47, 55; Ben Allen 30, 31, 42; O. Aiken 29, 28.

## A. Lischke Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—At the shoot of Aug. 19 six members scored over 210 on the 25-ring target at 110ft., as follows:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lischke | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 19 | —226 |
| Schulte | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 19 | 18 | 17 | —212 |
| Scharli | 25 | 25 | 25 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 20 | —225 |
| Reicherz | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 16 | 15 | —215 |
| Dyroff | 25 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 18 | 16 | —214 |
| Steidel | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | —227 |

OTTO SCHULTE.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

September.—Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Denver, Col.

September.—Conneaut (O.) Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 1-3.—Uniontown (Pa.) Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 1-5.—California State Sportsmen's Association tournament, Shell Mound, Oakland, Cal.

Sept. 5.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association, first annual tournament.

Sept. 5.—Muncie (Ind.) Gun Club amateur tournament.

Sept. 5.—Beaver Falls (Pa.) Sportsmen's Association tournament.

Sept. 5.—Central Gun Club tournament, at Gantzler's Grove, Elizabeth, N. J.

Sept. 5.—Roseville Gun Club tournament, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.

Sept. 5.—Hartford (Conn.) Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 5-7.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, two days at targets, last day at mud hens.

Sept. 6-8.—Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Jacksonville, Ill.

Sept. 6-8.—St. Paul (Minn.) Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 6-8.—Michigan Trap-Shooter's League tournament, at Saginaw, Mich.

Sept. 7-8.—Tiffin (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.

September (second week). — Interstate Manufacturer Dealers' Association tournament, at Auburn, N. Y.

Sept. 14 —New Jersey Trap Shooter's League, ninth monthly team shoot, at Harrison, N. J.

Sept. 14-15.—West Side Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester, Ind.

Sept. 20-21.—Auburn Interstate Tournament.

Sept. 20 23.—Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club, annual tournament.

Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 5-6.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.

Oct. 4-7.—Chas. Polster's tournament, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.

Oct. 11.—Eastern New York League kingbird tournament, with Cruttendens & Cords new trap and pull, at Canajoharie, N. Y. T. C. Pegnim, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-13.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.

Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.

May 23-25, 1893.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

# DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

We have just received a pleasant letter from Roger Van Gilder, secretary of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club, in which he states that at the regular meeting of the club on Aug. 13 it was decided to claim May 23, 24 and 25 for the 1893 tournament of that club. This will be the twelfth annual tournament run by this popular and enterprising organization, and judging from the present outlook it will far eclipse any previous effort, successful as they have been. The club will add $1,000 to its purses and will also offer several hundred dollars worth of merchandise prizes. They firmly intend to make this "the gentlemen's shoot" of 1893, where every shooter can win money if he shoots well. The conditions will be such as to induce all the cracks of America to enter with no fear that they will be handicapped to lose, the obnoxious "expert" rule being a dead and buried issue with this club. Mr Van Gilder states, and justly too, that the "expert" rule is an outrage upon the shooters, who can not possibly stand up with some of the semi-experts and amateurs of the present day.

* * *

Another conflict of dates, this time between the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association and the Saratoga Gun Club. The former announces its Auburn shoot for Sept. 20, 21 and 22, while the Saratoga Gun Club claims Sept. 20, 21, 22 and 23. In all reason the

Saratoga club should have the right of way. Away back in the early spring the Interstate Association announced that its tournaments would be held during the second week of each month. For several weeks the list of fixtures in the various trap papers have stated that the Interstate tournament at Auburn would be held the second week in September. If held the second week the dates should be Sept. 13, 14 and 15. Taking it for granted that the schedule of the Interstate Association was O. K. the Saratoga Gun Club claimed the dates named above and now the Interstate at Auburn is slated so as to conflict. It would, be graceful for the Interstate Association to change its datee.

* * *

The events during the Pier Gun Club tournament at Atlantic City, N. J., will be as follows (each day's events being the same): No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry, rapid firing; Nos. 2 and 3, 10 singles, $1 entry, expert rules; No. 4, 15 singles, $1.50 entry, gun below elbow until bird is thrown; No. 5, 20 singles, $2 entry, rapid firing; No. 6, for ladies only, at 10 singles, $1 entry; No 7, 15 singles, expert rules, both barrels, $1 50: No. 8, 5 pairs, $1 entry; No. 9, team of two race, rapid firing, 15 singles, $3 per team; No. 10. 10 singles, $1 entry, *Sporting Item* rules. Third day, Sept. 7, "Mud Hen Day. Everybody goes out mud hen shooting, and the man that gets the most birds will have the biggest bag of game." Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. on Sept. 5 and 6. The shoot will be held on Young & McShae's pier, 1,400 feet out in the Atlantic Ocean.

* * *

The chances are that as soon as the present series of team shoots of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League are completed a new series will be started. And here we would suggest that during the next series the rules prohibit any one man from shooting on more than one team during the series. Where this is allowed it is an easy matter for clubs to dish up the "places" to suit themselves, as the majority of the better shots are members of from one to half a dozen clubs. Another thing that should be done is to arrange for one or more individual contests, say one at 25 singles, and one at 30 singles and 10 pairs. A percentage of the entrance money could be retained until the close of the series and then be awarded for the first to the fifth best aggregate scores in four-fifths of the events.

* * *

If some of the progressive managers of tournaments care to attract a big field of shooters, let them offer a purse of $100 for a contest between teams of ten men each from New Jersey, New York, District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland and Connecticut. Charge the teams only for the targets they shoot at; let the winning team take the entire pot, and let it be expressly stipulated that each man must be a resident of the State he represents. The money spent by these team men in sweepstakes during a tournament would more than offset the $100 given by the management. What is the matter with running such a contest during the tournament of the Wilmington (Del.) Gun Club?

* * *

A large number of valuable merchandise prizes are offered in the programme of the Frankfort (N. Y.) Fish and Game Protective Association for its Labor Day tournament. The events in order will be at 10 targets, 10 targets, 15 targets, 10 targets, 15 targets, 5 live birds, 15 targets, 15 targets, 7 live birds, 20 targets, team race, 4-men team, 21 targets per man, and 10 targets. For the best average in events Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10 there will be awarded the Association badge, designed and manufactured by C. M. Rich, and valued at $25. The man making the poorest average will receive one shaving ticket, value 10 cents. Kingbird targets and traps will be used, and "Crutty" will be chief hustler.

* * *

Target shooting in the South is booming at a great rate and scarcely a week passes but one or more clubs come into existence. Harrisonburg, Va., has fallen into line, having formed a club with twenty enthusiastic members. The officers are: H. V. Strayer, President; E. W. Sullivan, Vice-President and Captain; S. B. Loeb, Secretary and Treasurer; G. Baugher, Keener of the traps. The other charter members are William Schultz, Winfield Liggett, Edward Purcell, Jr., John Sullivan, John Snyder, J. Grumline, W. A. Herron, George Hassman, Robert Eastham, P. J. Lamb, C. Staples Chas. Matthews.

* * *

Anent a world's trap tournament in Chicago in 1893, what an opportune time that would be to decide upon the champion live-pigeon shooter of the world. In our judgment the proper way to arrange such a contest would be to have a contest at 500 live pigeons per man—100 each day for 5 days—$250 entrance fee, bird money to be deducted from the pot and the entire balance to go to the winner as follows; he to receive $1,000 in cash and a trophy emblematic of the world's championship, said trophy to cost whatever amount may be left in the pot after paying for birds and paying winner his $1,000.

* * *

"Too many shoots on a programme; too much driving under the rapid-firing system, and too much partiality in the matter of handicapping," said a prominent shooter a few days ago, "are what cut down the attendance at the later day tournaments. Let the tournament managers make a rule not to have more than 150 shots fired by a competitor in a day; let them have about four events a day shot under the old style, 'five-targets-down-rule,' and let them impose their handicaps strictly on the shooting ability of a man and you will see a better attendance."

* * *

Lewiston, Maine, Aug. 24.—The Androscoggin Gun Club team No. 1 won the first prize in the State gun club tournament at Lewiston today by a score of 168. Bath Club team No. 1 won second, score 156; Richmond Club third, 151; Freeport Club fourth, 146; Androscoggin No. 2 and Bath No. 2 were tied, score 132. Five men in each team shot at 50 birds apiece. The referee was C. E. Thurlow, of Auburn; judges, George Gay, of Boston, and P. F. Cobb, of Richmond; scorer, R. A. Foster, of Auburn. The Androscoggin Club has held a State championship for four years.

* * *

The following is a list of the officers and members of the West Side Gun Club, of Topeka, Kan.: Pres., A. H. Piety; Vice-Pres., W. N. Hall; Sec'y and Treas., N. D. McGinley; J. W. Mowers, W. B. Hansen, R. M. Gage, C. C. Baker, W. A. L. Thompson, A. C. Davis, Robert Thompson, J. C. Clark, F. W. Willard, L. Biscoe, W. C. Knox, E. L. Dibert, A. B. Marsten, F. H. Foster, Charles Humole, T. W. Bean, W. E. Sterne, C. W. Newell, C. E. Wickham and C. P. Wiggin.

* * *

All to take place on Labor Day, Sept. 5: Maplewood Gun Club, Maplewood, N. J.; Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association; Muncie (Ind.) Gun Club, Beaver Falls (Pa.) Sportsmen's Association, West End Club, Newark, N. J.; Central Gun Club, Elizabeth, N. J; Pier Gun Club, Atlantic City, N. J.; California State Sportsmen's Association, Oakland, Cal.; Roseville Gun Club, Newark, N. J.

* * *

The fifteenth annual tournament of the St. Paul (Minn.) Gun Club, to be held on Sept. 6, 7 and 8, will undoubtedly draw a big crowd, as the prizes are very valuable and numerous. Among the general average prizes for those who shoot in all regular events during the three days are cash prizes of $40, $35, $30, $25, $20, $15 and $10, shooting suits, fishing rods, gun cases, and other merchandise prizes.

* * *

The Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club announces an open to all tournament on Labor Day, beginning at 10 A. M. The programme comprises eight 10-target events, 50 and 75 cents entry; four 15-target events, $1 entry; one 25-target event, $2 entry, and an event for two men teams, 15 targets per man, $2 entry per team. The shooting will be under the Keystone system.

* * *

Frank Mason has resigned his position as Eastern correspondent for the *American Field* and has assumed the position of traveling man for *The Mayflower*, a horticultural monthly. Frank was immensely popular with the trap shooters throughout the country, and we know they will all unite with us in wishing him success in his new field.

* * *

It is nearly time to agitate a movement looking toward a world's championship tournament to be held in Chicago during 1893. An affair of this kind should be taken in hand by some well-known and reliable club in or near Chicago. Who will be first to take steps looking toward the booming of such an affair?

* * *

The following scores were made at the shoot of the Pastime Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., at 20 bluerock targets each: T. Olfs 14, R. Schmidt 18, P. Gross 18, C. Kaiser 11, H. Scheberly 12, A. Tournier 18, W. Buesser 17, E. Schwenk 17, F. Herberz 18, H. Mandt 12, R. Schwenk 11, J. Repp 13.

* * *

At the shoot of the Passaic City (N. J.) Gun Club on Aug. 20, Kevitt broke 29 out of 30 bluerock targets, Wise 25, Jelleme 22, Vermorat 23, Abbott 22, Coeman 20, Shaw 20, McGee 21, Kelly 20, Hall 19, Gaston 19, Bowes 19, Lemoge 18, Campbell 17, Hemion 17, Van Winkle 15, Reid 12.

* * *

Father Time Harry Rainbow Thurman came to New York on Monday to see the boys off for New London. And what a long face Harry did make when he stated that business would not allow him to take in the Keystone shoot.

* * *

At the monthly club shoot of the Roseville Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., on Aug. 25, B. A. hist won the club medal on a score of 21 breaks out of 25 targets shot at. This club will hold an all-day's tournament on Sept. 5.

Will some of our readers kindly inform us where and at what price English sparrows may be procured? We receive many inquiries from parties who wish to procure a supply of these pugnacious pests to shoot from the trap.

* * *

Harry Thurman expects to see a big attendance at the tournament of the Pier Gun Club at Atlantic City on Sept. 5 and 6. On the 7th he will give the visitors a chance to shoot mud-hens on the flats.

* * *

Hildebrant Fitz Gerald, gun editor of the Philadelphia *Item*, is to be married on Sept 14 to Miss Frances C. Lyons. The ceremony will take place at 12 o'clock in St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia.

* * *

In another column will be found a communication from a subscriber who advocates the substitution of the rifle and glass ball in place of the shotgun and "saucer."

* * *

The East Orange Gun Club will hold an all-day's open tournament in conjunction with the ninth monthly team shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooter's League, on Sept. 14.

* * *

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association at its coming tournament should introduce an innovation by shooting part of its target events under the old rules.

* * *

The tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association will be held at Jacksonville, Ill., Sept. 6 and 8, and a very attractive programme has been issued.

* * *

The Peekskill Gun Club will publish its programme in a fortnight. Its tournament takes place on Sept. 29 and 30 and Oct. 1, the third day being at live birds.

* * *

The Allentown (Pa ) and Newark (N. J.) Gun Clubs are said to have arranged for a team shoot at live birds on Oct. 20, the shoot to take place at Rittersville, Pa.

* * *

R. H. Breintnall, of the Essex and South Side Gun Clubs, of Newark, N. J., will start on Monday for a month's trip through the Yellowstone region.

* * *

Miss Jennie Smith and Richard Mahon shot a match at the Morristown Driving Park at 50 targets each, Miss Smith breaking 25 and Mahon 24.

* * *

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will hold a tournament at Marion this fall.

* * *

It is "Happy Jack" Elliott and not Milliott who will try conclusions with oarsman James Pilkington in a live bird match this month.

* * *

The Central Gun Club, of Elizabeth, N. J., will hold a live bird shoot for a gold medal at Gantzler's Grove on Labor Day.

* * *

The Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club offers $2,000 in guaranteed purses for its grand tournament on Sept. 20 to 23 inclusive.

* * *

The new handbook of the Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, is a daisy. It is the production of J. H. Barlow.

* * *

The final shoot for the champion medal of the Red Oak (Ia.) Gun Club took place on Aug. 16, the winner being W. H. Evans.

* * *

Ohio shooters will have a chance to enjoy some sport at Tiffen next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

* * *

The Hartford (Conn.) Gun Club is out with a programme of a tournament to be held on Labor Day.

* * *

There will be a live-bird shoot on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark, N. J., on Labor Day.

* * *

Now that Harry Squires is home again some novelties in the way of advertisements may be looked for.

* * *

Chicago clubs, come to the front and center and give us details for a World's tournament in 1893.

* * *

The red "V. L. & A." shell seems to have the call among shooters out Chicago way.

* * *

The Bray's Bayou Gun Club, of Kentucky, will celebrate its anniversary on Sept. 4.

* * *

The Massachusetts Rifle Association is making a great feature of its trap department.

* * *

Treadway's "Comfort Recoil Pad" is making friends among the shooters.

* * *

The Newark Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot at John Erb's on Sept. 8.

* * *

Keep your eyes open for full information as to "How our daddies did it."

* * *

The Auburn Interstate will be a two days' shoot, Sept. 20-21.

* * *

Auburn will use kingbird targets during the Interstate shoot.

* * *

Joseph Erhard, of Atchison, Kan., was in town last week.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## The Manor Club.

LIVINGSTON MANOR, Aug. 22.—The match at clay pigeons was shot off on the grounds of the Manor Club to-day and was won by Mr. Allan Nichols, of New York, with Mr. Avery Smith second and Ellis Livingston third. Mr. Smith is the smart Canadian shot, and would have won the match if he had possessed the amount of nerve that the New Yorker showed. Three hundred people witnessed the shooting and were well repaid, as some of the birds were only brought down by the most remarkable of fancy work. Mr. Nichols again and again forced applause from the onlookers by his clean, phenomenal shooting. Although making the best score ever made on these grounds and winning the match easily, Mr. Nichols does not receive the cup—it being a condition of the gift that it must be won by a resident of the county; it therefore goes to Mr. Livingston, the donor, Mr. Smith residing in Canada. The birds were flown from the new traps, and Colonel Harding had charge of that branch of the sport. The referee was Mr. Joel Palmer, while the score was kept by that well-known crack shot Mr. C. W. Otis, of Albany. Club rules prevailed, the score being as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Allan Nichols | 1111111111111111111011111—24 |
| Avery Smith | 1101111101111111111111101—22 |
| E Livingston | 1111111101101111111110010—20 |
| Arthur Smith | 1111011011111100111100111—19 |
| John Hamilton | 1110011101011011111111110—19 |
| Gordon Gordon | 1100011111111111111100011—19 |

The shoot-off for fourth honor was won by Mr. Gordon, who beat Mr. Hamilton a bird. Before the match Master W. Benton, nephew of the president of the club, fell from the little pier into 20ft. of water; the cries of his companions brought the tennis people from the courts on a run, and the boy was gallantly rescued by the subsequent winner of the pigeon match, Mr. Nichols, who sprang into the lake without hesitation and, none too soon, got the lad to the ladders. Mr. Nichols blushingly disclaimed the charge of heroism brought against him and stated that the only regret he felt was that he had an hour previously borrowed some tennis shoes from the president, which were ruined by their bath. Mr. Nichols drove back to his father's home carrying the conviction that the club people had used him too well, but they think they have seldom entertained so good a shot or so fine a fellow.

R. W. NEWTON, Sec'y.

## Fond du Lac.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Aug. 27.—Enclosed please find scores of our regular shoot to-day at twenty-five bluerocks. High wind was blowing and scores are nothing extra.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A H Lewis | 19 | A R Keating | 12 |
| W J Hamilton | 14 | S Burtis Amory | 13 |
| F Hurlbut | 10 | L F McLain | 18 |

A. H. Lewis, 2 pairs, 3. A. R. Keating, 5 pairs, 6.

A. R. K., Sec.

## Massachusetts Trap Work.

WALNUT HILL, Aug. 23.—The usual gathering of trap-shooting experts reported at the cosy club house of the Massachusetts Rifle Association to-day, and after freely discussing one of Range Master Kendall's "standard" lunches, proceeded to the main business of the occasion—the fourth contest in the gold coin match.

With best possible conditions and weather the scorers were called upon to record some excellent efforts in this event, and a glance at the summary of the day's shooting will show how stubbornly the contest was fought to its conclusion.

The association has offered a very valuable list of prizes in this series of competitions, and any place among the winners, from the top to bottom of the list, is well worth securing. But the real sportsman trap-shooter gives but little thought to the value of the trophies for which he competes, he they gold coin or valuable merchandise, for he finds his keenest enjoyment in the discomfiture of his rivals.

In to-day's competition the struggle for "the head of the column" resulted in favor of Mr. Black, who succeeded in killing 28 out of a possible 30 birds in the match, this being one point higher than has thus far been reached by any other competitor in the series of contests, and giving possession of the champion medal till the next shoot. The summary of the day's shooting is as follows:

Gold Coin Match.

Twenty birds Keystone system, and 10 birds from five traps, unknown angles: Black 28, Snow 27, Barrett 26, Hosmer 25, Climax 24, Stone 23. Smith 22, Nichols 20, Swift 19, Stagg 17.

The minor events were:

Five targets, unknown angles: Goldthwait, Hosmer and Snow, 5, first; Barrett and Black, 4, second; Stone, 3, third.

Five Keystone targets, Keystone system: Black, Barrett and Hosmar, 5, first; Swift, 4, second; Goldthwait and Snow, 3, third.

Ten Keystone targets, Keystone system: Black and Climax, 9, first; Hosmer, Snow, Stone and Maynard, 8, second; Smith, 7, third.

Five hub targets, unknown angles: Black, Barrett and Snow, 5, first; Climax, 4, second; Hosmer, 3, third.

Ten Keystone targets, Keystone system: Hosmer, 10, first; Black and Stone, 9, second; Smith, 8, third.

Three pair targets: Black and Climax, 6, first; Hosmer, 5, second; Smith, 4, third.

Ten Keystone targets, Keystone system: Black, 10, second; Barrett, Climax and Snow, 9, second; Nichols and Stone, 8, third.

Ten hub targets, Keystone system: Snow, 10, first; Barrett and Stone, 9, second; Smith, 8, third.

Ten Keystone targets, unknown angles: Black, 9, first; Barrett and Snow, 8, second; Smith, 7, third.

Five hub targets, unknown angles: Swift, Barrett and Hosmer, 5, first; Nichols, Smith and Stone, 4, second; Maynard and Black, 3, third.

Ten Keystone targets, Keystone system: Barrett, 10, first; Climax and Snow, 9, second; Hosmer, Maynard and Stone, 8, third; Goldthwait and Black, 7, fourth.

Nine hub targets, unknown angles: Barrett, 9, first; Black, Climax and Nichols, second, 8; Swift, 7, third; Hosmer and Paulson, 6, fourth.

Ten Keystone targets, Keystone system: Barrett, 10, first; Climax and Snow, 9, second; Black and Smith, 8, third; Stone, 7, fourth.

Five hub targets, unknown angles: Barrett and Stone, 5, first; Maynard, Smith and Snow, 4, second; Nichols, 3, third.

There were present at to-day's shoot a liberal number of visiting sportsmen from various clubs in New England, prominent among whom were Capt. Goldthwait and son and Mr. B. F. Smart, of Portland, Me.

The next shoot in the series, and the fifth competition in the gold coin match, will occur at this range Wednesday, Sept. 7.

## Team Shoot at Urbana.

URBANA, O., Aug. 21.—The following scores were made in the team shoot during the tournament of the Urbana Gun Club, nine men to a team, 25 targets per man.

Sherman Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Alkire | 1111111111111111111111111—24 |
| Sprigg | 1111101111111101111011111—22 |
| Greene | 1111101111101111100111111—21 |
| Walt | 1110111110101001111011111—20 |
| Williams | 1111101111010110111011111—19 |
| Mason | 1011110111011101101101111—19 |
| Baker | 1101111011101110110110111—19 |
| H Miller | 1111101100101010010010001—13 |
| Bobb | 1000101011110001000110111—13—170 |

Plain City Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Worthington | 0111011111010111010111011—19 |
| Dryis | 1111111011101111011 00101—19 |
| Sly | 1111011110011011111011110—19 |
| Ballinger | 1111011011101111011011101—19 |
| Barlow | 1101110111010110110110111—18 |
| Davis | 1011101110111011011100111—18 |
| Harris | 1010000101110101111011011—15 |
| McCloud | 1101001111001100011001111—15 |
| Mooney | 1111011110001001111010101—15—157 |

Urbana Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Muzzy | 1111111111111111010111111—23 |
| Arrosmith | 1101111111101111111111111—23 |
| Cushman | 1011011111111111011111111—22 |
| McLain | 1111111111100101111111100—20 |
| Holding | 1011000111101011111101100—16 |
| Donk | 1000110111011110000111111—16 |
| Hupp | 0110101100001010101111101—14 |
| Jack | 0001101010001001011111111—14 |
| Delaney | 0100000011000101001010000— 7—155 |

Springfield Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Young | 1111111011100101111110111—20 |
| Strong | 0110111111110011011110111—19 |
| Wilson | 1111111111010011100011000—18 |
| Sackman | 1111011100000111101111101—17 |
| Hughs | 1001110101111111110001011—17 |
| Duffey | 1111101011101010101010110—16 |
| Downs | 0001011110111001110101010—15 |
| Hutchins | 1010100100011001100111101—13 |
| Black | 0100000001101110000110010— 9—144 |

## Texas Targets.

AUSTIN, Tex., Aug. 27.—The second annual encampment shoot given by the Miller Bros. was a pronounced success, and has led to the organization of a very promising gun club. Inclosed find scores made yesterday afternoon. The wind being very high, prevented any fine scores being made.

First match, team shoot between sides chosen by Nalle and Durst, 25 single bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Petmeckey | 24 | Durst | 15 |
| Nalle | 15 | Jackson | 18 |
| Kappel | 16—55 | Basnett | 17—50 |

Second match, same as above:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nalle | 14 | Durst | 20 |
| Petmeckey | 23 | Jackson | 18 |
| Kappel | 13—50 | Basnett | 15—53 |

This closed shooting for the day. We will commence improving shooting grounds in a few days, and by Oct. 1 expect to have every thing in fine order.

JOHN DURST.

## Linden Grove Gun Club.

THE heavy rain of Friday, Aug. 26, was a great drawback on the attendance of the members of the Linden Grove Gun Club at Dexter Park, L. I. Only four shot for the club medal and best averages for the annual prize at the close of the season. J. Birmel and W. Cunningham tied with 6 each out of 7. The former withdrew in favor of Cunningham for the trophy. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Birmel | 2211110—6 | F Wissenborn | 0120111—5 |
| C Horney | 0090001—1 | W Cunningham | 1012221—6 |

## Shooting at Jersey City.

THE monthly shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club was held at Jersey City on Aug. 20, each man shooting at 25 bluerock targets. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr Fletcher | 0010010000101111100000010— 9 |
| Polhamus | 1100000000011100000000100— 6 |
| Fry | 1011100011111100101111100—16 |
| Strader | 1111100011011111011000110—16 |
| Lawrance | 1110001011110010101101110—15 |
| Creveling | 0101001010010010001000010— 8 |

## Big Tournament at Hobart.

HOBART, Ind.—Inclosed find scores made during the tournament of the Northern Indiana Shooting Association at this place. The attendance was not heavy, but everybody had their full share of sport and went away well pleased with the treatment they received:

No. 1, miss and out, 50 cents entrance: Lightner 4, Atkins 2, King 1, Grubbs 2, Bullock 0, Arnold 0, Ruble 0, Sayles 4, Feister 0.

No. 2, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Ruble 9, Grubbs 5, King 9, Sayles 8, Atkins 9, Lightner 8, Green 8, Bullock 4, Feister 7, Arnold 7, Coppins 6, Gruel 4, Ames 9, Reeder 8, Kingberg 4, Banks 5.

No. 3, 10 singles, $1.25 entrance: Ruble 9, Ames 7, Atkins 9, Reeder 9, Kingberg 5, King 8, Lightner 8, Gruel 9, Banks 4, Bullock 8, Sayles 9, Grubbs 8, Fiester 7, Green 8, Stratton 5.

No. 4, 15 singles, $2 entrance: Reeder 12, Kingberg 10, Atkins 14, King 9, Gruel 15, Ruble 14, Sayles 10, Lightner 10, Bullock 10, Ames 13, Banks 14, Feister 11.

No. 5, 10 singles, $1.25 entrance: Ruble 9, Reeder 8, Atkins 9, Sayles 5, Ames 9, Gruel 8, Green 6, Kingberg 5, King 7, Bullock 7, Banks 6, Strattan 1, Arnold 7, Lightner 9, Feister 9, Coppins 10, Grubbs 8.

No. 6, 3 pairs, $1 entrance: Ames 3, Gruel 4, Reeder 6, Ruble 3, Atkins 3, King 6, Banks 3, Lightner 4.

No. 7, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Stratton 4 Gruel 7, Ruble 10, Arnold 4, Banks 6, Reeder 9 Kingberg 8, Atkins 8, Lightner 10, Green 9, Feister 7, Sayles 6, Ames 9, Bullock 8, Grubbs 5, Coppins 9.

No. 8, 15 singles, $2 entrance: Lightner 14, Gruel 12, Reeder 14, Kingberg 10, Atkins 11, Banks 12, Feister 12, Bullock 12, Ruble 13, Sayles 13, Green 11, Ames 11.

No. 9, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Lightner 9, Reeder 8, Kingberg 5, Gruel 8, Atkins 9, Ruble 8, Ames 7, Banks 9, Bullock 9, Feister 9, Arnold 8, King 7, Coppins 10.

No. 10, 25 singles, entrance $3, $40 guaranteed: Sayles 15, Lightner 20, Gruel 21, Bullock 20, Green 16, King 19, Atkins 22, Reeder 22, Kingberg 15, Banks 19, Feister 18, Ames 22, Ruble 24, Coppins 20.

No. 11, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Gruel 8, Lightner 9, Green 7, Kingberg 7, Reeder 8, Atkings 8, Bullock 9, Feister 8, Ames 8, Strattan 3, Grubbs 8, Ruble 10, Coppins 9, Banks 6, Arnold 4, Stevens 3

No. 12, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Banks 8, Atkins 5, Gruel 7, Coppins 8, Bullock 8, King 8, Reeder 7, Stratten 1, Ford 3, Green 6, Smith 3, Ruble 9, Lightner 10, Kingberg 4, Feister 8, Ames 7.

No. 13, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance: Banks 13, Reeder 12, Gruel 13, King 13, Atkins 9, Ames 12, Kingberg 9, Lightner 10, Ruble 15, Bullock 10, Coppins 14, Feister 13, Green 11.

No. 14, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Ligtner 7, Gruel 10, Ruble 9, King 7, Bullock 9, Reeder 9, Feister 8, Ames 7, Banks 9, Strathers 2, Coppins 8, Green 7, Kingberg 5.

## Sparrow Shoot at Germantown.

GERMANTOWN, Pa., Aug. 24.—About twenty shooters from Philadelphia and vicinity met this afternoon on a farm near this place for a friendly shoot at the delusive English sparrow. Comprised in the party were Harry Rainbow Thurman of Germantown, John Rothaker of Norristown, Wm. Greenwood of Germantown, Wm. H. Wolstencroft of Frankford, R. E. Irwin and J. Frank Kleintz of Philadelphia. The day was delightful for sport and the party had an elegant lot of fun, the host doing all in his power to cater to their comfort and enjoyment.

About the time the supply of sparrows had been exhausted it began to rain, when Mr. Welch extended an invitation to the party to take refuge in his house, which was near by. The invitation was accepted and upon arrival at the house it was found that Mrs. Welch had prepared for them a splendid repast to which all did full justice. During the meal, as a matter of course, "match talk" was in order, and a number of contests resulted. Wm. Greenwood, the Germantown boniface, made a wager of $100 that he could furnish 100 live pigeons out of which lot Mr. Sivad could not kill 86 under Hurlingham rules. Sivad promptly covered Greenwood's stake and the match will take place on Wednesday, Sept. 7, at Fenwood (on the P. W. & R. R.), on the grounds of the Sportsmen's Club. Greenwood will put out a lot of birds that will puzzle the shooter.

Appended are the scores of to-day's sparrow contests:

First match, three-handed, 25 sparrows per man, 50yds. boundary, otherwise Hurlingham rules, 5 ground traps, 28yds. rise, loser to pay for birds:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sivad | 2111111111101111212121 10—23 |
| Wolstencroft | 0201111010212201121110102—18 |
| Armstrong | 2112111100220010211111—20 |

No. 2, 10 birds, $2 entry, birds extra, three moneys, otherwise same as above:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thurman | 1112110212— 9 | Wilson | 0112101121— 8 |
| Kleintz | 2112211111—10 | Sivad | 1021001222— 7 |
| Wolstencroft | 1211011111— 9 | Greenwood | 1002201120— 6 |
| Irwin | 2221211022— 9 | Armstrong | 1231111002— 8 |
| Leam | 0000001002— 2 | Haddon | 1121112211—10 |
| Stravens | 0210002011— 5 | | |

No. 3, same as previous one:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thurman | 2111211211—10 | Sivad | 0112111111— 8 |
| Wilson | 1101211111— 9 | Haddon | 1110111111— 9 |
| Stravens | 1101101211— 8 | Irwin | 0001010011— 4 |
| Kleintz | 1001211111— 8 | Greenwood | 1111201210— 8 |
| Rothaker | 1010111212— 8 | Leam | 0023111111— 8 |
| Maher | 0011100111— 6 | Armstrong | 1120111120— 8 |
| Wolstencroft | 2111111111—10 | | |

Rothaker and Sivad divided ties on third. H. T.

## The World's Fair Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 24.—President R. B. Organ, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, is beginning to cast about for plans worthy of the next tournament of the Association, which should be a shooting event of greater magnitude than we have ever known. This tournament will probably last from two to four weeks. It may take a week to finish the State shoot. There will be shooters here from all over America and from all over the world. To make the tournament what it should be, a world's event, and one typical of America, there will be needed more money than the State Association could possibly give. The city and State will be buried under the nation and the world here next June. The June tournament will belong to Illinois only in the most slender connection. It will be and should be an American event. President Organ reasons as follows:

"There are 5,000 trap-shooting clubs in the United States," said he, "and these represent 80,000 shooters. I believe it might be well to issue a call to all the trap shooters of America to assess themselves a small sum per capita, say $1, for the purpose of a World's Fair tournament fund. One-fourth of this fund should be set aside for the purposes of game protection. Chicago is the point to which most of the illegal game is shipped in the West, and if this fund were well spent in Chicago and the tributary States much good might be accomplished. We should have left enough to offer the best purses ever shot for in America, if not in the world."

In order that this may not be taken for a local makeshift, President Organ will seek to have the coming tournament officially recognized as part of the Fair, with the officers and executive committee of the association delegated as the officers of the Fair for the purpose of perfecting the event to a point worthy of its surroundings and of the time. Plans of this nature will soon be pushed. Plenty of work remains to be done between now and June. E. HOUGH.

## Rifle Trap-Shooting.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have been considering of late what I think would be a most agreeable change in the matter of trap-shooting. It is this: the use of the rifle instead of the shotgun. The objections to the use of the shotgun are these: the noise, recoil, expense, and I may add the unfairness of the contest. It is not the most accurate aim that always breaks a clay-pigeon, the really best marksmen often making a score below an indifferent one. I think if one makes the experiment he will find that at 40yds. the shot large enough to break invariably a clay-pigeon will generally be so distributed as to allow spaces in which the "pigeon" will not be touched. With this fact, the breaking is due more or less to good fortune. Again, some guns of the contestants are better than others, shooting stronger and distributing the shot more uniformly.

In shooting with the rifle I would go straight back to the old glass ball. Fashion goes a great way. I would rather see a black glass ball shivered to atoms, gleaming in the sunlight, than see a dozen clay-pigeons rent asunder. But tastes differ. However, the fashion is "pigeons," and it will be until the public see as I do, which may or may not be.

In the use of the rifle I would recommend one of accuracy, and for .32 short and long cartridge, length of barrel and stock just the same as the shotgun. I would suggest that the glass balls be larger than those used for shot in most cases, and thrown nearly straight upward, especially for ordinary marksmen. I feel sure that the sport would be more interesting and satisfactory than shotgun contests.

I wish to add this: That I do not believe that the clay-pigeon as shot at from the trap improves any one who is already a fair shot in the field. I have noticed that nearly all shooters pull trigger as the "pigeon" begins to go downward. He seldom aims at game in that course of flight, and the question is, does he not establish a habit detrimental to his shooting in the field? In the rifle shooting he can acquire the habit of "taking" the ball just as it attains its extreme height.

I'd like to hear from other shooters, for I really think it will come to this—rifle shooting at the trap. N. D. ELTING.

## New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

THE attendance of members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Saturday, Aug. 27, was rather small on account of the close proximity to Sheepshead Bay race trace. R. R. Street and W. F. Sykes tied for the gold and silver medals in the club shoot at 20 targets each. The latter won on the shoot-off. R. R. Street won the silver medal as well as the live birds. The score: Club shoot:

| | | Handicap. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C A Sykes | 00110100100010101111—10 | 0 | 10 |
| P Adams | 10110000101110010111—11 | 2 | 13 |
| R R Street | 10111011110101011100—14 | 1 | 15 |
| W F Sykes | 11111101111010010111—15 | 0 | 15 |

Ties:

R R Street.....11111 W F Sykes.....11111

Live bird sweepstakes shoots, $2 entry:

| | 1st. | 2d. |
|---|---|---|
| W F Sykes | 22122101121122121112—18 | 12001—3 |
| R R Street | 11112221111212212201—20 | 11112—5 |
| P Adams | 11122101202221101110—16 | 21111—5 |
| A White | 1110111110—8 | |
| C A Sykes | 2112001111—8 | 11211—5 |

## Close of the Alameda Season.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 14.—The Alameda County Sportsmen's Club held its final shoot of the season yesterday at Oakland track.

Besides the regular members who took part in the shoot were some invited guests, who did even better than the club members. The birds provided by Trapper Rice were good and strong on the wing and in consequence the shooting was not as good as usual.

There were four handsome special prizes for the sportsmen who grassed the most birds. The first, a beautiful fan, was won by Mr. Osborn; Bolander, Colwell and Haskell took the remaining prizes. The cup, a handsome silver goblet, lined with gold, and with an excellent cut of the club's shooting quarters on the Sonoma marshes engraved on one side and the initials "A. S. C." on the other, will be handed in the near future to the member who made the best aggregate score of the season.

Among the members are several excellent field shots, who are now patiently awaiting the day when it will be lawful to bag wild fowls. The result of yesterday's shoot is as follows:

Alameda Sportsman's Club, final shoot of the season, Oakland track, Aug. 12:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Haskell | 021111211210—10 | Mathew | 0712111220?— 9 |
| Morrison | 100002122211— 8 | Colwell | 2212111110—10 |
| Dr Knowles | 0020122222l— 9 | A F Adams | 0100011010l— 7 |
| Norton | 0211000121O2— 7 | T J Knowles | 2021012012— 9 |
| Bliss | 2001121121?0— 9 | Schroeder | 2210120112O1— 9 |
| Bolander | 2122020?1111—10 | H Knowles | 0121201220l— 9 |
| Smith | 1010201102O1— 7 | Osborn | 2022222201?1—10 |
| Noyes | 1210102?0001— 7 | Orr | 9211221222l2—12 |
| Houghton | 2002101011l1— 8 | Mayhew | 1021111210O1— 9 |

## McDowall's Toronto Tournament.

TORONTO, Aug. 13.—The two days' tournament given by Mr. McDowall on Stark's grounds closed to-night. The weather was fine, there were plenty of shooters and the scores ran high. There was a team of 12 men from the Oshawa Gun Club, and the team match was a most interesting one between the visitors and the Toronto Gun Club. The scores in this stood:

| Oshawa Gun Club Team. | | Toronto Gun Club Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cassels | 0011101?01111001000—10 | George | 1110110110111111001—14 |
| Mackie | 1110111111110101110—15 | Bugg | 1100101101010010010l—10 |
| Vanzant | 1011101000000110111—11 | Simpson | 1011111011111101111—17 |
| Sykes | 1111111100111111111—18 | McDowall | 1101111110111011111—17 |
| Mothersill | 1111011111111101110111—17 | Henry | 0111111111111110111—18 |
| T Hast'gs | 1111111111010111101—17 | Blea | 1111111010110111111—18 |
| Campbell | 1101111101111101011—16 | Emond | 1011101111110111111—17 |
| Miller | 0111011111010000101l—13 | Cox | 1111111111111111111—20 |
| J Hastings | 1111111010111100l—15 | Poulton | 1011011001111111101—14 |
| Sanlter | 1011111011111001111—16 | Pearsall | 0111111111111101111—18 |
| Everson | 1110100001010011101—10 | Sloper | 1110110011111100101—15 |
| Finney | 0111101111011111001l—15 | Bayles | 1101010110001001101l—11 |
| | 173 | | 188 |

Another interesting event was the 50-bird match, in which the scores ran: Charles 48, Emond 46, Skip 45, McDowall 42, Henry 46, Campbell 48.

Twenty matches in all were decided during the meeting and prompt distribution made of the liberal prizes.

## Shooting at Claremont.

THE diamond-badge shoot of the New Jersey Shooting Club took place at Claremont, on August 27, the conditions being twenty-five targets per man. Gus. Greiff, Von Lengerke & Detmold's shooting representative, tied with F. Compson on 23 each, and a stubborn contest followed, the tie being shot off at ten targets each. In the first round both men were evidently rattled, as they broke only six each. On the second round they both broke straight. On the third and final round the "boy" nerved himself up and broke straight while Compson lost three, this giving Greiff the medal for the third time. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| Perkins | 1111110111101101111110001—19 |
| Gus Greiff | 1111011111111111111110111—23 |
| J H Richmond | 1111111111110001111111O—21 |
| A Bigony | 1011111011111011111110001—20 |
| A Pope | 1101001110011001100100000—11 |
| F Compson | 0111111111011111111111111—23 |
| W Smith | 0110101110011001111010l0—15 |
| W Purdy | 1111100111111111111101110—20 |
| L Vredenburgh | 1001110010.0111101101111—18 |

The tie shoot:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Greiff | 1001011101—6 | 1111111111—10 | 1111111111—10 |
| Comp-on | 1010111001—6 | 1111111111—10 | 0111111110— 7 |

The following sweeps followed. Nos. 1, 2 and 5 at known angles: No. 3 at unknown angles; No. 4, expert rules, all at ten targets:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F Compson | 8 | 9 | 8 | 6 | .. | Gus Greiff | 9 | 10 | 8 | 8 | |
| Perkins | 3 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 8 | Craft | 7 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 6 |
| J H Richmond | 10 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 6 | A Pope | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. |
| W Smith | 8 | 7 | 4 | .. | .. | | | | | | |

## Shreveport Rod and Gun Club.

SHREVEPORT, La., Aug. 23.—The second annual shoot of the Shreveport Rod and Gun Club opened to-day at the fair grounds. Among the visitors were L. J. Barthelemy and H. B. Febiger, of New Orlean; D. O. Bowles and T. W. Hemingway, of Jackson, Miss., and A. H. Gopper, of Marshall, Tex. The first event, 7 bluerocks, was won by Barthelemy, of New Orleans; second divided between J. Elstner, M. C. Smith, M. C. Elstner and Wells; third, Enders and Furman.

Second event, 10 single bluerocks, won by Barthelemy; second, Wells, Henry and Bowles; third, Hemingway.

Third event, 15 single bluerocks, handicap: First, Enders; second, Jenkins, third, Furman; fourth, J. Elstner.

Fourth event, 5 double bluerocks: First, Jenkins; second, J. Elstner; third, Wells.

Fifth event, 20 single bluerocks: First, Jenkins; second, Barthelemy and Hemingway; third, M. C. Elstner; fourth, Bowles.

Sixth event, 15 single bluerocks: First, Barthelemy, Hemingway, M. C. Elstner, Furman and Enders; second, Smith; third, Henry.

Rain somewhat interfered with the shooting.

## Harrisburg Protests the Keystones.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association shoot at Reading, Pa., a protest was entered against the Keystone Shooting League's team of six men competing for the team championship of the State, the moment they stepped to the score. The protestant claiming that two of the members of said team having already shot for the trophy in the team of the Philadelphia Shooting Association, and by allowing these men to shoot again it would clearly violate all established precedent, and was decidedly antagonistic to the sentiment conveyed by the possessors of the trophy. While there was no clause printed in the programme governing this particular point, it was deemed by the donators of the trophy to be as needless to insert such a clause as it would have been for the givers of the live bird and inanimate target trophies to state that no man shall compete twice in the same day for their respective trophies.

For the Keystone Shooting League to claim the trophy on a technicality gives the protestants a right to use the same method in defending their position. By reference to article 8, page 24, of the by-laws, it will be seen that no person shall be permitted to contest for prizes who is not eligible according to the constitution, and it shall be the duty of the clubs that are now members of the association or may hereafter become a member, to forward to the secretary a complete roster of the *bona fide* membership of their club, and immediately upon the election of any new member or members, their names shall be forwarded to the secretary and it shall be his duty to enter the same upon the State roster, and any name that does not appear upon the State roster and in the list of membership of his club, shall not be eligible to contest for any prize or prizes offered by this association, etc., and that none might be ignorant of this law the secretary on Feb. 23 issued and mailed to the secretary of every organization then a member of the State Association the following:

"DEAR SIR—In compliance with the by-laws adopted at Reading, Pa., Jan. 20, 1892, I write to inform you that it will be necessary for you to forward to me at your earliest convenience, a list of your officers and bona-fide members as follows: P. O. address, name of club, date of organization, name of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, captain and a full and complete list of your bona-fide members. (Signed), J. H. WORDEN Sec'y, P. S. S. A."

In response to this communication I received from J. C. Shallcross, secretary of the Keystone Shooting League on March 22, what he purported to be a full and complete list as per request, and the same was registered upon the State's roster, and as the names of Messrs. David and Treadway do not appear on the roster of said Keystone Shooting League, and as late as July 10, I received a communication from James Wolstencroft, captain of the North End Gun Club, officially apprising me of the fact that the North End Gun Club had on June 29 changed its name to that of the Keystone Shooting League with no change of officers or members, verifying the roster to July 10, 1892, which would disqualify both men as by reference to the constitution, Article 4, Sec. 2, page 16, reads as follows: "No shooter will be considered eligible to compete for any prize offered by this association except he be a member of this association, a bona-fide member of a club or association that is also a member of this association, and he shall have been a member of said club or association and a resident of the State, one month prior to the time fixed for the State shoot," which in this case was Aug. 9, the team is disqualified beyond any question.

It was agreed by the parties interested, namely, the Keystone Shooting League, of Frankford, Philadelphia, and the Harrisburg Shooting Association, of Harrisburg, to state the facts to the trap editors of the *American Field*, FOREST AND STREAM and *Shooting and Fishing*, and abide by their majority decision. In conclusion I wish to state that the protest is entered only in the very best of feeling and to obtain a decision from those who undoubtedly mould the opinion of hundreds of shooters, certain that such decision will be based on what is best for our favorite sport, and one that shall establish a precedent governing all future contests of like nature, not only for our own State but the shooters of the United States, and a decision coming from such a source cannot help but be decisive of what constitutes a *bona fide* club team. Yours fraternally, JAMES H. WORDEN, Sec'y Penn. S. S. Assn.

[In regard to the eligibility of a man to shoot we decline to give a decision, as that is a matter which should certainly be decided by the Pennsylvania State Association. In reference, however, to the matter of one man shooting on more than one team we must adhere to the position we took in our article on the Reading shoot, that if the rules do not prohibit a man from shooting on more than one team, he cannot be prevented from shooting on any number of teams, "precedent" or "sentiment conveyed," have absolutely nothing to do with the rules governing a match. The printed rules, and these alone, should obtain in all cases. We therefore decide that, so far as this question is concerned, the Keystone Shooting League is entitled to the trophy. We do not, however, wish to be placed upon record as approving of allowing one man to shoot on more than one team. To this practice we have always been opposed. In order to prevent this, however, it should be distinctly stated in the printed rules governing a contest that "no man shall shoot on more than one team." Unless the rules so state a shooter may suit his own sweet will as to the teams upon which he shoots.—TRAP EDITOR.]

## Castalian Springs Tournament.

DURANT, Miss., Aug. 24.—Lowering skies and murmurings of thunder ushered in the big shooting tournament at Castalian Springs to-day. The weather was decidedly unpropitious. Notwithstanding dark clouds and occasional heavy showers of rain, opening day was a success, and from present indication the tournament will be a brilliant one. The prize list is big, the competitors numerous, and the attendance of visitors very large. Scores of people are present from all parts of the State, half a dozen other States having also sent their champions.

The tournament is being held on the grounds of the celebrated Castalia Springs, by special invitation of Col. D. A. Outlaw. The site chosen is a grand one. It is a couple of hundred yards from the hotel and cottages of the famous resort. On three sides hills covered with park-like groves of trees rise, sheltering the shooters from heavy winds.

The little valley is covered with close-cut sward. A barbed wire fence incloses the place of competition. Out toward the front are the traps. Directly behind the shooting line is the grand stand and the stand reserved for competitors. On the left are judges, scorers and secretaries' tents.

Throughout the grounds were thronged with spectators. Ladies were numerous, although the weather prohibited any display of dazzling toilets.

Promptly at 9 o'clock this morning the opening gun was fired by Mr. Sam Shackleford, the general manager of the tournament. From that time until noon shooting continued, interrupted only by occasional showers. At 2 o'clock the shooting recommenced, and the weather being finer was uninterrupted until 7 P. M. Owing to darkness the seventh match was not concluded.

On the whole the shooting was excellent. The light in the morning was dull. In the afternoon it became lighter, but never too bright. Toward the close of the day there was an ideal shooting light. Seven possibles were made. Of these five were in the live pigeon match. A shoot-off was necessary, and Blount succeeded in coming off victor, killing four straight.

## Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club was in spite of the rain a fair one, the birds were good flyers when started at the first part of the shoot, but as soon as the sun came out they got up very fast and the misses became more frequent. Each member shot at ten birds, club handicap, under modified Hurlingham rules. For the Newton diamond badge and first prize, a good race took place between C. E. Morris, R. Dwyer and G. Mohrman. C. E. Morris won. Another good race took place between five of the members for the second prize, but on account of the birds giving out the money was divided the same with the other ties. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D Monsees | 1122110122— 9 | P Hageman | 1101112221— 9 |
| J Voorhees | 0112121121— 9 | C Furgueson, Jr. | 1111111c12— 9 |
| R Dwyer | 1212212211—10 | D Deacon | 1111120111— 9 |
| J Gavin | 0022221112— 8 | C Meyer | 1111111201— 9 |
| C E Morris | 1111112111—10 | W Harty | 0112011001— 6 |
| F Thompson | 1211122121—10 | C Mohrman | 1211121111— 9 |
| M Hayden | 2100110012— 6 | C A Sykes | 2121211101— 9 |
| J Ford | 0012322110— 6 | W F Sykes | 2122200—— 4 |
| G K'eist | 1023001110— 5 | R R Street | 2111121210— 9 |
| R J Sutherland | 2021112201— 8 | G Nostrand | 0112101030— 5 |

## With Shooting Stars?

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 25.—That versatile and accomplished young man, Mr. Thos. Keller, alias Tee Kay, now with the U. S. Cartridge Co., is in Chicago on his way somewhere. Mr. Keller has been West a good ways, and says that Mars is inhabited. E. H.

### Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 20.—Following scores describe the recent going-on of our wide-awake club. Scores all shot to-day:

Five pair doubles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hicks | 10 01 10 10 01—5 | W Palmer | 10 10 00 00 00—2 |
| Sidway | 10 10 01 00 10—4 | Stevens | 00 10 11 11 11—7 |
| Palmer | 10 00 10 10 00—3 | Dawson | 10 01 10 11 10—6 |
| Ackerman | 10 01 10 00 01—4 | Kimbell | 11 10 01 10 00—5 |
| Tefft | 10 10 00 11 01—5 | O'Neil | 00 00 11 01 01—4 |
| Stannard | 10 11 01 10 11—7 | Day | 00 10 00 10 00—2 |
| Cop | 00 10 10 01 01—4 | Brown | 10 10 01 11 11—7 |

Team shoot between the Garfield Gun Club and Northwestern Gun Club, 25 U. S. pigeons, rapid fire, known angles:

Garfield Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lauterbach | 0110111111011110011111111—20 |
| Tefft | 1111110111111101111111—23 |
| Richards | 1110110101111111111101—21 |
| Hicks | 1011111111101111101111—22 |
| O'Brien | 1111011110011110111011110—19 |
| Cop | 1111011111101111110111111—22—127 |

Northwestern Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Kimbell | 1100111111111011100110010—17 |
| Jefferson | 1111110111110111111101110—21 |
| Schrigley | 1010011110101101011111101—17 |
| Dawson | 1010311110111100100001011—14 |
| Day | 1100110110001001100110111—14 |
| Stevens | 1000101010010100111111010—14— 97 |

Medal shoot, 20 U. S. pigeons, known angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Richards | 11111111111101111110—18 |
| Dr Meek | 11111111110101010111—16 |
| Cop | 11101111111111111011—18 |
| O'Brien | 11101111101111111111—18 |
| DrHodson | 11111001001111011111—15 |
| Bowers | 11111110011110111000—14 |
| Northcott | 11111011110110010011—14 |
| Lauterbach | 11111111111111111111—19 |
| S Palmer | 11011010101310011011—13 |
| O'Neil | 11111111100110011111—16 |
| Pitts | 00001111111100110111—13 |
| W N'cott | 11001110111010110111—14 |
| W Palmer | 10101100110101000011—10 |
| Campbell | 10110101110001100100—10 |
| Ackerm'n | 10100011010010110010—15 |
| Norfolk | 11010000100111010000—9 |
| Paterson | 10111111001011111010—13 |
| Drake | 00000000010000000000—1 |
| Brown | 11000110111111001110—13 |
| Hicks | 11110110010110011111—14 |

Lauterbach won class A medal, W. Northwood won class B medal, Dr. Hodson won class C medal. H. C. BROWN, Sec'y.

### The Hackettstown Tournament.

THE third annual tournament of the Hackettstown (N. J.) Gun Club opened at 9 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 23 under very favorable weather conditions and with a fairly good attendance. The grounds of this club are situated about a mile from the D. L. & W. depot and command a number of fine views. The shooting was done from 5 traps under the rapid-firing system, bluerock targets being used, these being thrown from expert traps. James L. Smith had made careful arrangements for the shoot and everything went along smoothly. A fly the whole length of the score protected the shooters from the sun.

Among those present on the opening day were Chas. M. Hedden, R. H. Breintnall and Ferd. Van Dyke, of Newark; W. R. Drake, of Maplewood; M. H. Ruppell, of Milford; E. D. Miller, of Springfield; J. Warren Smith, of Orange; John Riggott, of Rockaway, and Gus Greiff, of New York. The events in order were as follows: No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry; No. 2, 15 bluerocks, $1 50; No. 3, 10 bluerocks, $1; No. 4, 20 bluerocks, $1 50; No. 5, 15 bluerocks, $1; No. 6, 20 bluerocks, open to teams of two men from any club, $2; No. 7, 10 bluerocks, $1; No. 8, 15 bluerocks, $1.50.

The scores are appended:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Van Dyke | 9 | 14 | 10 | 20 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 14 | 105 |
| Hedden | 8 | 11 | 9 | 18 | 9 | 18 | 10 | 13 | 96 |
| Baxter | 8 | 12 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 16 | 8 | 11 | 81 |
| Decker | 7 | 12 | 10 | 16 | 7 | 16 | 9 | 13 | 90 |
| W Smith | 8 | 12 | 7 | 19 | 10 | 18 | 7 | 13 | 94 |
| Drake | 9 | 11 | 8 | 19 | 9 | 17 | 8 | 7 | 88 |
| Miller | 10 | 12 | 10 | 17 | 9 | 18 | 9 | 14 | 99 |
| Morford | 7 | 13 | 10 | 16 | 10 | 19 | 10 | 14 | 99 |
| J Smith | 5 | 15 | 10 | 18 | 9 | 19 | 9 | 15 | 103 |
| M H R | 6 | 12 | 7 | 14 | 8 | 12 | 7 | 11 | 77 |
| Strader | 6 | 9 | 4 | .. | 4 | .. | 8 | 6 | .. |
| Riggott | 9 | 14 | 9 | 17 | 9 | 21 | 10 | 11 | 99 |
| Brickner | 7 | 13 | 9 | 14 | 10 | 16 | 8 | 12 | 89 |
| Stewart | 5 | 8 | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Malone | 5 | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 5 | .. |
| Breintnall | .. | .. | 6 | 17 | 9 | .. | 9 | 14 | .. |
| Greiff | .. | 12 | 9 | 16 | 7 | 17 | 10 | 14 | .. |
| Mitchell | .. | .. | .. | 17 | 9 | 17 | .. | .. | .. |
| Ayres | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | 8 | .. | .. |

No. 2:

| | |
|---|---|
| Drake | 00111111101011—11 |
| Baxter | 10111001111111—12 |
| N H R | 11110110111101—12 |
| Decker | 01001111111111—12 |
| Hedden | 01111101001111—11 |
| W Smith | 11110101101101—12 |
| Van Dyke | 11011111111111—14 |
| Miller | 11001101111111—12 |
| Riggott | 11111111111110—14 |
| J A Smith | 11111111111111—15 |
| Breckner | 11111101111101—13 |
| Strader | 00011011111100— 9 |
| Morford | 01111001111111—13 |
| Stewart | 11010010100011— 8 |
| Breintnall | 10011101000011— 8 |
| Greiff | 11101111110011—12 |

No. 4:

| | |
|---|---|
| Drake | 11111011111111111111—19 |
| M H R | 11100110111010011111—14 |
| J L Smith | 11101111111011111111—18 |
| Miller | 01111111111101101101—17 |
| Breintn'l | 01101111111111101111—17 |
| Hedden | 01111111111011111111—18 |
| W Smith | 11101111111111111111—19 |
| Greiff | 00111110111111111110—16 |
| Baxter | 10011100011000001010—10 |
| Decker | 11111001110111111110—16 |
| Morford | 11111111111101111111—19 |
| Brickner | 11101110011116011110—14 |
| Mitchell | 11111010111111101011—17 |
| Riggott | 11111010111111101111—17 |

No. 6, team race:

Maplewood Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Drake | 11110010111111111111—17 |
| W Smith | 11111111111111001111—18—35 |

South Side G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hedden | 01111111110111111111—18 |
| Riggott | 11111111111111111111—20—38 |

Newton G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Decker | 11101110101111111101—16 |
| Morford | 11111111111101111111—19—35 |

Hackettstown No. 2.

| | |
|---|---|
| Baxter | 1111 [illegible] —16 |
| Brickner | 1111 [illegible] —16—32 |

Union Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller | 11001111111111111111—18 |
| Van Dyke | 11111111110110111111—18—36 |

Boiling Springs G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| M H R | 11111110011101000011—12 |
| Greiff | 10111111101111111101—17—29 |

Hackettstown G. C., No. 1.

| | |
|---|---|
| Smith | 11111111111011111111—19 |
| Mitchell | 01011111111111111111—17—36 |

A special prize of 100 loaded shells presented by J. L. Smith for the highest individual score in the event went to F. Van Dyke. Riggott and Hedden captured 6¼lbs. American wood powder for the highest team score.

No. 8:

| | |
|---|---|
| Drake | 01011101100001— 7 |
| M H R | 01001111101111—11 |
| W Smith | 11111001111111—13 |
| Breintnall | 11111111101111—14 |
| Hedden | 11101111011111—13 |
| Morford | 11110111111111—14 |
| Greiff | 10111111111111—14 |
| Miller | 11111111111011—14 |
| Decker | 11101111111011—13 |
| Van Dyke | 11011111111111—14 |
| Brickner | 11111111101111—13 |
| Riggott | 01011011110111—11 |
| J L Smith | 11111111111111—15 |
| Baxter | 01111010011111—13 |
| Strader | 10001010000110— 6 |
| Malone | 01101000101001— 5 |

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Van Dyke 10, Baxter 10, Drake 10, W. Smith 10, J. Smith 9, Miller 9, Riggott 8, Decker 8, Morford 8, Hedden 7, Brickner 7, M. H. R. 6, Malone 4.

Extra No. 2, same: Van Dyke 10, Greiff 9, W. Smith 8, Drake 7, Hedden 7, Breintnall 7.

Extra No. 3, same: Van Dyke 10, Drake 10, Miller 10, M. H. R. 9, Hedden 9, Greiff 9, Breintnall 7, Baxter 7, Riggott 7, W. Smith 6.

Extra No. 4, 15 singles, $1 50 entry: Miller 15, Van Dyke 15, Brickner 15, Morford 14, Greiff 14, Breintnall 14, W. Smith 14, J. Smith 13, Baxter 13, M. H. R. 13, Drake 12, Decker 11.

Extra No. 5, same as No. 4: Hedden 15, Miller 15, W. Smith 15, Greiff 15, Breintnall 15, Decker 14, Brickner 13, W. Smith 13, Strader 12, Baxter 11, M. H. R. 11.

*The Second Day,*

as usual at tournaments of recent dates, drew out a very slim number of shooters, the only new comers being George S. Atwater, of New York; Eddy Collins, of West Hoboken, and Dr. Utter, of Chatham. Some splendid work was done during the day, E. D. Miller being in particularly fine fettle and breaking 219 out of 225 targets, some of the events being under expert rules. The events of the day were in order as follows: No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry; No. 2, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry; No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $1 50 entry; No. 4, 20 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 5, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry; No. 6, 20 bluerocks, $2 entry, open to teams of two from any club; No. 7, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry; No. 8, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry. The results:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Atwater | 10 | 9 | 12 | 17 | 10 | 19 | 14 | 9 | 100 |
| Breintnall | 10 | 10 | 12 | 18 | 9 | 19 | 15 | 10 | 103 |
| Smith | 10 | 10 | 14 | 20 | 8 | 20 | 14 | 7 | 103 |
| Greiff | 7 | 9 | 13 | 18 | 7 | 20 | 12 | 9 | 95 |
| Utter | 8 | 8 | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Miller | 9 | 10 | 15 | 18 | 9 | 20 | 15 | 10 | 106 |
| Mason | .. | 7 | 9 | 15 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. |
| Rittenhouse | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 19 | .. | .. | .. |
| Collins | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 19 | .. |

No. 3:

| | |
|---|---|
| Smith | 11111110111111—14 |
| Atwater | 01110101111111—12 |
| Greiff | 01111111101111—13 |
| Breintnall | 11111101110101—12 |
| Miller | 11111111111111—15 |
| Mason | 01111101010001—10 |

No. 4:

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall | 11111111111101011011—18 |
| Atwater | 11111011111111101101—17 |
| Greiff | 11101111011111111—18 |
| Smith | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Miller | 01111101111111111111—18 |
| Mason | 11101110110111101101—15 |

No. 6, the team race was the star event of the tournament, the three teams tying in the main event on 39 breaks each out of 40 targets fired at. In the shoot off at 20 targets per team two teams again tied and divided the pot and the special prizes:

Union Gun Club.

| Match. | Ties. |
|---|---|
| Breintnall 01111111111111111111—19 | 1101111110— 8 |
| Miller 11111111111111111111—20—39 | 01111111111— 9—17 |

Boiling Springs F. and G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Greiff 11111111111111111111—20 | 11111111110 |
| Atwater 10111111111111111111—19—39 | 11011111111— 9—19 |

Hackettstown Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Smith 11111111111111111111—20 | 11111111110 |
| Rittenhouse 10111111111111111111—19—39 | 11111111011— 9—19 |

No. 7:

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall 11111111111111—15 | Smith 11111110111111—14 |
| Collins 11111111101111—14 | Mason 10101111100100— 9 |
| Atwater 11111101111111—14 | Miller 11111111111111—15 |
| Greiff 10101101111111—12 | |

The following special prizes were offered on the second day: Event No. 4, 100 loaded shells, presented by J. L. Smith for highest score, won by J. L. Smith. In No. 5, by FOREST AND STREAM, six months subscription to the highest individual score who is not a subscriber; same to next highest individual score who is not a subscriber to this paper; first six months divided by Atwater and Utter; second by Smith and Rittenhouse. In event No. 6, by Al. Heritage, President New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, $3 to highest team score, and $2 to next highest team score, divided by winning teams.

The following extra events were shot:

No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Greiff 10, Smith 10, Breintnall 10, Miller 9, Atwater 7, Utter 6, Young 5.

No. 2, same: Collins 10, Greiff 9, Miller 9, Breintnall 9, Mason 8, Atwater 7.

No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50 entry: Collins 14, Miller 14, Greiff 14, Breintnall 13, Atwater 13, Mason 11.

No. 4, 10 singles: Miller 10, Collins 8, Atwater 7, Greiff 7, Breintnall 6, Mason 4.

No. 5, 15 singles, $1 entry: Collins 15, Miller 15, Smith 14, Atwater 13, Greiff 13, Breintnall 9.

No. 6, 10 singles: Miller 10, Atwater 8, Smith 7, Greiff 6, Collins 5, Breintnall 4.

No. 7, 15 singles: Miller 15, Smith 15, Atwater 14, Mason 14, Collins 14, Breintnall 11.

No. 8, 10 singles: Smith 10, Miller 10, Collins 8, Breintnall 7, Greiff 9, Mason 6. C. H. T.

### The Tournament at Manito.

MANITO, Ill., Aug. 19.—Below please find scores made at the tournament of the Manito Gun Club, August 16, 17 and 18.

No. 1, 10 singles, $1; Hindert 6, Becker 10, W. Grant 5, Hewes 4, Mack 8, Wilson 7, A. Unch 2, Lauterbach 5, Fute 6, Lenner 5, Pugh 8, Plattner 9, Black 8, D. Grant 7, Hoff 4, Whitfield 7, Singley 7, Hagny 7, Hagry 8, O. Shag 7, Purdy 7, Drake 5, Dix 3, Havens 5, L. Preston 7.

No. 2, 15 singles, $1.50; Black 14, Becker 12, W. Grant 12, Heelman 6, Wilson 12, Hindert 6, Heines 7, Hagny 9, Mack 8, Plattner 10, Lehm 6, Fritz 11, Pugh 11, Lauterbach 6, Hoff 7, Ramsey 8, Gansen 11, Singley 10, Whitfield 10, P. Ulich 10, Purdy 10, Ayers 8, G. Preston 5, Havens 8, Dix 7, O. Shag 2.

No. 3, 20 singles, $2.50, $5 added; Pugh 16, Hindert 14, Black 19, Wilson 13, Fritz 14, Becker 12, Plattner 14, Hagny 10, Gansen 14, Purdy 14, Gilbert 15, Scott 9, Hahn 20, Dick 15, Jones 17, Ranson 14, Killeben 14, Lehm 9, Powers 16.

No. 4, 15 singles, $1.50: Hindert 9, Fritz 12, Wilson 14, Gilbert 13, Lauterbach 7, Mack 9, W. Scott 11, L. Preston 7, Sharps 10, Becker 9, D. Grant 7, Hagny 11, W. Grant 8, Heelman 6, Gunson 12, Dick 12, Jones 11, Lemm 9, Ranson 9, Scott 12, O. Shag 13, Ayres 6, Whitfield 9, Killdeer 9, Heines 13, Purdy 11, P. Urich 11, Ramsey 5, Singerly 8, A. Urich 9, Plattner 11, Terry 4.

No. 5, principal, 10 singles, $1, $5 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Charlton | 0010010011—4 | Lehm | 0011010101—5 |
| Mack | 1111100111—8 | Sparks | 0011101010—5 |
| Whitfield | 1101110011—7 | Ayres | 0010011110—5 |
| Ramsey | 1100000100—3 | Jones | 1001100111—6 |
| Fritz | 1111011111—9 | Wilson | 1111001011—7 |
| W Scott | 1101111111—9 | Hagny | 1111101011—8 |
| Lauterbach | 1000011111—5 | Zimmerman | 0010011011—5 |
| H Jansen | 0000111010—4 | Plattner | 1101101001—6 |
| Becker | 1001000101—4 | D Grant | 1010001100—4 |
| Hoff | 1111011000—6 | Purdy | 1010111011—7 |
| Kunsen | 1110101101—7 | Havens | 1001001101—5 |
| Scott | 1110011110—7 | Daily | 0100000100—1 |
| L Preston | 0011011101—6 | Kellaere | 0111001101—6 |
| Heilman | 0110101011—6 | O Shag | 1110111110—8 |
| Singley | 1101111010—7 | W Grant | 1111100100—6 |
| Dick | 1111011111—9 | A Urich | 1010000101—4 |
| Gilbert | 0111111101—8 | P Urich | 1010110110—6 |
| Gansen | 1000011010—4 | Scott | 0011000100—3 |
| Huner | 1111111011—9 | | |

No. 6, 15 singles, $1, hunting coat added: Lauterbach 7, Mark 7, Lehm 5, Becker 7, Wilson 12, Jones 10, Bowers 10, Hagny 9, Whitfield 8, Bugh 10, H. Gunson 6, Plattner 10, Hoff 9, Remson 11, S. Colt 11, Heilman 6, Dick 14, Gilbert 13, Purdy 12, Fritz 13, Heines 11, Whitteler 5, Ayers 13, Sinclair 10, D. Grand 6, Gansen 7, L. Preston 4, Cheek 7.

No. 7, 20 singles, $2, $5 added: Wilson 17, Sinclair 16, Fritz 16 Jones 17, Scott 18, Plattner 17, Mack 11, Lehm 10, Longley 11, Becker 12, Hagny 11, P. Urich 15, Wengard 11, Heines 11, Havens 16, Ayers 11, W. Grant 16, Dick 15, Gilbert 16, Gansen 6, J. Preston 15, W. Scott 17, Purdy 18, Ranson 18, O. Snag 14.

No. 8, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Gilbert 9, E. Ganson 4, Dick 8, Scott 6, Ranson 10, Plattner 10, Fritz 6, Wilson 7, Backe 6, Purdy 7, Hagny 7, W. Grant 8, Mulvey 1, Mergard 8, H. Gansen 6, Mack Lehm 5, C. Gunsen 6, W. Singley 3, Shaneburg 4, Sparks 4, Singley 8, L. Preston 5, P. Urich 6, Sinclair 7, Zimmerman 7, Proebl 5, Whitfield 7, W. Scott 8, Jones 6, O. Shag 8.

No. 9, 10 singles, $1 50 entrance: Beck 9, Pugh 10, Jones 7, Gilbert 8, Diamond Daily 6, Purdy 6, Singley 7, Plattner 7, Mack 6, Havens 6, Haines 7, Bockwitz 2, Preston 6.

No. 10, 15 singles, $2, $5 added: Dick 14, Pugh 10, Jones 14, Gilbert 13, Purdy 11, Havens 8, Sinclair 11, E. Garser 5, Plattner 13.

No. 11, 10 singles, $1: Dick 8, Pugh 9, Jones 7, Gilbert 8, Purdy 7, Havens 5, Dix 3, Sinclair 5, L. Preston 6, Plattner 9, Black 5, W. Preston 3, Diamond Daily 4, Bockwitz 5, Mangold 5, E. Ganser 2, Mack 8, Ramsey 6, Haines 3.

No. 12, 15 singles: Dick 14, Pugh 13, Jones 14, Gilbert 13, Plattner 13, Mack w, Diamond Daily 0, Dix 4, Sparks 7, Strawn 14, Havens 10, Bockwitz 12, Black 10.

No. 13, 20 singles, $2 50, $5 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dick | 11011111111100111111—17 |
| Pugh | 11111011001111111111—17 |
| Jones | 01110111111111111110—17 |
| Gilbert | 10111110011111011111—16 |
| Plattner | 11101101111111101011—16 |
| Strawn | 11111101111111111101—18 |

No. 14, team shoot, 10 birds per man $1.25, $5 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Havens | 0010001010— 3 | Bolwitz | 0110101100— 5 |
| Singley | 0001011111— 7—10 | Gilbert | 1101111111— 9—14 |
| L Preston | 1110010110— 6 | St Clair | 1100110011— 6 |
| Pugh | 1011011101— 7—13 | Strawn | 1111110111— 9—15 |
| Daily | 0000011011— 4 | Sparks | 0001000010— 2 |
| Dick | 0001101110— 6—10 | Plattner | 1111111111—10—12 |
| Mack | 1011111110— 8 | Mangold | 0110011101— 6 |
| Purdy | 1110111001— 7—15 | Jones | 1010011111— 7—13 |

No. 15, 10 singles, $1: Dick 7, Strawn 8, Pugh 7, Bleck 7, Gilbert 6, Plattner 7, Howard 9, Mack 8, Havens 2, L. Preston 6, Jones 9, Bockwitz 8, Ayers 8 H. Irwin 7, J. Irwin 6, Mangold 5, Purdy 8.

No. 16, 10 singles, $1: Dick 5, Pugh 8, Strawn 8, Gilbert 10, Jones 9, Plattner 9, Singley 6, Howard 6, Mack 5, Havens 5.

No. 17, 10 singles, $1, $5 added: Pugh 6, Ramsey 5, Dick 9, Gay 5, Jones 6, E. Ganson 2, Longley 6, Havens 4, Howard 8.

No. 18, 12 singles, $1.50: Pugh 7, Dick 11, Gay 10, Jones 8, Howard 7.

No. 19, 15 singles, $2, $5 added: Pugh 11, Dick 12, Gay 12, Jones 12, Howard 9.

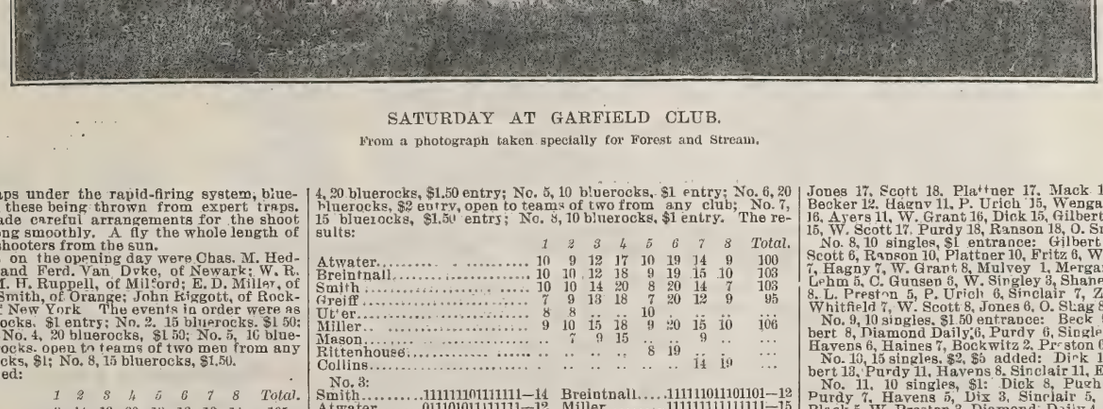
No. 20, 12 singles, $1.50: Pugh 8, Dick 12, Gay 9, Jones 9, Howard 11.

No. 21, 10 singles, $1: Pugh 4, Dick 7, Gay 8, Jones 2, Howard 2.

### Guelph Against Galt.

GUELPH, Aug. 25.—This afternoon a friendly match was shot here at bluerocks between the Galt Shooting and Fishing Association and the Guelph Trap and Game Club. A large number of people witnessed the shooting. Although the Galt men could count such men as Wayper, Thompson, Gress and Krupp, they came out 4 ahead. Score:

| Guelph. | | Galt. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Atkinson | 11111101111111110—13 | J Wayper | 11111111111111—15 |
| B Brown | 11111111111111—15 | Thompson | 00001111111111—11 |
| Moore | 11110111111111—14 | G Gress | 01001111111111—12 |
| Dr Lowry | 01191111100000— 7 | R Patrick | 11101011011101—11 |
| G Lowry | 00010010101011— 7 | Heinhold | 01010111001111—10 |
| Singular | 11101111111111—14 | R Patr'k | 11111111011101—15 |
| H Cull, Jr. | 10111110101111—12 | A Smith | 01011111000001— 8 |
| Woodyatt | 10111111111110—13 | A Gourlay | 11011111101011—11 |
| H Willim | 01011001011110— 9 | J Fergus'n | 10000001111011— 8 |
| C Quinn | 11011010111101—11 | McCrudden | 11010011111010—10 |
| R S Cull | 11101101111101—12 | J Dawson | 10111101111111—13 |
| J Johnst'n | 01010001011110— 8—135 | L Krupp | 10111101111111—12—131 |




SATURDAY AT GARFIELD CLUB.

From a photograph taken specially for Forest and Stream.

## Great Sport in North Carolina.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Aug. 27.—The trap shooters of the South turned out in force on Aug. 23 and 24 to encourage the jolly members of the Greensboro Gun Club, who put forth their maiden effort at running an open tournament. The town of Greensboro has innumerable attractions for visitors, including electric railroads, Belgian block pavements, a steel plant costing $110,000, splendid waterworks, magnificent drives, two first-class hotels, the Greensboro Female College, with 250 handsome pupils, the State Normal Industrial School for white girls, the State Colored Normal School, large tobacco interests, and last but by no means least, a large number of pretty girls. J. F. Jordon & Co. are the leading tobacco men of the town, their business representing the handling of over 3,000,000lbs. of fine leaf tobacco annually. They occupy a five-story warehouse.

The shooters put up at the McAdoo House, where they were handsomely entertained. Among the visitors were William Tell Mitchell, of Lynch Station, Va.; Sommer Van Gilder, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Messrs. Anthony, Todd, Howell, Justice and Stokes, of Charlotte, S. C.; Nelson, Darwin, Durphy, Moorman and Cleland, of Lynchburg, Va.

The management of the tournament was in the able hands of E. L. Gilmer and J. Fonda, who did some tall hustling during the two days. On the first day Sommer Van Gilder, the hustling Knoxville expert, went into the box and performed the duty of secretary and cashier until he had broken two men, Messrs. Winslow and Porter, into the business. His work was highly appreciated by the Greensboro boys. Once they caught the run of the work Winslow and Porter pleased everybody. The town of Greensboro has a population of about 10,000, and nearly the entire population were interested in the shoot. The shoot was a big success from start to finish, and the club members are to be congratulated upon the good showing on their first attempt. On the opening day the entries reached 29, and on the second day ran up to 32.

Below are the scores of the several events:

*The First Day's Shoot.*

No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Experts: Mitchell 8, Jordan 9, Van Gilder 9, Barnett 7, Gilmer 6. Amateurs: Dodge 9, Howell 8, Anthony 9, Durphey 8, Coachman 8, Bours 8, Fonda 7, Justice 7, Nelson 9. Moorman 7, Cleland 8, Todd 10, Stokes 7, Carson 8, Dorning 7, Lusk 9, Wolcott 8, Joyce 8, Daniel 8, Tate 8, Withers 7, Glenn 7.

No. 2, team shoot, 20 singles:

| Scrub Team. | | Scrub Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mitchell | 10111011111011111111—17 | Daniel | 01010013010000111101—10 |
| Lusk | 11111111110111111111—18 | Allen | 01100011111010001000— 9 |
| Coachm'n | 11111111111111111111—20 | Joyce | 11010100110110110111—12 |
| Barnett | 10111101111111111101—17 | Moore | 11011100000111111000—11 |
| VanGild'r | 11001111111111011011—20 | Long | 11111010000111001011—13 |
| | — | | — |
| | 88 | | 55 |

| Lynchburg Team. | | Charlotte Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nelson | 11111111111111110111—19 | Anthony | 11111111111111111103—18 |
| Dornin | 10101011001110111101—13 | Todd | 11110111111011111111—18 |
| Durphy | 01111010001010111100—11 | Stokes | 10011110111011111111—15 |
| Withers | 00010100011011101101—10 | Howell | 11110110101011111001—15 |
| Cleland | 11100110011010100010—11 | Dodge | 10101011101110110110—14 |
| | — | | — |
| | 74 | | 80 |

| Greensboro No. 1. | | Lynchburg Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tate | 01001100110011111111—13 | Cleland | 10001101101011000111—12 |
| Gilmer | 11110010101111001011—13 | Burns | 11000111010101011111—14 |
| Glenn | 10111111111111111111—19 | Wolcott | 11011111010111010101—15 |
| Jordan | 11011111111111111101—18 | Carson | 01111011000100110010—10 |
| Fonda | 11111101111010111100—16 | Justice | 01111010011111111111—16 |
| | — | | — |
| | 79 | | 67 |

No. 3, 25 birds:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mitchell | 1110001111111011111111111—21 |
| Lusk | 1111110011110101111010111—19 |
| Van Gilder | 1001111111111011111111101—21 |
| Jordan | 1100111011111111101011101—19 |
| Todd | 0111110111111101111110111—21 |
| Coachman | 1116011111111001100110111—18 |
| Dornin | 1011111010001110111111111—20 |
| Mooreman | 0011110011111011011111100—16 |
| Tate | 0111010111010010111111111—18 |
| Fonda | 0101001011111001101111110—15 |
| Glenn | 1011111111111111111111100—20 |
| Wolcott | 1101111011101011111111110—20 |
| Nelson | 1101111111111111111101110—21 |
| Anthony | 1011111010110100100111710—16 |
| Barnett | 1011111111101011110111110—20 |
| Moore | 0111101011011101001011011—16 |
| Joyce | 1111101010101111111011001—18 |
| Justice | 1101111111111111111001111—22 |
| Cleland | 0010111011011111000111110—16 |
| Carson | 0100110010110111111111111—18 |
| Withers | 0101010101101111010011011—15 |
| Durphey | 1111110000110011010000111—15 |
| Howell | 1111111111111111111101111—21 |
| Gilmer | 1111111011111111111111111—21 |
| Stokes | 1111110111111111111111110—22 |
| Daniel | 1111111111111111111100111—22 |

No. 3½, 30 singles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mitchell | 1111111111011111111111111111—29 |
| Lusk | 1100111011111111101210101011—23 |
| Van Gilder | 1011101111111111111111111111—28 |
| Barnett | 1011111010001111011111100111—23 |
| Coachman | 1011110111111100111111001110—23 |
| Carson | 0101111101111101111111111101—25 |
| Dodge | 1110011111001111111111011111—24 |
| Moore | 1111000101110101001010011111—19 |
| Wolcott | 0111111111011111000011111111—24 |

No. 4, team shoot, 30 singles:

| Greensboro No. 2. | |
|---|---|
| Daniel | 1111111011111101101011011011—24 |
| Allen | 0100111111011010101100100—18 |
| Joyce | 1111101111101110111111110—25 |
| Moore | 1011111110100100101011011—21 |
| Long | 1010101001011112101010110100—18—106 |

| Greensboro No. 1. | |
|---|---|
| Tate | 1110011011111101110100010111001—20 |
| Gilmer | 1111111111111111111111111111—29 |
| Glenn | 1090111101011111111111111111—26 |
| Jordan | 1100111111111111111111111010—25 |
| Fonda | 0101111110100101111111111101—22—122 |

| Charlotte. | |
|---|---|
| Anthony | 1110011111101100111111111111—25 |
| Todd | 1111111001111111111111111111—29 |
| Howell | 1110101111111111101011111111—26 |
| Justice | 1010011101111011011011111111—23 |
| Stokes | 1111101111111111111111111110—28—131 |

| Lynchburg. | |
|---|---|
| Nelson | 1111111101111111111111111111—29 |
| Dornin | 0111101111101011101101111001—22 |
| Durphey | 0111011111101111011011111001—22 |
| Moorman | 0111111100111100111101111111—24 |
| Cleland | 1111101111011010111111001101—23—120 |

No. 5, 15 birds: Mitchell 13, Van Gilder 13, Jordan 14, Daniels 12, Justice 10, Howell 11, Carson 10, Lusk 13, Glenn 11, Anthony 14, Fonda 13, Cleland 8, Darwin 11, Dodge 10, Wolcott 11, Moorman 10, Bours 11, Barnett 12, Joyce 12, Coachman 12, Moore 9, Tate 14, Gilmer 14, Todd 15, Stokes 12, Nelson 11.

No. 6, 15 birds: Mitchell 11, Van Gilder 14, Tate 13, Todd 10, Jordan 11, Anthony 12, Daniels 11, Stokes 11, Coachman 12, Glenn 8, Lusk 14, Justice 12, Wolcott 11, Carson 9, Cleland 10, Durphey 11, Nelson 12, Mooreman 13, Gilmer 13, Moore 10, Howell 13, Fonda 11, Joyce 11, Barnett 7, Bours 10.

No. 7, 20 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| V'nGild'r | 11011111011111111111—18 | Anthony | 11000111111011111101—15 |
| Barnett | 10111011111111110111—17 | Mitchell | 11111101111101111111—18 |
| Jordan | 11001111111111101111—16 | Moore | 11011110910110100100—11 |
| Howell | 11110100101101111010—13 | Todd | 11011111111111111111—19 |
| Lusk | 01101110100001011111—12 | Coachm'n | 11000111111111111111—17 |
| Gilmer | 11111010001011111111—15 | Fonda | 11111011010110110111—15 |
| Joyce | 11111001111111000000—12 | Tate | 01110111111010101111—15 |
| Justice | 10111011111111111101—18 | Wolcott | 11111110110111111101—17 |
| Daniels | 11011011111111111011—17 | Rollins | 10011101111111110010—14 |
| Stokes | 11011110011111101110—15 | Carson | 01100100110111100010—10 |
| Glenn | 01000111111110111110—14 | | |

No. 8, 6 pairs: Jordan 7, Moore 4, Barnett 9, Van Gilder 7, Stokes 4, Joyce 10, Wolcott 7, Anthony 6, Gilmer 7.

*The Second Day's Shoot.*

No. 1, 10 singles: Mitchell 7, Van Gilder 9, Justice 8, Todd 8, Jordan 8, Barnett 9, Stokes 8, Cleland 4, Woolcott 7, Dodge 6, Carson 6, Moore 5, Moorman 8, Daniel 7, Joyce 7, Gwen 4, Gilmer 8, Fonda 8, Howell 8, Bows 6, Coachman 7, Dornin 9, Stearns 5, Glenn 8, Tate 10, Lusk 9. Anthony 6, Nelson 8, Withers 6.

No. 2, team shoot, 20 birds:

| Lynchburg No. 1. | | Charlotte No. 2. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nelson | 01111111111101111101—17 | Dodge | 01101111111011111010—15 |
| Dornin | 11111010110111101001—15 | Woolcott | 11110101111111111100—16 |
| Cleland | 10101101011010111101—13 | Carson | 11011100111111110111—16 |
| Moorman | 01101111111111110111—18 | Rollins | 11111011111111111101—18 |
| Dunphey | 11100010011100111111—13 | Barnett | 11111111101111011111—18 |
| | — | | — |
| | 76 | | 83 |

| Greensboro No. 2. | | Lynchburg No. 2. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Daniels | 10001100101111111111—14 | Stearns | 11110111111110101111—17 |
| Allen | 10011010101111101110—13 | Owen | 11101011001100001010—10 |
| Joyce | 11111101111111111110—18 | Withers | 11110101011011010001—12 |
| Moore | 11001100011110111001—12 | Coachm'n | 11111111111101111111—19 |
| Long | 11110010001101001100—10 | Bours | 11110111000011111100—13 |
| | — | | — |
| | 67 | | 71 |

| Greensboro No. 1. | | Charlotte No. 1. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tate | 11101110111111110101—16 | Anthony | 11111010001111110101—15 |
| Gilmer | 10111111111101110111—17 | Todd | 01111111111011011111—17 |
| Glenn | 11111001111011111111—16 | Howell | 11111001111011001111—15 |
| Jordan | 11001111111111111111—18 | Justice | 11011010111111001111—15 |
| Fonda | 11111111111111111011—19 | Stokes | 11111101101111011101—16 |
| | — | | — |
| | 86 | | 78 |

Expert Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Van Gilder | 1111111110111011110—17 |
| Mitchell | 1110111101101111111—17 |
| Lusk | 1111111111111101000—16—50 |

No. 3, 25 birds:

Experts.

| | |
|---|---|
| Tate | 1100101111111101101111110—19 |
| Lusk | 1111110011101111101111111—21 |
| Van Gilder | 0111111110111111101111—22 |
| Dornin | 1010001011111111001010110—15 |
| Barnett | 1111111111111111111111111—24 |
| Glenn | 1101111010101010111110011—18 |

Amateurs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Anthony | 1110111101111111111011011—21 |
| Fonda | 1011011111101101011111111—20 |
| Woolcott | 1111011111101111001100110—19 |
| Daniel | 0111101011110111111111111—21 |
| Moore | 1101011101010100110111—16 |
| Stokes | 1100111111111011111111101—21 |
| Coachman | 0011111111111011111111110—21 |
| Mitchell | 1111111010111111111111010—21 |
| Nelson | 0111010110111111010110111—19 |
| Cleland | 0101101011010100101001010—12 |
| Justice | 1011011111111011111111111—22 |
| Howell | 1111110101111111111111011—21 |
| Jordan | 1111111111111111111111111—23 |
| Todd | 1111111100111111111111110—22 |
| Dodge | 0100011101111111100111001—16 |
| Joyce | 0111110101101111111111111—21 |
| Gilmer | 1111111111111011111111111—24 |
| Carson | 1010110000111100110111110—15 |

No. 4, team shoot, 30 birds:

Expert Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Van Gilder | 1110111111110111111001011101—23 |
| Mitchell | 0101111101111111111111111—27 |
| Lusk | 1111110110110111111111111111—27— 77 |

Greensboro No. 2.

| | |
|---|---|
| Daniels | 1011110111111111111111111111—27 |
| Allen | 0111101000010101110110000100—14 |
| Joyce | 1010111111100110111111111101—24 |
| Moore | 0001010100101111111111110—20 |
| Long | 1010101010111000111101111111—22—107 |

Charlotte No. 2.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dodge | 0111100111111111101111111110—25 |
| Wolcott | 0001101111111001010011110110—18 |
| Carson | 1111110111101010101111011—24 |
| Rollins | 0010011001011000011001101111—16 |
| Barnett | 0111111111101111111101011—26—109 |

Greensboro No. 1

| | |
|---|---|
| Tate | 1111111111101110101011111100—24 |
| Gilmer | 1111111111111100111111111—26 |
| Glenn | 1011110011111110001111101011—22 |
| Jordan | 1111101101111101011111111011—25 |
| Fonda | 1111111111110111101101111—27—124 |

Lynchburg No. 1.

| | |
|---|---|
| Stearns | 1110111100000011011111110110—20 |
| Owens | 0101001001100010010111010010—13 |
| Withers | 1011101100100111101100100010—17 |
| Coachman | 1010101111111111111111111—27 |
| Bours | 1111011010001010011001111110—19— 96 |

Lynchburg No. 2.

| | |
|---|---|
| Nelson | 1111101111100111110110101011—23 |
| Dornin | 1101111111111111111111111—29 |
| Cleland | 0000111011111010011100101111—18 |
| Moorman | 1111100011111111111101011100—22 |
| Durphey | 0100111010111010101111111100—20—112 |

Charlotte No. 1.

| | |
|---|---|
| Anthony | 0111010111111111111111111111—26 |
| Todd | 1111101011101111111111111111—27 |
| Stokes | 0100011111101010100110111101—29 |
| Howell | 1111111111010101100011011010—20 |
| Justice | 1111111001011001001110010100—17—109 |

No. 5, 15 birds: Coachman 12, Stearnes 12, Howell 13, Daniels 8, Fonda 13, Lusk 11, Stokes 12, Carson 9, Justice 10, Woolcott 9, Anthony 13, Joyce 13, Mitchell 12, Van Gilder 13, Barnett 12, Jordan 15, Gilmer 12, Todd 13, Moore 12, Tate 11, Dornin 12, Glenn 10, Dodge 10, Moorman 12.

No. 6, 20 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mitchell | 11110111111011110101—16 | Tate | 11111111111111111100—18 |
| Van Gild'r | 10101111101010110111—14 | Lusk | 11111101101111101101—16 |
| Jordan | 10110011111011011111—15 | Anthony | 11101011011010101111—15 |
| Todd | 10111101111111101101—16 | Joyce | 00111010100100011110—11 |
| Fonda | 11101111111011110100—15 | Moore | 00001111011111111011—14 |
| Howell | 11101110101000111110—13 | Stokes | 10100010010011110001— 9 |
| Daniels | 10111111011111110100—15 | Gilmer | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Coachm'n | 10111101010111111111—16 | Woolcott | 11111111111111111110—19 |
| Barnett | 11111111100111101101—16 | Nelson | 10111111101101100101—14 |
| Stearnes | 00001100011000100100— 6 | Moorman | 11001100101010010110—10 |

GREENSBORO AFTERMATH.

Sommer Van Gilder with his Smith ejector and V. L. & D. shells formed a combination hard to beat.

W. T. Mitchell: "If every man could shoot as well with his gun as he can with his mouth, what shooters we would be!"

After the shoot the boys packed up their traps and tagged them "Knoxville, Tenn., May 23—25, 1893."

Fonda, of the local club, says he has borrowed some of Mitchell's nerve.

Auburn-haired Gilmer said nothing but shot "away up in G."

Winslow and Porter formed a good combination in the office.

Gilmer and Fonda are great on the hustle.

Jordon can outshoot any man in the South with coat, collar and cuffs on.

For a first attempt this was a great shoot.

All Greensboro will go to Knoxville next May.

Wolcott, of the Charlotte team, skipped from town without claiming his sixth average prize—a coffin. The boys put his name and address on it, prepaid the charges, and sent it by express. While this cost the boys $2 the joke will cost Wolcott many times that amount before the season comes to a close.

Joyce, of the Greensboros, made several straights by shooting his celebrated "Cabinet Beer" under the belts of the boys.

Tell the boys you received these tips from U. No.

## The Marmont Tournament.

MARMONT, Ind.—Below will be found scores of the Chadwick tournament, held at Culver's Park, on Lake Maxinkuckee, one of the most beautiful lakes in our State. Mr. Culver's place is the prettiest on the lake, there being several flowing mineral springs on his grounds. Mr. Parker, manager of Culver's Hotel, did the correct thing by the shooters. Among the visitors were Rolla Heikes, of Chicago; Dr. Britain, of Indianapolis; C. W. Grubbs, of Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, and N. Long, of Lafayette, Ind.:

Shoot No. 1, 10 singles: Heikes 9, Britain 9, Elliott 8, Tomason 8, Thomson 8, Lewengood 9. Fugart 5, Chadwick 6, Hatke 5, Long 3, Quinn 3.

No. 2, 10 singles: Elliott 10, Heikes 10, Britain 10, Long 5, Thomson 7, Lewengood 8, Chadwick 5, Hatke 7, Fugart 7.

No. 3, 10 singles: Heikes 10, Britain 10, Long 8, Townson 8, Ellipitt 10, Thomson 8, Hatke 9, Lewengood 7, Fugate 8, Quinn 2, Chadwick 0.

No. 4, 15 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 101111111110101—12 | Lewengood | 111111111111111—15 |
| Briton | 111111111111111—15 | Long | 101111111111111—14 |
| Elliott | 100011110111110—10 | Chadwick | 110111101011111—12 |
| Hatke | 101101111001100— 9 | Fugate | 111011111111111—14 |
| Thomson | 101101010010101— 8 | | |

No. 5, 10 singles, $1.30: Lewengood 7, Briton 9, Long 9, Fugate 5, Thomson 7, Heikes 10, Elliott 8, Chadwick 6.

No. 6, 10 singles, $1.50: Elliott 8, Lewengood 6, Chadwick 6, Briton 8, Heikes 5, Bang 5, Thomson 8, Long 10.

No. 7, 10 singles and 3 pairs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 1111111011 01 00 10—13 | Long | 0011101111 10 10 10—10 |
| Elliott | 0101111010 11 11 11—12 | Quinn | 0000000000 00 10 00— 1 |
| Leweng'd | 1011111101 00 10 00— 9 | Chadwick | 1111111111 11 10 00—13 |
| Briton | 1111111111 10 10 10—13 | Fugate | 1101111010 01 11 00—10 |

No. 8, 20 singles; $40.00 guaranteed; $3.00

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 01110111111111111111—18 | Leweng'd | 10010110110110111110—13 |
| Long | 01111111111111101110—17 | Fugate | 11110111101010011110—14 |
| Briton | 11010111111111011111—17 | Chadwick | 10111111001111111101—16 |
| Thomson | 00000000000000000000— 0 | Quinn | 10001000000000010001— 4 |
| Elliott | 11111111111101111111—19 | | |

No. 9, 10 singles: Elliott 4, Britan 7, Heikes 10, Grubb 4, Thomson 10, Long 8, Chadwick 8, Lewengood 8.

No. 10, 10 singles, $1.00: Britan 7, Bang 7, Chadwick 7, Heikes 9, Lewengood 7, Grubbs 6, Long 9, Thomson 8, Elliott 7.

No. 11: Britan 9, Elliott 9, Thomson 10, Long 8, Heikes 10, Grubbs 8, Lewengood 9, Chadwick 7.

No. 12, 15 singles, $2 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Britan | 1101111111011111—13 | Long | 0111111001111011—11 |
| Thomson | 1111101111101110—12 | Chadwick | 1110111110011011—11 |
| Elliott | 1111101011111102—12 | Grubs | 1011111101010111—11 |
| Heikes | 0111111100111011—11 | Bang | 1011111010101111—11 |
| Lewengood | 1101111011010110—11 | | |

No. 13, 10 singles, $1.30 entry: Britan 9, Thomson 7, Elliott 8, Lewengood 3, Heikes 8, Long 7, Bang 5, Chadwick 7 Grubbs 6.

No. 14, 15 singles, $2 entry: Elliott 10, Heikes 15, Britan 14, Thomson 12, Lewingood 7, Long 11, Grubbs 11.

No. 15, 10 singles: Elliott 8, Heikes 9, Britan 9, Lewengood 9, Hatkee 8, Chadwick 7, Fugate 7, Tcmpson 9 Grubbs 6.

No. 16, challenge race:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 1111011101111101111111111—22 | 1111111111—32 | |
| Thomson | 1010111101111111111111111—22 | 1011111011—30 | |

## The Griffen Gun Club Wins.

GRIFFEN, Ga., Aug. 20.—The long-talked-of match between the Griffen Gun Club, of this place, and the Columbus Gun Club took place at Columbus yesterday, and our boys were treated in royal style by the home club, who held a barbecue and picnic in connection with the shoot. The match was for a gold medal, which now graces the manly breast of our handsome captain, R. J. Andrews.

The conditions were 15 singles and 5 pairs of targets per man the teams comprising 15 men each. The scores:

| Griffen Gun Club. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D J Bailey | 1000101010010000— 5 | 11 10 11 10 10—7—12 | |
| R J Andrews | 1111111111111111—15 | 11 10 10 11 11—8—18 | |
| R J Edwards | 0111101011100001— 9 | 10 11 10 01 00—5—14 | |
| E J Flemtr | 0111100010010100— 7 | 11 00 11 10 00—5—12 | |
| J D Williams | 0001100110000011— 5 | 10 11 10 11 11—8—13 | |
| W C Edwards | 1000111001110100— 8 | 10 10 10 11 10—6—14 | |
| D Boyd | 0011100101111111—10 | 00 11 10 00 11—5—15 | |
| R H Taylor | 1011111010010011— 9 | 10 10 10 00 10—4—15 | |
| L Manley | 0001010010000101— 5 | 00 11 01 00 10—4— 9 | |
| T B Lyon | 1001001101111100— 9 | 00 00 01 00 11—3—12 | |
| C P Nall | 1011110111110111—12 | 00 01 11 00 10—4—16 | |
| Strickland | 1111110010000011— 9 | 00 10 10 10 11—3—12 | |
| Turnipseed | 1101110100101011—10 | 10 10 11 10 11—7—17 | |
| J H Dews | 0101111000000100— 5 | 00 10 00 00 10—2— 7 | |
| J T Brooks | 0100010110000001— 5 | 00 10 00 01 10—3— 8—194 | |
| Columbus Gun Club. | | | |
| Colzey | 1011100111110100—10 | 10 10 10 10 01—5—15 | |
| D Joseph | 1011111101101101—11 | 10 00 00 11 11—5—16 | |
| Oliver | 1101111100111101—12 | 00 10 00 00 00—1—13 | |
| Woodruff | 0000001101010001— 4 | 10 00 10 00 00—2— 6 | |
| Bedell | 0110101110100001— 8 | 00 10 10 00 00—2—11 | |
| Neill | 0010000000111111— 6 | 00 10 00 10 10—4—10 | |
| R F Jones | 0001111101011111—10 | 00 11 10 11 01—6—16 | |
| Hunt | 0000000011101111— 6 | 00 11 01 10 00—3— 9 | |
| Pelhill | 1101010101101101— 9 | 11 10 10 11 11—8—17 | |
| J C Turner | 0011010100000100— 5 | 11 10 01 10 10—6—11 | |
| Murphy | 0000001001000001— 3 | 10 00 00 11 00—3— 6 | |
| J Joseph | 1111010010000001— 8 | 00 10 01 01 00—3—11 | |
| Battle | 1101111001111111—12 | 00 00 00 01 00—1—13 | |
| Edwards | 1101010000011111— 8 | 10 00 10 10 00—3—11 | |
| Mason | 1110001101101110— 9 | 10 00 10 11 10—5—14—181 | |

The singles were shot before and the doubles after dinner.

GRIFFEN.

## Sweepstake Shooting.

Several members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club had a big day's sport at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, August 24. The stakes were nominal but the losers of the first team race had to pay for the dinner and in all the others the losers paid for the refreshments and birds. They all had an enjoyable day's fun. The scores:

No. 1, 15 birds:

| | |
|---|---|
| M Haydon | 0101111120010l0— 9 |
| D Jones | 1020101212221l1—12 |
| W Hartye | 2201212111121—14 |
| F Thompson | 0102210101021l2— 9 |

No. 2, 10 birds; No. 3, 5 birds; No. 4, 10 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M Haydon | 0020110202—5 | 22001—3 | 1222020110—7 |
| F Thompson | 2012120122—8-13 | 12022—4-7 | 0102200011—5 |
| D Jones | 1121092212—8 | 22022—4 | 1101112210—8 |
| W Hartye | 1001222201—7-15 | 22000—2-6 | 2222222110 - 9 |

Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Haydon | 12012 00 | 22201 12 | 10011 02011 0 |
| Thompson | 02112 01 | | |
| Jones | | 12011 11 | 21102 02012 1 |

# Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. F. R., Hackensack.—A nesting quail, because lying close, and also not moving about, naturally gives off less scent than in other seasons, and for this reason is more difficult for a dog to discover.

J. H., Jr.—When you order your gun explain fully what it is to be used for, and state your own weight and build, and then leave it to the makers to give you the best gun for the purpose and best adapted to you. Have the left barrel modified choke and the right cylinder.

E. B. D., Block Island.—Kindly tell me of some good place where I can go next month for a couple of weeks' fine fishing for big weakfish and striped bass. Anywhere within 300 or 400 miles of New York?—Ans. We cannot advise you with certainty for most fishing is variable, but some excellent fishing has been had on the Jersey coast, at Belmar, and elsewhere.

C. W. McC., Cascadeville, N. Y.—There is a difference of opinion among guests here as to a question of some interest to several, some asserting that the game laws have been amended so that trout cannot be taken even in the Forest Preserve after the first day of September, others maintaining that within the preserve fishing may continue up to the 15th. We appeal to you to decide this question. Ans. The Adirondack trout law is uniform with that of the rest of the State. The last day of the open season was yesterday, Aug. 31.

J. W. G. D., Blooming Grove Park.—1. Please give the game laws for Pike county, Pa. Why are they not in the *Book of the Game Laws?* 2. Do you know of any good map or maps of Pike and Monroe counties, Pa., and where they can be obtained and at what price? The maps on large enough scale to show roads and water courses. 3. Do you know of any way to catch small eels (5 and 6in. long) for bass bait out of a large-sized lake? Ans. 1. Open season for deer between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1; squirrels, Sept. 1 and Dec. 15; gray rabbit, Oct. 15 and Dec. 15; wood or summer duck, Oct. 1 and Jan. 1; woodcock, July 4 and Dec. 15; quail, Oct. 15 and Dec. 1; ruffed grouse, Sept. 15 and Dec. 15. The law is given on page 140b of the *Book of the Game Laws.* 2. We can supply it, price $4. 3. We cannot tell you, but perhaps some reader may.

J. B., West Park, N. Y.—1. Is it illegal to put racks in a black bass stream? Several are put in every fall in a fine black bass stream near here. Can they be stopped and how? Large numbers of fine bass are caught in this unsportsmanlike way. 2. When is the law off on squirrels and partridges? 3. What number shot is the best for all-round squirrel shooting? 4. Do you think there is any advantage in having a trained squirrel dog? If so, what breed is the best, or is any cur equally good? Ans. 1. The law forbids catching black bass save by angling. Apply to your district game protector, James McMillan, Broadhead Bridge. 2. Law is now off on squirrels and partridges, and last day of open season will be Dec. 31. 3. For squirrels use No. 6 shot. 4. Use a cocker or a fox-terrier or a dachshund; a cur will do practically, and a squirrel dog, like a poet, may be of humble origin and born, not made, but you will find more satisfaction in having the company of a dog of some breed.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.



"FOREST AND STREAM" ANIMAL SERIES.—V.

Supplement to "Forest and Stream," Sept. 8, 1892.

# PANTHER.

(*Felis concolor.*)

# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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### *THE FOREST AND STREAM SUPPLEMENT.*

THE first one of the portraits of American wild animals is given to-day as an extra sheet supplement of this number. It is Mr. E. E. Thompson's drawing of the Panther. The creature is represented as sighting a deer; and we need not point out that the drawing is full of life and strength.

Others of the series will be printed as follows: Oct. 6, the Ocelot; Nov. 3, the Canada Lynx; Dec. 1, the Bay Lynx.

It will be noted that the present supplement is designated as "FOREST AND STREAM Wild Animal Series.—V." It is the fifth in a series, four of which have from time to time been printed in this journal, and which have been reprinted separately; and the four are sent by mail, postpaid, for the nominal price of 10 cents for the set. They are: Young Mountain Sheep or Bighorn, the FOREST AND STREAM'S Grizzly (in the Central Park, New York), American Elk and Group of American Elk.

### *THE NEW ARMY RIFLE.*

THE Army Small-Arms Board has made a choice of a new magazine weapon which is likely to create a vast amount of criticism. The mere fact that it is a foreign arm, invented by a European and already in use, will stir up a lot of patriotic resentment in many quarters. It has so long been a cherished American whim that our mechanics could lead the world in inventive skill, and particularly in the line of small-arms, that it comes with somewhat of a shock that a board wearing United States blue should not see everything good in the work of a Yankee inventor, and not quite so much that was excellent in a rifle bearing foreign patent marks. But it should be remembered that a rifle talks an international language; that the whizz of a rifle ball sounds the same in every ear. The choice of a rifle is a sort of mathematical problem, and if the new Danish arm gave the best total its choice followed as a matter of fact. Abroad the hunt for an effective rifle is intensified very much by the knowledge that others are hunting in the same field, and that when the worst comes to the worst the best hunter is likely to be the sole survivor. An hundred tests and experiments in arms, in ammunition and methods, are made abroad to one trial on this side of the ocean in any of these directions, and it is only natural that success should be theirs when competition brings the arms together.

The new weapon must needs be an excellent one to gain the place which the Springfield now holds in the favor of the American wearers of the blue. That arm has been treated so well and responded so successfully that it has gained a very high rank as an arm of precision. To be sure it is a single-loader, but so easy of manipulation is it that in such skillful hands as those of our army experts have grown to be, the results have passed far beyond what is reported from the other side. Twenty shots per minute effectually placed can be secured from the Springfield, and yet in a recent test with the Lebel rifle in France, ten soldiers firing at a figure of a file of fifteen men at 300yds., less than 9 per cent. of hits were recorded, and the average was but 152 shots per man for the ten minutes taken to completely exhaust the strength of the shooters.

The marksmen of the U. S. Army will excuse the clumsiness of the "K. J.," provided it shoots well. The fighters of the line will accept it if it shows that it is a serviceable lead distributer in a pinch, but it must first of all down the Springfield before the Army affection will turn to it from the present neat trap-door breechloader.

In the mean time it will be in order for the American inventors to explain what they have been about all these months since the magazine board went into existence in December, 1890. There is no intimation as yet that they have not had a fair field, and that they have not met with success can only be interpreted to mean that their offerings were inferior.

### *A DOG-DAY OUTLOOK.*

TO ANY one who is interested in dogs and has watched the steady progress and advancement of the different breeds, the present state of kennel affairs must be a pleasing one. There is no fictitious boom, but all the time a steady advancement toward a perfection of form and increase in value in the animals we own. While the year 1892 has not, so far, produced any dog more than ordinarily good, if we except the mastiff Beaufort's Black Prince, the general excellence is noticeable. The English setter probably holds pride of place as a general favorite, especially with sportsmen, but the St. Bernard is running a good second. Notwithstanding the serious losses incurred by some of our St. Bernard breeders last year, we are pleased to see that far from being disheartened, their kennels contain more of these noble dogs than ever, though we believe the time for paying large prices for English dogs has passed, and home products will receive more attention. Greyhound enthusiasts are very active in the interests of their favorites, and the coming coursing meetings are eagerly anticipated by devotees of the leash. Somehow we hear very little of the collie as a fashionable dog, but that there is a steady demand we are assured by prominent breeders. The Collie Club might do good for this breed if they would exert themselves a little and carry out their proposed sheepdog trials. The beagle element is doing good work for the merry little hound, but for the best interests of the work perfect harmony must exist among the workers, and all should put their shoulders to the wheel and make the trials and show in October the success we hope for.

No one who loves the terrier for his gameness and the sport he affords can but be pleased to see the advancement made in bull-terriers, fox-terriers, and especially Dandie Dinmonts and Scotch terriers, as well as the Bedlingtons, several high class exemplars of these breeds having been imported this year. The quaint little dachshund is also bound to take a more prominent place in our shows next year than in the past, and the different breeds of toy spaniels have received several valuable recruits recently. In common with others who admire the noble mastiff we deplore the fact that, despite a club which claims to have the best interest of the breed at heart, popular interest has dwindled, and though good dogs are raised by several kennels, they are not seen in public to the extent that they should be.

At no period in the history of "dogdom" in this country have the field trials commanded so much attention as this year. Several new clubs have sprung into existence and every stake so far has met with a gratifying entry. There is only one drawback that we foresee in this—the lack of trainers and handlers. There are good men in the business, but not yet having made public reputations they are to some extent deserted in favor of those who are more popular—as winners. Consequently the latter get more dogs than they can possibly attend to properly, and some one has to stand the eventual loss.

The only cloud that mars the clear sky in the kennel world is the attitude of one part of the kennel press. That criticism is necessary and beneficial we all admit, but private antagonism and public spirit cannot go hand in hand. Such writings serve no public good—only harm—for they deter good men from entering the fancy and frighten others out of it who can be ill spared. Right will assert itself, however, eventually, and such guerilla tactics will meet their own reward.

### *A FAMILY GROUP.*

FROM the crest of a hill, higher than any of its neighbors, may be seen the wide prospect of the rolling plain. Near at hand the swells rise one after another in succeeding waves which lessen in the distance until at last far away the land seems flat. On the yellow prairie the winding course of a far-off stream is clearly marked by the dark green of the fresh-growing vegetation which stands along its banks. Scattered over the nearer plain are yellow and white moving forms—antelope, feeding or at rest. The wind blows freshly and bends the prairie grass, rattling the seed pods of the tall weeds, and now and then catching up the light dust in miniature whirlwinds—the Indians' ghosts.

From the crest of this hill a hunter, who should creep up to his position with caution and lie there looking through the grass, would see a pretty sight—a family of antelope.

The old buck lies by himself, a little to one side. His head is held low, his eyes are half closed, and his whole attitude speaks of entire security. The task of watching for danger he leaves to his wives, little dreaming that within easy range is the deadly tube that has so often dealt out death to others of his kind. The does and the young are by themselves, the elders for the most part lying down, while the kids are walking about, feeding and playing. Some of the old does are on their feet, however, now taking a bite of grass or standing perfectly still steadily staring away over the plain at some distant object that they cannot quite make out. Others move about as if seeking a comfortable spot to lie down, and in doing this walk up the hill toward the watcher, who lowers his head still closer to the ground.

They are all clean cut and graceful figures, but daintiest and most graceful of all are the little kids. They are old enough now to have lost the stilty ungainliness which marked their earliest youth, and are marvels of lightness, quickness and beauty. As they race about in their play, their light feet seem scarcely to touch the ground and their slender legs move so fast that they cannot be seen. Now and then, as some scent or sound imperceptible to grosser senses comes to them, they stop and all stand with raised heads and quivering nostrils, while the white hair on the rump of each rises till it stands on end and also seems to expand from side to side. For a moment they stand like tiny statues; then, their suspicions allayed, one starts, and then another, till all have resumed their romp. At last tiring of this, some of them lie down close to their dams, while others begin to feed, or, by nosing their mothers or butting them with their tiny heads, try to persuade them to rise and give them suck.

But if some curious or uneasy old doe walks too far up on the hill and detects the strange form lying there prone upon the ground—in a moment all is changed. The doe makes a few rapid bounds—each antelope is at once upon its feet—the old buck utters his curious barking cry of alarm—and in a close group they bound away. Before they have gone a hundred yards, they stop and turn to look, and now, if the watcher needs meat, is the dangerous moment for the old buck. If the rifle cracks he may fall never to rise again.

### *OUR COLUMBUS NUMBER.*

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 20 (the day before the Columbus celebration) will be a special Columbus number. The contents, both text and illustrations, will relate largely to the age of Columbus, and will be as interesting as unique.

SOME one suggests that in dubbing our political convention halls "wigwams" we are reverting to the usage of savages. Another example of the fantastic use of words is that of "camp" to describe a certain type of Adirondack summer home. The so-called camp is often an expensively built and luxuriously furnished establishment, as much like a camp as a vestibule train of cars is like a piny-woods cart drawn by a steer.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## A CAMPER'S DIARY.

JULY 15.—Well, I've decided to go camping next month with Sam Andrews. Sam's a little old fellow, about thirty-five, but looks younger; not a bit particular about his grammar, never laughs at a joke nor makes one, but often gets unconsciously funny trying to say two things at once. He's a crank on camping, and likes to potter around the fire, they say, and make a pan of biscuit. According to his talk, "camping out" is just a halcyon time, but the old man went once when he was young and he says it's most all that's execrable. I'm going anyhow.

*July 21.*—The boys were up to-night to talk it over. Mack and Valentine are the other two. Four in all. Mack's a medium-sized chap about twenty-two, still beardless, without any deep lines of thought or care on his countenance. Looks as if he would be good-natured on wet days. Valentine's a student with side tabs and wears glasses. He's entirely innocent of the woods and never caught a fish, but he's reading up on those things, I haven't sized him up yet, but Sam says he'll fit in all right and won't be in the way at all. His expression is not exactly solemn, but rather wondering, as if he would like to laugh if he could only see the joke.

Well, we had a great time leaning over the table while Sam traced a pencil over the route on Farrar's map and lured us on a wonderful journey through Vacation Land. He spoke of the moonlight on the water sailing out of Boston on the Portland boat. He overlooked the dusty railroad trip, but enlarged on the charming, jolting, jogging journey on the buckboard stage between the mountains, and when he opened up the view of the lake his imagination carried us on till we sunned ourselves with him aboard the little steamer going north. He said we'd climb the mount "Old Ziscoss" and leave our names in a cairn on top, and get a noble vision there. He agreed to point out the Canadian Mountains and the Mountains of the Half Moon and Katahdin, and a myriad of lakes besides, and the forests on a thousand hills; but principally he talked of a silver river, Magalloway, in the wilderness with just us on her bosom in two canoes. He talked knowingly of "The Narrows" and "The Meadows" and "The Forks" and reverently of "Parmachenee," cautioned us if we read up on the subject to make allowance for Farrar's imagination, but it struck me first of all we'd better fortify ourselves against Sam's own eloquence. Valentine was deeply interested and inquired of Sam if he thought there was any prospect of his hearing a loon. He wanted to hear a loon crying in the night. Sam thought there was; he would almost guarantee it. He wouldn't guarantee to show me a deer though, standing out on a point, but he agreed to point out the tracks where the old fellows had stood a little before, and foot prints on the little beaches "thicker than leaves in Vallambrosa." The next meeting comes off at Sam's house, Aug. 10.

*July 30.*—Bought a big rubber bag to-day to hold things and a rubber blanket. The blanket has two little holes you can put a string through and tie around your neck. I don't mind if it does rain one day. Met Sam on the street to-day. He is having a hard time to get away. His employer is one of those old fellows who "never had a vacation in fifteen years; couldn't afford it." He didn't see how Mack could either. Mack told him he couldn't afford not to take one.

*Aug. 12.*—Met Sam night before last. Awful hot and we sat on the back piazza in shirt sleeves. I'm satisfied now that that fellow's a born camper. What do you suppose he had? A little fire on the concrete. A smudge, he called it, to keep away the bugs. The tent has come too. He had it up on the lawn Sunday. Says it will sleep four nicely. Then we turned to business. Had an important matter to discuss—grub. Sam read down his list by the light of the "smudge" and said, "I've decided to cross off tomatoes, three cans; too bulky." This brought a remonstrance from Mack and he wound up, "If you leave out tomatoes, you can leave out me." So Sam sighed and reinstated them. "All right," he says, "I'll give you a can for supper first night and I'll sink a can in the river to have coming back and that'll leave only one can to tote." The remaining list passed. Then Mack said, "Say Sammy, you're going to take along the camera, aren't you?" Sam shook his head, "No, those small ones are no earthly good. I wouldn't be satisfied with anything less than a tripod and that's too bulky for where we're going." Mack was disappointed and insisted that those were fine pictures that they got last year, "fine ones." "Yes," said Sam, winking at me, "you better look over those pictures Jeff, you'll find Mack looming right up in the middle with his arms akimbo. After you've seen the whole ten you may think to inquire 'I wonder where Sam is?'" Mack looked sheepish, so I came to his assistance and said, "I'd bet if Sam would bring the instrument along he'd capture the FOREST AND STREAM prize of twenty-five dollars." Sam was obdurate though and Mack says, "No use, Jeff. When he says 'no' like that he means it like a mule."

Then we drifted on to the subject of game. Mack wanted to buy a heavy rifle and get a deer. I argued that he couldn't hit a deer anyway, but by taking a shotgun or a little .22 we could get a duck or partridge now and then. We appealed to Sam. By this time he had dragged the tent out and had it spread on the piazza. He had laid in a lot of blankets and was making a roll of canned goods. He got us down on our hands and knees, and then said, "I'll cook anything you fellows bring to camp, but I don't go shooting much at this season of the year." "What's the matter, you 'fraid of the game law?" Well, no. Turn that corner in, Jeff, and roll hard. No, I don't stand much in awe of the laws of Maine, but I have some regard for the laws of Nature."

Well, we finally got that old tent bundle made and covered all over with rope and hard knots. Mack says, "So long as Valentine's not here I move we appoint him a committee on the spot to untie the tent bag at the first camp. Sam says, "Oh, I met him to-day. He's been reading a book by Dr. Mitchell. The doctor says, 'Don't forget to take along some raw onions.' I told him if the doctor ordered them we'd take a few. Some other author tells him not to cover his face all over with vile daub, but to wet the corner of his handkerchief with oil of lavender. He says he's going to have the laugh on the rest of us."

The question of fire-arms was reopened, but left unsettled. Mack remarked with a bloodthirsty gleam that he'd carry "something" on his own hook.

Sam says, "Say, you fellows better get this expedition subsidized and we'll fetch along a lot of troggers to lug the game and ammunition and camera and I'll march ahead with a white Stanley helmet and take pictures."

This was a parting shot as we were going out of the gate.

We start in a few days. JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

## THE STORY OF A COUGAR SKIN.

YES, I captured a cougar skin of considerable proportions when out on the Pacific coast, but I haven't said much about the occurrence because the circumstances were so unusual, so almost incredible, that I didn't wish to weaken the already rather slim confidence my friends have in me, by relating them. However, as cougar stories haven't been a very prolific crop lately, I will whisper my little story in your private ear, Mr. Editor, because you have seemed to convey an insinuation that if there was a story about this particular pelt, it would have to be manufactured. The pelt is on view, it speaks for itself. I am likewise situated. I have long desired to meet a healthy cougar in the flesh in his native wilds, provided I had a magazine gun in my hands, and the animal would let me have the drop on him, my kind of a drop. But I don't yearn as I did. I have lost a yearn, a yearn or a half or two yearns, and if my own wishes are consulted, the animal in question may have his flesh, health and native wilds all to himself. I shall not seek him out to stir him up. I once mooned around over Republican Mountain in Colorado all day in the snow with an old Gallagher carbine which I was very desirous to "let 'er go" at a big cat whose five-inch track was very devious, well defined and attractive, but the Felis very obligingly kept going and out of my way so that I am thankfully alive at this present time. I often think how awfully hot and cold it would have been up there toward the zenith if that disreputable old fusee had gone off uncertainly and that enraged puma had left my person scattered around over the rocks in strings, shreds and patches. It is worth shuddering over.

On a misty, rainy, gloomy, despondont, beautiful Oregon day last spring, I found myself very expectedly on the lower Columbia aboard a Union Pacific steamer, plowing the muddy waters of that noble highway between Portland and Astoria. The scenery was truly Oregonian and Columbian at that season of the year and probably quite a number of other seasons. Occasionally the shores, low-lying or more abrupt, could be seen, but for the most part the view was limited to the low-hanging clouds dropping their everlasting surplus in steady, depressing and monotonous drizzle, and to the irresistible flow of the mighty river. Occasionally a gull emerged silently from the wetness of the whence and as silently disappeared in the misty moisture of the hence. How lonesome and hungry, and damp and chilly and unsatisfied he looked. And I've no doubt he was. I shivered in sympathy. The steamer shivered too, and coughed with its lungs full of Oregon mist, and the passengers gathered around the radiator in the cabin, and radiated tobacco smoke and juice, read Seaside books, Portland papers, and discussed the latest phase of the perennial Astorian boom, which, with canned salmon are the principal products of Astoria, both well-preserved. Among the passengers was a Norwegian, Prof. Aamold by name, characteristically blonde and fair haired, a violin virtuoso, who, having completed his winter tour, presumably with satisfactory returns, had separated himself from his confreres of the troupe and with his precious violin, guns, rods, and pony was bound for a summering among the lofty hills and secluded valleys of this region, where he might breathe purer air than that usually served up in concert halls, lure the wily trout from his crystal retreat, or perforate the mighty grizzly or stealthy puma with his .45-90 Winchester. He had been here before and talked entertainingly of sport past and to come, for he was well-read, a fine conversationalist, a great admirer of, and a firm disciple of, Darwin, concerning whose views he conversed enthusiastically, and as a brother sportsman my heart warmed toward him and I sincerely hoped he might escape the raking claws of the tawny Felis, and the fatal hug of the horrible Ursus. His pony, a little, beautiful, intelligent gray, had, through the carelessness and mismanagement of the deck hands at Portland, tumbled into the river between the dock and boat and had been quite severely injured, and was of course an object of much solicitude, as he was to be the Professor's mainstay in his jaunts.

During the day we passed several long double lines of piles on either side of the river, between which men on loaded barges were dumping evergreen branches which were to be weighted down with stone to confine the current at bars and shallow places, for Uncle Sam was taking a hand in the improvement of the river for Portland's benefit. Along in the afternoon the boat pulled in to the little village or port of Klackallackum, for there was very little village to it, only a broken down wharf, a store and two or three houses, on the Washington side. The mail bag and a box of bottled beer were put off, the freight clerk or purser walked out the gang plank with considerable style, handed a bill to the storekeeper who was also postmaster and agent for the boat, walked back again, the mate cried up the speaking tube, "All gone, sir," the pilot rung the gong in the engine room, men on the wharf cast off spring and stern lines, the wheel, for she was a stern wheeler, backed water until ting-a-ling from the pilot started her ahead again, and we were once more under way down stream, while the half dozen dejected and lonesome-looking men on the wharf moved solemnly storeward with the beer, which might have been spelled the other way, judging from their motions. During the moment or two that we laid at the wharf I was standing on the upper deck leaning on the guards looking down on the festive and thrilling scene, when Prof. A. stepped to my side. "Do you see that gap in the hills back of town? Well, a fine trout stream comes down from the mountains through that gap, and flows rather sluggishly across the intervening mile or so, emptying into the river just below here. It's a wild country back there, as I happen to know, and you won't go amiss if you try the stream for fish." I thanked him, resolving if opportunity offered to visit the place and see what sport I could get out of it.

After a journey which would have been tedious but for the company of the Prof. and for whose entertaining conversation I was truly obliged and thankful, I reluctantly bade him good-by at Astoria as he led his pony across the dock; and not many moons afterward walked myself across the wharf at Klackallackum, with rod and basket bound for the Pilchuck, as I found its name to be. On inquiry, I ascertained that I could boat it almost, if not quite, to the gap or rough water, so after some search I found what was not the most graceful or lightest boat in existence, but which would float me at least, and which I hired for the trip. It was a fine day, that rare thing on the lower Columbia, and I give full credit therefor. I thanked my lucky stars that the fates had been so propitious, for nine days in ten I might have struck a solid day of wetness. I did not know what I had done to deserve such good fortune, but I accepted it thankfully and hoped that I might be a gratified recipient often. By that I don't mean to asseverate that a Californian or Arizonian in June would have called it such. The patient reader will simply understand that it did not rain. It was cloudy to be sure, but the clouds were not the low-lying, enveloping, reeky, sifting, depressing sort, but were, for the nonce, in a more etherial and light hearted mood, sailing aloft, solidly it is true, but almost persuaded at times to accede to the importunities of the sun and allow him to penetrate and lighten their dense folds.

I got a boy to dig me a *dernier ressort* of worms, for sometimes early in the season trout don't hunger for flies, and however great a stickler I may be for the only æsthetic lure, when the trout decline any and every shape and hue of manufactured loveliness, I am just stickler enough to stick on a barnyard hackle and secure enough belly fins to use either as fly or bait. With my worms, rod, and a grocery lunch of cheese, crackers, pickles and canned beef I loaded myself into the skiff, took up a pair of oars, the blades of which had lost the most effective part of their extremeties, and resembled long butter paddles as much as anything, put them between those aggravations of the oarsman, thole pins, and turned my bow up the quietly gliding and romantic stream, the euphonic Pilchuck.

A good deal of brush bordered the stream as I moved along up, back of which here and there were open fields, alternating with bits of woodland, and in the former all the air was quivering with the delicious song of the meadow lark, which is more prolonged and far sweeter to my ear than that of its Eastern congener, the song being suggestive of the mingled sounds of tinkling glass and steel accompanying the incomparable melody from the bird's throat. Bobolink's music is likewise suggestive. The larks were very numerous, and the delightful serenade I enjoyed already repaid me for the trip. Robins were arriving, and now and then a crow projected his black form against the dim clouds as he beat the air with heavy pinion, croaking a warning or greeting to some sombre-robed companion who sat on a distant tree and hoarsely acknowledged the salutation. Rounding a bend I surprised a little mink "projeckin'" around a bit of stranded drift, busy as he could be working out some scent; but when he caught sight of my movements he paused a moment as he endeavored to understand them, and then left a brown streak behind him, disappearing under the bank among the roots of a handy tree. Ducks of various kinds rose ahead of me with much alarm and splashing, circling around to the rear or going further up, and an occasional heap of drift or log detained me; but all the region was a *terra incognita*, and the delays and surmounting of obstacles were pleasant.

There were likely-looking spots for wetting a line in suggestive pools or still reaches of water by the side of a log or under the bank, but the rapid, tumbling, foaming stream as it dances in cataract or leaps in fall, pausing here and there in deep pool where the eddies circle and the foam flakes chase each other up stream only to be drawn into the current, to go whirling down again in a delightful "merry-go-round," has charms for me beyond any sluggish water, so I kept up the breeze and looked for better things. The country grew rougher as I proceeded, unbroken forest succeeded fields, the current grew swifter, and ere long the foothills rose from the banks and ran upward to the nearer low-lying mountains. Just in the entrance to the gap stretched a long, rather deep pool, where the stream took a long breath after its prolonged and rapid flight, and at the upper end, around a curve, I could hear a rapid, which told me my boating was over for the present. On the left hand about half-way up the pool the water was quite deep, and the bluff rose abruptly to a height of perhaps a dozen feet. I noticed before I reached this place that an old disused trail, formerly used probably by lumbermen, ran up from the lower ground, and presumably ran alongside the bluff on top. On the opposite side the pool just below this bluff, a bar or point of low-lying rocks ran out, and on it was a long pile of drift, some of the logs and limbs reaching out to quite deep water.

A little distance above there was a sharp turn to the left, and the current running around this shot across, striking the outer edge of a drift. Noting these facts as I worked along up, I decided to land on the trail side, as one naturally would, so I drifted back to where I could land easily and ran ashore, pulled the boat out and proceeded to put my rig together. And assembling an outfit at such periods as this is, to me, one of the most enjoyable moments of the day. With what joyful, satisfying expectancy one joints his rod, attaches the reel, threads the line, chooses with cogitation the cast. While the beautiful, clear, rushing waters harboring the handsome game, the pebbly shore or bolder rocky bluff, the pile of drift or overhanging roots from beneath the edge of which the swift fish darts upon his prey, the silence and solitude all yours surrounding you like a benison, the lovely vistas opening between boles of stately trees in silent watchfulness over all, are sweet and inspiring influences which make glad and peaceful the heart of the fisherman.

My Chubb lancewood soon stretched its willowy length before me, visibly achin' for the fray. A royal-coachman and brown-hackle were the last things on the string, and putting my lunch in my hunting coat pocket (and by the way, what satisfaction there is in a multi-pocket coat on a fishing trip), and giving an extra safe pull to the boat, so as to be sure of its whereabouts, I struck for the trail and meandered up stream.

As is the case in most, if not all, trout streams, the best holes couldn't be got at handily, which is nature's best protection, but by careful and quiet management,

ducking and crawling as exigency demanded, I found the fishing fairly good for so early in the season, but the fish were not as anxious for the fly as the wiggler, as I found out little by little. But they were numerously at home, and the soul-filling satisfaction at being on a stream not fished to death was simply intoxicating. How sleek and fat the supple black-spotted charmers were, to be sure, as they came to hand after a desperate little resistance, during which some of the larger ones tried the rod to seemingly the last ounce of endurance as they fought for the protecting log or bank, so near and yet so far. Perhaps I allow prejudice to somewhat bias my opinions, but it seems to me that the trout of the Pacific coast, as a rule, as far as my experience goes in Washington and Oregon, have not the same dash, vigor and fight in them that the Eastern *fontinalis* has. They are wary and wild as trout should be, but they don't seem to make the rod and fisher work as lively as Old Crimson Spots does. Still the difference will never prevent me from going for those Western fellows whenever I have opportunity.

A hundred yards or so above the bend spoken of below which I landed, I came to a stream emptying into the Pilchuck, which looked like a promising water for smallish fish, and I determined that if I packed a creel full when I returned I would test its capabilities, for I have often found that seemingly insignificant waters surprise one in abundance and size of fish, this particularly in trout fishing. Appearances are often very deceptive in this matter, though the fact mentioned may obtain chiefly in regions much fished. Often have I, in New England, left larger streams, with deep, promising, unsatisfying holes, for some quiet, modest little brook hidden largely by the long grass that hung in tangles over it as it threaded its silent way through some meadow, with difficulty dropping the worm through the network of stems, and weighted my creel with beauties whose velvety sides were as dark as the shadowy retreats where they lay cool and unseen when the day was hot.

I worked along slowly and enjoyably, as only the trout fisher can, taking a fish here and there with the feathery deception, and saving the spots where I could not cast well, for the worm or fin, on my return, for I knew some lurkers were warily balancing themselves on slow fins as they watched the lumbering monster in the upper world. As I ascended the scenery grew wilder. The mountain sides were more precipitous and the stream bed narrower, making fishing more difficult. But it was good to be there amid the solitude and grandeur, with a handsome trout coming to hand now and then, giving vigorous exercise for the resilient Chubb, and piling up more stock in memory's store-room. When the day wore along to the full and a vacant feeling beneath my "weskit" reminded me that I had provender in waiting, I chose a spot where the brawling stream spread itself a little over its rocky bed, and seating myself on a stone with my back comfortably against a stranded log, I stretched my tired limbs at full length and rested myself most enjoyably, wishing fervently that certain of my friends far away could be there to fill themselves full of this hour, as with pleasant chat we whiled away the noon, and touched elbows just a little closer with nature. Lunch over, I filled the brier root receptacle with comforting Lone Jack, and as the fragrant smoke floated upward and away in graceful shapes, I ruminated on fish and fishing, fishculture, propagation, depletion, protection, and kindred topics with which FOREST AND STREAM, far away in New York city, was weekly entertaining and enlightening its readers.

Memories of many other fishing experiences in widely separated sections of our land rose before me, and with this, that and the other I found myself nodding ere I knew it. I didn't think very favorably of that, away up there in the wilderness, subject to annoying interviews from Cascade fauna, without choice in the matter, so I roused myself, and with face down stream leisurely investigating likely water, taking some lovely fish out of the wet, and throwing back some right good ones which I should have been very glad to keep on some streams, I plodded boatward. There was one very trouty-looking hole that I couldn't get a fly on satisfactorily when I went up, and as I approached it on my return I determined to use all my skill to get some big fellows out of it.

I made a detour through the woods at one side, as we all have so often done, in order to obtain the best vantage. In doing so I had to cross some old logs, and carelessly stepping on one I slipped on some moss, tried to catch my footing, made it worse, and floundering and pawing the air went down in a scrambling heap, throwing my rod from me to save it, barking my shins, bruising my hands, nearly putting one eye out against a stub, uttering ejaculations more forcible than elegant and seeing my fish, from a burst-open basket, go flopping in several directions. Then I righted myself, sat down and rubbed my anatomy in divers places, with sundry grunts which seemed to take the edge off the pain, after which I corraled my trout, and proceeded to fish that hole with a worm, and took out some as handsome 1 and 2-pounders as ever waved a fin.

Well, time and a good many steps at length brought me to the little stream before mentioned, and although I had an abundance of trout, the desire to explore, innate in almost every one, led me to go up it a ways, which if I had not done this tale had not been spun. The stream flowed through a miniature cañon whose walls were for the most part steep and high, in places leaving little more than room for the stream. I found the fish plentiful, though small, in comparison to the average of those in the Pilchuck, and had not gone far before I concluded that I didn't want any more trout that day; so I stopped and proceeded to "knock down" my rig, and had just got as far as to unjoint the rod when, glancing carelessly up the ravine, my eye caught a movement among some low bushes a few yards ahead between the stream and rock wall. There was not cover enough for any large animal or I should probably have got out of the locality in haste.



OUT FOR SPORT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. G. MCFARLAND. (CALIFORNIA.)

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

I walked forward as noiselessly as possible, and on nearing the bushes caught a glimpse of a tawny tinge, which moved as the owner apparently saw me, and in a moment I made out the shape of a cougar kitten, which, I concluded, had fallen from some den above, and it wouldn't, probably, be long before the dam would be on the trail. Several thoughts went through me in a hurry. Here was a chance for a flyer in zoology as good as I should ever have. The boat was not far away, the kit was small, not much, I judged, over a foot in length, and if I could once get aboard with it my chances for a safe outcome were good. I resolved to try for it. I glanced hastily around and above. Nothing in sight. So I took off my creel and coat, replaced the creel, and did it in a hurry, too, and, laying my rod on the ground in plain sight, I took my corduroy coat in both hands and cautiously approached the animal, which had remained motionless, either from being hurt or stunned by its fall, or from natural stealth. As I neared it it started up and tried to sneak off, but I was too quick for it, and spreading the coat out threw it over the kit, seized it, rolled it up as rapidly as possible and turning picked up my rod and was off. I am not so limber in my legs as I used to be and my wind is liable to peter out sooner than I'd like, but I believe I made as good time down to the mouth of that brook as any one could. How I did run! I fairly surprised myself. If I could have run like that on a track I could have captured the world's honors as a sprinter. But it makes a world of difference whether the incentive to movement is behind or ahead of you. Fortunately I made no misstep. If I had I believe I should have broken my neck. I looked back once or twice hurriedly where a slight turn gave opportunity without slacking speed, but nothing followed, to my great relief and encouragement. The kit struggled some and tried to cry, but I clutched it the closer and ran the faster, if possible, while the way that creel dangled and bumped around my body was punishing in the extreme. I thought it would disable me if I had to keep it up long. I expected every jump to hear the enraged scream of the old cat, but I splashed through the mouth of the brook and straightened out in the trail down the Pilchuck all safe, though it wasn't very straight or clear. Still it was a welcome trail and I knew were it led and that a hundred yards or so would take me to the boat.

As the engineers say, "I pulled her wide open," and although my heart thumped violently and my wind began to grow "powerful lackin'," my legs did themselves proud, and I soon noticed with gratification that I was nearing the bend at the head of the pool where my boat waited for me. I panted round this bend and was making fine time on the last quarter, when horror of horrors! There in the trail where it ran alongside the steep bank stood a full-grown cougar apparently as much surprised as I. Here was a fix indeed, a full period, a short stop to my progress in that direction. What did I do? What would you do? What would anybody do? There was only one thing to do, and it had to be done presto. I never stopped, but dashed off that bluff to the left with as big a leap as I could spur my legs to make, just as though the trail led that way. I never gave the cat another glance to ascertain what it thought of this episode. I hadn't time. Fortunately I struck the water feet first, and at once made for the swift current, diagonally crossing the channel. In my frantic exertions, half swimming, half wading in water nearly up to my shoulders I lost my grip on the coat, which, with the kit still inside, floated away toward the log drift, but before it reached it the kit in its struggles had emerged from the bundle, and floating and struggling with half smothered cries at length reached the jam just ahead of and a little below and clambered out. The moment I laid my hands on the first half submerged log I struck, I looked back and there, headed for me, a little distance from the opposite shore was that cat, now enraged by the cries of its young, making swiftly for my side the stream. It is commonly reported that cats won't take water, but you should have seen that cat swim. It was entirely too much at home in the water to suit me. I hadn't a moment to spare. I dare not run lest the cougar should pursue me regardless of the kit. My only hope was to find some weapon with which to smash the creature's skull before it could emerge from the water. Things seemed to be narrowing down to a very fine point. Hastily looking around I saw, a little higher up, a smooth handle of something sticking out of the debris, and running to it was rejoiced, if ever I was, to pull out a heavy handspike, left behind in some lumbering operations, and now washed down there, as I hoped, for my deliverance. I quickly threw off my coat, and with my heart in my mouth stepped down to where the kit was crouching, crying, and which the cat was rapidly approaching with danger in its eyes. I felt that I was trembling as the scene neared the finale, but my grip was tense and steady. The cat made a beautiful picture, I remembered afterward, as with powerful strokes it forged ahead, its long tail waving in the water from the vigorous motion of its hindlegs, all of which I should have admired had I been up a tree with a Winchester for company, but just now I had not time. I did not raise the weapon at once for fear the cat might veer off and land at some place not so favorable to me, but when it got within two or three feet of the logs I raised the stick, seeing which the cat partially stopped and turned as if to go further up. This was my opportunity, and I put all the muscle I had been making for several years into the blow, striking the animal fairly on the head with such force that I must have crushed its skull, and the huge cat ceased motion, quivering as it lay, while again and again I brought the stick down upon its head until I knew I had crushed it to a pulp, and the limp carcass with a lashing of its tail and convulsive working of its limbs floated down a little distance, lodging against a limb of a tree that protruded from beneath the water. If ever I was completely unnerved it was then, for it had been a mighty close call, and my limbs were about to double up under me when a terrific scream from the opposite shore fetched me all up standing again. There stood the mate of the dead puma, attracted to the place by the crying of the kit, and apparently preparing to come across to see about matters, to which I seriously objected. I didn't want any more zoölogy or cougar fights. One was sufficient. There was only one way to prevent it, and that might not succeed, but I determined to try it, so quickly stepping to the kit which was cowering, crying, between two logs, where it had crept apparently half frightened to death at all this disturbance, and seizing it by the neck with my left hand, and by both hind feet with my right, which I gripped tightly so as to prevent any movement of its claws, I raised it, loosed my left, swung it round my head once, and with all the strength in me, let go. The little thing sailed through the air, turning end over end, and fell splashing into the water a yard or two from the other bank, where the old cat, wading in, seized it, carried it ashore, laid it down, licked it dry, giving me a glance now and then, and to

my heartfelt thankfulness and relief carried it up the bluff and disappeared in the bushes. Then I collapsed, and shook for some minutes like a man with a genuine case of Scioto River bottom "ager," and when I got through I was as weak as the cat in the water, and could scarcely have moved had forty cats come for me. But as soon as I could stand I went down the shore a ways to where I could wade the stream, crossed, got the boat, returned, realizing just then that the water was really very cold, went for the cat, which proved to be the dam, now resting harmlessly enough, got it, with some difficulty, into the boat, secured my creel, from which most of the fish had disappeared, the cover having been torn loose again during my violent race, found my coat trying to get loose from a snag in the edge of the current at the lower edge of the drift, and lost no time in putting distance between me and the eventful pool, making good time for some way and so warming my chilled blood, then easing up, landing at a convenient spot some distance from the Columbia, where I wrung out my wet clothes, and took the hide from the cat with my clasp hunting knife, which always goes with me in my outings, and which I was glad to have along on this occasion, for with a pocket penknife the job would have been onerous. As it was the task was quite lengthy owing to the lack of facilities for hanging up, and evening drew on as I tied the boat to its mooring at Klackallackum. Great was the wonderment at the little store where I waited for the night boat from Astoria for Portland, when I explained how I got my pelt, and from some of the questions asked I suspected that there was a sneaking belief that I had bought the skin from some hunter whom I had met, or found it where some grizzly had been having a violent argument with the wearer. I referred them to the carcass, however, as a clincher. In due course of time the whistle of the Thompson split the stillness of the night, and as soon as possible I was in a berth, having my wet clothes hung up by the steward to dry, so that when I awoke in the morning with the boat at her dock at Portland, I was in about as good plight as ever.

If any one finds a Chubb lancewood up the Pilchuck I should be very much obliged indeed to know it. It's mine—or was. I should like exceedingly to have it for association's sake.

This is the first time I have given to any one a detailed account of my adventure, and hesitate even now, as I said in the beginning, but being put on the defensive, though the story seems large, I must tell it as it is. It is no larger than the pelt that stretches its beautiful 8ft. by 6ft. in my hall, the admiration of all who see it. As I remarked, it speaks for itself. So do I for O. O. S.

## THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE season in the Adirondacks is closing, and before many months shall pass the numerous hotels where pleasure and recreation have abounded will be buried in the snow. Before that time, however, the customary raid will be made upon deer by border thieves and city millionaires, after which the great forest will pass to the keeping of trappers and guides. It will sleep the long winter away, to awaken to another season of animation, for each year adds largely to the throng of seekers after rest, recuperation and pleasure.

This has been a phenomenal season. The hotels of every class have been overcrowded and camps have been more numerous than in any previous season. Hotel rates were very generally advanced and other expenses correspondingly increased. The season is short at best, and the income of both hotel proprietor and guides is well earned. It is their harvest season; they must labor assiduously if they would reap sufficient of the golden grain to make life endurable during the long and dreary winter. As a general thing they do not miss their opportunity.

A great need of the Adirondacks is more well kept hotels. There are hundreds of choice locations which were opened up by Dr. Webb's railroad, and the investor can hardly go astray. The public seems determined to outrun the Park Commissioners in establishing a State park, and capitalists will find it advantageous to themselves to promote the present tendency. The State authorities seem to have gone to sleep, and it may be as well if they should remain in such a blissful condition, for hope of their accomplishing anything for the public welfare may be abandoned. This subject has been much discussed during the season, and the opinion prevailed universally that the State's neglect was unpardonable. A number of new hotels—some of them on a grand scale—are projected, and if they could be opened early next season they would easily be filled.

The fishing has been exceptionally good; probably more large trout have been caught than during any season for some years past. The cool weather prolonged the spring fishing, so that it was not necessary to depend upon spring holes for "luck." Deer are fairly plentiful. Since many of the guides became educated up to the fact that it was to their interest to preserve deer, there has been a slow but steady increase. In some parts of the forest there are gamekeepers who show some disposition to invoke the aid of the game laws in preventing slaughter; but nowhere are these officers so vigilant as to be deprived of much sleep. More is being done to-day for the preservation of deer by the owners of preserves and by guides than by the State. Of course there are short-sighted, lawless guides who have no desire to give aid to such efforts, and who seem to take special delight in their outlawry. And they are but very seldom made amenable to the law. When the law is enforced it is generally against some "city feller" who does no wrong in a month so great as some of these guides do almost every day.

Who among those so fortunate as to have a season of vacation, return home bringing more of health, vigor and new life than those from the Adirondacks? The pure air, laden with the healing qualities of vast areas of evergreens, the pearly water, the moss-covered earth, the perfect quietude, the perfect rest, the absence of care—all of these conspire with the other advantages which the forest holds exclusively to give new life, energy and ambition to him who went there worn down by his responsibilities and burdens. This is God's Garden of Eden to His children, a place where healthful blessings abound, where man and woman may be recreated if they will but comply with the terms which nature makes her conditions for restoring the wasted energies of life. D. H. B.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 5.

# Natural History.

## NOTES ON THE PANTHER.

THE American panther (*Felis concolor*), from its wide distribution and abundance, is perhaps the best known of the cats of North America. It is almost as large as the jaguar, and from its color and its size has been termed the American lion, or in the Spanish American countries *leon*. Its ordinary names in the United States are: Panther, cougar, puma, mountain lion (Rocky Mountain region), California lion (Pacific coast), painter, and sometimes catamount, though this term is more usually applied to the smaller animals of the genus *Lynx*.

The panther is about seven feet in length, large ones going something over this, and of this length the tail occupies more than one-third. They weigh 150lbs., and one killed in the Adirondacks by Mr. Verplanck Colvin weighed 200lbs. They are short-legged and long-bodied, and measure at the shoulders only two feet or a little over. The general color is tawny or reddish, something like the summer coat of a Virginia deer, but not so red. There is a good deal of variation among them, some—the older ones, we have thought—being grayer, while the smaller and younger ones are more of a reddish cast. The muzzle, backs of the ears, and slightly bushy tip of the tail are black.

No one of the *Felidæ* has so great a range as the panther. It is found in Canada, and south through the United States, Central and South America to the parallel of 50° south latitude, and all through North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast it is or has been abundant. The encroachments of civilization, however, have greatly reduced its range. Even in recent years the panther has been common in the Adirondacks, and Dr. Merriam, writing in 1881, states that, as nearly as he can learn, about 100 panthers were killed in the Adirondacks between 1860 and that date. So also in Florida the panther was once abundant, but is now much less common than in former years. In the Rocky Mountain region, and on the Pacific slope, this species is still abundant in many localities. It seems to be more common to the north than to the south, and is more often heard of and seen in Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington than in Arizona and New Mexico. Even where most plenty it is not often seen, for it is a solitary animal, and from its quiet, stealthy habits is much more likely to see the hunter than it is to be seen by him. We have been told, however, by a man of unquestioned veracity, that once in winter he came upon five of these great animals, as he thought a family, the parents and three full-grown young. This is the greatest number that we have ever heard of as seen together.

The food of the panther consists mainly of large animals. In the West they kill a good many calves and colts on the range, and sometimes make a foray on a herd of sheep. We have heard of a case where a panther sprung on a mule, which at once threw itself on the ground and rolled its assailant off, and then springing to its feet attacked it with his heels and killed it.

In some parts of the mountains they are said to kill a great many of the white goats, which live in situations where they can be easily approached. No doubt, too, they kill many elk, mostly calves, though now and then they are known to attack and kill a full grown cow. In the Eastern and Southern States deer constitute a large part of the panther's food, while in Texas and the Southwest it preys on the peccary and in the tropics on the capybara, monkeys and the larger rodents. Further south the alpaca, vicuña and other large mammals fall a victim to its quiet approach.

It captures its prey by stealth, much as a cat does a robin, creeping quietly within springing distance, and then making one or two swift bounds. If the deer is alarmed and starts to run before the panther reaches it, the latter rarely pursues it, but gives up the chase and looks for another victim. In the Northern forests panthers often eat porcupines and specimens are not infrequently killed with quills in their forelegs, lips and jaws.

The leaping power of the panther is very great. Bounds of twenty feet are not uncommon. Dr. Merriam assures us that E. L. Sheppard, an Adirondack guide, has measured a leap over snow which measured 40ft., and another of 60ft., where the panther sprang from a ledge of rock about 20ft. higher than the ground where the deer was standing.

It is said that in winter, if a panther finds a deer yard, he will stay around it all winter feeding on the animals which live in it. In time of deep snows also, we are told that it will systematically pursue the deer, and that it then has no difficulty in overtaking them, as it can go on the snow much more easily than can a deer.

When the panther kills his game he endeavors to drag it away to some place of concealment where he can devour it at his leisure. When his appetite is satisfied he often attempts to hide the carcass, and heaps over it grass, leaves and brush, sometimes making a very neat *cache*. He returns to the carcass from time to time until most of the meat is consumed.

In the East and South the most usual method of hunting the panther is by means of dogs, which are easily taught to follow the track. The beast flies from the hounds, and when hard pressed climbs a tree, where the hunters find it and shoot it. It is said that in such situations it pays little attention to the hunters as they come up, but watches the dogs very intently. It is then an easy matter to shoot it. In the West, except, perhaps, on the Pacific coast, the panther is not hunted, though if come upon by accident it is of course killed. In the South the dogs are usually followed on horseback, but in the Adirondacks, where the hunting is done in winter, the tracks are followed by the hunters on snowshoes. The panther is a great wanderer, and sometimes it is not come up with for a week or ten days after the track has been taken.

The period of gestation of the panther is given as 95 days, and the young are born in the late winter or early spring, and number from two to four. They are blind at birth and at first are spotted.

It is greatly to be desired that more precise information should be had of the present range of the panther in the United States and Canada, and it is hoped that all who read this issue of FOREST AND STREAM will take the trouble to write out any notes that they may have on the range and comparative abundance of the species in the various localities. Such notes, which need not be long, but should be very clear and explicit so far as they go, may be addressed to the Natural History Editor, FOREST AND STREAM, and should be signed with the full name and address of the writer.

### The Panther's Ways.

A RECENT article in FOREST AND STREAM describes the habits of the cougar or panther as seen in the forests of northern New York, and I venture to add something further as to the peculiarities of this animal. From 1824 to 1849 my home was in one of the sparsely settled valleys of that region and I had frequent reminders of this beast, not only from hearsay, but from my own observation and that of an immediate neighbor.

The cougar (*Felis concolor*) was there called panther or painter and also catamount. Panther was the terror of the children of that region. The legendary "black beast" of the nursery, the bear, though plentiful enough with us, excited no such terror in our minds as did a suggestion that the painter might catch us. To scream like a painter was understood as the most terrific of all screams. In that comparison the pillars of Hercules were reached. But the boys of that region all became hunters as soon as they could carry a gun, and soon outgrew their fears. The stories of the ferocity and monstrous leaps of our panther suffered serious diminution under an actual and frequent observation of the beast.

Some of my earliest ideas about this animal came from being shown the carcass of a sheep lying in the crotch of a big birch tree and about 40ft. from the ground. There was snow on the ground, and it was plain to see that same animal had brought it from a well fenced yard just across the road from our house. In the yard one lamb lying a few yards away from the other sheep had had the top of its head knocked off by a blow from an animal which had leaped a long distance to strike the lamb and had done to it no further violence. Several sheep lay dead in the yard and partly eaten. Wolves and cougars had agreed in hunting together; but when it came to the repast the cat-like instinct of the cougar inclined him to take his share into the tree beyond the chance of interference.

Two cougars came one night into the pasture of a farmer, living a mile south of us, and killed five sheep, carrying the bodies a few rods into the woods, and after eating a part, buried the remainder very carefully with a cover of dry leaves and dirt. The farmer's boys set a bear trap and caught the male cougar the first night. My hunting dog had a habit, if I was not going to hunt, of going to this neighbor's to see if he could get his boys to go, and was there that morning in time to go with them to their trap. The dog finding the animal in the trap ran up to it, and got such a blow from its paw as sent him some yards away, and the panther snatched a piece of flesh from the dog's shoulder blade, leaving bare a piece of the bone as large as a half dollar; and in that plight he returned to me. That evening at dusk I was in the road half a mile from our house, where I had been to drive the cows to pasture, when the female mate of the captured cougar, starting apparently from the side of the mountain opposite to me and a quarter of a mile away, walked slowly along toward the place where her mate had been killed, and all the way, at short intervals, giving such terrific screams as I had never heard before, and as most decidedly hurried my pace toward the house, where I found the family standing in the front yard to hear the same alarming screams which had startled me. Part of her notes seemed those of anger and some of intense grief. For half an hour she continued her wailings and then was no more heard from.

Cougars rarely attack men, but are not easily frightened when confronted. Two of my father's log choppers had felled a pine tree at evening, and next morning approached it from the top intending to cut it into logs. On the butt of the tree they saw a large cougar lying, apparently asleep. The men agreed to give it a big scare and see how far it could leap. They ran along the trunk of the tree and gave a joint scream; the animal simply got up and faced them. They retreated, when the beast quietly got off the log and waded off through the snow.

A son of mine, traveling in Arizona, camped one night under some trees. After getting his coffee he lay down on his blanket by the fire. Then a cougar jumped down from the tree beside him and made off before the man could use his gun.

On a farm adjoining my father's was a family having two boys, at that time about eight and ten years of age. Driving their cows to pasture one morning, these boys found, standing under a pine bush beside the road, a female cougar with her half grown kittens. The old one seemed anxious to cross the road, but when she attempted to leave the bush, the boys, with stones, would drive her back. Finally the youngest was left to keep her in place while the elder boy went to the house to get their old single-barrel shotgun. Just as the lad returned with the loaded gun the beast with her family crossed the road in spite of the efforts of the eight year old boy, and the gun was not fired.

I saw a cougar in March leaping through deep snow and carrying in its mouth the head of a deer. I had no gun and it did not seem to notice me, though in open timber and 50yds. away.

When I was fishing on the North Platte River, near its source, the people at a ranch told me of twelve calves recently taken by a cougar from their corral. Two of our party went up the river to fish that day, the first after our arrival. In the first considerable bunch of alders we came to was the calf stealer asleep. He got up on to his haunches, but showed no desire to move further. We had no gun, and trout rods made but poor weapons, especially in the brush, so we retreated. It was too near dusk to admit of going to camp for our rifles and return, and we left him without further molestation.

Cougars, like all the cat species, hate dogs and will generally tree when pursued by a noisy pack of dogs, but sometimes get rid of the annoyance of a dog or two by giving them a taste of their claws. A hound of our neighbor had been sent on to a mountain near by to start a deer. After running the deer a few minutes he quit and came home somewhat crestfallen. This occurred again in the same spot, and one of the boys went with the hound to learn what was the trouble. The dog led him to a high perpendicular cliff, on top of which was a female panther, which the young man shot and wounded badly; and below in the loose rocks was found a nest of

kittens. They could not be got at without more help, and the entrance to the den was closed with a boulder, and no one returned to get them.

The common method of the cougar in killing large game is to creep up to it as near as practicable and then to reach it by a few vigorous leaps. They follow the trail made by a deer in the snow for a long distance to find it lying down, and a quick spring generally secures it. If not, and the chances of success are good, they will pursue for a mile or more.

After a deer gets over the first fright unhurt, if the ground of the race is not in favor of the pursuer, the cougar has all he can do to catch his prey. One very cold New Year's Day, in company with two older boys, I went to a place on the east side of Johnson's Pond, where we expected to find a dozen deer in yard. When we arrived there were no deer in sight, but tracks in the snow showed they had been recently alarmed and had escaped in all directions. We found that a cougar had crept into the yard that morning, and failing to secure one just there had singled out one and pursued it in direction of the pond. We pursued rapidly and found the deer was intending to cross to the west shore on the ice, then so covered with snow as to prevent slipping. It was a race for life with the deer—a fat two-year-old doe, but a good runner. The cougar's tracks ran parallel with those of the deer and two or three yards away. It was about a mile to the opposite shore and the deer cleared as much snow at a leap as did the cougar. But could it endure as long and spring as often as did the pursuer? If the deer could reach the thick cedars of that shore it was safe. When within a dozen yards of land we found the body of the deer, yet warm, with a part of one ham eaten out, and the tracks of the cougar leading from there to the thicket on shore. The deer had fallen dead and no struggle or movement of a leg had occured after it fell on the light snow. We supposed the cougar had struck the deer while in the air and broken its neck. But not so. We skinned and opened the deer. There were no marks of a blow on the neck or injury on the outside except the ham. On the inside some of the tallow had melted and lay in congealed drops. The deer had died of fright and overheat, the only instance of the kind I have ever seen, though I have dressed deer more than once that have been run down by dogs. We planned, in order to kill the cougar, that two should go round to open timber in the rear and I, as the youngest of the party, should, after a proper time, go into the cedars and drive the beast out. But it was too cold waiting on the ice and I went in too soon, and none of us got a shot.

I have found the cougar more plentiful in the mountains of southern California, Arizona and New Mexico than elsewhere. They not only do mischief among the sheep and calves, but show a great liking for colts and sometimes attack the jacks of pack trains, when tired at night, they are turned out to browse among the hills. Sometimes the jack beats off the cougar even after the poor pack animal has had his neck cut in a fearful manner.

The Apache Indians kill a great many cougars. Many of their arrow cases are made from the skin of this animal.

In the North and perhaps elsewhere they subsist partly on rabbits and porcupines. They devour porcupines as a cat eats a rat, beginning at the head and rolling over the skin as they go, until there remains only a skin turned wrong side out.

A cougar climbs a tree when frightened, by first striking the trunk of a tree as high from the ground as it can conveniently jump, then ascending until at the first strong limb running out nearly horizontally, it stretches itself out and waits its pursuer, or takes a sleep if it is not pursued. While often found on perches of this kind, I doubt if it springs upon its prey from such a position.

They have their young generally in some hole among rocks, where the mother cares for her kittens until about half-grown, when she travels with them and they begin to hunt for themselves. In one instance the nest was found in a thicket at the bottom of a steep ravine. The hunter shot the old one and his dog ran in and held one of the kittens until the hunter came, and found it too strong to be manageable, and so dispatched it with his knife.

When the hunter approaches a tree where the cougar has found his favorite perch on a limb, the animal lashes his sides with his tail and shows signs of an immediate intention to jump, but very rarely does he do so, even when wounded quite severely. In a case occurring recently, when a very large one which had killed many domestic animals in the neighborhood and finally killed a two-year-old steer, a young man treed it with his dogs and began shooting at it with his revolver. He wounded the beast several times. His ninth bullet found the life and it fell dead from the tree.

In the Northern States the cougar mates in the month of March. In other localities it may not be so.

So far as my observation extends the cougar has all the instincts of the domestic cat. Sly and cunning, the man who succeeds in still-hunting one and getting it is lucky as well as skillful. And I might appeal to the experience of any hunter who has pursued one for half a day in a large cedar swamp to bear me out in saying he has found himself hunted by the cougar more than half the time.

In the West the animal is known as mountain lion. Some differences are noticed between the Eastern and Western species. It should be so. The climate is different. The conditions and necessities of life are different. It is so with the Virginia deer, and with cattle and horses of the same breed on their removal across the continent. That the cougar should not in appearance be just the same as found on the almost bare hills of our Territories or the high grassy plains of South America as in the dark heavy forests of the Adirondacks and the North seems to me only perfectly natural. G. H. W.

IDAHO.

### New York Grouse and Woodcock.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., Aug. 18.—I find partridges very plenty this season, but on account of too much rain woodcock are scattered and hard to find. With a friend I bagged four partridges and three woodcock the 15th. I always enjoy a day's sport with any true sportsman who is a good wing shot and not careless with a gun.

C. B. P.

## Game Bag and Gun.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of United States and Canada. Price* 50 *cents.*

### STILL-HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

Mr. GEO. SHIRAS, 3d, of Pittsburgh, Pa., sends us some capital specimens of work done with the camera on wild game—deer and grouse—and writes:

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 13.—"It is with the sense of considerable satisfaction that I have noted the FOREST AND STREAM'S advocacy of the new field open to sportsmen by the use of the camera in photographing live game.

"As one of the pioneers in this new sport, is is a pleasure to welcome all new comers, which, to some extent, self-protection has prevented the devotees of the rod and gun from doing in the past. The close season has terrors no longer for the camera hunter, but, on the contrary, affords the best opportunities for successful snap shots with his new and noiseless weapon.

"Six years ago I began still-hunting the red or Virginia deer, with one of the so-called detective cameras, only to find that the experience gained in that period has been largely offset by the advance in photographic apparatus, so that at the present time the beginner can start on almost even terms with the few who may have preceded him in this branch of sport. Next season I hope to use with greater advantage the new methods for instantaneous work.

"My collection now consists of 32 pictures of deer, taken at distances ranging from 15 to 100ft. As a reminder of the many efforts, I have in addition about 100 plates,



DOE.

From a photograph by Mr. George Shiras, 3d.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

The photograph was taken July 1, 1892, 1 P. M. Camera just high enough to clear the grass, upon which the deer's eyes are riveted when taken. Distance 18 to 20ft. Note the odd effect the shadows from the ears give to throat and chest.

wherein deer can be faintly seen, the failure arising from innumerable causes, such as under exposure, improper focus, shadows, intervening brush, faulty shutters, "buck fever," and the like. The inclosed unmounted prints were all taken last month and are a fair average of past hunts. With one exception they were taken from the bow of a canoe, where the instrument rested upon a movable support, shoulder high and capable of being swung noiselessly at all angles, much after the manner of a swivel gun. The canoe was used on a small stream and along the shores of a grassy lake, the paddler obeying the signals of the camerist as to the proper maneuvering when the critical time arrived for "pressing the button." It is unnecessary to add that both parties, in such cases, must be experienced hunters of large game, or the opportunity of getting within 30ft. of deer would seldom occur. But that it can be successfully accomplished, and that frequently where game abounds near water courses, is well known, the only difficulty being that the actinic power of the sun requires the instantaneous exposure to be made between the hours of 9 and 4 on bright days, the interval in which wild game usually seeks the seclusion of the swamps or dense timber.

"On one warm night in June last year I tried the magnesium flash light upon seven different deer, the approach being made by the jack light and canoe, and in no instance was the picture satisfactory, although the deer in some cases were not over twenty feet away and seemed but little disturbed by the flash. This year the moon was full on my brief visit to Lake Superior, and I made no effort to try night hunting with the camera. I have a number of plates capable of indefinite enlargement, and if of interest to your readers the same are at your service.

"While the instantaneous pictures of large game must necessarily be confined to a limited number of very patient sportsmen, yet the photographing of large game after killed affords an invaluable souvenir in subsequent years. Then, too, the varied opportunities in camp make such an instrument the winner over both rod and gun, after the flesh pot has been put away and recollections and reminiscences must recall and recount the days gone by.

"The pictures of ruffed grouse were taken incidentally while deer hunting, and are not fair specimens of what could be done by any one making the proper offort.

"I am convinced your paper will be pleased and also the public by the new methods of illustration now afforded by the photographic processes. The day of wood cuts seems to have departed, and in their place is a substitute equalling the steel engraving in artistic effect and surpassing it infinitely in realism."

### ELOKOMON ELK.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The article: "Trouting on the Elokomon," in your issue of May 19, attracted to that country two genuine sportsmen from the far East. Soon after its publication your correspondent received numerous letters of inquiry from that prince of sportsmen, Dr. S. T. Davis, of Lancaster, president of the State Board of Health of Pennsylvania. The earnestness with which the Doctor went about the investigation, his close and careful inquiries regarding the character of the country, its accessibility, guides, supplies, etc., created some misgivings in the breast of him whom the Doctor had seen fit to place on his inquisitorial rack, and as the Doctor has remarked, he observed a manifest disposition to "hedge" in your correspondent. But the impetuous Doctor, in his eagerness to investigate the secrets about the headwaters of the Elokomon, was not disposed to listen to any suggestions about better or more accessible hunting grounds, and so, on Aug. 6 the Doctor and his "pard" Wm. S. Ellis, of Pottstown, Pa., were in Portland, Ore., where they stopped only long enough to pay their respects to their old friend Col. Milton Weidler and their obedient servant, the undersigned, on their way to the Elokomon country.

To-day they returned, and their exuberant praise of the Elokomon country, its game, its forests, its fish and its other agreeable attributes and pleasing rewards for so long a trip is truly gratifying to him who in a great measure is chargeable with their visit to this country. Among their numerous trophies none seems to please them more than the head and antlers of a gigantic seven-pronged elk, killed by Mr. Ellis about Monday, Aug. 21. (The Doctor will, on request, explain the apparent discrepancy between the day of the week and its chronological relation to the August calendar). But truly, it is a remarkable head, one that any sportsman would prize. The beard is black and about a foot long, and the general appearance indicates that Mr. Ellis secured the patriarch of the herd. When the Doctor, in his account of the tragedy, incidentally remarked: "We could easily have killed a dozen or more out of that herd, for the elk stood staring at us, evidently strangers to white man and his little gun, but we had all we wanted and killed no more," my admiration for such a manifestation of true sportsmanship could only find utterance in: "Doctor, that is not the way the natives hunt elk in the Elokomon country." S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 27.

### ECONOMIC RICE CULTURE.

REFERRING to Mr. Ernest Thompson's monograph on wild rice and its propagation, recently published in FOREST AND STREAM, I will mention for the benefit of such of your Eastern readers as may not care to send to Wisconsin or Ontario for seed that the Hackensack marshes, close by New York, include many areas and patches of wild rice (locally known as wild oats, I believe), which will soon come to seed, and may now be distinguished by its light green color in contrast with the darker green of the cat-tail flags, among which it grows, in the small creeks and sloughs which border the drier land. Mr. Thompson has done well to refer his readers to the earlier volumes of FOREST AND STREAM for collateral information on the botany and culture of this valuable plant, covering pretty much the entire ground included in his admirable synopsis, Mr. Richard Valentine being then as now one of the foremost authorities on this subject.

Seven years ago, at the New Orleans World's Exposition, I took the pains to illustrate objectively the Indian method of gathering wild rice with canoes, being at that time superintendent of the frontier division of Minnesota exhibits, and it seems to me that a reproduction of the same at the Columbian Chicago Exposition would prove practically useful and interesting. A blanket is laid in the bottom of the canoe to receive the grains of rice which the squaws beat out from the bended stalks with heavy billets of wood. I showed not only this process, but the method of curing, and samples of prepared rice as well, much to the gratification of the mice in the exposition building. Mr. James H. Hallett, Indian trader at White Earth Reservation in Minnesota, can always furnish wild rice in quantity to order, parched or unparched. My opinion is that the feet of his clients are somewhat cleaner than those of most other bands, which is a comfort to know if the grain is to be eaten, for the approved aboriginal method of threshing is to tread out the grain *à la pied*. CHARLES HALLOCK.

### ONTARIO NON-RESIDENT LICENSE.

GAME AND FISH COMMISSION OF ONTARIO.—A. D. Stewart, secretary and chief warden, Court House, Hamilton, Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By virtue of the amendments to the game acts passed by the Ontario Legislature at its last session, foreign sportsmen are now required to take out a license at a cost of $25 before they can hunt in the Province of Ontario.

The duck season opens this year on Sept. 1, and it may be that many foreign sportsmen who are in the habit of coming annually to shoot in Ontario, have forgotten the license fee to which I have referred.

I would be glad, therefore, if you will, by publishing this letter, or in such other manner as you may think best, draw attention to this fact in your widely read columns, in order that American sportsmen who intend visiting us may make the necessary arrangements and thus spare our wardens the unpleasant task of visiting them with the penalties provided by law.

I think I cannot do better than quote the section in the game act which refers to the above, and which reads as follows:

No person not a resident and domiciled in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec shall be entitled to hunt, take, kill, wound or destroy any moose, elk, reindeer, caribou or other deer, mink, otter, fisher, sable or any other game animal or bird referred to in this act, without having first obtained a license in that behalf; every such license shall be signed by the Chief Fish and Game Warden and countersigned by the Provincial Secretary or his deputy, and shall be in force for one season only, and shall be subject to the provisions of the game laws in force in the Province at the time the said license was granted. The fee to be paid therefor shall be $25 and shall be payable to the Provincial Treasurer to be applied toward the expenses incurred in carrying out the provisions of the game laws.

A. D. STEWART, Chief Warden.

## ON SAN PABLO SLOUGHS.

"JERUSALEM! What was that? Oh, yes. The alarm clock, boys, 3:30 A. M., and time to be up. Tumble out, all of you," and one of us, perhaps more keen for the hunt than the rest, arises, hastily lights the lamp and begins the preparation of breakfast.

There are six of us. We have an ark or house boat moored in one of the many sloughs leading from San Pablo Bay. Once a week in duck season we enthusiasts betake ourselves to the marshes in pursuit of game, and incidentally health and pleasure.

While breakfast is being prepared all but the self-appointed cook are busy getting into their hunting togs —canvas coats, rubber boots, overalls, corduroy caps, etc., from the most aristocratic part of the wardrobe. But when these things are supplemented with old clothes fit for the ragman, such as mud-stained trousers full of rents and innocent of buttons, vests without backs to them, and coats the original color of which is difficult to determine, our appearance is more easily imagined than described.

Ham and eggs, bread and butter and coffee, are hastily stowed under our various jackets, and then begins the general confusion incident to everybody collecting his gun, ammunition, decoys and canteen, and various other articles at the same time.

Finally all things are found, and as there are only three boats we pair off. When this part of the programme is decided comes the stowing of the boats. Decoys, blinds, ammunition, dogs, etc., are stowed away as neatly as possible, and then, as the morning is frosty, there is a good-natured contest for the oars. We have a long and hard row before us, and it is safe to assume that the oarsman will be in a healthy glow ere he reaches his destination. "Are all the other boats ready?" "Yes." We can hardly see the dim outline through the cold morning mist that has settled over the marsh. At last the remaining boats get away, and then begins the long journey to the points or ponds.

How still and dark it sems after we quit the ark and turn the skiff's bow into the main slough. We hug the shore so as to avoid the strength of the tide; and as we silently row along note the wild, weird music of the marsh. Here, as we pass a small gully, comes a faint, gurgling sob, as the receding tide pours through the labyrinth of small openings in the mud. Over there on the left, and ahead of us, we hear the shrill whistle of the widgeon; and now the loud splashing of the water and the sound of a hundred beating wings tells us that a flock of the beauties have spent the night in that sheltered bend we are now passing, and at this moment they are on their swift flight to the open shallow waters of the bay. We are just struggling with the oars past a jutting point, when overhead we hear the rapid but measured beat of a pair of sprigs. This stimulates us to greater exertions, as the birds have begun to fly and we should be at our stations.

X decides to shoot at a point and I shall try a pond today, for I have an idea that when the sun arises the wind will blow and consequently the ducks will seek the smooth water of a pond in preference to the comparatively rough water of the sloughs.

Now we come to the point where X disembarks, and after helping him set out his decoys in an irresistible triangle, I continue alone toward my favorite pond. I have rowed but a quarter of a mile when—bang! bang! goes his hammerless Parker, and as I am sure he has already begun to fill his duck-strap, my oars bend a little more and the hissing ripple at the bow of the skiff shows that she is carrying me to my destination as fast as I can go. Ah! Here I am, in a little slough, scarcely wider than the boat, and filled almost to choking with the long marsh tule. I force and push the narrow skiff through these, and after carefully hiding it amid the long grass I take my gun and other impedimenta and after five minutes' tramp through the wet grass arrive at my pet pond. I scare from it a large flock of teal but refrain from shooting until I have prepared the blind. This is made of woven tule grass and is 6ft. long by 3½ft. high. It is furnished with five or six sharpened sticks for holding it in an upright position when in use. I make my blind in a clump of reeds and arrange it in a semicircle with the growing rushes at my back. This makes a perfect hiding place and is alike secure from the eyes of wildfowl and wildfowler if care has been taken to have its color and form harmonize with its surroundings. The decoys I throw out in a little bunch where I know the water is shallow. I then ensconce myself in my blind and wait for my first shot.

I have not long to wait. Just as the mist toward the east is taking on a paler hue I hear a rushing through the air of wings, and immediately after the splash, splash, of two heavy birds as they drop into the further end of the pond. I must confess that my pulse quickens, that I grip my good old gun a little tighter as I strain my eyes to catch a glimpse of the birds. At last I discover two dark blotches leisurely swimming to my decoys. They are out of killing range, and it seems a very long time before they are near enough to fire at. I will admit that, unlike some mighty nimrods, I did not scare them up so as to get a wing shot with each barrel. No, I took a cool, deliberate and murderous aim, and when their forms got close together I fired and had the satisfaction of seeing one turn on its back, dead, and the other, after a few convulsive kicks, lie still. As the day got lighter I saw that two mallards, male and female, were the unfortunate pair. Then the fun began in earnest. There was a terrific beating of the air overhead and at my back. A large flock was coming toward me. I crouched in my blind. They are directly overhead and not 15yds. high. I look cautiously upward just in time to see the leading birds. Before they can get away I am up and on my feet. They bunch together and climb. Both barrels speak. One, two, three, four, five. Three come down stone dead. Two are wounded severely and will drop in the pond. As the flock passes away I see one linger behind, waver and turning in the fall dead to earth. I slip two cartridges in the gun, and after dispatching the cripples go after the last bird to fall. I have already marked it and am fortunate to find it not ten steps from where I thought it fell. The six birds were all sprigs—four males and two females.

Now, from the left, flying like an arrow of light, comes a single bird. He does not, or will not, notice my decoys. He scuds along with the wind. He has probably been shot at and has not recovered from the scare. Up goes my gun; I fire, but miss. I knew as soon as I pulled the trigger that the bird was safe, it was a bad miss and the first one of the day. But it was a single butterball and a difficult shot. I hope for better luck next time as a teal is just about to light in the decoys; I let go the left barrel, as the bird is far away, and have the satisfaction of seeing the shot tell.

Flocks and singles then pass. Some hover over the decoys and get raked from stem to stern. Some are so far away that the stinging shot accelerates their speed. Some light in the pond and never rise again.

I have had splendid luck and, as the flight is nearly over, think of returning to my friend. Now comes the delightful pastime of collecting decoys from a bottomless pond, for the ooze in my pet pond will not sustain anyone. I know this to be a fact and have already sufficiently demonstrated it. I finally embark again and join X. He has been more successful than I. He exhibits nine canvasbacks, eight widgeon, three teal and a dozen or more sprig and spoonbills. My bag was the lighter, but the enjoyment I felt was equally as keen as his.

We arrive at the ark and find a splendid dinner awaiting us. The other boys have been successful in various degrees. One has fourteen English snipe and three brant. He has been in a marshy field, a place undergoing the process of reclamation and full of pools of rain water.

Our dinner being dispatched we get into our city rigs, and taking the train for San Francisco arrive there at dusk. Tired and sleepy, we at last get home. But are we not repaid a thousand fold for the fatigue incurred, as we look back with pleasure to that splendid right and left we made, to the spoonbill killed dead in the air at 70yds. with our 12-bore, and indeed to the rank miss we made at Mr. Butterball.

How we dislike to see the gorgeous feathers of the mallard drake ruthlessly plucked out by the vandal hand of the hired girl, the plumage that we stroked so smooth when the bird fell to our gun. But he who wants roast duck must overlook a trifle like that.

We hope to have just such a day again and again. We may also be as successful next time; but whether we get as many birds or not, if we can only again experience that keen excitement born of the lore of the chase we will repeat again that life is worth living, and that he who sees naught but foolishness or lust of blood-letting in the shooting of wild fowl is one of the most abjectly miserable and pitiable specimens of mankind on the earth.

SAN FRANCISCO. JOHNNY SPRIG.

## AN ADIRONDACK TABLE-LAND.

SOMETIMES I get hold of a copy of your paper—may be it is in winter, and again it may be a summer number, but it is always filled with articles interesting to me. The fisherman, dog fancier, dog trainer, sportsman, traveler, trap or wild-bird shooter, or canoeist, each and all can find their especial hobby handled by one of their own mind. Now you who go a thousand miles to gratify your desires, let me tell you where I live and all about it, and see if you don't envy me a little. We are on a table-land in the Adirondack Mountains, that slopes northward toward the St. Lawrence River on the north and eastward to Lake Champlain, while peak after peak rises to the south and west of us until the blue sky only is seen. On clear mornings can be seen the beautiful Lake Champlain, dotted with islands, and over and beyond it the Green Mountains of Vermont, while to the north a white strip is the ever flowing St. Lawrence River and the glittering spires of Montreal, seventy miles away. When the wind is blowing right, to the northeast of us can be heard the shrill whistle from the busy locomotives of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad, and a streak of smoke indicates its route as far as Summit, when it passes over the divide and goes down hill to Ogdensburg and "all points west." To the southwest of us comes the same signal from the Chateaugay R. R.

The summer has nearly gone. Haying is late, and the other day while I was roaming near the wilderness that reaches south half way to your city several flocks of partridges sprung out of the grass and under the call of their mother hid in the thick woods. Dr. Morris's article struck me just right. What royal sport it is to bring them to bag! In the edge of the pasture timid deer come to lick the salt with the cows undisturbed. Let them live. To Mr. Pond we will say that out of season, at the hotels up further in the woods, "Adirondack mutton" is venison killed out of season. Here is a huckleberry rock, the bushes now loaded with berries; and there a roaring stream tumbles along from 'way up in the woods, and many a trout has been lured to his doom between here and the lake, four miles away. The old rotten stumps show that bruin has been hunting for a sour morsel that hides in them—pismires.

Speaking of bears, my friend Mike had a "scrap" with one last winter. He was out looking for them when his dog discovered a den with two in it. The dog drove them out, and one, a cub, ran away, while the old one made for Mike. Mike gave her his one load right in the head and put out one eye, but it made no difference with her. She kept advancing and Mike retreating. Finally he saw a handspike or lever used in rolling logs (for the scene of the struggle was where lumbering had been carried on the winter before), dropped his gun and picked up the lever. With that he proceeded to pound bruin over the head. He broke her front leg and finally caused her to back up. She kept backing till she fell off the ledge down about 10ft. Mike's dog jumped down on her and kept her engaged until he reloaded his gun, when he finished her. Mike said he was not afraid, but he has not been out alone since, and not then with a one-barreled gun.

When the frost drives the leaves to earth the partridges will be out in the clearings or on the edge of the woods. My experience is that in a country where foxes are as plentiful as they are here, partridges seek the depths of the deep woods, and only come out when the leaves are falling in the autumn. I have seen them at such seasons where they are never found at other times.

Now, my friends, what do you think of it? Deer, bear, foxes, wild strawberries, trout, huckleberries, partridges, wild ducks and hard work. If any of you want a gallon or two of pure bear's oil to grease your fine guns, Mike has it and he lives only four miles from me.

ADIRONDACK.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. Price* 50 *cents.*

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill,, Sept. 3.—At this date nothing appears to contradict the earlier belief that shooting on prairie chickens and also at wildfowl in the Dakotas and Minnesota will be unusually good this fall. News begins to come in from parties who have been out, and thus far results have been good. The bulk of the news comes from North Dakota and northern Minnesota, and while South Dakota and lower Minnesota may be very good, I am sending most of my inquirers further north, where assurance is doubly sure.

Yesterday I telegraphed Mr. B. Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM, now judging the field trials at Morris, Manitoba, inquiring as to the chicken supply in the sections adjacent to Morris, which latter point is not far above the Minnesota line. To-day I received reply, "Chickens very abundant in Dakota near the boundary line." This confirms to the point of absolute safety the advice given last week to go up along the Great Northern road almost to the boundary line.

Mr. C. H. Warring, of Amsterdam, N. Y., arrived in Chicago this week, bound west on a chicken hunt. He was headed for Clarion, in Wright county, Iowa, but after some talk over the situation he concluded to go directly up to Morris, Manitoba, have a look at the trials, buy a good chicken dog there if he could, and then start in with his hunt this side of the line, either in Dakota or Minnesota. He left here cheerfully last Thursday, with some Eddie Bingham hand-loaded shells and a lovely pair of long striped socks, which he discovered over at Montgomery Ward & Co.'s. Mr. Warring has never seen a prairie chicken, but this does not give the bird any the advantage of him, for no prairie chicken has ever seen him. He has a very pleasant experience ahead of him, and, as he does not intend to return until October, his trip should be one of great interest in many ways, the more so as he should meet good duck shooting also.

Mr. Ray Tompkins, of Elmira, N. Y., writes inquiring if my game pocket man has moved away. "I was going up to see him," says Mr. Tompkins, "but if he has moved I will go where I was last year—Lakota, N. D. If you can write me whether or not he has gone, I will make arrangements immediately."

The game pocket man did not take the game with him. At Lakota, however, shooting can be found, though probably long rides will be necessary. Lakota is one of the points mentioned earlier in these columns as desirable.

Mr. W. Wilmot, of Chicago, is back from a very successful chicken and sharptail hunt near Larimore, N. D. He bagged nearly 200 birds, and reports ducks also in considerable numbers in the sloughs and pond holes. He found his shooting by going out from five to twenty-five miles from Larimore. He speaks very highly of the sport. Larimore, it will be remembered, was mentioned some weeks ago as a good place to go for chickens.

Messrs. Reuben Donnelly and Wallace De Wolf, of this city, start this evening for Lake Park, Minnesota, on the N. P. R. R., for a two weeks' trip after chickens, snipe and ducks. Last year they had very fair luck here, and this year should do better. If the ground does not suit them they will go up into the extreme northern part of the State. Mr. Alex Loyd, who was of this party last year and for years before, will not be with them this year.

Mr. Donnelly to-day was telling me of the dog he is taking with him on his shooting trip. "She is a tough creature," said he incidentally, "and has lots of nerve. I ran the wagon over her by accident not long ago, and she never whimpered."

This is in unconscious verification of my statement of last week, that a good chicken dog ought not to mind being run over with a wagon. I do not doubt that Mr. Donnelly has a good dog, and I am glad that he comes unasked to the support of my assertion. After that, I can read with perfect equanimity the following comment on this same point, which I have received to-day from Mr. O. H. Hampton, a well-known contributor to FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Hampton says:

"About those chicken dogs of yours that enjoyed being run over with the wagon; don't you think it just possible that people who don't know much about dogs of those old days might doubt your statements? There are people in the world who have never seen a dog run over by a wagon. I don't doubt your statements in the least, for I had one of the dogs of that kind once. He didn't get run over by the wagon, but one December day he went out on the ice on the 'inlet' after a duck, and just after he got the duck the ice broke and the current carried him under and swept him down under the solid ice that covered the lake. Next April that ice broke during a strong gale. I happened to be on the bank watching for a shot at golden-eyes, when I saw something that surprised me. That same dog came swimming to me. I was not surprised at that, but I was surprised to see that he still had that duck in his mouth. After witnessing the above incident I can, of course, readily believe all you say about it not hurting dogs to be run over, but you ought to remember that everybody has not had opportunities to witness such things, and besides that you ought to remember that your reputation for undoubted veracity is not so well established in the minds of all people as it is in my own. Mind now, I'm not going to doubt any statement you may ever make about dogs, for I know 'em. I had a dog once that pointed a door plate for an hour, and when I went to see what was the matter with the dog I found that the name on the door plate was 'Partridge,' see?"

I am not going to doubt Mr. Hampton's story about his dog pointing the door plate, for I have heard of another man or two who owned the same dog—sort of a chestnut-colored dog, it was. As to keeping either a duck or a dog on ice all winter, I cannot see anything remarkable in that at all, although I will say that one of these modern dogs would probably have taken cold. I am glad to see the old time chicken dog easily sustaining its reputation. I used to have a dog that took to drink and never went to church. He was an awful tough dog.

A LITTLE ILLICIT.

The American Express Co. has, on request of Mr. Organ, issued a circular to all its agents stating that in any case of prosecution of the company as carrier of illicit game, the costs of the suit will be charged up to the agent accepting the consignment. This certainly should make the local agents careful. Yet in spite of this, last Friday the company notified President Organ that it had

a box of chickens consigned to Begley Bros., of South Water street. Investigation showed that the birds were packed in an egg-case. After taking legal advice Mr. Organ permitted the delivery of the birds, and the next day asked the firm what they had done with their prairie chickens. They disclaimed all idea of ever having any prairie chickens. They wouldn't think of such a thing. The fact of the little surprise being explained to them they weakened, and said they had given those birds away. Mr. Organ told them to get them and send them back to their consignor, J. H. Culp, of Lees, Ind. At last accounts the birds were handed back to the express company. No suit has been brought: rather a case of misplaced mercy it would seem.

I am told that my earlier expression, "the poor but honest South Water street man," has caused offense on the street in question. I am so sorry. If necessary, I can withdraw the terms.

A DIVINE'S THREE DEER.

The Chicago *Tribune* of this morning, Sept. 3, prints the following, which may or may not be correct:

"After two months of visiting and rest, the greater part of which was spent in the woods in northern Wisconsin, the Rev. Dr. W. Thomas, pastor of the People's church, has returned to the city. He reports splendid fishing and hunting, killing three fine deer."

Dr. Thomas is one of the best known divines of Chicago, perhaps the most popular. If he killed three deer in Wisconsin, he violated the law, which permits the killing of deer only between Nov. 1 and Dec. 1. I cannot think Dr. Thomas would intentially break this State law, even though he broke the sportsman's law of not killing a deer in the red coat. I have sent Dr. Thomas a copy of the *Book of the Game Laws*, in the earnest hope that he may find somewhat of benefit in its pages. We have to do a little missionary work in our business once in a while. I have also asked him for a statement on this matter, which I hope will come in the form of a denial. It is evident some one has blundered. A great many ministers of the gospel read FOREST AND STREAM. No man or minister was ever hurt by reading it, and I can see how upon occasion any man or minister might be helped by it. I am moved to add to the *Book of the Game Laws* several copies of FOREST AND STREAM, not for business reasons, but in the way of doing a good work.

OPENING DAY ON DUCKS.

Owing to the discouraging reports which came down from Horicon marsh just before the 1st, the party who went up for opening day was not so large by half as was expected. The reports proved ill founded, for the shooting was very good. Mr. Percy Stone again made top bag, his total being 40, of which 18 were mallards, 18 teal, 2 redheads and 2 pintails. The other bags were L. M. Hamline 29, C. B. Dicks 28, C. L. Hunter 18, Dr. H. C. Buechner 15, Col. C. E. Felton 8, J. Hale 4. Col. Felton took out two pushers with him, and went into the West Bay, where Mr. Stone and myself shot last year. He started to move out, but got tangled up in the many channels, and Messrs. Hamline and Dicks claim that they heard his signals and rescued him from his perilous position at 8 o'clock in the evening, after he had been lost all day. I have not yet heard Col. Felton's story of it. As usual, many birds were killed—not bagged. Messrs. Hunter and Dicks were especially unfortunate in this respect. The total for 7 shooters was 152 ducks, an average of 22 birds per gun. There are many young birds still in the grass, and numbers of snipe, though shooting at these will not be good until the flats are burned off. At the "upper club" marsh there were more shooters out, but no word is in from there yet.

Mr. Henry Ehlers yesterday, the second day of the season, killed on the Kankakee River above Diana Club, 52 ducks, mostly young woodducks. This was done in a run up the river of several miles.

The most remarkable bag of opening day, however, at least so far as known, was made by Mr. Mussey at Mak-saw-ba Club, where he has been putting in considerable time of late. Mr. Mussey made a night trip to Bogart's house, above the club house, got an early breakfast, and by 9 o'clock in the morning had in his boat 31 ducks, mostly wood ducks. He then put up his rod and went to fishing, and caught 12 bass, 5 of them smallmouths. Going down the river in the evening he killed 2 woodcock, and sailed into camp with a card up, "This is my Busy Day."

Mr. Organ, at the same club, got only 2 ducks and 2 bass, but didn't work very hard for either. Mr. Kinney bagged 2 ducks and 8 frogs. Mr. John Watson and Mr. Jack Wiggins bagged one duck, together, I am told. Mr. R. S. Cox and his friend Mr. Dole bagged 14 wood ducks and mallards, losing many that fell in a spotter-dock pond.

No word has come up from Hennepin Club, on the Illinois River, of any shooting on opening day, but ten days ago there was a very good and very early flight of teal in there, and some local bred ducks were moving. So says the veteran W. W. McFarland.

NORTHWESTERN DUCKS.

A letter to the shooter and author, Mr. W. B. Leffingwell, of Clinton, Iowa, from S. B. Carpenter, of Island Lake, N. D., says that canvasback, redhead, mallard, pintail and teal are abundant in the extreme at that point, and also that there are numbers of geese. The only advice given is to bring plenty of shells. Mr. Leffingwell is going, and he will take plenty of shells.

Mr. H. R. Summers, of Philadelphia, writes me in regard to a locality for a fall trip:

"I take pleasure in saying I have been a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM for many years. The issue of March 10 contains a copy of a letter from a settler living in a game country who would like to have some of the sportsmen come and stop with him. The question is arising in my mind where to go this fall to have a good time hunting, camping out, etc., which always improves my health. I have two places in view, one in Washington, one in Colorado. The chances are this season I will have to go by myself, and after reading over the letter I thought perhaps this might be a better place for me this season than the ones I have in view. What struck me very favorably was that they have a good garden, plenty of vegetables, milk, butter, etc. With settlers and stock raisers such things are generally minus. I am temperate, do not drink or get drunk at home, abroad or any other place. I inclose recommendation of Kennedy & Curtis, of this city."

This running an intelligence office is going to get me into plenty of trouble yet. I see Mr. Summers takes my remarks about the qualifications for that immortal game pocket *au grand serieux*. At any rate I very gladly told him all I knew. Still reasoning that, being naturally temperate, he could easily learn to do without vegetables, I advised him with a leaning toward Colorado or Washington. To my mind there is nothing so delightful as a trip among the mountains, and some of the very best of our remaining game country certainly must lie in the far Northwest, and where a visitor could get at it in four or five weeks.

Still another man wants a vacation; this time Mr. J. C. McDonald, of Chicago, who says:

"As an oldtime subscriber and occasional contributor to FOREST AND STREAM I take this liberty. In late September or early October I wish to spend about ten days, shooting and fishing. Would be satisfied with a few ducks, jacksnipe and a ruffed grouse or two. Quail, I suppose, would be out of the question in the localities that I have in mind, southern Wisconsin. A dozen or two black bass might be added to the above. Since 1885, with one or two exceptions, I have hunted and fished in the Grass Lake and Lake Marie sections, and you know how the shooting has fallen off in that neighborhood and how the summer resorter has come in. We wish a change and yet do not want to go far away. I have wondered if we could not get some sport in the Mukwanago section that you have written about. My wife usually accompanies me on my trips. We would prefer life at a farmhouse to tenting on the cold, damp ground. If you can help us out you will greatly oblige."

Mr. McDonald can find squirrels, rabbits and possibly a ruffed grouse or so, in the woods about Mukwanago. At the time of his visit he would be likely to find very good duck shooting on the "Mill Pond" and on Eagle Lake. At Potter's Lake, or the other waters mentioned in earlier issues descriptive of that locality, he should get good bass fishing, or at least the poorer sport of catching pickerel on the spoon. It is hard to get into a farmhouse, but there are several local hotels. Mr. Eugene Chafin, at the head of Phantom Lake, will rent him a tent or fix him up in the new kitchen building on the lake shore. That would be the best way to do. It is no good to go boarding when you go sporting. The cookery of the camp has a flavor of its own which money will not buy—not at a farmhouse mostly, anyhow.

The big sporting paper which helps people to pleasant and successful vacations is doing good in the world. I do not know of any paper which undertakes this, excepting FOREST AND STREAM, and the advice of most of them would be a shaky sort to follow. The FOREST AND STREAM "tips" are at least careful, and worth looking into, though disappointment may follow any advice, for any one of a dozen reasons. For my own part, I enjoy doing what little I can do in this line, and I should regret very much to be the cause of a spoiled trip or a wasted vacation.

DEER COUNTRY.

While on the Brulé River, above Stager, North Peninsula (on C. & N. W. Railway) last week, we saw a great deal of deer signs, found one runway, one watering-place and two licks. At Kearney's Spur, above Stager, there is a deer lick not 10ft. from the railroad track. Four deer had been at the lick the morning we left. A barrel of brine, poured here two years ago, made this lick accidentally. The deer have scooped out the earth a foot or two in depth. I should think it would be a simple matter to get a deer in that country in season. The natives through there have been shooting them all summer, chiefly by means of headlights at night. There are 10 deer killed out of season to one killed in season in Michigan and Wisconsin. Deer are unusually plentiful this fall. Perhaps this is due to the fact that last year the flies were not very bad, and so did not drive the deer into the lakes, where the summer butchers could get at them. Comparatively few deer are stalked in our north pine country. E. HOUGH.

## CURRITUCK BAY BIRDS.

NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 31.—I promised a few days ago to give you an account of our annual trip to Currituck for bay birds, and while the shooting has always been good, if possible, I think, we enjoyed this our third annual trip on the steam yacht Comfort more than any before. The weather was fairly cool and there were no mosquitoes. The nights were delightful and we slept the sleep of the just. The Comfort is a beautifully equipped steam yacht—110ft. in length.

We anchored about five miles from our shooting grounds, on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Having breakfast at 4:30 Monday morning, Aug. 29, we stepped on board the Ease, a new yacht 56ft. long, which runs fifteen miles an hour. In less than one hour we were on our shooting grounds. We shot two in a blind, and the result of the first day's shoot was as follows: Messrs. T. J. Hayward (Baltimore), with Captain Dorry, were high boat, having bagged 278 graybacks (dowitchers), yellow legs and plover. Messrs. H. P. Lucas (Baltimore) and W. S. Kimball (Rochester, N. Y.) had the next best score and counted in the wagon 217. Messrs. W. A. Marburg and E. L. Bartlett (Baltimore) shot 126. Messrs. Walter Johnson (New York) and C. Ridgley Goodwin (Baltimore) are good fishermen, and the latter can kill more canvasbacks at the Maryland Club in one day than any man who is a member of that institution. They killed 75. E. L. Bartlett, Jr., and T. Bert Hayward (Baltimore) brought in a bag of 113. J. B. White (Norfolk), who had the best blind, being located where the dowitchers fed, bagged 214. This was a total from 7 o'clock in the morning to noon of 1,022.

Our spirits were willing but flesh weak. So we only shot about two hours yesterday morning. E. L. Bartlett, Jr., and J. B. White were high boat, having bagged 106, total for the morning 360. Grand total for the two mornings' shooting 1,382.

Our birds are all frozen (in perfect condition), and we are now on our way to home and friends' who will be glad to greet us. Of all our experience during the past ten years, we consider these trips the most enjoyable, in fact there is no such sport to be had in America to-day as our bay bird shooting at Currituck. YELLOWMEG.

### Minnesota Prairie Chickens.

THE Hallock (Minn.) *Enterprise* states that ducks and prairie chickens are very abundant in Kittson county this season.

### Black Game in Newfoundland.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland, Aug. 25.—Replying to your inquiry, "If black game introduced some years ago has bred successfully and now furnishes shooting," I am sorry to say that so far as we know the experiment has proved a failure. They have rarely been reported and are not found in the haunts of the willow grouse; only two that I have heard of have been killed by persons in ignorance of what birds they were. Their natural habitat in Scotland and Norway is among thick woods, something like the haunts of your ruffed grouse, and even should they breed successfully they will never be the game bird that our willow grouse is; the latter is found in open barrens and low scrub, lies well to a dog and furnishes noble sport. Should black game become plentiful (now the special section protecting them has expired) they would be protected by Sec. 1 of the act of 1889 under the words "other grouse," as they are of the class with willow grouse, and could not be killed before Sept. 15 nor after Jan. 15. T. R. B.

### A Big Bull.

AT THE shop of Fred Sauter, the North William street taxidermist, we have recently examined the head of an unusually large buffalo bull. The animal, which, judging from the condition of the skin, was killed not very long ago, was evidently taken in winter and was just about in its prime. The horns are still sharp, but have begun to splinter a little at the sides. That the bull is an unusually large one is shown by the following measurements taken by the FOREST AND STREAM: Distance between tips of horns, measured from the inside, 28¼in.; circumference of horn at base, 14¼in.; length of horn, measured along outside curve from base to tip, 23in. The wide spread and great length of the horns is an unusual feature of this extremely fine head. This specimen is reported to have come from Montana, but details with regard to its capture are lacking.

### Kansas Shooting Outlook.

OTTAWA, Kan., Aug. 2.—The prospects for shooting in Kansas are very good this fall. I have lately returned from a trip West and saw considerable game, especially in the vicinity of Great Bend. Quail, plover and jack rabbits are numerous all over the State, but prairie chicken are very scarce. A friend writing from Woodson county says they are fairly numerous there. F. B.

### Nottaway County.

JENNING'S ORDINARY, Nottaway County, Va., Aug. 31.—We have had a very hot summer as well as an exceedingly dry one, though a dry summer means good on birds. Deer are very plentiful indeed, and they are getting more so every season. I was out after deer Aug. 29; killed a fine doe and a large size fawn; the doe weighed 120lbs. (gross). S. B.

### Illinois Prairie Chicken.

CHICKEN shooting commenced here Aug. 15, or before, in spite of the law and the fact that the birds were too small to shoot. When the law is out there will be but few birds for the law-abiding shooter. Quail shooting will be good as there are more birds than for years. EN AMI.

**Have You Got $3,000?**

I want a partner to invest the above sum in a sportsman's resort that will pay $5 000 every year net. Finest fishing and hunting in America. For particulars address D. A. PORTER, The Albert, Denver, Colorado.—*Adv.*

# Sea and River Fishing.

## SUSQUEHANNA BASS SCORES.

DURING the first ten days of August the bass fishing on the Susquehanna from Port Deposit to Harrisburg was fairly good. About Aug. 1 fishing along the river between Columbia and Port Deposit was very successful. Ferd Demuth and J. L. Porter caught 44 fine bass at Fites Eddy in one day and a half. Capt. Doble took 38 at the same place in two days. On Aug. 11 Mr. Porter caught 11 bass in the Conestoga. Early in the month the Tuquan Club, of Lancaster, spent a few days at York Furnace and made some tolerably fair catches. One day Johnnie Baumgardner had the misfortune to lose a fine leader and his hooks. The fish doing the mischief gave such a violent struggle to free himself that Johnnie declared to the rest of the boys that he had hooked the "daddy of them all," if he hadn't succeeded in landing him. The actions of the monster were carefully explained and ample reason given why the fish got away. So far all right, but in the very same place that afternoon Mr. H. C. Demuth concluded to try for Johnnie's "biggest bass in the river," and secured it, leader and all. It weighed just ¾lb., and Johnnie's heart slumped to his boots.

Aug. 11 Messrs. Augustus and Cliff Hipple caught 11 bass, which run very nice as to size, averaging about 1¼lbs. This was at Bainbridge. From the 11th to the 20th of the month there was no bass fishing owing to rains up stream, which made the water high and roily. On the 20th the fish commenced to bite again, and Barney Doyle caught 11, and A. Hipple 9. On the 22d Smith and Nagle took 16, Doyle 10, and Bare and Bean 7 in two hours' fishing. Aug. 23 Skeen and Bare caught 9 bass. Aug. 24 Bare took 10, Hipple 10, and McNeil 11. Aug. 24 Mr. Doyle went to the falls after "salmon" and caught 4, the largest of which weighed 3¾lbs. The others were small fish weighing but 1lb. each. On the 25th Messrs. Ruth, Kuntzelman and son fished the riffles below Bainbridge and brought home 43 bass. They caught 45, but lost two off the stringer. These parties were well supplied with bait, having secured about 500 minnows, catfish, crawfish, etc., the day before. Aug. 26 Squire McNeil caught 8 bass, one a 3-pounder. Mr. Bare caught 8, weighing 6lbs. The largest run 1¾lbs. Mr. Barney Doyle had been trolling for "salmon" for a week, off and on, and to-day, 26th, caught 16 small ones. They were caught with lamper eel and run very small, about 1lb. fish.

Aug. 27.—Rains up river, water muddy, no fishing. The best baits for bass during August were grass chubs. We tried catfish without success. The best fishing was in the riffles below town. BON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 5.

## SALMON FROM THE OCEAN.

THINKING that probably the following would throw some light on the question, "Where do the salmon go to when they leave the fresh water streams?" I give it to you:

Two years ago this month my brother, while trolling for skipjacks from the deck of a schooner, twelve miles off this coast, hooked and landed a 20lb. Chinook salmon —a female. The lure was a bit of white cloth on a large hook.

One year ago Capt. Olsen, of the tugboat J. M. Colman, while still a fishing for groupers four miles off shore, hooked and landed a silver-side salmon on a codfish hook with a clam for bait. When he told me of the circumstance I immediately sent to Seattle for a Siwash or Indian salmon trolling rig, which I gave him and told him to try. This he did, hooking and landing one silver-side of about 15lbs.

Yesterday I met, at Sealand, Capt. Farrar, of the deep sea fishing schooner South Bend, who told me that three weeks ago while lying becalmed six miles off shore, to pass the time away he was fishing with four lines for groupers. A slight wind springing up the lines towed astern from five to ten fathoms off the bottom, in thirty-five or forty fathoms of water, when he hooked and lost a large black codfish. Then he hooked and lost at the vessel's side two royal chinook salmon.

Taking the hint he sent for some trolling spoons which he used with 4lb. sinkers, trolling about thirty fathoms deep in forty fathoms of water. He hooked thirteen chinooks all told, the majority of which escaped, as, through not being very well posted in trolling tactics, he had made the lines fast to the schooner's rail, causing the hooks to tear such large holes in the fishes' under jaws (they were all hooked on the outside of the mouth under the lower jaw) that when it came time to gaff them they, at sight of the gaff, made such desperate efforts to escape that they in several instances succeeded.

JIM MACK.

SHOAL WATER BAY, Wash.

## PENNSYLVANIA TROUTING.

LANCASTER CITY anglers found the trout fishing of the past season not so good as last year. Fishing Creek and Tuquan Creek, in the southwestern part of Lancaster county, furnished some very good sport. In these streams Messrs. Ferd. Demuth, J. L. Porter, John and Walter Griel, and Dr. Muhlenburg, all of Lancaster City, met with fair success. In Lititz Creek also the trouting was not up to the standard. In this stream last year Harry Howell caught 7 trout, the aggregate weight of which was 9½lbs. The largest weighed 1½lbs., and was presented to Mr. H. C. Demuth, secretary of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

A. C. H. had a singular experience last spring. He was fishing in the private waters of a club in central northern Pennsylvania, and had been trying for some time unsuccessfully to get a strike from trout playing at the surface of a pond-like portion of the stream formed by a dam. Having repeatedly cast in a choice variety of flies without any reward he decided to give the fish a rest and try them the next day. They were quite tame, did not leave the place, but would not take the flies offered. In thinking the matter over that night Mr. H. concluded that the next morning he would go below the dam and cast over and above it, as he could easily reach the fish from such a position. Keeping out of sight of the trout he cast over the dam, using two droppers beside the tail fly, and after a pretty struggle landed three of the fish at one time. Another cast was immediately made with the same result, but after that nary a trout would rise. The 6 fish were good plump fellows, about 8in. long, and as game as one could wish. They were artificially reared, and their cunning is said to be remarkable. The keeper feeds them and they eat greedily, but if a stranger offers them the food they will not taste it. By most of the anglers in this section it is thought that trout artificially reared are just as game as those found native in the streams, especially when one gets a strike from three at a time.

BON.

## POTOMAC NOTES.

ACCORDING to the Ninth Annual Report of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club this organization continues to flourish. Its full membership is maintained and much has been done to improve the fishing waters of the club. During the year the following new members have been elected to fill vacancies: C. T. Sacket, F. C. Stevens, James D. Maher, Wm. B. Hibbs, James M. Green and Charles J. Singer. Mr. James P. Willett has recently succeeded Dr. Harban as secretary of the club.

The number of members and guests visiting the club house during the past year was 148; number of black bass taken, 877. Game killed: squirrels, 39; quail, 24; rabbits, 2; pheasants, 2; wild duck, 2; deer, 1. Five hundred yearling brown trout were received from the U. S. Fish Commissioner, besides 500 rainbow trout. These fish were all placed in Sideling Hill Creek. Twenty-five hundred small-mouthed black bass were planted in the Potomac opposite the club house.

The report of the treasurer shows the financial condition of the club to be very good, the balance of cash in hand being $1,092.25, an increase of $416.75 over last year.

Mr. Willett tells me that this year the management will pay especial attention to black bass and introduce as many as possible of these fish.

The members of the Helmet Fishing Club changed their plans and went to St. Jeromes, Md., instead of to Havre de Grace, as it was first intended. Taking the steamer Arrowsmith at Washington they went to Smith's Creek Landing, where they took wagons and crossed the point to St. Jeromes. Here the party was entertained by Capt. West, who was found to be a first-class host—never seeming to sleep and always on the lookout for something to add to the comfort and pleasure of his guests. Six members, several wives of members and several guests made up the party. A stay of eight days was made. Guide Haney proved himself reliable and capable. He was acquainted with the fishing grounds and always ready to do good service. The fishing was good; plenty of weakfish ("trout" here) were taken; they run rather small, out of ten taken one morning the largest weighed but 2½ or 3lbs. Spots and croakers were in abundance. Mrs. James and Mrs. McCathran accompanied their husbands on the fishing trips and were much benefitted by the air and exercise. Several novelties were sighted. Among others a large shark, which half stranded on an oyster bar at low tide, and a large sea turtle, estimated to weigh 300lbs. or more. Oysters were plentiful and of good flavor. The bathing at this point was found to be exceptionally good, and the party were well pleased with their trip to St. Jeromes and recommend it to all persons desiring to spend a few days on Chesapeake Bay.

From all accounts August has furnished poor fishing near this city. The river has actually been too low, and the weather too dry and hot for good black bass fishing. It is reported in one of the daily papers that a Georgetown man took some salt-water crabs last week at the rocks known as the Three Sisters, above Georgetown. Several black bass were caught off Riley's wharf, foot of Eleventh street, Sept. 2. These fish seem to be more numerous each year in the Potomac below Washington. They are more or less frequent about the Long Bridge and in the mouth of Four Mile Run, and are taken each spring in fish nets below Alexandria.

Messrs. Henry Weyl and W. G. Kent have just returned after a week's outing at Point of Rocks, Aug. 29, 30 and 31, the fishing was poor owing to low water. A thunderstorm on the 31st improved the conditions, so that on Thursday the fish bit well and 16 were taken. On Friday 14 and Saturday 34 bass were caught, the largest weighed 4½lbs. The only successful bait used was the young catfish, the bass would take no other. Fishing during September promises well.

BON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 5.

## LENAWEE COUNTY BLACK BASS.

MY husband is of the opinion that women need a day of recreation and sport out of doors as well as men. In fact he thinks he has no luck if I am not with him, and I—well, it is rather lonesome when he is gone, so to settle the matter, we, with our little boy and two dogs, usually set off together. Our last trip was one of much interest. We started after dinner for Evans Lake, a beautiful little sheet of water about fourteen miles from home, and every mile of the drive has something interesting to see. It was a delightful day, not too warm, but a nice little breeze that made our little trip a pleasant one. It also helped us to drive with some speed, as we wished to get there by sundown, to fish in the evening. We were well-supplied with everything for a couple of days' sport—fishing tackle of every description from rod and reel to the little artificial minnow, camp chairs, rubber boots and everything convenient for outdoor sport, to say nothing of the large covered lunch basket, the contents of which I had been one whole day preparing, and a jug of lemonade. But, lo! before we reached the lake an unforeseen catastrophy deprived us of all that the next day.

When within three or four miles of the lake we stopped to eat our supper and to let the horse graze by the way for a few moments. My husband winding the lines around the whip socket jumped out and proceeded to do what he had done twenty times before—slap the horse and at the same time kill a large fly on his back. But this time the horse became frightened, and after kicking the dash board vigorously, which frightened her still more, started away on a run. She plunged first on one side of the road, then on the other, part of the time the buggy seemed to be on four wheels, but oftener on two. My husband being left behind had halloed to me to jump, being too far away to render me any assistance. All he could do was to follow as fast as he could and keep me in sight. After an exciting and dangerous flight I managed in some way to stop her, but not before the varied contents of the buggy except myself had been scattered and mingled with the dust of the roadway. We left the wreck of our lunch where it lay and again started for our destination, which we reached at dusk, the accident having delayed us some time.

So after a warm supper at the hotel, and with many cautions to our host and hostess not to fail to call us at sunrise, we retired to rest, and to dream of the black bass we were to catch the next day.

The next morning we were up with the sun and after a good breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, who by the way, know just how to entertain their guests, we started for the boat. My husband pulled the oars while I took the rod, letting out about forty yards of line with a beautiful little red and gold artificial minnow on for trolling. Scarcely was my line let out before a sudden jerk and a fluttering around and another jerk told me I had a bass, and winding up my line carefully I gave the rod to my husband to land the prize. And indeed, it was a prize; a beautiful 2½-pound bass, just the right size for a tempting meal. After landing him safely and taking the oars I again let out the line with the same success, and now two beauties were in the bag on ice. The third one I felt sure was a larger fish than the other two; and I claimed the privilege of bringing it to land. But it was a struggle, as the bass evidently had no intention of leaving the water; it first glided under the boat, then down to the weeds, but it was hooked too well to escape, and after one last struggle I landed it in the bottom of the boat, and what a prize! and oh, the joy at landing a three-pound bass! That ended our trolling, and the three were caught in less than twenty-five minutes. Next we started for a point in the lake that had been pointed out to us by Mr. Clapp as good for perch fishing, and so we found it. The first one pulled up weighed one pound. Two more followed exactly like the first, then three more a trifle smaller, and the last a beauty weighing one and one-quarter pounds. Every one familiar with fish knows that bass or perch of this size are much more palatable than the large fish. But we could not complain; we had three nice black bass and seven beautiful perch, and might have had more I presume had not another incident occurred which deprived us of our bait. Our minnow bucket being tied to the boat and sunk in the water to give the minnows fresh water, suddenly snapped and went down into forty feet of water. So we were obliged to go to shore or fish with worms, of which we had plenty. And by the way, why does not some ingenious person go to work and invent a worm that will squirm to take the place of a real live one? Now, I do love to fish and I know how much time it takes for my husband to stop and bait my hook every few minutes, and I don't like to bother him just as he is interested in watching his rod. But I cannot, really and truly cannot, use a live worm. They are all right at first until you hook them and then they do string out so long, ugh! it maker me shudder, I had rather stop a runaway horse.

When we pulled up the beautiful bass we had fully intended to string them and send a picture of them to the FOREST AND STREAM. But long before we started for home my wrists, my arms and shoulders, as well as my fingers were swollen and pained me so from pulling on the horse the night before, that we gave it up. Glad to see the liniment bottle and bathed with the contents. But if this narrative does not tire your readers and we go again and meet with the same success, or better, we promise to send an exact picture and weight to be published in the dear old FOREST AND STREAM.

MRS. H. L. W.

## THE NEPIGON.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Dabney Carr and his brother, of St. Louis, Mo., have just returned to this place from a sixteen-days' trip on the Nepigon River. They report the trout in great abundance, though somewhat lazy in rising to the fly, owing to the unusually hot weather. Dabney's largest trout weighed 4¾lbs. He reported one as having been caught by a Canadian angler that pulled the scales at 8lbs. It was, however, caught with a large herring minnow.

The Carr brothers used the eyed flies and think they have great advantage over the snooded ones. The eyed dropper, they state, stands at right angles with the leader and dances most beautifully along the surface of the water.

When fishing they each have a half dozen or more leaders mounted with flies, and when desirous of changing lines simply change for one of the prepared leaders, it being, they state, more quickly accomplished.

A hotel, it is rumored, is to be built next season at Camp Alexandria for the special accommodation of anglers. If this is done the famed stream will soon be depleted of its dotted beauties.

So far seventy-five rods have been on the stream this season, though a party of twenty, composed of men, women and children, were met at the station as the brothers were returning, eager for the sport the beautiful stream affords.

The Hon. Thomas A. Logan ("Gloan"), one of your old correspondents, is here taking in the exhilarating ozone with results most beneficial. He will probably take in the bass fishing at Sailors' Encampment on St. Mary's River ere he returns to his professional duties.

He owns one of the islands near the mouth of the river and expects to have a summer cottage erected on it for his next season's recreation. He feels like having a grand old time with nature once more.

P. E. Roach ("Ned"), my old "pardner," is also booked for the same place, and expects to catch a ton or two of the bronze-backers before he heads for his native heath.

Felix Nicola and Judge M. R. Doctney, of Cleveland, O., arrived here to-day prepared to deal out destruction to fin, fur and feather. They will seek the south shore of the great lake for their raid on the game.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 1.—I have received to-day a letter from a friend, telling of a recent trip on the Nepigon. Omitting the mention of all trout weighing less than 1lb., he says that the party, which consisted of eight, took 214 fish, total weight 474lbs., or an average of nearly 2¼lbs. each. The largest fish was an 8-pounder, which is claimed to be the largest brook trout down in that stream. This old fellow was 25¼in. long, his tail fin measured 7in. across. It was said that he sulked for the first twenty minutes and then began a fight that was as ferocious as the runs of a fresh-run salmon hooked in a tender spot. He was brought to the net in forty-five minutes. This party was fourteen days on the stream, and reported a delightful time and the fishing simply grand. Of course the above score indicates that.

W. B. MERSHON.

## HARRISBURG BASS FISHERMEN.

FISH COMMISSIONER POWELL has sent us the following hints and points about black bass fishing in the Susquehanna River, gleaned by the Harrisburg *Telegram* from well known anglers of Pennsylvania's capital. As the best season for this enjoyment is now approaching, anglers will be glad to learn that prospects are bright for successful fishing in the river.

Alderman Fager is one of the exponents of fly-fishing. He prefers the fly because it saves the trouble of hunting and adjusting bait, and because a perfect imitation of the insects upon which the bass feeds will prove successful above all other baits. He fishes only in clear, shallow water, from 1ft. to 6ft. in depth, and watches his fly continually, in order to strike at the proper time. The very best time for fly-fishing, he says, is from an hour before sunset until dark. The alderman is always careful to keep out of sight and not to allow the shadow of his rod to fall on the water.

Mr. A. B. Tack has caught black bass in riffles by maonlight. He has fished for them successfully when it was so dark that he could scarcely see.

Mr. Fred W. Ebel has taken bass in water 1ft. deep, casting more than 30ft. He does not believe in the theory that the fish sometimes refuse to bite because they are not hungry; on the contrary, his experience leads him to think they are always hungry. Bass have swallowed both of his baits and then returned for more. He has known them to swallow his hook and then do the same thing for a neighboring fisherman. He once took a bass that had two hooks in its stomach. Mr. Ebel has invented a device for preventing the tangling of leaders in the water. By an arrangement of double swivels they are kept from twisting in casting.

There are some Harrisburg anglers who do not believe in artificial flies. One of them is Eugene Snyder, who has never caught a black bass with the fly nor seen one so taken. He has, however, captured thousands of bass with baits of various kinds. As early as 1876 he found the fish abundant at Collins, at the foot of Conewago Falls. He thinks there are fewer bass in the river than there were formerly, and attributes the falling off to spring floods that roil the water, destroy the spawning beds and carry many fish below the dam.

## OUANANICHE AT CINQUIEME CHUTE.

I DO NOT write of "once upon a time, a long time ago." I have nothing to tell of an outing taken ten years ago; it is of the present, the summer of '92.

At Lake St. John a generous and beneficent spirit has erected a hostelry, whither the footsteps of all anglers should trend, and whence they may depart in quest of the quintessence of angling. Truly may Hotel Roberval be called the Golden Gate, opening upon regions that are apparently inexhaustible, and where disappointment lurks not as the final end of fond anticipation.

Situated in the heart of the Laurentian ranges, Lac St. Jean is fed by rivers, the outlet of inland seas and great lakes, whose rushing torrents are increased by melting snows, bubbling springs and vernal floods; rushing onward from the lake, these waters pour through the Grand Decharge, down the far-famed Saguenay, through the St. Lawrence, into the sea.

From these rivers and the lakes, into which they broaden, legends have drifted down (magnified by the favored few who have sought him in his lair) tales of the ouananiche—of his superb courage, gamy ferocity and indescribable agility. Romance and fable have not tint or color enough to satisfy the imagination, to embellish the tales told by the guides, half-breeds and Indians around Point Bleu and Chicoutimi, or while loitering on the piazza at Hotel Roberval. "*C'est terrib'*," says Guillaume Tremblay, "how he leaps from the water when he is stabbed by the hook; *c'est incroyable*, how the line runs and runs; *un beau canot* to go after him; *un gros poisson, un beau ouananiche*"—and language fails, as Guillaume marks his length on the floor—on the paddle—or stretches his arms in the air. Calm and impassive Josef Simeon, half-breed—is really all Indian, ancient Montagnais all through, until he talks of ouananiche—*beau saumon*—then his face is wreathed with smiles, his eyes brighten, and the rigid, stern cast of countenance disappears. Contempt and disdain for the ouananiche of the Grand Decharge are there expressed most forcibly, but lead them to talk of Cinquieme Chute de Mistassini or Lac Tshotagama de Grande Peribonka, and what a panorama is depicted upon their stern and rugged countenance. It is all the joy of battle with a worthy foe, that is all. You would not then hear the ladies on the piazza of Roberval say, "Do not trust him, I am afraid."

Who is it who hath listened and has not had pulse and heart quickened with intense desire to determine for himself the grain of truth in these boastful tales.

Who, being a lover of the *Salmo salar* and having asserted without fear of contradition, "I would rather



MISTASSINI RIVER.

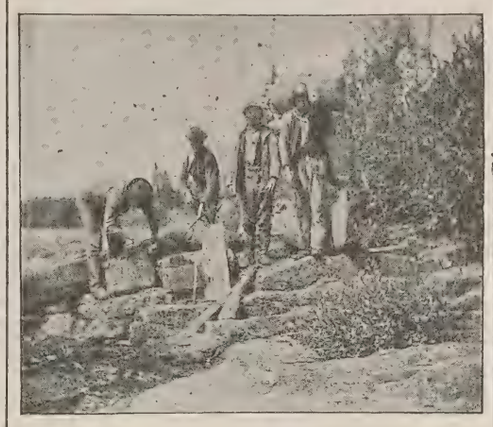
kill a salmon than shoot a caribou," would tamely listen to the declaration that a worthy rival of the *Salmo salar* existed without a feeling of supreme, aye superb, contempt that this boastful braggart could never have stabbed and then played and killed the salmon! "If such there be, go mark him well," thinks the patrician—this post graduate in the quintessence of angler lore, "for the conceit hath made him mad."

Yet I think my salmon fishing incomplete, my sole ideal pleasure unfinished, like soup without a dash of cayenne, if I ended my summer outing without a cast for this not unworthy and undegenerated scion of the royal stock of *Salmo salar*, if such the learned have declared him to be. Let those who may establish his lineage as a worthy toss of his ashes, *post cineres gloria venit*. Let those who will dispute his right to the title of salmon, for if salmon be derived from *salire*, to leap, hail then the ouananiche—*le petit saumon*—the endearing term of the Montagnais—for surely does his mad rage in air and water bear testimony to his title to be deemed *saumon* and nothing but *saumon*.

This is no denizen of still and stagnant water, no poltroon of running waters, nursing his strength, in cowardly ambush, lying in wait beneath lily pads, or lurking in weeds, for the victim to pass upon which he will ruthlessly prey; no savage monster patterned after crocodile, with cruel fangs filling a gavial muzzle to devour his victim who, once impaled upon bait or spoon, cowardly comes to strand or canoe like some great bully called to stand by pure pluck and not physique. No, the ouananiche fights as if he would pluck forth the weapon that stabbed him and with it turn and attack his assailant. Up in the air six or seven times, shaking his head to expel the hook, high and low, with wit and cunning, tugging at the line deep under water until you fairly feel the barb tear the flesh at the end, rising to the surface and thrashing the water until the line is one inextricable tangle—so goes the battle on. Let no one relax his vigilance or abate one jot of effort until the ouananiche be suspended on the balance, or else a deep-drawn breath and—a great struggle with yourself attest the ignominious end.

This foe lives in the rushing floods, under falls where the rainbow forever gleams in the sun, amid eddies circling down the foaming tide—where in the whirl of tumultuous waters current neutralizes current, and there encircled by a ring of turbulent waves the pool forms; there with muscles always in motion turning into pliant steel and keenly, nay at all times, vigilant and alert, never at rest, does the ouananiche get form, color, strength and courage. Flashing through the foam, through the seething waters as they tumultuously pour down rocky gorge and pass, over precipitous falls—leaping high up the fall and ascending against its mighty power—there the "Survival of the Fittest" working to perfect end (in Natural Selection), the ouananiche gets his superb development of form and muscle, with the gift of indomitable courage.

As the salmon fisherman kills the salmon weighing from sixteen to fifteen pounds with a 26-ounce rod and



ON THE MISTASSINI.

dainty flies, so I make war on *le petit saumon* weighing from three to eight pounds, with rods weighing from four and one-half to seven ounces, and use the same dainty flies, only smaller—Jock-Scott, silver-doctor, Durham-ranger, cock-robin, etc. Yet do they again and again fail to tempt his capricious appetite, for his fancy is fickle and vacillating, worn to satiety like some old gourmet.

Down the west coast of Newfoundland—all the way from Labrador—intent only on reaching the Cinquieme Chute of the Mistassini, I sped to get my ouananiche fishing. Reaching the Hotel Roberval at five o'clock, I learned from that friend of all fishermen, that superb host, T. Kenna, Esq., that my telegram had been obeyed—guides secured and provisions packed ready for me to go that night, if necessary.

It was on this journey that, in conversation, a well-known salmon fisherman remarked to me: "After one has killed salmon, the only other pleasure that remains is to collect his literature, the "Bibliophile Salmonis."

It was better to dine, and "sleep, perchance to dream," and start at daybreak for a long and arduous day's work and get the fishing surely the following day.

Up the Mistassini to the Cinquieme Chute, which I reached with a knot in my throat as I found myself the only fisherman there. I camped in the same old place, on the island, upon either side of which the great river rushes down in falls of magnificent grandeur, covered with trees, giving protecting shelter from storm, and creating cool and pleasant shadows in the day, where the roar of the falls is never hushed, as the river, falling full thirty feet over the precipitous chutes, flows on to the sea. Here the song of the bird, undisturbed by the sound of the gun, comes vibrating through the hoarse roar of the falls like the soaring cadenza of the prima donna over the sonorous sweep of the orchestra. Upon a bed of dried balsam, the accumulation of unnumbered years, with a layer of fresh plumes, soothed by the music of the sough of the wind through the trees, one sleeps on down that makes mockery of feather or fur.

At the Cinquieme Chute I have seen the ouananiche, on his way up to Lac à Jim, leap full ten feet against the face of the falls, and with scarce a perceptible pause again leap as high, reaching the top of the chute and falling into the mirrory slide of the water be swept over the falls before he could get his head up stream and his mighty tail going like the screw of an ocean liner.

"*C'est terrib'*," says Guillaume, "*Montant la chute en route à Lac à Jim*," and I hunger to have the jumper on



LAC TSHOTAGAMA.

the end of my line on the little 4½oz. "Wood" (lancewood) rod, which again and again I loaned the Lady Cecilia Rose to land 4-pound ouananiche at the Fifth Falls.

Fly after fly cast upon the waters, dark and sober-hued in sunshine, fascinating and bright in clouded skies, flitting on the foam, swimming through the flood, leaping over the ripples, from sunrise to sunset, proved "that all is vanity," until twilight found me weary and disgusted, only then to learn the worth of the white beauty of the Parmachene-belle as she whirled out of the whiter foam into the darker, troubled water of the eddies. Then only for one brief instant I saw the fly, for out of the eddy a dark form arose, and amid a scream of the reel the fly disappeared and the frail silken line ran into the wildest foam of the rushing waters.

I have seen the leader come back with the flies, expressly tied for this fishing, torn from the snells. I have taken the best 9-foot salmon leader and looped a small salmon fly on each end (a whitewing-admiral and Parmachene-belle), and tying the leader so that the stretcher would have a flow of about 3ft., work the rod as if fishing for salmon, seen the ouananiche as if shot from a catapult, flash inthe air full 7ft. high, as the dip of the rod stabbed the fish, and then disappear in the foam; and then seen on this same cast of flies, the rushing of the line arrested and neutralized as the stretcher fly was taken, and two fish simultaneously rise in the air and the line come back to me, leader and flies gone.

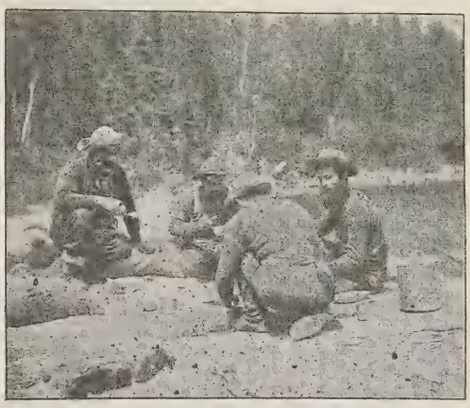
Again and again I gave Guillaume the 6oz. "Wells" (split bamboo) rod, bent like a coach whip cruelly winding its lash under the maddened horse, while I tried upon my camera to get the frantic leap of the impaled fish: but never could I get a snap shot in the few instances when the dual leap of the two fish snapped the salmon leader like a thread.

Standing on a rock around which the foam seethed and whirled, admid a rain of mist (and to reach which I had to clamber like a goat), I stabbed ouananiche after ouananiche only to lose fly after fly, and in one day lost three salmon leaders and eighteen flies.

Say, how worthy must these foemen of 3lbs. be who can thus break salmon leaders? Ask Tom Conroy who smiles blandly, but as urbanely denies that the leader had any possible defect! Guillaume's exclamation is better—"*C'est incroyable.*"

Amid many exclamations, "*C'est une belle ouananiche!*" "*C'est un beau saumon!*" I had been returning the fish which I thought would survive the battle to the river, and on the evening of the third day I saw the guides engaged in earnest consultation around the camp-fire. It was evidently something serious which was being discussed with great gravity, but the hot water to remove the pennyroyal and tar from face and hands was getting cold, and so washing myself, I gave up my curiosity and dropping the mosquito canopy, turned in.

I know not when the camp-fires were carefully extinguished and the bowl of lime water was placed in the tent, but at 5 o'clock the next morning, "*Pechant, M'sieur*," and Guillaume's voice awoke me from my slumber. "*Oui, Guillaume, canot pas—à la gros roche.*"



DINNER ON THE GRAND PERIBONKA.

"*Bien, M'sieur*"—and we went to try the sport before the sun got too high.

It was a 4lbs. ouananiche that gave Guillaume his opportunity. He held the fish upon the balance for me to take the weight, and as the index marked the familiar rules, I pointed to the water, to put the fish back. "*M'sieur*," began Guillaume, in deep and earnest tones, Guillaume, chief among *voyageurs*, tireless in the canoe and on portage; always happy, aye, and able to net or gaff the salmon—no soul-exasperating slip of steel or net, no error of judgment when to strike—most willing and never lingering over meals when "*M'sieur*" wanted to go fishing—Guillaume's tones gravely went on: "*Vous êtes un beau pêcheur. Votre plaisir à prendre l'ouananiche. Nous avons le gros poisson assez pour le camp et pour manger. Don'rez vous les poissons pour notres familles.*" As he paused I said, "*Très bien, ils ont à votre disposition.*" There were no thanks uttered; it was the one bend of the head with wild grace that showed appreciation, and never had I the slightest cause for complaints.

I cannot tell how many ouananiche I stabbed, played and lost. In nine days I landed 145 fish weighing from 3 to 4½lbs. Numberless instances did I time myself, the interval between stabbing and landing the fish, and it was never less than 15 minutes, and often 45 minutes before the gamy antagonist was conquered.

It was a great trip, a fine camp, splendid provisions, superb sport, faultless guides, grand weather. It makes the heart too full for utterance to recall such an ideal trip.

If any reader of this should be one of the great party upon the piazza of Hotel Roberval when I returned with 24 ouananiche weighing from 3 to 4½lbs. caught the day before, and 47 ouananiche of like weight salted in a birch bark box, and heard Mr. Beemer ask, "What luck—show up!" he will bear witness to the admiration excited by the spectacle of the salmon stretched upon the piazza before admiring, nay covetous eyes. With difficulty I got away to get a tub and supper, and it was midnight when, with voice so hoarse I could scarce whisper, that I got to bed, so many had questions to propound as to the whereabouts of the Eden wherein I had revelled—the flies, etc.

Guillaume Tremblay, Josef Simeon and Josef Robinson, I doff my hat to "les gros guides" and revel in the thought that I have engaged you for 1893 and, *Deo volente*, we will have a great time.

ROWDY ROD.

[The illustrations are from amateur photographs by the author.]

### Greenwood Lake Bass.

BASS fishing at Greenwood Lake seems to be unusually good at present. Last Sunday the writer, in company with his wife, took a boat at the outlet and rowed up to the head of the lake, stopping over night at the Roe Cottage and returning the following day. Several catches of fifteen bass and upward to one boat for a half day's fishing were noted. In the live box at the Roe Cottage were two fine bass of 3½ and 3lbs. respectively, that were caught Saturday last by a boy of ten. He had been fishing from the island, on which stands the little Episcopal Church, using worms for bait, and had only succeeded in catching sunfish, when, becoming discouraged, he had cut off the tail of his most recent captive and thrown him in the water, still attached to his hook. The fish sank, and the boy tried to pull in his line, but found it fast to something—the bottom of the lake he thought at first. He soon found out, however, that he had a large fish on his line, and after quite a struggle succeeded in beaching the bass, weighing 3¾lbs. His mother was near by, and after he had committed his big fish to her safe keeping, he threw in again with another sunfish and caught the 3 lb. bass.

At the lower end of the lake, which is the shoalest, the majority of the fish are caught still-fishing, while at the upper end the most popular method just now seems to be casting with a frog from a boat in toward shore at a distance of 60 or 80ft. The upper end of the lake is an ideal bass water, with sharply shelving shores of shingle, frequently diversified by rocky points and ledges. The scenery at this end is particularly wild and attractive.

My wife and I amused ourselves on our journey up and down the lake by trolling, and hooked seven fish in all, six bass and one pickerel. Three of the bass succeeded in shaking the spoon from their jaws before they could be boated, and so escaped, but the others were not so fortunate. Our largest weighed an even 2lbs. B.

### Buzzard's Bay Fishing.

STRIPED bass continue to be taken in small numbers at Woods Holl. During the last week of August the following captures were made: Oliver Grinnell 2 weighing 8lbs. each, 1 of 14lbs., 1 of 15lbs. Charles Grinnell, Jr., 1 weighing 8lbs.; Frank Gifford took 3 weighing 12, 14 and 14½lbs. respectively. On the morning of Sept. 2 Oliver Grinnell captured a fine 16 pounder by trolling at the surface. All of the others were taken by bottom fishing with cut menhaden for bait, on the Pine Island side of the "Hole." Eel-tail, so much relied upon heretofore, proved far less killing than the oily and fragrant bonyfish, usually styled menhaden. Young menhaden are schooling around the shores in vast numbers; they range in length from two to five inches. In Acushnet River, New Bedford, the small bluefish are driving them up stream into fresh water in company with small weakfish. Adult menhaden are still remarkably scarce, so much so as almost to stop hook and line fishing. There are plenty of fine sea bass and scup in Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay, not far off, if only the necessary bait could be obtained to make their capture possible. Adult bluefish are plentiful, but the absence of bait prevents anglers from taking them.—T. H. B. (Sept. 1.)

### Salmon Feeding in Fresh Water.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT, Leland Stanford Junior University, Palo Alto, Cal., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the question of the salmon feeding when in the fresh-water rivers, I have received the following in a private letter from a friend who is a captain in the United States Army, an enthusiastic sportsman, and widely acquainted with the rivers of the West:

"By the way, I see that all people are not willing to believe that salmon discard their haversacks at the mouth of the Columbia. Twenty-five years ago over near the Idaho line in Oregon I made as careful an investigation as could be made with a rod and rifle. On a stretch of several hundred yards of the Malhew River the water was almost constantly broken by salmon, as I thought feeding. I worked the stream with everything I had in the way of flies, but never got a rise. In the morning I tried with a rifle and very soon succeeded in shooting a fish at least 40in. long. His stomach contained nothing excepting a little slime. I had just such an experience in 1879 in the Lemhi River in Idaho." DAVID S. JORDAN.

### Large Susquehanna Bass.

BAINBRIDGE, Pa.—What was perhaps one of the largest, if not the largest, black bass ever taken in the Susquehanna River, was caught at the Aqueduct. Juniata River, two years ago by Mr. Jacob Hess, of Harrisburg. Mr. Hess and another gentleman had been out fishing and had just pulled into the mouth of a small creek for the purpose of eating their lunch. They had left the lines trailing out into the water from their boat and had barely gotten off when one of the reels gave warning that a line was running out. Mr. H. hastened to the scene of action and after considerable difficulty succeeded in landing the monster bass. Owing to the wonderful strength of the fish it is doubtful that a capture could have been effected but for the fact that the shore gave the anglers a chance to work him in and strand him. STEHMAN HERR.

### Shenandoah Bass.

CLARK COUNTY, Va.—There is plenty of black bass in the Shenandoah River, Clark county, Va. The fishing here is very good. Very few trout are to be found, although the natural streams are present. The cause of this absence of trout comes from the habit of netting the brooks. The nets are held at the openings of the temporary fish dams ann the trout are driven into them and thus destroyed. Gray and fox squirrels are quite plentiful, and partridges (quail) afford very good sport in the proper season. SCALES.

### The Cascapedia.

I HAD two very good days fishing on the Grand Cascapedia this year, and in one afternoon, not fishing the middle of the day, I took 26 fish, 10 of the largest aggregating 30lbs. in weight. This was not a bad average. A year ago on the same stream, on Fourth of July morning, I caught a 5½lbs. trout, and soon after caught two fish (as I was fishing with two flies) that after a long struggle I brought to the beach and found to weigh 7½lbs., one 3½ and the other 4lbs. W. B. MERSHON.

## Forest and Stream's Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Sept. 2.—Says the Philosopher to the Scissors Grinder, "Do tell me your little story." Says the Grinder to the Philosopher, "Lord bless you sir, I haven't any story to tell." Says the FOREST AND STREAM to the once upon a time angler, "Drop us a line and spin us a fish story." Says the Ancient Angler, "If I do, it will be the first line I've dropped in the cause of fish and fishing for over two years. For there's nothing worthy of the name in this vicinity. In spring there was drum-fishing, which I despise; then come sheep-head and whiting, but you can only fish on turn of tide, and either it is then night or too early in the morning, or if in daytime too hot, and fun is not in it. So unless I draw on memory or imagination, I cannot fill the bill. PISECO.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5.—The fishing at the banks, off Anglesea, N. J., is good at present. On Sept. 4 my catch amounted to 30lbs. in an hour's fishing, none of the fish weighing under 1½lbs. and principally sea bass. Porgies were also taken in quantity, and a few flounders. The inside fishing this year has been very poor along the Jersey coast, such places as Corson's and Townsend's Inlets, which are noted places, yielding but little. Weakfish are very scarce. W. J. F.

HUDSON, N. Y., Aug. 30.—The catch of black bass and wall-eyed pike at Copake Lake has been larger this season than ever before. The local fishermen having been on hand all the time, and among the visitors from abroad was Mr. Stillman, of Hartford, Conn., who surprised the natives by the number and size of fish taken. One remarked, "Gee, gosh, all Friday, can't he snake them in!" H.

WEST DULUTH, Minn., Aug. 30.—On Sept. 19 a party of six from here go to Fleming Lake, in Aitkin county, for a week's black bass fishing. If "O. O. S." wishes to try his luck with us on this trip he will be made welcome. We expect to take some big fish, and will go prepared for a good time. EDWARD J. LUTHER.

### Batchewang Trout.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Peter Blue, of this place, a youth of 18 years, caught a few days ago, while fishing on the north shore of Lake Superior, twelve brook trout that averaged 5lbs. They were taken in Batchewang River, which empties into the bay of that name, and were doubtless seeking their spawning beds. I hope the merit of the capture of those large and ever beautiful game fish will not be greatly depreciated when I state they were all taken with the wriggling angle worm. The adolescent angler doubtless had a world of pleasure with these iridescent idols of the crystal stream, but if he ever learns the artistic lesson of the guild, winning his triumphs alone with the alluring fly, he will never, we opine, revert to his present capture of which he is now so very proud. Many an angler would have felt like forfeiting his chance for paradise to have coaxed such scarlet-dyed beauties to a banquet of the flies, for it would have been to him a very heaven of delight, a triumph ever filling him with endless emotions so infinitely pleasurable.

ALEX STARBUCK.

### Fishing Near Hallock.

HALLOCK, Minn., Aug. 20.—There has not been the amount of fish caught in the smaller streams of Kittson county for years that there is this season, and the principal reason is because Dr. H. F. Yorke, the game and fish warden, has invaded upon the nets that have been continually stretched across the rivers at different points. To day pickerel, pike and an occasional bass are found, and they are large, fine fellows and make a very nice change of diet for our people. The bass is a new comer since last year. His appearance is unaccountable, as none of his kind have been introduced to this part of the country.—E. H. L.

### Newfoundland Waters.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland, Aug. 25.—Have just returned from a week's fishing on the Hall's Bay line railway. At Southwest Arm, Clode Sound, had grand sport—trout ranging from 1½lbs. to 4½lbs. Any of your friends wanting good sport next year should try Newfoundland. There are several grand salmon and trout rivers opened up and are easy of access now this road is built. Time for catching those large trout is from July 15 till Sept. 1, when close season commences. T. R. B.

*Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.*

## FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition.

See details in another column.

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 12 to 16.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Canada. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Western Michigan Kennel Club, at Grand Rapids Mich. H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich., Superintendent.

Sept. 26 to 30.—Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Dr. O. S. Bamber, Sec'y.

Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.

Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

1893.

Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B Wells, Sec'y.

Nov 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Feb 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

## THE MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

### THE DERBY.

THE trials began on Wednesday, Aug. 31, at Morris, Man., as advertised. Chickens were said to be in such great abundance before the trials that but little searching was required to find them, and that therefore they were too plentiful for a trial; but during the running they were none too plentiful, and it taxed the searching and finding abilities of the dogs to make a good showing.

The grounds are excellent for the purposes of a field trial; the accommodations are comfortably good, and there are plenty of birds for field trial purposes. The town is situated about 28 miles from the boundary line, on the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads, on the Red River. It is built on the prairie, so that the shooting begins from the outskirts, and as it is but a small town, the grounds are but a few hundred yards from the hotel.

The prairie is interspersed with growths of bushes here and there, varying in width from a mere clump to 100 or more yards in diameter, and they are favorite haunts of the birds during the midday hours. In the morning hours up to 10 or 11 o'clock, and from 4 o'clock till night, they are found on the prairie and wheat fields, some of the latter being very large, and afford good feeding grounds for the birds.

Mr. W. Tallman did the judging and gave general satisfaction. He managed the running skilfully, and his decisions were well received.

This Derby was a most difficult stake to judge, the work varying from good and bad to indifferent, and many errors of the dogs added to the complications. Hardly a single dog in the stake worked with any uniformity. Mr. Tallman gave them ample time and opportunity to exhibit their capabilities. He was very painstaking in arriving at correct decisions.

The club held a meeting on the evening of Aug. 31. It has a membership of about 100. Two more, Messrs. G. W. Harrison and J. W. Roberts, both of Souris, Man., were elected to membership. The rules were changed to make them conform to the requirements of the spotting system, instead of the heat system, which required but very little change to accomplish.

The Canadian handlers showed excellent skill, and obedient dogs which ranged with self-confidence. Their quiet and fair handling was admirable and would be an improving model for many handlers in the States to copy.

It is an utter impossibility for a judge to decide with any satisfaction on the qualities of half-broken dogs, and such dogs obstruct the interests of all competitors.

All field trials rules should give the judge power to withhold prizes on account of want of merit. No dog is a high-class dog which will not take the necessary training, and no dog is fitted for a competition which cannot be handled in the usual manner.

Although the trials were run during the close season, the club had legal permission to shoot twenty birds by a special act of Government, as the following will show:

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

GAME LICENSE TO THE MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

Under and by virtue of the authority of Section 1 of an act to amend the Game Protection Act, 1892, permission is hereby granted to the Manitoba Field Trials Club, a limited number of chickens to shoot, take, hunt and kill not to exceed twenty, within the Province of Manitoba, at their annual trial for the year 1892, in conformity with the provisions of the said act.

Given under my hand at the Department of Agriculture and Immigration in the city of Winnipeg, this 29th day of August, 1892. (Signed) THOS. GREENWAY,

Minister of Agriculture, Statistics and Health.

H. MCKELLAR, City Clerk.

The high standing and influence of the club can be no better evidenced than by such a document.

The secretary, Mr. A. Holloway, was absent in consequence of ill health. Mr. E. D. Adams, of Winnipeg, attended to the details of the office with skill and promptness.

The winners of first and third are owned by J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer. The work of both dogs was marred by disobedience and unfinished training. Both go with dash and vim, point well, but they did not always locate their birds with the best of judgment and made many errors; their range also was faulty, being mixed, wide and close, regardless of the grounds, and often they cast back and worked behind their handlers.

The pointer dog Alberta Joe, winner of second, was by far the best worker in the stake in every respect, and really beat himself in his last heat by jealousy, persistent refusal to back and errors in work on birds. Taken all in all, I believe he was the best dog in the stake on the work done, but there were so many errors on his part toward the last that he could with good reason be placed second. On the other hand, the others had plenty of errors as well. Joe

exhibited very clean, intelligent work in his first heat, ranging wide, with excellent judgment and proved himself a good finder, and skilful in pointing the birds when found. Had his handler been more experienced in the nice points of field trial handling his dog would have won easily. Joe is nicely broken with the one exception of backing, and his handler, observing conscientiously what he thought the rules and fair play required, permitted his dog to go by the pointing dog without any effort to restrain him.

The spirit of fair play and a desire to see the best dogs win were predominant with every member. Every move was characterized by the greatest consideration for fairness to all, and every member present showed himself a gentleman sportsman.

Following is a list of the Derby entries:

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent)

*with*

L. W. Smith's black, white and tan bitch Fair Chatham (Chatham—Babe W.).

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J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black and white dog Bonia (Rod—Juno A.)

*with*

F. H. Perry and John Switzer's Irish setter bitch Hawkeye Queen (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont).

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J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan dog Lochinvar (Chance—Bessie Avent)

*with*

John Sharples's liver and white pointer dog Alberta Joe (Ightfield Upson—Ightfield Blythe).

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F. H. Perry and B. G. Odione's Irish setter bitch Claremont Clara (Claremont Patsy—Claremont Glencho)

*with*

John Sharples's liver and white ticked pointer bitch Alberta Ruby (Ightfield Upson—Ightfield Blythe).

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The Irish setters made a most excellent showing, ranging wide at good speed, but need more experience on birds.

The starters were not so many as there would have been had there not been malicious influences at work against the club's success. Of this, more later.

Besides those mentioned hereinafter there were present at the trials Messrs. W. F. Ellis, D. M. Telford, J. Wootton and Samuel Beckett, who has judged the club's trials in previous years, and others.

### Wednesday.

Wednesday was very favorable for good work. A stiff and steady wind blew from the south. The temperature was about right for comfort and good work. Chickens were found in sufficient numbers to test the dogs satisfactorily. Taken as a whole the work done during the forenoon was of an ordinary mixed grade of good, bad and indifferent. However, a high order of skillful work was necessary to secure good results as the chickens showed some wildness and flushed easily.

An effort was made to work the dogs up wind as much as possible, but it is of no importance whatever in hunting for bevies, except at such times as a dog quarters his ground in mathematical lines. Later, the dogs were worked regardless of the wind. A dog which ranges well according to his own judgment will beat out his ground quite as well when the course of the shooter is down wind as when it is up wind.

THE DERBY—*First Series.*

KINGSTON—FAN CHATHAM.—They were started at 7:49 in the open prairie. Kingston was handled by J. M. Avent and was troubled with a sore foot which made a slight difference in his running. Fan was handled by L. W. Smith. Soon after being cast off, Fan drew accurately to a point on a bevy. She held her point for a few moments then abandoned it and worked to one side, feeling for scent. The chickens flushed wild. King had taken a cast out of sight and was not found for several minutes. Sent on, King false-pointed, and Fan backed indifferently. Fan next drew nicely to a point on a single bird which flushed wild ahead of her before the handler could walk up to her. Sent on, she roaded again and a single bird flushed wild ahead of her. King a moment afterward pointed. Fan drew to a flush on a single and soon afterward King drew to a point on one; a short distance from there he pointed another. While both were making game, a single flushed wild ahead. Fan next drew accurately to a good point on a single bird in grass. The dogs were ordered up at 8:20. There was no sharp, nice work in the heat; in fact, the work was awkward and lacked finish. King did not go to running birds with promptness, and ranged irregularly, very wide or close and beat out his ground without exercising much judgment. Fan showed a good nose and judgment in drawing and pointing, but the latter was done in a listless manner. She did not range above moderately well.

BONIA—HAWKEYE QUEEN.—They were started at 8:25, the former handled by J. M. Avent, the latter by W. Pickering. The heat was a poor one. Queen ranged wide and with judgment, but her performance on birds was limited, considering the opportunities. Bonia did not show any finished, accurate work, and was disposed to point on false scent or footscent. His first work was a flush on an outlying bird, then he took a short turn and pointed a single; as his handler walked up he moved forward a few steps and the bird flushed just as he stopped. At the same time Queen and her handler flushed the rest of the bevy. Bonia roaded and pointed, then took a turn and flushed the bird. He next false pointed and Queen backed him well. The dogs were watered. Bonia false-pointed again and Queen drew in to his point, refusing to back, which was in a measure excusable in consequence of having been deceived by a false point and indecision. Sent on, Bonia pointed a bevy and Queen backed fairly well. This was the first good piece of work done in the heat. Queen had the better range but she had no find. The heat was ordinary. The dogs were ordered up at 9:05. Bonia showed good speed, but his range was irregular and lacked judgment.

LOCHINVAR—ALBERTA JOE.—J. M. Avent handled the former, J. Sharples the latter. The heat began at 9:13. Both dogs showed range and spirit. Loch false-pointed and Joe backed apparently or stopped to scent. Sent on Joe showed decidedly the better range and judgment. He pointed three birds and Loch backed, but required cautioning to hold it. Sent on Loch took a cast down wind about 100yds., got wind of the rest of the bevy and pointed them. Sent on, he going at speed, soon flushed a bird and chased it, but stopped finally to order, then ran to the wagon close by. He was mildly punished, but it seemed to cool his ardor through the rest of the heat. Again sent on Joe was doing some grand ranging, and carried himself stylishly. He soon dropped to a point on a bevy and held it well. The birds flushed wild some yards ahead as the handlers walked up. Sent on Joe soon dropped to a point and nothing apparently was found to it. Sent on about 100yds. ahead of where Joe pointed, Loch flushed a single bird, which probably had run from Joe's point. Next, Loch roaded a bird to a flush close by the handlers. Joe taking a long cast at the same time flushed a bird across wind. At 9:47 the heat ended. The work done was the best of the forenoon. Joe showed a high class quality of Derby work and was easily ahead of everything in the stake on the work so far done. Loch showed excellent quality, but wanted more experience and finish. Joe's worst fault was in dropping to his points, a trifling matter as compared to the quality of his superior work.

CLAREMONT CLARA—ALBERTA RUBY.—The former was handled by W. Pickering, the latter by John Sharples. They were started at 9:55 and ran about twenty minutes without finding, when they were watered and again sent on. Ruby flushed two birds excusably down wind. They were taken up at 10:38, and carried to scrubs near by where a bevy had been marked down. Ruby pointed the bevy. Clara coming in close by stopped to an uncertain point, and a single flushed close to her. Both were running together a great deal and watching each other. Ruby showed the most independence and ranged the wider, in fact showed a very superior range. Some bungling work was done on scattered birds in the bushes. At 10:45 Clara was sent on working alone till 11:01. She ranged well, but found nothing and made a false point. The running was then suspended till after dinner and the party went to town.

A rest of several hours was taken on account of the midday weather.

*Second Series.*

The judge retained six dogs to try conclusions again, the work in the first series being too unsatisfactory to form an opinion of the dogs' relative standing. Those selected were Bonia, Alberta Joe, Kingston, Alberta Ruby, Hawkeye Queen and Lochinvar.

BONIA—ALBERTA JOE.—They started at 2:55. Joe started slowly at his work, but soon increased his pace and range and was taking as good casts as in the morning. Bon soon pointed a single. Joe came in down wind, refused to back and joined in the point. The bird was flushed to one side a few yards away. The weather was so warm that the dogs were taken up at 3:13. The party rested and no more work was done until 4:25, when the dogs were again started. Bonia had an unpleasant habit of turning in at the ends of his casts and working behind his handler. Joe pointed a bevy across wind, and Bonia, coming in, came through the bevy and backed. Sent on, Bonia flushed a remaining bird; and, 50yds. further on, Joe flushed a bird down wind. After some ranging, Joe struck foot scent and roaded, but his handler urged him on. He then took a cast, came back and roaded accurately to a flush. Next each flushed. They were ordered up at 4:36 to be put down again later.

KINGSTON—ALBERTA RUBY.—At 4:40 they began their heat. King soon took a long cast to the rear and beat out the ground to and fro from a quarter to a half mile or more away and quit working to the gun for fully ten minutes, ignoring the whistle, whereupon Mr. Avent mounted a horse, rode to him and brought him back. The heat was then resumed. King pointed three birds, and being urged on he flushed. At the same time Ruby, across a hollow 100yds. away, pointed; nothing found. The dogs were brought together and started. Ruby flushed one on stubble, and dropped as two more flushed. Moved on. King pointed and Ruby drew in and took the point. The bird was flushed some yards ahead. Ruby next pointed a single bird. Ruby ranged well and showed good speed. The heat was a poor one, being but ordinarily good in small parts.

HAWKEYE QUEEN—LOCHINVAR.—They started at 5:30. This, too, was a poor heat, unfinished, fragmentary work predominating. Queen pointed at the edge of a stubble and Loch coming in to call, ran into the bevy, which was down wind of Queen, and flushed it. He showed an inclination to chase but stopped to caution, which disturbed Queen and she left her point. She resumed her point afterward and roaded to a flush on a single on the stubble. Next she pointed and was backed. Her handler failing to flush ordered her on, and the bird was afterward flushed about 10yds. from where she pointed. Loch was disobedient and difficult to handle. Up at 5:24 with no chance of either winning.

BONIA—ALBERTA JOE.—They were again cast off at 5:30 Quite a long search was made before finding. Joe pointed where a bird flushed wild. Next he made a partially excusable flush on the stubble. Next, Bonia pointed and Joe refused to back and took the point. He apparently was getting more jealous and made no pretext of backing. He was not getting off his nose, if his power of recognizing scent and going to the birds was any criterion by which to judge. He was showing jealousy and carelessness, and his handler was urging him too much. Sent on, Bonia again pointed. Joe refused to back, took the point, drew on and flushed the bird. Avent killed. Up at 5:45. Joe pointed a bird just as the heat ended.

This finished the stake and the work for the day.

The judge after a few minutes' consideration announced the winners as follows:

First, Bonia; second, Alberta Joe; third, Kingston.

The prizes in the Derby were $150 to first, $90 to second, $60 to third. To non-members the entry fee was $5 to enter, $10 additional to start. To members, $3 and $5. Entries closed July 1.

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## THE ALL-AGE STAKE.

This stake began on Thursday morning. There were 13 starters. The quality of the work done was very good as a whole, some of it superior.

Mr. Tallman handled the running with skill, and determined the winners with correctness and good judgment, giving the greatest satisfaction.

This stake was open to the world, and even first winners at the great trials were not barred. So far as the trials of this year are concerned, these liberal conditions made no difference; but there is a possibility that such a liberal policy, if followed in the future, will work against the best interests of the club and the competitors. There are certain important matters of revenue which every club has to consider and should consider, to sustain it with as little deficit as possible. With an all-aged stake open to the world, there is a possibility that there might be so many first prize winners entered in future stakes that there would not be the slightest chance for amateurs, consequently they would not enter their dogs. The necessity of barring first prize winners from all-aged stakes has been demonstrated at the larger trials. It cuts down the clubs' revenues if they are not barred.

Duke of Manitoba, the winner of first, made an excellent showing and won his honors most thoroughly. His work was regular and good. He exhibited excellent finding qualities and located his birds with judgment and promptness. He had good style, a most pleasant disposition and perfect obedience. He showed a slight degree of over-training once in awhile by looking to his handler for a signal to indicate the direction in which to hunt, a fault not habitual and very easily remedied.

Bettye S., the second prize winner, is well known in the history of field trials.

Novelist, third, showed a very superior order of ranging and good judgment in her work. She maintained a uniform rate of good speed, and performed fairly well on birds. In ranging with judgment, she was superior to Bettye S. She was the winner of the All-Aged Stakes of the club's trials last year.

The trials were a success and deserve the support of all sportsmen. A scrupulous spirit of fair play was observable in every move of the management, as could not be otherwise when such true gentlemen and true sportsmen were in charge. There can not be too many such clubs if they comprise similar memberships.

Following is the list of starters:

L. W. Smith's black, white and tan setter bitch Atlanta (Jean Val Jean— ——)

*with*

John Woolton's black and white dog Dick Bondhu II. (A. 19,061).

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan setter bitch Novelist (Woodhull's Bruce — Llewellin's Novelty)

*with*

P. A. McDonald's white and black setter dog Roy.

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F. H. Brydges's brown and white pointer bitch Daisy

*with*

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan setter bitch Bettye S. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

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J. D. McMurry's white and lemon bitch Belle

*with*

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan setter dog Rupert (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

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J. A. Telford's blue belton setter dog Grouse (Brant—Lill).

*with*

W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan setter dog Duke of Manitoba (A. 24,724).

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W. F. Ellis's lemon and white English setter bitch Cora

*with*

J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan dog Orlando (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

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E. D. Adams's liver and white setter dog Shot (Frost II.—Dime), a bye.

About a dozen birds were killed during the trials. It was most conclusively demonstrated that most successful trials can be held on chickens in Manitoba. There are birds in sufficient numbers to test the dogs, there are the best of grounds and the climate is most favorable for work, conditions which did not always prevail at the chicken trials held in the States in the 70s and 80s. Such trials are very conclusive tests of a dog's merit, much more so than trials on quails commonly are. They also show that when a dog is absent a long time he is not always pointing.

### Thursday.

The day opened with some signs of rain, but as the sun rose higher the weather cleared up and the temperature gradually became warmer. A steady mild south wind blew till about midday, when it died away and the weather was then close and sultry and distressing for the dogs to work. There was a tiresome delay in getting the dogs started. Mr. Smith, in making an early start ahead of the party, by some misunderstanding got into the wrong place. Mr. Avent thought that his competition began in the third heat, when it began in the second, thus there was a delay of forty-nine minutes, added to a late start, which everybody endured as patiently or impatiently as they pleased.

*First Series.*

NOVELIST—ROY.—As the first brace could not be started owing to the absence of Mr. Smith and Atlanta, this brace was started. J. M. Avent handled Novelist and W. Pickering handled Roy. Novelist took wide casts from the start, working out her ground nicely to the gun. One, a long cast, was to a stubble, she flushed an outlying bird and dropped to wing. She remained down. Roy backed her, then moved on and flushed a single. Avent flushed the rest of the birds, shot and killed. Both dogs were steady. Roy made two flushes on the stubble. Novelist, in the meantime, pointed, drew on forty yards and pointed the birds. Roy backed, Avent killed and both dogs were steady. They were ordered up at 8:27. Novelist's work on birds was a bit faulty.

ATLANTA—DICK BONDHU.—They began at 8:31. The former was handled by L. W. Smith, the latter by John Woolton. Atlanta flushed three times in succession, twice excusably across wind and once up wind. Atlanta next pointed up wind of a single and Dick backed. Atlanta moved on and Dick went up and pointed the bird. He was steady to shot. Next he flushed across wind in stubble They were ordered up at 8:59, just as Atlanta pointed and a single bird flushed a long distance ahead. The work on birds was very imperfect. Atlanta showed a fair range only. Dick ranged too close, but was diligent and showed good judgment.

DAISY—BETTYE S.—They started at 9:30 and ran seventeen minutes when they were watered. The former was handled by W. Pickering, the latter by J. M. Avent. Each flushed a single across wind. On stubble, Bettye drew to a flush on a single bird and dropped to wing, a poor piece of work. Both ranged wide and at good speed, but showed poor judgment, and their performance on birds was also poor.

BELLE—RUPERT.—W. Pickering handled Belle, J. M. Avent handled Rupert. They were cast off at 9:30. Belle, behind a clump of bushes, flushed a bevy or pointed just as it flushed. She was concealed by the bushes and it could not be determined what she had done. Moved on after the same bevy in the open. Rupert pointed it and Belle backed or pointed. Both were steady to shot. They were worked on the scattered birds. Belle, at edge of the bushes, pointed and the bird flushed wild in the bushes. A number of opportunities were offered for good work on the scattered birds, but the handlers crowded their dogs so hard that they made errors and the work was broken and unsatisfactory. At 9:59 they were watered and sent on. Next, Belle pointed and was backed. Nothing found. The heat ended at 10:11. Rupert had a slight advantage in speed. Belle made wider casts. Both mads a poor showing on birds. They were urged too much by their handlers at times to do good work, but they fell far short of their opportunities.

GROUSE—DUKE OF MANITOBA.—J. A. Telford handled the former, W. F. Ellis the latter. They began at 5:04, the intervening time having been passed in town, the weather being close and oppressive. It was still sultry and very trying to the dogs. Duke ranged wide and well from the start. Grouse was working diligently but his range was only medium. He pointed a single nicely in grass and Duke backed or pointed near him when called in. Sent on, Grouse showed signs of distress soon and began to let up in his work. Duke pointed a bevy nicely. He broke shot when the bird was killed. Up at 5:27. Duke beat out his ground with rare judgment and worked his birds skilfully. He was perfectly obedient to command and signal and showed a sweet disposition.

CORA—ORLANDO.—Mr. Ellis handled Cora, Mr. Avent, Orlando. They began at 5:34. Orlando made a very long cast, too long for practical work, and pointed a bevy. A single bird of it flushed. He drew forward a few steps and pointed again. Some more flushed. He moved in, got identified closely with the proceedings for several minutes, flushing, over an area of several acres, different lots of chickens, utterly ruining his chances. He flushed six different times, singles and more. Rarely was such a disturbance created among peaceful chickens by a dog, and there seemed to be lots of them, although much alarmed. Sent on again, he pointed a bird about 300yds. away, drew in on it and flushed. Cora made game, pointed a single and was steady to shot. The heat ended at 6:01. Cora was not a wide ranger, but was cunning in her work on birds. Orlando was too much out of control to know much about his work otherwise.

SHOT—ATLANTA.—The former had the bye. He was handled by W. Pickering. The heat began at 6:10 and ended at 6:41. Atlanta had the wider range. Both showed faulty work on birds, though having plenty of opportunities. Atlanta was particularly faulty in locating running birds. She broke shot wildly once. This ended the running for the day.

The judge in the evening announced that six dogs would remain in, namely, Atlanta, Novelist, Bettye S., Duke of Manitoba, Rupert and Cora.

Friday.

*Second Series.*

The morning was cloudy and there was a cool northwest wind. A thunderstorm the night before had cooled the air and there was more moisture. The morning was a fine one for work on chickens, and some very good work was done. The heats were most satisfactorily and skillfully conducted.

ATLANTA—NOVELIST.—They began work at 7:23. Novelist ranged wide, beat out her ground with excellent judgment, and worked to the gun nicely and quietly. She was first to point, and Atlanta, 50yds. away, backed handsomely. Novelist drew on, pointing and roading till she established a point on the bevy. Both were steady to shot. Sent on, Novelist pointed a remaining bird. Next, she was roading when Atlanta, casting across ahead pointed the bird, which flushed wild. Searching for another bevy, Atlanta pointed and Novelist backed. The birds flushed as handler walked up. They were then cast off on stubble. Novelist roaded and flushed a bird across wind and dropped to wing. Her handler flushed a bevy ahead of her. Novelist flushed a bird across wind and Atlanta pointed one nicely. The latter showed indecision in work on birds and pottered at times. Novelist was faulty in her work on birds, although not bad. Her work otherwise was excellent.

BETTYE S.—DUKE OF MANITOBA.—They were started at 8:06. Duke made game and both stopped to a point at about the same time close to each other. Duke drew on accurately to a point on the bevy while Bettye held her point on foot scent. The birds flushed wild far ahead. Both were steady to shot. Next, Bettye and Duke both pointed a single. The birds were followed. Duke pointed the bevy, and it was flushed one or two at a time. Bettye pointed a single, after which the dogs were watered and again sent on. Bettye pointed a bird and Duke backed prettily. Duke pointed next where a single flushed wild a while before. Next, both at the same time roaded to a point on foot scent where birds had flushed wild. Sent on. Duke pointed a lark. He next roaded to a point where the bird had flushed wild. Near bushes Duke flushed a single and Bettye dropped to a point on one. Sent on, she soon pointed; nothing found. At 8:45 they were again watered. Sent on, Duke found and pointed a bevy stylishly. Sent on, he again drew nicely to a point on a bevy. Bettye flushed two remaining birds excusably and pointed one. At the same time Duke, 100 yards away, pointed a single. He showed a higher class of work in every way, handling his birds with skill and accuracy, and exhibiting excellent ranging. All his work was governed by good judgment. He looked to his handler for orders at intervals, but his general work was independent.

RUPERT—CORA.—They began at 9:16. Cora showed good judgment and roaded and pointed well. She also showed good judgment in her range, which was of medium width, and located and pointed her birds well. Her speed was fairly good. Rupert showed good speed, beat out his ground fairly well and made many errors on birds, apparently being off his nose. He required constant directing and prompting in ranging. Each backed well. The heat ended at 9:48.

BETTYE S.—DUKE OF MANITOBA.—They were cast off again at 10:30. Bettye took a long cast down wind. Duke took a cast across wind and pointed. Both roaded up wind, Duke doing the better, Bettye requiring a lot of whistling and assisting to keep her on the trail. It was thought that the dogs were roading up wind on the back trail, so they were cast back down wind. Going up wind again, Bettye flushed the birds on the stubble some yards away from where the trail had been abandoned. She dropped, and as her handler walked up others flushed wild. Sent on, Bettye next flushed a bird and dropped to wing. She pottered about and pointed a bird and was steady to shot. Duke, going across stubble, wheeled to a point as a bevy flushed and was steady. Duke made two points on singles and three flushes, one up wind, the others across wind. Duke pointed a bird, and was steady to shot. The heat then ended; time 11:06. He again beat Bettye most thoroughly in every respect, and displayed very uniform work and good judgment.

The judge soon announced: First, Duke of Manitoba; second, Bettye A.; third, Novelist.

First prize, $150; second, $90; third, $60. Entry fee same as in the Derby. Entries closed Aug. 16.

This concluded the fifth annual trial of the club, a most pleasant and successful meeting; and for the good fellowship, true gentlemanly sportsmanship, fair play and skillful managing it is worthy the emulation of all. B. WATERS.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES FROM MANITOBA.

A brief review and a few words in respect to field trial matters in Manitoba may be pertinent. The patron of the club is Sir Donald A. Smith, governor of the Hudson's Bay Co., vice-president of the Canadian Pacific R. R., and president of the Bank of Montreal. He gave $100 to the club this year, to further field trial interests. The president, Mr. W. F. Ellis, a barrister by profession, is one of the most famous hunters of the Province, famous specially as a mighty hunter of bear, elk and other big game. It was a source of keen regret that illness prevented the popular secretary, Mr. A. Holloway, from attending the trials. The duties of the office have been most efficiently attended to by Mr. E. D. Adams, of the Hudson's Bay Co., whose affability and energy were unvarying. During the running of the All-Aged Stake there were more in attendance. There were Messrs. L. W. Smith, W. F. Ellis, J. Wootton, J. M. Avent, John Sharples, D. M. Telford, E. D. Adams, Wm. Pickering, W. A. Bruette, Samuel Beckett, J. A. Telford and Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Beckett was the owner of the pointer Drake, famous in the history of the pointer and field trials in England.

The club suffered some this year in the way of insufficient support, due to the malicious opposition of parties who were inimical to its interests, the unworthy and unsportsmanlike opposition having its source with a person who was supposed to be an ardent supporter of all true sportsmanship, instead of a peevish obstructionist.

The trouble originated in the acts of the former secretary and treasurer, Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg. In the early part of last year, he was instrumental in calling an illegal meeting, at which, in addition, no quorum was present. Some most high-handed acts in the way of cutting off members, electing officers, etc., were done. As the club has about one hundred members, it was virtually an attempt of one man to run the whole club and its business. This was the bolder as the dues of the self-constituted managers were in arrears. It was only when legal proceedings were imminent that Mr. Johnson retreated from his position and gave up the books, which were most carelessly kept and worthless as a history of the club's accounts. He resigned, but owing to some most important reasons his resignation was not accepted and he was expelled. As a result, in a great measure, of his resentment, the Northwestern Field Trial Club owes its existence. So far as forming a club is concerned it is most commendable. It is quite the contrary when persistent and malicious opposition is carried so far as personally to solicit gentlemen to withdraw from membership, to solicit others to refrain from making entries, to persuade handlers not to attend, and to revile it at every opportunity, the more so when it all originated in an injustice to the club. The latter claimed Sept. 6 for the commencement of its trials, and it was so announced through the sporting press. Immediately thereafter the secretary of the new club notified the older club that it claimed the date Sept. 5 for the commencement of its trials, thus coming in conflict with studied malice. The Manitoba Field Trial Club thereupon changed its dates rather than have any unpleasantness. The new club has many members, I am told, some of whom live in the States, and this item may be new and interesting to them, and profitable to the cause of better sportsmanship. B. WATERS.

## GORDONS AT THE NEW ENGLAND TRIALS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The Gordon Setter Club has been endeavoring to arrange with the New England Field Trial Club for separate Gordon field trials and prizes at Assonet, Mass., commencing Nov. 8, but has not succeeded.

President Power, of the N. E. F. T. Club, in a letter to me dated Sept. 1, deemed such a course unwise for his club, at present, for several reasons, among others, "because it would give an unequal advantage to the Gordon setter over the English and Irish setter and pointer which must meet all comers on an equal footing." Also, because of the "necessarily increased time not being at our disposal, for which reason we have abandoned the Amateur Stake, which was strongly advocated by many of our most influential members." He adds, "Personally I am very fond of the Gordon, and hope to see a large number of them at our trials. They ought to do much better work on our New England cover and open than they could do South or West; and I hope you will join us in an effort to have the breed well represented."

So, the Gordon setter must run in the general "All-Age Stake for setters and pointers; prizes, first, $200; second, $100; third, $50. Entries close Nov. 1, 1892; $10 to nominate (which must accompany the entry) and $10 additional to start. For entry blanks, running rules, etc., address E. Knight Sperry, Secretary N. E. F. Trial Club, New Haven, Conn."

As already announced, the Gordon Setter Club has also offered a special prize of $50 cash for the Gordon setter showing the best field work at these Assonet field trials, provided that there are at least three Gordon starters. I will give a special prize of $50 cash for the Gordon setter belonging to a member of our Gordon Setter Club at the time of closing the entries, Nov. 1, which shows the best field work at the same trials. And these special prizes are likely to be increased soon.

I expect to enter two or three Gordons myself, and already hear of three others. Doubtless the list will swell as the matter becomes known to owners of Gordon setters, and there will be a good representation of our favorite at these trials.

As has been said before, "there are many Gordons in the field, in use for private shooting in the Middle and Eastern States; and, as these can be shown at Assonet without the long and expensive journey to the North Carolina trials, it is thought that many can be drawn out, especially as the kind of country calls for the manner of field work that our Northern sportsmen have been accustomed to."

I am informed that the trials will be mostly upon quail, with an occasional woodcock and partridge, and that the country around Assonet is rather more open and less hilly than is usual "up North." The running rules of the New England Field Trial Club more nearly resemble the conditions of an ordinary day's sport than those of the other clubs.

I do not know whether we Gordon owners will ever get a more favorable chance to try our dogs afield with other kinds, and it is earnestly hoped that this opportunity will be embraced by many. With the same effort that has put English and Irish setters and pointers up in public estimation we can, in a few years, put our Gordons alongside any breed. Can we not try it; drop our old animosities and work together for the good of the breed.

In that spirit and with that view the Gordon Setter Club would like to see its old members again on its rolls regardless of past differences.

Let the best Gordon win, no matter of what strain.

JAMES B. BLOSSOM,
President Gordon Setter Club of America.

NEW YORK.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. C. H. Smith, St. Stephen, N. B., who recently had over two or three Skye terriers, has, I hear, another team on the way. He is disappointed in not having received particulars in time to enter them for Toronto.

Mr. William Brodie, of the Dunbar Kennels, Dunbar, Scotland, arrived here on Tuesday last with a team of 8 dogs. Mr. Brodie is well-known as the owner of the Irish terrier Irish Ambassador. Mr. Brodie judged Glasgow show last year and is well in the run with canine affairs in England, having been a constant visitor and exhibitor at the best shows. He has also frequently reported for the *Stock-Keeper* and has consented to act in that capacity for all classes other than spaniels and terriers at Toronto, for the *Canadian Kennel Gazette*.

On the same boat, S. S. Ontario, also arrived the wire hair fox-terrier Adswood Jim, now in his sixth year, for Mr. S. Munro, London. He will be seen at Toronto.

The secretary of the C. K. C's annual report, which will be read at the annual meeting, has been mailed to each member of the Canadian Kennel Club, and the following extract is sufficient to give the general reader an idea of the state of kennel affairs in Canada at present:

"I am happy to state that the club is flourishing, growing in importance and activity and daily increasing its membership. At this date (Sept. 2) there are 145 members in good standing, and doubtless many more will make good their membership before the close of 1892. Of these no less than eighty-nine have joined since last annual meeting. Membership is distributed over a vast territory, Ontario naturally having the greatest number, followed by Quebec, Manitoba, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and a few in the United States.

"The finances have been satisfactory, the club having kept expenses within its income. The treasurer will submit his report for your approval. As the financial year begins Jan. 1 and ends Dec. 31, I would suggest that a treasurer's report (audited) from last audit to end of present year be mailed each member as early in January, 1893, as possible, and after that an annual report be mailed early in January in each year. The report of finances tendered at the annual meeting (if held in September) might be received as an interim report.

"The number of registrations, owing to the raising of the standard of qualification, has slightly decreased, but I think the deficit will be fully made up by the large number of dogs now being 'listed' to enable their owners to enter them at the fall shows.

"I regret being unable to report favorably on the removal of the duty imposed on thoroughbred dogs coming into Canada, but if each individual member would make it a point to press the matter with his legislative representative I feel sure the matter would at next adjustment of the tariff be made right. The Canadian Kennel Club is too representative a body to have its claims ignored.

"Prof. Wm. Saunders, Dominion Commissioner to the World's Columbian Exposition, has expressed a desire to be with the members of the club at the annual meeting and will there tender his views as to the terms on which Canadian exhibits will be received." H. B. DONOVAN.

## NEW ENGLAND F. T. C. MEETING.

A MEETING of the board of governors of the New England Field Trial Club was held at 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass., Sept. 1, at 2 o'clock P. M., President Power in the chair. In the absence of the secretary, Mr. George W. Lovell was appointed secretary pro tem. Messrs. Power, Hayward, Tucker, Wells, Clark and Lovell responded to roll call.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. The report of treasurer Wells on the financial condition of the club was very satisfactory and accordingly approved. Messrs. Hayward and Tucker for the committee on grounds and game reported satisfactory progress; report accepted. Voted that Mr. Arthur R. Sharp be added to the committee on grounds and game. It was then voted inexpedient in the matter of petition for additional stakes for the coming trials this year. Messrs. L. Casteret Fenno and P. V. R. Ely, both of Boston, were admitted to membership. The sum of $200 was appropriated and placed at the disposal of the committee on game and grounds to be used at their discretion for the protection of game to Jan. 1, 1893, and 300 printed posters, "Warning to Trespassers" are to be ordered for use on the preserve. At the next regular quarterly meeting, Tuesday, Oct. 4, a club dinner at the Hotel Thorndike will be one of the features. Meeting adjourned at 4:30 P. M.

The question of adding an additional stake, in the above report, refers to the petition of the Gordon Setter Club. Our Gordon setter men would, we think, do well to read a paragraph in last week's "Dog Chat" headed "The Beagle Trials." If the Gordon settter is the dog that he is claimed to be, and what we know to be in some sections on the other side, let their owners ask no odds of any one, but run their dogs, properly trained, for the love of the sport and the good of the breed. There will be little advance made as long as there is this continual cry of separate classes or stakes. The New England Field Trial Club have advertised their stakes open to all without regard to any breed. If the Gordon Setter Club want separate stakes let them have separate trials in the same way that the Irish Setter Club is demonstrating the merits of the red setter.

## MASTIFF NEWS FROM PEORIA.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Everything very quiet in this part of the country at present; but after having sent my bitch Sinaloa to Beaufort's Black Prince last spring without result, I feel gratified to report a litter of four, three dogs, sired by Prince, from the same bitch last week. I suppose I might tell you how good they are, but for the life of me I am too much of a novice to tell what a four-day mastiff pup will be. In a year from now can tell you more about them. Ilford Cameo is due to whelp to Ormonde this week, and as she missed when bred in England to Ilford County Member, and also last spring to Ormonde, I think my luck is with me. Also have a half sister to Lady Coleus in whelp to Ormonde and Matilla was bred to Edric.

Have lately added Edric to my stud and think he will be a splendid cross on Ormonde bitches. By the way, I want to tell about the two bitches Cameo and Sinaloa. I wanted to show them at Rockford last December and, of course, fed them pretty high to get up flesh. After Rockford I decided to show at Chicago in February and consequently kept up the feed, landing them in Chicago rather fat. Immediately after the show both came in season and were bred and each bitch missed. I then cut down their feed, reduced them in flesh until both were very thin and at their next season I had no trouble, both bitches proving in whelp. I think Mr. Whitney with his bad luck might make a note of this.

My dogs have always been troubled in summer with flies biting the ears and making them sore. Acting on Ashmont's suggestion that tar soap was good I tried it and found that after the "suds" had been dry an hour or so the flies came as bad as ever; but following out the suggestion of tar I procured some common axle grease and rub it on the ears every three or four days. It works well. To be sure, it makes a gum on the ears, but that is preferable to a raw bleeding sore. CHAS. E. BUNN.

PEORIA, Ill., Aug. 29.

## TO KILL WOODCHUCKS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

If "O. W. D.," of Boston, wants to get his woodchucks out of their holes and kill them he had better let smoke alone. Smoke will not go where there is not a draught, and while I have now and then driven them out with smoke, it is an unsatisfactory practice. Naphtha and benzine poured into the holes are better, but they are far from sure, and are expensive.

If the object is to kill the ground hog, a small stick of rendrock attached to a limber birch withe and thrust into the hole as far as possible and there exploded will do the job. But water is the best of all. If no brooks or springs are handy, put two barrels filled with water on a dray and haul it near the hole. Then with a slim, limber withe or sapling get the location of the underground apartments. A woodchuck usually digs straight into a bank, then goes up for a foot or two, and then down at an angle of 45deg. Endeavor to find the place where the hole turns to go down, and dig through the earth to that spot. Pour in the water, and if there is a woodchuck inside he will come up as soon as the hole is full. I have tried it hundreds of times, and never failed, when the woodchuck was at "home."

After he is killed don't throw him away. Skin him and eat him. There is no animal in the world better than a good roasted woodchuck, when rightly cooked. Now, when they are fat, is the time to kill and eat them. H. A. E.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Mr. "O. W. D." inquired in the FOREST AND STREAM, of Aug. 25, for a way to drive woodchucks out of their holes that they might be killed by terriers.

A favorite way is to dig a ditch from a nearby pond or brook to the woodchuck's burrow and let the water run into the burrow. When the burrow is too far from water to dig a ditch, three or four barrels of water may be turned into the hole. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

## GRAND RAPIDS DOG SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I note your comments in last issue regarding the apportionment of prize money discriminating in favor of some classes and would state this was brought about by some of our friends who wished to have their contributions placed in the regular premiums on some classes in order to draw a large entry in those respective classes, rather than to enter them as specials.

CHAS. K. FARMER, Vice-Pres. W. M. K. C.

All entries for the Western Michigan Kennel Club's dog show at Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 20, that are postmarked Sept. 10, will be received, although it is hoped that all who can send entries before will do so. H. Dale Adams, Supt., Galesburg, Mich., is the secretary.

# DOG CHAT.

### Kingston Dog Show.

The energetic secretary of the Kingston K. C., Mr. Bates, writes us to this effect: "I wish to remind our friends throughout America that the entries for this dog show close on Monday night of the 12th inst. We have not had that generous response to our request for a large entry list from our American cousins that we expected, especially in view of the fact that in selecting our judges we crossed the line to secure the principal one, and selected another on account of his being one of the American Spaniel Club's judges. We expect the show at Grand Rapids to affect our entry, but if intending exhibitors carefully examine our prize list and that of Grand Rapids, they will find that they will be better off at Kingston, when the large entry fee of $2 for every dog, required at Grand Rapids, is taken into account. Another consideration that should weigh with dogmen is, that when at Kingston they are just half way between Ottawa and Rochester; if they wish to go to Ottawa it means a few hours' run by train, or if they prefer water (as all dogmen do) they can board a passenger steamer and at a nominal price enjoy a most delightful trip through a chain of lakes thickly studded with islands large and small, dressed by Mother Nature in virent garb, offering scenery seldom surpassed in America. If, on the other hand, they wish to recross the line and go to Rochester, a cheap trip across Lake Ontario in a palace steamer is at their command. An important fact that should not be lost sight of is, that Kingston has established a reputation for their dog shows and exhibitors are not running any chances incident to novice management."

### Noted Terriers Arrive in Canada.

Some time since we spoke of Mr. William Brodie, of Dunbar, Scotland, owner of the noted Dunbar Kennels, as coming to this country in the near future. He arrived in Toronto, Can., by the steamship Lake Ontario. Mr. Brodie is known to all Irish terrier men as the owner of the great little dog Irish Ambassador, as well as British Ambassador and Ambassador. He brought with him six dogs that are sure to be appreciated on this side. Two of these, Candour, an Irish terrier bitch, by Bumptious Blazer out of Irish Roll, and Black Earl, a black and tan terrier, by the celebrated sire champion Rob Roy out of Leading Light, by champion Beaconsfield, Mr. Brodie will exhibit at the coming show in Toronto. Candour comes with a big reputation as one of the best shown on other side. Black Earl is now 11 months old. In addition to these Mr. Brodie brought four puppies, two of these Irish terriers, by Irish Ambassador out of Paris; another a collie, by Duke of Clarence out of Polly Dunbar, and the other a St. Bernard of good breeding, by Sir Bedivere out of Plinlimmon stock. These will not be shown. To show what is thought of the Irish Ambassador, Mr. Brodie, it is said, has refused $1,250 for him. We understood at the time we heard of Mr. Brodie's intention to come to this country that this dog would accompany him, and this would have been a treat for our "Irishmen."

### Toronto Dog Show.

The entries for the Toronto dog show closed Sept. 1, and the result must be a gratifying one to the management and especially to the secretary, who, as usual, has left no stone unturned to make the show a success. There are in all, according to the list sent us by Mr. Stone, 578 entries, an increase of seven over last year's list. Mastiffs show an increase, but fox-terriers overtop any previous record, last year's entry being 47. Cocker spaniels show a falling off, and so do the greyhounds, but field spaniels double their number this year, beagles also number more than double. No mention is made of Irish terriers or toy spaniels, so we must consider the list incomplete, especially as Mr. Stone says there are close to 700 entries. Foxhounds show quite an increase, the other classes range about the same. The following is a list of entries by breeds: Mastiffs 23, St. Bernards 53, greyhounds 23, foxhounds 23, pointers 26, English setters 39, Irish setters 36, Gordon setters 21, collies 58, bull-terriers 26, fox-terriers 62, black and tan terriers 18, Bedlington terriers 9, Dandie Dinmont terriers 9, Scotch terriers 7, field spaniels 26, cockers 63, beagles 33, pugs 20; total 578.

### Field Trials on Grouse.

The first public field trials on grouse in Scotland were held Aug. 23 and 24 on Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's moors in Invernessshire. The trials partook largely of the old style of hunting, and in deference to the many who think that the short spins given the dogs in the English trials are by no means true tests of the dogs' merits. The National Club, therefore, limited the entries in the all-aged stake to 12 entries, so that each brace the first day could be run one hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon. Four dogs were then to be selected and run an hour and a half each brace on the morning of the second day and an hour in the afternoon. The stake filled with eight nominations. Eventually on the second day Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Deuce took first prize, though considered lucky; Mr. Arkwright's Aldine Fluke second, and Dom Pedro, owned by Mr. Elias Bishop, and which is said to have done the best work, was placed third.

### Good Bulldogs and Terriers Arrive.

"Don't speak above a whisper," says Frank F. Dole, and then goes on to tell us that his new bull bitch Countess of Norfolk has a litter of six, four bitches and two dogs, by Rustic Swell. At last accounts they are doing well. Mr. Brooks's Dandie Dinmont Amphion arrived safely last Monday, and is a good one, we are told. Mr. Dole also received two of his new bulldogs, Leonidas II. and Lady Venus, all right, but unfortunately his young dog Sam, by Pathfinder, died the first day out from London. Mr. Dole has imported over 300 dogs, but this is the first to die en route, and he is glad it was his own instead of a commission. He expects Sir Rudolph and the other four terriers in time for Toronto. Sir Rudolph is said to be crack-a-jack in the 30lbs. class.

### A Large Litter.

Mr. Ray D. Hill, of Trenton, N. J., writes us that his St. Bernard bitch Empress of Josephine whelped Aug. 12 sixteen puppies, twelve of which were dogs. While we do not think this is a record entry unless it be in the number of dogs, still it is worthy of note. In regard to these large litters, which to the average breeder seem to afford so much satisfaction, we may remark that a moderate litter of six to eight is far more preferable and the whole litter would stand a much better chance of developing into well furnished dogs. When an unusually large litter comes the bitch or the litter is bound to suffer.

### Philadelphia K. C. Field Trials.

The second forfeit on the Derby entries for the Philadelphia Kennel Club field trials is due Sept. 15. The entries for the All-Aged Stake at the same trial will close Oct. 15; blanks and information can be had by addressing the secretary, Francis G. Taylor, 608 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

### Secretary Vredenburgh Resigns.

Whir-r-r-r! Hello, Central! Is this FOREST AND STREAM? "Yes." "Do you know the latest? Secretary Vredenburgh has resigned." Thus comes the news of an important move in the kennel world. For some time Mr. Vredenburgh has had under consideration an offer from Mr. Terry to enter his office in the Loan and Trust Company, and has decided to accept. His resignation was to take effect to-day at the meeting of A. K. C. delegates, but he was urged by other officers of the club to let his name continue on the roll till the annual meeting. He will, however, enter on his duties at once in Mr. Terry's company. Mr. A. D. Lewis will occupy the secretary's chair till February, but Mr. Vredenburgh will come in every day and generally supervise the work. In February the new election of officers takes place and a regularly appointed secretary will be elected. Mr. Vredenburgh has had nearly seven years of A. K. C. secretaryship, and has passed through some of the most critical periods of the club's career, and while we all may be allowed our opinions as to the manner in which the A. K. C. has been conducted in the past, we must all acknowledge that Mr. Vredenburgh leaves the club in a greater state of prosperity than it has ever known before.

### Broken-Hearted Collies.

AN interesting and touching incident occurred in Allegheny some weeks since, according to the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, which goes to show that some dogs have hearts to break. Of course, it is only the more intelligent of the species that evince such human qualities. Several months ago young Mr. Iseuthal went to the mountains near Denver for his health. Recently he started home, feeling much improved, but was stricken down in Denver and died, as stated in FOREST AND STREAM at the time. The strange part of the story is that on the day of his death two fine-bred collies that he had trained and tenderly cared for ceased their playfulness, sought their kennels and then persistently refused to eat. When the remains were brought home the dogs seemed to know what it all meant and were the saddest of the sad. But when the casket was carried out on the day of the funeral their wailing was loud and most pitiful indeed. The neighbors say their manifestations of grief were pathetic beyond description. Up to July 6 neither of them had eaten a bite since the news of the death of their young and beloved master was received at his home. There is nothing improbable about this, because we have instance after instance in which dogs have shown such human traits. It is quite reasonable they should possess them, because they are intelligent and affectionate. These two collies are notably intelligent and obey instructions given either in English or German.

### Unsound St. Bernards.

Recently we spoke of Mr. Hughes-Hughes' intention to have the English St. Bernard Club legislate in favor of instructing judges to disqualify unsound St. Bernards. At the last meeting Mr. Hughes-Hughes' motion was brought up but with the result that instead of the radical measures proposed the following moderate stand was taken: "That it is highly desirable that the attention of St. Bernard judges be directed to the unsoundness of many of the St. Bernards of the present day, particularly in their legs, and that they should endeavor as far as practicable to withhold their prizes from unsound animals." Which just about leaves the matter where it was before. Mr. Hughes-Hughes, disgusted, resigned from the club.

### The Great Dane Hannibal Dead.

Hannibal, the best Great Dane ever seen in England, we regret to say, was strangled in his kennel the other day. Through the carelessness of his attendant, who chained him from the ceiling of the kennel, presumably to avoid banging his tail on the kennel side, the dog managed to hang himself. Hannibal was imported from Germany, by Mr. Wilbey, to England, and in both countries he leaves an enviable record behind both as an unbeaten winner and a great stud dog.

### Dog Show at Springfield, Ill.

The gathering of dogs at the last Springfield, Ill., Fair was such a success that it is to be repeated this year on a larger scale. Mr. Frank Gonley has been appointed superintendent. The show will be held according to A. K. C. rules. Further information can be had from the above named gentleman or Secretary Mills at Springfield, Ill.

### Eastern Field Trials Club.

The quarterly meeting of the Eastern F. T. Club will be held at 44 Broadway, New York City, in Mr. F. R. Hitchcock's office, on Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 3 o'clock P. M. The attendance of members in person is cordially requested to insure a working quorum and further business of general importance to the club.

### Rochester Dog Show.

At the suggestion of the National Greyhound Club two classes instead of one will be made for Psovois, and the Rochester Club offers one medal for best Psovoi dog or bitch, one medal for best deerhound dog or bitch and one medal for best greyhound dog or bitch.

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Mr. W. L. Washington, now that he is relieved from the cares of managing a big kennel of red setters, is taking life easy and indulging a love of sport to its full bent. He is now located at Oden, Mich., on Crooked Lake, in his father's private car, and writes us that the fishing is immense. Nothing would suit us better than to accept his kind invitation to help him out, but this question as to whether judges should write their own reports needs personal attention, and cholera or no cholera we must see it through.

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Mr. Waters was chosen to judge the Northwestern Field Trials in connection with the Rev. Hamilton Spence. These were to commence at Morris, Man., on Sept. 5.

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The regular season of the Dutchess County Hunt will open Sept. 24. Mr. S. J. Colgate, of Uplands, at New Hamburg on the Hudson, is the master.

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The executive meeting of the N. B. C., called for Aug. 27, could not take place, as only two members turned up. Considering the near approach of the trials, it is time things were put in ship-shape and all arrangements made. Probably that all-night session has taken the keen edge off some of the members.

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Several cases of alleged hydrophobia in Massachusetts recently have given rise to a theory that this disease is more prevalent this year than usual, and foolish people are talking about an "epidemic." To quiet the apprehension, Dr. Abbott, of the State Board of Health, declares that there have been but 112 deaths from rabies in the last 50 years.

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A week or two since we said an important deal in collies might take place. Seminole Kennels has just sold champion Roslyn Wilkes and Jakyr Deane to Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan at a very long figure—it is said $1,500.

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A glance at our business columns shows that there are several new kennel "ads" this week. We notice that John B. Harrison has a great Dane for sale; A. H. Moore, rough-coated St. Bernards; Fairmead Kennels, great Danes; H. B. Vondersmith, well bred English setter pups; Meadow City Kennels, a good Breeze Gladstone bitch; George Douglass, some noted cocker spaniels; F. H. Hayes, foxhounds, etc.; R. W. Pope, beagle pups; W. L. Rathbone, beagle pups, and the new advertisement of the New York St. Bernard Kennels and Seminole Kennels. Wants—Youlgreeave a foxhound and Liberty Kennels an assistant trainer.

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Another good collie bitch will make its appearance in this country soon, as Mr. Edward Hayward, of Newcastle, Staffordshire, has sold Newcastle Peggie to some one in this country. She is by Edgbaston Marvel out of Merry Floss, and she has been in the money at good shows, *Stock-Keeper* speaking favorably of her head and type.

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Dr. Griffin, of Hamilton, Can., sailed for his native country on the steamship Gallia Aug. 24, and brought with him the two terriers champion Principio and White Rose.

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Eight hundred dollars for an Irish terrier is a big sum, yet *Stock-Keeper* says this has been offered for the Irish terrier Poor Pat.

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Mr. George Raper has sent out a young bulldog for Mr. Tom Webb, an enthusiast who lives in Peoria, Ill.

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Dr. Warner, of Bridgeport, Conn., has quietly secured a good St. Bernard in the rough-coated champion Claudius, from Mr. T. D. Dutton, of Surrey, England. Such a dog should be a great acquisition to this country, and will relieve the run on Plinlimmon blood a bit, as he is by champion Ben Lomond out of Phillis. His winnings are familiar to all St. Bernard breeders, but we may mention that the list includes firsts at Crystal Palace and the St. Bernard Club shows, and that he is a champion in England counts for something as well. His color is orange with white markings, and he was whelped July 9, 1888. He was shipped by Spratts Co. on the Teutonic.

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Seminole Kennels we hear have purchased that noted little pug dog Bonsor from Mr. A. E. Pitts, of Columbus, O. This is a capital acquisition to this kennel, and at the low stud fee he stands at should help the breed along considerably in this section. Bonsor's record as a bench dog is well known.

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## SHOULD JUDGES BE THEIR OWN CRITICS?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In answer to your request for my opinion as to whether judges should be their own critics or not, I desire to say that it has been my opinion ever since I became connected with the fancy, that the judges' duties were not more than one-half accomplished when they failed to furnish a descriptive narrative of their work. I take great pleasure in perusing the reporter's criticisms on the judge's awards, but, as a general thing, such reports as are furnished by these agencies fall far short of filling the bill, they may be all right in their way, but we cannot forget that the reporter is not the judge, and the judge is the person whom we look to with some amount of hope. I assure you, it would be mighty interesting to read the criticisms of some of the men who are employed in the capacity of judge in the present generation, to learn from their pen the reason why Mr. A's dog should be placed over Mr. B's dog. If I am an honest breeder, and am desirous of improving the breed which I may have taken a fancy to, I certainly am anxious to have the defects and shortcomings in my dog pointed out to me.

Now, the question arises, to whom and where shall I look for instruction? Is it to the reporter and his criticism? No, certainly not; he has nothing to do with my dog or my affairs. I am not supposed to be even aware that he is in existence. Is it to the judge, then, that I must look? Yes, by all means: he is the individual who renders a decision for or against my dog, and it is natural to suppose that he has some good reason why he renders such and such a decision, and by all means we should know it. It is a duty which he owes to every exhibitor and every exhibitor should insist on hearing it. I am glad to know that FOREST AND STREAM has taken the initiatory steps in agitating a much needed reform. In conclusion, permit me to say that if bench show managers insist (and I hope they will) in having the judges furnish, as I have stated before, a descriptive narrative of their doings, that they (the managers) will have a considerable less number of aspirants to wear the judge's badge than has been found heretofore.

ROBERT LESLIE.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 1.

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*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Every one who expects to exhibit horses or dogs or who wishes to make a success of business in this age, when competition is so keen, must be willing to accept just criticism.

The greatest source of all fault finding is the lack of education on the part of the exhibitor; if he knows his breed well he should know the defects of his entries as well as any judge or reporter, then no matter what is said he considers the source from whence it came and knows accordingly how to weigh it.

No one should have such a personal liking for any specimen till he learns to consider him perfect, but he ought to be able to look him over and judge his faults and be willing to admit to himself at least that such and such points are wrong.

It always was a source of pleasure to me to read what the judge thought of my different entries, but he should always be willing to state just why he placed his class as he did, too many reports are written, and after reading them you are at a loss to know why such an entry was given the ribbon over the others.

One great fault seems to me the willingness on the part of almost every one to say that such and such a dog has seen his best days, has gone off in head, etc. There are such cases of course, but the principal balm to the feeling of an exhibitor whose world-beating specimen has been defeated by a younger dog is the above; this is an age of progress, but more dogs are written old and out of shape than should be the case.

H. W. SMITH.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 5.

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*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As to whether judges should write reports on their own judging, I cannot better answer than by saying that I agree word for word with the answer published in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Clarence Rathbone. I do not think that I can add a word to what he has already said.

Given by a competent judge, an intelligent report on the classes which have passed under him cannot fail to be of interest. This will not prevent criticism on the part of reporters, exhibitors and others, which, when not actuated by spite or malice, is almost invariably entertaining and instructive. Indeed, without such reports only those who have been able to attend the shows would know anything about them or the animals shown at them. As far as I am concerned, by all means let us have judges' reports.

A. D. STEWART.

HAMILTON, Ont., Aug. 29.

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*Editor Forest and Stream:*

There are two sides to this question worthy of consideration. A competent judge is, in my opinion, better qualified to report his own awards more clearly than the reporter who has not had the opportunity of making the same comparative examination. In consequence such reports would prove of great value as the reasons for the awards could then be

comprehensively explained from the judge's standpoint. But a report should also be published written by a competent critic who, after further and perhaps more deliberate and closer examination of the dogs, is able to notice certain defects or good points that have been overlooked by the judge. If such reports were published side by side in the kennel press the comparison would do a great deal toward the education of fanciers, and in many ways add to the value of bench show reports. W. L. WASHINGTON.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Sept. 1.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am strongly in favor of judges writing a report for publication. To many of us exhibitors the ways of judges are "past finding out," except as they are made known through their reports. Now I am not disposed—and never have been—to criticise the awards of judges, *i. e.*, I am confident as a general thing that they are strictly honest and sincere in their awards. I do not, however, always agree with them. I want to know why or on what grounds they make the awards which to me seem wrong. It may help me to a better understanding of the points, etc.

W. H. WALBRIDGE, Prop. Contoocock Kennels.

PETERBORO, N. H., Sept. 2.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In answer to the question put, "Should a judge be his own critic?" would say, that since I am determined to get out of the dog business as soon as possible, I have not my former interest in such matters, but at first thought would say that I do not think it well for a judge to be his own critic, since we know his criticism when he judges the dog.

E. B. SEARS.

MELROSE, Mass., Aug. 30.

## ABOUT BULL-TERRIERS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I don't believe there will be many expressions of regret on account of your stretching the capacity of FOREST AND STREAM, especially if you fill the extra space with the sayings and doings of "Podgers." Stir him up! And now that you have lots of room I want to ask a question. What were bull-terriers made for? I have a liking for every other kind of thoroughbred dog, but I never see one of those fighting cusses without feeling a sort of inhuman desire to drop a piece of fixed-up meat before him.

If I possessed the only pair of different sexes, I might be able to get a small fortune for them; but I would never place them on the market—alive. Gen. Leslie Coombs contended that a dog was an almost infallible indication of his owner's character. Once when ventilating his knowledge on the subject he pointed to a bull-terrier that was loafing round and remarked that the owner of that dog was undoubtedly a fighting man and a rowdy. The owner of the animal happened to hear the remark and walked up to him with business in his face and fists, and pronounced it a "forcible fabrication." As the General didn't want to have anybody's feelings hurt he at once apologized, acknowledged his mistake, but said it was the first time he had ever made a mistake of that kind.

Now I don't intend to express my opinion for fear of making a similar mistake, but if a bull-terrier is of any use in the world except to fight I want somebody to tell me what it is. I have no respect for a man who will keep a bull-terrier for a watch dog, for he's a sneaking rascal who will take hold of a man without a word of warning and never let go while it's possible to hold on. A setter is a far better watch dog, for he will make some demonstration and is quite severe enough for any such purpose. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, March 2.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

J. H., Olean, N. Y.—My setter bitch, 1yr. old, is troubled with worms. She has just been bred. What shall I give her? Ans. Any of the advertised worm remedies.

F. P., Chicago, Ill.—Will you kindly give me the pedigree of the pointer Bruce II.? Ans. Bruce II. (A.K.C.S.B. 10,017), by Hindoo (2,896, Vol. II.) out of Flight (3,037, Vol. II.), by Baw (2,853, Vol. II.) out of Madge. Hindoo by Faust (2,884, Vol. II.) out of Devonshire Lass.

R. D. H., Trenton, N. J.—Can you kindly furnish me with the name and address of some one who could teach a dog tricks? I have two customers who desire the service of a trainer. One dog is a St. Bernard, the other a spaniel. Ans. We do not know of any one; you had better advertise.

O. N. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Will you give pedigrees of English setters Druid and Ruby? Ans. Druid, whelped 1873, by Prince out of Dora (346); Prince by Dash II. out of Moll III.; Dora by Duke out of Rhoone. Ruby, whelped July, 1877, by Rake (212) out of Fanny (359); Rake by Dan out of Ruby; Fanny by Leicester out of Dart.

SETTER PUP, Chatham, N. Y.—I have a setter pup 5mos. old that droops, and I am quite well convinced has worms. Will you kindly advise me what is the proper dose of santonine to give a puppy of that age? 2. What is a good tonic? Ans. 1. Santonine alone would be useless, try some of the advertised worm medicines. 2. Citrate of iron and quinine in five-grain doses.

JOHN L., Newark, N. J.—Will you please tell me what a water spaniel looks like, and color of him, also the best thing to use to keep fleas off him? Ans. An Irish water spaniel stands about 22in. high; the face from the eyes to nose is smooth, on the forehead is a bunch of corded hair called the topknot; ears long and covered with curly hair; legs very straight and well covered all round, and especially in front with smallish curls; the body is covered with close curls; tail is free from feather, thick at the root and tapering to a point. Color dark liver and free from white. Persian flea powder, or wash the dog in kerosene and water—1 to 3.

J. R. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—Will you please prescribe for my Irish setter, four years old. Before the heat of summer came he had the most beautiful coat I ever saw, but with the heat came the fleas, and he scratched and bit himself sore. He has bitten his back until the blood would come, consequently he has lost all his hair from his tail (root) half way up his back, and a heavy layer of flakes like dead skin or dandruff comes from him, this does not extend any where else on him. Every morning his eyes discharge badly. I have been washing him with Packer's tar soap, at least leaving the lather on to dry in. Ans. Rub the following dressing well in all over every other day for two or three days, then wash off and repeat if necessary. Kerosene, 10oz.; oil of tar, 6 oz.; cocoanut oil, 10oz; sperm oil, add 40oz.; mix. Also treat for worms.

J. B., Jersey City, N. J.—1. I have a setter dog who for the last month has been ailing, he is very thin, eyes are running and seems to be very listless and weak. I have dosed him with turpentine and areca nut, but his condition does not seem to improve much. Would you kindly advise me? 2. Also whether the season for woodcock, grouse, quail and rabbit (for Connecticut) opens in October or Nov. 1. Ans. 1. Feed the dog well, give raw meat, cod-liver oil cakes, etc., and the following mixture:

℞ Tr. nucis vom. ..... ʒi.
Ferri et quinin citras ..... 3 iss.
Liq. arsenicalis pot. ..... ʒi.
Syr. simpl. ..... ʒi.
Aq. ad. ..... ʒvi.
Mist.

Give one tablespoonful three times a day after food. 2. Oct. 1.

*Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.*

# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

AFTER the storm of indignation and ridicule which greeted our criticism of the New York C. C. regatta last year, and the announcement that such a plan as we proposed was utterly impracticable and absurd, it is not a little gratifying to us to know that this same plan has been deemed worthy of trial by the officers of the club, and that it has proved an undoubted success. We are willing to accept the regatta of Saturday last as a full apology for all the hard things said of us last year.

# THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1892.

## Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain.

[*Concluded from page 169*]

This camp has broken up slowly; though the exodus began on Thursday night with the recall of some of the men for military duty, there was still quite a spotting of white tents against the green fields and woods on Sunday. One of the most lively and animated scenes of the meet was the striking tents, packing duffle and loading all on the flat scow which was dubbed "Gloriana," when used for the same purpose last year. This has been a large camp, with more tents and canvas than last year, and the work of transporting all this stuff has been quite heavy. The "Gloriana" was poled from place to place along the beach, at each stop a motley crowd of smugglers, half in camp costume and half in "store clothes," marched down from the deserted tent-site, carrying canoes, trunks, bags, chests, sails and all sorts of odd packages, more or less contraband in appearance. The handbarrows, built by the camp carpenter, were most convenient in carrying boxes and bundles. The loading was done by the canoeists, all hands turning to, the boats and heavy stuff going aboard to the good old shanty,

"Heave away, my bully boys,
Heave away, heave away,
Heave away, and don't make a noise—
We're bound for Australia."

The baggage has come to Port Kent and Burlington, being transported to camp in the Gloriana or by steamer from the latter place, and returning in the same way to be loaded in special baggage cars for New York and other points.

Sunday was fair and warm, a moderate north wind tempting a number who were breaking camp to make a cruise up the lake, and during the morning canoe after canoe put off from Indian Bay with a farewell cheer from the shore. In the afternoon service was held in the pavilion, Rev. Dr. Savage officiating. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the novelist, was at the hotel from Saturday until Monday, and on Sunday after service he entertained an attentive audience by reading selections from his stories. In the evening a camp-fire service was held at Squaw Point. At night there were still twenty-four tents standing in the main camp, though half of that number were struck on Monday morning. The weather on Sunday and Monday was as nearly perfect as it could possibly be, clear, bright and sunny, but tempered with a fresh north wind. Although camp does not close formally until Thursday, the meet was over by Monday night.

The Lake Champlain Y. C., of Burlington, repeated its very hospitable invitation of 1891, the entire camp being invited to the regatta and the ball, while handsome cups were provided for special canoe races under A. C. A. rules. The rather hurried breaking up of the camp immediately after the races left but a small party, and still fewer racing men, to make the trip to Burlington on Tuesday morning. The day was fair and bright, but with too little wind for even a canoe. The canoeists were welcomed at the club house, and everything was done by the committee of the club to make their visit a pleasant one.

The first race called was the paddling, with but four starters—Messrs. W. L. Scott, Geo. P. Douglas, A. M. A. Adamson and C. W. Lansing. Mr. Scott paddled a light open racing canoe, Messrs. Douglas and Adamson paddled their heavy decked centerboard canoes, and Mr. Lansing paddled a short wide open canoe. The course was about three-quarters of a mile, with a turn, Scott taking a long lead at the word, but steering a crooked course, so that Douglas overtook him and turned the mark ahead. On the return Scott regained the lead, winning easily, with Douglas quite a distance astern and Adamson third. Scott won a handsome loving cup, the first prize, and Douglas a smaller cup.

Only two sailing canoes were present, so the second sailing prize was taken for an upset paddling race. There were four starters, Mr. L. B. Palmer taking the place of Mr. Lansing. Mr. Scott led in the paddling, but was handicapped by his open canoe in the upset, Mr. Palmer rolling his canoe entirely over without leaving it, and winning easily.

The starters in the sailing race were only Douglas and Adamson, and the race but a drift, being called before the full course was completed, Douglas then having a long lead. After the races Messrs. Scott and Douglas amused the spectators with some tricks in capsizing and canoe gymnastics. The prizes for the sailing and upset races were also handsome silver cups. The canoeists, with few of the ladies from the camp, remained to the ball in the evening, the club sending them home in a special steamer.

The day was a very quiet one for those left in camp, but toward noon some one proposed a picnic, and soon all hands were at work gathering stores and utensils. A start was made from the ladies' camp, the little fleet paddling around the Point and into Willsborough Bay, going up a couple of miles until a pleasant landing was found. Dinner and tea were prepared here, the party returning to camp about 10 P. M.

Tuesday night was clear, but about 4 A. M. the rain began, pouring hard until after 8 o'clock, regardless of the fact that this was the last day of the camp, and that wet tents are hard to pack. When colors sounded on Tuesday evening the signal halliards were unrove from all the poles and the flags packed away, and most of the remaining tents came down on Wednesday morning, the sun coming out about 10 o'clock and drying everything. A few remained in the main camp, and one or two parties in the ladies' camp, but Com. Winne and Mr. Huntington left in the afternoon with quite a party, and by Wednesday night the meet was over.

The steamer Ruth finished up her trips on Wednesday, returning next day to Albany. The service rendered by Mr. Piepenbrinck was all that could be wished for, the charges were reasonable and the boat was run with every regard for the convenience of the canoeists. Mr. Piepenbrinck undertook the venture at his own risk, with what returns we cannot say, but we hope that he found it profitable. The bad weather of the first ten days was much against him, there being no demand for the boat for special parties.

The necessity for one special launch of this kind in competent hands, and plying regularly between the camp and the nearest railway station has been long apparent, and the practicability of such an arrangement has this year been proven. The charge between the camp and the Willsborough Point dock was 25 cents per head, 20 cents each for trunks, the fare on such trips as were made to Port Kent being somewhat higher. Under favorable circumstances, with a reasonably short route and an attendance of 250 in camp, excluding transient visitors, such a launch should pay expenses at 25 cents per head, but if it does not pay at this figure, there would be no objection to a charge of 50 cents per trip, provided the service was prompt and punctual and in all ways satisfactory.

Next year the question will be somewhat more difficult should the meet be held as now seems probable in the vicinity of Stave and Grindstone islands. The Customs regulations are complicated and onerous, interfering greatly with the carriage of passengers from both sides of the line; and it will probably be necessary to have two separate boats. The regular local steamers will probably be convenient for the Canadian part of the traffic, but a special launch between the camp and Clayton is almost a necessity if the delays and annoyances of 1889 are to be avoided.

The racing this year must be set down as very unsatisfactory, in spite of the perfection of all the arrangements, the attendance of men and canoes being unusually small. Where fleets of 30 to 40 canoes started regularly a few years since, but 8 or 10 were seen this year. This decrease of entries is due to two main causes, the specialization and refinement of racing and the over development of canoes and methods; and it may reasonably be expected to correct itself to a certain degree. The novice and average canoeist realize the difficulty, to say nothing of the expense, of providing a racing outfit and winning prizes from the experts like Butler and Oxholm, who now head the racing in the most perfect racing canoes yet built; and few are willing to undertake such a task. With the racing fleet reduced, however, to a mere handful, there is a good chance for new men to win third and fourth places at the worst, and often, in absence or breaking down of the champions, to do very much better; in fact the record is always open to a fairly good all-round man who is willing to work hard for it.

Radical improvements in model or rig have been very few of late years, Wasp, built in 1889, has not yet been outbuilt, and the new Glenwood is probably but little faster for her length than Eclipse, built in 1888. The Butler rig is improved in detail, but in principle it has been in use for years, and the standing sails are all imitations of the Pecowsic rig of 1886. So far as equipment and outfit are concerned, the owners of Wasp, Glenwood and Bee have a decided advantage over new and less experienced men, and they still hold the main chances for first places in the trophy and other big sailing races; but with the present small field of starters, there is every inducement for new men to go in and do their best, looking for some chance in their favor, or at least for a good all-round record. Men are likely on reading the reports of the late races to appreciate this state of affairs, and prepare accordingly to fill up the depleted ranks of the racers.

The same state of affairs exists in paddling, this year being further emphasized by the unexpected absence of the old cracks, the only really first class paddler present being Mr Knappe. Against him in his new canoe there was no chance for any but the best, at the same time the second place was open for any good man. The falling off in the paddling this year was most remarkable, none of the Canadians being present to contest for the trophy, held for two years in Canada. With the meet in the Northern Division next year, the paddling fleet is likely to show up in goodly numbers.

With rainy weather during the first week, the proposed cruise would have been difficult; but apart from this, there was no evidence that the cruisers were prepared to avail themselves of the inviting programme prepared by Mr. Gibson. The location and the presence of Mr. Gibson's launch, gave every opportunity for an experimental cruise of this kind, that has so frequently been discussed, and had the programme been carried out in good weather the whole trip would have been a delightful one. The matter was hardly spoken of in camp however, and if a start had been called the result would have been as in some previous attempts, that no one wanted to cruise.

There were more cruising or semi-cruising canoes present than last year, and a fair cruising fleet might have been assembled, but in spite of the talk at times, there seems to be no real demand for a cruise of any kind in connection with an A. C. A. meet. After a careful observance of the division meets from their inception, we are inclined to the belief that they can best take the form of a three or four days cruise, rather than a fixed camp; and on the contrary, the regular Association meet should be a fixed camp with no attempt at cruising. It is hardly necessary to discuss these two propositions just now, but there is a good deal in each of them which is well worth the consideration of division and Association officers.

While there were few complete cruising canoes at the meet there were also fewer of the unsuccessful racers, or canoes that from model and fittings were useless as cruisers, and yet which won no races. The general tendency for some time has been to put small wells and large boards in canoes of clumsy model and rough build (compared with Wasp or the best Ruggles boats), thus spoiling to no good end what might have been a very serviceable canoe for some purposes. This year there were a number of fairly good all-around canoes, none perfectly fitted for cruising, but all capable of a wider range of use than the bucket well racer. The best by far of the cruising canoes was a new Ruggles boat, 15ft. 4in.×31in., a powerful canoe of very handsome model, owned by Mr. H. L. Quick. She had ample cruising capacity, and by the use of two bilge boards there was plenty of room in the well. It seems likely now that other of the old racing craft will follow Mr. Quick's example in adopting this class of canoe in a less expensive and more generally useful boat than the unlimited racer, and at the same time giving a chance for some racing under the "general purpose" definition.

The actual camping was this year limited to merely living in a tent, no one attempting to cook, but all taking their meals at the pavilion. The sole exceptions were two or three members of the Troy C. C. and one of the Brown University C. C., who cooked together in primitive fashion in the rear of their tents. The canoe yawl party from Brooklyn, who came in at the end of the meet, also cooked for themselves most of the time. With a reasonably good mess, the temptation is strong to avoid all cooking, but at the same time all who have tried a good club mess, a party of half a dozen with their own cook to prepare their meals in their encampment, will admit the superiority of this plan over the semi-hotel meals served by the regular caterers in a mess shed. The charm of the outdoor life is completely lost with such surroundings.

The camp outfit of which canoeists were once so proud has largely disappeared, the tents being furnished more with a view to comfort or even luxury in camp than to convenience of transportation and compact stowage of duffle. Nearly every one carried a camp cot, some of the folding varieties and not a few being regular spring cots, comfortable, but most inconvenient of carriage.

Out of the large number of tents in the present camp there were no novelties, the majority using the plain army wall tent from 7×9ft. upward, with fly in front. There were several of the new Protean tents in camp, with their adjustable fly, very compact and convenient, and a number of the old single pole square marquees, one of the best tents yet made for canoeing and camping. With a single central pole and supporting themselves firmly on their own base, with no straggling guylines, these tents are quickly and firmly pitched and may be placed on less than half the ground needed for a wall tent. A special make of enlarged size was used by the Brooklyn C.C. and was much liked.

There was not in the entire camp one well arranged club encampment, such as has been seen at times in the past, half a dozen tents of the same design neatly pitched in a semi-circle, with the club flag in front. On the other hand, several clubs contented themselves with the big, ugly and inconvenient hotel tents, wall tents whose guylines covered the ground in all directions. The headquarters tents alone were well arranged to make a picturesque effect and at the same time to be perfectly convenient.

Tent floors were a necessity rather than a mere luxury this year, the ground being like a sponge. Those who had floors in the previous year were in luck, as all tent floors and skids were stored by the Association, free of charge, and also laid down again at such a place as the owner wished. The supply of lumber and the carpenter service were both good this year; spruce battens 3 to 5in. wide and planed on one side were to be had at a low price, and skillful carpenters were at hand to make them into tent floors, tables, benches and chairs, almost at cost.

There is one thing to be learned from this year's experience in the work of the camp site committee, the French wire nail, now in general use in many parts of the country, should be rigidly excluded from all the camp carpenter work, and the common old cut nail, 8-penny and 10-penny, should be used.

The latter, while strong enough for all ordinary uses, is comparatively brittle, and may be broken off by a kick or a blow from a stone. The new wire nail on the contrary is indestructible: after its legitimate functions as a nail are ended it lurks around in every piece of old lumber, ready for a long career of destruction, and endangering the feet and clothing of all in camp. It cannot be broken off, or even bent entirely out of the way; and with each year's added rust it becomes more dangerous. One accident happened in camp, a man stepping on one of these nails, and the danger would be still greater in case of a return to the same place in the future, the logs and trees being studded with nails, while odd bits of board lie hidden in the grass.

The care of a camp ground is a matter that few canoeists concern themselves with; but where, as in the case of Willsborough Point, there is every probability of a return in coming years, the matter is an important one. The usual foot covering in camp is the light rubber-soled slipper, and men are frequently bare-footed in swimming and working about their canoes. In any camp that has been used before it is dangerous to walk without a strong shoe, owing to the broken glass and old nails; there being three accidents in the present camp, two from the former cause and one from the latter. Bottles of all sorts, soda water, root beer, sarsaparilla, moxie, mucilage and ink, have been recklessly thrown about and broken for two years, until the pebbles on the beach and the grass on the shore are filled with sharp and jagged fragments. It is an easy matter for each man or each camp to keep all empty bottles, tins, cans, etc., in one pile, back of the tents, and on breaking camp to remove all nails projecting from trees and tent floors, and to pull up all tent pegs, thus leaving the ground in good condition for future camps.

One question that has been discussed again and again during the present meet is that of a permanent or semi-permanent camp; and many are strongly in favor of such a plan. As outlined in a rough way, it would mean the selection of some suitable spot and the erection of a mess pavilion and kitchen and a good dock. All wooden buildings other than the two named would be strictly prohibited, tents only being allowed, but the tent floors and skids would be owned by clubs or individuals and stored for them in the mess pavilion from year to year at a very small charge for handling.

There would be many good points about this plan; the location would presumably be as nearly perfect as possible and in a central location, the heavy annual charges for the preparation of the camp site, in some years as high as $700, would be avoided, and good docks and a well-ordered camp ground be maintained at a very small annual outlay. The mess and transportation arrangements would be permanent instead of being made anew with different parties each year, and some good local men could probably be found who would take care of each, giving good service at reasonable rates. Any possible decrease of attendance on the part of men who do not care to visit the same spot each year would be more than compen-

sated by a larger general attendance as the result of fixed and reliable mess and transportation, and by the regular attendance of many owing to the added convenience and lessened cost, all camp duffle being stored on the ground, leaving only canoe and clothing to transport. Such a plan might be followed on leased ground, and if found to work well the money could easily be raised to purchase a permanent camp site.

## Canoe Rigs in America and England.

THE great difference in the rigs of canoes on the two sides of the Atlantic is discussed as follows in the *Field*. The hypothesis advanced to account for the success of the American rig is quite ingenious, but so far as the facts are concerned the *Field* is in error, all the races at the A. C. A. meets are started to windward, making almost a certainty of one-third windward work in every race; and even in club races every effort is made to secure a reasonable proportion of windward work:

"There is one marked peculiarity in canoe sailing in America and Canada which is contrary to the experience and accepted principles of yacht racing; and which, curiously also, has been almost exclusively proved a failure in English canoe sailing; we allude to the sail area being formed in two sails of nearly equal area.

"The latest advices from America inform us that the mizzen, in the majority of racing canoes, is of the same or even of larger area as compared with the mainsail; in fact, the canoes are schooner rigged. Everyone connected with yacht racing knows that for thirty years past schooners and yawls have received in races a time allowance for inferiority of rig from cutters of equal tonnage; schooners being reckoned at three-fifths their tonnage, and yawls at four-fifths; ketches and luggers at three fifths, or the same as schooners. In England the 'equally divided' sail plan has been tried on canoes, and on good boats too, but without success. It might be argued that possibly the model and fitment of English canoes was unsuited to the 'divided skirt' sail plan; but the answer to that is that we this year had a genuine American canoe (sister boat to the Canuck, the late trophy winner in America) racing in many of the Royal Canoe Club matches on Hendon Lake. The water is open and there is no current, and yet this canoe was not near the front rank of the big mainsail and small mizzen craft. The big lug forward and minute mizzen aft certainly carried the day in all weathers at Hendon; but on the other hand the Charm of that same breed went to America and was 'waltzed around' by all the American front rank a year or two ago, and things have not changed since. Sailing times are about the same, possibly the boats are uglier, but that is doubtful.

"Another point of curious nature clearly demonstrated by this season's racing is that, though the 'bafter' rig (*i. e.*, where the sails are slung and set all abaft the mast, and not alongside it, as in the lug rigs) has carried all before it in America, in England the balance lug has done the trick everywhere so far as reports yet to hand go.

"From a scientific point of view, the 'bafter' sails should be the perfect rig; by practice they are not. Science suggests, on the other hand, that the largest undivided surface of sail area should be the best propeller; practice in England says it is, practice in America says it is not. Apart from racing and the 'fastest rig,' it would be useful and interesting if those who cruise this autumn would make notes, at the time, of the advantages or defects of the rig they cruise under. A beautiful rig on paper may prove a beast at two miles off the land in squally weather.

"The FOREST AND STREAM of July 14 gives an interesting programme and set of charts of the courses of the American Canoe Association meet for this year, to be held between Aug. 4 and 25. The sailing course therein set out suggests a possible answer to the sail plan paradox before mentioned in relation to schooner rig being the most successful in American racing.

"It is generally accepted by seamen that a schooner is second to none at reaching, but she is before none at beating to windward; hence a triangular course, of which two sides may be reaching and one a dead run, should be the promoter of schooner rig for competitors thereon.

"The American course is an equilateral triangle, with base running north and south; so, if the wind happens to blow a dead fair run down any one of the three sides, the other two are reaching sides, with the wind about five and a half points on the bow. In such case the schooner rig runs goose-winged on the run, probably level with any other rig, and then has two thirds of the course reaching, with the advantage of superior reaching powers."

## New York C. C. Fall Regatta, Sept. 3.

BENSONHURST—GRAVESEND BAY.

THE New York C. C. has fairly astonished itself since its establishment at Bensonhurst last spring, the sailing races which once played such a prominent part having to a certain extent given way to day cruises and such expeditions as that recounted last week in our columns. The greatest change, however has been in the matter of regattas, the fall regatta of the club having been planned and carried out precisely on the lines suggested in the FOREST AND STREAM in criticising the unsuccessful regatta of 1891.

This year the sailing races were entirely omitted, the programme being made up of short but interesting races near the club house, which afforded a great deal of sport to those participating in them, and also amused the many spectators on the balcony and the Bensonhurst Pier.

The summary was as follows:

Paddling race, 300yds.: Won by Von Nordhoff; O'Shea second, Ashby third, Whitlock fourth, Stevens fifth, Mowbry sixth, McKeag seventh, Ward eighth and Daley last.

Tandem paddling, 300yds.: Won by Stevens and McKeag, Whitlock and Mowbry second, Ashby and Von Nordoff capsized at the start.

Standing paddling, 150yds.: Won by McKeag, Stevens second, Lake third, and Whitlock fourth. Mowbry entered but did not finish.

Tug-of-war, two boats in each heat and crew of two in each canoe: Daley and Lake won two successive heats over Stevens and McKeag.

Singles, unset paddling: Won by Barrington, Ward second and Stevens third.

Hurry-scurry, dive, swim and paddle: Won by Whitlock. Barrington disqualified for wrong turn of buoy.

The fancy diving contest was won by Capt. Whitlock, and the long diving by Von Nordhoff. The four paddling race did not take place. After the regular races a sailing race was started between Torment, H. C. Ward, and Kismet, C. J. Stevens; the former winning. Mr. C. B. Vaux was officer of the day.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Seawanhaka, Rouse and Wetmore Cups, Oyster Bay.
10. Sippican, 3d Sweep, Marion.
10. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
14. Roy. N.S., Capt. L. Russell's Cup, Halifax.
14. Winthrop, Cash, Winthrop.
15. New York, Schooner Sweeps, New York.
15. Rochester, Grand Review.
15. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
17. Beverly, Monument Beach.
18. Miramichi, Triang, Newcastle.
24. Chelsea.
24. Buffalo, 3d Pennant.
24. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
15. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.

THE remarkable thing about the New York Y. R. A. is that those things which through neglect are usually done badly in a little race of half a dozen yachts, were on this occasion done well in spite of the number of entries. The entry list, printed and sent out some days in advance, contained the official measurement and allowance of every one of the 155 yachts, and the arrangements as to numbers, signals, etc., were most perfect. The association has made use of some good advice we offered several years since, and has rid itself of all honorary and ornamental personages in the various committees, the entire management of the regatta being in the hands of three men. The successful result is very largely due to the energy and skill of one of them, Mr. George E. Gartland, an old hand at this work, through whose labors everything ran smoothly.

THE New York Y. R. A. is to be congratulated on the successful management of one of the largest fleets ever started about New York, but at the same time it has not, as some papers state, beaten the record in American yachting, and it will probably be some years before it does so. On Aug. 18, 1883, the Beverly Y. C. started a fleet of 173 yachts in one regatta, probably the largest fleet ever started.

## The Annual Cruise of the South Boston Y. C.

JULY 16.—The morning was cloudy, but promised a fine day. By 11 A. M., starting time, the wind was blowing a good nor'wester, and as it assured a quick run to Marblehead Com. Morrill ordered extra preparations. The yachts started in review at 1 P. M., saluting the flagship Recreation, and laid their courses for Marblehead.

Off Marblehead Rock Fleet Capt. Dixon hove to and received the salutes of the fleet as they arrived and hove to, awaiting orders. At 4:30 the fleet started in squadron for Salem Willows, where they arrived about 5:30 at anchorage.

The Maggie came down under close canvas, to save work, when she was hauled on the wind the captain ordered reefs shaken out, but the crew thought it was too much trouble. The way the doughty captain got even with them was to leave the wheel and turn in below, and then they had to work or drift.

The Recreation was swinging her topsails off Pig Rocks, the wind was chunky, and she got a good one. About everything went to leeward, but the commodore thought the weather rail about the right place.

After all was snugged down preparations were made for dinner and ball. After dinner the fleet was illuminated, all turned to and brightened the bay, the display was greatly admired from the shore.

At 1 A. M. all was quiet in the fleet, which numbered thirty yachts.

SALEM WILLOWS, Sunday, July 17.—In the morning many strolled ashore and others visited among the different yachts. At 11:30 receptions on board were in order, not only on the flagship and Fleet Captain Dixon's Pilgrim, but nearly all the yachts received informally.

About 12 M. Commodore Morrill took leave of the fleet with much regret. At 12:45 signals on flagship, "Prepare to get under way." At 1:15 signal read, "The fleet will proceed to Gloucester," and at 1:30 nearly all had started, the Eastern fleet as ordered, the balance on their return to City Point, each fleet with a cheery *bon voyage* to the other. The Eastern fleet ran along the Beverly shore out Salem channel and anchored in Gloucester Harbor about 4:30.

At colors the fleet comprised twelve yachts, Recreation, Coronilla, Kitty, White Cloud, Marie, Violet, Maggie, Climax, Quissett, Albertina, Awilda, Nilgiri.

At 5:15 the signal from flagship, "Captains report on board" was responded to by all and the Vice-Commodore entertained them in his own inimitable manner, assisted by Capt. McIntire with instrumental music. The first racing run to Kittery was discussed and arrangements made.

GLOUCESTER, Monday, July 18.—At sunrise orders from flagship Recreation were, "Proceed and heave to off Ten Pound Island to westward of flagship, and at gun from her proceed to anchorage off Indian Fort Kittery," The racing arrangements and prizes as arranged by the regatta committee.

FRANK FERDINAND,
Vice Com., commanding.

The fleet was under way at 5:30 and drifted out of the harbor. Coronilla, Kitty and Marie were unable to get into line, and as there was no steamer to assist them they were handicapped at the start. At the gun eight yachts got away well together and a light S.W. wind helped them around Eastern Point in the following order: Maggie, Climax, Quissett, Violet, Recreation, Awilda, White Cloud, Albertina, Marie. The Nilgiri withdrew from the fleet on this run.

The wind held well into Ipswich Bay, when it lightened somewhat and hauled westerly, increasing off Isle of Shoals to fine sailing breeze. Violet arrived first at 1:05. The features of the run were: Violet, fast time; Maggie, good work short handed; Awilda's true course; the snap Recreation had with her class, and the splendid race between Climax and Quissett, which boats were not half a mile apart at any time, and the last eight miles in a spanking breeze, with all their maneuvering and light sail work, held each other within a few seconds.

The afternoon was pleasautly spent. Vice-Com. Ferdinand took temporary leave of fleet at 4, investing Capt. H. F. McIntire with command as vice-com. pro tem. The evening was calm and many yachts added to the natural beauty of the scene by illuminations and fireworks.

Capt. Bijah's Awilda was the Electra of the fleet.

Orders at 8:30 P. M. Flagship Recreation. Sailing orders for July 19, S. B. Y. C. Fleet cruising. "At colors, heave short. At 8:15 a second gun will be fired, when the fleet will run direct to anchorage off Portland Y. C.—H. F. MCINTIRE, Acting Vice-Com., commanding; WM. ALLERTON, Acting Secretary."

During the night Maggie and Coronilla had a luffing match at anchor in the tide. The judges on the other boats were unable to decide which had the better of it there were so many fouls claimed.

KITTERY, Tuesday, July 19.—Fleet started at 8:15 for Portland and drifted out of the harbor with the tide; when off Whale's Back a light southerly wind helped them along. At 10:30 wind settled down to a good breeze from S. by W., and the fleet ran down the coast well together, all swinging spinakers and light sails. It was a beautiful day and a splendid run.

The features of the run were the fast time of Violet and Climax, and Quissett and Awilda's good work with light sails after they rounded the Sisters all the way into Portland. The yachts all made anchorage before colors, and as they rounded up and saluted each was answered from the Portland Y. C. house. It must have made lively work at their gun, but they were equal to the occasion. The evening was lovely, and again our "Electra" brightened the anchorage with her display.

PORTLAND, Wednesday, July 20.—This day begins with weather as bright as usual. Vice Com. Ferdinand resumed command at 10. Orders from flagship: "Report at this anchorage at colors;" and the most of the fleet lay quietly all day enjoying a little rest and trips in parties ashore and down the harbor in the afternoon. All were well received everywhere, but particularly at the Portland Y.C. Their hospitality gave us to understand that we owned the house, and each member helped us to enjoy its privileges.

A meeting of captains was called on board the flagship in the evening as usual.

PORTLAND, Thursday, July 21.—The sunrise was clear and beautiful, even in the inner harbor. The fleet was underway at 5:30 and passing between Hog and Peake's islands on the inside course to Harpswell, among the islands of Casco Bay. This day's sail to the fleet was a poem. All the camps and yachts passed were saluted and they responded heartily. Off Pumpkin Island the fleet hove to, awaiting orders from the flagship, and Capt. McKee gave us the Canadian boat song, and dog Chowder did the dress parade on the bowsprit. When the fleet was all together orders to proceed were given, and all squared away. From the point off Great Cheheague, Mount Washington, was in full view. Off the east end of the island the fleet again hove to, as something was the matter on board the flagship. It was discovered that the commodore and Mac were running the ship in their own quiet way, keeping the main sheet off when on the wind to save work when she was squared away again, and shaking a leg of dice to see who would draw away the jib sheet.

Yacht White Cloud, Capt. H. H. Smith, took leave off Eagle Island, and gave three cheers for the South Boston Y. C., and three more for Vice-Com. Ferdinand, which was acknowledged by the commodore and responded to by all the fleet.

The yacht Milly, of the Portland Y. C., here joined, and the fleet made merry for her.

Ran into Potts Harbor at 10:30, and made the old rocks ring with guns and cheers, and the natives on the wharf helped us, especially with three cheers for the Commodore by the fleet.

Violet here took her leave for Rockland with cheers full and hearty (as only Capt. McKee and his jolly crew can give) for club and commodore, and again the fleet responded to a man.

At 11 signal "Captains report on board" and orders to lay at anchor here until further orders were issued.

It was remarkable how quickly the worthy captains read the signal "Captains report on board" whenever hoisted, ordinary club members (and seamen) were beginning to recognize it and also the fact that they were not in it.

POTTS HARBOR, July 21.—After all had dined, some at the Merriconeag Hotel, others on board, Vice-Com. Ferdinand arranged a drive up country, and it was a jolly party that filled two large teams. We had fog horns a la Tally ho, and the bell of the U. S. Mail discovered under the seat. If the Commodore's cannon had only been lashed on behind with the windlass brake to work it, the natives of Harpswell would have experienced a second Fourth of July. As it was, about all of the inhabitants came out to welcome us. At one house all of our exertions failed, and it was only after giving it up that it was found to be vacant. Near the road, which was very dusty, a pump was discovered; the Vice-Commodore suggested that the Governor of North Carolina owned it—it was soon surrounded. This was the chance our camera captain was waiting for—he considered it a rare snap on the S. B. Y. C.

The mystery of the Vice-Commodore's satchel was soon after revealed, but he nearly poisoned the party in one carriage by serving them something quite strong in a valid looking bottle.

We stopped at a country house near a little cove called the Lookout. Here a pleasant hour was spent and our camera Captain again asked all hands to look pleasant. Bos'n M, ex-Captain and late Commodore *pro tem* here piped the line and all marched upon the pails of milk which the Vice Commodore had caused to appear. Well, the cows looked discouraged as we passed them on our return. On the way back we had songs by talent brought to light by jolly company, and arrived safely at the anchorage in good time.

At colors orders to illuminate the fleet, and in the evening a dance was given ashore for our benefit, and as the ladies have never been neglected during the cruise, although seldom mentioned in this report, it was well attended.

POTTS HARBOR, Friday, July 23.—Signals at colors to disband fleet, and each yacht saluted the flagship as they stood out of harbor for their different destinations, thus ending the cruise in squadron in the same beautiful weather that has made its entire course one long to be remembered, and separating for a time the jolly good fellowship cemented anew by one of the best cruises ever sailed eastward. Apropos of this last signal, the ordinary club member (and seaman) unkindly remarked that the reason must have been that the ten days' supplies of the "captains will report on board" must have been exhausted on the flagship, which of course was dangerous down on the coast of Maine.

Respectfully submitted to the officers and members of the South Boston Y. C.

WM. ALLERTON, Acting Secretary.

## Cleveland Y. C., Aug. 16-17.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—LAKE ERIE.

THE Cleveland Y. C., one of the leading clubs west of Niagara, has recently held a very successful regatta, lasting for two days, at which the best yachts of Lake Erie were present. The regatta was planned and the arrangements carried out by Com. Gardner, the veteran yachtsman of the Lakes and the leader in yachting and canoeing, assisted by the members of the Cleveland Y. C. A triangular course, with six mile sides, was buoyed out on the lake abreast of the city, the yacht Say When was tendered by her owner for the use of the officials, and the following gentlemen were appointed to attend to all arrangements: Judges, C. B. Lockwood, of Sandusky; Com. Joseph Nicholson, of Detroit, and J. de Zeilinski, of Buffalo. Time keepers, W. J. Akers, W. J. White and Col. Geo. H. Worthington. Regatta committee, Messrs. Phil. P. Wright, W. R. Huntington, Edward Overbeke, Charles W. Kelly, Herman Lyman and Henry Gerlach.

In answer to the invitations yachts and yachtsmen from Detroit, Toledo and less distant parts of the Lake came in to Cleveland by the evening of Aug. 15 to find a hearty welcome awaiting them. An informal meeting was held at the Forest City House, at which the details of the programme were explained to the visitors, and they were asked to give suggestions or to make such criticisms as might occur to them. The programme called for races on Aug. 16 for Class D, 25 to 32ft. sailing length, by the Seawanhaka rule; and Class E, 25ft. and under; and on the following day for Class B, over 40ft., and Class C, 32 to 40ft., besides the naphtha launches and canoes. The principal entries were: Ida K, C. H. Krauss; Carmencita, G. T. Bliss; West Wind, F. L. Bennett; Alice Enright, Arthur Pettie; Shamrock, H. C. Kendall; Merle, F. B. Hower; Fanchon, G. W. Bliss; Minx, D. C. Cleary; Meteor, B. E. Lyman; Marietta, R. C. Moody; Iolanthe, A. M. McEachren; Iris, Charles L. Parmelee; Louise, F. W. Caulkins; Lulu B., Aleck I. McCloud; Petrel, C. H. Christie; Compeer, C. Richter; Restless, F. G. Overbeke; Mott B., J. C. Gardner; Fleetwing, J. McCormick; Surprise, Charles Boston; Argo, John Barth; Sunbeam, George W. Kolbe. Naphtha launches—Dearest, W. R. Huntington; Nellie, John Weber; Eugene, William DeMooy.

Tuesday was clear and warm, but with a light N.E. breeze. The start of Class D was made at 10:31, and for Class E at 10:40, the course for each class being 6 miles to windward and return.

Louise led over the course, but in the light air she was beaten by two of the smaller class starting later. The full times were:

CLASS D—25 TO 32FT.

| | Length. | Start. | Turn. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Louise | 26.35 | 10 32 06 | 12 50 00 | 1 58 09 | 3 26 03 | 3 21 21 |
| Surprise | 30.27 | 10 33 41 | 1 02 00 | 2 04 13 | 3 30 42 | 3 30 42 |
| Iris | 27.58 | 10 33 41 | Did not finish. | | | |
| Carmencita | 29.94 | 10 34 15 | Did not finish. | | | |
| Iolanthe | 27.05 | 10 36 03 | Did not finish. | | | |

CLASS E—25FT. AND UNDER

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Argo | 23.30 | 10 42 11 | 12 58 00 | 2 00 25 | 3 13 14 | 3 18 14 |
| Ida K | 21.27 | 10 42 34 | 1 03 00 | 2 07 35 | 3 25 01 | 3 21 38 |
| Petrel | 24.94 | 10 43 12 | Broke gaff—withdrew. | | | |
| Mott B | 20 09 | 10 45 11 | Not timed. | | | |

There was a thick fog on Wednesday morning, but the sun broke through it in time for a start at 11 A. M., though there was no wind for sailing. The only two entries in Class A were Wasp and Minx, neither trying to start in the light wind. The naphtha race was called at noon, with five starters, the course being the complete 18 mile triangle. The race was timed:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Eugene | 12 02 08 | 2 49 30 | 2 47 22 | 2 18 50 |
| Douglas C | 12 02 08 | 3 01 10 | 2 59 02 | 2 16 06 |
| Nellie | 12 02 08 | 3 05 05 | 3 02 57 | 3 02 57 |
| Dearest | 12 02 08 | 3 05 11 | 3 09 52 | 2 26 56 |
| Le Voyageur | 12 02 08 | 3 12 00 | 3 03 03 | 2 20 07 |

Dearest, the favorite, met with several mishaps, having been in constant use in the service of the committee for two days, up to the time of the start. The allowances were under the Isherwood table. The first attempt to start the launches was spoiled by bad conduct of some men in a sailboat, who refused to remove her from the starting line at the request of the committee.

The wind sprung up about noon, and at 12:18:30 Class B was sent away, the following yachts crossing the line: Merle, of Buffalo, F. B. Hower; Marietta, of Fairport, R. C. Moody; Sunbeam, of Cleveland, G. W. Colby; Alice Enright, of Detroit, Arthur Pettie; Lulu B., of Detroit, F. Senter. Merle won easily, the elapsed times being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Merle | 4 00 07 | Lulu B | 5 09 51 |
| Alice Enright | 4 08 19 | | |

Class C was started at 12:28:30. The entries were: Compeer, of Cleveland, C. Richter; Restless, of Cleveland, F. G. Oberbeke; Fleetwing, of Cleveland, James McCormack; Westwind, of Buffalo F. L. Bennet; Shamrock, of Detroit, H. C. Kendall; Fanchon, of Toledo, G. W. Bills; Meteor, of Cleveland, B. E. Lyman; Grayling, of Cleveland, H. Gerlach.

The times for the class were:

| | Start | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Shamrock | 12 38 20 | 4 51 00 | 4 12 40 | 4 10 19 |
| Meteor | 12 31 26 | 4 58 10 | 4 26 44 | 4 20 28 |
| Restless | 12 34 48 | 5 08 38 | 4 33 50 | 4 33 20 |
| West Wind | 12 30 17 | 5 11 47 | 4 41 30 | 4 30 40 |
| Fanchon | 12 32 02 | 5 16 27 | 4 44 25 | 4 44 25 |
| Compeer | 12 36 15 | 5 35 20 | 3 59 05 | . . . . |
| Fleetwing | 12 35 32 | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |
| Grayling | 12 33 06 | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |

Meteor, the second yacht, is a new craft, this race being her trial trip.

In the evening a banquet was tendered by the Cleveland Y. C. to the visiting yachtsmen. The regatta was a great success in all ways, and the meeting of yachtsmen from all parts of the lake is likely to do much to promote the work now in hand, of establishing a strong permanent organization composed of all the clubs on Lake Erie and as far west as Detroit. An energetic and progressive organization of this kind has long been needed to develop the vast possibilities of pleasure sailing on this portion of the Great Lakes, and the present attempt promises to fully meet this need.

## Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead.

MIDSUMMER series for 21-footers. First race, Aug. 18, course No. 3, distance 11 miles, weather moderate, fair, wind S.E.:

| | Length. | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Cor. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Catspaw, W. Abbott | 26.04 | 1 16 10 | 3 09 30 | 1 53 20 | 1 52 25 |
| Tadpole, W. E. Waterhouse | 25.05 | 1 16 12 | Disabled. | | |
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr. | 24.03 | 1 16 16 | 3 11 29 | 1 55 13 | 1 51 50 |
| Kocrali, R. C. Robbins | 23.04 | 1 16 52 | Withdrew. | | |
| Reaper, H. P. Benson | 24.00 | 1 17 12 | 3 09 41 | 1 52 29 | 1 48 47 |
| Exile, J. F. Small | 26 06 | 1 17 17 | 3 08 15 | 1 50 58 | 1 50 08 |
| Freak, John B. Paine | 25.10 | 1 18 02 | 3 10 41 | 1 52 39 | 1 51 11 |
| Sirocco, Wm. P. Fowle | 26.05 | 1 18 16 | 3 23 30 | 2 05 14 | 2 04 25 |
| Typhoon, J. I. Taylor | 23.09 | 1 18 58 | 3 25 44 | 2 06 46 | 2 02 45 |
| Thrush, C. A. Prince | 27.02 | 1 18 58 | 3 13 30 | 1 54 32 | 1 54 32 |

Winners—Class 1, first prize, Reaper; second prize, Exile; third prize, Freak; fourth prize, Vanessa. Judges—Daniel Appleton, Geo. W. Mansfield.

Second race, Aug. 19, course No. 3, distance 11 miles, strong wind, heavy sea, wind S.E.:

| | Start | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Freak | 1 11 22 | 3 01 30 | 1 50 08 | 1 48 40 |
| Catspaw | 1 11 35 | 3 15 12 | 2 03 37 | 2 02 47 |
| Thrush | 1 12 01 | 3 06 58 | 1 54 57 | 1 54 57 |
| Vanessa | 1 12 14 | 3 07 26 | 1 55 12 | 1 51 30 |
| Exile | 1 12 28 | 3 05 13 | 1 52 45 | 1 52 01 |
| Kocrali | 1 12 32 | 3 21 26 | 2 08 51 | 2 04 17 |
| Reaper | 1 12 43 | 3 05 11 | 1 52 28 | 1 48 46 |
| Typhoon | 1 13 10 | Disabled. | | |
| Tadpole | 1 14 00 | 3 17 10 | 2 03 10 | 2 01 12 |

Winners—Class 1, first prize, Freak; second prize, Reaper; third prize, Vanessa; fourth prize, Exile.

Third race, Aug. 20; Course No. 3, distance 11 miles, weather cloudy, strong sea, wind N.N.E., strong:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sirocco | 1 10 13 | 3 25 | 15 12 | 2 15 12 |
| Freak | 1 10 15 | 3 17 | 07 34 | 2 06 50 |
| Vanessa | 1 10 31 | 3? | 06 25 | 2 03 27 |
| Reaper | 1 11 16 | 3 12 28 | 2 05 12 | 2 03 14 |
| Exile | 1 11 43 | 3 33 45 | 2 12 06 | 2 12 02 |

Winners—Class 1, first prize, Reaper; second prize, Vanessa; third prize, Freak; fourth prize, Exile. In addition to prizes as above, Reaper wins $100 cup for best 2 out of 3.

## The Gloucester Races, Aug. 26.

THE sturdy old fishing port of Gloucester, Mass., celebrated her 250th anniversary on Aug. 26, the chief feature of the day's sports being the racing of the yachts and fishing schooners in weather of exceptional severity. A heavy northeast gale howled down the coast, raising a terrible sea in Massachusetts Bay and making sailing anything but a pleasure; but the hardy fishermen scorned to reef on such an occasion, and carried whole sail over the 41-mile course under conditions which made their conduct little less than foolhardy. The yachts very sensibly reefed down; in fact, they could otherwise have done nothing, even over the partly sheltered course which was finally selected for them by the committee. The schooners were divided into two classes, the first prize for the larger class being a $300 silver cup presented by ex-Com. Hovey, of the schooner Fortuna, a Gloucester yacht; and the second being $150. The prizes in the smaller class were $150 and $75. The course was from off the Whistling Buoy, Eastern Point, past Half-Way Rock, a markboat off Nahant, around Davis Ledge Buoy, near Minot's Light, and return, 41 nautical miles. The starters, limited to vessels hailing from Gloucester, were: First class, Nannie C., Bohlin, James S. Steele, James G. Blaine, Harry L. Belden, Joseph H. Rowe, Ethel B. Jacobs and Grayling, second class, Lottie Haskins, Caviare and Elsie F. Rowe.

The Jacobs led the fleet for a time pushed by the Rowe, but in the fog she overstood the Nahant mark, losing ground, and on the jibe her main gaff broke. She held on for a time, though now second to the Rowe, but afterward gave up. On the reach to the outer mark the Belden came to the front, being first around and holding first place to the finish. The Haskins led her class over the course. The Harry L. Belden wins the Hovey cup and the Nannie C. Bohlen the second prize. In the smaller class the Lottie S. Haskins wins first prize and the Caviare second.

The weather in the morning was much too bad for the small yachts and a postponement was made until noon, at which time the outside course was abandoned and the following substituted:

Course for first, second and third classes: From starting line, leaving Dog Bar Buoy and Eastern Point Ledge Buoy on port, to and around Whistling Buoy off Eastern Point, leaving it on starboard; thence to and around Bell Buoy off Norman's Woe, leaving it on starboard to starting line, rounding flag at starting line, leaving it on starboard and repeat the course; allowance for ten miles.

Course for fourth, fifth and sixth classes: From starting line, leaving Round Rock Buoy on port hand, flag on starting line on starboard hand, Round Rock Buoy on port hand to finish line; allowance for six miles.

The times were as follows:

FIRST CLASS—30 TO 36FT.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chieftain | 2 30 00 | 4 20 08 | 1 40 08 | 1 46 00 |
| King Philip | 2 30 00 | 4 20 19 | 1 50 19 | 1 50 19 |

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS—25 TO 30FT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chapoquoit | 2 30 00 | 4 22 57 | 1 52 57 | 1 52 49 |
| Ape | 2 30 00 | Withdrew. | | |

SECOND CLASS KEELS—30FT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Handsel | 2 35 00 | 4 23 56 | 1 48 56 | 1 48 43 |

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS—21 TO 25FT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gipsey | 2 40 00 | 4 19 37 | Withdrew. | |
| Beatrice | 2 40 00 | 4 51 25 | 2 11 25 | 2 11 14 |
| Black Cloud | 2 40 00 | 4 53 42 | 2 13 42 | 2 11 47 |
| Hazard | 2 40 00 | 4 59 44 | 2 17 44 | 2 17 00 |
| Good Luck | 2 40 00 | 5 04 32 | 2 24 32 | 2 19 57 |
| Vivian | 2 40 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Perdita | 2 40 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Viola | 2 40 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Augusta | 2 40 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Wapita | | Withdrew. | | |

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Emma L | 2 40 00 | 4 44 00 | 2 04 01 | 2 02 50 |
| Irene | 2 40 00 | 4 56 31 | 2 16 31 | 2 12 06 |
| Alcyone | 2 40 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Helen | 2 40 00 | Withdrew. | | |

JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS—18 TO 21FT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mavis | 2 45 00 | 4 10 43 | 1 25 43 | 1 23 57 |
| Promenade | 2 45 00 | Withdrew. | | |

FOURTH CLASS CATS 18 TO 21FT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maggie | 2 45 00 | 4 02 58 | 1 17 58 | 1 16 35 |
| Arab | 2 45 00 | 4 21 46 | 1 36 46 | 1 35 18 |

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Astrea | 2 45 00 | 4 03 36 | 1 18 36 | 1 16 59 |
| Wahneta | 2 45 00 | 4 05 45 | 1 20 45 | 1 20 45 |
| Mocking Bird | 2 45 00 | 4 15 01 | 1 30 01 | 1 28 41 |
| Wraith | 2 45 00 | 4 17 16 | 1 32 16 | 1 30 20 |

FIFTH CLASS, 16 TO 18FT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chippie | 2 50 00 | 4 25 55 | 1 36 55 | 1 36 55 |
| Luna | 2 50 00 | Withdrew. | | |

SIXTH CLASS, UNDER 16FT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marchioness | 2 55 00 | 4 22 55 | 1 27 55 | 1 27 55 |
| Rodie | 2 55 00 | 4 24 22 | 1 29 22 | 1 28 08 |
| Alpine | 2 55 00 | 4 33 14 | 1 38 14 | 1 27 37 |
| Ida May | 2 55 00 | Withdrew. | | |
| Wizard | 2 55 00 | Withdrew. | | |

The judges were William S. Eaton, Jr., Louis M. Clark, Barclay Tilton, F. E Cabot, George A. Stewart, Frank A. Shute.

## Royal Canadian Y. C., Aug. 20.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a cruising race on Aug. 20 for the 40 and 46ft. classes combined, and the 30ft. class., with a race around the island for the 25ft. class. The larger yachts, Condor, Vreda and Zelma, sailed to Hamilton, the 30-footers, Cyprus and Vedette to Oakville. The five were started together at 3 P. M. in a very light south wind, the start being off the town club house, thence out around the island buoy and thence to the lake through the western passage. The times were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vedette | 3 00 10 | Condor | 3 01 15 |
| Zelma | 3 00 46 | Cyprus | 3 02 50 |
| Vreda | 3 00 49 | Oriole | 3 05 38 |

Zelma soon took the lead and steadily increased it. In the lake the wind was light from the west, and the yachts made slow progress, Vedette with her lug rig being under-canvased. The race was slow and fluky, but Zelma kept going through the calm streaks, finishing at 9:40 P. M. Cyprus sailed well, making Oakville at 8:48;10 P. M. Condor withdrew. The times were:

| | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Zelma | 9 49 00 | 6 49 00 | 6 66 25 |
| Vreda | 10 24 20 | 7 24 20 | 7 24 20 |
| Condor | | Withdrew. | |

The 25-footers started at 3:15, Wa Wa being a little late over the line, but soon running ahead and winning easily. The race was a slow one owing to the light airs. The times were, start 3:15:

| | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wa Wa | 7 07 17 | 3 52 17 | 3 47 40 |
| Caprice | 7 15 00 | 4 00 00 | 3 58 47 |
| Ariel | 7 22 20 | 4 07 20 | 4 06 40 |
| Brenda | Not timed. | | |
| Kelpie | Not timed. | | |

Next day Lenore joined Zelma and Vreda for the sail home with a moderate S.W. wind. Vedette took the ground near Long Branch, but was finally hauled off by the steam yacht Electric.

## Lake Champlain Y. C., Aug. 23-24.

BURLINGTON, VT.—LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE house of the Lake Champlain Y. C. at Burlington, Vt., one of the handsomest club houses on fresh water, was gaily decorated on Aug. 23, the occasion being the annual regatta of the club, one of the events of the summer on Lake Champlain. The club is noted from Albany to Montreal for its hospitality, and many visiting steam yachts were present, bringing yachtsmen to witness the races and take part in the grand ball of the evening. The programme of events was as follows:

I. First race, open to all sailing yachts of 33ft. and upward. First prize, silver cup; second, silver cup.

II. Second race, open to all yachts of 20ft. and less than 33ft. First prize, silver cup: second, silver cup.

III. Third race, open to all yachts under 20ft. First prize, silver cup; second, silver cup.

IV. Fourth race, for the "ladies' cup," value $500, open to all yachts whose owners are members of the club.

V. Canoe sailing race, to be sailed under the rules, regulations and supervision of the American Canoe Association. First prize, silver cup; second, silver cup.

VI. Canoe paddling race, to be contested under the rules, regulations and supervision of the American Canoe Association. First prize, silver cup; second, silver cup.

VII. Seventh race, open to all steam yachts and naphtha launches under 50ft. waterline, to be steamed for under the Isherwood rules, distance 6¼ miles, the course to be covered in 1½ hours, and three launches to start or no race. First prize, silver cup; second, silver cup.

VIII. Rowing race, single scull or rowing boats—no outriggers allowed. First prize, $5; second, $3.

IX. Tub race, First prize, $3; second, $2.

The weather of Tuesday was poorly fitting for yacht racing, being warm with hardly a draft of wind over the still surface of the lake, but the first race was started at 11 A. M. and the second a little later. The yachts sailed slowly out the harbor and well into the lake, and then lay idly drifting before the eyes of the guests who crowded the wide piazzas of the club house. The Lake Champlain Y. C. has both this year and last offered most liberal prizes to the canoeists camping opposite on Willsborough Point, and though this year there were few competitors, owing to the rapid breaking up of the camp after the finish of the races, those canoeists who attended the regatta did their best to amuse the spectators during the calm, in four races which are described in another column.

After a spirited paddling race a steam yacht race was started, being won by the Sibyl, of Plattsburg, after which followed a rowing race in service boats, won by F. Gokey, with Edwin Conley second. A tub race afforded the usual amount of amusement to the spectators. The sailing yachts were finally compelled to give up, the wind declining to aid them. A canoe sailing race was started when a light breeze came in after lunch time, but it, too, was a failure, though the other canoe races that followed were more successful.

In the evening the Howard Opera House orchestra was present, playing for a promenade concert from 8 to 9 o'clock, the rest of the night being devoted to the annual ball, a very brilliant affair.

Wednesday was more favorable for racing than Tuesday had been in spite of a hard rain in the early morning, and three of the postponed races were sailed, as follows:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Length. | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gleam, W. T. Foote | 28.00 | 9 41 20 | 10 52 40 | 1 11 25 |
| Undine, J. S. De Selding | 26.00 | 9 40 45 | 10 48 50 | 1 08 05 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alpha, G. Witherbee | 21.02 | 9 40 05 | 10 51 01 | 1 10 56 |
| Cute, F. Butterfield | 21.04 | 9 40 45 | Did not finish. | |
| Gypsie, H. L. Bingham | 18.00 | 9 45 15 | 11 05 03 | 1 20 08 |
| Lulu, John Merriam | 14.06 | 9 40 40 | Did not finish. | |

LADIES' CHALLENGE CUP.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nautilus, H. Hickok | 49.02 | 11 26 15 | 12 52 17 | 1 26 02 |
| Gleam, W. F. Foote | 28.00 | 11 27 01 | 1 27 00 | 2 00 01 |

Winners: Second class, Undine, Gleam; third class, Alpha, Gypsie; ladies' challenge cup, Nautilus.

Regatta committee—L. C. Grant, A. C. Whiting, A. Adsit, J. G. Hincus. Judges—A. C. Tuttle, A. G. Whittemore, T. G. Buddington.

## Horseshoe Harbor Club, Sept. 3-5.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Club, of Larchmont, celebrated Saturday and Monday by two races, the first for naphtha launches and the second for sailing yachts.

The naphtha launch race, on Saturday, was open to all launches operated by naphtha vapor, steam launches being excluded. The classes were 30ft. l. w. l. and over, 23 to 30ft. and under 23ft.; a first prize of a $50 cup and a second of a $25 cup in each class, with a $50 cup offered by Mr. Clement Gould for the best corrected time.

The allowances were on size and power together, 3s. per foot of l.w.l. and 10s. per H. P. per nautical mile. The course was a 3 mile triangle off Larchmont, 3 rounds, 9 nautical miles. The classes were started at 8m. intervals. The times were: class A, Satan, corrected time 1h. 4m. 32s. Daisy second, corrected time 1h. 7m. 5s. Class B, Kraken, corrected time 59m. 18s. The Wake second, corrected time 1h. 1m. 9s. Class C, Susie, corrected 1h. 1m. 54s. Olive second, corrected time 1h. 4m. 53s. Kraken won the Gould cup.

The regatta committee included Messrs. Pierre Noel L. H. Spence, John Neilson and W. A. Beddoe.

Monday's race had 18 starters, the course being around Execution Reef and Constable Point Buoys. The wind was strong S. W., with some sea. The times were:

CLASS I.—SLOOPS, YAWL RIGGED.

| | Corrected. |
|---|---|
| Kwasind, Oliver Adams | 1 23 16 |
| Rajah, H. W. Eaton | 1 24 40 |

CLASS A—SLOOPS NOT OVER 30FT.

| | |
|---|---|
| White Wings, J. N. Spalding | 1 46 19 |
| Laureame, Rufus King | 2 05 36 |
| Nora, G. M. Barretto | Withdrew. |
| Brenda, F. M. Scott | Withdrew. |

CLASS B—CABIN CATBOATS NOT OVER 25FT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Elfin, F. E. Towle | 1 29 29 |
| Wonder, E. W. Wales | 1 33 52 |
| Ray, W. Thomas | Withdrew. |

CLASS C—OPEN CATBOATS NOT OVER 21FT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fairy, F. E. Towle, Jr. | 1 32 52 |
| Phyllis, F. B. Jones | Withdrew. |

CLASS D—OPEN CATBOATS NOT OVER 19FT.

| | |
|---|---|
| It, Sedgwick | 1 45 04 |
| Spindrift, Locket | 1 45 33½ |
| Ione, Andresen | 1 46 03 |
| Sunshine, Bishoprick | 1 55 04½ |
| Caprice, Bird | 1 56 11½ |
| Lark, Eddy | 2 08 16½ |
| Skip, Moon | 2 16 05½ |

## Corinthian Y. C. Sept. 3.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETS BAY.

The Corinthian Y. C. sailed its 68th regatta, the 3d championship with a special handicap for cruisers, on Saturday in a strong southeast wind. The times being:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Susie, W. W. Keith | 4 11 48 | 2 01 48 | 1 59 48 |
| Ione, J. S. Poyen | 4 48 40 | 2 38 40 | 2 38 40 |

THIRD CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freak, J. B. Paine | 4 07 13 | 1 52 13 | 1 52 13 |
| Reaper, H. P. Benson | 4 14 24 | 1 59 23 | 1 57 09 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 3 50 58 | 1 30 58 | 1 30 38 |
| Typhoon, J. I. Taylor | Disabled. | | |

CLASS A.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kelpie, Wm. Bassett, Jr. | 3 55 40 | 1 30 40 | 1 18 40 |
| Orinda, W. H. Winslow | 3 51 44 | 1 26 44 | 1 26 44 |
| Lorita, I. L. Butler | 4 04 59 | 1 39 59 | 1 30 59 |
| Modoc, A. P. Loring | 4 09 40 | 1 44 40 | 1 32 40 |

CLASS B.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bob, E. Harding | 4 08 10 | 1 38 10 | 1 25 10 |
| Oimara, D. C. Holden, Jr. | 4 11 10 | 1 40 10 | 1 25 10 |
| Jane, C. W. Parker | 4 08 41 | 1 36 41 | 1 26 41 |
| Nancy, H. Taggard | 4 07 00 | 1 37 00 | 1 27 00 |
| Bath Bun, Jordan | 4 15 20 | 1 45 20 | 1 29 20 |
| Kraken, P. Chase | 4 03 58 | 1 33 58 | 1 33 58 |
| Tadpole, W. Waterhouse | Disabled. | | |

Susie won in her class, Freak in hers, and Koorali in hers. Orinda led the cruiser class, but Kelpie beat her on handicap. Bob and Oimara tied in the smaller class. The judges were Messrs. Daniel Appleton and G. W. Mansfield.

## Rockaway Beach Yachts.

ON Aug. 28 a race was sailed off Rockaway Beach, Long Island, in a strong N. W. wind, the times being:

CLASS A—SLOOPS BETWEEN 25 AND 35FT.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Princey | 2 05 05 | 2 05 05 |
| Agate | 2 09 28 | 2 09 28 |
| Carrie | 2 14 00 | 2 14 00 |
| Arthur W | 2 04 46 | 2 04 46 |

CLASS B—CATS BETWEEN 20 AND 25FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Marquis | 2 15 05 | 2 11 05 |
| Duchess | 2 19 05 | 2 19 35 |
| Anna A | 2 14 30 | 2 15 00 |
| P. D. Q | 2 09 28 | 2 09 00 |
| Come Along | 2 11 35 | 2 10 00 |

CLASS C—FLAT-BOTTOMED SKIFFS UNDER 20FT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lottie C | 2 16 35 | 2 16 35 |
| Kat | 2 19 43 | 2 11 40 |

Skid, Lily and Our Own capsized. The prizes were as follows: Class A $100, Class B $75, Class C $50. The judges were Messrs. Jas. Daly, John Cunningham, and Edward McAvoy.

## Hull Corinthian Y. C., Sept. 3.

HULL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE open regatta of the Hull Corinthian Y. C. on Saturday was sailed in a light S.W. Breeze, the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alpha | 3 15 00 | 4 47 18 | 1 32 18 | 1 11 59 |
| Exile | 3 15 00 | 4 50 03 | 1 35 03 | 1 16 42 |
| Romance | 3 15 00 | 3 52 04 | 1 37 04 | 1 18 09 |
| Vanessa | 3 15 00 | 4 54 24 | 1 39 29 | 1 19 29 |
| Asp | 3 15 00 | 4 57 39 | 1 42 33 | Not meas. |

First prize, Alpha, $20; second, Exile, $15; third, Romance, $10.

The judges were Com. H. O. Stetson, Messrs. G. W. Bouve, C. V. Souther and F. H. Smith, Jr.

## New York Yacht Racing Association, Sept. 5

NEW YORK—NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE fourth annual regatta of the New York Y. R. A., sailed on Monday, was a success from start to finish, the weather being favorable and all the arrangements as nearly perfect as it is possible to have them, the fleet of 102 starters being handled without the least delay or confusion. The officers have profited by past experience, and this year all superfluous judges, referees and other useless appendages of the average regatta were dispensed with, the entire work and responsibility being assumed by the regatta committee, Messrs. George E. Gartland, Wm. Cagger and Chas. E. Simms, Jr. As these three gentleman were old hands and thoroughly competent, everything ran smoothly. The entry list included 155 yachts, but as usual, a number entered with no intention of starting, though a very large fleet, 102 yachts, crossed the starting line off Bedloe's Island.

The courses were:

Course 1—For Classes A, B, C, D, E and F.—From the starting line around Red Nun Buoy No. 12 (Perch and Ball) and return, 27 statute miles.

Course 2—For Classes G, H, 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7.—From the starting line around Swash Channel (red) Bell Buoy and return, 21 statute miles.

Course 3—Classes 3, 5, 8 and 9.—From the starting line around Black Buoy No. 9 and return, 15 statute miles.

Course 4—Class 10.—From starting line around Black Buoy No. 11 and return, 12 statute miles.

All turning buoys to be left to port.

Monday was clear and warm, with a moderate S.E. breeze and a roll to the sea in the Lower Bay. The tide was ebb during the morning, aiding the fleet down and up. The start was made at 11:50, the fleet starting in three divisions, with intervals of 10 minutes. The course was to windward and return, the times being:

CLASS A—COURSE I.—SCHOONERS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Florida, Com. A. J. Prime | 75.00 | 3 52 41 | 3 34 00 |
| Beatrice, Geo. F. Shaver | 48.06 | 5 12 41 | 4 30 01 |
| Edith, 1, Geo. W. Poucher | 43.11 | 5 13 29 | 4 57 00 |

CLASS C—COURSE II.—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 53FT. AND OVER 45FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dolphin, 1, Com. H. F. Allen | 47.01 | 4 41 47 | 3 57 22 |

CLASS D—COURSE I.—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 45FT. AND OVER 38FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Avalon, L. Mittelsdorf | 42.00 | 4 46 44 | 3 55 20 |
| Ileika, E. H. Converse | 40.00 | 4 09 29 | 3 15 02 |

CLASS E—COURSE I.—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 38FT. AND OVER 32FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Minta, C. Valentine & G. Rockwood | 36.02½ | 4 25 17 | 3 24 29 |
| Carrie Van Voorhis, John H. Thorn | 34.06 | 4 22 49 | 3 18 46 |
| Nautilus, Pringle & Haskins | 34.00 | 4 26 02 | 3 21 00 |
| Lottie, John E. Dewey | 33.06 | 4 33 56 | 3 27 55 |
| Emma and Alice, D. McGlynn | 32.08 | Did not finish. | |
| Charles Welde, Wm. A. Boist | 32.06 | 4 52 15 | 3 44 12 |
| Fair Wind, John G. Meehan | 32.06 | Did not finish. | |

CLASS F—COURSE I—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Seabolt, W. P. Willis | 31.01 | 4 22 40 | 3 11 36 |
| Forsyth, A. F. Rowe | 30.00½ | 4 28 12 | 3 13 51 |
| Henry Ward Beecher, Bevers & Tompkins | 30.00 | 4 28 07 | 3 14 35 |
| Pavonia, Ben. J Soper | 27.06 | 5 11 58 | 3 52 19 |

CLASS G—COURSE II.—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 27FT. AND UNDER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Zulu, Fraser and Willey | 26.11 | 3 54 32 | 2 51 09 |
| Soutter Johnnie, A. McInness | 26.08 | 3 56 05 | 2 52 23 |
| Vixen I., Louis Wander | 26.06 | 3 45 40 | 2 41 37 |
| Sophia, Robert McAdam | 26.03 | Did not finish. | |
| Christine, Smith and Chester | 25.06 | Did not finish. | |
| Wahneta, Frank A. Perret | 25.05 | 3 44 23 | 2 37 59 |
| Millie, Com. C. H. Benson | 25.03 | 3 45 32 | 2 38 45 |
| Mary I., John W. Bolen | 25.00 | Did not finish. | |
| Lurline, Bertram Barnett | 25.00 | 3 52 45 | 2 45 24 |
| Ida, Frank J. McCarthy | 23.01 | Did not finish. | |

CLASS H—COURSE II.—ALL CABIN YAWL-RIGGED YACHTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Seneca, J. P. Tribken | 35.06 | Did not finish. | |
| Bessie, Garrett Van Horne | 30.00 | 3 34 20 | 2 37 08 |

CLASS 1—COURSE II.—OPEN SLOOPS, 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Charm I., Ketcham and Campbell | 28.04 | 3 25 01 | 2 24 42 |
| Eaglewing, Scott and Burlton | 27.10 | 3 47 02 | 2 45 44 |
| Lizzie L., Henry Stinemire | 27.06 | Did not finish. | |

CLASS 2—COURSE II.—OPEN SLOOPS, 27FT. AND OVER 23FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lizzie F., M. Flynn | 26.06 | Did not finish. | |
| J. T. Coriett, Conrad Rothmal | 26.03½ | 3 26 24 | 2 21 55 |
| J. A. Cameron, J. J. McCarthy | 26.03 | 3 34 00 | 2 29 25 |
| C. J. Moore, Treadwell and Sweeney | 25.02½ | Did not go course. | |
| Clara S., J. W. Stilger, Jr. | 24.04 | Did not go course. | |
| Our Own, Wm. H. Vreeland | 24.00 | Did not finish. | |
| Alice, John Cottler | 24.00 | 3 54 10 | 2 44 26 |

CLASS 3—COURSE III.—OPEN SLOOPS, 23FT. AND UNDER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| I Thought So, J. Clifford | 22.00 | 2 53 05 | 1 49 46 |
| Mosquito, F. H. Helger | 19.11½ | 2 49 33 | 1 51 48 |
| Emmie, Albert Chanan | 18.04 | Did not finish. | |
| Osceola, M. McGrath | 19.00 | 2 58 55 | 2 00 10 |

CLASS 4—COURSE II.—CABIN CATBOATS OVER 23FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Reliance, Wm. Schultz | 30.00 | 4 04 07 | 3 06 55 |
| Truant, Skerry & Townsend | 28.00¼ | Did not finish. | |
| Spray, John Mumm | 27.05 | 3 33 55 | 2 31 47 |
| Whileaway, R. E. Prime, Jr., and W. Prime | 27.04½ | 3 42 40 | 2 40 26 |
| Ella F., John Dickson | 27.04½ | 3 52 51 | 2 50 35 |
| Acorn, P. H. Jeannot | 26.06 | 3 29 45 | 2 25 42 |
| Henry Gray, John Ortileb & B. A. Deetjen | 26.02 | 3 35 22 | 2 30 37 |
| Nellie, M. F. Plant | 26.01 | 3 25 36 | 2 20 40 |
| Aimira, Wilmer Hanan | 26.01 | 3 37 36 | 2 32 40 |
| Water Lily, Zimmerman & Hoffman | 26.00 | 3 52 36 | 2 47 30 |
| Crescent, Cale Barker | 24.10 | Did not finish. | |
| Vixen II., C. S. Elliott | 24.04 | 4 05 33 | 2 56 38 |
| Annie J, Geo. W. James | 23.02 | 3 55 38 | 2 43 50 |

CLASS 5—COURSE III.—CABIN CATBOATS 23FT. AND UNDER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Clara R., David G. Robinson | 23.00 | 3 03 39 | 2 12 04 |
| Ripple, Fred Muller | 22.09½ | 2 53 52 | 2 01 55 |
| Juniata, Chas. F. Larzeiere | 22.04½ | 2 56 31 | 2 03 44 |
| Willie K., S. Kimberlin | 20.00 | 2 55 04 | 2 01 35 |
| Fawn, Alex. Cochrane | 22.00 | 3 11 56 | 2 18 27 |
| Oriole, L. W. Forbell | 21.02½ | Did not finish. | |
| Water Witch, F. M. Rendall | 21.00 | 2 49 48 | 1 54 19 |

CLASS 6—COURSE II.—OPEN CATBOATS, 31 FEET AND OVER 27 FEET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Henrietta, Com. A. T. Brush | 28.00 | Disqualified. | |
| Dolphin, Geo. L. Robinson | 27.09 | 3 29 41 | 2 22 31 |
| Wilmerad, Wilomer Hanan | 27.07½ | 3 25 33 | 2 33 57 |
| Elvira, Alfred L. Smith | 27.05 | 3 35 20 | 2 33 12 |

CLASS 7—COURSE II.—OPEN CATBOATS, 27 FEET AND OVER 23 FEET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Winona, James E. Grover | 24.02½ | 4 00 08 | 2 50 54 |
| Twilight, N. B. Duryea | 23.11 | 3 21 41 | 2 11 47 |
| Yankee Boy, Braisted and Mowry | 23.02 | Did not finish. | |

CLASS 8—COURSE III.—OPEN CATBOATS, 23 FEET AND OVER 20 FEET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pauline B, C. S. Raymond | 22.07½ | 2 56 41 | 1 44 24 |
| Enigma, Fred Oakes | 22.02 | 2 32 16 | 1 39 07 |
| Aurora, A. Wirsching | 22.00 | 2 35 10 | 1 41 41 |
| Nixy, Claude Berard | 22.00 | Did not finish. | |
| Lizzie B., Geo. A. Bouker | 21.11¾ | 2 33 17 | 1 39 47 |
| Colleen, P. H. McGlehan | 21.11 | 2 33 10 | 1 39 32 |
| Undine, Clinton R. James | 21.10 | 2 32 02 | 1 38 14 |
| Eureka, Durham and Reiyea | 21.09 | Did not finish. | |
| Defiance, Bormay and Lober | 21.05 | 2 30 43 | 1 36 05 |
| Sappho, George B. Lyons | 21.03 | 2 52 54 | 1 57 55 |
| B. Q., J. C. Edgerton | 20.04 | Did not finish. | |
| Siren, Com. L. F. Fischer | 20.03 | 2 37 32 | 1 40 27 |
| Torment, Wm. Hongwout | 20.01 | 2 39 28 | 1 42 02 |

CLASS 9—COURSE III.—OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. AND OVER 17FT.

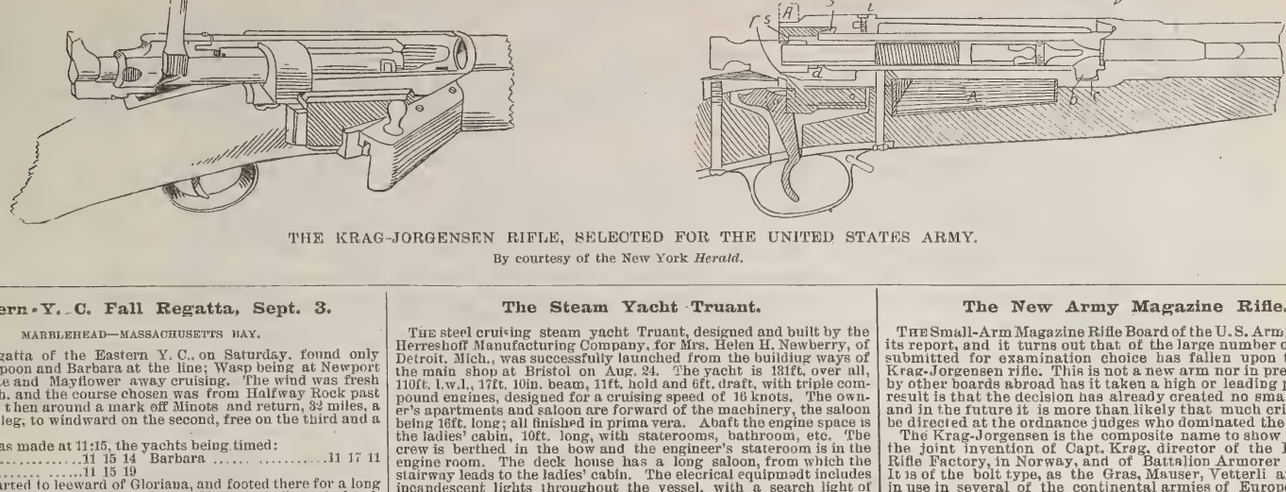
| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Emma A, Richard Greten | 19.11½ | 2 37 28 | 1 39 43 |
| H. C. Miner, D. McGlynn | 19.10½ | 2 42 22 | 1 44 31 |
| Anglesey, Lankenau Bros | 19.10 | Did not finish. | |
| Senator, Wm. Gray | 19.10 | 2 49 10 | 1 51 11 |
| Dora D., Fred Oliver | 19.09 | Did not finish. | |
| C. T. Wills, Martin Nicholas | 19.06 | 2 43 51 | 1 45 06 |
| Ges' So, Joseph Elsworth | 18.03 | 2 40 01 | 1 38 16 |
| Doctor, Dr. F. T. Barker | 18.01 | 2 45 07 | 1 42 58 |
| My Partner, C. J. Lutton | 18.01 | 3 06 51 | 2 04 42 |
| Conton, E. M. Post | 18.00 | 2 40 53 | 1 38 30 |
| Ida T., Chas. A. Passmore | 17.08 | 3 01 00 | 1 56 40 |

CLASS 10—COURSE IV.—OPEN CATBOATS, 17FT. AND UNDER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Essex, Jos. Sandford | 16.07 | 2 30 47 | 1 37 51 |
| Chip, W. E. Elsworth | 16.05 | 2 23 53 | 1 30 55 |
| Amo, Walter Smith | 16.03 | 2 32 05 | 1 38 23 |
| Gala Water, John Spavin | 16.02½ | 2 39 10 | 1 45 32 |
| Gracie, Henry Stinemire | 16.01 | 2 28 28 | 1 34 22 |
| Tough, Benj. Carr | 15.07 | 2 31 10 | 1 35 22 |

Avalon, Christine and Cameron lost their topmasts. Clara S. and C. J. Moore were disqualified for turning the wrong buoy, and Florida sailed without a number.

The fast steam yacht Yankee Doodle, originally the Buzz, was destroyed on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock, while on a shooting trip down the Delaware River. The yacht caught fire near the boiler and was totally destroyed, her owners, Messrs. William and Thomas Mc Bride, and their friends, Richard Fisher and Wm Naulty, escaping in two gunning skiffs. The Buzz was built in 1887 by C. D. Mosher, and has made a record for very fast running.



THE KRAG-JORGENSEN RIFLE, SELECTED FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

By courtesy of the New York *Herald*.

## Eastern Y. C. Fall Regatta, Sept. 3.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C., on Saturday, found only Gloriana, Harpoon and Barbara at the line; Wasp being at Newport and Marguerite and Mayflower away cruising. The wind was fresh from the south, and the course chosen was from Halfway Rock past Nahant Mark, then around a mark off Minots and return, 32 miles, a reach on first leg, to windward on the second, free on the third and a reach home.

The start was made at 11:15, the yachts being timed:

Harpoon.....11 15 14 Barbara .....11 17 11
Gloriana.....11 15 19

Harpoon started to leeward of Gloriana, and footed there for a long time, both luffing out, but near the Nahant Mark she luffed out ahead, and was first around, the times being:

Harpoon.....12 10 50 Barbara.....12 13 52
Gloriana.....12 10 58

Harpoon held the port tack on passing the mark, but Gloriana went on starboard tack seaward, so she followed, Barbara going in shore on port tack. The leaders soon came about and headed on Barbara's course, leaving her shortly under their lees. Harpoon was doing better work than Gloriana to windward, and had gained on her at the outer mark, the times being:

Harpoon.....2 10 00 Barbara.....2 14 42
Gloriana.....2 11 02

Off the wind Harpoon made a big gain, while Barbara, too, gained on Gloriana, the times at Nahant being:

Harpoon.....3 29 02 Barbara.....3 36 22
Gloriana.....3 34 02

The reach in was made under clubtopsails and small jibtopsails, the three well heeled down. The times at the Rock were:

Harpoon.....4 16 31 Barbara.....4 25 22
Gloriana.....4 21 22

The full times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Harpoon | 11 15 54 | 4 16 31 | 5 01 31 | 5 01 31 |
| Gloriana | 11 15 19 | 4 21 22 | 5 06 22 | 5 05 37 |
| Barbara | 11 17 11 | 4 25 22 | 5 10 22 | 5 07 19 |

Harpoon wins $75.

The race was managed by Messrs. W. S. Eaton, Jr., P. T. Jackson and H. H. Buck, on the tug G. M. Winslow.

## Far Rockaway Y. C., Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I.—JAMAICA BAY.

THE regatta of the Far Rockaway Y. C. on Aug. 28 was sailed in a strong N.W. wind. The course was a triangle of 3½ miles, sailed three times. The times were:

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Ettie | 1 59 15 | 2 00 50 |
| Elfin | 1 50 40 | 1 56 00 |
| Delphin | 2 00 20 | 2 01 20 |
| Sea Bird | 2 00 44 | 2 01 44 |
| Punchey | Withdrew. | |
| Rush | 2 05 50 | 2 05 50 |
| Gull | Withdrew. | |
| May S. | 1 52 30 | 1 52 30 |
| Maybe | 2 10 45 | 2 10 45 |
| So Long | 2 04 10 | 2 03 10 |

May S. was the winner.

## The Rocking-Chair Fleet.

THE following clever skit appeared lately in the New York *Times*, and though it was directed specially at one of the larger New York clubs there is much in it of such general application that we re-print it for the perusal of all yachtsmen, most of whom will be able to fill out the cast from within their own clubs:

"There appeared recently on the bulletin board of the —— Yacht Club, at its club house, the following:

"'The annual meeting of the Rocking-Chair Fleet was held on the club piazza at —— at 2 A. M., June 21. The Oracle and Windjammer were unanimously re elected to their respective positions for the ensuing year. The members then repaired to the flagship, and the club pennant was promptly half-masted with the usual honors. The club then adjourned.'

"This notice appeared one morning, and as soon as it was discovered there was a sensation in the handsome club house. When the yachtsmen went out on the piazza to take a look at things their curiosity was greatly enhanced by the sight of a Long Island Sound brick sloop at anchor in the pretty harbor close to shore. No one was aboard the craft, but that somebody had been aboard was made evident by one of the big rocking chairs that belonged on the piazza being lashed to the mast half way up to the masthead.

"That the job had not been done by a land lubber was evident. Whoever hoisted the chair with halyards had shinned up the mast, fastened the halyards above the chair, and returned to the deck by the shrouds. There was no way to get the rocking chair down except by shinning up the mast, and the ropes were tied in so many knots that it took over an hour for a sailor to lower the colors of the Rocking-Chair Fleet.

"It was hard telling at first what was in the wind, but it finally dawned on the minds of several club house fixtures that fun was being poked at them.

"Every yacht club has in its membership list a set of jolly old chaps who have lots of sport about the club house on race days and then tell you all about it when you come ashore. The —— club probably has the jolliest set of all. One rarely goes up to the club house without seeing a portion of what is now known as the Rocking-Chair Fleet holding down comfortable chairs and making itself generally cheerful.

"It is not known generally who sprung the 'fleet' upon the club, but suspicion points to a well known Wall street broker. The writing on the bulletin board looked very much like the writing of this yachtsman, and there was a great similarity between it and that of another notice which appeared a few days after the first. The second was as follows:

"'There is trouble in the Rocking Chair Fleet and extreme danger of its being hopelessly wrecked. The Oracle, upon calling the regular weekly meeting to order at the usual time (2 A. M.), stated that owing to the growth and importance of the organization it was absolutely necessary in order to properly conduct its business that a new office should be added, that of Know-it-all, and that he would offer that suggestion in the shape of a motion. It was promptly seconded, and upon being put by the Oracle unanimously adopted. The Chair then stated that nominations were in order, and that from his long and varied experience with the Rocking Chair Fleet he felt himself to be pre-eminently fitted to fill the position. He had no hesitation in nominating himself for the position.

"'Then followed a time. Wind Jammer was upon his feet in an instant and declared that his long standing and well-established familiarity with B. & S spinakers, as well as his knowledge of tank topsails, made him the only man who should be entitled to the position of Know-it-all.

"'At this juncture up jumped Hardtack, who said he had been rocking with the fleet long enough to be recognized. "I can rock with any of you, and rye, too, for that matter," said Hardtack, earnestly. "and if you don't ante up that position I'll call myself out of the fleet."

"'Here was a pretty mess. It was after 3 A. M. when the meeting adjourned, to come together again at the call of the Oracle. The Know-it-all matter was put down under the head of "unfinished business," and will soon be taken up.'"

## The Steam Yacht Truant.

THE steel cruising steam yacht Truant, designed and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, for Mrs. Helen H. Newberry, of Detroit, Mich., was successfully launched from the building ways of the main shop at Bristol on Aug. 24. The yacht is 131ft. over all, 110ft. l.w.l., 17ft. 10in. beam, 11ft. hold and 6ft. draft, with triple compound engines, designed for a cruising speed of 16 knots. The owner's apartments and saloon are forward of the machinery, the saloon being 16ft. long; all finished in prima vera. Abaft the engine space is the ladies' cabin, 10ft. long, with staterooms, bathroom, etc. The crew is berthed in the bow and the engineer's stateroom is in the engine room. The deck house has a long saloon, from which the stairway leads to the ladies' cabin. The electrical equipmadt includes incandescent lights throughout the vessel, with a search light of 20,000 candle power. The deck work is of manogany. The yacht was christened Truant by Miss Newberry. She will probably leave Bristol this week for the Lakes, by way of the St. Lawrence, her home port being Detroit.

## Hull Y. C., Aug. 31.

NAHANT—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE special race of the Hull Y. C. for the 21ft. class on Aug. 31 was sailed in a fresh southerly wind, the course being around the Winthrop Bar Buoy and Graves Whistling Buoy, start and finish off Nahant, 10 miles. The times were:

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Alpha, Dunne & Hunt | 1 34 33 | 1 00 40 |
| Exile, J. F. Small | 1 38 28 | 1 07 53 |
| Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr. | 1 39 52 | 1 06 57 |
| Reaper, H. P. Benson | 1 44 38 | 1 11 26 |
| Romance, Loring Sears | 1 47 44 | 1 16 12 |
| R. D., James McIntyre | 1 53 46 | 1 22 04 |
| Korben, E. M. Horton | 1 54 24 | 1 20 49 |
| Yankee Maid, E. P. Stanley | 1 57 08 | 1 22 08 |

Alpha wins $80, Vanessa $50, Exile $35, Reaper $25 and Romance $10.

The judges were: James R. Chadwick, Com. J. Souther, Com. John Sietson, of the Boston Y. C., and W. E. Sheriffs.

Freak was present with number up, but did not start.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

THE autumn sweepstakes of the New York Y. C. will be sailed on Sept. 15, over a triangular course, ten miles to a leg, outside of Sandy Hook. Time limit, seven hours; but if the race is not finished within the time it will be started on the following day without time limit. The start will be made at 10:30 A. M. wind and weather permitting. Opened June 1 to class 3 (80 to 90ft. l.w.l.) of schooners belonging to the club and closed, according to notice, Aug. 5, with the following entries: Algea, Alert, Iroquois, Lasca and Marguerite. Entries $200 each with half forfeit. If only two start the winner will take the stakes. If three or more start the second will save her entrance money. The club adds a $500 cup for the winner if two or more start, and a $150 cup for the second if three or more start. The Ocean King or other seagoing tug will be the committee boat and will leave Pier No. 3, East River, at 8 A. M. punctually. Members can obtain tickets, $2 each, including lunch and limited to 75 in number, from the superintendent at the club house. Guests' tickets, at the same price, will be issued after Sept. 10 if any regular tickets remain over. Regatta committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, Irving Grinnell.

Sorceress, sloop, James Clifford, was run down while at anchor off College Point by the tug Thomas Smith, with a tow of barges. The yacht lost her mast, bowsprit and all of rail, while her bows were stove in.

Sybil, sloop, Ervin Hopkins, Jr., was dismasted near Whitestone on Monday, also losing her bowsprir. A tug towed her into Whitestone.

*Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $10. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.*

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Revolver Scores.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—The following are the scores of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, Washington Park, Saturday Aug 27, 50 shots per man, 50yds.:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H Oehl | | | | | | | | | | | 70 87 82 87 76—402 |
| G E Jantzer | | | | | | | | | | | 81 79 86 80 79—402 |
| C Bishop | | | | | | | | | | | 86 76 81 71 80—394 |
| Scores of Sept. 3: | | | | | | | | | | | |
| G E Jantzer | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 7 | —82 |
| | 10 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 8 | —87 |
| | 10 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 9 | —87 |
| | 8 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 9 | —86 |
| | 9 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 8 | —77—419 |
| G L Hoffman | 7 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 9 | —85 |
| | 10 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 9 | —84 |
| | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 10 | —88 |
| | 8 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 9 | —83 |
| | 7 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 7 | —77—417 |
| C Bishop | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 19 | —76 |
| | 7 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 7 | —77 |
| | 7 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 7 | —81 |
| | 9 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 9 | —88 |
| | 8 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 7 | —81—403 |
| Henry Oehl | 9 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 6 | —76 |
| | 9 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 7 | —82 |
| | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 7 | —75 |
| | 6 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 7 | —78 |
| | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 9 | —82—394 |
| J F Schultheis | 6 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 7 | —70 |
| | 6 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 2 | 7 | 6 | 8 | —63—133 |

All used .44 S. & W. except Mr. Hoffman who used .38-44.

## Lischke Rifle Scores.

JERSEY CITY, Sept. 2.—The following scores were made by some of the members of the A. Lischke Rifle Club, 17 Milton avenue, at their last shoot, Aug. 26:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Lischke | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 21 | —228 |
| Scharli | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 20 | 19 | —225 |
| Schulte | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 19 | 19 | —219 |
| Steidel | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 19 | —218 |
| Strater | 25 | 25 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 17 | 17 | 17 | —209 |

## The New Army Magazine Rifle.

THE Small-Arm Magazine Rifle Board of the U. S. Army has made its report, and it turns out that of the large number of weapons submitted for examination choice has fallen upon the Danish Krag-Jorgensen rifle. This is not a new arm nor in previous tests by other boards abroad has it taken a high or leading place. The result is that the decision has already created no small surprise, and in the future it is more than likely that much criticism will be directed at the ordnance judges who dominated the board.

The Krag-Jorgensen is the composite name to show that it was the joint invention of Capt. Krag, director of the Konigsberg Rifle Factory, in Norway, and of Battalion Armorer Jorgensen. It is of the bolt type, as the Gras, Mauser, Vetterli and Berdan, in use in several of the continental armies of Europe. It has a capacity for five cartridges in the receiver, this receiver hugs the lower side of the breech mechanism, the latch door in which the cartridges are fed being on the right-hand side, while the loads enter the breech block from the left side. The shells are of the bottle-neck variety, and in the tests were from a lot of 100,000 made specially for the tests of this board. They were loaded with a nitro compound from the Wetterlin Armory, in Belgium, and use 35grs. of this powder behind a 230gr. bullet, 9 lead to 1 tin, and cased in a copper jacket. When made up the new cartridge is longer than the present Government cartridge, and in weight 100 of the old just balance 175 of the new.

The new Krag-Jorgensen arm (and the sooner it gets a new name the better) is not a light arm; it weighs 9.4 pounds and is, without bayonet, 4.35 feet. It has six grooves with a full twist in 11.8 inches. With the bayonet set the total length is 5.21 feet. The first impression on seeing the weapon is not a favorable one to old gun lovers. It looks clumsy and thick about the barrel, and the magazine looks out of proportion to the mass of the arm. This thickness of the barrel comes from the sleeve of thin steel in which the real barrel is inclosed. The idea of this is to prevent over-heating the handling part in rapid firing and to leave the true barrel free to expand and contract unhampered by any binding wood or bands, etc. The sights are attached to the steel sleeve, there being a low fore-sight for short range and another for long distance. The sleeve is attached to the barrel at the rear end, but the muzzle is left free to move at varying temperatures.

The bolt in the selected arm is a cylindrical tube sliding in the receiver. It is pierced for the firing pin and one side projects to form a locking lug when pushed home and the lever turned down. When drawn back there is another lug to check the motion and fasten it open. There is this single motion, which operates the extractor, flinging the empty shell out to the right while another shell is admitted to the left, the last part of the pull-back sets the firing-pin spring, and the trigger is then set ready for a discharge, a small thumb-piece on the magazine top enables the cartridge in the magazine to be retained there and the arm becomes at once a single loader, taking the cartridge from the top in very similar fashion to the present Springfield. The magazine may be charged to its capacity when partially empty, and it may be readily emptied without firing. It was this ready adaptability of the arm which probably won the favor of the ordnance men on the board. It is also reported that the weapon passed through the dust and rust proof successfully.

Really the choice of a new magazine arm for the U. S. Army is going forward in a sort of installment plan. The two important points of a powder and a caliber are still in abeyance. No American has yet offered a competent high velocity, compact, enduring powder, and on the caliber question there are varying opinions on every hundredth of an inch from a quarter to a half inch. The Krag-Jorgensen is now a .315cal. arm, and it is likely that the new U. S. weapons will be of that size bore.

At present a majority of the nations of Europe, etc., have adopted a magazine arm, as the following list will show:

| Nation. | Arm. | Cal. | Sighted to. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Austria. | Mannlicher. | .315 | 2,125 yds. |
| Bulgaria. | Mannlicher. | .315 | 2,125 yds. |
| England. | Lee-Metford. | .303 | 3,500 yds. |
| France. | Lebel. | .315 | 2,187 yds. |
| Germany. | "Infantry '88." | .311 | 2 242 yds. |
| Holland. | Beaumont-Vitali. | .433 | 1,968 yds. |
| Italy. | Vetterli-Vitali. | .407 | 1,749 yds. |
| Japan. | Murata. | .312 | 2,187 yds. |
| Portugal. | Kropatschek. | .315 | 2,400 yds. |
| Switzerland. | Schmidt-Rubin '89, | .295 | 2,187 yds. |
| Belgium. | Mauser. | .301 | ..... |
| China, | Lee. | .433 | ..... |
| Denmark. | Kray-Jorgensen. | .315 | ..... |
| Turkey. | New Mauser. | .301 | ..... |

The single-loader weapons in use are: Egypt and Roumania with the "Martini-Henry" .45cal. sighted to 1,460yds.; Greece, the "Gras" .433cal. sighted to 1,300yds.; Spain, the "Remington" .433cal. sighted to 1,190yds.; Servia, the "Koka-Mauser" .395cal. In France the Lebel is being replaced by the Berthier for use in the navy, and the new arm outside of France is to be made by the Hotchkiss Company.

## Garden City Rifle Team.

THE Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, Aug. 30, at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halsted street, Chicago. Conditions were 25yds., 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target, possible 300 points:

W J Gibbs.....267 G O Misja.....257 E A Pierce.....252
H B Burley.....262 John Polites.....256 F Erickson.....250
Mrs L Thornton..260 Roy Taylor.....254

After the regular shoot a sweepstake was shot for and won by Mr. Misja, making a score of 111 out of possible 120. B.

## New York State Matches.

GEN. R. M. WHITLOCK announces the postponement of the State and First and Second Brigade matches from Sept. 3 to Sept. 28. For the latter date Gov. Flower has announced his intention of being present. The reason for the postponement was to give a chance for practice after the Buffalo campaign.

## Fond du Lac.

FOND DU LAC, Sept. 3.—Below are scores of the Fond du Lac Gun Club's regular shoot to-day, 25 bluerocks, high wind blowing across traps: S. B. Amory 21, Laut Lewis 19, F. L. McLain 15, A. R. Keating 14. Small attendance out, as the boys have not got over the opening of duck season at the Horicon Shooting Club. The water was high and ducks plenty, but somehow the strings of ducks were not as large as formerly. There were over fifty shooters at the club house at Horicon Marsh. A. R. K.

## A Labor Day Feat.

NORWICH, Conn., Sept. 6.—Quite a good-sized crowd on Labor Day witnessed the attempt of F. J. Smith to break the 1,000-ball record with a rifle. Mr. Smith used a Colt's repeating rifle and scored 931, this being better than Dr. Booth's score of 979, shot in Ohio in 1884. FRANK STERRY.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

## FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Sept. 13-15.—Sangamond Valley Gun Club tournament, at Chandlerville, Ill.
Sept. 14.—New Jersey Trap Shooter's League, ninth monthly team shoot, at Harrison, N. J.
Sept. 14-15.—West Side Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester, Ind.
Sept. 15.—East Liverpool (Ohio) Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 15-16.—Vienna (Ill.) Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 20-21.—Auburn Interstate Tournament.
Sept. 20 23.—Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club, annual tournament.
Sept. 23.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament. L. C. Platt, Jr., Treas.
Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Sept. 28-29.—Womelsdorf (Pa.) tournament.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 5-6.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.
Oct. 4-7.—Chas. Polster's tournament, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Eastern New York League kingbird tournament, with Cruttendens & Cords new trap and pull, at Canajoharie, N. Y. T. C. Pegnim, Sec'y.
Oct. 13-15.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.
May 23-25, 1893.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. Penrose writes us from New London, Conn., Sept. 5: "All the tournament fixtures of the association have been shipped to-day to Auburn, N. Y. Programmes are now being distributed, and every event on the programme will be shot out. The Home Club are making great preparations for this shoot, and we are positive that it will be one of the most successful interstate shoots of the season. There will be plenty of traps on hand, and if it is the pleasure of the attending sportsmen extra events will be shot under the popular novelty rule. In shooting this rule will be no handicap; every one will shoot on an equal footing."

The East Orange Gun Club has made great preparatians for the eighth monthly team contest of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, to take place on the club's grounds in Harrison, N. J., on Sept 14. The East Orange Gun Club, with its characteristic enterprise, will give an all day tournament in connection with the league contest. The grounds are situated within easy reach of the Harrison depots of the Pennsylvania and the D., L. & W. railroads, and can be reached from Newark via the Newark and Harrison horse car line. The traps will be in position at 8:30 A. M., and the team shoot will begin at 2 P. M.

A good plan for the World's Fair shoot is that suggested in E. Hough's letter last week. Let the eastern shooters begin to pour contributions into the fund. FOREST AND STREAM will receive any money that shooters wish to contribute.

The Harrison (N. J.) Gun Club has appointed Thomas Grogan, George Wild, William Fein and Charles Vanbeck a committee to arrange for the club's annual clam bake.

Programmes for the Sangamon Valley Gun Club tournament to be held at Chandlerville, Ill., Sept. 13-15, may be procured from S. C. Fielden, Chandlerville, Ill.

The West Side Sportsmen's Association will hold its tournament at Rochester, Ind., on Sept. 14 and 15, and has published a very attractive programme.

A pretty fight was the one between Wolstencroft and Post for the Peters trophy. And the "Jersey Farmer" gave the Frankford favorite a good pace to beat.

Don't forget the Interstate at Auburn on Sept. 20-21. Kingbird targets will be used, and "Crutty" will be there. So will the Big Four.

Schultze and Francotte, manipulated by Ferd. Van Dyke, were too much for Wolstencroft and Edgerton during the diamond ring contest.

When will the Western team's score of 147 breaks out of 150 targets shot at be approached? And echo answers "When?"

The Essex Gun Club will hold its monthly live bird shoot on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds, on Thursday.

What a team Jersey would have had if Riggot, J. L. and J. W. Smith and Brantingham had materialized.

Trap-shooters are beginning to assert that "black powder men" should shoot in squads by themselves.

Targets on the first day and live birds on the second day at the tournament in Womelsdorf, Pa., Sept. 28-29.

The White Plains Gun Club will have a tournament at their grounds in White Plains, N. Y., Friday, Sept. 23.

Several visitors to New London were treated to rides on Messrs. Penrose and Cady's yachts.

Milt Lindsley should have had his wood-powder-Des-chree-shos-kakazzoo hand at New London.

Gus. Greiff held up a winning average with E. C. powder on the first at New London.

H. A. Penrose was so full of hustle at New York that he had no chance to shoot.

"Dutchy" Smith left a sick bed to shoot on the Jersey team at New London.

Saratoga, Sept. 20 to 23 inclusive, will draw a big crowd of shooters.

The news-gatherers were well looked after at the Keystone shoot.

John Erb intends to keep a big supply of good birds this season.

Apgar and Collins were a little off their form at New London.

Wm. Wagner, of Washington, D. C., was in town last week.

We will have a World's Fair shoot after all.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### Hartner's Fourth.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 31.—J. A. Hartner's fourth live bird and target shooting at Beagles, Md., was attended by J. Fitzpatrick, from Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. Ducker, Chas. Bonday and J. Hunt, from Weislerstown; R. Bond, from Jessups; Franklin and Dr. H. Smith, of Baltimore, and others:

No. 1, 10 standard Keystones, $1.20 entrance: Bonday 10, Hunt 9, Dr. Smith 8, Ducker 7, Franklin 7, Stevans 9, Jones 8, Dr. Lawder 7, Fitzpatrick 6, Frick 6, Hughes 8.

No. 2, 3 live birds, $2.75, two moneys: Ducker 2, Bonday 3, Hunt 3, Dr. Smith 3, Dock 2.

No. 3, 15 standard Keystone $1.50: Franklin 10, Bonday 12, Ducker 13, Stevans 10, Dukhardt 3, Hunt 10.

No. 4, 10 Keystone targets: Bonday 9, Hunt 9, Stevans 9, Ducker 8, Franklin 9, King 6, Dock 7, Jones 8, T. Hughes 8, Dukhardt 6.

No. 5, 4 live birds, $3 entrance, two moneys: Bonday 4, Stevans 4, Franklin 4, Ducker 3, Hunt 4, Dr. Smith 4, Jones 3, Dukhardt 2.

No. 6, 15 standard Keystones, $1.50: Bonday 15, Hunt 13, Franklin 11, Stevans 11, Ducker 13, Jones 12, Hughes 11, Dukhardt 10, Dock 10, Sanders 8, Spitznagle 5.

No. 7, 3 live birds, $2.75: Ducker 3, Stevans 2, Franklin 3, Hunt 3, Jones 3, Dr. Smith 2, Dukhardt 1, Bonday 2.

No. 8, 10 standard Keystones: Bonday 7, Dr. Smith 8, Hunt 10, Ducker 5, Jones 7, Stevans 6, Hughes 7, Dock 6

No. 9, 4 live birds, $3 entrance: Ducker 4, Bond 4, Stevans 3, Jones 3, Malone 3.

No. 10, 10 standard Keystones: Ducker 8, Malone 6, Bond 10, Linday 4, Stevans 7, Jones 8.

No. 11, 3 live birds, $2.75 entrance: Stevans 2, Ducker 3, Bond 3, T. Hughes 3, B. Hughes 2.

No. 12, 15 standard Keystones: Bonday 13, Dr. Smith 12, Hunt 13, Ducker 10, Jones 11, Stevans 11.

No. 13, 3 live birds: Franklin 3, Bonday 3, Ducker 2, Stevans 2, Hunt 3, T. Hughes 3, Dukhardt 3, Schauffle 1.

No. 14, 10 standard Keystones, $1.20 entrance: Franklin 7, Bonday 7, Dr. Smith 8, Hunt 9, Ducker 6, Jones 7, Hughes 6, Stevans 8.

No. 15, 3 live birds, $3 entrance: Franklin 3, Ducker 3, Dukhardt 2, Bonday 2, Stevans 2, Jones 2, Hunt 2, Dr. Smith 3.

### Chicago and Thereabouts.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 3.—John Watson's new shooting park will be opened with a loud report next Tuesday, Sept. 6, under circumstances so auspicious as to insure for it a future full of glory. Upon that occasion there will be shot a match, "50 and fifty," between Col. J. Hall and 'Sieur R. C. "Stevens." The birds are to be selected ones.

"What kind of selected ones?" asked John Watson, when this wish was made known.

"Selected good ones," said 'Sieur "Stevens," a proud gleam of determination glittering the while in his bright, blue eye. This event is expected to draw out quite a crowd of spectators.

We understand here that Jack Winston, of St. Louis, manufacturer of the celebrated Wiener brand of shells, is daily receiving by mail large numbers of inquiries for prices on his Wienerwurst grade of hand-loaded match shells. Most of these inquiries add, "I am going to shoot a match, 'and you know I never make a mistake.'"

Mr. A. E. Thomas, of this city, was taken sick two weeks ago while on a visit to his old grounds at Kansas City, but writes that he will soon be well again, ready for the fall trap season.

Mr. A. G. Courtney, agent for the Lefever Arms Co., is billed to appear for a few evenings of next week.

Mr. Thos. L. Stevenson, of England, yesterday arrived from across the sea, and so soon as a vacancy arises in the Garfield Club he will be two Stevensons in that organization, where the new comer's father has long been domiciled.

Central Illinois Association shoot, Sept. 6 8, at Jacksonville, will draw out a strong contingent from the smaller cities and several shooters from Chicago.

The Michigan trap shooters meet at Saginaw, Mich., also on Sept. 6-8, will levy on Detroit and a good body of shooters in the South Peninsula.

St. Paul Gun Club tournament, St. Paul, Minn., has the same dates—Sept. 6-8. Thus we have three very considerable shoots in the middle West, all in one week. This is a great big country of ours, and great are the trap shooters thereof. E. HOUGH.

### Oneida County S. A.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Oneida County Shooting Association club shoot:

| | |
|---|---|
| Kallies | 1110111111111111101011111—22 |
| Smyth | 1110111101101111011111001—19 |
| Lane | 1111010011111011111111110—20 |
| Hunter | 1111101111111111111111101—23 |
| Kilbourne | 1111111111111101111111—23 |
| Knowlton | 1111111111111111111111—25 |
| Finke | 1001110111101111011001101—17 |
| Dieter | 1111110010111101011111—19 |
| Wheeler | 1110101101101110001111011—17 |
| Mizner | 1011011111111100110111110—19 |
| Mayhew | 1111111101111111111111—24 |
| Hicks | 1110111101111101111101001—19 |
| Parker | 1000001001111001110101101—13 |
| Badge shoot: | |
| Smyth | 1011111010101111111111111—21 |
| Knowlton | 1011011100111111111111101—20 |
| Kilbourne | 1111001111111111111111111—22 |
| Hunter | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |

### Great Work at New London.

THE fifth annual tournament of the Standard-Keystone Target and Trap Company, held at New London, Conn., on Aug. 30 to Sept. 2 inclusive, was one of the most successful and enjoyable affairs of the season, both as regards the attendance, management and the treatment accorded the visitors. The grounds of the company, which are also used by the New London Gun Club, are situated within view of the magnificent harbor for which this place is famous and on the placid waters of which were hundreds of steam and sailing yachts. Among these was the pretty steam yacht of H. A. Penrose, president of the Keystone Company and of the Interstate Association, and the natty-looking schooner yacht of Walter Cady, treasurer of the Keystone Company. Directly opposite the grounds on a line with Fort Trumbull were anchored three of the vessels of Uncle Sam's "White Squadron," one of them being the frigate Philadelphia and another the monitor Miantonomah.

The weather on the opening day was beautiful and the attendance good. The arrangements, which were under the personal supervision of H. A. Penrose, were simply perfection, and from start to finish not a break was made in the smooth-running of the affair.

Among those present on the opening day were: Neaf Apgar, R. H. Breintnall, Wm. Sigler, Ferd. Van Dyke, Dan Terry, E. D. Miller, E. Collins, Al Heritage, Jacob Pentz, Frank Post, Gus Greiff, M. H. Ruppell and M. F. Lindsley, all of New Jersey; W. H. Wolstencroft and Jas. Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia; O. R. Dickey, of Boston; Le Roy Woodward, of Campello, Mass.; J. B. Savage, F. J. Potter and H. O. Whitney, of New Haven; H. L. Edgerton, of Willimantic; S. A. Tucker, of Meridian; Allen Willey and C. H. Burbidge, of Hartford and Wm. Wagner, of Washington, D. C. The local shooters turned out in good force and shot strong.

The event of the day was the contest for the handsome trophy presented by the Standard Keystone Company, which was won by Geo. A. Strong, of New Haven, on 49 breaks out of 50 targets shot at. The averages for the day were won as follows:

Expert Class.—William Wolstencroft, first, 87 4-11 per cent.; Ferd. Van Dyke, second, 84 5-11 per cent.

Semi-Expert Class.—W. Cady, first, 71 per cent.; James Wolstencroft, second, 69 per cent.

Amateur Class.—F. Post, first, 96 4-11 per cent.; Gus Greiff and B. Leroy, second, 94 5-11 per cent.

Below are the scores of the day in detail:

*The First Day.*

No. 1, 10 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, entrance $1.00; No. 2, 15 singles, Interstate Association, handicap, $2.00, $40 guar.; No. 3, 10 singles, Novelty rule, no handicap, $1.50. $30 guaranteed; No. 4, 15 singles, Interstate Association, handicap, $1.50; No. 5, 20 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, $2 50, $50 guaranteed; No. 6, 10 singles, Interstate Association, handicap, $1.00; No. 7, 15 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, $2.00, $40 guaranteed; No. 8, 50 singles, trophy contest, $3.00; No. 9, 15 singles, Interstate Association, handicap, $2.00, $40 guaranteed. No. 10, 10 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, $1 00.

No. 1, 10 singles: Seigler 7, Collins 6, Dickey 7, Climax 7, Van Dyke 9, Le Roy 10, Greiff 8, Savage 10, Whitney 10, F. Potter 10, Dana 3, F. Post 8, Cady 5, M. H. R. 8, W. W. Wolstencroft 6, E. D. Miller 8, Neaf Apgar 8, Myspah 5, Edgarton 8, Strong 9, Pitt 8, Wagner 6, Davis 8, E. W. Tucker 6, Terry 8, Willey 9, Rockwell 5, Olmstead (birds) 7, Spencer (do) 7.

No. 2, 15 singles, experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Collins | 101001111011111—11 | Wagner | 111111111111101—14 |
| W Wolstenc'ft | 111111110111111—14 | Van Dyke | 011101111101111—12 |
| E D Miller | 011010111111111—12 | Myspah | 111100111010110—10 |
| Neaf Apgar | 111111101111111—14 | Edgarton | 000101101111111—11 |
| Dickey | 011111011111111—13 | | |
| Amateurs: | | | |
| Siegler | 111111101111111—14 | Davis | 111101111111111—14 |
| Edgarton | 111111111111111—15 | Le Roy | 111111111111111—15 |
| Dana | 111111111110110—13 | F Potter | 111111111111111—15 |
| Post | 111111011111111—14 | Willey | 111111001111111—13 |
| Savage | 111111111011101—13 | Climax | 001111111110011—11 |
| M H R | 110011111111111—13 | Tinker | 111011111110010—11 |
| H O Whitney | 110110010100111—9 | Spenser | 011011010111101—10 |
| Pitt | 111011010111011—12 | Olmstead | 000101011100010— 7 |
| Strong | 111111101111111—14 | Brush | 010101101111011—12 |
| Rockwell | 110111011111111—13 | Terry | 111111111111115—15 |
| Greiff | 111111111111111—15 | | |

No. 3, 10 singles: M. H. R. 8, Wolstencroft 7, Miller 10, Mizpah 6, Dickey 6, Climax 6, Van Dyke 7, Collins 6, Willey 10, Strong 8, Savage 8, Dana 6, Seigler 7, Edgarton 6, Pell 7, Greiff 6, Stockwell 6, Wagner 6, Cady 8, H. O. Whitney 6, F. Potter 10, Le Roy 6, Clifford 7, Tinker 4, Terry 8, Olmsted 7, Spencer 6, Davis 5, F. Post 9, Burbidge 9.

No. 4, 15 singles: Experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E D Miller | 111101111111111—14 | Van Dyke | 111011101110011—11 |
| W Wolstenc'ft | 011111111111111—14 | Wagner | 101111001111110—11 |
| Apgar | 110010010111101— 9 | Collins | 000100111111111—10 |
| Dickey | 100101010101101— 8 | | |

Semi-experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mizpah | 011100111011100— 9 | Cady | 110111110111100—11 |
| Amateurs: | | | |
| M H R | 111110101111111—13 | Whitney | 010111101101010— 9 |
| Climax | 111111111111115—15 | F Potter | 101101111111111—13 |
| Bush | 111111110110111—14 | Sigler | 111101111111111—14 |
| Edgarton | 111111111111115—15 | Burbidge | 111110111111111—14 |
| Davis | 111111101111011—13 | Le Roy | 111101011111101—12 |
| Greiff | 111111111111115—15 | Tinker | 010101101101111—11 |
| Savage | 111111111111111—15 | Davis | 011111101111111—13 |
| Rockwell | 111110011111101—12 | F Post | 111111111111115—15 |
| Pitt | 011111111101111—13 | Clifford | 111111101111111—14 |
| Willey | 111011111011101—12 | Terry | 100010011111001— 8 |

No. 5, 20 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M H R | 01101110001011010100—10 | Wolst'c'ft | 11100011010011011011000—10 |
| W Wolst'ft | 11101011100111001101—14 | Le Roy | 11111011110101110111—16 |
| E D Miller | 01111111111111101011—18 | Post | 11111111011110101101—16 |
| N Apgar | 11110111111010101010—15 | Smith | 11111111111111111101—19 |
| Mizpah | 01010011111111110111—15 | Potter | 11111111111001111111—18 |
| Dickey | 11111111111011011110—18 | Whitney | 11111101111111011111—18 |
| Climax | 11111101111011101101—16 | Le Roy | 11111111111101111111—17 |
| Van Dyke | 10111111111111010110—16 | Post | 11111101111011111100—16 |
| Savage | 10111110111011101011—15 | Cady | 00110111111011101011—14 |
| Tinker | 11001001100101010101—10 | Collins | 10101000011111111101—13 |
| Sigler | 01001011101111001111—13 | Wagner | 00011111101111011111—15 |
| Willey | 11011110111111111111—18 | Edgarton | 11101100011111111101—13 |
| Breintn'll | 11111001001000011001—10 | Breintn'll | 11111111110111011111100—16 |

No. 6, 10 singles, experts: E. D. Miller 9, Neaf Apgar 6, W. Wolstencroft 8, Dickey 10 Van Dyke 9, Collins 6, Wagner 7. Semi-experts: Cady 8, Mizpah 5. Amateurs: Dley 8, Mills 10. Edgarton 9, Climax 8, M. H. R. 10, Savage 7, Tinker 6, Brush 8, Siegler 8, Rockwell 9, Strong 9, Burbidge 9, Greiff 9, Le Roy 10, Pitt 7, F. Potter 9, Dana 8, H. O. Whitney 4, Post 9, Breintnall 9, Willey 9, Davis 10, Terry 7, Olmstead 6, Spencer 5.

No. 7, 15 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M H R | 10010100011101— 9 | Collins | 111111100116011—11 |
| W Wolstenc'ft | 11001011010111— 10 | Brush | 1010111101110000— 8 |
| E D Miller | 01101111111110—12 | Davis | 11001111000010— 8 |
| Apgar | 10011101111111—12 | Post | 11111010101110—10 |
| Mizpah | 11110111011100—11 | F Porter | 11110111111110—13 |
| Dickey | 10110111111111—13 | Pitt | 11110111001110—11 |
| Climax | 11010100100001— 7 | Dawn | 10110110111100—10 |
| Van Dyke | 11011011111111—13 | Greiff | 01010111101111—11 |
| Siegler | 10011001100110— 8 | Le Roy | 11111111111011—14 |
| Daley | 00110011100010— 6 | Whitney | 10011100110110— 9 |
| Savage | 11111101100111—12 | Wagner | 11111011101011—12 |
| Edgarton | 11111011111111—14 | Willey | 10101011111011—11 |
| Strong | 01111111010010—10 | Cady | 11011111100101—11 |
| H Mills | 11101111111111—13 | Olmstead | 10011101011110—10 |
| Rockwell | 10111011011000— 9 | Spencer | 01111010111110—12 |
| Burbidge | 01010111100010— 8 | Terry | 11011111100011—11 |
| Breintnall | 11001110101100— 9 | | |

No. 8, 50 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M H R | 10111101110111111111011101111011111111111111101— 43 | | |
| W Wolstencroft | 11111111111111011111111111111111001111111111111— 47 | | |
| E D Miller | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110— 48 | | |
| N Apgar | 11111010111111111111111111111111111111111100— 44 | | |
| Mizpah | 11101111111111111111011001111111111111111111100— 44 | | |
| Dickey | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111001100— 45 | | |
| Climax | 11101111011111011111010101111111111111111010100— 40 | | |
| Van Dyke | 11111111111111111011011111111111111111111111111— 47 | | |
| Cady | 11111111101011011010111100111111011111011011— 40 | | |
| Breintnall | 11111111101011111111111111111111111111111111101— 48 | | |
| Edgarton | 11111111011111111111111111011111111111111111111— 47 | | |
| Savage | 11111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111— 48 | | |
| Tinker | 01111111011100101001011w | | |
| Wiley | 11011111000111101111111111101011111111101111001— 40 | | |
| Sigler | 11111111111101011111111111111111111111111111111— 47 | | |
| Burbidge | 10111111111011111111111111111111111111111111101— 44 | | |
| Cadwell | 11111001111111111111111111111111111111111111111— 47 | | |
| Mills | 11111111101101001111110011101111010— 38 | | |
| Collins | 10111111111111111111101111111111111111111111101— 45 | | |
| Post | 11111111100111111111111111111111111111111111111— 48 | | |
| Chappell | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110— 49 | | |
| T Potter | 10111111111111111111011111111001101111111111011— 43 | | |
| Davis | 11111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111— 47 | | |
| Greiff | 11111111111111111111111001110111111111111111011— 45 | | |
| Dana | 10111110011101111010110w | | |
| LeRoy | 10111111101111111111111111111111111111111111011— 45 | | |
| Wagner | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111— 48 | | |

No. 9, 15 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E D Miller | 111111011111000—11 | Breintnall | 111111111111115—15 |
| Neaf Apgar | 111111111111115—15 | Williams | 110111101111113—13 |
| Wolstencroft | 011101011111112—12 | Savage | 110110011111111—12 |
| Dickey | 111111111101111—14 | Burbidge | 101101111101010—10 |
| Van Dyke | 111111111111115—15 | Mills | 110111111111114—14 |
| Wagner | 111111110100111—12 | F Porter | 011110111111113—13 |
| Collins | 111110001011101—10 | Post | 111111111111115—15 |
| Mizpah | 111111110011012—12 | Davis | 100111111111113—13 |
| Cady | 110101011111111—13 | Siegler | 111111111111115—15 |
| Climax | 101110111111112—12 | Le Roy | 111111111111115—15 |
| M H R | 110011011011010— 9 | H O Whitney | 101101011101010— 9 |
| Daley | 011111101111113—13 | Greiff | 110111011111113—13 |

No. 10, 10 singles, $1: M. H. R. 8. W. Wolstencroft 8, E. D. Miller 8, Apgar 8, Mizpah 9, Dickey 9, Climax 8, Van Dyke 8, Cady 9, Potter 7, Savage 8 Le Roy 6, Wagner 8 Greiff 7.

*The Second Day.*

The attendance on Wednesday was better even than on Tuesday, another large contingent from Connecticut appearing on the scene. The weather was favorable for the sport. In the contest for the L. C. Smith trophy, at 50 Keystone targets, E. D. Miller broke 49 and captured the pretty silver affair.

Below are the scores:

L. C. Smith trophy day, $200 guaranteed, No. 1, 10 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, entrance $1; No. 2, 5 pairs, open to all, no handicap, $2, $40 guar.; No. 3, 20 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, $2.50, $50 guar.; No. 4, 15 singles, Interstate Ass'n handicap, $1.50; No. 5, 20 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, $2.50, $50 guar.; No. 6, 10 singles, Interstate Ass'n handicap, $1; No. 7, 50 singles, trophy contest, $3; No. 8, 15 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, $1.50, $30 guar.; No. 9, 10 singles, Interstate Ass'n handicap, $1.50, $30 guar.; No. 10, 10 singles, novelty rule, no handicap, $1.

No. 1, 10 singles: Breintnall 8, Van Dyke 7, Climax 5, M. H. R. 7, Miller 7, W. Wolstencroft 7, Dickey 9, Mizpah 6, Greiff 8, Collins 8. Siegler 8. Strong 9, Wagner 6, Bristol 7. Mills 5, Daley 5, Post 6, Cowee 8, Eddington 5. Sterry 7, Bates 9, Rockwell 6, Burbidge 4, Savage 9, Meade 4, Merrill 4, Le Roy 9, Brat 5, Longdon 9, Folsom 4, Davis 4, Lindsley 8, Apgar 6.

No. 2, 5 pairs doubles: Savage 8, Le Roy 6, Davis 5, Bush 4, Daly Field 4, Sterry 7, Lindsley 5, Folsom 6, Burbidge 6, Bell 7, Greiff 6, Rockwell 8, Wagner 9, Edgarton 8, Cowee 5, Bates 8, Bristol 5, Breintnall 9, Van Dyke 7, Climax 6, M. H. R. 7, Miller 8, W. Wolstencroft 7, Apgar 6, Dickey 5, Mizpah 8, Post 7, Cowee 5, Sigler 5.

No. 3, 20 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Breintn'll | 10111111111111111111—18 | Cowee | 11101111111010110011—15 |
| Van Dyke | 01111011111111101101—16 | Bates | 10011111011100101101—14 |
| Climax | 10011101111011010101—13 | Sterry | 10111110100111001011—13 |
| M H R | 01111111111100011101—15 | Siegler | 11011111111011100100—14 |
| Miller | 11111111111111110011—18 | Le Roy | 01111011111111111000—14 |
| W Wolstencroft | 11111111111101111111—19 | Mills | 11111111100001010101—14 |
| N Apgar | 11110011111000011011—14 | Davis | 00100100101111110001—11 |
| Dickey | 11111100111111111110—17 | Lavden | 10111111111111101101—17 |
| Mizpah | 01001010111111101010—12 | Savage | 11111111111111041101—17 |
| Post | 01110011101111111101—15 | Collins | 11110100111011111111—15 |
| Lindsley | 01100110100001100007— 8 | Greiff | 10111101111010111111—16 |
| Edgarton | 11011111100111111111—17 | Bristol | 11000111010100110111—13 |
| Wagner | 01100101011111111111—15 | Folsom | 11011010000000110011— 9 |
| | | Merrill | 01111010111111011001—14 |

No. 4, 15 singles, experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Van Dyke | 111111101111111—14 | Dickey | 100011111101100— 9 |
| Miller | 111010101111100—10 | Lindsley | 110011101000101— 8 |
| W Wolstenc'ft | 011001111111111—13 | Wagner | 111111111010011—12 |
| Neaf Apgar | 110111111011110—12 | | |
| Amateurs: | | | |
| Breintnall | 111111011111111—14 | Cowee | 111111101111101—13 |
| Climax | 110001100001011— 8 | Davis | 111111111111111—15 |
| M H R | 111111011111101—13 | Savage | 110101010111111—12 |
| Rockwell | 111111111110111—14 | Siegler | 101011111111101—12 |
| Daley | 111101011111111—13 | Le Roy | 111111111011101—13 |
| Bill | 101111110011111—12 | Bates | 111001100111111—11 |
| Burbidge | 010111111111110—12 | Heritage | 011100110111111—11 |
| Meade | 011110010110010—10 | Mills | 111111111011110—13 |
| Wiley | 111111111111115—15 | Mizpah | 111111111111115—15 |
| Bush | 111111111001110—12 | Greiff | 101111111111111—15 |
| Bristol | 100100011011111— 9 | Sterry | 111111000111111—12 |
| Folsom | 010101111000101— 8 | Langden | 111111111001111—13 |
| Post | 111111110011111—13 | Fields | 111111111101111—14 |
| Edgarton | 101101111111111—13 | | |

No. 5, 20 singles:
Breintnall 00110310111101100011—12
VanDyke 01(111111110110111—17
Climax 01000101111101010001—11
M H R 11010001011101010001—11
Miller 11111111011100010111—16
W Wolstencroft 11111111111111111111—20
Apgar 11111000111011101100—14
Dickey 11111011111100011001—15
Mizpah 11100111100011111—16
Post 11001110101101111—15
Lindsley 01110001111101011001—12
Sterry 10100110110011111011—13
Collins 11111101010011111—16
Willey 01011001111111111—15

No. 6, 10 singles. Experts: Van Dyke 10, Miller 9, W. Wolstencroft 9, N. Apgar 9, Dickey 7, Lindsley 5, Wagner 8. Amateurs: Breintnall 9, Climax 7, M. H. R. 8, Mizpah 6, Post 9, Conner 9, Burbidge 10, Folsom 5, Bristol 8, Longdon 10, Cowee 8, Davis 7, Edgarton 10, Le Roy 9, Dailey 8, Sterry 9, Meade 8, Savage 8, Heritage 8, Strong 10 Cady 8, C. H. Tucker 7, S. A. Tucker 10, Bates 9, Mills 7 Merrill 6, Rockwell 10, Willey 7, Sigler 10, Greiff 8.

No. 7. L. C. Smith Trophy Contest, 50 singles:
Breintnall 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Van Dyke 11101010111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Climax 01111100001100111011111111101111011111111111111111—39
W H R 11111111111011101111111111111111111111111111111111—44
Miller 11111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
W Wolstencroft 11011101101110101110111111111111111111111111111111—44
Neaf Apgar 11101010101011111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Dickey 11101111101111111111111111111111111111111111111101—45
Mizpah 11011111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
Post 11111000111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Lindsley 01111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Wagner 11111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111110—48
Burbidge 11110011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Cowee 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Bates 11111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Edgarton 11101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Savage 11100111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Cady 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—41
Strong 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
Sterry 11101101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
Le Roy 10101011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Davis 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Collins 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Grieff 01100111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Willey 01011110110011111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Longden 11110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Siegler 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Rockwell 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48

No. 8, 15 singles:
Breintnall 10101011111100111—10
Van Dyke 01000111011111111—10
Climax 00110110101010110—8
M. H. R. 01110000111111101—9
Miller 11110001101110—10
Wolstencroft 01110111101111—12
Apgar 11111111110111—14
Dickey 11111111011111110—13
Mizpah 00010001010101—6
Post 10110111111111111—15
Lindsley 01101111111111111—15
Cady 10011110

## Second Grand International.

DES-CHREE-SHOS-KA, Mich., Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent having been prevented attending the first international tournament given by that prince of good fellows, John Parker, at Des-chree-shos-ka, resolved that nothing short of death would prevent his presence at this. In accordance with this resolution I took the night train east and arrived in Detroit at 7:10 A.M., and a few minutes later boarded one of the little steamers plying between Detroit and this famous island, situated eight miles down the river, and after a most delightful ride arrived in time to breakfast with the sportsmen already there, many of whom arrived the previous evening.

Des-chree-shos-ka (pronounced Dezreshoska) is a bit of Indian nomenclature, meaning "Here is everthing." It is one of the most lovely summer resorts on the great lakes to-day and bids fair to excel all of its competitors in the near future. It contains 2,500 acres, the upper half with over a hundred of beautiful lawns, walks, drives and tennis courts, together with a grand old forest covering about 50 acres, and all within about 30 minutes ride from Detroit, making it one of the most desireable resorts for families, excursionists and sportsmen of the continent.

The hotel and its accessories are situated on a bluff at the head of the island (formerly known as "Fighting Island"), facing Detroit and the grand exposition buildings about midway. Broad verandas encircle the hotel on the first and second floors, from which the most charming views greet the eye in every direction. The hotel and other buildings are brilliantly illuminated by electricity.

The tournament began on Tuesday. Ideal weather prevailed, and as the eye wandered far out over the broad expanse of land and water, arrayed in all the brilliancy of art and nature, we were forced to exclaim this is, indeed, the proper place in which to hold the international tournament.

The roster shows the following arrivals the first day: J. A. Penn, J. A. Bell and wife, John Wright, W. E. Walton and Dr. E. C. Myers, Wheeling, W. Va.; H. Warof, B. A. Busbaw, E. E. Thresher, Kalamazoo, Mich.; J. E. Nichols, Lansing, Mich.; M. C. Sanford, Townsend, O.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; Dick Smith, Toledo.; Mr. Eastman, Monroeville, O.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; N. W. Holt and wife, Manchester, Mich.; F. E. Cooley and family, Lansing, Mich.; Wm. Thompson, Jackson, Mich.; D. J. J. Valade and J. Neidermeir, Newport, Mich.; Al Heritage (Old South Paw) and wife, Jersey City, N. J.; C. Schelling, Lansing, Mich.; Milt F. Lindsley and his accomplished wife (Wanda); John O. Cadman, San Francisco, Cal.; Rolla Heikes, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Cotter and C. F. Floes, Bay City, Mich.; J. A. Roble (White), Chicago, Ill.; L. T. Duryea (Davenport) and Dr. Wynn, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Louis Erhardt, Atchison, Kan.; Harvey McMurchy, Capt. Money, Brooklyn.

The entries were light in the first events, as many of the shooters preferred to rest after their long journey, and view the many attractions of the island before commencing work at the traps. Two sets of expert traps with Paul North's pull were arranged facing the south with sky and water for a background, while the woods immediately behind the shooters made a cool and shady retreat for the visitors and shooters when away from the score. The first event was called at 10:30, and from this time on the shooting was fast and furious.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alkire | 6 | Walton | 10 |
| Sanford | 10 | Jager | 7 |
| N W Holt | 7 | Drew | 10 |
| J E Wright | 6 | White | 10 |
| H Warof | 9 | C A Young | 7 |
| S A Slocum | 6 | J A Penn | 8 |
| M F Lindsley | 9 | J A Bell | 6 |
| F R Cooley | 8 | Al Heritage | 6 |
| Ford | 8 | J Parker | 10 |
| Davis | 7 |
| Payson | 9 |
| Hickes | 10 |
| Rennick | 10 |
| Penoerthy | 3 |
| Lake | 5 |
| Erhardt | 9 |

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Drew | 9 | Erhardt | 5 |
| Parker | 8 | Ford | 8 |
| Heikes | 10 | Penn | 9 |
| Sanford | 10 | Bell | 3 |
| Rennick | 6 | Capt Money | 7 |
| White | 10 | Lindsey | 9 |
| Walton | 8 | Jager | 9 |
| Smith | 9 | Alkire | 9 |
| Warof | 6 | Wright | 10 |
| Slocum | 5 |
| Al Heritage | 7 |
| Payson | 9 |
| Cooley | 8 |
| Holt | 9 |
| Young | 10 |
| Lake | 5 |

No. 3, 10 singles, entrance $1.30:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 10 | Sanford | 9 |
| Wright | 9 | Young | 9 |
| Jager | 7 | Penn | 7 |
| Lindsley | 8 | Payson | 8 |
| Money | 6 | Ford | 9 |
| Bill | 5 | Rennick | 10 |
| Heritage | 7 | Erhardt | 8 |
| Slocum | 8 | Parker | 9 |
| White | 8 |
| Alkire | 6 |
| Smith | 8 |
| Cooley | 8 |
| Holt | 7 |
| Walton | 7 |
| Warof | 8 |
| Drew | 10 |

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance $2.60:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 11100011111111111118 | Slocum | 01010110111111111101—15 |
| Rennick | 11110011100111000101—14 | Lindsley | 11011110101111111101—16 |
| Drew | 11111111111101111101—18 | Warof | 11110111101111111111—18 |
| Sanford | 11011011111111111111—19 | Ford | 10111010011111111101—14 |
| Wright | 01101110010011111111—14 | Payson | 11111100111111111111—18 |
| Young | 11111110111011100111—16 | Jager | 11101011010111111110—15 |
| Parker | 11110101111101111110—16 | Erhardt | 11111011011111011101—15 |
| Holt | 11111101100011010101—13 | White | 11111001011111111110—16 |
| Penn | 11111111111111111111—20 | Shelling | 10100111110110111101—14 |
| Bell | 10010111110101011011—13 | | |

No. 5, 15 singles, entrance $2:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lake | 12 | Slocom | 11 |
| Lindsley | 12 | Alkire | 14 |
| Drew | 13 | Heikes | 14 |
| Lake | 12 | Slocum | 14 |
| Lindsey | 12 | Alkire | 14 |
| Smith | 12 | Sanford | 14 |
| Cooley | 12 | Young | 15 |
| Parker | 13 | White | 15 |
| Jager | 8 | Ford | 10 |
| Nichols | 10 | Sprague | 13 |
| Bell | 14 | Money | 12 |
| Walton | 13 |
| Penn | 12 |
| Warof | 12 |
| Walton | 13 |
| Erhardt | 9 |
| Payson | 14 |
| Punnick | 14 |
| Wright | 9 |
| Avery | 9 |
| Holt | 11 |
| Wendt | 12 |

No. 6, 20 singles, entrance $2.60:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Young | 11111111111101111111—19 | Penn | 11111011111111111111—19 |
| White | 01101110001101111111—15 | Wright | 11111011101101111111—17 |
| Alkire | 11111111111111111111—20 | Slocum | 11101110011011111111—16 |
| Rennick | 11110011111111111118 | Lindsley | 10111111101011111111—17 |
| Bell | 01010111111101111101—15 | Warof | 11011111111111111111—19 |
| Heikes | 11011111111111111119 | Holt | 01111111010110011110—16 |
| Walton | 11101111111110111001—16 | Avery | 01111111111101111111—18 |
| Cooley | 11111110111011111118 | McWrterl | 10010101011111111111—15 |
| Parker | 11111101111111111018 | Drew | 11111111111110111111—19 |
| Lake | 11111101011010110116 | Butler | 10111000011010101101—12 |
| Smith | 11010100101111110114 | Erhardt | 10111011101101011101—15 |
| Sprague | 11011111111111111119 | Money | 11111111111111100011—17 |

No. 7, medal race, emblematic of 50 bird championship, open to Michigan shooters only, entrance $1.50:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alkire | 10010110110111111111111111111111111111101111010110011—40 |
| Smith | 11111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47 |
| Sanford | 11111111011011111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47 |
| Young | 10111111111111111111111111111111101010011101111111111—42 |
| Holt | 10111101111111101110101110101011111111111111111111111—42 |
| Penn | 11110111111011111011111111111111011111111111111111111—45 |
| Wright | 11111111111111101111011111011111111111111111111111111—47 |
| Bell | 11001110111111110011111110101011111101011111111111111—41 |
| Slocum | 11011011101111011111011111001111011011111111111111111—40 |
| Lindsley | 10111101111001111010111011111010101101011111010010111—36 |
| Heikes | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| Avery | 11010011011100101101111111011111111111010111111111—44 |
| Walton | 11111111101100001110011111111111111111111111111111101—39 |
| Lake | 11111111011011011111111111111111111111111111101101101—45 |
| Cooley | 11111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| Penburthy | 11110001010101010000011111000010101001010010100031—26 |
| Warof | 11011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44 |
| Nichols | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47 |
| Drew | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50 |
| Rennick | 11111111011111011111011111111111111111111111111111111—47 |
| Parker | 10111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—46 |
| McWharter | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| Sprague | 11111111111001111111111111111011111111111111111111111—47 |
| Money | 11111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—46 |
| Schelling | 11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| Floes | 11111111101110001010010020111001101011111111111001—32 |
| Bosh | 01011111111111111010101111111111111111111111111111111—43 |

No. 8, 15 singles, entrance $2:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sanford | 14 | Sprague | 15 |
| Drew | 12 | Penn | 14 |
| White | 12 | Alkire | 14 |
| Holt | 14 | Wright | 13 |
| Slocum | 8 | Lindsley | 9 |
| Walton | 13 | Cooley | 12 |
| Trotter | 13 | Rennick | 14 |
| Heikes | 15 |
| Young | 13 |
| Smith | 15 |
| Bell | 10 |
| Avery | 10 |
| Ford | 11 |
| Cotter | 13 |

Drew won the medal (second time). Heikes won first average. Sanford won second average. Seven firsts were distributed to winners respectively.

### *The Second Day.*

The morning of the second day was uncomfortably warm, and the sultry atmosphere gave promise of approaching storm, yet the shooting continued as fast and furious as though the most delightful conditions prevailed. The crew of the yacht Josephine—the jolliest crew we ever saw—visited the grounds this day and participated in several events. These gentlemen are good sailors, fine singers and artistic performers on the piano and other instruments. Their band music was simply immense, and kept the large concourse of shooters and visitors in a continuous uproar of applause. Their instruments were of their own handiwork, and each exhibited some peculiar design in mechanism which probably originated in the brain of the player and manufacturer. These gentlemen played an important part in the entertainment of the visitors, not only at the shooting grounds, but at the hotel, where there music was one of the chief attractions, especially to the ladies, many of whom had accompanied their husbands and graced the tournament by their presence. A heavy storm drove every shooter from the score for about an hour in the afternoon, but the "Josephine band" more than compensated for the loss at the traps.

No. 1, 5 live birds, entrance $5:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 4 | White | 5 |
| Lindsley | 2 | McMurchy | 4 |
| Sanford | 4 | Shields | 5 |
| Cook | 3 | Young | 4 |
| Butler | 4 | Wright | 4 |
| McWharton | 3 | Davenport | 5 |
| | | Parker | 5 |
| | | Morris | 4 |
| | | Money | 4 |
| | | Myers | 5 |

No. 2, 6 live birds, entrance $5:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Shields | 6 | Slocum | 6 |
| Butler | 6 | Wright | 4 |
| Lake | 6 | Money | 6 |
| Wanda | 4 | Walton | 5 |
| Davenport | 6 | | |
| Heikes | 3 | | |
| | | McWharter | 3 |
| | | Avery | 5 |
| | | Lindsley | 6 |
| | | Parker | 5 |

No. 3, 7 live birds, entrance $7:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Holt | 4 | Money | 6 |
| Morris | 3 | McWharter | 5 |
| McMurchy | 7 | Smith | 7 |
| Cotter | 6 | Butler | 6 |
| Alkire | 7 | Perry | 5 |
| Davenport | 7 | Shields | 7 |
| Heikes | 7 | | |
| | | Cook | 5 |
| | | Wright | 6 |
| | | Walton | 5 |
| | | Parker | 7 |
| | | Young | 7 |
| | | Sanford | 7 |

No. 4, 6 live birds, entrance $6:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sanford | 5 | Davenport | 4 |
| Young | 6 | Perry | 4 |
| Cook | 2 | Lindsley | 6 |
| Money | 4 | Wright | 6 |
| Parker | 3 | | |
| | | Shields | 3 |
| | | McMurchy | 6 |
| | | McWharter | 1 |
| | | Heikes | 6 |

No. 5, 10 live birds, entrance $10:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wanda | 6 | Wright | 10 |
| Sprague | 10 | Money | 10 |
| Cotter | 9 | Young | 10 |
| Heikes | 10 | Lindsley | 7 |
| Smith | 9 | McWharter | 9 |
| Shields | 10 | Davenport | 9 |
| McMurchy | 10 | | |
| | | Weiser | 6 |
| | | Butler | 8 |
| | | Sanford | 10 |
| | | Perry | 9 |
| | | Alkire | 10 |
| | | Kelsey | 6 |

International medal race, emblematic of the individual live bird championship of the United States. 25 birds, entrance $6.25:

| | |
|---|---|
| Davenport | 1010211112201111w |
| Heikes | 2111112221222212221112222—25 |
| McMurchy | 0011122121221211011011110—20 |
| Glem | 1001101101010w |
| Shields | 1212220112211112021121111—23 |
| Money | 1121221212012111121011112—23 |
| Young | 1111112121111111121112212—25 |
| Wright | 2211112112221110120112212—23 |
| Kelsey | 1010220212012w |
| Sprague | 1112w |
| Parker | 0120211110w |
| McWharton | 2212011111101112020w |
| Lindsley | 2002222210022222122212222—21 |
| Wanda | 0112011120211120011221202—19 |
| Smith | 1212122111220211101221110—22 |
| Davenport | 2212121221022221212212100—22 |
| White | 1111012121222121212112121—24 |
| Cook | 1211121111121122110211111—24 |
| Morris | 21111102000w |
| Kramer | 1111101000022w |
| Myers | 1100212121101w |
| Butler | 1110212210220202w |

Young and Heikes divided first money and shot off tie for medal which Heikes won on score of 5 to 3. McMurchy won second.

The live-bird shooting did not deter the target smashers, as the following scores will demonstrate:

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Alkire 9, Penn 10, Wright 9, Bell 7, Myers 9, Floes 8, Morris 5, McWharter 5, Shelling 9, Sanford 9, Young 10, Holt 5, White 10, Cotter 7, Money 9.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $2: Alkire 14, Floes 14, Heikes 13, Young 13, Penn 15, Sanford 14, Wright 13, Bell 9, McMurchy 14, Schelling 13, Drew 14, Holt 14, Cooley 9, Cook 12, Perry 10, Money 10, White 15, Myers 15, Jager 11.

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Money 7, Bell 8, Penn 9, Floes 9, Schelling 9, Cooley 10, Jager 4, Valade 7, Kramer 2, Myers 7, Cook 8, Bruce 8, Alkire 10, Wright 8, Holt 9, Heikes 7, Sanford 8, Leitch 8, Yager 8, White 10, Easton 10, Young 8, McWharter 6, Drew 10.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $2: Money 14, Myers 14, Penn 14, Bell 11, Cooley 14, Schelling 13, Valade 12, Jager 10, Perry 11, Purser 13, Floes 11, Young 13, Morris 9, Sanford 15, Alkire 13, Drew 13, Holt 11, Heikes 15, White 13, Cook 13, Sprague 13. All moneys div.

### *The Third Day.*

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Perry 8, Sanford 10, Chobb 10, Cooley 8, Penn 7, Forrest 7, Wright 10, Smith 8, Parker 7, McMurchy 7, Donaldson 8, Holt 6.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Chobb 4, Sanford 8, Wright 8, Perry 8, Cooley 6, Smith 8, Donaldson 8, Bell 7, Simmons 7, Thornton 5, Penn 8, Money 8, Forrest 9, Parker 9, Bruce 8, Cook 9, Osmond 9, Holt 7, Myers 9, McMurchy 6, Purser 10, A. Forrest 10, Drew 9, Spanogle 8, R. C. Yerkes 8, D. P. Yerkes 5, W. G. Yerkes 5.

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Purser 8, A. Forrest 7, F. Forrest 10, Parker 3, R. C. Yerkes 8, Young 9, Myers 9, Drew 9, Cook 6, McMurchy 9, Lake 5, Bell 6, Money 9, Wright 9, Cooley 8, Penn 8, Perry 8, Sanford 10, Osmond 5, Spangle 8, Holt 7, Drovillard 5, Jamison 7, P. H. McWharton 6, Simmons 8, D. P. Yerkes 6, White 10.

No. 4, 20 targets, entrance $2.60:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sanford | 11111111111111111111—20 | Bruce | 01111101111011111111—17 |
| F Forrest | 11111111010101010111—16 | Perry | 11111111111111111101—19 |
| Money | 10001101101110101000—10 | Penn | 11111111001111101111—17 |
| Young | 10111111111111111111—19 | Bell | 10110111001111111011—15 |
| Myers | 11011111011011111010—15 | Donalds'n | 11111111111111111110—18 |
| Wright | 01111111111111111111—19 | Holt | 11111111111111101010—17 |
| Drew | 11111101111111101111—18 | H Forrest | 11011101101111110110—15 |
| Parker | 10111111100011111111—16 | Rennick | 11111011111110010111—16 |
| Cooley | 11111101101101111111—16 | Porser | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Lindsley | 10111101011101011111—15 | Klein | 01111111111111111100—17 |
| Chobb | 10001100100111111021—12 | Cass | 10101000000000110101—7 |
| Spanogle | 11111111111011111111—19 | Jamieson | 10010111111101101110—14 |

No. 5, 20 singles, entrance $2.60:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sanford | 11111111111111111120 | Bruce | 01001000111111110111—14 |
| Purser | 11111111101111010116 | Pennick | 11101111111111111119 |
| Young | 11111101111101100115 | Goodman | 11101110011111111117 |
| Wright | 10111111111111111118 | Money | 10111100601111111010—13 |
| Perry | 11101101111111101111—17 | Lake | 11110111001111111101—16 |
| Cass | 01100000000111101011—9 | Cook | 10101111101111111117 |
| Spanogle | 11011001101111011114 | Lindsley | 11111011111111001101—16 |
| Jones | 11111111111101111111—18 | Myers | 10011110111011111117 |
| Kramer | 01010010010101011110—12 | M'Murchy | 01111101111111111118 |
| F Forrest | 11101111001101111115 | Heikes | 11110111111011111118 |
| Donalds'n | 10111101101111111116 | Bell | 11110111111110011016 |
| Penn | 11110101111111111117 | Shields | 11010110111111111110—16 |
| R Yerkes | 10011101111101111101—15 | Bush | 11010101111111100010—13 |
| W Yerkes | 01001111011111101100—13 | M'Wh'rt'n | 01100010111111011111—15 |
| Klein | 10111111011010110015 | Jamieson | 00000111110101001111—12 |
| Jamieson | 11101111111010111016 | Smith | 10111111111011101101—16 |
| Drew | 11110101010111111117 | | |

No. 6, 20 singles, entrance $2.60:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sanford | 11111111111111111118 | Morris | 11100001001100000001— 7 |
| Gerick | 00001010110000110001— 7 | F Forrest | 11010111111010111116 |
| Wright | 11111011111111111118 | Smith | 11111111111011101117 |
| Jones | 11111111001111011117 | Lindsley | 01111111110111111118 |
| Porsje | 11101111111111111119 | Money | 11010110001111110115 |
| Kramer | 11100010010101011110 | Lake | 00110101111111011107 |
| Spanogle | 10101001101111111115 | Klein | 11111111111101101117 |
| Myers | 01101111011000111110 | Parker | 11110111111111011118 |
| MWh'rt'n | 00011111111101110115 | Goodman | 11011111111111111119 |
| Bell | 01100100111110001100 | Mommery | 10011101111100011010 |
| Terry | 11111001111111111118 | Butler | 11111111111011111119 |
| Penn | 11110011111111110016 | Bruce | 11111011111110001116 |
| Heikes | 11111111111111111120 | Delong | 10111100101100100112 |
| McMrchy | 00101011100100100108 | Sprague | 00101111010011011113 |
| Chobb | 00110001110101010016 | Cass | 00010101010000111113 |
| Payson | 11111010100011011114 | Jamieson | 10110010100701111100 |
| Raymond | 11101111111110111118 | Holt | 11111101110111110116 |
| Young | 11111111111111111119 | | |

Team race, four men to the team, 25 targets per man, first prize $50:

| | |
|---|---|
| Island Gun Club, Wheeling, Va. | |
| Wright | 1111111011111111111111111—23 |
| Sanford | 1111101111111111111111111—24 |
| Myers | 1111111100110111111110111—21 |
| Penn | 1111111011101111111111111—23—91 |
| Pontiac Team. | |
| Thornton | 1101101110101011011010101—16 |
| Cook | 0111111111111111111101101—22 |
| Osmond | 0101111101110011001111111—18 |
| Brommitt | 1100000010010001111011101—12—68 |
| Northville Team. | |
| R C Yerkes | 1101111111101101111101111—21 |
| D P Yerkes | 0011101011000001010100011—11 |
| W G Yerkes | 1001111101011001011110110—16 |
| E Simmons | 1111110111111111111111100—19—67 |
| Keystone Team No. 1, Windsor, Coon. | |
| Purser | 1011111010111111111111111—21 |
| Bangham | 1010001011110011011111111—17 |
| Ford | 1100101111111111001101111—19 |
| Donaldson | 1111011111111111101101111—22—79 |
| Keystone Team No. 2. | |
| Goodman | 1111101011111011011111110—20 |
| Drovillard | 0111110111001101111001101—17 |
| Schovin | 1101001010010101010100001—11 |
| Youngblood | 0110111111111111111111101—22—70 |
| Fountain Gun Club, Brooklyn, N. Y. | |
| Lindsley | 1111111010110110101101111—18 |
| Money | 0011111011100101101111111—18 |
| Davenport | 1110011001111101101111010—17 |
| Shields | 1011110111000101001001101—14—67 |
| Peoria Team, Detroit. | |
| Drew | 1111011010111101101110110—18 |
| Rennick | 1101111111111101111111111—23 |
| Parker | 1011111111111111111111111—24 |
| Klein | 1111111100101111111111111—22—87 |
| Yacht Josephine Team. | |
| Capt Lard | 1110110011011000011111111—15 |
| Beancutter | 1110111101101001111111111—21 |
| Grapp | 1101001010000011111111111—15 |
| Cheese | 0001100100111010111111111—16—67 |

No. 8, 15 singles, entrance $2: Heikes 11, White 10, Bell 11, Smith 9, McMurchy 14, Chubb 11, Perry 12, Sprague 12, Sanford 14, Purser 13, Youngs 13, Butler 12, Goodman 10, Carr 5, Lindsley 9, Raymond 13, McWhorter 10, Money 8, Lake 12, Holt 11, Bell 8, Cole 12, Penn 14, Wright 14, Drew 13, Spanogle 9, Myers 13, Bockhound 9, Cook 13.

No. 9, 15 singles, entrance $2: McMurchy 12, Sanford 13, Penn 13, Wright 13, Young 9, Myers 10, Heikes 10, Bell 8, Perry 13, Lake 11, White 14, Holt 13, Money 13, Sprague 15, Lindsley 11, Bush 12.

No. 10, 15 singles, entrance $2: Sprague 13, Wright 14, Myers 14, Avery 10, Money 11, McMurchy 13, Young 15, Heikes 13, Lindsley 12, Bell 11, Lake 12, Perry 14, Sanford 14, Penn 13, Drew 15, Holt 14, A. Forrest 14, F. Forrest 14, Money 13, Sprague 15, Lindsley 11, Bush 12.

This closed the shooting for the third day. Mr. Sanford won first, and Mr. Wright second. The Wheeling team won the team race.

### *The Fourth Day.*

The morning of this day was ushered in bright and beautiful, with a delightful breeze blowing directly across the traps. Everybody was in the best of humor, and when the secretary called for entries in the first event there was a grand rush to "get in."

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1.30: Sanford 3, Sprague 9, Perry 8, Wright 9, Butler 7, Bell 7, Drew 10. McMurchy 8, A. Forrest 9, Money 8, Lake 7, Myers 10, Heikes 8, Lindsley 6, Avery 8, F. Forrest 9, Young 7, Holt 6, Penn 9, White 10.

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance $1.30: Drew 6, Myers 8, White 10, Avery 7, Wright 9, A. Forrest 8, F. Forrest 7, Penn 10, Money 8, Lake 9, Bell 8, Sanford 8, Lindsley 6, Holt 6, Butler 7, Heikes 10, McMurchy 10, Young 9, Perry 8.

No. 3, 10 singles, entrance $1.30: White 10, Penn 7, Heikes 6, McMurchy 10, Money 8, Wright 5, Lake 4, Young 10, Money 6, Myers 10, Sprague 6, Lindsley 8, Bell 7, F. Forrest 7, Avery 6, Sanford 9, Holt 7.

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance $2.60:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| White | 11111111011111110111—18 | Bell | 10111011101111101111—16 |
| McMurc'y | 11111010111111111011—16 | A Forrest | 10111111011011111111—17 |
| Young | 10101001111111111101—15 | Parker | 11111011111111111111—19 |
| Myers | 11111101101101010000—14 | F Forest | 11110111101101011111—15 |
| Avery | 11100100000011101111—11 | Wright | 11111111111111111111—19 |
| Sanford | 11111111111111111111—20 | Sprague | 11111111111111111101—19 |
| Heikes | 11211111111111111111—20 | Drew | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Lake | 10110111111111111110—17 | Holt | 11111101111110000111—16 |
| Lindsley | 11010111011011111110—14 | Penn | 11111111111111101110—18 |
| Butler | 11011001111031011111—14 | Perry | 11111111111111111111—20 |

No. 5, 15 singles, entrance $2: Sanford 13, Heikes 13, Drew 10, Perry 11, Myers 10, Lindsley 12, Young 12, Smith 11, Avery 13, Lake 11, Wright 12, Sprague 11, Parker 10, Butler 10, Bell 10, McMurchy 13, A. Forrest 13, Holt 12, Penn 14, Cole 9, Goodman 15, White 15, Bush 12, Forser 14, Buckshot 14.

No. 6, 20 singles, entrance $2.60:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Goodman | 11111111111111111101—19 | McMurc'y | 11111111111111110111—19 |
| White | 01111011101111011110—16 | Young | 11111010111010111111—17 |
| A Forrest | 11101111110011110111—16 | Parker | 11111111100111111111—19 |
| Penn | 11111111111111100110—17 | Bell | 10111010101111100011—14 |
| Purser | 01100111011111111111—16 | Holt | 11011111011111111111—18 |
| Lake | 11111111111111101111—19 | Bruce | 11110111111010111111—17 |
| Sprague | 11011111011111111111—18 | Avery | 11111110001101010110—17 |
| Wright | 11011111111010111001—16 | Perry | 11111111111111111110—19 |
| Myres | 10111111111111110111—18 | Butler | 00111111111111111111—18 |
| Lindsley | 11011111101011111001—16 | Sanford | 11111111111111101111—18 |
| Smith | 11111011111000111001—15 | Drew | 11101101111100111111—16 |
| Heikes | 11111111111111111111—20 | | |

The next event was the international target championship race, emblematic of the individual target championship of the United States and Canada.

International target championship race, 50 singles, entrance price of targets:

| | |
|---|---|
| M F Lindsley | 1111110111111111111111111100110111111011100101111O—41 |
| R Heikes | 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49 |
| J Parker | 0111111011111111111111101111111111111111111111111111—46 |
| H McMurchy | 1111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111—48 |
| Mr Butler | 1111011111111110111111111111111111111111111001111—46 |
| Mr Holt | 1011111111111001111111111101111111111010111111111—42 |
| Perry | 1111011111011111111111111111111111111111111001101111—43 |
| Myers | 1011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44 |
| Smith | 1111111110111111111111101101011111111111111111111111—45 |
| Wright | 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| Bell | 1101010000010001010001111010111111111111111011111—33 |
| Penn | 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| Young | 1111111111111111110111111010111111111111111111111111—45 |
| Al Heritage | 1110111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| Purser | 1111111011111011111011011011111111111111111111111111—43 |
| Goodman | 1111110111111011111011111111111111111111111111111111—45 |
| Avery | 1111111111011110001111111111111111111111111111111111—44 |
| Donoldson | 0001101111111101111011101101111111111111111111111111—39 |
| Lake | 1111110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| White | 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48 |
| Sanford | 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50 |
| Sprague | 1111111111111111100111111111111111111111111111111111—45 |
| Bruce | 1111111111111111111111011100111011011011011011011111—42 |
| Cole | 1111111111110110011011101101101111111111111111111111—40 |

Mr. Sanford won the medal.

Sanford and White tied for first and Penn won second average.

Some of the shooters left on the early evening boat in order to reach home Saturday, yet before they left they repeated the oft expressed opinion that the second "Grand International Tournament" was a little ahead of any shoot ever held in the West, at least especially in the matter of a general good time, unexcelled accommodations, courteous attention, and last but not least, good management of the shoot. We all look forward to the next meet with anticipations of pleasure. E. E. T.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

## Answers to Correspondents.

F. L. R., Boston.—"Sport with the Gun and Rod" is edited by Prof. Mayer. The price is $5.

D. L. S., Newark, N. J.—The gun is a good one and brass shells can be used in it. Also the largest buckshot.

SPORT.—Please answer through your valuable paper what part of Pennsylvania is best for deer and bear hunting. Ans. Try Pike county.

R. E. R., Los Angeles, Cal.—The open season for wild duck in California begins Oct. 1, but I do not know when the ducks begin to come in from the north. Could "Arefar" enlighten me on the subject?

J. R. P., Philadelphia.—1. Please inform me if there is a law in Tyrrell county, N. C., that prohibits non-residents from exporting game out of the State? 2. Is a .40 82-260 Winchester rifle heavy enough for deer and bear? Ans. 1. The North Carolina law forbids exportation of quail. 2. Yes.

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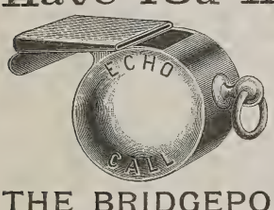
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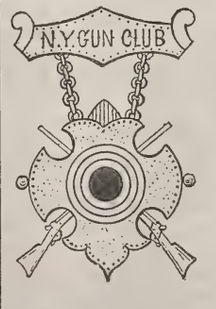
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### *OUR COLUMBUS NUMBER.*

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 20 (the day before the Columbus celebration) will be a special Columbus number. The contents, both text and illustrations, will relate largely to the age of Columbus, and will be as interesting as unique.

### *WOOD FOR THE FIRE.*

To the traveler on the plains or in the mountains there are three essentials to a good camp. These are wood, water and grass. The water is necessary to men and animals alike, while the wood is required for cooking, and grass for the animals.

It is not always possible to obtain all three of these. In the old days on the plains "dry camps" were not unusual, though oftener one had to camp by alkali pools, whose acrid water gave little relief to the thirsty stock, and which the men could hardly drink, even in their coffee. So, too, it was often necessary to camp where there was little or no grass. In such cases there was nothing to do but tie up the poor animals to the wagon-wheels, and let them starve till daylight. If turned loose they would be sure to wander away in search of food, and in the morning might not be found.

In the old times on the prairie travelers were sometimes obliged to camp without wood; but this did not occur very often. Usually bushes would be found along the streams—a few dried willow twigs—or there would be sage brush, or the almost universal *bois de vaches*—cow wood—the buffalo chip. Any of these would do to cook with.

In the mountains good wood, water and grass are almost always to be had. As a rule, the steep slopes are timber clad, and the stream bottoms wooded. There is sage brush on the prairie, and groves of aspens scattered among the foothills. Even in the midst of this abundance, the careful traveler does not go about collecting his wood at haphazard. He knows that there are different degrees of excellence among the sorts that he has to choose from, and he selects that kind which experience has shown him to be best suited to his needs. He remembers that pine, while excellent for a camp fire, owing to the brightness with which it burns, is not the best wood in the world to cook with, since it is likely to smoke his viands and give them an unpleasant taste. Fir, he will not have at all, if any other wood can be secured. It is continually snapping and fills the frying-pan with coals. If it is used for a fire by which to sleep, it covers one's blankets with coals and sparks, burning many a hole in them, and obliging the man when he first lies down to sit up at frequent intervals and brush off the fire from his bed or clothing. This, if he is tired and sleepy, leads to the use of language entirely unscriptural. Sage brush makes a good fire for cooking and a pleasant, bright blaze to sit by, but it is too unsubstantial, and a fire of sage brush has to be constantly renewed. The same is true of any light brush that flares up for a moment and then burns down.

The ideal wood for the fire, whether it be for cooking, or to sit by after the meal is over, is dry aspen. It burns with a bright, clear flame and with little smoke, and when it has died down to coals makes the best possible fire to cook over. And then after the meal is over, as we light our pipes and stretch out our feet toward the fire, some one of the party lays on two or three sticks from the pile of split wood near at hand, the cheerful blaze rises, and we do indeed take our ease, if not in our inn, at least in our lodge. Each man provides himself with a splinter from the sticks, or with a slender branch, which he can light at the blaze if he needs it, or with which he can easily rake out a coal from the ashes to renew the light in his pipe, which has perhaps gone out while he was earnestly talking. With this fire there is no snapping. No need now to dodge a shower of sparks, which, bursting with a loud report from a blazing log, fly in all directions, or to jump up and brush off a live coal, which has been thrown on a piece of canvas which is likely to char and smoulder until a great hole is burned in it.

An aspen fire gives no trouble, only warmth, cheeriness and a bright light by which one may read, write or sew. Blessed be the aspen.

### *DOG TAXES AND DOG DESTRUCTION.*

MR. A. C. COLLINS, of Hartford, Conn., has been studying up the dog killing question, and in a letter in the Hartford *Times* contends that those statutes are unconstitutional which provide for the summary destruction of dogs upon which taxes have not been paid. The subject is one which may well receive attention. In many States the dog is recognized as property, and the owner's property rights in it may be enforced in the courts of law against dog thieves or dog killers. Yet in these same States the law provides that if the tax on the same dog go unpaid the constable or dog killer or some other public official may club or shoot on sight. This, it is contended, constitutes confiscation and destruction of property without "due process of law." Other property is destroyed in a like manner, notably unlawful fishing nets. The Legislature of this State declared nets set contrary to law to be public nuisances and as such subject to summary seizure and burning. This course has been followed by the game protectors. In one case, however, a protector who had destroyed unlawful nets was sued for their value, on the very ground that their destruction had not been after due process of law; and it was also contended that the Legislature had no power to provide for such destruction. The courts of the State sustained the law, and the case is now before the United States Supreme Court. Some of our kennel clubs might do a public service by testing the constitutionality of the dog law. There is slight probability that any individual will take this up, for the average man will not go to the trouble and expense of fighting in the courts over a dead dog.

### *THE RAIL SHOOTING.*

NOW, according to the seasons and the signs we should all be going rail shooting. The nights are growing cooler; the corn grass, or wild rice, is heading out; the woods along the marshes are showing the red and yellow tints of autumn; golden rod and aster brighten the roadsides, and cardinal flowers flame in the edge of the marsh. Over the water and along the distant hillsides hangs, morning and evening, the light haze of early autumn. Along the shore may be heard the mellow whistle of the beach bird, and from the little pond holes in the wet meadows we may now and then start a black duck or two or a little bunch of blue-winged teal. The time is at hand. The rail should be here. For the last three or four years, however, there have been no birds. On grounds where it was formerly no unusual thing to kill ninety rail in a tide, the gunner may now count himself fortunate if he secures one-fourth that number. The season opens early and all the birds bred on those marshes which are most accessible are shot long before any flight-birds arrive. When the flight birds come they are killed as soon as they reach the ground, and so there is no good shooting.

The extermination of the rail may well be viewed with alarm by gunners. There is perhaps no kind of shooting which affords greater attractions or variety than this at so light a cost in the shape of effort, and it is sad to see the sport diminishing year by year, merely because it is overdone. What remedy—if any—can be suggested which will appeal to shooters generally it is hard to say. One thing, however, is certain, that nothing would be easier than to protect the grounds where rail are shot. And if a general close time extending over several years should be agreed on by a number of adjacent States, and enforced during the month of September, we might after a few years see something like the old-fashioned flights and the "boats" of twenty years ago.

But this state of things is not likely to come about. We are most of us too anxious to get the last bird that flies, too much afraid that if we do not kill it some one else will. There is too much human nature and too little public spirit in each one of us. If it were not so, game would be more plenty everywhere.

It is to be feared that at the close of the present rail season it will be found that the marshes have again been bare of birds, and that the youngsters of to-day can shoot rail only by getting their fathers and their uncles to tell them of the good old days of twenty years ago.

### *SCHOONER RACING.*

ONE of the unexpected things which has lately happened in yachting is the marked revival of schooner racing, a revival as unaccountable as the sudden decline a few years since. The success of Sachem in 1886 and '87, followed by the rebuilding and improvement of the former champion Grayling, created an interest in schooner racing that was only second to that in the great single-stickers. With the addition of Miranda, Sea Fox, Elma, Quickstep, Iroquois, Marguerite, Œnone, Mayflower, Atlantic, Constellation, and later the rebuilt Volunteer, a very strong racing fleet was built up between 1887 and 1891. In spite of this building the racing fell off rapidly until at the end of last season the schooner classes were to all appearances as dead as the 90 and 70ft. single-stick classes.

Just what has started them into new life it is hard to say, the purchase of Constellation by Mr. Bayard Thayer has helped, and the building of the steel 90-footers Lasca and Alcæa has done still more, but it has often been proved that the building of new boats does not of necessity mean more racing.

Whatever the cause or causes may be, the result is eminently satisfactory; there has been good racing through the whole season in all classes, from the 60ft. upward to the largest, and this racing has not been limited to new and modern yachts alone, but such older craft as Azalea, Ramona and Montauk have started repeatedly, and in many cases with gratifying results to their owners. The season closes quite brilliantly with three races within a week, the final one being that of the New York Y. C. to-day. Better than this is the fact that the large schooner fleet in commission and in active racing this year is likely to be augmented by at least one 90 footer this winter, and possibly one or two of the Quickstep class.

### *THE NAVAL RESERVE.*

THE New York yachtsmen who make up the majority of the first battalion of the State Naval Reserve, have been called on for actual service for the first time since their enlistment, and some 300 of them are now doing duty at Fire Island, being called on to protect the cabin passengers of the quarantined steamer Normannia in their occupancy of the Surf Hotel, on property just purchased by the State. As was to be expected the men turned out promptly for a service that was, at the best, hard and disagreeable, in the face of an easterly gale, and that also promised to be serious, though the opposing force of baymen has since dispersed peaceably.

THE Supreme Court of Arkansas has sustained the law which forbids the export of game and fish. The statute of 1889 declared game and fish to be the property of the State, and the taking of them to be a privilege granted by the State to individuals; and the privilege was limited to taking for consumption within the State. The decision, printed elsewhere, affirms the power of the State to impose such limitations; and indeed this is the only logical conclusion. That the case has been carried through with success is largely due to the able attorney for the State, J. M. Rose, Esq., of Little Rock.

THE first quarterly meeting of the executive committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse, Oct. 13. As the purpose of the meeting will be in large measure for organization, it is important that all clubs should be represented.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## IN MEMORIAM—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1892.

POET of freedom! on thy grave
I lay this modest wreath;
In tribute to the fearless, brave,
True heart that sleeps beneath.

Nurtured amongst New England's hills,
Thou felt their influence strong,
Her granite cliffs, her mountain rills,
Still sparkle in thy song.

Still through thy verse shall Bearcamp flow,
Or grim Chocorua rise,
While Agiochook's* crown of snow
Shall pierce the northern skies.

Well hadst thou Nature's secrets scanned,
Explored her every nook
Who gleaned from mountain, lake and stream
The "Feast of Penacook."

Thy "Barefoot Boy" goes whistling on,
As lightsome as the day,
While clad in simple homespun gown,
"Maud Muller" rakes the hay.

"Snowbound" with thee we hug the fire,
Gaze on the Tented Bay;
Awake with Barbara Freitchie's ire,
Hear Lucknow's bagpipes play!

Still "Cobbler Kezar's" lapstone rolls
Adown the hills of time;
Still faintly sound the evening tolls
Of Norumbegas' chime.

Yet through, above, and over all,
Sounds Freedom's clarion clear;
Knight-like, thou answered to her call
Without reproach or fear!

For Freedom's cause, with steadfast toil,
Thy voice and song thou gave,
Nor ceased, till on Columbia's soil
There trod no negro slave.

Come to thy rest! O seer and sage,
At last "Our Master" calls,
And from thy shoulders, bent with age,
The prophet's mantle falls.

Oh! that some younger bard may spring,
To seize thy fallen lyre,
And touch again each sounding string
With Truth's Eternal fire!

Gone to thy rest! Thy own sweet "Psalm"
Points out the hidden way!
"The Eternal Goodness," from its calm,
Unfolds Eternal day! VON W.

*Agiochook, the Indian name for Mt. Washington.

## THE OLD CAMP.

THE following lines written by an old Adirondacker, when camping out was not, as now, seemingly camping, but a matter of fact and real pleasure and solid comfort; when one recalls the Brick Club, the Walton Club, the Black Eye Club, when Martin's (on the Lower Saranac) and Bartlett's (on the Upper Saranac) entertained Silas Arnold, I. G. Baldwin, Mr. Krum, P. McLean, Julius Catlin, M. Solomon, I. G. Wilson, L. Starbuck, Dr. J. R. Romeyn, Mr. McGregor, J. P. Willard, Col. T. J. Hoyt, S. F. Hoyt, Wm. A. Wheeler, John Ware, M. S. Colburn, A. B. Street, John A. Griswold, Geo. E. Hart, H. J. Lowe, L. B. Reed, Rev. Drs. Van Dyke, Sr., and Jr., Wm. J. Stillman, John H. Reynolds, E. A. Morrison and many other true and worthy sportsmen, and as guides, Lute Evans, S. Martin, Geo. Ring, Scott Peck, Tom Haley, John King, Dug Kingman, Jesse Corey, the Moodys—not omitting Cortez Moody especially. Oh, those were glorious days. But, alas! now with railroads, fashion and folly and mascalonge and pickerel, how changed, never again to return. There only remain to those who survive and can recall the old camp, so graphically described by L. S., the recollections of our pleasant ways together and joyous companionship. I might write much more of the good old times but will not now trespass more on your columns, but may some other time if agreeable to you. S. S. N.

### The Old Camp.

We landed once more at the old camp after many years' absence, and looked around at its familiar yet strange appearance. Many that camped with us there are not living; others from various circumstances have drifted out of our daily lives.

The camp shows a larger area of "clearing," telling that many a tall tree has been felled with its peculiar echoing fall, to make bright fires which have been lighted, burned out, and those who sat around the cheerful blaze departed. Raspberry bushes breast high, loaded with ripe fruit, occupy the place we remember was covered by large trees. Dead and brown hemlock boughs, once green and fragrant, lie on the ground, showing where the tents have stood. An old birch bark jack with its burnt out candle leans against a tree stump. On the top of the stump is a forgotten piece of soap and a trout-fly with the gut chafed off at the top, telling that the owner had good sport. On another stump are broken bottles and rifle balls beneath them. There are empty bottles on the ground bearing familiar labels. The spring with its cold water where we kept our butter is unchanged. The river, though man may come and man may go, flows on forever. It is like a thing of life; the same rocks are there where we stood and cast our flies for trout. There are not so many trout in the river as in our younger days, or as much of anything, unless it be memories. The marsh in front that the guide would insist upon calling a "slew" is unchanged in its green surface. When we watch it at nightfall we expect again to see the deer creep cautiously out to feed.

There are but two sounds that break the stillness of the old camp—the buzzing of the bluebottle fly, about whom we wonder what he finds to live on when no one is there, and the weird but beautiful song of the hermit thrush. Mr. Street called it the "Saranac nightingale," doubtless because he may first have heard it on the river below Harrietstown. Nothing in the woods illustrates its cheerful solitude equal to its song. Like the cry of the sea gull amid the roar of the ocean, the hermit thrush speaks the language of its surroundings. For years, I was told, no one ever saw it. Subsequently I saw it in the old camp every day. It sang from the top of a stump while I was lighting my fire at the bottom. It may have been friendly with me, recognizing an ungifted brother—the hermit without the song.

We take our seat in the boat from the shore of the old camp for the last time. We shall not see it again, but when in after years in far off lands we think of the love of the beautiful women and good men who sat with us around the camp-fire, we can at least say the happiness was even greater than we then knew. L. S.

## A CAMPER'S DIARY.—II.

*Aug. 15.*—Stateroom, 10:30 P. M. We got delayed about starting so it was not till to-night we found ourselves aboard steamer in Boston harbor. Sam and I arrived first and by and by came Mack and Valentine marching up the plank. Valentine wore a soft hat and carried all the luggage, so his long length was slightly sprung. He had an awful big extension bag. No doubt Mack's things were in there, too. Mack came after. Less of stature and lightly encumbered, he looked the gentleman all over. I said, "What you got there Mack, in the gun bag?"

Mack looked suspiciously all around and then reprovingly at me and shook his head and changed the subject. He said, "Sssh! Where you been Sam?" "Been looking up luggage. Got it all located—tent bag, provisions, camp freight and all, so now we're ready for this canoe to start."

By and by we got up on the high deck among the walking beams and smoke stacks and looked off and told each other what a good start it was, and denied that we were in a slightly boyish, exalted state of mind, and argued about the distant lights appearing in the gloom, and applauded softly the singing, and got sleepy watching the suds floating down the wake toward the moon, and turned in. I'm bunking with Sam. He says, "Oh, come to bed, Jeff."

*Aug. 16.*—Portland. A restaurant. Waiting for breakfast. All smiling but Valentine. Rings under his eyes. His room was too near the engine. He says he tossed and tumbled and finally dreamed he was tied all night to the wheel and every paddle stroke took him in the back. Sam and I looked sympathetic, but Mack said, "Marine Mazeppa—sort of."

*Aug. 17.*—Lakeside Inn. 5:30 P. M. Just got here. The view slopes down through the fields to the lake and there lies the little steamer we shall take in the morning. Left Bethel this morning at 8:30. Ah! that was a ride, a thirty-mile ride on a buckboard stage with a canopy top, and mud on the wheels, and baggage strapped on like a peddler's pack. The road lay along the course of a headstrong stream, just near enough to watch its adventurous career and in a measure to share its vicissitudes. There were clouds at first, but they went off and left the sun to make a view of mottled mountain sides and dazzling water and green intervals and warm clumps of raspberry and golden rod beside us, crunching along through the Bear River valley. Half way through we stopped at the Blacksmith's house for dinner. The returning stage was already there, unhitched, and its passengers, two young men, were going in, so we all sat down at table to size each other up. They were nice-looking fellows, but their creased clothes and mosquito ravages on wrist and forehead stamped them. They were campers. So they told all about their trip up Cupsuptic and down Magalloway and all over. There were three of them, and had been out four weeks, but the third fellow had refused to tramp ten miles to catch the steamer, so they left him at his leisure.

*Aug. 18.*—On the Lake. This is a little steamer. One man for captain and one for crew. I judge her average load is about one man and a gun, so we four with our baggage are a sort of Coney Island excursion. Valentine sits back in the shade with a college text book. Mack and Sam are lolling on bags of meal in the bow. Sam's eyes are steadfast on the distant peak, Aziscohos, from which we shall view the promised land. Mack's sleeves are rolled up and he's idly watching his arms grow red. He looks around and says, "What you doing Jeff?" I say, "Taking your picture, Mack."

This is later.—By and by Mack felt his chin and says, "By George, Sam, I'm not going to shave this trip."

"Why not?"

"Why not! I guess you didn't see that fellow at the house last night; looked fine. Somebody drove him up about nine o'clock. All tanned up black; hadn't shaved at all. Had a paddle and a rifle and things, too. By George, I hope my corduroys 'll look as bad as his when I come out."

"Yes," says Valentine, "Mack was stuck on him. You know that fellow sat there dangling his legs and telling the landlord about his trip when Mack came along and happened to hear something about 'Magalloway' and 'Cupsuptic' and he broke right in and stuck out his hand and says, 'Oh,' he says, 'we know you,' he says, 'we know you; you're the Third Fellow.'"

"Maybe I did," says Mack, "but I notice you've got a couple of flies twisted around your hat to-day, and that's a wrinkle you got from him."

*Same date. 9 P. M.*—At Flint's. Well, the little steamer paddled out of the lake and down the Androscoggin and into the Magalloway a little way, to the end of her journey at Upper Settlement. The settlement was not visible and we landed on a grassy bank. The wharf consisted of a couple of floating logs over which an active fellow with a bag of meal on his shoulder went with much rocking but quick and sure recovery. Then the men turned to, to "wood up," and we disappeared down the road toward Flint's. At 2 o'clock we found ourselves here with the long-sought mountain looming before us. At 3, in climbing rig, we filed across the pasture and disappeared in the woods at the base. Then it was up, up, up, for an hour or more, till we felt ourselves growing smaller and more insignificant, and the trees dwindled to scrub, and then to huckleberries, and then to moss as we merged on top and craned our necks for the first grand view, the vision the eagle gets. For just a moment we steadied against the wind and held our breath at the immensity of the view, and that was the last. The storm that had been on the horizon flanked us after we started and now closed in and the rain descended. Mack held his coat collar and made himself a profile on the highest rock. Sam stood dejectedly on the site of the old cairn. A vandal had been there. The little flag was gone, the pile torn down and scattered and the box of records taken. The clouds grew blacker. The sky was filled with rain. The drops sparkled on the rocks and on us, and every drop was a cold pint. Sam says, "This is a sad and sorrowful moment. Let's go down." So we went. A mountain torrent had appropriated the pathway, so we went down in company.

Well, our clothes are all down in the kitchen now drying around the stove. To-morrow morning we breakfast early, don our camping rig complete, leave our city clothes behind and take wagon across a spur of the mountain, down to the river again at the head of the falls. I expect there's a couple of canoes there hauled up on the bank in waiting. JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

# Natural History.

## "LIFE HISTORIES OF N. A. BIRDS."

ALL ornithologists and most sportsmen are aware that Capt. Bendire has for some time been engaged on a work on North American birds, with special reference to their breeding habits, nests and eggs. Last winter we announced the completion of the author's labor on the first volume of the work, and said that only the manufacturing remained to be done. This has now been completed and the first edition of Part I. of the work has been issued by the U. S. National Museum.

Capt. Bendire has long been known as standing in the first rank among America's practical ornithologists and oölogists. His wide experience has given him a personal knowledge of North American birds which is probably not equalled by that of any other man in the world. Besides this, his wide acquaintance among collectors gives him the benefit of an unusually large circle of observers, upon whose experience he can draw. Many writers on birds, or indeed on other natural history subjects, when they have exhausted their own knowledge of any species, are satisfied to go to the books and quote from the observations of other writers what has been printed by them. This has not been Capt. Bendire's method. By direct personal correspondence with a great number of men interested in our birds he has supplemented his own extended knowledge by that of hundreds of others, and the result is a mass of material which is very full, wholly fresh and abounding in novel points. How extremely interesting his "Life Histories" are is shown by the examples already printed in FOREST AND STREAM giving the account of the bald eagle and Gambel's partridge.

Little has been done in oölogy in this country since the publication of the "History of North American Birds" in 1874, and even in that great work the breeding habits of the birds were not treated with any great fullness of detail. Since that time large collections of nests and eggs have been brought together and great advances made in our knowledge of this subject. It is high time, therefore, that a work should be brought out in which the breeding habits of our birds should receive especial attention. It was Professor Baird's desire that Captain Bendire should undertake this work, and this desire was shared by Professor Langley and Dr. Goode. The wish was a natural one when we consider Captain Bendire's standing in his special field of science, and the further fact that no inconsiderable portion of the Smithsonian collections were made by him.

Although the present work has "special reference to their breeding habits and eggs," it is by no means confined to this aspect of the life of our birds. The migratory and breeding ranges, the food, habits, and generally the life history of each species is given very fully. Each species and sub-species is treated separately, and an especial effort is made to accurately define the breeding range of each. Only a naturalist can have any conception of the painstaking industry and care involved in this one branch of the work.

The present volume treats only of the gallinaceous and rapacious birds, species which may be supposed to have an especial interest for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The grouse, partridges, turkeys, curassows and doves occupy 156 of the large quarto pages, and the remainder of the 414 are devoted to the vultures, hawks and owls.

The twelve plates, representing the eggs of about 100 species, are beautiful specimens of the lithographer's art, and we should imagine must satisfy even the critical eye of the author.

In his treatment of each species, Captain Bendire gives first its number in this work, and its scientific name; then follow two or three lines of synonymy, giving the first name applied and the last, together with the numbers which designate the species in the works of recent authors. Geographical and breeding ranges follow separately, and then comes the life history of the species, the observations of the author and of other observers. The nest is fully described and careful measurements given of eggs from designated localities.

In the account of almost every species may be found some fact which is new, and the whole work is written with a freshness and enthusiasm which can hardly fail to charm the reader.

To give anything like a just idea of the interesting material contained in this volume is beyond the limits of our space, but taking up some of the gallinaceous birds we select a few paragraphs almost at random. Speaking of the Texas Bob White, Capt. Bendire says:

Mr. William Lloyd, of Marfa, Texas, informs me, "The Texan Bob White is a bird of the lowlands, and is not found above an altitude of 2,000ft. Their food consists of small berries, acorns, grain, buds and leaves of aromatic herbs and small shrubs, varied with occasional beetles, grasshoppers and ants, especially the winged females, of which they seem to be very fond. They are very unsuspicious, and their low notes, uttered while feeding, attract a good many enemies. I have seen foxes on the watch, and the marsh harrier perched in a clump of grass on the lookout, waiting for them to pass. But the many large rattlesnakes found here are their worst enemies. One killed in May had swallowed five of these birds at one meal; another, a female evidently caught on her nest and a half dozen of her eggs; a third, four Bob Whites and a scaled partridge. The young are also greatly affected and many killed by heavy rains in June and July; numbers perish then from cold and protracted wet weather. When alarmed by a hawk sailing overhead they run under the mother for protection, as domestic chickens do."

The confidence and familiarity shown by birds which

are protected is illustrated by this note on the valley quail of California:

Mr. William Proud, who is quite familiar with the habits of the valley ypartridge, writes me from Butte county, California, regarding them as follows: "Hundreds of these birds roost every night in the shrubbery around my house. Some of them are very tame, feeding among the chickens and coming on the verandah. They appear to know that they are protected. They mostly roost in thick brush, and on the ground when the brush is not at hand. In early seasons they begin to pair in the last week of February, but the time varies somewhat according to the season. During this period there is considerable fighting among the males for the favor of the coveted female. This is kept up until they are suitably mated and the nesting season arrives. This usually begins here about the last week in March, when the pairs scatter about the shrubbery along the banks of creeks and in adjacent ravines, along hedgerows and brush fences and on the borders of cultivated fields. The earliest nest I have ever found was on March 15, and on April 15 I met young birds probably a couple of days old. I consider fourteen eggs to be about the average number laid by these birds, and have found as many as twenty-four in a nest. The large sets I attribute to other hens laying in the nest, probably young birds which have failed to make preparation for their own eggs. On May 21 my dog pointed a valley partridge on her nest, which contained twenty-two eggs, and every one hatched."

The packing of the Canada grouse, which will be new to most readers, is referred to as follows:

Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, a reliable and careful observer, writes me as follows: "I have been over every part of this State where this bird is likely to be abundant, east from Penobscot, from the sea to the North Corner Monument, but I have always found the Canada grouse very scarce everywhere. Five once and six at another time are the largest number I ever saw together. I have many times traveled a month, and sometimes two months outstandin in the woods, where they ought to be, without seeing over one or two.

"A Micmac Indian, whom I consider reliable, tells me of having seen a pack of many thousands somewhere east of Halifax, Nova Scotia, on which their whole village lived for weeks, moving after them when they moved. The males greatly predominate over the females, at least two to one. They feed almost entirely on the needles of spruce and fir, also hackmatack and berries in summer. They show a preference for some fir trees over others, as I have seen them return to the same tree until it was nearly stripped. When disturbed they always take to the trees, walking about in them, from one branch to another. My father, who had opportunities to see them drum, told me they drummed in the air while descending from a tree. They would fly up on a tree, then start off and drum on the way to the ground, like a Quaker grasshopper. When on the ground they scratch a great deal more than other grouse do."

We know so little of the habits of ptarmigan that the following notes on *Lagopus lagopus* are very welcome:

Mr. L. M. Turner, in his manuscript on the birds of Labrador and Ungava, makes the following statement regarding this species: "In the spring these birds repair, as the snow melts, to the lower grounds and prepare for the nuptial season. About April 10, they may be heard croaking or barking on all sides. A male selects a favorable tract of territory for the location of the nest, and endeavors to induce a female to resort to that place. He usually selects the highest portion of the tract, whence he launches into the air uttering a barking sound of nearly a dozen separate notes, thence sails or flutters in a circle to alight at the place whence he started, or to alight on another high place, from which he repeats the act while flying to his former place. Immediately on alighting he utters a sound similar to the Indian word *chu xwan* (what is it?) and repeats it several times, and in the course of a few minutes again launches in the air. Early in the morning hundreds of these birds may be heard, continuing until near 11 o'clock, when the bird then becomes silent until after 3 o'clock, when he again goes through the same performance, though with less vigor than in the morning. In the course of a few days a female may be found in the vicinity. The actions of the male are now redoubled, and woe be to any bird of his kind which attempts to even cross his chosen locality. Battles ensue, which for fierceness are seldom equaled by birds of larger size.

"In the vicinity of Fort Chimo the nesting of this species begins during the latter part of May. The nest is usually placed in a dry spot among the swamps or on the hillsides where straggling bushes grow. The nest is merely a depression in the mosses, and contains a few blades and stalks of grass, together with a few feathers from the parent bird, which is now in the height of the moult from the winter to the summer plumage.

"The first eggs obtained were two on June 1, 1884, this being the earliest record at Fort Chimo. The number laid for a set varies greatly in different localities. At Fort Chimo seven to nine is the usual number, although in exceptional instances as many as eleven and rarely thirteen may be found. While I was at St. Michael (Norton Sound, Alaska) I frequently found nests containing as many as fifteen and several times found seventeen. I was there informed that over twenty eggs had been taken from a single nest. On neither side of the continent did I hear that more than one female deposited eggs in the same nest. I can affirm that a clutch of seven eggs may be taken, and, if the nest be not disturbed, the female will deposit nearly the same number again. These may again be taken, and not over three eggs will be deposited, and if disturbed a third time she will lay no more unless she selects a new location, which, of course, would be difficult to ascertain.

"I cannot speak accurately on the subject, but think that seventeen days are required to incubate the eggs. On June 20 I obtained a young bird of this species, which was less than forty-eight hours out of the shell. This was the earliest record. Thousands of these young birds must perish annually, either from the cold rains or from their parents being killed for food. The Indians consider the downy young of the ptarmigan a special delicacy, even if taken from the shell; the bird serves in lieu of an oyster. I once had occasion to require the services of several Indian women to blow some eggs, which, during a pressure of other work, I had no time to do. I set them to work and frequently went to see if the work was progressing satisfactorily. I observed a pile of birds without, and some with feathers on, lying on a board. I inquired why they were being reserved. An old woman picked up one of the birds by the leg, and throwing back her head opened her mouth and indicated the purpose plainer than words could tell. After the middle of August the birds have acquired a good size, and are then feeding on berries of various kinds. They are then quite tender, of nearly white flesh, and when properly prepared form a pleasant food for the table. The young birds of the year attain their full growth by Nov. 1."

The very full account given of the habits of one form of the sharp-tailed grouse will be read with interest by the many who are familiar with the species during the autumn shooting and at no other season of the year:

Mr. Ernest E. Thompson has also kindly placed some of his notes on this race, made in southern Manitoba, at my disposal, and I made the following extracts from them: "The sharp-tailed grouse, while eminently a prairie bird in the summer time, usually retires to the woods and sand hills on the approach of winter; but in the spring, before the snow is gone, they again perform a partial migration and scatter over the prairies, where alone they are to be found during the summer. They are very shy at all times, but during the winter the comparatively heedless individuals have been so thoroughly weeded out by their numerous enemies, that it requires no slight amount of stalking to get within the range of a flock in the spring time.

"The advent of the grouse on the still snow-covered plains might prove premature but that they find a good friend in the wild prairie rose (*Rosa blanda*), which is abundant everywhere; and the ruddy hips, unlike most fruits, do not fall when ripe, but continue to hang on the stiff stems until they are dislodged by the coming of the next season's crop. On the 'Big Plain' stones of any kind are unknown, and in nearly all parts of Manitoba gravel is unattainable during the winter; so that the sharptails and other birds, that require these aids to digestion, would be at a loss were it not that the friendly rose also supplies this need, for the hips, besides being sweet and nutritious, contain a number of small angular seeds which answer perfectly the purpose of the gravel.

"To illustrate the importance of this shrub in this regard, I append a table of observations on the contents of crops and gizzards of grouse killed during the various months as indicated:

"January—Rose-hips, browse, and *Equisetum* tops.
"February—Rose-hips and browse.
"March—Rose-hips and browse.
"April—Rose-hips and browse of birch and willow.
"May—Rose-hips and sand-flowers (*Anemone patens*).
"June—Rose-hips, grass, grasshoppers and *Proconia costalis*.
"July—Rose-hips, seeds of star-grass, and *P. costalis*.
"August—Rose-hips, grass, strawberries, and *P. costalis*.
"September—Rose-hips, grass, berries, and *P. costalis*.
"October—Rose-hips, grass, and various berries.
"November—Rose-hips, birch and willow browse, and berries of arbutus.
"December—Rose-hips, juniper berries, and browse.

"This is of course a mere list of staples, as in reality nothing of the nature of grain, fruit, leaves or insects comes amiss to this nearly omnivorous bird, but it illustrates the importance of the rose-hips, which are always obtainable, as they grow everywhere, and do not fall when ripe. In the course of my experience I have examined some hundreds of gizzards of the prairie chicken, and do not recollect ever finding one devoid of the stony seeds of the wild rose.

"After the disappearance of the snow, and the coming of warmer weather, the chickens meet every morning at gray dawn in companies of from 6 to 20, on some selected hillock, or knoll, and indulge in what is called 'the dance.' This performance I have often watched, and it presents the most amusing spectacle I have yet witnessed in bird life. At first the birds may be seen standing about in ordinary attitudes, when suddenly one of them lowers its head, spreads out its wings nearly horizontally and its tail perpendicularly, distends its air sacs and erects its feathers, then rushes across the 'floor,' taking the shortest of steps, but stamping its feet so hard and rapidly that the sound is like that of a kettle drum; at the same time it utters a sort of bubbling crow, which seems to come from the air sacs, beats the air with its wings and vibrates its tail, so that it produces a loud, rustling noise, and thus contrives at once to make as extraordinary a spectacle of itself as possible. As soon as one commences, all join in, rattling, stamping, drumming, crowing and dancing together furiously; louder and louder the noise, faster and faster the dance becomes, until at last as they madly whirl about, the birds leap over each other in their excitement. After a brief spell the energy of the dancers begins to abate, and shortly afterward they cease, and stand or move about very quietly, until they are again started by one of their number leading off.

"The whole performance reminds one so strongly of a 'Cree dance' as to suggest the possibility of its being the prototype of the Indian exercise. The space occupied by the dancers is from 50 to 100ft. across, and as it is returned to year after year, the grass is usually worn off, and the ground trampled down hard and smooth. The 'dancing' is indulged in at any time of the morning or evening in May, but it is usually at its height before sunrise. Its erotic character can hardly be questioned, but I cannot fix its place or value in the nuptial ceremonies. The fact that I have several times noticed the birds join for a brief 'set-to' in the late fall, merely emphasizes its parallelism to the drumming and strutting of the ruffed grouse, as well as the singing of small birds.

"The whole affair bears a close resemblance to the maneuvering of the European ruff, and from this and other reasons I am inclined to suspect the sharptail of polygamy. When the birds are disturbed on the hill they immediately take wing and scatter, uttering as they arise their ordinary alarm note, a peculiar vibratory 'cack, cack, cack.' This is almost always uttered simultaneously with the beating of the wings, and so rarely, except under these circumstances, that at first I supposed it was caused by the wings alone, but since then I have heard the sound both when the birds were sailing and when they were on the ground, besides seeing them fly off silently. They have also a call, a soft, clear whistle of three slurred notes, E, A, D, and a sort of grunt of alarm, which is joined in by the pack as they fly off. Their mode of flight is to flap and sail by turns every 40 or 50yds., and so rapid and strong are they on the wing that I have seen a chicken save itself by its swiftness from the first swoop of a Peregrine falcon, while another was seen to escape by flight from a snowy owl."

Enough has already been said to indicate the great interest and value of this first volume of Capt. Bendire's work. It is to be hoped that no great amount of time will elapse before the second volume is got under way.

### Relation of Phosphoresence to Color in Marine Forms.

IN my various cruises along the Pacific coast I have been much interested in the abnormal profusion of phosphoresence in the water, and I have often wondered if this phenomenon were not in some way intimately associated with the brilliant colors and exuberant growth of vegetables and ichthyc forms, which are more various all larger, and more abundant and dissimilar in flavor and color from cognate forms on the Atlantic side of the continent.

Whatever the cause may be which thus affects the animal and vegetable life, it must in time manifest itself in the characteristics of the people when sufficient time shall have elapsed to impress the influence of this environment upon them. Here is an interesting field for scientific investigation lying wide open.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

YEARS ago, when Professor Otis T. Mason was training the young and before he had entered upon the comprehensive ethnological studies which have made his name famous in the publications of the Smithsonian Institute, he required each of his pupils, at a certain stage of progress in study, to write a letter. One of his youngest boys had constantly failed to accomplish this task, and was finally told that he must do his duty or be sent home to his mother. The boy at last said through his tears: "Professor, I can't write a letter, but I think I can write a story." He was allowed to substitute this for the letter, and here is what he wrote:

"Wunst ther was a precher and he got onto a ship and he saled and saled and saled and bime by he come near a iland and when he come near the iland a big storm come up and it blode and blode and blode and the precher and all the peepel on the ship thought they was goin to git drownded and a littel bird got blode of the iland and tride to git onto the ship but evry time he tride to git onto the ship the ship leaned over the other way and the littel bird got left but he didnt set down in the water and cry he just kep peggin away and bime by he lit down into a sale and a saler went up and got the littel bird out of the sale and giv him some bred and water and bime by when the storm blode away the sun come out and the ship come to land and the precher and all the peepel was glad and the bird flude away.

"Morel.—If you dont git what you want first jest you keep peggin away and youl git it bime by."

FOREST AND STREAM
Amateur Photography
Competition.
See details in another column.

# Game Bag and Gun.

## NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

### The Flathead Valley.

KALISPELL, Mont., Sept. 10.—A party of New York gentlemen, including Julian T. Davis and son, General Burnett and Judge Wallace, of the U. S. Supreme Court, are on a hunting and fishing expedition in the Rockies. They occupy a private car, and will spend a week or two in the Flathead Valley. The surprise was universal to find a town of 1,500 people in what was so recently an unknown part of the country. The surprise was not confined to the fact of discovering a town with newspapers, banks, churches, schools and every modern comfort and convenience, and only a year old, but that at its very doors were such splendid opportunities for fishing and hunting. The scenery and climate, too, pleased them, and one gentleman enthusiastically summed up the situation by declaring the Flathead to be "a place of healing for the sick and lazy; a recuperating place for the weary and overworked; the trysting place for disciples of Nimrod and Walton, and a pleasure resort for the rest of mankind." M. F.

### Central New York.

WATERVILLE, Oneida County, Sept. 10.—The sporting season opened here on Aug. 15, with a scarcity of birds. A resident market hunter was out three days and only killed four birds. He then gave it up as a bad job. I have been out nine afternoons and have killed nineteen grouse and woodcock, mostly the former. In an experience of thirty years shooting in this vicinity I have never found the birds so scarce. I noticed that the grouse were afflicted with the partridge fly, or whatever it is called, which may account in a measure for their scarcity. But I cannot tell what has become of the woodcock. I have hunted summer ground and fall ground, high ground and low ground, swamps and corn fields. Three woodcock are the most I have found any afternoon, and that after tramping anywhere from five to ten miles. There are no gray squirrels here, nor have there been for several years. H. N. C.

### California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 31.—The close season on quail shooting terminates in a few days, and the sportsmen are resurrecting their No. 12s from closets and getting them in condition. The birds are numerous and quail on toast will soon be on the bill of fare of every restaurant. The law prohibiting deer shooting for three years has another year to run yet, and the good effect of the law is evident by the great numbers seen in their usual haunts, as the law has been pretty generally observed, although I saw a good many antlers and skins hanging on the log cabins "up country" when recently in the Sierras on my trout fishing expedition. They claim that they only kill a deer now and then for fresh meat. The number I saw indicates remarkable appetites on the part of the herders and lumber men; but the law is too rigid to admit of the former wanton destruction. PODGERS.

### Newfoundland Caribou.

BOSTON, Mass., April 10.—Next month begins the caribou season in Newfoundland. No place in the island offers such inducements to the hunter as the Hall's Bay district. Large herds were seen in that locality last season, and with the extended facilities for reaching that place the number of sportsmen this year will be largely augmented. The largest deer in the colony are found here. The scenery surrounding Hall's Bay will repay any traveler. And the climate, it is not too much to say, is the finest in the world. There are large rivers well stocked with salmon and trout, and any sportsman who likes this kind of sport (and who does not) should bring his angling gear along with his shooting equipments. M. W. DOOLEY.

### Eastern Indiana.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind., Sept. 4.—Prospects for quail shooting in eastern Indiana are unusually poor. Excessive rains all through May and June drowned the first layings of eggs. On Aug. 17 I noticed that the male birds were still whistling "Bob White," and on that date a nest of eggs almost ready to hatch was found on my farm. The mother bird was on the nest, and the mowing-machine clipped a few of her feathers before she left it. yesterday I bagged 13 gray squirrels in 5 hours, an unusual bag for this section. They seem quite plenty just now, but in a week they will eat what few hickory nuts and buckeyes there are in the woods and depart for some place where food is plentier. O. H. HAMPION.

### Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 5.—We have had a great season up to date with the black bass and all other game fish with which our streams and lakes abound. They have been taking the fly in Big Lake, ten miles from this city, for the past three weeks. The writer has just returned from a chicken hunt in the Creek Nation, bagging sixty chickens to three guns in two days. We are going to have excellent shooting this fall in Arkansas. A bear weighing 300lbs. was recently killed in the town of Du Valls Bluff by J. M. Richardson, fifty miles from Little Rock. Quail are late, but will be very plentiful in the country not visited by the great overflow. ARKANSAW.

### Connecticut.

HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 5.—Indications now are that quail and partridge will be fairly plenty here this fall. Many woodcock were hatched here during the spring and summer, and I hope will return later. There is more than the usual quantity of wild rice along the river banks, and rail birds should be plenty, though our best shooting is generally in the second or third week of September, and sometimes the very last of the month. I think they get the birds earlier near the mouth of the river than we do here. A.

### New Jersey Meadows.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Sept. 12.—In spite of the moon being full and in perigee last week, the tides, owing to contrary winds, were not high enough to enable the rail shooters to get on the South River meadows, so that few birds were killed. Neither has there been a flight of snipe to speak of, though some have been bagged here and there. The meadows are too dry. J. L. K.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 10.—It was mentioned earlier that in response to the letter of Mr. Organ, president of the State Association, and also of Warden Bortree, certain of the express companies had issued circulars to their local agents forbidding the receipt of illegal game. In order to give this matter wider publicity it is thought well to give here the text of two of these circulars issued by companies running into country from which much game is shipped. The American Express Co. circular is as follows:

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.—Office of Assistant General Manager, Western Department.—Chicago, Ill., Aug. 17, 1892.—*Agents Western Department:* The Game Warden of this city has recently called our attention to the fact that more or less game, killed out of season, is being shipped into Chicago contaary to law, and he has given notice that hereafter express companies will be prosecuted for each and every violation. This company has repeatedly issued instructions regarding the violation of game laws. It is our intention to comply with the law in each and every State in which we do business. A copy of said laws has been furnished you and there is no excuse for violating same. You must be more watchful than ever, and refuse to receive for transportation any game, the shipment of which is in violation of the game laws of your State. Agents will be held personally responsible for any loss growing out of a violation of this order.

A. ANTISDEL, Ass't Gen'l Manager.

The Northern Pacific Express Company's circular is in substance as follows:

NORTHERN PACIFIC EXPRESS COMPANY.—General Manager's Office, Game Laws.—Chicago, Aug. 22, 1892.—*To Agents:* The attention of all agents of this company is called to the game laws, as published in tariff circulars from time to time for the different States as follows: The taking of game or fish at any time embraced within the "close season," as set forth in tariff circulars, is a violation of the law. Any person violating the law will be subject to fine or imprisonment, or both. Agents must strictly live up to the game laws and refuse to handle or ship game out of season, as it is the policy of this company to uphold the law. It is known that agents of this and other express companies have accepted game and way-billed the shipments under the guise of "fish" and vice versa. It is our earnest desire to put a stop to this evasion of the law and not handle illicit game under fictitious names. With a view to end this practice, agents must promptly refuse to accept or handle game of any kind during the close season. Offenders of the law are being successfully prosecuted, and should penalties be imposed upon this company for such offenses the amount in each case will be charged to the offending agent.

H. H. BROWNING, General Manager.

This action of the carriers ought to have some little effect, though it takes a trusting and confiding soul to believe that the local agents will be scared into absolute carefulness by the above communications. If the companies would send out a circular showing the names of a few agents who had suffered for violating the terms of the circulars they would do something toward taking this matter out of the red tape precinct.

To-day I hear that yesterday afternoon Messrs. Organ and Bortree found two firkins and one barrel of illegal prairie chickens on South Water street. Particulars are not at hand about this latest roughening of the way of the transgressor.

### TRAVELING SHOOTERS.

The Bloomington (Ill.) Hunting Club issues a neat itinerary of the trip to be taken this fall in their special hunting car "Cleopatra." The personnel of the party is given as follows: Dr. C. O. Burke, A. S. Eddy, Deane N. Funk, H. L. Smith, Frank H. Funk, J. F. Glenn, J. C. Stevenson, J. Deeraismes, J. B. Stevenson, Linc. Funk, H. O. Wheeler, Eugene D. Funk, H. O. Hoffman, W. H. Creber, Isaac G. Funk, C. T. Stevenson, E. C. Roush, Ed Butler, O. T. Reeves, Jr. and A. C. Eddy. J. B. Stevenson, Manager; H. L. Smith, Captain; W. H. Creber, Sec'y-Treas.

The trip begins to-day, Sept. 10, and the party will arrive at St. Paul to-morrow morning, and at Winnipeg, Man., Sept 12. The journey is thence west *via* C. P. R. R. A stay of two weeks is billed for Revelstoke, and thence the journey leads to the northwest coast, San Francisco, and home by way of Salt Lake and Denver, the trip to end Oct. 18. This will leave small time for actual hunting, but will make a grand tour for these fortunates.

Somewhere I have lately seen it stated that the cost of a special car is not so appalling as might be supposed. A parlor special costs $50 a day, a hunting car only $35 a day. Over most roads eighteen full fares must be paid, and board must be paid extra, though a cook and two servants are furnished with the car.

Mr. Chas. Grubbs, of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s gun department, starts this week on an extended trip of rest and sport in Dakota and the West, which may take him to the Rockies and keep him away a couple of months. Mr. Grubbs goes for his health primarily.

Mr. L. M. Stone, representing a New York commission firm, made inquiry this week for chicken country, and has started for North Dakota and Minnesota. He will probably make his main stay at Alexandria, Minn.

Mr. W. H. Reddington, of this city, starts early for Trout Lake, near Reynolds, Wis., for some fall fishing; not for deer shooting I hope. His camp will be on Crooked Lake most of the time.

Messrs. W. W. Ash and Geo. B. Washburne have just completed a boat trip through the Fox Lake system, starting from Long Lake. They had fair fishing, and report seeing some few ducks, but not a great many.

A party of half a dozen or more will go up to Horicon Marsh, Wis., next Tuesday. They should just about meet the teal flight, which is a little early this fall. Ducks are reported more abundant now on the marsh than last week.

It appears that they have law in Dakota, and that with a vengeance, as Messrs. E. R. Sheldon and Dwight Lawrence, of this city, and their two companions can testify. On their recent trip they one day killed 84 chickens, the law allowing only 25 birds to the gun. A constable arrested them and they were taken before a J. P. Another section of the law forbids shipping over 12 birds a day. A little juggling of the two sections convinced them that they had broken the law, and they paid $100 and costs. If these gentlemen kept faith with the law, and killed not over 25 birds to the gun, they were unjustly fined. If they did not they were not fined enough. Any shooter going into a strange country to shoot should look up the law thoroughly and then observe it implicitly. This done, there is small danger of unjust fines, for the shooter will be clear in his own mind as to his rights in the matter.

Mr. B. Waters, of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, is back from the field trials at Morris, Manitoba. He reports that prairie chickens and sharp-tails were very abundant in that section, and just beginning to pack. They often put up 30 or 40 birds on a few acres of ground. He thought that two good dogs might find 20 or 25 coveys a day easily, and that one gun could easily bag 100 birds a day on some of the best country. Morris is only 28 miles above the Dakota line.

Mr. Waters says also that along a new road north of Winnipeg, caribou are seen in herds resembling, in miniature at least, those of the buffalo in days gone by. This fabulous statement came from an old Manitoba hunter of big game. Moose are also obtainable in the same region, which is easily accessible from Winnipeg.

### ILLINOIS BIRDS.

It still seems the case that, while the Northwest is unusually blessed this fall with the prairie chicken crop, Illinois is sadly short. Around Jacksonville there are usually some birds, but they are scarce for even the illegal shooters this year. I was told that there are more chickens southeast of Springfield than anywhere else, though illegal shooting has been common there also. I was also told that there was fair shooting about sixteen miles north of Prentice, on the C. & A., though that country is much posted.

A prominent shooter who lives at Virginia, Ill., about twelve miles above Jacksonville, writes me the following interesting note:

"Last Sunday as I was walking around my pond, I saw a sight that I never before witnessed. The cows had waded out in water almost mid-side deep, and the little fish at once surrounded them, jumping as much as a foot out of the water after flies which lit on the cows. They did not seem to be in the least frightened by the movements of the cows. Most all were small sunfish. Such an occurrence may be very common, but it is the first time I have ever seen it.

"Last week while in attendance at the Springfield, Ill., tournament, I heard quite a number talking about the killing of prairie chickens, and from what I could learn, there were already being many killed in that vicinity. There seems to be much difference of opinion regarding the law on shooting chickens, since the blunder in the Legislature a few years ago. I think that that has been the cause of much illegal shooting. Of course, nearly all the shooters, or rather sportsmen, acknowledge Sept. 15 to be the legal time for killing chickens in this State, but there are a few lawyers scattered through the country who claim there is no valid law at present in regard to chicken shooting, and that they will defend any one who kills them. This also I think, has had its effect. No doubt it would be an easy matter to find out some of the offending ones. REX."

The state of affairs referred to is unfortunately in existence. There seems to be, however, a growing respect for the law in many of the country districts of this State, and "early shooting" comes more and more into criticism. The writer of the above is a young farmer and could easily soothe his conscience over a few early birds, but I know that he would not in any circumstances violate the law. The Springfield men might well note the example.

### DR. THOMAS AND HIS DEER.

Last week I gave space to the current report that Dr. H. W. Thomas, pastor of the People's Church, of this city, had, during his summer vaction in Wisconsin, killed three deer. I stated that I had written Dr. Thomas for the facts, and hoped a full denial of the charge. Now I have Dr. Thomas's reply, and it is with genuine regret I see that the denial is wanting, and that there can no longer be even the most charitable doubt as to the truth of the original accusation. Summer deer shooting, openly carried on and openly admitted by a minister of the gospel, a man whose conscience should be tender and alive to natural justice—that is something we had no right to expect. We should have expected that from the brutal, the reckless, the low and the unreasoning, not from a man of education, of intelligence and of a position bearing need of self-respect in even the most minute particular. The facts, however, are stubborn, and here is the letter, which I give *verbatim et literatim:*

535 MONROE ST., Sept. 7.—Your kind letter recd., and I appreciate its spirit and courtesy.

Yes, it is true I killed three big deer in Wisconsin, and whilst I had never examined the statutes of the State, I knew there was a law protecting the game out of season.

But the nearest meat market was some 40 miles away; we had to have fresh meat, and the easiest and most enjoyable way to get it was to kill it; and this, as I understand, is the custom, and allowable under such circumstances, and does not really violate the *intent* of the law. The few people who live in those wild timber lands seem to have about the same right to the game that a farmer has to his herds, and hence I felt a clear conscience in the matter. I killed for immediate use, and we ate the whole animals—forequarters all. I left the hides with the residents. Of course, no *hunter* would shoot a doe before the weaning time of the fawns. And we caught and ate trout; and we killed and ate partridges, but not till near the last of August, when the young ones were well grown. And I shot a porcupine on a tree, thinking in haste it was a coon. But I did not call the deer *sheep*, as some do in the Rocky Mountains.

Now, if in all this I offended the spirit of the law, I am ready to pay the good State of Wisconsin for the damage done.

Resp'y, H. W. THOMAS.

There is one quality about this letter which is not often shown by some of our so-called "sportsmen" who kill deer in the summer, and that is a manliness equal to acknowledging the fault. There is no use getting savage over this matter, and abusing or deriding Dr. Thomas for what he admits he has done. It will be better to be cool and reasonable, and so to show Dr. Thomas and others that such an act is both a wrong and a risky one. So far as treating Dr. Thomas any better than anybody else is concerned, there is no reason for that. He is no better, by virtue of his position, than anybody else, and moreover he steps quite aside from his position when he goes into the woods and kills deer in the summer time. Yet we will cling to that position for a moment, and from that point show the fallacy of the reverend gentleman's excuses to his conscience.

A minister of the Gospel should have in his heart a belief in the principles of love, justice and unselfishness, and he should practice them. If Dr. Thomas can be shown that on the basis of his letter he has been unloving, unjust and selfish, it should be enough, and should be the easiest way to show him that he should recede from the position there maintained, and should make atonement for his fault. This is good religion, and moreover it's good logic.

Dr. Thomas says, "The few people who live in those wild timber lands seem to have about the same right to the game that a farmer has to his herds." Well now, this isn't so in the first place, because these people are exactly like Dr. Thomas, and Dr. Thomas is exactly like them. They are either citizens or outlaws. If they are citizens, one is as good as another before the law. In the social compact we give up many individual privileges for the common good. For many reasons, it is pleasanter to do as one likes, but when one goes into society he agrees to give up this doctrine. He has his chance when he votes for a man to represent him in making laws. He has his chance again when he votes for a man to represent him in interpreting the laws. But he has no longer any chance to make law, interpret law, and carry out laws to suit himself. He gave that up to the State when he became a citizen. He is one of the many, now. The citizen of Wisconsin, or the hunter of Wisconsin, whether he lives in the wild timber lands or in the heart of the busiest city, is no better than his neighbor, and he has no right to think himself so. Dr. Thomas is no glittering exception. It is not his business to construe the law. If he can construe the game law, he can just as well be outlaw enough to construe the laws relating to any other form of theft, and take what suits his fancy, because he "needs" it. He, in effect, stole the property of the people of Wisconsin, knowing that the faithful citizens of that State could not raise a hand to take of that property except in certain ways and after a certain date. In this he was selfish, unjust and unloving. He cannot do these things and be a goood citizens, or a good minister. He cannot do these things and retain the respect of many men who now have respect and admiration for him in their hearts. When he has thought the matter over, he will know that he cannot do these things and retain his own self-respect. And the loss of that is the worst thing a man can suffer.

The plea that the natives of the pine lands own the deer is a specious one, but it is wrong and bears no scrutiny, far less when urged by Dr. Thomas as an excuse. If the deer belong to this restricted portion of the population, then Dr. Thomas stole from that restricted portion. If the deer belong to the natives as the farmer's herds to him, Dr. Thomas had no more right to kill a deer, without the consent of all those natives living in that region, than he would have to kill an animal out of the farmer's herd without his consent. Dr. Thomas certainly does not live in "those wild timber lands himself." He doesn't own those deer as a farmer does his herds. He isn't a native. He has not, on his own statement, any right to go in there and rob those poor people of the animals of their herds, which they may need for food. When he does that, he is selfish, unloving and unjust. A good minister whom I once heard—I will not tell Dr. Thomas who he was—told us, "It is very easy to find excuses for doing a thing we want to do." That is just what Dr. Thomas did. He did what he wanted to do, and then hustled for the excuses. He did a strictly selfish act. As to the old plea about needing meat, that is very old, very recurrent, and very thin. It always has been thin, and now it is thinner. I don't doubt for a moment that Dr. Thomas's party used all the meat, just as he says, but I do not for a moment believe that the need of meat was the controlling impulse which took him out to kill deer in the red coat. I think he felt the hunter's impulse to kill a large animal. In short, I think he wanted to kill a deer, and did so, and then ate it, and then sought to make the eating an excuse. Dr. Thomas receives several thousand dollars a year as salary. He could have taken enough provisions into the woods. He admits that he had good fishing. I have little sympathy for the men who have trout and pork and beans and a hunter's appetite, and who yet feel constrained, because nothing is good enough for them but venison, to go out and kill a deer for the sake of something to eat. The eating is no excuse. If I should steal a quarter of beef from the Government warehouse and eat the beef all up, would that be any excuse? And yet for that act I could build up a far sounder and more logical apology than this shaky one of the reverend gentleman who, bound naturally to the doctrine of loving-ness, justice and unselfishness, abandons all that wilfully, and knowingly breaks a law of man, of nature and of natural justice, because he simply feels like doing so. Who am I, that I should steal beef? Who is Dr. Thomas, that he should steal venison? I want no stolen goods. I want my self-respect, and I want to be a citizen.

For theft of this sort there are just two classes whom one could excuse, those who are actually ignorant of the law, and those residents who actually used the game for food. Any man may break a law in ignorance, and there is no real fault in that, and when one thinks of the poor devils who live up in the pine country, condemned by their hard circumstances to a life of pork and saleratus, it is hard to blame them for killing an occasional deer. But Dr. Thomas belongs to neither of these classes. He is a man who ought to know better and who did know better, and who ought to have done better. If we excuse him, what shall we say to restrain the herd of the brutal, the reckless, the low and the unintelligent? May they not as well stay as he? Suppose one hundred of these go into the woods, and kill three deer apiece? The deer of a whole region are destroyed forever. This is the conclusion of Dr. Thomas' logic. The conclusion is too severe to allow him to use such logic. He must admit himself no better than his brother citizen. He will need no sophistries then.

There is in this no mere utilization of an opportunity for a sportsman's paper to haul a minister of the Gospel over the coals. The sporting press is not at war with the pulpit in any way. It is only the importance of the offender which makes this case the most worthy of mention of any of the kind yet known—a case as interesting and noteworthy as it is unfortunate and deplorable.

I do not claim to know Dr. Thomas's business. He should not claim to know ours. Had he traveled all over this country as much as I have, and sought to learn accurately about the game supply, and had he seen, as I have, the game of every sort in this great country year by year vanishing, fading away, disappearing from even the wildest fastnesses of mountain and forest, he would feel just as I do about this to-day, and he would know there was no ghoulish malice under comment such as this, and anything but pleasure in the writing of it. There is small selfishness beneath it. I do not want merely to see these animals preserved for myself, or for the sake of my sporting friends, or the sake of the general sporting public, although that is part of the business of a genuine sportsmen's journal. I want to see these animals preserved for their own sake. They are going, Dr. Thomas does not know how fast. We of the guild of sportsmen are trying to get good laws to preserve the game, and to have all observe the laws, and to give all an equal chance on such conditions that the game will not be exterminated, and this chance so put forever out of question for us all. We want the help of just such men as Dr. Thomas. We

want the help of the great dailies. We want the help of all the higher intelligence, of all the better orders, of all the finer and clearer minds. Are you with us, Dr. Thomas, or do you see this thing plainly now?

On one point small doubt remains, and the proper course is plain. It will do good to have it widely known that a heavy fine has been imposed in a prominent instance of summer deer killing. This will do more than any other one thing to stop other men from killing deer in the summer. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association should confer with the State game warden of Wisconsin—with whom I am well acquainted—and the warden should open correspondence with Dr. Thomas, with a view to a plea of guilty, and the imposition of the lightest fine the law permits. Unfortunately this can not be less than $50 for each deer.

Dr. Thomas also admits the deliberate killing of partridges, of course illegal. The fine for each bird is not less than $50.

Dr. Thomas declares himself willing to pay for the damage done the good State of Wisconsin, if he has violated the spirit of the law. He has violated the law both in the letter and in the spirit, as I think the good State of Wisconsin will show him as quick as it gets a chance. This spiritual argument doesn't go, even from a minister of the Gospel. It is the minister of the Gospel who needs most to keep his skirts clean, his name free from any accusation. I doubt not Dr. Thomas will realize what this necessity means in this case. He is too used to the meed of respect and admiration which comes naturally to him as one of the greatest divines and broadest thinkers of his portion of the country—he is too upright, fearless and self-respecting to care to have one in his congregation who could cynically smile as he listened, and say, "You, who teach me thus, are no better than I am, for you do what you want to do, and that is all I ever did by way of sin." E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## THE ARKANSAS NON-EXPORT LAW.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Supreme Court has sustained our non-export game law and I send you herewith copy of the decision, which may be of some use to you. A notice that such laws have been sustained may help the cause along. J. M. ROSE.

SUPREME COURT OF ARKANSAS.—ORGAN v. STATE.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE—EXPORTING GAME.

Act April 12, 1889, as amended by Acts 1891, c. 88, prohibiting the exportation of fish and game from the State, does not violate the Interstate Commerce clause of the Constitution of the United States.

Appeal from the Circuit Court, Crittenden County, Hon. J. E. Riddick, Judge.

Indictment against C. H. Organ for violation of an act prohibiting the exportation of fish. Judgment of guilty and the defendant appeals.

HEMINGWAY, J. The ownership of fish is in the State for the benefit of its people in common, and the Legislature has the power to permit individuals to catch them upon such terms and conditions as it may impose, and to restrict the property acquired in them when caught to such extent as it deems proper. McCready v. Virginia, 94 U. S 391. American Express Co. v. People, 24 N. E. R. 758. Magner v. People, 97 Ill. 333. It may prohibit catching them entirely, or for a specified season; or it may permit them to be caught for the use of the person who makes the catch, and withhold the right to sell them or ship them for sale. When preserved for the common benefit of the people of the State they are not articles of commerce in any sense, and we cannot see that they become such simply because the Legislature permits them to be caught by individuals for use within the State only.

One who catches them had originally no separate property in them and no right to acquire it, except as the Legislature might provide. As all right of property in them is derived from the State, it is subject to such terms as the Legislature imposes. It saw fit in the act assailed to confer a right of property, but to so limit it that the article should not be shipped from the State, the purpose being to restrict the use to those who originally owned it in common. The restrictions are imposed by right of ownership, and not in the exercise of any assumed power to regulate the commercial uses of private property.

Under this limitation, fish never pass from the dominion of the State as proprietor, or become articles of commerce in the sense contended for by the defendant, because the qualified right is conferred upon the condition that the use shall be restricted, and shipment from the State not allowed. It follows that the act does not violate the Commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, and it could not be seriously contended that it violated any other Constitutional provision.

We are aware that a different conclusion has been reached by the courts of Kansas and Idaho. State v. Saunders, 19 Kan. 127. Territory v. Evans, 25 Pac. 115. But that announced seems to us the better one, and is sustained by the Supreme Court of Connecticut in an opinion to which we refer for a more extended discussion of the subject. State v. Geer, 22 Atl. 1012.

*Affirmed.*

### A Combination Arm.

I WANT a rifle and shotgun combined with over and under barrels, rifle barrel on top a .38 55 rifle and 12-gauge shot barrel, the barrels not to touch each other their entire length, but be screwed into breech frame, with space between, and I don't want it for nothing, but would be willing to pay well for such a gun. It would be just the gun for hunting in the South, where there are deer, turkey and quail on the same grounds. I would like two or three agreeable companions to join me in a hunt in Arkansas this winter; not game hogs, but sportsmen of the regular FOREST AND STREAM type. I think we could have some sport, I did last winter, and we did not kill all we had a chance at, either. EN AMI.

### The Portland Game Club.

PORTLAND, Conn., Sept. 1.—An association known as the Portland Game Club was organized here Aug. 31. Active membership includes only residents of the town, and already over forty have expressed a wish to join. Mr. J. B. Brainerd was elected President, and Edward D. Strong secretary. Mr. A. C. Collins, of Hartford, who has done so much for the protection of game in Connecticut, was elected an honorary member. Available land in this vicinity will be leased and an effort made to enforce the game and fish laws. Hon. J. M. Murdoch was appointed attorney for the club. J. H. S.

# Sea and River Fishing.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Dr. Elisha Sterling and Dr. Theodatus Garlick.

IN a foot note in Supt. Mather's report to the New York Fish Commissioners in their twentieth annual report, just published, occurs this statement: "Dr. Elisha Sterling was a very celebrated surgeon and assisted Dr. Garlick in the first attempt to breed trout in America in 1852." This contains two errors that should not be allowed to pass uncorrected. Perhaps it is not so strange that Mr. Mather should have made a slip when it is considered that the Transactions of the American Fisheries Society perpetuated an error upon the same subject in a paper written by a friend and contemporary of the "Father of Fishculture in America," who witnessed some of Dr. Garlick's experiments. In 1850 Dr. Sterling was a pupil of Jean Jacques Victor Coste, in Paris, and was present during the experiments of artificially hatching trout eggs by Joseph Rémy, acting under Coste, in the cellar of the Observatory, Luxemburg Gardens. Dr. Sterling was a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, and so was Dr. Garlick, and they were life-long personal friends. In 1853 Dr. Garlick, having read in a Washington paper an account of Rémy's experiments in Paris, procured some trout from the "Soo" and spawned and impregnated eggs artificially in ponds constructed on the farm of Prof. H. A. Ackley, two miles from Cleveland. Dr. Garlick has explained that Prof. Ackley, his partner in the practice of surgery, bore a portion of the expense and built the dam on his farm while he, Garlick, was at Sault Ste. Marie for the trout; but Prof. Ackley made none of the experiments, nor did he publish anything about them. The first eggs were taken Nov. 21, 1853, and on Jan. 9, 1854, one of the eggs was placed under a microscope by Dr. Goodby and the embryo discovered. On Jan. 22 the first fish was hatched. In addition to being a pupil of Coste, in Paris, Dr. Sterling was before that time a pupil of Prof. Ackley, in Cleveland, so that it is not strange that the conclusion should be drawn from his association of Coste and Rémy, in France, at the time that they hatched trout artificially, and his friendship with Garlick and Ackley, in Ohio, that he was connected with the initial experiments of hatching fish by artificial means in the United States. In fact, he wrote me that more than one writer seemed bound to connect his name with Dr. Garlick's experiments. Really the strangest thing about it was that he was not a participant, for he was in Cleveland at the time, but on three separate occasions he has written me that he knew nothing of them. To quote his own words in one of the letters: "The credit belongs to Dr. Garlick alone. While I witnessed the experiments of Rémy and Coste, in Paris, I thought no more about the matter until I saw Dr. Garlick's embryo trout under Dr. Goodby's microscope in the winter of 1854." Certainly Dr. Sterling's testimony on this subject should be final.

### Good Fishing Means Prosperity.

New London, New Hampshire, boasts of a charming little publication, a cross between a magazine and a newspaper, called *Summer Rest*, published in the interest of "pleasure, recreation and all things restful." The staff appears to consist of visitors to that lake and mountain region. The Souvenir Annual for 1892 has a full-page colored map of New London and vicinity including Sunapee Lake; several half-tone illustrations, and embraces an illustrated article upon "New London's Interest in Fishculture," by Prof. John D. Quackenbos, in which the note upon Sunapee fish in FOREST AND STREAM, July 28, 1892, is quoted. The author adds to the FOREST AND STREAM list of fish in Sunapee, yellow perch and silver dace, but that is not why I refer to the article. Near New London is a beautiful sheet of deep clear cold water, known at Pleasant Pond, and as its outlet is the little hamlet of Scytheville of which Dr. Quackenbos writes thus: "Scytheville may have lost her prestige as a manufacturing village, but a grander future awaits her if the lake, which is the pride of her people, shall become the home of the landlocked salmon, or famous winninish, superlatively the finest game fish in the world. This prediction is based on precedents. The name of Sunapee Lake was unknown beyond the limits of New Hampshire until the fish commissioners stocked it with black bass; but to-day the fame of its Alpine trout extends the world over, and the six miles of its New London shore, undeniably its choicest shore, with a wide western outlook and a constant westerly breeze, is rapidly developing into the town's most valuable section. And what but our trout has wrought the change from tenantless wilderness to cottage clusters and crowded resorts?" It will be noticed that it is the trout (and it may be added, landlocked salmon), not the black bass, that has built up the shores of Sunapee Lake. The black bass planting called attention to the lake, but fishes of the salmon family made it famous. There are other lakes in the land that may be built up in a similar manner if planted with suitable fish, but it cannot be done unless good judgment is exercised in selecting the fish to be planted. There is far too much of hasty ill-advised fish planting going on now. Small ponds and mountain lakelets that have been excellent trout waters are planted with black bass, and thereafter the bass amount to nothing except to unfit the waters for other fish. It is a good rule not to plant black bass in waters that have maintained trout—brook trout—for they are rarely large enough to provide permanent black bass fishing. Many waters have already been planted with black bass that never will afford good fishing, and those who planted the bass would be glad to have them out, but it is easy to put them in and impossible to get them out. In some trout waters pike—the so-called pickerel—have made their appearance, either through accident or by design, and at once there is a demand for black bass to fight the pike.

The New York Fish Commissioners, in their last report, speak of the appearance of pike in some of the Adirondack lakes and say: "Where they are found in sufficient numbers the trout go to the wall. Where pickerel have gained a foothold it is almost impossible to dislodge them, and the commissioners can suggest no remedial legislation. The only course remaining, in the commissioners' opinion, is to stock these lakes with black bass." Lake trout will never be destroyed or seriously interfered with, if at all, by either pike or black bass. Where lake trout will thrive there is plenty of room for the other two fishes. It is the shallow water trout, brook trout, Loch Leven and brown trout that must suffer if any are to suffer, and in Great Britain and continental Europe some of the best waters are infested with pike. They are kept down to a minimum, or below the danger point, by netting. It is true that the pike is far more prolific than any of the trout, but they go into the creeks and marshes to spawn, and it is comparatively easy to net them in the spring; but the bass spawn in the lakes, and it would be a more difficult matter to get rid of them. In Loch Leven itself there are pike, big fellows of over 20lbs., yet the trout increase each year, and when I say increase it is not guesswork, for an accurate account is kept of all trout taken, both number and weight, as the loch is controlled by a fishing company. The trout supply is kept up by natural spawning and by planting fry, and the latter has never exceeded 300,000 annually. Mr. Fuller, of Meacham Lake, in the Adirondacks (this is one of the lakes in which the pike have gained a "foothold"), has begun a war on the pike, and he believes that he will have good trout fishing for many years to come, and I do not think he will apply for black bass as long as he can operate his trout hatchery. The New York law now provides for netting pike out of waters where there are better fish, and this is worth trying before bass are put in to fight the pike. Trout and salmon doubtless will build up certain places as favored resorts, where the black bass fishing would not pay to advertise in a single issue of FOREST AND STREAM. A. N. CHENEY.

## WHY THE FISH ARE FEW.

ONE hears numerous complaints concerning the scarcity of game fish in waters that should, from their isolation and natural surroundings, abound in the "smart set" of the fish tribe. Surely there is some explanation of this scarcity, and if it is due to illegal fishing it is the duty of the wardens to investigate more fully than they do the illegal acts which tend to the destruction of game fish.

The amounts appropriated by the several States for this object are inadequate, however, for a decent enforcement of the laws, and a great deal depends upon the activity of the amateur sportsman in discovering and reporting violations of the laws.

Sportsmen are ever ready to growl at the wanton destruction of trout, but how many of them take it upon themselves to inform the warden of such destruction? Most of them are either too lazy to do this, or else, being satisfied with their present success, they lack the foresight which should warn them of the impending death of their favorite fish; or possibly they are afraid to make such reports, fearing bodily injury from the law breakers. The last reason, however, should be overlooked, as any respectable warden would consider such communications as strictly confidential.

Sportsmen should bear in mind the fact that the few wardens now in office cannot cover the large tracts of comparatively uninhabited lands which most need their attention; also, that the wardens are usually known by the law breakers and their approach carefully watched for. The amateur sportsmen then should be the warden's detective, keeping a careful watch and reporting all circumstances in cases where his suspicions are aroused. There should be hearty co-operation between the wardens and sportsmen, and it is by this co-operation, and by it only, that the laws can be well enforced.

The greater part of the illegal fishing is done by "natives" who fish for the market, largely in supplying hotels in their immediate neighborhood, and also by so-called sportsmen who fish for a record only.

My experiences this summer have brought this matter strongly before me, and I do not think my experience differs from that of most sportsmen. I fail to see why it should.

At the White Mountains I found the hotel men eager for the enforcement of the laws, especially as regards fishing out of season, but they sadly neglect the 10lbs. limit law. I have seen many messes weighing over 10lbs., the result of one day's fishing by one man, brought in and accepted readily by the landlord. At the ——— House two market-fishers brought in eight hundred little fingerling trout, the result of a two days' tour. These trout were very small and were in all probability the result of stocking by the State, taken in small streams which are the feeding grounds for the larger streams. I do not think the State places spawn or young fish in these streams for the sake of gratifying such unconsiderate fishermen.

There is a pond not far from North Conway, where winter fishing is practiced, and the fishermen make no secret of it, but boast openly of the size of the fish so taken. Dynamiting is also carried on there. It is too bad, for this pond offers unusually good fishing and many large fish.

I know of other ponds in New Hampshire where the laws are grossly violated. One case of seining was reported, but the official lost his man by getting drunk on the way up. At the same place I examined some large trout, weighing from 1 to 2½lbs. each, but found no signs of any hook marks. On another day nine beauties were brought in by a market-fisher, which were not caught on a hook.

At another place I found a night line in the possession of a native, and also a seine some 30ft. long in a boat belonging to a man who lets his boats to amateur sportsmen.

I reported these cases to the warden, but have not yet had the satisfaction of having my report acknowledged. Perhaps he is too busy to attend to it.

On a trip in Maine I found that June fishing for small-mouthed bass was common practice, and that strangers were invited to come there and indulge in the illegal sport. No secret is made of it, and no warden has ever interfered. The majority of the strangers going there are unaware of the law restricting fishing until July 1. The bass fishing in this place is wonderfully good, but is growing poorer each season, and will soon be unworthy of any notice.

The above cases have come to my notice casually during this season's fishing. Will other sportsmen join me in an endeavor to enforce laws which were made for our benefit? MONTINUS.

## "PODGERS" TELLS OF SALMON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having received several letters touching upon the salmon fishing question, and sundry inquiries from the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, notably Mr. C. B. Burnham, of St. Louis, I will "bunch" the answers in one general communication herewith.

Having been absent from California four years, I am consequently somewhat "rusty" on the subject of salmon fishing in the coast rivers, and have therefore had to rely on such vague information as I have been able to gain from parties who should know, *i. e.*, those living on the rivers most frequented by salmon—with the usual result of learning very little.

One man who lives on the bank within 10ft. of the waters of one river, thought things were "about as they used to be." He saw people catching salmon and other fish, but whether they used a fly or worms he had never inquired. We talk about the heathen and send missionaries at great expense, and yet right here in a Christian country we have a man living on a river full of salmon, and he does not fish. Can the imagination picture such a benighted condition of things in these days? It is marvelous. Fishermen travel thousands of miles to fish, and here is a man who won't travel 10ft. to catch a salmon. What are we coming to? Are we returning to our original condition of barbarism, and "evoluting" backward to the age when our ancestors lived in trees and hung by their tails—the Darwinian age? It looks like it.

Well, the result of my interviews thus far seems to imply that the salmon do come into all rivers along the coast as usual, and where there are no canneries nor nets to capture them continue in business at the old stands, and after the manner of salmon on this coast run into the rivers immediately after the first rain, the opening shower of the rainy season. After this comes an interval of often 30 or 40 days before it rains again, and perhaps it is 60 days before sufficient rain falls to cause the rivers to rise, whereupon the fish at once turn their attention to business and run up to deposit their spawn as near the headwaters as they can get. Pending this rise, the salmon, having idle time on their hands, amuse themselves by running out on the bars at ebb tide, and come tumbling in on the breakers at flood. That is their fun, and it is pending the coming of the rains to raise the rivers that they will take the fly or the feathered spoon, as the case may be. Some seasons they will take the fly readily and freely, and sometimes they will not, and why they are so fickle and notional no man has as yet been able to explain. It is a conundrum that is universally given up. But although the true salmon fisherman may lament the fact of their not taking the fly when he reaches the ground, it is no reason why he should give his soul up to grief and lamentation. Life is still worth living, for he can cast with his feathered spoon, or he can stand in the stern of a boat with a man to row, and troll with rod and reel, and have a pretty good time landing fish from 5 to 15lbs. (he will not get many larger), and my experience is that with even a 10-pounder on your hook you won't have time to light your pipe. For the space of half an hour you will be a very much occupied individual, and can properly hang out a sign reading, "Engaged."

As to the time when the salmon come into the rivers, that is indefinite. It is, as I say, immediately after the first rain. When that comes depends very much on the amount of wheat, hay and oats the granger has left out in his fields piled up awaiting the shower, for although he has had the experience of years, and knows that it is liable to rain any day after Oct. 1, he never will remove his crop until it does rain, for to remove it to shelter and thereby save it from damage would be an evidence of sense and prudence which he scorns; besides, it would deprive him of the excuse to quarrel with Divine Providence. So the coming of the rain depends upon the quantity of grain in the fields, where it has been threshed, sacked and piled up awaiting the first shower. If the quantity is great, Providence hastens to teach the granger a lesson, and it rains early (say by Oct. 10). If the grain has been pretty generally carted away and there is not much to spoil, it then is no object to hurry, and the Weather Bureau takes it easy, and sends it along somewhere about the 15th or 20th. If it is only a light shower, just for practice, the salmon are not fooled. They don't come in, and await a more earnest demonstration.

Mr. Burnham asks me in his letter whether I use the gaff or the landing net. I never use the gaff, firstly, because you may make several passes with it and miss, and when you do not you mangle your fish, and the blood gets all over you and the boat. I use a large oblong net, with an iron ring, strong mesh, and long handle, with which your boatman can reach your fish at quite a distance, or on a pinch while you hold your rod and fish with your right you can handle your net with your left hand.

The net need not necessarily be cumbersome or heavy. The bow or rim can be made to fold up and be carried in a trunk. If the handle is bamboo it can be jointed as if a fishing rod. Such sized landing nets are not kept in stock and must be ordered. The one I use is 30in. long at extremes, 20in. wide in center, oval in shape, handle of bamboo, 6ft. long, jointed; and it is an invaluable adjunct to boat-fishing; no family should be without one, and by the same token, it is singular that no fishing tackle firm has had the sense to make such a landing net. The little things they do make are fit only for trout or other light fishing—abominatians when it comes to serious business, and handling a 10 or 15-pound salmon is business that a man must give his mind to.

Now, as the case stands, I am not satisfied with the information obtained thus far, nor will the inquirers be. I have the assurance of the man living on the river that things are "about as they used to be." If things are, then it is all right, for things "used to be" very lively up there, especially on the Navaro (I see they have dropped out one "r" in the spelling of the name and I follow suit); and if salmon have not instituted new rules and regulations, everything will be lovely after the first rain. Still, I shall investigate further; for what reliance can be placed on the word or opinion of a man who don't fish? I am surprised that such should ever be allowed to testify in court.

If I can find a man who has fished there this season I may learn something. Strange to say, it will be difficult, for while the coast abounds in good sportsmen, gunning men, there are few fishermen who seem to value salmon fishing. They will go miles, climb rocks and up cañons to fish for trout, but never go after salmon, although by going on a steam lumber vessel at 6 o'clock in the evening they can land at the very spot at 6 the next evening, distance 80 miles to Navaro, and other rivers above not over 10 miles apart. Perhaps the indifference arises from the fact that salmon are so plentiful and so common.

At Santa Cruz, a watering place 90 miles down the coast, it has been quite the popular thing for parties to go out in the Italian fishing boats to troll for salmon a mile off shore. I was down there a week ago and saw boats come in with catches of from a half dozen to a dozen, running from 6 to 10lbs. As a general thing the ocean swell is not conducive to prolonged efforts on the part of amateurs. Their internals go wrong. PODGERS.

## SOME MICHIGAN TROUT STREAMS.

ON Aug. 5, 1890, we left Grand Rapids for Holton to put in a few days fishing, or as the old gentleman who was my chum on that trip explained to everybody, "We were up there to get a few blackberries." Perhaps I may be better understood by some tourist fisherman if I jot down a few particulars of the journey, etc., as I proceed.

From Grand Rapids to White Cloud, forty-seven miles, from White Cloud where we changed cars to Holton, sixteen miles, or the streams could be reached by going to Muskegon, then sixteen miles to Holton. Total cost from Grand Rapids less than $10. The scenery is not so grand as could be wished for, but it does no harm to have a change occasionally.

We played greeny's part on our arrival and got all the pointers we could from the native fishermen, who took us at our word and believed us the greenies we pretended to be, readily gave us all the information we desired, thinking, no doubt, that the trout are not going to suffer at our hands. They exchanged winks when we brought out our lancewood rods and brand new baskets. (They used, they said, stouter poles than those, and if they fished all day could catch ten or fifteen. I saw one of their rigs—a club with about six feet of trolling line tied to it.)

We tried Cedar Creek the first day and caught forty-one trout that tipped the scales for 20lbs. We left them with a friend, Mr. Nash, and on going to the hotel were interrogated by our advisers of the previous evening about our catch. "Oh!" we replied, "we got a few little fellows." Again they exchanged winks. The next day we caught forty-nine, and had less brush. The stream is quite free from brush from the old mill down as far as we went. They swapped winks again that evening. The third day we went northwest and took forty out of Skeel's Creek. This is an open stream nearly to the river, grassy banks, fine shade trees and good water.

We were told of another stream not far away where there were two trout to one in either of the other creeks, but we had enough for our neighbors and ourselves, so we went home.

Our success had got pretty well bruited about town through the agency of the small boy who had seen us empty our creels. The news had reached the men who had done the winking, and we missed them from their accustomed haunts that evening and the next morning. But we heard threats of arrest for catching small trout several times that day, and we came away happy that we would not have to answer for being the cause of several suicides in Holton.

The trout preferred a queen-of-the-waters, but took kindly to a Seth-Green or grizzly-king. Good bass fishing is found in all the lakes of that region. M. E. J.

## THE KENTUCKY FISH BILL.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Purified by fire" may well be said of the product of the concentrated effort of those who have earnestly desired to save the remnant of fish left in Kentucky streams, and to propagate the present food supply of that character, should eventually the fish bill now pending before the House be passed. After a hard and fierce fight in the Senate, of which your columns have taken notice, and a favorable vote on final passage of 19 to 8, the bill went to the Lower House and was referred to committee. Of this committee of seven, only one member was hostile to its passage.

The provisions of the bill, as adopted by the Senate, are substantially as follows:

1. To require fishways in all existing mill dams and similar obstructions to passage of fish; and to require all new dams to be so provided.

2. To provide penalties for all persons using seines, set nets, drag nets, and other devices for taking fish, except hook and line.

3. Providing penalties for use of dynamite and other explosive agents, medicated bait and poison, in destruction of fish.

4. Giving jurisdiction to courts for trying cases and requiring grand juries to investigate for offenses committed.

A careful poll of the Lower House developed a favorable strength in its favor of about two-thirds of the entire body, but the prevailing vice of absenteeism, whereby often but little more than a bare majority was usually present, made any attempt to pass the bill dangerous, as the new Constitution requires 49 favoring votes out of 100, a full body, before any bill should become law.

Just when the attendance at last seemed to justify action, the chairman of the committee, having the bill in charge, was called home for two weeks, and unfortunately the next on committee, Mr. Beard, of —— a bitter enemy, pocketed the bill and refused to report it, although urged by others of the committee. When the chairman finally returned, the attendance was again slim, and so continued till the last days of the session, when other measures took precedence.

When the Legislature adjourned till the 15th day of November next, the fish bill was still sleeping in committee of the house. Meantime, the destruction of fish is still going on throughout the State, spurred on to active, undisguised effort by the protection offered by apparent tacit legislative approval.

It is a singular fact that during the effort to secure a valuable fish law, a single dynamiter or habitual seiner would have more influence in procuring delay, or a negative vote, with members of the Lower House than a dozen members of fish clubs, or the petition of scores of constituents. This demonstrated, if nothing else, the necessity of popular education on the subject. Even the *Courier-Journal*, the leading newspaper of the State, manifested lamentable ignorance at times on the condition and character of pending fish legislation. And yet it had a correspondent at the capital, and devoted a weekly column to sports of the stream and field.

If the fish bill is to be passed on the reassembling of the Legislature in November, an active, concerted effort at popular education and individual support must be made by the friends of fish protection and propagation throughout the State. We suggest a meeting at Louisville of representatives of the various fish clubs at an early date, when the matter can be canvassed and proper action taken. The meeting should be for consultation, and not in the nature of a convention.

At all stages of its progress in the Legislature, the fish bill has been bitterly fought; in some cases by members who had not enough running water in their district to afford a 6in. fish. The idea seemed to be largely prevalent that a man should be allowed to do as he pleased with regard to fish and game, regardless of the community at large. S.

## NEW ENGLAND GAME AND FISH.

THERE is no use in attempting to disguise the fact, partridge shooting is likely to be poor in Maine this fall. It is true that early reports were favorable, but since the open season begun the birds have been scarce; at least, so far as heard from. Labor Day (Sept. 5) was generally spent by the lovers of grouse shooting in that sport in the southern part of the State. The day was a perfect one; slightly cloudy and with little or no wind. Such a day should have given some good bags, but they are not mentioned. On the contrary, a number of sportsmen were a good deal disappointed. In one case a couple of gentlemen, with a boy of fourteen, each thoroughly familiar with partridge shooting in the section they tried, spent the whole day in hunting without getting a single bird. Several birds were started singly, but they were invariably in the thick swamps—old male birds, without a doubt. Not a flock was seen. The section hunted should have afforded at least half a dozen birds, with several flocks started.

Other hunters were equally disappointed on that day, and they are at a loss to account for their ill success, unless it be that grouse are very scarce in southern Maine this season. A couple of Franklin county hunters, who have gunned a good deal since the season opened, have taken out four partridges, and find the birds scarce. In southern New Hampshire reports indicate better success. It is also possible that later in the season there may be more birds to be found in Maine. Guides and others accustomed to the woods say that there were a good many flocks early in the season, and they are at a loss to know what has become of them. It is possible that the great abundance of blackberries, almost all over the State, is giving the birds so abundant a supply of food close at hand that they have moved about but little, and consequently have not been seen since the berries began to ripen. Lewiston and Auburn, Me., gunners have taken some woodcock, but even these birds have not been found as abundant as a year ago.

Late in August and the first days of September there was some very good fly-fishing in the Rangeley, Me., waters. From the Upper Dam, under date of Sept. 1, Landlord J. A. Franck wrote that they were having excellent fly-fishing. Mrs. H. M. Preston, of Brooklyn, N. Y., caught a trout weighing 3lbs. The same day Mr. E. S. Osgood, of Lowell, Mass, took one weighing 3¾lbs. Aug. 30 Mr. T. S. Stewart, of New York, caught a trout that weighed 3lbs. 5oz. The same day Mrs. Preston took one weighing 5¼lbs. There are few sportswomen who have the skill in handling the rod that belongs to Mrs. Preston. At that time the water seemed to be full of trout, and a great many small ones were taken. The news spread rapidly, and report says that the hotel was soon full of guests. Mr. G. W. M. Guild, of Boston, was at the lakes about that time, and it is likely that he had his share of the sport. He has a friend with him. Artist Mark Hollingsworth, with Mrs. Hollingsworth, left Boston for the Upper Dam on Saturday. He will spend at least a couple of weeks there, and very likely stay till into October to try for a deer.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, with his friend Mr. Dizer, of Prouty & Dizer, will leave Boston about the 24th for a hunt in the region of the lower Megantic preserve. They expect a deer or two as soon as the season opens, and will try for a moose. They also expect to try some of the waters in the wilderness for trout, previous to Oct. 1. Mr. Chapman, though reared in the city, is a good deal of a tramper in the woods, and a bed of boughs, with the stars for a covering, has no terrors for him, provided it is in a game country.

Mr. G. B. Dexter, of Dexter Bros., has just returned from a visit to Kennebago, where he was the guest of his brother Frank. He reports some very good fishing and shooting. He mentions the seeing of sixteen deer in one evening by guests at Kennebago. A sportsman from Texas, or somewhere, is reported to have paid something over $80 for the shooting of a couple of these deer. Boston sportsmen who have been there and seen them report deer very abundant in the vicinity of Kennebago.

The Maine papers have a sad account of the drowning of a Miss Marcia Thomas, daughter of Wm. H. Thomas, of Baltimore, Md., in Long Pond, near Rangeley, Me. Mr. Thomas, with his wife and three daughters, had been spending a few days at Long Pond. They were crossing the pond, with M. Carlton as guide, when the boat filled. The daughter Marcia was drowned, while the others were in the water an hour or more. The most remarkable feature about the affair is that this is the only drowning accident at the Rangeley waters for many years, notwithstanding the many hundreds that visit those waters every year and go out in generally rather light boats for fishing and shooting. Even in this case, it is claimed, that had the young lady not been thoroughly alarmed and clung to the boat, as did the others, she would have been saved.

SPECIAL.

### Nepigon Trout.

MR. MCCAUIG, manager of Molson's bank, of Woodstock, Ont., while up the Nepigon last week with a party of friends, caught a number of mammoth trout. The largest one was 25½in. long, 15in. round and weighed 8lbs., being ¾ of a pound heavier than any ever caught at that place before.—*Sault Ste. Marie News, Sept. 3.*

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

ON THE BRULÉ.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 1.—There is a man who comes under my window every morning and announces that he has for sale, "R-r-r-rosb'urrrs, r-r-r-rosb'urrrs, nice fraishe r-r-r-rosb'urrrs!" This he does with a persistence, harshness and unvarying volume of discordant sound, which alone could easily teach me to hate him in the most cheerful manner. Beyond that he is a perjured villain, and states that which is not. There are no nice fresh raspberries except those which grow along the Brulé River, away up in Michigan. It is preposterous that this smart villain should have obtained any of these raspberries, for not one of them ever found a market. Of the truth of this I was convinced before I went up to Brulé last week, and now doubt is out of the question. There are not really any raspberries in the world except these of the Brulé, and none are nice and fresh but these, jarred into the waiting hand from the full-hanging bush, wet with cold pine-woods dew, and sweet as honey of the ancient isles. This man calls further at my window under imminent peril. I know him for a dissolute and unreliable character, careless of speech and openly abusive of the truth. Equally bitter are my feelings for his companion in crime, who sometimes comes by insisting that he has "Fraishe feesh—fraishe feesh." There are no fresh fish worth the word except trout fresh from the Brulé.

Mr. Chas. Norrris and myself had planned all the season to go up for some big trout on the Brulé, at the point where he has had such good fortune, but the summer slipped by as usual, leaving nearly all such plans unaccomplished, until last week Mr. Norris insisted I should go up with him and properly bring the season to a close. Whereupon we took a Chicago Northwestern train, clear up into the pine and iron country of the North Peninsula. At Florence we took aboard a boat and a good companion, Ole Peterson, once a cook in the logging camps, and now a resident of Florence. Thence a short run to Kearney's Spur, a mere stopping place on the trail over to the great rolling dam on the Brulé, where Mr. Norris has done most of his fishing. Here we took on a live-box, a little covered boat to keep our trout alive. Then we pulled out for Saunders, fifteen or twenty miles further up the road, a point where the Brulé comes close up to the road for the convenience of foolish persons like ourselves, who seek to run the Brulé in a water craft. Had we gone up to Basswood, twenty miles further, and fished in Cook's Pond, a mile from the station, we could have caught more fish and larger, but we wanted to run the Brulé. So, after an afternoon's pursuit of that same, omnipresent, delusive creek, "just about two miles over in the woods," where 2lb. trout were to be had in plenty—a trip which brought us only a dozen small ones—we got our boat in order for an early start in the morning. Ole Peterson was called home by wire that evening, to our regret, but he helped us portage our boat over the half-mile trail to the river. The sun was barely up next morning when Mr. Norris and I pushed out into the spinning current and began our journey of perhaps twenty miles, down to the camp of the rolling dam near Kearney's Spur, where we expected to take the train for home. How long we were to be in running the twenty miles depended first, on the fishing; second, on the number of times we got upset. The natives cheerfully allowed that, as we had no guide, the latter incident would happen with great regularity. For my part, I don't see why one should need a guide on a stream so swift as the Brulé. You can't get lost, and you are bound to keep on going if you stay on top of your boat. Besides Mr. Norris had often run the stream before, knew the rapids, and was moreover the best amateur river man I ever knew. We thought we could find all the rapids and rough places by ourselves. So we turned her loose.

Although we paddled only enough to steady the boat, or to dodge the big rocks which seemed hurrying up in procession to meet us, we soon came to "Saunder's dam," not far below town. Here we paused for an hour or so and caught six lusty trout, half a pound or so each, which we put in the live-box. We had no strikes until we got here, and took all our trout in the eddy below the dam. It began to look to us as though all the trout that could get up out of the big water had left the river and taken to the cold streams and the lakes, as is their habit at this season.

A RIVER OF SPIRITS.

We had a heavy and risky portage over this dam, and then shot down stream, our live-box in tow, now on one side and then the other, sometimes ahead of us. After we found the trout were not rising we ceased to trouble about the fish, and took it out of the pleasure of the ride. The country was picturesque in the extreme, the bluff near the upper dam especially so. The Brulé is a wild stream and always will be so. Civilization can never get near it. A hundred years from now it will have no trout in it, but it will look as if it had, and it will then be telling still its mysterious story about the spirits of these woods, and it will run then as now, through a silence and a solitude which will impress the chance voyager in a way he will feel on few other streams. Rivers have their individuality. Some are lively, cheerful, inviting, companionable. They expand you; they throw wide the gates of your nature. The Brulé is moody, mystic, brooding, not sullen, but haughty, self-intent, busy with vast, age-old problems and indifferent to small things. It does not expand, it contracts your heart. It invites you, but you chill as you feel the fascination. It is the river incurably insane, keeping apart, talking with itself, knowing things perhaps not dreamed in our philosophy. It is to be gazed upon with awe, with wonder, and with fear, and yet the gaze is fore-bound. The Brulé does not ask for you, and it does not challenge, neither does it sneer at you. It simply does not see you. You hurl yourself upon it, angered by its indifference, bound to break way into its confidence. The Brulé sees you not, and when you depart it is as cold, as careless, as uncompanionable and as fascinating as before. It is a river of spirits, and with spirits it finds its sole companionship. It knows the secrets of these woods. It knows what lies beneath these hills. The spirits tell it. The Indians know it for a haunted stream. The loggers are afraid of it. It has drowned its hundreds. It drowned two woodsmen thirty miles below us on the day we ran the stream, and I doubt not it would have drowned us, if it could, in a very careless, indifferent way, and then have gone on just the same with its mystical murmurings over the story of the centuries in the North. There is no comradery with the Brulé. But go there, and see if you do not want to go again. No man can escape the charm.

I am bound to say that the Brulé was in a fair way to incidentally add us to its list, or at least did its best in that way. When the water is high the stream is not so hard to run, but in low water the rocks are uncovered, and it requires constant watchfulness to keep afloat. We ran about six miles of lively water below the first dam with some exhilaration and no damage, and then we plunged into a long rapid and could see the water apparently dropping right out from under us, and pouring down an incline which was white with rough water and black with countless boulders. We couldn't back out and had no time to think. Taking the widest passage where the water was roughest, we shaved close to a big boulder, slid by, and a moment later were hard and fast on a sunken rock beyond. At once the boat swung broadside on, the stern catching on another rock, and then the sinister flood of the Brulé swept in a white curl barely an inch below the gunwale, the hardest pushing, angriest water I ever saw. Back of us it was something like looking up a house roof, only one that wouldn't hold still, and below us was forty yards of tumbling water which continued the incline. We pushed our best to swing the stern back, but were babies against the arm of the Brulé. We couldn't get over and we couldn't get back. An inch more of water on the upper side, and over we would go, with small chances of getting a breath for forty yards; in which case we would have been almost the wettest people in the world, and would certainly have lost all our stuff, for which a cool hundred would have been no temptation.

"How deep is she, Charlie?" I asked Norris.

"I don't know," said he, "you can't tell till you try, but you can't stand up knee deep in it, that's sure. Still, I guess we'll have to step out on these rocks here and lift her over."

Norris had on hip boots, and over the feet rubber shoes with hob-nailed leather soles—a device of his own which is worth notice for rocky wading. Over my wading stockings I wore overalls and heavy socks, and was shod with a pair of woodsmen's shoe-packs, whose bottoms were filled with soft nails—a rig which I found admirable. There seemed a reasonable certainty that we could hold our footing on the rocks where our boat was stranded, and not being able to escape the Brulé in any other way, we stepped gingerly out, one at the bow and one on the sunken rock astern, and gave a united heave. This placed us below the boat and when she started she nearly went over us. We made a flying jump aboard as she went between us, grabbed the paddles and somehow or other the first thing we knew we were below the rapids, and the Brulé was going right on, tending to its knitting just the same. At this point I noticed one thing about water. When you stand at one side and look at rapids of this sort, you think it looks jolly, and it seems that way as long as you keep moving when you are shooting them, but if you get hung out in the middle of a bad chute, the water coming down on you, looks sort of uncomfartable-like. These rapids are not as bad as those of the Menominee, but they are bad enough to be stimulating. As we knew this was the worst bit on our part of the river, we did not mind the others, which we mostly took flying, with a whoop at the top and a yell at the bottom, and some incidental slides, swerves and grinds between. In many rough places the water was too shallow to be dangerous, though there were some bad holes and swirls in water where good, quick steering was a mighty useful thing.

Finding it useless to cast, we made on down, deciding not to camp out, but to run to the Kearney dam. This we made early in the afternoon, and hailed the two damtenders, Tom Winslow and Fred Sanborn, just as they were shutting down the gates for the day. The "drive" was on in the Menominee away below, and the "head" of this dam on the Brulé was regularly used, daily advice coming up from the drive as to the hour for opening and closing the gates.

JUMPING TROUT.

"Great heavens, look there!" cried Norris, as we pulled up on the breast of the dam. "Look at the trout!"

Indeed, the great pool below the dam, some 50yds. across in either direction, and grown almost quiet after the shutting of the gates, was fairly alive with leaping trout. By dozens they were springing from the water and their crimson crests were everywhere, each painted darling of them giving the water the regulation trout spat of the tail as it went down. It was a wild and beautiful picture.

"Hurry up," cried Tom, "and get to fishing. They only jump for half an hour or so after we close the dam and they won't bite any other time."

We hurried and soon Norris was trying the eddy below the great dam, a pool 15ft. deep, with worm and chub bait, while I went to the tail of the pool and used the fly. It was easy to see that there were big trout in that pool, plenty of them over 2lbs., and probably 3 or 4lbs. Equally easy was it to see that the fishing was to be poor. The water swarmed with small minnows, and the trout were feeding on these, springing up again and again through the schools. For a long time they scorned the fly, but at length I found a gray-drake, the top fly on the leader, begin to take them. Parmachene-belle took only one trout, and out of the dozen or so I took in all, the gray-drake raised all but this one. I caught some very nice fish, but they did not rise strong or play hard. The trout season had brought itself to a close. Too much feed and the approach of the spawning season put a veto on any very great sport. Norris caught more fish than I, and larger. The catch for the whole trip ran between sixty and seventy, and while the average size was very good, we had nothing over 1½ or 2lbs. The Brulé is much fished, and has lost its ancient reputation, but there are large trout there, and had we been earlier we would, owing to Norris's familiarity with those waters, have taken some very heavy fish, as he has usually done there.

One thing we learned much to discredit of the future on this stream, and that is the Brulé is being occupied by other fish than trout. We heard of perch being taken above the rolling dam, and also heard of two pickerel caught below it. Morris caught a pickerel and I caught a perch. Chubs and large suckers were there by thousands. Under such circumstances trout fishing is not apt to stay good very long, and I fear the fate of the Brulé is sealed. It is rather hard to think of there being pickerel in that great pool, where the trout were leaping, but they were doubtless there.

A NOVEL TRAP.

We slept that night at the logging camp on the brow of the hill below the dam. The two boys, Windsor and Sanborn, pass a lonely life here, and seemed glad enough to see us. Norris often goes there, and is quite well known through the country about, even did it take long to get acquainted over a cup of hot tea and a plate of crinkling trout. We sat up late, passing part of the night in target practice with a .22 rifle by candle light. When you live in a log house you don't need a backstop, and you can shoot at about anything you like.

"We've caught five skunks in the last week, in the old camp," said Tom "and I expect we'll catch another to-night. Come in and see our trap."

We stepped out, a few yards from the door, into an abandoned log house similar to the one in which we slept, and there we saw a trap which was a new one on me. This was an invention of Fred Sanborn's, and its ingenuity deserves mention. The trap consisted of a box, a log, a board and a coffee sack. It had no trigger, no spindle, no door, no slide, and worked only on the simple principle of the law of gravity. The box was about 18in. square and 30in. deep. It was balanced lengthwise over the log, the open end pointing forward.

Up to the open end the board was inclined, so that an animal could walk up it and into the box. The open end was blocked up, so that it could not tilt down, but beyond the center of gravity, at the other end, the box was left free to fall down, and hung just on a balance on the smooth round top of the log. The front or open end of the box was safe. The back end of the box wasn't safe. A bait was tied in an upper corner of the unsafe end. Mr. Skunk comes along, and like any other fool, allows he must go in and see about that bait. He walks up into the open end of the box, and it is solid as a rock. Then he goes on back, reaches up for the bait—and being an unlettered skunk, who never heard of Sir Isaac Newton and the law of gravity, he always wonders what makes that box fall down and stand up on end, its smooth sides giving him no chance to climb out. He doesn't understand, either, what makes it so dark, not having seen the coffee sack free itself from the splinter which held it up over the door, fastened to a stick planted for that purpose. All the coffee sack did was just to obey the law of gravity also, and fall over the mouth of the box, because that was the easiest place to go when the box fell over and stood up on end.

Mr. Skunk is a philosopher, we are to suppose, and finding the box about as good as any place, settles himself down comfortably, not raising any trouble and not bothering himself very much about what is going to happen. He just waits for somebody to come and take him out. In the night we heard the box fall over and in the morning this is what happened. We pulled the cover close down over the box, slipped a pole through some bits of wire fastened on the box, carried the box down to the well-like pocket of still water in the sluice above the dam, pulled back the cover and dumped the philosophical skunk, a victim of misplaced confidence in the law of gravity, into the water. He swam a stroke or two serenely and philosophically—beats the world what confidence a skunk has in himself—when biff! a rifle ball put an end at once to him and to his unfortunate and reckless personal habits. He was a dead and deodorized skunk, and if anybody knows a slicker way to get away with the skunk bacillus than this, I'd like to hear of it.

"I just thought this trap up," said Fred. That is what makes it interesting. It shows what the man in the woods will do, out of his limited resources.

And now we lived on raspberries—actually nice fresh raspberries, and fresh fish—actually fresh fish—and tea and pork and beans, and grew strong. With bitterness of regret we closed our little visit, carried our boat out a half mile or so to the railroad, dropped it off at Florence, and came on "home," as people call the city where they stay.

I have spoken of the superstitious dread which enwraps the Brulé. Proof of this arose when we were up at the great dam.

"Has the spook been at work on the dam lately?" asked Norris of the boys.

"Indeed he has," was Tom's eager reply. "We've heard him knocking on the gate many a night lately. There was a lot of fellows from Florence fishing down on the dam, one night this summer, and when the knocking began, they started out to see what it was. It kept on, right under them, and all got scared and ran off. They said they wouldn't go there again for any money. Oscar Craig tended dam above here last summer, and he said he never would go down to the dam alone at night."

"What's all this?" I asked of Norris.

"Well," said he, "no one knows just what it is, but often at night there comes a heavy pounding noise down at the dam. It is so loud it can be heard clear up here at the camp, and sounds so much like some one working at the dam that many a watchman has gone done to see about it, and got badly scared for his pains. It is usually just three heavy jarring blows, and sounds just as if some one hit the gate with a heavy sledge hammer. It may be some secret action of the water on the timbers of the dam when the gates are down, but no one has ever found out what it is, and many a man has been scared by it. It does sound kind of awkward, in the night. We always called it the 'spook,' but what it is remains a mystery."

The sound was heard the night we were in the camp, though I was asleep and did not hear it myself. It is part of the history of the spot. What is it, the spirit of some Titan of the Titanic lumbering days, who lost his life while at some feat of reckless strength about the dam? Some victim of the cold-hearted Brulé? Some spirit of the Brulé stream itself, raging at the restraint of this vast stern fabric whose compelling hand holds back a flood unused to tarrying? What is it? Who knows? And who shall say this self-enwrapt, haughty, fearsome and yet fascinating Brulé stream is not a river of the spirits?

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## A DAY ON ASTAL LAKE.

MONTREAL, Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a few days' fishing on Astal Lake, some five miles back of Little Metis, at which place I have been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Letendre, of Montreal, whose cottage adorns this most popular sea-side resort; and the sport we had has been above the average.

After a day with the sea trout, that were landlocked by storm and high tide in the brooks, we started for the lake, our party consisting of my host and hostess, their irrepressible boy Freddie, myself and, last but not least, Fred Astal, to whose father the lake belongs, and whose knowledge of the fishing around here, be it sea trout, lake trout or halibut, is of much value to the lover of the rod.

After a hilly drive which would in some places make your hair stand, but which added zest to the outing, we arrived at the margin of the swamp where we stabled the horse, and after unloading our lunch started for the boats, some eighth of a mile over a zig-zag corduroy road; and a slippery one it was, as the one who carried the lunch basket can testify. However, all roads have an end, and after a few spills we got there, and were rewarded by a sight that would gladden the heart of an artist. Mirror Lake it should be called, as the water is clear for 10 or 12ft.

Having arranged our tackle and embarked, we were in a short time rewarded by a score of handsome trout, and when counting time came our total was 108, 51 falling to Mrs. Letendre's rod alone, which for four hours' fishing I think is hard to beat.

The fish were an average lot from 10 to 12 in., but what they lack in size they make up for by the gamy way they rise to the fly. The flies used were Lake-George, red-hackle, Parmachene-belle and Montreal.

The lake is only a few miles from the salmon preserve of Lord Manut Stephen, which I believe he has recently sold to an American gentleman, the account of which I read in FOREST AND STREAM.

Any ardent lover of "greenheart or bamboo" chancing to visit Metis would do well to secure the services of Fred, who is only too willing to guide the stranger, and is a host in himself.

I cannot close without referring to the way my hostess handled the ribbons going down the 45 incline, and had the world-renowned stage driver been there a jealous feeling would have crept over his rough frame.

ST. LAMBERT.

## "PICKEREL" OR "PIKE?"

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That picture and accompanying remarks of Mr. A. N. Cheney, in your issue of Aug. 25, has kicked up a deal of trouble in my mind, and is certain to make more trouble for me if lots of others, to whom I have carefully explained the difference between a pickerel and a pike, should see Mr. Cheney's screed and representation. In other words, if Mr. Cheney is right, then I'm "clean bunkoed agin."

You remember some years ago I had a little dispute about calling a pheasant a "patridge," and we—as I take it—compromised the issue upon the suggestion of your North Carolina correspondent—peace and honor to his memory—by calling the "patridge" a Bob White, his alias.

Now, I don't know whether the pickerel, as I know him, has any other alias than "the snake," or any other proper route to immortality than by the agency of a stout club, but I'm going to insist on the precedent of the "patridge" compromise, or Mr. Cheney and I will have trouble. I have hated the pickerel so long, and hit him on the spinal cord so often that I cannot consent to the thought, so full of remorse, that I have been murdering pike, and hence must—in all reason—be let down by degrees under the cooling shadows of a compromise. Ever since 1850, Kentuckians, you know, are bent on compromises. But, "I deny the allegation and defy the allegator" until a compromise becomes the only way of relieving remorseful misery.

If I am wrong in calling Mr. Cheney's picture a pickerel, there are lots of others "in the soup." Good men, honest men, live men, dead men, old men, young men, anglers all—have long called a pickerel a pickerel, and hit him in the head because of his slime and his bunch bones "all the samee." Mr. Cheney may have studied classical lore, and dwelt lovingly on the anatomical structure and the poise of the fins, but, if science don't sustain me, and the education of years is at fault, there's comfort in the thought that some love to riot where "angels fear to tread," or in other words, a lover of the woods can see a trail and follow game where science would go blind. I insist on the rights of nature.

Less than a week ago I explained to a friend who had been recently fishing at Star Island, the distinguishing features between a pickerel and a pike. And for years, we "Kingfishers" have refused to boat such "pickerel" as Mr. Cheney delineates in his wood cut. And until in Canada this summer, I never heard the nomenclature challenged. Now comes Mr. Cheney and creates more trouble. I don't see what he wants of this camping on others' trail and shooting into camp when everybody is calmly sleeping in peace and innocence. And how am I, if he is right, to explain the explanations I have been giving to others? It won't do. Mr. Cheney must take the back track. There isn't any better way to describe the difference between a pickerel and a pike than to state that the pickerel is covered with a slime, revolting to the touch; that he is filled with bunches of bones tied in a knot; that he is a voracious feeder and would eat a hatchet if big enough to swallow it; and that he haunts grassy and weedy bottoms—whereas the pike is a clean fish on the body; has no more bones than a bass; bites daintily and slowly; and seems to prefer gravel and sandy bottoms to weeds and grass.

The pickerel is "all of a kind"—he is the same always; whereas the pike merges into probably a dozen varieties. The "wall-eyed pike" is sold in the market as salmon. The pike grows into the fierce and valiant muskalong—the "wolf" of the northern waters. I have caught him in the Cumberland River as the "hickory"—the "golden"—the "lead-colored" salmon. He is taken in the Red River, of Kentucky, and other mountain streams as the "jack fish," or "jack pike." The appearance of the fish changes to suit the local descriptions, but through all he is the same clean, slow-biting, edible fish, free from bunch bones.

Several years ago, "Kingfisher" caught in a Tennessee mountain stream what was locally known as a "jack fish" or "jack pike," struck by its resemblance to the northern muskalong, he sent it to the Smithsonian scientists, or somebody that knew as much. It was pronounced a muskalong—true and genuine.

In eating qualities, in cleanliness, in respectability and decent habits, in the goodwill of mankind, the pike, whether you call him wall-eyed, or jack, is allied to the salmon and the muskalong, and no slimy, bone-infested carcass-devouring pickerel is entitled to keep him company.

Years ago, FOREST AND STREAM identified the muskalong, the pike and the pickerel by their jaws, just as some women are known by "their jaws," but the characteristics distinguishing each I forget. I trust they will show that a pickerel is a pickerel—"the same now, hence and forever." There is no salvation for a pickerel. He is hereditarily depraved and eternally doomed.

Mr. Cheney says he has written columns of descriptions to separate these fishes. We do not wonder, when he persists in calling a pickerel a pike, and *vice versa*. No man yet ever attempted to defend a bad cause without finding the task full of trouble and the road long. Mr. Cheney is no doubt a good man and means well, but he ought not to try and "bunco" people who don't eat pickerel, can't eat pickerel and won't eat pickerel.

However, as I said at the start, I'm a compromisin' being, and as Mr. Cheney seems to know more "book learnin'" than I do, and I don't want to tackle him in hieroglyphics, let's hear what sort of a compromise he is willing to offer.

OLD SAM.

## LET NATURE ALONE.

ASHFIELD, Mass.—The pickerel pond here, which is chiefly used by the guests of the Ashfield House, is one of the best I ever saw in some respects, but it is deficient in natural food supply. A grist mill adjacent keeps the water at a low stage much of the time, so that the margin becomes stiff and dry; and unless a heavy rain occurs very little food is washed into it from the surrounding fields and woods, and frogs and terrapins do not thrive on the borders. At the same time the water is clear as crystal, and a plastron of moss 2ft. deep covers the bottom, out of which filaments of pickerel weed stream upward toward the surface. There are scarcely any lily-pads to speak of, and the surface of the pond is as clear and open in July as it is in April. Some years ago the managers and the hotel men thought to increase the stock of fish by establishing a close season; but at the end of two years no increase was observable, and fish were scarce, though large ones were occasionally caught. Manifestly the big fish had eaten up the little ones in the absence of other food. So the restriction was removed, and fishing was resumed this year. This August, the day after the great storm of the 25th and 28th, an expert angler went in with a long cane pole and plunger spoon and took out sixty-five small pickerel, casting from the shore. Not one of the fish was over 10in. long and some were as short as 6in., so that it seemed a pity and a shame to kill them, for they would be hardly worth the eating. But I suppose if they had been left they would only have afforded sustenance for the larger of their kind, and the pond have become barren as before. These 8in. fish were doubtless the crop of last year's spawning, the conditions of the pond meanwhile having been favorable to a natural food supply by reason of copious rains.

I am much impressed with the killing character of the luminous bait. Its peculiar phosphoresence appears to give it an advantage over other spoons, especially in dull weather.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

### Chicago Notes.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 3.—Mr. Fred Taylor is back from his second trip this summer to the Little Oconto at Norm. Johnson's camp. He had a good catch of trout.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club meets to-day at Garfield Park, on the West Side, a goodly jump from Washington Park, on the South Side.

Mr. Chas. L. Holmes, representative of large paper mills at Appleton, Wis., was in town this week. In a conversation Mr. Holmes referred to a mention made two years ago of fish being destroyed by chemicals from a paper mill on the Fox River, and doubted the accuracy of the statement that the mill was made to reform its ways. "That was our mill," said he, "and we never killed any fish or had anything done to us." It transpires that Mr. Holmes thought the Northern Fox, the outlet of Lake Winnebago, the only Fox River there was. The Fox River best known to Chicago, and the one on which the Fox River Association has operated, is quite a different stream. It rises in southern Wisconsin, flows south and empties, not into Lake Michigan, but the Illinois River. The Northern Fox and the Wolf River, practically the same stream, carry Lake Winnebago as a mere broadening of the channel. All these waters were part of the old Indian and Père Marquette water trail from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi, the divide, as is generally known, being the narrow neck at which is now Portage City. The lower Fox never was part of the water trail, but it had mills, which killed fish.

E. H.

### A Sigh for the Crystal Streams.

CIMARRON, Gray County, Kan., Aug. 28.—This meek little ghost of a postal card has stared me in the face from my office desk for several days. The little fisherman reminds me of my boy Bill, whom I found trying to catch the postmaster's chickens with a hook and line, baited with a grain of corn the other day. He had captured one little red rooster, and tell it not in Gath (or Cimarron either), it had joined the great majority. I let him land one more, then stopped the picnic, and went down and paid the postmaster fifty cents. Fish fishing is poor in western Kansas, cats, suckers and buffalo in the Arkansas and tributaries and a few carp in the big irrigating canal that runs for forty-two miles over high prairie are all the fish we have. I go fishing two or three times every summer and get muddy fish, but I long for the crystal brooks and lovely trout of the East. I can get an occasional antelope and ducks and prairie chickens galore here, but you who can go fishing in clear water and get partridges, quail and gray squirrels, are much better off for sport than we are here.

W. J. DIXON.

### How They Got Away.

THE finest lot of fish ever caught in this section was, we regret to say, lost in a peculiar manner during one of the recent thunder squalls. It consisted of a magnificent muscalonge, weighing exactly 69¾lbs., a black bass which weighed 6¾lbs. and five others weighing over 4lbs each, seven pickerel, one a 15-pounder, and about forty comparatively smaller bass, pickerel, pike, etc. They were caught by John Lyman, of Clayton, who has been visiting in this vicinity and was then fishing near Chimney Island, about three miles below the city. The fish were loose in the bottom of the boat, and when the squall came up they were left there not secured in any way, while Mr. Lyman went under the shelter of the big butternut growing on the rampart of old Fort Levis. The rain fell in torrents, filling the atmosphere to such an extent that the fish were able to swim right off through the air, though of course with some difficulty. Seeing them swimming off above his head, Mr. Lyman stripped and swam after them, but was unable to overtake them and narrowly escaped drowning, only succeeding in diving under the shelter of the foliage of the tree, as he became absolutely exhausted. The loss of such a representative lot of fish is deeply regretted by lovers of the rod in this vicinity.—*Clayton Republican.*

### Lake Superior Set-Lines.

Of his trip to the North Shore of Lake Superior Mr. Starbuck writes: "My trip to the North Shore was an exceedingly pleasant one, but the fishing was the poorest I ever experienced. There are two causes for this, one the very warm weather and unruffled lake, it being like a mirror half the time, and the other and most destructive the illegal gill netting and line setting, in which nearly every Indian and half-breed, man and boy, from Goulais Bay to the Big Pic indulged in.

The *modus operandi* of the line fishing is simply a strong cord with a stone of a few pounds fastened at one end and a float at the other. Two snooded hooks a foot or two from the bottom are tied to the cord and then baited with live coceduces, the most taking bait for trout extant. Each tawny fisherman will set about twenty or thirty of these in choice waters and then wait near by in his canoe or boat until he sees the float go under and then give it immediate attention. It is a very destructive way to decimate the lake of the handsomely "spotted leopards" once so abundant there. It seems to be an open matter, as no concealment whatever is made of it.

ALEX STARBUCK."

### Buckshot in Chokebores.

ORLANDO, Florida, Sept. 2.—I have a fine Greener trap gun, a close, hard shooter; but, being full chokebore, it scatters buckshot all over the woods. It is a 10-gauge, and weighs upward of 9lbs. I want no better gun for fine shot. But, as there are both deer and turkeys in Florida, it is sometimes desirable to shoot large shot. Can any reader of FOREST AND STREAM tell me how to load it to cause it to throw large shot all in a bunch?

MAHLON GORE

### Large Susquehanna Bass.

UNDER the caption "Large Susquehanna Bass" in last week's issue I failed to state the weight of the fish, which was eight pounds.

S. H.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Kingston Kennel Club, at Kingston, Canada. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.
Sept. 20 to 23.—Western Michigan Kennel Club, at Grand Rapids Mich. H. Dale Adams, Galesburg, Mich., Superintendent.
Sept. 26 to 30.—Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Dr. O. S. Bamber, Sec'y.
Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 4 to 8.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Sec'y.
Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.
Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

1893.

Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamison, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

### BULL-TERRIERS AGAIN.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Having seen in your issue of the 8th inst. the very unjust criticism of bull-terriers by "Didymus," I consider it a privilege to say a word in defense of my favorite breed. I have owned all kinds of bull-terriers, from the cheap, unpedigreed dog to first prize winner in New York, Boston and several places. "Didymus" says, "I have no respect for a man that will keep a bull-terrier for a watch dog, as he is a sneaking rascal and will take hold of a man without a word of warning."

In that he makes a great mistake. My experience teaches me that as a companion for a man or a playmate for children he is equalled by few and excelled by none.

I have in my kennel at the present time four well-bred bull-terriers. I will wager a stranger can come into the kennel and take a bone from either of them without the dog showing the least sign of ill temper.

H. FRED CHURCH.

TAUNTON, Mass., Sept. 10.

## NORTHWESTERN F. T. C. TRIALS.

THE trials began on the afternoon of Sept. 5. Some of the competitors and one of the judges did not arrive till afternoon, hence the delay in starting.

The judges were Rev. W. Hamilton Spence and myself.

The trials in the preliminary steps started unpleasantly. The management decided to adopt the Eastern Field Trials Club's rules with the following amendment:

"INSTRUCTION TO JUDGES.

"The trials will be run under the Eastern Field Trials Club's rules.

"The judges will give greater credit to the dog that works to the gun, and works obediently and cheerfully without assistance of the handlers. Handlers must not whistle and shout at their dogs in a manner that will interfere with an opponent's dog. If they do so the judges will order up the dogs and have them work alone. The desire of this club is that dogs shall have the greatest credit that go and work intelligently and industriously and show the greatest skill in handling their game. (Signed), PAUL H. GOTZIAN."

Mr. Avent objected, and held that the club had advertised to run under E. F. T. C. rules, and that they therefore had no right to make any changes. The discussion took such a turn that Mr. Johnson, the secretary, told Mr. Avent that the rule was made specially for him. Thereupon Mr. Avent paid his entry fees and refused to run his dogs, assuring the management that he would not run under a rule made specially for him. Mr. Gotzian tore in pieces the paper containing the new rule and a working harmony was restored for a time.

The rule of itself is a most excellent one and worthy the consideration of every field trial club. Mr. Johnson's idea was excellent as embodied in the rule, but it should have been made for all alike and so understood. It is a repetition in part of some things already in the E. F. T. C. rules; but the part requiring the judges to run a dog alone which has been balked or obstructed by whistling or loud orders from the opposing handler, is excellent, and the need of it has been many times observed in trials of past years. It is to be regretted that such an unpleasant incident occurred. It undoubtedly created a feeling which lasted throughout the trial and caused a great deal of carping.

Mr. Paul Gotzian resigned his office of president on the same evening.

Some of the ill feeling took a vindictive turn, and it was rumored that Mr. Avent was canvassing the company diligently for members to the Manitoba Field Trials Club, an act which is quite as reprehensible in the way of being unsportsmanlike as it could well be. The kicking seemed to be contagious, and some who had no interest in the trials whatever were as loud and free in their speech as if it were a personal grievance.

### THE DERBY.

The work was from good to ordinary and a good part of it inferior, there being but little work done in it of a uniform, good class.

Alberta Joe, the winner, was mentioned in the report last week as a winner in the Manitoba Field Trial Club's trials. In range, judgment and uniformity of work he surpassed any dog in the stake. He dropped to his points and did not go to his birds every time with perfect confidence, he apparently being overtrained in that respect.

Manitoba Shot had a wide range and worked his ground with judgment, showed a good nose, went to his birds accurately and found fairly well. He made some blunders, but showed a much higher class of work than the others, and the judges considered him an easy second.

Duff, divider of third, showed an ordinary character of work on birds, but his range in his first heat for regularity and scope was superior to the others.

Lochinvar, divider of third, showed a mixed grade of work. He was inferior in nose and range as shown by his inferior work several times in locating his birds. He also required a deal of assistance from his handler.

Following is the order of running:

Thos. Johnson's black setter dog Sut (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing) *with*
J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan dog Lochinvar (Chance—Bessie Avent).

John Sharples's liver and white pointer bitch (Upton—Blythe) *with*
L. W. Smith's setter bitch Fan Chatham (Chatham—Baball).

Thos. Stone's liver and white pointer dog Manitoba Shot (Coton—Psyche) *with*
J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent).

Thos. Johnson's liver and white pointer bitch Gem of the West (Upton—Blythe) *with*
J. M. Sneed's setter dog Gem Gladstone (Paul Gladstone—Katonia).

John Sharples's liver and white pointer dog Alberta Joe (Upton—Blythe) *with*
Thos. Johnson's liver and white pointer dog King of Manitoba (Upton—Blythe).

S. J. Gottschammer's setter dog Eagle Monk (Monk of Furness—Quail) *with*
Joe Philip's liver and white pointer dog Lonsdale (Coton—Psyche).

W. T. Hunter's black setter dog Duff (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing) *with*
J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan setter dog Bonia (Roderigo—Juno A).

Thos. A. Montgomery's setter bitch Varo (Bruce M—Frost III.) *with*
J. B. Kelly's liver and white pointer dog Victor (Coton—Psyche).

Thos. Shelton's liver and white dog Diamond (Upton—Blythe) *with*
Thos. Stone's liver and white pointer dog Sam (Coton—Psyche).

The judging gave a great deal of dissatisfaction in some quarters, Mr Avent being particularly loud, vehement and persistent in nursing his grievance, and he would not play any more, he refraining from making his entries in the All-Age Stake. So soon as the decision was announced he publicly gave vent to his anger and denunciation of the judges. His refusal to enter his all-age dogs did not seem to affect any one very seriously, and the trials went on pleasantly without him.

### Monday.

The afternoon was very pleasant and favorable for good work. A mild wind blew from the west, which gradually died away to calmness. Birds were found in plentiful numbers, yet the quality of the work was very inferior, some of it being really poor.

*First Series.*

SUT—LOCHINVAR.—They were started at 4:45. T. Sheldon handled Sut, and J. M. Avent handled Lochinvar. Loch ranged wide, but not with the best judgment. After beating out some ground he soon drew with a high nose with precision to a bevy of which he had every advantage and was steady to shot. A single bird was left and Loch roaded to a flush on it. Sut flushed and chased. Soon afterward he chased again. He showed no training and was wild. Mr. Johnson then requested that his dog be retired and the judges complied, and ordered the dogs up. It is an open question whether the judges had a right to order both dogs up under the Eastern Field Trials Club rules, as there is much that can be said on both sides, but the common sense of the matter was as the judges acted.

ALBERTA RUBY—FAIR CHATHAM.—W. Pickering handled the former, W. L. Smith the latter. They began at 5:02. The heat was a very poor one. Both fell far short of their opportunities on birds. Fair ranged with much better judgment, but her work on birds was ordinary, she showing hesitation and indecision, and one time abandoned warm scent close to birds. Ruby ranged with poor judgment, although covering a good deal of ground at times, but she had no success as a finder.

KINGSTON—MANITOBA SHOT.—They began at 5:43, the former handled by J. M. Avent, the latter by Thos. Johnson. Kingston had a sore foot, which interfered with his efforts, and as the heat progressed he went quite tenderly and showed some lameness. Shot started a bit slow and ranged close, but gradually widened out his range and beat his ground with good judgment. He showed a good nose and finding qualities, but he was a bit over-cautious in drawing to his birds, at times on single birds, he made a number of errors in the way of flushes from carelessness or inattention. He made six flushes in all, some excusabiy, and found three bevies. King pointed twice on birds. Both were steady to shot. King backed only moderately well, and his range was irregular and lacked judgment. A moment after the dogs were ordered up, King chased a jack rabbit about a half mile or more, which jumped up ahead of him. Shot showed the greater quality in his work and was more intelligent.

GEM OF THE WEST—CLEM GLADSTONE.—They started at 6:27, T. Shelden handled the former, F. Richards the latter. The work on birds was very poor, and abounded in errors, although there were plenty of good opportunities to display good work. Each scored points on singles, but their efforts at locating were poor. Both pottered on the footscent a great deal. The pointer made many flushes, some excusably, some not. Clem had been started soon after a long railroad ride, and probably that circumstance had something to do with his showing. The heat and work for the day ended at 7:10.

### Tuesday.

The weather was cool and cloudy and rain threatened. A gentle wind blew during the day, except during the midday hours.

ALBERTA JOE—KING OF MANITOBA.—The former was handled by J. Sharples, the latter by T. Sheldon. They began at 7:45. King roaded to a point on the bevy; Joe called in to back, took the scent. King chased when the bird flushed and his handler shot. Shortly afterward he chased again badly and led Joe off on a bad chase. At 8:04, after the chase, he was ordered up and Joe was run alone. A long search was made before finding. He dropped to a point next, then roaded, pointed, mowed on and roaded to point. Joe showed some good ranging during the heat and applied excellent judgment.

EAGLE MONK—LONSDALE.—They began at 8:50. Lonsdale was handled by T. Johnson, Eagle Monk by A. C. Anderson. Birds were soon found and Monk chased twice. Lonsdale ranged close and pottered a great deal.

DUFF—BONIA.—The former was handled by F. Richards, the latter by J. M. Avent. The heat began at 9:42. Duff pointed a bevy at the edge of stubble and Bonia coming up joined in the same point. Some said Duff stopped to a flush. Both were steady. Bon pointed and Duff backed; moved on about 50yds, and Bonia flushed a single up wind. Next, Duff drew carefully and had just stiffened in a point when the bird flushed wild. The dogs were then worked toward where the scattered birds of the bevy found first had flown. Bonia pointed; Duff backed and Bonia roaded with his handler's assistance. The heat ended at 10:27. Bonia showed a disposition to point frequently on the footscent, and ranged irregularly with little judgment.

Chickens were so scarce that the dogs were taken up and carried to other ground.

VARO—VICTOR.—The former was handled by J. Simonean; the latter by J. McCloud. The heat began at 10:05. At 11:16, Varo was ordered up for flushing and chasing repeatedly. Victor roaded extremely slow and was overcautious. He pointed stanchly. His range was very close and his pace slow. He was ordered up at 11:33.

DIAMOND—SAM.—They were started at 11.36, T. Johnson handling the former; J. McCloud the latter. Sam roaded to a false point. He next pointed close to a bevy. Diamond backed in a half-way manner; Sam drew in and flushed the bevy. On the scattered birds, both pointed about 40yds. apart at the same time. Diamond pointed a single up wind, and Sam going across wind flushed it. Up at 11:06. Diamond ranged wide and fast, worked sharp on her birds and showed good judgment.

This ended the first series.

*Second Series.*

The judges selected six dogs to run in this series. The quality of the work done, considered as a whole, was ordinary.

LOCHINVAR—SHOT.—After lunch and a rest of about three hours, the running began at 3:03. Loch took a cast and pointed a bevy nicely. Shot went up and stole the point. Both were steady to shot. Loch then pointed a remaining bird. Next he pointed, then left his point, and Avent flushed the bird a few yards ahead of where he pointed; it was a very poor piece of work. Shot flushed a bird. The dogs were watered. Loch roaded and pointed, roaded and pointed, his handler helping him and urging him on. Shot pointed at the same time; nothing was found. Loch pointed a single bird; soon afterward he pointed another, and Avent urged him on to a flush. Shot pointed, Loch backed; Shot took the trail of an old bird and roaded it well to a point, doing a most difficult piece of work. Loch crossed the trail several times without recognizing it. Up at 3:40. Shot showed the wider range, taking longer casts with better judgment, and beating out his ground with more regularity. He went to his birds without prompting or assistance from his handler, except when close to him.

ALBERTA JOE—DUFF.—They began at 3:43. Duff flushed or pointed a single, the judges did not see which. Next Joe took a long cast down wind and pointed three birds, dropping to his point and remaining staunchly while his handler went up to him and flushed. They were worked on very unfavorable grounds without finding. They were ordered up to be put down again, as it was unfair to run them to a standstill.

DIAMOND—BONIO.—They began at 4:30. Diamond soon pointed and Bonio refused to back and pointed; a false point for both. Bonio again false pointed and Diamond backed to order. Bonio pointed, roaded and pointed, his handler assisting him along; nothing found. Diamond dropped to a point or flush, the judges not being able to see the work. Bonio, 200yds. away, pointed a bird, moved in and flushed it. The heat then ended Time 4:52. Both dogs behaved poorly and ranged with no judgment.

ALBERTA JOE—DUFF.—They began at 4:57 and were run 9m., nothing being found, but Joe showed such a decided superiority in range and judgemnt that the dogs were ordered up.

ALBERTA JOE—SHOT.—They were started at 5:10. Soon Joe pointed near the edge of a stubble and Shot going up, without seeing Joe, pointed about 20yds. to one side, and his handler flushed a bird ahead of him. Shot pointed, Joe backed to a mild caution, nothing found. Sent on, Joe made a good find on a bevy of chickens which he pointed steadily, dropping to his point. Joe flushed a single down wind. The birds flew over a rise a short distance ahead and were followed. Joe soon located and pointed them. Shot pointed behind him on a single; his point apparently was a back. Both were steady to shot. The heat ended then. Time 5:29.

After a short consultation the judges announced the winners: First, Joe; second, Shot, third, Lochinvar and Duff.

The prizes were: First, $198; second, $82.50; third, $49.50, divided.

### THE ALL-AGE STAKE.

This stake was begun on Wednesday, Sept. 6. The work as a whole was very creditable, and some of it decidedly superior.

Manitoba Shot made many admirers in the running of the stake, and his excellent and well sustained work proved the correctness of the judges' estimate of him in the Derby, in which their decision had been ridiculed and commented upon in terms not flattering. Yet he was the same class dog on Wednesday that he was on Tuesday, the difference being only in the spectators' minds. They looked to the detail of the work entirely, and apparently did not consider the high class of the dog at all. His work on Tuesday was in most unfavorable ground. He was easily first in the stake.

Joe showed a little staleness in his work, due perhaps to the hard work of the previous day. He was a fairly good second.

Atlanta, third, showed good finding capabilities, ranged well and made a good showing, but she lacked courage in her work on birds once in a while.

The trials were a success, and it is to be hoped that they will be held again next year, notwithstanding the unpleasantness which several times cropped out during the last meeting.

It is probable that no meeting ever was held in which there was more kicking and bad feeling, some of it over fancied grievances and more of it from pure ill temper. The judges conducted the running and made their decisions perfectly independent of anybody's pleasure or displeasure, the only consideration being to determine the best dogs in the stake.

Quite a little crowd was present. Besides those mentioned in the report of the running, there were Paul H. Gotzian, of St. Paul; Mr. Boxer, of Winnipeg; Dr. Rowe, Messrs. Day, Hardin and others

Good weather favored the trials, and birds were found in sufficient numbers. There was game in abundance; and the reports were quite as favorable in respect to chickens and ducks in North Dakota, on the lines of the Great Northern Railway, which runs through some of the finest duck and chicken grounds of the West.

The order of running was:

Thos. Stone's liver and white pointer dog Manitoba Shot (Coton—Psyche) *with*
Thos. A. Montgomery's liver and white pointer bitch Ightfield Beauty (Ightfield Dick—Polly P.).

Thos. Johnson's blue belton setter bitch Manitoba Pet *with*
John Sharples's liver and white pointer dog Alberta Joe (Upton—Blythe).

C. M. Griggs's black, white and tan dog Click Noble (Dan Moore—————) *with*
L. W. Smith's black, white and tan bitch Atlanta (Jean Val Jean—Shena Van).

J. C. Phillips's liver and white pointer dog Coton (Ponto—Dainty) *with*
A. J. Klotlanda's black, white and tan dog Dan Noble (Gladstone's Boy—Flame).

Thos. Johnson's blue belton bitch Manitoba Patti *with*
J. H. Fuller's liver and white setter dog Sport (Don—Dolly).

Elms Kennels' blue belton bitch Minnesota (Monk of Furness—Lady Faydette) *with*
H. P. Hennett's lemon and white setter dog Lucky Druid (Ruby's Druid—Hoosier Belle).

*First Series.*

MANITOBA SHOT—BUNTY.—They began the heat at 8:13. Thos. Johnson handled the former, T. Montgomery handled the latter. Bunty was first to point. Shot, going across wind, pointed the same birds several yards ahead of Bunty, doing it nicely, though the credit of the find was Bunty's. Sent on, Bunty roaded to a point on a remaining bird. They were then worked in a circle to where a large bevy had been marked down; soon each secured a point on it. Bunty made three flushes and Shot made one. Next, Shot pointed a single bird sharply and nicely. Bunty backed, but not promptly. Mr. Johnson shot, and, thinking he had a blank cartridge, he was not cautious in aiming, and he killed the bird. Bunty broke shot. Shot pointed well; nothing found; Bunty backed well. Shot next took a long cast, beating out his ground skillfully; he drew accurately to a bevy, head well up, and pointed it. The bevy flushed wild while Shot's handler was about 150yds. away, and he remained perfectly staunch, doing an excellent piece of work. The heat ended at 8:43. Shot ranged wide and well, cutting out his work with good judgment.

MANITOBA PET—ALBERTA JOE.—T. Johnson handled Pet; J. Sharples handled Joe. They started at 8:48. Joe started slow, apparently a bit stale after the hard work of the day before. He soon increased his speed and range to his good form. Pet ranged extremely wide; too wide, as she would go out of sight. Pet made game on an old bird a long distance away, flushed it and half chased. Joe dropped to wing handsomely. Sent on, Joe dropped to a point on a bevy and remained steady when it flushed wild. Some of the birds went over Pet, a quarter mile away, and she chased them. Next, she took a long cast, ran into a bevy without checking her speed. Joe, about 30yds. away, dropped to wing. She showed excellent speed and ranging capabilities if properly applied.

CLICK NOBLE—ATLANTA.—he former was handled by G. W. Richards, the latter by W. L. Smith. Atlanta was far the wider ranger and the faster in speed. Her work on birds was better than Chick's, although she made several errors. They started at 9:20 and were down thirty minutes.

COTON—DAN NOBLE.—T. Johnson handled Coton, G. W. Richards handled Dan Noble. They started at 9:54. Dan ranged close and made many false points during the heat. Coton ranged wide at first, but narrowed down gradually till toward the last he needed urging to keep him out at his work. No work on birds was done during the heat. Up at 10:20.

MANITOBA PATTI—SPORT.—T. Shelton handled Patti, J. H. Fuller handled Sport. Each mad a bad flush on birds of the same bevy; both dropped to wing. Patti's handler flushed more birds ahead of her. The weather was getting warm and affected the dogs' work. After a long search without finding they were ordered up at 11:12 to be put down again.

MINNESOTA—LUCKY DRUID.—At 11:16 they began, the former handled by A. C. Anderson, the latter by Frank Richards. The weather was close and the conditions un-

favorable for good work. Druid showed the wider range and a good knowledge of finding and pointing birds, but his performance on them was mixed, points and flushes, and in the latter part of the heat he appeared to be getting off his nose, as shown by his work on single birds. He finished with a good piece of roading on a bevy which he pointed. Minnesota acted very puppyish, although showing a great deal of quality and will improve greatly with more age. Up at 11:47.

A long rest was taken after lunch in town till the heat of the early afternoon had passed away.

MANITOBA PATTI—SPORT.—They were started at 4:16 to complete the unfinished heat of the forenoon, and were ordered up at 4:35. Patti showed excellent speed and range, but her work on birds was mixed, good and bad. Sport was industrious, pottered betimes, and had a fair range.

This ended the first series.

*Second Series.*

The judges called up Manitoba Shot, Alberta Joe, Atlanta, Bunty and Lucky Druid to run in the second series.

MANITOBA SHOT—ALBERTA JOE.—They started at 4:41. Shot immediately took a long cast, and about 300yds. away pointed; Joe going up dropped to a back. Shot drew up to point closer. Next he pointed a single bird nicely and stanchly about 100yds from his handler, and it flushed wild. Then Joe widened his range, took a long cast and drew to a point. Shot went went by and pointed. Joe being unable to locate, Shot was started in and flushed the bird. A hawk flushed a number of birds on the prairie close by and the dogs made game afterwards on the foot scent. Joe flushed after being sent on. Up at 5. Both showed excellent range and good judgment in finding, and went to their birds well.

ATLANTA—BUNTY.—They began at 5:05. Atlanta took a cast into some scrubs and pointed a single stanchly and accurately, and was steady to wing. Bunty dropped to a point. Atlanta pointed on a bevy. Her handler, about 200yds. away, blew his whistle and caused her to move on. She took a short cast, pointed again, then came back and pointed the birds, but stood in a listless and undecided manner. Bunty was allowed to crowd in ahead and take the point. The heat then ended: time 5:25.

LUCKY DRUID—ATLANTA.—They began at 5:46, 20 minutes being allowed Atlanta for resting. Druid took a long cast, came around to the rear and pointed on footscent. Sent on, he pointed a bevy in the open. At the same time Atlanta pointed on stubble; nothing found. Sent on, Atlanta, after a few casts, pointed up wind of a bevy. Druid joined across wind on the birds flushed them. Sent on, Atlanta pointed a single well. Again sent on, she found a bevy, Druid drawing and pointing. Druid was the next to find and score. He made several inexcusable flushes, and the heat ended at 6:21. Druid was the wider ranger, ran strong and covered a great deal of ground, although he could have beaten it out with more judgment. He was rather self-willed. Atlanta proved uniformly a good finder in each heat, but did not show sufficient confidence on birds when her handler was near her or whistled to her, and she was not handled with skill. The heat ended at 6:29.

As Atlanta had been run hard during the afternoon, the judges postponed further running till the next day.

Thursday.

The morning opened cool, damp and raw. A light shower had fallen in the early morning hours. On the whole, it was not a bad morning for work.

ATLANTA—ALBERTA JOE.—They were cast off at 8:37. Both started a little slow, but soon warmed up and widened out their range. Joe pointed a bevy and was steady to wing. About 200yds. further on, Atlanta false pointed. Soon afterward, she false pointed again and Joe backed. Next she dropped to a point on an old bird which ran from her point or else she dropped on the trail. The heat ended at 9:01, Joe doing the better work and range, although Atlanta made a good showing in ranging well.

COTON.—The judges wished to see more of Coton's work. He was cast off at 9:03 and taken up at 9:15. He started slow, ranged close to his handler, and showed a disposition to potter. He worked almost entirely on one side of his handler when he did begin ranging, and returned directly to his handler at every cast watching him the while. He pottered and loafed some between casts. He was ordered up at 9:15, and the judges then announced the winners:

First, Manitoba Shot: second, Alberta Joe; Third, Atlanta.

First prize, $114; second prize, $47.50; third prize, $28.50.

## AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at 44 Broadway, New York, on Thursday, Sept. 8, 1892 Present: Thomas H. Terry, vice-president, in the chair; J. E. Anthony, for associate members; W. C. Reick, for St. Bernard Club; H. T. Foote, for associate members; James Mortimer, for Pacific Kennel Club; W. Stewart Diffenderffer, for Maryland Kennel Club; T. Farrar Rackham, for American Pet Dog Club; A. H. Hopper, for Great Dane Club; Max Wenzel, for California Kennel Club; H. B. Cromwell, for Westminster Kennel Club; Wilson Fiske, for English Setter Club; G. Muss-Arnolt, for Pointer Club of America; F. S. Webster, for Washington City Kennel Club. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The secretary's report was then read and accepted. It announced the election of Mr. Reick as a delegate from the St. Bernard Club, Mr. James Mortimer from the Pacific Kennel Club, and Mr. W. F. Cadugan from the Omaha Kennel Club, each of which were recognized in due course. A notice from the Chesapeake Bay Dog Club stating Mr. Lamb would substitute Mr. F. T. Norris as the delegate was laid on the table.

Then Mr. Vredenburgh mentioned a complaint that Mr. Lee, of Toledo, had against Mr. Lamb, and as this was still under inquiry there was no action taken.

The allotment of dates, as per a resolution made at the last annual meeting, was then proceeded with. The Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, having claimed a Sunday, some discussion occured decidedly against allowing it, resulting in their having the option of any four days between Jan. 2 and 7, 1893. The South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, were allotted Jan. 10 to 14, as claimed.

The Maryland Kennel Club withdrew the application for Feb. 14 to 17. The Westminster Kennel Club was allotted Feb. 21 to 24.

The Chesapeake Bay Dog Club, The Elmira Kennel Club and The Keystone Kennel Club, each claimed four days in the succeeding week, which was voted to the Keystone Club, whose delegate (Mr. Jas. Watson) expressed a desire that it should not interfere with the Elmira Show, consequently it was agreed that the latter should have the option of using those dates.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club and the Maryland Kennel Club claimed March 7 to 11, and the Maryland gained the allotment. The Southern California Kennel Club were allotted April 19 to 22. The Pacific Kennel Club and the California Kennel Club each asked for May 3 to 6, the former being supported by the Pacific Fox-Terrier Club, received the allotment, after a contest in which Mr. Max Wenzel, Mr. Jas. Mortimer and Mr. A. H. Hepper figured.

A committee was then sanctioned to allot any vacant dates before the December meeting. The National Beagle Club's reference with regard to the absolute winner at the 1890 field trials was passed on by a decision that as there was no such contest there can be no such title or award.

The Canadian Kennel Club's application for a joint committee for fixing show dates was referred to the committee arranged for to allot unclaimed dates.

Mr. C. M. Nelles's application was taken up and it was decided that his disqualification should continue to Jan. 1, 1893.

The Michigan Kennel Club, the Burlington County Agricultural Society and the Rhode Island Poultry Association were admitted to membership.

Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh resigned the secretaryship of the American Kennel Club to take up a position requiring his immediate attention, and stated that he had arranged for Mr. Lewis to fill his place under his supervision until his successor was appointed.

The committee on express tariff handled in the correspondence without being able to announce any success.

The committee on removal and Social Club stated that considering the resignation of the secretary, it had decided to defer arrangements.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of $4,026 68. Receipts, $9,912; expenditure, $5,585; balance, $4,327. The Stud-Book showed 2,603 paid registrations, 168 associate member registrations, and 80 registrations of winners.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Hugh Dalziel for the presentation of the Fox-Terrier Stud-Book and others to the American Kennel Club. Adjournment.

Mr. Jas. Watson (as one of the committee on rules, etc.) inquired for the unofficial opinion of those present on the carrying out of a plan which should change the composition of the American Kennel Club, so that the delegates need only attend one meeting annually, the business of the club being intrusted to an executive committee, which should replace the advisory committee. He also inquired the sense of the meeting regarding a union with the Canadian Kennel Club and the creation of one club for the continent, which was opposed.

A suggestion for regulations requiring a fee from each show given under A. K. C. rules, instead of the annual fee, and the limiting of awards, received better support.

Mr. Muss-Arnolt called attention (unofficially) to the action of the Great Dane Club in refusing to accept members who were not residents of Chicago, and secured the support of the delegate of that club to a suggestion for the formation of another club with national scope.

## THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL DERBY.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a list of the entries for the American Field Trial Club's Derby, to be run near this place beginning Nov. 15. The All-Age is filling rapidly and promises to be much larger than the Derby. Besides these two stakes we have a puppy class for English setters, Irish setters and pointers born on or after Nov. 18, 1891.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

BENGAL AND BABY BLUE.—Geo. A. Castleman, Trenton, Tenn., enters Bengal (Joe Roderigo—Julia), and Baby Blue (Blue King—Kate).

FLING.—Bert Crane, Chicago, Ill., enters Fling (Rowdy Rod—Maud).

BORNEO RAKE.—W. W. Dunnington, Indianapolis, Ind., enters Borneo Rake (Count Roderigo—Julia).

DAN'S LADY AND NELLIE'S DOT.—Theo. Goodman, Terre Haute, Ind., enters Dan's Lady (Dan Gladstone—Lily Burgess), and Nellie's Dot (Dan Gladstone—Nellie G).

BLUE GROUSE.—L. A. Rice, Riverside, Ill., enters Blue Grouse (Don—Belle of Hatchie).

JIM DANDY.—John Roberts, Chicago, Ill., enters Jim Dandy (Braxton Bragg—Gypsy).

POINTERS.

KENT'S MIKE.—J. F. Pautler, Carrolton, Mo, enters Kent's Mike (King of Kent—Croxlill).

TRINKET'S DON.—A. A. Waddell, Coffeyville, Kas., enters Trinket's Don (Donald's Sensation—Trinket).

TRIXEY OF AXTEL, PRIDE KING DON.—W. A. Thompson, Attica, Ind., enters Trixey of Axtell (Axtell King Don—Patti M. II.) and Pride King Don (King Don—Meteor's Dell).

DON C., MAAN.—Geo. A Castleman, Trenton, Tenn., enters Don C. (Rank—Fly) and Maan (Rex—Bird),

DICK FIS-HEL.—U. R. Fishel, Hope, Ind., enters Dick Fis-Hel (Don Fis-Hel—Leos).

TOPSY PAPE.—W. W. Dunnington, Indianapolis, Ind., enters Topsy Pape (Joe Pape—Topsy W.).

LATOSKA.—John B. McGuffin, Indianapolis Ind., enters Latoska (Ossian—Pickwick).

POMME DE TERRE.—T. G. Barstow, St. Louis, Mo., enters Pomme de Terre (Ossian—Clipaway II.).

IRISH SETTERS.

REDSKIN.—Dr. E. B. Weston, Chicago, Ill., enters Redskin (Mardo—Mirtee).

BELLE OF MEXICO.—Geo. H. Kunkel, Mexico, Mo., enters Belle of Mexico (Daniel O'Connel—Lalla Rookh).

SAGAS TEARAWAY AND MASTER TEARAWAY.—George E. Gray, Appleton, Minn., enters Sagas Tearaway (Tearaway—Tillie Born) and Master Tearaway (Tearaway—Ruby Royal).

NICK OF GLENCHO.—F. L. Abbey, Detroit, Mich., enters Nick of Glencho (Pat S.—Alice K.).

ELPLIM II., GLENMORE APPIE, BAH, OWNIE, PET, JAY BIRD, WAD AND BEAU BUM.—Glenmore Irish Setter Kennels, Coffeyville, Kan., enter Elplim II. (Tyrconnell—Knivara), Glenmore Appie (Desmond II.—Nellie), Bah (Desmond II.—Nellie), Ownie (Elcho, Jr.—Romanie), Pet (Mack N.—Ruby Glenmore), Jay Bird (Mack N.—Ruby Glenmore), Wad (Mack N.—Ruby) and Beau Bum (Beau Brummel—Ruby Glenmore).

W. J. BECK, Sec'y-Treas.

## GORDONS IN THE N. E. TRIALS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The special prizes offered to Gordon setters at the New England Field Trial Club's meeting at Assonet, Mass., Nov. 8, 1892, now are: $50 offered by me to the Gordon setter belonging to a member of the Gordon Setter Club at time of closing the entries, Nov. 1, which shows the best field work among Gordons at these trials; $30 cash offered by the Gordon Setter Club to the Gordon winning second place, and $20 to the Gordon winning third place among Gordons, and belonging to a member of the Gordon Setter Club on Nov. 1 next; $50 cash offered by the Gordon Setter Club to any Gordon showing best field work among Gordons, provided there are at least three Gordon starters.

These prizes, to Gordons only, amounting to $150 cash, are in addition to the New England Field Trial Club's open All-Age Stakes of $200 to first, $100 to second, $50 to third, which any good Gordon stands a chance to win, making $500 in cash prizes, which should draw a good lot of entries.

As already mentioned, the kind of country and the running rules used at these trials resemble the conditions of a day's hunt among sportsmen, and will enable our dogs to do better work than at the Southern trials, and at much less expense.

Annual dues to our club $5, and we would be pleased to receive applications for membership from all friends of the Gordon setter, whether intending to run their dogs or not.

JAMES B. BLOSSOM,
President Gordon Setter Club of America.

Mr. Charles Clippinger, who purchased the pointer Golden Rod from Mr. Winslow, is delighted with a litter his bitch has just had by Inspiration. There were seven in all, five dogs.

## TORONTO DOG SHOW.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 14.—Judging has progressed fairly well so far, and most of the regular prizes have been awarded. The weather is very bad and consequently poor attendance.

PRIZE LIST.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Charleroi II. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Metchley Surprise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Conrad II.; 3d and 4th, McEwen & Gibson's Samson and Drury. Reserve, Burland's Moonstone. Very high com., Corley's Bute. High com., Stansfield's Scott II., Luxton's Forest Boy, Harrison's Toronto Wonder. Com., Brown's Bonnie Charlie, Ford's Metchley Bob. *Bitches:* 1st, Harrison's Nancy; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Dudley Chris; 3d, Stansfield's Highland Floss; 4th, Smith's Anchairnie Lassie. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Crissey. Very high com., Carley's Vignette, Rolph's Belle. High com., Manatang Kennels' Roslyn Constance.

NOVICE.—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill's Wellesbourne Charlie; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Samson; 3d, Tuxton's Forest Boy. Reserve, Stansfield's Scott II. Very high com., Sanders's Glendale. High com., Seminole Kennels' Squire Sheen. Com., Williams's Ben Nevis II. *Bitches:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Dudley Chris; 2d, Campion's Viola; 3d, Carley's Beulah. Reserve: Smith's Anchairnie Lassie. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Crissy. High com., Manatang Kennel's Roslyn Constance. Com., Harrison's Orange Lass.—PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Jeffrey's Lawrie; 2d, Chestnut Hill's Roslyn Charlie; 3d, Tuxton's Forest Boy. Very high com., Ford's Metchley Lad. High com., Williams's Ben Nevis. *Bitches:* 1st, Jeffrey's Stella; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Christian; 3d, Smith's Anchairnie Lassie.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, London Hunt Club's Finder; 2d and 3d, J. Gibbs's Genius and Banwell. Very high com., London Hunt Club's Fowler and Challenge. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. Gibbs's Vexation and Gaylass; 3d and very high com., London Hunt Club's Dingwell and Bustle.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Smith & Clark's Rally and Ringwood; 2d, J. Gibbs's Birchall. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Smith and Clark's Maud and Fleet; 2d, J. A. Sprackl'n's Gayge. Very high com., David Parker's Jane.

HARRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Frank Mabee's Racer and Dandy; 3d, J. Gibbs's Scamp. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Frank Mabee's Daisy and Fly; 3d, F. Hobart's Lott.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—55LBS. AND OVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Leamington Kennels' Count Graphic. *Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Revelation; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Devon Nell.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake; 2d, F. W. Shaw's Molton Banner; 3d, Leamington Kennels' Count Grosvenor. Reserve, A. J. Davies's Robert Lee Graphic. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, T. G. Davey's Josie Bracket and Ightfield Madge.

CHALLENGE—UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chas. Connell's Rock II.; 2d, H. M. Graydon's Donovan; 3d, Leamington Kennels' Duke Graphic. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., T. G. Davey's Miss Rumor and Bessie's Girl; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Frivolity. Reserve, Leamington Kennels' Fanny Graphic.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. S. Smith's Brighton Don; 2d, H. M. Graydon's Donovan. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Chaira; 2d, Shirley Stewart's Graphic Frances; 3d, W. S. Smith's Axtel's Baby. Reserve, Burritt's Rex's Belle. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, G. O. Smith's Lord Graphic—Juno pup.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, John Moorhead's Streatham Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. H. S. Griffin's Principio; 2d and 3d, H. M. Howe's Count II. and Chatham Prince. Very high com., W. Smillie's Siloree and A. F. Wilgress's Ted Pritchard. High com., W. Fox's King. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., W. J. Higginson's Lady Dinah and Nellie Harper; 2d and very high com., Dr. H. Griffin's Kathleen and Edgewood Robin; 3d, W. Hammall's Vesper Belle. High com., H. M. Howe's Loumont Kit. *Puppies:* 1st, H. M. Howe's Chatham Prince; 2d, W. Hammel's Vesper Bells; 3d, Dr. Griffin's Vixen.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, A. A. Macdonald's Blemton Trump. *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Rathbone's Berrywyck Punster; 2d, L. H. Banks's Blemton Rattler; 3d, E. W. Irwin's Ruxton. Reserve, Clover Hill Kennels' Tom Tom. Very high com., P. G. Keyes's Rideau Rivet; A. D. Stewart's My Fellow, Capt. Frank Reting's Stormy. High com., F. J. Esmond's Pawnbroker *Bitches:* 1st, Chas. T. Hanks's Grouse II.; 2d, A. D. Stewart's Hillside Baroness; 3d, C. F. Frenzler's Rosa Canina. Reserve, F. R. Close's Bonaily Belle. Very high com., A. D. Stewart's Suffolk Riot, E. C. Rudinger's Blemton Su Su and E. A. Irwin's Boscobel. High com., Chas. S. Hanks's Damson.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., A. D. Stewart's My Fellow and Silver Saint; 2d, A. A. Macdonald's Calchas; 3d, Clover Hill Kennels' Trumpet. Very high com. and high com., Arden F. T. Kennels' Arden Chimes and Arden Bendor.—WIRE-HAIRED.—*Dogs:* 1st, Fred S. Worrall's Tinderbox; 2d, Sam Munro's Adswood Jim; 3d, R. Junor's Stanly. Very high com., Hempstead Farm Kennels' Suffolk Trimmer and W. Cunningham's Flash.

WHIPPETS.—1st, Thomas Boston's Model; 2d, 3d and reserve, Campbell & Blake's Maggie, Tip and Ben.

RETRIEVERS.—1st and 2d, T. G. Davey's Loyal and Beaver.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Bell's Fascination; 2d, Luckwell & Douglass's Black Dufferin. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Geo. Bell's Amazement and I Say—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Nelles's Red Jacket; 2d, Laidlaw's Red Roland. *Bitches:* 1st, Luckwell & Douglass's King Pharo's Sister; 2d, Currier's Jossie C.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Kennedy's Jay Kay and King Rover, Jr.; 3d, Farewell's Black Brant; 4th, Raglan Kennels' Bono. Very high com., Charlesworth's Black Graf and Blake Bendigo. High com., Sweetman's Nip and L. Kennels' Fine Furs. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Bell's Troublesome; 2d, Laidlaw's Rideau Rein; 4th, Keyes's Rideau Flossie. Very high com., Kennedy's Molly Bawn, Sprecklin's Ina and Volo. High com., Laidlaw's I Wonder.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Leidel's Fritz K. *Bitches:* 1st, Manice's Jesse Victoria; 2d, Blogg's Lena.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Amphion and King the o' Heather; 3d, Wantess's Rodger. Very high com., Brooks's Laird of the Heather. Com., Butterfield's Go You. *Bitches:* 1st, Brooks's Heather Madge; 2d, Wantess's Kirty; 3d, Butterfield's Mona.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, Kingdon's Jack; 2d, Baldwin's Pica; 3d, Chapman's Daily. Very high com., Ritchie's Dash. *Bitches:* 1st, Coalmer's Jenny; 2d, Mount Royal's Tibbie; 3d, Gordon's Phœbe II. Very high com., Minto's Nibs.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Brooks's Kilroy and Kildee; equal 3d, Fraser's Lovat and Toons & Symonds's Scotch Hot. Very high com., Gibson's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Brooks's Culblen; 2d, Fraser's Guy; 3d, Toon & Symonds's Gypsey Gat.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Shinn's Sir Stafford; 2d, Jeffrey's Toodles. *Bitches:* 1st, Smith's Islay; 2d, Caner's Edcliffe Maggie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Sultan; 2d, Elmer Sir Wallace.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Salisbury; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Merry Monarch; 3d, Brodie's The Black Earl. Com., Wright's Rochelle Scot. *Bitches:* 1st, Cloe's Lonie; 2d and 3d, Rochelle Kennels' English Lady and Topaz. Very high com., Toons & Symonds's Rosette and Farrow's Dinah. High com., Elmer's Grace and Patterson's Broomfield Florence. Com., Geddes's Mona. *Puppies:* 1st, Elmer's Lady Don; 2d, Brodie's Black Earl; 3d, Patterson's Florence.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Trebilcock's Tiny Jones; 2d, Dunnigan's Fairy.

TOY TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mansen's Jole; 2d, Paddy Trix. *Bitches:* 1st, Mumford's Nettie; 2d, Mansen's Tiny; equal 3d, Reid's Nettie and Milling's Daisy.

PUGS—CHALLENGE.—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, Seminole Kennels' Bonsor and Cryer's Bob Ivy. *Bitches:* Howard's Casino. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hardy's Dixie; 2d, Eberhart's Patsy Bolivar; 3d, Howard's Duke Howard. Reserve, Adams's Meddler. Very high com., Howard's Penrice Boy. High com., Falconer's Peek-a-boo. Com., Bedford Kennels' Comely, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, Howard's Avon; 2d, Hardy's Miss Penrice; 3d, Eberhart's Virginia. Very high com., Falconer's Peek-a-boo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Hay's Leprechan; 2d, Trebilcock's Jumbo; 3d, Collins's Kate. LIGHTWEIGHTS.—Mabel Richardson's Freddy; Gray's Topsy.

These are the awards made up to time of going to press. Specials will be judged to-morrow. Mr. Jarrett has purchased Mr. Brodie's crack Irish terrier Candor.

H. W. LACY.

# DOG CHAT.

### Toronto Dog Show.

The Toronto show promises to be an unusually good one this year, and Canadians must be pleased with the fact that so many of the most important American kennels are represented. Mr. E. H. Moore sends a nice team, among them his good smooth dog Melrose. Then Col. Ruppert sends up Aristocrat and several others. Joe Lewis is here with a string of seven Irish setters from the Oak Grove Kennels, and among them the new young dog, Kildare Glenmore, that is, if we mistake not, one of the coming cracks. Seminole Kennels have a big team with several good ones in it, and Dr. Sauveur and E. Connors are both here. Ben Lewis striving for the "handler with the biggest team prize," has a number of good ones in his lot, and so has George Thomas, his nearest rival for handler honors, with his terriers and greyhounds, etc. Mr. Brooks sends James Green, of Sir Bedivere fame, up with a neat team of Scottish terriers all the way from Boston. Tom Blake has a capital lot of whippets from Detroit, and then he is running every day on the Fair track. Ben, his record dog, came to an untimely end during the summer, but he still has Maggie, who is about as fast as the other was.

The Hornell-Harmony Kennels are on deck with beagles and greyhounds galore and "Uncle Dick" and "Wix" are both on hand. Mr. Huntington also does not mean to disappoint the Canadians and has sent some choice Psovois, Argoss among them. By the way, we notice Mr. Ireson, of Toronto, is out with a capital son of Lord Neverstill out of White Lips that will make some of the greyhounds hustle, or should do. Frank Dole sends brother-in-law Fenton with a big lot of terriers, etc. Fox-terriers and especially spaniels make a grand showing, and George Bell, as usual, has a hot one appropriately named Troublesome. The big dogs are well represented, St. Bernards especially. The sporting dogs, like setters and pointers, make a great showing and the Irish setters are quite a feature of the show. The gathering this year reminds one almost of New York show, so many well-known faces are to be seen and, contrary to custom, everybody seems to have come up a day earlier; consequently Sunday was hardly the day of rest it should have been and dog chat was heard on every side.

The Toronto people have a capital building for the show and it is therefore a pity that they did not use a little whitewash on the benches, which are permanent, and as they have not been cleaned since last year some of the kennels are rather unsightly. This should be attended to another year, as besides being an eyesore the health of the dogs demand that benches should either be whitewashed anew or thoroughly disinfected.

### The Dog Catcher Again.

From time to time we have drawn attention to the many outrageous actions of that body of political heelers called dog catchers in this city. We supposed New York and Brooklyn were unique in this respect, but Chicago, as usual, shows us that even in this respect she is well up with the times. Dogmen who have visited the Chicago shows have many of them put up at the Leland Hotel and will be interested to know that the late proprietor, Mr. Warren Leland, has a grievance, and a serious one, against these brutal dog "grabbers." Recently Mr. Leland purchased a well-bred mastiff, which cost him a round sum. At the beginning of the dog year he paid for a license and a muzzle, and prepared to observe the requirements of the law. One day recently his dog was playing with the children in the garden in front of his residence and Mr. Leland stood by watching the romp. The animal, although on its own ground, was without a muzzle. The dog catchers appeared. Before his owner's eyes and on his own property his mastiff was seized and thrown roughly to the ground and carried bodily by the four men to the wagon. The dog was too big to put in the box so they tied him to the back of the cart. Mr. Leland protested, but without avail. He knew the dog should have had a muzzle on, but offered to do anything to save his dog; have the dog taken to the pound and pay the fine, anything to save the dog from rough usage. But it would not do. All day the mastiff, used to tender care, was yanked about the city in the torrid heat, half walking, half dragged by the wagon. When Mr. Leland finally got him from the pound the dog was almost dead, covered with sores and his body and legs swollen. The dog died the next day. Now Mr. Leland swears vengeance, and if there is any law by which he can hold the corporation responsible he will avail himself of it, and is preparing to file a $1,500 damage suit in the Circuit Court against the city of Chicago. Of what earthly use is it to pay a license fee if it is no protection against such ruthless outrages as this? and the sooner some public-spirited citizen undertakes to defend his dog's status and rights as personal property the sooner will these rascals be taught a lesson. Probably a little of their own medicine would instil into them a just appreciation of the limits of their powers. We think that Mr. Leland will not let the matter drop, but push the case with vigor and reach a decision that will entitle him to the thanks of a wide circle of dog lovers.

### The Greyhound—Horse Race.

The much-talked-of race between one of Col. North's greyhounds and the race horse Mrs. Butterick, owned by the Duke of Portland, will probably come off about next April. It is reported that the great Fullerton will be the dog selected, but this we can scarcely credit, as Col. North owns two greyhounds that are faster than Fullerton and a bitch whose name does not occur to us at the moment. Recently we saw a letter from Col. North's trainer, Mr. Dent, in which he said that Young Fullerton is the fastest greyhound in the world. The trouble with the race will be to make the greyhound stretch himself fully in a half mile straightaway spurt without some sort of "game enticer." It has been suggested that the artificial hare running on the wire be used to encourage the greyhound to do his best; something of this kind will have to be done or the horse will win.

### St. Bernards in California.

The St. Bernard Club, recently organized in San Francisco, is bound to stimulate interest in the breed, and the Eastern club should also do all in its power to encourage its sister club. It is to the advantage of Eastern breeders that this should be done, as for some time yet the breeders on the Pacific coast, to make much headway, must look to the East for their best breeding specimens. It therefore behooves our breeders when they have a commission from California to take every possible precaution to insure the safe transit of the dog across the continent, and that it should arrive in fair condition. A journey of six days in railroad cars requires intelligent and careful crating of the dog, and the crate so arranged that though the dog cannot escape, it will be easy for messengers to take the dog out when necessary.

### Mr. Vredenburgh's Resignation.

We had little time last week to more than barely chronicle the fact of Mr. Vredenburgh's resignation as secretary of the A. K. C. We have conversed with numerous well known kennel owners and others interested in dogs, and the opinion seems to be general that the club is losing the services of a good secretary. The position is a thankless one, and especially so has it been during several years of Mr. Vredenburgh's incumbency, when the A. K. C. was passing through the chastening fire which has evolved a club that is now firmly established and of great good in many ways to dogdom. The secretary of the A. K. C. must necessarily be a man of considerable tact and with ability to bury his own individuality and prejudices and also possess some executive ability. The late secretary has not been wanting in many of these attributes. The worst that can be said against Mr. Vredenburgh is that he was hardly sufficiently in touch with dogmen as a dogman; it was business from the start, and perhaps considering the trouble of past years, this was the best way to treat the position. We do not hesitate to say that in leaving the A. K. C. office Mr. Vredenburgh takes with him the respect of the majority of dogmen, for with the possible exception of the incidents leading to the memorable libel trial the office has been well conducted. Mr. A. D. Lewis has had considerable experience with the duties of secretary, and from what we know of him should consider him the most available man for the position. He stands well with the officers of the club, and moreover, is and has been identified with dogs and dog shows for years past, and is in touch with dogmen generally, besides being a man of genial and sociable parts.

### A Remarkable Case.

NEWTONVILLE, Mass., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Aug. 16 my black cocker bitch Midget whelped six puppies, and the day following one more, by C. G. Browning's champion Cherry Boy. That night she refused any nourishment, and, as she was in a high fever and sinking fast, I killed off five puppies, taking two into the house to be brought up by hand. Four days later she died, in spite of the best of medical aid. On the afternoon of her death Merry T., the dam of Midget, commenced whining and going about the house from one to another, and then took charge of the two puppies, and has not left them since only to take a little exercise, and is as anxious over them as if they were her own. Four days after she adopted them they refused to take any more cow's milk, and on looking for the cause found that Merry T. was giving to them a full supply of milk, and has continued to do so ever since, and they are as strong and fat as seals. The singular part of this is that Merry T. has not given milk for over a year, as Midget was one of her last litter. I have had quite a number to see grandma and her babies, and all say they never saw anything like it. Had I known what a treasure I had I could have saved all of the puppies, as she has milk in abundance.

GEO. L. V. TYLER.

### Death of Blue Ruin.

Those who saw this beautiful collie at Boston last spring will be sorry to hear that she has met an untimely death and especially so when caused by one of her own sex and kind. Kenneled with the noted bitch Bertha, that was a conspicuous figure in the collie world a few years ago, they had a misunderstanding, and Bertha tearing out the other's windpipe put an end to a collie that had made a big reputation on the other side. Mr. Pierpont Morgan owned both of these bitches at the time. Last week we mentioned the fact of Mr. Morgan's purchase of Roslyn Wilkes and Jakyr Deane, and we hear that this gentleman intends showing extensively. The Squire and Roslyn Wilkes will meet at Kingston show, we are told, under Mr. Tallman. If Mr. Morgan will take an active part in exhibiting, the collie interests are sure to receive a much needed fillip. Mr. Armstrong, an Englishman from Mr. John Brett's bailiwick, is his kennel manager.

### Fox Hunting in England.

According to the Earl of Yarborough there are 350 packs of hounds in Great Britan, the annual expenditure on which he calculates at $2,074,250. Estimating 100 men hunting with each pack, every rider having on an average three horses, there would be in all 99,000 horses engaged; and putting the cost of each at $3.75 per week, the total charge on this account would be $17,500,000. Thus the entire cost of keeping the hounds and maintaining the hunts in that country would not be less than about $20,500,000 per annum, and this is quite independent of incidental expenses. It will therefore be seen that Englishmen have to pay a pretty penny for sly reynard, and when one considers the damage done to fields and fences, the expense all round assumes immense proportions.

### The Royal Buckhounds.

For a long time past there has been an agitation carried on against the sport of tame deer hunting with dogs in England, the opponents of this method of hunting claiming that it is cruel and inhuman. The royal buckhounds have come in for their full share of disapprobation, and now the appointment of a master of the buckhounds is taken advantage of by Mr. Gladstone to agitate the question of their continuance. It is said the Queen herself is strongly opposed to the "sport," but old customs cling with lichen-like tenacity in Olde England, and it is probable that the festive cockney will enjoy the spectacle of the tame deer being driven from its cart for some time to come yet.

### New Jersey Kennel League.

AT the meeting of the executive committee of the New Jersey Kennel Club, recently held at Newark, it was decided to give sheep dog trials and whippet races in connection with the Interstate Fair at Trenton, Sept. 26 to 30. For the sheep dogs there will be a first prize of $100 and a second prize of $50. For the whippets the first prize will be $75, second $40, third $25, fourth $10 The diploma of the league will go with each award. Competition will be open to all.

Five new members were elected and a course of usefulness started upon which will keep this live and enterprising league to the front.

### Importations.

That many dogs are imported into this country of which no record is made in the kennel press is well known, and some of these, owned by people who take no interest in dog shows, are quite able to hold their own in almost any company, though never seen in "public." The twin-screw live-stock steamer Bovic of the White Star Line, arrived here Sept. 6 with a number of dogs on board. One, a Gordon setter, was consigned to Mr. J. O. Bourne, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; a St. Bernard dog puppy called Dunolly for Mr. C. B. Duke, Somer street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a bitch pup of the same breed named Lady Heaton, the grandsire of both being the late Lord Bute.

### Kingston Dog Show.

The premium list of the Kingston show reaches us rather tardily, as the entries closed Sept. 12. The list is a simple one, the prizes in all classes, excepting challenge and miscellaneous being $7 and $3, with a card for third, challenge winners will receive diplomas. The judges have been already announced. As far as we can learn among the exhibitors at Toronto, some good dogs will be seen there, many of the well known kennels going on from that show and then crossing over to Rochester. We notice that there is quite a list of specials, many of them being in the coin of the realm, and collie men should be particularly pleased to see that the butchers of Kingston offer $10 for the best kennel of collies. This is a hopeful sign.

### Wire-Hair Importation.

We stated a few weeks ago that H. W. Smith, of Worcester, had placed some commissions in England for wire-haired fox-terrier bitches, but was having slow work finding satisfactory ones, as he was most particular as regards breeding and was determined to have only natural-coated terriers. He has just received from England through Mr. T. S. Bellin, of Albany, a young bitch said to be good enough to rank up with any of our best smooths, and as she is to be shown at the fall shows, fanciers have a chance of judging for themselves. She is white with brindle marked head, a common color in wire-hairs, and is sired by champion Rustic Trick, who was owned by Mr. Bellin when in England. Rustic Trick was sired by Carrick's champion Trick, who was the crack wire-hair of all England for a long time, the dam of Rustic Trick was Leigh Daisy who was by champion Filbert out of champion Grand Dutchess, both well known winners. The young bitch which Mr. Smith has named Sister Trick, is described as having the best of head, body and legs, and being so perfect in coat that she will never need to be trimmed. Daylesford Burm has not come over as yet, but is winning in England under Mr. Smith's name. He will arrive in time for the Brooklyn show.

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That enterprising firm, Spratts Patent, is out with a new catalogue of their specialties, included in which we also find some useful hints for the prevention and cure of some of the more common ills dogflesh is heir to.

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We always supposed that the Mount Holly Fair people were fairly up to the times, but this year they seem to have taken the old Father by the forelock. About Sept. 3 we received several cut and dried press notices, and among them there was an account of the opening of the fair and how the exhibition of dogs "pleased men and women alike." Of course the show did not open till Sept. 12, but that was immaterial. The world do move nowadays.

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The other day we spent a few hours down at Hempstead with Mr. Motimer looking over the new dogs, but as R. K. would say, "That's another story." In the course of conversation with Angus Cameron, the trainer for Hempstead Farm Kennels, he informed us that he was going South to put the finishing touches on his Derby and All-Age entries about Oct. 4. While he has quite as many pointers as he can handle he could easily take a few setters, and fancies that he could take an Irish setter or two and run them well up in the Irish setter trials. All who know Mr. Cameron's intelligent and quiet way of handling are assured that the impetuous red dogs would be made to show all that there is in them, and the opportunity offered is a good one.

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While down at Hempstead we called on the only "German." Mr. Hopkins has purchased a splendid place for dogs. In the middle of a square of two acres of grass land is a range of about a dozen loose boxes that were built for Mr. E. D. Morgan's horses. The boxes are large, well lighted and panelled with oil-finished wood, in fact such quarters as dogs seldom find themselves in, and should soon be well filled with boarders. Mr. Hopkins had several fox-terriers of the right sort running round, and one pup is quite promising. The place is hardly a mile from the village.

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Talking of St. Bernard breeding with Arthur Trickett, Mr. E. H. Moore's factotum, he told us of another peculiar instance of a bitch coming in season irregularly. Before last New York show Lady Sneerwell or Lady Melrose, we forget which, came in and was bred to Lord Melrose, in one month and six days after she came in again and was bred to the dog once more, and from this mating had a nice litter. "Arthur," as he is known to the fancy, speaks most highly of one of the Alton smooths of that wonderful litter, that has come on grandly, and will be shown at New York. He says he is a better dog than his sire, take him all round. He is now sixteen months old, weighs 175lbs., and stands 33½in., with a regular Watch head. We all know of Caution's Own Daughter, the best mastiff bitch that has been bred in this country. It seems she had a litter sister with black points that had she lived would have been even better than her illustrious sister. At four months old she was bitten in the leg and blood poisoning set in, from which she died.

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Mr. Coleridge C. Vickery, the genial assistant manager of Spratts Patent in this country, sailed for England on the Britannic yesterday. Hard work during the past summer, owing to Mr. Cleather's absence, has made him feel that a sea voyage is the only thing that can save. Mr. Vickery, we are glad to hear, has a leaning toward Newfoundlands, and if he can see what he wants may bring some good ones back with him. There is ample room for a good fancier in this breed, and with the opportunities to exhibit them Mr. Vickery would have a nice team of these noble dogs on the spring circuit of 1893, would do much to create a general interest in a breed which in England commands, and justly so, almost as much patronage as mastiffs and St. Bernards.

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From the *Manitoba Daily Free Press* we learn that fox hunting is carried out in the good old way in this far North country near Winnipeg. Cub hunting commenced Aug. 25, and a capital run and kill was had, but we are afraid "Nimrod," who gives an account of the runs, rather "draws" on his imagination when he tells us that, "Young Cardigan, a son of Vengeance and Cheerful, got away unseen with a fox, and much to the wonder of the casual passers, who saw him pull his game down all alone and took off the brush and brought it to his master's house, who got it on his return home." The entire pack consists of 38½ couple.

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Dr. O. Stewart Bamber will judge beagles at the coming Rochester show.

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Mr. W. B. Palmer, of Woodstock, being unable to judge spaniels at Ottawa, Mr. Frank E. Curtis, of Simco, will officiate in his place.

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Here is a bit of news from Rochester: "I have just been informed by reliable parties that the Flour City Kennels is offered for sale without reserve to the highest bidder before Nov. 1. All bids to be sent to W. Wade, Hulton, Pa.—O. S. BEE."

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The Danbury (Conn.) show will be held Oct. 4 to 8. B. C. Lynes is secretary.

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Some time since we noted the purchase of the well-known beagle Tomboy by Western parties. We now learn that he is owned by the Milwaukee Beagle Kennels, owned by Messrs. F. G. Stigebauer and Jos. Kaenfl, of Milwaukee, Wis. They intend to breed beagles extensively.

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In the early days of St. Bernard breeding here we used to think 50lbs. a capital weight for a three-months-old pup, but this seems quite ordinary to one Mrs. Smyth, of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, tells us of. "In August this pup was weighed in ordinary condition and tipped the beam at 85lbs., height 26½in., girth of skull 18½in., nose to tip of tail 67in." This pup is Duke of Alton, by King Regent out of Nancibel.

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Among the new advertisements to be found in our business columns this week are the following offers for sale: Poodles, M. W. Reid; setters, A. C. Shallenberger; dachshunds, E. A. Manice; pointers, A. F. Lambert; Foxhound, Box 67. The Wyoming Kennels offer their entire stock for sale without restriction. The Westminster Kennel Club offers their stock at auction with the exception of the stud dogs. The sale to take place at the American Horse Exchange.

## SHOULD JUDGES BE THEIR OWN CRITICS?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You ask "Should judges be their own critics?" in other words should they write for publication reports of the classes they judge?

Were such reports solely for the *American Kennel Gazette* I should immediately answer in the affirmative, for I am of the same mind as some two years ago, when I advocated that plan. But you do not set limits, consequently the solution is not so easily reached.

Assuredly your question hinges on ability. And evidently if the kennel press is competent the work of judges can properly end at the ring sides; but if the press is incompetent, manifestly the judges should report. It does not of course follow that even then the purpose of criticism would be attained, for the judges might be as wanting as the critics, yet were the former incompetent they must soon betray the fact, and thereby their poor work as officials would be defeated, while if competent their reports would be ample testimony.

Narrowing the question to circumstances which appear to exist to-day and accepting the popular belief that all judges are not thoroughly competent, also that the purpose of criticism is to protect fanciers and possibly educate them, it would seem best that reports came only from capable, fearless critics, whose work is stamped with unmistakable evidences of honesty, great experience and unflinching determination to cut deeply, like the surgeon, when it is their duty to do so. And such critics must be the surest possible foils to incompetent judges, who without them would undoubtedly let many poor dogs to the front. Their reports must also as a rule sustain judges when competent, for good judges' awards are reached by the same means as an honest and intelligent critic's reports. Moreover, with reports and awards alike meritorious, the public could easily see from the latter how the former were reached.

There certainly should be a near approach to unanimity in this matter, for if judges and critics are at variance—members of each class failing to agree among themselves—reports must be often conflicting; and such unquestionably do very great harm by befogging exhibitors, degrading judges and press alike, and strengthening the popular prejudice that judging is only guesswork and awards are frequently biased. Such reports must also inevitably lessen the interests in dog shows and obstruct advancement of the different breeds to higher standards.

In a word, it would seem that if judges and critics are not all competent, both classes should report; that if the former alone are competent, they should bear the duty, while if the critics are competent, that it should be left solely to them.

J. FRANK PERRY.

## JUDGING BY SCORING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The discussion in FOREST AND STREAM regarding judging, judges' reports, critics' reports, etc., will do good if conducted in the right spirit—*i. e.*, in a kindly temper and on the supposition that finalities and perfection have not yet been reached. It is very easy to write in the style of "After us the deluge;" but it does not advance us, but the contrary. Emerson remarks upon the foolishness of the proud man. No one suffers so much as himself, for he fails to realize his need of knowledge.

I agree with O. W. Holmes, the great American *litterateur*, when he says, "Give me your opinions, I do not want your arguments," or to this effect, as applied to the ordinary affairs of life. And I value the opinions of any man who has learned direct from nature, even if he cannot back them up with reasons; hence I should be inclined to set great value upon the mere opinion of such a Nestor in dogdom as our genial and original "Uncle Dick." But surely the same opinions, or any man's opinions on matters like those now under discussion, are of vastly greater value if accompanied by sound reasons. Man is essentially a rational animal; and while hero worship may have its uses, it certainly has retarded the progress of the world. Ours, above all other ages, is one that demands the reason why; and never before has such progress been made in getting rid of prejudices and throwing aside the *debris* of the past. Unless I greatly mistake the signs of the times in dogdom, there is an undue conservatism and a tendency to follow a few rather blindly. It is very well for able people to have followers, provided they leave them capable of advancing when they themselves are gone, which can only be when their views rest not on tradition or opinion but on reason.

Like Mr. Waters, "Uncle Dick" and others, I shall be rather busy in various ways in connection with the coming shows, and it will not be possible to enter upon the subject as it deserves now; but I propose, with the permission of the impartial editor of this journal, to do so later, when all will be better prepared to consider the subject carefully. I should do so, if only to meet the wishes of so philosophical and temperate a writer as Mr. Waters, whose work on training alone will long remain as one of the best written books that has ever appeared on the dog. And if the experienced "Uncle Dick" will in a few weeks that "tale unfold," I hope to be able to meet the difficulties he finds, or at least to show that scoring need not be "nonsense."

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MONTREAL, Can.

## MOUNT HOLLY DOG SHOW.

THE Burlington County Agricultural Society holds its forty-sixth annual fair at Mt. Holly this week, and for the first time a bench show for dogs has been attempted. There is everywhere a love for the dog, and the agricultural element yields to none in appreciation, because in the country there is less to divert and attract, the dog has become a part of the life at the homestead and on the farm. The owners of valuable dogs responded in a manner which was beyond the society's expectations, and though the Canadian circuit is running its course, the Mt. Holly show is a credit to any section in excellence as well as numbers.

The New York St. Bernard Kennel has Kingston Regent, Republican Belle, Refuge II. and Lady Bountiful. Mr. Fred Schmidt has Otis, Mr. E. H. Radel Wieland, and Mr. D. Foster, Leicester, making up a splendid exhibit with a number of other good specimens of the St. Bernard from far and near. Great Danes are represented by some new light of much merit. In the sporting division Lad of Kent meets Inspiration, making a contest which would insure the interest of all pointer men. Breeze Gladstone and Benzine in English setters, Larry S. and Molly's Best in Irish; and Heather York, Rexmont, Flomont and Salmont, with no less than five from the Mont Kennel of Gordon setters make them a feature of the show.

In the other sections the classes have dogs of repute, making a collection rarely seen at any but a show of the first rank, and speaking well for a United States fall circuit in the future.

Mount Holly claims Sept. 11 to 15 in 1893, before this year's success is recorded, which looks as though New Jersey intended to be "in it" if it is "out of the world."

EDWIN H. MORRIS.

At the Canadian Kennel Club meeting yesterday Dr. Wesley Mills was almost unanimously elected president.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

F. N., Smithtown.—Continue as you are doing. Bathe the eye with warm water two or three times a day.

H. M., New York City.—We do not know his address, but a letter to 29 So. Fifth avenue will probably reach him.

J. K., Milwaukee, Wis.—Use one of the mange remedies given in late issues. It is not likely to affect the pups. Give a small dose of castor oil a few days before whelping to keep the bowels open.

G. C. W., Augusta, Ga.—The dogs are probably pure bred as the shade of lemon is perhaps a dark one, though from the meagre description we cannot give a definte answer. I should like to hear from you on the other matter you speak of.

P. W., Northfield, Minn.—The dates are not yet chosen; watch the kennel fixtures column, it will be sometime in the middle of October. All the books on the greyhound treat fully on the subject, you can find a list in the paper sent you. The reports of the meeting will appear about the end of October.

W. H., St. Louis, Mo.—First syringe out the sheath with warm water. Then use the following lotion twice a day, taking care to hold it in the sheath for a minute or two:

| | |
|---|---|
| Zinci sulph | grs. vi. |
| Plunti acet | grs iii. |
| Water | ℥ vi. |

Mix.

R. E. E., Edwardsville, Ala.—What is meant by challenge class in dog shows? Also novice and open classes? Ans. The challenge class is for dogs that have won four first prizes in open classes under American Kennel Club rules, and a dog earns the title of champion when it has won three first prizes in the challenge classes under the same rules, and one of which wins must be at a show that has 500 entries. Novice classes are for dogs that have never won a prize in an open class in this country, Canada or England. Open classes are the regular classes in which any dog may be entered that is not eligible to the challenge classes, and for which no challenge classes have been provided in the premium list.

# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

THE Passaic canoe clubs, the Arlington, Ianthe and Orange, held their annual union regattas on Sept. 3-5, the races going off very successfully, and a number of canoeists from the division being present.

THE poem which we publish this week, the work of Miss Pauline Johnson, of Toronto, has become a general favorite at every meeting and camp-fire this year, a fact due not only to its high merit, but to the manner in which it is rendered by Com. Winne, who has made it known to canoeing.

### THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest;
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast;
I wooed thee long, but my wooing's past:
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountain steep.
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the shores uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is playing its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And O, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl.

And far before me the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash
They seethe, and tumble, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must bear me through.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

THE Bulwagga C. C., of Port Henry, N. Y., is one of the youngest clubs represented in the A. C. A., but at the same time one of the most vigorous and enthusiastic. Ex-Secy.-Treas. Neide is one of the founders and a charter member. The club had this year the largest encampment of the meet, and with it a fine fleet of canoes, all of the latest Rushton model. Though novices at canoe racing, the Bulwaggas entered a number of races, carrying off first in the novice race and the Jabberwock trophy. The first and second places in each of these races were won by Rushton canoes.

### Eastern Division Meet, Sept. 3-5.

THE meet of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association was held last week at Peddock's Island, in Boston Harbor, tents being pitched on Friday and the races taking place on Labor Day. The Puritan C. C., under Vice-Com. Cartright, took charge, being the first in camp. The club presented a silver tankard as a prize for a visitors' race. The old America was anchored off the island with Gen. Butler aboard, among his guests being Com. Winne and Messrs. Goddard, Gray and Farrington. Saturday and Sunday were spent quietly in camp.

Monday was a fine day with a good sailing breeze. The course was a 2½ mile triangle, and the naphtha launch of the America was used by the regatta committee. The first race was the unlimited sailing, the starters being: Wasp, Paul Butler, Vesper; V, Howard Gray, Vesper; Bee, D. S. Goddard, Vesper; Imp, J. W. Cartright, Puritan; Elida, E. S. Gilmore, Puritan; Oriole, John Lannon, Puritan; Ogre, A. B. Lyons, Octopus; Twig, S. M. Wales, Octopus.

V led at the line but was soon passed by Wasp, the latter gaining steadily and winning very easily, with V second and Bee third.

The starters in the tandem paddling, single blades, were F. J. Burrage and L. S. Drake, Newton B. C.; J. W. Cartwright, Jr., and Chas. F. Dodge, Puritan; N. Silsbee and C. M. Morrison, Puritan; A. B. Lyons and V. B. Johnson, Octopus C. C. The finish was in the above order, Burrage and Drake winning.

The starters in the visitors' race were Paul Butler, D. S. Goddard, Howard Gray, A. B. Lyons, V. B. Johnson, E. J. Johnson and S. M. Wales. The wind fell for a time after the first round, coming in again very light from S.W. The race was a drift, V winning after 1h. 32m.

After dinner came the decked paddling race, won by C. F. Dodge, of the Puritan C. C., with Lannon second, four starters.

The combined race had but three starters, Gray, V. B. Johnson, Atherton, Lannon and Ball. Gray won with Lannon second.

The sailing upset had four starters, won by Butler with Goddard second and Cartright third. After some canoe gymnastics came the hurry-scurry, won by Lannon, who also won the swimming race, which ended the day. Handsome silver cups were given as prizes. Messrs. Appolonio, Richards and Gilmore were the regatta committee.

Com. Winne expressed himself as well pleased with the location for a general A. C. A. meet in the future, there being a fine camping ground with good drinking water and clear sailing courses, while the spot is easily reached from Boston and yet sufficiently isolated to secure all desirable privacy. The meet, which about ends the racing in Eastern waters, was a success in every way.

### Holyoke C. C.

THE third annual regatta was held off Sans Souci club house on Labor Day, Sept. 5. The races were as follows:

1. Sailing race, 1½ miles, Holyoke C. C.; prize, challenge trophy cup, 4 entries, won by W. A. Ladd.
2. Standing paddling, 200yds., prize, cup, 5 entries, won by F. H. Metcalf.
3. Tandem paddling, ½ mile, Holyoke C. C., prize, two pair paddles, 5 entries, won by W. C. Brown and F. H. Metcalf.
4. Upset race, prize, flag, 4 entries, won by Howard Metcalf.
5. Single paddling, ½ mile, prize, cup, 2 entries, won by F. H. Metcalf.
6. Sailing race, novice, 1 mile, prize, cup, 4 entries, won by Howard Metcalf.
7. Hurry-scurry, prize, bugle, 3 entries, won by Howard Metcalf.
8. Sailing race, 1½ miles, prize cup, 5 entries, won by C. F. Shuster.
9. Hand paddling race, 100yds., prize cup, 5 entries, won by F. H. Metcalf.
10. Single paddling, novice, ½ mile (canoes to weigh 75lbs. or over), prize, pair paddles, 11 entries, won by J. F. Chase.
11. Tandem paddling, ½ mile, prize pair cups, 5 entries, won by Will and Lew Lamb, of Redcliff C. C.

Regatta committee—F. A. Smith, T. J. Morrow, W. C. Brown. Judges—J. Metcalf, Wm. Reid, E. B. Towne. Starters—W. M. Raynolds, John H. Cook, J. L. Wyckoff, H. L. Russell.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Eastern Division: J. F. Lannon, R. W. Davenport, C. W. Morrison, R. Wilkinson, M. J. Atherton, A. C. Brewena, Boston; F. H. Bent, Taunton; F. Manchester, Lebanon, N. H.; A. H. Morton, Lowell, Mass; R. P. Lewis, Waterbury, Conn.; S. Johnson, 2d, Salem.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

17. Beverly, Monument Beach.
18. Miramichi, Triang, Newcastle.
24. Chelsea.
24. Buffalo, 3d Pennant.
24. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
15. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.

THE report of a probable renewal of international racing through the participation of the German Emperor and Lord Dunraven marks the opening of the dull season in yachting, and as soon as the cholera scare is over and this great country has been "saved" for another four years by the victory of one or the other party in November, the epidemic of newspapers challenges will break out anew. It is not impossible that the German Emperor might do something so foolish as to challenge again with Thistle, but the whole wording of the despatch in question indicates that it is, in newspaper parlance, a "fake" by some one entirely ignorant in yachting.

THE Larchmont Y. C. has made quite a brilliant ending of its racing season with a good club regatta on Saturday and its special schooner race on Tuesday. So little confusion and trouble has attended the adoption and practical carrying out of the sailing length classification by the Larchmont Y. C. that yachtsmen hardly realize the difference between this and the old classification still used by the other clubs. The classification has been used through three seasons without any of the dire evils predicted as certain to follow it and the races have filled even better than in other large clubs.

THE special schooner cup given this year is a move in the right direction, as schooner racing, now on the mend after several very dull seasons, is a branch of the sport that is worthy of every encouragements.

### Minnetonka Y. C. Aug. 27.

LAKE MINNETONKA, MINN.

A VERY good race was sailed on Lake Minnetonka on Aug. 27, in a strong and steady south wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Volante | 1 52 16 | 1 48 22 |
| Advertiser | 1 56 08 | 1 48 37 |
| White Wings | 1 54 14 | 1 51 30 |
| Bouncer | 1 58 40 | 1 52 13 |
| Siren | 1 57 14 | 1 55 59 |
| Pearl | 2 05 16 | 2 01 01 |
| Varuna | 1 52 38 | 1 52 54 |

FIRST CLASS—CATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Atalanta | 1 56 47 | 1 49 16 |
| Zorava | 2 00 45 | 1 51 15 |
| Curlew | 2 02 30 | 1 51 46 |
| Ida | 1 58 55 | 1 52 04 |
| Princess | 2 00 25 | 1 52 30 |
| Mollie | 2 06 35 | 1 57 15 |
| Bonita | 2 12 35 | 1 04 56 |

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Kestrel | 2 10 31 | 1 55 49 |
| Kingbird | 2 13 37 | 1 57 45 |
| Kid | 2 10 06 | 1 58 43 |

## American Model Y. C., DeWolf Cup, Sept. 5.

PROSPECT PARK—BROOKLYN, L. I.

A LITTLE more west in the wind would have suited the model yachtsmen in their race for the above cup, it being a little too much to the south to give a good steady wind down the lake. But the wind was pretty strong, and by a little nursing to catch the slants the sailors managed to get the yachts across the finish line in quick time. Mr. DeWolfe was not able to be present, but the club was honored by the presence of Com. Biddle and Mr. Mitchell, of the Philadelphia M. Y. C.

The intention was to start the first class first; but one of the owners was unable to get to the lake early enough, so, rather than not sacrifice starters, it was concluded to leave it to the last; also an owner of a third class yacht was delayed, so second class was started, it being filled.

The discrepancies in the corrected times are caused by a fine of 5s. for every time an owner touches his yacht to trim or put about. The idea of imposing this fine is that it prevents nursing and pushing of yachts. There is a difference of opinion as to the fairness of this tax, especially where the wind comes in streaks, as it does on the present course.

The second class was called at 10 A. M., three yachts coming to the line—Comet, Mary S. and Etta; Comet winning from Mary S. by 32s, elapsed time and $48\frac{3}{10}$s. corrected. Second heat won by Mary S from Comet by 16s, elapsed and $9\frac{2}{10}$s. corrected. Third heat by Mary S. from Comet by 16s. elapsed and $19\frac{1}{10}$s. corrected. Mary S. therefore qualifying for the final.

Third Class—First heat was very close, the fin boat Mischief winning from Electra by $25\frac{1}{2}$s. corrected time. Second heat by Mischief by 2m. $23\frac{1}{2}$s. corrected.

The first class race was devoid of interest, three yachts starting, Ohyiesa winning both heats easily.

After the regatta committee and yachtsmen had lunched the final race was called, Ohyiesa getting over the line first, Mischief and Mary S following in the order named. Mary S. was in irons shortly after getting over, after getting straightened out she overhauled the others very rapidly, winning from Mischief, whom she had to allow $47\frac{1}{10}$s., by 44s. elapsed, $11\frac{7}{10}$s. corrected. In the second heat Ohyiesa did some fine work under lower sails, she having had her topmast carried away by an expert oarsman in a hired rowboat belonging to the Park. The start was postponed 10 minutes to allow repairs; the win ning this heat from Mary S. (who was unlucky enough to find all the funny winds) by 1m. 59s. elapsed, 2m. $47\frac{1}{10}$s. The corrected third and final heat was a little closer race, Ohyiesa winning from Mary S. by 1m. 20s. elapsed. $54\frac{1}{10}$s. corrected. Ohyiesa was the winner of the cup, which was presented to her owner with due ceremony. Distance sailed, $\frac{3}{10}$ mile.

FIRST CLASS—FIRST HEAT—48 TO 53FT. L.W.L.

| | Allowance. | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corr'd. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ohyiesa, C. Van Ness | | 1 47 31 | 1 57 37 | 10 06 | 11 06 |
| Hornet, J. C. Meyer | $6\frac{2}{10}$ | 1 47 43 | 1 59 20 | 11 37 | 12 $30\frac{7}{10}$ |
| Dora S., J. Smith | 3 | 1 48 10 | 2 02 15 | 14 05 | 14 57 |
| SECOND HEAT. | | | | | |
| Ohyiesa | | 2 12 36 | 2 21 57 | 9 21 | 9 56 |
| Dora S | | 2 14 18 | 2 29 30 | 15 12 | 15 44 |
| Hornet | | 2 13 03 | Outside. | | |
| SECOND CLASS - FIRST HEAT—42 TO 48IN. L.W.L. | | | | | |
| Comet, G. W. Townley | $16\frac{8}{10}$ | 10 45 54 | 10 55 57 | 10 03 | 9 $46\frac{3}{10}$ |
| Mary S., J. Sheridan | | 10 45 37 | 10 56 12 | 10 35 | 10 35 |
| Etta, H. H. Michaels | $13\frac{8}{10}$ | 10 45 45 | Did not finish. | | |
| SECOND HEAT. | | | | | |
| Mary S | | 11 10 05 | 11 21 17 | 11 12 | 11 12 |
| Comet | | 11 10 32 | 11 22 00 | 11 28 | 11 $21\frac{2}{10}$ |
| Etta | | 11 10 23 | 11 24 20 | 13 57 | 13 $34\frac{2}{10}$ |
| THIRD HEAT. | | | | | |
| Mary S | | 11 36 28 | 11 48 11 | 11 43 | 11 58 |
| Comet | | 11 36 30 | 11 48 29 | 11 59 | 12 $17\frac{2}{10}$ |
| Etta | | 11 36 08 | 11 49 30 | 13 22 | 13 $28\frac{2}{10}$ |
| THIRD CLASS—FIRST HEAT—35 TO 42IN. L.W.L. | | | | | |
| Mischief, H. Fisher | $31\frac{1}{10}$ | 12 18 18 | 12 20 10 | 9 52 | 9 $20\frac{3}{10}$ |
| Electra, J. Pfeiffer | | 12 10 19 | 12 19 55 | 9 36 | 9 46 |
| SECOND HEAT. | | | | | |
| Mischief | | 12 32 22 | 12 41 41 | 9 19 | 8 $47\frac{3}{10}$ |
| Electra | | 12 33 33 | 12 44 50 | 11 17 | 11 17 |
| FINAL RACE—FIRST HEAT. | | | | | |
| Mary S | $15\frac{1}{10}$ | 2 55 01 | 3 05 46 | 10 45 | 10 $29\frac{3}{10}$ |
| Mischief | 1 $02\frac{4}{10}$ | 2 54 14 | 3 05 43 | 11 29 | 10 $41\frac{6}{10}$ |
| Ohyiesa | | 2 53 45 | 3 05 40 | 11 55 | 11 55 |
| SECOND HEAT. | | | | | |
| Ohyiesa | | 3 20 26 | 3 29 08 | 8 42 | 9 12 |
| Mary S | | 3 21 46 | 3 32 57 | 10 41 | 11 $16\frac{2}{10}$ |
| Mischief | | 3 21 02 | 3 33 05 | 12 03 | 11 $36\frac{8}{10}$ |
| THIRD HEAT AND FINAL. | | | | | |
| Ohyiesa | | 3 46 32 | 3 55 02 | 8 30 | 9 00 |
| Mary S | | 3 46 44 | 3 56 34 | 9 50 | 9 $54\frac{9}{10}$ |
| Mischief | | 3 47 23 | 3 57 43 | 10 21 | 9 $58\frac{8}{10}$ |

## Corinthian Y. C. Sept. 5.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE Labor Day sports of the Corinthian Y. C. included an open race in the morning and a sail for the ladies in the afternoon, with a concert and illumination in the evening. The wind in the morning was light N.W. The times of the race were:

FIRST CLASS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Hawk | 3 27 41 | 3 27 41 |
| Fancy | 3 39 13 | 3 38 44 |
| SECOND CLASS. | | |
| Susie | 4 05 14 | 4 03 09 |
| White Fawn | 3 56 01 | 3 55 01 |
| Ustane | 4 07 43 | 4 04 14 |
| THIRD CLASS. | | |
| Exile | 3 46 50 | 3 46 50 |
| Reaper | 3 50 51 | 3 47 53 |
| Freak | 3 48 58 | 3 48 14 |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | |
| Typhoon | 1 45 43 | 1 43 45 |
| Tom Cat | 2 09 01 | 2 07 53 |
| CRUISERS—CLASS A. | | |
| Orinda | 2 09 05 | 1 59 05 |
| Countess | 1 44 12 | 1 38 25 |
| Alcyone | 2 37 12 | 2 20 12 |
| Vandal | 3 54 08 | 3 30 08 |
| Clytie | 2 16 37 | 2 16 37 |
| Gypsy | 2 37 00 | 2 13 00 |
| CRUISERS—CLASS B. | | |
| Mosca | 2 30 46 | 2 17 46 |
| Josephine | 2 46 00 | 2 27 00 |
| Oimara | 2 48 33 | 2 22 33 |
| Nancy | 2 48 08 | 2 30 04 |
| Bob | 2 43 34 | 2 28 34 |
| Jane | 2 43 41 | 2 25 41 |

The rest of the programme was carried out very successfully.

## Beverly Y. C., Sept. 3-5.

MONUMENT BEACH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

THE 191st race, fourth sweepstake, was sailed at Monument Beach in a light S. W. by W. breeze. Mist won easily in second class. In third class Doris easily took the lead and held it though rather closely pressed by Sippican; Fin needed more wind and was third boat; Tycoon withdrew at Abiels Ledge, where she was about three minutes behind Sippican. In fourth class Petite beat Kitten, but Squall, who did not enter, sailed the course and easily beat both. Course, for second class $10\frac{1}{4}$, for third and fourth classes $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Judges, F. Elliott Cabot, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Summary:

SECOND CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C | 27.04 | 2 37 18 | 1 27 34 |
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C | 27.04 | 2 42 56 | 1 33 12 |
| Success, J. F. Perry, Mon. Beach | 24.07 | 2 46 08 | 1 33 28 |
| Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr. B. Y. C | 26.10 | 2 47 23 | 1 37 08 |
| Lestris, T. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C | 26.04 | 2 47 27 | 1 36 41 |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | |
| Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C | 24.02 | 2 15 59 | 2 04 25 |
| Sippican, W. H. Davis, B. Y. C | 23.03 | 2 16 23 | 2 04 54 |
| Elna, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C | 22.10 | 2 19 00 | 2 07 06 |
| Vivian, N. Hocking, Jr., Onset | 23.01 | 2 20 32 | 2 08 53 |
| Phenomenon, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C | 23.00 | 2 22 03 | 2 10 19 |
| Daisy, H. Stockton, B. Y. C | 21.01 | 2 23 57 | 2 09 05 |
| Fin, L. M Stockton, B. Y. C | 17.02 | 2 24 36 | 2 05 44 |
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., B. Y. C | 23.01 | Withdrew. | |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | |
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer, B. Y. C | 19.04 | 2 35 22 | 2 19 29 |
| Kitten, Toby Club, B. Y. C | 20.00 | 2 39 04 | 2 24 05 |

Mist, Doris and Edith take firsts; Gymnote and Sippican seconds, Success and Elna thirds.

The 192d race, open regatta, was sailed at Monument Beach on Sept. 5. The 4th was rainy and disagreeable, and the 5th opened with a pouring rain and a northeast blow, which prevented several boats from a distance from arriving in time. Before the start the wind shifted to northwest and lightened, so that all the boats started with whole sail.

After they had been off three-quarters of an hour or more the wind shifted to southwest and increased to a reefing breeze, making it lively for the boats, most of whom hung on to whole sail.

The larger classes had a free wind race. Widgeon sprung her mast and withdrew; Violet broke her gaff short off but kept on over the course. Phenomenon crossed line with throat halliards gone and Kitten lost gaff and throat halliards just before crossing, while Algol went over line with the boom loose from mast on one side, the gaff loose on the other and sail nearly off the spars; she was rigged with patent railways and they went all round. Sippican found wind too heavy and coming home last refused to cross the line.

Before the change of wind Tycoon, Doris, Daisy and Phenomenon tacked to the south'ard and had a free sheet to Dy Ledge after the change. Elna, Sippican, Vivian and Algol went to the westward and had a dead beat. On the free reach from Scraggy Neck to Wings Cove Buoy, $2\frac{3}{4}$ nautical miles, the little Fin showed wonderful speed, making it in 17m. 15s., a rate of 9 knots, pretty good for a 17ft. waterline boat.

She is Herreshoff's latest fin and goes well in a breeze, though she has not sail enough for a light air.

Course for sloops, first and second classes, $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles; third and fourth classes, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The judges were N. H. Emmons and W. Lloyd Jeffries. Summary:

SLOOP CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chapoquoit, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C | 33.11 | 1 29 55 | 1 25 26 |
| Fin, L. M. Stockton, B. Y. C | 17.02 | 1 44 43 | 1 19 59 |
| FIRST CLASS. | | | |
| Flight, I. Heller, Sip. Y. C | 30.01 | 1 35 46 | 1 27 55 |
| Violet, Toby Club, B. Y. C | 27.06 | 1 43 43 | 1 23 13 |
| Hector, E. C. Stetson, Mattapoisett | 28 10 | . . . | . . . |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C | 27.04 | 1 31 59 | 1 26 16 |
| Surprise, J. M. Coolman, B. Y. C | 27.04 | 1 40 10 | 1 29 29 |
| Success, J. F. Perry, Mon. Beach | 24.07 | 1 44 36 | 1 30 41 |
| Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C | 27.04 | 1 45 35 | 1 34 54 |
| Lestris, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C | 26.04 | 1 47 54 | 1 35 05 |
| Wildcat, S. P. Hill, Mon. Beach | 26.04 | 1 49 18 | 1 37 29 |
| Mocassin, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C | 24.00 | 2 01 52 | 1 47 02 |
| Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr., B. Y. C | 26.10 | Disabled. | |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | |
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr, B.Y.C. | 23.01 | 1 28 50 | 1 18 15 |
| Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C | 23.02 | 1 30 52 | 1 20 21 |
| Phenomenon, D.L.Whittemore, B.Y.C. | 23.00 | 1 32 05 | 1 21 25 |
| Vivian, N. Hucking, Jr, Onset | 23.01 | 1 33 54 | 1 23 19 |
| Elna, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C | 22 10 | 1 43 41 | 1 31 50 |
| Algol, J. R. Bullard, Jr, S. Y. C | 23.04 | 1 46 07 | 1 33 45 |
| Sippican, W. H. Davis, B. Y. C | 23.03 | Disabled. | |
| Daisy, H. Stockton, B. Y. C | 21.01 | Withdrew. | |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | |
| Kitten, Toby Club, B. Y. C | 20.00 | 1 42 25 | 1 28 44 |
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer, B. Y. C. | 19.04 | 1 46 45 | 1 32 19 |
| Cat, B. Clark, B. Y. C | 19.03 | 1 50 37 | 1 36 05 |
| Squall, J. G. Palfrey, B. Y. C | 19.11 | Withdrew. | |

Fin, Flight, Gymnote, Tycoon and Kitten firsts; Surprise and Doris seconds; Phenomenon and Success thirds. Elna protests Algol for fouling.

## Lynn Y. C., Open Regatta, Sept. 5.

LYNN, MASS.—NAHANT, MASSCHUSETTS BAY.

THE Lynn Y. C. held a very successful regatta on Labor Day, conditions being as follows:

Classes.—First, 26ft. and over 21ft. keels; first class, 26ft. and over 21ft., centerboards; second class, 21ft. and over 17ft., jib and mainsail, sloop and fin keel; third class, 21ft. and over 17ft., keels not fin; fourth class, 21ft. and over 17ft., catboats; fifth class, all boats under 17ft. Yachts must sail in the class to which they belong.

Prizes.—First class, keels, $20, $10, $5; first class, centerboards, $20, $10, $5; second class, jib and mainsail, sloop and fin keel, $15, $10, $5; third class, keels not fin, $15, $10, $5; fourth class, catboats, $15 10, $5; fifth class, all boats, $12, $8, $6.

Courses.—First class: From starting point whistling buoy off the Graves, leaving it on the starboard; to Winthrop spar buoy, leaving it on the starboard; to flag boat off Grover's Cliff, leaving it on the starboard; to and across the line between the judges' boat and flag boat. Distance, 10 miles.

Second, third and fourth classes: From starting point to Flip Rock Buoy, leaving it on the starboard; to flag boat off Grover's Cliff, leaving it on the starboard; to buoy off Lobster Rocks, leaving it on the starboard; leaving Fish Weir on port; to and across line between judges' boat and flag boat, and repeat. Distance, 9 miles.

Fifth class: From starting point to Flip Rock Buoy, leaving it on the starboard; to flag boat off Grover's Cliff, leaving it on the starboard; leaving Fish Weir on port; to and across line between judges' boat and flag boat. Distance, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The wind was light N.W. The times were:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

| | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Hazard, Pierce and Moody | 3 36 52 | 3 21 52 |
| Beatrice, John Cavanagh | 3 42 48 | 3 27 48 |
| Odd Fellow, J. Curtis | 3 46 18 | 3 31 18 |
| L. L., J. Honors | 3 51 01 | 3 36 01 |
| Sea Bird, C. L. Joy | 4 03 57 | 3 48 54 |
| Pearl, J. Wallace | 4 11 35 | 3 56 35 |
| Black Cloud, E. H. Taylor | Withdrew. | |
| Forlorn Hope, A. W. Erickson | Withdrew. | |
| Korban, E. M. Horton | Withdrew. | |
| FIRST CLASS KEELS. | | |
| Emma L., S. L. Sanders | 4 07 13 | 3 52 13 |
| Verena, David Fentou | 4 07 31 | 3 52 31 |
| Judith, W. B Pidgeon | 4 20 57 | 4 05 57 |
| Helen, George J. Collins | 4 42 39 | 4 27 39 |
| SECOND CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS. | | |
| Thrush, Dr. John Bryant | 2 42 49 | 2 22 49 |
| Catspaw, Walter Abbott | 2 48 27 | 2 28 27 |
| Tyrant, C. W. Wilson | 3 20 16 | 3 00 16 |
| THIRD CLASS KEELS. | | |
| R. D., James McIntyre | 2 55 45 | 2 30 45 |
| Wahneta, Smith & Cobb | 3 19 03 | 2 54 03 |
| Louis, A. Fenton | 3 19 13 | 2 54 13 |
| Mocking Bird, J. McLaughlin | 3 24 37 | 2 59 37 |
| FOURTH CLASS CATBOATS. | | |
| Magpie, H. F. Otis | 3 10 37 | 2 40 37 |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 3 13 00 | 2 43 00 |
| Alice L., P. Lynch | 3 30 55 | 3 00 55 |
| Opechee, W. P. Barker | 3 34 46 | 3 04 46 |
| FIFTH CLASS (UNDER 17FT. WATERLINE). | | |
| Alpine, C. J. Blethen | 2 05 13 | 1 30 13 |
| Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning | 2 07 34 | 1 32 34 |
| Madcap, C. A. Elwell | 2 08 23 | 1 33 23 |
| Marchioness, Perry Hodges | 2 10 44 | 1 35 44 |
| Vona, J. W. Norwood | 2 12 38 | 1 37 38 |
| Dot, H. F. Douglass | 2 13 54 | 1 38 54 |
| Wild Cat, Charles Alley | 2 14 45 | 1 39 45 |
| Mab, John Shaw | 2 16 33 | 1 41 33 |
| Florrie, W. L. Leighton | 2 19 21 | 1 44 21 |
| Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon | 2 20 15 | 1 45 15 |
| Isabell, Davis & Batchelder | 2 20 55 | 1 46 55 |
| 45, E. W. W. Randall | 2 37 20 | 2 02 30 |
| Cuckoo, A. Larabee | Withdrew. | |

The judges were W. A. Estes, C. H. Crowell, G. F. Putnam, W. H. Hooper, F. E. Newhall.

No corrected times were calculated, but the first prizes go in the order of the elapsed times.

Madcap protested Marchioness for fouling the stakeboat at start, and for not rounding Lobster Rock Buoy.

## New York Y. C.

THE following general order has been issued by Fleet Captain Stephen Peabody:

FLAGSHIP ELECTRA, N. Y. Y. C., Harbor of New York, Sept. 7, 1892

General Order No. 7:

I. "The New York Columbian Celebration Committee of one hundred" having chosen Mr. S. Nicholson Kane to direct the naval parade on October 12, and so notified the club, all yachts belonging to this club who desire to take part therein will communicate directly with Mr. Kane at the office of the committee, 280 Broadway, room 115, for information concerning the same.

II. Through the courtesy of its owner, Mr. John H. Starin, the new steamboat William C. Egerton has been secured for the use of the club on the above date to view the parade, etc., and will be under the direction of the house committee. Members desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity will apply for tickets without delay to the committee at the club house. Further particulars will be furnished by that committee.

III. All yachts in commission belonging to the club, in the harbor of New York on October 11 will dress ship at colors and haul down at sunset that day.

By order of the Commodore, STEPHEN PEABODY, Fleet Captain.

## Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND.

A VERY interesting handicap race was sailed at Oyster Bay on Sept. 5, a great variety of models being represented in the list of starters. Besides the older open boats Mirth, Meteor, Indolent, Nadjy (nee Brooklyn) and Dodo, there were the 25 footers Nameless and Pyxie, with the other Gardner boats Helcia and Ola, and the new Gardner fin-keel Nemadji, recently launched. Although much smaller than such speedy open boats as Mirth and Meteor, Pyxie was given the scratch, allowing Mirth 2m., Nameless 3m., Indolent 4m., Meteor 7m., Dodo 8m. and Nadjy 8m.; Ola 11m., Vanda 21m., Martha 21m. The course was, starting from south to north on a line between Moses Point buoy and committee-boat, thence to Coldspring Light, keeping it on port hand; thence to Center Island buoy, keeping it on starboard; thence to Lloyd's Point buoy, keeping it on starboard; thence to Coldspring Light, keeping it on starboard; thence to finish, passing from north to south of line, keeping northward of black buoy at mouth of harbor going and coming.

The wind was fresh S.W. Mirth was first and Pyxie second, the latter saving her time on all but Mirth. The times were, one gun start, 11 45:

| | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mirth | 2 12 25 | 2 27 25 | 2 25 25 |
| Nameless | 2 24 15 | 2 39 15 | 2 36 15 |
| Indolent | 2 26 34 | 2 51 34 | 2 47 34 |
| Skrealling | 2 49 05 | 3 04 05 | 2 41 05 |
| Nadjy | 2 44 15 | 2 59 15 | 2 51 15 |
| Pyxie | 2 19 03 | 2 34 03 | 3 34 03 |
| Ola | 2 48 50 | 3 03 50 | 2 52 50 |
| Helcia | 2 31 35 | 2 46 35 | 2 44 35 |
| Dodo | 2 32 45 | 2 47 45 | 2 39 45 |
| Martha | Did not finish. | | |
| Vanda | 2 52 40 | 3 07 40 | 2 46 40 |
| Meteor | 2 41 05 | 2 56 05 | 2 49 05 |
| Pilgrim | Did not finish. | | |
| Nemadji | 2 38 42 | 2 53 42 | 2 51 42 |

The Rouse and Wetmore race was set for Sept. 10, but as the Larchmont Y. C. sailed its fall regatta on that day, the race was postponed to Sept. 24, when a start will be made at 11 A. M. off the Bell Buoy.

On Sept. 16 the annual dinner of the club will be held at the Oyster Bay club house, and a large attendance is looked for. On the following day a race will be sailed for three prizes offered by Messrs. T. S. Young, Jr., A. P. Montant and Rear Com. J. W. Beekman, for a handicap race for yachts of the S. C. Y. C. of 42ft. waterline and under, to start as near 11 A. M. as practicable. The course will be: Starting from west to east of an imaginary line between Moses Point and stakeboat, thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on port hand; thence to stakeboat off Moses Point, keeping it on port hand; thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on port hand; thence to stakeboat off Moses Point, keeping it on port hand; keeping to the north of Black Buoy at mouth of harbor. The start will be made from the gun, with a five-minute preparatory signal. The city club house will reopen for the winter on Oct. 1.

## Hull Y. C., Sept. 10.

HULL, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE final championship race of the Hull Y. C. on Saturday, postponed from Aug. 27, was sailed in a moderate S.E. wind, the times being:

THIRD CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Beatrice, John Cavanagh | | 2 11 10 | . . . |
| Ustane, S. N. Small | 27.03 | 2 20 00 | 1 53 14 |
| White Fawn, E. E. Jones | 30.11 | 2 18 25 | 1 54 26 |
| Posy, R. G. Hunt | 30.07 | 2 25 17 | 2 01 14 |
| Susie, W. W. Keith | | 2 28 45 | . . . |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | |
| Thrush, A. McVey | | 1 45 29 | . . . |
| SPECIAL CLASS. | | | |
| Vanesa, A. Bigelow, Jr | 24.03 | 1 47 12 | 1 24 12 |
| R. D., James McIntyre | | 1 53 52 | . . . |
| FIFTH CLASS. | | | |
| Typhoon, J. I. Taylor | 23.09 | 1 47 14 | 1 23 48 |
| Koorali, R. C. Robbins | 28.00 | 1 51 53 | 1 27 59 |
| Magpie, H. G. Otis | 32.04 | 1 53 38 | 1 28 59 |
| Opechee, W. Barker | 22.03 | 1 54 30 | 1 29 42 |
| SIXTH CLASS. | | | |
| Primrose, H. M. Faxon | 17.11 | 1 36 50 | 1 10 48 |
| Don, W. H. Shaw | 20.03 | 1 40 15 | 1 17 25 |

The new catboat Typhoon, sailed by her designer, Mr. Stewart, sailed a fine race and won easily in her class, making another race necessary, which will take place next Saturday.

The championship winners in the other classes are: Second class, Handsel; third class, Beatrice; fourth class, Alpha; special class, Vanessa; sixth class, Mab.

The judges were Messrs. Franklin Adams and Norman F. Greeley.

## South Boston Mosquito Fleet, Sept. 5.

THE Mosquito boats of South Boston sailed a race on Labor Day, but in such a light N W. wind as to make it very unsatisfactory. The times were:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Escort, W. H. Ransom | 14.11 | 1 24 58 | 1 24 53 |
| Laurel, Joseph Hutchings | 14.11 | 1 31 12 | 1 31 07 |
| Marigold, E. D. Gay | 14 09 | 1 44 00 | 1 43 45 |
| Midget, W. H. Besarick | 12.10 | 1 48 28 | 1 46 18 |
| Nellie, J. O'Leary | 14.10 | 1 48 09 | 1 47 59 |
| Spook, Noonan and Andrews | 14.11 | 1 50 43 | 1 50 40 |
| Tantrum, F. D. Perkins | 14.09 | 1 57 29 | 1 57 14 |
| Transit, S. N. Small | 14.05 | 1 59 50 | 1 59 16 |
| Water Bug, D. McKinnon | 14.00 | 2 01 41 | 2 00 41 |
| Bother, L. P. Kieser | 14.11 | 2 01 39 | 2 01 25 |
| Cutty Sark, M. Torrence | 14.08 | 2 02 25 | 2 01 45 |
| Annie, E. H. Rich | 15.08 | 2 03 14 | 2 02 56 |
| Bubble, J. P. Bullard | 12 00 | 2 07 58 | 2 04 58 |
| Bunty, J. F. Cooper | 12.11 | 2 07 40 | 2 05 35 |
| Bantam, J. S. Perkins | 12.06 | 2 09 49 | 2 07 10 |

Escort wins first prize, Laurel second and Marigold third.

## Savin Hill Y. C., Sept. 10.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE final championship races of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a light east wind, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fannie, E. P. Sharpe | 22.02 | 1 37 20 | 1 12 32 |
| Romance, Loring Sears | not meas. | 1 36 05 | . . . . . |
| FIRST CLASS. | | | |
| Adolph, Henry F. Moebs | 22.06 | 1 43 32 | 1 19 01 |
| Mildred G., Loring Sears | 25.02 | 1 47 07 | 1 24 48 |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Egeria, L. T. Howard | 20.01 | 1 42 04 | 1 15 16 |
| Siko, F. A. McInnis | 19.08 | 1 49 58 | 1 22 44 |
| Arab, W. F. Scott | 19.01 | 2 00 27 | 2 33 29 |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | |
| Midget, W. H. Besarick | 12.09 | 1 29 47 | 1 01 04 |
| Marigold, Earle D. Gray | 14.09 | 1 31 14 | 1 04 54 |

The judges were A. A. Swallow, L. A. Horton and W. H. Besarick.

The championship winners are: special class, Fannie; first class, Mildred G.; second class, Siko; third class, Marchioness; fourth class, Midget. The club cups go to Adolph, Arab, Marchioness and Midget.

## The America Cup.

THE following despatch appeared last week in a number of American newspapers, despite its obvious absurdity:

"LONDON, Sept. 8.—The German Emperor has decided to enter his yacht, the Meteor, to compete for the America Cup in 1893.

"The Meteor was formerly the Thistle, the Scotch yacht, which was defeated at New York in 1887 by the Volunteer in the races for the America Cup. It is reported that Lord Dunraven has accepted the challenge to race for the America Cup and intends to build an 80-ton cutter."

## Chelsea Y. C., Sept. 5.

CHELSEA, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE second pennant race of the Chelsea Y. C. was sailed on Labor Day over a three-mile course, the times being: Tot, Al Barrie, 4h. 37m. 20s.; Ann R., Mathew Ryan, 4h. 41m. 45s.; Holy Smoke, George Barrie, and Gem, Bert Fisher. The Tot wins, taking a leg for the pennant. The first leg was won by the Holy Smoke.

On Sept. 17 the Chicago Yachting Association will hold a race for steam yachts. Col. Robert Rae, George Warrington and Marshall D. Wilber are in charge of the race.

## Larchmont Y. C., Sept. 10-13.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on Saturday brought out a very good fleet of starters, thirty-six yachts, and afforded good sport to both sailormen and spectators. The day was clear and warm and the Sound perfectly smooth, the wind being light from the east, shifting to the south in the latter part of the race. The display of schooners was quite a grand one for the Sound. The official times were.

SCHOONERS—CLASS A.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Dauntless, C. H. Colt | 4 26 28 | 4 26 28 |
| Ramona, H. F. Gilig | 4 09 26 | 4 07 01 |
| CLASS B. | | |
| Atlantic, Messrs. Seeley and Marshall | 4 07 59 | 4 07 59 |
| Iroquois, R. N. Ellis | 4 00 57 | 3 58 32 |
| Shamrock, J. B. Maxwell | | |
| CLASS D. | | |
| Viator, W. G. Brokaw | 2 48 50 | 2 48 50 |
| Azalea, J. C. Smith | 2 45 33 | 2 43 49 |
| SLOOPS—CLASS 5. | | |
| Clara, R. S. Osborn | Sail over. | |
| CLASS 7. | | |
| Kathleen, F. M. Hoyt | 3 12 30 | 3 12 30 |
| Senorita, J. M. Williams | 3 24 57 | 3 23 37 |
| CLASS 8. | | |
| Fauna, M. Bulkley | 3 29 13 | 3 29 13 |
| Chippewa, T. Clapham | 3 22 00 | 3 22 00 |
| CLASS 10. | | |
| El Chico, H. M. Kersey | 2 11 04 | 2 10 54 |
| Pyxie, Oswald Sanderson | 2 11 29 | 2 11 29 |
| Namadjy, H. W. DeForest | 2 12 57 | 2 12 57 |
| Nameless, C. W. Wetmore | 2 16 22 | 2 16 18 |
| CLASS 9—SPECIAL FOR YAWLS. | | |
| Kwasind, C. Adams | 2 21 27 | 2 20 46 |
| Rajah, H. W. Eaton | 2 15 51 | 2 15 51 |
| Kittie, H. Morse | 2 18 37 | 2 11 23 |
| CABIN CATS—CLASS 11. | | |
| Nellie, M. F. Plant | 2 19 47 | 2 15 39 |
| Oconee, C. T. Pierce | 2 23 39 | 2 18 59 |
| Marguerite, F. R. Simmons | 2 20 18 | 2 15 50 |
| Mabel, A. H. Scofield | 2 25 50 | |
| Nahma, W. E. Lake | 1 28 53 | 1 16 23 |
| Almira, J. H. Hanan | | |
| Aura, W. H. Simonson | 2 17 15 | 2 17 15 |
| OPEN CATS—CLASS 14. | | |
| Edna, George Grieve | 1 46 45 | 1 43 08 |
| Wilmerad | 1 45 04 | 1 45 06 |
| CLASS 16. | | |
| Phyllis, W. H. Jones | 1 45 17 | 1 45 17 |
| Zelda, C. E. McManus | | |
| Sadie, B. M. Wallace | 1 54 40 | 1 54 40 |
| Effie, G. Vassar, Jr. | 1 58 34 | 1 58 34 |
| It, C. W. Sedwick | | |
| Lark | 2 06 59 | 1 57 39 |
| Caprice, C. M. Bird | Capsized | |
| Ione, C. A. Anderson | 2 09 28 | 2 06 28 |
| Spindrift, B. C. Lockett | 2 10 26 | 2 06 13 |

Forget-me-not was in harbor, but forgot to start, so Clara sailed over, the other winners were Ramona, Shamrock, Azalea, Kathleen, Chippewa, El Chico, Kittie, Nellie, Edna and Phyllis.

The race for the $500 schooner cup was sailed on Tuesday in a strong S.E. wind, the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ramona | 11 37 38 | 3 09 41 | 3 32 03 | 3 32 03 |
| Lasca | 11 45 00 | 3 14 05 | 3 29 05 | 3 31 38 |
| Iroquois | 11 45 00 | 3 20 40 | 3 35 40 | 3 29 26 |
| Marguerite | 11 44 39 | 3 21 26 | 3 36 47 | 3 32 26 |
| Shamrock | 11 43 19 | 3 28 29 | 3 45 10 | 3 32 10 |
| Viator | 11 45 00 | 3 46 37 | 4 01 37 | 3 31 11 |
| Azalea | 11 36 59 | 3 53 00 | 4 16 01 | 3 42 53 |

Iroquois wins the cup. Viator wins a cup of $150 from Azalea in a private match.

After the race of Saturday two challenges were issued as follows: W. Brokaw of the schooner Viator challenged the schooner Azalea or the Peerless for either $500 or $1,000 a corner round Long Island, starting from Sandy Hook and ending at Larchmont; also one race to be held over the Larchmont course; another over the New York Y. C. course, twenty miles to windward and back, for the cup presented by the Cherry Diamond Y. C. and the Larchmont Y. C., no restrictions as to crew or sail (clubtopsails barred). The races to be sailed on or before Oct. 1.

J. Clinch Smith of the schooner Azalea offered to sail a series of three races with the Azalea against Viator or against Peerless owned by Messrs Mitchell and Ackley, for the sum of $500, the winner to be the victor in two of the three races. One course to be named by Mr. Smith, another by Mr. Brokaw and the third by the owners of the Peerless. Each course to be one of the courses used by the New York Y. C. or the Larchmont Y. C.

## Fall River Y. C., Sept. 5.

FALL RIVER, MASS.—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

THE regatta of the Fall River Y. C. was sailed on Labor Day in a variable S.W. breeze, the times being:

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Hattie, Fall River | 3 23 08 | 3 23 08 |
| Composite, Fall River | 3 49 34 | 3 27 55 |
| THIRD CLASS CATS. | | |
| Windward, Fall River | 3 24 51 | 3 24 51 |
| Four Brothers, Fall River | 3 30 40 | 3 00 29 |
| Mabel Gertrude, Fall River | 3 35 05 | 3 44 48 |
| FOURTH CLASS CATS. | | |
| Victor, Providence | 2 07 24 | 2 07 11 |
| Goodwish, Somerset | 2 04 16 | 2 04 16 |
| Barbara, Fall River | 2 19 05 | 2 17 20 |
| Olivette, Fall River | 2 09 33 | 2 08 26 |
| Ella, Fall River | 2 10 12 | 2 09 48 |
| FIFTH CLASS CATS | | |
| Hesper, Fall River | 2 19 33 | 2 19 33 |
| Unknown, Swansea | 2 23 40 | 2 19 12 |
| SIXTH CLASS CATS. | | |
| Marianna, Fall River | 2 36 43 | 2 34 48 |
| Fedora, Fall River | 2 25 34 | 2 24 43 |
| Alice W., Fall River | 2 27 21 | 2 27 21 |
| Shadow, Fall River | 2 33 03 | Not meas. |

The judges were Fred B. Durfee, Enoch Horsefield, Fred E. Waterman, C. W. Holbrook, Benjamin Briggs.

## Shelter Island Y. C., Sept. 4.

SHELTER ISLAND, N. Y.—PECONIC BAY.

THE Shelter Island Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 4 over its triangular course, the times being:

FIRST CLASS BOATS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Obyiesa | 2 23 19 | 2 23 04 |
| Pigeon | 2 17 53 | 2 17 53 |
| SECOND CLASS BOATS. | | |
| Æolus | 2 30 14 | 2 20 14 |
| Gypsy Queen | 2 46 36 | 2 45 41 |
| Golden Rod | 2 40 08 | 2 33 58 |
| Curlew | 2 25 46 | 2 24 31 |
| Hermes | 2 48 13 | 2 35 26 |
| Loreli | 2 57 31 | 2 53 41 |
| THIRD CLASS BOATS. | | |
| Nip and Tuck | 2 09 17 | 2 08 58 |
| Mendota | 2 06 25 | 2 06 25 |
| Rattler | 2 08 55 | 2 06 19 |

## The Yachting Fleet at the Columbian Exhibition.

THE appointment of Capt. Arthur H. Clark, of Boston, as the commodore of the yacht fleet at the Columbian Exhibition, is not only a worthy recognition of his position among the veterans of American yachting, but a guarantee that the duties of the position will be discharged most faithfully. Capt. Clark, who has been a sailor and a yachtsman almost from his birth, is the younger son of the late Hon. Benjamin C. Clark, an old Boston merchant and ship owner and a thorough yachtsman, a member of the New York Y. C. in 1845, one of the first Eastern yachtsmen to join the club, and owner of the schooner yacht Mermaid in 1832 and Raven, winner of the first regatta in Massachusetts Bay, in 1845.

Capt. Clark started before the mast in 1857, commanding his own ship in the China Seas in 1863. In 1866 he joined the New York Y. C., and in the same year took the yacht Alice across to England in nineteen days from Boston Light to the Needles. A little later he took a steamship to China for John M. Forbes & Co., and while there commanded several steamships. In 1874, '75 and '76 he commanded the steamship Indiana, of the American Line, between Philadelphia and Liverpool, one of the few transatlantic steamers under the American flag. In 1877 he went to London as the representative of the New York and Boston underwriters, remaining there twelve years. While abroad Capt. Clark made many acquaintance among British yachtsmen and saw a great deal of yacht racing. When it was proposed to send Mayflower across in answer to Arrow's challenge in 1887, he arranged to sail her over for General Paine. For the last two years he has resided in Boston, where he is engaged in the ship and yacht brokerage business, and is also measurer of the Eastern Y. C.

Mr. Clark is an authority on everything relating to the early history of yacht building and yacht racing in America, being familiar from his boyhood with the old yachts, of which few records now remain, and having long made a special study of these interesting craft. He is the possessor of a large and valuable collection of records, drawings and photographs, being himself a skillful photographer.

## Miramichi Y. C., Sept. 1.

CHATHAM, N. B.—MIRAMICHI RIVER.

A TRIANGULAR course off Chatham was chosen for the annual match for the vice-commodore's pennant, on Thursday. There was a good breeze—all the yachts started with lower sails only. The course was a long run, a long beat and a short reach, the river not being wide enough at this point to give a large base to the triangle. The course, sailed twice around, was five miles long, and the windward legs were sailed against a strong tide. Calypso, though sailed in previous races for two seasons by professional helmsmen, had alway been beaten. In this race she was sailed by Vice-Com. Stewart, whose own boat was not in the race, and led all her opponents from start to finish. The official times, taken by the judges—Dr. Pedolin and Mr. A. A. Davidson—were as follows:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Calypso | 12 00 40 | 2 10 00 | 2 09 20 | 2 09 20 |
| Maud | 12 01 22 | 2 13 33 | 2 12 11 | 2 09 41 |
| Kittoch | 12 02 00 | 2 16 33 | 2 14 33 | 2 10 27 |
| Kilbride | 12 04 00 | 2 24 43 | 2 20 03 | 2 16 49 |

## Volunteer Sailing Club, Sept. 5.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE annual fall race of the Volunteer Sailing Club, of New Haven, Conn., was sailed Sept. 5 in a fresh southerly wind, over the regular 4-mile course on New Haven Harbor. The times were:

| | Length. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Veto, Com Conklin | 17.05 | 11 32 00 | 1 12 00 |
| Norma, J. H. Jooss | 15.06 | 11 37 00 | 1 16 56 |
| Lottie, S. W. Verwholt | 14.11 | 11 42 00 | 1 21 57 |
| Lassie, J. Johnson | 15.01 | 11 55 00 | 1 34 55 |
| Belle, L. M. Cooney | 14.05 | 12 01 00 | 1 40 55 |

For the best racing record of the season Norma takes first prize, $5.50; Veto second prize, $3.50, and Lottie third prize, $2.50.

Race Committee—Webster H. Mathis, J. H. Jooss, F. F. Upson. Judge—Capt. Geo. Damon.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The little cat Truant, built by V. D. Bacon on Cape Cod for San Francisco, has at last come to grief after a victorious career as a racer, as told in a San Francisco paper: "As for the vice-commodore's vessel, the Truant, what has been predicted by local yachtsmen for a year or so came to pass. This yacht was built by Turner upon Eastern designs, and Vice-Commodore Pew had a regular row on paper with the designer before the latter would consent to the reduction of the canvas 33⅓ per cent., yet under this reduced sail plan she carried away her mast, a heavy spruce stick, clean at the deck, and was towed home by the launches Norwood and Agretta. The Truant has beaten everything of her inches in light weather, but the old-timers have always wished to get a whack at her in a blow. Her mast was stepped right in her eyes, and as a consequence her shrouds had no spread and no practical resistance. Step your new mast further aft, Mr. Pew, sacrifice a little cabin room, put a decent jib on your boat instead of that anomaly you now carry, and have vessel fit for the rough waters of San Francisco Bay. Such a series of disasters has never befallen the Corinthians before, and it was only owing to good seamanship that no lives were lost. 'But all's well that ends well,' and the experience of last Sunday will do the amateurs no harm, but will increase their confidence in their abilities and in the sea-going qualities of their craft."

On Sept. 10 a 20ft. electric launch, designed and built for Mr. S. R. Bradley, of Nyack, N. Y., was launched from the works of Charles L. Seabury & Co., Nyack on Hudson, N. Y. The general dimensions are, length 30ft., beam 6ft. 6in., draft about 2½in. Hull is built of selected stock, white oak keel and frames, timbers straight grained, steam-bent white oak, planking is of white cedar, finished natural color of the wood, varnished; copper fastened and riveted throughout. The interior, seats, lockers, coaming, etc., are finished in fine quality quartered oak. The decks are of white pine, laid in narrow strips. The power consists of storage batteries and motor of the Union Electric Co.'s make, which are charged for a run of about 100 miles. These are all set under the floor of the boat, entirely out of the way. It develops five horse power, and the speed is about eight miles per hour. Messrs. Seabury & Co. have also fitted the 60ft. steam launch Camilla with a Seabury patent safety water-tube boiler a few weeks ago. This firm has also signed contracts for a number of steam yachts and launches, to be delivered this winter for Southern use, also early next spring, and the prospects for a very busy yacht-building season are good.

The yachting correspondent is an innovation of recent times, whose presence has tended to clear away the atmosphere of myths in which the earlier history of the sport has been lost. Not until the advent of the United States schooner America at Cowes to compete against English built yachts in 1851, did the press become thoroughly interested in the sport and influenced public opinion in its favor. A spirit of international rivalry was stirred that has never died out, and which has been of infinite benefit in making yacht racing popular. The accounts of the race around the Isle of Wight for the cup presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron, and for which repeated international contests have since been sailed, lent a zest to the sport which it had not previously attained. The novel build of the America, schooner, her rig and canvas, challenged English traditions and aroused a contemptuous unbelief in their value. It could hardly be borne that the prestige of England's pleasure navy should be seriously invaded by an American vessel built in defiance of time-honored prejudices.—*Dixon Kemp, in the English Illustrated Magazine for August.*

The work of raising the wrecked Alva still continues, with a fair prospect of success, although the season is advancing and heavy storms are to be looked for. The hatchways and openings in the deck are being closed up, and the gaps in the hull stopped as far as possible. When this work is completed the uninjured compartments will be pumped dry. A good deal of property has been recovered by the divers, the personal effects of Mr. Vanderbilt and his guests, clothing, jewelry, etc., the furniture, hangings and silverware, the ship's arms and the shell of the turtle that was washed aboard the ship off the Azores in 1891. It is reported that Mr. Vanderbilt will build two yachts for next year, a large one for offshore cruising and a smaller one for home cruising. The suit against the owners of the H. F. Dimock has not yet come to trial.

The daily papers are busy arranging for a number of new yachts to be built next season; besides the two new steamers for Mr. Vanderbilt to replace the Alva, one of them a small war ship, John D. Rockefeller is to have a steam yacht similar to Corsair from the designs of J. Beaver-Webb, Royal Phelps Carroll is to have a 90ft. Herreshoff schooner to bring back the Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups from England and several more 90ft. schooners are to be built, with a number of smaller craft. The prospects now are that building will be fairly brisk during the late winter, but as yet very little is known as to owners, builders or dimensions of the new yachts.

A most cruel hoax has lately been perpetrated by the discharged cook of the steam yacht Wapiti, owned by Hiram W. Sibley, of New York, and cruising on Lake Erie with the owner and his family aboard. In revenge for his discharge the cook, George Sherman, telegraphed from Collingwood, Ontario, that the yacht had sunk in a storm on Georgian Bay, with but two persons saved; and the news was spread rapidly over the country, full accounts of the disaster, with lengthy obituaries of Mr. Sibley, being published in many papers, especially in the West. The report was utterly without foundation, the yacht being safe in port at the time.

The Oak Point Y. C., of Westchester county, N. Y., has elected the following officers: Com., John Corbett; Vice-Com, William Eldridge; Treas., Edward Ward; Recording Sec., George Gent; Corresponding Sec., Charles Stickler; Financial Sec., John Lee; Steward, W. Bielach; Meas., Charles Warner, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Joseph Wakeling. The club house is at 149th street, near Port Morris. The membership is now, at the end of the first year, 105.

The Brooklyn Y. C. will build a club house this winter on Gravesend Bay, to be 75×100ft., three stories high, with a pier running out to deep water, a distance of nearly half a mile. When completed this will give the club a very fine station on the lower bay, in one of the very few locations which are available for such a purpose.

The Patchogue Y. C. has been recently organized, with the following officers: Com., George W. Burcham; Vice-Com., George L. Robinson; Rear-Com., William T. Jennings; Treas., George H. Odell, Jr.; Sec., W. A. Bolton; Treas., Wilmot M. Smith; George Odell, R. A. Budd, Daniel Sweezey and George W. Hulse, Board of Governors; Capt. A. C. Mott, Fleet captain. The club station is at Patchogue, L. I., on Great South Bay.

The odd little schooner, with a flush deck and a small steering well, that has been about New York Harbor for some weeks, is the Saucy Lass, of and from Bermuda, owned by Capt. Herman Franz, who sailed her to New York with a companion and a small dog. She was built in Bermuda, of the native cedar.

The loss of the Yankee Doodle was due to fire from a lantern which was dropped in her engine space, setting fire to the woodwork, already saturated with kerosene. The original Mosher boiler had been removed some time before and replaced by a new oil-burning boiler invented by her owners.

The boiler of the steam yacht Cora, of Elk Rapids, Mich., exploded on Sept. 4 just as the craft was leaving her dock with a party of six ladies aboard. E. S. Nobles, owner of the yacht, had a leg broken and was otherwise injured, and Miss Farrand and Mr. Owen were injured by escaping steam.

On Aug. 30 the boiler of the steam yacht H. D. Sears exploded on Rock River, near Harlem Park, Ill., and the occupants, Mr. Sears, Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Geo. F. Penfield and child, were thrown out into the stream, being rescued by small boats.

On Aug. 27 a race was sailed for the Vanadis cup, Tattler, Expert and Precept being cat-rigged. There was a strong wind and both Tattler and Precept lost their hollow masts at the outer mark, being then ahead of Expert, who finally won.

The Seattle Y. C. is moving for the erection of a fine club house, and the yachtsmen of Puget Sound are working to organize an international association, including the yachtsmen of the British Columbia towns.

Vice-Com. J. H. Sterling, of the Larchmont Y. C., has resigned, and Mr. Harold A. Sanderson, of the yawl Nonpariello, has been elected to fill the vacancy.

Cygnet, steam yacht, Jacob Cram, was recently seized at Oswego and fined $100 for not carrying a licensed pilot, and $500 for sailing without inspection.

The Sewaren (N. J.) Y. C. sailed its last race for the Johnston cup on Sept. 10, Nankit winning for the third time and holding the $350 trophy permanently.

We have received the second supplement of the year to Lloyd's Yacht Register, containing alterations and additions to Aug. 15.

Messrs. Stewart & Binney have another large fisherman similar to the successful Mary Powers on the stocks at Essex.

The fleet of the Massachusetts Y. C. has just returned from the annual cruise to the Maine coast.

Alert, schr., J. H. Luning, has been fitted out at Poillon's for a winter cruise to the Mediterranean.

Wadena, steam yacht, J. H. Wade, of Cleveland, Ohio, has recently reported in Norwegian waters.

The name of the newly organized Jamestown (R. I.) Y. C. has been changed to Conanicut Y. C.

Gadfly, the Sidney Burgess 21-footer, has been used about Newport of late under a cat rig.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## ON JERSEY'S SEA GIRT SHORE.

### Rifle Contests at Camp Abbett.

MAGNIFICENT weather from start to finish; fine accommodations for visitors; good restaurant facilities; the very best of scoring, marking and general management; a first-rate attendance, and above all the absence of even the semblance of a kick or growl were the conditions which obtained during the second fall meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, which opened on Monday, Sept. 5, and closed at 3.30 P. M. on the following Saturday. The shoot was held on the ranges of the New Jersey State camp at Sea Girt, 12 miles below Long Branch, one of New Jersey's most popular and fashionable summer resorts. Between Long Branch and Sea Girt are Asbury Park, Belmar, Como, Avon, Spring Lake and a couple of other watering-places.

The camp of New Jersey's National Guard has been pronounced by military men from near and far to be the very finest camping ground in America. A parallelogram in shape, it comprises 148 acres of as level land as can be found in the State. It is bounded on the north by the Beach Road leading to the old-time Stockton House (now known as the Beach House); on the south is Squan Lake, a sheet of water abounding in crabs; on the west are the tracks of the Long Branch Railroad Company and on the east the waters of the broad Atlantic. The ground is of a porous, absorbent nature and the entire camp is provided with a perfect system of drainage. Splendid drinking water is furnished by two driven wells, each over 700ft. in depth.

The entrance to the grounds is about 500yds. from the Sea Girt depot. From this entrance is a roadway leading along parallel with the railroad to the southerly corner of the grounds, theuce east-southeast to the mid-range pits; then back to the 100yd. firing point northeast to the Beach Road fence, and southerly to the Governor's cottage, situated on the Beach Road about 200yds. southeast of the entrance above-mentioned. On the southern side of the roadway and between it and the lake are the mess halls used by the several commands during the summer encampments. During the off season the tents, cots and other camp paraphernalia are stored in these mess halls. On the opposite side of the roadway are the mess halls and kitchen for the field and staff officers. During the encampments the "A" tents for the rank and file are pitched in rows of 15 each, each tent being occupied by two men.

The rifle ranges, where all the interest of last week's visitors was centered, are situated on the southeast portion of the grounds, the lines of targets running parallel with the ocean line. Between the mid-range targets and the ocean are a number of sand dunes, those directly in line with the pits being from 20 to 30ft. high. On a line with the right target these dunes slope down to a level with the beach, while in the opposite direction they do not taper down inside of 150yds. of the line of the left target. The dunes are about 150ft. in rear of the targets. Both to the right and left of the mid-range are two heavy growths of cedars, these extending up on the northeast to the 400yds. firing point and on the southwest to the 300yds. firing point. The 200 and 500yds. firing points are on one line, the 200yds. targets being placed in an angle of the field to the northeast of the mid-ranges. It may not be thought by the uninitiated that the cedar clumps and sand dunes would have any effect upon the shooting, but that they do is plainly apparent to all who have shot over the mid-ranges. Every afternoon, when the ocean current sets in, it sweeps around between the sand dunes and the clumps of cedars on the east and cuts some very erratic capers as it meanders across the lower end of the range, and passes out to the southeast between the other dunes and cedars. The current and drift thus produced at times will get the best of the most expert marksmen and keep him guessing as to why his shots are flicking about, first right and then left, the wind-dial meanwhile failing to show the slightest variation in the direction of the wind at the 300yds. firing points. The light, too, is fitful and tricky, and taken all in all, while it is one of the finest mid-ranges in the world, it is still one on which the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer would be puzzled. The 200yds. ranges are free in a measure from the disturbances noted above, but here, too, when using the targets on the extreme right one is likely to get erratic results at times, especially when the wind is due east or northeast.

Immediately in rear of the left of the 200yds. firing points is a neat structure used as the office of the Department of Rifle Practice. Attached to this is a good-sized pavilion, and in rear of latter is an extension used by the medical officer attached to the range. Still further back is the magazine, where during the shooting season are handled upward of 200,000 rounds of ammunition.

It was Sunday evening when the FOREST AND STREAM representative arrived at the camp grounds, but he was by no means the first comer. Standing in front of the tents of the Department officers, near the Governor's cottage, and looking across the field toward the lake there could be seen a long line of snow white tents, the right of the line being within a hundred yards of the range office, the end of the line being at least 600yds. down the field. Here and there could be seen a light shining through the side of one of the canvas habitations, this being proof conclusive that some teams had already arrived. Upon inquiry we ascertained that the District of Columbia contingent, thirty odd strong, had arrived on the previous Friday, and that teams from the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth and Seventh Regiments of the

New Jersey National Guard had also taken possession of their quarters. Soon after we started out to make a friendly call on our old friends of the Capital City, and were pleased to see that nearly all of those who were at Sea Girt and Creedmoor in 1891 were again members of the District team. One face, however, was missing, that of Major J. M. Pollard, the old-time short, mid and long-range shot, who for so many years had been intimately associated with the shooting world. Major Pollard, we were informed, would probably never again be able to shoot in anything like his old-time form, a severe attack of la grippe having developed itself into a chronic affliction which partially disabled the genial Major's left arm and shoulder.

After a few moments' chat, followed by a lunch at Greason's camp restaurant, we started on a tour of the camp to see what sort of accommodations the Jerseymen had provided for the teams. It was not long before we arrived at the conclusion that the State authorities in general and Gen. Spencer and Lieut.-Col. Felton in particular had ma de the camp just about as comfort-



FIRST REGIMENT D. C. M. TEAM.
Winners of Regimental Team Match. Photo by H. J. Thein, Newark, N. J.

able as such a place can possibly be. The tents, which were of the officer's wall pattern with an overhead fly and a projecting fly in front, were nicely floored and to each was issued a canvas cot, a mattress, two or three blankets, an overcoat, camp stool, wash bowl and pitcher, pail, broom, a pitcher for drinking water, a lantern, candlestick and all the candles he cared to use. It must be borne in mind that the above outfit is supplied to visiting teams and individuals free of charge. The tents were arranged in groups of eight, so that each regimental team had separate quarters.

The teams who were on the grounds at this time were as follows: District of Columbia—Capt. James E. Bell, Inspector Rifle Practice, 2d Regt.; Capt. W. L. Cash, Inspector Rifle Practice, 1st Regt.; Pvt. Walter S. Cash, Co. C, 3d Bat.; Col. Cecil Clay, 2d Regt.; Corp. C. W. Dickey, Lieut. F. L. Graham, Engineer Corps; Lieut. G. H. Harries, Inspector Rifle Practice, 2d Bat.; Pvt. C. I. Himebaugh, Co. C, 1st Bat.; Sergt. A. O. Hutterly, Engineer Corps; Com. Sergt O. H. Laird, 2 Regt.; Sergt. T. T. Page, Co. A, 6th Bat.; Pvt. S. B. Rollins, Co. D, 3d Bat.; Quartermaster Sergt. S. D. Rotramel, 4th Bat.; Sergt. Russell, Co. D, 3d Bat.; Corp. R. B. Smythe, Engineer Corps; Lieut. J. M. Stewart, Inspector Rifle Practice, 3d Bat.; Pvt. S. B. Wetherall, Engineer Corps; Pvt. G. B. Young, Engineer Corps; Corp. Maurice Appleby, Co. B, 3d Bat.; First Lieut. T. S. King, Inspector of Rifle Practice, 5th Bat; Pvt. A. S. McClain, Co. B, 6th Bat.; Pvt. S. J. Scott, Engineer Corps; Lieut. Tomlinson, Pvt. H. B. Blanton, Sergt. W. E. Buell, Pvt. P. J. Byrne, Capt. W. S. Davenport, Corp. G. D. Ellsworth, Pvt. G. W. King, Pvt. J. A. Kirk, Corp. B. F. Odell and Pvt. J. E. Swigart, all of Co. B, 6th Bat.; Lieut. W. P. Vale, Inspector of Rifle Practice, 6th Bat., and Pvt. Joseph Van Vleet, Co. A, 6th Bat.

New Jersey Teams.—First Regiment, Lieut. J. K. Walsh, Co. E; Capt. G. M. Townsend and Pvt. C. H. Townsend, Co. L; Pvt. J. T. Hogle, Co. E; Pvt. Wm. Hedden, Co. C; Pvt. F. S. Hill, Co. G.

Second Regiment, Capt. W. F. Decker, Lieut. Van Walraven and Corp. Dietrich, Co. C; Sergt. Chinn, non-com. staff; Pvt. Fairhurst, Co. A; Pvt. Ransom, Co. B.

Third Regiment, Capt. Irwin, Inspector Rifle Practice, captain; Maj. Mravlag, staff; Capt. Cook, Co. H; Lieut. Watson, Co. D; Sergt. Martin, Co. C; Sergt. Hall, Co. A; Sergt Smith, Co. H; Pvt. Gladden, Co. D.

Fourth Regiment, Capt. Graff; Capt. Lohman, staff; Lieut. Burns, Co. K; Lieut. Springsted, Co. C; Sergt. Millburn, Pvt. Graham, Co. A; Pvt. Brown, Co. C.

Sixth Regiment, Col. Cooper; Capt. Shinn, Co. A; Capt. Miller, inspectors rifle practice, Lieut. Cloud, Lieut. Kline, Sergt. Jeffries; non-com. staff, Pvt. Baxter.

Seventh Regiment, Capt. Reed, inspectors rifle practice; Capt. Stoll, Co. A; Maj. Leavitt, staff; Sergt. Lalor, non-com. staff, Pvt. Hartman, Sergt. Dalrymple, Sergt. Sherod, Pvt. Reed.

The teams all turned in about 10 P. M., the weather indications being unfavorable for the morrow. The stars were shining, it is true, but the air was hazy and raw. This camp, being situated, as it is, on the shores of the ocean, is always cool and almost invariably damp at night, no matter what the season. The sea breeze carries in with it a great amount of moisture and rubbers are always in demand between 7 P. M. and 8 or 9 A. M. Sleeping without a good supply of covering is out of the question even during July or August. On the above night all the shooters were glad to roll themselves in from two to three of the famous red blankets, 600 of which helped to carry the New Jersey provisional battalion to victory during the Yorktown Centennial, at Yorktown, Va., in 1881.

*The Opening Day.*

At 6 on Monday morning Bugler Millburn sounded "reveille" from his quarters, the Governor's cottage, but it was scarcely needed in the camp as nearly all the boys were astir before that hour and were performing their morning ablutions. At 6:45 came the first call for breakfast, the formal call sounding fifteen minutes later.

Monday being a day devoted simply to the receiving of team entries, preliminary practice at known distances and the shooting of the continuous individual matches, no one was in any hurry to get on the range, and it was considerably after 9 o'clock when the opening shot was fired. At 10 o'clock the various teams shot one or two preliminary strings of 10 shots each at 200yds.

The morning was cool and the wind kept blowing a stiff gait, its direction being from "P" to "4 o'clock," and back again. The light was changeable, and taken altogether it could not be called a good shooting day. Nevertheless the shooters put on an extra strain and some fine scores were run up. The individual matches of course drew very lightly, the shooters preferring pool and practice tickets before going in for winning tickets.

This being Labor Day, and consequently a legal holiday, a large number of sight-seers were on the grounds, these coming from all over the State. Among the visitors were Major-General Snowden, commanding the Pennsylvania National Guard; ex-Governor Green, of Elizabeth, N. J., who is an enthusiast in all shooting matters; John L. Kuser, business manager of the *Freie Zeitung*, of Newark, N. J.; G. Wisner Thorn, city editor of the *Sunday Call*, of Newark, N. J.; J. Frank Urquart, of the *Sunday Call* staff; Major E. J. Anderson, ex-comptroller of New Jersey; ex-Senator R. B. Reading, of New Jersey; Wm. Hayes, F. C. Watts, and T. E. Beck, of the Newark (N. J.) Shooting Society; Bernard Walther, president of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York; Chas. E. Overbaugh, of New York, who was a member of the Centennial American rifle team; L. P. Hansen, of the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City; H. B. Seeds, of the Wilmington (Del.) Rifle Club, and J. R. Pierson, of Bloomfield, N. J.

About a dozen men tried their hands in the Schuetzen match but owing to the wind and light no big scores were recorded.

"Cease Firing" was sounded at 1 P. M., when an hour's respite was granted for dinner. After 2 o'clock the several teams put in preliminary practice at the mid-ranges but no phenomenal totals were rolled up. There were a fair number of entries in the Kuser all-comers and Perrine memorial matches, but the most of the shooting was on the pool targets. The nature of the weather conditions can best be judged by the statement that on the 500yd. pool targets, bullseys paid 28 cents each. On the 200yd. range they paid 30 cents each. Had the conditions been at all favorable the mid-range "bulls" would not have been worth more than one-half the above price.

All day long the visitors kept coming and going and between 10 A. M. and 6 P.M. there were certainly 1,500 people on the grounds. Some of these were the late stayers at the watering places along the coast while others were friends of the various team members. Everybody was deeply interested in the shooting.

The fun was brought to a close at 6 P. M., when all hands, after a wash-up were ready for supper. After supper the team members made fraternal calls on one another, and with chatting and smoking whiled away the time until "taps" were floated across the field, this being at 10 o'clock. The night was much warmer than the preceding one and the boys took advantage of this fact and got a good rest preparatory to the preliminary skirmish-firing to take place on Tuesday.



SECOND REGIMENT TEAM.
Winners of N. J. N. G. and Columbia Matches. Photo by H. J. Thein, Newark, N. J.

It was expected up to a late hour that Tuesday's work would comprise only the two preliminary runs, but in the evening the team captains and Brig.-Gen. Spencer, the executive officer, held a consultation and very sensibly decided upon a change. As the programme stood the members of the Jersey commands were scheduled for two runs each in the New Jersey National Guard and the regimental team matches, beside which they expected to be obliged to make on the same day four runs in the match for the Columbia trophy, presented to the State by the National Guard of the District of Columbia. During the above consultation, however, it was reasoned that eight skirmish runs were too many to impose upon a man in one day, so it was decided that the preliminary runs should be made on Tuesday morning and two of the Columbia runs in the afternoon. It can readily be imagined that this change was an agreeable one to the Jerseymen.

During the day Brig.-Gen. Spencer, Brig.-Gen. Howard, Colonels Owens, Van Valen and Righter, and Captains Decker and Reid had kept everything running in splendid order on the ranges, while A. H. Hayes, of Newark, and Jas. C. Thomas, of Trenton, the official clerks, and Col. Walker and Major Wallace, the statistical officers, kept the machinery of their respective departments running without any friction.

*Tuesday, the Second Day.*

looked rather dubious as the marksmen turned out for breakfast there being a threatening haze in the air, a mean "6 o'clock" wind blowing and a heavy mirage near the mid-range targets. By 8 o'clock, however, the wind had veered around to "10 o'clock," and the haze had disappeared. From that time until evening the wind blew a steady six-mile gait from "9" to "11 o'clock," and the light held well until the daily ocean current set in (about 4:30 on this day), after which mid-range shooting was extremely difficult. About 9:30 the preliminary skirmishing was begun, the men being told off in groups of ten men each, each man firing upon a separate target.

This system of rifle practice, which has become immensely popular among Jerseymen, is extremely hard work for the short time it lasts. The first run was conducted by Brig.-Gen. Spencer, the calls being sounded by Bugler Millburn. Each man being stationed at the firing point assigned him, was provided with twenty cartridges. All being in readiness, Bugler Millburn sounded "Attention," this being immediately followed by "Forward, guide center, march," when the line begins to move forward, each man keeping his eye on his sight in readiness to adjust it for distance when halted. But the next command swings them into "double time," and it is not until they have passed 10yds. beyond the 500-yard firing point that "halt" is sounded. Each man drops as quickly as possible, some taking the prone, some the "Texas grip" and others the kneeling position; but no matter which position they assume, you will notice that each and every man will take a quick glance to the right or left in order to verify his distance. But you have to be quick indeed with all these movements, as within from two to four seconds after "halt" is sounded you get "commence firing," and it must be remembered that you have only a bare 30 seconds for firing an average of two shots to a halt between the last note of "commence firing" and the first note of "cease firing." But while we have been giving details for the benefit of the uninitiated, the last note of "commence firing" has died away and you are looking to see each man begin to "pump" the cartridges into his gun and fire ever so many shots. Do you see it? Well, hardly! You may see the men fire two shots each at this distance, but the chances are more in favor of their taking a good, deliberate aim, fire one shot and await the next command.

"Well," you are likely to exclaim, "is that what they call 'rapid firing?'"

Oh, no! That is not rapid firing, but have patience, as the game is very young at this stage.

Now "cease firing" has been sounded, the line is moving to the front in double time and another halt is made. This time the distance is a trifle over 400yds., and the majority fire not less than two shots, some fire three and some perhaps four. But it is on the fourth, fifth and sixth halts that you will see the "pumping" done if at all, none of the skirmishers firing less than three shots on these, while others exhaust their supply of ammunition by the time they finish their firing on the fifth halt.

Going toward the target the rifle may be carried in any position provided the muzzle is kept toward the target, but on the retreat the rifle must be carried on the shoulder. There are five halts on the advance and five on the retreat, the distances being from 600 to 200yds. and back. After the tenth halt the skirmishers assemble on the left and are marched off the field by an officer or "non-com." Bugler Millburn meanwhile galloping back to "blow" for the next squad, which is all ready for his signals. This routine is kept up until each squad has made two runs, by which time all hands are in condition to eat the hearty dinner which awaits them.

After dinner each man receives from his team captain a miniature 6×9 target for each run that he has made. Each of these targets has marked on it the exact location of every shot that has been made on the mid-range target corresponding in number of target and number of run marked on the miniature. By this means the men are enabled to see where mistakes, if any, have been made and profit by the knowledge in the next run.

It was about 3 P. M. when the New Jersey teams came out again to make the two runs for the Columbia trophy, and it was considerably after 5 before they were completed. The contest had six entries, one team of six men from each the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth and Seventh regiments. After the above runs the boys felt very little like doing any more shooting during the day.

About supper time there arrived at the camp a contingent from the Sixteenth, N. G. of Pennsylvania, comprising Lieut. T. F. Coneely, Inspector of Rifle Practice; Sergt. O. J. Gunning, Co. A; Corp. Joel Miller, Co. H; Pvts. H. C. Weagraff, W. B. Chapman and Thomas Albert, Co. C. Shortly after 9 o'clock along came another Keystone contingent in the persons of Lieut. Newton, Inspector of Rifle Practice, Ninth Regiment; Lieut. Burgstrasser, Eighth Regiment; Pvt. Bowers, Co. C, Ninth Regiment; Col. H. Osthaus, General Inspector of Rifle Practice of Pennsylvania; Lieut. C. B. Pratt, Inspector of Rifle Practice, Thirteenth Regiment; Capt. E. E. Chase, Lieut. F. W. Stillwell, Pvt. W. W. Young, all of Co. A.; Sergt. Cullen, Co. C, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Reese Watkins, all of the above regiment.

The members of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania looked travel-stained, and it is not surprising, considering that for sixty days they had been on field service at Homestead and came to Sea Girt on detached service, with orders to report for duty as soon as possible after the meeting was closed.

During the day the shooting in the individual matches lagged somewhat, as was to be expected when everybody was interested in watching the work of the skirmishers. Still there were some

few scores put up in the all-comers'. Perrine and Kuser matches, despite the fact that no shooting could be done at 500yds. until late in the evening.

The night was another of the cold and damp ones for which the section is noted, and everybody was particular in closing tent flaps and getting blankets enough to keep out the chill air. And they all turned in pretty early in order to get into condition for the known distance stages in the New Jersey National Guard and the regimental team matches, scheduled for

*Wednesday, the Third Day,*

which opened up beautifully. The morning was slightly cool, but the air was as clear as a crystal and there was not the suspicion of a cloud in the sky. Breakfast over, all hands overhauled their rifles to see that they were in proper working order, and by 9 o'clock all were ready and eager for business.

It was about 9:15 when Gen. Spencer called up the teams to shoot their 200yds. scores in the Regimental Team match, open to New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, District of Columbia and New Jersey. The teams that were entered were from the First and Second regiments, Sixth Battalion and the Engineer Corps, D. C. M.; Sixteenth Regiment, N. G., Pa., and from each of the six New Jersey regiments. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania did not enter until late, being short one man until Lieut.-Col. Horton arrived. Some fine off-shoulder work was done by this team, which put up 260 out of a possible 300 points. This was high score at this range, the next best being 246, made by each the First Regiment and Engineer Corps teams of the D. C. M.

Immediately after the above came the short-range shooting in the New Jersey National Guard match, the leading total being 241, made by the Second Regiment team, the team of the Seventh being next with 237.

After dinner came the shooting in these matches at 500yds., the Pennsylvanians rolling up a score of 245 to the D. C. Engineer Corps' 250, and the First D. C.'s 239. This gave the Pennsylvania



BRIG.-GEN. SPENCER.

regiment a lead with 505 to the Engineer Corps' 496 and the First D. C.'s 495.

In the New Jersey National Guard Match at the 500yds. ranges, the Second again led with a total of 244 to the Fourth's 232 and the Seventh's 221. This gave the Second an aggregate at the two distances of 485 to the Fourth's 460 and the Seventh's 458.

During the shooting at 200yds. the light was rather bright, the wind holding about a four-mile pace between "10" and "11 o'clock." When the shooting began at 500yds. the wind was identically the same as above, but the tricky current mentioned early in this article made it extremely difficult to get two shots together.

The team of the First Regiment was handicapped, having its captain crippled up so that he was unable to shoot, this necessitating the putting in of a substitute who had had no practice.

The team of the Second Regiment, which caught a lead on the two distances in the State match, also had a hard run of luck. After getting part of his shots in at 200yds. the breech-block blew out of the Springfield used by Sergt. Brooks. He was obliged to finish with a strange rifle, and the pull being entirely different from his own, gave him a ricochet on his next shot. Again at 500yds. in the same match Sergt. Chinn got in position to shoot his score, and when he attempted to close the breech of his rifle the hinge-pin snapped off. He, too, was compelled to shoot with a strange rifle with no sighting shots. Despite his hard run of luck Capt. Decker of the Second's team was as cheerful as if everything was running his way.

About 10 o'clock on Wednesday night the rain began to patter on the canvas and for a time this kept the boys guessing as to whether or not they would be obliged to make their skirmish runs in the rain. An hour later, however, their minds were made easy by the appearance of a full set of stars.

*Thursday, the Third Day,*

opened with indications for a good shooting day, the light being of the gray tint so much desired by marksmen. The wind was a trifle stronger than on Tuesday, although it held fairly steady between the "9" and "11 o'clock" figures on the dial. Everybody slept as long as possible, the Jersey team men in particular being anxious to get as much rest as they could as they were scheduled for 6 skirmish runs during the day, while the District of Columbia and Pennsylvania men had only two runs each staring them in the face. Upon reporting at the range the Jerseymen received a very agreeable surprise in the form of an announcement that their scores made in the N. J. N. G. match would be counted as two scores in the Columbia trophy match.

And what a great big sigh of relief they sighed. To make 4 runs instead of 6 is quite a difference, gentle reader, and if you don't believe it try the experiment. "We" meaning "us" of course, were "there" during the week and took part in all the shooting and can assure all parties interested that "we" were perfectly satisfied to make the 4 runs instead of 6. When contemplating the prospect of making 6 skirmish runs, "we" could not avoid noting that every once in a while (sometimes oftener), a sort of a twinge just above the muscle on the right arm would remind "us" of a carless "hold" on a shot fired in one of Tuesday's runs. But then, just think of the fun you get for your money.

On the previous evening the teams had been notified that the skirmish firing would begin promptly at 9 A. M., but it was 10:15 before the first squad was started. The first two runs were in the Regimental Team match, and the next two made in the afternoon by Jersey teams only; counted for both the N. J. N. G. matches and the Columbia Trophy match. It was almost 1:15 P. M. when the first two runs were completed, and when the Jerseymen went to dinner they were told to be on hand "promptly at 2 o'clock" for the other two runs. And they were all on hand at the appointed time, but, as in the morning, they were obliged to make a long wait, it being 3:15 before they got to work. Had they been started at the scheduled hour they could have finished long before 4 o'clock; but as it was the last squad did not leave the field until close to 5 o'clock. This delay of course made no material difference to the team men, but it did make a difference to those who had been shooting 200yds. scores in the Perrine and All-comers' matches and to those who were anxious to shoot in the Kuser match, as the 500yds. ranges were kept closed until the current and light precluded any possibility of being sure of a score.

Below will be found the detailed scores of the three matches ended on Thursday.

REGIMENTAL TEAM MATCH.

First Regiment, D. C. M.

| | 200yds. | 500yds. | Ag. | Skirmish. 5s | 4s | 3s | 2s | 0s | T'l | Grand Ag. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Cash | 43434543444-38 | 45455552554-44 | =82 | 19 | 16 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 173 | 255 |
| Lt Harries | 44544444445-42 | 34344433324-36 | =78 | 14 | 22 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 170 | 248 |
| Pr Hinebaugh | 54444454453-42 | 34344445554-41 | =83 | 12 | 18 | 8 | 1 | 1 | 158 | 241 |
| Pr Cash | 44454554443-42 | 32334434455-35 | =77 | 12 | 17 | 11 | 0 | 0 | 161 | 238 |
| Crp Appleby | 53544445534-42 | 44553335544-42 | =84 | 11 | 18 | 10 | 0 | 1 | 157 | 241 |
| Lt Stewart | 54444445444-42 | 54553444443-41 | =83 | 18 | 11 | 8 | 1 | 2 | 163 | 243 |
| | | | 248 | | | | | | 239 | 487 |
| | | | | 86 | 102 | 45 | 3 | 4 | 979 | 1466 |

Engineer Corps, D. C.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pr Wetherald | 44445445544-42 | 43434555455-42 | =84 | 13 | 18 | 7 | 1 | 1 | 162 | 244 |
| Crp Young | 44444444444-40 | 55435343344-33 | =78 | 11 | 20 | 9 | 0 | 0 | 161 | 240 |
| Sgt Hutrerly | 44454445541-42 | 44444454444-41 | =83 | 12 | 23 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 165 | 249 |
| Sgt Dickey | 45444444444-41 | 54434555555-44 | =85 | 0 | 3 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 60 | 145 |
| Pr Scott | 45544454544-44 | 24553434341-39 | =83 | 10 | 20 | 9 | 1 | 0 | 159 | 242 |
| Crp Smythe | 03545534454-37 | 35555454555-43 | =83 | 13 | 17 | 8 | 0 | 2 | 157 | 240 |
| | | | 246 | | | | | | 250 | 496 |
| | | | | 59 | 101 | 47 | 12 | 11 | 864 | 1380 |

Second Regiment, D. C. M.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Bell | 55455444443-43 | 44445435553-41 | =84 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 3 | 0 | 155 | 239 |
| Sgt Laird | 44544454444-42 | 45444445425r-36 | =78 | 12 | 10 | 12 | 3 | 2 | 145 | 223 |
| Sgt Rotramel | 35545445544-41 | 44445554455-45 | =86 | 5 | 21 | 6 | 1 | 7 | 139 | 225 |
| Col Clay | 44334434234-34 | 35543534344-38 | =72 | 6 | 17 | 9 | 7 | 1 | 139 | 211 |
| Sgt Page | 34444444433-38 | 45345335544-40 | =78 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 3 | 2 | 147 | 225 |
| Pr McClain | 44443454443-37 | 44444544333-38 | =75 | 5 | 18 | 11 | 3 | 2 | 139 | 214 |
| | | | 235 | | | | | | 238 | 473 |
| | | | | 51 | 90 | 61 | 20 | 14 | 864 | 1337 |

Sixteenth Regiment, Pa.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sgt Gunning | 54554455445-46 | 45445544453-41 | =87 | 7 | 13 | 13 | 3 | 4 | 132 | 219 |
| Pr Weagraff | 45554555455-47 | 45543555355-41 | =91 | 1 | 8 | 18 | 4 | 9 | 99 | 190 |
| Pr Chapman | 54334443414-38 | 54334434454-38 | =76 | 8 | 17 | 10 | 2 | 3 | 142 | 218 |
| Pr Albert | 44544454544-43 | 54455554445-15 | =88 | 12 | 14 | 13 | 1 | 0 | 157 | 245 |
| Crp Miller | 44445554454-44 | 55453343383-38 | =82 | 17 | 15 | 8 | 0 | 0 | 169 | 251 |
| Lt-Col Horten | 44445434455-42 | 45454534334-39 | =81 | 9 | 7 | 20 | 4 | 0 | 147 | 228 |
| | | | 260 | | | | | | 245 | 505 |
| | | | | 54 | 74 | 82 | 14 | 16 | 840 | 1345 |
| Penalized 10 points | | | | | | | | | | 1335 |

Seventh Regiment, N. G. of N. J.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Reid | 54544534444-42 | 44443524430-33 | =75 | 2 | 5 | 13 | 16 | 4 | 101 | 176 |
| Cpt Stoll | 45444443344-39 | 54333433543-37 | =76 | 7 | 18 | 11 | 2 | 0 | 144 | 220 |
| Maj Leavitt | 00440002433-17 | 43554454444-41 | =58 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 6 | 1 | 144 | 202 |
| Sgt Lalor | 44554534444-42 | 03432343553-32 | =74 | 4 | 19 | 9 | 3 | 5 | 129 | 203 |
| Sgt Dalrymple | 45544434444-41 | 50445233340-30 | =71 | 11 | 14 | 13 | 1 | 1 | 152 | 223 |
| Pr Hartmann | 43444454354-41 | 44543255544-41 | =82 | 10 | 19 | 9 | 2 | 0 | 157 | 239 |
| | | | 222 | | | | | | 214 | 436 |
| | | | | 46 | 84 | 67 | 30 | 11 | 827 | 1263 |
| Penalized 5 points | | | | | | | | | | 1258 |

Fourth Regiment N. G. of N. J.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Graff | 45454444443-40 | 3r333325545-31 | =71 | 9 | 13 | 12 | 2 | 4 | 137 | 208 |
| Cpt Lohman | 44434554544-40 | 24453444441-38 | =79 | 12 | 15 | 8 | 1 | 4 | 146 | 224 |
| Lt Springsted | 34554534325-38 | 34453424033-32 | =70 | 2 | 10 | 22 | 4 | 1 | 124 | 194 |
| Corp Graham | 45554444545-44 | 44553535533-39 | =83 | 4 | 13 | 21 | 2 | 0 | 139 | 222 |
| Pr Brown | 53445543553-40 | 53350534443-36 | =76 | 3 | 12 | 14 | 3 | 8 | 113 | 189 |
| Pr Millburn | 44543554434-38 | 24333554334-36 | =74 | 7 | 14 | 14 | 4 | 1 | 141 | 215 |
| | | | 240 | | | | | | 212 | 452 |
| | | | | 37 | 77 | 91 | 16 | 18 | 800 | 1252 |

Second Regiment, N. G. of N. J.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Decker | 44443444444-39 | 54454243444-39 | =78 | 6 | 16 | 16 | 2 | 0 | 146 | 224 |
| Sgt Chinn | 34433443554-39 | 44454543554-42 | =81 | 2 | 12 | 14 | 4 | 8 | 108 | 189 |
| Corp Deitrich | 44345444445-41 | 32535254554-38 | =79 | 3 | 15 | 8 | 1 | 3 | 151 | 230 |
| Sgt Brooks | 33454044424-34 | 25535352243-34 | =68 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 2 | 131 | 199 |
| Pr Fairhurst | 44554344445-42 | 02433443338-29 | =71 | 2 | 11 | 17 | 9 | 1 | 123 | 194 |
| Pr Ranson | 54444454544-43 | 45333335454-39 | =82 | 7 | 11 | 13 | 3 | 6 | 124 | 206 |
| | | | 238 | | | | | | 221 | 459 |
| | | | | 28 | 75 | 79 | 28 | 20 | 783 | 1242 |

Sixth Regiment, N. G. of D. C.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lt Tomlinson | 45455253444-42 | 03424013433-27 | =69 | 5 | 14 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 120 | 189 |
| Pr Kirk | 34334323535-37 | 05544435534-39 | =76 | 11 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 130 | 206 |
| Crp Davenport | 40233550544-36 | 34545454444-42 | =72 | 1 | 13 | 7 | 8 | 11 | 94 | 166 |
| Pr King | 43334345343-36 | 03r34554234-31 | =67 | 9 | 14 | 9 | 6 | 2 | 140 | 207 |
| Pr Swigart | 44444454441-41 | 34530344444-33 | =74 | 14 | 10 | 10 | 1 | 5 | 142 | 216 |
| Corp Ellsw'th | 33445443454-40 | 42343444554-37 | =77 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 3 | 15 | 89 | 166 |
| | | | 226 | | | | | | 209 | 435 |
| | | | | 45 | 67 | 51 | 33 | 43 | 715 | 1150 |

Third Regiment, N. G. of N. J.

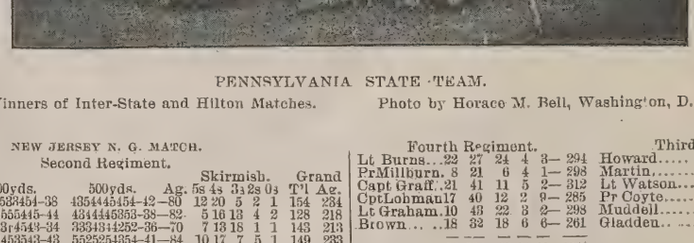
| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maj Mravlag | 33344514442-36 | 42455425443-38 | =74 | 0 | 11 | 8 | 4 | 17 | 76 | 150 |
| Sgt Martin | 33443334444-36 | 53545555534-42 | =78 | 7 | 22 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 143 | 221 |
| Pr Gladden | 42345443434-36 | 34435444445-40 | =76 | 4 | 10 | 11 | 8 | 7 | 109 | 185 |
| Lt Watson | 43154444445-41 | 45450402453-33 | =74 | 9 | 12 | 7 | 9 | 3 | 132 | 206 |
| Capt Cook | 23433434434-34 | 04543433443-32 | =65 | 1 | 5 | 9 | 3 | 22 | 58 | 124 |
| Sgt Smith | 43344445443-39 | 55544544254-43 | =82 | 10 | 10 | 16 | 3 | 1 | 145 | 227 |
| | | | 222 | | | | | | 228 | 450 |
| | | | | 31 | 70 | 55 | 31 | 53 | 663 | 1113 |
| Penalized 10 points | | | | | | | | | | 1103 |

Sixth Regiment, N. G. of N. J.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Douglass | 44554444443-41 | 45535444452-41 | =82 | 10 | 16 | 5 | 2 | 7 | 133 | 215 |
| Cpt Stockham | 45434553234-38 | 33443535235-35 | =73 | 6 | 19 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 134 | 207 |
| Lt Cline | 34444444474-38 | 24534443514-37 | =75 | 3 | 12 | 12 | 5 | 8 | 109 | 176 |
| Sgt Jefferies | 04043344554-33 | 54543225535-38 | =71 | 3 | 11 | 19 | 4 | 2 | 129 | 200 |
| Cpt Shinn | 42324044423-28 | 22340300230-51 | =51 | 3 | 4 | 12 | 8 | 14 | 81 | 132 |
| Pr Baxter | 42044404304-25 | 3r03043454-26 | =51 | 5 | 9 | 18 | 5 | 2 | 129 | 180 |
| | | | 203 | | | | | | 192 | 395 |
| | | | | 31 | 71 | 72 | 29 | 37 | 715 | 1110 |

First Regiment, N. G. of N. J.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lt Westervelt | 45223333454-35 | 38340r0533-26 | =61 | 1 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 15 | 78 | 139 |
| Cpt Townsend | 44344454443-39 | 44743252244-35 | =74 | 0 | 6 | 15 | 2 | 17 | 73 | 144 |
| Pr Hill | 32033322240-22 | 32454233240-29 | =51 | 5 | 13 | 11 | 2 | 8 | 114 | 165 |
| Pr Hoyle | 04333243554-34 | 34434324434-34 | =68 | 7 | 8 | 20 | 0 | 5 | 127 | 195 |
| Pr Hedden | 35444434444-39 | 53254303334-32 | =71 | 8 | 18 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 133 | 204 |
| Pr Townsend | 54544454455-45 | 23443433355-36 | =81 | 8 | 9 | 18 | 3 | 2 | 136 | 217 |
| | | | 214 | | | | | | 192 | 406 |
| | | | | 29 | 62 | 81 | 19 | 32 | 661 | 1067 |



PENNSYLVANIA STATE TEAM.

Winners of Inter-State and Hilton Matches. Photo by Horace M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

NEW JERSEY N. G. MATCH.

Second Regiment.

| | 200yds. | 500yds. | Ag. | Skirmish. 5s | 4s | 3s | 2s | 0s | T'l | Grand Ag. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Decker | 34433534544-38 | 43544445454-42 | =80 | 12 | 20 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 154 | 234 |
| Sgt Chinn | 44545555445-44 | 43444453553-38 | =82 | 5 | 16 | 13 | 4 | 2 | 128 | 218 |
| Sgt Brooks | 43443r4543-34 | 33534134252-36 | =70 | 7 | 13 | 18 | 1 | 1 | 143 | 213 |
| Pr Fairhurst | 55544553543-43 | 55252543554-41 | =84 | 10 | 17 | 7 | 5 | 1 | 149 | 233 |
| Corp Deitrich | 54544444444-42 | 45434355442-38 | =84 | 20 | 12 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 160 | 244 |
| Pr Ranson | 34445554543-40 | 55355554454-45 | =85 | 8 | 16 | 13 | 2 | 1 | 141 | 226 |
| | | | 241 | | | | | | 244 | 485 |
| | | | | 62 | 94 | 58 | 17 | 9 | 875 | 1360 |

Fourth Regiment.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Graff | 44444443335-39 | 44055455545-41 | =80 | 9 | 20 | 5 | 5 | 1 | 150 | 230 |
| Cpt Lohman | 34553534440-38 | 33534553440-36 | =77 | 11 | 18 | 6 | 1 | 4 | 147 | 224 |
| Lt Burns | 54234434433-35 | 34543543435-41 | =76 | 9 | 12 | 13 | 4 | 2 | 136 | 212 |
| Corp Graham | 55444544434-42 | 22534344554-38 | =80 | 7 | 20 | 11 | 1 | 1 | 150 | 230 |
| Lt Springsted | 34345444442-37 | 45554435354-44 | =81 | 10 | 19 | 8 | 1 | 2 | 152 | 233 |
| Pr Millburn | 34434443334 | 51420334352-32 | =66 | 6 | 10 | 13 | 8 | 2 | 129 | 195 |
| | | | 228 | | | | | | 232 | 460 |
| | | | | 52 | 99 | 56 | 20 | 12 | 712 | 1324 |

Seventh Regiment.

| | 200yds. | 500yds. | Ag. | Skirmish. 5s | 4s | 3s | 2s | 0s | T'l | Grand Ag. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Capt Reid | 44344454545-40 | 32445545544-41 | =81 | 2 | 12 | 17 | 8 | 1 | 125 | 206 |
| Capt Stoll | 44443444454-40 | 55534555533-43 | =83 | 8 | 14 | 14 | 2 | 2 | 142 | 225 |
| Pr Reed | 54454344442-38 | 02303233533-23 | =61 | 6 | 5 | 11 | 4 | 14 | 91 | 152 |
| Sgt Lalor | 34353434435-35 | 45533434333-34 | =69 | 9 | 12 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 128 | 197 |
| Sgt Dalrymple | 43443454444-39 | 54535454144-42 | =81 | 9 | 15 | 14 | 1 | 1 | 149 | 230 |
| Pr Hartman | 54544444435-45 | 54444434444-38 | =83 | 8 | 19 | 10 | 2 | 1 | 150 | 233 |
| | | | 257 | | | | | | 221 | 458 |
| | | | | 42 | 77 | 73 | 24 | 24 | 694 | 1245 |

Fourth Regiment.

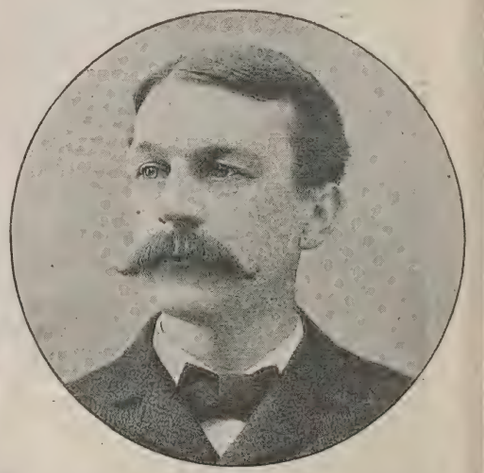
| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maj Mravlag | 33444454544-39 | 33434423333-32 | =71 | 8 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 19 | 89 | 160 |
| Sgt Martin | 44444454444-39 | 22554223344-33 | =72 | 9 | 18 | 7 | 5 | 1 | 148 | 220 |
| Pr Gladden | 44454454544-41 | 23253333444-33 | =74 | 9 | 16 | 13 | 0 | 2 | 148 | 222 |
| Lt Watson | 44444443434-39 | 04445255515-38 | =77 | 5 | 15 | 11 | 3 | 6 | 124 | 201 |
| Cpt Cook | 44435553543-36 | 35543203200-15 | =51 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 4 | 18 | 75 | 126 |
| Sgt Smith | 44445544444-42 | 44445555055-46 | =88 | 16 | 17 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 164 | 252 |
| | | | 236 | | | | | | 197 | 433 |
| | | | | 50 | 83 | 46 | 14 | 37 | 511 | 1242 |

First Regiment.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lt Westervelt | 24434443345-37 | 40444445533-35 | =72 | 3 | 11 | 7 | 8 | 11 | 96 | 168 |
| Cpt Townsend | 44444440404-32 | 45344443345-40 | =72 | 4 | 11 | 4 | 6 | 15 | 88 | 160 |
| Corp Hill | 44433334434-36 | 44545555353-43 | =79 | 4 | 15 | 13 | 3 | 4 | 127 | 206 |
| Pr Hogle | 40533454145-37 | 34543251344-34 | =71 | 8 | 20 | 7 | 3 | 2 | 147 | 221 |
| Pr Hedden | 44434434433-35 | 34343453445-38 | =73 | 11 | 15 | 7 | 4 | 2 | 146 | 219 |
| Pr Townsend | 43454444454-41 | 42444233341-31 | =72 | 11 | 13 | 10 | 3 | 3 | 143 | 215 |
| | | | 218 | | | | | | 224 | 442 |
| | | | | 41 | 85 | 48 | 27 | 37 | 600 | 1189 |

Sixth Regiment.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cpt Douglass | 44344455455-41 | 44445534455-41 | =82 | 9 | 23 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 155 | 237 |
| Cp Stockham | 44334434444-37 | 54344454543-49 | =76 | 9 | 18 | 7 | 1 | 5 | 140 | 216 |
| Lt Cline | 45434454544-41 | 53554443553-42 | =83 | 3 | 12 | 11 | 4 | 10 | 104 | 187 |
| Lt Jefferys | 33452443434-36 | 03r2343443-26 | =62 | 9 | 11 | 15 | 3 | 2 | 140 | 202 |
| Cpt Thrim | 30442434334-30 | 33230344030-21 | =51 | 2 | 11 | 11 | 7 | 9 | 101 | 152 |
| Lt Cloud | 44555555544-44 | 43242343442-31 | =75 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 3 | 12 | 103 | 178 |
| | | | 229 | | | | | | 200 | 429 |
| | | | | 38 | 85 | 58 | 20 | 39 | 588 | 1172 |



WM. HAYES,

Winner of Schuetzen Match.

COLUMBIA TROPHY MATCH.

Second Regiment.

| | 5s | 4s | 3s | 2s | 0s | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| PrFairhurst | 16 | 26 | 21 | 6 | 11— | 259 |
| Sgt Brooks | 20 | 34 | 21 | 3 | 2— | 305 |
| Sgt Chinn | 12 | 29 | 26 | 10 | 3— | 266 |
| CorpDeitr't | 34 | 25 | 10 | 6 | 4— | 316 |
| CaptDecker | 32 | 45 | 8 | 3 | 1- | 334 |
| Lt Van Walraven | 13 | 38 | 23 | 3 | 3— | 285 |
| | 127 | 198 | 109 | 31 | 24 | 1765 |

Seventh Regiment.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| MajLeavitt | 17 | 23 | 23 | 5 | 14— | 310 |
| Sgt Lalor | 19 | 29 | 13 | 8 | 11— | 266 |
| Sgt Dalrymple | 17 | 38 | 25 | 1 | 5— | 290 |
| PrHartman | 27 | 33 | 14 | 4 | 2— | 317 |
| Capt Reid | 14 | 34 | 22 | 8 | 2— | 283 |
| Capt Stoll | 20 | 25 | 24 | 7 | 4— | 286 |
| | 114 | 177 | 121 | 33 | 38 | 1752 |

First Regiment.

| | 5s | 4s | 3s | 2s | 0s | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lt Walsh | 8 | 15 | 17 | 15 | 25— | 181 |
| Pr C H Townsend | 16 | 34 | 19 | 6 | 5— | 285 |
| Pr Hedden | 13 | 32 | 17 | 8 | 10— | 269 |
| Capt G M Townsend | 10 | 20 | 12 | 9 | 29— | 184 |
| Pr Hill | 13 | 26 | 21 | 7 | 18— | 245 |
| Pr Hogle | 10 | 27 | 20 | 6 | 17— | 230 |
| | 70 | 154 | 106 | 51 | 99 | 1385 |

Sixth Regiment.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| CpDouglass | 12 | 38 | 13 | 8 | 9— | 267 |
| Cp Stock'am | 14 | 33 | 21 | 6 | 6— | 277 |
| Sgt Jefferies | 10 | 17 | 35 | 5 | 13— | 242 |
| Lt Cline | 4 | 27 | 23 | 8 | 18— | 213 |
| Capt Shinn | 5 | 15 | 15 | 18 | 27— | 166 |
| Pr Baxter | 12 | 21 | 19 | 7 | 21— | 215 |
| | 57 | 151 | 126 | 52 | 94 | 1380 |

Late in the evening the members of the New York State team reached the camp. After paying their respects to the powers that be the majority of them went to the Beach House to spend the night. The team was in charge of Brig.-Gen. Whitlock, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice. Those who elected to spend the night in camp were Geo. Doyle, of the Seventy-first; Frank Stuart, of the Sixty-ninth; Chas. Bryant, armorer and coach for the Twenty-third, and Geo. Brown of the Seventh.

Up to this time some good figures had been rolled up in the individual matches. In the Schuetzen match T. E. Beck, of Newark, scored 188 points; Frank Robling, of the Thirteenth Pennsyl-

Third Regiment.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Howard | | | 215 |
| Martin | | | 200 |
| Lt Watson | | | 256 |
| Pr Coyte | | | 138 |
| Muddell | | | 105 |
| Gladden | | | 214 |
| | | | 1129 |

vania, had 47 in the All-comers' and 101 in the Kuser, while 46 was top score in the Perrine.

When the shooters retired they did so with the firm conviction that on Friday they would have their usual dose of bad weather in which to shoot the Interstate and Hilton trophy match. About 10 P. M. there came down a fair-sized shower lasting about a half hour, this being followed a couple of hours later by another sprinkle. After this, however, the stars began to peep through and all signs of a storm disappeared.

*Friday, the Big Day*

of the meeting, opened with a clear sky, an east-north-east breeze and a cool air, with just enough moisture to keep the rifles in good form. Early in the morning visitors began to reach camp and at 10 o'clock when the Interstate match was opened at 200yds., there was a big crowd present. The Interstate and Hilton trophy matches, those time-honored contests of the National Rifle Association, shot here for the first time, had each four entries, representing the District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, the latter being a team chosen at half an hour's notice. The New York team also was picked on the fly on the previous day. It was expected that the contest would be hot between New York and the District team, the Jersey and Pennsylvania teams not being considered at all. This was good judgment so far as the Jersey team was concerned, but Pennsylvania proved to be "very much in it," before the day ended.

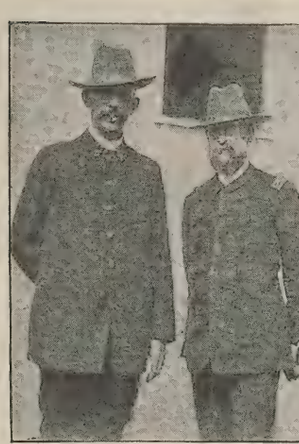
The 200yd. shooting in the Hilton followed the Interstate, Pennsylvania securing a lead in both matches. After dinner shooting was begun in the Interstate at 500yds., the Keystone contingent again showing their superiority and winning the "Soldier of Marathon" by 59 points over New York.

In the Hilton trophy match the Pennsylvania team beat New York 5 points at each range, winding up with 1,056 to New York's 1,041, District of Columbia's 982, Jersey being "out in the cold." This was the second time in the history of the Hilton that Pennsylvania had been victorious, its previous win having been in 1882 when its score was 986. The same year it won the Interstate on an aggregate of 989 points.

Below are the detailed scores of both matches:

INTER-STATE MILITARY MATCH.

Open to one team from each State or Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or militia of such State or Territory, including the District of Columbia. Distances 200 and 500yds. Position, at 200yds., standing; at 500yds., prone. Weapon, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Ammunition, any. Prize—To the team making the highest aggregate score, a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon," presented by the Commander-in-Chief, on behalf of the State of New York, to be shot for annually, and to be held during the year by the Adjutant-General of the



COL. VAN VALEN. BRIG.-GEN. SPENCER. COL. OWENS.

State whose team may win it. Value, $350. Also a medal to each member of the winning team.

| | 200yds. | 500yds. | Aggre. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Pennsylvania.** | | | |
| Sgt Watkins | 4554545554—45 | 3554545435—43 | 88 |
| Lt Stillwell | 4555545454—43 | 5454445545—45 | 88 |
| Sgt Cullen | 4233445545—39 | 4455545555—44 | 83 |
| Cpt Pratt | 3445445445—42 | 5535444554—44 | 86 |
| Cpt Chase | 5444555544—45 | 5425455545—44 | 89 |
| Priv Young | 4344444445—40 | 4445455454—44 | 84 |
| Lt Col Horton | 3444444444—39 | 4455545444—44 | 83 |
| Priv Abbett | 5345545454—44 | 5554555454—47 | 91 |
| Sgt Mehard | 5545555445—47 | 4544554545—46 | 93 |
| Priv Shonert | 4444455455—44 | 4545554485—44 | 88 |
| Corp Miller | 5444453445—42 | 4545544445—44 | 86 |
| Priv Weagraff | 5554554444—45 | 5555545544—47 | 92 |
| | 515 | 536 | 1051 |
| **New York.** | | | |
| Cpt Shepherd | 4544455544—44 | 3445555344—42 | 86 |
| Maj De Forrest | 5454454444—42 | 5453444455—43 | 85 |
| Cpt Macauley | 4444444345—40 | 3545545454—44 | 84 |
| Pr Corry | 5444445555—45 | 5434445553—42 | 87 |
| Lt Underwood | 4434444554—41 | 4243353554—35 | 76 |
| Pr Kalloch | 5455555444—45 | 0534544545—39 | 84 |
| Pr Dunn | 4444454355—41 | 3340555435—37 | 78 |
| Sgt Findley | 4455544444—42 | 4455545444—44 | 86 |
| Sgt McNevin | 5444440445—36 | 3550454555—41 | 77 |
| Pr Doyle | 4444544435—41 | 3352544444—39 | 80 |
| Lieut Wells | 3454545544—43 | 4555555554—48 | 91 |
| Sgt Stuart | 5544445543—42 | 5344455534—42 | 84 |
| | 502 | 496 | 998 |
| **District of Columbia.** | | | |
| Cpt Cash | 5555444443—43 | 4433454544—40 | 83 |
| Lt Harries | 3444444454—40 | 4452434554—40 | 80 |
| Cpt Bell | 5545554444—44 | 3545454444—42 | 86 |
| Sgt Laird | 4443544544—41 | 3454555454—44 | 85 |
| Pr Wetherald | 4345345455—42 | 2444435455—41 | 83 |
| Corp Young | 4454544254—42 | 4445544335—42 | 84 |
| Lt Stewart | 4454444234—38 | 4555554435—45 | 83 |
| Pr Hinebaugh | 4444454443—40 | 4424553454—38 | 78 |
| Pr Scott | 4444454444—41 | 5435554443—42 | 83 |
| Sgt Hutterly | 4343443445—38 | 4434245444—38 | 76 |
| Lt Graham | 4445444445—42 | 4445454444—43 | 85 |
| Sgt Dickey | 3454434454—41 | 4454553555—43 | 84 |
| | 492 | 498 | 990 |
| **New Jersey.** | | | |
| Col Van Valen | 5445444433—40 | 4544354544—42 | 82 |
| Cpt Stoll | 5244443445—40 | 3455244454—40 | 80 |
| Col Kuser | 4535454443—41 | 5144354445—38 | 79 |
| Sgt Smith | 3444444544—40 | 4454444455—43 | 83 |
| Sgt Chinn | 3553454444—41 | 3434345453—40 | 81 |
| Pr Ranson | 5444445544—43 | 4455555435—45 | 88 |
| Pr Hartman | 4444445444—41 | 5400423444—30 | 71 |
| Cpt Decker | 4344444354—40 | 4-54433242—31 | 71 |
| Corp Deitrich | 4445444444—41 | 2424444434—35 | 76 |
| Cpt Lohman | 4434444444—39 | 0430302053—21 | 60 |
| Col Owens | 3534445444—40 | 3452435443—37 | 77 |
| Corp Graham | 4344444444—39 | 4255+r5235—35 | 74 |
| | 489 | 437 | 926 |

HILTON TROPHY MATCH.

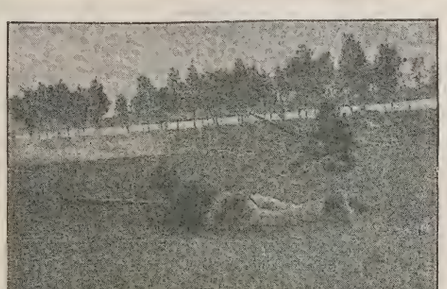
Open to teams of 12 men; distances, 200, 500 and 600yds.; rounds, 7 at each distance; position, standing at 200yds., any at 500 and 600yds.; weapons, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government; ammunition, any; entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize—A trophy presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor or such other range as the National Rifle Association of America shall select, to be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win



CAN TALK AND SHOOT.

it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof, value $3,000; also a medal to each member of the winning team.

| | 200yds. | 500yds. | 600yds. | Aggre. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Pennsylvania.** | | | | |
| Lt Stillwell | 5444545—31 | 4455455—32 | 4444454—29 | 92 |
| Pvt Shonert | 4544444—29 | 3255453—27 | r2445535—24 | 80 |
| Sgt Cullen | 4344345—27 | 5555544—31 | 4355455—31 | 89 |
| Cpt Pratt | 5553445—31 | 5555545—34 | 4443453—27 | 92 |
| Cpt Chase | 5545444—31 | 3455355—30 | 3334254—24 | 85 |
| Pvt Young | 4434354—27 | 3455545—31 | 5445454—31 | 89 |
| Lt-Col Horton | 54544 5—31 | 4454355—30 | 2453353—25 | 86 |
| Pvt Abbett | 4445445—30 | 4454555—32 | 5354534—29 | 91 |
| Sgt Mehard | 4445445—30 | 4545534—30 | 4333450—22 | 82 |
| Sgt Chapman | 4535534—29 | 4455555—33 | 5335554—30 | 92 |
| Corp Miller | 3444545—29 | 453+555—31 | 5353444—28 | 88 |
| Pvt Weagraff | 4454545—31 | 3453545—29 | 4454445—30 | 90 |
| | 356 | 370 | 330 | 1056 |
| **New York.** | | | | |
| Cpt Shepherd | 5455334—29 | 4444455—30 | 0345554—26 | 85 |
| Maj De Forest | 4445385—28 | 5543545—32 | 4545445—31 | 91 |
| Cpt Macauley | 5344544—29 | 4455555—33 | 3534545—29 | 91 |
| Pr Corry | 4444445—30 | 2355456—29 | 0454541—26 | 85 |
| Lt Underwood | 4544554—31 | 5543454—30 | 5425445—30 | 91 |
| Pr Kalloch | 4544454—30 | 4444554—30 | 4543444 28 | 88 |
| Pr Dunn | 4345434—27 | 4454454—30 | 3444322—26 | 83 |
| Sgt Findley | 5554354—31 | 4455554—32 | 4445455—31 | 94 |
| Sgt McNevin | 4454554—31 | 5434443—27 | 2023244—18 | 76 |
| Pr Doyle | 4434444—27 | 4555544—32 | 4355523—27 | 86 |
| Lt Wells | 4344454—28 | 3553454—29 | 3335354—26 | 83 |
| Sgt Stuart | 4445544—30 | 4244545—31 | 4445334—27 | 88 |
| | 351 | 365 | 325 | 1041 |
| **District of Columbia.** | | | | |
| Cpt Cash | 4554454—31 | 5544444—30 | 5450434—25 | 86 |
| Lt Harries | 4454544—30 | 5444535—20 | 4404434—23 | 83 |
| Cpt Bell | 4444444—28 | 5545545—33 | 3444402—20 | 81 |
| Sgt Dickey | 3445445—29 | 4545334—28 | 0254230—16 | 73 |
| Pr Wetherald | 4444554—30 | 4544054—26 | 2342445—24 | 80 |
| Corp Young | 5443433—26 | 4554545—31 | 3455544—30 | 87 |
| Lt Stewart | 5554444—31 | 5545445—32 | 4443354—27 | 90 |
| Pr Hinebaugh | 4544444—29 | 5024444—23 | 2224542—22 | 74 |
| Pr Scott | 4444445—29 | 4334455—26 | 4534344—27 | 82 |
| Sgt Hutterly | 5454444—30 | 3425454—27 | 3343355—26 | 83 |
| Lt Graham | 5444444—29 | 3454455—30 | 3544r44—24 | 83 |
| Corp Smythe | 4554445—30 | 5355545—30 | 3r25433—20 | 80 |
| | 352 | 346 | 284 | 982 |



ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

| | 200yds. | 500yds. | 600yds. | Aggre. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **New Jersey.** | | | | |
| Col. Van Valen | 4345444—28 | 4445545—31 | 34435r2—21 | 80 |
| Cpt Stoll | 4 34444—28 | 4453543—28 | 4433r35—22 | 78 |
| Sgt Chinn | 3454144—28 | 2424545—26 | 0533534—21 | 75 |
| Pr Ranson | 4434544—28 | 4354255—28 | 3355344—27 | 83 |
| Corp Deitrich | 4445134—28 | 4444525—28 | 2030335—18 | 74 |
| Cpt Lohman | 4434455—29 | 0355445—26 | 4453244—27 | 82 |
| Col Kuser | 4454554—31 | 4442453—36 | 3223353—21 | 78 |
| Lt Smith | 4444444—28 | 4335544—28 | 0204443—17 | 73 |
| Pr Hartman | 4443435—27 | 4354435—28 | 4344335—25 | 80 |
| Cpt Decker | 4655553—32 | 5244344—26 | 4444335—27 | 85 |
| Col Owens | 4544455—31 | 4335423—24 | 3334535—26 | 81 |
| Cpt Graham | 3334445—26 | 4335433—25 | 4444233—24 | 75 |
| | 344 | 324 | 277 | 945 |

While the above contests were being fought out on the mid-ranges, half a dozen exponents of long-range work were pegging away over the thousand-yard range in the attempt to capture the coveted Wimbledon cup, which was won in 1890 and 1891 by Major Chas. H. Gaus, Inspector of Rifle Practice of the Third Brigade, N. G. N. Y., who came down to Sea Girt to defend his claim to the cup. With the existing weather conditions, on a range where cedar groves, sand dunes, ocean currents, etc., do not combine to worry the shooter, it would have required a big score to win the cup; but here they had the above combinations and Major Gaus had an easy victory with a total of 123, his nearest opponent having 112. Major Gaus used his .45-95-550 special Remington.

Among the entries in the cup match were Col. Cecil Clay, the one-armed commandant of the Second Regiment, D. C. M., who is never happy except when shooting; Capt. H. B. Cilly, also of the D. C. M.; Chas. E. Overbaugh, of New York, the old Centennial team man, who has not fired a shot at long range for many months previous to to-day; Col. A. R. Kuser, of the staff of Governor Abbett, also entered but for some reason failed to shoot his score.

WIMBLEDON CUP MATCH.

Open to all citizens and residents of the United States; distance, 1,000yds.; 30 shots; weapon, any rifle within the rules; cleaning allowed; position, any without artificial rest; entrance fee, $2. First prize: The Wimbledon Cup, presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the National Rifle Association of America, to be competed for on conditions to be decided upon by the National Rifle Association of America, and to be held by the winner till the next fall meeting, when it will be shot for on the same conditions. Value, $500:

Maj Gaus, .45-95-550 Rem.5443444453-40 4454544485-42 5382355555-41-123
H B Frey, .40-76-370 Win.4552053254-35 54r5455524-39 0454355453-38-112
Overbaugh.....27 31 withdrew on seventeenth shot.
H B Cilley, Springfield.....15 15 17—47
Col Clay, Springfield.....23 28 15—66
Hardenbrook, Springfield.....21 21 14—65

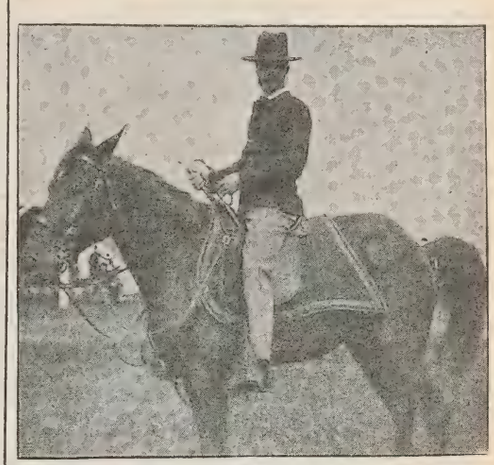
Whether it was politic or not to include the Wimbledon cup match in the programme is an open question. The shooting on the 1,000yds. target is done diagonally across the short and mid-ranges, the short ranges (ten targets) having to be closed while the match is in progress. The Wimbledon match yielded the Association $14. While match was being shot (it lasted from 1:30 to 5 P. M.) Wm. Hayes and August Begerow of Newark, L. P. Hansen of Jersey City, Ernest Fisher of Hoboken, and several others who had come down to shoot in the Schuetzen match were obliged to wait until after 5 P. M. before firing a shot, beside which, no one could shoot in the Members', Perrine or All-Comers' matches at 200yds.

In the evening, soon after the military matches were ended the New York team left for home as did the team of the First New Jersey.

The Pennsylvania boys had a quiet jollification at the Beach House, and after their return to camp they received the hearty congratulations of the other team members.

*Saturday, the Final Day,*

was rather quiet, the District team leaving for home at noon and several of the Jersey teams leaving the camp in the morning. During the afternoon W. B. Chapman, of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania, started in to fight Robling's and Horton's totals of 101 each in the Kuser match, and succeeded in getting an aggregate of 102. This gave him the handsome Maynard rifle presented by Col. A. R. Kuser. The rifle, which has a .22 and a .25cal. barrel, was packed in an elegant plush-lined case, and along with it went 100 .25cal. center-fire cartridges. Col. Kuser himself started in to win the association member's medal and succeeded by rolling up 24 points in 5 shots at 200yds. with a Springfield rifle. Capt. Stockham's 47 in the Perrine Memorial match, and Sergt. Frank Robling's 47 in the All-Comers' remained unbeaten up to 3:30, when



BUGLER MILLBURN.

"cease firing," sounded by Sergt. A. C. Millburn, announced that the meeting was at an end.

Immediately after the call was sounded Gen. Spencer and his assistants figured out the winners in the various contests, and before 5:30 every man who remained on the grounds had received whatever prize, if any, he had won. This was an entirely new experience to a number of the contestants, who were formerly obliged to wait several days before ascertaining whether they were winners or losers.

Below will be found full detailed scores of all the individual matches:

MEMBERS' MATCH.

Two hundreds yards, open only to members of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, rounds 5, position, standing, weapon, any military rifle; entrance fee $1. Prize, the members' championship gold badge, shot for annually and held by the winner during the year. To be shot at any time during the meeting. Won in 1891 by Col. A. R. Kuser.

Col A R Kuser.....55545 —24 Capt R A Reed.....44454—20
Capt Ed Gould.....54454—22

THE KUSER MATCH.

Seven shots at 500yds.; position, prone, head toward target; rifle, any military; open to all comers; entries, $1 each, or three for $2 if taken at one time. Prize—A Maynard sporting rifle with two barrels, one .22 and one .25cal., presented by Col. A. R. Kuser; second prize, 25 per cent. of the entrance money; third prize, 10 per cent. of the entrance money. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores; ties in totals decided by the next best score or scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W B Chapman | 5555545—34 | 5555545—34 | 4555555—34—102 |
| F Robling | 3555555—35 | 5545455—33 | 5455545—33—101 |
| Lieut-Col Horton | 5555555—35 | 5455545—33 | 5553345—32—101 |
| S B Wetherald | 5554555—34 | 5555553—33 | 5555453—32— 99 |
| Jas Stewart | 5455545—33 | 5555445—33 | 4544555—32— 98 |
| H J Mehard | 5545555—34 | 4555554—33 | 4544455—31— 98 |
| C J Weagraff | 5555544—33 | 5555535—33 | 4555454—32— 98 |
| Sergt Cullen | 5445555—33 | 4554555—33 | 4445355—30— 96 |
| E J Dalrymple | 3555555—33 | 3455455—31 | 5554443—31— 95 |
| O A Hutterly | 4545445—31 | 5555454—31 | 5445453—30— 92 |

Capt. Miller 31 31 29—91; Capt. Ed Gould 32 29 29—90; A. W. Dickey 32, 29, 28—89; Col. Cecil Clay 30, 28, 27—85.

ALL-COMERS' MILITARY MATCH.

Open to everybody; distances, 200 and 500yds.; position, standing at 200, prone, with head toward the target, at 500; 5 shots at each distance; entrance fee, $1, or three tickets for $2, if taken at one time. Rifles, the U. S. Springfield, or any military rifle adopted and issued by any State. Prizes: First, 10 per cent. of entrance money; second, two of 5 per cent. of entrance money; third, ten of 2½ per cent. of entrance money:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| F Robling | 55535—23 | 55545—24—47 |
| Wetherald | 44545—22 | 45555—24—46 |
| G Harries | 44554—22 | 54555—24—46 |
| S J Scott | 45455—23 | 44555—23—46 |
| Jas Stewart | 54545—23 | 54545—23—46 |
| Lt Stillwell | 54555—24 | 54544—22—46 |
| Cpt Lohman | 55444—22 | 54455—23—45 |
| H J Mehard | 54445—22 | 54554—23—45 |
| R B Smythe | 44554—22 | 55355—23—45 |
| J C Owens | 44544—21 | 54554—23—44 |
| W W Young | 54454—22 | 44455—22—44 |
| Aug Deitrich | 54445—22 | 45445—22—44 |
| Cpt Chase | 45544—22 | 44445—22—44 |

THE SCHUETZEN MATCH.

All-comers' continuous match, distance 200yds., position standing; number of shots, 7 on the standard American target, with 11in. bullseye. Any weight rifle with any trigger pull, palm or other rest allowed. Allowance for military rifles four points on each string. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Fee, $1 each ticket. Sixteen prizes, viz.: One of 25 per cent., one of 10 per cent., four of 5 per cent., ten of 2½ per cent. of entrance money:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wm Hayes | 10 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | —64 | | |
| | 10 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 6 | 9 | —63 | | |
| | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 10 | —62 | | —189 |
| T E Beck | 10 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 10 | —64 | | |
| | 8 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 8 | —64 | | |
| | 10 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | —60 | | —188 |
| E Fisher | 9 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 8 | —63 | | |
| | 10 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | —61 | | |
| | 9 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | —58 | | —182 |
| L P Hansen | 7 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 9 | —54 | | |
| | 10 | 10 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 7 | —58 | | |
| | 7 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | —55 | | —167 |
| A Begerow | 10 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 7 | —60 | | |
| | 6 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 8 | —53 | | |
| | 8 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 4 | 6 | —51 | | —164 |
| R A Reid | 7 | 10 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 10 | —55 | | |
| | 10 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 5 | 6 | —51 | | |
| | 5 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 8 | —44+12 | | —162 |
| S B Wetherald | 7 | 6 | 10 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 6 | —48 | | |
| | 7 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | —47 | | |
| | 7 | 10 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 9 | —54+12 | | —161 |
| C B Pratt | 7 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 7 | —51 | | |
| | 8 | 10 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 10 | 7 | —53 | | |
| | 9 | 5 | 9 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 6 | —47+12 | | —160 |
| H J Mehard | 9 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 7 | —52 | | |
| | 7 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 4 | —48 | | |
| | 5 | 7 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 4 | 7 | —47+12 | | —159 |
| S B Young | 8 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 9 | —53 | | |
| | 9 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 9 | —48 | | |
| | 6 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 5 | —45+12 | | —158 |
| O J Gunning | 5 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 7 | —49 | | |
| | 7 | 7 | 8 | 4 | 8 | 6 | 6 | —48 | | |
| | 7 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 6 | —48+12 | | —157 |
| Frank Robling | 10 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 7 | —49 | | |
| | 5 | 9 | 4 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 9 | —49 | | |
| | 7 | 10 | 4 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 8 | —46+13 | | —156 |
| H B Leeds | 10 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 8 | —54 | | |
| | 8 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 8 | —50 | | |
| | 5 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 8 | —50 | | —154 |
| Lieut Stillwell | 9 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 9 | 7 | —51 | | |
| | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 4 | 4 | —45 | | |
| | 7 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | —45+12 | | —153 |
| S J Scott | 9 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 7 | 4 | 7 | —48 | | |
| | 4 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 7 | —42 | | |
| | 10 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 8—51 | | +12—153 |
| G A Hutterly | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 7 | —50 | | |
| | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 5 | —46 | | |
| | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 7 | —40 | | +12—148 |

THE PERRINE MEMORIAL MATCH.

Open to officers and enlisted men, National Guard of New Jersey, distance, 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance, position standing at 200yds., prone with head toward target at 500yds.; entrance fee 50 cents; re-entries allowed. Prize, a medal given by Col. Lewis Perrine, Jr., in memory of the late Brevt. Maj.-Gen. Lewis Perrine, Quartermaster-General of New Jersey. Shot for annually. To be held by the winner during the year:

| | 200yds. | 500yds. | | 200. | 500. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cp Stockham | 54554-23 | 55445-24-47 | Pr Hartman | 20 | 22-42 |
| Col Kuser | 53554-22 | 45555-24-43 | Sgt Chinn | 20 | 22-42 |
| C J Smith | 55545-24 | 45445-22-46 | PrFairhurst | 22 | 20-42 |
| Corp Deitrich | 54544-22 | 53455-22-44 | Lt Springsted | 21 | 21-42 |
| Sgt Jeffries | 21 | 22-43 | Lt Cline | 19 | 22-42 |
| L. Clark | 22 | 20-42 | Cpt Douglass | 19 | 23-42 |

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Revolver Shooting in England.

AT the South London Rifle Club's competitions at Staines Aug. 25, there was a nasty gusty wind, the two revolver competitions resulted as follows: Series 1, stationary target:

Walter Winans....7 7 7 7 7 7—42 Andrews .....7 7 7 6 6 5—38

Mr. Winans's score is the first highest possible yet made at the new Risley 2in. bullseye in competition. Series 2, disappearing target:

Walter Winans....7 5 7 7 5 7—38 Major Mackerrell.2 3 4 2 5 6—22

The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Winans (present holder of the championship | 42 41 40—123 | Major Mackerrel | 41 37 36—114 |
| Andrews | 39 38 38—115 | C F Lowe | 36 36 36—108 |
| | | Heath | 37 35 33—105 |

## Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 11.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the standard American target:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 80 79 77 | Brumbach | 70 70 64 |
| Best | 80 72 72 | Speth | 79 79 80 |
| Weinheimer | 71 78 70 | Stegner | 68 67 64 |
| Hauck | 61 59 53 | Topf | 63 63 62 |
| Payne | 76 76 75 | | |
| Drube | 80 72 68 | | |
| Martin | 63 58 58 | | |

## Garden City Rifle Team.

THE Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, Sept. 6 at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halsted street, Chicago. Conditions were 25yds. 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target, possible 300 points:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W J Gibbs | 264 | Roy Taylor | 258 |
| A McBean | 264 | Mrs L Thornton | 255 |
| H G Burley | 264 | M Tatroe | 255 |
| C A Hankle | 260 | F Erickson | 253 |
| Wm Frisbie | 251 | | |
| R McBean | 251 | | |
| J C Martin | 250 | | |
| John Polites | 248 | | |

After the regular shoot a sweepstake was shot for and won by M. A. McBean, scoring 111 out of possible 120. B.[illegible]

## The A. Lischke Riflemen.

JERSEY CITY, Sept. 10.—The following scores were made by some of the members of the A. Lischke Rifle Club on Sept. 2 at their range, 17 Milton avenue:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lischke | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22—237 |
| Scharli | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 18—233 |
| Schulte | 25 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 1[illegible]—213 |
| Dyroff | 25 | 21 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 19 | 19 | 19—211 |
| Seidel | 24 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 19 | 19 | 15—207 |

O. SCHULTE.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

## FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Sept. 15-16.—Vienna (Ill.) Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 20-21.—Auburn Interstate Tournament.
Sept. 20-23.—Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club, annual tournament.
Sept. 23.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament. L. C. Platt, Jr., Treas.
Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Sept. 28-29.—Womelsdorf (Pa.) tournament.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 5-6.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.
Oct. 4-7.—Chas. Polster's tournament, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Eastern New York League kingbird tournament, with Cruttenden & Cords new trap and pull, at Canajoharie, N. Y. T. C. Pegnim, Sec'y.
Oct. 12-13.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Oct. 21.—New Jersey Shooting Club tournament, at Claremont, N. J.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.
May 23-25, 1893.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The following has been received from H. A. Penrose, president of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association: "Referring to the article under "Drivers and Twisters" in your issue of the 1st inst. regarding the conflicting dates of the Interstate tournament at Auburn and the Saratoga shoot we beg to say that it was impossible to change our dates when we learned that the Saratoga Club had claimed them, as the programs had been out for some time. We wired Mr. Levengston, of Saratoga, about Aug. 1, asking him if their tournament had been postponed and he informed us that it had and that it would be held the last week in September. Mr. Tuttle, of Auburn, also wrote him at the same time and received a similar reply. It was our intention then to hold the shoot at Auburn on Sept. 13-15, but we found that we could not get the fixtures there from New London and so decided on the 20th and 21st. The Saratoga people, learning that the Peekskill Club were going to hold their shoot on the last week, decided to hold their tournament on the fourth week, but did not notify us of the same. The Auburn shoot will positively take place on the 20th and 21st inst. and we have every assurance that it will be a grand success. In this connection we beg to say that last October we claimed the second week in each month for the Interstate tournaments, but as we have had so much influence brought to bear we have been compelled to change our dates almost every month in order to try and please somebody. We have received from two to twelve letters from different clubs every month asking us to change our dates and with one exception we have complied. We shall be pleased to have you make note of this in this week's issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. We regret that we are unable to change our dates to accommodate the Saratoga boys."

The daily programme during the tournament of the Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club, Sept. 20-23, inclusive, will be as follows: Event Nos. 1 and 10, 10 kingbird targets, $1 entry; Nos. 2, 6 and 8, 10 targets each, $50 guaranteed, $1.75 entry; Nos. 3 and 7, 15 targets each, $75 guaranteed, $2.75 entry; Nos. 4 and 9, 20 targets each, $10) guaranteed, $3.75 entry; No 5, 25 targets, expert event, $25 added to purse by the Saratoga club, $5 entry. Excepting in Event No. 5 each day, the contestants will have to shoot under Paul North's sliding handicap. In the 10 target events the moneys will be 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; 15 targets, 24, 22, 20, 18 and 16 per cent.; 20 targets, 22, 20, 18, 16, 14 and 10 per cent. The following will be the average prizes for all guaranteed events during the four days: First, $22; second, $18; third, $16; fourth, $14; fifth, $12; sixth, $10; seventh, $8. The Saratoga Club has secured reduced hotel rates, and will take care of all shells or guns sent to them. In Event No. 5 each day all ties will have to be shot to a finish, ties to be shot off miss-and-out.

At the tournament of the Lundonville (N. Y.) Gun Club on Sept. 6, first average was won by Levengston, of Saratoga, on 91 per cent Gove, of Albany, was second with 90; Roberts, of Rupert, Vt., third with 89. In the match open to teams of two men from any one club, there were eight entries. The purse was divided into four moneys. First was won by the Saratoga Team No. 1, second divided by the Philmont and Trojan gun clubs, third won by the Capitol City Gun Club of Albany, fourth won by the Saratoga team No. 2. Fair weather favored the tournament though there was a puffy wind that bothered the marksmen considerably by giving the birds a crazy flight. This condition gave something of zest to the sport, however, and enhanced the praiseworthy character of the records.

The Auburn Gun Club is fully prepared for the Interstate tournament to be held there next week. Everything to insure success is being done. Keystone targets will be used and every guaranteed event will be shot, be the entries few or many. With reference to the conflict of dates between this and the Saratoga tournament, the Auburn Club desires to state that the Saratoga Club wrote that their tournament would be held during the last week of September. The date originally fixed for the Auburn shoot was Sept. 13-14, but this was changed to the then unclaimed date Sept. 20-21, to accommodate the Association in freighting its goods here. The club is sorry any misunderstanding should occur, as there are shooters who would doubtless like to attend both shoots.

Charles Polster writes us as follows anent his coming tournament to be held in Indianapolis, Ind.: "The tournament to be given under my management in this city, Oct. 4, 5, 6 and 7, promises to be more largely attended than any former Indianapolis shoot. The first two days will be given to inanimate targets. Oct. 6 and 7, to sparrows and live black birds. About $500 in guaranteed purses, cash donations and special prizes will be offered. The shoot is open to all—North handicap system. The black bird shooting will be a novel feature and the various attractions will make it an unusually interesting tournament for all participants. I can furnish programs on application."

At the semi-monthly shoot of the Union Hill Gun Club, at Guttenburg, N. J., John Waller won the gold medal by breaking 16 out of 25 bluerocks shot at by each man. J. Woolmington got the beer medal with 9 and P. Sullivan and H. Lange shot 8 and 4 respectively. In the first sweepstake J. Waller shot 7 out of 10, F. Hall and J. Woolmington 5 each, H. Lange 3, and P. Sullivan 1. In the second Hall dropped 6, J. Waller, J. Woolmington, L. Westervelt and H. Lange 5 each, and P. Sullivan 4. In the third P. Sullivan made a goose egg, Waller 7, Westervelt 6, Lange 2 and Woolmington 1.

At the Standard-Keystone Tournament, held at New London, Conn., Aug. 30 to Sept 2, Wm. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Phila., made the best record in the trophy events, breaking 50 straight; and in shooting off the tie broke 24 out of 25; and the second time, again shooting off a tie, broke 25 straight—an aggregate score of 99 out of a possible 100, using the new U M C "smokeless" shell. Mr. Van Dyke, of Newark, N. J., won the individual championship of America, breaking 98 out of a possible 100, using the V. L & D. "lightning" shell.

The Wawaset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Charles Springer; Vice-President, T. D. Buckmaster; Treasurer, Thomas Weldin; Secretary, W. J. Tussey, No 214 King street; Financial Secretary, W. E. Buckmaster; Captain, Robert Miller; Quartermaster, C. M. Buckmaster; Directors, George Miller, Fred Martin, Eric Camp.

An organization called the Mountville Gunning Club has just been formed at Mountville, Pa. The officers are: President, Edward Kready; Vice-President, Henry Deitrich; Secretary, E. L. Hambright; Treasurer, Al. Kready.

The following scores were made by members of the Auburn (N. Y.) Gun Club on Sept. 6 at 25 targets each: Class A—Tuttle 18, Carr 18, Devitt 8. Class B—Garrett 18, Vanderloo 16, St. Clare 12, Doan 10. Class C—Goodrich 14, Kerr 11, White 11.

A gun club has been formed in Linc. Lexington, Pa. George Kister is president, Amos Wismer secretary and Barry Weikel treasurer.

The National Gun Club, of Elgin, Ill., has elected D. A. Ridde secretary and Joseph Graves treasurer.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club will have a merchandise shoot on Oct. 5.

The Wenond Shooting Club has been organized in Bay City, Mich.

The Shenandoah (Pa.) Gun Club is one of the latest comers.

C. H TOWNSEND.

## The Old Stone House Grounds.

A SMALL party gathered in John Erb's Newark shooting grounds on Labor Day and tried their skill on live birds with the results appended. Event No. 15 was at 10 live birds, $10 entry; No. 16 at 5 birds, $5 entry, and each of the others at 4 birds, $3 entry:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 1122 | 1112 | 1212 | 2111 | 1111 | 1211 | 1111 | 1111 | 1111 | 1110 | 1111 | 1121 | —47 |
| Newh'se | 0021 | 2002 | 2221 | 1202 | 1210 | 0011 | 1102 | 2211 | 0222 | 0021 | 0220 | 2011 | —33 |
| Bruce | —1101 | 1111 | 2110 | 1120 | 1222 | 1101 | 1011 | 1100 | 1101 | 1111 | 2202 | 1011 | —28 |
| Hollis | | | | | | | | | | | | 1012 | 1221— 7 |

| | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 1111—4 | 1022—3 | 1112111211—10 | 11121—5 | |
| Newhouse | 1012—3 | 1122—4 | 2112021112— 9 | 12201—4 | |
| Bruce | 1212—4 | 1012—3 | 1211102020— 7 | 13112—5 | |
| Hollis | 1111—4 | 0101—2 | | | |

## Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. J., Sept. 9.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Oneida County Sporsmen's Association to-day:

Badge shoot, 25 kingbird targets from 5 K. B. traps:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mayhew | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Hunter | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Smyth | 0110011011111111010101101—17 |

Tie:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mayhew | 11110—4 | Hunter | 11111—5 |

Club shoot, same conditions: Knowlton 24, Kallies 24, Hunter 25, Mayhew 23, Pfeiffer 20, Smith 22, Henning 14, Dexter 29, Gilmore 16, Lane 15, Wheeler 18, Mizner 17, Harris 24.

## Watson's New Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 6.—The first shooting on John Watson's new grounds, at Burnside, occurred to-day in the Stevens-Hall match, and the spectators in that event took great interest in looking over the new park. The grounds are west of the old ones, and about a quarter of a mile or less from the railroad station. The electric cars run from the station directly past the grounds, which lie on top the hill. Access by means of this street railway line will be as handy as before, and indeed will not require so long a walk.

The elevation of the new grounds is slightly more than that of those recently vacated, and there is an unimpeded sweep for the wind in every direction. The location is more sightly than the old one, being in view of the wooded ridges which lie back to the west, toward Morgan Park and Washington Heights. The ground is perfectly level. From the fact that all visible buildings lie beyond the line of the traps, while some low barns and buildings are in the left near the road, it is likely that the grounds will be as hard and fast as the old ones, for the birds will be mostly drivers and left-quartering drivers, with north or northwest wind behind them in the winter.

Mr. Watson has moved over the club house and trapping house from the old grounds, and is busy putting up the fence and laying out the grounds. The score will be parallel to the glass-front club house, and the platform from the house to the score will be covered by roof all the way. The position of the target traps will be as before, back and to the right of the house, and the general arrangement of the grounds will be much the same.

The King traps will be in in about thirty days, and the Chicago shooters will soon be at work at their old headquarters. E. H.

## The Unknown Gun Club.

THERE was a good crowd of shooters and friends at the regular monthly meeting of the Unknown Gun Club at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Sept. 8. The competition was for the best average scores for the championship cup won by the Unknowns in last year's Dexter Park League contest and the usual club prizes. Each man shot at seven birds, club handicap, modified Long Island rules. E. A. Vroome took the first money with seven straight and the others were divided. The scores:

Shoot for championship trophy and extra prizes:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Van Staden | 0101002—3 | C Hubbell | 1120100—4 |
| M Brown | 1121021—6 | W Merrihew | 2000122—4 |
| S Lyon | 1011000—3 | H Deeljen | 0001111—4 |
| J Vagis | 3021011—5 | H Skidmore | 0222011—5 |
| C Kollyer | 2101201—5 | J Ahlursh | 0210220—4 |
| E A Vroome | 1212211—7 | I Hyde | 1220221—6 |
| H Knebel, Sr | 1001112—5 | C Loden | 2001012—4 |
| J Sampson | 1121120—6 | C Munch | 2102102—5 |
| C Detlefsen | 1111101—6 | | |

Match at 5 birds for the birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Sittie | 01000—1 | A P Merrihew | 10111—4 |
| J Rathbone | 10011—3 | | |

## West End Rod and Gun Club.

THE West End Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot on Labor Day, on its Grove street grounds, in Newark, the results being as appended.

Club shoot at 20 bluerocks: J. Bock 15, C. Neigert 11, E. Astfalk 11, W. Betschick 10, J. Collenschlag 10, P. Bratsch 9, A. Freund 7, E. Womelsdorf 7, T. Freund 6, S. Hembauser 3.

At live birds, number killed and lost: H. Mahns 10, 1; J. Myers 8, 1; J. Gerst 7, 1; W. Bush 7, 4; Shepler 4, 0; H. Groel 4, 1; F. Hilfers 11, 2; W. Drastel 5, 2; R. Howard 2, 1.

Sweepstakes at 5 targets per man.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| K Meesel | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | J Myers | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | .. |
| H Groel | 2 | 2 | .. | 2 | .. | .. | F Heller | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. |
| W Knob | 3 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 2 | .. | J Weber | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. |
| H Mahns | 2 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | .. | Schepler | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. |
| J Gerst | 2 | 2 | .. | 4 | 2 | .. | J Jequin | .. | .. | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 |
| Mr Hilfers | .. | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 | L Scalling | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. |
| W Dratel | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | | | | | | | |

## The Fountain Gun Club.

SOME good scores were made by the members of the Fountain Gun Club, at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday, Sept. 7. It was the regular monthly meeting of the club for the best averages to count for the annual prizes. Ten members competed at 10 birds each, club handicap. "Wanda" did not shoot as well as usual, the three fast right-quartering incomers being too much for her to stop. In the sweepstake shoot that followed, Dr. Wynn, the veteran had a good race against R. Phister, Jr., the rising wing shot, the latter killing 17 straight and outshooting the doctor. The scores:

Shoot for best averages for the annual prizes, 10 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Wynn (28yds) | 1101111122— 9 | "Wanda" (28) | 1121000011— 6 |
| C Plate (25) | 0110122101— 7 | C Wingert (28) | 1111111111—10 |
| W Stewart (25) | 2112012112— 9 | R Graves (28) | 1001101000— 4 |
| J E Orr (25) | 2221111111—10 | R Phister, Jr (28) | 2111211112—10 |
| M Lindsley (28) | 2221022112— 9 | W Schumacher (25) | 2010212001— |

## Woodruff Wins the Bender Medal.

THE Central Gun Club, of Elizabeth, N. J., held a shoot at Gantzler's Grove on Labor Day, there being two 10 bird events on the programme, one for the club medal and the other for the Bender medal. The scores:

Club Shoot.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bauman | 0111111111—9 | Ems | 1111100011— |
| Anthes | 1111110111—9 | Slater | 1111100101— |
| Angel | 1111110011— 8 | | |

Bender Medal Match.

| | Tie. | | Tie. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Woodruff | 1111111111—10 | Dackerman | 1111111110— |
| Harkard | 1111111111—10 | Anthes | 1111110011— |
| LaMoot | 1111111110— 9 | Slater | 1111011110— |
| Cement | 0111111111— 9 | | |

## Shooting at Dexter Park.

A QUIET afternoon's sport was indulged in on Friday, Sept. 9, at Dexter Park, S. I., by some prominent Long Island officials and business men in shooting at a picked lot of birds. The following score will show the result of the shoot. The lowest man to pay for the birds: The score, 25 birds each: J. Schlieman 14, L. Eppig 17, A. Eppig 21, H. McLaughlin 13, T. Kerrigan 18, C. Engelbrecht 16.

Sweepstakes at 10 bluerocks. No. 1: L. Eppig 9, J. Schlieman 2, T. Kerrigan 3, A. Eppig 9, C. Englebrecht 7. No. 2, 5 birds: L. Eppig 4, J. Schlieman 1, A. Eppig 3, C. Engelbrecht 3.

## Match Shoot at Athens.

ATHENS, Pa., Sept. 1.—Following are the scores made here on Aug. 31 in a match between Will K. Park, of the Wilkesbarre Gun Co., who was spending a few days' vacation at his home in this place, and Wm. von Wolfradt, of Athens, who is one of the best live-bird shots in the county. The match was at 50 single bluerock targets, 3 traps, unknown angles, for $10 a side. Wolfradt shot a 16-gauge gun at 14yds. rise, and black powder. Park used a 12-gauge Wilkesbarre gun of cheap grade and stood at 16yds. rise, 3drs American wood powder and 1¼oz. No. 7½ chilled shot:

| | |
|---|---|
| W K Park | 1111111111111111111101111111110111111111111110111—47 |
| W von Wolfradt | 0111111111111011111101111111011111111111111111111—45 |

## The Acme Gun Club.

THE attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Acme Gun Club was very poor on Tuesday at Dexter Park, L. I. T. Short won the medal with a score of 12 out of 20. Several sweepstakes were shot off after the shoot, but the scores were poor. The scores were:

Club shoot for medal and best averages, 29 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Dethloff | 0011000110110010101—10 | C Menkel | 1010000001010010111 0 — 8 |
| T Short | 1111010000011111110—12 | J Rausch | 0001010010010010110— 7 |
| W Vorb'ch | 0100010000031110101— 8 | | |

## The Manhattan Gun Club.

THE regular shoot of the Manhattan Gun Club, at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Sept. 7, was poorly attended, only five being present to compete for the club medal. Three out of the five tied with 6 each, and as D. Monsees was a previous winner he could not shoot off in the tie. H. Bord won the trophy. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D Monsees (27) | 1012121—6 | L P Delfa (22) | 0222112—6 |
| F Lambrecht (22) | 0012210—4 | H Bord (22) | 1102211—6 |
| J A Hoffman (25) | 0010212—4 | | |

## Michigan Trap Shooters' League.

SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 9.—The tournament of the Michigan State Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the West Side Gun Club, was held in this city Sept. 6, 7 and 8 The members of the Gun Club got out an attractive programme with a fine prize list and made every preparation for a large attendance of visiting shooters, but the shooters came not, and why nobody knows. The Michigan League has a large membership, any club holding a tournament under the league management must according to the by-laws of the league, send a team to each subsequent tournament given by the league or forfeit the sum of $10 as a fine imposed. With the exception of Bay City, a neighboring town, which sent several shooters, there were barely any visitors except a few, and these few had the longest journey to make of all those who comprise the league. It seems strange that such should have been the case when Saginaw's hospitality is known almost the world around. Saginaw, Oshkosh and Kalamazoo, these three, not the three graces exactly, yet he who has not heard of them must be blind and deaf, and not of the Anglo-Saxon race. The greatest of these is Saginaw; 'tis here that Wm. B. Mershon, that prince of good fellows, resides in a home palatial. As a sportsman of the very first water he ranks almost alone in his class. Many, many times have the readers of FOREST AND STREAM been entertained with bright, newsy articles from his pen. It was his generous, kind, good nature that gave them this, for it takes care and time to write an article, and to find the time must have been a great inconvenience personally, as he has an even half thousand men in his employ. For 34 years from the day he first saw the light he lived a life of single blessedness, and then one day Billy (everybody calls him Billy) surprised his friends and everybody by bringing home a wife, a pretty wife. Now there is a fair-haired youngster who says he is "Little Billy," and talks of geese and ducks, of trout and grouse, of quail and snipe, of dogs and guns, just like his noble dad. We are drifting away from the shooting tournament, but just one word more. We were, through Mr. Mershon's courtesy, shown the famous car "Saginaw," of which the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have so often heard, and which in its varied travels with hunting and fishing parties has covered a distance sufficient to encircle twice this little ball we call the earth. The car is a model. It contains everything essential for a sportsman's comfort. Soon it will start with a jolly party, bound for the immense stubble fields of far-off Dakota in pursuit of ducks and geese, and we trust that FOREST AND STREAM will give an account of same.

*The First Day.*

Nobody here to-day except John Parker of Detroit and the local shooters. About noon J. R. Cotter, F. Meidlein, E. F. Flues and Mr. Williams, of Bay City, Mich., arrived. The shoot goes on just the same, although the club is losing money on its guaranteed purses, as they do not half fill. Parker wins first average to-day and Cotter wins the second average. Scores:

No. 1, 10 singles; entrance $1.30: Parker 10, Breck 9, Flues 6, Cotter 8 Herman 5, Keller 8, Lee 9.

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance $1.30: Parker 9, Breck 8, Lee 6, Keller 9, Flues 6, Cotter 7.

No. 3, 10 singles; entrance $1.30: Parker 8, Keller 5, Breck 9, Flues 8, Cotter 8.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.75: Breck 9, Parker 13, Flues 10, Cotter 13, Lee 11, Carpenter 10.

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance $2.60: Parker 16, Cotter 10, Lee 16, Flues 17, Meidlein 16, Breck 14, Herman 11, Williams 17.

No. 6, 15 targets, entrance $1.95: Williams 10, Flues 11, Parker 13, Meidlein 11, Lee 12, Breck 9, Cotter 13, Carpenter 8, Herman 9, Delonjay 10

No. 7, 25 targets, merchandise, entrance, price of targets:

| | |
|---|---|
| Parker | 1111111011110111111111111—22 |
| Brick | 1111110111010110111111111—21 |
| Carpenter | 1111101011010111011011111—20 |
| Herman | 1010110101101011010011101—15 |
| Cone | 1100100010101001001001000—10 |
| Williams | 1111111011011111111111111—21 |
| Bauer | 1011000001010110010010010—10 |
| Kellar | 1110111010111011101101111—19 |
| Krogman | 1001001000110100001100111—10 |
| Zschoener | 1011101001011100101001101—14 |
| Lee | 0010001001111101011101000—12 |
| Cotter | 1011101111111111111111111—23 |
| Weider | 1000010010010001000000000— 5 |
| Meidlein | 1100111111011111011111000—18 |
| Flues | 0110111010110111011101111—19 |
| Schoemberg | 0010111011111111111001111—18 |
| Delongjay | 0011111000011101111111111—18 |
| Bowden | 1111011100011001111111100—17 |

No. 8, 20 singles, $2.60 entrance, guaranteed purse $50:

| | |
|---|---|
| Flues | 1110001111111010111—14 |
| Meidlein | 1111111111111111010—18 |
| Breck | 1111110101111001111—16 |
| Parker | 1111111111111111111—19 |
| Cotter | 1111111110110111011—17 |
| Lee | 1111101101101111101—15 |
| Carpenter | 0111100101101100110111—13 |

Williams, 1111111111111111111—20
Bowden, 1101111111111111111—19
Bauer, 0110000101111100001—10
Schomb'g 0001010111011011011—12
Delongjay 0010101011011111011—13
Herman, 1001010110111110110—13
Zschoener 1000011111110111101—14

First, Williams, $10; second, Bowden and Parker, $10; third, Meidlein, $10; fourth, Cotter, $5; fifth, Breck, $5; sixth, Lee, $5; seventh, Zschoener, $5.

No. 9, 10 targets, entrance $1 30: Parker 8, Cotter 10, Williams 11, Delongjay 7, Flues 7, Meidlein 8, Breck 9, Bonden 8.

No. 10, 15 targets, entrance $1.95: Williams 12, Cotter 10, Breck 10, Parker 14, Meidlein 13, Bowden 13.

No. 11, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Parker 8, Bowden 8, Schoemberg 6, Cotter 9, Flues 7, Breck 8, Williams 8.

Extra sweep, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Cotter 7, Parker 10, Carpenter 6, Breck 8, Flues 5, Williams 7, Schoemberg 6, Bowden 8.

*The Second Day.*

The only fresh shooters to arrive this morning was Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, and Bert Robinson, of Flint. The programme today was again carried out in full. Parker again wins first average, and Williams, of Bay City, the second average. There was to have been a business meeting of the league to-night, but there is nobody here to meet. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Williams 10, Turner 9, Cotter 6, Bastian 8, Held 6, Parker 9, Herman 7, Bush 7, Flues 9, Lee 8, Bonden 6.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Williams 9, Flues 8, Parker 8, Turner 7, Bang 7, Herman 7 Lee 8, Cotter 8, Bonden 8.

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance $1.95: Williams 9, Bonden 13, Flues 11, Cotter 12, Lee 11, Parker 14, Bang 9 Turner 14.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.95: Parker 12, Turner 8, Bonden 8, Williams 14, Flues 14, Kellar 15, Cotter 13, Carpenter 13, Herman 12, Held 8, Bastian 8, Merrill 6, Lee 11, Delonjay 12, Robinson 11.

No. 5, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Kellar 9, Williams 9, Flues 10, Parker 9, Bang 9, Merrill 6, Carpenter 9, Ward 5, Bastian 6, Cotter 8, Lee 8, Bonden 6, Brick 8, Flading 6.

No. 6, 15 targets, entrance $1.95: Flues 10, Parker 13, Williams 12, Carpenter 14. Merrill 9, Cotter 12, Bastian 10, Held 8.

No. 7, 15 targets, entrance $1.95: Carpenter 14, Parker 12, Williams 11, Flues 13, Bastian 8, Krogman 9. Merrill 8, Cotter 12, Herman 8, Schoenberg 5, Keller 13, Held 11.

Twenty targets, entrance $2 60, $50 guaranteed:

| | |
|---|---|
| Turner | 1110101100110001111—13 |
| Merrill | 1101010110110111011000—12 |
| Carpenter | 1111111111111111011—19 |
| Zschoener | 1100001110101100011—11 |
| Williams | 1111111101111111011—18 |
| Herman | 1111101001100001100—12 |
| Parker | 1111111101110111110—17 |
| Kellar | 1110101001100111010—12 |
| Lee | 1111110101011111001—16 |
| Flues | 1101111011011100111—16 |
| Cotter | 1011111111111111111—18 |
| Bastian | 1010110101111110101—14 |

Bonden, 10101101101011111115
Beach, 11011110111111111017
Breck, 11111100011111110105
Zchoener, 11110110011001000010
Robinson, 11111111101101100117
Held, 11011111000110000010
Delonjay, 11110101011011111—15
S'hoemb'g1101101001111011014
Meacham 00111001101101000111—12
Briggs, 01100000000101000001— 6
Bang, 10101101111101110111—15

Shoot for $50 purse, 20 targets: Carpenter 15, Parker 19, Cotter 20, Turner 15, Flues 14, Williams 18, Merrill 9, Buck 14, Bastian 17, Lee 16, Beach 19, Meacham 6, Bonden 18, C Zschoener 17, Bing 13, Kellar 19, Herman 14, Schoeneberg 15, H. Zschoener 11.

Merchandise shoot, 25 targets, entrance, price of targets: Parker 23, Work 17, Turner 18, Kellar 16, Williams 22, Bang 17, Carpenter 20, Cone 15, Herman 21, Bastian 15, Merrill 13, Held 9, Breck 18 Delonjay 18, Robinson 21, Flues 19, H. Zschoener 19, Cotter 19, Weider 11, Flading 11, Bonden 18, Lee 21, Beach 21, C. Zschoener 15, Schoeneberg 18.

F. C. Marantette, W. W. Marantette, L. E. Marantette and C. H. Marantette from Mendon, 200 miles away, are here. It was a long journey to make for one day's shoot, but they won the "League Trophy," and consequently are satisfied. C. H. Marantette wins first average and Parker the second average to-day.

*The Third Day.*

Fifteen targets: Williams 12, Carpenter 11, McGregor 15, Parker 12, Herman 12, Bonden 15, Beach 13, Krogman 10, F. Marantette 11, C. Marantette 14, Delonjay 7, Breck 8.

Merchandise race, 30 targets: Bastian 27, W. W. Marantette 22, McGregor 26, Bush 23, Beach 23, Herrig 18, Held 25, Brown 15, Welder 13, Fahmer 20, Nicholson 20, Eggers 5, Kellar 26, Bremer, 18, Flues 17, Breck 19, L. Marantette 22, F. Marantette 21, Wm. Brown 15, Curtis 14, C. Zschoener 14, H. Zschoener 13, Vogt 12, Kreiman 19, Krogman 17, Schoeneberg 24, North 12, Williams 25, Parker 28, Cotter 24, C. Brown 22, Krapp 16 Carpenter 23, Meidlein 27, Bonden 27, Herman 23, Delonjay 18, Cone 18, C. Marantette 23. The prizes were contributed by the citizens in all merchandise events.

Shoot for $50 purse, entrance $2.60, 20 targets: McGregor 20, Bouden 18, Parker 17, Williams 16, Beach 16, Herman 17, Buck 12, Krogman 13. C. Marantette 18, C. Brown 16, Cotter 15, Flues 13, F. Marantette 17, Kellar 17, Meidlein 18, H. Zschoner 10, Bastian 17, W. W. Marantette 17 Nicholson 14, C. Zschoner 13, L. Marantette 12, Held 14. Krapp 13, Bauer 10, Brown 9, Bang 13.

First average for day C. Marantette, second Parker.

Shoot for $50 purse, 20 targets, entrance $2.60: Carpenter 16, Parker 19, Bouden 17, Cotter 17, Flues 17, Williams 17, F. C. Marantette 13, Meidlein 16, C. Marantette 18, L. E. Marantette 12, Herman 15, Krepp 5, W. Marantette 16, Buck 14, Delonjay 13, Bastian 13, Robinson 19, Kellar 13, H. Zschorner 10, Brown 18, Curtis 14, Bang 16.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Parker 6, Meidlein 7, Herman 6, Bang 7, F. C. Marantette 8, Bowden 8, Bastian 9, L. Marantette 6, Breck 6, Held 6, Brown 7.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1.30. Exoerts: Williams 9, Flues 7, C. Marantette 8, F. C. Marantette 9, Bastian 7. Semi-experts: Bowden 9. Amateur: Parker 10 Cotter 7. Meidlein 5, Bang 8, Brown 7, Held 7, L. E. Marantette 3, Keller 10.

Medal race, 25 targets: Parker 20, Williams 23, Keller 19, McGregor 21, Cotter 25, Carpenter 23, F. C. Marantette 24, seven other shooters withdrew.

Team race for League trophy:

| Mendon Team. | | Saginaw Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F C Marantette | 25 | Carpenter | 22 |
| W W Marantette | 22 | Keller | 21 |
| C H Marantette | 21—68 | McGregor | 24—67 |
| Bay City Team | | Saginaw No. 2. | |
| Cotter | 21 | Breck | 20 |
| Williams | 20 | Bonden | 22 |
| Flues | 16—57 | Herman | 18—60 |

## Labor Day at Maplewood.

THE following is the result of the shooting at the tournament of the Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club on Labor Day:

No. 1, 10 targets: Van Iderstine 7, Hedden 5, Jackson 9, W. Smith 8, Fisher 3, Drake 8, Reeve 8.

No. 2 15 singles: Hedden 11, W. Smith 14, Van Iderstine 12, Drake 13, Jackson 7, Reeve 12.

No. 3, 15 singles: W. Smith 13, Hedden 12, Van Iderstine 11, Reeve 10, Drake 13, Dr. Fisher 9.

No. 4. 10 singles: Hedden 8, Reeve 5, Fisher 7, Drake 8, Van Iderstine 6, W. Smith 9.

No. 5 10 singles: W. Smith 9, Van Iderstine 8, Hedden 10, Reeve 8, Jackson 5, Fisher 4, Drake 9, Dr. Fisher 5.

No. 6, team match, 6 men, 25 singles per man:

| | Team No. 1. |
|---|---|
| Hedden | 1011001011110101110110011—16 |
| W Smith | 1110111110111011111111110 21 |
| C Dean | 1011111111110000011110010—16 |
| J L Smith | 1110111111110010111100001—19 |
| Reeve | 1110011111010101010101100—14 |
| Drake | 1111111111001111111111—23—109 |
| | Team No. 2 |
| Collins | 1001111011111101101011110—18 |
| Parry | 1111111110111111110001101—20 |
| Jackson | 1010011101111100001010100—14 |
| Eager | 1111100111000110110110111—17 |
| Williamson | 1110111010101111101110011—18 |
| Van Iderstine | 0111111100111111111111—22—109 |

No. 7, two-man team match, 15 singles per man:

| | |
|---|---|
| W Smith | 111101111111 Drake 110011111111110 |
| J L Smith | 111111111101111—28 C Dean 111110011110111—24 |
| Parry | 111111000101010 Sickley 111110010101101 |
| Hedden | 001111110010—18 Miller 111101111111110—23 |

No. 8, 10 singles, 50 cents: Drake 10, Van Ider 7, Fisher 5, C. Dean 7, Eager 7, Parry 7. Youmans 7. Collins 5, W. Smith 10.

No. 9, 10 singles. 75 cents: Drake 7, C. Dean 8, Van Ider 6, Youmans 8, Collins 9, W. Smith 9, Eager 8, Fisher 6, J. L. Smith 9, Parry 9, Reeve 7.

No. 10, 15 singles. $1: Hedden 11, W. Smith 15, C. Dean 9, Van Ider 9, Fisher 8. Reeve 6, J. S. Smith 13, Collins 13, Youmans 12, Parry 9, Eager 7, Drake 14.

No. 11, 15 singles: W. Smith 13, J. L. Smith 12, Van Ider 9, Hedden 13, Drake 14, C. Dean 10, Parry 10, Yeomans 11, Collins 7, Williamson 12, Dr. Fisher 13, Jackson 11.

No. 12, 10 singles: W. Smith 9, C. Dean 6, Eager 6 Van Ider 6, Reeves 5, Drake 8, Jackson 8, J. L. Smith 8, Hedden 10, Dr. Fisher 6, Yeoman 5, Collins 8, Parry 6, Williamson 9.

No. 13, 10 singles: W. Smith 8. Hedden 8, J. L. Smith 10, Van Ider 9, Yeomans 9. Dr. Fisher 8, Jackson 6, C. Dean 8, Drake 10. Collins 7, E. D. Miller 7, Eager 6.

No. 14, 10 singles: W. Smith 8, Fisher 7, Reeve 7, Van Ider 8, Yeomans 9, Hedden 10, C. Dean 9, Jackson 7, J. L Smith 5, Drake Miller 10, Parry 9.

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, 50 cents: Hedden 8, W. Smith 6, Drake 9, Jackson 7, Reeves 9, Dr. Fisher 5.

No. 2, 15 singles, 50 cents: Hedden 7, W. Smith 6, Drake 8, Fisher 2, Jackson 5. Reeves 5.

No. 3, 75 cents: Hedden 8, J. L. Smith 9, Drake 9, Yeomans 5, Sickley 8, Fisher 7, Miller 10, Connor 6, D. Connor 6, W. Smith 10, Collins 8, Dean 10.

No. 4, 10 singles: Sickley 10, Dean 7, Fischer 7, D. Connor 6, Van Ider 5, J. L. Smith 8, Hedden 9, W. Smith 8, Miller 10, Connor 8, Drake 9, Reeve 7.

No. 5, 10 singles, 75 cents: Sickley 10, Fischer 5, Reeve 9, D. Connor 9, Egger 4, J. L. Smith 6 W. Smith 8, Miller 10, J. Connor 8, Van Ider 6, Drake 7, Hedden 8.

## Wilkesbarre.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 4.—Following are the scores made at the practice shoot on the Wilkesbarre Gun Co.'s grounds on the 3d. The attendance is increasing each week and shows the growing popularity of this sport. Some of the amateurs are beginning to show an improvement:

Score at 10 single bluerocks, known angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E H K | 0100111111—7 | Dr Butler | 0101110011—5 |
| Evens | 0011101111—7 | Edwards | 0010010101—4 |
| Ash | 1111000011—7 | Barnes | 0101100001—4 |
| Crone | 0011101011—6 | Ricketts | 0010100011—4 |
| Park | 1001111001—6 | Kane | 0010000110—3 |
| Snyder | 1100110011—6 | E Butler | 0100100010—2 |
| Harris | 0110101110—6 | Arnold | 0010010000—2 |

Second match, 10 singles, unknown angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E H K | 1101111111—7 | E Butler | 0001010011—4 |
| Barnes | 0010111111—7 | Caffery | 0011001001—4 |
| Park | 1101111100—7 | Evans | 0010100010—3 |
| Harris | 1110111001—7 | Kane | 0100001100—3 |
| Ash | 1010111110—7 | Snyder | 0000101100—3 |
| Crone | 0101100111—6 | K Arnold | 0001000101—3 |
| Edwards | 1010001101—5 | William | 0001000010—2 |
| Dr Butler | 1001001010—4 | Gilligan | 1000000000—1 |
| Ricketts | 0000110110—4 | | |

Third match, 10 singles, known angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E Butler | 1101011111—8 | Ricketts | 1001101011—6 |
| Harris | 1111011011—8 | Ash | 1110011100—6 |
| Evans | 1001101111—7 | Dr Butler | 1101000100—4 |
| Edwards | 1110111100—7 | William | 1111000000—4 |
| Kane | 1010111101—7 | Caffery | 1100101001—5 |
| Gilligan | 0001101111—7 | | |

*Sept. 11.*—Following are the scores made Sept. 10. The crowd was not as large as usual, but those who attended thoroughly enjoyed themselves, as the day was a perfect one for trap-shooting. Although the shooters came from different parts of the city, all used Wilkes-Barr guns and American wood powder, with the exception of one man.

First match, 25 single bluerocks, known angles: E. H. K. 21, W. K. Park 20, R. Crone 20, E. Roth 19, Burdick 13, M. Brown 13, Wm. Jones 12, Cyclone 11, Griffith 6.

Second match, 25 bluerocks: E. H. Kniskern 25, W. K. Park 20, R. Crone 19, E. Roth 18, W. Jones 15, Cyclone 13, W. Brown 13.

## New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

THE weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club for the gold and silver medals at 20 Keystone targets, took place on Saturday, Sept. 10, at Woodlawn Park, L. I. D. Dearon, C. W. Wingert and A. A. Hegeman tied for the first with 15 each. C. Wingert was awarded the trophy as the two others were previous winners. In the sweepstake shoot that followed C. Wingert and R. R. Street divided first, and D. Blauvelt took second.

Club shoot for gold and silver medals:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Deacon | 0101110001111101111—15 | Wingert | 1001111110101011111—15 |
| Sykes | 0010001110001010000— 6 | Wynn | 0110101000011010010— 8 |
| Street | 1100110001111111010—13 | Hekman | 1110111110110101101—15 |
| Blauvelt | 0100101011111110001111—12 | | |

## Garfield, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Garfield Gun Club still preserves the even tenor of its way and a very successful season is drawing to a close, only few more shoots remaining. There will be some close finishes for the honor of possession of the class medals. The attendance at all shoots has been larger than ever before and the average percentage of marksmanship has been a marked improvement over the past. One very noticeable change has been in the gradual substitution of nitro powders in place of black powder, till not over 5 per cent. of the shooters use black powder.

The boys are dropping away one by one on their fall vacations, but it seems to make but little difference in the attendance, the cooler weather bringing out those who cannot endure the torrid summer sun. There are two or three individual matches talked of among the boys, but I do not know what will come of them yet. That is the way it goes; some one makes a good score and straightaway he dreams he is a world beater and "has it down fine," only to drop back to mediocrity the next week. Below are the scores of our medal shoot and some sweepstake shooting:

Medal shoot, at 20 U. S, pigeons, 5 traps, known angles, rapid firing:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| "Cop" | 0101101111111111111—17 | Bortree | 0011101101111100110—13 |
| Young | 1111111101111111011—13 | W Palmer | 0000111011101010101—11 |
| Brown | 0011111011110111101—15 | Bowers | 1111111111111111111—20 |
| Eseman | 1111010010100010000— 7 | S Palmer | 0100111100100101001—10 |
| Hodson | 1111010101010100100—11 | Northcott | 0100100111000001110— 8 |
| Crurer | 0*0101100110101001001— 9 | Stevenson | 0111100110101011001—11 |
| Hicks | 1110101111111110110—16 | Ackerm'n | 0011100100011001111100—10 |
| Tefft | 1111111011010111011—17 | Steck | 1111011111111011111—18 |
| Baird | 1110011100110111110—14 | Drake | 1100001000101001101— 9 |
| Richards | 1011111110011011011—15 | O'Neil | 0111101101111111101—16 |
| Campbell | 1001110101101111000—12 | | |

Bowers won class A medal, Young won class B and Stevenson won class C.

No. 2, 10 single targets, known angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tefft | 1111011111—9 | Baird | 0001111001— 5 |
| Cop | 1111111111—10 | O'Neill | 0100111101— 6 |
| Eseman | 1000000000— 1 | Hodson | 1001011111— 7 |
| Sidway | 1100010011— 5 | Young | 0010011111— 6 |
| W Palmer | 1101111113— 9 | S Palmer | 1110101011— 7 |
| Drake | 0010111010— 5 | Stevenson | 1001111001— 6 |
| Hicks | 1001111110— 7 | Ackerman | 1001110000— 4 |
| Brown | 1111011110— 8 | Richards | 0111111110— 8 |
| Northcott | 0101110010— 5 | Campbell | 0110001110— 5 |

No. 3, 15 U. S. pigeons, unknown angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tefft | 111101101110011—11 | Cruer | 0000010000000000— 2 |
| Cop | 1110111011100011—11 | O'Neil | 0111101101101001—10 |
| Eseman | 1000100000000100— 3 | Steck | 1001111111111111—13 |
| Sidway | 1000100111100011— 8 | Young | 1000101111000100— 6 |
| W Palmer | 1010001101101100— 8 | S Palmer | 1100010101010111— 9 |
| Campbell | 0101111010101011—10 | Stevenson | 1001010101010000— 6 |
| Hicks | 1101101111010101—11 | Ackerman | 1101110010000111— 9 |
| Drake | 0111000010010100—10 | Richards | 1101111111101110—12 |
| Bowers | 0101000010111111— 8 | Brown | 0111100111111111—12 |

G. H. B.

## The Utah Championship.

OGDEN, Utah, Sept. 3.—A. J. Dermody, of this city, won the championship medal of Utah for the second time on Aug. 28, defeating M. B. Brown, of Salt Lake City. The medal was put up by Browning Bros., one of the largest dealers in sporting goods west of Chicago. The conditions were 40 singles and 10 pairs of bluerock targets, 5 unknown traps:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dermody | 1111010101111101111101111111111—34 |
| | 11 10 10 11 00 11 00 11 11 10 —13—47 |
| Brown | 0011110011101010011011111011111111—29 |
| | 11 11 11 00 11 11 10 11 01 10—15—44 |

Sweepstake at 10 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brewer | 1111110101— 8 | M Browning | 1111111111—10 |
| S Browning | 0101110101— 6 | Johnson | 0111101011— 7 |
| Price | 0100111000— 4 | Ensign | 1111011110 — 8 |
| Wright | 0011011111— 7 | Brown | 1111011111— 9 |
| Dermody | 1111011111— 9 | Shumacher | 1110100010— 6 |
| Twiford | 0111101111— 8 | E Browning | 1111110111— 9 |
| J Browning | 1111111111—10 | Robb | 1000101111— 6 |

Sweep No. 2, 10 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brewer | 1110111111— 9 | S Browning | 0111111101 — 8 |
| Twiford | 1111111111— 8 | M Browning | 1111111111—10 |
| Wright | 0111111111— 9 | Johnson | 1111011111 — 9 |
| Dermody | 1111110111— 9 | Ensign | 1111111111—10 |
| J Browning | 1111111111—10 | | |

Sweep 3, 10 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brewer | 0100111111— 7 | M Browning | 0100011111— 6 |
| Twiford | 1111111111—10 | Johnson | 1111110111— 9 |
| Wright | 1111101110— 8 | Ensign | 1111100110— 7 |
| Dermody | 1111111111—10 | Robb | 1110010101— 6 |
| J Browning | 1111111111—10 | Robinson | 0100001001— 3 |
| S Browning | 1111111111—10 | McCloud | 0010111010— 5 |

Sweep 4, 6 singles, 2 pair:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brewer | 101111—5 10 10—7 | S Browning | 111111—6 10 10—8 |
| Twiford | 110111—5 10 11—8 | M Browning | 101111—5 01 10—7 |
| Dermody | 111111—6 10 11—9 | Johnson | 111111—6 11 10—9 |
| J Browning | 110110—4 00 11—6 | | |

On Sept. 1 three members of the Ogden Gun Club shot the following score, 40 singles, 5 unknown traps. 10 pair:

| | |
|---|---|
| Brewer | 1011100101111111111011101111111111100—30 |
| | 10 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 10 10 10—13—43 |
| Dermody | 0101111111111101101111111111111111111—36 |
| | 10 11 00 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—17—53 |
| J Browning | 1110111111111101101001011110111000—30 |
| | 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 10 10 10—16—46 |

W. DERMODY, Club Sec'y.

## Highland vs. Northwestern.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3 —I send you scores of the shoot held at Highland Park Gun Club grounds. This club has reorganized and is now one of our strong clubs. This shoot was a friendly contest between the Highland Park Club and the Northwestern Gun Club of Avondale. This style of shooting is becoming popular in and around Chicago and is helping to increase the attendance and membership. Match shoot No. 2:

| Highland Park Team. | | Northwestern Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Ellis | 0111111111101101101—16 | Jefferson | 1111000111110110*001—13 |
| Edwards | 1001110101101111111—14 | Shrigley | 1001111101101111111—17 |
| La Garr | 1111101101111011110—16 | Kimball | 0110111011110111110—14 |
| Gastfield | 1011110101011111101111—16 | Stewart | 0011001011111111111—14 |
| | 62 | | 58 |

No. 3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Grubbs | 1010011010—5 | Day | 1011011111—8 |
| W Edwards | 1011101001—6 | Gastfield | 0110101100—5 |
| Greenslade | 1101110010—7 | Woodworth | 1111000011—6 |
| J Ellis | 0110001101—5 | Perry | 0000011001—3 |
| Shrigley | 0101111111—8 | Hesler | 1111011111—9 |
| J Jefferson | 1001110111—7 | LaGarr | 1111100100—6 |
| Hawkins | 1001100100—4 | Ros nburg | 0001000001—2 |
| Stewart | 1001011111—7 | Happ | 1011000101—5 |
| Kimbell | 0111111010—7 | J J Hesler | 0100111011—6 |
| Stevens | 1001011011—6 | Hinman | 0000000010—0 |
| F Ellis | 0010110011—5 | Nicols | 1100000000—2 |

No. 4:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Grubbs | 1110101111—8 | Stevens | 1100100111— 6 |
| Edwards | 1111101111— 9 | Gastfield | 1110110101— 7 |
| Greenslade | 1110111111— 8 | Berry | 1110100001— 6 |
| J Ellis | 1111001011— 7 | Cushing | 1010001010— 5 |
| Schisely | 1111111111—10 | Hestler | 1111101111— 8 |
| J Jefferson | 1101011111— 8 | LaGarr | 1111111111—10 |
| Hawkins | 1000101011— 5 | Rosenburg | 1100110001— 6 |
| Smart | 1101111001— 7 | Happ | 1101111010— 7 |
| Kimbell | 1111110110— 8 | J S Hester | 1111011101— 8 |
| F Ellis | 1010101000 — 4 | Hinman | 0000000000— 0 |
| Day | 1100101111— 7 | Nicols | 0100000010— 2 |

## Newark Gun Club's Monthly.

BELOW are the scores of the members of the Newark Gun Club made at John Erb's on Sept. 8

Club shoot, 10 live birds per man, $5 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 1111211221—10 | Leddy | 2111201110—8 |
| Schrafft | 1111221111—10 | Hoath | 2022011110—7 |
| Lindsley | 1020220111— 7 | Hedden | 1221122120—9 |
| Hollis | 0112111221— 9 | | |

Sweepstakes Nos. 1 and 2 at 4 birds, $3 entry; No. 3 at 10 birds, $10; No. 4 at 5 birds, $5:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4 | Tie. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 1112—4 | 1112—4 | 2111111221—10 | 11220—4 | |
| Schrafft | 2101—3 | 1211—4 | 1112111212—10 | 11221—5 | |
| Lindsley | 2221—4 | 2121—4 | 2211110222— 9 | 1200*—3 | w. |
| Hollis | 1121—4 | 1110—3 | 1011111111— 9 | 01102—3 | 1121 |
| Leddy | | 2020—2 | | | |
| Heath | | | 2110101111— 8 | 12030—3 | 1110 |
| Hedden | | | 2121121112—10 | 11122—5 | |

## Central Illinois Fourteenth Annual.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Sept. 8.—This year is the fourteenth milestone in the history of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association, and to-day is the last of the three days' tournament which marks the annual meeting. The "convention" is really only a meeting for the election of officers. Nothing is done in the way of game protection, and trap shooting is the only working purpose of the body, which exists for the convenience of shooters who cannot always conveniently attend the big June tournaments of the Illinois State Association in the northern part of the wide realm of Illinois. The attendance from neighboring towns was fair, though some towns, such as Jerseyville, did not send the expected contingent. The Crosby family, of O'Fallon, was well represented, the father of the family, Mr. George Crosby, being on hand with two sons, the well-known Billy "Westfield" Crosby and a younger brother. That slender but incisive youth, Billy Duer, was on hand in every shoot, though Chauncey Powers was absent, for a wonder. Mr. G. W. Rexroat, of Virginia, added to his growing reputation as a combination shooter by going through all the association and extra shoots in the front rank, and winning the association average prize, an $80 hammerless.

The strong local men, Stice, Strawn, Scott, Johnson and others, kept things very lively at the score when they were around, and were hot company, of course, for any class. The scores do not show very high records for any shooters, but this is largely accounted for by the fact that the grounds are not fast at all, lying a bit up grade as they do, and with a puzzling cross light. Only 5 traps were used, bluerocks, with Paul North electric pull, and the angles were known in nearly all shoots. It did no good, sometimes, to know which way the No. 5 left-quarterer was going, for it was a very fast and difficult bird, and responsible for far more than one-fifth of the misses.

The grounds at Jacksonville are well located, at an easy ride by electric car down a wide and very pleasant street. The little city itself is very clean and sightly, and there are many worse places to attend a shoot or pass a day. Arrangements at the grounds were all that could be asked, and a very good lunch was served by a colored gentleman in an open tent. Good weather favored the enterprise until the last day, this morning being so wet that no shooting of consequence was done until afternoon. The shooting closed with the most interesting event of the tournament, a fifty-bird sweep between Messrs. Heikes, Scott, Dick, "White" (Duer) and Strawn. This was watched closely and afforded some entertainment. It would seem that more long events like this would save time and be better and more desirable than these interminable and monotonous little ten-bird target sweeps.

There were no live birds shot this year at all, the management having lost money on birds last year, and it being difficult to get good ones now.

Veteran Jim Steel seems to be doing well in the mercantile business, and his tobacco store and hall make the headquarters for local shooters. Jim has not changed a hair in the last five years, except to grow a little smoother, and if possible more dignified. He could not get out to shoot very much, but apparently enjoyed it as much as ever when he was looking over his Parker barrels.

Rolla Heikes was the only shooter down from Chicago, and was loser on the shoot, a severe cold stiffening him up so he hardly went his gait. Rolla had the misfortune to have his pocket picked on the train going down and lost quite a sum of money.

Big Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, left his handwriting on the wall for two days, but left at noon to-day to attend to some of his Mavoring business at home.

The Association secretary, Mr. J. B. Johnson, is to be complimented upon the prompt and convenient system used in keeping up the records, and upon his success as a manager. He and Billy Duer, the treasurer, ran the window in very satisfactory fashion indeed. Personally I wish that all tournament managements were as good. Such treatment permits one to come away with a naturally sweet disposition quite unruffled. These two men were rightly re-elected.

At the convention the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Geo. Crosby, of O'Fallon; Vice-President, Mr. Thomas Marshall, of Keithsburg; Secretary, Mr. J. B. Johnson, of Jacksonville; Treasurer, Mr. W. S. Duer, of Jacksonville. The executive and other committees will be appointed by the president later. Jacksonville was selected as the place for next year's tournament.

The following are the scores as shot:

*Tuesday First Day, Sept. 6.*

No. 1, open, 10 bluerocks, $1: Taylor 8, Ransom 9, Rex 8, White 9, St. Clair 9, Harding 8, Scott 8, Wernecke 6, Dick 10, Ennis 4, Johnson 8, Westfield 10, Strawn 10, G. Crosby 8, Wright 3, Gilbert 7.

No. 3, open, 15 bluerocks, $2.50: Taylor 15, St. Clair 14, Heikes 12, Harding 14, Strawn 13, Sanders 14, Scott 13, Dick 11, Westfield 10, Gilbert 13, Johnson 11, Rex 15, Ransom 9, Wernecke 12, White 13, Hawks 12.

No. 5, open, 20 bluerocks, $3: Heikes 18, Scott 17, Wernecke 11, St. Clair 17, Westfield 18, Taylor 14, White 14, Sanders 16, Dick 12, Rex 19, Strawn 18, Ransom 15.

Extra, 15 bluerocks, $2: Stice 13, Taylor 12, Westfield 14, Heikes 14, Gilbert 11, Todd 13, Hawkes 13, Harding 13, Strawn 18, Sargent 13, Dinsmore 7, Scott 12, White 12, Tremblett 9, J. Duer 13, St. Clair 13, Wernecke 9, Sanders 11, Johnson 7, Ransom 8, Dick 10, Rex 14.

Extra, 15 bluerocks, $2: Stice 15, Harding 10, Taylor 12, Westfield 15, Heikes 12, St. Clair 12, Wernecke 4, Gilbert 10, Hawks 11, Dick 9, Scott 13, Strawn 13, Sargent 10, Todd 10, Rex 14, White 9, J. Duer 10, Johnson 9, Sanders 11.

Extra, 15 bluerocks, $2: Heikes 12, Taylor 12, Dick 13, Westfield 13, Stice 14, Strawn 14, Scott 12, Sargent 12, Rex 14, White 13, Dinsmore 11, Gilbert 12, Harding 11, St. Clair 14, Marshall 7.

Extra, 15 bluerocks, $2: Heikes 14, Westfield 14, Taylor 15, Marshall 11, Scott 13, Rex 13, Sargent 10, Dick 10, White 12, St. Clair 10, Gilbert 9.

Extra, 10 bluerocks, $1: Rex 10, Scott 8, Heikes 8, Westfield 8, Crosby 7, Taylor 8, Marshall 9, Dick 4, Wernecke 7, Dinsmore 7.

Extra, 10 bluerocks, $1: Scott 7, Crosby 5, Strawn 10, Westfield 8, Taylor 8, Wernecke 8, Ransom 8, Rex 9, White 10, St. Clair 9, Dick 8, Wright 5, Johnson 6.

No. 2, Association, 12 bluerocks, $2: Strawn 9, Dick 7, Ransom 11, Taylor 9, Scott 9, Westfield 12, Gilbert 9, Crosby 8, Rex 10, White 9, St. Clair 10, Harding 10, Johnson 9.

No. 4, Association, 15 bluerocks, $2: Ransom 12, Westfield 13, Scott 13, Harding 14, St. Clair 13, Hawks 12, Taylor 14, Gilbert 13, Todd 13, Dick 9, Sanders 12, White 15, Strawn 15.

No. 6, association, 12 bluerocks, $2: Westfield 11, Scott 11, Gilbert 9, Todd 11, Hawk 9, Spink 8, Harding 12, St. Clair 9, Heikes 10, Dick 11, R. Duer 10, Rex 12, Taylor 11, Crosby, 8, Johnson 6, Strawn 10.

No. 7, open, 10 bluerocks, unknown angles, $1.50, $10 added: Scott 5, Todd 7, St. Clair 6, Gilbert 5, Hawk 7, Sanders 5, Wernecke 4, Dick 4, Ransom 7, Harding 6, Taylor 8, White 5, Spink 6, Heikes 9, Westfield 7, Crosby 6, Rex 9, Johnson 8, Strawn 7, Stice 7, Tremblett 6.

No. 8, association, 5 pairs bluerocks, $1.50: Stice 7, Todd 6, Dick 5, Rex 10, St. Clair 7, Hawk 7, Scott 8, Taylor 7, Heikes 9, Westfield 8, Sanders 5, Crosby 4, Ransom 8, Strawn 4, Spink 4, White 6, Johnson 5, O. B. Still 0.

*Wednesday, Second Day, Sept. 7.*

Extra, 10 bluerocks, $1: Taylor 9, Dick 7, Marshall 9, Scott 9, Rex 9, Strawn 9, St. Clair 7, Westfield 9, Gilbert 8, Harding 8, White 10, Heikes 7, Crosby 5, Johnson 4.

No. 9, open, 10 singles and 3 pairs, $3: Marshall 10, Taylor 9, Westfield 13, Heikes 12, Rex 13, White 14, Dick 13, Scott 13, St. Clair 12.

No. 11, open, 15 bluerocks, $2.50: Taylor 14, Scott 11, Marshall 11, Westfield 11, Dick 13, Rex 13, Strawn 12, Harding 11, Heikes 11, White 14, Gilbert 9, St. Clair 13.

No. 13, open, 15 bluerocks, $2: Rex 15, Marshall 13, Westfield 11, Heikes 12, Dick 11, Taylor 12, St. Clair 12, Scott 15, Strawn 13, White 14, Harding 11.

No. 14, association, 10 bluerocks, known trap, unknown angles: St. Clair 9, Marshall 7, Heikes 9, Westfield 6, Dick 4, Rex 8, Taylor 10, Scott 7, Strawn 4, Gilbert 8, White 5.

No. 15, open, 15 bluerocks, $1.50: Westfield 12, Marshall 10, Rex 11, Gilbert 11, Harding 9, Taylor 10, Strawn 11, White 12, Dick 10, Coe 7, St. Clair 11, Stice 9, Heikes 10, Scott 9, Johnson 6, Crosby 8, Graves 4, Wernecke 7.

No. 16, Association, 10 singles, $1: Strawn 9, Westfield 6, White 8, Taylor 9, R. Duer 9, Vertress 3, Stice 7, Gilbert 8, Heikes 7, Coe 10, Scott 9, St. Clair 9, Harding 6, Wernecke 7, Dick 10, Marshall 10, Rex 9, Groves 7, Hines 9, Crosby 5.

Extra, 15 bluerocks, $2: Marshall 15, Rex 14, Westfield 14, Heikes 14, Harding 11, Taylor 8, Scott 13, Stice 14, Duer 13, Coe 11, Dick 12 Gilbert 11, Strawn 13, White 12, Groves 11, St. Clair 12.

Extra, 10 bluerocks, $1: Marshall 10, Scott 7, Gilbert 7, Westfield 8, Coe 9, Stice 9, St. Clair 8, Groves 7, White 8, Wernecke 7, Taylor 9, Heikes 9, R. Duer 9, Dick 9, Rex 9, Strawn 9.

Extra, 15 bluerocks, $2: Stice 12, Westfield 14, Taylor 11, Strawn 14, Rex 14, Scott 12, White 13, R. Duer 13, Marshall 13, Heikes 14, St. Clair 10, Dick 8.

Extra, 15 bluerocks, $2: Marshall 13, Scott 14 R. Duer 7, Rex 12, St. Clair 11, Stice 12, Heikes 13, White 14, Wernecke 7, Westfield 11, Dick 11, Taylor 12, Strawn 12.

Extra, 15 bluerocks, $2: Marshall 10, R. Duer 11, Heikes 12, Westfield 10, Rex 15, Dick 9, White 14, Strawn 13, Scott 13, Stice 11, Taylor 13, Coe 12.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, $1.25: Marshall 7, Strawn 8, Dick 6 Coe 7, Rex 10, J. Strawn 0, Scott 10, Heikes 7, White 10, Henry 1, R. Duer 6, Sawyer 8, Vickery 1, Taylor 5.

Extra, same conditions: Marshall and White div. first on 10 Scott 9, Heikes, Strawn and Harris div. third on 8.

Extra, same conditions: Rex first on 10, Strawn, Crosby and Scott div. second on 9, Marshall and White div. third on 8.

Extra, 10 bluerocks, unknown angles, $1.25: Duer and Westfield div. first on 9, Marshall, Heikes, Rex and Scott div. second on 7, Dick and Crosby div. third on 6.

No. 7, Association, 12 bluerocks, $2: Taylor 10, Westfield 10, White 11, Scott 8, Strawn 10, Marshall 10, Heikes 11, Dick 12, Harding 8, Gilbert 8, Rex 10, St. Clair 10.

No. 12, Association, 9 singles and 3 pairs, $2.50: Marshall 13, Westfield 9, St. Clair 13, Strawn 10, Heikes 13, Scott 12, White 10, Rex 12, Dick 10, Taylor 8.

*Thursday, Third Day, Sept. 8.*

No. 17, open, 10 bluerocks, $1.50: Scott 9, Taylor 10, Dick 7, White 8, Strawn 8, Rex 9, Westfield 10, St. Clair 7

No. 18, Association, 20 bluerocks, $2, 15 added: Taylor 15, Westfield 15, Heikes 15, Strawn 16, Scott 18, St. Clair 18, Rex 19, Dick 17, White 18.

No. 19, Association, 15 bluerocks, $2.50, $5 added: Dick 14, Scott 14, Rex 14, Westfield 12, Heikes 13, St. Clair 13, Strawn 11, White 13.

No. 20, Association, two men teams, 16 bluerocks per man, $4 per team, 3 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| White | 15 | Scott | 14 |
| Rex | 15—30 | Dick | 12—26 |
| Strawn | 11 | St Clair | 12 |
| Heikes | 16—27 | Taylor | 12—24 |

Sweep, 25 bluerocks, $3, 3 moneys: Scott 25, Rex 25, White 24, Strawn 22, Heikes 22, Dick 21.

Sweep, 50 bluerocks, $5, 2 moneys:

R O Heikes .....1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—46
J Z Scott.....0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
W S Duer.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
C Strawn.....1111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—46
G W Rexroat.....1111111101111101111111111111111111111111111111111—48
W W Dick.....0111001111101111111111111111111111111111111111100010—40

Scott first, Heikes and Strawn div. second.

This closed the tournament. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## Once a Year.

SHENDUN, Va., Aug. 31.—The Once a Year Gun Club, of this place, gave a tournament yesterday which was both largely attended and successful. Messrs John C. Wheat, J. W. Rumple and Craig, of Shendun, were the prime movers in the tournament, and Messrs. W. F. Summerson and W. O. Sydnor, of the Penrose Gun Club, of Staunton, arranged and managed the affair. To their indefatigable efforts and openhanded hospitality the successful sport and enjoyment is largely due.

About thirty gunners, representing the Winchester, Staunton, Harrisonburg and Shendun clubs, participated, and W. Tell Mitchell, the great Virginia live-bird shot, and others not members of any club. The poorer scores are due to the fact that the Harrisonburg and Shendun clubs are just organized, and the majority of their members had absolutely no experience at trap shooting. The sport is largely increasing in popularity throughout the valley and Piedmont sections of Virginia, and great things may be expected from this section next year.

Shendun is one of the new Virginia towns, and is located on a beautiful plain in the Eastern part of the valley, with scenery but little short of sublimity on every hand. Here also is Weyer's Cave or the Grottoes of the Shenandoah, a cavern more beautiful than either Luray or the Mammoth, though not so extensive. On the west of the town is the Massanutton Mountain, an eminence rising abruptly from the plain, and from which the signal corps of both armies alternately operated during the celebrated valley campaign of the civil war.

In the various events liberal purses were offered. During the entire day about 2,500 shells were fired, the tournament lasting from 9 A. M. to about 5 in the afternoon. The weather was perfect for shooting, partly cloudy in the forenoon and clear during the rest of the day, with no wind to pull down averages. The scores, including that in the shoot for the State championship cup, are appended:

State championship cup match, 50 singles:

W F Summerson1110100111111111111111111111111111111101011110111—43
G W Haddox .1101011110100111111011110110111101001111111111100—37

No. 1, 10 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McDaniel | 1011010110— 6 | Bowman | 0110101011— 6 |
| Coles | 0110000100— 3 | Polhamus | 1111111110— 9 |
| Mitchell | 1101111111— 9 | Loeb | 0100010100— 3 |
| Eustes | 0001000001— 2 | Coffman | 0000100000— 1 |
| Heron | 0100000000— 2 | Baugher | 0111001110— 6 |
| Eastham | 1000000111— 4 | J P Haddox | 0111000111— 5 |
| Rawlings | 1110001100— 5 | Miller | 1111110110— 8 |
| Craig | 0100000100— 2 | G W Haddox | 1001000110— 4 |
| Hansbrough | 0010010000— 2 | J L Baugher | 1100010111— 6 |
| Wayman | 1111110111— 9 | Berkeley | 0011111011— 7 |
| McVicar | 1001111110— 7 | Summerson | 1111111111—10 |
| Baker | 0010111100— 5 | | |

No. 2, 15 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mitchell | 110011011111111—12 | Loeb | 111001111011101—11 |
| Wayman | 101111110180110—10 | Craig | 100010100010000— 4 |
| Summerson | 110011111011110—11 | McDaniel | 101010101011011— 9 |
| Polhamus | 000100300010011— 5 | Berkeley | 111110011111111—12 |
| Miller | 010110101000010— 7 | G W Haddox | 001101111010001— 9 |
| McVicar | 111111101101111—13 | Bowman | 111111101011111—13 |
| Coles | 111000100011110— 8 | Rawlings | 000101000010000— 3 |
| Fix | 000100000000000— 1 | Eustler | 103001010001011— 6 |
| McGovern | 000010000101— 4 | Eastham | 001011110111101— 9 |
| J P Haddox | 101101111111110—11 | Heron | 111100010100111— 8 |
| Wheat | 011010000 01100— 5 | G Baugher | 011001000010000— 4 |
| Baker | 001100111010111— 9 | J L Baugher | 011001000010111— 6 |

No. 3, 10 singles, semi-experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mitchell | 1101111111— 9 | Berkeley | 0011010011— 5 |
| McVicar | 1000111111— 7 | Bowman | 1111101011 — 7 |
| Amateurs. | | | |
| Harnsberger | 0001000100— 2 | Eutsler | 1000000010— 2 |
| Coles | 1101001000—,4 | Craige | 0100001000— 2 |
| Wheat | 0010011010— 4 | Baker | 1111100101— 7 |
| Hansbrough | 1001111011— 7 | J P Haddox | 1111110101— 8 |
| Wayman | 1110101110— 6 | Baugher | 0101010011— 5 |
| G W Haddox | 0011001101— 4 | Loeb | 0011100011— 5 |
| McGovern | 0101000101— 4 | Summerson | 1111111111—10 |
| Fix | 1000100000— 2 | Strayer | 0001000000— 1 |
| Miller | 1111010101— 7 | McDaniel | 1011010001— 5 |
| Polhamus | 0011100010— 4 | Craige | 1110010011— 5 |
| Heron | 1011010101— 6 | Burtner | 0100100100— 3 |
| Eastham | 1111101101— 7 | | |

No. 4, 20 singles. Semi-experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mitchell | 11101010110011010111 | J Haddox | 11110010101001011101—12 |
| Summerson | 11111111111010101111—17 | | |
| Amateurs. | | | |
| McVicar | 01100111011111111111—16 | Bowman | 11101111111111100111—17 |
| Wayman | 11111111011111011111—18 | Berkeley | 10110011111111101110—14 |
| McDaniel | 10111101010110101111—14 | Eustler | 01000000001100001000— 5 |
| Eastham | 01101101011101101111—14 | G Haddox | 11011111111111111100—17 |
| Heron | 21100111010100001001—10 | Miller | 11011101111111111111—18 |
| Baker | 10100001111011000111—11 | Polhemus | 01011101110101111111—15 |

No. 5, 10 singles. Semi-experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Summerson | 1001011000—4 | Wayman | 0110110111—7 |
| Bowman | 1110001111—7 | Miller | 1110110000—5 |
| G W Haddox | 1101111111—9 | | |
| Amateurs. | | | |
| Steager | 0010101000—3 | McDaniel | 1100111001—6 |
| Harper | 0010101001—5 | Eutzler | 1000100000—2 |
| Maughlin | 0101010011—4 | McVicar | 1111100110—7 |
| Weakley | 0000001000—2 | Baker | 0010100111—5 |
| Berkley | 1111010111—8 | Eastman | 0101111100—5 |
| Mitchell | 1101111111—9 | Loeb | 0111111111—9 |
| Craige | 0110010001—4 | J P Haddox | 1111101100—7 |
| Polhamus | 1110111111—9 | Herron | 1010000010—3 |
| Burtner | 1010011000—4 | Baugher | 1001000010—3 |

No. 6, 15 singles, semi-experts; $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Haddox | 011110010111011—10 | Loeb | 101010001101001— 8 |
| Mitchell | 111101111110110—12 | Berkely | 011110100111111—11 |
| Polhamus | 111111101111111—14 | | |
| Amateurs. | | | |
| Wayman | 111111111000111—13 | Summerson | 011011111101101—11 |
| McDaniel | 011101001111110— 10 | Bowman | 111111101111110—13 |
| Baker | 101111171010110—11 | McVicar | 111111011111110—13 |
| Eastham | 111001010101110— 9 | J P Haddox | 111011111111110—13 |
| Herron | 010101000101111— 6 | Strayer | 101100010000110— 5 |
| Miller | 111011111111111—14 | | |

No. 7, 20 singles, semi-experts, $2 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Polhamus | 11111110110111000111—14 | Miller | 00111110111111000111—14 |
| Mitchell | 10111101111111110110—15 | McVicar | 01010100101010001011— 9 |
| Wayman | 11111001111111111111—18 | Bowman | 11000010111111110101—13 |
| Amateurs. | | | |
| J P Haddox | 10101011011111111101—13 | A W Haddox | 11111111001111011100—15 |
| McDaniel | 01111111000011011011— 13 | Berkeley | 10110111111111111011—16 |
| Summerson | 10101101111110011101—14 | Baker | 10111010101101010110—13 |
| Loeb | 11000111111111111111—16 | Herron | 01011001011010000000— 8 |
| Eastham | 10011001110010111101—12 | | |

No. 8, 25 singles. Experts:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wayman | 11001111101111111100111—20 |
| Amateurs. | |
| Mitchell | 11111111111111111101101—23 |
| McVicar | 11111111111010111011111—22 |
| Summerson | 10111111111111101100011—19 |
| McDaniel | 11111110101111111110111—22 |
| Baker | 01111010101010000101111—15 |
| J P Haddox | 10101011010110111C000101—14 |
| Polhamus | 11001001100110 w |
| Miller | 11011101111111101011111—21 |
| G W Haddox | 10111101111111111111111—21 |
| Bowman | 11100100101010100110101—13 |

Extra No. 1, 5 singles: Baker 5, McVicar 5. Mitchell 4, Coffman J. P. Haddox 2, Euister 1, Craig 3, G. W. Haddox 5, McDaniel 3, Miller 2, Wayman 4, Bowman 4, Summerson 4.

Extra No. 2, 10 singles: Mitchell 9, Summerson w, G. W. Haddox 10. McVicar 9, J. P. Haddox 7, McDaniel 8, Baker 7, Miller 8.

The averages for the eight regular events are: Dr. E. F. Wayman and W. Tell Mitchell 71 W. F. Summerson 78, H. W. McVicar and J. S. Miller 75, Edmund Berkeley 73, G. W. Haddox 71.

## Stevens—Hall.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 6.—Some say that it was because M'sieu "Stevens" bit his thumb at Col. Hall, and others insist that it was because Col. Hall accused M'sieu "Stevens" of wearing $8 pants, but at any rate, as was told last week, there had arisen between these two an enmity—which could only be wiped out in blood. The affair of honor was billed for 2 P. M. to-day, and accordingly at that hour to-day the main ingredients, accompanied by their seconds, surgeons and immediate friends, appeared at John Watson's new park, or rather, his newest park, at Burnside. John Watson hasn't any newer park than this one, and this was the first match shot on these grounds. It could hardly be said to open the park, for the park has not yet been inclosed. The fence builders were still at work to-day.

The afternoon was bright and warm, with a light wind from left to right across the traps. The birds were the best obtainable, though of course at this season they are not like the hard winter birds. The flap ropes had to be used often, all the more because the traps were laid in mowed grass, which afforded the birds more cover than a cinder bed, and made them more reluctant to start. The King automatic traps are not yet down, John Watson pulled the ropes, refereed, and occasionally gathered a bird for Col. Hall, though not often.

M'sieu "Stevens" shot a *nom de guerre*, a new Fraocotte 12-gauge, and Schultze in Kvuochs. Col. Hall shot a 12-gauge Daly and wood powder in U. M. C. smokeless cases. The highest run of the latter was 19. M'sieu "Stevens" lit right out with 27 straight, and shot a steady, veteran-like gait throughout, although the second bird he missed was an easy one drifting in, which was overshot. Col. Hall could not find his incomers very well, either.

Just before the match M'sieu "Stevens" shot 5 practice birds and Col. shot 2, of which they killed several between them.

"I want you to understand," said M'sieu "Stevens," throwing a cold, malignant look against the sunny end of the house where his opponent sat, "that the trousers I now have on cost $9 25, and they are not my good pair."

"Is that so?" Said Col. Hall, sarcastically. "Well, I can wear $4 pants and beat you, see! Youse people watch my smoke, see?"

This was the last straw, and M'sieu "Stevens" strode firmly to the score, smashed down his bird, and sank gracefully, with an *insunciant*, do-it-every-time air, into the chair near his handler, Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke. The FOREST AND STREAM graphic trap score type will do the rest, though there ought to be something to show that Roll Organ bet $4 that neither man would get 45.

Illinois State rules, 50 birds, $50. Score:

| | |
|---|---|
| | ↗→H↓↑→↘↑↙→↙↓↘↓→→↗H↑↑←←↙↗→ |
| R C "Stevens" | 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—25 |
| | ←↖↙H←↑↓↘↑←↘↙↑↓↗↗→→←↖↗↓↑→→ |
| | 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 1 1—22—47 |
| | ←↓→→→↙H→↗H↖→↘→H↓↘↓↖↙↑→→↓↑ |
| Jos T Hall | 1 2 o 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 2 2—20 |
| | ↑↗←↖HH↗↙↑→↖→↗↙↙↙↑↘↗↓↑↘↖→ |
| | 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 2 0 o 0 0 0 2—19—39 |

"I shall have to insult you again, Dick," said Col. Hall, as they shook hands at the close of the race, "though I'm afraid we won't get to shoot again until next summer."

"All right," said Dick with a bright smile, "I'll be getting them all then."

Mr. H. B. Foss, who has exchanged victory and defeat with the winner of to-day, looked at him rather anxiously. He was going to challenge him to another match, and then he thought he wouldn't. It was the general impression that 47 was a good many.

# Answers to Correspondents.

**☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

D. B. C., City.—Lowville is a good point to start from, or go to No. Four. From Hawley you may reach the Pike county grounds. The rifle will answer.

A. D. E., New York.—What flies can be used with the greatest success in the Adirondacks in August? Ans. The red, brown and gray-hackles, professor, Montreal and coachman are standard flies and always reliable. When, however, trout have sought the headwaters of navigation, and the cool spring brooks it sometimes happens that only the midges can tempt them from their hiding-places.

E. M. B., Preston, Conn.—What kind of tackle shall I use and what bait is the best for trolling in September in the Rangeley Lakes, Maine? Give me a list of some of the standard flies for brook and lake trout. Ans. A strong bait rod with reel holding from 50 to 100yds. of linen or silk line of best quality will do for lake trout. For bait use a minnow or a young sucker from 3 to 6in. long, and fish in deep water, either near the bottom or by trolling with heavy sinker. Flies for lake trout are usually tied on Nos. 4 and 6 hooks, in a wonderful variety of patterns. Among the hundreds used for brook trout and lake trout listed in catalogues are the following: Abbey, black-hackle, brown-hackle, blue-professor, coachman, cowdung, grizzly-king, gray-hackle, king-of-water, Montreal, professor, queen-of-water, red-hackle, royal-coachman, stone, scarlet-ibis, silver-doctor, white-miller, yellow-sally, oriole, Parmachene-belle, Richardson, Rangeley, Cupsuptic, Jock-Scott, jungle-cock, Moosulucmeguntic, Raquette, silver-king and yellow-moose. You will find the choice of flies among anglers as varied as human character.

J. Q., Amulree, Canada.—Am contemplating the construction of a trout pond. Have powerful spring issuing from side hill, discharging water sufficent to fill continually a 2½ or 3in. pipe. Propose to make pond at foot of declivity by digging same out and running water therein through a pipe. Will such plan work? If so, how deep should pond be? what size? should bottom be filled in with gravel? if so, to what depth? ought bushes to be planted around? ought pond be banked up sufficiently high to prevent rain from running in from side hill? will trout spawn in 5 or 6ft. of water? Ans. A combination of brook and spring waters would be preferable, but trout can be reared in spring water. A single pond will not answer; better have at least three communicating ponds varying in size and depth. Young trout can be kept in shallow water and spawning fish enter the shallows, where they seek to deposit their eggs in nests excavated in gravel. Gravel should be placed in the races connecting the ponds, but not in the living ponds. Banks should be raised to prevent inflow of surface water and it will be found advantageous to line the sides and ends, but not the bottom, with planks. A good average size for ponds would be 10ft. in width, 25ft. long, and the depth varying from one foot at the inflow to 4, 5 or 6ft. at the outlet. For wintering the trout even a greater depth would be advisable. Shade is desirable, but many fishculturists secure it by introducing floating platforms into the ponds, thus avoiding trouble with falling leaves in autumn. See FOREST AND STREAM'S catalogue for works on fishculture, several of which relate chiefly to trout.

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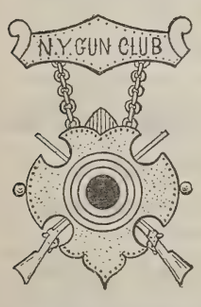
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*OUR COLUMBUS NUMBER.*

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 20 (the day before the Columbus celebration) will be a special Columbus number. The contents, both text and illustrations, will relate largely to the age of Columbus, and will be as interesting as unique.

*FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.*

VIII.—THE CROW.

NOT the robin's impatient yelp not yet attuned to happy song, nor the song sparrow's thrill, nor the bluebird's serene melody, heralds the coming of spring; but attends its vanguard. These blithe musicians accompany the soft air that bares the fields, enpurples the buds and fans the bloom of the first squirrel cups and sets the hyla's shrill chime a-ringing.

Preceding these, while the fields are yet an unbroken whiteness and the coping of the drifts maintain the fantastic grace of their storm-built shapes, before a recognized waft of spring is felt or the voice of a freed stream is heard, comes that sable pursuivant, the crow, fighting his way against the fierce north wind, tossed alow and aloft, buffeted to this side and that, yet staggering bravely onward and sounding his trumpet in the face of his raging antagonist, and far in advance of its banners proclaiming spring.

It is the first audible promise of the longed-for season, and it heartens us though there be weary days of waiting for its fulfilment, while the bold herald is beset by storm and pinched with hunger as he holds his outpost and gleans his scant rations in the winter-desolated land.

He finds some friendliness in nature even now. Though her forces assail him with relentless fury, she gives him here the shelter of her evergreen tents, in windless depths of woodland; bares for him there a rood of sward or stubble whereon to find some crumb of comfort; leaves for him ungathered apples on the naked boughs, and on the unpruned tangles of vines, wild grapes—poor raisins of the frost—the remnants of autumnal feasts of the robins and partridges.

Thankful now for such meagre fare and eager for the fulness of disgusting repasts, in the bounty of other seasons he becomes an epicure whom only the choicest food will satisfy. He has the pick of the fattest grubs, he makes stealthy levies on the earliest robins' nests, and from some lofty lookout or aerial scout watches the farmer plant the corn and awaits its sprouting into the dainty tidbits, a fondness for whose sweetness is his overmastering weakness. For this he braves the terrible scarecrow and the dread mystery of the cornfield's lined boundary, for this risks life and forfeits the good name that his better deeds might give him. If he would not be tempted from grubs and carrion, what a worthy bird he might be accounted. In what good if humble repute might he live, how lamented die.

O, Appetite! thou base belly-denned demon, for what sins of birds and men art thou accouutable!

In the springtide days, he turns aside from theft and robbery to the softer game of love, whereunto you hear the harsh voice attuned in cluttering notes, and having woed his mate, the pair begin house-building and keeping.

It is the rudest and clumsiest of all bird architecture that has become the center of their cares, such a jumble of sticks and twigs as chance might pile on its forked foundations, but woe betide the hawk who ventures near, or owl, who dares to sound his hollow trumpet in the sacred precincts.

At the first alarm signal, as suddenly and mysteriously as Robin Hood's merry men appeared at winding of his horn, the black clansmen rally from every quarter of the greenwood, to assail the intruder and force him to ignominious retreat.

When at last the darlings, having clad their uncouth nakedness with full sable raiment, are abroad in the world, they, with unwary foolhardiness and incessant querulous cries of hunger or alarm, are still a constant source of anxiety to parents and kindred.

But in the late summer when the youngsters have come to months of discretion and the elders are freed from the bondage of their care, a long holiday begins for all the tribe.

The young corn has long since ceased to tempt them and the persecution of man has abated. The shorn meadows and the close-cropped pastures swarm with grass-hoppers, field and forest offer their abundant fruits.

Careless and uncared for, what happy lives they lead, sauntering on sagging wing, through the sunshine from chosen field to chosen wood, and at nightfall encamping in the fragrant tents of the pines.

At last the gray banners of autumn signal departure and the gathered clans file away in struggling columns, flecking the blue sky with pulsating dots of blackness, the green earth with wavering shadows. Sadly we watch the retreat of the sable cohorts whose desertion leaves our northern homes to the desolation of winter.

*THE LAKE KEUKA SCANDAL.*

FOR the rottenness of a fish protective service controlled by politics commend us to the Lake Keuka protector, John Sheridan. By the testimony of citizens of Penn Yan, this man is hopelessly inefficient and worthless as a public officer. His business is to enforce the laws for the protection of fish and game, to arrest the netters, to seize and destroy the unlawful nets. This, even when names, times and dates have been supplied to him, he has refused to do. His neglect of duty is notorious.

The citizens of Penn Yan and vicinity, those who are concerned to drive the gill-net fishermen out of the lake, and to save the trout from extermination by these unlawful means, have long ago wearied of trying to do anything with this man Sheridan. They have appealed to the Fish Commissioners to remove him and to put into the place some man who will do the work. The appeal has been in vain. Why? Because of "politics." This man Sheridan can control votes. He is retained in the position for political purposes only. And the chances are that for the same base reason he would be retained were he ten times as worthless as he is.

Sheridan is not specially to be blamed. Most men of his caliber and position and moral training, if given the opportunity, would willingly draw a salary of $500 a year and do nothing under the sun to earn it, save to make the most of their political pull. He is less to blame than his superiors, who, knowing his unfitness and knowing the injury to the public interests his retention is working, keep him in his place. How much longer can they afford to perpetuate this scandal?

When it was suggested to Gov. Flower, by a Long Island delegate, last week, that he would help the Democratic vote by recalling the troops sent to protect the hapless quarantine passengers of the Normannia at Fire Island, the Governor responded with warmth, "I don't care a— for the Democratic vote or any other votes in a case like this. The troops are going down to Babylon, if they come back to-morrow."

Is it only in the face of life and death peril that our public officers can afford to do their plain duty, votes or no votes? Is not the threatened ruin of Lake Keuka's fishing resources a disaster of sufficient magnitude to warrant the discharge of this man Sheridan without thought of politics?

*SNAP SHOTS.*

William King, who peacefully passed from earth last week, at the age of 75, was one of the old school of sportsmen, better known to a past generation than to the shooting men of to-day, but still, in old age, keeping up his interest in the recreations of his youth. Mr. King was a native of England. Coming to this country in his early manhood, he found abundant opportunities to gratify his taste for field shooting; and as a pigeon shot he gained wide celebrity in the years preceding the Civil War. He was a companion of Porter, Herbert ("Frank Forester") and others of the "*Spirit* crowd," and was a frequent contributor to that journal, as in later years to the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. King was a man of striking physique, sunny disposition and strong friendships.

The sowing of wild rice is one of the sensible, practical and profitable means of increasing the game supply. A full descriptien of the rice and of the mode of sowing it was given in our issue of Aug. 25. We would be glad to receive reports from those who have had success in wild rice culture. Mr. Charles Gilchrist, of Harwood, Ontario, who has supplied so much of the wild rice grown in years gone by, writes us that the large crop he expected this season has been lost. The Indians had just begun to gather the harvest, when a tremendous shower of wind and rain, which raged for two days and nights, beat off all the rice and tore the beds to pieces. Mr. Gilchrist anticipated sending out ten tons of the rice this year; manifestly much ground is to be stocked in the future.

Commenting upon the destruction which threatens New Hampshire forests and the ruin which will surely come to White Mountain interests, the Boston *Herald* says that there is one man who, if given the opportunity, can make public opinion for the rescue of the woods. That man is Rev. J. B. Harrison, the secretary of the present State Forestry Commission. The suggestion will be seconded most heartily by all who appreciate the forestry situation in New Hampshire and who know of Mr. Harrison's pre-eminent fitness to accomplish the work of reform.

The excellence of the pictures we have reproduced from our amateur photography collection has been widely commented on, and deservedly so. It should be remembered that all amateurs, to whose notice the competition may come, are invited to contribute to the collection. The promise is that in the FOREST AND STREAM'S World's Fair exhibit the amateur photographs of the sportsman's life in the field will constitute the most entertaining and noteworthy feature.

This is a "squirrel year." Reports of the abundance of these animals come to us from widely separated parts of the country. Fluctuations of the supply of different species of game are well marked from year to year; and we are far from giving for many of them any satisfactory explanations. The food supply, the weather in breeding seasons, and other causes are assigned for the plenty or scarcity of certain birds and animals.

A note from "Stanstead," received too late for insertion in the game columns, tells us that flight woodcock are passing through Vermont and affording good sport to the knowing ones. Now that the game seasons are coming on, correspondents are invited to send us short notes of the supply in their localities, and of their fortune in the field.

Residents of New York city know less than do outsiders of a cholera scare said to be prevailing here; but one effect of the detention of infected steamships in the Lower Bay quarantine has been to diminish the business of the fishing steamers which make daily excursions to the Fishing Banks.

When a man who has just come in from camp tells you, "And I'm going back to the same place again next year," you may put it down that he has had a good time.

The United States Fish Commission is now investigating the practicability of stocking Clark's Fork of the Columbia.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## CAMEL HUNTING IN THE ROCKIES.

WHEN Nimrod announced that for our summer's outing we would go on a camel hunt, fair visions arose in my mind of Osman's Temple, shadowed by the ancient pyramids and guarded by the Sphinx, whose inscrutable eyes ever propound the voiceless problems of life; of gaily turbaned Bedouin princes, mounted high on the obedient "ships of the desert," while the eastern star gleamed jewel-like in the blue enamel of an orient sky. But when he added, "in the Rocky Mountains," I fairly flew for the camphor, darkened the room, and catching up a FOREST AND STREAM vigorously fanned my poor Nimrod with its fluttering leaves, sure that too devout worship at the mystic shrine had turned his brain; when to my frightened imagination his eyes assumed a cold glare and he muttered something about not being idiotic, I earnestly besought him to lie down and let me rub his head, instead of which he pitched the sofa pillow into the opposite corner of the room, and concisely added, "I mean just what I say; on day after to-morrow we will start via the Great Northern Railway for Great Falls, Montana, there to outfit for White Sulphur Springs and vicinity, where, looking backward over the cycle of time, and delving in the dust of centuries, I shall doubtless find the object of my quest." "Great Cæsar's ghost!" I ejaculated, when he paused for breath. "No, only the possible ghost of a camel."

The plans of Nimrod are like the laws of the Medes and Persians. So the evening of June 8, 1892, found us in St. Paul aboard the palatial sleeper of the Great Northern, where, surrendering all care to the polite officials, we prepared to enjoy every mile of the ever changing landscape between the Twin Cities and their infant rival, which, comet-like, has risen in the western sky, with a train of brilliant possibilities following in its wake. We will give but a passing glance at the vast unframed pictures of thriving villages, embryo cities, and bonanza wheat fields of Minnesota and North Dakota; touch lightly upon our arrival at Great Falls, and drag ourselves reluctantly from the wonderfully picturesque scenery of the Missouri River at that point, scenery to which the classic Hudson and far-famed upper Mississippi, both in picturesqueness and grandeur, must yield the palm. There are 500ft. of fall from its beginning at the Black Eagle, whose enormous power has been utilized for the electric plant and huge smelters, there located through a series of five falls, each increasing in height and grandeur until with united volume and power they spring 80ft. in one straight leap over the ragged rock, whose wonderfully colored walls, toned by softest shades of chocolate and brown, tower hundreds of feet upward, confining the rushing, foaming waters of the great cataract by the power of their silent might. Neither must we stop more than to drink from the giant spring welling up from some subterranean channel; no dainty fern-fringed darling, but an angry monster, breaking resistlessly from its rocky environment with rumble and roar, covering many acres of ground, and furnishing at this point one-eighth of the volume of the Missouri River, into which it plunges, with a force that sends a trail of foam from shore to shore.

A week after our arrival in Great Falls found us en route for White Sulphur Springs, lying 100 miles south via Millegan and Fort Logan. Four sure-footed horses drew our covered wagon, compactly loaded with tent, bedding and provisions, good camp stove and cooking utensils, while an abundant supply of firearms and fishing tackle proved our faith in the streams and cañons to supply our party of four with fish, flesh and fowl.

Owing to unforeseen detentions we were late in crossing Smith River and reaching Hound Creek, its largest tributary, upon whose banks we proposed to make our first camp. On account of recent spring rains we found the creek much swollen, nevertheless we determined to cross at the nearest point, instead of driving up stream three miles to the regular ford. We were not the first to prove that "the longest way around is the shortest way home."

The sky, bright and beautiful in the morning, had become overcast and rain fell at intervals. Between us and the opposite shore was an island, with abrupt, deeply-cut banks, covered with a fresh deposit of quicksand, left by recent floods. Into such a bank we struck and stuck, the left wheel's hub deep and held as in a vise, the others in the water. The struggling horses made ineffectual efforts to gain a footing and extricate us, but the treacherous yielding sand furnished no hold; one of the wheel horses fell and everything seemed a confusion of hoofs and heels.

We climbed out into the rain, which was now heavily falling; still the horses could not budge the wagon. After repeated efforts we were compelled to unhook the team and resort to a Western contrivance called a Spanish windlass. This was made by fastening one end of the fifth chain to a convenient tree, the other to the wagon tongue, while the neck yoke, held upright in the center of the chain, answered for a pulley, around which the chain was slowly wound by means of a strong pole used as a lever; and by this simple mechanical contrivance was accomplished what the united strength of four horses was not able to do, the wagon being successfully drawn on shore, a triumph of mind over matter. The rest of the fords gave no further trouble and we camped in the foothills bordering the stream.

The following morning we were off by 8 A. M., our way leading over long, undulating hills, covered with soft green flower-dotted verdure, toward the distant mountains, that seemed to be even further away as we approached them. On and upward we journeyed until we reached the foothill divide, then downward over the long grade to Milliken's.

The mountains were nearer now, and we felt their cool, balsam-laden breath. Still away, away, over mountain-girt park, where the antelopes in twos and threes sped from danger, then circling back, watched us with shy, fateful curiosity in their eyes; coveys of sharptail grouse whirred on broad wings to safe distances, while every now and then a jack rabbit lead the dog a fruitless chase.

Nine P. M. found us at Two Creek, where we dicovered that somehow, somewhere, we had lost our tent.

On a high point of land overlooking Two-Creek Cañon, where a clear, cold stream gushes from the earth, forming a charming waterfall that tumultuously tumbles over the broken rocks and water-worn boulders into the embrace of Two Creek, a Missourian with an eye to future profit had located a horse ranch and built a one-room cabin and spring house; but evidently his heart's desire had not been fulfilled in this picturesque solitude, for both spring house and cabin had long been deserted—left to badger, ground squirrel and mountain rat. Into this cabin we were compelled by the loss of our tent to enter.

No one was very—that is to say, overwhelmingly good-natured. I looked into each long face, and remembering that food hath charms to soothe each savage breast, if the savage breast be a hungry man, I set to work preparing them some supper. Then my thoughts were intent on the slumbering bedbug and festive flea, and graybacks that lived tenaciously, and bats that dwell in houses old, and mountain rats so brave and bold, and, worst of all, the house snake gray, that hides under the logs the livelong day, silently seeking its prey at night and hiding again before daylight. Fortunately these pests proved creatures of the imagination with the exception of the mountain rats. These resented our intrusion in a manner peculiarly their own by loud squeaks and sharp raps upon the floor with their long, hairy tails. They are much larger than the house rat, and their size enables them to indulge their penchant for carrying everything in the line of knives, forks and spoons or even tin plates and pans to their holes.

We remained at the cabin several days, penetrating deeply into the cañons, taking an abundant supply of whitefish and grayling from the stream, and finding wonderful petrifactions in the limestone formation.

We watched with our field glass across the swollen waters of Smith River the clumsy antics of a she bear and her cubs, and one day had an exciting chase down the cañon after a half-grown silver-tip, fruitless owing to the extreme roughness of the country.

I was not altogether sorry when, on the following Tuesday, we moved away from such close proximity to such dangerous neighbors, and crossing Two Creek commenced the ascent of Gaddis Hill, the steepest wagon road in Montana, being a straight pull of two miles without a foot of down grade.

In noticeable contrast to these stern, aggressive mountains and lofty foothills are the exquisitively beautiful flowers, eighty-four distinct varieties were counted in a ten miles' ride.

At noon we reached Rock Creek, a wide, brawling mountain stream, fairly alive with trout and grayling. We landed seventy in two hours' time.

Night found us in camp on Spring Creek, having passed Fort Logan en route. This post, no longer needed for protection from hostile Indians, is the property of Judge Gaddis, who has set the old parade ground to shade trees, forming a delightful park, while I have seldom seen a finer vegetable garden than was proudly show by Mrs. Gaddis.

Our camp now lay equi-distant between Fort Logan and White Sulphur Springs. The latter, a beautiful town of 700 inhabitants, is charmingly situated on Smith River, encircled by the Castle and the Crazy Mountains, while Mount Edith, belonging to the Big Belts, raises her snow-crowned head 13,000ft. in the near distance.

Everything about White Sulphur indicates its volcanic origin, and its name is derived from thirteen hot mineral springs that well up from the earth in an area of thirteen acres. The waters possess wonderful curative properties, if the half that is claimed be true, rheumatism and Bright's disease need no longer be feared. The joyously bubbling springs are pleasant to the eye and not unpleasant to the taste.

I can fancy no more delightful summer asylum for the weary brain worker, suffering invalid or ambitious sportsman than is to be found in this lively Western village, situated 1,000ft. higher than Helena. The Smith River and its tributaries are filled with trout, grayling and whitefish, while ducks and geese, in their season, fairly blacken the waters. In close proximity to the haunts of antelope and black-tail deer, which appear in every balsam-covered mountain glade, to say nothing of blue grouse, which are also plentiful, and everywhere the fawn-colored curlew screams and circles over the open meadows, and just enough of danger is added by the old settlers' stories of bear and mountain lions to spice with caution the excursions into great caves, whose vaulted dome-like interiors are hung with glittering stalactites, that flash back prismatic colors in the torch light; or in making descents into the deep craters of extinct volcanoes lying a short drive from the town.

No doubt it is a selfish thought to almost dread the time when this hunter's paradise will be invaded by the railway, which has been surveyed and will soon be completed by the Great Northern Railway from Neihart, its nearest point, 35 miles distant, to White Sulphur Springs.

But to return to the object of our search. To us, the camel hunters, no point could be fraught with deeper interest than our Spring Creek camp, situated in the center of the Tichtoleptus beds of Smith River. In the Tertiary age this wide expanse of country, now dotted by comfortable ranches, must have been an extensive lake or a series of lakes, whose marginal shores were formed by the Belts, Castle and Crazy Mountains, over which roamed and fed in the semi-tropical climate, under the shade of the palm tree, the great mastodon and rhinoceros, the camel and three-toed horse—the last the prehistoric ancestor of those which at the present day feed upon the self-same hills, and oftentimes in clattering down the cañon side unwittingly uncover the fossil bones that link them to the dead and silent past.

The break through the foot-hills cut by the waters which drained the lake into Smith River, furnishes a wild, picturesque bit of scenery; the brilliant lichen-painted rocks are upheaved and set on end, the turbulent waters are still angrily plunging and swirling as if still unsatisfied with their mighty work.

Through this lake bed, running transversely to the streams, are numerous miniature cañons cut in narrow sinuous curves, rising from 20 to 100ft., entirely destitute of vegetation excepting here and there a bunch of cactii; and formed of indurated yellow clay. It was in these clay cuts that Prof. W. B. Scott, of the chair of geology, at Princeton, last season discovered the remains of twenty-three genera, comprising from thirty to forty species of extinct animals, and it was the knowledge of his interesting and successful researches that had awakened in the breast of Nimrod an ardent desire for a camel of his own.

"Why a camel?" I repeatedly questioned, as we followed the tortuous windings of the clay cuts, pick in hand, striking here and there the arenaceous lime-stone, or dislodging huge conglomerates of slate; but for my answer came mutterings of *Poebrotherium*, *Protolabus* and *Procamelus*. At last just below the brow of an almost inaccessible declivity, we discovered a fossil bone, protruding from the cliff. We fairly flew to work, and unearthed a bone measuring from the articulation to where it was broken, 42in. in length and 13in. in circumference. Still digging we brought to light an immense head, but so honeycombed and calcined, that it dissolved into impalpable powder before our disappointed eyes, but one tooth partially agatized proved by its shape and structure to belong to a mastodon. Nimrod listened sadly to my exclamations of delight, and said with mournful voice, "It is not a camel."

Day by day, in sunshine and shadow, gathering cloud or pelting hail, we labored on, and at length my eye caught a fossil shining like Chinese ivory as it protruded from the yellow clay. Cutting foot room in the cañon wall whereon to stand, we carefully commenced to pick it out, and as we excavated, bone after bone appeared. The fossils were many of them broken, but otherwise were in a perfect state of preservation. When the jaw appeared, with teeth intact, Nimrod eagerly seized it, examined it, and gloated over it. The question trembling upon my lips was about to be answered; was it a camel?

Our search was over; the object of our quest lay before us in an ivory-white heap. Tenderly we wrapped each broken bit in cotton and tissue paper, ready to be cleaned and articulated and conveyed to its destination, a voiceless messenger from the eternal hills, to teach the sons of the desert to bear their burdens well.

MRS. J. H. EMERY.

## THE WIND.

TO THE sportsman there is a deal of interest connected with the wind. Its force and direction often combine in carrying to a successful issue his well laid plans for an outing, or again in spite of all the prophets the capricious wind will head him off, and if of a bilious temperament he is very apt to remark "Kismet" or something of that sort which seems to fit the occasion.

> "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
> Proclaim a hunting morning."

I am not so sure about "a cloudy sky," but I do know that in October days, when the wind has been in the southward over night and the young crescent of a moon adds its charm to the twilight, I make it a point on the following morning to be afield after woodcock as soon as the sun has converted the rime into diamonds and set them all a-quiver on the grass and briers.

Every duck hunter notes with satisfaction the heavy blow, and murmurs a prayer that it may hold for the morrow as he drops off asleep to dream of incomers, doubles, twisters and marvelous kills of all sorts. This nor'wester may bring on the geese! Who knows?

When after a heavy rain in late autumn there comes a calm, frosty night, how we welcome a breeze "from anywhere" that will strip off the leaves in the haunts of the ruffed grouse and allow us a better chance to gauge his lightning-like flight.

What can I say of a damp east wind, one that is unctuous with mist? Or more correctly, as the weather clerk puts it, temperature 40°, humidity 90 per cent., wind east, velocity sufficient to penetrate clothing and reach the marrow in your bones. What can I say? Well-er! It is not to be resolved into words.

A pelting rain is falling as I write, and the plink! plunk!—plink! plunk! of the drip from the eaves, as it strikes the iron catch of the shutters, is repeating with monotonous regularly its never-ceasing plaint.

What a night this for sleep! I know of no more thorough enjoyment than to lie snugly tucked away under the blankets listening to the gale as it surges around the house, now in sharp, sudden gusts, that make the windows rattle and strain in their frames, now dying away in the distance, gathering its strength for a fresh assault.

Sleep comes to me so quietly at such times, and the land of dreams is reached with a mind of such tranquillity that as a matter of course only the most pleasing visions engage its attention.

Some there are, however, whose feelings are affected in an opposite manner, a heavy storm working upon their nerves until they are really to be pitied. Sleep is out of the question with them, sudden starts, as an unusually heavy gust roars by betray their agitation, and the poor things have no relief until the storm passes.

It is interesting to note the effect of the sound of the wind upon different individuals, varying with their temperaments and with the seasons.

The same breeze that refreshes them during the August afternoons will make them uncomfortable as they hear it rustling among the leaves after nightfall.

That there is a difference in the sound of the wind at different seasons seems to be a fact.

A full sail breeze will sing through the rigging in early September, in quite a different key from that in which you find it pitched during the latter part of October.

At the former season there is a full rich undertone, which is wanting later on, when a weird and shriller pulsation, suggesting the minor strains of an Æolian harp, will cause a sense of loneliness to steal over one.

I have in mind an acquaintance who is peculiarly sensitive in this regard. A northwester at this season invariably brings a "fit of blues" that remains until a change of wind produces a corresponding change in spirits.

What a keen enjoyment it is to others of us to listen at night, in the dead of winter, to the raging tumult of the northeasters as they drift the snow and obliterate all the paths in their fury.

The leafless trees are trembling and rattling their limbs as the gale rushes through them. The snow is whirling as the circling gust catches it up, and long wreaths of white flakes stretch across the way, to vanish again in their wisps against the dark background of sky, while over all resounds the continuous roar of the tempest booming past.

Again, hear the whispers from the pines and hemlocks and the spruce as a gentle air draws through their boughs during the summer months. How suggestive of rest and coolness, what a self-contented feeling it imparts to the listener.

Hear the same sound on a gray winter evening when

a white shroud of snow covers the ground, and you are chilled into utter dreariness.

Surroundings are an important factor in producing these effects, but after all it is the wind that is chiefly responsible for the impressions one receives.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

## A CAMPER'S DIARY.—III.

AUG. 19.—The Narrows, 5:30 P. M.—Well, we left Flint's this morning, rather late, in a mountain wagon and climbed the road to the head of Aziscohos Falls. Found the canoes all right on shore. A birch-bark and a canvas, both well seasoned and acclimated, both still staunch. The birch-bark, lithe, graceful, quite aboriginal. They seemed coy and unstable as we shoved them on the stream, but when each had got its load of property bags, camp fry, and tent paraphernalia, it settled down steady as a schooner. I stowed a small can of worms carefully in the bow and stood some chaffing from the fellow with the newest fly-rod. Had the presence of mind to abstract an extra paddle from the bank where it lay, expecting to go back in the wagon. We may need it.

Well, Mack and I stowed ourselves in the canvas, with Mack on a butter keg in the bow, and the birch-bark took the lead and disappeared round the bend with Valentine doing the galley slave in the bow, and Sam all doubled under a little gray hat peering wisely ahead like a woodsman, with his paddle dropping soft and easy in the bubbling wake.

The river here is clear and cold, wide enough to swim a little steamer and deep enough to drown her, but the shores are low, with expanse of water making in at times among the bog. There's wilderness enough, but ghastly. The trees along the shore, still standing, are drowned.

We reached this place at 3:30 and climbed the bank in the rain. No one had been here this season and the wet grass was high and untrodden. The camp stones were all right and the path to the spring faintly visible. I'm writing this in the tent with the flap open. It took some time to get the fire going, but now it holds its own and turns the rain to steam. Sam bends over, stirring a pail of rice, while the water drips from his hat brim and sizzles on the coals. Valentine looms up under his rubber blanket, with axe in hand, dignified as a policeman. Mack's canvas coat, well saturated, has lost all offensive traits of newness. One foot rests in a puddle and the other on a hot stone, toasting brown and steaming; but he's oblivious of all except the things on the fire where the hot odors come from. His eyes are fixed in a mesmeric stare and his chops are dripping. Sam says, "Supper's ready!" * * * Two hours later. I'm writing this inside the tent, the others outside. After supper it stopped raining, so we were disposed to sit round and sigh and pick our teeth and contemplate our fat stomachs, but Sam gave us no peace. He commenced picking up things.

"Well, there's a little dab o' tomatoes for some one in the morning. Cover up that condensed milk, Mack, bugs get all in. Come, Jeff, you and Mack going to wash dishes while Valentine gets another log. Get a spruce now, Val.

Jo Valentine stalks off with the axe without a word, as if he knew the difference between spruce and fir. It was light then, but it's dark and muggy now, and the fire makes a red halo, crowding back the night. They're all three hanging over it now, throwing off queer shadows, drying underwear and things. Sam has just rolled up a shirt with a good deal of smoke and soot inside. No doubt the smoke and soot are warm though. Now he's taking an observation of the sky and says, "Let's kick her out, boys, it's going to settle down for an old sockdodger."

The reason I am putting down all these little details is so I can read them about twenty-five years from now and look back and grow young. This diary shall be my Fountain of Youth. Happy thought, Old Ponce should have gone camping and kept a diary.

*Aug. 20.*—This is what I call "communing with nature." Waked this morning with my head in the grass, slightly lower than my feet and near enough for the rain to spatter in. Then I tried to count and classify a horde of insects crawling on the white roof, and reflected that most of them in the night had been taking liberties with my person, secreting themselves, and probably some were there now—in my hair, no doubt. Then Mack waked up and said he hadn't slept a wink all night on account of mosquitoes, on account of the noise they made. He commenced punching Valentine to make him wake and tell him what he dreamt last night. "He must have had some fine dreams last night; this beats the steamer all out."

So Valentine yawned and sat up in his red blanket, and finally looked intelligent and said:

"I dreamed that a thousand mosquitoes came at me last night, and that oil of lavender I put on kept them off. I dreamed it."

Then we pounded Sam into wakefulness to get his opinion of the weather. He doubled up, untied a breadth of curtain and poked his nose out. Then he tied it up and rolled back in his bag again mumbling. All we could make out was:

"Won't clear off in a week—my mind."

Mack says: "What can you expect with all the ministers in New England praying for it?"

* * * * * * Same night. There's mutiny in camp. Been here all day in the drizzle, and Sam says we'll move to-morrow, rain or shine. The worst of it is there's no trout along here—all chubs. I'm getting solicitous about my bait. Forgot and left them out in the rain last night. Mack says they'll never live to die in Parmacheme. Says they're getting languid already, and prescribed meal, so I sprinkled some.

After dinner he and I paddled off for wood and landed on a point near an old log camp. We found some good long spruce butts prone in the grass, and went at them. Mack swung the ax awhile, and said:

"By George, Jeff! look at the size of those chips, will you?" So I went off and got a chip at the foot of a stump, a regular old logger's chip, and then he wondered what kind of an ax that fellow must have had. Then he picked up a log two sizes too big for him, and staggered off with it hugging tight on his shoulder and the wet bark rubbing off on his neck. I heard it when it went into the boat. When we got back to camp Valentine was down on the bank with my rig and landing net and the precious box of bait. Said he was going to practice a little on chubs. He made bad work putting on the bait—squirmed as much as the worm did, and then said:

"No, but seriously, fellows, d'y'suppose the hook really hurts the worm?"

"No" says Mack, "just tickles um to death."

*Aug. 22.*—Camp on the Forks. Left the Narrows yesterday morning for a twelve mile paddle, intending to reach the permanent camp by night. The scenery kept improving and at last grew wholly satisfying. We started a few duck, and a heron or two, but saw no habitation of man except the log camp at the Meadows. The river held its width and volume all the way, but now the long quiet stretches are all behind and there's a deep persistence in the current. Bubbles and light debris come swiftly round the bend, and dust atoms and little things seem starting from the shore to fall in the wake and go quickly by. Paddling got monotonous, irksome, utterly tiresome, but at last brought us in the evening to the foot of the long, quick water. We tried it, but the boats, lost to all sense of buoyancy, seemed settling under their load, and behaved like schooners. Sam says "We'll camp here to-night and get out a towing line in the morning." So this morning we knotted all the ropes together, made one end fast to the Birch, with her usual baggage and crew, and Mack and I scrambled along shore to a point 50yds. above. It was here the Birch Bark developed latent depravity. When the line tightened she shot into the current, and in spite of the arguments of both paddles, hung broadside across, with the river piling against her. We leaned back for a harder pull and then came a cry from two men's voices, not blending, but discordant, "Let go! let go-ooh!" so we dropped it like a snake. I was too far back to see, but the expression on Mack's face looking down, told the story: a look of horror. When we got there, they were standing up to their middles, making grabs at floating baggage. The Birch Bark was docile in the dead water made by their obstructing the current.

That was a dismal time. Of course it was raining and the river was right up under the bushes, without a little beach or dry spot for them to land on. Mack and I offered to wade in and be miserable, too, but they said "No," so we let them dictate. The boat had gone clear over with just the extremities sticking up, and most of the baggage staid inside with the water. One paddle went away—cost a dollar, I guess—and a little ax of Sam's—his pet—was no more seen. That made him dejected, and he stood there with a mixed up lot of expressions on his face. He was trying to look the master of ceremonies, as if a thing like this was quite a matter of course in his line, and happening every day or so, but he did not succeed very well on account of the lines of daub on his face, and the shivering effect of the water. All I could make out was he was staring off absently and fiercely training his mustache. Valentine brought him to by remarking he could see something on the bottom; "something shining." His glasses were dim and he couldn't dry them, so Sam made a shade of his hand and peeped down. Then he looked round with a satisfied smile and said, "Ah! canned goods!" He poked about carefully with his shoes, "treading quahaugs," smiled again, reached down and came back dripping. "Then," said Mack, "you ought to have seen the disgusting look get on Sam's face when he discovered that box of bait."

Alas, my box of bait. It had gone into the wrong canoe in the hurry of loading. I felt wrong when I discovered it. I had a premonition then.

Alas, my box of bait. It struck the water so far away you couldn't hear it strike. You could just see the splash.

JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

# Natural History.

## AN INTERESTING PET.

SOME years ago, in the spring, while traveling on the Belfast Branch R.R. just before arriving at Brook Station, I chanced to be looking out the car window and saw a curious looking animal run under a pile of brush in a gravel pit near the track. I concluded at once that it must be an albino woodchuck, as my husband had told me one had been seen in that vicinity. At the station I hastily procured a basket and securing the assistance of two boys, I proceeded without loss of time to the gravel pit, and overhauling some of the brush soon found the prize. As I had conjectured it was an albino woodchuck about two-thirds grown, pure white, with pink eyes, and as saucy a little fellow as one would care to handle. Without much difficulty I dropped my basket over him, and securing him, returned to the station, boxed him up and expressed him home to my husband, with instructions to keep him on a milk diet until my return a week later.

On returning home I found my pet ensconced in a nest of cotton, purring away like a contented kitten. He seemed quite reconciled to the restraints of captivity, had already become so tame as to allow his beautiful snow-white coat to be stroked, and seemed especially to enjoy gentle stroking about the face, which I think is a characteristic of most wild animals, and one of the readiest of establishing confidential relations with them. For the first year his food consisted principally of bread and milk, with an occasional handful of plantain leaves. A most interesting sight was to watch him while being fed. He would sit up like a squirrel, holding his food in his paws. He soon learned to take his milk from a spoon; grasping it near the bowl he would hold it very gracefully until the milk was all lapped out, then with a little assistance would return it to the cup to be filled, and repeat the operation until his appetite was satisfied. Then he would go into his nest, roll himself up like a kitten and take a nap of several hours. With one exception he never showed his wild, savage nature during the two years of his life in confinement.

Early in the fall the disposition to hibernate began to show itself by his lack of activity, and he remained in his nest most of the time, his sleep becoming so profound that he could be taken from the nest without awaking. About the 1st of November his sleep for the winter began; he was placed in the cellar, where the temperature was very even—just above the freezing point—and here he remained without being disturbed until the middle of March.

During all this time his body remained cold and to all outward appearances lifeless. About the time of his awaking in March, upon visiting him and placing my hand on his body, I found it to be quite warm, and after rubbing him for a few moments he began to yawn and stretch, but did not get upon his feet. The next day I took him into a warm room in order to watch the process of awakening, rubbing his body and legs for an hour or more. He seemed quite indifferent to my solicitude on his behalf, but gradually awakened, opened his eyes, chattered his teeth and gave that peculiar whicker so characteristic of a disturbed woodchuck.

His efforts to stand upon his feet were for some hours ineffectual; he seemed to have lost the use of them. Toward night, however, he seemed to regain full control of all his faculties, and partook of a little milk. I was surprised to notice but little loss of fat during the long period of sleep. He had become excessively fat before going into his winter sleep, and expected that would be absorbed during that period. His fur had become long and of a beautiful sivery gloss, so white and silky that it was really a pleasure to stroke and pet him.

Upon his first awakening and for a day or two he seemed to have forgotten his friends, and manifested his wild nature so much as to make himself very disagreeable. He ate with a voracious appetite and began to grow thin. In a few days he became a mere skeleton of his former self, and for several weeks, until June 1, did not begin to take on flesh. He now displayed more activity than any other time during the year.

The following winter his sleep was interrupted once in two weeks. This was done by wrapping him in warm flannels and placing in a warm room; he partook of but little food, and during the period of two days of broken rest he seemed very uneasy. About the last of March, when he should have awakened to activity, he was taken sick, and died in convulsions after a sickness of two days. I now have him nicely mounted in my collection, among which are several albinos, but none so perfect as my beautiful pet.

The woodchuck has often been spoken of as a stupid and uninteresting animal, but my own experience was quite different. My husband is a great lover of pets, and possesses the rare faculty of controlling them almost at will. When in the woods I have often seen him approach a squirrel and feed it from his hand with nuts or a bit of bread. And many a long tramp have we taken to secure some coveted specimen. He is one of the few that never wantonly destroy life in bird or animal; were there more such men our forests would now abound with game.

SPECIAL.

## MINKS AND THEIR WAYS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

One of your correspondents has asked if minks climb trees. My observation is that there are two varieties of mink. The more common is reddish brown in color and is found on creeks and water courses feeding mostly on fish. The other variety has a very shining jet black fur, and is found in the deep forests far from creeks or any fish-bearing water.

I was walking through the woods one fine October day some miles north of Muskegon Lake in Michigan. It was an oak forest. Acorns were falling and black squirrels abundant. What I took to be a black squirrel started up a few yards in front of me and running a short distance began to climb a large oak. As he was disappearing on the opposite side of the oak as the custom of squirrels is in climbing a tree, something in his motion attracted my attention, so that, after passing the tree, I looked up to see if the supposed squirrel was yet in sight. About 40ft. up on the body of the oak was a fine large specimen of black mink. I shot it and passed on.

Again in a heavy forest about six miles from water I found where a mink had established himself by the body of a deer killed by some hunter and not found. The mink had his holes in some rotten wood a few feet from his fortunate supply of food. The men with me dug him out and it was a black specimen.

Fishing one day on a creek in Utah, my companion called my attention to a large hawk sitting on the largest of several small trees growing in a clump on the creek bank. On our approach the hawk left in unusual fright, and a mink was seen on the tree, and within reach of the hawk when he left. They were some 15ft. from the ground. I infer, therefore, that both varieties of mink climb trees in pursuit of birds like a cat, but that the black variety, from necessity, climbs most often. I have often been amused to see with what cunning minks try to conceal themselves. It is by curling up like a kitten and lying still just when they discover danger, if no cover is near. I saw one do it on top of a heap of dry brush, one on greensward by the bank of a creek. Shooting at the mink, my bullet passed through its body three times.

GEORGE H. WYMAN.

BOISE CITY, Idaho.

[Only one species of American mink is known. This varies greatly in color from reddish to almost black. Several of the mink's near relatives, as the marten and the fisher, are most expert tree climbers and pass much of their time among the branches of the trees.]

# Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Z HAD passed through the various stages from devil to associate editor on a large city paper. Feeling the weight of business cares and the need of recreation he availed himself of the invitation of a relative, A, to spend his vacation in the country. A had planned a hunting trip, and as Z had never handled a gun, A had some difficulty in teaching him the use of it. However, he soon became fairly proficient in its use, and bagged several birds. Upon returning to the house, as was his habit, A fired his muzzleloader into the air and told Z to do the same, which he did. As he did so one of the hammers blew off and struck his ear, cutting it quite severely. He never flinched, and did not notice that the hammer was missing, but very stoically remarked, "Say, A, guns make some very queer sensations in a fellow's head, don't they? At first it fairly deafened me, and made my ears ring for some time; and now when I shot it made my right ear sting as if it had been cut, and it feels as if there was blood running down my neck." A collapsed.

PERRITO.

EUSTIS, Fla.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*The* BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS *has all fish and game laws of United States and Canada. Price 50 cents.*

## WILD RICE—REEDS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Recent articles in your journal on the subject of wild rice have been very interesting. We dwellers along the shores of the river Delaware have been hearing of this famous grass for years. Many of us have rather hungered and thirsted after a sight of one of those natural rice fields into which the Indian pushes his canoe and out of which the craft comes loaded with food to the rail. What sort of a looking grass is it? some of us have asked ourselves. What descendant is this of the wrestling seed of Jacob that will bob up serenely in any depth of water from two to ten feet? And some mad enthusiasts had a mind to send for a bushel of wild rice and plant it along these tide-swept shores of ours, and let it hustle for life amid the familiar, towering, bird-haunted grass we call the "reed." The reed is all right in its way. It is a pretty thing to see. Moreover, the reed bird, named after the thing he feeds upon, doth annually pause in this tall growth long enough to allow us to shoot him after he hath made himself fat beyond measure with continual stuffing of reed seeds. Yet we had a notion, look you, that wild rice would be an improvement. It might cut pranks and drive the reed out. Perhaps the reed bird would wax so very, very fat on rice that he could not fly, and in that case we could just walk up and pluck him off his perch in our plantation without the trouble of shooting him. By all means let us try this little experiment. Let us send on for a bushel or two of this wonderful rice.

And now comes the learned writer in FOREST AND STREAM who will have us to understand that wild rice is *Zizania aquatica*, and that it looks like the picture accompanying his paper. At sight of that cut I did not know whether to laugh or to smile. I finished by staring in perfect gravity—staring long and intently. For therein I saw the counterfeit presentment of the multitudinous "reed" of the Delaware River.

It is all very well to say I should have known better. But I submit that when everybody hereabouts was continually saying not only "reed" but "reed bird," and just as continually avoiding all reference to "rice" in this connection, it was altogether in order for the wayfarer to be deceived. No doubt there are people up and down the valley of the Delaware who have known that the wild rice and the reed are one and the same. And besides these there are others, "smart Alecs," who will stoutly deny they ever went astray on this point. Yet how very silent these have all been, while people in general have been talking reed, reed, at the top of their voices all day long! It is only one more illustration of what comes of relying on "common names." Surely the botanist is in the right of it when he insists, for sake of clearness, upon his "*Zizania aquatica, L.*," and will have none of "Indian rice," "wild rice," or (heaven keep us!) "reed."

CHESTER, Pa., Sept. 15. T. CHALKLEY PALMER.

[Who can give any other common name for this plant? We now have wild rice, Indian rice, wild oats, corn grass, reed. Next.]

## A BIG DEER.

A FRIEND in Essex, N. Y., writes that an unusually large buck was killed near Reber, a little town in the Adirondacks within five miles of Lake Champlain and the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, Sept. 10. He was driving from Elizabethtown to Essex, and says, "Between the Pine Woods school house and Reber there were many (hunters) hounding deer, the first day of the season. We passed a man by the road side with a tired bound lying beside him. He was so tired out he didn't open his eyes even at Varro (K's dog). Beside him was the largest buck I ever saw. It had been shot about an hour before, and was still warm. The man said he weighed 300lbs. and I have no reason to doubt it. He had a fine set of horns!"

I wonder if this is one of the "muley" deer that hunters in the eastern Adirondacks describe, and of which class the big deer reported in FOREST AND STREAM six years ago is probably an example? That deer was said to be a caribou, but one of the hunters who put out the dogs on the memorable occasion that resulted in his death, has described him to me as being low and stockily built, "like a mule," short legs and very large feet. He was a great fighter, and instead of running before the hounds, would meet them in battle in the silent depths of the forest, so that some of them would turn up missing, while others would be much the worse for wear. In the end, after he had administered many defeats to his enemies, he was at last driven out into the open and shot, through the efforts of George James and Bill Hayes, assisted by a famous dog that was "part bull" and a wonderful fighter, and who, with the backing afforded by the two hunters (who followed as closely as possible), broke through all the buck's guards and bested his subterfuges, and finally got him out of the protecting shadows of the woods—whereupon he was promptly converted into venison by the hunters lying in wait.

Two years ago, on the west side of the Giant, I myself while still-hunting, came upon some enormous deer tracks. They were defined in the black mud of a little spring, and were so large that I hesitate to tell their size for fear I should not be believed. I told George James of these tracks, and he said they belonged to a deer of the same variety as the big one he and Hays had driven out. He said that in his opinion there were two varieties of deer in the Adirondacks, the ordinary Virginia deer, and a larger kind, fearless of dogs, slow in running, but strong in fighting, short-limbed and stockily built.

I heard afterward of efforts, that terminated in every case unsuccessfully, to drive the big deer whose tracks I had seen down from his stronghold on the side of the Giant, but he always threw off the hunters and hounds and came out first best, and is probably roaming his native hillside at this present moment.

The question of these big deer is a curious one, and if any reader of FOREST AND STREAM knows anything about them, it would be interesting to hear it. B.

## DUNKINFIELD BY AVOCA.

WHEN I dwelt in North Carolina last winter and wrote my series of "Winter Sports of the Old North State" for FOREST AND STREAM, I failed to speak of Avoca, the most novel and interesting of all the places in the eastern counties. I did not get around to the locality until the middle of May, and then the only legitimate sport was fishing for large-mouth black bass in Salmon Creek near at hand. I have a photograph of the catch, which for size and condition would be hard to duplicate in any water.

When I crossed the head of Albemarle Sound from the railway terminus at Edenton, a stretch of twelve miles in width, in quest of Avoca, my impression was that the place was a fishing village, for I had heard and read much of the vast quantities of herring and shad taken there; but I discovered my mistake when the steamboat came to its landing and your whilom correspondent, Dr. Wm. R. Capehart, an ex-army surgeon, welcomed me in *propria persona* as lord of the manor. To be sure, Avoca is a post office, and there is a large general store there, with half a dozen small steam craft and seine boats tied up at the wharf and at moorings; nevertheless, the Doctor is master and proprietor of all, and Avoca is a gentleman's plantation and nothing more. Yet it is vast and impressing. So interesting is it in its details and in its magnitude, so unlike most estates on this side of the Atlantic and so like those of Old England, that I am promising to give your readers next November, when the quail shooting is on and the foxhounds take the trail, a comprehensive illustrated sketch of the whole vast menage. I had almost written *manege*, for, indeed, a ride across the country in saddle, after hounds of the finest strain, is a school of equestrianism not to be treated—shall I say cavalierly?

Dr. Capehart has blooded stock and poultry of all kinds, perhaps a hundred head of each species, and he runs fifty plows and 150 plantation hands of the old type; and he raises great crops of cotton, tobacco and corn—and melons, and in November, when the garish autumn tints begin to fade and the grass and leaves turn brown, and the pigs are let loose among the old pea vines and ground nut litter, such stampedes of partridges one is likely to see when riding across the following fields, that he can hardly believe the plantation would harbor so many birds.

Now, the Doctor is not poor, nor penurious. He spends his summer at his Newport cottage in Rhode Island, and his winter and springs at home among his pet stock and wild game of the estate. He realized $10,000 last spring from his catch of shad alone, and I guess, or reckon, that the proceeds sufficed to see him comfortably through his vacation season at the North. So I judge that it was from love of pure good fellowship and a simple desire to share his sport with worthy sportsmen, that he built, two years ago, right on the bluff which overlooks the Sound, a tasteful and commodious shooting box which he calls "Hotel Dunkinfield." It has been advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, in a business way, but modestly. It is "hotel" because the Doctor does not intend to pamper greedy gormandizers by offering them the range of his shooting grounds and free board, gratis, for nothing in addition. I wonder if any self-respecting sportsman would presume upon his largess, if he did? He employs a caterer and guides, and I believe the tariff is mentioned to be $2 per day, or $10 per week. The manager's name is S. W. Everitt, and I know him personally to be a worthy and efficient host and an intelligent all-round sportsman who can bait a trap, tree a coon, call a turkey, shine a deer, start a fox, swing a rod, and rope a bear. He is keen on anything that runs, flies or swims.

Deer and squirrel shooting are permitted by the game law during September and October, for venison is best just before the rutting season. Partridges (quail) are in order on Nov. 1, and the house opens for guests at that date, though I dare say that Mr. Everitt can take care of a party before that time, if written to.

I am sure, Mr. Editor, that you will be willing to permit this much in the common interest of us all in full assurance that a more complete and interesting description is to follow as soon as I can get on to the ground again the latter part of next month.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

## BIG GAME AND BIG FISH.

THE scenery, hunting and fishing along the Pacific extension of the Great Northern Road in northern Montana cannot be duplicated any where east of the Rockies. Having spent several months in the country through which the extension runs, I will try to give you a few facts regarding it:

The first station at the foot of the mountains on the eastern side is Midvale, near Two Medicine River and lake, in both of which are found speckled and salmon trout. The country about Midvale is par excellence all that a sportsman could wish. Birds there are, and fish, and four-footed game—bear, deer and the like, and no snakes. An hour's ride up the mountains, on a grade not noticeable and as smooth as a prairie road in Iowa or Illinois, brings us to Summit Station. This is the lowest railway pass in the Rocky Mountains. Here two streams have their sources. One, the Marias, flowing east to the Atlantic, while the other, the Flathead, a few yards away, flows west to the Pacific. Fish in them? I should say so. As soon as they get 200yds. headway fish are plentiful, and you must be a poor one with the rod if you cannot fill a bag or basket. I had with me a few dozen Irish trout flies and the first day I was there I tried them. Half a mile from Summit there is a little bridge. I began there, and between that bridge and a culvert at the mile post I caught upward of fifty speckled trout, some so big I couldn't land them for want of a net. I had a man with me, and it gave us as much as we wanted to do to get them home. Next day I tried the eastern river. It was more difficult to fish in it, but the trout were heavier. I caught three and a half dozen, and they were beauties. For whipping these streams big flies should not be used. A No. 10 hook is large enough, and green-body, brown-hackle, yellow-partridge, turkey-brown, and black-gnats are the best and surest killers.

I staid some time at Bear Creek with old "Two-Links-Ahead," the foreman of a track gang. He has a rich Munster brogue and it is a positive pleasure to hear him giving orders. There is beautiful timber here, so straight it would make excellent masts for small craft. Here, too, is the finest mountain water in America. Mountain upon mountain rise here and in the midst of all is a valley wherein lies the deserted village, the once famed McCarthyville, the track graders' home, now given over to the coyotes, save for two ranchers. From indications placer gold will probably be found here one of these days. A bald mountain rises from Bear Creek and on it can be found the finest grouse shooting in the Rockies. Seldom a train passes down the west side of the Rockies from Summit to Kalispell that passengers do not see deer and occasionally bear from the car windows. Engine firemen shy coal at wild game every day. I am told that the station agent at Java was alarmed one day by the appearance of three bears on the platform, and locking himself in telegraphed to the next station for the track gang to return and help him. From Belton Station the noted Lake McDonald is reached. This is a beautiful body of water high up in the mountains and full of fish. A snow-peaked mountain comes right down to its shores, and in the timber big game is found. Indeed, one need only to go from any station west along the line for hundreds of miles and find excellent fish and game resorts.

I cannot close without remarking on the excellent railroad work done on this extension. It is a marvel of completeness, and I think I am safe in saying it is the safest, smoothest, and best ballasted road in the West.

JOHN ATKINS.

SUMMIT, Mont., Sept. 6.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

### HORICON SHOOTING CLUB.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 17.—On Sept. 1, 1891, I took a trip to the Diana Shooting Club's grounds on the great Horicon Marsh, of Wisconsin, and made some mention of it later, it being my recorded belief that this was without question the greatest duck marsh now left in the section visited habitually by Chicago shooters. It was at that time stated that the Diana Club held the lower half of the marsh, and that the upper portion was leased by quite another club, the Horicon Shooting Club, better known as the "Upper Horicon Club," with headquarters at Fond du Lac. This upper club marsh I did not then visit, and intended to accept the invitation of Mr. A. R. Keating the club manager, for opening day, Sept. 1, of this year. This also became impossible, and it was only this week that I was able to carry out the long-cherished intention of completing the investigation of this interesting country and of learning more about the gentlemen who control it.

Mr. Waters and myself were met at Mayville, the pleasant village on the east side of the marsh, by Dr. G. J. Clark, the president of the club, who forthwith carried us off to his home for dinner. On the following day Dr. Clark and Mr. F. M. Lawrence, the able attorney of the club, took us over to the club house on the marsh, a pleasant drive of eleven miles through a charming rural country.

### FIELD FOR AN ARTIST.

It is hard to see why American artists and writers need go to other countries for their themes. The searcher for the quaint, the simple, the picturesque, the beautiful, has in America as wide a field as in Europe, and one much less trodden of the general. Were I an artist or a writer in search of new and fruitful country, I should not go to Europe, but to Mayville. The simple German folk who now occupy that country are odd and interesting as any old Acadians and the country itself is something unknown to the picture-makers, though with a character pleasingly distinct. On our ride we passed through a gallery of small landscapes. Each turn of the winding road brought into view some vista, some corner, some framed view some landscape wide or in little, which should be a keen joy to a natural American. I am not sure I have ever seen a country so full of pictures as this, unless it be central New Mexico, which also is unknown to artists more's the pity. Much of the charm of the Mayville country is due to the Rock River, here a swift, shallow rocky stream, winding in the most careless way among the hills; an excellent bass stream for the fly, moreover, and one well worth remembering. A week of Mayville fly-fishing—whole books have been written around less interesting themes.

### THE MARSH IN PERSPECTIVE.

Our road finally took us high up on the great rock ledge which frames this marshy basin on the east, and looking to the west, north and south we could see the great green sea stretching out, nearly twenty miles north and south and more than five miles wide from utter edge to edge. Below could be seen the wide water of the "Big Lake, on the Diana grounds, and directly west lay the main lake of Horicon Club. The east branch of the Rock River which runs through Mayville, we had now left behind us, emptying into the lower marsh. The west fork of the Rock, which expands and makes the upper marsh, we could trace in the distance beyond the marsh, to the point where it loses its identity in a wilderness of rice and weeds.

A great deal of open water was visible all over the marsh, a pleasing contrast to last year, when it was almost impossible to get about at all.

"Much of the open water is now in what we call the 'burnt holes,'" said Dr. Clark. "Last fall in the dry weather all the upper end of the marsh burned over, or at least did so in wide strips. The peat burned down two feet deep, and all the vegetation was killed. The water has now overflowed this burned region, and made a series of open ponds. This year you can go all over the marsh with boats, though all this open water you see is hardly more than two or three feet deep."

### AT THE CLUB HOUSE.

We presently arrived at the club house, a comfortable two-story building, and went directly out on the marsh to get a better notion of it, and to see if we could get some evening shooting. Both Mr. Lawrence and Dr. Clark are old-time duck shooters, and know the marsh to a dot. They told us that we were both too early and too late for good shooting, the local ducks having been shot at until they had grown wild, and the northern flight not yet having come in. Of snipe none at all were left, the mysterious early flight of August having left not a bird. As to the shooting, however, we were careless for the keen air of the coming fall put zest into mere living, and made poling a boat a pleasure bordering on luxury. We found the typical Horicon boat to be very small, sharp at both ends, and barely sitting out of the water, though undecked at either end. Compared with

one of these crafts the ordinary Green Bay boat is an ark, and it looked ticklish to see the frail craft careen as one stepped in. We realized early, however, that as usual the country had developed the boat best suited to it. All the Horicon shooter needs is bare transport for himself and shells. He has no rough water to weather, and the worst of tipping over would only be a mud bath, while every ounce he saves in weight off his tiny craft is of value when it comes to pushing through banks of rice, or pulling over a dry "carry" to a channel leading to the further recesses of the wilderness of log and solid vegetation.

We saw no one taking out decoys, and inquired about it.

"Well, the fact is," said Mr. Lawrence, "you know it is against the law to use decoys in Wisconsin. It is often done, but we do not use them here."

This was news to me. I knew the clause about building blinds beyond the natural cover, but had never heard of the decoy clause. I do not find reference to this in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

We crossed about a mile and a half of open water in the main lake and came to a point where the channel narrowed down to a couple of hundred yards in width. On the east side of these narrows is the "Center Point," the best fly-way on the marsh, as the birds following the big water above and below usually cross this point. Here our friends left us and went two miles further down the marsh. It was now toward evening and the flight began in a short time. It was not difficult to see that the birds had been educated already in their young lives. They crossed the point high and wide, and offered little shooting. West of the channel, over the wild rice, the flight was heavy and the shooting soon became steady. This was mostly on teal, which were following the long and winding "leads" of open water through the rice. We saw very few mallards, somewhat to our surprise, and but very few redheads, though the first bird I killed was a young redhead. Pintails were much more abundant and we saw some few travelers, mostly pintails, come in over the marsh toward night and circle about, after the fashion of new birds. It was evident that, though the shooting was not of the heaviest, there was abundance of birds on the marsh and more to be expected daily, until the great swarms of pintails in October and the late mallards of the last flight.

At the club house we met that evening a jolly party of nearly a dozen shooters, just in from the marsh, and ate an unconscionably large supper, with much hot coffee and a running fire of comment on the day. Other shooters had been more fortunate, some very good bags were brought in, Dr. Clark and Mr. Lawrence as usual being well represented, in spite of their long prospecting journey to the lower edge of the preserve. I looked over the records of the club for some years back, and found that the shooting here has always been of a high order. Between 600 and 700 ducks were killed on opening day of this year, and turning back the pages of the game record, bags of 62, 56, 44, 36, 76, 31, etc., caught the eye repeatedly. There were the usual blank days of course, but a bag of less than 8 or 10 ducks was below the average for the average shooter. As many as 50 gunners have shot on this range at once, and it takes a good number to keep the birds moving.

[With the conclusion of this, next week, will be given a map of the Horicon grounds.]

CHICKENS AND DUCKS.

*Sept. 18.*—The Illinois season on chickens and ducks opened last Thursday, Sept. 15. So far as the meager reports go, nothing very startling in the way of sport transpired in this immediate vicinity. Fox Lake opening day was a sublime failure. A few parties are now out after chickens. Dick Turtle has gone to a point 80 miles west, where he expects to find some birds. Chickens were fairly plentiful around Chillicothe, well down in the State, but the illegal shooting there was general. From all accounts the law has been less observed this year than ever before. Three-fourths of the Illinois chickens were dead before Aug. 15.

DR. THOMAS AND HIS DEER.

The daily papers here continue to poke up Rev. Dr. Thomas about his three illegal deer. I take the following from the *Daily News* of Sept. 13. Dr. Thomas was interviewed as follows:

By the minister's side on an easel was a handsome oil painting, representing a group of deer drinking from a sparkling mountain stream. On a table close by were two large lithographs of James J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan as they appeared in the great fight at New Orleans. Upon being told of the reporter's mission the doctor laughed heartily and said: "Yes, I did shoot three deer up in Wisconsin and if you have time I will tell you all about it.

"I took my month's vacation," resumed the divine, "in the wilderness of upper Wisconsin. There were two others in the party besides myself. Then, of course, we had our guides and a team to convey the guns and necessaries of life. Of the latter there was little variety. Salt pork, bread and coffee were our main supplies. We started for the forest region from a little lumber camp in the northwestern part of the State, and we did not pitch our tent until we were over forty miles from any inhabitants. We slept under God's canopy and enjoyed ourselves hugely catching fish. We had exciting times hauling in the speckled beauties, but we all longed for a good venison steak, nicely toasted on the coals of a camp fire. Of course fried salt pork and black coffee boiled in an iron pot are not to be despised by a man camping in the bracing air of the pine forests, yet, as I said, we hungered for deer. We decided one night to watch a lake where the guides told us deer would come to drink. We had not long to wait, as I soon spotted as fine a specimen as ever graced the woods of Wisconsin. I raised my rifle, took good aim and fired. It was a true shot and the animal fell over dead. Just imagine the feast we had next day! We ate all that deer except his hide, horns and tail. In our stay I killed two more deer, which were treated in the same way. I can assure you we had no intention of violating the game law, and I killed those deer simply because we wanted meat to eat. In that section of the country the inhabitants consider that under those circumstances I was justified in shooting the animals. If it was breaking the game law of the State it was without intent, and if the authorities so desire I have no objection to paying the fines."

The worthy doctor has several times said that he would just as soon pay those fines as not. If this is only a bluff, it would seem time the bluff were called. To-day I wrote to the State Game Warden of Wisconsin, and inclosed him a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, and just told him, sort of careless like, that we had a man down here who hankered after paying a few fines. Some interesting correspondence is likely to result from this.

If Dr. Thomas is correctly reported, he broke the law in a double sense. He did not stalk and shoot his deer in hunter-like fashion, but shot them in the water. If this was in the day time, the deer were driven into the water by the flies—a pest which has cost many a deer its life when helpless against the summer butcher. The story says it was in the night. Sec. 7, Chap. 374, of the Wisconsin laws forbids all hunting of deer at night. If it was a dark night, we may suppose the divine used a jack light. This is contrary to a further provision of the same section.

To tangle the worthy divine up still more, the *News* interview makes him say in conclusion: "Altogether we had a jolly time, and I intend repeating the trip after more deer next summer."

Dr. Thomas may be incorrectly reported in this. He may kill more deer next summer in Wisconsin, but I don't really believe he will. I am inclined to think he doesn't think he will. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO.

## AN AFTERNOON WITH THE RAIL.

THERE is on Long Island somewhere between Oakdale and Patchogue a little creek which I happened to stumble on, or rather into, about a year ago. Some years since one of our most prominent brothers of the gun and rod—who emulates the example of the apostles, and is a "fisher of men," knowing well how to land the old mossbacks who lie under the political roots and wait for the unsuspecting minnow to pass—had this little brulé sown with wild rice, a cereal until that time comparatively unknown on the "South Side."

Year after year Jack Frost did his work and the ripe seeds dropped into the current and found lodgment in the rich mud along the banks, and so the rice beds spread east and west until there was set for our friends the sora a rich feast each autumn, at which he was often joined by that Beau Brummel of wildfowl, the wood duck.

Come with me on one of these soft September evenings. Have Billy B. meet us with his sharpie at the bridge where the old main road crosses the creek, about half way to our home.

"Step amidships, Mr. D. Here's your gun and plenty of shells." All of which is answered by a half nod, and we are off.

"Look out!" from Billy. Crack! from the 12-bore, as a small brown shape tops the reeds. A clean miss. The bird drops, as these follows often do, before I can get in the second barrel. But never mind, we are just coming to a bend where the rice is thick and there must be birds. Steady! Bang! "Mark east!" Bang! "Both down, Billy." "There's another, Mr. D!" Bang! "Killed him, too," and so it goes as we push along for a mile, until we see the mouth of the creek opening into the bay.

The sun is sinking behind the trees and casting a ruddy tinge over the meadow and through the leaves when Billy excitedly claims: "Down! Look up the creek!" I obey and see clear cut against the northwestern sky two black spots, which, carried by whistling wing, are coming right for me. I jump my gun on them as best I can. Both barrels seem to go off at once, and—"vainly the fowler's eye." Two drams and ¾oz. of No. 10 will not stop a wood duck when he is scared. Too bad, but there is my home light shining through the trees to the east'd, and I know my little woman is waiting dinner for me, not impatiently, but with anticipation, for she knows the report of my gun and expects something good from the creek with which to grace our table to-morrow.

Have you a helpmate who can handle a gun and who appreciates legitimate sport? If you have, you can understand with what pride and pleasure I place my string of birds on a platter and present the trophy to my wife.

CHAS. S. DEVELIN.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 14.

## SOME MASSACHUSETTS SHOTS.

GARDY EAMES, of Reading, and Phineas Killam, of the same place, hunted all day the first day of the open season, Thursday last, and did not get a grouse. In fact, they scarcely fired a shot. It is true that Ed. Eames, of the same town, fired 5 shots on the opening day and killed 5 partridges, but this is counted as most remarkable, and the other hunters say that he knew where the flock was. But Gardy Eames is one of the finest shots in the country, and he is also an expert with both dogs and gun, and his friends say that if there are any partridges in the woods, Gardy is sure of them. His shooting is something remarkable. A .22cal. rifle is something of a favorite with him. He is a rather nervous man, and probably in shooting at a fixed target he might make some misses. But on a moving object "he is a wonder," so all his friends say. Pennies snapped up a few feet into the air are as easy for him to hit as would be targets of the same size fixed to the ordinary rifle shot. A noted sportsman and a good shot was recently told of the shooting of Gardy, and he refused to believe it. He declared that it was not possible for any man to hit pennies snapped into the air 9 times out of 10, as it was claimed Eames could do. Gardy happened to overhear the remarks of the gentleman, and quietly remarked that the gun was at hand. The gentleman desired to see him shoot. It was in a store that the conversation took place, and there was a barrel of cranberries standing there. Gardy proposed that some one throw up cranberries for him to shoot at. It was done. He fired 3 shots and punctured three berries. Curious to relate, two of the berries were simply cut out in the form of a perfect ring, the little .22cal. slug going completely and cleanly through the berry shot at. The stranger was so much surprised and pleased that he immediately purchased the rifle at a good price, with the intention of practicing himself.

J. A. Faulkner, of Lowell, E. A. Smith, of the same town, and Geo. C. Moore, of North Chelmsford, left Boston Friday evening, on the Pullman train, for the Inglewood Club camps, in New Brunswick. They will be followed by Harry B. Moore on Monday. They go for large game, the season on moose, deer and caribou being already open there. Mr. Leroy S. Brown, of the Inglewood Club house committee, hears that large game is very plenty in the club's preserve and that small game is abundant. Each one of the party expects to capture a handsome head and the chances are good that they will have some fine shooting. The suggestion has been made to Harry Moore that a step-ladder would be a good thing to have at hand, in order that a moose standing 12ft. high may be shot at on a level. The moose is discovered and the guide at once places the step-ladder, when the hunter mounts and shoots. Harry has made a memorandum of this suggestion.

Mr. Wm. H. Goggin, with Dwinel, Hayward & Co., and his friend Dr. Nason, of Hampden, Me., are to make a very enjoyable trip this fall. They hope to start about Oct. 1. Dr. Nason has a brother who has charge of considerable lumbering operationss in Aroostook county, Me., and he has invited his brother and Mr. Coggin to go into the woods with him on a two-weeks' hunts. Staging some 25 or 30 miles has to be done from Houlton and then some 40 miles by teams before the first camps are reached. There are several camps and the hunters will alternate between them. They will be saved the trouble of packing provisions, for the crews of men will be at work and the hunters will mess and sleep at the camps.

It is a wonder that no more of such hunting is done. It is not at all difficult to get in with the lumber people, the bosses generally being glad to have the company of the right sort of hunters, and besides there is the game that hunters who are at all expert can furnish for the camp tables. In Mr. Coggin's case the hunters will be doubly welcome, for the boss is a brother of one of them, and will doubtless go with the party a good deal himself. Last year a party visited the same camps at about the same time, and both moose and caribou were killed, with all the deer the law would allow. Mr. Coggin promises a good account of the hunt for the FOREST AND STREAM.

A happy hunting party is to start from Boston about the 24th of September for the region beyond Moosehead Lake, Me. The party will be made up of D. J. Puffer, of Boston, and well known in the soda fountain business; Mr. H. L. Buss, of the Chamber of Commerce grain trade; Henry La Page, of Medford, and Mr. J. A. Collins, with the Puffers. The Puffers are expert hunters, and go nearly every season, but to Mr. Buss the experiences will be rather new. They have their guides engaged, and starting from Kineo, they will go back till they find big game. Their guides report moose seen, with deer and caribou plenty. SPECIAL.

## AN ADIRONDACK DEER DRIVE.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Sept. 14.—We generally have a hunt here on the first day of the running season. The first came on the tenth of this month and we had our hunt. The men who were to do the shooting were at the stands by 6 o'clock, and George Peters who was to make the first drive with his two celebrated dogs. The watches waited nearly an hour before they heard a dog, then the two dogs were heard to start in a small swamp back of "Bill" Brant's.

The men at the stands looked at their guns and then looked at the surrounding trees and brush heaps, they looked and listened for the game for an hour, then they saw it. The dogs led toward Wheelertown and then turned and took another course toward the watchers. "It's a deer sure," said all to themselves, keeping a sharp eye for the appearance of game. A big fox ran along the line. Most of us said a bad word or two when the two dogs came along on the fox's track fifteen minutes after. Two expert deer drivers were sent after the other dogs that had been tied up at Mr. Brant's. The men had resumed their stations when Mr. Peters came back. He was exhorted to go hence.

It was nearly nine when the new drivers started after the dogs. At half past nine two deer were jumped in the swamp where that blooming fox was started. The driver who saw them start got a shot at the spike-horn and broke his leg. The unwounded one led two dogs away and was seen no more. The spike-horn circled and led away like the fox did, turned and came back. He almost went through that deadly line too. Four men shot eight shots at it and the fifth shot two loads of buckshot; one missed, the other hit the poor deer all over.

A deer ran the same day within 10yds. of a man who was stacking corn. The deer is supposed to have been the one that was started in Brant's swamp that morning.

Two bears were killed in the Old Pardee Clearing during the morning of the tenth by Elmer Hamlin and Joe Worden. One of the bears was caught in a trap, the other was up a tree, the tree was cut down and the bear killed with an ax—so Worden claims. Two parties are at Moose River, from this place. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

### A Tamed Caribou.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 9.—I was greatly interested in reading notes in your last issue about the caribou being so tame, and it reminds me that Capt. Farquhar, of the steamship Harlow, from Newfoundland, brought up with him, by last trip, a fine specimen of this family in the shape of a young buck, I should judge about 19 months old. The animal was captured while swimming a lake and is now for sale. Any one wanting him would do well to write the captain at once. The animal is very tame, can be patted and it likes to be patted, and would be a grand acquisition to some park. The captain feeds it on potatoes, oats, etc. H. AUSTEN.

### To Deliver Shot as a Slug.

REPLYING to Mahlon Gore's question in your esteemed edition of last date, I would modestly say that, for practical result, my experiences South last winter support the following simple method: When off ranging, with only your small shot, take a half dozen shells and with pocket knife encircle the same through to the innermost lining and parallel with the shot side of the dividing wad. The charge then when fired will deliver its shot intact and perforate an inch board from 40 to 70yds. distant, with no increased exposure to either gun or gunner.

GEO. A. FIELD.

### Wild Rice.

IN regard to the wild rice seed inquired about recently I should say that while Mr. Hallock is quite correct about the abundance of this plant on the meadows on the Hackensack River, yet it would cost more to get the seed from them than to buy it. It is kept by all the large seedsmen in New York, Philadelphia and Detroit. I think the price is not more than $2.50 a bushel, although I may be mistaken, but at any rate the seed can be purchased. A few handfuls sown here and there on the banks in the shallow water, first steeped in water to make it sink, will quickly spread and stock a pond or river. H. STEWART.

HACKENSACK, N. J.

## NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

### Game Prospects in Pike County.

GLEN EYRE, Pa.—The open season on ruffed grouse commenced Sept. 15 in Pike county, Pa., and considering the dense foliage, heavy growth of scrub oak, and general thick underbrush, very good bags have been made. What is now needed is a strong frost, followed by a heavy rain, that would drop the leaves, and give one a fair open sight shot, in place of hip and snap shooting now the only possible method of success. The birds are now in heavy swales and thick laurel swamps, almost impossible for man to penetrate or dog to work.

A good season is expected, and there are certainly far more birds than for the last two years.

Woodcock are fairly abundant and are now showing themselves on the edge of the meadows. The fall flight about the middle of October is the best shooting period.

Quail do not exist in quantities unless in the Delaware valley.

Deer show a large increase over the past five years.

Bear also have been seen all summer and will prove ample sport for those who care to indulge in this style of game.

The best route for sportsmen to take to reach the best shooting ground is via the Erie R. R. to Port Jervis, three hours from New York, and from there by stage, on fine roads to Milford, Dingman's Ferry or Bushkill, where very comfortable hotels may be found and in easy distance from some of the best shooting in the State. Y.

### Nova Scotia Snipe and Woodcock.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 9.—Our woodcock shooting started here on Aug. 20, but I have not given them much attention yet, putting in my spare time with the snipe and picking up odd woodcock on the way. On the 20th a friend and myself bagged 6½ brace of snipe and woodcock, and on 27th we brought back 10½ brace of snipe and woodcock. On Sept. 2 we knocked over 18½ brace of woodcock and snipe, also a pair of bittern that got in the way; but these, with yellowlegs, mud snipe, etc., we don't count as game and pay no attention to them, except they come fooling about when the gun happens to be loaded and pointed their way. I hear of some good bags of woodcock being made by parties up on old ground of mine, through Musquodobit—one bag of 40 brace, another of 20 brace, but then that was with three and four guns, and, after all, it is poor sport, as weather is very warm, covers thick and birds poor. October and the first part of November are the best; then the birds are strong of wing and are in fine condition. On Nov. 1, last year, my friend Wallace and myself knocked over 13 woodcock, 1 snipe and 5 grouse, and they were worth getting. We are off again to-morrow, and expect to make a fair bag; will report later. H. AUSTEN.

### Squirrels in Northern New York.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—This appears to be a squirrel year in northern New York, and gray squirrels are more plentiful than at any time during the past ten years. One man killed forty-seven gray and black squirrels just over the line in Washington county in one afternoon last week. Bags of fifteen to twenty-five are not uncommon. Deer seem to be almost as thick as squirrels if one can believe the reports. A friend who has just returned from Harrisburgh, in Warren county, tells me that in one day twelve deer were killed there, and the next day seven more met the same fate. Remember that this is done within fifty miles of Saratoga Springs, and then imagine what the prospect for deer should be further away in "the wilderness." A. N. C.

### Kansas Small Game.

OTTAWA, Kansas, Sept. 16,—The squirrel hunters have been having fine success around here. Last week a party of four went down the river from this place for a couple of days hunting. They stayed one night and part of two days and brought back about seventy squirrels. Besides this they killed one coon, four possums and five skunks, and they didn't keep track of the watermelons they bagged. Several parties have been out hunting prairie chickens lately without much success. A bag of three old ones is the largest I have heard of. F. B.

### New Hampshire Small Game.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Sept. 18.—Fishing off! Shooting on! Few birds yet, but great invasion of gray squirrels, the first for nine years. Cannot see now to shoot myself in the thick foliage, but a young friend has been out three times, getting 6, 10 and 6, respectively. Two young men from Claremont are reported to have shot 30, weighing 41½lbs., on the slopes of Ascutney Mountain, a week since, and I hear of numerous other bags. Where do they all come from? Who can answer? VON W.

### Big Game in the Rockies.

A CORRESPONDENT living on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains wishes to take out a hunting party for big game during the coming month of October. He states that on the ground he is to visit he can guarantee shots at elk, mountain sheep and white goats. The name of our correspondent can be had by addressing Big Game, this office.

### Squirrel Year in Missouri.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Sept. 8.—Quail will be plentiful notwithstanding the wet spring. Farmers report this to be "squirrel year." A. E. H.

*Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price $2.50. Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle. By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. By T. S. Van Dyke. Price $1.50. Shore Birds. Price 15 cents. Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." Price $1. Trajectories of Hunting Rifles. Price 50 cents Wild Fowl Shooting; see advertisement.*

THE HAZARD POWDER CO. has sent us a novel paper-weight, in the form of a small powder canister. It is a perfect *fac simile* of the patent canisters used by this company, but is harmless, being filled with sand, instead of "Kentucky Rifle," as the label would lead one to expect. It is an ingenious idea, well carried out, and should prove a good advertisement for the company.

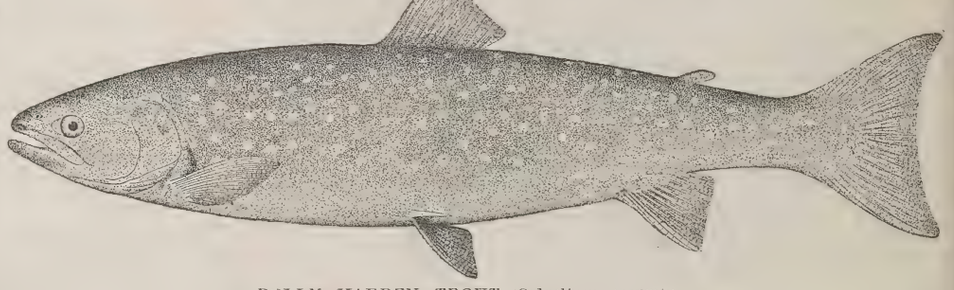
## Sea and River Fishing.

### THE DOLLY VARDEN TROUT.

IT has not escaped the notice of anglers that the trout native to Eastern waters are, with only a few exceptions, red-spotted, while the species native to the West and Northwest are nearly all black-spotted. In the West the black-spotted forms are numerous, and in the East there is a goodly number of red-spotted species, of which the common brook trout represents one group and the golden trout of New England lakes typifies another.

Dr. Jordan has explained in these columns that our black-spotted trout are the analogues of the trout of Europe while our red-spotted species are in the category of charrs. The East has several charrs; the West has only one, the Dolly Varden. This fine fish is a very near relative of the Sälbling or *Ombre chevalier* of European waters, and of the golden trout, the sea trout of Labrador, and the Floeberg charr of the extreme north part of Arctic America.

The Dolly Varden inhabits cold mountain streams of California, Oregon and Washington, and extends northward to the Arctic regions of Alaska and British Columbia. It is known, also, from Kamtschatka. There is no doubt that the species lives in the Mackenzie and tributaries of the Saskatchewan. It has long been known as the bull trout in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Prof. Evermann was reliably informed by Montana fishermen that this trout is common in most of the large tributaries of the Columbia in Montana, particularly in the Hell Gate, Missoula, Pend d'Oreille, Flathead, Bitter Root, and



DOLLY VARDEN TROUT (*Salvelinus malma*).

Big Blackfoot rivers, and in Swan and Flathead lakes. The Bitter Root, near Missoula, is credited with individuals weighing 12 to 14lbs.

The McCloud River indians call the Dolly Varden *wye-dar deek-it*. The name Dolly Varden was applied to it at Soda Springs, Cal., more than twenty years ago, as will appear from Mr. Livingston Stone's notes in the U. S. Fish Commission Report for 1872-73, page 207. The name bull-trout is current for it also in California. Another name applied to the species in Montana and Alaska is salmon trout, while in California it is the brook trout. The Russians call it *goletz*, and in Kamtschatka it is the *malma*.

In the northern portions of its range, where cold water is found at the sea-level, the Dolly Varden enters the ocean and becomes the object of a fishery of some importance; this is especially the case in British Columbia and Alaska.

The Dolly Varden is a very large trout, its average size increasing with its range northward. In Alaska it is not uncommon to catch examples weighing 10 or 12lbs., and equally large specimens are recorded from Montana. When it is recalled that this is one of the liveliest of game fishes in most localities it will be admitted that the West is favored in its possession.

This trout is migratory and passes much of its time in the sea near the river mouths; it enters the rivers late in the fall and descends in the spring. The young, however, remain in the streams during the summer, thus differing in habits from the adults. Mr. E. W. Nelson found the Dolly Varden at Unalaska early in June and in the Yukon River in the same month. The writer also has taken them at Unalaska about the same time. In the Yukon Mr. Nelsom observed them to be most abundant in the fall just before and after the streams freeze over.

There is some uncertainty about the date of the spawning season. J. B. Campbell, who was employed at the McCloud River some years ago, fixes the time in September and until November. This is corroborated by my own discovery of eggs, nearly matured, at Karluk, Alaska, in August. The eggs are about one-half as large as in the rainbow trout.

Mr. Campbell says it is very hard to hold a Dolly Varden, the fish slipping out of one's hands almost like an eel.

In the fresh waters this trout feeds chiefly on salmon eggs, and is justly regarded as very destructive to the larger fish of its own family on this account. Around the fish-cleaning houses at the canneries of Alaska greedy hordes of Dolly Varden may be seen consuming the eggs which are thrown overboard. Specimens taken at sea sometimes have capelin in their stomachs. In fishing for the Dolly Varden no other bait is more effective than salmon eggs.

Natives of northern Alaska make very pretty waterproof clothing from the skins of this trout.

There is, perhaps, no other trout in the West which is so readily taken with the artificial fly. In the summer of 1889 a party from the steamer Albatross caught several hundred in one hour by this method of fishing. Livingston Stone has stated that it will also take live bait with avidity. Mr. Nelson took specimens weighing 1lb. and upward with a brown-hackle and found them game and offering good sport on favorable days.

The illustration of the Dolly Varden trout is copied from Fig. 1, plate XXV., Report on Fishcultural Stations in Rocky Mountain Region and Gulf States, issued by the Government Printing Office.

Capt. Charles Bendire informed me that the bull trout, as it is generally known in the Northwest, is not equal to the steelhead or the red-throated trout either for eating or sport. It seldom takes the fly in that part of the country, being a ground feeder. He says it is softer in flesh than the other two species, and that it is much more voracious, killing every fish near it when closely confined as in aquaria.

"Scarlet-Ibis" stated in FOREST AND STREAM, June 11, 1892, that a California fly-fisherman complained that the Dolly Varden will not rise to the fly, though it takes bait very well, even the "barnyard hackle," generally known as "wums." He was told, however, that it will occasionally take a bright salmon fly. The few he caught were captured by trolling with a mottled pearl bait. Incidentally "Scarlet-Ibis" noted that the fish was spawning in September. T. H. B.

### SAGE HENS AND CUT-THROAT TROUT.

AN article which I read some time since in the columns of your valuable journal, from Doctor Thomas Turton ("Lone Fisherman"), in regard to sport in Snake River section, Idaho, led me to open a correspondence with him, which resulted in my paying him a visit.

Our party, consisting of Jack, Howard and the Old Man, arrived at Beaver Cañon, Idaho, on the morning of July 29 last, where we found that everything had been arranged by the indefatigable Doctor for our trip and for our comfort and pleasure.

After a hearty breakfast at mine host Coulson's, we donned our hunting clothes and were soon seated behind the Doctor's fine team, "John and Bill," and whirled away toward our first stopping place, Mrs. Bell's, some twenty-five miles distant. Before reaching there, however, we let out the Doctor's setter Pat, and in a few moments he was pointing. The Doctor's laconic remark, "Chickens," tumbled me out of the wagon, and a moment later scored my first sage hen; in fact the first I had ever seen. From my imperfect knowledge of the characteristics of this member of the grouse family, I expected to see a bald-headed fowl, wise in its day and generation and more than a match for a charge of No. 7 shot backed by Schultze powder and a correct aim, but this chicken—about two-thirds grown—seemed lacking in the essential quality of speed of wing, which is possessed by our ruffed grouse, and tumbled in a very much demoralized condition at the crack of my little Scott gun. With the remark, "These are too easy, Doctor." He replies, "Wait till September, when they are full grown and feathered and begin to pack, rising wild, you will need a chokebore and heavy charges with No. 4 shot to stop them."

At this season of the year their education is somewhat neglected and they are busy feeding and growing, but no doubt, later, the Doctor's assertion will be fully verified, and they will become sage both in knowledge and flavor.

In less than two hours, we had bagged thirty-seven, all we could use that day, and stopped shooting. Mrs. Bell had a fine supper awaiting us to which we did ample justice, and after a smoke, were soon in bed to enjoy such slumber as we had not had since a growing lad of twelve. It was worth going many hundreds of miles, to enjoy such sleep as we had that night. What caused it? Certainly it was not the luxury of our surroundings, for through the chinks of the logs you could see the stars shining; no Axminster on the floor, and our room partitioned by a cotton sheet. It was our tired brains, diverted from the beaten track of close application to business, by new thoughts, new scenes, new experiences, a complete change, and with it came this sometimes unattainable calm and dreamless sleep.

The morning found us on our way to the hospitable ranch of Mr. G. E. Hopf on Snake River, and distant about twenty-five miles. The saucy sage hens would barely give us room to pass them on the road, which they monopolized for dusting purposes. One, more bold than the others, seemed to dispute the right of way, and foolishly lost its life by being run over, the Doctor obstinately refusing to turn out for its accommodation. Arriving at Mr. Hopf's we were soon at home, and I cannot say too much for the kind attention bestowed on our party by Mrs. H. and her charming daughters.

Here in the morning we first strung up our rods, and under the guidance of the Doctor, were soon fast to a cut throat trout. In my judgment they are rightly named, for aside from the distinguishing red slashes under the throat, they seemed possessed of all the characteristics of a veritable cut-throat, and take to fighting as naturally as their namesake; they do not seem satisfied with a short, hot round, but come up equally as ready and smiling for several; in fact, fighting seems their forte, for it is often a question whether you or the trout will give up first, and many is the one that eventually, after a long, hard struggle, twists the fly from his jaws and is victor. No doubt the purity and coldness of the water has something to do with their staying qualities.

Of the many trout streams I have whipped in the last thirty years, none of them approach the North Fork of Snake River in beauty of scenery or purity of water. The clear, cold water springs from the rocks and starts from its fountain head, a full-sized river, while hundreds of clear, cold springs add to its volume ere it reaches the junction of the South Fork. The water being so clear, it requires a long free cast to land your flies at a proper distance to prevent the observation by the fish of your motions or movements. This makes it difficult to the amateur fly-caster, but to an experienced fisherman only adds to the charm of fly-fishing. This beautiful stream,

however, is doomed to extermination unless the State and county authorities will take some vigorous measures to uphold the laws and prevent the wholesale seining and spearing that has been going on for a year or two past. With legitimate fishing with rod and line, the market fisherman can take his fifty to one hundred pounds per day, and still there will be enough left to satisfy all, but with the murderous spear and seine with its victims of five hundred to one thousand pounds a night, no stream, be it ever so populous in numbers of fish, can withstand such a drain long. Would that the mantle of the Park authorities might be extended for the legitimate protection of this noble stream.

About noon the good Doctor puts our catch upon his back, and making a short cut through the woods we are soon seated around Mrs. Hopf's hospitable board, where we discuss the good things provided and plan for a visit on the morrow to Flat Rock, a famous place for large trout. Here we had fine sport, rarely taking a fish less than 1½lbs. and up to 3¾lbs.

The next day the Doctor, having some business that calls him home for a couple of days, Jack and the Old Man are left to amuse themselves as best they can, and word having been received by Mrs. H. of the expected arrival of some forty tourists on their way to the Park, we cheerfully respond to her request for some trout and chickens for the table. A short trip of half a mile up the river furnishes all the trout she needs, and after dinner we take the mules, and after a short drive are soon at Sheridan Creek, where we expect to kill some chickens. In the Doctor's absence we have no dog and must trust to our luck in walking up the birds. Jack kindly consented to act as retriever, and in walking less than half a mile we kill thirty-two chickens in thirty-three shots, the miss was inexcusable, as it was the fairest shot of the lot. As this was all that Mrs. H. needed, we stopped short, but it was a great temptation to shoot more, as the birds were jumping up all around us, but we firmly adhered to our inflexible rule of no waste.

Each day our time was occupied, the Doctor taking us to portions of the river where we had not fished, and for a change we camped for a day or two. A drive of part of a day will take one where fine fishing in Henry's Lake bottom can be had and over to the South Fork of the Madison, where he will be royally entertained by Mr. H. T. Dwelly and can enjoy some fine grayling fishing, and he wants to kill elk or large game I know of no better place to stay or a better prospect for a shot.

Soon our allotted time is up—how the time flies when you are fishing and hunting every day and sleeping soundly every night!—and we say good-bye to the kind friends at Arangee Ranch and start on our way homeward. We have fine sport with sage hens on our way to Mrs. Bell's. Here is where Jack, our New York bond broker, attempted a new feat for him—of milking a vicious cow, and from the small quantity of the lacteal fluid remaining in a very much demoralized-looking milk pail and the torn and soiled condition of his clothes, it looked somewhat as if he was not a success in that line. He, however, claimed that it was all right; but possibly he might have squeezed that part of the cow's anatomy from which the milk flows a little too hard and thus caused restlessness.

We take the train at Beaver Cañon, but can hardly realize that our outing is over, and we must soon knuckle down to work again. We take with us, however, the recollection of a glorious time, thanks to Dr. Turton's untiring zeal, and that not a trout was caught or a chicken killed that was not utilized.

Should any one desire to take this trip, the Doctor will cheerfully give all the information needed to make it a success, and if you can get him to go with you, you can gamble on getting all the trout and chickens you may in reason desire. OLD MAN.

## THE IRON CITY FISHING CLUB'S CAMP.

ON the romantic and historic Shields's Point: situated at the foot of Lake Talon, Ontario, Canada, at the junction of the latter with the Kabaska River, the two uniting in the Talon Chute in their descent to the Mattawa River, the Iron City Fishing Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., pitched their tents for a three weeks' outing, numbering in all 53 members, with their families and guests, besides a colored cook ("Smoke" by name, whom they had brought with them from Pittsburg) and a retinue of French-Canadians and Indians, who were engaged at Talon. The club arrived at the camping ground on Tuesday, Aug. 9, having come direct from Pittsburg in their special train of Wagner sleepers, the entire trip of 610 miles being made in 27 hours.

The romantic beauty of the scenery at Lake Talon is unsurpassed, and with the ever cool and bracing winds of Lake Nippising, 26 miles west, a party of campers could wish for no more desirable place to spend a few holidays.

Then again, Talon and Trout lakes abound in the ever-sought-for favorite—the black bass, with muskalonge, pickerel, pike and trout. Moose, deer and bear, besides an abundance of pheasant and partridge, were to be found in the immediate vicinity. One morning the campers were surprised to hear from one of the Indians that a black bear had been seen during the night within 50yds. of the commissary tent, having been attracted there by the smell of cooking and provisions.

Several young men and ladies of the party went some miles up Talon, and while quietly fishing from their boats not very far from shore, saw a large, beautiful buck come to the water's edge, take a drink of the water and then quietly and majestically walk off and disappear behind the thicket.

Very few of the gay throng of campers were aware that they were camping on historic grounds. The great explorer Champlain and his party passed that way nearly 300 years ago, as recorded by the historian Parkman, and had perchance encamped on that very spot where the Iron City Club was located, as that is the point where the two routes converge, the one through Talon and Trout lakes, the other through the Cabaska and Nosbonsing to the waters of the Nippising. Nosbonsing is said to signify the "way by water" and Mattawa the "meeting of the rivers." Still further proof of this having been Champlain's camping grounds is the finding of a pewter cup some years ago by Mr. Shields, owner of this tract of land, with Champlain's name engraved upon it, within a very short distance of the Point, it having been very probably carried there by the Indians. The remains of an old encampment, evidently French in its origin, were also found in this vicinity. According to tradition it was near this point where the Hurons, a few years after, to inflict a terrible revenge, totally annihilated a band of Iroquois who had penetrated this region. Several years ago there were quite a number of Indians encamped on the shores of these lakes, as also on a number of other lakes in the vicinity, but when the Reserve was established near Nippising they were all removed there.

Bunton Thirston, one of the Indians employed by the Iron City Club, is a celebrated sprinter of Canada, it being said that he has outrun every sprinter whom he has met and has won a number of prizes at the different country fairs in Ontario within the past few years.

Four of our party went trout fishing one morning in a stream about three miles from camp, and their catch by afternoon amounted to 105 fine fish. Bass were caught, the largest weighing 5½lbs., caught by Dr. Miles, who also caught a 15lb. muskalonge.

Three of the young men had Kodaks with them, and secured some very fine reminiscences of the "Camp of '92."

The officers of the club are: Mr. S. A. Shepard, commissary; Mr. S. L. Wood, treasurer; and Mr. Will Price, secretary. Almost the entire party were Pittsburgers and Alleghenians. There being five ministers in the party, religious services were held Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock and praise-service in the evenings, being conducted alternately by the ministers. To these services the Canadians of the surrounding neighborhood were invited; who seemed to very much enjoy the Americans' preaching. Two entertainments were given by some of the talented campers, embracing vocal and instrumental music, recitations, character sketches, etc., which were largely attended by the neighboring Canadians. The singing of "God Save the Queen;" by both Canadians and Americans, being a prominent feature of the entertainments.

The scenery on the Mattawa River, some two miles distant from camp, is most beautiful, there being ledges of granite in some places nearly a hundred feet high and descending perpendicularly into the river. Huckleberries, blackberries and red raspberries are found growing in large quantities along the shores of all these waters, and the campers took advantage of this opportunity to have plenty of berries at meal times.

Several weeks before the Iron City Club's arrival Mr. Shields saw what appeared to him to be his two horses grazing on the elevation where the camp was located, but upon closer investigation found it to be two large moose.

On Thurday, the 25th of August, we broke camp, very regretfully, it must be said.

At every station where a stop was made in Canada the boys of the party would give the club yell: "Iron City Fishing Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa. We are the people of the U. S. A. Hurrah!" which apparently greatly astonished the Canadians, who evidently thought we were a clever lot of campers. ONE OF THE CAMPERS.

## UTAH FISH AND GAME NOTES.

IN CAMP, HEAD WATERS WEBER RIVER, Utah Territory, August 24, 1892.—I peruse FOREST AND STREAM with much interest; it contains a great amount of valuable information.

I was born on March 1, 1807, at Avon, Hartford county, Conn., on the banks of a trout brook which had turned the wheels of a flour mill and a saw mill, owned by my grandfather and father, for many years. As soon as I was old enough to carry a fish-rod I commenced catching trout, which I have continued to do, from time to time, for nearly 80 years.

Several years of my life were spent in Ashland, Oswego Co, New York, on the east border of Lake Ontario. While there I assisted one morning in catching 500 salmon, very few of which were under 20lbs., while a few weighed 40lbs. My first experience in fishing with fly for trout and salmon was in England and Scotland in 1845; but I met with little success there.

At the time of the early settlement of Utah Territory, the mountains and canyons were thickly inhabited with the elk, deer, antelope, panther, mountain lion, wild cat, and grizzly, cinnamon and brown bear; some of which were of immense size. These animals are still found in our mountains, and are frequently killed. I never shot a bear, although I have seen quite a number of grizzly and cinnamon bears after they were killed. In one instance a very large grizzly, with two large cubs, passed within 30 yards of me while I was concealed in the brush. I was, at the time; holding in my hands a muzzle-loading gun, and the manner she treated her cubs, while apparently trying to wean them, plainly indicated the wisdom of my letting her pass unmolested, and assured me if I should fail to kill her the first shot, see would attack and kill me. Hardly half a mile after passing me, she came upon a camp, some of the men fired at her several times, but she got away, with her cubs. I have killed deer and antelope but never elk, although upon one occasion a band of more than 200 came within 300 yards of me, and were headed towards me, but were frightened off in another direction by a man without a gun who came running to see me shoot an elk; a companion hunter, however, shot and killed one of them. We think deer are increasing in our region. A good many elk and sheep are still in our mountains, but difficult to get at. Deer, antelope and elk are quite plentiful north of us, in the Snake River country, now Idaho; and moose are taken occasionally. Some six years ago I met a young man up there who shot 16 elk and 2 moose out of one band, and he said he might have killed more, but to do so would only have been to waste them.

Utah, Bear, Panguitch and Fish lakes, as well as other lakes, rivers and streams, abounded with the largest and finest trout when we first reached the Territory, but as the country has become settled they have steadily decreased; still our waters supply quite an amount of trout at the present time. Some years ago, one warm day in June, I helped to make a haul at the mouth of Provo River, the trout having gathered about the river mouth for cooler water, (the fishermen had made several hauls during the day, out in the lake, and took some 500lbs. of fish) and when the net was drawn, the draft was judged to be about 4,000lbs. A great number of trout weighed 10lbs. each, on the scales. As it was night, and having a great amount of dead fish on hand to be saved, after taking out several hundred pounds of the largest fish, the rest were turned into the lake alive. I saw one trout caught in Utah Lake, by net, which weighed 18lbs.

Trout and salmon have been successfully hatched here, under the supervision of Hon. A. P. Rockwood, who is now dead; the eggs having been supplied by the late Fish Commissioner Seth Green. The fry were put into Utah Lake and the tributaries of Bear Lake. Mr. A. M. Musser, our local Fish Commissioner, about three years ago put into Utah Lake 1,000,000 shad fry, and I am happy to say that this effort to stock Utah Lake with shad bids fair to be a success. Although these fish are as yet protected by law, some of them, on one occasion, found their way to the market and weighed 2¼lbs. I assisted Mr. Rockwood, several years before, to put in our river Jordan 5,000 shad fry, but the venture was not a success.

About 12 years ago I visited Bear River Valley and fished 4 hours in a creek leading into Bear River, with a rod and reel, and caught 20 trout, four of them weighed a little over 4lbs. each. Upon this occasion I hooked and brought to sight one trout, I think, of 10lbs. weight; but on account of the perpendicular height of the bank I could not land him.

Concerning wild fowl; for years our lakes, ponds and streams were alive with pelican, geese and ducks; and chickens and sage hens were numerous in the hills; but as the country is being settled, our feathered game, too, correspondingly diminishes. Chickens are now mostly confined to the distant hills and canyons. During the last few days we have killed 30 chickens near our camp. One of our company started a flock and shot nine times on the wing, dropping 9 birds, the tenth shot brought down 2, the balance of the charge striking the side of a rock, glanced and hit a young man as he was mounting into the saddle. Seven shots lodged in the man and eleven in the horse; the man was hit in the throat, shoulder, back of head, and right knee. Nothing serious, however, resulted from the accident. WILFORD WOODRUFFE.

## SUSQUEHANNA BASS FISHING.

WE have referred to Eugene Snyder, Esq., of Harrisburg, Pa., as one of the successful bait fishermen who does not take stock in artificial flies. Mr. Snyder's experience as related below is interesting, since it goes back almost to the earliest days of bass fishing in the Susquehanna.

"There are conditions of water and the weather when bass will and will not bite, and the secret of that has never been learned by any one. I have fished for half a day, using different kinds of bait, minnows, lampers, helgramites, crabs and worms, when, all of a sudden they would begin to bite without my knowing why, or pretending to do so. I have often observed that bass become voracious for food just before and approaching a storm, but whether the inducement is through electric currents or not I was never able to find out, I believe that when the conditions are good bass feed from the surface, that they can be caught by partially sinking the fly, say twelve inches and drawing it through the water, to make it have the appearance of a living fly dropped into the water and struggling to get out.

"I have done a great deal of fishing. I remember in 1875, during the close season for bass, when the late Dr. Dock, Dr. G. H. Markley and myself were fishing near the Dauphin county shore, below Green's Dam, that we had our first experience in catching bass. Since the season opened in 1876 I believe I have caught thousands. The first year's fishing was better than now. A number of my friends and myself as early as 1876 caught large strings at Collins's, at the foot of the Conewago Falls, quite a celebrated place. After that Col. Charles E. Roumfort and myself caught literally hundreds and hundreds of bass at the Cove Forge, below Duncannon and at Losch's Run, above Duncannon. We have a number of times caught fifty or sixty before breakfast; now you can scarcely catch that many in a week. There are less bass in the river now than in former years. I believe the cause of it is the spring floods that rile the water and destroy their spawning beds, carrying many below the Columbia dam."

## THE TEXAS JEWFISH.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Noticing your query in connection with my letter published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 7, as to the identity of the jewfish found in the waters of the Gulf Coast of Texas, after considerable inquiry and research I would reply that the particular jewfish in question is undoubtedly the jewfish or warsaw referred to on page 412 of "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," published by the U. S. Fish Commission in 1884, and illustrated in plate 165; being the short-spined variety, or *Promicrops guasa*. These fish are frequently caught in this neighborhood, weighing from 300 to 600lbs.; while, as I understand it, the black grouper seldom attains a weight of more than 100 to 125lbs.

Captain Mitchell, Deputy Collector of Customs at this port, who has been connected with the revenue service on this coast for the past twenty-five years, and who is a close and intelligent observer of matters of this kind, states it to be his opinion, based upon his long experience, that the black grouper is not found on this part of the coast, but that all the jewfish he has ever seen caught in these waters are of the species mentioned above.

I inclose a photograph of a Texas tarpon to add to your collection. This fish was caught two or three weeks ago from one of our wharves and measured 6ft. 10in. in length, and a few days later a lady caught one nearly as large at the same place. J. S. PETER.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas.

### A Whale Convention.

IN September, 1890, while on a cruise in the Gulf of Georgia, B. C., our party saw a great number of whales. We were becalmed for several days on the gulf and during that time the whales seemed to be having a grand re-union, or "potlatch", and were then in large numbers all around and sometimes within a few rods of the sloop, puffing and blowing like steamboats. The large thrasher was also on hand, making his presence felt, and we saw many battles between these marine monsters, during which the spray would be thrown high in the air, while the surface of the water would be lashed into foam. On one occasion our party saw a large whale jump entirely out of the water. At times we would see the long, scythe like tail of the thrasher rise out of the water at least 15, and I think 20, feet in the air and then come down with a splash. The general color of the tail seemed to be dark, with white splotches on the sides, and, I think, from what we saw, that the animal must at times reach the length of forty feet. H.

## BLUEFISH AT CHATHAM BEACH.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 16.—For the benefit of my fellow-sportsmen, I give you and them the following account of one of the future fishing grounds of the New England coast. I say "future," for Chatham Beach has not to my knowledge the reputation it deserves. It is undoubtedly among the best shore bird grounds that we Massachusetts gunners have, and perhaps its reputation in that capacity has overshadowed its bluefishing. Then, too, up to last year, there was no hotel or even boarding-house near enough to the fishing ground to allow fishermen to watch for opportunities and take them when they come. Now the hotel on the beach itself is becoming as much a summer and cool air resort as it is a sportsman's home. The beach has to be reached at low or half-tide, because it is an island at high water. It is about 3 miles long, very straight and white, spotted here and there with wrecks of years before, and, curiously enough, but happily for the fisherman (and *per contra*, unhappily for the fish) it is so abrupt that one can almost dive from the edge into deep water.

I came to Chatham for the shore bird shooting, and I got some, but how many I really can't tell, for the bluefishing has driven it from my head. The tide was not right to set decoys the second morning, and I was sitting with other gunners on the piazza looking out to sea and listening to some of the most awful shooting fibs that ever blackened the record of a gunner. I had noticed an extraordinary number of gulls whirling round a spot near the beach about half a mile away, and called the attention of some one to it. It was not 30 seconds before the quiet group was scattered through the house without condescending to pay any attention to me and my inquiries. They told me afterward that the bluefish chase the small schools of fish to the beach, and the gulls join in the chase and become the alarm signal to the fishermen. By the time the lines were collected and the happy possessor of that one bass rod had prepared himself the bluefish were nearly in front of the hotel within a hundred yards of us. Capt. Gould whirled his five ounces of lead round his head, and out it went about 50yds. off the beach and beyond the small breakers. He had not dragged it hand over hand 10ft. before the line tautened and the fun began. We all caught them; ladies caught them and the man with the bass rod and the light drail was a fortunate man indeed. He had been at Chatham a week and this was his third experience of the kind.

We caught over 90 fish. They all weighed over 8 and most of them nearer 10lbs. I have caught most kinds of fish, and hitherto have not been a real enthusiast, and have been sometimes worried about it, but it's all right now; I am converted, and the four beetle heads I shot over decoys that afternoon didn't give me the usual thrill. I think there probably is just so much thrill in a person, and mine I had used in the morning. On an average of twice, perhaps three times a week the schools of bluefish come down that beach during the months of July, August and September, and here are fish enough for every one or I wouldn't give the place away.

## BLUEFISHING AT ORIENT POINT.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Being comparatively a new subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM, and noting that most of your "fish stories" relate to trout and bass fishing, I will take the liberty of giving you a little of my experience at bluefishing in Plum Gut. When I read in FOREST AND STREAM, from the pen of some of your contributors, of the great excitement attending the capture of a 4oz. trout, and the desperate struggle he makes for liberty, it puzzles me a little, as I have never had an opportunity to try trout-fishing; therefore you must attribute it to my ignorance of real game fishing when I claim that there is more real excitement in trolling for bluefish in an 18-foot boat, on "the ragged edge" of a spiteful rip, when a slight lull in the wind gives you a chance of filling the boat with water, and fish are hooking faster than you can pull them in. I first went bluefishing with my father, when about 12 years of age, and although he had often fished at Montauk with old smackmen, he would get so excited when the first fish struck that he would luff the boat right up to it, all the while pouring forth a torrent of advice as to the best way to get that fish into the boat. Of course that stopped the fun for the time, for you have got to keep the boat under good headway to hook them.

Several years after my brother and myself tried it on our own account, and, although we have had our lines in some pretty bad tangles, we have had fair success nearly every season since. I remember one trip we took an old sea captain with us, and when my brother hooked the first fish and had pulled it about half-way, with more energy than he displayed in every-day life, the captain, who was standing a little further aft, reached over and finished the job himself.

The language my brother used in expostulating with him was much more forcible than elegant. Until last season the fish caught here were mostly small, weighing from ¾lb. to 2½lbs. This summer and last also they have weighed from 3 to 6lbs. The overseer of ex-Mayor Hewitt's place told me the other day that he and his son, in two small rowboats, caught 1,000 in one week. The season usually begins about the middle of July and closes about Oct. 1, with occasionally a week's recess.

ORIENT POINT, L. I. HAZEL KIRKE.

## WINNEPESAUKEE BLACK BASS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Having left New Found Lake in disgust so far as the fishing was concerned, I arrived at Weirs, N. H., Lake Winnepesaukee, and learned that at Long Island there was good black bass fishing. I took the Lady of the Lake and arrived at Blake's Island Hotel on Sept. 5 and engaged Mr. Luther Smith as boatman. In eight days' fishing I caught all the black bass I wanted; and to tell the truth, I was so well pleased with the fishing that I can safely say it is the best place I know of, and I can recommend any one to this place. Mr. Blake is an old resident and can give one all the information needed about fishing. Mr. M. Fleisher, of Philadelphia, engaged Mr. James Day and came in with good strings. Mr. Williams, of Boston, caught two bass, weight 4 and 4½lbs., off the bridge connecting Long Island to the mainland. Prof. Ewell, of New York, caught one at the same bridge, weight 5lbs. This is only a small record of what has been done and that came under my personal observation.

Blake's Island Hotel is pleasantly situated on Long Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, and is reached by boat from any place on the lake. Dr. Green has a magnificent residence near the house, and his genial disposition makes for him many friends. The house was filled with people congenial to the tastes of fishermen, and great was the excitement every night when the fish were weighed, and very few were found wanting of the necessary weight to make one's heart feel happy and an ambition to go a-fishing the next day. I will willingly correspond with any one who may wish to know more about this location; my address is with the FOREST AND STREAM; and I trust this may be of some benefit to my brother sportsmen. H. C. W.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 17.—Mr. Carter H. Harrison, Jr., assistant managing editor of the Chicago *Times*, is an enthusiastic fly-fisherman. He writes me the following interesting letter in regard to the grayling fishing in Michigan, and I offer it as good news to anglers. Mr. Harrison says:

"My brother and I put in the last three days of the season with the trout and grayling in Michigan. The first day we fished the Maple River at Pelton with moderate success; the fish were altogether too small—6 and 7in. in length—my best being a ¼lb. trout and ¼lb. grayling. That night we hustled around to Wolverine on the M. C. and put in the 30th on the Sturgeon. My brother nailed sixteen grayling and a few small trout; two of the grayling ran ¾lb. each. I took five trout—two were ½ pounders—and eighteen grayling, not one of which measured less than 10in.; that means they ran from ½ to ¾lb. each. Every grayling under this size was returned to the stream.

"The following day it rained hard, and as the Sturgeon rises with great rapidity we did not have much luck. A friend of mine took thirty-six fish of legal size out of the same stretch of water ten days before we were there, three-fourths of which were grayling. I still think, as I did last spring, that it is the angler and not the trout that keep the grayling down. The grayling is the sturdiest and boldest riser of any fish I have ever caught. No matter how often he misses, if you will keep on putting your fly at him he will take it. All of our fishing was done with the fly. I fished with an alleged gray-drake, the hackle being ginger instead of gray, for the middle fly; the tail and hand fly were my own pattern, a fly I have dubbed 'Harrison,' for the want of any other known name. It is a corker for trout and grayling. Wings, tail and hackle gray—the same as in a genuine gray-drake—the body of yellow mohair. Practically all my fish and the most of my brother's were taken on this fly.

"The Sturgeon is stocked with both brook and rainbow trout; has been for years, how many I don't know, but there are rainbow trout in it running up to 3lbs. in weight. Yet only in the West Fork do the trout seem to be in the majority. I have never fished this part of the stream. From what I learn it is rapid, rather shallow water, better suited to trout than grayling. The latter likes long, deep pools and rapids where the water is very deep. Out of one pool of this kind I took six ¼lb. grayling without moving as many feet. If the fish hogs can only be kept away from the grayling a few years there is great joy in sight for some one. The day we fished at Wolverine, however, two of the boys fished the West Branch, carrying fifty-six fish away with them. A man who saw the catch told me that at least forty of these were not over 5in. long. One of the 'anglers' was a preacher.

"Another enemy the grayling have to contend with, in this stream at least, is the spearer. Two fish my brother caught and one of mine had long jagged wounds on their sides which could only have been made with a spear. After a good deal of pressure some of the loungers about the hotel admitted that a few small boys occasionally speared fish just below the mill. The fish in the Sturgeon are as fine a lot as one would wish to see. There are so many big fellows that strong temptation is offered to the spearer. I have written Mossman, a newspaper man at Petoskey, who is also a game warden, and hope that this end of the line will be watched. However, the fishing in the Sturgeon at least is far better this year than it was last season. The fish run larger and there are more of them. The Sturgeon is a superb stream, 30 to 40ft. wide and in places apparently 12 to 15ft. deep. The water is exceedingly clear and rapid. Naturally it is as fine a stream for trout and grayling as one would care to see. One beauty of it is that for about twelve miles it is never more than an eighth of a mile from the railroad, so that it is easily accessible from Vanderbilt, Trowbridge, Wolverine and Rondo. The natives tell me the fishing has been improving every year for a number of years past. If the other grayling streams in Michigan are in as good shape the grayling will remain with us for a number of years to come.

"I got the hotel keeper's son at Wolverine to promise me that the next time he saw a man with a trout or grayling under legal size in his possession he would have him run in. As he is a good deal of a fisherman I think he will do it. If you have information in regard to other grayling waters please let me know."

Mr. Harrison's report is very interesting. I do not remember to have seen in FOREST AND STREAM for four years any other actual recountal of grayling experiences in Michigan. It is interesting to note that one of the known stream-despoilers was a preacher. It seems to me that the morals of the pulpit might be much improved these days.

THE KEKOSKEE FISH STORY.

I was going to tell in this column the Kekoskee fish story, referred to elsewhere, but it occurs to me that the facts—although they are facts pure and indisputable—are so strange and improbable that it may be best to lay them before the editor of FOREST AND STREAM tentatively before putting them into shape for publication. It is really a story about bullheads, and of course, therefore, it cannot fail to be picturesque, for the bullhead is naturally a romantic fish. Every man in Mayville and Kekoskee knows this story, and without any hint or coaching will tell it to you exactly as his neighbor did. Every man of them knows the horse, too. You see, there was a horse in the story—is yet, for that matter. It all happened away back in 1860, when Horicon Marsh was Horicon Lake. The Rock River ran into the lake then, and now it runs into the marsh at the same place where it used to run into the lake. It's the same river, and they will take you to the same place, and show you where the story happened, so you can't possibly doubt the truth of the story in any particular. It was an awfully cold winter that year, and that has something to do with the story, too. But perhaps I ought not to tell part of the story unless I tell it all, and I do not like to do that on my own responsibility. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

### Frying-Pan River Trout.

ON returning in July from a trip to Utah I halted a day at Thompsonville, Col., on the Colorado Midland Railway, on the west slope of the Rocky Mountains, for a "hurl" at the trout in the Frying-Pan River. The stream was high and turbid, and the conditions bad, and I was too tired to exert myself greatly, and I caught only two trout, though I had several rises and could easily see that the stream was well stocked. My fish were remarkably tame in action, though handsome and brilliant in color and markings. A small silvery and golden scale was plainly visible. Will any one tell me the exact species? C. H. AMES.

[Judging from the size of the scales we believe this trout was one of the varieties of the red-throated species. If the spots were black and most numerous on the posterior half of the body, there is no doubt about this identification. Colorado has many forms of native black-spotted trout, all of them varieties of the red-throated. Other black-spotted species, the California rainbow, the Loch Leven and Von Behr have been introduced. The Dolly Varden, a red-spotted species, is found in that State, and the Eastern brook trout has been introduced and thrives even in high regions.]

### The Adirondack Trout Season.

A NORTH WOODS correspondent writes: "There seems to be a vast difference in opinion in regard to the termination of the trouting season. I 'swear' by the *Book of the Game Laws* as published by you, and which I sent for and have abided by, though reluctantly stopping my trouting until the 15th of this month. Please editorially state in your issue next week whether sportsmen in the Forest Preserve could take trout until Sept. 15."

The trout law of 1892 is correctly given in the *Book of the Game Laws*, as follows:

Sec. 105. Trout of any kind shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of September and the fifteenth day of April following, except as provided by section 166; and in Spring Brook Creek, situated in the counties of Monroe and Livingston, trout shall not be fished for, caught or taken between the first day of September and the first day of April following and except in the waters of Lake George, where the same shall not be fished for between the first day of September and the first day of May.

Sec. 166 refers to Long Island, but does not even there change the date Sept. 1, which is everywhere the first day of the close season.

### The Sunday Fishing Case.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Permit me to inquire through your columns if there are any sportsmen sufficiently interested in the "Sunday Fishing Case" to join me in taking the issue to the Court of Appeals. A reference to your numbers of Aug. 18 and Aug. 25 will put interested readers in possession of the leading facts and points in the matter.

I should be glad to supplement this with any information desired and to give my reasons why I consider the decision as it now stands an erroneous one. If it be allowed to remain unchallenged it will seriously affect the privileges heretofore enjoyed by sportsmen and clubs and will impair the value of their property in this State.

Would it not be desirable now that a test case is so far advanced as the General Term to carry it at once to the Court of final resort? ROBERT H. MOSES.

### Darkness and Animal Colors.

SOME of the effects of the absence of light upon animal life were strikingly revealed, not long ago, on the re-opening of an old mine near Bangor, Cal. In a dry slope connecting two shafts, one of the explorers was astonished to find a number of flies that were perfectly white, except the eyes, which were red; and directly afterward he killed a pure white rattlesnake. The animals had lived in the dry passages, where they had been supplied with air but not with light. It is supposed that the flies were the offspring of some that had been imprisoned by the partial filling of the mine with water about thirty years ago, and that the snake, when quite young, had been washed down in a rain. A few of the flies were exposed to light in a glass case, and resumed the colors of ordinary house flies within a week.—*Nature, Sept. 1.*

### Third Lake Trout.

CAN "Von W." or some of your correspondents tell us anything about the trout of Third Connecticut Lake in New Hampshire? During a recent visit to this region I was much struck with the difference in shape and coloring of the trout of Third Lake from the others caught in that section. Although it has been nearly a dozen years since I have caught or seen the silvery-sided beauties of Dublin Pond, in southern New Hampshire, these in the most northern waters of the State seemed to me to be almost identical, although I think the spots were a little more prominent and perhaps not quite so silvery, yet if my memory serves me right they were much the same. Can any of your correspondents give us any light on the subject? OMPOMPANOOSUC.

### Mice as Bait for Trout.

IT is reported in the English papers as something new that the trout are feeding on the abundant field mice that are ravaging the pastures in Scotland. When I was in England thirty years ago, mice were used as bait for trolling for trout on the Westmoreland lakes, and also in the Scotch lochs that I visited, and I have taken large trout in this way. H. STEWART.

### Sunfish as Bass Bait.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 13.—A communication in FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 8, signed "B." leads me to state that small sunfish, commonly called civers in this locality, are killing bait for black bass, and have the advantage of being very hardy. They will swim about in a lively manner for a long time, if properly hooked through the back. When others, with shiners, shrimp and worms, have had no luck, I have still-fished with a young sunfish about the size of a silver half-dollar, and have taken my three-pounder where no large fish were suspected of living. C. B. D.

### Fishing in the Raritan.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Sept. 12.—Fishing for bass and snappers has been excellent for a week past at the Long Branch railroad bridge over the Raritan, and should continue for the rest of the month. Hitherto the fishing has been very poor this summer, except the bluefishing for a week or so in July. J. L. K.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 26 to 30.—Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Dr. O. S. Bamber, Sec'y.
Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 4 to 8.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Sec'y.
Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Jarston, Sec'y.
Nov. 22 to 25,—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

1893.

Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

### TORONTO DOG SHOW.

THIS show opened auspiciously as far as dogs, exhibitors and the weather are concerned. I wish I could say as much for the management, but it is impossible to do so. This part of the show was simply wretched. The Toronto committee does not seem to grasp the idea that their show has become a national or international event, and therefore we expect more than provincial management. The buildings and benches being permanent there is no need for any delay in numbering stalls and getting the judges' rings in order. Half a day's work would fix everything in apple pie order. On Mr. Stone seems to lay the brunt of everything, and we must say that the position requires a man with some leisure time to devote to the proper arrangement of catalogue and other parts of the show. This year the judging rings were curtailed, and the terrier and spaniel rings had to be pitched in convenient quarters in the galleries, hardly affording sufficient room for the judge to do justice to himself or the dogs. The floors were littered and smelled very strongly even the first day. I do not like to write in this manner, for Mr. Stone seems to try to do his best, but there was a lamentable lack of system in the whole show. Catalogues were issued about noon Monday, and the few on sale were grabbed up very eagerly, though when opened we found that it went only as far as black and tan terriers, and there were something like a hundred more entries to be printed in another catalogue. This was probably the printer's fault in a measure, but primarily the management is to blame in not having everything in ship shape. To turn to a pleasanter part of the show I noticed that Canadian exhibitors are very well represented, Hamilton, Woodstock, Kingston and Ottawa sending many well-known fanciers. The judging was necessarily slow and was not completed till Wednesday night.

MASTIFFS.—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—The show of big dogs such as mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, etc., is never good at Canadian shows, at least so far as Canadian entries are concerned, and the year 1892 finds no improvement in the first-named breed. Many of the old faces were again on the benches, but Mr. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince was absent, and so Canadian breeders missed an opportunity to form some idea of what a really crack mastiff is like; but we are forgetting that Elkson was there, and we must give him his due meed of praise as a consistent performer at Toronto. This time Dr. Kimball's dog was in the challenge class. He hardly looked in as good flesh as usual. Challenge bitches did not fill. In the open dog class Beaufort's Beau, a young dog, not square enough in muzzle, leggy, and needing age to furnish up was first over Grimsby Caution, who is no better in body, but has better legs and head, though marred by very light eyes; Minting Minor, who shows up every time, scored third; his worst fault is his straight hind legs; his bone is light, too, body short, his head well shaped; a fairish dog in Ilford Mint took fourth. In bitches the winner is a plain dished-faced bitch and lacking in depth of body; Old Bess, second, but for her gray hairs and consequent age would probably beat the winner, better shaped head and much better shaped body; Ruby, third, carries her ears wrong and has a plain, straight face. After this she is well put up, beating all the others in legs and body if she does not show a little slackness behind the shoulder. There were no others in this class. The winner in puppies is rather bowed in front, and head needs more stop to approach being good; the other pup has mouse-colored markings, but is fairly well formed. Beaufort's Beau won in novice class, beating the bitch Attraction. There was no kennel prize awarded.

ST. BERNARDS.—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—Taken all round, even with different kennels sending representatives from the States, the quality in these classes was about on a par with last year. This time the New York St. Bernard Kennels stayed at home and Col. Ruppert had a shy at Canadian glory, his Aristocrat, very short of coat, being alone in challenge dogs, but bitches did not fill. In the open dogs about a dozen showed up, and the winner, Lord Melrose, from Boston town, stood head and shoulders, both figuratively and practically, over the others, the dog looked thin and should have had a stall half as large again to feel comfortable; his head has filled out nicely, and but for his straight hindlegs and look of narrowness all through was an easy winner over Hesper's Son, which was third here as a youngster last year; he has not improved on puppy form, his loins and quarters are not strong enough, fall away too much, and his head is a bit bloodhoundy; his forelegs and chest are the best parts. Don Phyllis, I thought, might have been put over the other, better head and more substance. Monk came next, he was third last year; he is light throughout and weedy-looking. Safety, the reserve, I could not find, it is a son of Sir John of Sir Charles protest fame. Premier, vhc., has a poor head any way you look at it, is light colored, and depends on body, legs and coat for any merit. Prince Imperial, hc., has not enough stop, his feet turn out, and he is straight behind, so it will be surmised he is not a good one. Big Bob, in the same division, is a big overgrown collie and did not deserve a card; he's a collie even to the frill, very pretty and all that, but not a St. Bernard in the proper sense. The c. lot was poor; Survivor has a long, narrow snipy head, and Celtic's bone is all to be noticed in him; Lord Dalhousie has a long, light head, with little type, bad, light eye, but forelegs are good. This brings us to the female division, and Col. Ruppert furnished the three first, but I did not think that Lady Anne deserved her position; compared with Lady Gladwyn, second, she is quite inferior in straightness of pastern and compact feet, is much narrower in chest; in head, while skulls are about equal comparatively, Lady Gladwyn's muzzle is deeper, broader, and squarer, and her ears are better set on; while Lady Anne has a deep, good roomy body, Gladwyn's is certainly much more so, was in very much better condition, and is broader and stronger in loin and quarters; Lady Anne was thin and out of show shape, and loses to Gladwyn in coat and general sleekness—just had puppies, I believe. Third goes to Altonette, our opinion of whom is well known and she does not improve; carrying many pounds more flesh and more coat she would do better



MR. F. C. WHEELER.
Judge of Fox-Terriers.

and her great bone would not be so conspicuous. Then came Glenisha, third at Hamilton last year: her head is the best part. Roulette, vhc., is redeemed by splendid forelegs and chest; her head is plain and there is something the matter with her eyes; is short of coat, but well colored, and rightly placed. Queen Vic, vhc., is a weedy, bad-bodied bitch, light of bone and with a long, narrow head. Beulah, hc., I liked better; nice head and good body. Belle Maida, c., is small, light eye, muzzle not deep enough, bad behind, no coat, and—but probably those are faults enough. Queen Valentine, c., is faulty in head and size deficient. Speranza, also commended, is a poor weed; no use encouraging the Canadians in breeding such straight-faced, narrow, untypical specimens, at that rate the breed will never improve in Canada. Dog puppies were poor and small, the winner being older than the others, and the bitch class winner will never get another blue ribbon, I am afraid.

Smooth-coats showed up pretty well, but Mr. Moore's pair were far ahead. Melrose has thickened out well since New York and has a good typical head, with lots of quality; his good bone and legs are noticeable; his coat is probably a little more than a smooth should have, but not so bad as, say, Victor Joseph or Beauchamp. Sailor could come no nearer than fourth to the winner; has no type or quality, lacks bone and substance, etc., etc.; in the catalogue his dam's name is given as July 3d. Miss Alton headed the bitch class; she is not so good as her litter brothers, is a bit houndy in head, though muzzle is square and deep; lacks shadings and her ears are quite large enough; very good legs, well off for bone, and body deep and broad for her age; a very likely, well-made bitch. Lola, third, cannot boast of a good head, lacks shadings, but her legs, chest and body are good; body color nearly all white Charmion has a fairly good head and bone; was at New York show. Lady Keeper, fourth, is a light, weedy, slack-backed bitch, knuckles over, light, long head and narrow; a poor one. Cleopatra II., vhc., has a very poor head, narrow as a board all through, open feet, and does not do old champion Hector justice by any means. Nellie, hc., was badly handicapped by being benched alongside Miss Alton: this is the nicest thing I can say of her. Lady Swiss, c., is off in color—a sort of orange liver—and had no type of the breed whatever. The novice winner is a big dog, straight behind, head needs more stop, is not a good one, and Dictator, second, has a plain, expressionless head, with no markings at all; good bone and front. The others, with the exception of Safety, have been mentioned. She has a very forbidding head and is brindle and white in color. The kennel prize fell to Col. Ruppert, Jr.

BLOODHOUNDS.—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—These were poorly represented, indeed, and prizes withheld. Beauty is not a bad shaped one, but color wrong. Newfoundlands were also very much wanting, the winner was the only one showing any pretensions to type, and he must thank a good coat and body for notice, as his head is too long, muzzle not deep enough, ears, big, etc., the others were of no account.

GREAT DANES.—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—This was hardly so good a collection as last year and the open class when judged was poor. Don Cæsar, Jr., was placed first in dogs, black and light brindle in color, his general makeup was also not good; Bismarck, second, has a poor head with little great Dane character, his feet are bad, his body being the best part of him; Hero, third, hardly deserved mention, has a coat like a smooth St. Bernard. Afterward, a dog that is something like a great Dane turned up in Mr. Livingstone's Maloch, a well-made brindle, capital head, body and legs, but condition not first-class, he was given an extra first. The winner in bitches, Minerva's Fawn, is, barring a snipy muzzle, a capitally-made bitch all round, and beat the second, Kelpie, in head, neck and ears, Kelpie having bone and size in her favor; the others did not amount to a row of pins, showed little type or quality, and belonged to the man who shipped seventeen puppies in a box that would comfortably carry about half a dozen, but he took the kennel prize.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—*Chas. H. Mason, Judge.*—The Psovois did not come out in great force, only four putting in an appearance. Argoss and Mr. Hanks's new dog Sarvanets were the only dogs and the decision was a repetition of Boston with the latter dog substituted for Leekhoi. We all know Argoss and how he is built, more after the style of a deerhound, and this time he had very little coat, so his resemblance to the greyhound was also pronounced. Sarvanets was of the type looked upon as distinctively Russian, a very strong head, hardly so long as Argoss's, but a punisher, very strongly built throughout and quite as broad in loins and quarters and as powerful as Argoss and exceedingly deep chested, but rather short-legged. His coat and feathering were profuse, more so in fact than any specimen I have seen so far, but hair on body is rather curly; he is, all in all, a very handsome dog and more pronounced in the difference of type from Argoss than even Leekhoi is. It is a pity that some definite understanding is not come to about the correct type of these dogs. Probably they are both right, and if so it makes the judging all the more difficult and one type will suffer according to the fancy of the judge. Princess Irma won over Flodeyka in bitches. These are both more of the Sarvanets type, as bitches, in general build, and Princess has a great advantage over the other in her beautiful front; otherwise Floydeyka is a stronger made bitch and not so extremely narrow throughout, but Princess Irma has a look of intense quality that is wanting in the other, besides, Flodeyka gets her ears too forward.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Chas. H. Mason, Judge.*—This favorite breed in Toronto was not nearly so well represented as last year, and with the exception of almost four or five well-known dogs, the quality was a little more than mediocre. Gem of the Season and Bestwood Daisy furnished the challenge winners and were in nice show shape. The dog class numbered a dozen and Echo, Mr. Purbeck's new dog, was placed first; he is a rather plain dog, dished out face, wide front, but body, legs and quarters are good. Justinian, not looking so big as I have seen him, has a snipy head, feet could be better and he is long waisted. Ranger, third, is an old friend and looked well, his quarters and thighs are exceptionally good. Then came Never Quit, reserve, a capitally made dog, a trifle too short in body however, legs good, ears could be carried better, but his loin and quarters are very strong and might have been placed higher up without injustice to the others; he is built after the style of Lord Neverstill. Fullerton, vhc., has a wild stary eye, is very deep in chest and drops in quarters too much, rather *à la* Psovoi. Fawn, vhc., is not let down enough in hocks, light eye, body and legs good. Jack B., hc., is wide in front, and Fleet is thick and short in neck, quarters also faulty. Twilt, hc., has a good front, but is bad behind, too straight. Young Memnon, c., was lucky, lightly built, shelly and head is poor. The bitch class was only moderate with Jetsam returned the winner; she has a nice head and front, body seemed O. K., but she was in whelp or seemed to be. Lily of Gainsborough pressed her hard but was not in show shape. Leonie, third, furnished the surprise of the judging and the only fun to be had in the show. Knowing the judge's attitude so repeatedly explained to us in regard to prick-eared greyhounds, one may be forgiven a little astonishment to see the bitch Leonie placed third or given anything at all, as she is about the most prick-eared greyhound yet seen at our shows and the ears are large as well. Personally I see no reason, as stated before, why this should affect an otherwise good greyhound very much unless in close competition, but in view of the criticism which fell on the judges who placed Echo, that has the fault in a much less degree, the situation becomes amusing and proves that we are all mortal after all. Leonie otherwise is heavy in shoulders, but in ribs, loin and legs she will do and her head is good. Marguerite, vhc., I commented on at Lewiston. Miss Memnon is a better greyhound than her brother, but should be better let down in stifle. Elsie, hc., has a poor expression, legs and feet fairly good, long in loin. The pup Montezuma is a big slackly put together animal with some good points but too long waisted. The kennel prize went to Mr. Purbeck.

FOXHOUNDS.—*John Davidson, Judge.*—This was as good a show of these dogs that one associates with "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" and the View holloa! and it did one good to see the straight well-formed forelegs of some of them, especially those of the London Hunt Club. Finder, the winner in English dogs, is a capitally made hound, not just the thing in head—eyes light and too straight-faced—but in legs, feet, coat, ribs and loin he could scarcely be beaten. Genius runs him close, but has the same faulty head; then Benwell is worse still in this respect, and is not so well ribbed up nor so strong in loin; Fowler, res., is all right for front, but droops too much in quarters and stern. Challenger, v.h.c., has a capital coat, but stands out a bit in front, but I liked his head better than the others. Vexation, the winner in bitches, shows lots of quality, a nicely formed head and true in front, good running gear all round. Gaylass, another old friend, seems light compared to the others; Singwell, third, is too heavy in shoulders. Then came American foxhounds, but there was little about them that we associate with the whippety-looking hounds generally palmed off as such. These were in build very like the English dogs, and evidently of same strains or crossed. Rally, the winner in dogs, is a good English hound, a bit straight in stifle; Berchell is too long and straight-faced, flat-ribbed and no depth of chest; Ringwood, ears are not hung close enough; front good but weedy behind the shoulder. Maud, in the ladies' pack, has better legs and feet than the second, Gayge, but more of the English type of head, which is a very good one. Gayge dips a bit behind shoulder, but is well ribbed; Fleet, was in whelp, is gone in mouth and throaty, but still shows a good front; Jane, v.h.c., has a good hound head but lacks body substance. The London Hunt Club had much the best pack. The harriers hardly deserve much mention; were not of correct build.

POINTERS—*John Davidson, Judge.*—These classes with very few representatives from the States were not heavily filled, Mr. Davey's kennel supplying most of the winners. The Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic won challenge honors in heavy dogs, a fairly well made dog, spoilt in facial expression by a wild big eye, loin and quarters are not very symmetrical; he won at Pittsburg last spring. The bitch class produced more competition, Revelation having Devon Nell to contend with. The latter beats the other in head formation, but age and condition told in favor of the first named. Both are well known. Another circuit trotter, Westminster Drake, won in dogs. He has filled out nicely, and is a strong, workmanlike looking dog, and will have a chance to show his field merit in the coming trials in the different localities. Molton Banner, second, has a light eye, and shoulders are rather heavy and stand a bit out at times, his loin is rather flat, but he is nevertheless a good mover. Count Grosvenor, third, is deficient in stop, eye too large and light, turns elbows out a bit and needs more rib. R. Lee Graphic, reserve, is throaty, narrow-chested, open feet, a leggy, short-bodied and plain all-round dog. In

bitches Mr. Davy supplied the only entries in Josie Bracket and Ightfield Madge. The former has a better head and front, deeper chest, but is faulty in loin and quarter, well ribbed. Lady Gay Spanker was the only light weight challenge representative, and looked as bewitching as ever. The well known Rock II. upheld the honor of the Quaker City by catching the judge's eye for first place in the open dog class. He is a little heavy in shoulders and is too broad in skull to have a very good head, but is all round a smart little dog and is a worker, too; Donovan, second, is a light-bodied, straight-backed dog, head fair but too much cut out before the eyes, ears do not hang well, good front, but needs some flesh; Duke Graphic is not up to the others in head properties, stands back on his pasterns and is straight behind. Miss Rumor, despite her plain head, was well ahead in light-weight bitches; Chairn's snipy muzzle and light eye counteracting her good bone, body and legs: Frivolity, from the same kennel, has her ears set on too high and not of right shape, head fairly well formed if it had more stop, other parts well formed; Bessie's Girl has a light eye, and feet are not O. K., body needs depth but has a nice swell of rib, seems a bad shower; Fanny Graphic, placed ahead of the bitch just described, is faulty in head and feet. The novice winners have most of them been commented on. Brighton Don, the winner in dogs, stands out at elbow at times, has a very bad head, snipy and flat, but stands on good legs. Axtel's Baby, third in bitches, has a light bulgy eye, is a small bitch well ribbed up but no depth of chest; Graphic Francis, second in this class, has a very bad head, ears carried wrong, light-boned, small body but nicely formed. Mr. G. O. Smith showed the only puppy, by Lord Graphic, quite a promising one, but muzzle not square enough. Mr. T. G. Davey captured the kennel prizes without difficulty.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*John Davidson, Judge.*—This breed I hardly thought was as well represented, this year as last, and certainly there was not the same interest displayed. The challenge winners, Edgemark and Cambriana, had no competition in their classes but were well prepared for it. The winner in open dogs is one new to show fame, one of those chance dogs we come across now and then, his mother is known, but his sire, I am told, is an "itinerant." He is a bit on the coarse order and probably sees now his best day: he has a well-shaped head, ears a bit flat, a little throaty, has a good, well-ribbed body and short loin, standing on capital legs and was in good show trim. Ben Hur of Riverview is an old face though it is a bit flat, not stop enough. Tony Gladstone has hardly carried out the promise of two years ago, but is a well-made dog that could be better behind. Matane is faulty in stop and light in loin, but otherwise good, and was up to any of the others, barring the winner. Brighton Benwell, v.h.c., is a long, slack, light-boned dog with a well-shaped head and good front. Druid J., reserve, is plain in head and short in body. Sig Gladstone is another of the promising ones that have not come up to time; his short, stumpy head is his worst part. Mingo, Jr., is all front and shoulders. Locksley II. is a big coarse dog, flat head. The others call for no comment. The winner in bitches was Lady Patch, a trifle Roman-nosed, and could do with more stop; otherwise good. Esmeralda has a poor head and needs time in body, which is a bit long cast; good legs. Canadian Lillie I liked better; excellent front, nice body outline and head only needs more stop. Daphne is a little long cast and ears are not set on right; otherwise she will do. Miss Frost is not correct in stop, too flat; this was a noticeable fault in many of these dogs; it probably does not interfere with their gait but it does not conform to the standard. Misfortune is another that age will improve; at present is light throughout. Lady Spot is throaty and quarters fall away too much; she is very peculiarly marked, one side of head black and the other dark tan and evenly divided. Ponto claimed the blue ribbon in novice dogs; his head and body are the best parts. The others have been mentioned and so have most of the bitches. Dog puppies were of no account but bitches were just a little better. Forest Novel boasts a nice head and front but Forest Nia has a poor, flat head, and the third winner, Jess, is a snipy-headed weed.

IRISH SETTERS.—*John Davidson, Judge.*—One of the best, if not the best, collections seen in Canada, and the Seminole and Oak Grove Kennels were out for blood every time. In challenge dogs champion Tim, looking in full bloom, beat Kildare once more, with Duke Elcho reserve, who accounted for Seminole in loin and quarters. The bitch class was also a hot one, and old Laura B. still holds her own and looked extremely well. The next was Norna, who loses to the other considerably in substance and head properties. Edna H., her kennel mate, as usual followed her, and Elfreda brought up the rear, losing in quarters and muzzle. Pride of Patsey and Kildare Gleumore had it nip and tuck in open dogs, the younger dog loses before the eye and in ribs, besides, he is not quite straight in front, and the decision was about right. Montauk, Jr., is behind the others fairly, losing in muzzle, ribs and quarters, and Toronto Jim would do with more muzzle. Elfrus is a bit long cast and head is not well formed; Elfrin, from same kennel, is not square enough in muzzle and not quite straight in front. Rose Sarsfield claimed first for the Oak Grove Kennel this time; she has a well-shaped head, especially in skull, body well turned, and has good running gear, her color might be darker. Irene was the winner last year and Claremont Heather is a new face that needs a little more stop, but his legs and feet and body are good. Toronto Mollie, fourth, needs a squarer, deeper muzzle and more depth to body. Belle, vhc., should be squarer in muzzle, too. The novice winners have been mentioned generally. Sir Elcho loses in head, which is bitchy. In puppies Don has a rather dished face, and Seminole, Jr., I thought just a bit better in head and general build. Seminole Betsy was the only bitch puppy and is fairly good. Seminole, after keen competition, received the kennel prize for a very level lot.

GORDON SETTERS—*John Davidson, Judge.*—Quite a good lot for Canada, although I missed one or two familiar names from the catalogue. Dr. Dixon's Leo B. sustained the challenge dog honors well, and his kennel mate, Duchess of Waverley, found no difficulty in taking care of Hilda, who loses in face and head to the first named. In dogs, one I have spoken of before, Count Noble, a rather funny name for a Gordon, was well placed. His tan is bright, but he has a nice head and expression, ears are carried back a bit, but behind them he is well formed and a good mover. He lacks size somewhat. Rush is light in tan, but head is fair, is a bit throaty, bone and body good, a serviceable dog. Duke of Wellington third, loses in tan and legs to the others, head coarse. Clyde was the winner last year. In bitches Lewis again led out the winner in Lady Gordon, a daughter of Little Boy, that shows lots of quality, a little too much tan on muzzle, no pencilings, otherwise O. K. Princess Louise, from the same kennel, has smutty tan on head, and muzzle should be squarer. Wanda and Floss were placed as named. The former I did not see, but Floss is too light in tan and wants more stop. The novice prizes nearly all fell to Mount Royal Kennels, which showed up bravely in this breed. Dr. Dixon's four took the open kennel prize and Mount Royal the other two for Canadian dogs.

COLLIES—*John Davidson, Judge*—Made a good show. Taken as whole, the general quality is far from being up to the mark. Certainly such dogs as Christopher, Wellesbourne Charlie, Conrad II., Charleroi II., champion Flurry II. and a few more old country heroes and heroines helped to elevate the tone and saved this section from being a failure. In challenge dogs Roslyn Wilkes and The Squire did not put in an appearance, and as Ormskirk Shep turned up too late for competition, Charleroi II. had no opponent to dispute his right to the coveted honor. He is at present in very good form, although I should like to see his coat flatter. He looks good for quite a long while yet. Bitches saw old champion Flurry II. again to the fore, a remarkably fine-headed bitch for her years. (I am informed that this is the last of her on the show bench; her owner intends giving her a rest for the remainder of her pilgrimage here.) Champion Metchley Surprise, a small but very typical black and tan, getting the reserve number. In open dogs Christopher, "the beautiful," experienced no difficulty in winning from Conrad II., who was looking remarkably well indeed, and, bar his gayly carried tail and faulty ear carriage, would take some beating. Both were shown in faultless condition, and considering the trying weather they have recently passed through, I think a word of praise is due to their kennelmen for the excellent trim in which the dogs from these two representative kennels were turned out. I refer to the Chestnut Hill and Hempstead Farm kennels. I could not agree with the award that put Samson third. He is a very big dog, but that's about all that stands to his credit. In no instance should size give place to collie character and quality. This dog has really no collie character about him; he is far too long in body—a regular funeral—while his expression is sulky and sour, and he gets his tail over his back like a Pomeranian. I should have put the h.c. Toronto Wonder in this position; he is a really high class collie, beautifully marked, very showy sable and white, good head; nice ears, fair legs and feet, and although not in first-class condition, carries a great coat of the proper texture; bar the winners he is streets ahead of anything in the class. The reserve Moonstone is far too cloddy. Drury, v.h.c., is too short and thick in head. Bute, v.h.c., is thick in skull and ears badly carried. Open bitches (11) were not a brilliant lot by any means. First, Nancy—a ch. Eclipse bitch—a big roomy one, carrying a great coat; her head is a bit faulty, but she should make a valuable brood bitch if suitably mated; second, Dudley Chris, is wrong in type, a lanky, settery looking animal; third, Highland Floss, is a dark sable and white, small but full of character, at present out of coat, but looks as if she carried an enormous one when in form; fourth, Auchairnie Lassie, a racy looking, showy black, tan and white puppy; beautiful head and ears; good coat, legs, feet and front; tail carried correctly, all over a good one; had she been placed first no one could have grumbled. Reserve Crissey, a very smart black, tan and white, at present out of coat, will do better some other day. In novice dogs (8) Wellesbourne Charlie was first, the rest nowhere. This is a remarkably fine dog; his head and ears are just as near perfection as it is possible to get them; he carries an enormous coat of correct texture; in legs, feet and front he is unexcelled, and in size, shape and substance all that can be desired, in other words, "a flyer." Novice bitches, first, Dudley Chriss, second Viola, too toyish, very bad feet, wide in skull and short in face; she carries, however, an enormous coat of very fine texture; third, Beulah is too weedy; v.h.c., Auchairnie Lassie should have easily won, with the small but typical Orange Lass second. Dog puppies: (7) Lawrie, a black, tan and white, with good head and ears, fair coat, nice bone and showing a deal of quality, won; a very promising sable and white puppy in Roslyn Charlie, by Wellesbourne Charlie, getting second: he only requires time to make a good one. Third, Forest Boy, a thick-skulled brute, a long way behind. Bitches: (5) third, Auchairnie Lassie, bad luck still clings to her, two small, weedy, unattractive puppies in Stella and Christian getting first and second respectively.

BULLDOGS.—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—These classes did not fill to expectation. Our old friend Carisbroke led in challenge dogs, and I never saw him looking better. The ladies' class did not fill and in open dogs only one, Brian Boru, who has not a bad head, he needs a sturdier body and is a little leggy. Lady Venus took an unopposed first in her class; she shows a good foreface, though skull should be fuller and higher, she is well out at shoulder and is a smart dark-brindled little bitch.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge.*—This judge began his work with these dogs and really deserves some leniency considering the difficulties under which he labored. His ring, or space allotted to him for such, was an alley-way between two rows of terriers, and one row of fox-terriers was benched on the floor, if such a "bull" may be allowed in this report. Consequently there was a continual trying to "get at" that was mutual between the dogs and, of course, this aided the judge immensely in his endeavors to get the right ones right. Streatham Monarch and Starlight were the challenge aspirants and worthily filled their positions. In open dogs (10) Principio, although gone off, still landed an easy winner. Second, Count II., is too cheeky. Third, Chatham Prince, has a very conspicuous dudley nose, long, lathy body, narrow dickey front, a really shelly got up one. Vhc., Silvree, a rare big one, great front and bone, really good head and an all-round, well-made one, in the pink of condition, should have been an easy second; while the other vhc., Ted Pritchard, an aristocratic-looking small one, made a good bid for third place. In bitches (9) Lady Dinah was first, a small dudley-nosed one, shown in nice order. Second, Kathleen Mavourneen, falls away below the eye and wants more bone. Third, Vesper Belle, one of the best bull-terriers it has been my lot to look upon for a long time, a really grand one and should have won everything she was entered for. In justice to the judge, we must explain that she did not show herself to advantage in the ring, being young and timid, but venture to predict a great future for her. In puppies (8) Chatham Prince was first, Vesper Belle second and Vixen third. I should have placed Vesper Belle first and the two unnoticed, Sweet Marjoram and Lorna Doon, second and third respectively; both are uncropped, but there is no getting over them, both having nailing good heads, and in shape and substance all that can be expected at their age. Boston terriers were a mongrel-looking lot, small, bad bulldogs with cropped ears.

Bijou was the only poodle shown and was not the right sort.

WHIPPETS—*John Davidson, Judge.*—A nice lot of these toy greyhounds, thanks to George Thomas and Messrs. Campbell & Blake's entries. Boston Model had not much in hand over Maggie, and Tip, a broken haired one, is faulty in muzzle, nice body and legs. Ben is a prick-eared one, but fairly well made, and can show some speed.

RETRIEVERS—*John Davidson, Judge.*—Only two were shown, and these were from Mr. Davey's kennel, and they were smooths, too. Loyal was placed first, but I think the bitch has much the advantage in body and legs, though the first one has a better head. The decision should have been reversed.

SPANIELS—*Charles H. Mason, Judge.*—There was a grand show of these popular dogs as far as cockers were concerned, but I thought there was a falling off in fields. Irish waters were first on the list, and the winner, Dan Rice, is only a fair specimen, coat and topknot not A1. Face a bit too straight and not enough fur on the legs. Second was withheld. In bitches Marguerite shows a good topknot and a fair head, capital legs, but tail not fine enough, too much hair on. This was the fault of most of them. Flo Shaughran is not straight on forelegs, is slightly better in coat than the winner, but tail all feathered, which of course should not be. Biddy Donelly is a pup not straight on legs, but carrying a straight tail. Dennis won over her in puppies.

Clumbers had old Boss III. in challenge class, but he hardly looked the dog of old. In open division Drake, a capitally well made one, had no competition as Fop was disqualified for something the matter with his eyes.

Field Spaniels: Beverly Negus was the winner in challenge dogs followed by Newton Abbott Laddie, both are well-known and looked fairly well. In bitches What Not was alone. That well made dog Judex ran nicely in open black dogs, beating Warwick in head, skull too high and muzzle not deep enough, and needs more rib. Rab has crooked legs, is not well ribbed and could do with a better coat. Corktown Cupid, reserve, is out at elbow, and skull is domy. Black Pete II, vhc, is a big coarse dog with a regular top-knot. Wonder is Roman-nosed and light in body. Rosedale Rob has a coarse head and muzzle not square enough. Grace was first in bitches and barring muzzle not much fault can be found with her. Daisy Dean, from same kennel, is also faulty in the same place and her feet turn out. Dot Snivell has a very nice head and is quite as good as the Dean in body and legs. Rosedale Romp is a little bowed in front, and R. Princess turns her feet out and is light in body. Queenie in "livers" won nicely over Carlile's Napoleon who has a dachshund front and head not good enough. Billy, the winner in any other color, is a big dished-faced and undershot, coarse and curly coated. Carlile Sam, second, is a quarter inch undershot.

In cockers the competition, of course, was keen, but there was not that general interest taken in the results that we remember in former years, and the judging caused considerable grumbling, though the decisions on the whole could not be cavilled at. Fascination, in first-rate trim, was put ahead of Black Dufferin, and Black Duke came next in the challenge, then Amazement and I Say were placed as named in the ladies' division. In any other color that good little dog Red Jacket beat Red Roland, with Bamboo reserve. In bitches King Pharo's Sister, though hardly stop enough, beats Jessie C. in body, legs and action. Open black dogs saw Jay Kay first, fairly good in front, high in skull and muzzle high, long and body not deep enough. King Raven, Jr., second, is not good in front, feet come together. Black Brant, third, has a field spaniel head. Dono has a good front but his head is coarse and heavy. Black Graf is well known and will be more celebrated as the sire of Troublesome. The bitch class the judge marked as "the best ever seen in America." This should make Troublesome's debut all the more meritorious as, although the class was not as large as we have seen here, the quality could not be denied. Troublesome, Mr. Geo. Bell's new bitch, might be a little squarer in muzzle and shorter, and is yet a little full in skull, but her legs, body, coat and general symmetry and character are of the best. Rideau Reine was some distance behind, throaty, crooked forelegs and not ribbed up enough. Madame Patti's skull is too round. Rideau Flossie, fourth, is faulty in muzzle, body fairly good, but coat not as it should be. The others fully deserve their awards. Red Obo won in any other color dogs, a nice-headed little dog that beats Nugget in shape of back and legs. Brownie B. is wide in front and snipy; skull is too broad as well, body good. Cherry Ripe was the winner in bitches, a very pretty little bitch. Vic, second, is too wide-chested and pinched in muzzle. Mono's body is too light and muzzle not short enough, and it is also covered with warts. Rideau Robina I thought should have been better treated, as there is little fault with her. The novice winners have been commented on and so have the puppies. The general opinion was that cockers of the toy order had the preference, when Canadian breeders had been trying to get a more workable stamp of dog, and one prominent breeder remarked that this show had set them three years back in breeding. We hardly think such a pessimistic view of the question need be taken as that; if the proper type is bred for a chance decision or two should not affect the general result. Ancient and Modern Kennels took the kennel prizes for both countries.

DACHSHUNDS.—*John Davidson, Judge.*—These were not as good as last year, Fritz K. being the only dog, and he was in nice shape. In bitches we were introduced to a nice lengthy one in Jessie Victoria, with a capital body, good crook and nice long head, streets ahead of the second, Lena, a short-faced one of terrier stamp.

BEAGLES.—*John Davidson, Judge.*—This breed showed a great improvement over last year, and the sight given us when the judging for the kennel prize came on was a splendid one. Tricotrin, very much improved, was alone in challenge dogs. The keenest competition was in bitches, between Twintwo and Elf, and my decision of a year ago was indorsed by Twintwo winning again. I gave the reasons then, Twintwo may lose in head, but that is about all, besides Elf is getting too thick round shoulders and neck. In the large class Joe was returned the winner; he is hardly good enough in forefeet, body too long, and is not ribbed up enough, head of good shape but long. Diamond Forest, though he has a coarse head, runs the other very close. Sherry, third, has too fine a muzzle, but outside of this he is quite a nice one. Rallywood II. is rather large and coarse, but looks like a workman, and I am told is right for the country he is wanted for; Roscoe is not straight in front, and Pomp is too long-faced. The bitch class was small, only two appearing, and Parthenia won easily from Rally, though the former needs some stop she is well off behind the head and shows lots more quality than Rally, who is big and coarse. In puppies, Roger W. is a promising one, needs squareness of muzzle and is a little straight behind. Vixen ran it close, little long in body and same in muzzle. Royal Krueger won in under 13in., and looked as blooming as ever, while Lou was just a little too much for the toy Ava W. in the corresponding class Laddie, in open dogs, won over Little Wonder, but this was wrong, the winner has a light shelly body, wretched front comparatively, but has a trifle better head than the other, Little Wonder is streets ahead of Laddie; Rob Krueger is not straight in front and too round and full in skull; Gleurose is well up to the standard in height and a trifle round in skull and long in muzzle, his body is the best part. Flora K. had a tight thing of it with Topsy S., in the next class, she beats Topsy in eye and head generally, but other points are about equal and it's a toss up between them; Periwinkle is not quite right in front; Butterfly shows a little too much stop, but her expression is very pleasing and body well put together, coat rather soft, she is well up with the others to say the least. The kennel prize went to the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, who handled a very showy and sorty lot in divisions.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge.*—The display of these was a comparatively good one, although the quality is not quite up to the standard of the old country. In challenge class for dogs Blemton Trump added another win to his list. The challenge bitch class had no claimants for honors. In open dogs, a good-fronted, terrier-looking dog in Beverwyck Punster won, Blemton Rattle, a heavily-marked, good-headed and fronted one, making a good second; Ruxton, a fair good one, rather light in eye and big in feet, getting third. I preferred the vhc. My Fellow for this position, a good-class puppy that with time will take some beating. He has a beautifully marked, long, lean, level head, well-carried small ears, nice round bone, small feet, good coat and rare terrier outlook. Bitches—Grouse II., a nice quality, good-coated one, won with something in hand from Hillside Baroness, a good bitch, but gone in front and thickening in head, second, Rosa Canina, an old country winner now getting very wide in front and full in eye, taking third place. Blemton Su Su, vhc., wants substance, is wide in front and hare-footed. I was greatly impressed with the heavily-marked Damson, by Dominie ex Daphne. She is a trifle on the small side, but her beautiful head and ears, nice bone, straight legs, good feet, front and coat, and particularly the amount of quality she shows, should have placed her in the money. Dog puppies—First, My Fellow, wins easy; second, Calchas, light in eye, wide in front and thick in head; equal third, Trumpet and Cataraqui Critic, are weeds. Bitch pup

pies—First, Boscobel, is rather a nice puppy; second, Timbrell, is just fair.

In wire-haired, open dogs, the judge must have made a mistake when the weedy Tinderbox got the award over that sterling good terrier Adswood Jim. The former may have been a good terrier, but he certainly is not one now; he is exceptionally weak in bone, and the manner in which he was turned out made one really wonder what new breed of dog he was. At first sight he might have been mistaken for an overgrown Maltese terrier. The latter is a really good-coated dog that requires no dressing; his legs, feet and front are beautiful, his head and ears about perfect, and taken all over, he is a dog that even now would take some hard beating. The bitch class did not contain anything worth mentioning. Rough and smooth novice class—First, Ruxton; second, Tom Tom, a good-fronted one, fair head, but very bad eye; third, My Fellow, should have won in this class; reserve, Calchas. Novice bitches, rough or smooth—First, Bonally Belle; second, Boscobel; third, My Queen, very timid, still deserved a step up. Trimmer, the winning dog pup, has a capital head, but did not show up well. Mr. A. D. Stewart won both kennel prizes.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*F. C. Wheeler, Judge.*—A small but select lot of the "dare devils" turned up. They seem to be gaining in popularity on this side, and no wonder, either; their "hareum scareum devil may careum" look and character, and their kindly and affectionate disposition, endears them to all they happen to come in contact with. As companions they are unequalled, and as all round "sports" where is the dog that can look at them. In the challenge class, Boxer IV. had a walk over; he is a fairly representative specimen of the breed, but is much oversized. Open dogs saw that nice-sized, game-looking terrier Jack Briggs well to the front; he has improved much of late and is now quite a first-class dog. I believe this win qualifies him for the challenge class; second, a fair dog of nice size in Saltus, is well built, and bar his weak, snipy muzzle and really bad coat, I have little else against him. Commissariat, a fair uncropped dog, far too big, got third, and for once in his life Hanover Boy got his proper position at the foot of the class; his light gooseberry eye, dark shadings, snipy muzzle and extraordinary wide front is enough to keep him out of any competition. Bitches—The recently imported Candour won hands down here, and Mr. Jarrett, of the Chestnut Hill Collie Kennels, became so infatuated with her that he made her owner a bid of $500 for her, at which price she passes into his hands. When it is considered that Candour is probably the best Irish terrier bitch living, and that she is as yet little over her puppyhood, the price does not seem very big after all. Killarney Girl, a very fair cropped bitch, just full enough in eye, came in for second honors, and Salem Witch made a good third.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—Open dogs, Amphion, a very characteristic mustard, got the coveted card. He is very washed out in color, and I preferred his "pepper" kennel companion, King of the Heather, to him. The latter is a good sort of Dandie, but not quite good enough in front. Rodger, a promising pepper puppy, made an excellent third, while Laird of the Heather and Goyoa brought up the rear. In bitches, Heather Madge, a very fine bitch, but badly turned out, won with a lot in hand. Kirsty has a good topknot, but is at present sadly out of condition. Mena, who got third, is also a fair good sort, but badly shown; Ainsty Daisy did not put in an appearance.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Mr. Wheeler made the best of two really bad classes. Not even one decent-looking terrier present.

SCOTCH TERRIERS—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—These made a particularly meritorious turnout, and included some really first-class dogs. In open dogs Kilroy beat his kennel companion, Kilcree. As they stood to-day I would reverse the decision. Kilroy has the largest and strongest head, but it does not possess the quality or character of Kilcree's. Then in size, shape and carriage of ears, in legs and feet, and in shape and formation of body Kilcree has it by a bit. Both are good dogs, and had the third prize one, Lovat, been a size smaller, either of them would have had to look to their laurels. A rare old-fashioned stamp is Scotch Hot, but he is not what is wanted nowadays. In open bitches, Culbleau won easily. A rare character bitch, full of quality and all over a terrier; second, Grey, another old style one; third, Gipsy Yet, another of the same sort. Mr. Brooks of course won the kennel prize.

SKYE TERRIERS—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—The winner in dogs was old Sir Stafford, and he smothers Toodles, Islay, a capitally made one, won in bitches, though Endcliffe Maggie ran her close in head and coat. Scotch Rose was well behind these two.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—We always look for a good showing in these breeds here and we were not disappointed this time. Sultan smothered old Sir Wallace for challenge honors in dogs; no bitches turned up. In open dogs, Salisbury, under new ownership, had a good win over Merry Monarch, whose tan is not rich enough, body too long, eye not dark enough, head rather flat and plain though of good length, a smart looking little dog nevertheless. The Black Earl, capitally marked, runs him close, has a nice clean head, little round in skull and ears not well carried, capital thumb marks, etc. Louie could not be denied in bitches, English Lady follows, both are well known. Rochelle Topaz has beautiful tan and thumb marks, but other faults put her back. Puppies were good, Lady Don has nice markings and rich tan, but Black Earl runs her close. Space forbids going further into the awards. Yorkshire terriers were poor, the winning bitch being the best. Toys were also hardly worth mentioning; much on the apple-headed sort.

PUGS.—*James Mortimer, Judge.*—These turned out well and some of the best we have were on hand. Bonsor scored his first win under his new ownership, beating Bob Ivy in body especially. Cassina was the winner in bitches. That good little dog Dixie won well in open dogs, I spoke of him fully in Lexington report last year, he beats Patsey Bolivar in body and head and carriage of ears, the latter's head being dark and coarse but well shaped, rather large sized. Drake Howard, third, does not carry his ears right and is rather long in body. Penrice Boy has not improved on puppy form. Sara Bernhardt, well-known, won in the next class, beating Midget who is quite a nice one, though her ears are carried wide. Mint, third, is too flat in skull. The winning pup is quite a promising one though rather dark. The kennel prize fell to "Square Deal" Eberhardt.

TOY SPANIELS.—*Chas. H. Mason, Judge.*—In the open class Toronto Royal Duke won over Royal Roy better in head, coat and tan. The well known Topsy won easily again over her kennel mate Ruby, better head. La Fleur, third, fails in markings and coat, big. Romeo, the winner last year won in the mixed class and was alone, while a rather large Jap, too long nosed, won in that class.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*F. C. Wheeler, Judge.*—Byron, the winner in dogs, seems a likely one, but really it was impossible to get at the dogs and tell which was which of the others when they were benched so much together.

The miscellaneous class was not very well filled and was more or less mixed. I noticed Sheffield Lad; the "Pom" was a winner, and Mr. Hays showed his wolfhound Leprechan, but the best was a smart Airedale terrier that won first in large size class. H. W. LACY.

*Correction.*—In the miscellaneous class the winners should be: 1st, W. H. B. Medd's Airedale terrier Jack; 2d, A. Trebilcock's Pomeranian Jumbo; 3d, A. S. Hays's Irish wolfhound Leprechan.

Mr. Brodie, the owner of Irish Ambassador and other good Irish terriers, wrote the reports on collies, fox-terriers, bull, Irish, and other rough terriers.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. L. Kimball's Elkson.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. J. A. Beier's Beaufort's Beau; 2d, W. D. Forbes's Grimsby Caution; 3d, John Massey's Minting Minor. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hugh Falconer's Attraction and Bess; 3d, A. G. Brown's Ruby. *Puppies:* 1st, E. L. Burden's Lion; 2d, W. D. Forbes's Grimsby Jack.—NOVICE—1st, F. J. A. Beier's Beaufort Beau; 2d, Hugh Falconer's Attraction; 3d, W. G. Doherty's Ilford Mint.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Col. Jacob Ruppert's Aristocrat.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Lord Melrose; 2d, F. Stettenbenz's Hesper Son; 3d, Pottersburg Kennels' Don Phyllis; 4th, J. S. Williams's Monk. Reserve, C. H. Howard's Safety. Very high com., A. J. Grove's Premier. High com., P. T. Carey's Prince Imperial and H. E. Jenkins's Big Bob. Com., G. L. Maxham's Celtic, S. H. Thompson's Survivor and J. S. Williams's Benmore. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Col. Jacob Ruppert's Lady Anne, Lady Gladwyn and Altonette; 4th, Pottersburg Kennels' Glenisha. Reserve, F. Stettenbenz's Roulette. Very high com., P. Hart's Queen Vic. High com., J. S. Williams's Beulah. Com., Geo. Massey's Belle Maida, F. Stettenbenz's Queen Valentine and A. C. Woodman's Speranza.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Duncan Cameron's Prince Charlie. *Bitches:* 1st, Jas. Miller's Mable.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose; 4th, Frank A. Stanton's Sailor. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Miss Alton; 2d, H. Gorman's Sola; 3d, H. Schierloh's Charmion; 4th, Fred Stettenbenz's Lady Keeper. Very high com., H. Schierloh's Cleopatra II. High com., E. Wilson's Nellie. Com., R. W. Tuck's Lady Swiss.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, Fred Stettenbenz's Lady Keeper; 2d, Henry Schierloh's Cleopatra II.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Wright's Oscar; 2d, J. S. Williams's Dictator; 3d, C. H. Howard's Safety. Very high com., A. Grove's Premier. High com., Frank A. Stanton's Sailor and P. T. Carey's Prince Imperial. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Miss Alton; 2d, Geo. Massey's Belle Maida; 3d, H. Schierloh's Cleopatra II. Very high com., A. C. Woodman's Speranza.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, T. Langton's Major; others withheld.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, S. Stewart's Don Cæsar, Jr.; 2d, A. McL. Howard's Bismarck; 3d, F. W. Wilson's Hero. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. F. Dorn's Kelpie; 3d, F. W. Wilson's Freda; 4th, Mr. Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (or Psovoi).—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Argoss; 2d, C. S. Hanks's Sarvanets. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Princess Irma; 2d, C. S. Hanks's Flodeyka.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. M. Lyons's Harvie. *Bitches:* 1st, 1st, H. Smith's Flora.

Mount Royal Kennels' Mount Royal Wanda and Mount Royal Floss. Very high com., C. A. Gibbs's Annie Gordon.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Mount Royal Rush; 2d, A. J. Devonshire's Rober. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. Dixon's Princess Louise; 2d and 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Mount Royal Wanda and Mount Royal Floss.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Dan Rice; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, J. C. Nichols's Marguerite; 2d, D. H. Bastedo's Flo Shaughran; 3d, T. A. Carson's Biddy Donelly.—*Puppies:* 1st, J. G. Nichol's Dennis; 2d, T. C. Carson's Biddy Donelly.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. H. Middleton's Boss III.—OPEN—1st, A. H. Middleton's Drake; 2d, withheld.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—OVER 28LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Albert E. Foster's Beverley Negus; 2d, J. F. Kirk's Newton Abbott Laddie. *Bitches:* 1st, Ancient and Modern Kennels' What Not.—OPEN—OVER 28LBS.—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Albert E. Foster's Judea; 2d, Dr. S. S. Bradbury's Warwick; 3d, C. E. Fenton's Rab. Reserve, Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid. Very high com., Herbert M. Howes's Wonder and J. A. Spracklin's Black Pete II. High com., J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Bob. Com., W. H. Gray's Banjo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Grace and Daisy Dean; 3d, Corktown Kennels' Dot Snivel). Reserve, J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Princess. Very high com., J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Romp.—OPEN—OVER 28LBS.—LIVER—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Queenie; 2d, I. X. L. Kennels' Carlile's Napoleon.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, H. M. Douglas's Billy; 2d, I. X. L. Kennels' Carlile's Sam. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Warwick; 2d, J. F. Kirk's Rosedale Brush; 3d, C. F. Fenton's Rab. Reserve, J. K. Kirk's Rosedale Princess.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Tricotrin. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Twin Two; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Elf.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. D. Welton's Joe; 2d, National Beagle Kennels' Diamond Forest; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sherry. Very high com. reserve, Albion Kennels' Rallywood. Very high com., G. D. Welton's Pomp and Albion Kennels' Romp. High com., H. B. Nicoll's King Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Parthenia; 2d, Albion Beagle Kennels' Rally. *Puppies:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Roger W.; 2d, G. D. Welton's Vixen.—UNDER 15IN.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Low; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Alva W.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Laddie and Little Wonder; 3d, F. P. Robson's Bob Krueger. Very high com reserve, Glenrose Kennels' Glenrose. Very high com., Raglan Kennels' Guy. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Flora K.; 2d, National Kennels' Topsy S.; 3d, Albion Beagle Kennels' Periwinkle. Very high com. reserve, Glenrose Kennels' Butterfly Very high com., A. Geddes' Snow and Arden Kennels' Arden's Cora Krueger. High com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Nibs.



GORDON SETTER COUNT NOBLE, 1ST, TORONTO, 1892.
Owned by Mr. S. A. Nickerson, Providence, R. I.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Arthur W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season. *Bitches:* 1st, Arthur W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Echo; 2d, J. W. Wolfred Wurtele's Justinian G.; 3d, reserve, high com. and com., C. E. Ireson's Ranger. Never Quit, Twilt and Young Memnon. Very high com., Frank L. Mabee's Fawn and Miss F. Habart's Fullerton. High com., Joseph Bradon's Jack B. and E. F. Davis's Fleet. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Wolfred Wurtele's Jetsam; 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Lily of Gainsboro; 3d, Chas. E. Rowland's Laonie. Very high com., Manatang Kennels' Marguerite and C. E. Ireson's Miss Memnon. High com., Dr. J. Fotheringham's Elsel II. *Puppies:* Withheld.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, F. S. Brown's Edgemark. *Bitches:* 1st, W. B. Wells's Cambriana.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. G. Walsh's Sultan; 2d, Pennsylvania Kennels' Ben Hur of River View; 3d, Joe Lewis's Tony Gladstone; 4th, W. B. Wells's Matane. Reserve, J. Kime's Druid, Jr. Very high com., T. G. Davey's Brighton Benwell, Dr. J. A. Hartman's Sig Gladstone High com., H. Marshall's Locksley II., J. Kime's Mingo, Jr., W. B. Wells's Luke. Com., C. S. Macdonald's Westmoreland, J. Kime's Brush K. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Kime's Lady Patch; 2d and 3d, T. G. Davey's Esmeralda; 4th, W. B. Wells's Daphne. Reserve, Joe Lewis's Miss Frost. Very high com., T. G. Davey's Misfortune, J. Kime's Lady Spot. High com. and com., Forest Kennels' Forest Louise and Forest Belle.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, John Ayre's Ponto; 2d, J. Kime's Druid, Jr.; 3d, J. A. Hartman's Sig Gladstone. Very high com., H. Marshall's Locksley II., J. Kime's Mingo, Jr. High com., W. Beck's Westminster Duke, T. G. Davey's Brighton Bert. Com., Chas. Macdonald's Westmoreland *Bitches:* 1st, J. Kime's Lady Patch; 2d, Joe Lewis's Miss Frost; 3d, J. T. Williams's Daisy of Riverview. Very high com., T. G. Davey's Sue Noble. High com., Forest Kennels' Forest Louise. Com., W. M. Wade's Nellie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 3d, Forest Kennels' Forest Count. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Forest Kennels' Forest Novel and Forest Nina; 3d, Mrs. L. A. McRudy's Jess.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim; 2d, res. and very high com., Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare, Duke Elcho and Seminole. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Laura B.; 2d and res., Oak Grove Kennels' Norma and Edna H. Very high com., Mount Royal Kennels' Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Pride of Parsey; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare Glenmore; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Montauk, Jr.; 4th, W. H. Apted's Toronto Jim. Res., Mount Royal Kennels' Elfrus. Very high com., George C. Tucker's Bob T. and Mount Royal Kennels' Elfrin. High com., Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Garry Owen and Toronto Brownie. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Rose Sarsfield; 2d, Douglas & Chambers's Irene; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Claremont Heather; 4th, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Mollie. Reserve, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Kitty. Very high com., Wm. McKee's Belle.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Apted's Toronto Jim; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Elfrus; 3d, Samuel Coulson's St. Elmo. Reserve, George C. Tucker's Bob T. Very high com., Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Brownie. High com., Seminole Kennels' Sir Elcho. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Rose Sarsfield; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Claremont Heather; 3d, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Mollie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, William McKee's Don; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Seminole, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Seminole Betsy.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. G. C. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Inwood Kennels' Count Noble; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Mount Royal Rush; 3d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington; 4th, C. A. Gibbs's Clyde C. High com., W. Paterson's Victor. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Graham's Lady Gordon; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louisa; 3d and 4th

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Walter J. Comstock's Boxer IV.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs; 2d, H. O'Connor's Gaities; 3d, W. H. Drummond's Commissariat. Very high com., Walter J. Comstock's Hanover Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, Wm. Brodie's Candour; 2d, T. Brown's Killarney Girl; 3d, Toon & Symonds's Salem Witch.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Trebilcock & Rogers's Toronto Royal Duke; 2d, Central Kennels' Royal Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, Trebilcock & Rogers's Topsy; 2d, Allen Trebilcock's Ruby; 3d, R. G. Wilkie's La Fleur.

RUBY, BLENHEIM AND PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Allen Trebilcock's Romeo.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, Alice Rattray's Jap.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Shenango Kennels' Byron; 2d, Mrs. F. Maxton's Maximilian. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Rockwell's Lavender; 2d, Yorke & Forshaw's Dainty Lass; 3d, C. F. Backus's Buttercup.

## SPECIAL PRIZES.

MASTIFFS—Canadian Kennel Club's diplomas: Best brace, Hugh Falconer's Attraction and Bess. Best dog, W. D. Forbes's Grimsby Caution. Best bitch, H. Falconer's Attraction.

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS—Best kennel, Col. Ruppert. Best kennel owned in Canada, J. S. Williams. C. K. C. diplomas: Best kennel, J. S. Williams. Best brace, Pottersburg Kennels' Don Phyllis and Glenisha. Best dog, Don Phyllis. Best bitch, Glenisha.

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS—C. K. C. diplomas: Best dog, Frank Stanton's Sailor. Best bitch, H. Gorman's Sola.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—C. K. C. diploma: Best dog, T. Langton's Major.

GREAT DANES—Association prizes and C. K. C. diploma: Best kennel, F. W. Wilson. Best brace, F. W. Wilson's Hero and Freda. Best dog, Shirley Stewart's Don Cæsar, Jr. Best bitch, Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS—Medal, best dog, Argoss.

GREYHOUNDS—Best kennel, A. W. Purbeck. Best kennel owned in Canada, Canadian specials, C. E. Ireson. Best brace, J. W. Wurtele's Justinian and Jetsam. Best dog, Justinian. Best bitch, Jetsam Greyhound Club's medal, best dog or bitch, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS—Exhibition prize and C. K. C. diploma: Best kennel, London Hunt Club. Best brace, Gibbs's Genius and Vexation. Best dog, London Hunt Club's Finder. Best bitch, Vexation.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS—Exhibition Association's prize and C. K. C. diploma: Best kennel, Smith & Clark. Best brace, Rally and Maud. Best dog, Rally. Best bitch, Maud.

HARRIERS—C. K. C. diploma, best kennel, F. L. Maybee; best brace, F. L. Maybee's Racer and Daisy; best dog, Racer; best bitch, Daisy.

POINTERS.—Exhibition Association prizes and C. K. C. diploma, best kennel, T. G. Davey; best brace, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker and Miss Rumor; best dog, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic; best bitch, Lady Gay Spanker; best dog with field trial record, T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake; sweepstakes for dogs and bitches whelped in 1891 or 1892, that have never won a money prize, 1, Mount Royal Kennels' Chaira; 2, W. S. Smith's Brighton Don; 3, W. S. Smith's Axtel's Baby; 4, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Duke Graphic. English Setters—Exhibition Association prizes and C. K. C. diploma, best kennel, Jos. Kime; best brace, W. B. Well's Cambriana and Matane; best dog, E. J. Walsh's Sultan; best bitch, J. Kime's Lady Patch; best dog with a field trial record, W. B. Well's Luke; best bitch

with a field trial record, Lady Patch; Setter Club medals (members only), best dog or bitch with a field trial record, both to Cambriana.

IRISH SETTERS.—Association prizes, best kennel, Seminole Kennels; best kennel owned in Canada, Douglas & Chambers; C. K. C. diploma, best kennel, Douglas & Chambers; best brace, Douglas & Chambers' Irene and Toronto Mollie; best dog, W. H. Apted's Toronto Jim; best bitch, Mount Royal Kennels' Elfreda. O'Keefe Cup, for best brace of eighteen months and under, owned and bred in Canada, Douglass & Chambers' Toronto Mollie and Toronto Kitti; sweepstake, bred in 1891 or '92, 1, Seminole Kennels' Seminole, Jr; 2 Mount Royal Kennels' Elfrin; 3, Toronto Mollie; 4, Mount Royal Kennels' Elfrus.

GORDON SETTERS.—Association prize for best kennel, Dr. S. G. Dixon; association prize and C. K. C. diploma for best kennel owned in Canada, Mount Royal Kennels; best brace (Canadian) Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda and Mount Royal Rush; best dog, Rush; best bitch, Hilda; sweepstakes, whelped 1891 or 1892, 1, 2, 3 and 4, Mount Royal Rush, Wanda, Floss and Hilda.

COLLIES.—Association prize for best kennel, Chestnut Hill Kennels; association prize and C. K. C. diploma for best kennel owned in Canada, McEwen & Gibson; Canadian specials, best brace, McEwen & Gibson's Samson and Dudley Chris; best dog, Samson; best bitch, Dudley Chris; best dog shown by member of the Collie Club, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher; Collie Club medal (members only) for best collie under two years of age, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Floss; Collie Club medal (members only) for best collie in novice class, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Charlie.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Association prize for best kennel, H. M. Howes; C. K. C. diploma for best kennel, Dr. H. S. Griffin; best brace, Dr. Griffin's Principio and Kathleen Mavourneen; best dog, Principio; best bitch, Kathleen Mavourneen; sweepstakes, whelped in 1891 or 1892, H. M. Howe's Chatham Prince.

RETRIEVERS—Best brace, T. G. Davey's Loyal and Beaver; best dog, Loyal; best bitch, Beaver.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS—Best brace, T. A. Carson's Dan Rice and Biddy Donnelly; best dog, J. C. Nichol's Dennis; best bitch, J. C. Nichol's Marguerite.

CLUMBER SPANIELS—Best dog, Boss III.

FIELD SPANIELS—American Spaniel Club's $100 cup, A. E. Foster's Beverly Negus; best kennel, J. F. Kirk; best brace, Spacklin's Grace and Queenie; best dog (Canadian), J. F. Kirk's champion Newton Abbott Laddie; best bitch (Canadian), Queenie.

COCKER SPANIELS—American Spaniel Club's $100 cup, Geo. Bell's Fascination; best kennel, Geo. Bell; best brace, Geo. Bell's Fascination and Amazement; best dog, Fascination; best bitch, Amazement.

DACHSHUNDS—C. K. C. diploma for best bitch, T. C. Blogg's Lena.

BEAGLES—Association prize for best kennel, Hornell-Harmony Kennels; C. K. C. diploma for the best kennel owned in Canada, Albion Beagle Kennels; Beagle Club specials, best dog, champion Royal Kruezer, and best bitch, Glenrose Kennels' Lou; best brace (Canadian), Albion Beagle Kennels' Rally and Periwinkle; best dog, F. P. Robson's Bob Krueger; best bitch, Rally.

FOX-TERRIERS—Association prizes and C. K. C. diploma for best kennels (smooth and wire-haired), A. D. Stewart; best brace, A. D. Stewart's My Fellow and Hillside Baroness; best dog, A. A. Macdonald's Blemton Trump; best bitch, Hillside Baroness; sweepstake (smooth or wire-haired), whelped in 1891 or 1892, Clover Hill Kennels' Tom Tom; best wire-haired dog, Fred Wetherall's Tinderbox; best wire-haired bitch, A. D. Stewart's My Queen (all Canadian specials).

IRISH TERRIERS—Best kennel, Dr. W. H. Drummond's Commissariat; best bitch, Wm. Brodie's Candour.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS—Best dog and bitch, R. Wanless's Roger and Kirsty.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—Best dog, W. Kingdon's Jack; best bitch, W. Chalmers's Jenny.

SCOTCH TERRIERS—Best brace and best dog and bitch, W. P. Fraser's Lovat and Grey.

SKYE TERRIERS—Best brace, C. H. Smith's Islay and Prairie Flower; best dog, A. J. & H. L. Jeffrey's Toodles; best bitch, Islay.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—Association prize for best kennel, Rochelle Kennels; best brace, Canadian, A. E. Elmer's Sir Wallace and Grace; best dog, Wm. Brodie's The Black Earl; best bitch, A. Elmer's Lady Don.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—Best bitch, Allan Trebilcock's Tiny Jones.

TOY TERRIERS—Best brace, W. R. Mumford's Paddy Trix and Nettie; best dog, G. E. Manson's Jole; best bitch, Nettie.

PUGS—Exhibition prize for best kennel, Eberhart Pug Kennels; best dog, Canadian, Hugh Falconer's Peekaboo; best bitch, J. J. Briggs's Judy II. Open bitch class, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sara Bernhardt (not Howard's Obon, as reported last week).

KING CHARLES SPANIELS—Best brace and best dog and bitch, Trebilcock & Rogers's Toronto Duke and Topsy.

## MT. HOLLY DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

THE first annual bench show held in connection with the 46th annual Burlington County Agricultural Society's fair, at Mount Holly, N. J., Sept. 12 to 16, brought together many well known prize winners, and several new dogs of more than average merit, making an exhibition equal to those of many kennel clubs, and though it may not call for the usual technical report, the fact of the show being recognized by the American Kennel Club, and the singular manner in which awards were made, where the records of dogs of renown suffered, some serious as well as critical remarks should be made.

Mr. J. Holmes Longstreet, who had the show under his charge, left Mr. Frank Smith to superintend, which he did in a praiseworthy manner.

Mr. John Diehl, who accepted the position of judge, must have imagined that little progress had been made since the time of the pointer Sensation, and that retrogression was the rule in other classes in this degenerate age, consequently his singular awards and his equally bad explanations, brought down a shower of uncomplimentary remarks, some being made to his face in the ring.

The building was well suited for the show. Spratts biscuits and Burlington county beef were used to meet the calls of the inner dog, and as to disinfectants, cleanliness and pure air seemed to meet all demands.

"Have you seen the dogs?" was whispered around, and great was the crowd that swarmed through the building devoted to them, and strange indeed were the remarks and inquiries which they called forth. After looking at the $10,000 dog, worth more than a farm and a spanking team of trotters, and admiring the "animated hearth rug"—the poodle champion Dexter—and one or two others, very often inquiries came for the "coolies or shepherd dogs" and a look of wonder then succeeded the look of curiosity, for there were none on exhibition.

It was but natural that at a country fair such dogs should be on exhibition, and though the country folks may be interested in all things curious, they are also interested in everything useful to them.

Of the larger breeds Mr. Chas Porter's Brother was a good representative of the English mastiff, and their German brothers the Great Danes or German mastiffs had Messrs. Weisbrod and Hess's Bismark and Flora II., two stylish dark brindles with symmetry, character and agility. Mr. Magnus Schulls was unlucky in having to bring his harlequin Tyras into the ring against such, and though he had the puppy class to himself with a son and daughter of this dog the second prize was withheld.

The St. Bernard entries were chiefly well known, but when such a dog as Refuge II. (winner of forty-one firsts in England) is defeated there is usually some curiosity to learn something of the new aspirant. Mr. Fred Schmidt has in Otos a dog that must stand nearly 34in. and could be made to weigh 200lbs. He has a good coat, dark orange, with white collar, legs, tail tip, blaze, and having besides dark face shadings, he is about right in those respects. In head he follows his sire, Ben Lomond, and has the angular rather than the rounded outline, and though he has a large, well-made head, with muzzle, depth of lip and colors in his favor, his somewhat light eye, showing haw, detracts, and there is a lack of character. His limbs are good, and in this he gained over Refuge II., for he is going in pasterns as well as stifles, whereas Otos was agile, showed the sweet disposition of his dam, Corette, the beautiful daughter of champion Save and champion Queen Jura, and were it not for his having less flesh than is generally expected for show bench condition, a want of substance and spring of ribs might not have been noticed except by the most critical. A dog of such height, breeding and general excellence deserves the attention of all interested in the breed, and his having been bred in America, together with this, his first achievement, must add to the interest.

Mr. W. C. Reick's Lady Bountiful was only given second in the bitch class, though a tall, active orange and white of much merit and sired by Lord Bute, and certainly deserved the blue ribbon.

The New York St. Bernard Kennels' exhibit was a feature of the show, and the dogs were in excellent form. Mr. Dan Foster's Leicester won the special for the best St. Bernard in the show, and was in good trim. His wife's pet, Jolly Commodore, is a pup of good color, shadings and action, and competes in the rough division.

In English setters the dogs are well known and the competition was not strong.

In the Irish there were two distinct types—Carrie S. and Planet Chief of the cobby build, and Molly's Best, one of the long, narrow-headed style, which the judge failed to appreciate.

The Gordon exhibit was a feature of the show. Heather York met and defeated his brother, Rexmont, in the challenge class, reversing a decision of a better known judge made at the last Washington show, and as Mr. Diehl could only find a better distribution of tan in favor of the winner, the award may be taken for what it is worth. Comus, a matured dog, met a pup in Brillmont in the open class. Salmont, first in bitches, is a sister of the two challenge class dogs, and the dam of Brillmont and Raymont, first in puppy class. Maternal duties have prevented her exhibition since her puppy wins at Chicago and Boston.

In the pointer class Lad of Kent met Inspiration, much to the sorrow of Mr. Geo. Jarvis, the proud owner of Lad. When the judge explained that his ideal was old Sensation, and Inspiration was the same color and sort of dog, the value of the decision may be easily estimated, and though there may be rejoicing at Philadelphia there should not be sorrow at New York.

In greyhounds, Sir Launcelot (Gem of the Season—Lady Clare) followed up his successes as a puppy at Washington and Pittsburgh, by an open-class win over Mr. Leiber's Flora and the Woodhaven Kennels' Spider.

The next class where there was competition was the fox-terriers, and after reference to his books, and whispered consultations, decisions were made by the judge which do him credit; for in a class where there was a chance to make an error of judgment, the awards went to the right dogs.

In bull-terriers there was a Jim Corbett, but he got defeated, and rightly, too, for Lady Velmar first, and Regal second, were good specimens, the latter having the better head and expression, and being as good in other respects, deserved the blue. A nice promising youngster, by Gully the Great ex Wild Rose, was presented in Castle Bride, the winner in the puppy class.

There were many good dogs in the other classes, but as there was little possibility for wrong decisions, it is needless to do more than refer to the list of awards below. We understand that the committee see the justice of a demand for a competent judge, and that at the show next year those who are "up to date" will be asked to judge, which will be absolutely necessary to secure the entry of such dogs as were present this year. EDWIN H. MORRIS.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, Charles Porter, Jr.'s, Brother.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. C. Reick's Kingston Regent. *Bitches:* 1st, W. C. Reick's Republican Belle. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Fred Schmidt's Otos; 2d, W. C. Reick's Refuge II.—*Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. C. Reick's Lady Bountiful.—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, D. P. Foster's Leicester; 2d, Charles S. Baker's Lady Leeds.—PUPPIES—1st, Mrs. D. P. Foster's Jolly Commodore.

GREAT DANES—1st and 2d, Weisbrod & Hess's Bismarck and Flora II; 3d, Magnus Schull's Tyras. *Puppies:* 1st, Magnus Schull's Flora; 2d, withheld; 3d, Magnus Schull's Nero.

ENGLISH SETTERS—CHALLENGE—1st, Frank G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone.—OPEN—1st, R. R. Moore's Kent's Rex; 2d, Pennsylvania Kennels' Benzine.

IRISH SETTERS—CHALLENGE—1st, E. H. Maber's Larry S.—OPEN—1st, E. H. Maher's Planet Chief; 2d and 3d, Charles Thompson's Fly and Molly's Rest. *Puppies:* 1st, A. V. L. Pumyea's Red Riding Hood.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Blossom's Heather York; 2d, Fernwick Kennels' Rexmont. *Bitches:* 1st, J. B. Blossoms's Flemont.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Blossom's Comus; 2d, E. Morris's Brillmont. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Morris's Salmont. *Puppies:* 1st, E. Morris's Raymont.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. H. Winslow's Inspiration; 2d, Geo. Jarvis's Lad of Kent.—OPEN—1st, J. S. Summers's Bing of Kippen; 2d, Geo. Jarvis's Lass of Kent; 3d, E. Halpen's Bracket's Ladd.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—1st, H. W. Huntington's Zerry.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, E. Morris's Sir Launcelot; 2d, W. S. Leiber's Flora; 3d, Woodhaven Kennels' Spider.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. M. H. Child's Tony Weller.—OPEN—1st, Wm. Woll's Lady.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, Weisbrod & Hess's Peterman van Schlachdensee.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, A. H. Darnell's Sue. *Puppies:* 1st, L. N. Walton, Jr.'s King; 2d, A. H. Darnell's Sue; 3d, E. H. Morris's Glen.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, E. A. Wilson's Bradford Mohawk; 2d, E. H. Morris's Bachelor.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Jacob Bromach's Duke of Wellington. *Puppies:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Union Jill.

BULLDOGS.—1st, F. Irwin's Glenwood.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, Lansdowne Kennels' Lady Velmar; 2d, Mrs. Sidney Harris' Regal; 3d, H. W. Schlechter's Jim Corbett. *Puppies:* 1st, G. P. Runton's Castle Bride.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, J. B. Nelson, Jr.'s, Regent Brisk; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Desperado.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Edward Lever's Kathleen.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Walter S. Leiber's Sir Roger. *Puppies:* 1st, Walter S. Leiber's Sir Bruce.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, T. H. Garlick's Glenelg.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Addison Rowe's Play Boy; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle-Sultana. *Puppies:* 1st, Addison Rowe's Play Boy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Jacob Brombach's Golden Rod.

PUGS.—1st, Jacob Brombach's Diamond Kennels' Bradford Rowdy; 2d, Jacob Brombach's Diamond Kennels' Frisk.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Edwin H. Morris's Dexter.—OPEN—1st, 2d, and 3d, James Simpson's Black, Domino and Lady. *Puppies:* 1st, Edwin H. Morris's Dot.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 50 LBS.—1st, Henry Seher's Rover. Bitches with puppies under eight weeks old—1st, Jacob Brombach's Diamond Kennels' Diamond Queen; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Velma.

The pointer Kentwood, by King of Kent out of Belle Randolph, was shipped last Monday by Robert Leslie, Lynn, Mass., to Mr. Burke C. Miller, of Little Rock, Ark., to be trained by that gentleman.

### How it Reverberates.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION, Club House, Sept. 19.—To my advertisement for a foxhound, in your issue of the 8th inst., I have had replies from nearly all the Eastern, Central and Middle States, showing how well your paper is read.

CHAS. FRANCIS HARDY.

## IRISH SETTER CLUB DERBY.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Inclosed please find the list of entries for the Derby Stake of the Irish Setter Field Trials. There are 22 in all, 9 more than last year. All were whelped in 1891:

ROMAYNE (Dr. Wm. Jarvis), bitch (Duke Elcho—Romaine), October.

GINE (Dr. Wm. Jarvis), bitch (Elcho, Jr.—Romaine), February.

BELLE OF MEXICO (Geo. H. Kunkel), bitch (Dan O'Connell—Lalla Rookh), November.

ROCKWOOD DANDY (Chas. T. Thompson), dog (Desmond II.—Fly), March.

ROCKWOOD HEN (C. E. Thompson), bitch (Tim—Estelle), March.

MOLLEEN (F. L. Cheney), bitch (Henmore Shamrock—Daisy), January.

KILDARE WINNIE (W. H. Beazell), bitch (Beau Brummel—Winnie II.), March.

SHANDON BELLE (J. J. Scanlan), bitch (Inchiquin—Daisy H.), August.

CLAREMONT CLARA (F. H. Perry), bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nellie Glencho), March.

HAWKEYE DICK (Perry & Switzer), dog (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont), April.

HAWKEYE QUEEN (Perry & Switzer), bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont), April.

ELPHIN II. (Glenmore Kennels), bitch (Tyrconnel—Kinvara), May.

GLENMORE OWNIE (Glenmore Kennels), bitch (Elcho, Jr.—Romaine), April.

GLENMORE BAN (Glenmore Kennels), bitch (Desmond II.—Nellie), March.

GLENMORE PET (Glenmore Kennels), bitch (Mack N.—Ruby Glenmore), September.

GLENMORE WAD (Glenmore Kennels), dog (Mack N.—Ruby Glenmore), September.

GLENMORE APPIE (Glenmore Kennels), bitch (Desmond II.—Nellie), March.

GLENMORE BEAU BUM (Glenmore Kennels), dog (Beau Brummel—Belle Anna), July.

GLENMORE JAY BIRD (Glenmore Kennels), bitch (Mack N.—Ruby Glenmore), September.

REDSKIN (Dr. Edward B. Weston), dog (Mardo—Mirtie), April.

SAGAS TEARAWAY (Geo. E. Gray), dog (Tearaway—Tillie Boru), April.

TILLIE BORU II. (W. H. Laird), bitch (Tearaway—Tillie Boru), April.

G. G. DAVIS, Secretary.

## NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

AN executive meeting was held at Boston, Mass., Sept. 8. Called to order at 7:20 by president. Minutes approved. Committee on premium list, F. W. Chapman, chairman, then read report, which was accepted. Voted that following classes be made at bench show:

Class 1, challenge dogs, 15 to 13in.; prizes, 1st 60, 2d 40 per cent.

Class 2, challenge bitches, 15 to 13in.; prizes, 1st 60, 2d 40 per cent.

Class 3, open dogs, 15 to 13in.; prizes, 1st 40, 2d 30, 3d 20 per cent.

Class 4, open bitches, 15 to 13in.; prizes, 1st 40, 2d 30, 3d 20 per cent.

Class 5, challenge dogs, 13in. and under; prizes, 1st 60, 2d 40 per cent.

Class 6, challenge bitches, 13in. and under; prizes, 1st 60, 2d 40 per cent.

Class 7, open dogs, 13in. and under; prizes, 1st 40, 2d 30, 3d 20 per cent.

Class 8, open bitches, 13in. and under; prizes, 1st 40, 2d 30, 3d 20 per cent.

Class 9, puppies, dogs and bitches; prizes, 1st 40, 2d 30, 3d 20 per cent.

Voted that 250 premium lists, 350 entry blanks and 350 return envelopes be printed for bench show. Voted 250 entry blanks for field trials be printed.

Voted that all approved advertising be accepted for premium list and catalogue of bench show at $2 a page.

Communications read and filed.

Mr. Guy D. Welton, Detroit, Mich., was elected to membership. Voted that resignation of W. Stewart Diffenderffer be accepted. Voted that $5 for best beagle dog and $5 for best bitch be donated to National Greyhound Club show held at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Voted, that H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y., be appointed on pedigree committee in place of H. F. Schellhass, resigned.

Voted, that in conformity with Art. 5, Sec. II. of Constitution, the executive committee divide itself into two opposition parties as follows: Messrs. F. W. Chapman, John Davidson, H. V. Jamieson and W. S. Clark, and Messrs. B. S. Turpin, W. A. Power, H. L. Kreuder and O. W. Brooking.

Voted that $20 be devoted to advertising field trial and bench show in principal kennel journals.

Voted that W. S. Clark be appointed to solicit advertisements for premium list and catalogue of bench show. Adjourned 9:15. H. V. JAMIESON, Sec'y N. B. C.

MELROSE, Mass.

## CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL FREE FOR ALL.

IN view of the probability of a much increased number of starters in the Free for All Stake, the Central Field Trial Club will change the running as follows: There will be a preliminary round of four hour heats, as heretofore, but the judges may slightly extend the time of any brace, if necessary to make the endurance test clear.

The dogs kept in for the remaining series will be run for such time as is deemed necessary to a decision by the judges, and the whole stake will be run under the spotting system.

The handlers will have the privilege of handling their dogs from horseback during this stake.

Up to the present time all dogs who have shown themselves fit for a four hour heat have been perfectly able to repeat the same; while the quitters fell down on their first heat. It therefore appears unnecessary to run a continued four hour race, and with an increased number of starters would be quite impossible.

In the opinion of all competent authorities whose expression we have been able to get, this is the most useful and instructive stake in the whole field trial round. The club desires to perfect it and make it the leading feature of the season. It is believed that the above changes and the giving of second and third prizes will meet the views of sportsmen and considerably increase entries.

C. H. ODELL, Sec'y and Treas.

### Ottawa Show.

The following is a list of specials for the Ottawa dog show: For the best St. Bernard, $5; greyhound dog, hat; bitch, $2; foxhound, $3; beagle dog and bitch, $2; pointer and English setter, $3; Irish setter, Gordon setter, $3; collie, Clumber spaniel and field spaniel, $2; cocker spaniel dog, $3; bitch, $2; fox-terrier dog, $3; bitch, $2; black and tan terrier, Irish terrier, Yorkshire terrier, toy spaniel, pug, dachshund, $2. For local competition only: Subscription to *Canadian Kennel Gazette* for best field spaniel, cocker spaniel, deerhound and beagle. The Association's handsome diploma will be given for best specimen in open and novice classes in each and every breed.

## THE KINGSTON SHOW.

*[Special to Forest and Stream.]*

KINGSTON, Ont., Sept. 21.—The show opened auspiciously on Monday and judging was carried through till Tuesday evening. The weather is good, but attendance is poor. The awards to date are:

MASTIFFS.—1st, Falconer's Attraction.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Ruppert's Aristocrat.—OPEN—ROUGH—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and high com., Moore's Lord Melrose, Baldus and Oudine. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Ruppert's Lady Gladwyn, Miss Anne and Altonette.—SMOOTH—*Dogs:* 1st, Moore's Melrose. *Bitches:* 1st, Moore's Miss Alton.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Purbeck's Gem of the Season.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Purbeck's Pious Pembroke. *Bitches:* 1st, Purbeck's Lilly of Gainsborough; 2d, Wurtel's Jetsam IV. High com., Curtis's Clio.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Kreuder's The Rambler.—OPEN *Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Kreuder's Jack Rowell and Duce; 2d, Curtis's Ranger. Very high com., Robson's Rob Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Kreuder's Kernannan.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Brown's Edgemont.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Walsh's Sultan; 2d, Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview; 3d, Graydon's Locksley II. Very high com., Sears's Sir Harold. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Forest Kennels' Forest Louise; 2d, Kingston Kennels' Maid of Kent.—NOVICE—1st, Sullan's Forest Louise; 2d, Locksley II. High com., Darby's Earl.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Tim. *Bitches:* 1st, Laura B.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Seminole's Pride of Paisey and Montauk, Jr.; 2d, W. Paul's Stoco. Very high com., Mount Royal Elfrin. High com., Mount Royal Elfrus. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole's Claremont Heather; Douglass & Chambers's Irene.—NOVICE—1st, Claremont Heather; 2d, Elfrin; 3d, Kingston Kennels' Madcap II. High com., Elfrus.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Dixon's Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Mount Royal's Mount Royal Rush; 2d, Dixon's Duke of Wellington. *Bitches:* 1st, Graham's Lady Gordon; 2d, Dixon's Princess Louise; 3d, very high com. and high com., Mount Royal's Wanda, Floss C. and Nujen.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Mount Royal's Devon Noll.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Connell's Rock; 2d, Grayson's Donovan. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal's Chaira; 2d, Smith's Kune. High com, Kingston Kennels' Sunet M.—NOVICE—1st, Chaira; 2d, W. Kune; 3d, Kingston Kennels' Bell Bird. Very high com., Donovan.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Stewart's Don Cæsar.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Carson's Dan Rice *Bitches:* 1st, Carson's Biddy Donnelly; 2d, Nichols's Marguerite

CLUMBERS.—1st, Smart's Darby.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Spracklin's Queenie; 2d, Howe's Wonder; 3d, Walkem's Sport.

COCKERS.—BLACK.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* Bell's Fascination. *Ditches:* Bell's Amazement.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Kennedy's Jay Kay; 2d, Mitchner's Dora. *Bitches:* 1st, Keyes's Rideau Flossie; 2d, Bell's Troublesome; 3d, Spracklin's Volo. Reserve, Kennedy's Molly Baron. High com., Thompson's Lillie.—OTHER THAN BLACK.—CHALLENGE—Nellie's Red Jacket.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Spracklin's Red Oho; 2d, Leigh's Rufus; 3d, W. Gowan's Red Fellow. *Bitches:* 1st, Bell's Cherry Ripe; 2d, Spracklin's Lady.—NOVICE—1st, Troublesome; 2d, Jay Kay; 3d, Rideau. Reserve, Cherry Ripe. Very high com., Bates's Nina. High com., Thompson's Lillie and Red Fellow. Com., Walkem's Rusty.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* Seminole's Roslyn Dandy. *Bitches:* Seminole's Metchley Surprise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill's Wellsbourne Charlie; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Conrad; 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Samson. Reserve, Seminole's Chrisolite. Very high com., Ford's Metchley's Bob. *Bitches:* Seminole's Bertha and Crissy: McEwen & Gibson's Crissy; McEwen & Gibson's Dudley Chris.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—Smith's Carisbrook.—OPEN—Dole's Lady Venus.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dole's Starlight.—OPEN—1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., Homes's Count II., Chatham Prince, Grove's Duchess, Tournout Kit.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—McDonald's Blemton Trump.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Bank's Blemton Rattler; 2d, Rathbone's Beverwyck Prinston; 3d, McDonald's Calchas. Very high com., Hanks's Bambou, Keyes's Rideau Rivet. *Bitches:* 1st, Hanks's Grouse II., 2d, Stewart's Hillside Baroness; 2d, Hanks's Fuss. Very high com., Hanks's Damson, Oldrieve's Dudley Stave. High com., Arden's Rosa, Jr.—NOVICE.—1st, Myfellow; 2d, Calchas; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Tesse. Very high com., H. W. Smith's Sister Trick.—WIRE-HAIRS.—1st, Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Trimmer; 2d, Wetherall's Tinder Box; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Tesse. Very high com., Sister Trick.

SCOTCH, SKYE, DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Strimm's Sir Stafford.—OPEN—1st, Wanton's Rodger; 2d, Symonds's Scotch Hot; 3d, Endcliffe's Maggie. Very high com., Brock's team of Dandies. Reserve, Smith's Islay.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Comstock's Bosco IV.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Symonds's Salem and Jack Brigge; 2d, Comstock's Hanover Boy. Reserve, Drummond's Commissariat. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Libbie; 2d, O'Connor's Gultees; 3d, Brown's Killarney Girl.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Elmer's Sir Wallace.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dole's Salisbury. *Bitches:* 1st, Symonds's Rosette; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Topaz. Reserve, Rochelle Kennels' English Lady. Very high com., Dole's Louie, Elmer's Lady Don. High com., Elmer's Grace.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st and 3d, Trebilcock's Toronto Royal Duke and Topsy; 2d, Central Kennels' Royal Roy.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Seminole Kennels' Bonsor.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hardy's Dixie; 2d, Adams's Meddler; 3d, Miller's Dandy, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Midget; 2d and 3d, Hardy's Mint and Miss Penrice. Very high com., Hardy's Baby Ruth.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Spracklin's J. I. T.; 2d, Curtis's Jack.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Seidee's Fritz K.; 2d, Lewis's Biglow; 3d, Lyons's Harvey. Very high com., Hanks's Servanates, Trebilcock's Jumbo. *Bitches:* 1st, Hanks's Elodevka; 2d, Manice's Jessie; equal 3d, Victoria and Thomas's Boston Mdel. Very high com., Symonds's Jenny.

## THE WESTERN MICHIGAN SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I cannot help noticing, with your permission, the letter of Mr. Bates, secretary of the Kingston show, published in your issue of the 8th inst. It was bad enough for Kingston to come along long after we had claimed our dates and publish the same dates for their show, but when any club resorts to such direct slurs as he makes use of regarding our entry fee and "novice" management of our show, as he terms it, I feel that this "patent medicine" style of trying to draw from our entry is very unbecoming. Do you suppose there is another man in the same official capacity in this country or Canada that would write such an article with the direct purpose of injuring another show. No, sir; and perhaps the "novice" management of the Grand Rapids show may have as strong prestige among his American cousins as he has, which may affect his entry more next year than this. We certainly appreciate the "two years" experience of the Kingston Club in the "novice class," and if they took two "firsts" we are glad to welcome them in the class that "know it all." Perhaps Mr. Bates, if he was a little better acquainted with the "novice" management of our show, would have saved his remarks for a more suitable occasion. We wish Kingston a success, and if our "baby" is a failure we will publish it.

CHAS. K. FARMER, Vice-President W. Mich. K. Club.

### Whippet Racing.

On Wednesday afternoon of Toronto show, there was a race between George Thomas's Boston Model and Campbell & Blake's Maggie. Though beaten on the bench, the latter fully revenged her defeat by beating Model twenty yards in 200 in 13 seconds. Afterwards, with Tip as pacemaker, Maggie did the distance in 12¾ seconds on a somewhat rough course. "Tom" Blake gave exhibition every day in front of the big grand stand, and the racing created a lot of interest. His dogs will run at Grand Rapids this week, when probably a big match will be brought off.

# DOG CHAT.

### Toronto Dog Show.

As the show progressed the management settled down to something resembling order, and aisles were swept up, and by Thursday morning the show smelled pretty sweet. We should advise Mr. Stone to lay in next year's supply of sawdust for rings, etc., at once, so that no contretemps can happen in 1893. It is not particularly nice for judges and exhibitors to indulge in a species of hurdle racing about the ring to keep measurably clean. The catalogue, when it finally issued in its entirety, was quite an ambitious affair. Each breed had a standard or description drawn up at the head by some well known breeder. This is a useful feature, especially for the "recruits." The catalogue was, however, lamentably full of errors; we hate to find so much fault, but in future it would be well for the secretary, if he has not time to do the work himself, to employ some good clerk and give him full charge of the whole clerical business, and let him have say a W. K. C. catalogue to go by. The entries closed in ample time to do the work properly, and it should be done, as nothing galls a man more than to find his own or his dog's name only a resemblance to the truth. We are told the feeding was good and the food well cooked and enjoyed by the dogs; some local firm supplying the biscuits we believe. The disinfeeting—well, the less said about that the better.

There is another point in connection with this show that should be corrected next year. The rules under which the show is held state that puppies shall not be shown under six months old, or to that effect. There were puppies shown then at Toronto that were little over so many weeks old, and their pens were kept in a shocking state. There was even a great Dane bitch with a big litter, and the puppies, to get out of the reeking mess, climbed on the mother's back. This sort of thing frustrates every good that the aforesaid rule was intended to do.

The visitors at the show from all parts were numerous, and the Canadian Kennel Club meeting was attended by some 40 fanciers. It was a delight to see the manner in which they all seemed to join in the discussions, contrary to the custom of our A. K. C. meetings, where two or three delegates do the talking and the others throw up their hands when "held up" by the leaders. The Canadians seem to enter into their discussions most heartily and *con amore*. In conclusion, we must not forget to mention that among the hard-working stewards were Capt. Greville Harston, who really worked like a Trojan in Mr. Davidson's ring, and Mr. W. F. Fraser stuck to his duties well in Mr. Mason's behalf. Mr. H. B. Donovan spared sufficient time from his multifarious work for Mr. F. C. Wheeler's benefit, and Mr. A. W. Smith was also an active volunteer. The fair, as usual, was a great attraction, and the people crowded into the town to the tune of about 80,000 during the week. The judging gave almost general satisfaction. In only a few instances was grumbling indulged in, and results were taken philosophically.

### A New Kennel.

We always like to hear from those who are just starting in and of the dogs they commence with. Some time since we spoke of Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., having contracted the fever, and are now able to give some interesting particulars of his "nucleus." In wire-haired fox-terriers he has imported three bitches: Petition; breeder, Mr. Spennly, England; by Ebor Nick out of Keldgate Bell; whelped March, 1889. She has won second at Cruft's show in 1891, and other prizes. Oakleigh Flirt, breeder Mr. Lindsay Hogg, is by Oakleigh Hymen out of Nettle, and was whelped June, 1890. Meg II. is by Tyke out of Vixen. His dog is Oakleigh Bruiser, by Dudley Rarity out of Burrett, a fine, promising all white dog, whelped June, 1891. In brown poodles he has Pooh-Bah, breeder J. Coulin, Paris, whelped November, 1888. This dog won third prize at the Paris show of 1890. He was purchased from Miss Post in Paris, France. Ida is a very fine brown poodle, which he has only just received from Paris. She won second at the dog show in that city this summer. She was whelped May, 1891. Mr. Hunnewell is building extensive kennels, and expects several more wire-hairs yet; so we suppose he will have to be reckoned with when the shows come round next year.

### Death of Champion Foreman.

The death of this well known and justly celebrated English setter last week, from old age, removes from the atmosphere of the show ring a dog around whom was attached a general interest at one time. This was in the days of Plantagenet, etc., and the early 80s, and when our friend "Billy" Tallman was right in it, both on bench and field, for Foreman was a corker among the quail as well as on the bench. This dog probably won more prizes than any other during the twelve years of his life. He was whelped Feb. 26, 1880, and was by Dashing Monarch out of Fairy II., and therefore truly bred in the purple. His first winning bracket was hung up at Boston in 1882. The name of Foreman was always associated with those of "Billy" Tallman and Fred Crawford, of Pawtucket, R. I. At one time Foreman, we are told, was sold for $2,500. His best win in the field was in 1884, when he won the All-Aged Stake at the Eastern Field Trials, and he also won the Members' Stake in 1885, at High Point, N. C. He was bred by Mr. J. C. Higgins and owned at one time in Canada. One by one the old landmarks pass away, but there does not seem to be that romance and keen interest surrounding those that take their places; is it that the dogs are not so good or is the change in the owners?

### The Flour City Kennel Sale.

We cannot say that Mr. Whitney's resolve to give up trying to breed mastiffs surprises us very much, for if any one has had hard luck enough to break any man's fancier heart, this gentleman has experienced it. A little ray of sunshine now and then, in the way of a living litter, tends to keep a man on the lookout for a turn in the tide of ill luck, but Mr. Whitney has not even had this. After expending some $9,000 he finds himself with one puppy of his own breeding. What he has seen during his late visit to England convinces him they are not much better off over there. His dogs are all for sale and to the highest bidder, bids to be sent to Mr. W. Wade, Hulton, Pa., and the top one gets his choice. This is an opportunity for mastiff breeders of limited means to secure some of the cream of the fancy at pretty nearly their own prices. We know Mr. Whitney will not give up the fancy altogether, and probably with a smaller kennel and a new deal he may have better luck. We hope so.

### Inhuman Treatment of Dogs.

One of the most inhuman and dastardly actions that any man, dogman or otherwise, has been guilty of was exposed at Toronto show on the arrival of a "box of dogs" consigned to the show and owned by Mr. F. W. Wilson, of Chatham, Canada. Every one knows what a carpenter's chest is like, this was the shipping crate and measured 3ft. by 2ft 6in., and in this a supposed fancier of dogs had the brutality to force seventeen great Dane puppies and two fox-terriers. On the box being opened nine puppies and a fox-terrier were found to be dead. The affair has disgusted every one here, and sorry we are that we should have to include a man who could do such a thing among the members of dogdom. Mr. Wilson is no novice, for he has exhibited dogs here for two or three years.

### Notes from New England.

Mr. "Bob" Leslie, of Lynn, Mass., was in New York city last Monday and dropped into our sanctum. He brought a few bits of New England gossip; but the worst that we heard was of the accident that happened to Mr. E. B. Sears. It seems he so wrenched his ankle that two ligaments were broken. We are happy to hear, however, that the owner of Sir Bedivere can get about again, though progress is painful. Mr. Sears wished to resign the presidency of the Lynn Club, but better counsel prevailed, and he will retain office till next May. The other day Mr. Sears received word that Sir Bedivere had sired a litter of seventeen pups. This in itself should be sufficient to make Mr. Sears reconsider his idea of giving up the dogs. We hear that $500 was offered and refused for his Wyoming Prince, a son of the late champion Hesper.

### Canada's Fox-Terrier Club.

A meeting of fox-terrier men was held at the Walker House, Toronto, Sept. 13. Alderman A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, was in the chair. H. B. Donovan acted as secretary. It was decided to form the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club, and officers were elected as follows: Patron, William Hendrie, Sr., Hamilton; President, R. Gibson, Delaware; Secretary-Treasurer, H. P. Thompson; Committee, F. S. Wetherall, Compton, Quebec; G. Bell, Toronto; J. W. Morden, Hamilton; James Lindsay, Montreal; F. R. Close, Hamilton; S. Munro, London; G. S. Oldrieve, Kingston; J. V. Bennett, Toronto; P. Smyth, Toronto. The fox-terrier fancy in Canada is increasing so rapidly that it will not be long before the spaniel men will have to share the honors of popularity.

### Lawsuit About a Dog.

It will be remembered that Mr. A. W. Smith's celebrated black and tan terrier bitch Buffalo Lass was smothered in transit to the New York show last spring. Mr. Smith, securing certificates from Drs. Glover and Foote as to the cause of death, has now brought suit against the American Express Co. for $200 damages, and the trial comes off this week in the Supreme Court, Buffalo, N. Y. The outcome will have an important bearing on the legality, etc., of the release clause that dogmen have to sign, and how far express companies are liable for death and injuries to dogs traveling in their care.

### Mr. Jarrett's Purchases.

Mr. W. Brodie did not hold his Irish terrier bitch Candour very long after his arrival in Canada. Mr. Jarrett, who likes a daredevil almost as well as the milder collie, gave, it is said, $500 for her. With her ears cropped she will act a leading part in future shows, and Mr. Jarrett must be congratulated on his plucky purchase. Mr. Jarrett also picked up a good collie in Toronto Wonder, and a dog that, under Mr. Jarrett's skillful manipulation may be expected to take much higher honors than he did at the Toronto show last week.

### More Importations.

The steamer Cufic, of the White Star Line, arrived from England Sept. 13 with two collie dogs, Nellie and Wallace, from Mr. Geo. F. Bowden, consigned to Mr. E. H. Morris. These are the sheep dogs that have been imported especially with regard to their working capabilities, and will compete at the sheep dog trials at the Trenton (N. J.) fair. A wire-haired terrier was also received consigned to Mr. T. S. Bellin, 21 Park street, Albany, N. Y.

### Death of a Valuable Terrier.

Mr. Henry Brooks, of West Medford, Mass., has the sympathy of all sportsmen and lovers of the dog, at his cruel ill-luck in losing his grand Scotch terrier bitch Gerda, which died the first morning of the Toronto show from rupture of the stomach. Gerda was lately imported from England and was own sister to his crack little dog Kilroy, champion Kildee—Bitterweed.

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At Toronto last week we saw a rather unique style of evasion of the cruelty laws. A scissor grinder coming into town had a dog, looked something of the Chesapeake order, chained to his machine by two chains which centered on the dog's collar at the back. The dog apparently trotted along at the side of the big wheel, but in reality he lugged the whole concern, the man simply guiding the wheel. It was real downright hard work for the dog, and if the owner values his pocket or liberty he had better keep on the northern side of the line.

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We regret to hear from Mr. W. C. Reick that his young stud dog Prince Clifford was killed last week by an engine on the rails at Seabright, N. J. These second strings are useful in a large kennel and it is too bad to lose such dogs in so shocking a manner.

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Mr. L. C. Whiton's greyhound Spinaway is now in England in Mr. Geo. Raper's care, and will remain some time and be bred to Young Fullerton. Mr. Whiton will run jointly with Mr. Lowe the greyhound Lord Neverstill at Great Bend next month. The Brooklyn catalogue will have pictures of typical specimens of each breed at the head of the classes, and a special effort will be made to make the catalogue a work of art as well as reference.

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Under a misinterpretation of the rules, Mr. Jarrett entered his crack collie Wellesbourne Charlie in the novice class at Toronto and won. Mr. McEwen protested the award and entry, and a committee meeting being held, the dog was disqualified and, we believe, the entry fee returned. It does not seem just to the novices that a dog like Wellesbourne Charlie, who has won prizes at shows in England and some under C. K. C. rules, should be allowed to compete in our novice classes. This subject was discussed some time since, and the Canadian rule bearing on novice classes was changed to bar prize-winning dogs from England from competing in these classes. Mr. Jarrett, however, complained that, though the C. K. C. rule said "recognized shows in Canada, the United States or England," the list of recognized shows in England was not given in the premium list, as was the case with the other two countries.

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We have heard capital accounts of the dog biscuits made by Messrs. Austin & Graves. During our visits to the New England kennels, we notice that this brand of biscuit is to be found in almost every kennel, and we all know that the average New Englander is not given, as a rule, to waste money on worthless articles.

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Mr. M. Flynn, Jr., we see in the business column, is offering some choice Irish setter pups ridiculously cheap, out of Sedan by Glen Jarvis. The progeny of such animals should soon be snapped up, for we all know what a capital field bitch Sedan is, for did she not win the All-Age Stake at High Point last year at the Irish setter field trials?

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Dr. O. Stewart Bamber, secretary of the Rochester Kennel Club, writes: "Considering the small money offered we are very well satisfied with an entry of over 100 dogs. St. Bernards are strongest with 14 entries, mastiffs second with 13, all breeds represented contain representative dogs."

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Any one not receiving premium lists for bench show and trials of National Beagle Club should address: Field Trial Committee, N. B. C., Box 220, Boston, Mass.

### Westminster K. C. Dogs for Sale.

We note that the Westminster Kennel Club intend auctioning off nearly all their pointers at the American Horse Exchange, Sept. 29, at 3 P. M. They will, however, reserve heir stud dogs. The list includes such noted dogs as Lass of Bow, Glauca, Westminster Sal, Gladys and many others. Such an opportunity probably has never before been offered for pointer men to get such stock at prices that usually prevail at auctions. The dogs will be on exhibition Sept. 28 up to time of sale.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

SUBSCRIBER, Brockville, Ont.—1. The old hunter has given you some wrong information, and has been guilty of stating some absurdities. Dogs properly trained can point ruffed grouse, and do it very nicely. The qualities you mention as belonging to your dog are most desirable. You have let him have his head too long and have not given him enough experience. Use a short checkcord aboot 5ft. long and a spike collar when working him on ruffed grouse. As he has pointed larks there is no doubt but what he will point grouse if properly handled. It is not uncommon for a dog to refuse to retrieve other birds than those he has been trained on exclusively, and again the spike collar comes into play to enforce the training. It will require diligent training to get your dog well in hand, but his qualities are most excellent as you describe them. Dogs should be taught to range close for ruffed grouse. 2. For ruffed grouse, woodcock and snipe a cylinder-bore or modified choke will be the best.

L., Oliphant, Furnace, Tenn.—There are bloodhounds broken to trail men. The price of good specimens of good breeding is from $50 to $100 for puppies. You will find such stock advertised in our columns from time to time.

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

24. Chelsea.
24. Buffalo, 3d Pennant.
24. Commonwealth, Cham., Dorchester Bay.

OCTOBER.

1. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
15. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.

### The America Cup.

BACK of the rumors, present and prospective, of challenges from various quarters for a race next year for the America Cup, there is the solid fact that one British yachtsman, Lord Dunraven, undeterred even by that "two miles of open water," is not only willing but anxious to challenge as soon as the Cup is offered on fair conditions, such as its donors intended. If the New York Y. C. really wishes a challenge it can obtain one within a week, by a frank and manly admission of the mistake it made in 1887 and an honest effort to remedy it.

### New York Y. C., Schooner Sweepstakes.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE New York Y. C. closed the season so far as the larger yachts are concerned with a special sweepstakes for schooners in the 90ft. class, as announced early in the year. The race was arranged in view of the renewed interest in the class this year, as evidenced in the construction of two new yachts, the expectation being that with all the boats at their best, and with a good September breeze and a course outside the Hook, the race would afford a fine spectacle and produce some valuable results. Sad to relate, the race was rather a tame one, while even the liberal offer of the club of extra cups in addition to the sweepstakes was ineffective in bringing out entries.

The conditions were: entry, $200, with $100 forfeit; if two start, winner to take stakes; if three start, second to save her entrance money. The club added a $500 cup for the first and a $150 cup for the second, the latter conditional on three starting.

When the list closed on Aug. 5 there were 5 entries, Alcæa, Messrs. Clark; Alert, J. N. Luning; Iroquois, R. N. Ellis; Lasca, J. E. Brooks, and Marguerite, R. S. Palmer. Since then Alcæa was shipped her smaller rig for a Mediterranean cruise, while Alcæa was not in condition, so both paid the forfeit. Alcæa has been for several weeks in the charge of Capt. Haff, Sr., of Volunteer, to be worked up to form, but as he was not satisfied with her as yet she did not start, though out on the course. This left as starters only the following three:

| | Sailing Length. | Allowance. |
|---|---|---|
| Lasca, J. E. Brooks | 93.17 | . .. |
| Marguerite, R. S. Palmer | 83.48 | 5.16 |
| Iroquois, Ralph N. Ellis | 82.58 | 5.48 |

After the very hard blow of Tuesday night and Wednesday morning there was but a moderate breeze on Thursday, about W.N.W. when the tug Ocean King anchored off Scotland Lightship at 10:30. On board her were Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, the regatta committee, and a small gathering of New York yachtsmen. The smaller tug, Scandinavian, was in company, in charge of Superintendent Neils Olsen, with three plank floats, each bearing a red flag, on the after deck. It was impossible to lay off the first leg to windward, so the triangle was laid out S.½E., 10 nautical miles, N.E.½N., and W.N.W. This made a reach down the Jersey beach, a second reach seaward after the jibe, and a beat home.

When the signal for the start was given, with 5m. to cross in, the three were chasing each other to see who would be last, and all were so successful that they were still above the line when the last gun fired, 5m. later. Marguerite, with a fine suit of canvas and everything drawing, went over first, followed by Lasca, while Iroquois was some distance astern; the handicaps being 42s., 1m. and 1m. 2s. Marguerite and Iroquois broke out jibtopsails when over the line, Lasca carrying hers and a maintopmaststaysail as well when she crossed. Marguerite set her maintopmaststaysail very promptly, but Iroquois waited for a time, ready to luff out if necessary. A passing tug and tow caused a little trouble, Lasca bearing away to avoid them and then sailing a freer course than the other two. She soon ran ahead, while Iroquois steadily dropped astern of Marguerite, apparently finding the wind light. All were carrying clubtopsails.

The reach out in Indian file, with a light breeze and only the roll of a dead sea left from the easterly blow of the few previous days, was a tame enough procession, devoid of incident or excitement. The first mark was timed after an easy jibe:

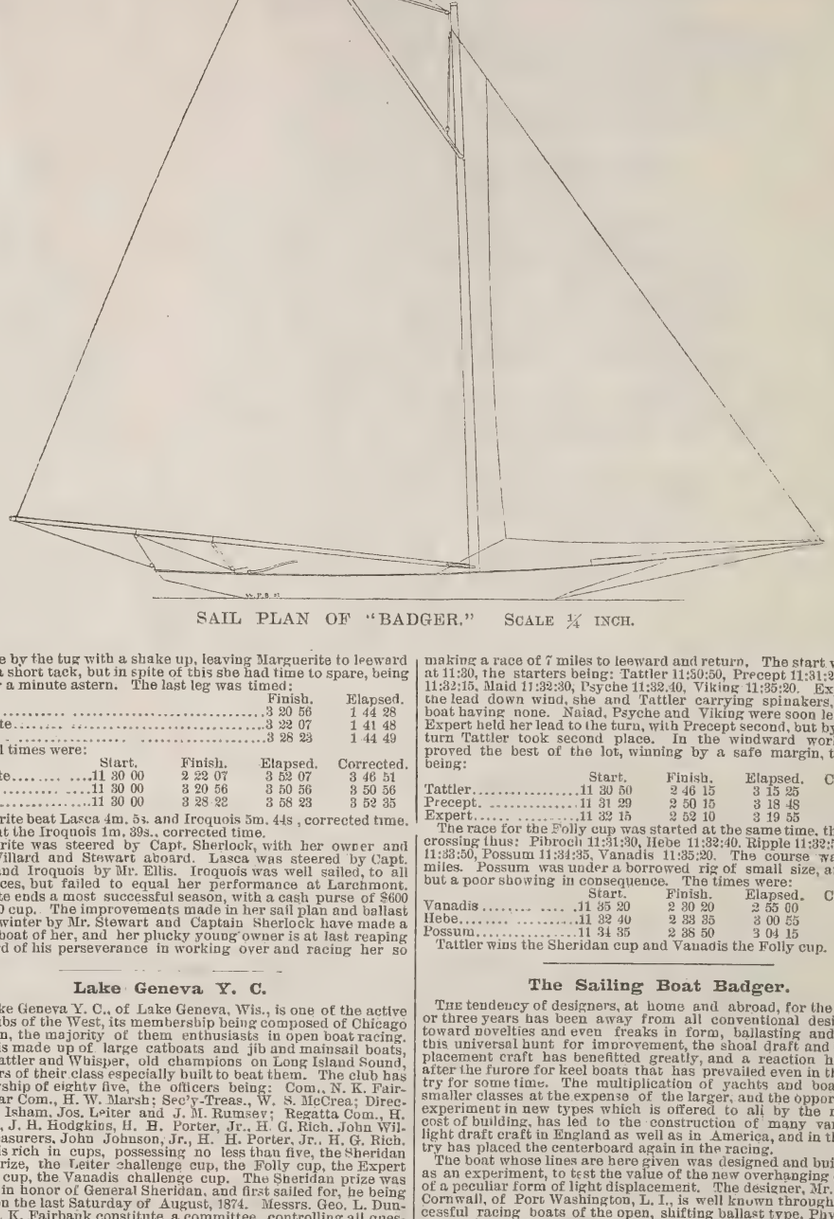
| | 1st mark. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Lasca | 12 31 00 | 1 00 00 |
| Marguerite | 12 32 15 | 1 01 33 |
| Iroquois | 12 35 20 | 1 04 18 |

Jibtopsails and maintopmaststaysails were shifted for ballooners, and the run was made to the second mark with a small but valuable gain for Lasca. She came to the turn, however, with her big balloon jibtopsail still set, luffing around the second float with the sail to windward in a bag over the lower sails. There was some delay in luffing and clearing the sail, enough to lose the race in the end. Marguerite came for the mark with jibtopsail stowed and sheets trimmed for the beat home in the freshening wind, not losing a moment at the turn. Iroquois, too, was well handled. The times at the second mark were:

| | 2d mark. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Lasca | 1 26 28 | 1 05 28 |
| Marguerite | 1 40 19 | 1 08 04 |
| Iroquois | 1 43 34 | 1 08 14 |

When Lasca finally settled out to sail, she found the wind more to her liking than at any time before, and at once began to open out on Marguerite. For a time she continued to gain, the pair making several tacks together, but when about the middle of the last leg the wind lightened, Marguerite picked up and came dangerously near the big fellow. All three were carrying baby jibtopsails, Marguerite's in particular being carefully tended while on Lasca the sail was continually lifting, being full only at intervals. Iroquois chose a course of her own, standing on one long starboard tack toward Long Branch until she could weather the Scotland.

Coming inshore, a few harder puffs helped Lasca, but within the last two miles Marguerite weathered on her rapidly, and had the race to a certainty. At the line Lasca was still leading, and she managed



SAIL PLAN OF "BADGER." SCALE ¼ INCH.

to squeeze by the tug with a shake up, leaving Marguerite to leeward to make a short tack, but in spite of this she had time to spare, being little over a minute astern. The last leg was timed:

| | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Lasca | 3 20 56 | 1 44 28 |
| Marguerite | 3 22 07 | 1 41 48 |
| Iroquois | 3 28 23 | 1 44 49 |

The full times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 11 30 00 | 2 22 07 | 3 52 07 | 3 46 51 |
| Lasca | 11 30 00 | 3 20 56 | 3 50 56 | 3 50 56 |
| Iroquois | 11 30 00 | 3 28 22 | 3 58 23 | 3 52 35 |

Marguerite beat Lasca 4m. 5s. and Iroquois 5m. 44s, corrected time. Lasca beat the Iroquois 1m. 39s., corrected time.

Marguerite was steered by Capt. Sherlock, with her owner and Messrs. Willard and Stewart aboard. Lasca was steered by Capt. Rhodes, and Iroquois by Mr. Ellis. Iroquois was well sailed, to all appearances, but failed to equal her performance at Larchmont. Marguerite ends a most successful season, with a cash purse of $600 and a $500 cup. The improvements made in her sail plan and ballast plan last winter by Mr. Stewart and Captain Sherlock have made a different boat of her, and her plucky young owner is at last reaping the reward of his perseverance in working over and racing her so steadily.

### Lake Geneva Y. C.

THE Lake Geneva Y. C., of Lake Geneva, Wis., is one of the active racing clubs of the West, its membership being composed of Chicago yachtsmen, the majority of them enthusiasts in open boat racing. The fleet is made up of large catboats and jib and mainsail boats, such as Tattler and Whisper, old champions on Long Island Sound, with others of their class especially built to beat them. The club has a membership of eighty five, the officers being: Com., N. K. Fairbank; Rear Com., H. W. Marsh; Sec'y-Treas., W. S. McCrea; Directors, G. S. Isham, Jos. Leiter and J. M. Rumsey; Regatta Com., H. W. Marsh, J. H. Hodgkins, H. H. Porter, Jr., H. G. Rich, John Williams; Measurers, John Johnson, Jr., H. H. Porter, Jr., H. G. Rich. The club is rich in cups, possessing no less than five, the Sheridan regatta prize, the Leiter challenge cup, the Folly cup, the Expert challenge cup, the Vanadis challenge cup. The Sheridan prize was instituted in honor of General Sheridan, and first sailed for, he being present, on the last Saturday of August, 1874. Messrs. Geo. L. Dunlap and N. K. Fairbank constitute a committee controlling all questions relating to this prize. They decided that the race this year should be sailed under the direction of the Lake Geneva Y. C. and governed by its rules and regulations. Yachts contesting to be sloop rigged open boats belonging on Lake Geneva. The name of the winning yacht and its owner to be engraved on the prize each year. The owner of the yacht winning the prize to be entitled to hold it on the express condition that it is the property of the committee, subject to their order on Aug. 15 of each year.

The Leiter Challenge Cup was instituted in 1886 by L. Z. Leiter, Esq. It was first held by the Blossom. The Viking next won it, and successfully defended its title to the trophy in several races. The Vanadis was the next winner. A synopsis of its conditions are: Only open sloop yachts can race for its possession. A competing yacht must be sailed by its owner, and amateurs must handle main and jib sheets. Owners of winning yachts are subject to challenge for it, after having had possession two weeks. In event of challenge no other yacht can enter a race already arranged, without consent of both holder and owner of yacht originally challenging. Otherwise rules of the Lake Geneva Y. C. govern all contests.

The Folly Cup was offered in 1891 by Mrs. Kate R. Papin, to be competed for by sloop yachts of the 20ft. class. This cup was first won by the White Wing. The conditions are as follows: All competitions to be under the direction and rules of the Lake Geneva Y. C., and sailed for only by yachts belonging to members of said club. The cup is to be sailed for each year on the day of the Sheridan prize race by sloop yachts of 18ft. and not over 21ft. racing measurement, according to the existing rules of the Lake Geneva Y. C. The course is to be the then existing one for yachts of above measurement. The cup is to be subject to the order of the regatta committee on Aug. 15 of each year. The name of the winning yacht and the name of its owner may be engraved on the cup.

The Expert Challenge Cup was given by the owners of the yacht Expert. It must be sailed for under the rules of the Lake Geneva Y. C. by cat-rigged boats, 18ft. long and not over 21ft. long, Lake Geneva Y. C. racing measurement. The course to be the then existing course for yachts of above measurement. After a yacht winning this prize has had possession of the cup for two weeks, its holder is subject to challenge to a race for its possession. A copy of the challenge must be sent to the chairman of the regatta committee, which committee is to name a day for the race, if owners of the two yachts interested cannot agree upon a date. The name of the winning yacht and its owner may be engraved upon the cup.

The Vanadis Challenge Cup, which was given by the owners of the yacht Vanadis, is to be competed for by cat-rigged boats over 23ft. and not over 25ft., racing measurement according to the rules of the Lake Geneva Y. C. The race shall be over the then existing course of said club for yachts of above named measurement. Other conditions are the same as for the Expert cup.

Expert was built in 1888 by John H. Cornwall, of Port Washington, Long Island, and after a very successful career on the Sound found her way to Lake Geneva, where she was equally successful. Following her victory of last year came an order from Mr. J. H. Hodgkins for a boat from the same stocks to beat her, and before the new boat, Precept, was launched, another member of the club, Edward Norton, purchased the fast Cornwall boat Tattler on the Sound, and shipped her by rail to Lake Geneva. At the same time a third new boat was ordered for the smaller class, a novel experiment of Mr. Cornwall's similar to his Badger, whose lines are given this week, the Possum, built for Com. Fairbank. This last yacht is but 17ft. on waterline and 27ft. over all.

The date for the Sheridan and Folly cup races this year was Aug. 20, but the race was unfinished owing to unfavorable weather, and so postponed to Aug. 22. There was rain in the morning, but by 11 A.M. there was a nice easterly breeze, shifting to northeast at the start, making a race of 7 miles to leeward and return. The start was given at 11:30, the starters being: Tattler 11:30:50, Precept 11:31:29, Expert 11:32:15, Maid 11:32:30, Psyche 11:32:40, Viking 11:35:20. Expert took the lead down wind, she and Tattler carrying spinakers, the new boat having none. Naiad, Psyche and Viking were soon left astern, Expert held her lead to the turn, with Precept second, but by a clever turn Tattler took second place. In the windward work Tattler proved the best of the lot, winning by a safe margin, the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tattler | 11 30 50 | 2 46 15 | 3 15 25 | 3 15 25 |
| Precept | 11 31 29 | 2 50 15 | 3 18 48 | 3 17 49 |
| Expert | 11 32 15 | 2 52 10 | 3 19 55 | 3 19 03 |

The race for the Folly cup was started at the same time, the yachts crossing thus: Pibroch 11:31:30, Hebe 11:32:40. Ripple 11:32:50, No. 34 11:33:50, Possum 11:34:35, Vanadis 11:35:20. The course was but 12 miles. Possum was under a borrowed rig of small size, and made but a poor showing in consequence. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vanadis | 11 35 20 | 2 30 20 | 2 55 00 | 2 55 00 |
| Hebe | 11 32 40 | 2 33 35 | 3 00 55 | 3 00 26 |
| Possum | 11 34 35 | 2 38 50 | 3 04 15 | 3 02 26 |

Tattler wins the Sheridan cup and Vanadis the Folly cup.

### The Sailing Boat Badger.

THE tendency of designers, at home and abroad, for the past two or three years has been away from all conventional designs, and toward novelties and even freaks in form, ballasting and rig. In this universal hunt for improvement, the shoal draft and light displacement craft has benefitted greatly, and a reaction has set in after the furore for keel boats that has prevailed even in this country for some time. The multiplication of yachts and boats in the smaller classes at the expense of the larger, and the opportunity to experiment in new types which is offered to all by the moderate cost of building, has led to the construction of many varieties of light draft craft in England as well as in America, and in this country has placed the centerboard again in the racing.

The boat whose lines are here given was designed and built purely as an experiment, to test the value of the new overhanging ends and of a peculiar form of light displacement. The designer, Mr. John H. Cornwall, of Port Washington, L. I., is well known through his successful racing boats of the open, shifting ballast type, Phyllis, Tattler, Expert and others. The new boat is totally different in model from any of these, not only in the overhanging ends but in the midship section, which shows a decided hollow below. She was built for Louis J. Boury, of the Atlantic Y. C., by J. Willis, of Port Washington. Although she has sailed in but a few races she has been in constant use about New York during the summer, and has proved fast enough to justify the expectations of her owner and designer, holding her own easily against large catboats and the smaller keel boats larger than herself. She is decked with the usual fittings of the open jib and mainsail boat, her centerboard being 7ft. long. The rig is the jib and mainsail.

Her leading dimensions are:

| | |
|---|---|
| Length over all | 26ft. |
| L.W.L. | 16ft. 11in |
| Overhang forward | 5ft. 4in. |
| aft | 3ft. 9in. |
| Beam extreme | 9ft. 5in. |
| L.W.L. | 8ft. 2in. |
| Draft | 1ft. 6in. |
| Least freeboard | 1ft. 3½in. |
| Mast, deck to hounds | 27ft. |
| from fore end, l.w.l. | 4ft. |
| Boom | 23ft. 4in. |
| Gaff | 15ft. |
| Bowsprit beyond l.w.l. | 13ft. 6in. |
| Mainsail area | 418sq. ft. |
| Jib area | 177sq. ft. |
| Total sail area | 625sq. ft. |

The lines were taken from the original model, the after overhang of the boat as built being really less than shown here. Since Badger was launched and tried Mr. Cornwall has built a similar boat, the Possum, now on Lake Geneva, Minn., owned by Com. N. K. Fairbank, of the Lake Geneva Y. C.

### Gloucester Races.

THE final decision of the judges in the Gloucester races is as follows:

First class—Chieftain, Aaron Brown, Gloucester, $50; King Philip, H. B. Torrey, Boston, $25.

Second class, centerboards—Chapaquoit, C. H. Jones, Boston, $40.

Second class, keels—Handsel, J. L. Hooper, Boston, $40.

Third class, centerboards—Beatrice, J. Cavanagh; Braintree, $35; Black Cloud, E. H. Taylor, Lynn, $20; Hazard, Pierce & Moody, Newburyport, $15.

Third class, keels—Emma L., S. L. Saunders, Lynn, $35; Irene, H. Armstead, Lynn, $20.

Fourth class, jib and mainsail—Mavis, Smothers & Brooks, $40.

Fourth class, cats—Magpie, H. G. Otis, Winthrop, $40; Arab, W. F. Scott, Dorchester, $25.

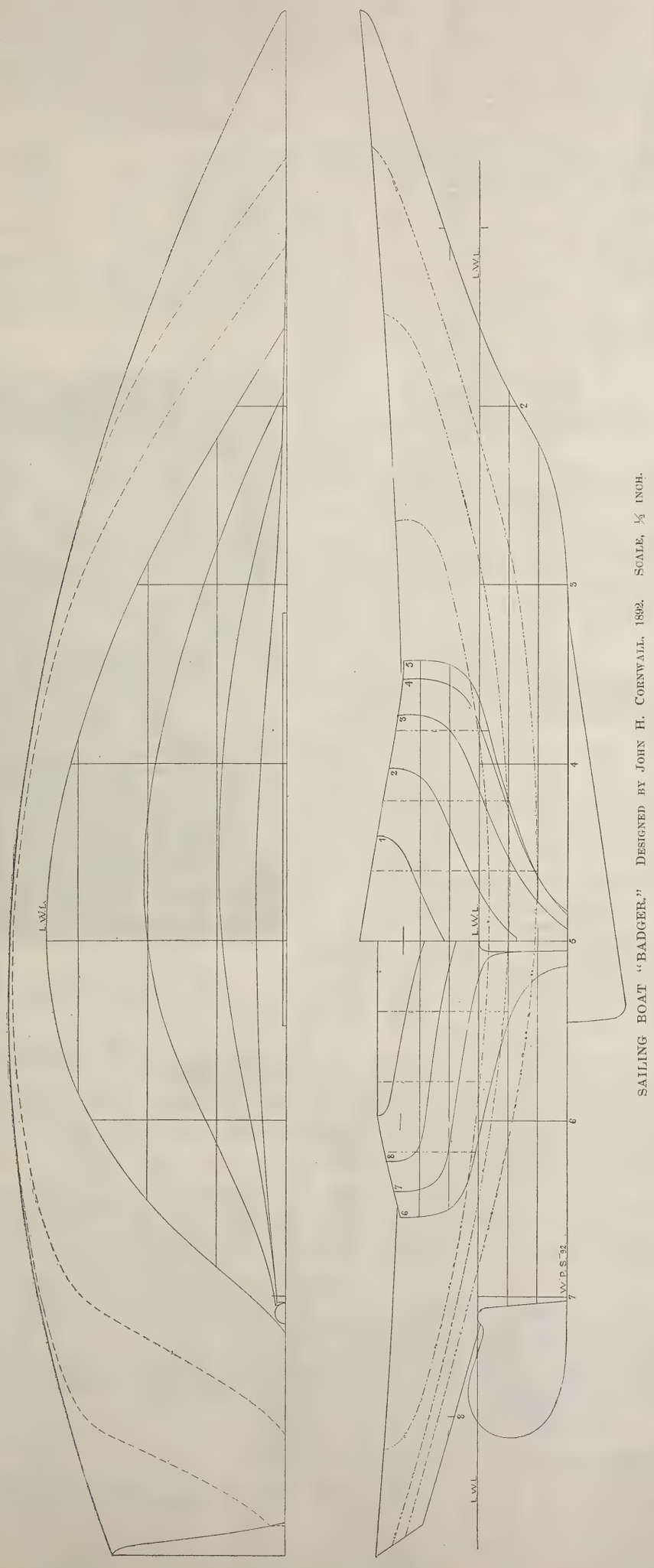
Fourth class, keels, special—Wahneta Smith & Cobb, $40; Mocking Bird, J. McLaughlin, Gloucester, $25; Wraith, A. H. Higginson, Manchester, $15.

Fifth class—Ithispie, W. E. Tucker, Gloucester, $20.

Sixth class—Marchioness, Percy Hodges, Boston, $25; Brodie, Geo. Rodigrass, Haverhill, $15; Alpine, Clement, Lynn, $10.

In third class Gypsy was disqualified for not sailing over the course, and in the fourth class keels it was decided that Astrea received due notice of the rules prohibiting shifting ballast and that therefore she must be disqualified for having, as she admits, shifted ballast.

Brunhilde, schr., recently purchased by H. B. King, is at Poillon's for a new and longer stern.




SAILING BOAT "BADGER." DESIGNED BY JOHN H. CORNWALL, 1892. SCALE, ½ INCH.

## Sippican Y. C., Aug. 31—Sept. 7.

MARION, MASS.—BUZZARD'S BAY.

THE twenty-first regatta, open race, of the Sippican Y. C. was sailed at Marion, Aug. 31 The date was set for Aug. 27, but on that day there was a northeast gale blowing, with a thick fog, and the race had to be postponed. On the 31st the wind was heavy from the south, with a high sea, and an unusual number of boats were unable to finish.

The start was made at 1:40. Lorita was the only boat in class A and she was beaten by the cats of her size.

In the first class Flight was off first, followed by Whisper, Hector and Lina in order. Lina is a new Crosby boat. The race soon narrowed down to Hector and Flight. Flight gained only a few seconds going to windward but outran her rival badly and won.

In the second class Mist led off 11s. after the gun, with Success, Defiance, Surprise, Lestris and Gymnote close behind her. This race was merely a procession, with Mist ahead and gaining steadily. Though small for her class, Success was second, even on actual time. Lestris had too much sail and withdrew.

In the third class Guess, Vivian, Doris, Tycoon, Sippican, Aucoot and Buzzard started in order. Sippican, Tycoon and Doris had a very exciting race, but Sippican had clearly the best of it, working right to windward of Tycoon in the seaway and beating her in her own weather.

In the fourth class Ethel, an Oysterville crack, came to try the Buzzard's Bay boats but they were too much for her. It was the same old story over again to-day. Cat beat Edith on the windward work but could not be steered, running off and was passed.

In the fifth class Worry was single-handed and was badly beaten by Trance, but took second. Mab probably takes third on allowance.

In class B Cheemaun had no competitor but beat Squall of the fourth class. The summary:

CLASS A, 35 TO 40FT. SLOOPS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lorita, J. Arnold | 31.10 | 2 27 41 | 2 19 21 |

CLASS B—SLOOPS NOT OVER 20FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cheemaun, F. W. Palfrey | 18.01 | 2 04 04 | 1 47 03 |

FIRST CLASS—CATS 24 TO 30FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flight, I. E. Hiller | 30.00 | 2 24 48 | 2 14 12 |
| Hector, C. E. Stetson | 28.10 | 2 27 11 | 2 15 03 |
| Lina, H. M. Crosby | 27.04 | 2 43 02 | 2 28 47 |
| Whisper, A. R. Weld | 28.00 | Withdrew. | |

SECOND CLASS—CATS 20 TO 24FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr | 27.04 | 2 27 06 | 2 13 51 |
| Success, J. F. Perry | 25.03 | 2 32 08 | 2 14 41 |
| Defiance, H. E. Perry | 26.04 | 2 31 31 | 2 17 46 |
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis | 27.04 | 2 32 39 | 2 18 24 |
| Surprise, J. M. Codman | 27.04 | 2 32 59 | 2 18 44 |
| Lestris, J. Crane, Jr | 26.04 | Withdrew. | |

THIRD CLASS—CATS 17 TO 20 FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sippican, W. H. Davis | 22.10 | 1 41 28 | 1 29 56 |
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr. | 23.01 | 1 42 29 | 1 31 11 |
| Doris, John Parkinson | 23.02 | 1 43 03 | 1 31 50 |
| Buzzard, A. B. Shipley | 23.07 | Withdrew. | |
| Guess, ——— | 20.10 | Withdrew. | |
| Aucoot, S. Batteile | 23.03 | Withdrew. | |
| Vivian, B. Huckins, Jr. | 23.00½ | Withdrew. | |

FOURTH CLASS CATS—14 TO 17FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Edith, G. Van Rensselaer | 19 04 | 1 56 41 | 1 41 17 |
| Cat, B. Clark | 19.03 | 1 57 44 | 1 42 13 |
| Squall, J. G. Palfrey | 19.11 | 2 10 17 | 1 55 35 |
| Ethel, Elliott Crosby | 19.06½ | Withdrew. | |

FIFTH CLASS CATS—NOT OVER 14FT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Frana, M. Crane | 14.04½ | 2 01 12 | 1 41 15 |
| Worry, P. Hurst | 15.10 | 2 09 43 | 1 52 55 |
| Mab, Dr. Beaumont | 13.08 | 2 14 38 | 1 53 26 |
| No Name, D. Knowlton | | 2 14 19 | |

Course: Class A, first and second classes, from starting point, leaving Nye's ledge and S.E. ledge buoys on port and return, 15 miles. Third and fourth classes and class B, from starting point, leaving Bow Bells and S.E. ledge buoys on port and return, 8 miles. Fifth class, from starting point, leaving Seal Rock buoy and stakeboat off Plantin Island on port, rounding judges' yacht on port, and repeat the course once, 7 miles.

Judges: Dr. J. S. Whiting, Mr. Henry Cope, Mr. George L. Luce. Judges' yacht, Kitt.

The twenty-second regatta, third championship race, was sailed on Sept. 7 in a moderate S.S.W. breeze. In Class B Cheemaun had no competitor. In the third class Algol started first and held her lead on the beat to windward, but Sippican almost caught her on the run home and won.

The race in the fourth class was the best of the day. Cat started first, with Edith close at her heels and Squall 2m. behind. Edith soon passed Cat; Squall gained steadily on both and almost passed them when the boom lacing of her sail gave way. Fully 3m. were lost before the damage was repaired, and then it was not really repaired and the sail could not be brought to sit well. Still, she kept on, gained steadily, and for the first time in her career she won a race.

In the fifth class P. D. Q. withdrew, leaving Worry a walk over. The summary:

CLASS B—COURSE, 8 MILES.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cheemaun, F. W. Palfrey | 18.01 | 1 53 30 | 1 36 29 |

THIRD CLASS—COURSE, 11½ MILES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sippican, W. H. Davis | 22.10 | 2 10 30 | 1 58 58 |
| Algol, J. R. Bullard, Jr. | 23.11 | 2 11 11 | 1 59 43 |

FOURTH CLASS—COURSE, 8 MILES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Squall, J. G. Palfrey | 19.11 | 1 45 55 | 1 31 13 |
| Cat, Bruce Clark | 19.03 | 1 46 45 | 1 31 15 |
| Edith, G. Van Rensselaer | 19.04 | 1 47 02 | 1 31 48 |

FIFTH CLASS—COURSE, 7 MILES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Worry, H. W. Bellows | 15.10 | 1 29 12 | 1 11 24 |
| P. D. Q., J. W. Austin | | Withdrew. | |

Judges—Dr. J. S. Whiting, Mr. Knowlton.

OPEN SWEEPSTAKES.

The last race of the season was sailed on Sept. 10 in a good full sail breeze from N.E. The light breeze of the morning prevented most of the boats from a distance from starting, but the races were unusually good among the boats that were present.

In the third class Algol had too light a crew and was outsailed from start to finish by Sippican.

The closest race was in the fourth class. Edith led off a minute and a half after the gun. Squall crossed the line just as the last gun should have been fired, but the gun missed fire, and Cat, crossing a minute later, was not handicapped. On the first leg before the wind Squall and Cat both gained half a minute on Edith. On the next leg to windward Cat at first gained on Squall, but Squall soon regained her lead, and at the turn at S.E. ledge was as far ahead of Cat as when she started. On this leg Edith gained 10s. On the run home Squall gained 5s. on Cat, both of them gaining on Edith. Thus Squall made the best actual time, but was beaten on allowance by both Cat and Edith.

In the fifth class Rena had things all her own way. Worry beat Trana on actual time, but was beaten on allowance. Trana protests Rena for fouling her, not yet decided. Distances same as last race. The summary:

THIRD CLASS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sippican, W. N. Dairs | 22.10 | 2 11 37 | 1 55 02 |
| Algol, J. R. Bullard, Jr. | 22.11 | 2 16 23 | 1 59 56 |

FOURTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cat, B. Clark | 19.03 | 1 48 41 | 1 32 39 |
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer | 19.04 | 1 48 47 | 1 33 23 |
| Squall, J. G. Palfrey | 19.11 | 1 48 06 | 1 33 24 |

FIFTH CLASS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rena, A. M. Hiller | 16.07 | 1 32 30 | 1 15 45 |
| Trana, M. Crane | 14.04 | 1 37 45 | 1 17 48 |
| Worry, H. W. and R. P. Bellows | 15.10 | 1 37 00 | 1 19 12 |

Judges—Messrs. Knowlton and Bullard.

## Western Yachting Notes.

THE Racine Yacht and Canoe Club was organized on Sept. 1 at Racine, Wis., with a membership of 28. Several races will be sailed before the close of the season.

The Cleveland Y. C. is working hard to secure from the city a twenty-year lease of a location on the lake front, near the Union Depot, for the erection of a suitable club house and station.

On Sept. 7 a meeting of the new Seattle Y. C, was held at Seattle, Wash., and the following officers were elected: Com., F. E. Sander; Vice-Com. J. H. Johnson; Port Captain, Carl Siebrand; Sec., W. W. French; Treas., W. W. Pinkney; Meas., H. A. Riddle; Trustees, the Commodore ex-officio, R. R. Spencer, J. A. Hatfield, L. Turner and H. C. Henry. The club starts with a membership of 200. A site has been offered at a nominal rental for five years by the West Seattle Land and Improvement Company, and a club house will be erected in time for the first regatta, on Oct. 3.

The fin-keel has found its way already to Lake Erie in the shape of a small yacht designed and built by the St. Lawrence River Company, of Clayton, for Mr. Gardner, of Cleveland. The Mott B, is 24ft. over all, 18ft. l.w.l., 5ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. total draft, her steel fin and lead cigar weighing 1,167lbs. She was tested last month in a severe squall far out on the lake, while bound from Cleveland to Ballast Island, and behaved in a most satisfactory manner.

## Yorkville Y. C., Sept. 11.

NEW YORK—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE eighth annual regatta of the Yorkville Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 11 with a large fleet of starters and a strong S.E. wind which capsized three of the boats. The start and finish was off the club house, 138th st., Port Morris, N. Y., the courses being around the Gangway Buoy for the larger and around the Stepping Stones for the smaller yachts. The judges were Com. T. H. McDonnell, Harlem Y. C.; Com. A. Gage, Coronet Y. C., of South Brooklyn, and Vice-Com. F. Dickens, North River Y. C. The times were:

CLASS A, SLOOPS AND YAWLS, 28FT. AND OVER.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Charles Welde | 12 08 11 | 3 30 30 | | |
| Calamity | 12 04 11 | Did not finish. | | |
| CLASS B, SLOOPS AND YAWLS UNDER 28FT. | | | | |
| Mamie Fox | 12 08 08 | 4 17 02 | 4 00 00 | 4 09 06 |
| Twilight | 12 05 53 | 4 21 53 | 4 16 00 | 4 13 00 |
| CLASS C, JIB AND MAINSAIL OVER 26FT. | | | | |
| Cygnet | 12 05 41 | 3 29 00 | 3 24 41 | 3 32 41 |
| Maud M. | 12 04 57 | Capsized. | | |
| CLASS D, JIB AND MAINSAIL, 22 TO 26FT. | | | | |
| Laurel | 12 04 50 | 3 44 20 | 3 20 30 | 3 19 50 |
| Zetes | 12 06 06 | 3 45 50 | 3 20 16 | 3 20 10 |
| CLASS E, JIB AND MAINSAIL UNDER 24FT | | | | |
| Regina | 12 11 58 | 4 06 38 | 4 05 20 | 4 01 10 |
| Katie S. | 12 12 31 | 4 27 11 | 4 15 20 | 4 15 20 |
| Tip Top | 12 11 25 | Capsized. | | |
| CLASS F, OPEN CATS OVER 24FT. | | | | |
| Jessie | 12 06 20 | 3 41 00 | 3 37 20 | 3 37 20 |
| Truant, Jr. | 12 01 03 | Did not finish. | | |
| CLASS G, OPEN CATS, 20 TO 24FT. | | | | |
| Sunol | 12 04 48 | 3 48 45 | 3 43 46 | 3 43 31 |
| Ellen R. | 12 05 34 | 4 15 39 | 4 09 40 | 4 06 30 |
| Tyrant | 12 06 34 | 4 09 04 | 4 02 48 | 4 02 48 |
| Pride | 12 08 21 | Capsized. | | |
| CLASS H, CATS OVER 17 AND UNDER 20FT. | | | | |
| Anglescy | 12 08 29 | 3 55 36 | 3 47 07 | 3 47 07 |
| Dawn | 12 05 40 | 4 17 48 | 4 12 08 | 4 12 08 |
| H. C. Miner | 12 07 40 | 3 55 34 | 3 47 54 | 3 47 54 |
| CLASS I, OPEN CATS, 17FT. AND UNDER. | | | | |
| Tenny | 12 12 13 | 3 54 48 | 3 42 30 | 3 42 25 |
| Stranger | 12 12 13 | 4 36 53 | 4 24 40 | 4 24 35 |
| Pauline | 12 12 13 | 4 06 01 | 3 54 09 | 3 52 14 |
| Tramp | 12 12 13 | 4 01 53 | 3 49 36 | 3 49 36 |
| CLASS J, CABIN CATS, 22FT. AND OVER. | | | | |
| Crocus | 12 05 55 | 2 52 10 | 3 46 15 | 3 46 15 |
| Truant | 12 04 37 | 3 53 25 | 3 48 58 | 3 47 51 |
| CLASS K, CABIN CATS UNDER 22FT. | | | | |
| Venus | 12 12 30 | 4 25 00 | 4 12 30 | 4 10 10 |
| Julia S. | 12 04 25 | 4 59 42 | 4 46 17 | 4 16 17 |
| Emily | 12 10 30 | 4 41 55 | 4 31 35 | 4 31 25 |

The winners were Charles Welde, Mamie Fox, Cygnes, Laurel, Regina, Jessie, Sunol, Anglescy, Teony, Crocus and Venus.

The capsizing of Maude M., Tip Top and Pride placed some of their crew in great danger, one man of the Tip Top being rescued by the judges tug Mutual with difficulty.

## Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—Handicap Race.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Seawanahaka Corinthian Yacht Club has this year made a departure in the matter of its annual dinner, usually held at Delmonico's in midwinter, the place being changed to the new club-house at Oyster Bay, and the time to the ending of the active season of yachting. In answer to the notices sent out there were seventy members seated at the tables in the dining-hall on Friday last, many of them having their yachts at anchor in the harbor. The dinner, at which Commodore Hill presided, was served in a way that did credit to the House Committee and the club steward, passing off very pleasantly. A few informal speeches were made at the close, after which all adjourned to the main hall and billiard room, where the rest of the evening was spent.

A handicap race was set for Saturday morning, but the day was warm and calm, the yachts lying at the starting line for a long time, and even then the race was a slow one. The course was: Starting from south to north of a line between Moses Point buoy and stake boat, thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on port hand; thence to stake boat off Moses Point, keeping it on port hand; thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on port hand; thence to finish off Moses Point buoy, keeping stake boat on port hand. Keeping to the north of Black buoy at mouth of harbor. The times were: Start, 2:05.

| | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nameless | 5 01 46 | 2 56 46 | 2 50 46 |
| Marion | 5 05 18 | 3 00 18 | 2 51 18 |
| Indolent | 5 08 01 | 3 03 01 | 2 52 01 |
| Rose Marie | 5 00 38 | 2 55 38 | 2 53 38 |
| Skraeling | 5 23 59¾ | 3 18 59¾ | 2 59 59¾ |
| Trinket | 5 17 42 | 3 12 05 | 3 01 05 |
| Mirth | 5 07 25 | 3 02 25 | 3 02 25 |
| Adonis | 5 20 31 | 3 15 31 | 3 02 01 |
| Club Cat | 5 24 00 | 3 19 00 | 3 04 00 |
| Meteor | 5 19 05 | 3 14 05 | 3 05 05 |
| Vanda | 5 29 50 | 3 24 50 | 3 07 50 |
| Nadjy | Did not finish. | | |

Nameless was disqualified for fouling. Marion won first prize, Indolent second and Rose Marie third. The prizes were given by Rear Commodore Beekman, A. P. Montant and T. L. Young. The Rouse and Wetmore race will be sailed on Sept. 24.

## Excelsior Y. C., Third Annual Regatta.

SOUTH BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

THE third annual regatta of the Excelsior Y. C., of South Brooklyn, was sailed on Sept. 18 in a fresh westerly wind. The start and finish were off Forty-third street, the course for class I. being to and around Buoy No. 10 in the Lower Bay; classes II., III. and IV. around Buoy No. 9; classes V. and VI. around Buoy No. 11.

Katie B. capsized before the start, and Hope was in collision with a schooner, her crew being taken off by the yacht Wanderer. The times were:

CLASS I.—SLOOPS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Black Duck | 3 10 15 | 3 10 15 |
| Jennie S. | 3 41 30 | 3 07 35 |
| Irene | 2 45 50 | Disqualified. |
| CLASS II.—JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS. | | |
| Ella S | 2 37 00 | 2 37 00 |
| Surprise | 2 49 00 | 2 47 00 |
| Keepsake | 3 23 00 | 3 21 00 |
| Wanderer | 3 34 00 | 3 32 20 |
| CLASS III.—OPEN SLOOPS AND CATS. | | |
| Fanita | 2 35 15 | 2 35 15 |
| Nettie | 2 36 00 | 2 34 40 |
| I Thought So | 2 43 45 | 2 42 25 |
| CLASS IV.—CANIN SLOOPS. | | |
| Elsie May | 3 06 15 | 3 06 15 |
| CLASS V.—CAT RIGGED. | | |
| Dimple | 1 57 45 | 1 57 45 |
| CLASS VI.—SLOOPS AND CATS. | | |
| Harry T | 2 44 30 | 2 44 30 |
| Toodles | 3 10 43 | 3 10 43 |
| Hope | 3 19 00 | 3 15 00 |
| Willie S. | 2 47 00 | 2 47 00 |
| Later On | 2 02 35 | 2 00 35 |

Irene was disqualified by rounding Buoy No. 9 instead of No. 10.

## Ocean Y. C., Sept. 11.

JAMAICA BAY, L. I.

THE annual fall regatta of the Ocean Y. C., of Rockaway Beach was sailed on Sept. 11, in a strong S. W. wind, the times being:

CLASS A—CATS OVER 25FT.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Allie | 2 30 20 | 2 30 00 |
| Carrie | 2 31 15 | 2 30 15 |
| Yacob | 2 30 20 | 2 35 05 |
| Alert | 2 40 15 | 2 41 05 |
| Fairy | 2 30 00 | 2 28 05 |
| Bay Siren | 2 35 05 | 2 30 25 |
| Lottie T. | 2 41 09 | 2 40 20 |
| Sue | 2 28 45 | 2 25 40 |
| CLASS B—CATS UNDER 25FT. | | |
| Ruddy | 2 45 15 | 2 45 15 |
| Norwood | 2 51 26 | 2 51 16 |
| Racer | 2 50 00 | 2 45 00 |
| Mac | 2 55 20 | 2 50 20 |
| Yankee | 2 53 08 | 2 52 10 |
| Scud | 2 54 00 | 2 50 00 |
| Lone Star | 2 50 17 | 2 52 25 |
| McAdam | 2 58 10 | 2 54 05 |

The judges were Edward Tomlinson and John Koch; J. D. Donaghue timekeeper.

## West Hampton Country Club, Sept. 10.

WEST HAMPTON BEACH—LONG ISLAND.

THE annual open race of the W. H. C. C. was sailed in a stiff S.E. breeze over a 10-mile course and proved most successful and interesting, as all four classes contained boats of the highest local reputation. Though the celebrated Pawnee, sailed by the invincible professional George Terry, won with ease in first class, she was beaten 1m. 25s. on time allowance by Maisie, the winner in second class, sailed by Vice-Com. Horn. This fact, combined with Maisie's record for her first season of four firsts and one second, entitles her to rank as a remarkable boat and an honor to her builder, G. M. Smith, of Patchogue. Enigma and Polly sustained their reputations by winning in third and fourth classes respectively. Elsie, a Hempstead Bay Y. C. boat, after having sailed nearly seventy miles to enter, came in a close second in fourth class. There were three money prizes in addition a handsome silver mug enameled with club colors for each first boat.

FIRST CLASS CATBOATS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crescent, Goodman | 25.04 | 1 58 16 | 1 58 16 |
| Marguerite, Magee | 21.01 | 1 59 45 | 1 55 10 |
| Pawnee, Terry | 21 09 | 1 53 30 | 1 49 43 |
| Lone Star, Mills | 21.08 | 2 01 12 | 1 57 19 |
| SECOND CLASS CATBOATS. | | | |
| Princess, Zabriskie | 20.02 | 1 55 56 | 1 55 56 |
| Mopsa, Hare | 20.00 | 1 59 33 | 1 59 20 |
| Maisie, Horn | 19.04 | 1 55 16 | 1 54 08 |
| THIRD CLASS CATBOATS. | | | |
| Enigma, Fitzgibbon | 18.11 | 2 06 55 | 2 06 55 |
| Marie, Topping | 18.11 | 2 17 54 | 2 17 54 |
| Lady Margaret, Pellew | 18.09 | 2 11 32 | 2 11 17 |
| Betsy, Hare | 17.10 | 2 10 52 | 2 09 12 |
| Sarah, Day | 17.08 | 2 21 30 | 2 19 30 |
| FOURTH CLASS CATBOATS. | | | |
| Polly, Eddy | 17.02 | 2 12 53 | 2 12 53 |
| Elsie, Clowes | 17.02 | 2 13 28 | 2 13 16 |
| Chenda, Goodman | 17 00 | Withdrew. | |
| Flash, Nichols | 17.00 | 2 21 55 | 2 21 30 |
| Vitka, Blagden and Thomas | 16.11 | 2 14 51 | 2 14 17 |
| Music, Raynor | 14.06 | | |

## Essex Y. C., Sept. 10.

BAYONNE, N. J.—NEWARK BAY.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Essex Y. C., of Newark, was held off the club station, Bayonne, on Sept. 10, the times being:

CATBOATS, 17 TO 22FT.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Lizzie B. | 1 50 40 | 1 50 50 |
| Colleen | 1 48 02 | 1 47 59 |
| Gertrude A. | 1 55 24 | 1 52 54 |
| Doctor | 1 59 50 | 1 56 00 |
| CATBOATS—UNDER 17 FT. | | |
| Essex | 2 07 06 | 2 07 06 |
| Maggie P | 2 06 00 | 2 05 35 |
| CABIN SLOOPS. | | |
| Alexander Forsythe | 1 45 02 | 1 44 37 |
| Seabolt | 1 44 16 | 1 44 16 |
| Chrysalis | Did not finish. | |
| JIB AND MAINSAILS. | | |
| Viola | 1 52 15 | 1 52 15 |
| Our Own | 1 49 05 | 1 47 10 |
| Vision | 1 47 47 | 1 46 52 |
| CATBOATS—22 TO 24FT. | | |
| Yankee Boy | 2 03 30 | 2 03 30 |

## White Bear Y. C., Sept. 3.

WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN.

THE race of the White Bear Y. C. for the Gotzian cup, for which Harriet and Osito each held a leg, was sailed on Sept. 3 in connection with the sail-off of the tie between Osita and Kitten in the third championship race of Aug. 13. The race was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, the course being two rounds of a 5-mile triangle. The times were:

SLOOPS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Osita | 1 50 02 | 1 44 28 |
| Shark | 1 48 52 | 1 45 21 |
| Kitten | 1 48 42 | 1 45 29 |
| Wapsie | 1 51 24 | 1 45 35 |
| Hornet | 1 54 02 | 1 46 59 |
| Valkyrie | 1 53 38 | 1 50 13 |
| Fortuna | 1 59 01 | 1 53 19 |
| CATS. | | |
| Nuska | 2 04 11 | 2 01 43 |
| Albatross | Withdrew. | |
| Mischief | Withdrew. | |
| Kelpie | Withdrew. | |

Osita wins the cup and the leg for the championship.

## Lincoln Park Y. C., Sept. 10.

CHICAGO, ILL.—LAKE MICHIGAN.

ON Sept. 10 a race was sailed between Druid, Phantom and Scorpion, of the Lincoln Park Y. C., for the handsome silver cup given by the club. The wind was very variable, being strong from S.W. at the start, shifting later to a light southerly breeze. The course was two rounds and the times were:

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Druid | 3 17 08 | 3 17 08 |
| Scorpion | 3 29 51 | 3 27 01 |
| Phantom | 3 16 41 | 3 12 36 |

Phantom wins first prize and Druid second.

## Massachusetts Y. C., Sept. 14.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Massachusetts Y. C. sailed its 147th race, for the 21ft. class and 18ft. cat class, on Wednesday of last week, the course being: From starting line, leaving Farm Bar Buoy on port, Old Harbor Buoy on starboard, Half-Tide Rock Buoy on starboard, Farm Buoy on starboard, Old Harbor Buoy on starboard, Half-Tide Rock Buoy on starboard, Farm Bar Buoy on port to starting line; distance 7½ miles.

The day was particularly bad, a dense fog, hard rain squalls and a strong S. E. breeze, so that only five yachts started, each having three reefs in. The times:

SPECIAL CLASS—21-FOOTERS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Exile, J. F. Small | 1 11 10 | 0 43 25 |
| Caprice, R. G. Bird | 1 24 00 | not meas. |
| SEVENTH CLASS—CATBOATS UNDER 18FT. | | |
| Wink, Francis Gray | 1 23 10 | 0 52 49 |
| Scamp, H. N. Nute | 1 25 07 | 0 56 35 |
| Marchioness, C. E. Hodges | 1 27 15 | not meas. |

Exile and Caprice filed counter protests over the course.

## Mobile Y. C., Sept. 11.

MOBILE, ALA.—MOBILE BAY.

CUP race, sailed over 10 mile triangular course; wind east, very light; weather fair; smooth sea; all centerboard sloops:

| | Length. | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Carrie G., E. D. George | 33.09 | 2 10 50 | Withdrew. | |
| Mineola, A. E. White | 31.00 | 2 11 08 | 5 03 50 | 2 52 42 |
| Seadrift, Jas. McPhillips | 22.00 | 2 10 08 | Withdrew. | |
| Zephine, W. B. Curran | 28.05 | 2 11 03 | 5 03 40 | 2 52 47 |

Zephine wins cup for one year.

## Minnetonka Y. C., Sept. 10.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—LAKE MINNETONKA.

THE last race of the season on Lake Minnetonka was sailed on Sept. 10; the times being:

SLOOPS.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Dolphin | 1 55 27 | 1 51 39 |
| Volante | 1 57 47 | 1 53 53 |
| CATBOATS. | | |
| Atlanta | 1 59 44 | 1 52 13 |
| Ventura | 2 01 27 | 1 53 15 |
| SPECIAL. | | |
| Hermes | 2 19 14 | 1 57 35 |
| Kestrel | 2 13 03 | 1 58 51 |
| The Kid | 2 23 48 | |

The judges were Charles B. Eustis, George A. Dale and Carmen N. Smith.

## Larchmont Y. C., Larchmont Cup of 1892.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

ALTHOUGH the end of Long Island Sound can hardly be considered an ideal place for the racing of large schooners, the fact remains that under the stimulus of the Larchmont Y. C. there has been this season quite an amount of schooner racing, and some of it, as in the special race of last week, in no way inferior to the majority of races about Sandy Hook. The owners of the schooners, large and small, have done a good deal this year for the club races, and in return the Larchmont Y. C. determined to offer a special cup, costing $500, for this rig, open to yachts of the New York, Eastern, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Atlantic, Corinthian of New York, American, New Haven, New Rochelle, Corinthian of Marblehead, New Bedford, Douglaston, Indian Harbor and Riverside clubs. The conditions were: All to sail in one class under club allowances, no restrictions as to crew or sails. The date set was Tuesday, Sept. 13.

The entries, all of which save Atlantic started, were:

| | Racing Length. Feet. | Allowance M. S. |
|---|---|---|
| Ramona, H. M. Gillig | 105.84 | Allows |
| Lasca, John E. Brooks | 93.17 | 7 27 |
| Atlantic, Marshall & Seely | 86.31 | |
| Marguerite, R. S. Palmer | 83.38 | 14 21 |
| Iroquois, Ralph N. Ellis | 82.24 | 15 14 |
| Shamrock, J. R. Maxwell | 73.18 | 23 00 |
| Viator, W. G. Brokaw | 65.92 | 30 16 |
| Azalea, Edmund Blunt | 63.36 | 33 08 |

The two smaller boats, Azalea and Viator, made matters interesting by a private stake of $150.

A strong S.E. wind made it difficult to lay out a satisfactory windward course, and the following was signaled from the committee boat Mutual, which lay at the line off Larchmont Harbor with Messrs. Lovejoy, Sarony and Burger aboard: From Larchmont around a stakeboat anchored three-quarters of a mile S. by W. from Stamford Lighthouse (course E.N.E. ½ N., 9¾ nautical miles), leaving same on starboard; thence around a stakeboat anchored off Eaton's Neck



THE LARCHMONT CUP OF 1892.

WON by IROQUOIS, SCHOONER. R. W. ELLIS.

Made by Whiting Mfg. Co.

Buoy (course E.S.E., 7 nautical miles), leaving same on starboard; then returning direct to finish (course W. ¼ S., 15⅝ nautical miles). Total distance, 32⅝ nautical miles.

This gave a close reach to Stamford, a beat across to Eaton's Neck, and a free reach home.

Azalea went over first, but not hearing the signal in the wind, those on board believed that she had crossed too soon, and so she worked back and made a second start astern of Viator, thus throwing away some 10 minutes. The start was timed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gun | 11 35 00 | Handicap gun | 11 45 00 |
| Azalea | 11 36 59 | Lasca | 11 45 00 |
| Ramona | 11 37 38 | Iroquois | 11 45 00 |
| Shamrock | 11 43 19 | Viator | 11 45 00 |
| Marguerite | 11 44 39 | | |

Iroquois, Marguerite, Lasca and Viator crossed near the tug, on starboard tack, the proper one, but Azalea, Ramona and Shamrock crossed the other end of the line on port tack, being obliged to tack.

The big Ramona, formerly Resolute, set the pace at this reaching job, the fleet making a fine picture as the yachts drew out into line along the Connecticut shore. Lasca led the smaller boats, closely pressed by Iroquois and Marguerite. The times at Stamford mark were:

| | 1st Mark. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Ramona | 12 39 20 | 1 01 42 |
| Lasca | 12 46 49 | 1 01 49 |
| Iroquois | 12 47 50 | 1 02 50 |
| Shamrock | 12 48 27 | 1 05 08 |
| Marguerite | 12 48 52 | 1 04 13 |
| Viator | 12 55 15 | 1 10 15 |
| Azalea | 12 58 12 | 1 21 23 |

The next leg headed into the wind and sea, there being plenty of each. At this work Lasca, Marguerite and Iroquois showed up best, the two smaller in particular. Shamrock gave up her place to Marguerite, and Azalea lost badly by overstanding the mark. The times at Eaton's Neck were:

| | 2d Mark. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Ramona | 1 57 30 | 1 18 10 |
| Lasca | 2 01 42 | 1 14 53 |
| Iroquois | 2 04 04 | 1 15 14 |
| Marguerite | 2 03 55 | 1 15 03 |
| Shamrock | 2 08 02 | 1 19 35 |
| Viator | 2 19 10 | 1 23 55 |
| Azalea | 2 27 20 | 1 29 08 |

Once off the wind, balloon jibtopsails and balloon maintopmaststaysails were set, and a hot race was made to the finish, Iroquois and Marguerite being together all the time. The finish and last leg were timed:

| | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| Ramona | 3 09 41 | 1 12 11 |
| Iroquois | 3 20 40 | 1 17 36 |
| Shamrock | 3 28 29 | 1 20 27 |
| Azalea | 3 53 00 | 1 25 40 |
| Lasca | 3 14 05 | 1 12 23 |
| Marguerite | 3 21 26 | 1 17 31 |
| Viator | 3 46 27 | 1 27 17 |

The full times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Iroquois | 11 45 00 | 3 20 40 | 3 35 40 | 3 20 26 |
| Lasca | 11 45 00 | 3 14 05 | 3 29 05 | 3 21 38 |
| Shamrock | 11 43 19 | 3 28 29 | 3 45 10 | 3 22 10 |
| Marguerite | 11 44 39 | 3 21 26 | 3 36 47 | 3 22 26 |
| Viator | 11 45 00 | 3 46 27 | 4 01 27 | 3 31 11 |
| Ramona | 11 37 38 | 3 09 41 | 3 32 03 | 3 32 03 |
| Azalea | 11 36 59 | 3 53 00 | 4 16 01 | 3 42 53 |

The race was sufficiently close throughout to be very exciting for the spectators, the windward work being particularly interesting. The handsome cup was made by the Whiting Mf'g Co., and is an artistic piece of work. The value of it to Mr. Ellis is doubtless enhanced by the fact that he won it at the wheel himself, with several crack professional skippers against him.

### Detroit Y. C., Sept. 5.

DETROIT, MICH.—LAKE ST. CLAIR.

THE Detroit Y. C. sailed a very exciting race on Labor Day, the course being on Lake St. Clair. The wind was variable in force and direction, blowing strong from the north, and later shifting to the west and falling lighter. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST CLASS. | | | | |
| Princess | 1 25 00 | 3 48 48 | 2 23 48 | 2 14 42 |
| Cora | 1 21 32 | 3 59 15 | 2 37 43 | 2 37 17 |
| Crusader | 1 20 03 | 3 57 55 | 2 37 52 | 2 37 52 |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | | |
| Alice Enright | 1 21 26 | 3 28 07 | 2 06 41 | 2 06 41 |
| Josephine | 1 21 52 | 3 36 05 | 2 14 31 | 2 14 05 |
| Lulu B | 1 16 49 | 3 37 50 | 2 21 01 | 2 21 01 |
| Gertrude | 1 24 00 | 4 07 30 | 2 43 30 | 2 41 40 |
| Petrel | 1 23 05 | 4 13 40 | 2 48 35 | 2 45 49 |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | | |
| Shamrock | 1 21 09 | 3 41 35 | 2 20 26 | 2 20 26 |
| Surprise | 1 19 45 | 4 28 00 | 3 08 35 | 3 05 59 |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | | |
| Ugo | 1 22 52 | 4 04 45 | 2 41 53 | 2 41 01 |
| Naiad | 1 21 40 | 4 18 30 | 2 56 50 | 2 56 50 |
| Madeline | 1 19 20 | 4 18 53 | 2 59 33 | 2 57 49 |
| Viola | 1 21 38 | 4 32 20 | 3 10 42 | 3 08 50 |
| FIFTH CLASS. | | | | |
| Cyclone | 1 19 06 | 4 03 15 | 2 44 09 | 2 42 51 |
| North Cape | 1 15 50 | 4 21 30 | 3 05 40 | 3 04 48 |
| Eureka | 1 18 15 | 4 32 38 | 3 14 23 | 3 14 23 |
| SIXTH CLASS. | | | | |
| Olive Eva | 1 16 00 | 3 44 20 | 2 28 20 | 2 28 20 |
| Norma | 1 19 00 | 4 04 25 | 3 45 25 | 2 45 25 |
| DOUBLE CATS. | | | | |
| Augusta | 1 19 26 | 3 42 20 | 2 22 54 | 2 22 54 |

Princess is better known as the City of the Straits. The judges were W. K. Parcher, W. J. Hammond and Walter Oades. Timekeepers, John R. Burton and L. N. Hilsendegen.

### Columbia Y. C., Sept. 3.

CHICAGO, ILL.—LAKE MICHIGAN.

THE fourth race of the Burlington Cup series of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, was sailed on Sept. 3 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| O. K | 1 33 25 | 1 32 43 |
| Growler | 1 53 44 | 1 49 07 |
| Blade | 1 56 03 | 1 51 26 |
| Sea Shell | 1 57 40 | 1 55 58 |
| Eileen | 1 59 30 | 1 56 24 |

This is O. K.'s third successive race, the score of points now standing: O. K., 12 points; Growler, 11; Blade, 8; Sea Shell, 3; May B., 3; Eileen, 2; Lois 1.

The judges were Thomas Boyle and Dr. Babes. Timekeepers: F. Gruschaw and W. C. Kraus. The steam yacht Wilber, steered by Mrs. Marshall B. Wilber, was the judges' boat.

### A Bad Blow.

ON the night of Sept. 13, a short but very severe S. E. gale struck New York, doing serious damage to yachts on the Bay, Sound and Hudson. The worst damage was at Larchmont, where quite a large fleet was anchored after the schooner race. Shamrock, Iroquois, Marguerite, Dauntless and Columbia rode out the blow with little damage, but Viator dragged up the harbor, doing much damage to herself and to other yachts as well. The most unfortunate was the yawl Mimette, which went on the beach and was completely wrecked. The sloop Peri and many small boats also went ashore. Jessie, steam yacht, Pyrie, Ileen and several other yachts were more or less damaged by collisions.

At Bath Beach, on Gravesend Bay, eighteen yachts and sailboats went ashore, among them being Badger, Sunbeam, Syria, Dorothy, Bonny Doon and Isabel.

On the Jersey shore much damage was done to the yachts of the Pavonia and Oceanic clubs, and many boats and yachts along the Hudson River suffered severely.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Yampa, schr., has been chartered by C. W. Chapin to J. L. Carroll, Jr., for a 3-months' cruise in European waters.

Truant, steam yacht, Mrs. Newbury, was reported at Halifax last week, on her way to the Lakes.

Golden Fleece, steam yacht, has been purchased by Perry Belmont from the Osborn estate. Mr. Belmont has had her under charter all the season.

The *Boston Globe* of Sept. 10 published a very complete and interesting summary of the 21ft. class.

The New Utrecht Club, of Bath Beach, has organized a yachting department, with Mr. Hilton R. Freeman as commodore and John McRae as secretary. The club will build a house and breakwater. The first regatta will be sailed on Sept. 24.

On Sept. 11 the yacht Undine, of Buffalo, was capsized at night near Erie, Pa., in a heavy squall. Her crew of seven, one a lady, were thrown into the lake, clinging to the hull with great difficulty until finally taken off by Mr. George T. Bliss, of Erie, in the yacht Carmencita. A bad sea was running, making the work of rescue quite dangerous.

Ilva, cutter, owned by Tracy Peck, Jr., went on the rocks at Nubble Reef, on the Maine coast, on Sept. 15, and is a total loss.

Vamoose has been placed by Mr. Hearst at the disposal of the Advisory Board of Physicians for service about New York in connection with the cholera quarantine.

The sail-off of the Hull Corinthian Y. C., third class, on Sept. 17 resulted as follows:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Madge, W. H. Thayer | 9 35 00 | 11 03 28 | 1 28 28 |
| Marjorie, G. W. Bowen | 9 35 00 | 11 06 42 | 1 31 42 |

Madge wins the pennant. The wind was strong N.W.

Hugh Havatt, who was for three seasons in Capt. Charles Barr's crew as mate of Minerva and Owene, and who has been master of the 10-rater Dora this year, recently fell from the crosstrees during a race, sustaining injuries which may prove fatal.

The second class sail-off of the Quincy Y. C. on Sept 17 resulted as follows:

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Magpie, C. H. Otis | 22.04 | 1 50 42 | 1 40 10 |
| Opechee, W. P. Backer | 22.02 | 1 53 50 | 1 43 09 |
| Vision, George Crane | 22.10 | 1 56 05 | 1 45 59 |

The sail off of the Hull Y. C. in second and fifth classes on Sept. 17 took place in a strong west wind, the times being:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| FIFTH CLASS. | |
| Typhoon, J. L. Taylor | 1 40 24 |
| Madge, W. P. Thayer | 1 42 11 |
| Magpie, H. G. O ts | Disqualified. |
| Koorali, R. C. Robinson | Disabled. |
| SECOND CLASS. | |
| Beatrice, John Cavanagh | 1 54 33 |
| Gypsy, M. F. Drinkwater | Did not finish. |

Typhoon, again sailed by Mr. Stewart, wins the championship in her class. Magpie fouled Madge, giving the latter second prize. Beatrice wins the championship in the 25ft. class.

The Stony Point Y. C., of Port Morris, was organized on Aug. 27, with fourteen members and the following officers: Com., James C. Duane, cat Uno; Vice-Com., Anthony J. Oliver, cat Fright; Secretary, Harry C. Banks, yawl Sinbad; Treasurer, Oscar Brambach, schr. Arrow; Fleet Captain, Harry Duane, cat Hustler; Measurer, Robt. Start, cat Little Tom. The fleet at present numbers twelve boats and the club's anchorage is at Port Morris. The first race will be sailed on Sept. 24.

# Canoeing.

### FIXTURES.

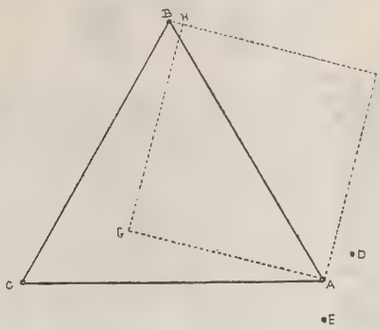
OCTOBER.

1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

### The A. C. A. Sailing Course.

ARE the sailing races of the meet arranged primarily to amuse and interest the spectators, or as tests of boats and men? If the former, then the course as now laid out is unquestionably as near perfect as possible.

If 30 canoes start in a race, certainly not more than one can get the lead at the start. The best sailor who ever entered an A. C. A. race cannot always get the lead. If a man does not get the lead, what chance has he of winning, no matter how many rounds are sailed? If only 5 start the same thing holds good. Take the case of the third man in the race, and let us begin with him as he rounds the




windward buoy for the first time. At Buoy B there are two boats ahead of him and 27 behind him. All have started over the line A D, and have worked the half mile to windward A B. No. 3 is trying to blanket No. 2 on the run, and No. 2 is trying to blanket No. 1.

If the boats are very close together this may be done and an over lap established before C is reached, but No. 3 is in danger of being covered by those behind him, and as a matter of experience boats very rarely pass each other in this short run. If 2 or 3 are covered then 1 increases his lead.

Reaching from C to A, 2 must be very much faster than 1 to catch up with him. When A is reached a close turn is made and 1 sails as close as he can to F, with B plainly in sight. To pass 1 on this leg, 2 must point higher and at the same time sail faster—he cannot run through his lee. At F, 1 comes about on starboard tack and sails to just clear B; 2 is still behind to windward, perhaps if he has stood on further, or to leeward, if even; and is likely to pass to leeward of B; 1 has made his windward half mile by coming about only once.

Suppose 2 tries to gain an advantage by splitting tacks. Then at A he comes about on starboard tack and sails to G, where he comes about and sails to H, where he has to come about again, tacking three times to 1's once, and losing from five to ten seconds on each tack. Suppose he has actually gained by this, still he approaches H on port tack, and 1 has the right of way unless 2 has gained a clear lead, which is very unlikely. The second round is the same story over again, and so is the sixth round, including the turning of eighteen buoys. If No. 2 has such a hard row to hoe to get the lead, what chances of winning have 3, 4, 5 or 6, etc.? If the leader makes an error, of course 2 may benefit by it; but if he has a good boat and makes no errors, how can even a little better boat and man pass him?

I have before made the statement that not more than five canoes can start in a sailing race over an A. C. A. course and stand an even chance of winning. I am prepared now to venture the assertion that not more than three should sail over such a course. Any one who saw the trophy race in August must be convinced of this. It is as fair for one as another, is a statement often heard. So it is, but if a man fails to get over the line at least in as good a position as third, he might just as well retire, for his chances of winning have vanished unless the leaders break down. Only one man can get the lead, and it may happen to be any one of a dozen, depending on how the canoes bunch for the start. A slow boat may spoil the best man's chances a second before the start.

If the course was arranged with a mile leg to windward, no one would attempt to cover the distance by coming about only once, as a slight change of wind might spoil his chances, and close calculations over long distances are impossible. Therefore the canoes could break tacks and spread out over a large area, and twenty or thirty canoes could start over a long line on fairly even terms.

The best race ever sailed, to my mind, by the A. C. A. fleet, was in the club race at Jessup's Neck, two miles to leeward and return, and that race would have been far more interesting if the windward work had come first.

It seems to me that the course had something to do with the small list of entries at the last meet, and it is a subject well worth discussion. I shall be pleased to see in print the opinions of others who have suggestions to offer, or who believe that a change is not desirable.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

### English and American Rigs.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The article from the London *Field* published in your issue of Sept. 8, refers to the A. C. A. sailing course as being a prime factor in determining the rig of a racing canoe. It takes the ground that two sails of nearly the same size drive a canoe faster reaching and running than one large sail forward and a very small sail aft, and infers that the latter rig is faster to windward, but that this point does not count in the short windward work of the A. C. A. course. Area for area the *Field*'s contention is no doubt true. But the facts are that by means of two sails of nearly equal size in a given wind fully one quarter more sail can be carried with the same ease; and it is this fact which makes the schooner-canoe rig faster even to windward than the sloop or yawl rig. The canoe is practically the same on both sides of the Atlantic, 16ft. x30in. Do any of the English canoes carry 160sq. ft. of sail? Do they carry from 80 to 100sq. ft. when it is blowing over twenty miles an hour? Can 150sq. ft. be spread on a canoe divided into 130 and 20, or some such proportion? Limit the sail area to 100sq. ft. or 115sq. ft. and in all probability the English rig will win to windward, other things being equal. If this ground is correct, what has the course to do with the result? In point of time the half mile to windward takes longer to sail than the mile off wind, and therefore more than half the race is to windward.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

In the cutting from the London *Field* contained in your issue last week, the writer while treating correctly of the economic value of the respective methods of distributing sail in the two countries, overlooked one point which is of more importance with us than in England. There a limit of sail is imposed with the natural result that the tendency is to adopt the distribution which is the most effective per square foot. Here no such rule exists and the canoeman has to consider not the effective distribution of a limited area, but the distribution of the greatest effective area of sail.

While in a yacht the division of sail is considered objectionable and calls for allowance, in a canoe the reverse is the case for very simple reasons. In a yacht the object of changing from a cutter to a yawl or schooner is to secure increased handiness; not greater sail area. In a canoe the change is made to get increased area with equal handiness.

There is little doubt that the single sail rig is the most effective so long as the canoe can carry it, but the beam of a canoe is small, limiting the safe length of boom and so compelling great hoist to get the required area. The English yawl rig allows a greater total length of boom and thereby lowers the center of effort. It is probably not so effective, but since it can be carried so much longer makes a more desirable and faster rig. The American schooner rig is again rather less effective, but owing to the comparative long boom length and consequent low hoist an enormous rig can be put on the canoe and the greatest speed be thereby obtained. A comparison cannot be made on this side for want of data, but it may interest English canoemen to know that the total length of boom carried by an American racing canoe is as great as 20ft.

It is singular that the forms of sail should differ so much in the two countries and it is to be hoped that their respective merits may soon be tested in an international contest.

The example quoted—Canuck's sister—is unfortunately of little value. The sisters of noted boats are not, as a rule, successful; even if this case should be the exception, a Canuck would be handicapped by her great size with the limited rig imposed in England.

SCHOONER RIG.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A., Atlantic Division: F. N. Shurtleff, New York.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The New Bedford C. C. has recently made a pleasant cruise among the Middleborough Lakes.

The latest novelty in the way of a canoe race, introduced by the Ianthe C. C., is a tandem hurry-scurry and upset race.

The Taunton B. C., of Taunton, Mass., held a reception and illuminated water parade on Sept. 6, which was a decided success.

The first regatta of the Tatassit C. C., of Worcester, Mass., will be held on Lake Quinsigamond on Sept. 21. The programme includes the usual events.

The Detroit C. C. has been recently organized with the following officers: Com., E. C. Whateby; Vice-Com., D. R. Holmes; Sec'y and Treas., L. K. Liggett. A suitable house will soon be provided.

THE Detroit Boat Club held a regatta on Sept. 10, the events being as follows: Tandem paddling, half mile: Clarence Gould and Ed Reynolds won with C. S. Isbam and W. C. Jupp second, J. A. Rathbone and P. S. Jacobson third, and Topping and Hastiogs last. Standing paddling, quarter mile, with two turns: P. N. Jacobson beat J. A. Rathbone, Ed Reynolds third and W. C. Jupp fourth. Single paddling: Clarence Gould, Ed Reynolds second, J. A. Rathbone third, and A. Jupp fourth. The open canoe meet was held on Monday and Tuesday of last week.

CHICAGO, Ills., Sept. 17.—Rear Commodore F. H. Gary, of the W. C. A., was down from his home in Oshkosh this week, spending part of the time in visiting the Chicago friends he met at the meet on Winnebago last July. "Terminal Facilities," as Mr. Gary is generally known, is looking the able seaman. He brings the cheerful information that Officer Casey, of Oshkosh, the warm personal friend of all the W. C. A. men, is enjoying his usual health. E. HOUGH.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

### FIXTURES.

Sept. 25-26.—Zettler Rifle Club's prize fall shoot, Cypress Hill Park, Long Island, N. Y.

Sept. 27.—Second Regiment, C. N. G., annual prize shoot, New Haven, Conn.

Sept. 28.—New York National Guard, State and Second Brigade competition, Creedmoor, Long Island, N. Y.

### Stray Shots From Sea Girt.

"THE finest range in the country," say the Pennsylvanians.

Jersey and Pennsylvania have soured on Frankford ammunition.

Gen. Spencer was happy when he counted eleven entries in the regimental team match.

The Second New Jersey made a splendid showing, considering its hard runof luck.

If the New York team wants to win at Sea Girt it will have to get in some preliminary practice over the mid-ranges.

The N. J. S. R. A. should cut the Wimbledon match from its programme in 1893. It does not pay to close ten short-range targets for four hours in order that one long-range target may be used.

The skirmish firing should be done the last of the week.

Do away with the percentage prizes and offer stated sums in the several matches.

Include in the 1893 programme a 7-shot match, with three tickets to count, at 200yds., and make the prizes worth shooting for.

Do not allow a person, be he State official or "prominent" member, to fire a shot except it be on a pool or match ticket.

Have a stated hour for opening the pool and match targets, and open them on time.

Do not notify teams to be on hand at 2 P. M. and then keep them waiting until 3:20.

Nothing but good nature prevails during a shoot at Sea Girt.

The visitors were surprised at the fine accommodations provided them by New Jersey.

Young Horace M. Bell, who accompanied the D. C. team at Sea Girt, can shoot a Springfield like a veteran. And he can manipulate a camera in good shape as well.

Gen. Snowden, of Pennsylvania, fell in love with Jersey's splendid camp.

Wm. Hartman, of the Seventh, N. J., put up 91 in one of his match skirmish runs. W. W. Young, of the District team, made 92 in a practice run.

Everybody was disappointed at not seeing the Maine team.

There should be at least a dozen prizes in the Perrine memorial match.

The excellent half-tone engravings of the First D. C. and Second N. J. were reproduced from 8×10 photographs taken at the camp by H. J. Thein, of 46 Broad street, Newark, N. J., at the request of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Thein will furnish 8×10 mounted copies of the above pictures and also of the teams of the First, Sixth and Seventh, N. J.; Second Regiment, D. C.; Sixth Battallion, D. C.; Engineer Corps, D. C., and of the D. C. Brigade team, at 50 cents each.

Messrs. Thomas and Hays formed a great combination in the office.

The Pennsylvania men all used U. M. C. ammunition in their shooting at Sea Girt, and declare that it is "points better" than that made at the Frankford arsenal.

The New Jersey National Guard and the Columbia trophies, won by the team of the Second Regiment, are on exhibition in the window of Doctor-Druggist-Captain W. F. Decker, in Paterson.

Capt. John S. Sheperd, of the Twenty-third N. Y., and Capt. Ed. Gould, of the Seventy-first N. Y., were range officers at Sea Girt.

In 1893 the State authorities should order each command to enter a team for the N. J. N. G. and Columbia matches, and should pay their expenses during the week as well as providing them with transportation for three or four days of preliminary practice.

The State is trying to secure possession of the strips of cedar groves on either side of the rifle ranges.

FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 15 had the only illustrated account of a military rifle shoot ever published in this country. But then, doncherknow, we cawnt help being on top of the heap.

In next year's Perrine match there should be at least ten stated cash prizes in addition to the medal. Or better still, do away with the present "all-comers" match and make the Perrine match open to all, the medal to go to the Jersey guardsman making the highest score, while the cash prizes were open to all. In this case there should be at least 20 prizes aggregating not less than $150.

For some unaccountable reason, in last week's FOREST AND STREAM the titles of the First Regiment, D. C. M., and of the Second Regiment, N. G. N. J., were transposed. The team shown on the upper portion of page 235 was that of the Second Regiment, N. G. N. J., winners of both the New Jersey and Columbia trophies, while the team shown on the lower portion of the same page was that of the First Regiment, D. C. M., which won the regimental team match.

Brig.-Gen. Spencer, Col. Van Valen and Col. Owens, whose pictures appeared last week, comprise the New Jersey department of rifle practice.

A number of officers who visited the range during the shoot were replendent with dress belts, swords and white gloves. Swords and belts were not needed, while white gloves are bad taste on a rifle range.

The tie for second and third prizes in the Kuser match between Lieut.-Col. Horton and Sergt. Robling was decided by the next best ticket. Each had a 32, and as Robling's ended with 4, 5, 5, and Horton's with 5, 4, 5, the former got second prize.

During future contests the targets should be changed oftener. The mid-range targets were unfit for use by Thursday.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y., Sept 10.—The following scores were made by members of Port Chester Rifle Club, 200yds., offhand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 7 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 9—74 | |
| | 10 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8—77—151 | |
| Horn | 6 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 0 | 9 | 8—60 | |
| | 10 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7—68—128 | |
| J Hess | 9 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 3 | 5—63 | |
| | 7 | 4 | 3 | 10 | 5 | 4 | 8 | 4 | 6 | 10—61—124 | |
| F A Bachman | 1 | 1 | 7 | 7 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 2—46 | |
| | 5 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 6—60—106 | |
| T Bell | 3 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 8 | 5 | 3 | 7—50 | |
| | 8 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 6—53—103 | |
| H Boeger | 3 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 3—36 | |
| | 4 | 2 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 4—45— 81 | |
| R Rudd | 5 | 2 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 10 | 4 | 5—59 | |

Sweepstakes matches, 5 shots each man, 200yds., offhand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 4 | 5 | 8 | 3 | 8—28 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 9—35 | |
| Horn | 4 | 8 | 4 | 5 | 5—26 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 7—37 | |
| J Hess | 3 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5—22 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 3—33 | |
| R Rudd | 4 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 5—20 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 6 | 5—27 | |
| F A Bachman | 2 | 7 | 3 | 0 | 5—17 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 4—31 | |

R. MCNEIL, Sec'y.

### The Zettler Festival.

BARNEY WALTHER will lead out the Zettler riflemen on Sunday and Monday next for the annual shooting festival of the club. It will be the nineteenth yearly outing, and the usual close and high finishes are promised in the shooting portion of the affair, with plenty of jollity and good fellowship for everybody, shooters or not. The shooting will take place at the Zettler range in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, and in the three main matches about $600 in prizes await distribution to those who merit them. In addition there is a good line of premiums for best shots, early and late shots, best strings of bullseyes, etc., etc. There is a judges' match for invited guests and a ladies' match to be shot by the ladies in person for prizes contributed by themselves. The programme of the fighting matches provides as follows:

Ring target.—Three-quarter inch (25) German ring target, any rifle, open to all comers, first ticket $2, each following $1, two best tickets to count for the first five prizes; the best single ticket to count for the following prizes. Tickets unlimited. Only one prize obtainable by any one shooter; 21 prizes, aggregate $250. Premiums: For the best 5 tickets on ring target, $10; second best, $8; third best, $4; fourth best, $2.

Bullseye target, open to all comers; 10 shots for $1, the best bullseye to count by measurement; 18 prizes, $102 premiums; for the most bullseyes shot by one shooter during the festival: First premium, $12; second, $8; third, $6; fourth, $4; fifth, $2. For the first and last bullseyes on each day, $1 each.

Target of honor, 3 shots, open to members only, for the prizes presented by judges and members and $100 donated by the club, in 10 prizes.

### Massachusetts Rifle Association.

BOSTON, Sept. 17.—The fine weather at the Massachusetts Rifle Association's weekly shoot sent up the scores in fine style. The shooting was at 200yds., as follows:

S. O. Merville won the three Eagle badges with rifle off-hand. Gold badge on 10 scores of 82 or better: 84 82 86 86 83 83 83 88 85 82.
Silver badge on 10 scores of 75 or better: 77 81 79 77 78 76 79 78 79 81.
Bronze badge on 10 scores of 67 or better: 86 76 72 76 83 73 73 80 77 78.

All-Comers' Off-hand Match: S. O. Merville 80, S. C. Sydney 79, O. Moore 78, J. B. Hobbs 77, A. King 71, D. Bayley 68, M. T. Day 67, D. N. Winn 64, H. N. Haven 60.

All-Comers' Rest Match: J. Francis 106, S. Wilder 105, J. French 103, W. M. Fox 102, A. H. Ballard 101, B. E. Hunter 92, M. T. Day 89, D. F. Hart 83.

Military Medal Match, Creedmoor Target: J. L. Fowle 45, G. Durward 45, A. S. Field 43, G. H. Nason 42, O. Moore 42, B. C. James 40, D. N. Winn 40.

Pistol Match, 50yds.: H. S. Harris 95, A. D. Stevens 91, H. D. Martin 90, J. B. Hobbs 90, O. Moore 88.

### Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER, Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following scores were made by members of the Port Chester Rifle Club, on Saturday, Sept. 17, 200yds., off-hand, Standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| R McNeil, Jr | 2 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 6—73 | |
| | 7 | 8 | 4 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 6—71—144 | |
| E Dunham | 9 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 8 | 8—72 | |
| | 7 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 10—72—144 | |
| J Smith | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 9—74 | |
| | 9 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 4 | 9—64—138 | |
| F A Bachman | 3 | 8 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 5—58 | |
| | 10 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 3 | 6—61—119 | |
| R Rudd | 9 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 7 | 4 | 7 | 7—57 | |
| | 10 | 8 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 8—62—119 | |
| T Kiernan | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 9 | 9 | 3 | 3 | 8—55 | |
| | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 7 | 5 | 6—40— 95 | |
| H Boeger | 4 | 4 | 1 | 6 | 3 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 6—36 | |
| | 4 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4—42— 78 | |

R. MCNEIL, JR., Secretary.

### Syracuse Rifle Club.

SYRACUSE, Sept 15.—At the regular shoot of the Syracuse Rifle Club to-day the following scores were made:

Off-Hand.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Stillman | 10 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 7— 86 | |
| Leighton | 7 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 9— 77 | |
| Lathrop | 7 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 8— 67 | |
| Robotham | 5 | 5 | 9 | 3 | 9 | 3 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 9— 60 | |

Rest.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Baker | 9 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 12 | 9 | 11 | 9 | 12 | 11—105 | |
| Leighton | 11 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 9 | 11 | 11—103 | |
| Nearing | 11 | 11 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 11 | 9 | 9 | 10—103 | |
| Robotham | 11 | 10 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 12 | 10—102 | |
| Stillman | 9 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 9 | 9— 98 | |
| Dr. Coon | 8 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 8— 81 | |

### Garden City Rifle Team.

THE Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, Sept. 13, at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halsted street, Chicago. Conditions were 25yds., 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target, possible 300 points:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A McBean | 282 | A Nisja | 264 |
| W J Gibbs | 272 | Roy Taylor | 260 |
| C A Hankle | 266 | Wm Gorensen | 258 |
| H G Burley | 266 | Wm Frisbie | 257 |
| J C Martin | 254 | | |
| M Tatroe | 252 | | |
| F Erickson | 250 | | |

Sweepstake won by Mr. McBean, scoring 107, possible 120. There will be a team shoot at this gallery next Tuesday, Sept. 20.

### South London Rifle Club's Revolver Championship.

THE scores for the revolver championship of this club, which shoots once a week at Staines', were not advanced much on Sept. 8, as many of the best shots were absent and no scores of any importance were made. Mr. Walter Winans was absent partridge shooting. The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Walter Winans | 42 41 40 40—163 | C F Lowe | 36 36 36 36—144 |
| H Andrews | 39 38 38 38—153 | F W Heath | 37 35 33 31—136 |
| Major McKerrell | 41 37 36 36—150 | | |

It will be seen that Mr. Andrews has drawn up to second place.

### A. Lischke Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—This is the score of five best on Friday, Sept. 16, of the Lischke Rifle Club, 110ft., 25-ring target:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lischke | 25 25 25 25 25 24 24 24 22 21—240 |
| Scharli | 25 24 24 24 24 23 22 22 19 19—225 |
| Steidel | 24 24 23 23 22 22 22 19 19 19—217 |
| Schulte | 25 24 24 23 23 22 22 19 16 15—213 |
| Dyroff | 25 23 23 22 21 21 20 19 19 18—209 |

O. SCHULTE.

### South Junction Rifle Club Revolver Shooting.

THE revolver competitions in connection with the above club took place at Staine's Sept. 1 in a very strong wind. Mr. Walter Winans again won first prize in both stationary and disappearing target competitions, with scores of 40 and 36 respectively out of a possible 42.

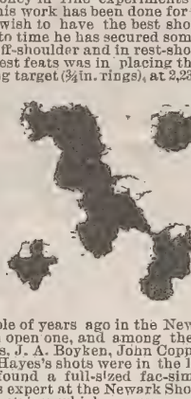
The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Walter Winans | 42 41 40 40—163 | C F Lowe | 36 36 36 36—144 |
| H Andrews | 39 38 38 38—153 | Lieut T W Heath | 37 36 23 31—136 |
| Maj R Mackerrell | 41 37 36 36—151 | | |

### A Record Group for Hayes.

WM. HAYES, of the Newark (N. J.) Shooting Society, is still at his old tricks of experimenting with new rifles and ammunition, in the endeavor to find how near to perfection a combination of the two can be brought. Mr. Hayes, who is known the world over as one of the finest of Schuetzen riflemen, has probably expended more time and money in rifle experiments than any other man living, and all of his work has been done for pure love of the sport, prompted by the wish to have the best shooting utensils obtainable. From time to time he has secured some phenomenal results both in shooting off-shoulder and in rest-shooting.

One of his greatest feats was in placing the 100-shot record for the German 25-ring target (¾in. rings), at 2,235 points, which he ac-



complished a couple of years ago in the Newark Shooting Park. The match was an open one, and among the contestants were M. Dorrier, F. C. Ross, J. A. Boyken, John Coppersmith and August Begerow. All of Hayes's shots were in the 12in. black.

Below will be found a full-sized fac-simile of a group of ten shots made by this expert at the Newark Shooting Park, on Saturday, Sept. 3. The string, which was supposed to be the best on record, measured only 4½in., the measurement being taken from the center of the group to the center of each bullet hole.

The conditions were as follows: The rifle barrel, which weighed about 15lbs., was cut by George Schalck, of Pottsville, Pa., having an octagonal cut, gain twist and a slight choke. Caliber of rifle .38; weight of bullet, 300grs.; powder, 55grs. of Hazard's F.F.G.; Chase system of patching; diameter of bullet, 371½ thousandths; thickness of paper patch, 1 one-thousandth of an inch; distance, 196yds. Rifle, complete, weighed about 20lbs. Set trigger. Shot from a slide-rest invented and constructed by Mr. Hayes.

The chances are that many a moon will rise and set before this group is beaten.

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Sept. 23.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament. L. C. Platt, Jr., Treas.
Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Sept. 28-29.—Womelsdorf (Pa.) tournament.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 5-6.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.
Oct. 4-7.—Chas. Polster's tournament, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Eastern New York League kingbird tournament, with Cruttendens & Cords new trap and pull, at Canajoharie, N. Y. T. C. Pegnim, Sec'y.
Oct. 12-13.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Oct. 21.—New Jersey Shooting Club tournament, at Claremont, N. J.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.
May 23-25, 1893.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Some fine purses are offered for those who take part in the five days' tournament at Mt Sterling, Ky., September 27 to October 1, inclusive. There are no "guaranteed" purses, but what is better still, added moneys. This is what draws the shooters. The first event each day will be at twenty bluerocks, $5 entry with added purse of $100, although there is an aggregate of $600 in added moneys, besides valuable merchandise prizes, including an $80 grade L. C. Smith gun.

The tournament of the New Jersey Shooting Club, to be held at Claremont on Oct. 21, should attract a big crowd, as the shooting will be at both live birds and targets. Live-bird events will be run from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., after which there will be target shooting until dark. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each. These grounds are admirably adapted for both styles of shooting, and all who attend the shoot will be assured a good day's sport.

Capt. Cash, of the District of Columbia brigade team which shot during the recent meeting at Sea Girt, says he saw the shooting of Captain Brewer at Atlantic City on Aug. 13, and was thoroughly disgusted at what was there called "the sport of live bird shooting." He says that not more than half a dozen birds took flight when the traps were pulled, and that a first-class base ball pitcher could have struck at least 92 out of the 100 birds with a base ball.

John Erb announces that the "Old Stone House" Saturday shoots at live birds will be kept up during the rest of the season. There will also be a shoot on each holiday. Mr. Erb has arranged to have plenty of birds on hand for all comers. The trapping and gathering on these popular grounds are done in quicker time than anywhere else in this section of the country, Mr. Erb allowing none but experienced men to do his work.

Frank Class runs a regular Wednesday afternoon shoot on his Morristown (N. J.) grounds. At the shoot on Sept. 14, at 25 bluerocks each, Jennie Smith broke 22, Mahone 20, H. Piper 20, Class 21, F. Piper 19, A. Quimby 19, Van Arsdale 18, Hathaway 15, S. Quimby 17, Tenard 16, Renshaw 15, Miller 10. Class wants to back Jennie Smith against any woman in the world to shoot at 100 bluerocks each for $100 a side.

The Manhattan Athletic Club held a carnival of sports at Manhattan Field last Saturday, a clay bird event being included in the programme. Each man shot at twenty-five targets, Fred G. Moore carrying off first honors with nineteen breaks. J. J. Loome and William Rowland tied for second on seventeen each, Rowland winning on the shoot off.

H. A. Penrose, president of the Keystone target and trap company of New London, Conn., was in town on Monday, en route to the Interstate shoot at Auburn. Mr. Penrose says that S. S. powder, U. M. C. shells, Keystone targets and Keystone traps are a combination hard to beat.

Frank Class stated some time ago that he intended holding a tournament on his new grounds at Morristown, N. J., with two days' shooting at targets and one day at live birds, but thus far no dates have been announced.

A match between teams of fourteen men each from the Penn Club of Morristown and the Spring City Gun Club, on September 10, was won by the Penn Club with an average of 18 breaks per man to the Spring City's 17.

The Roseville Gun Club of Newark will hold its monthly shoot on the grounds in rear of John Erb's on Saturday. The club shoot at 25 United States targets will be preceded and followed by open to all events.

The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Gun Club formed by Will K. Park, of the Wilkesbarre Gun Co., is a very progressive organization and all its shoots are well attended. It shoots on grounds near the gun factory.

The Canajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club will engineer a tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League on Oct. 11. Kingbird targets and the jovial features of "Crutty" will be the attractions.

Lieut.-Col. Breintnall, the soldier sportsman of Newark, N. J., is having a pleasant time in the Yellowstone region. Col. Breintnall is accompanied by his wife, who is an enthusiastic lover of nature.

The novelty rule proved to be immensely popular at New London, and for the sake of variety it should be introduced at other tournaments. The experiment would be inexpensive.

The (Seth) Clover Gun Club of Erie, Pa., held its regular shoot on September 12, with a good attendance. The members are arranging for a big tournament to be held this Fall.

On Oct. 1, John Erb and Henry Newbouse will come together in a match at 25 live birds each for $25 a side, the match to be shot on the "Old Stone House" grounds.

The New Jersey State Trap Shooters' League will begin a new series as soon as the present one is ended. But two more shoots remain of the present series.

Al. Heritage says he is not anxious to run a tournament on his Marion grounds until he is assured of being able to get plenty of good birds.

Harvey McMurchy is making his periodical pilgrimage through the South and will not return home until some time in October.

The Bradford (Pa.) Gun Club will hold a tournament at live birds and targets next week.

The Tacoma Park Gun Club of Rockville, Md., will hold a tournament on October 5.

Frank Mason has gone West on a six weeks' trip in the interest of *The Mayflower*.

Peekskill will draw a goodly party next week. Jersey will send up a contingent.

George Mosher, of the Fulton Arms Company, was in town last week.

Riggott and Class are to shoot their return match on Oct. 12.

All the Jerseymen are going down to the Wilmington shoot.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### Bluerocks at Morristown, N. J.

MORRISTOWN, Aug. 31.—In response to an invitation from Mr. Frank Class, the well-known live bird shots, a small but enthusiastic crowd of bluerock smashers met upon the Driving Park at Morristown. The morning did not give much promise of a pleasant day, but about 1 o'clock the weather cleared up and a more desirable afternoon for the sport could hardly be wished for. The Driving Park is situated in one of the beautiful vales for which Morris county is justly celebrated, and no better shooting ground could be found. The shooting was all at bluerocks, from three traps, rapid firing system, and the feature of the programme was a twenty-bird race which was won after an interesting contest, by Mr. W. C. Brickner, of Newton. In the near future the grounds will have a complete outfit of bluerock expert traps and the electric pull, and the matches there will be more frequent. Miss Jennie Smith gave an exhibition of her skill with the shotgun after the programme had been finished and acquitted herself with credit. The following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets: Class 9, Smith 9, Drake 8, Hedden 8, Shepperd 8, Piper 4.
No. 2, same: Shepperd 9, Drake 9, Hedden 8, Piper 7, Class 7.
No. 3, same: Class 10, Hedden 9, Shepperd 8, Smith 8, Drake 7, Armstrong 7, Piper 6, Timmins 3.
No. 4, same: Shepperd 9, Class 9, Smith 8, Drake 8, Hedden 7, Timmins 6, Hathaway 6, Piper 6, Armstrong 4.
No. 5, same: Smith 9, Hedden 8, Shepperd 8, Drake 7, Hathaway 6, Armstrong 6, Class 6, Piper 6, Leonard 5, Timmins 4.
No. 6, same: Smith 8, Class 7, Hedden 7, Drake 7, Shepperd 7, Timmins 6, Armstrong 4, Leonard 3, Hathaway 3.
No. 7, same: Timmins 10, Hedden 10, Shepperd 9, Smith 8, Armstrong 8, Class 8, Drake 6, Piper 4, Leonard 3, Hathaway 3.
No. 8, 20 singles: Brickner 19, Hedden 18, Smith 17, Shepperd 16, F. Class 13, Drake 19, Hathaway 9, J. Class 8, Piper 7.
No. 9, 10 singles: Class 10, Smith 9, Drake 8, Hedden 8, Piper 5, Brickner 5, Shepperd 5, Mahan 4, Hathaway 3.
No. 10, 15 singles: Hedden 13, Drake 13, Smith 12, Shepperd 10.

### New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

The regular weekly keystone target shoot of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Saturday, Sept. 17, for the gold and silver medals in that class of shoot. Each man shot at twenty targets, eighteen yards rise. P. Hegeman and D. Deacon tied with 18, but the latter having a handicap of one bird, took the first medal. Then D. Deacon won the second from P. Adams. The scores:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| D Deacon | 11111111101111101101 | —16 |
| W F Sykes | 10010010011100000100 | — 7 |
| D Bennett | 10001111011000101101 | —11—12 |
| R R Street | 10010110011011011010 | —11—12 |
| P Hegeman | 10111101110101111111 | —16—17 |
| C M Myer | 10011011000010001101 | — 9 |
| P Adams | 10111111111011001100 | —14—16 |
| C Wingert | 00010111011110100010 | —10 |
| A Hegeman | 01010100010011001011 | — 9 |
| G Cropsey | 10111111000100100101 | —11—12 |
| W Lohman | 00111110001010000001 | — 8—10 |

Sweepstake shoots, $1 entrance: R R Street 5, C M Myer 2, P A Hegeman 9, A Lohman 0, C Wingert 9, A A Hegeman 7, D Bennett 8, W F Sykes 8, G Cropsey 2.

### Wilkes-Barre.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Sept. 18.—Following are the scores made on the shooting grounds at the Wilkes-Barre Gun Company's factory on the 17th. The Standard-Keystone targets were used for the first time and the boys were delighted with the way they broke, as none were found with shot holes, as is the case with many other targets when the birds are brought in from the field after the shooting is over. First match, at 25 single Keystones, known angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Park | 1011111111111111111111111—24 |
| Ernest | 0011011100101111111111111—19 |
| Morgan | 0101111011100110011010111—18 |
| Smith | 0111100011111010010111110—16 |
| Browne | 0000100101010110011100—10 |
| Keystone | 1110100001101010011000000—10 |
| Wilkes | 0000000000111010010100111— 9 |

W. BARRE.

### The Jeannette Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club took place at Dexter Park, L. I., on Friday, Sept. 16, at 10 live birds each, modified Hurlingham rules. J. Vagts took the medal in the first class, J. Sauer in the second class and H. Hoops in the third. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C F Offerman | 0221011110—7 | C Doscher | 1001010020—4 |
| H Otten | 0210112202—7 | J Kroeger | 1101012111—8 |
| N Brunce | 2001211100—6 | J Lahing | 0000021011—4 |
| T Loeble | 1122110201—8 | C Steffens | 2222120100—6 |
| C Bosch | 0112100101—6 | H Hoops | 0111221121—9 |
| J Vagts | 0120121110—7 | C Mohrman | 1111010010—6 |
| Capt Cordts | 0001122101—6 | H Bornhoeft | 2000111002—5 |
| C Dish | 0201021012—6 | F Sauer | 1111111110—9 |
| A Christian | 1202011111—8 | C M Meyer | 1101122022—8 |
| E Busse | 0101012111—6 | | |

### Ridgewood Gun Club.

THE postponed shoot of the Ridgewood Gun Club was held on Friday, Sept. 16, at Ridgewood Park, L. I. The competition was for the club medal at 7 birds each. John Schlieman won the trophy, out-shooting F. Ibert, G. Nolte and L. New. The scores:

Club shoot for medal, 7 birds, birds good:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P Kramer | 1101101—5 | L Neir | 0111111—6 |
| C Schneider | 0111011—5 | P Eppeg | 0001001—2 |
| C Deckelman | 1000101—3 | L Gepeing | 1110111—6 |
| B Glunocks | 0010110—3 | I Martin | 1110011—5 |
| J Schlieman | 1011111—6 | C Laeger | 0111100—4 |
| J Welz | 1001100—3 | C Zerwick | 0001010—2 |
| G Nolte | 1110111—6 | F Ibert | 1101111—6 |
| C Wagener | 1001101—4 | G Durst | 1011100—4 |
| C Kadel | 0101000—2 | R Weigold | 0111011—5 |

### Fond du Lac.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., Sept. 17.—Score of Fond du Lac Gun Club shoot to-day, 25 bluerocks, expert traps: A. R. Keating 20, Fred Hurlbut 10, L. F. McLain 10, Will Hamilton 5. Strong wind across the traps.

A. R. K., Sec'y.

## The New Jersey League Shoot.

THE eighth monthly team contest of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, held in conjunction with an all day tournament of the East Orange Gun Club on the latter's grounds in Harrison was a very successful and well managed affair. The weather conditions were unfavorable in the early morning, the rain coming down at a lively rate at intervals up to 10 o'clock. After that hour, however, the clouds broke away, but it was not until after noon that the sun deigned to remain in sight for any length of time. Weather conditions, however, seem to make very little if any difference to the members of the clubs represented in the League, and even during the wet hours a number were on hand to shoot in the open to all events. The sweepstake events run by the club were under the direct management of H. S. Babbage, the club's efficient secretary, who was ably assisted by W. R. Hobart, the League secretary. The firing was at bluerock targets, thrown from bluerock traps, both of which gave their usual good satisfaction. Five traps were used, the shooting being under the rapid-firing system.

The grounds of the East Orange Gun Club are situated about five minutes' walk beyond the terminal of the Newark & Harrison horse-car line, and are provided with a neat club house, which Mr. Babbage states, erected within ten hours.

The team shoot for the New Jersey championship, which began about 3 P. M., had nine entries, all the clubs in the League entering except the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick. The teams comprised five men each and each man shot at 25 bluerock targets. The Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield; Passaic City Gun Club, of Passaic; East Orange Gun Club, of Harrison, Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood; Woodside, South Side and East Side-Mutual gun clubs, of Newark; Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, of Rutherford, and the New Jersey Shooting Club, of Claremont, comprised the entries.

The Independents had already won five contests, and in one had tied with the Maplewoods, the other contests have been won by the Boiling Springs. On the above day the Maplewoods and Independents agreed that their respective team scores should decide the tie existing between them. The Independents not only succeeded in winning the tie, but the contest as well, this placing seven victories to their credit out of eight contests.

Among the visitors to the grounds were W. Fred Quimby, of New York; Chas. Vermoral, of Paterson; Al. Heritage, of Jersey City, and Gus Greiff, of New York.

Below will be found detailed scores of the day's work:

THE TEAM CONTEST.

Independent G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sigler | 1101111111111101111110111—22 |
| Miller | 1111111101111101011111110—21 |
| Apgar | 1111111011111011111111111—23 |
| Brantingham | 1111111111111111111111110—24 |
| C Smith | 1111111111111101111011111—23—113 |

N. J. Shooting Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Richmond | 1111111111111011111011111—23 |
| Moore | 1111111111111011111011111—23 |
| Simpson | 1110111111111111111011111—22 |
| Purdy | 1111111101111011100111111—21 |
| Perkins | 0011111010111111111001111—19—108 |

East Orange G. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| T Dukes | 1101111111010110100011110—17 |
| Wheaton | 1111111101011011111010100—19 |
| Hedden | 0010100100000011110000101— 9 |
| W Dukes | 1111101001111010111100011—17 |
| R Dukes | 1010110100001100111111110—15— 77 |

Passaic City.

| | |
|---|---|
| Vermorel | 1111111101101001111111011—20 |
| Coeman | 0111110111001111111000010—16 |
| Shaw | 1111010011001110110011111—17 |
| Wise | 1111111101111011111111101—22 |
| Abbott | 1111111111111011111010111—22— 97 |

East Side-Mutual.

| | |
|---|---|
| Baar | 1111101110011100111111010—18 |
| Koegel | 1110111101111010110111116—20 |
| Schilling | 1111111011111101010111111—21 |
| Young | 1011101101001000011100111—15 |
| Perment | 1011110111010111100101101—17— 91 |

Boiling Spring F. and G. Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| T Keller | 1010100110001111010010011—13 |
| Lindsley | 1111011011111000011011010—17 |
| Collins | 1111111010011111111111111—22 |
| Meyer | 1111101111011001110111111—20 |
| Post | 1111111111101111111111110—23— 95 |

Maplewood Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| J L Smith | 1001111111111111111111111—23 |
| C Dean | 0001100101111110011000111—18 |
| Sickley | 0001101101111011111010110—16 |
| Drake | 1111111111101111111111111—24 |
| W Smith | 1111111111111111111111111—25—101 |

South Side.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hobart | 1111111111011111111110111—23 |
| Phillips | 1111111111111111111111010—22 |
| C M Hedden | 1111111101111110011111011—21 |
| Heritage | 1101011011111101101111111—19 |
| I H Terrill | 1110111110101010110001111—18—103 |

Woodside Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Walther | 1010011111010101111111111—20 |
| Van Dyke | 1111101111011101110011111—20 |
| Sickles | 1101010101101111100111111—18 |
| Geoffrey | 1111011110111001010101101—18 |
| Cockefair | 0001011101111111110000101—14— 70 |

## Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., Sept 12.—One of the most successful shoots of the season was held on the grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club this afternoon. Great interest was taken in all three contests. Parker fought hard for B medal, and only for the splendid score of Mr. James Crooks would have succeeded in winning the fourth time, and closing the B medal competition. As it is he is duly bound to enter the field again. Wm. Strand still holds the challenge medal, having defeated Parker by 18 to 15. Wilson won one of the club medals and that of the H. P. Co. During the afternoon the members were photographed, a copy of which will be sent to FOREST AND STREAM in due time.

Challenge medal, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

| | |
|---|---|
| W Stroud | 1111100011111 10 01 10 11 11—18 |
| Parker | 1111000111101 0 10 10 01 10 10—15 |

Shoot for club medals at 25 singles, rapid firing:

| | |
|---|---|
| Spencer | 1010011111111101111110110—19 |
| Hunt | 1110101111111111101110111—21 |
| Parker | 1010110111101011111111111—20 |
| Wm Stroud | 1011010111111111111110110—20 |
| Hamilton | 0111001010010011111011111—16 |
| J Smythe | 0111110111111101010111011—19 |
| A Smythe | 0111111001111111111111011—20 |
| Kaiser | 0000101110100010001001101—10 |
| J Stroud | 1010101100001010010001101—11 |
| Crooks | 1010011111111111111111111—22 |
| Clifford | 1110111101111011111111110—21 |
| Wilson | 1111111011111101011111111—22 |

Handicap shoot, for Hamilton Powder Co.'s Medal, unknown angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Spencer | 0100001000010111111011100 —12 |
| W Strand | 0101010011111011111011110 —16 |
| Hunt | 0100011110110001111101101 —15 |
| Kaiser | 0100100001010101110000001 —10 |
| Crooks | 0101101001011010111111000101 —17 |
| Hamilton | 0110000100011000000100000 — 6 |
| Clifford | 1110110011101011011000011 —17 |
| A Smythe | 1111100111080000111110 —11 |
| J Stroud | 0111011011000010110000111110 —16 |
| Wilson | 0111111100111011101111 —18 |
| Parker | 1001111000101010110111100110001—17 |

J. E. O.

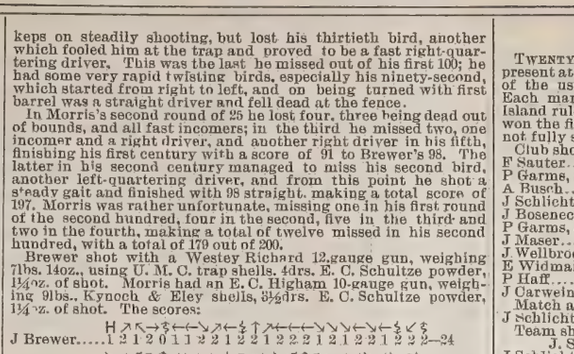
## Brewer vs. Morris.

THE live bird match between Charles E. Morris, president of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, and John Brewer, the veteran professional trap shooter, took place on Tuesday at the grounds of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club at West End, Coney Island. The match being between a comparatively young amateur against such a prominent wing shot drew a big crowd of Long Island and New Jersey shooters, who were anxious to see how the young shooter would make out. The conditions of the match by mutual agreement were somewhat changed. Instead of only 50yds. boundary the club's limit of 80yds. was adopted. Each man shot at 200 birds, 30yds. rise, modified Hurlingham rules, for $200 a side, the loser to pay all expenses.

The match was commenced at 12:30 P. M., with Brewer at the score; he killed his first 4 birds, but missed his fifth, which hung to the trap and then started off fast as a left-quartering driver. Brewer hit hard and slightly turned him, but he got on the fence. Morris lost his first bird, a left-quartering fast incomer, which dropped dead out of bounds. His eleventh bird was a right-quartering incomer and fell dead about 40ft. over the line. Drewer keps on steadily shooting, but lost his thirtieth bird, another which fooled him at the trap and proved to be a fast right-quartering driver. This was the last he missed out of his first 100; he had some very rapid twisting birds, especially his ninety-second, which started from right to left, and on being turned with first barrel was a straight driver and fell dead at the fence.

In Morris's second round of 25 he lost four, three being dead out of bounds, and all fast incomers; in the third he missed two, one incomer and a right driver, and another right driver in his fifth, finishing his first century with a score of 91 to Brewer's 98. The latter in his second century managed to miss his second bird, another left-quartering driver, and from this point he shot a steady gait and finished with 98 straight, making a total score of 197. Morris was rather unfortunate, missing one in his first round of the second hundred, four in the second, five in the third and two in the fourth, making a total of twelve missed in his second hundred, with a total of 179 out of 200.

Brewer shot with a Westey Richard 12-gauge gun, weighing 7lbs. 14oz., using U. M. C. trap shells, 4drs. E. C. Schultze powder, 1¼oz. of shot. Morris had an E. C. Higham 10-gauge gun, weighing 9lbs., Kynoch & Eley shells, 5½drs. E. C. Schultze powder, 1¼ oz. of shot. The scores:




## Keystone Shooting League.

FRANFORD, Pa., Sept 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After a careful perusal of the article in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 10th, in relation to the protest by the Harrisburg Association, I am impelled to say, in behalf of the Keystone Shooting League, that the roster of the club sent to Secretary Worden, on March 22 last, was full and complete, up to that date, Messrs. Tredway and David becoming members of the organization at a later date, as the appended affidavit will show. As to the rule, on page 16, quoted by Mr. Worden—that the State Association be notified of the name and admission of each new member—we absolutely knew nothing of, the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association books not coming to hand until Aug. 1.

Having no desire to go into the merits of the controversy, as it was not of our seeking, and well content to leave the matter in the just and able hands of the FOREST AND STREAM and other papers named, I submit this affidavit, showing conclusively where the protestors' argument must fall.

This is to certify that the parties hereinafter mentioned were elected members of the Keystone Shooting League (formerly the North End Gun Club), upon the dates inscribed. Mr. T. J. Tredway, April 4, 1892; Mr. H. L. David, May 4 1892.

JNO. C. SHALLCROSS, Sec'y.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA, } ss.

John C. Shallcross above named being duly sworn deposes and says that the facts set forth in the foregoing certificate are true.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1892. Joshua R. Morgan, Notary Public.

JNO. C. SHALLCROSS.

## Harrisburg Every Other Saturday.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 17.—Quite a lively shoot was held here to-day. Although more entries were expected, enough showed up to make it interesting and it was decided to hold one of similar kind each alternate Saturday. Messrs. Abercrombie and Runk, of Williamsport, with Heppenshell, of Steelton and Corcoran, of York, were the visitors; balance of the entries were local shots. The birds were better than expected, as Messrs. Worden Bros., who are making a business of supplying pigeons for trap-shooting, gave the committee the privilege of catching and selecting their own pigeons, as they had over 1,500 in their lofts at the time the committee succeeded in getting some rather hot ones. The weather was perfect and no wind. Appended are the scores. First money went to Brewster, $103.12, second, $61.80, to Brelsford and third divided. Sweepstake, 25 birds, $25 entrance, three moneys:

| | |
|---|---|
| Smith | 1112122002111121121111121—23 |
| Brelsford | 1011112122112122121112221—24 |
| Brewster | 1111221211211222211111112—25 |
| Narry | 1011212111111111111111110—23 |
| Hummel | 0001212021000020011121212—15 |
| Nippenstee! | 0001112111201021021121222—19 |
| Worden | 1102111111111211111102211—23 |
| Runk | 0201112121211121121111100—21 |
| Corcoran | 0101111212112112212112011—22 |
| Kinzer | 1112211210111111011122222—23 |
| Dinger | 1112102111111212112121110—23 |

Ten birds, $10 entrance, two moneys: Smith 9, Dinger 10, Brewster 10, Brelsford 7, Worden 10, Kinzer 9.

## Hartford Experts.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 19.—The following scores were made Sept. 17 by the members of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, of this city. Medal shoot at 25 standard keystones, 5 traps, known angles, rapid firing:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ford | 1110111110111111111111111—23 |
| John Alger | 1110111110011111111111111—22 |
| Fred Manross | 1111110111101111111011111—22 |
| Fred Risley | 1111111010111111111111011—22 |
| C L Hotchkiss | 1110101111011111111111111—22 |
| "McGinty" | 1111011100111111101101111—20 |
| James J Pearl | 1111101111111011111110110—20 |
| John Melrose | 1100111101111111001111111—20 |
| Frederick W Green | 1111111010011011111011101—19 |
| S B Douglass | 0110011111111101101011111—19 |
| E Decker | 1110111101111010011111011—19 |
| Charles E Willard | 1111001100101001010111101—17 |
| S Hills | 1011110101110101010110101—16 |
| Fred Olmstead | 0100011110101110100011100—14 |
| A F Craig | 0110001001101001100011111—14 |
| Frank E Belden | 0011101101010010101010013—13 |
| Charles H Higby | 1100101011110000011001110—13 |
| Morgan E White | 0100000011100111010000—10 |
| Samuel T Colt | 0010100001100000100001— 5 |
| A C Collins | 0101000011010010010001— 3 |

A. C. COLLINS.

## Long Island Sportsman's Club.

ONLY four members of the Long Island Sportsman's Club were present at the regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, on Monday, Sept. 12. C. Stuetzle again won the medal, with a score of 9 out of 10. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Gentzlinger | 1010010101—5 | C Fleigel | 0001000011—3 |
| C Stuetzle | 1011111111—9 | C Hofer | 0000000010—1 |

## New York German Gun Club.

TWENTY-ONE members of the New York German Gun Club were present at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Sept. 12, it being one of the usual outings of the club, who have a full day's sport. Each man shot at eight birds, club handicaps, modified Long Island rules, H. & T. traps, ffr the two club medals. J. Schlicht won the first and E. Widman the second. The team shoot was not fully shot out owing to darkness and dark birds. The scores:

Club shoot for two medals, two best scores, 8 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Sauter | 11200121—6 | H Homford | 11120222—7 |
| P Garms, Sr | 00021011—4 | E Stradtman | 00010002—2 |
| A Busch | 11120102—6 | M Bonden | 01102002—4 |
| J Schlicht | 12210211—7 | J Klein | 01200002—4 |
| J Bosenecker | 10110101—5 | L Edward | 00010111—4 |
| P Garms, Jr | 00110102—4 | H Lenone | 10222000—4 |
| J Nasser | 01220111—6 | J Dannefelser | 01022120—5 |
| J Wellbrook | 20010111—5 | J Goeblitz | 11012200—5 |
| E Widman | 01211111—7 | A Lucas | 21002211—5 |
| P Haff | 01111010—5 | J Schreiner | 00020001—2 |
| J Carwein | 01010210—4 | | |

Match at 5 birds, $10 a side:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schlicht | 01122—4 1110 | J Fraser | 10111—4 1111 |

Team shoot, 4 birds each, losing side to pay:

| J. Schlicht's Team. | | E. Widman's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schlicht | 1110—3 | E Widman | 2021—3 |
| J Goerlitz | 2110—3 | A Busch | 2112—4 |
| P Garms, Jr | 2111—4 | J Messmer | 0221—3 |
| F Sauter | 1001—2 | J Dannefelser | 0100—1 |
| J Huff | 1111—4 | J Fraser | 1012—3 |
| H Thornford | 111 —3 | H Lenone | 120 —2 |
| J Carwein | 11 —2 | J Wellbrook | 22 —2 |
| A Lucas | 01 —1—22 | H Hassinger | 00 —0—18 |

## Parkway Gun Club.

THE members of the Parkway Gun Club did not turn out very strong on Wednesday, Sept. 14, at Dexter Park, L. I., for their regular monthly shoot for the best averages and class prizes. H. Bramwell and L. Moeller were the only two straight scorers, with 7 each. I. Short won the Class A prize, outshooting A. Botty. H. Bramwell won in Class B, and H. Selover that in Class C. Sweepstake shoots followed at 3 birds, then miss and out. The scores:

Class A.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| I Short | 2012121—6 | E Helgaus | 1110112—6 |
| A Botty | 2220111— 6 | F Rausch | 1112001—5 |
| A Andrews | 0111110—5 | J Bennett | 2102220—5 |

Class B:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Bramwell | 1122121—7 | L Moeller | 1111211—7 |
| W Strasser | 2122022— 6 | | |

Class C:

| | |
|---|---|
| H Selover | 2211110—6 |

Miss and out sweepstake, $1 entrance, 3 birds:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Andrews | 111 | 12 | 102 | 0 | H Bramwell | 121 | 22 | 111 | 21 |
| W Strasser | 020 | 120 | 2 | | H Selover | 020 | | 122 | |
| A Botty | 121 | 20 | | | E Helgans | 111 | 20 | 022 | 122 12 |

## Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 16.—The regular Cleveland badge shoot today was rather lightly attended, although the weather conditions were good. Gates pulled out a straight score in the club contest. The score:

Badge shoot, 25 singles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Smith | 1111011110110111011000110—17 |
| Hunter | 1111111111111011111111—24 |
| Knowlton | 1111100011111011111111—22 |
| Wheeler | 1110011110101011111011111—19 |
| Mayhew | 1111111101111111111111111—24 |

On shoot-off Hunter won by 4 breaks to Mayhew's 3.

Club shoot, same as above:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hunter | 1101111111111111111111111—24 |
| Mayhew | 1111111011111111111111111—24 |
| Lane | 1101111111111111111011111—23 |
| Smith | 1111110110001111111110111—20 |
| Kallies | 1111111000111011111111111—21 |
| Mizner | 1111111111011111111111001—22 |
| Dexter | 1110111011111111011001111—20 |
| Wheeler | 1101111101101111111111111—22 |
| Pfeiffer | 1100111111110111011111111—21 |
| Gates | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |

## Wilmington Tournament.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 15.—The Wilmington Rod and Gun Club have concluded to adopt the suggestion given by the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the team shooting at their tournament in October. We will make our shoot a three-day event, making the dates 12, 13 and 14. The second day (Thursday) we will have for team shooting, under the following conditions: The shoot will be open to teams of six men each, and a purse of $75 guaranteed to winning team; each man will shoot at 25 targets; no entrance fee will be charged; they will simply pay for the targets at the same rate as other events, 3 cents; each shooter must be a resident of the State he represents; no shooter can shoot in more than one team; each State or club can enter as many teams as they choose. All events will be at bluerock targets, rapid-firing system. All communications will be promptly answered if addressed to J. K. WOODWARD, Secretary, 107 East Eighth street, Wilmington, Del.

## Northside Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Northside Gun Club was held on Tuesday, Sept. 13, at the Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I. The attendance was not as large as usual, but the fast birds, aided by a strong northeast gale, made some of the scores rather small. The contest was for the best averages during the season, but the monthly medal was won by M. C. Manning with a straight score of 7. All of the sweepstakes were $1 entrance, miss and out. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cord Meyer | 2001011—4 | A Meyer | 1110200—4 |
| A Duryea | 1111001—5 | W R Smith | 0022022—4 |
| J Tiernan | 0211121—6 | J Mencke | 0011010—3 |
| M C Manning | 1111121—7 | H Skelton | 0001020—2 |

Sweepstakes shoots, $1 entrance, miss and out:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Tiernan | 110 | 2121122220 | 2 | 10 | 22220 | |
| O Bassett | 0 | | | | | |
| M C Manning | 0 | 2220 | | | | |
| Cord Meyer | 1210 | 1112111221 | 0 | 11 | 21120 | |
| W R Smith | 1120 | 220 | 0 | 20 | | |
| John Meyer | 2111 | 21120 | 0 | 0 | 21212 | |
| Chris Meyer | 1111 | 1121111112 | 0 | 21 | 11220 | |
| A Meyer | 10 | | | | | |
| J Mencke | 0 | | | | | |

## Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

ONE of the best shoots of the season by the members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club took place on Wednesday at the Woodlawn Park grounds, Gravesend, L. I. Twenty-six members competed for the Eppig diamond badge and extra prizes. Some big scores were made, D. Van Zile winning the trophy with a straight score of 21. C. Engelbrecht won the second prize with 16 out of 17, L. Eppig the third with 13 out of 15. The fourth was divided. The veteran rifle shot R. Rathbone took the fifth. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Engelbrecht | 1121101221— 9 | J E Orr | 1112112121—10 |
| L Eppig | 1011202111— 8 | H P Donnelly | 1000000010— 2 |
| W Lair | 1011111222— 9 | R Rathbone | 0020221012— 6 |
| W Green | 0000200010— 2 | Dr Little | 1102220121— 8 |
| H W Blattmacher | 1101111110— 8 | Dr Van Zile | 2122112121—10 |
| A Eppig | 1211211121—10 | C Plate | 2212211111—10 |
| J Schlieman | 0112001220— 6 | E H Garrison | 0202222220— 7 |
| F McLaughlin | 0001000220— 3 | M Elsasasser | 1102220111— 8 |
| A Rockfeller | 1110111001— 7 | C L Meyer | 1021211111— 9 |
| E Rockfeller | 9112110202— 7 | F Pfaender | 1212112211—10 |
| H McLaughlin | 2111121220— 9 | Dr Leveridge | 1011211111— 9 |
| T Buckley | 1010202012— 6 | E Bushnell | 1010012011— 6 |
| W Scheelye | 0021221120— 7 | F Ibert | 1112111111—10 |

Referee, H. McLaughlin. Scorer, J. C. DeFrain.

## Falcon Gun Club.

SEVEN members of the Falcon Gun Club shot at 10 birds each for the club medal at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, under old Long Island rules, a bird killed with second barrel to count a half bird. As the grounds were occupied by the New York German Gun Club for the same day, only the club shoot took place during the dinner interval, G. Moeller won the medal, killing 7 out of 10. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Bohling | 2200111021—7—5½ | H Van Staden | 1011020011—6—5½ |
| J Moeller | 1000012101—5—4½ | J Vagts | 1010010121—6—5½ |
| C Doscher | 1101100100—5—5 | G Moeller | 1110121100—7—6½ |
| H Moeller | 0222111001—7—5½ | | |

## The St. Paul Tournament.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 6.—The fifteenth annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club commenced this morning. The tournament was held on the State fair grounds. Bluerock targets and traps with North's electric pull were used, and as usual were a success. The shooting was done from five traps, walk-around-system. The office work was under the management of B. F. Schurmeier, secretary and R. S. Kennedy, treasurer, and the black board was handled by an artist whose name I have forgotten, but can honestly say was the best man for the position I have ever seen. In fact every detail was carefully looked after and ably managed.

The weather to-day was cloudy and some rain fell in the afternoon. The State fair was in full blast and the crowd of spectators, among whom were many ladies who took a great interest in the snooting. Among the shooters present were: Catamaran, St. Paul; Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; Budd, Des Moines, Iowa; J. H. Black, St. Peter, Minn.; Daly, St. Paul; Stearns, St. Paul; Thorne, Minneapolis; Lee Forgo, North Dakota; Marshall, Minneapolis; Wilson, St. Cloud, Minn.; Stakes, Minneapolis; Leonard, St. Claud, Minn.; Hamline and Forbes, St. Paul; N. W. Galt, Manchester, Mich.; Jones Atwater, Minn.; Reed, St. Paul; Murphy, Minneapolis; Halt, Baldwin, Sr., Burke, Bonte, Park and Baldwin, Jr., St. Paul; Barnes, Stillwater, Minn.; Alleson, Anaka, Minn.; Thomas, Glenco, Minn.; Latshaw, St. Louis, Mo.; Frazer, Fairmont, Minn.; Morgan, St. Peter; E. J. Harrison, Minneapolis. The scores follow:

No. 1, 10 singles: Hamline 9, Baldwin, Sr. 7, Daley 8, Lee 9, Leonard 7, Wilson 7, McHale 10, Baldwin, Jr. 10, Catamaran 10, Stokes 8, Jones 10, Thorne 9, Jack 8, Durant 8, Marshall 10, Kennedy 8, Bonti 8, Paulson 8, Budd 8, George 6, Holt 9, Burke 9, Norotney 9, Forbes 9, Reed 9, Frayire 8, Thomas 8, Kilby 9.

No. 2, 10 singles and 3 pairs: Lee 13, Marshall 14, Hamline 15, Baldwin 11, Burke 15, McHale 13, Wilson 15, Jones 14, Baldwin, Jr. 10, Leonard 13, Fraser 11, Jack 12, Bonti 10, Kennedy 10, Kilby 14, Budd 13, Norotney 10, Forbes 14, George 8, Thomas 15, Elliott 13, Catamaran 15, Durant 13, Thorne 12, Reed 11, Stokes 16, Daley 12, Holt 13, Paulson 8.

No. 3, 20 singles: Wilson 16, Elliott 20, Marshall 17, Leonard 19, Hamline 19, Lee 14, Fraser 18, Baldwin, Sr. 13, Stokes 17, Daley 17, Forbes 15, Thorne 19, Baldwin, Jr. 12, Bonti 14, Thomas 19, Budd 18, McHale 17, Catamaran 20, Norotney 13, George 11, Jones 18, Burke 18, Reed 19, Jack 14, Holt 13, Durant 13, Latshaw 17.

No 4, 10 singles and 3 pairs: Stokes 15, Frazier 11, Daley 15, Hamline 11, Elliott 12, Wilson 11, Leonard 14, Marshall 13, Lee 9, Baldwin, Jr. 12, Catamaran 13, Jones 14 Reed 11, Budd 10, Thomas 8, Thorne 8, Baldwin, Sr. 11, Forbes 12, McHale 14, George 10, Burk 11, Jack 12 Latshaw 13, Durant 10, Bonti 13, Norotney 12, Harrison 10, Holt 9, Kilby 9.

No. 5, 15 singles: Hamline 14, Daley 11, Forbes 10, Burke 12, Wilson 11, Frasire 14, Baldwin, 10, Stokes 14, Marshall 13: Thorne 12, Jones 14, Catamaran 12, Leonard 12, Harrison 12, McHale 15, Thomas 10, Baldwin, Sr. 14, Durant 4, Jack 12, Lee 11, Latshaw 12, Budd 15, George 9, Elliott 12, Bonti 9, Norotney 8, Reed 11, Paulson 6, Holt 12.

No. 6, 10 singles: Wilson 7, Catamaran 9, Reed 7, Thorne 6, Daley 6 Stokes 9, Hamline 8, Bonti 7, Thomas 3, Leonard 7, Frasir 9, Jack 9, Forbef 6, Marshall 7, Budd 10, Jones 10, Burke 7, Baldwin, Jr. 7, Durant 8, Harrison 9, Rogers 3, Elliott 7, McHale 8, Baldwin, Sr. 5 Lee 8, Latshaw 8, Holt 7.

*The Second Day.*—The entries to-day averaged about the same as yesterday. The weather was cloudy with a strong wind from right to left across the traps, making the shooting somewhat more difficult than yesterday. To-day is "St. Paul day" at the fair, and about fifty thousand people are on the grounds. The most interesting part of to-day's programme was the contest for the Chamber of Commerce diamond badge for the individual championship of the State, open to shooters from Minnesota only. 26 singles and 12 pairs. Mr. Burkhart, of St. Paul, won the badge with a score of 44 out of a possible 50, using a 10-bore L. C. Smith gun. About 2,000 people witnessed this contest, which was very close and exciting, Mr. Burkhart having to score his last three pair to win. He was heartily congratulated by his many friends.

No. 7, 10 singles: Catamaran 10, Baldwin, Jr., 9. Elliott 8, Thomas 5, Budd 8, McHale 8, Thorne 7, Lee 7, Marshall 6. Leonard 7, Wilson 6, Stokes 7, Daly 7, Hamline 8. Jones 9, Reed 6, Durant 7, Jack 8, Forbes 7, Stevens 4. Olson 8, Bonti 6 Barnes 6, Holt 7, Burke 9. Demille 5, Baldwin, Sr., 2. Frasier 7, Harrison 8.

No. 8, 15 singles: Baldwin, Jr., 13, Burke 13, Catamaran 14, Frasier 12, Jones 14 Forbes 14, Thorne 13, Lee 13, Marshall 11, Leonard 12, Wilson 13, Stokes 13. Elliott 13. Budd 12, McHale 10, Hamline 13, Olson 8, Harrison 13, Barnes 10, Baldwin, Sr., 3, Jack 13, Stevens 11, Reed 12, Bonti 8, Thomas 10, George 10, Reed 12, Murphy 9, Daly 13.

No. 9, 10 singles and 3 pairs: Catamaran 13, Elliott 13, Budd 14, McHale 12, Daly 14. Hamline 13, Thorne 11, Lee 7, Marshall 9, Leonard 12, Morgan 11, Wilson 14, Stokes 14, Forbes 12, Jack 13, Jones 14, Frazier 12, Reed 12, Murphy 14, Baldwin, Jr., Holt 12, Burke 14, Bonti 10, Barnes 13, Stevens 11, Harrison 6, Olson 9, Baldwin, Sr., 6, Holmes 9, Thomas 12, George 7.

No. 10, 20 singles: Catamaran 18, Elliott 18, Budd 16, McHale 17, Daley 17, Stevens 16, Thorne 16, Lee 14, Marshall 16, Wilson 19, Stokes 18, Leonard 16, Hamline 17, Forbes 13, Jack 15, Jones 17, Reed 19, Murphy 18, Holt 17, Baldwin, Sr., 9, Burke 17. Bonti 10, Barnes 14, Olson 15, Baldwin, Jr., 18, Park 15, Thomas 16, Latshaw 19, Frasier 17, Morgan 10.

No. 11. 10 singles: Elliott 10, Catamaran 10. Budd 9. McHale 10, Forbes 7, Jack 7. Thorne 7. Lee 8, Marshall 8, Leonard 8, Harrison 7, Wilson 9, Stokes 9. Daly 9. Hamline 9. Jones 10, Murphy 10, Latshaw 7, Frasier 9. Baldwin, Jr., 9, Holt 8. J. C. Kennedy 6, Burke 8, Bonti 7, Olson 10, Barnes 5, Baldwin, Sr., 6, Thomas 9, Reed 8, Fox 8, Brady 5, Durant 7, M. F. Kennedy 8,

Diamond badge contest for State championship, 26 singles and 12 pairs:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Block | 0111111111111111111111110 | |
| | 10 01 00 10 11 10 11 11 01 10 10 10 | —38 |
| Josslin | 1111101111111111111111101 | |
| | 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 10 00 | —38 |
| Thileman | 1011111111111001111111011 | |
| | 10 11 10 10 10 01 01 10 11 10 10 00 | —35 |
| Cramb | 0111111111111111111111110 | |
| | 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 10 | —42 |
| Marshall | 0111111001011111111111110 | |
| | 10 11 10 00 10 11 10 10 11 10 11 01 | —35 |
| Lawrence | 1111111111101111111111110 | |
| | 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 | —43 |
| Pfister | 0111110011111101101111111 | |
| | 00 10 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 10 11 11 | —37 |
| Harrison | 1111111111101111111111111 | |
| | 10 11 11 10 10 00 11 11 01 10 11 10 | —41 |
| Schurman | 1111111111111011111111111 | |
| | 11 11 00 10 10 11 11 10 01 11 10 11 | —42 |
| Skinner | 0110001011011011111000011 | |
| | 01 01 11 11 01 10 11 10 10 10 11 11 | —32 |
| Frasier | 1011111011111111111111111 | |
| | 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 | —42 |
| Paul | 1011100111011111010110110 | |
| | 10 11 10 10 10 11 00 10 00 10 10 11 | —32 |
| Blakely | 0111011111101110111111011 | |
| | 11 00 00 11 00 01 11 10 10 10 00 00 | —31 |
| Baldwin, Jr | 1111011101111111111110111 | |
| | 10 10 10 11 10 10 11 11 00 11 10 10 | —38 |
| Burkhard | 1101111011111111111111111 | |
| | 11 11 11 10 10 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 | —44 |
| Schuler | 0011111111111111111111111 | |
| | 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 10 11 | —42 |
| Payne | 1101111011011111011111110 | |
| | 10 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 | —41 |
| Jones | 1111011111111111111111101 | |
| | 10 10 11 10 10 01 11 11 10 11 01 10 | —40 |
| Lyon | 1031110111110111110111110 | |
| | 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 01 10 11 10 01 | —39 |
| Baldwin, Sr | 1100010000101001011110011 | |
| | 11 11 01 10 10 01 00 00 00 01 10 00 | —23 |
| Kennedy | 1001111101111111101111111 | |
| | 10 11 10 10 10 01 11 10 10 11 11 11 | —38 |
| Harrison, E J | 1111111101111111111111101 | |
| | 10 10 11 10 01 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 | —40 |

Burkhard wins badge.

*The Third Day.*—The attendance was not so large as yesterday, but was large enough to keep up a good interest in the scores. The weather was cool and cloudy, with a strong wind to help the targets along. The best shooting of the tournament was done today, as each contestant was anxious to place himself high up in the average list. There were twenty-three average prizes given by the club, but only twenty contestants shot in every regular contest. There were two ties for sixth average and two for fifteenth, consequently only eight of the averages were awarded. The management decided to have an extra sweep and add the remaining five average prizes, and a number of entries were made, but a heavy rain set in with prospects to continue until dark, and the event was declared off. Guns were cleaned and good-byes said, and all went home well pleased with the St. Paul Gun Club tournament.

No 12, 15 singles: Catamaran 15, Stokes 13, Maichall 13, Elliott 15, Jones 14, Leonard 12, Wilson 11, McHale 14, Jack 14, Thorne 12, Harrison 14, Reed 14, Holt 14, Forbes 12, Murphy 12, Budd 14, Hamline 15, Frasier 13, Daly 13, Baldwin, Jr., 14, Baldwin, Sr., 9, Burke 15, Thomas 11.

No. 13, 10 singles and 3 pairs: Catamaran 14, Stokes 14, Marshall 12, Elliott 12, Jones 15, Leonard 14, Wilson 12, McHale 13, Jack 13, Reed 13, Forbes 12, Thomas 13 Hamline 15, Thorne 14, Daly 12, Murphy 15. Budd 13, Harrison 15, Baldwin, Jr., 14, Bonte 10, Holt 11, Frasier 13, Burke 16.

No. 14, 20 singles: Catamaran 18, Stokes 19, Daly 20, Marshall 17, Elliott 20, Jones 20, Leonard 20, Wilson 18, McHale 19, Jack 18, Reed 19, Forbes 13, Harrison 20, Murphy 20, Hamline 19, Budd 20, Thomas 14, Thorne 18, Baldwin, Jr., 26, Burke 18, Bonte 14, Holt 19, Frasier 16.

No. 15, 10 singles and 3 pairs: Stokes 13, Catamaran 13, Marshall 14, Elliott 14, Jones 11, Leonard 15, Wilson 12, McHale 14, Jack 13, Reed 13, Forbes 10, Murphy 14, Thorne 11, Hamline 12, Daly 12, Thomas 10, Frasire 9, Budd 15, Baldwin, Jr., 9, Bonti 9, Holt 14, Burke 12.

No. 16, 15 singles: Catamaran 13, Stokes 14, Marshall 14, Elliott 15, Jones 15, Leonard 13, Wilson 14, Holt 12, McHale 15, Jack 9, Reed 11, Forbes 10, Thorne 13, Murphy 12. Thomas 11. Daly 13, Hamline 13, Budd 15, Allen 6, Baldwin, Jr. 13, Burke 15 Bonti 12.

No. 17, 10 singles: Jones 9, Bonti 6, Hamline 10, Stokes 9, Holt 9, Thorne 9, McHale 10, Harrison 6, Reed 7, Budd 8, Leonard 8, Burke 8, Wilson 7, Marshall 9, Baldwin, Jack 6. Forbes 6, Thomas 10, Daly 9, Murphy 10, Elliott 8, Allen 9, Catamaran 9.

General averages, out of 250 birds shot at: Jones broke 228, first prize; Catamaran 223, second; Stokes 222, third; Hamline 220, fourth; McHale 219, fifth; Budd and Burke 218, sixth; Elliott 217, seventh; Leonard 212, eighth; Daly 210, ninth; Marshall 203, tenth; Reed 202, eleventh; Wilson 199, twelfth; Thorne 198, thirteenth; Baldwin, Jr., 197, fourteenth; Jack and Holt 196, fifteenth; Forbes 185, sixteenth; Thomas 184, seventeenth; Bonti 163, eighteenth.

C. W. B.

## Tournament at Frankfort.

FRANKFORT, N. Y., Sept. 6.—The Labor Day shoot of the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association was attended by a large number of shooters from Syracuse, Cazenovid, Rome, Clinton, Marcy, Utica, Johnstown, Canajoharie, Coeymans, Deerfield, Ilion, Amsterdam, Waterville and Little Falls, and the association was in the heyday of glory over its success. Below are the results of the day's shooting:

No. 1, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1: Gates 10, Harris 8, Hunter 8, Knowlton 10, Kilburn 9, Mayhew 10, Wessells 6. Clark 10, Dexter 9, Crane 9, Partiss 8, Steele 7, Manuing 0, Short 7, Hix 9, Crutty 8, Nipe 6, Skeele 7. Rich 7, E. Steele 6, Dolby 10

No. 2, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1: Gates 10, Harris 8, Hunter 9, Knowlton 9. Kilbourn 10, Mayhew 9, Wessells 9, Walrath 9, Clark 7. Dexter 5, Crane 7, Partiss 8, Felton 8, Clow 9, Salsbery 10. Betson 10, Frier 10, Smyth 9, Short 6, Hix 9, Crutty 10, Skeele 8, Dalby 9, Northrup 10.

No. 3, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.65: Gates 13, Harris 15, Hunter 14, Knowlton 14, Kilbourn 13, Mayhew 15, Wessells 13, Walrath 14, Clark 12, Dexter 13, Crane 7, Partiss 8, Crosby 7, E. Steele 10, Felton 14, Betson 12, Smyth 10, Northrup 9; Fryer 11, Salsbury 15, Hix 12, Crutty 13, Short 9.

No. 4, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1.30: Gates 6, Harris 10, Hunter 9, Knowlton 9, Kilborn 10, Mayhew 10, Wessells 10, Walrath 10, Clark 10, Dexter 10, Crane 6, Partiss 9, Smyth 8, Felton 9, Betson 8, Northrup 10, Clow 10, Salsbury 9, Crutty 9. Fryer 8, Short 9, Skeel 8. Crosby 4, Ed Steele 8.

No 5, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.75: Gates 13, Harris 14, Hunter 15, Knowlton 15, Kilborn 13 Mayhew 14, Wessells 12, Walrath 15, Clark 13, Smyth 14, Crane 11, Northrup 14, Hix 11. Felton 14. Betson 13, Short 9, Crutty 13, Ed Steele 8, Salsbury 12 Clow 13, Kallis 14, Skeel 13, Nipe 8, Waterbury 1.

No. 6, 5 live birds, entrance $2 50: Northrup 1, Gates 2, Clark 4. Walrath 2, Smyth 1, Wessells 0, Kilborn 4, Harris 4, Crutty 1. Hunter 4, Felton 3, Crane 3, Salsbury 4, Clow 3, Betson 1, Knowlton 4, Short 1. Rich 2, Tressent 2, Armstrong 2, Partiss 3, Mayhew 5, McGowen 3.

No. 8, 15 kingbirds, entrance $2.50: Smith 11, Clark 10, Hunter 12, Knowlton 14. Kilbourn 15, Mayhew 13. Wessells 9. Hartley 10, Hix 10, Ed Steele 11. Walrath 14, Crane 9. Crutty 12, Short 11, Salsbury 12, Clow 15, Walton 8, Harmon 13, Northrup 14, Crosby 9, Rich 10.

No. 9, 5 live birds, entrance $2 50: Hartly 1, Rich 2, Watson 1, Northrup 3, Short 1, Salsbury 1, Hunter 4, Kilbourn 3, Walrath 5, Crain 3, Clark 3. Smyth 4.

No. 10, 20 kingbirds entrance $2.60: Smyth 16, Clark 15, Hunter 19, Kilbourn 20, Knowlton 19. Mayhew 16, Kallis 16. Short 10, Walrath 16, Northrup 20, Salsbury 16, Clow 15, Herman 16, Rich 11, Crutty 13. Steele 13, Wessells 17, Partiss 16.

No. 12, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1.30: Smyth 7, Clark 5, Hunter 10, Kilbourn 8, Knowlton 10, Mayhew 9, Short 7, Walrath 6, Salsbury 7, Clow 9, Crutty 8, Steele 7, Wessels 10, Partiss 9, Cranes 6. Hartley 10. Wood 4, Lloyd 1, Dexter 8, C. Crosby 3, Dolby 7, Hicks 3, Crosby 9.

AVERAGE PRIZES.

The best average was strongly contested for, which was for the association badge, presented to them by Sec'y Rich, valued at $25, which Messrs. Kilbourn and Knowlton tied for at 95 per cent. In shooting the ties off Dr. J. G. Kilbourn, of Utica, won by one bird. Second best average, $6, div. between Hunter and Walrath, at 92 per cent. Third best average, $3, div. between Mayhew, Salsbury and Clow at 89 per cent. Fourth best average, $2, Northrup, won at 87 per cent. Poorest average, $1, caught Smyth, at 79 per cent. Second poorest average Clark, for one of F. A. Allen's duck calls, at 84 per cent.

Sept. 10, owing to lack of time on Labor Day to contest for the undivided merchandise prizes, it was decided by the association to postpone the contests until to-day. The following is the result at 10 kingbirds, entrance $1.50 in each four events:

| | First. | Second. | Third. | Fourth. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nipe | 1111011— 9 | 1111111011— 9 | 1111111111—10 | 1111101111— 9 |
| Dolby | 1111111111—10 | 1111111101— 9 | 1111101101— 8 | 1011111111— 9 |
| Short | 0100111111— 7 | 1111011010— 7 | 1011111110— 8 | 1011111111— 9 |
| Geman | 0000000000— 0 | 0000000001— 1 | 0000000000— 0 | 1011001101— 6 |
| E Steele | 1111110100— 7 | 1010001111— 6 | 1001011111— 7 | 1111101001— 7 |
| Rich | 1011111011— 8 | 1111111111—10 | 0110011110— 6 | 1100111111— 8 |
| Richards | 1100000000— 2 | 1110000000— 3 | ..... | ..... |
| Lints | 1111110011— 8 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Williams | ..... | 0111111101— 8 | 1001111101— 7 | 1111001111— 8 |
| Frazer | ..... | ..... | 0000011010— 3 | 1110100000— 4 |

## The Beaver Falls Tournament.

BEAVER FALLS, Pa., Sept. 6.—I send you scores of the fourth sweepstake shoot of the Beaver Falls Sportsmen's Association, held on their grounds, Geneva Park, Sept. 5. Despite the weather, which was about as bad as it could be, as it commenced raining about 6 in the morning and poured down until 9, when it settled down to a mist, interspered with showers the rest of the day, twenty good and worthy fellows faced the storm and arrived on the grounds about 10 o'clock, when shooting was started from a set of bluerock traps (five in number), A. S. A. rules, at bluerocks. A number of well-known trap shots from a distance were present, among them being J. K. Myler and Ed Hunn, from Beaver; Wm. Foutz and I. N. Crabel, East Liverpool, O.; who are a quartette hard to beat, who come to stay all day and take everything as it comes, and when you hear one of them kick you can bet there is something wrong; they do not want the earth and a fence around it Also Geo. Cochran, of Pittsburgh; Ross, of Homestead; Dr. McCoy, Dr. Albaugh and B. Geisinger, of Steubenville, O.; H. C. Fry, of Youngstown, O.; James Rummell and Cramer, of Niles, O. Everything passed on as pleasantly as could be. The shooting was kept up until late in the afternoon, when it just poured down rain, and we adjourned to the hotel, which was within one square of the grounds, to talk over matters and explain why we did not break them all. Some good scores were made, considering. The purses were div. into four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The scores were as follows:

No. 1, 10 birds, 50 cents: H. C. Fry 5, McCready 5, J. Rummell 7, W. M. Foutz 7, Geo. Cochran 4, B. E. Surls 8, F. Cramer 7, J. A. Penn 7, I. N. Crabel 10. B. Geisinger 5, Ed Hum 8, Jos. E. Close 3, Dr. McCoy 7, J. C. Royl 5, H. W. Nair 8, Chas. Garvin 4.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks, 75 cents: Foutz 6, Fry 5, Geisinger 8, Penn 9, Crabel 8, Rummell 6, McCready 9, McCoy 9, Cochran 4, Myler 8, Royl 3, Hum 4, Wilkinson 9, Albaugh 7, Cramer 6, Surls 7, Nair 8.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks, $1: Foutz 10, McCready 6, Crabel 10, Penn 7, Fry 8, Geisinger 6, McCoy 9, Royl 8, Cochran 7, Albaugh 8, Rummell 6, Myler 8, Hum 6, Close 5, Wilkinson 8, Surls 7, Cramer 5, Nair 5.

No. 4, 15 bluerocks, $1.50: D. R. Wilkinson 15, B. E. Surls 9, I. N. Crabel 12, J. A. Penn 14, J. McCready 5, B. Geisinger 7, Geo. Cochran 12, Dr. McCoy 7, Wm. Foutz 13 J. E. Close 3, J. Rummell 7, J. Myler 12, H. C. Fry 9, H. W. Nair 13, Cramer 10, Albaugh 7, Rayl 7. Ed Hum 9.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, $1: Fautz 8, Cochran 8, McCready 4, Penn 8, Wilkinson 8, McCoy 8, Hum 8, Rayl 10, Rummell 8, Myler 7, Cramer 7, Surls 6, Fry 7, Class 9, Crabel 3, Nair 0.

No. 8, 10 bluerocks, $1: Surls 6, Wilkinson 8, Braden 5, Foutz 9, Penn 10, Hum 4, Myler 8, Close 5, Cochran 6, Ross 6, Nair 7, Crabel 9, Rayl 3.

No. 9, 10 bluerocks, $1: Cochran 7, Ross 9, Wilkinson 10, Fautz 8, Surls 7, Broden 6, Myler 5, Rayl 3, Crabel 8, Close 8, Nair 5.

No. 6, 20 bluerocks, $2: Surls 17 Wilkinson 17, Crobel 18, Penn 15. Foutz 15, Braden 12, McCoy 19 Rummell 13, Nair 13, Close 14, Hum 12, Myler 17, Cochran 15, Fry 14, Royl 7.

No. 7, 10 bluerocks, $1: Foutz 6, Cochran 7, Braden 5, Penn 9, Surls 8, Hum 6, Close 6, Wilkinson 8, Royl 6, Myler 6, Ross 8, Nair 7, Crobel 8.

No. 10, 10 bluerocks, $1: Cochran 7, Ross 9, Wilkinson 10. Penn 9, Foutz 8, Surls 7, Braden 6, Myler 5, Royl 3, Crobel 8, Close 8, Nair 5.

No. 11. 10 bluerocks, $1: Foutz 7, Wilkinson 9. Myler 8, Braden 7, Wolf 7, Penn 10, Crobel 6, Surls 7, Ross 8, Royl 9, Nair 10, Cochran 8, Rummel 7, Ross 6, Hum 7.

## Labor Day at Muncie.

MUNCIE, Ind., Sept. 8.—I mail you herewith scores of the fourth annual fall shoot of the Muncie Gun Club. Labor Day being celebrated at this place in the elaborate manner, it has very likely cut our entries down some, races of different kinds at the fair grounds being a strong element against us. We were favored with a fair attendance from abroad, however, many old friends and some new. New Castle, Md., was represented by Messrs. Tom Gough, V. Mendenhall, M. Phares, Landers, Stilly, Stout and Modlin. Union City by the same old Chas. Proctor—he of the whiskers, tan jacket and pointer dogs; C. A. Young, from Springfield, O.; Messrs. Lockwood, Grube and Orem, from Southport, Ind., and our steadfast friend, Dr. O. E. Britton, Indianapolis. Sidney, O., was represented by Messrs. John Berkshire and his noisy partner Johnson. Half a cent was deducted from the price of each target thrown, the same being divided into three average moneys for those making first and second and the one making the poorest average in matches 3, 4, 6, 7 and 9. Bender, of the local shooters, captured first, Grube second, and Tom Gough the "consolation" end. Below are the scores:

No. 1, 10 singles: G. Ketner 10, Partington 10. Lockwood 8. Modlin 5, Stout 6, Mendenhall 9, Grube 7, Landwer 8, Orme 5, Williamson 5, Garringer 6, Tom Gough 5, Bender 7, Phares 8, Graham 4, Davis 6, Stilly 10.

No. 2, same: Ketner 7. Partington 8, Davis 8, Williamson 6, Lockwood 5, Mendenhall 9, Phares 6, Modlin 8, Stout 2, Garringer 4, Orme 9, Graham 8, T Gough 6, Grube 7, Stilly 10, Bender 8.

No. 3, 15 singles: Williamson 13, Lockwood 13 H. Gough 7, Ketner 11, Bender 12. Mendenhall 8, Phares 8, Modlin 5, Partington 11, Stout 7, Orme 8, Davis 13, T. Gough 9, Garringer 12, Grube 11, W. Garringer 12, Stilly 12.

No. 4, 25 singles: Phares 23, Williamson 19, Lockwood 20, Partington 22, Stilly 19, Grube 20, Mendenhall 23, G. Ketner 22, Davis 20, T. Gough 20, U. Garringer 17, Johnson 17, Young 24, Berkshire 14. Proctor 20, W. Garringer 15, Bender 23.

No. 5, teams of two men, 15 targets per man:

| | |
|---|---|
| Partington 1101111111111101—13 | Proctor....111011111110110—12 |
| Mendenh'll011111111111101—13—26 | Young.....111111111111111—15—27 |
| Bender....111101111111111—14 | Phares....111101111111111—14 |
| Williams'n111011010101100— 9—23 | Ketner....101101111101111—12—26 |
| Lockwood.111111111111111—15 | Modlin.....110110101100110— 9 |
| Grube.....111011110111010—11—26 | Stout.....010000110011111— 8—17 |
| Stilly ..... ..1100111111 | T Gough....00010100 v. |

No. 6: Partington 8, Proctor 6, Mendenhall 9, Bender 9, Landwer 10, Truitt 6, Lockwood 5, F. Williamson 10, Orme 7, Graham 7, Stout 7, T. Gough 0, Grube 9, Johnson 5, G. Williamson 8, Davis 6, Dolman 8, E. Gough 8, Stilly 9, Modlin 6, Phares 8, Young 8, Higdon 7.

No. 7, 10 singles: Partington 9, Mendenhall 8, Williamson 6, Lockwood 4, Orme 9, Landwer 6, Phares 8, Johnson 5, Modlin 3, Proctor 5, Bender 8, Stilly 8, Grube 10, Stout 6, Gough 7, Berkshire 6, F. Williamson 6. U. Garringer 5, Young 7.

No. 8, 20 singles: G. Williamson 16. Partington 13, Johnston 16, Lockwood 12, Grube 19, Orme 14, Mendenhall 18, Bender 15. T. Gough 10. Proctor 17, Phares 16, Stilly 19, Young 15.

No. 9, 10 singles: Bender 8. Phares 5, Partington 8, Lockwood 7, Grube 9, T. Gough 5, Mendenhall 9, Orme 6. Graham 5, Williamson 5, Stilly 7, Landwer 4, Stout 4, H. Gough 6, Truitt 4, E. Gough 4.

No. 10, 10 singles: Lockwood 7, T. Gough 7, Phares 9, Partington 10, Andrews 6, Grube 7, Williamson 10, Bender 9, Stout 4, Stilly 8, Orme 10, H. Gough 3.

## Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 31.—Below find scores of our last contest for badge: Class A: Tuttle 18, Carr 18. Devitt 8. Tie postponed. Class B: Garrett 18, Vanderloo 16, Sinclair 12, Doun 10. Class C: Goodrich 14, Kerr 11, White 11.

# Answers to Correspondents.

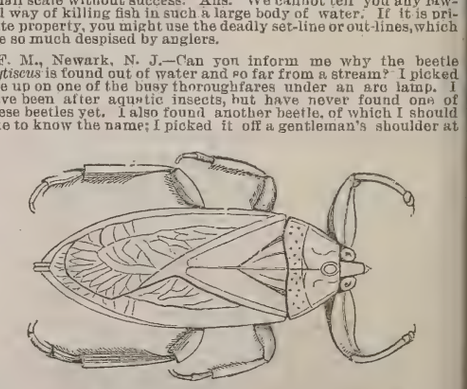
☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. M. F., Buffalo.—Please inform me if the book entitled "Camp Life in the Woods" and the "Complete American Trapper" are two different books? Ans. The same book, by W. Hamilton Gibson.

F. W., New York City.—Not knowing much about the section of the country where game may be found, I take the liberty of writing to you for the required information. We would not care to go more than a radius of 50 miles from the city. If you will furnish the above information you will confer a great favor on a number of friends of your valuable paper. Ans. Try some of the Sullivan county stations of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad for quail and ruffed grouse.

O. W. E., Fort Scott, Kan.—Can you tell us how to kill all the fish in a lake from 5ft. to 20ft. deep, 200ft. wide by one mile long, without injuring them for market? Will weigh from 5 to 20lbs., and some have been caught that weighed 60lbs. The large ones are eating the small ones. Have you had any experience in using fresh lime? We are told it will kill them, but have tried it on a small scale without success. Ans. We cannot tell you any lawful way of killing fish in such a large body of water. If it is private property, you might use the deadly set-line or out-lines, which are so much despised by anglers.

F. M., Newark, N. J.—Can you inform me why the beetle *Dytiscus* is found out of water and so far from a stream? I picked one up on one of the busy thoroughfares under an arc lamp. I have been after aquatic insects, but have never found one of these beetles yet. I also found another beetle, of which I should like to know the name; I picked it off a gentleman's shoulder at



night. I have sent the exact size. Ans. It is probable that the water beetles spend more time in flight than many collectors suppose. The one above referred to is a strong flyer. One great incentive to flight is the sexual passion. The second beetle, of which sketch was sent, is really a water bug (*Belostoma*). The species may be *B. americana* or *B. grisea*, both of which inhabit the Atlantic States of North America. A South American species, *B. grandis*, grows to the length of 4in. The *Dytiscus* is predaceous; its color is dark olive-green above, the chest and wing-cases often margined with yellow. The wing-cases in the male are smooth, in the female usually furrowed. *Belostoma* is a heteropterous insect. It is large, flat-bodied, aquatic, with powerful swimming legs, and curved fore tibiæ. It preys upon fish and other water animals. Trout measuring 5in. have been killed by this insect. We reprint from a back number an excellent drawing of a *Belostoma*.

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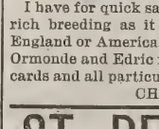
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1892.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

*ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.*

THE first one of the series of four illustrations of American wild animals, that of the Panther, was given as a supplement with our issue of Sept. 8. The second one, the Ocelot, will be given as a supplement next week, Oct. 6.

*AFTER SUPPER.*

THEY are certainly the most delightful hours of the day—those after supper. The preceding ten or twelve have very likely been hard ones. To breast steep mountain sides, to clamber up ledges, to wade through fields of snow, to creep across slide slopes, and all the time to face the fierce hurricanes that sweep over the mountains, is exhausting work. Or perhaps the men have been traveling through the timber, struggling with refractory pack animals, fighting their way through thick willows or alders, or chopping through down timber. If the trail has been especially bad, an animal or two may have rolled down the mountain side, and two packers have had to climb down to where it stopped, take off the pack, carry the bundles up to the trail, lead up the animal, repair damages and repack the load; or they have had to cut loose the packs from some horse or mule which has mired down, lift up and drag out the beast from its oozy bed, and then repack. These are some of the light labors indulged in by the traveler with a pack train in the mountains—exercises which tend always to keep his health good, his muscles strong, his appetite voracious, and his temper, while on the march, brittle to the very verge of breaking. They also tend to the use toward one's animals of language which is not commonly heard at church sociables.

After supper, however, the occurrences which during the day's march seemed so trying, no longer trouble the travelers. Stretched out about the cheerful camp-fire in easy, if ungraceful, attitudes, the men are at peace, even with the worst of the pack animals. Incidents which six hours before made them feel that they would enjoy cutting the throats of some of the wretched mules, seem now, by contrast with their present comfort, the best of jokes, and they laugh heartily at the recital of the mishaps of each unlucky man or beast. He must be a churl who can growl on a full stomach, with the immediate prospect before him of half a dozen pipes, followed by a good warm bed.

After supper has been cleared away and the dishes washed, there follows a season of the idleness born of supreme contentment. At first there is little talk, and as little motion, for no one is willing to do more than to reach into the fire for a coal with which to rekindle his pipe.

As digestion proceeds, however, energy begins to return. One man commences to write up his hasty notes for the day, another repairs a rent made in his clothing by some stout branch, which would neither bend nor break; a third proceeds to cobble his shoes, while each adds something to the general fund of entertainment by story, reminiscence, joke or allusion. Where the right people are associated in these after supper hours the conversation is often very entertaining, and if it could be taken down as spoken, would furnish many a chapter of absorbing interest to woodsman and naturalist.

The evenings of such travelers are not long. Those who have worked hard during the day need rest at night, and unless among the company there is some story teller of unusual powers, who can hold the attention of his audience, blankets are unrolled and beds made up within a couple of hours. Then, the last pipe lighted, the men stand up gathered close about the fading fire, and talk in low tones, and a little later their quiet, softly breathing forms lie about the smoking ashes.

*WOMAN IN THE FAR NORTH.*

TRAVEL in the far north has hitherto been attempted only by men, but the year 1892 has witnessed the breaking up of this monopoly. Early last summer Miss Elizabeth Taylor started from Winnipeg for the MacKenzie River delta, and from this expedition she has just returned. Miss Taylor is by nature a traveler and by education an artist and is greatly interested in natural history. She started on her trip alone, and made it alone successful to the end. She is the first woman explorer that has ever ventured in to the Polar regions on her own account, and with an amount of pluck and steadfastness that would have done credit to a strong man she has carried out her programme and completed her round trip to the far northern forts of the Hudson's Company.

Of the results of her trip we can as yet know only in a general way. This much may be said, however: Her sketch book is full of drawings, which are not only of great historical and topographical interest, but also of a very high order of artistic merit. In spite of great disadvantages and continual suffering from coarse food, incessant attacks of insects, ill health and sleeplessness induced by the perpetual daylight, she has averaged over a drawing per day.

Her sketches are only a small part of the results achieved by this indefatigable girl-Greely. Her diary is as full as her sketch book, and her notes on the different aspects of nature are full and of great value. They are moreover admirably corroborated and amplified by some hundreds of photographs taken by herself.

In addition to all this Miss Taylor has made a considerable collection of natural history specimens, and when her results are in shape for publication, an unusually interesting contribution to our list of works on the Great Lone Land will have been made.

*OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.*

NO recent new departure of the FOREST AND STREAM has been received with more favor than the amateur photography competition recently instituted. Our friends tell us that it was a happy thought thus to encourage camera work in this special field, and to offer to amateur photographers a welcome opportunity to share the pleasure of their achievements with others of the great fraternity of sportsmen. By calling into service the half-tone engraving process it has been found practicable to present on the printed page excellent reproductions of some of the photographs, and others will follow.

Now that so many are returning after the vacation of 1892, we hope to receive some of the camera trophies of the outing. The conditions of the competition have been printed on a slip which we shall be glad to send to any address on request.

*SNAP SHOTS.*

LAST spring, it will be recalled, State Game Protector Brown seized a large quantity of game unlawfully stored in the establishment of the New York Refrigerator Company. Recent developments have shown that the protector was given his information by certain dishonest employees of the Refrigerator Company, who had made away with some of the game in storage, and had prompted the seizure with the hope that, in the confusion which ensued, the stolen game would not be discovered. In this they were foiled, however, and the thieves were duly lodged behind the bars. An esteemed correspondent complains that our columns have made no mention of these later developments, presumably because they detract from the lustre of Protector Brown's achievements. Such a view may be taken, though we do not share it; nevertheless the incident is not without its instructive moral, which is that any employer who is conducting a clandestine business and is engaged in systematic evasion of one set of statutes cannot expect from his employees a very high moral standard nor respect for other statutes. And if his clerks occasionally make away with a batch of the illicit stock, that is precisely what might be anticipated.

Reference was made the other day to the questionable constitutionality of those laws which provide for the summary destruction of dogs on which taxes have not been paid. In Connecticut there is another statute relating to dogs which, if not unconstitutional, is very unreasonable and unjust. It provides that "all dogs found doing or attempting to do any mischief, when not under the care of any person, may be killed." In the Hartford *Courant* we find notice of the recent case of Simmonds vs. Holmes, which has been decided by the Supreme Court. The plaintiff's valuable dog was found by the defendant lying asleep upon a bed of young plants in his garden, and he shot him. The court held that what the dog was doing was "mischief" within the meaning of the statute, that the right to kill it was not affected by the consideration of its value as compared with the value of the property destroyed or injured, and that it did not affect the case that the dog was a registered one.

It may be worth while, because not uninstructive, to note one point in the case of Rev. Dr. Thomas and his unlawful deer, to which our Chicago staff correspondent has been giving deserved attention. The most serious menace of the Wisconsin deer supply Dr. Thomas finds to be in the killing by outsiders for shipment to market in other States, and he would favor a law restricting this. It happens that there is just such a statute, which declares it to be unlawful to kill deer for export from the State. If in spite of the statute deer are killed and venison is shipped from Wisconsin by the ton, this may be explained by the reasonable supposition that every market hunter in the business follows Dr. Thomas's own convenient device and reasons out to his own individual satisfaction and exculpation that the Wisconsin deer law does not mean what it says, or at least does not apply to him.

In a recent number of *Nature* Cyril Frampton asks for the origin of the idea that snakes sting. Froude, in "The English in Ireland," writes: "The clergy started as if stung by a snake." Archdeacon Farrar, in "Darkness and Dawn," uses the metaphor of snakes stinging. Sir Thomas Browne in "Vulgar Errors," says that snakes and vipers sting, etc., etc., is not easily to be justified. Thomas Lodge says that people called Sauveurs have St. Catherine's wheel in the palate of their mouths, and therefore can heal the sting of serpents. And Prov. 23: 32, declares of wine that "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." We should think that this was getting back pretty well toward the "origin of the idea."

What shall be done with the man who talks politics in camp? Of all woods pests he is the one most aggravating, least deserving of tolerance, to whom no mercy should be shown. Taking into account the harassing nature of the nuisance, the extent of the victim's suffering, the remoteness from society and law, the immunity from interference by peace officers, the extreme improbability that one would ever be called to account for taking the law into one's own hands and executing summary vengeance—under all these conditions, what special form of lynch law ought one to adopt?

The Vermont Fish and Game League is manifestly planning a campaign in the next Legislature looking to fish protection and propagation. Secretary John W. Titcomb has sent out from Rutland a note of inquiry asking the members of the next Legislature these questions: "Are you or the residents of your town interested in the preservation and propagation of fish for restocking the public waters of the State? Are you interested in the enactment of good laws for the protection of fish and game? Will you lend your influence in the Legislature to a furtherance of the above subjects?

Because of the Columbus celebration on Oct. 13, the date set for the meeting of the executive committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, it has been deemed advisable to postpone that meeting. It is probable that it will go over until after election. The date selected will be announced in our game columns next week.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—XII.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

#### The Carp Lake Camp.

[Continued from Page 179.]

WE anchored the boat near the edge of the rush line and filled the bucket with good big shiners, which we caught with hook and line, some of them within a foot or less of the mouth of the trap. They bit greedily at a scrap of worm on the hook, but a broken up cracker in a glass case didn't appear to remind them of anything, or they were too smart to go in the trap, and we have never found out which to give them credit for, stupidity or smartness.

We pulled across to camp in an ugly cross sea, rolling down the lake, and sunk the bucket of minnows three or four rods from shore in four or five feet of water with a float tied to the end of the line attached to the bucket bale, this for a buoy by which we could readily find it when wanted; and after lifting the ironclad out on the sandy beach we climbed the bank with the "big trout" and walked in under the fly where the rest of the boys were enjoying an afternoon lunch.

From some cause—probably a violent case of cramps brought on by the hook in his bowels or the change from the cold water of the brook to the warmer water of the lake—"old Hickory's trout," as the boys had got to calling him, was dead, and stiff as a smoked herrin', and when laid on the table with his tail curled something in the shape of a spoon-oar blade each one felt called on to make a few "amphibious remarks."

"Never see a mud turkle jest that shape afore; must be a new species," said old Sam solemnly; and Charley ventured that "the markings on him were somewhat different from those on any other dogfish he had ever seen," and the Colonel and the "professor"— but I won't try to chronicle the "roasting," as they say in baseball, that I got on account of that hapless trout; it is enough to say that should I ever see another big trout in a pool and take a special interest in its capture I'll say not a word about it to "a solitary soul on the face o' this livin airth" till I have "hived him" and brought him into camp—alive.

(Old Sam put "the last trout in the pool" in strong brine to keep and take home to show to some of his fellow fish cranks, who had never seen one of the tribe, but we learned afterward that the experiment was not a success. When he took it from the jar in which it was put to pickle he said he "couldn't tell whether it was 'Jeems Mackerel's trout' or a new specie o' stone roller."

The days came and slipped by into the past, each full of its pleasures and some disappointments, for the bass fishing was not as good as we wished and the wind was a continual strain on our patience, as it blew hard every day usually up or down the lake, making the water so rough that we rarely got a half day of comfortable fishing; but withal we were content and happy, and wished there was no such thing as business in the world to disturb the dreamy, indolent ways we had fallen into and awaken us to the harder realities of life.

To vary the enjoyment, an excursion was planned that night around the camp-fire for the following Sunday to go down to Leland for a view of the big lake (Michigan) at the outlet of Carp Lake, and next morning, Saturday, I launched the ironclad, and with rod and bucket of minnows took my way down to the Fountain Point House to hire the little steam lauch Rambler, stay over night and come back with the boat in the morning in time for a good start.

The pull down to the hotel was uneventful, except for an "episode" with a school of big gars, three and four feet long some of them, that I ran into in shallow water near shore at the point above Wood's Bay. They were lying close inshore in water less than a foot deep, sunning themselves, as it appeared, and as I came on them unawares there was lively hustling among them for a minute to get around and under the boat out into the lake, and I was glad when the last one dashed under the boat and went clear without punching his long bony snout through the canvas and causing another shipwreck.

Then a great snapping turtle, as big across as a camp stool and with a head as big as a tin cup, came clawing his way along the bottom from inshore—he had doubtless been "a layin' " for one of the gars to come within reach of his terrible jaws—and passed slowly and heedlessly under the boat directly amidships, the "scroll work" on his back barely clearing the canvas as he made his way out into the deeper water.

I gave him a smart poke with an oar blade as he went by to hasten his movements, and lamented because I hadn't a gaff and a pistol along, for there, only a yard or so away, was our biggest camp kettle full of savory turtle soup walking off into the depths of the lake and I looking on powerless to prevent it.

Yum! My mouth watered, and I fancied I could almost sniff the several and various odors arising from that camp kettle; the oars fell again in measured stroke, and just then I was reminded of the story of the old darky and his rabbit, which at an unlooked for moment "humped himself" and kicked out of his grasp and made his escape, with the parting shot from the old man, "Take yo'se'f off dar, yo' wufless ole cottontail; yo' nuffin' but po' dry meat nohow," which scrap of colored philosophy I applied to the big turtle and felt resigned.

When I rounded the point a short distance below I met a stiff wind and a white-capped sea rolling up the lake, which I had thus far avoided by keeping close in along the east shore, but here the lake took a slant to the nor'-east, and from there down I was in for a hard pull.

Wood's Bay is a noted bass ground for the "resorters" who never catch any bass, and I hooked on a minnow to see if I could get a few of them to take down to my old friends, Colonel Whitfield's wife and her folks, who spend the summer months at their cottage near the hotel (they also own and manage the hotel), for I knew it would never do to make my appearance before Mrs. Whitfield and Mother Morrison without a string of fish of some kind to uphold the reputation of the Kingfishers.

I managed to pick up five big-mouths before reaching the hotel, which was fortunately little better than any of the guests had done that day, and I could afford to put on some airs, albeit the margin was exceedingly small. After a cordial hand shake all around (there were other friends there, too, from Cincinnati) the best part of the remainder of the afternoon till supper time was used up in entertaining the youngsters with fish talk and filling up at frequent intervals on the water of the famous spouting well from which the house takes its name, and after supper I pulled down to Provemont in the ironclad and filled up my old friend Couturier—the postmaster—with yarns of our camps since '84, till daylight and the old man's endurance gave out about the same time.

When I got back in the boat it was so dark I could scarcely see my way out of the narrows into the bay above the bridge, but once out I laid a course that would make a short cut to the point and soon after run on a sunken log in shallow water and came near getting shipwrecked in the darkness, which would have been an "episode" worth mentioning, for I was a hundred yards from shore and the soft, oozy mud so deep under me that an oar run down its full length failed to reach firm ground.

I was tuned up for some vigorous cussin', as I expected to hear the water coming through the canvas somewhere, but for a wonder the ironclad escaped with a good scraping of her bottom as I worked her off the log, and then I felt the way carefully up to and around the point under reduced steam, so to speak, to the boat-house, where I secured her for the night and walked up to the hotel, feeling thankful I was not perched on the sunken log down the bay, "hollerin' " for somebody to come and take me off.

At the house I spent the evening looking on at some time-killing games of cards going on in the parlor and felt quite complacent and equal to the emergency, for I had actually shaved and put on a clean shirt—not a "biled" one—before leaving camp, at which exhibition of absentmindedness the boys greatly marveled and gave me another "roasting," for shaving in camp is notable as one of the lost industries.

I slept in a good bed that night—not one of the Interlachen $1.49 affairs—had a good breakfast in the morning and when I went to pay the bill I found that Mrs. Whitfield had figured it out to amount to just $0, which reminded me of the old tavern keeper who flourished once upon a time down in Indiana.

I paid the bill, with thanks only—she would take no other remuneration—and have been studying since how to get even with that blessed little woman, but the solution is as far away now as then, and I can only say, "May the Fountain Point House prosper till the fountain runs dry."

With the indicator of the steam gauge wavering around the 80lb. mark, the Rambler made the run to camp in less than an hour, where we found the boys all ready except Kelpie and Johnny, who had taken a boat and gone to the lake and up the "bayou" to hunt the mouth of Cedar Run and follow up the stream to see if the trout fishing in it was as good as reported. The bayou was a narrow, nearly currentless stream coming into the lake through a vast swamp, and just why it was called "the bayou" no man could tell.

Cedar Run flowed into this sluggish stream from the south, about a half mile from the lake, and was navigable, so we had learned from the Nolan boys, for a canoe or small boat as far up as it had been "logged out," a distance of a couple of miles.

Old Sam and I had tried the year before to get up it in a boat but found it impossible on account of a jam of logs and railroad ties near the mouth, and this year we had been too busy hunting bass waters and idling along other trout streams to think much about it, and had not troubled ourselves to go up and see if the logs were out.

Kelpie and "the kid" had left camp early in the morning, leaving word that if the steamer would come to the head of the lake and blow her whistle a few times they would return and go along with us.

The boat was dispatched to the mouth of the bayou, when the whistle was blown vigorously for awhile, and then the Captain worked her up to the mouth of Cedar Run, where he pulled the whistle at intervals and waited for more than an hour without a response, and at last gave it up and came back without them, when we got aboard and headed down the lake in not a very good humor for having been kept so long waiting.

We took the keeper of the fryin' pans along, leaving the camp in charge of three of the Laidlaw children—"Captain Tom," his sister Emma, a little miss near Tom's age, and little Jimmy, an artless, sweet-faced midget of a boy in short breeches, who had won his way into our hearts till he was the pet of the whole camp. As the launch moved away we saluted Captain Tom, who stood at the edge of the bank erect and soldierly, nigh bursting with a sense of importance at the responsibility imposed on him, but with an air of dignity proportioned to his notions of the magnitude of his charge that was highly amusing.

But Tom was a courageous, trusty boy, and we felt that the camp would be looked after with fidelity during our absence, and that the old flag would be still there when we got back, unless he was overwhelmed by some unexpected flank movement not provided for in his line of defense.

The trip down the lake and back was uneventful, and the details may be served up like a cheap boarding-house dinner—all at once, as there wasn't an "episode" during the day worth mentioning, but it was a beautiful day, and the boys enjoyed the view of the big lake and the scenery of Lower Carp, as it was all new to them. The "perfessor" enjoyed himself, too, more, it seemed, than the rest of us; in fact, it was a great day for him, as he had us cornered in the narrow limits of the little launch where he could fire his irritating witticisms (?) and stale puns at us, and we unable to get out of the way. He had wound himself up early in the morning, and didn't run down till the circle broke up around the camp-fire that night.

(The "perfessor" might do himself a good turn by pasting in his hat the following quotation, to wit: "He that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need to be afraid of others' memory." We still have the "perfessor" in mind.)

Back at the camp again before sundown, we found Kelpie and Johnny had just returned without a trout—or any other kind of fish.

They had gone by the mouth of Cedar run without noticing it and kept on the main stream (the bayou) hunting for "the first crick comin' in from the left," as old Sam had instructed them, till they came to the shallow water and riffles where the stream left the "hard lands" and entered the swamp, near two miles from the lake.

They had seen a good many fish—goggle-eyes, perch, suckers, and an occasional pickerel, and dogfish, but they wasted little time on them, as they were looking for Cedar Run, and trout. Kelpie said he knew there were no trout in the stream because of the presence of the pickerel and other fish, and because it didn't "look trouty," but he had enjoyed the day out, as he was never better satisfied with himself than when poking along, exploring a new stream.

When asked if they had heard the steamer whistling for them, he said they had heard a whistle but supposed it was the mill whistle at Bingham—which was the most transparent prevarication we had ever known him to be guilty of, as he knew the mill did not run on Sundays, and besides, the mill whistle was near an octave lower in tone than the whistle of the little steamer.

But after all, we did not blame him much for preferring the solitude of the swamp and Johnny to the "perfessor's jokes," and the mild "fish lie" with which he burdened his conscience to explain the reason of their not answering the whistle will, it may be hoped, not count much against him at the final round up.

Miss Emma and little Jim had got tired and left some time before, but the "officer of the day" was still on duty. He was duly commended for his faithfulness as a camp keeper, and a minute after was kicking up a streak of dust in the road with his brown bare feet as he "humped it" for home to drive up the cows for the evening milking—the happiest boy and the best, to our notion in all the neighborhood around.

Here's health and long life to you, "Captain Tom:" may you grow up to be as good a man as you are a boy.

The camp fell into its old ways again.

The old flag was lowered at sundown, untoggled and put away for the night, the camp-fire built, lies swapped around it as of yore, plans for the morrow talked over, some excruciating jokes were worked in at inopportune times by the "perfessor" to keep his hand in, and as the fire burned down and drowsiness overtook us we found our way to the tents, each as the spirit moved him, leaving the Colonel as usual to sit in his camp chair sucking comfort from his pipe and weaving fancies in the gleaming coals till the last tiny tongue of blueish flame wavered and died out, leaving him only some wreaths of smoke curling from the ends of burned off sticks and the dull red glow of the dying embers to remind him that the turn of the night was drawing on apace. KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## A CAMPER'S DIARY.—IV.

THE FORKS, Aug. 24.—This is the camp on a bank, raised up, overlooking the Little Magalloway, not far from where it joins the Magalloway proper. You can't quite hear the meeting with the big one, but you can hear the commotion. There's only a little plateau cleared off for the camp, with a raspberry jungle in back and then the woods interminable. We have built some steps down the bank to the foot where the boats lie moored, half hidden. There's a trail meandering down along the brow, and when the flaps are open it goes right through the tent. One side of the canvas is pinned close to the edge of the bluff with the guy ropes reaching down and fastened to divers spruce and small white birches among the foliage on the bank. There's a rude shelter tent, too, just a fly, supported by forked saplings, and there we dine on a table made from a dismembered provision box. The camp stones are between, in the clearing, well swept by the bough broom, and the forked saplings are garnished with camp things; some are bright and reflect the sun, some don't. I'm making these notes in peace. The others are off on an all day's tramp.

The provisions suffered little from their wetting in the rapids. The flour, in a big tin pail, caked a little, the meal got sour in spots, and the bag of prunes prematurely began to swell, but the big rubber bags saved the clothing. The only bad thing about those bags is in the tent at night. When a thing goes through that capacious maw it's irrecoverable. You're liable to want a pair of stockings the worst way, but the chances are you don't get them. You leave them there. You always know where everything is. * * * I've had a visitor. While I was at lunch a fellow came down the trail, came through the tent, and first thing I knew stood smiling at the little village obstructing things. He was a youngish man with a brown flannel shirt, open at the throat, a knapsack on shoulder and a well browned skin that proclaimed him a native, a tan that was ingrained and staid there summer and winter, not fresh and parvenu like ours. We appeared to have known each other for several years, so he unslung his pack and dropped on his haunches to help me make the dinner less.

When the subject of deer came up, I said, "Are there many?" His mouth was obstructed at the time with one of Sam's famous biscuits, so he smiled and waved his hand over miles of wooded hills. He knew of nothing to prevent a man from getting a deer if he wanted one and kept quiet about it. To his thinking, the natives ought to leave them pretty much alone for the visitors who come with guns and pocketbooks. He reflected seriously before answering my question, and said: "Yes, there are more deer shot in summer than in winter."

*Aug. 25.*—The boys came home tired last night, but brought a fair lot of fish, so we ate trout for supper and had some left to put down in the spring. Had a fine camp-fire then, and all sat round with our coat collars up and talked. We don't tell stories much, we argue. Perhaps the queerest thing is that nobody smokes. Mack pulled out a brand new briar wood, took a few puffs and put it back with the remark that he smoked a great deal at home, "great deal," and this brought a quick look from Sam. Mack was going to continue, but Valentine interrupted him. He does this frequently. He takes possession of the conversation any time he wants it by virtue of a great, big, baritone voice. He said, "This superior attitude affected by smokers is all bosh. They get round a fire with their pipes and have you think their minds are full of high fancies and poetic dreams unknown to those outside the cult. Fact is, their brains are smoke-cured and can't think. They only see the flames that sort of leap and change, with a vacant smile."

When I told about my noonday visitor, Mack was all excited and got out the gun he hadn't dared to show before. He seemed to think the law was off and wanted to make plans for to-morrow. Valentine got to lecturing

and said he didn't want to be mixed up in any poaching business, and he couldn't afford to chip in for deer at forty or fifty dollars a head. Mack said there was no danger, and left it to me if my man didn't say so. I had to agree with Valentine, that camping as we were, not dropping much money, nor subsidizing any, it might be risky. Sam, the court of last resort, kept smiling and said, "Mack, if you want a deer Old Man, you go and get one."

"Well, that's all right, but how would you go about it, Sam?"

"Well, don't go to-night; it's too cold; but to-morrow night if it's warm, paddle down to that runway I showed you and hide and wait, and wait, and wait till the leaves rustle and the twigs crack and a big black shadow comes out on the beach, and then you plunk it over at short range like one of Flint's old cows. Then steal up and look round as if you thought Flint was coming and hack off some chunks of hindquarter and dig a hole—dun know what you'll dig it with—and bury the rest so Flint would never find his cow if he looked. Then come home with your meat and put it in the spring in lard pails—keep a week or two. Some natures enjoy that thing, I'm told." Mack scowled and put the gun back in the bag and went into the tent with a remark about deer similar to the one attributed to Mr. Vanderbilt.

That fellow Mack is a camper after my heart. We agreed some time ago that it was all right to eat oatmeal from a tin cup and then use it for coffee, but that won't do for Sam; he's scrupulous. We had to give him more dishes. Sometimes he looks over the plates after we've dried them.

*Aug. 27.*—Yesterday we left Sam and Valentine keeping camp and the two of us took the birch bark and went on a voyage up the little river. I'm trying to think of something to remember that trip by. I was conscious of absorbing pleasure all day long, but after all there was nothing, nothing but a little sun and air, and woods and water. A long easy paddle at first and then we kicked off shoes and pulled trousers high up and found ourselves laughing and leaning and slipping on smooth stones, pitting ourselves against the current with the boat between us till we came to another long slide.

We stopped a few times to fish, and a good many times for Mack to poke her nose ashore when he spied a cloven footprint. He had to shake his head and gloat over it and make wild speculations as to how long it had been there, till at last I suggested he take along a section of clay with the coveted track and have it petrified. Took dinner on a bed of dry, white sand where the freshet had been in the spring. I could have used a camera then to take Mack as he sat, bare-legged, with a tin cup of tea, amber-colored and hot, making ill-bred sounds of satisfaction after each gulp, and then tumbling forward and flat, with his face pressed against the hot beach and his arms extended, with hands and toes clutching the sand.

It was easy sliding homeward, with a stroke now and then for headway, and when we came round the head at sundown they both stood watching on the bluff. Their looks betrayed them. The rascals had been fishing. Sam made a mouth, and his voice came floating: "What luck? Show 'em up; show 'em up!"

Mack turned to the bottom of the boat, where the three fish lay—a big old hook-jaw and two small ones, and picked up the smallest, rinsed him till he glistened, and hung him in the air—about 9in. of trout. Then a howl of derision went up and they put on exhibition a string of 10 nice even spotted ones.

After we landed there was some wrangling. Valentine wanted to bet that Mack didn't catch the big one, and Mack offered to go him that there wasn't a 1lb. trout on the string, and that he never caught one of them at that. There were no takers. After supper, when the fish had mostly disappeared from the plates, and the bones of contention had all been thrown on the fire, the social atmosphere seemed to improve. Sam admitted it was too bad not to have given Jeff more credit for the big one. He said: "A 2½lb. trout isn't exactly what you'd call 'big,' with a strong accent, but still it's the best one he ever caught, so that makes it his big one, anyhow, and he got it in a nice place in the rush and swirl below the dam." JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

# Natural History.

## THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

YOUR panther number took me back fifty years to the evenings that were made grewsome by the tales of my grandfather concerning the wild beasts who were very much at home in Vermont when he first settled here and the State was wild and young.

He had no actual experience of his own to tell but that of others was at his tongue's end, and when I heard O. O. S.'s thrilling story, I felt as if my infantile ears had been cheated that this too was not added to my grandfather's repertoire and had its place with the story of the man who was pounced upon by a panther while watching a deer lick and that of the man who rode for miles on the tongue of his sled, between his oxen, with a great cat threatening him now in the rear, now on either flank, and of men beguiled into the woods in the night time by the cries of panthers, mistaken for the wailing of lost women.

How the ghosts of those long-departed panthers used to pursue me when, after supping full of horrors, I ran home across the yard through those interminable six rods of darkness. How their cold breath chilled my back that almost felt the touch of the out-reaching phantom claws.

When I was a boy, a panther annually visited Shellhouse Mountain with great punctuality about the time that the huckleberries ripened there. A few reckless men and women would venture upon the terrible beast's usurped domain, venturing their lives for a few quarts of berries, but we youngsters gave the whole mountain a wide berth, the wider after each return of the braves bearing reports of the terrific screams and mysterious stealthy footsteps which had attended their rash intrusion. In after years I was led to remark with some suspicion the regularity of the occurrence of these visits with the ripening of the huckleberries, and am inclined to doubt whether they occurred at all, but I implicitly believed in the Shellhouse panther then, as did all the other boys, and it was a fearfully delightful belief.

Sometime perhaps, a panther may have seen me, and I might have seen him if I had known where to look, but the nearest that I know I ever came to seeing a wild one was when I saw one's track, made the night before. One winter, more than twenty years ago, there came to us the old story of frightful screams having been heard in the woods and fields near the mouth of Little Otter Creek, and of strange tracks seen, without which proof we should have considered the story of the screams as apocryphal as those of the Shellhouse monster. But tracks were worth investigating.

An old hunting comrade and I took our guns and drove to the place; on the way to which we met a nearer resident, who seeing our guns accosted us.

"Goin' down to look for the animil, be you? Wal, they say't he's made some turrible jumps. Thirty-six foot, right on a level."

As we drove out of ear-shot, I remarked to my companion, Bill Leonard, who occasionally uses the long bow, "Thirty-six feet on a level. If folks must lie, why can't they tell reasonable lies?"

"Yes, or else tell reasonable truths, as I do," said Bill with a merry twinkle beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

We soon reached the place where the tracks had been discovered and found a little group of neighbors inspecting them. My closed mittened hand, which is not a little one, just filled one of them where the animal had walked at a leisurely pace. A little further on he had suddenly bounded forward in successive leaps that seemed of quite remarkable length until we came to one so prodigious that we thought at first the leaper must have been borne up by the crust. But the night had been thawy and this solution of the wonder had to be abandoned. I paced the distance from track to track, and it was seventeen of my paces, which are "Quaker measure," as I am a long-legged six-footer. This and two or three slightly shorter leaps led to the objective point, which was a fragment of a sheep's carcass that a fox had been evidently gnawing at when the panther scented or saw him. The fox left the record of his hurried departure and the panther his more leisurely making off in a direction at a right angle with his unsuccessful onslaught.

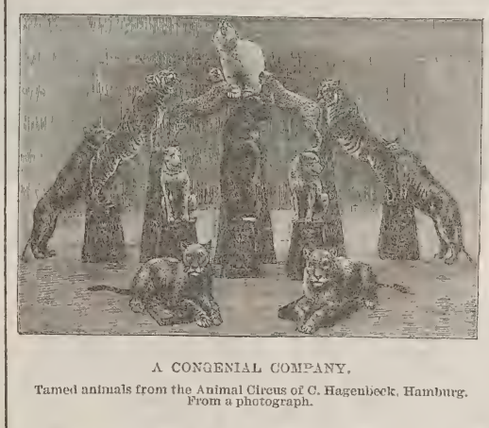
We lost his track among the tangled labyrinth of woodroads in the neighboring forest, and nothing was heard of him thereafter.

Though there were half a dozen trustworthy witnesses I have always felt a good deal of diffidence in giving the measurement of the leap, until the publication of your accounts by guides and hunters have given me more assurance. AWAHSOOSE.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

### A Congenial Company.

To what perfection art and perseverance have brought the taming and training of wild beasts is shown in the illustration? It represents a performance by the animal



A CONGENIAL COMPANY.

Tamed animals from the Animal Circus of C. Hagenbeck, Hamburg. From a photograph.

circus so successfully trained and exhibited by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg. Such dreaded beasts as the polar bear, panther, tiger and black bear have been shaped into a pyramid, the bear with a dog at each side, forming a sort of gate, with two mighty lionesses keeping watch without. Animals which under natural conditions are each other's worst enemies, here, under the influence of the human mind, seem apparently to have exchanged their natures, and obediently form a part of the artistically wrought pyramid—a congenial company, which would considerably lighten the dangerous venture of a modern Knight Delorges.—*Gartenlaube.*

### The Strange Adventure of a Gull.

As an example of the fact that animals, as well as men, may be the victims of accident and mistake, the following account of the curious misfortune of a herring gull in Duxbury Bay one day last spring, may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

One day in April two Duxbury school boys were rowing from Plymouth, Mass., to Duxbury, when their attention was attracted by the odd position of a herring gull, sitting in the water with its head almost buried beneath the waves. As they approached the bird arose, flying heavily a short distance, and the boys could see an object hanging from its head—a fish as they thought. The gull alighting after a flight of about 100yds., was easily captured, and was so exhausted that it hardly made a flap of its wings. Then the cause of disaster was seen. The bill of the unhappy bird for its entire length was stuck in a huge quahaug clam, the valves of which, contracting like a vise, prevented its withdrawal.

While feeding at low tide the gull must have been made a prisoner by the intended victim of his appetite, and would probably have been drowned by the weight holding his head under water, but for his timely rescue.

After showing gull and clam to interested friends on shore the boys liberated the bird, which, freed from its dangerous burden, flew out into the bay, apparently none the worse for its strange adventure, but, it is to be hoped, possessed of wisdom gained from experience. P.

BOSTON, Mass.

## SKIN PARASITES OF MICE.

SOME years ago, in 1870 I think, I found several forest mice which had nested under a heap of old clothes that had been thrown away with a lot of rubbish into a sand hole or pit back of my grandfather's house. I caught several of the mice and carried them home and put them in a cage. The wires in the front part of this were so far apart, however, that my captives soon got out. For several nights they would come out of their hiding places and run around the box on which I had placed the cage, and even into the cage itself. I noticed that the largest mouse, which was the mother of the others, had an excrescence on one of her hindquarters which at that time I thought to be an abscess or some such affliction, and wondered at the small concern the animal showed at its presence. It did not seem to incommode the mouse at all, although in size it was very apparent, being fully one-tenth as large as the animal.

These mice soon left my room and I did not think of the matter again till during the spring of 1880, when I again found some mice of the same kind under some rubbish. This time I grabbed up two mice as they were running beneath my feet and thrust them into a coat pocket, where they stayed till I went to the house at chore time.

In the evening, after going to my room, I took them out, and one—the smallest—had two such bunches on one hindquarter, as I before described. This mouse I accidentally injured in catching, and he could not run when I took him from my pocket, and in fact soon died. After his death I observed a motion of the skin which surrounded the supposed tumor or abscess, and then I saw for the first time that the swellings that I had taken for "sores" of another kind were produced by the grub of a fly similar, if not identical with, the ox breeze fly (*Oestrus boris*, Clarck). My astonishment was increased when one of them made its escape and left a cavity, the inside of which could be seen through the aperture from which the grub came. The other grub soon came out in the same way, and the two were fully one-tenth the size of the mouse's body. They were as large as any that I ever took from a cow, and of a brownish color, similar to that of the chrysalis of the *Promethea*, and nearly as big.

I did not have time to examine further into the matter, and sent the mouse and two grubs to Prof. F. G. Sanborn, then of Andover, Miss. I never heard from him in regard to them, and think he may have been from home at the time, and so never received them. I have never read of them being found in animals so small before, but do not think it can be of so rare an occurrence, for the two specimens of mice which I caught were in different towns, and several years had elapsed since the first was taken. Will some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM give any experience they may have had in the same direction? MERGUS.

## THE EAGLE AND THE BABY.

TACOMA, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find a clipping from the Boston *Traveller* giving an account of an eagle carrying off a child six months old:

DETROIT, Mich, Aug. 5.—Two eagles had a duel to the death for the possession of the six-months-old baby of Peter Shaw, who lives four miles north of Allis, in Presque Isle county, yesterday. Mrs. Shaw had laid the baby down in the grass and returned to the house for a few moments, when an enormous eagle swooped down on the infant and sunk its talons into the little one's flesh and clothing. The mother heard her baby's cry but came too late to be of service, but her shrieks brought the father who, quickly comprehending the situation, mounted a horse and armed with a rifle rode to the shore of a near by lake, where he knew there was an eagle's nest in the cliffs.

Shaw arrived just in time to witness a terrible sight. Two eagles were hovering above a crag of rock, battling for possession of the baby, that lay high upon the cliff. Before the father reached the summit one of the eagles had fallen to the ground, while the other had again taken up the child for another flight. The father fired and the bird and baby fell into the water. The frantic father plunged into the lake, caught up the body, but the little one was dead. He took home the body, along with those of the two eagles, one of which had been killed in the fight over the prey.

I did not think an eagle could lift ten pounds, and a child six months old should weigh upward of fifteen pounds. My children at that age have always weighed more.

Among the traditions are stories of children who were carried off by birds of prey, notably by the lämmergeiers of Europe, the condor of South America and the various eagles.

Hoping this will call out some opinions from your correspondents, I remain as ever your well wisher,

WALTER B. SAVARY.

### A Naturalist in Nicaragua.

MR. CHARLES W. RICHMOND, whose collecting tour has been referred to in FOREST AND STREAM, writes from Escondido River that he expects to send home a large series of fishes along with other natural history specimens.

The rainy season, which begins in May or June and lasts about eight months, is now causing high water and frequent floods. Fish do not bite while the streams are swollen. In the proper season ripe banana is generally used for bait, but some of the planters meet with considerable success in the use of traps made of wire netting.

Mr. Richmond expects to revisit Lake Nicaragua in December and will probably spend a month or two on Rio Frio. He has been told by an intelligent man who is familiar with the lake that a species of sawfish is occasionally found there, which is highly probable, since sharks are known to occur in that body of water. A species of devilfish (*Octopus*) collected near Grenada by Mr. Richmond has been pronounced by Dr. Dall new to Lake Nicaragua.

Fever has not overlooked the collectors and has interfered seriously with their work since June.

### Panthers in Vancouver's Island.

TORONTO, Canada, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from my summer outing on the prairies, and while traveling I fell in from time to time with British Columbians. I usually questioned these about the wild animals of their region and was informed by many different persons at different times that panthers are on the increase in British Columbia and on Vancouver's Island since the introduction of sheep. In the latter colony especially their depredations are becoming quite serious, and the coming Legislature is to take steps that will result in a vigorously prosecuted war on the panther race. ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

80 HOWARD STREET, Toronto.

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## THE INDIANS' BUFFALO PISKUN.

IN the September number of *Scribner's Magazine* Mr. George Bird Grinnell, of the FOREST AND STREAM, writes of the American buffalo and of the buffalo days. The paper is historical, descriptive and reminiscent, and gives an admirable *resumé* of our present knowledge of what must be ranked as the most important game animal indigenous to this continent. Mr. Grinnell has drawn his material from an unusually rich personal experience on the hunting grounds of the West when the buffalo was still abundant and from a wide acquaintance with the primitive hunters who will ever be associated with the bison. The admirable illustrations which accompany the article are by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson: one of them is here reproduced by courtesy of the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Grinnell gives the following account of the Indians' buffalo *piskŭn* hunting:

Apart from man, the buffalo had but few natural enemies. Of these the most destructive were the wolves, which killed a great many of them. These, however, were principally old, straggling bulls, for the calves were protected by their mothers, and the females and young stock were so vigorous and so gregarious that they had but little to fear from this danger. It is probable that, notwithstanding the destruction which they wrought, the wolves performed an important service for the buffalo race, keeping it vigorous and healthy by killing weak, disabled, and superannuated animals, which could no longer serve any useful purpose in the herd, and yet consumed the grass which would support a healthy breeding animal. It is certainly true that sick buffalo or those out of condition were rarely seen.

The grizzly bear fed to some extent on the carcasses of buffalo drowned in the rivers or caught in the quicksands, and occasionally they caught living buffalo and killed them. A Blackfoot Indian told me of an attempt of this kind which he witnessed. He was lying hidden by a buffalo trail in the Bad Lands, near a little creek, waiting for a small bunch to come down to water so that he might kill one. The buffalo came on in single file, as usual, the leading animal being a young heifer. When they had nearly reached the water, and were passing under a vertical clay wall, a grizzly bear lying hid on a shelf of this wall reached down and with both paws caught the heifer about the neck and threw himself upon her. The others at once ran off, and a short struggle ensued, the bear trying to kill the heifer and she to escape. Almost at once, however, the Indian saw a splendid young bull come rushing down the trail toward the scene of conflict and charge the bear, knocking him down. A fierce combat ensued. The bull would charge the bear, and when he struck him fairly would knock him off his feet, often inflicting severe wounds with his sharp horns. The bear struck at the bull and tried to catch him by the head or shoulders and to hold him, but this he could not do. After fifteen or twenty minutes of fierce and active fighting the bear had received all the punishment he cared for and tried to escape, but the bull would not let him go and kept up the attack until he had killed his adversary. Even after the bear was dead the bull would gore the carcass and sometimes lift it clear of the ground on his horns. He seemed insane with rage, and, notwithstanding the fact that most of the skin was torn from his head and shoulders, he appeared to be looking about for something else to fight. The Indian was very much afraid lest the bull should discover and kill him, and was greatly relieved when he finally left the bear and went off to join his band. This Blackfoot had never heard of Uncle Remus's tales, but he imitated Br'er Rabbit—laid low and said nothing.

To the Indians the buffalo was the staff of life. It was their food, clothing, dwellings, tools. The needs of a savage people are not many, perhaps, but whatever the Indians of the plains had, that the buffalo gave them. It is not strange, then, that this animal was reverenced by most plains tribes, nor that it entered largely into their sacred cermonies and was in a sense worshipped by them. The Pawnees say, "Through the corn and the buffalo we worship the Father." The Blackfeet ask, What one of all the animals is most sacred?" and the reply given is "The buffalo."

The robe was the Indian's winter covering and his bed, while the skin, freed from the hair and dressed, constituted his summer sheet or blanket. The dressed hide was used for moccasins, leggins, shirts and women's dresses. Dressed cow-skins formed their lodges, the warmest and most comfortable portable shelters ever devised. Braided strands of raw hide furnished them with ropes and lines, and these were made also from the twisted hair. The green hide was sometimes used as a kettle, in which to boil meat, or, stretched over a frame of boughs, gave them coracles, or boats, for crossing rivers. The tough, thick hide of the bull's neck, allowed to shrink smooth, made a shield which would turn a lance thrust, an arrow, or even the ball from an old-fashioned smooth-bore gun. From the raw hide, the hair having been shaved off, were made parfleches—envelope-like cases which served for trunks or boxes—useful to contain small articles. The cannon bones and ribs were used to make implements for dressing hides: the shoulder-blades lashed to sticks made hoes and axes, and the ribs runners for small sledges drawn by dogs. The hoofs were boiled to make glue for fastening the feathers and heads on their arrows, the hair used to stuff cushions, and later saddles, strands of the long black beard to ornament articles of wearing apparel and implements of war, such as shields and quivers. The sinews lying along the back gave them thread and bowstrings, and backed their bows. The horns furnished spoons and ladles, and ornamented their war bonnets. Water buckets were made from the lining of the paunch. The skin of the hind leg cut off above the pastern, and again a short distance above the hock, was once used for a moccasin or boot. Fly brushes were made from the skin of the tail dried on sticks. Knife-sheaths, quivers, bow-cases, gun-covers, saddle-cloths, and a hundred other useful and necessary articles were all furnished by the buffalo.

The Indians killed some smaller game, as elk, deer and antelope, but for food their dependence was on the buffalo. But before the coming of the whites their knives and arrowheads were merely sharpened stones, weapons which would be inefficient against such great thick-skinned beasts. Even under the most favorable circumstances, with these primitive implements, they could not kill food in quantities sufficient to supply their needs. There must be some means of taking the buffalo in considerable numbers. Such wholesale capture was accomplished by traps or surrounds, which all depended for success on one characteristic of the animal, its curiosity.

The Blackfeet, Plains Crees, Gros Ventres of the Prairie, Sarcees, some bands of the Dakotas, Snakes, Crows, and some others, drove the herds of buffalo into pens from above, or over high cliffs, where the fall killed or crippled a large majority of the herd. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes drove them into pens on level ground; the Blackfeet, Aricaras, Mandans, Gros Ventres of the Village, Pawnees, Omahas, Otoes, and others, surrounded the herds in great circles on the prairie, and then frightening them so that they started running, kept them from breaking through the line of men, and made them race round and round in a circle, until they were so exhausted that they could not run away, and were easily killed.

These primitive modes of slaughter have been described by earlier writers, and frequently quoted in recent years; yet, in all that has been written on this subject I fail to find a single account which gives at all a true notion of the methods employed, or the means by which the buffalo were brought into the inclosures. Eye witnesses have been careless observers, and have taken many things for granted. My understanding of this matter is derived from men who from childhood have been familiar with these things, and from them, during years of close association, I have again and again heard the story of these old hunting methods.

The Blackfoot trap was called the *piskŭn*. It was an inclosure, one side of which was formed by the vertical wall of a cut bank, the other being built of rocks, logs, poles and brush six or eight feet high. It was not necessary that these walls should be very strong, but they had to be tight, so that the buffalo could not see through them. From a point on the cut bank above this inclosure, in two diverging lines stretching far out into the prairie, piles of rock were heaped up at short intervals, or bushes were stuck in the ground, forming the wings of a V-shaped chute, which would guide any animals running down the chute to its angle above the *piskŭn*. When a herd of buffalo were feeding near at hand, the people prepared for the hunt, in which almost the whole camp took part. It is commonly stated that the buffalo were driven into the *piskŭn* by mounted men, but this is not the case. They were not driven but led, and they were led by an appeal to their curiosity. The man who brought them was usually the possessor of a "buffalo rock," a talisman which was believed to give him greater power to call the buffalo than was had by others. The previous night was spent by this man in praying for success in the enterprise of the morrow. The help of the Sun, *Nápi*, and all Above People was asked for, and sweet grass was burned to them. Early in the morning, without eating or drinking, the man started away from the camp and went up on the prairie. Before he left the lodge he told his wives that they must not go out, or even look out, of the lodge during his absence. They should stay there, and pray to the Sun for his success, and burn sweet grass until he returned. When he left the camp and went up on the prairie toward the buffalo, all the people followed him, and distributed themselves along the wings of the chute, hiding behind the piles of rock or brush. The caller sometimes wore a robe and a bull's head bonnet, or at times was naked. When he had approached close to the buffalo, he endeavored to attract their attention by moving about, wheeling round and round, and alternately appearing and disappearing. The feeding buffalo soon began to raise their heads and stare at him, and presently the nearest ones would walk toward him to discover what this strange creature might be, and the others would follow. As they began to approach the man withdrew toward the entrance of the chute. If the buffalo began to trot, he increased his speed, and before very long he had the herd well within the wings. As soon as they had passed the first piles of rock, behind which some of the people were concealed, the Indians sprang into view, and by yelling and waving robes frightened the hindmost of the buffalo, which then began to run down the chute. As they passed along more and more people showed themselves and added to their terror, and in a very short time the herd was in a headlong stampede, guided toward the angle above the *piskŭn* by the piles of rock on either side.



*Drawn by Ernest E. Thompson.* *From Scribner's Magazine.*

AT MID-DAY.

(By kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

About the walls of the *piskŭn*, now full of buffalo, were distributed the women and children of the camp, who, leaning over the inclosure, waving their arms and calling out, did all they could to frighten the penned-in animals, and to keep them from pushing against the walls or trying to jump or climb over them. As a rule the buffalo raced round within the inclosure and the men shot them down as they passed, until all were killed. After this the people all entered the *piskŭn* and cut up the dead, transporting the meat to camp. The skulls, bones and less perishable offal were removed from the inclosure, and the wolves, coyotes, foxes and badgers devoured what was left.

It occasionally happened that something occurred to turn the buffalo, so that they passed through the guiding arms and escaped. Usually they went on straight to the angle and jumped over the cliff into the inclosure below. In winter, when snow was on the ground, their straight course was made additionally certain by placing on or just above the snow a line of buffalo chips leading from the angle of the V, midway between its arms out on to the prairie. These dark objects, only twenty or thirty feet apart, were easily seen against the white snow, and the buffalo always followed them, no doubt thinking this a trail, where another herd had passed.

By the *Sauiksik* tribe of the Blackfoot nation and the Plains Crees, the *piskŭn* was built in a somewhat different way, but the methods employed were similar. With these people, who inhabited a flat country, the inclosure was built of logs and near a timbered stream. Its walls were complete; that is, there was no opening or gateway in them, but at one point this wall, elsewhere 8ft. high, was cut away so that its height was only about 4ft. From this point a bridge or causeway of logs, covered with dirt, sloped by a gradual descent down to the level of the prairie. This bridge was fenced on either side with logs, and the arms of the V came together at the point where the bridge reached the ground. The buffalo were driven down the chute as before, ran up on this bridge, and were forced to leap into the pen. As soon as all had entered, Indians who had been concealed near by ran up and put poles across the opening through which the buffalo had passed, and over these poles hung robes so as entirely to conceal the outer world. Then the butchering of the animals took place.

Further to the south, out on the prairie, where timber and rocks and brush were not obtainable for making traps like these, simpler but less effective methods were adopted. The people would go out on the prairie and conceal themselves in a great circle, open on one side. Then some man would approach the buffalo, and decoy them into the circle. Men would now show themselves at different points and start the buffalo running in a circle, yelling and waving robes to keep them from approaching, or trying to break through, the ring of men. This had to be done with great judgment, however, for often if the herd got started in one direction it was impossible to turn it, and it would rush through the ring and none would be secured. Sometimes if a herd was found in a favorable position, and there was no wind, a large camp of people would set up their lodges all about the buffalo, in which case the chances of success in the surround were greatly increased.

The tribes which used the *piskŭn* also practiced driving the buffalo over high, rough cliffs, where the fall crippled or killed most of the animals which went over. In such situations, no inclosure was built at the foot of the precipice.

In the later days of the *piskŭn* in the north, the man who brought the buffalo often went to them on horseback, riding a white horse. He would ride backward and forward before them, zigzagging this way and that, and after a little they would follow him. He never attempted to drive, but always led them. The driving began only after the herd had passed the outer rock piles, and the people had begun to rise up and frighten them.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

### The Horicon Shooting Club.

*[Continued from Sept. 22].*

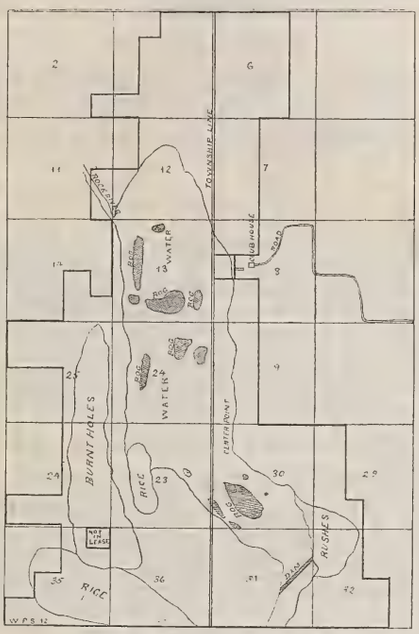
HORICON SHOOTING CLUB, I learned by talk with Mr. Lawrence, was first organized nine years ago, its lease beginning July 28, 1883. The lease runs for twenty-five years, and covers practically a full township's extent of as fine duck and snipe marsh as can be found in all the West. At first there were 100 memberships, these being now reduced to sixty. There are now forty odd members, and eighteen shares are offered for sale at the very low figure of $150 a share. Time was when the duck shooter would have demurred to paying anything for shooting privileges, but that time is past. A share in this marsh, in view of the present outlook as to the duck supply, will in five years be worth five times, perhaps ten times, the face value of to-day. As to the shooting value of a share, there is now only one club, the Fullerton, anywhere near Chicago which compares with the Horicon. Even in my short connection with sporting journalism in this part of the country, I have seen much of change in duck shooting, and it is not for the better. Take for instance opening day at Fox Lake (Illinois), Sept. 15. The whole cover about Fox Lake and Grass Lake was so full of guns that it was actually unsafe. There were dozens, almost hundreds of shooters, and no one got any ducks. Col. Felton worked all day and did not get a bird. Charlie Wilcox got two ducks, and says that he saw no one who had more than that many. Fox Lake region is open country, right on the same line of migration as the Horicon marsh, and naturally a fine breeding ground also. Compare Fox Lake with Horicon, opening day or any other day, and you have in an instant a comparison of the open system and the preserve system, and you know in an instant what the duck shooter must do if he expects shooting for the future. The preserve system is the only salvation of the game.

Owing to the objections of local shooters to seeing their old hunting grounds shut off from them, and the very practical form these objections sometimes took, the club some time ago adopted the policy of selling shooting permits, the charge being merely nominal, $5 for five days' shooting. It is probable that this course will soon be discontinued.

Between the two clubs which now control this great marsh their exists only the most friendly relations. Their interests are practically the same, and the future of one is the future of the other. I cannot see why the two clubs do not unite, and under their more solid organization build up a still better system for keeping intact this great natural breeding ground. I am inclined to think that a share in such a club would be worth more than one each in the two existing clubs. That, however, is mere surmise, and, as it is, the man who owns a share in either is highly to be congratulated.

The present membership of Horicon Shooting Club is as follows: Geo. Atwell, Max von Baumbach, H. F. Bosworth, W. H. Ellsworth, Milwaukee, Wis.; Franz Brunke, Robert H. Butter, G. J. Clark, Dr. C. H. Kaetel, Wm. Kliefoth, Henry Kloeden, C. W. Lamoreux, Frank M. Lawrence, Charles Wendt, Mayville, Wis.; Ben Buchholtz, E. A. Galloway, J. L Gault, W. I. Hamilton, A. R. Keating, A. H. Lewis, M. O'Connel, A. Wheeler, Louis J. Zinke, Fond du Lac, Wis.; T. F. Bearne, James H. Burns, Dr. J. W. Burns, J. J. Burleton, W. S. Russell, Oakfield, Wis.; Dr. L. D. Cyr, Negaunee, Mich.; H. S. Eldred, Fort Howard, Wis.; George Engel, Kekoskee, Wis.; Chas. Hebard, Pequaming, Mich.; Michael Lehner, Le Roy, Wis.; D. C. McKinnon, Iron River, Mich.; C. M. Ray, Chester, Wis.; L. Rhodes, Kekoskee, Wis.; B. H. Sanford, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.; Chas. Schultz, Kekoskee, Wis.; W. H. Selden, Stambaugh, Mich.; Wm. Strook, Chester, Wis.; E. A. Wetmore, Marquette, Mich. The officers are: Dr. G. J. Clark, president; B. Buchholtz, vice-president; A. R. Keating, manager; F. M. Lawrence, solicitor; R. H. Butter, secretary; Dr. J. W. Burns, treasurer. Board of directors: Dr. G. J. Clark, A. R. Keating, R. H. Butter; B. Buchholtz, F. M. Lawrence, Dr. J. W. Burns.

The club opens its seasons Sept. 1, and closes at Dec. 1.




UPPER HORICON MARSH, WIS.

No spring shooting is allowed. The Wisconsin law protects mallard, teal and woodduck in the spring, but holds the season on other ducks open till May 1—another instance of legislative wisdom. If any one thinks it tame sport to shoot season ducks after Sept. 1, let him go out on the marsh, any day after the 1st, and try it. He will find that much of the wild duck's shrewdness is born already in its head, and the rest of it is learned mighty early.

#### MORNING ON THE MARSH.

The evening passed swiftly, as is commonly the case with the company gathered at a shooting box, and it was late when we turned in. Nevertheless it was only 3 o'clock in the morning when the alarm went off, and there was a hasty rolling out of bed. More hot coffee and a big breakfast, and long before 4 P. M., the little procession of boats was gliding out of the ditch and past the big lantern which all night long burns high on the staff at the mouth of the ditch, as beacon for any belated shooter who may have fallen into the really serious plight of getting lost on the marsh. The dawn was now barely beginning to show. A white mist hung over the marsh, streaked feebly by the lantern's yellow rays. The line of boats pushing out looked spectral, huge and unreal in the weird light and shade, and the trees about the club house stood truncated and visible only above the curtain of hanging fog. I stopped my boat and looked back at the singular picture. Why have we no artist to paint such pictures—pictures new and of a sort to thrill one? Why do they all cling to the same worn-out conventionalities? No picture like this of morning on the marsh was ever painted. It is valid subject for an American, and fit for the grand prize of America, when that shall be worth all the grand prizes of the earth. It will be painted some day, when some artist stands in the morning and watches the grays turn to pink, and sees the giant boatmen passing through the twisting fog, and feels the inspiration in the sharp air blowing from the marsh.

The sun was half an hour from rising when my companion and I were settled, he again on Center Point and I across from him on a little bog just big enough to hold the boat. The light now grew stronger. Above and below the guns began to talk. In the mind's eye one could see each lusty gunner crouching in his blind, peering this way and that in the dim light, and listening for the whistle of oncoming wings. Below and to the west of us the shooting grew heavier, but nothing passed in range of the narrows at the point for some time. A mudhen scuttled back of my boat, and to try the range I took a backhanded shot and missed it finely. Then a pair of teal flitted by in front of the blind, and I got one and missed one, and then I missed another teal, and then some more, and lost two crippled, and missed a pair of teal bodily with my right barrel and killed them both with the left, a good way to average things. That was about all the flight there was. Meantime my friend's gun on the Point had had very little to say. Half an hour after sunup the boats came pushing out of the rice, everybody complaining about the flight and all hunting for new locations. It was evident that the morning's flight did not in any way represent the ducks on the marsh.

#### WHERE THE BIRDS WERE.

On the evening before we had noticed a great many birds going down away over to the west, beyond the rice, and it seeming probable that the great body of fowl was in that direction, four of us started over. Following a crooked channel through the rice, and pushing through the dense growth where there was no channel, we came to a "pull-over" of dry ground, about 60 to 100yds. across. This brought us to one of the quartette of the "burnt holes," a half mile square or more. On the further side of this we saw a great sight, and one worth the trouble of a mile or more of hard work. A vast bank of ducks line the shore for hundreds of yards, thousands of ducks, probably 3,000 to 4,000 birds in one body, "like old times," as one of the shooters said. Investigation showed that these birds were mallards and pintails mostly, with a few spoonbills. They were feeding on snails, of which the greatest abundance existed. This solved the riddle. So long as the birds could come back into this unvisited part of the marsh, where food was handy and plentiful, there existed no especial reason for them to come out in the open and get shot at.

We put the birds out and took stations, but as the day had turned off bright and warm no one expected much shooting till evening. The whole body of ducks simply flew a little further over to the edge of the marsh and settled in another hole. Wishing to explore still further a marsh which seemed to have no end, I pushed on in, dragging and pulling my boat overland at the dry places, and pushing over the wet, until I made the discovery the bog in the burned district was perfectly safe to walk on. Then I left the boat and went on some distance, putting the great bunch of birds up again. Again they circled and settled still further on, and it was evident they could not be worked very well that day. As I had to be back at the club house by noon, I had to give up the interesting problem and return. Before leaving I put up three swans and a number of cranes. In the afternoon the shooters heard a great deal of firing over in that direction and it was supposed that the others who went into the burnt holes had some good sport. The birds may have begun to work, or these may have been northern birds coming in. We had to hurry away that afternoon and did not get out again on the marsh. For my part, I needed no further pleasure and no further proof of the duck supply on these grounds. This was the largest body of ducks I have seen for many and many a day.

Dr. Clark and Mr. Lawrence again went south, and got down as far as Big Lake, on the Diana grounds, where they met Dr. Buechner, Mr. Dicks and Mr. McWhorter, all of whom were doing fairly well. The net result of our hurried shoot was only 36 birds, mostly killed by our hosts, though other guns, those familiar with the marsh, were averaging about a dozen a day.

"This is no shooting at all," said Dr. Clark, "and you have struck the worst possible time. If you can come up again we will send for you in about three weeks. If the northern flight is anything like the average you can stand right where you were last night and shoot 200 to 300 shells a day. Very often the best flight is late, after the frosts have cut down all the cover. You have to hide without a blind then, but if you lie down on your back and shoot you are apt to have some red hot fun. Sometimes the pintails, redheads and mallards fairly tumble over each other. I think we are going to have some canvasbacks this fall, there is so much water."

It now became our duty to leave this comfortable spot. Mr. Lawrence wanted to show us a spring, and we went around by a new road. He did show it to us, too, the largest and boldest spring I ever saw in my life, hardly a spring so much as a creek, gushing directly out from under the hill. The water is cold as ice. A better chance for a trout hatchery and farm never existed than is possessed by the farmer who owns this remarkable flow of water.

#### CURIOUS KEKOSKEE.

On the way home we passed through the village of Kekoskee, where there is a mill, a dam and a bridge on the Rock River. A very quaint place is Kekoskee, and yet a place with a distinction of its own. Kekoskee is the home of the biggest fish story that ever was told on earth. I dare not join this fish story with the record of our visit to Horicon Shooting Club, for, though both are strictly truthful, the former might bring discredence on the latter. I shall therefore tell the Kekoskee fish story by itself, in another place, perhaps in another issue of the paper. In advance I solemnly aver that it is the biggest fish story that ever was told, perpetrated, performed or executed in the history of man. The whole surrounding country is educated up to this fish story. Every man in the entire population has it on his tongue's end, and tells it without a skip or a break. It is unanimous, convincing, overwhelming. A Minnesota champion liar once was lying, when a man from Mayville began to tell the Kekoskee fish story. "Are you from Kekoskee?" said the Minnesota man. "Then hold on, I haven't a word more to say." The story may thus be seen to have a reputation. Great as is this reputation, the story has never appeared in print. It is a FOREST AND STREAM scoop, and one of the utmost importance. The strongest thing about it is, it is true, every word of it. You see, the Horicon marsh was once—but I am anticipating, and I said I wouldn't.

That night we spent at the quaint German inn of the town, so different in its customs from the average modern hotel, and in the morning bade our good-hearted host good-bye with actual regret. It would be regret also to leave the gentlemen who so kindly entertained us did we not hope to meet them again somewhere in the world of sport. It is not often one meets such hosts, such a club, and such a fish story, all on one trip. The story is really part of the appurtenances of the Horicon Club, although that is a shooting and not a fishing club. It runs away back to 1860. At that time Horicon marsh was Horicon Lake, and there was no Horicon Club—really it is hard

to keep from telling so good a thing as the Kekoskee fish story of Horicon country.

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CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—The record on ducks has been broken for this neck of woods. Percy Stone last Saturday bagged 103 birds at the Horicon marsh, on Diana Club grounds, almost all the birds being teal. He stopped shooting at 11 o'clock in the morning. This remarkable flight was at a point where on the day before the same shooter had killed only 10 birds. Mr. Stone says he never saw birds come so fast in all his life, and they drew by within 30yds. When he went into his blind he lit a cigar, and before it was burned out he had 11 dead birds on the water in front of him.

Verily, this marsh comes to shoot itself well, as we say in French. A week before Percy's big bag, the club keeper, Yorgey, killed 81 ducks in one day. Since the opening day, Sept. 1, the total average of ducks to the gun has been over 25 a day. Messrs. Hamline, Merrill, Dicks and others have gone over 20 on some days. Mr. Stone's brother killed 40 the same day the big bag was made. In fact, nearly everybody has had good shooting. Dick Merrill is just back from Minnesota, and says he killed more ducks in one day on Horicon marsh than he did in two weeks out there.

Naturally, this news has sent the Diana man hurrying north to the club. Messrs. W. L. Shepard, W. P. Mussey and George Holden started yesterday. Messrs. F. C. Donald and C. S. Burton left to-day. Messrs. L. M. Hamline, C. B. Dicks, C. L. Hunter and Dr. Buechner start Friday. There is not a great deal of shooting done on this marsh, and the above number of guns will not be enough to keep the birds moving well.

Percy Stone is the best amateur duck shooter I ever saw on a marsh. He is a good pusher and a good shot, wiry and strong, and "sandy" enough to go clear through to where he starts for. I fancy the club will be glad it is he who had the "big day," for it is to his stalwart hustling that much of the success and smoothness of the club's affairs are due.

The only other bag approaching this during the time I have reported these matters here was that made four years ago by C. E. Willard, who bagged 101 mallards on the Kankakee. This was in a little feed hole on a small creek. The mallards could not be kept out, and most of those killed were shot at less than 25yds. Of course the mallard bag would be preferable, but in either case the shooting was fast and furious.

OTHER ACCUMULATIONS.

Messrs. Eddie Bingham and A. W. Knox made a brief trip to Koshkonong Lake, Wis., this week, and made a tidy little bag of 25 birds. The deep water ducks are not down yet, and it is the general opinion that the teal flight is not yet in, though I am inclined to think it is, partly, at least.

Mr. W. Y. Wentworth, keeper of Black Hawk Club on Lake Koshkonong, writes me that he wants me to come up and have a go at the canvasbacks when they get in, and adds that he will wire me when that auspicious moment arrives.

Mr. Wentworth informs me—what I did not know—that he is no longer State warden of Wisconsin, the present incumbent being Mr. D. W. Fernandez, of Madison. All gentlemen wishing to remit fines by mail for game law violations in Wisconsin will please cut out this address. A change in the political complexion of Wisconsin caused Mr. Wentworth to make his adieux. He will now have more time for business. This is the same gentleman who advertises the wild celery seed for sale. A couple of years ago I described how they rake the seeds up from the bottom of the lake.

Mr. J. McKay, of English Lake Club, had two very pleasant days with the ducks in the front end of the season, bagging 33 the first day and 28 the next. These were mostly young local wood ducks.

Messrs. R. A. Turtle, Sam Booth and C. L. Halden are just back from a trip after prairie chickens in Illinois. They were gone four days and brought back 90 chickens. They do not seem anxious to tell where they got their shooting.

BIG GAME.

Mr. J. W. Schultz, the successful Rocky Mountain guide whose name has often appeared in these columns, wired me from Blackfoot, Mont., on the 18th: "Just returned with the Philadelphia gentlemen. We had lots of big game. I wish you would send me out a party for October. Will guarantee shots at elk, mountain sheep and mountain goats, or no pay." Mr. Schultz's address is Piegan, Mont.

Gray wolves are unusually abundant in northern Michigan and Wisconsin this fall, and were so all last winter. The deer hunters at Gaylord Club, on Coleman Lake, constantly met their tracks when they were out on the snow last winter, and in the logging country the hands would not venture out alone in the evening. The foreman of one gang was treed by a pack within 300yds. of the camp. Elsewhere I heard of a teamster in the Brulé country, near Saunders, who was followed several miles by a pack. Deer hunters of that section this fall will do well to hang their dead deer up pretty high.

OLD FRIENDS.

This is a very small world, and that part of it outside of Chicago does not amount to a great deal. If you want to meet any man you ever saw, go down and wait at the corner of State and Madison, and by and by he'll be along. I have just discovered that there is living within two blocks of me a man I first met about a thousand miles from here. This is Mr. D. Hugh Halliday, late of Great Bend, Kan., whom I used to see out there every fall. Mr. Halliday has with him the two English setters Mack and Lady, which I selected three years ago from Mr. T. G. Davey's kennels at London, Ontario, at the request of Mr. W. W. Carney, then of Great Bend, but now of Portland, Ore. Mr. Carney owned Lady, but when he left for Oregon sold her to Mr. Halliday, who owned Mack. Now, here are both dogs, hardly a gunshot from where I live. It is much like meeting old friends. I shall remember a very pleasant day I put in at the Kansas quail with Lady in company with Master Charlie Carney, some account of which trip I believe I made at the time. All we need now is Mr. Carney and Charlie, and doubtless they will step in from Portland before long, so that we can all go out shooting together. Meantime Mr. Halliday and I forthwith agreed that we must take the dogs out for at least a try at a covey of chickens somewhere near the city, if we can get out of town for a day before it is too late.

Something more of interest attaches to this same setter Mack. When I saw him at Great Bend last fall he was suffering from an injury which bid fair to destroy his usefulness, if not to end his life. Some wretch had shot him with a rifle, the ball striking him right at the apex of the lower jaw, breaking the jaw bone entirely off there, and also breaking it off well back in the left jaw. The whole half of the jawbone hung loose, and the wound did not heal. The dog suffered a great deal and could eat nothing but milk. When he left, Mr. Halliday was contemplating having the entire loose bone removed, an operation which would have left the subject a pretty bad cripple. To-day Mack has a solid, firm jaw, with all the bone in it, and no disfigurement except a protruding tooth and an unhealed opening below the jaw. The successful operation was performed by Dr. Castle, a dentist of Great Bend. The dog was put under the influence of chloroform, and the flesh dissected back from the injured bone. The ends of the bone were then drilled and bound fast together with silver wire. The incision was closed and the proper dressing and bandages having been applied, the whole head of the dog was inclosed in a large and heavy muzzle. For a time Mack was fed through his closed teeth by means of a syringe, but he can eat now all right. The bone seems to have knitted and the jaw is firm. Mack is now fat and hearty, and I know he wants to go out hunting because he told me so this evening. I may close this odd little story by saying that the man who is supposed to have shot Mack was taken sick and died not long after the act. The dog was always perfectly harmless and friendly. He and Lady make a very lovable brace of bird dogs, and I am glad their owner has them where I can see them often, for I have sort of taken a shine to them.

DR. THOMAS ONCE MORE.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, whose three summer deer made the text for long mention last week, has written a letter in reply thereto, which I take pleasure in offering in full, with comment, which will be, perhaps, sufficient to close extended reference to this singular and interesting case. The letter follows:

*E. Hough, Forest and Stream:*

One who preaches should be willing to be preached to; and in this spirit I have read with patience and interest your sermon on the duty of the citizen to obey the laws of the land, and the great offense of killing a deer out of season.

Obedience to the law is healthy teaching, and in this no one agrees with you more perfectly than myself; but I must still claim that the intent of a law should govern its interpretation and application, and that these as understood by the people when the law obtains become the rule of conscience and conduct for the sojourner in their midst. Nor are the people in this instance "poor devils," as you call them, but intelligent law-abiding citizens, who feel that they are not violating the intents of the statute in killing deer out of season, for use. And it seems quite too severe to characterize it as "stealing from the State" or from "these poor devils" when one goes into their midst and without concealment and with their knowledge and consent does the same thing. Our party left more money in that region than would pay for the deer, and the penalty for killing them, too. The people feel—and I think they are correct—that the State does not intend to prohibit a reasonable right to the use of the game about them; and they concede the same privilege to those who for a time are their guests.

There is little danger that the few who may spend a month in the summer in that sparsely-settled region, that cannot accommodate many, will seriously lessen the amount of game. Your object in writing you say is, "not to preserve these animals for myself, or my sporting friends, or the public; I want these animals preserved for their own sake;" and then pathetically, "they are going, Dr. Thomas does not know how fast." If the desire is to preserve deer "for their own sake," why permit them to be killed at all? If the purpose of the law is to regulate the killing, reduce the public hunting season to a certain time, that is well; but why not regulate the number that any one hunter shall kill? I was told that individual hunters coming from other parts of the country and from other States have killed thirty, forty, fifty, and one eighty, deer in one season; they come in and kill them for profit, for sale, and ship them out of the State.

Is it strange that the few who live there all the year feel that it is not wrong to kill a month or more before the authorized hunting season, for their own use? I should favor a law limiting the number that any one non-resident sportsman should be permitted to kill say to ten or fifteen. In some such way the fearful slaughter may be prevented; but not by any severe interpretations of the statute as to the few killed out of season. In such a reasonable enforcement of the law as it is, I am "with you;" but if it is to be accounted "stealing" when one does a little modest shooting, as in my case, or if it must be done in secret and denied after it is done, and then in "season" all the world rush in to kill and ship off, then I agree with you that one should "preserve his self respect;" but fail to see how the destruction you lament is to be prevented, even "for the sake of the animal." H. W. THOMAS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.

In reply to the above, I took the liberty of writing to Dr. Thomas, and I sent him a letter chock full of good advice. I am always ready to lend a helping hand, especially to ministers. It occurs to me, however, that there were some things left out of that letter which ought to go, and as Dr. Thomas is likely never to write to me any more, I suppose I shall have to advance these things here.

Dr. Thomas's letter is lame, very lame, one of the lamest things that ever came up, even in excuse of violating game laws. If Dr. Thomas will look in his library, he will find a dusty little book, "Principles of Logic."

If Dr. Thomas will carelessly turn the leaves of this little volume, opening it almost anywhere, he will find useful and interesting reading. He may learn, for instance, that a lot of detached assertions don't prove anything. They must have some sort of relation before they can be premises in a syllogism. He may learn also, in substance, that a syllogism with a faulty middle in its anatomy is no good on earth. He may learn also that you cannot jump from particular to general, and from general back to particular, just any way you like when you are framing premises to prove your propositions.

If Dr. Thomas will now close the well preserved little book and read the letter shown above, he will know in his own heart, just as everybody who reads it will know in his own mind, without any logic, though perhaps without knowing how to get at the sophistry of it, that there is nothing whatever left of his letter.

The law of a State is made for each citizen and every citizen of that State. The courts construe intent, the citizen cannot. If the citizen may construe the intent of the game law, he may as well construe the intent of any other law, and so pervert it to his own wishes and purposes, as was done here. We can not pick out for ourselves the laws whose intent we wish to construe. This conclusion is known as *reductio ad absurdum*. It is sort of awkward to run against. If we followed Dr. Thomas's argument, and took the matter of intent in our own hands, we could excusably construe ourselves into a very decent state of red anarchy, with a little arson, rapine, pillage, fire and sword on the side.

To pay my "poor devils" of the woods a lot of money, and then to ask their opinion about the intent of the law as to summer deer—that is what the logic book calls the argument *ad hominem*, isn't it? In other words, the natives are apt to practice summer killing, and your guide is mighty apt to feel just the way you do about that question. He can't afford not to. Dr. Thomas asked these few men about their idea of the intent of the law, but these few men did not own the deer. The people of Wisconsin owned those deer. To the people of Wisconsin, therefore, as represented in their courts of justice, organized expressly for that purpose, he should go and ask for an expression of opinion as to the intent of the law protecting deer. He will very quickly find out the intent, and also certify himself about the spirit and the letter of the game laws. This is good logic, but it rises above the realm of logic. It is just plain, hard, horse sense. Everybody knows it is true. Incidentally, doesn't Dr. Thomas?

Dr. Thomas commits the logical fallacy of confusing the general and particular when he seeks to tangle me up over my statement, "I want these animals preserved for their own sake." He could have read further on the statement that the sportsmen were trying to get better laws, so that all might have an equal chance to kill some deer, under wise restrictions, which would keep the deer from being destructively pursued. He asks the question, "If the desire is to preserve deer 'for their own sake,' why permit them to be killed at all?" He errs in this because he loses his premises. (1) These are not my deer, and my wish is merely a personal one. (2) I do not make the laws, and cannot change them. I cannot permit or forbid the killing of deer at any season. The question is baseless, and has no argument in it. I don't mind saying, however, that if I did not have the making of these laws, as Dr. Thomas is good enough to suppose, and if I could enforce them, there wouldn't be a deer killed in the United States for 10 years, and not one after that in the summer time, and never one for sale. We certainly would have deer. But what has that to do with this case?

As to the question whether more deer are killed in summer or in legal season in Wisconsin, neither Dr. Thomas nor I can decide. In the summer the deer take to the water and are comparatively helpless. It is not difficult to kill one then. Unquestionably, more deer are killed then, illegally, than are killed in the legal season by the only legal method, the difficult art of stalking. The great bulk of the heavy killing reported by Dr. Thomas was in every probability done by the destructive and illegal method of hounding. Of course it is wrong. Of course, it ought to be stopped. Of course, there ought to be a limit set. Of course, every sportsman ought to lift voice and hand against this sort of butchery also. Of course, every shooter who admits he has broken the law in this way ought to go and pay his fine, just as Dr. Thomas ought for breaking it in his way. But granted that, what has all that to do with this case? Does the legal or illegal killing of one or many deer in the fall or winter excuse Dr. Thomas or any other man for the illegal killing of deer in the summer time? This is a very bad sample of logical reasoning, and we have a right to expect far better from Dr. Thomas. Suppose I am a member of Dr. Thomas's church, and I commit the sin, say, of breaking the Sabbath. Dr. Thomas comes along and says:

"Here, this is never going to do, see?"

"Well, why not?" I ask. "Didn't I see seventeen of the other members committing the sin of theft? That lets me out, see?"

"Well, no," Dr. Thomas replies, "I don't see." And he can study a long time before he ever will see. He will see the soundness of the argument of his letter at about the same time.

If Dr. Thomas will now lay down his little book on the principles of logic, and pick up a bigger and better Book on the principles of right and wrong, he may find a little parable, ending, "First cast out the mote out of thine own eye, and then thou mayest see clearly to cast out the beam that is in thy brother's eye."

It is wonderful how roughly some of these plain, homely shoes fit on the soft corns of our daily lives.

Sportsmen know the laws could be improved, and know they are ill-enforced. But sportsmen want better laws. They want more respect for the existing laws. They want a beginning, a rallying point for this increasing of the respect for the law. They have it here, and they should insist upon their chance. If a case like this, so prominent, so widely advertised, so openly admitted, so badly excused, and so surrounded with every sensational feature to give it notoriety—if a case like this can escape censure and penalty, then what right have the sportsmen to hope for any restraint whatever upon the killing of deer, now or at any time, under this or any future law? This case would be used continually as a pretext. Dr. Thomas does not stop to reflect that in killing his three deer he perhaps killed dozens or hundreds of other deer. He does not reflect that dozens or hundreds of law-breakers may seek refuge behind the cloak of excuse held up by him, which we most sorrowfully call all too ill-made and flimsy. Upon the other hand, take this case, nail it, establish it, record the fine—and these three deer may have been well sacrificed. They may save dozens or hundreds from a like fate, for this case has attracted more attention than any similar one in the West, and it will be followed to the close by the public.

Much of this may sound rough, but I do not mean it so, and I firmly believe the sportsman's position in this is right. I should like to see a fine recorded in this case, because I believe it would do as much good as twenty fines in other cases. There is a compliment to Dr. Thomas in that. I should not like to see the fine higher than the lowest amount of penalty named, and believe the warden of Wisconsin would urge fine for only one deer in this case. Dr. Thomas should ride straight. He should pay his fine. He should square it. When he has done that, I think he will find the sporting press as free with praise as it has been with censure. He is no deliberate law breaker, but a good and innocent man, overjoyed and exultant at the pleasure of a trip in the woods, and taking up too readily with the easy customs of a country which should be taught and should not teach. Many happy days to him in the woods, and before these are all past, he will see much of this from the sportsman's standpoint, I am sure. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## Forest and Stream's Shooting News Postals.

NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

### New Hampshire Game.

LANCASTER, N. H., Sept. 24.—I too, with "Von W.," wonder where all the gray squirrels come from, and I suspect that we must look for a solution of the problem to the same source that informs us "where all the pins go to." I have not heard of a "gray" in these parts for at least three years and all of a sudden they appear on the scene, and our sportsmen come in with a bag of from three or four to a dozen. What seems more strange to me is the fact that squirrel year is not confined to New England, or a portion of it, but, as "our paper" informs us, extends throughout the entire eastern portion of the United States. Were it not for this we might conclude the squirrels migrated from one portion of the country to another.

Ruffed grouse do not as yet show up very plentifully, though, of course, it is still early to hunt them very successfully, even if they were plenty. It seems the wet weather must account for the scarcity, as broods of young were frequently reported in the spring.

For some reason, I do not hear anything from the Connecticut Lakes since the shooting season opened. I expected before this to report the capture of several deer from that place, but "nary a word" do I hear. There are (or were last summer) plenty of deer, more than I have ever seen there before, and I am pretty well acquainted with that country and know, too, that summer shooting is not indulged, and, for that matter, very little of that is done anywhere in the county. Coos county is a pretty safe place to count on a deer, if you really want one, and there are plenty of camps, guides, dogs, etc., for your accommodation if you will avail yourself of them. I am sorry to say that hounding is allowed in this State from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1, and furthermore I am sorry that all good sportsmen (and who ever saw a bad one) don't take the same view of the dogging business and abolish it. It's time. ROB.

### The Pocono Mountains.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25 —I have hunted for the past ten years in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. I have always stopped at the Spruce Cabin, owned by Wesley and Milton Price, in Canadensis. They own considerable hunting territory, which is a decided advantage, as a number of land owners now object to trespassing, and some employ watchmen to keep off trespassers. I spent a week up there lately, and can say that there is every prospect of a good supply of ruffed grouse, of which I saw many broods and also many single birds. There are plenty of rabbits or hares, and although the woods are alive with red squirrels there are but few of the gray variety. Ruffed grouse were very scarce in that locality last fall, but it looks as if they would make up for it this year. Deer signs were numerous, and some lady boarders when out driving saw a black bear which ran across the road ahead of them. This locality is the best hunting ground that I know of near New York. The above named brothers are excellent guides and have thoroughly trained dogs. F. W. S.

### "The Wind."

I HAVE just enjoyed reading Wilmot Townsend's delightful article on "The Wind," and wonder if he knows that the verse of the old English hunting song he quotes is intended to describe a soft damp winter morning, when the frost will be loosened in the clods and pastures, and the scent lies well? Probably he does, but we usually in this country speak of "hunting" as the pursuit of game of any kind with the gun. In England "hunting" is only the chase of the fox or deer with horse and hound. If the hare is the game, it is "coursing," and whenever the gun is used it is "shooting," and a "hunting morning" implies anything but a good one for partridge or woodcock shooting! It may be a gentle drizzle, or a "Scotch mist," and yet be all right for fox hunting.

I see numerous other correspondents note the great squirrel migration of the year. VON W.

### Maine Ponds and Mountains.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—In your issue of Sept. 1 Fred K. Owen gives the elevation of West Chairback Pond. Me., as 2,120ft. above sea level, and that of Chairback Mountain as 2,270ft., and he claims the pond as the highest trout pond in Maine. I have fished it many a time, and climbed Chairback many a time, and feel sure that Mr. Owen is wrong in a few points. Whatever the height of West Chairback Pond, the summit of Chairback Mountain must be far more than 150ft. higher. I should say two or three times that at least, and I cannot resist the impression that Greenwood Pond and the Spruce Mountain ponds, all good trout waters, are higher than West Chairback Pond. Will not Piscataquis county men settle it. C. H. AMES.

### Buckshot in a Chokebore.

AUSTIN, Texas, Sept. 19.—Mahlon Gore asks about buckshot in a chokebore. I had a very good shooting gun, 10-bore, for sizes 3 to 8 shot, but with buckshot at fifteen paces I never could find a fence or tree big enough to stop them all. I finally remedied the trouble to a large extent by melting stearine candles, and after seating the buckshot carefully in the shell, filling up the interstices with wax, and finishing with usual wad and crimp. Care of course must be taken that the inside of the shell does not exceed diameter of the choke.

J. V. B.

### Connecticut Game Prospects.

NORTH WESTCHESTER, Conn.—Our season opens Oct. 1, and from a few walks through the cover I should say that the shooting was going to be much better than last season. Have two broods of young partridge located and several flocks of quail. Last year very few young partridge were bagged in Connecticut, but this year there seem to be young birds. E. A. C.

### Fin and Feather.

TOMS RIVER, N. J.—The inclosed clipping from the *Ocean County Democrat*, printed at this place, may be of interest to your readers. It reads rather "fishy," but I have no doubt of its entire truthfulness, as I am personally acquainted with Austin, and he bears a good reputation: "Nate Austin, of Bamber, went out on the pond at that place one day last week for the purpose of hunting ducks. While looking for ducks Nate saw one and attempted to fire at it, but the cap snapped. The duck making no movement to get away, Austin went up to it and found it apparently fast to something. He took hold of the duck and on attempting to raise it out of the water he found that a large snapper had the duck by one of its legs. Nate landed both in his boat and the snapper, upon being weighed, tipped the beam at 14lbs. Nate made his supper off the bird and sold the snapper to Dr. E. C Disbrow, of this town." G. C. L.

### An Octogenarian Sharpshooter.

HIGHGATE, Vt., Sept. 19.—Flight woodcock are coming here now in goodly numbers, and the few who are posted and know their resting and feeding grounds are making good bags. An immigration of gray squirrels has made them very plentiful in this vicinity. Their skins tacked up on every woodshed shows that the farmer's boy and his pot-metal gun have not been idle, and that they are reaping their share of the harvest. My old governor, though eighty years of age, is out with his muzzleloading rifle, and at arm's end (off-hand) can still pink a squirrel through the head, and no sighting shots required.

STANSTEAD.

### Ontario Ducks.

SOWERBY, ALGOMA, Canada, Sept. 11.—The Kingfishers have been camping with me this summer and have had grand sport with the bass. I guess Mr. Hickman will write you all particulars. "Hickory" is well up to camp business. I found them all perfect gentlemen and well up to the little game they came for. Eight gentlemen all told. The trout have only commenced to bite. I am expecting some of them to return again this fall. Partridge very plentiful, and in another month the ducks will be here by the million. G. F. D.

### Wood for the Camp-fire.

BOSTON, Sept. 16.—Your editorial discussion of the best wood for camp-fire is all right for the region of the plains and Rocky Mountains, but leaves a great deal to be said about other hunting grounds—*e g*, the Maine woods. In Maine the camper always has wood at hand in abundance, but much of his comfort depends on his choice. For myself I have found the black ash the best. When I can fell a black ash I am all right for my camp-fire. Of all green woods I believe it to be the best. I would like to hear the opinions of some of the brethren.

C. H. AMES.

### Monroe County, Pa., Grouse Shooting.

THE prospect this fall of good shooting is far above the average of the last few years. Rabbits are abundant. Grouse are also more abundant than since 1890, and with the opening of the season, Oct. 1, good sport is predicted. One of the most favorable places to visit is Analomink, situated on the famous Broadheads trout streams. Only three hours from New York by the D., L. & W. R. R. Excursion tickets to and return from Spragueville (the name of the station) costing $4.40. Three express trains daily. Y.

### A Vermont Reward.

RUTLAND, Vt., Sept. 20.—To any fish warden or any other person who shall cause the final conviction of any person found guilty of any of the game laws, the undersigned will, until further notice, allow a sum equal to one-half of the fine imposed in each case; certificate of the justice imposing the final sentence to be the evidence of who is entitled thereto. Vermont Fish and Game League; Henry R. Dorr, President; John W. Titcomb, Secretary.

### Hawk Migration.

HACKETTSTOWN, N. J., Sept. 23.—On Wednesday morning, Sept. 21. I noticed an unusual flight of hawks, some 150 to 200 individuals, circling over our town, too high to distinguish the species, yet apparently all the same. It was a curious sight, and something I have never before seen during an experience of more than 20 years with rod and gun. JAMES L. SMITH.

[Such flights are not uncommon in the autumn.]

### Vermont Small Game.

RUTLAND local hunters report an abundance of game. They say the woods east and west of Rutland are alive with gray squirrels and partridges. Blackbirds are plenty, and a number of wild ducks have been seen on Otter Creek. Sportsmen claim that feathered game is unusually plenty this season, and think that the strict observance of the game law has had a great deal to do with it.

### The First Canadian License.

BOSTON.—You know it requires a license now costing $25 for an American to shoot in Canada. My partner, Dr. H. M. Johnson, who started Aug. 29 on his annual two months' duck shooting trip got out the first license, No. 1. JONN SHAW.

### PUBLISHER'S DEPARMENT.

FOREST AND STREAM never loses its interest, which, with regular readers, amounts to fascination. It is not a "sporting" paper, but a true sportsman's paper, one in which every lover of nature will find real and rare pleasure.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Sept. 15 —Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: The Trajectory Test received O. K and would not be without it for many times its cost.—R. E. HURST.

ASHFIELD, Mass., Sept. 15—My friend's four year old little girl has been looking at Mr. Thompson's picture of the panther in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and says "it is a real mean looking cat and not a nice pussy at all."—CANTEEN.

"PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TO THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION" is the title of a very sensibly prepared and useful handbook of information, issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the guidance of its patrons. There are descriptive notes of New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago, with many illustrations and maps of the cities named.

# Sea and River Fishing.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Memories.

IN JOSH BILLINGS'S Almanac there was a long line drawn to include the first days of the month of September, and opposite was the legend, "About these days is a good time to trade mules." If Josh had been of a different turn of mind he might have written that about these days the larger part of the great army of "summer outers" are returning to their homes—chiefly to homes in the cities and larger towns. I was reminded of this to-day when I saw a trainload of people with their faces turned southward from northern New York. Nearly every one in the car had some memento of the summer, and nearly all looked brown and happy, and well and strong, and I presume that they were better in mind and body for the vacation which was drawing to a close. The souvenirs in the corners of the car seats and in racks overhead, were many and varied, and told of the mountains, the forests and the lakes; of the fashionable caravansaries, the quiet farmhouses and the camps under canvas and bark; and also told of fishing and shooting and boating, and tennis, and straw rides, and moonlight walks, and dancing and flirtations. I do not mean to say that they actually told of all these summer amusements out loud, but they suggested them, and it occurred to me that these people were taking home with these stacks and stacks of memories of the summer, perhaps to dream over during the winter. I certainly hope they were all pleasant memories, but I cannot tell, because I am not a first-class mind reader; nevertheless, I shall try my 'prentice hand on two men returning to New York city. One is loaded with the memory of a flock of black ducks that he saw in a creek in northern New York, and when his thinking machinery is in working operation, he recalls how he crept through the brush until he got within range, and then raised his gun to his shoulder and turned loose both barrels on the flock as they sat on the water, and afterward picked up three dead ducks and carried them to his boarding-house and had them cooked. Of subsequent events regarding the killing of black ducks in the month of August he has no knowledge—as yet, but he will have, later—therefore his memory rests with the eating of the ducks. If he could know that a native of the region saw him kill the ducks, got his name, made a complaint against him, and that a suit for the penalty, namely, $25 per duck, was being instituted at the present moment, the memory of the event might not be entirely pleasant.

The other gentleman is probably weighted down with the memory of a day's trout fishing on a lovely mountain brook not many miles from the creek where the gentleman of the first part killed the ducks. Under the soothing influence of an after-dinner cigar he pictures again and again the winding of the stream, and here and there he takes a speckled-sided trout and places it on the ferns in his basket. Then again, in memory, he returns to the hotel and the cook prepares the fish for his supper, and his friends congratulate him upon catching sixty odd trout from an over-fished brook. I wonder if it would disturb the pleasant memory if he should know that this day-dream had a tail to it with a string in the end, because the cook was mad when she saw the baby trout, and measured them and found that about forty of them were from three to six inches long, and went before a Justice of the Peace and swore to this fact; and that the porter of the hotel also swore that they were the same trout that this gentleman delivered to him; and that a game protector was now preparing to bring a suit in the Supreme Court for the penalty? Very possibly, for even the brightest of day-dreams are expensive at $400 per dream.

### The Camera in Alaska.

Mr. S. R. Stoddard, of Adirondack and Lake George Guide Book and map fame, has just returned from a trip to Alaska, where he went to expose several hundred negatives of various sizes to receive impressions of natives, glaciers, rivers, mountains, salmon, salmon fisheries, salmon canneries, etc. His plates ranged in size from the snap-shot variety up to a curved film 20 x 50in. in a camera with a lens having a lateral motion and operated by clock work. His companion on the trip was Mr. R. B. Burchard, of New York, who was his companion also on the canoe trip in the Atlantis, recorded in FOREST AND STREAM. When I called upon Mr. Stoddard I received an impression myself, and that was that the very live black bear that the gentleman had brought with him from Alaska would be a most interesting and companionable pet for somebody—in Alaska, but he was altogether too familiar in his manners for the effete East, when he was turned loose with nothing on him but the skin in which he was born. It may be all right in Alaska for a black bear with teeth and claws and things to sit in a man's lap, but it is not considered good form in New York State.

I found that the negatives were being unpacked but had not yet been developed, so the result of the trip is not positively known, but Mr. Stoddard feels that he must have, out of the large number of exposures, some excellent views. On a map I followed his route but I have not space to even outline it in a note. My interest centered at Yes Bay, east of Prince of Wales Island, near the head of Behm Canal, into which the Unuk River flows. Here was found a salmon cannery, and across the mouth of the inlet stream was a dam, and the salmon were jumping at it to get above it. Below the dam the water was so filled with salmon that they showed plainly at the surface and they were constantly jumping, so that scores were in the air at the same time. Mr. Stoddard took several shots with a camera at the fish that were trying the dam, and also at the school below. The fish had crowded so in order to pass the dam that many had been forced into shallow water in little setbacks, where they were found dead or dying. The fish were so thick in the stream that Mr. Stoddard had only to walk to the water's edge, stoop and lift one out with his hands. It is to be hoped that these plates, which will show the state of things at Yes Bay, may develop perfectly.

### "Old Sam's" Pike.

I read the first part of "Old Sam's" article in last FOREST AND STREAM on the pike and pickerel question with some dismay, for when he offered to compromise I did not then see any ground upon which we could meet for this purpose, and I really felt that a man who would not

compromise a fish question, particularly with a Kingfisher, deserved to be sentenced to a diet of pike—the slimy, bony kind—flesh for sixty days. I overlooked the date line or there would have been no misgivings concerning the compromise, but when I read down to the point where I realized that "Old Sam" was writing of a Kentucky fish I felt that I was on solid ground again.

I do not dare to take any liberties with the name of the fish pictured in FOREST AND STREAM, as there would be a row instanter if I did, for it is the picture of the pike such as was mentioned in an Act in the reign of Richard II. in 1382, and the same kind of pike that was served at a feast given by the Archbishop of York in 1461, and that sold for a higher price than salmon in the reign of Edward I., and for double the price of a lamb in the time of Henry VIII. And it is the pike of Izaak Walton, as it is also the "pyke" of Dame Juliana Berners, who had a proper appreciation of it, for she says: "The ele is a quafy (by which she means queasy, in other words it makes one sick at the stomach or gives him a pain in the neck to catch one of them) fyffhe, a rauenour and a devourer of the brode of fyffhe; and for the pyke alfo is a devourer of fyffhe; I put theym bothe behynde al other to angle." She had no particular use for the pike, and only introduced him after parading the "gentyll famon," the "deyntous troughte," the "delycyous grayllynge," the "fwete barbyll," the "ftately chevyn" (chub), the "holfom perche," and the "menow," which is "better when it stayeth in the water." I have no more use for the pike than had the good dame, but besides these people mentioned who called the like of the pictured fish a pike for several hundred years the naturalists call it a pike to-day, and it is a serious matter to kick against the naturalists, and I am afraid to do it. But what does "Old Sam" think of calling his fish, the Kentucky pike, the Muskingum River pike, or the Chautauqua Lake pike, for I assume that this is the fish he means. I think it was a Kentucky angler who said: "There is not the slightest occasion for any sportsman confounding the black spotted pike mascalonge, the yellow-spotted pike [*i. e.*, the fish of the FOREST AND STREAM picture], or the common pickerel [*i. e.*, a small fish with reticulated markings on its sides and which averages in size from 1½ to 3lbs., and which is the pickerel proper], with unspotted pike or great northern pike." So here is another name if it suits better, namely, unspotted pike. The only trouble is that "Old Sam" will again run against the scientists who say that the unspotted pike, Chautauqua pike, Muskingum pike or Kentucky pike is really the mascalonge without spots. An effort was made to give this fish the scientific name *Esox immaculatus*, or pike of solid color without spots or markings, but the fish sharps would not have it, saying *Esox nobilior* would answer whether solid color or spotted, Kentucky pike or Wisconsin mascalonge. Now if "Old Sam" does not accept the compromise offered, he must raise the hair of the naturalists. A. N. CHENEY.

## PUT-IN BAY BASS FISHING.

FOR many years the western end of Lake Erie has been famous among anglers as the home of the black bass. The islands reached from Sandusky by steamers have been visited by members of the craft, and their outlying reefs and rocky points have furnished recreation and inspiration for judges and statesmen, editors and merchants, the clergy and the leisurely tourist.

From Sandusky, Cincinnati and Cleveland, as well as cities of the East, the lovers of black bass fishing make their pilgrimages in June and September. Some of them sail in their yachts: some have bought little islands and built upon them; the majority take the steamers leaving Sandusky at 2:30 and 3 P. M. for Put-in Bay, where they arrive in two and one-half hours, at a cost of 50 cents, and where they find quarters in hotels charging usually two dollars per day. Boatmen are readily hired for two dollars a day; but few of them know just at this time where the angler can find the fish he is looking for.

Yesterday a fisherman caught nine bass in a forenoon's fishing on Ballast Reef, and the news was quickly circulated among the disappointed visitors, with the result of inducing several of them to stay over another day to try the grounds once more.

The range of fishing localities is somewhat extensive, embracing the rocky points of Middle Bass Island on which the town of Put-in Bay is located, Ballast Reef, Buckeye Reef, Rattlesnake Island, Starve Island, Gull Reef, Gull Island Shoals, and Chicanole Reef.

The best catch made recently was made by the Jay Cooke party about the middle of September—47 fish, consisting of black bass, rock bass, and a few pike-perch (here called pickerel), white bass and saugers. The bass, as a rule, are small, few of them exceeding 1½lbs. Certain occult signs, discernible only to the initiated, point to good bass fishing in the near future. Some ardent fishermen look forward less hopefully and fear that the glory of Put-in Bay will be dimmed unless something can be done to restore the waters. The causes of the falling off are unknown. The scarcity of bass can not be charged to the operations of commercial fishermen, because the pound nets capture few of these fish. It occurs to the writer that the lack of a close season during the spawning time may have a great deal to do with the decline of hook and line fishing. The lake is full of minnows and other food for black bass, and the waters are as suitable as ever for their habitation.

During our stay we met Col. John M. Wilcox, editor of the Cleveland *Press*, Mr. W. J. White, Dr. E. E. Beaman, Mr. J. H. Holmes of Cleveland, and Mr. J. J Stranahan, superintendent of the Put-in Bay station, U. S. Fish Commission, all of whom are greatly interested in the welfare of fish in western Lake Erie. Mr. W. G. Akers of Cleveland, whose Forest City House is known to anglers near and far, informed the writer that the fishing in Put-in Bay and vicinity has been poor for the last three years. He was in the habit of going to the islands regularly and has made some very large catches, but finds little to tempt him into the old grounds at present.

Mr. Akers states that brook trout are unusually abundant and thrifty in the preserve belonging to the Castalia Club. He has received numerous fine creels of the fish from members of the club during the last fishing season. Will it come to pass ere long that good fishing can be found only in private waters wherein the fish are protected and fostered by the prevention of injurious fishing and the judicious application of fishcultural operations?

PUT-IN BAY, Ohio. T. H. B.

## CASUAL MENTION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Some weeks ago there appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM a communication from a party by the name of Hough, hailing from some town in Illinois, in which the writer complained that he could not find a line strong enough to hold the black bass that he had succeeded in hooking in the course of his piscatorial pilgrimages in the Northwest. With this I send you to be forwarded to Mr. H., a section from the leader end of a line I used all last fall in stream fishing for small-mouths, with an unmeasured amount of satisfaction, and without a single breakage. Three different times it landed a double catch of good fish (all small-mouth bass of decent size), and altogether proved itself worth many times its cost. This paragraph is not written for the purpose of advertising any particular maker, for the line was taken from a spool of No. 25 unbleached linen thread, purchased at a dry goods store at a cost of 8 cents, and I do not remember the name of the maker. Of course such a line would hardly do for trolling, since it is only twisted, and not very tightly at that. But if Brother Hough would like to have one, I would be very glad to go into a Toledo store and buy him one, for which he could remit when he got ready. It might be added that all the treatment this line ever had was a dipping in boiled linseed oil, and a little rubbing with oil after it was partly dry.

In the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Hough expresses some surprise that so little has been written about grayling fishing during the last four years. The truth is there has been, and still is, some excellent grayling fishing in the lower peninsula of Michigan, especially in the two rivers that he is considerate enough not to name. The best of it is thirty to forty miles from a railroad tie, and the few who enjoy it are not writing about it very much. But this is true in the opinion of those who have tried it, that the finest piscatorial sport imaginable, the one that comes nearest the ideal in perfection, is fly-fishing for grayling on one of these rivers from a boat made for the purpose. Owing to the difficulty of access, the price of good boatmen who understand the rapid water, and other outlays, it is about as expensive as salmon fishing, but under ordinarily favorable conditions there is no other fishing in which the fisher gets such satisfactory returns for his investment.

Next spring, after Mr. Hough gets his game pocket turned inside out, if he wants to go grayling fishing, and will address a postal card to the undersigned, he can hear of something very much to his advantage.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 24. JAY BEEBE.

### Bass in the Mohawk.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Sept. 25.—Now is the season of the year when the Mohawk black bass fisherman spends much of his time upon the river. Bass fishing here begins in September, after the first frost, when the water is low and clear. During the past few years the Mohawk has been low and clear only sporadically. Owing to the wholesale destruction of timber in the Adirondacks and in the valley of the Schoharie Creek the river rises and becomes roily after slight rainfalls, but now the river is in fairly good condition.

Bass are not natives of the Mohawk. They first made their appearance in 1847 on the opening of the branch canal from Oneida Lake to the Erie Canal, when they came in schools, and in the two following years were caught by fishermen from the shores. Within the past three years one six-pounder has been caught, but a four-pounder is a curiosity and a three-pounder is an achievement.

Between Schenectady and Amsterdam the fishing has virtually been ruined by the establishment of large factories, which send their dyestuffs into the river, driving the bass away to less poisonous waters. Probably the best still deep-water fishing in the Mohawk is now to be found between Stryker's and Yost's, but very fine sport is to be had below the upper aqueduct, four miles below Schenectady, in the midst of some of the most charming scenery in the State. Here, in the pools below the rifts and in the long, still reaches of water down to the lower aqueduct at Crescent, is fine ground. A convenient way to reach it is by train from Schenectady or Troy, getting off at Aqueduct Station.—*New York Times.*

### Potomac Black Bass.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 8th inst., with a companion, I tried for black bass in the Potomac River near Williamsport, Md., and took seventeen, weighing in the aggregate 28lbs. One splendid fellow weighed 5lbs., down weight. On the 22d we went again and took eleven, weighing 21lbs., the largest showing 3lbs. 7oz. These were considered unusually good catches for that place, though I, as well as others, have sometimes surpassed them in the same locality. Both flies and spoons were rather disappointing; the fish taken with them averaging little over half a pound each. The favorite bait used was the "stony," with peeled crawfish for second choice. October is said to be the best month for that region. I hope to be able to speak from experience in a few weeks. I failed to get to the West Virginia trout streams this season, but one of our last year's party reports to me that he and two others gave four days in August to the headwaters of Greenbrier River, fishing from four to eight hours a day. Results, first day, two rods, 190; second day, two rods, 166; third day, two rods, over 200; fourth day, three rods, 327. The trout were of very good size, but the difficulties in following the stream were the worst any of the party had ever encountered. Next season, ho for the sources of Cheat River. JERE WILLIAMS.

### Trout of the Second Connecticut.

"OMPOMPANOOSUC" asks about the trout of Third Connecticut Lake. I am sorry I cannot answer him, for I never reached that lake. I have been up half way to it several times, to the falls on the "North Inlet," and fished back to Second Lake, always filling my basket with trout that ran up from Second Lake, which were to all appearances the same as the regular brook trout, though all the lake trout I know differ slightly in coloration from those in the brooks.

Perhaps "Rob" or some of your other northern New Hampshire correspondents can answer him. VON W

### Pike vs. Pickerel.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The old Scottish proverb which says, "Hawks suldna pike out hawks een," seems to me applicable to the case of Mr. A. N. Cheney and "Old Sam." Perhaps I ought to have written "Judge" Cheney; but we anglers are all judges—after a sort—and I know "Old Sam" is a judge, for I have camped and fished with him enough to know that when he sees fit to lay down the law there is no appeal from his decisions. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" One of the judges in this case being scientifically accurate, a compromise seems the only way out of the complication.

Mr. Cheney's picture of the pike is exactly what my experience says it should be, but so is Judge Sam's description; and the deadly accuracy with which I have seen him swing a 3ft. "Muntle" when he chanced to have a luckless pickerel within its sweep, leads me to observe extreme caution in dealing with this matter.

As the old darky said "befo' de wah" of the North and South: "Better git a coppermise, if it cos' a hundred dollar." KELPIE.

### Sea Bass off Long Island.

THE sloop Ella, Capt. Henry Cornell, took our party of six recently for a day's fishing. We trolled from Barren Island to Long Beach, but the bluefish were away from their usual grounds, and we then cast anchor over a sunken wreck some four miles from shore and fished for sea bass. Of these sturdy fish we caught in about two hours over a hundred, and they were all fair-sized, weighing from ¾ to 3lbs. The wind springing up and the sea getting rough prevented further sport.

The sea bass much resembles the black bass of fresh waters. Anglers miss the fascinating though dangerous leaping of the latter, although, as the fishing is carried on in 40 to 50ft. of water, and the fish is fairly exhausted before reaching the surface, perhaps the action is accordingly less conducive to heart disease. W. H. R.

### A Lake Ontario Whitefish.

MR. FRANK J. AMSDEN was this morning presented a whitefish weighing 8lbs., caught last night in Lake Ontario near Webster (outside the mile limit). The capture of this monster shows that the delicious whitefish is not extinct in Lake Ontario, and furnishes great encouragement to enthusiasts on fishculture like Mr. Amsden and his associates of the Cheaper Fish Food Association of New York.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser, Sept. 19.*

### No Politics Here.

YOUR publication is the only one that affords me unqualified delight at this time, as there is not one echo of politics in it. All the others have "tariff," "reciprocity," "force bill," *id est omne genus, ad nauseam.* AKEFAR.

A JEWFISH, weighing when caught 450lbs., and 6ft. 10in. long, caught at Sarasota Pass, Fla., has been presented to the Virginia Military Institue, at Lexington.

## Fishculture.

### Hermaphrodite Trout.

THE *Fishing Gazette* contains an account by Mr. T. Andrews, of London, of a brown trout which has been pronounced an hermaphrodite. Both eggs and milk were taken from the fish, and about 350 of the eggs were impregnated and hatched out. The fish was sent to Prof. Stewart, of the Royal College of Surgeons, who corroborated the observation upon the rearing of healthy young from the self-fertilized eggs, and announced that the fish was fundamentally a male, possessing genital ducts, though the greater part of the genital glands had acquired an ovarian structure.

We do not know of a parallel to this case in the salmon family, but hermaphrodites occur in several other families of fishes.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 26 to 30.—Rochester Kennel Club, at Rochester, N. Y. Dr. O. S. Bamber, Sec'y.
Sept. 27 to 30.—Dog Show at Ottawa, Can. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 4 to 8.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Sec'y.
Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.
Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

1893.

Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas Mortimer, Supt.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

## KINGSTON DOG SHOW.

This pretty little town was the scene of a goodly gathering of both Canadian and American exhibitors last week. The show commenced Sept. 19 and continued until the 22d. It is not explained why the Canadian show managers have taken into their heads to commence their exhibitions on the first day of the week, but it certainly is about the most inconvenient day for the exhibitors. For those coming a distance it entails Sunday traveling, and this with dogs in tow is not an unadulterated pleasure. The good old plan of Tuesday to Friday, as long as we are to have four days shows, can not be improved upon.

As further notes on the show will be found in "Dog Chat" I will merely remark here that the judges, Messrs. Andrew Laidlaw, W. Tallman and Dr. Wesley Mills did their work in a conscientious, painstaking manner, though the two latter in several cases, in judging dogs with which they do not pretend to be familiar, erred on the side of leniency, and in terriers, breeds of dogs Mr. Tallman does not feel altogether at home in, the dogs were not placed as they should have been, and in proper order will try and tell your readers why. The dogs entered numbered 212, and considering that no puppy classes were offered, the result was quite gratifying, when the fact of another show, Grand Rapids, being held at the same time, is taken into consideration. I will now pass on to a review of the awards in the order of the catalogue.

MASTIFFS—*Dr. Mills, Judge.*—One entry, and this was named Attraction, the winner at Toronto, she needs more depth of body and her head is not short or square enough. I expected to see more and better entries in this breed.

ST. BERNARDS—*Dr. Mills, Judge.*—There are really not very many St. Bernards in Canada, and I was therefore not surprised to find pretty nearly the same faces, to a lesser extent, at this show. In the catalogue the rough and smooths were classed together, but this being obviously unjust, a division was made. Aristocrat was again the solitary challenge entry. Then in open rough dogs Lord Melrose had nothing to do but walk into the ring and out again for his premier award; Baldus, the second winner, being a long-faced, light-colored dog without type of any sort, he should not have been mentioned as a proper St. Bernard, his sire is unknown, and perhaps it is just as well, but the catalogue says plainly that he had a mother, and that is some comfort; Oneida, his litter brother, captured he., why, I cannot tell, probably because he was even of a worse color than the other dog, a sort of light-liver orange, a light eyed, snipy-faced dog; giving honorable mention to such dogs is, I think, one of the very reasons why a judge should in some cases give us a report of his classes. Mr. Marshall, when he put the ginger-faced C. O. D. back at New York, told us that he thought she was a freak of the albino order, this can be understood, but the rub comes when the judge gives a dog a prize that has no type whatever and shows some cross breed. I am speaking now in a general way, not purposely at Dr. Mills. Lady Gladwyn this time occupied her proper place at the head of affairs. Miss Anne coming next, with Altonette correctly placed third; I think this bitch's head is improving with age, and could she be got into good coat and fill out considerably in body she would rank well up, as her limbs are capital and just what we want. I have been a little hard on her probably, and had she not been the medium of a little "squeezing" I should not have perhaps judged her from so high a plane. With Glenisla and Queen Vic absent, the smooths came on and Melrose took one more step toward the challenge row—the reason he is doing Canada this fall. Miss Alton took another blue ribbon, not "to tie up her bonny brown hair" but with an eye to challenge honors.

GREYHOUNDS—*Dr. Mills, Judge.*—Rather a drop from Toronto and a falling off from last year, Mr. Purbeck's team supplying four of the total seven. Gem of the Season and Bestwood Daisy win in the challenge class and Gem of course was ungallant enough to go ahead of his kennel mate. Pious Pembroke I think just about qualified for the challenge class in open dogs; he was in nice shape but his entered competitor was absent. The bitch class gave rise to keen competition, for Jetsam and Lilly of Gainsborough fought their Toronto battle over again with Jetsam again "thrown up" the winner, Lilly losing a good deal in skin condition. Clio, third, was the winner last year, though that is little commendation; she looked a light-waisted commoner to-day. These were all the greyhounds entered.

BEAGLES—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—After Toronto the classes here looked mean. The challenge dogs had one entry, The Rambler, a trifle big in head; he was round the shows last spring. Open dogs introduced us to some new faces from the "Kreuder Homestead," toward which all beagle-eyed owners will be turned next month, or should be. Jack Rowell furnished the winner, a fair type; muzzle should be squarer, skull of nice shape, forelegs, however, are not straight enough, body is O. K., but coat soft. Ranger, second, is big, and his muzzle is not strong enough, weak before the eye and forelegs are not straight. Bob Krueger could not expect to do better with his round skull and faulty front. Another from the Rockland Kennel, Keenannan, was returned the winner in the next class; she has some faults, too, despite her prominent position; her feet turn out a bit, muzzle weak before the eye, nice body and capital coat, a smart little hound with not enough brush. Butterfly, the other entry, was absent. It is funny the merry little beagle is not appreciated in Canada. In my trip into the country I saw some very likely ground that a pack would be sure to give a good account of themselves in.

ENGLISH SETTERS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Just a fair entry, Edgemark again being the only aspirant for challenge honors. The Toronto winner, Sultan, added another blue ribbon to his collar in the open dog class. By the way, his owner writes me that an injustice was done his dog by the reflection cast upon his parentage on the sire's side. There was a mistake in the catalogue. Mr. Walsh now tells me that the sire was bred by the Detroit Kennel Club, and is by Kota, A. K. C. S. B. 3,454. It would serve no good purpose here to give reasons for any slight I may have cast on the dog's parentage last week; suffice to say, the dog wins on his own merits, and as his owner says, his "ped" is O. K., why, everything is all right again. Our old friend, Ben Hur of Riverview—I know Mr. Taylor, his owner, did not choose this name, but sincerely hope the name after this may be allowed to relapse into innocuous desuetude; Locksley II., with his coarseness and flat head, was some distance behind in merit, though in third place; Sir Harold, vhc., is faulty in head and running gear. Forest Louise was picked out as the winner in bitches. She is nicely put together on good legs and feet, with a good quality head; Maid of Kent was not far behind her, not so good in muzzle, and skull a little coarse, but not a bad head by any means, legs and feet of the best, no feathering and out of coat. In novices (6) the winners were the same as commented on: Earl, hc., is big, lathy and rather of Irish appearance; Jack the Ripper, horrid name for a dog that has the benign countenance of an English setter, was also an entry. It does seem funny that some folks have not the slightest idea of the proprieties in nomenclature.

IRISH SETTERS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—The Irishmen were the best classes in the show, just about, and the challenge class for dogs and bitches contained no less than eight entries, though some were absent, and all present were at Toronto. Of course the class was divided and champion Tim had no chance to share the honors with any one. In bitches, however, champion Laura R., looking like a two-year-old, disposed of Elfreda's pretensions once more. Then came open dogs (6). The issue was soon seen to lie between Pride of Patsey and Montauk, Jr., but was never in doubt. Pride's good head and body put Montauk a slow second. Stoco, third, has quite a nice head and Montauk only beats him in body, good legs and feet. Elfrin, vhc., was placed over his kennel mate, Elfrus, this time; the former is not square enough in muzzle and legs should be straighter. Elfrus is a bit long cast and head needs better modeling. In open (3), in the absence of Rose Sarsfield, Claremont Heather was placed at the head of affairs, and over Irene, too, a reversal of the Toronto decision that I think was justified. Though Claremont loses in muzzle, she has better body and running gear. The novice entries (5) have all been written on with the exception of Madcap II., whose feet come together in front and has a domy, round skull.

GORDON SETTERS.—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—A poor edition of Toronto; challenge class divided to fit, Leo B. taking one diploma and Duchess of Waverly the other, it would be almost an insult to either of them to speak of their appearance, they are such "regulars," but Leo B. was in rare shape and emphasized it by taking a "muscular" special. Open dogs (3), Mount Royal Rush though smutty in tan again asserted his better quality over Duke of Wellington, whose dark coarse head is against him. Mt. Royal Spruce is a Roman-nosed weed and was left out in the cold through a brother to the winner. In bitches (5), Lady Gordon added another to her list and her good quality fully entitled her to the honor. Princess Louise as at Toronto followed up a fair second, tan smutty and muzzle not O. K. Third went to Mount Royal Wanda, who has not enough stop, and Floss vhc., from the same kennel, has a similar fault in head and tan is too light. Myra C. is small, light tan and faulty in head, a good remove from the winners.

POINTERS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—This bred did not show up in any great numbers, nor yet was the quality anything to boast of. Mr. Davey's kennel was not represented—as he remarked to me once, "He had got beyond the stage of showing at little shows" Devon Nell was the only one to uphold the challenge division and she is getting on in years, but she has merited the honors of the past. Rock II. won again in open dogs (2), Donovan again playing second fiddle; both were criticised in Toronto report. The quality in the bitch class (4) was hardly so good. Chaira proved the winner, and she is by no means goods, muzzle snipy and eye light, otherwise she is fairly good and won well over Juno, who is throaty and muzzle not of correct shape, chest and ribs not developed sufficiently. Smut M., hc., is a dark liver, something of a commoner. Frivolity, I thought, should have had at least three letters till the judge



MR. G. BELL'S FASCINATION,
Winner Spaniel Club Cup, Toronto, 1892.

drew attention to her eyes, on one of which is a cataract, or something of the sort, which has, in a slight measure, retarded the development of that side of the head; still an hc. would have done no harm. The novices were made up of entries from the other classes, with the exception of Bell Bird, third, whose thick skull and sour expression of eye, heavy shoulders and drooping quarters, should hardly have placed him over Donovan, vhc.

GREAT DANES—*Dr. Mills, Judge.*—Only one for competition and that was one of the Toronto winners, a poor one all over, as stated last week.

SPANIELS — *Andrew Laidlaw, Judge.*—Mr. Laidlaw I know is one of the oldest exhibitors, but I believe this was the first time he had ever donned the spaniel "ermine," and he did good work with the material at hand, which was a little mixed in type. Irish water spaniels had the Toronto winner Dan Rice again to the fore with no competitor. Marguerite won easily first in the female division, her better head, topknot and capitally feathered legs being very noticeable over Biddy Donnelly, who, though she sports the cleanest tail, is deficient in other good points, such as straightness of forelegs, etc. Darby, the Toronto winner, was the only Clumber present.

Field spaniels (3) found Queenie, a nice liver bitch, first, being better in head and body than the Roman-nosed Wonder. Sport, third, has a plain, toyish head, and coat is inclined to curl.

Then came some quality in the cocker challenge class, which was divided by sex, Fascination winning in dogs and Amazement in her division. Old ch. Brant was out for specials only. In open, black dogs (2) Dono, a fairish sort, spoken of last week, secured the ribbon over Jay Kay, who has a better front, is plain in muzzle and high in skull, but in body beats the other, and especially so in quality. In bitches we were given a reversal, Rideau Flossie turning the Toronto tables on Troublesome. I don't see how this can be when condition and everything is counted. Flossie may be of sterner material, but she loses to the other in muzzle slightly, body, and especially coat; Voto, third, loses in skull and front to the others; reserve went up over Molly Bawn, who has a coming field spaniel head, no cocker type; Lillie, hc., has a poor head, round skull and muzzle not flat. In any other color, challenge, ch. Red Jacket deserved his ribbon, he looked brilliant. In the open dog class another red, Red Obo, who is dish-faced and crooked in front, was placed over a capitally made dog, a bit high on leg perhaps; he was unfortunately found dead in his stall the third morning of the show: Red Fellow, third, has too much stop and is long in skull. In bitches (2) Cherry Ripe, rather toyish in build, was placed over Lady, thus showing hardly a consistency of type compared to other awards; of course, Lady is more of the working type, but well built. Nearly all the novice aspirants have been noticed, and here Troublesome winning, leaves her novitiate.

COLLIES—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Not by any means so good a gathering as at Toronto, and Roslyn Dandy, out of coat, won the challenge dog prize, with kennel mate Metchley Surprise the winner in her division. Then came a tug in open dogs (6) between Wellesbourne Charlie and Conrad II.; both are well coated for the season and were put down in splendid shape, but the "Toronto novice" scores slightly in head, better skull and more cleanly chiseled before the eye. Conrad's body I like better. Charlie gets the verdict on general style and action; it is very close, and condition will always be an important factor between them; Samson, third, is some distance behind, ears hang down, narrow-chested, rather a well shaped head, but a bit common in expression, in fair coat; Chrysolite, reserve, shows more quality, but is too slightly built, and very short of coat: Metchley Bob, vhc., is altogether too thick in skull, nice legs. Bitches (4) had Bertha II. for the winner; she is small and has too much stop, and does not stand quite true in front; Crissey, second, from the same kennel, Seminole's, has big ears, muzzle too scooped out, is small-sized and out of coat entirely, but shows a good deal of quality; Dudley Chris is light in body, with a fair type of head.

BULLDOGS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Only two on the bench, Carisbrook won in dogs and Lady Venus in the other class, both at Toronto.

BULL-TERRIERS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Quite a brave show. Champion Starlight, looking a little gross, was alone in challenge division. The open class was a mixed one, and the winner, Comet II., I thought should have given way to the vhc. winner, Loumont Kit, as he has a commonish head, no chest, heavy in shoulders, a coarse dog. Chatham Prince, second, has a better head, good eye, but is rather cheeky. Grove Duchess, though thick and heavy in shoulders, keeps her head well and is well shaped in body and legs and should have been in front of the winners. The class should have been just turned round.

FOX-TERRIERS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Quite an entry of these dogs, with Blemton Trump the challenge winner. In open dogs (7) the judge reversed the Toronto decision in placing Blemton Rattler over Beverwyck Punster. There is little between them; both are high on the leg and rather big, and both have the same fullness in skull. I like Punster better for the position; he is a little more the terrier. Calchas, third, is faulty in front, ears large, light eye and a rather coarse head, nice body. Seacroft Bourbon and Rideau Rivet are just ordinary and correctly placed. In bitches (7). Grouse II. reversed Toronto awards by beating Hillside Baroness; she loses a little in skull, but I think is more than equal in bone, front and body. Seacroft Fuss has a nice head, marred by peculiar marking; good body and ears; and Dudley Slave, vhc., has seen her best day; snipy and ears not well carried, body good. Damson, vhc., is round in skull and ears not carried well. Rosa, Jr., hc., is weedy. The novice class had that smart youngster My Fellow for winner. He is well ahead of Calchas in nearly every particular. Suffolk Teaze, the wire, loses in head. In wires that good-headed Suffolk Trimmer was placed over the Toronto winner, and I thought correctly so; the latter's head has no length, and he is altogether too "fuzzy." Teaze was third.

SCOTCH, SKYE AND DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Sir Stafford once more graced the challenge class without competition. Then came one of the nastiest classes for a man to judge—fancy eighteen Scotch, Skye and Dandies in one class, and sexes together. The judge should have demanded a division by breeds instead of sexes; as it was, some good dogs were bound to be left in the cold of the vhc. crowd. After a lot of sorting the judge placed the Dandie Roger first, but this place should have been reserved for Amphion, as far as Dandies were concerned, better and stronger in head, front and coat more than equal as Roger is out at elbow. Scotch Hot came second, but her muzzle is too snipy. Endcliffe Maggie, third, one of the best-headed Skyes, but out at elbow and short of coat. Reserve went to Islay's Skye, who was in good coat, bit too straight in face, but good in front; she will be well up in her own class; then came a lot of vhc.'s, some of which should have been in the money. Prairie Flower, a Skye, has a record on the other side, but she is not strong enough in muzzle, and feet come together in front. Heather Madge deserved more than hc., and so did Laird of the Heather, but then what could the judge do? I would have placed Amphion first, Islay second, Laird of the Heather, Endcliffe Maggie or Scotch Hot, third, and the rest vhc.

IRISH, BEDLINGTON AND AIREDALES—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Another formidable looking lot by breeds on paper, but luckily Irish terriers had the field to themselves. Salem Witch proved the winner where Jack Briggs should have scored well in hand; the smutty-faced Hanover Boy should have given way to Gultees, who was a clear second, cleaner in head and with better front, fair coat. Hanover Boy should have been third and Salem Witch reserve, though too high in skull and snipy in muzzle; an uncropped one. Commissariat, reserve, is snipy, leggy and not straight in front. Tibbie, vhc., has quite a good head and deserved her letters. With seven entries the class should have been divided.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Sir Wallace had no Sultans to bother him this week and took the blue instead of the red. Sexes were undivided in the next class (5), Salisbury proved the winner, though Louie, vhc., should have had that position, and the dog second, the bitch is better in head markings and tail and general build; third went to Rochelle Topaz, who is much too dark, this prize should have gone to English Lady, from the same kennel, who beats in head, tan markings and body; Lady Don, with rich tan and good head, legs and body—quite a promising youngster—should have been close to third; Rosette, second, should have had about reserve here, too big, coarse in head and tan not defined enough on legs.

TOY SPANIELS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Toronto Royal Duke, well known, was properly placed over Royal Roy, faulty in tan but head well shaped; Topsy, third, is also well known and correctly placed; Romeo, the Prince Charlie, though large, deserved vhc., but got nothing.

PUGS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—Bonsor and Bob Ivy met again with the same result. In open dogs (4) Dixie could not be denied, for Meddler, second, loses in muzzle and body. Dandy, Jr., third, is too big in muzzle and very light in tawn, besides he is several sizes too large. Bitches (4). Midget won nicely from Mint, whose muzzle is good, but skull could be fuller to advantage. Miss Penrice is a black-headed, heavy-eared puppy, and Baby Ruth is of the same stamp.

FOXHOUNDS—*W. Tallman, Judge.*—(2) Jip, that was at Toronto, won with something to spare in head and front over Curtis's Jack.

MISCELLANEOUS—*Dr. Mills, Judge.*—Here was a turn up. First went to Fritz K., the dachshund, that is not a good one by any means, too short-headed and bodied. Second went to another dog of Ben Lewis's, Biglow, the poodle, a poor wooly coated sort. And third to a wheel-backed, coatless deerhound, that a c. card would have been ample for. Servanates, vhc., the wolfhound, should have been well in front of all, the dachshund second and the Pomeranian, Jumbo, third. In bitches (4) the wolfhound Flodeyka rightly won, closely pressed by Jessie Victoria, the dachshund, with the whippet Boston Model, third, and a moderate Yorkshire, Jenny, vhc. This class was all right.

H. W. LACY.

### SPECIAL.

Handler with largest number of dogs—Ben Lewis; second, Geo. S. Thomas. Best dog or bitch in Kingston or Frontenac county, A. E. Elmer's Sir Wallace. Best Irish water spaniel (4) J. C. Nichols's Marguerite. Best kennel of collies, Seminole Kennels. Best mover and dog with best limbs in mastiffs and St. Bernards, E. H. Moore's Melrose. Best greyhound in open classes, A. W. Purbeck's Pious Pembroke. Best beagle in challenge classes, Rockland Kennels' The Rambler. Best brace of fox-terriers, A. D. Stewart's Hillside Baroness and My Fellow. Best setter in show, Francis S. Brown's Edgemark. Best kennel of Dandie Dinmonts, E. Brooks. Best Irish setter in novice and Kingston—Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Madcap II. Best pointer owned by member of Kingston Kennel Club—Kingston and Bancroft Kennels' Bell Bird. Best Gordon in show, Dr. Dixon's Leo B. Best cocker spaniel, Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennels' Fascination. Best cocker in novice class; Same kenneis' Troublesome. Best kennel Ancient and Modern Spaniel Kennel. Best fox-terrier owned in Canada in novice class, A. D. Stewart's My Fellow. Best black and tan terrier owned by member of K. K. C., A. E. Elmer's Sir Wallace. Dog with best muscular condition, Dr. Dixon's Gordon setter Leo B. Best four setters in show, Seminole Kennels' Irish setters. Best kennel of Scotch or Skye terriers, Toons and Symonds' Scotch terriers.

## THE GRAND RAPIDS DOG SHOW.

THE first annual bench show of the Western Michigan Kennel Club was held at Grand Rapids, Mich., beginning Sept. 20, and ending on the 23d, under the auspices of the Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society. The officers of the kennel club labored under many disadvantages in arranging for the show and in conducting it, as the officers of the Agricultural and Industrial Society had little faith in it as a whole, while some were actively opposed to it. They did not consider it an attraction or a benefit to the fair. How incapable good business men sometimes are in estimating the value of matters outside their own everyday experience was never better demonstrated than at the Society's fair. Among all the attractions presented, the horse racing included, none compared with the dogs in drawing a crowd. On Wednesday and Thursday, the aisles were literally packed with a throng eagerly curious, from early morning till the show closed at night, and so constant was the dense crowd that the reporters gave up all attempts to look the dogs over on those days. There was no additional charge made to see the dogs.

So great was the success that there was already under consideration a plan for doubling the space allotted to the dogs, and making the dog show a permanent feature, running it on broader lines in every way, and charging a small additional fee to those who desire to see the dogs.

The Great Danes were constantly inquired for, and were uniformly called Russian bloodhounds by the inquirers. The $5,000 dog also excited great inquiry, that dog being the celebrated pointer Ossian.

The quality of the dogs was quite good, better by far than the average first attempt of clubs.

The officers were most attentive and painstaking, and considering that it was a first attempt it was well managed. The show was kept throughly disinfected, but might have been tidier. There were not enough attendants to do the work properly, but this again had an easy explanation in the caution of the society in expending too much on the show. The building was distressingly close and warm when so crowded, but arrangements will be made for the freest ventilation of the next show. The dogs were fed on Austin's dog bread.

The president, Mr. Eugene Glass, the vice-president, Mr. Chas. K. Turner, the secretary, Mr. Geo. B. Thomas, Mr. H. Dale Adams and other officers worked diligently in conducting all the details.

There were 179 entries catalogued, but a number were absent, and some were present but not catalogued.

Mr. John Davidson judged the sporting classes and Great Danes; Mr. Roger Williams judged greyhounds and foxhounds, and Mr. Frank C. Wheeler judged the non-sporting classes. All gave good satisfaction, yet one judge could have easily handled all the classes and saved the club the additional expense.

The weather was close and sultry on the first three days. A heavy rain fell on Friday afternoon.

The club held a meeting on Wednesday evening and transacted business of a routine character. The judges of the show were elected to honorary membership, and about 20 applications for membership were received. In the matter of field trials, a new committee was appointed, with full power to act in making all arrangements for the club's trials next November.

It was said that the club received entries up to the opening of the show, thus receiving them after the published date of closing, and some complications with the A. K. C. were hinted at in consequence.

MASTIFFS.—But one mastiff was shown, and he was ordinary, taking second in the dog class, first being withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—They were inferior specimens. Leo, light in bone, narrow skull and poor hind legs, had a walk over in open dogs. Two bitches competed, Princess Josephine won first easily, though her hind legs are faulty. Queen Agnes, second, has a light, weak head, poor hind legs, and hardly deserved the second prize. There were no smooth-coats on exhibition.

GREAT DANES.—A remarkably good exhibit of this breed was made, although Melac and Pedro, the challenge entries, were absent. In dogs Favor, a superior dog, having a grand head and excellent legs and feet, on which he stood squarely, an upstanding, spirited-looking fellow, took first easily. Brutus, straight hindlegs and light body, an average specimen, took second. Open bitches had five competitors, of which Lenta proved the winner; she is a good bitch, but was shown too thin in flesh and is light in barrel. Kelpie, second, is flat in ribs, legs straight and strong, and feet good. Young Pearl took the reserve; quite a good puppy. Charmion, vhc., is on the coarse side. Young Pearl was easily first in puppies, but was afterward protested and disqualified for being over age. Rhoebe, second, is light is barrel and ordinary. The disqualification of Young Pearl gave Rhoebe first place.

GREYHOUNDS.—Master Rich, well known as a winner, had no competition in the challenge class. He was looking well. King Dick, a strong, well-built dog, with a slight tendency to coarseness, was an easy winner of first in the dog class. He has good bone and muscular development, showing the mature form of an aged dog, though but little over a year old. Montezuma, second, is flat-ribbed, with a tendency to weediness. He had a walkover in the puppy class. Jumper, the only remaining entry, had goitre, which destroyed his chances of winning anything. In bitches, Lady Olivia won over Leonie, the latter having remarkable control of her ears, one of which she carried erect at times. She was far better than the winner, with the exception of the fault mentioned. Lady is light in bone and sprung too much in ribs, and is lacking in symmetry. Prim, vhc., is pig-jawed.

PSOVOIS.—There was but one, and that one was for exhibition only. He is owned by Mr. Roger Williams, who had him wonderfully conditioned, the muscles being well developed and exceedingly hard all over his legs and body, thus showing that the psovoi can be conditioned to perfection.

FOXHOUNDS.—Five dogs competed. Roger II. won first. He is throaty, is deficient somewhat in symmetry, yet is a fairly good hound. Toot, second, is coarse. Willie H., reserve, was out of condition, being too thin in flesh; but for this he was easily the best hound of the lot. The two bitches were about fair in merit.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—There were but two, each having a walkover in its class.

POINTERS.—There was a fairly good exhibit of pointers. Mack II., a coarse dog, won first in heavy dogs. Dutch, second, is better in head, legs and feet than the winner, and looked superior to him. Mack is cheeky, coarse in head, and has lumbery shoulders. Duke, third, is too high on legs, and is coarse somewhat; good in legs and feet. In heavy bitches Lord Graphic's Gem, a fairly good coarse bitch, won over Fly, an ordinary specimen. In light-weight dogs Jack of Naso, bad in knees, good back and head, though the latter is not clean cut, neck a bit short, and shows some throatiness, won first. Second went to Ridgeview Robert, which was shown too fat. Hal Pointer, third, has an unpleasant expression and was shown too lean. He is very nicely built, good legs, feet, body, back, loin, quarters, shoulders and neck; head fairly good but not clean cut. Nell of Naso, a remarkably good bitch, trim, clean cut and symmetrical, with good bone and muscular development, won first easily over Minetta, a good all-round bitch. Duke, already mentioned, took first in puppies. Second went to Jim Anderson, excellent, well-ribbed body, lean neck well set on shoulders, legs straight and strong; forefeet a bit open. Seven puppies competed in the bitch class, Bell G. being first, and Hattie L., plain in head, forefeet a little open, was second. There was a class for black pointers, in which Don Fish-el won first without competition.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—A very good showing was made in these classes. Max Noble, who took first in open dogs, was closely pressed by Tony Gladstone, the latter being better ribbed, better in back, loin, quarters and hindlegs, but gives way to the winner in shoulders and neck. Both have heads which could be improved upon. Tony has not a good carriage of stern. Third went to Paul Hill; he does not stand square in front and is only fair in front. Two dogs, Diamond and Dash S., entered not for competition, were shown in this class. Both are by Druid, and are said to be the only living representatives sired by that famous dog. In bitches, Miss Frost took the honors. She was mentioned last week. Daisy of Riverview, second, was not in her stall when I looked for her. Flirt, third, was not in good condition. She is a good bitch, long cast and head on the coarse order. The rest of the class was about average. In puppies, Bob Carroll won over Ben Mark, both being only fair in merit. In bitch puppies, two competed, Belle and Sweetness, winning in the order named, and were subsequently protested and disqualified for being under age.

IRISH SETTERS.—This exhibit was remarkably good, the Oak Grove Kennels being particularly noticeable for the superiority of its dogs and their excellent condition. Duke Elcho was without competition in the challenge class. In bitches, Norna won over Edna H., both well known. In open dogs, Kildare Glenmore was first. He also is well known. Tom Owen, second, is plain in head, but has a well-ribbed good body, stands on good legs and feet, and has fair symmetry. Mike, third, is a coarse dog. In bitches, No. 200 is the winner, but, as there was no such number in the catalogue, I fail to identify her. Rock Elcho won over Nixon in puppies, and both were ordinary. Wannetta, a common one, had no competition in the bitch class of puppies.

GORDON SETTERS.—These dogs were much better than an average lot. First went to Trade, short and blocky in head; shoulders a bit lumbery, excellent body, legs and feet; color a good black and tan. Louie S., second, has bad knees and is about an average one otherwise. Don, third, is long cast. Fly M. easily took first in bitches. She is well made and symmetrical. Belle R., third, has a pale tan, is sprung too much in ribs, but carries her nine years well. Third went to Princess Bess, too wide in ribs. Louie S. took first in puppies over Leo's Boy, the latter large in knee, narrow in head and showing weediness. Bitch puppies numbered three and were about average.

COLLIES.—Sir Walter Scott II., well known, took first in open dogs over Rover, the latter having a coarse head, good legs and feet and coat not abundant. Duke of Navarre, third, is light in bone, undersized and light in body. Grange Nellie, quite a fair bitch, won in her class. Highland Ruth had no competition in the puppy class.

BULL-TERRIERS.—The well-known Dufferin had a walkover in the challenge class. Two competed in the open class, Crisp taking first. He is cheeky, is light in body and does not stand straight on his legs. Royal II. is only a fair specimen. In bitches, Countess of Dufferin, first, is light in body, but is young and undeveloped. She won first in the puppy class over Crisp.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Toledo Snap had no competition. He is light in bone in forelegs and stands a trifle high.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Bendigo won easily over Brownie, the latter light and pinched in muzzle, wide in front and too fat. The remaining two, Black Prince and Brock's Boy, were ordinary. In bitches, Woodstock Dot took first over Kate W., Pritton Brevity, the reserve, and Gypsey Queen, vhc., an ordinary lot.

DACHSHUNDS.—Lina L., a well known winner, won without competition in the challenge class. One entry was shown in the open dog class, but it was so poor a specimen the prize was withheld.

CHESAPEAKES.—Two very poor specimens of Chesapeake Bay dogs were shown, Shot and Dell, each winning in its class.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—With the exception of Our Joan, the exhibit was poor, the remaining two, Punk and Our Judy, being ordinary, and all were out of condition.

BEAGLES.—June M. had a walk over in challenge class. Crowner, first in open dogs, was thin and in poor condition. He is a fairly good beagle, a bit high-ly made. Pomp, second, is light in bone and was shown too fat. Bitches were a mixed lot, but fair in quality. Snow was easily the best in the class; she has a plain head, Little Spottie and Runa, second and third, were about the average.

FOX-TERRIERS.—London Risk, first over Stormy, is a bit cheeky. Rosa Canina, a well-known bitch, had no competition in her class.

IRISH TERRIERS.—But one was shown, Nora, out of coat, and light in bone and body.

PUGS.—Eberhart's Cashier won in the challenge class without competition. Open dogs had three, the well-known Patsy Bolivar taking the honors. Babe S., carrying a little too much flesh, was a good second. He is quite a good pug, but is deficient in markings. Sara Bernhardt won first in bitches. She is well known. Pausy's Judy, a fair bitch, took second. Sir Douglass and Virginia won in the dog and puppy classes.

WHIPPETS.—Three were shown, Maggie, Ben and Nancy Hanks.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A Bedlington won first, and Juno second, and Midge, third, were of a miscellaneous order.

R. WATERS.

### LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, withheld; 2d, A. V. Cochran's Cerf Vola.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, O. A. Ball's Leo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Robbins & Savidge's Princess Josephine and Queen Agnes.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Harry Boyer's Favor; 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Brutus. Reserve, Dr. S. M. Fowler's Sirius. *Bitches:* 1st, Wolverine Kennels' Lenta; 2d, W. F. Dorn's Kelpie. Very high com., Herbert G. Nichols's Charmion. High com., Frank S. Anderson's Columbia Flora—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, Herbert G. Nichols's Rhoebe; 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Young Pearl. Very high com., Wolverine Kennels's Furo.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. S. Anderson's Master Rich.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. W. Sarvis's King Dick; 2d, Chas. E. Miller's Montezuma. *Bitches:* 1st, C. W. Sarvis's Lady Olivia; 2d, Chas. E. Rowland's Louie. Very high com., Walter English's Prim. *Puppies:* 1st, Charles E. Miller's Montezuma.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dan O'Shea's Ranger II.; 2d, E. Etienne's Toot. Reserve, The Field Kennels' Willie H. Very high com., David Graham's Parker. High com., O'Riley & Davis's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, The Field Kennels' Modest Girl; 2d, O'Riley & Davis's Penny.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Dan O'Shea's Foreigner; 2d, David Graham's Vick.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Byron. *Bitches:* 1st, J. S. Rockwell's Lavendar. *Puppies:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Byron.

POINTERS.—*Dogs 55lbs. and over:* 1st, D. W. Cook's Mack; 2d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Graphic's Frolic; 3d, R. T. Gibbins's Duke. *Bitches 50lbs. and over:* 1st, Dr J. R. Daniels's Lord Graphic's Gem; 2d, C. E. Sisson's Fly. *Dogs under 55lbs:* 1st, Wm. B. Mershon's Jack of Naso; 2d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Ridgeview Robert; 3d, B. E. Quick's Hal Pointer. Reserve, H. Warut's Osborne. Very high com., F. W. Temple's Don. *Bitches under 50lbs:* 1st and 2d, G. B. Thomas's Nell of Naso and Monette.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, R. T. Gibbins's Duke; 2d, T. E. Goodrich's Jim Anderson; 3d, E. E. Thresher's Bruce of Ale. Reserve, G. B. Thomas's Inspector. Very high com., H. Warut's Jack of Ale. *Bitches.* 1st, 2d and 3d, T. E. Goodrich's Bell G., Hattie L. and Fanny Fleet. Reserve, C. P. Colby's Lady Benton. Very high com., G. B. Thomas's Cribbage. High com., H. Warut's Kate of Ale.—BLACK POINTERS—*Dogs:* 1st, U. R. Fishel's Don Fish-el.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. C. Smith's Max Noble; 2d, Joe Lewis's Tony Lewis; 3d and reserve, A. G. Eberhart's Paul Hill and Noble Litt. Very high com., Dr. J. A. Hartman's Sig. Gladstone. *Bitches:* 1st, Joe Lewis's Miss Frost; 2d and reserve, A. G. Eberhart's Daisy of Riverview and Flight of Riverview; 3d, D. O'Shea's Flirt. Very high com., E. C. Smith's Girl S. Com., H. Northwood's imported Sinful Pride.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Disqualified. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Belle; 2d, M. C. Byers's Sweetness.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' champion Duke Elcho. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' champion Norna and champion Edna H.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare Glenmore; 2d, Dr. F. K. Owen's Tom Owen; 3d, J. B. Schumacher's Mike. Reserve, W. W. Knight's Bob Sawyer. Very high com., G. C. Tucker's Bob T., C. K. Farmer's Hiawatha. *Bitches:* 1st, No name; 2d, C. K. Farmer's Veto; 3d, S. J. Reefor's Lalla Rookh II.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. A. Annin's Rock Elcho and Nixon. *Bitches:* 1st, P. A. P. Kennels' Wanetta.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Sanford's Trade; 2d, Geo. Meister's Louie S.; 3d, F. S. Anderson's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Meister's Fly M.; 2d, O'Riley & Davis's Bell R.; 3d, Ben O. Bush's Princess Bess. Reserve, Geo. Meister's Olive P.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Meister's Louie S.; 2d, The Field Kennels' Leo's Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, C. W. Sarvis's Yola; 2d, The Field Kennels' Leo's Girl; 3d, Geo. Meister's Olive P.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, John Hawkes's Sir Walter Scott III; 2d, E. Peters's Rover; 3d, J. H. Bonnell's Duke of Navarre. *Bitches:* 1st, John Hawkes's Grange Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st, Geo. B. Smalley's Highland Ruth.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Wm. Bryson's champion Dufferin.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. G. Nichols's Crisp; 2d, Dan O'Shea's Royal II. *Bitches:* 1st, W. L. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin; 2d, Dan O'Shea's Lillie. *Puppies:* 1st, W. J. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin; 2d, H. G. Nichols's Crisp.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Miller, Jr.'s Toledo Snap.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Campbell & Blake's Bendigo and Brownie B. Reserve, Chas. F. Baker's Brock's Boy. Very high com., W. G. McCullagh's Black Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Miller, Jr.'s Woodstock Dot; 2d, A. W. Pancoast's Kate. Reserve, A. W. Pancoast's Pitton Brevity. Very high com., Campbell & Blake's Gypsey Queen. *Puppies:* 1st, W. G. McCullagh's Lady Golden.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Chas. F. Gentz's Lina L.

CHESAPEAKE BAYS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Meister's Shot. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Meister's Dell.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Meister's Doll.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. S. Cobb's Punk. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. S. Cobb's Our Joan and Our Judy.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Middleton Kennels' champion June M.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Crowner; 2d, G. D. Welton's Pomp; 3d, The Field Kennel's Hustler. *Bitches:* 1st, Middleton Kennels' Snow; 2d, C. Harris's Little Spottie; 3d, C. B. Pierce's Runa. Reserve, L. Kaufman's Trixie K. Very high com., G. D. Welton's Vanity, The Field Kennels' Fizzie.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, E. E. Thompson's Maggie T.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Northwood's London Risk; 2d, F. Reting's Stormy. *Bitches:* 1st, C. F. Frenzler's Rosa Canina.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Nora.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar; 2d, Fannie K. Simmonds' Babe S. Very high com., S. H. Slifert & Son's Othmar. *Bitches:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sara Bernhardt; 2d, C. K. Farmer's Pansy's Judy; 3d, S. M. Arrasmeal's bitch. Very high com., H. Seney's Fannie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Shawnee Pug Kennels' Sir Douglass. *Bitches:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Virginia.

WHIPPETS.—1st, 2d and 3d, Campbell & Blake's Maggie, Ben and Nancy Hanks.

MISCELLANEOUS.—2d and 3d, O'Riley & Davis's Jumbo and Midge.

### SPECIALS.

Best mastiff, A. V. Cochran's Cerf Vola; best great Dane, Wolverine Kennels' Lenta; best American-bred over 1 year old, H. G. Nichols's Rhoebe; best in show, Harry Boyer's Favor; best greyhound, Master Rich; best foxhound, Dan O'Shea's Ranger; best pointer dog, open classes, W. B. Mershon's Jack of Naso; best bitch, ditto, G. B. Thomas's Nell of Naso; best pup, G. B. Thomas's Inspector. English Setters—Best kennel English setters, Eberhart's (agent) Hem; best setter dog and bitch in open classes, Erwin C. Smith's Max Noble and Joe Lewis's Miss Frost; best in show, E. C. Smith's Max Noble. Irish Setters—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels; best dog in show (2), Oak Grove Kennels' champion Kildare; best bitch, Oak Grove Kennels' Norna. Gordon Setters—Best bitch, Geo. Meister's Fly M.; best dog, A. Sanford's Trade. Collies—Collie Club's medal for best in open classes, John Hawks's Sir Walter Scott III.; best dog or bitch in show, John Hawk's Sir Walter Scott III. Best field spaniel, Geo. Miller, Jr.'s Toledo Snap; best cocker spaniel dog, Campbell & Blake's Brownie; best dachshund bitch (2), Chas. F. Gentz's Lina; best Chesapeake in show, Geo. Meister's Shot; best beagle (2), Middleton Kennels' Snow; best fox-terrier dog in show, Chas. F. Frenzler's Rosa Canina; best pug bitch, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sara Bernhardt; best curled tail, Eberhart's Cashier; best sired by Eberhart's Cashier for kennel, Eberhart's Pug Kennels.

## THE IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The closing of the Irish setter Derby with twenty-two entries practically assures the success of that stake unless through misfortune or lack of pluck many of them fail to run. Last year, however, out of the thirteen puppies entered eleven ran, so the staying powers of the Irish setter men as well as their dogs seems to be pretty good, and we live in hopes of having the stake fill satisfactorily. We are now ready to receive entries for the All-Aged Stake, which close Nov. 1. The prizes in this stake have not yet been officially announced, but our success with the Derby has been so marked that I have no doubt but that at least the same amount of prizes will be offered in the All-Aged as were given in the Derby, viz., $200 to first, $100 to second and $50 to third. The executive committee were waiting to see the result of the Derby entries before making promises for the All-Aged Stake. We don't want to bite off more than we can chew, and the club wants to pay everything it promises. The O'Callaghan prize of $15, which Mr. Harry Anderson won last year with Nugget, has been generously donated for the winner of this year's Derby. The prospects for a good All-Aged entry are excellent. Most of those who ran their dogs in the trials last year have also promised to run some this year and besides we have several new recruits. There are a good many Irish setter men throughout the country that could run a dog if they tried, and I hope they will let me hear from them before Nov. 1. The executive committee were desirous this year of conducting the trials without having to solicit contributions, and it now looks as if they would be able to do so. The club has done all in its power to make things satisfactory to the Irish setter men and they ought to come forward with their dogs. The moderate entry fee, the acknowledged ability and reputation of the judges and the liberality of the prizes ought to be sufficient to secure a good All-Aged entry.

G. G. DAVIS, Sec'y.

## CALIFORNIA KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The annual meeting of the California Kennel Club was held Wednesday, Sept. 14, and it was stated that Mr. Max Wenzel, the club's delegate to the American Kennel Club, was requested to notify the American Kennel Club that the California Kennel Club had no desire to interfere with dates claimed by any club, and to ask equal concessions at a future date. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Senator D. H. Everett; First Vice-President, Dr. John Gallway; Second Vice-President, Dr. James Stanton; Treasurer, A. B. Truman; Financial Secretary, J. J. Jamison; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Nief; Executive Committee, J. B. Lewis, J. W. Orndorff, D. F. Crowley, Robbert Liddle, E. T. Harvey, F. J. Silvey, Gustav Pohlmann, Percy McPartland, W. G. Cue, Joseph Krutt and J. H. Harvey.

FAIR PLAY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 15.



W. CONNERS. DR. L. C. SAUVEUR. BEN LEWIS.
Claremont Heather. Ch. Laura B. Ch. Tim. Pride of Patsey. Montauk, Jr.

WINNING IRISH SETTER TEAM AT TORONTO AND KINGSTON SHOWS, 1892.



A KINGSTON GROUP.

## CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB DERBY.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Herewith I hand you a list of 89 Derby entries that have paid their second forfeit—52 English setters, 1 Irish setter and 36 pointers, whelped in 1891. We would have sent them earlier, but have been so busy that it was impossible to prepare them sooner.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

CECILE H. (J. L. Adams), dog (Dr. Machlin—Cosette).
SIR KENT (J. L. Adams), dog (Kent II.—Nicoletta)
CHEVALIER (Avent & Thayer Kennels), dog (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent).
SHADO (Avent & Thayer Kennels), bitch (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent).
BONIAR (Avent & Thayer Kennels), dog (Roderigo—Juno A.).
KINGSTON (Avent & Thayer Kennels), dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).
HAMLET (Avent & Thayer Kennels), dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).
LOCHINVAR (Avent & Thayer Kennels), dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).
PROCTOR KNOTT (Blue Ridge Kennels), dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady).
HOPE'S MINT (Blue Ridge Kennels), dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady).
LANCIER (Blue Ridge Kennels), dog (Gath's Hope—Stockings).
DICK FOX (Blue Ridge Kennels), dog (Chance—Countess Rush).
LADY BROOKS (Blue Ridge Kennels), bitch (Chance—Countess Rush).
ORSINO (E. W. Clark, Jr.), dog (Rod Gem—Winnie Davis).
SUNFLOWER (C. S. Cross) bitch (Dick Turner—Babe Gladstone)
FLING (Bert Crane), bitch (Rowdy Rod—Maud).
BRIGHTON CLIP (T. C. Davey), bitch (Canadian Jester—Lassie).
GALE NOBLE (H. K. Deveraux), bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble).
SPOT CASH (H. K. Deveraux), dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
NAHMKE PHILLIP II. (E. W. Durkee), dog (Nahmke Phillip—Mercy).
NAHMKE ALICE (E. W. Durkee), bitch (Nahmke Phillip—Mercy).
EL REY DEL MONDO (El Grato Kennels), dog (Toledo Blade—Jessie Gladstone)
ROGER'S SPARK (L. Gardner), dog (Roger—Dora Deane).
HOOSIER GIRL (J. H. & J. A. Hunter), bitch (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).
DUFF (W. T. Hunter), bitch (Toss—Pitti Sing).
GLADSTONE'S PET (W. T. Hunter), bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).
HOOSIER LADY (F. R. Hitchcock), bitch (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).
CRICKET (F. R. Hitchcock), bitch (Roderigo—Juno A.).
CHINAMAN (F. R. Hitchcock), dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).
KY-KO (C. F. Joyce), dog (Tan—Ightfield Sophie).
WINNEPEG (Thos. Johnson), dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
NAT GOODWIN II. (H. Merriam), dog (Nat Goodwin—Royal Myrtle).
FAN (H. Merriam), bitch (Nat Goodwin—Royal Myrtle).
FLYAWAY (H. Merriam), bitch (Rowdy Rod—Eve).
SPEEDAWAY (H. Merriam), bitch (Rowdy Rod—Eve).
DESSIE HOPE (P. T. Madison), bitch (Gath's Hope—Stockings).
PRINCESS RAY (G. A. McLin, agent), bitch (Prince Lucifer—Princess Lil).
FLIRT (Randolph Kennels), bitch (Dakota—Rose).
GAIETY (Royal Robinson), bitch (Lone Jack—Gay Phœbe).
CLEM GLADSTONE (J. L. Sneed), dog (Paul Gladstone—Latonia).
MECCA (T. E. Shreve), dog (Paul Gladstone—Latonia).
RAP EYE-DAN (W. Wilson), dog (Ben Hill—Dolly S.).
ST. ANTHONY (J. H. Winslow), dog (Rowdy Rod—Celeste C.).
LADY BELTON (T. M. Lawry), bitch (Tennessee Bob—Dixie Belton).
ROD'S SUE (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).
DOT ROGERS (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).
ADDIE T. (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Roderigo—Maggie Gladstone).
MAIDEN MINE (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
GLADEVIA (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Blade—Estelle).
SPIKER'S GIRL (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Chance—Spike).
REXICUS (J. N. Maclin), dog (Van Vleete—May).
BELLE OF KENTUCKY (Fairmount Kennels) bitch (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).

IRISH SETTERS.

ELPHIN II. (E.-B. Bishop), bitch (Tyrconnel—Kinvarra).

POINTERS.

KENT ELGIN (T. T. Ashford), dog (King of Kent—Vera Bang).
LAD OF RUSH (J. L. Adams), dog (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.).
DAISEY SOCWELL (J. L. Adams), bitch (Ossian—Devonshire Jilt).
RIDGEWOOD BEPPO (Graphic Kennels), dog (Beppo III.—Revelation).
HUNT'S CROXIE (Bob Cooper), bitch (King of Kent—Croxie Wise).
CHIN CHIN (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), dog (Rip Rap—Fannie Bijou).
JOHN PAUL (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), dog (Rip Rap—Petticoats).
RUFFLE (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), bitch (Rip Rap—Dexter's Dolly).
CONSCRIPT (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), dog (King of Kent—Hops).
COSETTE (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), bitch (King of Kent—Hops).
SEARSPRING (Charlotteville F. T. Kennel), dog (Mainspring—Queenie).
JINGO (Charlotteville F. T. Kennel), dog (Mainspring—Queenie).
VARRO (J. B. Castleman), bitch (Rex—Nell).
MAIROS (J. B. Castleman), bitch (Rex—Nell).
LADY PEG (W. T. Hunter), bitch (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo).
DENNIS (F. R. Hitchcock), dog (King of Kent—Croxie Wise).
HEMPSTEAD BLOSSOM (Hempstead Farm Kennels), bitch (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game).
HEMPSTEAD GAME (Hempstead Farm Kennels), bitch (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game).
HEMPSTEAD DUCHESS (Hempstead Farm Kennels), bitch (Duke of Hessen—Merry Legs).
LUCK OF HEMPSTEAD (Hempstead Farm Kennels), dog (Duke of Hessen—Merry Legs).
MANITOBA SHOT (T. Johnson), dog (Coton—Psyche).
CROXIE KENT (W. N. Lipscomb), bitch (King of Kent—Croxie Wise).
FLORINE (C. H. Odell), bitch (Rip Rap—Dalgorouki).
TRIM (C. H. Odell), dog (Roger Williams—Ruby).
PETE (C. H. Odell), dog (Roger Williams—Ruby).
BRADLEY (C. H. Paine), dog (King of Kent—Lass of Kent).
EARLY DAWN (Randolph Kennels), dog (Duke of Beaufort—Mam'zelle).
KENT'S MAID (H. I. Reginald), bitch (King of Kent—Galena).
COXIE O'BANNON (R. I. Shannon), bitch (King of Kent—Croxie Wise).
GINGER ALE (R. I. Shannon), bitch (Osborn Ale—Pearl's Dot).
DUCHESS OF HIGHLANDS (Elliott Smith), bitch (Beppo III.—Belle).
GRACEFUL II. (Luke W. White), bitch (Duke of Hessen—Concave).
GRACE IV. (Luke W. White), bitch (Duke of Hessen—Concave).
CLANCARTY (J. H. Winslow), bitch (Beppo III.—White Fawn).
REDEMPTION (J. H. Winslow), dog (Graphic—Vandalia).
ASPIRATION (J. H. Winslow), dog (Dick Swiveler—Bloomo III.)

C. H. ODELL, Sec'y-Treas.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.—In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I touched briefly on the subject of judging by scoring, in reply to a communication from Dr. Mills on that matter, and I now desire to treat it more fully.

Scoring by points is a most plausible fallacy, since nothing appears more reasonable than that if each important part of the perfect dog is given a fixed value, the sum total of all these will represent the perfect dog. This, it should be noted, is the ideal perfect dog, a most indeterminate quantity as a starting point, since there is hardly any question on which fanciers differ more radically than on what constitutes the ideal dog of any breed. There are also wide differences of opinion as to what constitutes type and general race characteristics, these differences, as a matter of course, being greater in respect to certain breeds than to others. By compromises, a certain vague ideal type is agreed upon. Each important part of the vague ideal dog is given an arbitrary and relative value, it being assumed that the value may represent the anatomical value of the part of its value as indicative of important race characteristic, or both. As to the relative values of the different parts, the value of the loin as compared to the head; the value of the forelegs, tail and chest as compared to the neck or to each other, etc., are all established by agreement, and are therefore entirely artificial and arbitrary.

Taking 100 as representing the total value of a dog in the scale of points, it is subdivided into such values as are considered necessary to give as good a representation of the animal as can be done by figures. If head is valued at 15 and feet and legs at 6, it is entirely a matter of agreement, and is, therefore, wholly artificial. There is, however, nothing whatever in the nature or structure of an animal that will permit its race characteristics and anatomy to be portrayed by figures.

It is a fair assumption that if all the scales of points, as expressed by figures, were placed before a man who was familiar with all recognized breeds of dogs, but who had never seen any scales of points, he could not determine the breed to which any one of them belonged, this of course assuming that there was no explanatory matter, but only the different columns of figures which represent the different breeds of dogs.

To be intelligible, the unit, represented by any figure, must be a constant, fixed quantity, thus, two feet, or ten bushels, etc., have a conventional meaning known to everybody. But 20, as applied to the head and neck of the dog, has no fixed meaning. No two dogs have heads precisely alike. Nor are they alike in other respects. The judge, in scoring dogs by a scale of points, has constantly varying quantities to estimate and upon which to fix values, and as no two parts are precisely alike, or alike as related to other parts, there is no exact knowledge applied at any time. It all rests on estimates and guesses in practically applying the scale of points. I do not believe that any two judges in the world could go through a class of any bred of dogs, and, working independently, score the dogs alike. It is an open secret among show goers that the same dog has been scored differently by the same judge.

But the knowledge of how to apply a scale of points, such as it is, only comes after one has learned thoroughly the breed of dogs to which it belongs. No one can study a scale of points by itself and learn anything about the breed it is supposed to represent. It is then simply an abstraction. No one can take the different scores of each individual in a class of dogs, made by a judge, and tell anything about what kind of dogs were in it. Type, expression, characteristics, symmetry, etc., cannot be represented by figures. After a judge has made a score of a dog according to the recognized standard, it has no meaning to any one but himself. The course of reasoning by which he arrived at certain conclusions, his mental estimates, his data, acquired knowledge and his ipeas of the ideal type on which he founds his score are all personal with him and do not show in the column of figures. The latter represents his judgment, supposedly in a form that will make it plain to all in an exact mathematical way, but which conveys no meaning whatever of the dog it is intended to represent. Most assuredly, a judge does not need to score a dog for his own information, for, if he has the proper knowledge of dogs, he can judge without scoring them. The column of figures being of no value to any one, and no assistance to the judge himself, of what value is it?

If a perfect head were represented by the figure 10, a judge might represent a coarse head by the figure 8, and a small weak head by the same figure. There is nothing precise in such figures to the reader, because they rest on no fixed quantity outside of the mind of the judge. If a judge has sufficient knowledge of dogs to estimate their worth and compare them one with another, he does not need a column of figures of his own creation to assist him. His scores can be no more to him than memoranda, and they are mere abstractions to all others.

These intrinsic weaknesses are greatly aggravated by the well known fact that nearly all recognized judges, the ones on whom the public depends for correct interpretations of the standard, differ greatly in their ideas of type, and practically in respect to what specimens are the best dogs, as shown by different judges reversing each other's decisions at shows. Inferentially, they must have different ideas, although it is supposed that they have the same standard to govern them.

The idea of scoring by a scale of points was carried still further by some field trial clubs in the past, in attempting to score a dog's work in a field trial by a scale of points. Pointing, backing, ranging, etc., were all valued at a maximum value, supposed to be perfection, and anything short of it was graduated according to the degree it fell short. It seems to me that it would be no more absurd to attempt to represent the lights, shadows, colors and configuration of an autumn sunset than to sum up the intelligence, powers of scent, general knowledge and practical work of a dog in a column of figures.

So long as the units, on which the figures are based, are unknown, unlike or constantly shifting and changing, the figures are meaningless. The general trend of progress is to abandon the fallacy. Field trial clubs gave it a thorough trial and abandoned it. But few breeds of dogs are now judged by scoring them.

Chicken fanciers, among whom it was most firmly cherished, have become divided on its merits both in theory and practice, and the signs of the times indicate that it will take its place with the wrecks which have marked the march of progress through the centuries.

I think that Dr. Mills will concede at the outset that there must be some fixed, unalterable unit as a starting point, to deal intelligibly with it by figures. Granting this, it destroys the possibility of a correct scale of points, for there is no fixed unit possible in comparing the relative parts of a dog with each other, as their sum total with that of some other dog.

Still, there are probably points of view which admit of a more favorable presentation of the matter, and I feel so sure that Dr. Mills can do the subject justice that I shall look forward with great interest to his communication on the matter, which he has promised.

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That dogs are property in fact if not in law, the following reprint from the Chicago *Tribune* of this date will go far to show:

"A St. Bernard dog was the result of a replevin suit in Justice Woodman's court yesterday afternoon. E. H. Kohn filed the suit against Nicholas Greenwold. He claimed that his dog had either been lost or stolen and was in the possession of the defendant. The justice ordered the dog brought

into court, and the defendant entered a reply that the dog belonged to him, as he had purchased him of a peddler. The court asked him which he would rather do, give up the dog or confess judgment for $100, his value. The defendant said he would confess judgment. This the plaintiff would not allow and took a non-suit. He then caused another replevin attachment to be issued and placed in the hands of a constable for service. The constable secured the dog, after much resistance on the part of Greenwold, and returned the canine to Mr. Kohn. A warrant was then issued for Greenwold for resisting an officer, and he was locked up at the Desplaines Street Station." B. WATERS.

# DOG CHAT.

### Kingston Show.

The building used for the dog show at Kingston is in every way well adapted for a show. About 600 dogs could be comfortably benched, and the flooring being hard earth is particularly well adapted to showing dogs off *au naturel*. The continual fear of slipping on the sawdust covered floors of the usual judging ring often works an injustice on the dogs, trying them in their actions. Here the judges could race the dogs to their hearts' content, and this Dr. Mills and Mr. Tallman did. Mr. Laidlaw had compassion on Geo. Bell, knowing how he had to travel last year, and just "toddled" them.

Mr. H. C. Bates is a capital secretary and manager, never leaving his work for a moment and had everything in very nice form. Aisles were kept very clean and the dogs had every thing to make them comfortable. Catalogues were fairly correct and a marked catalogue was issued on Wednesday.

In such a large building as the Skating Rink, and with the benches so far apart, the lack of attendance caused a cold feeling of neglect to creep over every one connected with the show. All day long and in the evenings one saw a few odd people strolling round the benches, and if this show comes out more than even we shall be more than surprised. It was stated that the club had $300 offered for the gate receipts before the show opened, but pooh-poohed the idea. Now we fancy that half that amount would be acceptable. The people of Kingston are sleepy, very sleepy as far as most things are concerned, and dogs especially. One form of entertainment in the evening is quite sufficient to engage their complete attention, and as there were human concerts during the week, the dog show chorus suffered. The officials, however, are brimful of staying power and are loath to give up. We should think that, held in connection with the fair, their show would be a lively one, and it could not be in a worse locality to get at than the Skating Rink. There are only six primitive horse-cars in the town, and they are owned by one man, who has a monopoly of the business—or rather the business has a monopoly of him, for I did not see any one riding on the cars.

To keep themselves warm the boys indulged in athletics, and with jumping and running races added an interesting and limb-stiffening feature to the show. Geo. Bell and our only "German" doing the hop, skip and jump was a treat.

The judging space was ample and the competition for the best mover among mastiffs and St. Bernards afforded lots of fun for the spectators, for Mr. Tallman, the judge, did make them hustle, and the winner, Melrose, was far away the best; he has very true action. Some one saddled our genial friend Alderman Stewart with a St. Bernard, and like everything else he undertakes, the thorough shaking up the dog got startled it out of its senses for the rest of the show. The disinfecting, though little was needed, was excellent, and we never attended a sweeter show. On the pillars of the building were attached small deodorizers that continually emitted a pleasant odor and effectually downed any offensive smell floating round. We should recommend something of this sort for all our shows, as it materially aids the ground disinfectants. Mr. Corbett was always on hand and courteous as usual to every one, and Messrs. Kent and Darby were also generally there.

Judging commenced on time and Mr. Laidlaw got through his classes by Monday night, and the other two judges had concluded their labors by Tuesday evening. The weather throughout was beautiful and the pretty town of Kingston well repaid a visit. We noticed among the well-known exhibitors Messrs. F. W. Sackett, A. D. Stewart, P. J. Keyes, A. J. Spracklin, Geo. Bell, Ben Lewis, W. Connors, Ed Booth, Arthur Trickett, W. A. Fenton, Geo. Thomas, etc.

On Wednesday afternoon, having an hour or two to spare, a trip was made by Messrs. Geo. Bell, A. J. Spracklin, W. C. Darby, "Billy" Tallman and the FOREST AND STREAM representative to Collins Lake, a sheet of water situated anywhere from five to twenty miles from the village, at least we thought so. We cast our lines in pleasant places, but notwithstanding our seductive lures and frogs, the score was one little black bass and two rock bass, in addition to various aquatic plants—and things. We finally "dropped the anchor" and pulled for home in the dark. Meanwhile Spracklin had tried the shores for snipe, but was unsuccessful, though the previous day he had bagged five over a smart little cocker that I saw "Uncle Dick" look with envious eyes upon. Just his sort.

The show being voted slow on the last day most of the boys concluded to accompany the two press representatives from New York across the Bay of Quinte to Cape Vincent, and enjoyed a pleasant sail on the smart little steamer Maud. Just coming up to the dock at Cape Vincent we saw a boy in a boat being rowed ashore and holding on to a muscallonge some feet in length (affidavit follows), which he had hooked, but could not boat. Fishing is said to be very good at Cape Vincent just now, the best place is about three miles west up the shore from the N. Y. Central station. We shall always remember our Kingston trip as a pleasant one.

The red cocker Rufus was found dead in his stall on Thursday morning. No cause was assigned for his death, and a post mortem was held by the "vet," but up to the time of our leaving the show the result was not known.

Mr. Darby presented quite a clever trotting setter to Ben Lewis, at Kingston. The dog has a capital gait and has been trained to sulky. "Ben," we believe, will see that his training is completed, and Doc will have another rival.

### The Puppy Rule.

We intend, and other kennel journals should do the same, to call attention to every violation of the Kennel Club puppy rule, which says that the pups shall be over six months old and under twelve. At the Grand Rapids show, Wolverine Kennels showed Furo, a great Dane pup, whelped March 27, 1892. At Toronto there were a number of puppies marked in the catalogue as six months, and two St. Bernard pups so marked were not more than four or five months old. In every puppy entry the date of birth should be given. This grasping after a big entry list should not endanger the general health of a show. The attention of the C. K. C. is called to the following at this show: "Class 194. Exhibition and selling class for litters of Puppies of all Breeds." We regret to say that entries 715 to 719 represented so many litters. Besides being a cruelty to the pups and mother in being cooped up in a stinking, wet stall, the health of other young dogs in the show should not be subjected to such risks. The way it affects the public is easily imagined, and another thing it serves no good purpose, even to the owners, for hardly any one nowadays would think of buying a pup from a litter at a show, too many have been bitten in that way already. At Kingston there were no puppy prizes, for which the club deserves the thanks of the exhibiting community.

### Northwestern Field Trials Club.

A general meeting of the Northwestern Field Trials Club was held at their rooms on Friday evening, when it was decided to hold their second annual trials the first Monday in September, 1893, at Morris, Manitoba, unless some suitable place can be found in Minnesota or Dakota. The resignation of Mr. P. H. Gotzian as president was accepted. The following resolution was also unanimously carried: "We, the members of the Northwestern Field Trials Club, beg to tender to our secretary-treasurer, Mr. Thomas Johnson, our thanks and appreciation for his indefatigable services on behalf of the club, and to assure him of our strongest confidence and esteem, and that we condemn the puny and contemptible action of the Manitoba Field Trials Club in going through the farce of expulsion—nearly a year after his resignation, on the flimsy pretext that the Manitoba Field Trials Club had incurred expenses for advertising meetings, etc., to re-organize their club—and that we assure our secretary that we consider this action of the Manitoba Field Trials Club petulant, malicious and vindictive, and unworthy any organization."

### Philadelphia K. C. Field Trials.

The entries for the Philadelphia Kennel Club All-Age Stake will close Oct. 15, and the prizes are $400, $200 and $100. The judges are William Tallman, of New York city; Washington A. Coster, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; and Dr. William Jarvis, of Claremont, N. H. These names carry with them the confidence of sportsmen all over this broad land, and the attention of the Irish setter men is particularly called to the names of the judges of the P. K. C. trials. The owners of the red dog are directly encouraged to enter their dogs in connection with the English setters and pointers. The Philadelphia trials are deservedly popular and the success of the club's first open trials is assured. Out of a total of 72 entries in the Derby Stake 62 forfeits have been paid. For rules, blanks, etc., address Francis G. Taylor, Sec'y, 608 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. In our travels abroad we have found it the general wish and intention of many sportsmen to take in the P. K. C. week, at least, and that is sufficient guarantee as to the probable success of these trials, both from a social and a competitive view.

### Dogs Killed by Lightning.

The Brooklyn Gun Club has a splendid club house and 1,100 acres of land in the village of Smithtown. The club has occupied its present home four years, and a year ago it laid out a kennel yard for the fifty or sixty dogs which are sometimes kept there. The yard is about 200 by 150ft., extends east and west, and is inclosed by ordinary telegraph wire. At every 16ft. a wire extends 60ft. into the inclosure, where it is fastened to a post. The dogs were fastened by 4-foot steel chains to these wires, each dog having a separate wire. On Saturday last there were twenty-three dogs chained up, some of them quite valuable. About 7 o'clock in the evening one of the worst storms ever experienced in that section occurred, and the dogs retired to their kennels near the outside wire. Next morning the kennelman going out to feed the dogs noticed they did not bark as usual, and on coming to the kennels found that all the dogs on the south side had been killed and nearly all on the north side; one or two dogs were missed on this side, the fluid being a little erratic in its movements. In all sixteen dogs met a sudden and extraordinary death. We know several kennel owners who exercise their dogs on the wire, but hereafter to feel safe they will have to study the mysteries of insulation.

### Sale of Champion Dick Swiveler.

The Oak Grove Kennels have purchased from Mr. W. L. Washington, the well-known Irish setter champion Dick Swiveler. This is an important addition to an alreay formidable kennel. Dick Swiveler is so well-known he needs no description here. The rivalry now being created in the Irish setter ranks must do good to the breed, especially when one remarks the total absence of contention on the part of the owners of the principal kennels, and the way the kennel decision was received at Toronto, shows the right spirit. It is a question of condition principally between the two leading kennels, both can boast the best dogs in one or the other classes.

### Omaha Dog Show.

We have received the premium list of the Omaha show to be held Oct. 25 to 28 at the Exposition Hall, Omaha, Neb. The show is under A. K. C. rules. Mr. John Davidson judges all classes excepting pugs, toys, Yorkshire terriers and toy spaniels, which Dr. Cryer will handle. For mastiffs, Great Danes and Newfoundlands the fee is $3, toys, etc., $2, and other breeds $2.50, a very good arrangement. The prizes range from $15, $10, to $5 and $3. A number of valuable kennel specials are offered, and in all $2,500 is hung up. A more extended notice of the show will be given next week.

### A New Beagle Club.

It is intended by a number of beagle enthusiasts to start a beagle club down Mississippi way. The owners there are rather too far away to co-operate with the Massachusetts club, and as they wish to hold trials and improve the breed, they have asked Mr. Chapman to help them out, and he will probably assume the duties of secretary for a time till they get on their feet. The beagle influence is evidently spreading and there can be no better cause.

A cablegram to Mr. Mortimer conveys the sad intelligence of the sudden death of Mrs. Raper, the wife of Mr. George Raper, who, it will be remembered, judged at New York and other shows here last spring. The death of Mrs. Raper, who was almost as well known as her husband at English dog shows, must have been a great blow to her family, and Mr. Raper has, we are sure, the sincere sympathy of the friends he made over here.

Ray D Hill, owner of Werowance Kennels, Trenton, N. J., has bought from Tonawanda Kennels, Tonawanda, N. Y., the rough-coated St. Bernard Iroquois Rhoda (22,159), by Mount St. Elias out of Lady Bernie; also from Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., one of their best stud dogs, Ben Ormonde (17,044), a rough-coated St. Bernard.

A number of interesting communications for lack of space must lay over till next week, among them several queries.

In our Toronto report we should have credited Mr. Gibbs, of Guelph, Ont., with the kennel prize for best foxhounds. We were told his team was the London Hunt Club, hence the mistake. They are a particularly fine lot and very sorty.

The big exhibition at Chicago next year will include among its features a bench show, which will probably attract entries from other countries than Canada and the United States, says the Toronto *Globe*. On account of the question of space the number of entries is limited and the allotment to Canada is 200 dogs of all breeds. Ald. A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, has been appointed superintendent of the Canadian exhibit, and the Dominion Government will meet the expense of sending to the show such dogs as are decided to be of sufficiently high class to be representatives of the well-bred Canadian dog. How to select these 200 was the question discussed at a conference between the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club and the Dominion and Ontario Commissioners, Prof. Saunders and Mr. N. Awrey, M.P.P., during Toronto show. The result was a recommendation that dogs whose owners desire to exhibit them at the World's Fair next June should be brought together in Toronto early in February next, and that a committee of five should make the selections. Owners will be required to send their dogs to Toronto at their own expense, but the Government will probably pay for the benching and attendance while here and the judges' expenses. This recommendation, if acted on, means a two-days' show. Some special regulations will be made to meet the cases of noteworthy dogs in Manitoba and other distant parts of the Dominion.

There were several mistakes and typographical errors in the Toronto and Kingston list of awards due to the telegraph operator. Mr. E. H. Moore is credited with owning all the winners in rough St. Bernard dogs; the owner of Baldus and Oneida is Mr. W. J. Moore. In Irish water spaniels Marguerite should be first. Challenge Irish terriers should be Boxer IV. instead of Borco. At Toronto the second winning bull-terrier in open dogs was Comet II., not Count II., and at Kingston the winners were Herbert M. Howe's Comet II. first, Chatham Prince second, Grove Duchess third, Loumont Kit vhc., rightly placed but wrongly spelt.

Mr. Korning's St. Bernard bitch Lady Sylvia that was lost in Kansas City has been found and is on its way to San Francisco, Cal.

The dog in the manger act that the Rochester Kennel Club was guilty of has affected their show this week quite seriously. While in all probability they could have had a show of two or three hundred entries, a paltry hundred is all they have. This will be a warning to other clubs. The regular handlers have shown how they feel in the matter. Ben Lewis goes to Ottawa with thirty dogs, Geo. Thomas has about twenty-five, A. J. Spracklin about thirty, and several other handlers take lesser teams. These in the ordinary way would have all come to Rochester, being more convenient than Ottawa.

Dr. Foote is having busy times at his farm. Rochelle Majestic has just whelped seven by Merry Monarch, and Broomfield Madge is due with a litter of champions this week. The Rochelle Kennels is quite a delightful place, but as our visit was made in the absence of the owner, we must defer particulars for another time.

The Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society are going to hold a dog show in connection with their fair at Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 10 to 15, and Mr. Donald McVicar, of Allamuchy, N. J., has been appointed judge.

We are told that Mr. John Read had been invited to judge at Danbury show, but has declined.

At the last meeting of the board of governors of the New England Field Trial Club, held Sept. 1, it was voted that a club dinner at Hotel Thorndike, Boston, be one of the features at the next regular quarterly meeting, Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 7 P. M. A full attendance is requested.

Among the new advertisements published in our business columns this week we note the following offers for sale: Beagles—Box [illegible] Royal Forest Beagle Kennels. Collies—854 Seventh avenue, Manataug Kennels. Setters—Chelmsford Kennels, C. T. Brownell. Hounds—C. F. Kent, Rex Kennels. Bull-terriers—H. M. Howes. Great Danes—J. B. Harrison. J. Black offers the greyhound Flash at stud; the Swiss Mountain Kennels offer Scottish Leader and King Regent at stud. Box 788 desires a partner in a show and breeding kennel.

### FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Canada.—The Pottersbug (London) Kennels' rough-coated St. Bernard Phyllis died the other day, it is suspected from the effects of poison. Phyllis was the dam of champion Claudius, just imported by Dr. Warner, of Bridgeport, Conn., and was got out some two or three years ago.

Dr. Mole, V.S., Hamilton, who has been most successful in his treatment of the dog, is about to remove to Toronto, where he anticipates a more extended scope for his work.

Who does not know of the notorious Dan O'Shea? I heard rather a good little story of him the other evening, too good to let go. After the judging on Monday, a select little company was gathered in the parlor of the Walker House, among others "Billy" Tallman, E. "Birdie" Elliott, Frank Wheeler, A. D. Stewart and myself. One of the gentlemen present used to do a little in the pit (I trust he has reformed) and had an old cock, the winner of a hundred battles. This old fellow Dan borrowed, and as usual he came off victorious, but alas! he, according to Dan's account, succumbed at the moment of triumph, and to prove it he produced the legs. The owner of the "late lamented" looked at them a moment and then said: "Why, the legs of my bird were yellow, these are bright blue!" Dan, not a bit discomfitted, replied with that babe-like smile suffusing his terra cotta colored countenance, "Oh, yes, but they all turn blue when they're dead."

The past week has been a busy one, numerous meetings having been held. The inaugural meeting of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club was held on Monday night, and was quite successful. Mr. A. D. Stewart was elected chairman and Mr. H. B. Donovan secretary of the meeting. After a brief speech from Mr. Stewart, explaining the objects and aims of the proposed organization, it resolved that the time was ripe for such a club and that we proceed to form such an association forthwith. The officers were then elected. The committee was instructed to draw up constitution and by-laws; the annual fee fixed at $2, with no entrance fee, and it was decided to take a vote by mail of all members three months from date on the question of club judges.

An executive meeting of the C. K. C. was held on Tuesday evening, at which were present Messrs. T. G. Davey, president, Dr. Nevin, Dr. Wesley Mills, Dr. Milne (Victoria, B. C.), H. Bedlington, H. Gorman, P. G. Keyes, A. F. Glass and H. B. Donovan, secretary. Letter read from Kingston Kennel Club claiming show dates for 1894, and same week in perpetuity, but it was the unanimous verdict that the executive did not feel competent to deal with applications for dates so far in advance. After the election of twenty-three new members the meeting adjourned.

Immediately following this meeting was held the annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club, President T. G. Davey in the chair, others present being, H. O. Bennett, H. Falconer, A. D. Stewart, S. F. Glass, R. McEwen, E. Richards, H. Bedlington, H. Gorman, Dr. Milne, Dr. Wesley Mills, P. G. Keyes, Dr. Niven, A. Geddes, R. S. Williams, A. E. Kent, G. S. Oldrieve, C. H. Corbett, G. B. Sweetman, F. Habort, W. Smith, F. Wheeler, Geo. Bell, R. W. Boyle,

J. Lorne Campbell, John Davidson, A. Murdock, Dr. Moll, V.S., J. Smilhe, J. G. Michener, G. W. Douglas and R. Gibson. The minutes of last annual meeting, as published in the *Canadian Kennel Gazette*, were taken as read. Reports were received from the stud book committee and committee on diplomas and adopted. The secretary's report, a synopsis of which was given in FOREST AND STREAM two weeks since, was taken as read. The treasurer's report showed the year's income, including a balance on hand from last year of $278, to be $600.41. Expenses, including secretary's salary, $150, amount voted secretary of 1891, $100, etc., $417.81, leaving a balance on hand of $182.61. On motion of Dr. Niven, seconded by Mr. Stewart, the following important resolution was passed: "That the fiscal year and membership year end on Aug. 31, 1893, and every subsequent year, with the understanding that the membership fee be due and payable on Sept. 1 after that date."

Mr. Bedlington introduced a plan of voting by mail for officers, nominated at a previous meeting, but the members present evidently being unprepared for such an innovation it was voted down.

The order of business was here suspended to admit of the introduction of Prof. W. Saunders, Dominion Commissioner, and N. Awrey, Esq., M.P.P., Ontario Commissioner to the World's Columbian Exposition. Both gentlemen spoke, at length, on the proposed exhibit of Canadian dogs, explaining many matters in connection therewith. After some discussion the making of all arrangements was left with the executive committee with the understanding that the members confer with the commissioners at once and be prepared to submit a suitable plan of procedure. Mr. Gorman's motion that a breeder's certificate be sent in for each application for registration was lost. Mr. Stewart's motion to reinstate Mr. F. H. F. Mercer was declared out of order by the chairman, as Mr. Mercer, as required by Sec. 9 of the constitution, had not applied for reinstatement.

On motion, rule of procedure was suspended to permit of the election of officers, which resulted as follows: Patron, Hon. Senator Sanford; Hon. Pres., R. Gibson, Delaware; Pres., Dr. Wesley Mills, Montreal; First Vice-Pres., C. H. Corbett, Kingston; Second Vice-Presidents, P. G. Keyes, Ottawa, Dr. G. L. Milne, Victoria, B. C., James Laycock, Calgary, N. W. T., and C. H. Smith, St. Stephen, N. B. Executive Committee—James Lindsay, Montreal; G. S. Oldrieve, Kingston; T. G. Davy and Dr. J. S. Niven, London; A. D. Stewart, W. B. Palmer and H. Bedlington, Hamilton; A. Geddes, Ottawa; R. McEwen, Byron; H. Gorman, Sarnia; C. A. Stone and J. G. Mitchener, Toronto. Treas., S. F. Glass, London; Sec'y, H. B. Donovan, Toronto; Auditor, W. Smith, London.

The secretary was instructed to write the secretary of the A. K. C., asking coöperation in the endeavor to induce the several express companies to transport bitches sent to be bred on same terms as when sent for exhibition. It was decided to apply for incorporation under the Dominion act. It was decided in accordance with Mr. Mitchener's notice of motion that no two dogs of the same breed can be registered under the same name unless with a registered affix or prefix.

The Bowmanville (Ont.) St. Bernard Kennels are importing the prize St. Bernard bitch Lady Alton. She is supposed to be in pup to the famous Sir Hereward.

H. B. DONOVAN.

## QUAIL PLENTIFUL AT NEW ALBANY, MISS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Dr. Rogers, one of the resident members of Southern Field Trial Club, at New Albany, Miss., rode over part of the grounds leased by Southern Field Trial Club, adjoining New Albany, and found four bevies of quail where there was one last season; the bevies were all large and well-grown. There are more quail on the club grounds than was ever known before, thus insuring plenty of quail for next trials.

All the shooters living in or near New Albany belong to the Southern Club and will not shoot near the club's preserves or allow any one else to do so.

Many who have seen all the different grounds for field trials pronounce those at New Albany the best.

Sportsmen wishing to enjoy some good shooting in February, or attend the trials and see the dogs work, can find quail plentiful in this section, as the hatching season has been favorable and the bevies plentiful and large.

P. H. BRYSON.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 22.

## NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Owing to an oversight in writing our advertisement, the names of the judges at our trials were not inserted. Make note of them as follows: Judge of bench show, H. W. Lacy, of New York city; judges of field trials, Joseph Lewis, of Cannonsburg, Pa., and W. S. Clark, of Linden, Mass. The above are names that ought to have the confidence of every beagle owner in the United States, and I look forward to seeing them well supported

F. W. CHAPMAN.
Pres. National Beagle Club of America.

### Business.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As it is impossible for me to fill all orders for puppies received through my ad. in your most valuable paper, FOREST AND STREAM, I ask you to please insert the following ad. in place of the one now in. C. T. BROWNELL.

# Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.
1. Springfield, Cup, Springfield.

### Amendments to the Constitution.

THE annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association will be held in about six weeks in one of the Canadian cities, and all propositions for amendments must be published for at least two weeks prior to the meeting, so that any one desiring to offer any amendments should do so very soon. At the request of Mr. Dunnell we reprint the following amendment proposed by him last winter, and we will be glad to give space for a discussion of the subject:

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The following draft of a proposed amendment to the constitution of the A. C. A. is submitted in the hope that it may bring on a discussion and lead to suggestions from old A. C. A. men.

The proposed changes are in line with the ideas expressed of late by a number of leading canoeists.

ARTICLE VI.—*Board of Governors.*—Sec. 4. In each division at its next annual meeting the active members thereof shall elect, in the same manner as their regular officers, one member of that division to serve on the Board of Governors of the Association, whose duty it shall be to have general control of the funds and finances of the Association. The Board of Governors at their first meeting shall, by lot, determine their terms of office, one to retire on Nov. 1, 1893, one to retire on Nov. 1, 1894, one to retire on Nov. 1, 1895, and one to retire on Nov. 1, 1896, and thereafter all members shall be elected for a term of four years, or until their successors shall be elected. The commodore shall be a member *ex-officio* of the Board.

*Duties.*—Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Board of Governors to appropriate and apportion suitable sums to the officers and committees for necessary expenses for the running of the Association and the meets, etc., from the finances in the hands of the treasurer; and the President of the Board of Governors shall approve all bills paid by the same. They shall hear and determine all questions of dispute on appeal from the decisions of the regatta and executive committees when referred to them.

*Quorum.*—Sec. 6. At all meetings of the Board of Governors three shall be necessary to make a quorum, but in the event of the absence of any member from any cause, the executive committee of the same division from which he comes may select any other member from that division to represent him during his disability only, and in the event of a vacancy occurring the same shall be filled for the unexpired term by the active members of the division in the same manner as for a full term.

*Meetings.*—Sec. 7. The stated meetings of the Board of Governors shall be held during the annual meeting of the Association in August and at the annual meeting of the executive committee in November, but special meetings may be held at any time and place at the call of the president or at the request of three members of the board.

*Officers.*—Sec. 8. The officers of the board shall be president and recorder, whose duties shall be similar as in other organizations, and they shall be chosen annually at the annual meeting in camp.

Art. IX., Sec. 1 Amend by striking out the word "Commodore" in the sixth line and inserting "President of the Board of Governors."

FEBRUARY 20 F. L. DUNNELL.

Mr. Dunnell also offers two other amendents, as follows:

Amend Art. V., Sec. 2, by striking out all of paragraph sixth and inserting, "In the event of vacancies occurring in any division officers from any cause, the same shall be filled by the executive committee of the division to which they belonged."

Amend Art. VI., Sec. 1, by striking out in eighth line "and power to fill vacancies until the next annual meeting of the divisions."

### Aluminum Canoes.

THE possibilities of aluminum as a material for canoe building have been discussed for several years by the leading canoeists, but nothing has yet been done toward a practical test. Within the past year, however, such progress has been made in the construction of racing shells as to demonstrate the practicability of an aluminum canoe at a fairly moderate cost. A shell builder in Philadelphia, D. J. Galanaugh, has perfected a method of working the metal which permits the construction of a single shell of any desired model out of a single sheet, a four-oared boat requiring but three pieces. A single shell built this spring for the Fairmount Boat Club is 31ft. 6in. long, 10½in. beam, 6in deep at midship, 3½in. at bow and 2in. at stern, weighing with all attachments 25lbs. A large part of this weight is in the steel outriggers and in other fittings, the aluminum outriggers first used proving weak as compared with steel tubing.

Mr. Galanaugh has also built a four-oared shell for the same club, 44ft. long, 18in. beam, 8½in. deep amidship, 5½in. at bow and 4½in. at stern, total weight 118lbs. The metal used is from 24 to 18 gauge.

A matrix or hollow mould is first built of pine boards, each layer being sawn to the shape of a waterline After the layers are nailed together the inside is finished off until it is an exact counterpart of the outside of the proposed boat. The sheet of aluminum is now forced into the wooden mould, being rubbed and worked in all directions until it fits perfectly. Where a joint is necessary, as in joining two lengths to make a long boat, a butt strap and rivets are used, a strip of linen soaked in shellac being laid inside the strap. The material is not only light and strong but it possesses a beautiful running surface, superior to varnished wood. The quality of metal used is so hard as to resist all ordinary shocks and blows, and any dent or depression may be easily removed. From what we have been able to learn, the builder is prepared to essay a canoe, the difficulties being little greater than in a shell boat.

### Detroit Boat Club, Sept. 19-20.

WITHIN this season canoeing has grown rapidly about Detroit, many members of the Detroit Boat Club taking it up, while quite recently the Detroit C. C. has been organized. The canoeing enthusiasm of the two organizations found expression last week in an open canoe regatta lasting over two days, in which a long racing programme was successfully carried out.

Monday was a very bad day for racing, a strong wind causing the postponement of all after the first two events, but Tuesday was pleasant, and some good racing took place. Mr. John E. Plummer, N. Y. C. C., was the referee, and Mr. M. F. Davis the measurer and starter. The races were as follows:

*Monday, Sept. 19.*

Sailing canoes, measurement limits, 3 miles:
Yum Yum, C. R. Corbusier.....1
Alison, D. R. Holmes.....
Nona, H. L. Walker.....
Bat, A. H. Jupp.....
May L., R. Lorimer.....
Paddling, club fours, ½ mile:
Detroit C. C.—R. D. Morgan, D. R. Holmes, L. Liggett, E. Walker...1
Detroit B. C.—W. Jupp, C. Gould, C. Isham, E. Reynolds...Capsized.

*Tuesday, Sept. 20.*

Sailing and paddling:
Chiquita, A. D. Stearns.....1
Yum Yum, C. R. Corbusier.....2
Dolphin, F. C. Baldwin.....
Paddling singles, ½ mile:
C. S. Isham.....1
P. N. Jacobsen.....2
E. S. Reynolds.....3
F. H. Hitchcock.....
W. C. Jupp.....
J. H. Hitchcock.....
C. H. Gould.....
L. K. Liggett.....
Paddling upset, ¼ mile:
F. H. Hitchcock.....1
D. R. Holmes.....2
E. S. Reynolds.....
L. K. Liggett.....
Sailing canoes, no measurement limit, 3 miles:
May W., E. C. Whateley.....1
Siren, R. G. Kirchner.....Disqualified.
Tandem paddling, ½ mile:
C. H. Gould and E. S. Reynolds.....1
W. C. Jupp and C. S. Isham.....2
L. K. Liggett and R. D. Morgan.....3
D. R. Holmes and W. Traub.....4
Standing tandem, ¼ mile:
R. Loring and C. B. Merriam.....1
D. R. Holmes and R. D. Morgan.....2
L. K. Liggett and W. Traub.....3
W. G. Rankin and E. S. Reynolds.....4
Single blade, ¼ mile with turn:
L. K. Liggett.....1
C. B. Merriam.....2
Hurry scurry, run 100yds., swim 100yds., paddle 100yds.:
E. S. Reynolds.....1
L. K. Liggett.....2
D. R. Holmes.....
W. G. Rankin.....
R. Lorimer.....

### Tatassit C. C., First Annual Regatta.

LAKE QUINSIGAMOND.—SEPT. 21.

THERE was a large attendance, and considerable interest manifested in the programme of the Tatassit C. C. regatta. Com. Winne, of the A. C. A., was present as a guest of the club throughout the afternoon and evening, as was also C. B. Ashenden, of the Newton B. C. The only disappointment of the day came in the sailing race. This was started, but had to be called off on account of the lack of sailing breeze. One of the surprises of the day was the work of George L. Putnam in the double blade ½mile paddle, in which he defeated C. B. Ashenden, of Auburndale.

It was 2 o'clock when the combination sail and paddle race was started. The prize, a handsome silk banner, the gift of F. A. Mann, was won by H. A. Whitney, G. C. Halcott second, and C. A. Pratt third.

The half mile paddling was won by G. S. Putnam in 5m. 25s., C. B. Ashenden second (prize a cup).

In the paddling open canoe, single blade, C. B. Ashenden won first. F. A. Sears second and G. S. Putnam third (prize, a paddle).

In the tandem paddling, one-half mile, Sears and Ashenden won in 4m. 45s. Putnam and Davis second in 5m. 5s. Dean and Lange third (prize, engraved flasks).

In the hurry-scurry Lange won easily, with Sears second (prize, an etched frying pan).

One of the most interesting events of the afternoon was a tug-of-war between teams composed of honorary members of the club. The winning team being captained by H. T. Farrar. At 6 o'clock a clam bake was served, and in the evening a cake walk was held, the prize, a cane, was won by Com. Winne. Shortly before 11 o'clock an adjournment was made to the city, where festivities were concluded at the Bay State House.

### A Short Run.

WE met at the boat house early one beautiful morning in June—five members of the Athens C. C., ready for a run with our canoes on the river. One of the party carried a Kodak camera, another a field glass, and each was armed with a basket containing a day's luncheon.

We could not have chosen a finer day for paddling, as the rain of the night before had cooled the atmosphere to a charming degree. The wind was in our favor, just strong enough to help us along. The first to launch his canoe was T. Roscoe F., a representative of the bar and, of course, "a rising young lawyer;" following him was Prof. Frank C., a musician of no mean skill; Tommy B came next, the dude of the party, he wore kid gloves, low russet shoes, silk hose and a pretty smile; Will Bogardus P. followed; and lastly John R., an amateur at canoeing and consequently very timid.

Our boat house is situated on the bank of the Susquehanna, and we were soon gliding quietly down this stream with the current, which ran with good speed at this place.

Soon we passed under the bridge and waved a farewell to a number of friends on the bank, and paddled for the opposite shore near an island. Here we found a narrow channel with rapids and good current, but it did not last long, and we soon shot out into the main stream, where we had steadier water.

We ran along rather easily, passing over one or two small riffles, and soon came to the junction of the Chemung and Susquehanna Rivers. This is familiarly known as The Point, and as we passed this historic place we looked to the right on the Chemung side, which during the summer is a favorite camping spot, and to the left, on the Susquehanna side, where rising nearly 500ft. above the water is Mount Prospect, once a favorite resort for picnic parties and where one obtains a magnificent view of the surrounding country; but the woodman's ax has played sad havoc among the noble trees and robbed the spot of its beauty.

While we are floating idly along with the current, enjoying the beauties of nature, we hear some one calling, and on looking we see the glisten of paddles up on the Chemung; we wait a few minutes and are joined by Ed. H, an old canoeist and a good hand with the double blade. Ed. had cruised on nearly every stream in Pennsylvania, and still liked to take a spin in his favorite Rushton. A short distance below the point we have some nice running over an old eel-rack and beside an island, then we strike a stretch of still water two or three miles long and have to use the paddles quite freely.

The Lehigh Valley R. R. runs close to the water on the west shore and we wave our hats to a passing train, a salute responded to by a number of passengers. Soon we arrive at the new bridge at Ulster, Pa., and know we are to stop for awhile, so shouldering our eight canoes we carry them to the depot, but a few rods distant, and wait for the next train north. While waiting we are the center of an admiring group of natives who ask no end of questions regarding the weight, length, price, etc. of our craft.

The train arrives, and after carefully packing the canoes in the baggage car we seek the cushioned seats for a ride of twenty-five miles to Wellsburg, N. Y., arriving there about noon. Here we have the Chemung River about nineteen or twenty miles from its mouth. Again the natives flock around us, wonder how we ride in those things, ask us "How far you going?" "Where're you from?" and a few such questions. Each of our party tells a different story, and placing our boats in the river, which is only a few yards from the depot, we wave a farewell and push into the current, gliding under the white suspension bridge which spans the river here.

We run merrily along, soon reaching a riffle which gives us a grand run, although the waves were not very rough. Now comes a half mile of deep water, which is soon covered, and we have some rapids again. Will had been over the course before and took a small, narrow channel leading to the right, the rest followed, and here we had a very pretty run. A small clump of willows divided the stream, and as we shot around it we saw the water splashing and quickly came to a small dam over which the water was running with a fine fall.

Will shot over it nicely, but took in a gallon of water to keep him cool. The others escaped better, and all were ready for another. We found the current steady and swift, requiring but little use of the paddles. Tommy B. and the Professor used theirs a little more freely and were soon out of sight around the bend.

The others followed slowly, and after a run of nearly a mile we thought we saw them lying down on a gravel beach at the right. Ed was ahead of us, and as he came opposite them called out, "Hullo! you suckers; how long have you been there?" In reply to his question a couple of young farmers arose from their soft seat and hurled such a string of sulphuric adjectives at us that left no room for doubt as to the time they had occupied that particular spot.

Then they kindly invited us over to test their pugilistic skill, or try their wrestling power, and showed their muscle by hurling huge geological specimens nearly to our boats. As soon as they paused for breath, Ed timidly called out, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I am rather near-righted and took you for my friends." We then heard some one laughing, and quickly spied Tommy and the Professor enjoying the cool shade of a large elm on the other side.

We all paddled over and were soon stretched out on the soft green grass, a large table cloth spread, and covered with "all the delicacies of the season."

As soon as our lunch was finished and the table cleared, Tommy, the dude, cautiously inquired for finger bowls. When he had finished dodging the orange bark, banana peel and mature doughnuts he was perfectly contented to dip his dainty fingers in the river.

During this time the two grangers had amused themselves by calling us harsh names, and Ed became quite vexed, and said he would "show those mossbacks a thing or two."

He grabbed his paddles and started as though he was going to accept their many invitations. As he neared them they arose from the sand, picked up a handful of stones and ran. Ed yelled, and they fled as though an army was after them, nor did they come in sight again until we had gone some distance down the river.

We paddled on, now and then passing over small riffles, and at one place had a splendid run of rapid boiling water, requiring considerable skill to avoid the rocks and keep the canoe straight. A short distance above Willawanna we had a grand run. An old dam had been partially broken out, and the water boiled and tumbled over in a reckless fashion, and below this for some rods was the roughest water we encountered anywhere on our trip.

Young B. and the Prosessor, with their characteristic caution, ran in on one side and took an easy drop, while Ed, Roscoe and Will accepted the biggest fall as the only place a canoe should go.

Ed went first and escaped all right, as the coveriog to his Rushton completely protected him. Roscoe, poor feilow, was completely soaked, his Nessmuk trying to spill him. Will's light craft jumped the waves very well and only a little water shipped in. When we were through and the sponge had done its work we all united in proclaiming this the finest run on the river.

A little further down we passed through a rather narrow channel, which had good speed and came out but a few yards above a white suspension bridge. Here we stopped for a drink at a spring, and the bridge, with its white network of wires, the high trees at the end and the gentle sloping bank, gave a pretty picture for Ed and his Kodak, so we pulled in position under the bridge.

Then we had steady running, without much of interest, for several miles, passing over some very fair rapids and through some pretty places, where the trees hung over the water, affording a little shade and making it pleasant to run through.

The Professor was always looking out for some unexplored part of the river, and spying a little narrow opening through the bushes on the left of the stream he paddled over, followed by Roscoe and Will. The others kept the main channel. The entrauce was not over 15ft. wide and seemed to disappear in the bank, but as we shot through it made another curve to the right and the water threw itself around an old tree which formed a big eddy at the side.

In order to avoid running into the tree we kep to the right and struck the eddy, which whirled the canoe completely around running it into the bank, but we escaped without much difficulty. The stream continued narrow and swift; while there was plenty of water it required a constant watch to avoid the snags, stumps and ends of roots sticking out, while the trees which lined the bank hung out over the water, making a perfect shade and a delightfully cool retreat. We were in ecstacy of delight over the Professor's find, and would have enjoyed going through again. After nearly a half mile of the most delightful running we again came out into the main stream to find the rest of our party out of sight.

We now had a long stretch of still water ahead of us and used the paddles steadily, keeping up a constant, rapid stroke until we reached the new iron bridge at Waverly, N. Y. Passing under this we had a good riffle to run. The D., L. & W. R.R. bridge was soon passed and we knew we were in Pennsylvania again. Our companions were not in sight and we began to think they had left us entirely, but soon we spied them seated on the bank under a tree, with an ice-cold spring near by.

We felt like having a little rest ourselves and remained here some time. After sufficiently cooling off we kept on our course, with now and then a riffle to help us along, but having rather steady water. We encountered one riffle which had several roots standing upright, and the musician had a narrow escape from hitting one. Then we found more dead water, and as the afternoon was nearly gone we plied the double blade with more energy. To amuse ourselves we sang snatches of the popular songs, the Professor usually singing a verse and the others joining in the chorus, this seemed to charm the people along the bank whenever we passed any, as they invariably called out to "go drown yourselves" or some other compliment.

We soon reached the town, but on the wrong side, but rather than

paddle to The Pount and up the Susquehanna to the boat house, we took our canoes on our shoulders and carried them across the land, a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, and placed them once more in the Susquehanna, while a few minutes paddling landed us at the boat house, where the canoes were placed in their owners' rack to rest till wanted again. W. R. P.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentleman has applied for membership in the A. C. A., Eastern Division: Geo. B. Smith, Boston.

## Yachting.

### FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

1. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
15. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.

### International Racing.

THE absurd rumor of a challenge from the Emperor of Germany on behalf of Meteor is set at rest by a statement from Mr. Poultney Bigelow, now in Berlin, to the effect that the emperor had never entertained the idea of challenging. We have recently received the following letters, one from a Western yachtsman, the other from one nearer New York:

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I wish to express my indorsement of your views as lately expressed—namely that the action of the New York Y. C. in returning the America Cup to "the only surviving donor" was illegal, and that the only legal deed of gift was and is the original one, and, good or bad, it and it only is the one that the challengers must take cognisance of. This may not be considered American, but I hope the day has not yet come when American yachtsmen need to hide behind quibbles to retain the America Cup. I hope you will not abandon the subject until the club returns to the original deed, and thus secures a revival of the exciting races of the Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer days.

J. D. C.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It has been frankly stated that another challenge would hardly be given by our English friends did the New York Y. C. not feel embarrassed by the conditions of the last so-called deed of gift and past acts of the club in connection therewith. The solution of the difficulty is remarkably simple. As the second and third deeds never had or can have any validity, why not let the club cat destroy the embarrassing papers, so relieving the club of its present strain on the mind and giving to the next administration a free hand and fair start. A YACHTING CITIZEN.

### The Fisher Cup.

ONWARD AND NORAH.

THE Fisher cup, won on Lake Michigan by Atalanta and taken to Lake Ontario, where it was won by default by Norah of Belleville, Bay of Quinte, has at last been sailed for and taken out into the open lake, where it is likely to be the subject of keen competition for some time. After the failure of many attempts to make a match for the cup by various lake yachts, a race was sailed this summer by Onward, of Rochester, a sloop once well-known about New York, the holder, Norah, being victorious. Onward issued a second challenge, and the race was sailed on Sept. 19, over the club triangle of nearly 9 nautical miles on the Bay of Quinte, 3 rounds or 26 miles.

The wind was strong from the north, making less than 3 miles of windward work on each round. The start was given at 11 A. M., but both were handicapped about 2m. Norah had a single reef and working topsail over it, while Onward carried whole lower sail and working topsail. Norah was slightly astern at the start, but showed a lead of 20s. at the first mark, but on the windward leg Onward passed her to leeward, Norah taking in her topsail, and had a lead of a minute at the second mark, which Norah cut down a little in the run home.

At the end of first round Norah made a very clever jibe and ran to leeward of Onward into first place, increasing her lead to over 2m. on the windward leg, and leading by 3m. 45s. at the jibe. On the windward leg of the third round Onward was favored by a shift of wind to the eastward, which enabled her to save her time. The times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Onward | 11 05 | 2 42 59 | 3 37 59 | 3 34 24 |
| Norah | 11 05 | 2 40 36 | 3 35 36 | 3 35 36 |

The judges were Dr. Saunders, of Rochester for Onward; S. A. Hyman, of Belleville, for Norah, and J. Gass, of Albany, referee. The scrutineers were Geo. F. Thompson on Onward, Henry Miller on Norah. If won three times in succession by the same club the cup becomes the property of the club to which the winning yachts belong.

### A Challenge from a Cruiser.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In one of your early issues just after the Cobourg—Cayuga controversy this spring, there appeared a proposition that Cayuga and I should settle the question of superiority of type by meeting for a race somewhere about halfway between our respective homes. Both of us were thinking of a good deal else than mere speed, and in any case, I had at the time no boat and was unable to make or accept a challenge. Since that time however, two boats of the spoontail type have been built, one here for the writer and one in Columbus, Indiana, both closely resembling the design in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 17, 1891. Both have been very satisfactory in their performances. The owner of the Indiana boat reports her very handy and fast—fast enough to take second place in a regatta.

My own boat has not done any regular racing but has shown herself unmistakably fast to windward and also in reaching, and down hill I have not as yet been able to spread sail enough to excel, but she is well up to the average. The rig is nearly perfection for handiness, as the longest spar after the mainmast is only 12ft. long, and I can reef down or shake out without leaving the cockpit. As a sea boat she is a great success, the bow being just full enough to lift her clear and not full enough to pound, and the lifting is promoted by the narrow quarters. She handles well under the successsive changes—full sail; jib mizen and reefed main; jib and reefed mizen; full main and reefed mizen or reefed main and reefed mizen. Under jib and reefed mizen she is snug enough for anything short of a hurricane, and will stay in a heavy sea without any help from paddle or oars, in fact I have never used either except to get to her moorings from the boat house. If Cayuga wants a trial I will try to accommodate him. HENRY K. WICKSTEED.

COBOURG, Sept. 14.

### The American Yacht List.

THE new volume of the American Yacht List (Manning's Register) is not only the most complete work of the kind ever produced, but it is in plan and detail so nearly perfect as to leave little room for improvement. The book is larger in every way, nearly twice as thick as the previous editions, and besides a very careful revision of the list of yachts, the subject matter has been greatly extended, a special feature of the new matter being a nearly complete list of races in 1891. The club flags, which are very handsomely printed on a tinted ground, represent 120 yacht clubs, all but 9 within the United States. The list of private signals, arranged according to colors, includes 1300 flags. The yacht register proper has been completely remodeled in form, the work, with that of compiling the racing records, being in the hands of Captain Howard Patterson. The steam yachts are separated from the sailing craft, and in both lists the larger page used, with the new arrangement of the tables, gives space for more detailed information, one new feature being a column for the record of races of each yacht. Special attention has been paid to the accuracy of the list, and such errors as may exist are due to the negligence of owners in furnishing information; a difficulty that is experienced in all work of this kind. The record of races is most complete, the racing rule of each club being given, with the full table of times and winners of each race, including the names of helmsmen of all yachts, and their rating, as Corinthian or professional. This useful list has been made as accurate as is possible, though much difficulty was experienced in obtaining official information in answer to circulars sent out. The miscellaneous matter includes lists of clubs and officers, dues, organization etc., list of club secretaries, the three deeds of the America Cup, with lists of races sailed for, particulars of the Cape May Brenton's Reef and other challenge cups, fixtures for the year, international code, lists of names changed and other useful information for yachtsmen. The book is published by Mr. Thomas Manning, of Manning's Yacht Agency.

### White Bear Lake and Lake Minnetonka.

A SERIES of three races was recently arranged between the champions in the 23ft. class on White Bear Lake and Lake Minnetonka, Minn.; and Shark, of the White Bear Y. C., was taken to the latter lake to meet Dolphin, the champion of the class. A race was sailed on Sept. 16 and another on the following day, Dolphin winning the first by 1m. 40s., and the second by 5m. 4s. A sequel to the race is found in the following correspondence, the three letters being published in circular form under the title:

AN OPEN LETTER.

[Copy.] MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 14, 1892.

*Commodore C. B. Eustis:*

DEAR SIR—I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that immediately upon the termination of the championship race last Saturday for sloops between 20 and 23ft., I requested a remeasurement of Dolphin while in the exact condition in which she had sailed.

The representatives of Dolphin produced a measurer's certificate in which Dolphin purported to be 22ft. 10in. long, and stated, before several members of the club, that there had been no change in her usual racing trim; that she was ballasted exactly the same as in her previous races.

The official measurer stated, however, that he had not measured Dolphin's length at all under the present rules, but only her sail area.

She was then measured for the first time this season, her trim being exactly as she had sailed in the race, and, as stated by her representatives, the same as in previous races.

The steel tape made her 23ft. 4½in. long. This is the official measurement of her condition as she was sailed, and in accordance with the following rule:

"Length shall be taken 3in. above the water line. The water line shall be determined by ballasting the boat to her usual trim when the crew are not on board, with no less than 2lbs. of ballast for each square foot of mainsail. The inside ballast to be placed as directed by the measurer, who shall keep in view the usual racing trim of the boat."

Consequently Dolphin has been and is ineligible to sail for the championship of the Minnetonka Yacht Club, which limits yachts to 23ft. Yours respectfully, H. J. BURTON.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 15, 1892.

*Mr. H. J. Burton:*

DEAR SIR—Yours received yesterday. I would say that I interpret the rule referred to to mean, measured with 2lbs. of ballast for every square foot of mainsail. "The usual racing trim" means whether she is down by the head or by the stern. Referring to the rule of '91 you will see that it distinctly states that "the waterline shall be determined by ballasting the boat with 1½lbs. for each square foot of sail area." The idea this year was to increase that to 2lbs., but in doing so they changed the wording. A boat would have to be measured every day for classification if your interpretation of "her usual racing trim" was taken, as her ballast is constantly changing with the condition of the wind, and so a fixed amount of 2lbs. is agreed upon. I have interpreted the rule to mean this and think it entirely fair for all, and shall measure the boats accordingly until ordered otherwise by the club.

Hoping this will explain my position I remain,

Very truly yours,
B. C. HURD, Jr., Measurer M. Y. C.

SEPT. 16, 1892.

*Mr. B. C. Hurd, Jr., Measurer M. Y. C.:*

DEAR SIR—It was voted by the club last Saturday that if Dolphin was over 23ft. she was ineligible. You measured her in the exact trim in which she sailed that day and found her 23ft. 4½in. She was prepared and sailed by the most experienced yachtsmen in the club and it was preposterous to claim she was otherwise than in her "usual racing trim." We are sailing under the rules for '92, not the rules for '91. The clause "not less than 2lbs." applies solely to boats like Bird and Volante, which carry little or no ballast when in "usual racing trim."

Even in light breezes Dolphin sails with 4lbs. of ballast per square foot of mainsail and it would be an evasion of the plain English of the rule to measure her with 2lbs. placed in the bow so as to throw her stern out of the water and bring her within the limit.

She has never been sailed in any such trim as that.

Surely there is more sportsmanship in accepting a fair defeat from the representative of the White Bear Club than in violating the letter and spirit of your own rules. Yours truly, H. J. BURTON.

### The Rocking Chair Navy.

WE note with pleasure the following report of the proceedings of the great piazza squadron. The season's reports from sister organizations are now in order:

The second semi-occasional meeting of the Soft Bottom Rocking Chair Fleet was recently held. It was considered necessary for the coming season to fill the position of Grand Querist at once, as for some time argument had been dull. The Prominent Candidate had but one opponent on the floor, who said that he could queer anything. The Prominent Candidate at once called him down, that he was shooting wide, in fact he never could shoot. "I can shoot with any kind of shells, even chestnut shells," said P. C After this just remark P. C. was seated in the position without opposition, and with due honors.

The Grand Querist as soon as possible put forth the questions: Does steam sink? Does water float? as texts for the discussion, and reports of same are now in quarantine.

### Beverly Y. C., 3d Championship Race.

MONUMENT BEACH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

THE 193d race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed at Monument Beach on Sept. 17 in a fair southwesterly breeze

As pennants had been won in second and fourth classes the race was practically confined to third class Here Sippican proved her superiority in moderate breeze and Fin showed again that she needed more wind. The summary was as follows:

| | Length | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST CLASS. | | | |
| Violet, Toby Club | 27.06 | 2 20 30 | 2 10 56 |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis | 27.04 | 2 10 40 | 2 00 56 |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | |
| Sippican, W. H. Davis | 23.03 | 1 56 04 | 1 44 35 |
| Elna, John Parkinson | 22 10 | 2 01 29 | 1 40 35 |
| Phenomenon, D. L. Whittemore | 23.00 | 2 03 19 | 1 51 37 |
| Doris, John Parkinson | 23 02 | 3 04 10 | 1 52 36 |
| Fin, L. M. Stockton | 17 03 | 2 08 21 | 1 49 39 |
| Daisy, Howard Stockton | 21.01 | 2 13 50 | 1 59 58 |
| Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr | 23.01 | Withdrew. | |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | |
| Edith, G. G. Van Rensselaer | 19.04 | 1 29 54 | 1 20 16 |
| Kitten, Toby Club | 20.00 | 1 33 56 | 1 24 48 |

Judge, F. Elliott Cabot.

Violet, Gymnote, Sippican and Edith take firsts. Elna takes second. Champion pennants for 1892 are won on season's record by Violet, Gymnote, Sippican and Fin.

### Monatiquot Y. C., Special Race.

WEYMOUTH, MASS.—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE Monatiquot Y. C. sailed a special race for the Linton cup on Sept. 24 in a light wind, the times being:

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| FIRST CLASS. | | |
| Opeechee, W. P. Barker | 1 48 20 | 1 18 45 |
| White Fawn, H. A. Jones | 1 46 53 | 1 20 36 |
| Beatrice, John Cavanagh | 1 48 49 | 1 23 01 |
| Gipsy, M. F. Drinkwater | 1 50 51 | 1 23 21 |
| Secret, E. F. Lincoln | 1 53 36 | 1 24 01 |
| Folly, J. F. Sheppard | 1 55 12 | 1 30 24 |
| Rosy, R. G. Hunt | 1 59 20 | 1 31 04 |
| THIRD CLASS. | | |
| Imp, W. F. Maybury | 1 49 45 | 1 21 31 |
| Primrose, H. M Faxon | 1 51 25 | 1 21 55 |

Opeechee, of the second class, went up in first class and won the cup. Imp won in third class.

### Alva.

MESSRS. PERKINS & WHITE, the purchasers of the sunken Alva, are working on her steadily with a fair prospect of success, in spite of the lateness of the season. If all goes well the work of pumping out and floating the hull will begin in a week or two. The schooner Geo. D. Rust is anchored near the wreck, and operations are carried on from it and a large catboat. Four divers, Duncan, Russell, Sione and Nickerson, of Boston, are at work whenever the very strong tides permit, some three hours per day. They descend from the catboat, and already they have stopped the break in the bows and all small apertures, including the companions, with 2in. planks, so that the ebb and flow of water through the vessel has been stopped.

In Chatham Harbor is a large lighter, on which has been built a large caisson of 6×6 timber, 26ft. long, 15ft. wide, and 8ft. deep, bolted and caulked. This caisson will be lowered and bolted down over the boiler hatch with a similar one over the engine hatch.

When this work is completed steam pumps will be secured to the yacht's decks and steam carried down by hose from the boilers of the wrecking boat. It is expected to pump out the hull and float it to shoaler water out of the strong tides which have made the work so difficult, after which operation it will be further repaired before towing to Boston.

A section of the bow nearly 60ft. long has been broken off and will be lifted separately.

With every trip below the divers bring up something, and already a great deal of valuable plate and furnishings of various kinds have been recovered. The wreck lately passed through a severe storm with no new damage, and Messrs. Perkins & White are likely to meet with final success, in which event they will profit largely, in addition to the honor of attempting and carrying out a task that was pronounced hopeless by the leading wrecking firms.

It is announced that Mr. Vanderbilt has just ordered a new and larger yacht to replace the Alva to be designed by Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne, of Liverpool, and built by Laird & Co., of the same city.

### A Shoal Draft Auxiliary Yacht.

A NEW auxiliary cruising yacht was launched on Sept. 22 at the yard of E. H. Thatcher & Son, New Haven, where she was built for Lewis D. Benton. The yacht is 52ft. over all, 45ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam, 3ft. draft, the hull of oak and yellow pine. The yacht has a low trunk cabin, like the ordinary sloop, with a cabin, owner's stateroom and toilet room forward of the engine space, which is amidships. The engine is 4½ and 8×7in., with a Foster patent boiler. The wheel is of bronze and the shaft of Tobin bronze. The bunkers are under the cockpit, and there are water tanks, ice box and storage lockers for a full cruising supply. The yacht is yawl-rigged, mainmast 27ft. deck to bounds, mizzenmast 17ft., topmast 22ft. She was designed by E. E. Crampton, superintendent of the yard, and will be used in Southern cruising.

### New Yachts.

AT Bristol the Herreshoffs have begun work on the Carroll schooner, her frames being bent. Lawley has the keel out for a 55ft. wooden schooner for a Providence owner, and has nearly completed a 75ft. steam yacht. Mr. A. Cary Smith has recently completed the design for a wooden schooner 70ft. l.w.l., 21ft. beam and 8ft. draft for J. B. King, of Staten Island, the yacht to be built at Nyack. Mr. Wintringham has completed the design for a steel schooner for Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell, the leading dimensions being 82ft. l.w.l, 21ft. 6in. beam, 10ft. draft. She will be a centerboard craft. Mr. H. J. Gielow is at work on a design for a steam yacht for H. C. Baxter, of Brunswick, Me., to be 77ft. 8in. over all, 70ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 3in. beam and 4ft. draft. Mr. Gielow has also made a design for a 35ft. centerboard cutter for Mr. T. L. Arnold, Atlantic Y. C. She will be 53ft. over all, 34ft. 8in. l.w.l., 14ft. 6in. beam, 4ft. 2in. draft, with 4 tons of lead on keel.

### Lincoln Park Y. C.

LINCOLN PARK, ILL.—LAKE MICHIGAN.

THE last race of the Lincoln Park Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 17, the times being:

| | Start. | Finished. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dragon | 2 37 47 | 5 37 49 | 3 00 02 |
| Viking | 2 39 23 | 5 09 06 | 2 29 43 |
| Period | 2 38 01 | 5 05 55 | 2 27 54 |
| Blade | 2 35 46 | 5 10 52 | 2 35 04 |
| Lois | 2 37 08 | 5 02 29 | 2 25 21 |
| Ida K | 2 35 49 | 5 13 03 | 2 37 14 |

First prize, second class, Viking; second prize, Dragon. First prize, third class, Lois; second prize, Period.

The judge was J. Allen Hornsby and the time keepers were C. O. Anders and D. D. Dutton.

American Girl capsized.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Norie & Wilson, London, a new pilot book of the English Channel and adjacent coasts, upon a novel plan. "Our Silver Streak, or the Yachtsman's Guide from Harwich to Scilly," by Arthur Underhill, Commodore of the Cruising Club, is a careful compilation of the standard charts and sailing directions for the special use of yachtsmen, such information as is useful for yachts and the smaller vessels being given very minutely, while the great mass of detail that is important only to "merchant vessels of heavy draft, or clumsy coasters incapable of beating in against a strong onset," is omitted. A special feature of the book is the descriptive matter relating to the history and points of interest of each locality. The work is pleasantly written and the technical detail does not detract from the interest of the description; American readers who are familiar with the cruises of MacGregor, McMullen and Speed will find the book a very great help in reading such cruises understandingly; especially as it is illustrated with charts of all the localities described.

There was launched on Sept. 9 from the building yard of the London and Glasgow Engineering and Iron Shipbuilding Co., Limited, at Govan, a handsomely modeled screw steam yacht named Athen, of the following dimensions: 176ft. over all, 21ft. 2in. beam moulded, and 12ft 9in. depth moulded. She has been built to the highest class at Lloyd's, to the specification and designs and under the special supervision of Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne, of Liverpool, and will be fitted by the builders with a set of triple-expansion surface-condensing engines and a large single-ended boiler, having a working pressure of 160lbs. to the square inch.—*Engineering.*

The house committee of the Massachusetts Y. C. announce the opening of the winter quarters, No. 15 Hayward Place, on Monday, Sept. 26. A table d'hote lunch will be served daily (except Sundays) from 12 to 2:30 o'clock until further notice. Meals à la Carte can be served as usual from 12 A. M. to 11 P. M. The lunch at No. 5 Rowe's Wharf was discontinued after Friday, Sept. 23, and the club house closed with exception of the lower floor and floats, which will be kept open until October, with a man in attendance.

Lurline, steam yacht, Major W. B. Wetmore, of New York, on her recent arrival at Chicago after a summer's cruise through the Lakes, was welcomed by a boat's crew from an over-officious revenue cutter and ordered to show her name and sailing port on the bows within twenty-four hours. As many yachts are expected to visit Chicago next year, it might be well if the Customs authorities would post themselves fully on the law before subjecting yachtsmen to useless and illegal annoyance.

New York yachtsmen, especially the owners of the smaller craft which do not carry a paid hand, have suffered this season from sudden and severe wind storms, the latest being on Monday morning, when half a gale came out of the west about 9 A. M., kicking a heavy sea and landing a large number of small yachts on the beach.

Gloriana's owner has decided to offer her for sale, and an advertisement of this famous yacht appears on another page. The past season has been unsuccessful, but there are many who still believe that the yacht is quite as fast as Harpoon, and not far behind Wasp.

The Pavonia Y. C. closed its club house at Atlantic Highlands on Sept. 24 with a dance. The house has been generally used by the members during the season, and the club's reputation for hospitality extends as far as the limits of tidewater about New York.

Ex-Com. H. B. Pearson, of the Jersey City Y. C., owner of the sloop Gertrude, died at Cleveland, O., on Sept. 17, at the age of 60. Com Pearson was well known about New York Bay, and was one of the first officers of the New York Y. R. A.

The championship sail-off of the Winthrop Y. C. took place on Sept. 24, Mattie, in Class 1, and Perdita, in Class 2, each scoring a walkover, while Magpie won in Class 3 and Collet in Class 4.

The regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. has just issued in pamphlet form a very complete and interesting summary of the seven races sailed under its management this year.

The Herreshoff 21-footer Alpha, the champion of the class, has been sold by Messrs. Dunne, Brown & Hunt to an unknown owner, said to be H. W. Bird, of Boston.

The Essex Y. C., of Newark, located at Bayonne, on Newark Bay, and the Greenville Y. C. on New York Bay, are considering a scheme of consolidation.

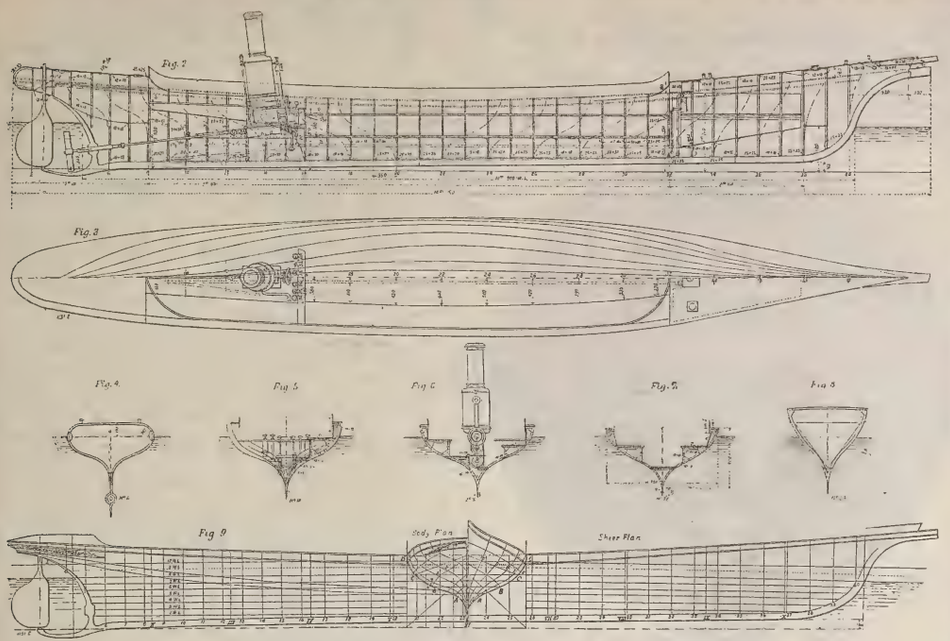
Another 46-footer on the sale list is Barbara, and the daily papers are crediting Mr. Foster with the ownership of a new design for the same class.

Brunhilde, schr., is receiving a new overhang aft, which will improve her looks as far as it is possible to do so.

The old sloop Addie, originally the Addie Voorhees, and of late the Acteon, has been purchased by E. W. Dixon.

Elmina, steam launch, Dr. T. V. Roe, of Tarrytown, N. Y., was entirely burned on Sept. 18, the loss being $4,500.

Wild Duck, steam yacht, J. M. Forbes, has been hauled up at East Boston and her mainmast shifted forward.



ALUMINUM NAPHTHA YACHT "MIGNON."

Constructed by Messrs. Escher Wyss & Co., Engineers, Zurich, Switzerland.

## The Aluminum Naphtha Yacht Mignon.

WE are indebted to *Engineering* for the following illustrations and description of the new aluminum yacht recently constructed in Switzerland:

The yacht Mignon is constructed of aluminum, and is propelled by a naphtha motor, principally composed of the same material. Both engine and vessel were designed and constructed by the enterprising firm of Messrs. Escher Wyss & Co., Zurich, to the order of Monsieur A. Nobel, Paris, who intends that the Mignon shall cruise in the waters of La Seine.

The naphtha motor by which the yacht is propelled has three single acting cylinders, three cranks and three pistons. The whole of the machinery is constructed of aluminum (including the propeller) with the exception of the cranks and shafting. The boiler, which is constructed of copper spiral pipes, is supplied with naphtha from a large copper tank situated at the fore end of the vessel, the supply pipes running outside the vessel's keel.

In describing this yacht we may mention that this is the first vessel of her size which has been built of aluminum. Her principal dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 48ft.; breadth moulded, 6ft.; depth moulded, 2fr. 11in.; draft in fresh water, 2ft. 2in. On account of air-tight compartments with which she is constructed, she is rendered unsinkable, while she has a very large range of stability. She has a cutwater stem ornamented with a beautiful figurehead, and an elliptical stern; she is constructed on exceedingly fine lines, carries two pole masts, and is rigged as a fore-and-aft schooner. The standing rigging is of aluminum wire, set up with screws of the same metal, while the running rigging is of manilla rope. This vessel has a fine appearance in the water, and she will certainly belie her appearance—of which the perspective view gives a good idea—if she has not a fine career before her.

The weight of the yacht is only 1½ tons; naturally she is constructed on very light scantlings. The keel, stem and sternposts are of forged aluminum 7in.x1in.; the frames are 1in x1in.x1-16in. except in the engine room, where they are 1½in.x1½in x¼in.; the frames are spaced throughout the vessel 16in. The shell plating ranges from 3-32in. to 4-32in. in thickness, and 15,000 aluminum rivets hold the ship together. She is fully equipped, having a balanced rudder and quadrant of aluminum, bollards and fairleads of the same material, aluminum awning stanchions which support a pink-colored sunshade extending the whole length of the yacht, aluminum flagpoles surmounted with silken flags; in fact, everything in the vessel which can be made of this material is so executed to make her as light as possible.

The woodwork is of Lebanon cedar, and the seats are covered with cushions upholstered with morocco leather, while the floor is covered with portable gratings. At the fore end of the vessel is situated a portable willow cabin 8ft. in length, weighing only 86lbs., and extending the whole width of the vessel; the roof is ornamented with blue silk, relieved with gold. Situated at the fore end of the vessel is a nickel silver binnacle fitted with a double liquid needle compass. The shell of the ship is innocent of all paint and composition, and is allowed to retain its natural silver color. On the occasion of the trial trip, which took place on the Lake of Zurich on June 1, a speed was obtained of more than 13 kilometres per hour on a consumption of 17½lbs. of naphtha per hour, which was considered highly satisfactory to all concerned. On this occasion Mr. Gustar Naville and Mr. Henrich Zolly represented the firm of Messrs. Escher Wyss & Co., while Mr. Nobel and a few other gentlemen interested in this vessel made up the rest of the party.

Details of the engine and boiler are shown in Figs. 10 to 20. As will be seen from the engravings, the engine is of the three-cylinder, single-acting type and is completely shut up in a close casing. The valve chest is above the cylinders and the three valves are operated from one shaft, driven by gearing from the screw shaft. A hand-wheel on the valve shaft is arranged in such a way that by turning it one way or the other the relative position of the valve shaft is altered as regards the screw shaft, and in this way the reversing of the engines is effected, the device being equivalent to the old gab motion. The boiler is placed over the steam chest of the engines and consists essentially of a spiral of stout copper tubing, tested to a pressure of 245lbs. per square inch. This spiral is inclosed in a stout metal chamber, at the bottom of which are two burners, viz., a large ring burner D, Figs 11 to 17, and a small burner C for lighting up. When running the naphtha is drawn by the feed pump G, Figs. 11 and 19, from the bottom of a reservoir placed in a compartment on the bow of the boat. Two openings are left in this compartment through which the water streams as the boat moves, and the reservoir is thus kept cool. From the feed-pump the naphtha passes into one end of the copper coil, where it is converted into vapor. On passing out of the end of the coil the major portion of the vapor passes downward through a wide central pipe to the valve chest of the engines, but another portion of it passes by a by-pass $c_{11}$ to an air injector $d$, Figs. 11 and 20, where it sucks in a current of air through a suitable valve, mixes with it and passes on to the main burner D. The vapor, which passes through the engines, passes back to the reservoir in the bow through two outboard condensers.

In starting the engine air is first pumped into the naphtha reservoir by a hand pump provided for this purpose; when a suitable pressure is obtained here, a valve leading to the small burner, C, is opened, and the vapor, when it issues there, is lighted. When this has been done naphtha is then pumped by a second hand pump into the copper spiral, where it is heated by the small burner and vaporized; when the pressure has risen to a proper amount the valve leading to the injector is opened, admitting thus mixed vapor and air to the large burner, D. When this is fairly going the boat is ready to start.

Messrs. Escher Wyss & Co. construct about fifty naphtha launches every year, including 2, 4 and 6 horse-power, and in a very short time a new model will be completed of an 8 horse-power engine. The boats are constructed in wood, steel and aluminum. These naphtha launches sail in every known part of the world, including Australia, Egypt, India, America and the Continent. At present the firm have a large number on hand, including one for His Highness, the Khedive of Egypt, and also an aluminum sailing boat for the Fürst zu Wied of Prussia. Last year Messrs. Escher Wyss & Co. constructed and exhibited at the Frankfort Electrical Exhibition the first aluminum naphtha launch and aluminum engine ever made. Her principal dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 18ft.; breadth, 4ft. 8in.; depth, 2ft. 2in. The weight of the boat and machinery was only 970lbs. The name of this little craft was the Progress.

## Off South Beach.

"TAKE in the foresail, boys, lively now! Slack away the jib sheets. All hands aft! Put down two reefs." These orders followed one another in rapid succession They were almost unnecessary, though. So thoroughly did each man aboard the Shearwater understand what was required of him that the skipper's command was often anticipated. To tell the truth, they were all capable of filling the skipper's shoes—if occasion should arise to demand it.

Away to the wes'ard, stretching over a large arc, a dull, whitish band was rising. As it advanced, curling outward and expanding, fragments from the edge were torn away and whirled ahead. In front the sky was still clear blue, behind the intense black accentuated the contrast. Rapidly the swelling circle swept forward, broadening and curving in innumerable shapes. Not a breath, the reefed mainsail swung from side to side as we heeled to the long swells In the silence, broken only by the clank of the boom as it straightened out the sheets, it was easy to imagine ourselves becalmed in one of those windless summer days. A couple of pleasure yachts, balance-reefed, lay off to starboard.

Suddenly the distant shore was blotted out, another instant and a line of foam swept toward us. So powerful was the first blow that it flattened the sea down, and then—well, there was something so suggestive of a power, limitless in its strength, that the most indifferent observer could not but be impressed with an overwhelming sense of his insignificance. Long, furrowed lanes, like the track of grape shot along a field, followed where the wind's strength varied. There was something sinister about the blackened waters; its appearance was evil as the waves commenced to form and throw crests forward in blinding spray. "I have been serene and fair for days," it seemed to say, "now beware. I shall do my worst." Royally did it act this threat; shrieking through the rigging, curving the taut halliards astern with a vigor that would have boded ill for the Shearwater had we been obliged to make sail to clear a lee shore.

"Larry, go below and get the glass."

Steadying himself, he took a long look at one of the yachts. "She's making bad weather of it," he muttered, lowering the tube. "Get more sail on her forward," he shouted; "we've got ter stand by them, boys. She's taking half a barrel at every jump."

The jib was "bonnetted." When she filled away I expected every moment to see the sails blown out of their bolt ropes. When a fishing smack gets down so her lee'ard scuppers are well awash, she is over at a rather steep inclination. Working the Shearwater a little to windward, "Cap'n Jimmy" hove her up and bawled out in tones distinctly his own property, "Better drop yer peak an' drive 'fore it. We'll foller yer."

One thing was certain, he could not hold out much longer lying to. Her mast was stepped so far forward that she persisted in filling away with the sail close reefed. Every time she performed this maneuver a wave would catch her on the bows and throw the top of it aboard. Having nothing but a flimsy summer cabin—the canvas having been blown away—the entire deluge entered nearly unobstructed. Watching the opportunity, her skipper wore her around successfully. Before the wind she made far dryer decks of it. Kept alongside for an hour, until the squall blew over.

"Captain Jimmy" had decided to run eastward after the "blues." Kept on our course until well off Long Beach. A glorious October sunset lighted the west as the sails slatted, dropped within the lazy jacks and the rattling of chain forward told we too had come to rest. There are moments within the lives of us all—moments that seem too full of a quietness and peace to find their way over this throbbing world; fleeting instants—impossible to tell of and hinting of some vague joy beyond the dipping deep. The gulls are slipping seaward, carrying, as they come within the last rays, a tiny point of crimson upon their breasts. They fade into the dim wall rising in the east, and this yarn does not deal in sentiment—but if you ever follow within the sound of the surf you will know all, and more than words could ever express. The riding light swings to and fro, the darkness creeps over the pulsing sea, and with it the first hint of autumn—a cool, fresh air. Lying full length, following the arc traced by the foretopmast over the wondrous depths above—sometimes across the entire length of the great dipper the upright pendulum swung—then off among the other constellations. Gazing, I lost myself among them—

"Thoughts that come in the shadow
Never come in the shine"—

oblivious to the surge around the bows and the slatting of halliards against the mast until "Dinner!" brought my wandering sense back.

If it were not for the slow roll from side to side it were easy to imagine myself away down on the Long Island shore living over again one of the many nights spent among the bluff, whole-souled "boys" who fish off shore in one of their "beach shanties." The dinner was soon over—a meal of substantial food well suited to the hardy fellows who consumed it—and then the pipes were lit, and as the blue smoke commenced to curl upward around the swinging lamp, Captain Jimmy became reminiscent. Some yarns contained enough reality to warrant me in giving them some credence. One was particularly interesting, though I hesitate to repeat it, for candor compels the admission that half the entertainment consisted in hearing the captain tell the story:

"I was a young blade then, and like most young 'uns hankered after blue water. My brother Frank was lost on the Georges banks, an' of course them at home didn't want me ter follow the sea. But a New Bedford lad thinks of little else and I war'nt much over eighteen afore I'd signed in a Calcutta clipper. We had hardly left Sandy Hook below the horizon afore they had one of us in irons for some slight offence and I waked up to the fact that the second and third mates was brutes an' I was booked for many months with them. The grub was pretty good and a sailor will stand a heap of abuse so long as his feed is fair.

"By and by these two ruffians got rather tired of cursing and slugging us, and things settled down to the regular ships' life. Thar was another young fellow 'bout my own age in the crew. He hailed from Nantucket, and being the only two 'kids' aboard, naturally we became 'chums.' Ned was a quiet sort of fellow—one of the kind that acts more than he talks. We were in the same watch and managed to get hammocks together. Many an hour we chumed about our days at home, and it wasn't long afore we each knowed all about each other.

"Well, you know its customary for the crew, whenever a ship crosses the line, ter hold what they calls 'Neptune's court,' One fellow dresses up like the old man, and three or four more stands round ready to do whatever he says. We were holdin' court, and one of the visitors was havin' sand and water poured down his back. Ned was standin' 'longside of me when the second mate came up behind us and punched him in the jaw.

"'What is all this? Get forward the whole crew of yer or yer'll feel the weight of an iron round yer legs. Why don't yer move,' he shouted, when none of the men stirred. 'I'll teach yer ter'—but he didn't finish. Ned had recovered from ther blow an' stepping forward square in front of the bully let out an' floored him as neat as knockin' down a ninepin. He struggled to his feet, and when he rushed at the boy I tripped him. When he got up this time he had a pair of brass knuckles on his fist. I caught one glancing blow and, before he men could reach them, he had hit Ned a terrible blow on the forehead. I was almost senseless and the first mate grabbed me and hustled me below, where they hung some jewelry on my shanks and wrists.

"It was about seven bells on the morning of the second day when I heard shouts and three or four shots, then hurried tramping overhead, a couple of more shots and in a little while a fellow named Jack Masterson broke open the door of my prison and told me to come out.

"'We've done two of them and got the Captain an' second mate so they won't bother us much,' he said.

"'Where's Ned?' I asked.

"They took me forward and pointed to a white object lying on a board, with something heavy at one end.

"'He never spoke after that brute hit him. He died yesterday, and while they were goin' ter bury him we drowned 'em.'

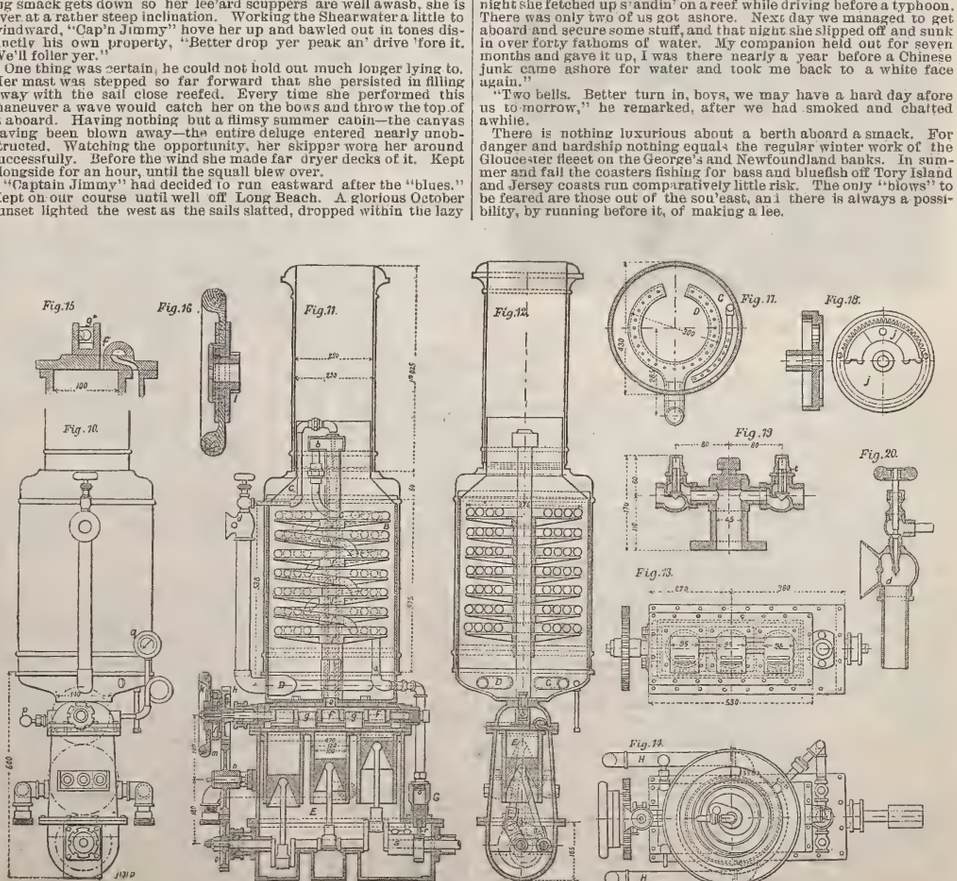
"I learned that they intended scuttling the ship somewhere near one of the islands to the north of Formosa and make their way ashore in the cutters.

"That night while sleeping soundly something aroused me. In an instant I was wide awake and turning over was scared nearly senseless to see Ned sittin' up in his hammock. There was a terrible cut on his forehead and his eyes seemed very large. He moved his lips, but I couldn't hear anything, then shook his head slowly twice and left me trying ter gather myself together. I never believed in ghosts, but I can't believe that was something I dreamed or imagined

"Well, they held the ship along for a couple of weeks, and one night she fetched up s'andin' on a reef while driving before a typhoon. There was only two of us got ashore. Next day we managed to get aboard and secure some stuff, and that night she slipped off and sunk in over forty fathoms of water. My companion held out for seven months and gave it up, I was there nearly a year before a Chinese junk came ashore for water and took me back to a white face again."

"Two bells. Better turn in, boys, we may have a hard day afore us to-morrow," he remarked, after we had smoked and chatted awhile.

There is nothing luxurious about a berth aboard a smack. For danger and hardship nothing equals the regular winter work of the Gloucester fleet on the George's and Newfoundland banks. In summer and fall the coasters fishing for bass and bluefish off Tory Island and Jersey coasts run comparatively little risk. The only "blows" to be feared are those out of the sou'east, and there is always a possibility, by running before it, of making a lee.



ENGINES OF THE NAPHTHA YACHT "MIGNON."

The anchor watch was set, the cabin light turned low, and from each bunk issued sounds of sleep—sounds that banish slumber from the newcomer until he becomes accustomed to the batteries.

"B-e-l-o-w there! Tumble out, boys."

It was Captain Jimmy's voice, and the boys didn't lie abed after that summons.

How often has the beauty of such a dawn as this been written of, and how often the flowery sentences have failed to convey one part of the pleasure enjoyed by him who watches it from ship or shore. The sun has not yet risen, the east glows a soft pink, and the long rollers, reflecting the glory, glide under and on. Then the isolated flecks of cirrus cloud turn golden and in a moment rises the sun, dazzlingly clear, not dull red through a night mist, as it comes on some autumn mornings. Its rays touch the patches of hoar frost on the deck and bulwarks and they are gone.

Breakfast over the dories are hoisted out. Two lines and a box of chum is the complement of each. "You go along with Bill," quoth the captain; "he'll show you how to horse fish if there's any around."

Along with Bill I went. There are fish along the coast called menhaden or "bunkers," as the fishermen dub them. They travel in enormous schools, so closely together that "bunker" steamers often capture two and three hundred thousand with one circle of the purse net. Chum made of finely cut up "bunker" is an attraction almost irresistible to the salt-water pirates—it proved so this morning certainly. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed before we had a school following up the oily bait, and then the fun commenced. No whirring reel and bending rod here—no wild rushes until the line is almost gone. Their voracity is whetted, not satisfied, by the tiny bits of chum they get, and following up the scent one of them sees a large piece and rushes. Bill's bare brown arms move back and forth with the swiftness and precision of piston rods, never missing a grasp upon the line. Professional fishermen never use a barb on their hooks; it would occupy too much time in releasing the fish. To ease an instant on the line when hauling in would mean, nine times out of ten, liberty for the fighting 8lbs. at the end.

Unnoticed a thin mist crept in and soon the sunlight grew dimmer and faded. The wind fell to a gentle air, retaining just strength enough to fill the sails that now and again slipped across the mystic circle. It became denser. Once or twice sounds from yachts outside our ken came to us with startling distinctness.

"I don't jes' like the look o' things ter sou'ard," said Bill as we were pulling away toward the schooner, "kinder looks like hard weather." As usual Bill was right.

There are some natures whose innate purity is unassailable, no matter how low the class with whom they are forced to associate. Far be it from me to hint at aught that would reflect upon those who man our fishing smacks—a finer, more open-handed crowd of fellows can be found nowhere. And yet there is a certain coarseness coming from the hard character of the work that Bill had escaped. He was still as manly and kind-hearted a fellow as when he left the Maine coast, years ago.

The glass was settling rapidly. Extra lashings were put upon the dories and everything made secure. The furled foresail was firmly lashed, and before Captain Jimmy went below he satisfied himself that the deck was shipshape. The commencement gave no warning of future power unless the mournful bell buoy foretold "prepare!" Now clear and high, then dull, almost inaudible, its notes drifted fitfully in over a gray, white-capped sea. How intensely lonely and sad the sound is only those who have listened to the dings can know. It rang in my ears as I turned in. Shrilly the wind treble on the shrouds increased notes of danger, yet possessing a fascination to those who go "down to the sea."

At midnight all hands were called. The Shearwater was driving before the blow through a blackness, relieved only by sullen breaks of phosphorescence. With difficulty could the eye trace outlines of the schooner forward of the mainmast. The binnacle light shone on the skipper's cool, determined face, bringing it out with strange



PRES. B. WALTHER,
Zettler R. C.

sharpness. It was the only spot of light and the eye unconsciously ought it for relief. Every man was alert and anxious.

"Would we weather Montauk Point," was the unspoken question each asked himself. The wind held almost sou'east, the schooner's head could not be held much closer than nor'east and make any headway against the seas that came tumbling aboard over the weather bow. If we were far enough to windward, all right—if not—

And so we drove onward into the nothingness, almost in the trough of the sea. The shrieking wind and wild bounds of the little fifty ton schooner before the bursts of foam shooting out of its darkness on our aft quarter; the blackness, the strangeness forced my thoughts in a channel of unreality. Like some remnant of an uneasy night it seemed—the actual expression of a nightmare. The tension increased. Three of us had gathered in a knot forward, peering ahead.

"That it is—dead ahead!" yelled Bill above the roar, almost the instant Captain Jimmie's command came forward.

"All hands flatten the main sheet," and she was laid up closer into the wind. Were we making any headway? The light was growing brighter on our lee bow. Would we weather it? More than one glance sought the broad-shouldered figure, faintly illumined by the binnacle light.

We did weather the point, scraping over the inside bar on the rise of a sea, and as soon as we had made a lee all hands turned in with an unexpressed sigh of relief. With both anchors down the Shearwater sung to sleep, careless of the blasts piping through her top hamper.

Day above the reach of blue and thin strip of beach. A dawn of crimson and gold—so radiant, so glorious and free; bringing with it a regret that such beauty cannot always be. Gradually the great rays of roseate color faded—isolated islands of cloud, detached by the remnant of last night's gale, swept overhead below a deep, cerulean sky. From the cross-trees I saw the stately three-masters ploughing along through the maze of light diamonds. To us the sun path quivered and afar, beyond the dunes stretched away the sea "illimitably sparkling." The light along the ocean's rim softened—the angel had kissed the waters and was far on her way westward carrying beneath her broad wings the never ceasing glory of perpetual sunrise.

From over the dunes came to me the music of surf upon the Nepeaque shore. 'Twas as irresistible as the siren's song. Perhaps I might pick up a few stragglers from the vast army of plover that yearly pass along this lovely coast. This hope decided the question. Bill helped me put my gun and ducks into the dingy and rowed ashore. A stage runs along the windy road between the Hamptons and Montauk Point. We sat down to lee'ard of a dwarf cedar and lit our pipes, waiting for it.

"Bill, don't you ever wish yourself back in your Maine home?"

He looked at me sadly and his clear eyes softened. "My home," he repeated musingly, "I haven't had such a thing since mother died. That was years ago. I left home then and haven't been near the



G. KRAUSS,
Zettler R. C.

shore again." The steady sound of the wind against the dense foliage overhead filled the air and the distant roar of surf came like an echo.

"Thar aint much ter my yarn, either," he added, after looking away a few moments, "only what happens ter many a feller. I never told any one—the crowd I go with don't bother much about such things. You're different somehow. Of course thar's a gal in it, and sometimes I wonder if I did right. I never said anything to her, but she must a' knowed. I was on a 'bunker' then, an' we had only been in a couple of days. I had seen her once and she had promised to meet me that evening at ther corner of the orchard. The fence was high an' it were growin' dusk as I got thar. Her father may not have seen me and maybe he did. Heard him say something 'bout a 'mackerel catcher.' Told her all the next time we met an' she said she could not disobey her father. Guess it's 'bout as well, I don't blame her for not caring for a 'mackerel catcher,' though she might have made more out of me.

"There's the signal," pointing to the Shearwater, "the captain's going to make sail. Good-bye, I hope we'll meet again." I watched the boat pull away, and thought I saw a bit of a handkerchief fluttering astern as the schooner wore to sea.

Perhaps a pair of girlish eyes look up the road in that distant town hoping against hope for a glimpse of a broad-shouldered fellow against the sunset light. Who knows? Warm hearted, gritty, handsome Bill. The friendship of such a man is truer than steel. Could his love be less so?

The Shearwater was a speck upon the horizon when the stage hove in sight over a "sand wave." REX B.

## Steam Yacht Racing.

THE first steam yacht race on Lake Michigan took place on Sept. 17, with the following entries: Buena, by the Buena Park Club; Alcyone, H. F. Balch; Wilber, M. D. Wilber; Cricket, Charles P. Willard; Now Then, Edwin P. Jaquith; Clarksdale, Wallace Clark; Bonita, W. J. Steffens. The times are:

FIRST CLASS, 27 MILES.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Buena | 2 37 38 | 5 04 25 | 2 36 52 |
| Alcyone | 2 26 41 | 5 29 05 | 3 02 24 |
| FIRST CLASS STEAM LAUNCHES, 27 MILES. | | | |
| Wilber | 2 35 47 | 5 40 21 | 3 04 34 |
| Cricket | 2 35 49 | 5 44 20 | 3 08 31 |
| SECOND CLASS STEAM LAUNCHES, 9.46 MILES. | | | |
| Now Then | 2 39 37 | 4 00 13 | 1 20 36 |
| Clarkdale | 2 39 32 | 3 59 44 | 1 20 12 |
| Bonita | 2 39 44 | 4 06 04 | 1 26 20 |

Buena was in first class and Alcyone in second, but the two were classed together. An outside yacht that was not entered had the bad taste to join in the first class race, Alcyone, when leading, blew out a joint and was beaten. The elapsed time given above does not include the time estimated to have been lost in repairs. Cricket was timed officially as above, but it was afterward learned that she had cut inside of both marks. The judges were Capt. S. J. Bunham, John Prindiville and Cyrus Sinclair. The timekeepers were Joseph Ruff and W. A. Paulson.

## Seawanhaka C. Y. C.—Rouse and Wetmore Cups.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE fourth and final race of the Rouse and Wetmore series was sailed at Oyster Bay on Sept. 24 in a westerly wind, which was fresh at the start but light at the finish. The Gardner fin keel Nemadjy easily defeated the other 25 footers, but was beaten by Mirth and Rose Marie. One gun start at 11:45. The times were:

| | Center Island Buoy. | Lloyd's Point Buoy. | Bell Buoy. | Center Island Buoy. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mirth | 12 14 09 | 12 42 47 | 1 25 34 | 1 39 07 | 2 47 34 | 2 53 34 |
| Rose Marie | 12 13 50 | 12 45 19 | 1 29 29 | 1 44 00 | 2 54 04 | 2 59 04 |
| Pyxie | 12 12 20 | 12 46 58 | 1 33 56 | . . . . | 3 26 21 | 3 31 21 |
| El Chico | 12 12 04 | 12 46 10 | 1 35 03 | Did not finish. | | |
| Nameless | 12 13 35 | 12 45 08 | 1 33 02 | . . . . | 3 16 39 | 3 21 39 |
| Nemadjy | 12 12 13 | 12 42 48 | 1 29 58 | 1 44 43 | 2 59 18 | 3 04 18 |
| Trinket | 12 16 38 | 12 50 20 | 1 38 35 | Did not finish. | | |
| Adonis | 12 14 51 | 12 47 57 | 1 42 56 | Did not finish. | | |
| Marion | 12 17 31 | 12 49 28 | Did not finish. | | | |
| Meteor | 12 16 15 | 12 47 49 | 1 38 17 | Did not finish. | | |
| Indolent | 12 16 02 | 12 45 13 | 1 36 31 | Did not finish. | | |

Mr. R. A. Osborn, of the cutter Clara, has given a $50 cup for a race on Oct. 1, open to the 25-footers Nameless, El Chico, Pyxie and Nemadjy. The club house at Oyster Bay will be open on Saturday and Sunday, the city house at 7 East Thirty-second street re-opening on Monday night, Oct. 3.

## Buffalo Y. C., Sept. 17.

A RACE was sailed at Buffalo on Sept. 17 between the new yacht Kathleen and the Alcyone, the prize being a silk burgee given by Mrs. Hower, wife of the Commodore. The course was 9¼ miles, the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kathleen | 2 26 50 | 4 28 55 | 2 02 05 | 1 59 48 |
| Alcyone | 2 25 45 | 4 28 35 | 2 02 50 | 2 02 50 |

Corrected length: Kathleen, 37.15ft.; Alcyone, 29.61ft. Judges—Robert Tolmie, W. C. R. Hazard, Chas. J. Griffith.

*Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $10. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.*

*Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.*

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Zettler Rifle Club Festival.

THE name of the Zettler Rifle Club, shown on the programme of a prize shoot, is and has been for many years a guarantee that the shoot would be a success. Organized away back in the days when fine target shooting was in its infancy, this club has done more than any other like organization in the country to popularize the sport among the masses. Descended from a family of rifle shooters the organizers of the club, Barnard and Chas. G. Zettler, have never lost an iota of their inherited interest, but on the other hand they grow more enthusiastic as the years go by.

Every year the Zettler Rifle Club holds a prize shoot and festival at the well appointed ranges and park of the genial Charley Wissel at Cypress Hills, and no matter whether the visitor be an old friend, a chance acquaintance or a total stranger, he has but to introduce himself to one or another of the jovial members of the club and a hearty German welcome is at once accorded him.

On Sunday and Monday, Sept. 25 and 26, the club held its festival at the above named place, the event proving one of the most enjoyable and successful in the history of the club. The programme comprised a contest on the German ring target for 21 prizes and four premiums; one on the bullseye target for 18 prizes and 10 premiums, one on the target of honor, for members only, for contributed prizes, one for judges and invited guests and one for ladies, the wind-up being in the form of a banquet served by mine host Wissel and his amiable wife. The shooting went along from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. on Sunday and from 9 A. M. to 6:30 P. M. on Monday. The weather on the opening day was favorable for good scores, but on Monday the conditions were wretched. The wind blew with almost cyclonic force first from one quarter then from another, while the light was very fitful and uncertain.

The attendance on Sunday was fairly good. Among those who were fortunate enough to secure the good weather conditions were John Coppersmith, the blonde "shoemaker rifleman" from the classic precincts of Newark; George D. Weigman, another of the Newark shooters who likes a good time; M. Dorrier, glasses, Chinese blouse and all, who has gone back to antiquated patched bullet; Fred C. Ross, the stiff-holding young Williamsburgher, who has also gone back to patched bullets; Barney and Charley Zettler, full of fun, brimful of business and with a hearty greeting for everybody; Gus Nowak, he of the 220-pound jovial nature and Hibernian-tinted apron; Barney Walther, the club's ever popular president, whose flowing auburn-hued beard and jolly face are never missing when there is a gathering of riflemen in this section of America; Henry Holges, quiet and unobtrusive, but with a "get there" look in his eyes; Geb. Krauss, the semi-auburn-complected Williamsburg expert, who is a hale fellow well met at all times—these and many other old and young shooters were on hand searching for the coveted "red flag." The shooting was extremely lively during the five hours that the targets were open and some fine tickets were scored. Many of the members had their families along, and these entered fully into the spirit of the sport.

*Monday, the Second Day,*

was of course the big day of the meeting, and from early until late the shooting house was crowded and the ten targets were kept in constant use. The crowd of shooters was much larger than on the previous day, and the shooting was spirited despite the erratic antics of Old Boreas, who seemed to hold the whip-hand. Among the contestants were such well-known schuetzen expo-



G. ZIMMERMAN,
Zettler R. C.

nents as William Hayes, "Old Obadiah," who hails from Newark and who holds the world's record of 2,235 in 100 consecutive shots at 200yds. on the German ¾in. ring target; Henry Oehl, one of the veterans of rifle shooting, who was at the top round of the ladder for many years but who has deserted the rifle for the revolver; George W. Plaisted, rifleman, scribe and jolly companion withal; Frank C. Watts, "Young Obadiah," another Newark enthusiast who sometimes shoots in hard luck; the old veteran F. Fabarius, seventy odd years of age, who is as enthusiastic as when in his prime and who never loses a chance to shoot with "my boys," as he delights to call the club members; R. Busse, the Hoboken Adonis, who was happiest when looking after the comfort of the fair sex; Karl Klein, another old-timer who has practically left the active fold but still likes to get around to the annual gathering; Emil Fisher and Dave Miller, of the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken; L. P. Hansen and Wm. Weber, Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City; George Joiner, he of the quiet manner and "Joiner 7th Regiment bullet" fame; Louis Flach, tall and handsome and with the same winning smile as of old; Louis Vogel, "Birdie;" Max Engle; Dr. Grosch, one of the rising shots of the section; S. J. Lyon, who makes an annual trip all the way from Collinsville, Conn., to try his hand with the Zettler cracks; Ignatz Martin, who is as fond of shooting as of eating; and George Schlicht, of Hoboken.

Fun and jollity reigned supreme from 9 A. M. until 6:30 P. M., everybody being in a holiday humor and bent on making the best of their chance. "Bucking" for first honors on the ring and bullseye targets was a feature of the day.

The shooting closed at 6:30 P. M. and immediately after the shooting committee began the task of counting and measuring the bullseyes while clerk Charles Rothweiler sorted out the list of winners on the ring target. While this was going on the members, guests and the families of both were seated around the festive board discussing with vim the excellent menu provided by the club. When the coffee began to circulate President Walther called on Mr. Hayes to address the gathering, which he did in his usual happy style, paying a glowing tribute to the Zettler Rifle Club and the Zettler brothers for the grand efforts they have made to advance the interests of rifle shooting. President Walther followed with his annual address, during which he paid a touching tribute to the memory of the late Noah B. Ward, who for many years was financial secretary of the club. Geb. Krauss,

M. Dorrler and A. F. Stolzenberg also made addresses, after which the party adjourned to the dancing hall where the prizes were distributed.

Below will be found a full list of the winners, with scores and prizes appended.

Ring target (¾in. ring), 3 shots per ticket, possible 75 points, best two tickets to count for first five prizes, best single ticket for all other prizes:

| | | Prize. | | | Prize. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M Dorrler | 72 71—143 | $50 00 | C Hutch | 68 | $5 50 |
| F C Ross | 70 71—141 | 28 75 | D Miller | 68 | 5 50 |
| H Holges | 71 70—141 | 28 75 | G Nowak | 67 | 3 33 |
| S J Lyon | 71 70—141 | 28 75 | G D Weigman | 67 | 3 33 |
| W Hayes | 72 69—141 | 28 75 | G Schlicht | 67 | 3 33 |
| E Fisher | 72 | 15 00 | J Coppersmith | 66 | 1 60 |
| L Finch | 71 | 10 00 | L Schmidt | 66 | 1 60 |
| B Walther | 71 | 10 00 | B Zettler | 66 | 1 60 |
| J Hamann | 71 | 10 00 | P F Schmidt | 66 | 1 60 |
| L G Zettler | 68 | 5 50 | J Martin | 66 | 1 60 |
| G Joiner | 68 | 5 50 | | | |

Premiums for best 5 tickets:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ross | 71 71 70 70 69—350—$10 | Holges | 71 70 69 69 69—348— $4 |
| Dorrler | 72 71 70 69 67—349— 8 | Hayes | 72 69 69 69 68—347— 2 |

Bullseye target, prizes for best center shots by measurement (each point on the scale represents 1-250 of an inch).

| | Meas. | Prize. | | Meas. | Prize. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G Nowak | 5 | —$20.00 | W Weber | 27½ | $3 00 |
| L Schmidt | 6 | — 15 00 | C G Zettler | 30½ | 3 00 |
| M Dorrler | 9 | — 12.00 | B Walther | 34½ | 3 00 |
| J Coppersmith | 11½ | — 10.00 | G W Plaisted | 40 | — 2.00 |
| I Martin | 15 | — 8.00 | D Miller | 43½ | — 2.00 |
| F C Ross | 16 | — 6.00 | H Oehl | 45 | — 1.50 |
| W Rosenbaum | 21 | — 5.00 | L P Hausen | 45 | — 1.50 |
| H Strate | 25 | — 4.00 | R Busse | 45½ | — 1.00 |
| J Guenther | 27 | — 4.00 | C Wissel | 48 | — 1.00 |

Premiums for most bullseyes during festival:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F C Ross | 40 | —$12 | W Hayes 25— $6 |
| M Dorrler | 38 | — 8 | L Schmidt 23— 4 |
| C G Zettler | 28 | — 6 | |

Honor target, for members only, three shots on the German (¾in.) ring target for prizes contributed by judges and members and $100 in cash divided into ten prizes donated by the club:

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F C Ross | 25 | 24 | 23—72 | E Fisher | 24 | 17 | 23—64 |
| B Walther | 25 | 25 | 19—69 | M Dorrler | 21 | 22 | 21—64 |
| C G Zettler | 21 | 22 | 23—66 | H Holges | 20 | 23 | 20—63 |
| P F Schmidt | 20 | 21 | 24—65 | F Schmidt | 18 | 19 | 21—58 |
| J Coppersmith | 24 | 24 | 17—65 | R Busse | 21 | 19 | 21—61 |
| B Zettler | | | 60 | G Krauss | | | 52 |
| F Armbrust | | | 60 | F Klein | | | 52 |
| W Hayes | | | 60 | W Dreste | | | 52 |
| H Strate | | | 59 | F Fabarius | | | 49 |
| L Schmidt | | | 59 | H Kohlmetz | | | 48 |
| G L Hoffman | | | 59 | Dr Grosch | | | 47 |
| G Jantzer | | | 58 | Jos Weigler | | | 47 |
| L Finch | | | 58 | H Oehl | | | 45 |
| G Joiner | | | 58 | G Nowak | | | 44 |
| M B Engle | | | 57 | J Banser | | | 40 |
| C Bishop | | | 55 | K Klein | | | 35 |
| F C Watts | | | 53 | R Krunish | | | 20 |
| F Hecking | | | 53 | F Watson | | | 17 |

C. H. TOWNSEND.



TARGET made at 20yds. with S. & W. revolver, army ammunition, 4½lbs. trigger pull, by Walter Winans, Aug. 25, 1892, at Staines, England. Best on record to date.

### Connecticut Riflemen.

BROAD BROOK, Conn., Sept. 24.—Match at 200yds. off-hand, S. A. target:

Record.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Thos Hall | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8—75 |
| Wm Strain | 4 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 10 | 7—79 |
| H C Parsons | 3 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 7—72 |
| L Allen | 7 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 7—66 |
| R J Irwin | 5 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 7—64 |
| F D North | 4 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 3—56 |
| Wm Adams | 4 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 4—57 |
| H J Butteng | 8 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 5 | 10—73 |

Team Practice.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| L Allen | 9 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 9—82 |
| Thos Hall | 9 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 9—79 |
| H C Parsons | 9 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 8—79 |
| Wm Strain | 7 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 7—71 |
| R J Irwin | 7 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 8 | 8 | 9—65 |
| H J Butteng | 8 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 7—78 |
| F D North | 7 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 9 | 6—71 |
| Wm Adams | 7 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 10 | 6—58 |

### Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 25.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 86 | 85 | 85 | Simon | 75 | 68 67 |
| Weinheimer | 74 | 73 | 71 | Stegner | 72 | 72 67 |
| Hauck | 62 | 59 | 56 | Payne | 80 | 74 71 |
| Topf | 67 | 64 | 60 | Drube | 74 | 73 70 |
| Speth | 75 | 75 | 72 | | | |

### Lischke Scores.

JERSEY CITY, Sept. 25.—The following members of the A. Lischke Rifle Club made the best scores on Friday, Sept. 23, at their range, 17 Milton avenue:

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Lischke | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 19—232 |
| Reicherz | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21—230 |
| Scharli | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 19 | 18—225 |
| Dyroff | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 19—221 |
| Schulte | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 17 | 17—214 |

Any person who cannot find the "Forest and Stream" for sale at any news stand in the country, is requested to report the fact, with location of stand and name of dealer, to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. 318 Broadway, New York

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

## FIXTURES.

If your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Sept. 27-Oct. 1.—Grand five days' tournament at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 5-6.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.

Oct. 4-7.—Chas. Polster's tournament, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.

Oct. 11.—Eastern New York League kingbird tournament, with Cruttendens & Cords new trap and pull, at Canajoharie, N. Y. T. C. Pegnim, Sec'y.

Oct. —.—Amsterdam (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 11-12.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Gun Club opening tournament, on Croton street grounds.

Oct. 12-13.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.

Oct. 21.—New Jersey Shooting Club tournament, at Claremont, N. J.

Oct. 25-26.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' tournament, at Mo-dus, Conn.

Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.

May 23-25, 1893.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

### Shooting in the Maritime Provinces.

DORCHESTER, N. B., Sept. 20.—The second shooting tournament ever held in the Maritime Provinces was given under the management of the Dorchester Gun Club at Dorchester Sept. 13 and 14. The grounds are very central and are beautifully situated, overlooking the Bay of Fundy. The club has only been in active existence two years, although organized some time before. It has gone to a great deal of expense in arranging grounds, and can now boast of having the best equipped shooting premises in the Lower Provinces. Bluerocks thrown from 3 and 5 traps operated from a screened pit were used in all inanimate matches. A very interesting feature of the shoot was the 7 live birds sweepstakes, as it was the first ever shot in New Brunswick. The birds were not a very good lot, but a glance at the scores will show that a number failed to "get on." A silver challenge cup, value $75, was one of the prizes offered. It has to be won six times by any one contesting and is open for challenge twice a year. It was won on this occasion by C. W. Bliss, M. D., of Amherst, N. S. The full scores of the shoot, which I inclose, while not large, yet will bear inspection, and when we take into consideration the fact that trap-shooting is practically a new thing with us down here by the sea, we are led to believe that the results are not so bad after all.

*The First Day.*

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, 3 traps, entrance $1, 4 moneys: C. S. Hickman 4, Lieut. McGowan 6, F. A. Wilson 5, W. Lawrence 3, R. H. Tremaine 8, Dr. Tripper 6, H. R. Emmerson 5, Wm. Tildon 3, A. W. Bateson 4, S. E. Wilson 6, M. B. Steele 8, J. H. Hickman 7, R. W. Hanington 6, G. F. Wallace 7, J. Pierce 1, Thos. Dowling 5, D. R. Munroe 2, C. W. Bliss 7, A. Hunter 1.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks, 5 traps, unknown angles, entrance $1, 4 moneys: C. H. Hickman 7, McGowan 2, Emmerson 6, Nicholson 4, Tildon 8, Steele 8, F. A. Wilson 6, Tremaine 5, Tupper 4, Douglas 1, Dowling 4, S. E. Wilson 5, J. H. Hickman 7, A. Hunter 1.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks, straightaway, entrance 75 cents, 3 moneys: McGowan 7, Steele 7, Nicholson 4, F. A. Wilson 8, Bateson 8, Bliss 6, Hanington 2, S. E. Wilson 8, J. H. Hickman 7, Tupper 3, Hunter 4, C. S. Hickman 8, Dowling 8, Emmerson 3, Pierce 6, Munro 10, McDougal 4.

No. 4, 5 pairs and 5 singles, known angles, entrance $2, four moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Bliss | 00 00 10 10 10 | 01111—8 | E Wilson 00 00 00 10 00 11001—3 |
| McGown | 00 00 00 00 00 | 01101—3 | Dowling 00 00 00 00 00 00110—2 |
| Tremain | 00 11 11 00 00 | 10000—5 | Tupper 11 10 00 01 01 01000—6 |
| F Wilson | 01 10 00 10 10 | 01101—7 | Chickm'n 00 10 10 11 01 01001—7 |
| Steele | 00 10 00 11 09 | 00000—3 | |

No. 5 10 bluerocks, known angles, entrance $1, three moneys: Bliss 7, McGowan 2, J. Hickman 5, Nicholson 1, C. Hickman 5, Hanington 4, Douglas 3, F. Wilson 6, Tremaine 5, Hunter 2, S. Wilson 5, Tupper 5, Bateson 3, McDougal 5, Monroe 4, Steele 5, Tildon 9.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, known angles, entrance 75 cents, four moneys: Bliss 7, Wallace 4, McGowan 2, Tildon 4, F. Wilson 6, Hanington 2, Tremaine 6, Tupper 3, J. Hickman 3, McDougal 3, Douglas 2, Bateson 3, S. Wilson 3 Munroe 1.

No. 7, 7 live birds, 5 unknown traps, entrance $2, three moneys and $5 added to first prize:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McGowan | 0010100—2 | Tremaine | 0010000—1 |
| C H Hickman | 1111111—7 | McDougal | 2122020—5 |
| Bliss | 1100011—4 | Esterbrooks | 0110000—2 |
| Nicholson | 0010001—2 | Tupper | 0000000—0 |
| F A Wilson | 0111101—5 | G Lawrence | 0121000—3 |
| Tildon | 0111101—5 | Wallace | 1000211—4 |
| Steele | 0110120—4 | J H Hickman | 1110112—6 |
| Dowling | 0112002—4 | Lawreson | 0000100—1 |
| Mitchell | 0000001—1 | Wilbur | 1000000—1 |
| Bateson | 0200001—2 | Emmerso | 0000002—1 |
| Hanigtan | 0110000—2 | W Lawrence | 0120100—3 |
| S E Wilson | 0000022—2 | | |

No. 10, 10 bluerocks, unknown angles, entrance 50 cents, four moneys: Steele 6, Tremaine 7, McGowan 4, Mitchell 5, Higgins 1, F. A. Wilson 5, S. E. Wilson 5, McDougall 1, Pierce 4, Hunter 1, Hanington 0, Tupper 3, Tildon 4, Lawreson 5, Wallace 5, Hickman 4, Lane 5.

*The Second Day.*

No. 1, 5 pairs bluerocks, entrance $1, 4 moneys: S. E. Wilson 4, C. S. Hickman 2, R. H. Tremaine 5, Lieut. McGowan 7, Dr. Tupper 4, Dr. Bliss 5, T. Dowling's, F. A. Wilson 4, A. Lunsby 5.

No. 2, 20 bluerocks, 5 traps, known angles, teams of 3 men each, 3 moneys, entrance $2 each man, $10 added to first prize:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| N B Steele | 10111001101011001110 | —12 |
| Dr Bliss | 11001111011111001000 | —12 |
| F A Wilson | 11101111111110100011 | —15—39 |
| R H Tremaine | 11011011111111111010 | —16 |
| Dr Tupper | 10110001101010°00001 | — 8 |
| A Lusby | 11101111010100110110 | —13—37 |
| J H Hickman | 10110111100011000100 | —10 |
| C S Hickman | 00100010000010111110 | — 7 |
| S E Wilson | 01010000110101101000 | — 8—25 |
| Lieut McGowan | 00011010000010001101 | — 7 |
| D Munroe | 01000001000010001001 | — 5 |
| R W Hanington | 01110012000010006001 | 0— 6—18 |

No. 3, 10 bluerocks, unknown angles, entrance $1, 4 moneys: Lieut. McGowan 2, Geo. F. Wallace 4, C. S. Hickman 0, R. H. Tremaine 4, N. B. Steele 7, R. W. Hanington 7, Dr. Lawreson 2, R. Mitchell 3, Leu Allen 4, A. Hunter 5 S. E. Wilson 1, J. H. Hickman 2, A. Lusby 5, Dr. Tupper 1, Dr. Bliss 3, F. A. Wilson 8, A. W. Bateson 3.

No. 4, 9 bluerocks, known angles, entrance 75 cents, 3 moneys: Bliss 6, Lawreson 7, C. S. Hickman 5, Bateson 5, Lane 2, S. E. Wilson 5, Mitchell 2, Hunter 4, Allen 5, J. H. Hickman 8, Tremaine 6, Douglas 3, McGowan 6, Dowling 2, Tupper 5, F. A. Wilsen 8, Steele 2, Lusby 7, Hanington 5.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, 5 traps, known angles, entrance $1, 4 moneys: Bliss 4, C. S. Hickman 4, McGowan 4, S. E. Wilson 5. F. A. Wilson J. H. Hickman 6, Allen 4, Hanington 5, Lane 7, Hunter 2, Tremaine 8, Lawreson 6, Murray 6, Tupper 4, Wilber 4, Wallace 1, Lusby 4.

No. 6, 9 bluerocks, straightaway, entrance 75 cents, three moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bliss | 110100001—6 | G Lawrence | 010000010—2 |
| Wallace | 100001111—5 | Tupper | 111001000—4 |
| Douglas | 100100000—2 | Dowling | 001011101—5 |
| Lawreson | 111000100—4 | Steele | 0010w. |
| "Sam Jones" | 011010010—5 | Lusby | 0010w. |
| Bateson | 110001100—4 | Nichols | 111101111—8 |
| F A Wilson | 100101110—5 | Pierce | 001111111—7 |
| McGowan | 110100001—5 | Emmerson | 101011001—5 |
| Hunter | 001001111—4 | Manning | 111110101—7 |
| S E Wilson | 111101010—6 | Smith | 110111110—7 |
| C S Hickman | 111011111—8 | Palmer | 101111000—5 |
| G F Wallace | 101111111—7 | F Jones | 1100010w. |
| Munroe | 111110111—8 | Deakon | 000w. |
| Lawrence | 110110000—4 | Plunger | 101111111—8 |
| Murray | 111111110—8 | Crawford | 011011100—5 |
| Hanington | 111001111—7 | J H Hickman | 111111111—9 |

No. 7, match for challenge cup, value $75, 25 bluerocks, unknown angles, entrance $2.50, cup and 25 per cent. to first, 40 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third and 15 per cent. to fourth:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bliss | 1000110101011010111100111—15 |
| Bateson | 0100100101010010101010000— 8 |
| Tupper | 0011100000011010100101001—11 |
| F A Wilson | 0110100101101010101010101—14 |
| Tremaine | 1110110010100101010010010—12 |
| McGowan | 1010101100100000011110101—13 |
| Wallace | 0110001101001101111010010—13 |
| J H Hickman | 1100100101011001110000000001—11 |
| Lusby | 1010000010001010000111000— 8 |
| Emmerson | 0101110010010011001111000—12 |
| Steele | 0000010101000301010110011—10 |
| C S Hickman | 1010010001 0101010001111—12 |
| Lane | 0111001001001011001110101—13 |
| S E Wilson | 1010110011100011100010010—12 |
| Munroe | 0000110100100101101111101—13 |
| Hanington | 1000010100010000 000w |
| McDougal | 0101010001000110100010w |

No. 8, 6 bluerocks, unknown angles, 3 traps, entrance $1, 3 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Geo Wallace | 000100—1 | C S Hickman | 011000—2 |
| Lt McGowan | 101011—4 | M I Lane | 100110—3 |
| H R Emmerson | 000010—1 | McGowan | 010001—2 |
| W D Wilbur | 011000—2 | C S Smith | 011110—4 |
| S E Wilson | 111100 —4 | S E Wilson | 000001—1 |
| R W Hanington | 001001—2 | Plunger | 001000—1 |

No. 9, 6 bluerocks, known angles, entrance 50cts., 3 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C S Hickman | 001110—3 | R W Hanington | 111110—5 |
| Lt McGowan | 100101—3 | J Pierce | 010010—2 |
| Geo Wallace | 101101—4 | A Hunter | 010100—2 |
| W Lawrence | 000100—1 | Murray | 110011—4 |
| S E Wilson | 110001—3 | M I Lane | 011000—2 |
| T Dowling | 010010—2 | C S Smith | 110011—4 |
| H R Emmerson | 100110—3 | | |

MIGMAS.

### The Kings County Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Kings County Gun Club was held on Tuesday, Sept. 27, at Dexter Park, L. I. The contest was at 10 birds each, H. & F. traps, modified Long Island rules. C. Dethloff won the medal. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| G Zirkel | 1101010010—5 | H Rehm | 1001110100—5 |
| F Greiner | 0100011111—6 | J Link | 1110111100—8 |
| C Thiel | 0111001000—4 | C Dethloff | 1110111111—9 |
| John Londstedt | 1101000111—6 | | |

Sweepstakes, 25 cents entrance, 2 moneys:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Zirkell | 2 | 1 | 2 | H Rehm | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| F Greiner | 3 | 3 | 6 | J Smith | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| C Thiel | 3 | 3 | 2 | C Detfloff | 3 | 4 | 6 |
| J Linstedt | 2 | 2 | 4 | W Morrison | 1 | 0 | |

### The West Side Trap-Shooting League.

THE fourth shoot of the series in the West Side Trap-Shooting League took place at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Thursday, Sept. 22. Only four of the original five teams composing the league competed. Each team was composed of 10 men, who shot at 10 birds each; gun handicap; Interstate rules. The Atlantics



FERD. VAN DYKE,

Winner of Championship of America, at New London, Conn.

were the winners by the good score of 92 out of 100. The scores:

| Erie G. C. | | Coney Island R. and G. C. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M E Haydon | 0222222120—8 | W Lair | 1111211201—9 |
| D Lynch | 0200021221—6 | A Eppig | 2101010121—7 |
| M Elsesser | 2010122212—8 | I Hyde | 1111121111—10 |
| C Mohrman | 0110111220—7 | J Schlieman | 2120221021—8 |
| H Dohrman | 0111012220—7 | C Plate | 1121101211—9 |
| W Hartye | 0122211211—9 | E Helgans | 1211121221—10 |
| F McLaughlin | 2202211110—8 | F Pfaender | 2220211110—9 |
| C Plate | 1101011121—8 | D Leveridge | 1011000112—6 |
| F Ibert | 2121011111—9 | Dr Van Zile | 1111111112—10 |
| H Dohrman | 1012122112—9—79 | C Englebrecht | 0212121210—8—86 |
| Atlantic B. and G. C. | | Fountain G. C. | |
| J Voorhees | 1112102121—9 | H Blattmacher | 1101201111—8 |
| A Boyle | 0020211212—7 | E Madison | 1201201111—8 |
| D Deacon | 1111112211—10 | A Crook | 1101010222—7 |
| G Nostrand | 2110111201—8 | C W Wingert | 2112121111—10 |
| C Morris | 2222121222—10 | W Schumacher | 0101112121—8 |
| H Balzer | 1111122111—10 | J E Orr | 1201102111—8 |
| C Furgesen | 1221102111—10 | H McLaughlin | 2220220022—7 |
| C Meyer | 0212122011—8 | S Northridge | 1212111111—10 |
| H Balzer | 1111111112—10 | C W Wingert | 1111111112—10 |
| C Morris | 2222211122—10—92 | S Northridge | 1211121012— 9—85 |

### Kingbird Targets at Utica.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 23.—Scores made at the regular shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, at 25 targets per man:

Badge shoot:

| | |
|---|---|
| Booth | 1011110111111001110011111—19 |
| Smyth | 0011110110w |
| Lane | 1100111101110011011001101—17 |
| Harris | 0011111111110111111111111—22 |
| Peiffer | 1110111111101110110100111—19 |

Club shoot:

| | |
|---|---|
| Booth | 1111111101111011011101111—22 |
| Smyth | 1111111101110111011111111—22 |
| Mayhew | 1011110171111011111101111—21 |
| Pfeiffer | 1001011110111110111110111—19 |
| Smith | 1110111111011111011110111—21 |
| Lane | 1111111111101111101110101—21 |
| Gates | 1011011110111011111111111—21 |
| Wheeleo | 1111111111111011111110111—23 |
| Hallis | 1100111111110010111111101—19 |

### The Erie Gun Club.

THE members of the Erie Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday, Sept. 21. Twelve competed for the club medal and four extra prizes. H. Dohrman beat C. Detlefsen on the shoot off for the medal and first prize. C. Plate won the second, M. Elssasser the third and J. Schmadecke the fourth. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Plate | 1121120—6 | J Schmadecke | 0102210—4 |
| H Dohrman | 1111112—7 | M Elssasser | 0102111—5 |
| F Greff | 1102211—6 | C Detlefsen | 1221211—7 |
| J Plate | 1212001—5 | W Hartje | 0022102—3 |
| H Janokowski | 0011010—3 | M Hayden | 1001121—5 |
| C Mohrman | 1012100—4 | D Lynch | 2100002—3 |

### The Phœnix Gun Club.

THE Phœnix Gun Club, one of the oldest shooting organizations on Long Island, held one of their day's outings at Dexter Park L. I., on Monday, Sept. 26. Each member shot at 20 live birds for a supposed medal, although the contest is to try and beat the president's score, who has for the past two years managed to keep in first place. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Freligh | 12120112112101011—17 | Chichest'r | 21010122110011211121—16 |
| Smith | 10121221201110122221—17 | Akhurst | 01112012211021111110—16 |
| Botty | 00211222112220011010—14 | Madison | 10022111101111111110—16 |
| Hughes | 11222100101011101011—14 | Henry | 10101112010111121111—16 |



NEW LONDON——EASTERN TEAM.

Le Roy. Savage Cady. Team Captain. Bates. Longden Edgarton.

## THE GREAT SARATOGA ANNUAL.

If the trap-shooters of this country do not turn out *en masse* to attend the 1893 tournament of the Saratoga Gun Club it will be positive proof that honest, fair-minded carrying out of promises bears no weight. During the 1892 shoot of this club, held Sept. 20 to 23 inclusive, the programme called for $2,200 of guaranteed money. From the very start of the firing it was seen that by adhering to the printed programme the club would be heavy losers, owing to the light attendance.

"Will you carry out the programme?" asked a shooter of a member, "even though you know you will be losers?"

"Certainly we will," was the reply, "we have guaranteed $2,200 and that sum will go to the shooters, even though we lose the entire amount. We have never yet broken a promise and we do not propose to begin at this time. We run the shoot to afford the shooters some sport and propose that they shall have it, even though we are compelled to go down in our pockets and furnish the incentive."

What a different sentiment was this from the one expressed at a recent shoot in the South, when with $500 of contributed money the tournament management refused to give more than one-half of the added money on the second day because the entries did not come up to their expectations.

Saratoga has proven itself to be true to the core, and if it does not reap its reward by having an army of shooters at its tournament in 1893 it will be strange. Trap-shooters appreciate fair-dealing and are not prone to forget those who keep their promises.

When the shoot began at 9 A. M. on Tuesday, Sept. 20, there were present twenty-one shooters, and the number of entries ran from this number up to twenty-four during the day. Among those who took part in the opening day's sport were Rolla O. Heikes, of Chicago, Ill., who had come all the way East to have a look at his old friends; E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J.; "Uncle Dan" Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, N. Y.; "Uncle Sammy" Goggin, of Troy, N. Y.; good-natured Charles T. Barrett, from Boston, Mass.; George Mosher, of the Fulton Arms Company, Fulton, N. Y.; M. T. Roberts, of Rupert, Vt.; W. T. Simpson, of the New Jersey Shooting Club, Claremont, N. J.; Mahlon H. Ruppell, of Milford, N. J.; George Luther, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Will H. Cruttenden, the well-known and only "Crutty," from Cazenovia, N. Y.; H. L. Edgarton, of Willimantic, Conn.; W. R. Hobart, of Newark, N. J., and T. H. Keller ("Tee Kay"), of Plainfield, N. J. The weather was all that could be desired for out-of-door sport, the arrangements for the shoot were of the best, and the kingbird targets worked to perfection. The grounds of the Saratoga Gun Club are situated in a very pleasant spot about a mile and a half from the depot, and from them a fine view can be obtained of the surrounding hills. The club has a large and well-equipped club house, adjoining which is a restaurant stand. The shooting was done in squads of six from sets of five traps each, one set being used for the amateurs and the other for the experts. Each of the score lines was protected by an awning, so that the shooters were at all times protected from the elements. The background was perfectly clear and the targets showed up well in any kind of light. The shooting was done under American Association rules and the purses were divided on Harry Levengston's system. This provides for the following divisions: Ten-target events, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; 15-target events, 24, 22, 20, 18 and 16 per cent.; 20-target events, 22, 20, 18, 16, 14 and 10 per cent. This system seemed to be satisfactory to all.

There were no drags nor tedious waits during the day, and the programme was finished in time to give the boys an opportunity to look about the town before supper.

The majority of the visitors were quartered at the Kenmore House, a cozy home-like place kept by J. N. Ramsdill, a prominent member of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, a prime entertainer, and with the happy faculty of making everybody feel at home in his place. Rolla Heikes, as usual, had his banjo along and every evening he was impressed into the position of chief musician, an office which he filled with his usual grace and skill. "Tee Kay" also did his share to enliven the company with his inimitable songs and dances, Rolla "picking" the accompaniments.

Below will be found the results of the first day's shoots, the events being as follows: Nos. 1 and 10, 10 kingbirds, $1 entry; Nos. 2, 6 and 8, 10 targets, $50 guaranteed in each; Nos. 3 and 7, 15 targets, $75 guaranteed in each; Nos. 4 and 8, 20 targets, $100 guaranteed in each; No. 5, expert event, open to all, 25 targets, $5 entry, $25 added to purse by Saratoga Gun Club. In all except No. 5 event the sliding or "North handicap" was used, winners of first or second money in one event being obliged to shoot from known traps at unknown angles in the following event:

No. 1, 10 birds, entrance $1: Miller 9, Heikes 9, Simpson 8, Livingston 8, Mosher 10, M. H. R. 6, Barrett 9, Edgwater 10, Wilcox 8, Buck 10, Goggin 6, Stockwell 9, Geiser 7, Pike 8, Perkins 7, Ramsdill 8, McGinnis 8, Roberts 7, Lefever 10, Mayhew 9, Latham 10.

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance $1.75, $50 guaranteed: Miller 9, Heikes 8, Simpson 6, Livingston 9, Mosher 9, M. H. R. 6, Barrett 10, Edgwater 10, Wilcox 10, Roberts 8, McGinnis 8, Buck 9, Perkins 7, Lefever 9, Mayhew 9, Luther 10, Goggin 6, Geiser 8, Pane 8, Murray 9, Pike 7.

No. 3, 15 birds, entrance $2.75, $75 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 011111111011111 | 15 | Barrett | 111111111111111 | 15 |
| Livingston | 111111101111111 | 14 | Edgwater | 111111111110101 | 14 |
| Mosher | 011111111110111 | 13 | Wilcox | 111111001111111 | 13 |
| Buck | 111101111001110 | 12 | Luther | 111011111011111 | 13 |
| Lefever | 110111111110111 | 13 | Murray | 010010111111011 | 11 |
| Mayhew | 111110010111111 | 12 | | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 111111111111111 | 15 | Perkins | 110111001111111 | 13 |
| Simpson | 101100001111111 | 10 | Goggin | 110111111111011 | 13 |
| M H R | 111101111011110 | 12 | Geiser | 111011111111111 | 14 |
| Roberts | 111101111111111 | 14 | Pike | 111011101011111 | 13 |
| McGinnis | 101100111111111 | 12 | Pane | 011111111011111 | 13 |

No. 4:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Livingst'n | 111111111111111111 | 20 | Roberts | 110010111011111010111 | 15 |
| Barrett | 111111111111111111 | 20 | Geiser | 101011011111111111111 | 17 |
| Heikes | 111111111111111011 | 19 | | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Murray | 101011101111101111 | 15 | Wilcox | 111110111111111101 | 18 |
| Paul | 111011111111100011 | 16 | Buck | 011011111111111111 | 18 |
| Mayhew | 110111111011111111 | 18 | Lefever | 111111111111111101 | 19 |
| Edgarton | 111101111111111111 | 19 | Goggin | 011111111111010111 | 17 |
| Luther | 111101111111111111 | 19 | McGinnis | 011111111111010111 | 17 |
| M H R | 111110011101111111 | 17 | Simpson | 111111001111111101 | 17 |
| Miller | 111011111111101111 | 18 | Perkins | 111101110111111001 | 15 |
| Mosher | 111011100111011111 | 15 | Peters | 110001000111110111 | 13 |
| Edgarton | 111110101111111000 | 15 | | | |

No. 5, 25 birds, entrance $5, $25 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller | 1111111110111111111111—24 |
| Heikes | 1111111011111111111111—24 |
| Simpson | 1111111111111111011111—24 |
| Livingston | 1111111111111111111111—25 |
| Barrett | 1111111111111111110111—24 |
| Luther | 1111111111011111111111—24 |
| Murray | 1111111111101011011101—22 |
| Mayhew | 1111110111111111111111—24 |
| Lefever | 1111111110111111111111—24 |
| Buck | 1011011111111111111111—23 |
| Edgarton | 1101111111111111111111—23 |
| Peters | 1011110111101111111110—21 |

No. 6, 15 birds, $1.75 entrance, $50 guaranteed, experts: Livingston 10, Barrett 9, Heikes 8, Edgarton 9, Luther 9, Lefever 9. Amateurs: Miller 9, Simpson 8, Mosher 10, M. H. R. 6, Geiser 7, Wilcox 7, Pike 9, Goggin 9, Paul 8, Roberts 7, McGinnis 8, Shepherd 5, Peters 7, Mayhew 8, Buck 10, Perkins 6, Murray 8.

No. 7, 15 birts, $2.75 entrance, $75 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Livingston | 111111111111111 | 15 | Miller | 111111111111111 | 15 |
| Barrett | 110111111111111 | 14 | Luther | 101011111111100 | 11 |
| Edgerton | 111110100001111 | 11 | Pike | 101111111110111 | 13 |
| Mosher | 000110011111111 | 11 | Goggin | 111111011111111 | 14 |
| Lefever | 110111111111110 | 13 | Brush | 111111111111111 | 15 |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 111111111111115 | 15 | Murray | 111111111111010 | 13 |
| Simpson | 111110111111111 | 14 | Perkins | 110010111111010 | 10 |
| M H R | 111110101011110 | 12 | Mayhew | 111111111111115 | 15 |
| Gieser | 111111111110111 | 14 | Paul | 001111111111111 | 13 |
| Wilcox | 011111101011111 | 13 | McGinnis | 111111010111111 | 13 |
| Roberts | 101110111110111 | 12 | | | |

No. 8, 15 birds, $1.75 entrance, $50 guaranteed, experts: Livingston 9, Barrett 9, Miller 10, Heikes 6, Simpson 9, Geiser 7, Mayhew 9, Goggin 6, Brock 10. Amateurs: Lefever 10, Perkins 8, Pirus 8, Roberts 9, Edgerton 8, Murray 9, Mosher 7, M. H. R. 5, Wilcox 8, Sheppard 8, Pike 7, Paul 9, Luther 10, McGinnis 10.

No. 9, 20 birds, entrance $5.75, $100 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Livingst'n | 11111101111111111011 | 18 | Pane | 10111111111111111111 | 19 |
| Barrett | 11111111111111111011 | 19 | Lefever | 01010011111111110101 | 14 |
| Miller | 11111111111111111120 | | Murray | 10111111011111111118 | |
| Simpson | 11111111111111110111 | 19 | Luther | 10111111111111111119 | |
| Mayhew | 11111111100111111118 | | McGinnis | 11111101110110001101 | 14 |
| Buck | 11111111111111011119 | | | | |

Amateurs

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Geiser | 11111111111110110111 | 18 | M H R | 11110111111111110011 | 17 |
| Wilcox | 11111111111111111120 | | Mosher | 11111111001111110110 | 16 |
| Goggin | 11111111111111111120 | | Peters | 11111111111111111120 | |
| Pike | 11111111111111111120 | | | | |

No. 10, 10 birds, entrance $1: Experts—Goggin 8, Pane 8, Peters 9, Luther 10, Wilcox 8, Miller 7, Barrett 9, Simpson 10, Buck 8, Pike 10. Amateurs—Geiser 7, Lefever 6, Murray 9, McGinnis 9, Edgerton 9, Heikes 10, Livingston 8, Mosher 10, M. H. R. 7, Mayhew 10, Keller 8.

Extra No. 1, 10 targets: Barrett 10, Buck 10, Heikes 10, Miller 9, Edgarton 8, Levengston 8, Mosher 7, M. H. R. 7, Simpson 7.

No. 2, same: Buck 10, Miller 10, Paul 10, Murray 9, Barrett 9, Peters 9, Buck 8, Mayhew 8, Levengston 8, Simpson 8, Heikes 8, Luther 7, Edgarton 6, Lefever 6, Tee Kay 8.

No. 3, same: Barrett 10, Zuck 10, Miller 10, Simpson 10, Levengston 10, Wilcox 9, Peters 9, Edgarton 8, Heikes 8, Simpson 8, Murray 8, Paul 7, M. H. R. 7, Luther 6, Pike 5.

No. 4, 20 singles, expert rules: Levengston 19, Heikes 18, Miller 17, Barrett 17, Peters 16, Paul 15, Murray 12.

No. 5, 15 singles, expert rules: Paul 14, Simpson 14, Mayhew 14, Murray 13, Peters 13, Miller 13, Heikes 12, Pike 10.

Matches, 15 targets, $15 a side the first, $30 a side the second, $15 a side the third, known angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Murray | 111011111011111 | 14 | Heikes | 011011111111111w |
| Murray | 011101110111w | | Heikes | 101111111111111 | 14 |
| Murray | 101111111111111 | 14 | Heikes | 111111011000w |

During the day Barrett broke 96 per cent., Miller 95 per cent., and Levengston 95 per cent. in the guaranteed events.

*On the Third Day*

the weather was good, the only drawback being a rather tricky wind. The attendance was about the same as on the opening day. This made no difference in the management, however, as all the guaranteed purses were handed out, regardless of the number of entries. Barrett again led with 97 per cent. in the guaranteed events, Levengston making 96, Hobart 95, Miller 94, Heikes 87 and Edgarton 87. The programme was precisely the same as on the previous day and below are the scores:

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1: Simpson 9, Heikes 10, Livingston 10, Pike 8, T. K. 8, Barrett 10, Miller 9, Buck 10, Lefever 10, Taylor 10, Hobart 7, Luther 10, Edgarton 10, Perkins 6, M. H. R. 8, Paul 9, McGinnis 6, Mayhew 8.

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance $1.75, $50 guaranteed: Paul 10, Buck 9, Simpson 6, Heikes 7, Livingston 10, Pike 9, Barrett 10, Mosher 8, Miller 9, Keller 6, M. H. R. 8, Hobart 10, Taylor 10, Edgarton 10, Lefever 8, Mayhew 9, Luther 9, Perkins 8, McGinnis 7.

No. 3, 15 birds, entrance $2.75, $75 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Buck | 011111111111110 | 14 | Taylor | 111111110111100 | 12 |
| Livingston | 111111111111111 | 15 | Edgarton | 001111111111111 | 13 |
| Pike | 011111001100001 | 8 | Mayhew | 111111111111110 | 14 |
| Barrett | 111111111111111 | 15 | Luther | 111111111110110 | 13 |
| Miller | 111111111111111 | 15 | Paul | 111111111111110 | 14 |
| Hobart | 111111111111111 | 15 | | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Simpson | 111111110101111 | 13 | M H R | 111110000111011 | 10 |
| Heikes | 111101111111101 | 13 | Lefever | 111111101111111 | 14 |
| Mosher | 110111111111101 | 13 | McGinnis | 111111101111100 | 12 |
| Keller | 110101111111111 | 13 | | | |

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance $3.75, $100 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Livingst'n | 11111101111111111111 | | Lefever | 01111010111110011111 | 15 |
| Barrett | 11111111111111111011 | 19 | Mayhew | 11110101111111111111 | 18 |
| Miller | 11111110111111111111 | 19 | Paul | 11101010011110111111 | 15 |
| Hobart | 01111111110111101111 | 17 | | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M H R | 01110111111111111110 | 17 | Buck | 01111111111111111111 | 19 |
| Luther | 11111111101011101111 | 17 | Pike | 10111111101111111111 | 18 |
| Edgerton | 01111111110110001111 | 16 | Simpson | 11111111110111111111 | 19 |
| Perkins | 01001111110101111100 | 13 | Heikes | 11111111111011111110 | 18 |
| Taylor | 11111110111111111110 | 18 | Mosher | 11111011111111111111 | 19 |
| McGinnis | 01111101110101101111 | 16 | Keller | 11100101111011111111 | 16 |

No. 5, 25 singles, entry $5, $25 added by S. G. C., expert rules:

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller | 1111111111011111111111—23 |
| Mayhew | 1111001111111111111111001—20 |
| Edgerton | 1001100111010111111111111—19 |
| Luther | 0111111101011111111011111—21 |
| Hobart | 0111111111111111111111111—24 |
| Buck | 1111111111100111101111111—22 |
| Simpson | 1111111111111111011011011—22 |
| Heikes | 1111011111001111111111111—22 |
| Livingston | 1111111111011111011111111—23 |
| Pike | 1011111011111111111111111—22 |
| Barrett | 1111111111111111111110012—23 |

No. 6, 10 singles, $1.75 entrance, $50 guaranteed: Experts: Buck 10, Simpson 10, Mosher 7, Levengston 10, Barrett 10, Miller 9, Heikes 8, Taylor 7. Amateurs: Hobart 10, M. H. R. 7, Keller 6, Pike 6, Lefever 9, Mayhew 7, Geiser 8, Paul 9, Peters 8, Perkins 8, McGinnis 8, Edgerton 7, Luther 10.

No. 7, 15 singles, $2.75 entrance, $75 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Buck | 110011111100111 | 11 | Hobart | 101111011111111 | 13 |
| Simpson | 111110111111111 | 14 | Lefever | 111111111111011 | 14 |
| Levengston | 111111111111111 | 15 | Paul | 011011011100110 | 8 |
| Barrett | 111111111101111 | 14 | Luther | 111111111101111 | 14 |
| Miller | 111111110011111 | 13 | | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Peters | 010111111000111 | 10 | Geiser | 000110101111110 | 9 |
| Edgerton | 111111111111111 | 13 | Pike | 111011111111110 | 13 |
| McGinnis | 110101011111110 | 11 | Mosher | 111110110111111 | 13 |
| Perkins | 110111111010110 | 12 | Keller | 011011111100101 | 10 |
| Heikes | 111111111111110 | 14 | M H R | 101101010011111 | 10 |
| Taylor | 111110011111100 | 12 | Mayhew | 001111111111111 | 13 |

No. 8, 10 singles, $1.75 entrance, $50 guaranteed: Experts: Simpson 6, Levengston 7, Barrett 10, Lefever 9, Luther 8, Edgarton 8, Heikes 10. Amateurs: Buck 10, Miller 9, Hobart 10, Keller 9, M. H. R. 5, Pike 10, Taylor 7, Mayhew 9, Peters 6, Perkins 8, McGinnis 10.

No. 9, 20 singles, entrance $5.75, $100 guaranteed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Barrett | 11111111111111011111 | 19 | McGinnis | 11100101110000111101 | 13 |
| Lefever | 11111101101011111118 | | Paul | 11111111111111110100 | 17 |
| Buck | 11111011111111111119 | | Luther | 00111111101111111117 | |
| Miller | 11111111111111111120 | | M H R | 11111110111010110011 | 16 |
| Hobart | 11111111101111111119 | | Edgarton | 11111110111111111118 | |
| Keller | 11111111111111111118 | | Livingst'n | 11111111111111111120 | |
| Heikes | 11111111101111111119 | | Simpson | 11111111011111111115 | |
| Pike | 01011110011111111116 | | Mosher | 11111110011011100 | 15 |
| Mayhew | 10111111111111111000 | 16 | Taylor | 11111111111111111120 | |
| Peters | 01111101111101111117 | | Perkins | 11111011101111011110 | 16 |

No. 10, 10 singles, entrance $1: Taylor 10, Barrett 7, Buck 9, Miller 10, Hobart 10, Heikes 8, Livingston 10, Keller 8, Simpson 9, Pike 10, Peters 9, Lefever 10, Edgarton 10, Mayhew 7, Luther 10, Wilcox 9, McGinnis 9, Paul 7, M. H. R. 8.

Extra No. 1, 10 singles: Miller 10, Livingston 10, Heikes 10, Edgarton 9, Lefever 9, Mayhew 9, Buck 9, Pike 8, Luther 8, Barrett 8, Simpson 8, Paul 7, Mosher 7, Hobart 7, Perkins 6, Snyker 6, Keller 5.

Extra No. 2, same: Keller 10, Heikes 10, Barrett 10, Edgarton 9, Livingston 9, Miller 8, Simpson 8.

Extra No. 3, 20 singles: Miller 19, Livingston 18, Heikes 18, Barrett 18, Edgarton 17, Simpson 16.

An interesting part of the day's fun was a series of matches between teams of six men each, captained by E. D. Miller and H. Livingston, Jr., each man shooting at 20 singles, known angles. The scores in full are here given:

First Match.

| E. D. Miller, Captain. | | H. Livingston, Jr., Captain. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 11111011111111111111—19 | Livingst'n | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Barrett | 11111111111111111011—18 | Heikes | 11110011111111111111—18 |
| Edgarton | 11111111111111111111—20 | Simpson | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Buck | 11111111011111111111—19 | Luther | 01111111001111111111—17 |
| Lefever | 11111111111111111111—20 | Taylor | 11101111011111111111—17 |
| Wilcox | 11111111111111111111—20 | Hobart | 11011110111111111111—18 |
| | 116 | | 110 |

Second match.

| Capt. Livingston's Team. | | Capt. Miller's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Livingst'n | 11111111111111111011—19 | Miller | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Heikes | 11111111111111111111—20 | Barrett | 11110111111111011111—18 |
| Simpson | 11011111111101111101—18 | Edgarton | 11011111111111111111—19 |
| Luther | 11110011111111111111—18 | Buck | 11111111111111110111—19 |
| Mosher | 11110011111111111111—18 | Lefever | 11110111111011010101—16 |
| Hobart | 11111111111111111111—20 | Wilcox | 11011111111111111100—17 |
| | 113 | | 109 |



NEW LONDON——WESTERN TEAM.

Smith. Wolstencroft. Miller. Capt. Lindsley. Post. Breintnall. Sigler.



NEW LONDON—CONNECTICUT TEAM.

Savage. Strong. Edgarton. Fowler. McGinty. Longdon. Rockwell. Connor. Willey. Cady.

*On Thursday, the Third Day,*

there were occasional showers, which interfered somewhat with the sport, and the light was not favorable. Nevertheless the sport went merrily on without much delay. The attendance was no larger than before. Among those who reported for duty were M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, N. J., and J. Taylor, of Albany, N. Y. The leaders in the guaranteed events were: Miller 96 per cent, Livingston 95, Barrett 94, Heikes 93, Hobart 93, and Edgarton 88.

The scores follow:

No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Buck 10, Livingston 8, Heikes 9, Miller 9, Barrett 9, Mosher 10, Pike 7, T. K. 8, M. H. R. 6, Lefever 10, Luther 9, Curtis 4, Hobart 10, Goggin 8, Edgarton 10, Lindsley 8, Perkins 7, Taylor 7, Fulton 5, McGinnis 8, Ingham 9.

No. 2, 10 singles, $1.75 entrance, $50 guaranteed: Buck 10, Livingston 10, Heikes 9, Miller 10, Barrett 10, Mosher 10, Pike 6, T. K. 8, M. H. R. 8, Lefever 10, Hobart 9, Edgarton 8, Lindsley 7, Perkins 7, Ingham 6, Taylor 9, Frank 10, Goggin 8, Luther 9, McGinnis 8, Fulton 8.

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $2.75, $75 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Buck | 111111111111111 | Lefever | 111111111110011 |
| Livingston | 111111111111111 | Hobart | 111111111111110 |
| Heikes | 101111011111111 | Taylor | 111111011111110 |
| Miller | 111011111111111 | Frank | 111110111110111 |
| Barrett | 111111111111115 | Luther | 110011110110111 |
| Mosher | 111111111011111 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pike | 111111111110111 | Goggin | 111111010001111 |
| T K | 011110111111011 | Perkins | 001101000101100 |
| M H R | 111011111110100 | McGuinness | 111111111001100 |
| Edgarton | 111111111110110 | Crutty | 101010101000111 |
| Lindsley | 110111010010010 | | |

No. 4, 30 singles, entrance $3.75, $100 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Buck | 111111111111011111 | Mosher | 111111111111010111 |
| L'v'ngst'n | 111111111111101111 | Pike | 101101010011001111 |
| Miller | 111111111111111111 | Hobart | 111111111111011111 |
| Barrett | 111111111101011110 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heikes | 111111111111010111 | Frank | 111111111111111111 |
| T K | 111111011111111111 | Taylor | 111110111111111000 |
| M H R | 111011101111111010 | Fulton | 111001111101100111 |
| Edgarton | 110101111111111011 | Perkins | 111100110101111110 |
| Lindsley | 111101001001001111 | Luther | 111111111111011111 |
| McGinnis | 111111101110111011 | Lefever | 111111111111011111 |
| Goggin | 110111010011111100 | | |

No. 5, 25 singles, entrance $5, $25 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| Livingston | 1111111111111111111111111 |
| Barrett | 1111111111111111111111111 |
| Hobart | 1111111111111111111111111 |
| Heikes | 1111111111111111111111110 |
| Edgarton | 1111111111111111101111111 |
| Lefever | 1111111111111111111111111 |
| Buck | 1111111011111111111111111 |
| Peters | 1101111011111111111111111 |
| Mosher | 1111111011111111111111111 |
| Miller | 1011111111111111111111111 |
| Pike | 1111011111111111111011111 |
| Lindsley | 1111111011111011111111000 |

No. 6, 10 singles, entrance $1.75, $50 guaranteed. Experts: Buck 7, Miller 10, T. K. 10, Hobart 9, Frank 8, Luther 10, Lefever 8. Amateurs: Livingston 9, Heikes 10, Barrett 10, Mosher 8, Pike 8, Lindley 8, M. H. R. 9, Goggin 9, Ingram 7, Edgarton 8, Peters 9, Fulton 7, McGinnes 10, Perkins 7, Taylor 10.

No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $2.75, $75 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 111111111111111 | M H R | 110111100101011 |
| T K | 111111101100011 | Goggin | 010111111011110 |
| Hobart | 111111111101011 | Peters | 111000100001111 |
| Livingston | 111111111111111 | Luther | 011111101111110 |
| Barrett | 111111111111111 | Taylor | 111101111111011 |
| Heikes | 111111111111115 | McGinnis | 111011111111110 |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Buck | 111111111111110 | Frank | 111111111111115 |
| Mosher | 111111010111100 | Fulton | 111010111100011 |
| Lindsley | 011111111111101 | Lefever | 111110111110110 |
| Edgerton | 111111111111014 | Pike | 111111110110110 |
| Perkins | 110100111100101 | | |

No. 8, 10 singles, entrance $1.75, $50 guaranteed: Experts—Miller 8, Livingston 9, Barrett 9, Heikes 9, Buck 10, Edgarton 10, Frank 8. Amateurs—Mosher 8, T. K. 10, W. H. R. 7, Lindsley 7, Hobart 10, Perkins 7, Pike 8, Ingham 8, Goggin 8, Taylor 7, Luther 8, Lefever 10, McGinnis 8, Peters 9.

No. 9, 20 singles, $3.75 entrance, $100 guaranteed:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Barrett | 11111110111011111111 | Hobart | 10111111111111111111 |
| Heikes | 11111111111101111111 | T K | 11111111111111111111 |
| Buck | 11111111111111111101 | Lefever | 10011111110101111110 |
| Edgarton | 11111111111111111111 | Peters | 10110000111110111115 |
| Livingst'n | 11111101111111111111 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 11111111111111111120 | Frank | 11110111111111110110 |
| Mosher | 11111111111101111119 | Perkins | 11011101001110011013 |
| Pike | 11111111111111111120 | Taylor | 11111111111101111018 |
| M H R | 10110111011110011115 | Luther | 11111100011011100013 |
| Lindsley | 01111111101010011015 | McGinnis | 10111111101011111016 |
| Goggin | 00010110010100100011 | 9 | |

No. 10, 10 singles, entrance $1: Experts—Heikes 10, Buck 10, Livingston 10, Hobart 9, Pike 9, Miller 8, Mosher 6, Edgarton 8. Amateurs: Barrett 7, T. K. 7, M. H. R. 7, Ingham 8, Lefever 9, Lindsley 6, Peters 9, Luther 10.

Extra No. 1, 10 singles: Livingston 10, Foster 10, Heikes 10, Edgarton 9, Lindsley 8, Barrett 8, Lefever 8, Luther 8, Ingraham 8, Goggin 7, Miller 7, Keller 7.

No. 2, same: Heikes 10, Miller 10, Edgarton 9, Livingston 9, Buck 9, Pike 9, Hobart 9, Mosher 9, Barrett 8, Lefever 8, Luther 8, Keller 7,. Second and third moneys were shot off miss-and-out, second being won by Livingston on 15 straight, and third by Barrett on 15 straight.

The final event of the day was a race between teams of 8 men each captained by Harry Livingston, Jr., and Milt Lindsley; 20 targets per man, known angles, $10 entry per team. The score:

| Capt. Livingston's Team. | | Capt. Lindsley's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Buck | 11111111111111111120 | Hobart | 11111111111111111120 |
| Livingst'n | 01111111111111111119 | Lindsley | 01111111111111111119 |
| Lefever | 11111111111011111119 | Heikes | 11110101111111111118 |
| Mosher | 10111111111111111119 | Edgarton | 10111111111110111117 |
| Barrett | 11111110111111111018 | Luther | 11100011011111111116 |
| Peters | 11110111101111111118 | Gibbs | 11111011010111101116 |
| M K | 10110101111011111117 | Ingraham | 10111011010101011114 |
| Pike | 11011111101110011116 | M H R | 11111100311000110011 |
| | 146 | | 121 |

*The Final Day*

was ushered in with a drizzling rain, which threatened to continue, but altered its mind about 10 A. M. The light was dull and poor until noon, when it brightened up somewhat. Before starting for the grounds some of the shooters suggested to the club that the day's shoot be declared off so far as the programme was concerned, as this would enable the management to save considerable money which was guaranteed. The club, however, would not entertain the suggestion, but insisted upon fulfilling its promises to the letter, although they were then several hundred dollars behind. So all the boys could do was to shoot "according to Hoyle." Up to this time there had been a close fight for the seven average prizes offered for the guaranteed events during the four days, Barrett having lost only 13. Levengston 14, Miller 15, Heikes 33 and Edgarton 38 birds out of 500 birds shot at by each. Edgarton and Heikes were of course out of the race, so far as high honors were concerned, and it was impossible to guess which of the three others would finish on top. Up to and including the third event Barrett gained one on each Miller and Levengston, but from here on the "Jersey Cyclone" pulled himself together, and by making clean scores in each of the last four events he won first average ($22), his aggregate being 383 breaks out of 400 targets shot at, an average of 95 75 per cent. Barrett won second money ($18) with 380 breaks, an even 90 per cent.; third money ($16) went to Levengston on 377 breaks, 94.25 per cent.; fourth money ($14) to Carter on 368 breaks, 92 per cent.; fifth money ($12) was divided by Heikes and Edgarton on 367 breaks each, an average of 91.75 per cent.

The scores are here given:

No. 1: Wilcox 7, Livingston 10, Buck 9, Barrett 8, Heikes 10, Miller 10, Keller 9, Edgarton 10 M. H. R. 8, Pike 9, Cunningham 6, Lefever 9, Betts 8, Leon 10, Luther 8, Jack 8.

No. 2: Wilcox 8, Livingston 10, Buck 10, Barrett 8, Heikes 8, Miller 10, Keller 8, Edgarton 10, M. H. R. 7, Pike 8, Franks 10, Lefever 9, Betts 9, Leon 9, Luther 9, Jack 9, Mosher 10, Taylor 10, McGinnis 9.

No. 3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Livingston | 111111110011111 | Leon | 111101011111111 |
| Buck | 111111111111111 | Taylor | 111111111111100 |
| Mosher | 111111111111110 | Barrett | 111111111111110 |
| Edgarton | 011111111011111 | Heikes | 111111111111111 |
| Lefever | 111101111011111 | Keller | 111011111111101 |
| Miller | 111111111110111 | Pike | 011101111111111 |
| Jack | 111111011111101 | Wilcox | 110010110111111 |
| Luther | 111111111111011 | M H R | 111111111111001 |
| Betts | 111011011111111 | McGinnis | 111111111111111 |
| Franks | 111111110011110 | Cunningham | 110101101101110 |

No. 4, 20 singles:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 11111011111111111111 | Heikes | 01711111111011111110 |
| Buck | 11111111111101111119 | McGinnis | 11111111111111111120 |
| Mosher | 11111111110111111119 | Luther | 11111111111111110111 |
| Barrett | 11111111111111111120 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Livingst'n | 01111111110111111118 | Jack | 11111111101111111119 |
| Keller | 11110111111111111018 | Betts | 11111111111111111120 |
| Marton | 11111111111011111119 | Leon | 11011001111011111116 |
| Pike | 00101101011001111113 | M H R | 11101110111001111015 |
| Lefever | 11001111111111111017 | Taylor | 11111111011011111015 |
| Wilcox | 11111111111101011118 | Frank | 11111111111011100115 |

No. 5, 25 singles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Levengston | 0111111111011111111111123 |
| Buck | 1111101111111100111111122 |
| Peters | 0000111111101111101711120 |
| Heikes | 1111011111111111111111124 |
| Miller | 1111111111111101111110123 |
| Pike | 1001111101101110111111019 |
| Mosher | 1111111111111111111111124 |
| Barrett | 1101111111111111111111124 |
| Lefever | 1011111111111111111111123 |
| Jack | 1100101111010111111111120 |
| Edgarton | 1011111111111111111111124 |
| Frank | 1111110111111001111111021 |

No. 6, 10 singles: Miller 10, Edgarton 10, Luther 9, Buck 8, Mosher 8, Barrett 8, McGinnis 10, Betts 5, Levengston 8, Heikes 7, Pike 7, Leon 7, Keller 9, Lindsley 9, Cunningham 5, Wilcox 7, Peters 8, Taylor 10, Lefever 8, Jack 7, M. H. R. 6.

No. 7, 15 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 111111111111111 | Barrett | 111111111111115 |
| Edgarton | 111111111111110 | Betts | 110010101001111 |
| Luther | 111010101111011 | Mosher | 111110111111111 |
| McGinnis | 111111111101111 | Wilcox | 111111111101111 |
| Keller | 000101011111111 | Jack | 101110011111011 |
| Lindsley | 111101111111111 | Frank | 111111111110110 |
| Taylor | 110011111101111 | Lefever | 111111111101111 |
| Levengston | 011111111111101 | Leon | 111011111111111 |
| Heikes | 011111111111111 | M H R | 111111111011100 |
| Pike | 011011111110111 | Peters | 110111001111111 |
| Buck | 111111111111111 | | |

No. 8, 10 singles: Miller 10, Edgarton 10, Lindsley 8, Barrett 10, Buck 8, Heikes 9, McGinnis 10, Mosher 9, Wilcox 9, Lefever 9, Leon 8, Levingston 9, Keller 10, Pike 8, Betts 8, Jack 5, Taylor 9, M. H. R. 7, Luther 8, Peters 10.

No. 9, 20 singles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 11111111111111111120 | Taylor | 11111111111001111010 |
| Edgarton | 11111111110111111119 | Peters | 11111111010110111117 |
| Barrett | 11111111111111111119 | Lindsley | 11011111111111111119 |
| Heikes | 11111111111111110011 | Buck | 11101111111111111018 |
| Mosher | 10111111011111111016 | Pike | 11111111111111111019 |
| Lefever | 11111111110111111010 | Leon | 11101111111011111118 |
| McGinnis | 10111111001010000112 | Betts | 11111111111111111119 |
| Keller | 11111101101011011116 | Luther | 11111111011111111119 |



NEW LONDON—NEW JERSEY TEAM.

F. Post. W. Sigler. M. H. Bupell. F. Van Dyke. E. D. Miller. G. Greiff. C. Smith. N. Apgar. R. H. Breintnall. E. Collins.

Wilcox 10010111101110111111—15 Jack 11100111110111101011—15
Livingst'n 11111111111111111120 M H R 11001111011010111100—17

No. 10, 10 singles: Miller 9, Edgerton 10, Barrett 10, Levingston 10, Pike 7, Betts 7, Leon 9, Buck 9, Peters 7, Lefever 10, Keller 9, Wilcox 7, Lindsley 9, Jack 7.

Extra No. 1, 10 singles: Levengston 10, Leon 10, Taylor 9, McGinnis 9, Frank 8, Pike 8, Wilcox 8, Jack 8, Betts 8, Buck 3.

No. 2, same: Levengston 10, Leon 10, Keller 10, Edgarton 10, Luther 9, Miller 9, Heikes 9, Barrett 9, Lefever 9, Buck 9, Jack 8, Wilcox 8, Pike 8, Frank 8, Cunningham 7, M. H. R. 7, Betts 7.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## THE INTERSTATE AT AUBURN.

THE shooting tournament of the Auburn Gun Club, given with the assistance of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, at Auburn, N. Y., on Sept. 20-21, was held under most favorable auspices, so far as the weather conditions and management were concerned, but the attendance was very light on both days. Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., was in charge of the arrangement of traps, screens, etc., as well as the pitching of the tents of the various subscribers to the association fund. All these details were carefully attended to.

The grounds of the Auburn Gun Club, which are situated about a mile from the center of the town proper, and reached by a well-equipped electric car line, are large and well adapted to trap-shooting purposes. The entire outfit is owned in fee simple by the club, having been purchased after the State shoot was held at that place. To the right of the entrance is a well-built club house 20× 30ft., one story in height, with a 10ft. verandah extending the entire length. The inside of the house is provided with lockers for the use of the members, loading tables, etc. To the left of the ground entrance is a good-sized storage house. The grounds are fairly level to a point about 20yds. beyond the line of traps. Here they slope downward for a few yards and then take an upward turn, which continues to the brow of a hill half a mile beyond. For live-bird shooting I am inclined to think these grounds would prove almost as puzzling to the unitiated as Jim Elliott's famous "Side Hill Park," in Kansas City. For target shooting, however, they are all right. The traps of the Auburn Club, five in number, are arranged behind permanent screens about 25yds. in front of the club house, and to the right of these were set the five traps of the association. To the left of the line of traps was the blackboard and cashier's office. To the left of the cashier's office were the tents of FOREST AND STREAM, the *American Field* and the Standard Keystone Target and Trap Company, these being directly in front of the main entrance. To the right of the club house were the tents of Henry C. Squires, S. S. Powder Company, Colt's Firearms Company, Tatham Brothers, American Wood Powder Company, and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company. The only ones of the above firms represented was FOREST AND STREAM, S. S. Powder Company, U. M. C. Co., and the Standard Keystone Company.

The management of the shoots was in the hands of H. A. Penrose, Elmer E. Shaner and Charles W. Tuttle. Messrs. Shaner and C. H. Brister carried on the clerical work on the first day, but on the second day Shaner was alone except when one or another of the members gave him a lift. There was no assistant cashier nor assistant blackboardman. The weather on the opening day was delightful, the sun shining clear and bright and the wind being just strong enough to make the flight of the keystone targets a little erratic at times. The attendance, as we have stated, was light, but this was to be expected, as the $2,200 guaranteed by the Saratoga Gun Club drew a number of shooters who would otherwise have visited Auburn. In regard to the conflict of dates between these two clubs we was informed by both Messrs. Tuttle and Penrose that they had received assurances from the Saratoga people that the latter's tournament would be held during the last week in September, and that then the dates were fixed for the Auburn tournament before they knew the dates had been changed by Saratoga. Mr. Levengston, of the Saratoga Gun Club informs us that he did make the above statement to both Messrs. Tuttle and Penrose, but that before that time he had been informed by Mr. Tuttle that the Auburn shoot would be held on Sept. 13 and 14, and when the Saratoga dates were changed it was done in order not to conflict with the Peekskill dates, and with the understanding that the Saratoga shoot would be the week following Auburn. On one point we are sure, and that is that the notice that the Saratoga shoot would be held Sept. 20-23 reached us a considerable time ahead of the notice claiming the dates for Auburn.

Among those who were present on the opening day were Messrs Richmond, Borst, Hicks and Norton, of Rochester; C. Tomlinson, of Fulton, N. Y.; Harry B. Whitney, the oldtime boy wonder of Phelps, N. Y., who was accompanied by his father; H. A. Penrose of New London, Conn., and Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

It was nearly 11 o'clock before the regular programme was started, but after that time there was no drag, despite the fact that the hustling as well as the most of the clerical work in the office and the placing of the names on the blackboard devolved upon Elmer Shaner. He was equal to the emergency, however, and kept everything booming. In the afternoon the local shooters turned out in force, and the entries ran as high as twenty-two. All the guaranteed purses were shot in accordance with the programme, the shortage for the day being about $15. The programme was finished shortly after 4 o'clock.

After a wash-up came a tasty supper at the Osborne House, the proprietor of which, Mr. Taylor, is not only an enthusiastic sportsman, but a first-class caterer as well. After supper and a stroll about the well-kept streets of the town the party of visitors were escorted to the handsome suite of rooms occupied by the gun club. Last March, when we were in Auburn, these rooms were undergoing an overhauling, and it was lumber here, there and everywhere, but on the present visit all repairs had been completed and we are fain to say that the quarters are as cosy and comfortable as any we have run across. The rooms, four in number, are situated over one of the Auburn banks, and are very large. They comprise a pool room, billiard room, card, reception and secretary's room and one used for the meeting of the club as well as for lounging and reading. "There's an organ in the parlor to keep the house in tune," while a number of handsome pictures adorn the walls. We found in the rooms Messrs. C.W. Tuttle, James and Henry Carr, C. L. Egbert, George Corning, Irving Brigden, Thos. Church and other members of the local club and were pleasantly entertained until time to return to our couches.

Returning to the hotel we received the heartiest kind of a greeting from three of the members of Auburn's famous "Big Four." These were Alderman (soon to be Mayor) Eddy Parker, Lew Devitt and Jack Titus. The fourth member of the quartette, Eddy Cosgrove, was seriously ill at his home, the doctors fearing an attack of brain fever. A short time previous to this "Cos" had gone off on a yachting trip, got caught in a storm and was well wet. Indifference to a slight cold which resulted was followed by the serious condition mentioned above. Before leaving Auburn, however, we received the welcome intelligence that with careful attention from his family and physician he was improving, and the doctor thought that, after all, the threatened brain trouble would be averted. Whether the weather be fair or stormy, Auburn's "Big Four" can always find some pleasant method for amusing visitors even though they have to o

improvise a "birthady party" with a "2 A. M. dinner." On this occasion the "birthday party" materialized and so pleasantly did the hours go by that the cocks began to crow before the participants returned to the hotel to enjoy a few hours' rest preparatory to Wednesday's shooting.

Below will be found full scores of the first day's work, there being no average money, of course. Penrose shot as an expert, Tuttle as a semi-professional and all the others as amateurs. High averages were Whyte 88.88, Carr 86.86, Stewart 85.92, Richmond 82.96, Tuttle 71.11.

No. 1, $1: Tuttle 6, Corning 7, Egbert 5, Carr 7, Brigden 8, Whyte 9, Richmond 9, Vanderloon 8, Burst 7, White 6, Garrett 8, Brister 5, Peterson 6, Church 9, Stewart 9, Kipp 6 Goodrich 8.

No. 2: Penrose 7, Tuttle 8, Corning 7, Brister 7, Carr 10, Brigden 8, Richmond 7, Whyte 8, Egbert 3, White 7, Borst 7, Garrett 10, Goodrich 6, Vanderloo 8, Tripp 3, Church 9, Hill 7, Stewart 9, Peterson 6, Kipp 8.

No. 3, $1:

| | |
|---|---|
| Penrose.....1011100110010011— 8 | Bourst.....0011011111111112 |
| Tuttle.....1111101111011113 | Brister.....0010001100011110— 6 |
| Corning.....1001010110111000— 8 | Stewart.....1111111111111004 |
| Brigden.....1101111011111013 | Church .....1111101011111113 |
| Whyte.....1111111111111104 | Vanderloo.....0001010010010— 5 |
| Richmond.....0111101011111112 | Whitney.....1111111111111115 |
| Carr.....1111101111111114 | Hicks.....1111111111111115 |
| White.....0101100010111— 8 | Vanderhoof...1011100101111010 |

No. 4: Penrose 8, Tuttle 8, Corning 7, Goodrich 8, Egbert 5, Hill 8, Peterson 8, Whyte 9, Brigdon 9, Bourst 8, Richmond 9, Carr 10, Wittleton 9, Vanderhoof 5, Vanderloo 7, Church 9, Stewart 9, Hicks 8, Whitney 9.

No. 5:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pink.....1111101011111101010—15 | Bourst....0111110110011011010013 |
| Tuttle....1010111100011101103—11 | Vand'rloo3101110111111101111010—14 |
| Carr.....1111111110101001111—17 | Church...1010110101111110110—14 |
| Whyte....1111110111011111—18 | Vanderh'f1111110100111010010—14 |
| Brigden..1111011011110101110—15 | Hicks.....1011110111111111111—18 |
| Stewart...1111100110111100111—15 | Whitney..0111111111111111111—19 |
| Richm'nd 1111011111111011111—17 | Wittleton0011111111010101111—15 |

No. 6:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pink.....1011111010011—11 | Hicks.....0111101111111113 |
| Tuttle.....0111001000111— 8 | Whitney.....1111111111111115 |
| Carr .....0111011111111—13 | Stewart.....1111111101110113 |
| Brigden.....0111101010101011—10 | Vanderhoof...1010011111011111 |
| Egbert.....1101010111110010 | Wittleton.....0111011111110011 |
| Whyte.....0111111111110—13 | Church.....1110111101011112 |
| Bourst.....0101100100110— 7 | Norton .. ....1111101000111010 |
| Richmond.....1100111011101—11 | Banks .. ....0110110010011010— 8 |

No. 7, 10 singles: Pink 9, Tuttle 5, Peterson 6, Richmond 9, Whyte 9, Norton 10, Vanderhoof 8, Whittleton 4, Carr 8, Garrett 8, Hill 7, Egbert 5, Bourst 8, Hicks 8, Church 10, Brigden 9, Vanderloo 8, Whitney 8, Banks 8, Embody 5, White 3, Stewart 8:

No. 8, 20 singles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tuttle .. 1111111111011111010—17 | Banks ....1101111100011111001— 14 |
| Norton....1011111100011011111— 16 | Garrett...1110111101010111001— 14 |
| Carr.....1111111101111111111—19 | Church...1011011111111110111—17 |
| Whyte....1011111111111111110—18 | Vanderh'f1111111101101111111—18 |
| Richm'nd 1001111111111111111—18 | Brigden ..1010110111000100w |
| Hicks.....1111111111111111111—20 | Vanloo ...1101101010101011111—13 |
| Bourst....1111011111101111111—18 | Stewart...1111111101111101110—17 |
| Whitney .1111111111111111110—19 | |

No. 9, 15 singles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pink.....1111110101111113 | Bourst.....1101010111111104 |
| Tuttle.....0111110111011112 | Goodrich ..1111111111111114 |
| Norton.....1010111110111112 | Garrett.....0111111111111114 |
| Carr.....1111111111111104 | Vanderloo....1111111110013 |
| Whyte.....1101111111111103 | Hicks... .....1111111111111115 |
| Whitney.....1011111111101—12 | Stewart .... ..0110111101111112 |
| Richmond.....1110111011111010—11 | Egbert.... ....1101010000011— 8 |
| Church.....1011011111111—13 | Brigden .....1011111111111103 |
| Corning .....1110101111101113—12 | Banks .....0001010111010111— 8 |
| Wheaton.....1011111111011000—11 | Brister .....1000110110111110 |
| Vanderhoof...1001110101111110 | Hill.... .....1000101030001101— 6 |
| Whittleton....1111101101111102 | |

No. 10: Pink 9, Tuttle 8, Corning 8, Whyte 9, Norton 9, Richmond 9, Carr 5, Bourst 9, Whitney 10, Goodrich 10, Vanderhoof 9, Wheaton 5, Garrett 8, Brister 9, Stewart 10, Tripp 4, Ayers 6, Banks 7, Hicks 9, Peterson 6, Vanderloo 5, Webster 3.

Extra No. 1: Corning 5, Tuttle 8, Carr 8, Norton 10, Penrose 9, Vanderhoof 8, Whitney 9, Richmond 9, Goodrich 5, Whyte 10, Bourst 9, Whittleton 10, Garrett 9, Vanderloo 10, Brigden 9, Stewart 8, Avers 4, Banks 8.

Extra No. 2, 5 pair: Stewart 5, Whitney 7, Carr 8, Tuttle 4, Vanderloo 3, Corning 5, Whyte 6, Brigden 6.

*The Second Day*

was fully as pleasant as the first, although the wind was considerably stronger and the targets more erratic in their flight. The attendance was not as good as on the previous day, a baker's dozen being the limit. Three of the Rochester people had left for home on the previous evening. Among the newcomers were Messrs. Sinclair and Livingstone, of Mottville; Briggs and Rich, of Cato; and A. M. Skimmerhorn, of Cortland.

On this day was done one thing that goes further to hurt an association or club than anything else. That was the declaring off of the guaranteed purses. The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association is comprised of twelve firms, every one of which is under contract to see that the conditions of its shoot are carried out. On this day some $200 had been offered in guaranteed purses. After the second regular event had been made up it was evident that the guarantees would not fill, so the programme was placed on the shelf and the remainder of the day was devoted to shooting sweeps, with no purses guaranteed. Had there been only three men on the grounds those men should have been entitled to shoot under the same conditions that would have prevailed with fifty entries. It may be said that "the majority of the shooters would not have gone in for the twenty-target events." Even so, the programme announced "guaranteed purses" and this guarantee should have held good, even though one man got all the money and the subscribers were obliged to make good the amount by assessment. This draining back was begun at Staunton, followed at Watertown and then at Auburn, and should be discontinued at future shoots of the association.

The shooting of the second day was ended before 5 o'clock, and soon thereafter the grounds were deserted by all save the watchman. Several of the visiting shooters afterward made a trip out to Lake Owasca and other places of interest, the "big four," as usual, being the guides. Full details of the day's shooting follow:

No. 1: Pink 7, Tuttle 6, Corning 6, Devitt 9, Brigden 9, Rich 10, Whyte 9, Carr 8, Vanderloo 7, Richmond 9, Garrett 9, Church 4, Howland 8, Shaner 9.

No. 2:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pink.....0111110011101111—11 | Richmond.....1101111111111114 |
| Tuttle.. .....0111110100111100— 9 | Carr.....1111111111111014 |
| Corning.....0001111111111110—11 | Garrett.....1101111111111103 |
| Devitt. .....1111111110011103 | Skimmerhorn.0110101101101114 |
| Brigden.....1111011101011110—11 | Dusenberry ...0111001100001114 |
| Church.....1111010110001104 | Sinclair.....0110100111111114 |
| Whyte.....1101110111111113 | |

No. 3: Pink 6, Tuttle 10, Howland 7, Whyte 10, A. M. S. 9, Richmond 8, Carr 10, Brigden 9, Devitt 10, Corning 7, Rich 8, Garrett 10, Tomlinson 6.

No. 4: Richmond 9, Whyte 10, Church 8, A. M. S. 7, Corning 8, Pink 9, Devitt 6, Tuttle 5, Brigden 7, Carr 9, Howland 6, Livingstone 5.

No. 5:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pink.....1111111111111115 | Brigden.....1111011111111103 |
| Devitt.....0010111110100114— 9 | Tomlinson.....1000111010011114— 9 |
| Whyte.....1101111111011113 | Richmond.....1111011111111004 |
| Corning.....0111101011111014 | Goodrich.....1111030111111004 |
| A M S.....1111010111111014 | Sinclair.....1101110010011114 |
| Vanderloo.....1010111000111014 | Carr.....1111111111110104 |
| Tuttle.....1111111111111104 | |

No. 6: Pink 10, Corning 10, Tuttle 7, Devitt 9, Whyte 8, Hill 7, Carr 10, Sinclair 6, Tomlinson 5, Rich 9, Briggs 8, Brigden 9, Goodrich 8, A. M. S. 9.

No. 7:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pink.....1111110111111014 | A M S.....1111011111110114 |
| Corning.....1010111111111114 | Vanderloo.....1110101111010114 |
| Devitt.....1000010100101114— 8 | Whyte.....1111011110111114 |
| Tuttle.....1111110111111114 | Goodrich.....000011w |
| Carr.....1011000111111114 | |

No. 8: Tuttle 8, Carr 9, Steele 5, Whyte 7, Pink 6, A. M. S. 6, Devitt 8, Vanderloo 5, Corning 9, Brigden 9.

No. 9: Pink 6, Tuttle 8, Carr 9, Corning 9, Whyte 8, Devitt 9, A. M. S. 5, Steele 3, Garrett 8, Vanderloo 8, Banks 7.

No. 10: Pink 5, Carr 10, Corning 7, Banks 4, Vanderloo 7, Whyte 5, Devitt 7, Tuttle 10, Garrett 4, Brigden 8.

No. 11: Howland 9, Tuttle 8, Carr 7, Whyte 8, Banks 5, Pink 9, Devitt 7, Vanderloo 6, Corning 8.

No. 12.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corning..0011111110011011111—15 | Tuttle ....1111111111111111101—19 |
| Whyte....1101111110110111111—17 | Carr .....1111111111111111010—18 |

C. H. TOWNSEND.



AT THE AUBURN INTER-STATE.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A few weeks ago we published the following: "If some of the progressive managers of tournaments care to attract a big field of shooters, let them offer a purse of $100 for a contest between teams of ten men each from New Jersey, New York, District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland and Connecticut. Charge the teams only for the targets they shoot at, let the winning team take the entire pot, and let it be expressly stipulated that each man must be a resident of the State he represents. The money spent by these team men in sweepstakes during a tournament would more than offset the $100 given by the management. What is the matter with running such a contest during the tournament of the Wilmington (Del) Gun Club?" Since our last issue we have received a letter from J. K. Woodward, secretary of the Wilmington Gun Club, containing the information that their club had concluded to make their tournament one of three days instead of two as originally announced, this making the dates Oct. 12, 13 and 14. "We have made the second day," says Mr. Woodward, "the team-shoot day, as per your valuable suggestion in your paper. The purse will be $75 guaranteed the winning team." This is pleasant news, and we are positive that the Wilmington Gun Club will be winners financially by virtue of their generous offer. No entrance money will be charged the teams other than the price of the targets. The contest will be open to any number of teams of six men each from any State, each shooter must be a resident of the State he represents and no man will be allowed to shoot on more than one team. Each man will shoot at 25 targets, which will be charged for at the rate of three cents each. Bluerock targets will be shot, under the rapid-firing system. Here is a chance for some big work by the various States.

We have received the programme for the opening tournament of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Gun Club to be held on the Croton street grounds on Oct. 11 and 12. The club which was but recently organized is comprised of some of the most substantial business men of Syracuse and has elegantly equipped grounds. Harvey McMurchy, more familiar known as "McDuff," is president and prime hustler of the club; his spare moments being devoted to looking after the interests of the L. C. Smith guns. Al. Spangler, who is another of the club workers also spends some little time in engraving Smith guns. These two will be at the gate during the shoot ready to resent any insult that may be tendered them (by non shooters) The programme on each day will comprise three 10-target events, $2 entry; two 15-target events, $2 50 entry; two 20-target events, $3 entry; 5 pairs, $2 entry; 10 singles and 5 pairs, $3 entry and an event at 20 singles, $3.50 entry with $50 guaranteed. There will be four moneys in each event. Shooters will be served with free lunch. Bluerock targets will be used and these will be charged for at the rate of two cents each. This will leave the pots very fat.

The following has been received anent the coming tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J.: "The programmes for the first annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., which is to be held on Oct. 5, 6 and 7, are now ready for distribution, and can be had by addressing John Cooper, Sec'y, Box 622, Red Bank, N. J. The club guarantees to have 1,000 good birds on the grounds on Oct. 7. The 5th and 6th will be devoted to target shooting, and about twenty-five valuable merchandise prizes will be distributed through the events for these two days. The grounds have just been enclosed and fitted up in good shape, and the shoot will without doubt be largely attended. Mr. Cooper will be glad to furnish any further information in regard to the tournament that may be desired.

New York and New Jersey sportsmen should not forget the tournament of the Riverside Gun Club to be held at Red Bank, N. J. on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. The first two days shooting will be at targets and the third day at live birds of which a plentiful supply will be on hand. Red Bank is about 47 miles from New York on the New York and Long Branch Railroad and may be reached by either the New Jersey Central or Pennsylvania systems, both of which run trains over this road. Those who go by the Pennsylvania way leave New York at 9:10, (Jersey City at 9:23, Newark at 9:36.) On the New Jersey Central a train leaves New York at 8:15, Newark at 8:22 and Elizabeth at 8:35 A. M. The Central train reaches Red Bank at 9:50 and the Pennsylvania train gets there at 10:38 A. M.

The Fairfield Rubber Company reports a regular "boom" in the sale of its excellent and convenient magazine vest, a cut of which is shown in another column. This vest is one of the most handy contrivances ever offered to sportsmen and should be included in the wardrobe of every gunner. The nominal price of $3 places it within reach of all.

The next shoot of the Interstate Manufacture's and Dealers Association will be held on the grounds of the Machimoodus Gun Club at Moodus, Conn., October 25 and 26. Keystone traps and targets will be used and a big turn out of Connecticut shooters is anticipated. It is hoped that at this shoot the conditions will be adhered to.

Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 15.—The Charleston Gun Club was organized last night at Goshorn & Co's hardware store, its object being to lease shooting grounds, adopt rules for trap shooting and to provide for the prosecution of violators of the game laws. The members are Judge C. P. Snyder, Dr. J. N. Mahn, Howard Rader, Will Patrick, Frank Markell, Charles Board, R. W. Harris, J. A. DeGruyter, W. F. Goshorn, Thos. Saterthwait, G. W. Davis, P. Fontaine, C. E. Rudesill, Wm. Killinger, D. Patterson, John Cotton, H. D. Gosborn, Will Richardson and Chas. Jones. Howard Rader was elected President. Frank Markell Vice President, R. W. Harris Secretary and Treasurer, and W. F. Goshorn Manager.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—The Riverview Gun Club of this city will hold a tournament on the McClary Driving Park about the middle of October. The exact date has not been fixed, but will be as soon as the secretary of the Eastern New York Association is heard from. The club grounds are in fine shape. Kingbird traps and targets will be used, and will be under the management of Will H. Cruttenden, of Cazenovia. Canvas covers over the score where shooters stand, and plenty of canvas, so that those in attendance will be in shade continually. Programmes are now ready, and can be had by addressing the secretary, Z. R. Jacoby, or Robert M. Hartley, President, Amsterdam, N. Y.

The following officers have been elected by the Pierrepont (N. Y.) Gun Club, which has been incorporated: Isaac N Maynard, President; Wm. M. Storrs, Vice President; W. P. White, Secretary and Treasurer; William Pierrepont White, Counselor. Membership, which is limited to fifteen, includes the following: I. N. Maynard, H. P. Crouse, W. M. Storrs, J. Fred Maynard, E. J. Millspaugh, Edward Comstock, E. D. Brandegee, Hugh White, Fred Kellogg, H Lawrence White, W. Pierrepont White. About 1,500 acres of wild rice land and marsh in Ellisburg, Jefferson county, N. Y., on Lake Ontario, have been leased for a long term of years. It is proposed to erect a commodious club house on the mainland near by.

James L. Smith, manager of the Hackettstown (N. J.) Gun Club, announces that his club will hold an all day tournament at live birds on Tuesday, Oct. 4, the sport to open at 9:30 A. M. There will be plenty of good birds on hand. The programme comprises two events at 4 birds each, $3 entry; one at 7 birds, $5, one at 10 birds, $10, and two miss and-out events, $2 entry.

The Commercial Gun Club recently formed at Grand Rapids, Mich., is officered as follows: Captain, Hobart Frost; Secretary, E Whalen; Treasurer, Geo. Heinzelman. Other members are: Charles Ruoff, Al Becker, D. Frank, N. O. Sargeant, Abe Longstreet.

The next contest of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' Leage will be held on the grounds of the East Side Mutual Gun Club, Hamburg place, Newark, on Saturday, Oct. 15. The club will run an all-day open to all tournament beginning at 8:30 A. M. The State League's team contest will start at 2 P. M.

The Erb-Newhouse match at 25 live birds each for $25 a side will take place on the Old Stone Housefgrounds in Newark on Saturday; everybody who goes to see the match should take a gun and plenty of ammunition as open sweepstakes will be in order before and after the match.

Utica has a shooter whom they are anxious to pit against E. D. Fulford. The Uticans do not expect their man to defeat Eli but they are willing to lose a limited sum in order to find out his true mettle It is likely that Fulford will oblige them as soon as his working season closes.

At the annualmeeting of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club, of Spokane Falls, Wash., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. D. Knight; Vice-President, Wm. Carson; Secretary, F. R. Drake; Treasurer, Wm. Nelson; Captain, Melville Moore.

A 25-target sweep took place on Frank Class' Morristown grounds on September 21. The scores were Conway, Smith and Class 20 each; Piper 18, Riley and Smith 17 each; Simmons 16, Nafie, Hathaway and Brueckner 15 each. Conway won first money on the shoot-off.

An open-to-all tournament will be held by the Myrtle Gun Club at Irvington, N. J. on Saturday. The main event will be a 50-target sweep, $2.50 entry with $20 added by the club. Shooting will begin at 10 A. M. The club furnish free refreshments.

During the Saratoga shoot E. D. Miller used his old-time Parker. Some of the boys thought they had him beaten on the third day but the "Jersey cyclone" kept his nerve and came out on top. It takes a hot man to chase Enoch for four days.

The following scores were made at the weekly shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, Sept. 21: Twenty-five class—Hadley 24, Norton 19, Hicks 23. Twenty-seven class—McVean 25, Brnff 21. Thirty-one class—Quirk 24, Richman 16, Mack 17.

At the election of officers of the Bray's Bayou (Texas) Gun Club W. H. Pelge was elected President; C. Newman, Vice-President; W. Goetzman, Secretary and Collector, and E. Herdejurgen, Treasurer. The club will have a barbecue in October.

Good for Wilmington. A $75 purse hung up for a contest between ten-men teams from New Jersey, New York, District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland and Connecticut, which of these States will reach the prize?

It was expected that a team match would take place between the Auburn Gun Club and Rochester Rod and Gun Club during the Auburn shoot, but only four of the Rochester boys put in an appearance.

By the time this paper reaches its readers the Peekskill tournament will be in full blast. To-day and to-morrow the crowd will shoot at blue rock targets and on Saturday will change off to live birds.

Each day during the Wilmington tournament there will be two 10-target events, $1 entry; two 10-target events, $1.50 entry; seven 15-target events, $1.50 entry; and one 20-target event, $2 entry.

Why not get up a trap tournament on the Claremont (N. J.) grounds, and include in the programme the return match between New Jersey and Connecticut teams?

The third and deciding match at 100 targets each between H. L. Gates of Utica and C. H. Mowry of Syracuse will probably be shot at Rome, on neutral grounds.

Al. Conway of Morristown, N. J. is willing to shoot a match against any one in the town at a 100 blue rock targets each for $100 a side.

Harry Smith of Newark and Allen Willey of Hartford will shoot their hundred bird race in October.

The Saratoga Gun Club will probably hold its 1893 tournament early in June.

Rollo Heikes and his banjo have gone to the big shoot at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Ottumwa, Iowa, expects a big time at its tournament on Oct. 5 and 6.

The boys at Auburn missed Milt Lindsley and his "Kazoo band.

All the trap-shooting States should enter teams at Wilmington.

The Auburn boys should be happy with their cozy club house.

Jersey will send a whooping team to Wilmington next week.

Don't forget the Wilmington dates—October 12, 13 and 14.

Will the Jersey team break 98 per cent. at Wilmington?

What a crowd Saratoga should have at the next shoot.

A trio of Auburn boys will go to Knoxville next May.

Harry Levengston is a prime favorite with the boys.

The subsbribers' tents looked lonesome at Auburn.

Rolla Heikes did not catch his pace at Saratoga.

Fred Quimby will do the hustling at Peekskill.

Elmer Shaner makes a rattling good manager.

"Little Neaf" Apgar was missed at Auburn.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

**Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possib le**

### The Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.—Inclosed you will please find scores made at our shoots, Sept. 10-17.

No. 1, 15 unknown angles: Dr. Hodson 6, Young 11, Lauterbach 14, Baird 7, Tefft 11, W. Palmer 10, Richards 11, Brahm 3, Campbell 12, Birkland 4, Skinner 11, "Cop" 12, Steck 15, Best 10, Bowers 11, Paterson 9, O'Neil 11.

No. 2, 15 unknown angles: Dr. Hodson 4, Lauterbach 14, Baird 3, W. Palmer 9, Skinner 13, "Cop" 12, Steck 13, O'Neil 7, Young 7, Hicks 9.

No. 3, 10 unknown angles: Tefft 9, W. Palmer 2, Richards 10, Campbell 6, "Cop" 6, Bowers 10, O'Neil 10, Young 7.

Shoot for medal, 20 U. S. pigeons, known angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hodson | 11000101001001110010— 9 | Richards | 11101111111101101110—16 |
| Hicks | 01101110011111111111—16 | O'Neil | 11111111111111111111—20 |
| Young | 00011011011100010110—10 | Paterson | 01101111000011100110—11 |
| Lauterbach | 01011111011011011111—17 | Steck | 01111111101101111111—17 |
| Campbell | 11001101011000101100—10 | Tefft | 11101111101111111111—17 |
| Palmer | 00000101001000110101— 7 | Bowers | 11010101010100101010—10 |
| "Cop" | 01110111001111011110—14 | Campbell | 10011000010110101111—11 |

O'Neil won class A medal. Campbell won class B medal on a tie. Paterson won class C medal.

No. 4, 5 pair doubles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Richards | 11 11 00 11 10—7 | O'Neil | 11 11 10 10 11—8 |
| Palmer | 10 11 10 10 11—7 | Brown | 10 00 11 01 10—5 |
| Tefft | 10 01 11 11 11—8 | Steck | 01 11 01 11 11—8 |
| Cop | 10 00 11 11 11—7 | Sidway | 10 11 11 11 11—9 |
| Robbins | 10 11 01 00 10—5 | Young | 11 00 10 10 00—4 |
| Lauterbach | 10 11 01 10 01—6 | | |

Shoot for medal, 20 U. S. pigeons, known angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| O'Neil | 00111111111111111110—18 | Robbins | 11111110101011111101—16 |
| Campbell | 10011101111101101110—14 | Hudson | 00010100001000010000— 4 |
| Baird | 10101111011100011111—14 | Lauterbach | 01011100110011011011—13 |
| Cop | 11011100011111110111—16 | Northcott | 10111000001011010101—10 |
| S Palmer | 10111001110111111011—14 | Brown | 11000111001110110111—13 |
| Richards | 11111101101111111111—18 | Bortree | 10001011110101111011—13 |
| Hicks | 01111101010101111111—16 | Snow | 00000101110011011111—13 |
| Tefft | 11101110111111111101—17 | Birkland | 11000000000101001001— 6 |
| Young | 10100011010100100— 9 | | |

Shoot No. 1, 15 unknown angles: Lauterbach 10, Best 13, Halliday 11, Brown 14, J. Northcott 8, Sidway 12, Cop 12, Dr. Hodson 8, Shrigley 14, O'Neil 12, Young 9, Hicks 12, Richards 12, Campbell 10, Snow 7, Baird 11, Cowan 14.

No. 2, 15 unknown angles: Lauterbach 11, Best 14, Halliday 10, Brown 10, J. Northcott 7, Sidway 12, Cop 14, Dr. Hodson 6, Shrigley 12, O'Neil 9, Young 8.

No. 3, 15 unknown angles: Lauterbach 13, Best 8, Halliday 13, J. Northcott 10, Sidway 14, Cop 12, Dr. Hodson 8, O'Neil 11, Young 10, Hicks 13, Richards 10, Campbell 10, Snow 12, Baird 13, Robbins 13, S. Palmer 13, Skinner 13, Bortree 11.

GARFIELD.

### New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club

THE regular weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club was held on Saturday, Sept. 24, at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I. Nine members entered for the gold and silver medals at 20 targets each, 18yds. rise. Mort Van Brunt won the gold medal with a score of 18, and D. Bennett the silver one with a score of 16. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| VanBrunt | 11110111111110111111—18 | S Adams | 10100110011101010101—12 |
| D Bennett | 01111101101011111110—16 | G Cropsey | 10110111011111000110—13 |
| D Beacon | 10111110111101101001—14 | C Meyer | 10111101011101101001—13 |
| W Sykes | 01111011101010011000—11 | E Rasch | 10001100101110101100—10 |
| R Street | 01010100100001010000— 6 | | |

Live bird sweepstakes, $1 entrance, 2 moneys:

| | No. 1. 6 birds. | No. 2. 8 birds. | No. 3. 10 Key. |
|---|---|---|---|
| G W Cropsey | 111111—6 | 21122122—8 | 0100000011— 3 |
| C Meyer | 112112—6 | | 1111100010— 6 |
| W F Sykes | 122021—5 | 21212221—8 | 1110111100— 7 |
| P Adams | 110201—4 | 12012121—7 | 1011110010— 7 |
| D C Bennett | 211111—6 | 21201123—7 | 1111011111— 9 |
| M Van Brunt | 121121—6 | 22111111—8 | 1101111111— 9 |
| R R Street | 112221—6 | 02122101—6 | |
| D Deacon | | | 1111111110 |
| E Rasch | | | 1100000010— 3 |

### The Emerald Gun Club.

TWENTY members of the Emerald Gun Club competed for the two gold medals of the club in Classes A and B, at Dexter Park, on Thursday, Sept. 22. Each man shot at 10 birds, club rules and handicap, 5 unknown traps. The birds were good, and the weather, although cloudy, did not prevent them getting away from some of the crack shots. L. Schortemeier killed 9 and took the trophy in Class A. E. Doenick also killed 9, but was handicapped on account of previous wins. R. Regan took the second with 9. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| G Butts | 1012011111—8 | J Porter | 0001002000—2 |
| L Schortemeier | 2221121012—9 | J Hogan | 0121021111—8 |
| E Doenick | 2112111021—9 | H Thau | 2010121221—8 |
| Dr Klein | 0222210212—8 | J H Voss | 1120201102—7 |
| R Regan | 1011112121—9 | Dr Allen | 0021120010—5 |
| T Cody | 0100000020—2 | Dr Leveridge | 0211101110—7 |
| Dr Hudson | 1001100102—5 | L Gehring | 1021212200—8 |
| Swindell | 2022222000—6 | W Fitzgerald | 0012011111—7 |
| J H Moore | 2221022202—8 | Dr J Horn | 2200000102—4 |
| J Borell | 0011101100—5 | M Quinn | 1010001201—5 |

### At Watson's New Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Sept. 7.—Scores made here to-day by the South Chicago Gun Club, for club medal, 20 live pigeons each, under the new Illinois State rules:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Willard | 12121101111011021101—16 | P Miller | 11111210210112011121—17 |
| L Willard | 10211101211201011111—16 | G Sibley | 22110010012202001011—12 |
| Ben Fogli | 11122112222022221101—18 | J Watson | 11212001122210111112—17 |
| A Reeves | 22111111112222110101—18 | Dr Larkin | 11122012121120102122—17 |

Ties on 18:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Reeves | 21211—5 | Fogli | 20020—2 |

Bluerock medal, 50 each:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Reeves | | | 10110110111111111011010111000—21 |
| L C Willard | | | 11000010101001010000101011110—14 |
| F E Willard | | | 00000011001100100111111010001—13 |
| Fogli | | | 00100101010100000011011000101—12 |
| Sibley | | | 01000000100001100010111110100—12 |
| Miller | | | 10100001010110011111111111111—22 |

Sept. 10.—Pullman Gun Club medal, 10 live pigeons each, under new Illinois State rules:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M Wolf | 2111212220—9 | L Pickett | 2020222000—4 |
| C Williams | 1200110121—7 | H T Kantzler | 1101200202—6 |
| Geo Watson | 2102001200—5 | J P Watson | 2021222222—9 |
| R Rumstein | 2200222222—8 | J Turner | 0020200102—4 |

Ties on 9:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M Wolf | 20122—4 | J P Watson | 11112—5 |

Match at 5 birds, $2, 60 and 40 per cent.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rumstein | 22202—4 | Turner | 10010—2 |
| Wolf | 12000—2 | J P Watson | 22212—5 |
| Williams | 12222—5 | Geo Watson | 10220—3 |

Sept. 17.—Lake County Shooting Club, for club medal, 10 live pigeons each, under the new Illinois State rules:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J T Hastirgs | 1012122012—8 | Henry Koehler | 0020011211—6 |
| N H Ford | 1220212111—9 | C Bockelmann | 0020011111— 6 |
| Al Smith | 2010001112—6 | A Marquardt | 0012121210—7 |
| W S Bond | 1212122200—8 | A Ortseifen | 0010202200— 4 |
| L W Elersbe'm | 0102011201—6 | | |

Sweep at 10 birds, $3. 60 and 40 per cent:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ford | 1010100012—5 | Marquardt | 12211000'0—5 |
| Hastings | 0221201221—8 | Bond | 1021011210—7 |
| Smith | 1002110012—6 | Koehler | 2001112002—6 |
| Ortseifen | 0010120122—6 | | |

RAVELRIGG.

### Shooting at Dixon, Ill.

DIXON, Ill., Sept. 19.—The appended scores were made at the seventh annual shoot held at Smith's Farm to-day. No. 1 was at 5 live birds; No. 2, 7 live birds; No. 3, 10 live birds; No. 4, 7 live birds; No. 5, 7 live birds; No. 6, a miss and out. The other events were at 12 targets each. The scores:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Parkhurst | 5 | 4 | 8 | 6 | 4 | 11111110 | Tomnkins | 4 | 4 | .. | 6 | .. | ..... |
| Hillis | 4 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 11111111 | Bartlet | .. | 4 | 5 | .. | .. | ..... |
| Steele | 4 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 5 | 110 | Hipley | 4 | 5 | 5 | .. | .. | ..... |
| Bush | 3 | 2 | .. | .. | .. | ..... | Myers | .. | 4 | .. | 6 | 3 | ..... |
| Neikirk | 4 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | ..... | Trouth | .. | .. | 3 | 4 | 0 | 1111111 |
| Kent | 3 | .. | .. | 2 | 5 | 110 | Funk | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | 6 | 0 |
| Smith | 4 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 1111110 | Bradway | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | ..... |
| Mulkins | 3 | 5 | .. | 5 | .. | ..... | | | | | | | |

TARGET EVENTS.

No. 1: Smith 10, Hillis 9, Bradway 8, Bartlet 8, Neikirk 7, Parkhurst 3.

No. 2: Bartlet 8, Funk 7, Lee 6, Myers 3, Hillis 10, Kent 6, Parkhurst 7, Burger 5, Smith 3, Mulkins 4.

No. 3: Smith 5, Hillis 8, Lee 1, Parkhurst 4, Bartlet 6.

No. 4: Bartlet 11, Funk 8, Ripley 7, Myers 4, Hillis 9, Smith 8, Bradway 6, Bush 7, Parkhurst 10, Mulkins 4.

No. 5: Bartlet 8, Bush 4, Myers 7, Neikirk 4, Smith 8, Hillis 6, Trouth 2.

No. 6: Bartlet 5, Funk 7, Parkhurst 7, Ripley 2, Myers 4.

No. 7: Bartlet 9, Myers 6, Bradway 6, Bush 6, Smith 8.

### Riverton Defeats Blooming Grove.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 22.—The first match of the season between the Blooming Grove and Riverton gun clubs to decide team supremacy and for a valuable trophy was shot yesterday afternoon on the grounds of the latter organization, at Riverton, N. J. A large following of both clubs was present. The match, which proved to be one of the best team matches witnessed in the vicinity, was under Hurlingham rules, 30yds. rise, with the usual boundaries. The birds selected were a lively lot and frequently the second barrel had to be used by the contestants before they could be brought to earth. The Riverton team made one of the most commendable records of the season, Soule and Dolan doing remarkably good work, the latter's only miss being a driver, a difficult shot, and therefore excusable. For the visitors Worthington and Lawrence made excellent stands. The second match of the season will be shot off on the grounds of the Blooming Grove Park Association Oct. 4:

| Riverton Gun Club. | | Blooming Grove Gun Club. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Soule | 25 | Worthington | 24 |
| Yale Dolan | 24 | Lawrence | 24 |
| Jones | 23 | Emle | 21 |
| J Frishmath | 23 | Greene | 21 |
| McAllister | 23 | Cromelin | 21 |
| Dando | 23 | Smith | 20 |
| Godschalk | 22—163 | Loomis | 17—148 |

### Linden Grove Gun Club.

THE members of the Linden Grove Gun Club had a very enjoyable afternoon's sport on Friday, Sept. 23, at Dexter Park, L. I. The club shoot for the best averages of the season resulted in four making straight scores of seven. The team match was a very exciting one, J. A. Eppig, usually a good shot, missed his two first birds on account of a strange gun, and lost. The scores:

Averages of the season:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P J Eppig (28yds) | 1211021—6 | M McLaughlin (25) | 2111121—7 |
| W Cunningham (28) | 1103221—6 | J Schlieman (25) | 0112112—6 |
| J A Eppig (30) | 1122122—7 | W Vorbach (25) | 2111122—7 |
| C Horney (25) | 2101020—4 | C Voehringer (25) | 0212021—5 |
| J Birmel (25) | 2221112—7 | T Eich (25) | 2106120—4 |
| F Ibert (25) | 0112101—5 | F McLaughlin (25) | 1002022—4 |

Match, losing side to pay for birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Ibert | 11112112—8 | P Eppig | 21112111—8 |
| J Schlieman | 11101112—7—15 | J A Eppig | 00111121—6—14 |

Sweepstake, 10 bluerocks, 25 cents entry, three moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| T Eich | 0010008011—3 | W Cunningham | 1111001000—5 |
| H Weiman | 0101000110—4 | T Short | 1111111100—8 |
| P J Eppig | 0100000010—2 | F Ibert | 1011011101—7 |
| C Horney | 1111111030—7 | W Vorbach | 1111011010—7 |
| J Birmel | 0011101111—7 | A Eppig | 1110000010—4 |
| W Follener | 0000010101—3 | | |

### The Down Town Gun Club.

ELEVEN members of the Down Town Gun Club held their club shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Sept. 22. The contest was for the club medal at 8 birds each, 25yds. rise, H. and T. traps, modified Long Island rules, the birds were too good for the shooters, hence the small scores. H. Breitstein took the medal with a score of 6. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Fayen | 01011011—5 | C Wissing | 01000101—3 |
| C Maisch | 01001101—4 | A Joost | 10110100—4 |
| H Breitstein | 11111100—6 | C Goetz | 0110'100—4 |
| C Wolf | 00011110—4 | W Miller | 10011010—4 |
| H Schwanger | 10101101—5 | C Doscher | 01011010—4 |
| H Hemmer | 01001110—4 | | |

### The First German Gun Club.

THE First German Gun Club of New York held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Sept. 21. Thirteen members competed for the club's gold medal and a second prize valued at $15 to be won three times in succession. F. Pfaender killed 10 straight, but could not take the trophy, but won the second prize for the third time. J. Wannemacher won the medal for the first time. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Bernstein | 1011001010— 6 | H Miller | 1010110100— 5 |
| P Neusch | 0110111010— 6 | A Neusch | 0111001000— 4 |
| G Grau | 1110101111— 8 | H Zahn | 0111010111— 7 |
| A Goetz | 0110101110— 6 | F Pfaender | 1111111111—10 |
| J Schraeder | 1110111101— 7 | D Wannemacher | 1111110110— 8 |
| C Pfaff | 0111100101— 5 | J Brauer | 0011110100— 5 |
| M Schell | 0001110001— 4 | | |

## Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T. J.—If you will send address we can tell you about the ferrets.

DR. M., New York.—Have we the right to shoot at clay pigeons on Sundays on our own property? Can the law prevent us? Ans. The law forbids Sunday shooting, whether on one's own property or elsewhere.

W. C.—1. For the maximum safe charge of the powder you would do well to consult the manufacturers. 2. Shells kept over a season should not be used. 3. The powders are extensively used with satisfaction.

J. G. B. B., Jamestown, N. Y.—Do the Pennsylvania laws offer a bounty on any kind of game? If so, what? What is the best book on trapping? Ans. There is a bounty of $10 on a wolf, $2 on a wildcat, $1 on a gray or red fox and 25 cents on a mink. 2. Gibson's "American Trapper."

C. H. W., Lowell, Mass.—A license fee of $20 is required for non-resident to hunt in New Brunswick. To be obtained from the Provisional Secretary, Fredricton. The duty on sportsmen's supplies is 30 per cent. on appraised value, and this is deposited to be returned when the implements are brought out again.

C. W. G., Indian Fields, N. Y.—Will you please tell me when you will have one of your books of game laws of all the States of this year? I live in Albany county and hunt in Greene county. They tell me that I have no right to hunt and sell the birds that I shot in Greene county. Ans. You will find the full text in the *Book of the Game Laws* (price 50 cents) or an abstract in the *Game Laws in Brief* (price 25 cents), sent from this office. The law on birds (quail, ruffed grouse, partridge, woodcock) is that they "shall not be transported to any point within this State, from any of the counties thereof, or possessed for that purpose, except that such birds may be transported from the county where killed when accompanied by the owner thereof."


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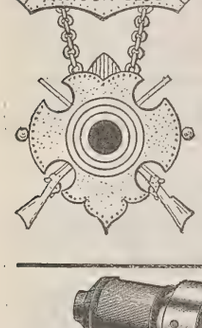
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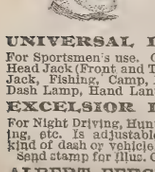
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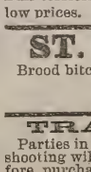
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### *OUR ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENT.*

WITH this number is given as an extra sheet supplement Mr. Thompson's drawing of the Ocelot, being the second one in the series of four illustrations of American wild animal life. The first was of the Panther, in issue of Sept. 8. The others will be the Canada Lynx, Nov. 3, and the Bay Lynx, Dec. 1.

### *THE KEUKA LAKE SCANDAL.*

ATTENTION was recently called to the scandalous condition of affairs by which one of the New York State Game Protectors, Sheridan, of the Thirteenth District, is retained in a position for which he is notoriously unfit and from which in the public interest he should have been dismissed long ago. The case is one which ought not to be lost sight of; it is one which we propose to discuss until its merits shall be clearly understood by the public.

Sheridan is a game and fish protector. The business of a game and fish protector is to enforce the game and fish laws, to arrest the law-breakers, seize and destroy their nets, break up their business, defend the fish supply from ravage and ruin at their hands. In short, a protector's business is to protect. That is what he is paid to do. When he ceases to do it, and refuses to do it, his pay should stop then and there. The continued retention in office of such an unfaithful servant is a standing disgrace. It is a rotten condition of affairs that would not be tolerated for a moment in private life. Suppose that this man Sheridan were employed to care for a private estate, and instead of protecting the premises should permit trespassers to invade them, net the trout out of the pond, steal the chickens from the roost and run away with the horses by night. How long would he be "kept in his job?" How long would he draw his pay for standing around with hands in pocket and lips puckered in a whistle, while the thieves held high carnival? To ask such a question is to answer it.

But this same Sheridan, employed by the Fish Commissioners to protect the people's fish, shows himself by his inaction to be in league with the lawless netters of Lake Keuka, refuses to do what his contract with the State demands of him—to protect the fish—and yet is kept in his place and paid his salary month after month.

Why?

Because he is a political heeler and controls votes: and by paying him funds out of the State treasury the influence and the votes can be made certain.

That is the difference between private business methods and public business methods.

As we have said before, we do not so much blame Sheridan. If he finds that he can draw his pay without doing the work, if he finds that the value of his services as a heeler and wire-puller offset the worthlessness of his services as a protector and assure him of his berth and its pay, he would count it foolishness to lift a hand against the fish pirates.

The real responsibility rests with Sheridan's superiors, those who maintain him in his place. They are the ones who must answer not only for the scandal and disgrace of this unworthy servant's retention in office, but for the ruin of the Lake Keuka fishing.

### *THE OCELOT.*

IT is only to residents of the extreme Southwest that the ocelot is known as a wild animal, for it is a species of Southern distribution, its range not extending much further north than that of the jaguar. It is one of the many species of leopard-like cats which in the Southwest are known as tiger-cats, and is a graceful and beautiful animal. In length it measures about 4ft. and it stands about 18in. at the shoulders. The ground color of the fur varies from gray to a deep fawn, which contrasts finely with the black markings.

The food of this species consists for the most part of birds and small mammals, and its expertness as a tree climber is such that it is said to chase and capture monkeys among the branches where they have taken refuge.

The ocelot is often seen in captivity and frequently becomes quite gentle and much attached to its attendant. Sometimes, however, it is sullen and ferocious and seems anxious only to scratch and bite any one who may venture near its cage. We knew of a pair, sent from Mexico to New York as a present to a merchant here, which never became tame, although much time and attention was given them.

The scientific name of the ocelot is *Felis pardalis*, and those naturalists who divide the genus *Felis* into several sub-genera usually place the ocelot in the group *Leopardus*. Several species of ocelots have been described, the differences being chiefly in shade of color and character of markings. They closely resemble each other in habits, and are miniature leopards.

In the accounts of wildcat hunts in Texas which we often receive, the species pursued may in many cases be the ocelot, though its range is shared by other small cats, especially the bay lynx, which is almost universally distributed through the United States.

Facts with regard to the distribution of the ocelot within our borders are much to be desired, and we would urge upon our readers in Texas and the Southwest the importance of recording any observations which they may make on the species. In any case where doubt exists as to the species, specimens of the skull and skin should be sent us for identification.

### *SHOOTING WITHOUT A GUN.*

DOUBTLESS the highest test of sportsmanship is the woodcraft which gives one that knowledge of the habits of game that enables him to find it under the various conditions of weather and seasons, and the ability to make the stealthy approach which shall bring him within range, without alarming the object of his pursuit.

Without these qualities, partly inborn and partly acquired, there cannot be completely successful sportsmanship, however skilled one may be in the use of the gun, a skill that may be acquired in great measure by practice at the fixed and flying target.

All the skill of woodcraft that goes to the making of the successful hunter with the gun, must be possessed by him who hunts his game with the camera.

His must be the stealthy, panther-like tread that breaks no twig nor rustles the fallen leaves. His the eye that reads at a glance the signs that to the ordinary sight are a blank or at most are an untranslatable enigma. His a patience that counts time as nothing when measured with the object sought.

When by the use and practice of these, he has drawn within a closer range of his timid game than his brother of the gun need attain, he pulls trigger of a weapon that destroys not, but preserves its unharmed quarry in the very counterfeit of life and motion.

The wild world is not made the poorer by one life for his shot, nor nature's peace disturbed, nor her nicely adjusted balance jarred.

He bears home his game, wearing still its pretty ways of life in the midst of its loved surroundings, the swaying hemlock bough where the grouse perched, the bending ferns about the deer's couch, the dew-beaded sedges where the woodcock skulks in the shadows of the alders, the lichened trunks and dim vistas of primeval woods, the sheen of voiceless waterfalls, the flash of sunlit waves that never break.

His trophies the moth may not assail. His game touches a finer sense than the palate possesses, satisfies a nobler appetite than the stomach's craving, and furnishes forth a feast that, ever spread, ever invites, and never palls upon the taste.

Moreover, this gentlest of sportsmen is hampered by no restrictions of close time, nor confronted by penalties of trespass. All seasons are open for his bloodless forays, all woods and waters free to his harmless weapon.

Neither is he trammeled by any nice distinctions as to what may or may not be considered game.

Everything counts in his score. The eagle on his craggy perch, the highhole on his hollow tree are as legitimate game for him as the deer and grouse.

All things beautiful and wild and picturesque are his, yet he kills them not, but makes them a living and enduring joy, to himself and all who behold them.

### *SNAP SHOTS.*

IN our fishing columns Mr. J. S. Van Cleef advances an interesting theory to account for the diminished flow of mountain streams in the East. The explanation commonly accepted is that after the mountains have been denuded of their timber and the humus which acts as a storage reservoir, the water is no longer held back for gradual discharge, but rushes down in an impetuous flood to be succeeded by dry creek beds. This explanation does not involve a lessened precipitation, but an inadequate storage of the moisture. Mr. Van Cleef's theory, however, ascribes the scarcity of water flow not to rapid drainage, but to a change in the original source of supply. Our trout brooks, he suggests, are drying up, because the winds from the west are no longer laden with moisture as in the past. Mr. Van Cleef has been familiar with the country of which he writes for thirty years, the facts stated by him are not open to question; and his theory to account for them is worthy of attention.

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Two years and three months have elapsed since Delmonico's fashionable restaurant, of this city, was caught serving woodcock out of season; and from what can be learned, or rather from our inability to learn anything definitely about the case, the most reasonable supposition is that District Attorney Delancey Nicoll has no intention of trying it. Disgraceful as was the record of those who shirked their duty in this case before it reached him, Mr. Nicoll is proving himself the champion dilly-dallier of them all. The new law of 1892 empowers the commissioners, in their discretion to employ special counsel to commence and maintain actions. After the experience of this case, we may be sure that the next time the game protectors catch a wealthy restaurateur serving game out of season, no district attorney will be given a chance to stand between the culprit and the law.

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WITH a tell-tale tan and a betraying bronze, Mr. Henry P. Wells, of this city, has just returned from a "good time" in the Maine woods, at the Parmachenee Club, where he has spent six weeks in fishing, exploring and mountain climbing. The warm weather in Maine has been unduly prolonged this season; the temperature of the trout streams has been unusually high, and the big fish have refused to rise. But one need not listen to Mr. Wells two minutes before discovering that for him the pleasure of an outing is not to be measured by the size or number of fish taken. Indeed, who shall begin to analyze and catalogue a half of the many complex and often subtle factors which go to make up a "good time," as that expression is used by a professional man in the woods.

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We have word of the death of Wm. F. Martin, on the evening of the 3d inst., at the Saranac Lakes, N. Y. Mr. Martin was the pioneer landlord in the Saranac Lake region, Adirondacks, opening his hotel about 1853. He will be kindly remembered by the many sportsmen who visited the woods at that time. As a host he was always obliging and interested in the success of his guests.

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"It was not that I was not posted on the ways of fish, and on fishing and on where fish were to be found," explained the returned fisherman; "I was thoroughly posted in every particular, and so were the streams; and that was what was the matter. So I posted home."

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It is estimated by an English fox hunter that the cost of keeping the 330 packs of hounds in Great Britain and maintaining fox hunting requires an annual expenditure of not less than $23,000,000.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## A CAMPER'S DIARY.—V.

Camp on the Forks, Aug. 29.—There's a weather-beaten board nailed to the white birch that leans from the bluff and overhangs the canoes at moorings, and the letters, getting obliterated, still spell Camp Independence, so I suppose our mail should be so addressed. Sam and Mack are gone off. Valentine and I are keeping camp. The sun's out hot over everything and all the available rocks and bushes are disguised under blankets and clothing. The camp is swept and garnished.

Trouble commenced this morning after breakfast with Sam lingering so long over the provision box. As a rule, his hand goes knowingly among a promiscuous lot of cans, bottles and jars till a deft shake identifies the contents, but to-day he looks up and says "A sugar famine!" Then petulantly, "You needn't look at me about it, either, look at him. You heard me tell him forty times not to use so much 'n' you all heard what he said. Said he liked to hear it crunch. Hm'mh!"

We all looked at Mack, but Mack didn't look at anyone in particular. You could see by the expression that he was about to say four or five things at once, but the result was he said nothing. Finally the expedition was organized to go down the trail to Parmachenee and try the camp for sugar; so Sam went to the river to scrub his teeth, and Mack went inside to fix up. Sam was loath to go "on account of Private Camp. Have to burn a signal on the shore or fire a gun for them to come down with a boat," but I told him my Guide of the Knapsack had left his boat somewhere near the carry and take that. When we looked in the tent Mack was seated tailorwise on the boughs with his pants in his lap and a big needle. He was whistling and beating time with the big needle.

*Aug. 30.*—Evening, by candle light. After the expedition had moved yesterday, Valentine said he knew where Sam had got that string of fish, the very spot, just round the bend a few paddles from camp, so he built up his rod and got out the flies. Valentine never handled a rod till this trip, but you wouldn't suspect it from the way he pored over that book, pondering and rejecting. Finally I said: "What fly you looking for, Val?" He took plenty of time in answering, and said "I'm looking for the one that seems the least indigestible." So he disappeared round the bend in the Birch Bark. He hadn't been gone long when I heard a sound——

*Sept. 5.*—At home. The last three or four days of camping were too crowded for diary keeping, so these thoughts now will be recollections that come back.

That "sound" I heard came from the direction of the spot where Valentine was invisible on the river. I listened intently, but it wasn't repeated, and I decided it was about the kind of a noise I should make if I were tipping over a canoe and splashing, so I moved up the bank to a point where I could look off—and saw a man's head above the surface of one of the deepest pools in the cold, placid Little Magalloway. It came out afterward, the rod rolled overboard and sunk while he was dropping the anchor, and he looked over the side where she went. He says, "That Birch Bark's meaner than the devil's wife."

The boys came back that night with sugar, and Mack was full of enthusiasm. "Beautiful lake. Fine camp. Danforth building a house boat to take to Florida this winter and run up in the rivers and shoot game. Take boarders, you know." Val says: "Any petticoats on the piazza, Mack?" Mack looked reproof. "Don't say petticoats, Val. Ask me if I saw any does. Yes, one. And a big guide with a glass and a long range gun. Lucky Jeff didn't get up there with his bait."

*Sept. 7.*—This comes to me. On the way down the carry from Aziscohos Falls toward Flint's, stumbling down the mountain road behind the wagon, we met my Guide of the Knapsack coming back. We had hand shaking and introductions till the mountain wagon got small in the distance, and then I said "good bye," and said I should see him again sometime, and Mack gave him a grip and a smile and said, "Good-bye, old man; see y'again next year," and Sammy said, "Good-bye, old man," also, and said he should see him again, and Valentine stepped up more cordially than I ever had seen him. Valentine's apt to be rather impressed, and he smiled, too, and said: "Well, good-bye my dear boy, you'll never see me again."

*Sept. 10.*—Met a mutual friend on the street to-day. He looked quizzical and said he'd been talking to Valentine about camping. Valentine told him he had read about camping, and there was a glamor on it, but he said the glamor was all worn off. He said the worst of it was in the tent at night, jumbled up with other fellows, ill-bred, they were, though he used to think differently. There was too much confusion, he said, with everybody wanting some one else to tie up the tent and put out the candle, and to take his feet off their blanket, and to lean on his own supper, and all that sort of thing. He said the thermometer fell twenty-five degrees every night, and in the morning his shoes were extremely cold. And when he went outside to look for breakfast there was nothing but cold stones and a cold mist rolling off the river, and cold dew on the bushes, and on the grass, and on his shoes. And generally the fellow whose turn it was came out mumbling and grumbling about somebody getting some wood, and said he couldn't do it "all," It was then he made the remark about the glamor being gone.

* * * * Mack started in with a supply of toothpicks captured at the last hotel, but they gave out, and he next appeared with a sliver with a good thick handle like a marlin spike. Each day the point was whittled again and it went back to his pocket.

* * * * The camp was not devoid of objects of interest. Valentine led us out one day and showed us, first, a raspberry bush in full bearing, growing from a decaying stump as from a flower pot. Then he took us to the edge of the bluff and pointed over the river to a great dead tree that loomed far above the woods, with a few gaunt branches arranged against the sky in spirited fashion. It was classical, he said, and the topmost branches were statuary. We all guessed, but no one could see till he told us, and then it was plain enough. Mercury on tip-toe. He said there was one more; so he took us back a little through the woods and stopped. A big boulder had been riven in ancient times into three slabs that now stood leaning against each other in confusion. A mountain ash had taken life in a sod on top and sent its roots down a tortuous way among the rocks looking for earth. The sapling grew lusty and the roots got strong and held the rocks bound tight. That was all we saw until Valentine said "Laocoön," and then we could see the three Greeks being crushed in lithe, soft, strong, supple, python folds.

* * * * Well, this is what I think of camping: A man lives in town awhile, where the ground is concreted to the tread, and his friends are gloved to the touch and everything coated with varnish, and at last there is a vacation and he takes to the woods. He rejects a cedar boat, it must be a birch bark, weather beaten and well mended, and the paddle must be water worn. He makes a fire and eats food that works his jaws hard and tastes of grit. He wants his clothes to get wet and dry on him, and have weeds and sand in his trousers where they turn up at the bottom. He cleans fish and swings an ax and gets pitch and blisters on his hands. He wears no socks and gets some small excitement watching the vicissitudes of his shoes, soaking by day and toasting by night, to crack and curl up and let his toes be visible. The first day out he wets a foot and it passes for a calamity, but afterward he gets acquainted with the rain and river and takes note of the spirit of evolution that was latent. He becomes amphibious. By and by he realized there is no post-office and no mail; there are no sounds of discontent from the outside world at his absence, and he gets jealous and goes home.

It's medicinal and there's just hardship enough so that the clerk or sedentary man, sullen with his lot, goes back as if to a life of ease. His two weeks' vacation seemed like four. He wanted to come, he would like to stay, and yet he's willing to go home. Jefferson Scribb.

## THE FULTON CHAIN.

The collection of lakes in northern New York known as the Fulton Chain, are included in the old "Brown Tract," and are part and parcel of the Adirondack system. For a long period this region has been a favorite hunting and fishing ground to numbers of sportsmen, but it is not as generally known as other parts of the Adirondacks, as the former difficulties which existed of visiting it have deterred many from making the attempt. By the recent construction by Dr. Webb of the Adirondack Railroad, this beautiful portion of our State is now rendered easy of access not only to the sportsmen but also to the earnest seeker of health, or the eager searcher of the charms of nature.

The old wooden railway which ran from Booneville, and once afforded the means of access to the tract, is now relegated to the past, and its fast decaying tracks now serve no other purpose, save by their presence to bear silent witness that they were once active factors and performed their part in this busy age.

The journey to the Fulton Chain will be a very pleasant one when the new road gets fairly in working order, and some degree of system inaugurated, but at present the management are merely wasting money in printing time tables since there is not the slightest effort made to run the trains on schedule time, and everything is conducted in a happy go lucky manner. The passengers get on the cars at Herkimer, and drift with more or less—generally more—stoppages, until in course of time they finally find themselves lodged high and dry at Fulton Chain.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, our party of three, which made the journey in August last, found our tedious way enlivened by many interesting features. The night was well advanced when we finally left Remsen, the point of transfer for all passengers bound on the Adirondack Railroad, and as we crawled along through the darkness we passed many railroad camps which were still occupied, the ruddy glare of whose camp-fires, with the forms of the inmates forming silhouettes against the light, were picturesque in the extreme, while the black forests which seemed to enfold us in their embrace suggested strongly the remoteness of civilization. Occasionally the headlight of the engine would suddenly glint upon the surface of some gloomy tarn, or softly murmuring stream, all of which added to the wild, romantic beauty of the scene we were passing through, and did much to atone for the vexatious and apparently interminable delays we were subjected to. By daylight this route presents also many charming features, since the natural attractions of the region traversed by this road are very striking, and as the train plunges into the dense forests, slowly climbs the steep mountains, follows the course of laughing, rippling streams, or runs through deeply wooded glens, the traveler never loses interest in the scenes presented to his eye, but is afforded a constant and varied aspect of nature in all her charming or solemn moods, which create unalloyed wonder or delight.

We arrived at the station named Fulton Chain somewhere toward midnight, where we left the train and staged it, a mile or so, to the Forge House, on First Lake, the first of the Fulton Chain. Here we found a well-built, comfortable-appearing and commodious hostelry, where we fondly hoped to find peace and comfort. In this we were grievously disappointed. The situation of this hotel is admirable and possesses many natural attractions, which would inevitably make it a favorite resort and command a most lucrative custom were it not for the fact that the hotel is badly managed.

The State has a well managed hatchery at Old Forge, where many thousands of fry are annually turned out. The courteous superintendent, Mr. Marks, is always willing to impart all information desired, and show the visitors around his well appointed quarters, and exhibit to them his lusty and large spawners, which are kept in a fine spring a short distance from the main hatchery.

We have spoken of the natural attractions possessed by Old Forge. Not the least of these is the central position it occupies in regard to the fishing or hunting grounds, and also from its situation, it is the starting point for the various routes by which one may penetrate this region. Then a most delightful trip, and one which will linger pleasantly in the memory, can be made in the little steamer which makes a daily run from First Lake to the head of Fourth Lake and return. The boat leaves Old Forge about 10 o'clock, and as it passes from lake to lake rounds the cover and bays, or winds in and out some narrow inlet, the eye at one moment drinks in all the effects produced by the primeval grandness of the scenery, and in another there breaks upon the vision one of those pretty camps, with campers grouped around, which are here and there scattered along the route, on the shores or islands. All of which goes to produce a grand panorama, which is spread out before the visitor in all its charming variation of nature and art, civilization and wildness, at every turn. The voyage ends at the head of Fourth Lake, where a stop of an hour or so is made, during which an opportunity is afforded of partaking of a most excellent dinner at a house newly built, where fine trout capitally cooked and served, with all the table appointments neat as wax, are by no means the least attractive features of the bill of fare. This is also an excellent objective point for the fisherman, as in the spring trout without number can be taken with the fly within a stone's throw of the house, and at all seasons a fair creel can be obtained from waters in the immediate vicinity.

After a pipe or two and pleasant ramble through the forest to aid digestion, the whistle signals all aboard, and Old Forge is again reached about 4 in the afternoon.

Next season a larger and speedier vessel will supplant the one in use at present on the lakes, and arrangements perfected whereby a thoroughfare will be opened up from First Lake to Raquette Lake. Repairs will be made on all the "carries" between Fourth Lake and Fifth, Fifth and Sixth, Sixth and Seventh, Seventh and Eighth lakes, and between Eighth Lake and the Raquette River, so that all baggage may be easily transported; while it is also contemplated to place steamers on the smaller lakes of the chain, to add to the comfort and increase the facilities of the route. By these means an easy way will be afforded to all to enjoy a delightful trip through the entire beautiful Fulton Chain and then down to Raquette Lake.

During our stay we found some excellent fishing for that late season of the year. One morning Phil, Mac and I started down the Middle Moose, and after rowing about a quarter of a mile, beached our boat and made a mile and a half carry over to the North Branch of the Moose. We fished down this stream to the confluence of the two branches, carefully whipping each spring hole and the point of inlet of all tributary streams. As the day was very clear, we found about noon that the trout were no longer disposed to investigate feathers, and so we ascended the Middle Moose again and repaired to the Forge House for dinner. We had made a very fair creel of trout, averaging a little less than one-half a pound, and though we possessed no large record breakers, yet considering the day and the lateness of the season, we were perfectly contented with our morning's work, and felt at peace with God and men. In the spring or early summer, and with the water in proper condition, the sport upon the famous Moose must be good indeed.

In the afternoon we bade farewell to the Old Forge, and packing up our duffle once more embarked upon river and directed our course toward Wheeler's, some eight miles down on the Moose. Although we faithfully whipped each likely and unlikely spot on our way, yet no success rewarded our efforts after leaving the point of junction of the two branches of the Moose. I am persuaded that the poorest fishing on the river is the vicinity of Wheeler's, due entirely, in my opinion, to the fact that for some miles the river has been raised considerably by a dam, erected in the time of the wooden road, for the purpose of making that part of the stream navigable for the old red propeller which carried passengers from Moose River, the terminus of the road, to the point of debarkation for the Fulton Chain.

Wheeler's is in the highest degree primitive, and although he does the best with the means at his command to make his guests comfortable, yet a stay there is most thoroughly "roughing it." It is undoubtedly a capital headquarters in the hunting season, but from our experiences there I do not believe it to be a good locality for trout.

The red-letter day of our sojourn in the woods was our last, and Nick's Lake, of pious memory, was the author of all our pleasure. This lake, which is the property of a Mrs. Julia DeCamp, is reached by a carry of a mile and a half from the Moose, and is a perfect gem of beauty. On all sides the heavy forest comes down to the water's edge and seems to enfold it in its embrace as if fearing lest stranger eyes should gaze upon its virgin beauty. The pretty islands, numberless coves, wooded headlands and broad bays all add to the attractiveness of the scene, and cause the visitant to feast his eyes in rapture upon the picture spread out before him, whose "builder and maker was God."

We did not arrive on the lake until nearly 10 o'clock, and although the sky was clear, yet during the few hours spent in fishing, we landed at least 300 trout, all of which except some thirty of the largest, reserved for supper and breakfast at Herkimer, were returned alive to the water. So wildly beautiful was that sparkling lake, embowered among the grim old Adirondack forest, and so delightful were the hours spent along its shores that we unanimously determined to put in a week's camping on its borders next year. But the old adage that "man proposes," etc., has again come true in this case, for we understand that the owner has posted the premises, and the fishing will be no longer free. As Mrs. DeCamp has hitherto been very kind in throwing open her property to the sportsmen, her present unexpected action is probably due to some abuse of privilege, and thus the innocent must suffer for the acts of the guilty. It has been said "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," and so we all feel that it is better for us to have seen Nick's Lake, although it is now lost to us, than never to have gazed upon its limpid waters.

The flies we found most successful were the Proctor, split-ibis, brown-hackle, Reuben-Wood and the black-fly. The Adirondack region is the only section I have ever fished where the same fly can be depended upon for killing qualities year after year. Twenty years ago, on my first visit to those woods, the brown-hackle was an all-around favorite, and each succeeding visit finds it still holding its supremacy. Flies may come and flies may go, but the brown-hackle lives on forever.

The chances for good sport with the deer, in the Fulton Chain and vicinity, should be excellent this season, since their fresh tracks were often seen upon the sandy shores of lake and stream, and late one afternoon during our stay at the Forge House, in full view of all the guests, a deer stole safely from the forest glades, and for nearly half an hour fearlessly waded and fed along the margin of the lake. It was, indeed, a scene fit for the brush of a painter. There stretched away the lake, with its waters smooth as glass, shimmering in the sun's departing beams, and mirroring on its surface the moun-

tain, trees and variegated vines, around and above, the glinting rays glancing over the forest and hillsides, imparted to all the landscape those swiftly-changing, ever-varying lights and shades only seen at eventide, while over all nature brooded that peculiar silence which ever ushers in the coming night. The whole scene was one of solemn, silent peace and beauty, the only sign of visible life being that graceful form which slowly moved among the lilies. Verily, it is afar from the haunts of men, in the wildwood, that man's nature is most deeply stirred and he himself drawn closer to his Creator.

HARRY HUDSON.

## A SUMMER ON NAG'S HEAD.

BY REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR.

IF there is such a thing as a sportsman's paradise on earth, I had the good fortune to spend the summer there. From a friend in North Carolina I had heard much of Nag's Head and its surroundings, as a place ideal to spend a summer. I determined to try it. On the 11th of July we left New York by the Cape Charles route, and in twelve hours we were in Norfolk. From there we had a short ride of forty miles over the Norfolk & Southern Railroad to Elizabeth City. Here we took the little steamer Clarence, and crossing the Albemarle Sound, a distance of forty miles, landed at Nag's Head, in twenty-two hours from New York.

Nag's Head is situated on the narrow sandbar of which Cape Hatteras is the outer promontory. This sandbar begins at the Virginia line and runs along the entire coast of North Carolina nearly to Wilmington. There are parts of this Cape Hatteras sand strip that are ten and fifteen miles in width, covered with dense forests, that have grown on the mountains of sand. Other parts of it are very narrow, tapering down to the inlets, and a part of it is marsh. Behind this long bar of sand, extending for hundreds of miles, are piled the waters of the three great sounds, the Pamlico, the Albemarle and Currituck. The Cape Hatteras strip is broken here and there by inlets very shallow and dangerous, in fact, impossible of navigation except by small fishing boats. Through these narrow and shallow inlets the tide pours in from the sea at flood, and the waters of the sound, filled by the great rivers, rush out at ebb. The sandbar is only a half mile in width at Nag's Head where the hotel is built. The building is situated in the water of the sound. The surf on the other side is reached by tramway from the pier.

Opposite the hotel is Roanoke Island, famous as the birthplace of the first white child born on American soil, Virginia Dare, from whom the county of Dare received its name. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists made their landing.

This region of North Carolina is wild beyond description. It is in almost as primitive a state as when the first colonists pressed its soil. The only difference is in the absence of the Indian. Game and fish are just as plentiful to-day as when the white man first pitched his tent on its sands. The population is exceedingly sparse. The distances are magnificent. The way of locomotion is by boat. The mail is carried by a sail boat. Nearly every man in the county of Dare owns a boat or has one at his command. There is no such formation of waters anywhere on the American continent as that found behind this narrow bar of sand that holds back the Atlantic. With a naphtha launch drawing 18in. of water, one may start from Nag's Head and travel a thousand miles in perfectly safe waters that average four feet in depth. The great difficulty in these waters is to keep off the shoals. The channels are very narrow, the expanse of waters immense.

I had heard much of the fishing, and as that is my particular weakness I went there to make a thorough test of all the wild stories I had heard. I confess I was skeptical. I was somewhat reassured, however, by Mr. Gatling, the manager of the Nag's Head Hotel Company, declaring to me on my arrival that the board for myself and family should not cost me a cent through the whole summer if I was not perfectly satisfied with the fishing and if all he said I did not find to be more than true.

The next day after our arrival we tried the fishing in front of the hotel in the Albemarle Sound. We had six hooks at work on our little boat. We caught over two hundred fish that morning. They were fish that ranged from a half pound in weight to a pound. They told us it was not a good day for fishing. I felt, however, satisfied with the first experience. The varieties of fish usually taken on the grounds near the hotel are:

First, the croakers, which are omnipresent. They are everywhere and bite at all times. And the croaker is in these waters a respectable fish. He is shaped something like the trout, has a large mouth and is exceedingly game when taken with the reel. He fights with greater vigor even than the trout (weakfish) when first captured. He is called a croaker because of the peculiar cry he utters when brought to the surface. He can be heard for 200yds. He is not misnamed. His usual weight in these waters is from ¼ to 2lbs.

The spot is the most delicious table fish which we caught. He averages ¼lb. in weight, is very fat, and on the side of his fore fins he has a black spot. The spot is exceedingly gamy for his weight.

The pigfish is of the same size and general character as the spot, a most delicious fish for the table. He derives his name from the peculiar grunt which he utters when taken from the water, which is a perfect imitation of a pig.

The sheepshead is also caught, and we took them weighing from 1 to 6lbs.

When there has not been much rain and the water in the sound is salty, there is said to be very fine trout fishing in the waters of the sound immediately in front of the hotel. We did not find, however, during our stay any good trout fishing in these grounds. By trout, of course, I mean the sea trout or weakfish, as it is called in the North.

These were the principal kinds of fish which we found during July and August. Of course during the early spring here is the great shad fishing ground, the greatest shad fishing ground in fact in America. In the spring and fall in these waters also are taken the most magnificent striped bass weighing from 10 to 80 and 100lbs.

On the opposite side of the hotel from the sound sweeps the ocean. There you take the bluefish, shark and drum. The bluefish and the drum are the principal fish for which one ventures. The bluefish are discovered here by the action of the gulls. When a school of bluefish approach the shore, invariably they are accompanied by a flock of gulls, which are helping themselves to the small fish as they leap out of the water. The drum caught here weigh from 10 to 50 and 100lbs. Near the hotel, only two miles up the beach in fact, are a number of fresh-water lakes, which are literally full of chub and all varieties of fresh-water perch. I tried the fresh-water fishing two days, and one day we caught forty chub, averaging one pound a piece, and the other day about thirty. ["Chub" is the local name for black bass.]

The shooting I found unexcelled. We killed every variety of snipe in abundance, willet and curlew, heron and gulls, as long as we cared to shoot. In the winter season this is a wonderful hunting ground. The shallow waters of these sounds are crowded with ducks and geese. Currituck Sound is famous as a winter hunting ground. There are many New Yorkers who have their club houses built along the shores of Currituck and Pamlico sounds. Deer and bear are also found by the more venturous sportsmen.

My own personal experience in fishing found its climax in the trips which we took to the inlets. From Nag's Head it is an easy sail down the sound to the Oregon Inlet. Here we go in search of the trout as he comes in from the sea with the flood tide.

The first day we reached the Oregon Inlet was a day long to be remembered. We anchored near a little point of marsh, at which two currents came together from the inlet, which had been divided by a sandbar. Here we



A string of 25 weakfish, weighing 70 lbs., caught in 50 minutes by Rev. and Mrs. Thos. Dixon, Jr., at Nag's Head, N. C., Aug. 29.

anchored in about six feet of water, made ready our lines and floats and began work. I have read of fishing, I have heard of fishing, I have dreamed of fishing—I have never in my life fished, really fished, before that day. They began to bite from the minute our hooks touched the water, and for four hours they bit as fast as our hooks could be baited. There were five of us in the boat, and we caught and landed in the boat over 800 spots and trout in those four hours. Of this number about 725 were spots. We landed about 775 trout; averaging 1½lbs. a piece during the four hours. Our boatman said that we made that day the finest catch of spots that he had known for years. The water seemed absolutely alive with fish. The trout bit somewhat lazily. They would follow our bait to the top of the water and play around it as it came out. They seemed to be in search of live bait, while we were using cut fish. The next day we returned to the Oregon Inlet to the same ground with four boats, and on that day caught over 300 trout. The boats were anchored within 25 or 30ft. of each other.

On the last day on which we went to the inlet we only reached the ground in time for about fifty minutes' fishing; but it was the greatest fifty minutes' fishing that I ever had on this earth. The water was literally alive with trout—magnificent fellows. They were hungry. They bit as though they meant to tear hook and line and reel to pieces, and they did it. In those fifty minutes I lost six hooks and broke a new bamboo rod. In those fifty minutes my wife and I landed twenty-five magnificent trout, the picture of which accompanies this sketch. We lost of course many, which we did not land through the weakness principally of the catgut leaders, which were only three-ply and were not sufficiently strong for the fish we were handling.

On this day's experience I had demonstrated for me two facts beyond any question.

First, that the only hook that should be used in fishing for trout is the pearl weakfish squid hook. I had on my line, on this day, for the first time those hooks. Above the squid hook I had the ordinary New York trout hook. I invariably caught the large trout on the squid hook, and the small one on the plain hook. I found, as a fact, that the large trout would only bite at the pearl squid. The reason of it is very simple. When this hook is attached to the line with the swivel, the action of the tide causes it to revolve and it flashes in the water like the sides of a minnow. Trout that weigh over 3lbs. are looking for live bait. They pass by your ordinary hook, however well baited. I caught several trout on this trip weighing over 3lbs. Invariably they bit the pearl squid. I had fished on the same ground for two weeks with the ordinary hook and had never landed a trout weighing more than 2¼lbs., but on this day the largest one caught measured 3ft. in length and tipped the scales at exactly 5lbs. This fish is seen in the accompanying photograph on the end of the string. He made a magnificent fight.

It was in landing this fish that I also demonstrated for myself the merits of the automatic reel. I had bought one with fear and trembling and many misgivings about its pretensions. I will never use any other. It is everything that its manufacturers claim and more. Its action is simply superb. The man who invented it is a philanthropist. It is impossible for any fish, however swift, to get an inch of slack when hooked on that reel. When this magnificent trout, weighing 5lbs., snatched my hook, he went witch such force that my boatman cried to me in warning that I had caught a shark. I told him I thought not. I knew from the action of the fish, his motion was so swift, that it could not be a shark. He ran without stopping, save to snatch the line, as he ran for at least one hundred feet, going to as deep water as he could find. I saw that he would strip the reel if I allowed him to go further, and I lowered the brake. He continued to strip the reel, dragging the brake as though there was nothing in his way. He ran with the drag for 25ft. further perhaps, when I seized the line and stopped him, raising the brake at once lest he should start toward the boat. I began to force him in. I forced him in 50 or 75ft., and he again made a break and went nearly to the limit of the line. I again forced him in, and he bolted out a third time. I then brought him in, and standing up on the edge of the boat I gave him a very careful swing and landed him in the bottom. So delicately was he hooked, that no sooner had he touched the boat than the hook immediately dropped from his mouth. With any other reel than the automatic, which made an inch of slack impossible, I should have lost this magnificent fish, and would only have had the pleasure of dreaming of what might have been. I suppose during the month of August I landed a thousand fish with this reel, losing fewer than with any reel I ever used.

If any man desires to leave civilization as a memory, and find man heart to heart in his native independence, and nature in all her virgin wildness and beauty, let him go to the sound waters of North Carolina. It is unknown, unexplored, untouched, in its immense possibilities.

Along this wild sandbar, that extends the length of the State, every seven miles are found the United States Life Saving Stations. To these stations the wandering fisherman or huntsman is ever welcome. When you anchor near one of them the captain comes down with his cart and bids you welcome. He abides with you, he talks with you, he helps you fish, he catches bait for you, he will catch clams and oysters for you, he will provide. He will persuade you to stay longer, and you can lodge with him as many nights as you please and it will not cost you a cent. These stations, many of them, are on desolate islands, on which there is not a human habitation, save at the station itself, and all around stretches the wild waste of storm-swept sands and the roaring surf. Here civilization seems like a nightmare, and life in a great, steaming, filthy city comes back to one as the memory of a night of half fever and half delirium.

As I talked with those simple, generous fishermen, I thought to myself, after all, this is life. Here life is worth living. I left Nag's Head like a child sent back to its hard, unwelcome task. I felt like resigning my work and building a cabin in the sandhills and spending my life there. The people are kind and generous and poor, but they are independent to the last degree. They are lords of creation. If you should tell one of them that he overcharged you for his boat the chances are that he would throw the money in your face, turn on his heel and never speak to you again. They do not overcharge you. You practically make your own terms. A more delightful place for any man to spend a summer I cannot imagine. The fly and the mosquito are unknown objects at Nag's Head.

This is not a hotel proprietor's yarn. It is a literal fact to which I bear cheerful testimony, having tried it through the months of July and August.

The finest trout fishing of the whole year is the latter part of September and the early part of October. I write this with the hope that some happier man than I, with fewer cares, can go down and take up the good work where I left off.

There is no such thing as failing to catch fish in these waters any day, with any wind or any tide. You may not catch one variety, but you will catch another. We never went fishing this summer without catching fish, and without catching more fish than could be brought home in an ordinary New York fisherman's basket. My fishing basket was of no earthly use to me, so far as carrying fish home was concerned. Nor is it possible to exhaust the fish in these waters. The natural formation of the sounds and inlets is such that the fishing is always good. It has been the same for a hundred years; it will be the same a hundred years from to-day perhaps. The inlet is very narrow, the channel much narrower, and for twelve miles along Roanoke Island all you have to do is to anchor your boat in that channel and any day, with any wind or tide, you are certain to catch something. This channel is only about 150 to 250ft. in width and twelve miles long.

If I am alive when another summer dawns my address will be Nag's Head, Dare county, N. C.

This whole region can be easily reached by addressing Tom Crank, Collington, Dare county, N. C. Tom keeps an open house. He charges you $1 a day for board and boat. Give him ten days' notice any time and he will meet you at Elizabeth City, N. C., with his sloop and take you down.

NEW YORK CITY.

### Mastigouche Caribou.

A MEMBER of the Mastigouche (Canada) Club writes: I believe there must be a good many caribou on and about the property we have under lease from the Government, as during my fishing trips from one lake to another I have seen their tracks about some of the lakes as plenty as if a drove of cattle had been over the ground. Of course, half a dozen animals could make a great many tracks if they remained in the vicinity any length of time.

A.

## AT HEMLOCK LAKE.

It so happened that my usual summer outing at Hemlock Lake went by default this year of grace 1892. Things did not work right and July and August slipped away and still found me at the "old stand" selling books and stationery.

Now my friend Theodore is a hard-working young printer, whose vacations are not numerous, but who has the love of nature in his heart as pure and strong as any Thoreau or Burroughs. We often walk together of a Sunday afternoon along paths known only to ourselves, and talk of trees and birds and flowers, forgetting the busy town below as we wander near to nature's heart. There is an old prostrate log on the banks of Mill Creek cunningly concealed by a natural bower of fragrant hemlock boughs that Theodore and I fondly fancy no one knows. Here we often go and watch the sparkling water rippling at our feet and talk and plan like schoolboys rather than sober business men. Here we sat one Sunday afternoon in waning August nibbling at some wild plums we had picked up on the way. I was lamenting the fact that my vacation had been denied me, and Theodore was consoling me with brotherly sympathy. Finally he said, "What is the matter with Hemlock Lake in September? Isn't it just as beautiful then? The fishing must be just as good and the shooting is certainly better." "I never thought of that," I answered, "could you go with me?" "Let me see; we are getting out a big job for an out of town party, but I think I could get around by the 15th," said he hopefully. "That would suit me exactly. Schools would be well started by that time and I could leave business to the clerks," and the more I thought of it the more enthusiastic I got. Theodore shared my enthusiasm and in less than three days we had the whole thing planned, our lists made out, and were only waiting for the day of departure.

Our destination was Major B.'s cottage on the west side of Hemlock Lake. He kindly turned the keys over to us, told us where to find a convenient woodpile, said "Use all the ice you want and help yourselves to the boats." So on the long-waited-for morning we loaded our traps into Charley S.'s big covered wagon, and with my nine-year-old boy as ballast and a promise from the madame to come over Saturday and help us out, we started on our fourteen-mile drive for the lake. The morning was perfect, the horses in good condition, the tobacco fragrant, and as we bowled away we shed our cares one by one and dropped our years along the wayside, until at the third mile post it was a question which of we three—Theodore, the boy or myself—was the younger. How yellow the golden rod gleamed along the fences and how friendly the purple asters nodded as we passed. Shiny red apples glowed in the orchards, and every dooryard held its quota of purple plums, late peaches and ripening grapes. The aftermath stood thickly in the pastures and the buckwheat looked ready to cut. Barns were bursting with garnered products, and the land responded to our happy hearts with peace and plenty.

The sharp eyes of the lad first caught the glimmering sheen of the lake while yet five miles away. Only for an instant it sparkled a far-off welcome, then an intervening hill hid it again. Entering the lake valley we passed the little hamlet where one cuts loose from post offices, railways and newspapers, and three miles more brought us to the lake. Then a mile and a half down the shady road, where the waves almost lapped the horses' feet, and we were at the Major's barn and boat house, where, biddiug our driver good-bye, we got out a boat, blew the horn, which brought Hank across at once with another boat, and with our list and ourselves stowed away, we were soon dancing across the water in the yellow September sunlight.

Hemlock is the purest gem in the western New York chain of lakes, 7 miles long and a half-mile wide, with a depth varying from 40 to 90ft. The city of Rochester obtains its water from it, through conduits 40 miles. So abrupt are the shores that this lake still preserves its original wildness, and the hills on either side lifting up their heads a thousand feet, are clothed from base to summit in unbroken forest. Probably 150 cottages are scattered along the 18 miles of shore line, but as there is no railway within 6 miles and no big hotels, the rabble don't get here, and quiet reigns even in the height of the season.

The major's cottage is a model of its kind, and, like everything else of his, is first-class in every particular. "Comfort Cove" he calls it, and the forest swoops down upon it from the mountain in the rear to the very back door, and swings its circling arms on either side down to the water's edge. It did not take us long to store our stuff in the cellar and refrigerator, make up the beds and get a good dinner of mutton chops, boiled potatoes, coffee and cake. How strange it seemed to be able to call the mellow hours of that first afternoon all our own! Getting in the boat we pulled down to Mr. R.'s, a fellow-townsman who, with Hank, his man-of-all-work, was putting the finishing touches on his beautiful cottage. We invited them down in the evening to play "Pedro," and pulled lazily back to compete with the lad at shooting with an airgun, at which sport he beat us, and we never murmured. The game came off as advertised, and our first night at the lake we slept like tired schoolboys.

This is no narrative of successes with the gun and rod. The lake is fairly well stocked with bass and trout, and we trolled quite enthusiastically the first day or two, but luck being scarce and bacon and eggs plenty we let it go. I brought my 12-bore breechloader with me, and being awakened one morning by the bark of a gray squirrel I was up and in the boat sneaking along the wooded shore rowing bow-faced with my gun on the seat before me. Carefully I stole along, peering into ever thicket and treetop into which the morning sun was now streaming. I had reached the point above the old cellar, when a rustling in the bushes attracted my attention. My gun was ready in an instant. Something red gleamed through the leaves and I covered it fairly. Again the red showed vivid to my straining sight. "Pshaw! red squirrel," I exclaimed, lowering my gun; then came the *quit, quit, quit*, of half a dozen startled grouse, the red blotch disappeared and a covey of full grown birds dodged into the woods before I could drop the oars. I had resumed and pick up my gun again. Of course I was disgusted, and many a sly laugh was indulged by Theodore, Hank and Mr. R. at my expense when I truthfully told the tale. But I did get enough black and gray squirrels for a good full meal.

Saturday the madame came, bringing baskets of provisions and a respite from dish washing; but having gotten our hands in we, nothing loth, helped her all we could, and she enjoyed our excursions as well as we ourselves.

Hank, Mr. R.'s man, was a character. With muscles of iron he would drive a boat through the roughest water at a wonderful speed. He could turn his hand at anything, from helping Mrs. R. about the house to building an ice house or putting up a lattice that would be a credit to a master mechanic. He would hunt sassafras bark, "whisper," as he would call it (yelling like a foghorn), for the amusement of the young people, and make himself so generally useful and agreeable that everybody, young and old, on Hemlock swore by Hank.

Two meals and a lunch was the order of the day at "Comfort Cove." Dinner at 2 P. M., then across the water to the east side and possibly a stroll two miles down to the "Half-Way House," where a drink of cold sulphur water from the big spring and a few purchases at the little depleted store, with the walk back at sundown, rounded out the day completely.

Incidents, trivial in themselves, were constantly occurring to break the even tenor of our outing. The great wooded hill opposite our cottage was green as at midsummer when we came, but soon it began changing so rapidly as to offer a new vista every day. First there appeared blood-red blotches shining through the green, where the ripened dogwood hung out its flaunting banners. Then the soft maples with their subdued scarlets, followed by the hickories with their warm yellows, joined the procession, and within a week the whole mountain was variegated as one of Turner's wildest canvasses. How we enjoyed sitting in the wide verandah and drinking in this wonderful array of color. We had one genuine rainy day, so foggy and misty as to hide the shore. Chilly and damp, the porch was far from comfortable, and we built a cheerful fire in the living room stove and read and wrote and yawned and longed for the sunshine, which came again at evening, when the clouds blew away and a few beams from the setting orb gave sure promise of a bright to-morrow.

Hank had a boat he built for Mr. R. to carry heavy loads of material used in the construction of the cottage. It was a heavy flat-bottomed scow, painted red, with a pair of sweeps no man but Hank could handle. Theodore christened this craft The Red Rover, and one day we all took a trip in her to the head of the lake for a load of sawdust. The wind was dead against us going up, but Hank at the sweeps sent her snoring along, while the crew encouraged the lusty oarsman with flattering compliments touching his great strength and brawny breadth of back. Arriving at the sawdust bank, we kept the bushel baskets flying and soon had our craft loaded to the gunwale. Distributing ourselves in a row along the ridge in the center, the sail was hoisted and home we sped, making the mile and a half in the unprecedented time of one hour and a quarter!

At first it seemed that bird life at Hemlock was very meager for such beautiful weather, but as we waited our feathered friends began to show themselves more plentifully. The harsh discordant screams of the blue-jays smote our ears throughout the day, and once I heard that "low tender wheedling song," mentioned by Maurice Thompson in his delightful "By-ways and Bird-notes." With characteristic wariness they held aloof from our haunts, although we caught occasional distant glimpses of their brilliant plumage. Chickadees were constantly near us varying their usual notes with an occasional *phebe*. What an exquisite bit of melody this is! How endearing, how divinely sweet! The *avant courrier* of the ice king, the little slate-colored snowbirds, were abroad flaunting their white-in-tail defiantly and with icy suggestiveness in their metallic chirpings. The occasional drumming of a partridge conveyed to us one of the manifold secrets of the forest, and we could immagine the ruffed old autocrat performing his mysterious resonant rites on some well-trodden log. The owl serenaded us regularly with his weird nocturne, and once we saw His Owlship flitting on noiseless pinions from his perch on our cellar door. The high-hole helped to enliven the yellow September sunshine with golden glints. A clatter and a flash of blue from the halcyon. And once—was I mistaken?—I thought I heard a belated fragment of melody from the flute of a hermit thrush.

One day an old sheldrake came wheeling up the lake, but apparantly not satisfied with the prospects of food and company, went off again. Of course there was the usual crow convention among the hemlocks far up the mountain side, and hawks wheeled in great circles over all.

Our kitchen door offered great attractions to the chipmunks, and they were constantly flirting with our cook who used every device to gain their confidence, but just so far would they come, when at the slightest movement away they would fly to their safe retreat under the dead hemlock. Raccoons and black, gray and red squirrels lent their voices to our nightly and daily concerts, supplemented by the notes of frogs, tree toads and myriads of insect life.

A faithful hound who, having lost his master, set up a mournful howl on the other shore, drew us across, and the old fellow seemed as glad to see us as though we were in kind with him. We petted him a few moments, fed him, and down the road he went with a farewell wag of his tail, and we saw him no more.

And so the days went by, happy, care-free and full of incident and health. I had saved up my FOREST AND STREAMS for several weeks, not even breaking the wrappers, and these, with "Sam Lovel's Camps," "By-ways and Bird-notes," and a lot of summer literature belonging to the cottage, kept us busy between times. We finished up the "Camps of the Kingfishers," laughed at the lady in the photograph (issue of Sept. 8), who, "Out for Sport," saw no incongruity in her rubber boots and delicately trimmed hat. Imagine that hat working its gorgeous way up a trout stream! We had read "Sam Lovel's Camps" over and over in the past, but somehow our environment lent a new charm to those fascinating leaves, and we laughed at Samwell, Joseph, Antoine and the rest as we never laughed before. Theodore ventured on one of Mayne Reid's stories, "The Rifle Rangers," I believe, and he solemnly declared next morning that his sleep had been murdered by visions of Mexican banditas, tropical scenes, fierce battles, and fair senoritas, which fact I considered a great compliment to the powers of delineation of the late Capt. Reid.

We finished our unadventurous outing at Hemlock Lake Sept. 26, firm in the belief that we selected just exactly the right time and the right place. Possibly fortune favored us out of the ordinary in the matter of weather, for it was simply perfect, and the day before we left we took a dip in the lake, which is very unusual so late in the season. Now our hope is that another year we may repeat the outing. H. W. D. L.

## CRABBING TIME.

In these crisp October days of warm sunlight and mellow winds that sweep the stubble and bare fields, one must be always astir. From early morning till dusk hides the meadows all nature is aglow with life; the meadow larks and yellow-hammers are flocking, and haunt the buckwheat fields and tangled brier patches; smaller birds are preparing for their southern pilgrimage; Bob White whistles from the orchard hard by where a ringing axe is felling a dying tree. We must not idle away hours of golden autumn when all the waving golden rod and asters seem beckoning us away.

To the creek! To the creek! With oars and light strong net slung over on shoulders we take down the weedy path through the brown pasture, where the solitary woodchuck sunning on the hillside stops munching his apple to watch us pass. The old skiff lies high and dry among the reeds left by the last fallen tide. A push and she's afloat again on the incoming flood, that barely covers the flats and moves the bending eel-grass. If we would net the wary crabs silence is needful and the boat must not rock, lest the widening ripples hide our prey.

Gently we drift over the shallows, eyeing the bottom sharply far ahead. There, like a gray shadow fleeing across the mud, shoots a crab! He buries himself in yonder clump of seaweed, where just one blue and white claw protrudes to betray him. Strike straight and just in front of him and draw back with a scooping motion. Splash! You have missed him. No! There he lies in the net, helplessly kicking and savagely snapping at the stout cords. The net is overturned and he falls into the boat, where he scurries aimlessly about till a fresh victim joins him and the two do battle in foolish rage. The depth is just right, only a foot of clean green water beneath, through which one can clearly see every pebble and shell.

This catching crabs without bait is called "jabbing." Long practice is necessary to insure reliable "jabs," though even the beginner bags a goodly number if the day is good and the tide just right. Joe here is a famous hand at jabbing. Right and left his net darts, sometimes two and three come up at once. Here and there a "shedder," or crab whose shell has been shed, called soft-shelled, is captured. These invalids are always accompanied by a big, hard-shelled protector, whose duty is to defend his charge from the eels and other crabs. Fish of all sorts find the "shedder" a dainty creature and a morsel that is always relished. To see two huge "blue-claws," as the male crabs are called, fighting, is not unusual. Circling around one another, their claws clash together fiercely as each endeavors to strike the other's back. Often one loses a claw and scuttles away ignominiously to the sedge, where he will dwell in seclusion till another member grows. As the tide rises and the depth increases it is harder to "jab," for the net is unwieldy in so much water. Now one may drift along the banks, catching many a loiterer clinging to the mud or seeking food on the edges of the creek.

Flood tide is at its height. The brimming banks are covered, and we anchor at a spot where an island makes an eddy in the tide. Bits of meat about three inches square are fastened to cotton twine and thrown out for bait. Greedily the hosts attack this new attraction, sometimes three or four tugging at one line. Gradually they may be pulled in till under the boat, when raising them to the top Joe scoops them in. Not so much skill in this, but it catches the crabs in numbers. It is noon, with a burning sun now above and the glimmering creek stretching away before us. The plover have ceased their piping call from the uplands and the bitterns have sought the shady bogs. Eagerly we get out the lunch basket and leave the crabs to also enjoy a meal at the lines while we are busy. While we chat together there comes a tug and one of our lines breaks and disappears. It must have been a loggerhead turtle or a very large eel, both of which swarm in the creek.

With the ebb we drift down stream, "jabbing" as we go with good results. You will notice that we overtake most of the crabs as they are making their way back to the sea. They are but visitors and come and go with the tides, except a few which the receding water leaves in the small inlets or deeper pools. We drag the boat ashore and count our spoils. Ninety-six of them sprawling, scrambling and biting, are sent flying into the sack which Joe holds open. Damp seaweed is dropped in with them to keep them fresh, and we plod up the hill, sunburned and tired, but happy as only successful crabbers can be. Try it yourself; leave the city for a day, and in any of the shallow creeks and bays that open into the Hudson or off any of the New Jersey flats you will find our many legged friend the crab. A dry boat, a light net, some substantial lunch and some bait make up the outfit. Night will bring you back to the dusty streets with springing step and ruddy cheeks, a bag of fine crabs and a firm determination to go again. H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25, Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years. Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

# Natural History.

## MR. JEWELL'S FROGS.

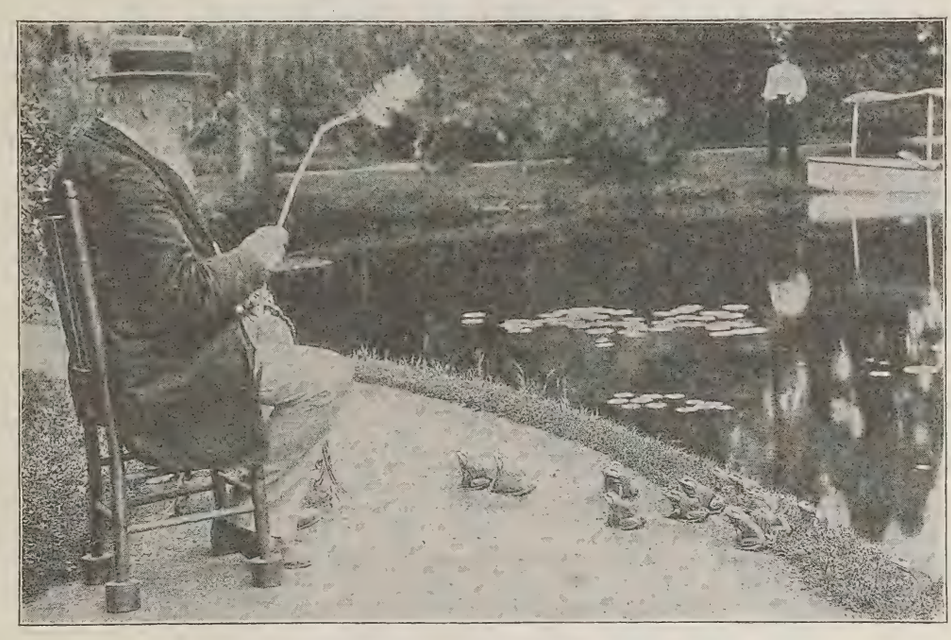
HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 21. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you accompanying this letter some photographs and a description thereof published in the Hartford *Courant*. I don't know as it would be of any special interest to any of your people, but as I have noted for a good many years in reading your esteemed journal, that matters of this kind interest a very large portion of your readers, I have sent it to you that it may be one more fact in the very many very curious things in animal life. We may go back to the Proverbs for an axiom, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., and it would almost seem as though the frogs represented in these photographs had certainly intelligence enough to know when dinner was ready and to come to the ringing of the bell. L. B. JEWELL.

We reproduce one of the interesting photographs; it shows thirteen at table. The *Courant* says:

Pliny Jewell, Esq., of this city, at his beautiful home, on Farmington avenue, has some of the queerest "pets" that were ever trained, and those of his friends who have been privileged to see him feed his bullfrogs remember the occasion for the rest of their lives. They tell here and there of what they have seen, and many people who hear them laugh at the story as ingenious fiction. But it is all true. They cannot exaggerate either the solemn manner or the capacious appetites of these queer and knowing frogs. A representative of the *Courant* recently took in the whole entertainment and a photographer snapped instantaneous views of the frogs as they sat about waiting to be fed. These pictures are reproduced herewith and must carry conviction to the most skeptical.

Back of Mr. Jewell's house is a small pond, full of lily pads, grass-bordered, with a gravel path about it. Red goldfish gleam in the water. Here and there a turtle's head lies still on the surface. But the inhabitants and rulers of this province are the dozen or more bullfrogs that have lived there for six years past and whose whole bearing indicates that they own the pond and know they do.

They are simply monstrous—great, fat, unwieldy looking creatures, but whoever thinks them as stupid as they look makes a great mistake. They know what they want and they get it. Three times a week, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Jewell feeds them their favorite article of diet, live mice. Promptly by 5 o'clock on those afternoons the hungriest are up on the bank waiting for him to come to his regular seat by the path. When he rings a bell the rest of them come swimming along from all parts of the pond and climb up beside the vanguard; the goldfish that also hear the call come swarming up to the shore, for they are to be fed, too, and the blackbirds and robins, hearing the bell, know it means crackers for the fish and that if they are prompt about it they can get their share, and so they come flying to the pond, too. It is a queer sight—the fish in the water, the birds in the air, and the frogs in one element or the other as they prefer.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA AT MR. JEWELL'S FROG POND.

From a photograph.

The frogs cluster around Mr. Jewell and squatted on the grass watch eagerly for him to hold out to them the stick in which they are so deeply interested. It means a royal dinner to them. Just to get up their appetites he holds the plain rod two or three times first, and those who are hungriest jump for it as if it was already baited. Thus they get into training. Then the tail of a live mouse is slipped into a crack in the end of the stick, and held out over the frogs that are drawn up around and in front of their master. The mouse squeals once or twice and kicks a little and suddenly up goes a frog, his legs spread out in jumping fashion and his immense mouth opened to its widest. He closes on the mouse and by his own weight pulls it off the stick. The moment he lands from his leap he jumps madly into the water with a "clug," and, lying there, spread out on his own stomach, swallows his meal with every evidence of complete satisfaction. If the mouse happens to climb out of the frog's mouth, it swims away in safety. The frog doesn't try to catch it in the water. Another queer fact is that, while the frog will jump for a dead mouse as eagerly as for a live one, he will not eat it. As soon as he gets back into the water he spits it out. He knows what he wants and it's that or nothing.

On the day when the *Courant* had the opportunity to study this queer entertainment fourteen great bullfrogs were ranged in front of Mr. Jewell on the shore of the pond. They climbed up from the water, jumped across the grass, and with their eyes firmly fixed on him and his wand, settled in the path. "Grover Cleveland" is the biggest of the lot and headed the procession. He wears a full 19in. collar and takes everything he can get. On this particular afternoon he swallowed three mice and was evidently mad that the supply gave out so soon. He wanted more. "Dave Hill" is another big fellow, and he tries to get Grover's prizes from him when he can. "Tom Reed" is another autocrat of the pond. He is the only Republican in the collection; but he knows no fear and gets his full share every time. One of the funniest scenes is when several frogs jump at once for the same mouse. They go through the air very much as they do through the water, with no end of sprawling legs hanging behind them. They jump in different directions for the same mouse, and they meet with a dull thud in mid air and fall to the ground wondering what hit them. Then some fellow who kept out of the scrimmage steps up and carries off the mouse while the others are trying to make out how they missed it.

On this afternoon they exhausted the entire supply of mice on hand, 25 of them. Mr. Jewell can't raise mice enough to meet the demand, and has a standing offer of 5 cents apiece for all mice delivered to him. Whether this tends to rid the city of the vermin or offers an inducement to breed them is open to argument.

There are only two varieties of frogs in the pond. One kind are green and the others dark brown or red. One family was brought down from New Hampshire, and the others are members of the old historic and aristocratic family of Windham frogs imported from the famous frog pond there. The frogs breed, but do not increase. So far as known only two young ones have grown up. The trouble is that young frog is about as appetizing as live mouse to the big frogs, and they eat up the little fellows when they reach the suitable size. No one can doubt that the frogs love their children, but it is not a very self-sacrificing affection.

The frogs are very fond of birds, too. One day a sparrow skimming along the surface of the pond passed close to the nose of one of the old inhabitants. Quick as a flash he opened his mouth and jumped from the water, and the bird disappeared. He had made a swallow of it. This incident, which is fact (people watched the performance), recalls the performance of a frog on the lawn at Armsmear, Mrs. Colt's home, some years ago. He grabbed and swallowed a robin that hopped up close to him. Down the bird went, feathers and all. At Mr. Jewell's sometimes when mice are very scarce, English sparrows are substituted. The frogs take them unless the birds are dead and cold. They have no more use for a dead bird than for a dead mouse.

If any kind-hearted housekeeper thinks feeding of live mice to the hungry frogs is cruel, let her stop a moment and reflect on several things. In the first place, she believes in destroying the mice as heartily as the frogs do. In the second place, her way of doing it is to set a spring trap that will catch the little fellows by the neck and choke them slowly to death so that they suffer a long time. The frog trap works instantaneously and is in the line of nature. It is no more cruel than the whole procession of natural events, and, from the point of view of the frog, is a kindly and welcome provision.

### The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held at 8 P. M., at the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street: Oct. 5.—Paper by Mr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., "Some Remarks on Kansas Birds." Oct. 19.—Paper by Mr. L. S. Foster, "The Spring Birds of the Vicinity of New York City."

ARTHUR H. HOWELL, Sec'y.
212 MADISON STREET, Brooklyn.

### A Snake Plague.

TORONTO, Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was greatly interested in the information conveyed by the inclosed cutting which is taken from the Toronto *Mail* of the 21st inst., coming, as it did, while attention was still to some extent taken up with the late "snaky" discussion.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 20.—The drought in the southeastern part of the State has caused some of the swamps to become almost dry, particularly in Brunswick county, and the monster rattlesnakes peculiar to that section have crawled all through the neighborhood. They have bitten and killed a white woman and three negroes, and have also killed scores of horses, mules and cattle, as well as great numbers of dogs. The snakes crawl into or under houses, and cattle are now kept in pens to protect them. Many persons, thoroughly frightened, have moved away from the vicinity of Smith's swamp, near Waccawan. Rattling can be heard there at all times, and immense serpents are killed in the roads, some over six feet long and three inches thick. Such a plague of snakes was never before known in this State.

Surely now, with such an excellent field for observation, all vexed questions in this connection will be settled forever. The rattlers will, I am sure, do all in their power to afford every opportunity for an accurate test as to their peculiar methods of doing business. SERPENT.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## AN INTERVIEW WITH A PANTHER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As panther stories are in order, I will give you an extract from my diary about an interview that I had with one in the woods between Vancouver and New Westminster, B. C.:

Dec. 19, 1887, with my 10-bore Greener, I was taking an outing in that forest. From the coast I struck an old timber trail that led me to a small clearing, where there was a deserted house with weedy garden plot, surrounded by several acres of heavy fallen timber, that lay as it had fallen, the logs piled across each other in all directions. Near the path and but a short distance from the house was a large cedar stump at least 10ft. high. The tree had been cut down from a staging or platform such as are commonly used by the Pacific coast lumbermen in felling large timber.

In the house I found a small ladder, used to go up to the sleeping loft—this I used in mounting to the top of the stump, which gave me a good view up and down the trail and over the fallen timber. The day was warm and everything was quiet and still, and not a living thing was in sight.

I stretched out there in the sunshine and amused myself by making the adjacent woods ring by imitating a pig's squeal. In a few minutes I glanced around me and saw standing on a log not over 100yds. distant, a sight that made me wish that I had taken my rifle instead of my Greener, for there, partly headed toward me, stood a panther—or, as they are called in the mountains, a mountain lion—gazing at me. There was but little of the majesty of the lion about it, at it stood there, a long, lank, lithesome, cruel, sneaking looking coward. A long, slim neck, round head, big eyes, hollow-backed, with belly hanging within a few inches of the log, high hipped, a long tail curved downward with the end turned upward, which was convulsively twitching, the only sign of life about it. Its color, a dirty tawny yellowish brown. A big sneak cat.

We watched each other seemingly at least a quarter of an hour, when, without taking its eyes from me, it slowly reached down one forepaw to the log below and gradually disappeared from view. After another half hour's watching and seeing no further signs of it, I left my perch and started back down the trail. There was a fringe of thick bushes between the trail and the fallen timber on the left; and at the right hand was the dense forest. I had not proceeded on my way over 100yds. before the panther sneaked out of the bushes into the path about 75yds. in front of me, and there stopped side on with head turned toward me, with its slouching belly nearly touching the ground. It looked as one often sees a cat look when it steals out from some gateway and stands looking down the street ready to skulk away to some other hiding place.

With gun in position I started toward it. Sinking its belly down to the very ground it started across the trail. I gave it a right and left, the two reports of my gun nearly blending into one. The smoke hung for a moment in the heavy atmosphere, hiding all in front of me. When it lifted no panther was seen or heard.

I reached the hotel at dusk with age renewed from my outing, and with a good appetite for my dinner. Then came regrets, "If I had only taken my rifle." Well, if I had done so, I would have missed some rare sport earlier in the day, and later on would have killed some big game that would have prevented me from visiting the old clearing, where I saw the "sneak cat"—the cat that has no voice, excepting a growl and a short spiteful "yik," notwithstanding the many reports about their terrific screams, which are all myths. The sounds are made by other beasts or owls. STANSTEAD.

HIGHGATE, Vt.

## DAYS WITH THE UPLAND PLOVER.

There are birds that have a peculiar attraction for the lover of the field, though he can hardly tell why. Small as is Wilson's snipe there are few who count a day with gun as one of the milestones on life's journey who would willingly dispense with this charming bit of animation. Yet who can tell why he feels a strange thrill as he nears the meadow from which he expects this little bird to spring?

Next to Wilson's snipe no small bird ever had for me such an attraction as the upland plover. It seems but yesterday when its strange, penetrating note first fell from the summer sky upon my childish ear. So tender, yet so searching was it, so different from all the ordinary sounds of earth, what wonder that I stopped and scanned the horizon long in vain before discovering far away on high this happy soul speeding across the dome of blue more like a messenger of Jove than a creature of earth?

Never can I forget those days when first old enough to be trusted with a gun, when the bugloss spread its blue across the rolling pastures and the air was redolent of mint, when the leaves of the dewberry were turning from red to brown, and the blue of the vervain was fading, when the mutterings of thunder were almost over and silvery clouds hung low along the horizon, when a softer stillness lingered in the groves and a milder radiance played along the hills. The spots on the breast of the young robin were beginning to fade into red, hushed was the bobolink's bubbling joy, and the mellow call of Bob White came more seldom across the meadow. From the stubbles the doves were rising with whistling wing, the highholder was pitching from one wild cherry tree to another in search of the few cherries that still were left, and the young meadow lark that sat on the fence where the white sepals of the clematis were shining along its climbing stem could no longer be distinguished from its mother. All these for me in early days were great game. But I lost almost all interest in them from the time the soft notes of the upland plover first found their way to my soul.

In the Western States this bird was a few years ago very tame. I have driven by it in a wagon while it sat quite unconcerned upon the fence beside me. So simple were they in many parts not over twenty years ago that there was no satisfaction in hunting them.

But in New Jersey as far back as forty years ago it was a vastly different bird. Almost any one familiar with the uplands of the greater part of the State would at that time have taken the contract to get forty quail, twenty woodcock or a dozen ruffed grouse in a day rather than a dozen upland plover. Not only were the birds distributed over an area that made much tramping the price of a few good shots, but they seemed to have an innate knowledge of the range of a gun almost equal to that of the sandhill crane of to-day. At long intervals a sound like that of an angel breathing into a silver flute struck a strange chord within you, and while you stood wondering whether it dropped from the sky or came up from below the horizon's verge, you saw, perhaps, a fine wisp of gray mounting from the grass far out of shot and aimed away upward, as if bound for the stars. And just as you thought its prospects good for reaching its destination there broke upon your ear, louder, clearer, yet softer than before, that strange ripple of sound that rivals all the marvels of acoustics, beside which ventriloquism is ridiculous and the wonders of whispering galleries contemptible. So near it seemed in its liquid purity that you clutched the gun with confident hope, expecting to see another plover within easy shot, and just as you concluded that you saw nothing, there came, more tender yet, even clearer and nearer than before, another pearly triplet of tone, as if another bird had risen near your feet.

Can it be that so much energy is lodged in that little plover winding away on high? How can sound so light be so far reaching, or sound so sweet traverse space almost like the thunderbolt, with so little loss of power?

So you used to think while again perhaps the sweetness fell more penetrating than before. Yet you might scan earth and sky without finding other source than the bit of frail machinery that under the edge of some distant cloud seemed to need all its energy to maintain its velocity. Sadly you trudge along to the next field, yet was there not a feeling that you had been partly repaid for your trip? I would walk a long way to-day just to see once more that little film of gray skim the distant sky and catch again those pearls of sound that only that little throat can string.

The best shooting I ever had with the upland plover in the Atlantic States was quite by accident. It was in the summer school vacation that I started from the house one day for a short stroll before dinner. I took my gun along with only the two loads that were in it, expecting only to see a lark or a highholder at best. Nearly a mile from the house I left the road and turned into an old pasture to look for blackberries. I strolled along where the white and tender blue of the morning glory were twining above the little clusters of purple flowers of the spiræa, where the little scarlet petals of the pimpernel were blowing among the gold of the toad-flax and the snowy involucre of the spurge was lighting up the ground where the soft blue of the bluets was fading, when suddenly, on nearing the further side of the field, I heard a triplet of melodious notes so soft that they seemed to fall through a mile or more of air.

Though I had not up to that time been able to locate this bird within a mile or two by its note, I could see more out of one corner of my eye than now, and a line of gray flitting just above the top of the corn across the fence and scarcely thirty yards away captured my attention at once. Quickly I turned the gun upon it, and when the smoke cleared away there was nothing there but the corn leaves waving darkly green.

Imagine my surprise on crossing the fence to hear that sweet call echoed and reëchoed as if rebounding from the dome of heaven and see half a dozen more lines of gray start from the corn for as many different points of the compass.

I got off the fence in time to stop the last bird that rose and would perhaps have done so but for the reflection that it was my last load and I had no more ammunition with me. That idea made me doubly anxious to make the shot tell, and the consequence was that I soon saw the bird rising above the edge of the smoke and sailing away skyward. But sorrow was quickly swamped in glad surprise as I saw one of the first birds that rose set tling down into the corn some 300yds. away, with two more wheeling around to follow him. I gauged the situation at once. Three cornfields joined at this point, making some sixty or more acres. The birds were probably bred in the adjoining fields, and though old enough to be wary and strong of wing had probably never been disturbed and had not yet left their native heath. They had probably gone into the corn to escape the heat, and as it was about waist high, by stooping low and walking rapidly down the rows one could get within easy shot of most of them.

Great was the speed I made across the fields and down the road to the house for more ammunition. The robin in the wild cherry tree had no time to get alarmed until I was past, and where the bloom of golden rod was just beginning to tinge the white sheets of the wild carrot I almost ran over the meadow lark before he suspected there was danger. The scarlet of the catch-fly and the golden corolla of the potentilla seemed a stream of fireworks as I passed them yet close behind, overhead and far in front seemed the mellow notes of the plover that were hovering over the corn I had left far behind, and on I dashed through mullein and milkweed, scattering purple pokeberries right and left and skipping gaily over pennyroyal, the lingering buttercup and the reviving dandelions that were yellowing along the ground.

Returning with ammunition and out of breath, I went but a few steps in the corn beyond the place where I had picked up the bird I had shot, when suddenly a bit of filmy gray mottled on the top with brown and black appeared among the dark green of the waving corn, accompanied by that mysterious call that always raised such havoc in my young nerves. It brought my gun to my shoulder so hastily that before I knew what I was about it went off. Accompanied by two new lines of gray that rose from the corn a short distance beyond it, the first gray sped away upward amid a full chorus of strange melody, while a healthy cornstalk a few hills ahead of me sank to earth never again to rise.

But I was quick with the gun in those days, often too quick, but not this time. Though I lost an instant with mingled surprise and disgust at the result of the last shot I raised the gun quickly on one of the last birds that rose. Where is there such another moment as when you glance along the iron rib of the gun and find you have raised it at once to the exact spot and do not have to shift it? As I looked along that gun with hasty glance I saw the gray clear cut against the distant sky and in exact line with the rib of the gun and going almost straight away. In a moment more it vanished in a cloud of smoke to appear again below it, gyrating to earth in a soft whirl of white, gray and brown, while its comrades sped away on high, their notes falling louder and sweeter as they seemed to fringe the clouds.

As with haste I reloaded that old muzzleloader all was silent in the corn except the song sparrow trilling his joyous notes from the fragrant sassafras in the corner of the fence as if conscious that he were already singing beyond his time and must hurry to get in a full season's work, or the goldfinch's tremulous pipe as from patch to patch of downy thistle he sped in a wavy line of gold and black. But the gun was quickly loaded, for with everything convenient the muzzleloader was not as slow a tool as those who never used it are apt to think, and stooping low and going on a half run down the rows of corn I started on.

Before I had gone far enough to get out of breath or excited there was a wild yet tender *ril-lil-wil* somewhere on land or sea or sky, and I swung the gun half around the horizon before I discovered two bits of gray just topping the corn not 25yds. away. What? A double shot on the upland plover? Such fortune I had not before dared to dream of and yet here it stared me in the face with all its paralyzing reality. A double shot on anything was no easy thing for a boy of my age at that time. We were not then born of flame, nurtured with powder smoke and tutored by thunder as many are to-day. Ammunition cost money in those days, and the loading and especially the cleaning of a gun bore a striking resemblance to work. Moreover, we did not see the sublime importance of making mere machines of ourselves or we might have been better shots. Yet there the chance for a double shot stared me in the face with dazzling certainty. Too often such delightful assurance has upset the repose of soul necessary to utilize such opportunities. But not this time; for scarcely did the first bird turn up his white underwear and sink amid the green at the report of the first barrel than, by some mysterious movement so quick that I was unconscious of it, the gun was turned upon the second careering upward as if bound for some other sphere and intending to reach it before dark. Right in line with the two barrels the gray glimmered for a second against the distant sky, and as I pulled the trigger it folded its wings and whirled downward into the corn.

He who has never chuckled over such a shot when a boy or over more difficult ones in later years has missed something in this world. And he who has not been so demoralized by a little too much self-congratulation that he missed the next easy shot that happened to come too close upon the heels of the former success, has also missed something worth living for. I stood there fumbling with trembling hands after caps that would keep in the sub-cellar of my pocket, and that would drop on the ground after I succeeded in unearthing them, until beads of perspiration began to run into my eyes. Then I was foolish enough to go ahead without waiting to compose my nerves, for a boy always thinks game must be picked up at once.

Retrieving the fallen birds, I started on again, stooping low and moving as swiftly down the rows of corn as possible, and had gone scarcely 100ft. beyond where the last bird lay when another plover cleared the corn ahead of me within easy reach. The first barrel wrecked the hopes of an aspiring pumpkin on the ground below it, and where the shot from the second went I never knew. But the bird climbed the summer breeze with never a feather marred, and on the wings of his own bright song was borne well into the zenith by the time I had reloaded.

There was still plenty of corn field left, and at the rate the birds had so far been rising there was probably opportunity enough to repair my shattered pride, and on I went. To my surprise, I did not have to go 50yds. down the row I was in before two more plover rose. They were a trifle far, but I turned the first one over and ventilated the corn leaves all around the second one before I knew anything about the distance, the knowledge of which came to hand just in time to console me for the miss. From that time on I did fair shooting, the rest of the hunt being only a continuation of the first part. I tramped that corn from end to end and got many a shot within 25yds. In less than an hour from the time I crossed the fence I had seventeen plover, all well-grown birds and in fine condition.

As suddenly as it had begun the shooting stopped. Here and there across the topmost dome of blue and along the horizon's furthest rim a dim line of gray was winding out of sight, while, from no one could tell where, came that soft searching sound that seemed never so sweet as when all hope of another shot seemed gone. But not another bit of gray rose above the corn, and vainly on the following day did I tramp that corn until it needed rehoeing to insure half a crop. The birds had learned the game and were once again their own wild and wary selves.

T. S. Van Dyke.

San Diego, Cal.

## A FLYING TRIP SOUTH FOR A DEER.

I left Newport Sunday night, Aug. 21, spent the next day in New York, and leaving Jersey City at 8 P. M. via Cape Charles route arrived at Avoca, N. C., at 2 P. M. Tuesday. Found everything in good condition for the next morning's sport. Tom Webb (the veteran), with his never-failing old deerhound Buck; S. N. Everett, proprietor of the Dukinfield House; Tom White and Jas. Todd (the dead shot of the neighborhood) reported ready for the early morning start. We crossed Salmona Creek just above the Avoca homestead, and each sportsman selected a stand. Sending old Buck accompanied by two other deerhounds in, we had waited but a short time before we heard the familiar note and knew that a trail, evidently warm, had been struck, warning us that we might see game at any moment. In less than a half hour there came bounding through the underbrush a handsome young buck, dashing past Tom White. His gun was heard by all in the hunt, but no blast of horn told that success had followed; and soon the hounds were heard to pass his stand. On they came toward Todd's stand at the edge of the creek. In this immediate locality deer had, pressed by the hounds, ran to Albemarle Sound, Chowan River or Salmona Creek, according to the direction of the wind. The buck came dashing into the water as though untouched, and swam with apparent ease too far for Todd's No. 16 gun. He sprang into a canoe and pushed to get within gunshot. Succeeding, he fired. The buck struggled and kept afloat long enough for Todd to reach him; when the deer was pulled into the canoe and brought ashore—a handsome young buck. Upon examination we found that while Todd's load had entered back of his head, while he was swimming, two of his feet and ankles, front and back on same side, had been broken by Mr. White. It reminded us of the old story, fifty years old: "Massa shot and the ball had broke a hindfoot and passed through the ear—same ball." See how game this little buck ran, wounded as he was. It reminds one of the great racehorse McWhirter.

Todd sounded his horn and soon the clan gathered. Webb came, exhibiting his usual nervousness. Notwithstanding he has been in a hundred hunts he can have a buck ague every time. One old hunter laughingly said: "Webb, you can't stick your knife in him, now he is hung up."

The hunt for the day was over, but arrangements were made for another hunt next morning over the same grounds, and after an early breakfast all reported except Todd and Everett, and by lots we chose stands, Webb going in the drive with his old pet hound Buck. Webb started a large doe, after a short hunt, and feeling her ability to outrun any dog, she played along in front of the dogs; choosing a run upon which there happened not to be a sportsman, and instinctively feeling safe with no one in the drive except Webb. She finally ran to water, entered the creek some distance below any of us, and attempted an old trick they frequently practice, that of entering the water, and instead of going across the stream, swimming directly up the current several hundred yards, and then coming out on the same side from which they had entered.

Old Buck is also up to said tricks. He swam up stream while the young dog followed along the bank. After some time the young dog gave note, and soon they are off again in hot chase. After a short run she started again for water, and again Tom White was located on the lucky stand. He heard them coming, and squatting down saw the white flag flying through the tall bushes. Knowing she would cross an open space, he prepared for the supreme moment, and in an instant crack! went his gun. The magnificent doe, large and fat, lay before him. As usual, he who goes furthest and is most anxious has poorest success. But we most always feel there is a better day coming.

I enjoyed delicious venison steak for three days, and left for Newport on Monday last.

I saw several setters and pointers left last spring with Mr. Everett by Northern gentlemen to be handled until the coming season. Old Buck and Roanoke are looking very well. The early birds having a fine crop of partridge peas, buckwheat and oats, paired off finely, and are very large and strong for the season. I heard of some nice flocks of turkeys. I hope for better individual success in my next effort.

*Sept. 19.*—I arrived at Avoca Saturday. Natives are hunting squirrels with great luck. Butterton killed a buck that dressed 156lbs., Friday, and my twelve-year-old son is off this morning with dog and gun, and I hope may meet with success.

Albemarle.

### Deer in Rhode Island.

Westerly, R. I., Sept. 26.—A doe weighing 175lbs. was killed at Clark's Falls, a village about eight miles north of here, Saturday last. Fred Rowse, a lad of seventeen, was out hunting coons when the deer jumped out of the brush some 15yds. from him. He dropped her in her tracks with a charge of T shot. There is a good deal of conjecture as to where she came from. As there is a small band in Massachusetts it is possible she may have strayed from that section.

M. D.

[Several deer were reported in Connecticut last year and the surmise was that they had escaped from a deer park. The Massachusetts deer are in Plymouth and Barnstable counties, a long way from where this one was killed].

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 30.—How about that fine, Dr. Thomas?

Dr. Thomas is a popular preacher. He makes everything popular he touches. If left alone he would make summer deer shooting a popular pastime. Not left alone he makes FOREST AND STREAM, for the time at least, very popular. So far as I can learn the paper never pleased Western men more than by showing the facts in regard to this popular Western preacher. Even from the East comes word in regard to this. From a letter written by Mr. A. C. Collins, of Hartford, Conn., president of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, Hartford county game and fish warden, president Colt Hammerless Gun Club, secretary Hartford Kennel Club, agent of the Connecticut Humane Society, etc., etc., I take the following:

If Dr. Thomas gets his just dues—a good fine—he will not then be talking his absurd and illogical vaporings regarding the game laws, neither will he be smacking his lips with so much gusto. He might then change his tone. Those three deer, killed illegally by the divine, were the property of the State of Wisconsin. He had no more legal right to steal them than he had to take other property belonging to the State. I hope he will be fined heavily. A "poacher" is a "poacher" regardless of clothes or position.

I reckon Dr. Thomas will be fined all right, though probably he never would have been except for FOREST AND STREAM. This week I got a letter from Mr. D. W. Fernandez, now State game warden of Wisconsin, at Madison, in which he inquires for the county on which Dr. Thomas did the killing. Mr. Fernandez, I understand, also wrote City Warden Bortree about it. I told Mr. Fernandez that the county did not make any difference, since I had personal assurance that Dr. Thomas was just honing to be fined. I sent Mr. Fernandez's letter to Dr. Thomas and Dr. Thomas's letter to Mr. Fernandez; if these two gentlemen don't get together now it isn't my fault. I give below Dr. Thomas's last letter, which needs no further comment, being as regards evidence in defense, irrelevant, immaterial and incompetent, as the lawyers say. The public will file its own objection to it. The best and easiest thing Dr. Thomas can do now is to take the advice I kindly gave him in my last letter—pay his fine and go and sin no more. This giving good advice to a preacher is what I call a snap, and I am wiping off plenty of old scores right here. The letter:

*Dear Mr. Hough:*

Though personally not acquainted, we are coming to know each other by correspondence.

If you were a preacher, you would probably be a regalist in religion; and yet you would find that the formal law of the churches by growth and change of custom has in many things dropped into disuse. The Methodist church has a positive law against "putting on gold and costly apparel," and yet every preacher who is able—Bishop not excepted—carries a gold watch and chain, and all wear "costly" broadcloth.

I do not mean by the analogy that the game law is by any means a dead law. I believe in it and the hunters of Wisconsin respect it and would be the first to complain of any one who sought to take advantage of or to abuse the liberty of interpretation by which they kill for use. Two of my deer I killed when alone—I like still-hunting—one when with a professional hunter, and he said, "Now, that is enough, we would not shoot another if there were forty in sight."

But the "forty" are never in "sight;" it is a difficult matter to find and get them in the interminable brush of that country. I hunted at one time four days and one night with three good hunters and we did not get one. It is not this little summer hunting that is destroying the game, but the wholesale slaughter in season. It becomes a pride and a boast to see who can kill the most. That ought to be stopped by limiting the number allowable for any hunter.

Personally I made no secret of what I did, for I live an open life before my fellow men; nor under the circumstances did I feel the least condemnation, and said then, and have said since, that I believe in the purpose of the game law, and if what I did was a violation, I would cheerfully pay for it; and if the State of Wisconsin or the proper officer presents a bill it will require no legal process to collect it. But the only effect upon others would probably be a little more secrecy; the killing, what little there is in summer, would go on just the same. The time to save the deer is in November. At that time I have to be at home at my work, but should gladly be governed by a limitation act were I a professional hunter, which I never was; but I can shoot pretty well, having been raised to the gun when a boy in Virginia. I killed a great deal of small game then, and I love the woods yet better than any place else. I never shot at but four deer in my life, and three of those I got.

But pardon this long letter. Respectfully, H. W. THOMAS.

No. 535 WEST MONROE STREET, Sept. 22.

### DECOYS IN QUESTION.

Many duck shooters of this vicinity have viewed with alarm the statement in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, quoting Mr. F. M. Lawrence, of Mayville, Wis., to the effect that it is against the law to shoot over decoys in Wisconsin. Among other comments I have the following letter from Mr. W. C. Thomas, of Sheboygan Falls, Wis.:

I have read your article on Horicon Marsh in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 22, and note your reference to Attorney Lawrence's statement regarding the use of decoys. I do not know what they do on the Diana grounds, but the club on the upper Horicon grounds all use decoys, as also do all hunters at Puckaway and every other duck grounds in Wisconsin that I ever heard of. I have the latest Wisconsin game laws before me and fail to find any mention therein of decoys. You either misunderstood Mr. Lawrence or else he is not posted on that point.

There is no question about the understanding, and no question about the trouble it has raised. In the compilation of the game and fish laws issued by the Wisconsin Secretary of State I find no reference to such enactment. Neither do I find it in the *Book of the Game Laws*, issued by FOREST AND STREAM, in which no error whatever has ever been detected, and which is therefore the only accurate record of the game laws published. I know the Diana Club boys use decoys, and I have used decoys there, though after this advice not on the upper club marsh (where, however, they do not "all use decoys.") If Mr. Lawrence can point out chapter and verse, he will oblige, and oblige still more if he can't.

### FUN WITH THE BOYS.

The game law is having a little fun occasionally with the South Water street boys. The surprised and grieved looks on the South Water street man's face these late days is a study. The dealers don't know what to do about this reckless violation of the etiquette of the past. President Organ and Warden Bortree, for instance, found two tubs of prairie chickens in the hands of Messrs. Ender & Ender. The firm compromised cheerfully on a fine of $270. This was a sort of double-ender, so to speak, but it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. The American Express Co. also notified the above officers that they had two barrels of grouse for Morse Gray and one barrel for G. R. Shirkly, all from Nebraska. This was unkind of the company, for the three barrels only brought $71 at auction, and might have retailed for much more if the dealers had had their way. Mr. S. O. Argraves, of Compton, Ill., also sent 10 fox squirrels to Cougle Bros., 178 South Water street, but again the American Express Co. fell against the project, and its little card of notification brought speedy and proper action. This express company is doing good, and it deserves thanks. United action of all the express companies could kill illegal shipping in one year's time. There has been less illegal game sold in Chicago this fall than at any time for 10 years, although this is the best year for game there has been for five years. Two years' good work at protection has made a distinct change. The possibilities of such work no longer remain problematical, and the practical importance of such work can no longer be denied.

### RECENT SHOOTING.

Messrs. W. R. Linn, O. H. Roche and Alex. Semple are back from a chicken trip to Worthington, Minn., and report very bad luck. I understand this point is near the Iowa line, and if so it is about 200 miles below the best Minnesota shooting this fall.

A friend tells me that this week in St. Paul he met a man just in from North Dakota, who told him that he killed 172 birds in two days. Of course 122 of these birds were illegal; lowest fine $10, total $1,220. All 172 illegal when taken out of the State. The name of the man is unknown.

Messrs C. S. Burton and Henry Smith, of this city; John Egan, of Cincinnati, and Geo. Hunsucker, of St. Paul, leave this week for Ten-Mile Lake, Ottertail county, Minnesota, for a two weeks' trip after chickens and bass.

The recent party that went up to Horicon marsh had fair sport. W. L. Shepard bagged 46 ducks in one day, W. P. Mussey 25 in two days, Geo. Holden 25 in one day, L. M. Hamline 33 in one day, C. B. Dicks 23 one day and 28 the next. The club keeper, Yorgey, bagged 40 in one day.

R. A. Turtle returned from Lake Senachwine, Illinois River country, late this week and reports thousands of birds there, mostly teal. The flight seems therefore well south.

Fred Allen, of Monmouth, was in town this week, and as usual brought me another duck call, which I add to my collection. This would seem a good place to say, in the words of the country editor, "Call again, Fred."

Big Lou Harrison, of Minneapolis, also came to Chicago this week to see about the prospects for sport this fall and winter. Mr. Cowan, champion of Montana in the trap-shooting line, is another arrival, and more to the purpose, one who will locate here and stay. The great magnet of the West is Chicago.

Mr. Frank Mason, widely known through his long connection with sporting journalism, spends this week in Chicago, being West on a trip for the *Mayflower*, an Eastern horticultural magazine. This is a good time for Mr. Mason to remember the famous remarks of the young preacher, who remarked to his congregation, "The Providence which made you, my brethren, also made the tall and spreading oak, and the Lord who made me, made a daisy." This I just drop in, as being the only thing I know about horticulture.

### LOST LABOR.

Mr. Geo. Hofmann, of this city, has, or had, one of these expectorating dogs with long white hair. It seems that there is an inexorable fashion in canine ornamentation which demands that such dogs be decorated with lion's manes, collars, cuffs, or other landscape effects trimmed out of the natural hair. Mr. Hofmann did not want to be behind the times, and so sought to shear his dog in a truly artistic manner. The dog resented, and bit Mr. Hofmann through the hand. Not even this caused him to relent, and acting on a happy thought, he chloroformed the dog, tied his legs together, and then proceeded to execute the most marvelous pattern of dog fresco that ever was derived. He cut a lane up each side of the dog's back, put frills around his legs, a ruff about his neck, a star on one side and an anchor on the other. The dog being quiet, the artist was not bothered in his work, and so proceeded with greater liberty of hand and eye. The reason why most dogs are so badly sheared is because they are not chloroformed. "This chloroform is great stuff," said Mr. Hofmann, as he finished his work, and sought to wake up his dog. The latter declined to wake up, however. In short, he was dead—a highly ornamented but also highly dead dog. Mr. Hofmann stands the chaffing of his friends very well. "I don't mind losing the dog so much," says he, "but what I want to know is whether the joke is on me or on the dog."

### ILLINOIS CHICKENS.

It is practically certain that the wet spring of this year caused great destruction among the prairie chickens of this State. This has been the report from sections of the State where the birds were fairly plentiful last year, and this I have personally verified this week by a short trip into country which should have had some birds this year. Mr. D. H. Halladay and myself went out north of Amboy, only some seventy or seventy-five miles west of Chicago, in a section where the ground is high, and where the birds might be expected to have suffered less from floods. We met warm weather, so warm that the dogs Lady and Mack had a hard time of it, but in a day's walk which covered between twenty-five and thirty miles we put up hardly a covey, and had to content ourselves with long shots at old birds. The next day we did better, and found better country and more birds. On the whole trip we put up less than sixty birds all told. We bagged twenty-three, all fine great birds, and strong fliers. As sport, we found this shooting highly enjoyable, though the scanty total would make it seem dull to many who like to shoot chickens in August, which I certainly do not. The birds have not yet taken to the corn altogether, though they fly to the cornfields when put up, and probably spend most of the day there when it is warm. Early in the morning and late in the evening we found them on the stubblee, and later met them occasionally on the pastures. They were wild and wary, and as interesting a game bird as one could ask. No. 6 and 3drs. of smokeless was none too good for them.

In the low grounds leading back to the Kishwaukee River the chickens were almost entirely drowned out, south of C. B. & Q., on the high ground, they bred better, and here we found some young birds, although there was no grass land for breeding ground. It seemed odd, to be hunting chickens in this highly cultivated farming country, where the maple trees, planted by the farmers, were thicker than a man's body, and one could not go forty acres without crossing a wire fence. It shows how the birds hang to their old home, even at the expense of changing their habits. These birds now breed right up in the field, barring meadows or grass land. We shot one bird which had only one leg, the other being taken off so smoothly at the joint that not the least trace remained of wound or scar. This was doubtless done by a mowing machine when the bird was small. This was a young bird about two-thirds grown, one of the smallest we got. Ordinarily a young bird will not cackle when it is put up, but this one cackled like a good fellow as it flew.

On this trip we met one of my old chicken dogs, in this case a half-breed, apparently setter and Newfoundland. Ponto was a Gothic sort of dog, bigger than any setter, and of no particular shape, but with as good a nose and as good a knowledge of chicken hunting as any dog I ever saw. His master, Geo. Watson, had him broken to a nicety, and I could not help wondering what would be the effect were this nondescript allowed to compete in a field trial with the cracks. Ponto had been out every day for two weeks, but on the morning we saw him he was still able to do a turn. The first we saw of him was when he was crossing a field at his mother's heels. All at once he turned and came to a full point, and later we found the birds 60yds. further on. We brought up Lady and Mack to back, and the three made a pretty field picture, all the more complete that we got the three birds which rose. Ponto cost $10. He is worth $500.

As usual, there was some sweet with the bitter of our hard-working hunt. In the evening before we took the train for home, we walked out a mile or so from the little country village where we were stopping, and tried for a few more birds. We wanted just two dozen and we had just 18. We could not put up a bird, but just at sundown my companion, Mr. Halladay, saw a little bunch of 6 birds, flying in over the corn, and he thought they went down about a half mile beyond us. Taking their line, we crossed a wide field of corn and struck a stubble field. This we worked in vain for some time, separating and beating it carefully. At length, at a distance I heard Halladay's gun twice, and looking about saw a bird rise high and wide from him, falling an instant later to his shot. Going over to him, I found that he had started 6 birds and killed 3 in the three shots. We gathered these and took the line of the three other birds, which had gone across the corn directly on the line from which we came. Pushing on through the corn and into a heavy growth of grass, one of these got up at my feet and I killed it. An instant later both the others sprung and Halladay killed both of them, though we found only one in the grass. This was all in a few moments, and was the only easy shooting we had. The birds were mixed old and young birds, and we knew when we saw them flying in the stubble that the packing-up days were near at hand.

Given a good breeding season next year, and any decent observation of the law, and we will have very fair chicken shooting within 100 to 150 miles of Chicago. The supply of breeding birds left is ample, and from this on they can take care of themselves. The public is welcome to go to Dakota and the Northwest for chicken shooting, and welcome to the big bags of easy birds. I have had one little two days' hunt, right in the door yard of Chicago, and though it was hard work to get together anything of a bag, we earned what we got, and had to walk and shoot for it. Kill a hundred chickens and you don't care for one of them, but every bird we got was an object for admiration, for comment, for careful stroking of plumage and for words of praise. There is no grander game bird flies than a full-grown pinnated grouse, and no prettier sport exists than shooting it in the proper season, namely, late in the fall. Before the middle of September chicken shooting does not deserve the name of sport. If all States opened the season Oct. 1, we should always have with us a noble bird, worthy of the keen work required to bag it.

Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Iowa, writes, "I can give you some work on quail and pheasants this fall. Chicken shooting is fairly good. I have only been out about three hours, fifteen miles out of the city, and bagged five birds." E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

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CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read your Western correspondent's article in your issue of Sept. 22 in reference to Dr. Thomas's pleasant and enjoyable vacation, and the statement that the reverend Doctor intends to "repeat the trip after more deer next summer." The Doctor attempts to explain the matter away in his happy easy style, but the cold facts that he has violated the game laws of Wisconsin, and intends to violate them again next summer, and is perfectly willing to pay the fines so long as he may have all the nice, juicy venison he wishes, are all that I can see in his explanation.

The Doctor seems to have plenty of money to pay in fines, and intends to take his pick of the choicest, in season or out; game laws or no game laws, in order to tickle his palate with the delicacies of the season. The game laws were never framed to allow the persons who have the money to pay in fines, to hunt in and out of season, but to prevent the killing of game during the closed season, both by the rich and poor.

The Doctor in his capacity seems to have precious little regard for the laws of man in comparison to the respect he has for the laws of God. On his line of reasoning a gambler who can pay his fines or a criminal who clears himself by serving a term, exonerates himself in the eyes of the public. Such an example set by an eminent divine is twofold more liable to bring forth bad fruit.

The worst of it all is that the worthy Doctor intends to repeat the trip again next summer. We wish he may, but that meantime he will read the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, if he does not already do so, and if he does he has woefully missed the teachings, and become educated as to the ethics of a summer fishing trip in Wisconsin.

If all who go fishing during the summer want a few nice fat deer to relieve the monotony of camp cookery and carried out their wants, of what value would be our game laws? Leave your guns at home on such occasions, and avoid the temptation, if you cannot withstand it.

The Doctor has erred, and should be made not to err again. OLD AVALANCHE.

## A SNIPE HUNT NEAR DENVER.

DENVER, Col.—There were four of them, the Artist, John, John's setter pup Mamie and the Credit Man. They met at the Union Depot in Denver at 12:45 on—no matter what day—for the purpose of going with the Credit Man to the only good bit of snipe ground in this vicinity. At 1:30 they arrived at the station, and in twenty minutes were on the grounds ready for the snipe.

John took the pup and went up the hill through several fields of wheat stubble, looking for a covey of quail that had been seen there several times during the close season, while the Artist and the Credit Man started over the snipe ground. It is a small piece, not exceeding forty acres, the upper end being a bog and gradually narrowing into a slough, which at the lower end is about 10ft. wide.

Starting at the narrowest part of the slough the Credit Man waded across and took the left hand side, with the Artist on the other. They had walked hardly twenty feet when away went Sir John, and in spite of the Artist's frantic efforts with both barrels he still kept on, finally alighting at the upper end. "That's all right, Artist; we'll get him later," said the Credit Man. The Artist was about to reply when *scaipe* went another right under his feet, and again the Artist made a double miss. Swinging across the slough, the snipe gave the Credit Man a right-quartering shot, and with great activity he succeeded in missing with both barrels. On our going up to the upper end and getting on a piece of wet ground just to the right of the bog, six jacks got up out of range and circled over the field, finally coming back with wings set like teal and lighting within twenty feet of where the mighty hunters were crouching.

"Now for a double," whispered the Credit Man, as he and the Artist rose to their feet. Away went the snipe; bang, bang, bang, bang, went the guns before the birds were 15yds. away, and of course none were killed. "We are shooting too soon," said the Artist, "that is the reason we are not killing." As he spoke, up got another not 20yds. away. With deliberation he covered him and at about 45yds. brought him down. Then in a few minutes he killed another and the Credit Man also killed one, although he missed him with the first barrel. Just then the Farmer (an old partner of the Credit Man in the sheep business) came down and invited the hunters up to the house. After resting a half hour John came down from the hills where he had hunted very diligently but had not found the quail. Starting over the boggy end of the snipe ground the Artist got another jack and the Credit Man missed as usual. At the lower end John's pup pointed and up jumped a rail right under the dog's nose; the pup, taking a quick step, caught it. (Is it not strange that rail should be so far inland and so far from any large marsh? It is the only one I ever heard of in this part of the country.) John got down at the lower end near the fence and put up a single bird, which he killed nicely with his second barrel.

So it went all the afternoon, getting a bird up every few minutes, killing some, missing more, until the watch showed 5:30 P. M., when it was time to start for the station.

A count of the bag gave the following result, the Artist five, John five, the Credit Man two, the dog one rail. A pretty good bag for about three hours' shooting within ten miles of Denver, where small game birds are a rarity. Better shots would have gotten more game, but it would have been impossible to have had more sport, and the three newspaper men (for they are all on the *Republican* staff) boarded the train with birds hanging in plain sight, feeling that they were indeed mighty hunters.

The quail season here opens Sept. 1.

THE CREDIT MAN.

## SHOOTING ON THE ROAD.

IT often happens that the traveling man has no time to spare for shooting except what may be used while waiting for trains, and this in the West is often half a day, and if one only had his shooting outfit along, including a dog, and knew where to go for birds or other game, he might turn many an hour of tedious waiting into an hour of wholesome and exhilarating sport. Suitable clothing, gun, ammunition and decoy ducks, too, if desired, the traveler can take with him at very little trouble or expense. Get a strong trunk 30in. long, 18in. wide and 12in. deep; the main body of the trunk should be divided by strong board partitions into three equal sized compartments. One of these can be used for shoes and rubber boots, another for the shooting suit, and the third will hold all the pneumatic decoys needed. The till of the trunk should be about 4in. deep, of heavy galvanized iron. Along one side of it is a full length compartment, lined with cloth, for the gun barrels, and a suitably shaped compartment on the opposite side receives the gun stock. Blocks of wood fastened to the trunk lid press on both stock and barrels when the lid is closed, so they are held in place without any trouble with buckling straps. The rest of the till is divided into compartments just the size to receive a box of twenty-five shells. With this outfit at hand the shooter can be ready for the field in less than five minutes after he unlocks the trunk.

Everything is here but the dog, and as no automatic dog that can be packed in a trunk and taken out, wound up and set to running, has yet been invented, the traveler will have to take his chances on finding one where he finds leisure to shoot. When you find yourself stuck for half a day in some out of the way place, don't begin by asking how much game there is in the vicinity, for you will get no reliable information. If the landlord happened to see somebody with a bunch of birds yesterday he will tell you there's lots of 'em. Otherwise he will say he don't think there's a bird in the county. The livery man will tell you the grass is full of 'em 'bout seven miles out, and if you rely on such information it won't be long till you conclude nobody ever intentionally tells the truth about game locations. If you see a good-looking bird dog on the street ask who owns him, and if his owner shoots much, and if the answer is favorable hunt up the dog's owner, tell him who you are and why you are there, and want to shoot, and ask him to go with you. He will probably say he cannot spare the time, but if you will offer to pay him what he would earn if he did not go he will be glad to shoot, instead of work, and will do his best to give you good sport. It will often turn out that the shooting is good, and oftener, perhaps, poor or indifferent. Even if it is very poor, the exercise and the expectations of shooting something, far better than to stagnate for half a day in some country town.

South of the fortieth parallel of latitude there are no doubt 500 railroad stations that have from two or three to a dozen bevies of quail in walking distance, and in many of them is a village Nimrod who knows just where they are. If you can get him you can get some of the birds. If he knows of a pond in the middle of a cornfield where some mallards keep the shallow water muddy, he will guide you there. If he has noticed a few duck feathers floating down the creek he will show you where the wild grapevines overhang the water and "guess" there must be some more wood ducks there where he shot two last week, or if you want ruffed grouse, he knows where the black haw patch is. He is often a fellow of many good qualities which a few pleasant words and the prospect of making a dollar will develop to their fullest extent. Sometimes his dog will be a real good one, one of the kind that Brother Hough says it don't hurt to be "run over with a wagon," and again he will be such a nuisance that you will wish he had been run over by a wagon when he was a pup, or even now.

I remember one dog that caught six rabbits in less than half a day. His owner said he was "commonly a powerful good quail dog, but this don't seem to be one of his days for birds." It did not seem to be one of my days for birds either, as only five were bagged, but as the dog was bent on rabbits we turned it into a rabbit shoot and had good sport with them. O. H. HAMPTON.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., Sept. 24.

## "GAME LAWS IN BRIEF."

THIS is in response to many calls for a briefer, handier and cheaper work than our established and successful *Book of the Game Laws*.

The *Brief* is prepared by the editor of the *Book* with just as much care, and will win a like reputation for accuracy and reliability.

The difference between the two is just here: The *Book* of the Game Laws gives the entire law in the full text. The *Brief* gives in brief the sections which relate to game and fish seasons, limits of size or number, non-resident requirements, transportation, etc., and gives them in brief. A practical guide for the man who is going shooting or fishing.

For illustration, the Pennsylvania deer law is given in the two works:

*In the Book of the Game Laws.*

Elk, Deer, Antelope, Venison.—Act of June 3, 1878.—Sec. 1 [as amended June 27, 1883]. Be it enacted, etc.: That no person shall kill or pursue of any part of this State any elk or wild deer, save only from the first day in October in any year to the fifteenth day of December next following, and no person shall have in his or her possession, or offer for sale or transport any elk, wild deer, antelope, or fresh venison, save only from the first day of October in any year to the thirtieth day of November next following. No person shall at any time kill any fawn when in its spotted coat, or have the fresh skin of any such fawn in his or her possession. No person shall pursue any elk or wild deer with dogs in any part of this State, or shall kill in the water any elk or wild deer or fawn which has been driven thereto by dogs; any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each elk, wild deer or fawn so killed, pursued or trapped, or fresh elk, wild deer, antelope, fawn skin had in his or her possession, and may be proceeded against in any county of the State wherein he may be arrested, having the same in his possession; and provided also, that any dogs pursuing elk or wild deer or fawn may be killed by any person, and any constable or other town official may kill any dog that habitually pursues elk, wild deer or fawn, and the owners of such dogs shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each elk, wild deer or fawn killed by such dogs; provided also, that the catching of sturgeon in any of the waters of this Commonwealth shall not be unlawful.

*In the Game Laws in Brief.*

Elk, Deer, Antelope, Venison.—Act of June 3, 1878.—Sec. 1. That no person shall kill in any part of this State any elk or wild deer, save only from the 1st day of October in any year to the 15th day of December next following, and no person shall have in possession, or offer for sale or transport any elk, wild deer, antelope, or fresh venison, save only from the 1st day of October in any year, to the 30th day of November next following. No person shall, at any time, kill any fawn when in its spotted coat. No person shall pursue any elk or wild deer with dogs in any part of this State, or shall kill in the water any elk or wild deer or fawn which has been driven thereto by dogs.

Was anything in game legislation ever more ridiculous than that tacking of sturgeon on to the deer law? The *Brief* gives the laws with the ridiculousness omitted, the legal verbiage shorn off, and as a rule with the penalties omitted—on the theory that the law-abiding man wants to know what he may do and when he may do it, not how he will be punished if he does something else, or at the wrong time.

The *Brief* is published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. The price is 25 cents.

And—something new in game law compilations—the *Brief* is handsomely illustrated with half-tones from the FOREST AND STREAM—the "Mule Deer Family," from the "Boyhood Number," several of the Amateur Photograph reproductions, one of Mr. W. Townsend's ducking pictures, and others—more than twenty in all.

Bought for its utility, the *Brief* will be preserved for its beauty.

### Jottings from Jersey.

HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.—The open season for gray squirrels has already afforded considerable sport. The frisky folk are more abundant than they have been for ten years or more in this section. I confess to a liking for the pursuit of this kind of game, in which the man who can emulate the patience of Job generally comes out ahead. As I have gained about a hundred-weight of avoirdupois since I sent you the last item with this title and signature, I find that I can sit still as long as anybody. B.

### Carrier Pigeon No. 55.

BURKEHAVEN, Sunapee Lake, N. H., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While shooting in my woods here to day I aimed at what I presumed was a wild pigeon. It was flying low, and upon recovering it I found it was a carrier pigeon with a rubber band on leg numbered 55. Whose bird have I unwittingly killed? G. H. DANA.

### Wild Rice.

MR. CHARLES GILCHRIST, of Harwood, Ont., writes us that after sending the note we referred to the other day, of the loss of the rice crop, he received some 150 bushels from a sheltered bay where the storm had not destroyed it; and he is therefore prepared to supply orders to that extent.

## SQUIRREL PIE.

ADRIAN, Mich.—Two noted sportsmen not far from this place had long been talking of a squirrel dinner. In fact, each day as they went to their respective homes to dinner, they had pictured a fine platter of squirrel, and imagination had grown so strong, and had increased their appetites to such an extent, that they could resist no longer. So they took a day from business and went in search of game.

Both said that they never come home without bringing from 12 to 20 squirrels, told their families of the number they would bring home for a squirrel pie, and several neighbors and friends were enjoined not to order meat the next day, as they never failed, and would bring home plenty for all.

After tramping four long miles they found two very small squirrels. Then another four miles were tramped. Occasionally a squirrel was seen and shot at, but only chattered back saucily, and nothing fell. Finally darkness came on, and by this time the pangs of hunger were keenly felt. In imagination both went through a squirrel dinner, where fried squirrel were before them in aggravating numbers. Once more they quickened their steps to find a new place where the game danced around from tree to tree. Both aimed and fired, and fired again, but as before, nothing fell. Finally one bird was added to the game bag.

Darkness had gathered, and they must return. But how were they to meet their friends without taking them the promised squirrel? Once more the game bag was opened to see if the two squirrels within were really not four; when, lo, the bird, which had been only stunned, flew out and into a tree. By this time the home of one was reached; and the guns and game bag were deposited on the stoop, while both entered, tired and hungry, for supper.

During the meal (which was a very silent one on the part of the two hunters) it was decided that one should have the two squirrels cooked for his dinner the next day, and in the presence of their friends should tell how good they were, and how sorry they were that they had not got quite enough to go round, but that they would go again and then the rest should have them. This plan the other heartily approved; and excusing himself, before his friend should have time to change his mind, he went out on the stoop to shoulder his gun and game bag and start for home. But where was the game? That surely was the game bag dragged half-way across the lawn, and, yes, those dark objects were really cats sneaking off with the game.

All friends were seen smoking good cigars the next day instead of eating squirrel. C.

## BIRD NOTES FROM MISSOURI.

ALEXANDRIA, Mo., Sept. 26.—The spring and early summer months in this part of the great West were exceptionally rainy. Most all lands were kept wet from heavy precipitation until the first week in August, and consequently all kinds of game birds suffered greatly in trying to raise their broods. But regardless of this climatic adversity, a large percentage of quail brought out their new flocks quite early in the season. In the latter days of July I observed many bunches of young quail which had almost reached their full size. This, so early in the summer, is not common in this latitude. Here in the closing days of September I notice coveys of young quail which are grown, and although the number of birds per covey is not large, the flocks appear quite numerous.

Prairie chickens are evidently becoming scarcer and scarcer every year. I have noticed but few old birds during the season, and have seen no young ones.

The pinnated grouse, following in the trail of other native game birds, reads its doom in the plowing up of its brooding grounds, together with the merciless hunters with their improved and destructive fire arms.

During the summer I have diligently watched for the appearance of even a solitary pigeon, but my studied observations have been fruitless. I have no evidence that any pigeons have returned to any parts of this State.

On Sept. 25, immense flocks of pelicans appeared along the Mississippi, pursuing their annual migrations southward. One flock I observed was a fourth of a mile in length, and contained hundreds of these great birds. The pelicans are the only wild fowl which seem to maintain their average numbers.

One bright day of the last week of September, a proud eagle came sailing from the far north, and went on its journey to the warmer regions of the south. It was a young bird, being of a brown color, and was lacking in the characteristic whiteness of head and tail.

Few ducks of any species raise their young along these valley lands of the Des Moines and Mississippi, for their natural homes and retreats in the inland ponds and lakes are being invaded and devoted to the requirements of civilization.

In view of the growing scarcity of grouse, quail, waterfowl and game animals, the sportsman wonders how he is to pursue his cherished amusement in these regions which a few years since abounded in all kinds of wild animals and birds.

View the subject as we may, we are compelled to acknowledge that the native game birds and animals are rapidly disappearing, and will in not very remote time be extinct. JASPER BLINES.

### Game Birds for Massachusetts.

MASSCHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—Committee on Acclimatization.—Boston, Oct. 1.—The Committee on Acclimatization of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association report the receipt of their first shipment this season.

This consists of 14 dozen Gambel's partridge (*Plumiferus gambeli*), which arrived in Boston Sept. 28, and have been loosed, half in Berkshire and half in Bristol county.

Two other lots are expected within the next fortnight to complete the order of 500 birds.

No other shipments are expected until about the first part of January, when 500 prairie chicken (*Tympanuchus americanus*) and 500 sharp-tailed grouse (*Pedicœcetes phasianellus columbianus*) will begin to come.

The committee is now ready to receive applications for birds, and also state that they shall be glad to receive contributions of money to enlarge the orders for bids already placed. HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y.

53 State street, Room 948.

## NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of the Executive Committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be adjourned from Oct. 13 to Nov. 17, to be held on the latter date in Syracuse. No business will be done on Oct. 13.

### Small Loads and Quick Primers.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Nearly two years ago I wrote a short article which was printed in your journal, advocating the use of small charges of Schultze and E. C. powders for quail and other small game, as well as trap shooting. I stated then that in my opinion 2¾drs. of powder was a sufficient charge for the purposes named, used in a 12 gauge gun. This statement called much criticism and some ridicule, but the present condition of things would indicate that I was only a little ahead of the times, and not in error after all. Several of the large cartridge-loading companies are furnishing loads of 2½drs. Schultze or E. C. powder and 1¼oz. shot, loaded, too, in shells having the old style No. 2 primer. That the load is sufficient is evidenced by their continued popularity and rapidly increasing sales. For my use, however, I prefer the same load used in the new "smokeless" shell with the No. 3 primer, now generally on sale throughout the country, and at a reasonable price. This shell hand-loaded by myself with 2½drs. Schultze, a cardboard, three black edge and another cardboard wad on powder, 1¼oz. Tatham's chilled shot No. 8, a Squires shot wad on top, well turned down with a Spangler crimper, gives me better satisfaction at trap than any combination I ever tried, and I have been experimenting for several years, in fact ever since the nitro powders were introduced into this country. It is quick, has no unpleasant recoil, is cheap, and in every way satisfactory. The strongest point in favor of the new No. 3 primer is that it gives quick ignition and thorough combustion of the powder, with such a high velocity to the shot that it is unnecessary to hold ahead of cross-flying targets. Poor shooting with a slow powder is mainly caused by errors of judgment in holding, and to be enabled to "hold on" will improve the average shooter's score twenty per cent. JASONE.

### Prairie Chickens and Ducks.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 26.—The chicken season is about over as far as the general public is concerned; still, good shooting can be had. To say they have been plenty does not express it. Albert Fischer, president of the St. Paul Rubber Company, and W. Wilder, of Grand Forks, N. D., were in a party of four that shot near the boundary line in North Dakota. They report over 300 birds in a three days' shoot.

Judge Cory of the Municipal Court, William Hamm, Harry Osburn and F A. Kennard with four others went West on the "Soo" Line, and killed 539 chickens in a seven days' shoot. They could have shot double by hard work early and late, but had no use for more.

Dr. Richeson and John Phister, the well-known Seventh street jeweler, have just returned from a hunt near Blue Earth City, in southern Minnesota, and report chickens very scarce in that locality, and no wonder, for if reports are true the natives have been shooting them since Aug. 1.

Have heard of some good bags of ducks shot near Wilmar on the Great Northern Railway. They are also reported very plenty west of Tintah on the same road. But what few I have seen were very poor, in fact some of them can't fly yet. My dog in retrieving a winged chicken near a slough brought back a young duck, and on being sent out again repeated the performance, and on looking in the grass we saw a dozen or more running around. They were of all kinds, mallards, bluewing teal, spoonbills. I saw a few nice teal that came from Lake Jenney near Dassell, Minn., shot Sept. 18. This fine pass has been leased for fifteen years by some St. Paul and Minneapolis parties and a club house erected. F. A. K.

### A Connecticut "Choker" Fined.

WEDNESDAY of this week will be a day long remembered by Thomas H. Austin, of Suffield. On Monday Detective Irving D. Townsend, being in the employ of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, of this city, visited Suffield in their interest. He caught "Homer" Austin in the act of setting snares, and found one partridge snared by him in his possession. Mr. Townsend reported the facts to President A. C. Collins, of the association. On Wednesday Mr. Collins went to Suffield and arrested Austin, and brought him before Justice of the Peace Horace K. Ford, of that town. Justice Ford found Austin guilty on four counts and fined him $5 on each count and costs of prosecution. The costs amounted to about the same sum as the fines, and $40 will give him some respect for the game law. The snaring of partridges is very expensive and bad business. Lawyer L. W. Austin, of Suffield, defended Austin, and Game Warden A. C. Collins appeared for the association.—*Hartford Courant, Sept. 30.*

### Pennsylvania Wild Turkeys.

SQUIRRELS and wild turkeys are reported to be abundant in the vicinity of Dauphin, Pa. Our informant states that he saw recently a flock of 21 turkeys, and that hunters have frequently brought in from 18 to 20 squirrels after a day's hunt. Six squirrels were shot out of a hickory tree near the town. Mr. Hoffman, the proprietor of the hotel at Dauphin, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and has been very successful in his hunting.

### Clipped from Letters.

THOMPSON'S panther, in your last, is great, it all but moves, and is a worthy study. In action it seems to me that he outranks Beard, who, although he does beautiful work, is not in it with Thompson, who feels what his pen interprets. This, at all events, is the way in which his work impresses me. W. TOWNSEND.

"O. O. S.'s" panther story is a mighty good one. My boy teases me to tell it again every night, and thinks it quite "knocks the stuffing" out of my old stock of panthers that I have been in the habit of trotting out for his amusement till the sawdust was beginning to sift through the seams. AWAHSOOSE.

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Salmon Pond in Canada.

I HAVE lately received the report of the Department of Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada for 1891, which includes the report of Mr. Samuel Wilmot, superintendent of fishculture. From this and the reports of the officers in charge of the hatching stations I learn of the initiation of an experiment in salmon culture which might with profit be put in practice on the Hudson River. This was the impounding of parent salmon, from which to take eggs for artificial hatching, and it was completely successful. The Carleton Pond is a reservoir for confining salmon in the harbor at the city of St. John, New Brunswick, through which the tide ebbs and flows, with movable gates at the entrance to hold the fish. At high tide the water covers 6 to 8 acres of surface and at low water a large hole or basin is left 15ft. deep, with a quarter of an acre of surface. Last year about 300 adult salmon were caught in the nets in the harbor during June and July and placed in this pond, where they were kept until Oct. 28, when the stripping began, and was continued until Nov. 10. During that time 234 females and 85 males were manipulated, furnishing about 1,600,000 eggs. All the eggs were placed on the trays in the hatchery house in first-class condition after packing and shipping.

Mr. Chas. McClusky, the officer in charge says: "The salmon in the pond were in excellent condition, healthy and smart, and free from disease of any kind that could be discovered, and they were all liberated apparently in as good condition as when first taken from the water, and not a fish was lost during the whole operation." The eggs were of a higher color than those taken from salmon in fresh water; otherwise there was no observable difference. Mr. Wilmot says that doubts were entertained about the healthfulness of the pool for retaining salmon, because of sewage and other matter running into it from the surrounding buildings, but happily they were unfounded. If my memory serves me, Mr. Atkins, at Bucksport, Me., has in different years lost from 25 per cent. to all of the salmon in his fresh water retaining ponds from fungus.

Up to this time all the salmon eggs and salmon yearlings for stocking the Hudson River have come from the U. S. hatching stations in Maine, and the greatest number of fry planted in the Hudson in one year was 588,188, in 1889. These fish will be returning from the sea next year, and with the fish from previous plantings there should be a larger run of salmon in the Hudson than ever before. We know that 300 adult fish were captured in nets (illegally) in the Hudson in 1888, but how many more no one can tell, or rather no one will tell, and that was the third year that salmon had returned to the stream as the result of plantings in the headwater brooks. Only three plantings could have been heard from at that time, and they amounted to 890,000 fry. The law against netting salmon makes it impossible to get any returns concerning the salmon from the lower Hudson (Matthew Kennedy wrote me last summer that he took ten salmon in his net, at Hudson, and returned them to the water), but we know that there are plenty of salmon in the river, although nothing has been done by the State to make the Hudson a self-sustaining salmon stream. There has been talk of making a breeding pen some wherebelow Troy, and taking the eggs from the fish that may be caught in nets, but thus far it has ended in talk. With every inducement which the Hudson offers to become a first-class salmon river and a source of wealth and pleasure, the State after building three fishways is satisfied to do nothing at all to bring this much desired state of affairs about. How much longer the U. S. Fish Commission will continue to furnish salmon eggs to a State that does not appreciate them I do not know. It is evident from the experiment in Canada that a salmon pond may be erected easily, and it is equally certain that the spawning fish may be obtained, but will the State take the matter in hand?

### Rangeley Trout.

We do not now hear so much about the big speckled trout of the Androscoggin Lakes as we once did, and perhaps certain jigging operations that were once conducted at Upper Dam, and upon which FOREST AND STREAM turned a search light that was hotter than the ordinary electric light, has had something to do with it; but there are still big trout there and they are caught legitimately, even if the records do not find their way into the newspapers. Mr. Wm. D. Cleveland, president of the Houston (Texas) Cotton Exchange, and Col. A. H. Belo, proprietor of the Galveston *News* and Dallas *News*, have been at Fred Barker's camp on Mooselucmeguntic Lake for a month or more, and made excursions to the surrounding waters for trout and to New Hampshire for deer, all of which were successful. They have not taken any of the very large fish, but Mr. Cleveland writes me under date of Sept. 12, that at Upper Dam the week before some big trout were taken with the fly. One of 9lbs. 2oz., one of 8¼lbs., one of 6lbs., and several of 3 and 4lbs. each. Col. Belo and his son caught some fine trout in Richardson Pond, all taken with the fly. Mr. Cleveland went out one day with a young daughter, and the little lady beat her dad by catching the biggest trout, one of 2¼lbs.

### The Late Dr. von Behr.

At the General Assembly of the Deutscher Fischerei Verein in Berlin to take action upon the death of the late president, Dr. Friedrich Felix von Behr, the principal speakers were Prof. Virchow and Dr. Dernburg. At another time I shall give brief extracts from these addresses, for they refer most feelingly to Dr. von Behr's interest in American fishes, and his attachment to friends in the United States. I know personally of his interest in all that pertains to the welfare of this country. In a recent letter from one of Dr. von Behr's family accompanying a photograph of the von Behr mansion at Schmoldow, the writer says: "I regret that the picture does not also show the garden so dear to my father. He had many trees planted in it by his friends so to keep a living remembrance of them; thus an American group reminds us of some of your countrymen which we had the pleasure of meeting in Schmoldow."

Only two or three weeks before Dr. von Behr's death he wrote me of his regret that his advanced age would prevent his attending our World's Fair, and he looked forward with pleasure to at least hearing of the grand fishery exhibit at Chicago. A. N. CHENEY.

## WESTERN PRAIRIE AND EASTERN STREAMS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Every angler who has taken delight in wading our trout streams for the past twenty-five or thirty years has viewed with alarm the steady and uniform diminution of the water flow.

The subject has arrested the attention of our Legislature, particularly as to those streams having their sources in our forests and mountains. Forest preserves have been created and the destruction of forest trees prevented or checked largely on the ground that the causes are local, but are they local? Can the preservation of the trees at the sources of our streams do more than retard a result which is inevitable from other and more far-reaching causes? Is there and has there been any definite relation between the running down of our streams and the destruction of the trees at their sources?

Perhaps some facts in regard to the lower Water Shed of the State of New York may throw some light upon this subject.

In this region, commonly called the Catskill range of mountains, which are from 3,500 to 4,000ft. high, are the sources of many noted trout streams. These mountains which extend perhaps thirty miles from east to west and twenty north and south, are practically in their primitive condition.

I have visited these streams for some thirty-five years and have been a close observer as to their varying condition. Seven noted trout streams, viz., The Beaverkill, Neversink, Rondout, Willewemoc, Esopus, Dry Brook and Millbrook, have their sources in this range, several of these sources being close together and near the mountain tops. For miles from the sources of the largest of these streams the axe has seldom if ever touched a tree, and the clearings on the lower portions are substantially the same as they were when I first visited them.

Thirty years ago this region was usually visited in the months of May and June with several northeast storms, and in every year the lumbermen on the Beaverkill were in the habit of taking advantage of what they called the "June fresh," to run their lumber in rafts from Westfield Flats to Philadelphia.

When the streams were filled by one of these storms they usually remained too high for fishing for several days.

About the year 1859 I spent two weeks upon the Beaverkill, during which time I had but one day's fishing on account of two northeast storms. Thirty years ago I had the same experience on the Rondout, a northeast storm raised the stream bank-full, and I had to wait several days before I could venture to wade it.

These storms were almost invariably followed by strong westerly winds which continued for two or three days.

All this has entirely changed. A northeast storm is seldom know any more, and when it does come the streams run down almost as rapidly as they rise. Last year I was on the Rondout when it was filled bank-full by a steady and heavy rain, which was followed the next morning by the usual westerly wind. The stream ran down so rapidly that in the afternoon it was possible to wade it, and in the afternoon of the next day it was almost too low for good fishing. The same is equally true of the Beaverkill; on the second day after a storm it is usually in good condition and on the third day too low for good fishing.

For the purpose of ascertaining whether this running down of these streams commenced at their sources or at the point where the land on the banks had been cleared, I went up the Beaverkill four or five years ago, within a day or two after a heavy storm, for several miles above the point where a tree had ever been cut, and found the water down to the drought level.

I have found also by actual comparison that these mountain streams have of late years run down as rapidly as the streams which in other places run through lands which have been cleared and drained from source to mouth, and if the experience of others coincides with my own, and I believe that it will, then the destruction of the trees at the headwaters of our streams is but one, and a very limited one, of the causes of their gradual drying up.

I suggest the following theory as accounting in part at least for the conditions above referred to. Years ago the lands lying west of us were unbroken, the prairies were covered with the natural grass, and the swamps and low lands were undrained. Under those conditions the winds which largely prevailed from the west were fairly surcharged with moisture by reason of the natural evaporation from the soil low lands and swamps, and when these winds were forced up to the altitude of from 3,000 to 4,000ft., the moisture was condensed into rain and the mountain tops were saturated with moisture which slowly and steadily, through springs and rivulets, kept up the water supply of the streams.

Now the prairies are no longer covered with grass. Where trees abounded they have been cut with an unsparing hand in the great process of reducing the land to cultivation, the low lands and swamps have been drained, and the rain which falls sinks deep into the cleared land, or is carried off immediately by surface drainage. The air as it blows over is no longer supplied with moisture from the soil through natural evaporation, but rather yields what it can of moisture to the soil to produce an equilibrium, and when this air blows over the mountains it does not contain sufficient moisture to be condensed into rain, but rather like a dry sponge sucks up moisture from the soil to restore it to its normal condition.

If there is any force in the above theory, then it follows that our trout streams are largely doomed. The preservation of the trees at or near their sources will but partially save them.

Does not the cutting down of every tree wherever situated, by which the earth is exposed to the direct rays of the sun, constitute a unit in the process of the destruction of the water supply of our streams? And if so,

would not the planting of every tree constitute a unit of force in the opposite direction?

If so, would it not be well for the Forest Commission to check, as far as may lie in its power, the cutting down of trees in the cleared lands as well as in our forests, and to foster a general spirit in favor of planting and preserving trees everywhere throughout the State?

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 28.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 29.—Mr. Geo. E. Cole, president of the State Fish League, is back from his three months' trip to the seashore with his family, and announces himself ready to go to work again. President Cole has called a meeting of the board of directors of the league for Tuesday, Oct. 4, at Springfield. It is hoped that this meeting will be attended by all members of the board. Several hundred dollars have been pledged in this city.

Dr. Bartlett, of the State Fish Commission, is in town to-day. He reports a very busy season and many convictions. He says the Illinois fish exhibit at the World's Fair will be the finest the State has ever attempted and will be complete. Few departments of the Fair will be more interesting to sportsmen than that of Fish and Fisheries.

THE KEKOSKEE FISH STORY.

I have received permission to tell the Kekoskee fish story, provided that I do so in a careful and temperate manner. I do not know how to obey this injunction better than by giving it in the words of Dr. Clark, of Mayville, Wis., from whom we first heard it.

"These events happened before the war," said he. "They are so singular and improbable that I always hesitate about telling the story. You will probably laugh at me and not believe me, yet every word of this is true.

"The winter of 1860 was very cold. At that time a vast lake covered the whole ground where Horicon marsh now is. This lake was full of fish, and when the ice had frozen deep over every portion of the lake, these fish became distressed for air. The Rock River, as you know, is a lively stream here, and as you have noticed, it has a stretch of swift water just below the great dam at Kekoskee. This dam existed at the time of the story. You have looked with your own eyes upon the very spot where these startling incidents occurred.

"The fish, unable to breathe in the half solid lake, crowded up the live channel of the Rock River, making for the hole which the swift water kept open in the ice below Kekoskee Dam. Most of these fish were bullheads, and no river of salmon ever equalled this run of bull heads. It is six miles from the lake up to Kekoskee Dam, and the ice on the river was 2ft. thick, yet the whole bed of the river, 40yds. wide, was for six miles so packed with bullheads that the heavy covering of tough ice in places rolled and tossed like the waves of the sea, so desperate was the struggle of the horny host beneath it.

"The first arrival of the run of fish at the open hole was marked by a geyserlike eruption of bullheads, 50ft. across and about 12ft. high. The pressure of the fish behind was simply enormous. The fish could not get back in the water, and so slid out on the ice, covering it in every direction for hundreds of yards to a depth varying from 6in. to 2ft.

"The air was filled with a strange, low murmuring sound, which could be heard nearly a mile around. Old settlers say they have never heard such a sound since. Dreading some unknown calamity, they hastened to the spot, and there, as you may suppose, their dread was turned to joy.

"Before noon of that day every team of the whole neighborhood was at the dam, hauling bullheads. The amount of bullheads taken from that spot I hesitate to state, for fear you will not believe it. You cannot believe it. I do not ask you to believe it. No one believes it. They always laugh at us when we tell this story, and think we have gone crazy. In Wisconsin the term 'Kekoskee man' is used to designate one who has a wheel in his head. No Kekoskee man has been believed on oath or admitted to a jury in Wisconsin since 1860. This unearned reputation has ruined the town. You see it as it is, silent, almost deserted, a few empty buildings standing as monuments to a town martyred unto ruin by too strict an adherence to the truth. For every word of this story is true.

"If you will come with me about a mile out in the country, I will introduce you to the widow Sneider, now an old lady. The widow Sneider will tell you that on one morning she counted 900 (nine hundred) wagon loads of bullheads on their way from the geyser below the dam. This was only one morning, and the run lasted for two weeks. Of course, this number of wagons represented only a part of those which passed, and this was on only one road of several leading out into the country.

"The bullheads were shoveled into the wagons like potatoes and the regular price was 25 cents a load, a nominal sum, to cover the shoveling only. One man who shoveled there bought him a farm in this vicinity with the money so earned.

"The bullheads were hauled out into the country and used largely for manure. There is no richer land in Wisconsin than this has been since 1860. All the farmers fed the bullheads to their hogs and for two years after that you couldn't get a decent piece of pork in this part of the State. It was all fishy. The hogs all took naturally to worms and liver after that, and some of them evinced rudimentary gills behind the ears. Oh, I don't blame you for doubting this. They all do.

"There was a ford on the road at this point of the river, but the wagons could not get into the water. After the first eruption of bullheads had subsided planks were laid across on the living pontoon bridge of fish and on these the teams crossed.

"Even after the run had subsided very much, dogs and children were known to run across the open hole on the backs of the bullheads. Still later in the run, after the fish had thinned out a great deal, a man well known in this community, Julius Cornell, slipped from the ice and fell into the hole. He could not get into the water for the fish. You smile at this. I do not blame you. We are used to it. No one ever believes this story.

"After the bullheads thinned out so you could get a spear through them, as they lay in a matted layer, it was discovered that there were layers of bass and pickerel lower down in the water, and much sport was had with these later on.

"Of course everybody that winter lived on bullheads and they were used in many ways. As I have said, the farmers fed them to their hogs. We had a lazy sort of expressman here named Brush, and he owned a fall-down old horse, which dated back to the Mexican war and was called Santa Anna. Brush insisted that he was too poor to buy Santa Anna hay, and so he fed him bullheads all winter, and that was everything the horse had to eat for four months. Oh, laugh, if you want to, we're used to it. But I'll take you out and show you Santa Anna, a good healthy sort of horse to-day. Brush has moved to Bayfield, but you ask any citizen of this town if Santa Anna didn't live on bullheads and if he don't tell you just what I have I'll retract the whole story. You needn't think for a minute that I'm talking to you out of my head. These things are all facts and you can get all the proof you want. You just go out alone, don't take me along, but just stop any citizen of Mayville you meet and ask him how about the Kekoskee bullheads. That's all I ask you to do. You just sift this story and see if you don't find it true."

We did sift the story and we did find it true. That is the singular thing about the story, and that is why I call it the most remarkable story I ever heard. The facts themselves are not beyond the range of imagination, but to have a whole community rise up and testify to their truth—that proves that imagination had nothing to do with it, and that the facts are facts pure and simple. Ordinarily one man tells a fish story. Here two hundred tell it and tell it just the same. The evidence is legal, convincing, overwhelming. In the total it makes up the grandest fish story ever was. I tell it here but it is nothing. No one man can tell it. It takes a whole town to tell it. To hear it aright you must go to Mayville. There the whole town will tell you this story. You dare not, can not, doubt it. You will believe and you will feel, as we did there, that the entire chain of circumstances in this case constitutes the most remarkable incident in the history of a lifetime.

We met Mr. F. M. Lawrence, leading attorney of the town, and asked him carelessly about this story. Mr. Lawrence was alone, and not within reach of Dr. Clark.

"Oh, about those Kekoskee bullheads?" said he. "Yes, that was a great time. The Widow Sneider, out here a mile on the road, counted 900 wagonloads of bullheads go by in one morning. A dog could run across the open hole on the backs of the fish. Julius Cornell fell off the ice and couldn't get into the water for the fish. The farmers fed bullheads to their hogs, and one fellow here in town, name of Brush, kept his horse all winter on bullheads. He had them stacked up out in the yard. The horse's name is Santa Anna. Want to see him? Come along with me, and I'll show him to you. A good many people don't believe this story, but I'll show you the horse."

We happened across Ed Sauerhering, who owns the drug store, and dropped a hint that we had heard something of this story. He was alone, and couldn't see Dr. Clark or Mr. Lawrence.

"Oh," said he, "those bullheads? Yes, there was an awful lot of them. Julius Cornell slipped off the ice and fell into the hole, but he couldn't get into the water for the fish. That was in the cold winter of 1860. The Widow Sneider counted 900 wagonloads of bullheads go by her house one morning. You see, the farmers fed the bullheads to their hogs. Old Brush, an expressman here, kept his horse, old Santa Anna, all winter on bullheads. He said he couldn't afford hay, and he had plenty of bullheads. Do you want to see Santa Anna? He's one of the features of the town. Come along, and I'll show him to you."

At the hotel we met the landlord, an old German, and we said a word or so about the story.

"Oh," said he, "D se bullhets? My, dot was an offul dime alretty. Yulius Gornell, he fall der ice off, and he gouldn't get into der wasser bei der vishes yet. Efferybody feeds dose bullhets bei der hogs, and I gets me so tired of bullhets I bin sick of life. Old Prush, der egsbressman, he feeds bullhets all vinter bei his horse, old Santy Anny alretty. Yas, dot Santy Anny dond eat noding elses ven der bullhets last. Of you vand to see old Santy Anny you gome along, und I shows him to you. Der Vitter Schneider, dot lives bei one mile on der road out, she hat doch nine hundert vagon loats of bullhets on einzigen morgen gesehen. I shows you old Santy Anny und der Vitter Schneider. Yas, dere is no doubdt upoud dose bullhets not py a longvays yet."

That evening we sat in the hotel office, a kind of town meeting ground. One by one, as the different citizens came in at the door, they were, without previous hint and without possibility of collusion, asked to stand and deliver the Kekoskee bullhead story. One by one they did so, without hesitation, and with absolute unanimity on the points of Julius Cornell, the Widow Sneider, and old Santa Ana, as well as on minor details.

This is what I claim for the Kekoskee fish story. It is not a plain lie and it is not unbridled imagination, but the best possible exposition of facts which do not admit of doubt. The evidence is there, and any man can go and hear it. If he does, he will doubt no more, but believe as I do and as I hope all readers of this do. Moreover, I have myself seen the very spot where the hole in the ice was. I have seen the house of the Widow Sneider, and I have seen Santa Anna. An etching of the latter dramatis persona is forwarded herewith.

I should dislike to have this story meet the ridicule with which I treated it before I had become convinced of its entire truthfulness, and any doubting allusions to it I shall treat as personal aspersions. If the proof offered here is not sufficient, there is plenty more in Mayville.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 1.—It seems, by the issue of Sept. 29, that Mr. Jay Beebe, of Toledo, O., has a grayling pocket located somewhere in Michigan. I question very gravely whether he has any right to keep it covered up that way, but it is very likely that I shall get into it next season, if his promise holds good till then. There is nothing I should so much enjoy as a trip after grayling. It begins to be apparent why so little mention appears regarding the grayling fishing of Michigan. If Mr. Beebe describes his pocket no more definitely than by saying it is 40 miles from a railroad tie, I think its whereabouts will be sufficiently indefinite to bar all guessers. What railroad tie does he mean? This is worse than my game pocket, a great deal.

The 8 cent, No. 25 unbleached linen line, twisted, boiled in oil, duly reached me via FOREST AND STREAM office, and I thank Mr. Beebe for it. I agree with him that it will hold any bass that ever grew. So will a 4-cent chalk line, one of which I shall be glad, if he likes, to buy for him, on the principle that a fair exchange is no robbery. But you have to catch your bass before you hold him, and in bait-casting you have to get your bait out before you can catch your bass. I personally know Mr. Beebe to be a fly-fisher of ability and wide experience, but does he, or does any benighted citizen so far east as Ohio—save the mark!—know so much about this bait-casting business? The line he sends me is fit for neither fly-casting nor bait-casting, although it could be used at still-fishing, or in whipping a small bait with a fly-rod. I never troll for bass myself. I am asking for a strong bait-casting line and am still in the dark in the search for it. To-day I send Mr. Beebe, via FOREST AND STREAM, some fragments which I have just broken from the end of a rotten bait-casting line. This line is raw silk, as I presume all bait-casting lines must be in order to secure perfect pliancy and smooth delivery. When new it was strong, though very small and light. Two days in the guides made it what it is—a very risky medium of communication with a healthy bass. Treatment with oil or waterproofing usually stiffens a line so that it is worthless for casting off the reel. If Mr. Beebe will wind this raw silk line around his finger he will find it will lie close down and not kick up. Then if he will try a bit of his oiled linen line in the same way he will find that it will lie loosely and will kink and kick up. It would not be possible to use it for free-reel casting, I should think, for it is too stiff and sticky. As a bullhead line, now, or as a string to tie up cigarette pictures, or a cord to fasten a minnow pail, or maybe hang up seed-corn with in the winter time, I can see how this line would be a success, but I must enlist Mr. Beebe in further search for a line that will follow a frog 30 or 40yds. from the reel, and hold a bass as long as your arm. Meantime, I wish the winter were over, so we could go grayling fishing.

BROKE THE RECORD.

From time to time I have mentioned the remarkable catches of bass made on the Kankakee River in the ten miles of water near Mak-saw-ba Club. We have had no fishing here to compare with it. I presume over 1,200 bass, averaging say 2lbs., have been taken in that water by the half dozen bass fishermen of the club since July 1. Last Saturday Mr. L. R. Brown caught 25 bass, and on the same day Mr. R. B. Organ broke the club record for the season. Mr. Organ caught 32 small-mouth bass, 1 big-mouth and 1 wall-eyed pike, the latter weighing 6lbs. He also killed 3 ducks and 13 bullfrogs, and moreover did all this between 11:30 A. M. and 4:45 P. M. He caught 23 small-mouth bass out of one hole. He used live frogs chiefly, but caught some fish on spoon and quill bait, and even caught one on a rubber frog. It was his day out. It may be remembered that about a month ago nearly all the bass taken here were big-mouths. Now they are nearly all small-mouths, and the big-mouths are gone. This is the history of the bass at this point every fall. Can any one explain it?

Dr. D. H. Shields, one of the directors of the State Fish League, informs me of a slight miscarriage of justice in the following words:

"I am sorry to inform you that we have had some bad luck. We arrested two netters in the act of fishing, and yesterday, the 26th, was the day set for trial. We had no one to prosecute the case, as the prosecuting attorney failed to get to the trial. Our warden played lawyer and we got beat, they getting clear on the plea that they were catching bait."

The season in this section has been good for bass, fair for trout, bad for mascallonge. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## SOME ILLINOIS WATERS.

QUINCY, Ill., Sept. 27.—The shores of Quincy Bay have been covered with hook-and-line fishermen to-day, and hundreds of good fish have been taken home. The outfit is very simple, consisting usually of a cheap cane rod or a hickory stick with a short line and a single hook baited with angle worms. With the rods a float is used. Many anglers have hand lines only.

In company with Dr. Bartlett I counted fully sixty people engaged in fishing within one-half mile from the boat house of the Illinois Fish Commission, and every one of them had a fair string of fish. Nearly all of the anglers had carp of the scale, mirror and leather varieties and some carried fine specimens of black bass. It grieves me to report that many bass measuring only 4 or 5in. in length are caught and kept for the frying-pan. There is no law at present to prevent this slaughter of the baby fish; but there is no reasonable doubt that the outrage will be stopped by legislation next winter. Dr. Bartlett has informed me that a man boasted of having caught 800 fingerling bass, which he carried home and afterward threw into his ash heap because too soft to use. Quincy Bay is a wonderful breeding ground for black bass and furnishes unsurpassed fishing, but it cannot stand such senseless and uncivilized practices as the above.

Mr. L. B. Bartlett has observed a curious habit of the black bass which is probably not known to some readers of FOREST AND STREAM. At the head of Quincy Bay some years ago he saw something bright flash out of water near the shore, which was overhung by bushes. By expert use of a shotgun he struck two of these objects while in the air and was much surprised to find them black bass. The fish had been jumping out of water to take insects from the bushes.

The carp is well thought of in Quincy Bay and vicinity, and thousands of pounds of these fish have found their way into the homes of poor people, to whom the ease with which the carp can be obtained is a great boon. It has come to my knowledge also that the Stranahan Brothers in Cleveland place carp on their bill of fare alternately with whitefish and their patrons are equally pleased with the two. T. H. B.

### St. Louis Fishing Notes.

FISHING in all the resorts tributary to St. Louis has been remarkably good during the past month. The exceedingly high water of the spring had the effect of restocking all the lakes, and the result is better fishing than for many years past. The writer was at King's Lake one day a short time ago and fishing for croppies was most excellent. Over 500 fish were taken in one day

within half a mile of the club house, and the indications are that there will be good sport the balance of the season. There is also good fishing in the Big and Little Piney rivers, in the Gasconade, and in the St. Francis, Black and Current rivers. Just now Spring Lake is coming in for a good share of attention on account of its most excellent bass fishing. Mr. Fred Hugunin was up at the lake last week, and in a day and a half caught 94 black bass, the largest weighing 4½lbs. He caught all his fish on the fly, and had the best success with the Seth-Green, peacock and the Stewart fly. Spring Lake is reached from St. Louis by the Jacksonville & Southeastern R. R., and round trip tickets are sold to the lake for $6 There is a hotel known as the Idlewild, kept by Mr. H. N. Cook, who will treat sportsmen in a proper manner, and boats and other accommodations can be had by the angler.

ABERDEEN.

### Potomac Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 13.—The Dove Creek Fishing Club is perhaps one of the smallest clubs in existence, having but four members. The club has a small house near Mount Vernon, fitted with cots and a culinary department, and is always in readiness for the members and their friends. Messrs. W. C. Kimpton, E. C. Ford and H. A. Parker were down last week and had excellent fishing. Their score was 175 white and yellow perch, 2 black bass and one small croaker. The fish were caught right off from the Mt. Vernon dock along the grass near the main channel of the river. Small minnows were used as bait. The river was full of minnows at this point. The capture of a croaker in the river as far up as Mt. Vernon is something unlooked for, and the party were much surprised. The river has been so low that crabs came up, so, we presume, the croaker thought he would make a break for the capital of his country.

We inadvertently referred to Mrs. McCathran, etc., as being with the Helmet Club. It should have read Miss McC. accompanied her brother.

BON.

### Susquehanna Bass.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 30.—While speeding along the Pennsylvania road from the West I saw from the car window a good ly number of boats engaged in fishing for black bass at Foster's Falls, near Duncannon, Pa., and at Hunter's Falls, which is a little further down the river. A traveling companion whose home is near these grounds says they are famous for bass, and the fishing is good at this time. Stone catfish are preferred for bait, but helgramites, minnows and "crabs" (crawfish) are also used effectively. The river at these points is rocky and full of rapids and eddies, furnishing ideal haunts for black bass. The fishermen were located very near the rocks. Both the Juniata and the Susquehanna still contain the walls of fish traps, and all that is needed to make them complete is a small set net at the narrow end of the triangle. Doubtless on dark nights many of them are in full operation.

T. H. B.

### Montana Notes.

LIVINGSTON.—A number of rods are going into the Yellowstone Park. The fishing is reported fair.

*Arlee.*—The Jocko River here furnishes good trout fishing and anglers are busy. Chair and whitefish are also present. Dull-colored flies are much used. Grasshoppers are equally good. Nearly all the flies noticed by me in use were brown-backles. Mr. Alex. Dow tells me that Jocko Lake farnishes unusually good fishing. Sometimes a single line is rigged with nine hooks and, if left down a short time when the trout are biting freely, will often secure nine trout, or a fish on each hook, at a single time. The boys usually take from 50 to 60lbs. of trout in a day's fishing.

The charr of these waters is the Dolly Varden and it grows to quite a good size. The whitefish in schooling make the characteristic movements in the water and a whole school of a thousand of these fish will all come to the surface at once.

BON.

### Fishing in the Gunpowder.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 3.—There has been excellent fishing in the Gunpowder River this season, and I have taken great numbers of fine white perch during July, August and September. The fishing has been best in the grass that grows on hard bottom near the shore in shallow water. This is a kind of triangular rush called "three-square" by the river men. The fish have now gone out of the grass into deep water near the mouth of the river. On Friday last two of us caught 123 fine large white perch and 19 white catfish in a hole called Stewart's Delight. The water there is 37ft. deep, and, of course, we had to fish with hand lines. Rock have just commenced biting. One party last week caught seven, with shedder crab.

E. A. R.

### Bass in the Bay of Quinte.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 28.—I had an excellent trip of about two weeks, making my headquarters at Trenton in the Bay of Quinte, and had good sport, taking a large number of bass of from three to four pounds in weight and handling them with a 7oz. fly-rod. It seems to me that this ground ought to be better known. From about Aug. 20 to Oct. 10 or 15, I think the Bay of Quinte is one of the finest fishing grounds in the United States, and if we were there at the present time our average catch of bass would be over 3lbs. and would run from ten or fifteen to twenty-five or thirty a day. As I use a fly-rod it takes me, of course, a long time to drown the fish, frequently from twenty minutes to half an hour, but my boatman, who used a steel rod, would hook and draw in two or three bass while I was drawing in one.

J. S. V. C.

### Out of the Ordinary.

MR. L. D. FARGO, one of our most successful fly-fishermen, was casting for bass in Blue River a few evenings since, when a large bat took his fly while making the back cast. The bat fell into the water and when reeled in had the fly in his mouth. His batship evidently mistook the fly for some new-fangled bug, and as it was going his way concluded to take it in, but found, like many other people, that he had "bit off more than he could chew."

Mr. C. M. Selby, of this county, was sitting in front of his fireplace last Christmas, holding his baby grandchild in his lap. To amuse the child he set fire to a common firecracker and held it in his hand till it exploded, when immediately a tremendous explosion followed and the house was filled with smoke and set on fire. The cause of the trouble was a powder flask filled with common black powder which hung on a nail in a closet at the side of the fireplace. But the mystery is what caused the explosion. The closet door was closed tight and the flask had a good spring fastening. As black powder will not explode from concussion a spark from the cracker must have reached the powder in some way. But how could it? The flask was blown to pieces, the closet door torn from its hinges and a loaded shotgun was blown out into the room, but singularly enough no one was hurt. C. C.

RUSHVILLE, Md.

### California.

THE fame of the climate of California draws to that charming State new friends every year, particularly from sections where long, severe winters, followed by trying spring seasons, work such disastrous results among the weak and debilitated.

The great improvements in passenger train service, higher degrees of comfort in the cars, and shorter time required on the trip, combined with the cheapness of the excursion tickets now being sold to California and back by the Santa Fé route, make the journey agreeable, and one can almost say, economical. The many delightful resorts now established in California afford every comfort and luxury desired by the fastidious, and present unique attractions.

The Hotel del Coronado at San Diego, the Raymond, at Pasadena, the Redondo at Redondo Beach and the hotels at Santa Barbara, Monterey, Riverside, Los Angeles and many other points, have grown as famous as any on the Atlantic Coast—and a fact that should not be forgotten is that they are resorts all the year around, although the greatest number of people from the East are in California between the months of November and May.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad is now preparing a new illustrated book, descriptive of a trip to California over its lines, which will be mailed free to any applicant who may write to John J. Byrne, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill., inclosing five cents in postage stamps, the amount required to carry through the mails.—*Adv.*

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 4 to 8.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Sec'y.
Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.
Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

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Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. Lyman W. Clute, Sec'y, Ballston Lake, N. Y.
Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas Mortimer, Supt.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kingarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

## ROCHESTER DOG SHOW.

IN view of the limited entry at Rochester, it was, perhaps, a good move on the part of the committee in deferring the judging till the second day, Sept. 28. With Ottawa on, the same week, the majority of exhibitors had a practical opportunity of showing their attitude in regard to the Rochester—Hamilton unpleasantness and the result of the Rochester show this year may be summed up in one word—picayune. If the entry list, however, was not large there were some good dogs there, especially in mastiffs and St. Bernards, the former breed, probably, showing as much, if not more, quality in the aggregate than any show this year, and this was entirely owing to the exhibit of the Flour City Kennels. It made one regret more than ever that the genial owner should have determined to disband; however, the decision is irrevocable, I believe, and the illwind should blow some of the other breeders some good. To return to the show. I found the dogs benched in the old style in one end of a miscellaneous sort of a building, half cattle shed and half stable, a very good building, however, and light, airy and dry. "Uncle Dick" was superintendant and he had little to do, comparatively, but did that little well. I believe he had one attendant, and I should, perhaps, include the old darkie who held tight on to the secretary's office most of the time—said office being a loose-box. The judges, Mr. T. S. Bellin, of Albany, who took all claises but greyhounds, wolfhounds, spaniels, beagles, pointers and setters, which were handled by Mr. J. Otis Fellows, rendered their awards in such a manner that there was little, if any, serious kicking. In one or two cases I thought Mr. Fellows was rather severe in withholding prizes for want of merit. It is all very well to draw the line somewhere and I know it is a difficult matter to guage, but in a show of this sort if there is to be any leaning let it be on the side of the dog. Judging commenced about 10:30 the second day. Other remarks on the show will be found in "Dog Chat."

MASTIFFS.—*T. S. Bellin, Judge.*—As stated above, the gathering in these classes surpassed in quality almost any show this year, for we all know how miserably on the whole the mastiff classes were supported during the spring shows, with the single exception of Chicago. Mr. Bellin appreciated the fact that he was in a strange country and in a strange breed, for his heart is still true to the "wires," with the "smooths" as an alternate, and he was very deliberate. In challenge class Caution's own daughter was absent, but Lady Coleus, in very good trim, had little difficulty in overcoming her kennel mate, Lady Dorothy, who lacks size and massiveness to the other, though a bitch brimful of quality and of good type. She is one of those whose youth gave promise of a bigger fulfillment. Cardinal Beaufort, a very short-headed one, fully described in my Chicago report, has improved behind, but is still not true enough, and is not filled out enough in body, nor has he that appearance of strength and massiveness he should have. He won nicely in open dogs (2) over Major Zulu, who loses greatly in head and bone, and is very faulty behind. Then came the bitch class (8) in the language of the classics—a "corker." After considerable handling the judge plumped for Miss Caution, and he was right, but Minna Minting is not far behind; the other gains in head properties, bone and size somewhat. Both are well known; Lady Pamelia, hc., loses to the others in body, being somewhat slack in back, good skull and chest; muzzle could be deeper and squarer to advantage; Linkwood Queen, res., ears not hung right, front good, but head not as it should be, body light and tail *à la* bulldog, and only half of it. Pansy, vhc., has a nice head, a little pinched in muzzle, good forepart, but droops in quarters too much. Exeter Dirce is fiddle-faced and gray, and feet turn out, body best part. Facts is light-faced and poor in muzzle, flat skull, but good body and bone. Topsy II., a snipy-headed one with pups, finishes the lot.

ST. BERNARDS.—*T. S. Bellin, Judge.*—Two good kennels thought each would have a little quiet browsing, but the fences were down and a few others got in. Open dogs (2) as a little more stirring, but really there was only one in it, E. H. Moore's Lord Melrose; he has so recently been spoken of I will say no more than that "Arthur" had improved him on the circuit: Mrs. A. M. Hughes's Lord Wilton, second, loses ever so much to the winner in general shape and massiveness of head, is not quite straight in pasterns and feet, was out of condition quite a good deal, but still is a dog showing lots of quality and true expression, and in proper coat will make a much better showing. Frank Lehr's Major is an almost all white bodied dog with a fairly good head, small-sized to the others, but deserved two letters. The bitch class (3) had lots of quality, but Mrs. Smyth had the persimmon pickers in Sunray and Florette, two handsome bitches full of type and quality, especially Florette. One would think to look at them casually that Sunray had the advantage in length, but the tape says they are about the same, but Sunray beats in bone, height, depth of body and strength of back, Florette dipping a bit behind the shoulder. I think Florette shows the better expression and character in head, both are set on good strong legs. Mrs. A. M. Hughes's Lady Alice, vhc., despite her good body and legs, lost through her old failing, lack of head markings and want of depth of muzzle. She shows her good breeding nevertheless. Lady Gladwyn, Miss Anne and Altonette were winning fresh honors at Ottawa.

In smooth dogs (3) we soon saw that Melrose's several little picnics had come to an end, for here he would have to hustle to keep in front, and he was not in condition to do it with Scottish Leader put down in capital fettle. The decision was a close question, for both have improved on their spring form, and especially Leader. The latter is the bigger dog, though not any stronger built than the other when Melrose is in shape; here he was thin, having eaten nothing since the Sunday before, and was dead and listless, while Leader was all fire and energy. Leader is more massive in head, deeper in muzzle and stronger in loin, but not so good in hindlegs as Melrose, being rather straight in stifles, while Melrose could not be improved in his understandings. Leader has a broader, deeper chest, but when it comes to expression and general quality the palm must go to Melrose, Leader's black side face and high carriage of ears giving him too keen a look, which probably will be softened by age; Dud deserved his vhc. E. H. Moore's Miss Alton had no competition in the bitch class (2); at least, there was another bitch, but her c. card was a present, as she is a weed.

Newfoundlands and bloodhounds were drawn blank, though a weak-looking great Dane, B. H. Clark's Ivan, was wrongly entered in the latter class; got nothing and deserved it.

PSOVOIS, *J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—H. W. Huntington's Argoss and Chas S. Hanks's Larvonets, really the dogs at Toronto only typographically not the same; fought their battles over again with the result of course in favor of Argoss, neither dog was looking as he should be; Argoss all out of coat and Larvonets with a coat every-which-way and dirty. H. W. Huntington's Princess Irma looking no fatter, was again placed over Flodeyka who though she shows a very pretty quality and better head, loses to the other in sturdiness throughout. Now we've got "to let the judge down lightly," and as we have so many authorities around all aching to say nothing, I had better just give the bare result of the special judging. Argoss, greyhound type, beats Larvonets, a good dog of the "Russian" type. Princess Irma beats Flodeyka, both good ones of "Russian" type, now then Princess Irma beats Argoss for the special. Give it up.

Deerhounds were drawn blank.

GREYHOUNDS, *J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—A poor collection. Challenge class was blank, open dogs had three entries and one absentee. Mr. Horatio Nelson's Baritone won; he is not true in front, feet turn out a little, not deep enough in loin, better spring of ribs than the others and nicely let down in stifles. Dover, second, same owner, is heavy in shoulders, good bone, is light eyed and wants more rib; barring his head which is coarse, snipy and a bit dished, I liked Woodhaven Kennels' Nubian Prince, vhc., a son of Oldstone, for the place, better formation of body and legs, if he is a bit coarse all around. In bitches (3), the winner was Horatio Nelson's Miss Dollar, not straight in front and falls away behind, and was in soft condition. Lady Laville had the best outline, shows lots of quality throughout, needs more spring of ribs and better chest. Woodhaven Kennels' Spider, vhc., is a fairly well made bitch, too long cast, and all wrong in feet, one hind foot broken and the fore feet big open and flat; loaded in shoulder, broad in skull, long tail but beats all the others in quarters, head and neck.

FOXHOUNDS—*J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—Only two very poor ones put in an appearance, when I expected to see quite a pack so near the Genessee country. The winner, H. T. Thurber's Elite, is a long cast black and tan, feet turn out, long waisted, but better head, shoulders and legs than the other, William Faby's Fannie, one of the long-eared, small sort, all jumped up in quarters and looks as if she was so tied in limbs that she could not gallop a field.

POINTERS—*J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—Challenge heavyweights drawn blank and the only open dog entry marked absent. In bitches, L. W. Clute's Vesta C. was the winner, just a fair bitch. No challenge entries in light-weights. In open dogs, however, there were three. John R. Fanning's Staunch Bob, heavy and coarse in head, same in shoulders, was the winner, good straight forelegs, nice body and a good mover; second went to Wm. Faby's Bob, Jr., slack in back, feet bad and turn out, starry eye and ears too high on, a poor one; C. C. M. Hunt's Grouse I thought might have been second, though he is a better field dog than he is on the bench, he is wide in skull, not straight in front but capital body, not good behind, hocks look weak and are capped. The only bitch entered kept away from the excitement.

ENGLISH SETTERS—*F. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—All the classes in this breed were marked—no entry—till the bitch class was reached, when H. C. Hauser's Genessee Bell was brought forward. Here is where our "Uncle" should have exercised that benevolence we know he is imbued with. This bitch, barring a snipy, weak head and lack of coat, just off puppies, is a capitally made one, good body, legs, feet and action, was given vhc. when first would have done just as well; next day the judge had another look and we were instructed to mark it second.

IRISH SETTERS—*J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—Setter classes were redeemed from nothingness by the presence of Seminole

Kennels' crack team with old Tim and Laura B. each in a challenge class, and well they looked, too. Open dogs (3), Seminole Kennels' Montauk Jr. had no difficulty in accounting for Don H., beating in head, front and body. Pride of Patsey was entered but he had his hands full of trouble with Kildare Glenmore up in the far North, and during the judging a wire was received from Ben Lewis giving the result in Pride's favor. Claremont Heather was alone in bitches; she has been recently described.

GORDON SETTERS—*J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—In challenge classes Mr. Blossom's Heather York and Flomont each took a blue ribbon under "our only German's" pilotage, who seems, sad to relate, to be forsaking the legitimate in search of the "beautiful." He also put Mr Blossom's Comus in front, in the open dog class, beating Rexmont, Jr., in shape of head, the latter being too short in face, but better tan than the winner, who has not enough of it on muzzle, Rexmont is also wavy-coated, but stands on good legs, all round the better one won. John Panckner's Rochester Bess was the only bitch, and here Mr. Fellows, I thought, was again a little over anxious not to be too generous. This bitch has quite a nice body, head a little heavy in skull, but of good outline, tan a trifle light, good legs and an excellent mover: with no competition deserved first easily.

SPANIELS—*J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—With the Spaniel Club's A1 classification the entry should have been better, and a spaniel man judging, too. Challenge fields, no go. Open black dogs, E. A. Wilson's Brantford Mohawk alone, well known. Next class was challenge cocker dogs, and here Geo. Bell fared better with his second string than he did further North with his company of stars. King of Obos and Amazement were alone, each in their challenge class, then his Obadiah, that won fame when he sired Fascination, won, unchallenged, in the open dog class. Another skip and G. W. Foster's Busy F. is found in the any other color bitches, and here Mr. Fellows's eyes fairly gleamed, and a long pent-up ah-h-h! went out like a lost chord, for Busy was one fashioned after those of his own heart—a worker but a pretty one, too, a little plain in head, but a capitally made bitch and excellent mover. This finished the spaniels—just five of them.

COLLIES—*T. S. Bellin, Judge.*—Not very difficult classes, one in each. Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy and champion Metchley Surprise for the challenge winners and same owners' Chrysolite alone in open dogs, with Crissey, from the same kennels, the winners of the bitch class, their Bertha II. being absent. All the collies were from Seminole Kennels and have all been seen on the benches. Dachshunds did not fill.

BEAGLES—*J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—It did not take long to do them, for it was just a walking in and out for the one entry in each class, and the division was a liberal one. Challenge class had Rockland Kennels' The Rambler, looking in good shape. In open dogs Rockland Kennels' Jack Rowett was also alone; he gets his stern up a bit and muzzle is long, otherwise a nice stamp. Same owners' Weenannon showed a little temporary lameness, but took his blue ribbon without competition. I spoke of her at Kingston; she has a fair front, is faulty in eye and brow. Rockland Kennels' Duce, Jr., was thought only good enough for second, first withheld, in dogs under 13in; he is pinched in muzzle, weak in pasterns, nice body, but a poor shower, and allowance should have been made. Diamond Krueger, entered in the bitch class, was absent.

The bulldog benches were found empty.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*T. S. Bellin, Judge.*—The quality of the few entries on hand was quite appreciated, and we were surprised to see John Morehead, Jr.'s Streatham Monarch turn up in the challenge class. He has got down to himself again, and was looking better than two or three weeks since. In open dogs (1), W. J. Higginson's Victor Bendigo, second, was rather hardly dealt with, considering the stamp of bull-terriers we generally see at small shows. This is a well-bred dog, heavy in chest and shoulders, I'll admit, feet turn out too, but his head is not a poor one and his ears are A1; he shows lots of quality and should have had the blue ribbon, there being no other in the class. In bitches (2) we were introduced to quite a smart terrier, a Bendigo bitch; good head, excellent front, straight as a string, good quarters and tail, but a trifle slack behind the shoulders; feet could be a bit closer and eye smaller and darker, and she would be a first-ranker. Nellie Harper, vhc., same owner, is some distance behind; too much stop, not straight enough in front and too heavy in shoulders, big eye and cheeky; still all white.

FOX-TERRIERS—*T. S. Bellin, Judge.*—Mr. Bellin gave a sigh of relief when these came in and one could see at once that he had struck his own street. No challenge entries. In open dogs (2) the old battle was fought over again between Mr. Rathbone's Punster and Mr. Banks's Rattler, and this time the Albany dog scored, cleaner in shoulders and a little more the terrier, so the judge thought. In bitches (3) first went to Mr. Rathbone's Moonray, who beats N. Hucker's Yorktown Fussy in head, body and front. In the novice class (2) the same two came out again. Wire-hairs saw some fairly good ones, nothing to boast about though. In dogs (2) C. L. A. Whitney's Jack Prompter won nicely over Chestnut Hill Kennels' Suffolk Trimmer, beating in terrier character of head, expression and coat, carries his ears better and is a better mover. Trimmer excels the other in front, legs and chest, and was filled out better in body than in early part of the month. In bitches (2) H. W. Smith's Sister Trick and Chestnut Hill Kennels' Suffolk Tease were placed as named. Tease loses in head—shorter—coat and carriage of ears to the winner. Jack Prompter, Sister Trick and Suffolk Trimmer furnished the winners in the novice class. Jack Prompter won the special in dog division and Sister Trick that for best bitch.

Black and tan terriers were *non est*, and Irish terriers might as well have been, the only entry being a weedy, smutty-colored one; prizes withheld. Scotch terriers.—The only entry was W. S. Bemis's Gullnie, a bad 'un, snipy-muzzled and light throughout; the judge gave her a c. card. Dandies no go. Skye terriers.—J. J. Hooly's Nellie, the only entry, had a fair coat, and that was all she had to recommend her. Dot, Henry Dodd's Yorkshire, was one of the old sort, and when I say the little tan she had was at the right end, she has praise enough; she was given hc. Of course there were no Clydesdales; they were in the other field.

PUGS—*T. S. Bellin, Judge.*—Something better here, with Seminole Kennels' Bonsor in the challenge class. He beats Jacob Brombach's Bradford Rowdy all to pieces; better head, body and front. The dog entry was absent. In bitches Seminole Kennels' Midget was far too much for J. Brombach's Frisk, hc.; better in color, muzzle, body and tail.

TOY SPANIELS, *J. Otis Fellows, Judge.*—Jacob Brombach's Duke of Wellington, first, was the only representative of the King Charles, his coat is rather curly but he has a fairly good head, nice rich tan and lots of coat. The same owner's, Golden Rod was the only Italian greyhound there, and she is a bit large and coarse, out at elbow and too scooped out before the eye; she was awarded the blue ribon. Boston Model was the last to appear and she is George Thomas's whippet; she stands the racket well. H. W. LACY.

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Our Irish setter men can scarcely be accused of "mug hunting." At Ottawa there were six Irish challenge entries and five of them from the Oak Grove Kennel. Without any injustice to any one the class might have been divided by sex. The prize was $5. In the Gordons, with two entries in the challenge class, Leo B. and Duchess of Waverly were placed equal first, but Leo B. got the special. The atmosphere is exceptionally frigid when "Ben" falls behind.

## OTTAWA DOG SHOW.

[*Special.*]

OWNERS did not patronize the Ottawa dog show so liberally as last year and as a result the entries fell far short of the number that could have been taken. There were 193 entries with about 15 absentees and double entries. Taken as a whole the quality was good, but the judging was the worst I have ever seen. Mr. Corbett's *debut* as a judge was promising, but the other aspirant for judicial honors, Mr. Curtis of Simcoe, who judged spaniels, showed that a man may own and breed dogs for a number of years and still know very little about them. He spent twenty-three minutes over two Clumber spaniels, Quester and Darby, and then told me that, while he knew the former was the better dog, he thought he was going to be blind and would put him back on this account. He gave the crack dog Fascination nothing in challenge cockers. It was universally



FOX-TERRIERS AT ROCHESTER. "WHICH WINS?"

agreed that Mr. Curtis was not a success as a judge of spaniels. Dr. Wesley Mills, who was down to judge all breeds outside of pointers, setters and spaniels, spent two days and a half in awarding prizes to 105 dogs.

At 12:50 P. M. on the third day the handlers decided that they did not care to wait in the ring any longer, and benched their dogs, so some specials were not awarded. The dissatisfaction was general over his decisions, and several new precedents were established. Although advertised to judge Great Danes, Dr. Mills entered his bitch Minerva's Fawn in the challenge class. This class he got Mr. Corbett, the pointer and setter judge, to pass upon. Fawn received the blue, whereon her owner resumed his place and judged the other classes for Danes. In black and tan bitches the Doctor awarded English Lady first, but about an hour afterward, some one in the meantime having informed him that the "Lady" was deficient in "ivories," he ordered the class out to be rejudged. The handlers properly refused on the ground that a judge's decision is final except in cases of fraud or misrepresentation; that there had been neither of these, and the award, being entered in the judge's book, the decision was final. The committee met and ordered the dogs out,



JUDGES AT ROCHESTER.

T. S. BELLIN. J. OTIS FELLOWS ("Uncle Dick").

but the handlers still refused, and so the matter rests. Mr. Corbett, who judged pointers and setters, did well.

Troublesome, Mr. Bell's new cocker bitch, was protested for being under weight. She weighed 16¾lbs. The protest was sustained, but Mr. Wilkie, of Toronto, entered a protest in Mr. Bell's name to the C. K. C., on the ground that no limit of weight was given in the premium list, nor was any mention made of the American Spaniel Club standard in the rules. The members of the C. K. C. executive met, but no decision was arrived at, so the matter will go before the full executive, and in the mean time the award stands, Troublesome first.

The show was well managed, and until the third and fourth days, when more disinfectant could have been used with advantage, it was perfectly sweet. Clean it was all the time, attendants civil, food good. Mr. Geddes, the superintendent, received little or no assistance from his committee, and to him all the credit is due. The representatives of the press were forced to buy catalogues for the use of their papers in setting up the prize list. This was not the fault of the committee, the catalogues being published as a venture by Mr. P. G. Keyes.

Among the visitors noticed were Mr. A. D. Stewart, Hamilton; Messrs. A. A. MacDonald, H. P. Thompson and A. W. Wilkie, of Toronto; R. E. Elmer, Kingston; Dr. T. W. Mills, Montreal, and Messrs. W. H. Middleton, J. Wolfred Wurtele, L. N. Bate, F. P. Robson, Dr. Hurdman, C. E. Living, Dr. S. S. Davidson, of Ottawa, and many others. Messrs. Ben and Joe Lewis, George Thomas, E. Booth, C. E. Fenton and J. J. Spracklin were all here with their strings. There were several sales made, the most important of which was Ben Lewis's purchase of Mr. Geddes's good young cocker Donovan, the winner of several prizes in the best company, at a stiff price.

POINTERS—*C. H. Corbett, Judge.*—The competitors were all at Kingston. Devon Nell was alone in the challenge class. Rock II. and Donovan were the competitors in the open class. Donovan is a poor specimen, with a bad head and a body to match. Rock II. is rather cheeky, very square at back of skull, heavy and coarse in head, very straight behind, coarse in tail and with foxhound rather than pointer character. He is a very strongly made dog, with lots of bone and muscle, and good legs and feet, but is withal a poor dog as a pointer. In the open bitch class the competitors were placed in this order, Chaira, Lord Graphic's Juno and Frivolity, which is correct. All have been referred to before.

ENGLISH SETTERS—*C. H. Corbett, Judge.*—Edgemark, alone in the challenge class, won. He does not improve in head, which lacks refinement. Sultan, now well known, won well in the open class for dogs. Ben Hur was second and Tony Gladstone, third, rather coarse in head, was placed over Kent's Rex, better in head, but out of condition. Locksley II. got hc. He is very coarse in head. In the bitch class Annie, good in bone, poor in head, long coupled, in poor condition, and knuckling over when walking, was placed over Forest Louise, light in bone and open in feet, but otherwise a nice bitch. This award might have been reversed.

IRISH SETTERS—*C. H. Corbett, Judge.*—These made the best showing yet seen at Ottawa; in fact, were a show in themselves. With the exception of two local dogs, there was not a poor one in the classes. The Oak Grove Kennels furnished five challenge dogs, and these, with Elfreda, made a grand lot. The judge selected Duke Elcho for first place, but it might better have fallen to Norna or Kildare, for Duke Elcho has become coarse in skull. The open class for dogs furnished two good ones in Pride of Patsey and Kildare Glenmore. Pride of Patsey won well. He is light in color, might be better sprung in ribs and carries his tail very high; but in all other respects he is such an one as is rarely met. His rival loses to him in head, depth of chest, outline, etc. Elfrin, reserve, and Elfrus, vhc., are still young and undeveloped. Bismark in open dogs and Mona among the bitches are very poor ones. Rose Sarsfield, first in bitches, wins well from Irene. She is beautiful in head and good generally, though rather straight behind and light in color. Irene loses in head, coat, outline and general quality. Pride of Patsey was given the special for the best of the breed. To place him over all the challenge dogs and bitches was a bold step, and only warranted after careful comparison.

GORDON SETTERS—*C. H. Corbett, Judge.*—With the exception of Royal Nibbs, a coarse and poor specimen, the dogs shown were seen at Toronto and Kingston, and were placed here in the same order. Leo B. and the Duchess of Waverly were given equal firsts, and Leo B. the special.

M.

SPANIELS—*Mr. Curtis, Judge.*—This breed shows quite a falling off compared with former years—77 in 1891, 33 in 1892—in fact the small entry in the spaniel classes is largely responsible for the reduction in the gross entry, when compared with that of last year. Various reasons have been assigned for this, but no satisfactory conclusion appears to have been reached. There is little doubt but the selections made by the judge at Toronto had a chilling effect upon spaniel breeders, which will require time and good work to overcome. The judging here was on nearly the same lines, only toys getting a look in. Thus does the evil that men do live after them, if it were interred with their bones, the coming year might be considered as "full of promise."

IRISH WATER SPANIELS had but one entry, Marguerite. She is well known, having made the entire Canadian circuit.

CLUMBERS.—Challenge class had but a single representative, champion Boss III., a wreck of his former greatness. In his present condition it would be unfair to this old veteran to make any comments. Darby was placed first in open class for dogs. He is wrong in head, eyes too large and full, nice bone, body and coat, a taking little dog, rightly placed. Quester, better in muzzle than the winner, eyes too light, loses in body and bone, also in movement, which is like that of a pacer.

FIELD SPANIELS.—In the open class for dogs Wonder, leggy and crooked in front legs, body not well ribbed up, eyes light, was placed over that good little dog Corktown Cupid, whose chief fault is in being rather small for the class, however he smothers his competitor in quality and ought to have been placed first. Bounce, third, a coarse-headed cocker with a white frill. In open bitches, Dot Smirle, the same good little one she always was, beat Queen, a very good type, eyes a shade light, out at elbows, and in poor condition. This should have been reversed, as Dot is but a cocker while Queen is a typical field spaniel.

COCKERS.—The challenge class had four entries, and champion Red Jacket won the coveted blue. He beats Fascination in head, the latter's being round in skull, too deep in stop, eyes prominent, and muzzle undershot; back of the head it is a near thing between the two. Red Roland, coarse in skull and muzzle, crooked in front, and the old veteran Brant were not "in it." The latter shows age. The open class for black bitches was a very good one. Troublesome, the Toronto winner, was selected for first, but objection being made on the ground that she was too small for the class, she was weighed by the committee, in the presence of the judge, and just tipped the beam at 16¾lbs. Notwithstanding this she was allowed by the judge to compete, and awarded first. Rideau Romola, head too much of the Fascination type, second; Molly Bawn, too light in eyes and coarse in head, third; a protest followed and the committee unanimously decided that Troublesome was not eligible to compete as a cocker, being under standard weight. This gave the others a move up all round. Volo, vhc., is sour in expression, pinched in muzzle, and shown in poor condition. Rideau Reine is a trifle cheeky, nice bone and feather, out of condition. Red Obo, ears set high and crooked front legs, was first in the open class for dogs other than black; Nerve, second, is a black and white, domy in skull, undershot, and does not stand straight in front. Vic, first in other than black bitches was obesity itself, bone not too heavy, expression not unlike that of a beagle, feet turn out. Cherry Ripe is a pretty little toy, not a cocker; Rideau Robina is a nice black and tan with a good head and expression, bone and coat A1, should have been first. Novice class for dogs had but two entries. Corktown Comet, first, a heavy-headed dog, immense bone, coat wavy. Nerve, second, described before. In the novice bitch class, Corktown Cleo, domy in skull, nice eyes, muzzle undershot, was placed over that good bitch Rideau Rhea, typical in head and character, good body, legs not exactly straight in front. Rideau Romo, wrong in head, ears rather short, did not show well.

### JUDGE'S REPORT—DR. WESLEY MILLS.

I HAVE at the outset to thank the superintendent, ring stewards and others for their courtesy and assistance, and the exhibitors for their readiness in placing and moving their dogs, thus assisting me to get at their real qualities. It was a pleasure to find the show so clean and sanitary in all respects.

MASTIFFS.—Mastiffs were not well represented, as only three specimens competed, not one of these being first-class or in thoroughly good condition. Eaufrid was the best of a medium pair in the open class. He has a bad right eye, a deformed skull, and is smutty in color in parts. His head and form generally are passably massive, his legs fair and

feet good. Hero, second, a young dog, is clearer in color, with a fairly good coat. Ears not black enough. He is much undershot, while the winner of first is level in jaws. At present he is light in build. Ealderman was absent. Attraction, the only bitch, was seen at Toronto and Kingston. She was shown very thin. Her muzzle is not right, but her color is fairly good and her mask excellent; feet and legs fair.

ST. BERNARDS.—St. Bernards were few, all from Col. Ruppert's kennel, but made the best show of this breed yet seen at Ottawa. They were well looked after by this kennel's competent and gentlemanly representative. Aristocrat, alone in challenge class, seems to bear the wear and tear well. He is too well known to need description. I preferred Lady Gladwyn, not in as good condition, for the special for the best of the breed. As at Kingston, Lady Gladwyn was placed over Miss Anne. The latter has a head of much quality and character, losing to Lady Gladwyn in squareness of muzzle, but superior in some respects, *e. g.*, ear; but in legs, feet, general build, massiveness, she is superior, and taking her as a whole I had no doubt about placing Lady Gladwyn first again. Both move well and are very fine bitches. Altonette is of a different stamp, too tall for her bulk and generally much behind these two.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—A single dog represented this breed, and but for a curly coat and rather close hock movement he was not a bad one. In head, expression, color, texture of coat and eye he is a good one.

GREYHOUNDS.—Gem of the Season seen in better condition easily defeated Pious Pembroke and Bestwood Daisy, a beautiful animal, lacking in substance. Pious Pembroke competed for the first time in the challenge class. These are all so well known they do not need description. In the class for open dogs Justinian had an easy win. At first sight he is not a taking dog, wanting those curves which add so much to a greyhound's appearance. He bears examination well. His head is good, legs and feet excellent, front straight but might be a little narrower, shoulders well placed but with too much width between the blades, ribs well sprung, back straight and well muscled, loin rather flat but strong and quarters good with second thighs not equal to some other parts; hocks good. Gem of the Season easily beat him, however, for the special. Jack of Napanee, second, is weak in head with brow too marked, straight in shoulder, short coupled and in soft condition. In the open bitch class Lily of Gainsboro defeated Jetsam. The latter was shown fat and soft, which exaggerated her faults and possibly concealed her merits, for no man can tell what a fat animal may be when in proper condition. She has a very fine head, good legs, neck and feet, is strongly rather than gracefully made, and was rightly defeated by Lily that has both strength and grace. Jetsam is a poor mover, is flat in loin and rather straight in stifle. Lily is not so good in head, is narrower in front but moves in a way that raises a suspicion of weakness in front. She excels in chest and is good in loin and quarters; the arch in loin begins and ends too soon. Galatea is a poor one, very wide in chest and not straight in legs, rather low in the leg and flat in loin.

DEERHOUNDS.—Harvie, just a fair one all around, defeated a big, coarse specimen, Robin, shown grossly fat and with a doubtful movement behind.

FOXHOUNDS.—Only three good one shown in both classes. Mack, the winner in open class dogs, is not correct in head, especially skull, but back of the head he is a rare good one with lots of character as well as strength. Genius, not correct in head either, is showing age and was not in good condition. He toes in a little. The other three were poor ones. In the bitch class Vexation was absent. Rose is essentially a bad one, and I hope I may be forgiven for awarding her a second prize. The expression of dogs, like that of men, does not often belie them, and those that tried to get this bitch off the bench would probably appreciate "Uncle Dick's" advice: "Never have anything whatever to do with a dog with a yellow eye." Gyp is a nice hound of excellent head formation and expression, but in body and character as a whole she was surpassed by the winning dog for the special.

HARRIERS.—I would recommend to the executive to abolish this class until we get some real, undoubted harriers. Dogs and bitches competed together, three in all. Two of them arrived late, having been detained at the railroad station. But for his grossly fat condition, Dandy, one of the late arrivals, would have won outright. As it was he was given an equal first, the only dog, Hunter, having been judged before Dandy arrived. The bitch Daisy is light in body.

BEAGLES.—Not a good lot nor numerous. One dog, Bob Krueger, was the best of them—just a fair specimen. Butterfly was absent. Elfie, barring a weak muzzle, is good in head and expression and beagle character, was placed over. Snow, not the right stamp in head, though fairly good in body. Dot was a ball of fat, with a little beagle visible.

GREAT DANES.—Minerva's Faun scored her first win in the challenge class, being alone. In the open dog class Tonko defeated Don Cæsar, Jr. He is better in size, bone and Dane character, though he is wide in skull, too short in head, and is somewhat dish-faced. He is light in loin and not well developed in quarters and second thighs; does not move very well behind. Tail rather poor. Don Cæsar, Jr., is throaty, has a bad eye and expression, poor in color and ring-tailed. He is moderately good in body, and is more symmetrical, and moves better than his rival. In the open bitches Juna, alone, won. She is small and weak in head, but moves well, and is better put together than her larger kennel mate, the dog Tonko. As Dr. Mills's bitch was shown in the challenge class, Mr. Corbett was associated with him in the judging of Danes, the Doctor declining to judge his own dog. If there had been competition she would have been withdrawn.

COLLIES.—Ottawa is slow to get rid of poor collies. At the first show here in recent years all prizes were withheld, and if this year the same course had been followed, with the exception of the firsts, no injustice would have been done. McEwen & Gibson's Samson won in the open dog class. He is a very big dog, well and strongly made, with good coat, fair head and collie expression. He is without that full eye so foreign to true collie character, yet often seen in the winner of the present day, as, *e. g.*, in Samson's kennel mate, Dudley Chris. Jack Broman is not a collie in head at all and was passed over. Colie has a very bad light eye, and though he would not put up his ears in the ring I suspect they get beyond half prick at times. But for the very bad ones that have been shown here I would have withheld the prize. The dog is pretty fair in coat, body, legs and feet, and his head is not wholly wrong. In the bitch class Viola was absent and Dudley Chris won. A bitch of nice coat, head outline and quality, but with very light bone; could not stand work in rough country.

BULLDOGS.—Carisbrooke, well known, won, opposed only by a specimen of which it may be said, "Let him pass, he is a bulldog!" He is such an one as I can believe was seen in the long ago. Unfortunately Lady Venus, taken sick at Kingston, succumbed on the way to the Ottawa show. She was a taking little creature that I would have liked to see often.

BULL-TERRIERS.—With the exception of two local dogs, all wrong in type, the entries were good. Count II. was placed over Chatham Prince, which he excels in head, musclings, quality and character. This dog's muscles stand out in beautiful form, as they would on more dogs if they were in proper condition. Coming to the bitches, champion Starlight, though in whelp, on comparison was found to be much in advance of the others. Grove Duchess excels Loumont Kit in bone and strength generally. Kit is light in bone, otherwise not a bad one. Champion Starlight won the special.

FOX TERRIERS.—A great improvement over the past here in one respect—not many downright poor ones shown. Blemton Trump was alone in the challenge class and, of course, won. He wears pretty well. He was given the special for the best fox-terrier in the show, as he excels the winner in open class dogs in coat and eye. In the open class the winner of first, Tom Tom, might be better in head, has a rather light eye, not of the worst by any means, turns his feet in slightly and might be worse in coat; but he has excellent neck, body, legs, feet and stern, and shows much terrier character. Take him all in all, he wins well. Rideau Rivet and Calchas were placed equal second. But for cheekiness and defective movement I should have placed Rideau Rivet over Calchas, as he has an excellent coat, front and general make-up, with good, hard muscle. He has also very nice ears. Calchas might have a much better head and be narrower in front. He is well muscled and shows much character, combining activity, strength, etc. He looks a worker. My Fellow, third, I should be disposed to place very high in a puppy class. He is of a nice sort, with beautiful head, though his ears are rather thick and are not carried quite right. His feet are somewhat open and look large; coat abundant but not flat enough and rather soft. In an open class in comparison with old dogs he does not show enough character, strength and making; has not enough substance yet, but when he gets older he may turn the tables on some placed over him now. Seacroft Bourbon, reserve, has a good head including ears, though his eyes are bad, which show all the more on account of the head being so black; good legs and feet and nice front. But he is too high in the legs and too big, and on the whole he does not compare well with the others. Though his owner had a high opinion of Bob, the people could not see it in the same light and passed him by. In the bitch class there is not much to choose between first and second, as both have similar excellencies and defects. Both are wide in front, have fair heads and hard coats, but Grouse II. excels in bone. Damson is a very bad shower, but has some merit; head, front and coat good; legs and feet poor. It was difficult to judge of ears, body and character, she showed so badly. Seacroft Fuss, reserve, is rather wide in front and not quite straight; feet rather large and flat, head fair. Lady was scarcely worth notice. Clytie is not of the modern type. In the novice class the winners were the same mostly as in other classes.

A moderate wire haired one turned up; My Queen, reserve. She has a fair head, legs and feet, but coat is not hard enough and she did not show well. Pincher a poor one got c. For the best in the open classes the dog Tom Tom was preferred.

IRISH TERRIERS were much the same lot as was seen at Toronto. Boxer was alone in the challenge class. He is big enough, coat poor now, is rather wide in front and getting thick in skull. Jack Briggs, first in the open class dogs, has good legs, fair feet, moderate coat and color, and some character, but not enough. His head is decidedly good. He is, however, very light in body, lacking both breadth and depth, and seems to me to have been overpraised. Gallties, second, is rather wide in front and loaded in shoulders; good in expression, only moderate in coat, which shows silkiness on head. He has, however, so much character he gains on one the more he is studied. Hanover Boy, third, has a bad eye, is rather cheeky, and shows dark shadings about the head, otherwise he would have stood higher, for his character is not to be denied. Commissariat, uncropped, and with fairly good head and ears, was reserve. He abounds in true Irish character, has an excellent coat and is grandly muscled. He is much too big, but is not coarse, and I regretted exceedingly that so good a dog had to be put back for size simply; but if we have standards judges should keep to them. In the bitch class there were only two competitors, Salem Witch and Killarney Girl. The latter has the best head, and is the strongest and best muscled, but in all other respects Salem Witch excels her. The latter is a very poor shower, but in releasing her in the judging space in the yard and petting her to frisk about, her fine front action was evident, which was quite in keeping with beautifully placed shoulders. She was the best colored Irish terrier in the show, and has a first-rate coat, and as these two together count 25 per cent., she seemed to me to win easily, for her rival has but an indifferent coat. Jack Briggs won the special for the best Irish terrier.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS made good classes. Sir Wallace, alone in the challenge class, is wide in skull and rather cheeky, very wide in front and not quite straight. His tail is fair and tan and markings good. In open class dogs a very good and a very bad one came together. Salisbury, though not in the best condition, was still able to win the special for the best of the breed easily. He was, of course, first in the open class here. His competitor, Slick, is bad in tan and worse in temper; a coarse big one in bad condition, with but little to recommend him. In the bitch class there was plenty of competition. For first place the choice lay between English Lady and Louie. The former's tan and markings are fair, tail medium, head rather good, but she loses in this feature to Louie. The latter is rather wide and not perfectly straight in front and has wretched tan. Both are of good size and made well. Louie lost in condition so much that, all things considered, I thought Lady deserved first place. Unfortunately, all things were not considered. I made it a point to look at the teeth of every dog that came before me, and especially in the terrier classes; but in some unaccountable way I missed Lady, that is very defective in teeth. Had I seen her mouth I would certainly not have placed her over Louie, making all allowance for the latter's poor condition. Mona, third, is a daughter of Kaiser's, with many of that dog's excellencies. She is rather high on the leg and not yet deep enough in chest, but has a fine long, lean head and the best kind of an eye, correctly placed, good legs, coat and muscle, fairly good tail, excellent tan, but without the thumb mark. Her ears do not now stand well. Her condition was nearly perfect. Rosette was given reserve. Though large and rather wide in front, her formation is good, head fair, tan and markings and character first rate. Rochelle Topaz is a small uncropped bitch with ears good enough to make one wish that cropping were a thing of the past. She is good in tan and markings, in nice condition and of good size, but her head is a good deal spoiled by eyes wrong in color, shape and position, and overhung by brows, a feature foreign to this breed.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Sir Stafford readily won from Toodles, but a moderate specimen, while Jack is in coat much more like a Paisley terrier than a Skye. The bitch class contained two good ones, Islay and Endcliffe Maggie. Islay has a long coat of the proper texture, but it is not straight, and in front this gives the bitch an unkempt appearance that greatly detracts from her Skye character. On the other hand Endcliffe Maggie is thin in coat now, but one can judge of its texture. To the eye she shows much the most character, and excels her rival in head, loin and muscling generally. I had no doubt that she deserved the first position. Prairie Flower, straighter in coat than Islay, is inferior in other respects, while Scotch Rose is much behind in head, etc.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Sentinel II. was entered but did not appear, so that no prizes were awarded in this class.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Some good ones were on hand. Dogs and bitches competed together. King of the Heather, not first rate in color and unduly crooked in legs, but with a good head, strong and long body and lots of character, won from a nice bitch in Heather Madge, well ahead of Laird of the Heather. Amphion was absent.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Three rather nice specimens and one moderate one put in an appearance. Little Pop, though taller, excelled in coat and movement, but is too high on the leg. Baby Bunting was much the better of the two bitches and was given the special. Mrs. Pitt's specimens were better in body, color and tan than those usually seen.

PUGS.—Bob Ivy, alone in the challenge class, won. He is getting a little wide in front and off in front legs. On this occasion he carried one ear indifferently. The open class dogs comprised three fair specimens, a great improvement on what has been seen in Ottawa on former occasions. Meddler, just a moderate one, with neither great merit nor conspicuous faults, won from Jim, too large, rather harsh in coat, wide in front and light in bone, but with beautiful clear color, good mask and nice black ears. Trixie was smutty, quite as large and not so good in head color.

POODLES.—Biglow, a dog of moderate merit, was given the prize without competition.

POMERANIANS.—The owner of two local dogs, that had up till this year had it their own way, could not understand why they should not be at the head of affairs this year also; the fact was that a better one than either from Toronto turned up. Jumbo, first, is too large, but his coat is straight, his formation of body and movement good. The coats of the others are bad, and they have weeping eyes and only fair heads. The blue with which they had been rinsed was also evident enough. There was little between them and the smaller was chosen for second prize.

DACHSHUNDS.—Jessie Victoria, shown very thin, was clearly superior in head, coat, skin and general quality. Fritz is coarse all through.

Before closing I cannot but remark on two or three matters that impressed me unfavorably. At this show some six to eight dogs competed in wrong class, according to C. K. C. rules. As president of the club, I would have protested these dogs, but that I think exhibitors from the United States should have been warned through the press that challenge dogs cannot compete in open classes on this side.

Many of the dogs were greatly broken up from unpleasant little meetings among themselves. Who are to blame for this?

Not a few of the dogs had lost flesh and failed in condition generally more than they should since the circuit began. I fear that at some of the shows the dogs were insufficiently fed. In one at least the windows were kept open too much. There was no necessity for it. On the whole, the Ottawa show and the entire circuit was a success.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Middleton's Caufrid; 2d, A. E. Garrow's Hero. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Falconer's Attraction.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Col. Ruppert's Aristocrat. —OPEN—1st, 2d and 3d, Col. Ruppert's Lady Gladwyn, Miss Anne and Altonette.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. B. Souliere's Noble.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season and Pious Pembroke.—OPEN—*Dogs:* J. W. Wurtele's Justinian; 2d, J. Henderson's Jack of Napanee. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Lily of Gainsboro; 2d, J. W. Wurtele's Jetsam. Very high com., L. M. Bates's Galatea.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, A. M. Lyon's Harvie; 2d, Col. Audet's Robin.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Dowler's Mack; 2d, J. Gibbs's Genius; 3d, Wm. Powell's King. High com. and com., S. Sherwood's Mat and Pat. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Gyp; 2d, J. P. Dunne's Rose.

HARRIERS.—Equal 1st, Wm. Powell's Hunter and F. L. Mabee's Dandy; 2d, F. L. Mabee's Daisy.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. B. Robson's Bob Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, F. P. Robson's Elfie and Dot; 2d, A. Geddis's Snow.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. W. Hurdman's Tonko; 2d, Shirley Stewart's Don Cæsar, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. W. Hurdman's Juno.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Devon Nell.—OPEN—1st, Connell's Rock II; 2d, H. M. Graydon's Donovan. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Chaira and Frivolity; 2d, G. O. Smith's Lord Graphic's Juno.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. N. Brown's Edgemark.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. J. Walsh's The Sultar; 2d, Pennsylvania Kennels' Ben Hur of Riverview; 3d, Joe Lewis's Tony Gladstone. Reserve, R. Rittvore's Kent's Rex. High com., H. M. Graydon's Locksley II. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Joe Lewis's Annie Frost and Forest Louise.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Duke Elcho—six entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Pride of Patsey; Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare Glenmore; 3d and reserve, Mount Royal Kennels' Elfrin and Elfrus. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Rose Sarsfield; 2d, Douglas & Chambers's Irene.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, Dr. Dixon's Leo B. and Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN *Dogs:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Rush; 2d, Dr. Dixon's Duke of Wellington. Very high com., Dr. S. S. Davidson's Royal Nibbs. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Graham's Lady Gordon; 2d, Dr. Dixon's Princess Louise; 3d and very high com, Mount Royal Kennels' Wanda and Floss.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, J. C. Nichols's Marguerite.

CLUMBERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. H. Middleton's Boss III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. B. Smart's Darby; 2d, W. H. Middleton's Quester.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, H. M. Howe's Wonder; 2d, Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid; 3d, W. H. Morgan, Jr.'s Bounce.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Brant Cocker Kennel's champion Brantford Red Jacket.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Geddes & Cunningham's Donovan; 2d, J. Kennedy's Jay Kay; 3d, Raglan Kennels' Dodo. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Romola and Rideau Flossie; 2d, J. Kennedy's Molly Bawn; 3d, A. Laidlaw's Rideau Reine. Very high com., J. A. Spracklin's Volo. —OTHER THAN BLACK.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Red Oak; 2d, Dr. S. S. Davidson's Nerve. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Vic; 2d, Ancient & Modern Spaniel Kennels' Cherry Ripe; 3d, A. F. Grant's Rideau Robina.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Corktown Kennels' Corktown Comet; 2d, Dr. S. S. Davidson's Nerve. *Bitches:* 1st, Dorktown Kennels' Corktown Cleo; 2d, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Rhea; 3d, A. F. Grant's Rideau Romo.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Samson; 2d, C. Scrim's Colie. *Bitches:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Dudley Chris.

BULLDOGS.—1st, Chas. A. Smith's Carisbrooke; 2d, A. P. Sherwood's Jack.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Herbert M. Howe's Comet II. and Chatham Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's champion Starlight; 2d and 3d, Herbert M. Howe's Grove Duchess and Loumont Kit.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. A. McDonald's Blemton Triumph.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1s, Clover Hill Kennels' Tom Tom; equal 2d, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Rivet and A. A. McDonald's Calchas; 3d, A. D. Stewart's My Fellow. Reserve, Chas. S. Hanks's Seacroft Bourbon. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and reserve Chas. T. Hanks's Grouse II., Damson and Seacroft Fuss; 2d, A. D. Stewart's Hillside Baroness. Very high com., Rideau Kennels' Clytie. Com., Samuel Simmis's Lady.—NOVICE—1st, Clover Hill Kennels' Tom Tom; 2d, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Rivet; 3d and reserve, A. D. Stewart's My Fellow and My Queen. High com., H. S. Perley's Buck Shot. Com., J. L. Wills's Princess.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Walter J. Comstock's Boxer IV.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs; 2d, H. O'Connor's Galties; 3d, Walter J. Comstock's Hanover Boy. Reserve, W. H. Drummond's Commissariat. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Salem Witch; 2d, T. Brown's Killarney Girl.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford; 2d, A. J. & H. L. Jeffrey's Toodles; 3d, W. Edmunds's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, H. K. Cairter's Endcliffe Maggie; 2d and 3d, C. H. Smith's Islay and Prairie Flower. Reserve, C. H. Shinn's Scotch Rose.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, 2d and 3d, E. Brooks's King of the Heather, Heather Madge and Laird of the Heather.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. E Elmer's Sir Wallace.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Salisbury; 2d, H. Walters's Slick. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Rochelle Kennels' English Lady and Rochelle Topaz; 2d, F. F. Dole's Louie; 3d, A. Geddes's Mona. Reserve, Toon & Symonds's Rosette. Very high com., A. E. Elmer's Lady Don.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. J. A. Pitts's

Little Pop and Bill Nye. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. J. A. Pitts's Baby Bunting; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Jennie.

TOY SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Central Kennels' Royal Roy; 2d and 3d, Allen Trebilcock's Royal Duke and Romeo. *Bitches:* 1st, Allen Trebilcock's Topsy.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Adams's Meddler; 2d, Mrs. H. S. Perley's Jim; 3d, A. Hurdman's Trixie.

POODLES.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Biglow.

SPITZ.—1st, A. Trebilcock's Jumbo; 2d and 3d, Mrs. W. Roger's Beauty and Fred.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, E. A. Manice's Jessie Victoria; 2d, L. O. Seidel's Fritz K.

SPECIALS.

Best St. Bernard, Col. Ruppert's Lady Gladwyn. Best greyhound dog, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season: best bitch, A. W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy. Best foxhound, J. B. Dowler's Mack. Best beagle dog, F. P. Robson's Bob Krueger; best bitch, F. P. Robson's Elfie. Best pointer, Chas. Connell's Rock II. Best English setter, F. S. Brown's Edgemark. Best Irish setter, Seminole Kennels' Pride of Patsey. Best Gordon setter, Dr. Dixon's Leo B. Best Clumber spaniel, G. B. Smart's Darby. Best field spaniel, H. M. Howe's Wonder. Best cocker dog, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Jacket; best bitch, Corktown Cocker Kennels' Cleo. Best collie, McEwen & Gibson's Samson. Best fox-terrier dog, A. A. MacDonald's Biemton Trump; best bitch, Chas. T. Hanks's Grouse II. Best Irish terrier, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs. Best black and tan terrier, F. F. Dole's Salisbury. Best Yorkshire terrier, Mrs. J. A. Pitts's Baby Bunting. Best toy spaniel, Allen Trebilcock's Topsy. Best pug, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Best dachshund, E. A. Manice's Jessie Victoria. Diploma for best in the above breeds, challenge dogs excluded: St. Bernard, Col. Ruppert's Lady Gladwyn; greyhound, J. W. Wurtele's Justinian; foxhound, J. B. Dowler's Mack; beagle, F. P. Robson's Bob Krueger; pointer, Chas. Connell's Rock II; English setter, E. J. Walsh's The Sultan; Irish setter, Seminole Kennels' Pride of Patsey; Gordon setter, Mount Royal Kennels' Rush; Clumber spaniel, G. B. Smart's Darby; field spaniel, H. M. Howe's Wonder; cocker spaniel, not decided; collie, McEwen & Gibson's Samson; fox-terrier, Clover Hill Kennels' Tom Tom: Irish terrier, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs; black and tan terrier, F. F. Dole's Salisbury; Yorkshire terrier, Mrs. J. A. Pitts's Baby Bunting; toy spaniel, Allen Trebilcock's Topsy; pug, E. Adams's Meddler; dachshund, E. A. Manice's Jessie Victoria. Special for dog with best movement, H. M. Howe's field spaniel Wonder. Best Canadian-bred dog under two years and over one year, any bred, Clover Hill Kennels' fox-terrier Tom Tom.

## SHEEPDOG TRIALS.

STAKES.—First prize, $100; second prize, $50; special puppy prize, diploma.

Entries.—Wallace, owned by Messrs. Edward H. Radel and Edwin H. Morris; Nantg-millt-lass II. (American name Nell), owned by Messrs. Edward H. Radel and Edwin H. Morris; Coll, owned by Mr. H. H. Miller, Tranquility Rock Farms, Allamuchy, N. J. Another entry was reserved for Mr. Barnes, Smithfield Flats, N. Y., but the dog did not compete.

Mr. Geo. Whitehead, an old Spaniel Club member, who has recently taken in hand working sheepdogs, very kindly consented to judge at the request of the league.

Pens of a singular pattern were provided at either end of the inclosure, but sheep did not materialize until Wednesday, and then three that were supposed to have hailed from the wild West, and were credited with spring enough to clear 10ft., were safely got into one of these, and the door securely fastened.

Wallace was selected for the initial event, and Mr. Morris, after explaining that the dog had only arrived from England a week before, that he had been used to the Welsh language, further that he himself was but an amateur shepherd, worked his dog. The sheep were liberated, and at the word cer-lawr-draw (far away wide) Wallace bounded in their direction, and with much caution rounded, and commenced to drive as directed by whistle and wave of hand. There was a fence around the track judge's box, with tents, trapeze, wood work and many other obstacles, and as Mr. Morris moved in that direction to prevent the entry of the sheep, Wallace instantly took that direction and the three sheep were safely penned and the dog at his master's feet for a pat, in return for his smart work, but instead he was ordered to fetch them out, which he did, not by entering where the sheep had, but by jumping the fence and getting behind them.

With all these obstacles and disadvantages, within two minutes the sheep were again in the inclosure, but they were perfectly wild, and now became stubborn, or bolted in turns. Soon one made a determined stand, while the other two went for the track. Wallace was then ordered to round and bring back these, but they had got on the track, and all he could do was to hold them on the other side. The dog afterward took them to the pen, and its construction formed another impediment, so that he had to bring them round the square box three or four times before they would enter the door. The dog was rammed against the side in this work and came out limping, but was ordered to fetch the other, now standing in a defiant attitude in the center of inclosure. Repeatedly did he try every maneuver taught by the Welsh or any other country, and though he pinched the sheep's legs it was of no avail, and it was evident the sheep had either been used to fight for his life against some such a dog or had never been rounded before except by a cowboy, or should it not be sheepboy. Experienced sheep rearers and cattlemen agreed that no dog living could make such a sheep budge, so Wallace was called off, and at the invitation of Mr. Morris, Mr. Miller was given an opportunity to snatch distinction from the renowned Wallace by the use of his Coll, but though he helped the pup the chance was entirely lost.

At this juncture a postponement was made in order to get other sheep, but as those on exhibition were for the judge's eye only, and the time was short, it was decided to simply allow the dogs to show their ability as best they could. Coll was the next one tried, and he proved that he could be useful in assisting his master in driving; he was obedient, anxious for work, and though he made one deliberate split, he afterward atoned for it by rounding and driving at command. The sheep soon became wild and uncontrollable. Nell was first put through her fancy work, and showed that she would go off, go wide, come on, answer whistle and take an opposite direction at the wave of the hat or hand, lie down, draw on cautiously, and when down creep up so as not to startle the sheep. When she was cast off she was remarkably quick and bright, found and rounded in an admirable manner. Her quickness alone kept the sheep together and enabled her to bring them some distance, but they headed for some trees at the edge of the fair ground, and though she got them back once after they had left the inclosure, a second attempt was frustrated by some one who was not aware of what was wanted. The sheep reached the trees, but Nell soon bunched them and had them again in the open, but at this moment a cur upset everything, and prevented the penning.

The judge considered that Wallace had shown cleverness, combined with great resolution and tact, and that Nell's brightness and thorough training might make her his equal, so the stakes were divided between them, and Coll was awarded the diploma for the promise he showed.

Wallace is a black and white dog, of good size, with the wicked look generally seen in the drover's dog or some bobtailed sheepdogs. He is rangy, strong and full of pluck. It is probable that he carries the blood of the old Welsh driving sheepdog as well as the Scotch collie. He should not only have their combined qualities, but should be able to protect his flock from night prowlers, which should alone make him "worth a flock of sheep," as one of the spectators remarked. He was imported by his owners because there was a doubt as to whether there would be entries for the trials which the League had determined to inaugurate. He is the winner of a number of prizes at some of the leading English trials and is about three years of age.

Nell is hardly two years. She is perhaps "just collie." Her size is below the average, and her color is black, white and tan. Some ten to fifteen years ago champion Bob was the terror of all sheepdog-trial competitors, just as his son champion Turk has been ever since. The latter has won quite a dozen first prizes at open-to-all trials, besides many at what are called local events. He also distinguished himself before Queen Victoria. Nell is the daughter of this dog, and Nantg-willt-lass, her dam, is also well known for her excellent field work.

Coll is a black and white Scotch collie, of little bench show prominence, but as she comes from a dam that is kept at Mr. Rutherford Stuyversant's stock farm for her utility, and the sire was chosen because he was a worker, there is good reason for the promise Coll shows.

There are at least eight sheep dogs that are to be prepared in view of future events, in the neighborhood of Trenton alone, so it is evident that it was only a start that was needed to produce a movement which shall help to provide useful dogs for the farmer in place of the almost worthless curs that are generally found round the farmyards in America.

When the first heat was called for on the second day there were 28,000 present, and as there were perhaps not more than 28 of these who had ever seen "the running dogs," as they were called, the enthusiasm is easily understood. Ferenzi and Turpin went to the post, the former a decided favorite. The start was a little in favor of Turpin, and he kept his place well until just at the finish, when his rival made a spurt, crossing the line a trifle ahead. The second heat was between Young Dick and Orphan Girl. It was a good contest throughout, with a finish slightly in favor of Dick.

Nellie and Rose came next. Rose was unknown, and it was hoped that Nellie would dispose of her, so that the final would be more certain, but as she flew down the track such hopes vanished, and when she crossed the line ahead, Rose was soon made the favorite for the final.

The fourth heat, between Nellie Bly and Bess, was a good one, the running was very close, and as Bess crossed the line, a few inches ahead, the audience acted as though a trotter had broken the record.

Rose, Ferenzi, Bess and Young Dick were then left in the final, which was to be run the following day, deciding which should get the stakes of $75, $40, $25 and $10.

At the earnest request of the managers, those representing the League arranged for two special races, to exclude the four winning dogs. They were given in two four-dog heats, in which Nellie and Lucy Glitters were the winners.

The political day at the Trenton fair is always a great occasion, but this year it eclipsed all former occasions, making a total entry of 45,000. Soon after the political celebrities had taken their seats on the grand stand, Mr. Taylor, who carried out the programme of events, asked for the "running dogs," when Rose, Ferenzi, Bess and Young Dick promptly went to the starting place, and were as promptly slipped. There was some difficulty at first with the crowd at this point, and as soon as the dogs were started the crowd gathered across the track to see the finish. It was a remarkably close race for all but Bess, she being destined for last money from the start. Rose led and won, closely followed by Ferenzi, whilst Dick made a good third.

Mr. Jas. White, the owner of Rose, wears glasses and would not be taken for a whippet racer. He was born in Yorkshire and that was a part of his inheritance. When visiting the old country a few months ago he was struck by a "little thing" that had won the Knights of Labor handicap when only 5 months old, and he had to get a pup from her or never return to America. He got the pup and Rose is her name, a "little thing" too, for she is got up in brindle and white, and only 16lbs. at that, but what muscle, what an expression. Her sire was Little Poor Boy from Bradford, Yorkshire, England, don't yer know. He came from Jim Syke's Duffer, and what do you want better than that. This was the sort of talk that followed congratulations, and Mr. James White, of Newark, N. J. was assuredly a proud man. Ferenzi, the second, holds the challenge collar and is a well-made, speedy dog. Young Dick and Bess are also good specimens, and were in splendid condition.

During the intervals between the trotting events three other races of heats with four dogs were given, for special purses presented by the league. In each case the contests were good and every one seemed to wish for more.

E. H. M.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—The attendance at the Ottawa show last week was not as good as it should be, but well up to the average, and the show will turn out a success financially. Mr. Geddes had things well in hand, and many of the dogs looked better at the end of the three weeks' circuit than when they started out. All left for home on Friday afternoon. There appeared to be some trouble about the transportation charges of the dogs by the railway companies, they refusing to carry out the arrangements made, and the extra charges became rather a heavy tax on some of the handlers.

On Friday forenoon the superintendent was greatly concerned to find that Tom Tom, the winning fox-terrier in open dog class, had not been benched that day, and it was feared he had gone astray. However, it appeared that Mr. H. P. Thompson, Toronto, his owner, had removed him the previous night, and leaving for home, had taken the dog with him. Mr. Thompson ran the risk, under additional Rule 7, of forfeiting his prize money, but the committee in this case were lenient. Mr. Geddes had in this case foregone the usual deposit of $5. He won't do so again.

A protest has been lodged with the C. K. C. against the win at Toronto of the greyhound Echo, who was first in the open class. Mr. Wurtele, who lays the charge, claims the dog is none other than Pious Pembroke and was eligible for the challenge class. He was shown at Kingston in the open class and at Ottawa in the challenge class as Pious Pembroke. Geo. Thomas, who handled him for Mr. Purbeck, explains that his kennel name is Echo and that it was a mere slip of the pen in entering him under this name at Toronto. The charge will be brought up at the first meeting of the executive.

It looked at one time at Ottawa as if protests by the dozen were to be handed in against dogs winning in improper classes, but the C. K. C. rule on this point, being different from that of the A. K. C., and some of the dogs having been entered in the same classes at Toronto and Kingston, it was decided to let the matter go this year, as doubtless in most cases it was done in ignorance. It must be understood that all entries next year must be in strict accordance with the C. K. C. rules, or the wins, if any, will be protested.

I would urge on committees of Canadian bench shows the advisability of providing challenge classes, even if but one money prize—and that not a large one—for all breeds. The necessity for challenge classes in some breeds was not so great some two or three years ago as it now is, when we have dogs in this country of almost all breeds eligible for this class. In compliance with the C. K. C. rule, if no challenge class is provided challenge dogs are closed out altogether.

Mr. J. A. Spracklin has sold the cocker dog Red Obo (Red Roland—Devon Beauty), first Kingston, first Ottawa, 1892, to Mr. T. McK. Robertson, Kingston.

Joe Lewis made two purchases at Kingston, one the black cocker dog Donovan, who won first in the open class there. He is by old Obo, Jr. out of Woodstock Flirt, and is a little over two years old. The other is the beagle bitch Snow (champion Royal Krueger—Trissa W.), who was placed second in the open under 13in. class at Ottawa.

H. B. DONOVAN.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

### Mind in Animals.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—I received recently by mail several pamphlets from Dr. Wesley Mills, on comparative psychology, the phenomena of mind in the lower animals being specially and most interestingly presented. After reading Dr. Mills's writings on the subject, I felt an earnest wish that he would favor the readers of FOREST AND STREAM with some of the proofs of the existence of mind in the lower animals. Written in such a clear, logical and learned manner as Dr. Mills treats the subject, he could not fail to convince any fair-minded reader of the truth of his views.

The subject in most instances has been most unskilfully and superficially expounded in the kennel press by writers in past years, since all acts of the lower animals were considered instinctive. Nearly all such writers had a very imperfect knowledge of the subject, and their writings had their weight chiefly from bold assertion. They always assumed that every act in the lives of the lower animals was instinctive as a matter of course. They could not define instinct, nor could they define mind, nor could they tell where instinct ended and mind began, yet the palpable fact that such writers knew nothing of the subject never for a moment lessened the assurance of their statements.

To distinguish between instinctive acts and the phenomena of mind requires a most comprehensive special study of the treatises on psychology and close observation of the life and habits of the lower animals; then the student will comprehend how much he don't know. The subject is a most voluminous one, and has engaged the earnest efforts of some of the greatest minds that the world ever produced. Some of their conclusions were the result of years of profound study; yet I have known of a Tennessee farmer, in an interval between crops, write a summary settlement of a question of heredity, in a few brief words issued as *ex cathedra* from no other support than his inner consciousness.

The acts in the every-day life of the lower animals, which are the result of experience and knowledge, are not instinctive. Knowledge comes within the domain of mind. Knowledge presupposes mind. Instinct is entirely independent of knowledge or experience in its exercise. There is not an act in the life of the domesticated dog but what shows an intelligent perception of cause and effect. The dog has been kept beneath the true place he should hold in the estimation of man by the natural desire of the latter to exalt himself, and his intolerance of anything in common with the lower animals. Granting the existence of mind in the lower animals, it only serves to show the vast superiority of the mind of man, considering the matter from a comparative standpoint. It is to be hoped that Dr. Mills and others, who really know something about the subject, will claim for the dog his true place among the animals which reason, and prove it by the unlimited material available.

### Field Trial Echoes.

I have received from Mr. Thomas Johnson, secretary-treasurer of the Northwestern Field Trial Club, Winnipeg, Manitoba, a copy of a letter sent to the editor of the *American Field*, concerning the field trial report of Mr. W. A. Bruette, who did the reporting for the *Field* at both the field trials held in Manitoba last month. In support of Mr. Johnson's assertion it is only fair to say that Mr. Bruette repeatedly and openly asserted that he had an enmity against Mr. Johnson and Rev. Mr. Spence.

I thought at first that it would be better to withhold the letter published herewith till I could hear more fully and directly from Mr. Johnson on the matter, but on second thought I concluded that this letter was intended to set forth his version of it. It should be kept in mind that the letter is addressed to the aforesaid editor. It reads as follows:

WINNIPEG, Sept. 19.—*My Dear Doctor*—You are probably aware of the unpleasantness I had with W. A. Bruette when he was up here two years ago. This, no doubt, is the cause of the malicious and vicious attack on myself in his report of the Manitoba and Northwestern Field Trials Club's trials. I should be wanting in dignity and self-respect to answer an individual of Bruette's caliber. There is, however, one part of his report which I desire to draw your attention to, and that is his studiously-worded remark that I was expelled from the Manitoba Field Trials Club *in connection with my official position as secretary and treasurer.* The facts are, my books were audited and I handed the club my check for the balance on hand—some $8—*and resigned.* This was in August, 1891. In February, 1892, when the Manitoba Field Trials Club found I was taking an active part in organizing the Northwestern Field Trials Club, they sent me a bill for $46 which they had incurred for advertising, etc., to put the new club in shape, and wrote me that I had been the cause of their incurring this expense, and if I did not pay this amount they would reconsider my resignation and expel me. I did not deign them a reply to this, but told some of their members to go plump to Hades and expel me. Now, I think, for the interest I have always taken in the *American Field*, and your character for fairness, that you should not let this imputation go forth with your approval. I ask no favors; those who know me know I am incapable of the imputation made, and those who don't know me I don't give a darn for. I mentioned to you when up here that I intended resigning and relinquishing all interest in dog trials, but the vindictive spirit of the other organization is of such a nature I shall now go ahead and show them they cannot suppress either me or the Northwestern Field Trials Club. I would like also to say that you know all about running a newspaper, but I know also that the *American Field* adds nothing to its prestige by employing a man with Bruette's reputation as reporter. I am, my dear Doctor, very faithfully yours,

THOS. JOHNSON.

One paragraph, stating that Mr. Johnson kicked Mr. Bruette out of his place and containing a very grave charge, has been cut out, as it is a matter between the gentlemen themselves as it stands at present.

The acts of Mr. Johnson in connection with field trial affairs in Manitoba were set forth in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 8 in Points and Flushes, the statements being founded directly on the official minutes of the proceedings of the Manitoba Field Trial Club's meetings and its official correspondence. It is due to Mr. Johnson that he be heard in the matter, therefore his letter is published. It is also only fair to state that the publication of the matter in FOREST AND STREAM was done in a purely journalistic way. It was common gossip among field trial men in Manitoba, and there was a great deal of factional feeling here and there among a few. The best way to deal with such matters is to do so squarely. Many gossippy tales were afloat which were entirely ignored, and the matter presented was confined entirely to it as embodied in the club records. The increase of clubs and genuine sportsmanship is a cause for all true sportsmen to rejoice. That Mr. Johnson has resolved to go on with the good work is most gratifying. However, it was due Mr. Johnson and the harmony of field trials, that the public, injurious gossip be met by an explanation.

### The Grand Rapids Show.

A mistake was made in the report last week in publishing the name of one of the managers of the show, the genial Mr. Charles K. Farmer. It was erroneously printed as Chas. K. Turner.

A most enjoyable two hours were passed in an informal gathering of the club members, the press correspondents, the judges and a few of the exhibitors in the club room at Sweet's Hotel after the club's regular meeting. The subject of field trials holding the members' greatest interest, it being most interesting to them, as it naturally would be, in view of the fact that the club holds its inaugural field trial this fall. Mr. John Davidson made a most favorable impression by his broad grasp of the principles of field-trial competition and his sound, common-sense manner of expressing his views.

### The Coursing Meeting.

The Executive Committee of the American Coursing Club have engaged a judge who holds the esteem and confidence of all dog men, Mr. Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky. His great popularity and acknowledged ability will doubtlessly add largely to the success of the trials. He judged at Great Bend in 1888 with satisfaction to all concerned, a feat not easily accomplished. B. WATERS.

## DOG CHAT.

### Rochester Show.

The ring at Rochester was quite *al fresco* and a pleasant change from the usual sawdust arrangement. The club, however, might just as well have staked off a small portion of ground with ropes or boxes. Although there was ample room to run the dogs 100yds., if requisite, one of the judges did not move the dogs a little bit. Mr. Fellows was not the delinquent, for he moved his dogs well, when requisite. The competition between Scottish Leader and Melrose was very keen, but they did not move a yard, and action is one of Melrose's strong points. As Arthur remarked, the fair owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennel "caught him napping this time, but—" and his face took on that quiet smile of his that foretells trouble in the future. Mrs. Smyth's three winners made a very pretty display.

The feeding was fairly good, Austin's biscuit, being the medium, but they were hardly prepared in an efficient manner, so we were told. The disinfecting was good, "Sanitas" sawdust being liberally used. "Uncle Dick" was attentive to his duties as superintendent and "always there," though he might have made the attendants clean up the aisles a little better, but then probably the crowd interfered.

There were several visitors. Among them I noticed Mrs. Smyth, Mrs. Meacham and Mrs. Hughes; Messrs. Clarence Rathbone and two friends from Albany; John Moorehead, Jr., from Pittsburgh, Pa.; C. C. M. Hunt, Palmyra; J. T. Francis, Warham Whitney, E. D. Wilbur, W. J. Higginson, E. Bardoe Elliott, W. Tallman, German Hopkins, C. E. Connors, Arthur Trickett, A. M. Hughes, and the judges, of course. The show was slow, very slow, and outside of Warham Whitney, J. R. Fanning and Dr. O. S. Bamber, the secretary, we did not see another member of the club at the show. Mr. Geo. Peer, the treasurer, was busy among the cocks and hens and he steered clear of the dogs. The Fair people helped the club with a certain amount of money and a roof to cover the dogs. But now that they realize what an attraction to the public the dogs were—in fact, the aisles were crowded most of the time—it is expected that a bigger effort will be made next year and a first-class show held, coming in just after the Canadian circuit. Dr. Bamber was an attentive secretary, and told us that he shut down to the hour and so had to refuse about 70 late entries.

The only thing to mar the pleasant reunion was the feeling occasioned by Mr. John Moorehead's action in taking his dog, Streatham Monarch from the show on the second day. This was protested by another bull-terrier exhibitor, under additional rule XI., which says: "No dog can be permanently removed from the building until 6 o'clock on Friday night, Sept. 30, except by consent of the manager or superintendent. Mr. Moorehead did not obtain this consent, and the owner is liable to disqualification for his hasty action. The rules of the smallest member of the A. K. C. must be lived up to and this is one of the most important. We notice a feeling among new comers at the business to slight this rule, but every one, in justice to the public, should be made to adhere to it. In this case there was no excuse as the dog was well and the stalls were comfortable and dry. The protest was handed to Dr. Bamber, but we are afraid there would be difficulty in getting a meeting of the committee, anyhow we hope to give the result before going to press.

### Brooklyn Dog Show.

For fear that some exhibitors may think that the show held by the National Greyhound Club in Brooklyn next November is for greyhounds alone, we wish to disabuse them of that idea. The show is open to the world and every breed of dog. The club has upward of forty handsome specials already donated and others are promised, and with these they expect to make the premium list a very attractive one. The list will be ready by Oct. 8. We do not know what the entry fee has been fixed at, but it was rumored that $5 was to be the figure. On this basis there was considerable grumbling among the men who control some of the best dogs at the shows, and if the fee was fixed at that sum they would not fall in line. While New York could probably charge $10 and get a big show, we do not think it good policy on the part of other clubs to try $5, and especially at this time of the year and so close to the New York show.

### Great Danes at Ottawa.

We are surprised that Dr. Mills should have even entered his great Dane, when he was down to judge those classes at Ottawa, excepting with the proviso "N. F. C., etc." The fact of Mr. Corbett being called in to judge the challenge class does not alter the aspect of the case whatever, the fact remains that the great Dane Minerva's Fawn wins a challenge prize in the show in which her owner judges great Danes. This does not look well.

### Death of Lady Venus.

Mr. Frank Dole is having his share of the misfortunes that too often beset the faucier. At Kingston show his bull bitch Lady Venus, quite a smart one, too, was taken sick and died on the way to Ottawa show. She was only about 20 months old, and was one of the new importations Mr. Dole made lately. Lady Venus was by Rustic Swell out of champion Rustic Lass. Mr. Dole has our sincere sympathy.

### Correction.

The name of one of Dr. Jarvis's Derby entries in the Irish Setter Trials should be Oline instead of Gine.

George Thomas will return to England this month on the lookout for something serviceable for the next circuit. The Sheffield-Salem Kennel will probably shake us up a little with black and tan terriers if the gods and prices are propitious.

Mr. E. O. Damon has, we find, sought the advantages of our business columns now that he feels that he has a kennel that can offer the very best bench and field trial blood. The Meadow City Kennel, a picture of which the owner sends, seems to be beautifully situated, and the kennels are built on the isolation principle; a number of kennels rather than one or two large buildings, and this is a wise plan. Having had the services of such an old and astute breeder as Mr. P. H. Bryson to guide in the selection of stock the inmates of this kennel show at once that the right stuff is there. Among the stud dogs are the Corsair, noted both on field and bench, and Rod's Whim, that earned his spurs at Assonet, Mass., last year. These are by Count Noble ex Gladstone's Girl. Among the bitches are Rod's Mirth, Rod's Chaff and the Laggard, by Roderigo ex Gladstone's Girl; Mary Murnan—(Count Noble ex Florence) and Jennie Stevenson (Fred ex May). Several of these will run at the New England, United States and the Southern trials this year.

The steamer Nomadic, White Star Line, arrived at Pier 44, North River, New York city, Sept. 27, having on board a fox-terrier dog consigned to Mr. E. H. Goodwin, New York. This company brings a dog or two nearly every week on one or the other of its ships, and seems to be a favorite line. The steamer Naronic arrived Oct. 3 with one bull-terrier bitch for Mr. J. L. Dever, Great Western Distillery, Peoria, Ill., and one pug bitch consigned to W. H. Dumont & Co., 16 Exchange Place, New York.

Mr. Chapman writes us that while we were right about the prospective Mississippi Beagle Club he does not feel like assuming the duties of secretary again, although willing to help in every other way. He adds: "There is really no reason why this new club should not be as successful in every way as the National Beagle Club has been, and as president of the latter club I bid them welcome and wish them well and I believe that with a little push they could hold a trial some time in January, and not only catch all of the local entries, but many from the East and West as well. The rapid strides of the N. B. C. should serve to encourage them, and I think they can depend on a majority of the members of the older club to stretch forth the hand of good fellowship in a sportsmanlike fashion and aid them with members, money and entries. In like ratio as there are field trials held will good field beagles abound.

We have received the constitution and by-laws of the Pacific Coast St. Bernard Club, organized Aug. 17, 1892. The dues are $6 per annum and we hear the club has already quite a goodly number of members. We may remind our many readers on the Pacific slope who may wish to aid the cause of the Holy breed that Mr. H. J. Summerhayes is the secretary, 152 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

In our business columns we find the sale notice of a capital wire-haired dog, Jack Prompter, who was a winner at the Rochester show last week. His sire, ch. Prompter, won the 50-guinea challenge cup twice in England.

Mr. A. R. Kyle has sold to the Chestnut Hill Kennels, Wellesbourne Kyle and two other young collies, but Scotsman, as he is, he has still a brace up his sleeve that he thinks can beat these and any others. We should like to see Mr. Kyle and all the old collie breeders once more in an active state. The breed needs a little shaking up.

A similar case to the "puppy packing" at Toronto show has just occurred in England, where two sailors shipped six puppies in an ordinary wine box, 2lin. by 7 by 15, and at the journey's end the pups were found suffocated. The difference between the Canadian and the English case is that in the latter the culprits were fined $25.

We regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Wheatleigh, president of the American Pet Dog Club, which occurred Sept. 23. Mrs. Wheatleigh had been for years quite a prominent pug exhibitor and breeder, and was a familiar figure at New York shows for years past. She was very active in the councils of the Pet Dog Club, and will, we are sure, be greatly missed by the members of that body.

Death has claimed another old fancier, an Englishman this time, Mr. S. W. Smith, or "Big Smith" in the old days, and "Old Turk" in a literary sense. His reminiscences of fox-terrier lore in the *Fanciers' Gazette* were very interesting.

Mr. George Jarvis has now been ruffled out of the even tenor of his way, and all on account of the A. K. C. It seems he claimed the prefix Kent for his kennel, and paid the customary $3 for the privilege and in due course, August issue of the *Kennel Gazette*, the claim was published. The notice at the heading of prefixes says that objections must be made with the secretary within 14 days after publication. On Sept. 27 objection was made to the prefix, but Mr. Jarvis claims this was over date, and now the case has gone to the advisory committee. The excuse offered for the objection is that there are so many "Kents" among the pointers. At the same time, if any one has a right to the prefix Mr. Jarvis has. He comes from Kent, England, and was the first to use "Kent" in pointers' names over here. It looks rather small to the man on the fence, anyhow.

Exhibitors say that if Mount Holly holds another show they want a new "Diehl" in judges. The connection between buff Cochins and pointers is not apparent to the naked eye, but they say Brother Winslow (that's the correct term, we believe in feathered parlance) can see it at a glance. Probably through inspiration.

Mr. A. H. Moore, the well known fancier of setters and St. Bernards, has just lost his young trotter, Evangeline, for which he gave $18,000 in the spring and which was valued at $30,000 at the time of her death.

There is an inclination among some breeders to hold a terrier show in Boston this fall. They think that in connection with the Mechanics' Fair it could be made to pay, many people being attracted into town by that exhibition. Whether this will be the case will depend somewhat on the wishes of the Massschusetts Kennel Club; if an M. K. C. show is to be held next spring those who are behind the terrier movement will not hold their exhibition.

Mr. W. W. Thompson writes to the English *Stock-Keeper* correcting the impression that Messrs. Radels and Morris's pair of working sheepdogs, are the first to be imported to this country. The former gentleman says that he sent Mr. Downey, of New York, proably Dr. Downey, who was an active fancier in the early 80's, one of the best workers in North Wales, and then adds that this dog won several good stakes as a worker in the States. We knew that there had been several attempts at sheepdog trials in this country, but did not believe they had been successfully carried out.

From *Stock Keeper* we learn that Mr. E. H. Clarke, of the Iolanthe Kennels, has purchased the well-known winning black and tan terrier, Lady Salisbury. In her time she has won over twenty first prizes.

We draw attention to our kennel columns in the business department. Among those who have dogs for sale are W. P. Fraser, high class Scotch terriers; W. C. Newell, rough St. Bernard pups; James McAleer, well bred field trial pointers; H. V. Jamieson, trained beagles; J. Hope, rabbit hounds, guaranteed broken; E. C. Dodd, Gordon setter dogs; S. C. Graff, two broken beagles; C. L. A. Whitney, wire-hair Jack Prompter; G. I. Hodgson, trained Irish setter; J. A. Smithers, black pointer; P. H. Coombs, Yorkshire terriers by champion Bradford Harry, C. F. Lambert, pointer Derby entries. We draw particular attention to the new advertisement of Mr. Henry Brooks's Scotch terriers Kilroy, Kilcree and Kilbar, for they make an array of quality in this breed hard to beat; the Meadow City Kennels have English setters, The Corsair and Rod's Whim, and Dutchess Kennels change their ad. and have some good pups for sale.

Mr. Harry Twyford seems to have landed with "both feet" on the other side. Now we hear of him acting as chairman at a meeting that formed the West London Canine Society, or was it at the convivial gathering that followed that event, probably the latter, and "Brockenhurst" no doubt would tell them all about how "the world goes round." He must remember, however, that Oct. 24 is the date of the beagle trials.

We are told by the *Stock-Keeper* that Mr. Sam Woodiwiss will attend the World's Fair show with his team of bulldogs. There is little doubt but that, if properly worked, a number of representative kennels from across the water would attend and make the show the international gathering it should be.

The same journal tells us that it is very likely the fox-terrier Ripon Stormer will come to America. An American buyer, probably Mr. Rutherfurd or Harry Twyford for some one over here, has offered a long price for the dog, but the owner is not yet willing to part.

A peculiar anomaly has just occurred in connection with Irish terriers at the Scottish Kennel Club show that comes off soon at Edinburgh, Scotland. Although the show is under English Kennel Club rules, the Irish Terrier Club has had to withdraw its promised specials on account of the club refusing to adopt the non-cropping resolution in force since December 31, 1891.

### SALE OF W. K. C. POINTERS.

THE most important auction sale of pointers ever held in this country took place Thursday afternoon, Sept. 29, at the American Horse Exchange, New York city. When one considers the breeding of the dogs offered, especially the young stock, the prices realized must have fallen far below expectations. The W. K. C. does not intend to breed pointers on such a large scale as formerly though they have reserved their stud dogs, which will still remain at the service of the public. There was quite a goodly crowd of people assembled, among them several ladies. Several well known dogmen were on hand, among them Dr. Mora, Jas. Mortimer, the former superintendent of the club, Frank Windholz, Geo. Jarvis, Chas. Heath, Jacob Pentz, Phil. Daly, Jr., F. R. Hitchcock, John Brett, and Fred Gebhard was also a purchaser. Lass of Bow was getting on in years, and it was thought would probably not breed again, so she went for the comparatively low sum of $125. But we certainly expected Westminster Ralph, one of the best pups the club has raised in some years and a winner at Washington this year, to have brought more than $85. This dog, if lucky, is a bargain. The amounts the principal dogs brought were as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Westminster Baldface, M. Stamen | $ 6 00 |
| Westminster Dick, C. Page | 165 00 |
| Westminster Pete, C. Heath | 16 00 |
| Westminster Ralph, winner of first prize (puppy), Washington, 1892, G. H. Cooke | 85 00 |
| Liver and white dog, R. R. Moore | 12 50 |
| Liver and white dog, J. C. Patterson | 35 00 |
| Liver and white dog, F. J. Moore | 72 50 |
| Liver and white bitch, Phil Daly, Jr. | 17 50 |
| Liver and white bitch, Phil Daly, Jr. | 27 50 |
| Liver and white bitch, N. Sidwell | 30 00 |
| Liver and white bitch, W. C. Weatherbee | 20 00 |
| Champion Lass of Bow, liver and white bitch, March 19, 1884 (Graphic—Climax), J. C. Smith | 125 00 |
| Glauca, liver and white bitch, Feb 25, 1884 (Fluke—Glee), Forrester Kennels | 20 00 |
| Westminster Sal, liver and white bitch, Jan. 1, 1887 (Naso of Kippen—Madstone), C. Heath | 10 00 |
| Westminster Ina, A. H. Dyett | 40 00 |
| Westminster Gladys, liver and white bitch, July 3, 1887 (Naso of Kippen—Glauca), Phil Daly, Jr. | 75 00 |
| Westminster Nan, lemon and white bitch, September, 1889 (Westminster Cato—Nancy), J. C. Henn | 40 00 |
| Spinaway III., liver and white bitch, June 25, 1887 (Naso of Kippen—Spinaway), R. R. Moore | 10 00 |
| Spinaway IV., liver and white bitch, June, 1890 (Lad of Bow—Spinaway III.), Phil Daly, Jr. | 57 50 |
| Spinett, liver and white bitch, litter sister to Spinaway IV., A. H. Dyett | 12 50 |
| Westminster Kate, liver and white bitch, and four pups; litter sister to Westminster Ralph, R. R. Moore | 20 00 |
| Westminster Blanche, liver and white bitch, July 14, 1891 (King of Kent—Westminster Sal), J. C. Smith | 40 00 |
| Liver and white dog, June 23, 1892 (King of Kent—Westminster Ina), C. Sackett | 15 00 |
| Liver and white dog, B. Mann | 20 00 |
| Liver and white dog, C. Sackett | 25 00 |
| Liver and white bitch, Reynard Pointer Kennels | 15 00 |
| Liver and white bitch, Mr. Hitchcock | 22 50 |
| Liver and white bitch, Fred Gebhard | 10 00 |
| Liver and white bitch, C. Sackett | 17 50 |
| Liver and white bitch, M. Baker | 22 50 |
| Liver and white bitch, June 26, 1892 (King of Kent—Spinaway III.), J. Brett | 22 50 |
| Liver and white bitch, July 7, 1892 (King of Kent—Spinett), Phil Daly, Jr. | 17 50 |
| Liver and white bitch, G. Hoppens | 9 00 |
| Liver and white bitch, H. Ellsworth | 6 00 |
| Liver and white dog, G. Hopkins | 5 00 |
| Total | $1,154 50 |

An average of about $83 apiece.

### DANBURY DOG SHOW.

DANBURY, Conn., Oct. 5.—*Special to Forest and Stream.*—There are over 200 entries for this show. Many of the best kennels represented; Seminole, Rochelle, Symonds, Timan, Ben Lewis, Geo. Thomas, etc. Mr. James Watson commences judging to-day. E. H. M.

"ALL ABOUT FERRETS AND RATS" is the title of a little twenty-five cent pamphlet published by Adolph Isaacsen, of 92 Fulton street. It has been prepared, the author says, from his thirty years' practical experience as a sure pop rat exterminator.

## Yachting.

### FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

9. Jersey City, Ladies' Day, New York Bay.
15. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.

### Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., Osborn Cup.

THE race for the cup presented by Mr. R. A. Osborn, of the cutter Clara, was sailed on Oct. 1, the course being 6½ miles to windward and return. Start 12:10. The times were:

| | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|
| El Chico | 2 43 28 | 2 33 28 |
| Fyxie | 2 50 10 | 3 40 10 |
| Nameless | withdrew. | |
| Nemadji | disabled. | |

The Oyster Bay club house closed on Oct. 1, and the city house, at 7 East Thirty-second street, re-opened on Oct. 3 for the winter season.

Admiral Montague, owner of the 40-rater Corsair, has placed an order with Mr. Arthur E. Payne for a new yacht of the same class,




SAIL PLAN OF FISHING SCHOONER.

## The Dismasting of the Truant.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your issue of Sept. 15 I notice you have inserted a portion of an article from a San Francisco paper referring to a cruise of the Corinthian Y. C. and the loss of the mast of the cat sloop Truant, which is quite misleading and if unexplained would surely be considered as not very complimentary to the designer, Mr. W. D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass. On the trip referred to several of our fleet came to grief, owing to a strong breeze and heavy sea, but in reading the article one might infer that the Truant had met with a "series of disasters," and that her rig led to this result.

At the time the contract was given to build the boat a cedar stick was ordered from Washington Ter., having been unable to find one hereabouts of the required dimensions. Upon its arrival it was found badly twisted and was condemned by the builder and a spruce stick used, the builder remarking at the time that "it was not suitable but would answer for a season or two." For a socket for the spinaker boom a band was made reaching one-half way around the mast, fitted about 8in. above the deck, and held in place by six 2½in. screws. After sailing the boat for over fifteen months the mast "went by the board," breaking short off at the point where the screws had weakened the stick. No shrouds were used, as mentioned in the article, but the mast was stepped as designed and as is customary with this type of boat on the Atlantic coast. In my opinion it was not the fault of the rig, but because a suitable stick could not be had, and the mistake of weakening the mast by using the screws at a point where most of the strain came. Mr. Bacon made no objection to reducing the canvas, other than advising me that I must not expect the boat to sail very fast in light weather. I think it is the experience of every one in building a boat to find that it is impossible to obtain a perfect type suitable for all purposes, cruising, racing, deep and shallow water and all kinds of weather. It is not claimed that the catboat comes up to all of these requirements. The type has its faults as well as the deep draft, heavily-weighted keel boats. For an all around boat suitable for San Francisco Bay, with its variable winds and shallow waters, I have found the Truant all that could be asked for. She is an able sea boat, stands up well under her canvas, and experience has proven that she is the fastest boat of her inches, "blow high or low," ever launched in these waters. I can understand why the writer of the article, with no love for the rig, should make such a circumstance of the loss of the mast, but if he will take "pot luck" with me whenever it suits his convenience, I am quite sure he will return home satisfied that the Truant is as good, if not a superior, sea boat to other yachts hereabouts.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 28. J. W. Pew.

## Anchors for Small Yachts.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Perhaps some of your correspondents will give us their views on the subject of anchors, the best kind and the best method of stowing, on small boats, say 40-footers and smaller.

The "Chester" anchor with several flukes, which when not in use shut up and are held by a guard ring, appears to be deficient in holding capacity, and in the course of some experiments in which the writer recently assisted the reason of this incapacity appeared to be that it always presented two flukes to the mud and at the unfortunate angle represented by the feet of the letter "A" *i. e.* not vertical as in the case of the single flukes of a regular fisherman's anchor. With the same amount of scope it was easy to drag it over a bottom marked "silky" and consisting of mud and long grass, while the fisherman's anchor sank deep into the mud and could not be started. If a man wished to avoid sinking into a marsh he could not while standing do better than copy the letter "A." If he wished to sink in he would stand on one foot.

What must be the temper of one whose duty it is to haul up and stow a big fisherman's anchor in the cramped space forward on a six beam 30ft. outer midst the thrashing of both staysail and jibsheets, and the bellowing of the man at the wheel. Job's reputation for patience is not safe unless it can be ascertained whether he was a sailor, and whether he had been through this mill. Or perhaps he was a land lubber and had been through this mill, unlike the writer continuing at it day by day in silence, then surely nothing could defeat his title.

I am told that the Trinity Corporation, which looks after light houses on the coast of England, uses an anchor of the regulation shape but with one fluke. This leaves nothing above ground to foul the warp and weights or balances the anchor when dropped, so that it strikes bottom fluke down. One less fluke on deck for Job to stub his toe on is a consideration not beneath notice.

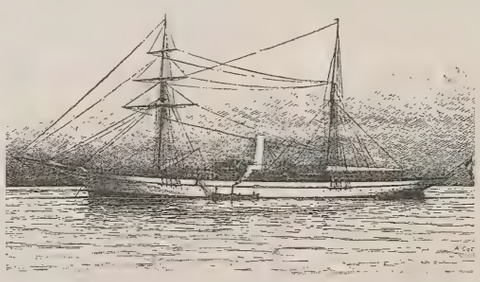
Are there any disadvantages or dangers in using such an anchor?

R. W. G. W.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. has secured the steamer Albertina for the use of the members of the club on Oct. 11, and tickets may be had of the steward at the club house.

## Semiramis.

We are indebted to *Le Yacht* for the above cut of the steam yacht Semiramis, whose plans appeared in the Forest and Stream of



May 7, 1891. The yacht, which was designed by Mr. Alfred H. Brown, has recently been sold to a French lady: Mme. Lebaudy, and will sail under the French flag.

## The New Carroll Yacht.

The Boston *Herald* is responsible for a sensational story concerning the large racing yacht now building at Herreshoff's, its leading features being the ownership of the new yacht by Mr. Archibald Rogers, the naturalization of Capt. Chas. Barr, with the assistance of the *Herald* reporter, in order that she may be sailed by an american skipper, and the despatch of Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll to England to arrange matches for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rogers and Capt. Barr have nothing to do with the new yacht, and her owner, Mr. Carroll, is now in Newport; but there is one item of truth in the story. The yacht, which has been announced as a 90ft. schooner, will be of only 84ft. l.w.l., and will come out as a cutter, though provision will be made in building for a conversion to the schooner rig at any time.

As was announced some time since, Mr. Carroll is carrying out the idea which he has entertained for several years, of taking an American yacht across the Atlantic both for the regular racing of the British fleet and to challenge for the two American cups now held abroad.

Nearly a year ago the Forest and Stream suggested such an expedition by an American yachtsman as not only a suitable return for the many visits made by British yachts to this side, but as one likely to afford plenty of sport and to result very successfully.

The rules and restrictions which once prevented American yachts from racing in British waters have some time since been removed, and there is no reason why an American yachtsman should not look for fair and courteous treatment.

At the same time there never was a better chance of succes than now, when the Herreshoff craft have won on both sides of the Atlantic. The two existing racers of the larger size, Iverna and Meteor, are by no means up to the present standard, and would have a very poor show beside a new boat by Herreshoff, Watson, Payne or Fife. As to the new British yachts, the largest are but 40-rating, 59ft. l.w.l. by 14 to 16ft. beam, and not likely to save their time from a newer and larger craft.

In all probability the new yacht will be met with something near her size, although the tendency abroad, as with us, has been toward smaller yachts for racing. Neither Iverna nor Meteor are likely to be in the racing next year should anything new be built during the winter, and it is not improbable that their owners, both keen yachtsmen, may build. In any event, Mr. Carroll's venture, if carried out, is likely to cause a more or less brief revival of the larger racing class, and to afford good sport next season.

## The America Cup.

A letter from Lord Dunraven is now in the hands of the New York Y. C., and though its contents will not be made public until after the next meeting of the club, it is known that it contains a notification of an intention to challenge for the America Cup, provided the present terms are changed. A special meeting of the club will be held on Monday next to consider the matter.

## Rhode Island Y. C.

The Rhode Island Y. C. is making preparations for an elaborate ending of the season, as told in the following general orders:

Flagship Verena,
Off Club House, Pawtuxet, Sept. 26, 1892.

General Orers No 3.

In accordance with the quite general sentiment of the captains and club members, the fleet is requested to rendezvous off the club house, Pawtuxet, on the morning of Friday, Oct. 7, to participate in a short cruise, regatta and clambake, to "wind up" the season.

The starting gun will be fired promptly at 12 o'clock noon, and a run made to Potter's Cove. A trophy for winner of the run is offered.

Saturday, Oct. 8, there will be a regatta over the Potter's Cove course, with prizes for all classes.

Sunday, Oct. 9, the club will be delivered into the hands of the "Potter's Cove Committee," who will undertake to break all previous records in the matter of a clambake.

The Full Moon, which has heretofore graced the club's occasions with her presence, will again contribute to the general joy.

The Commodore takes this opportunity to congratulate the club on this most successful season, and to express his personal appreciation of the assistance given him by captains and members generally in the performance of the duties of the office with which he has been honored. He hopes to meet all hands on board the flagship at Potter's Cove, Friday evening, Oct. 7.

By order of Commodore Austin.
Charles H. Howland, Fleet Captain.

## Olympic Y. C., Sept. 24.

South Brooklyn—New York Bay.

The second annual regatta of the Olympic Y.C. was sailed on Sept. 24, the times being:

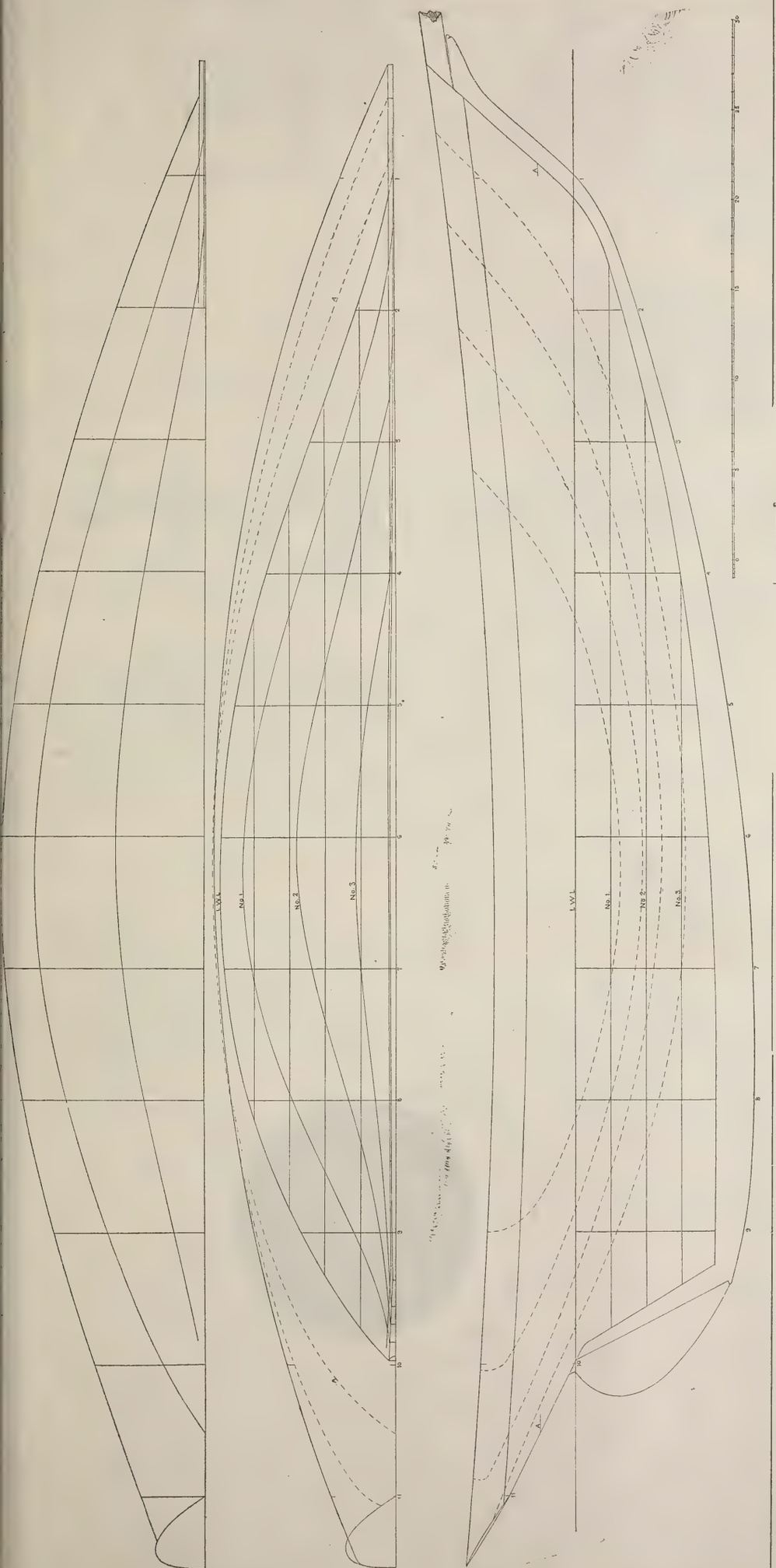
| | Start. | Finished. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Class A—Cabin Sloops.** | | | |
| Sadie Brown | 12 28 00 | Withdrew. | |
| Nellie W | 12 32 00 | 6 01 00 | 5 29 00 |
| Black Jack | 12 31 40 | 5 37 30 | 5 05 50 |
| **Class B—Cabin Sloops.** | | | |
| Little Edgeete | 12 28 50 | 5 21 50 | 4 53 00 |
| Rene Louise | 12 32 10 | 5 58 45 | 4 26 35 |
| Swallow | 12 29 50 | 5 38 45 | 5 08 55 |
| Cricket | 12 32 45 | 5 25 45 | 4 53 00 |
| Fanny K | 12 31 00 | 5 22 45 | 4 51 45 |
| **Class C—Cats.** | | | |
| Colombo | 12 39 25 | 4 53 10 | 4 13 45 |
| Village Bell | 12 38 10 | 4 52 45 | 4 13 35 |
| Jessie H | 12 38 45 | 5 27 43 | 4 46 58 |
| **Class D—Sloops.** | | | |
| Margaretta C | 12 48 25 | 5 41 25 | 4 35 00 |
| Lady Ella | 12 49 20 | 5 42 55 | 4 53 35 |
| **Class E—Cats.** | | | |
| Bye-Bye | 1 01 45 | 3 42 45 | 2 41 00 |
| Ajax | 12 59 40 | 4 54 45 | 3 54 47 |
| Dimple | 1 02 20 | 3 56 30 | 2 53 52 |
| Katie F | 12 58 30 | Did not finish. | |
| Goodenough | 12 59 10 | Did not finish. | |

The regatta committee were Messrs. Owen Fay, A. Muller, Robert Orr, Paul Steeley and J. R. Sipp.

## Alva.

The recent storms have damaged the wrecked Alva so badly, heeling her on to her starboard side and smashing her keel and deck, that the wreckers have decided to abandon the work, and the wreck will probably be destroyed by the Government, as it is in a very dangerous position. The local inspectors have rendered a decision adverse to Capt. Morrison.

The Customs authorities of Chicago have discovered that they had no authority for their threat to inflict a fine on the steam yacht Lurline because of the absence of her name in 4in. letters on each bow, and the matter has been dropped. The over-officious captain of the revenue cutter Andy Johnson is evidently unaware of the failure of the attempt of ex-Commissioner of Navigation Bates to apply to pleasure craft all the restrictions imposed by law on merchant vessels, including the painting of the name on each bow. As a matter of justice to yachtsmen in all places, the officers to whom are intrusted the enforcement of the laws should be compelled to fully post themselves as to the exact nature of their duties.



DIAGONAL LINES.

MODEL FISHING SCHOONER. DESIGNED BY CAPT. J. W. COLLINS, 1892.

## New Utrecht Navy, Sept. 24.

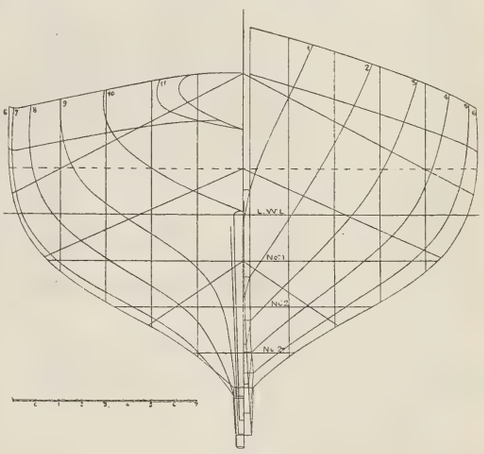
BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

THE opening regatta of the newly organized New Utrecht Navy, a part of the New Utrecht Club, of Bath Beach, was held on Sept. 24, the courses being from off the club house on Gravesend Bay around Buoy 11 and a stakeboat inside of Norton's Point for Class A, and around a stakeboat off Fort Hamilton and the stakeboat off Norton's Point, two rounds, for Classes B and C. The severe storm preceding the race had disabled a number of yachts and lessened the starters. In Class A Coquette mistook the course and rounded the wrong buoy, being disqualified. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **CLASS A.** | | | | |
| Coquette | 3 29 16 | Disqualified. | | |
| Iroquois | 3 25 24 | 5 00 32 | 1 35 08 | 1 35 08 |
| Ida | 2 25 42 | 5 09 01 | 1 43 19 | 1 41 1: |
| **CLASS B.** | | | | |
| Elda D | 3 41 10 | 5 11 10 | 1 30 06 | 1 26 41 |
| Ariel | 3 39 43 | 5 09 51 | 1 30 08 | 1 30 08 |
| Willie T | 3 41 24 | 5 20 08 | 1 38 44 | 1 35 24 |
| **CLASS C.** | | | | |
| Homing | 3 33 44 | 5 01 48 | 1 28 04 | 1 27 29 |
| Juanita | 3 33 25 | 5 02 40 | 1 29 15 | 1 29 15 |

## A Model Fishing Schooner.

THE accompanying designs for a model fishing schooner are the work of Capt. J. W. Collins, of the United States Fish Commission, who has charge of the Commission's exhibit at the World's Fair. Captain Collins is the designer of the very successful schooner Grampus, built for the work of the Commission some years since, and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 13-20, 1887. A fully rigged model of the new schooner has been made for exhibition at Chicago. The design is intended for a vessel of moderate size, such as are engaged in the market fishery from New England, New York, Savannah and Pensacola. Schooners of this class are expected to carry their fares of fish to market in a fresh condition, and, with perishable cargoes, it is scarcely necessary to say that speed is an important requisite. With this, also, there is a demand for the best sea-going qualities and considerable sail-carrying power. The matter of capacity is a secondary one, and the attempt has therefore been made in the design to combine seaworthiness and speed in as high a degree as practicable for a vessel carrying inside ballast, and,



BODY PLAN.

at the same time, to produce a schooner which will work quickly and that will have no great amount of extra surface friction.

Considerable drag has been given in order that the bowsprit may be kept within reasonable limits, and that a comparatively large mainsail can be carried.

The sail plan is in accordance with the most modern ideas on yachts and fishing vessels.

The following are the dimensions of the design:

| | |
|---|---|
| Length over all | 83ft. 6 in. |
| l.w.l. | 66ft. |
| Beam, extreme | 20ft. 6 in. |
| l.w.l. | 19ft. 7½in. |
| Draft, extreme | 10ft. 1½in. |
| Mainmast, deck to hounds | 49ft. |
| head | 8ft. 6 in. |
| Maintopmast, heel to truck | 34ft. 6 in. |
| Foremast, deck to hounds | 42ft. 2 in. |
| head | 7ft. 6 in. |
| Foretopmast, heel to truck | 29ft. 6 in. |
| Bowsprit, outside | 24ft. |
| Mainboom | 54ft. 6 in. |
| Maingaff | 32ft. |
| Foreboom | 20ft. |
| Foregaff | 22ft. 6 in. |

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

ON Sept. 30 a meeting of the representatives of the yachting and boating interests of Chicago, to the number of 100, was held at the Sherman House, with Mr George Warrington in the chair. After discussion, the following resolution was adopted: "Whereas, An association of all persons interested in aquatic sports is deemed advisable for the purpose of bettering the facilities in Chicago for such sport, be it resolved, that an association be formed to be called the Chicago Yachting and Boating Association. That all persons interested in such sports for pleasure be invited to become members, and that an initiation fee of $2 be paid by all members, and annual dues be less than $6 a year, payable quarterly. That the object of the said association be to provide suitable facilities for said sport, and to forward, foster and protect the interests of all members of the said association." The following members were enrolled: M. D. Wilber, W. A. Paulsen, W. G. Clark, F. D. Simmons, George Warrington, E. P. Jaquith, C. G. Norton, W. H. V. Rosing, H. E. O. Heinneman, P. D. Dutton, J. H. Randle, George Randle, D. G. De La Fontaine, C. C. Andrews, Arthur R. Clark, J. D. Dunham, F. H. Ray, Thomas Boyle, Oliver Sollitt, F. J. Dagget, W. D. Payne, John George, Allison V. Armour. Committees were named as follows: By-Laws and Constitution—Commodore W. B. V. Rosing, E. P. Warner, Frank Morris, M. D. Wilber. Harbor Facilities—Capt. James Dunham, Charles Norton, Col. Robert Rae, Capt John Prindiville, Frank H. Ray, F. H. Watress. Winter Quarters—George Warrington, W. A. Paulsen, F. O. Heilman. Club-Room—H. J. Carr, E. P. Jaquith, Wallace Clark. The first object of the new association is to secure proper harbor and anchorage facilities, not only for the home fleet, but for the large number of visiting yachts expected next season.

Herr F. Schichau, of Elbing, has attained an unprecedentedly high speed in one of several torpedo boats he is building for the Italian and Russian Governments, having got as a mean of one hour's continuous run in the open sea 27.4 knots. The dimensions are: Length, 152ft. 6in.; beam, 17ft. 5in.; displacement, 130 tons; bunker capacity 40 tons. Each boat has two round-crowned locomotive boilers which are protected by the coal bunkers. The working pressures is 13 atmospheres (105lbs.). At the trials, the weights on board, in addition to 20 tons of coal, were—torpedo armament, 6 tons; guns, 2½ tons; crew (24 men), provisions, stores and firearms, 4½ tons; drinking water, 2½ tons; engine reserve parts and engineer's stores, 2 tons; ship's and boatswain's stores, 2½ tons—total, 40 tons. The guaranteed speed of 26.5 knots during a two hours' open sea continuous trial was easily obtained, and during one hour's open sea continuous run the speed was 27.4 knots. The number of revolutions was 325. The maximum thickness of the deck and hull plates of these boats is .226in. This is slightly diminished toward bow and stern. The results obtained have been surpassed by some of Herr Schichau's boats, which, we understand, have not yet been delivered. The new British 200-ton boats ought, on account of their superior size, to be even faster.—*Engineering*

On the evening of Sept. 25 the steamer Rosedale, a small passenger boat bound from Coney Island to Bridgeport, was in collision off Glen Cove with the schooner yacht Una, the yacht striking the steamer on the port bow. The steamer was considerably damaged, while the yacht lost her bowsprit and foremast, her hull leaking

badly. When the two came together a fireman, Robert Norton, who had just come from the fire room and stood at an open window, was struck by the jibboom and killed, his body being buried beneath the falling spars on the steamer's deck. At the same time one of the schooner's crew, who was at the bowsprit end, was thrown into the water and drowned. D. T. Gregory, of Bridgeport, was very seriously injured; Thos. McCarthy, a fireman, was burned and cut, and Patrick Ellis was injured internally and his arm was broken; Mrs. Nora Sheeler, of Bridgeport, also had an arm and leg broken. The schooner was towed by the steamer into Glen Cove; from all accounts she was responsible for the collision.

The steam yacht designed by J. Beavor Webb for Lloyd Phœnix, will bear the name of Mr. Phœnix's old schooner Intrepid. She will be launched to-day at Neafie & Levy's yard, Philadelphia. Her dimensions are: Over all, 163ft. 6in; l.w.l., 132ft.; beam, moulded, 27ft.; draft, 13ft. 6in. Her engines will be 9½, 14 and 23½ by 19in. The boiler will be 10ft. 3in. in diameter and 8ft. 6in. long, return tubular.

As the result of a good deal of talk, the schooner Shamrock, though once laid up, was fitted out and under way on Saturday last off Bay Ridge, to sail a special match with the schooner Comet. The latter, however, did not put in an appearance, and no race resulted.

The New York Y. C. has secured the steamer William C. Egerton for the use of members of the club on the occasion of the naval parade on Oct. 11, the price of tickets being $2, to be obtained of the superintendent at the club house prior to Oct. 6.

Gladys, the 30ft. cutter designed by Mr. Burgess for Cornelius Vanderbilt, and built by Lawley, has been sold through Stewart & Binney to W. P. Fowle, owner of Sirocco.

Messrs. Stewart & Binney's latest fisherman, the Arthur Birnie, to be launched at Essex next week, is 115ft. over all, 90ft. l.w.l., 25ft. beam, and 13ft. draft.

James Johnson, age 16, was recently arrested in New York and taken to Whitestone to answer the charge of stealing from a number of yachts at that place.

Rajah, yawl, has been sold by H. W. Eaton to W. C. Hubbard.

# Canoeing.

### Two Canoe Cruises.

Good canoe cruises are so scarce that even the most active canoeists are in danger of forgetting that the original and most important use of the modern decked canoe was as a means of travel in localities otherwise inaccessible, and that for those who have the leisure there is more of pleasure in this work than in any other branch of the sport. That canoe cruising is by no means extinct, in spite of the present rage for racing craft and sliding seats, is shown by two widely different volumes just issued by Harper & Bros., New York, "The Danube, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea," by F. D. Millet, and "A Family Canoe Trip," by Florence Watters Snedeker. Different as they are, each has a distinct charm of its own, the larger and more pretentious volume dealing with the more stirring and adventurous side of canoe cruising, while the smaller reflects with equal fidelity the peaceful and pastoral pleasures of a family canoe voyage in home waters.

The Danube cruise was planned several years since by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, of the New York C. C., after his return from a cruise in the West Indies, and the practical management of the journey was carried out by him. His companions were F. D. Millet, the author of the book, and Alfred Parsons, both artists.

The cruise was begun on June 23 at Donaueschingen, in Baden, the head of the river, and ended on Sept. 10 at the Black Sea, its course of 1,775 miles leading through Germany, Austria, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania and Russia.

The wonderful panorama of places and people which the length of the Danube displays would appeal to the most prosaic, and to a party like this, of artists and writers, it furnishes a wealth of material for the pen and pencil. Apart from the story of the cruise itself, the descriptions of the scenery, the river and its many strange craft and the dwellers beside it are specially interesting. The illustrations are numerous and very good.

The neat little pocket volume which forms the sixth of Harper's "Black and White" series, tells the simple story of a canoe trip made by three members of the same family, father, mother, and a small boy, up the Hudson and through the canal and Lake Champlain to the A. C. A. meet of 1891. Devoid of wreck or rapid, with no more stirring incident than the fall of a tent or the capsize of a coffee-pot, it is nevertheless a book that every canoeist will read with pleasure, recognizing the author as a true member of the craft and disciple of "Rob Boy" MacGregor. From cover to cover the book is full of the charm of canoeing and of camp life, and the reader is infused with all the fresh enthusiasm of the writer. The description of the A. C. A. meet and camp is particularly good.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The racing times made in some of the races at the A. C. A. meet were certainly very fast. Glenwood covered the 6 mile triangular course in 57m. 45s., the average best for the 1½ mile triangle being reported by Forest and Stream at 15m. This speed is on a lake, *i. e.* without any current, and probably on accurately measured courses, the craft being 16ft. in length, 30in. beam and with from 120 to 150 square feet of sail. The official times recorded in England for the Royal C. C. Cup race give, on the breezy day we had, and on a lake without current, an average of 27m. 7s. for the 2-mile triangle; or taking the 6 miles of the three best rounds a time of 78m. 45s., *i. e.*, 21m. behind the American time. There may, indeed must, be some mistake or difference in the measurement of the course or in timing, for the boats are very similar; the wind in each case was strong. There is, however, also a strong factor to be borne in mind, viz., the American races are sailed with sliding seats and some 30 to 40ft. more sail area. This difference may also be viewed under the fact that a canoe of American build and fitment, sailed with large bat-wing batter sails, was sailing in many of our races quite as many minutes astern of our leading craft when she sailed without using her sliding seat and large non-houseable centre-plate. So therefore a true comparison can hardly be made unless the rules of both countries are brought into accord.—*Field, Sept. 26.*

The annual regatta of the Lawrence (Mass.) C. C. was held on Sept. 23, the events and winners being as follows: Double blade paddling, mile, W. O. Russell; Adirondack boat, mile, B. F. Robinson; hand-paddling canoe, 100yds, Straightaway, F. D. Lincoln; single-blade paddling, half-mile, F. G. Dyer; Adirondack boat for doctors, half-mile, Dr. O. F. Howe; tandem paddling, members, mile, Perry C. Wiggin and W. C. Murphy; standing paddle, 100yds, straightaway, F. G. Dyer; four-paddle canoe, mile, Lincoln, Graf, Fuller and Jealous; double-oared Adirondack boat, half-mile, M. Butler and R. T. Needham; three-paddle canoe, half mile, Graf, Lincoln and Jealous; tandem canoe, mile, Drake and Burrage, Newton Boat and Canoe Club; swimming, 100yds., Graf. W. R. Perkins, the winner last year of the silver paddling trophy, was not present, and W. O. Russell won the prize.

The latest novelty in the racing line is a new Ruggles racer lately shipped to Bensonhurst for Mr. H. C. Ward, of the New York C. C. The lower edge of the brass centerboard carries a cigar-shaped mass of lead, pivoted to a corner of the board and lying in a horizontal position when lowered. The canoe is a racer, in model and fittings throughout.

A canoe club is likely to be formed this winter at Madison, Wis., partly as the result of the meet of the W. C. A. in that vicinity last summer.

Messrs. S. D Stoddart and R. B. Burchard have lately returned from a trip to Alaska.

### A. C. A. Membership.

The following gentlemen have applied for membership in the Northern Division: W. Clouston and E S. Clouston, Montreal, Can.

### Franklin's Twenty-fifth Annual.

Hartford, Conn., Oct. 1.—The Franklin Rifle Club held its twenty-fifth annual prize shoot at Union Grove on Oct. 1. The prizes offered amounted to over $100. The winners of the special prizes were as follows: W. Tucker, $1 for first bullseye; S. F. Lyons, $2 for the largest number of bullseyes, the next largest number being won by several members, the prize was divided; H. M. Pope, $1 for making last bullseye. Following is a list of the winners of the special money prizes, with score and prize: D. J. Lyon 206, $20; D. S. Seymour 205, $15; H. M. Pope 201, $12; F. K. Rand 197, $10; Z. C. Talbut 193, $9; H. Andrus 192, $8; H. W. Tucker 192, $7; E H. Williams 188, $6; T. H. Britton 185, $5; J. W. Foote, Jr., 183, $4; W. J. Dunbar 182, $3; E. J. Hale 167, $2; J. E. Root 157, $1. Several other shooters also won prizes presented by friends of the club.

George C. Mason.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Revolver Championship at the South London Rifle Club.

The weekly competitions of the South London Rifle Club took place at Staines on Sept. 15. It being a fine day a number of members were present, but the wind was too gusty for good revolver shooting.

Mr. Walter Winans won first prize in both the revolver competitions, making 39 at the disappearing target.

At the stationary target he made top score with a 39, but wishing to have a higher score toward the revolver championship aggregate he continued shooting, making four scores of 40, and finishing with a score of 41 out of a possible 42. He has now shot on the five days necessary to qualify for the revolver championship (the aggregate of the top scores made on five different days counting for the championship.

He has a big lead of the other members, and his total is within one point of what he won the revolver championship with last year; but as there are six more weekly shoots, if it is very calm on one or two of the days he may try to add a point or two over his two scores of 40:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Walter Winans | 42 | 41 | 41 | 40 | 40—204 |
| H Andrews | 39 | 38 | 38 | 38 | 37—190 |
| Major B McKerrel | 41 | 37 | 36 | 36 | 36—183 |
| C F Lowe | 36 | 46 | 36 | 36 | 29—173 |

*Sept. 22.*—In spite of a wretched rainy day the revolver members of the South London Rifle Club had a further struggle for the championship of the club.

There was one spoon competition, the scores to count toward the aggregate for the revolver championship of the club. Mr. Walter Winans made top score of 41, making a run of nine bullseyes in succession on the 2in. bullseye at 20yds., which is the best yet done in England.

He added one point by this 41 score to his aggregate, the scores for the championship of the club standing now:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Winans | 42 41 41 41 40—205 | F E Varley | 37 36 .. .. ..— 73 |
| H Andrews | 39 38 38 38 37—190 | D Hunt | 32 26 .. .. ..— 58 |
| R Mackerrell | 41 37 36 36 36—186 | A W Carter | 27 23 .. .. ..— 50 |
| C F Lowe | 36 36 36 36 36—180 | E Howe | 35 .. .. .. ..— 35 |
| T W Heath | 37 35 33 31 27—164 | E W Keen | 28 .. .. .. ..— 28 |
| Mortimer | 34 34 25 25 ..—118 | Ayers | 26 .. .. .. ..— 26 |
| T Collman | 37 36 36 .. ..—109 | Malshinger | 8 .. .. .. ..— 8 |
| T P Hope | 31 26 25 .. ..— 82 | | |

### Chicago Rifles.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 21.—The Garden City Rifle team met for their weekly shoot last evening at Messrs. Burley & Erickson's gallery, No. 146 South Halsted street. Conditions and scores as follows: 25yds, off-hand, .22cal. rifles, 25 shots each, Massachusetts paper target. In shooting under the above conditions the members were divided into two teams, sides being choosen by Capt. C. A. Hankle and Lieut. W. J. Gibbs. Team scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C A Hankle | 259 | W J Gibbs | 253 |
| A Sorensen | 262 | H S Burley | 276 |
| A McBean | 261 | G O Nisja | 264 |
| F Erickson | 258 | J C Martin | 251 |
| R McBean | 255 | J Polites | 249 |
| J Hosie | 242 | M Tatro | 249 |
| T Ford | 240—1777 | Mrs Thornton | 226—1774 |

It will be seen by the scores that the Captain's team won the shoot by three points. The regular shoot is as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H S Burley | 276 | W J Gibbs | 259 |
| G O Nisja | 264 | F Erickson | 258 |
| A Sorensen | 262 | R McBean | 255 |
| A McBean | 261 | J C Martin | 251 |
| C A Hankle | 259 | J Politis | 249 |
| M Tatro | 249 | | |
| J Hosie | 242 | | |
| T Ford | 240 | | |
| Mrs Thornton | 226 | | |

In the sweepstake that followed Mr. Al Sorensen won by a score of 108 possible 120 points.

*Sept. 27.*—The scores this evening were:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H S Burley | 269 | Al Sorensen | 263 |
| G O Nisja | 269 | Mrs T Thornton | 258 |
| A McBean | 266 | C A Hankle | 253 |
| W J Gibbs | 263 | John Politis | 255 |
| J C Martin | 254 | | |
| R McBean | 252 | | |
| A J Trisbie | 250 | | |
| J Erickson | 250 | | |

After the shoot a sweepstake was shot for and won by A. McBean by a score of 109 out of a possible 120.

### Port Chester Rifle Club.

Port Chester, N. Y., Sept. 26.—The following scores were made by members of the Port Chester Rifle Club on Saturday, Sept. 24; 200yds., off-hand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| R Rudd | 8 | 9 | 5 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 3 | —65 |
| | 8 | 9 | 9 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 6 | —69—134 |
| E Dunham | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 4 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 3 | —68 |
| | 5 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 8 | 4 | 7 | 6 | —65—133 |
| J Smith | 4 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 5 | —57 |
| | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 6 | —70—127 |
| J McNeil, Jr. | 8 | 8 | 9 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 3 | 7 | —59 |
| | 5 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 7 | —64—123 |
| F A Bachman | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 8 | 9 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 8 | —57 |
| | 7 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 6 | —62—119 |
| J Hess | 8 | 4 | 3 | 7 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 6 | —55 |
| | 5 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 8 | —55—110 |
| T Kiernan | 6 | 2 | 4 | 7 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 7 | 2 | —44 |
| | 6 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 10 | 4 | —44— 88 |
| H Boeger | 7 | 10 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 9 | 10 | 4 | — 51 |

*Oct. 3.*—The following scores were made by members of the Port Chester Rifle Club, Saturday Oct. 1: 200yds. off-hand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 6 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 6 | —70 |
| | 7 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 7 | —63—133 |
| E Dunham | 6 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 4 | 8 | —64 |
| | 6 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 5 | 6 | 4 | —58—122 |
| R Rudd | 7 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 3 | —57 |
| | 7 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 6 | —64—121 |
| F A Bachman | 7 | 5 | 9 | 3 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 5 | —56 |
| | 8 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 8 | —60—116 |
| R McNeil, Jr. | 6 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 4 | —58 |
| | 5 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 5 | —52—110 |
| T Kiernan | 3 | 9 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 4 | —43 |
| | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 5 | 1 | —42— 85 |
| H Boeger | 3 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 2 | 3 | 1 | —36 |
| | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 5 | 6 | —35— 69 |

R. McNeil, Jr., Secretary.

### Very Rapid Work with a Revolver.

As the readers of Forest and Stream know, Mr. Walter Winans holds the record for six shots in twelve seconds at 20yds., both at a 3 inch bullseye with 2-inch carton (made at Bisley in 1891), and at a 2-inch bullseye at 20yds., made at Bisley the present year.

Although Mr. Winans won first prize both years, he labored under a disadvantage from not being able to practice at this style of shooting before competing in 1891, and this year also before Bisley for several reasons he was unable to devote much practice to it.

Since the Bisley meeting he has been experimenting at this style of shooting, and on Sept. 6 he made a score of 41 out of a possible 42 on the 2-inch bullseye (three points better than his best on record for a 2-inch bullseye and two points better than his 3-inch bull-eye record).

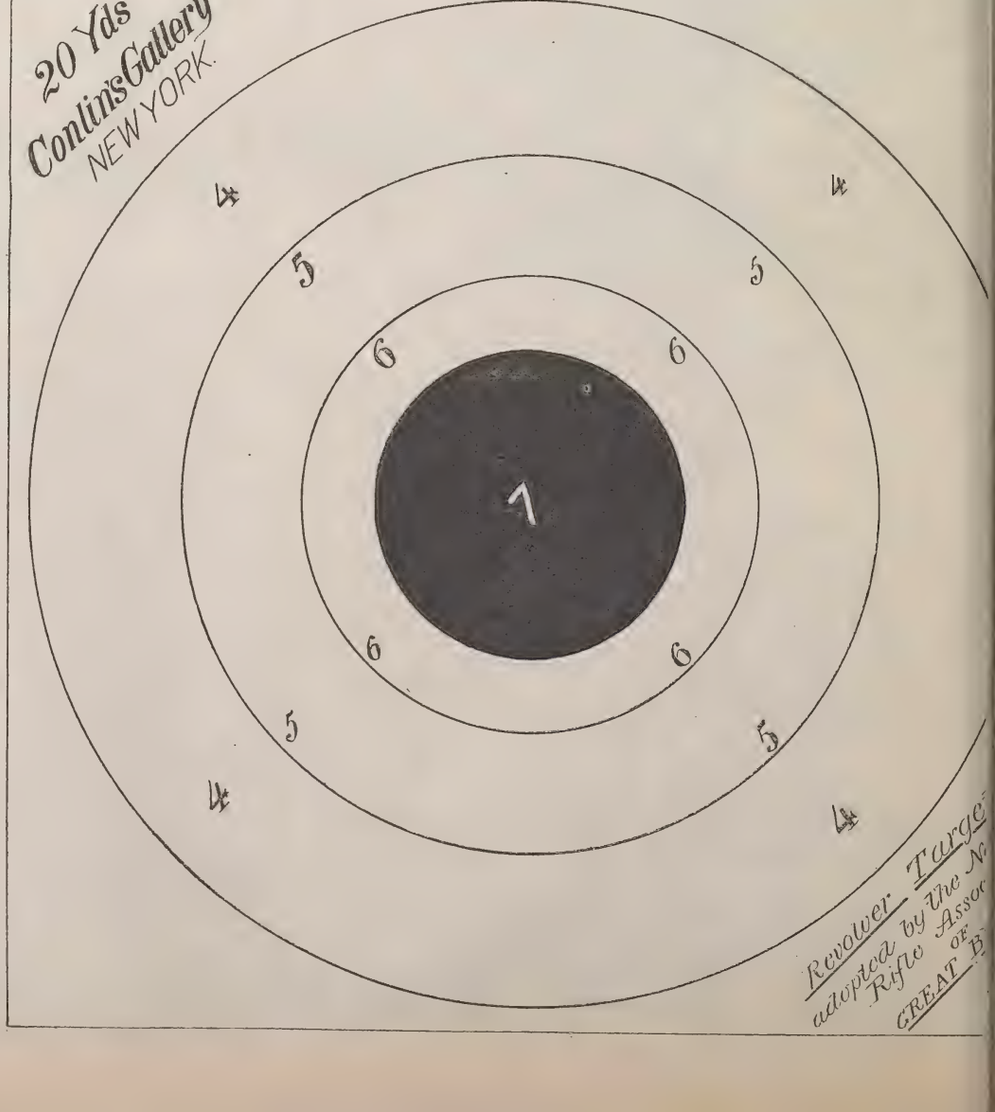
This being such an exceptionally good target may interest readers, although it being only made in practice prevents its being a "record."

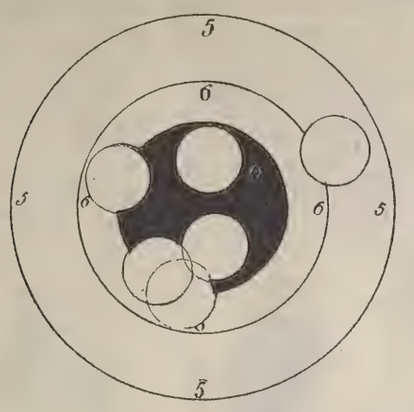
It must be remembered that the trigger pull had to be 4½lbs. (Bisley rules), which is an enormous handicap in rapid firing, and that the six shots have to be got off in twelve seconds, giving only two seconds to cock and fire. (The pistol was a single action S. & W., English army ammunition, .45cal.)

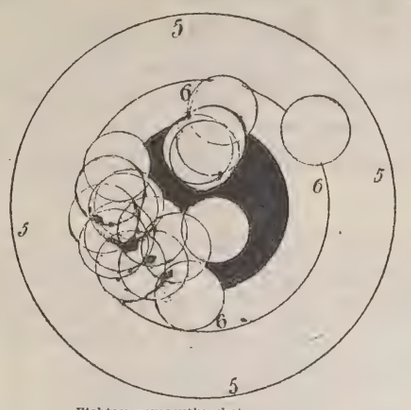
### Hudson Rifle Club.

The fourth annual prize shooting festival of the Hudson Rifle Club, Captain H. L. Hansen, of Jersey City Heights, N. J., will be held at their ranges, 35 Giles avenue, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Oct. 25, 26 and 27. Shooting from 7 to 12 P. M. each evening. German 25-ring target, open to all comers, any .22cal. rifle, tickets (3 shots) 50 cents. Target of honor, open to members of Hudson Rifle Club only. Well-known shooting rules to govern. Shooting Committee—H. L. Hansen, Captain; Chas. E. Bird, Secretary; T. A. Reynolds, H. Boddey, John Rebhan. Visiting riflemen will be met at Marion Station, P. R. R., on the 7 and 7:30 P. M. trains from New York, and 7:42 and 7:53 P. M. trains from Market street, Newark.

The Committee.







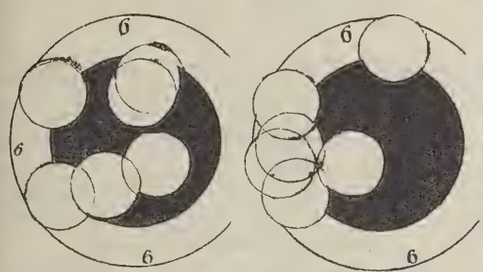
Eighteen consecutive shots.

REVOLVER TARGETS BY W. E. CARLIN.

### Conlin's Gallery.

MR. CONLIN announces during the fall and winter season of his twenty-eighth year, new matches, firearms, targets, prizes and records from England and France. During the month of October a medal will be awarded to the best record of three scores on British target at 20yds. with revolver. The gallery is at 1255 Broadway.

The opening revolver match of the season commenced Sept. 12 and closed Sept. 24. The new British revolver target reduced was



REVOLVER TATGETS BY W. E. CARLIN.

used. 12yds., off-hand, trigger pull, 3lbs. The match was won by W. E. Carlin with a score of 125 in a possible 126. Conditions were the three best targets, not necessarily consecutive. The revolver used was a Smith & Wesson .44cal., round ball and 6grs. powder. A continuous revolver match will commence Oct. 1 and end Oct. 31. A handsome gold medal will be awarded to the contestant making the three best scores on the new British target at 20yds., off-hand.

### Abesser, Suscomb and Millow.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., Oct. 1.—A very interesting rifle match between Captain Robert M. Abesser and John B. Suscomb took place here to-day, at 200yds., Creedmoor target, military rifle, open sights:

Suscomb.....3344544453455545454554455—108
Abesser.....4455555455454454455555555—118

Another match was decided between Abesser and M. D. Millow, 200yds., bullseye only to count, size of bullseye 14in. diameter, five rings, counting 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 respectively:

Abesser.....4544455445—44 Millow.....2345445325—37

T. M. CONNELY, Scorer.

### New Rifle Club in Jersey.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 1.—An organization known as the First Brigade Rifle Association has been formed in Newark, N. J., the outcome of the meeting of the New Jersey Rifle Association at Sea Girt during the week of Sept. 20-25. The officers are, President, Capt. Wm. H. Howard, First Regiment; Vice-President, Lieut. Henry Allers, First Regiment; Secretary, Capt. H. B. Schureman, First Regiment; Quartermaster, Capt. G.W. Church, First Regiment; Capt. of Association Team, Maj. David L. Wallace, First Regiment, and Surgeon, Lieut.-Col. A. K. Baldwin, First Brigade. The initial shoot of the association was held at the Shooting Park, Newark, on Saturday, Oct; 1, and the following scores were made, 10 shots each, at 200yds., Creedmoor targets:

Lieut-Col A K Baldwin.....5453434554—42
Maj David L Wallace.....4445343545—41
Lieut Henry Allers.....4554434453—39
Capt H B Schureman.....4334543454—39
Capt G W Church.....3435534334—37
Capt W H Howard.....4334453343—35

It is the intention of the association to shoot every Saturday afternoon until the close of the season.

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Oct. 5-6.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Ottumwa, Iowa.
Oct. 4-7.—Chas. Polster's tournament, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 5-7.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, at Red Bank, N. J. First two days targets, last day live birds John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Oct. 6 7.—Cortland County Sportsmen's Club tournament, at Cortland, N. Y.
Oct. 11.—Eastern New York League kingbird tournament, with Cruttendens & Cords new trap and pull, at Canajoharie, N. Y. T. C. Pegnim, Sec'y.
Oct. —.—Amsterdam (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 11-12.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Gun Club opening tournament, on Croton street grounds.
Oct. 12 13.—Frankfort Gun Club tournament, at Frankfort, Kan.
Oct. 12-14.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 15.—East Side-Mutual Gun Club tournament and ninth monthly team contest of N. J. Trap-Shooters' League, Weidenmeyer's Grove, Hamburg place, Newark, N. J.
Oct. 18.—Newton (N. J.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 18-19.—Martinsburg (Va.) tournament, under auspices of eight club's, $200 added money.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Oct. 21.—New Jersey Shooting Club tournament, at Claremont, N. J.
Oct. 25-26.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' tournament, at Meriden, Conn.
Oct. 26-28.—Omaha (Neb.) tournament.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.
May 23-25, 1893.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

There is a great diversity of opinion among the exponents of live bird shooting as to the policy of running, during tournaments, sweepstakes at 4 birds per man, $3 entry, or even 5 or 7 birds per man, with the entrance fee at from $5 to $7. Some prefer the smaller sweepstakes, while others claim, and justly, it would seem, that they are the most expensive style of shooting that can be indulged in, and they object to entering shoots where a man is allowed less than from 10 to 15 birds, with the entrance fee $1 a bird. These men claim that whereas there are hundreds of men who can "hold up" and kill from 4 to 7 birds straight, no one is able to get anywhere near his entrance money back in such contests even though he "kills straight" all day. Shooting at from 10 to 15 or 20 birds is more of a strain on the nerves, and the man who is able to hold himself together and get in first or second place usually gets his entrance money if no more, when the money is awarded, and this is more satisfactory than to bang away all day at small sweeps where a man is usually out of pocket no matter how well he shoots. The same rule applies to target-shooting. In the majority of the tournaments as at present arranged the bulk of the contests are at 10 targets per man, $1 entry. Deducting the usual fee of 3 cents each per target there is left in the pot 70 cents per man. In contests of this kind a man may break straight in a day's programme and still be a loser. Of course there are exceptions to this rule as to all others, but in the long run the above obtains.

The Newtown (N. J.) Gun Club has come to the front with a programme of a blue rock target tournament to be held on October 18. The club has well equipped grounds within a few minutes' walk from the depot and will accord a hearty welcome to all comers. The shoot will be under the management of E. L. Decker, A. B. Brickner and L. M. Morford, all of whom are well-known to the shooters of this section. The programme will comprise four 10-target events $1 entry, two 15-target events $1.50 entry; one 20-target event $1.50 entry and a race for teams of two men from any club, 20 targets per man, $4 entry per team. The proprietor of the Cochran House will give a supper and a bottle of wine to the shooter making the highest score in the 20 target event. Targets will be charged for at the rate of two cents each. The shoot will be held on the fair grounds where the club has a flue house. Shooters can leave New York via the D. L. & W. R. R. at 7:30, Newark at 7:53, arriving at Newton at 10:25 A. M.

The following letter has been received from Jas. W. Clinton, secretary of the Standard-Keystone Target and Trap Company, of New London, Conn.: "During our annual tournament we offered to give a two-day State team tournament here this fall and add $100 to the purse. We are ready to make good that offer and will hold a two day shoot any time during October or November that the teams may determine upon, except Oct. 25 and 26, which are the dates for the Moodus interstate tournament. The team race to be held on the second day and open to one team of 10 men from any State, to determine which State has the champion target team of America. The conditions of the race to be decided upon by the captains of the teams, but each man must shoot at not less than 50 targets. There are at least twelve States that could furnish first class teams, and we shall be pleased to hear from all of them." Now let the different States nominate their dates and make a big success of the race.

From time to time we receive letters from club secretaries requesting us to give them a "write up" on coming tournaments, but in a great many cases the said secretaries neglect or forget to send up programmes in time to be noticed. Take, for instance, the tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., which began on Wednesday, the 12th. Up to 3 P. M. on the previous Wednesday, when our forms were locked up, we had received no programme of this shoot. We are willing to do all in our power, Messrs. Secretaries, to "boom" your shoots, but can not do so to good advantage unless we know something of the details.

The members of the Syracuse Gun Club should have good support from the trap-shooters of their section, as their programme is one of the best published this season. The club charges only 2 cents each for targets, and this of itself is a decided innovation for the section. Then again the entrance fees to the various events are such as to insure good returns to those who shoot in good form. The shoot will be held on next Tuesday and Wednesday, on the new Croton street grounds of the club. The main event will be a sweepstake at 20 targets, $3.50 entry with a guaranteed purse of $50.

The Cedar Island Gun Club, of Babylon, L. I., has elected these officers: President, Frank Fitzsimmons; Secretary, Frank Berry; Treasurer, Edward Pettit; Gunning Committee—Stephen Duryea, Thomas Farrell, Edward Pettit; Chief Cook, Richard Bailey; Sergeant at Arms, Jack Briscoe. The club membership is limited to fifteen, the object being to gun and fish in the Great South Bay. The club house, recently built, occupies a knoll in the center of Cedar Island, and is fitted with cooking, sleeping and eating apartments, and a drawing room.

A jolly party assembled at Frank Class's Morristown (N. J.) shooting grounds on September 28, to try their skill at smashing blue rock targets. In all eleven sweeps were shot at 10 targets each, the number broken and lost by each contestant being as follows. Fred. Piper 92-12, Jennie Smith 91-19, Manon 90-20, Reilly 89-21, Timmons 85-25, Riggott 82-28, Hathaway 75-35, Frank Class 70-40, Budd 62-48, Tenard 50 60. The e shoots are held every Wednesday afternoon and everybody is welcome to take part.

What promises to be one of the biggest shoots ever held in Virginia will take place at Martinsburg on Oct. 18 and 19 under the combined auspices of the Martinsburg, Winchester, Staunton, Tuscarora, Hagerstown, Shepherdstown, Plainsfield and Charlestown gun clubs. Over $200 in cash will be added to the purses, and there will also be a big list of valuable merchandise prizes. With eight different localities interested this should be a record breaking affair as far as attendance goes.

Robert Cox, who for a long time has been in the pigeon purveying business in West Washington Market, has disposed of his business and on Monday started for Chicago. He will probably locate in that city or in St. Louis and will handle live pigeons and game for the market. "Bob" is a genial chap and carries with him the good wishes of a host of friend.

On the morning of the live bird day at Peekskill a little race at 10 birds each for a bottle of "Mum" took place between Ben Everingham of the local club and Fred. S. Moore of the New Jersey Shooting Club of Claremont, N. J. The score.

Moore.....1102112221—9 Everinghim.....0011220102—6

Frank Class, of Morristown and John Riggott, of Rockaway, will shoot their return match at Dexter Park, L. I., on Tuesday, Oct. 11. The conditions will be 100 live birds per man, 12-bore guns, 30yds. rise for a purse of $500. The last match was won by Riggott who killed 95 to Class's 94. A big crowd will witness the match.

What a contest there will be at Wilmington next Thursday if the New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania and District of Columbia "Big Sixes" come together! Either State should be able to put in a team to break close to 140 out of 150 targets.

Landlord Mousarrat of the Eagle Hotel, Peekskill, is mourning the loss of a valuable cocker spaniel. It was stolen from his place last week.

George Mosher will attend the Syracuse tournament on Tuesday and Wednesday and then trit down to Wilmington.

The programme of the Syracuse Gun Club is pronounced one of the best of the season.

Peekskill will give a big tournament at live birds and targets next spring.

"Tee Kay" Keller will captain the Jersey team at Wilmington.

Al. Spangler is just recovering from a severe illness.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### Pittsburgh Gun Club Tournament.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Sept. 30.—The shoot at Salt Works Station, under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Gun Club and the direct management of Messrs. Elmer E. Shaner, "Jim Crow" and "Old Hoss," was a great success. The shooting was good and the attendance large. There was not a hitch in the proceedings and great credit is due the managers.

The shooting was at live birds and Keystone targets. The birds were first-class and very difficult to kill. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 12 Keystones, entrance $1: Shaner 10, Atwood 10, England 8, H. Gibson 8, Old Hoss 9, A. H. King 11, Oney 12, Mack 9, Crow 12. Vance 11.

No. 2, 12 Keystones, entrance $1: Shaaer 9, Old Hoss 10, Mack 11, England 12. Atwood 8, Oney 10, Vance 10, H. Gibson 5, A. H. King 12, Crow 10.

No. 3, 18 keystones, $1.35 entrance:

| | |
|---|---|
| Old Hoss....011001111111111110—14 | England....111110111111111010—15 |
| Oney.....111111111111111110—17 | Gibson.....101111100111111111—15 |
| Vance .....010111111011011100—12 | A H King. .111111111111111111—18 |
| Crow .....111111110111111111—17 | Shaner.....111111111111110111—17 |
| Atwood ....011111011110101011—14 | Mack.....101111111110111111—16 |

No. 4, 7 live birds, $5 entrance:

| | |
|---|---|
| Old Hoss..... .....2122210—6 | Crow.... ..... .....1121122—7 |
| C A Brown.... .....2210221—6 | W S King. .....1002201—4 |
| Shaner .....0120220—4 | Wright..... .....1220221—6 |
| Mack..... .....0021112—5 | Mohler.....2202121—6 |
| England.....2010002—3 | Gibson.....2102202 –5 |
| A H King.....1111111—6 | Vance .....0121201—5 |
| O ney.....1022102—5 | Levis.....1122011—6 |

No. 5, 10 live birds, entrance $8:

| | |
|---|---|
| Old Hoss.....1102112112— 9 | Levis ... .....1122207020— 7 |
| C A Brown. .....1023220010— 6 | Mack .... .....0010222212— 7 |
| A H King.....0110121112— 8 | W S King..... .....1203002211— 6 |
| Wright.....1112111222—10 | Crow..... .....1212102221— 9 |
| England..... ...1210101211— 8 | Vance .....2200111111— 8 |
| S Shaner .....2012201210— 7 | Mohler ..... .....1101111100— 7 |
| Gibson .....1111222200— 8 | E Shaner.....1200111000— 5 |
| Bray..... 2201010200— 5 | |

England and Gibson div. third after killing 8 straight.

No. 6, 12 Keystones, entranc $1:

| | |
|---|---|
| Old Hoss... .....111111111111—12 | Bray.....000101101001— 5 |
| Wright..... ....111101111101—10 | Levis..... ....011111101111—10 |
| Vance ..... ....011111011111—10 | Oney ..... .....111101011111— 9 |
| S Shaner.....1101111101101—10 | Atwood.....111110111001—10 |
| England.....011111111111—11 | Mack ..... .....111011111111—11 |
| Watson.....000110110111— 8 | Neiman .....111111110111—11 |

No. 7, 18 keystones, $1.35 entrance:

| | |
|---|---|
| Old Hess...111110011101110010—13 | Watson....010111111010011110—12 |
| Mack.....110111100 01111111—14 | Bray.....111111010011101110—13 |
| Wright....011011111110111011—14 | Levis.....111110111111110010—14 |
| S Shaner....001111111111110011—15 | Oney.... ....111111111111111111—18 |
| Vance .....111110111111111001—16 | Atwood.....111111110011111111—16 |
| England....110111111111111111—17 | Nieman ....111111110010111111—15 |

No. 8, 12 keystones, $1 entrance:

| | |
|---|---|
| Old Hoss.....011110111011— 9 | Watson.....101111101001— 8 |
| Mack.....111011111111—11 | Bray..... .....111111010011— 9 |
| Wright.....111111111010—10 | Levis..... .....111111011111—11 |
| S Shaner.....111110101100— 8 | Oney..... .....111111011111—11 |
| Vance .....111111111111—12 | E Shaner.....111111111111—12 |
| England.....101111111111—11 | Crow.....111111111101—11 |

BTX.

### The White Plains Tournament.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Sept. 24.—Below find scores made at our tournament yesterday. The attendance was light, owing to bad weather.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: W. Ward 8, E. Barrett 5, Gridley 8, Dean 6, A. Ward 7, Halpin 8, Platt 8, E. Ward 7.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: W. Ward 8, E. Barrett 7, Gridley 8, Dean 6, E. Halpin 9, Platt 9, A. Ward 6, E. Ward 10.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Wm. Ward 6 Halpin 7, Platt 9, T. Ward 9. Gridley 7. Barrett 6, A. Ward 5, E. Ward 8, Dean 8.

No. 4, 10 bluerocks, $1 entrance: Wm. Ward 8, Halpin 7. Platt 9, T. Ward 6, Gridley 6, Barrett 4, A. Ward 6, E. Ward 8.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry: W. Ward 7, Halpin 8, Platt 8, T. Ward 7, Dudley 6, Barrett 6, A. Ward 6, E. Ward 9.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry: T. Ward 9, Halpin 8, Platt 8, E. Ward 9, W. Ward 9, Dean 7, Barret 6, Gridley 8.

No. 7, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry: T. Ward 10, W. Ward 8, Halpin 8, Platt 9, Dean 7, Gridley 6, Sutton 9. E. Ward 10.

No. 8, 10 bluerocks, entry $1. Experts: T. Ward 7, W. Ward 7, Halpin 6. Platt 7, Gridley 5, Sutton 7. E. Ward 8, Barrett 5

No. 9, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry: W Ward 8, T. Ward 7, Gridley 6, Halpin 6, Platt 7, Blackburn 6, E. Ward 9.

No. 10, 20 bluerocks, $3 entry: W. Ward 16, Barrett 11, Halpin 15, T. Ward 19, Gridley 14, Platt 18, E. Ward 17.

No. 11, 5 live birds, 5 trap, 30yds. rise, 80yds. bound, Hurlingham rules, entrance $5:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wm Ward.....11111—5 | Platt..... .....11101—4 |
| T Ward.....11111—5 | Gridley.....11010—3 |
| Halpin.....11011—4 | Dean... .....10101—3 |
| E Ward.. .....11111—5 | |

No. 12, miss and out, $3 entry, 30yds. rise, 80yds. bound, Hurlingham rules:

| | |
|---|---|
| A Ward.....1111110 | Platt..... .....1111111111 |
| W Ward..... ...1111111111 | Blackburn .....111110 |
| Halpin..... .....1111111110 | Sutton .....1111111110 |
| T Ward.....1111111111 | Losee.....111111110 |
| E Ward..... ...11111110 | |

### Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 28.—At the Lynchburg Club shoot yesterday the following scores were made:

Club team shoot, 50 bluerocks each man, 5 traps:

| Team No. 1. | | Team No. 2. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wilson | 38 | Cleland | 30 |
| Terry | 33 | Withers | 25 |
| Dornin | 44 | Christian | 25 |
| Durphy | 31 | Clark | 28 |
| Smith | 25—171 | Stearns | 31—154 |

Dornin made 34 straigh, winning clean score badge for 25, and Silverthorn medal for highest score in team shoot.

Nine singles and three pairs each man, known traps, unknown angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nelson | 12 | Durphy | 9 |
| Terry | 12 | Cleland | 10 |
| Dornin | 12 | Withers | 9 |
| Smith | 10 | | |
| Christian | 8 |
| Clark | 10 |
| Stearns | 11 |

### Fulford Gun Club Shoot.

HUMMELSTOWN, Pa., Sept. 27.—Inclosed find scores of the badge shoot held at the Fulford grounds to-day. This club has a membership of sixty-six, mostly members who enjoy seeing the sport without taking any active part. However, a few of the old 76'ers are left who occasionally do some shooting.

The following members participated in badge shoot, 25 targets: J. Wikle 15, D. B. Cassel 16, D. Z. Bolton 13, W. H. Ettele 14, J. J. Bolton 18. J. J. Bolton winning the badge.

After the badge shoot a few live birds were shot:

J J Bolton.....1111111111—10 D B Cassel... .....0112211100— 7
W H Ettele,.....0121110111— 8

The club is in a flourishing condition both in membership and financials, and it is the only club within the United States which can boast of two expert one-armed shooters: W. S. Canon and J. J. Bolton.

J. J. BOLTON, Sec'y.

### Wilkesbarre Gun Club.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 24.—A few members put in an appearance to-day for a crack at the targets. The birds flew nicely and broke easily, and some of the amateurs are beginning to show a good improvement; 25 single keystones, known angles:

Crone.....1110111011111111111111101111—22
Park .....1101110111111111111111101110—21
Snyder.....0111111101111101111110110—20
Morgan.....1111100111001111101010101—18
S Tonkins.....0100010111011111111110111—18
Browne.....0111110111100110101011001—16
Arnold .....0110101011011000111010010 –14
Wood.....0101110'0100111110'0'01011—14
White.....0011100010000000100100100— 8

W. BARRE.

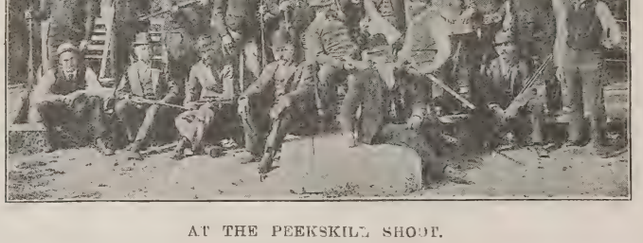
## Pigeons and Targets at Peekskill.

ONE of the most enjoyable tournaments of the season was the one held by the Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club, on Sept 29 to Oct. 1 inclusive. The attendance was by no means what was hoped for, but the party was such a jolly one that the absence of a crowd was not regretted. To have a jolly time was the predominant idea with each man, and it is safe to say that each and every one achieved his desire. The shooting on the first and second days was at bluerock targets, thrown from expert traps, the electric pull being used. The North handicap was enforced, the shooting being done in squads of six, under the rapid-firing system.

The Peekskill Gun Club has about twenty-five members on its roll, about one-third of these being active shooters. The club has grounds about a mile from the center of the city, the property being owned in fee simple by the club. The grounds are situated in a clearing in a heavily-wooded tract, the land sloping upward in every direction from the club house. The sloping ground and the foreground of heavy woods, with the variations of color of foliage, make these hard grounds for target shooting, and high averages are an exception. The grounds are at least five per cent. harder than those with a level field and clear foreground. The club has a neat one-story club house, 30×15, with a 12ft. verandah and a well-appointed secretary's office. The scoring is done from a "cage" built even with the roof of the verandah, as shown in the picture. The trap pulls for target shooting are also in the cage. A restaurant tent stood to the right of the club house, while on the opposite flank was a reception tent.

The opening day was a very quiet one in Peekskill, all the business houses being closed in honor of the memory of Gen. Husted, "the Bald Eagle of Westchester county," who was buried on that day. Republican or Democrat, Mugwump or Prohibition, it mattered not on this occasion what a man's politics might be, all united in honoring the memory of Peekskill's most honored citizen. The attendance at the tournament was much decreased by the funeral. Still there were enough on hand to make some interesting contests. Among the visitors were W. R. Hobart, of Newark, N. J.; George Mosher, of Fulton, N. Y.; W. M. Thomas, of Bridgeport, Conn.; S. W. Smith, of Orange; Neaf Angar, Chas. Smith and T. H. Keller, of Plainfield, N. J.; W. Fred. Quimby, of New York, and S. W. Lyon, of Brooklyn. The shooting lasted up to about 5 P. M., nearly 3,000 targets being thrown. The weather was fine up to the finish.

In the evening after supper had been discussed a party of club members invaded the Eagle Hotel, where the visitors were quartered, and while one party took possession of Fred. Quimby's room, another party, guided by genial Ben Everingham, of *Life*, visited the truck house and gymnasium of Cortlandt Truck Company, where they were accorded a warm welcome from the fire laddies. This company has 100 members, comprising nearly all the professional and substantial business men in the town. It occupies part of the first and second floors and the entire third floor of a building in which are also quartered two hose companies. The third floor is occupied as a gymnasium, which is equipped with everything needed for physical culture. Quite a number of the boys were in the place, one pair being busily engaged in punching the bag, while others amused themselves in various ways with the apparatus. The members of the company were busily engaged in getting ready for the firemen's parade held on Oct 4, and were being put through a drill by their foreman. Over 60 men took part in the drill, all in the regulation uniform, comprising a double-breasted frock coat of gray cloth, with trousers and cap of the same color.



AT THE PEEKSKILL SHOOT.

After inspecting the truck-house the party went back to the hotel where they joined forces with the party in Fred Quimby's room where a jollification was being held. "Dutchy" Smith, "Tee Kay" Keller, Quimby, Thomas, Hobart, Apgar and Mosher of the visitors were there and all were being royally entertained by Messrs. Robertson, Wygant, Richmond, Halstead, Hall and other members of the local club. The seance lasted until midnight when the party dispersed for rest.

About 11 o'clock, while seated in Mr. Quimby's room the party was startled by a sound which appeared to be a combination formed buzz-saws, screech-owls, fog-syrens, weazened locomotive whistles and a thousand and one other discords. This we were informed was the "mocking bird" fire alarm, the effect of which on tired nerves is startling to say the least. The alarm was sounded in response to a call for help received from Sing Sing, where a fierce fire was raging. The call was responded to by the truck company and one of the hose companies.

Below are the scores of the first day's shoot, the events in order being as follows:

Match No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1; No. 2, 10 bluerocks, $1; No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $1 50; No. 4, 20 bluerocks, $2; No. 5, 10 bluerocks, $1; No. 6, 15 bluerocks, unknown angles and known traps, $1.50; No. 7, 10 bluerocks, $1; No. 8, 20 bluerocks, $2; No. 9, 10 single bluerocks, 3 pair doubles, $1.50; No. 10, 10 bluerocks, $1.

No. 1: Smith 10, Mosher 8, Olcott 5, Thomas 3, Hobart 10, Lyon 5, Vail 7, Wygant 0, Keller 7, Dutchy 8, Apgar 9, Gettle 7.

No 2: Mosher 7, Keller 8, Thomas 9, Lyon 9, Gettle 9, Olcott 7, Vail 7, Quimby 6, Smith 6, Hobart 8, Dutchy 9, Apgar 9.

No. 3, experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apgar | 1101111110101111—12 | Thomas | 1101011011111001—10 |
| Dutchy | 1111111111111111—15 | Hobart | 1111111010010110—13 |
| Gettle | 1110110111101101—11 | T K | 1011111110100000— 9 |
| Lyon | 1010111101110110—10 | | |

Amateurs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 0111011111110111—12 | Olcott | 1100100000101010— 6 |
| Pierce | 1010011110111111—10 | Quimby | 0111000000111110— 7 |
| Mosher | 0010110011111000— 7 | | |

No. 4, Experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dutchey | 1111110110111101111—17 | W Smith | 1111111111111111111—20 |
| Apgar | 1100101111111111000—14 | | |

Amateurs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gettle | 1101000011101001111—13 | Mosher | 1001110111010110101010—12 |
| Lyon | 0110111000111010110—12 | Hobert | 0111101110010001111—13 |
| Dr Horton | 1101110010010111000—12 | T K | 1111110110111010011—14 |
| Thomas | 0011101011011101111—14 | | |

No. 5: Experts—Smith 8, Dutchy 6. Amateurs—Hobart 9, Horton 5, Gettel 7, Thomas 7, Lyon 5, Apgar 6, T. K. 4, Mosher 8.

No. 6. Experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dutchy | 1011111111010111—13 | Gettel | 0110111110101111—11 |
| Smith | 1111111010111111—13 | Hobart | 0011111011011111—11 |
| Mosher | 1111111111101111—14 | T K | 1111111100011111—12 |

Amateurs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thomas | 1111001111110110—12 | Horton | 1100111010101111—11 |
| Apgar | 0111111111010111—12 | Quimby | 1111110111100000—10 |
| Lyon | 1101001101010111— 9 | Pierce | 1111101111101111—13 |

No. 7: Experts—Mosher 6. T. K. 8, Dutchey 10, Gettel 8, Halsted 9, Thomas 8. Amateurs—Smith 7, Apgar 9, Higinson 4, Stansborough 8, Taylor 4, Likley 4, Lyon 7, Hobart 7, Hitchcock 5, Pierce 7.

No. 8:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dutchy | 1001101111010101111—14 | Apgar | 1101101101111111111—17 |
| T Kay | 1010111011011111111—16 | Stansbor'h | 1111100100011101111—14 |
| Hobart | 1111011101111111111—18 | Likley | 1111101111100011011—15 |
| Smith | 1110101111111110111—17 | Taylor | 1111111111111011101—18 |
| Thomas | 1101110101111101110—15 | Gettle | 1100111001111001110—13 |
| Mosher | 0110111111111011100—15 | Higason | 1011010000101000110— 8 |
| Lyon | 0010110111001101000—10 | Halsted | 1111101011110101110—15 |

No. 9:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hobert | 1111110111 10 11 01—13 | Horton | 0101111010 10 10 10— 9 |
| Dutchy | 1110101110 11 11 11—13 | Pierce | 0011101111 10 11 11—12 |
| Apgar | 1110111000 10 10 11—10 | Gettle | 0111111111 11 10 01—13 |
| Smith | 1011111101 11 11 10—12 | Stansbor'h | 1100010110 10 00 11— 8 |

No. 10, experts: T. Kay 9, Halsted 5, Smith 9, Mosher 10, Thomas 8, Porter 3, Dutchy 10, Apgar 10, Taylor 10. Stansborough 7, Higason 7, Likely 6, Pierce 4, Hobart 9, Horton 6, Gettle 7, Wilcox 2.

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1: Lyon 7, Smith 10, Hobart 7, Mosher 7, Thomas 7, Halstead 5.

Extra No. 2. Lyon 6, Thomas 10, Mosher 8, Halstead 5, Hobart 7, W. Smith 8.

Extra No. 3: Lyon 5, Smith 8, Thomac 6, Mosher 6, Hobart 8, Turner 2.

Extra No. 4: Lyons 7, Hobart 9, Mosher 6, Thomas 7, Olcott 5, Smith 9.

Extra No. 5: Lyons 6, Smith 9, Thomas 7, Hobart 7, Mosher 8, Olcott 8.

Extra No. 6: Apgar 10, Porter 5, Wygant 0, Horton 6, Dutchy 8, Stansborough 7, Tompkins 2, Taylor 8, Sikley 8, Higginson 6, Keller 7.

*The Second Day*

was cool and clear, with a fairly strong breeze from the left. The party was no larger than on the opening day. Some of the shooters had left for home on the previous evening, while the only newcomers were M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, N. J; Dr. R. J. Carroll, of Red Hook, N. Y.; Jas. Baker, of Ridgefield, N. J.; W. R. Creveling, of Jersey City, N. J.; F. G. Moore, of New York, and Ed Collins, of West Hoboken, N. J. During the afternoon quite a number of spectators came to the grounds, among them being several ladies. The background bothered the shooters considerably and high averages did not obtain.

Below are the scores, the events being as follows: Match No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1. No. 2, 10 bluerocks, unknown angles, known traps $1. No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $1.50. No. 4, 10 bluerocks, $1. No. 5. 20 bluerocks, $2. No. 6 10 bluerocks, $1. No. 7, 15 bluerocks, $1.50. No. 8, 20 bluerocks, $2 50. No. 9, team shoot, any three men to constitute a team, 10 bluerocks, entrance per team $3. No. 10, 10 bluerocks, $1. No. 11, 25 bluerocks, $2.

In the team match the team of the Interstate Gun Club secured first honors, they having tied, according to the score, with the Peekskill team, and winning on the shoot-off. In this match all agreed that Halstead, of the Peekskill team, broke 9 birds, but as the score showed only 8 breaks, it was allowed to go as a tie.

No. 1, experts: Apgar 9, Smith 9, Moore 10, Cramer 9, Carroll 7, Lyon 8. Amateurs: Mosher 9, Hobart 10, Creveling 7, Keller 7, Thomas 8, Halstead 5.

No. 2, experts: Apgar 10, Smith 5, Moore 9, Cramer 5, Carroll 9, Lyon 6. Amateurs: Mosher 6, Hobart 10, Quimby 6, Keller 7, Thomas 6, Halstead 5.

No. 3, Experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apgar | 0101011111111110—11 | Mosher | 1101011111111011—12 |
| Smith | 1111111101111111—14 | Hobart | 1111100111110001—10 |
| Moore | 1101111111111 1—14 | | |

Amateurs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lyon | 1100101111111011—11 | Thomas | 1011010111101100— 9 |
| Creveling | 0100001100111100— 6 | Baker | 1111110110111111—13 |
| Keller | 1101111001101010—10 | Pierce | 0100111101111101—10 |

No. 4, experts: Cramer 9, Carroll 7, Smith 7, Moore 6, Baker 6

Amateurs: Halstead 4, Apgar 6, Mosher 8, Keller 8, Thomas 9

Richmond 3, Hobart 8, Weigand 4, Creveling 6, Lyons 7.

No. 5, experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thomas | 1111100011001111101—13 | Keller | 1111111111101111011—18 |
| Mosher | 1111101110101111001—15 | Hobart | 1111111111101111111—19 |

Amateurs,

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apgar | 1111110101101111111—17 | Lyon | 1111011111101001011—15 |
| Smith | 0011111111111111111—18 | Pierce | 1110100010111101101—13 |
| Moore | 1111011111101111110—17 | Collins | 1011111110111010110—13 |
| Baker | 1111111101111000111—15 | Lindsley | 1001110011110001111—11 |

No. 6, experts: Hobart 10, Keller 8, Smith 7, Cramer 6. Amateurs: Apgar 9, Creveling 5, Carroll 9, Baker 9, Richmond 5, Lyon 8, Collins 9, Lindsley 6, Southard 5, Thomas 6, Turner 4, Mosher 5, Moore 10.

No 7, experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Collins | 1111111111110111—14 | Carroll | 1110110011111100—10 |
| Hobart | 1111011111111110—13 | Apgar | 1111111111110111—14 |
| Baker | 1110001101000110— 8 | Moore | 1101110111111111—13 |

Amateurs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thomas | 1110000111111001—10 | Cramer | 0011101011010100—10 |
| Lindsley | 1110111001110001— 9 | Lyons | 1011110111111111—13 |
| Keller | 1100011111011111—11 | Peck | 0100110110111101— 9 |
| Mosher | 1101100011111001— 9 | Creveling | 0010111111111111—12 |
| Smith | 1111111101111001—12 | | |

No. 8, experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Collins | 1110110101100110111—14 | Apgar | 0111100101110110111—13 |
| Hobart | 0111110011110001111—13 | Moore | 0111111011111011111—17 |

Amateurs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lindsley | 1011011111110110101010—14 | McPeek | 0011101011110010101—12 |
| Smith | 0111010111111110111—16 | Baker | 0010010011111111110—13 |
| Mosher | 0001101101111101100—11 | Keller | 1110111111111111111—19 |

Team match, open to teams of three men each from any club:

Interstate Gun Club.

| | | Ties. |
|---|---|---|
| Hobart | 1111111111—10 | 11111—5 |
| Baker | 1111010001— 6 | 11101—4 |
| Thomas | 1111110101— 8—24 | 11111—5—14 |

Peekskill Gun Club.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Pierce | 1101111001— 7 | 11011—4 |
| Everingham | 1111110111— 9 | 01011—3 |
| Halstead | 1011111110— 8—24 | 00001— 8— 8 |

Endeavor G. C.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Collins | 1111111110— 9 | Keller | 1001010110— 5 |
| McPeek | 0101111101— 7 | Dutchy | 1111111110— 8 |
| Crevelling | 1110101101— 7—23 | Apgar | 0110111111— 8—21 |

Independent G. C.

No. 10, 10 singles, $1 entrance, experts: Keller 9, Moore 7. Amateurs: Apgar 8, Hobart 10, Baker 6 Collins 6, Lindsley 7, Rhodes 9, Mosher 8, Smith 9, Barstol 5, Bedell 4, Creveling 9, McPeek 8, Thomas 8, Richmond 5, Halstead 5, Cranmer 6.

No. 11, 25 bluerocks, $2 entrance, experts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Keller | 1011010011111111111011111—20 | | |
| Hobart | 1011111011111111101111111—21 | | |
| Rhodes | 1101110101011011101111111—18 | | |
| Smith | 1111111100111111011110011—20 | | |

Amateurs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Moore | 1111111111101111111111111—23 | | |
| Apgar | 1111111111111011111111111—24 | | |
| Collins | 1111100101111111011111111—21 | | |
| Lindsley | 1110111111010000011111111—18 | | |
| Baker | 1011110000010010 0101100000—11 | | |
| McPeek | 1010101110110010101111110—18 | | |

Extra No. 1, 15 bluerocks, entry $1.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Moore | 1111111111111111—15 | Mosher | 1101111111110—12 |
| Apgar | 1111111111111111—15 | Creveling | 0101100100000100— 5 |
| Collins | 1111111001011111—12 | Hobart | 1011111111111111—14 |
| Lindsley | 1011010110101111—10 | Rhodes | 1101101110101111—11 |
| Baker | 1110111011100001—10 | Halstead | 0011110010100111— 8 |
| Thomas | 1111111111111011—14 | Pierce | 1111111010000111—11 |

Extra No. 2, 15 bluerocks, $1.50: McPeek 5, Collins 6, Riker 6, Lindsley 5, Thomas 9, Moore 9, Apgar 7, Lyon 7, Hobart 10, Pierce 8.

Extra No. 3, $1.50: Moore 14, Thomas 11, Apgar 15, Rhodes 12, Collins 10, Baker 9, Creveling 7, Lindsley 9, Halstead 10, Hobart 14, Pierce 12.

Extra No. 4, 15 bluerocks, $1.50: Moore 20, Pierce 18, Halstead 14, Everinghim 7, Rhodes 19, Baker 6, McPeek 14.

*Saturday, the Final Day,*

was devoted to live bird shooting, and 600 birds were on hand. The weather was clear all day, and up to noon there was a moderate breeze from the left. After dinner, however, the breeze gradually strengthened until it had become a gale. The birds, without exception, were as fine a lot as have been trapped during a tournament for many a month, good enough in fact to be classed as match birds. Of the 600 birds not over a dozen refused flight when the traps were sprung, and the majority of these proved to be good flyers once they caught their wings. Of the others some few were slow flyers, a large number were veritable "screamers," while the rest were better than the average. Of course a thirty-mile wind has a tendency to make almost any bird fly well, but in this case the birds trapped when the breeze was only moderate also puzzled the shooters.

On the previous evening the most of the Jerseymen, along with Geo. Mosher, Dr. Carroll and W. M. Thomas had started for home, and the only new comer was Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, "Wanda."

The sport opened at 9:30, and at 5 P. M. the last bird was trapped. During the early part of the day the retrieving was done by a couple of small boys, but after noon it was attended to by Turk, a pointer belonging to Mr. Raymond, of the Peekskill Gun Club. Turk proved to be a master at the business, not a bird escaping him during the day. Some of his catches of birds



J. P. BURKHARD, Director St. Paul Gun Club.

R. G. KENNEDY, Treasurer St. Saul Gun Club.

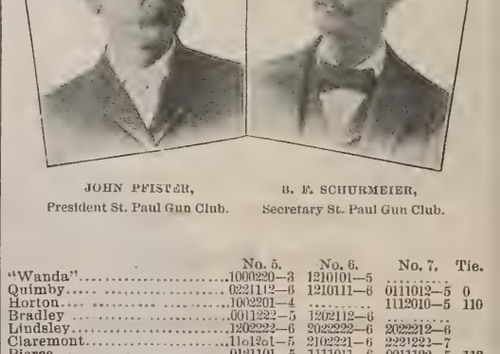
on the wing showed wonderful sagacity. On one occasion he jumped fully 5ft. and caught a bird that was within an ace of crossing the boundary. Another bird was caught by him when it was within 6in. of the line. This dog was purchased by Mr. Raymond a short time previous to the tournament, its former owner not being satisfied with its field work. The price paid was the enormous one of $3, and it is safe to say that the money was well spent.

The shooting was extremely difficult, not only from the fact that the birds were fast and the wind strong, but also for the reason that the upward slope of the ground from the traps to the outer boundary made the flight of a low-lying bird very deceptive, these being frequently undershot. As a result, the scores were low in some of the events, where the majority of the birds persisted in keeping close to mother earth.

A couple of hundred spectators were on hand in the afternoon, about a score of ladies being included, these being attracted by the announcement that Mrs Lindsley would take part in the shooting. The sight of a lady manipulating a shotgun was a novelty to the Peekskill people, and every kill made by "Wanda" was generously applauded.

Below are the scores made during the day. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at 5 birds each, $5 entry; No. 4, at 7 birds, $7; No. 5, 6 and 7 at 7 birds, $5 entry. There were four moneys in each event. The shooting was done under American Shooting Association rules, except that the boundary was 65yds. from the center trap; five traps were used.

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | Tie. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| "Wanda" | 22201—4 | 20202—3 | 10001—2 | 0202201—4 | |
| Lindsley | 00212—3 | 02222—3 | 22121—5 | 2221121—7 | |
| Claremont | 21201—4 | 11101—4 | ..... | 0110211—5 | 1212111 |
| Quimby | 11011—4 | 01211—4 | 21111—5 | 2111121—7 | |
| Horton | 01020—2 | 12112—5 | 11101—4 | 2201211—5 | 0 |
| Halstead | 20121—4 | 21212—5 | 11121—5 | 1011021—4 | |
| Baker | 01211—4 | 20220—3 | 1001—2 | 1201011—5 | 0 |
| Stanbrough | ..... | 00110—2 | ..... | 2000002—2 | |
| Mason | ..... | 00000—0 | 22122—5 | ..... | |
| Pierce | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1112012—6 | |
| Cave | ..... | ..... | ..... | 0112220—5 | 1121220 |



JOHN PFISTER, President St. Paul Gun Club.

B. F. SCHURMEIER, Secretary St. Paul Gun Club.

| | No. 5. | No. 6. | No. 7. | Tie. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| "Wanda" | 1000220—3 | 1210101—5 | ..... | |
| Quimby | 0221112—6 | 1210111—6 | 0111012—5 | 0 |
| Horton | 1002201—4 | ..... | 1112010—5 | 110 |
| Bradley | 0012222—5 | 1202112—6 | ..... | |
| Lindsley | 1202222—6 | 2022222—6 | 2022212—6 | |
| Claremont | 1101201—5 | 2102221—6 | 2221223—7 | |
| Pierce | 0121101—5 | 1111011—6 | 0011222—5 | 112 |
| Raymond | 1112200—5 | 0120001—3 | 0101001—3 | |
| Everinghim | 1200150—3 | ..... | 0111011—5 | 0 |
| Baker | 1010021—4 | 0012022—4 | 0012010—3 | |
| Halstead | 1100010—3 | 2020101—4 | 1111201—6 | |
| Wessells | 0222020—4 | 0120012—4 | ..... | |
| Hobart | ..... | 2210010—4 | ..... | |
| Mason | ..... | 1110202—5 | ..... | |
| Wygant | ..... | 0210212—5 | 2121201—6 | |
| Marsh | ..... | ..... | 0020201—3 | |

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## St. Louis Trap-Shooting Tournament.

AFTER a close and exciting struggle N. O. Meade won the fourth annual contest for the target-shooting championship of St. Louis city and county. The contest was for a handsome diamond badge offered by Rawlings Bros., of St. Louis, and the conditions were 100 single artificial targets, 5 traps, rapid-firing system, all contestants to use shells loaded by the donors. Mr. Meade made a score of 94 and was closely followed by Mr. P. M. Kling, with a score of 92. The contest was witnessed by an audience of about 1 000 spectators, and took place on the grounds of the Independent Gun Club Sept. 25. The wind blew strongly across the traps from right to left, and the shooting was very difficult. Following are the scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N O Meade | 94 | Sam Hill | 80 |
| P M Kling | 92 | L E Denig | 74 |
| W H Cotton | 86 | G C Weaver | 60 |
| Joseph Lenbarth | 84 | Jule Selzer | 79 |
| Jule Sieminskie | 81 | Ed Meyer | 75 |
| Davy Jones | 62 | J P Cabanne | 63 |
| F E Miltenberger | 72 | Henry Held | 52 |
| Henry Stroh | 81 | G H Rawlings | 62 |
| George Hill | 82 | Joseph Steffen | 83 |
| Louis Hespos | 69 | E C Redman | 77 |
| M C Brown | 79 | | |
| A Dawes | 64 | | |
| F Dawes | 68 | | |
| H A Charles | 78 | | |
| F Fink | 75 | | |
| Henry Fricke | 55 | | |
| James E Hagerty | 30 | | |
| H S Schrader | 61 | | |

G. H. RAWLINGS.

### Dexter Park Trap-Shooting League.

THE fourth of the series of shoots in the Dexter Park Trap-Shooting League was held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Friday, Sept. 30. Out of the original seven clubs entered the Wauregan and Crescents withdrew, leaving the Unknown, Glenmore, Parkway, Linden Grove and Emerald Gun clubs to compete for the two silver cups given by Louis Miller, the proprietor of the grounds, for the first and second best scores at the close of the five shoots in the series. The shooting was not up to that made at the last contest, except by the Unknowns, who tied their score of 84, the Emeralds dropping from second place to third, three points behind the Glenmores and two ahead of the Parkways. Straight scores of 10 were made by D. Monsees, C. Plate and C. Detlefsen for the Unknowns; J. A. Eppig, C. Furgueson, Jr. and R. Phister, Jr., for the Glenmores; Col. J. H. Voss was the only one on the Emerald team. The birds were a fine lot and got away very fast. The weather was delightful, with a light southwest breeze, and all present had an enjoyable day's sport. The time of the shoot was 5 hours and 45 minutes. The scores:

| Unknown Gun Club. | | Linden Grove Gun Club. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M Chichester.. | 0111110121—8 | J Link | 2222012000—6 |
| H Housman | 1111212202—9 | W Cunningh'm | 2120221012—8 |
| J Flynn | 2022022022—7 | F Ibert | 2202112021—8 |
| I Hyde | 1110220110—7 | P Eppig | 2o2121012—8 |
| H Knebel, Sr. | 2112012021—8 | L Neir | 1222222100—8 |
| C Hubbell | 01212,22o1—8 | J Esser | 0011112122—8 |
| D Monsees | 2111112112—10 | J Birmel | 0122201211—8 |
| C Plate | 1211221122—10 | G Major | 0212221101—8 |
| C Det'efsen | 1221211212—10 | J Schlieman | 2221221111—10 |
| Dr Schwartz | 1120102210—7—84 | J A Eppig | 1221012222—9—81 |
| Glenmore Rod and Gun Club. | | Parkway Rod and Gun Club. | |
| Dr Powell | 2022212201—7 | H F Selover | 2221220221—9 |
| A Eppig | 1111122222—10 | T Short | 0221221212—9 |
| Dr Boehme | 1122120021—8 | J Blake | 1111101122—9 |
| C Furguesen | 1112111111—10 | D Van Wickler | 0002202001—4 |
| T T Edgerton | 1122002012—7 | A Lehmann | 0121212111—9 |
| C Engelbrecht | 1101222011—8 | L Moeller | 1020002221—6 |
| J Schlieman | 0201001211—6 | A Botty | 0122210222—8 |
| W Hartye | 0222220222—8 | E Helgans | 2002110211—7 |
| W Levins | 2220112222—9 | H Bramwell | 1202221221—9 |
| R Phister, Jr. | 2222222222—10—83 | J Bennett | 1101112111—9—79 |
| Emerald Gun Club. | | | |
| L Gebring | 2111212101—9 | L Schortemeier | 2221102o12—8 |
| G Remsen | 0222011110—7 | Dr Hudson | 2222102001—7 |
| E Doeinck | 1212o2o211—7 | J H Voss | 1122111111—10 |
| J Maisel | 2222010201—7 | Dr Leveridge | 1110121222—8 |
| Gus Nowak | 1o11002000—4 | P Rutz | 2112220121—9—76 |

Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

Sweepstake at 3 birds, then miss and out, $1 entrance, three moneys, bird to be killed while in a sitting position at the score, 25yds. rise:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G Pfohlman | 120—2 | 1 | T Short | 112—3 | 0 |
| A Botty | 111—3 | 20 | C Hubbell | 111—3 | 22 |
| T T Edgerton | 111—3 | 21 | J Bennett | 001—1 | |
| F Thompson | 011—2 | 1 | L Schortemeier | 010—1 | |
| H Knebel, Sr. | 000—0 | | L Gehring | 122—3 | 0 |
| E Helgans | 221—3 | 11 | L Moeller | 121—3 | 22 |
| F Ibert | 212—3 | 22 | H Bramwell | 111—3 | 0 |
| J Schlieman | 011—2 | 2 | W Hartye | 102—2 | 1 |

The birds gave out and the ties left were div.

### New York German Gun Club.

THE attendance of members at the regular monthly bluerock shoot of the New York German Gun Club was very small on Thursday, Sept. 29, at Dexter Park. Six members competed at 20 birds each, 18yds. rise. P. Garms, Jr., won with a score of 18. A small team shoot followed. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dannefelser | 10111111011001100000—11 | Garms, Jr. | 11111111011111111101—18 |
| Weadmann | 11111011100111100000-12 | Frazier | 00111111000010111111—13 |
| Lemone | 00010111100011111100—11 | Tomford | 10010110011101111001—12 |

Team shoot, losing side to pay:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P Garms, Jr. | 111 | J Dannefelser | 011 |
| J Frazier | 111 | C Lemone | 110 |
| W Tomford | 111 | G Weadmann | 011 |
| F Sauter | 111—12 | P Garms, Sr. | 110— 8 |

### Chicago Traps.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 29.—Cumberland Gun Club held a big clam bake and pigeon shoot last Saturday at the lodge near Lowell, Ind. More than 400 birds were shot and fully that many clams disposed of. The birds came from Chicago, and the clams from Baltimore.

To-morrow evening Garfield Club will hold its semi-annual meeting at the Sherman House. Business of importance will be taken up and some changes in the by-laws proposed. It is also proposed to have a series of live-bird shoots for a diamond medal or badge, to be shot for once a month in November, December, January, February, March and April, at 20 birds each. The man winning the trophy the greatest number of times in the six shoots retains it as personal property. Subscriptions to this medal fund are $5 each. No entries will be received after Oct. 1. These matches are entirely independent of the usual holiday shoots, and all expenses will be paid by the medal contestants.

Charlie Budd is beginning to pester again, and writes as follows from Des Moines under date of Sept. 25:

"You may think I am not in shooting matters, but I am, just the same. I will be in Chicago about February ready to battle with some of the record breakers, and be in condition to do some shooting, I hope. How do the boys take to the new park? I am in hopes it will be a fast ground and as lucky for me as the old one. I shall surely be on hand during the World's Fair series, but am sorry the shooting could not take place during the cold weather, as the birds would be much better and it would put more life in the work.

"I see Jack the Giant Killer is still killing 'em by the hundreds. Does E. D. Fulford still hanker after my scalp?

"I am going to do considerable field shooting this fall, and run about 30lbs. weight off me, as I now weigh 190.

"Kindly remember me to all the boys."

E. D. Fulford is in Chicago. E. HOUGH.

### The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

THE second regular monthly shoot of the season by the members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, for the H. Claus diamond badge, took place at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Sept. 28. There being 24 members present, they were divided into teams of 12 each, representing the Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Wards. The latter team won by 5 birds, W. Levens and G. Pfohlman tied with 7 each for the badge; the former won on the shoot-off. The club has three members' prizes for the best scores in classes every three months. R. Phister, Jr., won a silver stand in Class A; F. Maier beat C. Englebrecht in Class B, for a dozen silver-plated knives; and W. Livingston won a solid leather shell case in Class C. The scores for diamond badge:

| 26th Ward Team. | | 27th Ward Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Young | 2001102—4 | T T Edgerton | 1001020—3 |
| R Phister | 2112210—6 | W Levens | 1221211—7 |
| E Eppig | 2200102—4 | Dr. Boehms | 1111012—6 |
| C Engelbrecht | 1010121—5 | J Schlieman | 1120112—6 |
| F Thompson | 0121100—4 | P Sutter | 0011122—5 |
| L Eppig | 2002012—4 | J Shevlin | 1100000—2 |
| F Maier | 1002211—5 | W Livingston | 2012222—6 |
| J Gasterger | 2200221—5 | W Vorbach | 1112101—6 |
| C Hubbell | 1111111—7 | W Hartye | 2110222—6 |
| J A Still | 0102211—5 | P Eppig | 0102101—4 |
| C Vincent | 1101012—5 | G Pfohlman | 2211111—7 |
| P Quinn | 0010211—4—58 | D T Donovan | 0011121—5—63 |

Sweepstake, $1 entry, 2 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J A Still | 011—2 | L Epp'g | 120—2 |
| Vincent | 001—1 | Houseman | 001—1 |
| Hubbell | 111—3 | Pfohlman | 121—3 |
| Schleiman | 111—3 | Thompson | 101—2 |

Still second money on shoot-off.

### Live Birds at Claremont.

FOR a long time some of the more liberal members of the New Jersey Shooting Club have been agitating a movement in favor of having live bird shoots on their Claremont grounds, which are now in fair shape for that sport. They have not as yet succeeded in having live bird contests officially sanctioned by the club, but still have been allowed to put out traps, establish a 21yds. boundary and enjoy the sport whenever they chose. The grounds have been filled in as far as the boundary fence, which is 18in. high and 21yds. from the center traps. One of the prime movers in the pigeon shooting agitation is Fred G. Moore, who is one of the most enthusiastic shooters in this vicinity, and it is hoped that he will finally succeed in securing the club's permission to run a series of regular Wednesday afternoon invitation shoots, open to members and invited guests. The grounds are to be given a few more loads of filling, after which they will be equal to any in this section. On Wednesday, Sept. 28, Mr. Moore, I. H. Richmond, H. E. Smith J. R. Sunderman and Messrs. "Edwards" and "Meadows" went to the grounds and in a quiet way enjoyed half a day's sport with about a couple of hundred rattling good birds. All stood at 30yds., the events being at ten birds each and the entry fee nominal. The scores for:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| "Edwards" | 10002102o1—5 | 1010000220—4 | 0202112212—8 1122222020— 8 |
| "Meadows" | 2002111o02—6 | 0122111110—8 | 0002011011—5 0111102211— 8 |
| Smith | 221211o112—9 | 0011111111—8 | 0211121110—8 2111111111—10 |
| Moore | 1111212212o—9 | 1111222021—9 | 1011221221—9 1211221110— 9 |
| Richmond | | 1111012010—7 | |
| Sunderman | | 222o200212—7 | 1010122112—8 1011100212— 7 |

Mr. Richmond shot away below his usual form from the fact that he used a gun that was strange to him and not at all a good fit.

### Shooting in Vermont.

PUTNEY, Vt., Sept. 26.—The third match between the Putney and Holyoke Gun Clubs was shot at Putney Saturday afternoon, Sept. 24. The Putney Club placed two teams of three men in the field and Holyoke one. The entrance was $25 per team and each man shot at 25 Boston targets. The contest was very close throughout, the Holyokes gaining a lead of one bird in the first round and neither gaining or losing for the next three rounds. In the final round the Putney team No. 1 succeeded in gaining four birds on their opponents and captured first money, $22.50 with 51 breaks out of 75 birds. Holyokes won second, $15, with 48 breaks, and Putney No. 2 captured third, $7.50, with 40 breaks. Sweepstakes were shot before and after the team match until darkness put a stop to the sport. At 8 o'clock twenty-seven members and friends of the club adjourned to the Kendrick House where they found a fine game supper awaiting to which they did full justice.

The day was all that could be desired and the shoot was a grand success. Below are the scores:

Putney Team No. 1.

| | |
|---|---|
| Crosby | 1100110101111101011001101—17 |
| Ayer | 1111111111101101111001101—19 |
| Warren | 0101101001010110110101111—15—51 |

Holyoke, Mass., Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bolt | 1011111101100111100100011—16 |
| Blamey | 0111110111111001000100110—15 |
| Whitcomb | 1111101001111010111111010—17—48 |

Putney Team No. 2.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bailey | 0100010101010101001001111—12 |
| Hooper | 0010100110111111110010111—16 |
| Robertson | 0160011100010011001011011—12—40 |

Before and after the match the following scores were made in sweepstakes; Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at 5 birds, 50 cents entrance:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ayer | 10100—2 | 11111—5 | 01101—3 | 11111—5 |
| Bolt | 11010—3 | 10101—3 | 11110—4 | 11100—3 |
| Blaney | 11111—5 | 10111—4 | 01011—3 | 00100—1 |
| Whitcomb | 11011—4 | 10011—3 | 01011—3 | 00100—1 |
| Crosby | 10000—1 | 01110—3 | 11111—5 | 01111—4 |
| Willard | | | 10101—3 | 00010—1 |
| Robertson | | | 01111—4 | |

No. 6, 10 birds, for purse of $10. Aug. 8: Warren. Crosby and Hooper 7 each. Blamey and Bailey 6 each, Bolt and Prouty 5 each, Willard and Robertson 4 each. W. E. AYER, Sec'y.

### The Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE Atlantic Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot for the Newton diamond badge at the West End grounds, Coney Island, on Thursday, Sept. 29. Some good shooting was witnessed, especially in the race for the badge and first money between C. E. Morris, the president of the club, and Judge C. Furguesen, Jr., who tied with 10 straight. The latter won, killing 29 more straight to Morris's 28. The club shoots under modified Hurlingham rules, 5 unknown traps. Four extra prizes were added. C. M. Myer won the second. The third was divided, and R. Dwyer won the fourth. The birds were good, strong ones, and the weather was bright and warm. The scores:

| | | Ties. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C E Morris (30) | 2222112122—10 | 1222211121122121211121111120 | |
| C Ferguson (28) | 2111212111—10 | 2122221212111111212121211112 | |
| J B Voorhees | 0112210121—8 | A Boyle | 1111101111—9 |
| H P Donnelly | 1010100200—4 | M Bonden | 2011010101—6 |
| W Boyle | 2010011200—5 | R Dwyer | 2122022021—7 |
| W F Sykes | 2122012221—9 | C M Meyer | 0211222121—9 |
| T Buckley | 2010222200—6 | G W Roderick | 2010112110—7 |
| H Kronika | 0111211210—8 | W Weber | 2112221002—8 |
| D Monsees | 2210112221—9 | | |

Sweepstake, $2 entrance, 3 moneys, 5 birds, 30yds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W F Sykes | 11012—4 | C Furguesen, Jr. | 10111—4 |
| C M Meyer | 12121—5 | D Monsees | 11010—3 |
| J B Voorhees | 11011—4 | R Dwyer | 12221—5 |

Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

### On the Old Stone House Grounds.

A FINE lot of birds were furnished for the shooters who visited the "Old Stone House" grounds on Saturday last. The day was clear and cool and in the afternoon a heavy breeze made the birds feel like crossing the fence, which a number of them succeeded in doing. The main event of the day was a match at 25 live birds each, between John Erb and Henry Newhouse, for a stake of $25 a side, Hurlingham rules to govern. The old veteran Samuel Castle officiated as referee. This lot of birds were "corkers" and three of those shot at by Newhouse carried their loads of shot over the fence and died just outside. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Erb | 1222121222110000101211111—20 |
| Newhouse | 0010122202002220011100111—14 |

The following scores were made in a series of sweeps which followed; the conditions being, 4 birds per man, $3 entry, two moneys. In No. 7, one barrel only was used:

| | No. 1 | No. 2 | No. 3 | No. 4 | No. 5 | No. 6 | No. 7. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 1211 | 1102 | 1111 | 1120 | 2111 | 1121 | 1101 | —25 |
| Smith | 2210 | 1110 | 1012 | 1112 | 1220 | 1111 | 1111 | —24 |
| Baldwin | 1111 | 1221 | 2212 | 1111 | 2211 | 1210 | 1110 | —26 |
| Erb | 1111 | 1122 | 2111 | 1202 | 1110 | 1220 | 1101 | —24 |
| Newhouse | 1221 | .... | .... | ... | .... | .... | ... | — 4 |

### Fred Van Dyke the Winner.

THE Myrtle Gun Club held an open tournament at Irvington, N. J., on Oct. 1, the main event being a 50 target event with $25 added to the purse. Fred Van Dyke, of Newark won first money, the scores being as appended:

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall | 1110101111111101111111111101111111111101111111111—45 |
| Alderson | 1111111111011010111111111111111111111111111111111—44 |
| E A Young | 1100111101111111111011111011101101111101101111111—41 |
| Smith | 1100111111111011111001111011111011111111101011111—41 |
| Drake | 1101111111111011111111111111011111101111111111111—45 |
| Van Dyke | 1111111111001110111111111111111111111111111111111—47 |
| Hedden | 0111101100011011011111111111111111001111111101100—38 |
| Perry | 0101111010 1101110011101011111111111111111111111110—38 |


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**LOOK AT DERBY ENTRIES**

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29! What of that? Well! One dog and two bitch puppies, by King of Kent ex Tempest Queen, 4 mos. old. Make an offer for bitches; let me put price on dog. C. F. Lambert, 47 High st., Haverhill, Mass.

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have for sale a number of trained dogs. Pups the right age to go in the field now. Price list on application. H. V. JAMESON, West Duxbury, Mass.

# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1892.

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### *OUR COLUMBUS NUMBER.*

OWING to pressure of news at this season, the special "Columbus Number" of the FOREST AND STREAM has of necessity been deferred. The date will be announced in due season.

### *WITH A FLY-ROD.*

IT will not be many weeks before the season will come for the appearance in our advertising pages of announcements by our fishing tackle friends of this tenor: "Trout and bass rods make excellent Christmas presents." And it is just as certain that many a fortunate fisherman, his father or mother, or wife or daughter, or son or cousin, or angling friend, having noted the suggestion in the FOREST AND STREAM, will be given a fly-rod for Christmas, and with it a presentation note of affection and well-wishing.

Now, if you were going to give such a holiday gift yourself, what would be your note to go with it?

A sentiment to accompany a fly-rod, what should it be?

The FOREST AND STREAM believes that suggestions in this line would prove timely and acceptable, and that a column in its angling pages made up of such notes would be capital reading. They are invited.

### *BOIS DE VACHES.*

THIS is what the old French trappers called it—cow wood. The phrase is expressive, and the plains men of more recent times roughly translated the term when they called it the "buffalo chip."

No object seen by the traveler over the plains is more humble and more unobtrusive than the buffalo chip. Its creator was the greatest, the most striking feature of the old prairie, but the relic which he left behind, and which has so long survived him, is the least. It is dull in color, and inconspicuous in size and shape. Like the violet, it is modest and hides itself beneath its taller neighbors, the tufts of bunch grass or the scraggy sage brush. It shuns observation, simulating the stones, bits of wood and lumps of dirt which surround it. No one would suspect that so inconspicuous an object has been a benefactor to humanity. Yet it has saved many a life, has given food and warmth, sustenance and strength to many a suffering mortal. This it has done modestly, quietly. The buffalo chip makes no boasts, but in time of need its lovely qualities shine forth like a good deed in a naughty world.

The buffalo chip has done much good, yet it cannot always be relied on to exert its beneficent powers for the suffering and the sorry. Meteorological conditions appear to affect its willingness or its powers for good, and it may safely be predicated of the chip that after a week of rain or the melting of a heavy snowfall, all effort to induce it to aid man—no matter how wretched his condition—will be vain. On the other hand, when the fierce sun of summer blazes down upon the plains, when the water in the old wallows is dried up, when the withered herbage rattles above the parched soil, and stones are hot to the touch, when the heated air rising from the ground quivers and dances, then the buffalo chip is a power. Or when the blasts of winter whirl over the plain, ruffling the coat of the prowling wolf, tossing the sand into air, chasing the tumble weeds mile after mile, and even picking up pebbles and carrying them on their strong wings, then too the chip does good work.

In the bitterest hours of a biting blizzard, at the bottom of a deep ravine partly sheltered from the wind, we have looked on a curious spectacle. Three shapeless, hide-covered lumps rested upon the ground, and from the top of each lump curled a little smoke. They were strange objects, not natural, yet unlike anything artificial. They looked like three hybrids between a tiny lodge and a tiny sweat house. They were like neither, yet the smoke suggested humanity. A nearer view solved the mystery. These lumps were men seated on the ground, covered with their robes, hair side in. Between the legs of each man burned a fire of buffalo chips which they and their robes completely covered. It was as if each one sat in a tiny lodge with his head sticking out of the smoke hole. And the buffalo chips were keeping them from freezing to death. Composed of the finely divided woody fibre of the prairie grass, they made the best of fuel.

A well-known naturalist has studied the history of the buffalo chip, and his graceful pen has recorded his observations and reflections. It is fortunate that this history has been written, for like the great beast which preceded it, the chip is passing away. Grand is the struggle which it has made against the disintegrating forces of almighty Nature, but the contest was too unequal. Its issue cannot be doubtful. The buffalo chip must yield, must be vanquished and disappear; but at least we can say that the human race is better for having known it.

### *MAINTAINING THE AFFIRMATIVE.*

"*Resolved*, That anticipation is better than realization."

THAT was the question of debate. And do you not recall it now, clearly and vividly as all those long years ago—The snowy, blustering night, the little red school house shaken of the winds, and your own knees shaken of a nameless trepidation as you stood forth courageously to maintain the affirmative; and did maintain it, too?

How many times since then, in life's succession of anticipation and realization and disappointment, and striving and triumph and defeat, have your eyes beheld once more that scene in the old debating society, and your lips parted in a grim smile as you have summoned all your resolution again to maintain the affirmative. You know more about it now. The proposition you defended in the debating society has come to be the accepted philosophy of life, and there is comfort in it, and balm.

It is the right philosophy to have in the house, along with a fishing rod and trout flies—the flies one sends off to a FOREST AND STREAM advertiser for before spring has come; and looks over again and again, and sorts out, and plans the campaign over. This one for the favorite pool just below the big rock; that one for the swirl by the stump; one for this and another for that; and with every one a trout. They are wonderful dream makers, these dainty bits of feather and tinsel, each one a parti-colored talisman by whose magic your room is flooded with the glory of Adirondack sunlight; the walls stretch away to mountain slopes; the rumble of the street becomes the rush and tumble and roar of woodland waters; your eye catches the elusive iridescence of the spray, and your heart jumps at the gleam of a living iridescence in the foam. Yes, a wonderful thing to dream over—to gild the joys of anticipation is one's fly-book.

But as you dream the days go by, and the weeks run into months; and then before you know it the summer has passed away, and the trout flies lie all unruffled and unwet, as fresh and as new and unused as when they came from the maker. They are phantom flies of phantom fish. Then all of a sudden you realize that vacation time has passed; there is no longer anything to dream of—and straightway you are in the little red school house once more, defending the old familiar affirmative.

It is not all of fishing to fish, say you. Sometimes there is more in the anticipation of fishing. You have proved it so for 1892, and in your philosophy has been found the comfort of the reflection that it is better to have had your dreams of fishing without the fishing, than to have had neither the anticipation nor the realization.

That is good philosophy for a disappointed, stay-at-home, chained-to-business fisherman. Is it not good philosophy for all of us, and in other things than fishing?

As the years shall bring the silver to the hair, the well defined and growing deliberation as to flights of stairs, the inclination to fish the pools nearest camp, and the preference for the large type in FOREST AND STREAM, time bring to you with these, if not fewer occasions for maintaining the affirmative, a fuller faith and a stouter heart to maintain it with fortitude and grace and serenity.

### *THE YELLOWSTONE PARK REPORT.*

THE report of the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, which we print elsewhere, is an admirable document, comprehensive yet concise. Capt. Anderson's management of the Park has been characterized by energy and force, and he has infused the heedless, happy-go-lucky tourists who desire to carry away everything they see, with a wholesome respect for the law, while the deliberate law-breaker is mightily afraid. As has been the case ever since the Park was established, the fact that there is no law providing for the punishment of offenders within the Park ties the hands of the officers of the law, and evil-doers can laugh at the Government, which has the power only to expel offenders from the reservation, and not to punish their crimes.

It is interesting to note that Capt. Anderson's estimate of the number of buffalo in the Park agrees closely with that made by persons who have for years devoted much attention to the subject of the increase of these protected buffalo. The buffalo are doing well, and are seldom disturbed, and the same is true of all other species of wild animals.

The proposition, so often repeated, to cut down the Park on the northeast, would cut off a considerable part of the wintering range of antelope, mountain sheep and black-tail deer, and would thus prove a grave injury to the reservation. It is only to be considered as the lesser of two evils. To have Congress authorize railways to pass through the Park would be worse than to lose much of its game. The preservation of its forests is of more importance to the country at large than conserving its game supply.

### *COLUMBIA RIVER INVESTIGATIONS.*

THE exploration of Clark's Fork and other tributaries of the Columbia River, by a party sent out by the U. S. Fish Commission, is completed for the season. Dr. Gorham, who has charge of the expedition, after a visit to the portion of the Pend d'Oreille lying in British Columbia, went to Newport, Washington, to see the Albany Falls, of the same stream. Mr. B. A. Bean obtained some good photographs of the falls, which are not a barrier to the ascent of fish. Prof. Woolman was obliged to return to his university at the end of September, and the work of collecting fish and other aquatic animals was continued by Mr. Bean.

From Newport, Dr. Gorham started down the Pend d'Oreille to look at Box Cañon, which contains the great falls in the United States near the British line. The little steamer which had been running between Newport and the falls having been laid up for repairs, the Doctor was obliged to make the voyage of fifty miles in a rowboat. As the distance includes fifteen miles of rapids, the labor involved in the return trip was very great.

In the meantime Mr. Bean was engaged in river seining at Newport, Chattaroy and Spokane.

The investigation of the Columbia is being carried on with a view of determining its needs and possibilities for fishcultural operations.

WE are pained to learn of the death of Mr. George H. Wyman, of Boise City, Idaho, known to readers of this journal as a frequent and valued contributor, in particular to the natural history columns. For many years one of the foremost members of the Cleveland bar, then seeking restoration of health in the far West, and after the working years of a useful life finding well earned leisure to devote to the pursuits of the field and study of Nature's page, Mr. Wyman was a type of the best class of American sportsmen.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## TROUTING IN THE COAST RANGE.—I.

### The Nehalem Country.

Less probably is known of the Coast Range than of the Cascade. The Cascades are between us and the great world, while the Coast Range is between us and that great, dreary waste of waters where none care to go except those "who go down to the sea in ships." Naturally enough, therefore, the disposition of man to communicate with his fellow man, and the necessary pilgrimages to that end across the mountains and through the trackless forests separating the West from the East have made it possible to gather a very pretty thorough knowledge of such ranges as the Rockies and the Cascades. But on to the further West there are no incentives to pilgrimages except those of a premeditated character in search of fish, game and minerals. Therefore, we find such ranges as the Coast and Olympic almost *terra incognita*. The Coast Range is comparatively narrow and cramped, as if forced back upon itself by the Pacific while being crowded westward by the continent, and its streams as a matter of course are short and furious. The Cascade Range, on the contrary, is broader, and melts gradually away on either flank until it becomes difficult to say where mountains cease and valleys begin, and naturally its streams are longer and not so impetuous. The trout of the Coast Range are, as a rule, much larger than the trout of the Cascades, probably in consequence of the fact that they are not required to make such long trips from the rich, natural feeding grounds of the ocean. The trout of the larger streams of the Coast Range are not weighed by the ounce, as you will find if you go into that country with light tackle, as I did.

A friend of mine, Dr. Wood, of St. Paul, bantered me to take a trip with him to the Nehalem country in the Coast Range (just a simple investigating tour, you know) and as I seldom take water on such a proposition we soon had our supplies and accoutrements on board the Geo. W. Shaver, bound for the Claskanie. Although the Claskanie was at least twenty-five miles short of our destination it was the nearest point reached by boat or conveyance of any kind, and as we were to take our time we didn't much mind the prospect of so long a tramp. We left Portland in the morning, but as the Shaver was a trading boat it was plump night when we reached Claskanie City, which is located on the west bank of the Claskanie River, some four of five miles from its mouth.

Claskanie City, as its name would imply, is a place of some pretensions. It has a church, a saloon, a general merchandise store and four or five modest dwelling houses, and the whole city is painted with the best quality of hope, tinted with anticipation. The youthful ambition and springlike hopefulness of some of these little frontier towns is truly exhilarating. After listening a whole evening to the praises sung of Claskanie City by its modest citizens I am pleased to say that there is not a mossback or pessimist within its limits, and if courage, concert of action and talk is what builds great cities, the metropolis of the Northwest will some day be on the banks of Claskanie River.

By the way, the Claskanie affords fine fishing, but as we were on a trip of discovery (an investigating tour as it were), we wasted no time on these comparatively known waters. Now a twenty-five mile tramp across a mountainous country with heavy packs on dim trails may be entertaining enough, but I assure you it is no picnic, and you can imagine how fatigued we were before we reached the Nehalem Valley.

The "divide" between the Claskanie and the Nehalem is a broken piece of country and every foot of it is covered with as fine evergreen timber as ever a lumberman's eyes feasted upon. Much of the timber is cedar, but there is a generous mixture of pine, spruce, yellow and white fir, and between the two rivers we saw no burns, so it is not surprising that lumbermen talk a great deal about the Nehalem country.

Our heavy packs and the blazing sun made our trip a weary one indeed; but the trail was well shaded, and we found numerous springs of the purest water, many of which poured out of holes in the solid rock. One of these springs seemed almost artificial in its construction. Five or six feet above the trail in the solid rock was a basin half as large as an ordinary washtub and probably a foot deep, brim-full of the purest, coldest water, and which seemed to have been placed there by kind nature for the special delectation of such poor wayfarers as the Doctor and I.

How we did bathe the inner and outer man with its sparkling nectar.

The water of that country is the finest I ever saw. There is a slight mineral smack to it, not the least unpleasant to the taste, but which seems to give it sparkling brilliancy. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we struck the Nehalem Valley to the southeast of Saddle Mountain and probably twenty-five miles from the ocean as the crow flies, but at least forty miles from the mouth of the river as the stream runs. We followed the river down to Vesper City Post-Office, situated at the pass of the river through the Coast Range. Vesper, like Claskanie, is a city of gigantic aspirations, but has fewer inhabitants to extol the many points of vantage it possesses as the prospective metropolis of the Northwest.

The city, at present, consists of one house, of small dimensions it is true, but in architectural design much resembling a modern hen house. But this structure answers very well, for the present, the many purposes of post-office, city hall, church, school house and residence for the worthy P. M. with his wife and numerous progeny, so numerous, in fact, that the Doctor and I, for lack of room in the house, had to seek refuge for the night under a tree. All the inhabitants turned out to entertain us in the evening, which they succeeded in doing right royally, for the postmaster was a good talker, and talk was what we wanted. We wanted him to talk exclusively about the country and the mountains, the streams, elk, deer, cougar, wildcat, black wolves and black bear, but he had a faculty of winding down to every period with something about the future of Vesper City. Notwithstanding his old "chestnuts" and Vesper City prophecies we succeeded in worming out of him considerable information, so that by bed time we knew all about Frank Lusignaut, the guide and elk hunter, who lived three miles below, and who could, by lying flat on the ground and smelling of an elk track, tell when it was made and about where in the mountains his elkship could be found. We knew about the terrible elk wolf, the most dangerous of all the beasts of the Coast Range, and the only one that will attack man without first being attacked. We knew about 14-year-old Johnny Turpin across the river, who, with an old muzzleloading rifle and his faithful but bloodthirsty Towser had killed twenty wildcats the past spring in the swamp along Deep Creek. We knew, too, that an Indian had never been seen by the whites in the lovely Nehalem Valley, and we knew that the reason of it was that the Indians entertained a superstitious dread of the valley on account of some direful thing that had happened there countless years before Capt. Gray discovered the mouth of the Columbia.

But we knew so much more than we did before we struck Vesper City, that I will not attempt to give the readers of Forest and Stream full particulars. Suffice it to say that when we slept, our dreams were full of black wolves and ghostly horrors, clouds of wildcats and great herds of whistling elk hounded by a tireless dragon whose sense of smell and instinct for blood were unerring, but all within the shadow of a great city on the banks of the Nehalem River, called Vesper.

One thing in particular that had been spoken of by the postmaster not only harrassed me in my dreams, but annoyed me in my waking moments; that was the size and general characteristics of Turpin's dog Towser. We must pass Turpin's on our way south into the mountains. There was no way out of it, for Turpin was the only man in that neighborhood who had a canoe, and the Nehalem was deep and vicious, and besides, from what we could learn, it was about the only place that afforded a decent prospect of a trail out to the south. We were informed that Towser had a disagreeable habit of tackling, without the slightest provocation, everything (not so small as to be beneath his dignity) that exhibited life south of the Nehalem River, except the immediate members of the Turpin family, and they were on their good behavior when Towser wasn't feeling well. He had pulled down elk, had been in numerous personal encounters with bears, wolves and cougars, and had killed wildcats single-handed and alone. As the natural result of such a disposition in such a country he was said to be a mass of scars from his nose to his tail. He had never had a mouthful to eat except what he had secured by his own prowess in the forest; for the Turpins themselves had flour and the other luxuries of civilization at only extremely rare intervals, and couldn't afford to "tote" a sack of flour twenty-five miles to feed to a dog.

Somehow I didn't like this Towser business. Mike was with us, and in all probability Towser would celebrate our crossing of the Nehalem by wiping Mike from the face of the earth, if he didn't get a smell of us beforehand and swim the river to meet us.

But after our morning coffee we shouldered our packs and struck out for Turpin's, crossing as unconcernedly as if we had no misgivings about Mike's safety and were anxious to get acquainted with the whole Turpin family, Towser and all. As we approached the river we could see the little shake-roofed cabin on the other side, with the blue smoke curling above as the good frontier people prepared their frugal breakfast; but, thank goodness, Towser was nowhere in sight. Little did he dream that even then two strangers and a strange dog were stealthily approaching his lair.

But here was the river with its roaring rapids and shadowy pools, and we sat down on the bank of the stream to enjoy the scene and await events. While we were sitting there admiring the beautiful stream and listening to its deep melodies as it thundered down toward the great ocean, a beautiful dark-haired girl, with rosy cheeks and the step of the doe, came tripping down the path on the other side with a bucket on her arm. Perceiving us she stopped short and stared at us as if we were visitants from some other world.

"Good morning, Miss," said I, "where is Towser?"

My plainness of manners and dress, added to my apparent familiar acquaintance with the family, encouraged her and she modestly answered; "I don't know, sir, but expect he's up at the house."

"Is he tied up?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir," she answered.

"Well," said I, "tell Johnny to tie him up, as we want to cross over." That did settle it, for apparently I knew the whole family from Towser down, so she disappeared up the path like a deer and presently reappearing informed us that Towser was tied.

"Is he tied with a chain or a rope?" I queried, to which she responded; "He's tied with a boom chain, sir."

Thanking the Miss for this eminently satisfactory condition of affairs, I asked her to tell her father to please come down and set us across. "I'll set you across, sir," said she, and in a jiffy she had the old canoe headed for our shore and was paddling it across in a way that would make Hanlon ashamed of himself. How in the world she could stand in that old dugout and handle it herself as she did is a mystery to such a land-lubber as I. The Doctor, Mike and I crowded into the frail concern and in a twinkling we were on our journey across. The boat commenced to rock and she quickly warned the Doctor and me to sit down in the bottom or the boat would tip over. Ye gods, what a picture! Two great, strapping men and a dog sitting flat in the bottom of a canoe with a 16-year-old girl standing up in the stern putting us across. The Doctor tried to compromise with sentiment by offering to pay the young lady, so that it might appear that we were transferred by a chartered ferry company that were bound to set us over for a legal compensation, but she wouldn't have it, and laughingly remarked as she turned to her water bucket: "Oh, that is nothing, I wouldn't think of taking pay, sir." There was an opening left for the Doctor, however, and he took advantage of it by filling the water bucket and carrying it up the hill; whereupon we met and introduced ourselves to the Turpin family, consisting of the Mr. and Mrs., four pretty daughters, two skookum boys and Towser. However, Johnny was only nicely in his teens, while the other boy was properly the baby and pet of the household. Annie, the youngest girl, was one of the prettiest flaxen-haired little girls I ever saw, while the eldest was now a Mrs. Peterson, but still with her husband residing under the Turpin paternal roof. Rather strange, but nevertheless true, there was not one of the Turpin children that had ever seen any of the world outside of the Nehalem Valley. I believe that, as a family, it was one of the purest bred frontier families I ever met. One generation and a step toward the second without knowledge of the world outside the narrow Nehalem Valley, except in so far as knowledge might have been gathered by the family fireplace when father and mother talked of their childhood days.

And yet I never met a set of girls more womanly and modest, nor a boy for his years more brave and manly, than the pretty Turpin girls and their strapping brother Johnny. Sweet little Annie told me that she had never seen a store doll baby, and after our return from the trip back to Portland, a package containing one of those modern dolls that closes its eyes when laid down and opens them again when taken up was placed in the post-office directed to Miss Annie Turpin, Vesper City P. O., Clatsop county, Ore., with kind regards of Mr. and Mrs. Greene, and I will venture to say that that baby is combed and dressed every morning and cradled to sleep every night by one of the most tender and affectionate little mothers on earth.

S. H. Greene.

Portland, Ore.

## "THE BIG BOULDER."

Charlestown, N. H., Oct. 1.—Three weeks ago, on one of the cool bright mornings which herald the coming of actual autumn, after the fog had lifted from the valley and the fresh air and bright sunshine tempted me for a ramble, I struck out over the hills some three miles to an outlying farm, to bear a verbal message to its owner, one of "the boys in blue," who had "turned his sword into a plowshare," and whose old Colonel, of the Thirty-second Massachusetts, I had met a few days previously in Lowell, and been charged by him with a greeting to his favorite Corporal.

I had been hearing for a week great stories of the wonderful invasion of gray squirrels, so I got out the old muzzleloader from its long retirement, replenished the old shot-belt and flask and started again over "the old squirrel route" I described a year or two since in Forest and Stream. The walk was uneventful. I climbed the steep upper terrace, lingered a few moments under the big oaks at the old gate, and then as before, bore up the ravine of the little brook to the top of the ridge.

The brook was voiceless, a few still pools in the deeper holes among the rocks showed that some underflow through the gravel kept them from drying up entirely, but there was no current and no need to clear the channel of fallen brush, and when I reached the spring at the head a shallow puddle offered no temptation to quench my thirst.

As I reached a little glade half way up the rise a ruffed grouse or "patridge" in the vernacular as spoken by Sam Lovel and "Antwine," whirred off out of a bunch of little thorn-trees, heard but not seen, into undergrowth of alders, as I climbed a rail fence, but gave me no chance for a shot. I sauntered slowly and leisurely on, stopped for a few moments at the "white stone" at the foot of the tall pine, then again, at a point where some spring storm had broken a big red oak 18in. through square off at the butt, and brought it down square across the path, bringing a partly decayed chestnut of equal size with it in its fall. Though clad in a "dead bark" suit, with a pair of rubber soled tennis shoes on my feet, and moving as quietly as possible through the woods, I neither saw nor heard further sign of any game, and in due time reached the old fallen chestnut among the beeches and sat down for a smoke. As my eyes wandered over the old initials on the beach trunk, which I have spoken of before, they fell on another set, which I did not then notice, cut about the same time and which help to illustrate the migratory and progressive spirit of the genuine "Yankee boys!"

The boy who cut those letters, twenty years ago, is now one of the leading citizens of Seattle, has built a "horse raiload" there and is now projecting an electric line to Tacoma, and it is highly probable that some of your Pacific coast correspondents may be able to interpret that "F. H. O." cut on the old beech, here in New Hampshire woods.

I reached my friend's house a little before noon, and as I got to his gate, three young men with guns came across the pasture, from a point some 300 or 400 yards beyond where I left the wood, and met me at his door. They pulled eight fine, fat squirrels out of their pockets, and I found that they had preceded me about an hour over the same path all the morning, which accounted for the absence of game when I came along.

George had just finished loading his wagon with corn fodder, and was coming in to dinner, and it needed no urging to induce me to accept his invitation to join him and his family in a good, old-fashioned, country "farmer's dinner." Sweet corned beef, mealy potatoes and a squash, and apple pie and cheese were most grateful to the appetite, sharpened by my tramp in the cool air.

My friend was hugely delighted to get the cordial remembrance of his old commander, and after dinner we sat on "the porch" and smoked and talked over "war times" for an hour or so, when I shouldered arms again and started on, following the old route.

As I crossed the top of the bridge I found the axe had made further havoc among the oaks, and I soon came in view of the valley to the west. The river, now quite in its summer bed, sparkled in the bright sunshine as it wound its sinuous course through the meadow, now touching the bluffs to the right and now to the left, and leaving broad sweeps of rich mowing-land, impartially and alternately in New Hampshire and Vermont.

I say "mowing-land," for the valley is almost entirely devoted to hay now, here and there the yellow of an oat-stubble or the brighter green of a patch of tobbaco or potatoes break the uniform grass tint, but the old "checker-board" appearance of my boyish days is gone. Every man then raised his own corn and rye, but they now come more cheaply from "the West," and hay is the most profitable crop. The autumn tints are just beginning to show, here and there a Virginia creeper is turning to red over a stone wall, and the sumachs began to be brilliant, while in the wet swales on the hillside a swamp maple glows in crimson now and then, or, perhaps, throws out a single scarlet bough from a mass of green, like a torch of defiance to inevitable winter. Instead of following the old road down as I did two years ago, I bear sharply down the steep hillside, to a prominent landmark well known all the country round as the "Big Boulder." The long terrace of which I have spoken is here terminated by a projecting spur from the hillside, and on the outer edge of the terrace, caught by the point of the spur, rests a

huge rock rounded and waterworn, of an entirely different character. The "bed rock" is a seamy, quartz-veined mica slate, the boulder gray, or lichened outside, but dark bottle-green, where broken, is granite, and Prof. Hitchcock, the State Geologist, says came from Mt. Ascutney, eighteen miles to the north, brought down in the glacial drift of the "great Ice Age."

It is perhaps twenty feet long, by sixteen wide, and as many high, and rests, as I have said, on the very edge of the terrace, 200 feet above the meadows, just caught against the projecting spur of seamy slate. The top of the boulder is about on the same level as the top of the spur, and its base is buried in the thin, sheep-nibbled turf some 200 feet down the slope to the north.

What a force it must have been to bring this mass of stone some 400 tons weight down eighteen miles and land it high on the hillside! Unless, as is more probably the case, the whole valley below has been cut away since this boulder was dropped there.

The view from it in both ways, up and down the river, is superb. The bold shoulder of the "Fall Mountain" at Bellows Falls, cuts off the prospect to the south, six miles below, while the lookout to the north passes the precipitous cliff of "Skitsiwauke" and is closed by the great dome of Ascutney, whence the big boulder started on its travels. An easy and delightful walk from the village of a mile and a half along the terrace overlooking the meadows, it is a favorite resort of the young people of the village as well as of the summer visitors.

How long this huge rock has rested here, poised on the brink of the terrace, I leave for the geologists to decide; certainly thousands, probably tens of thousands; probably millions of years. It no doubt lay here bedded in the primal forest, while the Egytian sculptors were carving the Sphinx, as we are on the edge of the oldest known rocks in the world. The Waubenakee hunter has no doubt often hidden behind it, as he lay in wait for the deer, picking his way down the little rivulet which slowly trickles through that low swale a few yards to the north on his way to the meadows to feed.

Had it hearing and speech, it might tell of the Indian war whoop and the answering musket shot when old Captain Phonehas Stevens with his thirty pioneers "held the fort" in the valley below for two days against 200 French and Indians, and finally repulsed them, baffled of their expected prey, 150 years ago.

It might have seen the gathering of the New Hampshire militia, which General John Stark mustered at the same old fort, ere he marched them across Vermont to fight the battle of Bennington and crown Molly Stark's name with glory instead of widow's weeds. Our friend Rowland E. Robinson has told all this in his graphic history of "The Foundation of Vermont," and I will dwell no longer on the subject.

I satiate my eyes, as often before, with the prospect, and again start for the village, but instinct leads me in to the woods again under the shadows of the oaks, and although I find many trees under which the ground is strewn with shells or half-eaten, wormy acorns, I see or hear no game. To be sure, it is still to early for the squirrels to be out to supper, but I am not bloodthirsty enough to wait for them, I have had my tramp, delivered my message and cheered the heart of an old "comrade," and as I start down the lane from the woods, I empty both barrels in a long waking shot at a brace of knots in the fence, fairly chipping one with the No. 8's from my left, while the less numerous charge of No. 6's in the right only groove long, slanting splinter-furrows in the hard hemlock boards around the other. VON W.

# Natural History.

## THE PANTHER'S SCREAM.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Is "Stanstead" correct in his statement in your issue of Oct. 8 that the scream of the panther is all a myth and that this cat is so unlike all the other cats that he "has no voice except a growl and a short, spiteful 'yik'"? I have never met the panther in the open but seem to remember distinctly hearing a caged one at Central Park cry loudly after the manner of the domestic cat. If the panther has no voice and what has so often been taken for his was "made by other beasts or owls," the realists among story writers ought to know it. I never hear of the cry of the panther, which has time and again been reported to be of wonderfully human quality, but I remember Charles Dudley Warner's story of hearing, as he supposed, a panther's cry at night upon the mountain side in the Adirondacks. Joseph Cook had said that the voice of modern culture was but "an infant crying in the night and with no language but a cry," and from the sound Warner concluded that the panther and modern culture must be the same thing. C. H. AMES.

## ANOTHER TAME MOOSE.

HALIFAX, Oct. 5.—Knocking about the country last week I was asked if I would like to see a live moose, and said yes, by all means. The owner of the house stepping to the door sang out, "Nellie, Nellie; here, Nellie;" and in a few moments I heard the sound of a cowbell tinkling off in the woods, and directly there came trotting toward us one of the prettiest little creatures I have ever seen. Sure enough it was a moose, about four months old and as tame and gentle as could be.

It came right up and allowed us to pat its neck, rub its nose, etc. The owner gave it a slice of bread, which it ate with great relish, and then he put a piece on the ground, when I was astonished to see that before it could pick it up it had to kneel down on its front legs. This was a new feature to me, and I spent some two hours watching its movements. Whenever it went to crop the grass or pick up food (that was on a level bit of ground) down it would flop on its front knees, and standing on its hindlegs it did look too comical for anything.

I was surprised that it was allowed to roam the woods, and remarked that some fine night it would disappear. But the owner said, "Oh, no; it always comes back to the house, and sometimes it spends two and three nights in the woods at a time, but shows up again all safe and sound."

It is a beautiful animal, and I felt tempted to buy it, but not having a suitable place for keeping it in I refrained from doing so; but it does seem a pity not to own it, and if any of your friends would like it I will be happy to give the address of its owner. H. AUSTEN.

### Migration of Hawks.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Mr. Jas. L. Smith, of Hackettstown, N. J., speaks of an unusual flight of hawks on Sept. 21. It is an annual occurrence and was evidently made up of migrating birds. I secured on Sept. 27 (on which date the flight occurred with us) a half dozen specimens, as follows: Two broad-winged (*B. pennsylvanicus*), two sharp-shinned (*A. fuscus*), one Cooper's (*A. cooperi*) and one sparrow (*F. sparverius*), the latter a male, fine plumage. I had them put up, and while green took them from the taxidermist and have posed them to suit myself. I have grown tired of the conventional style of mounting all my birds on perch or panel and find that a very satisfactory effort is produced by fixing them in a death-like position, and when dry hanging them by the feet to a picture nail. It gives an opportunity for the display of plumage and, being a decided departure from the orthodox methods of taxidermists, makes a pleasing contrast with other specimens mounted in the usual way. I would say that the annual migration of hawks with us varies but a few days from year to year, although of late there seems to be a steady falling off in numbers. The main flight passes with a northwest wind from Sept. 15 to 28, coming from east to southeast against the breeze.

BAY RIDGE, L. I. WILMOT TOWNSEND.

### Another Panther Incident.

NORRIS, Texas, Sept. 28.—Rather an interesting panther combat took place on the banks of Devil's River, near here, in which an old lady, sixty years, two dogs and a panther took an active part. The house and kitchen are about 15 or 18ft. apart with a brush arbor connecting them. "Grandma Neil," as she is called by her friends, was standing under the arbor washing her face and hands, when something ran against her with considerable force. Turning to see what it was, she found a 9ft. panther standing against her skirts. At the same instant one of the dogs made a rush for it, when it sprang into a live oak that stood near the door. The commotion attracted the other dog and they kept the beast up the tree for a few minutes, when it sprang out with the dogs in hot pursuit. They caught it as it attempted to jump the fence and pulled it back. At this stage of the fight Mrs. Neil ran up, and by a well-directed blow killed it instantly, splitting its head open with an axe. In telling me the story her grandson expressed my sentiments when he "wished I had Grandma's sand." RIO DIABLO.

### Land Birds at Sea.

HUDSON, N. Y., Oct. 10.—On Sunday, Sept. 25, a large number of high-holes appeared on their way south. On Monday, Sept. 26, I took the steamer Richmond from New York for Norfolk, Va. The next morning while out of sight of land the ship was visited by a number of high-holes, one kingfisher, one woodpecker, some yellowbirds. Some of them remained on and around the ship until we landed at Norfolk the next night. They appeared to be very tired, and had evidently been blown off shore in the night as there was a strong west wind blowing all night. I noticed two high-holes start for shore and fall in the water exhausted. H.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## IN NEW ENGLAND WOODS.

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—Boston gunners are active, and they are being fairly successful. For this success they may reasonably thank the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for its efforts in restocking with game birds. It seems that this restocking is beginning to show more fruits, game being relatively more plenty than in Maine and New Hampshire, where no restocking has been done. Understand that I say relatively, and I am sure that gunners who have tried both sections of the country will agree with me. Mr. L. W. DePass, assistant secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, with his friend C. W. Hodgkins, of Reading and of the Boston and Albany Freight Office, has recently returned from his annual gunning trip to the Cape. They had excellent success with shore birds, bringing down a plenty of winter yellowlegs, grass birds, and some winter snipe. They found the quail very plenty, but these they did not disturb, for the open season does not begin till Oct. 15. They saw several coveys with at least twenty birds in each. They found these birds much more plenty than they were in the same location a year ago. They were also informed that snaring is not being practiced in that section, as it was last year even. Partridges they found to be fairly plenty also. The universal opinion in that section is that the restocking done by the committee of the Fish and Game Protective Association is bringing up the shooting from almost nothing to very respectable proportions.

Mr. Claud H. Tarbox, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, with his brother-in-law, J. Orin Bailey, has made a number of short gunning trips this fall. They both live in Byfield and they usually gun together. Mr. Bailey is lame and obliged to depend upon a crutch for one leg, and yet he manages to get around in the fields and woods about as well as most men with two good legs. His love for shooting is great, notwithstanding that he must follow it under difficulties. The other morning they drove four or five miles down into Newbury to hunt for gray squirrels. That morning they secured twelve squirrels and a partridge. On several occasions they have secured a partridge apiece. They report partridge fairly plenty for Massachusetts, and gray squirrels very plenty.

Mr. E. M. Gillam, with his friend Mr. Bacon, both of the Boston *Advertiser*, started for the Cape on a gunning expedition on Saturday evening. They go down to Sandwich and will be quartered in a farmhouse owned by Mr. Henry Pinkham, financial editor of the *Advertiser*. Mr. Pinkham has lately bought the old homestead, and he proposes to make a summer resort of it and a gunning resort for himself and friends. The boys will go into camp there, by invitation of Mr. Pinkham. Reports mention game as plenty there.

It is not in good taste to speak of one's self in a newspaper article, and the best writers rarely use the pronoun I. But on this occasion I hope that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will excuse me if I mention what has fallen to my lot to observe. I have just returned from my autumnal trip to the Maine woods and waters. I have visited the old camp at Richardson Lake and, permit me to say right here, that had I been aware of the absolute scarcity of game in that section, I might have been tempted to have staid at home. I have had the outing and seen nature in her most beautiful autumnal robes, and that ought to satisfy me. But it is a fact that I had hoped all the season to find some grouse shooting. But these birds are most remarkably scarce in the Rangeley Lakes region, and I hear the same story about other sections of that State. We tramped wood roads and followed carries for many miles, where on former seasons dozens of birds have frequently been the reward of a day's outing, and for two days of this work we did not see a single partridge. We obtained now and then an old grouse, it is true, but we saw not a single flock; only solitary old male birds—very hard to get.

On my trip, and especially on my way out, I interviewed dozens of guides and hunters, and obtained the same verdict from all, though it came out rather unwillingly in cases where the persons interviewed are interested in guiding or transporting hunters. Partridges are most remarkably scarce. I also asked for the cause. Generally the person interrogated expressed his inability to fathom the mystery, but in several cases the reply was emphatic that the scarcity of partridges is due to a great increase in foxes. One guide of long experience says that he has never known the foxes so thick as at the present time. They are very bold, even coming near to houses and barns and carrying off poultry. The guides and hunters express the idea that the young birds especially have all been destroyed by foxes. The idea is also expressed that the utter extermination of the ruffed grouse in Maine is likely to be the result of this increase in foxes. It is also suggested that the Maine Legislature at its next session should offer a bounty for the destruction of the fox family. It is possible that later more partridges may appear, even in the sections of Maine where they are not to be seen at this time; but it is scarcely probable. The guides claim that in some seasons they are not seen till late.

But there are moose and deer in Maine. It is possible that moose are more abundant than usual this fall. One has been tracked down between Mount Aziscohos and Observatory, in the Richardson Lake region. He was a big fellow and followed the bog for several miles. By the way, Dr. Haven, of Boston, with the Thayers, owners of Birch Lodge, has leased the right of flowage on this bog, and has a gang of men at work putting in a dam about a mile and a half above where the brook that drains the bog joins with Beaver Brook. He will raise the water four or five feet and make of the bog a private trout pond. The Doctor has built a beautiful camp on Beaver Island in Richardson Lake the past season.

But to return to the moose. He made tracks down the road and past the dam where the men were at work, and it is pretty plain that he was then somewhere between Aziscohos and Richardson Lake. It will be remembered that one came down over about the same ground a year ago, but that he was soon after killed when attempting to swim the lake just above the narrows. A moose has recently been killed in the vicinity of Enfield, Me., and a big one. Mr. Walter Hill, of John P. Squire & Co., the well known Boston pork packers, says that he had the pleasure of dining off a moose steak at Enfield the other day. A big moose has also been seen in the neighborhood of Kingfield, or rather toward Eustis several miles above.

Deer are really quite plenty in Maine, and the open season for them has well started. I had the pleasure of seeing probably the first one killed in Maine in the open season. He was put on board the Sandy River baggage car at Strong on the morning of Oct. 3. The gentlemanly conductor of the Sandy River train called my attention to a crowd in the depot at Strong. This conductor is a good deal of a sport himself, and he takes great delight in such matters. His salutation to me, as he touched my shoulder, was: "There he is! The first one of the season! But it is only one of the dozens that will come down over this road." The deer was labeled A. J. Pettigrew, Livermore Falls, Me. Soon after I found Mr. Pettigrew, a very modest young hunter, but proud of his success. The deer, about a two-year-old buck, was killed fairly on the first day of the open season. He was taken at a pond some eight miles from Eustis. Mr. Pettigrew says that the sport of lugging one end of the pole to which the deer was lashed, six miles through the woods was something to be remembered.

It may be stated that the Harry Moore party, to the camps of the Inglewood Club, already mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, has returned, much in love with the country and with the Inglewood camps, but they, too, found partridges remarkably scarce. They had some good duck shooting, though rather early in the season for the best of that sport. They also failed to secure any trophies in the shape of deer.

The woods of old Plymouth county were about as thoroughly scoured by Boston gunners and other gunners on Oct. 9 as they have been for many a day. The day proved to be unfavorable, however, a disagreeable rain setting in about noon, and only poor success is reported. A gentleman left Boston Saturday evening for these hunting grounds. He does not wish me to give his name in the FOREST AND STREAM for the reason that he did leave Boston on Saturday evening. He went down on to the Cape, getting off the cars at Bourne Station. He found a farmhouse where he was made welcome, and some of the boys would gladly have gone a-gunning with him but for the fact that there was a funeral in the village that day, and it would not look well to be out shooting. But our friend was well started in the woods by the people with whom he stopped, and he went obliviously on the way he knew not of, he being only happy to be in the woods with dog and gun. His dog, a beautiful Irish setter, seemed to enjoy the outing as well. But partridges were very scarce. Only one flock was started, and they proved to be remarkably wild birds. Soon

it became evident to our friend that he did not know which way he was headed. The weather was dark and cloudy and he had never been in the section before. He wandered on and on, hoping to find some landmark, road or dwelling house. He calulates that he must have traveled at least half a dozen miles without finding a sign of civilzation, when at last he came to a road. Here was a road, but which way would take him toward the railroad station or the way he wished to go? He concluded to try one direction and stick to it. Soon he met a couple of gunners, Boston gentlemen, though he did not know them personally, they too were lost in the woods, or did not know which way in the road would bring them out at the railway station. They concluded to follow on with our friend, however, and as good fortune would have it, they soon came out to a farm house and learned that they were on the right direction. The two met by our friend belonged to a party of eight. On the train home they compared notes. Eight Boston gunners, with our friend made nine. Four dogs, and not a single partridge. Such is sport in the woods of Plymouth county on a foggy and rainy day in October. SPECIAL.

## MAINE GROUSE AND WOODCOCK.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Having just returned from Augusta, Me., where I have been since June 1, enjoying the trout fishing and partridge and woodcock shooting of that section, I have to say the birds in that section have been more abundant than I have known them for years. I commenced meandering the fields and woods about Aug. 1 to see what the prospects were, and succeeded in locating eight broods of partridge and four of woodcock, all hatched within a radius of two miles from my home, which is one mile east of the city. Of course, I did no shooting at that time, but I had another pleasure. My dog, Queen Monarch, I found pointing on three occasions and on investigating more closely would find a young partridge concealed under a root or rock. This gave me quite a good opportunity to handle the young birds, much to the distress of the mother bird, who tried by all means to lead us away, exposing herself to full view but a few yards distant. A man who would wilfully destroy a young bird under such circumstances deserves to be blown off the face of the earth. I allowed the little fellows to go after a few moments, much to the disgust of my dog and the pleasure of the mother bird. And on Sept. 11 took down my Parker hammerless at 4 A. M. and secured in all 32 birds.

My trout fishing consisted of three days sport 15 miles east of my home. In that time I secured 23 beauties, 4 of which weighed 1½lbs. each. I also found woodcock plentiful in a spot five miles east of my home, but on account of high alders and thick foliage (sportsman's excuse) I made but a small bag. I consider birds plentiful in my section and am more than satisfied with my score, as my last days of shooting was hard work, instead of sport and I now have settled down to business until I can tap the snipe on Tuckaho Meadows, in New Jersey, next spring. M. L. C.

## GAME IN MOOSE RIVER BASIN.

LEAVING the Canadian Pacific Railway at Biscotasing on July 24 on canoe trip to Hudson's Bay, we crossed the height of land on the second day and reached the sources of the Mattagami or south branch of the great Moose River, which was followed to our destination. There are moose, caribou and common deer all along the ridge or backbone of the continent, but as one goes clear of the wooded country between latitude 48 and 49 north, the moose and common deer disappear. We saw our first caribou on the headwaters of the Spanish River, one day's travel from Biscotasing. They are numerous within easy distance of the railway and continue all the way to Hudson's Bay. In the winter they frequent the wooded country, but in March, when the first crust forms on the snow, the main herds pass northward and spend the summer on the great plains in the vicinity of James Bay. North of latitude 49 there is little or no timber, except along the banks of the river the sphagnum moss holds sway, and the country is level, treeless and swampy.

Bears are numerous along the shores of the Moose, particularly the lower part, near the salt water. The ordinary ruffed grouse and spruce partridge are plentiful and so exceedingly tame that they rarely fly, and then only when suddenly surprised. Near James Bay ptarmigan abound. In the spring and fall countless thousands of geese, ducks, plover, snipe, etc., are found in and around the bay.

On the Kenogamissee Lake, about latitude 48 north, we saw a single wild pigeon, but it would seem there are no large flocks anywhere in the country. I heard it stated that the sharp-tailed grouse is found in part of the region traversed, but none were seen, though some of the territory appears to be suitable for them.

There are large numbers of whitefish in the Kenogamissee Lake, also in Lake Matawagminngue, both expansions of the Moose River. At Waraton, on the Moose, there are also speckled trout. We secured one over 4lbs. in weight. A 2-pounder chased by a jackfish had taken refuge in the shallow water at the outlet of a spring creek. We shot it with a .22cal. rifle. Several springs feed the river at this point, which seems to account for the presence of the trout. They are of large size, running from 4 to 5lbs. It is probable that further north in the interior there are lakes and streams where the toothsome brook trout may be taken. The country resembles Newfoundland where the trout abound. There is no fish but sturgeon in the northern or lower part of the Moose.

We returned by way of the Montreal River, which is really the connecting link of an extensive chain of lakes. It is a grand country for the sportsman and, except for wild geese, it is preferable to the territory further from the railway. There is fish and game of all kinds. Very little is country marred by fire; the work of the axe is nowhere visible. An unrivaled canoe trip would be starting up the Spanish River, or the Missisauge, on the north shore of Lake Huron, follow either to its source, thence to the headwaters of the Montreal, follow the latter to Matawabika, thence down through Lake Tamagamamingue and the Sturgeon River, thence across Lake Nipissing and down the French River. The trip is quite feasible and could be completed in six weeks, and the fish and game obtainable, as well as the grand scenery, would be a revelation to any one who had never gone over the route. It would shorten the trip to take the railway to Biscotasing or to abandon the canoe at Sturgeon Falls. The best time of the year for sport would be from the middle of September to Nov. 1.

TORONTO, Sept. 9. S. R. CLARKE.

## A HUNTER'S MOON.

[From Martha McCulloch Williams's "Field-Farings," Harper Bros., 1892.]

TRULY there is magic in it. So high, so white it hangs, the flooding silver of it washing out to dun pallor all the lingering scarlet and yellow, and purple and flame of this late autumn world. The charmed wind lies in leash. Nor breath, nor ripple, stirs in the low leaf or the high. From the runnels mists creep slow and slower, to lie in long, straight wefts above the chilling earth. Now turf and weeds are damp, glistening with fine beads that in sunrise shall show as frost. Through the hush a lone, late cricket chirps, desolately faint. Far and faint from the wood's deep heart the owls send out their shouting *whoo-whoo-whoo-whoo-hoo-oo!*

For all that, 'tis no moon for sighing—this jocund orb, swimming up the east. It showed crescent, ran to quarter in the nights of gay October. Now, at full, it lights the sere fields, the thinning woods—a true hunter's moon, by help of whose shining you shall take and spoil the wild creatures that walk abroad by night.

Sport of the rarest, and you have true hunting blood. Without it the night shall not, for you, be filled with music; indeed, you are like to get nothing but weariness of body, vexation of spirit. Given so much of primal savagery life holds few pleasures to match the glimpses of such a moon.

See! Black Daddy is waiting in the cabin door, his burly bigness sharply silhouetted by the red fire-shin inside. He leans heavily on an axe, fresh from the grindstone, holds a half-dozen unlit splint torches lightly under one arm. A brindled dog, with ridiculous short tail, crouches at his feet, seemingly supine, yet with every sense alert. Outside the clear moon-rays show a smaller black fellow—so dark, his eyes shine fiery-green from under his long lashes. He sits very upright, his bow-legs making queer, bulging shadows on the turf; head aside, ears sharply cocked, tail faintly aquiver. Each fiber of him stands at attention. Axe, torches, are to him language visible—he has no mind to be left out of the sport they foreshow.

Black Daddy loves his dogs better, almost, than himself. By the hour he will tell you tales of them—Music and Damsel. Days through, they run at his heels; nights through, they watch outside his door. Priceless both, though the one is but a lurching mongrel, the other a cross-breed hound. Dogs of renown both, spite such blots of the scutcheon. Music is the better coon dog, Damsel has no equal for trailing a possum. Both have the finest keen noses, able to pick up the faintest scent, and trail the quarry hot-foot to his lair.

Very often one is taken, the other left at guard. Naturally they hate each the other with deadly dog-fury. Music has laid his two paws over his master's feet, put his head between them, is quivering through and through, giving out the while little low, piteous whimpers, his plea not to be left behind. At sound of it Damsel, whose name belies his sex, growls slightly, beats the earth more vigorously with his tail, then rises, trots a little way down the path, looking back over his shoulder to see if he is followed. Now he stops short, slinks backward half a rod. The cabin door shuts to with a great bang; Daddy stands fair in the light, with Music still glued to his heels but uttering quick, joyful yelps. A breath's space Damsel listens, then is off, with arrowy rush, down the path to the woods.

Daddy raises a mellow shout, the signal of assembly to his stout young followers, who tumble out, leaping, singing, "patting Juba," as though they had not been gathering corn all day. When he offers them each a torch they set up a great crying out, and toss them instantly in a handy fence corner. "We not er guine huntin' ghos'es, an' de's 'nough moonshine fer coon er possum," says the boldest malcontent, running away after the dogs.

Now the rest step sturdily out. Daddy, leading, looks up at the pale stars. There he reads the hours. It is nine o' the clock, so dewy-damp the scent must lie and hold, even in sedge and weeds. The open is bright as the morning. It will be two hours, though, ere the moon stands straight enough to light the wooded hillsides leading up from the creek. A rooling who-whoop comes over his lips. You hear a youngster say, "Dat's it, Daddy; holler possum." The next minute all have fetched a compass, head straight for the old field.

Grapes abound there, persimmons hang sweet and plenty. Master Graycoat must like his feast in it, with all his sisters, cousins, aunts. Mark Damsel's mad delight. See him leap and circle—a black ghost, light and swift, wider, ever wider, in his round. Often sedge quite hides him, briers swallow him up, but nothing daunts or hinders. Ah, he has found; hear the low, yelping cry that Music so enviously seconds. The tones are wondrous individual. Music's note might be all-compact of echoes from his ancestral strains. Blood tells, especially hounds' blood. Damsel's clear belling sets all the field aring.

Hither and yon he dashes, nose to earth, tail high and waving. Truly, Master Possum came in by crooked ways. The trailing dogs give tongue but sparely, so swift, so winding do they run along his track. Around, across it goes, now along the cresting upland, now deep in the thick swales. Now comes chorus of deep baying. Damsel has treed—there to the right, in that single tall persimmon tree. And look! This clear moon shows two of the gray gluttons crouching close in its slender upper boughs. No use to try and shake them out; the slight limbs would bear scarce a heavier weight than theirs. It is a case for the axe—ah! how swift they fly. Almost before the baying dogs catch breath the slim tree crashes to earth, with two seeming dead creatures still fast in its top. See the long, bare tails, each coiled snug about a limb. Not a quiver, not the turning of hair, though Damsel darts at one to give it an angry shake. Daddy rescues it, his fellows the while making the night world ring with shouting. A far hill catches the sound, flings it back a mocking echo.

Somebody begins to chant:

"Oh! Mister Possum, ye think ye's mighty soon,
But ye sho' ter git cotched by the light er de moon."

Daddy sniffs at the singer. "Better be savin' dat breff ter bole 'im. Take dis yere stickful, boy, an' go gilpin' 'long home." At the word you see that he split a stout stick, six feet long, a little way at either end, put the tail of a possum in each cleft, and is balancing it across the chanter's shoulder, little as that person likes it. He opens a remonstrant mouth, but is waved away. Daddy is autocrat—disobedience means no more hunting with Music and Damsel. Hark! They have found again—Music this time in the lead. But how queerly they run—giving tongue faint and uncertainly—a perplexed note, as though saying, "We fear to follow our noses."

The scent runs straight—with now and again a gap—as though broken by a leap. Now the dogs head for the sink-hole, running fast—almost as hard as they can lay legs to earth. They bark furiously—a guttural, angry note, different far to the baying of Master Possum. Ah! they have stopped short—there, beside that thick, thorny clump overhanging the earthy cavern! See them leaping, howling, with bristles upright, with gnashing fangs. Hist! Hear the spitting growls from the thicket. They must come from beast of prey, not beast of game. Daddy listens, his head to one side, mutters "Varmint!" then steps back to plan the attack. A minute later he has lighted his torch, and with two men at his back, armed each with a stout pole, comes up to the angry dogs. He tosses the blazing brand far into the thicket, springs aside barely in time to escape something—fiery-eyed, furious, strong of claw—that leaped hissing, yowling at his throat—lies, savagely defiant, spite the blows rained over it, the dogs' angry rushes.

Daddy speaks to them in sorrow, in anger. "Git erway, you fool dawgs! Whut done come ober you, chasin' dat cat erway? Right smart ole wild-cat he is—but shucks! I don' lek ter be so fooled." Music slinks off, his tail betwixt his legs. Damsel looks about critically, as though to say: "I knew all the time it was not quite the thing. Depend on it, alone I should not have made the mistake." The poor cat is tossed into the sink-hole's dark depth. Daddy picks up his torch, carefully puts out each spark it has left in the tangle, and goes away to the woodland, faint, smoky pennon trailing out behind.

He strikes straight for the river channel. Just here a creek makes into it—the tall timber abounds in hollow trees! wherein Master Coon makes his abode. A rare night rover he—lying sluggish all the day, nor rousing him till darkness has covered the face of the earth. Now the cocks crow midnight; straight moonbeams pour white through the flecked boughs above, and turn all to silvern ghosts the woods' dim colonnades. Doubtless he is well abroad—hark! Music has found—is running as for life. "Who-oop! hi-yi-yi-ha! hunt him up, ole dog! hunt him up!" Daddy yells at the note—and is chorussed by the rest. The sound fills all the river-valley, lying so still, lapped in this slumberous calm. Far down it, on the other side, an answering shout breaks out. Other hunters, no doubt—all good men and true; but never envy them—they may have dogs, get game galore, but they have not Music and Damsel, whom to follow is a liberal education in a coon dog's points.

The cry, the yelling, is their very breath of life. How wide Music runs; how high he leaps, sniffing with lifted nose, now this tree, now that. Ah ha, Master Coon has been found away from home, cut off from it, indeed, and is making for it through the tree tops. Over there he left the earth, ran from bough to bough, from tree to tree, till he thought the trail safely broken. Music knew the trick well, caught the scent hot in the air, has picked up the trail where Master Ringtail came down, is after him hot-foot.

A breathless scamper, truly. Away, away, through thicket, through clear forest, running, stumbling, falling over rocks or timber, now resting for a minute, now hasting as though life lay in speed. Ever in front to guide you, the short, shrill yelping cutting sharp through the night, the wild yelling, the deep halloo, sent back, forth, from bank to bank. Now the sound of axes, a dull crash, comes from the hither side, upborne with a shout of triumph. "Dey's cotcht fus' but I lay we gits de bigges' coon," Daddy says disdainfully, inflating his lungs for a return halloo. Before it is half out of his throat a wild, full barking fills the air. Music has treed, Damsel comes tumbling over, together they leap and plunge, noses in air, flinging their full cry up to branches above, where lies Master Coon, now plainly visible, his green eyes shining hate of all below.

This refuge should secure him. The tree is two feet through, thirty feet to the first limb. Climbing is out of the question. Whether the coon is worth cutting down depends on the strength of your muscles. It is but play for these "good men." By the time you are well breathed quick strokes have sent the tree to the earth. As it falls Daddy gathers his beloved dogs to him, a hand on either collar. "Tend ter yo' coon yo'se'fs; I want my dogs 'nother night," he calls, holding hard the straining creatures, so madly eager to attack their fallen foe. The good men rush at it with clubs and axes; it darts, creeps, leaps through the brush, eludes their striving, and dashes safe into the woods.

Followed, it is not overtaken. Music runs off on a fresh scent, trees in a hollow, and sees the frightened captive chopped out of it. The moon drops westerly—oars sound on the river. Here are hunters from the other bank come to gossip, join forces and finish up the night. Now, indeed, the chase shall stir your blood. They have brought six good dogs. All in cry, the heavens shall overflow. It is find, follow, kill—the first cock-crow sounds. The night has grown chill, though the huntsmen do not feel it. Suddenly some one shivers, with a hint of chattering teeth. Make a log fire on the instant. The axemen are hewing hard at a big tree that looks to have a handsome coon colony. Before it falls you may warm you through and through.

And afterward. While the fire was abuilding, somebody stole away, rifled a potato patch, and has filled the fire with sweet, yellow yams. The sight of them brings hunger indeed. Until they are roasted eaten piping hot, no foot will stir. Not even Music's or Damsel's. See how quiet they lie by the fire, nose in paws, with shut eyes, dreaming, no doubt, of the night's victorious runs. Beyond, the river ripples, the moon drops lower and lower, frost skims the leaves till they rustle underfoot. You tread them as air. The soul of the night, of the chase, has gone into your blood—you are drunken as with new wine. Sleep comes to you tardily, but of a sweetness before undreamed—such sleep as truly

"Knits up the revelled sleave of care."

If you wake late, what matter? Daylight is garish, commonplace—cheaply exchanged in any measure for such glamor of sound and sight as last night knew.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 8.—Dr. H. C. Buechner spent the greater part of last week at Horicon Marsh, Wis., and when he got back Friday evening he was an excited man. He had met the ducks coming down ahead of the recent great northern storm. On his first day he killed 20, on the next 38, and on the third day met the crowning fortune of all his shooting experience, killing the magnificent bag of 78 birds, nearly all mallards and pintails. He could hardly talk as he tried to describe the flight. "There were thousands and thousands of ducks!" he said, and set his arms waving to tell the rest. Presuming that Dr. Buechner took out with him the regulation number, 300 shells, it may be seen what the shooting was. He ran out of shells and had to quit. There were no teal in the bag. The flight on Horicon this week was probably the heaviest that has struck this country for years.

The storm brought the ducks down everywhere. At this writing Lake Senachwine, Swan Lake and the whole Illinois River country is full of ducks. Some snipe are also with the flight. Percy Stone killed 14 snipe with his bag of 38 ducks a week ago, and 24 snipe were killed yesterday in one bag on the Kankakee. Snipe are thought to be due from now on.

Mr. Abner Price is now down at English Lake Club, where the shooting should now be good. A week ago, on these grounds, Mr. Price killed the pretty bag of 18 black mallards (dusky duck), a bird much prized by our shooters about here and not very abundant, though sometimes shot along the Kankakee. Last Thursday, at English Lake Club, Mr. Ingall killed 28 ducks. The shooting there has been very fair.

The membership of Mak-saw-ba Club is changing very materially of late. Messrs. Dicks, Holden, Buechner, Baxter and others have sold out, and still others speak of doing so. This is to be regretted, and I shall not like to hear less from this active organization, whose hospitality I have so often enjoyed, and which has long held so strong a place among the field clubs. The shooting along Mak-saw-ba is as good as may be found anywhere on the Kankakee now, and as I have so often stated, the bass fishing in that stretch of water is wonderful. This last I say in spite of the fact that Mr. Mussey and I only caught six fish when we went out to make a record, about a week ago. It rained that day, but there was nothing strange in that, for it always rains every time Billy Mussey and I go anywhere together. I think we would be a good combination to play against the Great American Desert.

A new duck club is organizing at Peoria, or perhaps it is the reorganization of the old Beebee Lake Club, whose grounds were down near Spring Lake, and in a magnificent duck country, too. For the new club only five memberships have been apportioned to Chicago. These are now in the hands of Mr. W. L. Shepard, and they will soon go. This marsh is the place where Mr. Fahnestock invited Mr. Abner Price and Mr. Shepard last fall, and where they had some heavy shooting. The grounds are all under fence, and the club privileges are exceptionally valuable.

Mr. D. H. Crane, of this city, is intending to put in his spare time this winter building a light scow boat to run the Wisconsin River next summer. A very pleasant and sportsome trip.

As to that Wisconsin decoy law scare, I am assured that the law forbidding the use of decoys was repealed at the same time that the spring shooting law was repealed, or rather modified.

D. W. Fernandez, Wisconsin State Warden, writes me in regard to the Dr. Thomas deer case: "The only way to reach the reverend gentleman is to get out a requisition and take him back to the spot where he committed the act." I do not think the requisition business very flourishing, but just supposing the crime did warrant it, wouldn't it be much cheaper for Dr. Thomas to pay over that much promised fine?

How about that fine, Dr. Thomas?

Query: Can a minisier understand a bluff?

Answer: It do look like.

Mr. Fernandez adds in his letter the following bear incident: "Jule Teipner is one of the mighty hunters of Antigo. The other day he heard a noise when out in the woods and looking it up found a cub bear sitting up and whining. Jule shot the animal and was congratulating himself on his good luck when he heard a sound behind him, and turning saw another cub, which with one shot he at once sent to join its brother. While comtemplating this work the motner of the cubs hove in sight, and sitting up on her haunches smiled sweetly at Jule. The latter fired one hasty shot and the old bear dropped. Jule dropped his rifle also and ran for dear life. Meeting a homesteader about a mile from the spot the two returned together and found all three of the bears cold in death."

### Thousands of Quail.

Indiana is full of quail this fall, and the shooter can hardly go amiss. North Judson, Ore., Newton, Rochester, Rensselaer, Union City, Frankfort—all of these places will be found good for quail. At Rochester Phil. Jenkins will take parties out. There are some ruffed grouse about Rochester. The shooting around Rensselaer is good also. The birds are unusually abundant this year. At Indianapolis the bevies come right into the city. Going down the main street I passed the market run by J. Platt & Co. (71 North Illinois street) and saw there a live quail in a cage. Mr. Platt told me the bird had walked out of an alley near by a few days earlier, and had hidden behind the box in front of the store, where he caught it in his hands.

### A White Black Squirrel.

In the same cage with the quail, Mr. Platt had two squirrels, one a black squirrel, and the other a pure white one, apparently an albino of the black species. This animal was a perfect specimen of albinism, and had pink eyes. It was healthy and active and a very attractive little creature. I went into the shop to inquire about this animal, and Mr. Platt told me that he had had the squirrel for three years. He bought it for $7 of a man who had it on exhibition at the Indianapolis poultry show in 1889. "I would not take $100 for it now," said he. "It has brought me more than that much trade. Everybody that comes along notices it. This is the most interesting albino I ever saw, unless that should be the white deer of Chicago once mentioned in these columns.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

## DUCKING IN THE RIDEAU COUNTRY.

HAVING hunted ducks in 1888, on the chain of lakes between Kingston, Ca, and Ottawa, known as the Rideau Canal, an account of which trip appeared in your issue of March 10, 1887, I thought that a short review of a hunt in the same locality, during this past September, might be of interest to brother sportsmen, and the amount and quality of impedimenta to be brought with us. We experienced considerable trouble from the apparent lack of knowledge of the Canadian game authorities. Some informed us that duck shooting was permitted on and after September 1st, while others made the opening day the 15th. Finally, however, we decided to go early and take the risk of finding ourselves unable to shoot. Three young New Yew lawyers made up our party, namely, Abou Ben Tusha, Charlie Coalhole and F. St. Johns, all fond of outdoor life, and although only average shots, devoted to the smooth bore. We started from Alexandria Bay, and sailed up the St. Lawrence to Kingston, where we got a fishing permit for the Rideau Lakes and canals, and where we made a deposit of 20 per cent. of the value of our guns (subsequently returned to us). From Kingston to Ottawa there runs, twice a week, the steamer Rideau Belle. On her we pulled our two boats and camping duffle and went as far as Cranberry Lake. Here and at Sand Lake we spent four nights, and then rowed to Benson Lake, forty-two miles from Kingston, where we made our permanent camp. From the 10th to the 25th of September, we remained at this point, when a leaky tent, heavy winds and rains, and the exceeding caution of the ducks decided us to pull up stakes and go home. This we accomplished in two days and a half of rowing, the actual working time being 19 hours and 20 minutes for 75 miles. On the lakes which we visited we found the ducks very numerous, but so wild and so well protected by the stump-filled bays and marshes, in which we had to hunt them, that our bag was ridiculously small, and we felt that it hardly paid to expend $75 for three men's shooting licenses under the circumstances. It makes me sad even now to think of all that $75 could purchase here in New York. One day when we had not seen a bird for 24 hours, Charlie Coalhole suggested that we go on to Ottawa (to which city the Rideau Canal leads), and swear out a writ of habeas corpus to compel the Government to produce the body of one duck. To this Abou Ben Tusha replied that Charlie Coalhole had better demand a goose, and go produce himself. However, we had no time to do any swearing except at our continued bad luck, so we let the habeas corpus go and lived on oatmeal and bread.

We had a great deal of company during the heavy rains we experienced, all the snakes, frogs and spiders on the shores of Benson making our tent their headquarters. However, in spite of all these things we enjoyed our four weeks' outing immensely. The Rideau Lakes are exceedingly pretty, and even without fishing and shooting amply repay one for a trip to their neighborhood. Then too, we had divers thrilling adventures calculated to drive away any melancholy reflections on our poor luck and worse shooting. But these must not be told. Never could I be induced to relate how St. Johns, having caught a snake 3ft. in length, stuffed him down the left barrel of his gun intending to play a small joke on Abou Ben Tusha, and having forgotten all about the reptile, and having opened the gun, the creature rushed forth and seized upon him savagely, while the hero (who had just taken a most refreshing pull at the black bottle) fled, shrieking that he had "got 'em again."

Bribes could not be offered sufficient to tempt me to unfold the glories of Charlie Coalhole's maiden attempts at casting with a frog for bait. Could I reveal how at the first trial he snapped the frog off and sent him flying over the treetops on an adjacent island at a pace that must have landed him at Hudson's Bay in a few hours; how subsequent trials resulted in the scattering of a peaceful frog family to various parts of the North American continent? These things must not even be whispered. Nor could wild horses drag from me the tale of the feats of that mighty hunter Abou Ben Tusha, to whom North, East, South and West were but as names, unworthy the notice of a commanding mind, and who steered a boat in a manner consistent with this idea. Abou Ben Tusha, whose blood-curdling feats with a loaded gun slowly but surely whitened the hair of his comrades. Abou Ben Tusha, of whom our trusty and sturdy boatman remarked, "If you were to shut him up in a tent with a duck, the bird would have even chances of escape." A deep pall of silence must cover over these mighty deeds, lest our fair fame be assailed with the sneers of the envious.

To come back to business, the Rideau Lakes puzzle the duck shooter. There are a great many ducks on them, but how to get at the birds is a question that floored me in 1886, as thoroughly as in 1892. Black bass are plentiful, and casting with a fly is the most successful way of taking them. The woods have a sufficient number of grouse in them to make one wish for more. Provisions near Benson were absurdly cheap, large chickens costing fifteen cents apiece, and eggs being twelve cents a dozen. The scenery is very wild and attractive, there being thousands of the most curious little nooks and corners imaginable. One needs a guide to show him the best places and to prevent him spending unnecessary hours tangled up in the stumps, or in following up the wrong course in the large bays that spring up on every side to confuse one.

Our guide, George Patterson, has been 12 years in the service of St. John's father, and is as much a friend as a retainer. To his great strength and untiring, unselfish effort we owed a great portion of the pleasure our trip afforded us. But it is not easy always to secure one like him. Now, I have occupied too much of your time, and hope that you will pardon me for so doing. The region that we visited only needs some one to call attention to its beauties and to the ease with which it can be reached to become a favorite haunt—yea, a paradise for canoeists, campers and sportsmen generally. Health and long life to all such and their great mouthpiece, FOREST AND STREAM. FRANK LAWRENCE DONOHUE.



BREAKFAST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. C. E. H. BRELSFORD.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

## SOME ADIRONDACK DEER.

NUMBER FOUR, Adirondacks, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Deer were unusually plenty in this immediate vicinity before the open season for hounding, and a good hunter had a good chance of bagging one in the woods by stalking on a favorable day. But for the past three weeks more than fifty hounds and twice as many hunters have been constantly on the ground within a radius of five miles, and whether there will be any deer left after the tenth of October remains to be seen. A doe reared two fawns near my house and were seen often. The doe was killed early in September. Since that time the faws appeared often near the house and became quite tame and I came to regard them as pets. But the hounds got after them and they have gone the way of all the other deer.

The hounders seem to have ill luck, not because they do not kill plenty of deer. But their cruelty seems to recoil on themselves. Two men have been drowned while trying to murder deer in the water—one in the lake here and the other in a little pond eight miles from here. Also one man has been shot in the leg and one through the hand. I shall be heartily glad when the dogging season is over and the quiet I love so well restored to the forest and peace to the few deer there may be left. MUSSET.

## HUNTING RIFLES AGAIN.

The writer ventures to continue the discussion of calibres, though it may be beating over old straw so far as the veterans are concerned. He at least has learned some things, and is quite willing to expose his ignorance again. I objected to the large bores on account of weight, of tearing the game, danger to stock, &c. The observations of Mr. Meyrick seem to effectually dispose of two of these objections. Of course nobody minds a weight of 8 or 9lbs., which he declares sufficient for the heavier charges, and the hollow bullet may undoubtedly be less liable to long flights than much smaller solid cones. As to the destruction of the meat I referred chiefly to the blood-shot condition in which a haunch or shoulder remains even after the passage of a small bullet, my opinion being that such shots should be avoided with any calibre. But one of the correspondents—I have mislaid the paper and cannot recall his name—says that the meat will not be blood-shot if the animal drops to the shot. That looks reasonable, but I never heard it before. Is it so?

It seems after all that to get any special advantage from a .45 or .50 calibre one must use the hollow ball. What is the "Keene bullet", by the way? (I am liberal with my ignorance, as will be seen). The .45 solid ball can only pass through a deer, and as a .38-40 will do that nearly every time, the heavy powder charge comes to nothing, and the difference in diameter of the bullets is certainly of but little moment. A friend of mine here recently shot a small deer in about four different places with a .45-90 solid ball, and then had to cut its throat. On the same trip he shot a large buck through the body, knocking him down, but he afterwards struggled to his feet and escaped, traveling perhaps a mile at a fair gait. On a trip we took together the other day he killed another with the same gun, breaking its neck. But as a .32-20 would have done the same nothing is proved.

On the same trip I tried splitting the bullets of my .38-40. A fair sized buck, shot at rather short range behind the shoulder, ran over a hundred yards before falling. On dressing him it was found that the bullet had gone through the upper part of the lungs, the split points chipping off and spreading about 2in., while the heel passed through and out on the other side. In theory he ought to have "drapped", but he didn't. Would the result have been different with a .45-90? Only with the hollow bullet, I should say.

But I am disposed to change my gun and try the heavy charge. I find it weighs about 8¾lbs., and that a .45-90, single shot can be had of about the same weight. I will try the big charges awhile. I rarely want to shoot anything but deer, unless it is hares. Could not a light charge both of powder and lead be used in this cartridge for that purpose? What should be the proportion, the same as in the heavier charges? What is the twist of that rifle as made by the Winchester Company? I can't get the hang of this twist business, anyhow, there seems to be an infinite variety.

The thing that chiefly decides me, however, is the trajectory of the heavier charge. Elevating your sights is all pretty enough to talk about, but it is usually out of the question in the field with a .38-40. I managed while out last time to wound one deer at something over 200yds. range, and to miss two others at about the same distance.

I see I have to mix in several questions. They are directed to the fraternity in general, especially to the veterans, who like "J. J. M." and "Iron Ramrod" speak from experience. They never fail to tell us something worth knowing. AZTEC.

## SHOT VELOCITY TESTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks ago there appeared a letter from Capt. Money, in regard to the velocities of shot. The Captain is in error as to the absolute accuracy of the Boulangé chronograph when used to measure the time of flight of small shot. While it is considered very accurate for measuring the mean time of flight of a heavy cannon ball, it is only fairly so when the ordinary small arms' conical bullet is used, which owing to their light weight are almost invariably slightly deflected by the wires of the first screen—thus presenting more surface to the direct resistance of the air than the actual diameter of the bullet—but for a short range this is of no great importance. The circumstances are quite different, however, when trying to measure the time of flight of a charge of small shot. If a screen be used then we do not know which portion of the charge cuts the wires; if a plate be used several pellets may travel together and thus arrive first, so that their time of flight would not at all represent the time of flight of a single pellet. Many shooters would like to have a reliable table of muzzle velocities of shot guns, but I am at a loss to see how they may be arrived at. Neither Mr. Bashforth's nor any other method of calculation will be correct. If we knew the mean velocity of a single pellet, then it would be a simple matter, but the mean velocity of the charge cannot be used to calculate the muzzle velocity, for the pellets travel close together for some distance, thus overcoming the resistance much better than would a single pellet starting with the same muzzle velocity.

It would be very interesting if after a thorough discussion, the FOREST AND STREAM would institute a trial, on some new and fairly accurate method, to find the mean velocities and the muzzle velocities.

If my memory serves me correctly, Prof. Mayer used a chronograph of his own, having a vibrating fork and a rotating cylinder; the instrument was carefully tested by an astronomer's clock, the effect of temperature was allowed for—instead, however, of taking the time of flight from the muzzle of the gun to the plate, it was taken from the falling of the hammer; this would of course be quite a different case from Capt. Money's experiments; then again the velocities given were not the velocities at the ranges, but the mean velocities over the ranges, *i. e.*, the actual velocity at about half the range.

Of course we understand that if a single pellet of No. 3 and one of BB start with the same velocity, the pellet of BB must arrive first at all ranges. But that the charge of smaller shot may have given the remarkable results spoken of is quite possible. A single shot may have greatly increased the average velocity of No. 3 or decreased the velocity of BB by the difference of a primer or loading; or the gun may have scattered BB badly and perhaps several pellets of No. 3 struck the plate in a bunch; thus having traveled together they increased the average considerably; and again the gun may have been so held that the front pellets of No. 3 struck the plate, whereas some of the rear pellets of BB marked the plate. It does not seem to me that the error lies in the chronograph so much as in some of the things above mentioned. If we could only get at the separate shots made by Prof. Mayer at the short ranges, we might be able to arrive at the source of the error. CHELAN.

## THE LOST PARK BUFFALO.

PERSONS interested in the buffalo knew that long after the extinction of the species upon the plains one or two little herds of mountain bison survived, hidden away among the rough fastnesses of the Colorado Peaks. One of these herds was known as the Lost Park herd, which ranged in Park county, Col. Six or seven years ago there were twenty-nine of these buffalo, but a raid made on them soon after this greatly reduced their numbers. Five years ago, we are told by Mr. T. H. Loomis, two hunters set out to find this herd, and after a couple of weeks' search found them, killing a bull and a cow. Great indignation was felt in Colorado over this act, and the Denver newspapers were unsparing in their condemnation of it. The papers of last week contained the following Associated Press dispatch:

DENVER, Col., Oct. 4.—Gordon Land, State Game Warden, who has been with one of the parties which are in pursuit of hunters who have been killing buffalo in Lost Park, returned here today.

He reported that about half of the herd of thirty buffalo have been killed and the hunters have not yet been captured by the officers of the law. He says the settlers near the Park are wild with excitement and have joined in pursuit of the hunters.

The punishment provided by the law for killing these animals is so very lenient that the settlers have determined to take the matter in their own hands and swear that they will kill the hunters if they capture them.

The details of the affair so far as they have been obtained from our Denver correspondent are as follows:

Gov. Routt and State Game Warden Gordon Land lately received the information that a party of hunters were killing off all the buffalo in Lost Park, a national reservation, in Park county. The news was confirmed by reliable information from Kenosha, and the two officials immediately started off a party from Buffalo Creek in charge of J. P. Lower, of Denver, with John Higginson as a guide, to investigate the charge and arrest the parties, if found. Higginson is an old-timer and well acquainted with the country around Lost Park, and it is hoped will be able to locate the vandals.

Subsequently another party left Denver for Lost Park by way of Kenosha. Efforts have been made to notify all the law officers in the neighborhood of the Park and along the lines of the Denver & Rio Grande and Midland railroads to look out for the scoundrels.

A dispatch dated Kenosha, Col., Oct. 1, gives further details of the killing:

A prospector by the name of Boeher, just in from Lost Park, reports meeting a party of hunters in that place who are slaughtering the few remaining bison in the State. He knew one of the hunters named Foley, with whom he had hunted buffalo on the plains years ago, and from him learned that the party consisted of several hunters and two taxidermists, who were to prepare the frames for future mounting, and that they had so far killed 13 bison, and it was their intention to remain long enough to load a pack train of 35 or 40 jacks, which they had hired for the occasion. Boeher saw evidence of their work, but was unable to locate their camp, but offered to go back with any one and hunt them up.

On the 2d inst. Game Warden Land returned from Lost Park and reported that his arrangements for the capture of the buffalo butchers were complete, and that he expected before long to take the seven poachers. He has two or three parties out and believes that before long they will find the camp. There is great complaint by the warden and by citizens of the State of the leniency of the Colorado law protecting the buffalo. It reads as follows:

No person shall kill, wound, ensnare or trap any bison or buffalo within the State for the period of ten years from and after the approval of this act. Any person or persons offending against the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, as in proceedings in case of assault and battery, before any justice of the peace, shall be fined in any sum not less than $50 nor more than $200 for the first offence, and each subsequent offence shall be fined in any sum not less than $50 nor more than $200, and be imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty nor more than ninety days. * * * One-half of the fine in all such cases shall be paid to the person informing against such offender and the other half of said fine shall go to the school fund of the county where such fine is collected.

The Denver *Republican* says on this subject:

The herd in Lost Park is probably the largest now running wild in the United States, outside the Yellowstone National Park. It consists of about twenty-five mature animals, which have been slowly increasing, as evidenced by the number of calves seen during the past summer. If, as reported, these hunters have already killed thirteen, they have, no doubt, made the species almost extinct, as numbers would be wounded and wander away and die.

Lost Park was set aside as a national reservation, but no provision has been made for protecting the game in it from such men as these hunters appear to be. Four years ago a buffalo was killed there and the authorities endeavored for weeks to catch the offender, but failed to do so. He was supposed to be an Eastern man.

Big Park, comprising about 100,000 acres in Rio Blanco and Garfield counties, has also been set aside as a national reservation, but its limits have not been accurately defined. Depredations against protected game there have been so common that as a last refuge a petition has been placed in circulation to send troops from Fort Logan there to secure federal protection. This petition has received the signature of nearly every prominent man in the State. Should this petition be favorably considered at Washington the governor could use his influence to send a company of soldiers to Lost Park.

Governor Routt says it is his intention to make such an example of the men now devastating the Lost Park herd that will be an effectual warning to such vandals in the future. Game Warden Land is taking the deepest interest in the case and will use all the power and authority of his office to punish the men.

## NORTH DAKOTA GAME.

CANDO, N. D., Oct. 4.—Game has never been so plenty in this section as it is now and has been all the fall. Prairie shooting has been very good, on both pinnated and sharptail grouse, about equally divided. In the Moose River country, sixty miles west of here, I know of two men shooting 125 in one day, and another of three men bagging 250 in two and one-half days. Ducks are everywhere, all varieties known to be in this faunal area being represented. Owing to there being so much water they are scattered, and no unusually large flocks are seen, as was the case a year ago. Canada geese are quite common but very wary. Snow geese are now flying in some numbers, but the main flight is not expected until about the 10th. The first flock seen this year was about ten days earlier than has been noted the past three years. A few white-fronted and Hutchin's geese have also been seen, and a few swan. Crane did not fly in such large numbers as usual, and have gone on south. Pinnated grouse are also flocking for the southward movement. E. T. J.

## THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Office of Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyo., August 15, 1892.—Sir: Complying with your request of the 21st ultimo, I respectfully submit the following report of operations and events in the Yellowstone National Park during the past year.

The tourist season, that opened so well in June, 1891, fell off greatly in July, probably owing to the long continued wet weather. Rains occurred almost daily until July 15, and many people were deterred from entering the park by cold and wet and the condition of the roads incident thereto. In August the records show an increase of travel again, but this was partly due to several large excursion parties. The season continued good until about the 20th of September, when an early fall of snow abruptly terminated travel.

The winter was very severe and much snow fell; a backward spring made it almost impossible to open the park at the advertised time—June 1.

The roads were very bad from washouts and mud, and several coaches were overturned, but fortunately with no serious results. All the new road from the Canyon to the Upper Basin, via the lake, was impassable, and I was obliged to put on a large force to open it.

That road was completed last autumn, about the close of the season, and was not well settled when the snow fell. In consequence it washed badly and became very boggy when the snow melted. It is one of the most picturesque drives in the park and will become very popular. By its use all doubling of route is avoided, except between here and Norris. To derive from it the fullest and greatest advantage, a new hotel on the site of the present one at the Upper Basin is an essential. As the law stands that site is forbidden, and were it not so, I don't believe the necessary capital can be obtained to erect it under existing conditions.

This spring the June travel was good, with a slight falling off in July, and an upward tendency again in August. I doubt not many people are waiting to make this trip in conjunction with a visit to the World's Fair in 1893.

BOUNDARY LINES OF THE PARK.

The subject of park boundaries has long been in agitation. As now fixed by the President's proclamation of last year, they seem to be thoroughly satisfactory. There is little or no wealth, vegetable or mineral, within the park limits, and nothing that should tempt man's cupidity. On the west, the boundary should be made coincident with the Wyoming line. On the south, the new addition takes in one of the best game preserves in the world, and it should be permanently retained and protected.

On the east the addition may include mineral deposits on the head of the Stinking Water. If so, a modification of this line might be made, so as to throw the mineral belt outside the park. The more recent reports, however, indicate very little wealth in this section.

Continued observation has convinced me that the north line should remain exactly where it is. To cut off all down to the Wyoming line would allow very undesirable settlements in the valley of the Gardiner within two miles of this place, and destroy the great mountain sheep, elk and antelope range on Mount Everts. To make the Yellowstone, Lamar, and Soda Butte rivers the line would be to destroy 25 and perhaps 50 per cent. of the game in the park, as this valley is their most extended winter range.

If access to Cooke City by rail is imperative, I believe it will be had from the east or north, without crossing or interfering with the park. If a line through the park is essential, then a right of way confined to the north bank of the streams is unquestionably preferable to a cut-off. Should liberal appropriations be made for the construction of roads in the park, I advise that enough of it be used on the Cooke City road to put it in the condition of a first-class commercial thoroughfare. This, I believe, will quiet the agitation that has been going on for so many years.

PROTECTION OF FORESTS.

Since my last report there have been a great many fires started within the park, but by great good fortune all have been extinguished before any damage has been done. A ceaseless and numerous system of patrols has found men ever present to extinguish fires before they have obtained headway. One south of Shoshone Lake this present month assumed greater proportions than any previous one, and was extinguished with difficulty, but it was kept confined to fallen, dead timber, and really did no damage.

Many of these fires are set by lightning, but some are the work of careless campers. In these cases I exact a rigid enforcement of the regulations, and expulsion inevitably follows detection.

OUTPOSTS IN THE PARK.

I have continued the same system of outposts that proved effective last year, and added to it one at the Thumb, and have established one near the south boundary, on Polecat Creek, that I shall occupy when the hunting season opens. This one I shall keep garrisoned by a dismounted party, with snowshoes, all winter. I fully realize that poaching in that vicinity needs increased attention, and I shall look to it the coming fall.

MILITARY QUARTERS.

The new post, on the plateau facing the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, was occupied last autumn after the close of the season. A system of water supply and sewerage has just been completed, and small works of improvement are constantly going forward. The post makes a sightly and attractive addition to the place. Another company in garrison is much needed. The single cavalry troop here is kept constantly occupied with its patrol work. A company of infantry should be added, from which details could be made to watch the "formations" and occupy the outposts in winter with snowshoe parties.

I asked of the War Department an allottment sufficient to add accommodations for another company, and it was disapproved on the ground that there was not money enough available. In view of the great necessity for this extra company, I venture to suggest that barracks, kitchen, and outhouses for an infantry company, and stables for quartermaster's animals be added now, and the balance of the buildings be added afterwards. I

can manage to accommodate the officers elsewhere for a season.

ROADS.

Last spring found nearly the entire appropriation for two years, amounting to about $120,000, available for road work. All the existing roads were put in condition, and an excellent new road opened from the Canyon to the Upper Basin, via the lake. This 52 miles of road is destined to become one of the most popular, as it is one of the most beautiful, drives in the park.

There are places where it is not entirely completed, but I assume that such will not long be the case. A road that urgently needs rebuilding is the one from below the Gibbon Falls to the Lower Basin; at present this is the worst, most tedious, and least interesting drive in the park. I also renew and emphasize my recommendation of last year, that a road be opened from the Upper Basin to the south line of the park, on Snake River. A road over Mount Washburn from the Canyon to Yancey's is very desirable, but with existing appropriations, I can see no immediate chance for it. Short driveways should also be opened to the Great Fountain Geyser, the Biscuit Basin, the Black Sand Basin, the Lone Star Geyser, Inspiration Point, and several other at present inaccessible points of interest.

I urgently recommend that the disbursement of this money be put under the control of the superintendent of the park instead of under a non-resident engineer, the work to be planned and superintended by an officer of the Corps of Engineers, ordered to report to the park superintendent for this purpose. At the opening of travel this spring it was found that the entire appropriation had been expended and absolutely nothing left for the repairs that such roads always need after a severe winter. From his more limited horizon the park superintendent can far better judge of such matters and will be present to execute that judgment.

I wish again to mention the zeal, ability, and conscientious devotion to duty of Lieut. Chittenden, United States Engineers, in charge of the work. It is safe to say that no greater amount of work was ever accomplished within the park with the same amount of money.

HOTELS.

As a rule the hotels were very satisfactorily conducted last year, and I believe there is an improvement this summer. There have been no changes, except that the old Trout Creek station has been abandoned, because there is no longer any travel over that route, and the same establishment is satisfactorily conducted at the Thumb. The old Norris lunch station was burned in May, and is now being conducted under canvas. The management aims to give satisfaction, and I hear a great deal in its praise and very little complaint. Mr. J. H. Dean, manager in charge, is courteous and efficient, and very deservedly popular. A good hotel should be built at the Upper Basin; the Norris lunch station be rebuilt, and have a few rooms for the accommodation of such parties as desire to spend the night there. A similar building should be erected at the Thumb, and when Yancey's present lease expires a more suitable establishment should be opened and operated at that point. For the great number of travelers that are expected next year, the present accommodations will, I fear, prove inadequate, but it is too late now to remedy the defect.

TRANSPORTATION.

Last year the transportation business of the park was successfully and satisfactorily conducted by the Yellowstone Park Association under the management of Mr. Wakefield. Their right to carry passengers expired, by orders from you, on the closing of the season last fall. A new transportation company, with Mr. S. S. Huntly as head and manager, has been conducting the business since the beginning of the present season. The plant is in every way adequate and excellent. The main complaint that comes to me is lack of stop-over privileges. There is much to be said on both sides of this question. In the first place it is desirable that all tourists should have all the time they desire in which to make the trip; but it is equally due the transportation company that, except in unusual cases, they should know at the beginning of a tour how long the party expected to be in making it; otherwise it will be almost impossible to properly provide against crowding and unsatisfactory service. Perhaps, for many people with plenty of time, the most satisfactory way of seeing the park is with a camping party. These parties often give a good deal of trouble from the rubbish they leave behind in their camps, and the number of fires they start and do not extinguish; however, it is proper that these parties be given the greatest latitude consistent with proper park management. The question of their transportation then comes up for consideration. I do not think such established institutions as the Wiley tours should be permitted. It is true that they originate and advertise their business outside the park, but the conduct of the business is wholly within it. They establish permanent or semi-permanent camps, and to the greatest extent possible conduct their business outside of the control or supervision of the superintendent of the park. The instructions recently received on this subject will have my careful attention.

BOAT ON THE LAKE.

The steamer on the lake has been running successfully for a year or more, and adds much to the pleasure of a trip through the park. It is now made a part of the park transportation, and carries passengers, at their option, from the Thumb to the Lake Hotel, thus relieving them of 18 miles of tedious staging. I believe the boat company has enough small boats for the demands of fishing parties, but I think prices might be lowered where boats are used continuously for several hours.

TOURISTS.

Tourists continue to gather specimens when not watched and write their very commonplace names over nature's most exquisite beauties. No amount of vigilance can entirely prevent this, for, unfortunately, the majority of the transgressors have no conception of the enormity of their offences. Quite recently one reverend vandal excused himself for the offense of gathering specimens by saying that owing to a want of badge or uniform on the party who stopped him, he did not recognize him as having authority. There is still much to be desired in the way of regulations concerning the carrying of firearms within the park. Of course, all arms passing here or any outpost are sealed, and confiscated if afterwards found with seals broken, but it is impossible to carefully watch all the country, and I fear some of the seals get broken before the boundary is crossed. I recommend an absolute prohibition of firearms within the park, leaving with the superintendent the right to make carefully considered exceptions. I have removed several camping parties from the park for leaving their camp fires unextinguished, and have sent several men back over long distances to rub and wash out names which they had written on the formations.

FISH.

The fish in lakes and rivers remain undiminished in numbers, notwithstanding the multitudes that have been caught. Prof. Everman, of the Fish Commission, visited the park last year and found most of the stock brought here by the Commission thriving beyond his most sanguine expectations. The following is a list of the distribution made by the Commission:

*In 1889.*

East Fork of Gardiner, above falls, 1,000 black spotted trout.
Gibbon River, above Virginia Cascade, 990 Rainbow trout.
Madison River, above Keppler's Cascade, 995 Loch Leven trout.
Gardiner River, above falls, 4,975 brook trout.
Yellowstone River, above falls, 2,000 whitefish.
Twin Lakes, 1,000 whitefish.

*In 1890.*

Shoshone Lake, 24,012 lake trout.
Shoshone Lake, 3,350 Loch Leven trout.
Lewis Lake, 12,013 lake trout.
Lewis Lake, 3,350 Loch Leven trout.
West Fork of Gardiner, above the falls, 7,850 brook trout.
Nez Perce Creek, 9,850 Von Behr trout.
Yellowstone River, above the falls, 10,000 whitefish.

I have had these plants carefully examined recently, and find them all thriving splendidly, except the whitefish, of which not a trace remained. I believe all have now become sufficiently established to permit fishing under proper restrictions. The altitude is perhaps too great for the successful introduction of black bass, but I should like to see the effort made in some of the suitable lakes near the hotels—like Grebe and Goose lakes; should they thrive, they would add greatly to the sport afforded enthusiastic anglers.

WORK DONE IN THE PARK.

In June I sent a working party through the park and policed it pretty thoroughly, and opened ways to good camping places off the main roads; for this purpose $1,000 was allotted me, and nearly the entire amount expended. There are now so many camping parties in the park, with more arriving daily, that it will be impossible to keep up a state of thorough police, so I do not recommend any further expenditure in this line until the close of this season or the opening of the next. I was also authorized to renew the signs obliterated by time, and this work is progressing satisfactorily and is nearing completion. Owing to want of money to repair the roads this spring, a large amount of such work was done by the troops, and without it long sections of the road would have remained impassable.

POACHERS.

Trouble with poachers continues to be one of the greatest annoyances the superintendent has to contend with. There is gradually settling about the park boundaries a population whose sole subsistence is derived from hunting and trapping. All of the people are thoroughly cognizant of the location of the boundary lines, but only respect them in the presence of some member of the park force. Live elk, deer, antelope, and bears are caught and sold; the various fur-bearing animals are trapped for their pelts, and hunting parties are guided into the best game region. So long as these operations are conducted without the park they are unobjectionable, and the park, acting as a reservoir, contributes largely to them. But



UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

From U. S. Fish Commission Report.

it is when the park is invaded that the damage begins. It is a serious matter that so simple and much-needed a statute as the one granting legal force to park regulations cannot be passed. It can antagonize no interests except those of the poachers, with whom no friend of the park can have sympathy.

During the month of June last, on my return from the East, I was informed that one Pendleton, a butcher and poacher from Cooke City, had captured two buffalo calves on Specimen Range, and had taken them across the north end of the park; that one had died near the mouth of Crevice Creek, and the other had died just outside the park. It was certain that these calves were captured within the park, as there are none found without it. Pendleton claimed, however, that they were caught on Upper Hell Roaring Creek, and he was released. On investigating the case I determined to forbid him the park, under rule 10, except that he might pass backward and forward from Cooke to Cinnabar, along the main road, which he was not, under any circumstances, to leave further than 100 yards. This order was delivered to him by Sergt. Kellner, in charge at Soda Butte, but Pendleton, in absolute defiance of it, proceeded to roam at will over that portion of the park, and he was arrested and brought in here on July 9 and confined in the guard house. I was absent at the time, and he was held awaiting my return. On questioning him a few days since, he said he caught the buffalo on Hell Roaring Creek, and that he would make affidavit to that fact, but when confronted with the notary he changed his mind about the affidavit. There should certainly be some law by which to deal with cases like this. Every bit of property found on such men is at once claimed by their partners and confederates, on real or fraudulent bills of sale, and confiscation, if made, hurts the transgressors very little. Expulsion from the park is no punishment, for they can immediately return and incur no additional risk. However, I interpret the regulations of the Secretary as having the force of law (see declaratory statute), and I act as vigorously as possible under them. Two other men were caught in the act of taking young elk on Mount Everts, and their horses and outfit confiscated and they expelled from the park. Soon afterwards they broke open the stable one night and stole the ponies that had been taken from them, and their other belongings were valueless. These are a few of the many instances of this kind that have arisen in the course of the year, and they afford a very discouraging picture. I trust that their mere recital will sufficiently emphasize the need of definite statute law for the park.

GAME.

*Buffalo.*—Very careful and frequent observations of the bision herds in the park have convinced me that there are certainly not less than four hundred here; of these about 20 per cent. were calves last year. This year, also, the calves seem numerous and prosperous. The great value placed upon them by sportsmen and taxidermists makes their protection difficult, but I devote my best energies to it. Their perpetuity within the park is thoroughly assured, and a steady and gradual increase may be looked for.

*Moose.*—There are still a very few of these fine animals in the extreme south of the park, but as they range beyond the line, I fear their protection will be impossible.

*Mountain sheep.*—There are several large bands of sheep remaining, mostly near the northern line. If the park is cut off down to the East Fork and Soda Butte Creek, one of their best ranges will be thrown out, and of course they will soon disappear. There is a fine herd that winters on Mount Everts, and they are frequently seen near the road between here and Gardiner.

*Elk.*—The elk are extremely numerous, and I am not disposed to revise in the least my estimate of 25,000 made last year. The very severe winter was extremely hard on them, and I judge that from 2,000 to 5,000 perished. This is not an alarming mortality among so many when it is considered that the deaths the previous winter were unusually few. The worst feature of it is that owing to the starved condition of the mothers this spring, a very large proportion of the calves perished. There are still as many as the winter grazing will accommodate, and loss of the old ones is not to be considered an evil.

*Bears.*—The bears are becoming very numerous and in some places quite troublesome, but as they are not in the least dangerous and their presence near the hotels is a source of great amusement, I do not recommend the destruction of any.

*Other game.*—Antelope, deer, and the numerous kinds of smaller animals and birds are all thriving, increasing, and becoming tame. Their appearance near the routes of travel is a source of much interest to tourists.

Of late I have seen evidences of great numbers of beaver. I hope and believe that they are increasing, and that I shall be able to protect and preserve them. A few examples like the recent case of Pendleton will contribute powerfully to this end.

CAPTURE OF ANIMALS.

Under your authority I have continued to capture animals for the National Zoölogical Garden in Washington. Two full-grown bears, a grizzly and a cinnamon, have already been shipped, and added to the collection there. I now have on hand, awaiting funds for their transportation, two black bears, two elk, two foxes, one black tail deer, one beaver, one badger, and one porcupine. I have also two bears, two elk, and an antelope that are too young for present shipment. It would be an easy matter for me to add to this collection, but thus far I have had to bear most of the expense of their keeping out of my private funds, and this does not give the enterprise very great encouragement. If more liberal allotments are made me, I can guarantee to provide almost any animal that is native to the park. It is, however, too late in the season to make captures of most of them; they should be taken when very young, as they are more easily caught and trained at that period. Their presence here is a source of unending interest to tourists.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

I take the liberty to make the following recommendations:

First—The passage of an act defining the boundaries of the park as they now exist, including the timber reserve added by Presidential proclamation, except that the Wyoming line should be made the west boundary.

Second—The enactment of a law establishing a system of government within the park, with appropriate machinery for its execution and prescribed penalties for violation of its provisions.

Third—A careful survey of its boundaries, with well-defined markings throughout their whole extent.

Fourth—A transfer to the superintendent of the control of the appropriations for the building and repair of roads.

Fifth—The construction of a good wagon road from Cinnabar to Cooke, or so much of it as may fall within the park.

Sixth—The construction of a good road from the Upper Basin to the southern line of the park, on Snake River.

Seventh—The addition of accommodations for a company of infantry, to be made part of the permanent garrison here.

Eighth—A small appropriation for policing the park and capturing and caring for wild animals while awaiting shipment to Washington.

Ninth—Completion of the road system of the park by the construction of the road from the canyon to Yancy's at the earliest practicable day. If liberal appropriations should be made for this object by the Congress at its next session, the road could be made passable before the end of the next tourist season, and very many people thus enjoy the delights of this incomparable bit of scenery.

I wish to record my thanks due to Capt. George L. Scott, Sixth Cavalry, for the efficient aid rendered by him and his troop.

A meteorological record, kept under the direction of the the post surgeon, is hereunto appended. Yours, very respectfully, GEO S. ANDERSON,

Captain Sixth Cavalry, Acting Superintendent Yellowstone National Park.

A meteorological register kept at Fort Yellowstone, Wyo., from July 1, 1891, to July 31, 1892, follows the report.

## TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES SUED.

THERE is an excellent law in New York forbidding the transportation of venison killed in the State unless accompanied by the owner. The transportation companies are quite willing to violate this law themselves, and they compel its violation by sportsmen, giving them the alternative of leaving their venison in the woods. A specimen case will show how it works. A Newburg party of deer hunters boarded the Adirondack & St. Lawrence Railroad at Fulton Chain recently, and having a deer to carry home took it into the baggage car. Here they were directed to hand the venison over to the express company. After protesting that the law required the carrying of the venison, accompanied by them, they finally delivered it to the express people. The owners of the deer were not the only ones put to inconvenience and expense, for Game Protector Kidd, of the Second District, has brought suit against the American Express Co. to recover the penalties for illicit transportation. Two other suits have been brought against the same concern for other deer, and one against the Romer & Tremper Steamboat Co., of Kingston.

## NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of the executive committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse Nov. 17. Club secretaries are requested to send to secretary, John B. Sage, Buffalo, the names of the delegates.

### The Georgia Bird Supply.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Oct. 2.—We have just returned from a week's camp on the Savannah River, twenty miles from this city, in Columbia county. We found partridge more plentiful than I have known them to be for the last ten years, owing to the law which prevents the running at large of stock. The second day we were in camp we took the dogs out and found fifteen coveys, ranging from ten to thirty birds to the covey. We did not shoot any, as the law does not go out until Oct. 15. We went principally to locate them for the open shooting. Gray squirrels are as thick as the leaves on the trees. Early every morning we would go down on the creek near the river and still-hunt them, killing twenty to thirty apiece. Have just heard from a point below us, where the doves are coming in by the thousands. I will go down in a few days and try them. No woodcock in yet, but expect plenty later in the season. Many thanks for the information regarding the pointer; it was entirely satisfactory. O. O. CHE.


### The "Perfect" Pocket Oiler.

CUSHMAN & DENISON'S "Perfect" Pocket Oiler is a little implement that has appealed strongly to sportsmen ever since its introduction on the market. It is neat, compact and cleanly, and invaluable for keeping guns and other paraphernalia in good working order. The manufacturers now take pleasure in announcing that owing to the steadily increasing demand, they have been enabled to reduce the price of their oiler from 50 to 25 cents. The former high standard of excellence in material and make up will be maintained unchanged.—*Adv.*

NEAR BY SHOOTING AND FISHING.—For Sale—A membership share in a shooting and fishing club, thirty miles from New York. Excellent quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and 7 miles of good trout water. Address "Member," Box 25, New York city. —*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM

Amateur Photography Competition.

See details in another column.


# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

### FISHING LINES.

Where the hoarse frog clears his throat,
And the redbird's crimson coat
Gleams like livid fire afloat,
Where the gilted oriole,
Wing of flame and singing soul,
Floats and sings in uncontrol—
In the lakes and streams near by
There we cast the spoon and fly—
Frank and I.

When the romping girl of May
To her sister, June, gave way,
Substituting work for play—
When the rainbow-spotted trout,
Eager, vigilant, is out
On a fly-destroying scout—
Under such a sun and sky
Fished we, with the spoon and fly—
Frank and I.

Land of nature's treasures, rare!
Garden land of lakes, so fair
As the gems a queen might wear!
Land where red does hide from prey
Polka-dotted fawns away—
Animated blossoms, they,
Agile, graceful, sweet and shy
There we fished: good reasons why—
Frank and I.

In Gogebic's faultless tides,
Where the knightly bass abides;
Not a lonely one, that hides
Under rocks, a snare to shun,
But in regiments they run,
Charging skinner spoons for fun.
There we cast our lures to try
Each the other's skill to vie—
Frank and I.

Not for shiners silver-white,
Not for sunfish, golden bright,
Not for mud-cats, out of night,
Not with worms, on Limerick hook,
Held by pole of dubious crook,
Not with seine, upon the sly—
No: we wanted better fry—
Frank and I.

Only royal fish were sought,
Gamy, beauteous trout were brought
Into basket, though each fought
Bravely as a brave trout would—
Bent the rod as good trout could,
Whirred the reel as true trout should.
Sordid reader, ask not why
We went forth with spoon and fly—
Frank and I.

Eagle river's silver band
Holds upon its beaded strand
Loveliest lakes of any land.
Twin lakes, clear as stainless glass—
Beautiful as burnished brass,
Home of mascalonge and bass;
Fish, that all these waters ply—
Those we caught with spoon and fly—
Frank and I.

Caught the giant mascalonge,
Saw him leap and felt him plunge,
As a prisoned ox would lunge
After freedom. What a thrill
All the throbbing pulses fill,
As he fights with kingly will.
So the golden hours flew by,
As we cast the spoon and fly—
Frank and I.

But we found still richer prize
Than a sportsman's paradise.
Found the gold of sunny skies,
Found the key to better health,
Found the key to nature's wealth,
Found the strategy and stealth
Which bring joys that satisfy,
Found all these, with spoon and fly—
Frank and I.

CAREY.

## FAVORITE FLIES.*

THIS superb work, from The Riverside Press, is a royal octavo of 522 pages, illustrated by thirty-two colored plates containing 291 flies, six engravings of natural insects, and eight reproductions of photographs of anglers and fishing waters.

Part I. is devoted to a brief popular account of the life history and classification of the insects whose imitations are utilized for the deception and capture of game fish. It gives also a history of the red-hackle. Part II. contains histories of the favorite flies, accompanied by letters from 201 correspondents, relating to their use in Canada and nearly all the States and Territories of our Union.

Incidentally Mrs. Marbury introduces choice bits of history, poetry, legendary lore, descriptions of landscapes and famous waters, incidents of out-door life, quotations from celebrated authors, quaint character sketches, and pleasant words about well-known anglers. The correspondents tell the reader many things of interest and value about their experiences with artificial flies and other means of capture in various waters. Their letters relate to many kinds of game fish, extending over the entire country, and contain innumerable hints and points about sizes and styles of hooks, colors and lengths of snells and leaders, quality and structure of lines, character and management of baits, the relation of colors to time of

*"Favorite Flies and their Histories," by Mary Orvis Marbury, with many replies from practical anglers to inquiries concerning how, when and where to use them. * * * Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1892.

day, and of flies to the season of the year. Few items of interest have escaped the enthusiasm of the anglers and the skill of the authoress.

In the beginning we referred to "Favorite Flies" as a superb work, and such it is in every particular. The number of typographical errors is surprisingly small; the reproductions in black, as well as in color, are in the best style of modern art, and the book, as a whole, is delightful to look upon. We can confidently lay it before the intending reader with the words of Henley, "*Hic habitat felicitas.* Enquire within."

Mrs. Marbury has fairly earned the thanks of every fly-fisherman of the future, if not of the present, in that she has collected and perpetuated in this book a mass of valuable facts in no little danger of loss beyond recovery. Its judicious reader will hardly know whether the more to commend the originality of its conception or the courage which undertook to embody that conception—a courage, by the way, only to be duly appreciated by him who has learned by experience the proneness of man to answer written questions by anything and everything except the matter in point.

The book opens with a brief but suggestive and excellent treatise on entomology. Then follows a history of that pioneer and foundation fly of all artificial flies, the red-hackle. The rest of the book is made up of colored plates of flies, comments thereon, and geographically classified letters from all parts of the country where the artificial fly is employed in regard to their use in the region from which the letter emanates.

This bald statement does, however, but scant justice to the scope and value of the work. The colored plates are executed in the very best style of the lithographic art. Without other aid than from them, he who ties his own flies can, if he has the requisite material and skill, reproduce any fly in the collection. Each plate is followed by remarks on the origin and merits of each fly depicted therein, with an account of the natural insect, if any, which it is supposed to imitate; while the entire range of angling literature has been ransacked in the most painstaking manner to furnish whatever of fact or fancy may be of value or interest. When it is added that the colored plates depict 17 hackles, 18 salmon flies, 48 lake flies, 185 trout flies, and 58 bass flies, the comprehensive character of the collection, and the value of the detailed comments on each of its 291 flies will be more apparent.

It is to this portion of the book the angler of the future will turn with most interest, and which makes it, what without doubt it is destined to remain for generations to come, a prominent landmark in angling literature.

Whatever of other reward she may receive for her labors, Mrs. Marbury may be assured that her contribution will be quoted and her name remembered, long after all of her contemporaries in angling literature are quite forgotten except by the book collector.

The value of this book is, however, by no means limited to that of a book of reference in which the angler of the future may study the growth of his art and its appliances. The fly-fisherman of to-day who does not possess it lives below his privileges. From it he can make, or cause to be made, a range of flies equal to any and every emergency. In it he can probably find and identify any fly which has touched his fancy and which he is unable to name. However great his knowledge and experience, he cannot fail to be interested in and to profit at all events by suggestion, if nothing more, by the mass of information scattered through the comments on the various flies. And lastly, if he proposes a visit to some unfamiliar region, he need no longer worry as to whether his stock of flies will meet the exigencies of the trip, for in the book he will not only find the information he requires geographically arranged for his convenient reference, but can identify the flies recommended from the colored plates should the names be unfamiliar.

This collection of over 200 letters from every part of this country and Canada where fly-fishing is practiced, answering more or less completely such well conceived questions as the following is simply invaluable both as to the present and the future:

"Favorite fly or flies among those well known."

"Testimony regarding the same, in connection with locality, time of day and season."

"Facts relating to the origin of any fly, either those well known or new creations."

"Incidents proving efficacy of above."

"New flies—origin, time, name, place."

"Theories regarding shape, size and kind of hooks."

"Theories regarding snells, whether stained or clear, light or heavy, twisted or single, short loops or long strands."

The perusal of these letters gave rise to many reflections, the temptation to repeat some of which here it is difficult to withstand. I will, however, confine myself to two.

I was surprised to find how little progress that cardinal tenet of the new school of fly-fishing—a dark fly on a dark day and a bright fly on a bright day—had made in this country. I was also surprised as well as pleased to find how much more general the use of eyed hooks for flies, in place of those with a gut loop or strand, had become than I supposed. While as to the former I am, after some years of experiment, something of a "mugwump," with perhaps a slight bias in its favor, the eyed hook has long seemed to me so very decided an improvement that I have wondered at its tardy acceptance. Still, as in the case of the split-bamboo rod, the law of the survival of the fittest will doubtless in time work its perfect work, and the snelled fly take its place with the 12ft. single-handed fly-rods of our forefathers.

"Favorite Flies" is justly entitled to the most hearty commendation. HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.

### Maine Landlocked Salmon Waters.

MONSON, Me., Oct. 6.—The season just closed has been a most successful one for trout and landlocked salmon fishing in the lakes and ponds in this vicinity. Especially is this true of Lake Onoway, Long Pond and all of the ponds in that region where landlocked salmon abound. Dr. A. T. Sanden, of 819 Broadway, New York city, who is an ardent sportsman, and who has a summer cottage at Lake Onaway, has spent the summer here and at that lake, and has been rewarded by some of the finest catches ever known hereabouts. I advise any who are desirous of learning of new fishing territory in Maine to confer with him, as he can give accurate information.

J. F. S.

## HERR MAX VON DEM BORNE.

ALMOST from the date of the creation of the United States Fish Commission, the literature of the Commission and the columns of American journals that devote space to the subjects of fish, fishing and fishculture, have made frequent and honorable mention of Herr Max von dem Borne, a distinguished German fishculturist who has taken such an interest in, and so identified himself with, what pertains to fish and fishculture in the United States as well as in his own country, that his name has become nearly as familiar to our eyes and ears as the names of our own fishery experts. Translations of his papers, extracts from his books, records of his experiments and observations have been freely printed, but never a sketch of his life.

His family began at Brunswick (Lüneburg). A document in the Archives of Wolfenbüttel, near the Hartz Mountains, dated 1140, shows that the family belongs to the oldest of the German nobility. They came with Albrecht the Bear to the Mark Brandenburg, and then to Pomerania, where they have since remained as nobles, feudal warriors and landed proprietors, from the time of the Crusaders to the present. Herr von dem Borne was born on the Knight Estate Berneuchen (which has been in possession of the family since 1653, the year that "Walton's Compleat Angler" was published) on Dec. 20, 1826. The knight estate consists of about 5,000 acres, which contains several large lakes and through which the river Mietzel runs, a considerable stream, according to a map of Berneuchen, with tributary lakes and streams in the irregular half circle of its course through the village and adjoining estates. Upon arriving at a suitable age he was sent to the Gymnasium (high school), at Berlin, and later was a student at the Universities of Berlin and Bonn.

After he was graduated he became a mining engineer, in which profession he served from 1847 to 1859, when he became a landed proprietor on his ancestral estate and engaged in the art of fishculture, hatching eggs, rearing fry and breeding fish in ponds, rivers and lakes on an extensive scale, and the fish from Berneuchen are now sent all over Europe.

Herr von dem Borne has imported from America the large and the small-mouth black bass, the rock bass, calico bass, common sunfish, long-eared sunfish, dogfish, common bullhead or bullpout, channel catfish, the common minnow and the crayfish. He was a pioneer in introducing the black bass into European waters, and his success with both species of this fish has been marked, so much so that he is recognized as the father of the black bass in Germany. A brief mention of the initial importation of the black bass will be of interest. In February, 1883, under the care of Mr. George Eckerdt 75 small-mouth and 7 large-mouth bass were sent to Berneuchen. All but 10 of the former and 3 of the latter died. The small-mouth bass were from 7 to 13 centimetres long, that is, roughly, from 2¾ to 5in. in length. The large-mouth bass were from 25 to 31 centimetres long, or from 10 to 12in.

On June 15, 1884, a little more than a year after they were received, the large-mouth bass spawned in Herr von dem Borne's ponds, and 2,000 of the fry were caught and placed in a pond by themselves. June 22, 1885, the small-mouth bass spawned and 22,000 of the fry were taken, and from that time the black bass have been propagated at Berneuchen with unvarying success. I mention the date of spawning to show that transportation made no change in the time of reproduction, and to again call attention to outrageous laws that permit bass to be caught in June. The rainbow trout is also propagated in the ponds at Berneuchen, and they have prospered from the first. The following orders and honorary distinctions have been conferred upon Herr von dem Borne: Knights Companion of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem; Prussian Crown Order, Third Class; Brunswick Knights Cross, First Class (Order of Henry the Lion); Chamberlain to the German Emperor, which office he now holds. He has been a member of the Deutscher Fischerei Verein since its organization in 1870, and is an honorary member of the American Fisheries Society (one of three living members); of the London Fly-Fishers' Club; of the Piscatorial Society, London; the Bavarian Fishery Association, Munich; the Austrian Fishery Association, Vienna; Société Centrale pour la Protection de la Pêche Fluviale, Brussels, and Société Centrale d'Agriculture de France, Paris. He is in possession of several gold and silver medals and diplomas from the International Fisheries Exhibitions in Berlin in 1880 and London in 1883, and many others; but the prize he values most is the second valuable prize in the Berlin Fisheries Exhibition of 1880 (the first being awarded to Prof. Spencer F. Baird), and presented by the German Emperor, a large and beautifully carved book case.

His literary works comprise An Illustrated Pocketbook on Angling, 1875 (third edition 1892); Guide for Anglers through Germany, Austria-Hungary and Switzerland, 1877; A Book on Fishculture, now in third edition; Hand Book on Fishing and Fishculture, with Professors Benecke and Dalmer; An Ichthyological Map of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Switzerland, and numerous smaller books and treatises, including pamphlets upon the American *Salmonidæ* in Europe; the American Large and Small-Mouth Black Bass in Germany; The American Catfish in Germany; The American Calico Bass in Germany, and the American Rock Bass in Germany. These books are illustrated with excellent figures of the fish, tackle, etc., and the author evinced such a thorough knowledge of their habits and peculiarities as to give evidence of his keen and indefatigable study and observation as fishculturist and ichthyologist.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I refer to one matter in connection with black bass in both the United States and Germany with some personal satisfaction. When the bass in the ponds at Berneuchen reached a size to afford sport, Herr von dem Borne experimented with various flies of his own design and construction to find what they would take best without reference to the flies of this country. These experiments resulted in a fly which has been named "Von dem Borne" in America, and which the designer considered the most killing bass fly of all that he tried in German waters. The predominant colors in this fly are the same that I found best for black bass over here and which were embodied in a fly called the "Cheney." In fact the colors and their arrangement in head, body, hackle and tail were almost identical in the two flies, but one had wings, the other did not. It is fitting that in closing a brief sketch of Herr von dem Borne I should refer to his friend and colleague, the late Dr. von Behr, who was the president of the Deutscher Fischerei Verein. In a recent letter from Miss von Behr she says: "All my father's books relating to fisheries (and the greater part of them was American), and the large correspondence he has been leading on the subject for seventeen years, have gone to Herr von dem Borne according to my father's expressed wish, and so has the great picture of Prof. Spencer Baird, which always hung in my father's room and was so much cherished by him. Herr von dem Borne has now presented the books to the Bureau of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, thereby to lay the foundation of a library."

These three great fishculturists held one another in highest esteem, and the bonds between them only exemplified the saying that the whole world is kin.

A. N. CHENEY.

## THE KEKOSKEE FISH STORY.

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—I have been reading the Kekoskee fish story and enjoying it as I have enjoyed nothing since "Antwine's" pigeon story appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. You remember how "Antwine" loaded up his old musket to the muzzle and fired up through the dense flight of pigeons going over and shutting out the daylight, and how the pigeons began to rain down till they buried the astonished hunter up to his neck, and as he with difficulty climbed out of the mass he saw the spot of sunlight, let through the hole created by his shot, moving off across the country.

I have read the Kekoskee fish story over and over again, as I gained strength to do it after the first reading, just to sort of fix the details of it in my mind and help my imagination center on the great event. I have laughed over it till the tears come and I am weak and faint, but not in derision or unbelief—for I belive every word of it. That story must be true. But I have laughed in sheer happiness at once more reading a fish story that is adequate, comprehensive and soul-satisfying, not only in general plan and outline but in every feature and smallest detail.

It is a story which, marvelous as it is, will, I am convinced, bear every test. It is only when you come to work it out in various ways—for example mathematically—that you begin to appreciate its true grandeur.

The run of bullheads lasted two weeks and the geyser of fish at the hole below the dam spouted all that time, day and night—as we must assume—and all on account of the terrible *vis a tergo* of the body of struggling fish confined by the ice, which, with the banks and bed of the river, formed a gigantic sausage filler six miles long.

With just a thought of the deplorable and utter waste of, not water power, but fish power, which if properly stored and applied might have been sufficient to run all the machinery of Kekoskee from that time to this, and perhaps by this means to have averted the sad decadence of the town—let us try by cold figures to get some idea of the mass of fish which that geyser yielded during the period of eruption.

The widow Sneider counted 900 loads of bullheads going past her place in one morning, and the road she lived on was "only one of several leading out into the country." Suppose we allow five roads. There were probably more, but we will say five, for like Mr. Hough, we wish to treat this matter "in a careful and temperate manner." It is expressly stated that the widow only counted a part of the loads which passed. Probably she got tired of counting and gave it up in the afternoon, but that the procession went right on just the same, all hands doing at least a fair day's work, not knowing when the geyser might peter out.

We will, however, take no account of the afternoon haul, and we will assume that the news didn't get fairly over the county till the middle of the first week. This would give, not counting Sundays, say nine working forenoons, and 8,100 loads for one road and for five roads 40,500 loads of bullheads. Certainly a very big haul. But now the simplicity of truth begins to affect us, and we see how it was possible for the soil of the county and the quality of the pork product of the region to be affected as they were.

With all this mass of bullheads to feed to the stock and spread over the surrounding country, it would be a bullheaded idiot who wouldn't believe the statement as to the result.

Moreover, if, as I am convinced many statisticians would do, we allow for afternoon work also, we should have a grand total of 81,000 loads of bullheads.

I claim that even this would be a conservative estimate, as we have not counted in the haul of the first three days or Sundays, nor said anything of the layers of black bass and pickerel that were discovered after the lava flow of bullheads ceased.

We must remember that the geyser was "50ft. across and about 12ft. high," and kept "erupting" all the time. The rate of flow is not stated, but could doubtless be approximately determined by calculation from the time involved and the estimated mass of the erupted material.

The saddest thing about the whole affair was the ruin of the reputation of the town and hence of its commercial prosperity because of the simple and truthful nature of the people who, knowing the facts in their remarkable history, could not tell a lie. There is, however, left to them and to us the one consolation that this noble assertion of the truth of their great fish story would be taken at its true value by St. Peter when they come to knock at his gate, for he was once a fisherman and "knows how it was himself."

I hope this consolation will also be of value to Mr. Hough who has so often in the boldest and most fearless way in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM—and evidently sustained by the same high principles—taken the same risk that was incurred by the inhabitants of Kekoskee.

C. H. AMES.

### Purifying the Neversink.

THE Neversink River has been liberally stocked with trout by the New York Fish Commission; and it has been cursed with fish pirates who have taken quantities of fish illegally. Dr. Willett Kidd, the State Game Protector of the Second District, has secured evidence against two of the worst offenders. He has brought suits against Thos. Cuddeback, of Deer Park, Orange county, for maintaining an eel rack in the Neversink, and against J. Johnson, of Gilman's, Sullivan county, for catching trout in a trap.

## CASTING LINES AGAIN.

In the Forest and Stream of this week, I have imagined a tendency on the part of Mr. Hough to poke fun at my eight cent fish-line, which he thinks will hardly do for casting. A similar doubt was also indicated in the letter of presentation, in regard to the trolling qualities of the unbleached linen, and taken altogether, I tear my effort at helping Mr. Hough out has been a failure. But here is another suggestion which may be more serviceable. Did our Chicago friends ever try for bass-casting purposes, the ordinary sea-grass line (so called) which in point of fact is made of raw silk? It is hard, smooth, runs easily through the guides and takes up very little water, while it does not grow tender with moderate use. This line is used very largely on the St. Clair Flats, where the art of casting a minnow from the tip of the rod is practiced to perfection, and where the writer took his first lessons from some of the expert "punters" of that section more than fifteen years ago. If some manufacturer would only give us a line which would embody this same material in a round, hard braid, it would afford a most excellent article for minnow casting. As it is, the breaking strain of the sea-grass line is nearly twice as great as the ordinary undressed, braided silk line of the same caliber. If I were going to try one of them on Mr. Hough's bass, it would be a cable, laid line of the next to the smallest size. Of course these lines, being twisted, are not available for trolling.

Away out here in the effete northeastern portion of Ohio, on the Maumee, we have still another way of casting the minnow in bass fishing, but that is too long a story to take up now.

It occurred to me, while I was penning the preceding paragraphs (with my Remington) that if I can get it, I will mail Mr. Hough a clipping from a braided line sent only a few days since from Germany to that veteran and expert manipulator of piscatorial truth, Mr. John E. Gunckel. It is an admirable line in appearance, and possibly may be the very thing that Mr Hough is seeking.

Toledo, Oct. 8. Jay Beebe.

P. S.—This comes of not reading over what you have written. What I meant to say was that after my linen line had been dipped in oil and was partly dry, it was rubbed with a little wax, not "oil," as the type-writer made me say.

## QUESTIONS AS TO NAG'S HEAD.

In answer to questions asked about Nag's Head from several correspondents I would reply in general as follows:

The hotel at Nag's Head proper is only opened from June 20 to Sept. 15. It is owned by a stock company of North Carolinians, and it was managed last year by Geo. P. Galling, of Norfolk, Va. The table set at the hotel is first class. Oysters, clams, softshell crabs and all varieties of fish cooked fresh from the water are their specialties, of course. Board at this hotel costs from $10 to $15 a week, and less by month.

There is a little hotel at Manteo, on Roanoke Island, that is open all year. Manteo is reached by Old Dominion boats three times a week. Tom Crank, of Collington, is a fisherman, hunter and guide. He has five extra rooms in his house, and takes boarders in winter who come to shoot ducks and geese and fish. The boat referred to for $1 a day, with board, is of course a duck-hunter's skiff. Bait is easily and cheaply gotten. Clams cost 20 cents a hundred. Drum are caught with hook and line, baited with a whole fish. Rock are caught with hook and line by sportsmen, with nets by the fishmongers. The drum are caught in abundance from the beach with cast lines.

There is no pleasanter place I know than the Nag's Head Hotel for one's family for a whole summer. The best people in North Carolina go there and everybody is free and easy. The beds in the hotel are pretty rocky, but the air is so pure and sleep so sound you can sleep all night on boards. I never saw any one who complained of loss of sleep. If you want to be quiet and get out of the world absolutely go to Nag's Head. The name of the little hotel at Manteo is the Tranquil House, open all year.

Thos. Dixon, Jr.

### Maryland Bass.

Havre de Grace, Md., Oct. 8.—Black bass are biting freely and some good catches have been made from the wharves. Early this morning William Raisin took about a dozen, the largest weighing 3lbs. 5oz. Small minnows, called gudgeons, are used for bait. It is not a common thing to capture bass here, but for some reason the fishing is better now than it is at Port Deposit, three miles up the river. Crappies are plentiful in Tide Water Canal and furnish fair sport. White perch may be had in abundance near the battery station of the U. S. Fish Commission. For these the best bait is "peeler" crabs. Yellow perch are very common and the square-tailed catfish are as plentiful as the sable fisherman could reasonably wish.

Young shad are reported in great shoals coming down the Susquehanna. A very observant steamboat captain has noticed that the black bass will take the minnow most freely very early in the morning, and the fishing invariably slacks off when the sun begins to warm up the water.

### A Long Island Red Snapper.

The *Times* records that a magnificent specimen of the red snapper (*Lutjanus blackfordii*) has been sent to E. G. Blackford, at Fulton Market, from Gardner's Island, at the east end of Long Island. This fish was taken in one of the pound nets at that place. It is a very unusual thing for red snapper to be found north of Cape Hatteras. This specimen weighed 10lbs.

### Trout or Black Bass.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As I am a subscriber of the Forest and Stream, although a comparatively new one, I would beg leave to ask a few questions. I never see any communications or information on fishing in the Southern Central States, so I thought I would write and ask for some. I have never had very much experience in trout fishing, but had just enough to get an insight of the pleasure and sport connected with it. We have some very fine trout streams in Tennessee which I think worthy of mention, and as there are no other fish in the State that are worth fishing for, I would like very much to get some information in regard to the trout family. The fish in question are found in small streams in the near vicinity of Nashville. They are something similar to the regular "brook trout," probably a little thicker, resembling a "perch" to some extent. The color is nearly black on back, shading to a perfect white underneath. They are commonly called "black perch," but I think they are some species of the trout family. They are also very game, and when you strike them in the right season there is lots of sport, and they bite fast and furious like trout. Hoping you have time and space to answer this, I remain, Irwin McBride.

Nashville, Tenn.

[The fish referred to is not related to the brook trout of the salmon family; it is a black bass. A figure of the species was published in our Black Bass Supplement.]

### Spawning of Striped Bass.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Queries—When do the striped bass (*Roccus siruatus*) spawn? I find in the 'Fishery Industries of the United States," on page 425, that Professor Goode, under the head of "Reproduction and Growth," states as follows: "They spawn in the late spring and early summer, some of them in rivers, others probably at sea, although this has not been definitely ascertained." I took this afternoon, from a stand in front of our club house, two bass weighing respectively 31¼ and 13¼lbs., female bass, each with large roes, and spawn nearly fully developed and ripe. They certainly could not have carried their spawn till the "late spring or early summer." From a careful examination of the spawn I am satisfied that they could not have carried it for over a month longer. Do they spawn twice a year? I have heard that they do. Can you give us any information on this point. Henry P. McGown.

[The striped bass usually spawns from April to June, either in the rivers or in the brackish waters of bays and sounds. Young striped bass, 1in. long, have been found in the Delaware the second week in June. At the present time specimens about 4in. long are taken in the Potomac. A peculiarity of these young fish is the presence of numerous dark bands on the sides. Nothing is known to us about two spawning seasons in a year, but the fish spawn much later in northern waters than in the South.]

### Death of Hiram Atkins.

Highgate, Vt., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of Vermont's most earnest fish protectionists, Hiram Atkins, Esq., died at his home in Montpelier, Vt., on the 1st inst. Mr. Atkins was editor and proprietor of that wideawake paper, the *Argus and Patriot*, and was owner of the well-known "Camp Watson," on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, where he spent most of the summer months, surrounded by relatives and congenial friends.

His death is sincerely mourned by a host of friends found among all political creeds.

In fish protection there was something of the old Ethan Allen style about him, as the following anecdote will show: Before the present State law was passed prohibiting catching black bass under 10in. in length, he had made such a rule for one of Camp Watson's laws. One day one of his guests, Judge ———, brought into camp some small bass. Mr. Atkins promptly called his attention to the fact that they were under the regulation size. The Judge with a stiff amount of dignity replied that he didn't know of any law that prevented him from killing any sized bass that he caught. Mr. Atkins's reply was that Camp Watson had such a law and if he broke it again he would be bounced out of camp and be escorted to the railroad depot in short order.

Mr. Atkins was an Episcopalian and one of the most influential members in the diocese. Stanstead.

### Black Bass for Stocking.

Mr. Mark Samuel, of 10 East Sixteenth street, this city, advertises to supply black bass for stocking. As there has always been great difficulty in securing fish for this purpose, prospective bass culturists are admonished to remember Mr. Samuel's address.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the Forest and Stream offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to Forest and Stream's field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of Forest and Stream.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the Forest and Stream. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in Forest and Stream's Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

*Charmingly Illustrated* — "GAME LAWS IN BRIEF,"

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

Nov. 22 to 25,—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. Lyman W. Clute. Sec'y, Ballston Lake, N. Y.

Jan. 5.—Gloversville, N. Y. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y.

Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas Mortimer, Supt.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

## DANBURY DOG SHOW.

Whenever you mention Danbury to a dogman he smiles and says, "Better take it in, lots of fun"—and so there is in a mild, countrified way. The trotting is good, the side shows are lively, and above all the show is a go-as-you-please, and the committee, while charging no entry fee, do their level best to give every one a prize. If you have one dog and there is not a class for it, they make one. This is why Danbury is popular, especially with the handlers, such as Ben Lewis, George Thomas, etc.

The eleventh annual fixture took place last week, Oct. 4 to 7. As usual, on the first day the weather was execrable—rain, wind, hail and generally very cold and uncomfortable. This year, however, the judging took place inside the dog show building, a space at one end having been partitioned off. The judges were Mr. James Watson and Dr. James E. Hair. Mr. Watson took all the classes excepting Irish, Gordon and some of the pet dogs, which were handled by Dr. Jas. E. Hair, of Bridgeport, Conn. I don't know whether it is fair to criticise the awards much, as there is danger about the numbers not being on the right dogs. In some cases, however, there was no mistaking the fact that some of them were hardly up to form, and there was some grumbling—still it was all Danbury, and at Danbury everything goes.

Catalogues are an unheard of quantity at Danbury. Nobody troubles about any, as there are no numbers on stalls, and the judge gets along in the good old way by using the secretary's book to get the numbers and see which dog is which. The superintendent receives entries up till the night before the show, and as they come in he assigns a number and enters the dog in the little book assigned to its breed. As may be imagined, the numbers get delightfully mixed up; number 7, probably a St. Bernard, being alongside 179, and as most of the dogs are bunched in the same rotation, one can imagine that if the reporter is not in the ring at the time of the judging his task to sort them out after is almost a hopeless one. Tags are put on the dogs, but we all know what becomes of paper tags in a dog show, and the brass tags supplied in most cases reposed in the owners' pockets. This must be my excuse if the awards are not quite right, though I think they will be found measureably correct. They are taken from the secretary's book, but as many of the dogs were entered by handlers and "lumped" in the team, I have corrected the owners' names of those I knew.

Several well known exhibitors were present. Besides the judges there were Messrs. Chas. N. Symonds, J. B. Hefter, Smith Bros., Wm. H. Hyland, F. F. Dole, J. S. Mead, C. E. Osborne, C. E. Knott, Ben Lewis, George Thomas, A. Ritter, Dr. Kune, C. E. Bradbury, Buckellew Kennels owner, Mrs. Smyth and Mrs. Dole. The superintendent, G. E. Sears, was as cordial and obliging as usual, and his assistant, Mr. Reed, kept the aisles in good shape. The show is always tastefully benched in a permanent building, and is a source of great attraction to the country folk, who simply crowded the big aisles from morning to night. As stated before, Danbury charges no entry, and as the classes are always divided and this year $5 and $3 were given in prizes, a handler with a good team could win a neat sum. This year the show just fit in after Ottawa, and before disbanding their forces the "regulars" literally swooped down on the money, for wins do not count here, and the consequence was an array of quality such as Danbury has never seen before. It was given out, and so printed on entry forms, that Mr. John Reed would judge, but as stated in Forest and Stream a couple of weeks since, he declined and Mr. Watson was elected to serve. He needed some help and Dr. Hair was pressed into service after Mr. Morris had declined.

It is not much use taking the classes in extenso, a running commentary, perhaps, would be better. Mastiffs had five entries present. Kaiser William, the superintendent's dog, moved up to first place; his head needs depth of muzzle and his legs are none too good, an ordinary dog. Rymil's Rex loses in head even to the others. Ethel was the same old fat Ethel of last year, but beats Queen Salva in head properties, bone and probably in body, if any one could tell what that part of her anatomy is like in its natural state.

Roland overtopped anything that was in St. Bernards, a well-made dog that we should see more of. Ruth Cleveland, the winner in bitches, needs more depth in muzzle and breadth of skull, body light and rather straight behind, but neverthless is a bitch showing lots of quality.

The deerhound was a poor one, small head, light bone. The greyhounds turned out well, and I was delighted to see that good dog Ornatus once more on the bench after we were told that he would probably never face the judge again. Whoever has doctored him deserves the utmost praise for the cure, as the dog was badly cut in the hindleg tendons. In open dogs Dover wins over Baritone, the latter beats in head, neck, stronger loin; he loses, however, to Dover in front, who also is stronger in quarters and thighs, but he has not so much quality as Baritone. In bitches I cannot agree with the judge at all. Maybrook Nell, a long-waisted one, with bad feet, very open, and stands back on pasterns, head coarse, was placed first. Lady Clare, well-known as a pretty fair bitch, was second, but Miss Dollar, hc., the best of the three, and winner at Rochester the other day, should have won easily; a smarter bitch all round, lots

of quality, and nicely put together, unmeasurably better in legs, and beat the winner, who should have been he. instead. Winner was picked up by Mr. Bradbury in the streets of Rochester during the show.

In Newfoundlands I don't know what Mr. Watson was doing to give that big, fat, curly pig—it is nothing more—Carlo, equal first with Marshall's Prince Hal, a dog well known as having a good many pretensions to good Newfoundland form; the other has not the slightest. Last year I wrote the following on this class: "In Newfoundlands no self-respecting judge could give any prizes to the brutes shown (meaning Carlo, etc.), although urgently requested and told 'it was only Danbury,' etc." Carlo is owned by a Danbury man, and Mr. Sears shows it, and because I failed to see things in the same light he did, I was slated. In open bitches comes the fun, for here the judge withheld the prize from Albany Lass, a previous winner at good shows, but at present out of coat, still it is a correct one and not a curl in it, besides having other attributes that make it far above the dog winner, Carlo. The puppy first prize was also withheld from Mr. Marshall's Macgregor and Niger, the former getting second. I can hardly believe that Mr. Watson, in view of withholding these prizes, gave Carlo equal first with Prince Hal, the difference as the two dogs lay side by side was too ridiculous.

Pointers showed up well and many old faces took the prizes. I liked Mr. Hyland's Bert quite as well as Rock II. for the prize in open dogs, better head and better in front and body. English setters, barring Edgemark, were moderate and not so good as last year; Kent's Rex is a little out at elbow, nice head and body. The challenge bitch Tona was in poor shape but has a nicely formed head. Albert's Beau is not straight in front, light eye, but is redeemed by good shaped head and body. The numbers in these classes were so mixed up and the dogs being strangers to me I let them go. They were only moderate as a whole.

In Irish setters there was nothing outside of Seminole Kennel dogs to speak of. Rose Mentor has a cleaner, longer head than Claremont Heather, but it is very narrow, I like the latter better all round, in color and body; Rose beats the other in front.

The same old crowd in Gordons from Dr. Dixon's kennel. Duke of Wellington, a coarse-headed, dark tanned dog, was the winner in dogs, but there were others behind him that had better tan and head, but lost to him in body, legs and feet. The open dogs are all very ordinary. Wonder won rightly over Jeff in field spaniels; better head and legs; the others did not amount to much, good workers, probably, but not according to standard. There were no cocker dogs, but in bitches, although Woodstock Dora is short of coat, she is much better than Edgewood Beauty, placed over her, in quality, style of head, though her muzzle could be shorter, and in body, the other is too long and field spanielly in head. The foxhound display is always a fair one here, of good serviceable-looking dogs, but not at all sorty, and as they had no numbers on I can say nothing about them.

Beagles had something better. Trifle, the dog, is much like old Bannerman, all white, only larger; he stands out a trifle, or legs are straight though, and he boasts a capital coat and nice action. Pearl is wide in front, good body and coat; is a bit pinched in muzzle. Minnie is also a little wide in front, and feet open, has a sweet head, though ears are not carried close enough; nice correct coat. Smith Bros. showed quite a decent pup in Rocket, nice skull but muzzle too long.

Fox terriers had nothing outside of Grouse II. and Endcliffe Spin to boast of, and they are well known. Polo has not a bad shaped head, ears too large, nice legs and feet, but too large sized altogether. Don is not correctly marked; has brindle and fawn on head. The puppies were coarse and large. The collies are nearly all well known, having been on the circuit. Bertha II. won well in bitches, better head, ears, body and coat than Lothian Maid. Crissy has better front than the others; not so very narrow.

Bulldogs, with Carisbrooke and Addiscombe Gypsey, to say nothing of the pup Yale Pluck, quite a promising son of Rustic Swell, were well represented for a small show.

Bull-terriers, always good here, were not one whit behind former years. Frank Dole generally makes a raid at Danbury, but this time he met some opposition from Mr. Howe's Kennel which came fresh from Canadian victories. Sir Rudolph, the winner in dogs, has a good head, rather heavy chest and shoulders and not as straight in leg as some turned out from the New Haven Kennel, a well made body and good stern makes up a smart medium sized dog. Comet II. ran him close, especially in front. Woodcote Bill strikes me as having a nice long clear head, good eye but is not furnished yet. Grove Duchess beats Woodcote Lillie, in front, feet out a bit and skull is round yet and body wants letting down—time will do it probably. The others were of the old stamp. The different breeds of rough terriers were represented as probably never before in this old town. Skyes had Sir Stafford, of course, for Ben was there. Islay and Scotch Rose, are both celebrated more or less at present, but Endcliffe Maggie, one of the best, was left out in the cold. In the puppy class Scotch Rose is given as the winner when in Toronto catalogue she is put down as whelped November, 1889.

Black and tan terriers are often good here, for as last year the Rochelle Kennels took a run up with Sultan, English Lady, etc. I was glad to see that smart bitch F. F. Dole's Queen III., out again and she looked as lively as ever, she is a capitally well made terrier, but is more of a dog than a bitch in appearance and has hardly so finely shaped a head as her kennel mate Louie. Salisbury easily disposed of Merry Monarch as before, and Topsy and Rosette both have to take back seats when good ones are around. The toy terrier was the usual apple-headed "shiverer."

Some funny toy bull-terriers were shown; they should do for Boston. When you say that Venus, the challenge Yorkshire, was the only good one there, you will be about right, others are short of coat, and what they had was deficient in tan, too light or smutty.

Pugs made a brave show, but it was impossible to tell one from the other, except those that have been on the circuit. Seminole Kennels with their little team about scooped the prizes. Two very promising great Danes were shown by Mrs. Knox, out of a bitch that won last year; they show fair heads, good bone and size.

Central Kennels showed the circuit trotter Royal Roy in King Charles spaniels, and E. H. Morris had a nice short-faced one with good color in Union Jill.

Dexter, looking the ghost of his former self, with youthful looking "curlets" a very few inches long. Biglow we have seen a good deal of lately, and Black Beauty is a fair good bitch, light in loin and head not long enough. Dot is a pup yet. When one says that Fritz K. was the best dachshund, we can imagine what the rest were, for Fritz is but so-so himself.

Somehow we always have a lot of Irish terriers at this show, and there were some good ones again this time. Jack Briggs is a challenge winner now. Some new ones shown by a Mr. Wise, won in open dogs; the winner, Shaughran Rue, has a fair head, but knuckles over in forelegs and feet could be better; coat of good texture. Crib, second, loses to the other in muzzle, but has much the best forelegs and feet. I could not find Barney's Boy, but I thought Gatlies hardly treated with only he., as he has done better than that the past month in better company. Ballymoney, won nicely in the next class, her head is not perfect, bit broad in skull, is open in coat, and light in bone, but has a good body. Gypsy is short-faced and snipy. Spuds, a pup, is spiky (if there is no patent on this term) and legs want straightening.

The Salem Kennel came down prepared for anything in Scotch terriers, with Kilstor, Scotch Hot, Scotch Cold in the male division. Scotch Cold is a pup yet, legs crooked and head too wedgy. Norwich Mouse is a new one in bitches; she also is not strong enough in muzzle and should be straighter in forelegs, and quarters fall away too sharp, coat good and so is body. The Japanese hairless was a funny-looking little brown hairless toy terrier. He could pass for a Japanese hairless for anything I know, but the prize was withheld.

Whippets were represented by Boston Model and Perfection, the latter a very pretty bitch. Sheffield Lad, the "Pom," and Philos, Mr. Purbeck's Psovoi, completed the show. H. W. L.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. E. Sears's Kaiser William; 2d, J. S. Rymill's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, G. E. Sears's Ethel; 2d, H. Brontheimer's Queen Salva. *Puppies:* Absent.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Ritter's Roland; 2d, 2d, E. A. Housman's Le Roi. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Ritter's Ruth Cleveland.—SMOOTH—*Bitches:* 1st, M. H. Thiman's Appolona; 2d, withheld. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. Calderwood's Milton.

PSOVOIS.—1st, Northfield Kennels' Philos.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, Buckellew's Kennels' Alice.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Ornatus. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Maybrook Kennels' Dover and Baritone. High com., Mrs. A. Forepaugh's Blue. *Bitches:* 1st, Maybrook Kennels' Maybrook Nell; 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Lady Clare. High com., Maybrook Kennels' Miss Dollar.

GREAT DANES.—No open classes.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. Knox's Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. Knox's Judith; 2d, J. E. Dainer's Millie.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, Lewis Reid's Carlo and John Marshall's Prince Hal. *Bitches:* Prize withheld. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, John Marshall's Macgregor.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—HEAVY-WEIGHT—*Dogs:* 1st, Wm. H. Hyland's champion Ossining.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Connell's Rock II.; 2d, W. H. Hyland's Bert.—LIGHT-WEIGHT—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Winslow's Inspiration. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Hyland's Fan N.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic: 2d, G. O. Smith's Juno. High com., J. E. Smith's Lady. *Puppies:* 1st, G. O. Smith's Juno; 2d, W. H. Hyland's Lady Bountiful.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, F. S. Brown's Edgemark. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Hair's champion Tona.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. B. Moore's Kent's Rex; 2d, Dr. J. E. Hair's Albert Beau. Very high com., Wild Crow Kennels' Canadian Locksley. High com., Dr. J. E. Hair's Albert Roderigo. *Bitches:* 1st, Wild Crow Kennels' Yolo Maid; 2d, Dr. J. E. Hair's Albert Queen. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. J. E. Hair's Albert Queen; 2d, Dr. H. A. Lawton's Louis.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Laura B.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Pride of Patsey and Montauk, Jr. *Bitches:* Equal 1st, Seminole Kennels' Rose Morton and Claremont Heather. Reserve, G. W. Adams's Lady Luna. *Puppies:* No prizes marked.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Dixon's Leo B. Reserve, Smith Bros.'s Rexmont. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Dixon's Duchess of Waverley.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Dixon's Duke of Wellington; 2d, E. H. Morris's Brillmont. Reserve, W. H. Hyland's King Robin. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. Dixon's Lady Gordon and Princess Louise. Reserve, E. H. Morris's Raymont. Very high com., Buckellew Kennels' Widow Machree. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Smith Bros.'s Fenmont and Bangmont.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. M. Howe's Wonder; 2d, Thompson's Jeff. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. James E. Hair's Fautner; 2d, C. E. Knott's Pearl.

COCKERS.—*Dogs:* All absent. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Beauty; 2d, Dole & Thomas's Woodstock Dora. *Puppies:* All absent.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Buckellew Kennels' Mike; 2d, S. B. Warner's Music. Reserve, C. E. Osborne's Sam B. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Buckellew Kennels' Shot and Spot. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Buckellew Kennels' Ready and Maggie.

BEAGLES—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Laick's Trifle. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Geo. Laick's Pearl and Minnie. *Puppies:* 1st, Smith Bros.'s Rocket.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, Northfield Kennels' Endcliffe Spice; 2d, M. H. Thiman's Don. Very high com., G. W. D. Wixon's Polo. *Bitches.* 1st, C. E. Hanks's Grouse II.; 2d, B. J. Lee's Betty. Very high com., reserve, G. W. Mead, Jr.'s, Flirt. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and very high com., J. S. Mead's Pepperbox, Pepper and Mischief. —WIRE-HAIRS—1st, Northfield Kennels' Barton Sting.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Cora II. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' The Royal Monarch and Chrysolite. High com., C. E. Osborne's Polyphemus. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Bertha II.; 2d, C. E. Osborne's Lothian Maid. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Crissy. *Puppies:* 1st, J. S. Mead's Dorothy; 2d, withheld.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Charles A. Smith's Carisbrooke.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dole's Yale Pluck. *Bitches:* A. B. Graves's Addiscombe Gypsy. *Puppies:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Yale Pluck.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Bonnie Princess.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, F. F. Dole's Sir Rudolph and Woodcote Bill; 2d and very high com., H. M. Howe's Comet II. and Chatham Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, H. M. Howe's Grove Duchess; 2d, F. F. Dole's Woodcote Lillie. High com., J. E. Ellsworth's Lillie. *Puppies:* 1st, H. M. Howe's Chatham Prince; 2d and high com., F. F. Dole's Woodcote Bill and Woodcote Lillie.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, C. G. Smith's Islay; 2d, C. A. Shinn's Scotch Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Scotch Rose.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan. *Bitches:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' English Lady.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Salisbury; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Merry Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Queen III. and Louie. High com., Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Topaz and Northfield Kennels' Rosette. *Puppies:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Topaz; 2d, Dr. Jas. E. Hair's ——

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, C. E. Knott's Jim.

TOY BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. Jas. E. Hair's Meda and Spark. *Bitches:* No prize awarded.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Northfield Kennel's Venus.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Sandy. *Bitches:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Jenny; 2d, withheld.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Bonsor.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Adams's Meddler; 2d, R. B. Sawyer's Chequasset Diamond. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennel's Midget and Ruby F. Very high com., Dr. Jas. E. Hair's Nellie.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Central Kennels' Royal Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Union Jill. *Puppies:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Union Jill.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. H. Morris's Dexter.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Biglow. *Bitches:* 1st, M. H. Thiman's Black Beauty; 2d, E. H. Morris's Dot. *Puppies:* E. H. Morris's Dot.

DACKSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, L. O. Seidel's Fritz K.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, M. H. Thiman's Dachsel; 2d, Swan Kennels' Scrupy. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Swan Kennels' Faldine.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Northfield Kennels' Jack Briggs.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, T. Wise, Jr's, Shaughn Rue and Cribb. High com., T. F. Dole's Barney's Boy and H. O. Carson's Galkies. *Bitches:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Ballymoney; 2d, T. Wise, Jr's, Gypsey.—*Puppies:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Spuds.

DALMATIANS.—1st, John Doyle's Cute.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CALLENGE—1st, Northfield Kennels' Kilstor. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Northfield Kennels' Scotch Hot and Scotch Cold. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Northfield Kennels' Norwich Mouse and Gypsey Yet.—*Puppies:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Scotch Cold.

WATER SPANIELS (?).—J. S. Mead's Leo.

RUSSIAN POODLES.—1st, withheld; 2d, Paul S. Wakem's dog

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—Prize withheld.

WHIPPETS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Thomas's Boston Model. *Bitches:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Perfection.

POMERANIANS.—1st, Northfield Kennels' Sheffield Lad.

MALTESE TERRIERS.—1st, M. H. Thiman's Daisy.

SPECIALS.

Best deerhound, Buckellew Kennels' Alice; mastiff, G. E. Sears' Kaiser William; collies, Seminole Kennels' Bertha II.; cocker, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Beauty; field spaniel, H. M. Howe's Wonder; bull terrier, F. F. Dole's Sir Rudolph; Newfoundland, equal, winners of open dogs; St. Bernard, A. Ritter's Roland; English setter, F. S. Brown's Edgemark; pug, Seminole Kennels' Bonsor; bulldog, Chas. A. Smith's Carisbrooke; Gordon setter, Dr. Dixon's Duchess of Waverley.

## BULL-TERRIERS AGAIN.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am just in receipt of the communication of "Didymus" on the subject of bull-terriers, wherein he says of me: "Stir him up." I thought on first reading that his idea was to make use of the dog for that purpose. If such is the idea I beg to decline the mode and manner of such stirring. I have had some experience with that class of dog, dating back to the days when farmers were wont to turn the animal loose in their orchards—as an anti-small-boy apple-appropriating society.

After losing the most exposed part of several pairs of trousers in the pursuit of apples under difficulties—the dog being the difficulty—I entered into a contract with a harness-maker in our village whereby for one day's services helping him hoe his corn patch, he was to "reinforce" the aforesaid exposed part of my trousers with leather. The scheme worked well—I bore no more honorable scars, and there was a decided advantage over the other boys at school when the old maid school mistress laid me over her knee and administered the usual reward of merit with a flat ruler. So I may claim an anti-dated prejudice against "bulls" and cordially indorse the views of "Didymus" on the merits of that breed of animal. My antipathy bears more strongly, however, on the bulldog, not so heavily on the bull-terrier, which is one or two degrees removed from the bulldog in point of decency and qualities. He is a great improvement, and I am inclined to think "Didymus" should draw a distinctive line.

I have been acquainted with several very well-behaved bull-terriers and on one occasion up in Kent, Conn., was on very friendly terms with a dog of this persuasion named Bob. I established intimate relations with Bob by throwing a ball for him to chase. A year later I chanced that way, and as I entered the hotel Bob sat on the porch ruminating on the cussedness of the invention of flies. I said, "Bob, how are you?" He gave me a long searching glance and rushed through the house and out into the back yard, returning with the ball in his mouth, evidently remembering our former acquaintance and the ball practice. So I may claim a slight concession to bull-terriers on account of Bob's intelligence: moreover, Bob was very gentlemanly and good-natured and never bit anybody; but if "Didymus" will amend his complaint to read bulldogs I am with him. His quotation of the instance where General Coombs came near getting thrashed by the owner of the dog in the case is rather an argument in favor of the theory of like dog like man, inasmuch as the owner illustrated the tendency of such to fight on slight provocation, catching the infection from the dog, probably.

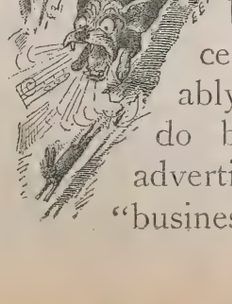
What a pity men owning a better breed of dogs are not amenable to their influence. Take for instance my favorite—the Gordon setter. If the general average of men were half as gentlemanly and possessed half the noble qualities of that breed what an improvement there would be in the world. PODGERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 13.

## Collie Sweepstakes.

The annual collie sweepstakes, for collies born in the United States or Canada, on or after July 1, 1891, will be decided at the bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held Feb. 21 to 24, 1893. A subscription of $5, for each collie entered, to be paid to the secretary of the collie club at the time of entry. The stake to be divided as follows: 50 per cent. to the best dog or bitch, 25 per cent. to the second, 15 per cent. to the third and 10 per cent. to the fourth. Dogs to compete for this sweepstake must be entered in the regular classes of the bench show. Entries will close Nov. 1, 1892. Blank forms can be obtained by addressing J. D. Shotwell, Sec'y, 82 Hillside avenue, Orange, N. J.

**If you were shouting through a telephone,**



of which the wires ramified to the ears of every dog man in the land, you could not tell them of your bargains in dogs more speedily, certainly, effectively, cheaply, profitably and satisfactorily, than you may do by putting a short-term, low-rate advertisement in the *Forest and Stream's* "business" **Kennel Special Column.**

## UNITED STATES FIELD TRIAL DERBY.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I send you list of dogs remaining in the United States Field Trial Club's Derby. Pointers 34, English setters 48, Irish setter 1:

POINTERS.

ONWARD—G. W. Amory's dog (Wise C.—Velce V.).
BOY'S FAUST—Adolph Schmidt's dog (Spotted Boy—Sally Ale).
KENT ELGIN—T. T. Ashford's dog (King of Kent—Vera Bang).
CROXIE O'BANNON—R. L. Shannon's bitch (King of Kent—Croxie Wise).
MAME—R. L. Shannon's bitch (Brown Stout—Pearl's Pride).
GINGER ALE—R. L. Shannon's bitch (Osborn Ale—Pearl's Pride).
KENT'S MIKE—J. F. Pautler's dog (King of Kent—Croxhill).
RIDGEVIEW DUKE—Drake Sefton Kennels' dog (Beppo III.—Blithesome).
RIDGEVIEW DUCHESS—Drake Sefton Kennels' bitch (Beppo III.—Blithesome).
RIDGEVIEW PATCH—Drake Sefton Kennels' bitch (Beppo III.—Lady Norrish II.).
LADY PEG—W. T. Hunter's bitch (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo).
POMME DE TERRE—T. G. Barstow's dog (Ossian—Clipaway II.).
LAD OF RUSH—J. L. Adams's dog (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.).
DAISY SOCWELL—J. L. Adams's bitch (Ossian—Devonshire Jilt).
BONNIE LASS—Ed A. Gordon's bitch (Earl of Kent—Carlotta).
KENT'S QUEEN—John Bolus's bitch (King of Kent—Vera Bang).
BRANDY—C. H. Wetmore's (Agt.) dog (Wetmore Guy—Wetmore Bud).
BANG'S STAR—Lewis Stuehmeyer's dog (Trinket's Bang—Pearl's Fan).
SPRINGATA—David Castleman's bitch (Castleman's Krup—Soringa).
VARRO—J. B. Castleman's bitch (Rex—Castleman's Nell).
MAINOS—J. B. Castleman's bitch (Castleman's Rex—Castleman's Nell).
CROXIE KENT—Bob Cooper's bitch (King of Kent—Croxie Wise).
RIDGEVIEW BEPPO—Graphic Kennels' dog (Beppo III.—Revelation).
RIDGEVIEW TENNEY—D. L. Darby's dog (Beppo III.—Blithesome).
RIDGEVIEW CLIMAX—Harold Strebeigh's bitch (Tribulation—Bloomo II.).
EARL OF KENT—Gus F. Schrever's dog (King of Kent—Sal).
KENT'S MAID—H. J. Reginald's (agent) bitch (King of Kent—Gladena).
MONKEY SMOKELESS—C. W. Meeker's dog (Ossian—Devonshire Jilt).
BIZ—W. Hinckle Smith's dog (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo).
DON C.—Geo. A. Castleman's dog (Rank—Fly).
TEN-SLEEP—Edgmont Pointer Kennels' dog (King of Kent—Woolton Game).
TROUBLESOME—Edgmont Pointer Kennels' bitch (Tribulation—Pride of Idstone).
DAVID C.—Jos. Crugom's dog (Duke of Hessen—Princess Marguerite).
PRINCESS DOLLY—Jos. Crugom's bitch (Duke of Hessen—Princess Marguerite).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

HOOSIER GIRL—J. H. & J. A. Hunter's bitch (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).
HOOSIER LADY—Frank Hitchcock's bitch (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).
HOPE'S PRIDE—Manchester and Wartrace Kennels' dog (Gath's Hope—Georgia Belle).
PINK—Manchester and Wartrace Kennels' dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
RANGER B.—Manchester and Wartrace Kennels' dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
SPORT—Manchester and Wartrace Kennels' dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
TOLEDO SUE—Manchester and Wartrace Kennels' bitch (Toledo Blade—Belle S.).
CLEM GLADSTONE—John L. Sneed's dog (Paul Gladstone—Latonia).
DAN'S LADY—Theo. Goodman's bitch (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess).
APOLLO HILL—J. Shelly Hudson's dog (Ben Hill—Dolly S.).
DIRECT—J. W. Shriver's dog (Gun—Victoria Laverack).
CLIO—J. W. Shriver's bitch (Gun—Victoria Laverack).
GALE NOBLE—H. K. Devereux's bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble).
REX-THE-KING—Jackson and Denmark Kennels' dog (Laddie Browdre—Phyllis).
LILLIAN RUSSELL—Jackson and Denmark Kennels' bitch (Philip Gladstone—Lou K.).
DUFF—W. T. Hunter's bitch (Toss—Patti Sing).
GLADSTONE'S PET—W. T. Hunter's bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).
CECIL H—J. L. Adams's dog (Dr. Maclin—Cossette).
SIR KENT—J. L. Adams's dog (Kent II.—Nicolette).
DAN BURGESS—J. M. Freeman's dog (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess.)
BRIGHTON CLIP—T. G. Davey's bitch (Canadian Jester—Lassie).
THE LAGGARD—Meadow City Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl.).
DIXIE'S ROD—W. G. Peters and J. E. Guinotte's dog (Roderigo—Dashing Dixie).
SUNFLOWER—N. B. Nisbett's, (Agt.) bitch (Dick Turner—Babe Gladstone).
RAP-EYE-DAN—Will Wilson's dog (Ben Hill—Dolly S.).
SANCHO—Wm. Daniels's (Agt.) dog (Tipton—Maud).
FLY—Wm. Daniels's (Agt.) bitch (Tipton—Maud).
PEMBROKE'S BLUE GROUSE—Scott's Wood Kennels' dog (Pembroke's Don—Sue of Hatchie).
RUBY BONDHU—T. W. Stoutenburg's bitch (Dick Bondhu—Cossette).
FLING—Bert Crane's bitch (——— — ———).
DAN'S DAN—T. H. Poindexter's (Agt.) dog (Dan Gladstone—Belton's Princess).
GAIETY — Royal Robinson's bitch (Lone Jack — Gay Rhoebe).
DESSIE HOPE—P. T. Madison's bitch (Gath's Hope—Stocking).
PROCTOR KNOTT—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady).
HOPE'S MINT—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady).
LANCIER—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (Gath's Hope—Stocking).
DICK FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (Chance—Countess Rush).
LADY BROOKS—Blue Ridge Kennels' bitch (Chance—Countess Rush).
STEWART HILL—Bradford Kennels' dog (Ben Hill—Kate II.).
LOCHINVAR—Avent & Thayer's dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).
KINGSTON—Avent & Thayer's dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).
SHADOW—Avent & Thayer's bitch (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent).
NANCY FOREMAN—A. J. Gleason's bitch (Dan Foreman—Hope's Lucille).
LADY BELTON—T. M. Lowry's bitch (Tennessee Bob—Dixie Belton).
BELLE OF KENTUCKY—Fairmount Kennels' bitch (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).
PRINCESS RAY—Geo. A. McLin's bitch (Prince Lucifer—Princess Lill).
TEAL SWINGE—Henry Schwinge's dog (——— — ———).
BABY BLUE—F. H. Harris's bitch (Blue King—Kate).

IRISH SETTERS.

ELPHIN—E. B. Bishop's bitch (Tyconnell—Kinvatra).

P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

### Unbroken Dogs.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—Now that the field trial season is near, there are some matters which should be carefully considered as tending to improve the equality of the competition and a better understanding of its principles.

Of first importance is the matter of training, since without a thorough training no dog is properly prepared to enter a competition with justice to himself or his competitors. Moreover, no judge can properly grade an unbroken or partly broken dog's merit in a competition. It often happens that the half-broken dog is working for himself, the restraint imposed by an imperfect education giving his efforts a semblance of working to the gun. The enthusiastic and energetic work of the half-broken dog may be mistaken for an exhibition of a high order of natural qualities. But the worthlessness of such an exhibition, from a competitive standpoint, is in its uncertainty. Many dogs will hunt diligently for themselves, as they practically can do when half-broken. When properly broken they lose interest, hunt listlessly, lazily, or perhaps not at all. They may love to hunt for themselves, but are not enthusiastic or industrious enough to work to the gun.

The work of the half-broken dog is of itself most difficult to value relatively, since one moment he may do a most brilliant piece of work in a bold, dashing manner, and in the next moment make a most silly blunder. The absence of the finished performance which comes from thorough knowledge, experience and training is always palpably absent in such dogs, yet the brilliant work which comes from reckless self-hunting is too often over-valued by judges.

### Natural Qualities.

I believe in considering only the natural qualities in a field trial competition, yet I never believed in the natural qualities of the untrained dog as the standard The latter view has been eagerly presented by some impractical writers as that of the modern field trial man. By defining it to please themselves, and then presenting it as the true definition, they make a fair argument. However, no field trial man is an advocate of natural qualities independent of thorough training. It is a term, used in a field trial sense, to distinguish between matters of actual performance and matters of education. The individual capabilities of the dog as applied in a trained manner constitute his natural qualities. The need of the term was more apparent some years ago than it is now, when matters purely educational were allowed and abstractly valued in the scale of points. For instance, quartering was valued at whether the dog had any of the knowledge and its application, now called bird sense, a quality not then recognized in a competition. Retrieving was valued at 10, pace 20, backing 7, style 6, quartering 6. Thus, in round numbers, 50 per cent. of a dog's performance was acquired, artificial or ornamental properties rating as high as the practical.

It will thus be seen that at that time there was need of a distinction between the educational and the natural.

### Obstructing Competitors.

While the unbroken dog is a most variable character in a field trial, he is a source of endless annoyance and material injury to his competitors. His wildness at the outset never fails to infect his competitor, and the more spirited and capable is the latter, the more is his performance injured. If his points are stolen, his birds flushed or chased, or if he is constantly followed or headed in his ranging, he becomes jealous, excited or irritated, resulting in errors in his own work, which would not occur were he hunted with a properly behaved dog. The well broken dog is at a further disadvantage in constantly hearing loud whistling and orders given to his half-broken competitor, and the most harmful feature is that these orders are always directly contrary to what the well broken dog is doing or should do. If he is drawing to a point, he does so with the opposing handler's whistle blowing furiously, ostensibly to call his own dog in to join in the find. Times innumerable I have seen the well broken dog turned back by that cause when drawing on birds or pointing. If the dog points, he does so under much the same adverse circumstances, while the opposing handler is getting his unmanageable dog in to back. His range also is constantly changed or broken. All these circumstances are greatly aggravated if the opposing handler have a string of whistles, from which he can select one to imitate any other whistle. In short, the well trained dog does his work hearing orders in brawling tones or shrill whistling, which are directly contrary in intent to what he should do.

To aggravate this evil as much as possible, it is said that some trainers teach their dogs to go on to a blast of the whistle, and I am disposed to believe that it is true.

The blast of the whistle which sends his own dog on will call his opponent's dog in, it thus serving a double purpose. When I first heard this, I did not believe that any trainer would be guilty of such an unfair and dishonest practice. It is to be regretted that the shark should get into what should be sportsmanship, which embodies honesty, fair play and good fellowship. This is worthy the earnest consideration of field trial clubs and judges. They should see that the whistle is applied to its legitimate use. Field trials are now everywhere run in the interest of fair play and the best dogs winning. It is only necessary to point out an evil to have it removed. The day of the shark, jockey and trickster is gone in field trials forever.

As to the remedy for half-broken dogs, it is easy and available. Spot them out in the first series. There is no excuse whatever for a professional trainer bringing a half-broken dog into a field trial. The loud orders, constant whistling and rough work are unnecessary and unskillful. Even the Derby allows an age limit which admits of thorough training and experience. The recent trials in Manitoba demonmonstrated that amateurs could take thoroughly broken, honest dogs to the trials, and do quiet, pleasant handling, and do it effectively.

### The Bluffer.

There is a bugaboo growing in field trials. The breeder who is displeased announces that he will run no more dogs under such-and-such a club or such-and-such a judge. In the first place, the professional breeder does not run his dogs at any time for the benefit of any club. His motives in running are strictly personal. A threat to withdraw his dogs or not enter them commonly has the effect to bring a club to its knees, and the kicker is so deferred to, coddled and mollified, that he soon gets an over-weaning self-valuation and an exalted toploftiness. If a club would stop a moment to consider that they could get along well without such a personage, and in some ways be gainers, while the professional breeders must run at field trials to keep up their kennel interests, such club could easily burst the kicker's weak bluff by letting him stay at home. About one such lesson would effectually destroy his entire stock of bluffs. Field trials now are so well supported that they can frankly defy the bluffer for advertising or for revenue.

### A La Corbett.

I saw a little incident on West Madison street a few days ago, which afforded an optical demonstration of comparative anatomy and comparative psychology in action. There were two men and two dogs as central figures. The big shaggy dog was owned by a venerable old man, bent with age. He wore deep wrinkles, a full gray beard, a threadbare suit, a hat of ancient vintage and shoes of the Stradivarius model. In one hand he carried a tin pail, in the other a cheap stick. He was going to the grocery. The haughty fat pug was owned by a semi-dude young man on whose cheek shone the rich glow of cream of roses. This young man and his pug had a supercilious air which no one seemed to notice particularly. The young man carried something in his hand that looked like a roll of wall paper. There was something in the pug's high-bred air which offended the dog of the people. Hostilities opened quickly, the shaggy dog rushing his fat enemy into a corner and knocking him down. The pug was so fat and round that his enemy's jaws slipped harshly over the surface ribs, thus, by keeping his form, he foiled several vicious upper cuts. An emotional bystander gave the shaggy dog a prodigious whack in the ribs with a silver-headed cane, another man gave him a kick, while the old man gave the pug a resounding whack with the tin pail. Up to this time, the pretty young man appeared a bit dazed, and did not realize what was doing or what action to take. The whack in the ribs of the shaggy dog ended the first round. The pug ran out into the street with three curls in his tail and a look of apprehension. The shaggy dog ran around the crowd, closed on the pug and pinned him to the ground, but he still held his good form and the enemy's teeth kept slipping, although the slips must have been painful. Dogs and men then got mixed up. The old man was showing a good deal of activity, yet somehow he didn't appear to get his dog in hand. The young man started in actively to save his dog, rushing here and there. Failing to get his dog, he gave the old man a vicious whack with the roll on the back of the neck, which startled him, then he rushed in and got his dog. The pug was showing alarm, the shaggy was balked but not satisfied. The young man said things to the old man and it looked kinder unsettled for the old man. The latter with dignity walked into a grocery store. The young man waxed still hotter. He gave his dog in charge of a spectator and followed the old man into the store. The spectators followed and grown men were heard to say that it was a shame to treat an old man that way. It could be plainly read on their faces that if the young man put his hands on the old man again something would happen to the young man. It soon ended. The storm was over. Everybody started on their way and then a policeman could be seen coming about two blocks away. He was too late, which rarely happens in Chicago. No self-respecting policeman means to be more than one block away when a trouble is ended.

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The following from a contemporary describes a land which would be a dog trainer's paradise: "Quail are so numerous as to be classed as pests in Arizona. The birds entirely destroyed nine acres of beans for William Fair near Yuma. They appear by thousands and eat the plants entirely off the ground. Southern California formerly suffered from the same cause, but the birds have been depleted by sportsmen to such an extent that they have ceased to bother farmers materially."

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Mr. Chas. W. Barker, the well known field trial handler, made a call here yesterday. He was en route to Indiana, where he will locate and prepare some dogs for the coming trials, the United States, Central, Eastern and Philadelphia club trials. He says that he will have dogs which will make the competition specially warm for the boys this year.

B. WATERS.

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## SOME STRANGE DOGS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Having had some experience with dogs of three continents I trust some of the following desultory hints may perhaps prove interesting to one or the other of your readers.

You have doubtless heard something about the Irish wolfhound who figures on the national coat of arms together with harp and watch tower? I wonder whether the breed is extinct? As late as 1889 there was at Dublin Zoo a cross between the genuine Irish wolfhound and wolf, a fierce brute certainly. The father, an alleged thoroughbred wolfhound, had been the property of one of the professors of Trinity College, Dublin (Prof. Maheffy), who used him to guard sheep on his estates. If the breed could be revived I fancy they would beat hollow barzois (or psovois).

I myself kept a dog with wolfhound strain in him in Ireland; I had by the interposition of a friend got it sent as a present from an Irish gentleman near Londonderry, well known for his fine breed. The animal somewhat resembled a deerhound, but the jaws and teeth were stronger, muzzle more pointed, and the tail a rich full bloomed fantail. Color between cream and tawny.

There is another breed of greyhounds that would surprise many habitues of dog shows. During my college days in Paris there was a Roumanian student, Mr. Zambaco, who was a well known figure in the Quartier Latin. He never appeared in the streets without two or three smooth greyhounds; one, a smooth dog, fawn colored, with full plumed tail. He must have stood nearly 34in., to judge from comparisons with great Danes I knew at the time. If the Mr. Zambaco whom you mentioned in one of your last numbers in regard to some question about psovois is the gentleman, he might be kind enough to let you have the measure of that exceedingly powerful as well as handsome dog.

There is another elegant breed unknown to most lovers of dogs; it is the dog of the Patagonian Canoe Indians that infest Smyth Channel and Magellan Straits. The breed is strongly marked as a distinctive and fixed kind. They most nearly recall a blue or silver fox, color is a nice silver gray, with black on face, ears, and along the spine. Size: that of a bull-terrier, or even Pomeranian. One of the chief claims to attention is the snakelike elegance of their movements. I have never seen a dog, not even a greyhound, move so lithely and catlike. They are remarkably intelligent, and as lively as mercury. I have seen them at home as well as at the zoölogical gardens of Santiago de Chile.

It may interest some of your readers that to all accounts Asia possesses two hitherto almost unknown giant-breeds of dogs. There is first the Thibetan dog, or to specify "dogge." We all know the head of that dog from Youatt, Stonehenge and others that had a chance to study the individual at the London Zoo. It is a kind of gigantic spaniel or St. Bernard, and it seems worthy of notice that it comes to us from the north of the Himalayas, just as the holy breed came to us from the north of the Alps. By the way he seems to have been the dog sent to Alexander the Great by a King of Epirus, which dog we are told, alone tackled and killed a lion—for this dog came from India.

But now I wish to state on the best of authorities that the shepherd tribes of Kurdistan and lesser Armenia possess a dog considerably surpassing in size anything we can put up,

In the beginning of the 80s one of these Kurds brought his flocks to Jaffa, Palestine, for shipment. He had with him a dog of gigantic proportions that he sold for $4 (20 francs) to Dr. C. Hoffman, the son of the founder, and now the head of the prosperous colony of German dissenters in Palestine. Dr. Hoffman is a cool-headed leader of men, a fancier of big, ugly, wicked dogs, and has had long experience with great Danes and the now nearly extinct Leonbergers.

I do not exactly remember the size and height of that specimen, but the Doctor told me "I had never seen anything like it before. He was very shaggy, brindle, and I cannot better describe him than as a gigantic sheepdog with very pointed muzzle."

Others who saw the dog described him as "a Pomeranian as big as a bear." Now, we all know that the public is rather lavish of this latter epithet with regard to big shaggy dogs, but in order to surprise Dr. Hoffman he must have been a big dog indeed.

When the new acquisition was brought to the house of his new owner by the Kurd shepherd, the servant girl, an honest German, called out "that there was a gipsy with a bear in the yard."

This dog had remarkably powerful jaws. Standing near a camel and perhaps worrying it a bit, the latter got frightened and kicked, the dog with one snap cut clean through the foreleg of the animal above the knee. I could not at first bring myself to believe that fact, but it has been told me by three different men, all of them men of a careful, scientific education. One of them is Dr. F. Paulus, in Stuttgart, Germany, and the other Dr. Hoffmann himself. All eye witnesses insisted particularly on the circumstance that the camel was a full-grown, loaded animal, that was halting in the market place of Jerusalem, and that the bone was not crushed, but bit clean through.

The dog was sold for, I believe, only 200 francs, to the then German Consul at Jerusalem, Baron von Münchhausen, I believe.

As you will imagine, I at once took steps to secure a similar specimen, but in vain. It seems that the Kurds do not descend anymore so far south as Jerusalem with their flocks. The Palestine Bedouins that keep sheep have powerful dogs too, and very much like them, but I am told they average about 24 to 26in. only. For ten years, I am told, no such Kurd dog has been seen by my correspondents.

On the other hand, the Arabs of the Hauran hunt gazelles with a greyhound (slooghee), that, according to the description of the above named gentlemen, bears the closest resemblance to the poor "wolf," the half-breed Irish wolfhound I spoke of at the beginning of my letter.

Now to close. I have always studied carefully the cur dog and mongrel of the country I used to live in and could give a few interesting dates about them, but am already too prolix and long-winded; but I am sure many dog lovers would find this side of the fancy quite an interesting one.

P. B.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—A line from Dr. Drummond apprises me of the fact that his Irish terrier bitch Annandale has whelped a litter of eight (six dogs) to his dog Commissariat. Both dogs were recently imported from Belfast by Dr. Drummond.

Mr. F. W. Green, Halifax, N. S., has bought from Mr. George Bell the black field spaniel bitch What Not, by Pekoe out of Rose Palmer. She was bred by J. A. Spracklin, whelped Dec. 1890, and has been in the money several times.

Mr. A. D. Stewart had rather an unpleasant experience with his terriers the other day. He undertook to separate two which were having a "little misunderstanding," and in his effort slipped and fell, when the whole kennel piled on to him. His left arm and both legs were badly bitten before he got away.

A meeting of the bench show committee of the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, was held on Monday. The protest of Mr. Wurtele, Ottawa, against the win of the greyhound Echo, was referred to the Canadian Kennel Club for investigation and action. A resolution was passed urging the Association to empower the superintendent to spend up to a certain sum for necessary articles in connection with the show, so that the numerous petty annoyances which happened this year may not occur again. It was also recommended that the building be enlarged and removed to a more central position.

Mr. G. M. Gibbs, Galt, Ont., has bought the English foxhound bitch Vexation, by Genius out of Nancy, and who has won 1st and special, London, 1888; 2d, Toronto, 1890; 1st and special, Ottawa, and 1st, Toronto, 1891, as well as 1st, Toronto, this year. Also the American foxhound Rally, by Yank out of Vanity, 1st, Toronto, 1892. H. B. DONOVAN.

## AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB MEETING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

At a special meeting of the members of the above club, held on Thursday last, the 29th ultimo, there were entered on the minutes of the meeting—

Expressions of deep sorrow for the loss of our late president, Mrs. Charles Wheatleigh, whose sudden death occurred Sept 16.

Mrs. Wheatleigh was president of the club from its formation up to the hour of her death, a period of five consecutive years. She was devoted to the best interests of the club, and commanded the respect, the confidence, and the friendship of every member. During the legal troubles that the club was forced to go through, when an attempt was made to split the organization and take away the chartered name, Mrs. Wheatleigh's sound judgment, business tact and steadfastness of purpose proved of the utmost advantage, and insured success. Her love for dogs is in proof of her natural kindness of heart. Her expert knowledge will become a matter of history in dog lore, and as long as philanthropic men and women seek to prevent cruelty to animals, to encourage the good breeding, and promote the comfort and welfare of man's best friend (the dog), will Mrs. Wheatleigh be remembered and mentioned with gratitude.

An election was then had to fill the vacant presidency, and Mrs. S. C. Barnum was elected president by an unanimous vote.

And by reason of the first vice-president being elected president, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh was elected vice-president by an unanimous vote.

It is believed that this election of new officers will meet with the cordial approval of those members who were prevented by distance and other reasons from being present at the meeting, and it is hoped that our club will grow in membership and increase in influence.

MARION E. BANNISTER, Sec'y.

OCT. 6.

## Pedigree Wanted.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have just received a very fine pointer bitch, Daisy Nell by Jack ex Wax, Jack being by Beppo III. ex Xmas Vic, Vic being owned by Pine Hill Kennels, of Alfred Center, N. J. I am anxious to get the breeder and age of Nell, also the pedigree of Wax. Perhaps some of your numerous readers can furnish the information. C. A. STONE.

TORONTO, Can.

## SHOULD JUDGES BE THEIR OWN CRITICS?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It is my opinion that a judge should not be required to criticise his own work.

It is rather an uncomfortable position, I take it, that you would place him in to require him to bolster up his mistakes after the inspirations of the ring have grown cold. A judge is invited to pass upon a certain lot of dogs and to select therefrom the dogs which come, in his opinion, the nearest to a recognized standard.

His actions in picking out the respective dogs for the prizes offered speak for themselves, and any criticisms he might offer would be but reiterations.

The position of judge to a conscientious man is a most arduous one. He stands in the ring eyeing a fine class of animals, the names and owners of which he is popularly believed to be in ignorance of, and as they pass before him one after another and close upon each other's heels, he has to quickly sort out the wheat from the chaff.

His comparisons are made and his choice is announced. It would be manifestly unjust to require the judge to go back to the benches afterward and to go over and compare the dogs again, and with the catalogue in hand give to the disappointed exhibitors his reasons for not selecting their dogs for the prizes.

Such printed reasons appearing would be like the waving of so many red flags to already infuriated bulls, and our sporting papers would simply be filled with the bitter recriminations of disappointed exhibitors. The judge gives his opinions when the award was made, then why should he be obliged to reiterate that opinion. The report and criticisms of a qualified reporter are much more valuable, and when such a critic indorses the opinion of the judge, we have then the opinion of two men, and if both capable and conscientious, there is something to go and come upon.

If the judge is incompetent the reporter critic speedily finds him out and no printed criticisms of his own would save him. In my opinion it would be most unfair to require a conscientious man to sit down and write out criticisms on his own work, and I doubt whether many competent men could be found to undertake the job at the present rates.

F. G. TAYLOR.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In answer to your request for my opinion as to whether judges should be their own critics, I most decidedly answer, "No." In the first place, judges who receive nothing for judging are put to a great deal of trouble in going over their classes after they have passed judgment. You, as a judge, know that a judge in the ring cannot make notes of all the good and bad points of dogs that come before him in the ring, and must necessarily take each dog by itself after the judging is all over, which is an endless job and very unsatisfactory. He does not have the dogs to compare with each other as he had in the ring, hence I say most decidedly that judges' criticisms are not nearly as satisfactory as those of the intelligent newspaper man, who is standing on the outside, sees the dogs compared, makes his notes and then examines them individually afterwards.

I never made but one report, and that I did as a personal favor to one of the officers of the American Kennel Club. I consider that report of no value to any one, but it was the best I could do with the time at my disposal.

J. H. WINSLOW.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 24.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Shall judges write their own reports? This would depend upon the object for which the reports were to be published, and upon the judges. Are they to be educational, or to show how little the judge knows of the breed he passes upon? Presuming that the former object is desired, I say no. Not until we have judges who are qualified to act as such. I don't know who judged black and tan terriers at Kingston, but I do know that his report would not be apt to enlighten the public as to the merits of the breed, although it might interest most people who know anything about it if he would tell how he got Rosette. Rochelle Topaz and English Lady all ahead of Louie, the best bitch in the class. Not only that, but how he got the three all wrong besides. Mr. Mortimer judged all these bitches at Toronto, and placed Louie first, Lady second and Topaz third. It was the general verdict that they were rightly placed.

We want no judges' reports as long as show committees will give us such judging as this. A. W. SMITH.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Exhibitions are in the nature of lessons by comparison. If this theory be correct, then exhibitors are entitled to know why their dogs were considered by the judges better or worse than others. Therefore, I think judges should give reasons for their decisions, otherwise their awards, often inscrutable, remain more inexplicable still.

JAMES B. BLOSSOM.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 24.

## WHIPPET RACING AT TRENTON FAIR.

THE New Jersey Kennel League has left the beaten track, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that its first success has been scored on a track that has hitherto been used by the trotter alone, for at the Interstate Fair at Trenton, N. J., last week, the league offered $150 for sheep dog trials, and the same amount for whippet racing. The latter commenced on Tuesday, Sept. 27, and judging from the enthusiastic reception the "racing dogs" got from the immense throng present, it was evident that it was a very welcome novelty, and as the heats were run between the trials of speed between the horses, they contributed largely to maintaining an unflagging interest in the programme.

It may be that some of your readers have never seen a whippet race, although very few, indeed, can say with Mr. Vredenburgh, the late A. K. C. secretary, that they have never seen one of these dogs.

The Englishman who starved his family to feed his dog was no better, nor any worse, than many of the racing and trotting fraternity in America. Perhaps his dog was a whippet, and he knew that if he won the heat the following Saturday his family could have roast beef for Sunday's dinner, although they had to go on short commons a few days before, when the one on whom they depended for the Sunday's feast had tidbits. There are many things that can be said in favor of this workingman's pastime, and few that can be said against it. If the inherited love of sport must be satisfied, then, in such a pastime, where the pool box is absent, and other debasing elements cannot enter, where fair play is maintained, and where the fastest wins, there must be a wholesome flavor.

These races may not be a remedy for Homestead or any other strikes, but it must be clear to all that when working men have hobbies, amusements, recreations and sport, they are not as apt to be looking out for such expensive fun as a strike.

The whippet is built like the greyhound, looks like the greyhound, runs like the greyhound, but he is not a greyhound. Ask a Yorkshireman and he will tell you that they grew in that locality when his great-great-grandfather could scarcely toddle. Ask someone else and he will undertake to manufacture them in three generations from a conglomeration of Italian greyhound and terrier, or English greyhound and "sooner." But to this—the only really legitimate attempt to bring the sport before the public in America, New Jersey sons first got the dog from England, and have frequently had races in a quiet way at Newark, Paterson and Kearney, so it was but right that the League should help forward the movement, and but proper that it should be done at the leading fair in the State.

Eighteen dogs were entered, and all came to line at 1 o'clock, after being weighed in in due form. The first heat was between Mr. C. Lee's Nigger Girl, Mr. Jno. Hart's Orphan Girl and Mr. F. Farrow's Lucy Glitters; and as they trotted up from the judges' box, over the 200yds. of the home stretch, which was the course, many were the exclamations of surprise. When each starter had been placed at his handicap mark, the owners took out handkerchiefs, whistles and tidbits, and retreated down the course fluttering and enticing the dogs to break away. In these attempts, and in enthusiasm quite a chorus was the result.

Mr. Edwin H. Morris, who acted as starter, said "Be ready," when each starter got in position to start his charge; then on the word "pick them up" each took his dog in hand and commenced to swing, and at the discharge of the pistol they were sent away down the track at such a rate that Jersey lightning would not be in it. If it was a sight to see and hear them in their struggle to be off, it was a greater sight to see the way they relished the spin, which was attested by the enthusiasm which greeted them from all sides.

Mr. Geo. Crook, who handicapped them, had done his work cleverly, and at the finish it was a matter of inches. It was exciting, for the speed was terrific, and when, finally, Orphan Girl crossed the line, and was declared the winner by the dropping of the flag corresponding with the ribbon she wore, a shout went up which made the horsemen look jealous.

Mr. Thompson's Peggy, Mr. Jas. White's Rose and Mr. Buchanan's Lady McGrath ran in the second heat with almost similar results, Mr. Edward H. Radel, who acted as judge, or referee, declaring in favor of Rose, who did the distance in 12 seconds, to the surprise of those who held stop watches.

Mr. C. Lee's Robin and Mr. Jas. Comb's Young Dick were the contestants in the next heat, which was a very close thing, with the finish in Young Dick's favor.

In the fourth heat Mr. E. Cannell's Nellie met Mr. Wm. Barwell's Fire Fly, and Nellie won with very little to spare, doing the 200yds. in the second best time made.

Mr. Knowles's Turpin met Mr. E. Hurst's Beauty in the next heat, when again a smart contest was the result in favor of Turpin.

Much interest was taken in the succeeding heat between Mr. C. Lee's Billy Paterson, a 33lbs. dog from Paterson, and supposed to be the fastest in America, and Mr. James Comb's Nelly Bly, from Kearney, with but 18lbs. to her score. Billy is the pride of his owner and he thought all Jersey depended on his making a creditable showing for Paterson, and as he retreated down the course he did not forget to ask the starter to see that Nellie's starter had the mark fairly. Away they went, the little one and the big one, as the country folk had it, who, in their good nature, could not help showing their sympaty for the smaller, but it was a very near thing for her, for just as she got across the line along came Bill at such a gait that he toppled over his owner when he went to catch him, creating much amusement.

The seventh heat, between Mr. James Douglass's Ferenzi and Mr. James White's La Fletch was one with less interest, and the former scored a rather easy chance of a place in the next day's programme.

The eighth and last heat of the day was between Mr. John Hart's Daisy and Mr. R. Thompson's Bess, another Paterson-Newark contest, in which Newark scored solely through the starter being rather slow and hesitating in sending his charge forward.

A drawing was made after this final for the following day's race, when Mr. Douglass's Ferenzi came out against Mr. Knowle's Turpin, Mr. Jas. Comb's Young Dick against Mr. J. Hart's Orphan Girl, Mr. E. Cannell's Nellie against Mr. J. White's Rose, Mr. J. Comb's Nellie Bly against Mr. Thompson's Bess.

The whippet men created quite a sensation on the course by offering to match one of their dogs against any horse on the course, or in the State, for a large stake, but the distance and other things prevented a match.

## NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the New England Field Trial Club was held at Hotel Thorndike, Boston, Oct. 3, at 7 P.M., President Power in the chair. Among those present were Messrs. Power, Hayward, Wells, Lovell, Goodwin, Sharp, Billings, Parker, Gordon and Hodges.

In the absence of Secretary Sperry, Mr. Geo. W. Lovell acted as secretary *pro tem.* Dr. J. W. Hayward gave a very satisfactory report on the condition of the preserve. Mr. D. A. Goodwin made a detailed report of the game supply. Mr. A. R. Sharp outlined the work being done by the game warden.

It was voted to admit Mr. N. H. Vaughan, of Middleboro, Mass., to membership.

Voted that the sum of $150 be placed at the disposal of committee on grounds and game for current expenses.

Voted that ten crates be constructed for the local use of dogs in transit between headquarters and the grounds.

Voted to purchase one ton of grain for feeding purposes.

Meeting adjourned.

The party immediately filed into the dining hall and enjoyed one of the Thorndike's famous spreads.

Communications were received concerning the unavoidable absence of Messrs. E. K. Sperry, E. O. Damon, A. M. Tucker and Fred H. Clark, the latter being detained at home by severe illness, which brought forth many expressions of sympathy from all present.

Remarks were made during the evening by Pres. Power, Dr. Hayward, A. H. Sharp and D. A. Goodwin, Jr. The members laid final plans for the gathering at Assonet, on Nov. 8, and left the hotel for their homes at a late hour.

[The remainder of our report in type last week was by an error attached to the sheepdog trial report in issue of Oct. 6.]

From the *American Stock-Keeper* we learn that the New England Field Trial Club is in a healthy condition. By Nov. 1 it will have $1,000 in the treasury. Game is said to be plentiful, and 105 dozen additional quail have been guaranteed the club, and the first shipment will arrive Oct. 15. Grain has been planted, and will also be scattered over the ground for the new comers. The arrangements in progress for the care of visitors and dogs show an intelligent advance over other clubs, especially from the fact that transportation facilities will be provided for dogs to and from the grounds. If you want any further information and wish to secure quarters, write to W. A. Power, president of the club, 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

## Our "Kennel Special."

FALLS VILLAGE, Conn., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find postal note for seventy-five cents, the balance due you on my advertisement. The puppies are all sold.—W. H. CHOPIN.

## There is No Mistake About It.

HARRISONBURGH, Va., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received the copy of your paper containing our advertisement, and also a number of orders from persons desiring dogs. Will send you other advertising this week. With many thanks, C. G. HERRING, Secretary Rockingham Kennel Club, Harrisonburgh, Va.

# DOG CHAT.

### The International Field Trials.

Owing to the fact that the judges selected for the International Field Trials, to be held near Chatham, Nov. 8, were not able to give decisive answers as to whether they would act at the time of the closing of the entries for the Derby, Oct. 1, the date of closing has been extended to Oct. 15, at which time the entries for the All-Age and Amateur stakes will also close. The judges who have consented to act are: Wm. Brailsford, of Whitchurch, England: F. W. Eddy, of Detroit, Mich., and Montague Smith, of Forest, Ont. Already entries enough have been received to insure the success of the Derby, but more are expected. Everything points to a successful meeting, Birds are plentiful, although, owing to the early nests being destroyed by the heavy rains in June, they are still very small. By the time of the trials, however; the fields will be well covered with rag weed, so that the work will be more in the open than last year, when the fields were almost bare, the birds going to the bush on the first flight A new feature of the trials will be the Amateur Stake, which will be run on Nov. 7, the day before the regular trials begin. It will be for dogs broken and run by amateurs. All those sportsmen who have good ordinary shooting dogs should show that they appreciate the action of the club in providing a stake especially for them by entering their dogs. The entrance fee is $3, all of which will be given to the competitors in either cups or cash; 50 per cent. to first, 35 per cent to second, and 15 per cent. to third. The judges for this stake will be chosen by the competitors on the ground.

### Dog Show at White Plains, N. Y.

The dog show held in connection with the Westchester county fair at White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 26 to Oct. 1, was the best ever held there, and a great improvement on previous years. There were 150 entries this year against 83 last year. Mr. George Laick, of Tarrytown, N. Y., judged all breeds, and gave general satisfaction. Mr. D. C. Paulding superintended the show. Among the exhibitors were Mr. Bateman, of White Plains: S. S. Slater, and the Mount Morris Kennel, of Yonkers, N. Y., all showing St. Bernards; William H. Hyland, of North Tarrytown, N. Y., had a fine string of pointers and one Gordon setter, and a brace of beagles. Mount Morris Kennel showed three Yorkshire terriers. Mr. Henry C. Graef, of Tarrytown. N. Y., had a team of fox-terriers. George Langree, of Yonkers, N. Y., showed some of his Irish setters, and Mead & Bros., of Danbury, Conn.; brought bull-terriers, fox-terriers and cocker spaniels. Mr. Andrew Graves, of Tarrytown, N. Y., showed two good bulldogs that were very much admired. A number of pugs were also shown as well as black and tans, fox-terriers, foxhounds, coach dogs, great Danes, collies and beagles.

### Irish Setters at the P. K. C. Trials.

Mr. Chas. T. Thompson, of Philadelphia, has entered Merlin and Rockwood Hen, and Mr. E. B. Bishop, of Coffeyville, Kan., has entered his two noted field trial dogs Coleraine and Finglas in the All-Aged Stake of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's field trials. These entries have been received since the publication in our last week's issue of the names of the gentlemen who will judge those trials. We call attention again to these names with the advice to the Irish setter men of this country to enter their dogs in open trial, where they will compete with the best of the English setters and pointers. It is yet time, as the entries do not close until Oct. 15, for sportsmen to get in with their dogs. We are glad to see that such active and prominent breeders as Messrs. Thompson and Bishop are not afraid to enter their dogs where they are sure to meet hot competition. The separate trials for Irish setters are all right as far as they go, but they do not go quite far enough. To establish the undoubted merit of a bird dog it is necessary to enter him in an open trial.

### Beagle Field Trials.

Mr. Kreuder does not wish any of the beagle men to run astray in the fields of Rockland county, so he writes the following: As the time set for the beagle field trials at Nanuet is fast approaching, I desire to give those who propose attending some assistance in guiding them to the place. Nanuet is thirty miles from New York city, and in Rockland county. It is on the direct line of Northern Railroad of New Jersey, and New Jersey & New York Railroad, both starting from Erie depot, Jersey City. The West Nyack station on West Shore Railroad is two miles distant and carriages meet all trains. Trains on these roads can be had almost every hour during the day. Dogs can be shipped prepaid per United States or Wells Fargo Co. Express and returned free. Dogs coming by express and otherwise will be properly cared for in my kennel under instructions from National Beagle Club. Ample accommodations for man are provided for, but in order to place everyone comfortably and with the least annoyance after arriving, I would ask that each one on their own account advise me at the earliest date when they are due and how long they propose remaining. Hotel rates will be $1.50 and $2 per day.

### Important Importations.

The Iolanthe Kennels, of Saratoga Springs, in which the Hiltons are interested, are evidently going to make a bold bid for bench honors. According to *Stock Keeper*, Mr. J. W. E. Clarke has been making extensive purchases in England: "He has bought bulldogs from Mr. Raper; the prize-winner Rustic Sovereign; two bitches, Rock Rose, by Rabagas, and Victress, by Julius Cæsar, and a bitch puppy by Lord Yarmouth; from the same kennel he bought also a smooth fox-terrier bitch, Miss Domino, by Raby Domino. Mr. W. Harrison has supplied him with Ripon Stormer, Maystorm, Ripon Regina, and Chief Justice. Mr. Arthur Maxwell's contribution to the Iolanthe Kennels consists of the wire-hairs Dandy Jack, Tees Mixture, and Jess Frost, all three of prize repute, and further, the Welsh terriers Duffield Wonder and Dewr, who have both, by their doings, earned the K.C.S.B. number. The Irish terrier Jackanapes (28,108) also crosses the herring-pond, accompanied by Chancery Lass, who has moral reasons for not deserting the little dog." Lady Salisbury's purchase we spoke of last week. These will all come over on the Bovic, due this week.

### English Setter Club Medals.

The English Setter Club will donate one of their silver medals to the dog and bitch showing the best bench show form in the International, New England, United States and Central trials this fall. This shows a healthy sign, and any one who has seen the keen competition there is among the field trial men for the Lorillard medals during past trials knows that the donation of these medals is far-reaching in its benefit, for should a good field performer also win one of these medals, for instance Daisy Hunter, it shows them that bench show and field trial form are not incompatible.

### Danbury Show.

If any proof was needed to prove that a few shows not held under A. K. C. rules would be popular among a number of exhibitors, one had only to take a look at the Danbury fixture last week. The subject was discussed among the practicals in the intervals between heats, and the opinion prevailed that a good many are getting tired of having every win count. It is a pity that this show does not break loose from its old-fashioned ways; have a catalogue, charge an entry fee and run the show as it should be run.

### Omaha Show.

Ben Lewis is thinking of taking in the Omaha show, Oct. 24, if he can get a good team together. There is big money given out there, and Eastern exhibitors would more than likely find it an excellent opportunity to dispose of stock as well as provide a market for the future.

### Wyoming Kennels.

Mr. Sears has forwarded us a catalogue of his dogs that are for sale, and he seems in earnest this time in his resolution to clear them out. We notice that a son of Sir Bedivere and Van Dyke, whelped July 21, 1892, was sold for $250, but there are a number of other good bred ones at more reasonable prices. Sir Bedivere, we notice, is down at $4,000, Hepsey at $1,000 and Wyoming Hesper at $750.

### Irish Setter Club Trials.

The Irish Setter Club has decided on offering the following prizes for its All-Aged Stake: $200 to the winner of first, $100 to second and $50 to third. The entries to this stake, which closes Nov. 1, are coming in nicely, so Dr. Davis tells us, 13 having already been received.

Mr. Jacob Hope writes us that he has purchased the whole franchise—whatever that is—of the "Associated Fanciers" of Philadelphia, Pa. If Mr. Hope is well advised he will allow the "Associated Fanciers" to remain where public opinion has relegated it, for his own patronymic lends an air of expectancy that was entirely wanting in the "Associated." Mr Hope has just sent two pointers, a dog and a bitch, to Central America. Several people out West to whom he has sent dogs have expressed themselves as well satisfied with Mr. Hope's business methods.

The noted beagle bitch Twintwo whelped a nice litter of five to Mr. Jamieson's Forest Hunter. Mr. Jamieson is now the owner of Twintwo.

In giving the list of brood bitches in the Meadow City Kennels we should have named Becky Noble and Jennie F., the former second in the N. E. F. T. Derby last year. These are litter mates to Count Anteo, that ran into the money in All-Aged Stake at Southern trials last February. They are by Count Noble out of Gladstone's Girl. The dam of Mary Murnan is Flounce, not Florence, this bitch is sister to the late champion Sue.

The Nashville people are having their show somewhat earlier this year under the new management. It is an encouraging sign of the increased interest in kennel matters to see the shows spreading so far South, and the new kennel which has been started at Nashville by Mr. H. L. Goodman and others is bound to help matters along. The field trial element will be busy at the trials on the date chosen, Dec. 6 to 9, but doubtless there are enough non-sporting dogs around to swell the entry list.

Mr. H. L. Kreuder, who has entered heart and soul into beagle matters, has just purchased the well-known and at times sensational dog champion Frank Forest from Mr. Gates. This time the price is not for publication, but nevertheless Mr. Kreuder has secured a good dog.

Ed Booth took the crack smooth St. Bernard, Empress of Contoocook, to visit Sir Bedivere last Monday week, but the fates were not propitious and she was mated with Jim Blaine. The Duchess Kennels had five bitches in season at once, and Mr. Booth has been doing some hustling to get them all mated as he would like. He tells us that barring coat, which needs a little attention, Sir Bedivere is as lively as ever and in good health. This dog's health, if one believed the reports, is as changeable as a weather cock. The dog is all right, as we have taken particular pains to ascertain, and in the stud is a success, he sired a litter of 17 the other day and another of 13. We believe in giving every man "a show," and especially one who has risked large money, as Mr. Sears has done, in getting together a good kennel of St. Bernards, and it is contemptible business to circulate injurious reports to the detriment of another's stock; underhand methods in business are one thing and honest business rivalry is quite another.

On Monday, Oct. 3, Mr. Wilson Fiske's English setters Domingo and Dominion strayed from Plainfield. No news until Monday, 10th, when Domingo returned, a shadow and footsore, but hungry, so they were not picked up as was supposed. Where is the bitch Dominion? She is a large, good-looking blue belton, very light ticked, both sides of head black. She may have been found by some one; if so, communicate with FOREST AND STREAM or Wilson Fiske, 102 Chambers street, and any expenses, etc., will be cheerfully paid.

The proposed meeting of the English Setter Club was not held Oct. 4, as there was no quorum. It will be held same time and place Nov. 1.

In speaking of the Flour City Kennels' sale of mastiffs and the ill-luck that has attended the kennel in raising pups, the impression may have been given that the bitches are not fruitful. On the contrary, there is no difficulty about the whelping, but it is the raising the pups afterward. It is so in some kennels, the Hospice, for instance; yet when the bitches left that kennel ten to one they had good litters and raised them. Caution's Own Daughter has, we are told, a grand young pup doing finely. It must not be forgotten that this sale is peculiar in that the highest bid by letter takes the dog named, on the date stated in the advertisement.

The Trenton Fair people, recognizing the popularity of dog shows, have, we understand, decided to erect a building and hold a show next fall during the fair.

The regular monthly meeting of the American Pet Dog Club will be held at 329 Lexington avenue, New York, Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 3 P. M.

The deliciously truthful picture entitled "Breakfast," in this issue, will appeal to all dogmen and the "laity" alike, for it is one of the brightest gems of the Amateur Photographic Competition.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Povcrino, Lansdowne Quiz, Lansdowne Needles, Lansdowne Pins and Miss Miggs.* By Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., for fox-terriers, three dogs and two bitches, whelped June 30, 1892, by Triton out of Dimity.

*Lansdowne Tessa.* By Lansdowne Kennels, for fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 1, 1892, by Pitcher (Brokenhurst Tim—Daffodilly, out of Little Trotter (General Grant—Oxford Nora).

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Yum Yum—Henmore Shamrock.* B. P. Rotherock's (Williamsport, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Yum Yum (Rob—Daisy) to F. L. Cheney's Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca), Aug. 19.

*Bennett's Flirt—Duke of Dexter.* W. B. Bennett's (Acushnet, Mass.) pointer bitch Bennett's Flirt (Grandee—Vickery's Daisy) to C. D. Roberts's Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), July 26.

*Lady Ormonde—King Regent.* J. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa. St. Bernard bitch Lady Ormonde (Monte Rosa—Theon( to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent), June 18.

*Sunray—King Regent.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Sunray (Alton—Duchess of Roseberry) to their King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent), July 2.

*College Queen—King Regent.* A. C. Bradbury's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch College Queen (champion Pouf—Lady Curzen) to Swiss Mountain Kenneis' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent—July 23.

*Lilly—King Regent.* T. Carroll's (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lilly (Marquis of Stafford—Effon) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent), Aug. 6.

*Lakme—Scottish Leader.* Mr. Cobden's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lakme (champion Merchant Prince—Bernie V.) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader (Scottish Guide—Lady Sunrise), June 16.

*Lady Lowden—Scottish Leader.* J. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Lowden (champion Plinlimmon—Lady Linton) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader (Scottish Guide—Lady Sunrise), June 22.

*Duchess of Arlington—Scottish Leader.* Swiss Mountain Kenneis' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Arlington (Lord Bute—Margharita) to their Scottish Leader (Scottish Guide—Lady Sunrise), July 7.

*Daisy—Henmore Shamrock.* F. L. Cheney's Irish setter bitch Daisy (Chief—Leigh Doane) to his Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca), Sept. 3.

*Rose Gladstone—Bow Bondhu.* V. L. Bossa's (New Canaan, Conn.) English setter bitch Rose Gladstone (Dan Gladstone—Belton's Princess) to his Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep), Aug. 23.

*Lou—Bow Bondhu.* E. H. Carrier's (Westchester, Conn ) English setter bitch Lou (Ely's Breeze—Bessie Dale) to V. L. Bossa's Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep), Sept. 9.

*Lady Austin—Scottish Leader.* J. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Austin (Austin Friar—Treasure) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader (Scottish Guide—Lady Sunrise), Aug. 1.

*Nellie Bly—Snowball.* W. B. Douglass's (Bristol, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie Bly (Nubian—Queen) to Swiss Mountain Kenneis' Snowball (Dandy W.—Chip K), Aug. 14.

*Margharita—King Regent.* F. E. Lamb's (Arlington, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Margharita (champion Plinlimmon—Minnie) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent), Aug. 20.

*Thelma—King Regent.* E. Dudley's (Camden, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Thelma to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent), Aug. 27.

*Beda II.—Scottish Leader.* F. Linck's (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Beda II. (——Beda) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader (Scottish Guide—Lady Sunrise), Aug 24.

*Sunol—King Regent.* F. E. Lamb's (Arlington, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Sunol (Novar—Lady Roseberry) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent), Sept. 6.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Kenora.* W. H. Dixon's (Jamestown, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Kenora (Fritz—Lioness), Aug. 27, eleven (seven dogs), by A. D. Sharpe's Hero (Mingo—Psyche).

*Empress Josephine.* R. D. Hill's (Trenton, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Empress Josephine, Aug. 12, sixteen (twelve dogs); half the litter since dead.

——. C. B. Pinco's (Bar Harbor, Me.) pointer bitch —— (Mikado—Bang's Mollie), Aug. 8, nine (six dogs), by C. D. Roberts's Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski).

*Miss Waggles.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Waggles (champion Jersey—Chip K), July 15, four (two dogs), by their Snowball (Dandy W.—Chip K.).

*Lady Gay.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Gay (Bringay—Mollie), July 11, four (two dogs), by John Evan's Cop.

*Donna Silva.* H. Ireland's (Clementon, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Donna Silva (champion Duke of Wellington—Calypso), July 7, five, by Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent).

*Loraine.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Loraine (Nero—Favorite), July 14, five (one dog), by Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent).

*Dart.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Dart (champion Duke of Wellington—Tip Top), July 8, eleven (five dogs), by their Scottish Leader (Scottish Guide—Lady Sunrise).

*Geraldine.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Geraldine (Matterhorn—Veda II.), July 24, three (one dog), by their Scottish Leader (Scottish Guide—Lady Sunrise).

*Lady Ormonde.* J. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Ormonde (Monte Rosa—Theon), Aug. 17, eleven (seven dogs), by Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent).

*Sunray.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Sunray (Alton—Duchess of Roseberry), Aug. 30, five (three dogs), by their King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent).

*Duchess of Arlington.* Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Arlington (Lord Bute—Margharita), Sept. 8, six (three dogs), by their Scottish Leader (Scottish Guide—Lady Sunrise).

*Lady Velna.* Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Velna (Regent—Edgewood Belle), July 16, five (one dog), by F. W. Moulton's Roscoe (Bendigo—Starlight).

*Dimity.* Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Dimity (Raffle—Warren Vivid), June 30, five (three dogs), by their Triton (Raffle—Warren Dainty).

*Golden Rod.* C. Clippinger's (Lansing, Mich.) pointer bitch Golden Rod (champion Beaufort—Zuba), Aug. 18, seven (five dogs), by J. H. Winslow's Inspiration (champion Bang Bang—Telie Doe).

*Belle of the Shawangunks.* S. Greenhalgh's (Middletown, N. Y.) English setter bitch Belle of the Shawangunks (champion Monk of Furness—Lady Snowflake), Aug. 18, four (three dogs), by Dr. J. E. Hair's Albert's Beau (champion Count Howard—champion Donna Juanita).

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Comet II.* White bull-terrier dog, by Comet out of Nora, by Toon & Symonds, Salem, Mass., to H. M. Howes, Somerville, Mass.

*Duke of Loraine.* Orange, perfect markings, rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 9, 1890, by Marquis of Stafford out of Loraine, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to F. E. Hege, Salem, N. C.

*Flash.* Liver and white pointer dog, by Duke of Hessen out of Fatinitza, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to Geo. Bostwick, Lee, Mass.

*Flirtation.* Liver and white pointer bitch, by Fleet out of Judy, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to R. W. Pope, Gardiner, Me.

*Dick.* Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1891, by Henmore Shamrock out of Daisy, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to A. M. Cooley, Easton, Pa.

*Henmore Shamrock—Onota Pey whelp.* Red Irish setter dog, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to H. W. Cooley, Easton, Pa.

*Onota Don—Daisy whelp.* Red Irish setter dog, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to J. Van Buren, South Norwalk, Conn.

*Snowball—Brownie S. whelp.* Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 30 1892, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to A. Busier, same place.

*Snowball—Miss Waggles whelp.* Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 5, 1892, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to Jas. Taylor, New York city.

*Roscoe—Loumont Kit whelp.* White bull-terrier dog, whelped April 29, 1892, by M. M. Howes, Somerville, Mass., to J. N. Taylor, Boston, Mass.

*King Regent—Princess Hepsey whelps.* Orange, perfect markings, rough St. Bernards, whelped June 9, 1892, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., a dog each to Thos. Carroll, Germantown, Pa., and Jos. Connah, Westfield, N. J.; a bitch each to R. Josenhaus, Chicago, Ill., and Chas. Van Brunt, Fort Hamilton, L. I.

*King Regent—Harmony whelps.* Rough St. Bernards, whelped May 6, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., three dogs to J. J. Persch, same place; a bitch to Miss M. R. Simkins, Vineland, N. J.; a dog and bitch to L. Loomis, New York city; a dog to M. W. Mahaffy, Williamsport, Pa.

*King Regent—Nanzibel whelp.* Rough St. Bernard dog, whelped April 11, 1892, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to J. Fischer, Philadelphia, Pa.

*King Regent—Dart whelp.* Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Dec. 9, 1891, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., to W. E. McGill, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Scottish Leader—Dart whelps.* Orange tawny rough St. Bernards whelped July 8 1892, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., a dog to A. M. Young, Bay Shore, L. I.; a dog each to H. F. McGeoy and J. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., and a bitch to E. J. Estlock, Sioux City, Ia.

*Empire State—Mystic whelps.* Rough St. Bernards, whelped July 3, 1892, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., an orange, white markings, dog each to F. E. Hege, Salem, N. C.; E. J. Estlock, Sioux City, Ia., and Mrs. S. P. Reif, Norristown, Pa.; an orange, perfectly marked, bitch to Tom Stewart, Fort Worth, Texas.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

W. C. W., Elizabethport, N. J.—The breeding of your Irish setter pup is of the best, if the pedigree you send is correct.

J. D. K., Emporium, Pa.—The dog you mention is not registered in the English Stud Book. The E. K. C. secretary's address is W. W. Aspinall, Cleveland Row, London S.W., England.

J. M. S., Fort Niobrara, Neb.—We do not know Mr. Lanier's present address. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to tell you. This Mr. Lanier is supposed to be a breeder of Irish setters, at one time living near Madison, Ind.

F. S., Allentown, Pa.—Will you please inform me if there are any rules to govern a fox chase when you lead the fox? Ans.—We suppose you mean a drag hunt. We know of no special rules, but suppose the run would be carried out as in an ordinary run after the wild fox, with this exception, that the trail is laid between known points. The Brunswick Fur Club publish the only fox-hunting rules we know of. Secretary, J. H. Baird, Auburndale, Mass.

J. N., Smithtown.—You had better take the dog to a veterinary surgeon. If you do not do so try the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| Quinine sulph | 3 ss. |
| Acid hydr carbon dil. in | xxi. |
| Tr. ferri. perchlor | 3 iii. |
| Aq | 3 vi. |

Mist. Tablespoonful three times a day. Keep him indoors.

# Yachting.

It is all very well to talk of roaring gales and flying spray, of clawing off a lee shore and heaving to in a hurricane; but the tarriest old sea dog in the fleet knows, though he probably is not honest enough to admit it, that the keenest pleasure that ever falls to a yachtsman's lot is to enjoy a dry and comfortable seat ashore where he can watch a comrade miss stays and shoot by a mooring without catching it. It is with somewhat of this feeling that the FOREST AND STREAM and many yachtsmen who believe in American fair play can now look on at the maneuvers of the Boston *Herald*. After running by the lee for a long time, the *Herald* has at last awakened to the fact, long evident to every one else, that it has been and still is on the wrong tack, and that a jibe can no longer be avoided. The realization has been so long deferred that the danger of being taken aback is imminent, and only rapid and skillful work will prevent the boom from coming over on the backstays and runners, with a very probable loss of spars.

When the new deed of gift was first published, the *Herald* started in with an unqualified indorsement of it and all connected with it, Com. Gerry, the special committee and Gen. Paine. The various clauses and provisions, including the dimension clause, were declared to be not only necessary, but absolutely fair and liberal. The *Herald* was not only one of the many American papers which attempted to refute the objections made by the FOREST AND STREAM, but it is one of the very few which have continued to do so. The New York papers, the *Tribune*, the *World*, the *Times*, the *Post* and others have all condemned the new deed, but the Boston *Herald* has still defended it.

For a year past it has been steadily changing its ground on the question of the dimension clause (quietly shifting the spinaker boom to the other side), but up to the last few weeks it has ridiculed the idea of any change of the deed, and has repeatedly asserted that all opposition to it was on the part of a few mischief makers and Anglomaniacs.

Within the past week, however, the *Herald* has acquired a vast amount of valuable information. It has learned that "there is no disguising the fact that there is a strong feeling in the (New York) club that everything should be done toward bringing about the match, and all seem to think that Lord Dunraven should be conceded a great deal." Also, that "there are those who always believed that it was not just the proper thing to ask the dimensions of the challenging yacht." It quotes four well-known yachtsmen, Messrs. Kortright, Canfield, Carroll and Nicholson Kane as in favor of such concessions as will restore international racing. It has discovered that Lord Dunraven is a gentleman and a sportsman, it warmly approves of Mr. Kersey, who is acting for Lord Dunraven, and it has even gone so far as to cease to abuse Mr. Watson. The "90ft. class," once lauded as the only class which should be permitted to race for the America's Cup, is now forgotten, and every emphasis is laid on Lord Dunraven's supposed challenge with a 70-footer.

Our convictions on the subject of the new deed of gift, both as to the manner of its adoption and the matter of its several provisions, are the same now after five years of assault and argument from all quarters that they were at first; and it is most gratifying to us to see one after another of our opponents admitting willingly or otherwise, the justice of our contention, that the new deed is both illegal and unfair.

THE New York Yacht Racing Association has found the task of enforcing the observation of the racing rules by all of its large fleet a rather difficult one, and in spite of the care and vigilance exercised by the very able regatta committee, the last race, like the preceding ones, has been followed by the necessity of disqualifying one or more yachts. In the present case the circumstances are such that the committee have no course open to them but to disqualify the flagship of the Association, the yacht having crossed the starting line with no number up, although the racing programme stated explicitly that no yacht without a number would be timed. The owner, we understand, considers that he has good reasons to excuse the absence of a number, but as special facilities for distributing the numbers were employed, and as other yachts without numbers refrained from starting in view of the special notice of the committee, such reasons can hardly be considered. The absolute necessity of carrying racing numbers where a fleet of over 100 yachts is to be timed is beyond need of proof, and if such numbers are to be carried in the future the rule must be rigidly enforced, without exceptions. In the hurry and confusion of race day it is often difficult or inconvenient to obtain a yacht's number, but in view of the necessity for carrying one each owner must assume the responsibility of obtaining and properly displaying it.

The new orders for the Herreshoffs include a 90ft. steam yacht which will cruise to Chicago next year, a 30ft. centerboard boat partly completed, for New York owners, and a 20ft. craft.

## New York Yacht Racing Association.

A MEETING of the New York Yacht Racing Association was held at O'Neill's on Oct. 7. The following clubs were represented by delegates: Bayswater, Brooklyn, Canarsie, Columbia, Indian Harbor, Jersey City, Oceanic, Staten Island Athletic, Tappan Zee, Williamsburgh and Yonkers Corinthian. The president, Com. A. J. Prime, called the meeting promptly to order at 8:15, Mr. Geo. Parkhill acting as secretary.

Various business of importance was transacted, the most important, however, being the regatta committee report, quite a lengthy document, read by Mr. George E. Gartland, chairman of the committee. The following are some extracts from the report:

"The morning of the race opened beautifully, a clear sky and southerly wind starting in, which gave every promise of freshening. When the race was started there was a good whole sail breeze from about south to south by west, which with slight variation held true to the finish. In fact, it was such a day that the association might have ordered. Everything tended to make this regatta a success and the committee expected a great lot of starters. In this respect they were not disappointed, as 101 yachts actually crossed the starting line.

"The committee has given the matter of the distribution of numbers much careful study and concluded that the mode inaugurated by them at the last regatta was as nearly perfect as possible. They engaged the same large sloop, which was anchored at the starting line, as early as 8 o'clock on the morning preceding the race and remained until after the finish. On board were the numbers, the captain and one man. From information that had come to the committee after the race, there were at least fifteen yachts that arrived too late to obtain their numbers and start. The committee are proud to say, however, that, notwithstanding that fact, they started the greatest regatta ever held in New York Bay.

"They took up their position at the start at 10:30 A. M., and gave the preparatory signal at 11:40 A. M. At 11:50 A. M. the signal to start for classes A to H both inclusive, at 12 M. the signal for classes 1 to 5 both inclusive, at 12:10 P. M. the signal for classes 6 to 10 both inclusive, and at 12:20 the handicap signal. Several were handicapped, having started after the expiration of the ten minutes allowed their class, and several having started before the signal for their class were disqualified by the committee. The race was finished before 5:15 P. M."

Five protests were received, as follows:

1. Mr. Clinton R James, owner of the open cat Undine, sailing in Class 8, protested Defiance as not sailing the course. As Mr. James failed to substantiate his protest, and as Messrs. Bonnay and Potter submitted an affidavit that they had sailed the course and complied with the rules in every respect, the committee dismissed the protest and awarded the race to Defiance.

2. Mr. Fred Muller, owner of the cabin cat Ripple, sailing in Class 5, protested Water Witch and Nellie K., as not going the course. After an affidavit had been presented by Mr. Randall, owner of the Water Witch, that he had sailed the course as prescribed and complied with the rules, Mr. Muller withdrew his protest and the race and prize was awarded Water Witch.

3. Com. C. H. Benson, owner of cabin sloop Millie, sailing in Class G, protested Mr. F. A. Perret's Wabneta, asking for a remeasurement, which was made, showing Wabneta 25ft. 8⅝in. as against 25ft. 5in., and Millie 25ft. 4½in. as against 25ft. 3in. The new measurement did not alter the result and the race and prize were awarded Wabneta.

4. Mr. E. M Post, owner of the open cat Bon Ton, sailing in Class 9, protested Capt. Elsworth's Ges So, asking for a remeasurement. The new measurement made the Ges So 18ft. 3⅝in. as against 18ft. 3in. The new measurement did not alter the result, merely reducing the time by which Ges So won. The race was awarded to Ges So.

5. The Williamsburgh Y. C. informed the committee that the reputed owner of I Thought So, winner in Class 3, was not a member of the club, nor was the boat enrolled in their fleet. After giving the interested parties a chance to be heard in the matter and no one appearing in behalf of I Thought So, she was disqualified and the race awarded to the next boat in that class—Mosquito.

The following were disqualified with the reasons for disqualification: In Class 6, Com. A. L Brush, Henrietta; in Class 8, Messrs. Durham and Relyeas, Eureka, and Mr. J. C. Egerton's B.Q. for starting before signal for their classes.

The committee after considering the question carefully determined to disqualify A. J. Prime's schooner Florida, sailing in Class A, for the reason that she did not start with her racing number as required by the rule relating to numbers, and awarded the race and prize in Class A to Mr. Geo. W. Poucher's Edith, the next yacht in Class A.

The following are the winners in their respective classes:

Class A—Edith, Geo. W. Poucher, Yonkers Cor. Y. C., beats Vice-Com, G. F. Shaver's Beatrice, of the same club, 3m. 1 4-10s.

Class C—Dolphin, Com. Henry F. Allen, Hudson River Y. C., walks over.

Class D—Ileika, Mr. E. H. Converse, Brooklyn Y. C., beats C. Mitlesdorf's Avalon, Pavonia Y. C., 40m. 18 6 10s.

Class E—Carrie Van Voorhis, J. H. Thorn, Yonkers Cor. Y. C., beats Nameless, Messrs. Pringle & Haskins, Columbia Y. C., 2m. 13 6-10s.

Class F—Seabolt, W. P. Willis, Newark Y. C., beats Henry Ward Beecher, Messrs. Bevers & Tompkins, Yonkers Cor. Y. C., 2m. 58 5 10s.

Class G—Wabneta, F. A. Perret, Brooklyn Y. C., beats Willie, Com. C. H. Benson, Jersey City Y. C., 24 9 10s

Class H—Yawl Bessie, Vice-Com. G. Van Horne, Jersey City Y. C., beats Seneca, J. P. Tribkens, the latter not finishing.

Class I—Charm, Vice-Com, F. S. Ketcham and H. P. Campbell, New Jersey Y. C., beats Eagle Wing, Scott & Burlton, same club, 21m. 2 2-10s.

Class J—J. T. Corlett, Conrad Rothmal, Hudson River Y. C., beats J. A. Cameron, J. J. McCarthy, same club, 7m. 29 7-10s.

Class 3—Mosquito, F. H. Hegler, Pavonia Y. C., beats Osceola, M. M. McGrath, Oceanic Y. C., 8m. 22s.

Class 4—Nellie, Rear-Com. M. F. Plant, Indian Harbor Y. C., beats Almira, Wilmerad Hanan, same club, 2m.

Class 5—Water Witch, F. M. Randall, Pavonia Y. C., beats Willie K., S. Kimberlin, Oceanic Y. C., 7m. 16s.

Class 6—Dolphin, Geo. C. Robinson, Brooklyn Y. C., beats Wilmerad, Wilmerad Hanan, Indian Harbor Y. C., 1m. 37 3-10s.

Class 7—Twilight, H. B. Duryea, North Shrewsbury Y. C., beats Winona, J. E. Grover, Hudson River Y. C., 39m. 7 2-10s.

Class 8—Defiance, Messrs. Bonnay & Cober, Pavonia Y. C., beats Undine, C. R. James, North Shrewsbury Y. C., 2m. 8 5-10s

Class 9—Ges So, Capt. Jos. Elsworth, Jersey City Y. C., beats Bon Ton, E. M. Post, Staten Island Athletic Club, 5 5-10s.

Class 10—Chip, W. E. Elsworth, Kill von Kull Y. C., beats Gracie, H. Stinemier, 3m. 47s.

The committee attached to their report a summary of the race and the various affidavits and statements made in connection with the protests and disqualifications of the 18 classes in the association. There were starters in all but Class B—or in 17—last year there were starters in but 13.

A necessary improvement was embodied in the suggestion, made to the association and yacht owners that in future regattas, that yachts after having once finished should not re-cross the line, and that boats not sailing the whole course should not cross the finish line; as under any circumstances the duties of the committee are arduous, and such re-crossing gives them much unnecessary work.

A statement of their expenses is also given and compared with those of last year.

The report concludes with congratulations over the successful regatta, and with the hope that in each year that follows they will gain as much as this has over last year.

On a motion to receive and adopt the report with thanks to the committee, Com. Prime asked a question of privilege and stated to the meeting that he thought that as he had applied twice for his number he did all that was required, and that he was sorry, although not complaining of the decision that he should have been made an example of, urging that as soon as he could after crossing the line he made and placed a number on his sail and finished with it in place. An amendment was made to the original motion that the report be adopted with the exception of anything therein relating to the disqualification of Florida. It was so ordered. Another motion was made that it was the sense of this meeting that the question of Florida be referred to executive committee, by the regatta committee. The regatta committee then announced that they agreed to so refer the matter for final determination to the executive committee.

The question of not carrying a number was discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 16, 1890, when the yacht Just Woke Up was disqualified by the regatta committee, and what we then said seems applicable to the present case. The necessity for carrying numbers being clearly proven, it rests with the regatta committee to provide every facility for procuring them, and with the owners to avail themselves of these facilities and make certain of having the proper number in good season. In the present case the distribution of numbers was managed with more than usual care by the committee, the number to be provided being very large. Yacht owners had ample warning, both in previous discussions and in a special notice in the circular, and while an owner may consider that he has good reasons for not complying with the plain rule, on the other hand, the work of timing would be rendered impossible if any exception to the rule were permitted.

Mr. George Parkhill, chairman of the entertainment committee, submitted his report, showing the receipts and disbursements of his committee for the regatta. The receipts fell much behind those of last year, and it left a deficit of about $66 in the regatta. This is to be regretted, and nobody but the clubs in the association can be blamed for it. If they would take a little more interest in the disposition of the tickets for the club steamer it could very easily be made to pay. We understand that these regattas are expected to pay for themselves, and if they do not the fault lies with those members who, although entering their boats, do not lend it that financial aid necessary. An appropriation of $200 was made for prizes. This is much too low for a race of such interest, but as all the money in the treasury was appropriated, the committee has done the best they could under the circumstances.

## Intrepid.

EVERY old yachtsman will experience a pang of regret at the sale of the schooner Intrepid, for the first time since her launch fourteen years since, and the transferral of Mr. Lloyd Phœnix's name to the list of steam yachtsmen; but at the same time this loss to the sailing fleet is to a certain extent compensated by the addition of the steam division of a new Intrepid whose reputation is likely to equal even that of the old. The schooner was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, in 1878, as a cruising vessel for Mr. Phœnix, being one of the earlier yachts built from a design on paper instead of a block model. She was launched in the same year from Poillon's old yard at the foot of Bridge street, Brooklyn; and has ever since remained under the same ownership, flying the red burgee with the familiar black dragon in many foreign ports. As a cruiser, her design was well ahead of its day, and she has held her own up to the present date against more modern craft, while the manner in which she has been kept up has made her in every way one of the finest representatives of the American cruising fleet.

The new yacht which is to succeed her has been planned with the greatest care, and with her owner's life-long experience as a sailor and yachtsman she is likely to become no less noted than the old craft. The design is the work of Mr. J. Beavor Webb, designer of the successful steam yachts Sultana, Utowana and Corsair; and the yacht has been constructed under his immediate supervision; the builders being Messrs. Neafie & Levy, of Philadelphia.

The new Intrepid is quite a beamy vessel, 27ft. beam on a waterline of 132ft., the over all length being 163ft. 6in. The draft is 13ft. 6in. The model shows that the yacht is intended to sail; the keel is slightly rockered, with a good forefoot, the sternpost has a rake of about 15 degrees, and the topsides end in a light and well-shaped counter suggestive of a sailing rather than the usual steam yacht. The engines are triple-expansion, 9½, 14 and 23½×19, with a Bevis feathering screw, two-bladed. The boiler is of the return tubular type, 10ft. 3in. diameter and 8ft. 6in. long, the working pressure being 160lbs. The yacht will carry a large area of canvas, being rigged as a three-masted schooner.

The hull is of steel, the keel being a steel trough of semi-circular section. The garboards are $^{9}/_{16}$in. and the plating of the bilge $^{7}/_{16}$in., the plating being "in and out." The frames and reverse bars are 2½×3¾, spaced 22in., the deck beams are half bulb and angle, 3×6in., and the bulkheads ¼in. The fore bulkhead of the engine-room fits close about the boiler, making an air-tight stokehole, there being two blowers above the boiler. The stack is telescopic, with one short movable length that stows over the boiler when not in use.

The main saloon is abaft the engine space and encroaches on it above the level of the lower deck, giving a large saloon above and ample space for the engines below. Abaft the engine room bulkhead are two large water tanks. Beginning just abaft the mizzenmast, the deck is broken by a poop extending from rail to rail and aft to the taffrail, giving very ample quarters in the after part of the ship, the head room throughout the cabins being about 8ft. The poop is about 22in. above the main deck, and will be well lighted and ventilated by oblong windows 1×2ft., 3 on each side in the bulwarks and 6 in the fore end, looking out along the main deck. There is a small deck house of steel plate just forward of the mizzenmast, with a bridge, though the poop deck is sufficiently high to permit a clear view over the house. The yacht was launched on Oct. 8, but will not be ready for sea for some time, the steel work of the hull alone being completed. The engines are not yet ready in the shop, and the decks are not down. As already stated, she will bear the name of the old yacht Intrepid.

## Cruising and Cruisers.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In answer to the proposition published by Mr. Wicksteed, in your issue of Sept. 29, to race his "spoontail" against my "spoonbill," permit me to say that the lateness of the season, the many hundreds of miles separating us, and also the fact that I am at present without a boat, prevents the arrangement of a friendly contest. But I think Mr. Wicksteed will bear me out in saying that a race between Moccasin and the handsome craft he designed, which were the two boats discussed in your columns last winter, would not settle the question of the intrinsic merits of the respective types. Moccasin was built for the sportsman cruiser to travel, shoot and fish, live, and as Walt Whitman puts it, to "Loaf and invite my soul" in, while the Cobourg boat was evidently designed mainly for pleasure sailing and holiday cruising, and as I rejoice to learn has proved a decided success.

Early in the summer I was instrumental in launching on one of the small lakes of the Northwest a spoonbill designed with some intention of learning what speed could be evolved from this mode of build. This little ship was spread well fore and aft, having the popular exaggerated overhangs and corresponding measurement-cheating waterline, with an enormous rig cut in two pieces. She proved very able and fast in heavy weather as well as in light winds, and performed well on all points of sailing.

The first week in September the boat passed into the hands of an enthusiast who cares more for a racing machine and less for cruising than your correspondent. More cruising and less racing will, I trust, claim my attention next year, and although I am not certain where my lines will be cast another season, still I have in my mind a compact little model wherein I hope to loiter along bright waters where the "leaping fish sport and the agile deer comes to drink."

But what has become of all the singlehand fellows? Have they all turned racers? Has the romantic sport which "Nessmuk" and "Seneca" wrote about before their pens were forever laid to rest passed into oblivion? Are there none left to relate charming episodes of voyages into waters where the supple bamboo and the glistening gun barrel claims prestige over the burgee of the yachtsman? Perhaps Mr. Wicksteed will spin us a yarn. True, he says he is not a patron of rod and gun, but then he is a singlehander, and a cruiser of that sort always has eyes and ears for the glories of nature; and I take it that sums up the qualities of a sportsman true, for that multifariously defined being should never be a person who revels exclusively in reminiscences of the vicarious adjuncts to his outing.

Your Canadian correspondent proved himself a judicious quill driver when he skippered the Sylvia and navigated the waters in the Superior region, so let him give us an account of his vacation rambles in the new craft in default of any possibility of recroing a racing event this season with

CAYUGA.

Oct. 5.

## Alva.

THE local inspectors at Boston, Messrs. Andrew Burnham and Andrew J. Savage, made public last week their decision in the case of the Alva—Dimock collision, the conclusion being as follows:

"We are satisfied that the collision was not caused by misbehavior, negligence, or unskillfulness on the part of the licensed officers of H. F. Dimock, and they are therefore exonerated from all blame.

"The only testimony we have from any one on the Alva is that of Capt. Henry Morrison, by which we are forced to the belief that the Alva, at the time of the collision, was being navigated in violation of Section 4,401, United States Revised Statutes, she not being under the control of a pilot licensed for that route.

"We are satisfied that a licensed pilot possessing skill and experience on these waters would never have anchored where the Alva was.

"We are forced to the conclusion that this collision was caused by the violation of the statute above mentioned, and that life was placed in peril by reason of such violation, and it becomes our duty to apply the penalty provided in Section 4,450, United States Revised Statutes, to do, therefore, suspend the license of Capt. Henry Morrison as master for the term of six months from this date."

Captain Morrison has begun a suit of a novel nature by filing a libel against the Metropolitan Steamship Company for the sum of $1,306.80, the value of nautical instruments and other personal property lost on the yacht and owned by him. The libel demands that the court summon all persons sustaining losses through the sinking of the Alva; and that the steamship owners be forced to settle pro rata with all. This action, which is without precedent, makes Mr. Vanderbilt and others party to the suit. The steamship company has already taken legal action to secure the appraisement of their vessel, the H. F. Dimock, at the sum of $80,000, limiting their total liability in the event of a loss of the suit to this nominal figure.

A yacht club called the Poughkeepsie Y. C. has just been organized, the officers being: Com., Powell E. Hobert; Vice-Com., J. A. Hartman; Sec., Raymond Houpt; Treas., John Furman; Meas., John Haubennestel; Stewards, Gustav Nulting, Charles Myers and George Hartman. The club will build a boat and club house near Fox's Point in the spring.

### Measurement in the 21ft. Class.

THE success of the Herreshoff centerboard Alpha in Boston waters has resulted in an effort on the part of some yachtsmen to secure the readoption of the length rule for the class, a backward movement which has much against it and nothing in its favor save that under a length rule Alpha will receive no time from boats much larger in every way save length. A correspondent of the Boston *Globe* writes as follows in favor of the present rule, his points being worthy of a careful consideration by all interested:

"While the discussion as to the best measurement rule for next year's racing is arousing interest among yachtsmen, a brief plea for the continuance of the present rule should not be out of place. It is reasonable to suppose that a waterline length rule pure and simple, would produce the "brute" type of boat, for the avoidance of which the sail area rule was designed. Large sail plans would surely be used if they were not taxed. This means a dangerous boat, especially when of the centerboard type; a boat harder to handle, requiring a larger crew, better construction to stand the strain and consequently greater expense for construction and maintenance, and altogether a more unhandy type.

"Is this waterline length rule the only straw for this year's defeated designers to clutch at? Is it a good argument for the abolition of the present rule that it has developed a handy low-powered boat which, except in one or two cases, has not needed her time allowance to beat her rivals? I think it argues for the retention of the rule. No one doubts that Herreshoff, working under a waterline rule, could produce a larger Alpha with more sail which could defeat the present champion, but it is doubtful if the same boat would do it under the present rule. Which is the easier boat to handle, the best type to encourage?

"In support of the statement that better construction is needed in a high-powered boat, I venture the assertion that in the only series this summer when rough weather was encountered (the Corinthian races at Marblehead), the high-powered boats required constant pumping to enable them to sail the course, while the low-powered boats were practically as tight and manageable as on a calm day.

"'Vested interests' should be considered in changing a rule, though they should not stand in the way of progress. It is the opinion of many that a return to the waterline length rule would be a backward step, not a forward one. Would it not be better to discuss a scheme of classification by sailing length under the present rule? Why should boats be measured for time allowance by one rule and classified by another? CORINTHIAN."

### Stony Point Y. C., First Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE first annual regatta of the Stony Point Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 24 in a light S.E. breeze. The start was from off the club house at Port Morris, thence to Riker's Island Buoy, second leg to College Point Buoy, thence home, passing inside of Hunt's Point Buoy.

The race was started at 2 P. M., most of the boats crossing promptly. Times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| CLASS I. | | | | |
| Little Tom | 2 00 00 | 3 49 00 | 1 49 20 | 1 42 00 |
| CLASS II. (UNDER 16FT.) | | | | |
| Uno | 2 00 00 | 3 49 00 | 1 49 00 | 1 42 00 |
| Fright | 2 00 00 | 3 53 00 | 1 53 00 | 1 44 57 |
| Frolic | 2 00 00 | 4 08 00 | 2 08 00 | 1 59 00 |
| Sinbad | 2 00 00 | 4 13 00 | 2 13 00 | 2 02 30 |
| Hustler | 2 00 00 | 4 30 00 | 2 30 00 | 2 18 40 |
| Dolphin | 2 00 00 | 4 34 00 | 2 34 00 | 2 23 30 |
| Pollywog | 2 00 00 | Disabled. | | |

Uno won in second class and also made the fastest time over course. Fright took second prize. In Class I. Little Tom had a sail-over.

The Seawanhaka rule was adopted for measurement and classification, and has proved satisfactory in the small open boats of which the club is principally composed.

The judges were Messrs. James Green and Charles Brambach.

### International Racing.

NOTHING has occurred since last week in the matter of Lord Dunraven's challenge. The following notice has been posted on the club's bulletin board:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, Oct. 5, 1892.

A preliminary challenge for the America's Cup has been received from the Earl of Dunraven. The following cablegram has been sent him:

"DUNRAVEN, 27 Norfolk street, Park lane, London—Letter received. Will be considered by the club at a special meeting on the 18th inst.

"ODDIE, Sec'y."

The meeting first set for Oct. 10 has been postponed to Oct. 18. Though the conditions mentioned by Lord Dunraven have not been made public they are understood to include a virtual abandonment of the new deed of gift as governing all future races, and for this race the acceptance of a challenge without the beam and draft of the challenging yacht being limited, the sailing of five races, and the starting of each race at the appointed hour, providing either of the contestants should desire it. There is nothing unfair or unreasonable in any of these conditions, and there is good reason to hope that the New York Y. C. will embrace such a favorable opportunity to renew international racing in a contest with such a yachtsman and sportsman as Lord Dunraven, even at the expense of a little of its *amour propre*.

### Sidewheel and Screw.

THE rivalry between the old type of sidewheel beam engine steamers and the propellers on Long Island Sound has resulted in an exciting race of 30 miles in addition to many short trials of speed. The race has been talked of for some time, and on the night of Oct. 4 a number of steamboat men took passage on the steamer Puritan of the Fall River Line, Capt. Simmons, while others boarded the new steamer R. J. Peck, Capt. Peck, at New Haven. The Puritan is recognized as the fastest of the large Sound steamers with sidewheels and beam engine, while the Peck, a smaller boat, is a new vessel, in commission but a month, a twin screw boat with triple-expansion engines. Furthermore, the Puritan was designed by her builders, while the Peck is the work of the yacht designer Mr. A. Cary Smith.

The Peck left New Haven at midnight and ran out into the Sound, waiting, as it was understood that she would, for the Puritan. The latter came by at about 3:45 A. M. in company with the Maine, a new single screw vessel. The race began when the Puritan came up abeam of the Peck and continued for 30 miles to Sands Point, by which time the Peck was over a mile in the lead, the Maine being a poor third. The race was a decisive victory for the new boat, no small part of the credit being due to her model.

### Atlantic and Viator.

A PRIVATE match, for a stake of $100 and a cup, the latter given by the Larchmont Y. C., was sailed on Oct 6 by Atlantic and Viator, the course being from Larchmont around Eaton's Neck Buoy and Stamford Light, 32½ miles. Atlantic was sailed by Mr. C. B. Seeley, one of her owners, and Viator by Mr. W. G. Brokaw and Walter Thompson. There was a strong northwest breeze, the two reefing at the start, which was made at 11:25. The time allowance 18m., was nearly all given at the start, Viator crossing at 11:42 The first leg brought the wind on the port quarter, after which they beat across the Sound to Stamford Light. At the first turn Viator carried away the tack of her jib, losing some time in repairs. Atlantic won easily, the times being:

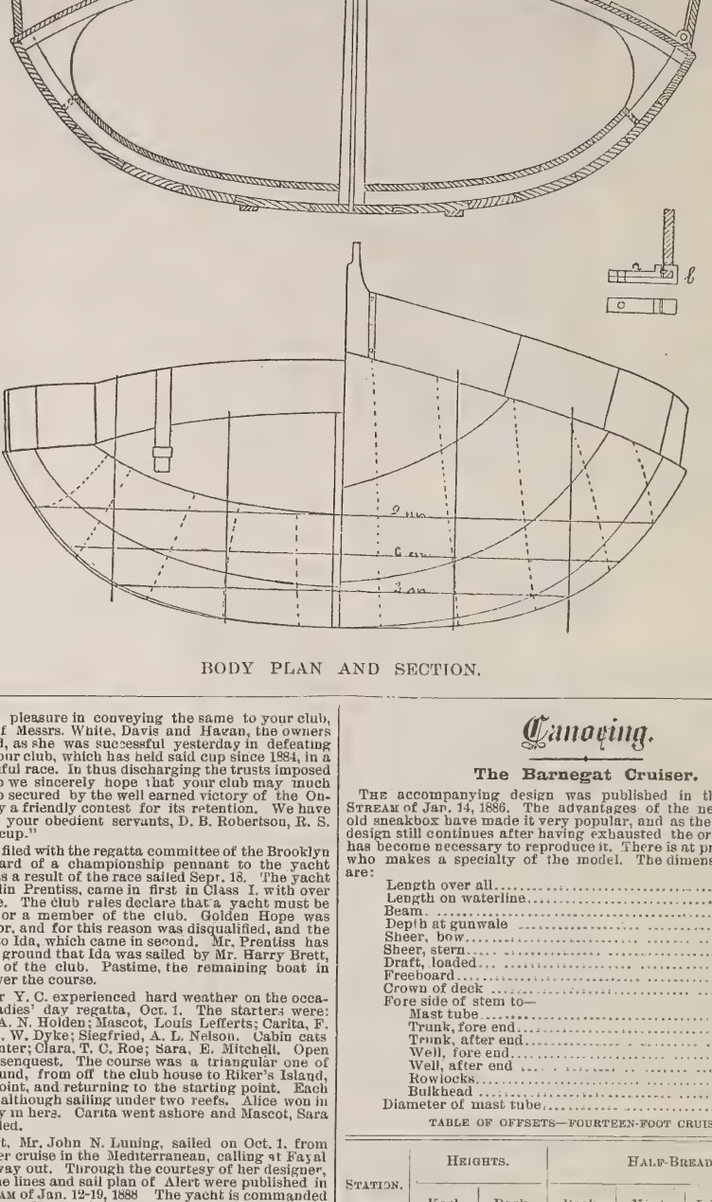
| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Atlantic | 11 25 24 | 4 09 15 | 4 31 51 | 4 31 51 |
| Viator | 11 42 31 | 5 13 15 | 5 33 15 | 5 15 09 |

Mr. Clarence L. Burger, of the L. Y. C. regatta committee, had charge of the race.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

There was launched from the yards of Clay & Torbensen, Lancaster, N. J., on Sept. 20, a fin-keel yacht of specially good construction. The boat was built for C. H. Brock of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia. Planking is ⅝in. white cedar. Ribs white oak 1¼×1½in., spaced 10in. centers. Iron floor timbers. Keel and deadwoods of white oak. Fin-keel 2,000lbs. of lead bolted through keel and floor timbers with composition bolts. All rivets and fastenings are brass or copper, and the method of construction is such that no caulking is required, no seams being visible, and the hull finished as smooth as glass. The dimensions are 29ft. on deck, 16ft. 10in. l.w.l., 6ft. 4in. beam. She has sailed in two regattas already, winning both races, and outsailing everything in her class with ease. She is sloop rigged, can come about in her own length, and will undoubtedly be heard from in the 18ft. class. Hull, spars and rigging complete weigh only 1,750lbs.

The Rochester Y. C. has received the following letter from the trustees of the Fisher cup: "BELLEVILLE, Ont., Sept. 20, 1892. Matthew Cartwright, Commodore Rochester Yacht Club: Dear Sir—As trustees of the Fisher cup, appointed by the Bay of Quinte Yach




BODY PLAN AND SECTION.

Club, we have much pleasure in conveying the same to your club, through the hands of Messrs. White, Davis and Hagan, the owners of the yacht Onward, as she was successful yesterday in defeating the yacht Norah, of our club, which has held said cup since 1884, in a very close and beautiful race. In thus discharging the trusts imposed upon us by our club we sincerely hope that your club may much appreciate the cup so secured by the well earned victory of the Onward and have many a friendly contest for its retention. We have the honor to remain your obedient servants, D. B. Robertson, R. S. Bell, trustees Fisher cup."

A protest has been filed with the regatta committee of the Brooklyn Y. C. against the award of a championship pennant to the yacht Ida. Mr. McCarthy, as a result of the race sailed Sept. 18. The yacht Golden Hope, Franklin Prentiss, came in first in Class I. with over half an hour to spare. The club rules declare that a yacht must be sailed by her owner or a member of the club. Golden Hope was sailed by a hired sailor, and for this reason was disqualified, and the pennant was given to Ida, which came in second. Mr. Prentiss has filed a protest on the ground that Ida was sailed by Mr. Harry Brett, who is not a member of the club. Pastime, the remaining boat in Class I., did not go over the course.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. experienced hard weather on the occasion of its annual ladies' day regatta, Oct. 1. The starters were: Open sloops—Alice, A. N. Holden; Mascot, Louis Lefferts; Carita, F. A. Barnes; Nawah, D. W. Dyke; Siegfried, A. L. Nelson. Cabin cats—Dorothy, Chas. Winter; Clara, T. C. Roe; Sara, E. Mitchell. Open cats—Myra, G. K. Rosenquest. The course was a triangular one of five miles, twice around, from off the club house to Riker's Island, thence to Classen's Point, and returning to the starting point. Each yacht carried ladies, although sailing under two reefs. Alice won in her class and Dorothy in hers. Carita went ashore and Mascot, Sara and Myra were disabled.

The schooner Alert, Mr. John N. Luning, sailed on Oct. 1, from New York for a winter cruise in the Mediterranean, calling at Fayal and Madeira on the way out. Through the courtesy of her designer, Mr. Henry Bryant, the lines and sail plan of Alert were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 12-19, 1888 The yacht is commanded by Capt. Alex. Corkum. Mr. Luning has as company Messrs. Wm. Donnelly and Reginald Travers.

Wild Duck, steamer, has been at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, for alterations, prior to a winter cruise South. Her mainmast has been shifted forward 13ft. 9in., making an important change in the position of the center of effort. The main boom is 65ft., gaff 35ft., and the distance between the masts is now 42ft. 9in. A larger screw has been shipped, a two-bladed feathering wheel.

On Sept. 30, at 11 P. M., a party of four, Capt. Crocker, Frank Hovey, George Tucker and Isaac Hastings, put off from the pier at City Point, South Boston, for the yacht Ideal, in the small tender belonging to the yacht. The boat upset and Mr. Hastings was drowned, his body being found on the flats next morning. The others righted the boat and reached the yacht in safety.

At a meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. on Sept. 30, the by-laws were amended so as to make the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy, the Collector of the Port, the Admiral of the station, the Commandant of the Navy Yard, Brooklyn and the Inspector of the Third Lighthouse district, ex-officio honorary members of the club.

H. B. Moore, of Brooklyn, has ordered a wooden steam yacht of T. A. Crane, the barge and scow builder of South Brooklyn. The yacht will be 114ft. over all, 15ft. beam, and 7ft. in depth, with a triple expansion engine by J. W. Sullivan. The frames will be of steel, with oak and yellow planking. The yacht will be schooner-rigged.

Catarina, yawl, Mr. Nugent Townshend, was at Gibraltar on Sept. 27, 10 days out from Falmouth, England. A cablegram from Marseilles on Oct. 5, states she had been lost near Saintes Maries and but one of the crew saved. No particulars are given, and the report lacks verification.

Mr. Merrill, the backer of the schooner Comet, has paid the $500 to Mr. Drakeley, who made the bet. Although the original wager was made on a challenge from the Comet party, that yacht did not appear at the final date arranged on, and Shamrock sailed over the course alone.

Mr. Gardner has recently made the drawings for a new "Gloriana" bow on Titania, the fast Burgess 70-footer now owned by R. T. Inman. Lawley will probably do the work.

Messrs. Stewart & Binney have an order for a yacht for the 25ft sailing length class, for a New York owner.

The sloop Bermuda arrived at Bermuda on Sept. 21, after a summer in United States waters.

Tranquilo, steam yacht, has been sold by the Herreshoffs to S. B. Sexton, Hyde Park, N. Y.

James B. Voris, an old yacht builder of Nyack, N. Y., died on Oct. 7 at Asbury Park, N. J., aged 92 years.

Lieut. and Mrs. Henn are now on their way to America, and will spend the winter in Florida.

WASP arrived at Lawley's last week and will haul out there for the winter.

Handsel, the 30ft. fin keel, will haul out at Bristol for the winter.

Hildegarde, schooner, has been sold by George Gould to Mr. Allen.

The Riverside Y. C., of Florida, will hold its regatta on Oct. 14.

Marguerite, schr., will winter at Lawley's yard.

El Chico will winter at Wintringham's yard.

*Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $2.00. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery By "Seneca." Price $1.*

## Canoeing.

### The Barnegat Cruiser.

THE accompanying design was published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 14, 1886. The advantages of the new boat over the old sneakbox have made it very popular, and as the demand for the design still continues after having exhausted the original edition, it has become necessary to reproduce it. There is at present no builder who makes a specialty of the model. The dimensions of the boat are:

| | |
|---|---|
| Length over all | 14ft. 0in. |
| Length on waterline | 11ft. 9in. |
| Beam | 4ft. 6in |
| Depth at gunwale | 1ft. 1in. |
| Sheer, bow | 8½in. |
| Sheer, stern | 4in. |
| Draft, loaded | 6in. |
| Freeboard | 7in. |
| Crown of deck | 8in. |
| Fore side of stem to— | |
| Mast tube | 2ft. 9½in. |
| Trunk, fore end | 3ft. 1in. |
| Trunk, after end | 6ft. 3in. |
| Well, fore end | 5ft. 10in. |
| Well, after end | 11ft. 0in. |
| Rowlocks | 9ft. 1in. |
| Bulkhead | 12ft. 0in. |
| Diameter of mast tube | 3in. |

TABLE OF OFFSETS—FOURTEEN-FOOT CRUISER.

| STATION. | HEIGHTS. | | HALF-BREADTHS | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Keel. | Deck. | Deck. | No. 1. | L.W.L. | No. 3. |
| | FT. IN. | FT. IN. | FT. IN. | FT. IN. | FT. IN. | FT IN. |
| 0 | 1 9⅛ | 1 10 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| 2 | 11¼ | 1 6⅝ | 1 1 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| 4 | 3⅝ | 1 4¼ | 1 8⅞ | 1 3 | 9 7 | ..... |
| 6 | ..... | 1 2⅜ | 2 1⅜ | 1 10¼ | 1 7⅜ | 1 3⅜ |
| ⊠ | ..... | 1 1 | 2 3 | 2 0⅝ | 1 9⅞ | 1 6 |
| 10 | ..... | 1 1⅜ | 2 2⅝ | 2 0⅜ | 1 9¼ | 1 5⅜ |
| 12 | 3⅜ | 1 1⅝ | 2 0¼ | 1 8⅛ | 1 3¼ | ..... |
| 14 | 9 | 1 2 | 1 9⅜ | ..... | ..... | ..... |

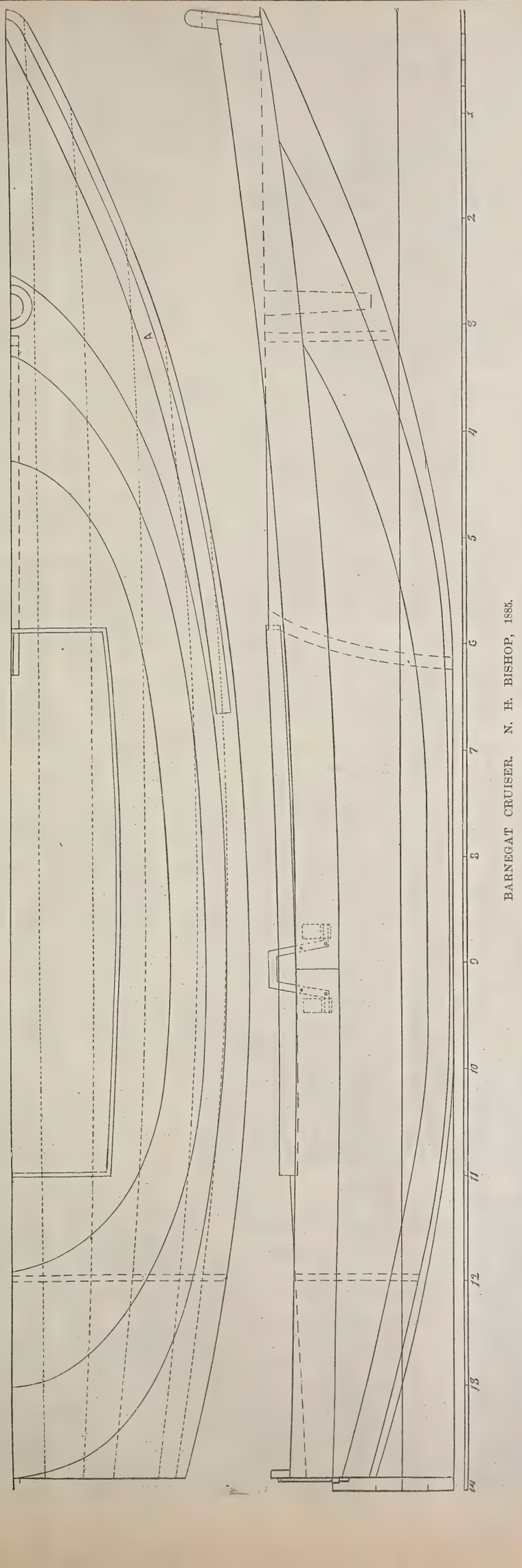
*Note.*—The small figures are eighths of an inch.

The stations are 2ft. and the waterlines 3in. apart.

The planking is of ⅝in. cedar, deck of ⅛in. cedar, frames of sawn cedar 1⅛×1½in., spaced 10in. Ceiling of ⅛in. cedar, trunk of ⅞in. worked pine, head ledges ½in. thick, of oak. The keel is shaped, bent and screwed to the stocks as previously described, the moulds and transoms are put in place and ribband run over them, three on each side. The framing and planking of all this class of boats are very peculiar. The planks do not end in a rabbet in the stem, but run up to the gunwale The dotted lines in the body and half-breadth plans show the different planks. The actual breadth of a plank on any frame may be measured on that frame in the body plan. The lines in the half breadth plan are the projections of the plank on a flat surface, and except for the keel and garboards, they vary more or less from the proper shape. The after ends of the planks are screwed to the transom, as in an ordinary boat, but some support is necessary for the fore ends while building. To secure this two harpens, A, are lined out from the draft on the floor, each fitting the inside surface of the planking at the lower side of the deck. They may be of pine or spruce 1in. thick and 3in. wide, and long enough to reach to the straight post near midships. These pieces are now fastened in place, their fore ends being screwed to fore end of keel, while the middle and after ends rest on the moulds, being jogged in to the proper height. When in place the topside of each harpen will coincide with the lower side of deck, while the outer edge, properly beveled, will coincide with the outer surface of the mould and ribbands or inner surface of the planking.

Now the frames, either steamed or sawn, are put in place, secured to the ribbands, and the heads of the first five or six on each side are fastened to the harpens. This completes the frame for planking. The garboards run along, of course, on each side of the keel, turning up at the fore ends, where they are screwed to the harpens. The succeeding planks are put on in the same way. When all are made and rivetted up the moulds are removed and the deck beams, 1in. wide and 1¼in. deep, spaced 10in., are put in. The ends rest under the harpen, being jogged out the thickness of the latter, so that the upper surfaces are flush. Knees, as shown, are put under the side decks, then the deck is laid and coamings set, and the boat finished as described in "Canoe and Boat Building." The mast is stepped in a galvanized iron tube. The washboard is in five pieces—two on each side and one (the latter held by two square staples) on the stern.

The side pieces are bolted to an iron casting at the bow which forms a fairleader for the cable. They are held to the deck by small iron catches, shown at *a b*. The part *a* is pivoted, and when turned aside allows the washboard to be slipped back from *b*. The rottom of the boat is protected by two wearing strips of oak. The bowlocks are of galvanized iron.



BARNEGAT CRUISER. N. H. BISHOP, 1885.

### Red Dragon C. C.

THE fall regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. was held on Oct. 8 on the Delaware River, in front of the club house at Wissinoming. There was a large assemblage of guests—principally ladies—to witness the races.

The weather was mild and a dead calm was upon the water, in consequence of which the paddling races were the first events upon the programme. In the single paddling race there were two entries, H. Fleischman in Enid, and M. D. Wilt in Malta. The race was easily won by Mr. Fleischman.

In the tandem paddling the entries were J. Van Dusen and R. G. Fleischman in Coquette, A. S. Fennimore and M. D. Wilt in Malta, and H. Fleischman and F. O. Gross in Enid. The three boats were well bunched until about 50yds. from the finish. Malta crossed into Coquette's waters and fouled, after which Malta's men ceased paddling. Coquette finished half a length ahead of Enid. H. Fleischman broke his paddle immediately upon starting, handicapping the Enid greatly.

The greatest interest centered in the sailing race, in which there were four classes of boats entered, the object being to settle an open question as to the superior qualities of one class over the others. The boats were to start upon the firing of a gun and sail twice around a triangular course, but, as there was little wind and owing to the lateness of the hour, once around the triangle was decided upon.

The entries were: Ethel, A. G. Cook; No Mane, M. Van Dusen, of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet; Chump, G. F. Williams, the "Clapham bouncer" of the Philadelphia Y. C.; Picnic, Capt. Morgan, and Olga, H. Blummer, St. Lawrence skiffs of the R. D. C. C. The above boats were allowed one man with the captain.

The canoes were: Osceola, H. MacCormick; Kie Loe, F. W. Noyes; Enid, D. MacCormick; Malta, J. Van Dusen; Pollywog, R. G. Fleischman; Ted, W. Gray (canvas canoe), of R. D. C. C., and Cholly, of the Riverton C. C.

The boats were well bunched at the start, crossing the line with little advantage to any. Osceola was the first to pull out, followed by Malta, Kie Loe, Enid, Pollywog. The stretch to the first buoy was against the tide with a quartering breeze. After rounding the first buoy Kie Loe passed Osceola, but soon lost the position to Osceola owing to some fouling of her gear. The second buoy was rounded in the following order: Osceola, Kie Loe, Enid, Pollywog; and from the second buoy to the stakeboat was a beat, and the boats crossed with Osceola first, Enid second, Kie Loe third, No Mane and Ethel finishing ahead of the St. Lawrence skiffs, with Chump following.

Messrs. W. E. Rothrey and N. Baker, R. D. C. C., were judges; John A. Inglis, starter, and G. A. Kirkpatrick, timer, both of the Philadelphia C. C. After the races a luncheon was served. F. O. G.

### Camp Dues at Division Meets.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

At the request of certain A. C. A. members of the Northern Division, I beg to inform the members of the Association that at the next meeting of the executive committee I will move the annexed amendment to the by-laws. This is sent for publication in accordance with the spirit of Art. XII. of the constitution, although no such publication is necessary in case of amending the by-laws.

TORONTO, Can. J. W. SPARROW.

The amendment reads: *Resolved*, That Sec. 2 of Chap. I of the by-laws be amended by striking out, "Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1 for camp expenses;" and substituting therefor, "Every member attending a camp shall pay for camp expenses as follows: For the general camp $1 and for a division camp such sum as may be determined upon by the executive committee of the local division."

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

### THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE members of the New York Pistol Club are determined to have all the sport which the Winans Trophy affords. President Henry Oehl of the club thinks that his position should carry with it the championship, so he has challenged the present holder, Geo. E. Jantzer, for the championship, and the match will be fought out on Saturday evening, Oct. 15, at the St. Marks place gallery near Third avenue. Those who wish to see some good shooting and meet a very sociable lot of revolver cracks should be about at that time and place.

### Highland (Ill.) Sharpshooters.

THE fall tournament given by the Highland Sharpshooters on Sunday and Monday of last week was a success in more ways than one. The fine weather brought out a large number of shooters and their friends. St. Louis was well represented by 15 shooters, also several from Belleville, Ill. The shooting commenced Sunday at 10 o'clock and the last gun fired at 12 o'clock Monday.

After dinner prizes to the amount of nearly $500 were distributed according to the following scores:

Ring Target.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| R Kamm.....64 | J Morf.....57 | D Schroeder.....49 |
| Dr F Wirth.....64 | C Leef.....57 | H Riniter.....47 |
| P Steif.....64 | H Vogel.....57 | C Kamm.....45 |
| D Wiget.....64 | L Knobel.....56 | G Roth.....39 |
| D Schneidewind...60 | M Kacer.....55 | A Minde.....35 |
| S G Dorman.....59 | T Kamm.....54 | J Buchmann.....31 |
| F Lendi.....59 | J Len.....54 | J Hediger.....27 |
| L Schweighoefer..58 | L Frank.....54 | L Gruag.....26 |
| V Ropp.....58 | F Laubolt.....53 | F Luffti.....22 |
| W Tell.....57 | M D Tibbetts.....53 | A Kottseiper.....17 |
| J Wiget.....57 | J Gramlich.....52 | A T Bagan.....0 |
| F Kurka.....57 | G Fentz.....49 | |

Man Target.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| L Schwinghoefer..92 | H Vogel.....83 | A Kottseiper.....78 |
| F Kurka.....87 | M Kacer.....82 | M D Tibbetts.....76 |
| John Wiget.....87 | Ed Fentz.....81 | Geo Roth.....74 |
| D Schneidewind...85 | V Ropp.....80 | F Lendi.....73 |
| R Kamm.....85 | John Morf.....79 | Wm Tell.....70 |
| S G Dorman.....84 | L Frank.....78 | S Luf.....69 |
| L Knobel.....83 | | |

Field Target.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| D Schneidewind...59 | F Kurka.....48 | V Ropp.....40 |
| H Vogel.....56 | Rob Kamm.....46 | L Frank.....39 |
| L Knobel.....53 | Dom Wiget.....45 | Ed Fentz.....37 |
| John Wiget.....53 | F Lendi.....43 | S Luf.....35 |
| Geo Roth.....50 | H Riniter.....42 | M D Tibbetts.....33 |
| L Schwinghoefer. 50 | John Morf.....41 | Dr Wirth.....32 |
| M Kacer.....48 | S G Dorman.....40 | |

Point Target.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John Wiget.....591 | L Schwinghoefer.335 | Dom Wiget.....237 |
| S G Dorman.....581 | H Riniter.....329 | J Kamm.....158 |
| D Schneidewind..373 | John Len.....271 | J Hediger.....154 |

NAMROD.

### Work of the Hudson Rifle Club.

MARION, N. J., Oct. 4.—The following scores were made by members of the Hudson Rifle Club on their 25-yard ranges last night. Regular weekly shoot, possible 250:

First Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H L Hansen | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 23 | —242 |
| C E Bird | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | —241 |
| J Rebhan | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | —241 |
| A Malz | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | —237 |

Second Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H E Boddey | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | —245 |
| T A Reynolds | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 20 | —235 |
| J Smith | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | —234 |

Third Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S Middleton | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | —232 |
| A Heidorf | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20 | 20 | 20 | —226 |
| J Buch | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 19 | —230 |
| T Adams | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 19 | 16 | 16 | —198 |

Picked teams, 5 shots per man, possible 125:

| Hansen's Team. | | Hoff's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hansen | 25 25 25 23 19—117 | Hoff | 24 23 23 23 21—114 |
| Reynolds | 24 23 22 22 20—111 | Malz | 25 23 22 21 21—112 |
| Boddey | 25 24 22 21 19—111 | Smith | 24 24 23 21 20—112 |
| Bird | 24 23 21 21 21—110 | Rebham | 23 22 21 21 21—108 |
| Buch | 24 23 22 21 19—109 | Stad'rm'n | 25 24 23 19 —91 |
| Heidorf | 23 22 21 21 20—107—665 | Middleton | 23 21 20 19 —83—620 |

C. E. BIRD, Secretary.

### Military Rifle Work in Newark.

THE First Brigade Rifle Association, recently formed by some of the enthusiastic military riflemen of Newark, N. J., is booming this branch of the soldier's education in its section. Just at present their outdoor work is confined to 200yds., there being no longer range available. They practice every Saturday afternoon at the Newark Shooting Park, where excellent accommodations are afforded them. Here, however, they are compelled to shoot through a shield, this giving radically different conditions from what they would have on a range that was entirely open. For all that it is an excellent place for winter practice, as the shooters are entirely protected from the elements. During the winter months they will also practice both offhand and prone shooting for the 3fyd. range in the First Regiment Armory, which they will equip at their own expense. This will give the members good training in holding, sighting and pulling the trigger. Indoor rifle-shooting among the New Jersey guardsmen has become almost a dead-letter during the past six or seven years, but it is hoped that the Association will serve to give it a fresh impetus. The majority of the members are connected with the First Regiment, an organization which is comprised of a large amount of strong shooting material, and which will, with the encouragement now being given by the field, staff and line officers make a good showing on the State ranges next season.

It is more than likely that the Association will in the early spring procure land in some convenient location and equip a 200 and 500yd. range for the use of the guardsmen in and about Newark, so that they may secure some preliminary training before the 1893 season of class practice begins. If they do this they will receive the blessing of every guardsman in upper New Jersey, who for years have been longing for a place to practice.

The last practice of the Association was held at the Shooting Park on Saturday, Oct. 8, with a tricky wind and dull, hazy light. The Creedmoor target was used, the distance being 200yds. Springfield rifles were used. The record scores were as below:

Maj D L Wallace..4454444555—44 Lieut B Allers.....3343445455—40
Pvt C H Townsend,5435554544—44 Lt-Col A K Bald'n3453433333—32
Capt G W Church..4535144445—42 Capt W H Howard3444354344—38

Capt. Church and Private Townsend used U. M. C. carbine ammunition, all the others using Frankford carbine cartridges.

### Garden City Rifle Team.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 5.—The members of the Garden City Rifle Team met for weekly practice at Burley & Erickson's gallery, 146 South Halstead street, Tuesday, Oct. 4, and divided up into two teams under the captaincy of Messrs. C A. Hankie and Al Sorenson, to shoot under the rules governing the regular weekly contests. A team race was then shot, Capt. Hankie's team winning as shown by the following scores:

| Hankie Team. | | Sorenson Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W J Gibbs | 106 56 109—271 | H S Burley | 110 56 111—274 |
| C A Hankie | 105 53 103—261 | A Sorenson | 101 55 110—265 |
| C O Hila | 97 52 103—259 | J Polites | 109 54 100—263 |
| Roy Taylor | 97 52 100—251 | MrsThornt'n | 97 49 100—246 |
| A J Frisbe | 98 48 100—246—1338 | J Erickson | 101 41 85—237—1290 |

Mr. Burley won the sweepstake that followed with 111 out of a possible 120

### Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 8.—The following scores were made, 200yds., rest, 10 shots, standard American target: R. Rudd 55, F. Dunham 85, R. McNeil, Jr. 84, J. Hess 79, J. Smith 73, E. Vermilye 72, F. A. Bachman 67, G. Vermilye 67, T. Kiernan 57.

Off-hand, 200yds., standard American target: E. Dunhan 73, F. A. Bachman 60, R. McNeil, Jr. 58, J. Smith 57, J. Hess 50, T. Kiernan 38, G. Vermilye 37, Lowden 36.

R. MCNEIL, JR., Sec'y.

### Rifle Tournament in Marion.

NOTICE has been received of the fourth annual prize shooting festival of the Hudson Rifle Club, to be held on their 25yds. gallery ranges, 35 Giles avenue, Marion, N. J., Oct. 25, 26 and 27. Shooting from 7 to 12 P. M. There will be twelve prizes ranging from $25 down to $1 for the best two tickets on the 25-ring target, any .22cal. rifle to be used. All ties will be divided. There will also be a target of honor for members only.

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

Oct. 15.—East Side-Mutual Gun Club tournament and ninth monthly team contest of N. J. Trap-Shooters' League, Weidenmeyer's Grove, Hamburg place, Newark, N. J.
Oct. 18.—Newton (N. J.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 18-19.—Martinsburg (W. Va.) tournament, under auspices of eight clubs, $200 added money.
Oct. 18-20.—Highland Gun Club annual fall tournament, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Oct. 19-20.—Somerville Gun Club tournament, Somerville, N. J.
Oct. 19-20.—Hoopeston (Ill.) Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 21.—New Jersey Shooting Club tournament, at Claremont, N. J.
Oct. 21.—Riverview Gun Club tournament, at Amsterdam, N.Y.
Oct. 24-25.—Charter Oak Gun Club tournament, at Charter Oak, Iowa.
Oct. 25-26.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' tournament, at Moodus, Conn.
Oct. 26-28.—Omaha (Neb.) tournament.
Oct. 27.—Reading (Pa.) Shooting Association, sparrow tournament, at Black Bear Inn.
Oct. 27-29.—Fulton Gun Club tournament, at Atlanta, Ga.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.
May 23-25, 1893.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
Nov. 24.—John A. Hartner's sixth annual tournament, Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore, Md.

### Indianapolis Shoot.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 6.—The city of Indianapolis is so called because of the number of Indians who live there, I presume. The worst Indian of the lot, if we may follow a consensus of opinion of the shooters who attended Messrs. Polster and Allen's second semi-annual tournament, held this week, is Mr. W. T. Hill, otherwise known as the "original sparrow man." Mr. Hill was to have had on tap an unceasing stream of sparrows, 6,000 or more at the lowest calculation, but the event was not as per programme. A meager 1,500 was all the coops showed on Thursday, and the supply for the next day being a highly uncertain quantity the tournament came to a harsh and abrupt close Thursday evening. Mr. Hill is said to have supplied over 150,000 sparrows to the trap-shooters in the past three years. It is to be hoped that he supplied them on a more tangible basis than that shown to-day. He was also billed to furnish a number of live blackbirds for this shoot, but not a blackbird was on hand. To these failures, due either to Mr. Hill or to the management, or both, much of the main interest of the shoot was cut off, and a four days' shoot was reduced practically to a three days' shoot, those who expected a little variation from the monotony of a target shoot being disappointed, and the management being asked to stand an incidental loss of some consequence. It is to be suggested to Mr. Hill that he promise managements no more birds than he can supply and to the management that they promise shooters no more birds than they have under contract. Observance of these simple directions would have prevented what is technically known as a "roar" among the shooters, and also what is colloquially designated as a "kick" among the management. As it was, there were current remarks to the effect that the whole thing was a blame shame and that Mr. Hill had acted real mean, which impressions are transmitted in a duly softened form.

Barring the above misfortune, the tournament was a very fair one, as tournaments go in these degenerate days of a couple of dozen or so shooters for fighting band. Two very decent days were put in at targets, and the next day would have touched the notch at 1,800 to 2,000 sparrows, instead of 1,800, had the visible supply held out. The shoot was nothing at all for the Hoosier capital to be ashamed of. Especially was it rich in distinguished guests. First of all there I place myself, not for any purely egotistical reasons at all, but because circumstances seem undeniably to demand it. Ordinarily, and as a plain newspaper man, I wouldn't feel this way about it, but times have changed now. When I went to the hotel on my arrival in the city, I was mistaken for a commercial traveler, and the clerk asked me if I wanted a sample room, before he had seen my baggage. This I consider the greatest compliment mortal man can receive, and there must be something great in the man who is the object of such tribute. Not to disappoint the clerk, I told him I did want a sample room, and having obtained it, I spread out divers and sundry specimen copies of the greatest paper on earth, which is FOREST AND STREAM. If the goods are not up to or above sample 52 times in the year the house will refund the money.

Besides myself, commercial traveler, there were many other notable men on hand, several of these from Mt. Sterling, Ky., shoot, still red in the face and hoarse in the neck from their protests at what they described as a most interesting and remarkable entertainment. The Old Reliable Ed Taylor came bel Indianapolis from Cincinnati, and so did Gus Dicks. Ben Teipel didn't, being home and laid up from high and hard kicking at Mt. Sterling. Jimmy Elliott was on hand looking very brown and hearty, and very anxious to shoot E. D. Fulford a race for $1,000 a side (in money) on the flat fair grounds at Kansas City. I understood him to say also that he would make the same proposition for the neutral ground of Indianapolis. Michael Ca-sius Sanford, of Townsend, O., with his friend J. P. Easton, of Monroeville, O., appeared regularly at the sparrow score, and so did Geo. Beck and Dr. Britton, and others of the footlight favorites of giddy trapdom. Dr. Britton is dangerous at the sparrow traps, having a total of 134 out of 137 to his credit, which is a feat technically described as warm tamales. "Old Man" Kellar, of Batavia, N. Y., was another feature, and as usual was often the center of an interested crowd. Mr. Kellar has patented an ejector, and not having been able to sell the patent to the Parker Company he has put one of the devices on his own Parker gun, with the result of making it a very good shooter at both ends.

It was a pleasure to meet also at the grounds Capt. Arthur Du Bray, known a long time in the gun world by his writings over the *nom de plume* "Guacho," in championship of the Parker gun. It was in the nature of things that Capt. Du Bray should follow his beliefs fully, and so at length he resigned from the United States Army, and for some time, as is generally known, has been representing the gun which won his early admiration. In this capacity he has been very successful and has formed a wide circle of friends. Capt. Du Bray has had a somewhat interesting career, of which the shooting public probably knows little. Born an Englishman, he was educated in the north of France, and later moved to South America, where he went into sheep, engaged in many exciting forms of the chase, and met some few adventures of a less likeable sort of which he probably wishes he had no mementoes. Hence his pseudonym, "Guacho." Leaving South America for the Dakotas of the early days, and later joining the United States Army, Capt. Du Bray was long in the wilder West, and sampled all sorts of shooting, from antelope to wildfowl, from Montana to the coast. He knew Gen. Custer well, and narrowly escaped the massacre. He knew also Capt. Wallace and others who met their fate at Wounded Knee, and ranks among his friends Lieut. Nicholson and many other gentlemen who were in the Pine Ridge campaign.

Attendants at this shoot were blessed with perfect weather and almost perfect grounds. Fairview Park, near which the "United States Shooting Park" is located, lies on high bluffs, six miles out by electric car. The traps were set on a high knoll, with a drop-off into space about 50yds. back of the traps. The bluerock traps threw 7,000 birds in two days, and offered nothing new as feature, the North handicap system being in force. The main interest of the shoot centered around the advertised programme of live sparrows and live blackbirds. Of the latter, as above stated, the management could obtain none at all. Such results are unsatisfactory to shooters, though Mr. Palster and Mr. Allen, who assisted in the management, were probably more cut up about it than anybody else.

Indianapolis is the great original sparrow town, and sparrow shooting as shown there is very interesting sport. Ten traps were used, 3yds. apart, rapid-fire system, any bird touching the ground inside bounds scored dead. The boundary was 30yds. from the end traps, or about 87x60yds. in size, nicely marked by a 12in. strip of muslin stretched completely on stakes. The birds showed themselves very sharp, quick flyers, above all very twisting ones, and plucky beyond their size, many falling dead out when very hard hit. The shooting was by no means easy, I should say about as hard as good pigeon shooting, and much like it in miniature. Mr. Elliott won first average on sparrows and his showing was 89 per cent. Different loads and different styles of shooting prevailed. Dr. Moore ("J. Snipe") attracted much comment by his brilliant but risky style of snapping the bird the instant the trap was sprung. As a single-barrel sparrow shot I suppose Dr. Brittan ("Partington") would be hard to beat.

An alleged road house provided an alleged lunch at Indianapolis shoot, but the lunch was of the all too common kind, a sort to make one lose the integrity of his moral character. Shooters and shooting would be better off if more attention were given to the amenities and less to the scramble for that same old ten-bird, one-dollar, get-ready-your-next-squad sweepstakes. The details of the tournament, however, showed skilful and experienced hands, and everything moved along in a way quite satisfactory to the shooters. One feature I think quite worthy of notice, and that is the way in which Mr. W. B. Allen kept the cashier's records. He has a system of his own by which the men of each "hole," or first, second, third, etc., are entered up together as soon as the squad cards are in in a book spaced for that purpose. He thus has the winners classed and under his eye, and figuring the moneys after the last squad starts firing, he apportions each purse to its proper column and can hand a winner his money the instant he asks for it, with the result that the shooting never need wait on the secretary, and that the secretary is never rattled nor confused. Mr. Allen was alone at his desk, took all the entries, paid out all the cash, and at the end of each shoot had all the records copied in and up to date. He says he can run 200 shooters as well as 30, and I must say I have never seen his equal behind the cashier's desk at a tournament, either for speed, accuracy or neatness.

The greater part of the shooters left for home Thursday evening, and at that time it was thought that Friday would have no attractions of consequence except an individual match, 50 targets, 25 known angles, 25 unknown, $50, between Mr. H. A. Comstock, of Indianapolis, and Mr. J. P. Easton, of Monroeville, O.

Prizes for average were open to all shooters participating in all programme events, 5 per cent. of all purses, after deducting the price of the birds, being set aside for this purpose, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Average moneys were awarded as follows:

First day, first average, M. W. Thompson, 85½ per cent.; second, Dr. Britton, 82½ per cent.; third, J. P. Easton, 81¾ per cent.

Second day, first, J. P. Easton, 84½ per cent.; second, M. W. Thompson, 82⅝ per cent.; third, Dr. Britton, 79⅛ per cent.

Grand averages were awarded in order as follows: M. W. Thompson $15, J. P. Easton $10, Dr. Britton $5, Ed Voris $5, W. W. Washburn $5.

J. A. R. Elliott won first average on sparrows, 89 per cent. Dr. Britton won a special prize, a fly-rod, for longest run on sparrows, single-barrel shooting, the run being 17. He also won $10, special for longest run on sparrows, both barrels. Following are the scores of the tournament:

*Tuesday, First Day, Oct. 4.*

All targets bluerocks:

No. 1, 10 singles, $1.25: Washburn 10, Thompson 9, Voris 9, Martin 9, J. A. R. Elliott 7, Mumma 7, Park 10, Richard 9, Snipe 9, Geo. Elliott 8, Kellar 7, Hershey 7, Partington 9, Lockwood 9, Mills 9, Shobe 8, Easton 7.

No. 2, 10 singles, $1.40: Lockwood 9, Thompson 8, Kellar 8, J. A. R. Elliott 7, Voris 7, Mumma 6, Shobe 9, Partington 8, Geo. Elliott 8, Washburn 7, Mills 7, Snipe 4, Hershey 9, Park 8, Easton 8, Richard 7, Grube 7, Thomas 4.

No. 3, 12 singles, $1.50: Kellar 11, Park 10, Voris 10, Thompson 9, Lockwood 8, Mumma 4, Washburn 11, G. Elliott 10, Snipe 10, Richard 9, Easton 8, Mills 2, Grube 11, Hershey 10, Partington 9, J. Elliott 9, Shobe 6.

No. 4, $25 guarantee, 15 singles, $2: Easton 15, Thompson 14, Lockwood 13, G. Elliott 11, Voris 10, Mumma 7, Kellar 14, Washburn 13, Genle 12, Shobe 11, Hershey 10, Park 14, Partington 12, Richard 12, Snipe 10, Grube 9.

No. 5, $25 guarantee, 15 singles, $2: Richard 14, G. Elliott 13, Lockwood 13, Gentle 12, Park 12, Kellar 10, Shobe 11, Hershey 13, Thompson 13, Voris 12, Mills 11, Snipe 14 Partington 13, Washburn 12, Grube 12, Easton 10.

No. 6, 20 singles, $2.25: Washburn 19, Lockwood 18, Park 17, Thompson 14, Richard 13, Voris 14, Easton 17, G. Elliott 16, Hershey 14, Shobe 11, Thomnson 18, Kellar 17, Partington 16, Grube 13.

No. 7, 15 singles, $2: Partington 14, Richard 13, Voris 12, Park 10, Neve 8, G. Elliott 7, Easton 14, Shobe 13, Washburn 12, Snipe 10, Hershey 8, Keller 13, Thompson 13, Funk 10, Lockwood 10, Grube 7.

No. 8, 15 singles, $25 guarantee, $2: Thompson 15, Easton 13, Lockwood 11, Funk 10, Mills 9, Partington 8, Voris 14, Snipe 11, Hershey 10, Kellar 10, Craft 9, Loehr 7, Park 13, Gentle 11, G. Elliott 10, Richard 10, Washburn 9, Shobe 5.

No. 9, 15 singles, $25 guarantee, $2: Partington 15, Shobe 13, Hershey 12, Park 12, Neve 11, Marsin 9, Thompson 14, Lockwood 12, Easton 12, Funk 11, G. Elliott 10, Snipe 8, Washburn 13, Craig 12, Kellar 12, Thomas 11, Voris 10, Loehr 6.

No. 10, 25 singles, $2 50: Park 23, Neve 21, Elliott 19, Voris 19, Thompson 19, Loehr 10, Shobe 23, Fund 20, Richard 19, Washburn 19, Mills 16, Keller 21, Easton 20, Lockwood 19, Partington 19, Hershey 15.

No. 11, 25 singles, $25 guarantee, $2: Comstock 14, Washburn 13 Gentle 12, Partington 12, Easton 11, G. Elliott 10, Park 9, Keller 14, Thompson 13, Voris 12, Neve 12, Loehr 10, Shobe 10, Funk 6, Richard 13, Lockwood 12, Snipe 12, Craig 11, Quail 10, Mills 9.

No. 12, 16 singles, $25 guarantee, $2 entrance: Lockwood 14, Thompson 14, Keller 13, Comstock 13, Hershey 12, Boehr 11, G. Elliott 11, Easton 11, Funk 11, Richard 11, Washburn 11, Quail 10, Craig 10, Voris 10, Partington 10, Park 9, Shobe 8.

No. 13, 50 singles, $3, $12 added: Park 36, Easton 44, Partington 43, Voris 41, Anson 40, Shobe 39, Thompson 39, Keller 39, J. M. Elliott 38, G. Elliott 36, Washburn 35, Loehr 35.

*Second Day, Wednesday, Oct. 5.*

No. 16, 10 singles, $1.25 entrance: Easton 10, G. Elliott 8, Voris 8, Partington 8, Thompson 7, Lockwood 7, Washburn 7, Keller 6, Shobe 6, Park 6, Fugate 6, Richard 8.

No. 17, 12 singles, $1.50 entrance: Fugate 11, Shobe 10, Thompson 10, Lockwood 10, Easton 9, Richard 9, Voris 8, Partington 8, Washburn 8, Keller 8, Park 8, G. Elliott 7.

No. 18, 15 singles, $25 guarantee, $2 entrance: Park 14, Easton 13, Keller 13, Taylor 13, Lockwood 12, Thompson 12, Voris 12, Partington 12, Washington 12, Washburn 12, Richard 12, Fugate 10, Elliott 10, Du Bray 10, Thomas 9, Mills 7, Shobe 6.

No. 19, 15 singles, $2 entrance: Thompson 15, Taylor 13, Partington 13, Shobe 12, Park 12, Voris 12, Richard 12, Washburn 12 Fugate 11, Lockwood 11, Easton 11, Keller 11, G. Elliott 10, Du Bray 8.

No. 20, 30 singles, $2.75 entrance: Easton 29, Partington 27, Washburn 26, Keller 26, Park 25, Voris 24, Thompson 23, Lockwood 22, Shobe 22, Elliott 21, Du Bray 18.

No. 21, 15 singles, $25 guarantee, $2 entrance: Voris 15, Thompson 14, Shobe 13, Taylor 12, Easton 12, Richard 12, Du Bray 12, Fugate 11, Washburn 11, Keller 11, Partington 10, Bee 10, Mills 7, Park 6.

No. 22 15 singles, $25 guarantee, $2 entrance; Richard 14, Partington 14, Taylor 13, Keller 13, McVey 12, Fugate 12, Voris 11, Bee 11, Eason 11, Washburn 11, Park 10, Shobe 10, Thompson 8, Du Bray 8.

No. 23, 20 singles, $25 guarantee, $2.25: Thompson 19, Beck 16, Shobe 16, Washburn 14, Partington 10, Bee 18, Taylor 16, Fugate 15, Du Bray 11, Easton 17, Richard 16, Keller 15, Voris 10.

No. 24, 15 singles, $25 guarantee, $2: Easton 14, Keller 12, Thompson 11, Fugate 9, Richard 14, Voris 12, Partington 11, Shobe 11, Neve 9, Beck 13, Bee 12, Washburn 11, Mills 10.

No. 25, 10 singles, $1.30: Park 10, Shobe 8, DuBray 8, Taylor 7, Richard 7, Fugate 6, Keller 4, Lockwood 9, Thompson 8, Beck 8, Bee 7, Snipe 7, Easton 6, Mills 8, Washburn 8, Voris 8, Partington 7, Funk 7, Neve 5.

No. 26, 25 singles, $3, $5 added: Partington 24, Park 21, Shobe 21, Snipe 19, Du Bray 17, Easton 23, Fugate 21, Keller 20, Beck 18, Funk 17, Thompson 22 Richards 21, Voris 19, Washburn 18, Mills 11.

No. 27, 15 singles, $2: Anson 14, Washburn 13, Thompson 12, Richard 12, Shobe 11, Funk 10, Snipe 14, Park 13, Lockwood 12, Voris 12, Bee 11, Neve 7, Du Bray 13, Partington 12, Fugate 12, Easton 11, Keller 10. Kerr 7.

No. 28, 15 singles, $25 guarantee, $2: Shobe 15, Easton 12, Partington 12, Du Bray 11, Lockwood 10, Ducker 9, Snipe 14, Keller 12, Richard 12, Thompson 11, Martin 10, Fugate 8, Washburn 12, Bee 12, Anson 11, Voris 10, Quail 9.

No. 29, 10 singes, $1.25: McVey 10, Anson 9, Voris 9, Park 8, Du Bray 7, Keller 6, Fugate 10, Shobe 9, Thompson 9, Richard 8, Neve 7, Bee 3, Easton 9, Snipe 9, Partington 8, Washburn 7, Quail 6.

No. 30, 10 singles, $1.25: Voris 10, Richard 9, McVey 9, Partington 8, Washburn 6, Thompson 10, Easton 9, Park 8, Anson 8, Tucker 6, Fugate 10, Snipe 9, Keller 8, DuBray 7, Shobe 3.

Extra, 10 singles, $1.25: Partington 9, Park 8, Anson 3, Thompson 8, Fugate 7, Voris 8, Martin 5.

*Third Day, Thursday, Oct. 6.*

THE SPARROW SHOOT.

No. 31, 10 sparrows, $2:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Du Bray | 1011111121— 9 | Hershey | 0001210231— 5 |
| Sanford | 1112010111— 8 | Thompson | 1122021030— 7 |
| Elliott | 1211102011— 8 | Easton | 0101010230— 5 |
| Charles | 0120000122— 5 | Beck | 0102111101— 7 |
| Voris | 0C10000121— 4 | Lockwood | 2202011001— 6 |
| Partington | 1111111111—10 | Funk | 0100200020— 3 |
| J Pott | 0001101121— 6 | J Snipe | 1121121110— 9 |
| Keller | 0002200202— 4 | Palster | 1001210111— 7 |
| Johnston | 0010122111— 7 | | |

No. 32, 10 sparrows, one barrel, $2 50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Voris | 1110111010—7 | Johnston | 1011110101—7 |
| Elliott | 0011111111—8 | Beck | 0010011001—4 |
| Funk | 1011100000—4 | Snipe | 1101000010—4 |
| Sanford | 0111011011—7 | Palster | 0001111001—5 |
| Du Bray | 0001110010—4 | Fugate | 1111011011—8 |
| Partington | 1111110000—6 | Easton | 1001111010—6 |
| Thompson | 1001111001—6 | Lockwood | 0101011011—6 |
| J Pott | 1001111001—6 | Hershey | 1110110000—5 |

No. 33, 15 sparrows, $3 $25 guaranteed:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Shafer | 0102011001002001— 6 | Snipe | 1111010111121O—12 |
| Keller | 0100021110222O2— 9 | Funk | 1110111111011O0—11 |
| Thompson | 1021101112200000— 9 | Partington | 1011111121111O—13 |
| Charles | 2112012011020I—11 | Elliott | 1111101121010—12 |
| J Pott | 2011110211000I2—10 | Polster | 0121110111011111—12 |
| Voris | 1012111211101—13 | Fugate | 2121101020001111—10 |
| Beck | 2102211211211O1—13 | Easton | 2121122111010111—13 |
| Sanford | 1011111020121I—12 | Thomas | 0120112121010—10 |
| DuBray | 0021011202121I—11 | Anderson | 0101001010002011— 7 |
| Johnston | 1202100010101O2— 9 | | |

No. 34, 10 sparrows, $2.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elliott | 2111111121—10 | Anderson | 0122201101— 7 |
| Sanford | 1111211122—10 | J Pott | 2111010001— 6 |
| Voris | 1010101111— 7 | Thompson | 2101021112— 8 |
| DuBray | 1100210101— 6 | Hershey | 1222102022— 8 |
| Charles | 1101201101— 7 | Easton | 0201101102— 6 |
| Johnston | 2111121110— 9 | Funk | 2211111100— 8 |
| Polster | 1211211020— 8 | Beck | 1211211211—10 |
| Partington | 1011121011— 8 | Fugate | 0110111121— 8 |
| Keller | 2021111122— 9 | Bussell | 0010200101— 4 |
| Lockwood | 1010201111— 8 | Shobe | 0101010010— 4 |
| Snipe | 0002121022— 6 | Anson | 1100121110—7 |
| Oursler | 0020221200— 4 | | |

No. 35, 25 sparrows, $5:

| | |
|---|---|
| Polster | 1221121112101202111121011—22 |
| Sanford | 1212121111111012012011—22 |
| DuBray | 1011110112202000112001001—15 |
| Elliott | 1110111022111222112111—23 |
| Voris | 0111112122111002121210—21 |
| Johnston | 0012100101011002110111112—16 |
| Anson | 0012110102020200011211 22—15 |
| Keller | 0221111211202010000000010—14 |
| Washburn | 0102222221120011021111122—20 |
| Partington | 1120212112110111011111102—20 |
| Thompson | 2120001001111212021112222—17 |
| Beck | 1111110202101010021102122—18 |
| Miller | 0220222111012121111210101—20 |
| Fugate | 2111210101111011201110111—20 |
| Snipe | 1020112012121121120200002—18 |
| Easton | 1122012011201101101112202—19 |

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

### Live Birds at Hackettstown.

ON Tuesday, Oct. 4, pursuant to an invitation sent out by J. L. Smith, a number of sportsmen assembled at the grounds of the Hackettstown (N. J.) Gun Club for a little divertisement in the way of live bird shooting. The weather condition from 1 P. M., when the sport began, and 4:30, were favorable, the sun shining brightly, and there being enough wind to make the bird feel exceedingly lively. At 4 P. M. the clouds began to gather, and half an hour later the wind increased to a gale, while for half an hour or more the rain came down in sheets, driving everybody to shelter.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken; John Riggott, of Rockaway; George Baldwin, of Minneapolis, Minn.; and Mr. Stewart, of Chatham. The birds were a rattling good lot and some fine work was shown. The shooting was done from 5 traps, 28 and 30yds. rise. Nos. 1 and 2 at 4 birds, $3 entry; Nos. 3 and 4 at 7 birds, $5 entry, while No. 5 was two misses out, $3 entry, one money. In the other events there were three moneys. The scores:

| | No. 1 | No. 2 | No. 3 | No. 4 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lindsley | 2112—4 | 0122—3 | 0112222—6 | 2212222—7 |
| Stewart | 1111—4 | 0212—3 | 1111112—7 | 1222102—6 |
| Smith | 2211—4 | 1112—4 | 1112211—7 | 0102210—4 |
| Rigcott | 1112—4 | 1211—4 | 1121220—5 | 10c0122—4 |
| Mowder | 2101—3 | 0210—3 | 2212222—7 | 0010211—3 |
| George | 1211—4 | 1122—4 | 1111115—7 | 1221121—7 |
| Hoffman | | 1101—3 | 0520011—3 | 2210111—6 |
| Schwartz | | | 0s71100—2 | 0101010—3 |
| Millburn | | | 1220000—3 | 1100101—4 |

## Riverside Gun Club Tournament.

THE initial tournament of the Riverside Gun Club was held at Red Bank, N. J., on Oct. 5 to 7 inclusive, and like other tournaments of recent date the attendance was very light. The weather of the opening day was clear and cool, with a strong and fishy wind that kept the scores down, the light targets being tossed about in all directions and making the shooting difficult.

The grounds of the Riverside Club are conveniently situated about ten minutes' walk from the Red Bank depot of the New York & Long Branch Railroad, and are well adapted to both artificial and live-bird shooting. The field is perfectly level and is inclosed on three sides with a 10-foot board fence, the front being closed in with wire netting. The foreground is first-class. The club has a neatly appointed club house one story in height. The officers of the club are J. B. Bergen, President; Oscar Hesse, Vice-President; J. P. Cooper, Secretary and Treasurer; M. F. Cornwell, Captain. Keystone targets were used on the first two days, these being charged for at the rate of 2 cents each. There were no handicaps. American Shooting Association rules governed.

The programme of the first day was as follows: Nos. 1, 3 and 9, 10 singles, rapid fire, $1 entry; Nos. 2, 7 and 10, 15 singles, $1.50 entry; No. 5, 20 singles, $2 entry; No. 6, 10 singles, expert rules, $1 entry; No. 8, 5 pairs, $1 entry. The following special average prizes were awarded for all programme events: Wm. R. Hobart first, $3; E. D. Miller second, $2; Oscar Hesse third, $1.

Winners of special merchandise prizes: Event No. 2, six months' subscription to *Sporting Review* to fifth place, won by H. C. White. Event No. 3, 50 Walsrode loaded shells to fourth place and same to fifth place, won by W. R. Hobart and Neaf Apgar. Event No. 5, silver carving set and case to fourth place, won by W. R. Hobart; gun case to fifth place, won by Oscar Hesse. Event No. 7, solid silver match safe to fourth place, won by Oscar Hesse. Event No. 8, box or cigars to first place, divided by Hobart, Cooper, Ivins and Hesse. Event No. 10, pair of rubber boots to third place, won by Hesse. The scores:

No. 1: Apgar 7, Smith 7, Hobart 9, Miller 6, Breintnall 9, E. M. Cooper 6, Hesse 7, White 5, Ivins 5.

No. 2:

| | |
|---|---|
| Apgar.....1111111011011111—13 | Breintnall ....0111111101111110—14 |
| Smith.....1111110111100011—12 | Hesse. .. ....1011101101111110—11 |
| Hobart.....1101111111111110—13 | White..... ..1011101101111110— 9 |
| Cooper.....1101111101111111—13 | Ivins.....1110101011111111—12 |
| Miller.... ....1011111111111000—11 | |

No. 3: Breintnall 8, Hobart 7, Miller 9, Apgar 6, Smith 10, Cooper 9, White 5, Ivins 10, Hesse 9, Throckmorton 5.

No. 4:

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall.....1111101111111010—12 | Cooper.....0000101110011000— 6 |
| Hobart .....1111111111111001—13 | Ivins.....1010101011100110— 9 |
| Miller.....1111111111110011—13 | Throckmorton 1010101010001111— 9 |
| Apgar.....1111100011010l—10 | Hesse .....1011111111101111—13 |
| Smith.....0110110111101000— 8 | |

No. 5:

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall10000010111101110100—11 | Apgar ...1111110101101011111—17 |
| Hobart...1111110111011101011—16 | Cooper....1101111111110101111—17 |
| Miller....1111111111111101—19 | Ivins.....1100011100111110110—13 |
| Smith....1111111110111011111—18 | Hesse.....1011101011110111111—15 |

No. 6: Breintnall 10, Smith 5, Miller 8, Apgar 6, Hobart 5, Hesse 7, Cooper 4.

No. 7:

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall.....0101101111110111—11 | Hobart ..... 1111111010001111—12 |
| Smith.....1111111111111111—15 | Cooper.....1111111110011101—12 |
| Miller.....1111111111110111—14 | Ivins.....1111000101100101— 9 |
| Apgar.....0110111111111110—12 | White.....0000011000001111— 5 |
| Hesse.....0111110111100—11 | Cornwell.....0010000000010l— 3 |

No. 8: Breintnall 5, Throckmorton 4, Hobart 8, Miller 5, Apgar 7, Smith 6, Ivins 8, Hesse 8.

No 9: Breintnall 9, Throckmorton 4, Miller 10, Whaymer 6, Smith 6, Apgar 6, Hobart 9, Hesse 10, Cooper 7, Ivins 4, Conover 3.

No. 10:

| | |
|---|---|
| Breintnall.....1101111101110111—12 | Conover.....0010101011l110— 9 |
| Smith.....1111111111111101—14 | Hesse..... 1111111111100l—13 |
| Miller.....1010101111110111—11 | F M Cooper... 1100101111110010—11 |
| Apgar.....1111111101110—13 | F Cooper.....0111001001001111— 8 |
| Hobart.....1111111111111111—15 | Price.....0000011000000010— 5 |
| Ivins .....1111111010000— 8 | |

Extra No. 1: Breintnall 10, Hobart 10, Miller 9, Smith 9, Apgar 9, Cooper 7, Conover 3, Price 8, Hesse 9.

Extra No. 2: Breintnall 10, Hobart 8, Smith 8, Miller 8, Apgar 9, Cooper 8, Hesse 10, Price 7.

Extra No. 3: Breintnall 8, Apgar 7, Miller 5, Smith 8, Hobart 8, Hesse 5.

Extra No. 4, 5 pairs: Hesse 6, Cooper 8, Apgar 6, Smith 7 Hobart 6, Conover 4, Miller 5.

No. 15: Smith 5, Cooper 5, Conover 2, Apgar 3, Hesse 7, Miller 6.

*On the Second Day*

the weather was clear and bright, and while the wind was troublesome it was much lighter than on the opening day. The attendance was a little—very little—better than on the opening day. E. D. Miller won first average, Neaf Apgar being second and Chas. Smith third. The special merchandise prizes were won as below: Event No. 2, six months subscription to *Sporting Review* to fifth place, won by J. Cooper. Event No. 3 50 American wood powder shells to third and same to fourth place, divided by Keller, Smith, Miller, Throckmorton, Breintnall, J. Cooper and E. Cooper. Event No. 4, derby hat to team winning fourth place, won by Apgar and Smith. Event No. 5, six months subscription to *American Field* to third place, won by Brantingham. Event No. 7, silk umbrella to third place, won by Hobart. Event No. 8, pair kid gloves to third place, won by R. H. Breintnall. Event No. 10, six months subscription to *American Field* to fourth place, won by Brantingham. The events: Nos. 1, 3, 6 and 9, 10 singles, $1 entry; Nos. 2, 7 and 10, 15 singles, $1.50; No. 5, 20 singles, $2; No. 8, 5 pairs, $1; No. 4, teams of 2 men, 15 singles per man, $2 entry per team. The scores:

No. 1: Breintnall 6, Brantingham 7, Keller 4, Throckmorton 6, Smith 7, Hobart 8, Hesse 7, E. Cooper 6, Apgar 10, J. Cooper 7, Miller 9, Conover 5.

No. 2:

| | |
|---|---|
| Brantingham .1110101111111—14 | J Cooper.....0010111111111110—11 |
| Smith.....1111111111111—15 | Throckmorton0101101010100l— 8 |
| Keller .....1011100101010100— 8 | Hesse.....1110011011010111—11 |
| Breintnall.....0110101111111111—12 | Miller .....0111111111110l—13 |
| Hobart .....1011110010101l0— 8 | Conover .....0101101011101l1—11 |
| Apgar .....0111110111111110—12 | E Cooper.....1011100110011101— 9 |

No. 3: Breintnall 6, Apgar 9, Keller 7, Smith 7, Brantingham 8, J. Cooper 5, Hobart 9, J. Cooper, Jr., 6, Hesse 5, Throckmorton 7, E. Cooper 6, Conover 5, Miller 7.

No. 4:

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller.....1010111110111111—13 | Brant'ham111111011011111—13 |
| Breintnall.0111111010101111—12—24 | Hobart.. . 1111110101011111—12—25 |
| Apgar.....1011111111110111—13 | Hesse.....1100101111111111—12 |
| Smith .....1111011111101111— 13—26 | E Cooper. 1101110001110110— 9—21 |

No. 5:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hobart....1111111111100111011—17 | Hesse.....1111111101010101111100—15 |
| T'km'rton1101111111111111111111—19 | Cooper Jr.0010101101101010011—11 |
| Breintnall1011111111111111111111—19 | E Cooper.1011110101101100111110—14 |
| Apgar.... 1111101011111111111—18 | Miller.... 1111101111111111111111—19 |
| Smith.....1111111000111111101—16 | |

No. 6: Hobart 4 Throckmorton 8, Keller 4, E. Cooper 6, Smith 6, Apgar 7, Miller 9, J. Cooper, Jr., 4, Breintnall 7, Hesse 8.

No. 7:

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller.... .....1111101011111l—12 | E Cooper.....1111111111100110—12 |
| Smith ..... ..1011111101011111—12 | Hesse.....0111111111101110—12 |
| Keller.....1111100000l1001— 8 | Jas Cooper....1000110101101l011— 8 |
| Apgar..... ..1011111111110011—13 | John Cooper...1110100100101111— 9 |
| Throckmorton1110110111111111—13 | Brantingham..1011111111101111—13 |
| Breintnall.....1111111100111111—13 | Hobart .....0111111111010000—11 |

No. 8: Breintnall 5, Ivins 6, Throckmorton 6, Smith 8, Apgar 5, Hobart 5, John Cooper 5, E. Cooper 8, Breintnall 7, Budd 5, Miller 8, J. Cooper, Jr., 3, Hesse 9.

No. 9: Miller 10, Smith 7, E. Cooper 9, Brantingham 10, Budd 9, Ivins 10, Hobart 8, Jas. Cooper 7, Breintnall 7, Hesse 8, Apgar 9, Throckmorton 8, John Cooper 7, Keller 8, Davis 5, Cornwall 6.

No. 10:

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller.... .....1111111111111111—15 | Ivins.....1100111111110111—12 |
| Brantingham...0011111111111101—12 | Keller.....1101101100111111—11 |
| Breintnall....1110101010010110— 9 | Throckmorton0111101000101011—11 |
| Apgar.....1111111111111110—15 | Hobart.....1111011011011111—11 |
| Smith.....1111111101111111—14 | John Cooper..1111101111111100—12 |
| Hesse.....1110110111111111—13 | E Cooper.... .1000010100101000— 5 |
| Budd .....1101110001111—11 | J Cooper, Jr. .1110010111110011—10 |

Extra No. 1: Breintnall 10, Miller 10, Apgar 9, Hesse 8, Ivins 9, Throckmorton 9, Keller 8, Hobart 10, Smith 8, Cornwall 4, J. Cooper, Jr., 4.

Extra No. 2, 20 singles: J. Cooper, Jr., 9, Ivins 15, Hesse, Jr., 14, Smith 16, Hobart 18, E. Cooper 15, Cornwall 4, Davis 7, Burns 14, Apgar 17, Throckmorton 14, Hesse, Sr., 14.

Extra No. 3: Throckmorton 10, J. Cooper, Jr., 8, Hobart 9, Smith 8, Budd 6, Ivins 8, Apgar 7, John Cooper 7, E. Cooper 9, Keller 6.

*On Friday, the Final Day,*

when live birds were used instead of targets, the sentiment of Jersey's sportsmen was shown by a largely increased attendance both of contestants and spectators. The day was a delightful one, the air being as soft and balmy as in June, with just breeze enough to help the birds in their flight. At an early hour the shooters began to arrive, and the first event, called at 9:46 A. M., drew out 15 entries. The shooters hailed not only from all parts of the State, but from New York as well. Among them were Edgar Murphy, the blonde giant of the Carteret, Hollywood, Westminster and Country clubs; Phil. Daly, Jr., the young Long Branch expert; J. W. Budd, one of Monmouth County's cracks; W. H. Perrine, of Marlborough, Jersey's old favorite foot racer, and now one of the smooth-bore cracks; R. H. Breintnall, of Newark; Enoch D. Miller, of Springfield; M. F. Lindsley, Mrs. Lindsley ("Wanda"), and Eddy Collins, of Hoboken; George Baldwin, a veteran from Minneapolis, Minn., who never misses a live bird shoot when in Jersey; Leander B. Campbell, of Little Silver, one of the old-time find-trap-and-handle exponents; Richard Sunderman, one of the best shots in the New Jersey Shooting Club; A. Whaymer, H. C. White, "Father" Cornwell, J. Cooper, Jr., E. M. Cooper, Oscar Hesse, R. Gravatt, H. Joline, J. B. Bergen and F. Ivins, of the Riverside Gun Club.



AT THE RED BANK SHOOT.

The birds were but a fair lot, some of course being good, while others were "rank duffers." The shooting was done under American Shooting Association rules, 5 ground traps being used. The first, second and third events were shot under the usual system, but when the fourth event was called it was deemed advisable to shoot the rapid-firing system in order to save time. This was done, much to the disgust of some of the shooters. When event No. 5 was called, this being at 15 birds per man, it was started under the usual system, but on the close of the fourth round the rapid-firing squad system was resorted to as in no other way could the event have been run off before dark. In this event there were 17 entries. When the second squad of 6 men had nearly completed their scores, it was found that there were not enough birds to go around, in fact a half-dozen bird had to be placed in the trap for the last man in this squad. Hence Messrs. E. M. Cooper, Ivins, Cornwell, Sunderman and Miller, who had shot at 4 birds each had their money returned to them, and the 12 men who had finished their full scores received the divisions of the pot, there being 7 men in for first money, 3 in for second and 1 for each third and fourth. Of course the poor quality of the birds was responsible in a measure for the big scores (172 birds killed out of 180) in this event, but it is also safe to say that had the firing been done under other than the rapid-firing system more than 8 birds would have been scored "lost." As a matter of course under this system a bird is called "dead" when it fails and it is scored "dead" unless challenged. Several times in this event when the referee called "dead bird" he would look around firmly expecting some one to challenge the bird, which perhaps was merely scratched, but in no instance did a challenge result. This system applied to live bird events is no test of skill and should be abandoned.

The "luck" in live bird shooting was never better exemplified than on this day. Up to the last round of the final event Edgar Murphy had not lost a bird and was almost safe for the handsome leather gun case offered by Fred Quimby for the best average in all events, while J. W. Budd was close behind him with only one bird lost. Murphy's last bird chanced to be a good one, which dodged the first load but caught the second at long range, carrying it over the field in good shape. Just as the people were about to say "too bad," expecting the bird to go over the boundary it dove down, struck the wire fence and fell inside, dead as a mackerel. This made Murphy the owner of the gun case, which was one of Quimby's handsomest and best. Budd, of course, got second average prize, a beautiful cottage clock, donated by B. F. Wilbur, of Red Bank.

Speaking of luck, this same wire fence mentioned above was responsible for the scoring "dead" of at least a dozen birds, which would certainly have gone over a board fence. They did not see the wire netting, however, and when they struck it were so shocked as to be unable to rise. This, of course, applies to birds which were wounded. Phil. Daly, Jr. scored five birds in this way. E. M. Cooper, Phil Daly and George also scored one bird each which they shot at, and then in gathering drove into the pockets of the target trap screens. Below are the details of the day's work:

No. 1, 5 birds, $4 entry, four moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J W Budd | 12112—5 | R Edgarton | 11111—5 |
| A Whaymer | 21010—3 | R Gravatt | 00210—2 |
| W H Perrine | 01222—4 | A Johns. | 02221—4 |
| E D Miller | 12121—5 | E M Cooper | 01112—4 |
| G George | 11221—5 | H C White | 11112—5 |
| R H Breintnall | 21011—4 | H Bodine | 22221—5 |
| E Murphy | 22112—5 | O Hesse | 22101—4 |
| P Daly, Jr. | 22o11—4 | J Cooper, Jr. | 02111—4 |

No. 2, 7 birds, $7 entry, four moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 2220112—6 | Bodine | 1112221—7 |
| Perrine | 0221210—5 | Murphy | 2222222—7 |
| E Cooper | 2221101o—5 | Lindsley | 2022o22—5 |
| George | 1212212—7 | Cornwell | 00121o0—3 |
| Breintnall | 0121211—6 | Hesse | 0301011—4 |
| Daly | 2101122—6 | Bergen | o222111—6 |
| Miller | 1111112—7 | J Cooper, Jr. | 1021011—5 |
| Edgarton | 0101111—5 | Whaymer | 202222—6 |
| Gravatt | 2112001—5 | Joline | 12o0220—4 |
| White | 0111110—5 | | |

No. 3, 10 birds, $7 entry, four moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lindsley | 2222222222—10 | Breintnall | 1120121201— 8 |
| Budd | 1212221122—10 | J P Cooper | 21o1112011— 8 |
| E Cooper | 2122122210— 9 | George | 1211212110— 9 |
| Daly | 2222222121—10 | Gravatt | 0111111021— 8 |
| Murphy | 2222212222—10 | Perrine | 1o0212122— 8 |
| White | 0121102012— 7 | Cornwell | 1202002022— 6 |
| Bodine | 2210121220— 8 | Linderman | 2020110222— 7 |
| Edgarton | 1010011111— 7 | Collins | 1220222121— 9 |
| Miller | 1101221111— 9 | | |

No. 4, 7 birds, rapid-firing system, $7 entry, 4 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Heyer | 1211111—7 | Brighton | 0012101—4 |
| Budd | 1112122—7 | Green | 1222202—6 |
| Bergen | 1121021—6 | Breintnall | 2221011—6 |
| White | 1111110—6 | Miller | 0222210—5 |
| Bodine | 1121211—7 | George | 2022112—6 |
| Daly | 22o2220—5 | Wanda | 0111111—6 |
| Murphy | 1222222—7 | Johnes | 2221212—7 |
| Sunderman | 2112122—7 | J Cooper Jr. | 1121022—6 |
| Lindsley | 2222222—7 | Gravatt | 0100012—3 |
| Campbell | 1122110—6 | Ivins | 2110110—5 |
| Edgarton | 1021110—5 | E Cooper | 1110100—4 |
| Collins | 1221o12—6 | | |

No. 5, 15 birds, $12 entry, 4 moneys, last eleven rounds shot under rapid-firing system:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| White | 122111212111112—15 | Daly Jr. | 222212221222222—15 |
| Bodine | 1212221111 1212—15 | Murphy | 222212222122222 -15 |
| Edgarton | 201112122021111—13 | George | 111211121101111—14 |
| Boughton | 0212211100111111—12 | E Cooper | 2112 |
| Budd | 2122222212212222—15 | Ivins | 1211 |
| Breintnall | 2222211121222222—15 | Cornwell | 2222 no birds. |
| Collins | 2121112222212111—15 | Sunderman | 2221 |
| Lindsley | 2222222222212120—14 | Miller | 1101 |
| Heyer | 0111111211111222—14 | | |

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—To-day closes our season of shooting for medals, which have been contested for twenty-one times. The winter to come will not be one of inactivity by any means, as live-bird shooting will be a prominent feature with target shoots when weather will permit, so life will be endurable to us gun cranks after all. However, it may be with tournaments in poor attendance and lack of interest as many think is the case, it is not so in this part of this country, for new and strong amateur clubs are being organized right along. Our attendance at every shoot is over 60 per cent. of total membership. Below are scores:

No. 1, 15 singles: Sidway 7, Pitz 8, "Cop" 10, Brown 9, Hodson 9, Tefft 12, Skinner 7, J. Northcott 5, O'Neil 9, Bowers 9.

No. 2, 10 singles: Sidway 7, Pitz 7, "Cop" 8, Brown 6, Hodson 3, Tefft 10, J. Northcott 4, O'Neil 7, Bowers 5.

No. 3, 25 singles: Drake 8, Lauterbach 17, Hicks 21, Richards 20, Young 13.

No. 4, 10 singles: Baird 5, Campbell 7, J. M. Meek 8, Conover 6, Paterson 7.

Shoot for medals, at 20 singles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hicks.....1111011111111110111—18 | J Meek....0101111010110111011—14 |
| Paterson .1111111111101111011—18 | Brown....1000011111111010010—12 |
| Steck .....1111110111111101011—17 | Richards.0111001010101110101—12 |
| Young ....1111111101110111011—17 | Campbell 1100011001110011100—11 |
| O'Neil ....1111111101010101111—17 | Cruser....1100001101110010011—11 |
| "Cop".....1111111111101010111—17 | Stevenson1011101001010101101—11 |
| Tefft.....1101111001110111011—16 | Bortree...1110110111110100000—11 |
| Pitz.... ...0111111011101101111—16 | Krake ....1100000001100000011— 6 |
| Baird.....0111110111111111001—16 | Snow.....0100010001010010001— 6 |
| Lut'rb'ch1101111111011010111110—15 | Hodson....1000010000000010010— 4 |
| Northcott0111101101100110111—14 | S Meek....0000010000w. — 1 |
| Bowers...0111101110011010111—14 | |

Hicks won A class medal, Paterson won C class medal and Steck won B class medal.

GEO. H. BROWN.

## New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

THE members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club held their weekly competition for the bluerock class medals at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Saturday, Oct. 1. D. Benuett won the gold badge, and C. W. Wingert the silver one. The scores:

Club Shoot, bluerocks:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bennett...1111101111101111011111—17 | Dr Adams0010101011111000001000— |
| P Adams..0100000101101100l111—10 | C Sykes...0101101111100100l1011—12 |
| Nostrand.1101100101111111101111—15 | C Wingert1110111101101111111110—16 |
| J Lott.....1111100100101110011—13 | Blat'ach'r1000101100111010110—11 |

Live bird sweepstakes:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Wynn | 12022—4 | ..... | 11212—5 |
| H Blattmacher | 20111—4 | ..... | 10111—4 |
| J Lott | 21011—4 | ..... | ..... |
| Dr Adams | ..... | ..... | 00100—1 |
| D Bennett | 21211—5 | 011—2 | 22010—3 |
| C Furgueson | 12111—5 | 111—3 | 21121—5 |
| W F Sykes | 21212—5 | 122—3 | 11101—4 |
| G Nostrand | 11111—5 | 111—3 | 11212—5 |
| C A Sykes | 01112—4 | 001—1 | 00101—2 |
| C Wingert | 01210—3 | 010—1 | 11201—4 |
| P Adams | 12022—4 | 110—2 | 11210—4 |

## Match Shoots.

SEVERAL match shoots took place at Dexter Park, L. I., on Saturday, Oct. 1. The first was between F. Ibert and M. Schoettler for $50 a side at 50 birds each, 25yds. rise. M. Schoettler won by the score of 35 to 28. P. J. Eppig and F. Ibert then shot off another match which the latter won by the score of 20 to 16. Several small matches then followed. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| F Ibert.....1201020021220000o1210220001202121210000012022211—28 | |
| M Schoettler...0111101012221011221013000222211100011022202220020—35 | |

Match, $25 a side, 25yds.:

| | |
|---|---|
| P J Eppig | 1020202212101201012000211—16 |
| F Ibert | 1002210202210112112112112—20 |

Match and sweepstakes:

| | 1st Sweep. | 2d Sweep. | | 1st Sweep. | 2d Sweep. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Wissell | 11111—5 | 21012—4 | L Doscher | 10100—2 | 21201—4 |
| A Andrews | 22010—3 | 11111—5 | T Short | 11121—5 | ..... |
| F Ibert | 02111—4 | 11230—4 | J Schlieman | ... ... | 10021—3 |
| M Schoettler | 11110—4 | 11100—3 | | | |

Match, $10 a side.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P J Eppig | 20120—3 | J Schlieman | 02110—3 |
| F Ibert | 10000—1 | P J Eppig | 10112—4 |

## Fountain Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Fountain Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Oct. 5. Ten members were present and competed for the annual prizes, the best averages to count, at ten birds each, club handicaps. A. Eddy was the best scorer with ten straight. In the sweepstakes the money was pretty evenly divided. The scores:

Club shoot:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D Shields | 1112211012— 9 | A Eddy | 1121121121—10 |
| J E Orr | 2011011121— 8 | C Wingert | 1212121101— 9 |
| W Allen | 1102211200— 7 | W Lair | 2112012111— 9 |
| J C De Feam | 2111012202— 8 | R Phister, Jr. | 2221022222— 9 |
| W Schumacher | 1022101110— 7 | H W Blattmacher | 1010012122— 8 |

Sweepstake, $1 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D Shields | 21120—4 | C Wingert | 12012—4 |
| W Allen | 11200—3 | W Lair | 12110—4 |
| W Schumacher | 10110—3 | R Phister, Jr | 11121—5 |
| A Eddy | 11211—5 | H W Blattmacher | 11012—4 |

## Lynchburg in a Gale.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 5.—The Lynchburg Club did not have a good time yesterday at the weekly shoot. There was too much wind. Only shot the following events: No. 1, 30 singles: Darwin 25, Moorman 24, Cleland 19, Terry 21, Nelson 21, Smith 12, Hamner 12, Stearns 21.

No. 2, 9 singles and 3 pairs: Darwin 14, Moorman 11, Cleland Terry 8, Hamner 7, Stearns 10, Smith 4, Nelson 11.

## Tournament at Dunlof, Ia.

DUNLOF, Ia., Oct. 5.—The tournament of the Dunlof Gun Club commenced yesterday morning with a fair attendance. The weather was warm and pleasant and the contests close and exciting. Messrs. Dean and Barrett of the Dunlof Gun Club gave the visiting sportsmen a banquet Tuesday night, and very ably entertained their guests. Harry McMurchy, of Fulton, N. Y., was on hand showing the merits of two elegant Smith ejectors, and is as good looking as ever. Among the visiting sportsmen were Messrs. Arff, Abbott and Paul Chester, Oak, Ia.; H. J. and E. D. Trotter, Kingsley, Ia.; Parmalee, Read, Nason, Fogg, Townsend and Smith, Omaha, Neb.; Schroeder, Arnold, Rochford, Specie and Mills, Columbus, Neb.; Ackerman and Turner, Staunton, Neb.; Dixon, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Campbell, Denison, Ia.; McMurchy, Fulton, N. Y., and Budd of Des Moines. The score:

Eight live birds, entrance $5.50, four moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Campbell | 12120120—6 | Read | 11121120—7 |
| Budd | 10211211—7 | Barrett | 21121120—7 |
| Parmalee | 21211121—8 | Smith | 12111211—8 |
| Dean | 02120112—7 | Fogg | 12111212—8 |
| Ackerman | 12101211—7 | H J Trotter | 12111102—8 |
| McMurchy | 02121121—7 | E D Trotter | 21111212—8 |
| Nason | 21211212—8 | Tiernan | 21000102—4 |

Eight live birds, entrance $5, four moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Campbell | 01121210—6 | E D Trotter | 12112121—8 |
| Budd | 01212121—7 | Smith | 21111231—8 |
| Parmalee | 20212212—7 | Barrett | 21200000—3 |
| Williams | 12120112—7 | Arff | 21021121—7 |
| Ackerman | 01120112—6 | Abbott | 12120110—6 |
| McMurchy | 02112112—7 | Dean | 01212120—6 |
| Nason | 02101212—6 | Turner | 10221212—7 |
| Revel | 12021112—7 | Fogg | 01112100—5 |
| H J Trotter | 12111212—8 | | |

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | ...9 | 13 | 16 | 19 | 8 | 15 | 23 | 14 | 17 |
| Nason | ..9 | 12 | 19 | 20 | 10 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 11 |
| Parmal'e | 9 | 13 | 17 | 15 | 10 | 17 | 21 | 15 | 20 |
| M'M'rc'y | 1 | 12 | 20 | 18 | 10 | 15 | 21 | 12 | 18 |
| Barrett | ..5 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Campbell | 7 | 8 | .. | 6 | 12 | .. | .. | 5 | 9 |
| A'k'rm'n | 6 | 12 | 19 | 19 | 7 | 15 | 22 | 11 | 18 |
| Trotter | ..8 | 9 | 16 | 18 | 7 | 12 | 20 | 13 | 15 |
| E Trotter | 8 | 13 | 15 | 19 | 9 | 13 | 25 | 11 | 17 |
| Dean | .. | 8 | 11 | 15 | 16 | 8 | 14 | 16 | 9 .. |
| Turner | ..3 | 10 | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 .. |
| Dixon | ..3 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | 8 | .. |

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | ..... | 9 | 13 | 8 | .. | 22 | 13 | .. | |
| Read | ..... | 13 | 14 | 7 | 19 | 21 | 11 | 14 | |
| Fogg | ..... | 20 | 15 | 7 | 12 | 23 | 11 | 10 | |
| Townsend | ..... | 12 | 11 | 6 | 11 | 14 | 7 | 12 | |
| A Taylor | ..... | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | |
| F Taylor | ..... | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Wilkins | ..... | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Williams | ..... | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 19 | 12 | 13 | |
| Arff | ..... | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20 | 10 | 8 |
| Abbatt | ..... | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 23 | 10 | 13 |
| Mabee | ..... | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. |
| Meever | ..... | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. |

*The Second Day.*

Eight live birds, entrance $5:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arff | 11121212—8 | Campbell | 12120010—5 |
| McMurchy | 21112121—8 | Budd | 21120121—7 |
| H J Trotter | 12112211—8 | Read | 11120131—7 |
| Parmalee | 12011120—6 | Barrett | 00121102—5 |
| Smith | 12111212—8 | Arff | 20110212—6 |
| Schroder | 21021000—4 | Dean | 00212012—5 |
| Quirk | 20112120—6 | Abbott | 21211210—7 |

Eight live birds, entrance $4:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arff | 01211221—7 | Budd | 12110201—8 |
| H J Trotter | 21211211—8 | Quirk | 12011121—7 |
| Parmalee | 21111212—8 | Smith | 12111212—8 |
| McMurchy | 21202112—7 | Abbott | 21111212—8 |
| Read | 02002121—5 | | |

| | 12 | 13 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ackerman | 6 | 17 | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. |
| Campbell | .. | 6 | 15 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 14 |
| Parmalee | .. | 9 | 10 | 14 | 14 | 19 | 18 |
| Read | .. | 13 | 12 | 15 | 12 | 9 | 7 |
| Specie | .. | 5 | 14 | 10 | .. | 15 | 4 |
| McMurchy | .. | 9 | 19 | 11 | 9 | 18 | 17 |
| Abbott | .. | 6 | 13 | 15 | 12 | 16 | 12 |
| Arff | .. | 7 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 16 | 12 |
| Dixon | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Budd | .. | 9 | 20 | 12 | 11 | 17 | 15 |
| Dean | .. | 6 | 13 | 12 | .. | 11 | .. |
| Turner | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |

| | 12 | 13 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wills | .. | 7 | 16 | 13 | 11 | 17 | .. |
| Barrett | ..... | 6 | 15 | 14 | .. | 12 | .. |
| Arnold | .... | 4 | 14 | 10 | .. | .. | .. |
| Schroeder | .. | 7 | 17 | 13 | 11 | 17 | 16 |
| Smith | ..... | 7 | 15 | 10 | 12 | .. | .. |
| Saul | ..... | 4 | 15 | 9 | 8 | 15 | 10 |
| H J Trotter | .. | 16 | 14 | 11 | 16 | 15 | 24 |
| E D Trotter | .. | 15 | 11 | 15 | 18 | 12 | 23 |
| Waitley | ..... | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Rockford | ..... | .. | 8 | .. | 8 | .. | .. |
| Quick | ..... | .. | 10 | .. | 12 | .. | 18 |
| Taylor | ..... | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. |

C. W. BUDD.

## Riggott again Defeats Class.

THE memories of Columbus and 1492 evidently took a strong hold on the sportsmen of New York and New Jersey on Oct. 11, as only a small number of them appeared at Dexter Park, L. I., to witness the return match between Frank Class, of Morristown, and John Riggott, of Rockaway. The day was a fine one for sport albeit had the wind been stronger it would have been still better. While the attendance was small there were still some noted sportsmen present, among them being Dr. P. Jay, of Warrenville, N. J.; Wm. S. Canon, of Newark, popular one-armed expert; J. Cockefair, one of Bloomfield's enthusiasts; Harry Piper, J. Trimmins and R. Hathaway, of Morristown; Geo. S. Atwater, cycle expert and target smasher; Jas. Baker, of Ridgefield; Geo. Baldwin, of St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Jennie Smith; of Morristown; Chas. Hubbell, of Brooklyn; Jas. E. Wheaton and Chas. Hedden, of Newark.

The birds were a good lot of flyers, very few having to be flushed, and even these few flying hard once they caught their wings. It was 2:20 P. M. when the match began, Class being first to the score. J. Cockefair was referee, C. A. Dellar scorer, and J. E. Wheaton trap puller. The conditions were 100 live birds per man, Hurlingham rules to govern, for a purse of $250 a side. Both men used 12-bore guns and stood at 30yds, rise. Both killed on the first round. On the second round Class got a fast right quartering bird, and when he pulled his right trigger both barrels went off, and he had the joy (?) of seeing the bird sail away to safety. Riggott lost on the same round. Class had the same accident as above on his 45th and 90th birds, although each of these was killed.

On the first quarter the score stood 24 for Riggott to 23 for Class; on the half Class had killed 48 to Riggott's 44; on the third quarter they were tied on 66 kills each, and at the finish Riggott had 89 kills to Class's 86. On the third 25 Class lost no less than 7 birds, and some of them easy ones at that. During the race he lost one and Riggott three dead out of bounds. Class's 89th bird was an ugly twister, which he checked with his first and grassed with the second. When Billy Mills tried to gather the bird, however, it recovered and winged away over the fields. The score of the shoot is shown in detail below:

| | |
|---|---|
| J F Class | 2012121111222122211o121—23 |
| | 2111111122111212121221211—25 |
| | 0010111012221210001122222—18 |
| | 2112220002121021212102211—20—85 |
| J Riggott | 2021212212121211211211222—24 |
| | o011112112220021212220o—20 |
| | 2002120112212122112112121—22 |
| | 1122222222211112122121r112—23—89 |

The exceptionally good birds were Class's 22d, 24th, 61st, 79th, 80th and 89th; Riggott's 8th, 25th, 81st and 94th.

After the race a Jersey sweep at 4 birds each, $3 entry, was shot. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Hubbell | 1121—4 | George | 1111—4 |
| W S Canon | 0122—3 | P Jay | 1112—4 |
| G S Atwater | 0100—1 | J L Leonard | 0001—1 |
| R Hathaway | 0222—3 | Jay Tea | 0102—4 |

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 6.—Herewith find scores made at our tournament on Oct. 5. The weather was chilly, and early in the day we had a snow squall, and later it was cloudy with a strong westerly wind, which caused the birds to take erratic flights. Kingbird targets were used. We had with us shooters from Syracuse, Lyons, Williamson, Batavia, Brockport, Clyde, Marion, and other places hereabouts. Charles H. Mowry, of Syracuse, won first average, by breaking 124 out of 130 or 95⅗ per cent. Second average went to L. V. Byer, of Rochester, with 94⅘ per cent.; third to W. C. Hadley, of Rochester, on 93⅓ per cent. Byer made a sprint for first average toward the finish, breaking 77 straight, but was unable to overtake Mowry. The scores follow:

No. 1, 10 kingbirds: Byer 9, Borst 9, Hadley 9, Mowry 9, Foley 9, Richmond 9, Meyer 9, Luther 9, Norton 8, Hicks 8, Tassell 8, Stewart 8, Lefever 8, Truesdale 7, Dugnid 7, F. Smith 6, McVean 6, Bruff 6 J. Rissinger 5, A. Rickman 5, B. Rickman 4.

No. 2, 15 kingbirds, entry $1.50: Borst 15, Byer 14, J. Rissinger 14, Mowry 14, Stewart 14, Norton 13, Truesdale 13, Bruff 13, F. Smith 13, Tassell 13, Hicks 13, Burns 13, Lane 13, Tozier 13, Lefever 13, Hadley 12, McVean 12, Foley 12, Meyer 12, Duguid 12, Hammond 11, A. Rickman 11, Quirk 11, Luther 11, Hickman 10, Richmond 10.

No. 3, 15 birds, entrance $1.50: Bruff 15, F. Smith 15, J. Rissinger 15, Stewart 15, Lefever 14, Dugnid 14, Hicks 14, Mowry 14, Swiveller 14, Truesdale 13, Tassell 13, Hadley 13, Richmond 13, Meyer 13, Quirk 13, Tassell 13, A. Rickman 13, Byer 12, Van Ostrand 12, Morton 11, Borst 11, Hammond 11, Lane 10, McVean 10, Luther 9, Elliott 9, Roach 5.

No. 4, 20 birds, entrance $2.40: F. Smith 20, Swiveller 20, Tassell 20, Totzier 20, Horton 19, Hadley 19, Mowry 19, Lane 19, Meyer 19, Hicks 19, Borst 18, J. Rissinger 18, Truesdale 18, Byer 18, Bruff 17, Luther 17, Richmond 17, Stewart 17, Van Fstrand 17, Dugnid 16, Lefever 14, Dick 14, McVean 13, Don 6.

No. 5, 10 birds, entrance 70 cents: Lather 10, J. Rissingen 10, Hadley 10, Byer 10, Mowrey 10, Morton 9, Bruff 9, Hicks 9, F. Smith 9, Burns 9, Burnett 9, Musselman 9, Baker 9, Quirk 9, Duguid 9, Stewart 9. Truesdale 9, Swiveller 9, Richmond 8 A. Rickman 8, Tassell 8, Lane 8, Elliott 8, Meyer 8, Schmitt 8, Macomber 8, McVean 7, Borst 7, B. Rickman 7, Mann 7, Dick 7, Porter 7, S. Porter 7, Hickman 6, Williams 6, Spaulding 4.

No. 6, merchandise shoot, 20 birds, entrance price of birds: Stewart 20, Byer 20, Burns 20, Foley 20, C. Rissinger 20, Norton 19, Burnett 19, Mowry 19, C. Elliott 19, Tassell 19, Hickman 19, Hicks 19, F. Elliott 19, McIntyre 19, Swiveller 18, Hadley 18, Luther 18, Macomber 18, J. Rissinger 18, Perry 18, Williams 17, F. Smith 17, Baker 17, Musselman 17, Borst 17, Hoehn 17, Hammond 16, Bruff 16, Truesdale 16. Schmitt 16, P. Porter 16, Palmer 16, Lefever 15, Lozier 15, Meyer 15, Van Ostrand 15, Richmond 14, A. Rickman 14, Quirk 13, Mann 13, Agate 13, Don 12, S. Porter 12, McVean 12, Lane 12, B. Rickman 11, Spaulding 11, Roach 11.

Ties on 20 were shot off at 15 targets each, won by Stewart; on 19 at 5 each, won by Mowry: on 18 at 9 each, won by Williams; on 16 at 5 each, won by Truesdale: on 15 at 10 each, Meyer winner; on 14 at 5 each, Richmond; on 13 at 5 each, Mann; on 12 at 2 each, Lane; on 11 at 5 each, B. Rickman winner.

No. 7. 15 birds, $1.50: Hicks 15, Byer 15, F. Smith 15, Mowry 15, Meyer 15, C. Rissinger 15, Swiveller 15, Hadley 15, Perry 13, P. Porter 14, Baker 14, Williams 14, Borst 14, Richmond 14, Truesdale 14, Foley 13, Van Ostrand 13, Tassell 13, Stewart 13, J. Rissinger 13, Bruff 12, Norton 12, Luther 12, Schmitt 12, Lefever 12, Burnett 11, Musselman 11, Palmer 11, Lane 10.

No. 8, 25 birds, entrance $3:

| | |
|---|---|
| Byer | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Hadley | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Truesdale | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Bruff | 1111011111111111111111111—24 |
| Mowry | 1111111111111111111111111—24 |
| F Smith | 1111111101111111111111111—24 |
| Tassell | 1111111111101111111111111—24 |
| Stewart | 1011111111111111111111111—24 |
| Perry | 1111011111111111111111111—24 |
| Hicks | 1111111111111101111101010—22 |
| C Rissinger | 1111111011111111111111110—22 |
| Norton | 1111111111101011101011111—21 |
| Cooledge | 1111110101111111101011111—21 |
| Schmitt | 1111100111100111111101110—20 |
| Meyer | 1110011111010111011111111—20 |
| Richmond | 0111111101111100111011111—20 |
| Van Ostraud | 1110110011111101101011111—20 |
| McCarthy | 1111001111111110011101111—20 |
| Porter | 1111010100100111101111111—18 |
| Borst | 0111000111011101110011111—17 |
| Palmer | 1001001010011000111011111—14 |

## Shooting Match at Dexter Park.

A PRIVATE match was shot off at Dexter Park on Friday, Oct. 7, between W. Hartye and F. E. Thompson, both members of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club. Each one shot at 50 live birds, 25yds. rise, under modified Hurlingham rules. W. Hartye was the winner by a score of 38 to 35. Several sweepstakes were shot off after the match to wind up a good day's sport. The scores:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

| | |
|---|---|
| | 4 1 3 4 1 5 2 4 2 4 5 2 4 1 4 4 1 3 5 2 4 1 4 1 3 |
| | ↗↘↘↗↖↗↗↖↖↘↘↙↗↙↓↙↘↘→↓↘↓↘←↑ |
| Hartye | 0 2 1 2 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 o 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 |
| | 3 5 4 1 1 1 1 4 1 3 2 4 1 3 3 5 1 4 5 4 1 5 2 1 1 |
| | ↑↘←↙↑↑↗↑↘↓↙↑↑←↑↘↗↓→↗↗↗↑↘↑ |
| | 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 o 1 0 1 0 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 2—38 |
| | 5 2 3 5 2 4 3 1 3 5 1 1 5 3 3 5 2 4 1 3 5 2 5 2 2 |
| | ↘↗↗↑↗↑↙↓↘↘←↘↘→↓↑↑↗↖↖↘↗↖↘↑→ |
| J E Thompson | 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 o 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 0 0 1 2 1 2 |
| | 4 1 5 2 3 5 1 5 2 1 3 5 2 2 1 1 3 3 5 4 1 3 2 1 4 |
| | →↙←↘→←↓←↙↑↘↑↗↗↑↙↓↓←→↗↑↓ |
| | 2 2 0 0 0 2 1 1 0 1 0 o o 0 1 o 2 1 1 0 2 1 2 o—35 |

Referee, S. H. Schortemeier.
First sweep: Thompson 4, Hartye 5, Shorty 4.
Second sweep: Thompson 4. Hartye withdrew.
Third sweep: Thompson 5, Hartye 3, Townsend 4, Swipes 4.

## Hartford Medal Shoot.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 1.—Colt Gun Club, medal shoot, 5 Keystones, 16yds. rise:

| | |
|---|---|
| Burbidge | 0111111111111111111111111—24 |
| McGinty | 1111111111111111111111110—24 |
| Manross | 1111101111111111111111111—24 |
| Melrose | 1111111111111101111101111—23 |
| Hotchkiss | 1111111111111111101111111—22 |
| Craig | 1101110111101111011111011—20 |
| Alger | 1111111111111111101100000—19 |
| M Cook | 1001100111111010101001111—18 |
| Willey | 1010111010101010110111110—17 |
| Green | 1010111101110o01101100111o—16 |
| Peard | 0001111110010110110101011—15 |
| J Cook | 1110011010111001100101011—14 |
| Belden | 0100001011001101101010101—13 |
| Brunner | 1000101100111001100110101—13 |
| Colt | 1000001110101011001100110—13 |

## Crescent Gun Club.

ONLY nine members of the Crescent Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Oct. 6. The contest is for the best averages of the season and extra club prizes at each shoot. Walter Gilman, the president of the club, was the only straight scorer with 7. He was also a winner in the sweepstakes shoots that followed. The scores:

Club shoot:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Vagts | 1100101—4 | L Hopkins | 1101112—6 |
| P Jones | 1101111—6 | C Hubbell | 1201111—6 |
| W Gilman | 1212111—7 | J Morrey | 1010110—4 |
| C Winchester | 1210211—6 | C Mohrman | 1212010—5 |
| O Hillmer | 0102200—3 | | |

Sweepstakes, $1 entrance:

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Vagts | 121—3 | 120—2 | 111—3 | L Hopkins | 220—2 | 122—2 | ... |
| P Jones | 102—2 | 111 -3 | ... | C Hubbell | 112—3 | 111—3 | 111—3 |
| W Gilman | 120—2 | 212—3 | 111—3 | J Morrey | 210—2 | 101—2 | 100—1 |
| Winchester | 211—3 | 201—2 | 101—2 | O Mohrman | 111—3 | 111—3 | 111—3 |
| O Hillmer | ... | ... | ... | Woods | 120—2 | 110—2 | 110—2 |

Miss and out:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Gilman | 112210 | C Winchester | 221112 |
| C Hubbell | 121120 | J Vagts | 111210 |
| J Woods | 110 | C Mohrman | 120 |

Seven birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Vagts | 1100101—4 | J Hopkins | 1101112—6 |
| P Jones | 1101111—6 | C Hubbell | 1201111—6 |
| W Gilman | 1212111—7 | C Morrey | 1010110—4 |
| C Winchester | 1210211—6 | C Mohrman | 1212010—5 |
| D Williams | 0102200—3 | | |

Ties on six shot out and divided by Winchester and Hubbell.

Sweepstakes, $1 entry, two moneys:

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| O Hubbell | 112—3 | 101—3 | 111—3 | F Morrey | 210—2 | 101—2 | 100—1 |
| C Mohrman | 111—3 | 111—3 | 111—3 | Simmonds | 201—3 | 120—2 | 101—2 |
| J Vagts | 121—3 | 120—2 | 101—2 | W Gilman | 120—2 | 212—3 | 111—3 |
| P Jones | 102—2 | 111—3 | .. | J Woods | 120—2 | 110—2 | 110—2 |
| L Hopkins | 220—2 | 122—3 | ... | | | | |

Sweepstake, miss and out:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Gilman | 112210 | Simmonds | 221112 |
| D Snipe | 121120 | Vagts | 111210 |
| Wood | 110 | Mohrmann | 120 |

## Waverly Gun Club.

ONLY four members were present on Monday, Oct. 3, at Dexter Park, L. I., to compete for the club medal at 10 bluerocks each. J. Schmitz was the winner with a score of 7. The scores:

Club Shoot.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schmetz | 1110101101— 7 | H Van Staden | 0010101011— 5 |
| G Helmstead | 1100011101— 6 | O Hellmer | 1011000010— 4 |

Sweepstake, 6 bluerocks, two moneys: H. Van Staden 2, 3, O. Hellmer 5, 4, G. Helmstead 3, 1, Schmitz 1, 2, Lawrence 2, 5.

## Utica Ssores.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 30.—Badge shoot of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lane | 11C1111101001011101001011—15 |
| Smith | 0111110111101100010110110—16 |
| Pfeiffer | 0111101101101011111111111—19 |
| Wheeler | 1010111111111111111111100—21 |
| Lane | 1111111111111001101111—22 |

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Saturday will attract a big crowd of shooters to the grounds of the East Side Mutual Gun Club in Newark and some of the liveliest kind of shooting may be depended upon. The main attraction will be the ninth monthly team contest of the New Jersey Trap Shooter's League for which ten teams of five men each will enter. In conjunction with the above there will be a regular program of sweepstake events to begin at 9 A. M. The team shoot will start at 2 P. M. The East-Side-Mutuals have well-appointed grounds in rear of Weidenmoyer's Woods on Hamburgh place, with ample facilities for catering to a big crowd. Ten blue rock expert traps will be used, with North's electric pull and blue rock targets. The final shoot of the League will be held on the grounds of the Maple-Wood Gun Club in november.

The following notice has been received from H. C. Saul, secretary of the Charter Oak (Iowa) Gun Club: On account of the Omaha tournament being held October 26—27—28, and their dates conflicting with ours, we have changed the date of our shoot to Monday and Tuesday October 24 and 25 (one day earlier than first announced). Charter Oak first, Omaha second. Come and have a good time with such sportsmen as Chas. Budd, Frank Parmelle, Geo. Hughes, J. B. Smith, C. C. Williams, Ted Ackerman, Trotter Bros., Frank Dean, W. E. Nason, F. W. Fogg, Ed. Barrett, W. H. Phelps, Dr. Kibbey, Hank Bruner, Henry Meeves, O. M. Campbell, Geo. Lyons, Lou Baer, Jack Stoufer, Dr. Arnold, J. S. Wells, G. Schrader, G. B. Speice, J. C. Read, Pat Quirk, Tom Ratchford, Brockelsby and others.

The Charter Oak (Iowa) Gun Club offers a splendid program for October 24 and 25, and gives a winning chance to any one who shoots fairly well. On the first day the program events are 15 targets, $2 entry, $5 added; eight live birds, $5 entry; 20 targets, $3 entry, $5 added; 15 targets, straightaway, $3 entry; 20 targets, $3 entry; 10 live birds, $7 entry, $10 added; 10 pairs targets, $3 entry; 8 live birds, $5 entry; 25 targets, $4 entry, $25 added. Second Day.—10 targets, $2 entry; 15 targets, unknown angles, $2.50 entry; 20 targets, $3 entry, $5 added; 10 pairs targets, $2.50 entry. $5 added; 10 pairs targets, $5.50 entry; 10 live birds, $7 entry; 15 live birds, $15 entry, $25 added; 20 targets, $4 entry.

Martinsburgh, West Virginia, will be the objective point for an army of target shooters on Tuesday and Wednesday next a private letter informs us that each of the eight cities who have combined to run this shoot has guaranteed to furnish from six to ten shooters so that the entries should not number less than fifty in any event. Over $200 will be added to the purses ond this along with a valuable list of merchandise prizes will prove very attractive and keep the party together for the two days. H. M. McVicker of Winchester is one of the prime movers in the arrangements.

William Tell Mitchell, the well-known expert of Lynch Station, V writes that he will be unable to come North to shoot any pigeon matches until after Christmas. Previous to that time he will be busy with field shooting and field trial work. In the meantime, however, he states that he stands ready to shoot against almost anyone who happens down his way.

The big shoot to be held in the South next Tuesday and Wednesday, is attracting a great deal of attention in all sections, and several Northerners will be on hand. Don't forget the dates, October 18 and 19, and the place, Martinsburgh, West Virginia, (instead of Martinsburgh, Va., as stated last week.)

The following officers have been elected by the Columbia (Ga.) Rod and Gun Club: President, Frederick Bucher; Secretary, Jeremiah Koch Treasurer, Edwin S. Stair; Quartermaster, L. W. May; Assistants, W. M. Borden and Dr. W. G. Taylor; Master of Transportation, Chas. A. Baker.

The annual target tournament of the Somerville (N. J.) Gun Club to be held on Wednesday and Thursday is creating considerable interest and the chances are that a large number of shooters will be present. Somerville is on the main line of the N. J. Central railroad and the grounds are close to the depot.

The Reading Shooting Association announces a sparrow shoot to be held at the Black Bear Inn grounds in Reading, Pa., on Oct. 27. The club has about 600 sparrows on hand and a big crowd of shooters and fine sport is anticipated.

James W. Clinton, secretary of the Standard Keystone Target and Trap Company, was in town early this week, en route to New London. Mr. Clinton has been on the road for a couple of weeks, and reports big sales of targets and traps.

A contest for a silver cup and purse emblematic of the championship of Maryland, open to residents of the State only, will be shot at Action's Park, on November 24. There are already a score of entries.

The tournament of the Riverview Gun Club of Amsterdam, N. Y., will be held on Columbus Day, October 21, instead of on October 20, as previously announced.

The Omaha and Raymond Gun Clubs of Omaha, Neb., closed their season on October 1. The Bemis Park Gun Club will close on October 27, and the Syndicate Park Gun Club on October 30.

The Highland Gun Club will hold its annual tournament at Des Moines, Iowa next tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday and a very attractive program has been issued.

The Wawaset Gun Club badge was won on October 1 by H. G. Buckmaster, with a score of 25 targets straight. R. Miller was second, with 24; C. M. Bucdmaster scoring 23.

W. E. Cross, of Amsterdam, N. Y., has offered a handsome badge to be given to the snooter making the best average during the tournament on October 21.

Joseph Leininger of Fremont, Pa., and Grant Schoffstall of Blackwood, Pa., will shoot a match at live pigeons, at Newtown, on October 22, for a $400 purse.

A pigeon match will be shot by H. F. Gable of Deer Creek, Pa., and Fred Coleman of Higginsville, Pa., on October 22, at Reimer's Hotel.

John Erb's grounds will be the scene of another fifty-bird sweep, $50 entry, in the near future. An open contest at 100 live birds per man, is also proposed.

The Machimoodus Gun Club of Moodus, Conn. look for a big time on October 25-26 when the Interstate tournament will be held on their grounds.

The Interstate Shoot at Moodus on Oct. 25 and 26 promises to be a successful affair at which Connecticut shooters will turn out in force.

A portion of the same party which made a success of the Peekskill shoot saved the Red Bank affair from being a flat failure.

R. H. Brientnall of Newark, N. J. has returned from his trip to the Yellowstone region and reports having had a splendid time.

The wire fence on the Red Bank grounds fooled a number of birds and saved many of them for the shooters.

The majority of the live bird tournament programs show too many events, and the start of the shooting is delayed too long.

The open sweepstakes at Saturday's New Jersey State League shoot are expected to draw over fifty entries.

Edgar Murphy says it is disgusting to shoot live pigeons under the rapid-firing system. And he hits the nail on the head.

J. A. Hartner's sixth annual tournament will be held at Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore, Md. on Thanksgiven Day.

The monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Club of Newark, N. J. will be held at Marion next Thursday.

Jack Parker's handicap is the favorite in the West and is steadily gaining friends in the East.

El Reno, Oklohoma, has a gun club, of which G. W. Williams is president and F. W. Van Ness secretary.

A target shoot will be held at Kingston, N. Y., on October 17.

W. R. Hobart had a monopoly on merchandize prizes at Red Bank.

The Westchester (Pa.) Gun Club has disbanded.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Easton—Comstock.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 8.—I inclose herewith score of a match between J. P. Easton, of Munroeville, O., and H. A. Comstock, of this city, at U. S. Trap Shooting Park, Friday, Oct. 7, for $50 a side, loser to pay for birds. Each first shot at 25 bluerocks, known angles; then 25 same, known traps, unknown angles. The result is shown, and the friends of Mr. Comstock were greatly surprised at his poor work, as he is ordinarily close to a 90 per cent. shot, and especially excellent in the field:

| | |
|---|---|
| J P Easton—Known angles | 1110111101111111111101100—19 |
| Unknown | 1101101111111111111111100—21—40 |
| H A Comstock—Known angles | 1101011111010001101111001—15 |
| Unknown | 0110100000C0100111010100—11—27 |

Judges—M. W. Thompson for Easton; Chas. Polster for Comstock. Referee, Dr. O. F. Britton. J. A. Martin, scorer. G. A. Rhodes, puller. W. B. A.

## Chicago Traps.

WATSON'S PARK OPENS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 8.—John Watson issues a circular letter announcing that his new park at Burnside is now open and ready for business, the King automatic traps being in shape and a few husky pigeons clamoring in the barns. The club days for regular shoots are announced as follows:

Fort Dearborn Club, first Thursday of each month; Chicago Club, first Friday; South Chicago Club, second Wednesday; Prairie Club, second Thursday; The Gun Club, second Friday; Pullman Club, second Saturday; Chicago Club, third Tuesday; Audubon Club, third Wednesday; Lake County Club, third Saturday; Gun Club, last Saturday. These are the days formerly used, and I believe are all agreed upon, except in the case of The Gun Club, which will probably send in affirmative reply soon.

It is hoped that Mr. Watson's new grounds may prove as full of sport as his old ones, which have been the scene of many interesting contests. There are few shooting grounds which have the reputation of Watson's Park, and no grounds on earth have a cleaner one. Gate money fakes are barred by John Watson, as they should be, and, so far as I know, a crooked race was never shot upon his grounds. Certainly the first suspicion of crookedness would not a second time be attributed to the rugged old Scotchman himself. I have often thought that a reputation like John Watson's is a good thing to have. This came to me forcibly at Indianapolis this week, in the course of a free and general talk with prominent outside shooters like Elliott, Beck, etc. They all said John Watson was good enough referee for them, and added that while the Chicago pigeon game was a hard one to go against it was as straight and square as anything on earth. I never heard any shooter in the country say anything different from that, nor will it ever be said, either of the old park or of the new. About February the sign of the goose is in the ascendant. Then expect storms, squalls and high jinks generally at the Chicago pigeon grounds.

THE MT. STERLING SHOOT.

From all that one can gather from shooters just back from the shoot at Mt. Sterling, Ky., there seems to have been a merry time at that burgh. The management was not out for its health, but for cold, hard coin, and it didn't care who knew it. Every shooter was charged 50 cents admission every time he came on the grounds. Targets were shot at 5 cents apiece (a profit of about $44 a thousand), and if there had been any live birds they probably would have been trapped at $1 each. I have not heard any shoot critised so severely as this one, and there seems no doubt that shooters went there under misapprehension. If it were not reprehensible for a management to advertise one thing and offer another, I should enjoy this spectacle hugely. The wolfers were wolfed, and they didn't like it. The "gang," not out for their health, met a management not out for its health, and didn't like it. I don't, for the most part, waste much sympathy on the "gang" who are always eagerly on the lookout for a nice lot of amateurs to eat up, but in this case the punishment seems too severe to fit the crime, and I weep with those who came back from Mt. Sterling with tears in their eyes over the injuries just suffered.

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

The committee in charge of arrangements for a gentlemen's guests day at Calumet Heights Club, in the lake shore country, has set the date for Oct. 16, and offers the following report:

"The purpose is to increase the membership of the club and incidentally to give the different members an opportunity to display their individual accomplishments. The programme of the day will consist of shooting at the trap, rifle and revolver shooting at targets, foot races, songs, skirt dances, and a choice selection of music by the "Tin God" quartette. The committee have secured the donation of over a dozen prizes, to be competed for by our guests, a partial list of which is appended: Diamond pin, solitaire shirt stud, single barreled shot-gun, bisque statuette, set of loading tools any gauge, gun cleaner any gauge, 100yds. of linen line, Meerschaum pipe, etc. etc. As this is strictly a gentlemen's day, the members are asked to abstain from bringing the ladies."

GARFIELD CLUB.

Besides target sweepstakes at the grounds to-day, which Secretary Brown kindly reports, there will be live bird shooting at Garfield Club grounds Saturday, Oct. 15, commencing at 10 A. M. sharp. This occasion will fairly conclude the more active season. It will be a pleasant and interesting event in the live bird line.

THAT EJECTOR.

I was very glad to see this week the cheerful face and portly form of Col. A. G. Courtney, agent of the Lefever Arms Co., who is now again on his travels, and looking better than for ten years past, which is saying a great deal. Col. Courtney will spend nearly a week in all in Chicago, and will have time to see all his friends if he hurries. While we were talking he told me the story of his ejector, which, if not newly published, may be newly read by some.

"Yes, we've got an ejector on the Lefever gun," said he, "or did have, though we may have to take it off for all I know. You see, it's too blame dangerous. Now, I was down in Indianapolis not long ago and was standing about forty yards in front of the grand stand at the score, but do you know they barred me from shooting. You see, every time I touched that ejector she'd jerk a shell right back into the grand stand among the people, and it kept them frightened, besides injuring a good many. Law! I didn't mean to hurt anybody, but of course I had to quit. The trouble with our ejector is it's too good; it's dangerous."

Speaking of one gun man you always hear the rustle of another's wings. Harvey McMurchy, agent of those L. C. Smith gun, is also in the village this week, and will remain till next Wednesday unless given twenty-four hours' notice by the town.

Mr. E. H. Kniskern, of the Wilkes-Barre Gun Co., spent a couple of days here this week, and has gone on to Milwaukee. In company with Mr. Northrup, a well-known York State shot, Mr. Kniskern will take a short trip to Minnesota after chickens. A whole lot of people out here don't know how to pronounce Wilkes-Barre. They call it "Wilkeys-Bar," whereas they should call is "Wilks-Barry," to rhyme with "carry." It is a very heathen word.

To-day there will be another clambake and pigeon shoot combination given at Cumberland Lodge in Indiana, the success of the entertainment mentioned last week having been such as to demand an immediate repetition. The Monon route puts on a brand new special car for the occasion. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## Richfield Gun Club Cup.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Ed. Annan, Jr., of your city, has kindly donated to the Richfield Gun Club a very handsome solid silver challenge cup, valued at $100. It is artistically lettered and designed and will be a handsome trophy for the one who wins it. The club has dispensed with regular shoots during the boarding season, but will commence the fall campaign under bright auspices, with this elegant cup as an incentive to good shooting. The first regular shoot in each month will be held as a competitive one to decide who shall possess the cup for a month. The member winning it the most times in a year will have his name engraved on it, and as soon as one name appears three times that person becomes the owner of the cup.

## The Acme Gun Club.

THE last shoot of the Acme Gun Club's season was held at Dexter Park, on Wednesday, Oct. 5. The competition was at bluerock targets, 20 to each man for the highest average scores of the season. C. Stuetzle was the highest scorer of the day, but T. Short wins the first annual prize. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| F Rausch.00010111110000030010— 7 | C Stuetzle11101011110101010111—14 |
| H Maird. 11100110101000110101—11 | P Burger..00001001100001010101— 7 |
| C Munick.10001011001000900000— 5 | Det Doff..10111000001010001100— 8 |
| H Menkel 11010110001111101110—13 | |

Sweepstake shoot, 8 bluerocks, 25 cents entrance, 2 moneys:

| | 1 | 2 | 2 | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Stuetzle | 4 | 7 | 6 | F Rausch | 2 | 6 | 7 |
| P. Burger | 4 | 7 | 6 | C Munick | 1 | . | . |
| H Menkel | 0 | 2 | 4 | H L Maird | 4 | 4 | 2 |
| C Margle | 3 | 3 | . | C Det Doff | 1 | 2 | |

# Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. P. A., Minerva, N. Y.—The specimen sent from the Adirondack Preserve Association waters is not wild rice.

R. S.W., Edwards, Miss.—Please give me through your columns some hints about fishing and catching the famous tarpon. Would like to know the kind of rod, reel and line best suited to the purpose, also what kind of bait to use. The waters around my place in Louisiana are alive with them, and although a greenhorn with the rod I am seized with the desire to catch one of these silver kings without serving an apprenticeship on smaller game. Ans. The tarpon and the mode of taking it are described in our Florida number of Jan. 9, 1890. Most tarpon fishermen use a stiff rod, from 5 to 8ft. long, provided with a multiplying reel with a capacity of "600ft. of 12 to 18 thread striped bass line, and knobbed 8-0 Sprout or O'Shaughnessy hook, with braided linen snells, 2 or 3ft. long and ⅛in. diameter." Wire or chain is often substituted for the linen snell. Mullet is used for bait, and the fishing is done on the bottom of quiet, shallow coves and bays. A boat and boatman are essential for this heroic form of fishing, and strong tackle is a prerequisite to success.


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Write for Our Illustrated Catalogue
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Illustrated guide to the Northern resorts issued by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad will be mailed on receipt of 6 cents postage. Address
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General Passenger Agent,
ALBANY, N. Y.

SOME anglers labor under the false impression that large dealers and manufacturers charge more for their goods than the keepers of small shops. A glance at our new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List for 1892, which we will mail on receipt of 6 cents to cover postage, will show how much they are mistaken.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
Manufacturers of All Grades of Fishing Tackle,
18 Vesey Street, New York.

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New Editions.
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PRICE, $1.00.
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By W. W. GREENER.
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These volumes have been for some time out of print, and new editions revised by the author have just been received. There is scarcely any one whose utterances with regard to shotguns and rifles are entitled to as much weight as Mr. Greener's, for he has been making these arms for many years. To his great knowledge of them he adds a pleasant and clear style in writing, which adds to the value of his books. Every American who uses a gun ought to read these books. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.
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318 Broadway, New York.

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Now Ready: Small Yachts, Their Design and Construction. By C. P. Kunhardt. A new edition, enlarged and extended to 470 pages of text and illustrations, and 87 full-page plates. Size of page, 14½ x 12½in. Price, $10.00.
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LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 7, 1892.
*O. Hesse, Esq., Red Bank, N. J.:*
DEAR SIR—I gave the shells sent me a fair and careful trial yesterday. With 1⅛ oz. No. 8 chilled shot the pattern and penetration at 40yds. was excellent. There was no recoil, and less report than I expected, the guns used being a Parker 7½lbs. and a Greener 7½lbs. Some of the Nitro powders leave an objectionable residue that works its way into the mechanism of the gun. I found this powder free from that objection. I think it a *most excellent powder.* The gun club members who were with me are very much pleased with it.
Very respectfully, F. M. DAWSON.
*Send for my powder loaded shells.*
12-Ga. in U. M. C. Smokeless.....$2.50 Per Hundred.
" " Gastight Walsrode Specials..... 3.00 "
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O. HESSE, Sole Agent U. S. America.
Magazines and Office, Red Bank, N. J.

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$100 will be given for the best pup sired by any of these dogs during the year 1892. Prize to be competed for at the New York show of 1893. Donor not to compete.

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Puppies always on hand.

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Imported. Has proved the most successful stock dog in America, who has only been 18 mos. in stud and has shown 1st prize winners at N.Y. and Boston. Sire of Avondale, winner 1st N. Y., 1st Washington, 1st Pittsburgh, only times shown. Sire of Minnie L. and Frank L., winners 1st and 2d at Boston. Sire of Maid of Borstal and Alice Kent, winners at all the large shows whenever shown. Puppies by this unequalled sire out of prize winning bitches, comprising the best blood both of Europe and America, constantly on hand. Stud fee, $25. Send for pedigree and cut. JOHN J. SCANLAN, P. O. Box 539, Fall River, Mass.

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Litter brother to the field trial winner Coleraine. Heretofore reserved, will be in the public stud after Jan 1st, 1893, to a few *approved* bitches.

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A thoroughly trained field dog and one of Elcho, Jr.'s best sons.

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Winner of over forty prizes, including the *medal for the best stud dog*, Agricultural Hall, London, 1891. **Fee $40.00.**

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**Dandie Dinmonts IN STUD.**

**KING O' THE HEATHER** (Mustard).
**AMPHION** (Pepper).
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The above dogs are winners of firsts and specials in the best shows in England and the Border. Dandie puppies for sale, both peppers and mustards. EDWARD BROOKS,
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**Stud Greyhound Flash,**

Black dog, by the great Huic Holloa out of Phœbe Mayflower. Great breeding this. Huic Holloa is a world-renowned courser, has won $8,850 in stakes. Fee $20. J. B'ack, Sheepshead Bay, L. I.

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## ENGLISH BULL-TERRIERS.

**AT TORONTO,** Sept. 12–15, I won Kennel Prize, 1st Bull Terrier Sweepstakes, 1st Puppy and 2d and 3d Open.

**AT KINGSTON,** Sept. 19–22, dogs and bitches competing together, 1st, 2d, 3d and v. h. c.

NAMES OF WINNING KENNEL:

**Comet II., Chatham Prince, Grove Duchess and Loumont Kit**

For puppies, dogs and bitches of the *best blood*, address HERBERT M. HOWES,
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## REWARDS FOR FIELD MERIT.

A successful competition by Irish setters at the various field trials necessitates more entries; an equal number of entries means an equal share of the money, we believe, therefore the following standing offer is made:

**$200** to the get of imp. Finglas and Beau Brummel (or other stud dogs we may hereafter own) whelped after Jan. 1, 1893, that win first, second or third in either stake of the United States, Eastern, Central or Southern Field Trials.

**$100,** conditions same as above, that win in the American, Pacific Coast or Bexar Trials.

GLENMORE KENNELS,
COFFEYVILLE, KAS.

## DEERHOUND PUPPIES FOR SALE.

I CAN NOW OFFER THE BEST LOT OF DEERHOUND PUPPIES EVER RAISED AT MY KENNELS.

HILLSIDE KENNELS,
LANCASTER, MASS.

## Irishmen---Birdfinders.

I have some splendid Irish setters in prime condition for chicken hunting.

Write quick for prices.

F. H. PERRY,
Des Moines, Iowa.

## SPRATT'S PATENT

DOG SOAP.

# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1892.

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 16. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.


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The Lost Chord.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

### *COLUMBUS NUMBER.*

AS stated last week, the FOREST AND STREAM'S Columbus Number, originally announced for to-day, has been postponed, but not abandoned. The date will be announced.

### *OUR RECORD IN YACHTING.*

IT is perhaps not surprising that the Boston *Herald* was not pleased with our comments of last week, but it speaks poorly for the other side of the argument when the *Herald* finds no better reply than the old charge of "prejudiced Anglo-American leanings."

It is a good many years now since the cry of "Anglomaniac" was first raised by American journals against the FOREST AND STREAM, because it dared to suggest that the centerboard sloop of the 1870 76 era did not represent the highest possible achievements of naval architecture. When again we pointed out that lead made better ballast than stone or iron or baled hay, the same cry was heard again. Our advocacy of systematic designing as opposed to building from the block model brought from American builders the same charge, that we were working in the interests of English designers, and our attacks on the spike and soft wood construction of the old boats brought on us general abuse from builders and their friends. When too, we opposed the old rule of mean length, we were met with the epithets "un-American," "unpatriotic."

The FOREST AND STREAM has not only survived but prospered under such opposition; it has worked steadily for advanced methods and correct principles in designing and construction, for better and more liberal systems of measurement, for fair racing rules; and against everything tending to discredit American yachting. The justice of our contention on all of the points mentioned is borne out by the work of American designers to-day. In the face of such evidence as is offered by the whole fleet of American yachts, it is the plainest confession of weakness on the part of an opponent to offer no better defense than the old war cry of 1880—"Anglomaniac."

So far as our objections to the new deed are concerned, they are so plain and specific that every yachtsman can decide them for himself, apart from all questions of national prejudice.

Conceding the necessity for some supplementary conditions to the original deed, a necessity which the FOREST AND STREAM pointed out at the time of the Volunteer-Thistle races, before anything had been done toward making a new deed; our objections to the present deed are in brief as follows:

It is illegal, the New York Y. C. having no right to return the Cup to Mr. Schuyler, and he having no right to receive it and redonate it.

It is directly opposed, both in letter and spirit, to the wishes of the five original donors, as stated by them in the true deed.

It was adopted secretly and hastily by a small party in the club and no opportunity was given to the members at large to discuss or vote on it.

It is distinctly unfair and contrary to the usages of yacht racing in the requirements of the dimension clause and the elimination of time allowance, demanding much from the challenger and giving nothing in return.

Of the harm it has done to American yachting in stopping all international racing, there is no need to speak, the results being only too plain.

From first to last the FOREST AND STREAM has defended the memory of the great American yachtsman who built and raced the old America, and gave the cup she won for "a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreigen countries," and not for a toy and plaything for the New York Yacht Club.

### *OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.*

THERE is no diminution of interest in the FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Competition. We publish to-day capital reproductions of three photographs of a series of four, picturing the incidents of a day with the quail. Other reproductions will follow from week to week.

The pictures already received show that users of the rod and the gun are not less adept with the camera; and the collection promises to be a highly creditable one. The most gratifying feature of the amateur photography scheme is the frequent expression by readers of their pleasure at sharing with the photographers these pictures of outdoor life.

The conditions of the competition are repeated to-day in our advertising columns, and we shall be glad to send the slip containing them on request.

There is no limit as to the number of pictures one person may send; but, although it has not been stated before, no one competitor will be awarded more than one prize.

In response to several inquiries, we also add that while pictures should be mounted, it is not necessary that the developing, printing and mounting shall have been done by the amateur competitor.

### *HUMBLE ACQUAINTANCES.*

A LITTLE turning of nature from her own courses, banishes the beaver from his primal haunts, but his less renowned and lesser cousin, the muskrat, philosophically accommodates himself to the changed conditions of their common foster mother and still clings fondly to her altered breast.

The ancient forests may be swept away and their successors disappear, till there is scarcely left him a water-soaked log to use as an intermediate port in his coastwise voyages; continual shadow may give place to diurnal sunshine, woodland to meadow and pasture, the plow tear the roof of his underground home and cattle graze where once only the cloven hoof of the deer and moose trod the virgin mold, yet he holds his old place.

In the springtides of present years as in those of centuries past his whining call echoes along the changed shores, his wake seams with silver the dark garment of the water, and his comically grim visage confronts you now as it did the Waubanakee bowmen in the old days when the otter and the beaver where his familiars.

Unlike the beaver's slowly maturing crops, his food supply is constantly provided in the annual growth of the marshes. Here in banks contiguous to endless store of succulent sedge and lily roots and shell-cased tid-bits of mussels, he tunnels his stable water-portaled home, and out there, by the channel's edge, builds his sedge-thatched hut before the earliest frosts falls upon the warshes.

In its height some find prophesy of high or low water, and in the thickness of its walls the forecast of a mild or severe winter, but the prophet himself is sometimes flooded out of his house, sometimes starved and frozen in it.

In the still, sunny days between the nights of its unseen building, the blue spikes of the pickerel weed and the white trinities of the arrow-head, yet bloom beside it. Then in the golden and scarlet brightness of autumn the departing wood drake rests on the roof to preen his plumage, and later the dusky duck swims on its watery lawn. Above it, the wild geese harrow the low, cold arch of the sky, the last fleet of sear leaves drift past it in the bleak wind and then ice and snow draw the veil of the long winter twilight over the muskrats' homes and haunts.

These may be gloomy days he spends groping in the dark chambers of his hut and burrow, or gathering food in the dimly lighted icy water, with never a sight of the upper world nor ever a sunbeam to warm him.

But there are more woful days when the sun and the sky are again opened to him, and he breathes the warm air of spring, hears the blackbirds sing and the bittern boom. For amid all the gladness of nature's reawakened life, danger lurks in all his paths, the cruel, hungry trap gapes for him on every jutting log, on every feeding bed, even in the doorway of his burrow and by the side of his house.

The trapper's skiff invades all his pleasant waters, on every hand he hears the splash of its paddles, the clank of its setting pole, and he can scarcely show his head above water but a deadly shower of lead bursts upon it. He hears the simulated call of his beloved, and voyaging hot-hearted to the cheating tryst, meets only death.

But at last comes the summer truce and happy days of peace in the tangled jungle of the marsh with the wild duck and bittern nesting beside his watery path, the marsh wren weaving her rushy bower above it.

So the days of his life go on, and the days of his race continue in the land of his unnumbered generations. Long may they endure to enliven the drear tameness of civilization with a memory of the world's old wildness.

### *THE LOST PARK BUFFALO.*

LATER reports from Colorado points near Lost Park advise us that additional parties have gone out to look for the buffalo slayers, but it may be some time before anything is heard from them. The country is said to be very rough and extremely difficult to travel through, and the pursuit and capture of the law breakers will be hard matters to accomplish.

It is also stated that the country is well stocked with mountain sheep, and as these are protected by the Colorado law, Game Warden Land has given instructions to arrest any one found with heads or hides of this species in possession.

In a dispatch from Florissant, Col., a ranchman, Sidney Derby, who lives on Tarryall Creek, is quoted as saying that he frequently sees the Lost Park buffalo, and that there are fully 100 in the herd. The same dispatch mentions that two Florissant taxidermists have been arrested at Steamboat Springs charged with killing buffalo.

Just as we go to press we receive word from a Denver correspondent that Deputy Sheriff Bell and his men have returned from the Lost Park country, having found no trace of the buffalo killers. They are inclined to discredit the story of the killing. Whether or not the reported slaughter was done, the incident has demonstrated in a most gratifying way the public interest in these remnant buffalo; and the effect of that demonstration must be salutary.

### *SNAP SHOTS.*

THE FOREST AND STREAM did honor to Columbus last week by displaying as appropriate decorations mounted heads of buffalo, mountain sheep and antelope, with eagles, and in the post of honor a white goat. Then the office camera was called into use to catch a snap shot of the procession, and to fix the picture for reproduction to-day. The view given on another page is from one of the windows looking up Broadway; it shows the mountain sheep head, and the black mass beyond is the buffalo head. The troops shown are of the New York Seventh Regiment.

The evil results of keeping in his place such a worthless official as State Game Protector Sheridan of the Thirteenth District are by no means confined to the immediate injury done the fishing interest he is sworn to protect. For just as the honest and vigilant service of a faithful official constantly makes for good by promoting a sentiment of popular respect for the laws, so just as fully and in like measure the dereliction of the Sheridans and their abetting of crime breeds public contempt of the statutes. The demoralizing influences of Sheridan's official shiftlessness are cumulative. Remembering this it is inconceivable that his superior's should keep him in office and prolong the disgrace because of his political pull.

The old subject of the panther's scream is up again, its discussion having been stimulated by "Stanstead's" note the other day averring that the screams attributed to the panther are made by other animals. The natural history columns next week will have some interesting notes.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## TROUTING IN THE COAST RANGE.—II.

### The Nehalem Country.

TOWSER was a formidable-looking brute, as he lay there glaring at us with his great blood-shot eyes, bemoaning the invention of boom chains. I am not an expert on dogs and am therefore unable to say just what breed of dog he is, but it is my opinion that he is a cross between a Siberian bloodhound and a rat-terrier, with the size of the first and disposition and general characteristics of both. It is barely possible that he is in some way connected with the night-mare breed; for I am almost sure that I have seen similar looking dogs in my dreams when trying in a helpless sort of way to get over a fence away from the hydrophobia. At any rate Towser was a "bad man from Bitter Creek," and evidently was entitled to the reputation he bore.

Turpin and his wife, in fact the whole family, were intelligent and generous, and from oldest to youngest they all set about making things pleasant for us. Although we had had our breakfast after a fashion, nothing would do the good people but that we should join them in their morning repast, and the Doctor and I stowed the good things away in a manner that must have convinced them that we were grateful creatures at least and knew how to manifest our appreciation of their kindness.

We were somewhat footsore and stiffened from the long, tiresome trip of the preceding day and decided to spend this day resting up; and besides, the agreeable reception tendered us by the Turpins made us loth to leave too hastily the cheer of their humble but happy abode.

Really I think that Turpin has four of the prettiest and most agreeable girls in the world; and even we old married fellows find it a little difficult to resist the temptation to rest up under such circumstances, when there is any excuse for it. So the Doctor and I rested up, and he, being unmarried and a free lance, rested harder, if possible, than I did. I know that a 25-mile walk with heavy packs over the mountains of a hot day is tiresome, but the Doctor couldn't fool me. I knew him too well. He wasn't half the physical wreck and confirmed invalid he let on to be. But he fooled the girls and had the whole crowd, except little Annie, condoling with him and ministering to his wants. Annie stuck by me because I had promised to send her a doll. If she asked me once she did twenty times to describe the doll; and it did me as much good to tell her about it as it did her to listen, for she laughed so merrily and her eyes sparkled so brightly.

But "resting up" can't last long with an angler of the true spirit on the bank of such a river as the Nehalem; so I asked Johnny how the fishing was. "Lots of fish and big ones" said Johnny, "but we don't care anything for fish, and I would rather hunt anyway." I asked him if what the postmaster had told me about the twenty wild cats was true and he said it was and more, he and Towser had recently killed a big black bear. Pretty young hunter, thought I, to be talking about bears. Bob-cats are big enough for most hunters twenty years older than Johnny. I asked Turpin if he did not feel a little anxiety about this proclivity of Johnny's that led him off alone into the forest for such game. Turpin ridiculed the idea of danger to the boy and glanced at me in a way that made me feel decidedly uncomfortable. But then I was only speaking for the boy's sake and was not afraid of wildcats and bears myself. "I guess that Johnny and Towser can take care of themselves in these woods," said Turpin, and Johnny stuck his thumbs under his rawhide suspenders and looked longingly across the river as much as to say, "Bring on your wildcats and bears."

Along towards noon Johnny broached the subject again with, "Say, mister, you don't look so very tired, s'pose we take the dogs and go up the swale, mebby we would find a cat."

"What dogs?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "your yeller dog and old Tows."

I thought it was bad enough to hunt wildcats without having Tows turned loose, so I declined and suggested that we try the trout. So Johnny got his worm box and we went down the bank to a beautiful, dark pool resting at the foot of a wild, raving rapid not a hundred yards from the house.

Johnny's tackle consisted of an alder sapling, a sturgeon line and what looked to me like a young hog-hook. I laughed to myself at the outfit, but when I got out my 8oz. rod and little black reel I imagined that I discovered a sort of sardonic grin playing around the corners of Johnny's mouth. So it seems that we were both having a lot of fun on the quiet. Of course I knew that the fly-book would be a surprise to Johnny, but thought that I would wait and let him feel the secret chagrin of being outclassed in fishing, even if he could put a little "dog" on the wildcat proposition.

Quietly putting on a three-fly whip (as is my custom), I proceeded to straighten my leader in a careless sort of way, but so as to attract his attention. I succeeded admirably and was soon busy explaining the art of fly-fishing to a very interested listener. Johnny seemed interested enough, but only commented to the extent of suggesting: "Mister, I am afraid you don't know the Nehalem trout." But then, you know that those not familiar with the capabilities of the fly-rod always talk that way. By this time I could see that Johnny had decided to play audience and "give the calf plenty of rope." He quietly laid his sapling on the bank and sat down on a rock with his hands in his pockets.

It pleased me to have him so attentive, for I wanted to instruct him a little before giving him the customary assortment of flies and leaders.

You know with what artistic grace the professional fly-caster takes his stand and poises his rod when exhibiting himself. Well, that was the way I opened the ball on the Nehalem. I didn't have to request Johnny to pay strict attention, for he never took his eyes off me. With a sweeping curve of the rod and a quick turn of the wrist I planted the flies well out in the bosom of the deep, dark pool and anxiously awaited results. So did Johnny. I had drawn my flies almost to the point where another cast is necessary to avert slackness when, with a rush and splash that made my hair rise there came a monster for my royal-coachman, the like of which I hope may never again see anything inviting in a No 6 fly hung to a slender leader and 8oz. rod in my hands.

Well, I am sorry to say that he got the fly and presently another monster got the professor, and the result was simply, that they got what they went after while I didn't. This was a little annoying under the circumstances, but Johnny was too well raised to manifest any exultation or give vent to any hilarity. I got out another leader, the heaviest I had, and having discovered that three such flies were at least two too many, I removed all but the stretcher, the royal. I made one more cast that day. It was a long cast; in fact it turned out to be a very long cast, for no sooner did my fly touch the water than it started for the Pacific Ocean. Even after my line was all run out it kept on casting until I found myself minus not only the leader but part of the line.

Johnny thought he'd better get one fish any way for dinner, and under the circumstances I didn't feel like objecting. Thereupon he loaded his hog-hook with worms and cast out in the good old-fashioned way.

He soon hooked a fish, and without stopping to "play" him dragged him in as ignominiously as if he had been a sucker. But Johnny's trout, the one he caught, didn't weigh more than 5 or 6lbs. I requested Johnny not to say anything about what had happened, and even promised to send him a lot of fish hooks as an inducement for him to keep his mouth shut; but when Turpin asked me what luck I had had, I assumed an injured air and made a clean breast of it. I told him that no thoroughbred professional fly-fisherman would care to be caught fishing after such great, overgrown ocean porpoises as I had found in the Nehalem River; and that so far as I was personally concerned, I proposed to go back into the mountains, where I could find 8 and 12in. mountain trout, as they were much sweeter and afforded much more genteel sport, and besides they were not so coarse and rude, you know.

I had gone into the Nehalem country to see the "elephant," and had already seen three, but so far as the fishing part of the trip was concerned, I had gone prepared for trout, not tarpon.

A very disagreeable but unavoidable condition to such angling as one finds in these remote waters is the fact that fish are so plentiful, and so little use can be made of them that to avoid inexcusable waste one doesn't get to fish much. A half-hour each day of actual fishing will keep the larder well supplied with this toothsome and indispensable part of the necessary forage; so that, if it is close season for game, one cannot do much but loiter around camp the rest of the time.

Turpin said that there were no well-defined trails leading south from the bluffs of the Nehalem and it was a bad country to get through, and to the inexperienced might be added for consideration the great danger of getting lost. He couldn't see the necessity of our tramping off into a country of which he himself had little knowledge, to undergo the attendant hardships and privations when we could get all the fish and game we could wish almost at his door, and have a roof over our heads when night came, in the bargain. This was good but ineffectual logic.

We wanted to see the country and investigate the streams and other resources, so we determined to strike out south in the morning. Spreading our blankets on the floor in the corner, we slept soundly, almost dreamlessly, until the girls called us to our early breakfast. Shouldering our packs, we started up the high, grassy bluff bound for the upper waters of Deep Creek. We had decided to follow the burnt ridge on the west side of the creek, but within sight of its cañons, to avoid the possibility of getting lost. It was useless to try to follow the creek, and the mountain sides were absolutely impassable. I am honest in the assertion that the interwoven sal-lal and fern on the Coast Range reach a height of 15ft., where the conditions are favorable, and how the elk get through the tangled mass at all is beyond my comprehension. We had our hatchets with us, and they came very handy in blazing the trail and in cutting our way through the worst places.

We had nearly reached the top of the high bluff when we heard one of the girls scream back at the house, and turning we saw, horror of horrors, Towser coming after us on the dead run. A moment later and the Doctor and I were on a big log, with hatchets drawn and Mike between us, all prepared to die like men. On came the brute straight for us. Nearer and nearer he came, until he stood by our log looking up at us. He studied our attitudes and the grim determination depicted on our faces for a moment, only a moment, and then—wagged his tail. He looked off into the forest and then up at us again, as much as to say: "Gentlemen, you are wasting precious time up there, let's be getting on." Mike seemed to grasp the situation before we did, and jumping down from our roost he and Tows greeted each other in that cordial way peculiar to dogs, while the Doctor and I sneaked down silently, and in a manner decidedly unbecoming to such heroes. But Towser was with us, life-size, and proposed to stay; and a more agreeable companion among the gloomy mountains of the Coast Range would be hard to find, as I am free to acknowledge after a week's experience. He is a brave, good dog, and he has been maliciously slandered, and I am glad of this opportunity to testify in his behalf, and desire to place myself on record as of the opinion that no nobler, braver or more faithful dog lives than poor, old, much-abused Tows, when he meets with half-way decent treatment or an appreciative friend.

During the week we were together in the deep forests of those romantic mountains Towser was never morose or ill-natured, and even permitted Mike to impose upon him rather than to have any misunderstandings or trouble in camp. However, I do not for a moment doubt his prowess or valor, or his ability to take care of himself in any ordinary scrimmage even with wildcats. We were on a simple fishing trip and were armed with only revolvers and hunting knives, for it was not open season for elk and deer. At night we would camp on Deep Creek or some other pretty mountain stream, stopping early enough to secure plenty of trout for supper and breakfast.

Where can a man be placed that he will more fully realize that he is close to nature than by a camp-fire at night in the remote forests of untraversed mountains. One can almost hear the whisperings of the gray and gloomy mountains as they chant their solemn chorus to the song of the spheres. Awed into silence by the spectral splendor and stupendous grandeur of the weird surroundings, one involuntarily and reverentially listens as if expecting to hear nature speak. And she does speak, but not in the language of men. From under her veil of mystery we hear the birds, the brooks, the tree-tops and the thousand forest tongues, all busy translating the lesson she here teaches. So let us go to the forests, to the mountains and commune with nature in her own wild solitudes. It makes better men of us and lifts us up and above the sordid thoughts and tainted reflections of common, every day human existence.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

## JACK AND I ON A TRIP TO ISLE ROYAL.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

I WAS sitting in my room feeling a little blue one August evening when the door opened and in walked Jack. After a few words he said, "I'll go on a trip along the North Shore and to Isle Royal with you, if you'll go Thursday morning. I fairly gasped in astonished delight, for we had been talking of such a trip all the spring and summer, but the more we talked the further off the realization seemed and only two days before he had told me that he did not see how we could get off. Here he was however, with his proposition to go Thursday and this was Tuesday evening. "I can only be away ten days" he continued, "so let's decide quick." "I'll go" I replied." "But there'll have to be some hard work done to-morrow," and there was. Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock Jack and I were lying in bed; with all our dunnage at the depot, and every thing arranged as ship-shape as possible at home and the alarm clock set for 3:30 A. M. "Does that thing ever fail to go off on time?" asked Jack sleepily. "Never."

"Well then, good night."

"Good night."

'Twas a perfect summer morning when we awoke, and hastily dressing, reached the station with a few minutes to spare before we started on our nine hours' ride by rail to Duluth. Harvesting had just commenced, and on that fair August morning the fields seemed doubly beautiful and the streams and lakes and forests glorified as we whirled away eastward.

At Staples where we changed cars we found evidence of the work of the electric storm of the Sunday evening previous, as only a heap of blackened brick and other material remained of the building which had contained the superintendent's and train dispatcher's offices, and the lunch room. The train dispatcher's office was now a box car, which seemed enveloped in a network of wires. Onward we went through an almost unbroken sameness of jack-pine and tamarack marsh. At one place the train stopped in the woods, there was a village of birch bark teepees, and canvas tents. It was a camp of Indians, who were picking blueberries. For those who desired to see the picturesque Indian as he now exists in Minnesota, here was an excellent opportunity.

Half-past twelve found us at West Superior, and in a brief while more we were in Duluth. Our first errand was to find when a steamer left for the North Shore and Isle Royal. We found that the Cambria left for Port Arthur that evening; the Dixon for the North Shore and the island three days later. What should we do? Go to Port Arthur on the Cambria and wait there for the Dixon or wait at Duluth? I was for waiting at Duluth, as I wished Jack to see the beautiful scenery along the route. We decided to wait for the Dixon, but not in Duluth. We would run out to Knife River, camp there for a couple days and try for some trout. A ride of three-quarters of an hour on the Iron Range Road, with old Superior close on one side and the uplift of rock supported hills on the other, crossing many streams where in their season trout do hide, brought us to Knife River, and we and our dunnage were left on the platform which serves as a station, while the train went whirling on. We speedily set up out tent, with the river a few rods in front and the gleaming lake a short distance off. How beautiful it all was. Close by were two large tents, which we learned belonged to the grading crew at work on the country road, beyond these tents the woods reached away to the great Iron Ranges, and beyond to the Canadian border; the river in its gorge lying here like a long placid pool, ever seeking an uninterrupted exit into the lake and ever beaten back and interrupted by the restless waves and shifting sandbar; while standing out in bold relief a few rods from shore was Knife Island Reef encircled and wave-lashed, a prominent object for a long distance up and down the shore. As soon as our tent was fixed to our satisfaction we put up our rods and prepared to try for trout. The cook from the graders' tent came over and watched us. He was a medium-sized man with an enormous shock of hair and whiskers, and all below this was enveloped in a great white apron, the whole make-up suggested to Jack and I a picture we had seen of a statue of Moses, by a certain very great sculptor. Jack dubbed him Moses at once, but we found out later that the graders also had an exalted name from him, nothing less in fact than King James. Just as we were ready to start for the river Moses broke silence with:

"Say, you'll not get any fish here."

"Not get any fish, why?"

"There are none here, nor have been for a month."

"But this is a noted trout stream."

"Can't help it, they are not here now. If you want trout you'll have to go about seven miles up to some of the little branches and there you'll find a few. You're too late anyhow," he added as he turned away.

Jack and I looked at each other. "The old addlepate," exclaimed Jack. "Do you suppose he knows?"

"No, I do not," I answered as bravely as I could, but in my heart I was afraid he did know, and experience proved it to be so; for not one trout did we get or even catch sight of while at Knife River. Carefully did we fish up the stream that afternoon until lengthening shadows gave indication that it was time to return to camp. I had not had the faintest sign of a bite. Jack said he had one strike as though a 3-pound bass had taken the hook; but the hook did not take the fish.

Back to camp we went, and after supper prepared our bed of spruce boughs, blanket-covered, in which we lay "with greater comfort," Jack said, "than last night in your bed." The flowing river and murmur of waves on the beach, together with our picturesque surroundings, had aroused the philosopher and poet in Jack, and it was some time ere we went to sleep, as question, suggestion,

scrap of philosophy, bit of poetry or thought, showing a keen insight into things in earth and air and sea, came from him; but at length silence reigned unbroken over Riverside Camp. I was aroused the next morning by a most unearthly sound, which at first I was puzzled to account for, but soon found came from a great tin boat horn, at the small end of which was Moses, who in this way was calling the graders to breakfast. I aroused Jack, who was sleeping the sweet sleep of innocence, seemingly, and after breakfast we went down to the beach where we stayed all the forenoon, watching the waves, lying on the sand and gathering agates, of which we secured a large number, some of which were very beautiful. "Oh," said Jack, "isn't this just grand?" It certainly was; and noon came before we thought as we played like two schoolboys on the beach. In the afternoon we again tried the river for trout, but without result, save the good solid enjoyment obtained from nature in her wildest dress as represented by river and wood. At length, giving up the river in despair, we took an old trail off into the woods, which we followed hither and thither, until we came around to our camp.

The afternoon was very warm and as soon as we reached camp we took a pail and cup, some lemons and sugar went down to the lake and made some lemonade, using the clear sparkling water of Superior. Upon a wave-tossed and rock-battered log we sat and drank our lemonade, while the waves came thundering in, for a stiff breeze was blowing on the water, although we had not felt it in woods or along the river. We went to bed early, intending to put in a good long night in sleep, but t'was decreed otherwise. It seemed to me that I had scarcely gotten to sleep when a cow bell rang furiously right by the tent, and the tramp of feet outside told of cattle near by. I rushed out and there stood an old bell cow not 4ft. from the tent, complacently chewing her cud, and now and then giving a vicious shake to rid herself of flies and mosquitoes. I sent her off in short order and went back to bed, but back came that cow twice at intervals of about an hour, and clattered the bell by the tent. The last time I saw her off with such dispatch that we heard the bell no more only as a faint tinkle off in the edge of the woods. We went to sleep again, only to be aroused by a thunderous bellow close at hand. Jack turned over and murmured sweetly, "Is that Moses blowing his tin horn, or the angel Gabriel with his trumpet?" I had to laugh as provoked as I was. I investigated and found that it was neither Moses nor the angel, but a black and white bull who was leisurely walking away. When daylight came we were loth to get up, and the result was we had an 8 o'clock breakfast, after which we packed up and loafed around until the west-bound train came along and stopped at my signal. We were soon aboard, and waving a good-by to Riverside Camp, and Moses, and the bull and the cow with the bell, we reached Duluth in time for dinner. After dinner we made our final preparations for our trip down the North Shore and to Isle Royal, bought our tickets, had our baggage transferred from the depot to the steamer, and then spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in seeing the city, which was familiar enough to me but not to Jack. We went up the incline railway, and from the lookout viewed city, lake and bay, shipping and network of railroad tracks, and across the bay through rifts in the smoke we caught glimpses of West Superior. We took in scenery enough Jack said, "to last us for years."

Coming down from the lookout we went into the power-room and saw the mighty engines and powerful machinery that winds and unwinds the cables which pull up and let down the cars on the incline. From the power-room we went out to see the deer, which are kept in a little inclosure near by. There was a buck, with horns nearly grown, and three mottled sided fawns; all were panting with the heat, for the August sun smote fiercely upon than rocky hilltop and the half dozen small fir trees stuck in the ground at one end of the inclosure were only a pitiful mockery of the free wild wood's soothing shade. I told Jack that "I heartily wished I could let them out and see them safe away." Near by was another inclosure in which three bears—two black and one brown—were chained. They, too, were suffering from the heat. Each had a tub partly filled with water, into which they would go and sit every few minutes. One of them was especially mischievous, and when the keeper came in to clean up the inclosure made several attempts to trip him with the chain. The man, however, kept close watch and frequently shaking his finger at the bear, said: "Ye think ye are pretty smart, but ye don't down me this time." The bear winked and blinked at him, and bided his time. The man turned to answer a question. Quick as a flash the bear made a rush out beyond the man, then doubling back, looped the chain around his feet and laid him on his back with neatness and despatch. We applauded the bear, but a very angry man got up out of the dust, and with many oaths and fist shakings uttered dire threats at the bear, which now stood facing him, evidently ready for the next move. The man did not touch him, however, and we turned away, and boarding the car went down the incline still laughing over the discomfiture of the man. We next took the ferry and went over to West Superior to look at the three great whalebacks that were being finished. On our return we went to every store where there was a collection of agates and harrowed the souls of the shopkeepers by our search after such an agate as is not yet found. I chanced to think that I wanted some swivels, a simple want, surely, and one easily supplied, but in this instance we found that swivels were in the other store, down the avenue or just around the corner. From place to place we went, causing tribulation and confusion in every place we entered, and had about given up the quest when we found what we wanted in a gun and tackle store under the Spaulding House. We went to our hotel and to bed, sleeping the sleep of innocence.

Nine o'clock the next morning we were on the steamer, bag and baggage, watching the other passengers come aboard. A mixed lot they were; pleasure parties, cruisers, with their packs, residents of the North Shore returning home from a trip to Duluth; fishing parties with boats and elaborate outfits, and camping parties pure and simple. Promptly on time we steamed out through the canal and Jack drew a deep breath of content. "We're started on our long anticipated trip," he said, "and the day is as perfect as if made to order." It was true. The lake lay like a great burnished mirror, and the shore was like a panorama, new and more beautiful views unfolding each mile. Past Lester River we went, where the Stars and Stripes were waving from the flag-pole in the grounds of the United States Fish Hatchery. Soon Knife Island began to loom up, and as we passed our camp site could be plainly seen. Twenty-seven miles down from Duluth, and the steamer stopped at Two Harbors. We went ashore for a few moments and looked at the great ore docks. As we went back we stopped on the lower deck to see the dunnage piled there. 'Twas an amazing assortment. There were trunks and grips and boxes, and tents and lunch baskets, rolls of bedding and packs, trout creels and landing nets, guns in cases and out, fishing-rods and tackle boxes in profusion, and four boats. All this, beside the usual merchandise the boat carried to the North Shore ports and fishing stations. Ten miles further down the lake we passed Split Rock, a famous fishing place where 'tis said brook trout hide of size and cunning that defy capture. Jack and I do nothing but sit and admire the scenery. It is all new to him, and his love of the grand and beautiful enables him to keenly enjoy it all. Thirteen miles further and we are at Beaver Bay, a picturesque, weather-beaten little town, high above the lake, with a great mass of detached rock making a palisaded island at the entrance to the landlocked bay. "A veritable Old World picture," says Jack. "I forget just where its counterpart is located, but it's across the sea somewhere." A young girl comes out to the steamer in a boat and some of our fellow-passengers leave us. The scenery grows more and more grand and beautiful. The Palisades, over 300ft. high, lift their rocky tree-crowned mass from the waves at their base. At the famous Baptism River four empty boats come out to meet the steamer, and three of these are soon piled high with dunnage and fishing tackle. Evidently, a large party is going ashore to recruit those already at the club house, which is so beautifully situated, with a green lawn reaching from the piazza to the top of the bluff. A little up the shore from the club house is a group of tents on the beach. Very inviting they look, and Jack and I wish that we were getting off here instead of this party of five ladies and eight gentlemen, who, crowded into two boats, are taking merry leave of the rest of us on the steamer. The trout must hide now, for there's mischief brewing for them.

At Pork Bay two gentlemen go ashore with enormous packs and I wonder how they are to carry them, as they are evidently not accustomed to that kind of work. But looking ashore I see two packers awaiting them, and ere we leave the bay the packers, with their burdens, followed by the two gentlemen, have disappeared in the woods. "Going to look up pine land," some one near me says. That sheet of molten silver coming down the rocks there is Manito Falls, beautiful as dream of poet. I do not wonder that the Indians regard Little Manito with reverence, and if we were on shore we should find a scene of such stern and savage grandeur that we too would be impressed with the strength of the Almighty who formed these everlasting hills. Near the setting of the sun two more left us. They had their own boat and a complete outfit for camping and fishing. They went ashore at Two Islands and their intention was to fish every stream from there up to Baptism River. How clear cut the outline of the hills was against the sky after the sun had set. How placid the lake and how plainly defined the reflection of those same tree-clad hills upon the water.

Quite a number of passengers were to stop at Grand Marais and camp there for a month or so, but ere the boat reached there Jack and I were in our stateroom sound asleep. It was broad daylight when I awoke, and looking from the window saw through the mists of early morning Pie Island and other bold headlands, which I knew marked the entrance to Thunder Bay. During the night we had passed Chicago Bay, where last year Stephens and I left the steamer and began our trip in our canvas boat, Mesquatawanga River, where we caught our big trout, Red Rock, where we had such a delightful camp, Tunnelled Rock, where we were cast away, and Grand Portage, where we waited for a steamer which never came. All of these memories came o'er me as I crept back into the berth, where I lay until Jack exclaimed, "Where are we now, and what are we coming to?" I looked out and saw that we were nearing Port Arthur, the Prince Arthur's Landing of the ante-railroad days.

MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Natural History.

## A SNAKE'S STRIKING.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the articles appeared on spitting snakes and how snakes strike, in July last, the general press of the country has adopted them. As many as ten leading papers copied the articles on "skin shedding" and "snakes striking," while sections were stereotyped and sent to the lesser lights throughout the land, and are still circulating. It is the old idea; every one is interested in snake lore. Several friends, readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, have asked for further information on the subject, while some criticise my assertions.

In regard to a snake's striking. In addition to the description and illustration given in the issue of July 21 last, the following demonstration is submitted to those who persist in maintaining that a snake can strike its length from a coil. Take a coil of rubber tubing, common lawn hose is best, and lay it flat on the floor or ground. Have an assistant hold the lower circles in place. Then with a stout pair of forceps seize the upper end of the hose, which represents the snake's head, and pull. It will be found that the tension is exactly in proportion to the coils straightened, and if one complete circle is pulled out, then the hose or tubing will be twisted but once, or twice if two circles of the coil are pulled out. Now, allowing that the motion of the snake's head and body when striking must be like the action of the hose when clinched tightly by the pinchers and pulled straightaway, then it follows that the reptile's body must be twisted. According to this theory, which is plain and convincing, the vertebral column of the rattler would be twisted once for each circle uncoiled straightaway, if it could possibly strike from a coil.

MORRIS GIBBS, M.D.

### "A Habit of the Robin."

KALAMAZOO, Mich.—In your issue of Sept 1, was a suppositional observation, by Mr. N. D. Elting, headed as above, which principally annoyed me from its utter unfairness.

The item claims that the parent robin invariably caught the voided excrement in its bill and swallowed it. This idea places the cleanliness of our favorite in a bad light, and I am willing in the robin's behalf to refute the assertion most emphatically. Robins are scrupulously clean about their nests and do not allow a particle of extraneous or excrementitious material to accumulate on the premises. As soon as a pellet of excrement is found in the nest, it is seized by the old bird who has just visited the young with food and carried away. The robin drops the pellet while on the wing, and when from 6 to 20ft. from the nest. When the nest is in a tree and the birds have run-ways or more properly fly-ways to and from it, the pellets may be found quite numerous near the tree if looked for. When the pellet is picked up by the old bird, it is of course very soft, and the robin is liable to crush or drop it. The head is then frequently thrown upward and backward, in order to secure a better hold, as is often seen when a worm or other food is secured. It is this motion which Mr. Elting probably mistook for the act of swallowing. Had his eyesight been trained, he would have seen the bird drop the pellet a few feet from the nest.

The act is simply another evidence of the excellent house-keeping qualities of the robins, and shared in, as it is, by both of the old birds, shows that each strives to keep the premises clean.

MORRIS GIBBS, M.D.

### Dispersal of Animals and Plants.

IN a paper contributed by Mr. Clement Reid to the Transactions of the Norfolk Naturalists' Society, "he treats of the natural history of isolated ponds, confining himself to those of artificial origin, usually of quite recent date; and it is astonishing to find how rapidly these small pools of water become stocked with a varied fauna and flora. Certain aquatic animals and plants seem to be transported with the greatest ease; and the problem is to determine not only the mode and means of dispersal, but also the effect of changed environment on the organisms concerned. So far as Mr. Reid's observations have extended it appears that the main transporting agency is that afforded by the feet and feathers of wading and bathing birds, for the commonest plants in isolated ponds are the brittle species with finely-cut leaves, such as collapse and cling when lifted out of the water. The associated mollusks are usually the species that live among or attach their eggs to these plants.

"With regard to the changes produced by environment we may also allude to some remarks by Mr. Robert Holland in the August number of *Nature Notes* (Vol. III., pp. 147-152) which have reference to similar observations previously published by Mr. Collingswood Hope. It appears, as might be expected, that fishes placed in stagnant ponds soon become stunted, rarely growing to their normal size; but it is interesting to have proved that even after several generations this dwarfing in the case of the tench is not permanent, the small fishes attaining their usual dimensions as soon as they are removed to a shallow pond with a plentiful supply of fresh water."—*Natural Science, October, 1892.*

### Extermination of the Ant-Bear.

SOME men seem never so happy as when destroying animals theoretically lower than themselves in the scale of creation. Illustrations of this fact will readily occur to any one who is familiar with the so-called "sport" which has threatened, and in some cases almost effected, the extermination of large, but comparatively helpless, animals of land and sea. A fresh reminder of this thirst for killing is brought forward by Mr. A. C. Macdonald, of the Agricultural Department of Cape Colony, in the warfare now being waged against the ant-bear. Although one of the most valuable friends of the farmer, because of its whosesale destruction of ants above and below ground, it is, nevertheless, hunted with persistency and killed by the most cruel methods. According to Mr. Macdonald, in *Nature*, "it is sought after by the natives for its skin, which is valued at about 15 shillings, and also for its flesh, which resembles superior pork. With the white race 'sport' is the inducement, this fun taking the form at times of forcing the poor brutes out of their holes by flooding with water, or drowning them and digging them out afterward."

### Food Habits of the Frog.

WADSWORTH, O., Oct. 12.—Reading the account of Mr. Jewell's frog pond and the feeding of the frogs with live mice brings to mind what I saw last summer but could not quite understand. While out shooting frogs one day last spring in company with two companions, I shot a very large frog. On removing the saddles I opened the stomach to see what he had last eaten, and to my great surprise I found a ground squirrel (chipmunk). It was only partly digested. I called the attention of my comrades, and we were all greatly surprised, but thought that the frog had gobbled him up after the squirrel was dead. But after reading about them eating two and three live mice at a meal I am led to believe that he was captured while alive.

Two years ago I found a small turtle in the stomach of a frog. What is the limit of a frog's diet?

DR. D.

### Ruffed Grouse Come With Woodcock.

HIGHGATE, Vt., Oct. 8.—After a big storm here a few days ago, a heavy flight of woodcock came along, and at the same with the woodcock a large pack of ruffed grouse appeared. Who ever heard of their migrating?

STANSTEAD.

**As the Baking Powder Folks Say, "Once Tried, Always Used."**

OFFICE OF THE REGISTER OF WILLS AND RECORDER OF DEEDS, Blair county, Pa., J. Lee Plummer, Register and Recorder.—Hollidaysburg, Oct. 13, 1892.—*Forest and Stream Publishing Co.—Gentlemen:* Enclosed please find my check for $4 for one year's subscription to your paper. I first took FOREST AND STREAM for six months on trial to see how I would like it. I find now that I cannot get along without it. Yours respectfully,

J. LEE PLUMMER.

# Game Bag and Gun.

## AN EXPERIMENT.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Perhaps the saddest experience in the life of the active lover of gun and dog is the feeling which comes to him when time has placed him on the wrong side of 40. He may be as vigorous as ever, his nerves may be as steady and his eye as keen as they were before his mirror disclosed the first gray hair and the incipient wrinkle about his eyes. He may appreciate all this, yet he feels that from this time forward he is on the down grade, and that for him the time is near at hand when his gun will remain in desuetude, and his rheumatic dog will be permitted to sleep by the fireside, whining in his slumber, as he dreams of stirring events of the field with his master, and all that will be left to him of forest and stream will be but a fragrant memory.

The love of the dog and the gun and the enjoyment which comes from the use of both is a matter of heredity with me, and has been stimulated and kept alive during the years since boyhood by periodical outings. It was a proud moment for me when, at the age of 12 years, I was permitted to take my father's long, old-fashioned rifle, and go out alone on a squirrel hunt. This was back in the hills of Pennsylvania many years ago. I knew just in what patch of woods and on what old oak I would find the squirrels. I climbed the hill and found my squirrel. With tremulous haste and loudly thumping heart I took aim and fired, and missed. The game was evidently not very much disturbed, for he simply changed his position, affording a better shot. In my haste to reload I found I had put the bullet in before the powder (what boy has not had the same experience). But I was prepared for this emergency, and pulling a goose quill from my pocket, I put it over the nipple of my gun, and patiently picked enough powder in the gun to blow the bullet out. The squirrel showed a very accommodating spirit, and still hung to the tree. I then tried him again, taking a rest in the convenient forks of a sapling. This shot was a success, and when I picked up the first trophy of my skill, to say that I was proud would scarcely do the subject justice. I took my game and trudged home, and as I entered the house and laid my bag down I assumed an indifferent and nonchalant air, as if such a feat was too frequent with me to be a matter worthy of notice, and as if the amount of game I could secure was limited only by my opportunities.

This incident vivified the latent sporting instinct within me, and it has sent me into the fields regularly ever since. I have scattered much lead over the lakes and sloughs of the Grand and Chariton rivers in Missouri, and have burnt much powder in the pursuit of chickens and quail on the prairies of Kansas and the Indian Territory. For the past five years, and during my residence in Tennessee, the circumstances of my employment have been such as to render it impossible to gratify my taste in this direction, and with the exception of a day with the clay-pigeons I had not done any shooting for six years. But all this time anticipation has been active, and enjoyment waited only upon opportunity. Last August I received a telegram telling me that a near relative was dangerously ill in Missouri. I took the next train for St. Louis, and the next morning was on the well equipped Wabash R.R. thundering over the beautiful prairies of North Missouri. When I arrived at my old home I found my relative had rallied, and so rapid was her recovery that in a few days I felt myself at ease to renew old acquaintances, and to enjoy this always charming and picturesque prairie country. On the 14th of the month I received a letter from a brother living in Audrain county, asking me to join him on a chicken hunt on the 16th of the month. In that State the close season as to pinnated grouse expires on Aug. 15. When I first read this letter I felt that my brother was indulging in a little irony when he said "chickens." For did I not recall the fact that years before when I was a resident of Missouri the market hunter and the game hog had gotten in their work to such an extent that chickens had become merely a memory? But some of my friends called my attention to the fact that the sportsmen of the State had taken notice of this wholesale and wanton destruction of the game of the State, and had secured the passage of a bill making the close season as to chickens and quail two years. This wise measure, coupled with the fact that the birds had been especially favored by having two fine nesting years, had caused them to multiply very rapidly, thus illustrating what favorable legislation will do in the line of game protection. My brother wrote me that he would provide me with a complete outfit, and that we would find birds plentiful.

While congratulating myself upon this pleasant prospect and the happy turn which my visit had taken, the spectre of doubt and distrust intruded itself upon me. It said, "Better let this hunting trip alone, old man. You are too old for this sort of thing; your eye is not so keen nor your fingers so quick as they once were. That elasticity and buoyancy of youth, which give zest to such an occasion and enable pleasant dreams and demonstrate that for you, at least, there is no more plea ure in this thing. Better enjoy the ideal than have your dreams dissipated by participating in the real. In short you had better kill your grouse and quail while sitting by your pleasant fireside with wife and children about you, pipe in mouth and a copy of FOREST AND STREAM in your hand. You will then never realize that one of the loved children of your imagination has been taken from you."

I compromised with this disturber of my peace by agreeing that this should be a test case, and that I would allow "the proof of the pudding to be the chewing of the string." Then, too, I was reminded of the dog in the fable who lost the substance by grasping at the shadow.

And now comes the experiment. I met my brother at his home, and found all the necessary arrangements made. Our party consisted of Messrs. Lex and Pedagogue, my brother and the experimentalist. The birds had been located in the neighborhood of Rush Hill, a prairie station on the Chicago & Alton R. R., about ten miles from our starting point.

Before daylight the next morning we were off with a good team and a large hunting wagon, in which we stowed guns, dogs and an elegant lunch. Never shall I, who had for five years been hemmed up in the narrow and hot streets of Nashville, forget this ride. We drove over a beautiful rolling prairie country, well tilled, and giving evidence of prosperity. The weather was cool and bracing, the morning an ideal one. I drank in the pure air of the prairie, and the languor which had been my companion for a year left me. Wafted upon the breeze would every now and then come a peculiar fragrance which would recall events which had transpired years ago. The almost forgotten whistle of the plover was heard. The frogs, the peepers, and the million unclassified things which make the sounds of night were holding a concert, and just as we reached Rush Hill, away out where the prairie ended and the sky commenced, the great red ball which we call the sun was rising. I said to myself, "this of itself is enough, if I never see a chicken again."

At Rush Hill we had a valuable addition to our party. His name was not Squills, but for the purpose of this article that name will do. Riding over the country in his capacity of country doctor he had learned a thing or two about chickens. He was the fortunate owner of a one-eyed, stump-tailed, many-scarred and generally disreputable looking pointer. This dog would never receive "vhc." in a bench show, unless these cabalistic letters meant Very Hungry Cur. Nor would he be regarded with anything but ridicule in a field trial. But he proved himself a good illustration of the fact that "you can't sometimes most always tell," and that first impressions are often wrong. He was without pedigree and was just simply dog, but he knew where to find chickens, and found them without any striving for effect; and when he had found them, and you had succeeded in killing a bird, he brought it to you in a businesslike way, and then went off and found more.

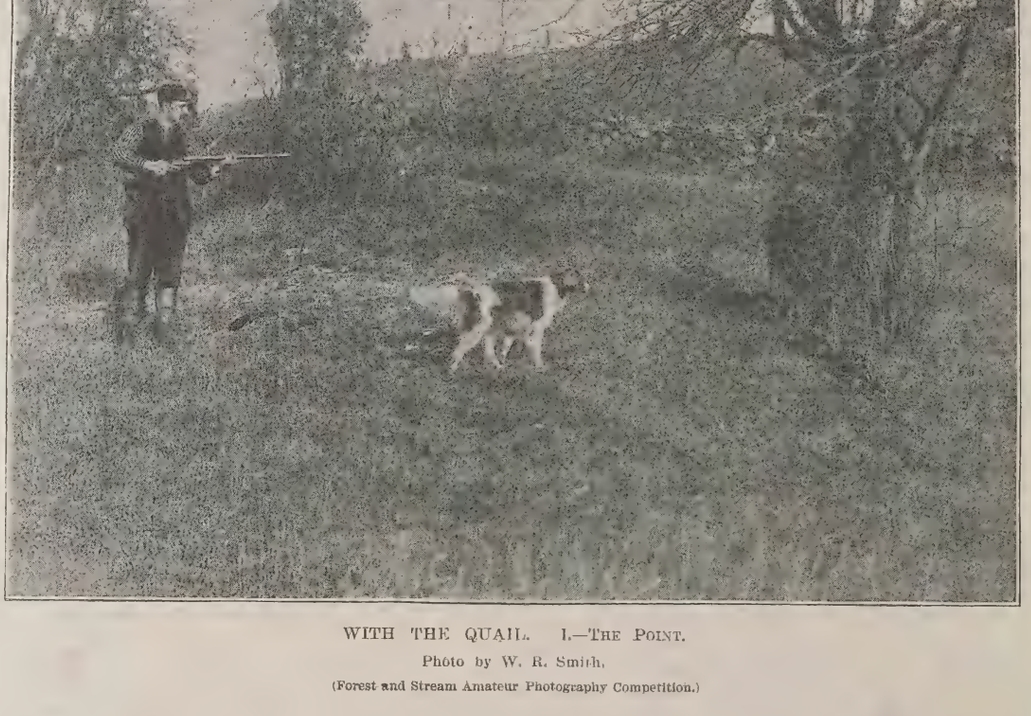
We drove out two miles from Rush Hill and stopped at a large pasture where the grass was rank. Len and my brother proposed that they should take Squills and the dog and work across this field, and meet the wagon at a given point. We watched them for some distance, and becoming impatient Pedagogue suggested that we take to the field and try to walk up some chickens. We sent the driver ahead with the wagon and crossed the fence, walking about 100yds. apart. We had not gone 300yds. when up with a roar like unto a cyclone rose a covey of full-grown birds to my right. My heart climbed up into my throat as I heard the roar of their wings and that peculiar and almost forgotten cluck. Quickly swinging on to them, I got a bird with each barrel. We marked them down and again walked them up, two more being added to our bag.

We soon joined the rest of the party, and together worked a large stubble field. Old Don was not long in finding the birds, holding them as staunchly as if he had been suddenly refrigerated. When flushed, it proved to be the largest covey I ever saw, and they left six of their number on the grass. Don in his matter-of-course way retrieved the birds, and we then worked four more fields with such success that when we reached the pretty grove where we intended to lunch we counted out a bag of twenty-two chickens.

The large hamper was taken from the wagon, and I commenced to unpack it. Here was cold chicken, deviled ham, sardines, beaten biscuit and jelly. Then with a restful feeling we lay in the shade, smoked our pipes and wondered how we came to miss this or that bird. The gun which didn't fit and the defective shell as usual were to blame for it all.

About 3 o'clock we took another course with success even better than that of the morning. For me it had been a red-letter day. The air had been cool and bracing, the walking dry and easy, the party composed of gentlemen. As we drove homeward through the dark I laid in the wagon with a sense of healthy fatigue. I watched a bank of clouds slowly rising in the west, I lazily watched the lightning mark its ragged course across the clouds. I heard the muttering of the thunder and felt myself *en rapport* with nature. I said to myself, this experiment has been a success.

CUMBERLAND.



WITH THE QUAIL. I.—THE POINT.

Photo by W. R. Smith.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

## PATTERN.

WHAT is the best pattern to be obtained from a shotgun for all-round use? Before the invention of the chokeboring the answer was, "The closest pattern that can be produced," and the reason for this was that even the very best guns rarely put more than 120 to 130 pellets on a 30in. circle at 40yds., when loaded with 1¼oz. of shot containing 270 pellets to the ounce, and 3drs. of strong powder.

Chokeboring, though of great advantage for many kinds of shooting, has without doubt been carried to excess. The ticket given with a new gun always states the pattern it makes at 40yds. A much more important point for a great deal of the sport followed in America during the beautiful "fall" season is the pattern, or rather the killing circle at 20yds. By the words "killing circle" I do not mean the width within which the game may often be killed, or wounded, by stray pellets, but that space within which it is nearly certain to be bagged through being struck by not less than three pellets.

Those sportsmen who had much experience in the days before chokeboring was known, will certainly admit that for shooting at such game as ruffed grouse, rabbit, quail, snipe, and above all, woodcock, no weapon could have been more satisfactory than the old-fashioned cylinders, when bored to distribute their shot with evenness.

Among my guns is a 14-gauge muzzleloader by Purdey, made, of course, many years ago, but in as perfect condition as when it left the factory. Its pattern of 20yds. nicely fills a 30in. circle to the very edges. And this is what has been, and is now, done by good 12-gauge cylinder breechloaders.

Trials of guns in this country being almost invariably made with No. 6 shot containing 270 pellets in one ounce, I refer only to that size in the following remarks about average patterns obtained during experiments with my own guns. A medium choked 12-gauge putting 160 pellets on the 30in. circle at 40yds., when loaded with 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot and 3drs. of powder, has a killing circle of only 23in. at 20yds. A full-choke putting on 210 pellets at 40yds., has a killing circle only 18in. wide at 20yds. A 16-gauge full-choke which with 1oz. of No. 6 shot and 2¾drs. of powder makes a pattern of 180 pellets at 40yds., has a killing circle of 15in. at 20yds., and if slow burning powder, like Curtis & Harvey's brown, be used even in 3drs. charges, the circle is not more than 12in. in diameter.

A No. 16 medium choke, the pattern of which is 150 at

40yds., has a killing circle of 18in. at 20yds. It will thus be seen how greatly the average sportsman is handicapped by using a chokebore for any game that is not very wild. In order to insure killing at 50yds., guns are constantly choked to such a degree as to sacrifice the advantage of a large killing circle at the distances within five out of six animals are shot.

Some men may say that they do not require a circle so wide as 30in. at 20yds., and certainly there are individuals, here and there, who do good work with less, but for nine out of ten sportsmen, every inch added to the killing circle is a decided advantage. This will be evident if we consider the kinds of shot which are of frequent occurrence. For instance, when we are walking through a wood the spaniel gives tongue in a way that shows he has started a rabbit. The gunner stands ready, but all he has to fire at is a flash of fur crossing an opening 2yds. wide among the trees.

A ruffed grouse rises from some low bush 20yds. distant and instantly darts from the thickest part of some tall bushes 5yds. further on.



WITH THE QUAIL. II.—THE SHOT.

Photo by W. R. Smith.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

The sportsman is straining up the muddy bottom of a ravine when a spaniel puts up a woodcock among some tall alder bushes on his right. The bird tops the bushes, and, unless killed at once, he quickly puts a tree between himself and the gun. Under such circumstances snap shots must be taken, and it is impossible, even with the best fitting gun, to cover the game with the same exactness as when calmly standing in front of a trap shooting pigeons.

Some argue that a chokebore is more merciful than a cylinder because it either kills on the spot or misses altogether. This theory is not borne out in practice. The majority of men who miss do so by firing too low and too much behind. The chokebore is therefore liable to hit the lower or hinder part of the belly and allow the game to escape wounded, when, with the same aim, the larger killing circle of the cylinder would envelope the game and kill instantly.

It should also be remembered that, with the majority of chokebores, there are numerous stray pellets just outside the mass of the pattern, which are very liable to wound without stopping. To sum up, I believe the balance of advantages to be decidedly in favor of a cylinderbore for all brush shooting, and even for snipe and quail in the open, a gun should have only one barrel choked, and that to make a pattern of not more than 160. Such a gun will be very effective even at ducks when these are put up by a dog from the sedges on the borders of a lake—or shot from a dugout when the sportsman is being poled through beds of wild rice. Doubtless shots are often made at ducks so far distant that a full choke is desirable, but I was much struck by a remark in an interesting article upon duck shooting, published last year in FOREST AND STREAM. It was written by one of the most celebrated duck shooters in the States. He said that most of the ducks killed were picked up within the decoys and that he did not anchor the furthest of these more than 30yds. from his blind. On reading that, the idea occurred to me that there is no necessity for any one but a market-hunter carrying a heavy 10-gauge gun. I have killed large numbers of ducks with a 12-gauge cylinder loaded with 3¼drs. of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 4 shot, 170 pellets to the ounce. And this load can be fired comfortably from a properly made gun of 7lbs. weight, or 7¼lbs. if the sportsman has many shots in rapid succession. With a 12-gauge full choke the load can be reduced to 1⅛oz. of No. 4, and this will kill ducks well up to 45yds.

Opinions differ as to the best size shot for use in a cylinder gun when a variety of game is liable to be met with. The favorite size in this country is No. 6, but its pattern of 130 is not sufficiently close at 40yds. for birds the size of American quail. By trying shot a little smaller—reducing its weight and increasing the quantity of powder—the extra closeness can be obtained without decreasing the killing power. The increase of powder must not be carried too far, as it is more liable to scatter the shot in a cylinder than in a choke. With a 12 gauge cylinder of my own, when No. 7 shot, 340 to the ounce, was loaded in the same proportions as No. 6, it was thrown in thick clusters with wide spaces between them. When the shot was reduced to 1oz. and the powder increased to 3¼drs., the pattern at 40yds. was beautifully even and close. When the same weight of shot was used and the powder increased to 3½drs. the regularity was maintained but the pattern was too open.

Care should be taken not to decrease the size of the shot too much or the penetration will be greatly reduced, no matter how much powder be used. I loaded six cartridge cases with 3drs. of powder and 1⅛oz. of shot containing 260 pellets in an ounce, and six with 3¼drs. and ⅞oz. of shot containing 392 in an ounce. These were fired at 40yds. from a 12 gauge medium choke at strawboards placed 1in. apart in a rack, and the penetration by not less than three pellets noted, so as to eliminate errors that might arise from differences in size of pellets. The penetration of the larger shot was 10, 10, 10, 11, 11, 11—average 10⅔ strawboards. That of the smaller shot was 8, 9, 9, 8, 7, 7—average 8 boards.

Two cartridges were then loaded with 3drs. and 1¼oz. of shot containing 204 pelless in an ounce. The penetration was 11, 12—average 11½.

This experiment shows how much more the penetration, at all but short ranges, depends upon the weight of the shot pellets, than it does upon the driving power of the powder. So rapidly does momentum decrease with weight that it is doubtful if any quantity of powder that could be used behind No. 9 shot would give as much penetration at 40yds. as No. 6 has with the ordinary loads.

An ounce of shot containing about 340 pellets, driven by sufficient powder, is a very deadly load for all-round purposes out of a cylinder gun. It is good for rabbits, partridges and quail. It kills ducks well within 30yds. It is perfect for woodcock and fairly satisfactory for snipe.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DEVONSHIRE, Eng.



WITH THE QUAIL. III.—THE RETRIEVE.

Photo by W. R. Smith.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

ADIRONDACK NOTES.—Northwood, N. Y., Oct. 16.—Noticing an item about panthers screaming, in FOREST AND STREAM, I made a few inquiries among the woodsmen here. Those that had seen them said they screamed. One heard one in the spring of the year. He was positive, for the yell was but a short distance from the campfire and the tracks were found the next day. Johnny Jones saw one yell once several years ago. The woodsmen seem to agree that the panther screams in the spring of the year when they are looking for mates. Does it not seem reasonable that a panther should wander about the forests screaming for a mate as does the common house cat?

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

## THE NEW ENGLAND GAME SEASON.

SATURDAY, Oct. 15, was the opening day of the season on quail in the Old Bay State. Boston gunners were out in good numbers, for the day was especially fine. The sun was almost bright all day, though not quite—one of those perfect Indian summer days, with no wind worth mentioning, and the air sufficiently warm for comfort. A number of men who could not get out all day, were hurrying off at the early closing Saturday afternoon, and many of the suburban trains carried guns and gunners. In some cases the flocks of quail were located, and had been for days, the sportsmen waiting honestly for the beginning of the open season. Quail have seemed to be plenty all along—thanks to the efforts of the Fish and Game Protective Association at restocking—but how the game bags will be filled, now that the open season has come, is a question that it will take a couple of weeks to answer.

Mr. J. F. Dwinell, of Dwinell, Hayward & Co., is absent at Upton, Me., for his annual partridge hunt. Doubtless Loomin Sargent will guide him, as ever. Mr. Dwinell visits this section every fall for grouse hunting, and in years gone by he has made some remarkably good bags. During a stay of three or four weeks his score has run up to over 100 birds. He says that he has never shot a deer or seen one, for that matter, on these hunting trips, though his hunting is in a section where deer are generally plenty.

Mr. D. J. Flanders, general ticket and passenger agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad, is just out from a hunt, in the vicinity of Tim and Bartlett Lake, in Maine. He was accompanied by a brother and two friends, and they had good success. Mr. Flanders shot a deer, and one of the other gentleman a fine buck deer. It is also claimed that the other gentlemen of the party shot two bears.

There are reports of another moose killed in the vicinity of Salem, Me., last week. A gentleman from Lewiston, Me., says that the meat was sold in that city. He gives the following account of the hunt. A woodsman, looking for timber, came upon the moose in a bog, between Salem and Phillips, and fired a charge of buckshot into him, when he was broadside on. The shot did not stop the big fellow, however, and he took up the stream that leads into the bog at a sharp trot. The woodsman did not attempt to follow the moose that night, but returned the next day with three of his neighbors. They soon came up with the animal, which was too badly hurt to run very fast, and one of the men fired six shots from a Winchester repeating rifle into him. But all of this shooting did not stop the big moose, and the men followed all day. The next morning they were at it again, and early one of the men got a good shot and brought the moose down. From all accounts, there are more moose in Maine this year than for a number of seasons. If newspaper accounts are true, there have also been killed and seen a number of caribou. I came across some Boston sportsmen the other day, lately returned from an extended tour through the region of Maine north and east of Moosehead Lake. They say that they saw a number of moose, and a great abundance of moose signs. They were there before the open season begun, and though not admitting that they killed moose in close time, they allow that they did not go without moose steak. One of them remarked that "the fine is too high for a fellow to admit all he does in the woods." I cannot give the names of these hunters; for the story comes to me in confidence, but they must not blame me if I declare it to be an outrage to shoot down a noble moose in the woods at any time and leave it to spoil. Such hunters are aware, before they shoot, that the animal cannot be of any use to them, beyond a couple of tough steaks, to be cooked in temporary camp. The fine is such that they dare not attempt to bring the animal out, even if situated so that such a thing would be possible.

But not all of the deer hunts of the season have proved to be for deer. It is a little undignified to admit, but some of the boys have been after sheep. At the upper end of Richardson Lake, one of Androscoggin Chain, some very small deer (?) tracks have been seen all the fall. Guides and sportsmen have tried to find them, but without success. But finally one morning, late in September, the mystery was solved. There appeared near Birch Lodge three actual sheep with wool on. They had yokes on too instead of antlers probably—the ordinary farmer's sheep-yoke, made from a crotched branch with a cross piece, the sort used to prevent unruly sheep from getting out of pasture. But where did these sheep come from? There are no farms or settlements within 15 or 20 miles. The nearest settlement to where the sheep appeared would be the upper Magalloway, at least 15 miles of woods and mountains. The only explanation is that the sheep must have strayed from that settlement. But how did they escape bears and other dangers, is the question. When found they were as wild as deer, and immediately made for the woods. After this they were frequently seen by hunters and others, but always very wild. Finally some of the guides decided that it would be best to shoot them, the same as deer, since, by no possible chance, could they survive the deep snows of a winter in that region, even if they long escaped bears, which are known to be abundant in that section. But it has proved to be no easy job to hunt and kill them, though I learn that one or two of them have been secured. The guides say that they were almost as difficult to approach as deer, apparantly hearing and scenting the presence of the hunter as quickly as deer, while lacking the curiosity that prompts the deer, not hunted excessively, to turn and look when the hunter is first espied. They would stamp their fore feet, blow and make off at tremendous speed, very much as deer do. How would it do to stock the Adirondacks with sheep of this sort? With a little feeding they would survive the winters of that part of the country, and the fellows who are satisfied to go up there and drive deer into the water with hounds to be killed, ought to be satisfied with respectable sheep hunting. SPECIAL.

### From Lake Erie.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Oct. 9.—A few days ago Frank Meehan, while fishing about a mile off Point Gratiot, in Lake Erie, caught a silver eel nearly 3ft. long. Squirrel hunting in the woods southeast of this place is unusually good this year, and large numbers of the frisky tree jumpers are being taken daily. A party of six buffalo hunters got thirty-seven blacks and eight grays in an afternoon's hunt recently. Dunkirk, although not a sportsman's paradise, can afford very good sport in the way of hunting and fishing. There is excellent black bass fishing here and good hunting for squirrels, partridges, rabbits, ducks and snipe. Large numbers of canvasbacks are shot here every fall. The fishing tugs very often bring in hundreds of ducks which have been captured in the nets. They dive for the fish and get their feet entangled in the meshes. Some of the tug owners made a good thing of it last winter, as the ducks commanded a good price in the markets. P. S.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 11.—Attention has often been called to the South as a game country. Under date of Oct. 9, Mr. Jos. W. Irwin writes me from Little Rock, Ark., as follows:

I saw your notice about Mr. W. W. Carney, who is an intimate friend and schoolmate of mine, and has visited me here since he left Great Bend, Kas. He is a great fellow. I notice you have frequent inquiries from gentlemen wanting shooting and fishing in Arkansas. I can give a party of shooters for pleasure only fine quail shooting right here, and can send them from here in every direction, where they can get deer, turkey and bear shooting, within twelve to fifty miles from Little Rock. Fishing for bass, pike and jack salmon is very fine and easily reached from here by rail.

I recently killed a fine deer twelve miles out, and last season I bagged nearly 1,000 birds. Mallard shooting is also very fine here in November. A friend and myself killed 80 in one and one-half days last year, and 40 quail on the same day.

Only gentlemen who want pleasure and sport need come, for our laws will not allow exporting game. I am well known in Chicago, by Col. Felton, Ed Bingham, Charlie Willard, A. J. Atwater, and others. J. W. IRWIN.

### "The Hell-Diver"

Mr. Ben King, otherwise known as the Michigan Bard, who has figured as a public attraction, I believe, in combination with Mr. Nye and Mr. Burbank, has published a poem under the title of "The Hell Diver," which reads as follows:

The lingering loon flies over the marsh,
The night birds nestle in dew,
The river is cold and the wind is harsh;
But what is that goes cuh-choo?
Oh! what is that goes cuh-choo, cuh-choo?
Oh! what is that goes cuh-choo?

The snipe shoots up from his lushy bed,
And wings toward the realms of blue.
Wild lilies soak where the bullfrogs croak:
But what is that goes cuh-choo?
Oh! what is that goes cuh-choo?
Oh! what is that goes cuh-choo?

O'er the whispering reeds the rice hen speeds,
And the meadowlark's singing anew,
And I know in the swale the song of the rail,
But what is that goes cuh-choo?
Oh! what is that goes cuh-choo, cuh-choo?
Oh! what is that goes cuh-choo?

A lot of this realistic ruralistic "poetry" which nowadays is run in on a helpless public makes me plenty tired. I don't mostly find loons lingering over marshes as much as over open water, nor "night birds" nestling in the dew so much as out of it, when they are not hustling rather than nestling. There are only some days when the snipe "wings toward the realms of blue," and on those days you don't find snipe in a "lushy bed" so much as you do toward the edge of the marsh, and certainly they don't seek the realms of blue at the time the bullfrogs are croaking. It is not my fortune to find rice hens and meadowlarks very much together, and I don't remember ever to have heard the "song" of the rail in the swale so much as in the plain marsh. Of course my experiences may have been different from those of the Michigan Bard. Still, if he is so blame anxious to know what is that goes *cuh choo, cuh choo*," I don't mind telling him that it isn't a hell-diver. It's a man with a bad cold. If Mr. King isn't afraid of taking a bad cold himself, it might be a good thing for him to go out of doors a while before he writes his next realistic, marshly, wetsome pome.

### Horicon Way.

There is some talk that Mr. P. F. Stone will be invited to take charge of the financial matters of the Horicon Club, and handle its unsold memberships. Mr. Stone made the Diana Club the financial success it is, and should the "upper club" intrust itself to his policy, he would quickly build up an organization equally strong. It is thought that many shares could readily be placed in Chicago.

Mr. C. B. Dicks left Tuesday for a week on Horicon Marsh. Mr. Stone and probably eight or ten others go up Friday. Granted a change from the present warm weather, they may meet heavy shooting.

The snipe are on this parallel. Our esteemed fellow townsman, Italian Joe, bagged 47 one day this week near Lemont, on the Des Plaines River. Charlie Antoine went down with him to-day to Lemont for a try at the snipe. Joe has been killing a fair lot of golden plover in the past few days.

The season has been an unusually good one for wildfowl all over the West, though the main flight is probably not yet down. Snipe have almost certainly, and ducks have very probably, worked back north a little this week, as the weather has been very bright and warm. The flight of the fowl is rarely straight on through from north to south.

Mr. Chas. Holden, with friends, has gone for a deer hunt in Wisconsin. Is Dr. Thomas in the house?

"Dr. Thomas, this is Mr. Fernandez, the Wisconsin game warden; Mr. Fernandez, Dr. Thomas."

Dr. Thomas—"Aw!"
Mr. Fernandez—"Aw!"
Dr. Thomas—"Er—"
Mr. Fernandez—"Er—"

175 MONROE ST., Chicago. E. HOUGH.

### Game in the Hudson Valley.

HUDSON, N. Y., Oct. 10.—The season here for the breeding of game birds has been good and more quail have been hatched in this county this season than ever before. No flight woodcock have reached us as yet and but very few ducks have put in appearance on the river. H.

### An American Sportsman in the Alps.

FEW sporting gentlemen traveling in beautiful Tyrol would think of lightening the monotony of the bad weather experienced last week by making up a party for chamois shooting. The entire range of mountains surrounding Innsbruck was covered with snow, and competent hunters prophesied a certain amount of success. The party consisted of Mr. Edward H. Litchfield and son, of Brooklyn, Mr. C. Felix Zotti and eight beaters, and started from the Hotel Tyrol, Innsbruck, on their difficult enterprise, accompanied by the genial owner of the extensive shooting ground, Mr. Louis Hepperger, who, bye-the-bye, has a cosy shooting box at the top of the Hallthol, replenished with the necessaries of life and very comfortable sleeping quarters. After six days absence the party returned highly delighted with their successful trip, having shot several head of chamois and some roebuck in the forest below. Discomforts were naturally experienced, especially in scaling the higher peaks, by the snow, which fell continually for the first four days; but that was well repaid by the extensive and glorious panorama which was witnessed the last two days, and was seen at its best. One could distinguish with ease twenty-six villages in the Inn Valley. Mr. Edward H. Litchfield and family, after having spent a thoroughly enjoyable time in the Tyrol, start for Venice and the Italian Lakes, accompanied by their courier, Mr. C. Felix Zotti.—*Galignani Messenger, Paris, Sept. 25.*

### Some Boston Reports.

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—Reports of good bags of quail, made since the opening of the season, begin to come in. It is estimated that more than fifty quail were taken in the vicinity of Reading on Saturday. Mr. E. M. Gillam, of the Boston *Advertiser*, with his friend Mr. Reaser, with the Walworth Manufacturing Co., was out in Reading on the second day after the open season. They took three quail apiece, then a disagreeable rain set in, and they gave up the sport. Mr. C. Z. Basset, of G. B. Appleton & Co., with his friends, Mr. Thairlwal and Dr. Langmaid, are having good sport with woodcock at their ranch in New Hampshire, the name of which they keep to themselves. For several days Mr. Basset has taken eight and ten woodcock a day, but very few partridges. Only now and then a partridge is secured—not one to half a dozen last year, and not more than one to a dozen woodcock.

SPECIAL.

### Comparative Powder Tests.

RED BANK, N. J., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith hand you abstract from the powder test in Europe, as found by the commission appointed, taking the best brand of black powder for a base:

| | Average gas pressure in atmospheres. | Greatest variations. | Eveness of pressure. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 84grs. black powder | 473 | 24 | 6 |
| 42grs. Schultze | 921 | 285 | 2 |
| 42grs. E. C. | 860 | 323 | 1 |
| 29grs. Walsrode | 661 | 87 | 4 |

The trials still continue, the powder being subjected to heat, dampness and low temperature, etc., etc.

O. HESSE.

### An Ohio Close Season Suit.

THE suit in which Ed Roth, of the St. Nicholas Hotel, is being prosecuted for selling quail out of season, was before Judge Evans yesterday on appeal from the judgment of 'Squire Tyrrell. The issue raised was as to the constitutionality of the law under which the action was brought. Judge Evans, as is customary in the lower courts, announced a *pro forma* decision, holding that the law is constitutional. The case will now be taken to the Circuit, and probably thence to the Supreme Court, in order that an authoritative decision upon the question may be obtained.—*Cincinnati Commercial, Oct. 15.*

### A Handsome Fish Piece.

MESSRS. WM. W. HART & CO., of 11 Jacob street, this city, are mounting a muscalonge 4ft. 2in. long, and weighing over 30lbs. It is a fine specimen, and as they are exceptionally fine in fish mounting, it will be well worth a visit to their place to see it when completed, which will be in three weeks.

### Maine Moose.

WILL "Fair Play" send us his address? The article sent cannot be printed unless its author is known to us.

### Mass. Fish and Game Protective Association.

A REGULAR meeting of the Association will be held at Young's Hotel, Boston, this evening.


### Hunting Boots.

THE hunting boots advertised by "Cammeyer" in our columns are beauties and reasonable in price considering the quality of manufacture. One is always sure to get a first-class article in footwear when ordering from this house, and readers of FOREST AND STREAM should send for their catalogue, which is mailed on request.—*Adv.*

QUAIL SHOOTING can be had anywhere within 10 miles of Winston, N. C. Heart of Piedmont section. In view of the Blue Ridge. Four railroads in four directions. Good country roads. Twelve hours from Washington, double dailies. The completest 110 roomed hotel in the South. Elevators, steam heat, electric lights, cars. Rates moderate. Correspondence solicited. THE ZINZENDORF, L. W. Scoville, Manager.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM
Amateur Photography
Competition.
See details in another column.

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## THE LOST CHORD.

It was not Mr. James Van Dorn's fault that he stood there up to the waist in the middle of the creek. It certainly was not his fault that in hastily taking up this cool position he had slipped and fallen completely under water. It certainly was not his fault that the bosom of the tide had borne his fish-basket far beyond mortal ken, or that the same unruffled bosom—it had acquired that evidence of perfect self-control—concealed his new $12 split-bamboo.

Yes, I really agree with Mr. James in thinking himself entirely blameless for looking like a drowned crazy quilt, where the color of that sonorous cap and blazer had run down over his usually bright, but now brighter, face and soft white hands. Yes, I could pardon him for these plausible excuses, considering his unusual condition and his unenviable and uncertain social footing—there were slippery stones and snakes in that stream—also when I considered the effect his appearance would have on Mrs. Van Dorn, who prided herself on the general nattiness in the presentation of her charge.

But I feel you are anxious to know why he stood there in the water.

Why did he not go ashore?

To tell the truth, he could not swim, and on three sides of him the water was too deep for wading, and on the fourth—well, you see, Van Dorn had always entertained a horror of being joked over by a coroner and his jury; naturally a trifle sensitive regarding jokes; practical jokes, anyway.

It was one of those glorious mornings in late autumn when all nature seems trying to throw off the firm grasp of approaching dissolution; like an hectic flush was the morning sunlight charming the ashen fields into a smile, and making doubly bright the beauteous flaming wildwood on either hand, where gayer and more joyous colors were still heightened by the seeming frown of tall and somber evergreens there interspersed as if to chaperone the giddier maple, chestnut and birch, around which clung the vine's voluptuous richness whose beauty could only be brought out as upheld to view by the fostering strength of their gay protectors.

It was a morning when unseen hands from beyond the shimmering mist of the distance seemed beckoning one out to partake of the last feast, where nothing would be spared to immortalize the sublime magnificence of the declining year. Feeling the resistless power of those unseen hands, that morning we, four of us, started out from our retreat at the appropriately-named "Woodbine," and wandering through field and woods, at high noon struck the path which led us homeward by the side of the brook, in the soft shadows of whose tree-lined banks we would long have rested had not mortal desires, necessities, held sway.

As we walked a silence fell upon us all—silence only broken by two or three unnoticed shouts in the distance ahead—and, in the lapse from the preceding light conversation, it was only natural, on that misleadingly glorious morn, that we one and all should be thinking of the evanescence of life and earthly glory—perhaps we were a trifle tired with our long walk.

As we had proceeded thus for several moments, one of the young ladies, in starting the sleeping echoes from the hill at our right, echoed also the thought of each by commencing to sing in a clear, sweet soprano that beautiful little song, "It is not Always May." She had sung only to the first two bars when tenor, alto and bass filled out the delightful harmony.

The absorbing charm of the song, in its beautiful harmonic resolutions, seemed but to drown the shouts, which were nearer than before, and to banish them from our thoughts in the sentiment of the poet.

The quartette sang on, while the thought of the one in need of help ran along too, but not in unison—

The sun is bright, the air is clear—

("But a trifle chilly to one in the water"—this with chattering teeth.)

The darting swallows soar and sing—

("Why don't the blanked fools sing or pray, 'Oh, That I had Wings'—they'll be *sore* enough if they continue coming in this direction.")

And from the stately elms I hear—

("Well, that's a trifle better—snakes can't climb trees.")

The blue bird prophesying spring—

("You can imagine she aint a prophesying anything like spring, unless her name is Wiggins er Beebe.")

So blue yon winding river flows—

("Yes, blue an' cold as b-b-blazes. Hey you there! but it's no use, they're deafer than adders when they're singing that idiotic song.")

It seems an outlet from the sky—

("That's about my only outlet, I guess"—this with the resignation of despair.)

Where waiting till the west wind blows—

("George! that won't be till after sunset.")

The freighted clouds at anchor lie—

("I'm anchored, fast enough," and with this effort, the mind seemed to lapse into coma through several lines.)

All things are new, the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm tree's nodding crest,
And e'en the nest beneath the eaves:
There are no birds in last year's nest!

("Huh! last year's bird's nest, every head in that gang!")

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight,
And learn from the heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden that hear'st this simple rhyme—

("You're way off this time. No maidens listenin' to your simple rhyme; Hey! Hi! Help! Murder! But what's the use o' shouting.")

Enjoy thy youth it will not stay—
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O, it is not always May!

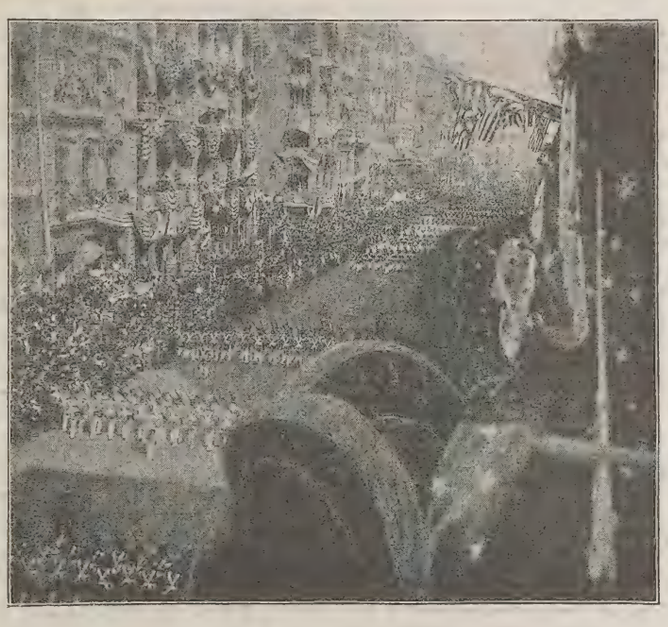
("Sometimes January er can er—it's already mussed with me.")

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,

("Help! Hey! Snakes! Fire! Thieves!")

To some good angel leave the rest,
For—

Here our quartette had advanced around a sharp bend in the creek which the path followed, and the next chord was lost in a piercing shriek, for our ladies beheld, at no great distance, an angry animal pawing the dirt over his back, and then for the first time we heard his muffled roars mingled with the now intelligible yells for help which came from below the bank.



A BIT OF THE COLUMBUS PARADE.

As seen from the Forest and Stream office.

Amateur photo by H. W. Lacy.

Fortunately the animal was too engrossed with his prisoner to take any notice of us regardless of a red parasol carried by one of the ladies, so we were able to beat a dignified and safe retreat. The ladies with one escort hurried home, and I hunted up the farmer, who with the aid of a large bulldog, removed the angry sentinel to another field; and then I went over and found our almost exhausted, fainting fellow boarder, Van Dorn, who tried to excuse his position and appearance as in the opening of this brief tale.

It did not take the acumen of a funeral director to understand that Mr. James felt very bad over the affair, which feeling seemed to grow on him as we drew nearer and nearer home. He rather hung back at the thought of meeting his guardian, Mrs. Van; and as the thought drizzled down deeper and deeper, and seemed to dry on in the color of that blazer, there dropped a tear or two into the dusty roadway.

As we turned in at the Woodbine gate, it was not regret that his stay in the country was drawing to a close, or that this was doubtless the last fine day of the season, which prompted him to look all round at the gorgeous landscape; one last long look, before he should be ushered into—the presence of his better half.

The boarders could scarce repress a smile as they beheld the water-logged wreck of what that morning had been the daintiest of little men; yet there was naught but pity in their hearts as they saw and understood his nervous hesitation.

We heard his door on the corridor open, and a not altogether friendly voice remark, "You're a pretty looking specimen!" and then the door gave a tremendous punctuating bang, and all was still—save a sigh of the autumn breeze in the leaves of the woodbine draping the veranda.

RANDALL N. SAUNDERS.

### A Bad Case of Steal.

A BAD case of literary thieving will be exposed in these columns next week. The exposure will be of special interest to our readers in Boston.

*Charmingly Illustrated* — "GAME LAWS IN BRIEF."

## "DRUMMING" IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE silvery salmon of our northern rivers, the speckled beauty of our mountain streams, the majestic tarpon of our southern waters, and many others of the finny tribe have each their admirers, and the praises of all have been evenly sounded. Nor do I object to the adulation bestowed; from experience I know it is well merited in many instances, but I wish to add one more to the long list of candidates for piscatorial honors, nor should he take rank very far down the list.

Up to the latter part of August of this year the drum was to me an unknown fish. Since then I have made his acquaintance on several occasions; sometimes to my sorrow and loss, sometimes to my intense gratification.

The piles of the bridges spanning the sound, interposing between the mainland and the ocean, the wrecks scattered here and there along the beaches, but more especially the long stone dam separating the Cape Fear River on one side from the ocean, all form excellent feeding grounds for the handsome and toothsome sheepshead, and it was while fishing for that hard-pulling gentleman last August that I first met the drum. Four times in one day was my bait seized by something much too powerful for my tackle to hold, and four times did I mourn the loss of hooks and lines. On relating the sad experience of the day to one of the "knowing ones," the information was given that the drum had struck in and were biting. I thirsted for revenge and was soon equipped with the tackle necessary for the capture of the enemy.

A half hour's run on the steam cars and the glorious sand beach of the North Carolina coast is reached. Stretching along on either hand as far as the eye can reach runs the white sand, wherein the merry sand-fiddler digs his hole and rests after his labor. The long line of rollers as they come in solid-looking blues masses from the Atlantic strike on the outlying line of beach, from whence, changed into dazzling lines of foam, they rush up the sloping sands. But these breakers possess a new interest now, for in them sports the drum, relieving the monotony of existence by now and then chasing a school of juvenile mullet and selecting the fattest looking for his dinner.

While supper is being prepared a look at the outfit and tackle will be necessary.

The outfit is simple, a close-fitting bathing suit, worsted stockings, heavy boots and a broad-brimmed hat being all that is necessary. Do not shiver, my Northern friend, the water is warm and the air too.

For the tackle, a stout braided line about 125ft. long will do, braided because it will run out the more easily. At its further end is attached a lead sinker (1½lbs. I find a nice weight); and two, or if preferred three, ordinary cod hooks, placing them about 18in. apart. Nor must the bait be omitted, for we make an early start up the beach, but it can easily be procured. Ten or fifteen cents will buy enough fresh mullet to supply two lines for one tide's fishing.

The romance of the beach is gone and it assumes a grimmer aspect at 4 A. M. The roar of the breakers is there, with an occasional shimmer of white showing through the blackness, but a two-mile walk along the beach at that hour would not be undertaken by any one save an enthusiastic fisherman. But if the drum is to be caught it must be done, and with hopes running high we start. The walk seems long, but at last we reach a favorite spot. The outer clothes are quickly thrown off, the long line is carefully coiled in the left hand, the baits are well fixed, and grasping the line with the right hand about a foot above the top hook the venture begins.

It is an experience. The east is now showing signs of returning day. The first "roseate blush of morn" heralds the approach of Old Sol, but still it is dark. As you near the line of surf the breakers look bigger and more threatening. Ugh! At first touch the water sends a shiver up the spine, but no more. Watch the retreating wave, now swing the line, and as you follow the receding water increase the momentum. You have gone far enough; another powerful swing and away flies the lead; keep the coil on the left hand and let it run out gently. There, the lead has reached its limit and the line is taut.

The drum is not, so far as my experience goes, a quick biter, but when once he does take hold, to use a vulgarism, "he's all there." While waiting the east has brightened up. The light is stronger and surrounding objects are visible. How beautiful it seems now; how soft the air, how warm the—ha! he has struck, and a beauty, too. No dead pull there, but a shock like an electric battery. Out to sea he rushes; give what line you can. Now he has slowed up, hand over hand comes the line; but again, with a spurt worthy of a salmon, he's off. Again the line slackens and again the gamy drum comes nearer shore. A few more runs and he is played out, a quick run up the beach, and by the increasing light you see him, whiter than the foam, come safely ashore.

This, then, is the method of his capture, and to such of your readers as are not troubled with weak constitutions and who love fishing, especially when there is a spice of romance in it, I strongly recommend a day's drumming.

The drum is a really handsome fish; his nice, full, round body, small head and bright, silvery scales reminding one somewhat of his noble kinsman the salmon. In weight he varies from a few pounds to as much as 45lbs.; but a half dozen specimens of from 14 to 20lbs. will well reward any one for the trouble their capture has caused.

As a table fish, served up in almost any style, the drum is most excellent eating, and will, in that respect, outrank many of the finny denizens of the ocean.

All honor to him; he bites well, fights well and eats well, and if the appetite of the fisherman after a few hours' fishing may be produced in evidence, the sport is not only an exciting but a most healthful one. H. J. C.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

## KEKOSKEE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have just read, and must confess with some regret, the comments of Mr. C. H. Ames, of Boston, upon the interesting facts of natural history so circumstantially told by Mr. E. Hough in connection with Kekoskee. I cannot believe that any resident of Boston, the home of pure science (not to say the forcing house of speculative philosophy), would be moved by a spirit of jealousy of the scientific attainments of the West, to cast discredit on such a plain statement of fact so well authenticated by the evidence of disinterested witnesses, particularly when that evidence was examined and weighed before publication by so clear a mind as that of our friend Hough. (That he is logical, if anything, is proved by his analysis of the letter of the Rev. Dr. T.) I am, however, somewhat in doubt whether Mr. Ames intends to cast discredit on that interesting statement of fact by a sort of a *reductio ad absurdum* or to strengthen by the certainties of mathematics a case which he fears will be discredited by the public.

Such fears need not be entertained, and such support, however well intended, is unnecessary. We, who are so much nearer Kekoskee and the Widow Sneider and old Santa Anna, do not need to have our belief upholstered in any such way. The statement is published over the signature of the staff correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM, and that is enough. We accept it. NUTMEG.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 15.

## A FAVORED FLORIDA RESORT.

COLUMBIA, Ala.—When I made my annual visit to the Chipola or Cypress Lake in Calhoun county, Fla., in May, I found the fishing as good as I could possibly desire, and while I devoted much of my time to bream and shellcracker fishing, I caught enough black bass and jack to satisfy me. One bass weighed 9½lbs., another 6lbs., several 4lbs. and under; the catch of smaller kinds was simply surprising. I have not tried the fly as yet on the lakes because of the sluggish current of that portion of them that I have fished, as well as the numerous cypress stumps and knees which dot the lakes, but have used my fly-rod for the less noble purpose of catching bream and shellcracker (some of the latter weighing 1¾ to 2¼lbs.).

Several years since I began a series of articles in your journal with the purpose of calling the attention of the gunner and angler to the superior sport and advantages offered them to visit this lake. At the beginning of this correspondence it was almost a wilderness and the accommodation was anything but good. Now, after a lapse of a few years, there is quite a change. Fifteen years ago Raleigh Richards and wife and two or three children were the only inhabitants of "Jack's Hammock," the best spot on the lakes for crossing. Now there are two hotels and many private boarding houses, store, etc.

Old man Raleigh Richards, the pioneer of this region, was an illiterate, simple-minded, kind-hearted old man who entertained all visitors whom chance or inclination prompted to stay awhile on its captivating borders. He played the guide to the favorite haunts of the finny tribe, and placed the hunter on the right runways of the deer and bear. Poor old man, after years of trials and tribulations he laid aside his rod and tackle, his muzzle-loader and flask, and went to join the host of anglers and hunters who had gone to the happy hunting grounds. Peace to his ashes.

The months of March, April and May are the favorite ones for the angler. October, November and December for the hunter, though one so inclined can kill or catch plenty of game or fish in and out of season.

I know of no spot on earth so well suited to the overworked, broken down individual, as Chipola Lakes. Dr. Pittman, an eminent physician of La Grange, Ga., who with his accomplished daughters spends from October to May on these lakes, says they are the best natural sanitariums on the continent. Hundreds of lawyers, preachers and physicians go there to recruit their wasted energies, and go away pleased, and return again with others, to enjoy the fresh sea breezes laden with the healthful odor of the pine.

You can here in a few hours transport yourself from fresh-water lakes to the salt Gulf, which at the nearest point is only distant from two to fourteen miles. You can here find scattered along the lakes many valuable orange groves, from those just planted to older ones that have borne the finest fruit for twenty-five years and longer. This, too, is the home of scuppernong and other grapes. Pecans and sand pears flourish, and the lemon and other tropical fruits could be profitably grown. Here the market gardener has a perfect bonanza. Society is good, the people generous and hospitable—nothing lacking to make you comfortable and happy.

This vicinity is the natural home of the bee, and affords every facility in the way of orange and other sweet flowers for the making of by far the most delicious honey produced on earth. With many settlers the apiary is a prime industry and pays a handsome dividend (some owning several hundred hives, which they take honey from twice yearly). The hunter can yet find enough deer and turkey to interest him. Ducks and squirrels are numerous.

The angler finds all species of fresh and salt-water fish that are common to all the Florida lakes and Gulf, and I can assure them that after forty years, much of which has been spent in the forest and on the stream, I know of no locality in Florida, Georgia or Alabama, where the all-around sportsman can so well enjoy himself as here. I refer to Dr Pittman and A. T. Dallas, of Lagrange, Ga.; Judge Van Epps, Atlanta, Ga.; Judge A. Hood, Cuthbert, Ga.; Major Henry Shorter, Montgomery, Ala., or to Major J. C. Bryan, R. McCarty, J. C. Martin, Messrs. L J. Day, Puckett, Pruint and Gilbert, Iola, Fla., for any information wanted as to the lake. Or a letter addressed me care of FOREST AND STREAM will reach me and be promptly answered.

I would suggest to the Northern and Eastern tourists who annually visit southern Florida for sport and health, that if they would only come once to this favored spot, I know they will always return. These lakes are easy of access, *via* Savannah, Atlanta, Montgomery, Mobile, Pensacola, and other way points, all of which have railroads tapping the Chattahoochee and Appalachicola rivers. The fare on steamers is good, charges very low, board as good as you could wish on lakes at $1 per day.

The supply of food fish in Chipola Lake is practically inexhaustible. Two large rivers supply it with pure water, and hundreds of lagoons, estuaries and marshes connect with it and furnish their quota of edible fish. The fishing grounds for many years past have been confined to the lower quarter or the foot of the lake. The upper three-fourths are quite as well supplied with larger and less wary bass, jack, perch, etc.

The game laws of Florida are loose and not properly enforced, yet the natural obstacles here are so great that the nefarious fish hog is forever disbarred from seining, netting or trapping, or otherwise diminishing by unlawful means the unfailing supply.

From Nov. 1 to May 15 is the best time to visit this lake, as the hunter and angler will find game and fish more plentiful, and the oranges, honey and other delicacies in their greatest perfection. Six months at least of health, pleasure and happiness. PISCATOR.

## RANGELEY PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA (3,937 Chestnut street), Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith a copy of the report of the operations of the Anglers' Protective Club, of Rangeley, and to it only wish to add the following letter:

"MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, President's Office, Portland, Oct. 13, 1892.—*Frederick S. Dickson, Esq:* Dear Sir—I have your letter of the 3d inst. This company will gladly double its subscription to your association, giving hereafter $100 per year. I think such a law as you mention should be passed, and if you will call my attention to it at the proper time I will do all I can to aid its passage through our Legislature. Yours truly, ARTHUR SEWALL, President."

In sending this letter to FOREST AND STREAM I violate no confidence, and take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the many kind offices of the Maine Central Railroad and its officials, and their hearty co-operation in every effort to benefit the Androscoggin region.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.

The report:

RANGELEY, Maine, Oct. 6.—The operations at the hatching house of the Anglers' Protective Club during the season of 1891–92 were not attended by the success we had hoped for and had a right to expect. The protracted drought of the fall of 1891 lowered the level of the mill-dam from which we drew our supply of water below the intake pipe. To prevent a total loss of the spawn we were compelled to remove the entire contents of the hatchery to a stream some distance from the village, where temporary shelter was erected. As a direct result we lost all but five or six thousand fish. These latter, trout and salmon, are, however, now fine hardy fish nearly 3in. in length. A change in the location of the hatchery was clearly essential, and after careful examination of all available points in the neighborhood the directors finally decided upon Hinkley Brook as meeting the requirements in all respects. The brook is scarcely a mile in length, its source, a large spring, has a uniform flow, is little affected by either drought or flood, and is fed by springs along its entire length. The old hatchery has been sold and the proceeds will provide a sum nearly sufficient for the erection of a building twice the size of the old. The land, a narrow strip along the stream, some five acres in extent, was purchased by two of our members and turned over to the uses of the association. Another member has generously contributed all the wire fencing needed to inclose the tract, as well as all the wire screen work required in fitting up the hatchery. There is ample space for the erection of any number of ponds that our necessities may require in the future, and two ponds are already completed.

Mr. Henry O. Stanley, one of our efficient State commissioners, visited our new hatchery during September and expressed much gratification at the favorable outlook for the future. The commissioners have generously offered to permit this association to contribute to the State hatcheries at Auburn and Sebago whatever sum we may be able to set apart for the taking of spawn this fall and to receive in return next February as many eggs in proportion to the whole take as we furnish money in proportion to the whole expense. This gives us all the advantage of the experience of the State authorities, and will undoubtedly give us a larger supply of fish at a much smaller cost than if we attempted to take the spawn ourselves from these waters. When the spawn is ready for delivery, some two or three weeks before the time for hatching, the commissioners have promised to send with it a thoroughly competent man to remain with us a month or more during the process of hatching who will instruct such person as we may select to take charge permanently of our fish. It will be our policy to take only as much spawn as we can properly and successfully rear in our troughs and ponds, for one fish 3in. long is worth ten an inch in length. When these fishes are mature enough to take care of themselves they will all be placed in the public waters of this region.

As these young fish are almost uniformly placed in the smaller streams rather than in the waters of the lakes it is eminently proper that such streams should be closed to all fishing in the future. These streams are also the natural breeding places of the trout and salmon of these waters, and the protection of the law should be thrown about them. A petition receiving the indorsement of this association has been almost universally signed by the inhabitants of this town asking the Legislature to pass a law closing permanently all streams directly or indirectly tributary to Rangeley Lake. Similar petitions are in circulation among those interested in the waters of Mooselookmeguntic and the Richardson Lakes, and it is to be hoped that the coming Legislature will give us a general law permanently closing every stream above the line of dead water which is tributary to the whole chain of Androscoggin Lakes. If this be done and if the hatching operations be generously supported by the public, these lakes will in a few years furnish better fishing than has been known within a generation.

To do the work mapped out for it this association ought to have a steady annual income of not less than one thousand dollars. With this sum they could annually put into these waters fully one-half million of well grown salmon and trout. Besides the cost attending this work the association should have means to enable it to employ men to aid the State officials in preventing fishing in unlawful places and at unlawful times.

We have in the past received generous support from the Maine Central, the Sandy River and the Phillips and Rangeley railroads, and it has been intimated that in view of the favorable outlook these roads would be willing to double their contributions in the future. Will not our individual members do likewise? And will not each one endeavor to secure one new member?

All contributions should be sent direct to the treasurer, Mr. Arthur L. Oakes, to whose order as treasurer all checks and drafts should be drawn. Annual subscriptions are due on the first day of June in each year and all members will confer a favor on the management by remitting promptly on that date.

Very respectfully,

FREDERICK S. DICKSON, Pres.

ARTHUR L. OAKES, Sec'y-Treas.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 8.—Capt. J. W. Collins, lately relieved from his work on the United States Fish Commission, will come to Chicago and at once take full charge of the fish and fisheries exhibit at the World's Fair, with headquarters in the fisheries building.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, assistant in charge of fisheulture of the United States Fish Commission, well known in his editorial connection with FOREST AND STREAM, is now the immediate superior in the Government work of Dr. S. P. Bartlett, of the Illinois State Fish Commission. In a recent visit with the latter gentleman to the scence of the Government work on the Illinois River, Dr. Bean found occasion for renewed surprise in the prolific quality of the Meredosia Flats. This section of the Illinois supplies the United States Government with the greater part of the young inland game fishes used in distribution in different States.

### Fish League Directors.

Pursuant to the call announced earlier, the meeting of directors of the Illinois State Fish League was held at the Leland Hotel, Springfield, Tuesday, Oct. 4. Messrs. Geo. E. Cole, of Chicago, Henry Davis, Jr., of Springfield, and E. Hough, of Chicago, being present, Dr. Bartlett representing by proxy Dr. D. H. Shields, of Hannibal, Mo. The immediate object of the meeting was to report progress and to discuss means for pushing on the work in the best possible way, and also to appoint working committees. Mr. Cole showed several hundred dollars' worth in Chicago pledges, obtained in a short time, but said he would not collect a dollar until the lower part of the State had done its share. This was not to be one of the many like organizations in which all the work and expense were thrown on Chicago. Dr. Shields, of Hannibal, reported that his society had been unfortunate in what cases it had prosecuted, but volunteered all help possible, in the hope of a better working law. Col. Davis thought a better law a necessity before fish protection became possible in its best sense. It was agreed that effort should be made to draft a better law and secure its passage, and critical discussion was invited from friends of the League. President Cole then appointed as committee on legislation Dr. D. H. Shields, chairman, of Hannibal, Mo.; Dr. S. P. Bartlett, secretary, of Quincy, Ill.; Major A. Orendorff, attorney, of Springfield, Ill. These will give the matter in hand a careful attention, and will draft a bill for later inspection. Only speculation is possible at this writing concerning this bill, but it is foregone that the hateful Clause 6 of the old law, relating to seining in navigable waters, etc., will not appear in the bill devised. That the present fish law could be improved upon in several other respects is something which admits of little doubt.

Dr. Bartlett promised that if Dr. Shields's time permitted, they two would this winter make a trip over the State of Illinois and visit the different protective societies with a view to further strengthening and solidifying the league. This practically closed the brief meeting, the remainder of the time being spent in general discussion. Mr. Cole sought still further to impress upon the minds of directors outside of Chicago the fact that the league was a State matter and not a Chicago matter and that its success depended upon their efforts, and not upon their assurances of effort. Mr. Cole is practical. It remains to be seen whether the other directors are or not.

### A True Story.

But about that Kekoskee bullhead story. It is just as I feared. People are disposed to treat that story as a joke or a humbug, whereas it is nothing of the sort, but pure, cold icy fact from one end to the other, and stated in a temperate and moderate manner. Mr. A. C. Collins, of Hartford, Conn., takes the story with a great deal of levity, and apparently does not believe it. He writes me:

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 7.—I shall watch for the next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM with great interest to see if your name does not appear in the obituary column. It is said that Ananias dropped dead after telling a lie. In view of this terrible example, why did you take such a desperate chance in telling the Kekoskee fish story? If you pull through I shall know that the times have changed very much since Ananias's day. I hope they have. That story will stop all future "yarns," for no sane man can or ever will try to beat it. For fear you will never read this letter I shall address it to "Administrator Estate E. Hough." A. C. COLLINS.

He did address the letter that way, too, and I got it. The fact that I am alive to read it should settle all doubts in Mr. Collins's mind. I wouldn't dare chance it telling a story like that if it wasn't all true.

I can offer still further and more conclusive proof of the truth of the Kekoskee fish story, incontrovertible evidence alike of the truth of the story and of the temperateness of the narrative. The other day several of the boys here were reading that story, and calling it all sorts of names, from a "horrible lie" on up, when Percy Stone came along. Mr. Stone is one of our leading sportsmen, and a man of unimpeachable character.

"Here, Percy, look here," they said to him; "isn't this the worst you ever saw?"

Percy took the paper and read the story, and soberly handed it back.

"Well?" said they.

"Well, what of it?" said he.

"Why, isn't that awful?"

"Awful what?"

"Why, an awful lie."

"Say, now you look here," said Percy, "I can lick any man that says that story isn't true. The only trouble about it is that it isn't big enough. I was raised in Wisconsin, up at Oconomowoc, and my people live up there now. I've heard that Kekoskee story ever since I was a little boy, and you can just bet your life it's true, every word of it. They used to drive a wagon down into the bullheads, and the fish filled the wagon box as soon

as it struck their level, and all a fellow had to do was to pull the tail-gate shut, and take a stick and strike the load off even with the top of the sides. the way you do with a peck of wheat. Bullheads? Well I should say. The whole country was full of them. You know, they had an epidemic up there the year following. There were so many dead fish lying around everywhere that they bred disease. Sixty-five people died right around Kekoskee and Mayville. True? You can gamble this story's true, and you can get all the proof you want of it."

I did not mention the epidemic in my account of the story, for stories of epidemics are often exaggerated, and I wished only the simplest and most credible facts to be presented. I am glad, however, to have so able a champion as Mr. Stone to come to my assistance, and I feel an especial joy that Santa Anna, the noble horse that lived on bullheads, escaped the dread epidemic and so lives today, a monument of the truthfulness of this story, and an easily available confutation of all who doubt its accuracy at any point.

### Norm Johnson's Log.

Up on the headwaters of the Little Oconto, in Wisconsin, is the cabin of Norm. Johnson, a sturdy woodsman who sometimes entertains trout fishermen. The Fred. Taylor party, which commonly numbers a dozen or more, go up to the Little Oconto every year and put up with Norm, and he does everything he can to make things comfortable and easy for them, according to his lights. There is a big foot log over the Little Oconto stream near his place, and to make it easier walking for the city men, who are not so much used to the ways of the woods, Norm last fall took an adze and squared off its top from one end to the other. This made it an elegant footbridge. Meantime, however, came the spring flood, and turned the log over a little bit, so that the smoothed side stood at an angle of about 45°, slanting down stream. This didn't seem to strike Norm as anything out of the way, as he crossed daily on the log as had long been his custom. When the city men went up there last June the water was just barely running over the log, enough to make it nice and slippery. Every man that wore rubber boots slipped on that smoothed angle of the log and went neck deep into the stream, whereas they formerly used to cross it in safety. This puzzled Norm a great deal, and it is said he could never account for it. "I go to work and face up a log fer you fellers to walk on," said he, "and here you all fall off'n it like so many scared turtles. I don't understand it. I don't believe I ever would get used to city ways, they seem so blame onreasonable like."

### In the North Woods.

Mr. John B. Carse, manager of the well-known boot firm Thos. Kane & Co., of Chicago, is back this week from an extended and very pleasant trip through the North Woods, of Wisconsin, after mascallonge and air. The party included Mr. Carse. his brother David B. Carse, also of Chicago; Messrs. Fred Pratt and Harry H. Lobdell, of Chicago; and Messrs. Ed L. and Chas. R. Baker, of Racine, Wis. They had three guides and four birch bark canoes. Going in north of the Manitowish country, at Mercer, they fished with great success the little frequented waters of Pardee Lake and No Man's Lake, taking in the former some fine mascallonge, top weight 21lbs. Then they went north to Cheney Lake, after bass, and caught all they liked. Next they took rail and went east clear across to the entering point for Gogebic Lake, Mr. Carse going up to the latter waters for a brief go at the small-mouths. Then the party struck into the wild country south of Trail Creek, and visited Cisco Lake and Thousand Island Lake. In the latter waters they had great good fortune in taking the big lake trout (Mackinaw trout), sometimes called "landlocked salmon." In all this latter country, which is very wild and hard to get into, they saw many deer and plenty of sign. The whole trip was a very delightful one, and Mr. Carse, who has been all through the wilder portions of the great Wisconsin Lake region, says he never had a pleasanter time.

We get only such scattered and meager reports of the North Woods country lying above here in the wonderful State of Wisconsin. The region is already well tracked, but it is little known. And here we hear much of the Adirondacks, and even a Western man who has never been there can name the chief points of interest in that over-ridden and over-written and no longer interesting country. Some day it will be this way about the great lake country of Wisconsin, but that day is not yet. The region is not yet explored. There are lakes where a fisherman's boat never entered, and paths the hunter's foot has never trod. If New York can trade her Adirondacks for this Wisconsin country, she'd better hurry up and do it, for it's a bargain. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO.

### A Giant Gar.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 15.—As large a fish as was, perhaps, ever pulled out of the Mississippi River was caught by Carondolet fishermen on Friday afternoon near the Workhouse. The capture was made with difficulty and the boat narrowly escaped being dragged under. Four bronzed fishermen are willing to vouch for the facts. The huge fish weighs about 700lbs, and is termed an alligator gar.

Peter Heil and Ed Brown were in a boat, and about 2:30 o'clock felt a pronounced tug at the end of the quarter-inch line which dangled from the useful, though unornamental, craft in which they worked and rested alternately. They were at the foot of Gasconade street, almost in a line with the whitewashed stockades and barracks forming the Workhouse. The hook was baited with beef and both men made a grab for the rapidly receding line. In a few seconds it was taut, and with a crack and strain the skiff commenced to follow its unseen guide with almost lightning speed. Every few seconds the sides or long, angular mouth of the gar become visible.

Michael Heil and Tom Nash, fellow-fishermen, were on the shore, and as the two in the boat called to them they kept parallel with the hooked monster and its human drag. Down the stream the aggregate went, and when three blocks had been traversed the two on shore wanted to know whether to get a boat or not. The gar's head finally pointed shoreward, and his strength was becoming exhausted. Opposite the Herf & Frerichs Chemical Works, four blocks or more south of the point of seizure, a landing was made. The four men pulled and pulled, and finally fastened one of the king's jaws with a wire rope, and he was anchored.

The specimen was 21ft. 7in. in length. It would snap at and gulp down a 10lb. piece of beef without much effort. The heroes of the adventure have fished in the vicinity all summer, and have landed catfish weighing as much as 170lbs. About two months ago, the same day that John Scullin's nephew was drowned in Smith's Bay, they had a midstream encounter with a fish that nearly resulted in the demolition of their skiff. The champion gar is now disporting himself at the end of the wire, admired and envied by hundreds of spectators.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### The Pelee Bass Fishing Season.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The accompanying official communication anent the matter of black bass fishing in Canada waters, reached me this morning and is hereby respectfully submitted. It might be added that to the best of the writer's knowledge and belief last spring was the first occasion on which any license fee was collected from rod fishermen, and as he did not visit Pelee this year this fact was unintentionally overlooked in the previous statements. But it is not likely that the amount named would be regarded as a high price to pay for two weeks of good bass fishing. Meantime the original statement remains, viz: that we have for a number of years been in the habit of opening the bass season on the Pelee with May 15 each year, and it is probably a safe prediction that some such arrangement as that stated in Mr. Smith's letter will be made for next spring. JAY BEEBE.

OTTAWA, Oct. 11.—J. B. Battelle, Esq.—Dear Sir—In reply to your letter of the 5th inst. I beg to state that under authority of an order in Council special permits were last spring granted to anglers at the rate of $2 each to fish for bass around Pelee Island from May 10 to 25. The Minister has not yet determined whether the same privilege will again be granted next season. I am, sir, your obedient servant WM. SMITH,
Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

### River Fishing Near Boston.

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—River fishing is receiving more attention in Massachusetts than formerly. Only ten or a dozen years ago it was considered that the rivers in the vicinity of Boston and other cities were completely exhausted as to their supplies of fresh fish. But at the present time it is no unusual thing to hear of fine strings of perch, pickerel and even bass being taken from the rivers in this State. In proof of this idea it may be noted that one of the handsomest black bass ever seen in the State, or in any other State, for that matter, was shown in the window of the tackle store of Messrs. G. B. Appleton & Co., on Washington street, this city, on Monday. The fish weighed 6¼lbs. and was 21½in. in length. It was caught by Mr. W. A. Chace in the Sudbury River, a short distance above Concord. It was taken on a 9oz. rod, with a trolling spoon. The big fish gave such a hard fight as only a great, determined black bass knows how to make. SPECIAL.

### The Fishery Board for Scotland

HAS issued Part III. of its tenth annual report, dealing with the scientific investigations of 1891, and containing numerous illustrations. Among the biological papers forming a portion of the volume are the following: On the food of fishes, by W. R. Smith; observations on the reproduction, maturity and sexual relations of the food fishes, by Dr. T. W. Fulton; additions to the fauna of the Firth of Forth, Part IV., by Thomas Scott; contributions to the life, history and development of the food and other fishes, by Prof. McIntosh.

## Fishculture.

### The Prolific German Carp.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The ice pond at New Rochelle having recently been purchased by the Mount Vernon Water Co. as a source of supply, they have been draining it off in order to deepen and finish as a reservoir. On Oct. 12, when the writer passed the pond while out gunning, all that remained was a small mud puddle about 75ft. wide, and this was absolutely alive with German carp, eels, suckers, small perch, minnows and small boys. The carp weighed from 2 to 6lbs., and the writer learned that the water company and others had netted probably 10 to 15 barrels of these large carp during the previous day and night. I secured three fine specimens. The largest weighed close to 7lbs. The fry had been put into the pond three or four years ago, and results show that the fish thrive wonderfully in our ponds.
WILLIAM W. HART.

### ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 25 to 28.—Omaha Kennel Club, at Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

Dec. 6 to 9.—First Annual Dog Show Hermitage Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn. Robert C. Stockton, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.

Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.

May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Third Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Nanuet, N. Y. Bench show of the club Oct. 24. H. V. Jamieson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y

### SPECIAL REPORT OF THE OTTAWA SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

To those who can read between the lines the maliciousness of these introductory notes is evident enough. It is perfectly plain to those that know the facts that they were penned by some one intensely hostile to some of the judges and part of the executive. I regret to see FOREST AND STREAM abused in this way, and I shall certainly not allow such misrepresentations to pass unnoticed, if the editor of this journal will afford space for their correction.

The reference to Clumbers throws a good deal of light on this report: "Dr. Wesley Mills spent two days and a half in awarding prizes to 105 dogs." What are the facts? As both the other judges wished to have the first day Dr. Mills gave way to them, consequently he could do only a very moderate amount of work the first day. By the close of the second day, notwithstanding a late start, for which he is not responsible, most of the dogs were judged, the rest of the work being completed, specials excepted, next morning. As is well known the judging of specials is peculiar, much depending on the clerical assistance, etc., given.

After the second day the show seemed to be very short-handed, and in some cases none of the executives or attendants could be found and I was obliged to ask handlers not personally concerned to bring out some of the dogs. Economy was, I suppose, at the bottom of this, and I had no notion of referring to it had it not been forced upon me. I think the exhibitors will bear me out that the dogs at Ottawa show were judged as rapidly as anywhere on the circuit. The ingenious falsity of the above statement will now be clear and its malice rendered more evident by the next misstatement. It is absolutely untrue that Dr. Mills "got Mr. Corbett to pass upon them" (Danes). As no one could be the least injured thereby, I asked the committee to associate Mr. Corbett with me in the judging of Danes. This they did, and Mr. Corbett acted with me throughout. If necessary I can quote his remarks about the dogs, made in the ring, and we agreed on the placing before the ribbons were handed out. "In black and tan bitches the Doctor awarded English Lady first, but about an hour afterward," etc. This is incorrect also. The dogs had just been returned to their benches when I called for them again; at the outside ten minutes could not have elapsed. The superintendent can bear me out in this, as he was present. I am not aware that there is any rule to determine when a judge's decision is final. At all events, I think the individual who is afraid that his dog when thoroughly examined cannot stand the test and holds to what he got through oversight, is hardly the sort of sportsman we should encourage. Only some of those concerned refused to bring back their dogs—possibly only one. I must give the handler that really suffered by my oversight, credit for behaving admirably under the circumstances. The real explanation of the origin of the occurrence is found in my judge's report.

"Mr. Geddes, the superintendent, received little or no assistance from his committee and to him all the credit is due."

Mr. Geddes worked well and managed well both this year and last. Then the credit was not given to him but went in another quarter. I must say, however, that both Mr. Wurtele and Mr. Kirby aided efficiently as my ring stewards. Mr. Keyes, the chairman, was present during the whole time of the show, and worked hard, and others also assisted, so that the above statement is untrue and unjust.

As to the catalogues, I know that one reporter, at least, had a copy given him. The catalogue was about the best yet issued in Canada, and I regret that after all the labor spent on it there will be loss to the individual that had the enterprise to undertake and carry out the work.

As I am myself responsible for the report on pointers and setters and put my initials to it, I wish Mr. Editor, that you had so inserted it and not joined it with such a tissue of misstatements as I have shown you have unwittingly, no doubt, inserted in your paper, which, I take it, aims at truth and decency. The whole thing is, moreover, a strong argument for having all reports signed.
WESLEY MILLS, M. D.

MONTREAL, Can.

### Sportsmen Made to Order.

This is how the editor of the Middletown, N. Y., *Argus* puts it: "Station Agent Van Orden, feed merchant Thorn and Dr. Meyers have all been getting fancy bird dogs, new guns, hunting coats, vests, caps, etc., *and are fast developing into genuine sportsmen.* Their dogs alone are valued at $40 to $80 each. Now, it is safe to say they will make it a cold day for any game living in these parts, to say nothing of what will be done by Mills, Welling and Sutton, who are quite some on shooting." The italics are ours.

### Business.

MACHIAS, Oct. 14.—Forest and Stream Publishing Co.: I inclose check in payment for your insertion of notice of Beacon Farm. It has brought me a number of sportsmen from Massachusetts and inquiries from New York that are almost sure to result in business. SAMUEL M. HOLWAY.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

### The Kicker.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—The term "kicker" is one which is used frequently in discussing field trial matters, and the number and variety of the individuals composing the class are but little known to the sportsmen who do not attend field trials in person.

There are several well-defined classes of kickers, each species having some one kicker whose vigor and skill make him pre-eminent among his fellows.

As a general thing, owners and handlers take defeat pleasantly and quietly, even if they do not consider that it was done thoroughly.

A kicker which cannot be classified is the opportunity kicker. He may go through a whole trial, or several trials, without an opportunity presenting itself. He is wise enough to let the other fellows do their own kicking, so that he is not identified with the sympathetic kicker. When the opportunity does come he then can kick vigorously, and with a great deal of sentiment in his favor on the ground that he is no kicker. The judicious kicker succeeds in making some capital, at times.

### The Necessity Kicker.

Then there is the kicker who kicks from necessity. He runs a lot of poor dogs, perhaps badly prepared, and, from his standpoint, he must affect a disbelief in the judges and their decisions so that he can square himself with his employers; and it is to be regretted that he often succeeds in his purpose. This specimen of the kicker is becoming scarcer as knowledge increases and sportsmen become more acquainted.

### The Revenue Kicker.

The kicker-for-revenue is perhaps the most offensive and harmful of all. He is active and tireless before the trials begin, during the trials when his time is unoccupied and in the evenings, in painting in bright colors the superlative merits of his dogs. This string beats all strings of dogs, he says, he ever had, in every respect. They are strictly high-class, every one. He has a cinch on first, second and third, if the judges only do the square thing by him. He refers earnestly to his former success, his known skill as a breeder and his great judgment in all matters.

He makes an opportunity to tell all this to the judges before the dogs are started, or he tells some one who is sure to tell them. Often his brassy assumption of everything meritorious passes for good coin; and his boasting, prejudgments and prejudices are far more effective than they should be, in creating favorable impressions for dogs before and after they begin their race. Now, these dogs may not be so good as many others, or indeed may be downright common. But this does not for a moment deter the kicker-for-revenue. He will frankly point out faults in dogs he ran in previous years if said dogs are sold, but he has no faults to discover in dogs which he now owns. If any of these dogs are sold this year he will cheerfully and fully tell their faults next year, particularly if they go into a competing kennel. If one dog is defeated, he kicks. If two, twice as much. If all his dogs are defeated, he hurls forth all his kick. He accuses the judges of incompetency, dishonesty, weakness of mind, bad pedigree and whatever else he can invent. He tells this to every person he meets, and sits up late at night repeating *ad nauseum* his story to all his listeners. He is then kicking earnestly for advertising and revenue. He swears with an earnestness which is most convincing that he will never run his dogs again under that club; and so earnest and forcible does he build up his mammoth bluff that the listener is impressed with the belief that the club's days are numbered when that kicker will not enter his dogs.

Yet the kicker will be on hand the next year with the same stock story. Generally some scared member of the club makes a semi-apology or some explanation which the kicker accepts as satisfactory. In fact, he is willing to accept anything as satisfactory. He has made his big bluff for advertising, got himself forward as a central figure, both notorious and famous.

He knows that field trials are the life of his business; that to refrain from running his dogs would end his profitable dog dealing; that the competition is the life of his business.

(1) Field trial clubs do not seem to realize that they are undignified and unjust to themselves in trying to pacify an abusive kicker-for-revenue.

(2) That the kicker's Chinese thunder is what is vulgarly termed a bluff.

(3) That if they met the threat of not running any more dogs in their trials by the reply that he need not do so; that he only ran for the money and not for the benefit of the trials, he thereafter would not make any threats.

(4) That it is a benefit to the club if the kicker-for-revenue remains away.

(5) That it is a reflection on their own judges to be apologetic to a kicker-for-revenue, or any other kicker.

(6) That judges who are acting for a club are entitled to protection as a matter of right.

(7) That a kicker who openly and maliciously vilifies the judges or club members should be expelled from the grounds.

(8) That a kicker who vilifies his fellow handlers, the judges and club members, and assures everybody at the same time that he himself is a true gentleman, may be mistaken in every particular.

Field trials have advanced to such an important stage of development that the malicious kicker-for-revenue should be suppressed or rejected. His greed and malice are disturbing elements of constant duration. He has been deferred to and made much of—so much that he was justified in believing that the field trial world was largely embodied in the kicker-for-revenue.

### The Sympathetic Kicker.

The sympathetic kicker enters into the spirit of any other fellow's kick, and becomes an energetic party to it. He feels as earnestly as if the grievance were truly his own. He warms to his grievance as he builds up his case, and frequently becomes louder and more bitter than the original kicker. He loses sight of the fact of his own silliness and contemptible weakness. The emotional kicker is never at a loss for facts; for, if they are not at hand, he will readily invent something. One *bona fide* kicker who happens to be where he can gather a group of sympathetic kickers, can make quite a small rebellion, particularly if he is liberal with his flask.

### The Constitutional Kicker.

Then there is the kicker who is so constitutionally. He kicks independently and defiantly. He is honest in his beliefs, has no axe to grind—his kick is stripped of all extraneous considerations. He asks no sympathy. Lose or win, he kicks because it is natural.

### The Kick Courteous.

That a man has a right to differ from the judges, from the handlers, from the club, or from everything and everybody all at once, no one will deny; but that a man whose dog has been defeated has a right to openly and persistently, or at all, vilify the club and judges, or openly insult them, no one will concede. Too much of this has been allowed in the past. Field trial clubs and judges have been too lax. Contempt has been given too free rein. It is time for a departure. Field trials have a respectable standing, are growing in influence and number every year, have a gentlemanly membership and following, and it is high time to suppress an evil which has by its regular exercise almost become honored usage. The combination of loud boasting, keen-scented avarice and threadbare prestige, all colored with bullying, should be relegated to the realms of the rejected. There are no portraits intended here. Only classes are considered.

### Black Setters.

While in Manitoba at the field trials last month, I had the pleasure of seeing some of Mr. Johnson's black setters, which he is breeding. They were under medium size, compact and well built, had remarkably good legs and feet, and were fast, energetic workers. He spoke very highly of their merits.

### Horse and Greyhound.

Racing between horses and greyhounds is now being agitated, and it appears to have some supporters. A contemporary, referring to an offer by Mr. Roger Williams, to match his Stonehenge filly against any greyhound at one-half, five-eighths or three-quarters of a mile, says that "It will be a shame if Mr. Williams's offer is allowed to go begging." Just how the greyhound owners will be guilty of a "shame" by wisely refraining from making what, for them, would prove a silly match, is not apparent. In fact, there is not any "shame" in it. No school boy, who dearly loved to see a fight inexpensive to himself, ever put a chip with greater calmness on a schoolmate's shoulder for some other schoolmate to knock off, than that chip was presented to the greyhound men. Such advice is most unfair. Running horses against greyhounds is no novelty, even in this country. So long ago as 1884 I saw races between thoroughbred horses and greyhounds on the race track at Mobile, Ala. The distance was one mile, and the race itself was a hippodrome; but it was so from the fact that the greyhounds, though good ones and well conditioned, could not go the mile with the horses; so the latter were pulled to give the dogs a fair showing at the finish.

There were a number of places in the South that year where these races were given and, I think, similar races were given in other years. If the greyhound men are wise they will keep their money in their pockets and let any one, who has no money at stake, cry "shame."

The same journal, in severely rebuking men who set their bulldogs on pugs, in a rather involved sentence, says: "And further that they cannot amuse themselves by setting vicious dogs onto ladies' pets and kindred pastimes." Probably the writer meant on instead of "onto;" but how vicious dogs could be set "onto" "kindred pastimes" is not plain. Could not a race be arranged between a vicious dog and a kindred pastime? It would be so funny. It's a "shame" if it isn't! Any man can make a mistake in his language, but few men can write language both quaint and weird.

That reminds me that in "Points and Flushes" last week I was made to say "over-weaning" when I meant over-weening. Such things sometimes make a slight difference in what a fellow means, although it sounds just as well.

B. WATERS.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Canada.—In the English *Stock-Keeper* of Sept. 23 appears the "Whisper" printed below. As Toronto does not happen to be in "the land of the stars and stripes," and as Mr. Brodie is now a resident of the Dominion, I may be excused for encroaching on the editor's prerogative. Mr. Brodie has favored me with a copy of his reply to the *Stock-Keeper*, which I also append, and no doubt Mr. Neil Gow will be glad to add his testimony as to the accuracy of Mr. Brodie's statement:

*From the Stock-Keeper.*—"The American eagle is indulging in some wild flights of fancy over the arrival of Mr. Brodie in the land of the stars and stripes. FOREST AND STREAM says: 'Mr. Brodie is known to all Irish terrier men as the owner of the great little dog Irish Ambassador.' As a matter of fact that statement, harmless enough in a way, wants qualifying. Mr. Brodie and his dog may have been well known in the North, but neither was familiar at the big Southern canine gatherings. The fame of the dog Irish Ambassador rested rather on his successes at the stud, which we desire to acknowledge most readily, but when our transatlantic contemporary continues, 'To show what is thought of the Irish Ambassador, Mr. Brodie, it is said, has refused £260 for him,' why we can only suppose that if Ananias lived in these days he would have been reckoned so poor a hand at his own specialty that Mr. Labouchere would buy him and exhibit him as an advertisement for *Truth*. Two hundred and sixty fiddlesticks, sir; and this is why we have such a contempt for 'offers' that have been refused. They are simply the refuge of the thrifty advertiser. 'Offers' indeed! Why, anybody can imagine them by the dozen, and who is to prove the contrary?"

*Mr. Brodie's Reply.—Editor Stock-Keeper*, 169 Fleet street, London, E. C. Sir: In "Whispers of Fancy," in *Stock-Keeper* of Sept. 23, just to hand, I note remarks *re* the Irish terrier, the Irish Ambassador and myself. If FOREST AND STREAM is rather indulgent at times, the *Stock-Keeper* can be decidedly nasty and mean when it suits it. Your insulting personal remarks I will treat with the contempt they deserve, and pass on to the statement made by FOREST AND STREAM, namely, "Mr. Brodie is known to all Irish terrier men as the owner of the great little dog Irish Ambassador." If this statement wants qualifying, why do you in the same paragraph admit the fame of the Irish Ambassador? As to the other part of it, can your correspondent name any other party who owns him? The *Stock-Keeper* evidently forgets that in one of its recent issues, when giving champion Brickbat "a lift" it stated that a certain price (I forgot the exact amount just now, but I think it was somewhere about £250) had been offered and refused for him, and again in your issue of Aug. 26, you say £160 had been offered and refused for Poor Pat, and this is how we show such a contempt for "offers" that have been refused! "Offers indeed, why anybody can imagine them by the dozen, and who is to prove to the contrary?"

As to the genuineness of the statement made by FOREST AND STREAM in reference to the price that has been refused for the Irish Ambassador. In May, 1891, Mr. Neil Gow, 9 Rose Terrace, Perth (a gentleman well-know as a buyer of the best stock procurable in both dogs and poultry, and frequently mentioned in your journal as a purchaser and importer of such), made me an offer of £200 for the Irish Ambassador, and on my refusal to accept it afterwards increasing it to £260. Still I refused, to sell, and I have no reason to regret having done so, for since that time considerably over 100 bitches have visited him, and those from most of the leading Irish terrier fanciers in the United Kingdom. The number only includes those for which a stud fee has been paid and does not include my own bitches from which I have bred quite a number that I have sold at very fair prices. I am considerably within the margin when I state that he has doubled the price I refused for him at that time; he is still mine, and I would not take £260 for my chances with him yet. As far as offers are concerned, the value of all the Irish terriers in existence put together, cannot separate the Irish Ambassador and WILLIAM BRODIE.

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Messrs. Luckwell & Douglas have sold champion Black Dufferin and a good bitch to a breeder on your side whose name I have been unable to learn.

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According to the Toronto catalogue the collie Wellesbourne Charlie was awarded the Collie Club medal for the best in novice class. This cannot be as the dog is not eligible under C. M. C. rules for this class.

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The cocker champion Brant also was given the cup for the best dog and two of his get. As Brant was entered for "specials only" and as this is in direct opposition to Rule II., section 4, which reads, "A dog entered at any show must enter and compete in the regular classes," I don't see how the win can stand.

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I find I was in error as to the importer of the St. Bernard bitch Lady Alton. She was got out by Mr. W. H. Auld, Strathroy, and not by the Bowmanville St. Bernard Kennels. It was her half sister Maypole the latter kennels bought. Maypole is by champion Alton out of Rennie and has been bred to Marvel.

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The Hamilton Kennel Club will hold another of its interesting and well managed local bench shows in the Palace Rink on October 24.

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Dr. Mole, V. S., is now a resident of Toronto; his address is 260 Adelaide street, West.

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The Corktown Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, have sold Wanda, C. 697, black cocker bitch whelped June 30, 1890, by Bob Obo out of Cleo, and Corktown Consul, C. 1,304, black field spaniel dog, whelped May 22, 1891, by Obo Jr. out of Dot Smirll, to J. F. Elder, Williamsport, Pa.

H. B. DONOVAN.

## NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

THE entry list of the third annual trials of this club have filled very satisfactorily, and we sincerely trust the list is a practical one and that they will all be seen on the field next week.

*Class A—Dogs 13 to 15in.*

BASE—Wm. H. Ashburner's (Yeadon, Pa.) b. w. t. dog (Spelo—Gipsey Belle), whelped 1889. Breeder, owner.

TONY WELLER—Wm. H. Child's (Glenside, Pa.) b. w. t. dog (Keno—Fly), March 15, 1885. Breeder, T. Satterthwaite.

FRANK FOREST—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.) b. w. t. dog (Riot—Skip), 1886. Breeder, Geo. F. Reed.

ROY K.—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.) b. w. t. dog (champion Rattler III.—Dora), Dec. 23, 1889. Breeder, Geo. Laick.

HUGH—W. F. Rutter, Jr.'s (Lawrence, Mass.) b. w. t. dog (champion Fitz Hugh Lee—Queen R.), October, 1890. Breeder owner.

LEE IL—Pottinger Dorsey's (Newmarket, Md.) b. w. t. dog (Lee—Juliet), June 27, 1887. Breeder, owner.

FOREST HUNTER—Forest Beagle Kennels' (West Duxbury, Mass.) b. w. t. dog (Forest Boy—Lady Lee), April, 1890. Breeder, G. F. Reed.

STORM—Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) b. w. t. dog (Lee—Countess), Aug. 20, 1886. Breeder, Pottinger Dorsey.

GLORY—Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) b. w. t. dog (Storm—Somerset Una), July 9, 1890. Breeder, owner.

RING—John G. Honecker's (Toledo, O.) w. b. t. dog (Victor D.—Fry R.), Feb. 22, 1889. Breeder, G. Mellan.

*Class B—Bitches, 13 to 15in.*

SNOW—Middleton Kennels' (Frankfort, Mich.) b. w. t. bitch (Stormy—Lucy), April 16, 1890.

VICK R.—Forest Beagle Kennels' (West Duxbury, Mass.) b. w. t. bitch (champion Fitz Hugh Lee—Reed's Nell), May, 1889. Breeder, Geo. F. Reed.

JUNE ROSE—Forest Beagle Kennels' (West Duxbury, Mass.) w. b. t. bitch (Frank Forest—Juno II.), June 15, 1889. Breeder, W. A. Sanall.

FANNIE RACER—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.) b. w. t. bitch (champion Rattler, Jr.—Nellie), July 10, 1890. Breeder, C. S. Wixom.

ZILLAH—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.) b. w. t. bitch (champion Rattler, Jr.—Nellie), July 10, 1890. Breeder, C. S. Wixom.

BLANCHE—Wm. H. Child's (Glenside, Pa.) b. w. t. bitch (Uno—Bell), June, 1885. Breeder unknown.

PARTHENIA—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) b. w. t. bitch (Bob—Mary), June 7, 1887. Breeder, N. Elmore.

GYPSEY K.—Glenrose Beagle Kennels (Melrose, Mass.) b. w. t. bitch (Kenneally's Lee—Tony), June 18, 1888. Breeder, E. J. Kenneally.

VENUS III.—Pottinger Dorsey's (Newmarket, Md.) b. w. t. bitch (Lee—Venus II.), Sept. 3, 1889. Breeder, owner.

MARVEL—Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) b. w. t. bitch (Bounce—Ferrol), April 12, 1889. Breeder, F. C. Phoebus.

MOLLIE—W. F. Rutter, Jr.'s (Lawrence, Mass.), b. w. t. bitch (Comeroe—Nell), April, 1887. Breeder, W. S. Clark.

*Class C—Dogs 13in. and under.*

ROCKLAND BOY—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.), b. w. t. dog (champion Little Duke—Snowflake), July 10, 1891. Breeder, H. J. Bennett.

FRANK FOREST—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.), b. w. t. dog (Riot—Skip), 1886. Breeder, G. F. Reed.

MILO—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.), b. w. t. dog (champion Bannerman—Twintwo), July 11, 1890. Breeders, Chapman & Jamieson.

CLYDE—B. S. Turpin's (Dorchester, Mass.), w. b. t. dog (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), April, 1889. Breeder, A. Parry.

*Class D—Bitches 13in. and under.*

BUTTERFLY—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.), b. w. t. bitch (Forest Boy—Lady Lee), April 18, 1890. Breeder, George F. Reed.

LOU—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.), b. w. t. bitch (Keno—Fly), Sept. 27, 1880. Breeder, J. Satterthwaite.

WEENANNAN—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.) b. w. t. bitch (Boston—Countess), June 21, 1888. Breeder, P. Dorsey.

BONNIE LASSIE—Wm. H. Hyland's (North Tarrytown, N. Y.) b. w. t. bitch (Rip Van Winkle—Queen Nellie), June 3, 1889. Breeder, F. N. Bush.

ROMP C.—E. Gerry Roberts's (Red Bank, N. J.) b. w. t. bitch (Tony—Skippy), Dec. 18, 1890. Breeder, G. W. Proctor.

DESDEMONA—Henry Hanson's (Fall River, Mass.) b. w. t. bitch (Kenneally's Lee—Tone), Dec. 30, 1888. Breeder, E. J. Kenneally.

*Class E—Derby, for Dogs or Bitches Whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1891.*

MILLARD—Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) b. w. t. dog (Burke—Little Fly), Jan. 1, 1891. Breeder, F. C. Phœbus.

CHARM—Somerset Kennels' (Bernardsville, N. J.) b. w. t. bitch (Storm—Belle of Woodbrook), April 28, 1891. Breeder, owner.

FIFER—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) b. w. t. dog (Tony—Jingle), Aug. 4, 1891. Breeder, S. James.

FOREST GIRL—Forest Beagle Kennels' (West Duxbury, Mass.) b. w. t. bitch (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), Nov. 1, 1891.

PRINCE—Wm. H. Ashburner's (Yeadon, Pa.) b. w. t. dog (Brittle—Jude), June, 1891. Breeder, owner.

ROCKLAND BOY—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.) b. w. t. dog (Ch. Little Duke—Snowflake), July 10, 1891. Breeder, H. J. Bennett.

FANCHETTE—Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.) b. w. t. bitch (Mac—Fanny K.), April 6, 1891. Breeder, I. St. Clair.

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Dr. Foote intends sending a team of black and tan terriers out to Omaha, Neb., show with Ben Lewis. Champion Sultan, Merry Monarch, English Lady and Carmencita are the four selected. A good chance for any one who has a bitch in season out there.

## COMPOUND AND SIMPLE LOCOMOTION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I had the pleasure of meeting an old-time friend a few days ago, a shrewd and cultured gentleman of broad and discerning mind, as is settled by the fact that he is an admirer of my superior attainments and natural abilities.

We met in my luxurious office, and after the cordial greetings and reminiscent reviews, the conversation turned on dogs and dogdom.

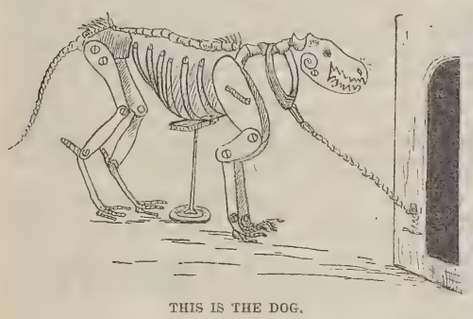
At last he said in his pleasant way: "C., why don't you write some papers on the anatomy of the dog, as applied to locomotion, in the abstract and concrete, as the 'rithmetic used to say when we went to school together long years ago? I know that you was smart on bones and sich things in them days from your reputation as a hog killer and meat cutter on the old farm. Not that you of course know much about bones and muscles when in motion, but I'll bet them other fellers can't write mor'n you can about what they don't know."

"See here," said I, a bit warmly, "the idea is a good one, since I have thought of the very same thing myself a number of times, but I really do not like your manner of suggesting it. First of all, I beg to assure you that I do know something of anatomy, or bones, as you are pleased to term it, and that I have what I consider most valuable ideas on both anatomy and comparative anatomy as related to motion in animals and *vice versa*. Now ——"

"I beg your pardon," said he, in his gentlest manner," and I trust that you will overlook my stupidity. I might have known, had I given it a moment's consideration, that you, being a dog man, know all about dogs and their anatomy, and are most amply furnished with knowledge on all subjects in the abstract and concrete, as the 'rithmetic would say. Your papers would no doubt be very valuable, quite as much so as anything you ever wrote."

"Yes," I replied in my most gracious manner, for his praise mollified me, "I know a great deal more about these things than I let on to know. The other fellows have some very good ideas but they cover but a small part of it and are buried by a mass of crudities and ill disguised speculations, and they force every circumstance, however poorly it fits, to support their position."

"Now," said I, "by way of for instance, take the use of the forelegs and hind legs of the dog in motion, their efforts would be of little use but for the connection and support of the back and its action; that is the arching and vigorous spring it takes in unison with the spring of the hind legs, thus propelling the body through the air and forward at every jump. The shoulders perform a very important function, in that they give a firm base for the legs to be fixed to and nothing more. I hope that you will admit that if the legs were not fixed to something on the dog he would have much difficulty in using them. This, though in a modified degree, could be said of the hind legs of most dogs, and especially those dogs of a sanguine temperament. Fortunately, to support my theory and to settle the question beyond cavil, I have a photograph of a skeleton which may be said to be taken from life, as it is in the very attitude of the dog in life. The pose is therefore natural and every part of the skeleton is placed in the right position and relation to every other part. This skeleton belonged to a dog of fine breeding, which by an oversight was left chained to his kennel while his master was absent on a six-months' trip from home. On



THIS IS THE DOG.

his return he found than the dog had starved to death, and he plainly died in a standing position, with the imprint of the fierce pangs of hunger distorting his features."

"I desire to say that I do not know much about anatomy, as I observe all writers so far are careful to observe the same, therefore I consider myself most ably qualified to write about it long and learnedly. I more particularly wish to confine myself to anatomy and locomotion, but I may find it necessary to digress on three or four thousand side issues according to honored usage in treating such matters.

"I now will call your most earnest attention to certain laws of motion which, with very little thought, you will perforce concede to be true; or at least so generally true that none but the perverse or hypercritical will be so unreasonable as to refuse to concede the great truths contained, and their direct application to the question under consideration which has not been yet presented. The first law is that when a body is moving in a straight line there is hardly any perceptible curvilinear motion to be observed so long as it persists in its direction. Conversely, when a body is moving in a circle, the general law may be laid down that it will continue so so long as the force is applied and it holds its course.

Having now laid down these axioms and general laws which are known to be true by their universal use and the sanction of all men from time immemorial, I will now revert to the original question again. To do so readily, it will be necessary to produce the photograph of the dog referred to hereinbefore so that any reference to different parts of the skeleton may be readily understood and all the different parts and their functions may be made plain at a glance: so I beg that you will study it carefully. To prove that this skeleton had certain motions when animated by the energies of life, I will take pleasure in presenting in later papers the skeleton of a kangaroo, of a Rocky Mountain goat, of a hen and a donkey, the last being one of the most important. As to why I should see fit to select the skeleton of a hen to illustrate and prove the motion of a dog, I would say that there are some subtle abstractions about it which I do not know myself; therefore, the wise reader must not be too inquiring lest he do more harm in a moment than he could possibly mend in a week."

"Referring now to the axioms laid down on straight and curved motions, it will be noted that nearly every anatomical part of the dog takes a curvilinear motion or segment of a parabola. The shoulder blade, humerus, femur, tail and jaws, etc., all move in segments of circles, and the leap of the dog is the same. The sum of all these curved and parabolic motions find expression in locomotion, or the effort which the dogs exerts to go ahead in a straight line, as proven by the construction of the skeletons of hens, horses and donkeys. These curved motions and different forces exerted in different parts of the skeleton in different directions have a very important bearing as to their effectiveness in whether they are coincident with the center of gravity or only partially so, the latter finding expression in dogs which trot with their hind legs in a line paralled with and about 6in. to one side of the line followed by the forelegs."

"A simple illustration of the mechanical difficulty in changing straight motion to circular motion is illustrated by the locomotive engine. The piston rod goes straight; bar on the driving wheels travels in a circle, and one end of the connecting rod, connecting the two, travels in a circle, while the other end goes straight, thus causing the most violent strains and jerks at every revolution of the wheels, and presenting one of the most complex problems in locomotive construction. This proves that stifles and elbows well let down, as witnessed in the skeleton of the hen, give the ideal combination so far as those parts are specially concerned. But it should not be lost sight of for a moment that there are certain auxiliary and subsidiary forces, both of gravity and the animal, which, arrayed in harmonious juxtaposition should correlate and—"

"For goodness sake," said my friend, "let the matter rest for this time. I do not know whether I am going crazy or have a nightmare. My brains are boiling. I think that all you said is logical and true, but I don't know. Let us consider that it is so, only my mind is too weak to follow your most learned argument, or thesis, or digest, or whatever it may be. Let us defer this matter to another day, though it be an evil one. I feel weak and unequal to further attention. Pray, let us postpone it that I may learn it better."

"I consent," said I, "though I dislike to do so, for I just got the ideas nicely selected and all the circumstances arranged to lead up in logical sequence to the previous question which I was about to formulate into a syliogism preparatory to my main effort, but as you wish it, we will postpone it."

"Good day," said he, with a sigh of relief.

"Good day," said I, regretfully. THE CYNIC.



BEAGLE HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

1. The meet. 2. Full cry! 3. A ticklish place. 4. A "view holloa." 5. The death.

## VARIETIES OF FOOD.

UNDER the above heading, in his new book on dog diseases, kennel management, etc., "Ashmont" (Dr. J. Frank Perry) gives us, as entertainingly and lucidly as ever, his views on a subject of vital importance to all, kennel owners as well as the "one-dog" man. Through the Doctor's kindness we are enabled to publish, from advance proofs, a part of this interesting chapter. Speaking on the subject of cooked meats he says:

"As for fresh meats cooked for the table, unless, of course, a perfect contempt for culinary laws is exhibited, they can safely be regarded as quite well suited to the digestion of dogs, also, as containing the most of the nutritive properties of these foods. And where dogs share the diet of their masters, or, in other words, are fed on scraps from the table, and the quantity of meat given them is ample, it is scarcely necessary to consider the question of quality or that of cooking.

"But considering that popular method of cooking meat specially for dogs, and the want of care which so many exhibit in its application, the conclusion is inevitable that under certain conditions of life they should be fed on raw meat while those conditions last.

That this may be accepted, the fact is urged that no matter how scientific the process of cooking, alterations of a chemical nature are induced in meat and some of its nutritive elements are wasted. Were man perfectly familiar with all the inner workings of the dog's mechanism, the demands in the way of food and the peculiarities of his organs concerned in digestion, then the problem of supply required for the growth and health of the body and to renew the loss from wear and tear, etc., might possibly be worked out. But the dietician has yet to enter this province and at present only rough estimates can be made, and a very wide margin must be left to cover the many conditions, fixed or incidental, of which little or nothing is known."

On feeding raw meat, always a debatable question among dog men, he has this to say:

"Thus far experience has shown the writer that bitches in pup which are fed frequently on raw meat during the periods of gestation and nursing are stronger and healthier, give whelp to more vigorous puppies and prove better support for the same, than bitches fed largely on cooked meat during these periods; that is, on meat cooked specially for them. The reason for the superior qualities is, of course, problematical, but it would seem that either raw meat was more easily digested by them and more readily converted with less waste into materials for building, for renovation of the body, etc., than cooked meat, or that raw meat contained highly important elements in better forms or more correct proportions for the work in which they were engaged, and to support them while doing it than cooked meat.

"Experience has also shown that in many morbid states of the system not only is raw meat more acceptable to the digestive organs, but recovery takes place much more rapidly under its use than it does under the use of cooked meat. And another product of experience is the fact that puppies to which raw meat is given often and judiciously, thrive better, grow in structure with greater rapidity, assume more massive proportions and are less frequent victims of disease than those given cooked meat as often and in the same quantities.

"But there is a bitter prejudice against the giving of uncooked meat to dogs because of the parasites which it sometimes contains. Beyond doubt this danger exists, for nations habituated to the use of raw meat are notorious harborers of tapeworms, but still the writer believes that much greater alarm is felt than is justifiable. Man is as easily infected as dogs, yet among people of civilized countries cases of tapeworms are never frequent—in fact they are rare except in imagination, in which pictures of them are drawn by pretenders to medical skill, who have methods of their own for deluding their patients. And considering this rarity, also that cooking as often applied will not destroy the vitality of these parasites, raw meat cannot be nearly as fierce a menace as generally reputed."

Any one who has kept a number of dogs knows how prone kennel owners are to feed foods easily obtained and inexpensive, such as liver, lights, paunches, etc., and we are pleased to see that "Ashmont" gives this subject special attention. After speaking of insufficient cooking or the "done rare" process, he says: "But there are evidently animal substances—some of them are occasionally eaten by man—often fed out to dogs, from which far greater danger is to be apprehended unless they are first submitted to a boiling temperature. Among such are the hearts, livers, lungs—called 'lights' by many—paunches and other internal organs. Even greater danger lurks in the entrails of many animals, and these, whether from sheep, cattle, horses or game, should be given to dogs only after they have been thoroughly boiled for the purpose of destroying what parasites are present. The brains of certain animals, especially the sheep, are also a source of danger, which must exclude them from the diet until they have been treated in the same way as the entrails.

"These dangers from so many different sources can, however, be easily obviated by observing the simple rule, to feed to dogs, while yet in its raw state, only good, sound and wholesome beef or mutton, and thoroughly to cook all other flesh foods allowed them. This, religiously adhered to, the danger of parasites from animal foods will be very slight indeed and need not occasion any uneasiness.

"Breeders generally are much prejudiced against pork, and rightly so, for it is rich and burdensome to the digestive organs—in fact, of all meats it is the most difficult of digestion. At the same time to what are called 'scraps' by some and 'cracklings' by others, which are the refuse of melting or refining, there can be no valid objection as an occasional ingredient of the diet of hardy dogs. But instead of giving them, as is sometimes the custom, as they are broken from the cakes, much the better way is to make soups of them and thicken the same with vegetable foods.

"Although liver is as nearly deserving of prejudice as pork, it frequently appears before dogs and doubtless it is accountable for many mysterious attacks of diarrhœa, for it is one of the richest foods and as difficult of digestion as it is rich. Considering which only an occasional and sparing use should be the rule.

"As for what are known as 'lights,' some writers recommend them, yet a person would not be likely to feed them to a house pet more than once, for they give the breath an intolerable stench, which can be accepted as unmistakable evidence that decomposition occurred and advanced far before the stomach completed its task."

## TORONTO KENNEL CLUB.

THE Toronto Kennel Club is remarkable for its progressiveness and originality. It aims to make the dog better understood and appreciated and to promote kennel interests. To this end it establishes a library in Toronto and appeals to authors and publishers for practical sympathy. Already the response has been most gratifying. Prof. Wesley Mills, M. D., of Montreal, presents a copy of his work entitled "The Dog in Health and in Disease." Thayer Publishing Co., of Boston, donates a volume on "Modern Training, Handling and Kennel Management," and Dr. H. Clay Glover, of New York, sends his "Treatise on Canine Diseases." The publishers of FOREST AND STREAM and *Fanciers' Journal* have kindly placed the Toronto Kennel Club on their respective free lists; may others do likewise.

During the summer months the club has been incorporated under the Ontario statutes, the constitution and by-laws printed and a large amount of important business transacted. The outlook for the future of the club is very promising. TORONTO KENNEL CLUB.

# DOG CHAT.

### Death in the Hunting Field.

The sad death of Mr. Charles L. Cottenet, while out with the bounds of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club, at Hicksville, L. I., has drawn public attention again to the imitation fox-hunt so much in vogue among country clubs round New York. Mr. Cottenet's horse in taking a post and rail fence caught in a wire strung about a foot above the top rail, turned a somersault and pitched its rider on his head and then rolled over him. Mr. Cottenet when found was unconscious and died shortly after, his skull having been fractured at the base. This was a drag hunt and the course was laid for about eight miles over fences near Hempstead, L. I. It does seem strange that when the course is chosen, unlike fox hunting in reality, when you take it as it comes, that whoever lays the drag has not sense enough to "ware wire" and steer clear of it. And again that a man of Mr. Cottenet's experience would think of taking a wire in plain view, and especially with a green horse. Again, while following hounds it is always wiser to wear a hard hat, either a "tile" or "Derby," for we have seen many a skull saved owing to the 6in. space between crown and skull. Like everything Americans undertake, they go at it head first and generally undertake more than experience warrants them in doing, and so it is with so-called fox-hunting The men are eager to get there, and the horses only half trained and the country unsuitable, some of the jumps being very nasty, accidents are bound to occur. This accident has cast a gloom over society and the meets for a time will be abandoned. The master of these hounds, Mr. James E. Cowdin, was also badly thrown some time since, but has since recovered.

### Fox-Terriers in Canada.

The Fox-Terrier Club organized during the late Toronto show is bound to do good to the breed in Canada, especially with such a go ahead man as Ald. Stewart holding the reins. A circular has been issued by the club stating its position and aims. Next year it is intended to give a show confined to fox-terriers and also bring pressure to bear on bench show committees to provide separate classes for smooths and wires, and to give better money prizes. The latter is the better plan, specialty shows are a great expense to the clubs undertaking them, and we do not think they do as much good to the special breeds they are expected to benefit as is generally supposed. The American Fox-Terrier Club did not benefit at all by the shows they held. If the clubs make a special effort in conjunction with some large show, like the Bulldog Club does at the New York show, we are convinced that greater good is obtained and the dogs receive more notice from the general public and other exhibitors, without the expense that is incurred in giving a separate specialty show at which a baker's dozen will just about cover the average attendance. The "frost," so apparent at such gatherings both here and in England, we are firmly convinced does more harm than good, for it is from the outside public the boom must be created. The exhibitors themselves know all about it. All Canadians even remotely interested in fox-terriers should join the club, for the low fee of $2 is within the reach of any one.

### Railway Rates in Canada.

The handlers feel pretty sore over the way they were treated at Ottawa either by the show people or the railroad companies. When a club advertises that certain arrangements have been made with the express and railroads about transportation, they should make it a point to see that they were carried out. The exhibitors got to Ottawa all right, but when they tried to get out the companies repudiated any agreement and charged so much a hundred pounds, and no dog could weigh less than a century. This made it especially hard for George Thomas, most of whose thirty dogs were terriers, and it cost him over $40 to get out. The big-dog men were not affected by this ruling so much. Still some different arrangements will have to be made next year if the show people hope to get the good dogs from the States. The Ruppert Kennel with four dogs won $10. Then to make matters worse they had each to pay $2 50 for customs clearance papers and when they got to the line the customs officers wanted a dollar each before they would pass them, this was the last straw and they kicked but not too hard for sundry personal reasons, but succeeded eventually in persuading the officers to take fifty cents. This on the face of it must have been extortion. With the promises so liberally given that the customs arrangements would be all lovely, it is apt to make exhibitors say hard things and remember their experiences when another year comes round.

### Shooting Dogs.

The other day a man in New Rochelle deliberately in cold blood shot a valuable mastiff belonging to a neighbor on the latter's premises. The dog is said to have been a nuisance to the neighbors by the man who shot the dog, and the owner of the "late" dog says it was shot because in the earlier part of the day his dog had bitten the shooter's bulldog. Whichever tale is true, the opinion given in the Uxbridge case the other day would seem to cover this one. Judge Dartwell in rendering his decision said: "The law permits the killing of a dog by any one by whom he is attacked, but does not allow the aggrieved party to take the law into his own hands by killing the animal on a subsequent occasion, still less when the attack or injury has been inflicted upon another, even if a member of his own family. Any one who adopts this course renders himself liable to a criminal prosecution." And this seems to us like a commonsense view of the matter. It is probable that the case we speak of will come before the courts, and the result will be important.

### Newfoundlands at Danbury.

Mr. Jas. Watson writes us a "postal" to say that he did not give Carlo, the fat, curly Newfoundland, equal first prize with Prince Hal at Danbury. Carlo was awarded second. We took the awards from the secretary's book, the only record, and it was plainly written there equal first, and moreover the two dogs had each a blue ribbon. We are pleased to find that we were mistaken, though for Mr. Watson's own reputation he should object to having his awards tampered with afterward. Regarding the greyhound bitch Maybrook Nell Mr. Watson says: "I fully expected "H. W. L." would find fault with Maybrook Nell, but almost solely on account of her great depth of chest." No! we found fault with her other bad points, which were quite sufficient to show she was in the wrong place.

### The Beagle Trials.

The entries to the National Beagle Club's third annual trials show a healthy increase over former years. The first trials had twenty-one entries, last year thirty-four and this year there are thirty-eight. This year one prominent kennel that participated last year does not take part, but beagle men will be pleased to see that several new names are to be found among the entries for 1892. The trials are creating an interest among others than strictly beagle fanciers, and a number of visitors have signified their intention of being present at Nannet to see the festive "bunny" run to earth. Monday next will be devoted to the bench show and general congratulations. The sterner work will commence at daybreak on Tuesday, Oct. 25, and it is to be hoped all those who have dogs to run will be on hand in time so that a prompt start can be made. Those who require accommodation for more than one day should write at once to Mr. H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y., to secure quarters at the hotel. Hotel rates are $1.50 to $2 per day. It is very gratifying to find that most of the entries are dogs well known in the show arena, such dogs as Frank Forest, Storm, Tony Weller, Lou, Roy K, Clyde and others are all familiar winners. It is to be hoped that the usual absence of bickering and kicking will be noticeable again this year and that the meeting will obliterate all signs of the recent little irritation and the spirit of *bon camaraderic* prevail as before.

### Dogdom in California.

The fanciers of the Pacific slope are moving apace. With the fox-terrier and St. Bernard clubs firmly established it will not be long, probably, before they have other clubs for setters and pointers and greyhounds, which are also popular breeds in California. The fancy is fast resolving itself into three main sections and the advance is toward the setting sun. The European section, with England as the center, is recognized as the mother, but America can now show two very lively offshoots; the country east from Chicago, which in the past decade has made such rapid strides in the advancement of the dogs, and all that country bounded by the Pacific in the far West. Gradually our Californian brethren are stocking their kennels with choicely-bred stock from Eastern kennels. Mr. Crowell has recently purchased Fernwood Inez, a St. Bernard bitch, and Mr. E. B. Bishop has just shipped two Irish setter pups of excellent breeding to Mr. L. L. Campbell, of the Bay View Kennels, West Berkeley Cal., and lately we have chronicled the purchase of other noted stock from this side of the continent. With the new lease of life the Pacific Kennel Club seems to have taken there is bound to be a still further boom in matters canine The A. K. C. has, we understand, allotted the dates May 3 to 6, 1893, to this rejuvenated club for their next show, and now we trust that all differences will be buried and the two main California kennel clubs work for the benefit of the whole.

### Bassets.

Mr. E. A. Manice seems to have a decided penchant for the "long and low," for, besides owning a dachshund kennel second to none in this country, he has now purchased from Mr. E. W. Jester, of Wilmington, Del., the only team of bassets in America, or at least known to the fraternity. Mr. Jester has only, we believe, shown his dogs at Washington shows, but among the five he has sold to Mr. Manice are one or two that show a good deal of quality and correct type. It is often a subject of comment that some one over here has not taken up this breed that is so popular at English shows, and of which Messrs. E. Millais, G. R. Krehl, Mrs. Ellis and others have been the chief exhibitors. But now we hope Mr. Manice, as he tells us that he thought the bassets would make a good second string, will take the breed in hand and show us some real good ones. At Brooklyn show next month he intends to show up to the best of his resources. By the way, his dachshund bitch Janet has had a bad time of it. During the summer she tore her ears so badly that they became a mass of matterating sores, and her owner feared that to save her life they would have to be cut off. Dr. Sherwood, however, went to Stockbridge and made a complete cure, though, it is said, she will never carry her ears so well again.

### Pacific Kennel Club Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club was held on Oct. 5, in San Francisco, Cal., President R. E. Wilson in the chair, and an attendance of about forty members. There were five new members elected, viz.: Messrs. H. G. Paeffle, J. F. H. Wohler, V. Stubenrauch, G. W. Howe and J. J. O'Brien, and four new names were proposed for membership. The club has a membership of 105 now, and promises to be over 200 before the dog show is held. Judging from interest taken in kennel matters in California the show will be the largest ever held there. The club has now over $300 in the treasury, and the receipts of the evening were $47.

### Sale of Ch. Black Dufferin.

Through carelessness on our part Mr. Geo. Douglas's letter, dated Oct. 7, was mislaid. This letter informed us of the sale of his noted cocker spaniel Black Dufferin to Mr. John E. Watson, of Utica, N. Y., for a good figure. This affords cocker men an opportunity to breed their bitches to a good dog without the bother of sending to Canada and fooling with customs regulations. Mr. Douglas is going out of the fancy for a while, but the kennel, of which Mr. Luckwell is a partner and who stays in, has a couple of youngsters by ch. Black Duke and one by Black Dufferin that are very promising and are intended to shake things next spring.

### Canton Kennel Club.

The Canton (O.) Kennel Club, for the purpose of promoting the raising of fine dogs and the holding of dog shows in that city, was organized Oct. 8 at the office of Dr. J. M. Myers. The officers and directors are as follows: President, Daniel Cobaugh; First Vice-President, C. E. Alexander; Second Vice-President, A. H. Smith; Treasurer, W. F. Koons; Directors, J. M. Myers, W. L. Alexander, H. Strunk and H. E Phillips. The following are members: P. Schwartz, F. C. Taft, G. V. L. Mellinger, G. E. Leininger, August Dannemiller, Bert Coe, Ben Van Norman, John Higgins, J. L. Arnold, J. F. Stoddard, O. J. Banon, J. Wackerly, R. G. Haight and J. O. Eckroads.

### Psovoi Type.

At the meeting of the Borzoi Club, held recently in England, the question of a proper standard came up, and the points of the breed recommended by the committee will shortly be sent to the different members for suggestion, with the idea of forming a standard more in conformity, we suppose, with the English idea of what the breed should be like. The *rib* question was discussed, and the majority were against the *flat* side, and probably when the English have had sufficient time they will, as usual, *improve* on the breed until it has lost much of its original distinctiveness and will be nothing more nor less than a silky-coated greyhound in appearance.

### Manitoba Field Trials Club.

At a meeting of this club, held Oct. 10, it was resolved that the secretary tender to Mr. Tallman the thanks of the club for the very able and satisfactory manner in which he conducted the judging at its late trials. The following gentlemen were elected members: Messrs. Paul H. Gotzian, St. Paul; Frank Richards and Geo. Richards, Stewart; Dr. R. J. Walters, Dr. C. E. Sayer, D. M. Cumming and W. A. Bruette, Chicago; W. D. Hardon, Council Bluffs; A.C. Anderson, River Falls, G. A. Day, Fargo; C. C. Good, Faust; W. L. Smith, Morrison; Wm. Tallman, New York.—E. D. ADAMS, Acting Sec'y.

### The National Greyhound Club.

A meeting of this club was held Oct. 11 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There was little more than routine business transacted. The club decided to donate a silver cup again this year in the Derby at the Great Bend coursing meeting. Everything is progressing favorably in the arrangements for the Brooklyn dog show, held under the auspices of this club. Several handsome silver challenge cups will be offered. The W. K. C. offers one each for the best deerhound and Psovoi, H. D. Polhamus, one for best English setter, and Tubby Hook Kennels another for best bull-terrier. August Belmont also gives one to be competed for in the fox-terrier division. There will also be a number of good money specials, beside the generous list of regular prizes. The premium list will be issued Thursday, Oct. 20, and the catalogue will have at least 40 pictures of celebrated dogs, and in other ways be quite a work of art. An office has been opened to transact business of the show in the Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn.

### Brooklyn Dog Show.

Although we have not as yet received a Brooklyn show premium list, Mr. Huntington informs us that the entry fee will be $3. We are glad to know this, as now no one can have an excuse not to enter. Owners of dogs in this vicinity and all over the country should see that the first Brooklyn fixture shall be a rousing one.

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One of the great pillars of the fox-terrier stud book has joined the majority. Champion Brockenhurst Spice died Sept. 2 from natural decay. His name will be found in the pedigree of many of our best fox-terriers.

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Mr. C. H. Smith, owner of Islay, the Skye terrier, seems determined to get the best, and has now secured through Mr. W. J. Nichols, Jr., a grand young dog, 13mos. old, by Medoc out of a champion old Burgundy bitch. This young dog was shipped per s.s. Cufic, Oct. 7.

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The most important show held on the other side last week was the Scottish Kennel Club show at Edinburgh. A glance through the prize list and reports does not show anything strikingly new. Many well known English winners were there. Of course the Scotch terriers, Skyes and Dandies were the main classes, and collies and bulldogs had also good entries Duke of Maplecroft, we note, won in St. Bernard and a very good rough bitch, Mary of Argyle, is said to have come out, her worst fault is lack of size.

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The English *Stock-Keeper* has one rival less to contend with, that is if the *Fanciers' Gazette* could be called a rival. The first named journal has just purchased the kennel department of the *Fanciers' Gazette*, henceforth the latter journal will devote itself to poultry and pigeons. The increased space necessary for that part of the paper making it compulsory either to advance the price of the paper or let the dogs go. They decided upon the latter and now all the kennel business goes to the *Stock-Keeper*. While the *Fanciers' Gazette* has never applied itself to news as much as its contemporaries, still, and for that reason its pages have afforded lately some very interesting reading. In bidding adieu to the *Fanciers' Gazette*, as a dog paper, we hope that the management will have every reason to crow over their new departure. The *Stock-Keeper* needs no congratulations, though the position of that journal cannot fail to be strengthened by the purchase.

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In commenting on our account of the death of the collie bitch Blue Ruin, *Stock-Keeper* remarks that she was "the most lovely blue merle the bench has ever seen."

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There is trouble between the E. K. C. and the Crystal Palace show, to be held the end of this month. The Crystal Palace people have decided not to admit any dogs whelped in 1892. Owing to this restriction, a very wise one nevertheless, the E. K. C. have decided that, though the show is held under their rules, wins will not count. This seems to be a rather retrograde motion.

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W. W. Titus has located at Waverley, Clay county, Miss., in a good bird country, over which he has the exclusive shooting rights, and is prepared to devote all his well-known abilities to turning out good private shooting dogs. He will not run any dogs in field trials this season.

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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of several photographs of the great Dane, Dane, owned by Mr. Seymour D. Boyd, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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The Fort Clarke Kennels, of Peoria, Ill., received, Oct. 18, a high-class pug, shipped from London, England, per s.s. Naronic. This dog is said to be choicely bred and the winner of several prizes at English shows.

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The *British Fancier* does not seem to be in such a moribund state as some people would have us believe. At any rate, it is a pretty lively corpse. This week it has been devoting considerable space to the doings of Harry Twyford, now on a visit to his native heath. A capital picture is presented of the Sage of Bay Ridge. Lately Mr. Twyford has been doing the Yorkshire Kennels, and we quite envy the treat he must have had at Lytham, Lancashire, on the occasion of the old Ridgway Coursing Meeting. Among other kennels he has visited are those of Mr. Booth, brother of the Duchess Kennel manager, and with "Brockenhurst's" usual facility for putting his foot in it, remarks that that gentleman's hospitality is quite equal to any "Dook from Tranby Croft." As there are no dukes in Tranby Croft, the *simile* is lost. Messrs. Smith & Baker's St. Bernard Kennels were visited and Young Bute seems to have caught his eye more than anything else. Then he also dropped in on old John Reed, of Beverley, of spaniel fame, and whose reminiscent gossip of old Buffet, the fox-terrier, reminds us of poor Tom Dawson, who never tired of the subject. Mr. Twyford is booked to sail Oct. 25, and will, therefore, just miss the beagle trials where he was particularly needed. We wish him a safe passage.

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Black Pomeranians are evidently worth their weight in gold, for *British Fancier* tells us that Mr. Thomas has just sold a three months old puppy weighing 1lb. for $125.

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Champion Tweed, the most noted sheepdog trialer in England, has joined the silent majority.

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Mr. H. W. Smith's new wire-haired fox-terrier Daylesford Broom, shown under Mr. George Raper's name, seems to be gathering up all the prizes he can before sailing for his new home. At Nottingham show last week he won the special for best in the show, reserve going to the collie Sefton Hero. If this is right it stamps Mr. Smith's dog as a good one.

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The San Francisco *Breeder and Sportsman* gives us a good idea of the game conditions in California, which cannot fail to be interesting to the sportsman of the East who is well content to find two or three bevies of twelve or fourteen in a day's tramp: "In the early shooting of the season the quail are found in bevies, but as the season advances the birds assemble in great flocks, frequently numbering many hundreds. It is then that the best sport may be obtained, for the birds are then strong and active. When a large flock is found it requires some considerable maneuvering in order to secure the best sport. The birds must be thoroughly frightened and scattered in order to obtain the best shooting, as otherwise they being remarkably swift of foot will literally run away from the sportsman. The best plan to pursue is to rush into the flock and fire several shots in quick succession in order to scatter the birds and drive them to cover. After this maneuver is accomplished they generally lie well to the dog and afford excellent sport, although the number usually secured from the large flocks are but a very small fraction of the number. In the beginning of the season the shooting is very good, provided a sufficient amount of rain

fall has occurred to place the cover in good condition for the dogs to work in successfully. There can be but little doubt but that the great quantity of birds found in certain sections of the country interferes with the work of the dogs. This may seem a strange and wholly irreconcilable statement to those who are unacquainted with the conditions in some parts of this country presented. Imagine a section or more of land covered with sage brush standing about three feet, with the ground underneath practically without cover. Then think of thousands upon thousands of birds running all over this ground until it presents features found elsewhere only in a well stocked bennery, and you may form some idea of the difficulties under which the dogs are called upon to work. No wonder that the poor dogs are bewildered and lost in the cloud of scent which constantly permeates the ground and air as well."

A good way to bind the interests of a club together and stimulate competition is in great part a social one. The example of the new St Bernard Club in San Francisco is a good one. At the next meeting of the club, Oct. 25, it is expected that most of the members will attend accompanied by their dogs, and the impromptu exhibition is expected to be the best yet seen on the coast. This gives opportunity for friendly comparison and rivalry that is bound to have a good effect on the principle that "if I can't lick you now I will some day."

Mr. W. C. Reick is now in Europe, having sailed at a day's notice very recently. James Gordon Bennett will accompany him on his return for a three week's visit, arriving in New York on La Touraine next Sunday. Princess Florence is again in whelp, and due the last of the month. Refuge II. is again the sire of what we hope will be a litter that will make up for former disappointments.

We have had so many inquiries lately for Dan P. Foster's address, we give it here: 83 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J.

Mr. Booth, manager of the Duchess Kennels, bred Lady Gladwyn to Mr. Foster's Leicester last week and Ellen Terry to Otis, the Mount Holly winner and a son of old Ben Lomond and clear of Plinlimmon blood. Bellegarde was bred to Aristocrat and Miss Anna to Mr. Moore's young dog Alton, Jr. The Duchess Kennels should surely have something from this nice array of bitches. We also hear that champion Manon, lately owned by Mr. Sears, has recently changed owners, but we do not know who the purchaser is.

At the Trumansburg Fair, N. Y., Mr. C. S. Wixom, of the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y., made quite an interesting exhibit with his greyhounds, "beadles" as a local paper has it, and other dogs. The Havana (N. Y.) *Journal* in commenting on this says: "It seems strange that no one has ever yet placed any dogs on exhibition at the Havana Fair. Yet there is no animal so companionable and faithful a friend to man as the dog. Why shouldn't people exhibit their dogs as well as sheep, cattle, swine and horses?" We should like to shake the hand of that writer, such small seeds judiciously sown in country districts create comparatively as good effects as our largest dog shows.

Mr. W. H. Ashburner, who is so well known as a beagle owner and breeder, has written a timely volume on "The Beagle Hound; Its Selection and Training for the Field, with Kennel Notes." Judging from the numerous inquiries we receive for such a book, Mr. Ashburner's effort is peculiarly welcome, especially so when field trials and special bench shows are bringing the beagle so prominently before the public.

The owner of the Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass., has sold the collie bitch Roslyn Mischief, by Maney Trefoil —Young Meg, to Mr. Alfred Bertling, Athens, Ga. Roslyn Mischief was due to whelp to champion Roslyn Wilkes, Oct. 3.

Mr. Louis Contoit has removed his St. Cloud Kennels to Banksville, N. Y. He tells us that his well known Irish setter bitch Endora is in great shape, having improved greatly, and will make it interesting for the others next spring.

Just a little story for those who like to read of the intelligence of the canine race rather than so much about whether such a dog has a light eye or a Roman nose, or whether he carries his tail in a line with his back or at right angles. Down at Shark River, N. J., there is a curiosity in the form of a dog which has a mania for catching crabs. Crabs are very plentiful there, and the dog has lots of sport. The dog is a sort of half-bred Newfoundland. As soon as it is light enough to see in the morning he enters the water in front of his master's house and begins to search for crabs. At times he stands motionless in the water, waiting for the crabs, which dart sideways here and there looking for food, that is all too scarce where scores of thousands are similarly occupied. Like a statue the dog stands, with his nose held close to the surface of the water, until a crab, curious to learn if the nose is meat and good to eat, swims rapidly toward it. Should the crab come within reach of the dog's forepaws its fate is sealed, for like a flash a blow crushes in its back shell. It is then seized in the dog's teeth, and that is the end of Mr. Crab. When tired of this he searches among the patches of seaweed, but never seems to tire of the crabs. History is silent on the state of his temper, but we trust his "crustacean" amusement has not affected it.

A writer in a Rochester paper gives some interesting anecdotes of musical dogs. We do not see why he should be accused of drawing the long bow when he says: I have seen a dog that was a very respectable dancer to tunes whistled by his master or played on the piano. He would balance himself on his hind legs and pick out the steps with nice precision, and seemed to be capable of being taught much more in the same line. A young lady residing in New York has a Scotch terrier which she claims is a musician. He, at least, has an ear to discriminate notes and is a good critic. It was when he was but a pup of three months that, hearing a hand-organ play the Boulanger march, he began to caper in a pleased manner and kept time with playful yelps. When the tune changed to "The Heart Bowed Down" Bernardo fell to the floor and moaned as if in pain. This led to tests of the dog's ability. The young lady played the "Swan Song" from Lohengrin, on the piano, which had the effect of making Bernardo walk slowly around, plaintively barking all the while. She then played half a dozen other selections, such as "The Soldier's Song" from Faust, the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Marseillaise Hymn," "Yankee Doodle." Lively music made the dog run in a frolicsome way, emitting short barks. "Yankee Doodle" set him into prolonged barks, and the "Marseillaise" drove him into a corner bowling with fear. The dog is now much older, and has developed an extraordinary fondness for the piano, insisting on always being beside his mistress when she plays.

A peculiar case is now attracting the attention of the doctors at the Bellevue Hospital in New York city. A woman whose scalp was torn from her head by machinery at which she was working, had the sixth skin-grafting operation performed upon her last week. In the other five graftings skin from her husband's legs was used, but this was only partially successful. As a last resort a patch of skin was taken from a healthy black and tan terrier, and it is expected the graft will "catch on." Canine cuticle has been used before in such operations, but never has so large a piece—six by nine inches—been grafted before. The woman and the dog were both put under ether, and the dog was killed as soon as the skin had been shaved and removed. If the graft is a living one the woman will, of course, shed her dog coat, but probably she will miss the tan spots, though, being a woman, the "kissing" spots will be there as usual. We always thought that the black and tan terrier was a good sort of a dog to have round, but as a self-sacrificing benefit to scalpless mankind he has opened up a new sphere.

FOREST AND STREAM "Kennel Specials" evidently hit the fancy and they recognize a good thing. Among the dogs offered for sale this week we find that Matern Pointer and Setter Kennels offer Toledo Blade puppies: Wm. A. Spiegel, trained Gordon setter dog; Musconetcong Kennels, choicely bred pointer pups; I. E Williams, three fox-terrier pups; C. D. Roberts, well-bred pointer pups; W. H. Pierce, an Irish Setter Trials entry; I. V. Doane, broken English setter; C. F. Kent, English setter pup; Lock Drawer 14, pointer pup; Poston & Burdell, English setter pups; Merry Mount Kennels, r. c. St. Bernard pup; Seymour D. Boyd, an Ulmer dog; R. W. Paddock, foxhounds; Silas Decker, Irish setter and collie pups; A. S. Weeks, pointer and setter; C. A. Paetzel, broken pointer and pointer pups; Maumee Kennels, high class pointer bitch, and also some choicely bred young pointers; this kennel also offers two very finely bred English setter bitches. We draw attention to Austin & Graves dog biscuits, and W. W. Titus's call for dogs to train. Wants—J. T. S., a thoroughly trained pointer or setter; Canton, a cocker or water spaniel. In the Stud—F. H. Perry's Claremont Patsey.

George Thomas, the guiding spirit and managing editor of the Anglo-American Terrier bureau, sailed for England last Wednesday. He will take in the Crystal Palace and other shows, and is ready to buy anything and everything for anybody on this side. His address will be care of Mr. Richard Toon, Fitzwilliam street, Sheffield, Yorkshire, England.

The Pennbrook Hunt Club, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., held their opening meet last Saturday afternoon at the country residence of Mr. Mitchell Harrison, formerly owner of the noted collie kennel at Chestnut Hill. There was a grand luncheon to visitors and neighboring farmers, and then the run over a course of nine miles took place. Mr. Harrison came in third after a rattling finish. Bill Nye, though offered a mount, preferred to get his experience from the top of a drag, which though somewhat slower, was considerably safer.

It is stated that the Tri-City Kennel Club will have a dog show in Davenport, Ill., some time this coming winter.

## DOG NOTES FROM RUSSIA.

DR. GRIMES, of Pittsburgh, has kindly forwarded us the following translation from the Russian journal *Ohota*, the official organ of the "Society for the Encouragement of Coursing Qualities of Hunting Dogs and all kinds of Hunting," at St. Petersburg, Russia:

"The coursing part of the Imperial Hunt consists of fourteen borzietniks (handlers of borzois) and twelve men with the goutchies (trailing hounds), of whom the first have one horse each, the latter two.

"At present there are in it sixty-two grown 'borzois' and forty-five pups, and eighty-two goutchies with thirty-nine pups. The pups are all distributed among the men at their homes, and are brought to the kennel when they are one year old.

"The gunning department of the Imperial Hunt consists of twenty-one men, five setters, two pointers and three retrievers. There are also six howlers (men to howl like wolves) and eight bear dogs (medelaukas), one bloodhound, six dachshunds and sixteen other dogs.

"Twelve foresters guard the hunting park or reservation near Gatchina against poachers, and take care of and feed the game and periodically report the number on hand. Any stray and roving dogs found on the preserve are killed, as they destroy the young hares and partridges.

"In the fall the Hunt goes away to neighboring Provinces for coursing; the balance of the year it is stationed at Gatchina, near the palace.

"Last fall the Hunt returned very soon and had caught only the very small number of six wolves, four foxes and 173 hares."

## GORDON SETTERS AT THE FIELD TRIALS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have received $10 from Mr. C. E. Mather as a subscription toward the Gordon setter prizes at the New England Field Trial Club trials at Assonet, Miss., next month. And Mr. J. Lorne Campbell, mayor of Simcoe, Ont., has sent me $10 to be added to the $50 offered by me to the best Gordon setter, at same trials, belonging to any one who is a member of the Gordon Setter Club on Nov 1, 1892. Other subscriptions will be welcomed. If Gordon owners expect their favorite to take a high place among other setters, they must do as the Irish setter men did last year, viz.: contribute to make their purse at field trials so attractive as to draw out such a large number of Gordons that some fine ones will show up among the starters.

So far, $50 are offered to the best field Gordon belonging to any one at Assonet; and $60, $30 and $20 to first, second and third best Gordon belonging to any one who is a member of the Gordon Setter Club on Nov. 1, 1892. Our initiation fee and annual dues are $5. Among applications, we are glad to receive the name of Mr. Noyes Billings, an old member come back again; and we hope to welcome others.

Besides the $160 cash prizes named above, at what amounts virtually to separate Gordon trials, Gordons have a chance of winning the $350 cash prizes in the open All-Aged Stake at the same meeting, which commences Nov. 8. Entries close Nov. 1, and should be sent to E. K. Sperry, Sec'y New England Field Trial Club, New Haven, Conn.

JAMES B. BLOSSOM, President Gordon Setter Club.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.

## NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.

IT has been matter for comment for a year or two past, and especially last year, that the Boston show management needed a little shaking up and an infusion of new blood, and it was hinted that at the next election of officers something would come to pass—and it has. The following letter from Mr. Newman, the secretary, explains the situation: "Will you kindly notice the following changes in officers of the New England Kennel Club which took place at the annual meeting and election held Oct. 13: President, Edward Brooks; Vice-President, J. E. Thayer; Treasurer, G. A. Fletcher; Secretary, J. W. Newman; delegate to the A. K. C., Edward Brooks; Board of Governors, with above officers *ex officio*, H. A. Harris, G. H. Eddy, Henry Brooks, D. E. Loveland and John P. Barnard. Beuch Show Committee, Edward Brooks, H. A. Harris, G. A. Fletcher, D. E. Loveland and J. W. Newman."

Boston is well known as one of the best show towns in the country, and one or two of the early shows held by the late management were very successful. One in 1887, we believe, was more than ordinarily so. Mr. Fay told us that the club laid out more money, and consequently assumed more risk at that time than in any other year, and their success was proportionate. A wet year or two came and the club seemed to be a trifle afraid to "let out," and a policy of economy has ruled lately to the detriment of Boston's prestige among the fraternity. The younger blood felt that they would like a chance to see "how it feels," and they now have the chance. On their retiring from active management it is only fair to give credit to Messrs. F. Blackwood Fay, Jean Grosvenor and E. H. Moore for the good work they have done in the past, for on these three and Mr. Newman has fallen the brunt of the hard work which inevitably falls to the lot of those who run a show of the rating that Boston has. May we hope that the new brooms will sweep the Boston fixture into the same class with New York and Chicago? It ought to do so.

## LANCASTER DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

THE show held here in connection with the Agricultural Society was remarkable rather for quality than numbers. Donald McVicar, who was Messrs. Rutherford's kennel manager, handled all classes. The superintendent was Frank Smith, whose well known ability in this direction is fast asserting itself. English setters, pointers and fox-terriers made the best showing.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, Chas. Porter's Bertha.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st, J. Rodgers's Snowflake.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Weissbrod and Hess's Bismarck. *Bitches:* 1st, Weissbrod and Hess's Flora II.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. G. Taylor's Benzine. *Bitches:* 1st, F. G. Taylor's Katie Noble.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. W. Winslow's Impersonation —OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Winslow's Clancarty.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Brantford Mohawk.

COCKERS.—1st, Fred Goos's Peggy Bowley.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Child's Mr. Winkle. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Child's Oakview Sallie.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, Weissbrod & Hess's Peterman von Schlachtensee.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1s, J. Brombach's Duke of Wellington. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss Sinnott's Ruth Cleveland.

BULLDOGS.—1st, H. Sinnott's Grover Cleveland.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Nelson's Regent Risk; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Desperado; 3d, J. Fendrick's Hillside Rascal. *Bitches:* 1st, Lansdowne Kennels' Dimity.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Ed Lever's Kathleen.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, A. Rowe's Playboy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Brombach's Golden Rod. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Brombach's Pansy.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Brombach's Bradford Rowdy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. Brombach's Bismark and Marquise. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. Brombach's Frisk and Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Brombach's Marquise.

O.

## DOGMATICS OF DOGDOM.

IT IS said that the good old monks tied a small keg of good brandy to the collar of a St. Bernard dog before sending him out to look for lost travelers. If such a dog were turned loose in Kansas (with the brandy) half the neighborhood would soon be lost searching for the dog.

—§—

A marvelous thing in dogdom is how excellent and valuable the most ordinary mongrel becomes when the owner wishes to sell him.

—§—

I would like to hear from each dog doctor in America as to which one each one knows is the best dog doctor.

—§—

Some dogs get near their kennels before barking, on the same scale that some men are bravest in their own homes.

—§—

The bloodhound has a marvelous smell, but he has an uncompromising rival in the billy goat.

—§—

A dog with a corkscrew tail should draw well.

—§—

The St. Bernard dog is used chiefly to "adorn a tale."

—§—

A *post mortem* on a dog often turns his stomach.

—§—

Few things are shorter than a good dog's funeral.

THE CYNIC.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Forest Girl and Dela.* By Forest Beagle Kennels, West Duxbury, Mass., for black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped Nov. 1, 1891, by Frank Forest (Riot—Skip), out of Sue Forest (Comeroe—Susie).

*Forest Rex.* Forest Beagle Kennels, West Duxbury, Mass., for white and tan beagle dog, whelped April 22, 1892, by Valentine (champion Bannerman—Twintwo) out of Jeannette (Bannerman II.—Constance).

*Clio and Echo.* By Forest Beagle Kennels, West Duxbury, Mass., for black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped March 25, 1892, by champion Bannerman (champion Marchboy—Dewdrop) out of Twintwo (Kenneally's Lee—Tone).

*Duke.* By R. Dunn, Tilton's, Pa., for white and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 27, 1892, by Hero (Mingo—Psyche) out of Kenora (Fritz—Lioness).

*North Rod.* By W. North, Haverford, Pa., for orange and white English setter dog, whelped April 23, 1892, by Trickster (Buckellew—Minnetonka) out of Daffodil (Roderigo—Maud Val Jean).

*Victor Packard.* By C. E. Packard, Westfield, N. Y., for orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 27, 1892, by Hero (Mingo—Psyche) out of Kenora (Fritz—Lioness).

*Ben Harrison.* By W. H. Dixon, Jamestown, N. Y., for orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 27, 1892, by Hero (Mingo—Psyche) out of Kenora (Fritz—Lioness).

*King of Lynn and Cora of Lynn.* By R. Leslie, Lynn, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped March 18, 1892, by Tempest out of Nadjy of Naso.

*Kentwood and Kathleen Kent.* By R. Leslie, Lynn, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped June 24, 1892, by King of Kent out of Belle Randolph.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Hillside Freedom—Ranter.* R. G. Stewart's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Freedom (Rossley Joker—Freya) to H. Owen's Ranter (Pitcher—Vene), Sept. 15.

*Nelly S.—Trailer.* Dr. A. L. Spangle's beagle bitch Nelly S. to H. F. Schellhass's champion Trailer, May 3.

*Betty S.—Trailer.* Dr. A. L. Spangle's beagle bitch Betty S. (Old Prince—Nelly) to H. F. Schellhass's champion Trailer, April 30.

*Sedan—Glen Jarvis.* Glendyne Kennels' (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Sedan (Chester D. Herald—Nancy) to their Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid). Aug. 20.

*Georgiana—Glen Jarvis.* Glendyne Kennels' (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Georgiana (Bixby's Ruby—Victoria) to their Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), July 22.

*Meda—Royal Forest.* P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Meda to his Royal Forest (champion Frank Forest—Nellie Krueger). Sept. 17.

*Western Belle—Spot Dash.* C. Elliott's (McAlester, I. T.) pointer bitch Western Belle (Sport Nan—Ross Graphic) to Liberty Kennels' Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sydney—Topsey), Aug. 19.

*Gertie—Spot Dash.* C. B. Johnson's (Hyattville, O.) pointer bitch Gertie (Meteor III.—Kate C.) to Liberty Kennels' Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sydney—Topsy), Sept. 1.

*Ohio Nell—Spot Dash.* Liberty Kennels' (Hyattville, O.) pointer bitch Ohio Nell (Dixie of Devonshire—Kittie Clyde) to their Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sydney—Topsy), July 16.

*Minnemac—Cinch.* Liberty Kennels' (Hyattville, O.) English setter bitch Minnemac (Belton Star—Rose) to Poston & Burdell's Cinch (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Aug. 3.

*Dela—Valentine.* Forest Beagle Kennels' (West Duxbury, Mass.) beagle bitch Dela (Frank Forest—Sue Forest) to their Valentine (champion Bannerman—Twintwo), Aug. 17.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Twinkle.* A. Knoblauch's (Jersey City, N. J.) King Charles spaniel bitch Twinkle (Don II.—Duchess of Albany), Sept. 10, three (one dog), by his Royal Roy (champion Jumbo II.—Olivette).

*Ruby.* A. Knoblauch's (Jersey City, N. J.) King Charles spaniel bitch Ruby (Salem Charley—Juliet), Sept. 21, four bitches, by his Tutti Frutti (champion Roscius—Twinkle).

*Betty S.* Dr. A. L. Spangle's beagle bitch Betty S. (Old Prince—Nelly), June 22, seven (four dogs), by H. F. Schellhass's champion Trailer.

*Nelly S.* Dr. A. L. Spangle's beagle bitch Nelly S., June 27, two (one dog), by H. F. Schellhass's champion Trailer.

*Dora Dot.* A. W. Bealer's (Atlanta, Ga.) pointer bitch Dora Dot (Meteor, Jr.—Belle S.), Sept. 10, ten (five dogs), by T. T. Ashford's Clip Graphic (imported champion Brackett—champion Sally Brass II.).

*Crate.* W. J. Comstock's (Providence, R. I.) Irish terrier bitch Crate (Bencher—Demoiselle), Aug. 20, five (three dogs), by his Hanover Boy (Apprentice Boy—Belmont).

*Katie Connor.* W. J. Comstock's (Providence, R. I.) Irish terrier bitch Katie Connor (Benedict—Breda Florence), Aug. 23, seven (five dogs), by his Hanover Roy (Apprentice Boy—Belmont).

*Princess Irma.* H. W. Huntington's psovoi bitch Princess Irma (Krilutt—Elsie), July 27, five (two dogs), by his Argoss (Ataman—Padrooga II.).

*Modjeska.* H.W. Huntington's psovoi bitch Modjeska Krilutt—Elsie), Sept. 8, eight (two dogs), by his Argoss (Ataman—Padrooga II.).

*Dunmurry.* W. J. Comstock's (Providence, R. I.) Irish terrier bitch Dunmurry (Napper—Kate), Sept. 4, eight (four dogs), by his Boxer IV. (Jack—Potts); two dogs and one bitch dead.

*Lady Stout.* P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) pointer bitch Lady Stout, June 20, seven (two dogs), by J. R. Trissler's Duke of Richmond.

*Nellie Lightfoot.* P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) pointer bitch Nellie Lightfoot (imported Brown Stout—Grace), Sept. 8, nine (six dogs), by J. R. Trissler's Duke of Richmond (champion Robert le Diable—Ferry).

*Beauty C.* P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Beauty C. (Little Dot—Cricket), Sept. 12, three (one dog), by W. H. Childs's Tony Weller (Kino—Fly).

*Roe.* P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Roe (Bugler Boy—Kitty), June 17, five (two dogs), by W. A. Small's Frank Forest, Jr. (champion Frank Forest—Juno II.).

*Kenora.* W. H. Dixon's (Jamestown, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Kenora (Fritz—Lioness), by A. D. Sharpe's Hero (Mingo—Psyche).

*Ohio Nell.* Liberty Kennels' (Hyattville, O.), pointer bitch Ohio Nell (Dixie of Devonshire—Kittie Clyde), Sept. 19, six (four dogs), by their Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sydney—Topsy).

*Delaware Girl.* Liberty Kennels' (Hyattville, O.) English setter bitch Delaware Girl (Belton Star—Rose), Sept. 7, four (two dogs), by Poston & Burdell's Cinch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

*Gypsey Forest.* Forest Beagle Kennels' (West Duxbury, Mass.) beagle bitch Gypsey Forest (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), Aug. —, seven (one dog), by their Forest Hunter (Forest Boy—Lady Lee).

*Mable E.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mable E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman), Aug. 22, three (two dogs), by their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossy II.).

*Peggy Pryde.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Peggy Pryde (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossy II.), Sept. 10, three (two dogs), by O. P. Kinnie's Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora).

*Midget Nellie.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Midget Nellie (Lord Clover—Sister), Oct. 1, eight (five dogs), by their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossy II.).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Chief of Tara—Shamrock Belle whelps.* Red Irish setters, whelped May 17, 1892, by H. G. J. Hallowell, Conshohocken, Pa., a dog to Jas. Ward and a bitch to Judson Sagebeer, both of same place; a bitch to Wm. Harte, St. Louis, Mo., and three dogs to Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

*King of Kent—Belle Randolph whelps.* Liver and white pointer bitches, whelped June 24, 1892, by R. Leslie Lynn, Mass., one each to G. H. Holtham, same place, and B. C. Miller, Little Rock, Ark.

*Trickster—Daffodil whelp.* Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped April 23, 1892, by J. M. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa., to C. B. Hall, Warren, Me.

*Hero—Kenora whelp.* Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug 27, 1892, by W. H. Dixon, Jamestown, N. Y., to C. E. Packard, Westfield, N. Y.

*Shamrock Belle.* Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 2. 1891, by Henmore Shamrock out of Daisy, by H. G. J. Hallowell, Conshohocken, Pa., to E. Beaver, same place.

*Alice Leslie.* Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 24, 1892, by King of Kent out of Belle Randolph, by R. Leslie, Lynn, Mass., to E. M. Beale, Lewisburgh, Pa.

*Halcyon.* Black, white and tan beagle dog, by Frank Forest out of Maud R., by Forest Beagle Kennels, West Duxbury, Mass., to W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

*North Rod.* Orange and white English setter dog, whelped April 22, 1892, by Trickster out of Daffodil, by J. M. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa., to W. F. North, Haverford, Pa.

PRESENTATIONS.

*Chief of Tara—Shamrock Belle whelp.* Red Irish setter dog, whelped May 17, 1892, by H. G. J. Hallowell, Conshohocken, Pa., to Rev. C. T. Hallowell, Austin, Minn.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

T. P. E.—Write to John Marshall, Sheridan avenue, Troy, N. Y., and mention FOREST AND STREAM.

M. B. G., Kansas City, Mo.—We only know of the Missouri Kennel Club, secretary G. W. Rawlings, St. Louis, Mo.

OLD READER.—T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I., and S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Can. Send your name and address another time.

E. P., Madrone, Cal.—We do not know of any one in your section who could train sheepdogs. Some local cattleman we should think could do it. We are not acquainted with the kennel you name.

R. A. R., New York City.—Please give the pedigree of the pointer dog Lachmer Boy, owned some time ago by the Westminster Kennel Club? Ans. Not registered. Write to W. K. C., Babylon, L. I.

E. A. O., Mechanicsville, Iowa.—A dog can be registered at any age in the A. K. C. S. B., providing he can show a pedigree for three generations back. Write to Secretary A. K. C., 44 Broadway, New York city, for blanks which give all information. The fee is $1.

G. H. M.—We do not know where you can obtain a book on the Russian wolfhounds. FOREST AND STREAM will have something in reference to the breed from time to time. The general information on the breed is very limited, not even a settled standard having been arranged as yet.

H. E. S., Audenried, Pa.—1. H. B. Anderson, Glenview, N. J.; Geo. G. Grey, Appleton, Minn.; John N. Lewis, Ramseys, N. J. 2. All depends on the natural ability of the dog, from 3 to 6mos., and the charge would be all the way from $50 to $100. 3. We do not think so. Each professional trainer has his own ideas as to the best methods of training and do not go much on books.

CAZENOVIA.—Will you kindly let me know what the limit of weight is in the small cocker spaniel class, also what is the best way of preparing a young spaniel dog's coat for showing. Ans. According to American Spaniel Club rules the limit in weight is not under 18lbs. and not over 23lbs. Apply a dressing of cocoanut oil, feed judiciously and use plenty of "elbow-grease" once a day at least, with flesh glove or soft cloth or chamois leather.

J. N. S., Smithtown Branch.—My hound dog is in a dangerous condition. One morning his eyes were almost closed and full of matter. At spells his mouth discharges a kind of yellowish matter with offensive smell. His mouth seems to be all sore and of a bluish red color, especially his gums. He can open his mouth very little and seems to be afraid to eat. He seems to be lame in hindquarters. Please prescribe. Ans. You had better take him to a veterinarian. If you do not do so try the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| Quinine sulph | 5ss |
| Acid hydrobrom, dil | mxxx |
| Tr. Ferri, perchlor | ʒi |
| Aq. ad | ʒvi. |

Mix. Tablespoonful three times a day. Keep him in doors.

C. P. L., Trenton, N. J.—Will you kindly give me the pedigree in full of the bull bitch Josephine (A.K.C.S.B. 6802)? Ans. By Young Tiger (E. 2658, late King Dick, E. 263) out of Sophia, by Sambo out of Katey; by Dick out of Nettie. Sambo, by Tom Sayers out of Bronte. Young Tiger, by Crib out of Meg, by old King Dick out of Old Nell. Crib, by Duke II. out of Rush.

A READER, Lenox, Mass.—1. What kind of powder and whose would you recommend for field use? 2. What pointer dog stands at the head now? 3. Was Croxteth the best dog in his time? Ans. 1. Consult our advertising columns; it would be invidious on our part to say. 2. At the head of what? If bench show, Graphic, Lad of Kent, Duke of Hessen, are considered the best in their classes. For field and bench both, Duke of Hessen is probably so considered, according to the records. 3. Yes, as a field trial dog, and he also won the stud dog medal in 1884 at New York.

B. S. Newburgh, N. Y.—1. How does the spaniel compare with the pointer and setter in hunting qualities? 2. Does a spaniel, when properly trained, "stop" on a bird and "point" in the same manner as the pointer? 3. Is there any book you would recommend for further information on the subject? Ans. 1. It is difficult to compare the work of the spaniel and setter. The setter and pointer are the favorites. For "finding" they are incomparably the superior. The spaniel is more particularly used for cover shooting, and when trained works always within gunshot. 2. He does not point. 3. "Modern Training, Handling, etc.," will give you full information on this and related subjects. Price $2.50. We can furnish it.

# Yachting.

THE conditions suggested by Lord Dunraven as the basis on which he will challenge for the America's Cup have at last been made public. While recognizing that portion of the new deed of gift which secures the rights of centerboard yachts, and calls for open sea courses, he objects to the new deed as a whole as the sole instrument regulating future races; he objects to the demand for other dimensions than the waterline; he suggests a limit to excess of length on the part of the challenger or to outbuilding on the part of the holder, and also that the races be started at a fixed hour should either party desire to start.

As to the principal point, the recognition of the new deed, the New York Y. C. declines to make any specific agreement with Lord Dunraven, and as the matter now stands, in the event of his winning the Cup, it could only be delivered to the club which he may represent on the execution of a legal instrument binding the club to all the provisions of the deed.

The minor details suggested are likely to be agreed to by a special committee appointed, but with one important exception. The holders reserve the right to defend the Cup with any existing yacht or one now building, regardless of the size of the challenger.

So far as now appears, the state of affairs is unchanged from that of two years since; the New York Y. C. will make fair terms for a race with any club which recognizes the new deed of gift as a legal and valid instrument, even though its most important clauses may be waived for the time. It is exceedingly improbable that Lord Dunraven will do this, or that if he did he could find a British yacht club to challenge for him.

The resolution offered by Mr. J. G. Bergen is an excellent one, and it is unfortunate that it was not passed. It is but justice to the members of the club that every important step relating to the America's Cup should be laid before them for discussion and approval. Had this been done in 1887 the club would not now have been in such a very unpleasant predicament. The new deed of gift, with its many serious blunders would never have been adopted had it been submitted to a meeting of the club before its final execution.

DETROIT yachtsmen have been for a month past in a state of excitement over a match race, to be sailed this week, between the three local cracks Josephine, Alice Enright and Princess, formerly City of the Straits. Much difficulty has been experienced in inducing the representatives of all three yachts to accede to the match and agree upon terms, one stumbling block being the fact that Princess is over the class limit of 35ft. l.w.l. In order to bring her into the class, she was hauled up and notches about 6in. long and wide were cut in her stem and sternpost at the waterline. Strange to say, there was much doubt at first whether such an open breach of the rules could be prevented, as there is nothing specifically prohibiting such notches in either the Michigan Y. C. or the New York Y. C. rules. The question was submitted to the New York Y. C., the decision of the measurer of that club being that such notches could not be recognized in measuring the waterline.

Although the case has never, we believe, come up in this country, it has abroad, at least two instances being on record in England, the 10 tonner Assegai in 1879 and the 30-footer Bonina in 1882. In each case the Council of the Y. R. A. decided that the notches could not be recognized; and after the latter date the rule was changed to read as follows: "The length shall be taken in a straight line from the fore end to the after end of the load waterline, provided always that if any part of the stem or sternpost, or other part of the vessel below the load waterline project beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projection or projections shall, for the purposes of the rule, be added to the length taken as stated, and pieces of any form cut out of the stem, sternpost or fair line of the ridge of the counter, with the intention of shortening the load waterline, shall not be allowed for in measurement of length, if at or immediately below the load line, nor above if within 6in. of the water level."

If such notches are allowable it would be equally proper to insert at will the pieces sawn out, thus placing the yacht in a higher class again. The difficulties attending the equitable determination and measurement of the loadline are already serious enough, and they would be increased twentyfold if the principle of changing the form of the yacht at will should be recognized. We understand that in the case of Princess, she is now sailing with the offending notches covered with tin so as to restore her original form.

THE principal event of last week in yachting was the part taken by the pleasure fleet in the naval parade of the Columbus Celebration. The season has so nearly passed that most of the yachts are laid up, but some of the larger ones have kept in commission for this display, among them Sagamore, Nooya, Conqueror and Iluna. One of the features of the land parade on Wednesday was the Naval Reserve, composed largely of leading yachtmen. The battalion was cheered vigorously along the entire line of march, and shared the popularity of the older and better known militia regiments.

THE measurement question is now under discussion by French yachtsmen in *Le Yacht*, with a degree of thoroughness and scientific accuracy which puts to shame the ever recurring clamor on this side of the water for "plain and simple" length rules. In the case of the French yachtsmen there are many complications due to local causes which make the question even more difficult than with us.

## Lord Dunraven's Challenge.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 18, being called to order at 9 P. M. by Com. Gerry. Gen. Paine was present, having been in the city for several days, and there was a good attendance of members. The following letter was read by Secretary Oddie:

SUDBAHN HOTEL, SEMMERING,
Sept. 16, 1892.

DEAR MR. ODDIE—I am very anxious to bring about if possible a race for the America Cup next year, and shall be greatly obliged if you will take an early opportunity of submitting the following proposal to the New York Y. C. for their, I trust, favorable consideration. I will sail a series of matches according to the rules of the "new deed of gift," with the following exception and addition.

First—The length upon the load waterline of my vessel to be the only dimension required. This to be sent with the formal notice of challenge, and her custom house register to follow as soon as practicable.

Second—Any excess over the estimated length of the load waterline of my vessel to count double in calculating time allowance, but my vessel not in any case to exceed such estimated length by more than 2 per cent. The yacht that sails against me not to exceed the estimated length on the load waterline of my vessel by more than 2 per cent., and any excess of length beyond the estimated length of my vessel on the load waterline to count double in calculating time allowance.

It is to be understood and agreed that, should I win the cup, the club obtaining the custody of it shall hold it open to a challenge on the same conditions as these under which I challenged. Should this proposal meet with the approval of the New York Yacht Club, as I trust it may, this letter may be considered as my challenge. The formal notice, together with the name, rig, length on the L.W. L., etc., of my vessel will follow immediately on receipt of an intimation of an approval of the club.

I may take this opportunity of saying that, if the challenge is accepted, I am perfectly satisfied with the arrangement concerning number of matches, courses and other details arrived at between the committee and myself in 1889 with one exception, I propose that the exact time of starting each race be settled not less than twenty-four hours before the first race, and that except only in the case of thick fog the vessels be started at the specified time should either of them so desire. Should neither yacht express any desire, then the sailing committee to exercise their judgment in postponing a race.

As I cannot at present fix the date of the first match, I will settle that matter later on with the committee which no doubt the New York Yacht Club will appoint in the event of their accepting my challenge. Trusting that they will do so and that an interesting contest may be the result, I remain, dear Mr. Oddie, yours very faithfully. DUNRAVEN.

J. V. S. Oddie, Sec'y New York Y. C.

Gen. Paine offered the following resolutions:

*Whereas*, A communication has been received by this club from Lord Dunraven indicating that a challenge for the America Cup may be sent upon the terms of the deed of gift, with the following exceptions and additions:

*First*—The length upon the l.w.l. of my vessel to be the only dimension required. This to be sent with the formal notice of challenge, and her custom-house register to follow as soon as practicable.

*Second*—Any excess over the estimated length of the l.w.l. of my vessel to count double in calculating time allowance, but my vessel not in any case to exceed said estimated length by more than 2 per cent. The yacht that sails against me not to exceed the estimated length on the l.w.l. of my vessel by more that 2 per cent., and any excess of length beyond the estimated length of my vessel on the l.w.l. to count double in calculating the allowance.

Followed by another clause, which is considered separately hereafter, and

*Whereas*, Said terms are permitted by the mutual agreement clause of the trust deed controlling said Cup, and are acceptable to the club, provided that no yacht of the specified rig, either now existing or under construction and known to be available for the use of his club in defending the cup, shall be barred or penalized.

*Voted*, That a committee of five be appointed with full power to arrange such a match with any qualified yacht club, specifying what yachts, if any, are excepted by the above proviso.

*Whereas*, The clause above referred to is as follows: "It is to be understood and agreed that should I win the Cup the club obtaining the custody of it shall hold it open to a challenge on the same conditions as those under which I challenged."

*Voted*, That said committee be instructed to reply that while the trust deed obliges the club having the custody of the cup to accept the conditions therein prescribed if so elected by the challengers, as it also permits such club to accept any conditions mutually agreed on, this club regards any further understanding or agreement as unnecessary, and will make no agreement that in the event of becoming a challenger it will accept said terms in its challenge.

Mr. J. G. Bergen offered the following motion, which was not carried:

*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to consider the terms upon which a match should be arranged under the terms of the proposed challenge, and report their conclusions to this club for final action. That the so-called preliminary challenge and the original resolutions offered by Mr. Paine be printed and distributed to the members of this club as soon as possible.

Commodore Gerry appointed the following committee as provided for in General Paine's resolution: Mr. Charles J. Paine, ex-Commodore James D. Smith, ex-Vice-Commodore Latham A. Fish, ex-Rear-Commodore Archibald Rogers and Mr. A. Cass Canfield.

Mr. J. Fred. Tams offered the following, which was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the special committee just appointed have power to fill any vacancy which may occur in their number."

The first meeting of the special committee was held on Oct. 19 at the office of Messrs. Hollister & Babcock, No. 80 Broadway.

Only Gen. Paine and Messrs. Rogers and Fish were present at the meeting, and another will be held to-day. A reply to Lord Dunraven will be framed and dispatched by Saturday's mail, but will not be given out here at present.

## Detroit Yachting.

THE Citizens' Yachting Association of Detroit sailed its final regatta on Sept. 23. The principal race of the day was between Princess and Alice Enright for best corrected time, the prize being a watch. Princess was fouled by Krao, losing her topmast and delaying her, but she won the watch by 15s. The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| CLASS A. | | | | |
| Princess | 2 01 43 | 3 58 30 | 1 56 47 | 1 47 55 |
| Cora | 2 03 34 | 4 04 50 | 2 01 16 | 2 00 48 |
| Crusader | 2 10 00 | 4 18 55 | 2 08 55 | 2 08 55 |
| CLASS B. | | | | |
| Alice Enright | 2 00 07 | 3 54 11 | 1 54 04 | 1 54 04 |
| Lulu B | 2 01 19 | 4 03 43 | 2 02 24 | 2 02 24 |
| Krao | 2 02 34 | . . . | . . . | . . . |
| CLASS C. | | | | |
| Shamrock | 2 01 46 | 4 07 59 | 2 06 13 | 2 06 13 |
| Charon | 2 06 12 | 4 47 08 | 2 40 56 | 2 39 32 |
| CLASS D. | | | | |
| Aldina R | 2 04 05 | 4 22 51 | 2 18 46 | 2 18 46 |
| Magaline | 2 02 19 | 4 27 06 | 2 24 47 | 2 24 19 |
| Nalad | 2 05 08 | 4 35 47 | 2 30 39 | 2 30 39 |
| Viola | 2 04 37 | 4 42 22 | 2 37 45 | 2 37 45 |
| Ugo | 2 05 08 | 4 44 35 | 2 39 27 | 2 38 08 |
| Can't Say | 2 06 48 | . . . | . . . | . . . |
| CLASS E. | | | | |
| Gladys | 2 05 43 | 3 29 14 | 1 23 31 | 1 33 31 |
| Pearl | 2 02 13 | 3 50 21 | 1 48 08 | 1 47 40 |
| Let Her Be | 2 06 41 | . . . | . . . | . . . |
| Thistle | 2 10 00 | . . . | . . . | . . . |
| CLASS F. | | | | |
| Medora | 2 03 03 | 3 20 55 | 1 17 52 | 1 17 38 |
| Black Diamond | 2 04 24 | 3 29 03 | 1 24 39 | 1 24 39 |
| Ruby | 2 01 30 | 3 44 43 | 1 43 13 | 1 43 13 |
| Little Dove | 2 04 26 | 3 44 43 | 1 40 17 | 1 39 35 |

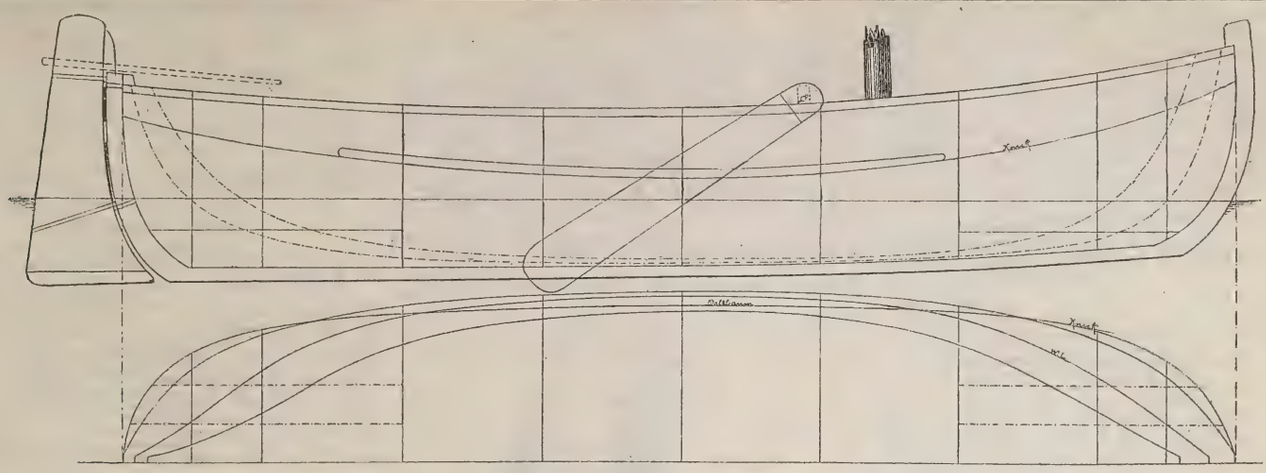
On Oct. 3 two matches were sailed by the fifth class yachts of the Detroit Y. C., the times being:

FIRST MATCH.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| North Cape | 2 44 57 | 5 48 45 | 3 03 48 |
| Eureka | 2 41 24 | 5 56 60 | 3 15 26 |
| SECOND MATCH. | | | |
| Nettie N | 2 50 17 | 6 12 52 | 3 13 35 |
| Emma S | 2 54 25 | 6 15 18 | 3 20 53 |

Monday of this week was the date for the match race between Princess, Josephine and Alice Enright, but no report has thus far been received.

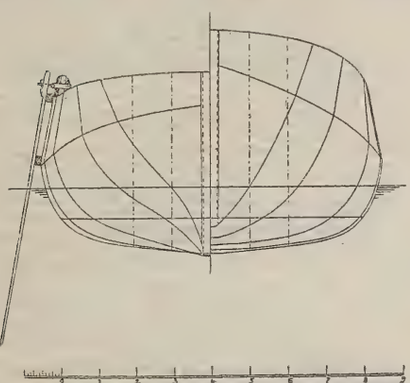
The conditions on which the centerboard cutter Titania was recently sold by C. O. Iselin to R. T. Inman were that the yacht should be altered to the schooner rig and her name changed. In accordance with these conditions Mr. Gardner has recently made the plans for the alteration of both rig and hull. In order to secure room forward it will be necessary to replace the present plumb stem by a rather long overhang, and the work will be done during the winter.



HELIGOLAND FISHING BOAT.

## Heligoland Fishing Boat.

We are indebted to the *Wassersport* for the accompanying design



of a shoal draft fishing boat used about the island of Heligoland, the leeboard being used, as in the Dutch yacht recently illustrated.

## A Gunning Cruise on Lake St. Clair.

The evening of Tuesday, Sept. 16, 189–found us aboard the snug little cruising sloop Jasmin with supplies for five days, guns and fishing tackle to our heart's content, and a large supply of happiness in anticipation of the glorious sport sure to be encountered in cruising about St. Clair Lake and Flats.

Our party would have been larger if "Old Prob" had not given us a few very cold days and nights just previous; as it was, we were only half on time at roll call. However, Tom came up smiling. No wind too cold or rain too wet to keep him away when the Jasmin has her anchor catted and burgee at her mast head. The wind was just coming out of the west as we hoisted mainsail and got the stops off staysail, swung out and laid our first reach for the quiet water under the lee of Raft Point at the head of Belle Isle Park. Starting from our anchorage we have a three-mile current, and the wind being very light, our progress was limited. The Jasmin is what is generally called a compromise, draft 3ft. 6in. at sternpost on a 26ft. loadline, therefore the current had about an even thing on the wind, and in spite of ballooning out spinaker and setting topsail it was a question for an hour whether it would be Raft Point or making a new draw in the Park bridge. However, at about 9:30 the wind made a start, and we did at the same time. In five minutes Tom was all mixed up in topsail halliards, spinaker boom and backstays, a sudden gust heeled us down, rail under, and everything light was cast off with a run. It seemed a question as to which would come out on top, but Tom is just the man for such a hole and the boom was soon lying snugged up, topsail stowed, stays brought home, and every line coiled up in apple pie order just as we were rounding the point.

The wind had settled steady, and was coming down strong. We held up for about a half mile, then came to and got our dinghy aboard and lashed down and not any too soon, as quite a sea was making, so that every jump in the pitchy darkness seemed going 10ft. up. Before swinging off again we took a reef in our mainsail and set small staysail. The 10 minutes head on had gotten us nicely livened up, and had wetted things down so that kings could not have been happier. As we came about and got under way Tom discovered that our port side light seemed ready to go out. It was a second's work to unship it and see that the top of the wick was charred off as though the oil was out, which seemed strange, as we had concluded they were at least three-quarters full before starting, or quite enough to burn 12 hours. On going below and unscrewing the top the trouble was soon apparent. Somebody had cut the wick about half an inch below the top and let it fall back in the oil, then smeared the top piece well and screwed it up again.

When we were abreast of Wind Mill Point Light, Lake St. Clair seemed rather black, and as several small schooners were lying to we decided that the morning would be time enough to make a start across. We hauled up a point and made a run for the head of Peche Island, intending to anchor in the lee until morning and have a good night's rest. On getting where we expected a haven we found others ahead of us, and from the number of anchor lights thought there must have been a fleet of wood scows blown over from Grosse Pointe to keep us out. We were not long in deciding that there would be no fun in lying so far out, so ran back across to the bay at Edgewood Park. Getting once more abreast of the Light we doused mainsail and ran under staysail until Tom made "six feet with the pike pole," then let go anchor and found it was just 11 o'clock, and that we were as wet from the spray as though it had been raining. Ten minutes was enough to make things snug on deck, get our spare anchor where it would be handy if needed, and go below.

Drawing the hatch cover and throwing off our wet clothes was soon accomplished. A good rub with crash towels and then into dry clothes made us feel that kings were missing the real pleasures of life, and that the man who first called yachting royal sport ought to be here to help us empty our mugs of hot toddy and stow away our sandwiches. After lunch was over and our beds got out and made ready, we went on deck again for a few moments, found the anchor holding all right, put down our dragging weight, unscrewed the top of anchor light, to make sure it was not cut, and then turned in to a sleep that only comes to him who leaves cares at home and makes the boat his Kingdom.

*Wednesday, Sept. 17.*—Awoke at 6:30, and found Tom still curled up and cosy, could hear a patter on deck that spoke more than words. Went on deck and found that during the night the wind had shifted to east and was coming up strong, so that our berth would soon be uncomfortable, our friends the wood scows over at Peche Island had already gotten away, and with the exception of a lumber "town" going down we were quite alone.

Just got to washing deck when Tom came up, rubbing his eyes. All was soon ship-shape, and after consultation it was decided to have breakfast, take our sand bags ashore and fill them up so as to get down to good sailing trim and then start for the canal.

We had the Jasmin fitted with sand bags to stow under the cockpit floor, which enabled us to make a change in her draft for light wind and river work and stow some 900lbs. more for lake and outside trips, an arrangement which makes some little extra work, yet amply repays.

Breakfast was soon made of broiled steak and toast, done over a charcoal stove, while Tom made coffee and boiled potatoes on the oil stove, and such a breakfast, or, rather say, such appetites, and such steak. A charcoal stove is one of the most outlandish things to have aboard, always a mess of dirt, but then who wouldn't put up with dirt and a great many other inconveniences to have such a broil. I have many a time broiled a black bass, baked potatoes, stewed coffee and had everything come on steaming in twenty minutes, and any one who has once tasted a King bass under such circumstances will smack his lips and feel his mouth water on thinking of it; there is a flavor that cannot be gotten from an oil stove and a crispness that would make a French chef turn green.

Breakfast over and the rain having stopped we launched the dinghy and went ashore, filled our ballast bags just at the water edge of Edgewood Park, wondered if Mr. M. would object to giving away such nice clean real estate, as he never has been known to sell any, and pulled back, got up anchor and under way at 11 o'clock.

Passed the Grosse Pointe club house at 12 and stood over for the canal, had a very light wind and were running close-hauled to get in the piers. Nothing occurred going over, wind held light with the day hazy and threatening; at 5 o'clock we found it would be necessary to make a tack to go up the canal, so we decided to go in by the old channel and haul up in the bay to be ready for some ducking in the morning; reached a good anchorage about three miles above the canal in 5ft. of water, and snugged up for a quiet evening. Overhauling guns and getting light tackle in shape for the morning, made a good supper off a 2lb. pound bass Tom had gotten on the trolling spoon just before dark and turned in at 9 o'clock.

Thursday at 4:30 a *chir-r-r-r-r* made us both grab for the pest at the same time, store it on the bunk under a blanket until the racket was over and make good time getting our lunch; 5 o'clock found us on our way in the dinghy to what seemed a good spot about a mile below. The morning was quite chilly with a fog coming up and seemed fit for anything but a good shoot. Some trouble was experienced setting decoys, owing to fouling weeds and tangling the lines, but just as it was beginning to turn light we had things in shape to fool the sharpest old mallard that might come our way and we did not have long to wait. The first that came were bluebills and although they came from a quarter we were not looking out for it was a tally each. Had we been expecting them from back in the marsh it would have easily been two each. Then a pair came just as we wanted them to, slacked up and began to settle to our decoys, and we each added another.

Thirty minutes passed and all was quiet, so far as ducks was concerned, but from the steady bang, bang, below we knew somebody else was having sport; we were beginning to get weary just as a nice flock of mallards passed up out of reach, then almost behind them came a couple of stray ones that stayed with us; we pulled out to retrieve and lost a good shot at two more who made a very sudden turn for the river on seeing us.

After thirty minutes more waiting and nothing to show for it we pulled out and went up to the fishing ground. Rods finished the morning's sport, and on returning to the boat we counted six ducks, four bass, two of them 3 pounders, and eleven perch—a good morning's work and quite an addition to our larder.

Now came the meal of the day. We roasted a duck and two small bass in the same pan, with dry-bread dressing, broiled four perch, fried potatoes, made coffee, and had bread and butter. As we sat one on each side of the table, with everything hot and appetizing, a meal was made that lacked nothing in its completeness. The morning sport was again enjoyed as we talked it over and plans discussed for next day. When breakfast was over and things cleaned up and in place it was 12 o'clock, and we agreed that a quiet snooze was about the next thing after such a meal.

At 4 o'clock we were awakened by the hatch cover being pushed back and a head appearing in the opening. A loud "Jasmin ahoy" and we were on our feet welcoming some friends who had come up for a day's fishing.

We were soon seated in the cabin and exchanging experiences. They had nearly fifty perch, ranging from ¾ to nearly 2lbs. weight, and seven 3lb. bass, the catch from 9 o'clock to 2:30 for four rods; and still they keep saying that the fishing is not so good as it was two years ago. Well, I agree that this is not any such numbers as have been caught, but the time of year, weather and all things considered it ought still to be enough to satisfy any but a genuine "fish hog."

They were well pleased with the catch and all were sorry that they could not accept our invitation to stop over until next day and try it again. After a lunch of fried perch and baked potatoes we got into the boats and started for Star Island House. There was quite a chop sea on, which necessitated our dividing up three in each boat, and made slow work of rowing. It was 6 o'clock as we pulled up at Star Island landing; supper was just being called, so after taking a promenade around the island a few times to limber up our legs we all went in to try Mr. Slocum's bill of fare once more.

It was as usual, first-class. About two hundred guests at one time in the dining-room, most of whom had come up on the afternoon boat to return in the evening. This is the place to come for a fish supper and to meet your fishing friends. Anything in the fish line can be had here and in best shape, and as Mr. S. is always on hand, one may be sure of the best attention. Supper over, we took another walk around the grounds and saw our friends take the down boat for the city.

After seeing the boat enter the canal we turned and went into the hotel office to look up some brother yachtsmen whom we had caught sight of in the dinng-room. Found several royal good Corinthians and also a few veranda yachtsmen, and had a very enjoyable evening, with some good cigars and some very interesting race talk, most of the boys being anxious to pick up a race with an old timer that has rather surprised some of them in the way it has been necessary to look when you wished to see her. A few hundred pounds of lead placed where it will do the most good makes a great difference in the sailing of some boats.

Ten o'clock coming on reminded us that we had three miles to go before turning in, so good-nights were quickly over, and as we took our place in the dinghy Tom touched a very tender spot in my heart by saying, "Mack, don't you wish we had brought the Jasmin and anchored over the river?" We don't very often care about a three or even five-mile run up here; but after dark and in a chop sea—well, of course there are some disagreeable things in yachting as well as any other sport.

After passing through the cut and getting out in open water we made good time, Tom rowing and I with a three-foot paddle, we made a beeline for our anchor light, got aboard and found things all right, and was just starting to turn in as Tom chimed out, "Well, ain't you going to have some lunch?" I admit to being a fair eater, but draw the line at four times a day; so left Tom rattling the pans, rolled up, and was soon asleep.

Was awakened by Tom at 5 o'clock, slept so soundly that I had not heard the alarm, and it has been a question in my mind whether Tom did or not, although he claims he did; and I seemed so happy he did not want to awaken me. He had a cup of coffee and hot toast made, guns and tackle in the boat and was all ready to start, so we made quick work of the lunch and were soon on the way to Lower Point. We had to hurry, but 6 o'clock found us all settled, and no sooner had our guns ready than we had the pleasure of stopping three fat mallards, Tom getting two of them, I one and scoring a clean miss. On looking around we found that on our left and not over 100yds. away quite a party of Rushmere Club folks had built a blind and brought out some ladies to enjoy the fun, and good fun it was, too. We could hear their shouts and laughter at every miss, and applause at the good shots, and then the hush as the ducks were sighted. It was new experience to us, the idea of going ducking with women would paralyze a great many shooters, but our neighbors got a good return for almost every shot, and the amount of laughing mist have done them an inestimable amount of good.

Eight o'clock found us with seven mallards, four bluebills and a large gull. So we took up our decoys and left the grounds to our noisy friends. On starting up we put out the trolling spoon, and before going half a mile had a 3lbs. pickerel, and on reaching the boat made a circle in hopes of getting another, but to no purpose.

After making a good breakfast we concluded to have a sail, so the anchor was soon up and everything ready for a spin across the quiet waters of the bay. The wind was light and steady, with just enough sea to make it interesting; so we started off without any place in view or any time to get there. Tom was at the stick, which meant a quiet, easy sail. Our first run was down past the old channel lights, leaving them to port and standing well over into Anchor Bay, then we came about and stood over the ship course, taking in the delightful autumn breeze that was blowing and enjoying a clear sun with blue sky accompaniments.

Three o'clock found us well over in Belle River Harbor on the Canadian side, and as our appetites had been growing for the last hour at an alarming rate we concluded this would be a good place to try what the cook had for dinner, so we came to in the wind, dropped anchor, took in staysail and had the stoves on deck and burning brightly in less time than a regular mechanic would consume in cutting kindling.

Tom had been talking about a French dish that he had tried while at the "Grosse Point Frog Club" social and so we concluded to try and meet it or go one better. Our largest pan, holding four quarts, was put on the charcoal fire and soon boiling, two ducks cleaned and quartered put in, boiled for thirty minutes, then potoes, two onions, two turuips cut into slices and one carrrot put in, and ten minutes after about two pounds of piecrust rolled in balls the size of potatoes was dropped in and the whole thing kept boiling for fifteen minutes longer. Coffee, bread and butter and hardtack completed the layout. When we came to try it the result was eminently satisfactory, and nothing was left in the pan.

Five o'clock found us with dinner over, cleaned up and discussing plans for the next twenty-four hours. It was decided to take a run back to the canal. Seemed as though we couldn't think of calling it a trip without having another morning with the ducks and fish.

Anchor was weighed, staysail set, and the wind being very light topsail was put up and preparations made for another quiet sail. This being the skipper's trick Tom stretched out on the cushions, pulled a blanket over him and was soon fast asleep, but it was not for long as it began to get thick and the compass had to be brought up, soundings made and watch kept forward.

At 10 o'clock we were in sight of the canal lights, and at 11:30 entered the lower end just as the big Jewett came out, passed up and struck topsail opposite the lower club house and came to anchor about three-quarters of a mile above the canal, on the Canadian side of the channel; soon had things all snug, anchor light up, and went below for our last lunch and bunk aboard for two weeks at the least.

Saturday at 4:30 our reliable old pest got us out with a jump; this morning was the first time I ever knew Tom to lie still and let me get on deck before he was up. He explained by saying that a beautiful dream was just passing his mind, so much so that he could not bear to break it even at the risk of his reputation as an early riser, and he hoped it would come true. On asking for a description he answered by saying, "There could be no description given." Now, that rather excited my curiosity, and of course I begged for an explanation, when Tom looked straight at me, winked his left optic and quietly remarked: "Thought I heard you say 'Tom, old boy, suppose we make another week of it.'" Well, that was excuse enough for anybody to lie abed over. And Tom turned to and made up lost time by getting the stove going, so that by the time he was dressed and I had the boat ready to start, coffee was all made and a lunch on the table.

We got away quickly and went direct to yesterday's grounds, and were soon having things to suit. Tom's first shot bagged three bluebills, and he gave a yell that almost capsized the boat. It was a remarkable shot, no doubt, but I thought he was making a great racket about taree ducks. This was our best morning, or, as "Yo" says, a morning to be marked with a white stone. At one time we had seven ducks in the water before stopping to retrieve, and when the time came for returning we counted 13 mallard, 7 bluebill and 2 wood ducks. With light hearts we got up decoys and said not a word about fishing, but pointed straight for the Jasmin.

As we rounded the bend and came in sight, Tom exclaimed, "Hello! the colors are up," and sure enough there they were and looking very gay, and as we came within hailing distance a well-known yell greeted us.

The missing member of our party had recovered from his indisposition, and concluded that one day's fishing would be better than no fishing and came up on the boat the evening before; and on being told that we had left in the morning and gone down the lake, had spent this night at the Star Island House.

We were glad to see him, Tom especially so, and immediately began questioning him as to how long a lamp would burn with the wick cut. It was quite amusing to hear Tom corner him, which he did, and then with a far-away look bid him beware. After inquiries as to folks at home, etc., etc., we had breakfast on baked duck, with celery and green onion accompaniments, stewed tomatoes, potatoes fried in the pan with duck gravy, coffee, bread and butter. While putting the breakfast away we gave him an account of what he had missed, and then allowed him to turn in and help with a general cleaning up.

Bedding was brought on deck and given a beating, then put across the boom to have an airing, the icebox brought out, everything taken out and given a good scrubbing, kitchen furniture treated to a good scouring with clean river sand, and the cabin floor scrubbed up and woodwork oiled. At 12 o'clock everything was slick and clean, or as Tom expressed it, in apple pie order, and as the new-comer had worn out the fingers of his gloves scrubbing, we allowed him to throw water on the deck while we scrubbed it off with brooms.

This ending the general housecleaning we sat down to a lunch of hard tack and cider. After lunch the icebox was repacked, and after our day's game was put in there was just room for the ice; so taking the dinghy we made a call at the Rushmere and replenished stock and got some genuine cow's milk for a change from our condensed article. Returning, Tom sat amidship rowing, F. in the bow, while I sat in the stern holding the milk to keep it from slopping over. As we neared the yacht I received a wink from Tom, which said "just watch my motion," and then turning requested T. to put the ice on deck, get there himself, then take the milk and he would put the dinghy in shape for towing, which would have been a very nice adjustment of affairs. T. straightened his six-feet-two up and laid the first piece of ice well over, but, alas! as he straightened up to follow with the second Tom gave a slight push with the oar, just starting the boat away gently. T. reached over a little further, making a graceful bend and looked very much like the statues sold in china-

ware stores to represent a diver, only with more wearing apparel than they are generally blessed with. Instead of the graceful figure they make he was the most ludicrous sight one can imagine, holding the ice out at arm's length and with a troubled expression on his face—but it was only for a second, as Tom gave a quick push and the bow shot around, while T. and a 50lbs. cake of ice disappeared as though something had frightened them.

Tom now turned and caught up the painter and was on deck and had a turn on the sheet cleat, and as T. reached the surface passed him a line, and as he assisted him on deck began an attempt at abusing him for wasting such hard earned ice, but T. soon changed the subject, for as he leaned over to shake the water from his ears he made a spring, caught Tom around the waist and in an instant they were both rolling over the yacht's rail. I had upset my milk laughing, or rather what had not gone into my lap at the time T. went in, and the stern took a sudden drop, so laying down the pail I went aboard and as they came to the surface assisted them both aboard. The bath did not seem to cool off their exuberance for they were at it again almost as soon as they were on their feet, and I have several times since thought that they had designs on my comfort by the way in which they crowded and sent the spray from their wet clothes in my direction.

After twenty minutes of good exercise and both going in again, they concluded to take my advice; then after a good rubbing I made them a hot toddy, using half a wineglass of brandy to a half pint of hot water, some sugar and nutmeg; then getting into dry clothes they were feeling so good I almost wished I had been in myself.

It was now 2 o'clock and we thought best to make a start for home, so the cannon was brought on deck, compliments paid to St. Clair club houses, anchor catted, colors hoisted, and, with a fair wind, we were soon on the lake with every stitch of canvas pulling.

Five o'clock found us where we started from Wednesday morning, and as Tom had been all afternoon getting dinner and just called it ready, we came to, took in head line, dropped anchor and did justice to a good hearty meal, and without doubt the best in way of variety we had had since starting. It consisted of mallard and bluebill duck, bass, perch and pickerel for fish, the remainder of our turnips and carrots, potatoes, celery, stewed tomatoes, bread and butter, and for dessert, Tom had spread himself on a bread pudding and an attempt at apple pie. Probably the dinner had spoiled our appetites somewhat, at any rate, when the pie was tested it was one too much—and suggested that we keep it for dumplings on our next trip. Tom tried hard to make excuses that the oven was out of order, but we knew better.

Seven o'clock found us rounding Windmill Point Light, where we came up Friday night with quite a large bone in our teeth, and at 8 we were once more all snug in our anchorage, the sails covered over, cabin put in order and everything ready for closest inspection; we then sat down for a few minutes rest, as we were loth to part company even for a night. Game was portioned out and sent ashore, our town clothes put on, and as we came ashore concluded what was one of the most enjoyable and beneficial trips the Jasmin had given us, which is saying a great deal. McL

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The sixth annual regatta of the Shenandoah Y. C., of Troy, N. Y. was sailed on Oct. 3, the times being

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST CLASS. | | | | |
| D. R. Fox | 2 23 30 | 4 44 15 | 2 20 40 | 2 16 03 |
| Sans Souci | 2 39 40 | 4 11 05 | 2 17 40 | 2 17 40 |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | | |
| Gypsy | 2 17 45 | 4 37 40 | 2 19 55 | 2 17 55 |
| Loyal | 2 18 30 | 4 38 40 | 2 20 10 | 2 18 15 |
| Wanda | 2 17 30 | 4 39 20 | 2 21 50 | 2 20 00 |
| Daisy | 2 18 30 | 4 39 00 | 2 20 30 | 2 20 30 |
| Annie | 2 18 40 | No time taken. | | |
| Hustler | 2 17 45 | No time taken. | | |
| SKIFFS. | | | | |
| L'Iroquois | 2 11 15 | 3 58 40 | 1 47 25 | 1 46 38½ |
| If | 2 11 20 | 3 58 45 | 1 47 25 | 1 47 25 |

Capt. Ahlert and "Professor" Tobie, the first of the Rockaway Beach life-saving crew and the latter of New York, are on their way to Boston from Rockaway in a boat made of a pine box. They have wagered $500 that they can make the distance in forty days. Thus far the ridiculous craft has been upset five times, but fate looks after drunken men and fools and no particular damage has been done. This silly business of riding the waves in cockleshells and tubs will doubtless continue until some of the would be heroes are drowned, "and they never will be missed." There are many better ways for an adventurous man to distinguish himself than by paddling about in a pine box. He will be in a pine box soon enough without taking such chances.—*Marine Journal.*

The *Field* of Oct. 8 contains an interesting comparison of the working of the Y. R. A., Seawanhaka and old New York rules as applied to the various lengths in the different Y. R. A. classes from 0.5 to 160 rating. The table shows that in cases of small sail plans, the square root of the sail area being less than the length, the operation of the American rule is to tax sail heavily, in other words to put a premium on length; although under the usual conditions, with the square root of the sail area equal to 130 to 150 per cent. of the length, the reverse is the case. The table shows the close relationship of the Y. R. A. and Seawanhaka rules, though the former is more equable in its operation through a long scale of sizes.

On Oct. 7 the steam yacht Avenel, formerly Narod, owned by G. W. Loper, was in collision with the schooner Myra W. Spear, of Bath, Me. The yacht was just beyond Execution, headed for Larchmont, at 7:30 P. M., the weather clear and the moon snowing. It is claimed that the schooner ran into her. The yacht lost her foremast and bowsprit, and sustained damage to her bulwarks and naphtha launch. She continued to Larchmont and next day went to Poillon's for repairs. She was prevented from taking her place in the naval parade of Oct. 11.

On Oct. 14, at 4 A. M. the schooner Frank Leming, of Philadelphia, from Lanesville for that place with stone, ran over the wreck of the Alva, carrying away two masts from the wreck and injuring it badly. The schooner anchored off Chatham for temporary repairs to sails and gear, the hull not leaking. She reports no gas buoy visible over the wreck.

Bretagne, steam yacht, built at Baltimore, Md., in 1881, the largest wooden steam yacht built in America, was recently sold for £800 after being in collision on the Thames, and has been broken up.

On Oct. 12 the keel sloop Edith was sailed into Plymouth harbor by three men, who abandoned her after dropping the anchor, rowing ashore in the yawl. It is supposed that the yacht was stolen.

Almy, steam yacht, Mr. Fredk. Gallatin, is laid up at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, where she was built, never having been in commission since completed in 1890.

Mr. Gardner has designed a steam yacht of 85ft. l.w.l, 11ft. beam and 3ft. draft for Mr. H. J. Baxter, of New York, to be built this winter.

Wadena, steam yacht, J. H. Wade, arrived at Charleston, S. C., on Sept. 30 from St. Thomas, W. I., and on Oct. 18 reached New York.

El Chico, the Herreshoff fin-keel, has been sold by H. Maitland Kersey to F. H. Murray, of Halifax, N. S.

Catspaw, the Bos'on 21 footer, has been sold through her designers, Stewart & Binney, to a Brooklyn, N. Y., owner.

The Boston *Herald* of Oct. 16 contains an interesting article on Messrs. G. C. and C. F. Adams, owners of Harpoon.

Stranger, steam yacht, has been chartered by E. M. Fulton, Jr., and sails this week for a Southern cruise.

Utowana, steam yacht, arrived at New York on Oct. 8 from England, via Madeira, after a cruise of a year abroad.

Lady Evelyn, schr., has been sold by Sir Roderick Cameron.

Sheerwater, steam yacht, has been sold to H. R. Wolcott.

Windward, schr., has been sold by A. M. Serrell.

### Anchors for Small Yachts.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Referring to your article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 6, I would say that I have been using on my yacht of 27ft l.w.l., carrying 8,100lbs. ballast, an anchor I had made by Ireland & Son, of Tuckerton, N. J., weighing 36lbs., and in the four years I have sailed her it has held her through all conditions of weather. I have, of course, had my spare anchor ready at times, but have not needed to use it, the little fellow holding her every time. I have a chock with a sheave in it bolted on the bowsprit just far enough outboard for the anchor to clear the stem when canted up. The anchor has spear-shaped flukes and long stock and arms to it, and grips every time the moment it takes the ground. It is known in Barnegat Bay as a "sand anchor." The baymen there would not use any other kind. The stock is not collapsible and does not need to be, as the anchor lays up snugly under the bowsprit, ready for quick use, and from its light weight can be carried there at all times. N.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

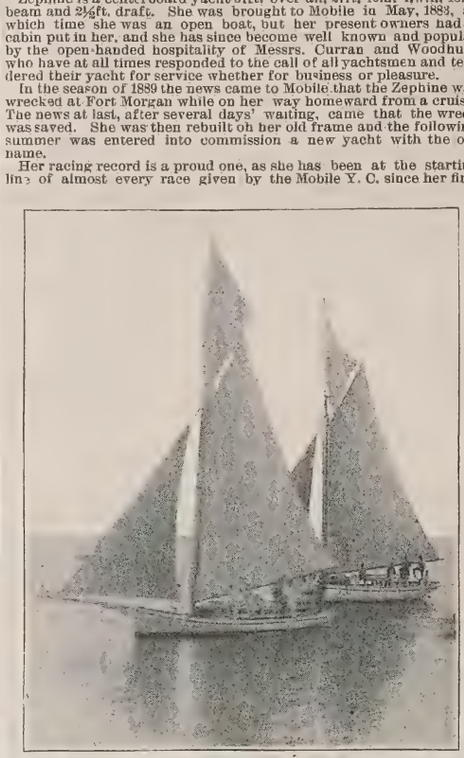
### Two Southern Yachts.

We are indebted to Mr. J. K. Vincent, secretary of the Mobile Y. C., for the accompanying photo of two of the leading yachts of the club, Zephine and Mineola.

Zephine is a centerboard yacht 31ft. over all, 27ft. 10in. l.w.l., 18ft. beam and 2½ft. draft. She was brought to Mobile in May, 1883, at which time she was an open boat, but her present owners had a cabin put in her, and she has since become well known and popular by the open-handed hospitality of Messrs. Curran and Woodhull, who have at all times responded to the call of all yachtsmen and tendered their yacht for service whether for business or pleasure.

In the season of 1889 the news came to Mobile that the Zephine was wrecked at Fort Morgan while on her way homeward from a cruise. The news at last, after several days' waiting, came that the wreck was saved. She was then rebuilt on her old frame and the following summer was entered into commission a new yacht with the old name.

Her racing record is a proud one, as she has been at the starting line of almost every race given by the Mobile Y. C. since her first



ZEPHINE—MINEOLA.

arrival, and she has won more trophies than any other yacht in Mobile, although others are said to be faster boats. She has finished the season of 1892 by winning for the second time the club cup on Sept. 11, beating Mineola five seconds without the time allowance due her.

Mineola, while a new yacht, has won many laurels and rivals Zephine closely in popularity. She was designed by Mr. A. E. White, and built by E. Laland, in May, 1890, her first appearance at the club house in Mobile creating considerable comment. Her owners at once entered into the sport with great energy, and they soon became known as hosts that understood how to make guests happy while on board. As a racer she proved at first very poor, but this was owing to want of experience and a poor rig. She has since her first appearance steadily increased in speed until the season of 1892, when she succeeded on Aug. 16 and 17 in capturing second and third places respectively, and on Sept. 11 gave Zephine the closest race that yacht has ever had for first place.

As a cruiser she proved an able and comfortable boat. Her owners seem to rival each other in their endeavors to make their guests as happy as possible while on board, and have succeeded so well that an invitation to cruise with them is hailed with the greatest delight by the fortunate ones.

Mineola's present dimensions are 35ft. over all, 30ft. 6in. l.w.l., 14ft. 9in. beam, 3ft. 7in. draft. Mr. White is now preparing to place her in the builder's hands for the purpose of making her longer, in consequence of which great things are expected for the season of 1893.

### Corinthian Y. C.

TIBURON, CAL.—SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

FALL REGATTA, Sept. 25.—Course, 11¼ miles; wind light and fluky.

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST CLASS. | | | | |
| Elin, sloop | 1 33 36 | Withdrew. | | |
| Freda, sloop | 1 35 00 | 4 02 12 | 2 27 12 | 2 25 09 |
| Thetis, sloop | 1 32 25 | 4 01 22 | 2 28 57 | 2 28 57 |
| Clara, sloop | 1 33 34 | 4 06 04 | 2 32 30 | Not meas. |
| Truant, cat | 1 26 18 | 4 02 04 | 2 35 51 | 2 31 05 |
| Petrel, schooner | Did not start. | | | |
| Folly, cutter | 1 27 03 | Withdrew. | | |
| Linda, sloop | 1 28 35 | 3 41 50 | 2 13 15 | Disqualified. |

Linda was disqualified for having been sailed by a non-member of the club.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| SECOND CLASS, 10 MILES. | | | | |
| Volante | 1 16 15 | 4 03 35 | 2 47 20 | 2 46 19 |
| Fawn | 1 20 30 | Withdrew. | | |
| Lapwing | 1 22 41 | 4 03 53 | 2 41 12 | 2 41 12 |
| May | 1 16 08 | Withdrew. | | |
| Muggama Chuddee | 1 16 25 | 4 02 04 | 2 45 39 | 2 35 20½ |

Seawanhaka rules for measurement and time allowance.

## *Canoeing.*

FROM the brief accounts which have appeared, the '92 meet of the British Canoe Association was a very quiet and uneventful one, though very enjoyable to those present. Thus far the camps have been so small as to make each a sort of family gathering, all hands having met before, and under such circumstances an outing of ten days cannot fail to be enjoyable. The growth of the B. C. A. has been far less rapid than that of its elder cousin in America, in part owing to the absence of the racing, such a prominent feature here. At the same time the B. C. A. has done much to aid canoeing, and is likely to continue to do so. The meet began on Aug. 15, at Menai Straits, lasting until Aug. 28. The party included several ladies. The time was spent in sails and short cruises, with a little racing.

WITH the first of the present month the term of office of Commodore Winne expired, and that of the new commodore, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Cotton, of Kingston, Ont., began. At the same time the retiring secretary, Mr. W. B. Wackerhagen, gave place to Mr. C. E. I. Porteous, also of Kingston. The A. C. A. has been fortunate always in being well served by its officers, but it has never been better served than by the two who now retire. Not only has the immediate work of the year, including the meet and the A. C. A. book, been admirably carried out, but much other work in the direction of uniting and strengthening the Association as a body has also been done, the results of which will appear in the future.

MR. GEORGE P. DOUGLAS, who made a most efficient clerk of the course at the meet, has completed his labors by the preparation of a very full and elaborate tabulation of all the races for the use of the regatta committee.

CANOEISTS with a liking for antiquarian research will be interested in an advertisement which has recently appeared, of "Photographs of the A. C. A. meet of 1802." Our records of the A. C. A. only run back to 1880, but it would appear from this that the Association is much older than is commonly believed.

THE next important event in the canoeing world will be the annual meeting of the executive committee, at which the new division officers take office, and the work of the coming year is laid out. The date and place have not yet been announced, but the former will be near the end of next month, the latter probably Kingston or Montreal.

### A Very Large Canoe.

THE Clayton (N. Y.) *Plaindealer* publishes the following description of a new boat of canoe model but of very large size, just built by Mr. Rushton:

"A handsome and novel boat is nearly completed at Rushton's boat factory in this village. It is a beautiful rowboat model, sharp at both ends, both ends alike. The dimensions are: Length 31ft. 10in., beam 5ft., depth amidship 2ft., at the ends 3ft. The keelson, bent ribs and gunwales are of oak, stem and sternposts of hackmatack, natural crook. The two top streaks of planking are of Spanish cedar, the rest of clear white cedar. It is built double skin of ¼in. stuff, smooth lap, the two thicknesses being laid in best spar varnish and copper fastened, the rib fastenings being riveted over burs. It is decked for about 5ft. at each end and has a 6in. wash streak at each side. Decks and wash streaks are of mahogany, laid in narrow strips, blind-nailed and caulked with cord. A 3in. coaming of black cherry, with top beading of the same wood, is bent around the cockpit, it and the wash streaks or side decks being supported by hackmatack knees.

"Inside the boat much labor has been expended. Under each end deck are three metal tanks for air, water, kerosene, etc. They are hidden from view by mahogany bulkheads and filled by gravity through pipes connecting with the interior of the boat. Their contents are emptied through pipes by air pressure forced through the filling pipes. All pipes are of course closed by proper valves. Thwartship are six seats, each 2ft. wide. They are made of black cherry, resting on mahogany bulkheads, and form lockers which are divided into compartments by sliding shelves and partitions for convenience for storing camp-kit, provisions and the many articles necessary to the comfort of the captain and the crew. The inside floor is of oak and cherry, a part of it in the form of loose slats, which, when placed between the seats at proper height form a floor on which the seat cushions—which are of corduroy filled with best curled hair—are arranged to sleep upon. All the woodwork is finished with the best spar varnish.

"All metal fittings are of polished brass, and most of them are of special pattern. They include sockets for rowlocks, bangirons, chocks, painter fastenings, etc., and a large drop rudder with special head for rope steering gear.

"A canvas tent is to cover the cockpit, thus enabling the crew, if anchored in some quiet spot, to keep dry in a storm and to sleep on board. The tent when in place is supported by a series of bows made of oak bent in two thicknesses and riveted together, the lower ends entering brass sockets in the deck, and a mast at each end over which is drawn a galvanized wire cable fastened at each end to the deck and made taut by a couple of brass turnbuckles.

"The propelling power consists of two pairs of spoon oars 12 and 13ft. long respectively, loaded with lead at the handle to make them balance at the rowlocks, and two gaff sails of about 100 and 125sq. ft. each.

"To prevent drifting when under sail there are two large dagger centerboards, the trunks of which are within two of the seats, and two heavy bilge keels on each side—the latter useful also in handling the boat when out of water and protecting the bottom of the boat when on a rocky shore. Two heavy folding anchors of galvanized iron and an ample supply of rope is carried.

"The finest selected stock has been used throughout and neither cost nor time spared to make it a perfect job in every respect. The actual cost of construction will approach $800.

"The boat was built especially for C. E. Payne, of Chicago, who has been here since its commencement and has superintended in person every detail of its construction and finish."

### An Amateur's Mishap.

"Br'er Fox wuz gwine long by de river bank one day, 'en he hear a mighty hammerin' not fur off, en he say ter hisse'f dat he b'lieve he'll go see what all de fuss wuz 'bout. He went 'long, he did, en, bless gracious, who should he see but Br'er Rabbit, wid his coat off en his sleeve rolled up, hammerin' en nailin', en nailin' en hammerin'!

"'Br'er Fox 'low, 'What you doin' dar, Br'er Rabbit?'

"'Br'er Rabbit say, 'Des makin' a boat, Br'er Fox.'

"'Br'er Fox 'low, 'What you want wid a boat, Br'er Rabbit?'

"'Br'er Rabbit say, 'Ter go ter my fish traps in.'

"'Br'er Fox look 'roun' en see planks en scantlin's lyin' 'roun' en he make up his min' dat he ain't gwine ter all dat trouble des for de sake er one little boat. So he set on de bank an' fight san'flies en skeeters, en watch Br'er Rabbit make his boat. En he ain't had ter wait long nudder, kase Br'er Rabbit, dough he was light in de body, wuz mighty handy en he got his boat ready in a little or no time. Den he got in it en paddle up de river, en 'twant long 'fo' he come back wid a long string er fish.

"'Dis make Bre'r Fox dribble at de mouf, kaze ef dey's any kinder vittles what he like mo' dan any tudder kind its fresh fish. So he make up his min' dat he bleedz ter have a boat. Den he ax Br'er Rabbit ef a mud boat won't do des es good ez any yuther kin,' en Br'er Rabbit make answer dat while mud boats might suit some folks oey don't suit him.

"'Br'er Fox ain't got de knack er makin' plank boats, en so he say ter hisse'f dat he gwine ter show Br'er Rabbit dat some folks know a thing or two ez well ez yuther folks. Wid dat he went in, he did, en make 'im a boat out'n clay, en when it done got dry in de sun, he shove it in de water en jump in wid his paddle.

"'Br'er Rabbit wuz dar wid his plank boat, ter ter see it well done, en when Br'er Fox start he start, too. Well, suh, hits des like I tell you—Br'er Fox ain't hit many licks wid his paddle 'fo' de mud 'gun ter melt. De boat went down and dar wuz ole Br'er Fox scuffling in de water. After so long a time he got back ter de bank, but I let you know he ain't make no mo' boats, needer mud boats ner plank boats."—*Joel Chandler Harris.*

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentleman has applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Northern Division—J. R. Kinghorn, Pointe Claire B. C., Montreal.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

A good deal of interest is now being taken in the Nautilus canoe-yawl now being built in Turk's yark, Kingston, for Mr. W. Baden Powell. She is 20ft. long and a little over 4ft. 6in. beam, but has not been designed to get the most possible out of her length. She is very deep, and we understand that she is intended to carry the whole of her ballast inside. The overhang is upward of 2ft. forward and 1ft. aft, thereby making her but 17ft. l.w.l.; she has the usual canoe bow. We are inclined to think that under the existing definition of the Royal C. C. for yawls she would with her limited canvas stand but a poor chance against a shorter boat, and whether racing on the Thames or not, she is pretty certain to be rather hard of mouth, especially in a bit of a blow. Possibly Mr. Baden Powell intends to race her in the new ¾-rating class on the Thames, if so she may meet with a large share of success, as up to the present we know of but one boat, one at Messrs. Burgoine's, that is being built to race for the class. As a large number of races for this class will in the course of next season be given on the Thames, canoe yawl owners might take due note thereof. We may add that Mr. W. Baden Powell has, we understand, finally decided to give up canoe sailing and to confine himself to the larger class.—*The Model Yachtsman and Canoeist.*

THE Detroit B. C. has elected the following officers, to take office after Jan. 9, 1893: Pres., Wm. C. Jupp; Vice-Pres., F. S. Werneken; Sec'y, George B. Sheehy; Treas., Percy Dwight. Directors: Stanley McGraw, P. N. Jacobson, F. D. Standish, F. C. Baldwin and E. W. Clark. Mr. Jupp is an ardent canoeist, the present owner of the canoe Bat.

On Oct. 3 a canoe race was sailed in connection with the regatta of the Shenandoah Y. C., the times being:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Blanche | 2 09 30 | 3 56 20 | 1 46 50 | 1 46 50 |
| Bee | 2 09 45 | 4 02 00 | 1 52 45 | 1 52 45 |
| Tipsy | 2 09 20 | 4 03 20 | 1 53 50 | 1 53 50 |

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 11.—An informal W. C. A. love-feast was held at the residence of Mr. C. W. Lee, of this city, Monday evening, Oct. 10, a number of outside members happening to be in town at the same time. Commodore G. M. Munger, of Eureka, Kas., Messrs. N. H. Crawford, O. A. Woodruff and Nat Cook, of Dayton, O., J. Herbert

Ware, of Blue Island, and other aliens met a strong contingent of residents, and an old-time camp fire was held, with refreshments and high jinks. E. H.

This spring was launched from the yard of Kessel, at Devonport, Eng., a little ship, a sort of a cross between a sneakbox and a sharpie, having the spoon bow and dagger centerplate of the former and the angular bilge of the latter. She has proved herself as handy a craft for river work as it would be possible to get, and very cheap. She is called Vision, and rates only at 0.23, being 12ft. on l.w.l. She has just sailed a match, the best of three races, at Exmouth, against the canoe yawl Spruce, 0 41 rating, and they ended in a decisive win for Vision.—*The Model Yachtsman and Canoeist.*

The annual election of the Waltham C. C. on Oct. 10, resulted as follows: Pres., W. V. Hyde; Vice Pres., J. H. Stuckney; Treas., W. M. Lucas; Sec., Arthur Randlee; Fin. Sec., O. R. Kice; C. C. Brown and P. Pendlebury with the above officers constitute the Board of Directors. Thirty applications for membership were received.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

### Champion Jantzer Retains Possession of the Winans Trophy by Defeating President Henry Oehl.

THERE was another match for the possession of the Winans Trophy on Saturday evening last, and champion Jantzer was given a very close call indeed by Pres. Henry Oehl of the New York Pistol Club. It was a very pretty contest indeed at the Pistol Club's St. Marks range, not specially brilliant as to scores, but so close that at its finish not one of the dozen expert marksmen who sat watching the contest from start to finish and saw each target as it came whirling up the range to the referee's tables, could have made more than a guess as to the winner. The result shows that Mr. Oehl has well gauged his ability as against that of Mr. Jantzer when he made a bid for the trophy. As it was, an inspection of the scores shows that while Mr. Jantzer slipped the 5in. disk entirely on six shots of the thirty fired, Mr. Oehl did so only five times, and that in each case only one full string of six counting shots was made, and this, too, the last string, with the smoke lingering in the range and the strain of a long match telling upon their nerves In arms the men were even. Each used a .44 Smith & Wesson with round ball cartridges and reduced powder charge. Sights were the same, but with eyes fifty years old it required all the experience of veteran Oehl to keep pace with the veteran Jantzer. Mr. Jantzer is also an eyeglass wearer but is not bothered by the difficulty of selecting a lense which would not, while defining the sight, send the bullseye into a hazy blur.

It was a good-natured fight from start to finish, and perhaps the good nature prevalent and its manifestations militated somewhat against the character of the record. Certain it is that next to Oehl himself no one regretted his defeat more than did Mr. Jantzer, and when Charley Zettler called out the exact record of each shot as the point of the measurer told it, each stood ready to congratulate his antagonist should the victory fall that way. The very starting shot was enough to disconcert most marksmen. The first Jantzer target came up with the bullet hole center just .22 or a trifle over $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch from the center of the disk. The first Oehl target came up without a scratch, though the screen showed the bullet a shave outside the 2½in. counting circle. In fact, all the misses were close nippers on the disk, and it would be fair to enter up each and every one of the misses as a 3in. shot, certainly not more. While this may be a good every-day, cross-the-street, man-against-man work with the revolver, it is not the sort of figure which should come into a championship match with its facilities for scoring each shot down to a hundredth part of an inch.

Each shoot for the trophy only confirms us in the belief that the conditions are just about right. It is a man-against-man test. As arms of precision the 6½in. barrel revolver as used leaves nothing to be desired. The ammunition, too, is so uniform and so admirably adapted to the work that there is a mathematical certainty almost in each shot. It is the marksman only whose eye and hand do not work in accord, and this only makes it the more remarkable that such a sport with such perfect appliances is not more popular as an indoor and outdoor sport.

The score of Saturday, Oct. 15, the third in the Winans Trophy series stands as follows:

SEC. E. JANTZER.

| 1st round. | 2d round | 3d roun | 4th round. | 5th round. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| .22 | .... | 2 50 | .38 | .90 |
| .... | .44 | 2 22 | 1.15 | .55 |
| .... | 1.70 | .... | 2.00 | 1.15 |
| 1.83 | 1.95 | .65 | .... | 1.00 |
| .... | 1.45 | 1 01 | .78 | 2.07 |
| 2.10 | .91 | 2.37 | 1.53 | 1 15 |
| **6.45** | | | **5.84** | **6.82** |

Three best strings **19.11in.**

HENRY OEHL.

| 1st round. | 2d round. | 3 d round. | 4th round. | 5th round. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| .... | 1.73 | 2.48 | 1.69 | 1.53 |
| 1.80 | 1.75 | .... | .78 | .70 |
| 1.55 | .... | 2.05 | .... | 1.52 |
| .25 | .... | .88 | .53 | .23 |
| 1.40 | 1.40 | 1.93 | .72 | 2.33 |
| 2.12 | .20 | .40 | 1.20 | .97 |
| **7.12** | | | **4.92** | **7.78** |

Three best strings **19.82in.**

A most interested spectator at the match was Wm. E. Petty of the New York Police Force. To him belongs the honor, though his modesty would lead him to at once deny it, of being the one member of the more than 3,000 revolver-armed policemen of New York city, who really knows the weapon, its loading and its use, who can hit what he aims at, and feel that he is going to hit before drawing trigger. In the opening shoot for the trophy, Roundsman Petty shot, but he slipped by the prize list and now he wants another go at the trophy. With the naming of the winner came the following challenge from Mr. Petty:

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, Mr. Geo. E. Jantzer.—I hereby challenge you to shoot for the Walter Winans Amateur Championship Trophy, subject to rules published in FOREST AND STREAM.

WILLIAM E. PETTY, Roundsman, Twenty-first Precinct.

### Port Chester Scores.

PORT CHESTER RIFLE CLUB, Saturday, Oct. 15, 200yds., off-hand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| V Horn | 8 | 4 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 5—71 |
| | 8 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 7—74—145 |
| J Smith | 10 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 7—73 |
| | 4 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 4—71—144 |
| F A Bachman | 7 | 5 | 3 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 10 | 9 | 5 | 5—58 |
| | 5 | 9 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 7—73—131 |
| R McNeil, Jr | 5 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 2—59 |
| | 10 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 10—72—131 |
| E Dunham | 5 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 6—67 |
| | 6 | 3 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 6—61—128 |
| R Rudd | 3 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 9 | 4 | 8 | 5—58 |
| | 9 | 4 | 4 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 7—67—125 |
| H Boeger | 3 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 0 | 5—46 |
| | 6 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 7—46— 92 |
| T Kiernan | 4 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 5 | 3—48 |
| | 6 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 2—40— 88 |

R. MCNEIL, JR., Secretary.

### An Unexpected Reception.

AWAY back in 1883, when Gen. Spencer's Interstate military match was shot at Sea Girt, N. J., a Delaware team was on the ground, and it was there we first made the acquaintance of Lieut.-Col (then Sergeant) Howard Simpson, who was captain of the Delaware team. The genial Colonel and "us" were at that time contributing to the rifle columns of the same journal, and of course this fact formed a bond of good fellowship as usual when newspaper "friends" run foul of one another. Besides this we were both members of opposing teams and this was an additional bond. Since that time we have had the pleasure of meeting several other Wilmington riflemen, among them being J. E. McCafferty, Chas. Heinel and the Newman brothers, whom we met at Creedmoor in 1890, and H. B. Leeds, who took part in the recent Sea Girt meeting. Several urgent invitations had been received to visit the Wilmington Rifle Club and take part in one of its shoots, but first one thing, then another in the way of business engagements have always interfered.

In some way or other, the fact reached Col. Simpson's ears that FOREST AND STREAM would send its representative to the trap shoot of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, and he conceived the brilliant plan of corraling said representative and compelling him to pay the long promised visit to the rifle range. Consequently, upon arriving at the trap grounds almost the first person we met was J. E. McCafferty, who informed us that he had been constituted a committee to do the aforesaid "corralling," and that unless we pledged ourselves to take part in an afternoon shoot with the Wilmington Rifle Club the members would be mortally offended.

This of course clinched the argument, and we promised to be on hand on Friday afternoon when the trap hustle would be about at an end. Previous to the coming of Friday, however, we had the pleasure of meeting some of the club members in the person of E. J. Darlington, the well-known expert pistol shot, and H. B. Sporrell, a well-known rifleman. Col. Simpson we met "up to his ears" in business, but still able to "run out and try some raws."

After dinner on Friday we were taken in hand by the genial Colonel, who has done some faithful work in developing rifle practice in Delaware, and escorted to the rifle range, just beyond the Fullman car shops, near Brandywine Creek. Here we met Chas. Heinel, H. B. Sporrell, H. B. Leeds, W. Poole, Dr. Smith and J. E. McCafferty, all of whom were plugging away at the standard targets, 200yds. distant.

The rifle club has a neatly-arranged club house, about 20×25ft., one story in height, provided with loading tables, racks, rests, telescopes, etc. The shooting is all done on the Hinman standard target with an 8in. black, the targets working on the slide side system. The marking is done by the aid of a dial and spotting discs.

After making new acquaintances and renewing several old ones we were persuaded to try our hand with the Schalck .32 of Mr. McCafferty, as clever a shooting rifle as one would wish to handle. There was just about light enough at this time to fill out one string, but as all hands were anxious to shoot we were obliged to follow the lead and shoot a double string. The marking on this range, despite the fact that only one target is used, is equal to anything we have seen, there being no tedious delays of any kind.

We were informed that the regular weekly practice of the club is held on Saturday afternoon and that the gathering on this occasion was purely a complimentary one to the representative of the greatest sporting journal on earth. We duly appreciate the honor and hope to be able to "retaliate" in the near future. The shooting was kept up until the target was indistinguishable, when the party started for the town to discuss their evening repast.

After supper according to agreement we strolled down to the establishment of Col Simpson, where we again met Messrs. McCafferty, Sporell, Darlington, Heinel and Newman and were also introduced to the genial president of the club, Mr. Bell. After a pleasant chat a stroll was suggested, the stroll terminating in the dining room of one of Wilmington's famous hostelries, where we were compelled to undergo the delights and agonies of once more being banqueted, this time on oysters served in about every style known to science. We tried to do our duty with the bivalves but must acknowledge that after "Bilderbach's" banquet on Thursday night and three big meals at Willis's on Friday we were rather handicapped on Friday night. However, the evening was passed in a very pleasant manner, and when train time came and we were obliged to say good night, it was with sincere regret at having to cut short our visit, and at having to leave behind us the genial boys of the Wilmington Rifle Club.

The scores made during the afternoon shoot are here given in detail:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J E McCafferty | 10 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7—81 |
| | 9 | 10 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 8—77 |
| C H Townsend | 7 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 10 | 9—80 |
| | 4 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 8—67 |
| H B Sporrell | 7 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 5—79 |
| | 9 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 9—76 |
| E Heinel | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 8—76 |
| | 4 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 2 | 4 | 9 | 7 | 8—64 |
| H B Leeds | 9 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 10—68 |
| | 4 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 6 | 4—67 |
| W Poole | 5 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 8—64 |
| | 6 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 8—62 |
| Dr Smith | 2 | 4 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 5—55 |

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### St. Louis Sharpshooters.

THE three days' tournament given by the St. Louis sharpshooters, at Creve Coeur Lake, which closed Oct. 2, will long be remembered as one of pleasantest festivals ever held at the lake. The officers and members of the club had spared no pains to make the affair a success, and the result proved how thoroughly they had done their work. The donated prizes were many and valuable, and no one failed to get a prize. All of the local clubs were well represented, Dom Wiget, of the South St. Louis Club, winning first prize on the ring target, with a score of 69. Mr. R. McBean left Chicago Saturday night dreaming of "red flags," but an unfortunate accident on the road delayed the train six hours, and when he arrived the shooting was all over, the tournament closing at 1 o'clock Sunday. Mack is too good natured to let a little thing like that worry him, so he stayed over to see the boys and girls, leaving for Chicago Monday night.

Ring Target.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dom Wiget | 69 | Wm Bauer | 53 |
| Jos Stiffen | 63 | F Erdmann | 53 |
| John Moy | 62 | Phil Schuck | 52 |
| S G Downan | 62 | L Priestor | 52 |
| Emil Schottlander | 62 | F Knapp | 51 |
| F Knapp | 58 | A Yunge | 50 |
| Franz Lindi | 58 | J Hoff | 49 |
| Wm Tell | 57 | C Meisbach | 49 |
| J Wiget | 57 | C Baptis | 49 |
| D Schnidewend | 56 | L Sicher | 48 |
| L Frank | 56 | H Rinider | 48 |
| O K Dunkerly | 56 | F Stittner | 48 |
| O Schroeder | 56 | Dr Worth | 48 |
| M Kaen | 56 | H Pius | 42 |
| Theo Ropp | 55 | C Beitz | 42 |
| L Schweighoefer | 54 | F Pohlman | 42 |
| Chas Mueller | 54 | C Kamm | 42 |
| C Vogel | 53 | F Kurka | 41 |
| T Stutt | 53 | | |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mueller | 41 | | |
| H Schneidewend | 38 | | |
| A Kottseiper | 37 | | |
| A Mende | 35 | | |
| J Rudi | 35 | | |
| G W Alexander | 32 | | |
| P Hanet | 31 | | |
| Busch | 31 | | |
| R Bethmann | 30 | | |
| C G Peck | 29 | | |
| G Roth | 27 | | |
| A Schinmacher | 24 | | |
| J L Mathes | 23 | | |
| F Oertli | 21 | | |
| G Graty | 19 | | |
| Wm Frank | 16 | | |
| Buschmueller | 15 | | |
| Peck, Jr | 5 | | |

Man Target.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ed Beity | 94 | S G Dorman | 86 |
| John Morf | 91 | M Kacer | 86 |
| D Schneidewind | 89 | J Wiget | 84 |
| L Frank | 87 | Dr Wirth | 83 |
| F Kurka | 87 | F Knapp | 83 |
| L Schweighoefer | 87 | Chas Dunkerley | 82 |
| Chas Mueller | 86 | Louis Sicher | 81 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Meisbach | 81 | | |
| R Bethmann | 81 | | |
| H Vogel | 79 | | |
| A Yunge | 79 | | |
| P Schuck | 77 | | |
| Wm Tell | 75 | | |

Field Target.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L Schwinghoefer | 59 | S G Dorman | 52 |
| D Schneidewind | 56 | J Morf | 51 |
| F Kurka | 55 | Wm Baun | 49 |
| M Kacer | 53 | P Schuck | 46 |
| D Wiget | 53 | Ed Beity | 45 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Meisbach | 40 | | |
| E Schottlander | 40 | | |
| C Mueller | 40 | | |
| Wm Tell | 40 | | |
| L Frank | 40 | | |

Point Target.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| S G Dorman | .846 | L Schwinghoefer | .333 |
| D Schneidewind | .520 | C Stettner | .320 |
| Wm Baun | .407 | M Kacer | .276 |
| Chas K Dunkerly | .335 | D Wiget | .266 |

| | |
|---|---|
| C Schottlander | .224 |
| A Nunde | .207 |
| P Schuck | .192 |
| J Hoff | .184 |

NAMROD.

### South London Rifle Club's Revolver Championship for 1892.

ON Sept. 29, the weekly shooting day of the South London Rifle Club, at Staines, it was very windy and wet; in fact the weather seems to have broken up and no more good revolver scores are likely to be made during the remaining four weeks the club shoots. None of the leaders shot but some of those low down in the list improved their scores a point or two.

Mr. Walter Winans has now practically won the championship, but the silver and bronze medals for the next two highest scores are not yet so certain for Mr. Andrews and Maj. McMerrell, as several others are running them close. Mr. Varley, a new member, is averaging scores of 37 and 36 and may yet give them trouble. Below are the scores for the revolver championship to date:

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| W Winans | 42 | 41 | 41 | 41 | 40 | —205 | F E Varley | .. | .. | 37 | 36 | .. | .. | .. | —73 |
| H Andrews | 39 | 38 | 38 | 28 | 37 | —120 | E W Keen | .. | .. | 38 | 23 | .. | .. | .. | —61 |
| R MacMerrell | 41 | 37 | 36 | 36 | 37 | —186 | D Hunt | .. | .. | 32 | 26 | .. | .. | .. | —58 |
| C F Lowe | .. | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36—180 | A W Carter | .. | .. | 27 | 23 | .. | .. | .. | —50 |
| T W Heath | .. | 37 | 35 | 33 | 33 | 31—169 | E Howe | .. | .. | 35 | .. | .. | .. | .. | —35 |
| J Wellman | .. | .. | 37 | 36 | 36 | 32—141 | Malschinger | .. | .. | 24 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | —32 |
| Mortimer | .. | .. | 34 | 34 | 25 | 25—118 | C Smith | .. | .. | 27 | .. | .. | .. | .. | —27 |
| J P Hope | .. | .. | 31 | 28 | 26 | 25—110 | Ayers | .. | .. | 26 | .. | .. | .. | .. | —26 |

### Rensselaerwyck.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 13.—The following scores were made to-day at Rensselaerwyck Range by members of the Third Brigade Rifle Association; weather conditions favorable; shooting was at 200yds., standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Off Hand. | | | | | | | | | | |
| Col Wm E Fitch | 9 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 7—69 |
| | 5 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 7—79 |
| | 7 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9—78 |
| | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 7—69 |
| Wm C Gomph | 8 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 7—89 |
| | 5 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 9—74 |
| Chas P Frey | 4 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 3 | 7—69 |
| | 8 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 4 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 7—71 |
| Rest. | | | | | | | | | | |
| Stephen Schrieber | 8 | 11 | 7 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 10—89 |
| | 12 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 12 | 11—104 |
| | 9 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 11 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 9—96 |
| Wm Gomph | 10 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 11—97 |
| | 6 | 11 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 8—94 |
| C P Frey | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 10—93 |

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

## FIXTURES.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

Oct. 21.—New Jersey Shooting Club tournament, at Claremont, N. J.

Oct. 21.—Philmont (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 21.—Riverview Gun Club tournament, at Amsterdam, N.Y.

Oct. 24-25.—Charter Oak Gun Club tournament, at Charter Oak, Iowa.

Oct. 25-26.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' tournament, at Moodus, Conn.

Oct. 25-26.—Orlando (Fla.) Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 26-28.—Omaha (Neb.) tournament.

Oct. 27.—Reading (Pa.) Shooting Association, sparrow tournament, at Black Bear Inn.

Oct. 27.—Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club open tournament, combined with tenth team contest of N. J. Trap-Shooters' League.

Oct. 27-28.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association tournament, Newburgh, N. Y.

Oct. 27-29.—Fulton Gun Club tournament, at Atlanta, Ga.

Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.

May 23-25, 1893.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

Nov. 24.—John A. Hartner's sixth annual tournament, Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore, Md.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A big shoot will be held at Newburgh, N. Y. on October 27-28 by the newly organized West Newburg Rifle and Gun Association. Both live birds and Keystone targets will be used On the first day the program will comprise four 10-target events, two at 15 each, two at 20 each, one event at 5 live birds and a team race for 3-men club teams at 15 targets per man. Second day.—Five events at 10 targets each; two at 15 targets each; three at 20 targets each and one event at 10 live birds.

The members of the Spring Hill Gun Club held their monthly diamond medal shoot at Blauvelt ville, N. J., on Oct. 12, each member shooting at 50 bluerock targets, fine traps, unknown angles. The medal won by J. H. Richmond with the fine total of 47 breaks; F. G. Moore broke 40; J. M. Baker 39; D. Kittle 37 and M. Hammond 36. This was the second shoot for the medal, the first having been won by D. Kittle.

The tenth and final shoot of the New Jersey Trap Shooter's League will be held on the handsome and well-appointed grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club on October 27. The Maplewood club will also hold an all day tournament in connection with the above.

Philmont, N. Y. will be the scene of a tournament of the Eastern New York League on October 21, when kingbird targets will be used. The program comprises seven 10-target events and two 15-target events.

The Claremont grounds will be the scene of some lively work at live pigeons and artificial targets to-morrow when the New Jersey Shooting Club will hold an all-day tournament.

The Orlando (Fla.) Gun Club has a fine lot of merchandise prizes to be distributed at its shoot on October 25-26.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### Traps at Watson's Park.

OCT. 6.—Score made here to-day by the Fort Dearborn Club, 15 live pigeons each under new Illinois State rules for club medal:

G Kleinman...112111111121111—15 D H Williams.2210022122002211—11
G Airy.....112110200122121—12

Same club same day, for bluerock medal, 20 bluerocks each: Geo. Kleinman 11, Geo. Airy 9, D. H. Williams 7.

*Oct. 7.*—Chicago Shooting club at 20 live pigeons each for club medal under new Illinois State rules, small sweep added:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wads- | Tnomas..2022122220121012102—16 |
| worth...02122221222121121112—19 | Watson...21212002212101212012—16 |
| Rock ....22121201020211111221—17 | Stevens. .21122102002111101122—16 |
| Hamline. 12210120022121101121—16 | Atwater..2221111030221111111—18 |
| Kleinman20121200221002212220—14 | |

Guests:

| | |
|---|---|
| Decks ....12011120100011100021—13 | Hoffman..02022121101112021211—16 |
| Barlow...00020102001120110012—10 | Adams....00120020001002110000— 7 |
| O'Brien...01212012012022012001—14 | Kniskern 22110010220 |
| Cairner'ss1201112221222212121—19 | Northrup 21102221010w |

Wadsworth won the medal and divided first money with Cairncross; Atwater second and Rock third.

*Oct. 8.*—Pullman Gun Club vs. the South Chicago Gun Club, 10 men a side, 15 live pigeons each, new Illinois State rules:

| Pullman Club. | | South Chicago Club. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Dallyn | 202220210200001— 8 | L Willard | 210212110202110—11 |
| M Wolf | 130021112122112—13 | E I Reeves | 121222220101220— 11 |
| Williams | 222002102212122—11 | Templet'n | 12202102011121—11 |
| G Watson | 002002010000000— 3 | Dr Clark | 102222222222002—12 |
| Runstein | 202220120121220—10 | Ben Fogli | 201200010202202— 7 |
| M'Connell | 100022022210120— 9 | P Miller | 101111022010120—10 |
| J P Wats'n | 212220122220212—13 | J Watson | 102212012000101— 9 |
| Schuttler | 000201200000001— 5 | Ed Marsh | 010122212011121—12 |
| Kantzler | 002002000000010— 3 | F Willard | 202220112200122—11 |
| J Turner | 001102220022012— 9— 84 | A Reeves | 111211210111010—12—106 |

Three or four of Pullman Club's best marksmen failed to show up, or the match would have been closer. RAVELRIGG.

### Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 12.—The Lynchburg Gun Club held its last meet of the season yesterday. On and after the 15th the field will engage their entire attention. Below find scores shot:

No. 1, 10 singles: Dornin 9, Nelson 9, Richards 9, Cleland 7, Tom Christian 7.

No. 2, 9 singles and 3 pairs: Dornin 13, Nelson 11, Cleland 10 Tom Christian 9, Terry 9, Smith 9.

No. 3, 5 traps, 30 singles: Dornin 29, Nelton 25, Richares 16, Cleland 24, Tom Christian 21, Terry 13, Smut 13, Stearns 24.

No. 4, 10 singles: Dornin 10, Nelson 9, Cleland 7, Tom Christian 3, Terry 7, Smut 5, Stearns 8. D.

## Chicago and the World's Fair Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 12.—The executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association endeavored to meet at the Sherman House, this city, 4 P. M. Oct. 10; present, Messrs. Organ, Eich and Hough; no quorum. Informal talk followed, and the three on hand discussed the seriousness of the situation in regard to the World's Fair tournament. To them it seemed that all the country was looking to five or six men for a successful issue of a great undertaking, while these men had as yet done nothing, and were not even fully represented at a meeting called for the discussion of plans which are all too tardy. It was resolved that serious thought and serious hustling were eminently in order, and each man present promised to go to work.

Mr. Organ thought that the Illinois State shoot should be made entirely distinct from the World's Fair shoot, and that the latter should be held in October. He thought that by October the could get the magnificent grounds of the Washington Park Driving Club, only twenty minutes from town and splendidly equipped with every convenience. In October also the birds would be better and easier to obtain in numbers. Mr. Organ did not see how the Illinois Association could swing this tournament, but was disposed to think that perhaps a company could be formed to run the shoot, and that this might be the best solution of the difficulty. He was sure the two State events alone of the Illinois shoot would take nearly two weeks. A big open shoot after that to last 60 to 90 days, perhaps, would be more of a task than the Association officers could handle. He did not insist on the October date but preferred it.

Mr. Eich thought that the State shoot could all be run off in one week, but was confident that either a June or October date would bring out many shooters. It seemed to him also that a stock company would be almost a necessity. While Watson's Park, as now laid out, was entirely inadequate to a shoot the size of that to be expected, a company might for the season secure grounds adjoining on the south, and so extend the grounds that three or four sets of live bird traps and perhaps twice as many target scores could be run at once. If the October date was not concluded upon, the State shoot might be held in June, as usual, and the open shoot at the close of the State events could be handed directly over to the company management.

It was agreed that at least $50,000 should be hung up by the management, a sum larger than was ever shot for in open tournament and sufficient to make the tournament really a world's event. It was also to be considered as a fact not to be disputed that arrangements should be set on foot at once to make the proper supply of pigeons a certainty.

Matters being so uncertain, president Organ arranged for a meeting of the committee on call of the secretary next week, at which time the secretary will also issue invitations to interested sportsmen of Chicago to meet the committee in open council. At this meeting it is thought the plan of action will definitely shape itself. The committee should all be present. Mr. Donald, of the committee, was out of town this week and sent reasons for absence. Mr. Edbrooke and Mr. Nicholls were also absent.

Thus it may be seen that the question of the World's Fair shoot is still unsettled, and is field for surmise. Let us suppose that a company management be formed to conduct this shoot. This company could send a live man East, who should come back with $10,000 added money from the heavy manufacturing concerns. To this the company itself should add cash according to its capital. Let us suppose that the live bird shoots would take the form of the English "star sweepstakes"—a miss-and-out with the privilege of re-entry, say, two or three times, with a time limit for such re-entry. With an entrance fee of $25, $15, or even $10, each man would be apt to want at least one more life in the shoot, to cure the accident of his miss. Let us say that we have an entry of 200 (we have had an entry of 123 in Illinois State shoot alone). It may easily be seen that the money in the purse would be very heavy, far heavier than was ever seen in America. With the profits of the shoot, and with the added money offered by concerns which had always been liberal, and which would now serve themselves by being more than liberal, would it not be possible for the management to offer a programme stating "One thousand dollars added to each and every live bird purse. One hundred dollars added to each target purse?" Assure the money, and you couldn't keep the shooters away. Granted a decent showing of American shooters alone, and not counting on the many who will probably come from Europe; the management would have its money handed back to it with rapid interest. There is money in running a shoot, and big money in a big shoot like this, where the rates for entry and for birds should be graded distinctly higher than usual. The only mistake a management could make would be in getting scared, and trying to run this big shoot on any picayunish basis. If the proper Chicago men take hold of it, there is no danger of this latter. At any rate, here is a plan, and something to criticise and improve upon.

With the October date I could not personally at this writing agree or disagree, although at first thought it seems to me that the widely-understood June date of the Illinois shoot, inseparably fixed as it has now become with the World's Fair shoot in the public mind, would constitute just that much advertising already accomplished for the shoot, whereas another date would have to overcome all this advertising of the old date, besides establishing its own. Yet another very serious reason against October, and one a company should certainly consider, is that an October date would mean possible rough weather and certainly not more than a thirty days shoot, while June would offer good weather and a tournament perhaps all summer long—naturally more profitable. The June attendance would also, probably, be heavier, as October claims many for the field or for soberer work.

With the plea that the date of October should be chosen in order to gain more time for securing birds we should have no patience whatever. If it comes to putting things off, we might as well say a year from October. If Chicago could erect all these great buildings, and in short create the Fair in two years, Chicago can buy a few thousand pigeons in six months. The birds can be obtained for June as well as for October, but they never will be obtained by sitting down and waiting for them, or by putting off the proper work until the last moment. On the question of these birds, and on the question of this great World's Fair shoot, Chicago ought to go to work at once, and keep on at it, hard, quick and plenty.

*Oct. 13.*—The big house of Montgomery Ward & Co. seems disposed to get hold of all the good men possible for its gun department. I was up there to-day and saw Rolla Heikes with his coat off, loading shells in the hand-loading department, next to Eddie Bingham, and was surprised to learn that he had gone in with the house permanently. Shooters over the country may well believe there is luck in a shell touched by Rolla Heikes. With Horace Greely Holt, Bingham, Skinner, Moran, Grubbs, Drake, etc., all in the gun department, it would seem that the firm was safe for a while.

Mr. Oswald von Lengerke this week encountered what in these days of trap-shooting is generally called a "snap." He dropped into a nice little country shoot at Fulton, Ill., and was fortunate enough not to meet more than one or two of the "rounders." Result, some cash.

Once there was a tournament at Peoria, and all the separate and individual rounders of the tournament gang took the notion, each in his own head, that Peoria would be a good place to find some "easy money." It is said that ten of the best experts in the country had this same idea, and started for Peoria without saying a word to anybody else. When they all met at Peoria there was a sickly sort of smile all around, and what seemed a fair system of division had to be arranged. That was very disappointing, very. I have always felt sorry about it ever since.

J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, has challenged E. D. Fulford to shoot five matches, $500 a side each, at different cities. Fulford is said to have accepted.

SAD DAYS.

*Oct. 14.*—The melancholy days have come. The challenging has begun.

Mr. E. D. Fulford announces that next week he will spring a surprise, indeed a sensation, upon the American public, which will divert attention from the cholera prospect, the World's Fair and the political campaign. He will challenge Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to shoot him five matches, 100 birds, $200 a match, one each in Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, New York and Chicago, winner of the series to be proclaimed champion of the world!

This is a good thing. But has Mr. Fulford reflected how bad Jack Brewer and Dr. Carver and Charlie Budd and Martinez Chick, and Lewis Clark, of Australia, and Walter Blake, of England, and Journeau, of France and others whom he names as possible contestants, will feel about this? Is there not danger of their calling him real mean? And—oh, yes; I knew there was something I was trying to think of—will the band please play some ancient and soothing Scotch melody?

Jack Winston, oh! Jack, come up here, Jack. You maybe can't get a race for the championship of the world, but you can have a lot of fun. Come up here, Jack; we want you.

There will be sweepstakes shooting at Watson's Park, Burnside, at live birds and at targets Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21 and 22, commencing at 1 P. M. each day. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## An American Handicap.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The next shoot of the Interstate Association will be held at Modus, Conn., on Oct. 25 and 26. This will be the last Interstate shoot of the season at targets. The association has been a grand success this year, and has certainly done a great deal of good in the way of increasing an interest in trap shooting and in increasing the demand for goods made by the different manufacturers of guns, ammunition, etc. It is also very evident that a great many manufacturers have reaped the benefit of the association that are not members, and we hope to see their names on the list next season.

We shall give a grand live-bird shoot the second week in January in New Jersey, as near New York city as possible. The shoot will open on Tuesday, Jan. 10, and we shall endeavor to make it the grandest tournament ever given in this country. I am at present corresponding with different ones in regard to furnishing first-class country birds, and shall employ the best of experts to handle same. We shall, during that tournament, give a 25-bird event, $50 entrance, with at least $100 added, which we shall make the event of the year, and we shall give this shoot annually. There will be a book opened at said tournament, which will be kept from season to season, and entries will be taken for this event until the 1st of October of each year. The entrance for the second season will probably be $100, and we shall endeavor to have from $500 to $1,000 added. This event will be shot Monaco boundary. The best improved traps will be used, and everything pertaining to the tournament will be first-class. There are so many world beaters or rather champions of the world in our country that this event will give them an opportunity to ascertain who the champion is, and will also enlighten the public on the subject. It has not yet been decided on what grounds this tournament will be held, but it will be by the middle of November. As it may take two or three days to finish this event we will not state just how long the shoot will be open, but it will be kept open until this event is shot down to one man.

Tuesday will be devoted to sweepstake shooting, with good fair entrances at first-class birds, and it is probable that sweepstake as well as the other event will be shot under Monaco boundary. We shall arrange programme for same and mail them to all shooters by Nov. 15. Entries for the main event (which will be for the championship of America and will be known as the Grand American Handicap) will be received on and after the first day of November. All shooters will be handicapped for this event as they arrive upon the grounds; 30yds. will be the limit, and such men as Brewer, Fulford, Elliott, Budd and all in that class will be compelled to shoot at the 30yds. mark. I have a very complete list of live bird shots of America and have been watching their scores very carefully and have my handicap made for a great many that I think will enter in this contest, that they will be compelled to shoot from. There will be no favorites played and nobody barred, and this shoot will be conducted under the strictest rules. We will not vary from the rules one iota. Everybody will be compelled to live up to the rules, which will be modified Huntingham rules with Monaco boundary. Any combinations formed or any one shooting to favor another or trying to place himself, will, if detected, forfeit his or their interest in the purse. We shall endeavor to make this the live bird event of the year, from year to year, and ask that all the manufacturers and shooters of America assist us with the same and in the course of a few years we will be able to have as much added money in this live bird event as they have in any country, and it will be worth struggling for by any American or foreign sportsman. H. A. PENROSE.

## Syracuse Rifle Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 12.—The shoot of the newly organized Syracuse Rifle Club, held here yesterday and to-day, was not the success that was expected so far as the attendance was concerned, although those who did attend had a jolly time. The club has a splendid club house on Croton street, which, with the ground equipments, represent an expenditure of over $1,000. The officers of the club are: Harvey McMurchy, President; W. A. Holden, First Vice-President; H. M. Chase, Second Vice-President; A. C. Ginty, Secretary; C. L. Becker, Treasurer. Executive Committee, W. E. Hookway, H. M. Chase, Douglas Pettit, W. A. Holden, A. E. Spangler. Field Committee: M. C. Smith, A. E. Spangler, H. W. Duguid, H. R. Becker, W. E. Hookway.

Below are yesterday's scores:

Event No. 1, 10 birds: Tuttle 8, Brigden 8, Carr 9, Whyte 7, Ginty 5, Duguid 5, Mann 6, Luther 10, Vanderloo 5.

No. 2, 15 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ginty | 011001101111111—11 | Mann | 101011101111111—12 |
| Brigden | 111111110111111—14 | Whyte | 111111101111000—11 |
| Duguid | 110101101111111—12 | Whitney | 111110011111111—12 |
| Tuttle | 111111101111111—14 | Luther | 110111111011111—13 |
| Carr | 111101011111111—12 | | |

No. 3, 20 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mann | 01111010010100110100—10 | Brigden | 11110111101011111117 |
| Whitney | 11111111111110110121—19 | Duguid | 01111111111101111118 |
| Luther | 01111011111111111118 | Ginty | 11111011101111111017 |
| Mowry | 11101111111111011006—16 | Carr | 11101010001111111014 |
| Tuttle | 11111111111110011107 | Whyte | 11111110111111111018 |

No. 4, 10 birds: Whyte 8, Brigden 9, Ginty 5, Mann 8, Carr 7, Whitney 10, Duguid 4, Mowry 10, Luther 10, Tuttle 9, Vanderloo 4.

No. 5, 20 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ginty | 11111111111111111011—19 | Luther | 11011110111111101011—16 |
| Mann | 11110110111111111110—16 | Mowry | 11111111111111111120 |
| Brigden | 11011110101111111011—16 | Whitney | 11111111111111111019 |
| Whyte | 01110110111011111110—15 | Vanderloo | 11010010111011001113 |
| Tuttle | 01111011011101111110—15 | Duguid | 10001010011001111100—10 |
| Carr | 11111011111111111119 | | |

No. 6, 5 pairs doubles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brigden | 00 10 01 11 10—5 | Luther | 11 10 10 11 00—6 |
| Whyte | 11 10 10 10 00—5 | Mosher | 11 00 00 11 00—4 |
| Whitney | 11 10 10 10 11—7 | Duguid | 10 10 10 11 00—5 |
| Carr | 11 11 01 11 10—8 | Vanderloo | 11 00 10 01 10—5 |
| Mann | 10 10 11 10 10—6 | Tuttle | 10 10 00 10 11—5 |
| Ginty | 10 10 00 00 00—2 | | |

Tie shoot off in Event No 7.

No. 7, 10 birds: Mosher 8, Ginty 8, Mann 5, Whyte 9, Whitney Carr 9, Tuttle 8, Brigden 8, Luther 9, Mowry 8, Duguid 9, Ayling 7, Vanderloo 4, Lefever 7, Ellis 2.

No. 8, 20 birds, $50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ginty | 10011100111100111111—14 | Mowry | 11000101111111011111—15 |
| Tuttle | 10011011101111100001—13 | Duguid | 11110101101101111015 |
| Whyte | 00111101111111011101—15 | Whitney | 11111111111111111120 |
| Brigden | 01011110101101111101—14 | Mann | 00011010101011100101—11 |
| Mosher | 10000101100111101101—11 | Ayling | 00111000000101110011 — 9 |
| Carr | 01111011111011011160—14 | Lefever | 10110100001111111111—14 |
| Luther | 11111111100101111110—16 | Becker | 01110110100010111110—12 |

No. 9, 15 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ginty | 11111111111011—14 | Whyte | 11111100011111—12 |
| Mosher | 10101000101101101— 8 | Duguid | 00000101011111100— 6 |
| Mann | 11110111011101—12 | Lefever | 01110111111001—10 |
| Whitney | 10111111110111—13 | Ayres | 10010101100111— 9 |
| Brigden | 01111111111111—14 | Luther | 01111111111101—13 |
| Tuttle | 11110110101011010—10 | Walters | 01101101011011010— 9 |
| Carr | 11101111111111—14 | Mowry | 11111101101100—11 |

No. 10, 10 singles and 5 doubles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 1110010010 | 11 11 10 11 11—14 | |
| Tuttle | 1011111101 | 11 11 00 11 10—15 | |
| Whyte | 0111111011 | 11 10 11 00 10—14 | |
| Carr | 1111111111 | 10 00 10 00 10—13 | |
| Mann | 1111111111 | 10 10 10 10 11—16 | |
| Whitney | 1011111110 | 10 10 10 10 11—13 | |
| Brigden | 0101111111 | 11 10 10 11 11—16 | |
| Luther | 1001111111 | 11 11 11 11 10—17 | |

*The Second Day.*

Sweeps, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, 10 singles each, $1 entry; No. 5, 15 singles each, $1.50 entry:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mason | 9 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 14 | Stat | 5 | 5 | 5 | . | . |
| Luther | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 11 | Ashton | . | . | . | 9 | . |
| Mosher | 7 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 13 | Holloway | . | . | . | 9 | 12 |
| Whiting | 10 | 9 | 9 | . | . | Ginty | . | . | . | . | 5 |
| Mowry | 7 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 12 | | | | | | |

Matches, Holloway vs. Mann, 20 singles each for $2 a side each match: First, Mann 20, Holloway 6; second, Mann 16, Holloway 20; third, Mann 20 Holloway 1; fourth, Mann 20, Holloway 0.

Mosher vs. Mowry, 25 singles each, $5 a side. First match, Mosher 6, Mowry 25; second match, Mosher 4, Mowry 25.

## Shooting at Amsterdam.

AMSTERDAM N. Y., Oct. 15.—The following scores were made by members of the Riverview Gun Club at their last practice:

Shoot No. 1, 15 kingbirds: G. V. Hartley 18, J. A. Barkhuff 11, D. S. Pierce 12, R. M. Hartley 15, DeGraff 9, Briggs 12.

No. 2, 10 kingbirds: G.V. Hartley 7, Briggs 9, R. M. Hartley 10, DeGraff 7.

No. 3, 10 kingbirds: G. V. Hartley 9, Appleton 8, DeGraff 9, R. M. Hartley 10.

A beautiful day, but attendance small. DeGraff made his first attempt at inanimate targets to-day. R. M. HARTLEY.

## Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Oct. 10.—The final winning of A and B medals today was one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed on the grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club. Although these medals have been contested for monthly since last March, strange to say Wilson and Parker each won for the fourth time and closed the competition. Clifford and Parker tied on 20 for the Hamilton Powder Co.'s medal, and owing to the lateness of the hour postponed shooting off until next month. Mr. Strand still holds the challenge medal against all comers. Kaiser will enter the field next time. The following distinguished visitors were present and seemed to enjoy themselves, as only true sportsmen can: Col. Anworthy; Wm. Gibson, M. P. for Lincoln; Mr. John Eastwood; Thomas Hood, of the Royal Hotel; Mr. Hopkins, of St. Louis, Mo.; and W. S. Cowee, Wells, Fargo & Co., 63 Broadway, N. Y. The two last named gentlemen were so pleased with our entertainment that each very kindly offered to donate a handsome trophy for future competition. On behalf of the members of our club, I wish publicly to thank these two gentlemen for their extreme kindness and keen appreciation of sport before the traps.

Club medals, A and B, 25 singles, rapid firing:

| | |
|---|---|
| Parker | 1111111100010110101011111—19 |
| J Crooks | 0010011011111111111101101—18 |
| Hunt | 1011111001111111111111101—21 |
| Kaiser | 0011100111100011100000001—11 |
| Strand | 1001101010000111010100111—14 |
| Wilson | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| John Smyth | 11111101111110010w —15 |
| T Crooks | 1111111111000007110011001—17 |
| Henry | 1010010101001100101101000—11 |
| A Smyth | 0101010101111010011111110—16 |
| Cowee | 0000000100000000000011101— 6 |
| Clifford | 1111101111111100101011111—20 |

Hamilton Powder Co. medal, handicap, unknown angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Clifford, 27 targets | 0110011111010001111111111 —20 |
| Parker, 31 | 1111111110101101101011111 —20 |
| Hunt, 26 | 1111011101000011111111110 —18 |
| J Crooks, 30 | 1000000001010101011111010101010—17 |
| Kaiser, 32 | 0011101011110000010000001ret. |
| A Smyth, 26 | 1110001101110101111101110ret. |
| Wilson, 22 | 1101011101ret. |
| W Stroud, 25 | 1111011101111101100111010 —19 |
| T Crooks, 30 | 0001111001101001001ret. |
| E Spencer, 26 | 0011011101111101100011111 —17 |

Ten-bird sweep, rapid firing:

| | Tlgs. | |
|---|---|---|
| Kaiser | 1111111010—8 | 1001110110—6 |
| Hunt | 1101011101—7 | |
| Stroud | 1001111111—8 | 1001110110—6 |
| Crooks | 0111110010—6 | |
| Spencer | 0111110100—6 | |
| T Crooks | 1111111001—8 | 01101ret. |
| Parker | 1111101111—9 | 11110 |
| Wilson | 1111110111—9 | 11111 |
| Spencer | 1010100100—3 | |
| Stroud | 1010100000—3 | |

Challenge medal, 15 singles and 5 pairs: Stroud 16, Crooks 14.

## Garfield Scores.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Below please find the scores made to-day by the Garfield Gun Club at their usual live bird shoot which follows a week preceding the close of the competition for target medals. This is an event eagerly looked forward to by all the members, as it is a fixture in our calendar, and more especially as the contest for a diamond medal for live bird shooting will commence next month and this event was by some taken as a criterion of the shooters' abilities shooting the Illinois State rules, which will govern the contest. The day and weather were perfect, as well as the shooters' spirits, and a thoroughly enjoyable time was had. Six hundred birds were provided and nearly all were used when darkness put a stop to the sport. Some straight scores were made and the birds were splendid in quality and but little need was had of scare ropes. Below are the scores for the three events, Illinois State rules, 35yds. rise for 10 and 12-gauge guns and five ground traps:

No. 1, 10 live pigeons: Paterson 10, Hicks 6, "Cop" 7, Couper 9, Epeman 9, S. Palmer 9, Brown 8, Ackerman 6, O'Brien 10, Tefft 8, Lauterback 7, Drake 6, W. Palmer 5.

No. 2, 10 live pigeons: Paterson 8, Hicks 7, "Cop" 7, Couper 9, Epeman 8, S. Palmer 10, Brown 9, Ackerman 6, O'Brien 8, Tefft 8, Lauterback 7, Drake 5, W. Palmer 10, Bowers 9, O'Neil 9, Ruble 8, Baird 2, Pitz 3.

No. 3, 10 live pigeons: Paterson 8, Lamphier 9, Hicks 7, "Cop" 9, Cruer 6, Epeman 10, S. Palmer 9, Brown 8, Dr. Meek 8, Ackerman 6, O'Brien 9, Tefft 8, Lauterbach 6, Drake 4, W. Palmer 6, Bowers 9, O'Neil 7, Ruble 10, Baird 7, Ruble 10, Baird 7, Pitz 7, Campbell 4, Young 7, Richards 10, Flemming 7, Snow 7.

G. H. B.

## Limited—Southport.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 14.—Score of the second match between the Southport (Ind.) Gun Club and the Limited Gun Club. The visiting team was nicely entertained on the College avenue club grounds, the Limited Gun Club having prepared a neat spread for the Southport boys:

Southport Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Grube | 1011111110011011110101101—16 |
| Todd | 1001101111101111111011110—19 |
| Hardesty | 1111011110100011010101111—17 |
| Bass | 1010111011000111110001111—17 |
| Gentle | 1111111111110011111101111—22 |
| Jacobs | 0100111101111111111111110—20 |
| S Trout | 1111111111111010101010110—20 |
| J Trout | 0111111001010000111111101—16 |
| Sanders | 0111111011010111010110051—16 |
| Lockwood | 1111110011011111011111101—20—183 |

Limited Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| R D Townsend | 1110011111110101111011101—19 |
| G Craft | 0100101100011010110111111—15 |
| C Turewiler | 1010011101110111101110000—15 |
| W B Allen | 1111111111101111111111111—24 |
| S H Sowell | 1011011111111000101000010—16 |
| Wildhack | 1111111101101101101101101—19 |
| S H Moore | 1011011011011111011111101—19 |
| N A Hughes | 1010111111101111111110011—20 |
| H A Comstock | 1111011011111101111111111—22 |
| Scott | 1001111111001110111111010—18—187 |

M. T. SHELL.

## The New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club

HELD its regular weekly shoot at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Saturday. The contest was for the gold and silver medals awarded to the first and second best scores in the target class. Each man shot at 20 targets, 18yds. rise. P. Adams won the gold medal and D. Deacon the silver one. The sweepstake shoots at live birds were shot off under Long Island rules, second barrel allowed only a half bird. The scores:

Club shoot: D. Deacon 13, D. C. Bennett 12, P. Adams 16, E. Rauch 7, G. W. Cropsey 10, C. A. Sykes 12.

Sweepstake shoots, No. 1: R. R. Street 5, G. W. Cropsey 5, W. F. Sykes 5, P. Adams 4, D. C. Bennett 4.

No. 2: R. R. Street 4, G. W. Cropsey 4, W. F. Sykes 4, P. Adams 4, D. C. Bennett 4, A. A. Hegeman 3.

No. 3, 10 targets: R. R. Street 4, G. W. Cropsey 7, W. F. Sykes 3, D. O. Bennett 8, A. A. Hegeman 8, D. Deacon 9.

## Dexter Park Sweepstake Shoot.

A BIG sweepstake shoot had been arranged to take place at Dexter Park, on Monday, Oct. 17, at 100 targets, 18yds. rise, $3 entrance. Only 11 entered but a good race took place for first money between L. Schortemeier of the Emeralds and R. Phister, Jr., of the Glenmores. Schortemeier won first with 91, Phister second with 90, Chris Meyer, M. C. Manning and T. Short tied for third with 70 each and divided. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L Henry | 91 | R Phister, Jr. | 90 |
| M C Manning | 70 | T Short | 70 |
| H Knebel, Jr. | 48 | C Stuetzle | 58 |
| Chris Meyer | 70 | W Hartye | 62 |
| C Dethloff | 61 | | |
| C Winchester | 68 | | |
| Dr Little | 59 | | |

## Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 17—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association to-day at 25 kingbird targets per man, the weather being favorable: Hunter 22, Kallies 17, Hines 22, Dexter 20, Mayhew 24, Lone 19, Mizner 18, Wheeler 21.

## A Great Shoot at Wilmington.

STANDARDS WIN THE TEAM RACE.

WILMINGTON, Del., is a town of about 65,000 population (this including Charles Fehrenbach).

It is a port of entry, as proven by the condition of Harry Hartlove during the recent trap shoot.

Situated on the north bank of Christiana Creek near its entrance into the Delaware River, and is not likely to be moved, despite the protests of C. C. Mahoney, who declares that Wilmingtonians have no use for water.

The city and vicinity are remarkable for the number, magnitude and value of its manufactories, comprising cotton and woolen cloth mills, flour mills, sawmills, powder and paper mills, locomotive and car shops, shipyards, and most important of all a large building known as the "Bilderbach Manufactury of German influence" and the "James K. Woodward Distillery of high-grade poetry."

The city has also Willis's Hotel, J. A. Currey, Sam Ocheltree, "Jersey" McCray, J. E. McCafferty, E. J. Darlington, Howard Simpson, the water works, and many other natural and artificial attractions, all of which are well worth a visit. Reserved seat tickets may be procured at the Willis Hotel.

One of the greatest curiosities in the town (if not in the State) is known as the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, an organization formed for the purpose of "bamboozling" sportsmen from various parts of the country and incidentally to practice trap-shooting. As the club has never been interfered with by the law-abiding citizens of the town we presume that its members carry themselves "straight" when in public.

Every once in a while (sometimes oftener) this club concludes business needs stimulating and it appoints a committee to concoct some scheme whereby unsophisticated amateur shooters may be persuaded to visit the town and expend their hard-earned shekels for entry fees in what are known as "artificial target events."

Artificial targets by the way are not "saucers," as is supposed by the uninitiated, but are a diabolical contrivance manufactured from clay and pitch or something else, and are flipped through the air by a spring contrivance, which can be seen on application at any sporting goods house. (This is not an advertisement.)

Some weeks ago the club appointed one of the above hinted-at committees to arrange for what was called the "open tournament of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club." In order to give the affair a business aspect and assist in beguiling the unwary, the committee was comprised of a five-feet-four chap called A. H. Stout, who posed as chairman; W. Harry "Hire-a-hall," J. R. Marr, "Jersey" DeCray and Delaware's pet poet Jimmy Woodward, the latter being invested with the title of secretary. The committee after a deal of thinking (and ringing the table bell) decided that Oct. 12, 13 and 14 would be good days upon which to coax the "dust" from the pockets of the innocent shooters from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and other small places. Consequently they got printed a lot of programmes, which were hurriedly sent off to the aforesaid shooters, and a number were also sent to the confiding editors of the sporting journals, who as usual assisted the club in gaining victims.

As the result of all this stupendous expenditure of brain-work, Willis Hotel, on Market street, reaped a sort of a harvest for a few days, beginning with breakfast on Oct. 12. On the morning of that day a party numbering a couple of dozen meek looking individuals might have been seen leaving Willis, and soon after they were on board of an electric car en route to the corner of Union and Front streets, where the club was alleged to have a club house and grounds, with sundry traps, targets and other paraphernalia, all of which combined was to be used to amuse the Wilmingtonians and incidentally gather in the shekels.

Sure enough upon arrival at the stated place everything was found in accordance with promise. The club house was there and a very neat structure it was, not elaborate to be sure, but convenient and cozy withal. The building is one story in height, almost 25ft. long and 15ft. wide, divided into an office and a gun room. In the office was found the Delaware poet, James E. Woodward who was busy arranging carbon between sheets of manifold score paper, this being done with the intent to save trouble to the newspaper men and prevent them from mentioning the short-comings of the club and its members. Another inmate of the "box" was that handsome blonde, C. C. Mahoney, whose duty it was to gather in the cash as rapidly as possible and to turn it over to the safe care of Poet Woodward. W. Harry "Hire-a-hall" was also within the inclosure busily engazed in engrossing on envelopes such legends as "W. H. Wolstencroft, event No. 2, $1; one-seventh of third money, 34 cents.

To the right of the club house was a marquee under the canvas of which were dispensed divers kinds of drinks, cigars, sandwiches and oysters in all styles, and we must acknowledge all of splendid quality, although in some of the stews they rather lacked quantity. Out in front were two sets of bluerock traps, each set comprising five traps. Bluerock targets were also there to the extent of a carload.

The grounds of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club are situated in a large field several hundred yards back from Union street, a well paved and well traveled thoroughfare. The club house is built just on the edge of a heavy and extensive woods, which extends for a couple of hundred yards to the right and several thousand yards to the left of the house, and out to Union street. A splendid shade is afforded for shooters and spectators.

The attendance of this, the opening day, was good, much better, in fact, than at the average tournament of the present day. Among those who had taken their lives in their hands to visit the place may be mentioned such average shooters as Wm. H. Wolstencroft, the Pennsylvania champion who hails from Frankford; Charles Smith, the great, only and inimitable "Dutchy" from Plainfield, who sported on his manly breast the badge awarded him in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1888, when he won the title of the "Champion Sauer Kraut Eater;" Thomas H. Keller also from Plainfield; Wm. R. Fieles, the smooth-faced, quiet-mannered young boy from Christiana, Pa., who usually purchases from one to half a dozen canines before breakfast each morning; W. Fred Quimby, he from New York who has the happy faculty of making miserable the life of a referee during a tournament and without whom a shooting ground or hotel would be bleak and dismal. Then there was that prince of good fellows who abides in the Pennsylvania Dutch town of Reading, and is known as Harry Matz, president of the Reading Shooting Association; Wm. "Green" Garvin, one of Germantown's lively experts; Will "Hope," who traveled all the way from Newark to see the fun and hit a few targets; Harry "Rainbow, Father Time" Thurman, with whiskers and all, from Germantown; E. L. David, "Landis" from Philadelphia; "Little" Neaf Apgar, the ever popular and welcome boy from Plainfield; Billy Clark, proprietor of the Wapsononock Shooting Grounds in Altoona, who is to shoot a live bird match with Annie Oakley as sure as that popular little lady gets back to her native heath; W. E. Tredway, another Philadelphia light; Schmeck and Swicher, from Octoraro, Pa., and Evans from Baltimore.

The weather was simply perfection, the sun shining warmly from an almost cloudless sky and the wind coming in gentle zephyrs over the tops of the trees. Everybody was in a holiday humor and the jokes were kept flying about as rapidly as the targets. "Tee Kay," "Dutchy," Quimby, "Bilderbach" and "Hire-a-hall" were prime movers in the fun of the day and would give and take with unruffled tempers.

The shooting was first-class from start to finish, the foreground, which was perfectly clear, giving the targets but little chance to get away from the guns of the experts who were on hand. The local men turned out well and a number of them shot through all the events.

The management throughout the day was superb, both as regards the work in the office, the pulling and scoring, and the busting out of the squads. The scoring was done by "Jersey," who proved himself an adept at the business. As soon as one squad had completed its score another squad was found in position ready to begin firing, thus doing away with the tedious delays sometime causing such exasperation to the shooters. In the office every detail was attended to in a systematic manner, and many commendations were heard in regard to the expediency with which purses were figured and the moneys paid out. The shooting was closed about 5 P. M., nearly 3,500 targets having been thrown.

In the evening visiting sportsmen were taken in hand by local club men and escorted to various places of interest, among other interesting places being that of Charles Fehrenbach, where was held a levee that did not terminate until near midnight. Soon after this the boys repaired to their respective domiciles to recruit their strength for the following day's work.

Below will be found the result of the day's work, the events in order being as follows: Nos. 1 and 2, 10 singles, $1 entry; Nos. 6 and 8 10 singles, $1.50 entry; No. 7, 20 singles, $2 entry; Nos. 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11 and 12, 15 singles $1.50 entry. There were four moneys in each event:

No. 1: Schmick 10, Matz 8, Landis 7, Thurman 7, W. H. W. 9, Tredway 9, McKendrick 8, White 5, Swicher 7, Green 6, Hartlove 6, Apgar 8, "Dutchy" Smith 10.

No. 2: Thurman 8, Tredway 9, Sneck 5, Apgar 8, McKendrick 9, Matz 4, Swicher 8, White 5, W. H. W. 5, Wagoner 4, Dutchy 9, Landis 10, Green 9, Evans 8, Keller 9, Fieles 10, Peach 8, Dutchy.....1111111101111111—14
Fieles.....1011111011111111—13
White.....1110111010100100—10
Swicher.....1010101101111121—12
McKendrick...1110111111111114—14
Landis.....1111111010111O—12
Keller.....1111111011011—13
Thurman.....1111111101111—14

No. 3:
Bilderback....0001110101111011— 9
Peach.....1111101011111—13
Green.....1111101010111—12
Apgar.....1111111011110—13
W H W.....1110101111101—12
Matz.....0000010011011111— 7
Tredway.....1111001100110111—10
Sneck.....1111111111111—15
Dutchy.....1111111111111—14
White.....0110111010111111—11
Matz.....0101011111100111—10
Hartlove.....1100111111111111—14
W H W.....1111111111111—15
Green.....1101011111111110—12
Peach.....1110111111111—14
Hope.....1111111101011—13
McKendrick...1111111111001—13
Apgar.....1110001111111—12

Event No. 4:
Dutchy.....1111111111111—15
Smack.....1011111111101—13
Evans.....1001110110101—10
Tredway.....1111111110101—13
Fieles.....1111111111111—15
Landis.....1101111111110—13
T Keller.....1111111110110—13
Thurman.....1001111110101—11
Swisher.....1111111111101—14
White.....0110111010111111—11
Matz.....0101011111100111—10
Hartlove.....1101111111111—14
W H W.....1111111111111—15
Green.....1101011111111110—12
Peach.....1110111111111—14
Hope.....1111111101011—13
McKendrick...1111111111001—13
Apgar.....1110001111111—12

Event No. 5:
Landis.....1111111111110—14
Smick.....1011111011111—13
Dutchy.....1111111111110—14
Treadway.....0110110111111—12
Matz.....1111011111011—13
Belderbauch...1111111111100—11
Files.....1111101101111—13
Keller.....1111111111011—14
Apgar.....1010111111111—14
W H W.....1111111111111—15
Thurman.....0110111111111—13
Green.....0111101111111—13
Peach.....1111101011111—12
White.....0110010100010—6
Swieser.....1011111010111—12
Hartlove.....1111111101111—14

Event No. 6: Landis 10, Fieles 8, Tredway 8, Dutchey 8, Thurman 9, Smeck 8, T Keller 9, Green 10, Hope 8, Apgar 9, Evans 6, Quimby 9 Matz 7, Peach 10, M. H. W. 10, Clark 10, Hartlove 10.

Event No. 7:
Sneck.....1111111111101111111—19
Apgar.....1111111111011101—18
Dutchey.....1111111111101111111—19
Hope.....1111111111111111—19
Landis.....1111111111111111111—20
Fieles.....1111111111111111110—19
Green.....0101111101111111100—16
Thurman.....1111111111111011111—19
Treadway.....1111111111111101101—18
M H W.....1111111101111101111—18
Keller.....1111111111111111011—19
Clark.....1111111111001111101—17
Hartlove.....1110111111011111110—17
Peach.....1111100111111111001—16
Matz.....1111001010110101110—13

Event No. 8: Apgar 9, Quimby 8, Landis 9, Fieles 8, Tee Kay 10, Clark 9, Dutchy 10, Thurman 9, Green 8, Treadway 9, Smeck 8, W. H. W. 10, Hope 7, Hartlove 7, Peach 5, Matz 5.

Event No. 9:
Fieles.....1111110111111011—18
Landis.....1111111011111101—13
Dutchy.....1011111111111—14
Quimby.....1110111011110—12
Clark.....0111010101101011—10
Smeck.....1110111111111111—14
Treadway.....1111111011111100—12
Thurman.....1110011111111110—12
Bilderback....1001100001010101—7
Evans.....1111101111111111—14
Apgar.....1111101111111111—14
W H W.....1111111011111111—14
Peach.....0111111111111110—13
Green.....1111110111111111—15
Swicer.....1001111111111111—13
Grubb.....1110001001001011— 7
Hartlove.....1111111101111011—13
Matz.....1101000 w.

Event No. 10:
Fieles.....1111101011011101 12
Dutchy.....1111111111111—15
Landis.....1111111111111—15
Hope.....1101110110001111—11
Matz.....1001011101111011—11
Clark.....0111111111 1111—14
Quimby.....1111101101111—13
Smeck.....0100111110000l— 8
Evans.....0111100101011010—10
Thurman.....1101101111111111—13
Green.....1111111111111—15
Tee Kay.....1111111111011—14
Peach.....1111111111010—15
Apgar.....0111111010111111—13
W H W.....1111111111110—14
Cleaver.....1111001011101111—11
Tredway.....1011111111101101—12
Sweizer.....1111011111111111—14
Hartlove.....1010111010110001— 9

EXTRA EVENTS.

No. 1: Landis 9, Apgar 9, R. W Swisher 5, A. White 3, Smeck 7, Tredway 9, T. H. Keller 8, Matz 7, McKendrick 7, Green 6, Thurman 8, W. H. W. 5, Smithson 5, Hartlove 7.

No. 2, known traps, unknown angles: Landis 10, Apgar 9, Smeck 9, Matz 7, Dutchy 9, Stout 8, Sigler 7, Keller 8, Quimby 9, Green 8, Thurman 7, White 3, Clark 6, W. H. W. 8, Hartlove 9, Tredway 8, Wagner 2, Evans 9, Peach 8, Clever 6, Fieles 8.

No. 3, same as No. 2: Landis 9, Thurman 7, Apgar 9, Smeck 7, Bilderbach 6, Clark 10, Green 6, Sigler 8, Matz 3, Quimby 4, Keller 7, Smith 9, Fieles 9, Tredway 9, W. H. W. 8, Peach 6, Mack 7, Hartlove 7.

No. 4: Landis 9, Keller 8, Clark 8, Green 8, Apgar 10, Fieles 10, Smeck 10, Thurman 9, Tredway 10, Hartlove 9, W. H. W. 9.

*Thursday, the Second Day.*

was ushered in with a misty atmosphere and a cool, raw wind which bade fair to bring rain. Later on the air cleared, and shortly after noon the sun came out in all its glory. Everybody was astir at an early hour, and over the breakfast table many speculations were indulged in as to the probable number of teams that would enter the big race, and the score that was likely to win it. The majority placed the number of teams at six, and the winning score at about 137 to 140. Some of the boys made up a fair-sized pool in which the New Jersey team were the favorites. Quimby, with his usual far-seeing judgment, bought the field against Jersey, and good-naturedly took "Rainbow" Thurman as a partner in his wager.

It was but a few minutes after 9 A. M. when the party reported at the shooting grounds, and from that time until afternoon the crowd kept increasing until it was up to the high water mark of any tournament held this season. The premier attraction, as a matter of course, was the team match, for which the local club had "sung up" a purse of $75. And to the offering of this purse a history attacheth itself. Some time ago "we" conceived an idea. This of course is something unusual in our line of business, as ideas in a newspaper office are about as scarce as are brains in the head of a politician. However, we plead guilty, and that our idea in substance was that the offering of a purse for State teams with no entry fee would tend to attract a big crowd of shooters, and that the money spent by the shooters in open events would more than balance the amount of the purse. Our suggestion was for teams of 10 men each from any State, with a purse of $100. We also suggested that a good time for such a contest would be during the tournament of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, then announced for Oct. 12 and 13. As is usual with all brilliant suggestions, we expected this one to be forgotten as soon as read.

We were therefore very agreeably surprised upon receiving notice from the poet-secretary of the Wilmington club that our suggestion, with some modifications, had been adopted by that body, which had decided to prolong its tournament so as to include Oct. 14 and that the second day, Oct. 13, would be "Team Shoot Day." The club very materially improved upon our suggestion, throwing the race open to teams of six men each from any club in any State or any State team of six men and making the purse $75. Hence it was that we had a sort of fatherly interest in this event and were anxious to see it pan out well, which we were satisfied it would do, as were the members of the local club.

From the very sound of the first gun the success of the day was assured, the first event having twenty-eight entries and some of the subsequent events ran up to thirty entries. It must not be supposed that there were only thirty on the grounds, as in the team race alone there were forty-eight, while at least a dozen of those who shot in one or another of the sweeps did not belong to any of the teams so that there were not less than sixty shooters present. Fully 300 spectators came over from the city, these being well cared for by the club boys, who had a big stock of chairs on hand. Among those who came to shoot we must not forget Miss Ray Hunziker, of Gloucester, N. J., who is perhaps better known by her well earned shooting title of "Little Hawkeye." Miss Ray is a petite body with a pair of clear gray eyes and a complexion as bronzed as that of an Indian, this being the result of almost constant exposure to sun and wind while hunting, which with her is almost a passion. As a rifle shot she has very few superiors among her sex, and with the shotgun she makes a good showing at either live or artificial targets. She was accompanied by her father, who is her companion on all her frequent hunting trips.

Among others who had journeyed to Wilmington for the sport were Messrs. Denny, Devall, Buckley and Dr. Lupas, of Baltimore; R. L. Bond, of Jessup's, Md., who with Evans were members of the Standard Gun Club; Cleaver, C. Buckmaster, R. Evans, R. Miller, Lynan and Hock, of the Woodside (Del.) Gun Club; Hothersall, Lane and E. R. David, who with Thurman, Landis and Treadway represented the Philadelphia Shooting Association, all these being in addition to those who were on hand on the previous day. There were also eighteen members of the local club on hand, this being nearly its full shooting strength.

"Tee Kay" and Fritz assisted the local managers in hustling the squads together, with the result that there were no long delays. In the office, hard at work, were the "poet," Charley "Bilderbach," J. A. Curry, a talented and pushing young newspaper man of the town, who does the trap booming for the *Morning News* and at the same time assists the boys at their shoots, and the ever jolly Mahoney.

As on the opening day, everybody had on their Columbus features, and a more jovial, happy-go-lucky crowd than they resolved themselves into would be difficult to find. Even the usually staid and stately Woodward, stolid-faced "Bilderbach" and the sedate "Hire-a-hall" became imbued with the spirit of the occasion, and several times they were seen to "smile," a very unusual occurrence for them.

The great team match, which was the event of absorbing interest, came fully up to the expectations of those interested, there being eight teams on the list. These comprised the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club team No. 1, captain, W. H. Hartlove; Wilmington Rod and Gun Club team No. 2, captain, J. K. Woodward; Wilmington Rod and Gun Club team No 3, captain, J. D. Underwood; Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, Md., captain, Dr. Lupas; Woodside Gun Club, of Woodside, Del., captain, R. Miller; New Jersey team, captain, T. H. Keller; Philadelphia Shooting Association, captain, H. L. David; All-Pennsylvania team, captain, W. R. Fieles. Each team comprised 6 men and each man shot at 25 bluerock targets, each team comprising a squad. During the progress of this race there were numerous balks occasioned by careless handling of targets by the trappers, this tending to worry the shooters and in some instances probably causing them to score misses. Previous to the start of the race we had asserted that two hours should afford ample time for the eighth teams to complete their scores. This idea was doubted by several, who said it was impossible to shoot eight teams in less than three hours. We persisted in our opinion and were not far from right, as the start was made at 1:43 and the last shot was fired at 3:45 P.M., or just 2h. and 2m. The actual shooting time for the entire 48 men, computed from first to last shot by each team, was 1h. 39m. During this time there were three delays of at least 5m. each for changing carbon sheets in the score book and the balks of the trappers must certainly have consumed not less than 15m. in all. This would leave 1h. 9m. for shooting at 1,200 targets, an average of over 17 targets per minute. Pretty rapid work say you. Even computing on the basis of 2h. 2m. from start to finish of the race, we find that the boys were breaking close to 10 targets per minute.

It was interesting to note the attention bestowed upon the six men who represented New Jersey. They were the fourth team to shoot, and previous to their going to the score the team of the Standard Gun Club had rolled up the magnificent total of 142 breaks, a total excelled only by the Western team during the New London tournament. The Jerseymen were looked upon as record-breaking-world-beaters, simply because they came from Jersey, and the major portion of the visitors firmly expected to see them beat the Standards' score. The bare truth of the matter was that the Jersey team was what might properly be classed as a scrub team, comprising Keller, Lindsley, Quimby, Smith, Sigler and Apgar. Three of Jersey's best team men, Van Dyke, Miller and Post were absent, and had they been on hand they would have supplied the places of Keller, Quimby and Lindsley. This shortage, however, did not affect the faith of the multitude, who stood as if spellbound while the Jersey lads were grinding up their targets and every time a miss was scored by one of them, some one was sure to ejaculate "too bad." Up to the 123d round it looked as though the team might beat the Standards' score, but on the next round a miss was scored. Even then the crowd hoped to see the race a tie, but it was ordained otherwise, and of the last 24 targets they lost six, this giving them a total of 136 breaks. The Philadelphia Shooting Association's team also made a game fight, pulling out with 135 breaks. Previous to the start of the race it had been decided by a unanimous vote of the team captains to divide the purse into two moneys, $50 to first and $25 to second. The race was begun at 1:43 P. M., and at the request of the management, Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing*, acted as referee, and C. H. Townsend, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM as official scorer. Below are the scores of the team race in full with actual time of each team.

Wilmington R. and G. C. No. 2.

| | |
|---|---|
| Woodward | 0110101010001101100010101111—13 |
| Green | 1111010111011111111111010—20 |
| Mack | 0010111011100111110100001—14 |
| Byrne | 0101111000110111010100111—15 |
| Jersey | 0000001001010101111111001—12 |
| Huber | 0111111001111010101111111—19— 93 |

Time 11m.

Standard G. C., Baltimore.

| | |
|---|---|
| Franklin | 1111011111111111111111111—24 |
| Bond | 1111101111111111111111011—23 |
| Lupas | 1111111101101111011111111—22 |
| Asball | 1111111101111111111111111—24 |
| Buckley | 1111111111111111111111110—24 |
| Evans | 1111111111111111111111111—25—142 |

Time, 12½m.

Woodside G. C., Delaware.

| | |
|---|---|
| Cleaver | 1111101111111111111111111—24 |
| Buckmaster | 0111101111111111111111011—21 |
| Evans | 0111111111111111111010111—22 |
| Miller | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Lyman | 1101111111110010111100111—19 |
| Hoch | 1111101111101111011111111—22—130 |

Time, 13m.

New Jersey Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Apgar | 1111101111111111111111111—24 |
| Sigler | 1111111111111111111110101—23 |
| Keller | 1111111111111111111110110—23 |
| Lindsley | 1111111111111111111101010—20 |
| Smith | 1111111111111011111111111—24 |
| Quimby | 1111101111101111111111111—22—136 |

Time, 12m.

Philadelphia Shooting Association.

| | |
|---|---|
| Tredway | 1111111101111011111111—23 |
| Thurman | 1111111111111111111111101—24 |
| Landis | 1011111111111111111111011—23 |
| David | 1111111111101111111011111—23 |
| Hothersall | 0111101010001111111111111—20 |
| Lane | 1011111111111011110111111—22—135 |

Time, 9½m.

All Pennsylvania Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Clark | 1111011111101011011011110—20 |
| Fieles | 1111111111111111111111111—25 |
| Smeck | 1111111111111111111111111—23 |
| Matz | 1101100111111011010111111—19 |
| Wolstencroft | 1101011111111111111111111—23 |
| Green | 1101110011111111111111011—21—130 |

Time, 12m.

Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, No. 3.

| | |
|---|---|
| Underwood | 1011110111011111110011110—19 |
| Tuchston | 0000001010110010011010111—14 |
| Bilderbach | 1011110101111111110110101—19 |
| King | 1111111110011111111011010—20 |
| Slaw | 1111010011101010111010011—16 |
| H Buckner | 1011111101111011011011101—20—108 |

Time, 12m.

Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, No. 1.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hartlove | 0100110111111111111011017—19 |
| Jones | 1110010111111111111001011—18 |
| Stout | 1011010111111111011111101—18 |
| Hamilton | 1111101101100001110101011—16 |
| Williamson | 0101101001101111111111111—18 |
| Allen | 1111100111000110011101111—17—106 |

Time, 16m.

THE OPEN PROGRAMME.

Below are the scores of the regular programme events, which had precisely the same conditions as those of the opening day.

No. 1: David 9, Lane 8, Hothersall 9, Franklin 9, Sigler 9, Schmeck 9, Dutchy 10, Hamilton 10, Clark 8, Mills 9, Treadway 10, Wood 10, Fieles 9, Lynam 7, Bond 9, T. H. 10, Matz 8, Devall 10, Keller 7, Evans 8, Apgar 9, Lindsley 8, W. H. W. 10, Green 8, Quimby 7, Thurman 9, Peach 9, Hartlove 7, Miss Ray 6.

No. 2: Treadway 9, Lynam 10, Lindsley 8, Evans 8, Clark 7, Green 9, Thurman 10, T. H. 10, Apgar 10, W. H. W. 10, Matz 7, Fieles 7, Sneck 7, Mills 9, Hothersall 9, Sigler 9, Keller 10, Devall 9, Lane 8, Franklin 10 Seavis 10, Bond 10, Dutchy 9, Wood 8, Hartlove 4, Stout 4, Peach 9, Quimby 9, Miss Ray 6.

No. 3:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sigler | 1111111111111111—16 |
| Mills | 1110101010110111—11 |
| Hothersall | 1110111110111111—13 |
| Apgar | 1111111011111111—14 |
| W H W | 1111111101111111—14 |
| Wood | 1101111101111111—13 |

Lupus.....11111111111001—13
Buckbee.....01101111111111—13
Devall.....11111111111111—15
David .....11111111111111—15
T H.....11111110111111—14
Franklin.....11111111011101—13
Bond.....11111111101111—14
Lindsley.....11101111111110—12
Quimby .....11111111111111—15
Dutchy.....11111111111111—15
Evans.....11011101111111—13
Hamilton.....10101001101001— 8
Miss Ray.....00101011030105— 7

Event No. 4:

Hothersall ...0010111110011101— 9
Mills.....0010111001101101— 8
Clark.....11111110111111—14
Lindsley.....11111111011111—14
Schmeck.....11001011111111—13
Sigler.....11101111110111—13
Peach.....11111011011110—12
David.....11111101111111—14
Keller.....11111111111111—15
Dutchy.....11111111111111—14

Event No. 5:

Clark.....11101111110111—13
Schmeck.....10111001101011—10
Sigler .....11111101111111—14
Lyman .....11111111101111—14
Landis.....11111111111111—15
Wood.....10011111110111—12
Apgar.....11111111110111—14
Keller.....11111111111111—15
W H W.....11111111111111—15
Lindsley.....11111111111110—14
Thurman.....11111101111111—14

Event No. 6: Sigler 10, Tredway 7, Clark 8, Green 10, Dutchy 9, Schmeck 10, Lindsley 9, Keller 8, Apgar 8, M. H. W. 10, Thurman 10, Landis 10, Fieles 9, David 7, Matz 9, Hartlove 8, Lane 10.

Event No. 7:

Landis.....10111110111101111111—17
Clark.....01111110111111111101—17
Franklin.....10111111111101111101—17
Devall ...01111111111111111111—19
Sigler.....11111111111111111111—20
David ....11111111111111111111—20
Keller ....10110011110110111111—15
Lindsley..11111101111000111110—15
Apgar ....01111111111101111111—18
M H W....11111111111011111111—19
Green ....01111111111111111111—19
T H.....01111111111111111111—19
Hoth'rsall11111111101011111111—18
Lane.....11111111111110110110—18
Mills.....11111101111111111010—17
Fieles...11111111001111111111—18
Bond.....11111110111111111110—18
Tredway..11011111101111001111—16
Schmeck..11111111111111111111—20
Matz.....11111111110011111111—18
Thurman.11111111111111111111—20
Dutchy...11111011111111111010—17
Hartlove..11011111000101111110—15
Lyman....11111011111111111101—18

Event No. 8: Lindsley 10, Dutchy 7, Keller 10, Sigler 10, Franklin 9, T. H. 8, Hartlove 5, Buckey 5, Devall 7, Apgar 10, R. Miller 9, Bilderback 9, C. Buckmaster 8, Schmeck 10, Matz 5, Fieles 10, Hothersall 9, Thurman 9, David 7, M. H. W. 9, Green 6, Clark 9, Ward 8.

Event No. 9:

Lupus.....11100011111100—10
Apgar.....10010110110111—10
Lindsley.....11101111111011—13
Keller.....11111111111111—15
Bond.....11100011101111—12
W H W.....11111111111111—15
Clark.....11000111111111—11
T H.....11111111111111—15
Franklin.....11111111111111—15
Dutchy.....11111111111111—15
Fieles.....11111111111111—15
Sigler.....11101011111111—13
Schmeck.....11111110111101—13
Mulls.....11111111011111—14
Landis.....11111011111111—14
Thurman.....10110111110111—12
David.....11011011100111—11
Devall.....11111111111110—14
Hothersall ...11111011011111—14
Quimby.....11101010111111—13
Evans.....11111011001111—12

Event No. 10:

W H W.....10111111110101—12
Lindsley.....11111010111111—13
Keller.....11101111010111—12
Apgar.....01111111011111—13
T H.....11111111111111—15
Dutchy.....11111111111111—15
Bond.....10111111111111—14
Fieles.....11111111111111—15
Clark.....10110101111111—12
Franklin .....10011111111111—13
Thurman.....11011111111111—14
Buckwalter....01111101111011—13
Landis.....11111111111111—15
Quimby.....11010101011111—13

Event No. 11: Fieles 13, Dutchy 15, Keller 12, Clark 11, Fowler 9, Thurman 12, Hartlove 10, Lyman 9.

Extra event No. 1: Clark 7, Franklin 10, Lyman 7, Mills 5, Hothersall 9, Black 9, Peach 9, Evans 8, Bond 9, Devall 10, Hamilton 8, Wood 9. Lupus 9, T. H. 8, H. B. 9, Buekbee 8, Fieles 8, Thurman 9, Green 9, Hartlove 8, Schmeck 7, Sigler 9, Smith 10, Matz 7, David 10, Lane 8, Fox 8, Lindsley 10.

### A BANQUET AT THE PRESIDENT'S.

On the evening of Thursday, pursuant to an invitation couched in forcible and not-to-be-overlooked language, a numerous party wended their way from Willis's Hotel to the residence of Charles Fehrenbach, corner of Fourth and French streets, and were soon in possession of the premises. "Bilderbach" himself, president of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, was on hand to welcome the guests, and a right royal welcome did he accord them, despite the fact that their noise was loud enough to cause the roof to shake at times. Song and joke followed each other in such rapid succession as to become somewhat jumbled together. Along about 9:30, when there chanced to be a lull in the racket, Mr. Fehrenbach invited the party to follow him into another room, and upon complying they found themselves in a spacious dining-room in which there were two large tables fairly groaning under their weight of good things. It takes considerable to frighten trap-shooters, as a rule, but on this occasion several were really scared at the prospect of having to do justice to a banquet after having only two hours previously arisen from Willis's well-filled board. As usual with creatures of circumstance, however, they decided to make the best of their unhappy lot and try to do justice to the princely hospitality of Herr Fehrenbach and his amiable wife. The party which seated itself about the festive board comprised W. Fred Quimby, of New York; T. H. Keller and Charles Smith, of Plainfield; M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken; Harry Thurman, of Germantown; J. N. Alsip, of Clayton, Del.; W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa.; J. A. Curry, of the Wilmington *Morning News*; J. E. McCafferty, of the Wilmington Rifle Club; Chas. Fehrenbach, J. K. Woodward, C. C. Mahoney, Charles Stuart, Hamilton Ayres, Mr. McConnell, Mark DeCray and Harry Hartlove, of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, and Chas. H. Townsend, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

This party was not a hungry one, at least when they sat down, but nevertheless there was a monotonous regularity in the manner in which dishes were kept passing to and fro once the pair of succulent roast pigs were carved. Those pigs! How they did tempt the appetites! And how soon they did decrease in weight! As soon as the substantial portion of the feast had received its share of attention and the coffee and cigars were being discussed, Harry Hartlove took unto himself the position of master of ceremonies and after having in a happy vein expressed his pleasure at once more meeting the boys of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and other States, he paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Fehrenbach and his wife for their open-hearted hospitality in giving them the banquet. He then called upon each member of the party in turn for an "expression" and was not disappointed in a single instance, as each and every man was ready and willing to extoll everybody and everything connected directly or indirectly with the object which had brought them to Wilmington and thus brought them into contact with such princely entertainers. Herr Fehrenbach himself paid a glowing tribute to the pluck which was shown by residents of the various States in venturing so far from home with only a double-barreled gun to protect themselves, and assured them that they would ever be accorded a cordial welcome on Delaware's soil.

Before dispersing a vote of thanks was tendered to Herr and Frau Fehrenbach for the banquet and incidental entertainment.

*Friday, the Final Day.*

As usual when the second day of a tournament presents some specially interesting feature the third day was a very light one. The bulk of the shooters had departed for home on Thursday evening, so that only a corporal's guard remained to answer the roll-call on Friday. The regular programme was not shot, the work resolving itself into a series of impromptu sweepstaks, which were fully as interesting as would have been the regular routine.

The events were as follows:

No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Clark 10, Bilderbach 9, Hope 9, Hartlove 8, Jersey 7, Green 6, Keller 5.

No. 2, same: Clark 8, Hoch 8, Hartlove 8, Bilderbach 7, Hamilton 5, Jersey 3.

No. 3, same: Keller 10, Apgar 9, Hamilton 9, Smith 9, Clark 8, Thurman 8, Hartlove 8, Hoch 8, Quimby 7, Bond 5, Bilderbach 5.

No. 4, same: Hamilton 9, Hoch 9, Hartlove 9, Bond 9, Thurman 9, Apgar 9, Smith 8, Clark 8, Keller 7, Quimby 7.

No. 5, 15 singles, $1.50 entry: Keller 15, Apgar 14, Smith 14, Bond 14, Quimby 14, Thurman 13, Hoch 12, Clark 11, Bilderbach 11, Hartlove 10.

No. 6, same as No. 5: Apgar 15, Smith 15, Thurman 14, Keller 18, Quimby 11, Clark 8.

No. 7, 10 singles, $1 entry: Smith 10, Bond 10, Keller 9, Apgar 9, Thurman 7, Hamilton 6, Quimby 6.

No. 8, 10 singles, flush match: Thurman 7, Smith 7, Apgar 7, Bond 7, Hartlove 6, Keller 5, Bilderbach 4.

No. 9, double-bird match, 5 pairs each:

Hartlove.....10 11 11 11 01—8 Clark.....11 10 10 11 11—8

No. 10, same:

Hartlove.....10 11 10 11 10—7 Clark.....11 11 10 11 01—8

No. 11, flush match, 10 singles each, both barrels allowed, second barrel to count ½:

Smith.....1111111½½1—9 Keller.....1100000111½—4½
Thurman.....1111011110 —8 Bilderbach.....0101110000 —4
Bond.....1110111101 —8 Hamilton.....0000½½1000—1½
Hartlove.....1100110111½ - 6½

No. 12, 5 pairs, flush match: Bond 8, Smith 6, Lindsley 6, Hoth 6, Hartlove 4, Thurman 3.

No 13, same as above: Smith 6, Thurman 6, Lindsley 5, Bond 5, Hartlove 5, Hoch 5.

No. 14, 10 singles, $1: Keller 10, Apgar 9, Hoch 9, Smith 9, Clark 8, Thurman 8, Hartlove 8, Hamilton 7, Bond 7, Quimby 7, Bilderbach 5.

No. 15, 25 singles, $2.50 entry, 1 money:

Thurman.....1111111111101111111111111—24
Dutchy .....1111111100011011111101101—19
Lindsley .....1111111111101111111111—23
Apgar .....1111111110011111111111111—23

No. 16, same as above:

Dutchy.....1010111111111111111101—22
Apgar.....1111111111111011111111—23
Thurman.....1111101111111111111111—23
Lindsley.....1111111111111001111111—23

Thus ended what can truthfully be said to have been the best managed and most enjoyable tournament of 1892, and one which with all its pleasant associations will long be remembered by those who participated. None of those who took part, however, will entertain more kindlier feelings toward Wilmington and the members of its popular rod and gun club than will

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

THE ninth monthly team shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, held on Saturday, Oct. 15, was a pleasant affair, although the amount of shooting done during the day was smaller than at previous League shoot. The affair took place under the auspices of the East Side Mutual Gun Club on its grounds in rear of Wiedenmeyer's Park on Hatnburg place, Newark. This club has a very large membership, nearly every man on the roll being an active shooter. With all their ability and enthusiasm as shooters, however, very few of the members possess the "hustling" ability which is absolutely necessary in order to make a tournament a success. They are a jolly, jovial and very popular body of sportsmen in any way you choose to take them, but their main trouble at a tournament seems to arise from a diffidence in "bracing" the crowd for entrance money. Their members always turn out in force, and a goodly portion of them are sure to be in every event.

The shooting was done from a set of 10 bluerock traps, equipped with Paul North's well-known and popular electric pull, and bluerocks were the targets. "Billy" Hobart was the prime hustler, and he was given good backing by the ever jolly "Tee Kay" Keller and "Little" Neaf Apgar. To these men is due the fact that the tournament was a success, as, had it not been for their earnest efforts, the traps would have been idle at least one-third of the day. As it was, barely 3 000 targets were thrown, whereas had "hustling" been done by club members, the number should have reached not less than 6,000. A big mistake was made in shooting in squads of 11 men each on 10 traps, as during the whole time when the team match was in progress sweepstake shooting was stopped. We have always contended that two sets of 5 traps each were more profitable to a club than one set of 10 traps, and our opinion is strengthened by the fact that at League tournaments where the former have been used the largest number of targets have been thrown.

It was about 2 o'clock when the team contest was begun, there being seven clubs represented. The former shoots have not had less than nine teams entered. Those who entered were the South Side Gun Club, Woodside Gun Club and East Side-Mutual Gun Club, of Newark; Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood; Passaic City Rod and Gun Club, of Passaic; Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, of Rutherford; and the Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield. The absentees were the East Orange Gun Club, Brunswick Gun Club and the New Jersey Shooting Club.

The Independents entered a scratch team, but nevertheless they succeeded in capturing first place by a margin of six breaks. This is the eighth victory for this team.

Beside the team contest a series of open-to-all sweepstake events were shot, and below will be found the results of all.

### THE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM SHOOT.

Woodside G. C.

Van Dyke.....1111111111100111101001111—20
Geoffrey.....0110011111111111101111111—21
Hiller.....1111101111111111101010010—20
Cockefair.....1111111000110110110101010—17
Osterhout.....0111110011110101010111100—16—94

Boiling Spring R. & G. C.

Blauvelt.....0110111111101111100011111—19
Gruff.....1111001011011110010101101—17
Meyer.....0110000001100010001001110— 9
Collins.....1111111010110111110101101—20
T H Keller ...1011111010010111011111111—19—84

Maplewood Gun Club.

Jackson.....1111111111111110011110010—21
W Smith.....1111111111111111111111011—23
C Dean.....0011111001111111101111001—19
Luckley.....1100111111111111101111010—19
Drake.....1011111111111111111111111—24—106

Independent Gun Club.

Miller.....1111111111111111111111110—24
Brantingham.....1011111111110111111111111—23
Terry.....0111111110101101111111010—20
Apgar.....1111111111101010111101—22
Sigler .....1011111110111111111111111—23—112

Passaic City Gun Club.

Wise.....0011010111111111101111161—19
Corwin.....1000010001010010100001100— 8
Sham.....1110001101110110111111010—17
Vennorel .....1011111111101011111101111—21
Abbott.....1101111011101111011111111—20— 85

South Side Gun Club.

Hedden .....1111101111010101111111 -21
Heritage.....1010100101111111111111011—19
Hobart.....1111111111111011111110111—23
Whitehead.....1101111111111101111101111—22
Phillips.....1111110011111110110011001111—20—105

East Side Mutual Gun Club.

Baar.....1111110001011101111101110—18
Koegel.....1101110111111011111111110—21
Schrafft.....1111010100111100011111101—17
Hassinger.....1101010101111100101110000—15
Schilling.....1110101111111110101010111—20— 91

### SWEEPSTAKE EVENTS.

No. 1, 10 singles, entry $1, two moneys: Hedden 9, Hesse 9, Jackson 5, Greiff 8, Van Dyke 10, Young 5.

No. 2, 10 singles, entry $1, three moneys: Hedden 10, Van Dyke 6, Greiff 6, Jackson 7, Whitehead 8, Heritage 8, Hesse 9.

No. 3, 10 singles, entry $1, three moneys: Hedden 10, Greiff 8, Van Dyke 10, Jackson 6, Whitehead 8, S. Tillon 7, Hesse 9, Miller 10, Schrafft 8.

No 4, 10 singles: Hedden 10, Grieff 6, Jackson 7, Tillon 3, Heritage 6, Miller 9, Whitehead 6, Hesse 7, Van Dyke 10, Schrafft 6, Young 5.

No. 5, 10 singles: Hedden 9, Schrafft 4, Van Dyke 9, Grieff 4, S. Tillon 8, Brantingham 9, Hasse 10, Miller 10, Koegel 9, Whitehead 4, Hobart 10.

No. 6, 10 singles; Hedden 8, Collins 8, W. Smith 8, Geoffrey 7, Keller 5, Tillow 4, Whitehead 7, Miller 10, Hesse 8, Van Dyke 8, Grieff 5.

No. 7, 10 singles, entry $1: C. Dean 8, Drake 8, Brantingham 7, Cockefair 8, Hedden 9, Van Dyke 10, Miller 9, Keller 5, Hesse 8, Geoffrey 10, W. Smith 9, Collins 8, Heritage 8, Whitehouse 7, Osterhout 8.

No. 8, 15 singles, entry $1.50: Hedden 13, W. Smith 14, Miller 14, Brantingham 12, C. Dean 7, Cockefair 11, Geoffrey 15, Van Dyke 14, Collins 13, Drake 12, Osterhout 12, Heritage 11, Keller 7, Schorck 12, Hesse 13, T. Keller 12, Sigler 14, Apgar 14, Phillips 12, Hobart 14, Vermorel 11, Coman 8.

No. 9, 15 singles, entry $1.50, four moneys: Hedden 13, W. Smith 13, Vermoral 13, H. Smith 10, Abbott 11, Snow 10, Wise 13, Osterhout 13, Phillips 12, C. Deane 12, Tillon 10, Lindsley 13, Apgar 12, Sigler 12, Hobart 15, Collins 13, Meyers 14, Schrafft 13, Hassinger 10.

No. 10, 10 singles, entry $1, four moneys: Vermoral 9, Wise 10, Abbott 8, W. Smith 10, Hedden 8, H. E. Smith 8, Deane 7, Osterhout 6, White 9, Apgar 9, Sigler 9, Collins 9, Hobart 8, Lindsley 9, Meyer 2, Schrafft 6, Hassinger 6.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Ottumwa Tournament.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual tournament of the West End Gun Club of Ottumwa, Ia., held on Fair Grounds Oct. 5 and 6, was a success. Attendance fair. The weather Oct. 5 was perfect for good scores; Oct. 6, cloudy with light breeze, was an agreeable day. A number of well-known shooters were present. The gold medal, presented by E. R. Ward of this city to the member of the West End Gun Club having the best average score for the two days' shoot was won by J. F Powell, with a total of 247 out of a possible 281. Following are tabulated scores. No. 1 at 10 singles, $1.50 entrance: No. 2, 10 singles, $2.50; No. 3, 5 live birds, $4; No. 5, 10 singles, $2; No. 6, 15 singles, $1, merchandise prizes; No. 7, 7 live bird, $5; No. 8, 20 singles, $3: No. 9, 10 singles, $1.50; No. 10, 10 singles, $1:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G F Black | 8 | 13 | 2 | 10 | 8 | 15 | .. | 18 | 10 | 10 |
| C O Eldredge | 6 | 13 | . | 10 | 10 | 14 | 7 | 18 | 8 | .. |
| S Hardesty | 6 | 9 | 4 | 8 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| W O Karr | 7 | 10 | 3 | .. | 4 | 5 | 5 | .. | .. | .. |
| O J Fairchild | 4 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| D K Douthett | 8 | 13 | .. | 10 | 7 | 14 | 4 | 18 | 9 | 9 |
| T A Marshall | 9 | 18 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 13 | 7 | 19 | 10 | 9 |
| Mowrey | 5 | 10 | .. | 5 | 8 | 11 | .. | 12 | 7 | 6 |
| C McBride | 9 | 14 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 15 | .. | 20 | 9 | 9 |
| Crabill | 9 | 15 | 5 | 12 | 9 | 11 | 6 | 17 | 10 | 8 |
| F M Frazier | 10 | 15 | 5 | 9 | 9 | 15 | 6 | 20 | 10 | 10 |
| McFarland | 6 | 15 | .. | 8 | 9 | 13 | .. | 20 | 9 | 10 |
| G Lamb | 9 | 14 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 15 | 6 | 17 | 9 | 9 |
| Grim | 10 | 15 | 4 | 11 | 8 | 14 | 7 | 19 | 10 | 9 |
| E E Detterline | 9 | 13 | .. | 11 | 8 | 11 | .. | 19 | 7 | 7 |
| E W Bird | 7 | 15 | 4 | 12 | 10 | 14 | .. | 20 | 8 | 9 |
| W B Cole | 8 | .. | .. | 6 | .. | 13 | .. | .. | 8 | 6 |
| S Smith | 6 | 13 | .. | 9 | 7 | 11 | .. | 13 | .. | 8 |
| R A Ebner | 10 | 10 | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 7 |
| L B Peavey | 9 | 11 | .. | 8 | 10 | 13 | .. | 16 | 8 | 6 |
| J F Powell | 8 | 15 | 3 | 10 | 8 | 15 | 6 | 18 | 9 | 10 |
| J R Young | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 11 | .. | .. | 6 | 4 |
| N J Potter | .. | 13 | 3 | .. | 8 | 10 | 6 | 15 | 6 | .. |
| C B Aldredge | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | 4 | .. |
| C Romes | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | 12 | 5 | 17 | 8 |
| N R Babcock | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 9 | 13 | 7 | 14 | .. | .. |
| F M Alexander | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 14 | .. | .. | 8 | .. |
| Northrup | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | 10 | .. |
| R Love | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | 17 | 8 | .. |
| W Heather | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. | .. | 9 | .. |
| F Fiedler | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| W O Johnson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | 5 | .. |
| F Hynes | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 6 | .. | 6 | .. |
| W A Butts | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 4 | 16 | 8 | .. |
| W W Gregory | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 14 | 8 | .. |
| McElroy | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Thompson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 18 | .. | .. |
| C M Smith | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | 6 | .. |
| J T Emerson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 3 | .. | .. | .. |
| J W Soule | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| J Fechi | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Mikesell | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Wilbermsdorfer | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| K N Edredge | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. |

*Second Day, Oct. 6.*

No. 1, 10 singles, $1.50 entrance; No. 2, 15 singles, merchandise prizes; No. 3, 8 live birds, $5; No. 4, team shoot, any two men to a team, 15 singles, $1: No. 5, 15 singles, $3; No. 6, 12 live birds, $8; No. 7, 25 singles, $3; No. 8, 5 pairs targets, $1.50; No. 9, 15 singles, $2.50; No. 10, 10 singles, $2; No. 11, 10 singles, $1.50; No. 12, 6 live birds, $5; No. 13, 10 singles, $1; No. 14, 10 singles, $2:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marshall | 8 | 15 | 7 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 24 | 8 | 15 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Grim | 10 | 11 | 8 | 12 | 13 | 7 | 21 | 9 | 12 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Frazier | 10 | 15 | 7 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 24 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Douthett | .. | 7 | 14 | 5 | 13 | 13 | .. | 23 | 9 | 13 | 10 | .. | 6 | 8 |
| Northrup | .. | 9 | 12 | .. | 12 | 12 | .. | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Heather | .. | 9 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 8 | 4 | .. | .. |
| S Smith | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. |
| Love | .. | 6 | 14 | .. | 11 | 12 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. |
| Bird | .. | 10 | 12 | 7 | 15 | 14 | .. | 24 | 8 | 14 | 9 | .. | .. | .. |
| McFarland | .. | 9 | 13 | 7 | 14 | 12 | .. | 22 | 6 | 11 | 8 | .. | 9 | 8 |
| McBride | .. | 8 | 13 | 8 | 12 | 15 | .. | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 10 |
| F S Eldredge | .. | 8 | 7 | .. | 12 | .. | .. | 16 | .. | 10 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Detterline | .. | 9 | 13 | 7 | 14 | 14 | .. | 23 | 6 | 13 | 9 | .. | .. | .. |
| Black | .. | 6 | 14 | .. | 14 | 13 | .. | 24 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Hynes | .. | 4 | 9 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Potter | .. | 6 | .. | 8 | 13 | .. | 12 | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Powell | .. | 9 | 13 | 7 | 14 | 12 | 9 | 22 | 8 | 14 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 8 |
| Mowry | .. | 9 | 11 | 3 | 9 | 5 | .. | 16 | .. | .. | 6 | 3 | 4 | 9 |
| Alexander | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. |
| Ebner | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Aldridge | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Thompson | .. | .. | 13 | 5 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| P C Eldredge | .. | .. | 10 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Fairchild | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 3 | .. | .. |
| Romes | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 3 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Babcock | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 13 | .. | 22 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Young | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 19 | 6 | .. | .. | 7 | 1 | .. |
| S Hardesty | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 4 | .. | .. |
| Scott | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. |
| Wilson | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. |
| L Hardesty | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 4 | .. | .. |
| Mowry | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. |

No. 4, teams of two, showing individual scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McFarland | 14 | Frazier | 13 |
| Douthett | 13—27 | McBride | 12—25 |
| Marshall | 14 | Powell | 14 |
| Detterline | 14—28 | Northrup | 12—26 |
| Grim | 12 | Love | 11 |
| Bird | 15—27 | Romes | 7—18 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Black | 14 |
| Babcock | 12—26 |
| F S Eldredge | 12 |
| Mowry | 6—21 |
| Thompson | 12 |
| Potter | 13—25 |

Extra live-bird shoot, miss and out, $2: Grim 11, withdrew without a miss, Potter 11, Marshall 9, Romes 9, Powell 1, C. M. Smith 1. C. ROMES, Sec'y.

## Sweepstake Shooting.

A SWEEPSTAKE tournament was held on Wednesday, Oct. 12, at the Wauregan Gun Club grounds, Pelhamville, Westchester, N. Y., the live-bird shoots being under modified Hurlingham rules. Only nine competed in the several events, the counter attraction in New York being a great drawback in the attendance. The results as follows:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Blumenburg | 211—3 | 2121—4 | ..... |
| Ferris | 002—1 | 2101—3 | 01112—4 |
| Hudson | 112—3 | 2221—4 | 21102—4 |
| Osterhout | 011—3 | 2111—4 | 11201—4 |
| Valentine | 112—3 | .... | ..... |
| Paulson | 000—0 | .... | ..... |
| E H Fox | 212—3 | 0112—3 | 02210—3 |
| Bogardus | | 0101—2 | 10020—2 |
| Blumenburg | | .... | 20110—3 |

No. 4, 5 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Blumenburg | 22102—4 | Ferris | 20220—3 |
| Hudson | 22101—4 | Bogardus | 02212—4 |
| Osterhout | 21011—4 | | |

Tie, miss and out, won by Hudson.

No. 5, 6 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Paulson | 000000—0 | Ferris | 001000—1 |
| Smith | 000100—1 | Bogardus | 100010—2 |
| Budd | 000001—1 | Valentine | 110101—4 |
| Blumenburg | 111100—4 | Osterhout | 011011—4 |

## The Unknown Gun Club.

THE biggest shoot of the week was that of the Unknown Gun Club, at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Oct. 13. Twenty-five members competed for the club's championship trophy and extra prizes, at 7 birds each, club handicap, H and T traps, modified Long Island rules, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, both barrels allowed. Six killed seven straight for first prize. After outshooting the four others on the shoot-off of the tie, the veteran Ike Hyde and C. Hubbell had a good sharp race, miss and out. Hyde won on the thirteenth round. It being too dark to shoot off the others the moneys were divided. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Lohden | 0201220—4 | H Houseman | 2011212—6 |
| W Skidmore | 1001122—5 | Dr Little | 1111110—6 |
| C Kolver | 1100111—5 | R Rathbone | 1110110—5 |
| J Rankin | 0211201—5 | H Knebel, Sr. | 1110211—6 |
| J Sampson | 2112001—5 | J Akhurst | 2120121—6 |
| J Hyson | 2211011—6 | E Merriher | 1012211—6 |
| I Hyde | 1121121—7 | C Hubbell | 1122111—7 |
| J Yogis | 2100120—4 | J Schumacher | 2102010—4 |
| M Chichester | 0111110—5 | F Markhoff | 0102100—3 |
| E Vroome | 1111111—7 | H Lohden | 0010102—4 |
| J Bohling | 1212210—6 | C Deetjin | 2200202—4 |
| Dr Schwartz | 2111211—7 | J VonLiehn | 2221121—7 |
| H Bormerman | 1111112—7 | | |

Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

### Old Stone House Grounds.

The monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club, held on John Erb's "Old Stone House Grounds" on Oct. 13, called out a light attendance, but those who were on hand had on their shooting jackets, and out of 250 birds shot at during the afternoon 243 were killed. The day was a favorable one and the birds were of good quality. All the shooting was done under Hurlingham rules. The opening event was a Jersey sweep, 4 birds each, $3 entrance, with one money. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 1012—4 | "George" | 1121—4 |
| "Doctor" | 1111—4 | Smith | 1112—4 |

Sweep No. 2, 10 birds, $5 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 1112111101— 9 | Smith | 1121111212—10 |
| "Doctor" | 1111111211—10 | Hollis | 1111111110— 9 |
| "George" | 1111212221—10 | | |

Club shoot, 10 birds, $5 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 1111111111—10 | Hollis | 1011121112— 9 |
| "Doctor" | 1112121111—10 | Canon | 1211221121—10 |
| "George" | 2121121111—10 | Lane | 2111111111—10 |
| Smith | 1111212111—10 | | |

Sweep Nos. 3 and 4, 10 birds, $5 entrance:

| | No. 3. | No. 4. |
|---|---|---|
| "George" | 1121211211—10 | 2121122211—10 |
| Castle | 1211101111— 9 | 2111111221—10 |
| Smith | 1021121111— 9 | 1112111112—10 |
| Hollis | 1111111121—10 | 1111211101— 9 |
| Canon | 1102201121— 8 | 2102022011— 7 |
| Lane | 1111111211—10 | 2101212112— 9 |

### Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

Twenty members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club competed at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Oct. 12, for the Eppig diamond badge and extra club prizes. Each man shot at 10 birds, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. The shooting was first-class, and some good races took place on shooting off the ties, especially in those of the first and third. C. Detlefser won the badge and first prize, the second was divided. J. E. Orr won third, J. Schliemann fourth and M. Elssasser fifth. In the sweepstake shoot that followed at 5 birds each, then miss and out, some good races also took place. The scores:

Diamond badge match:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A Eppig | 1011001221— 7 | R Eppig | 2100020101— 5 |
| J Schlieman | 0002111112— 7 | C Englebrecht | 1121101202— 8 |
| J E Orr | 0212110221— 8 | Dr Little | 2120100102— 6 |
| W Lair | 2311021111— 9 | W Van Brunt | 1020210110— 7 |
| F McLaughlin | 0021010101— 5 | M Elssasser | 1001021012— 5 |
| H McLaughlin | 1212220222— 9 | C Detlefsen | 1211211211—10 |
| J B Voorhees | 1112111111—10 | O Plate | 1121112111—10 |
| D Van Zele | 1212111112—10 | R Rathbone | 0111102012— 7 |
| C Furgueson | 1101211111— 9 | D Mayer | 1201020001— 5 |
| H W Blatimacher | 1211100211— 8 | J C DeFrain | 0010110100— 4 |

Sweepstakes, 6 birds, then miss and out, 25yds.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Van Zile | 01201—3 2210 | Furgueson, Jr. | 22112—5 0 |
| Dr Little | 10212—4 122112210 | R Rathbone | 01121—4 0 |
| A Eppig | 10212—4 111120 | J E Orr | 20111—4 220 |
| C Englebrecht | 11002—3 1211 | M Elssasser | 12021—4 121122212 |
| J Schliemann | 12222—5 112 | W Schumacher | 12121—5 211 |
| J B Voorhees | 12111—5 110 | C Detlefsen | 21211—5 211 |
| W Lair | 11011—4 20 | F McLaughlin | 20101—3 0 |

### Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

The regular monthly shoot of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club was held at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Oct. 12. The competition was for the club medal, which has to be won three times in succession, and the best averages to count for the annual prizes. Twenty-one competed in the three classes at 7 birds each, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. J. Bennett was the only straight scorer, with 7, and took the medal and prize in Class A. P. Kunzweiler took the prize in Class B with 6, and J. Wellding that in Class C also with 6. H. Selover took the first money in the sweepstake at three birds then miss and out, J. Bennett second and Botty third. J. Bennett defeated J. Brower in a match. The scores: Club shoot for best averages and medal:

Class A.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H Brower | 2002200—3 | A Botty | 2120011—5 |
| T Short | 2120011—5 | J Bennett | 1111112—7 |
| E Helgans | 2101110—6 | | |

Class B.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A Andrews | 1202002—4 | H Le Maire | 1002012—4 |
| T T Edgerton | 1111110—6 | J Ranoch | 0202120—4 |
| S Schortemeier | 1100222—5 | H Bramwell | 0112122—6 |
| C Hubbell | 1011011—5 | P Kunzweiller | 1102111—6 |

Class C

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Link | 2121110—6 | J Meyer | 2110220—5 |
| H Bookman | 1101202—5 | A Suydam | 0122110—5 |
| H Selover | 0102202—4 | J Wellding | 1111101—6 |
| H Ryder | 2001000—2 | | |

Sweepstake at 3 birds, 25yds.:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Andrews | 011—2 | 10 | H Selover | 122—3 | 221 |
| J Bennett | 101—2 | 2211 | P Jones | 221—3 | |
| A Botty | 001—1 | | C Hubbell | 121—3 | 111 |
| T T Edgerton | 012—2 | 220 | H Bramwell | 102—2 | 1210 |
| H Brower | 012—2 | 0 | L Schortemeier | 122—3 | 20 |
| E Helgans | 122—3 | 210 | | | |

Match at 5 birds, $10:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Bennett | 11122—5 | H Brower | 11011—4 |

### East Side-Mutual's Extra Day.

The East Side—Mutual Gun Club held an "extra day" on its Newark grounds in rear of Wiedemeyer's Park on Oct. 13, about a dozen shooters being on hand. Among them were C. M. Hedden, H. E. Smith, Asa Whitehead, W. R. Hobart and Ferd. Van Dyke.

The evevts were at 10 bluerock targets each, with a nominal entry fee and three moneys. The results:

No. 1: Hedden 9, Hobart 19, Schrafft 6, Smith 8, Schork 8, Koegel 9.

No. 2: Hedden 10, Koegel 5, Hobart 7, Smith 7, Whitehead 8, Palmer 7, Heinrich 7, Schork 7; Fisher 4, Perment 5, Van Dyke 9, Schrafft 9.

No. 3: Hedden 9, Koegel 7, Hobart 7, Whitehead 8, Smith 8, Van Dyke 10, Palmer 8, Schrafft 6, Heinrich 3. Ferment 7.

No. 4: Smith 10, Hobart 8, Koegel 8, Van Dyke 8, Hedden 10, Whitehead 9, Schork 6, Allen 9, Schrafft 5, Palmer 9, Perment 6, Hassinger 9.

No. 5: Smith 10. Hobart 10, Van Dyke 10, Koegel 6, Hedden 9, Allen 8, Palmer 9, Hassinger 7, Whitehead 8, Schrafft 7.

No. 6: Hedden 9, Hobart 8, Schrafft 8, Van Dyke 9, Allen 6, Koegel 8, Hassinger 8, Whitehead 9, Palmer 7.

No. 7: Hobart 9, Hedden 8, Smith 10, VanDyke 8, Allen 7, Palmer 9, Koegel 9, Hassinger 7, Whitehead 10, Schrafft 5.

No. 8: Hobart 8, Hedden 8, Smith 10, Van Dyke 9, Palmer 8, Allen 8, Koegel 20, Hassinger 6.

### Indianapolis—Southport.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith I hand you score of a team shoot between the Limited Gun Club, of this city, and the Southport Gun Club, Oct. 10, loser to pay for the targets. The return match will be shot in this city Friday, Oct. 14. Score, 25 bluerocks per man:

Limited Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Comstock | 0111011111011111011110111—20 |
| Hughes | 1101111111000011000101010—15 |
| Moore | 1111111111011101111111110—22 |
| Fugate | 1111111011111001101011111—20 |
| Scott | 1101111011111110011111001—19 |
| Intewiler | 0111111111011111111111110—22 |
| Wildhack | 1111010011111010111011111—19 |
| Craft | 1111101010110111011111011—19 |
| Socwell | 1111110001011111000110001—15 |
| Allen | 1011011111111111111100100—19—190 |

Southport Gun Club.

| | |
|---|---|
| Grube | 1111100010101100111110111—17 |
| Todd | 1100111100111110101110111—18 |
| Hardesty | 0001101010011111111111001—16 |
| Smith | 1000110001001000011111011—12 |
| J Trout | 1110111111011100101111001—18 |
| J Trout | 1111111111111111101111101—23 |
| Sanders | 1111011011011111101101000—17 |
| Gentle | 1110010111110101111111101—19 |
| Jacobs | 0111111011100101111001111—18 |
| Lockwood | 1110011111111111111111111—23—181 |

W. B. Allen.

### North Side Gun Club.

The members of the North Side Gun Club, of Long Island, did not turn out very strong at their regular monthly shoot at the Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, on Wednesday, Oct. 12. Only seven competed for the club medals and best averages for annual prizes. C. Barlow and R. Bowen tied with 7 each, and the tie was decided in the following sweepstake shoot. Barlow winning. The club shoot is under modified Hurlingham rules, 5 traps, club handicap, 7 birds each. The scores:

| | Club Shoot. | Sweep and Miss and Out. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Tiernan (27) | 1111110—6 | 10111—4 | 11111—5 |
| S Lyons (27) | 1011101—5 | ..... | .... |
| C Barlow (27) | 1111111 - 7 | 11111—6—111 | ..... |
| H Manning (29) | 1011111—6 | 11111—5—111 | ..... |
| C Luhrs (25) | 1110111—7 | 01011—3 | 11011—4 |
| H Tompke (25) | 1011111—6 | 11110—4 | 11010—3 |
| R Bowen (25) | 1111111—7 | 11111—5—110 | 11111—5 |

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## *SALMON FISHERIES OF ALASKA.*

TOWARD the close of the first session of the 52d Congress the Senate directed the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries to communicate to that body any information in his possession relative to salmon fishing in Alaska, its extent, and whether the methods of the fishery are likely to cause the diminution and eventual extermination of the salmon, together with his views as to the measures necessary for the protection of the fish and the permanence of the industry in Alaskan waters. In his report, transmitted in obedience to this resolution, the Commissioner discussed: 1. The Origin and Development of the Fisheries. 2. The Statistics. 3. The Present Condition. 4. The Methods and Apparatus Employed. 5. The Protective Regulation of the Fisheries, including recommendations as to further legislation in reference to them.

Appended to the report are papers by Dr. T. H. Bean, upon the Life History of the Salmon and the Publications Relating to the Salmon of Alaska and Adjacent Waters.

The document is illustrated by a general view of the Karluk canneries, reproduced from a photograph made by Dr. Bean in 1889, and by 24 figures of the salmon, grayling, whitefish, trout, smelt and capelin of the Territory.

This report taken in connection with an earlier one on the same subject, issued in 1890, completes the record of the Alaskan salmon industries to June of the present year. It shows that from 1883 to 1891 the yield of canned salmon was valued at $11,000,000, and was obtained chiefly at Kadiak Island and the Alaska Peninsula. Over 4,000,000 of red salmon were taken in and near the mouth of a narrow river, only about 20 miles long, in the summer of 1889.

Without regard to the permanence of the industry, the canners pursued destructive methods of fishing, involving the absolute prevention of natural spawning in the rivers, until Congress imposed restrictions upon their operations and overproduction reduced the market value of salmon below a profitable limit. The combination of protective legislation and limitation by agreement among the canners has placed a temporary check upon excessive and destructive fishing.

Alaskan rivers contain five kinds of salmon — red, quinnat, silver, humpback, and dog—and four kinds of trout—Gairdner's, red-throated, lake trout and Dolly Varden. All of these are valuable food fishes, but some of them outrank the others for commercial purposes. The Territory has additional wealth in its numerous whitefish, grayling, smelt, eulachon and capelin, bringing its aggregate of species of the salmon family as high as that of any other country of equal area.

The existence of the anadromous salmon is dependent upon their free access to their natural spawning grounds in the gravelly shoals of rapid rivers or in the cold, snow-fed lakes from which they flow, "and in this natural law is to be found the suggestion of such legislation as may be necessary 'to maintain the salmon fisheries under permanent conditions of production.'"

Protective regulation of the fisheries, in the opinion of the commissioner, must provide for adequate reproduction of the salmon either by permitting the spawning fish to ascend to their breeding grounds or by artificial propagation and distribution of the young to their feeding places on a scale to compensate for the limitation of natural reproduction by the operation of the fisheries.

"If it be the policy of the Government to depend upon natural reproduction to maintain supply, this can be made effectual only by the enactment and enforcement of such regulation of the fisheries as will assure adequate reproduction under natural conditions. The different agencies which may be invoked, either separately or in conjunction, to accomplish this end are:

(*a*) A weekly close season from Saturday evening to Monday morning.

(*b*) A close season during September and October of each year.

(*c*) The establishment of national salmon parks or salmon reservations, as proposed by Dr. Livingston Stone.

(*d*) Absolute prohibition of the capture of salmon by the use of nets or other apparatus within 100yds. of the mouth of any river.

(*e*) The prohibition of the use of more than one seine in the same seine berth.

(*f*) The leasing of the privilege of taking salmon and the limitation of the catch, in accordance with the recommendation of the Commissioner of Fisheries, based upon continued and careful investigations of the conditions of the fisheries."

The establishment of national salmon parks was proposed in a paper read by Dr. Stone before the American Fisheries Society, and published in FOREST AND STREAM, June 16, 1892.

The Commissioner believes that the future of the salmon can best be assured "by limiting the catch in each stream to its actual productive capacity under existing conditions, and by leasing the privileges of taking the salmon to the highest bidders." We cannot leave this important subject without again calling attention to the fact that the existence of the native population of Alaska is equally involved with the permanence of the salmon industry in the policy of the Government in dealing with fishery methods.

## *THE LOST PARK BUFFALO.*

BUT little information has been gained during the week concerning the Lost Park buffalo. So far as known nothing has been seen of the hunters who were supposed to have killed the thirteen head. Mr. J. P. Lower and John Higginson have made a thorough search of Lost Park without finding any signs of them. Mr. Higginson is an old hunter and is believed to know every foot of Lost Park, and he should be able to find, if not the hunters, at least their old camps and signs of their work if they have been there recently. It would seem probable that if this bunch of buffalo had been disturbed by hunters the marauders would long ago have taken the alarm and slipped away through the mountains.

More definite information than has yet been had with regard to this bunch of buffalo comes to us from Mr. D. N. Cassell, of Cassells, Col., who lives quite near to the range of the bison. He says: "The runway of this bunch is from five to twenty miles from Cassells. What is called Kreg Park heads about five miles south of Cassells and runs east into Lost Park. About the middle of last June two friends of mine were prospecting in there and came across two bunches of bison. One band consisted of seventeen head, mostly cows, with about five calves in the lot; in the other band there were twenty-one head, cows and calves and four large bulls. As nearly as the surrounding neighbors can estimate, there are in all about forty head left.

"There was a report started some weeks ago to the effect that some parties had killed thirteen head. This has been contradicted, and I do not believe that any have been killed this fall, for the citizens are watching hunters very closely."

Notwithstanding this, persons at Kenosha, Colorado continue to affirm that some buffalo have been killed and that the hunters have got safely out of the country and will not be caught. It is stated that a pack train in charge of two men came out from Lost Park a few weeks ago, the jacks being loaded with packs bound up in canvas. Game Warden Land is said to be of the opinion that a certain taxidermist of Floriscant has had a hand in the killing and that he will be arrested as soon as he returns to his home.

A great slaughter of deer is reported in Routt county, and Game Warden Taylor urges that assistance be sent him.

## *PANTHERS AND THE HAIR.*

WHEN the teller of a panther story wishes you to understand that the hero or victim was badly scared, he avers that his hair rose or "raised," or "riz," or stood on end, or lifted his hat. Thus in the graphic picture in to-day's FOREST AND STREAM, of life in the great woods of the Nehalem country, Judge Greene tells us that his companion, frightened by what was thought to be a panther, posed "with hands thrown forward in a supplicating manner and hair on end." And in his testimony as to the panther's scream Mr. Rushton relates that when he was scared one night by a cry "each separate hair on his head stood up on end." A Washington correspondent, whose letter is in hand, testifies that the panther yarns told him in youth caused his hair to rise. In his capital story of "A Cougar Skin," issue of Sept. 8 (a story which Mr. Charles Hallock told us was one of the best things he had ever read), "O. O. S." records: "A terrific scream from the opposite shore fetched me all up standing again;" and probably his hair was included.

The notion, if it be a notion, that fright, caused by a panther or by something else, lifts the hair, is certainly an old one, and venerable for its antiquity; this "hair on end" may be said to be hoary with age.

Job iv., 14-15, reads:

> Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up.

Does not Virgil make his hero's hair stand on end in that *vox faucibus hæset* passage? Thus Conington's translation:

> While thus in agony I pressed
> From house to house the endless quest,
> The pale, sad spectre of my wife
> Confronts me, larger than in life.
> I stood appalled, my hair erect,
> And fear my tongue-tied utterance checked.

We have Macbeth's testimony:

> why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> Against the use of Nature?

And says the Ghost in Hamlet:

> I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
> Would harrow up they soul; freeze thy young blood;
> Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
> Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand on end
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

No doubt a thousand and one instances of rising hair might be cited from literature ancient and modern, from the Book of Job down to this to-day's issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

But does fright raise the hair? Will Judge Greene and Mr. Rushton, and our Washington correspondent and "O. O. S." please tell us whether they wish us to understand their hair-rising testimony in a literal or a figurative sense. The scientific authorities assure us that the hair-rising belief is a notion without substantial basis in fact; but the authors of text books presumably have never had an opportunity to note just what does happen to a man's hair when he encounters a panther.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY DELANCEY NICOLL says that he is anxious to have that Delmonico woodcock case brought to a speedy trial. Giving him full credit for such a desire, it would appear that for a chief prosecuting officer he must be tremendously handicapped by inefficient subordinates. Col. Townsend is the Assistant District Attorney who has the notorious Delmonico case in charge; and for the sake of Mr. Nicoll's good name, if for no other reason, the Colonel should bestir himself. People all over the State are cognizant of the facts of the case, and are watching its progress—or more accurately, its delay.

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The observations of Col. Habersham in this issue upon the reproduction of the striped bass will be read with interest. The subject is one about which little can be found on record. It is certain that this noble game and food fish will receive the attention of fishculturists very soon—the sooner the better for the future of the species.

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Our next issue will contain as a supplement the third illustration of American Wild Animals by Mr. E. E. Thompson. The subject will be the Canada Lynx.

### *THE SUSQUEHANNA "SALMON."*

A LANCASTER, Pa., correspondent of the New York *Sun*, writing Oct. 15, claimed that Hon. Simon Cameron caused the introduction of pike-perch, locally known as "salmon," into the Susquehanna River nearly twenty-five years ago. This is probably true, but the pike-perch has been credited to that stream for more than a century, and the late Harrison Wright, Esq., has recorded its early history in a paper published in 1882 in the first volume of the Bulletin, U. S. Fish Commission, page 371, and elsewhere throughout the article on Early Shad Fisheries of the North Branch of the Susquehanna River.

The pike-perch is probably a native of the river and has been more or less abundant within historic times. It is taken most readily at or near the bottom with the young lamprey or a live minnow for bait, and sometimes rises to the trolling-spoon and artificial fly. At the present time pike-perch are much more plentiful than black bass in the Susquehanna from Harrisburg to Port Deposit. Bass are more than usually abundant at the mouth of the river.

In our issue of Aug. 18 we published a note on some large captures of bass in Fox Lake. Wishing to obtain details of the fishing we asked Mr. W. E. Goodman to send us an account of his trip and he has kindly forwarded the statement which we print in this number. What is the "silver bass" of Fox Lake? The name is sometimes applied to the moon-eye or toothed herring, but it is scarcely probable this is the fish in question. Can it be the calico bass?

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### TROUTING IN THE COAST RANGE.—III.

The Nehalem Country.

SO WE passed the week in the Coast Range. We took it easy, progressed slowly, fished in the evening, cooked, ate and slept; forgetful of the past, careless of the future and supremely happy in the present.

I thought I had seen forests before, millions of acres of them; but up around the head waters of Deep Creek we saw such timber as I never saw before and never expect to see again. A forest of evergreen giants as thick as they could stand, towering over 300ft. high, straight as the rays of light that glanced back from their impervious tops, and, as Sam Garoutte used to say: "Without a limb, knot or woodpecker hole" more than half-way up. Even at mid-day the deep twilight that pervaded the forest gave our surroundings an air of mellow mystery, all wrapped in the dreadful stillness of the grave. No birds were there, no crickets, no active, glad life of any kind to break the eternal silence in this abode of the dumb, primeval giants. The stillness was oppressive. It seemed to be a thing, an existence which we felt restrained from touching. Almost unconsciously we stepped lightly, fearing that our tread might break the lock that imprisoned the hoary secrets of the forest. Involuntarily we peered into the gloom as if in dread of seeing some grim specter wandering there bewildered in the vast wilderness. We paused and listened, half in doubt whether we were not called to by some lost spirit held back to earth by the umbrageous cloud o'erhead. There was something so dismal and death-like about the stillness and solitude of this place that I almost imagined that I myself was the ghost of some being, that had once lived and wandered there, come back to "squeak and gibber" over the misfortunes and misdeeds of a misspent earth life after the fashion of ghosts in general.

Motion of any kind, anything breaking the monotonous stillness of the place was startling. Even the noise of a falling twig was as the thunder of the avalanche. A low-spoken word moaned out through the forest like the coming storm, and one's very thoughts seemed to rattle in the skull like marbles. The Doctor appeared to be profoundly impressed with the solemnity of our surroundings. He stood once with his hands on his hips, his hat tipped back, his face full of sentiment, mentally soliloquizing, no doubt, as I was, and entirely forgetful of the fact that there was such a thing as a dog in the country, when Mike and Towser came out suddenly from behind a tree right in front of him. With two or three quick jumps backward, hands thrown forward in a supplicating manner and hair on end, he involuntarily ejaculated that one simple but expressive monosyllable: "Ugh!" The Doctor, you must know, like many another poor mountain wanderer, is mortally afraid of cougars, and doubtless on first impgession imagined he was attacked by a whole herd of these varmints; and neither the occasion nor the color of either dog was calculated to dispel the illusion.

We were in this dismal forest one whole day, and really I felt relieved when we got where we could hear the birds sing and see the sunshine.

The trout in the streams of this dark forest were not large, as a matter of course, but they were of extremely fine quality, and the Doctor and I each disposed of a baker's dozen for supper, prepared in the good, old-fashioned way with strings of bacon in, over and under them, broiled in a wire broiler over live coals. They say that anything tastes good out on these tramps, but I am impressed with the notion that trout are not so sweet and rich when cooked in any other style. At any rate I must candidly confess that I am very partial to the broiler and bacon method of preparing trout. It is probably unnecessary for me to add that for many reasons there was no such thing as playing our fish in these little mountain streams. We used but one fly, and wherever there was a hole the size of a wash-tub there was a fish—or two or three from 6 to 10in. long. I believe that we could have caught 500 such fish a day had we been so disposed, for they were very plentiful, absolutely fearless and always hungry. As I have already intimated, we wasted no fish worth mentioning, but the temptation to break this rule was awfully strong.

We started several bachelor elk that were apparently doing penance in the spring for the pleasure of wearing antlers in the fall; hiding away in lonely places, patiently awaiting the time when the velvet would fall and allow them to present themselves in proud form to their forest lady-loves. I almost sympathized with them, for they had about three months of their sentence yet to serve. One old fellow had selected a most perfect spot for a home during the purgatory period. On a south side hill the trees had fallen across each other in such a way that a pen had been made, inclosed on three sides by logs piled 5 or 6ft. high, while the fourth side was open and facing down toward the creek. It was almost artificially regular in its construction.

We had great fun with an old bear one afternoon. In his haste to get away he actually doubled up and rolled down the mountain side, knocking the bark off the whole side of a log where he struck and glanced off. We could hardly keep old Towser back when in the neighborhood of big game. Fortune and fair winds favoring, he shall have the opportunity in the near future to go again with me into these mountains when there will be neither legal nor moral restraint. Scarcely a night passed that we were not visited by beasts of the forest, but they generally kept a respectful distance. However, on one particular night, while we were camping on the headwaters of Deep Creek, some animal more daring than the others, presumably a wildcat or wolf, approached so near that Towser made a dash for him in great earnest, with Mike valiantly supporting his rear. Mike made as much noise as an old-fashioned horse-fiddle, which of itself was enough to scare all the varmints out of the Coast Range, and the dogs soon returned without any scalps hanging to their belts. They were probably lucky that they got back with their own.

The afternoon of the day following our trip through the dark forest, while we were in the midst of a great deadening of the crest of the range, a storm of dire and vengeful aspect suddenly gathered out on the ocean and rolled up over the mountains. The danger of our position was plainly evident, but we were powerless to avert it, for it was a long way to Green Timber, and the storm moved more rapidly over, than we could through the sallal, fallen timber and ferns. We were in for it and proceeded to make the best of it. "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness," a hole in the ground or any kind of hiding place. But there was no lodge, no hole, no hiding place of any kind, and we had to face the music; and there was plenty of music before we got through with the entertainment. The sad genius of the coming storm moaned in fitful sighs a sort of melancholy warning to us through the leafless branches of the great dead giants. The warning was heeded all right enough, but still we had to face the music. Then the storm came, and burst upon us with all the fury of its pent up rage,

> And savage winds, infuriate driven,
> Flew howling in the face of heaven.

The rush of the storm and the din and the thunder of falling timber were truly appalling; and I was very nervous if not absolutely frightened. The Doctor was pale and silent, and watched the battle of the elements earnestly but calmly; but you should have seen him forget his dignity when a great tree-top snapped and started directly for the particular spot upon which we were standing. Not less than a score of these tops fell in our immediate neighborhood, and the confused crashings and rumblings were awful to hear. For my part, I don't enjoy this kind of an entertainment. I can dodge all right when I have to, but if the fun lasts very long it gets monotonous. For an hour or more we suffered in our terror, not knowing what moment we might be crushed or maimed; for the tops did not always fall with the wind as decent tops should, but frequently snapped as they whipped back against the blast.

We had seen another of the Coast Range elephants, and I, for one, was ready to go home. We had seen about elephants enough for one trip, so we started for the Turpins'. The storm had made our exit one of great difficulty, for the fallen trees and débris were piled in many places thirty feet high. That night we camped on Deep Creek, well down toward its mouth, where the stream was wider and we had more room to cast and play our fish. The fish were larger, too, and played sad havoc with our tackle; but we managed to save plenty of them. How I wished that we could reach home in one day from Deep Creek. I am satisfied that the Doctor and I could have caught a hundred pounds of fine trout in a day's fishing near our camp of that night; but we could not keep them in good shape two days, and besides, neither of us felt disposed to carry a load of fish twenty-five or thirty miles over the mountains and such a trail. But we caught a nice basket for the Turpins, notwithstanding the fact that they didn't like fish, for it was the first time on our trip that we had had even the shadow of an excuse for catching any more than we ourselves could use, and we didn't propose to lose the opportunity of enjoying ourselves with the beauties of Deep Creek for once, even if the Turpins did decline to take their medicine.

Towser seemed to know that he was in his favorite wildcat country and was restless and uneasy all night long, but we would not let him leave camp. Our provisions were getting low, particularly the bacon, for Towser liked bacon and we had not prepared for his wants. So next morning we struck out for the Turpins', where we arrived about noon, well satisfied with our trip and yet glad enough to get out of the wilderness and back in the neighborhood of civilization. Towser didn't seem at all anxious to get home. He had been treated kindly, had had plenty to eat, and had been a good dog without the intervention of boom-chains. The Turpins were glad to see us return safely, for they had witnessed the storm in the mountains, and knew the danger we were in. Turpin himself, when he learned that we were in the great deadening during the storm, congratulated us on our lucky escape. The Doctor, of course, needed the whole day for rest, and the girls seemed really glad that he was tired. One cannot blame them much under the circumstances, for likely young men were seen in the Nehalem Valley about as often as were angels. Turpin asked me, off to one side, whether the Doctor was a married man, and when I told him that the Doctor was single, a good physician and a fine young man, Turpin seemed deeply interested in him and his intentions. They needed a good doctor in the Nehalem Valley, and he know of a nice quarter section close by which the Doctor could take up as a timber claim, but which, when cleared up, would make a magnificent homestead if the Doctor cared to settle on it. But he didn't propose to disclose its location except to an actual settler, and even then it must be one that suited him for a neighbor. It really does seem a shame to see such roses as the Turpin girls "blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air." I do not wonder that Turpin is a little anxious about his neighbors, if he has the welfare and happiness of his pretty daughters at heart.

While the Doctor rested, Johnny and I took the canoe and fished some of the lovely pools down the Nehalem. He wanted me to use his tackle, but I declined, and I will add that I succeeded in capturing several good-sized fish, the last one of which succeeded in capsizing the canoe and giving Johnny and me a thorough wetting; but I saved the fish all the same. Of course I lost the big fellows, but then, just think of the fun we had. When I go again to the Nehalem for trout I shall take a supply of such tackle as I ordinarily use for salmon, and it will fool somebody.

We got an early start next morning with the well wishes of the family in general, and a gentle reminder from little Annie about the doll in particular. As we left the river for home we observed poor old Towser sitting on the opposite bank looking after us. He watched us until a bend in the trail hid us from his sight, and I imagined that his old heart was aching as human hearts ache when they take the last fond look.

PORTLAND, Oregon. S. H. GREENE.

### IN CAMP ON CACHE RIVER.

LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas.—We had talked it over often and vowed to go fishing. Finally we started. By we, I mean the Senator (who now spends most of his time standing between the Iron Mountain Railroad and justice for a consideration, and who is a veritable Jonah to a fishing party if not to his railroad), my eleven-year-old boy and his partner, and myself. Leaving Little Rock we reached Cache River, fifty-five miles out, after a two hours' run, and were safely landed with our plunder on the banks of the stream, which was in beautiful fishing stage.

A little negotiation and a dollar of our daddies procured us two boats from a native and we were soon at our camping spot, a half-mile below at a spring. We proceeded to put the tent up and arrange camp, and by that time it was nearly dark and no one had had a chance to catch a fish. About that time a Senegambian hove in sight in a mud scow, and the persuasive influence of a quarter soon transferred a fine string of fish from his possession to ours. So we started in by buying fish. But what else could you expect with Jonah along and in the close season for whales?

But though late, Jonah and I concluded we would go fishing anyhow, and as the kids had caught a bucket of minnows, we went down to the bar and tried our fortune. But it was late and the malign influence of the prophet was still in force, and only one striped bas rewarded our efforts. Coming back, we found that the kids had built a camp-fire in a hollow cypress tree in front of the tent, and it was acting like a blast furnace or a volcano on a ramapge, and we had to move our tent in a hurry. For two hours that tree lighted up the woods and finally hardly left the remains.

After supper, composed largely of the fish we had not caught, we retired for the night. I had brought with me some mosquito medicine made after good old "Nessmuk's" recipe; but to our surprise the festive insect did not materialize in any appreciable quantity.

The next morning we were up early, swallowed a hasty breakfast, found a minnow bucket with its contents had floated away, but fortunately found it lodged against a tree just below camp, and started fishing.

Pulling our boat into a lake near the river we tried for black bass. We soon got several and a white perch or two. Suddenly I got a bite that made me dizzy, and for the next five minutes the Bristol steel rod was twisted into every shape, but came to time all right, and just as I concluded I had the biggest bass ever seen in Arkansas, I landed a blue catfish 3ft. long. That is where Jonah got in his work again, and I draw the veil of charity and silence over the transformation of my bass into a catfish.

It was time to quit, for the Senator had to go to Mableville to dispense Democratic doctrine to his anxious constituents; so we gave him a square meal and let him go with regret, for he is a good fellow in spite of his unlucky propensities.

When we came back to camp we found new misfortunes. Before going away I had nailed up the provision box securely enough as I thought to defy the ubiquitous Arkansas razorback.

This animal infests the bottoms and is probably a cross between a very aboriginal hog and a peccary. He runs mostly to forelegs and snout and is a hustler. He spends half his time hunting for a living in the bottom and the other half hustling to get out of the way of swamp niggers and bears. We found two in possession of the camp and also found that they had inserted their snouts under the top of the box, pried it off, eaten our bread and scattered things badly. A visit to a settler's house furnished some corn meal, and we lived on corn dodgers the rest of the time.

After a long rest I went back to the lake and caught a nice string and the second night passed without interruption.

The next morning dawned clear and beautiful. The fish were jumping in every direction, but it was Sunday. I was tempted to go fishing, but the thought of the bad example I would set the boys and the lecture I would get from my religious wife kept me from it, added to which were the sermons of my spiritual adviser, who by the way is a fisherman too, and can chase the festive minnow with the best of us and fall down in the water without even straining the third commandment.

So instead of fishing I took the kids into the woods and found a vine full of muscadines and spent the forenoon in complete idleness. When the afternoon train came we boarded it and were soon at home again.

It was the first camp for the boys and their hearty enjoyment of it was one of the most pleasant features of the trip.

Game is fairly abundant in that country, but though the season was open the vegetation was so dense I did not try any hunting. I started one afternoon, but a few yards through the cane satisfied me that hunting in a cane bottom was not my forte. UNO.

# Natural History.

## THE PANTHER'S SCREAM.

CANTON, N. Y., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading the various articles in FOREST AND STREAM about the cry of the panther brings to memory an incident of boyhood days.

It was in October of 1861, and I, a lad of 18 years and 75lbs. weight, was engaged in trapping mink. My home was in Fine, a then backwoods settlement; and I trapped the ponds, brooks and river in that vicinity. On this day I had left home before dawn, and had been setting steel traps and deadfalls on a small stream that crossed and recrossed the "Old Albany road." Darkness caught me miles from any house or other shelter, and I sought the leeward side of a small thicket of spruce and prepared to pass the night as best I might. I had no blanket; such an article was too heavy to carry. After felling several small hardwood trees for fuel, I kindled a fire, made some tea and ate my supper. I then proceeded to cut wood enough to keep my fire during the night. My first blow produced an unexpected echo; from directly up the brook, and seemingly some dozen rods away, came a scream so long, loud and blood-curdling that each separate hair on my head stood up on end, and my blood went bounding through my veins at a better clip than ever made by Nancy Hanks. A second yell, not so loud nor long, brought me to my senses, and I picked up my single barrel muzzleloading, peashooter, and carefully examined the "GD" cap to see if it would respond if needed. Then I watched the circle of darkness for eyes and formed my plan of defense if defense should become necessary. This plan was to put the fire between myself and the owner of that voice, and only to fire when sure of my aim. But no eyes appeared, and after waiting a few minutes I laid down my gun and cut more wood. Then building a good fire I lay down and went to sleep. Once during the night I awoke with a start and shivering with cold, almost surprised that as my fire had burned out, I had not been eaten. I did not see the owner of that voice, did not even look for tracks—I believe I was too intent upon making tracks myself when daylight came. But on telling my adventure to hunters who had killed many panthers, they at once said my visitor was one.

Has the reader a lady friend, who has a clear, strong voice, and has also a mortal terror of a mouse? Put her in a small room, close the windows and doors, let her open a bureau drawer, and have Mr. Mouse dart out almost in her face. Hear her scream. It will unfasten the door, rattle the windows and lift the shingles on the roof. It will fill every iota of space within the room with sound, and send a cold chill over you. The voice I heard that night was the same, only that it was louder, and it filled the woods for seemingly a mile around, just as the woman's voice would fill the room. It had a volume, depth and strength not to be found in the voice of any bird or small animal.

I have spent much time in the wilderness and have heard all the voices of the day and night, but all combined would make but a tiny squeak beside that terrific scream. I did not see the animal, hence I cannot "swear" that it was a panther, but I am quite willing to stake all my future luck as a hunter that it was.

I have been acquainted with a number of men who made hunting and trapping these animals a business, and they tell me that the panther seldom screams, but surprise or anger may cause him to do so. Undoubtedly the average individual hears something else and calls it a panther, but once he has heard that animal make his best effort he will never again be mistaken nor say that the panther does not scream. J. H. RUSHTON.

### The Panther's "Yik."

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct 15.—I do not pretend to deny "Stanstead's" statement that a panther may "yik," but I am a firm believer in what he calls the myth of the animal's terrible scream. It is well known that almost all animals have different cries to express varying emotions—the house cat and the wildcat snarl, growl and shriek, and I have often heard the lynx combine all sounds in a startling manner—especially when prowling close by the camp-fire, and waking one out of a sound sleep.

For eight years it was my happy lot to pass most of my time in a wilderness where panthers were occasionally seen and heard. Also there were owls in plenty, and I amused myself by imitating their hootings until I could deceive the birds themselves and from a distance draw them near me. I then thought myself familiar with about all their varying tones. I certainly had ample opportunity to become so. But there was one cry sometimes heard in those woods that was somewhat different from that of an owl, a cat or a lynx. I did not in those days think myself more than an average coward, but I will confess that one dark night, when I had left the camp-fire to replenish the water bottle at a stream close by, it was probably to my credit that no one could see me for a minute or so. There was a sound in a neighboring thicket—that was all. When I got back to the camp, my partner—he was then new to the woods—with eyes bulging and a suspicious movement about the knees, was grasping an axe with both hands. He asked what that noise was. I told him I thought it was a devil, or perhaps a dozen or two of them rolled into one. He at once agreed with me.

Well, I heard that scream several other times later on, and I can't say it sounded any sweeter. The woodsmen of that vicinity are more or less familiar with it. They say it is made by the panther. All I can say is that any animal with that voice—be he rabbit or owl—can have the whole path, so far as I am concerned. I can get along very well in the bushes.

Only once in those eight years did I meet a panther in his native wilds. He might have been at his best—feeling particularly good over something—but to me he did not look like a "sneak cat." FRED L. BALLARD.



AFTER THE SPECKLED BEAUTIES.

Kettle Creek, Potter County, Pa. Photo by Dr. J. Max Mueller.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

### He Saw them Scream.

I have been very much interested in the articles published in FOREST AND STREAM, as to whether the panther really screams or not. With your permission, I will offer some evidence in favor of the scream that may be interesting.

I was born and reared in a great far South State that borders the Mississippi River, and all my life I have been familiar with the big game of the vast forest lying along the great river from the mouth of the Arkansas to the sea. I have killed, and helped to kill, perhaps twenty panthers, and twice, I have seen the panther when it screamed.

Five years ago this month I was riding from a small village, or rather post office, on the Sunflower River, in Mississippi, to a plantation seven miles away. It was late before I left the hospitable mansion of my planter host, who had served in my regiment as a captain, and one of the most dashing of Forrest's troopers, when his lip was still as smooth as a girl's. The moon this night was full, and the road was plain and untraveled. I was riding a Kentucky 5-year-old, who was as intelligent as a thoroughbred can be. About three miles out my mare gave a start and shiver, and from the canebrake that bordered each side of a small but deep bayou, there came the low, deep, quavering scream that I had often heard before at night when in camp in the depth of a Mississippi forest. I knew it was a panther. It was repeated, and the animal seemed to be moving parallel to the road. The bayou made a sudden turn to the left, or northward, where it was bridged by a rude but strong structure of cypress logs. This bridge I had to cross. Beyond it the land by the roadside was quite open, and the highway stretched for a mile in a straight line. Just as I was about crossing the bridge with a leap that must have covered 20ft., one of the largest panthers I have ever seen, sprang full into the middle of the dusty road. I was not more than 15yds. distant. The bright, full moon shining on the white dust brought the splendid figure of our greatest cat out in perfect relief. It stood there, sidewise to me, for perhaps half a minute, not making a move, but gently waving its long tail. Then it threw back its great leonine head, and opening its mouth to the full, uttered the scream I had heard in wilderness, on mountain, and in canebrake for the past thirty years. Its long teeth shone white and cruel in the light of the Southern moon. In a moment it was answered from the rear of a cotton plantation, perhaps a mile away. The moist, still air of the Southern lowlands is a wonderful bearer of sound. I understood at once that this was the call amative which we so often hear from the prowling tomcat on the woodhouse roof or rear fence. Though I had a Colt's cavalry pistol in my saddle holster—for nobody rides at night in this country without an arm of some sort—I made no attempt to shoot. The animal turned its head toward me for a second, and its great eyes gleamed as with a phosphorescent light. Then it leaped into the cane on the other side of the road, entered the cotton field spoken of, and started toward the forest at the rear of the cleared land.

Once before I heard the angry scream of a panther. I was fishing on one of the lakes in Mississippi that are "cut offs" of the Mississippi. A negro man named Ben, who was cutting wood near me, came up, holding a young panther, about the size of an ordinary cat, but extremely lively. "Marse ——, I done foun' dis yer little beas' over dere in de clearin'; what yo' reckon it is?" I knew the habit of the female panther of bringing her young ones—for there are hardly ever more than two—down as soon as they can walk from their lofty birthplace in some huge cypress or gum, to take the air and enjoy the vivifying warmth of the sun. I had no firearm, and old Ben had nothing but an axe. "I think you had best put that thing down on the ground, Ben, and leave here," I replied. "It's a young panther." "De Lawd look down!" said the frightened darky as he promply followed my suggestion and cleared out. I stepped into my canoe and pulled a hundred feet away from the shore, for I heard the short angry scream of the mother panther a quarter of a mile away. She came dashing through the cane and brush that surrounded the lake, making as much noise as a 3-year-old steer would. When she reached her young one she fiercely nosed it over to see if it was injured in any way. Seeing me, she gave a loud, fierce, angry scream, opening her mouth to the full as she did it. She was in a sunny spot, and I was not more than 30yds. distant in the canoe. Nothing intervened, and I distinctly saw her teeth and tongue as she screamed. She then seized the cub in her mouth, with that firm tenderness that characterizes the mother most, and started through the cane back to her lair.

For the reasons given, and my personal observation in the cases cited, I know the panther can and upon occasion does scream. I have related my own observations precisely as they occurred. MISSISSIPPI LOWLANDS.

HUSHPUCKANY, Miss., Oct. 10.

In his "Notes on the Panther," issue of Sept. 8, Mr. Geo. H. Wyman recorded: "The female mate of the captured cougar, starting apparently from the side of the mountain opposite to me and a quarter of a mile away, walked slowly along toward the place where her mate had been killed, and all the way, at short intervals, giving such terrific screams as I had never heard before, and as most decidedly hurried my pace toward the house, where I found the family standing in the front yard to hear the same alarming screams which had startled me. Part of her notes seemed those of anger and some of intense grief."

### American Ornithologists' Union.

PORTLAND, Conn., Oct. 6.—The tenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union will convene in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 11 o'clock A. M.

The meetings will be held at the U. S. National Museum.

The reading of papers will form a prominent feature of the meetings. Associate as well as active members are earnestly requested to contribute, and to notify the secretary before Nov. 12 as to the titles of their communications and the length of time required for their presentation. JOHN H. SAGE, Secretary.

# Game Bag and Gun.

## AN OPEN LETTER.

*To Henry Austin, Esq., of the Suffolk Bar, Boston, Mass:*

DEAR SIR—You may have read the story of the eastern ruler to whom came a farmer with the complaint that a soldier had devoured one of his melons. "Bring him before me," commanded the monarch. "Now cut him open. If the melon is found, restitution shall be made. If it is not found, off goes your head." The melon was found and restitution was made. When I was advised the other day that your book, *American Game and Fish Laws*,* contained pilferings from me, it was a simple matter to secure a copy, open it and determine the truth of the charge. I found the melon.

Portions of your work, I discover, have been stolen bodily and word for word from my own *Book of the Game Laws*.

Instead of giving me any credit for the appropriated material, you have sought to palm it off on the public as the fruit of your own honest investigation, for in your preface you say:

> In preparing this work the author has endeavored to make a brief, but comprehensive digest of the game and fish laws. The material has been derived from the Revised Statutes, Codes, and the latest enactments of the respective States.
>
> Trusting that his investigation may prove acceptable and useful, the author presents the result of his labor.

Since there is nothing to indicate that you went beyond my book for your material, when your preface says that "the material has been derived from the Revised Statutes etc.," you probably mean us to understand, "The material has been derived (some of it with a pair of shears and a pot of paste) from the Revised Statutes, Codes, and the latest enactments of the respective States, as given in the *Book of the Game Laws*, compiled from original sources by Charles B. Reynolds." This slight inaccuracy of statement, Mr. Austin, is deplorable, but less deplorable than other inaccuracies to which I shall call your attention shortly.

I am not now complaining that you used for your digest the laws given by me in the full text. Public statutes are public property, any one has a perfect right to use them as he will. But an esteemed legal friend, in whom I have perfect confidence, advises me that my arrangement of the laws, my abstracts, my digests, belong to me; they are my property or that of those to whom I may sell them: and if Henry Austin surreptitiously appropriates them he takes what is not his.

Doubtless every person who finds himself the victim of a literary poacher, feels in some measure aggrieved. There are circumstances connected with this case which have reasonably or unreasonably aggravated my sense of wrong at your hand. Chief among these is the fact that the particular portions of my *Book of the Game Laws* which you have appropriated with your shears are the very ones which required the most labor for me to prepare.

In 1891, there being no accurate compendium of the game and fish laws (the *Fur Fin, and Feather* was then as now incomplete and unreliable), I determined to provide one. There was a legitimate call for such a work, and I thought that it should be supplied from this office. The labor of compilation promised to be arduous, but it was quite clear that if the book was to be put forth with the FOREST AND STREAM's indorsement there must be assurance of its accuracy; and the only way for me to be sure that the compilation was accurately done was to do it myself. I therefore set about the work of preparing the *Book of the Game Laws*—a task which proved to be laborious, vexatious, tedious and difficult beyond expectation. Begun in May, the work consumed all available time to October. Some hint of this was given in a note in the first issue, as follows:

> ACCURACY AND COMPLETENESS.
>
> The first qualities demanded of a compendium of laws are accuracy and completeness. In the lack of any collection of fish and game laws having these qualities this one was undertaken.
>
> The preparation of the work has involved an examination of more than 800 distinct original and amendatory acts, scattered through multitudinous volumes of the compiled statutes and session laws of the fifty-nine States, Territories and Provinces here represented. The labor of compilation has been largely increased by the often careless and sometimes seemingly contradictory nature of the legislation. It would be presumption to hope that in the hundreds of laws here given no minor errors will be discovered; but it may at least be said that the *Book of the Game Laws* as it appears to-day is the result of a painstaking and conscientious endeavor to furnish an accurate and reliable compendium. Similar care will be exercised to give all future enactments promptly and correctly.

It is perhaps this recollection of the difficulties encountered and the actual drudgery done in the preparation of the *Book of the Game Laws*, which increases my impatience when I find that some of the results of my labor have been stolen by a member of the Suffolk Bar. Perhaps, however, considerations of this nature, based on honest work, may have little significance for one who adopts your speedier and easier mode of compilation. Take, for an example, in the *Book of the Game Laws*, the condensed statement of the Connecticut local fishing laws—upward of a hundred of them, the preparation of which cost me several days' work, besides correspondence with public officials, and with persons familiar with local geography—as Mr. F. D. Bowen, of the New York *Independent* with respect to Woodstock waters. All this you have coolly appropriated, the whole of it, word for word, my order, my language, everything, in short, but the bare enumeration of the sections. This application of the shears you call "investigation." I should give it a shorter designation, an "invidious appellation," to quote an expression of Hume's.

True, were I given to vanity, there might be among other emotions excited by the detection of your wholesale "investigation" from me, a shade of self-adulation that you, a lawyer, should have had such full confidence in my own, a layman's, presentation of the law as to indorse it word for word; and that Henry Austin, of the Suffolk Bar, should have stood sponsor for the law book work of Charles B. Reynolds, a newspaper editor, even to putting forth that work over the authority of his own name. But I am a modest man, and the compliment you have paid makes me feel not an inch taller. I believe, however, that your confidence in the *Book of the Game Laws* was abundantly justified, for, if I do say it, the compilation was an honest piece of work and now in its third year has stood the test of time.

What is to be said of the accuracy of your own publication?

We are so in the way of going to the lawyers for our law, and of accepting as the law what they tell us is the law, that we naturally put confidence in a law book bearing on its title page the authority of legal authorship. The *American Game and Fish Laws* by Henry Austin of the Suffolk Bar would therefore be accepted by the confiding public as an accurate and reliable presentation of the law. Is it?

I have been interested in examining the Nov. 1, 1892, edition of your *American Game and Fish Laws*, not only to see how much of it you originally "investigated" bodily from the *Book of the Game Laws*, but also to determine its inaccuracy by comparing it with the current (October, 1892) issue of my own work, in which the laws are correctly stated as amended to date.

The Nov. 1, 1892, edition of the *American Fish and Game Laws*, by Henry Austin, of the Suffolk Bar, purports to give the laws of 49 of the 51 States and Territories of the United States. (It does not include Canada.)

**33** of the 49 State and Territory laws are given incorrectly.

That is to say, the errors in the book apply to 33 States and Territories.

**123** game and fish seasons are incorrectly stated.

**74** game and fish seasons are omitted altogether.

Uncounted errors relate to provisions other than as to seasons.

The seasons wrongly given or not given at all relate to buffalo, elk, antelope, male deer, female deer, deer, wild turkeys, quail, ruffed grouse (partridge), pinnated grouse (prairie chickens), sharptail grouse, wild geese, wild ducks, brant, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, rabbits, reed birds, robins, turtle doves, larks, Mongolian pheasants; European pheasants, trout, lake trout, black bass, mullets, red horse, pickerel, pike, suckers.

The uncounted errors additional to the season errors relate to hounding deer, killing game for market, privileges of non-residents, exportation of game, sale of game, snaring game, use of ferrets, use of sink boxes, use of blinds, use of sneak boats, size of fish, fishing in private waters. There are blunders even in the law of your own State of Massachusetts, and blunders by which an unlucky wight trusting to you might find himself in serious trouble.

Manifestly the only security, outside of a fool's paradise, one might feel who should follow your representation as to the fish and game laws would be in the good luck that he was not in one of the 33 States and Territories whose laws are mis-stated, or that the particular law he was acting under your statement of did not happen to be one of the 200 and odd you have given wrongly; or else in the good fortune that the law was practically a dead-letter.

You appear to me, Mr. Austin, to be possessed of an amazing degree of simplicity and of insouciance—for a lawyer—in assuming paternity for such a grotesque collection of errors as is put forth in the current edition of your *American Game and Fish Laws*. But what astonishes me even more, is that apparently it has never occurred to you that any moral responsibility attaches to your happy-go-lucky blundering; or that it makes the least difference in the world whether you, a lawyer, give to the purchaser of this book—who is your client, so to speak—a truthful statement of the law or not. You, an attorney and counsellor at law, advise one man that he may not do a certain thing, when the law itself distinctly permits him to do it; and you, a member of the Suffolk Bar, tell another man that he may do something when the law positively and explicitly declares he may not do it, but shall be punished if he does do it. And this sort of reckless, worthless and dangerous advice you give not once but a hundred times. Take a sample case, one among those in Massachusetts, your own State, where you are practicing law, and where, if any where, you should know the law and give safe legal counsel. With respect to snaring ruffed grouse (partridge) you advise that snaring may be done by land owners "during open season only;" that is to say, from Sept. 15 to Jan. 1. But the law limits the time for snaring to the period "between the first day of October and the first day of January." So here are fifteen days in September in which a well-meaning Massachusetts grouse snarer might get himself into trouble by trusting to the advice of a Tremont street lawyer. And as a member of the Suffolk Bar you tell the Massachusetts farmer's boy that he may trap rabbits from Sept. 1 to March 1, when for full three months of that time the law forbids it. These blunders in your own State law are good enough specimens of the misleading advice you give in thirty-three States and Territories; but they do not begin to be so serious as many others—in New York, for instance. Why, I have just to-day telegraphed to a State Game Protector to come here and arrest a game dealer for having on sale certain game which your book advises he may now sell, but the law says he may not. Truly, the New York game dealer who should follow you in this respect would stand in need of a powerful "pull" unless he should have Delmonico's luck with the District Attorney.

Your work has been taken from the *Book of the Game Laws*, and your work is full of mistakes. Does not this discredit the claimed accuracy of the *Book of the Game Laws*? Not in the least. You abstracted and scissored your material from one of the first editions of the *Book* (for your plagiarism has gone long undetected by me). The material was all right enough when you took it, provided you transferred it accurately. But while revision supplements of the *Book of the Game Laws* have been issued quarterly, its plates corrected, and the work in large share reset, and thus "revised to date," you appear to have revised the successive issues of your work only in part. It is as if you should sell us an 1892 *Farmer's Almanac* with four or five 1891 months in it. Legislatures amend the laws, game and fish seasons change with the years, but Mr. Austin's *American Game and Fish Laws* with pig-headed stupidity sticks to the same old dates.

Now, I trust that there may be no misapprehension on your part nor on the part of others as to my attitude toward your work itself, intrinsically considered as a game-law compendium. There is room in this country for an honest work in that field by you as well as for my own honest work. I believe in game and fish protection, and in facilitating and promoting public information about the laws. I consider it an excellent thing for game protective societies to distribute the laws gratuitously, as is done, and well done, in your own State, by the Massachusetts Game and Fish Protective Association. (Send for a copy; the secretary is Mr. R. O. Harding, 304 Washington street, Boston.) The more game law compilations the better. But let us all make our books honestly. For there are other laws, fully as important as these respecting game and fish, their observance fully as binding. One of them is the rule of *meum et tuum*, colloquially, what's mine is mine, what's yours is yours; and of the distinction between the two. This applies not only to the new silver half-dollar in my pocket, and to the one in yours, but to books that sell for a half-dollar, like my *Book of the Game Laws*, and to the copyrighted material in such books. It applies to our dealings, one with another—but I cannot believe that you, a member of the Massachusetts Bar Association, stand in need of an elementary course of instruction in ethics.

I assure you that the sportsmen of this country require no such teaching. When you shall know them as well as I do, Mr. Austin, you will appreciate that they hate sham and fraud, believe in fair play, give their support to honest endeavor and to work which is in reality just what it professes to be on its face, and reward the man who does original work, not the man who appropriates the original work of another. Under these conditions, without taking into account the 200 and odd abominable errors in your *American Fish and Game Laws*, or the tried and proved accuracy of my own *Book of the Game Laws* and of its younger brother the *Game Laws in Brief*, there is no question in my mind which of these will have the confidence and support of the public—when once the public shall have found out your pilferings. If you have been hugging any fond delusion that you would not be exposed, Mr. Austin, you may as well now abandon the very last shred of that fatuous trust.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS.

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 24, 1892.

* *American Game and Fish Laws*, Containing a Complete Digest of the Laws in each State, by Henry Austin of the Suffolk Bar. Au hor of "American Farm and Game Laws," "The Liquor Law in the New England States," etc. Boston, 1892.

### To whom it may concern:

The *Book of the Game Laws* published by us is a copyrighted work.

The pamphlet entitled *American Game and Fish Laws* (by Henry Austin of the Suffolk Bar, Boston, 1892), contains certain material which is an infringement of our copyright in the *Book of the Game Laws*, which infringement, we are advised by counsel, is actionable at law.

All persons are hereby warned against selling or offering for sale the infringing work, as we shall take measures to enforce our rights and protect our property.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

318 BROADWAY, New York, Oct. 24, 1892.

## SPORT ON COLUMBUS DAY.

COLUMBUS DAY, Friday, Oct. 21., was a holiday in Boston, and, in fact, in most of the New England cities and towns. Not all of the boys followed the crowd or marched in the processions, for a good many of the lovers of the gun took the day in the woods. Some of the devotees of the rod and line also went on the waters. It is close time on trout now, but the catching of the big bass in the Sudbury River, an account of which was in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, started the fishermen anew. Mr. Richard F. Loring, agent for D. K. Reed & Son, Chamber of Commerce, got up a hunting and fishing party among his friends for Columbus Day. The party was made up of E. M. Gillam, of the Boston *Advertiser*, Charles Fairchild, formerly salesman for the Diamond Paste Co., and Mr. Wilson, of Buffalo, N. Y., traveling salesman for the same paste company. They started for Foster's Pond in Wayland, on Thursday evening. They got into camp late at night, but managed to make themselves comfortable, with the single exception that they had neglected to supply their larder with a sufficient quantity of food. It had been suggested that some one of the party purchase the supplies, but in the hurry of leaving business and getting started, no one had really attended to a supply of food, though each one had provided himself with a rather small lunch in the shape of crackers and cheese, etc. The result was that almost every morsel was eaten at breakfast the next morning. But all were enthusiastic and each started out with the determination of doing his part towards a game and fish dinner. Two of the party tried the creek and the pond for pickerel, but found the water almost too low to float a boat in the creek, and very low in the pond, though they had hired a boat for the occasion. They got no fish.

Mr. Loring and Mr. Gillam were out early after birds, and with the help of a good dog, one belonging to Mr. Gillam, Mr. Loring shot three partridge and Mr. Gillam one quail. Then Mr. Loring was bound to try the gray squirrels in the upland woods near at hand, and he succeeded in getting one. On making an inventory of their provisions and game it was decided that if they had some eggs they might do very well toward a dinner, though a chicken or two would help out and save the partridge to take home. They started out in quest of the needed supplies. Farmhouses were scattering and the people generally away from home. They could obtain no chickens and only three eggs, fresh laid Mr. Loring bought them for. These he brought back very carefully. During

the process of cooking there was considerable banter as to who of the party should have the eggs, since three could not go round with four at table. Mr. Loring was anxious that the matter should be decided before the dinner was done, and now the other boys are a little suspicious. The game was cooked to a turn. The eggs were done, and four hungry men gathered around. The first man to take an egg—not Mr. Loring—rapped the shoulder shell with his pocket knife. The sound was ominous. The thing was china. The boys all looked blank, and the other eggs were examined. One was a nest egg and another china. Then a roar of laughter went up such as the old camp at Foster's Pond has seldom heard. The game was all devoured, and the boys started for Boston much pleased with their outing, even if game was not as plenty as they had hoped for.

Mr. Daniel Seaverns, Jr., grain agent for a Western house at the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. L. W. DePass, assistant secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, took Columbus Day in the woods at West Newton. Mr. DePass has a young Irish setter bred by Mr. E. M. Gillam. This dog they had along, and they are much pleased with the work he did. But game was scarce, and there were several other hunting parties just ahead of them, one they knew, from Boston, and one from Newton.

Dr. Heber Bishop, famous as one of the leaders of the Megantic Club, is out of the woods again, with his usual good luck. This season he has already taken a big moose and a caribou. He will also spend Christmas week in the Megantic woods, after big game. Gossip says that Mr. and Mrs. Westley Jones, of Elm Hill, Roxbury, with Mrs. Frank Baynes and Mr. L. C. Shepard, of New York, have just returned from a pleasant outing in the Adirondacks. The party was quartered in Mr. Jones's camps, Kickabuck Lodge. The weather was fine the most of the time. They had good sport, taking six deer in all. Two of the deer were shot by the ladies, one by Mrs. Haynes, a fine buck, and another by Mrs. Jones, the first one to be taken. Now, this story sounds well, and may be believed by those who don't go a-hunting; but some people, and particularly those acquainted with women and deer hunting in the Adirondacks, would refuse to believe a word of it. That the party mentioned has been at the Adirondacks, is doubtless true.

Mr. W. T. Farley, of Farley, Harvey & Co., with a friend, took Columbus Day in the woods, with shotguns. They went up into the western part of the State, but secured only a few birds. Partridges they pronounce decidedly scarce.

Gardy Eames, the Reading rifle shot, with Charley Davies, was out on Columbus Day, in the Reading woods. They are probably the most expert sportsmen in the country, and they secured several partridges.

E. M. Gillam, Richard Loring and Joe Reaser were out on the 23d in the Reading woods, with dogs and guns. Mr. Reaser is a crack shot, having hunted chickens in the West for many seasons. They secured a partridge apiece and one quail. They found the partridges to be very wild indeed. They will not lie to the dog at all, no matter how carefully the best trained dog brings them to a point. They immediately commence scudding, soon ending in a flight directly away from dog and hunter. But Mr. Gillam has adopted a new method of dealing with these birds. He does not care for hunting them without one or two other hunters with him. He says that it is useless to work his dog, or any other dog, on them, without another hunter or two at hand. A soon as his dog comes to a point he dispatches one of the other hunters to make a long circuit around both dog and bird as quickly as possible. It this way there is a hunter at hand to take the bird as it makes its sudden flight directly away from the dog, and generally too far ahead for the gunner behind the dog to shoot with any sort of effect. In this way the partridges taken on the 23d were secured. Gardy Eames and Charlie Davies are following the same plan.

SPECIAL.

## VELOCITY OF SHOT.

OAKLAND, Bergen County, N. J., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Chelan" in last week's FOREST AND STREAM says the Boulangé chronograph is not really accurate when used for small shot. I have used the Boulangé chronograph, the Field force gauge, paper pads and numerous other arrangements for testing the velocity and penetration of shot, but I have never found anything come near the chronograph, which is for all practical purposes absolutely accurate. For the benefit of some of your readers, who have not seen a chronograph—I believe there are only two of them in this country—I give a very rough description of ours.

Two rods, A and B, are suspended by magnetic currents side by side. A very thin wire is stretched across the muzzle of the gun or across the hammer, as you wish, which, when the gun goes off, is broken either by the shot as it leaves the muzzle of the gun or by the hammer falling.

The current being broken rod A is released, and commences falling. The moment the shot reaches the target rod B falls and releases a knife, which makes a mark on rod A the second the shot reaches the target; you then measure off on rod A the distance it dropped from the moment of shot leaving gun until the knife hit it, and from that you calculate the velocity of the shot. The circuit is broken at the target by the shot forcing back very slightly a movable plate in the center of the target, and no shots are ever recorded for velocity unless the center of the charge is on the movable plate, as outside pellets as a rule give very low velocities; but with good powder, good primers and carefully weighed charges of both powder and shot, not measured, for you cannot measure either powder or shot accurately enough, you will find that in a covered in range you can get marvelously even results, thus, I think, showing that the chronograph is a very accurate instrument. I give some very even consecutive shots taken in some trials here yesterday: 863, 865, 863, 866, 864, 867. These are the average velocity of No. 7 shot feet per second over a distance of 40yds., and are practically absolutely the same. It speaks very highly for the shells used, which were the U. M. C. Co.'s "Smokeless," which are in my mind without doubt the best shell in America and quite equal to Eley & Kynoch's on the other side.

The chronograph shows up the unevenness of bad primers almost as well as any of the cap testing instruments now in use. Mr. Borland, of the E. C. Powder Co., in England, has just made a new cap-testing instrument, which has proved very successful, one of which I hope shortly to have out here, when I may be able to publish some trials on primers, which I know will interest many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

I might mention as rather an interesting fact that if you fire a shot and take the velocity of the shot when your gun is really cold, then fire half a dozen shots in quick succession to warm it up, and then take the velocity of another shot while the gun is warm, you will find that you get a velocity a good deal higher with the hot gun than with the cold one. Who can explain this?

NOEL E. MONEY.

## THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THERE is a soft twilight here among the hemlocks. Even the tinkling of the brook that creeps about the damp, moss-covered stones is hushed, and sounds afar off. Down in this little glen the ferns and mosses spring up, in blissful ignorance of the outside world.

When the winds are abroad in the woods, and the complaining trees are tossing their boughs in mute appeal to the storm king, the ruffed grouse makes himself snug in this quiet retreat, and listens undisturbed to the uproar, repeated to him in murmurs from the hemlocks.

The morning comes with a clear sky, and the rising sun darts his level rays among the trees on the surrounding ridges. Awake with the dawn, the grouse have already gone abroad to seek their food. Should you know of any wild grape vines hereabout, it would be well to look for them there, as they are very fond of this fruit.

The drumming of the ruffed grouse has furnished an interesting topic for discussion among sportsmen, who prove and disprove all sorts of ideas in regard thereto. I have never seen his majesty in the act of drumming, though I have often tried to catch the sly fellow unawares.

It is impossible to satisfactorily express the feelings that possess me, as I listen, on some lovely Indian summer day, to the drums of the grouse.

I have a spot on the mountain side where I frequently rest, and, with never tiring eyes, look out over hill and valley, lake and stream. No nestling village, no farmhouses are to be seen. No handiwork but nature's has left its mark.

Here, with my thinking cap on, I dream away the golden moments, and, even now, though far from the lovely spot, I can see the purple haze resting on the hills, and spreading its gauzy veil over the woods. I hear the roll of the grouse, as it swells, and dies away again with its strange ventriloquial effect. * * *

This is my fairyland! may it long be spared. In hunting ruffed grouse I am at somewhat of a disadvantage as compared with fellow craftsmen. Being short-limbed I cannot cover as much ground as they, without great effort, and, therefore, when ever possible, I "go it alone!" It seems to me, that just as many shots are obtained by a slow walker who moves quietly, as are secured by the more speedy fellows. Besides, I like to take it leisurely in the woods, there is so much to see. One loses half the charm by hustling through them.

To me, every lichen-covered boulder, every sturdy tree, has something to suggest, and I can also escape many spider webs when moving slowly, thereby adding greatly to the comfort of taking my time.

A stately hemlock lies prostrate and mouldering just before me. I mentally take its measure as my eye runs over the noble ruin, once so full of lusty life that quivered to the tips of its spreading boughs, and spoke in whispers to the stars on quiet nights. As I meditate, a dark form glides noiselessly away on the other side the fallen tree. I instinctively bring my gun to shoulder, the grouse (for 'tis he that is endeavoring to steal off unobserved) springs with a roar of wings, that makes the dead twigs rattle about him like a shower, and sets the dry leaves dancing in his wake.

The still air vibrates to my shot, and the echoes fly among the hills, while the subdued light of this forest sanctuary is gray with pungent powder smoke! Only one shot! But it was enough. He lies there still, inert, but glorious even in death. He made the effort of his life, but swift and sure the "leaden hail" like fate overtook him and beat him down.

Surely the ruffed grouse is the feathered king of our forest.

As I stoop to pick him up, I have another rise to my left, and feeling that there are more of these alert woodfolk close by, I make up my mind to attend to business in a proper manner. I confess that my soliloquy on the fallen tree had diverted my attention from the matter in hand, and had it not been for that lucky glance, the stillness would not have been so rudely broken. "Br'er Grouse" would have stolen away quietly, to chuckle over his escape.

With gun at full cock I start again. Now I am aware that the carrying of a gun at full cock is dangerous, but a startled grouse is lively and gets behind a tree so quickly that a fraction of a second will often enable him to escape, hence it is necessary to fire the moment one feels the heel plate on shoulder; it is literally "touch and go," and therefore I carry my gun at full cock and hunt alone in the woods when possible, feeling free from the care of watching the muzzle of a companion's gun, and being able to enjoy the sport to its full extent.

Whirr-rrr! Another bird is up. He whisks round a tall oak, and "slap" goes the whole charge into the trunk behind him. A second grouse rises at the report, and not knowing my exact location crosses toward the right.

This time I get him. Killed cleanly, head over heels he goes, down into a little dell on one side, and there I find him fluttering.

In passing a tall hemlock I notice what appears, at first sight, to be a gnarl or knot on one of the limbs 30ft. from the ground. On closer inspection this knot resolves itself into a grouse. Close in to the trunk he stands, stiff, erect and motionless. Careful! When he leaves that perch, if it be of his own accord, all you will see will be a streak, nothing else. It seems almost a pity to take advantage of him, but * * * *

A short half hour of contemplation from my favorite outlook, and I turn homeward, leaving the grand old woods to their own thoughts. As I pass, that perfume of the forest, which is distilled anew at every twilight, is filling the air with its fragrance.

Let us say with the Germans: "*Auf wiedersehen.*"

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, Long Island, N. Y.

### A Snared Game Haul.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 21.—One of the largest bags of partridges ever reported in this section, and probably in the State, was purchased by Andrews Bros., one of the largest grocery firms in the city, last Monday. There were 70 birds in the bunch. They were brought in by one man, and when local sportsmen heard of it they were surprised. The hunter claims he got them near Constantia, on Oneida Lake.

Upon examination it was found that none of the birds had any shot wounds, and the game protector, Harry Jackson, was notified, and confiscated the whole lot and steps were taken to arrest the hunter (?). Andrews Bros. were notified that the law provides a severe penalty for the purchase of snared birds, conviction entailing a fine of $25 for the buying and $25 for every bird. The firm is thus liable to a total fine of $1,755.

The fact that they were ignorant of law does not lessen the liability. The firm having expressed their willingness to assist in bringing the offender to justice may induce the game constable not to press the case heavily. There should be an example made in this case, as there has been too much of this kind of business going on here of late; but since the present protector has been in office he has been very close on the heels of all offenders, both on fish and game, and in the future the fishing and shooting will be much improved, something that Onondaga county has not known for years. Down with the miscreants, is the cry of every true sportsman. D. K.

### Portland Fish and Game Pamphlet.

WE have received copies of the constitution and by-laws of the Portland Game Club, of Portland, Conn., dated Oct. 1, of this year. The pamphlet appears to us of unusual interest because it contains some information of interest to gunners and anglers which is not usually found in publications of this nature. Besides the constitution and by-laws, which are brief, there are printed in condensed form some of the game and fish laws of Connecticut which are in force at the present time, and in addition to these, sections from the Revised Statutes of Connecticut, giving the laws with regard to trespass. Every man who desires to shoot or fish according to law wants to know also what the law is, and the method employed in this pamphlet is certainly a most convenient one for giving him that information. The members of the Portland Game Club are to be congratulated on the wisdom of the editor of this little pamphlet.

### Massachusetts Association.

A MEETING of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Thursday evening, Oct. 20, Pres. Geo. W. Wiggin in the chair, and fifty members being present. Messrs. Samuel Brown, Wm. T. Montgomery, and Harry V. Long were elected members of the association. Four applications for membership were presented and referred to the committee, Messrs. Edward A. Samuels, Edward E. Hardy, Ivers W. Adams, Dr. Heber Bishop, Walter C. Prescott, Dr. W. G. Kendall, Charles Stewart, and the President, Treasurer and Secretary were appointed a committee on arranging for the next annual dinner. The next meeting will be held Nov. 10.

RICHARD O. HARDING, Secretary.

### An Electric Sight.

AN interesting experiment is about to be tried by a sportsman in India. In sitting up at night, over a "kill" to shoot tigers the chief difficulty is to draw a bead in the uncertain light. This sportsman has therefore instructed a Birmingham firm to send him out a pair of rifles fitted with Walter Winans's electric sight for night shooting.

This is the first time this sight will be in actual use, but it has already been tried at a target at night, and favorably reported on by a London paper.


### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).


## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitted to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.*—XIII.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

### The Carp Lake Camp.

[*Continued from page 266.*]

THERE'S a heap o' comfort in a camp-fire, and the Colonel is never so well contented as when taking his ease in front of one, and he rarely fails to sit it out, saving enough wood mayhap to kindle the next one.

A few nights after we were awakened about 12 o'clock in our tent near the oaks by some discordant, untuneful noises and howling that sounded a good deal like a newly organized German singing society in full blast, which turned out to be a serenade tendered us by six or seven young fellows from Traverse City who made a camp that afternoon in the edge of the grove above us to fish a little and have a "good time" for a couple of days.

Kelpie and the Colonel turned Hickory out to learn what the trouble was, while the boys in the other tents snored a rasping accompaniment to the inharmonious medley of noises filling the air, utterly oblivious, or indifferent it seemed, to the intended compliment, or it may be they were only "playin' possum" till I had determined the nature of the demonstration, whether hostile or otherwise.

When I got out the howling match was about in its last throes and I waited at the corner of the fly in the dim starlight till it came to an end, which it did presently with a sort of sporzando jerk that must have scared the little robins overhead out of a couple of weeks' growth.

"Good evening, gentlemen"—I hastened to remark in my blandest manner, for I was afraid they would start in and grind out another verse—"to what are we indebted for this enchanting music?"—for which lie I ought to have been kicked into the lake.

One who acted as spokesman proceeded to explain, and wound up by asking me to take a drink with them, at the same time producing a bottle which he said contained beer, and then the others came out from the shadow of the oak, each with a similar bottle in his hand that only needed a corkscrew to open up the festivities. I had a hard time to beg off, but seeing I was firm but respectful in my refusal to "jine," one of them at last said, "Well then, bring out the other fellers that do drink."

This called for another diplomatic prevarication to save the boys from being roused out of bed to help increase the size of the "jag" some of the serenaders were already burdened with, and I told them it was old Sam's birthday (giving his name), and the boys had been celebratin' with persistency and frequent regularity during the evening till they were all fuller'n geese (I hope the boys will forgive me the lie), and it would be next to impossible in their present condition to get them fully enough awake to take another drink, much less to stand up if they succeeded in getting out of the tents. Just there, whether preconcerted or not I never found out, a succession of grunts and spasmodic snorts from the Colonel, and a long drawn, sonorous snore, repeated in regular cadence from the Perfessor's tent below, went a good way toward corroborating the story of the birthday festivities, and pulling me out of a "category," for at one time during the discussion of "to beer or not to beer," the serenaders seemed disposed to be a trifle ugly because they could get none of us to drink with them. At last, however, after a few more hastily constructed lies—white ones—made up to fit the emergency and a promise from me that some of us would come up to their camp next day and get better acquainted, they took their departure in a good humor, smashing a bottle or two of beer on a rock as they went by the cook's fireplace to get rid of some "innard cussedness" as it seemed, and I went back to the tent to find Kelpie and the Colonel wide awake, sober, and glad our midnight visitors had left without inflicting another "selection" on us.

I turned in and was soon asleep, and Kelpie said next morning that, with the snoring to the north of him and the snoring to the south of him, he was some time in making up his mind which was the more disquieting, the snoring match going on between the Colonel and Hickory or the midnight howling match we had been treated to.

Old Sam and I went up to their camp next day and found them to be a clever lot of young fellows who had come out for a couple of days' recreation, and they were having it.

Their camp equipments consisted principally of beer—there were several kegs protected from the sun in the bushes near by—however, there was a big tent, a rude table of boards with some dishes and cooking utensils on it, the simplest pattern of a box-stove of sheet iron, some more beer in bottles, a gun or two, a few cane fishing poles, and some more beer. Then they all had some beer, old Sam "jinin' 'em" in three or four cups full and pronouncing it "a mighty fillin' sort of a beverage, but lackin' in essentials."

One of the party, Mr. Al Petertyl, was an amateur photographer and had his camera along, which reminded us that we would like to have some pictures of our camp.

He kindly agreed to come down and 'take us,' and in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, he got three views, but from some cause they turned out to be nothing but some streaks and blotches on the glass plate. The second morning after he came down again about 10 o'clock and, with the sun at his back, took a snap shot at the camp, which, however, did not produce a very clear cut picture, but old Sam explained it clearly by saying, "He had on a leetle too much focus when he tetched 'er off." It was rather a misfortune that the picture was not better, but we had no cause to complain, as he would take nothing for his trouble, and besides, it was the last plate he had and it was that or nothing.

He gave us the negative as we passed through Traverse City on our way home, and from it we afterward got a lot of copies, one of which was sent to FOREST AND STREAM to finally be transferred to its pages, and if the reader "gits jest the right focus on it" he *may* be able to see the little robins in the oak with their mouths agape "waitin' fur a worm to drap in;" anyhow, he may see the "Perfessor" (No. 5 in the picture) wrastlin' with a snarl in his line and polishing up in his mind some old chestnut to spring on his comrades as a new joke.

The days began to slip by at a quicker pace than usual, it seemed, and we could look ahead and see the end of our vacation not very far away: in fact, old Sam and Charley were to leave us in a few days to be back at their business at a time agreed on before they left home.

The rest of us didn't "let on" much, but we felt that we would miss them more than we cared to say, for two better, kindlier, more unselfish comrades never drove a tent pin or swapped lies around a camp-fire.

One morning, four days after friend Petertyl took his last shot at the camp with his "picter box," they climbed into a spring wagon that had been sent out from Traverse City after them and their baggage, and drove off, after an exchange of hearty hand shakes and good-byes, waving their hats till a turn in the road hid them from view, and we turned back to the camp to sit or wander aimlessly around for half an hour or more, something after the manner of a lot of bees that have been despoiled of their hoard. ("That dandy flag pole I cut" was the last we heard from Old Sam.)

We could hardly persuade ourselves that they were really gone till Kelpie and I walked over to take a look into the vacant tent, ostensibly to see if they had forgotten anything, and then we realized the void they had left in the camp, and what a space the two old Kentuckians had filled in our hearts. Verily, the loss of a tried and true old camp companion is a calamity that depresseth the spirit, and we sat around most of the afternoon, and smoked in a perfunctory, absent-minded sort of way, and said little: even the Perfessor's choicest and stalest "chestnuts" fell flat, and his most caustic witticisms lost their smart, much to his discomposure and our peace of mind.

Toward evening Kelpie and I got restless and took a boat and pulled down and anchored off the birch point to fish awhile, not that we wanted fish to eat, but as Kelpie said, "because it wouldn't look well for the camp to be without fish for breakfast if we took a notion we wanted fish."

We fished till near sundown and went back with some goggle-eyes—we could always catch these—and a couple of bass, besides losing a "whopper" that tangled up in the long grass and went off with the hook in his jaw, due to a faulty place in the line near the gut, but then, who ever heard of a line breaking anywhere else than at a faulty place?

Kelpie and I conferred together and figured it out to our satisfaction that the bass that got away was certainly heavier than the combined weight of both the others, but we didn't think it worth while to mention it at camp lest the "Perfessor" inflict on us some new-fangled version of the time-worn platitude about "the big fish that always gets away."

There was a gap in the circle around the camp-fire that night where the Kentuckians usually sat that seemed to grow wider as the night waned, and the fire burned less brightly, we fancied, because "old Frigid" and "Snakeroot" were not there with their familiar figures outlined in long drawn, grotesque shadows against the adjacent hillside.

It was getting near breaking up time for the night. Talk had died out, and the Colonel sat with legs outstretched, gazing dreamily into the fire, as was his wont when the last two chunks had been "poked" together for the final fitful blaze, puffing an occasional cloud of smoke to keep his pipe alight, and saying nothing—only thinking, and planning mayhap his next winter's campaign in Florida.

Johnny lay stretched on the grass, slanted up hill with head propped up in open palm and elbow resting on the ground, bobbing at the fire with sleepy jerks; the keeper of the fryin' pans, with more experience with stiffened joints from lying on the ground, was snoring on a board a couple of yards from the fire, dreaming doubtless of the trim colored chambermaid with whom he had furiously flirted at the Fountain Point House, and even the "Perfessor" had somehow unaccountably run out of wormy old chestnuts and edgeless jokes with which to entertain us, and sat dozing and nodding on his campstool, with down-hanging chin, happily unconscious of the comfort and rest we were getting out of the fact that he had at last run down.

Kelpie and I had been industriously fighting smoke and taking over an intended foray on the trout of Cedar Run next day, and as our plans were now matured and the fire getting low, we 'roused the sleepers and turned in, leaving the Colonel to his reverie and his pipe, to come when the spirit prompted.

It was after 8 o'clock next morning before Kelpie and I were off in the ironclad, headed straight for the mouth of the bayou, and for a wonder we had no head wind to contend against. For the first time in many days at that hour in the morning the lake was quiet except for a faint ripple on the water, and the pull was hardly good exercise. On reaching the mouth of Cedar Run we found an old wood scow moored to the bank in such a way that there was little of the cedar to be seen from a boat passing along up the bayou, and this was doubtless the reason why Kelpie and Johnny had missed it the day they were looking for it.

We followed the stream around to where Sam and I had run against the log jam the year before, but it was now clear and we kept on up without interruption.

The water was very clear and cold, although the bottom for a quarter of a mile up was soft black mud, changing to sand and gravel where the stream became narrower and the current stronger. The banks were low and marshy—scarcely any banks at all—and grown up with tall grasses and cat-tails and clumps of small low-growing bush that we didn't know the name of, and off to the right, as far as we could see, were hundreds of dead trees, desolate and grim and leafless, that were killed by the backwater when the dam was built across the outlet at Leland a good many years before.

The year before we camped on Uncle Jimmy Nolan's place, a canoe might have been paddled almost anywhere over the swamp, but some planks, or the gates at the head of the sluiceway at the dam, had been removed by the defunct Leland Mining Company, who still owned it—causing a good deal of grumbling from the people up and down the lake and some threats of litigation—and now the water was about 3ft. lower than the usual stage, but still a few feet higher than the original level previous to the building of the dam.

("The bayou," the swamp, the lower end of Cedar run, and a very small and very shallow lake lying just back from the mouth of the Cedar, taken altogether, is a famous resting and feeding place for thousands of wild ducks and geese in the fall of the year as they go south. This for the information of the brethren of the gun.)

Kelpie and I pursued our way up the winding stream, so crooked that the sun was first over one shoulder and then the other, till it became so narrow and shallow that we unshipped the oars, and standing, one in the bow and the other in the stern, used them as poles to push the boat up the now rapid current that in places ran with the swiftness of a mill race.

After awhile we got out of the deadened swamp where there were green trees and bushes on either side and well defined and higher banks, and from there on up the stream was a mass of roots and snags and sunken logs, hard wood saw logs that had refused to float, with barely room in places to work the boat between without deadly peril to the canvas (It would have been a calamity indeed to have been shipwrecked in such a place), and Kelpie was kept busy picking out the channel from his lookout in the bow, and fending the boat off the countless obstructions that infested our way, while I furnished the heft of the motive power at the stern.

In places the water was shallow, with only a couple of inches or so to spare between the canvas and the bottom of the stream; in others the water had scooped out deep places against the bank from a rod to 4 and 5 rods long and 2, 3 and 4ft. deep. At places the stream was from 20 to 30ft. wide, but most of the way it was so narrow that we could not have used the oars in the rowlocks, and everywhere were snags and roots and logs, logs and roots and snags.

Occasionally a trout would flash out from under the bank or a log, and seek a quick hiding further up or down the stream, and then our palms itched to grasp our rods and "do a little inveiglin' jest to satisfy the innard cravins o' natur," as old Sam once said when he started out to "hive a passel o' bluegills."

But we had started out to go to the head of navigation before doing any fishing, and we kept resolutely on, only promising to stop on our way back and have it out with each impertinent trout that "sassed" us as we went by.

At last we came to a dilapidated bridge of rough logs spanning the stream, too low for the boat to pass under, but it didn't need this to tell us we had reached the head of navigation, for above it as far as we could see—and that was but a short distance—was a mat of fallen trees and limbs lying in every conceivable direction that almost hid the water from view. It was plain that this part of Cedar run had never been "logged out."

We secured the boat a couple of rods below the bridge and got out with our rods to look around and get our bearings.

Across the stream a short distance from the bridge was an old deserted logger's cabin, and along the banks for two or three rods in an open space were some skids where the loggers had been at work; a great quantity of decaying, weather-beaten strips of white cedar bark, "skinnings" from the railroad ties that had prevented old Sam and I from ascending the stream the year before.

No sign of life greeted us, not even the familar click of a kingfisher's reel as he wound himself up with a preparatory chatter for a cast in the stream from some neighboring dead limb overlooking the water; however, I had nigh forgotten a few straggling, sluggish deer flies and some half famished skeeters that appeared to have been expecting our arrival, and were 'a-layin' fur us" with their bills ready sharpened to exact a tribute of blood for trespass on their territory.

It was a dreary, lonesome place, made more lonely-looking, if possible, by the deserted cabin and the old bridge, with the sills bare in places, and had it not been for the ceaseless murmur of the stream that found its way with a soft melody through the logs and limbs above the bridge, the dead stillness of the surrounding forest would have been oppressive. We picked a few mou'fuls of red "rozberries" that tempted us at the side of the disused old log road, and sat down on a log near the bridge to get our tackle ready for the expected sport and to rest a few minutes, for the push up the swift, devious current of the last mile had tired us somewhat, although the ironclad drew so little water that it was scarcely more than child's play to handle her.

I strapped on a bait-box of barnyard hackles and crossed over to fish up the stream, leaving Kelpie to try at the bridge where there was a deep hole just below with some sunken logs and snags in it, that promised a good trout or two, but I didn't go 50 yards till I gave up the attempt to fish the stream from that side, as the tangle was so dense that it was like trying to crawl through a hedge, and I could see so little of the water on account of the prostrate trees and limbs—some dead and others with foliage alive and green—through which it found its way, that I could hardly find open space enough wherein to drop the baited hook.

With much sweating and some subdued cussin'—to blaze the way for the next lunatic that might take a notion to fish that side of the stream—I worked my way back and out to the old road near the cabin and crossed back over the bridge to try the other side awhile, for my "Scotch was up." KINGFISHER.

* If the reader will let me down easy for the gaps that have occured in the letters for the past couple of months my conscience will feel less strained, and I will promise "not to do so any more." Other duties, and some unavoidable interruptions have kept me in a "state of mind" and prevented me from finishing the series sooner, which I trust will pass for a valid excuse.—K.

### Jamaica Fisheries.

MR. EDWARD M. EARLE is managing director of a company formed for the development of the fisheries of Jamaica. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM are aware that Jamaica has a wonderful wealth of food and game fish as well as other useful marine animals. Among the objects of the company are to catch, cure and sell fish, to supply the local markets and others outside with fish, mollusks and their products, to plant and cultivate oyster beds, and to establish and protect turtle nurseries. Mr. Earle has labored long and persistently to develop the Jamaica fisheries and he certainly deserves a generous reward and success.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Trout not Breeding in Confinement.

SALMON and trout, *fontinalis*, when confined in tanks, hatching ponds or breeding pens, breed as regularly and as freely as they do in a wild state, but the trout or saibling in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, *Salvelinus alpinus aureolus*, will not breed when confined in tanks at the hatching station. Prof. Quackenbos told me that Fish Commissioner Hodge has kept the *aureolus* in confinement for three years, and that even among spawning brook trout they are perfectly passionless, manifesting no desire whatever to spawn, and that at death the sexual organs are found conspicuously atrophied. They are a lake-spawning fish, spawning on shoals after the manner of the lake trout. *namaycush*, and when taken from the shoals with eggs nearly ripe and placed in the inlet brook the eggs "dry up."

I related this to Herr von dem Borne, and he writes me: "I am not surprised that some of your fish will not breed in confinement. It is the same with our huchen (*Salmo hucho*, a landlocked salmon of the Danube River) and with our asche (*Salmo thymallus*). It is difficult to breed these fish because they will not become ripe in confinement. It is the same with the sterlet, a sturgeon of Russia."

There is nothing new in this, so far as the "asche" (grayling) and sterlet are concerned, but all that he says of the Danube salmon is new to us. I did not know that it was considered a landlocked fish, nor did I know that confinement interfered with its spawning. Comparatively little has been written about the Danube salmon, and it is rather a rare fish in the flesh. In 1890 a fine specimen was sent to the Fly-Fishers' Club, London, by Mr. Theodore Schwann, and it was then believed to be the first sent to Great Britian for preservation, for it was not even represented in the British Museum at that time, and may not be now. Soon after the specimen was sent to the Fly-Fishers', another specimen was secured and preserved by another angling club in London, the name of which I do not recall. I think that each of these specimens weighed twenty odd pounds. When the late Wm. J. Florence made his last visit to Europe he wished to see the Danube salmon, and I gave him a letter of introduction to the Fly-Fishers' Club and to Mr. Marston for this purpose. I have asked Herr von dem Borne for further information about the fish, particularly as to its being landlocked.

### Fishways in the Hudson.

The Glens Falls *Star* of Oct. 14 contains an article with the heading, "Build Fishways: A Debt the State of New York Owes." It reviews what has been done to stock the river with salmon during the past ten years; that fishways have been built that admit the salmon to the river as far up as Fort Edward dam; that when the dam at Fort Edward was taken out last year to be rebuilt the salmon passed that point and were caught at the foot of Baker's Falls at Sandy Hill; that about $45,000 expended in the building of fishways at Fort Edward, Baker's Falls, Glens Falls, Feeder Dam and Palmer's Falls will give the fish the run of the entire river to its headwater streams where the fry have been planted, and concludes: "Determined efforts on the part of our citizens could secure at an expenditure of a few thousand dollars by the State thousands of pounds every year of that king of game and food fishes, the salmon, than which there is nothing more suited to grace a king's table or to line a royal stomach. But in America all are kings, and all have a right to the rare sport and juicy steaks which the salmon alone affords. * * * Therefore, let every one living anywhere near the banks of this noble stream and every one interested in increasing the food supply of the State, and those interested in the fish from the sportsman's point of view, impress it upon the minds of their representatives in the Legislature that their first duty to their constituents is to secure the passage of laws authorizing the construction of these fishways, which will add so much to the natural resources of the State."

This is a matter of importance to the people of this State, but as yet they do not seem to have been awakened to what it means for them in the way of increased food and wealth if the Hudson becomes a self-sustaining salmon stream. The article in the *Star* is the first that has been printed upon the subject of opening the river for the salmon, so far as I know, in the daily newspapers. The writer might have gone further and stated that the building of fishways would open the river to shad as well as salmon. Black bass, pike, pike-perch, and, in fact, all species of fish in the river, pass up the fishways, as has been proven at Mechanicville. I say all, but I should except the shad, because the fishway in the Troy dam has scarcely been in working order since it was built, and shad cannot pass it now. In other streams where similar fishways have been built and kept open the shad have passed through them. The fishway at Troy was planked over last year, as there was not time to fix it before there would be danger of high water, and I presume it is still planked over, as I have heard nothing of its being repaired this season. Possibly the Fish Commissioners are not aware that there is a fishway in the Troy dam, and that it needs to be repaired, and there are fishways above Troy that should be kept open and free from drift, but I am not informed on the subject.

### Books.

One may possess a mania for fishing and yet read something besides books devoted to fish and fishing; but references to fishing in any book that he may read will perhaps impress him more than any portions of it. In reading Ellwanger's "Story of My House," the chapters on the Magicians of the Shelves just hit my fancy. Christopher North is called "Trusty Christopher" by Tennyson, and the author thinks that an installment of his rhapsodies would seriously damage the *Atlantic* or *Scribner's*, although he admits that portions of the Noctes "are marvels of imagination and erudition, and some of his angling conceits are worthy of Norman MacLeod." This reminds me that any angler who cares for books, and this includes all anglers, will find pleasure in reading "The Starling," by Norman MacLeod. But to return to the Magicians of the Shelves. The author thinks it is pleasant to have some authors both in an early and a later edition. "If I desire the notes, the full-page illustrations and an amplified text, I choose the edition of the "Complent Angler" illustrated by Stothard and Inskipp, and annotated by Sir Harris Nicholas." This is where he dulls in his selection: Though this is the Pickering edition of 1836, it has been called a "fine book overdressed. It is Maudlin the Milkmaid, tricked out in a gown of brocade with a mantle of cloth of gold." And it is said that Stothard, fine book-illustrator that he was, found the "Compleat Angler" to lie beyond his beat. Had Marston's one hundredth edition been selected it would have filled the bill completely.

But the author continues: "If I wish to get still nearer to Walton, to hear the birds contending with the echo, to pluck his culverkees and ladysmocks, to smell his primroses and admire the very 'shape and enameled color of his trout it joyed him so to look upon,' I read him in the old spelling and old font of the *fac-simile* reprint of the first edition." There is much truth in this. I once invested a tidy bit of money in one of the early editions of "Walton's Compleat Angler," and I carried it with me everywhere. One night it went up in smoke and fire with my rifles and guns, rods and fishing tackle, in an illumination of the Continental Divide, and I never got another of the early editions. But one day a good friend, a Bishop of one of the Southern States, gave me a copy such as Mr. Ellwanger mentions, Stock's *fac simile* reprint of the first edition, and that serves as well as though it were a *bona fide* first edition and had cost a thousand dollars. I never had a desire to own any book ever printed simply to feel that I owned it. Working copies suit me down to the ground, and in this *fac-simile* reprint one will have everything except the value, and the distinction of being the owner of a first edition, then if it should burn up, get lost or stolen (for one does not permit a first edition of Walton to lie around loose) it could be replaced for one or two dollars, which sum would not buy a small corner of the flyleaf of the edition of 1653.

A. N. CHENEY.

## JACK AND I ON A TRIP TO ISLE ROYAL.

[*Concluded from Page 333.*]

IN a short time the steamer was tied up at the dock, and after breakfast we set foot on the "Queen's domain," and for an hour "did the town" in our best style. Nearly two score of trout fishers, both ladies and gentlemen, were here on their way to the Nipegon country. After securing some beautiful agates as souvenirs, in obedience to the whistle we returned to the boat and started down Thunder Bay, past majestic Thunder Cape and out into the lake headed for Isle Royal. The air was thick with smoke that grew more and more dense as we approached the island and the captain informed us that there had been a forest fire burning on the island for about three weeks. The beautiful scenery, veiled in smoke, was but dimly outlined, and the amateur photographer, of whom there was one on board, lifted his voice in loud lamentation. Onward we went, stopping for a short time at Todd's Harbor, to take some fish on, then passing through Anygdaloid Channel, a long narrow, deep passage between the outlying islands and the mail island. Jack and I began to discuss the subject of our landing place. "Go to Coburn Harbor," said the Captain. "There's good fishing there, and two trout streams empty into the harbor within easy reach of the landing. You can stand right on the dock and catch brook trout." "Yes," said the mate, "you can get all the fish you want right in the channel, and then you've been on the other end of the island and know all about that, so you'd better stop on this end this time." "You'll get all the fish you want at Coburn," said the wheelman. One or two of the boatmen volunteered the same information, so we decided to stop at Coburn Harbor for three days.

McElroy's was the next stopping place, and then Fish Island. This was more beautiful than any place we had seen yet, and we almost decided to get off, but finally adhered to our first choice. We went ashore and the photogropher attempted a picture, but the smoke was too thick. One of the fishermen showed us two brook trout that he had taken from his net that morning. One weighed about 1lb. I should judge, and the other about 2lbs. Had we known that these were the only brook trout we were to see during the trip we should have been loth to leave them. Let me record it right here. The only speckled trout we saw along the North Shore or around the island were two dead ones taken from a net at Fish Island.

The steamer went puffing on, winding about among islands and reefs, doubling points and promontories, poking its bow into all sorts of holes which seemed to lead nowhere. Presently three long blasts of the whistle announced the approach to our stopping place. The steamer passed up a narrow channel between two islands, turned into a still narrower one, and there was the dock, the two fish houses, the boats, and the two small log houses which make up the settlement at Coburn Harbor. The inhabitants were six men, one woman, one old dog and one puppy. All of whom were on the dock to meet the steamer. We went ashore, our dunnage was put off, and, after taking many hundreds of pounds of fish on board, the Dixon went on her way and we proceeded to investigate as to the possibility of getting a boat, finding a good place to camp, where the trout were hiding and other matters of kindred sort. A good boat was at once placed at our disposal, and we could take our choice of a camp place either on the main island or on one of the numerous small islands in the harbor. As for trout, there had been lots of them around the dock, but they were all gone now. Perhaps we might find some up in the creek. But a camp was the first thing to be considered. One of the fishermen took us a few rods down the shore to where a camping spot had been cleared off two years before, but Jack and I both said "No," to that place. It was too close, surrounded by a thickly growing wood, no wind could penetrate to it and neither could the blessed sunshine. Back to the dock we went, placed all of our dunnage into the boat and started on a voyage of discovery, which proved to be very short. We rowed to a small island near by, and as soon as we landed knew we had found the place. "Made on purpose for us," said Jack. The island was about the size of an ordinary garden, with a fringe of trees around two sides and one end, the other open. A little moss-covered patch a few feet from where we landed invited us to pitch our tent there, and in a brief while our canvas house was up, our belongings all stowed away, and we had still an hour before supper time.

"Let's get a trout for supper," said Jack. So we rigged up our tackle and started forth. I had rowed but a few rods when Jack exclaimed, "I've got one!" Sure enough he had, and in a brief while a beautiful silver-sided lake trout lay in the boat. Soon he had another, which he shook loose when near the boat, but we did not care, as all we wanted was enough to eat. We rowed on up to the creek, but could find no speckled trout there, so returned to camp.

While Jack was cleaning the fish I went to get some wood, and made the discovery that the little island was covered with blueberry bushes and the bushes were loaded with ripe berries. While I was cooking the supper Jack picked more than a quart of berries, which, added to our already luxurious bill of fare, made us feel that we were really the pampered red plush sons of luxury while camping that our friends accuse us of being. After supper, as we stood trying to take in our surroundings, Jack said, "I did not know there was a place on earth so pretty as this." It was very beautiful. Directly in front was the channel opening out into the main lake; on the right near at hand was the fishing station, surrounded by the tall and somber forest; at the left was a long, narrow island, and still further to the left other islands almost blocking the mouth of the harbor, while miles out in the lake we could distinguish still other islands great and small.

'Twas an ideal place, and I told Jack so. "Oh!" he said, "if we could only put in a summer here." We took the boat and rowed down the channel and out to the furthest point of the main island, a sheer precipice of rock seventy-five or a hundred feet high, the gray granite beautifully marked with a deep ocherous red color—a savage looking place that must be grand and terrible in time of storm. As we rowed back up the channel, the little island with the white tent perched on it looked so romantic that it seemed to belong to another world. "Camp Jack," I said, "on Corbett Island, Coburn Harbor, Isle Royal, Michigan, U. S. A." Jack protested. "Don't give my ugly name to that beautiful place." But I insisted that it must be so, and so it was and is.

Never was bed more comfortable than that on which we stretched ourselves that night; and as we lay there it seemed that our cup of enjoyment was full and running over, although no speckled trout were ours or likely to be. In the morning I was awakened by heavy thunder, soon followed by pattering rain, which soon became a veritable downpour. I made everything as snug as possible and then set about getting breakfast. Jack has assured me since that I "was an exceedingly picturesque and also a pathetic sight that morning as I boiled potatoes and coffee and fried ham and eggs in the drenching rain. "It would really draw tears from the most hardened and unfeeling to see you, old man," he said. "I really must mingle my tears with the rain." As he lay snug and warm in bed, laughing and chuckling, while he delivered himself of this and more, too. I felt that the rain was the least of my hardships. The shower passed over and we started out exploring and fishing.

What a day we put in. How many miles of that rock-bound coast we rowed along, and tramped and scrambled over, I know not. 'Tis all on "memory's wall" faithfully delineated as no hand, however cunning with the brush, could place it on canvas. Now and then we picked up a "laker." Taken all altogether I do not think two fellows ever enjoyed themselves more in one day. The eastern end of Isle Royal abounds in those peculiar characteristics that makes the shores of Superior so picturesque yet in so many places so stern and forbidding with rocky reef, perpendicular wall, and rifted chasm. That night we slept soundly, to be awakened in the morning by the pealing and crashing thunder as on the previous morning, but the rain was not so hard or long continued, and I did not stir from my warm nest beside Jack, until the rain was over. After breakfast we decided to row to Rock Harbor, eight miles away, to see if we could not find some green stones for which that locality is famed. We put up a lunch and started—when I thought and said, "Why not break camp, get one of the fishermen to carry us over in his boat and take the steamer from there?" Jack exclaimed, "That's just the thing!" So back we went to the fishing station and made our proposition to a fisherman who was mending the sail to his boat. At first he refused to go as the wind was too light, but after quite a lengthened powwow he said he'd go.

Over to Camp Jack we went, took down our tent, packed up and in a short time were on our way to Rock Harbor. We were three hours making the eight miles and the August sun was hot as an August sun can be sometimes, but I enjoyed every minute of that lazy sail, and as for Jack, he just lounged there in the boat too supremely happy even to talk. There is an abandoned lighthouse at Rock Harbor, and the boatman said we could go in there and need not pitch our tent that night. On the boat crawled, with the main island on our right and the outlying chain of islands on our left, on one of which the Algoma came to so disastrous an end a few years ago. Past the deserted works of a copper mine of which nothing remains but a tall smoke-stack and a heap of debris. The lighthouse is now in sight, and in a little while the boat bumps against the old pier now badly decayed. A dog barks and a woman steps to the door of the house. Evidently some one is ahead of us in taking possession. We unloaded our dunnage on the old shaky pier, paid the boatman, and then hunted a camping place. We found one a short distance away and again established ourselves in camp, ate our lunch and were ready for whatever might turn up.

The scenery at Rock Harbor is even finer than Coburn. Mighty rocks are everywhere, and rising high above all the great circular lighthouse with its now blind eye looking o'er lake and harbor, island and reef, but no longer flashing forth light to give the course to vessels and warning of the cruel reefs near by. A picket fence, badly broken and weather-beaten, incloses a small square of ground between the house and the lake and the whole effect is that of some Old World scene rather than this almost uninhabited new. The lady in the house informed us that their party, three ladies and one gentleman, had been there over two months, but would leave in three days for Washington Harbor.

What an afternoon we had as we dug for green stones in the gravelly pockets of the beach, climbed rocky points higher than the trees which grew on the landward side and against whose front the waves were hoarsely moaning. We went over to the fishing station and made arrangements to have our outfit and ourselves taken out to the steamer the next day. Returning to camp under the shadow of the lighthouse we took a trail that led to a high mass of rock, along the top of which we went until we entered a grand avenue leading through a dense fir grove and ending on top of another great cliff, down

the face of which a narrow path zig-zagged nearly to the water, with the rocky wall on one side and a sheer descent to the water on the other. Down we went until turning a sharp angle in the rocky wall we found ourselves in a rocky, fir-enshrouded and fern-carpeted glen, that opened lakeward. "Who'd have thought it!" said Jack. We retraced our steps, tarrying for a while on the bluff nearest camp to try and "take some of the view in," as Jack phrased it. On an island about a mile away we saw tents, and knew that others were enjoying these beauties as well as we. We returned to camp, and while getting supper ready the man from the lighthouse party came over. He said they had caught no fish for a month. Before that they had caught plenty of trout, both lake and brook. But now the lake trout were gone and the creek where the brook trout had been was dry, and the trout gone he knew not where. As he started back he said, "There's going to be a storm; you'd better come into the house." We thanked him, but said we would trust our little tent. It grew dark early. The waves began to dash upon the rocks in a way that boded no good, and as we went to bed the growl of the thunder could be heard continuously and the flare of the lightning showed ragged-edged clouds skurrying across the sky.

"Do you hear the waves?" I asked.

"Yes," Jack replied. "And I do not like the sound. It makes me nervous."

I do not know how long I had been asleep when the storm broke. It was terrific. The very foundations of the island seemed to be shaken. Above, around, out on the lake, the tempest raged while we lay in the tent, which was untouched by the storm save the rain, which came down in torrents. We were grandly sheltered. Every moment the tent was lighted by the blinding glare of the lightning, and we felt the earth shake with the deafening crashes of thunder. "I'm going to take a look outside," I said, and getting up I opened the flap of the tent and peered out. All I saw was wind-tossed trees, rain coming down in regular sheets of water, black waves, foam-capped, the islands in the bay encircled by a white line of breakers, and towering over lake and shore the white lighthouse, and all this shown by the constant flashes of the weird, blue lightning. This was all I saw, but it surpassed anything of the kind I had seen before. I crawled back into bed and we finally went to sleep, to awake and find the sun shining, but the waves running very high. After breakfast we ascended the lighthouse tower, and standing on the platform outside the disused lantern had such a view of lake and island that Jack exclaimed, "It's worth a trip here just to get such a view." I took out my Testament and we read our morning chapter from this vantage point, where we could see so much of God's handiwork. We descended and did nothing but loaf around the whole forenoon. After dinner we regretfully packed up and took our dunnage to the fishing station. Here we found the party whose tents we had seen on the island, who were also going home. They had been camped there a month but had caught no fish, and were exasperated enough when we told them that we had caught plenty of "lakers" in Coburn Harbor only eight miles away. Promptly on time the steamer came up the channel and lay to at the entrance of the harbor and we went off to her. On board we found chaos reigned in cabin and stateroom. Men and women were seated and lying everywhere sick, oh, so sick. It was a very moving sight.

There was a very heavy sea on and some of the passengers were thoroughly frightened. Two gentlemen came to me as soon as I came aboard and asked if there was any place where they could get accommodations at the harbor, as they and the members of their party did not care to continue the trip while so rough. It was a pretty rough sea, and it seemed to get rougher as we went on, passing Chippewa Harbor, Menagerie Light, where the long, cruel reef was a boiling mass of foam, Siskiwit Bay and Fisherman's Home. After leaving this last place, where no stop could me made on account of the storm, it did seem that the steamer would be knocked into pieces by the waves. Now and then a wave came over the bow and dashed clear over the upper cabin. The rolling and pitching was frightful. It was almost impossible to keep a handhold, let alone maintaining a foothold. Jack and I stood on the upper deck amidship for some time watching the waves and the maneuvers of the boat. Into Grace Harbor we passed at length, then through into Washington Harbor, passing the island where Stephens and I had out Stormy Camp a year ago. I pointed the place out to Jack as well as I could in the gathering darkness. At Washington Harbor several people went ashore, absolutely refusing to go further while the storm lasted. One man connected with the Wendigo Mining Co. at Washington Harbor, expressed a most devout thankfulness to get his feet on land again. "What will you do," I asked, "when you are ready to leave the island?" "I'll never leave," he replied, "if I have to go in a boat." Soon after leaving the Harbor I went to our stateroom and to bed, and if the boat stood on bow or rudder or rolled completely over I knew it not, as I did not wake up until the first breakfast bell rang. The sun was shining brightly, the lake calm, and as I looked from the window I saw we were a few miles about Manito. Jack was sleeping like a baby, but I awakened him unceremoniously, and we dressed and went to breakfast. During the forenoon the steamer made several stops to pick up parties of fishermen along the shore, and all had the same story to tell, "No trout." At Beaver Bay the fishermen came on board who had gotten off at Two Islands when we went down. They had coasted along up, fishing all the way and had not caught a fish. Had to buy some off the net-fishermen to get any to eat. The steamer was an hour late in reaching Duluth, and we missed our train, which meant a 24 hours' delay. Jack and I are never at a loss to pass away the time when together, so we rather enjoyed the waiting.

After supper that evening we went down to the end of one of the long docks and sat there watching the small boats and tugs passing and repassing. It grew dark and the red flashlight at the harbor entrance was lighted; other lights appeared here and there. A big lake steamer came in, another, and still another, until five had passed us. "I believe the whole lake fleet is coming in for our benefit," I said to Jack. "It looks like it," he replied. It was a sight, and an evening to be remembered. Off across the bay were the long rows of electric lights in Superior, nearer the stationary lights about the harbor and the many lights on the vessels, behind us, "from the hillside looking down," the many lights of Duluth. Slowly we walked back to our hotel. We went to our room and to bed. As we lay there talking over incidents of the trip Jack said: "'Tis our last night together on this trip." "Yes," I replied, "and what a pleasant trip it has been." "One of the most enjoyable of my life. But we must go to sleep. Good night." "Good night." We did not go to sleep for a long time, however, as some new thought or incident would come to mind we would go to talking again. We were like the guests at the "Wayside Inn," as described by Longfellow:

"And still reluctant to retire,
The friends sat talking by the fire
And watched the smouldering embers burn
To ashes and flash up again
Into momentary glow,
Lingering like themselves when forced to go,
And going when they would remain,
For on the morrow they must turn
Their faces homeward, and the pain
Of parting touched with its unrest
A tender nerve in every heart."

Detroit City, Minn. Myron Cooley.

## A DAY ON THE GASCONADE.

"I'll let you go fishing, papa," said my three year old tot of a girl as we sat in the attic fixing up tackle, in which pleasurable business my little girl is as deeply interested as I am. She knows everything in my outfit by name, and as a fisherman has a record of a half-pound perch, the catching of which was an "episode" to her as "Kingfisher" would say; but her after remark of "poor little fishy" was in the nature of a reaction.

Five hours ride from St. Louis on the 'Frisco road brings one to Arlington on the Gasconade River, as fine a stream as ever wet the angler's line. Clear, cold water, swift rapids, deep pools, and great rocky bluffs on the river's bank are the pleasing things which the angler finds. In fact the scenery on the Gasconade is of the most romantic kind and well worthy a trip for itself by any lover of nature.

It was on this stream that Izaak, Jr., and Jacob—solid names these—took in a day's outing, and took out some fine fish. Early morning fishing on the Gasconade is of no account, so we did not embark on our boat for the trip down the river until the sun was over an hour high and all fogs had dissipated. Jacob took the oars, for he said he liked to row down stream for the exercise it gave him. The morning was clear and cool, and the scenery charming as we sped down with the swift current. A mud hen passed us going down the river. "Look at that loon," said Jacob. "Loon indeed," replied Izaak, "that is nothing but a mud hen: whoever heard of a loon in this section of the country." But Jacob stuck to the loon theory, and no doubt told his children on his return of the immense bird which actually flew faster than he could row the boat down stream.

When one has no gun what things he can see. Right over us, clearly outlined against the deep blue of the morning sky, sails a huge hawk; a little later a flock of teal ducks rushes swiftly by; out of that grass by the bank rises a couple of wood ducks; as we round the point a blue heron sees us and makes frantic efforts to get up high out of reach. All these events are hugely enjoyable to one shut up long in the city, and in fact we wanted no noise of gun to destroy the calm which pervaded everything.

By this time we had reached a place where we concluded to try our luck and anchored our boats near a point, around which poured a stiff deep current. Izaac first got his line into the water and Jacob soon followed. He said, "We will stay here fifteen minutes, and if no bites, move on." Agreed. Izaak got the first blood, a little bass about 3in. long, whereat Jacob grinned, and wanted to know where I got that big minnow. But I answered not, for there was nothing to answer. Our fifteen minutes ran into twenty, when we concluded to try another place about a mile below.

Down we went, and the spot did look likely. A pile of drift extending into deep water; a swift current and some eddies made up the place. We anchored close to the drift and again began operations. Owing to the rocks and logs at the bottom we had to use floats, which the current would carry down a hundred feet or more if we desired. While watching my float go down stream, I heard Jacob say something and turning my head saw him yank his rod, and by the way it bent I knew he had at least a pounder on his hook. I watched to see him reel in and play his fish, when, shades of Izaak, Sr., must I say it, he threw his rod back on his shoulder, grabbed the line with his hands and began hauling in hand over hand as thought his life depended on it. I was so astonished I could not speak for a whole minute, but then said:

"What in thunder are you doing?"

"Why that is the way I always pull 'em in," said Jacob, and he continued hauling until a jack salmon, or pike-perch, was landed in the boat.

Then Izaak spoke his piece. "That's what you call angling, is it? To drag a fish in like pulling a log up an incline. What in blazes have you got that $7.50 fine quadruple reel for, and that silk line and lancewood rod? Why don't you go out into the woods and cut a pole, take a chalk line, tie a hook, and then your method might be in keeping. Now the next fish you hook you reel him in like a civilized angler or there will be trouble."

Having thus delivered myself I felt better and resumed work. But a minute later Jacob had another bite, and actually reeled the fish so near the boat that he could see him. I was ready with my landing net, but the grabbing instinct was too strong, and again the line was taken and another jack salmon dragged ignominiously into the boat. "I did not want to lose him," pleaded Jacob. "But that is just the way to lose them," I replied. "You try that trick on black bass and you will lose more than you get in." "That's so," he answered, "I always lose more than I save." While thus conversing our lines were again put to work, and while Izaak may know more about fishing, the luck was with Jacob, for he soon has another fish on his hook, which he actually reeled in, and allowed to be lifted with the landing net. It was a fine 2lb. Jack salmon by the scales.

Izaak, Jr., had also made some catches, but the fish ran small, not over half a pound, and most of them were returned to the water. Their being a lull in the biting we tried another place but without much success, and after an hour's absence we returned to the favorite location, and then occurred the event of the day. Jacob had floated out about 75ft. of line when he had a strike and hooked his fish, which he said felt "like a whale," and sure enough it was a big one, judging from the way the rod bent. Jacob stood up to handle the rod, and Izaak did the bossing. "Don't be in a hurry, now; play him and tire him out. Don't pull him to the surface or he will break loose: let him stay down. Swing your rod out; keep him away from the drift pile. Look out there, he is going under the boat. That is right: let him run up and down, that will tire him out." In the meanwhile the fish was reeled near to the boat, and near enough to the surface of the water to show that it was a very large black bass: "a 5-pounder at least," said the holder of the rod, who became greatly excited and tried his old tactics of lifting the fish out by main strength. "Stop that!" I yelled; "play him till he is tired and then reel him up to the boat, and I will net him." "All right, I will do as you say," and thus the fun went on till the bass began to wabble, and coming near the boat I slipped the net under him and he was safe. That five minutes was a revelation to Jacob, who realized what real angling was, and as he sat down in a state of exhaustion and exultation he exclaimed: "Whew, but that was lots of fun, wasn't it?" The bass weighed 3lbs. and was a beautifully marked specimen. Then came the irreverent remark, "Say, Ike, why don't you catch some fish?" "Oh, I have more fun coaching you," and verily it was true, for Jacob caught all the big fish. He hooked another large one, so large that he broke his rod, which, by the way, contained one joint of cross-grained wood, a crime which ought to send the maker to the penitentiary.

But I have given enough of the events of our trip to show how successful was the day spent on the Gasconade. Jacob and Izaak are going again, and if he does not fish like a civilized angler, I see but one way to settle the matter, and that will be to throw him overboard; but I have hopes for him as he has promised to do the square thing. Now if he would read Forest and Stream regularly he would develop into a first-class angler, for he has the stuff in him for the transformation. Having started him on the right road however, I feel the joy of a missionary who makes a new convert. Izaak, Jr.

St. Louis, Mo.

## SOME PENNSYLVANIA SUGGESTIONS.

Mr. John W. Hague, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has sent us the following extracts from the Pittsburgh *Post*, setting forth his views as to needed game and fish legislation:

When the State Legislature convenes next January the crack fisherman of Pittsburgh and vicinity will send representatives to Harrisburg with copies of a new bill they want entered among the laws of the commonwealth. There is much dissatisfaction now on account of the many loose places in the present fish laws. The local men want the statutes changed to eliminate these points. They want the wardens' salaries raised so that each can devote his time to prosecuting violators of the law; they want out-line fishing free to all, and the heaviest of fines levied on those who explode dynamite in the rivers, and those who run alkali and sawdust into the streams. They will also recommend that the trout catching season be extended from April 1 to August 1, instead of April 15 to July 15.

In this connection Fish Warden John W. Hague, the attorney, gave a *Post* man some interesting information. He favors the proposed changes in the laws, and in fact it is through his efforts that the plan was first mentioned. He is well informed on everything connected with fishing, and suggestions from him always receive the most respectful attention from the sportsman. In this interesting talk Mr. Hague said: "The fishermen have been considering several plans to protect the fisheries, and they think the best possible way to go about it is to take it to the Legislature. They are now considering a bill which will be submitted to every sportsman for his approval and suggestions, and then the combined influence of the club will be used to pass it. There are several important things contemplated, but they are not settled upon yet.

"One thing is this: I do not think it would be amiss to permit out-line fishing in July, August and September of each year, and possibly during October. During the warm weather the fish will not bite in daytime, and if lines could be stretched across the stream at night, fish could be caught in good numbers that wouldn't bite under other circumstances. For instance, perch are seldom caught on a line, and their time for biting is at night. Catfish are also taken by outlines better than by hook. Another reason is that men who would scorn to use a seine or any other illegal means would delight in using an out-line. It would make these men part protectors, as they would help the commissioners and wardens to successfully prosecute the law violators.

"My worst trouble is to detect those who explode dynamite in the water and slaughter all kinds of fish. Only the common species come to the top. The black bass and salmon go to the bottom and float away, so they do no good to the shooters. The spawn of the year is also killed. To provide against this I desire to see the law so changed as to forbid the explosion of dynamite in any stream in the State and to provide a very heavy fine for it.

"I would also like to see the law changed to permit angling with rod and line held in the hands all the year round, as I believe it would be the means of making every angler a fish protector. If he did not himself cause an illegal fisher's arrest, he would at least furnish some information to the nearest warden. And there is another thing. I want prohibited the putting into streams of alkali, acid, sawdust, garbage and all such stuff we know is destructive to fish life. I am constantly in receipt of letters telling me that sawdust is destroying such and such a trout stream, and that steel works are running their acid into the river, and that oil wells run their salt water there, too. Now, while I believe they tell the truth, I want to know who writes to me, and as they are mostly anonymous, I haven't any idea. If they would tell me their names I would not use them in prosecuting. I only want to know who they are. The practice of putting sawdust in trout streams is especially harmful.

"There ought to be a complete separation of the fish and game laws, and acts passed governing each one. Separate penalties should be imposed. The trout law might well be extended to be in force from April 1 to Aug. 1, instead of April 15 to July 15. I don't know that

the time has come yet for us to allow fishing on Sunday. It is forbidden now. There are a great many fishermen, though, who are clamoring for it. It is also unlawful to spear or shoot fish on Sunday. Most people don't know this, nor do they know that there is a fine of $100 for it. Regarding this, however, I don't think any action will be taken at this time.

"If there is one place where the laws need revision more than another it is in that part which relates to the duties, powers and compensation of a fish warden. The duties are now too onerous, the powers too greatly restricted and the compensation ridiculously small. The pay a warden gets does not nearly pay him for his time. He should receive such remuneration as would enable him to devote his time to his office. Now, unless he is a sportsman himself he can't do a thing. The anglers themselves do not do much, and it is hard on a warden who is trying to work for their interest to get no encouragement. Some of them are interested and are glad of the benefits they derive from the fishery protection. For this the warden gets mighty little. His source of income is in prosecution. If he succeeds in convicting a man of seining he gets half of the $100 fine and half of the other fines. I haven't collected a $100 fine yet. The usual thing to do is to take the seine and scare the owner half to death, and put him under obligations to give you pointers hereafter. The wardens are better looked after in Ohio. There a warden gets $200 or 300 a year from a county, and if he has from two to four counties in his district he can afford to devote his time to it, and the fisheries of Ohio show it, too. We have every bit as good here, but it must be taken care of. There should be more wardens appointed also.

"And it may be of interest to my fisher friends also," continued Mr. Hague, "to say that the United States Fish Commission has discovered a new food fish in the ocean. They have received a few hundred specimens and will try to cultivate them. If they succeed, I think we can have some of them in Pennsylvania, at least in the streams that run into salt water."

## *THE BRITISH ANGLER'S LEXICON.

MR. NIVEN has undertaken, out of his ripe experience in all branches of angling, to prepare a "condensed reference to all that relates to fish and fishing, so that the tyro, for whose especial benefit it is mainly designed, may easily gain practical information on any subject." The "Lexicon" is not intended to supersede the angler's books, but rather to facilitate their use. The author has succeeded admirably in his object, and has presented a highly useful and convenient work for the expert as well as the unskillful angler. With the exception of the illustrations, which are not uniformly up to the modern standard of excellence, we commend the book, not only to the British angler but also to his American cousin.

The arrangement of the articles is alphabetical, and they are as concise as possible with due regard to clearness. Whenever the subject is too extensive to be treated in full, the reader is referred to standard writers for additional details. The account of the American black bass, for example, closes with a reference to the Bass Supplement of FOREST AND STREAM.

The method of bronzing ferrules is thus described: "When the brass ferrules of a rod get bright and have lost their bronze appearance, they can be recolored by applying the following mixture: One ounce oxide of iron (rust) and one ounce arsenic, mixed in half-pint muriatic acid. Cleanse the brass from grease or dirt by washing it in soda and water, very hot. Wipe dry and hold before a fire until the brass is well warmed: then apply a little of the above mixture with a feather or cloth wrapped round a stick, or a brush. When the desired color is obtained rub with oil, which stops the process. The ferrules may then be lacquered or varnished."

For carp fishing Mr. Niven recommends a well scoured worm, baited upon a No. 5 or 6 hook of the Kendal scale. The bait is to be kept on the bottom. "It is usual to ground-bait the place where carp are to be angled for, doing this with broken worms, boiled wheat, rice or peas."

The British charr, which is very nearly related to the golden trout of New England lakes, does not readily take a fly; it has been caught with a minnow by spinning slowly. Its wholesale slaughter by netting during the spawning season has caused this beautiful trout to become scarce, and spearing upon its spawning beds has produced the same effect upon its relative in New England.

Daping, dipping or dobbing is the term applied to fishing with natural insects, usually a bluebottle fly, a green drake, a moth or a beetle, wafted by the wind over the rising fish or the supposed location of a fish. "Sniggling" and "clod fishing" are methods of catching eels, the latter being known in the United States as "bobbing."

The articles on feathers and fishing-rods contain much useful information in concise form, and the same thing is true of the treatment of many other leading topics. For preventing the ravages of moths among feathers camphor is praised, and scraps of Russia leather are said to answer the same purpose.

A French polish for finishing off rods is made as follows: One pint of methylated spirits of wine; ½oz. gum copal; ½oz. gum arabic; 1oz. shellac. Place the spirits and the gums in a vessel closely corked, put near a warm stove and shake frequently: in a few days all will be dissolved, when it should be strained through a piece of muslin and kept well corked.

Gimp can be dyed a dark color in the following manner: Cleanse the brass gimp thoroughly: then brush it over with the following solution, which should be boiling: Distilled water, 100 parts, by weight; caustic soda, 12 parts; neutral chloride of platinum, 1 part. Then wash, dry and varnish. The color given is something like oxidized silver, and is a very desirable one.

The grayling, according to Mr. Niven, are caught chiefly by the artificial fly, but are fond of worms and maggots, and are often fished for with an artificial grasshopper. The flies used are similar to those employed for the brown trout, but slightly brighter in appearance.

In the description of silkworm gut is introduced an account by Mr. Samuel Allcock of its preparation in Spain. The notes on hooks, knots and lines are practical and to the point. The Loch Leven trout, a handsome black-spotted species now pretty well established in the United States, is fished for in Scotland successfully with the following flies: Teal, woodcock, bloe, white-tip and mallard wings, with red, yellow, green, claret, and black bodies, tinseled; also Zulus, Sam Slicks and March browns. Many are taken also by trolling with the artificial minnow.

For carrying the May flies a good form of box is illustrated. A somewhat detailed guide is given for Norway fishing; this contains all the items needed for the information of the angler on topics of importance.

The article on pisciculture is short and might be greatly improved; the "Levingston Stern" referred to is our Livingston Stone, superintendent of the California stations of the U. S. Fish Commission.

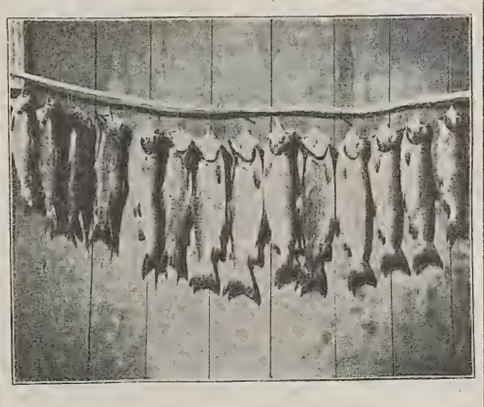
The directions for dressing flies are full and very clear, and the methods of staining feathers and woods are well set forth. The chapters on trout, trout fishing and trout flies are among the best of the Lexicon. Mr. Nevin says "there are perhaps more trout killed over the country with the March-brown artificial fly than with any other."

On the last page the author mentions a novel mode of getting worms: "Drive a spade into the ground, and using the shaft as a lever, rock backward and forward, and in a minute or so all the worms within two yards of the spade will be seen emerging from the soil, hastening to escape the unusual disturbance. They can be picked up clean and bright, superior in appearance to what they would be if dug out in the usual manner."

*The British Angler's Lexicon. By Richard Niven. Illustrated. Published by W. J. Cummins, North of England Works, Bishop Auckland. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington (Limited). 1892.

## FISHING ON THE METABETCHOUAN.

THE Metabetchouan is a small river in the Province of Quebec running into Lake St. John from the south. About seven miles from the mouth of the river are the falls of the Metabetchouan, very wild and beautiful; just at the foot of the falls the river turns abruptly to the



OUANANICHE FROM THE METABETCHOUAN.
Amateur photo by Dr. C. E. Fritts.

right, and the cañon broadens out to the width of 250ft. In this broader part of the cañon lies a small island, 50ft. wide by 150ft. long, and a short distance below the lowest end of the island the river breaks into rough, rapid water, falling 6 or 8ft. in the next 150. The falls, because of the turn in the river, cannot be seen from the island, but its roar is continuously heard, and the spray rising from it to the sunlight curtains the upper end of the cañon with a bright and fleecy cloud, ever changing in its prismatic hues. The walls of the cañon are sheer and high, and for the most part naked rock.

This is the Third Pool of the Metabetchouan, and in the proper season abounds with that best of all game fish, the ouananiche.

Between the lake and the falls there are three pools, of which the third is the largest and best; and the fishing



TAKING A OUANANICHE IN THE METABETCHOUAN.
Amateur photo by Dr. C. E. Fritts.

is practically confined to these three pools, except for a few days in May when the fish rise eagerly to the fly in and about the mouth of the river.

A bright morning in August last found Dr. W., Dr. F. and myself, with Maurice, most faithful and honest of guides, at the third pool. Dr. F. and I had taken a day with the ouananiche in this same pool last year, but W. was new to the place and to the fish, although he had long been a tireless and successful fisherman for trout and bass in other waters.

As soon as the sun was shining on the pool we began casting; I from the lower end of the island, F. midway up, and W. from the upper end. At the second or third cast I had a rise and struck a fair-sized fish. Two or three wild leaps and rushes and he is gone, lost through too great eagerness to see him in the net: and it is a good long hour before I raise another.

In a short time a shout from W. announces that he is engaged in his first tussle with an ouananiche. We at once drop our rods and run to watch the fight. The fish is large and strong, and throws himself out of the water half a dozen times. He leaps and runs and sulks in a way to delight us onlookers, and gives such an entertainment in aquatic gymnastics as only a surprised and disappointed ouananiche can. But W. is cool and careful, and in twenty minutes has the satisfaction of seeing safely in the landing net his first ouananiche, a fish that on the scales weighs 5lbs. 14oz., and declares himself well paid for his trip by the taking of this single fish.

After congratulating our lucky friend in the usual way we again begin our casting, and in a few minutes F. strikes a fine fish and loses him; then W. fastens to his second and lands him.

So it goes on until we stop at about 4 o'clock with nineteen beautiful fish, averaging 5lbs. in weight, and with the honors divided as evenly as possible between the three rods.

F. had varied his pleasure during the day by attempting to catch with his Kodak a leaping fish in air. The inclosed photograph shows his nearest approach to success. Had he been half a second quicker he would have had the splendid leap of a 6lbs. ouananiche: as it is he has a splash and a hole in the water.

The other picture sent shows fifteen of our catch; the other four had already gone the way all good fish should go, and had added another element to the contentment and satisfaction we all felt with our lot.

This was a single day of a most delightful and successful trip. Its main features were repeated on other days, yet this, like all other fishing, is uncertain. I saw numerous parties come and go without killing a fish. On one of our best days we found on reaching this pool the bank on either side occupied by a fisherman and his guide. We, of course, took to the island. From the frequent calls from one shore to the other we soon determined that we had as neighbors two new medical men. As the fishing went on we made frequent captures, but the strange doctors caught nothing. This was more than they could bear gracefully, so they came over to interview us, and to find out, if possible, the reason of their non-success. After a long conversation with them W. announced to me privately, "That it was no wonder they couldn't catch fish, that they were a couple of homœopaths from Boston."

Not being a member of the medical profession, and not hailing from Boston, I cannot say whether or not there is anything in the training of a homœopath from that locality that prevents his being a good fisherman. I simply record the fact that they didn't get any ouananiche. It need not be added that my friend W. is an allopath.

What did we do with our fish after getting them? I will tell you what we did with some of them. Maurice killed and cleaned them as soon as taken, he washed and thoroughly dried them and made a deep cut the length of the fish on each side of the backbone: in this cut he rubbed pepper and salt. He then carefully wrapped each fish in freshly-gathered birch bark and hid it for an hour and a quarter in the hot ashes of our campfire. Cooked in this way and served on a log in the bright sunlight and crisp, sweet air of the Canadian woods, a five-pound fish to each person, he is a revelation of unexpected pleasure.

Standing over the fragments of such a feast, our unanimous verdict was that the man and the fish were well met; that the ouananiche is the most delicious of fish and Maurice the best of cooks. D.

HUDSON, N. Y.

## FOX LAKE, ILLINOIS, FISHING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Your favor of Sept. 10 duly received, but your letter was misplaced and has just come to light. Your doubtful correspondent is partially right. The largest catch we (my wife and I) made in one day was 154 silver bass, weighing 115lbs.; the day following this catch we caught 147 silver bass, weighing 104lbs.; on both of these days we signalled the boats and fishing parties around us to come as close to us as possible so every one would get fish, but for some reason or other the other fishing parties got but very few fish. The catch on both occasions was made in about the same spot, near the center of Fox Lake, in a direct line between the Lippencott Hotel and Howard House. Our fishing hours were from 9 o'clock A. M. until 12 o'clock noon on both days. We had very good luck all summer catching black bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, and once in a while we would get a large-size garfish. But the game fish at Fox Lake are pretty well educated, and it requires considerable skill and work to get them. While we were at the lake a report reached us from the Howard House (we were stopping at the Lippencott Hotel) that one of their guests had landed seven black bass in four casts, having three hooks on his line; the Howard House people all said it was so, so of course we had to believe it. W. E. GOODMAN.

SOUTH EVANSTON, Ill.

### Spawning of Striped Bass.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Oct. 13 an inquiry about the spawning of the striped bass. They spawn on every stream on the Atlantic coast, from the Capes of Florida to the coast of Labrador, in brackish water always, I think. Their habit is the same as that of the salmon, going to the utmost limit of the stream, sometimes in places they can reach only after a heavy rain. The effort is to reach the most inaccessible spot, where their spawn will not be disturbed by their enemies. I am spending my summer on an arm of the sea, and the water is brackish about three miles above my home. Heretofore the young fry have been caught in the spring, in March and April, and the parent fish in the winter. Now, within a year or two a canal has been cut connecting this salt river with a stream running into the Savannah River, and the fish have disappeared from their old haunts. I am satisfied they will be found spawning at the highest point accessible through the canal.

Not far from Waynesboro, I drove over a road through a stream not deep enough to go over a horse's hoof where striped bass of 40 and 50lbs. go when it rains, and the neighbors knock them in the head, in the spring as they pass over the road to get into a morass to spawn, their fins showing above the muddy water. They come from a branch of the Great Ogeechee River, and push up into

this morass, into which and from which they can only enter and leave in heavy rains. I say their habits are like the salmon, and I believe they would ascend any distance, as salmon do. In India they have been seen 7,000ft. above the sea, still ascending the river, and in tributaries of the Columbia I know of their being seen in great quantities, 8,500ft., and still pushing up.

WM. NEYLE HABERSHAM.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 23.—Mr. Jay Beebe, of Toledo, O., writes me some more about bait-casting lines, as follows:

"Let me thank you for the favor of the 7th inst. and its inclosures. Herewith I send you cuttings from both the reel and the leader end of the casting line I have been using all the fall, which means about five or six days of actual fishing. This line is retailed by local dealers here at two cents a yard, and by comparing the two pieces you can judge of the relative wear. The slip with the tag attached is handed me by Mr. Gunckel (of the 'Sunset Club') and is taken from a line sent him the other day by a friend now in Germany. I have not tested it for strength, but in appearance it seems much like the desired line mentioned in my note in this week's FOREST AND STREAM. (By the way, it will doubtless occur to you, should you take the trouble to read the note in question, that what I wrote was 'a cable-laid line,' and not a cable, as the irrelevant comma made me say.)

"If you think the secret you mention is likely to disturb your peace of mind, you might forward it to me at any time under a special delivery stamp."

The line that Jay Beebe incloses is familiar to me, but I do not wish to name it for fear the firm might think I was injuring their goods. We tried this line among the others this summer. It casts well, and is a well-meant line, but it rotted very quickly, we thought. It has the further quality of being very hard-braided, so that it cuts itself at the leader-knot very easily. By trebling the strand we helped this out. On a straight tie, this line will cut itself at the knot (our specimens did) on next to no strain at all. This line we have discarded.

I must thank Mr. Gunckel also for the beautiful little line of German make which he sends me. It is very strong, and would be good to tie up a dachshund with, but I don't believe it would work on a casting reel at all, for though fine and strong, it is waterproofed and quite stiff. What has a dachshund to do with bass fishing? I am surprised at Mr. Gunckel, I am really.

### That Kekoskee Story.

Mr. George Stanton, Jr., of the Grand Rapids & Indian Railroad, came clear up into my office the other day, though he had never met me before, to "congratulate" me on that Kekoskee fish story, and I had the hardest work in the world to convince him that that wasn't my story at all, but just simply a historical account of events that actually happened. I get all sorts of letters about that story, and many of them grieve me. And yet the story is so incontestably true. The other day I was riding on a railway train up in Wisconsin and a friend introduced to me Judge Lamoreux, late of Mayville, now of the circuit bench, once of the State Legislature, and one of the most prominent men of the State. "I can testify to the facts of that story," said Judge Lamoreux, "out of any personal knowledge. The sleds came there after bullheads from a distance of fifty miles. If I were on the bench and evidence such as you cite were brought before me I could not legally decide the story to be anything but true and the allegations fully proven. Yes, sir, you have made out a good case, and one which agrees with the facts."

Now what do the skeptics think of that? Moreover, on that very same train there was Mr. Geo. Kurtz, an old citizen of Mayville, who overheard us talking. He broke in, very much excited, and was disgusted almost to anger when he heard that any one could doubt the Kekoskee fish story for one moment of time. Proof? Well, I'd like to know how much proof a fish story ought to have if this one hasn't got enough to support it. It's true, that's what it is, every word of it.

### I.—The Preparation.

COLUMBUS opened the gate at the front yard of the palace and stepped briskly around through the marigolds to the back door, as was his custom in making such informal calls on the family. Leaning his map up against the palace, he rapped on the door and hummed a gay air while he waited for an answer. Columbus did not get gay himself, but it was October, and the air was gay. Presently the girl came to the door.

"Mornin'," said Columbus. "How're they comin' this mornin'? Is the Queen in?"

"I'll go see," said the girl, with a bright smile. They all liked Columbus.

"Why, good mornin', Columbus," said Queen Isabel, as she came in from the front part of the house. "You must excuse my looks, I've just been tidying up the front parlor a bit. Mary, I want you to always dust off a chair for Columbus and have him set down."

"Good mornin', Belle," said Columbus, in his off-hand way. "Mighty nice weather we're havin', ain't it?"

"Ain't it, though? I was just tellin' Ferd this mornin' that I'd like to go out buggy ridin' this afternoon for a while; but law, Ferd's so took up with this Turkey business, you know, that he don't seem to take no interest in nothin' else at all."

"You don't say," said Columbus, "gettin' ready for Thanksgivin', I s'pose, is he? I thought mebbe he'd like to go out fishin' with me this mornin'."

"Oh, Ferd won't go nowhere. He don't think of nothin' but business. I tell him he'd ought to get out oftener, but he won't go."

"Well said!" said Columbus; "I wish my wife was like you. It's just the other way over to our house. My wife says I don't care for nothin' but fishin', and she's always at me to stay home and tend to business."

"Pshaw now! And how is Mrs. Columbus these days?"

"Oh, she's well. She's healthy and active, and so's to be about," said Columbus, sighing. "I don't see no sense in cleanin' house twict a year, do you? I sort of thought I'd go out fishin' to day. They're bitin' like the dickens over in the Bay of Biscay."

"Do tell! You always do know where the good fishin' is Columbus!"

"Yep. Find it out in FOREST AND STREAM."

"Law me!"

"Yep. Say!"

"Uh?"

"You don't think Ferd'll go 'long, don't you?"

"No, I know he won't, not till he's licked the Moors."

"That's so, them Moors is a bad lot. I've been missin' chickens myself. But say, if Ferd won't go, do you s'pose he'd mind lettin' me take his fish-pole?"

"Why, I guess he wouldn't mind. It's out there on the wood shed."

"There's a hook and line on it, ain't there?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Bob?"

"Oh yes.

"Say, does Ferd keep the minny-pail out in the shed where he used to?"

"Why, I believe he does; you can just take it along."

"Thanks, I believe I will, if you don't mind. But you see, the worst of it is—"

"Yes!"

"I havn't got no boat, you see. I've been goin' to get a boat, but somehow I never did."

"Oh that's all right, just take Ferd's boat, he aint usin' it. You're perfectly welcome to it."*

"Well now, Belle, you're mighty clever neighbors, I always did say I'll bring you a mess of fish when I git back. My land! if my wife was only just like you!"

"Go way! You'd ought not to talk so. Send Maria over here this afternoon, and we'll go out ridin' together, down to the minister's, while you men are away from home."

"All right. But say—"

"Uh?"

"Is that spot out behind the barn as good for worms as it was last year?"

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure, Columbus, but I expect it is."

"Would you mind sendin' one of the boys to dig me a can o' worms? It's sort of hot like, this mornin', and I'm troubled a good deal with malaria."

"Why certainly, Columbus. The boys can do it just as well as not. Set up, won't you, while they're out diggin' the worms, an' have a bite and something to drink."

"Well, you know—"

"Mary, draw two!"

"Oh no, no! I really couldn't. I never take but one drink a day, and I've had mine!"

"Pshaw! have one with me."

"Well—that is—well, if you insist; but make it light—make it very light."

"Oh, that's all right, Columbus."

"Well, here's lookin' at you. Law! if Maria just felt the way you do about this goin' fishin'."

"You're a nice man, Columbus. How's the map business doing now?"

"Oh, first rate, can't complain. Sold four last week."

"That so? Why, you'll soon have money enough to get a fishin' outfit of your own."

"Maybe, but I don't see the use if Ferd ain't usin' his'n. But here comes Jimmy with the worms. Can Jimmy go 'long with me, so'st to sort of row the boat while I do the fishin'?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. But say!"

"Well?"

"Don't you think you have what might be called a Castile nerve?"

"Well, you got to have nerve in this sportin' business. See."

"Oh! Well good mornin', Columbus."

"Well good mornin'. I'll often think of you, Belle, when I'm a treading the quarter deck alone."

"Thank you, Columbus. Say!"

"Well?"

"You'd better take a whole deck, hadn't you? You and Jimmy may get lonesome."

"I would, if I could afford it. Has Ferd got one?"

### II.—The Discovery.

It was past noon when Columbus asked Jimmy Aragon for the lunch basket.

"How're you makin' it, Jimmy?" said he.

"I got a blister on my hand, and I want to go home," said Jimmy.

"Go home nothin'," said Columbus. "What you talkin' about, we haven't caught only four fish yet."

"I'm tired, and I want to go back home."

"All right, sonny, we'll go home when we've got a good string, or else wait till dark, and don't you forget it. When your uncle C. Columbus goes out after fish he gets fish, and don't you forget it. See! Gimme another worm."

"This ain't no good place to fish, I don't believe," said Jimmy.

"Huh! Like to know what you know about it!"

"Well, one of the boys told me there was a place, over West a little ways a couple of miles, where the fishin' was real good. He knew a man caught a whole lot there, just the other day. He said 'at hot chicken tamales grew on every tree over there."

"Huh! That so?" How far over was it, did you say?"

"Oh, not very far, just a little ways, 'bout a couple of miles."

"That so? Well, s'pose we pull over there and try it awhile."

So they pulled over there, and when they got there the place was about two miles further over yet. So they went on two miles further, and again the place had moved. They kept on, and at last they came to New York.

"Hello, is this New York?" said Columbus.

"Yes, this is New York, of course," they told him.

"Do hot tamales grow on trees here?"

"Nope."

"Well, which way is Chicago?" E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

* THE ORIGIN OF A MYTH.—History often distorts facts for dramatic effect. The historical myth is well accepted that Isabella pawned her jewels to secure ships for Columbus; but this is only myth. It arose in the fact that she loaned to Columbus one boat, a small boy and a fishing outfit which belonged to her husband.—E. H.

### The Thread-Fin.

MR. R. V. R. SCHUYLER has forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution a drawing of a strange fish which, he writes, is taken in seines at Biloxi, Miss., during September, after which month it disappears. The specimen shown was 7in. long. "In life the end of the nose was translucent. Color iridescent when taken out of the water. Back dark green, sides and belly white. All fins dark green except [the breast fin], which is black. Eye very large, pupil black, cornea silver."

The fish above referred to was first described by Dr. Girard under the name *Polynemus octonemus*. It is valued as a food fish. Nothing is known to us about its habits. The most remarkable character of the thread-fins is the division of the breast fin into two parts, the upper portion shaped as usually in common fishes, the lower part consisting of long, separate rays, in this species twice as long as the upper rays.

### The Kentucky Fish and Game Club.

OFFICE OF CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,
COURIER-JOURNAL BUILDING,
LOUISVILLE, Oct. 10, 1892.

*To the Farmers, Hunters and Fishermen of Kentucky:*

The object of the Kentucky Fish and Game Club is primarily for the purpose of securing proper legislation for the protection of game, dogs, birds and fish; the protection of the farmer and land owner from wanton trespass, the encouragement of the citizens of the State in their efforts to increase varieties and numbers of game and fish, and the organization and encouragement of other clubs for the vigorous enforcement of all laws against killing, stealing, sale or shipment of any such dog, game, birds or fish unlawfully. Another object of the association is to restock the streams of the State with indigenous fish and the propagation of them so far as is practicable. To this end the club has already several million game fish, which have been distributed mostly in the streams of central and eastern Kentucky free of any expense to the people. All that is asked is their co-operation and their assistance in keeping the streams from being depleted and urging their representatives in the General Assembly to enact stringent laws protecting birds, game and fish.

The membership of the club comprises nearly 1,200 people in all parts of the State. Among these are farmers, lawyers, merchants, doctors, and men of all trades, followings and professions. It is desired to make the club an organization of strength and to have every portion of the State equally represented by co-operative auxiliary local clubs in every town. Such clubs, working in harmony, could soon be responsible for the existence in Kentucky of all the various kinds of game and fish that existed here in the days of Daniel Boone.

The Kentucky Fish and Game Club has now before it the task of restocking with game fish every stream in the State. To do this it is necessary to have the co-operation of citizens in all parts of the State, with whom correspondence is desired. The fish are received through the United States Fish Commission and sent to the State's borders free of expense. The distribution is made at the expense of the club and the only assistance asked is such as results from the nominal dues of the members of the association. These are $1 per year and 50 cents per year for members of auxiliary clubs, where the entire club is enrolled. A movement is now on foot to increase the dues of individual members.

It is desired, for the purpose of continuing the work of restocking the streams, that application be made for fish from every section where there are none or few. The character of the stream and the varieties of the fish that live in the waters should be explicitly explained. The best place for liberating the fish should also be given. This should be, if possible, on the line of some railroad. If this is not practicable, the nearest station should be designated and a statement made of what arrangements could be made for transporting the fish from the station to the stream. It is desired that these applications be sent to the corresponding secretary for classification at once.

Rome was not built in a day. The entire State can not be supplied with fish in a week, or a year. The United States Fish Commission is so hampered by a small appropriation that it is impossible to supply the demand for game fish. Consequently, shipments are not so frequently as would be desired. It is believed, if the proper effort is made, Congress can be induced to devote more money to the propagation of fish. To this end every citizen of Kentucky who is anxious to have the streams restocked is asked to urge his representative and senator in Washington to vote for and speak for an increased appropriation for the Fish Commission, which is headed by Col. Marshall McDonald, a Kentuckian. It is also urged that the Kentucky Legislature be asked to pass stringent laws and assist in any manner possible the work of preserving, protecting and increasing the fish, game and birds of the commonwealth. Very respectfully,

CHAS. A. DAILEY, Cor. Sec'y;
J. FRY LAWRENCE, Pres

## Fishculture.

### VERMONT FISHCULTURE.

THE eleventh biennial report of the fish commissioners of Vermont, ending with the fiscal year, June 30, 1890, has just been issued. The commissioners are Mr. John W. Titcomb, of Rutland and Charles C. Warren, of Waterbury. In the appendix is given a report of the directors of the State Fish Hatchery, Messrs. C. C. Warren, H. H. Swift and A. B. Noyes. Another excellent feature of the appendix is an alphabetical list of the towns of Vermont with the names, character and area of their ponds, and the principal kinds of fish living in them.

The illustrations consist of plates of the pike, pickerel, mascalonge, pike-perch and sauger, the first lent by FOREST AND STREAM and the rest copied from publications of the U. S. Fish Commission.

The State fish hatchery is located at Roxbury. Its yield during 1891 and '92 was very gratifying, as will appear from the following record of fish planted:

| | |
|---|---|
| Brook trout | 295,000 |
| Lake trout | 127,000 |
| Von Behr and Loch Leven trout | 75 000 |
| Rainbow trout | 26 500 |
| Landlocked salmon | 30,000 |
| | 553,500 |

In addition to this distribution by the State the U. S. Fish Commission furnished the commissioners for Vermont waters:

| | |
|---|---|
| Black bass | 60 |
| Rainbow trout (yearlings) | 3,550 |
| Lake trout (yearlings) | 2,000 |
| Von Behr trout (yearlings) | 476 |
| Carp (yearlings) | 200 |
| Landlocked salmon (yearlings) | 15 000 |
| California salmon (yearlings) | 3 470 |

We shall have occasion to refer again to other features of this interesting report.

FOREST AND STREAM
Amateur Photography
Competition.
See details in another column.

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.
Dec. 6 to 9.—First Annual Dog Show Hermitage Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn. Robert C. Stockton, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.
Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M Brumby, Sec'y

## RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS *

### BREEDS OF BORZOYS KNOW IN RUSSIA.

THERE are eight well defined breeds known in Russia. The Tchistopsovoy-borzoy, Psovoy-borzoy, Courland borzoy, Brudasty (rough-coated) borzoy, English borzoy, Hortoy barzoy, Caucasian borzoy and Crimean borzoy. (No. 3, the Courland, is now extinct.) The oldest and most suitable to the country is the Tchistopsovoy-borzoy; this name means pure psovoy, *i. e.*, pure in blood. It also implies the purity and elegance of its form. Owing to their purity they do not produce offspring with irregular points. This dog must look very elegant and well proportioned.

The small of the back is quite long in both sexes. The back of the male is arched, of the female nearly straight, with but a very slight arch.

The head must be small and regularly tapering down, narrow and very lean; muzzle long and tapering evenly; eyes protrude (stand out) and are black or very dark in color, look bright and cheerful always; ears small, narrow and set regularly; in repose they must lie on the back of the neck, with their tips touching; when excited they are raised somewhat. The ears are the main distinguishing point of the Russian Tchistopsovoy-borzoy.

Legs bony and lean; paws long, as in a hare; hindlegs in repose stretched back as if ready to start (this is an important point in judging of the dog's qualities), so that the four legs do not stand parallel to each other when seen from the side. The hindlegs in standing must not be much bent in the hocks. The claws are down hard on the ground, the lower part of the legs is of medium length. The forelegs must be straight and stand vertically in repose. The dog seems to stand on tiptoe or on its claws.

The chest full and arched, but without deep hollows on each side of the breast bone. The width of the chest must be nearly the same as the width of the hips when seen from above, so that the dog seems long and broad.

The neck is an important sign of the purity of blood, as the different breeds all show the same kind of neck in their thoroughbreds. It must be long and arched, as in a good horse, and this applies to both sexes.

Ribs barrel-shaped, neither too short nor too long; in any case they must reach to the elbows, if not below them. Belly rising from the ribs toward the hips, as in all greyhounds.

Tail bent into sickle-shape and raised in coursing; the length must be such that when it is drawn through between the hindlegs and laid on the back the last vertebra will touch the point of the hip bone on that side. A longer or shorter tail is a defect and a sign of mixed blood.

Shoulders full and muscular, elbows freely movable, breast bone standing out beyond the line of the shoulders. Hip muscles large and full. Coat short, though a little longer than the coat of the Crimean borzoy. Hair about 1in. long, very soft and glossy, with thick and soft under hair in the fall and winter. The ornamental hair is thin and distributed unevenly, namely, on the edge of the hips it is long (over 3in.) and wavy, hanging down in handsome tresses, and has heavy under hair; on the belly and underside of the chest it does not exceed 2in. in length, and has no under hair, but is thick, straight and silky, and somewhat shorter in front. On the neck the hair is a trifle longer than on the body, but it lies in smooth waves. Around the head, next to the cheeks, the hair is somewhat longer, like small side wiskers, on the underside of the tail it is nearly 3in. long, silky and straight and not very thick; the upper side of the tail is covered with ordinary short hair. On the back edge of the forelegs below the elbows the hair is not over 2in. long, and thin and silky. The head from the ears forward and the fore edges of the legs have short, mouse-like hair, glossy and silky.

The normal color is white or yellow of all shades, also these two mixed with black feet and muzzle.

Size 28 to 30in. Temper gentle, quiet and cheerful, but eager and persistent in hunting. While searching for game with the hunter on horseback the dog keeps in advance of him and runs at a high speed.

Speed incredible for short or long distances, though excelled by the Crimean or Caucasian in the latter case. But owing to their long and supple necks the Tchistopsovoy borzoy are better catchers, often without letting the hare make any turns at all. They are sharp-sighted and eager hunters, but not good to fight a wolf singly, though they have been used for that purpose.

The other Russian breed younger than the Tchistopsovoy borzoy is the Psovoy borzoi produced by crossing with the Courland borzoys. As late as 1800 this breed, the Courland borzoy, seemed to be rare, because P. E. Mossolov sold some at that time to a Polish nobleman for 7,000 and 10,000 roubles a piece. The proof of its being a cross is in the fact that sometimes a pair of blooded Psovoy borzoys with the regular long wavy hair produced pups which are perfectly short-haired, like a mouse; and reversely, a pair of such mouse-haired Psovoy borzoys will produce back the regular long-haired breed. For this reason a breeder need not reject a pup if it is regular in every point but the coat.

*From the "Complete Manual of the Coursing Hunt," by P. M. Glebin, Moscow, 1891."

The Psovoy borzoy must be large, strong and fierce-looking. The male must have a steep arched back, broad and short, the bitch also broad, but longer and straight back without any downward curves.

Head large, bony and lean, muzzle tapering down evenly. The head is larger than that of the Tchistopsovoy borzoi. Forehead neither too broad nor too narrow, eyes very large and fierce and with a haw.

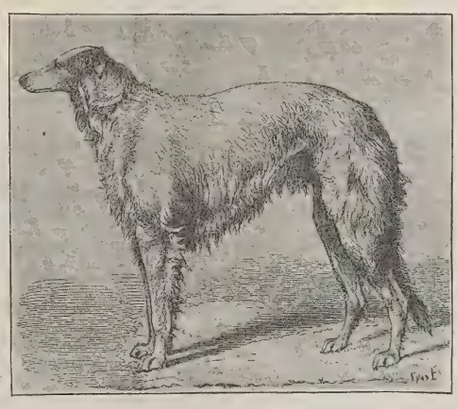
Ears laid back in repose and the nearer they are in shape to the Tchistopsovoy borzoys the better; it is a sign of the purity of their blood; a slight deviation from this standard is allowed, but ears hanging down too much or not folded in so as to hide the inside of the shell and cover the auricular aperture is a sign of impure stock. Legs strong in the bone and muscular, and lean enough to show the tendons. The lower legs proportional to the size of the dog, though the hindlegs are a little longer from the hock down; the feet are large and paws elongated, with the toes held close together. The forefeet seem to stand inwards owing to the great breadth of the chest, but they really must stand perfectly vertical. Hindlegs a little bent in the hocks but neither the elbows nor hocks must be turned in nor must the dog stand with the feet braced forward as if it were pulling back against something. This latter defect is produced by feeding the pups on frozen meat or giving them a whole carcass to gnaw, which obliges them to brace themselves back in pulling off pieces, and they are liable to retain that position habitually; the same defect may be owing to their sitting too much without running about. The Psovoy-borzoy must stand on its claws or on tiptoe like a good greyhound.

Chest broad, but not arched, and the breast bone barely protruding beyond the line of the shoulders, with moderately deep hollows on each side of it.

Neck long and arched, as in the Tchistopsovoy borzoy.

Ribs arched or barrel shaped and long—reaching about 2in. below the elbows. Between the shoulders is a hollow large enough to put the palm of the hand in; between the hips a larger hollow yet. In general the hips must be broader than the shoulders. Belly well drawn up, as a dog with an arched back ought to be.

Tail long, heavy at the root and thin at the point, hanging



PSOVOYA BORZOYA LEBED.

down in repose and raised in form of a sickle when excited. It must be a little longer than the Tchistopsovoy borzoy, *i. e.*, the last vertebra must reach the spine if drawn through between the legs and laid on the back. A longer or shorter tail is a sign of the presence of outside blood.

Shoulders full and muscular. Elbows freely movable; breastbone slightly protruding.

Quarters very large, with extremely full and hard muscles. Coat long, about 3½in.; rather thin, but soft, silky and glossy, and of the same length on the neck, back and ribs. But the ornamental hair is much longer—for instance, on the edges of the hips it is often 7in. long, hanging down in silky, wavy tresses, and has heavy under hair. On the under side of the ribs and on the belly it is thin and is without under hair, and does not seem so long, only toward the rear it reaches about 4½in. The males have large side whiskers up to 7in. in length; the females lack these. On the tail the hair 5 to 7in. long and hangs down straight; the upper side of the tail is covered with short, smooth hair; around the root this is wavy.

On the hind edges of the forelegs the hair is of the ordinary length of the hair of the body, the fore edges as also the head have a very short mouse-like coat of hair, but it is also silky and glossy. In general the hair on the Psovoy borzoys is straight, wavy or curly, according to which type of its original progenitors the dog is nearer to, and any of these is allowed as long as the hair is not coarse and woolly, which would indicate a crossing with common or sheep dogs.

The proper colors are white, yellow and brown, and their mixtures, with black feet and muzzles.

In shedding hair this breed is peculiar, as they begin in April and keep up until the middle of September, and is hardly noticeable without a close inspection. In this way all the coat is not shed in a short time but hair by hair, so that it does not seem to change at all on sight. The mixtures of this breed with others do not act this way.

Size large, not less than 31in.

Temper energetic, but fierce and irritable. Gait proud, somewhat like an amble; courses ahead of or alongside the hunter.

In the way of speed the special excellence of this breed is in spurting abilities, which ought to be terrible, like a shot; therefore it is wrong to expect of them great staying powers; and in fact a great stayer would undoubtedly be a cross-bred, not a Psovoy borzoy. Their fierceness in the hunt must be of the dead game kind, and for this reason this breed excels as wolf-killers. Owing to their savageness, great strength of body and jaws four such dogs must hold down fast the very largest wolf once they have caught him.

Some writers and breeders have held that the ancient race was flatter and lighter in build and that this is the one to be propagated. Owing to its heavier coat they have called it Gustopsovoy borzoy. But such dogs are really only faulty irregular Psovoy borzoys and are always very easy to produce by degeneration of the race through too near a relationship of the parents, which always is to be avoided. The regular Psovoy-borzoy is built much in the shape of a wolf, only handsomer and stronger in the hindlegs. If wolves had the hindquarters of the Psovoy borzoys they would be hunting the dogs instead of the reverse.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Booth this week offers breeders of St. Bernards a chance to secure some good stock from his brother's kennels in Yorkshire, England. The kennel is assuming too large dimensions and that is the reason of the clearing. He has now two young ones by Young Ponte out of Miss Anna that are good.

## NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB BENCH SHOW.

WHETHER a dog show held before the regular field trials is the proper thing or not is a matter for the National Beagle Club to decide, but the fact remains that among the members present at the second show held by the club the utmost interest was evinced in the proceedings. Every dog shown was discussed from all points, and the fact that pretty nearly every one present was conversant with the qualities that go to make up a good beagle lent an additional charm to the gathering and made the judge's position not at all an enviable one. It was business from the start, with no gallery to play to.

In keeping with the spirit of the field trials, the "ring"—a postless one, by the way—was in the open, and while the vigorous air was pure and exhilarating to us "city folk," it was at the same time nipping to a degree and overcoats were welcomed. The dogs, having no personal interest in the affair, there being no hare attachments, curled up with the cold and did not show themselves with that degree of abandon and gaiety that has secured to them the name of "ye merrie" little beagle. It was an ideal place for a show of beagles, for here they could be put down naturally, at any rate. A good standing board had been provided, but a gravelled path running alongside the lawn was preferred by the judge as affording a better chance for the dogs to show themselves naturally.

There was quite a representative gathering of "beaglers." First and foremost we must mention Mr. Kreuder, at whose "Homestead" the show was held, and through whose generosity and forethought both man and beast are comfortably housed and fed. But I must leave a little on this score for next week's report. Then F. W. Chapman, the president, and H. V. Jamieson, the secretary, were busy with the official arrangements, and the catalogue I must say was very nicely gotten up, for there were very few mistakes in it. Mr. H. W. Lacy judged. Among the others grouped around were W. H Ashburner, of Yeadon, Pa.; Pottinger Dorsey, of Newmarket, Md.; W. S. Clarke, of Linden, Mass.; Joe Lewis, of Moodus, Conn., the two latter feeling anxious for the morrow and—their wind, for on these two men lies the heaviest work of the meeting. It is no joke to be a field trial judge, and they have my sympathy. Then there was A. C. Knoblauch, Jersey City; John Bateman, Gravesend Beach, L. I.; Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., who will now assume the secretarial mantle according to the Nanuet ballot to-night; H. E. Parry, Linden, Mass.; Dr. H. H. Brown, the "vet" of Melrose, Mass.; Gateby Daub, and C. Peabody, Salem, Mass. It was about 1:30 P. M. when the judging commenced, some of the dogs not being on hand in time for the advertised start, and the judge himself was late as well.

The prizes are on the percentage basis, 50 and 40 per cent. of entrance fees in challenge, and 40, 30 and 20 per cent. in open classes. The entries altogether numbered 25, and quality was very conspicuous, though I was sorry to see the competition confined principally to three of our leading kennels. In a gathering of this sort all members should strive to the utmost to be represented by their choicest dogs, for in this way only can the best interests of the breed be served. A little more of sportsmanship and a little less "percentage" should be the prevailing spirit. The catalogue commenced with challenge dogs, 13 to 15in., and two well-known "benchers" were brought out, both hailing from the Rockland Kennels. At first glance the decision did not strike the judge as an easy one, but after a running over it was soon very evident that the younger dog, Roy K., would pass the old champion, Racer, Jr. He is better and stronger in loin, quarters and second thighs, his pads are thicker and closer, but it cannot be denied that Racer, Jr., excels the other in general type, formation of head and forelegs, carriage of stern and ribs; his weak hindquarters, however, knocked him out when one takes into consideration the work they should be built for. The bitch class was drawn blank, Twintwo being absent.

It was then thought better to turn to the end of the catalogue and go through backward so that the dogs entered in the 13in. and under classes could be measured and any big ones that might creep in be transferred to the taller division. This arrangement brought out the only puppy, Nora, born and bred on the "Homestead" sod. She was given first, a little long in head altogether, body well ribbed and coat of good texture, nice bone, forelegs and feet could be a bit better. A promising pup all the same. Then the bitches under 13in. were called in and three responded. Neither of them are particularly strong, but I thought Butterfly, in their present condition the best. Daisy S., second, was light in flesh; she is beaten in general type by the winner, though better and cleaner in shoulders and neck, Butterfly having a little more than her share of flesh. Daisy S. is long in body, heads are too long and narrow for good type. Butterfly beats in style and action. Fanny Reed loses to Daisy in body and legs, and so in fact does Butterfly in the latter respect, for she stands a little—very little—back on her pasterns, but she had the best coat and brush. Wenaunan and Romp C. were marked absent.

The dogs of the same measurement came next. It was thought at first that the Rochester winner would take the ribbon, but Rockland Kennels showed a young one, Rockland Boy, by ch. Little Duke, that could not be denied. He has a sweet expression though his head could be shortened a bit, but then the second winner, Duce Jr., is too short and rather coarse besides, with eyes bulging out "far too far," and the mouth needs repairing. Rockland Boy beats the others in quarters and second thighs, finer in ears and better hung; Clyde did not show himself well at all, he lost to the others in quarters, all down and weak in hocks, turning them in, and no second thighs. Neither of these dogs is up to form, but I put the stronger dog first, and after type the likeliest fielder for staying and work.

The challenge class for this size had been judged in the house, as champion Lou, the only entry, had been severely bitten in the morning and was confined to the sofa in Mr. Kreuder's study. She was the same sweet old Lou, though. In challenge dogs, same measurement, we saw something choice as well, for here Frank Forest and Rambler, both belonging to the Rockland Kennels' aggregation, were to do battle. Not much of a battle, though, for victory soon rested with the sensational Frank Forest. Rambler is the younger and smarter dog, that's all. Cleaner in shoulders and truer in front, but in all else, barring ears, Frank overtops him, and especially in his "propelling power," which I may as well remark is behind in this case.

The next class was a puzzling one. It's all very well when you get two or three in a class, much of a muchness, but still with some gradation of points, but here we had four or five where each had some excellent points that would not be lost sight of, though glaring faults spoil a very good whole. There were seven in the class and the judge soon relegated Snow to the rear, roach-backed or showed herself so here, and light in body, good bone but head plain and long. Then Phantom, a better stamp, though not straight in front, very snipy muzzle, short-coated, good skull and expression, she is a better one than the other, and the judge should have given Snow c. to grade them properly. After this the five larger ones were of more general type and the struggle began. Parthenia, the winner, caught the eye at once and it did not need a very keen one to see that Joe Lewis who handled her thought he held the trump card; I thought so too at first, but her head needed some consideration; it is a plain one, rather not enough stop, deep and square enough in muzzle, but still wanting in refinement and quality, ears fairly good and back of this you cannot find much fault; her shoulders and neck are wonderfully clean and well placed, legs to the pasterns good, but feet

might line to them better; body is beautifully ribbed but as she might have had a pound or two more flesh her loin was a bit light, quarter and second thighs very good, and the gayest mover of them all; she won.

For second place it was a tight go, and quality and type are responsible for the decision in Emeline's favor; this bitch has improved very much and had she been shown a pound or two lighter she would have pushed the winner for she is much better in head and has a straighter foreleg, but her body looked a bit cloddy; good brush and the best coat of the prize winners. Gypsey A. was also too fat, and so lost in body symmetry; she is heavy in shoulders and her head is too long and lacks stop enough. Vick R., the reserve, is better in forelegs than June Rose, vhc. Vick had a sore toe and could therefore have shown herself better; her coat is open; June Rose loses to her in legs, standing a little out in front and feet are not compact enough; nice skull and ear and muzzle snipy; good, well-ribbed body. This was a capital class and very much "beagle."

The dog class was not so good by any means, and the judging of this finished the business on hand. For general beagle type and cobbiness Jack Rowett, the winner of second, beats Forest Hunter, the winner, but the forelegs of the former, the feet turning quite a good deal, spoil him, or else he has a better head, but shoulders are not so clean as Forest Hunter's, nor is he so good in coat and carriage of stern, but he excels the other in quarters and thighs. Milo is very pig-jawed, a pity, as his body is good and so are his legs; in fact, a well-made dog all round, barring his head, which would put a snipy collie to blush. This concluded the fun, and some of us were not sorry, as the bones began to feel uncomfortably chilly, and blowing on our fingers was the chief amusement. The kennel prize judging had to be postponed till the morrow, as Frank Forest had been sent out for a finishing run, his owner not knowing about the kennel special, which was not down in the catalogue.

LIST OF AWARDS.

15 TO 13IN.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Rockland Kennels' Roy K. and champion Racer, Jr. *Bitches:* Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Forest Hunter; 2d, Rockland Kennels' Jack Rowett; 3d, Glenrose Kennels' Milo. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Parthenia and Gypsey A.; 2d, Rockland Kennels' Emeline. Very high com. reserve and very high com., Forest Beagle Kennels' Vic R. and June Rose. High com., Pottinger Dorsey's Phantom and Middleton Kennels' Snow.

13IN. AND UNDER—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Rockland Kennels' Frank Forest and Rambler. *Bitches:* 1st, Rockland Kennels' champion Lou.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Rockland Kennels Rockland Boy and Duce, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Butterfly and Fanny Reed; 2d, Forest Beagle Kennels' Daisy S. *Puppies:* 1st, Rockland Kennels' Nora.

## INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

THE following are the entries for the Derby, All-Age, and Amateur Stakes at the International Field Trials to be held at Chatham, Ont., Nov. 7 and following days. In the Derby there are 12 English setters; 10 pointers; 4 Irish setters. All-Age Stake—9 English setters; 2 pointers. Amateur Stake—9 English setters; 2 pointers.

### DERBY.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DAISY II.—Victor Chauvin's bitch (——— —Daisy).
NIA—Forest Kennels' bitch (Viscount—Forest Gladys).
PATTY — A. St. L. McIntosh's bitch (Mingo II.—Cambriana).
MOLLY—Sheriff Mercer's bitch (Mingo II.—Cambriana).
MINGO III.—Sheriff Mercer's dog (Mingo II.—Cambriana).
TOLEDO BEE—F. W. Eddy's bitch (Toledo Blade—Maggy Bee)
SHYLOCK—T. G. Davy's dog (Rock—Maud).
TIRASSE—W. B. Wells's dog (Mingo II—Cambriana).
CLEOPATRA—W. B. Wells's bitch (Mingo II.—Cambriana).
PHYLLIS T.—W. B. Wells's bitch (Mingo II.—Cambriana).
CURTIS—J. Huddleston's bitch (Cornell—Dart).
COUNTESS SISS—A. Mather's bitch (Cornell—Dart).

POINTERS.

DAME BANG—T. G. Davey's bitch (Trinket Cash—Van Bang).
BESSY RANGER—T. G. Davey's bitch (Major G.—Bell).
CAPTAIN BREWER—W. M. Stone's dog (Count Graphic—Jennie M.)
LONSDALE—Thomas Johnson's dog (Ightfield Coton—Ightfield Psyche).
MANITOBA SHOT—Thomas Johnson's dog (Ightfield Coton—Ightfield Psyche).
MANITOBA SAL—Thomas Johnson's bitch (Ightfield Coton—Ightfield Psyche).
DIAMOND—Thomas Johnson's bitch (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blithe).
GEM OF MANITOBA—Thomas Johnson's bitch (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blithe).
FRITZ—M. Kramer's dog (Count Graphic— ——).
SIREN—Mr. Jackson's bitch.

IRISH SETTERS.

NICK OF GLENCHO—F. J. Abbey's dog (Pat S.—Allace K.)
MIDGET BOW—Oscar M. Springer's Bitch (Scott—Queen Wilkinson).
PRAIRIE FAWN—Albert Drouillard's bitch (Dan O'Connell—Lalla Rookh).
CONNIE—Howard Barnes's bitch.

### ALL-AGED STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DONALD BANE—John Davidson's dog (Dick Bondhu—Western Belle).
CARRY F.—Dr. Totten's bitch (Banker—Smith's Bell).
SHYLOCK—T. G. Davey's dog (Rock—Maud).
MANITOBA PATTI—Thomas Johnson's bitch (Duke of Gloucester—Flora).
PITTI SING—Thos. Johnson's bitch (Baron Doverly—Norah).
MATANE—W. B. Wells's dog (Mark J.—Cambria).
LUKE—W. B. Wells's dog (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).
DAPHNE—W. B. Wells's bitch (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).
LADY PATCH—Jos. Kime's bitch (Mingo—Lady Thunder).

POINTERS.

DAME BANG—T. G. Davey's bitch (Trinket's Cash—Van Bang).
MANITOBA SHOT—Thos. Johnson's dog (Ightfield Coton—Ightfield Psyche).

### AMATEUR STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

BANGHAM'S LONDON—R. Bangham's dog (London—Lurea March).
LUCY C.—John Davidson's bitch (Scottish Chief—Ailsa).
SANCHO—G. P. Taylor's dog (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).
TICKY TACK—A. Wells's dog (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).
ROMNEY—A. Wells's dog (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).
MANITOBA PATTI—Thomas Johnson's bitch (Duke of Gloster—Flora).
MINGO, JR.—Jas. Kime's dog (Mingo—Rose Rapid).
LADY SPOT—Jas. Kime's bitch (Mingo—Lady Thunder).
CLINKER—T. H. Nelson's dog (King—Fausta II.).

POINTERS.

FRANK—James E. Purser's dog (Zip—Nell).
SIR HOWARD, JR.—W. L. Donaldson's dog (Sir Howard, Sr.—Bella).

## AMERICAN F. T. CLUB'S ALL-AGE STAKE.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith send you list of All-Age entries for the inaugural trials of the American Field Trials Club's trials.

W. J. BECK, Secretary.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DAD WILSON'S BOY—R. J. Wither's (Dad Wilson—Dolly S.)
IGHTFIELD RHIWLAS—Baker & Beck's (Downe—Sconaidh).
DAN NOBLE—A. J. Klofanda's (Dan Gladstone—Flame M.)
FRANK—J. F. Pantler's (Sancho—Bessie).
PEMBROKE'S BLUE GROUSE—Scott's Wood Kennels' (Pembroke's Don—Sue of Hatchie)
HI DI—George E. Gray's (Gath's Hope—Trap, Jr.)
NELLIE G.—Theo. Goodman's (Cincinnatus—Victoria D.)

POINTERS.

DON FISHEL—U. R. Fishel's (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang).
WISE CROXTETH—U. R. Fishel's (Croxteth—Amine)
FAUST KING DON—A. T. Quick's (King Don—Queen Faust).
MIDGETT H.—Carrie Harvey's (Harrop—Frankie).
REX—G. A. Castleman's (Mainspring—Dell).
ERIC S.—J. F. Shipley's (Rank—Queen).
MANITOU—J. W. Scudder's (Luck of the Goat—Clary).
MAID OF OSSIAN—John B. McGuffin's (Ossian—Pickwick).
NUTWOOD—C. A. Paetzel's (Ossian—Nellie E.)

IRISH SETTERS.

MARLOWE—R. R. Howard's (Elcho, Jr.—Maid).
QUAKER—A. A. Anderson's (Rex—Fannie).
HOPE BARU—Geo. E. Gray's (Byron Barugo—Biddy).
ELCHO'S MAID—Geo. E. Gray's (Elcho Jr.—Maid).
LADY JOSIE—L. L. Campbell's (Pat O'Moore — Dora O'Moore).
COLERAINE—Glenmore Kennels' (Fingal III.—Aveline).
FINGLAS—Glenmore Kennels' (Fingal III.—Aveline).
RANGER—Glenmore Kennels' (Irish Elcho—Irish Belfast).
RUBY GLENMORE—Glenmore Kennels' (Glencho—Magg).
WINNIE II.—Glenmore Kennels' (Frisco—Grouse).
BETSY CRAFTS—Glenmore Kennel's (Keno—My Maud).
BEAU BRUMMEL—Glenmore Kennels' (Elcho, Jr.—Red Rose).

## U. S. F. T. CLUB'S ALL-AGED STAKE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 20.—Inclosed please find list of entries to the U.S.E.T. Clubs All-Aged Stake.

P. T. MADISON, Sec-Treas.

POINTERS.

BOUNCE—G. W. Amory's liver and white dog (Bob—Sal).
SPORTSMAN B—Myles W. Burford's liver and white dog (Ossian—Cherry Stone).
KENT'S QUEEN—John Bolus's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Vera Bang).
FORCE (Edgemont Pointer Kennels' liver and white dog (Diplomat—Bessie).
BEN A.—Dr. D. W. Yandell's black and white dog (Stoddard—Jett II.).
CROXIE O'BANNON—R. L. Shannon's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Croxie Wise).
MAME S.—R. L. Shannon's liver and white bitch (Brown Stout—Pearl's Pride).
WESTMINSTER DRAKE—New Brighton Kennels' liver and white dog (Lad of Bow—Kate VIII.).
IGHTFIELD DOMINO—New Brighton Kennels' liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Perdita).
PAXICO—A. J. Gleason's (agent) liver and white dog (Ossian—Nellie E.).
IGHTFIELD UPTON — Drake-Sefton Kennels' liver and white dog (Ightfield Upton—Polly Peacham).
NUTWOOD—Chas. A. Paetzel's liver and white dog (Ossian—Nellie E.).
GUY—T. A. Divine's black and white dog (Dan—Fanny).
SWIND—J. N. Neely's lemon and white dog (Dan—Fanny).
BELLE SENSATION—M. C. Wiles's liver and white bitch (Frank—Nellie Girl).
PROMOTION—Fairmount Kennels' liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Belle Bishop).
HEINEKEN—Maj. J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog (Flockfinder—Ion).
JUPITER—Maj. J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog (Tom Bolin—Belle C.).
FRANKLIN—J. L. Adams's liver and white dog (Robin Adair—Blossom).
LAD OF RUSH—J. L. Adams's liver and white dog (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.).
RIDGEVIEW BIPPO—The Graphic Kennels' liver and white dog (Bippo III.—Revelation).
NELLIE FAUSTER—Dr. J. G. F. Holston's liver and white bitch (Count Fauster—Croxteth Nellie).
REX—G. A. Castleman's liver and white dog (Mainspring Dell).
ERIC S.—J. W. Scudder's black and white dog (Rank—Queen).
MANITOU—J. W. Munson's black and white dog (Luck of the Goat—Clary).
PRINCESS II.—C. C. Paddock's lemon and white bitch (Shot—Forest Queen II.).
GASPER'S JOE—John B. Gasper's liver and white dog (Beauvoir—Queen Graphic).
VARRO—J. B. Castleman's liver and white bitch (Castleman's Rex—Castleman's Nell).
MAJOR MCNAIRY—David Castleman's liver and white dog (Krup—Springer).

IRISH SETTERS.

COLERAINE—Glenmore Kennels' red bitch (Fingal III.—Aveline).
FINGLAS—Glenmore Kennels' red dog (Fingal III.—Aveline).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

COSSETTE—J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan bitch (Gun—Victoria Laverack).
DAVE W.—Gen. W. B. Shattuc's dog (Gath's Mark—Daisy F.).
DONCASTER II.—St. Mark M. Mundy's black, white and tan dog (Doncaster—Louise Gladstone).
AMY ROBSART—Harry Northwood's lemon and white bitch (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).
JEAN—Phillip M. Essig's black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Miss Thompson).
DAN NOBLE—Ad. J. Klofanda's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Flame M.).
BRIGHTON TOBE—New Brighton Kennels' black and white dog (Locksley—Liddersdale II.).
GLORIANA—A. J. Gleason's (Agt.) black and white bitch (Dan Foreman—Doris Nellie).
DORIS NELLIE—A. J. Gleason's (Agt.) black and white bitch (McDuff—Fame).
FRANK—W. E. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Sancho—Bessie).
LITTLE MISS—Dr. J. N. Maclin and T. H. Poindexter's black, white and tan bitch (Vanguard—Rhett).
DAN BURGES—J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burges).
NELLIE HOPE—J. M. Freeman's lemon and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Lady May).
BYDDIE—J. S. Patterson's black, white and tan bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).
MERRIFEE DONCASTER—M. C. Wiles's lemon and white dog (Gladsom—Ruby Doncaster).
GATH'S MARK PRIDE—Albert Smithwright's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Maud Avent).
DIMPLE II.—E. D. Gar's (agent) black, white and tan bitch (Gordon—Blanche).
TENNYSON—Fairmount Kennels' lemon and white dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti).
NATALIE II.—Bert Crane's black, white and tan bitch (King Noble—Natalie).
LIGERO—Bert Crane's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Maud).
GOVERNOR—J. L. Adams's lemon and white dog (Paul Pry— ——).
BOB COOPER—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roi d'Or—Miss Nelly Y.).
GOSSIP—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bell of Piedmont).
RUPERT—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep).
BETTY S.—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).
NOVELIST—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch.
ZULU M.—Whyte Bedford's lemon and white bitch (Toledo Blade— ——).
EUGENE T.—A. P. Gilliam's black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).
BLADE—Chas. Tucker's black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Lulu C.).
HOPE'S BUD—Chas. W. Barker's black, white and tan bitch (Czar—Lady May).

## EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB ENTRIES.

### ALL-AGED STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

COUNT ANTEO—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white dog, 1890 (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).
ANTEVOLO—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s liver and white bitch, 1889 (Count Noble—Trinket II.).
LORA—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch, 1890 (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
MISS RUBY—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white bitch, 1890 (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
DAN BURGESS—J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog, 1891 (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess).
BOB COOPER—Blue Ridge Kennels' chestnut and tan dog, 2½yrs. (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie G.).
GOSSIP—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch, 3½yrs. (Roderigo—Bell of Piedmont)
HARRY C.—Greenfield Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog, 4yrs. (Roderigo—Countess House).
RUPERT—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog, 1889 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).
TENNYSON—Fairmount Kennels' liver and white dog, 2yrs. (King Noble—Queen Vashti).
THORNDALE.—E. C. Norrish's black and white bitch, 1891 Dad Wilson— ——).
ANNIE F.—F. R. Hitchcock's black and white bitch, 1888 (Roderigo—Juno A.).
ALICE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch, 1890 (Jean Val Jean—Miss Thompson).
GUY—G. T. Leach's black, white and tan dog, 5yrs. (Gladstone's Boy—Lady).
PHILADELPHIA PRESS—L. Shuster, Jr.'s blue belton dog, 1890 (Ciucinnatus—Cornelia).
HAZEL THE BLACKLEG—L. Shuster, Jr.'s black and white bitch, 1890 (Cincinnatus—Cornelia).
COUNT RODERIGO—W. C. Kennerly's black, white and tan dog, 6yrs. (Roderigo—Lady Gladstone).
COUNT GLADSTONE—S. Dill's black, white and tan dog, 10yrs 8mos. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).
MCMURDO—W. B. Meares's black, white and tan gog, 1890 Roi d'Or—Mildred C.).
MENIFEE DONCASTER—M. C. Wiles's lemon and white dog, 1890 (Gladson—Ruby Doncaster.
NATALIE II.—Bert Crane's black, white and tan bitch, 1887 (King Noble—NATALIE.
LIGORA—Bert Crane's black, white and tan bitch, 1887 (Roderigo—Maud).

POINTERS.

BOUNCE—G. W. Amory's liver and white dog, 5½yrs. (Bob—Sal).
PRAWN—A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liver, white and tan dog, 1890 (Crab—Polly Peacham).
IGHTFIELD DICKON—A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white dog, 1889 (Ightfield Dick—Ightfield Bloom).
HEMPSTEAD COUNT—Westminster Kennel Club's liver and white dog, 1890 (Naso of Kippen—Lass of Bow).
HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Westminster Kennel Club's liver and white dog, 1896 (Naso of Kippen—Lass of Bow).
SANFORD DRUID—E. C. Norrish's liver and white dog, 1891 Exon Don—Sanford Quince).
JUPITER—J. R. Purcell's white and tan dog, 4yrs. (Tom Bowline—Belle C.)
GROUSE—C. C. M. Hunt's lemon and white dog, 3½yrs. Mainspring—Swain's Fly).

CHAMPION STAKE.

ROWDY ROD—Greenfield Hill Kennels' black and white English setter dog, 4yrs. (Roderigo—Juno A.).
ORLANDO—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan English setter dog, 1887 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).
NOVELIST—Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan English setter bitch (Woodhull Bruce—Novelty).
DAISY HUNTER—Jos. H and John A. Hunter's orange and white English setter bitch, 1887 (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).
RIP-RAP—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white ticked pointer bitch, 4½yrs. (King of Kent—Hops).
MAID OF KENT—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch, 3½yrs. (King of Kent—Hops).

## AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEETING.

GREAT BEND, Kas., Oct. 25.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Prospects good for weather and attendance. Men here from Colorado, Dakota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas and New York. No California dogs on. E. H. Mulcaster, of Fond du Lac, Wis., judge. The drawing last night was in All-Age stakes, thirty-eight dogs, as follows:

Luse's Living Yet and Shaw's Dolly.
Nicholl's Blue Prince and Lowe & Page's Prince Charlie.
Huss's Lady Boston and Bartel's Flying Dutchman.
Martin's Queen and Heizer's Snowball.
Hayman and Hough's Sporting Press and Bartel's Irish Lass.
Lowe and Whiton's Lord Neverstill and Bowman's Boodler.
Watson's Dry Time and Haigh's Chloe.
Luse's Clara and Poetzel's Fannie.
Haigh's Susie and Bartel's Pearl of Pekin.
Mrs. Pope's Bit of Fashion and Luse's Nettlefield.
Watson's Royal Crest and Lowe's & Page Master Peter.
Luse's Lady In Black and Allen's Jim K.
Luse's Belle of Eltham and Haigh's Briton Yet.
Luse's Lord McPherson and Bartel's Monk Bishop.
Luse's Norwegian and Allen's Woodford Boys.
Hooper's Nelson and Lowe & Page's Prince Rupert.
Massey's What Care I and Mrs. Pope's Poland Duke.
Lyon's Girl's Favorite and Smart's Lady Grace.
Haigh's Master Gleodyne and Mulcaster's Gilda.

Derby drawing, 27 dogs, was as follows:

Allen's Jim Flynn and Price & Joyce's Roy's Canary.
Bartel's Boomerang and Roetzel's Queen.

Watson's Dry Brook and Price & Royce's Raven.
Lyon's May-Day and Price & Royce's Sylph.
Lowe & Page's Nancy and Lyon's Royal Ruby.
Brougher's Roy and Laidlaw's Ketchum.
Price & Royce's Rome Marble and Lowe & Page's Sir Hugh.
Lyon's Fantail and Luse's Lightfoot.
Watson's Alladin and Luse's Laura.
More s Trales, Jr., and Ballard's Buckskin.
Allen's Flying Fox and Lyon's Red Wood.
Watson's Wasted Time and Andrews's Delsarte.
Lyon's Scavenger and Price & Royce's Rook.
Lowe & Page's White Lady a bye. E. HOUGH.

# DOG CHAT.

### Death of Republican Belle.

It was the misfortune of Mr. W. C. Reick on arriving home from Europe to find one of his best bitches dying. We regret to hear that his good bitch Republican Belle joined the majority last Monday. Her trouble was stone in the bladder. She was only really very sick one day. Belle was comparatively a young bitch, being five years old, and was by champion Plinlimmon out of Florentine. She was one of the team brought over by Mr. Crowell. She was soon after taken very ill and the nature of her malady seemed to affect her so that she never proved in whelp afterward. This is a pity, as she showed any amount of quality and type. Mr. Reick purchased her from Mr. W. S. Diffenderffer, and she has contributed no small share to the successes of the New York Kennels. She had won first wherever shown except at the last New York show, when Lady Livingston was placed over her in the challenge class, and that is no disgrace. This death breaks Mr. Reich's team somewhat, but—and thereby hangs another "tail" probably.

### Working Sheepdogs

The accompanying illustration is of Wallace and Nell, the dogs that divided the stakes at the sh epdog trials given under the auspices of the New Jersey Kennel League, at the late Interstate Fair, at Trenton, N. J. They were imported by Messrs. E. H. Morris and E. H. Radel, owned by the Wallace Sheepdog Kennel, of which they are the proprietors. It will be remembered that when Mr. Morris brought his kennel to America he had two sheepdogs, which were exhibited at the New York show in 1888, so that the present attempt to introduce useful farmer's dogs is no new idea, and we are informed it is not a spasmodic attempt, but that it will be followed up in an earnest manner. We hope the Collie Club and all interested will give the movement the support it deserves. Mr. John Jones, who owned Wallace in Wales, writes: "I only ran him six times, winning five times, and missing once through not penning his sheep within the limited time." He has since won at Dovedale and several other places. Mr. E. Price, who owned Nell (or Nantgwillt Lass II.), writes: "Her sire is the noted Dolelve Turk, and her grand sire Dolelve Bob, winner of eight first prizes in open to all trials between 1879 and 1886, and many district prizes. Her grand dam, Nantgwillt Lass, was also the winner of many prizes, so on both sides she goes back to celebrated strains. Her sire won numerous first prizes, and he was also successful at Pale before Queen Victoria. Nell was considered equal in her work to her sire, Turk, or her grandsire, Bob. I can assure you that if you traveled the whole principality for a better bred than Nell you could not find one. Turk, Bob and Nantgwillt Lass are known all over England." It is only right that when such care has been taken to secure the best stock possible, and a large sum invested, that the opportunity may be made the most of. Surely where sheep raising is being extensively introduced, as in Dakota and other western States, the knowledge that good sheep dogs can be got on this continent will be welcome news, and wherever scattered flocks are kept in the more settled States, or where cattle are kept anywhere, the introduction of such dogs means much more than the casual observer may imagine.



A TICKLISH TIME.

Messrs. Radel & Morris's Sheepdogs Wallace and Nell.

### Russian Wolfhounds.

The proprietor of the Borzoy Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa., has caused some very extensive translation to be made from Russian journals and books bearing upon the Russian wolfhound, with a view of ascertaining the correct type and name of the dogs that are now becoming popular in this country. Recognizing the clouded atmosphere that seems in this country to surround both the nomenclature and what should be their correct form, we think that the translation published in another column, and which the Borzoy Kennel, Pittsburgh, Pa., kindly allow us to use, will be of interest to those who are looking for a way out of the darkness, and may be of use in the forming of that standard that is supposed to be under way.

### The Parisian Dog Barber.

The parapet of one of the bridges seems literally black with people, all leaning over the rail and watching with the most intense interest, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*. Watching what? Simply a dog swimming in the river and retrieving the stick that his master throws for him. A still larger and more respectfully attentive crowd will be drawn by the fascinating spectacle of a handsome poodle being clipped and washed by one of those artists whose stock in trade consists of a box, a pair of shears and an inscription or sign such as the following: "*Pascal, tondeur. Tond les chiens, coupe les chats et les oreilles. Va-t en ville.*" Pascal and his rivals operate along the river at the points where the quays slope gently down into the water. They wash, soap bathe, brush and comb house dogs in general; and they shear the poodles with an art and an inventive tastefulness that are without parallel in any country of the world, for while they shave the dog's hindquarters they yet leave bands and arabesques of wool that relieve the nudity, together with rings of wool around the legs, and coquettish tufts which give distinction to the tail. The dog clipper, like the human hair dresser, is an artist; he studies every object that is intrusted to his care, and arranges the coiffure in each case according to the character of the poodle. To one he gives a modest and unobtrusive head, and cuts the hair about his nose so that the moustache remains as unworldly as that of an English country curate. To another he reserves, by a clever turn of the clippers, one of those flaring and impertinent moustaches to which silly girls hang their hearts. All these niceties and finesses the pensive idler observes and notes; and he remarks, too, the disdainful way in which the poodle with the impertinent moustache holds out his paw, after his toilet is finished, when the gentleman who accompanies him, evidently a flunky of very superior grade, clasps between the frills of the left foreleg a dainty gold bracelet bearing the name and the coronet of the poodle's aristocratic mistress. This last detail of his toilet having been atttended to, the poodle departs with the flunky, followed by the admiring eyes of the deeply impressed public; and in the afternoon he will be seen in the Bois de Boulogne accompanying his pretty mistress, Madame la Marquise de B., and surveying the fashionable world from the cushions of her elegant victoria.

### Nashville Dog Show.

The Nashville people are evidently in earnest, and even in dog shows the new South is making a rapid stride to the front: The secretary writes: "From the present outlook the coming dog show at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 6-9, given under the auspices of the Hermitage Kennel Club, is going to be a grand success. They offer $2,000 in cash premiums, every dollar of which will be paid the successful competitors before the show is closed; the money is secured by guarantee notes given by the members of the club, and the prominant merchants all are deeply interested and working hard to make this the bench show of the South. As Nashville is the head center for fine horses and stock we feel it should be for dogs, as we already have some good ones and every month adds new and better ones, and the exhibitors from the North, East and West will have to bring their cracks to take the money home with them. The A. K. C. rules will be strictly carried out and everything is going to be handled and done in the best manner. Spratts will bench and feed and a competent superintendent will be secured. Mr. Roger Williams will judge Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds and foxhounds. Mr. John Davidson will judge all other classes of sporting dogs. Mr. Harry L Goodman will judge all non-sporting dogs. The Cumberland Kennel Company have kindly consented to enter the dogs of their kennel for exhibition only, so as to allow Mr. Goodman, their general manager, to judge; this courtesy has been very much appreciated by the club, as the Cumberland Kennels contain some dogs it would be hard to beat were they allowed to compete. The premium list is now in the hands of the printer and 168 classes have been provided. From the number of applications already received for entry blanks we feel sure of having a fine exhibition in every respect. December is usually a beautful month in the South, the weather being mild and pleasant: consequently there will be little danger of dogs taking cold. The Amusement Hall, in which the show will be held, is admirably adapted for holding such a show, being large and spacious, with high ceiling, and can be well ventilated without causing a draft. For premium lists and entry blanks all communications should be addressed to Robt. C. Stockton, Sec'y, 428 Church street, Nashville. Entries will close Nov. 22.

### Great Dane Importations.

After trying his hand at St. Bernards and fox-terriers Mr. C. D. Bernheimer has concluded to give them up in favor of Great Danes, and will form a kennel in conjunction with Mr. A. H. Heppner. Their first pair have been shipped on the Lahn through Spratt's Patent and were to arrive last week. The names are Hero and Leander. Their intention is to import two clinkers of each color. The dogs just imported are 15 months old and were selected by a friend of Mr. Heppner's. This is probably the most determined effort that has been made here to get at the proper thing, and is entirely in line with Mr. Heppner's repeated assertions that the Great Dane fancy needs a few object lessons to show that the dogs at present winning, with one or two exceptions, are weeds and not the correct caper. We trust the object they have in view will be fully realized.

### Psovoi Type.

Mr. Freeman Lloyd, who has probably studied the "new breed" as much as any one in England, owning some good ones himself, has this to say in the *Shooting Times* in regard to one or two of the questions we touched briefly on in our last issue: "The rib question came in for some discussion [at the Borzoi Club meeting], and the majority were against the *flat* side, and they must be right. The definition flat, in its English sense, must be wrong, for I fancy a flat-sided dog, horse or man would appear a sorry object. The Germans say the ribs ought to be like those of a fish, and they quote the carp as owning ribs of the same shape as the Borzoi. This, I think, is quite right, for any one would be foolish to contend that a *flat*-sided animal could run or have stamina, which are more or less the requisites in a Borzoi, whether he be used in hare, fox or wolf coursing. Borzois are being introduced into this country as companions, and no one can deny their lovely outline, grace and elegance; but I think we shall be going out of our way if we attempt to thrust on the sportsmen, and an open-eyed sporting British public, dogs that don't look like animals that can do the work required. And that is where the sound, all-round, conscientious judge will always put dogs back in competition that do not come up to the requirements of a sporting dog. An unsound deerhound, greyhound, whippet, or any other specimen of the greyhound family, would at once be put back by a judge who knows his business, and for that reason I hold that soundness in make and shape is a leading particular or item in such a breed as the Borzoi. Now, coat in the Borzoi is a matter that will receive some considerable attention, but I believe breeders will tell you—and I can speak, or rather write, practically on this point—that imported dogs carry greater coats than those that up to now have been bred in this country. Whether this is because of climatic differences at the moment I am not prepared to write, but I have been told over and over again by those who ought to know best, that imported specimens, when they lose their coats in England, seldom regain them to the same profusion." This strikes us as the keynote on which the English will sound the improvement we spoke of.

### The Beagle Trials.

These trials promise to be a great success; and the air of sociability and brotherly feeling that prevails is very pleasing in comparison to the kicking and "talk" experienced at other field trials. It is in many ways a sort of family affair, and each sportsman seems pleased to see the other win if he does feel disappointed himself. The club has perhaps done a wise thing for the present in moving the control to New York, and if the present officials can only keep up the gait started by the New England division all will be well.

### Foxhound Field Trials.

Mr. Baird, the secretary, wishes us to say that all fox-hunters are cordially invited to attend the fourth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, which will be held at Ossipee, N. H., commencing Nov. 14, and continuing till the several classes have been run off. Members and visitors are requested to arrive at Ossipee, which is on the Northern Division of the Boston & Maine R. R., during the afternoon of the 14th, so as to be present when the entries for the trials are made at 7 P. M. of that day.

The attention of all fox-hunters in good standing is called to the fact that the club has opened the trials to general competition, and gentlemen not members of the club may enter hounds to compete for the various prizes under the running rules. Besides the regular class prizes, the special prizes to be competed for are the *American Field* cup, highest general average medal, Vice-President Kinney's endurance and speed medals, and M. F. H. Perry's steel engraving "A Promising Litter," which last is to be awarded to the best puppy, and held one year. Printed certificates will be given the winner of every prize.

Some valuable hounds of strains heretofore unseen in New England have been added to the club's kennels since the last meet, and hunters will have an opportunity to compare their work with the best of native breeding. The puppy class will be run off Tuesday, the 15th, and it may be well to remind those contemplating entering puppies, that they must be under eighteen months old. Arrangements have been made with the Carroll House, a well equipped hostlery, to accommodate members and visitors at $1 a day. Messrs. Wiggin & Huse, the proprietors, will see that the comforts of both hunter and hound are fully considered.

Sportsmen starting from Boston, Mass., will find it most convenient to take the 12:30 P. M. train from the Eastern Depot, Boston & Maine R. R., which goes through direct to Ossipee, arriving at 5:10 P. M. Those from Worcester and western Massachusetts, would find it convenient to take the 8:07 A. M. train from Worcester, over the Worcester, Nashua & Rochester R. R., to Rochester, and there transfer to the Boston & Maine, which would put them in Ossipee at 12:52 P. M. Maine hunters can reach Ossipee most conveniently by taking the Portland & Rochester R. R. from Portland, and transferring at Rochester.

Ossipee, from every point of view, is unquestionably a model place in which to hold field trials, and the club earnestly hopes that fox hunters from every part of the United States will show their interest in the advancement of the foxhound by joining and participating in the trials.

### Brooklyn Dog Show.

Just as we go to press the premium list of the above show is received. This is the second show held under the auspices of the National Greyhound Club, but this time it is open to all breeds. The show will be held at Claremont Rink, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 22 to 25. The list of judges has already been given. The prizes are on quite a liberal basis. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, deerhounds, greybounds, Russian wolfhounds, pointers, setters, spaniels, collies and fox-terriers, have $15 as challenge prizes with sexes divided, excepting spaniels. In open classes they have $15, $10 and $5, and puppies get $5 and $3. Other breeds have challenge prizes of $10 and open $10 and $5, and in most cases the sexes are divided, so it will be seen that plenty of money is up. The specials are a feature of the show and the trophies are impartially placed, every important breed being well provided for, and the specialty clubs have done their duty with the exception of the Mastiff Club, which cannot be expected to make more than one effort or so in a year. The National Greyhound Club gives $20 kennel prizes in most of the important breeds besides a great number of medals. Entries close Nov. 7, and the entry fee is $3. Spratts Co. will bench and feed. All communications must be sent to Mr. James Mortimer, the superintendent, Arbuckle Building, 367 Fulton street, Brooklyn. Entry forms can also be had at this office.

### Importations.

The White Star liner Cufic, which arrived Monday, Oct. 17, had board one Scotch terrier for Mr. C. H. Smith, of St. Stephens, N. B.; one dachshund for Madam Kalina, and a splendid specimen of the Russian wolfhound, a bitch, for Mr. Mortimer. She whelped during the voyage. Mother and fourteen puppies were all doing well on steamer's arrival.

There are a number of new advertisements this week. We notice that David Rowat offers foxhound pups for sale; Alfred Scales, St. Bernard pups; W. Tallman, the noted Gor-

don setter Bendigo and Irish setter; Herbert M. Howes, bull-terriers of choice stock; J. R. Purcell, some pointer pups and grown dogs, also "Purcell" setters. Sunset Kennels, Irish setter dog pups; W. H. Hyland, Gordon setter dog; Rockingham Kennel Club, beagles. In the stud, John E. Weston's noted cockers Black Dufferin and Little Lad.

Those who follow the field trial entries this year—and there are many—will be pleased to see the name of John Davidson, we give it neither Mister nor "Honest"—just plain, among the list of owners of dogs to run in two stakes at the International Field Trials next month. This well known judge and sportsman has been so busy in the judging ring and in the field as a field trial judge the past few years, that it must be a pleasant change for him to "see how it feels yourself" just for once in a while.

The New England Kennel Club claim dates April 4 to 7 1893 for their annual bench show at Boston, Mass.

## A DEED OF A DOG.

*From the Artisan (sent to us by "Podgers").*

THE following legal document is self explanatory. It is a deed transferring a certain dog from one individual to another. The transfer took place in Massachusetts. We have purposely altered the names of the contracting parties, and of the city and county, to spare the said parties the annoyance that a fuller publicity might bring:

*Know all men by these presents,*

That we, Arthur Thompson, Jr., of Fall River, in the county of Berkshire, and commonwealth of Massachusetts, merchant prince, and Elizabeth W. Thompson, wife of said Arthur, in her own right, in consideration of the love and affection we bear to Henry W. Coleman, of said Fall River, mariner, and of divers other good and valuable considerations us therefore moving, the receipt whereof can never be adequately acknowledged,

Do hereby give, grant, bargain, sell, convey, remise, release, and forever quit claim, transfer, set over, and set on to the said Henry W. Coleman two individual halves of a certain dog, hound, mastiff, bulldog, collie, setter, pointer, harrier, retriever, beagle, pug, spaniel, terrier, cur or canine creature, now known as Tu Tu Thompson, but hereafter to be called Tu Tu Coleman; situated when last seen, in the position of one about to "eat the crumbs which fall from his master's table," and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning in the dining-room at breakfast, thence running northeasterly through the kitchen to a bone and a biscuit; thence turning and running southerly and westerly in an irregular curve, in the direction of a certain black cat, to a point where said cat intersects with a cherry tree standing on land now or late of Joshua Crane; thence turning sharply and running in a straight line, under the fence, to a swill tub standing on land of one Robeson, there measuring 3ft. at every step; thence turning southeasterly and walking slowly to the point of beginning. Containing all that he can hold, more or less, and being the same dog described in a certain license dated May 1, 1889, and recorded with the records of the Town Clerk of said town of Fall River.

To have and to hold the said Tu Tu, by a string attached to his collar, with all the privileges and responsibilities thereunto belonging, to the said Henry W. Coleman and his heirs and assigns forever, or until said string breaks.

And we hereby, for ourselves and our heirs, executors and administrators, covenant with the grantee and his heirs and assigns, that we are seized with simple terror of said Tu Tu; that we have good reason to sell and convey him as aforesaid; that he is free from all incumbrances except stomach-ache, monkey mange, rabies, hydrophobia, sunstroke and gross and confirmed habits of raiding swill-tubs, running to fires, sheep-killing and terrorizing the neighborhood; that we will, and our heirs, executors and administrators shall warrant him to run away whenever called; to consume blacking in any form, liquid or dry, from boots, bottles or stoves; to religiously observe all dog days; and when at sea to be thoroughly competent to act as the watch dog of the dog watch; and that we will defend him against the lawful claims of Mr. Robert Thompson, but against none others.

Reserving to us and our heirs and assigns an estate in fee-tail in said Tu Tu, with the right of docking the tail just behind the ears on the breach of any of the conditions of this deed.

Provided, however, and this conveyance is made upon the express condition that the said Henry W. Coleman shall feed and water said Tu Tu once in each and every day without recourse to us in any event, and shall procure for him on or before the 1st of May in each year a license as a first-class victualler.

In witness whereof, we, the said Arthur Thompson, Jr., and Elizabeth W. Thompson, hereunto set our hands and seals this 1st day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

ARTHUR THOMPSON, JR.,
ELIZABETH W. THOMPSON.

In presence of Charles A. Swett, W. W. Taylor.

FALL RIVER, May 1, 1889.

*Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Berkshire, ss.*

There personally appear before me, a justice of the peace within and for said county, the above-named Arthur Thompson, Jr., well known to me and to the police, and acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be his free act and deed.

C—— K. W——, Justice of the Peace.

## NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

ON Tuesday morning the trials to be held by this club during this week commenced very auspiciously indeed. There were about 25 spectators and all of them evinced the keenest interest in the sport. Owing to the protracted drought the ground was very dry, only in the very early morning, while the ground was damp from the haw frost, did the scent lie at all well. The draw for Class A, dogs 13in. to 15in., took place on Monday night and resulted as follows: Pottinger Dorsey's Lee II. with Somerset Kennels' Storm (absent). Forest Beagle Kennels' Forest Hunter with W. H. Child's Tony Weller. H. G. Hornnaker's Ring with H. L. Kreuder's Roy K. Somerset Kennels' Glory with W. H. Ashburner's Base.

The judges were Messrs. W. S. Clarke and Joe Lewis. The start was on Tuesday morning, at 8:10, on the outskirts of Nanuet, N.Y. Owing to Storm's absence, Tony Weller and Forest Hunter were the first down; Tony was handled by Frank P. Smith and Forest Hunter by Mr. Jamieson, his owner. They were cast off in a field by the side of the road and worked through swampy ground, hunting out old trails with an occasional whimper, but neither worked with much vim. Tony got on a warmer trail and took on a little burst in the bottom land, but was soon at fault; then they were put on the hot trail of a started rabbit, but soon lost it. This was the order right through the heat. Tony's work was the best, showing more natural hunt and "get out." They were called up at 8:45.

RING—ROY K.—At 9 o'clock these two were cast off, Ring being in charge of F. W. Chapman and Roy K. was handled by A. Eska. They started where the others left off. FOREST AND STREAM man put up a rabbit after some ranging around by the dogs, and dogs were put on bunny's trail. Ring crossed it and struck it in the fern patch, but headed off in the wrong direction. Roy had a try with head in the right line, but did not follow it. After this we worked out a lot of ground to no particular good, and dogs were up at 10:25. Ring hunted with the most vim, but had little head qualities. Roy K. loafed and was content to follow when the other led.

GLORY—BASE.—Glory was in the hands of Charlie Peabody, and W. H. Ashburner handled his own dog. They were down at 10:30. Soon after starting we got into a dense growth of rushes, and several hares were started, but the growth was too thick to see the dogs, and as we were going out Base started game and carried us along at a merry clip through a dogwood patch and woods to hillside, where he lost. Base struck it again, closely followed by Glory, but soon was at fault, giving us time to get a breath. This was lively hunting and opened our "pipes" thoroughly. Some cold trailing then took place and then in wood bottoms some merry work ensued, and dogs were up at 10.50. Base had probably the luck at first, but he led afterward and showed himself a level-headed worker and fast; Glory was also no slouch and was always on hand. This was the best heat so far, and when it ended we were on the "drip." Lee then ran a bye alone for 30 minutes, getting on to several good trails in the woods and doing good work. The judges consulting, left in Tony Weller and Base, Lee II. and Glory.

*Second Round.*

TONY WELLER—BASE.—Down at 11:47 in open on hill. Rabbit got up by Judge Clarke, but Tony drawn to it failed to catch on, ground getting very dry. Base had cast ahead when he struck it hot, and led us a merry scramble of a half mile circle, Tony packing to him well at first, but after, Tony did back-trail work. Base was at fault at edge of woods, and failing to strike dogs were put in the open. When in thick grass Base struck it and led us nicely over the field, when we lost again. A rabbit was here put up, and though dogs were laid on trail could not follow it; wind and dry ground against them. Another rabbit was furnished, but no work could be done on it. At 1:02 dogs up, and Base had shown himself very much better than his opponent, who has gone off in his work. Base is very level-headed and a resolute worker.

LEE—GLORY.—After lunch in the open at 1:40 these two were cast off. A rabbit was started by spectators and hounds were put on. Lee II. was first to tongue, and with one or two checks led the pace through the woods, Glory keeping well to him. Lee made some intelligent casts when at fault; in fact both dogs worked intelligently. Lee showed the most hunting sense and was a very busy worker.

*Final Round.*

LEE II.—BASE.—The judges made no mistake in looking for the winner from these two. They were put down at 2:40 in open by cover. There was a good deal of tonguing here for a while, but neither dog could get away, Base showing conspicuously at times. Across a nasty swamp Lee struck it hot and carried us over railroads, but lost in edge of woods, through woods and into open, when another little chase ensued, but soon at fault; old trail very likely. Both then started something warm, and away we went through cover, both dogs going nicely with plenty of music; outside the cover they lost. Rabbits were plentiful here, and going back into woods Lee did most of the leading, getting on two or three rabbits and doing the best running, the pace being very hot; in fact all followers were pretty well pumped out when the decision was given in Lee's favor at 3:55.

Judges decided Lee II. first money.
Base second money.
Glory third money.

No one could quibble at this decision and "My Maryland," therefore, walked off with both first and second money, third going to Bernardsville, N.J. Both Lee and Base are intelligent workers and very busy. Probably had Glory had familiar handling he would have felt more confident, Mr. Peabody having only had him in hand four days. This ended the day's work, which was, all things considered, a good one. If a little rain should fall the scenting will be much improved. The trials will be continued through the week.

## NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

Meeting called to order 7:45 P. M., Oct. 24, at the Kreuder Homestead by President Chapman. Present: H. L. Kreuder, H. V. Jamieson, W. S. Clarke, W. H. Ashburner, Pottinger Dorsey, Henry Hansler, George Laick and John Bateman. Treasurer's report read and accepted. Minutes of meetings held July 1 and 28 approved. August A. Knoblauch, Jersey City, and C. Staley Daub, Frederick, Md., elected to membership.

It was then moved that the club take official action on letter of Mr. Phœbus advocating the raising of standard for height to 16in. It was decided that the club retain the present standard of 15in. as the maximum. It was voted that the club hereafter offer only silver plate as special prizes in place of cash money prizes.

After another motion was lost the election of officers for ensuing year resulted as follows: President, H. L. Kreuder; First Vice-President, H. F. Schellhass; Second, J. W. Appleton; Third, John Bateman; Secretary-Treasures, George Laick; Executive Committee with the above, F. C. Phoebus, Geo. W. Rogers and H. W. Lacy. After some general conversation the meeting adjourned.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. Irving L. Smith, of Montreal, has sold the black, white and tan English setter dog St. Lambert Rake (Warwick Rake—Brighton Speed) to Mr. J. S. Corregan, Whitemouth, Manitoba.

Protests still continue to come in. One has been lodged against the bull-terrier bitch champion Starlight for winning in the open class at Ottawa. The C. K. C. has been asked for its decision.

Dr. Wesley Mills, president of the C. K. C., has been elected president of the Montreal Veterinary Medical Association in connection with the Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science of McGill University and also president for the fifth time of the Association for the Study of Comparative Psychology of the same university. The latter studies all that relates to animal intelligence.

H. B. DONOVAN.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Kildare Rugby, Kildare Belvidere, Kildare Swiveller, Kildare Bushrod, Kildare Fairfax, Kildare Digby, Kildare Gladys, Kildare Gretna, Kildare Dinah and Kildare Vixen.* By W. L. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa., for Irish setters, six dogs and four bitches, whelped Aug. 3, 1892, by champion Dick Swiveller out of The Marchioness.

*Robin Hood, Starlight II. and Moonlight.* By D. F. Mitchell, Clayton, N. Y., for white bull-terriers, one dog and two bitches, whelped Oct. 15, 1892, by Dole's Gully the Great out of Dole's champion Starlight.

*Quite Stormy, Real Stormy and Zephyr.* By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagles, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Oct. 4, 1892, by Stormy out of Myrtle the Mouse (Elora Rambler—Elora Blue Bell).

*Kent's Brake.* By H. L. Keyes, Worcester, Mass., for lemon belton English setter dog, whelped July 16, 1892, by Draco Kent (Kent II.—Fedora Laverack) out of Lady Kent (Kent II.—Lady Kendel).

*Kent's Lad and Kent's Dream.* By H. L. Keyes, Worcester, Mass., for blue belton English setter dog and bitch, whelped July 16, 1892, by Draco Kent (Kent II.—Fedora Laverack) out of Lady Kent (Kent II.—Lady Kendel).

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Rochelle Topaz—Merry Monarch.* Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Topaz (champion Broomfield Sultan—champion Meersbrook Maiden) to their Merry Monarch (Halifax Charlie—Nell), Oct. 2.

*Tough—Corktown Comet.* Corktown Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tough (Wildair—Belle) to their Corktown Comet (Obo, Jr.—Dot Smirle), Sept. 3.

*Rideau Romola—Corktown Cupid.* Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) rocker spaniel bitch Rideau Romola (Bob Obo—Cleo) to Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid (Obo, Jr.—Dot Smirle), Oct. 3.

*Nellie—Tip Obo.* P. J. Keating's (Toronto, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie to Corktown Kennels' Tip Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo), Aug. 22.

*Ainstey Daisy—Heather Amphin.* E. Brooks's (Hyde Park, Mass.) Dandie Dinmont terrier bitch Ainstey Daisy (Heather Sandy—Leomester Gyp) to his Heather Amphin (Ettrick—Yashmod), Sept. 9.

*Heather Madge—Laird o' the Heather.* E. Brook's (Hyde Park, Mass.) Dandie Dinmont terrier bitch Heather Madge (Duncan—Heather Peggy) to his Laird o' the Heather (Pool's Dick—Loudon's Nettle), Aug. 7

*Fannie K.—Eberhart's Cashier.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) to their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Sept. 9.

*Jess—Blemton Shiner.* G. Pettis's (California City, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Jess to J. B. Martin's Blemton Shiner (Blemton Rubicon—Blemton Brilliant), Sept. 19.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Dorothy.* C. P. Lawshe's (Trenton, N. J.) bull bitch Dorothy (Caliban—Hillside Girl), Oct. 7, four (one dog), by A. J. Hatch's Rustic Swell (Kittering Jubilee King—Rustic Belle).

*Edgewood Fly.* Desert Kennels' (Salt Lake City, Utah) bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Fly (Duke—Alice), Sept. 17, seven (three dogs), by his Little Prince (Bendigo—Kit).

*Fancey.* M. Murphy's (Brooklyn, N.Y.) greyhound bitch Fancey (Gay City—Suppliant), Sept. 8, three bitches, by Jas. Black's Flash (Hu'c Hollo—Phebe Mayflower).

*Ion.* J. R. Purcell's (Hickory, Tenn.) pointer bitch Ion, Sept. 22, six (three dogs), by his Jupiter (Tom Bowline—Belle C.).

*Lida Hovey.* J. R. Purcell's (Hickory, Tenn.) pointer bitch Lida Hovey (Dick Swiveller—Bloomo III.), Sept. 18, eight (five dogs), by his Flockfinder (Old Staunch—Flake of Flockfinder).

*Nannie Brairdus.* J. R. Purcell's (Hickory, Tenn.) English setter bitch Nannie Brairdus (The Dude— ——), Sept. 15, twelve (eight dogs), by his Ned Buntline).

*Flake of Flockfinder.* J. R. Purcell's (Hickory, Tenn.) pointer bitch Flake of Flockfinder, Sept. 29, nine (four dogs), by his Flockfinder III.

*Broomfield Madge.* Rochelle Kennels' (New Rocelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Broomfield Madge (Jackson's Patrick—Jackson's Queen), Oct. 5, six (five dogs), by their champion Broomfield Sultan (champion Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle).

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Hero—Kenora whelps.* St. Bernards, whelped Aug. 27, 1892, by W. H. Dixon, Jamestown, N. Y., an orange and white dog each to Mollie Mason, Cleveland, O., and W. H. Odell, Evansville, Ind., and an orange bitch to Frank Hanchett, Jamestown, N. Y.

*Berkshire Caution—Zetta whelp.* Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 10 1892, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to E. B. Browning, Baltimore, Md.

*Sinbad—Empress Josephine whelp.* Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1892, by Werowance Kennels, Trenton, N. J., to Col. Van Cleve, Somerville, N. J.

*Jubilee—Juno whelps.* White, black and tan beagles, two dogs and one bitch, whelped July 21, 1892, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to B. A. Fox, Richmond, Va.

*Jubilee—Ripple whelps.* Beagles, whelped July 27, 1892, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., a white, black and tan dog to Willard Wilson, Jr., same place, and a black, white and tan dog and bitch to B. A. Fox, Richmond, Va.

*Corktown Coxey.* Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 20, 1892, by Tip Obo out of Tough, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to S. Henderson, same place.

*Wanda.* Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 30, 1890, by Bob Obo out of Cleo, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to J. F. Eder, Williamsport, Pa.

*Corktown Crusoe.* Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 23, 1891, by Obo, Jr. out of Dot Smirle, by Corktown Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to J. F. Eder, Williamsport, Pa.

*Rumpus.* White, black and tan beagle dog, by Elora Rambler out of Elora Millie, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to Geo. Robbins, same place.

*Prince of Ellerslie.* White bull-terrier dog, whelped April 26, 1892, by Barney O'Hea out of Grove Duchess, by H. M. Howes, Somerville, Mass., to C. M. Kohn, Montgomery, Ala.

*Royal Rosey.* White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 6, 1891, by Royal Krueger out of champion Twinkle, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to L. W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y.

*Rocket.* White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 29, 1892, by Elora Rambler out of Elora Beauty, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to C. H. Strickland, Deep River, Conn.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

A. W. S., Andes, N. Y.—Consult our kennel advertising columns for reliable breeders of mastiffs

C. L. MITCHELL, New Haven, Conn.—The greyhounds Lady Vivian and Sir Richard, are not registered. We have no other means of finding their pedigrees.

READER, Monticello, N. Y.—I have an old pointer dog, and he has a sore about as large as a half-dollar on the outside of each hindleg, just below the hips. The hair is off, and they have small holes in at times and discharge matter. Ans. Apply the following ointment:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bal. Peru | ʒ ii. |
| Tr. benzoinco | ʒ i. |
| Ung. zinci ox | ʒ vi. |

Mix. Apply twice daily. Also give an aperient.

X. Y. Z.—I have a cocker spaniel puppy about 11 months old, a bright and healthy dog, but he suffers from a lame hind foot. Two months ago he had a bad swelling on it which I supposed was an abscess, but it did not suppurate, and after a while subsided and disappeared. The foot remained tender, however, and has now become sore again, being raw and swollen between the toes. Will you please tell me how to treat him for it? Ans. Soak the foot twice a day in a warm solution of creolin 1-20, then apply zinci ointment and bandage.

INQUIRER, Toronto, Can.—Please give me the pedigree of the imported St. Bernard Barry (A. K. R. 2,150) and list of prizes awarded to him. Ans. In regard to this dog the A. K. R. prints the following: "This dog was purchased abroad by Mr. C. H. Pedder and passed into the hands of Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co. on arriving in this country. Nothing is known at present as to where the dog was bought or his pedigree. Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co. disposed of Barry to Mr. Rodney Benson, who in turn sold the dog to its present owner (St. Bernard Kennels, Clifton, Staten Island). The editor of the A. K. R. is personally conversant with the history of this dog so far as known."


### World's Fair on Steel.

SEND twenty-five cents to F. A. Lord, Phenix Building, Chicago, Ill., and obtain a fine steel plate picture of the World's Fair grounds and buildings, suitable for framing.—*Adv.*

At the store of D. H. Solis, 932 Arch street, Philadelphia, may be seen an enormous grizzly bear that was recently mounted by W. W. Hart & Co., the taxidermists. The bear measures 11ft. in height, and was estimated to weigh over a ton when in the flesh. The skin came from Alaska and was Indian dressed.

# Canoeing.

## Cruisers and Cruising.

COBOURG, Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I notice "Cayuga's" graceful response to my challenge. Allow me, through your friendly columns, to assure him that I heartily sympathize with him in his cruising proclivities, and agree that a mere trial of speed would by no means settle the question of who had the best all-round boat. We have undoubtedly heard too much about fast boats and not enough about useful and handy ones of late, and I, like "Cayuga," want to know if "Nessmuk" and "Seneca" have no successors.

"Cayuga" is right in his surmise as to the purpose for which Elsa was designed. Speed was an object, but not the first and only aim. He is wrong in supposing me indifferent to the delights of the rod and gun. I can enjoy casting the winsome fly into the eddy behind the great granite boulder with the best of anglers, even when the trout are not rising freely; and can tramp contentedly through the bush for hours even if I get only a solitary partridge. But these pleasures are only secondary to the exhilaration of a lively bout to windward in a fresh breeze on blue water, or an intricate piece of navigation through unknown waters with only chart and compass as a guide; or again, a run in a cedar canoe down some rapid river where at any turn the strong current may develop into a boiling rapid and every sense is on the alert to detect the sunken rock or impassable waterfall.

Nature! Aye, I can enjoy her works to the full, and some ten years of camp life have not dulled my appreciation of the pleasures of the social pipe and chat and the glowing coals of the camp fire, with the moon casting a broad silver band over the quiet waters of the lake and glistening on the dewy bottom of the upturned canoe; everything hushed and quiet save the lap, lap, of the wavelets on the beach and the occasional hoot of the owl from the big dead pine tree back of the camp.

"Cayuga's" references to my logs of the cruises of the Sylvia and the Winnie are quite too flattering, but if any one cares for a similar narrative of a cruise on better known and more frequented waters I will respond to his request and spin a yarn of the experiences of the Elsa and her crew during a 300 mile cruise from Cobourg to Montreal completed only a few days since. Had I the pen of a William Black I might attempt a description of the beauties of the Thousand Islands in Indian summer, minus the summer tourist and plus the October coloring, and I might try to do justice to the majesty of Lake Ontario during an equinoctial sou'wester. My powers of description being very limited, however, I can promise nothing more than an unvarnished narrative of an exciting run down the great lake and river toward the sea. HENRY K. WICKSTEED.

[We can answer for our readers that anything from our correspondent's pen will be welcome to them; we know of no truer disciple of "Nessmuk" and "Seneca" than the skipper of the Sylvia.]

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Chicago C. C. met on Oct. 10 at the residence of Mr. C. W. Lee, for election of officers and a general discussion of canoeing matters in the West. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Captain, J. H. Ware; Mate, A. W. Kitchin; Purser, H. B. Cook. Mr. E. Hough, of FOREST AND STREAM, and Dr. Jas. A. Henshall were elected to honorary membership. After the formalities were disposed of all adjourned to the dining room and partook with characteristic vigor of the refreshments provided. The club was fortunate in having with them for the evening Commodore Munger, ex-Secretary Woodruff and Mr. Crawford, of Dayton, O.—C. W. L.

# Yachting.

IF any one but "Podgers" had penned the harsh and cruel statements which the FOREST AND STREAM's reputation for fairness to both sides compels us to publish this week, we should have attributed them to either a misconception or misstatement of the facts. Knowing, however, the strict impartiality and the freedom from all prejudice of our correspondent, we feel that any attempt at explanation on our part could but be unavailing. Like the unfortunate victims of the Mikado,

"His terrible tale we can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees.
His taste exact for faultless fact,
Amounts to a disease."

THE position of the New York Y. C. in regard to the new deed of gift is very clearly shown in the answer of General Paine to the newspaper men at the first meeting of the special committee. The question written and sent in to the committee was, "Under the instructions to the committee incorporated in your resolution, is not the committee bound to hold to the policy that the Cup, if won by Lord Dunraven, must and will be held under the new deed of gift only?" General Paine's answer was brief and to the point: "This challenge is under the new deed of gift."

DIVESTED of all irrelevant details, the main issue is plainly stated: The New York Y. C. declares that it will not accept a challenge for the America's Cup unless the new deed of gift is recognized as legal and binding by the challenger. Lord Dunraven has asserted positively that he will not challenge under the new deed, and the leading British yacht clubs have made the same assertion. Such being the case, a race can only be possible through the square backing down of one party or the other.

MR. ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL has placed himself on record as a thorough sportsman by the statement which he made at the meeting of the New York Y. C., to the effect that if Lord Dunraven's new yacht should prove under 80ft. waterline, his new 84-footer would not be available to defend the Cup. There may still be some yachtsmen who consider it sportsmanlike to beat a smaller yacht by a larger one, but Mr. Carroll is not one of them.

## The Deed of Gift Discussion.

THE Boston *Herald* devotes nearly a column of its space this week to the FOREST AND STREAM in an attack which more closely resembles abuse than argument; but the real issues in dispute are so few and simple, and so purely technical, as to give no excuse to the *Herald* for ignoring them and resorting to personalities, a method of fighting which we do not propose to follow. Without attempting to reply to the *Herald's* attack in detail, or in kind, we quote several of the least irrelevant of its remarks:

"In this week's issue it [FOREST AND STREAM] again takes up the old cry, and says about the new deed that 'it was adopted secretly and hastily by a small party in the club, and no opportunity was given to the members at large to discuss or vote on it.' In the light of events during the past two weeks, if common sense and decency had prevailed, no such remarks would have been used.

"On Oct. 4 Lord Dunraven's challenge was received by Secretary Oddie. Two weeks' notice was given the members that the challenge would be acted on Tuesday, Oct. 18. The meeting was widely noticed in the press, and the members had ample time to talk the matter over between themselves. At a meeting specially called to consider Dunraven's challenge, the club, after the new deed had stood five years and had been thoroughly discussed by the press and the members, again approved its conditions by a unanimous vote of the members present. This surely is an answer to the above statement."

What connection can exist between the meeting of Oct. 3, 1887, at which the deed of gift was changed, and that of Oct. 18, 1892, at which Lord Dunraven's letter was considered, the *Herald* does not state. The meeting of Oct. 3, 1887, was held three days after the last Thistle race, the call being hardly within the legal limit As this special and hastily convened meeting was nominally called for the transaction of a lot of trivial business relating to a reception to Mr. Bell, a dinner to Messrs. Paine and Burgess, a testimonial to Mr. Burgess, thanks to the Police Department, etc., it attracted little attention, and few members were present, only fourteen of them, we understand, being qualified to vote.

At this meeting the America's Cup was taken out of the hands of the New York Yacht Club, and turned over to a committee of five, to do with absolutely as they pleased; the club at large having no further power in the matter. The deliberations of this committee were guarded with the utmost care, and nothing was known of their disposition of the cup until the new deed was finally executed by them and Mr. Schuyler. When at last read at an open meeting of the club, the deed had been adopted beyond possibility of change.

It is on these plain facts that we base our statement that the change of conditions was made hastily, secretly, by a few men, and in an unusual manner, and that the new deed has never been submitted to a vote of the yacht owners of the New York Yacht Club. At the meeting on Oct. 18 no vote was taken on the new deed, but a vote was taken which amounted to a repudiation of one of its most important clauses, that relating to the dimensions. The best reply which the *Herald* has to offer is that two weeks' notice was given in the case of a meeting held for another purpose five years later.

Again the *Herald* says: "The predictions of the FOREST AND STREAM that no more challenges would be sent while the present deed existed have fallen flat. Two have been sent, and the latest is to be acted on Tuesday night."

For once the *Herald* quotes us correctly. We said several years since that no foreign yacht club would challenge for the America's Cup under the new deed of gift. In 1889 a challenge was issued by Lord Dunraven, indorsed by the Royal Yacht Squadron; but only because it was understood that the holders would not insist on the new deed. As soon as the true state of the case was made plain, both Lord Dunraven and the R. Y. S. withdrew the challenge. Again within the past month a second challenge has come from Lord Dunraven, as yet unindorsed by a yacht club; but it is made expressly on the condition that it is not under the new deed.

Our criticism that the cessation of racing for the Cup has injured building and racing in America, brings out the following from the *Herald*:

"Of the harm it—the new deed—has done to American yachting in stopping all international racing there is no need to speak—the results are too plain, says the New York paper. This is another one of its old cries. Compare yachting to-day as it is on both sides of the water. Two big 90ft. steel schooners were built on this side last season, and another 84-footer is now building at Bristol, and she is to go across for the cups. The fast Wasp has made a record, and the data obtained from the 21ft. class is more than was ever found out from the past races for the Cup. Herreshoff in sending the Wenonah across put life into yachting in Scotland."

In the three years 1885-6-7, when international racing was at its height, there were built the following yachts, from 70 to 90ft. or over: Puritan, Priscilla, Mayflower, Volunteer, Atlantic, Sachem, Merlin, Œnone, Titania, Shamrock, Marguerite, Constellation and Iroquois, a fleet of 13 fine yachts in three years. In the five years, 1888 to 1892, there have been built Katrina, Sea Fox, Lasca and Alcea, four in all. Of course racing has flourished in the smaller classes and a few cruising yachts have been built, but in the large racing classes the era of building began with Genesta's challenge and ceased abruptly with the new deed of gift, a curious coincidence, if nothing more.

Such methods as those of the *Herald* can only be displeasing to fair and impartial spectators, and disappointing to those partisans of the new deed who find in it almost the only paper which has not withdrawn its first hasty indorsement of the action of a part of the New York Y. C. in 1887.

## Lord Dunraven's Challenge.

AT the first meeting of the special committee on Oct. 17 only Gen. Paine and Messrs. Fish and Rogers were present. On the following day a second meeting was held at the office of Fleet Captain Peabody, at which Messrs. Canfield and Smith were also present. A reply to Lord Dunraven was framed and despatched by Saturday's mail, but its nature is not yet known.

The New York *Times* comments as follows on the challenge:

"The New York Y. C. has at last found a way to accept a challenge to race for the America's Cup without demanding the dimensions of the challenging vessel. This is unquestionably a hopeful sign, but it by no means insures a race next season. Whether it be enforced or not, the clause calling for dimensions is still in the deed of gift governing the cup, and gives any club holding the cup the power to demand dimensions if it feels disposed to do so. This clause is unfair and unsportsmanlike, and no matter how many concessions may be made, the New York Y. C. can escape the charge of trying to take an unfair advantage of an opponent only by expunging the clause entirely. Taking advantage of the mutual agreement clause in order to work around the dimensions clause is a poor substitute for the doing away with the latter.

"The situation of to-day is practically the same as it has been ever since the present deed came into existence. The New York Y. C. is trying to establish the deed as a fair document and is working harder to do this than ever before. The wording of its resolutions, however, is well calculated to obscure the main issue, which is, whether English yachtsmen will accept the new deed. Lord Dunraven, on the other hand, is evidently under the impression that concessions are equivalent to a waiver of the deed, whereas one race under the deed will establish it for all time.

"It would save much unnecessary correspondence if the subject of the deed were settled first, for it is unlikely that English yacht clubs will challenge when they learn that in case their yacht won they would have to accept the 'instrument in writing lawfully executed,' and thereafter enforce its terms. Lord Dunraven's challenge is not official. It will have to be forwarded by a recognized yacht club, unless indeed the New York Y. C. should interpret 'mutual agreement' to mean that anybody can challenge."

## Lord Dunraven and the New Deed.

THE position of Lord Dunraven in regard to the new deed is very clearly stated in a letter recently written by him to a New York yachtsman, in which he speaks as follows:

"It is I think evident that as long as the present regulations remain in full force, no challenge is likely to issue from the United Kingdom; whether the opinions of yachtsmen who object to some of these regulations are justifiable or not, is really beside the question. What we have to deal with is the fact; and the fact is that international racing is at a standstill, and is likely to die out altogether if no race takes place next year. Such an eventuality would be a matter of the greatest regret to me as a lover of yacht racing; and I have, therefore, written to the New York Yacht Club to ascertain whether it is not possible to arrange a match for next year.

"I am strongly in the opinion that, in the case of an international challenge cup, the conditions under which it should be raced for ought to be settled by a mixed committee representing at any rate the two nations most interested in the matter, namely, the United States and the United Kingdom; and in the interests of sport I wish that course could be pursued in the case of the America Cup. But this is not the case, and the matter of a 'pious opinion.'

"In mentioning to the New York Y. C. my principal objections to the present rules, I am speaking merely for myself; but at the same time I believe I am justified in assuming that my views would meet with pretty general acceptance on this side. My main objection is to the dimension clause. Length on the load waterline being the chief factor in determining speed, should be given with the notice of challenge, but no other measurements should be required. To be compelled to furnish all the principal dimensions of his vessel is too onerous upon a challenger. Length on the load waterline, if desired the Custom House register, is, I think, sufficient to protect the challenged party from being taken in any way unawares.

"As the object of international racing is that the best ship and the best handled ship should win, the competing vessels should be as nearly as possible identical in length on the waterline, and the courses should be as free as possible from all adventitious circumstances. The question of courses is best left to be settled by mutual agreement, but a rule should be made respecting length, and to prevent the possibility of a recurrence of such a discrepancy between the estimated and measured length, as occurred in the case of Thistle. If the New York Y. C. see their way to remodel the deed of gift in accordance with the suggestions on these points in my letter to them, I will challenge; and in the interests of sport I most sincerely hope that my suggestions may prove acceptable to them, and that I may be able to send a vessel across to compete for the America Cup in 1893—a year most appropriate for such a contest."

The Riverside Y. C. closed the summer season on Oct. 15 with a dance at the club house, Riverside, Conn. The club has prospered greatly during the year, and with its increased membership has outgrown the present club house. Plans are now ready for extensive alterations and and additions this winter, and with the opening of next season the club will have one of the finest houses and best harbors on the north shore of Long Island Sound. The work of dredging the harbor will be carried on by the Government during the winter. This year the club has secured winter quarters at 39 West Thirty-first street, New York, where the members will meet. During the winter the club may give a series of lectures on yachting subjects.

## La Gloria.

SAILING AND CRUISING BOAT.

THE little boat whose lines are here given belongs to the series of small sailing and cruising craft of light draft that was so fully illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM in 1886-7,* one of which was reproduced two weeks since. The chief peculiarity of these boats, the sneakbox, the Barnegat cruiser, and the FOREST AND STREAM cruiser, is the excessively full waterline—a peculiarity a few years since found only in boats of this class, but now carried to an extreme degree, and apparently with satisfactory results in the larger classes of yachts.

The present design is based upon that of the Delta, published on Nov. 3, 1887, the beam, draft and midship section being about the same, and the displacement but little greater. At the same time an effort has been made to produce a handsomer and more stylish boat, and to realize such advantage as may be had through a moderate overhang forward, the stern being carried out to give a graceful finish, with some added power. The original drawing was made over that of the Delta, to the same scale, 1½in. to the foot. As this made a rather larger craft than was desired, a scale of 1¾in. was used to reduce the length to about 15ft.

The drawing here shown has been reduced in the process of photo-engraving from a final drawing of the smaller size to a scale of 1in. to the foot; from which drawing the following table of offsets for the smaller size was made out. The table of offsets for the 18ft. size was taken from the original larger drawing, the waterlines in which were 3in. apart, and do *not* correspond with those here given. In each size the distance of the vertical stations apart is exactly 1-12 of the waterline, but in the 18ft. boat the various waterlines are spaced 3in. apart; while in the smaller boat they are but 2in. The heights in both cases are measured from the baseline, the heel of the scag being a little below this line. The details of the two sizes are as follows:

TABLE OF DIMENSIONS.

The small figures indicate eighths of an inch.

| | 15ft. 4in. l.w.l. FT IN. | 18ft. l.w.l. FT. IN. |
|---|---|---|
| Length over all | 20 1 | 23 6 |
| l.w.l. | 15 4⁴ | 18 |
| Overhang, bow | 1 3⁴ | 1 6 |
| stern | 3 5 | 4 |
| Beam, extreme | 4 6 | 5 |
| l.w.l. | 4 1 | 4 9⁴ |
| Freeboard, least | 10⁴ | 1 |
| Sheer, bow | 7 | 8⁴ |
| stern | 4⁸ | 6 |
| Draft, without board | 6⁸ | 8 |
| Sail area, sq. ft. | 158 | 240 |
| Fore end, l.w.l. to— | | |
| mainmast | 4 6 | 5 3 |
| slot, fore end | 5 6 | 6 6 |
| after end | 10 4 | 12 |
| cockpit, fore end | 7 8 | 9 |
| after end | 14 1 | 16 6 |
| mizen mast | 15 7² | 18 3 |
| Cockpit, breadth | 3 6 | 4 2 |
| Breadth across transom | 1 1⁴ | 1 4 |
| Round of deck | 3 | 3⁴ |

TABLE OF OFFSETS—15FT. 4IN. BOAT.

Stations spaced 1ft. 3⅜in. Waterline spaced 2in. Buttock lines spaced ⅛ of extreme beam. Diagonals as in body plan.

| Stations. | Heights. Keel. | Deck. | Half-Breadths. Waterlines. Deck. | 12in. | 10in. | 8in. | L.W.L. | 4in. | 2in. | Diagonals. No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A.. | 1 11⁴ | 1 11⁴ | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| 0.. | 06 | 1 09⁵ | 7⁵ | 4⁷ | 3⁵ | 2² | .... | .... | .... | 8⁴ | 7⁴ | 5² |
| 1.. | 01⁶ | 1 08 | 1 1⁷ | 11² | 10¹ | 8⁵ | 6⁵ | 3⁷ | 0⁵ | 1 3 | 1 1⁴ | 10 |
| 2.. | 03 | 1 06⁶ | 1 6⁵ | 1 4⁴ | 1 3³ | 1 2¹ | 1 0² | 9³ | 5² | 1 8¹ | 1 6² | 1 1⁴ |
| 3.. | .... | 1 05⁶ | 1 10¹ | 1 8³ | 1 7⁵ | 1 6⁴ | 1 4⁷ | 1 2¹ | 9¹ | 1 11⁶ | 1 9⁴ | 1 3⁴ |
| 4.. | .... | 1 05 | 2 0⁵ | 1 11⁶ | 1 11 | 1 9⁷ | 1 8³ | 1 5⁵ | 1 0² | 2 2⁶ | 2 | 1 4⁶ |
| 5.. | .... | 1 04⁴ | 2 2¹ | 2 1⁵ | 2 1 | 2 0¹ | 1 10⁵ | 1 8 | 1 2⁴ | 2 4⁶ | 2 1⁵ | 1 5 |
| 6.. | .... | 1 04³ | 2 2⁶ | 2 2⁶ | 2 2² | 2 1⁴ | 2 | 1 9² | 1 3⁶ | 2 5⁷ | 2 2³ | 1 5³ |
| 7.. | .... | 1 04³ | 2 3 | 2 3 | 2 2⁴ | 2 1⁷ | 2 0³ | 1 9⁵ | 1 3⁷ | 2 6² | 2 2⁴ | 1 5² |
| 8.. | . . | 1 04³ | 2 2⁶ | 2 2³ | 2 1⁷ | 2 1⁵ | 1 11⁶ | 1 8⁷ | 1 1⁴ | 2 5⁰ | 2 2¹ | 1 4⁶ |
| 9.. | 0⁴ | 1 04³ | 2 1⁶ | 2 1² | 2 0⁵ | 1 11⁵ | 1 10² | 1 6² | 7³ | 2 4³ | 2 1 | 1 3⁵ |
| 10.. | 1⁴ | 1 04⁶ | 2 | 1 11² | 1 10⁴ | 1 9⁴ | 1 6⁸ | 11⁶ | 1¹ | 2 2³ | 1 11 | 1 2 |
| 11.. | 3⁶ | 1 05¹ | 1 9³ | 1 8⁵ | 1 7⁵ | 1 5² | 1 | 1² | .... | 1 11⁶ | 1 8⁴ | 11⁶ |
| 12.. | 6⁶ | 1 05⁷ | 1 6¹ | 1 4⁷ | 1 3 | 9¹ | .... | .... | .... | 1 8³ | 1 5³ | 8³ |
| 13.. | 10³ | 1 06⁵ | 1 2² | 10³ | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | 1 4² | 1 1 | 3⁷ |
| 14.. | 1 2⁶ | 1 07⁸ | 11 | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | 10⁶ | 7² | .... |
| 15.. | .... | 1 09² | 6⁶ | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... |

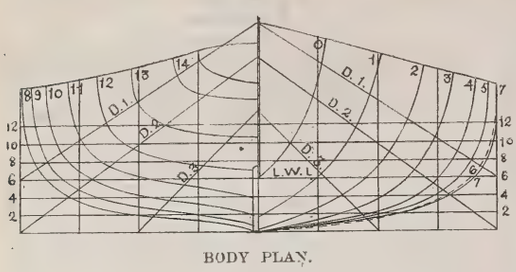
TABLE OF OFFSETS—18FT. BOAT.

Stations spaced 1ft. 6in. Waterlines spaced 3in. Buttock lines spaced ⅛ of extreme beam. Diagonals as in body plan.

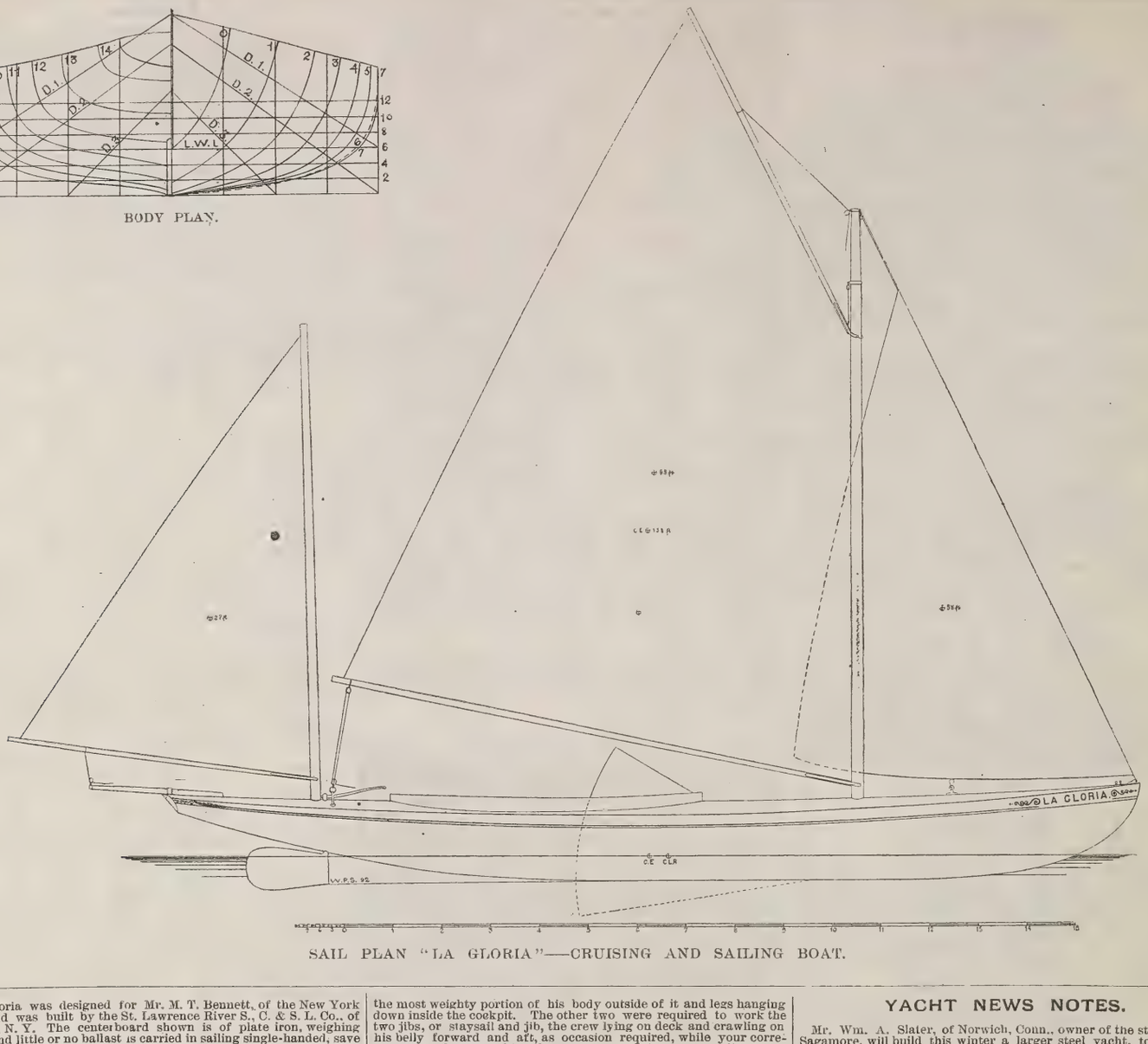
| Stations. | Heights. Keel. | Deck. | Half-Breadths. Waterlines. Deck. | 16in. | 13in. | 10in. | LWL | 4in. | Diagonals. No. 1 | No. 2 | No. 3 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | 2 3⁶ | 2 3⁶ | 0¹ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 0¹ | ..... | ..... |
| 0 | 7 | 2 0⁵ | 9 | 6³ | 4⁷ | 2⁸ | 0¹ | ..... | 10 | 8⁵ | 5⁷ |
| 1 | 2² | 1 11⁴ | 1 4² | 1 2 | 1 0⁴ | 10⁴ | 7⁵ | 3⁶ | 1 5⁸ | 1 3⁶ | 11⁶ |
| 2 | 0² | 1 10 | 1 10¹ | 1 8² | 1 6³ | 1 5 | 1 3⁴ | 10² | 1 11⁴ | 1 9³ | 1 4 |
| 3 | .. . | 1 8⁷ | 2 2² | 2 1 | 1 11⁷ | 1 10² | 1 7⁷ | 1 3⁶ | 2 4 | 2 1⁶ | 1 6² |
| 4 | ..... | 1 8 | 2 5 | 2 4² | 2 3³ | 2 2¹ | 2 | 1 7⁷ | 2 7³ | 2 4⁵ | 1 7⁴ |
| 5 | ..... | 1 7⁴ | 2 6⁶ | 2 6³ | 2 5⁶ | 2 4⁶ | 2 2⁶ | 1 10⁶ | 2 9⁶ | 2 6³ | 1 8² |
| 6 | ..... | 1 7² | 2 7⁵ | 2 7³ | 2 7¹ | 2 6² | 2 4² | 1 11⁷ | 2 11¹ | 2 7² | 1 8³ |
| 7 | ..... | 1 7¹ | 2 8 | 2 7⁵ | 2 7⁴ | 2 6⁸ | 2 4³ | 2 | 2 11⁴ | 2 7² | 1 8¹ |
| 8 | ..... | 1 7 | 2 7³ | 2 7¹ | 2 6⁸ | 2 5⁷ | 2 4 | 1 10⁴ | 2 10⁷ | 2 6⁵ | 1 7⁴ |
| 9 | 0⁴ | 1 7² | 2 6¹ | 2 5⁶ | 2 5³ | 2 4¹ | 2 2 | 1 6² | 2 9³ | 2 5⁵ | 1 6³ |
| 10 | 2 | 1 7⁴ | 2 4 | 2 3⁴ | 2 3 | 2 1⁴ | 1 10¹ | 9⁷ | 2 7¹ | 2 3⁴ | 1 4⁴ |
| 11 | 4² | 1 8 | 2 0⁷ | 2 0⁴ | 1 11⁵ | 1 9⁴ | 1 2 | ..... | 2 4 | 2 0² | 1 2 |
| 12 | 8 | 1 8 | 1 9² | 1 8⁴ | 1 7² | 1 1⁷ | ..... | ..... | 2 | 1 8⁴ | 10² |
| 13 | 1 0² | 1 9⁷ | 1 4⁵ | 1 3¹ | 8 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 7 | 1 3² | 4⁶ |
| 14 | 1 5² | 1 11² | 11² | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 0⁶ | 8² | .... |
| 15 | ..... | 2 1 | 8 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... |

All measurements are to outside of plank.

* See Barnegat Sneakbox, Jan. 7, 1886; Barnegat Cruiser, Jan. 14, 1886 (republished Oct. 13, 1892); Forest and Stream Cruiser, Jan. 21, 1886, and July 1, 1886; Delta, Nov. 3 and 10, 1887.



BODY PLAN.




SAIL PLAN "LA GLORIA"—CRUISING AND SAILING BOAT.

La Gloria was designed for Mr. M. T. Bennett, of the New York C. C., and was built by the St. Lawrence River S., C. & S. L. Co., of Clayton, N. Y. The centerboard shown is of plate iron, weighing 50lbs., and little or no ballast is carried in sailing single-handed, save a cruising outfit of stores, cooking utensils and tent. She is very stiff with her crew of one on the gunwale; in ordinary sails about New York Bay in the vicinity of the club house she carries four men very comfortably. The rig was originally made for but never used on another boat, and differs from the sail plan here shown in that the mainsail is a leg of mutton, set with a yard, the boom being some 2ft. shorter than in the drawing; the jib, mizen and total area are about the same.

Any one of the numerous rigs illustrated from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM, the jib and mainsail, yawl or cat yawl (the canoe rig), may be adapted to the boat, but the yawl rig, with either a lug or a boom and gaff mizen, is probably as good as any. The boat handles well under her rig, though the center of effort is well aft. A boomkin is needed for the mizen, and the main sheet works best on a traveler placed well aft over the rudderhead. In case the strain on the boom end is too great when on the wind, a snatch block may be used, at about a third of the length in from the end, through which the sheet is led from the traveler block to the hand or cleat.

The boat, even in the smaller size, contains a good deal of room, which may be arranged to suit the taste of the owner. In La Gloria there are two bulkheads, placed as shown, at the fore end of trunk, and just abaft the cockpit. A square hatch in the deck just forward of the mast opens into the forward compartment, while a door in the after bulkhead gives access to the after space. Permanent seats may be arranged as shown, or more space may be had by keeping the cockpit clear and using cushions or movable boxes for seats. The tiller is quite short, so as to clear the body when the helmsman is seated well aft; in single hand sailing the weight of crew should be further forward, and a longer tiller is consequently necessary.

The scantling and method of construction described in connection with the Delta will answer for the present boat. If a more elaborate finish is required, the upper strake, transom and planksheer, with the forward and after partner pieces, may be of mahogany, the deck being of white pine. The boat is fitted with oars and rowlocks.

## "Podgers" on a Cutter.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* *Veni, vidi,* but I did not *vici*, which I suppose I must translate for you to save you the trouble of taking down your big books, and which means—I have had a sail in a blasted English cutter, you know. I came, I saw, and was not conquered. All these years I have contented myself by looking on and witnessing the sufferings of those who sailed cutters and sailed in them, and extended my heartfelt sympathies.

They say all things come to those who wait. I have had almost every thing come to me that was disagreeable, but have been spared a cutter until recently, which fills the bill of "all things," and I have little now to fear that can ruffle the serenity of my declining years.

A friend in his kindness of heart who meant well invited me to go out for a sail in his cutter, the only one, I am pleased to say, on this coast. He said, "I know your predjudice against that manner of craft, but come along and let me convince you of your error." I said to myself it is strange that people there are, intelligent, respectable human beings, who actually believe in cutters. It occurred to me that it would be interesting to witness this form of insanity in actual practice, and also being averse to decline an invitation from the source, an old and valued friend, I decided to accept.

It was a beautiful sunny afternoon, such charming weather as is kept on tap here—a pleasant five-knot breeze when we went on board. The craft was built here from a regular English cutter design by Burgess—about 30 odd feet over all. There were three of us, a boy and the crew of one. Being a guest, I did not volunteer to help get up sail, and for a good reason, there was not room on deck for more than two to work. She had a cockpit, and when the owner and the small boy effected a lodgment and the long tiller was shipped, such a notice should have been hung out as we see on the French omnibusses when full, "*Complait.*" for there was no room for any one else. Fairly under way, this fact was demonstrated by the coming aft of the helmsman, who took a position on the windward combing with the most weighty portion of his body outside of it and legs hanging down inside the cockpit. The other two were required to work the two jibs, or staysail and jib, the crew lying on deck and crawling on his belly forward and aft, as occasion required, while your correspondent submerged himself in the companionway, standing on a lower stair, with head just above the opening, keeping close watch of the boom, which, according to cutter methods, hung low and nicely calculated to just clear the top of the head of a short man—but not his hat, which custom required should go overboard the first tack: hence all cutter men wear knit caps.

By standing on the stair and barely showing a nose above, and ducking expertly every time she tacked, the few remaining hairs of a head that had been too often hit by booms of small boats to leave much sense in it (*vide* being found aboard a cutter) were preserved with scalp intact.

At the first filling of her sails she went over on her side until the lee deck was under water. I looked around to see where the squall came from, but no squall was evident. My friend noticing my surprise said, "She goes down easy until she gets to her bearings, as you see, but she won't go any further." I mentally hoped not, as I saw nothing loose on deck for a life preserver. She may not go any further, I thought, but she goes to that point on a slighter provocation than any boat I ever set my foot on before, and that far she continued to go and to stay until the cabin windows were awash and the keel must have dried off in the sunlight. Standing in the companionway and leaning against the lee side gave me the position of the leaning tower or a half blown over tree, and was exceedingly tiresome. For relief I went below to find the cabin floor standing up edgewise, and as she gave a lurch at the moment I brought up against her side, nearly standing on my head.

There were a good many boats out sailing and one, a sloop, one of those despised light draft centerboard craft, had the temerity to walk to windward of us—just think of that; to windward of a cutter; oh, ye disconsolate, and standing up, passed us, blanketed us, and was soon half a mile ahead. To think that it should ever be said and that I should see it; that a so-called skimming dish should have the cheek (and the legs) to outwind, outsail and out-Herod a cutter. The boat of all boats, the chosen of our English brothers, who knows it all, and when we fall down and worship and humbly repeat our form of prayer: "Oh thou who knowest all things and can build better and faster boats than we, allow us humbly to copy thee in this and be English in all things, yea, even to turning up the bottom of our trousers and ejaculating by Jove, you know."

My stay below was short, for to my shame be it said I had to rise to the surface. It reminded me of on one occasion being on board an English steamer when a young chap in the cabin began to show positive signs of intense sickness, which the stewardess observing, called out as she made a dash for him: "You cawn't be sick 'ere, you know. You cawn't be sick 'ere; sir," to which he as the crisis came, gasped: "Cawn't I? Cawn't I, though? Just see me." So I must confess that after the record of a hundred trips by sea and years of yachting with never a qualm, I had to climb to the surface for air to save myself from emulating the Englishman.

We returned to anchorage and when all sail was off the craft resumed her not normal but semi-occasional position, *i. e.*, when at anchor.

My friend, glowing with enthusiasm, remarked: "Well, you can't say she is not a dry boat, anyhow. We never took a drop aboard." I said: "Dry, I grant you, at least one side of her, the one that was in the air, and as water is averse to flying to windward, then following curved lines over an object and backward into a cavity, it could not well reach the cockpit." My friend was evidently disappointed at my want of appreciation of cutters. I do confess I am likely to remain in my present benighted condition. The cutter education in one lesson was a failure. I could not comprehend the beauties of the system in such a brief time; French without a master would be easier.

I am sorry to hold opinions so adverse to the theories and teachings of the FOREST AND STREAM, but I am still a subject of a call to the unconverted.

I shall build no cutter this year, neither shall I purchase the Bedouin or any one of the many for sale. And why for sale? (Do you know of one that is not?)

I know I am lost forever in the estimation of the editor, and doubtless he laments seeing such evidences of my benighted condition—but doubtless will set it down more in sorrow than anger—and print under protest my opinions of cutters.

PODGERS.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Wm. A. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., owner of the steam yacht Sagamore, will build this winter a larger steel yacht, to be 227ft. over all, 32ft. beam and 14ft. 6in. draft, with ample coal capacity for long cruises. She will be bark rigged and will carry water ballast. The name of the designer is not yet made public, but it is stated that he is a young man as yet unknown.

A new yacht club by the name of the Pastime has been organized at Newark, N. J., the officers being: Com., Fred Weslow; Vice-Com., Henry Duerr; Sec'y, John Leen; Treas., Joseph Berch; Meas., Henry Hender; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. McCaffary. The club has a fleet of 12 boats ranging from 20 to 40 ft.

Among the steam yachts which will winter at the basin of the Gas Engine & Power Co., on the Harlem River, are Tillie, Viking, Seneca, Ladoga, Puzzle, Trophy, Osprey, Flying Dutchman, Oriole, Clermont, Reva, Oneida and Satellite.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* is responsible for the statement that in the event of a match being made, Lord Dunraven's yacht will be an enlarged Valkyrie, but with "a greater curve to her buttock and *fetlock* lines."

The report of the loss of the Caterina was unfortunately true, the yacht grounding on Oct. 5 at 4 A. M., only one of her crew of six, Henry Diaper, the mate, reaching shore.

We call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Cox & King on another page. The steam yacht mentioned is one of the finest of modern boats.

The Canarsie Y. C. closed its season on Oct. 22 with an entertainment at the club house in which a fine chowder played a prominent part.

The Corinthian Y. C. of California closed the season with a dance on Oct. 15 and a squadron sail on the following day.

The sweepstakes race of the Michigan Y. C. was started on Oct. 15, Alice Enright beating Princess by 4m.

The Pavonia Y. C. closed the season on Oct. 16 with a clambake at its Jersey City house.

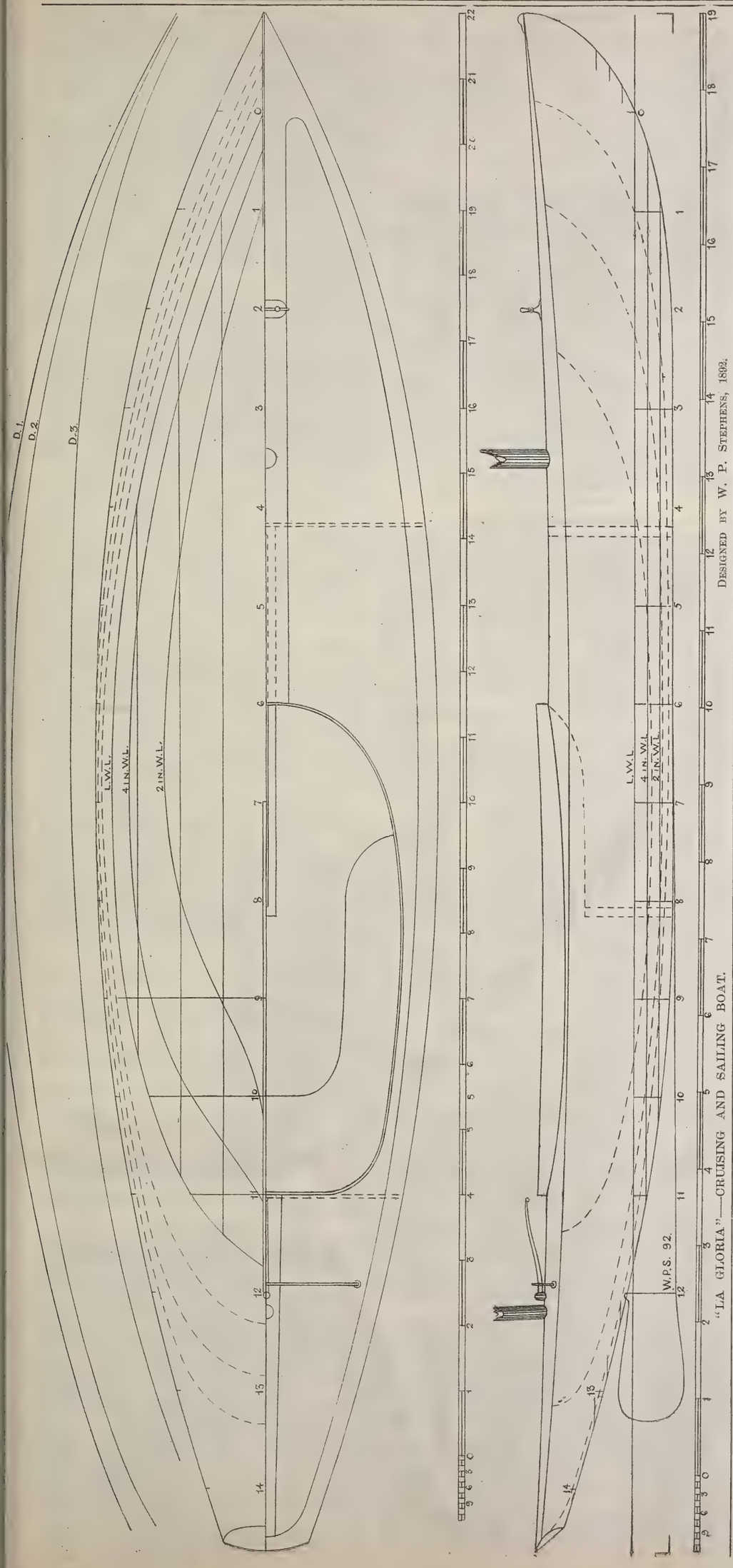
# Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Military Rifles in Newark.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 22.—The weekly shoot of the First Brigade Rifle Association was held on the 200yd. ranges at the Shooting Park to-day under rather unfavorable weather conditions, the light being fitful and the wind swinging in a tantalizing fashion from "11" to "2 o'clock." All the members used Springfield military rifles with Buffington sights and front-sight covers, the shooting being done off-hand. Below are the detailed scores:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Priv C H Townsend | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | —41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 4 | —41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | —44 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —43 |
| | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —44 |
| Maj D L Wallace | 4 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | —40 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | —37 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | —37 |
| | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | —38 |
| Capt H B Schureman | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | —38 |
| | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | —35 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | —39 |
| Capt G W Church | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | —39 |
| Capt W H Howard | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | —37 |
| | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | —36 |

Townsend used U. M. C. .45-60-400 carbine ammunition, all the others using Frankford arsenal .45-55-405 carbine.




## Ephrata Shooting.

EPHRATA, Pa., Oct. 16.—The members of the North End Rifle Club held their regular monthly off-hand shoot last Friday afternoon, distance 200yds., Standard American target being used. The weather was all that could have been desired—no wind, clear, etc. The following scores were made:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| L M Wiest | 6 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 5 | —68 |
| | 6 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | —67 |
| | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 9 | —66 |
| | 6 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 10 | —80—281 |
| C S Wenger | 7 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 6 | —66 |
| | 7 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 9 | —76 |
| | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 9 | —65 |
| | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 4 | —71—278 |
| J Sheaffer | 9 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 3 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 7 | —70 |
| | 7 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 5 | —61 |
| | 6 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 3 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 9 | —63 |
| | 5 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 4 | 7 | —73—267 |
| D B Lefever | 4 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 6 | —55 |
| | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 5 | —50 |
| | 7 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 4 | —56 |
| | 5 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 7 | —60—221 |

The next meeting will be rest shooting, to be held Friday, Oct. 28.

D. B. LEFEVER, Sec'y.

## Chicago Rifle.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 20.—The following scores were made by members of the Garden City Rifle Team, at their practice shoot, at Burry and Erickson Gallery, 146 S. Halstead street, Oct. 11. It was shot off in teams, under the captaincy of Messrs. C. H. Hankle and Sorensen. The following scores were shot:

| Hankle's Team. | | Sorensen's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| S H Burley | 104 54 114—272 | Al Sorensen | 106 55 110—271 |
| C A Hankle | 105 53 106—264 | G O Nejsa | 106 50 105—261 |
| J C Marlin | 100 46 101—247 | A McBean | 110 56 100—266 |
| G W Gibbs | 97 47 109—253 | J Polites | 99 53 101—253 |
| R McBean | 104 42 104—250 | Mrs Thornton | 97 53 100—250 |
| Thos Ford | 100 45 102—247 | F Mibohef | 98 45 87—231 |

The sweepstake was won by Mr. H. S. Burley, 117 out of a possible 120 points, Chicago, Oct. 14.

BURLEY—HANKLE.

Mr. H. S. Burley defeated C. A. Hankle, in a rifle match for $50 a side, on the evening of Oct. 17. The match was shot in Burley and Erickson's Gallery, 146 S. Halstead street. The conditions were open sights, off-hand, 25yds., 150 shots each, at Massachusetts paper target. Six shots constituted a score, hence there were 25 scores for each, which were as follows:

| Burley | Hankle |
|---|---|
| 65 64 65 67 63 | 60 64 61 57 65 |
| 63 69 62 67 63 | 64 66 56 67 59 |
| 63 66 67 64 63 | 67 58 64 61 62 |
| 63 67 63 70 64 | 61 65 60 64 66 |
| 63 64 64 67 61—1617 | 65 66 63 61 67—1568 |

## Garden City Rifles.

CHICAGO, Oct. 19.—The members of the Garden City Rifle Team met for their regular weekly practice at Burley & Erickson's gallery, 146 South Halsted street, Tuesday evening, Oct. 18. The members were divided into two teams, captained respectively by Messrs. C. A. Hankle and Al Sorenson, and a team match was shot under the conditions and rules governing their weekly contest. The match resulted in favor of Capt. Hankle's team as the following scores will show:

| Hankle's Team. | | A Sorenson's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W J Gibbs | 112 54 109—275 | A Sorenson | 103 53 107—263 |
| C A Hankle | 105 51 106—262 | H S Burloy | 97 53 108—258 |
| G O Vesja | 102 55 105—262 | Martin | 100 51 87—238 |
| J E Long | 107 50 106—263 | Erickson | 104 50 90—253 |
| A McBean | 109 57 111—276 | Mrs Thornt'n | 92 52 96—240 |
| Thos Ford | 94 50 96—240 | R McBean | 104 51 150—260 |
| J Polites | 94 53 88—235—1813 | C E Long | 94 52 88—234—1746 |

A sweepstake followed the team contest, which was won by Mr A. McBean with a score of 111 out of possible 120 points.

# Trap Shooting.

**All ties divided unless otherwise reported.**

### FIXTURES.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

Oct. 27.—Reading (Pa.) Shooting Association, sparrow tournament, at Black Bear Inn.

Oct. 27.—Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club open tournament, combined with tenth team contest of N. J. Trap-Shooters' League.

Oct. 27-28.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association tournament, Newburgh, N. Y.

Oct. 27-29.—Fulton Gun Club tournament, at Atlanta, Ga.

Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.

Nov. 24.—John A. Hartner's sixth annual tournament, Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore, Md.

1893.

May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Some curious combinations are run foul of by those who travel around the country, and a full share of them come within the range of the newspaper men who frequent trap tournaments. And some of these combinations show how easily some people can be imposed upon. A case in point has reference to a combination gun used by a West Virginian during the Martinsburg tournament. This man had a hard and close shooting gun, and between events he was heard to say that "any man who shot anything but a Greener would be a loser." Tom Keller inquired if the speaker used a Greener and received an affirmative answer, the gun being handed over for his inspection. As Tom opened the gun a quizzical look o'erspread his jolly features, and without saying a word he handed it over to "us" with the request that we name the make. Without a moment's hesitation we said "it's an L. C. Smith." And sure enough it was. It appears that the owner of the gun had inquired for a second-hand Greener, without knowing the difference between that famous maker's guns and a Winchester rifle. Some enterprising dealer in second-hand guns being anxious to oblige the prospective buyer had taken a second hand L. C. Smith gun, and after removing the rib had fitted on a W. W. Greener rib and had also covered the "Smith dog" on either lock plate with a small brass plate bearing the word "Greener," and all these days the poor misguided buyer had been flattering himself that he was blessed in the possession of an imported gun.

During the twelfth shoot of the Connecticut State League, at Willimantic on Oct. 11, there was a meeting called to order by H. A. Penrose and a State association was organized. The following officers were elected: J. W. Webb, Willimantic, President; H. A. Penrose, New London, Vice-President; Allen Willey, Hartford, Secretary; F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Treasurer, and a Board of Directors composed of H. A. Penrose, H. L. Edgarton, Willimantic; Mr. Bates, New Haven; Mr. Whittlesey, Hartford, and W. M. Thomas, Bridgeport. The name of the association is the Connecticut State Shooting Association, and tournaments will be held annually. As all the officers and directors are active workers they expect to make this association second to none. Where the first annual tournament of the association will be held will be determined at a meeting to be held within the next sixty days.

At a meeting of the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club at the Russell House, Detroit, two resolutions were offered, to be passed upon at the next regular meeting in January. One authorizes the increase of membership in the club by five, and limits the amount of their entrance fees. The other provides that the annual dues be increased. The resolutions are intended to provide for the payment of the club's indebtedness. The board was authorized to re-engage Steward Dwight L. Whitney for another year. This action will be received with delight by the members of the club generally, their families and friends, for Mr. Whitney has proven by his ten years' service with the club that he is one of the most able as well as popular stewards in the country.

The Essex Gun Club held its monthly shoot on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds on Oct. 20, there being a fair attendance. The sport opened with a 5 bird sweep in which Moore killed 5, as did Henry, Breintnall and Hughes getting 4 each, and Thomas 3. In the club shoot at 10 birds per man Henry killed 10, Breintnall 10, Walters 10,

Moore 9, Hughes 7, Morris 7, Thomas 7, Terrill 6 and Cromellin 6 The final event was at 5 birds, the scores being: Walters 5, Breintnall 5, Moore 5, Thomas 5 Hughes 4, Cromelin 4 and Morris 3. Those who took part in the shoot at Newton, N. J., on Oct. 18 were treated to a game dinner in the evening by two members of the gun club who served up 43 woodcock shot by them on the previous day.

The monthly medal shoot of the Syracuse Gun Club was held on their Croton street grounds on Oct 18 in a very brisk wind. Each man shot at 50 bluerock targets, the scores being as follows: First class, Mann 37, Holloway 36, Spangler 33, Becker 31. Mosher 26. Second class, White 31, Ginty 31, Frazer 31, Duguid 30, Holden 28. Third class, Dey 26, Harwood 23. In the shoot-off the tie for second class medal, at 10 targets each, Frazer broke 8. Ginty 7 and White 6. Harvey McMurchy shot at 50 targets and broke 39.

From the Ohio *State Journal*: "Poor 'Shorty' Bacon, well-known to trap shooters in Ohio, is in ill luck. He hired a man to dig his potatoes, and the hired help stole his watch; he attended the Mt. Sterling, Ky., tournament, got disgusted at the miserable management and came home only to learn that his favorite pointer dog had been stolen; he recently lost the best horse on his farm by death; went to the Finley shoot and his $250 Greener ejector wouldn't work. Shorty, this is hard luck."

The Maplewood (N. J.), Gun Club held its monthly cup and open shoot on Oct. 22. Each man shot at 50 singles in the cup contest, the winner being J. W. Smith, who broke 47. Ferd Van Dyke broke 45, E. D. Miller 45, W. R. Hobart 43, R. H. Breintnall 43, W. Drake 41, C. Dean 35, S. Tillou 35 and J. Van Idenstine 35. In a series of ten target events, the following numbers were broken and missed: Dean 35 15, Van Idenstine 44-16, Breintnall 47-13, Drake 48-12, Parry 8-2, Van Dyke 28-2, Hobart 18-2, Smith 27-3.

The Island City Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va., on whose grounds will be held the initial tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, has 25 active shooting members and the most complete grounds in the State. The club shoots at bluerock targets, thrown from expert traps by North's electric pull. The club will arrange to cater to a big crowd on Thanksgiving Day.

The Wessner Gun Club has been organized at Tamaqua, Pa. Shoots will be held at Wessner's Hotel on the last Tuesday of each month. Three handsome gold medals, costing $40 each, will be awarded montly to the persons making the three highest records; to the first a gold medal, to the second highest a silver medal, and to the third highest a silver medal.

The following officers have been elected by the Mount Kisco (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club: President, George S. Birrell; Vice-President, Al. Betti; Secretary, Dr. E. Dunn; Treasurer, George Sutton; Manager, G. V. Birrell; Trustees, John Wood and James Kennedy. The club starts with 25 active members and shoots every Monday afternoon on the grounds of John Martin.

On Nov. 17 a big crowd of experts will assemble at John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark to take part in an open-to-the-world sweepstake at 25 live birds per man, $25 entry. The event will start at 2 P. M., and among the entries are Samuel Castle, C. M. Hedden, H. E. Smith, Allen Willey, John Riggott, W. S. Canon and M. F. Lindsley.

W. R. Hobart's new score sheets are very convenient for clubs. Each sheet is ruled for 12 scores of 25 shots each, with lines at the head for date, place, number of event and squad, amount of entrance fee and number of moneys. They are put up in pads of 50 each, and with each 100 sheets are supplied three sheets of carbon paper.

The Yale Gun Club, of New Haven, has elected the following officers: President, P. B. Herita, '93 S.; Captain, F. F. Randlet, '95; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Anderson, '94 S. The first shoot will be held at Springfield with the Harvard Gun Club on the day of the football game.

The initial shoot of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will attract a big crowd to Wheeling on Thanksgiving Day. Both live birds and artificial targets will be used. The members of the Island City Gun Club will do the hustling.

During the tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association there will be contests for both the live bird and target championships of the State. This tournament should occupy two days instead of one.

"Billy" Wagner, the popular sportsman from Washington, D. C., was in town this week. "Billy" came on to arrange for the manufacture of his new rapid-loading machine, which experts pronounce the finest in the market.

Jimmy Thompson of Martinsburg is a prominent politician as well as an enthusiast in sporting matters. His influence in the West Virginia Legislature will greatly benefit the new State Sportsmen's Association.

John A. Hartner is making great preparations for his annual tournament to be held at Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore, Md., on Thanksgiving Day.

The final shoot of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League takes place to-day on the grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club just above South Orange.

The secretary of every gun and sporting club in West Virginia is requested to send his name and address to J. W. Penn, Wheeling, W. Va.

The target and live bird tournament to be held at Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 23-26, will be a star affair and will attract shooters from all over the country.

A very cleverly arranged catalogue is the one gotten out by the Wilkesbarre Gun Company, descriptive of the arms made by them.

Chicago, the World's Fair and the world's tournament will be the absorbing topics in sporting circles during the next few months.

Al. Heritage says he will hold a tournament at Marion the latter part of November. There will be one target and one live bird day.

F. G. Moore and J. H. Richmond, of the New Jersey Shooting Club, have been in Sussex county, N. J., after feathered game.

Ed Landvoight, of the Capitol City Rod and Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., has gone off on a deer-hunting trip.

West Virginia clubs and unattached sportsmen should not fail to correspond with J. A. Penn, Wheeling, W. Va.

During the live-bird shoot at Somerville two men received scratches on the face from shot fired by "bushwackers."

The report of the Riverview Gun Club tournament, received as we go to press, will appear in full in our next issue.

The boys were amused at the primitive hook and ladder outfit run to a fire on the first night in Martinsburg.

A "newspaper match" will be one of the attractions during the November tournament at Marion.

"Ginger and the 12-bore Parker" shot a great race for the championship cup at Martinsburg.

The usual weekly shoot at live birds will take place on John Erb's Newark grounds on Saturday.

Herbert Knight and Harry E. Smith, of Newark, have been shooting ducks in Great South Bay.

The Wheeling, West Virginia contingent "shot out of sight" at Martinsburg.

Will Apgar was the life of the party during the live bird shoot at Somerville.

"Wanda" can talk as strongly as her husband on the subject of wood powder.

Tredway's "Comfort Recoil Pad" will be put on the market in a short time.

Martinsburg trap-shooters are to have a new club house and grounds.

Newburg, N. Y., will catch a number of Jerseymen to-morrow.

"Wanda" is very proud of her prize won at Martinsburg.

Go to Newburg to-morrow, even if you cannot go to-day.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Columbus at Indianapolis.

WHAT was doubtless a pleasant little shooting event if shot according to programme, is thus set forth in the title page of a high art, hand-painted folder just at hand from Indianapolis: "Yourself and friends are invited to land in Indianapolis 400 years later than Columbus and enjoy the holiday set aside to commemorate his great discovery. An all day shoot at North End Shooting Club grounds, Monon Park, Friday, Oct. 21, 1892, beginning at 9:30 A. M. Take College avenue-Fall Creek electric care to Nineteenth street, thence two squares east."

By the way, the FOREST AND STREAM report of Indianapolis shoot last week was a scoop. But that's nothing.

That Executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will have two or more members out of town this week and next. President Organ must keep after them and catch them. It is time and more than time something should be done about that World's Fair shoot. But let not the public be troubled. The shoot will be here and it will be a success. Chicago will do it and do it well. E. HOUGH.

## Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Oct. 12.—The following is the score made here to-day by the South Chicago Gun Club at 20 live pigeons each, for club medal, under new Illinois State rules:

A W Reeves..... 21212221120121111112—19
L C Willard..... 12112102221211112212—19
John Watson..... 21111212210021121111—18
P Miller..... 22110212212012100010—15
C F Templeton..... 11101111110001001111—15
F E Willard..... 20211111210211012121—18
Dr Larkin..... 00121111212111121210—17

In the shoot off between Reeves and L. C. Willard at 5 birds, Willard won, killing 5 straight to Reeves 4; Reeves lost his last in the 5.

Target medal, 20 bluerocks each: Miller 17, Reeves 14, Templeton 12, L. C. Willard 20, F. E. Willard 23, Larkin 5 (out of 21), Dr. Clement 10 (out of 27).

*Oct. 18*.—Scores made here to-day by the Chicago Shooting Club for club medal, 20 live pigeons each, new Illinois State rules:

Wadsw'th10211222222221112221—19 Watson...12222121102222122112—19
Atwater..21111222111012221211—19 B Rock...21012212012011111111—17
Kleinman22122112222212112110—20

Wadsworth, Atwater and Watson being allowed one dead bird each added to their score, makes them tie with Kleinman. Tie will be decided next meeting.

*Oct. 20*.—Audubon Club, for club medal, 20 live pigeons each, new Illinois State rules. Only two members showed up:

Felton....12111202112012220111—17 Wadsw'th21101121222221111122—19

This gives Wadsworth the medal for keeps, he having won it the requisite number of times.

*Oct. 21*.—Scores in open sweepstakes at live pigeons, new Illinois State rules. Three sweeps were shot, each at 7 birds, entrance $5, divided 60 and 40 per cent.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1: | | | |
| G Kleinman | 1212211—7 | Capt Anson | 1111212—7 |
| A J Atwater | 1222011—6 | Patterson | 2220210—5 |
| A W Reeves | 2010111—5 | W T Best | 2010221—5 |
| No. 2: | | | |
| Kleinman | 1112121—7 | Patterson | 1222211—7 |
| Atwater | 2212111—7 | Reeves | 1201112—6 |
| Anson | 0211222—6 | Best | 1222210—6 |
| No. 3: | | | |
| Kleinman | 1211112—7 | Patterson | 2122212—7 |
| Atwater | 2221212—7 | Reeves | 2111101—6 |
| Anson | 1211111—7 | | |

In shoot-off for first, Patterson dropped out on his sixth and Anson on his seventh; Kleinman and Atwater each killed 9 straight and divided.

The wind up was a $1 freeze out. Patterson quit on his first and Reeves and Best on their third; Kleinman, Atwater, Anson and Hall each killed 7 straight and used up the purse.

RAVELRIGG.

## A Kansas City News Budget.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 16.—A sensation was created here Friday by the announcement that E. D. Fulford had challenged J. A. R. Elliott for a series of five matches at 100 birds each for $1,000 and the wing-shot championship. This challenge is the result of a considerable amount of "chewing the rag" between Fulford and Elliott since the former's defeat by the Kansas City man for the *American Field* cup, and Fulford's defi is not unexpected. As soon as the formal challenge is promulgated Elliott will as formally accept it. The understanding is that the five races shall take place in December in five different cities. Fulford naming one place in the East, which will probably be Harrisburg or Pittsburgh and Elliott one in the West, which will be Kansas City. The shoot here, however, will not be on the "hillside" grounds, as Fulford objects to them, but on some level spot to be mutually selected. The other three matches will probably be shot at Indianapolis, Cleveland and Cincinnati. It is to be understood that the winner of a majority of the races is to be styled the champion and the general impression here is that Elliott will win not only a majority, but probably all five races.

There have been three club shoots during the past week, the Kansas City, O. K. and Foresters', each holding their monthly medal shoots.

The monthly shoot of the Kansas City Gun Club furnished good sport and brought out a large field. The birds were a fair lot and some very pretty kills at long range were made by several of the members. J. Lee Porter won the medal on a score of 10 straight. Mr. H. McMurchy, representative of the Hunter Arms Manufacturing Company, of Fulton, N. Y., was a guest of the club and shot with the club, killing a clean score of 10 birds by some very pretty shooting. The score was:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J B Porter | 0212222122—9 | Frank Graham | 1220120221—7 |
| F J Smith | 0222111222—9 | J E Guinotte | 0020101001—4 |
| George B Orr | 0011101111—5 | H McMurchy | 2111121121—10 |
| Oscar Cogswell | 2222121011—9 | A B Cross | 1212222202—9 |
| J L Porter | 2111211222—10 | M Heim | 1112210222—8 |
| J W Jackson | 1021111011—8 | G Schoder | 0101121110—7 |
| W S Halliwell | 2112121101—9 | W V Rieger | 0111022110—7 |
| E W Hinman | 1221211100—8 | George Dugan | 2010101200—5 |
| J K Guinotte | 1022222222—9 | E J Becker | 0101000000—2 |
| Ben Hellmes | 1100020000—3 | W Crosby | 1110102011—7 |
| J A Bolen | 1020212212—8 | Con Holmes | 0000122200—4 |

The Foresters' Gun Club's first medal was won by Victor W. Floweree, after an exciting shoot-off with J H. Knoche. Thomas James and J W Jones, all having tied on 13 out of 15 live birds. L. S. Mohr won the second medal on 12. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J S Harrison | 0220221200022222—10 | J A Young | 0021212020022o2— 9 |
| J A Moninger | 20o0021212100o0— 7 | N Scarritt | 1120100110o001o— 8 |
| L S Mohr | 0111011110101111—12 | F Hoover | 0200012101111202— 7 |
| E W Kinnan | 1211o10022101111—11 | F J Graham | 1020101100010221— 8 |
| J H Knoche | 1101122122022222—13 | A A Whipple | 2001011022312011—10 |
| Thomas James | 2211022110221111—13 | Vict Floweree | 2112211022122012—13 |
| V F Boone | 0012210100121221—10 | Frank Groves | 1110o11o2101221—11 |
| J W Jones | 1112111111210011—13 | | |

The birds shot at by the O. K. Gun Club were a fast lot, and pretty work was done. J. B. Porter, Oscar Cogswell and Bob Mize tied on 9, and Porter won the shoot-off. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bob Mize | 1211112o22—9 | Lee Porter | 2o21120111—8 |
| H P Stewart | 1000020213—5 | Billy Everingham | 2010121120—7 |
| Ed Hickman | 1120111012—8 | J Thompson | 0220202100—5 |
| Oscar Cogswell | 1122111101—9 | J E Guinotte | 2012122110—8 |
| Jim Porter | 2202222222—9 | William Bryant | 0112101110—7 |
| F J Smith | 2102112022—8 | | |

At a recent meeting of the Missouri Fish and Game Protective Association, held at the Shooting Park in this city, with President Frank J. Smith of the Kansas City Club in the chair, and James Whitfield as secretary, director W. V. Rieger presented a communication from J. K. Gwynn, Executive Commissioner of the Missouri World's Fair Commission, asking the co-operation of the members of the State association in securing specimens for an ornithological display for exhibition at the World's Fair. A resolution was adopted calling on all members of gun clubs that are members of the State association, and all sportsmen and commission men who handle game, to aid in securing specimens of the birds and waterfowl that inhabit the State of Missouri, and sportsmen of Missouri who are readers of FOREST AND STREAM are urged to aid in the work. Specimens should be forwarded by express as soon as practicable after being killed to Frank Dixon, taxidermist, No. 16 East Sixth street, Kansas City, Mo., who has been employed by the World's Fair Commissioners to prepare the exhibit. The shipments need not be prepaid, as provision is made for express charges by the Commission. It is desired to have a pair of each specimen of bird or waterfowl that makes its home in the forests, prairies, lakes and streams of the State. After the World's Fair closes the exhibit is to be presented to the State University Department of Natural History.

Gun club matters have commenced to interest the local wing-shots since the weather began to grow cool, and there has been plenty of shooting during the past week. On Wednesday last the Kansas City cup, emblematic of the local wing-shot championship, was finally disposed of. The cup shoot was first inaugurated during the winter of 1887-8, the trophy, a handsome silver cup valued at $250, being presented by a number of prominent citizens and business men. The original conditions that governed the race were that it be shot for annually under the old rules then in force, at 50 birds, 10 singles at 21, 26 and 30yds. respectively, and 10 pairs of doubles, with the understanding that the winner should be subject to challenge by any member of a Kansas City gun club at any time during the year.

The inaugural shoot for the cup was held Jan. 2, 1888, and in the main shoot Ed Bingham and W. B. Twitchell tied on 43 out of 50, and the former won in the shoot-off. Bingham defended the cup successfully during 1888, beating four challengers. He defeated W. B. Twitchell on Feb. 22, by a score of 37 to 30; J. E. Riley on March 29, by a score of 37 to 35; the late Drury Underwood on April 19, by a score of 36 to 29, and Frank J. Smith on May 24, by a score of 38 to 25.

In January, 1889, the conditions were changed, making it a 30 bird race: 20 singles and 5 pairs and to be shot for quarterly. On January of that year, W. M. Anderson won the cup on a straight score of 30 kills in a good field of wing shots. In April, J. A. R. Elliott commenced to show championship form and after tieing Ed. Bingham on 36, shot the latter out for the trophy. The following July, Andy E. Thomas won the cup on a score of 29 out of 30 in hot company. In October there was a lively shoot for the honors, and Frank Parmalee, of Omaha, a guest of the gun clubs made the best score, 29 out of 30, but the cup being a local trophy went to James Anderson who was next highest with a score of 28.

Ed. Hickman won it in January, 1890, on a score of 27, and James E. Riley took it in April on the same score. In July, James A. Bolen, who won the cup at the final shoot last Wednesday, captured the trophy on a straight score of 30 birds, and in October James B. Porter won it on 28

The conditions were again changed in January, 1891. There was a scarcity of birds in January, and it was shot for at 20 singles, Ed. Chouteau winning on a score of 19, and it was then decided that a 25 single bird race, American Association rules, should hereafter govern the cup race. On April 3 J. Lee Porter won it on a score of 24 out of 25. On July 13, Ed Hickman won the cup on 25 straight, and successfully defended it twice more in succession by scores of 24 in October and 23 in January, 1892, and by reason of having won it three times consecutively he claimed the Lefever diamond medal which followed the cup. The rough Charlie Smelzer, Lefever's local representative, he was awarded the medal, but his right to that trophy is disputed on the ground that the conditions required it to be won three times in one year, whereas one of Hickman's victories was in 1892, and the other two in 1891. In April of this year, Fred C. Maegley won the cup on 23, and in July, Jim Elliott won it after a hot race with Lee Porter. They killed their 25 straight and Elliott was forced to kill 10 more straight to win.

The interest in the cup shoot having lagged by reason of the difficulty of any one winning it three times in one year in order to make it his personal property, a meeting was called of those interested in the cup, and it was decided to hold a final shoot for it and the winner take it. The date set was Wednesday, Oct. 12, and although the weather was anything but favorable there were 14 entries for the prize, and it was won by Jas. A. Bolen on a score of 24 out of 25, and the bird lost was an easy hovering incomer that fell dead out of bounds. The wind blew a gale across the traps from south to north, and while the birds were not naturally a particularly fast lot, being rather slow to wing, they went off with the wind at a terrific gait when they did spread their wings, and it took quick work to get them. The birds were rather an uncertain lot and made the race an open one, but the wind held strong during the entire afternoon and there was little advantage on an average. There was some particularly brilliant work done at long range by J. B. Porter, Lee Porter, Walter S. Halliwell, Frank Graham and Geo. Youmans. The veteran James H. McGee judged the shoot and James Whitfield was the official scorer. The following is the detailed score of the shoot:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

| | |
|---|---|
| J B Porter | ↘↑H↙↗↓↑↖↖↖→↑→↑↓H↖↖↖↓↗↓→↙↗↗ o 2 2 2 2 2 1 o 2 1 0 0 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 1 o 0 2—15 |
| J A Bolen | ↑→↘→→↑↓↖H↖↑→↓↓↗↖↑↖↗↖H→↘↖→→→ 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 o 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2—24 |
| W S Halliwell | →↖↓↙↑H↗↗H↗↖↖↖→↖↙H↖↘↓↓↙↖↙↙↙↖↖→ 1 2 2 2 1 1 o 2 2 2 2 o 0 2 2 1 o 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 2—19 |
| E Hickman | ↖H←←↓↖↑H↖↘↖↖→↖↙H↖↘↓↓→H→→H 0 1 1 2 2 o 0 1 0 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2—20 |
| F J.Smith | H←↑↖↖↘H↖H↖↖→↗H↙↖↘↘→↖←→→↗↖↖ 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 o o 2 2 2 o 0—15 |
| T J Higgins | ↖H↙↖↗↖↓↑↖↘↘→↙←↙↖↓→↖↖↓↙↘↘↘↙ o 0 o 2 0 1 1 2 0 2 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 o o 2 0—10 |
| J L Porter | ↘↑↓↖→↘→↖↖↙↗↘↘↑H←↖↖↓↙↖↗↘↘↙↓↖ 2 0 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 o 1 2 o 1 1 1 o 1 1 2 2 0 0 2—18 |
| J K Guinotte | ↖↖↖↗→↘→↖↖↙↗↙↘↓→↑↖↑→↑↓↖↘↘↗ 2 2 2 o 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—22 |
| F K Hoover | ↘↘↖↗↖→↖↙↗↗→→↘→↓→↙↖↓↓↖H←← 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 o 0 0 1 0 2 0 1 1 1 0—15 |
| F G Graham | ↗↑↑↙↖↖↖↘↙→↘↘↖↖↖←↖↖↖↖↖H←↙→ 0 1 1 2 0 1 2 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 2—17 |
| G M Gordon | →↑↘↗↗H↖→↖↓↘H←↗↗↘↙↙↓↑↙↗↙H 2 2 2 1 2 2 o 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 o o 2 0 2 0 0 0 2 2—17 |
| G Youmans | ↗↗H↖→→↘↑↘↓→↘↗→↘↓H↖↙↖H↓←↙↖ 2 0 o 2 o 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 o 1 1 0 0 0 0—15 |
| J E Guinotte | H↖↖→→→↓↓↙H↓↖→↘→↓H←↖↓→↑↘↖↙ 1 0 2 1 0 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 0 2 1 0 2 1 0 o 1 0—17 |
| G Jones | ↙↘↘↗→↑H↙↖↖↖→↑→↖↓→↘→↖↘↙↙↗→↖↖ 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 o o 2 1 0 1 o 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 o—19 |

WHITFIELD.

## Somerville Bluerocks and Pigeons.

The tournament of the Somerville (N. J.) Gun Club held on Oct. 19-20, was a fairly successful affair as tournaments are now figured. On the opening day the attendance numbered a dozen, including "Dutchy" Smith and Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield; Enoch Miller, of Springfield; Seymour Smith, of Plainfield; W. S. Bishop, of White House, and Tom Brantingham, of Plainfield. Bluerock traps and targets were used. After the seventh event Miller, Apgar and Charley Smith were obliged to shoot from unknown traps and were given the long end of the game at that, but little attention being paid to the rulings of the indicator. The result was that early in the afternoon they drew out and left for home as did several others. The scores of the day's work are here given, the events in order being as follows: Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8 and 9. 10 singles, $1 entry; Nos. 3 and 6, 15 singles, $1.50 entry; No. 4, 20 singles, $2 entry:

No. 1: Miller 9, Manning 9, Apgar 9, "Dutchy" 8, Smith 8, Force 5.

No. 2: Smith 9, Miller 9, Manning 8, "Dutchy" 8, Apgar 8, Force 4, Voorhees 3.

No. 3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Smith | 1111111111111010—13 | N Apgar | 1111111111111111—15 |
| Smith | 1001001111101111—10 | E D Miller | 1111111111111111—14 |
| F Creeley | 1011101100010001— 8 | Houston | 0111110011001000— 8 |
| Manning | 0101111111101011—12 | Dr Voorhees | 1011001101000000— 6 |

No. 4:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apgar | 1111011111111111011—18 | Branting- | |
| Miller | 1111111111111111011—19 | ham | 1111111111111111110—19 |
| C Smith | 1111111111111111111—20 | S Smith | 1111011001111111111—17 |
| Manning | 0010111101111111111—15 | | |

No. 5: Dutchy 10, Apgar 9, Miller 9, Manuing 9, Force 9, Creely 8, Smith 8, Brantingham 8, Voorhees 6, Dicky 4.

No. 6:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Smith | 1111110011011111—12 | Brantingham | 1111111111111111—15 |
| Miller | 1111111111111111—15 | Dynamite | 1111011111111001—12 |
| Apgar | 1111111111111111—15 | S Smith | 0111111111101111—13 |
| Manning | 1111111111111101—14 | | |

No. 7: Brantingham 10, Apgar 10, Dutchy 9, Voorhees 9, Houston 9, Miller 8, Bishop 7, Dynamite 7, Manning 5.

No. 8: Experts—Miller 9, Dutchy 8, Apgar 8 Amateurs—Voorhees 8, Bishop 7, Dynamite 7, Brantingnam 7, Creely 7, Manning 6, Houston 4.

No. 9: Experts—Dutchy 8, Miller 5, Apgar 5. Amateurs—Creely 8, Reading 8, Brantingham 7, Dynamite 7, Bishop 6, Voorhees 5, Manning 5, Smith 5.

*The Second Day's Shooting*

was at live birds, under American Shooting Association rules. The birds were a fairly good lot and were assisted in their flight by a strong wind. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken; W. C. Apgar, of Frenchtown; E. Shepherd, J. D. Voorhees and J. S. Force, of Bound Brook; Dr. P. J. Zeglio and J. S. Zeglio, of Warrenville; M. H. Rupell, of Milford; Geo. Baldwin, of St. Paul, Minn.; Dan Terry, of Plainfield, and R. Milburn, of Pattenburgh.

J. S. Zeglio was referee. The several events resulted as below.

The events in order were as follows: No. 1, 4 pigeons, $3 entry, 3 moneys; No. 2, 5 pigeons, $5 entry, 4 moneys; No. 3, 7 pigeons, $7 entry, 4 moneys; No. 4, 8 pigeons, $8 entry, 4 moneys; No. 5, 5 pigeons, $5 entry, 3 moneys; No. 6, miss and out, $2 entry, one money:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lindsley | 2222—4 | 21122—5 | 0221222—6 | 02202222—7 | 11102—4 |
| George | 1110—3 | 11111—5 | 1111122—7 | 11120222—7 | 11102—4 |
| P Jay | 1102—3 | 11111—5 | 2o21222—6 | 22012202—6 | 21210—4 |
| Creely | 1201—3 | 11211—5 | 1111221—7 | 21111211—8 | 11221—5 |
| Dr Voorhees | 1212—4 | 12211—5 | 1122202—6 | 00221010—4 | 10112—4 |
| Mart | 02o1—2 | 10*02—2 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Terry | 21o0—2 | 11001—3 | 01o2120—3 | ..... | 11110—4 |
| Douglass | 11o0—2 | 21202—4 | 0121101—5 | ..... | 10112—4 |
| "Wanda" | ..... | 01211—4 | 2101100—4 | ..... | 01110—3 |
| M H R | ..... | 02200—2 | 02o2122—5 | 20012210—6 | 20021—3 |
| Apgar | ..... | 01120—3 | 0202222—5 | 22211222—8 | 12011—4 |
| Hazard | ..... | ..... | ..... | 22011222—7 | 12000—2 |
| Force | ..... | ..... | ..... | o1111221—7 | 2021—4 |
| J D Voorhees | ..... | ..... | ..... | 20120221—5 | 10*10—3 |
| Shepherd | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2102012l—6 | 01120—3 |
| Millburn | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 01110—3 |
| No. 6: | | | | | |
| Lindsley | ..... | 22212o | Apgar | ..... | 212121 |
| George | ..... | 111211 | Milburn | ..... | 12210 |
| M H R | ..... | 0 | Creely | ..... | 121122 |

## GREAT SHOOTING IN WEST VIRGINIA

### State Association Formed.

ABOUT eighteen miles below historic Harper's Ferry lies the picturesque town of Martinsburg, county seat of Berkeley county, West Virginia, and here on Oct. 18-19, was held a trap shooting tournament that will long be remembered as one of the most pleasing and thoroughly enjoyable affairs that has ever been held in that section. The affair was a grand success, not on account of the number of entries or the number of targets thrown, but from the fact that from start to finish everything worked smoothly without a jar between the management and the contestants; the promises of the management were fulfilled to the latter; the list of entries comprised the names of shooters from over a dozen different places, and above all everybody was in a Columbus Day humor and bound to have a good time. In this endeavor they succeeded admirably.

Martinsburg has a population of close on to 10,000, and is one of the most thriving towns in the eastern section of the State, having extensive manufacturing interests and a class of business men who are fully up to the requirements of the times. A number of its streets are well paved with macadam. The scenery in the vicinity is fine as it is in all parts of the Shenandoah Valley of which this section is a part.

The shoot was held on the base-ball grounds situated on a high piece of cleared land about a mile and a half from the depot and from here could be obtained a clear view of the Blue Ridge Mountains, while away off in the distance could be faintly seen the Shenandoah Range. The shooting was done from one set of five traps, two Keystones and three bluerocks. The traps were placed about 40yds. in front of the old baseball grand stand. In front of the stand was a restaurant booth where soft stuff and solids were dispensed. To the right of this was a large wall-tent for the use of the shooters. On the left was the secretary's office and black-board stand.

This shoot was supposed to be a combination affair under the management of a committee of sportsmen representing Martinsburg, W. Va., Hagerstown, Md., Charlestown, W. Va., Winchester, Va., Shepherdstown, W. Va., Plainfield, W. Va., Tuscarora, W. Va., and Staunton, Va. When it came down to a business point, however, the work devolved upon the representatives from Martinsburg and Winchester, the others failing to materialize. The labor of arranging details and carrying the affair to a successful issue was done by James F. Thompson and R. C. Burkhart, of Martinsburg; Harry W. McVicar, John Miller and George W. Haddox, of Winchester; and James Thatcher, of Tuscarora. The clerical work, such as arranging and distributing programmes, arranging prizes, attending to the taking of entries, division and payment of purses, was all done by that prince of good fellows James F. Thompson, who also went down in his pockets for the necessary cash with which to carry on the affair.

The grounds are admirably adapted for target shooting, being perfectly free and open, giving the sky for a foreground. It was a few moments after 9 A. M. on the 18th when the first shot was fired and at that time there were a good number of shooters on hand. There was Arthur W. Du Bray, the ever welcome and always popular Southern representative of the Parker gun, who had with him the self same smile and pleasant manner as of old, and who opened the eyes of the talent by the manner in which his "16-bore Parker" pulverized the targets. Shooting under expert rules, he and his little gun held their end up in great shape.

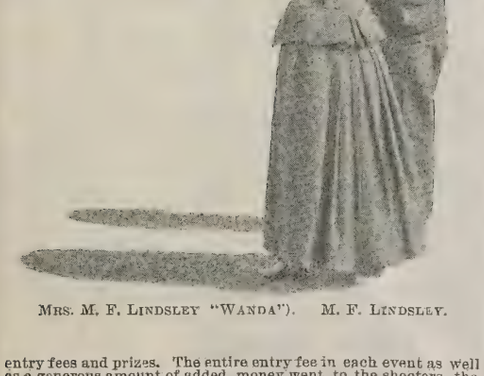
Then there was jovial Milt Lindsley and "Wanda," full of the good points of American wood powder, and who were in a jolly humor despite their 325-mile ride from the wilds of Hoboken and a subsequent two-hour search for a hotel, said search being made after 2 A. M. on this morning.

Flitting here and there with a pleasant word for everybody was "Tee Kay" Keller, of Plainfield. From Wheeling, W. Va., were a jolly crowd, comprising J. A. Penn, G. W. Lemmon, J. E. Wright, E. C. Meyer, R. B. Burt and M. Dinger, a fast-paced lot of shooters from the Island City Gun Club and prime hustlers for the sport in all sections. It will be remembered that Penn, Lemmon, Meyer, Wright and Burt comprised the team that won first place in the team match at Atlantic City, N. J., July 5. They are a jovial lot of sportsmen and popular wherever they roam.

From Winchester came C. F. Nelson, G. W. Haddox, J. H. Haddox, H. W. McVicker, John Miller, L. L. Seals, P. Polhemus, H. H. Baker, L. O. Miller and R. S. Baker, all active in the shoots of the Winchester Gun Association and good shots.

The Martinsburg contingent comprised Jas. T. Thompson, R. C. Burkhart, Jas. Burkhart and L. C. Gerling.

The programme was a good one both as to numbers of targets,



MRS. M. F. LINDSLEY "WANDA"). M. F. LINDSLEY.

entry fees and prizes. The entire entry fee in each event as well as a generous amount of added money went to the shooters, the targets at 2 cents each being extra. This made some nice pots.

The most interesting event of the day was the one at 25 singles per man, for 20 contributed merchandise prizes. During the day some good scores were rolled up despite the fact that a troublesome wind held sway. The shooting was kept up until after 5 P. M., when all hands started for supper. The majority of the visitors put up at the LeClair Hotel.

Below will be found the results of the day's work:

*The First Day.*

No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry, $5 added: A. Dubray 8, J. P. Haddox 6, G. W. Haddock 10, H. W. McNicar 7, J. S. Miller 6, M. F. Lindsley 8, Tee Kay 8, Penn 9, K. B. Combs 4, Polhamus 7, F. O. Miller 5, H. Baker 7, Wigginton 6, R. C. Bukis 5, W. H. League 4, F. C. Burkhardt 7, L. L. Seals 4, L. Miller 8, Sun Perch 7, George Baker 7, C. F. Nelson 5, Lemon 8.

No. 2, 15 singles, $1.50 entry, $10 added:

| Experts. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lindsley | 101011101111111—12 | J A Penn | 110100011111111—11 |
| Keller | 111011111111011—13 | G Haddox | 101011011110000— 9 |
| J Miller | 101001111001111—10 | McVicar | 111111111101111—14 |
| Du Bray | 100111111111111—13 | J Haddox | 111101111121110—15 |
| **Amateurs.** | | | |
| H Baker | 101100111101111—11 | J Bowers | 001101011010111— 9 |
| Nelson | 010111010011100— 8 | Lemon | 111101111111111—14 |
| R Burkhardt | 100001111111000— 8 | J E Wright | 101101011111111—12 |
| F Miller | 101010110111001— 9 | R B Burt | 111111111111111—15 |
| Wiggington | 010101010000111— 7 | E C Meyers | 011111111111011—13 |
| F Burkhardt | 111010110100101— 9 | M Dinger | 111111011111001—12 |
| P Hammond | 011111110000111—11 | | |

No. 3, 10 singles, $1 entry, $5 added. Experts: Lindsley 9, Keller 6, Du Bray 9, J. Haddox 7, Penn 6, McVicar 8, Nelson 5, Meyers 8, G. Haddox 8, Burt 8, Lemon 8. Amateurs: Sun Perch 5, Wigginton 8, A. Weaver 8, Wright 9, J. Miller 7, Polhemus 8, Dinger 8, F. Baker 6, Seals 4, F. Burkhardt 3, F. Miller 5, H. Baker 3, R. Burkhardt 6, L. Miller 9.

No. 4, 20 singles, $2 entry, $15 added:

| Experts. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lemmon | 01111111111101111110—17 | Lindsley | 10111100101111101110—14 |
| Penn | 11011110011111111111—17 | Keller | 11111011111171011101—14 |
| J Haddox | 11011111100011111011—15 | Nelson | 10010100111010010011—11 |
| McVicar | 10111010111111101013—15 | DuBray | 01100100001110100011— 9 |
| Burt | 11001110101111110111—15 | Meyer | 01111100101111011111—15 |
| Dinger | 00110100111111111000—12 | G Haddox | 11111001001011111110—14 |
| Wright | 11110111111111101111—18 | | |
| **Amateurs.** | | | |
| Miller | 11111011110101010110—14 | J Thatcher | 00111000010000100000— 5 |
| H Baker | 00000111010100101010— 8 | | |



SHOOTERS AT MARTINSBURG.

No. 5, merchandise shoof, 25 singles, birds only:

| Experts. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Keller | 10111111001110001111101l—18 | | |
| Lindsley | 01111010111111111100010l—19 | | |
| G Haddox | 10110011101101111010101l—17 | | |
| F Miller | 11001011111010011010010l—15 | | |
| Lemmon | 11011111111110011011111l—21 | | |
| Polhemus | 11100001010010111001110—14 | | |
| J P Haddox | 10111110111111111010110—20 | | |
| Meyers | 11111011111001111101111—21 | | |
| L Miller | 01010101011100100001111—13 | | |
| McVicar | 01111001111111111111001—20 | | |
| Wright | 01111111110110101111111—21 | | |
| Penn | 00011111111111111111111—22 | | |
| Burt | 11100100101101101101.000—14 | | |
| H Baker | 11101100000010011011100l—12 | | |
| **Amateurs.** | | | |
| F Burkhart | 11000100001011OC010000011— 8 | | |
| L L Seals | 11111100101010100101010—15 | | |
| J Thatcher | 01011100001100100110101l—11 | | |
| Wiggington | 10101001011010101100011—12 | | |
| R Burkhart | 11111100101100000110101l—15 | | |
| Dinger | 11111111001011001111001—20 | | |
| League | 01000011300001001001011l—10 | | |
| J Miller | 11111111001110101011111—20 | | |
| G Baker | 11011100001101111000111l—16 | | |
| Sun Perch | 10101100111110010011111—16 | | |
| Bowers | 00011101300001001011000l— 9 | | |
| Nelson | 11001011101101111010111—18 | | |
| "Wanda" | 01001001000111011010000l—10 | | |

No. 6, 15 singles, $1 50 entry, $15 added:

| Expert. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Keller | 011111111111101—13 | Penn | 011111111101110—12 |
| Lindsley | 111111001100111—11 | Lemon | 011011100101011— 9 |
| Du Bray | 101111111110011—13 | McVicar | 111111001111111—13 |
| G Haddox | 011000111111110—10 | J Haddox | 110010011011111—10 |
| Wright | 110101111101111—12 | Dinger | 011110001011110— 9 |
| Meyers | 111111111110100—12 | | |
| **Amateur.** | | | |
| Nelson | 111100111001111—11 | J Miller | 111110110101111—12 |
| Baker | 000100011000110— 5 | F Miller | 011111101101111—12 |
| Burt | 100011101111111—11 | Sun Perch | 100010011111110— 9 |
| Polhemus | 011010113001000— 7 | | |

No. 7, 25 singles, $3 entry, $25 added:

| Expert. | |
|---|---|
| Keller | 11111101011111111701110l—20 |
| Lindsley | 10111111110010001011111O—17 |
| Wright | 11111110011111010111111—21 |
| Penn | 11111111111111111111101—23 |
| Du Bray | 11111111100101101111011—20 |
| Meyer | 01110101101101111101101—18 |
| G W Haddox | 11111111101010111011110—19 |
| Baker | 01111000010011C0010011000—10 |
| McVicar | 11100101111C011011111010—17 |
| J P Haddox | 01110111111101111110110—20 |
| Lemon | 01111101111011111301100011—18 |
| **Amateur.** | |
| Nelson | 10110000101101100111000l0—12 |
| Burt | 11111111101111101111111—23 |
| J S Miller | 01111111101111111111111—23 |
| Dinger | 01111111111001011100111—19 |

No. 8, 10 singles, $1 entry, $10 added. Experts: Keller 7, Lindsley 8, Penn 10, Wright 10, DuBray 8, McVicar 5, J. P. Haddox 9, G. W. Haddox 6, Lemon 4, Burt 7, J. S. Miller 9. Amateurs: Nelson 5, McKinsey 3, F. Burkhart 4, Meyers 8, Polhemus 4, R. C. Burkhart 7, Sun Perch 5, L. Miller 6, F. O. Miller 6, G. M. Baker 5, L. L. Seal 4, Dinger 7, J. Thatcher 4, H. Baker 3.

No. 9, 15 singles, $1.50 entry, $15 added:

| Experts. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Keller | 111111111111111—15 | Wright | 110111111111110—13 |
| Lindsley | 111111000111011—10 | G W Haddox | 111111001001111—11 |
| Penn | 111111101111101—13 | J S Miller | 111011111111111—14 |
| J P Haddox | 111111111111111—15 | McVicar | 111111111111011—14 |
| DuBray | 001110111010110— 8 | Myers | 111011110111110—12 |
| **Amateurs.** | | | |
| Lemon | 111011101111001—11 | H Baker | 000100101101110— 7 |
| Burt | 110111101110011—11 | Dinger | 111101111101111—13 |
| Nelson | 111011100101101—10 | L Miller | 011110111110101—11 |
| Sun Perch | 110100001110111— 9 | R C Burkhart | 111111000110001— 9 |
| Polhemus | C101111000000111— 7 | | |

Extra No. 1, 10 singles: M. F. Lindsley 9, G. W. Lemon 6, G. W. Haddox 8, J. P. Haddox 9, J. A. Penn 9, W. H. League 6, G. Polhemus 6, C. F. Nelton 3, H. W. McVicar 10, H. B. Baker 3, T. H. Keller 7, J. S. Miller 8, A. W. DuBray 6, F. O. Miller 6, P. W. Miller 4, R. C. Burkhart 4, L. L. Seal 4, G. M. Baker 3.

A STATE ASSOCIATION FORMED.

In the evening, pursuant to a suggestion thrown out at the ground quite a party went to the residence of James F. Thompson for the purpose of holding a meeting to discuss the feasibility of forming a State sportsmen's association. In response to an invitation from Mr. Thompson, A. W. DuBray, T. K. Keller, H. W. McVicar and H. H. Baker also attended.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Thompson, Mr. Penn acting as secretary. Dr. Myers stated that the sportsmen of West Virginia were very much in need of a State association which would look after the protection of its fish and game interests, prevent fishing and shooting out of season and see that the waters were kept stocked with fish, and that such association could also lend material aid to trap-shooting interests. He stated also that there was no better time than the present for the formation of such an association, as it was the opening of the game season when every one was interested in the sport and would lend a helping hand. Another point in favor of immediate formation was that the Legislature was about to meet and consequently necessary fish and game laws should be formulated at once.

Messrs. Dinger, Wright, Burt, Thompson, Lemmon and Penn also spoke in favor of immediate action.

In response to an invitation Messrs. DuBray, Keller and the FOREST AND STREAM also spoke on the subject, encouraging the formation of an association which should take in all clubs and individual sportsmen in the State.

Dr. Myers then moved that those present form an association to be known as the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. The motion was carried.

James F. Thompson, Martinsburg, was elected president; J. A. Penn, Wheeling, secretary, and W. Goshorn, Charles Town, treasurer.

It was decided that the list of vice-presidents should comprise one from each club in the State.

The secretary was instructed to correspond with the secretaries of all sportsmen's clubs in the State asking them to join the association and to co-operate in the carrying out of its objects. He was also instructed to request each club to elect a member to represent it as a vice-president of the association.

The election of a board of directors and other necessary officers was laid over until a later date.

The members of the clubs present paid each an assessment to cover the expense for notices, etc., to be sent out by the secretary.

Before adjournment a discussion was held on the advisability of holding a tournament and business meeting at an early date, and it was finally decided that this would be best. On motion it was therefore decided that a tournament at targets and live birds should be held on the grounds of the Island City Gun Club, at Wheeling, on Thursday, Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving Day); that at 8 o'clock on the evening of that day the State Sportsmen's Association should hold a meeting to perfect the organization and elect officers to fill all vacancies; that the secretary should request every sportsmen's club in the State to send delegates to said meeting and that all sportsmen who were not members of clubs should also be requested to attend.

This closed the business of the evening, and after a vote of thanks had been tendered to Mr. Thompson for his hospitality to the sportsmen present, the meeting adjourned to meet at Wheeling on Nov. 24.

It has been my privilege of late years to attend a great many meetings of sportsmen, but never before have I seen business transacted with such dispatch as on this occasion. It was 7:25 when the party entered Mr. Thompson's house and just 8:30 when they said "good night" to their host, the discussion, organization and election having occupied about an hour.

That this association is destined to be a success and to greatly benefit the sportsmen and their interests in the State cannot be doubted. Although organized by trap-shooters, the premier objects of the organization will be the protection of fish and game and the carrying through of such legislative measures as will be the most advantageous to sportsmen in general. In return for this the lovers of trap-shooting will, as a matter of course, expect some support in the development and advancement of their favorite pastime. The promoters of the scheme are all enthusiasts in sporting matters and it is hoped that every club and every sportsman in West Virginia will assist them and attend the meeting in Wheeling on Nov. 24.

*Wednesday, the Second Day.*

The attendance on this day was not quite as heavy as on Tuesday, but the shooting was spirited. The early morning was clear but toward 11 o'clock huge black clouds appeared and every indication pointed to a heavy storm. Along about 12 o'clock, however, the wind began to blow a gale and from that time until the shooting was ended the targets flew in all conceivable ways. Every once in a while there would be a lull in the wind and the boys would begin to flatter themselves that they would be able to stand easy when along would come a cyclonic blast that would almost take them off their feet and would send clouds of dust across the field and into the shooter's eyes. It was hard shooting weather, as the scores will show.

There were several interesting events scheduled for the day, one of them being a contest for teams of five men each, $5 entry per team, with $10 added. The management made a mistake by putting this on as the second event of the morning, the result being that as a number of the shooters were not yet on hand only two teams entered. Had this race been billed for the middle of the afternoon it would probably have drawn out four teams.

A mistake was also made in shooting a 25-target contest for a silver cup in the morning. This cup, which was a very handsome article, was presented by Jas. F. Thompson. The entry fee was the price of the targets. "Tee Kay" Keller started the ball rolling by breaking 22 targets, a big score under the circumstances and one which was expected to win. Wright, of Wheeling, however, afterward put up a score of 23, being followed by R. B. Burt with 23. Even this was not enough to win, as the combination of "Ginger" (M. Dinger, of Wheeling) "and a 12-bore Parker gun" succeeded in crushing 24 targets, the result being that the smiling little Wheeling boy is owner of the pretty cup and of the title of "champion of the United States" (Wheeling included).

The next important race was one at 20 targets each for a number of merchandise prizes, including a silver loving cup. The cup became the property of R. B. Burt.

During one of the heavy blows that I have mentioned the wind demolished a temporary stand alongside of the shooters' tent, scattering the lumber in all directions, but fortunately injuring no one.

Despite the fact that over half of the towns interested had failed to send shooters to the scene, the tournament was a pronounced success, and one which reflects creditably upon the enthusiasts who were in charge.

The scores of the second day are here given in detail.

No. 1, 15 singles, $1.50 entry, $5 added:

| Experts. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wright | 111010111110110—11 | Keller | 111011111101111—13 |
| Du Bray | 111000110110001— 8 | J S Miller | 111011011100011—10 |
| Penn | 101011100011111—10 | McVicar | 111011111111110—13 |
| **Amateurs.** | | | |
| Dr Myers | 101101100100110— 8 | Lemon | 111110111111101—13 |
| G W Haddox | 111010111100111—11 | Dinger | 111011011111100—11 |
| J P Haddox | 111111111111111—15 | Burt | 101111110101110—11 |
| Lindsley | 011101001010101— 8 | | |

No. 2, 5 men team, 15 singles each, $5 entry, $10 added:

| Wheeling Team. | | Winchester Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Burt | 110111100101111—11 | McVicar | 111011111101111—13 |
| Lemon | 010101111101101—10 | G Haddox | 111111111111111—15 |
| Myers | 111111111110111—14 | Keller | 110110111111111—13 |
| Penn | 111011111101101—12 | S Haddox | 111111011111101—13 |
| Wright | 111111111111011—14—61 | J Miller | 111111101111011—13—67 |

No. 3, 10 singles, $1 entry, $5 added: Experts: Keller 9, Lindsley 8, DuBray 3, J. P. Haddox 5, Meyer 7, Wright 7, Burt 8, McVicar 6, Penn 4, Lemon 6. Amateurs: Polhemus 3, J. Miller 8, R. Burkhart 5, Moore 3, F. Burkhart 7, Sun Perch 3, Dinger 9, H. Baker 7.

No. 4, championship cup race, 25 singles, entry birds only:

| | |
|---|---|
| Keller | 1111111111111111111111110—22 |
| Lindsley | 1010001111111001110101011—16 |
| Polhamus | 1011010001000011110100100—11 |
| R. C. Burkhart | 0000101001100011010000001— 8 |
| Myers | 1101111101111011110001111—19 |
| J. Miller | 1011010110100111011110010—15 |
| F. Burkhart | 0010010001001000 w. |
| DuBray | 0011110011101010110111101—16 |
| H. Baker | 1101000001001010 w. |
| McVicar | 1100011100 w. |
| Sun Perch | 1100110101100110111101100—15 |
| J. P. Haddox | 1001111001110 w. |
| Burt | 1111111111011111010111111—23 |
| Lemon | 1110111111011101001110111—19 |
| Dinger | 1111101111111111111111111—24 |

Penn.....1111100110101111111111011 20
Wright.....1111111101111111111111001—22
Bowen.....0000001010101000100 w.
Moore.....000 w.

No. 5, merchandise shoot, entry birds only:

Experts.

Keller....1011111111110011101—16 JPHadd'x01111111010111100100—14
Lindsley..1110110101101101100—12 Lemon....1110001101111111111—16
McVicar..0010010111011101101—11 Burt.....1101110000011111101—13
Penn.....1101101111111111010—16 DuBray...1100111101111100111—15
Myers....1111101111111111111—19 J Miller...1001011100100001100—14
Polhemus 1010000100101011010— 9 Dinger....0101111111111111110—17

Amateurs.

Sun Perch01101010100001000100— 8 F Burkh't1000110001000000000— 5
H Baker..0000011100101010101— 8 Moore.....0011000001000010101— 6
Wanda....0010010000011101010— 8 J Catrow..1001100101111101000—11
R Burkh't1100111111001010010—12 Halsey....0100101110110110010—10
Thatcher.1101101001000100010— 9

No. 6, 20 singles, $2 entrance:

Experts.

Keller...10111110110110111001—14 McVicar..00010001101111100101—10
Lindsley..0100011100001111001—10 Dinger....11110011100111010110—13
Penn.....1001001101010111000—10 Lemon....1010111010011001111—14
Wright...1100001101111011110—12 J Miller...1111101101011011001—14
J Haddox.11111110101011111000—13 Dubray...1110111001101010110—13
Myers....0111011111111001110—15 Wright...1111111110011010000—13
Burt.....1111111001111001100—14

Amateurs.

McClellan10010100001011011010— 8 Polhemus 0001010101111101111—12
H Baker..0100000010001000101— 6

No. 7, two-men teams, 15 singles each, $5 entrance:

Wright....1111111110110101—12 Lemon....1111011111101111—13
Myer.....1111111101111111—14—26 Penn.....0101100001101100— 6—19
J Haddox.1111111111001010—11 Bert.....1111111110101111—13
McVicar..0111101111001111—22 Dinger....1101101010011110— 9—22
Keller....1010111100101011—10 DuBray...1111010101111001—12
J Miller..1111111101100110—11—21 Lindsley..1001010001111000— 6—18

No. 8, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Experts: Keller 7, Lindsley 5, Myers 6, McVicar 4, Wright 10, Haddox 8, J. Miller 6, Burt 9, Lemon 4, Du Bray 5, Dinger 8. Amateurs: Moore 3, McClellan 6, Polhemus 6, R. Burkhart 6, Sun Perch 4, F. Burkhart 5, Penn 4.

No. 9, 15 singles, $1.50 entry, $10 added:

Experts.

Keller.....1011110001011111—11 Burt.....1111110111110111—13
Lindsley.....0011100000010110— 6 Dinger.....1111111010110111—12
Meyers.....0111111101111111—14 J Miller.....0011101111110110—14
Wright.....1111111101111101—13 S Haddox..0000010011111110— 8

Amateurs.

R Burkhart..1011110001111111—10 Sun Perch....0110110001000001— 6
Penn.....1110100010011101— 8 Baker.....0100101010110110— 7
DuBray.....1111110100110111—11 McClelland....1010000100101110— 6

No. 10, 25 singles, $3.50 entry, $45 added:

Experts.

Keller.....1100011011110111111111011—19
Lindsley.....1010110101100110011011000—14
Meyer.....1111110111111111101101011—21
Wright.....1111111111101111111111111—23
J Haddox.....1101110111111111010100011—19
Burt.....1110101111111111111011110—21
Dinger.....1111011110111111111111011—22
J Miller.....1110001101010111111101111—18

Amateurs.

McVicar.....1001010010101010110011101—12
Lemmon.....1111111111101101111011111—21
Penn.....1110111010111110101111101—19

C. H. Townsend.

## Bluerocks at Newton.

Newton, N. J., Oct. 19.—The gun club of this town held a well attended shoot to-day with very favorable weather conditions. The attendance was large enough to make the affair a very pleasant one. Below are the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, $1 entry: Hobart 8, Miller 8, Heritage 5, Morford 8, Baxter 6, Van Winkle 7, Class 7, Brinkner 6, Hathaway 5, Strader 6, Decker 5.

No. 2, 15 singles, $1.50 entry: Hobart 11, Miller 14, Heritage 12, Morford 10, Baxter 10, Class 12, Hathaway 8, Decker 10, Strader 9, Brinckner 11, Van Winkle 11.

No. 3, same as No. 1: Class 5, Hobart 10, Morford 5, Baxter 5, Harding 4, Decker 6, Heritage 7, Hathaway 5, Van Winkle 8, Strader 7, Brinkner 5, Miller 7.

No. 4, 20 singles, $1.50 entry:

Hobart...10110111111111111118 Baxter...01101000011011101100—10
Decker...01010111001010101010—11 Brickner.10111111111000011111—15
Heritage .01111111111111111011—18 Strader...11011000011110111011—12
Morford..11101111101110101111—10 Hathaw'y0101110011011101111—14
Miller....11111111111011111111—19 V'Winkle10101111001111111111—10
Class.....11111010011011100101—13

No. 5, same as No. 1: Hobart 8, Miller 8, Morford 8, Class 6, Strader 3, Hathaway 6, Heritage 8, Brinkner 7, Baxter 5, Van Winkle 5, Domas 7.

No. 6, same as above: Hobart 9, Miller 9, Heritage 7, Morford 8, Van Winkle 8, Class 8.

No. 7, two-men teams, 20 singles per man, $2 entry:

| | | Tie. |
|---|---|---|
| Miller | 11111101111111111111 | |
| Heritage | 11011111111010111111—36 | |
| Class | 00101100111010111101 | 01111010 |
| Hobart | 11111011111111100111—29 | 11110111—15 |
| Brickner | 10100001100110111111 | 01110110 |
| Morgan | 11011111111111110101—29 | 11101101111—14 |
| Dicker | 01101000101111101110 | |
| Van Winkle | 11110011101110111101—27 | |

No. 8, same as No. 1: Miller 9, Hobart 10, Heritage 8, Class 9, Morford 9, Strader 4, Malone 5, Decker 6, Van Winkle 7, Hathaway 6, Leonard 2, Brinkner 2.

No. 9, fifteen singles, $1.50 entry:

Miller.....1111111110101111—13 Malone.....0110110001010101— 8
Hobart.....1101111111111111—14 Decker.....1011111111111111—14
Closs.....1111101011111011—12 Hathaway....1110110111011110—11
Morford.....1111110111111111—14 Brickner.....0100111001111011— 9
Beritage.....1101110111001111—11 Wells.....1011100101010101— 9
Strader.....0110010011000000— 5

No. 10, same as No 1: Hobart 9, Class 7, Morford 0, Miller 10, Heritage 6, Decker 8, Hathaway 5, Strader 7, Brinkner 7, Malone 6.

No. 11, same as above: Hobart 10, Class 9, Morford 8, Miller 10, Heritage 8, Decker 8, Hathaway 7, Strader 7, Brinkner 7, Malone 2.

No. 12, same as above: Hobart 8, Miller 10, Class 9, Heritage 8, Morford 7, Decker 8, Brinkner 8, Hathaway 6, Strader 8, Malone 5, Wills 7.

No. 13, same as above: Miller 7, Class 7, Morford 7, Decker 8, Brinkner 6, Strader 6, Wills 7.

No. 14, same as above: Morford 9, Class 8, Decker 5, Strader 9, Hart 3, Gray 2, Wills 4, Brinkner 6, Hathaway 8.

No. 15, same as above: Decker 9, Strader 4, Brinkner 4, Gray 6, Malone 5, Wills 5, Class 8, Hathaway 9, Pierce, 3, Hart 3.

## The Erie Gun Club.

The regular monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Oct. 19. Twelve members competed for the club medal and extra prizes. C. Plate took the medal and first prize, and C. Detlefsen won the second after a good race with M. Elssasser. The score:

Club shoot for medal and extra prizes:

H Dohrman.....2000110—3 H Janskowski.....0021110—4
C Plate.....1111112—7 D J Lynch.....2000122—4
F Greff.....0001001—2 C H Luhrsen.....1012012—5
J Plate.....1222021—6 C Detlefsen.....1212202—6
M Elssasser'.....0111211—6 M Hayden.....2212210—6
W Scheelje.....2022201—4 J Schmaske.....1102100—3

Sweepstake shoot, 5 birds, 27yds., entry $1:

C Plate.....10110—3 C H Luhrsen.....00120—2
H Dohrman.....11122—5 J Plate.....02110—3
F Greff.....11010—3 M Elssasser.....01211—4
J Schmadeke.....02100—2 C Detlefsen.....11011—4
D Lynch.....00101—2 M Hayden.....21121—5

Elssasser had to kill 8 straight for second, C. Plate third.

## The Rivertons Again Victorious.

The return match between the teams of the Riverton and the Blooming Grove clubs took place on the grounds of the latter on Oct. 14 under most favorable circumstances. The weather was perfect, mild, with a gentle air and not a cloud. The friends of both clubs turned out in good numbers and great interest was shown in the success of the match. Nothing was left undone to make the guest at home and their record shows they felt so.

| Riverton Gun Club. | | Blooming Grove Park Club. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Soult | 24 | Engle | 22 |
| Hamer | 24 | Green | 18 |
| J Frishmuth | 19 | Breintnall | 22 |
| F Frishmuth | 22 | Smith | 19 |
| Godschalk | 21 | Cromelin | 19 |
| Y Dolan | 23 | Worthington | 20 |
| Dando | 23—156 | Lawrence | 20—144 |

Y.

## Highland Gun Club Tournament.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 21.—The annual fall tournament of the Highland Gun Club commenced Tuesday morning, Oct. 18, with a fair attendance. The weather was fine with quite a strong wind to make the targets uncertain, and to help the live birds outside the boundry flags.

Bluerock targets and North's electric pull was used. The live birds were shot from King's ground traps, and were a good lot for this season of the year.

Among the visiting sportsmen were C. M. Grim, Clear Lake, Ia.; McBride of Victor; Rexroat, Virginia, Ills.; Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo.; Read, Parmalee, and Latshaw, of Omaha, Neb.; McFarland and Dauthett, of Osceola; Frazier, of Clinton; Durant and Sessions, of Algona; Kraft, of Ottumwa; Hoover, Stump, and Hoffman, Oskaloosa, Howard and Wobland, of Berwick; S. A. Tucker, of Parker gun fame. Mr. Tucker goes from here to Davenport. Quite a number of the boys will attend the Charter Oak Shoot, Oct. 24 and 25, and go from there to the Omaha Tournament, Oct. 26, 27 and 28.

*The First Day.*

No. 5, 10 live birds, entrance $8:

Grim.....1011111112— 9 Read.....2212122211—10
Elliott.....1121112121—10 Searight.....1011122012— 8
Parmalee.....1211111011— 9 Langley.....0122022221— 8
Sanford.....1101021222— 8 Budd.....1121221222—10
Lat.....1120121222— 9 Rex.....1122101112— 9
Durant.....0101111210— 7

No. 12, 8 live birds, entrance $5:

Elliott.....21100220—5 Read.....12221200—6
Sessions.....10102102—4 Frazier.....22101022—6
Grim.....10200221—5 Budd.....21101112—7
Searight.....11022021—6 Sanford.....20011101—5
Langley.....12111110—7 Rex.....0120212?—6
Parmalee.....11112120—7 Howard.....22011221—7

TARGET EVENTS.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Elliott | 9 | 15 | 10 | 15 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 14 | 6 | .. |
| Grim | 9 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 4 | 10 | 10 | 14 | 5 | 10 |
| Budd | 10 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 6 | 6 |
| Rex | 10 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 14 | 9 | .. |
| Durant | 4 | .. | 8 | .. | 1 | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. |
| Dauthett | 8 | 8 | 8 | 11 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 10 | 6 | .. |
| Langley | 8 | 12 | 9 | 12 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 11 | 9 | .. |
| Hicks | 7 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 7 |
| Stewart | 5 | 19 | 11 | 10 | 5 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Roy | 10 | 13 | .. | 14 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| McFarland | 9 | 10 | 11 | 14 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 13 | 5 | .. |
| Read | .. | 10 | 9 | 13 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 12 | 5 | 7 |
| Parmalee | .. | 15 | 10 | 13 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 13 | 9 | 8 |
| Latshaw | .. | 13 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Sanford | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 14 | 9 | 9 |
| Tucker | .. | .. | .. | 12 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 12 | 9 | .. |
| Searight | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 6 | .. | 7 | 4 |
| Sessions | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. |
| McBride | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 12 | 5 | 5 |
| F Campbell | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| Kraft | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 9 | .. | 8 |
| Mohland | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 8 | 5 | .. |
| Frazier | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 12 | 7 | 9 |
| Howard | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 3 | 5 |
| C E Campbell | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 8 | 7 | 5 |

*The Second Day.*

No. 2, 8 live birds, entrance $5:

Grim.....12101112—7 McBride.....22212120—7
Rex.....21211222—8 Sessions.....02122020—5
Searight.....00012210—4 Budd.....12111111—8
Elliott.....12221111—8 Stump.....22120100—5
Read.....22202122—7 Hoover.....11011221—7
Parmalee.....2 2111121—8 Frazier.....11122120—7
Hicks.....22200011—5 Hoffman.....01210110—4
Kirsher.....21211221—8 Lat.....11222002—6
Langley.....21122111—8 Howard.....10001012—4

No. 3, 8 live birds, entrance $5:

Grim.....11122222—8 Lat.....02210021—5
Rex.....01111222—7 Searight.....20100201—4
Read.....10111101—6 Budd.....11212111—8
Elliott.....11112222—8 Stumps.....01020012—4
Kirsher.....11212202—7 Hoover.....22122210—7
Langley.....11200121—6 Howard.....22101121—7
Parmalee.....11111111—8 Hicks.....21111222—8

No. 7, miss and out at five birds, entrance $2.50:

Grim.....9 Read.....0
Budd.....21 Langley.....20
Allerton.....12 Howard.....0
Searight.....20 Parmalee.....20
Lat.....20 Kirsher.....0

TARGET EVENTS.

| | 1 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 14 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Green | 7 | 9 | 11 | 7 | 8 | 12 | 14 | 13 | 9 | 15 |
| McBride | 9 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 14 | 14 | 9 | 15 |
| Rex | 10 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 15 | 13 | 9 | 13 |
| Elliott | 9 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 8 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 14 |
| Read | 9 | 8 | 11 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 13 | 12 | 8 | 9 |
| McFarland | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 7 | 12 | 8 | 7 | 13 |
| Frazier | 6 | 7 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 14 | 12 | 8 | 13 |
| Durant | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 9 | .. | 7 | .. |
| Parmalee | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 12 | 15 | 11 | 10 | 12 |
| Kraft | 5 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 9 | .. |
| Douthett | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | 13 | 13 | 6 | 11 |
| Hoover | .. | 7 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 14 | 12 | 7 | 10 |
| Stump | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | 11 | .. | 7 | 10 |
| Budd | 9 | 10 | 11 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 15 | 12 | 10 | 14 |
| Howard | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Hicks | .. | 7 | 10 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 11 | 8 | .. |
| Tucker | .. | 10 | 8 | 9 | .. | .. | 12 | 12 | 9 | 11 |
| Sessions | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | 9 | .. |
| Sanford | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 9 | 7 | .. | 9 | .. |
| Langley | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 8 | 13 |
| Searight | .. | 5 | 9 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 |
| Lot | .. | 8 | 10 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Hoffman | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Allerton | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Kersher | .. | 8 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Roy | .. | 9 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |

*The Final Day.*

No. 4, 11 live birds, entrance $8:

Grim.....2110112122— 9 Logan.....1012103022— 7
Rex.....1111112212—10 Read.....2112101100— 7
Lott.....1120212012— 8 Budd.....2211121222—10
Elliott.....1010211022— 7 Campbell.....0120202212— 7
Parmalee.....1112?11012— 9

TARGET EVENTS.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Grim | 4 | 9 | .. | 15 | 9 | 9 | 11 | 19 |
| Frazier | 3 | .. | .. | 13 | 6 | 10 | .. | .. |
| Budd | 6 | 9 | .. | 12 | 10 | 8 | 12 | 19 |
| McBride | 3 | .. | .. | 12 | 8 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Rex | 3 | .. | .. | 15 | 10 | 8 | 13 | 19 |
| Lot | 7 | .. | .. | 15 | 9 | 7 | 11 | 16 |
| Read | 5 | 6 | 7 | 13 | 8 | 8 | 14 | 17 |
| Whitney | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Elliott | 6 | 10 | 8 | 14 | 10 | 7 | 15 | 18 |
| Parmalee | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 10 | 10 | 14 | 18 |

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tucker | .. | 6 | 6 | 13 | 9 | 9 | 13 | .. |
| Georgesou | .. | 6 | 5 | .. | 9 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Sanford | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. |
| F Cam'b'll | .. | 8 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. |
| Bruce | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. |
| Roy | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | .. |
| Fagan | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 |
| Converse | .. | 7 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| C Cam'b'll | .. | 5 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |

C. W. Budd.

## Columbus Day at Claremont.

The members of the New Jersey Shooting Club and a number of their friends enjoyed Columbus Day in a sociable manner on the suburban shooting grounds at Claremont, near Communipaw. The grounds of the club have been greatly improved of late and are now in good condition for live bird as well as target events. The old marsh in front of the club house has been partly filled in and a 50yds. boundary marked by a 2ft. wire fence.

The day was a good one for live birds, but when it came to shooting bluerocks the high wind cut up such antics that clean scores were at a premium. The attendance was fair, among those present being R. H. Breintnall, W. R. Hobart and Ferd. Van Dyke, of Newark; F. G. Moore, W. F. Compson and J. H. Richmond, of New York; E. E. Bigoney, of Bayonne; Neaf Agpar, of Plainfield; George Baldwin, of St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. F. S. Horton and Dr. R. H. Mason, of Peekskill; F. S. Simpson and "Uuncle Billy" Hughes, of Jersey City and Al. Heritage of the same town; M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, and last, but not least, a 16-bore Parker gun behind which was A. W. Du Bray, the popular Southern gun salesman. Mr. Du Bray had just run up from Washington where we left him at midnight on Thursday in company with "Tee Kay" Keller. The opening events were at live birds, the birds being of fairly good quality. The high wind assisted them in their flight and made some of them veritable "screamers." Nevertheless the scores were fully up to the average. The events in order were as follows: No. 1, 7 birds, $5 entry, two moneys, 21yds, boundary; No. 2, 10 birds, $10 entry, three moneys, 50yds, boundary; No. 3, 7 birds, $7 entry, 80yds. boundary, three moneys; No. 4, 10 birds, 80yds. boundary, $10 entry, three moneys. The scores:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hobart | 1110101—6 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Moore | 1111112—7 | 1210211111—9 | 1221112—7 | 1021101001— 7 |
| Quail | 1111102—6 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Breintnall | 2221220—6 | 2212011120—8 | 1212120—6 | 1100101112— 7 |
| Compson | 2120101—5 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| George | 1201021—5 | 1110100021—6 | 2221211—7 | 2220211112— 9 |
| Van Dyke | 2120021—5 | 1211100100—6 | ..... | ..... |
| Kettle | ..... | 2012011102—7 | 0120210—4 | 2122212111—10 |
| Du Bray | ..... | 1120211122—9 | 1111102—6 | ..... |
| Lindsley | ..... | 2011112122—9 | 1111220—6 | 1202202011— 7 |
| Hughes | ..... | 1111211110—9 | ..... | 1121122121—10 |
| Richmond | ..... | 1000211211—7 | 2111111—7 | 2120221102— 8 |
| Baker | ..... | ..... | 0210201—4 | ..... |
| Schortemeier | ..... | ..... | 2171211—7 | 2111202110— 8 |
| Perkins | ..... | ..... | 1201112—6 | 2211102112— 9 |
| Vincent | ..... | ..... | 0111120—5 | 0212022200— 6 |
| Fessenden | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1001211111— 9 |
| Simpson | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1011121121— 9 |

In the second event "Uncle Billy" Hughes had hard luck in losing his tenth bird, which, although mortally wounded, was driven over the line by the stupidity of the boy who was retrieving. The bird fell within a couple of feet of the boundary, and the boy, instead of approaching him from the outside did so from the inner field. As he reached for the bird it made a dying effort and fluttered over the boundary, where it was found dead.

The live-bird traps were now removed, and the party spent the rest of daylight in smashing bluerocks, the scores of the various events being appended:

No. 5, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance:

Shorty.....111101111111010—11 Compson.....1011711100011011—11
Perkins.....1111101001100111—10 Van Dyke.....1111111101110111—13
Moore.....1010011111111000— 9 Smith.....1111101010001111—11
DuBray.....0101111010011000— 8 Hobart.....0100011111111000— 9
Simpson.....1010111101111112 Seymore.....1010111001111011—11
Breintnall....0101111101111001—12 Baker.....1111010111101111—12
Jones.....0000000001001111— 5 Horton.....1111010111111010—11
Kittle.....1111111111101111—14 Richmond.....1111101111111001—12
Richmond.....0011111111101112 Mortimer.....0101101111101011—10
Apgar.....1111111111111110—14 Apgar.....1111111111111110—14

No. 6, 20 singles, $1 50 entrance:

W Smith .1111011101011111101—16 Breintnall1111111111111111011—19
Van Dyke.1010111111111111011—17 Mortimer.0110010101011111111—13
Fessenden0000001100000000000—4 Horton...0110101111110111011—15
Kittle....1111111000101111010—14 Richmond1111101111111001111—17
G V Smith1111010110101011111—14 Seymore..0010011111111111110—15
Shorty....1111000110011111110—15 Compson..1110000101010100101—11
Apgar.....1011111101111101011—16 Perkins...1110110111111000w
Baker....1001010101001110011—11

No. 7, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance:

Kittle.....1010010010110111— 9 DuBray.....1100011111111111—12
Van Dyke...1111111111111111—15 Breintnall....1111111101111111—14
Smith.....1111111111111110—14 Baker.....1010110001100101— 8
Shorty.....0111100101011111—11 Richmond....1111111110111111—13
G V Smith....1111001101111001—10 Horton.....0111111101111110—12
Apgar.....1111111111111111—15 Mortimer....1010101000110110— 8

No. 8, 15 singles, $1 50 entrance:

W Smith.....1111101011111111—13 Breintnall ....1011111111111111—14
Van Dyke...1111111111111111—15 DuBray.....1010011111110110—10
Shorty.....1010100011711011—10 Richmond....1110111011110011—11
Kittle.....0001111010111110—10 Baker.....1011110110101110—10
Apgar.....1111111010111111—13

C. H. Townsend.

## Blooming Grove Park.

The closing meet for 1892 took place Oct. 15 to 17. The gathering was large, and the contests were exciting, as the younger shots made good scores, pushing onward and upward, and in some cases the crack shots were so handicapped as to be out of the race. Every one was in the best of spirits, and with the glorious mild days, perfect clear sky and grand foliage of the forest, nothing more satisfactory could have been wished for. The various scores are added:

Live bird contest, subscritpson cup, 25 birds, ties at 3 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bacon | 22 | Fairchild | 19 McCoon 16 |
| Worthington | 24 | Willigerod | 14 Decker 19 |
| Loomis | 24 | Foot | 19 Smith 15 |
| Breintnall | 24 | McKeever | 19 Keyes 12 |
| Lawrence | 23 | Engle | 20 Green 22 |
| Kennedy | 19 | Nash | 19 Cromelin 18 |
| Ells | 13 | | |

Shoot-off: Worthington 3, Loomis 2, Breintnall 1. Cup won by Worthington.

Clay bird contest, 25 birds, ties at 5 clays, handicap 10 to 19yds., one trap 14 to 18yds., three traps unknown angles, winner to go back 2yds. each time:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lawrence (20yds) | 18 | Smith (15) | 19 Kennedy (12) 22 |
| Loomis (18) | 19 | Foot (14) | 14 Ells (12) 18 |
| Engle (16) | 12 | Gunther (14) | 10 Bacon (12) 22 |
| Green (16) | 15 | McKeever (14) | 10 Decker (12) 15 |
| Breintnall (18) | 17 | Worthington (16) | 15 Eastman (12) 15 |
| Cromelin (18) | 14 | Nash (14) | 8 |

Kennedy won on shoot-off.

Decker Rifle Cup, 200yds, off-hand, open sights, Creedmoor target, 10 shots, each contestant handicapped to equal or beat his best record:

| | Score. | Record. | | Score. | Record. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cromelin | 36 | 30 | Bacon | 28 | .. |
| Eddy | 33 | .. | Gunthur | 38 | .. |
| Loomis | 39 | 40 | Kennedy | 33 | 33 |
| Lawrence | 38 | 41 | Nash | 39 | 37 |
| Decker | 34 | 35 | Foot | 39 | 39 |
| Keyes | 42 | 41 | Engle | 38 | 38 |
| Eastman | 29 | .. | McCord | 37 | 15 |
| McCoon | 9 | 20 | Ells | 31 | 26 |
| Smith | 36 | 33 | Barlow | 28 | . |
| Post | 32 | 36 | | | |

Prize won by Keyes.

Rifle contest, two classes, 200yds, off-hand, open sights, 10 shots, Creedmoor target, ties 5 shots, 12 entries, handicapped to beat best record:

Class A.

| | Score. | Record. | | Score. | Record. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lawrence | 40 | 41 | Engle | 36 | 33 |
| Keyes | 40 | 41 | Nash | 34 | 37 |
| Loomis | 32 | 40 | Post | 29 | 36 |
| Foot | 39 | 39 | Nash | 34 | 37 |

Foot won.

Class B.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Decker | 34 | 35 | McCoon | 12 | 20 |
| Smith | 29 | 33 | McCord | 15 | 15 |
| Kennedy | 37 | 33 | Gunthur | 24 | 24 |
| Cromelin | 33 | 30 | Fairchild | 24 | 24 |
| Green | 22 | 21 | Eils | 31 | 31 |
| McKeever | 13 | 21 | Worthington | 31 | .. |

Kennedy won.

## Ephrata Guns.

The members of the Ephrata, Pa., Gun Club, held a special meeting Oct. 15, to shoot at flying targets thrown from half a dozen traps. The following parties enjoyed the sport and made scores as follows:

Sharp.....1111111101 1111101111 1111111111—28
0111111111 1111111011 1011111011—26
Winters.....1101111111 1111001101 1111110111—26
1111101100 1111001101 0101110111—24
Stroble.....0111101110 0011011110 1111111101—22
1101110010 0011011110 0011100110—18
Pearsol.....1000111101 1100110100 1011100101—17
1101110011 0101111101 1011100101—17
Bickley.....1101111111 1111111110 1111111011—27
1101100111 1010101111—14
Bixler.....1011111111 0111101110 0101111110—22
1100111101 1110111111—16
Krouse.....1110011011 1011011110 1101100111—21
0011111111 0001011111—14
Heinaman.....00000 1001010110 1110101011—12
Urich.....1101111011— 8

The club will hold its regular meeting next Saturday afternoon.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club claims June 12 to 16, 1893, inclusive for the annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, to be held on their grounds. The Rochester hustlers have already begun active work and have secured the Rochester Driving Park, which affords ample room, and are easily reached by two electric railway lines, cars running every five minutes. There is a good hotel on the grounds. They have also arranged that the convention meeting shall be held in Royal Arcanum Hall, a large, well-appointed and finely ventilated room. The club has decided to charge only 3 cents each for all targets used during the 1893 tournament. The Rochester boys intend to hustle steadily from now until next June and to have an annual tournament that will eclipse anything previously undertaken.

### The West Side Trap League.

THE West Side Trap League of Long Island finished its series of five shoots on Thursday, Oct. 20, at the West End grounds, Coney Island. It was merely a match between the Atlantic and Coney Island Rod and Gun Clubs as to which should take the first and second prizes. The former led at the start by one bird, and increased on the lead in the last match by four more, winning by a total aggregate score of 439 to 434. The score of shoots:

| Atlantic. | | Coney Island. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R. Droyer | 1121122111—10 | J. A. Eppig | 2221202101— 7 |
| C. Morris | 2122211111—10 | J. Hyde | 1210122212— 9 |
| D. Deacon | 2211010111— 8 | J. Schmadeke | 0022111111— 8 |
| D. Bennett | 1001112121— 8 | W. Lair | 1221211122—10 |
| D. Monsees | 1212121122—10 | C. Detlefsen | 1222111221—10 |
| C. M. Meyer | 1222211211—10 | C. Plate | 1811121111—10 |
| J. B. Voorhees | 2111110100— 8 | Northridge | 1111201111— 9 |
| C. Johnson | 2111101111— 9 | J. Schmadeke | 1101111001— 7 |
| D. Monsees | 1212121121—10 | C. Plate | 1021111111— 9 |
| C. Morris | 2222220112— 9—92 | C. Detlefsen | 2222220212— 9—88 |
| Fountain Gun Club. | | Erie Gun Club. | |
| H. Blattmacher | 0011022101— 6 | M. Elssasser | 2201010032— 5 |
| A. Crook | 1011212202— 8 | M. McLaughlin | 2100111111— 8 |
| C. W. Wingert | 1111111112—10 | W. Hartye | 2102011201— 7 |
| J. E. Orr | 2222112110— 9 | H. Dohrman | 1220220212— 8 |
| C. White | 1112011011— 8 | F. Guff | 0122121211— 9 |
| W. Laine | 0001001120— 4 | J. A. Still | 0002101122— 6 |
| Dr. Schwartz | 1111121011— 9 | Schmadeke | 1111211011— 9 |
| A. Eddy | 1110201011— 7 | C. Englebrecht | 1111112221—10 |
| C. Wingert | 1111111111—10 | M. Hayden | 2002010110— 5 |
| Dr. Schwartz | 1111122111—10—81 | F. Ibert | 1210211100— 7—74 |

### Jeannette Gun Club.

THE Jeannette Gun Club, of New York, held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Friday, Oct. 21. Fifteen members competed for the several class medals at 10 birds each. C. Meyer won the first with a straight score of 10, H. Hoop the second with 9 and C. Loeble the third. The scores:

Club shoot for medals:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Offerman | 1001210011—6 | A Christen | 2111220110— 8 |
| H Otten | 0211102012—7 | T Rothnan | 1020102220— 6 |
| C Loeble | 1211112010—8 | C Meyer | 2111122111—10 |
| C Dish | 2111100002—6 | J H Krager | 1021112210— 8 |
| C Doscher | 0012001210—5 | R Hurshfeld | 0121010011— 6 |
| C Cordts | 1021002212—7 | F Reishardt | 0010211012— 6 |
| R Busse | 1120112201—8 | M Meyer | 1210010100— 5 |
| H Hoops | 0112112112—9 | | |

Two sweepstakes of 3 birds each:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heye | 001—1 011—2 | Otten | 011—2 110—2 |
| Rothnan | 110—2 111—3 | C Meyer | 111—3 110—2 |

### The Emerald Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Oct. 18. Two elegant gold medals are placed in competition by the club. The classes A1 and A striving for the premier trophy, while classes B and C contended for the other. Of the twenty and odd competitors of to-day in the different classes of the Emerald Gun Club, the 30yds. men are designated as Class A1, Class A standing at 28yds., Class B at 25yds. and Class C at 21yds, irrespective of bore of gun. The Class A1 men have already each won a Class A medal, and are therefore handicapped the extra two yards in distance and must also win the Class A trophy four times, to the 28yds. men thrice in order to retain it as personal property, the last winning necessitating the use of the first barrel mostly, as the second barrel counts but one-half bird in the total. Messrs. Doemick, Remsen and Dr. Hudson, of Class A, having won it twice each and Messrs. Voss and Schortemeier, Class A1, three times, each succeeding contest now becoming of greater interest. As seen by the scores, ex-President Regan shot out Nick Maesel on the tie and retains the Class B medal. All contestants excepting Class C men shoot from five traps, unknown trap to be pulled as designated by the indicator. Class C shoot from known traps and the scores generally show that all of the members are properly handicaped. Then taking under consideration that the butt of the gun must be held strictly below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, a 70 per cent. average of kills for the year is equal to fully 85 per cent. when shot under the rules which allow the gun to be placed to the shoulder when calling "pull." At the last Dexter Park trophy contest the team was short five of their best men, the scores of that day showing the Emeralds at the bottom of the list, but with the absent five of last time, Messrs. Cassebeer, Elliott, Simpson, Knowlton and Quimby in the team at the final contest for the trophies on Nov. 15, the Emerald Gun Club may do somewhat better than the elegant aggregate of 76 out of 100 their team scored the last time.

Regular club shoot for medals:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R Regan | 2121202222— 9 | E Doeinck | 1211111101— 9 |
| P Butz | 1111201230— 8 | A Henry | 1211111212—10 |
| Dr Klein | 0002000002— 2 | J McDonough | 0002000100— 2 |
| Dr Hudson | 1212010009— 5 | T F Russell | 0220001212— 6 |
| C Maesel | 2111210212— 7 | H Thau | 0101121110— 7 |
| J Maesel | 2111210212— 9 | Q C Gehring | 1122111101— 9 |
| Dr Leveridge | 1202222120— 8 | P Fitzgerald | 1022002010— 5 |
| J H Voss | 0222122021— 8 | C Swindell | 2110101010— 6 |
| T Cody | 0000021000— 2 | M Quinn | 1000100001— 3 |
| W Hogan | 1120110000— 5 | A Maesel | 1011111221— 9 |
| G Remsen | 1211220122— 9 | J Horn | 2100100111— 6 |
| G H Moore | 1020101001— 5 | | |

Sweepstake, $1 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H C Gehring | 21202—4 | T F Russell | 12200—3 |
| N Maesel | 11121—5 | Dr Leveridge | 12110—4 |
| J H Vose | 11211—5 | M Quinn | 11002—3 |
| G Remsen | 01000—1 | R Regan | 12221—5 |
| Dr Hudson | 02122—4 | W Hogan | 12222—5 |
| E Doeinck | 21101—4 | A Blinn | 11111—5 |

### Falcon Gun Club.

THE members of the Falcon Gun Club turned out for the first time in several months up to their club limit on Thursday, Oct. 20, ten members competing at 10 birds each, from H and T traps, under modified Long Island rules, bird killed with second barrel to count as a half bird. H. Miller just managed to outshoot Pop Van Stader, another seventy-year-old wing-shot, by a half point. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| G Voeze | 1111110020—6½ | J Hermann | 1101022011—6 |
| J Moller | 1021112111—8 | H Van Staden | 1111111110—9 |
| J Meyer | 2202101122—5½ | C Doscher | 0110202010—4 |
| J Bohling | 1011201001—5 | J Isenman | 0220202021—3½ |
| H Miller | 1111101111—9 | C Moller | 1100122211—6½ |

### New York German Gun Club.

THE members of the New York German Gun Club held their last outing at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Oct. 19. P. Garms, Sr., a veteran of over 70 years of age, made a score of 8, tieing J. Wellbrook and H. Thomford. On the shoot-off the veteran missed his seventh bird and lost. H. Thomford won the club's medal for the season's shooting. The score for club's gold medal:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F Sauter | 1121202—6 | J Klein | 0012201—5 |
| J Wellbrook | 1112111—8 | J Goerlitz | 2110110 1—6 |
| P Garms, Sr | 1111112—8 | M Ahles | 0200211 1—5 |
| J Frazer | 2220010 1—5 | A Lucas | 2101100 0—4 |
| P Garms, Jr | 1110200—5 | G Stradtman | 1012012 3—6 |
| J Boseuecker | 1010121 1—6 | V Loewer | 1111101 0—6 |
| H Thomford | 1112121 2—8 | J Steinagel | 1110120 1—6 |
| M Bonden | 1000120 2—4 | J Johannes | 0110120 2—5 |
| J Schlicht | 0011121 0—5 | C Lemonie | 3110220 1—6 |
| J Busch | 2021011 1—6 | | |

Team shoot, 2 birds, losing side pay:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bosenecker | 11—2 | P Garms, Jr | 11—2 |
| Wood | 00—0 | P Garms, Sr | 02—1 |
| Schlicht | 11—2 | Lemonie | 10—1 |
| Loewer | 10—1 | Klein | 21—2 |
| Steinagel | 21—2 | Lucas | 00—6 |
| Sauter | 02—1 | Bonden | 02—1 |
| Thomford | 00—0 | Wellbrook | 11—2 |
| Frazer | 12—2—10 | Goerlitz | 00—0— 9 |

### Ridgewood Gun Club.

THE last shoot of the season by the members of the Ridgewood Gun Club was held on Wednesday, Oct. 19, at Richmond Park, L. I. John Schlieman won the medal for the second time, but S. C. Gehring holds the winning average of the season, 48 out of 50. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schlieman | 1111011—6 | H Weidman | 0000010—1 |
| C Deakelman | 1000100—2 | C Kadel | 1001111—5 |
| J Daly | 1000101—3 | F Ibert | 0111011—5 |
| B Guenche | 1101001—4 | G Durster | 0100011—3 |
| C Neigel | 0011011—4 | C Wagner | 0010100—2 |
| K Schneider | 1101000—3 | P Eppig | 0111100—4 |
| L C Gehring | 0101111—5 | C Laeger | 1001010—3 |
| I Martin | 1010011—4 | J Kraemer | 1011011—5 |
| C Noetes | 1001010—3 | | |

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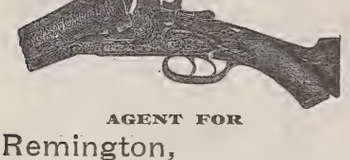
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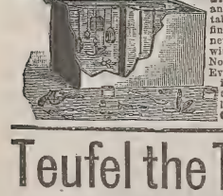
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Black brindle, perfect head and ears, grand body, bone and legs; superb coat. Winner of 12 first prizes and 5 specials, and twice winner of the 30 guinea Champion Cup in England, and first and special Boston, 1892.
Stud Fee $25.

**KILCREE.**
Born July 12, 1890. A.K.C.S.B. 26,242.
Sire Ch. "Kildee." Dam "Zembra."
Black brindle, perfect head and ears, grand body, bone and legs; splendid hard coat, and without exception one of the best Scotch Terriers living. Winner of 6 first prizes and 4 specials, including the 30 guinea Champion Cup in England.
Stud Fee $25.

**KILBAR.**
Born June 2, 1890. A.K.C.S.B. 22,573.
Sire Ch. "Kildee," Dam "Shiela."
Sandy brindle, good head and ears, grand body, legs and feet; splendid hard coat. Winner of 5 first and 3 second prizes.
Stud Fee $15.
HENRY BROOKS, West Medford, Mass.

**Champion Aristocrat,**
(21,064)
Winner of forty-five first and special prizes. The most successful stud dog of the day. Sire of Baronet, winner of forty prizes and specials, Lord Courteney, winner of 2d prize at the last St. Bernard Club show; also Aristos, winner of 1st at the great Kennel Club show, London. His last two litters numbered 11 and 10.

PUPPIES
by the great dog now for sale, dam by Champion Hesper.
DUTCHESS KENNELS, 1639 Third Ave., N. Y.
EDWARD BOOTH, Manager.

**REFUGE II.**
Winner of over forty prizes, including the *medal for the best stud dog*, Agricultural Hall, London, 1891. Fee $40.00.
Champion
**Kingston Regent.**
Fee, $35.00.
SEVERAL LITTERS SIRED BY THESE DOGS FOR SALE CHEAP.
NEW YORK ST. BERNARD KENNELS,
138TH ST. AND THE HUDSON RIVER.

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**Dandie Dinmonts**
IN STUD.
KING O' THE HEATHER (Mustard).
AMPHION (Pepper).
LAIRD O' THE HEATHER (Pepper).
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Hyde Park, Mass.

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**INCHIQUIN**
Imported. Has proved the most successful stock dog in America, who has only been 18 mos. in stud and has shown 1st prize winners at N.Y. and Boston. Sire of Avondale, winner 1st N. Y., 1st Washington, 1st Pittsburgh, only times shown. Sire of Minnie L. and Frank L., winners 1st and 2d at Boston. Sire of Maid of Borstal and Alice Kent, winners at all the large shows whenever shown. Puppies by this unequalled sire out of prize winning bitches, comprising the best blood both of Europe and America, constantly on hand. Stud fee, $25. Send for pedigree and cut. JOHN J. SCANLAN, P. O. Box 339, Fall River, Mass.

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Divided 3d, Southern Field Trials.
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The Corsair and Rod's Whim
AT STUD. Fee $35 and $25.
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**STUD DOGS:**
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(20 831). The greatest collie living. Fee $50. By Champ. Charlemagne—Champ. Flurry.
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Puppies always on hand.

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COLLIES AT STUD.
Christopher, - - $50.
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(Ch. Graphic—Lady Vinnie.)
**Champ. Ossining.**
(Ch. Robert le Diable—Countess Nellie D.)
For stud fee, list of winnings, etc., address WM. H. HYLAND, North Tarrytown, N.Y.


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A few fine puppies for sale. Prices low.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
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A native pointer dog, liver colored and 4yrs. old, at $35. Liver and white pointers, dog and bitch, by Ossian, 16,152—Maud N., 15,252, 6mos. old, dog and bitch, by Nutwood, 19,235—Fancy, 6,680, at $15 each. C. A. PAETZEL, Hope, Ind.

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For Sale—Some splendid St. Bernard bitches, by champion Plinlimmon, Alton, Scottish Prince, Lord Bute, Young Bute and Scottish Guide.
EDWARD BOOTH, 1639 Third ave., N. Y.

**TRAINED DOGS.**
Parties in want of good dogs for this season's shooting will do well to look over my stock before purchasing. Have some that are right in both pointers and setters.
GEO. W. LOVELL, Middleboro, Mass.






# CANADA LYNX.

(*Lynx canadensis.*)

# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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## *FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.*

### THE MINK.

THE little fur-bearer, whose color has been painted darker than it is, and singularly made his name proverbial for blackness, is an old but not so familiar an acquaintance of the angler and sportsman as he was of them and of the country boy of two score years ago.

It was a woeful day for the tribe of the mink when it became the fashion for other folk to wear his coat, which he could only doff with the subtler garment of life.

Throughout the term of his exaltation to the favor of fashion, he was lain in wait for at his own door and on his thoroughfares and by-paths by the traps, dead-falls and guns of professional and amateur trappers and hunters, till the fate of his greater cousin the otter seemed to overtake him. But the fickle empress who raised him to such perilous estate, changing her mood, thrust him down almost to his old ignoble but safer rank, just in time to avert the impending doom of extermination. Once more the places that knew him of old, know him again.

In the March snow you may trace the long span of his parallel footprints where, hot with the rekindled annual fire of love, he has sped on his errand wooing, turning not aside for the most tempting bait, halting not for rest, hungering only for a sweetheart, wearied with nothing but loneliness. Yet weary enough would you be if you attempted to follow the track of but one night's wandering along the winding brook, through the tangle of windfalls and across the rugged ledges that part stream from stream. When you go fishing in the first days of summer you may see the fruits of this early springtide wooing in the dusky brood taking their primer-lesson in the art that their primogenitors were adepts in before yours learned it. How proud one baby fisher is of his first captured minnow, how he gloats over it and defends his prize from his envious and less fortunate brothers.

When summer wanes, they will be a scattered family, each member shifting for himself. Some still haunt the alder thicket where they first saw light, whose netted shadows of bare branches have thickened about them to continued shade of leafage, in whose mid-day twilight the red flame of the cardinal flower burns as a beacon set to guide the dusky wanderer home. Others have adventured far down the winding brook to the river and followed its slowing current past rapids and cataract to where it crawls through the green level of marshes beloved of water fowl and of gunners, whose wounded victims, escaping them fall an easy prey to the lurking mink.

Here too in their season are the tender ducklings of wood-duck, teal and dusky duck, and all the year round, fat muskrats, furnishing for the price of conquest a banquet that the mink most delights in.

In the wooded border are homes ready builded for him under the buttressed trunks of elms or in the hollow bolls of old water maples, and hidden pathways through fallen trees and under low green arches of ferns.

With such a home and such bountiful provision for his larder close at hand, what more could the heart and stomach of mink desire. Yet he may not be satisfied, but longs for the wider waters of the lake, whose translucent depths reveal to him all who swim beneath him, fry innumerable, perch displaying their scales of gold, shiners like silver arrows shot through the green water, the lesser bass peering out of rocky fastnesses, all attainable to this daring fisher, but not his great rivals, the bronze-mailed bass and the mottled pike, whose jaws are wide enough to engulf even him.

Here, while you rest on your idle oar or lounge with useless rod, you may see him gliding behind the tangled net of cedar roots or venturing forth from a cranny of the rocks down to the brink and launching himself so silently that you doubt whether it is not a flitting shadow till you see his wake so silent that you wonder that it breaks the reflections lengthening out behind him.

Of all swimmers that breathe the free air none can compare with him in swiftness and in grace that is the smooth and even flow of the poetry of motion. Now he dives or rather vanishes from the surface, nor reappears till his wake has almost flickered out.

His voyage accomplished, he at once sets forth on exploration of new shores or progress through his established domain, and vanishes from sight before his first wet footprints have dried on the warm rock where he landed.

You are glad to have seen him, thankful that he lives, and you hope that, sparing your chickens and your share of trout, partridges and wild ducks, he too may be spared from the devices of the trapper to fill his appointed place in the world's wildness.

## *MR. DIXON'S ROBINS.*

REV. THOS. DIXON, JR., is a New York clergyman, who has attracted considerable attention by preaching on topics of the times. He has made local politics the subject of sensational sermons and has scored city officials unmercifully. Tammany Hall has been the principal object of his attacks, and not long ago he figured in a police court libel case brought against him by one of the Tammany excise commissioners.

For this reason, when, one day last week, Mr. Dixon, the champion of law and order, was intercepted by a Staten Island game constable, taken before a justice and compelled to pay a good fat fine for shooting robins contrary to the law, it was quite natural that the incident should promote public hilarity. The newspapers, Tammany and anti-Tammany alike, made the most of their opportunity to get in their digs at the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr. The wittiest reporters were sent to write up the Staten Island end of the affair; the editors discoursed solemnly on the enormity of the killing of song birds by a clergyman; the rival cartoonist held the clerical robin slayer up to public gaze, and the rhymsters sung of his exploits in most atrocious verse. In short, newspaper readers, and that means everybody, had a steady diet of Dixon robins, and the town has been pointing its finger at the unfortunate individual ever since.

This manifestation of public condemnation of the violation of the game laws is, as the advertisements put it, "grateful and comforting." Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that if Mr. Dixon had not made himself by his clerico-political activity a prominent mark for the newspapers, his robin-shooting would have been dismissed by the news editors in a four-line item.

Moreover, in fairness to Mr. Dixon it is to be said that he is only one of a multitude of gunners who have potted robins in the autumn without recognizing the heinousness nor even the impropriety of their act. As a matter of fact, until this year the robin has had official recognition as a game bird in the New York law, just as it has to-day in the laws of some other States, as Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland and North Carolina. Indeed there are sections of the country where the robin is best known not as a song bird, but as a component of potpies, and Mr. Dixon happens to have come from such a section of the country.

We take it, that Mr. Dixon's acquaintance with the robin of this latitude is confined to the wild creature of the October woods, which is not at all the domestic bird of the door-yard and orchard in spring and summer; and under these circumstances he might urge that, being unfamiliar with the robin of sentiment, he could not reasonably be expected to share that sentiment, which is the robin's best protection. But even this plea cannot excuse him.

For Mr. Dixon's chief offending, as we see it, is that as an intelligent individual, who by the obligations of his profession and walk of life is bound to conform to the laws and to set a good example, he has recklessly and ignorantly rushed into law breaking, when that very ignorance is in itself an aggravation of the offense. In these days of game protection and game laws, the very first duty of a thinking man, who proposes to go shooting or fishing, is to inform himself as to the legitimacy of his sports. In shooting the legal maxim that ignorance of the law excuses no man is doubly and trebly true. Mr. Dixon might readily have ascertained that robins were protected by the New York law of 1892, not as "song birds," but specifically as robins. Having failed to exercise ordinary discretion and to use the commonest caution in this respect, Mr. Dixon has richly deserved, as he would probably admit, all the unenviable notoriety given his Staten Island robin-shooting.

And then, Mr. Dixon is a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM; he told a *Times* reporter that he had bought a copy of this journal on his way down to Staten Island. Is this the fruit of our preaching all these years?

## *CARE OF LIVE GAME.*

FEW subjects present greater interest to the sportsman than the care of game birds in captivity and their transportation from one point to another. Over a large portion of the Eastern States game birds and quadrupeds are practically exterminated, and to obtain shooting without making long journeys, it is necessary that such depleted covers should be restocked.

To offer the greatest probabilities of success this work should be done on a considerable scale. Individual efforts toward restocking are constantly being made, and some of these are fresh in the minds of our readers; but nowhere has the work been conducted on so broad a platform as in Massachusetts under the wise care of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association's Committee on Acclimatization. Of this committee Mr. Henry J. Thayer is the secretary, and it has fallen to him to superintend much of the work. His experience in this field has thus been more extended than that of any other man in the country, and it is with great satisfaction that we present to-day his paper, entitled "Transportation and Care of Live Game."

The value of this article will be apparent to every one at all interested in the subject. Mr. Thayer wastes no words in glittering generalities but gives a column and a half of specific instruction, drawn from his own wide experience and covering no less than seven species of game, five of which are entirely new to the country in which they have been introduced.

As is very natural, the more we learn about this interesting subject the more we desire to know, and it is to be hoped that observations are being conducted in Massachusetts, which, in the course of a year or two, will tell us how these various species of wild birds have thriven. Of course a single failure—the entire disappearance of a lot of birds turned out—is by no means conclusive evidence that a particular species cannot be acclimated in a given locality. But there would be great encouragement in learning that any one of the species, not native to the region, which was turned out, had flourished and done well.

While Mr. Thayer has been doing the good work of writing this article for the benefit of his brother sportsmen he has suffered a severe misfortune in the burning of his camp at Monomoy, Massachusetts, and the consequent loss of gun, rifle, rods and canoe. Outside of the money loss involved most of us realize how serious a thing it is to lose one's old shooting implements, and we can sympathize with Mr. Thayer in his misfortune.

THE fund for the Audubon monument has been completed and it is stated that before long the stone will be in position and appropriate ceremonies for its dedication will take place. It has required years of time and a great deal of work to raise the amount of money neccessary for the erection of this monument, and all New Yorkers, as well as all lovers of nature, may congratulate themselves that the efforts of the various committees who had the matter in charge have at last been crowned with success. The stone is simple but effective, a base of granite shows a medallion of the great naturalist, and above this is a shaft of North River blue stone ending in a Runic cross, on which are carved some of the birds and animals which are inseparably connected with the name of Audubon.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

ONE day late in the fall of 1887 just before the first snow fall of winter, I left my husband's lumber camp to return to my home in the settlement, a distance of three miles through the woods, and as the afternoon was well advanced when I started, I knew that I must walk briskly to reach home before nightfall, for as I must ferry myself across the Penobscot River at a point where the water ran very swiftly, and the boat and oars all being well coated with ice, it would be unpleasant and perhaps dangerous to attempt to cross after night had fairly shut down. Realizing this I hurried along the path, over which I had been many times before.

At a distance of a mile and a half from the camp the path ran through a swamp that was now flooded with water from recent rains. At this point I was obliged to leave the path and go through the woods to avoid a slough that was about fifty rods in length. But I stepped boldly into the woods, never dreaming but that I should make connections all right and strike the road at a point below the slough.

After some minutes' rapid walking I found I was diverging from the right direction, but how much I could not tell. I should have reached the path by this time if I had kept the proper course, still I was not uneasy, for I thought surely a few moments more will bring me out to the path, or I shall find some indications of its being near, trusting to chance to guide me aright. I soon found myself in a dense thicket of alder bushes just high enough to reach a couple of feet above my head, and growing as thickly together as the quills on the back of a porcupine. It was impossible to see a rod clearly in any direction. Working my way slowly along, I at last got clear of the alders and found myself on more open ground. I could see off at my left a sharp narrow ridge which I recognized as a range of small hillocks called the "horse-back" which began on the east bank of the Penobscot, at a point near my home, and terminated ten or twelve miles to the east. I made my way toward this ridge, thinking that I could easily follow along its summit, which was in no place more than 100ft. across, and so reach home safely. But when I had gained the top of the ridge I found I had not the least idea in which direction to turn. Was the way home toward the right or toward the left? I did not know. My self-confidence now deserted me, and I was obliged to recognize the full grown startling fact that I was lost. Daylight had now entirely faded and the faint light afforded by the stars seemed only to make everything more indistinct. There was no wind moving, everything was sombre and still. As I stood there in the weird silence, a feeling of helpless, hopeless loneliness came over me impossible to describe. It is like no other sensation. It is not exactly fear, but a stupefying, unreasoning, withering dread of you know not what. The fact that it is entirely uncalled for—and as in my case there was no cause for fear—only makes it the more aggravating. I sat down on a fallen tree, resolved to conquer and banish this foolish, helpless feeling, and when I had so far succeeded as to be able to reason clearly, I made up my mind that I must stay in the woods all night sure. I knew no one would think of looking for me until the next day, for my husband would believe me safe at home, while those at home would think that I had concluded to stay at the camp, as I had often done. So there was nothing for me but to accept the situation with the best grace possible.

I always carry a revolver when walking in the woods, for I will confess to being terribly afraid of a bear. I am sure I don't know why I should be so much afraid of them, for I consider the common black bear quite harmless unless attacked, and the black bear is the only sort found in this vicinity. I have seen them quite frequently in my rambles in the woods and have sometimes been quite near them, but they always seemed to be as anxious to increase the distance between us as I was, and that is saying a good deal. In taking my revolver from my pocket to examine and reload it if necessary I found two bunches of matches, placed there for safe keeping by some one while my jacket hung on the wall in the camp. With the revolver and matches in my possession I began to think my situation not so bad after all. I could now build a fire and, I believed, get through the night with some degree of comfort.

I now began to look about for something with which to build my fire and some suitable place in which to build it. Walking along a few rods I found a pine tree lying on the ground that had evidently been shattered by lightning. It gave a royal heap of kindling wood all ready for a match, which I was not long in applying. After my fire was well under way, and as the moon had now risen, I walked along the top of the ridge. Though determined not to lose sight of my fire, I was not satisfied with my accommodations for the night and still had a faint hope of finding something that would enable me to find my way out. The light from the fire would be visible a long distance, as there was nothing to intercept it. The undergrowth had been burned away years before, leaving here and there a dead tree, with the bark fallen off, standing white and ghostly in the moonlight. As I moved along slowly and cautiously for fear of stumbling, I suddenly heard a sound that fairly froze me. I knew what it was too well, I had often heard it before, but never when I was alone; it was the sound of some animals tearing rotten wood in search of insects. My old fear of a bear returned, reinforced by the hour, the place, and the fact that I was alone and lost in the woods. I could think of no other animal that procured its food in that manner or whose strength enabled him to rent and break wood with such violence.

After I had stood listening for perhaps five minutes, though it seemed five lifetimes, my mind began to take in the situation, and I thought that if I returned to my fire without disturbing this unseen terrorizer, I should be in a shiver of dread all through the long night, but if I went near him and frightened him, and I could see him run away as I felt sure he would, then I should have no more fear of him. So, by taking my courage in both hands and telling myself what a miserable coward I was, and how I should despise a man with no more physical courage than I was now displaying, I forced myself to advance steadily toward the sound, which still continued. I walked very softly, for I did not wish to frighten the creature before I had an opportunity to see him. I soon discovered him on the trunk of a leaning rotten stub quietly working away. He did not hear me come up.

The shadows prevented me at first from getting a fair view of him, but presently he slightly changed his position and turned his head and looked at me over his shoulder as I stood about twelve feet distant, and then, thank heaven! I saw it was not a bear. I was so overjoyed to find that it was not my special torment that the brute's round, glistening eyes and gleaming white teeth as he drew his upper lip back with a snarl, looked to me almost pleasant. It was a Canadian lynx. Those who have ever seen one of those cowardly creatures with its ugly, cat-like head, will agree with me when I affirm that this fellow was a scary-looking chap, as he gazed at me without moving a muscle. I was so intensely gratified to find that it was not a bear that had caused me such a wretched fright that for a moment I stood perfectly still, with no other feeling save that of thankfulness. Then, while the brute continued to gaze into my eyes the thought came to me that if I could shoot him I should have something to tell of, and perhaps it would not be unseemly to brag about it a very little, considering the circumstances. I knew it would be a difficult thing to do, owing to the uncertain light, but I determined to try it at any rate. Slowly moving my hand toward my pocket I drew out my revolver, and taking aim as well as I could at the broad forehead of the lynx, I fired. He sprang nearly five feet into the air and fell dead not more than three yards from my feet. The ball had penetrated his head just above the eye. It was a good shot and I was correspondingly elated with it.

Leaving my prize where it lay I retraced my steps a short distance, and, turning to the right, continued to make my way in the same direction in which I was walking when my "bear" drew my attention from all earthly concerns, and held it fixed exclusively on himself. After walking perhaps a mile, for I had little idea of distance and none of time, and I could just see a glimmer of light from the burning pine, I came to a break in my elevated roadway, a notch in the horseback—I knew of several such. I also knew that the lumber men sometimes made use of those natural gateways to pass through the horseback with their teams. And if there should prove on examination to be a path through this one I might yet reach a human habitation and not be obliged to pass the night in the woods. It was worth trying for, anyhow. Clambering down the steep side of the notch I reached the bottom, where it was so dark I could not see a yard before me, but a few steps brought me out into the moonlight, which was still insufficient to allow me to make a close examination of the ground. Lighting a match and holding it near the ground, I saw the prints of horses' hoofs plainly outlined in the soft earth. It being late at night I reasoned that the teams that had made these tracks were the last that had passed, and were on their way homeward, their destination being probably some camp in the vicinity. Lighting a match every few rods to make sure of the hoofprints, I traveled perhaps a mile, when I came in sight of a glimmer of light; drawing nearer I found it came from the window of a camp. I walked up to the front entrance, and, looking through the window, I saw a number of men mending their garments, making axe handles or playing checkers, but none whom I knew. I passed around to the back door, sure of finding the cook in this direction. I was cold, tired and hungry, and glad to find a warm place with people about me once more. I rapped on the door and it was opened by a stranger. A man who was reading at the table looked up as I came in. To my amazement it was my husband. The man who opened the door was the cook, the men who opened the front door were all well known to me, but I was so completely dazed, so lost as it were, that I did not recognize them. The next morning my husband accompanied me home, and then, after a long search, found and brought home my *loup cervier*, and I hope never again to be lost in the woods at night.

MAINE, 1892. M. A. P.

## THE PANTHER'S SCREAM.

"STANSTEAD" seems to think that it is a myth.

Possibly it may be, but if so it is a terribly realistic one when heard in the forest after night.

It might be almost impossible to prove that the panther has a demoniac yell, because it is always uttered in the silent watches of the night in the forests, on the inaccessible cliffs of the mountains, or under other conditions in which the animal cannot be seen.

And yet, that the panther does scream, the writer has no more doubt than he has of anything that is not demonstrable by ocular or other incontestible proof.

Did "Stanstead" ever hear the wailing of the wind as it shrieked at his window on a cold and blustering December night?

Doubtless, yes! But can he prove that it was the wind and not a "myth?" Did he see it when it rattled his casement and screamed its loud lament in the silent watches of the night?

Supposing that "Stanstead," on one of his rambles afield, should find a dog sitting close behind the mangled carcass of a sheep, so recently killed that the eye was not yet glazed, that the dog was busily engaged licking blood stains from his own breast and legs, with tufts of wool yet sticking between his teeth, would he, or would he not, firmly believe that the dog had been guilty of killing his own mutton?

Well, "Stanstead" could be no surer of the facts in either of these cases than the writer is that the panther *does* scream. It is not much of a story, but such as it is I give it.

It was away back "befo' the wah, sah!" in the summer of Lincoln's first campaign, I was spending my holidays with a young friend in Clinton county, N. Y. Poor fellow; he sprang to arms at his country's first call in the following year and died in the Chickahominy swamps. I was there at his invitation to join him in an outing in the Adirondacks. We went into the Saranac region and spent four weeks among the trout, and on our return made arrangements to return in late October for a week's deer hunting.

The time came around, and I returned to keep my appointment. I found that Charley (that was my young friend's name) had all arrangements made and had engaged an old deer hunter of great local fame, to accompany us on our trip.

I will not linger over details, but will come down to the night on which I got into a cold "funk" while watching a deer lick.

We had been in the woods for a week and had met with but poor luck. The dogs had started a number of deer, but we somehow always got on the other runway from that which they took. Our guide had succeeded in killing two, but Charley and I had neither of us got a shot. Our youthful hopes had been gradually dissipated and we had got restless under our bad luck and wanted to return home. The guide finally suggested that we should watch a couple of licks that he knew of at some distance from camp.

This we agreed to do, and taking our blankets with us to wrap up in for warmth, we set out before dark and he placed us separately at the licks, about a mile apart, and returned to camp, giving us the bag to hold on the snipe hunt.

Confound his old picture! I know now that he had been playing us for suckers all the way through, sending us where he knew we would do no good, only to scare up game for him to shoot at, and taking advantage of our youthful enthusiasm to get all the easy work of camp and make us do the hard and rough.

The only reason why he sent us to the licks was to make us so tired and sleepy the next day that we would not want to start for home.

He got fooled, though, that trip, for by sheer good luck I killed a beautiful buck stone dead in his tracks, before I had sat there for half an hour. It was pitch dark before I got his entrails out, and gathering the material for a good fire I piled them up ready to ignite should it get too cold before morning, and rolling myself up in the blankets with my head pillowed on the buck's neck and my gun under the blankets by my side, I fell fast asleep.

It was past midnight when I awoke.

I can scarcely call it awaking, for I just suddenly changed from a condition of sound and dreamless slumber to a perfect consciousness of all my surroundings, and that a chill of nameless dread and terror was clogging the blood in my veins, and that I was in some terrible danger.

I threw the blankets back, grabbed my gun and fired it off into the darkness, without realizing what I was doing, and then, with trembling hand, struck a match and started my fire.

As the first fitful flashes illumined the surrounding gloom, my fear passed away, and I laughed at myself for my silly terror.

In a few moments I lay down again, and was becoming gradually drowsy as I watched the sparks from my fire, and the swaying of the leaves overhanging it, as they tossed about in the ascending current of hot air.

Suddenly, from the depths of the forest, there burst upon the silence a wailing cry, such as I had never heard before, but which I knew at once to be a panther's voice from descriptions of those who had heard it. To say that I was frightened is hardly needful. I was not only frightened, I was in a blue funk. The forest shades became peopled with crouching, slinking forms, with baleful eyes and glistening teeth, and I crouched with my back to the fire, and followed with straining eyes the flickering of the shadows among the trees.

Again, upon the shuddering air came that cry, like a human voice in despairing agony. Strange to say, this second cry served to dispel a great part of my fear, and I arose and replenished the fire. From that time until morning I sat with my gun across my knees, keeping a sharp lookout, but not really afraid. Remember, friends, I was only 18, and a youth of that age is apt to get pretty badly rattled under more favorable conditions than those.

As soon as objects were fairly discernible in the gray dawn, I raced into camp, routed old "Gash," the guide, out of his blankets, got the dogs, and ran back to my deer.

The instant the dogs arrived they took the scent, and went baying over the very locality where the yells came from during the night, and soon passed out of hearing up the mountain side. We followed as fast as we could in the direction they had taken and in half an hour could hear them again. They had found and treed the creature and in a few moments we came up to him lying out upon the limb of a great birch tree, looking down calmly at the baying dogs.

A shot from each of our rifles tumbled him dead upon the ground. We measured him as he lay, and from tip to tip he was just 9ft.

He was a male and a beauty, and had his skin not been spoiled in the dressing I think it would still ornament some corner of the old homestead as a remembrance of the boy who early left the old home nest.

Well, we skinned him and returned to get my deer and pack him to camp.

We examined the ground carefully around the scene of last night's adventures, and found where the animal had completely encircled the spot where the deer and I lay, coming in one spot to within 20ft. of me.

I believed then, and believe now, that it was only my providential awakening and firing the gun that kept the creature from springing upon me.

The tracks of all four of his feet could be plainly seen in the soft earth, planted close together, and firmly sunk in the ground, as though they had been imbedded by the rocking motion that cats give themselves before they spring in order to obtain firm footing.

It may be that he would have sprung upon the carcass of the deer instead of upon me, but I don't believe it. I think he knew perfectly well that the deer was dead, but that there was something else there that wasn't.

On our return to camp we found Charley had breakfast ready and impatient of our delay. He had seen no deer, and had heard nothing during the night. In fact, I always thought, although he never acknowledged it, that he soon went to sleep upon his watch and never woke up till morning.

Such are the grounds upon which I base my firm belief in the panther's yell.

If the sounds I heard that night were the products of the imagination, or the "howlet's dismal cry," then they fitted in remarkably close with the facts.

Perhaps it was the voice of the *loup garou?*

CALIFORNIA, October. AREFAR.

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"This must be a fine stream for trout," said a pedestrian to a man who was fishing. "I think so, too," said the angler, "for I have been fishing here for an hour and can't get one to leave it."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

# Natural History.

## CANADA LYNX IN MAINE.

BETWEEN 1840 and 1850 Canada lynxes were more common in the woods of Maine than foxes are to-day, especially in the northern sections of Oxford, Franklin and Somerset counties, in this State. In 1840 the Hudson Bay Company exported to Europe seven or eight thousand skins from British America. But they have decreased to such an extent that a trapper seldom sees a sign of them nowadays.

The Canada lynx is about 3ft. in the length of the body, standing 21in. high. It has a round head like our domestic cat, but much larger. Its fur is long and soft, and, when prime, of a beautiful stone-gray color along its sides, and mixed on its back, with long hairs tipped with black, and under its body is white, beautifully mottled with black spots. Its ears stand erect and are quite conspicuous, being tipped with a tuft of black hair, and on either side of its lower jaws is quite a bunch of gray hair, mixed with black. Its tail is about 4in. long, tipped with black. In summer time the lynx has quite a different appearance, being of a reddish-brown color.

The eye of the lynx is very large, round and bright, and is capable of staring at you for a long time, and it was believed by the ancients that they could see through opaque bodies, and even through a stone wall; hence an old expression, lynx eyed, to represent keenness of sight. Another fable was that their water, or urine, contained a valuable stone called *lapis lincurius*.

The early French writers ascribe to the lynx that habit of stretching their length on the limb of a tree and waiting for deer to pass under them, when they drop upon them, tear their throat and drink their blood. The late John M. Wilson, Esq., a surveyor of the Rangeleys, told me he once saw a lynx on the limb of a large tree directly over his head, but as he passed quickly and quietly along the creature did not move from its position, but eyed him with a steady gaze until he was out of reach.

The French give it the name of *loup cervier* or deer-wolf, which is vulgarized to *lucivee*; it is also called bob cat on account of the shortness of the tail.

The lynx is a good swimmer, taking to the water naturally in the summer season. They will cross lakes miles in width and swim as fast as a good canoe man can paddle. They are infested by fleas in fearful numbers, and woe to the hunter who lugs one home on his back. The lynx is as ferocious a beast as exists in the wilds of Maine. I have often said I would sooner attack a black bear single handed than a lynx. It is impossible to tame or domesticate them. The natural yellow of their eye will grow light and silvery by eyeing the living animal and waiting awhile for it to grow mad; it will soon appear like livid fire, and it would challenge the nerve of a strong-minded hunter to look them out of countenance. It is my opinion that this animal seldom, if ever, attacks a man when enjoying the freedom of nature, but if cornered and unable to escape no doubt would defend itself to the finish.

In the year 1851 the late L. F. Durkee, Esq., of Magalloway, killed one of these animals in the deserted house on Richardson Farm, Mollychunkemunk Lake, with a club; it happened in this wise: Mr. Durkee entered the house through the woodshed, and a large male lynx ran ahead of him into the house. Mr. D. followed, taking a stick of wood in his hand. Getting cornered in the pantry the lynx faced about for a spring, when a lucky blow with the club of wood settled the skirmish.

Mr. Robert Torrey, of Cambridge, Mass., with a party of young men on a hunting expedition to the Rangeleys, camped one night at Upper Dam before the lodging conveniences were built there, and in the night time were awakened by one or more lynxes creeping around very near the sleepers, and it was not until a bright light was made and firearms were resorted to and a big rumpus made, that the lynxes departed.

In 1842, when I first arrived at the Rangeley Lakes with my traps for trapping operations in the then extremely wild and unexplored wilderness, game of all kinds was abundant, especially fur-bearing animals. Prominent among the latter was the lynx; so plentiful were they that one could not cross a lake or enter the thick woods in winter without seeing their tracks in the snow. They often traveled in squads of from two to five, following the shore of the lake, or on the river bank, or through thick swamps and over high mountains. They were quite a formidable beast of prey, subsisting on young deer, hares, grouse or any other luckless animal they could capture. There was a bounty on their heads, and the pelts brought a good price in the market, so my first attention as a trapper was given to them.

They would screech fearfully when in a trap and could be heard for miles, and were frightfully savage, especially when first captured, and being as large as a large hound dog, we felt compelled to approach them with caution. When startled they appeared as large as a deer, with head erect and fur puffed out, they looked grand and savage. They are able to leap fifteen feet on a level, but often when walking, stepped very short, only a few inches.

My second winter trapping in the Rangeleys I caught and shot forty-nine of these lynx—having all sorts of experiences with them. I would sometimes find them in the tops of the highest trees with the trap and a log, at which time it would tax my greatest skill to secure them. I had traps set on both sides of Mollychunkemunk Lake, so I could go up one way and down the other to tend to them. One day I tracked five coming through a swamp near Aziscohos Mountain. I followed them and they took to the lake, going down on the south side, and on my way home I got three of them.

I have sometimes caught them swimming the lake, when I could easily shoot them.

Lynxes exhibit as much inquisitiveness as a woman. They would come around my camping places nights, often screeching loud enough to raise the hat on one's head, and after I left camp they would scratch open the hot ashes and burn the hair from their feet, as well as steal whatever they wanted from the camp. In Maine this lynx feeds chiefly on the white hare (*Lepus americanus*), and in the capture of this animal they are very sly, creeping on a fresh track with the greatest caution, until within five, ten or fifteen feet of them. Then with a screech which paralyzes the game they make the fatal leap, almost certain to seize the rabbit.

They do not hide the remains of the animal as a dog would, but leave it partly eaten, for the next hungry creature that comes along. They prefer a warm dinner, but can be toled into a trap by a fish or the carcass of a bird or rabbit. They have no home, but are constantly traveling.

When they bring forth their young they usually make their nest in a hollow log or fallen tree and drop three or four kits at a litter, about the size of a wharf rat, of a brown color, spotted like a fawn.

About the year 1860 Professor Agassiz, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, at Cambridge, sent for me to come to him, which I did. He said he wished to arrange with me to procure for him specimens of all the wild animals in the State of Maine. He wanted them to exchange with the Paris Zoölogical Gardens and Museum, for articles and objects which could not be purchased with money. I asked him if he wanted a live skunk, he said a very "leetle" one! I procured that year, by my own hunting, about one thousand dollars worth of animals—from bears to mink—among which were many specimens of live lynx. I caught them in steel traps, and tended the traps daily. They usually got caught by the end of the toes, and the thick hair on the foot was such a protection that the trap did not injure them.

I had much trouble in learning the best way to carry them on my back, as they were very ferocious and would bite and tear fearfully with their claws, and I often had to carry them eight or ten miles through the wood.

One day I was traveling along the dense swamp below a pond with quite pack on my back and a small hatchet in my hand. It was the 6th day of May, but there was considerable snow on the ground, when without any warning a lynx leaped across my path within a few feet of my head and ran a few rods, then faced about, crouching in a position for a spring. I threw off my pack and then threw my hatchet at her, which went over her head and beyond her, upon which she ran away in the direction of the hatchet. I ran after her and picked up my hatchet, and followed her tracks on the run. I had not gone far before I came suddenly face to face with her, perhaps thirty feet away, and she was again in position to spring. This time I threw my hatchet with more precision, and hit her in the side, knocking her over. I ran to her and saw she was trembling fearfully. I felt for a string, but had none in my pocket. They were in my knapsack. I got out my pocket handkerchief and twisted it, and grabbed the cat to tie her legs, but she was reviving, and before I could tie her legs she became the liveliest corpse of the season and tore my clothes and flesh fearfully; but I had no thought of losing that $25, and by main force I tied one of her legs to a little tree. I then left her and went back to my knapsack and got a string I carried for the purpose, and cut a crotched stick, put the prongs over her neck, bringing her to the ground, and choked her until I could tie her legs together firmly. I then put her in a loose sack I carried for the purpose, and with a small cord tied to the lower and upper corners of the sack made a pack, putting it on my back, with the rope over my head and across my breast. I then found she would stick her claws and teeth through the bag and my coat and into my back. Then I broke evergreen boughs and placed them between the sack and my back. This worked well. I then had to carry the beast nine miles on my back through the woods home.

On my arrival at home in the dusk of evening, my family were in the front yard enjoying the beautiful balmy evening air. I asked one of my boys to bring a lantern, and I continued on to the barn a few rods away, and soon the lantern came and a friend who was plastering my house by the name of Charles Powers. We entered the barn and I closed the door behind me, which made the man suspicious, and he asked me what I had in my pack. I threw it off and untied it without answering, and out came the old lynx with two of her feet clear of the strings, and she jumped up with a loud spit, and up went Powers on to the scaffold 6ft. from the floor, without a thing to cling to. Nothing but fright could ever have helped a man to such a feat.

I put her in a box with slats over the top, and the next morning she had three little kits with her, one of which I have now in spirits. One I gave the Natural History Society of Portland, Maine, and one to the Cambridge Museum. The kits lived three days on cow's milk, but their mother would take no notice of them. They were armed with sharp claws and nice little teeth at their birth.

At one time I brought home a live lynx and put him in the box over night. Early in the morning I went to the barn to see how he was, and just as I opened the big door where the box was, one of my neighbors came along the road, and seeing me there he called in. He was a moderate sort of a man and had been an itinerent Methodist preacher, but was growing out of that. He was a great chewer of tobacco. He came up to me and shook hands and turned around and sat down on the cat-box. At that instant and quick as lightning the lynx struck his claws into the seat of his trousers and into his flesh, and at the same time giving one of his loudest spits and snarls. The man jumped nearly 2ft., holding on to the hinder parts of his trousers—the whole thing was so suddenly and neatly done that whenever it occurs to me even now, after forty years, I find myself laughing.

When the lynx strikes with its claws he does not hold his grip, but renews his strike. Of course when he strikes, you jerk back, and his claws being circular, they hold the flesh and it tears.

In tying a lynx's legs, it is impossible to touch them without his striking your hand with his claws, the only way to do is to make a slip noose or clove-hitch, hold it down close to his foot and drop it over, then draw it up, one foot at a time, while you have him on his back. I have captured one at night, and being too far from home had to camp out and take him the next day. In that case I take the lynx from the sack and hitch him in the opposite corner of the camp, and I have been startled almost out of my wits by suddenly waking and, before I could think where I was, seeing those two balls of fire staring at me, and sometimes the creature would give one of its most approved yells while I was quietly dreaming, and bring me out of my balsam bed all standing.

They are of the untameable, wild kind of creation. Never could an adult lynx be tamed, in my opinion, but a kitten might be, I think. I have sent many of them to Europe, but many die on shipboard—they become seasick and die in fits. This animal is now nearly extinct in the Rangeley lake country, but in the forties the woods were full of them.

I have trapped and killed several hundred of these lynx in the twenty five years spent in the early days of the history of the Rangeleys, when the wolf had driven the red deer from the State and moose occupied almost every mountain for their winter yards.

In those days it was a common occurrence to see almost every animal of the woods swimming the lakes, or meet them face to face in the forest.

BETHEL, MAINE. J. G. RICH.

## BOLDNESS OF THE CANADA LYNX.

THE following account of the boldness of the Canada lynx in winter was published in FOREST AND STREAM March 1, 1888, as a part of one of the series of Rock Climbers' letters. The time was the beginning of the previous winter, the place St. Mary's Lakes in northwestern Montana, and the people a little hunting party of four men who had been climbing the rough mountains in search of sheep, scenery, white goats, health, huckleberries and other things. The account is from the pen of our old correspondent, "Yo." He said: "The men hugged the fire pretty closely during these bitter cold days. A walk of two or three miles up or down or across the lake was all they ventured on, and no signs of game were seen. Now and then the track of a fox or a bay lynx would be seen, where these prowlers had passed along near the lake shore, hoping to surprise a wounded duck upon the beach, but of true game animals there were none about. There was no especial reason why the men should climb the mountains in such weather. They had plenty of wood and the greater part of three fat goats hung upon a tree within 3ft. of the door.

"One night this meat caused a little excitement in camp. It was perhaps two o'clock on a bright moonlight night, when Yo, who from some cause or other was half awake, heard a noise as of something falling, followed immediately by the sound of galloping quite near the tent. The first idea that flashed through his brain was that one of the horses had come up to the tent, knocked something over, and being frightened had galloped away. The dogs, however, at once set up a tremendous barking, and the sound of the retreating footsteps stopped so quickly that it was evident that no horse had made it. Thoroughly awakened, he raised himself on his elbow, just in time to see Jack getting up, and in a moment more the latter had stepped out of the tent and called out, 'Something has carried off a ham of meat,' then an instant later, 'Why, I see the darn thing there in the brush!' Yo rose and went to the door, and from the blanketed forms in the tent came the question, 'What is it?' and the recommendation, 'Shoot the darned cuss!' Jack reached into the tent for his gun, and both men cheered on the dogs who could be plainly seen against the white snow in the bushes dancing around a dark object sitting there. That the dark object was not at all disturbed either by their dancing or their furious barking was made sufficiently plain by its quiescent attitude, and the further fact that it was crunching the bones of the captured meat and was evidently making a hearty meal of it. At length, encouraged by cries of 'Sick him, Keno,' 'Go for him, Babbette,' the dogs mustered up pluck enough to rush in upon the creature, but they did not stay there long. The animal suddenly assumed enormous proportions, flew up in the air as if propelled by a mighty spring, and came down again on the back of the largest dog. The latter gave one wail of anguish, and stood not upon the order of his going, but fled at once out on the prairie 50yds. behind the tent, where he positively rent the air with his howls and yelps, while Babbette, who accompanied him, continued to bark in a half-hearted way, as if saying 'Come out here into the open, if you dare.' Meantime the creature had once more turned his attention to the meat.

"'Well,' said Jack, 'I guess he calculates he'll drive us out of camp, but we'll see first if we can't get that meat back.' He then fired four shots at the animal, which calmly went on with its meal until the fourth shot had been fired, when it again sprang into the air and bounded off into the deeper shadows of the brush. Jack stepped out to where the animal had been, picked up the ham, brought it back and hung it up in the tree, and then they went into the tent and crept into their blankets again. A good deal of speculation was indulged in as to what the animal was. That it was a cat of some kind was evident, and it had scarcely seemed large enough for a mountain lion. It was probably a wildcat or a Canada lynx, but all hands agreed that it had courage enough for a lion of the largest size.

"The next morning before breakfast Jack went out to where the meat had been brought from and returned with a little tuft of hair, gray, mixed with rufous, which had been knocked off by the ball and evidently belonged to a lynx or a wildcat. The depression in the snow where the animal had sat showed by its small size that it had not been made by a mountain lion. After breakfast Jack and Yo took their rifles and started out on the animal's track to see where it led to. It was readily followed, as it wound about through the thick willows, and about thirty steps from where it had left the meat was a bed where it had lain for some time, and in this bed was a drop or two of blood. Evidently it had not been much frightened by the row, and it was quite possible that they might come upon it anywhere. They followed the tracks very carefully, proceeding as noiselessly as possible, and stopping every few steps to look. When they had gone nearly 100yds., the tracks swerved suddenly to the right, and just as they had turned to follow them, Jack, who was ahead, made a motion with his hand and stopped, and Yo, stooping and looking under his arm, saw the animal not 20yds. away. It was lying in the sun at the foot of, and beyond, a great spruce tree, and only its hips were visible from behind the tree. Jack motioned to his companion to shoot, but before he could do so he was obliged to creep several yards to the right under the low spreading branches of a willow. This exposed nearly half the animal's side and the shot was fired as close to the tree as possible. At the report the animal gave a spring and stretched itself out on the snow in the death agony. It proved to be a Canada lynx of the largest size, and as it lay there, its thick legs terminating in huge paws armed with long claws, gave it a much more ferocious appearance than it was really entitled to. An examination showed that Jack's shot of the night before had grazed one of the forelegs, not penetrating the flesh,

but just knocking loose a little flap of skin, from which scratch a few drops of blood had flowed. This would, of course, entitle Jack to the skin, for by old-time hunters' law, established and sanctified by long custom, the first shot that draws blood is entitled to the hide and half the meat. They carried the carcass back to camp and skinned it."

## THE PANTHER'S SCREAM.

THE ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA, Fairmount Park, Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The discussion as to whether the so-called American panther does or does not scream, would be shorn of much of its length by reducing the negative statements to all that they, in the nature of evidence, can be—simple statements of the fact that the particular observer making them never heard a panther scream.

To all such I offer the assurance that if they will take up their quarters in any zoölogical collection containing living specimens of the species for such a length of time as the convenience of the animal may require, they will become sufficiently familiar with the sound to distinguish it from the voice of other beasts and birds, even when lying rolled up in their blankets in the frosty night air of the glorious Rockies.

The only question then remaining might be as to what is and what is not a "scream," and while the dividing line between discord and harmony may be somewhat loosely drawn, I venture the individual opinion that the term is peculiarly apt, when applied to the rather explosive, high-pitched and harsh voice of the puma.

ATHUR ERWIN BROWN.

### More About the Thread-Fin.

BY request Mr. R. V. R. Schuyler has furnished to the U. S. National Museum the following additional facts about the curious little fish mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM Oct. 27:

"The fish in question is unknown in this section, as the drawing in question was made from one of the first that was caught here (Biloxi, Miss.) The fishermen evidently surrounded a small shoal of these fish, as they had about two bushels of them.

"They were caught in a seine drawn over a very hard bottom, the water being about 5ft. deep. The fish were all of a size and all exactly alike. The weather was very warm when they were taken. I showed a couple of them to a number of gentlemen, but no one could tell anything about the fish. Small as they were, they were put on strings and shipped to New Orleans."

When Hornaday was in Borneo he collected a species of thread-fin in fresh waters which had the lower rays of the breast fin remarkably prolonged, their length being several times the length of the body. These separate threads are organs of touch, and can be moved independently of the pectoral fins. Many species of thread-fin are known.

### The Fall Migrations.

THE CEDARS, Oakdale, L. I., Oct. 29.—Sunday, Oct. 23, opened bright and beautiful, and was ushered in by an avalanche from the north of all varieties of warbles. Never in my residence of over twenty-five years on Long Island, have I witnessed such a migration of songsters, as have blessed us with their happy presence, and sweet voices to the date of my writing. I think I have seen millions of robins, bluebirds, yellow birds, and many other varieties whose names are not familiar to me. It is delightful to see and hear how happy the vast multitude of little innocents are, as they wing their cheery way to their homes in the Sunny South, and bid us a long farewell, ere they return again, when spring's warm hand has unlocked the streams and the trees put forth their buds and blossoms. Now that they have left us, how much we shall miss their sweet notes and innocent glee. We must content ourselves by living on the memory of the pleasure the little fellows afforded us.

They have about all sung us their last farewell now, and naught is left but big strong Bob White (Long Island Bob White). ALFRED A. FRASER.

### A Fly Given to Ink.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

While marking some of my shells the other day, I happened to be using a stub pen, and, as I put the figure nine (9) on them, a small amount of ink was left on the loop and on the back of the figure, and also on the line which I drew under the figure to distinguish it from a six. As I marked I pushed away the marked shells a little to one side. Looking up, by some chance from my work, I observed that a fly was on top of one of the freshly marked shells, with his proboscis in the ink. I watched him carefully and saw that after he had drained the first small "pool" in the loop, he went to the back and also to the line underneath the figure, completely drying the places as if recently blotted. After rubbing his head with his forefeet and crawling around, he went down the shell and up another, but as the ink had almost dried up by this time, he only had one drink. He then flew away, apparently in the best of spirits. PHILOHELA MINOR.

MILTON, Mass., Oct. 28.

### Panthers and the Hair.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hair does not "raise" or stand on end, even at the sight of a panther. What does Rudyard Kipling say? Here it is: "It is a mistake to say that hair stands up. The skin of the head tightens and you can feel a faint prickly bristling all over the scalp. That is the hair sitting up." This was precisely what happened to me on the occasion of my first encounter with a tiger from a howdah in India in 1873. It describes my symptoms exactly. Hair just sits up! A. J. KENEALY.


### World's Fair on Steel.

SEND twenty-five cents to F. A. Lord, Phenix Building, Chicago, Ill., and obtain a fine steel plate picture of the World's Fair grounds and buildings, suitable for framing.—*Adv.*

### Election Day.

EVERY sportsman who goes into the woods Election Day should wear one of the Fairfield Rubber Company's "self-feeding" shooting vests. They are the best on the market, and a never ending source of satisfaction to shotgun shooters.—*Adv.*


# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## TRANSPORTATION AND CARE OF LIVE GAME.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

So far as I am aware, nothing has heretofore been written which might be of assistance to sportsmen desirous of restocking with game their favorite covers.

With this apology, and fully aware of the incompleteness of this article, I will state some experience gained thus far in connection with work of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association's Committee on Acclimatization, hoping it may be of use to others; the game handled consisting of about 3,500 head, including pinnated grouse, sharptail grouse, English partridges, Oregon mountain quail, Gambel's partridge, Virginia quail and Northern hares.

To sportsmen wishing to procure live game the suggestion is made, first of all, that if they can procure what they wish through reliable dealers in game they will save money, time and vexation: the prices charged may seem excessive, but as a rule will not prove so in the end.

Game birds should be packed in low cases with a fair amount of side room, but low, so that birds cannot crowd one on top of another—since this is the greatest cause of loss in transportation.

The following are good shipping rules, and if one can have them observed, with ordinary care, birds should arrive in good order:

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING LIVE GAME.

Birds should be put in light crates or boxes, with slats in front and back, with cloth top, and tins or dishes for food and water fastened on outside of crate so the birds may feed without spilling or fouling food and water.

Prairie chickens and pheasants must not be sent more than 5 in each compartment of crate, which should be 15in. high and about 24in. long and broad.

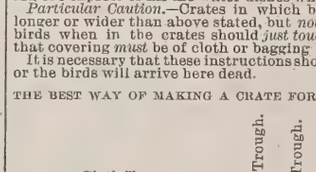
Quail must not be sent more than 15 in each compartment of crate which should be 6in. high and about 20in. broad and long.

Corn, either loose or on the ear, should be put in feeding troughs of crates in which chickens or pheasants are sent, and wheat or rye when quail are sent; also a small quantity of gravel should be put in with the grain. A card should be fastened on the coop, asking the express to fill the water dishes when needed.

*Particular Caution.*—Crates in which birds are shipped may be longer or wider than above stated, but *not higher*. The heads of birds when in the crates should *just touch* the top covering, and that covering *must* be of cloth or bagging and not slats or boards.

It is necessary that these instructions should be exactly followed, or the birds will arrive here dead.

THE BEST WAY OF MAKING A CRATE FOR SHIPPING LIVE BIRDS.




This can easily be made by taking an ordinary box of proper height, sawing off half of one end, putting slats on the new end and tacking on a cloth or bagging top.

As a rule, however, inexperienced shippers think they know better how to pack and give too much head room, but with disastrous results. On one occasion two shipments arrived the same day from almost the same locality. One lot, packed according to directions, eighteen dozen quail in number, lost a total of two birds dead. The other, only thirty-five quail in all, came packed in a box 4ft. long by 20in. square, divided in two compartments, and on arrival had remaining four birds alive, all of which died within three days. The reason for this was that at every disturbance the birds would start to fly—as game birds do when startled—bruising themselves and those beneath. When properly packed they cannot leave their feet nor trample other birds.

Grouse and other large birds should also have burlap around the sides of their crates as well as on top, otherwise they are quite liable to break legs and wings by thrusting them through the openings.

Pinnated and sharptail grouse are usually good travelers if used well, not being very restless and needing little care.

Virginia quail should have careful attention on their journey, especially needing plenty of fresh water. They oftentimes arrive in extremely poor order on account of a rough journey. It is a common occurrence to take from the crates birds which have died of starvation although provided with water and food in abundance, the reason being that they do not feed well when constantly disturbed; and after an unusually rough experience many may die for two or three days after arrival at their journey's end, apparently from exhaustion. When practicable it is better to transport them by water rather than by rail, as being more quiet they feed much better and are less disturbed.

The Gambel's partridge seems to endure transportation the best of any variety of small game tried thus far, and in fact this bird appears to show unexpectedly good qualities as game. They are prolific, and seem to be very hardy both as regards heat and cold, and although running badly in open, bare country, as does also the Virginia quail under like conditions, still, when found in good cover they seem to lie as well to a dog and to show as fine game qualities as the latter. They are also very handsome birds and are said to have good table qualities. It may well repay sportsmen to investigate regarding this bird.

My experience with animals has been limited to the Northern hare, although having received offers enough to stock a fair menagerie. Very tender as regards transporting, the hares require special care. There must be entire isolation one from another, else they will fight to the death. They also require quick handling even in cold weather.

English partridges, when well packed seem to be very hardy travelers, but every attempt to introduce this bird in the Eastern States has thus far been without marked success; in most cases entire failure.

When desirable to keep birds more than a short time in confinement a number of essentials should be observed.

A coop large enough for considerable freedom should be used, or, very much better, a light, well ventilated room with plenty of sunlight.

The sides and top *must* be of some soft, yielding material or the birds will die from concussion of brain or broken necks.

Wire poultry nets will *not* do, being too harsh and unyielding, and will take the skin and flesh as well as feathers off their heads, besides often crippling the birds badly in other ways. Something better may be found, but ordinary unbleached cotton cloth tacked loosely from supports will do well and probably is as cheap as anything for the purpose.

Pieces of fish net (of proper mesh so as not to entangle the birds) if stretched in front of windows will serve to let in a good supply of sunlight, but should not be less than a foot from the window frames, as when startled the birds will usually fly toward the light, and when on the wing have considerable momentum.

For quail in particular some kind of perch should be arranged where the sunlight falls, as they seem to love to bask in the warmth, crowding together like a swarm of bees, sometimes two or three deep and crushing those beneath, the whole bunch moving with the sunlight.

If readily procurable it is well to have some evergreens or other small trees or brush in the corners or at the sides, as they become less frightened if some refuge or place of concealment is near when they are disturbed.

Ample supply of clean, fresh water is needed, and water jars such as are used in poultry yards are very good for the purpose and cheap. Virginia quail need considerable water, fully two quarts daily for 100 birds; other varieties much less, and prairie chickens very little, although they do drink some.

Grain of different kinds should be given, but (although I may be in error) the use of much corn or buckwheat should be avoided on account of their heating qualities. All grain fed should be well soaked in water before feeding, and plenty of sand or fine gravel provided for digestion; one hundred quail will make away with fully a pint of sand per day, and other birds in like proportion. Green food, such as cabbage and apples (if cut open), birds are fond of, and they produce good effect.

Rats and mice probably do little harm save eating grain left for the birds; but it is possible that they may at times attack the birds themselves, though it has never happened in my own experience. The vermin most to be feared are bird lice, which can best be kept in check by leaving heaps of dust or fine coal ashes for the birds to burrow in. If kept in confinement long they are apt to be badly affected unless good provision is made for dusting.

Coops should be cleaned when foul. Allow plenty of fresh air. Wounded or sickly birds must be removed at once and kept in separate quarters. If not removed, wounded birds have no chance of living; the well ones kill them to a certainty. Also, except for the purpose of caring for the birds, the less they are visited, and consequently disturbed, the better it is for them.

Finally, if one is contemplating procuring game, orders should be placed early in the season, certainly before Jan. 1, and much better for all concerned if early in the fall.

Game cannot be shipped after the breeding season commences by the breaking up of the coveys, and very few birds are trapped after March 15, or even earlier in forward seasons.

It is an open question whether loosing game in the autumn and feeding through the winter is better than liberating in the spring. HENRY J. THAYER.

## ADIRONDACK NOTES.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Oct. 26.—While on a little tramp in October I saw what appeared to be a charred stump; I watched it a moment, and it moved. I then saw it was a partridge. Its back was black with streaks of brown running up and down its feathers. Its breast was of a mottled brown. I could not distinguish its sex.

A party of four recently returned from Moose River. Three of them had a pair of antlers each. The reason the fourth didn't makes the boys smile. Fred was out for a still-hunt on Thursday and saw several does, but not a deer that he wanted until late in the afternoon; then he saw an antler above a brush heap. He waited and watched, seeing the brush move and hearing the deer eating. After an hour's waiting he saw the deer's neck between two trees. He shot and had the satisfaction of seeing the deer fall. As he walked toward it he saw a nice buck running away from him, but as he had a head that would bear mounting he didn't shoot. When he got to the deer he found he had killed a nice big doe.

Bears were never more numerous. Seven have been shot or trapped within three miles of Northwood's post-office. A very exciting bear chase was had around Flae Brook last week. Guy Richardson shot a bear back of his house and killed it. With the bear were two cubs. The next day a party was organized to hunt the cubs. With the aid of several dogs a cub was started opposite Jule Allens. The bear ran a mile or more, then he took to a tree. The men came up to where the dogs were jumping around and pawing the air. After fifteen minutes of craning necks one of the men saw a tuft of hair and he shot it. The hair landed in the midst of the dogs, while the men danced around and shouted "Sick 'em," "take 'im," and other exhortations. They finally concluded the vicious cub must be dead. He was very dead. Then one of the party saw something where the fight had been. He picked it up and then the party looked sheepish. It was the detatched tail of a big coon. The members of that party tried to keep still about their bear hunt, but two of Northwood's hunters found a dead coon almost chewed to pieces where the fight had been.

The Ohio City boys say no more about the fox that Northwood boys run on the first day of the deer-hounding season. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

### In the Old Dominion.

SURRY COURT HOUSE, Va., Oct 19.—Game is plentiful here this season and consists of deeer (there has never been known a better season for them than this), turkeys, squirrels and partridges. There is now some very good fishing in the creeks around here; large numbers of chub are being caught. The chub is what is known in most sections of the country as black bass. A. B. G.

**No notice taken of anonymous communications.**

## ON THE SUNFLOWER RIVER.

WE three "tenderfeet" had been honing for a bear hunt for some time, so about the first of November we left Indianapolis bound for the Sunflower River in Bolivar county, Mississippi. We arrived in due time at the little station of —— on the New Orleans R. R., about 110 miles south of Memphis. The town consisted of a saloon, two general stores, a saw mill and several small dwellings, situated in a heavily timbered country.

We were strangers in a strange land, but the people were kind and obliging, and in answer to our inquiries informed us that deer, turkey and small game abounded in the immediate neighborhood, but if we wanted bear and panthers the best place to find them was up the Sunflower some twenty-five miles on Black Bayou. As an evidence of good faith we were shown a half-grown cub at the saloon fastened with a chain, and the stuffed hide of a panther over 9ft. long, both captured on the Sunflower.

We were also regaled with some panther stories that were calculated to make us feel a little shy on the panther question. For instance, the boss of the saw mill said he was cutting timber with a gang of men back in the woods a few weeks before, when one morning early one of his men had occasion to go out in the cane, when a large male panther sprang from a leaning tree on to the back of the man while the latter was in a squatting posture. The weight of the animal bore the man to the ground, and he cried out for help, but before it arrived the ferocious cat had killed him with one crunch of his powerful jaws, breaking the poor fellow's neck. A colored man told us he was hunting squirrels with a shotgun, when passing through a heavy piece of timber where the cane was very high and thick, he saw a large panther on the side of a tree, in the act of climbing up it. Without waiting to think what the consequences might be he fired both loads into the panther back of its shoulder and killed it. This was the same panther whose hide we saw at the saloon. After hearing these stories and many more we came to the unanimous conclusion that we hadn't lost any panther, and if they would let us alone we would remain strictly neutral on our part.

But we were determined to have a bear, panther or no panther. So after laying in a supply of provisions we hired a colored man and brother to haul us and our plunder over to the Sunflower, some six miles away. Arriving at the river we bought some lumber at a sawmill and soon built us a flat-bottomed boat 18ft. long, 4ft. wide and 1ft. deep. We calked it with oakum, bought at Cairo, and pitch from the mill, and made it as dry as a powder horn, and after fitting it with rowlocks and seats, and with oars and rudder, we launched her on the placid bosom of the river.

While we were engaged in building the boat two young men who lived near by, both of whom were "mighty hunters before the Lord," promised to take us with them on a bear hunt. So one morning bright and early we started, the hunters each mounted on a pony, while we brought up the rear afoot, accompanied by eleven hounds of all ages, sizes and colors, but each and every one equipped with a deep bass voice.

Our route led through the dense timber and heavy canebrakes of the river bottom. Every little while one of the younger dogs would go off on a deer trail—which performance always called for a great deal of cussing from the natives—but the old dogs knew their business and kept close behind the ponies with preternatural gravity depicted on their countenances.

After a couple of miles we came to a cypress swamp, where bear tracks were plenty and fresh. The cypress knees were torn by the bears and the great cypress trees were raked and scratched by them where they had stood on their hindlegs and clawed down like a cat. We saw where they had torn the bark off the trees ten feet from the ground—unmistakable evidences of a "big un." All of these signs made us tenderfeet feel pretty dubious, as we expected the war to begin any minute. Finally one of the old dogs struck off on a trail, baying at every jump. The natives said it was a bear sure and that old Lead—all good hounds are called Lead or Drum—would soon overtake the bear. After a chase of perhaps twenty minutes we could tell by the sound that the bear was brought to a stand, and we set out with the hunters to where they said the bear was. Sure enough, when we came up there stood the bear with his back to a large tree fighting off the dogs, when one of the natives killed him with his rifle.

After skinning the bear they put the meat in large sacks made for the purpose and hung to the saddles and the hunt was over.

The next morning we started on our twenty-five mile trail up the river. The water in the stream was quite low and clear and about 100ft. wide. The banks were from 15 to 25ft. high, and the cane grew to the very edge of the bank. Doc and I each pulled an oar, while George steered. Our progress was slow, as the current in some places was quite swift, but the greater part of the way was dead water.

Five miles from the mill we left the last cabin behind us and were in a dense wilderness. It was our first introduction to a country where for twenty-five miles on either side no human being lived, where no stock was running, and where every track was that of some wild animal.

The first day we saw no game except ducks and squirrels, but in the afternoon of the next day, and only a mile or two from where we intended going into camp, we saw a bear in the river getting a drink, but before we could get our guns he had scampered up the bank and into the cane. We had the pleasure of gazing on his backs wet with water that had dripped off of him. We saw two more bear swimming the river some 300yds. away, and looking for all the world like big Newfoundland dogs with just their heads out of water. We fired several shots, some coming pretty close, but didn't hit them. The river bank was literally clawed down where the bears climbing up the banks would leave the marks of their sharp claws in the soft clay.

We finally came to where a small stream ran into the river, and knew from the description we had received that we had reached our destination, and began looking about for level ground enough to put up our tent. This was no easy matter, as the banks generally rose direct from the river 25 to 30ft. But fortunately we did find a level place just large enough for our purposes, and, better yet, close by a spring of clear water strong with iron and sulphur.

Our tent came so near occupying all the level ground that we could almost step from the front door on to our boat.

After putting up the tent, getting a lot of firewood and cutting enough cane, from which we stripped the leaves to make our beds, and then getting supper, we were so tired that we went to bed as soon as it was dark.

We were awakened the first night by hearing some large animal falling or rolling down the steep bluff just back of the tent. It was too dark to make any investigation till morning, even if we had cared to do so, but as soon as daylight appeared we could see the tracks of a large bear where he had scrambled back up the hill. For the life of us we couldn't see how the bear came to fall down the bluff, but he had fallen, for we could see where he had torn up the dewberry vines in trying to catch himself as he came tumbling down.

We had been told that there was a lake back from the river about three-fourths of a mile where we would be sure to find game, so we determined to cut a path through the cane to it. The cane was very thick and from ten to twenty feet high and impassable for anything in the shape of a man, but several years before there had been an attempt made to drain the ditch, and by crawling on your hands and knees up the old ditch bed it was thought possible to get to the lake. After several hours hard work the writer succeeded in reaching the lake, which he found to be a bayou about a mile long and a hundred yards wide. The water was clear and deep. Large cypress and oak trees grew on the margin of the lake, and a strip of tolerably clear timber some fifty yards wide extended around it between the cane and the water. I began cutting a path with my hatchet in the direction of the camp while George cut toward me. By hallooing occasionally we could tell just where each of us "was at" and finally came together about half way between the lake and camp. We now had a good path direct to the hunting ground, and felt like we had done a good day's work.

The next day we set out to explore the lake. We found plenty of bear signs. They had a beaten path around the lake and in soft places we could see fresh tracks, made that morning, as large as my hat, while the ground under the persimmon trees looked like a lot of hogs had been there. This began to look interesting to us, and we expected to have a bear fight in about a minute. Doc and George went up, while the writer went down the lake. The wind was favorable and I kept my eyes peeled, expecting every minute to run foul of a bear, and sure enough, just beyond a thicket I heard one walking in the edge of the water. The brush was so thick I couldn't see him, but I heard him come out of the water and begin turning over logs hunting for worms and rooting around like a hog. About this time I became pretty nervous and thought the track was getting pretty fresh, but knew it would never do to back out now, so I began crawling through the thicket toward the bear. I must have got within 50yds. of him when he heard me and went galloping off into the cane, making as much noise as a yoke of cattle and beating down cane as thick as my wrist with his heavy body.

My experience convinced me that the only way to get a shot at a bear would be to find a good place where they would be likely to come for water and wait for them. So I found where a large tree had been blown down into the lake, with its body some 10ft. above the water, and crawling out as far as I could get, found I had a good view of both sides of the lake for 100yds. I could see great numbers of fish in the clear water directly under me, while flocks of ducks swam up and down within 10yds. of me, unconscious of my presence. Gray squirrels were very numerous and tame; they would come close to me, and didn't seem to care who or what I was, but on the other side of the lake a large fox squirrel (something rare in that country) in hunting for grapes spied me out and began making a terrible fuss about it. I thought sure that squirrel would kill himself barking. He would bark till he turned black in the face and would run up and down a large grape vine, jerking his tail and cussing me for everything he could think of.

I have sat perfectly still at the root of a tree and had deer walk up in plain view within 20ft. without seeing me, but you can't hide so the sharp eyes of a squirrel won't find you out.

While seated in my treetop a large otter came swimming by. I could have shot him easy as not, but didn't want to lose a chance at a bear. I waited till it began to grow dusk and went back to camp, where I found the boys. They had had no better luck than I—saw plenty of sign, but no bear.

About a hundred yards above the tent a large drift had formed in the river, and George said he believed he would go there and try for a channel cat. He cut a dry cane about 15ft. long and baited his hook with a piece of squirrel liver. In a few minutes I heard him calling for help; and running up to the drift found he had hooked some kind of large fish and couldn't get him out without help. We finally landed it, when it proved to be a beautiful channel cat of at least 12lbs. weight. We found it no trouble to catch all the bass and salmon we wanted; in fact, the river seemed to be full of fine fish.

While George and I were fishing, Doc went back to the lake to kill some ducks. About sundown we heard him calling for help and firing his gun. When going to his relief we found him wandering up and down the lake completely lost. The wind had blown the cane down over the path where it left the lake, and Doc would go past it every time. He finally got scared and thought he would have to climb a tree and wait for morning or else make bait for bears.

One day George took his stand near the edge of the lake, and after waiting patiently a while a large bear came out of the cane and began drinking at the lake, not over 75yds. away. George was a good shot and could plug a squirrel in the head nearly every time; but the sight of the bear rattled him so that he fired too low, and the bullet struck the ground just under the bear. This scared the bear worse than the bear scared George, and he jumped several feet in the air and was soon out of sight in the cane.

After this none of us could get a shot at a bear, although we had no trouble to get all the deer and turkey we wanted.

We watched the lake and the river patiently for a week and finally gave it up, loaded our baggage in the boat and floating down the river to the mill, shipped it to the railroad and came home.

We give it as the result of our experience that the only successful way to hunt bear is to hunt them with dogs trained for the purpose. One can still-hunt for deer and turkey (and in our opinion that is the true and most sportsmanlike way to hunt deer), but he can't do much good in hunting bear that way. Their sense of smell, sight and hearing is so acute that the chances are ten to one that the bear will discover you before you do him and make his escape.

On our return home I had the pleasure of meeting and dining with Mr. R. E. Bobo, who owns a large plantation near the small station on the railroad named for him. Mr. Bobo has a large pack of the very best bear dogs and is an enthusiastic hunter. In 1879 he personally killed 304 bears, 52 wildcats, 47 panthers and 66 deer. Who can beat this record? C. C.

RUSHVILLE, Indiana.

## AGAIN THE HUNTING RIFLE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Mr. Aztec objects to large bores in hunting rifles "on account of weight, of the tearing of game, danger to stock, etc.," but does not object to 8 or 9lbs. in weight of rifles. His reference to the bloodshot condition of haunch and other parts should be left out of a discussion relating to the use of rifles by sportsmen, as I think "the haunch or other parts" should not be shot at, excepting, perhaps, bears. And it is of no account whether they are "bloodshot" or otherwise (large bores preferred). The principal thing to bear in mind in hunting with a rifle is getting a correct aim and selecting a deadly spot to hit when one shoots. As my old guide used to say when instructing the inexperienced, "Pick out the spot you want to hit and kill him." In a majority of instances the range is point blank and all shots should be made forward of "the midrib." Therefore the question of caliber in rifles should be confined to that which is most effectual up to, say, twenty-five rods.

A large hole will let out more blood than a small one in a given time and I contend that the large will produce better results than the small bores. As to the condition of meat, whether the animal is "dropped" or otherwise killed, "Aztec" should know that where a bullet traverses meat which is ordinarily eaten the blood will settle even though the animal "dropped" to a shot eventually penetrating to a point that paralyzes. And he might conceive the idea that an express bullet would do more harm to meat so penetrated than the ordinary solid shot. "The danger to stock, etc.," need hardly come into the discussion, for a rifle of any caliber shot near settled regions is dangerous to stock, etc. WALLOT.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Many of your correspondents that favor large calibers have told of the killing power of their favorite weapon, claiming the shock is great enough to kill some of the larger game in their tracks, while the smaller calibers striking in the same spot would only wound, or at best cause slow death and perhaps loss of meat. My first experience in shooting deer was with a Sharp's old reliable, the game a large buck standing rear end to, looking over his shoulder. As I could get no better chance I took careful aim and fired. The bullet of .56cal. entered the hindquarter a little to the left, ranged through, breaking the bone, entered the bowels and so on to the heart, lodging in the brisket. As your correspondent "Aztec" says, in theory he ought to have dropped, but he did not; he ran at least 75 or 100yds. before giving up. On another occasion I shot a medium-sized buck coming full tilt, head on, the bullet of .44cal. striking him in the breast, smashing his heart to fragments. He still continued to run for some distance and not a drop of blood could be discovered on the yellow leaves far at least 40yds. of the distance covered.

In all my experience I have never known but one deer to drop in his tracks, he being shot through the neck, high up, the bullet striking the spine. From the first I have contrived to reduce my calibers from .56 to .44-40, then .40-65, from that to .40-60; my next love was a .38-55, which has given me the best satisfaction, being not too heavy, at the same time the powder charge being great enough to drive the bullet home. In my opinion it all depends on where the animal is struck. If shot too far back he will give the hunter a long chase, though the bullet be shot from a small cannon. If I had lost any grizzlies I should probably use as large caliber as I could get, but for all game found in the Maine woods the little .38-55 does the business in grand style. As I said before, it all depends. A. N. B.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass.

### Wild Goats in British Columbia.

EDGAR, Neb., Oct. 26.—I returned from a trip to British Columbia last month (along the east shore of the Gulf of Georgia), where we had a royal good trip. We were about 150 miles north of Vancouver, and from 35 to 50 miles inland. Owing to the difficult nature of the country to travel about in I decided at the last moment not to take my camera along, and very much regretted it when too late, as I had several fine opportunities to photograph the white goat, as we saw quite a number of them, and they were not very wild; in fact, I was at one time within 30ft. of an old goat and her young kid, and think that owing to the nature of the ground I could have got within 20ft. of where she was quietly standing chewing her cud, with the kid lying at her feet. They were up on a rock and in good position to have made a good picture of. We saw several bunches of them, but did not molest them much as we only killed what we wanted for eating. The goats up in these mountains do not seem to be afraid of a man at all. We also had some fine fishing. E. E. H.

### Killed Four, Wounded Six.

FREMONT, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Steuben *Republican* notes that "Eli Rinehart, one of the hunters who recently went to northern Michigan, has written Wm. G. Croxton under date of Oct. 9 as follows: 'We began to hunt Friday morning and have hunted two days; have killed four deer and wounded six more. Game is plenty.'" This speaks for itself. If their luck continued until the 25th there must be nothing but cripples left in Michigan to keep up the supply for another season. Such men should come out of the woods and use their shotguns for small game only. MC.

## BOSTON SPORTSMEN.

MR. F. R. SHATTUCK, well-known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, says that he finds considerably many quail in the Boston markets, since the open season begun, and he notices that the birds are plump and fine. The additional time given to the close season has given to the birds more time to mature, and the good results are very apparent. Such is another of the good works of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

Mr. J. F. Dwinell, of Dwinell, Heyward & Co., has got back from his annual partridge hunt at Upton, Me. At first he found the grouse very scarce, but later, as the trees were cleared of leaves, the shooting was much better. The birds were wilder than he has ever observed them before in the same localities. They have also changed localities a good deal; sections where they were plenty last year and the year before affording no birds this year, while in the woodroads and carries where there were very few last year he found his best shooting this year. He hunted the most of the time with two guides, and his total record was ninety-six partridges, beating his former records. The birds were generally so wild that they had to be shot on the wing, or from the trees, after they had flown.

Dr. Lewis T. Foss, of Court street, Boston, has just returned from a hunting trip to Nicatous Lake, the famous home of Jonathan Darling, now game warden. Mr. Foss brings with him a fine buck deer weighing 223lbs., which he had the good fortune to shoot on the shores of that famous lake. At Bangor the game warden and everybody else who saw it pronounced it the finest deer that has yet passed through that city this season. It was on exhibition at the Revere House café, where it attracted a good deal of attention.

Occasionally a coon is found in the Bay State. One was shot the other day in the woods at Wayland. The animal weighed 25lbs., and was considered very large game for that part of the country. The lucky sportsmen were N. B. Hartford and Wm. Perkins, of Watertown, who were up there on a gunning expedition. They also shot a number of partridges, rabbits and woodcock. Since their adventure with the coon dozens of sportsmen have hunted the same woods for more coon, but have taken none. An old resident is reported to have said that only one other coon had been seen in that vicinity for fifty years, and that one was shot about a week before the 25-pounder taken by Messrs. Hartford and Perkins. It is a curious fact that the raccoon in New England has a way of appearing in sections where he has not been seen previously for many years. One or two are taken and then there are no more for another long period of years. A gentleman was telling me the other day of going back to the old partridge hunting grounds of his boyhood in Maine a year or two ago with a friend, also born and reared in the same town. They killed a raccoon that weighed over 25lbs. Neither had ever seen a coon in that section before, nor had the oldest inhabitants. None have since been taken there.

Mr. Adams, of Adams & Chapman, Boston, and Fin Killam, of Reading, have just returned from a partridge hunt at Berwick, Me. They found the shooting pretty good and got fifteen birds. More partridges are now coming into the Boston market, and from Maine, too, though it is unlawful to ship them out of the State. Since the leaves have got off the trees the birds have been taken in better numbers. Messrs. Adams and Killam had some good dogs, as well as being expert hunters.

Mr. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, has gone on his annual vacation. He started Friday evening, by Fall River line, and will go to Vineland, N. J., the home of his mother. He takes both dog and gun with him. At Vineland he will meet his brother, A. M. Gillam, sporting editor of the Philadelphia *Record*, also his brother, M. M. Gillam, the writer of the celebrated advertisements of Postmaster-General John Wanamaker. Mr. M. M. Gillam has been connected with Mr. Wanamaker's clothing house, in the capacity of writing advertisements, for many years. All three of the Gillam boys are lovers of dog and gun, as also was another brother who died in Boston some years since, while in the service of the Boston *Post*. Mr. A. M. Gillam will bring a setter and a couple of hounds with him, and the boys will hunt a good deal of their vacation time. The law is off on quail, partridge (called pheasant there), deer and rabbit on the first day of November, and the hounding of deer is permitted for one month. The Gillam boys have hunted in that section for years, and are thoroughly acquainted with the country. They have heard of a number of coveys of quail, and will early be on the ground at the opening of the season. If there are any deer to be had they are likely to get them. Still the hunting in such parts of the country is very badly overdone.

Mr. Henry S. Fisher, salesmen for the Arlington Mills, and with Harding, Whitman & Co., is about the happiest hunter in Boston at this time, and well he may be. He returned from Maine with a fine bull moose as a trophy. The animal, or rather the carcass, was on exhibition at Tucker & Roak's market on Tremont street on Monday. It weighed over 1,000lbs., and the antlers measured 48in. across. Mr. Fisher killed him about 40 miles above Medway, on the East Branch of the Penobscot River. With his guide he had gone some four miles into the thick woods from the lumber road. They came upon the moose, with a cow. Mr. Fisher fired at the bull when he stood sideways to him, and being a good shot the back of the animal was broken, but too far back to bring him down at once. Mr. Fisher says that the beast then began the greatest running he ever saw from any creature with his back broken and his hindlegs doubled up under his belly. He had to follow him some 30 rods before he could get another chance for a sure shot. The second shot, through the shoulders, brought the forest giant down with a great crash. But then the troubles of the successful hunter began. He had already shot a fine deer that morning. He saw the deer and fired at it. He saw it get away, or thought he saw it, for a deer jumped and ran from the spot. He told his guide that he had missed the deer. Dod said, "No, sir. You have dropped him dead. Come, and I will show you." They went to the spot, and sure enough, there was the deer, stone dead. It was another one that had got away.

But here they were in the woods with nearly 1,200lbs. of game and only two men to get it out. They had to go back a long distance to find a team, and it was four or five days before they got back to the moose again, with an improvised "jumper" and a horse. They had to cut out a road from the main lumber road into the woods where the moose lay. The beast was loaded on the "jumper" and Mr. Fisher and his friend started on ahead. They actually got a long distance ahead and "waited for the train" or the "jumper" with the moose on it, to come up. It did not come. The next morning they went back and met the team, only a short distance out from the place where the moose was killed. The "jumper" had broken down and had to be mended, and this consumed a good deal more time. In short it was several days after the moose was killed before it was out to the settlement. Mr. Fisher says that it would have been an easy matter to have killed the cow moose, but he does not believe in such hunting, even if the law permitted it. He is a lucky hunter in Maine. He got two deer in that same section last year. He deserves all of his good fortune. The head of his moose he left with a taxidermist in Bangor to be mounted. None of the meat will be suffered to waste. This moose was evidently an old one and a fighter. His hide showed many marks of former battles.

SPECIAL.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 21.—It would occasion no surprise if any night now there should appear written on the heavens above Chicago the flaming legend, "Shaving, 15 cents; bay rum extra, 5 cents." Indeed, this sign should by right surmount a city which resembles nothing so much as a gigantic barber pole in the colors of its outer garb. Chicago is decorated. Chicago celebrates. Chicago, center of Columbia, and for a year, at least, the center of the world and the world's interest, keeps open house for all good readers of their geographies and history books. Ah! Columbus, if you could but see—if you could but know this inheritor, this darer, this successor which succeeds, this city which never brought back excuses for results, but laid down facts and accomplishments at the end of every quest: this city, which hoped and built its own fulfilment, this city; so large and vigorous that it cannot dream big enough for its own future—this city which reversed belief, which sought in the West and found a world!

"In 1801 Chicago was a swamp," says one of the current guide-books, "in 1811 a small military post, soon to be abandoned, and to be the scene of a terrible Indian massacre; in 1821, again an insignificant military station: in 1831, a village of 12 houses, without mail routes, post roads or post-office; in 1841 an incorporated city, with 5,752 inhabitants; in 1851 rapidly assuming commercial importance, on the eve of possessing railway communication with New York; its population numbering 34,437: in 1861 its population almost quadrupled, and its shipments of breadstuffs increased tenfold within a single decade; in 1871 rich, proud and magnificent, bidding fair to outstrip the most famous commercial cities of either the Old or New World, but suddenly, on that memorable October night, almost swept out of existence, only to rise triumphantly from its ashes in more than its former splendor; in 1891 the greatest railroad center, live-stock market and primary grain port in the world; the scene of the activities of over a million and a quarter of toilers, and still advancing with rapid strides."

It was only in 1818 that Illinois, now leading all the other States in cereal productions and mileage of railroads and even ranking fourth in manufactures, was admitted into the Union, with a population of about 30,000, mainly settled in the southern part of the State. To-day Chicago has a population nearly fifty times that which the whole State had on its day of statehood.

The area of Chicago is 169 square miles, or 108,160 acres, and its opaque "rivers" are crossed by sixty-three swing bridges and two tunnels. Not long ago, residents tell us, the fishing was good in these streams for pike, bass and mascallonge. Mascallonge and bass were abundant at the lower part of Lake Michigan and near the mouth of the Calumet River. To-day there are ducks, snipe, prairie chickens and a World's Fair within the limits of Chicago. This fall some of the 3,000 policemen of Chicago arrested offenders for shooting ducks within the city limits, within four miles of the World's Fair.

Chicago is the center of 30,000 miles of railway, owned by thirty-eight companies, which lead direct to some of the finest sporting grounds of the world. Chicago has over sixty trap-shooting and fishing clubs, and thousands of sportsmen, of as high aims and accomplishments as any in this land. Chicago believes in fair play. Chicago honors Columbus. Chicago looks like a barber-pole. This is Chicago's busy day.

### Quiet in Sports.

It is probable that less hunting was done this week in the West than in any similar period for years. Every body came to Chicago. Day before yesterday 100,000 paraded the streets, and 500,000 looked on. Life was a burden on the streets. Yesterday the yellow crests on the helmets of the Sioux Indian cavalrymen were drowned in the crowds who flocked to see the troops of the United States army parade in the park. In a building which would have roofed a quarter-section of wheat or corn, 1,000 voices sang in unison to a crowd unnumbered. Orators of the land spoke to a corner of the crowd, and two full bands squeaked weak and faint, lost in the distance like little whistles. It may well be thought that the current interest was not afield. Not much of news is to be chronicled.

The flight of ducks is now well south. Sharp frost is probable to-night, and that will send the teal down south of here. The northern mallards are now dropping in. The snipe are now working south. Quail shooting has not yet begun, but will be in swing as soon as the frost cuts the weeds down. Chicken shooting is over.

### Mostly Horicon.

There has been no good duck or snipe shooting on open or free waters of late about here. Last week on Horicon Marsh Mr. B. Dicks killed seventy-three jacksnipe in one day, all on one little bog not 30yds. long. It was flight shooting, the birds coming in too light on the black mud, and while it lasted must have been exciting sport. I saw this same bog the next day, and it was sown with shells. The birds had become shy, and I only got sixteen, though they could be seen working in hundreds further over in the marsh. By paddling along the edge of the bogs, good shooting could have been had.

On this same marsh, which has offered about all the duck shooting this fall of which definite accounts have been received, Dr. Buechner last week one day bagged 16 mallards and 4 other ducks, Mr. Stone bagged 9 mallards one day, and Mr. C. S. Wilcox got 19, nearly all mallards, in one day, also getting 20 ducks the next day and 24 the day following that. Messrs. Lamos and Prickett were up, and had some shooting doubtless, though they had not reported at last accounts. The weather was warm and very bad for duck shooting last week, but on the day I was out I saw thousands and thousands of ducks, a great many mallards and pintails. They would rise high when startled, and go off in a body to some open water on the marsh, and settle down all together, not "working" well at all. When a good storm comes somebody is going to have mighty heavy shooting up there.

On the "upper club" grounds, on this same Horicon Marsh, the birds are also abundant. Indeed, there is no difference between the grounds as duck preserves, and together they make the finest duck marsh now left in the West. Dr. G. J. Clark and Mr. F. M. Lawrence, of the upper club, go next Tuesday for a week's shooting at the club. They killed respectively 19 and 28 ducks one day last week. Mr. P. F. Stone, often mentioned as the efficient manager of the Diana, or 'lower Horicon Club," will meet the above gentlemen and go over the marsh with them. Mr. Stone is about to take hold of the upper club also, and will set it solidly on its feet and market its unsold shares. This is a FOREST AND STREAM idea, and a most fortunate one for all concerned. Ultimately, I do not doubt these two clubs will be practically one, and will own a magnificent property. In ten years a share in such a property will be worth $2,500. The ducks of the country are going. Horicon Marsh can be made a perpetual preserve. We have nothing like it in the country. Mr. Stone is a manager of a stalwart sort, and things look very favorable for a proper handling of a marsh whose privileges have in the past been imperfectly estimated. The issuing of permits will probably be stopped, a better club house put up, etc., etc., and the steps made rapid toward making this the best club property now available. This will be hard on the shooters who have clung to the idea that this was still open ground, but it is the only way to save Horicon Marsh from the fate which has overtaken Fox Lake, Koshkonong, Poygan, Winneconné, Butte des Morts and other duck grounds once famous and apparently exhaustless.

The last two shares in Diana Club were sold to Mr. De Golyer, late of the "De Golyer Club" on the Kankakee, of which I have written, and to which Mr. Ward, Mr. Cook and other gentlemen of Chicago, Mr. Widdicomb, of Grand Rapids, etc., belonged for some time. The old Kankakee grounds were sold for farming land, and these former club members, I understand, were looking for a chance to purchase other good ducking grounds when Mr. De Golyer bought into the Horicon Marsh on the last possible basis, as far as the lower club was concerned. Last week Mr. De Golyer went up to the new place, and was out two days, though he met with bad weather—which is to say, good weather—and so got little shooting.

Mr. R. R. Street, of New York, purchased the first share of the upper club under the new regime, and goes up next Tuesday to look over the grounds.

Mr. F. C. Donald, of this city, after a year of hard work, has resolved upon two weeks of air, and hesitates between Dakota and Horicon, though probably he will go to the latter place, where he will get better shooting than in Dakota.

While I am on this fruitful Horicon theme, I cannot refrain from sharing the amusement I have had in reading over the old constitution of this "upper club," which was gotten up, as may be understood, some years ago. Art. 3 of the constitution says, under head of "Purpose of Organization":

"The business and purposes of said corporation is the cultivation and practice of music; the refinement of both mental and bodily powers; the obtaining proficiency in sharpshooting with rifle, pistol and shotgun; and in handling the sportsman's hook, spear and net, the protection of wild game out of season, and its legitimate and scientific capture in season, and the culture among its members of gallantry, sociality, temperance and morality."

It is needless to state that when the new constitution is arranged, the "sportsman's spear and net" will be left out of it, though I trust the highly commendable clause as to gallantry, sociality, etc., may be left untouched.

### Unknown North Country.

The Canadian despatches say: "J. R. Tirrell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, has just returned from the exploration of the Athabasca country. Tirrell traveled 600 miles north of Regina. He was three months in the country lying north, and found that it was composed largely of granite, with volcanic rocks, which will doubtless prove rich in minerals. Iron appeared to be plentiful. For 400 miles north of here the land is good. Beyond that are rock and sand. This region is the wintering grounds of herds of caribou, which come down in October from the treeless and barren country north. Moose and bear are also plentiful. This country has never been explored before, and many inaccuracies were found on maps, in all of which the district was marked "unexplored." Such large natural features as Lake Athabasca and Walleston Lake were found to be laid down erroneously, being from thirty to forty miles out of true position. Lake Athabasca is clear fresh water, and is as large as Lake Ontario, Lake Walleston being nearly the same size. The Chippewas of this region are a peculiar people. They have prominent crooked noses and allow their long black hair to fall over their faces. They have no intercourse with white men. Well up the Caribou River the party came to the most beautiful lake they had ever seen, called Cree Lake. Tirrell describes this as being as clear as crystal, without a tinge of blue, and one can see to the bottom at great depth. On the homeward journey Whitefish Lake was surveyed. Although this is the third largest lake met during the whole trip, it has never appeared on maps. Tirrell has obtained enough information about this region to enable him to get out a new and accurate map."

### Carolina Quail.

Mr. Geo. L. Eddy, of Racine, Wis., writes me Oct. 19:

"DEAR SIR—As an old friend and subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM I want a little information. Whereabouts inland in North Carolina can I go this winter for a few weeks and find nice climate combined with fishing and a little shooting and have a little outing? I read this past

summer of some such locality but it has skipped my memory. I can't recall where I saw the article. What can you recommend? P. S. Will Dr. Thomas ever pay his deer fine? Conscience is a great thing."

A stranger in North Carolina would be likely to meet with trouble from the Farmers' Alliance, under whose workings much of the land there is posted. If Mr. Eddy could be present at the Eastern field trials at High Point in November, or the Central trials at Lexington in December, he could get much better information than is possible from this point. The gentlemen there would direct him and help him, I think. If Mr. Eddy would write to Mr. Geo. Leach, High Point, N. C., his letter would doubtless receive courteous attention. As to the article on North Carolina I cannot say, unless it was one of those written by Mr. Chas. Hallock. The latter gentleman knows much of that country, and a letter in care of FOREST AND STREAM would find him.

### From New Mexico.

Mr. W. F. White, general traffic manager of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, in company with a .50cal. Winchester express and a few friends, started some time ago on a hunting and fishing trip in New Mexico. Their car is expected back within a week and should bring a pleasant story with it from that old land of dreams and deer and pleasant days. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## GAME IN PORTLAND, OREGON.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

We of "the wild and woolly West" find a grim sort of pleasure in teasing our Eastern friends a little now and then.

While they can boast population, wealth, refinement and superior advantages in many respects, we can "sass" them back about ducks, deer, elk, trout and Mongolian pheasants.

But you must understand that Portland is no cross-roads. It is a city of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, including Mongolians, but nevertheless it is somewhat wild if not woolly.

Last year three deer were killed within the corporate limits.

A week ago to-day Al Guist and a friend bagged four dozen jacksnipe within the corporate limits, which, considering the fact that our city is compactly built and without those "wildcat" additions that make so many Western cities geographically extensive, must be regarded as rather good work with the shotgun and retriever.

To-day Al, M. F. Sloan and myself started out about 11 o'clock to give our dogs a little exercise and a swim in the Willamette. Al and Sloan took their guns along simply to encourage the dogs, while I carried my cane for the same purpose. We were gone less than two hours. Al bagged three Mongolians and a ruffed grouse with his little No. 16, while Mr. Sloan knocked down a brace of handsome Chinamen, all within 200yds. of the North Portland public school house where a dozen or more instructors daily teach "the young idea how to shoot," and as Brother Sloan remarked, "where we had to turn the corners of the blocks to avoid running over the houses."

Then the boys took a turn along the edge of Guild's Lake and secured a half dozen snipe.

The ordinance prohibiting the discharge of firearms within the city limits was badly shaken if not actually broken, for the manufacturing portion of the city was still beyond us.

Besides giving the dogs necessary exercise we gave ourselves a nice game dinner you see; but as the dogs worked well and the boys lost no birds, readers of the FOREST AND STREAM need not go to the shool house yard for any big bags until its forests are restocked.

S. H. GREENE.

OCT. 23, 1892.

## LONG ISLAND QUAIL.

OAKDALE, L. I., Oct. 29.—For the two dreary months to come we can while away many pleasant hours on the golden stubbles throwing shot after these little streaks of brown. The outlook for quail shooting this fall is very encouraging. Never before have the birds been protected as now. Twenty thousand acres of land in this vicinity have been leased by clubs and private parties and stocked at great expense. Poaching, trespassing, snaring and trapping, shooting in the close season and shooting on the Sabbath are things of the past. Game constables, well paid, are scattered all over this portion of Suffolk county and all the railroad depots are being watched night and day.

All law-abiding sportsmen are under deep obligations to Mr. H. B. Hollins and members of the South Side Sportsmen's Club for their untiring energy and perseverance for this great change in the right direction. And they are all waiting patiently for Tuesday, Nov. 1, to reap the reward of their labors.

It will be interesting to know who will have top bag on that day and how many shells it will take to bring the birds to bag. ALFRED A. FRASER.

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE BEAR POCKET.

LANCASTER, N. H., Oct. 22.—If any of your readers think they have lost a bear it might be well for them to examine the country hereabouts, for there seems to be a large and varied stock to select from. During the past ten days four have been killed here within five or six miles of our village. The largest one, brought in to-day by Victor Leavitt, weighed 315lbs. and yesterday the same party brought in a smaller one, the weight of which I have not at hand. I reckon Mr. Levitt has a bear "pocket" located. Personally, I would not object to being in one of Mr. Hough's "pockets" alobg with the quail and chickens he tells of, but when it comes to being in such a confined space with a 315-pound bear I think I would rather not be "in it."

I think the reason of their unusual boldness is due to the scarcity of nuts in the woods, and they come more into the open in quest of food; gathering apples from a farmer's orchard without first obtaining permission was the cause of the downfall of two of the above mentioned.

Bears are not uncommon in this section; hardly a season passes that several are not taken in Jefferson and Whitefield, adjoining towns, and of late they seem to be on the increase.

I heard a farmer from the eastern part of our town remark to-day that he had given up sheep raising in disgust, as the bears killed enough each year to knock out all the profit.

Meanwhile, we shall endeavor to hold this invasion of "b'ar" in check, but if matters become serious I shall call on the readers of FOREST AND STREAM for assistance.

ROB.

## INDIANA SMALL GAME.

FREMONT, Ind., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice your Chicago correspondent in his article of Oct. 8 speaks of thousands of quail in Indiana. I am very sorry to say that in Steuben county or this part of it, quail are not as plenty as they were last season. Wet weather, I think, killed most of the early birds. There are a good many late hatched that are just able to fly. Woodcock have been more plenty this year than they have been for five years. While hunting woodcock this fall I have seen but few partridges; they were all old birds. Squirrels plenty, mostly fox squirrels. Chickens and ducks are almost a thing of the past with us. MAE.

VALLONIA, Jackson county, Ind., Oct. 21.—The copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* has come to hand. Both my brother and myself think it a valuable little pamphlet. It gives all particulars as compact as in a nutshell, and we think the illustrations are excellent, so life-like. We need a good rain here before quail hunting can be very good. We were out once, but it being so hot and dry we did but little shooting, in fact, got disgusted with the hunt, and the guns and dogs will rest until the weather is more favorable. J. T.

## THE CINCINNATI QUAIL CASE.

FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.—Cincinnati, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In answer to yours just received making inquiries in reference to the recent quail case in our city, beg to say that Mr. Roth, proprietor of the St. Nicholas Hotel, had been looked upon here as one of the most persistent violators of the game law. He seems to have taken the position that it was a great hardship that he could not serve game in and out of season as he saw fit. The case was tried by one of our magistrates who found Mr. Roth guilty and assessed a fine, and as our magistrates in cases of the violation of the game law have final jurisdiction the case could only be taken up on error. The case will now go to the General Term, and if that court sustains the courts below we presume Mr. Roth will want to try the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, and we sincerely trust the Supreme Court will sustain our law, which will not only require Mr. Roth to pay fine and costs, but he will have a very heavy attorney bill to pay, as he has one of our best legal firms in the city to defend him. The final disposition of the case will be looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

JOHN H. LAW, Fish and Game Com.

### What He Was Going To Do.

CAPON IRON WORKS, W. Va., Oct. 9.—Here I am away out in the wilds of West Virginia, roaming the mountains and enjoying the magnificent scenery, fine air and new experiences. I shoot a squirrel now and then, or catch a bass in Capon River, and have had one snap shot at a turkey in the brush, but failed to score, though feathers flew. Am going to slaughter both deer and turkey this week, or—make a desperate attempt.—O. O. S.

### What He Did Do.

NEWTOWN, Pa., Oct. 17.—I am now at home once more, safe arrival from "cohn pone," fried chicken and biscuit. As far as big game is concerned, the hunt was a fizzle. We were not in it. I knew it was too early to do good work, but my friend could not go later, so we made the best of a bad matter. But in other respects we enjoyed the trip very much. The scenery just now among the Alleghenies is just simply indescribably gorgeous. Nowhere else can such a gorgeous picture be witnessed. That whole billowy Appalachian upheaval is one mass of color on a scale so grand and beautiful that it takes a man's breath away and leaves him speechless. —O. O. S.

### Deer Plenty in Vermont.

THE train hands of the through freight from St. Albans, arriving at Rutland about 8 o'clock yesterday morning, met with a peculiar experience at Pittsford, about eight miles north of Rutland. It was in finding a young deer entangled in a wire fence by the side of the railroad tracks. They stopped the train to extricate the animal and found it to be a young buck about two years old, fat and sleek. The animal was unharmed, and was taken into the "caboose" and carried to Rutland, where it attracted a great deal of attention. Gen. Ripley, who is interested in the game laws of the State, ordered the animal returned to where it was found and allowed to go its way. It has become a common thing to find deer roaming about the hills in the vicinity of Rutland, and as the State laws are quite severe in the matter they are seldom molested. A few years ago several animals were turned out on those hills for the purpose of propagation, and there are daily evidences that the experiment will prove successful.—*Springfield Republican.*

### Oregon Duck Shooting.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 25.—Last Sunday, the 23d inst., W. A. Story, H. H. Beal, Fred Beal and Wm. Greenwald at Cline Lake, thirteen miles below Portland, in five hours killed 316 ducks. Of these 156 were mallards and the balance mostly widgeon. The shoot was made with 600 shells, as the boys did not anticipate any such a chance. Is not this a remarkable shoot?

S. H. GREENE.

### A Maine Moose Case.

IF the writer, who signs his communication "Fairplay," will send us his name or afford us means to verify the statements contained in his letter of Oct. 17 relative to a Brooklyn millionaire's unlawful moose killing in Maine, we will be obliged.

### Pennsylvania Game.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 16.—Birds are very scarce this fall in this vicinity, owing to the havoc created in the nesting season by the cold weather and prolonged rains of this spring, culminating in the terrible flood that destroyed 62 lives and a million dollars in property in this unfortunate city early in June. Among the birds the woodcock have naturally been the chief sufferers.

Three of us in a hard day's gunning over a large stretch of territory, with three accomplished setters, were so fortunate as to bag 6 grouse and a woodcock on the opening day, Oct. 1. Only 2 grouse beside these were found. On another day later, Owe and Greely B., two of the smoothest shots in this part of the State, and myself killed 2 woodcock only after another day's exertions.

Many grouse were last winter picked up frozen stiff, being previously weakened by hunger. It almost seems like murder to cut down the survivors this fall, they have had so much to contend with. C. F. E.

MUNOY, Pa., Oct. 31.—There was some duck shooting on Muncy Dam yesterday. Several black ducks were seen, but the sport was interrupted by rising wind. At this season after a storm there is fair sport.

Bass fishing is fairly at an end, though only a week ago twenty were caught by two gentlemen who knew where to find them. Few large fish have been caught. The average weight is less than a pound for the season. They were fairly plenty.

A few days ago fourteen quail were seen running about the streets of Muncy.

In the mountains ruffed grouse are reported plenty, but very shy. Squirrel shooting has not been up to the average.

There are yet in our streams some things that ought to be inspected by our fish warden. Several suspicious constructions were seen not long ago in Loyalsock Creek.

Deer are reported plentier than formerly near English Centre, Pa. M. E. J.

### News from the Saginaw Crowd.

DAWSON, N. D., Oct. 17.—Had good sport in the Bad Lands—7 deer, 1 antelope. Here we have not done much, as it has been warm and the geese have not come down yet, though we have killed about 100. The duck shooting is good. W. B. M.

## VIEWS OF THE ROBIN.

MANY robins have been killed in New York State this year, although the law forbids it. There has been a great slaughter of the birds on Long Island and on Staten Island. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of this city, was fined by a Staten Island justice last week for killing robins. When interviewed by the reporters Mr. Dixon gave out this statement for the press:

I have just returned from a Pennsylvania hunting trip and on the train read the reports of my alleged killing of song birds on Staten Island. These reports, particularly those fathered by the United Press are mostly melodramatic fiction and my alleged utterances a pure invention.

The facts are as follows: I have not felt well of late, and have been compelled to take as much outdoor exercise as possible. Tuesday noon I went over to Staten Island to my old home, to practice wing shooting before taking a hunt for ruffed grouse and woodcock in Pennsylvania, which I had planned, and from which I have just returned with a good score. I practiced on sparrows and roons, supposing them both pests. I killed thirty-one of these birds in three hours' practice. Mr. Lisk arrested me for killing "song birds." This arrest was made with most feverish haste and brutality. He was trembling from head to foot with the excited instincts of a vulture, thinking of his possible share of the spoils, and when I asked him for his authority, he drew his club from beneath his cloak and rushing at me tried to push me down without the slightest provocation. I called a carriage and drove to Justice Acker's house. The birds were counted and the fine paid, Mr. Lisk solemnly swearing for the sake of $10 that four common sparrows were thrushes! I did not remain in the Justice's private office more than five minutes, and not one syllable of the alleged conversation took place.

In my opinion it would be most unseemly for a preacher or anybody else to kill a song bird. But this is the first intimation I have ever received that a robin is a song bird. It was, of course, a valuable piece of information. At least, I paid $165 for it. In my native South the robin, so far from being considered a song bird, is regarded as a disreputable, gluttonous pest. On Staten Island, however, he has been deified. In my soul I am sorry for the people whose stock of song is so low as to prize as divine the cry of the robin. I repent in ashes. I would not knowingly ruffle the feelings of a savage by taking the brass ornaments from his nose, for he doubtless thinks them beautiful.

Still, I cannot help marveling at the keenness of ear of the law-maker who first discovered music in a robin. That man, in my opinion, should have a medal. I hope the Game Commissioners will take a part of my fine to start the fund. The man who can discover music in the cry of a robin could doubtless find a symphony of Beethoven in the movements of a sand fiddler if given encouragement; and I doubt not that such a man would succeed at last in locating the "lost chord" in the bray of an ass. Genius should be encouraged.

For the next few days I shall devote myself strictly to tiger hunting, and if as successful as with robins I'll not complain at the expenses. THOMAS DIXON, JR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.

The following note on the "Robin North and South was printed in the *Audubon Magazine* and is reprinted as timely and illuminative:

A New York correspondent who has been traveling in Virginia, expresses surprise at finding the robin there esteemed only as an article of food. Strange as this may have appeared to him, it must be remembered that the robin is looked upon very differently in the North and in the South, and this is because the bird itself and its associations are changed. The robin of the South is by no means the robin of the North; there is almost as complete a transformation as that of the bobolink of Northern meadows into the rice bird of Southern fields.

In the North the robin is a domestic bird; it nests confidingly in the lilacs by the porch, is busy all day long in the yard and fields about the house, and at sunset sounds its cheery call from the topmost bough of the pear tree. From its first coming as one of the heralds of the glad springtime, and through the summer, it is a familiar and cherished part of the outdoor surroundings of every country home; of all birds it holds first place in the affections of old and young; and when the country boy goes to the city and grows up amid brick-walled streets, he always sees the home pair of robins in the picture of the little white farmhouse, which memory so often recalls.

But summer ended, over the robin comes a change; he forgets his song, leaves his haunts in the dooryards, grows wild and shy, shuns mankind, and takes to the woods and swamps. Then going South, the birds gather in flocks, and lose the individuality which has so much to do with making them recognized and welcome in the North. They are no longer domestic in their ways, and there are no tender associations to protect them and stay the hand of the gunner. The mockingbird, not the robin, is the home bird of the South. Perhaps if the mockingbird, leaving his music and his manners at home, should betake himself to the North, with companions in flock, all plump and delicious for a potpie, he might fare no better than the robin at the South; and then the traveler from Virginia or Georgia or Florida, encountering mockingbirds on New York hotel tables, would have good ground to suggest, as our correspondent does, that the residents of one section of the country should spare the birds dear to the people of another section. When the Audubon Society shall have accomplished its mission, all useful and beautiful birds will be protected everywhere, and like all citizens of a common country enjoy security and immunity when they take a notion to travel

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## THE KEKOSKEE FISH STORY.

It is not surpising that the Kekoskee fish story should meet with "doubting Thomases" in this very matter of fact period. In fact one has but to say "fish" to bring to the surface all the incredulity in man. Sim's "Big Lie" or Gulliver's grandest exaggerations sink into insignificance in the mind of the average reader when compared with a truthful fish story, set forth in a quiet, dignified manner. It is true that a close analysis of brother Hough's story reveals some inconsistencies, but as yet no one seems to have paid the least attention to them, having undoubtedly relegated the whole to the already long list of remarkable "fish stories." We wish to add our mite to the wonderful tale. At the time mentioned we resided in the western portion of Fond du Lac county, Wisconsin, some thirty miles or more from the hole in the lake from which the fish were taken. At that time what is now known as Horicon marsh was a lake, this hole being in the northeast part of it. It was in the winter season, but the sleighing was good; therefore the wagon portion of the story must be eliminated that absolute truth may prevail. The reports of the marvelous supply of fish soon reached the people living at a distance from the lake, and from far and near the farmers and others with two-horse sleighs, on which were wagon boxes, went to the lake, forked up a wagon box heaping full of fish, and took them to their homes, where many fed them to their hogs, as has been stated, while others skinned and salted them. The fish were principally bullheads, with an occasional pickerel. We have seen as many as five loads of these fish pass through our little village in one evening, and that was but one of many roads that was traveled by parties going to and from the lake. The east side of the old lake is indeed a veritable Arcadia, and many are the interesting tales of hunting, fishing and Indian war scares that a diligent writer might unearth among its quaint and unvisited inhabitants.

AKABA.

BOSTON, Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 20th "Nutmeg" expresses his regret at my comments on the Kekoskee fish story, and speaks of my "casting discredit" on Mr. Hough's "plain statement of fact," and attributes my action to "a spirit of jealousy of the scientific attainments of the West." "Now this is most alarming," to use the words of Little Buttercup in "Pinafore." Those who read my article must see that it was written for the express and only purpose of bringing to the support of Mr. Hough's statements a new line of argument and that in the article I expressly and unequivocally asserted my belief in the story. Pray, Mr. Editor, what more can a man do? "Nutmeg" claims to live in St. Louis and "much nearer Kekoskee and the Widow Sneider and Old Santa Anna" than I, and therefore to know more about the facts in the case.

Now, though a resident of Boston, which "Nutmeg" sneeringly refers to as "the home of pure science, not to say the forcing house of speculative philosophy," let me say that I have spent years in Wisconsin and northern Illinois and believe I could give "Nutmeg" points on Western matters generally. Moreover, I do not believe that "Nutmeg" lives even as near to the scene of the story as St. Louis. His name is suspicious and he must belong to the wooden variety. No sir, I want him to understand that Mr. Hough and I believe that story, whether any one else does or not, and that it isn't the right thing to cast doubt on the sincerity of either of us. Brought up as I have been in my humble way on "pure science" and the simple methods of "speculative philosophy" I resent the imputations of guile made by one who evidently knows little of science, "fine" or otherwise, and who, judging from his language, takes "speculative philosophy" to be some sort of a vegetable.

While I am writing let me express my gratification that the question of the panther's ability to scream is fairly started. I wish I knew how and where we left off with the "woodcock's whistle" and the "coon's whicker."

C. H. AMES.

## THE BIG ALLIGATOR GAR.

MR. WILLIAM J. LEES, of St. Louis, has informed the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution about the capture of a monster gar in the Mississippi River at Carondelet. The fish, which belongs to the species called alligator gar, or manjuari, is one of the largest and most formidable predaceous inhabitants of our fresh waters. It is a native of the Lower Mississippi Valley, extends southward to Mexico, and is credited also to the Island of Cuba, where the name manjuari is applied to it.

In 1820 Rafinesque published a description of the alligator gar from which we extract the following remarks: "Its length is from 4 to 10ft. One was caught which weighed 400lbs. It lies sometimes asleep or motionless on the surface of the water, and may be mistaken for a log or a snag. It is impossible to take it in any other way than with the seine or a very strong hook; the prongs of the gig cannot pierce the scales which are as hard as flint, and even proof against lead balls! Its flesh is not good to eat. It is a voracious fish. Its vulgar names are diamond fish (owing to its scales being cut like diamonds), devil fish, jack fish, garjack, etc. The whole body covered with larger stone scales, lying in oblique rows; they are conical, pentagonal and pentahedral, with equal sides from half an inch to one inch in diameter, brown at first but becoming of the color of turtle shell when dry. They strike fire with steel!"

The development of the gar has been studied by Mr. Alexander Agassiz, who found some resemblance between it and the sharks in the brain, the mode of development of the breast fin, and of the formation of the gills. The young gars "move very slowly and seem to float quietly, save an exceedingly rapid vibration of the pectorals [breast fins] and the tip of the tail. They do not swim about much, but attach themselves to fixed objects by an extraordinary horse-shoe-shaped ring of sucker appendages about the mouth."

The eggs are deposited in the spring; they are large, adhesive, and resemble toads' eggs. The young eggs of the common bony gar, naturally laid, were hatched in six days.

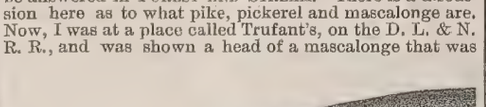
The gar taken at Carondelet was evidently the largest on record if no mistake was made in its measurement; its length was given as 21ft. 7in., and its jaws 5ft. Peter Heil and Ed. Brown were fishing from a boat with a stout line and a strong hook baited with beef. After the gar was struck it towed the craft and its occupants rapidly for a space of three blocks when its strength became exhausted, and the huge captive was fastened with a wire rope, to become an object of curiosity to hundreds of admiring visitors.

If Rafinesque had lived to read FOREST AND STREAM of June 5, 1890, he would have reconsidered his statement about the vulnerability of this bony monster, for he would have learned how "L. M." and his friend Howard Douglas harpooned three alligator gars in Bigbee River during a short fishing trip.

Readers who wish to see a figure of a gar-pike nearly related to the alligator gar should turn to plate 241 of the "Fishery Industries." T. H. B.

## PIKE, PICKEREL AND MASCALONGE.

LANSING, Mich.—I would like to ask you a few questions in regard to the names, length and weight of some fish to be answered in FOREST AND STREAM. There is a discussion here as to what pike, pickerel and mascalonge are. Now, I was at a place called Trufant's, on the D. L. & N. R. R., and was shown a head of a mascalonge that was said to weigh when caught, 60lbs., and have been told that they never grow so large.



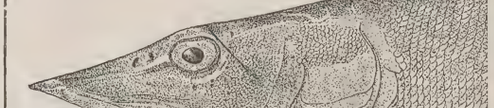
HEAD OF PICKEREL.

(Cheeks and opercles completely scaled.)



HEAD OF PIKE.

(Cheeks scaly. Lower half of opercles naked.)



HEAD OF MASCALONGE.

(Lower half of cheeks and opercles naked.)

How large does a genuine pickerel grow and what is the color of its meat?

How large is the largest mascalonge known, the weight of which can be proven?

What is the difference between a grass pike and a pickerel? G. M. K.

[The common pickerel seldom exceeds 6 or 8lbs. in weight, and its limit is said to be 10lbs. The flesh is white and savory, but often dry and inclined toward toughness. Moreover, it is very full of fine bones. The largest mascalonge recorded appears to be the 100lbs. specimen mentioned in "Fishery Industries," U. S., page 464. That was taken at Milwaukee in 1868 by Mr. Schultz. Mr. Ludwig Kumlein, who communicated the statement, said its accuracy was vouched for by many reliable persons. The grass pike is the common pike of the Great Lakes. It differs from the pickerel in many respects, and notably in color and size. The pickerel has a network of narrow, dark lines covering the usually greenish sides, while the pike has the sides thickly covered with pale blotches, nearly as large as the eye, and arranged almost in rows on the grayish or green-gray body color. You should send to FOREST AND STREAM for its numbers containing descriptions and figures of the pike, pickerel and mascalonge, which will enable you always to distinguish these fishes without difficulty. These are dated April 2 and 9, and May 14, 1891; the last especially will help you to fix the differences in your memory.]

### Vermont Trout Season.

VERMONT Legislature now is session. Bill introduced in the House Oct. 19 prohibits the taking of trout for a period of five years. Referred to Committee on Game and Fisheries. F. E. A.

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—XIV.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

### The Carp Lake Camp.

[*Continued from page 358.*]

I WAS determined to take a trout out of that stream above the bridge, if I had to follow it to its source.

The woods on this side were more open, and I had little trouble in getting to the water.

The stream above the bridge widened to 50 or 60ft., and many of the best looking places were out of reach without "cooning" a treacherous log or "teetery" limb, and taking the chance of a sousing in the icy water and afterward strip and dry my clothes in the sun, at the mercy of the deer flies and skeeters, as "Br'er Roach" did once upon a time in the past on Cedar River, and "ye Editor," on the same stream, which episodes were still fresh in my memory.

I had to content myself with fishing along the bank where there was an occasional opening through which to drop the hook, but the results were not very satisfactory.

In the hundred yards or more that I followed up the stream I took four trout, two of which were strung on a twig to carry back to the boat, another—a little one under the limit—returned to the water, and the fourth and last was left jerking and twisting in the water in plain sight, a victim to his own smartness, for he had taken a turn or two around some sunken limbs 5 or 6yds. out in the stream, and I was forced to break the line and leave him to his fate.

I tied on another hook and went on up a few rods, and lost another yard of line and the hook by getting fast, but this time without "hanging" a trout.

The tangle was getting bad again and I turned back disgruntled and out of humor with that part of Cedar Run, and its profanity-breeding surroundings, stopping on the way to find that my smart trout had worked loose, at which I rejoiced, for I had been feeling a trifle mean because I had been unable to get out to the submerged limbs and release him.

Back at the bridge I found Kelpie busy on a log with the lunch, but believing it a good practice not to eat when you don't want to I tied on and baited another hook to try the deep hole below the bridge, where Kelpie said he had taken a 10in. trout and lost another good one.

The "good one," or one that Kelpie said "bore a striking resemblance to him," seemed to have forgotten all about the recent pricking from Kelpie's hook, for as the current carried the squirming worm near a sunken log he came out from under it with a quick flirt, sucked in worm, hook and all—the water was so clear I could see the whole performance—and turned to go back under the log, but somehow he lost his bearings and took the wrong direction, and before he found out how the catastrophe came about he was gasping and flopping on the grass at the end of the bridge, wishing, as Kelpie quaintly "guessed," that he had staid under the log till the cyclone was over.

While Kelpie finished his lunch I tried the hole again, and although I saw another trout I could not induce him to bite; he had no doubt been a witness to the crazy antics and disappearance of the other one, and "had his doubts" about worms with strings to 'em.

When Kelpie had cleared off the table (log) and put the remainder of the lunch back in the boat we crossed the bridge and fished down the stream a matter of 50yds. in the open water to where it narrowed to a rod or more, but we got nothing except two or three little fellows that were returned to the water, and then as the sun had tilted away over past the noon mark we concluded to get in the boat and fish along down and get out on the lake before darkness overtook us, for to get caught in that stream after dark in a canvas boat meant shipwreck sure, and a night in the "bresh" with a million or two hungry skeeters that would suck the blood out of us till we would be too transparent to make a shadow when morning came.

When we got out in the stream we found it would take the whole time and attention of one of us to manage the boat in the swift current to keep her off the logs and snags and hold her steady in desired places when necessary, while the other fished.

Kelpie insisted on "standing" the first watch as sailing master by sitting flat down in the bow of the boat, where with an oar braced against the bottom, or by hanging on to a bush or projecting root along the bank he could hold the light craft, while I stood up in the stern, hanging down stream, and fished below.

The stream was open enough for free casting, but as we had no flies along we had to content ourselves with the means at hand. I tried worms for the first hundred yards or so, but the result was not very gratifying, and I killed one of the trout and fashioned a nondescript fly, or lure, out of the anal, and one of the ventral fins by placing them on the hook in such a way that they would twist in the water like a spinner when acted on by the current.

This "happy thought enticer"—with which I had scored a failure on the "big trout of McConnell's Creek"—proved to be just what the trout of Cedar Run had been waiting for all summer, and almost the first cast started trouble among them; however, it required little casting, as the current would switch the fly (?) nearly anywhere required by a lateral movement of the rod tip either to the right or left.

Standing up in the boat I could see all the likely looking places and deep holes before we got too near them, and a "stop her" to Kelpie would bring the ironclad to anchor at about the right spot to fish without too much line out to handle well, and when we wanted to move again "drop her down a little, Kelpie," and the current did the rest.

Every few yards, or rods, as the boat floated over sunken logs or a tangle of roots, trout would dart out from under or among them—2, 3, 4, and 5 in view at a time—and flirt out of sight up or down stream, those going below to be routed out again when the boat came along, or to remain in hiding under the bank, or behind a log, mayhap, till we got by.

The stream seemed to be alive with them, and we kicked ourselves with vehemence, mentally and figuratively, because we had not made some trips to it before, instead of wearing ourselves out threading the tangle of McConnell's Creek, Fouch's and Maybert's, not counting Alexander's Creek and the little stream near Daddy Nolan's.

The sport grew so exciting and engrossing that at times four or five trout were flopping in the bottom of the boat at once before I could spare the time to put them on the stringer hanging over the side, for it would have been "agin natur" to stop fishing a hole, or, if it please the æsthetic better, a pool, as long as there was a trout in it with his mouth open ready to take in the swirling fins.

All this time I was having a heap o' fun with the deer-flies; at least that's what Kelpie called it from his low seat in the bottom of the boat where they didn't bother him, but gave their undivided attention to "the ole cuss standin' up in the stern."

As we came up the stream in the forenoon they had not annoyed us, but now it seemed the hot afternoon sun had limbered them up and put vigor into 'em, and they had sallied forth on the war path, each one armed with a red hot needle, and each individual blood-sucker of the entire swarm of some hundreds looking for the ole cuss in the stern, as it appeared from a "cuss-ory" view of the situation.

The "sampling committee" had probably made a call on Kelpie over in the bow, and finding his blood too thin for sustenance, passed the word to the others to give him a wide berth, and the blessed old sinner was sitting there without a fly around him, watching me with a soft grin on his face, chuckling slyly to himself and looking as complacent as a kingfisher on a limb that had just swallowed a couple of 2in. shiners.

If there is an insect, bird or beast on the face o' this livin' airth with a more ironclad "nerve" than a deer fly, I have failed to run across it.

When one gets a "toe hold" and settles down to business and you make a pass to scare him away, missing, it may be, by less than a thirty-second of an inch, he don't scare worth a d—ime, nor budge, but keeps right on boring for blood with his red hot drill till you scrape him off or smite him out of existence.

They are the most headstrong, heedless, persistent, stick-to-you, soul-harrowing pests that infest the North Woods, and any one that can stand up against their attacks for an hour without splitting the commandment bearing on profanity into a thousand splinters need have no doubt about a blessed hereafter. From a swarm of hungry deer flies, good Lord deliver us, or words to that effect.

They settled on my shirt, neck, hat and face, and I was kept busy as a bob-tailed cow in fly-time scraping them off by ones and twos, and handfuls, with one hand, while I handled the rod with the other.

When I hooked a trout, and had to use both hands to reel him in and release the hook, the bloody-minded "varmints" had me at their mercy for the time, and then the cuss words, blue-tinted, ornamental and otherwise, that rent the air were a caution to the unregenerate.

If Kelpie thought the atmosphere smelled a trifle sulphurous he said nothing; he only grinned and enjoyed the performance going on at the stern—and it was, no doubt, worth the price of admission.

The trout bit more eagerly as we went down the stream and the flies grew less annoying, or it may be that the sport got so "overpowerin'" that I forgot all about the flies, but Kelpie guessed that "a good many got killed in the fight, and a good many others had fallen into the water, disabled by having their wings scorched, which accounted for their thinning out."

At any rate, I forgot the combination of a good many of the plain, every-day cuss words and found more time to attend to the trout and string them when they became too much exhausted to flop in the bottom of the boat.

KINGFISHER.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### "Days in Clover."

IN one of my notes in FOREST AND STREAM last July I referred to an angling outing on the Itchen in the south of England, by "The Amateur Angler" and "Piscator Major." It is an open secret that "The Amateur Angler" is Mr. Edward Marston, the head of the great London publishing house of Samson Low, Marston & Co., and that "Piscator Major" of his sketches is his son, Mr. Robert B. Marston, editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*.

The elder Mr. Marston is the author of several works that have an interest for the angling fraternity, and one that has just been issued with the title, "Days in Clover," is certainly one of the most fascinating and dainty little volumes that I have had the pleasure of rading. The author is an accomplished man of letters, and he is a fisherman, and something of a naturalist, and a lover of country sights and sounds, and not without a delicious sense of humor; and, withal, a keen observer of nature in her varying moods. There is a charm about his writings that causes one to forget all the worries and perplexities of life and wander by his side in his various outings, where all is blissful peace and quiet; and when the last page of the book is finished one feels that he is parting with a kindly friend who has taught him how to live in the world to make his life brighter and better. The book costs but one English shilling and is just the right size to put in one's pocket as a panacea for a score of ills real or imaginary. I wish I might present copies of "Days in Clover" to hundreds of fishermen, for after reading it they would be ashamed to kill undersized trout if they had a spark of conscience left, and no one of them would dare to exaggerate his catch, for the author, who says he is an old man, and who writes with the freshness of youth, and overflowing with gentleness and the milk of human kindness, and love of everything good, would, somewhere between the covers of the book, say the words that would prove a rebuke—mildly and gently administered—to practices that were questionable. One does not wonder that Piscator Major says of him, "He is the best man I ever met. God bless him!"

"Days in Clover" is composed of fourteen letters, and some of the titles are, An Outing with Izaak Walton, A Day's Fly-Fishing in August, The First of October, The Last of October, My Holiday on the Wye, Angling Sketches, A Day or Two on the Itchen, The Itchen Revisited, My Holiday in Wales, etc. Here is a quotation: "I saw a rise in a likely hole; I swung my fly dry and cast it with the utmost precision. My little 'red rail' floated upright and jauntily over the spot where I had seen the rise, and a big trout came at me. I struck in the ninety-ninth part of a second, but I was too late. The fish in this stream consider him a 'duffer' who cannot strike in the one-hundredth part of a second, and that, I regret to say, is a point of perfection at which I have not yet arrived. The ninety-ninth I can reach easily. Again I threw over him; again he came at me. I missed him again only by that one-hundredth vibration—a narrow squeak for him, you may be sure; but he knew his superiority and clearly enjoyed the fun of playing with a duffer. He became bold and careless; he tried the ninety-ninth vibration of a second by way of experiment, and I had him. He jumped half a yard clean out of the water, and otherwise fought like a demon, enraged more, I am certain, at being caught napping, as it were, in this way, than if he had been fairly hooked, as he knew he ought to have been, in the one-hundredth part of a second, that infinitesimal point of time making all the difference to these very learned fish."

Just one more quotation, a short one:

"I may here say that I never go a-fishing without the Major. I try his wonderful patience a great deal; when I am dry-fly fishing I have a way of swishing off my flies in trying to dry them, to say nothing of constantly getting caught in the opposite bank or in a tree; or else I leave my flies a mile or two behind me, stuck fast in thistle or grass, while I have steadily fished on, unconscious of my loss. The Major always comes to my aid and puts me right for a fresh start; in fact, I could never fish at all, but for his ever ready help at hand."

The book is not all about fishing, and I can say of "Days in Clover," as the Amateur Angler wrote of a volume that he once reviewed, "This is a book which no gentleman's or angler's library (the terms are synonymous) should be without."

### Dame Berners and Wynkyn de Worde.

I hold that it is not nice to be hypercritical, but to be critical within certain bounds is a duty, and as such I write what follows.

In "American Game Fishes" is a chapter upon the



A SNAP-SHOT OF OUR GUIDE.

(FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition.

striped bass, written by the late Mr. Francis Endicott, in which occurs the following passage: "Contrary to the precepts of the late Wynkyn de Worde (A.D. 1491) who, in his introduction to the famous 'Treatyse on Fysshynge,' holds forth in this manner." Here follows the quotation. At first glance it might appear that Wynkyn de Worde was the author of the "Treatyse" for which he wrote the introduction, but Mr. Endicott himself in an article in "Sport with Gun and Rod" has said that Dame Juliana Berners was the author of the book, which was "emprynted by Wynkyn de worde," but that is not why I refer to the matter. I know that it is claimed that Dame Berners did not write the book at all, because the treatise is not included in the Book of St. Albans of 1486. In Mr. George W. Van Siclen's American edition of the Treatyse is the preface to the English edition of 1827 in which the date of the first publication of the Book of St. Albans is given as 1488, but Bibliotheca Piscatoria, Westwood and Satchell (1883), makes the date 1486, which is ascribed to her.

The treatise first appeared in 1496 (not 1491, as Mr. Endicott is made to say) in the Book of St. Albans of that date, and later (1500) it appeared by itself, which brings me to the point I wish to make. The quotation which Mr. Endicott ascribes to Wynkyn de Worde "in his introduction" is this, in part: "And for by cause that the present treatyse sholde not come to ye hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were emprynted allone by itself put in a lytyll plaunflet, therefore I have compylyd it in a grete volume of dyverse boyks, etc." This quotation does not appear in the introduction by Wynkyn de Words or anybody else. Bibliotheca Piscatoria says of the edition of 1500, the one giving the treatise by itself for the first time: "This edition appears to have been published as a 'lytyll plaunflet' notwithstanding the caution of the authoress against this course, given in the concluding paragraph of the treatise in previous editions, which in this instance is omitted." That tells the story. The extract quoted by Mr. Endicott is not in the introduction, and was not written by Wynkyn de Worde, but it was written by the authoress and formed the concluding paragraph of the book, as will be found by referring to Mr. Van Siclen's American edition. This is a small matter, perhaps, but errors uncorrected grow and take root, and in time become so fixed that it is impossible to correct them, therefore I think it well to nail them as soon as they appear.

A. N. CHENEY.

### Bass and Young Shad.

WE learn from Fish Commissioner H. C. Demuth that black bass fishing has been poor of late in the Susquehanna River on account of the large numbers of shad going down to the sea. The bass are so well filled with shad that they will not take live bait. Fishing has improved, however, during the past week. As the river is very low and entirely free from the culm of the coal mines which was so annoying last year, he thinks late fishing will be good unless heavy rains set in.

## MORE ABOUT CHIPOLA.

COLUMBIA, Ala., Oct. 29.—Several inquiries have reached me asking as to the locality, health, accommodations, etc., of Chipola or Cypress Lakes, Calhoun county, west Florida. The lake is about the frost line, as oranges, lemons, Japanese plums and other tropical fruits grow here to perfection. It is within twelve or fifteen miles of the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and nearer to St. Andrews Bay on the southwest, and constant sea breezes through the immense virgin forests of balsamic pine insure fine, vigorous health to residents and visitors. The hotel accommodations are good. Two well kept hotels and many private boarding houses on either side of the lake furnish visitors with good fare, etc., at $1 per day or much less by month. These houses all have well-constructed canoes and batteaux, which are furnished free, and guides either for hunting or pointing out the best fishing grounds can be had for a trifle.

From Oct. 15 to May 1 the hunting and fishing are all you could desire.

Any person desiring to visit the lakes can readily reach them via Savannah, Ga., and S. F. & W. R. R. to River Junction, thence by steamer to Iola, where hacks convey to the lakes, two miles distant, or via Atlanta, Ga., to Columbus, Ga., and steamer to Iola, via Montgomery and Eufala, Ala., and steamer; or via New Orleans or Mobile and P. & A. R. R. to River Junction and steamer to Iola. Society good. Several churches, several general stores, in fact any and everything that a hunter or fisherman wants to make him healthy and happy.

PISCATOR.

## THE NAVARRA SALMON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20.—I promised to investigate at the proper time and report upon the question of salmon fishing in the Navarra River, the scene of my former triumphs in taking that gamy fish, and which location I have always advocated as affording splendid fishing; but alas, the hand of the vandal has nosed out my favorite ground. I have just learned that the deadly seine is being plied with the usual effect, and rod fishing is spoiled. I had anticipated being able to write to the several gentlemen who purposed joining me here for a raid upon the Navarra, but I cannot encourage them to come since the river has fallen under the ban of seining.

The river for three miles from its mouth is tide water, with scarcely a perceptible current, hence is easily seined, and as the salmon come in with the flood tide the vandals lie in wait and scoop them up, and what they don't get are so frightened and demoralized as to destroy rod fishing almost entirely, and thus I am all broken up in my expectation of having one of my good old times when I landed thirty or forty in a day's fishing; so I say drat the selfish Italians, who are thus invading our sacred grounds and robbing us of our sport.

It is possible I may conclude to try my luck up there, and if things are not as bad as represented I will herald the news to my expectant fisherman friends in the East.

PODGERS.

### The South Mountain Fishing Club.

FOR downright, hard-working, enthusiastic, never-to-be-discouraged, painstaking anglers let me bring forward this aggregation of Washington men famous in literature and law. You may count their numbers on the fingers of your two hands, but the names of their acquaintances and friends would fill many pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

Late in October a party of six of its members were on their favorite Potomac River fishing grounds, between White's Ferry and Edwards' Furnace, a beautiful stretch of water, about five miles long, one-quarter mile wide and varying from 4ft. to 15ft. in depth. There were Major T. B. Kirby, Mr. Fergus Ferriss, Col. Richard Bright and Messrs. John P. Miller, A. J. Kaiser and E. M. Hood.

For three days they fished assiduously with the live "Baltimore minnow" or black-banded fresh-water killifish, and their total catch was 94 black bass. The water was remarkably low and clear—so clear that "Cliff," a FOREST AND STREAM correspondent, who was on the river further down, said he could see the point of his hook in five feet depth. As a consequence, the bass were in the deep holes and dainty about biting.

Many of the fish were small, but some of them were large enough to satisfy the ambition of the average angler anywhere. Major Kirby caught a 3-pounder that fought like a giant, and Mr. Miller made the record with a beauty weighing 5lbs. 9oz. on a rusty pair of spring scales. The club is a unit in placing the actual weight above 6lbs. There was trouble with that fish first and last. After five minutes' furious play the bass found a convenient snag on the bottom around which he wound the leader, and there he concluded to stay and did stay fully fifteen minutes, when some one started him with a long pole and the sharp struggle was renewed. Miller won—and lost. The fish was vanquished, boated and strung; but he was lost before the party reached the landing. The record remains, and the bass will linger in memory while the record lasts.

T. H. B.

### Trout of Third Connecticut Lake.

LANCASTER, N. H., Oct. 22.—I notice in your issue of Sept. 22 "Ompompanoosuc" speaks of the trout in Third Connecticut Lake as differing in shape and color from the trout of other waters in that section. I noted the same thing last June, that being my first trip to Third Lake, and to me they seemed identical with the trout taken in the Diamond Ponds, being more silvery in color and slimmer built, and far more gamy than the average brook or pond trout, and again having a meat of a pronounced salmon color, similar to the Diamond Pond trout. I have always contended in a modest way that there are two species of trout in Diamond Ponds—the short, deep, brown-backed, white-meated trout, and the long, slim, silvery-sided, blue-backed, red-meated trout. You can catch both under similar conditions and in same locality. If they are the same trout, "what makes the difference?" I make these statements in "fear and trembling," as I have in mind discussions concerning this same subject in the past.

I am glad "Ompompanoosuc" visited Third Lake and has noted the difference in the trout from those of neighboring streams and lakes.

ROE.

## SOME SAMPLE "INVESTIGATIONS."

THERE is neither time, nor space, nor patience to follow the *American Game and Fish Laws* by Henry Austin of the Suffolk Bar through a tenth part of its plagiaristic appropriations from the *Book of the Game Laws*. A few specimen pilferings must suffice to illustrate the dishonest methods practiced. Here is one of the Connecticut local fishing law cases referred to in the "Open Letter." Sections 2476, 2477 and 2478 of the Connecticut Public Statutes read:

SEC. 2476. Every person who shall take any fish from Waramaug Lake, in Litchfield county, between the first day of April and the first day of July in any year, shall be fined not more than five dollars, or imprisoned not more than twenty days, or both.

SEC. 2477. Every person who shall draw or use any seine or set net or set line for taking fish in Waramaug Lake, in Litchfield county, shall be fined not more than twenty dollars, or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both; and whenever any person shall be seen or found upon the shores or waters of said lake with a seine, set net, or set line in his possession, it shall be *prima facie* evidence that such seine, set net, or set line, is used by such person in violation of the provisions of this section.

SEC. 2478. Every person who shall take any black bass less than six inches in length from Waramaug Lake with a hook and line shall immediately return it into the water of said lake, and every person taking said fish and failing to return the same as aforesaid shall be fined not more than five dollars or imprisoned not more than ten days, or both.

These three sections are condensed in the *Book of the Game Laws* and thence conveyed by Mr. Austin thus:

*Book of the Game Laws.*

Waramaug Lake, Litchfield county—2476 forbids fishing between April 1 and July 1. 2477 forbids use of seine, set net or set line; possession of net or seine *prima-facie* evidence. 2478. Bass of less than 6in. must be returned to the water.

*Mr. Austin.*

Waramaug Lake, Litchfield county; forbids fishing between April 1 and July 1; forbids use of seine, set net or set line; possession or net of seine *prima-facie* evidence. Bass of less than six inches must be returned to the water.

And so on for two and a half pages of his book.

There is in Georgia a county named Bulloch. Chap. 390, Laws 1889, relative to Bulloch county, reads:

SEC. I. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Georgia*, That it shall not be lawful for any person to hunt with dogs, or firearms, or implements of any kind, on any lands not his own in the county of Bulloch without the written consent of the owner of the lands or the persons having such lands in charge, after such owner or person having such land in charge has given written notice by placing the same on said land or given such person or persons written notice forbidding such person or persons from hunting or fishing on such lands.

SEC. II. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall not be lawful for any person to catch or entrap fish with hook and lines, seines, gill-nets, cast-nets, or in any other way in any streams or ponds on any lands not his own in the county of Bulloch without the written consent of the owner of the lands or of the persons having such lands in charge.

SEC. III. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall not be lawful for any person to shoot, kill, trap, snare, net or otherwise destroy any wild turkey, wild duck, partridge or quail in the county of Bulloch between the first day of April and the first day of October in any year.

SEC. IV. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall not be lawful for any person to buy, sell or offer for sale in said county, between the first day of April and the first day of October in any year, any wild turkey, wild duck, parrridge or quail.

SEC. V. *Be it further enacted*, That for every violation of any provisions of this Act etc.

The *Book of the Game Laws* by a typographical error printed Bullock for Bulloch, and with parrotesque precision Mr. Austin's shears follow copy, typographical error and all. That is one of the beauties of the shears mode of "investigation." Here are the two digests:

*Book of the Game Laws.*

Bullock.—[Act 390, Laws 1889. —Unlawful to catch, kill, pursue, sell or possess any wild turkey, wild duck, partridge or quail, between April 1 and Oct. 1; or to hunt or fish on lands of another without written consent of owner after notice has been given.]

*Mr. Austin.*

Bullock County.—Unlawful to catch, kill, pursue, sell or possess any wild turkey, wild duck, partridge or quail, between April 1 and October 1; or to hunt or fish on lands of another without written consent of owner after notice has been given.

The Georgia Burke County Act would fill a column of FOREST AND STREAM in this type. Here it is as it appears in the *Book*, and as material which Mr. Austin "derived from the Revised Statutes, Codes, and latest enactments of the respective States:"

*Book of the Game Laws.*

Burke.—[Act 209, Laws 1889, is similar to Richmond county act given below, save that it forbids killing wild turkeys and partridges between April 1 and Oct. 1; and forbids possession or sale of summer duck or dove between April 1 and Aug. 15.]

*Mr. Austin.*

Burke County.—Similar to Richmond County Act given below, save that it forbids killing wild turkeys and partridges between April 1 and October 1; and forbids possession or sale of summer duck or dove between April 1 and August 15.

And so on to the end of the chapter.

Mr. Austin says he derived his material from the original sources. The editor of the *Book of the Game Laws* will give a new gun to the first person who will tell him where Mr. Austin got the New Jersey non-resident paragraphs outside of the *Book of the Game Laws*. Here is the first paragragh:

*Book of the Game Laws.*

Non-Resident Requirements. —[The law relative to non-residents is given on a preceding page. The only society whose by-laws require membership in the society as a condition precedent to non-residents shooting or fishing in New Jersey is the West Jersey Game Protective Society, whose jurisdiction extends only to the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May. See following paragraph For other parts of the State no. non-resident licenses are now r quired.]

*Mr. Austin.*

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But it would take pages of FOREST AND STREAM to follow Mr. Austin's "investigations."

### A Stupid Blunder.

One who criticises the blunders of others should avoid blundering himself. I stated last week that the errors contained in Mr. Henry Austin's *American Game and Fish Laws* related to 33 States and Territories. Instead of 33 I should have said 38. This is the record shown in the copy of Mr. Austin's work annotated by me.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS.

### To whom it may concern:

The *Book of the Game Laws* published by us is a copyrighted work.

The pamphlet entitled *American Game and Fish Laws* (by Henry Austin of the Suffolk Bar, Boston, 1892), contains certain material which is an infringement of our copyright in the *Book of the Game Laws*, which infringement, we are advised by counsel, is actionable at law.

All persons are hereby warned against selling or offering for sale the infringing work, as we shall take measures to enforce our rights and protect our property.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

318 BROADWAY, New York, Oct. 24, 1892.

## WHITE PERCH OF THE POTOMAC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25.—A few days since I went down the Potomac to fish for white perch. On the recommendation of jovial Captain Blake, of fishing fame, I stopped off at Riverside, near the mouth of Nanjemoy Creek, in Charles county, Md., where I was comfortably cared for. Accompanied by the proprietor of the store, post office and a large share of the adjacent territory, and a boatman, I reached the fishing grounds about 11 A. M. These grounds, or "shoals," as they are there called, are about two miles from the Riverside wharf and one mile from the Virginia shore. The term "shoals" is a little misleading, as the water consists of an extended shoal containing pools from 6ft. to 12ft. in depth, and the most successful fishing is done in these pools.

I used a rod; the other two members of the party used "drop lines" until I rigged up my other rod and prevailed upon mine host to try it. While he did not find this method much more productive than the "yanking" process, he soon discovered that it afforded "oodles" more of fun. We baited exclusively with hard crabs which probably accounts for the limited variety of fish taken. After taking a few perch we moved, took a few more, moved again and then settled down to business. As a rule we did not "monkey" long with the pretty silver-sided fellows after they were hooked; occasionally, however, when two were fighting at once I tested their fighting qualities, but didn't find them dead game.

Soon after 4 o'clock we cried "enough," and on counting and weighing our catch found we had 177 perch and three white catfish, weighing in the aggregate 113lbs., exclusive of a score or so of smaller ones thrown back. I will agree with my critical brother of the rod that this is not very artistic sport if he will agree with me that it is pretty lively fun. JERE. WILLIAMS.

### The Susquehanna Salmon.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 29.—Noticing your reference to the above subject in last issue reminds me that when engaged in fishculture near Philadelphia some twenty years ago, I was, on two or three occasions, called to Wilkesbarre, Scranton and other points in that region of Pennsylvania in connection with fishculture, fish stocking, etc. Of course I heard much about the early fisheries of that region, particularly from old men, some of whom quoted their ancestors. Quite generally reference was made to the great quantities of salmon in the Upper Susquehanna, and I found that they really referred to the pike-perch; indeed, they appeared to be the principal fish in those waters when I was there, and were said to have been far more plentiful fifty to sixty years before. I was somewhat surprised upon being told in Harrisburg several years later that these so-called salmon were introduced into the Susquehanna through the efforts of Hon. Simon Cameron. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

### October's Glorious Close.

NEWTOWN, Pa., Oct. 27.—The weather is simply glorious. I couldn't stand it yesterday, so I took my rod, and with my "youngest" went to the historic Neshaminy and fooled along the banks, now so far from their flowing company (owing to the protracted drought); and tried to tempt the bass, but without returns save from sunfish, of which we caught a mess: and came home across the browning pastures and through the woods, which, half-denuded of their summer vesture that filled the hollows and rustled pleasantly beneath our feet, gave charming vistas unseen till now. Nature is quick with recompense.

O. O. S.

### Destruction of Fish by Naphtha.

ON the Volga River naphtha is transported in leaky wooden barges and a great deal of it escapes into the stream. In times of floods this poison is spread on the adjacent flats. The naphtha has killed or driven away many fish and infected others so that their flesh is no longer eatable. The highly-prized sterlet, a small sturgeon, is one of the noteworthy examples. On the overflowed meadows vegetation has been destroyed, as well as the insects and larvæ which constitute part of the food of fishes.

### About Nets.

THERE are nets in American waters that reach a distance of five miles without a break; single seines valued at from one to two thousand dollars; single fisheries representing investments of $50,000 or more, and one concern manufactures nets and twines, for fishing purposes solely, whose capital is $350,000 The American Net and Twine Co. (who have a modest card in our advertising columns) is the concern referred to, and they are our present authority for all the above particulars regarding commercial fishing. There is no doubt that they understate rather than exaggerate the importance of the industry.

## Fishculture.

### RAINBOW TROUT IN VIRGINIA.

WE are indebted to Comissioner Marshall McDonald for a copy of the following letter from Gen. J. D. Imboden, of Damascus, Va., relating to the rapid growth of rainbow trout in the Laurel Fork of Holsten River. Similar accounts from other sources confirm the report of the successful introduction of this handsome game fish into Old Dominion waters. The rainbow will thrive and multiply in streams which are too warm for the reproduction of the brook trout, and thus the area of trout waters has been greatly extended. Gen. Imboden says:

"Four years ago 800 California trout and 200 mountain trout were put in the Laurel Fork of Holsten here, and have made their way up into the mountains above us, and have done magnificently. I have caught a number myself, and have seen them quite frequently taken by other anglers.

"The California trout have run this year from 1½ to 3½lbs. in weight. In August one was landed after a struggle about two miles above where I live, and was brought to my office to be weighed and measured. Extreme length, 23½in.; depth behind the gills, 7in.; thickness of back, nearly 3in.; from extreme points of forked tail, 6in.; weight by my scales, 5lbs. 8oz. avoirdupois, by balance at nearest store 5lbs. 10oz. This is the largest one I ever saw. More than 20 people saw it before it was cleaned and cooked. A female last season had her nest within 20ft. of my office, on the Laurel, at the mouth of Beaver Dam Creek, and when the eggs hatched the nest for a square yard looked almost as red as blood, there were so many for two or three days until the little fellows left. We fed them corn meal by throwing it in the stream a few feet above, and small as they were they seemed to catch and eat the particles."

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.

Dec. 6 to 9.—First Annual Dog Show Hermitage Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn. Robert C. Stockton, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.

Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.

April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.

May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trials Club, third annual trials, at Chatham, Ont. Amateur Stake, Nov. 7. Open Stakes, Nov. 8. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—United States Field Trials, at Elizabethtown, Ky. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 8.—New England Field Trials, at Assonet, Mass. E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y

### NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THE trials of this club, field trials, I mean, were brought to a successful close on Friday evening last, and once more this energetic and enterprising specialty club has demonstrated that beagle trials are not only feasible but also an acceptable addition to the many sports which may be enjoyed by those in fairly robust health and favored with stout legs. If one aspires to be in it with the dogs at every turn, stout lungs are also a *sine qua non*. The idea of holding beagle field trials was at first ridiculed in many quarters by those unacquainted with the conditions under which the beagle owners in this northern country hunt the "Mollie Cottontail." The trials of 1890, crude as they were in conception and more so in the training most of the dogs displayed, demonstrated, however, that such trials could be carried out, and experiment proving practical, preparations were at once made to get stock that would do better in 1891. Last year the trials were still more successful, and this year there was little of the 1890 crudeness apparent. The dogs were nearly all trained, and with few exceptions under good control. The difference in the latter respect struck me very forcibly, because I did not attend the trials in 1891, and remember that in the first meeting the lack of control the owners had over their dogs was a continual source of annoyance, and the subsequent discussion in FOREST AND STREAM on this subject evidently bore good fruit.

It is all very well for some hunters to say that when their dogs are on a trail they cannot be called off—nobody desires to do that unless the dogs run into very thick cover where they might keep running for a week. The control is when the dogs are searching and casting round for the trail the hunter is able by hand or voice to draw them to likely spots or to where he has seen a hare start. There are a score of difficulties to be met with in a day's hunt that may be overcome, and a pleasant day's sport be the result, if the dogs are trained to remember that they are hunting for their owner and not altogether for themselves.

Although the country about Nanuet, where the trials were held, is charming to a degree, and just at present, when the leaves have assumed their autumnal tints, in some parts gorgeous in coloring with the distant Palisades and Highlands of the Hudson forming an azure background, still it is a rough country where we hunted. There is too much cover and the ground is rocky in a good many places, making it hard going both for man and beast. The hares were rarely until the last day found in the open, and most of the trailing was done in cover. Probably, however, all things considered, we cannot hope to do much better in the North, though we should surmise that some parts of southern New Jersey, down in the pine lands for instance, and Long Island, would afford more level country and better hunting. This should be a subject for investigation before next year.

The number of spectators in daily attendance compared more than favorably with the other field trials down South, and I may as well give the list of those who were there: Col. DeLancey Kane, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; Messrs. Pottinger Dorsey, Newmarket, Md.; W. H. Ashburner, Yeadon, Pa.; F. W. Chapman, H. V. Jamieson and Dr. Taylor, Melrose, Mass.; Herman F. Schellhass, Brooklyn; Charles E. Peabody, Salem, N. H.; Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass.; H. Hanson, Fall River, Mass.; H. Catesby Doud, W. Palmer; John Bateman, Gravesend, L. I.; J. W. Appleton, New York; W. S. Clarke and A. Parry, Linden, Mass.; Frank P. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.; Joe Lewis, Moodus Conn.; James Moylan, Jersey City; W. Tallman, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. Eska, Nanuet, and of course our host, H. L. Kreuder, through whose efforts we were housed, fed and generally made to feel at home, and probably the most thankful man in the lot when Sunday came was the owner of the "Kreuder Homestead." He must have been pretty well used up. We used his kennels, his house, his writing paper, his stamps and pretty nearly everything else that could be found in a well regulated house. He didn't mind it, the same genial smile welcomed every one. A very pleasant week was spent by all. Game was hardly so plentiful as could have been wished at times, but the extreme dryness of the ground affected scent to such an extent that there was no such thing as getting on to a trail and working it out to a finish; it was lost even if "hot," in a short time, and it was no difficult matter for "bunny" to have the dogs at fault.

*Wednesday*

the second day was ushered in with a cloudy sky and light rain for an hour or so, hardly sufficient to be of much benefit to the dogs. The dog class 13 to 15in. having been decided on Tuesday, was duly chronicled in FOREST AND STREAM last week and to-day the ladies of that division tried their luck, for luck it was in a good many cases. The draw on Tuesday night resulted as follows:

Forest Beagle Kennels' Vick R. with Pottinger Dorsey's Venus III.

Middleton Kennels' Snow with Rockland Kennels' Fanny Racer.

Rockland Kennels' Zillah with Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Parthenia.

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsey A. with Forest Beagle Kennels' June Rose.

Both hounds were handled by their owners, H. V. Jamieson having Vick R. They were cast off in an open field at 8:07, Venus at first got to work in the quickest manner. A great deal of ground was traversed, Venus still doing the best hunting though she could find nothing. Moving to another field Vick got into her gait and did the leading; still no game until a hare was kicked up by someone. Dogs were laid on and Venus was first to strike, and both dogs drove "puss" to thick cover where they lost. Afterward Vick found again and hustled the quarry smartly to a stone wall where it went to earth. Working back to open field nothing more was done and dogs were taken up at 9:20. Down 1h. 13m.

SNOW—FANNY RACER.—Charlie Peabody handled Snow and A. Eska had charge of Mr. Kreuder's Fanny Racer. Cast off at 9:25, neither showed much "git up and git." Snow eventually struck a trail and Fanny followed, but not ambitiously, and bunny was lost altogether. Dogs were worked across a field, Snow doing the best hunting. Then we tried for a hare that had been marked, but it wasn't at home; further on, however, a hare was started by Snow and lost. Fanny then took up the trail and hustled bunny to some scrub oaks across a roadway, when both dogs were at fault. Snow got on to another and some fair hunting ensued, Fanny showing herself at times a bit of a babbler, which is likely to impress one at first thought with the idea that she is busier than she really is. Dogs up at 10. Down 35m.

PARTHENIA—ZILLAH.—F. W. Chapman, her owner, handled Parthenia and Zillah was under C. Eska's orders They were put down at 10:10 in open field and Zillah soon showed herself much the faster worker, Parthenia evidently not taking kindly to the ground, which was here very rough and stony and covered with briers. Plenty of old trails were sniffed over, but they led to nothing livelier. This may have been the fault of the dogs, as they did not work very close. Hunting down hill toward the railroad track, into scrub oaks, both tuned up, but Zillah, getting the line first, made a short drive toward the briers, where they lost, and though they tried hard bunny proved too sly for them. A search in the open once more proved fruitless and dogs were called up at 11:40. Down 1h. 30m. Zillah was the best worker of the two, doing some intelligent, busy hunting; but as she was afterward found to be undersized she was excluded from further competition in this class.

JUNE ROSE—GYPSEY A.—Cast off in a weed field it was seen that each was handled by its owner. June got down to business in the liveliest manner, and putting up the fur drove the quarry at a smart pace, followed by Gypsey, to a brier patch. There was a good deal of trailing and warm work generally here, but they failed to hold the scent, June doing most of the leading, showing her usual good trailing qualities and neglecting no part of the ground in her quest; she is very level-headed. The running here was very difficult, the thick briers making it impossible to follow the dogs at times. Gypsey can do better than she did in this heat, as she was handicapped by condition, and though the spirit seemed willing the flesh gave out. They were called up at 12:30. Down 45m. The company then got on the trail of the lunch basket and they left nothing to swear by but the handles. During digestion the judges decided that Fanny Racer and Parthenia were out of it, which left Venus and Vick R., Snow and Gypsey A., and June Rose a bye to run in the

*Second Series*

VENUS—VICK R.—The signal to start was given at 1:10. The judges wanted to see these two especially, work together again. Venus trailed along a wall and was unwilling to leave it, paying no attention to her owner. Meanwhile Vick R. was beating out the likely places in the briers, but to no purpose. Taken down to scrub oaks both hunted with vim, Venus doing better than at first, but could not be con-



JUDGES CONSULT.

trolled, much to the disgust of her owner. Here Vick gave tongue, and after some stylish work jumped the quarry and drove it for some time at a merry pace, hustling bunny into the woods and swamp. Venus meanwhile proved too headstrong and neglected her owner entirely, thus failing to get on the trail at all. Called up at 1:40. Down 30m. Mr. Dorsey was disgusted with his bitch, and picking her up in his arms made a bee line for his temporary home. It is safe to say that before Venus appears in public again she will know how to spell—obedience.

SNOW—GYPSEY A.—Cast off at 1:45 P. M. As usual, they were in the brier patches, and though working industriously they failed to find. They were then taken to where Vick had driven the hare in the last heat, but did not strike at once, and Judge Lewis accidentally kicked the hare. Gypsey hit off first, giving tongue in her usual high key, but Snow, making a wider cast, picked up the trail a long way ahead of her and went off alone at a rattling pace that tried the powers of all to keep in sight. Bunny headed for the swamp, Gyp following, too, but lost trail and was helped by handler. There was plenty of music to be heard for some time, but the judges and reporters were out of it and fast in the briers far behind. Eventually the hare was lost in the swamp, but Snow had done the smartest work. Drawn off to an open field Snow ranged the better of the two, and dogs up at 2:28. Down 43m.

JUNE ROSE A BYE.—This bitch was then worked alone through the open fields for some time, doing the same honest, level-headed work as usual; she may be a little slow but she is very thorough and sure, quite fulfilling her promise as a youngster in 1890. She followed an old trail for some distance, but failing to get warmer she was called up, and with Snow she was sent off in the

*Final.*

JUNE ROSE—SNOW.—This heat was for blood and to decide which should have the choice of moneys. Mr. Parry did the honors by providing us with a hare, and dogs were drawn to where the gentleman from Linden rose the fur. The dogs picked up the trail in great style.



W. S. CLARKE, JUDGE.

F. W. CHAPMAN, PRES. JOE LEWIS, JUDGE.

After this hare was worked to a loss in a weed field another hare was started Snow was the first to open on it, and led us toward where both were at fault; June was first to find, and both chiming in, some lively work was indulged in with the quality of it in June's favor. Some hit-and-miss work in woods then took place, in which Snow did well, leading one little merry burst, which bothered some of us to keep in sight, the briars being very affectionate and bestowing their favors impartially. Then some give-and-take work ensued as each lost and in turn struck the line in casting. In this June Rose showed probably the best, getting the most leads. Further down in woods a hare was found in her form; hare "lit out" and dogs thrown on, literally June Rose was the first to tongue, and away they both went ding-dong and hustled that bunny for 10 minutes till all hands were dripping wet and pumped out. June Rose clearly showed her superiority, and the judges called the dogs up at 3:50; down 1hr 20m. The judges decided that June Rose was entitled to first prize, Snow second, and Gypsey A. and Vick R. divide third money. This was a perfectly just decision, for though Snow was snappy and good on hot trail, when it came to downright head work June Rose had the advantage. This concluded the day's work, and some of the boys were not at all sorry, as the rough ground and the briars were very trying.

*Thursday.*

The class for dogs 13in. and under had several entries, but with the exception of Bradford S. Turpin's Clyde they did not fill. A meeting of the field trial committee was held and decided that Clyde should run a bye, and be entitled to whatever prize the judges should think fit to give, according to the work he did. Although Clyde did not run this bye till dusk I might as well give the account of it in its proper order. At 4:50 P. M. Clyde was put down just near Mr Kreuder's house in open field, and working to alder swamp he thrashed his ground out well, hunting out all the likely places and was snappy and full of judgment. In a few minutes he made a start and drove the hare hot for some distance, when he was at fault. Circling nicely he picked up the trail again for another short run, checking, but soon on the line again, working it across a turnip field to a swamp, driving well and closely. Judge Clarke was satisfied he was good enough for first and said so. Clyde was taken up at 5:35. Down 45m.

In the bitch class for 13in. and under the draw was:

H. Hanson's Desdemona with Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Butterfly.

Rockland Kennels' champion Lou with W. F. Rutler's Mollie.

Rockland Kennels' Zillah a bye.

The start was an early one, the first brace being cast off at 7:50 in a new part of the country just out of the village. This was a more cultivated section with open grass fields, and, in fact, all that could be desired except hares, and there was the trouble and dire disappointment, still we made the best of it and frowned down any suggestions about trying the country we were in yesterday. Open fields and woods with one rabbit was better than briars and unlimited bunnies. The day was a glorious one, no wind to speak of and the sun shining brightly, but as "Bradley" remarked, "A good day to be alive in but a bad one for hunting," and so it proved, for it was the worst game day we had had so far. However, Desdemona, handled by H. Hanson, and Butterfly, by F. W. Chapman were soon busy at work slowly picking a place to a find hare, but it was not till 8:20 that Mr. Turpin conjured up a bit of fur. Dogs were laid on and Desdemona struck the scent first, carrying it down the hill, but Butterfly getting into the line carried it up the hill again, when Desdemona scurried us along for 20yds. and lost. Crossing the road Desdemona struck it and led for a few yards when Butterfly took the lead with plenty of music till lost at bottom of hill again. A lot of desultory work with a whimper now and then ensued and dogs were called up at 8:50. Down 1h. A difficult heat to gauge, as there was little between them, and that little but indifferent. The ground was too dry to hold a scent long enough to swear by. Desdemona's voice is her chief charm.

LOU—MOLLIE.—Handsome little Lou, handled by her owner, and Mollie, handled by Charlie Peabody, were cast off at edge of woods at 8:55. A lot of ground was searched over without a whimper from the dogs, but numerous disgusted grunts from those who had to follow, and especially when Mollie trailed a horse to his shady lair in the bottoms. At 9:30 Mr. Kreuder had Eska take hold of Lou, and soon after Lou opened on top of hill but did not carry it on. Mr. Dorsey had marked a hare in open and Lou was put on alone, then Mollie came up and both worked into woods without tonguing. Lou opened and Mollie brought up; a check followed a short run. At edge of woods Mr. Hanson saw a hare and Lou getting on carried us along at an easy gait and then lost; here she did some intelligent casting and showed herself much superior to the other. Mollie tumbled on the trail and gave us a breather. Then Hanson saw hare again and fired, missed, and dogs being laid on away we went, and circling bursts took place, with Lou doing most of the work. Dogs called up at edge of woods after a check, at 10:15; down 1h. 20m. Lou had the best of it though Mollie also did fair work considering the ground, and why she was left out of the subsequent proceedings altogether I cannot understand.

ZILLAH (*a bye*).—She was handled by Eska. The judges, in deference to the wishes of the Butterfly—Desdemona owners, who thought the frost was against them in the early morning and wished for another try, concluded to let them run with Zillah. As it proved, this acted detrimentally, for Zillah's superiority was all the more conspicuous. Zillah's work had been pretty well gauged the day before, when she ran so well with Parthenia, so that it was only necessary for her to do her time in this stake. Cast off in open grass field at 10:25, we worked to where a hare had been marked in the other heat, but getting there the bird had flown and the scent too. Jamieson was equal to the occasion, and put up a hare and Desdemona was first to open, but Zillah soon led for 20yds. when she was at fault; casting and finding Zillah raced on and lost. Some casting round with a whimper or two, and dogs were called up at 10:55. Down 30m. Zillah was faster, cleverer, and the leader all through. It did not take long to decide that in the

*Final,*

LOU AND ZILLAH should run off for first place, and they started in edge of woods at 11:10. Working over toward the Blauvelt farm where those briers are, a long hunt ensued in the open. After some time a brace was put up in weed field and dogs drawn to the line. Lou opened but Zillah was quickest away, and rushed the quarry to thick briers, where she lost; casting further down Lou caught on and led the race through the briers to woods outside, followed by Zillah Judges thought this would do and called them up at 12:09. Down 59m.

Both worked well, but the younger bitch was smarter in casting, Lou, as became her years and dignity, not caring to indulge in too much gaiety. The judges took a little walk and returning delivered this opinion: Zillah first, Lou second, third withheld. This startled the owners of the "ineligibles" but they took their medicine as sportsmen should, and gulping down an anathema on things in general and the weather in particular they prepared for the Derby. Personally I wondered why Mollie had been forgotten. It was now lunch time, and at the old gate corner was an appetizing spread of roast pork and beans, and it was good. Col. De Lancey Kane and J. W. Appleton joined us here, and, though they brought an air of New York City with them, they tackled the beans with all the relish of a New Englander.

THE DERBY.

Lunch over and the pipe ashes cleared away, the draw for this stake was read as follows:

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Fifer with Somerset Kennels' Millard.

Somerset Kennel's Charm with Rockland Kennels' Fanchette.

FIFER—MILLARD.—F. W. Chapman looked after Fifer and Charlie Peabody had charge of Millard. This was the second appearance of the Somerset dogs, and it proved that Mr.



MR. POTTINGER DORSEY AND LEE II.

Absolute Winner, N. B. C. Trials, 1892.

Phœbus has some good stock in his kennel. At 1:06 in open weed field both started slowly. After crossing two fields a hare was started and dogs drawn to trail, and trail carried to dense thicket at edge of woods. In the briers Millard tongued, but could not hold the trail; afterward, picking it up in another spot, he led us a merry clip for 30yds. Peabody started another hare and Millard led Fifer and all of us on a hustling spurt to the briers again, where a check followed; quarry either ran into the wall or along it. Then Millard led us out of briers along the wall. Taken from this bad part, through some other cover, Millard shortly struck a trail and led a merry pace for 50yds. and lost, cast, picked up and had another little burst. Evidently several old trails here that bothered Millard. Fifer wasn't in it, and they were called in at 1:53. Down 49m. Millard had pace, hunting sense and good judgment, and showed up well by contrast.

CHARM—FANCHETTE.—Cast off at 2:07 in open weeds and it was seen that C. E. Peabody had charge of Charm and Fanchette was under Eska's orders. This was a most unsatisfactory heat. Ground was too dry and game had gone off somewhere. A lot of ground was covered and we all

took it pretty easy as we had lots of time. Passing one of the neatest farms we had seen during the week we worked down into open cover. Judges, reporters, spectators, everybody constituted themselves beaters, and to "Billy" Tallman fell the fur, but he let it go, and the dogs being drawn over the trail not a whimper was heard and neither hunted with any vim, Fanchette, especially thinking it somewhat of a lark and indulging in a solo and a "skirt" dance to and fro with evident satisfaction. A move was made toward the village, and at edge of wood Charm tongued two or three times, but no go. Up at 4:18. Down 2h. 11m. Neither did anything, but Charm was much the best as far as mere hunting went. We then walked to the village and getting Millard went out again to settle the

*Final.*

CHARM—MILLARD.—These were both from Somerset Kennels and Peabody handled them under Judge Lewis's orders, Judge Clarke being busy with Clyde who was running for his stake in another direction. The dogs were put in some swamp cover near the "Kreuder Homestead" and a likely



MR. H. L. KREUDER AND ZILLAH AND CHAMP. LOU.
First and Second, Class D, 13in. and under.

spot it proved. The FOREST AND STREAM man put up a rabbit, and Millard catching on led the other into the thick cover where they drove puss ding-dong with lots of glorious music for several good turns, and as they would probably keep in this cover all night if not called off, they were caught at 5:40. Millard much the best, an active, level-headed youngster that will do to watch in the future; just outside of the thick cover in the open, one time he gave us a very pretty sharp trail, but brought up at the thick cover again. Coming into the house we were told what Clyde had done in his bye. This was a poor day's sport but better is expected to morrow.

*Friday.*

The judges having decided that Millard won first and Charm second in the Derby,

FIFER—FANCHETTE were cast off at 7:35 in the swamp, opposite the Homestead, to try for third money. The morning was a capital one for scent, rather dull and cloudy, and the air had that damp feeling that proclaims a good hunting morn, but after a hare had been started neither dog picked up the trail. Hare was seen, and crossing a field Fifer hit the trail off and went a fair gait followed by Fanchette both trying vigorously. Quarry lost, then Fanchette ran some birds up and third prize was given to Fifer at 8 A. M.

*Absolute Winner.*

The trials were gradually coming to a focus, for now we had settled the winners in every stake and the judges were still alive and comparatively fresh. The crucial test was now to come in finding out from the five good first prize winners which should win the club medal, that denotes the best beagle, officially, of the year in the field. The first to come out were

LEE II.—CLYDE.—Down at 8:30 near cornfield in the open. A hare soon started in corn and dogs drawn to the line, when Clyde was first to tongue, and both dogs took us merrily across the field and lost, but Lee found, working more carefully by the fence at the left, where he hustled bunny in great shape, Clyde a close attendant, though the big one outfooted the little fellow, game as he was. Lee II. is a very good 15in. A check followed, then another little run, a check and Lee led off merrily again with plenty of music. Trails were very mixed and several hares were seen. Clyde did some intelligent finding, but working in the corn rows was bad for scent. Down near the woods a hare put up, Clyde first on, followed by Lee, who quickly took the lead, rushed bunny out of woods along the field, with a check or two, into some rough stuff, then out into the open. This was hot work and bellows were soon to mend all round. Both at fault, then Clyde had a turn taking scent up across ditch, then lost in woods. Lee taken to a clump of weeds in open put out a hare which ran to woods. Clyde would not leave but was afterward caught and taken to other side of field. Meanwhile Lee failed to get the trail of the hare that crossed the field. Dogs up at 9:12. Speed and driving in favor of Lee, but Clyde was also a merry, busy worker, and both hunted intelligently.

MILLARD—JUNE ROSE.—The sun came out now and made it uncomfortably warm, especially as the two dogs did some lively work. At 9:15 in corn Millard struck a trail, but soon was at fault. June in her careful way picked up the trail and carried to ditch, where they were checked in thick cover. Dogs drawn over to corn again where hare had been seen. Millard tongued first, but soon was lost in contrary trails; hare came out and crossed the open; dogs laid on, June taking up the warm trail, and both drove for blood, Millard being a little too quick for the other. Up at 9:55.

ZILLAH—CLYDE.—Down 10:18 in pasture. Clyde was handled by A. Parry and C. Eska had Zillah. Zillah jumped a hare in open and ran by sight to swamp. Here they were at fault some time and Clyde worked the turn, but lost again. Clyde cast wide, the other close, but neither found. Another hare was started afterward by Zillah, and Clyde harked to her. Some pretty work ensued, Clyde leading, and they were driving when called up at 10:15. The work was fairly equal, perhaps Clyde being a bit the quicker.

The judge wishing to see Lee in the open and judge of his hunting tactics again, he was put down with Zillah at 10:20. Lee got on a hare after a good deal of backing and filling, but soon lost, and dogs ordered up at 10:44.

*Final.*

LEE II.—MILLARD.—This was the deciding heat, and at 11:05 they were cast off in the open by railroad track. A lot of ground was gone over without result. Then in stubble both tongued and worked quarry toward posted ground; drawn off and taken to bottoms. Some good hunting on old trails by Lee was a feature here. He proved a careful, level-headed worker, but Millard was also an ambitious little chap, and only needs age to be a "hummer." A few yelps were heard and Millard showed a disposition to hunt back, and would not keep up on the line. In scrub oaks both were put in together. Millard starting on a trail, lost; then hare was sighted and Millard did some pretty work, both hustling bunny across the field to a check; then Lee carried the trail back to fern field, when they lost, but Lee went in the right direction, Millard working too much to one side; though a hot trail was close, he showed himself a little green here. Another run and a check, and Millard should again have picked it out, but Lee took the right trail and the heat was decided in his favor at 12:15. Three cheers were given and Mr. Dorsey was congratulated all round. Millard will do to watch another time, as he was certainly a good second.

Mr. Pottinger Dorsey's Lee II. was whelped June 27, 1887, and is a heavy marked black, tan and white dog of handsome form and a winner on the bench at New York in 1890 and '91. He is very near, if not quite, the limit in height. His work was marked by careful judgment and good hunting sense. Somerset Kennels' Millard is a smaller dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1891, and is of a more racy build than Lee, fast and quick in his work generally and with a little more practice will make it warm for any dog; indeed, he did it here.

After dinner a pack race was arranged between Rockland Kennels' pack and Glenrose Beagle Kennels', for a club medal. Rockland Kennels ran champion Lou, Fanny Racer, Roy K. and Zillah, they doing some very pretty pack work, keeping well together, and one little burst across a field by a wall side was extremely stirring, plenty of music and the proverbial "napkin" would have covered them. Afterward Glenrose Kennels put down Butterfly, Parthenia, Fifer and Gypsey A., but Fifer's unwillingness to keep with the others, bolting several times, and their inability to find game lost them the race to Rockland Kennels. This finished the meeting, as darkness was coming on. Rockland Kennels also won the bench show kennel prize. H. W. L.

## AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

GREAT BEND, Kansas, Oct. 24.—The seventh annual meeting of the American Coursing Club is now in progress, and bids fair to be of interest. Members are here from over a goodly section of country—Kansas, Colorado, Illinois, Dakota, Wisconsin and New York. California is not represented. Hares are reported abundant. The weather at this writing is pleasant. The club house has not been moved and the grounds are the same as those of previous years To-night there were made 38 entries in the All-Aged Stakes, and 27 entries in the puppy Derby. Last year there were 46 in the All-Aged and 22 in the Derby. The hotels and horses are about the same as in previous years.

At the business meeting to-night Dr. Shaw, vice-president, was in the chair, following Mr. Watson, president pro tem, It was announced that Mr. E. H. Mulcaster, of Waupun, Wis., would judge the running, and that Arthur Massey would act as slipper. The judge was instructed to order when to slip, the slip steward to be dispensed with.

Mr. Luse thought that the Pearl of Pekin-Chicopee Lass protested decision ought to be taken up. There had been so much talk over it that it seemed time to act. He moved to take it up. The executive committee were hard as badgers to draw out. It became evident that they intended to be on both sides of the case if possible, and would shift the responsibility on the club if they could do so. It growing late, Mr. Price moved to postpone action on this case until the regular annual meeting. This was carried.

Mr. Luse moved to suspend the National rules as to pedigree under which the club ran, and to use the American Coursing Club records, not barring any dog on account of unknown pedigree, but to admit any dog on payment of registration fee of 25 cents. Carried.

The following new members were admitted: Dr. A. J. Cattanach of Denver, Col.; Messrs. Ed. Martin of Midway, Kas.; Will E. Stokes and Chas. Hooper of Great Bend, Kas.; Michael Allen of Chicago; H. G. Nicholls and J. Harvey Rew of Mitchell, S. D.; E. H. Lyon of Emporia, Kas.; J. R. Ballard of Winfield, Kas.; Abe Bowen of Chase, Kas.; E. H. Mulcaster of Waupun, Wis.

The puppy class this year bids fair to be unusually strong, if one can tell by a look at the specimens. Messrs. Page and Lowe nominate a good lot out of Mr. Lowe's kennels. Mr. Luse of course has some entries. Messrs. Price and Royce, Mr. Lyons of Emporia, Mr. J. Herbert Watson of New York and others have on a lot, any of which may go dangerously near the bottom of the list. In the All-Aged Stakes, naturally, the entries are better known, and many of the old goods are here, as will be seen later on. Mr. Luse has the two little bitches, Lady In Black and Lady Barton, always hot company, also some of the string lately owned by Mr. Phister of Cincinnati, and Mr. Lowe's kennel offers the best of his 4-year-olds, and from Denver come the much famed bitch Pearl of Pekin, Monk Bishop, very likely a better one, and Irish Lass, a white whose fame is not yet. Mr Watson has here the fast black Royal Crest, which was so well thought of last year. All in all, there will be plenty of work cut out. Drawings were made late to-night, as announced by wire. Runnings go early to-morrow morning, by the card.

*Tuesday, First Day, Oct. 25.*

The day was the best in every way ever known in the history of the club. The weather was delightful, bright, but not too warm. The crowd of beaters was just large enough and not too large, and for once in a way was tractable and pleasant, possibly owing in part to the presence of a deputy sheriff. No ugly wrangles or loud-mouthed criticism of the judging was heard, and indeed the judges' work was above criticism. Lastly, most important of all, perhaps, and certainly most pleasant, the supply of hares was never so good



H. V. JAMIESON AND JUNE ROSE.
Winner Class B, 13 to 15in.

and the runnings were gotten off without long and tedious walks over the hard alkali pastures. Barring an accident or two for which he was not in the least responsible, Arthur Massey was as usual perfect with the slips. The first three courses of the morning were run off within 25 minutes after leaving the club house. The entire first series of the All-Aged was run off and the party done with the 7 miles' ride to town an hour before dark—a record of 19 courses and over two dozen starts in better time than ever was shown before. The success of the day put everybody in the best of spirits, and the day was thoroughly enjoyable in every way, showing as it did a pretty sport followed in the proper manner.

The day had some interesting features and some brilliant work. The popular memory was well in evidence when Mr. Watson's Royal Crest went in with Master Peter. Royal Crest's reputation rested on a brilliant though losing course as a puppy last year, but he was known and backed for much of a favorite this year, though his brindle mate should naturally have offered odds. That oddity in greyhounddom, Lady In Black, made the most brilliant exhibition of the day, and caused anew the query as to what it really is that gives a dog quality in performance. Her litter sister, Lady Barton, also as usual proved very fast and clever, and the two left the field well liked for an advanced place. The Bit of Fashion bitch, Belle of Eltham, made little showing, and Norwegian, "half-brother to Fullerton," and popularly thought a good chance therefore, proved distinctly disappointing. Lord Neverstill showed in high form and went a favorite.

Besides the Winfield representative, Mr. Ballard, the two Dakota men, Messrs. Rew and Nicholls, and other new faces on the grounds, the line had re-enforcements from an unex-



C. S. Doud. W. A. Palmer. B. S. Turpin. P. J. Dorsey. H. V. Jamieson.
A. Parry. C. E. Peabody, Judge Clarke. Judge Lewis. F. W. Chapman. H. Hanson.
W. Tallman. H. L. Kreuder.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS, 1892.

pected source. Messrs. Walter Haltiwell, Billy Rieger, A. L. Bennett and M. Heim, all well-known shooters of Kansas City, were on the grounds taking their initiative in a sport hitherto unfamiliar, but apparently very enjoyable at the time. These gentlemen will remain after the meet and shoot in this section for a few days. Ducks and quail are very abundant.

The lunch served at the grounds to-day was one feature which could not be called pleasant. It was, indeed, highly discreditable, a feast much worse than Barmecide—suicide would be nearer it. Moreover, the field party was kept waiting an hour and a half while this absurdity of a meal was in course of preparation.

AMERICAN FIELD CUP STAKE—Open to the world, for thirty-two or more all-age greyhounds. Entrance fee, $10, the winner to receive 10 per cent. of entrance money and cup ($100 cash) donated by Dr. N. Rowe, editor *American Field*; also a solid silver cup, donated by D. C. Luse, owner of American Coursing Kennels, cup to be won twice by the same kennel, to be withheld if stake be divided, the runner up 50 per cent. of the remaining entrance money; third and fourth, 25 per cent. each, of the money remaining after second division.

*First Series.*

Running began at 10:15 A. M., first brace being

LIVING YET—DOLLY.—Mr. Luse's white dog, Living Yet, was quite too much for Dr. Shaw's white and brindle bitch, the old-time Dolly, though the latter closed ahead on a following course on a hot hare which was not killed. Living Yet ran up, working the hare tidily for a quarter of a mile and won in hollow fashion.

BLUE PRINCE—PRINCE CHARLIE.—Blue Prince is a Dakota dog, owned by Mr. H. G. Nicholls, of Mitchell, S. D. He met a hot one in Mr. Lowe's Prince Charlie. Prince was favored but ran unsighted, closing, he ran wider on his turns, and though he killed, the eminently business-like work of Charlie gave him an easy win.

LADY BARTON—FLYING DUTCHMAN.—Mr. Luse's bay freak never ran a neater course or scored a cleaner win. Dutchman was favored, but Lady drew by twice, once on the outside, placed him, took the hare from him, killed and won.

QUEEN—SNOWBALL.—Mr. Martin's Queen, unlike many other queens, had no pedigree, but she got there *tout le même*, Mr. Heizer's Snowball making it interesting meanwhile. Snowball was the better for a half mile, neither too handy at it. Queen then drew by, working the hare cleverly for a quarter of a mile. Snowball drew ahead, but did nothing, the hare going off. Queen won.

SPORTING PRESS—IRISH LASS.—Sporting Press is really Bobby Smart's old-timer, Miss Smart. Messrs. Hayman and Hough, press representatives, nominated her on Uncle Bobby's promise to have her on hand in due time. Yet being three times called in open court, the red dog came not, but made default, much to the newspaper men's disgust, who wanted a run for their money. According to time-honored form and custom, they kicked, called for "justice" and served notice of their intention to file a protest and tear up the internal machinery of the executive committee. Irish Lass had a bye with Arthur Massey's O'Rourke, who on three legs ran around and picked up the hare. Lass a bye.

LORD NEVERSTILL—BOODLER.—Mr. Lowe's bench winner Lord Neverstill and Mr. Bowman's bitch Boodler made a bad go of it, both well nigh unmanageable in slips. Boodler broke loose and Neverstill followed suit. Put in again, under Arthur Massey's protest that Neverstill's collar was too loose, a hare was started and Neverstill threw himself on his back, unhandsomely fighting and struggling to get loose. He slipped the collar over his head and had a hard course alone, losing the hare, though showing a great turn of speed and cleverness. Boodler was not slipped. No course, but some loud kick, of course, though Massey was not to blame and the owner of Neverstill was distinctly at fault.

DRY TIME—CHLOE.—Another unfortunate accident. The slips hung. Chloe got off, but Dry Time was thrown end over end. Chloe made a gallant course alone on a hot hare, which broke to the hills. No course. The slips were now changed.

CLARA—FANNY.—Mr. Luse's Clara was in whelp and could not have been asked to win, though she helped Fannie, who had the better of the luck and the scoring. During the course Lord Neverstill for a third time broke away, and joined the course, not however, affecting the result. Mr. Lowe was very properly fined $5 for allowing his dog to run loose. Fannie won. Mr. Lowe should carry a hook and line and bait, so as to catch his loose dogs.

SOUSIE—PEARL OF PEKIN.—Sousie is a clever bob-tail, bred by Mr. Lowe and owned by Mr. Haigh of Illinois. Pearl of Pekin is Mr. Bartel's much advertised Denver bitch, on whose protest in the Chicopee Lass course last year the brave-hearted executive committee of the club has been struggling nobly for a year to act. Sousie gave Pearl almost as good a drubbing as Chicopee Lass did. Sousie led up 10 lengths in 100yds., turned, wrenched 4 times, turned and led, placing Pearl, who apparently could not run enough to keep warm. Pearl then led to the hills, but neither got anything out of the hare after that. It looked as though Pearl of Pekin had fought once too often. Sousie beat Pearl pointless.

BEST OF FASHION—NETTLEFIELD.—Mrs. Pope's dog was absent, possibly side-tracked between here and Brooklyn. Shaw's Dolly went down to run the bye, and the dogs were slipped, but were not sighted and did nothing.

The above mentioned struggle to get something to eat now followed. After the mockery Mr. Nicholls put in Blue Prince to do a turn with Nettlefield in the unfinished bye, and the latter showed herself very handy, killing alone.

LORD NEVERSTILL—BOODLER.—These now got a course in earnest. Neverstill seemed not in the least hurt by his two sprints of the morning, and went a cracker. The hare favored him and he held it to several points, taking it again from Boodler after placing her. Boodler came stronger, made a game bolt ahead and killed in her stride. Lord Neverstill won.

DRY TIME—CHLOE.—These now got their course, a short one but brilliant, though one-sided. Mr. Watson's fawn bitch showed a great turn of speed, tripped, came about like a flash and killed. Dry Time won.

ROYAL CREST—MASTER PETER.—There was great interest in this course, Mr. Watson's black dog Royal Crest carrying a bit of money besides his owner's good wishes. Sulky-looking Peter, however, ran good enough to beat anything. Crest was the better up, then exchanging followed, both dogs very wide on their turn in the high grass. The hare was a corking good one, and they lost it finally in the grass after a bruising run. As the hare straightened out, Peter led, not scoring much. At one-half mile Crest was placed, but did not make much of it. Peter now drew ahead, seeming for a time to have the hare in good control, and showing great speed and staying quality. Crest followed gamely, but was out of it, though he made a fine showing on the whole. He was hard, but perhaps a bit too fine-drawn. Master Peter won.

LADY IN BLACK—JIM K.—Mr. Luse's weedy looking little black bitch Lady In Black was evidently a favorite when she went in with Mr. Michael Allen's Chicago dog Jim K. At first Jim was not well sighted, but after all were well extended Lady In Black simply glided ahead as if the other were tied. Lady went in, needing no help, worked the hare merrily and called forth general admiration. On rough ground Lady caught a horrible cropper, rolling over three times. Apparently none the worse, she whirled up into line and went at it again, once turning almost on her heel in a drive for the hare. Jim was placed here, but Lady took his chance away and rushed to a kill alone. Lady In Black won.

"Now-you-oughtn't-to-do-that" way. The club has always been too lenient in such matters, and as a result finds itself much further back than it need be in the progress toward being a model organization. The result has not yet been disastrous, to be sure, but nerveless dogs, nerveless men and nerveless managements come to grief sooner or later, and the rule will not be broken here. The executive committee of this year was a good example of an executive committee without any wish to offend anybody, no matter what anybody might have done or be doing. This may or may not be the best sort of executive committee in the world. The same policy colored the conduct of the whole management.

The party left the club house at 9:45 and put in a good day's work, getting off 22 courses, in spite of delays in putting up hares in the morning. The judging was good, and the kicking far below the average in volume, which again afforded a grateful though unexpected change. Great improvement also was visible in the lunch, which at 1:40 was announced in loud tones by the *chef*, "A bowl of soup and a square meal, 35 cents," which I am sure must impress every one as reasonable enough.

Two surprises happened and two favorites went down. Lady In Black made no showing of any worth, and Lord Neverstill ruined his brilliant record of the day previous by quitting rank in his course, after having it all in hand. The puppies made a good showing and accounted for as many hares as the old ones. Mr. Watson had the misfortune to see his last dog thrown out to-day, his puppies proving too young to go the pace, and Dry Time, his old one, meeting too hot company. Mr. Watson, however, bore his losses very philosophically, although he at length entered protest on the Aladdin-Laura decision on the ground that Laura was over age for the Derby. Mr. Watson is a model club member, and there is room for many like him, if New York can supply them. He is regarded here with considerable distrust, however, because he doesn't kick. A man's health is not thought good unless he kicks plenty. Even the horses kick at a coursing meeting. A Great Bend saddle covers a multitude of sins, and sometimes carries an equal multitude of them.

Running was first taken up in the puppy stakes.

GREAT BEND DERBY STAKE—For 16 or more greyhounds, 18 months old or younger. Entrance fee, $5; the winner to receive 50 per cent. of entrance money, $60 cash, donated by the Morrison House, Great Bend, and silver cup by National Greyhound Club, of New York city. The runner up 50 per cent. of the remaining money; third and fourth 25 per cent. each of money remaining after second division. Affidavit of age must be made by owner.

*First Round.*

JIM FLYNN—ROY'S CANARY—Mr. Allen nominated another loser, the Price & Royce Roy's Canary giving him just one taste of it. Roy led for a quarter of a mile, taking little out of the hare. Jim drew by, Roy drew by in turn, and held ahead for the hills. Roy's Canary won.

BOOMERANG—QUEEN.—Mr. Bartels's Boomerang beat Mr. Roetzel's Queen in hollow manner. Boomerang ran a great puppy, holding the hare at command for 20 points quite ahead of Queen, who ducked in for the kill. Boomerang won.

In this course Porter, handler of Boomerang, ran ahead of the judge, shouting. The judge entered complaint to the committee. It is needless to state that that august body did nothing whatever but mildly caution the offender. It will probably caution the next man who does the same thing.

DRY BROOK—RAVEN.—One of Mr. Watson's Burnaby—Drytime puppies and another Price & Royce entry. Raven cannoned against Dry Brook at the go off, and the little yearling was too light to stand it. Raven then did it all in a short and brilliant course, killing with merit. Raven won.

MAY DAY—SYLPH.—Mr. Lyon with May Day met yet another Price & Royce puppy. This was a most punishing course, and the longest yet run in the meet, probably three miles, certainly hard for puppies. Sylph led up and kept ahead throughout, though doing little with the hare, which circled back wide and then led for the hills. Doubling back at the fence, the hare was either killed or went to earth. Owners of Sylph thought she killed, and at any rate Sylph won.

NANCY—ROYAL RUBY.—Mr. Lowe's Nancy was by no means good enough for Mr. Lyon's Royal Ruby. This was, however, a most spirited little course, the dogs having perfect control of the hare throughout. Nancy was at first unsighted, but when she got in, scored, Ruby took it up and from then on had far and away the best of it in the rapid exchanging, showing ahead and going closer, though both were too inexperienced to turn well. Racing ahead, Ruby caught the jack by the hindleg, and both were then such greenhorns they did not know how to kill, apparently. Royal Ruby won with much to spare.

KETCHUM (*a bye*).—Mr. Mulcaster's imported Roy was drawn against Mr. Laidlaw's Ketchum, but Roy had gone off form and was drawn. Ketchum ran a bye with Queen, who helped him much.

ROME MARBLE—SIR HUGO.—Price & Royce's Rome Marble made a close thing of it with Lowe & Page's Sir Hugo. The lead up was pretty. Hugo a shade the better. There was small merit in the turn that followed. The hare then led for the hills, and the pair were evens on the scanty work they got out of her after that. Rome drew away from Hugo and led, but could not score in the judge's opinion. Sir Hugo won.



AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEETING, 1892.

*Wednesday, Second Day, Oct. 26.*

A cold, raw wind from the Rocky Mountains made the ride out more uncomfostable. The crowd was not as large as on the day previous, there being a circus in Great Bend whose attractions were too much for many of the local habitues of the coursing grounds. One buggy load of drunken hoodlums made some trouble early in the day, which was rebuked by the management in the customary

FANTAIL—LIGHTFOOT.—Mr. Lyon's Fantail and Mr. Luse's Lightfoot. The latter led up and never gave the other a look in, working the hare alone over a long course to a pretty kill. Lightfoot won.

ALADDIN—LAURA.—Mr. Watson's Aladdin, Mr. Luse's Laura. Aladdin set a burning pace, raced up ahead for 3 points and added 4½ more quite ahead of Laura. The greater age of the latter then began to tell against the speedy black. Laura drew by and followed the hare, not scoring, for a long go. Aladdin "chucked it up" at this stage of the game, and so lost a course he had won. Laura won. Later Mr. Watson protested this course on Laura's over-age.

TRALES, JR.—BUCKSKIN. — Mr. Moses's Trales and Mr. Ballard Winfield's dog Buckskin. Trales, Jr., led up and was distinctly better for a quarter of a mile. Buckskin, however, drew by, got a turn out of the hare and a wrench later, scoring enough for a very shaky win indeed. Returning, Buckskin put up another hare and coursed it a quarter of a mile, the whole a very sufficient pipe-opener for him, at least, since he got a mile or two of hard going.

FLYING FOX—REDWOOD.—Mr. Allen's Flying Fox and Mr. Lyon's Redwood. The latter led up and worked ahead to very scanty scoring for half a mile. Fox then drew by but did not score afterward. Redwood won.

WASTED TIME—DELSARTE.—Mr. Watson's last puppy met Rew's Dakota dog Delsarte, by Lord Neversettle out of the Eastern bitch Prima Donna. These found nothing till after lunch, when they got a hills jack. The dogs were led in single slips, and Wasted Time was hung for a moment, Delsarte meantime to the turn. Wasted Time then drew up on the turn, got two turns of her own and a wrench. Delsarte then drew by, took a turn and followed as the hare led to the bluff, the young puppy not being strong enough to close in Delsarte won.

SCAVENGER—ROOK.—In Scavenger Mr. Lyon had a tiny one, thin as one's finger almost, but he was quite too much for the Price and Royce puppy. Scavenger was favored by the hare, but went a hot gait, sticking close to the hare for 4 points. Rook was placed for 5 points, and then Scavenger worked up a score of 13 to 5. Scavenger raced up to kill, tripped and came a somersault, placing Rook. Scavenger raced by twice, and then killed to much merit, scoring 18½ to 6½ points. Scavenger won.

WHITE LADY (*a bye*).—Lowe and Page's White Lady ran her bye with Jim K., "Fox" Kinney of Ireland riding after with great *éclat*. This closed the first round of the Derby.

*All-Aged Stakes—Second Round.*

Running was now begun in the second round of the All-Aged Stakes.

LIVING YET—PRINCE CHARLIE.—For one mile Living Yet outclassed Prince Charlie as much as ever one coursing dog did another, taking 9½ points quite ahead. Charlie was placed, but Living Yet raced by him no less than five times. As the dogs tired, they turned wide. Living Yet kept the lead for a time, Charlie pluckily staying up. After a long hard time of it, Charlie put on more steam and passed Living Yet, who then incontinently quit in his tracks and had to lose his grand course. Had he gone 100yds. further he would have won, for the hare was lost in the grass. Prince Charlie won.

LADY BARTON—QUEEN.—On the supposition that she would not be needed Mr. Martin, owner of Queen, had left her in town and she was absent when called. Mr. Luse, owner of Lady Barton, agreed to drop the course to the foot of the series, and accordingly Mr. Martin set off for town, eight miles, with his team in full gallop. He made the sixteen miles in a little over an hour. Mr. Luse had changed his mind and claimed a bye for Lady Barton to Mr. Martin's just disgust when he learned of it. Belle of Eltham gave Lady a pretty bit of help in a good working course in and around the carriages, Lady Barton showing much cleverness and killing.

IRISH LASS—LORD NEVERSTILL.—Neverstill being bad in slips they were led single. In the slip Lass was favored and was first up. Neverstill at once drew by and handled the hare at 5 points, thence doing the work in elegant style for three-fourths of a mile, when he had shot his bolt. Lass then drew by, but it was only a follow. Neverstill kept after for a short distance, and then to the surprise of every one quit in his course and was loser of all his clever work. Irish Lass won.

DRY TIME—FANNY.—Dry Time ran up and turned fast enough, but fell wide. Fanny sprang in for some smart work and a kill. Dry Time not closing. Fanny won.

SOUSIE—NETTLEFIELD.—These first got a short-no-course, and then caught an old-fashioned W. W. Carney brand of long rabbit. Nettlefield ran up, worked the hare nicely for the usual short burst at first, and then the hare got her gait and led for the hills. Sousie never showed in it from start to finish, and made no trouble for the other to beat her pointless. Nettlefield won.

MASTER PETER—LADY IN BLACK.—This was the unexpected. Instead of a close course it was a one-side one. Master Peter was a known good one, and a favorite with many, but he had no license to beat the black freak so easily as he did. She may not often be so fast as she was yesterday, and she is known for an irregular performer. Her work to-day was not that of yesterday certainly, and she showed nothing extraordinary when placed. It was all over but the flag after the lead up, which Peter had with much to spare. Peter turned and fairly left Lady standing. He was a wonder for a big dog, and clung to his hare like a monkey, and was so speedy and handy as to surprise even his warmest admirers. He allowed Lady only two points, and had eight and a half to the good, when he drove for the hare and killed handsomely. Master Peter won.

BRITAIN YET—MONK BISHOP.—Monk led up, but to little merit, as the hare turned to him. In possession, he knocked out five and a half points, and showed clever. Britain drew by and scored, placing Monk, who held it in hand to the close, working the hare handsomely. Driving to kill, he tripped the hare and both reached it together in the kill. Britain for the 50yds. before the end was running very cunning. Monk Bishop won.

WOODFORD BOY—PRINCE RUPERT.—A short course, but enough. Boy led up, turned, placed Rupert, then raced in and killed. Woodford Boy won.

WHAT CARE I AND LADY GRACE were now ordered in. A hare sprung near by, just as Arthur Massey was fastening the collar on What Care I, and the latter broke away and coursed the hare for over a mile, a very punishing experience. At this, Uncle Bobby Smart, rough diamond that he is, declined to put his dog, Lady Grace, in the slips until the following day. "I want the other dog to have a fair show," said he, "I don't want to win without a course run." "But d—n me!" he added, "I can beat that other dog to-day or to-morrow, or any other time." There are worse sportsmen than Uncle Bobby.

MASTER GLENDYNE was now put in for his bye, but it grew dark before any hare was found and the day closed with two courses of the second round undecided.

*Thursday, Third Day, Oct. 27.*

Early in the day two of the cook ladies at that admirable hostelry, the Morrison House, struck and quit work. The result is not yet, but it is hoped that all the cooks will strike and go far, far away. They could not be replaced with worse. The lunch at the grounds, admission to which was negotiated by means of a meal ticket issued by the aforesaid hotel, was worse, if possible, than ever before. The able executive committee and estimable vice-president drove off in the morning and left the judge to shift for himself in the matter of getting out to the grounds. The representatives of the press took the judge into their wagon and saved him an eight-mile walk. The 1892 executive committee of the American Coursing Club ought to be executed themselves. They spent more time masticating linen and tending to dogs than they did to watching after the order of things. The management to-day was as inefficient as could be made to order. In the past seven years the dogs of the club have improved. The men have not. They are the same weak-hearted, well-meaning, easy-going, indecisive, afraid-of-their-shadows lot. They hold this club back. They do not make it what it should be. They let it go at sixes and sevens, without order, without system, and without more than the barest regard for the rules which they permit to lie as dead letters on their books. The dogs furnish the sport here. The club is but a faint and inefficient guardian of that sport. Yesterday, as was mentioned, a handler rode clear in front of the judge, who complained. The man was "cautioned," In the last course of to-day a recent and officious importation from Ireland, called "Fox" Kinney, who has been anxious to instruct America in coursing, rode so close up he nearly went over the dogs. The judge was asked if he intended to lodge complaint. "What would be the use?" said he. "I tried that yesterday." He did, however, enter complaint and no attention whatever was paid to it. Another case of fright. So large a crowd is, of course, hard to handle, but that the crowds are now so selfish and disregardful of the club's interests is due mostly to the weakness which has so long left open disorder unsuppressed and violations of rules unrebuked. A day in or ahead of such a crowd is anything but sport. These plains are America's Altcar. A magnificent club body could be built up here, but it never will be under the old policy. A move from this point for a year or so, at least, might be one of the best things that could happen for the real welfare of the club. It was but a rotten exhibition that the American Coursing Club made of itself to-day.

THE WATSON-LUSE PROTEST CASE.

As stated above, Mr. D. C. Luse, a member of the executive committee, had his bitch Laura protested in the puppy stakes yesterday for over-age, by Mr. J. Herbert Watson, his opponent. This case came on for trial at the club house this morning before the start, and occupied a couple of hours. The associate members of the committee, Messrs. Page and Lowe, sat as court, plaintiff and defendant appearing without counsel. Mr. Brougher, a notary public, swore the witnesses. The trial was made as formal and just as possible, and the judges in the unfortunate matter did the best they knew in their unpleasant business.

Mr. Watson called Dick Taylor, well known in this country and respected. Mr. Taylor testified that he saw a litter of Jessamine puppies (Laura was entered as by Lord McPherson ex Jessamine) at William Horine's farm, where Jessamine was kept for Mr. Luse. The puppies were then two months old or so. That was the week before Thanksgiving, 1890. Arthur Massey also saw them and said, "Let us keep watch of this lot and see if they don't go in entered as puppies in '92." He had so watched them. He knew Laura.

Arthur Massey, called by Mr. Watson, swore he saw the litter at Horine's a week before Thanksgiving, 1890, while at the quarry there for a load of stone. He knew their markings. Knew every dog Mr Luse had. Knew where she (Laura) was kept. Knew that Laura was whelped in the fall of 1890 and was at least two months old when he first saw her in the Jessamine litter.

*Mr. Luse*—"Did I ever tell you I had a Lord McPherson-Jessamine litter?"

*Massey*—"Yes, you did, at your own house."

Mr. Watson rested his case. Mr. Luse, the defendant, called William Horine, the farmer who kept Jessamine for him. Horine swore that Jessamine was brought to him in the winter of 1891, came in heat in April, and he sent her back to Mr. Luse, who bred her. She was then returned to the farm and whelped in June, 1891. Those puppies had been kept on the farm since then, these two, "the white one and the other one." We had another litter the fall before, but not these. This June litter was the only one whelped there. There was no fall litter. Might have been a few of Luse's running around. Had some greyhounds himself and a bird dog. Cross examined by Mr. Watson and by Mr. Page, Horine said these other older puppies that lived around the house might have been 4 months old in November of 1890, at least 3 months old. Didn't know their history or pedigree. Knew they were not whelped there by Jessamine.

Mr. Luse called Wm. Horine's son, John W. Horine, who told the same story as his father.

*Young Horine*—"Jessamine came to our house in 1890—"

*Old Horine, interrupting*—"You mean 1891."

*Mr. Watson*—"I object. Let the witness alone, to tell his own story."

Young Horine said he did not see Dick Taylor or Arthur Massey call. They must have come for a load of rock. Mr. Watson now called for the rule, to separate the witnesses, which was allowed.

Mr. Luse called C. Alley, who said he worked near Horine's. A year ago last July saw some young pups there. Was not much posted on dogs, and did not notice these much. Couldn't say as to their mother. Pups might have been six weeks old in July. Couldn't describe the pups. Was not positive as to their color. Saw a yellow puppy. It ran in his mind there was likely more than one puppy, maybe two. Never noticed close.

Mr. Luse called George Horine, a younger son of William Horine. He did not agree with the rest of the family in all details. He said Jessamine came to them in the fall, not in the winter. Thought the "brindle pups" were born in June, about a year ago. Said the other pups that lived there were six or seven months old at November of 1890. That was the lot in which Mr. Luse's Living Yet, Starlight and others came in. These were six or seven months old by Thanksgiving of 1890.

The elder Horine was recalled, and said that the dog Woodford Boy, running in the All-Aged Stakes this year, was out of that earlier litter.

*Dr. S. J. Shaw, breaking in*—"Yes, those Ridenour dogs, you mean. Now, I ran a brother to that dog last year in the All-Aged Stakes, and lost $10 on him. Luse ran Robin Hood, the stumptail, the same year, in the Puppy Stakes. Ridenour told me my dog was 23 months old. So Luse must have run a 23-months puppy last year."

Mr. Luse was sworn. "I bred Jessamine to Lord McPherson in April, 1891. I never saw her whelp. Saw the pups soon after. Laura was of that litter. This is all I have to say. I have no argument. Do as you like."

Arthur Massey and Dick Taylor were both recalled, and repeated their earlier assertions positively. They had seen old man Horine at the farm as they came away, the day they saw the litter of puppies, in November of 1890. They had then resolved to watch the litter.

It was now nearly 11 o'clock, and the party went afield, the case adjourning. At the lunch hour the case was taken up again. Mr. Watson called Lewis Woodburn, a bright boy, whose testimony turned the scale. He swore that in the early fall of 1890 Mr. Luse had told him that he (Luse) would have to go out to Horine's to kill a Jessamine litter of puppies, as Jessamine had got in whelp to an inferior greyhound, and he didn't want any curs. Never knew that Mr. Luse did kill the litter, though.

At noon the committee brought in their decision. They disqualified Laura, giving the protested course to Mr. Watson's dog, Aladdin. The other puppy, Flying Fox, which was of the same litter as Laura, was already beaten and needed no action.

The start was not made till 11 A. M. The day was clear and very hot, and the dogs had a hard time of it which drew "long" jacks.

*All-Aged Stakes—Second Round.*

WHAT CARE I—LADY GRACE.—Lady made smart work of it for a good bit, beating What Care I pointless. The latter was placed but failed to score. Lady led for the hills. Lady Grace won.

MASTER GLENDYNE (*a bye*).—Mr. Lyons, owner of old champion Trales, which was fat and out of all running condition, did the rather singular act of letting his stud dog go in with his son, hard and fit, for this bye. Master proceeded to make a monkey of his Dad.

*Derby—Second Round.*

Running was now taken up in the puppy stakes, and some pretty running was seen.

ROY'S CANARY—BOOMERANG.—Boomerang ran a scorcher. He was as brilliant to-day as yesterday, and a good one all over. Boomerang led up, scored, showed wonderfully close and speedy and made a hollow mockery of it, scoring 24 points and killing all for himself, beating the Canary pointless. Boomerang won.

RAVEN—ROYAL RUBY.—In a sharp and twisting lead-up little difference showed, the hare swerving. Raven then raced by and killed within 100yds. Raven won.

SYLPH—KETCHUM.—A bruising no-course on a hare that went to the hills. The dogs had a mile and a quarter in the hot sun.

SIR HUGO—LIGHTFOOT.—Lightfoot appeared phenomenal. Hugo led, took a turn and two wrenches. The hare made the usual line for the hills, and was fast. Lightfoot drew by, and did the feat of getting work out of the hill hare after she struck the hard road. No other dog has done that this year, and it has rarely been done here before in any year. Yet Lightfoot crowded the hare clear out of the road, brought her back, wrenched her hot, worked her all alone and drove her from the hills time and again. Hugo was placed for a brief moment, but Lightfoot was very niggardly of his hare and took her away again, crowding her all over and at length driving in for a single-handed kill. All this was at the end of a mile and a quarter course on a hot day. Usually when the hare gets lined out for the hills little work is afterward taken out of her, let alone a kill. This was therefore a remarkable course. Lightfoot won.

The party now went in for lunch. The photographer was there as usual. Members of the press sought to make up a little group of a private nature, showing the men they wanted in. It was with the utmost difficulty that they kept out divers other club members, who wanted themselves and their dogs thrust into a picture which was wholly a private matter. The omnipresent average grounds spectator was also there and could hardly be kept out of the chance to get himself into a picture, thinking it very unfeeling when asked to stand back.

After lunch two stray dogs were found running around the grounds. One of these joined in the Aladdin—Buckskin course. It was later shot, in a very barbarous and brutal way, with a shotgun loaded with fine shot, writhing and yelling a long time before it died. This was a foxhound. The other was a shepherd, and was shot, but not killed. These stray dogs are annoying, and are hard to catch, but it is very hard to see the legal right the club has to kill them. The exhibition to-day was unpleasant.

ALADDIN—BUCKSKIN.—A very near and lively thing on a twisting hare only two-thirds grown. Aladdin was quite the better up and took a run of points, but Buckskin drew by and had the better of the swift exchanging that followed, killing ahead. Buckskin won.

REDWOOD — DELSARTE.— Delsarte shouldered Redwood hard for 25yds., trying to get over to the hare. Getting by, he turned, Redwood going wide. Breaking for the hare they cannoned, both going over in a great mix-up. In the exchanging which ensued both showed still lively and unhurt, Delsarte the better for a couple of turns. Redwood was placed to score, but Delsarte drew by and ran a game, followed to the hills. Redwood quit rank in his course. Delsarte won.

SCAVENGER—WHITE LADY.—These got a short no-course, and then were slipped at 200yds. on a hill hare on the buffalo grass. Lady in 500yds. led up, turned three times and forced the hare away from the hills. Scavenger drew in for two turns, placing Lady for another. Scavenger then took up the running, worked out three turns handsomely ahead, drove in on a hard burst and killed with great credit. This was another remarkable and unusual course, in that after a mile on a hot hare, the dog could do such clever work and at close quarters. One could only wonder where Scavenger found it in his under sized body to do such work. Scavenger won.

SYLPH—KETCHUM.—These now went in again. Still another unexpected exhibition of performance at the close of a long and punishing course. Sylph had the first of it and scored to place Ketchum, who lost, Sylph again scoring. The hare was fast and had by this time led them a long way. After they had done three-quarters of a mile, Ketchum drew by and turned the hare square back, Sylph holding but a moment. Twice more Ketchum passed her, getting work out of the hare, and at length placing Sylph to kill. Ketchum won. This closed the second round of the Derby.

*All-Aged Stakes—Third Round.*

The first course in the third round of the All-Aged was

PRINCE CHARLIE—LADY BARTON.—These got a pretty slip. Lady Barton, always a phenomenon to start, sprang three lengths ahead at the slip. Charlie, however, drew by her on the run up, and got the turn, slightly favored by the hare. Lady Barton then gave him a perfect go-by on a straight drive, turned the hare and snapped her up in her own style, showing there was much left in her yet. Prince Charlie was off in one leg. Lady Barton won.

IRISH LASS—FANNIE.—A cottontail passed, and Fannie slipped her collar, but was headed back. A jack was started, and she coursed it a quarter of a mile alone, fortunately losing it. Put in again, Fannie got the run-up, a bit favored, on the next hare, and thence out ran a whooping ocurse, the hare carrying the two clear over the flats to the hills, probably two and a half miles, a hard course indeed. Fannie took three go-bys and six turns, placing Lass then for some minor work. Lass grittily held on, but as the procession lined up Fannie drew by and maintained her superiority in wonderful style, all considered. The hare was lost. Fannie won.

NETTLEFIELD—MASTER PETER.—Master Peter had now become a red-hot favorite, and showed truly a great dog. Peter ran up for 2 points, and scored 9½ points ahead, placing the bitch to score. Peter then raced by, sticking close to a hare certainly fast, taking a lot out of her, and placing Nettlefield for a chance, which she improved but scantily after three-quarters of a mile. In high grass near the road Nettlefield was misled, and made a long push to the left for what she took to be the hare, Peter meantime bringing the hare to the right. Unsighted, Nettlefield bounded about, trying to catch the course, but stopped still eager. Peter showed able to stay, though he did not kill. Nettlefield was on three legs all the week, her left hind leg being in bandages for a bad cut. Master Peter won.

MONK BISHOP—WOODFORD BOY.—In a mixed-up lead there was little to choose, though Woodford Boy got the first work. Monk drew by. The hare ran around the club-house and through the crowd. The dogs had to race for their exchanging, Monk Bishop the better, he going a good one. Monk Bishop killed and won.

LADY GRACE—MASTER GLENDYNE.—Master Glendyne was drawn lame, with a leg apparently ruined by a strain. Bobby

Smart's Lady Grace was thus so lucky as to get a bye. This she ran with her kennel mate Girl's Favorite. They put the hare to earth and she was later dug out. As Lady Grace gets a bye in the next round, she quit to-night sure of some money.

This closed the exercises of the day, as the church reporter puts it.

*Friday, Fourth Day, Oct. 28.*

The last day of the meeting was pleasant, so far as the weather was concerned and so far as the dogs were concerned. For the rest not so much can be said. It is anything but sport of a gentlemanly nature which is seen at the finals of the American Coursing Club's meetings. Three years ago there was an unseemly and ungentlemanly lot of kicking by those who wanted to win and did not. Last year came up the disgraceful Pearl of Pekin incident, whose shiftless and nerveless handling by the committee made the club a laughing stock. This year was to be no exception. Mr. Lowe was again beaten, beaten fairly, decisively and unquestionably in the last course, as everyone but himself saw and said. Instead of taking his losing gamely and like a man, he began his usual kicking, and before the judge had turned his back or had time to raise the flag, declared that his dog had won and that the other did nothing. This talk he continued for an hour, making a spectacle of himself. His discourtesy to the judge in the field was never rebuked. As usual, Mr. Lowe announced that "he would never come on these grounds again." That is all fable. He will come as long as any, for he must advertise his dogs; but it would be well did he keep his often expressed resolution, and stay away from all coursing meetings whatever until he learns to take an honest beating like a sportsman. His conduct has been unworthy a member of the club.

In all this sea of trouble the conduct of the judge, Mr. Mulcaster, was an island of relief. Mr. Mulcaster was quiet, courteous, careful and yet firm throughout. He judged this meeting admirably and in an admirably, gentlemanly manner. The club never protected him, never supported him, never looked after him. He rose superior to the club.

The business meeting of the club, adjourned from last night to convene on the grounds, was adjourned again till evening. Inasmuch as it then lasted over seven hours in session, the adjournment was very possibly a wise one.

In the middle of the afternoon there was another disgraceful and disgusting incident. Confusion in the crowd arose. A lad of perhaps six or eight years was heard crying out, and appeared with a bleeding weal extending half about his neck. He said that a man in a carriage had cut him about the neck with a whip for unavoidably crowding up too near the carriage. The ruffian who did the brutal and outrageous act was pointed out, and for a moment was in danger of what he certainly should have had, a horsewhipping out of the grounds. Dick Taylor—Uncle Dick, bless his heart—plucky little fellow and real man that he is, when he saw what was done and who had done it, made at the carriage and had the brute half out of it before Deputy Spencer could stop him. Spencer then legally arrested the wretch and sent him to town. All credit to Deputy Spencer. He made the first and only arrest ever made on these grounds, where dozens ought to have been made. Two hoodlums yesterday were pulled out, but released.

An officer has now to contend with a growth of ruffianism in the crowd of spectators which is the direct result of the timorous, scared, indecisive action of the club in past years and up to this time. The club has let these things grow on its hands because it was afraid to tackle them. Incidents like the above of to-day show that a day in the field at the meeting of the American Coursing Club is not a day of gentlemanly sport, and that the meet itself is no place to go for sport or pleasure, and that such a weak-backed and inefficient club does not deserve the encouragement or support of gentlemen interested in honorable sport conducted in a manly and honorable way. The earlier predictions made in the FOREST AND STREAM reports of this meeting are coming true, and coming true fast. This week they have raced up to their fulfillment. I shall add later the action of the club meeting this evening, and shall then venture the question, How far is the American Coursing Club from the ignominious end and swift obscurity which come to nerveless dogs, nerveless men and nerveless managements?

This may all be thought harsh, severe, perhaps unjust. It is neither of these. It is the truth. These are the facts. The public is entitled to the news and to the facts, impartially and fairly stated. Owners of dogs should know about this club before they send dogs here or come here themselves. If this club is not right, the fact should be known. If a fearless exposition of the facts will lead to a general shaking up and a reorganization or a reformation, then much good has been done for the proper and gentlemanly sport of coursing. But to try to conceal or smooth over these matters would be to do the worst of injustice to the sport of coursing. If all this hurts the American Coursing Club, well and good. It is time it died if the truth will kill it. And it is high time that we had, either here or somewhere else, a coursing club truly American and not so merely in name—a club American in fairness, in manliness, in gentlemanliness and in sportsmanship. This club this year has not been such.

The wisdom and the necessity of these remarks will be self-evident when the report of the business meeting of to-night is read. When it becomes necessary to put before the world facts such as transpired here this week it is certain that the club has gone near to outliving both its dignity and its usefulness in the sporting world.

Whenever there shall be established any personal bias, any unfairness or any inaccuracy of statement on my part in anything I have said in regard to this club or its members, I am ready to tender my resignation from sporting journalism.

Running began at 10:12 A. M. in Puppy Stakes.

*Derby—Third Round.*

BOOMERANG—RAVEN.—Boomerang was quite too much for the little one. The hare served Boomerang, who thus lost the lead. In the exchanging he was far the better and drew ahead to stay. He came back from the hills with a terrible barb-wire cut. His right hindleg had a piece of skin torn off as large as one's hand and a wound a half-inch deep in the muscles. Boomerang won.

KETCHUM—LIGHTFOOT.—Litter brothers, with a lot of finishing quality and repeaters, as they showed to-day after yesterday's work. Ketchum led up in a long run and got his six ahead, placing Lightfoot, who fell out of it, but kept close. These two puppies appeared about as certain to catch a hill hare as any. Ketchum crowded this hare back from the hills, and Lightfoot was hardly by when Ketchem drove in and killed, 1¼ miles from start and away back in the flats. Ketchum won.

BUCKSKIN—DELSARTE were put in next and got a hot, undecided, brilliant, and as close a course as could be seen, each taking 10 points.

SCAVENGER (*a bye*).—Royal Ruby was put in by Mr. Lyons to go the bye with Scavenger, and, to tell the truth, she beat Scavenger shamefully.

LADY BARTON—FANNIE—were now put in to go in the fourth series of the All-Age. They ran another undecided, and a long and pumping go, clear to the hills, perhaps a mile and more and a lot of work. Lady Barton more work at start, Fannie closing strong and killing.

BUCKSKIN—DELSARTE.—These now having had a breathing spell went in again. Delsarte was faster up and got his six points, giving the hare the first wide turn to the hills. Buckskin then drew by, took it up, and got work out of the hare on soft ground. On a swift double, Delsarte came back, and the hare again swerving, he was thrown out unsighted for an instant, Buckskin drawing off. Delsarte followed, and at the barns pulled up, perhaps unsighted, as he was far back. Buckskin won.

*All Aged Stakes—Fourth Round.*

Lady Barton and Fannie were held over their two courses to give them a chance to recover from their hard undecided.

MASTER PETER—MONK BISHOP.—Peter won by the decisive run-up and kill of merit. In the exchanging it was much an even thing, and one could only admit that Monk Bishop had more in him than had at first been seen. He ran game and true, and was clever, though not fast enough for the grand brindle that beat him. On two of the turns Peter ran with his ears up when behind the white one. It would, however, be hard to see in this more than the result of a hard week's work on a 4-year-old dog, for he seemed eager and keen enough, and game as a pebble. Master Peter won. Mr. Porter kicked.

LADY BARTON—FANNIE.—These went in again for another long and bruising course, over a mile. Lady Barton led up in a long slip, took first and second turns, wrenched the hare and had her six ahead, then getting more work. In the flat race out, Fanny took three go-bys, and Lady Barton two, Fannie showing ahead then. All she could do was a couple of turns. The two killed together apparently, this letting the freak in for an easy enough thing. Lady Barton won.

LADY GRACE (*a bye*).—Lady Grace went her bye with Mr. Watson's Dry Time, who beat her every way. Grace came back with two pads half off and a front foot and leg raw half up. The punishing nature of these hard buffalo-grass grounds was again apparent. Adjourned work for lunch.

*Derby—Fourth Round.*

BOOMERANG—KETCHUM.—The cocaine bottle was brought into frequent use, and Boomerang was put in again to go, though he looked a sad sight with his leg cut half off. Not very well sighted, and the hare serving the red collar a bit, they at length lined out and Boomerang was far faster up, taking 8 points ahead, and going a corker in spite of all Ketchum drew by for a follow, but they took little out of flats. The dogs had to kill or follow a two miles course to the hills. They killed at length, Peter making the kill. His score was 31 points, Prince Rupert's 24 points.

*Derby—Final.*

Boomerang came back from his last course with the additional injury of two pads torn off. He was drawn.

Scavenger won first, Boomerang runner-up.

*All-Aged Stakes—Final Round.*

LADY BARTON—MASTER PETER.—The judge gave Master Peter over an hour's rest, and he then went in against the triple winner, the plucky red feather-weight which had hung so stubbornly to the stakes this year and the two years previous. Lady Barton ran up, but the turn was very questionable. Peter took three go-bys, Lady Barton two. Peter then led and gained. Both seemed very tired and the hare outfooted them. The hare ducked into some smartweeds on a dry pond-hole, and Peter quit and turned about. The hare then appeared on the bank, but was not seen by the dogs. It was much pleasure to see the judge's hat come off promptly for an undecided.



MR. J. HERBERT WATSON, DRYTIME AND ROYAL CREST.
American Coursing Meeting, 1892.

Lady Barton had now had two very long and hard courses in the morning, one short one with Lady Grace in the afternoon, and her undecided with Peter. Master Peter had run one short course in the morning with Monk Bishop, the bruising bye with Prince Rupert and the undecided with Lady Barton. It became a question whether they should go in again or go over till next morning. The usual wrangle ensued. Mr. Luse wanted to go in and finish it. Mr. Lowe with a burst of humanity wanted it to go over. It went to that august, severe body, the executive committee. Mr. Luse and Mr. Lowe both were members of the committee, and it had to go to the third member, Mr. Page. Mr. Page, as usual, promptly got on the fence, and all subsequent events failed to dislodge him. It probably never will be known just how it was decided, but it was finally agreed by Mr. Lowe to go to slips.

As Mr. Lowe went through the crowd leading Master Peter, a woolly Kansas bronco tried his hand, or rather his hind leg, at kicking too, catching Peter in the short ribs. The dog yelped, but as he was heavily blanketed, was probably more scared than hurt. It was, however, not all over for the dogs. A hare got up, and as Arthur Massey was trying to sight the dogs, Mr. Lowe rode up and rode over the dogs, or rather over his own dog. His horse struck Peter hard enough with his leg to throw the dog on his back, of course pulling Lady Barton over too, in a baddish mix-up. No protest was entered here. The game brutes had the right to protest, but they got up and went on to do what was asked of them. Neither was cut or lamed.

Another hare was sighted, and Arthur Massey gave them a careful slip. The jack was good and stiff, and after all the events of the day, these two were a grand pair to stop her. Lady Barton led up distinctly, turned sharp, and wrenched the hare. Peter raced by. He placed Lady Barton, who brought the hare back on a turn, wrenched it as she reached, then drove in and killed inimitably, rolling over on the bare ground.

Lady Barton won first, Master Peter running up. The latter has certainly improved much since last year, and is a wonderful greyhound, fit for any company we have in this country at least. Lady Barton is not his equal in looks, but comes of a strain which has been hard to shake out of the stakes here for some time. She is better fit for this work than Peter, who is probably too large for the plains, though not too large for soft ground work. Lady Barton is a perfect killer. Master Peter shares a peculiarity of Mr. Lowe's Lord Neversettle dogs. They are good goers, and take scoring well enough, but are not able to kill, and so get long and pumping courses which could be won as well by an early kill. Liberty, Mr. Lowe's bitch of the Master Peter litter, was a clever killer. The others never were handy with their teeth. Had Master Peter killed his hare in sixteen points, instead of thirty-one, in the Prince Rupert bye, he would have come to the slips in the final with a per cent. in his favor. As a grand coursing dog he is not surpassed here. This much can be said without injustice to the phenomenal little bitch that beat him. Lady Barton saves much grand stand work by killing her hare. It was near between them, but she beat him fair and on her merits.

The proposed Consolatian Stakes, for a $25 cup offered by Mr. Roger Williams, of Lexington, Ky., no entry fee to be charged, was not taken up, and little interest seemed taken in it.



H. C. Lowe, Ex. Com.) G. C. Page. Ex. Com.) E. H. Mulcaster. (Judge.) J. R. Price. Arthur Massey. (Slipper.) Ira D. Brougher. (Sec'y.) D. C. Luse. (Ex. Com.) A. C. Schemerhorn. (Field Steward.) J. Herbert Watson. Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Uncle" Bobby Smart.

OFFICERS AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEETING, 1892.

SUMMARY.

ALL-AGED STAKES—*First Round.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| D. C. Luse's w d Living Yet—Trales—Dick's Darling. | beat | Dr. S. J. Shaw's w and bd b, Dolly—Trales—Humming Bird. |
| Lowe & Page's w and bk d Prince Charlie—Lord Neversettle—White Lips. | beat | H. G. Nichols's be d, Blue Prince—General—Flora. |
| D. C. Luse's f and w b, Lady Barton — Trales — Dick's Darling. | beat | T. W. Bartel's w and bd d, Flying Dutchman — St. Patrick—Daisy Dublin. |
| Ed. Martin's f b, Queene—Pedigree unknown. | | D. N. Heizer's w b Snowball—Trales—Lady Milly Glendyne. |
| T. W. Bartell's w and bk b, Irish Lass—St. Patrick—Daisy Dublin. | beat | *a bye.* (Sporting Press absent). |
| Lowe & Page's bd d, Lord Neverstill—Lord Neversettle—Partera. | beat | Abe Bowman's w and bd b, Boodler—Smily—Bess. |
| J. H. Watson's f b, Drytime—Britain Still—Haytime. | beat | Alfred Haigh's be b, Chloe—Flink—Kansas Blue Bell. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. P. Roetzel's bd b, Fanny—Keno—Jennie. | beat | D. C. Luse's w b, Clara—Green Tick—A'Eanone. |
| Alfred Haigh's w and bk b, Sousie—Lord Neversettle—Dame White Lips. | beat | T. W. Bartell's w b, Pearl of Pekin—St. Patrick—Daisy Dublin. |
| D. C. Luse's w and bk b, Nettlefield—Dick Day—Camborne. | *a bye.* (Best of Fashion absent). | |
| Lowe & Page's bd d, Master Peter—Lord Neversettle—Partera. | beat | J. H. Watson's be d, Royal Crest—Green Tick—Royal Rate. |
| D. C. Luse's bk and w b, Lady In Black—Trales—Dick's Darling. | beat | Michael Allen's f d, Jim K.—Imported Paddy—imported Fly. |
| Alfred Haigh's bd and w d, w d, Britain Yet—Prince Trales Glendyne—Busy Bee. | beat | D. C. Luse's bd and w b, Belle of Eltham—Jester—Bit of Fashion. |
| T. W. Bartell's w and bd d, Monk Bishop—St. Patrick—Daisy Dublin. | beat | D. C. Luse's w and bd d, Lord McPherson—Trales—Dick's Darling. |
| Michael Allen names Wm. Horine's Woodford Boy—Lord McPherson—Jessamine. | beat | D. C. Luse's bd and wd, Norwegian—Jester—Bit of Fashion. |
| Lowe & Page's w and bk d, Prince Rupert—Lord Neversettle—White Lips. | beat | C. A. Hooper's w and be d, Nelson—Trales—Belle Smart. |
| Arthur Massey's f and w b, What Care I—Trales—Lightning. | beat | N. Q. Pope's bd and w d, Poland Duke—Balkis—Cassandra. |
| Robert Smart's be b, Lady Grace—Trales—Miss Smart. | beat | E. H. Lyon's bk b, Girls' Favorite—Trales—Bessie Lee. |
| Alfred Haigh's w and bd d, Master Glendyne—Trales Little Lady Glendyne. | beat | E. H. Mulcaster's f and w b, Gilda—Mentor—Gladys. (Gilda drawn). |

*Second Round.*

Prince Charlie beat Living Yet.
Lady Barton a bye.
Irish Lass beat Lord Neverstill.
Fanny beat Dry Time.
Nettlefield beat Sousie.
Master Peter beat Lady In Black.
Monk Bishop beat Britain Yet.
Woodford Boy beat Prince Rupert.

*Third Round.*

Lady Barton beat Prince Charlie.
Fanny beat Irish Lass.
Master Peter beat Nettlefield.
Monk Bishop beat Woodford Boy.
Lady Grace a bye.

*Fourth Round.*

Lady Barton beat Fannie.
Master Peter beat Monk Bishop
Lady Grace a bye.

*Fifth Round.*

Lady Barton beat Lady Grace.
Master Peter a bye.

*Final.*

Lady Barton beat Master Peter and won. Master Peter second, Lady Grace third, Monk Bishop and Fannie divided fourth. (No actual fourth dog in this stake.)

Lady Barton, first, wins the title Champion of America, $185 stakes and the *American Field* cup ($100 cash); also the D. C. Luse silver cup. Lady Barton weighs 42lbs. and is 4yrs. old; in color, red; a compact greyhound of no extraordinary gift except that of performance.

Master Peter, second, is a brindle, 69lbs. weight. 4yrs. old. A grand looking running machine every way. Won $92.50.

Lady Grace, third, is a useful black bitch, weight about 45lbs., 3yrs. old. Wins $23.12.

Monk Bishop, divided fourth, is a powerful white, about 63lbs., 2½yrs. Won $11.56.

Fannie, divided fourth, is a dark brindle, about 47lbs., about 4yrs. Won $11.56.

## GREAT BEND DERBY.

*First Round.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Price & Royce's r b, Roy's Canary—Major Glendyne—Humming Bird. | beat | Michael Allen's bk d, Jim Flynn—Jack—imported Sport. |
| T. W. Bartell's bk and w d, Boomerang—Lord Never settle—White Lips. | beat | Joe Roetzel's w and f b, Queen—Keno—Belle. |
| Price & Royce's bk b, Raven—Major Glendyne—Humming Bird. | beat | J. H. Watson's bk b, Dry Brook—Burnaby—Dry Time. |
| Price & Royce's be and w b, Sylph—Major Glendyne—Lady Alice. | beat | Ed. H. Lyon's bd b, May Day—Trales—Meta. |
| Ed. H. Lyon's bd b, Royal Ruby—Trales—Tenee. | beat | Lowe & Page's bd b, Nancy—Lord Neversettle—Partera |
| A. Laidlaw names J. S. Airhart's bd d, Ketchum—Major—Clipper. | *(a bye).* | |
| Lowe & Page's w and bk d, Sir Hugo—Lord Neversettle—White Lips. | beat | Price & Royce's w d, Rome Marble—Major Glendyne—Lady Alice. |
| D. C. Luse's f b, Lightfoot—Major—Clipper. | beat | Ed. H. Lyon's bd b, Fantail—Trales—Meta. |
| D. C. Luse's f b, Laura—McPherson—Jessamine. | beat | J. H. Watson's bk d, Aladdin—Burnaby—Dry Time. |
| J. R. Ballard's f b, Buckskin—Cochran Frank—Skippy. | beat | G. N. Moses's w and bd d, Trales, Jr.—Trales—Brilliant. |
| Ed. H. Lyon's r d, Redwood—Trales—Tenee. | beat | M. Allen's w d, Flying Fox—McPherson—Jessamine. |
| J. H. Rew's h and w b, Delsarte—Lord Neversettle—Prima Donna. | beat | J. H. Watson's be b, Wasted Time—Burnaby—Dry Time. |
| Ed. H. Lyon's bd d, Scavenger—Trales—Tenee. | beat | Price & Royce's bk d Rook—Major Glendyne—Humming Bird. |
| Lowe & Page's w and bd b, White Lady—Lord Neversettle—Partera. | *(a bye).* | |

*Second Round.*

Boomerang beat Roy's Canary.
Raven beat Royal Ruby.
Ketchum beat Sylph.
Lightfoot beat Sir Hugo.
Buckskin beat Aladdin.
Delsarte beat Redwood.
Scavenger beat White Lady.

*Third Round.*

Boomerang beat Raven.
Ketchum beat Lightfoot.
Buckskin beat Delsarte.
Scavenger a bye.

*Fourth Round.*

Boomerang beat Ketchum.
Scavenger beat Buckskin.

*Final.*

Scavenger beat Boomerang (drawn) and won. Boomerang second, Buckskin third, Ketchum fourth.

Scavenger, first, is a tiny one, 18 months, brindle; won $67.50 and National Greyhound Club silver cup.

Boomerang, second, is a good-looking black and white dog over 60lbs., 14 months; won $33.50.

Buckskin, third, is a rangy one, fawn, 18 months; won $8.37.

Ketchum, fourth, is a strong one, red, 16 months; won $8.37.

## The Annual Business Meeting.

At the regular annual business meeting, at the Morrison House, 8 P. M. Friday, Oct. 28, the vice-president, Dr. S. J. Shaw, was in the chair, Ira D. Brougher, secretary, being assisted by J. Harvey Rew, secretary pro tem. So far as known no minutes were read and no treasurer's or secretary's report was read, though confusion was so general this may have been done. Under suspended rules and by one ballot the following officers were elected: President, Dr. N. Rowe, of Chicago; Vice-President, Dr. S. J. Shaw, of Great Bend; Secretary, Ira D. Brougher, of Great Bend; Treasurer, J. V. Brinkman, of Great Bend. By ballot, Messrs. A. C. Schermerhorn, of Great Bend; C. G. Page, of Chicago and Dr. A. J. Cattanach, of Denver, were elected members of the executive committee. Messrs. G. N. Moses, Dick Taylor and D. C. Luse, all of Great Bend, were chosen for the ground committee. Mr. E. S. Medberry, of Great Bend, was elected an honorary member. On Mr. Watson's motion the club voted to raise by subscription, a special prize for "best greyhound in the show," to be tendered the National Greyhound Club for their bench show of Nov. 24. Messrs. Lowe and Shaw subscribed $5 each and it stopped at that for the time.

Mr. Watson started the discussion on the proposed international meeting for 1893. Mr. Brougher stated that only two appointees of the president's committee on this work had agreed to serve, Mr. Watson and Mr. J. R. Price. Mr. Price had agreed to subscribe $500 and Mr. Pope $500 more, conditional upon fifty other men subscribing $50 each, it being desired to raise a total purse of at least $5,000. Mr. Watson thought it should be started. Several promised to subscribe. Mr. Watson moved to circulate a subscription list for a guaranteed fund, conditional upon the entry of 32 dogs from England and other countries outside of America. This carried, and here action in the matter came practically to an end. A recess of half an hour was then taken. The parliamentary action of the body was very loitering.

### THE PEARL OF PEKIN PROTEST.

After the recess the Pearl of Pekin—Chicopee Lass matter was taken up.

*Mr. Page*—"For the executive committee I would say we have referred this matter to the club."

*Dr. Royce*—"That can't be done. The by-laws instruct the committee to settle all such mooted cases."

*Mr. Luse*—"That means, the committee of the year when the event took place."

*The Chair* (Mr. Watson in the chair)—"It is so understood. That committee was composed of Mr. Page, Mr. Lowe and Dr. Shaw."

*Mr. Page*—"I would like to hear from the secretary."

*Mr. Brougher, Secretary*—"Last fall Mr. Bartels told me that if Edmonds, who ran over Pearl, would make affidavit that he did so accidentally, he, Bartels, would relinquish all claims. Edmonds did make such affidavit. I thought that settled it, and paid over the money to the California men. Dr. Shaw also heard Bartels say this. The affidavit was turned over to the committee."

On instruction, the secretary then read an affidavit made by Mr. Bartels, he swearing, "I never at any time withdrew my protest in the Chicopee Lass—Pearl of Pekin controversy of 1891."

*The Chair*—"All this is out of order. The Chair rules that this executive committee shall file a report, either a majority report or both a majority and minority report, if they cannot agree."

*Mr. Brougher*—"This protest was sent up to the National Greyhound Club, and they referred it back, saying they had no jurisdiction."

*The Chair*—"The committee of National Club so referred it because there had been no decision here. This matter now rests with the committee of this club and I call for their report."

*Mr. Luse* (of the committee)—"If the executive committee could not refer this matter to the club or if the club refers it back to the committee I suppose the committee must report."

*Mr. Page* (of the committee)—"Why can't we just leave all this for the club to settle?"

*The Chair*—"Ruled that the committee has charge of this matter and must report."

*Mr. Luse*—"Why don't they say what they think? They've been a year at this."

A lot of shilly-shally talk now ensued from Messrs. Page and Lowe, they continually dodging the responsibility of going on record and the chair still insisting that their report was called for and must come in. In this Mr. Watson, chairman, showed the first business-like and decisive action of the evening, and formed an admirable contrast to the committeemen on the fence.

*Mr. Schermerhorn*—"If this committee have not agreed why let them bring in two reports, but for heaven's sake let them do something."

*The Chair*—"That report is again called for."

*Mr. Lowe* (very reluctantly)—"Well, that is to say, to be sure, I thought at first, on the rules, Pearl of Pekin should have the course. After the Edmonds affidavit I thought the club should take the matter up, and voted to refer it."

Mr. Lowe was now at length on record. It was still more difficult to get Mr. Page on record. Mr. Page is a pleasant man, a nice man, a good-looking man. I should think he would make a good real estate or dry goods salesman, if he didn't get tied in his own mind as to which of two articles he really wanted to sell. He was pressed hard, but it was half an hour before he could be induced to say what he and Dr. Shaw thought about it. It was well-known that they agreed, and that their report would be a majority report. Everybody patiently waited, and the mill meantime ground on.

Mr. A. C. Schermerhorn, of Great Bend, is blessed with that useful commodity, horse sense. He got square up and said what he thought. "I think a man ought to stand by his agreements," said he. "Mr. Bartels should be compelled to keep his word, even though he goes back on it himself. I would have voted to give Pearl of Pekin that course if Bartels had not said what he did. He left his case in bad hands when he said what he did, but he said it. I think now this club should sustain the secretary's action and give the case to Chicopee Lass. I do this just because Bartels has made this last affidavit. It comes with bad grace from him and it sets me against him. A man's word ought to tally with his affidavit, and be as good as his affidavit. Now, Bartels came to me, and put his hand on my shoulder, just before he left here last fall, and he said, 'Now, this is all settled if Edmonds makes that affidavit.' Edmonds did make it. I am against Bartels on account of his action in this."

Mr. Luse thought from what Mr. Bartels told him at the depot as he started home, that Mr. Bartels did not consider the matter settled when he left.

*The Chair*—"The question is, does not Mr. Bartels seek to take advantage in a legal way, and seek to sneak out of a place where he had put himself? But that is not the point before the house. I call once more for the report of the other members of that committee. Order, gentlemen. Let us now hear from Mr. Lowe and Mr. Page."

*Mr. Lowe*—"I allow the protest."

*Mr. Page*—"I disallow it. In this I speak only for myself, Dr. Shaw being absent."

*Mr. Hayman* (of the *American Field*, and an honorary member)—"I call attention to the fact that Dr. Shaw is already on record in this matter. He has published over his own signature his agreement with what Mr. Page has just said."

*The Chair*—"Ruled that Dr. Shaw's vote is with Mr. Page. You now have a majority report, gentleman, disallowing the protest. Will you vote its acceptance?"

*Mr. Schermerhorn*—"I move to sustain the secretary's action, accept the report, and disallow the protest."

*The Chair*—"It is not plain that motion is in order. Now that the committee has reported a decision, the matter can go up to the National Greyhound Club."

*Mr. Hough* (an honorary member)—"Just pardon me a moment. Could not the National Club again refer it back to the American Coursing Club, and that body back again to its own executive committee, and so on. How long a time is needed to settle this five minutes business—five years?"

*Dr. Royce*—"The matter never could be delegated or taken out of the hands of our own executive committee."

*Mr. Hough*—"It could never be taken out of their hands without amending the by-laws of this club. It has been in their hands all along. Therefore, now that a report has finally been screwed out of them, this matter is settled. An acceptance of the report is not in order, for the report is only an announcement. Your by-laws say the decision of the committee must be final. There must be something final. This majority report is not tentative, but final.

*The Chair*—"The chair so rules."

Thus finally ended the notorious Pearl of Pekin protest case, really settled a year ago and held thus by the shilly-shallying and indecisive action of a timorous committee, to the detriment in reputation of a club whose high board of appeal did not know the rules and by-laws under which they acted, and who were only with the utmost difficulty urged into an expression of opinion which should have been made 365 long days ago. The original position of last year's FOREST AND STREAM report of this meet is thus sustained and the "overwhelming testimony" and the "ironclad rule" have gone rattling down the grooves of time.

Votes of thanks were now passed to the judge and slipper, to the courteous and efficient secretary, Mr. Brougher, to Dr. Rowe for the annual cup and to the press. In the confusion of the moment it was forgotten to pass a vote of thanks to the executive committee for making their report.

### THE D. C. LUSE EXPULSION CASE.

It was now past midnight and the tired members were slipping off to bed. Still there seemed something in the air, and finally it was gradually precipitated. Uncle Bobby Smart called for action on the Luse case, for entering as a puppy a dog over age. Mr. Lowe, for the committee, reported that Laura, the entry in question, had been disqualified. The report was accepted. The chair could not get an expression further from the club. All were afraid. At length Mr. Hayman, of the *American Field*, stated that he thought some action should be taken toward expelling Mr. Luse from the club. The case ought to come up and be tried, if for nothing but justice to Mr. Luse. Several members had told him they would at once resign from the club if Mr. Luse were not expelled, and it seemed that the American Coursing Club would soon be a thing of the past.

Mr. Lowe called for Mr. Luse. Mr. Luse said with some heat:

"That disqualification was wrong, and I will prove it later. I say I have been treated wrong. They saw they couldn't run me out of the stakes, and so run me out this way. I will prove it by good men, additional to those who testified for me the other day."

*Arthur Massey*—"Yes, and isn't one of the men you mean to bring in a man who was convicted of perjury in the court?"

*The Chair* (Mr. Watson)—"This case is closed and done. It cannot be re-opened."

Mr. Luse declared the disqualification to be spite. He had three times beaten Mr. Lowe in the runnings, and Mr. Lowe took this means of getting even. Mr. Lowe very heartily disclaimed any such motives. The chair called for order.

It was urged by Messrs. Royce and Hayman that the decision was in, that the club had now in its ranks a man who had had a dog disqualified. It remained only a question of the club saving itself. Neither had any personal motives against Mr. Luse.

*Uncle Bobby Smart*—"We don't need a man like that in this club. The club would be ruined if it had a reputation like that."

*The Chair*—"Well, gentlemen, what is your wish. All this talk is to no purpose and out of order. Will some one make a motion? Will some one else take the chair? As protester in this case, it might look better for me not to take the chair in this."

No one took the chair. Mr. Smart then moved that Mr. Luse be expelled from the club. Dr. Royce timorously, and "just to get it before the club," seconded it. In discussion, Mr. Page, the general peace-maker, strove assiduously to get on both sides the fence again. "Now, isn't there some way we can fix this up?" said he. Everybody wanted to fix it up. Just one hour was spent before the motion was put. It was suggested by Mr. Hayman that private ballot be taken. Mr. Luse called for a rising vote. In this he showed a skillful handling of his own case, for he knew there was no one there bold enough to stand up and vote. The chair ruled the vote must be taken *viva voce*, in the usual manner, a rising vote to follow if the chair should then be unable to decide. The question was then put.

Ayes, 0.
Noes, 0.

Not a man there had dared to vote for or against. Truly a deadlock!

Mr. Lowe asked, "Is there a quorum present?"

*The Chair*—"The chair rules there has been a quorum, and so is one now."

Mr. Luse asked how many members made a quorum. The by-laws were sent for. Meantime those present were counted and it was found there were twelve, exclusive of Mr. Luse and of two honorory members, Mr. Hayman and Mr. Hough. The latter begged to be excused from being considered as of the club in this matter and cited a precedent that an honorary member should not vote. He felt that the honorary election was merely formal courtesy to the paper he represented, and preferred to be left in no position but that of a press representative, without voting or expressing an opinion in a case which was purely one of the active club's alone. When the by-laws came to hand it was discovered that it required ten active members to make a quorum. Mr. Luse urgently raised the question as to what constituted an active member. A half hour was consumed while the secretary looked over the books and sought to find who were and who were not active members. Much discussion of proper notification, time of paying dues, last year's dues, and some other year's dues now arose. Mr. Luse asserted that Mr. Lowe was not an active member and had not paid his dues and had no right to enter dogs. Mr. Lowe explained that two years ago his winnings were withheld on the understanding that they were to be applied on his dues. The club really owed him money yet. The chair at length put an end to the discussion and ruled that there was a quorum, more than ten active members, present.

Mr. Luse now raised the question of proper notification for trial in a case like this, as provided in the by-laws. The chair ruled that the previous trial of the accused before the committee, his presence at this meeting, and the general discussion were notification sufficient under the provisions.

In all this another half hour was taken up, and action seemed as far off as ever. Finally, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, Dr. Royce moved the previous question.

Ayes, 0.
Noes, 0.

More deadlock in this discreet and truly conservative body of sportsmen.

The chair called for a rising vote. Not one member of those present rose to support the motion to expel. Dr. Royce was sitting on the arm of his chair and the secretary undertook to count him, but he sat down swiftly with a scared look on his face. The chair asked for those opposed.

One solitary member, Joseph Roetzel, had courage to get up and vote as he thought. The motion to expel Mr. Luse was therefore lost and he remains a member of the club.

The meeting now adjourned at 3:45 in the morning.

"Now you are going to hear from me," said Mr. Luse, "and hear from me loud! I've won here before, and I'm going to win again. You have got me stirred up and you are going to hear from me loud!" No doubt. No doubt there will be a nice kettle of fish before all this is relegated to history. But isn't the club a dandy, and doesn't it transact its business in a hustling, fearless way? The bare facts are plenty for the comment.

Mr. Luse was tried under Rule 6, and cannot be tried again. He can be brought before the National Greyhound Club on motion of the members of the American Club or on report of its executive committee, under Rule 42, if memory serves rightly, and the National Greyhound Club could re-try the question of his expulsion. There is talk of this, but nothing definite.

As to the resignations of the other members, people are always talking about resigning from things. Probably not more than one or two resignations will occur. Bless your heart, this is just a pleasant little family matter, and it will all come right in the spring or in the fall. There won't be any international coursing meet here next year, but the American Coursing Club, in name, will be here, the ghost of what it ought to be, to realize at last that it has brought its own troubles on itself by its own shiftless, weak and indecisive policy, and to go at length, when coursing elsewhere has developed in its practice into a sport that is really sportsmanlike, either into a new way of conduct and a better future, or into that oblivion which awaits nerveless dogs, nerveless men and nerveless managements. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## E. F. T. ALL-AGED STAKE LATE ENTRIES.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

NAMKE PHILIP—Namke Kennels' white and orange dog (Roy Monarch—Saddlebags), 1889.

CHITA—Namke Kennels' black and white bitch (Count Howard—Calico).

POINTERS.

PROMOTION—Fairmount Kennels' liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Belle Bishop), 2 years.

W. A. COSTER, Secy.

*Correction.*—Thorndale, English setter, is owned and entered by Hempstead Farm Kennels, and the pointers Hempstead Duke and Hempstead Comet are also owned and entered by Hempstead Farm Kennels and are by Duke of Hessen out of Lass of Bow. The pointer Sanford Druid was bred by Mr. E. C. Norrish and is owned and entered by Hempstead Farm Kennels.

# DOG CHAT.

### A Kennel Club for Detroit.

The new kennel club recently formed in Detroit, Mich., has a rather peculiar name, but its members evidently mean business. The old Michigan Kennel Club having seemingly died a natural death, the many fanciers of the City of the Straits have for some time had a new organization in view. "The City of the Straits Kennel Club, Limited," is now the name of the new organization, and the first meeting was held Oct. 10, in the office of Mr. E. B. Welton, Mr. Guy Welton being the prime mover. The encouragement given by those attending was so practical that another meeting was called Oct. 17. Several plans of organization were formulated and another meeting held and the name of the club as stated above decided upon. At present the membership includes Harry Shelden, G. M. Hendrie, J. H. Alexander, H. Muir, Dr. G. Nicolai, Chas. Backus, Thos. Blake, C. W. Wolfertz, T. C. Ouelette, A. L. McCrae, Geo. H. Ellis, W. G. Young, A. T. Knowlson, Guy D. Welton, Dr. C. E. Fenton, John Herbertson, A. D. Welton, F. C. Cook, H. Beaumont, E. B. West, W. Genicke, Judge E. Haug, Earnest Mann, Allen Frazer, Charles Thurman, J. W. Garrison, Geo. H. Collins, J. F. Tyler, Jacob Cline and J. H. Ross. Local dog shows are to be held and one good show every year to fall in the circuit after Pittsburg if possible. The club is to be run on business principles, and not altogether on sentiment. The club, if properly managed, is bound to bring Detroit to the front in dog matters, for there are a number of breeders in this city. Among them Harry Shelden, H. Muir, G. M. Hendrie and J. H. Alexander have kennels of fox-terriers, Dr. Nicolai raises noted great Danes, Charles Backus breeds cockers and greyhounds, Thomas Blake revels in cockers and whippets, Irish setters are bred by C. W. Wolfertz, H. Beaumont, Judge Haug, A. D. Welton and J. W. Garrison, T. C. Ouellette, A. T. Knowlson, D. C. E. Fenton, of Essex, and John Herbertson lean toward cocker spaniels, G. H. Ellis, of Windsor, and W. G. Young have greyhounds. G. H. Collins has the St. Louis Gordon Kennels of Gordon setters, J. F. Tyler also breeds Gordon setters and Jacob Cline represents the English setters. The following officers were elected at a meeting held Oct 24: President, George M. Hendrie; First Vice-President, A. L. McCrae; Second Vice-President, H. Muir; Secretary, Guy Welton; Treasurer, C. K. Backus; Directors, Dr. Nicolai, C. W. Wolfertz, A. T. Knowlton, T. E. Ouellette. The club has applied for membership in the American Kennel Club, and if accepted steps will be taken in claiming dates for a show.

### Russian Wolfhounds.

Last week we exclusively mentioned the importation by Mr. James Mortimer of a Russian wolfhound, but we did not know that she was a celebrity. Mr. Mortimer writes us: "I don't know how you manage to get hold of all the news. I intended to have kept my Russian wolfhound importation a secret until the New York show, when I could have shown her fit and well. As the secret is out, I may as well tell you that the bitch was sent me by Mr. Geo. R. Krehl. I saw her at the Kennel Club show, Islington, where she won third prize in a very good class, first and second being won respectively by the Duchess of Newcastle's Lebedka and Zarlada II.; vhc. reserve going to Mr. Huntington's Zerry, hc. to Otlika, another good bitch that had won a medal at St. Petersburg, first Leeds, second Edinburgh, etc. It was generally conceded that Zmeika, the bitch I have imported, should have been second, the Duchess of Newcastle herself volunteering the statement that Zmeika was a better specimen than Zarlada II. Zmeika was bred to the Duchess of Newcastle's Kaissack, Mr. Geo. Krehl selecting the sire. Kaissack is a very powerful and typical dog that has done a great deal of winning, and has a great reputation as a stud dog, which he has in no wise disgraced, for Zmeika gave birth to fourteen puppies (six bitches) on the White Star steamship Cufic. All are doing well with the aid of foster mothers, which I was very fortunate in being able to find. Zmeika is, I think, the largest bitch of her breed that I have seen, and is full of quality. She is also very beautifully marked in head, with white body. The puppies are strong and healthy, and I have every reason to be more than satisfied with my purchase. Zmeika was born in 1890. I have her pedigree, a very swell affair, printed in Russia, but it is all Greek to me." Then he very cruelly adds: "I will bring it in (the pedigree) when I come to town and get you to interpret it." This serves us right for dabbling in the "Psovoi" nomenclature.

### Omaha Bench Show.

Our report and list of awards of the show not having reached us in time must be held over till next week, and perhaps it is just as well, considering the crowded state of our columns this week. The liberal prize list brought some of the best dogs in the country to this far Western city, and of course meeting with little competition, the prize list would read like a repetition of fall shows. In the dispatches we find that Mr. Lewis's Fernwood Bruce, Io, etc., took care of St. Bernards. Mr. Charles E. Bunn's Mastiffs Edric, Sinolan and others scooped up most of the money. Imperator, the Great Dane, was also shown, and Wolverine Kennels had a good kennel of their dogs on hand. The Brighton Kennel (Mr. T. G. Davey's), showed the Omahoys what a good pointer is like with Lady Gay Spanker and others, and Mr. Hyland had Ossining there too. Dr. Dixon's Gordons were in Ben Lewis's team of forty dogs, he winning the handler's prize. W. C. Downing's Benzine was the best English setter. Geo. Bell took on a choice lot of his noted cockers and Fascination won the specials. The Carlowrie Collie Kennels took the lion's share of the collie prizes, and the Ilwiss Kennels of Bulldogs from Chicago had that breed to themselves. Mr. Ballentine's pugs took the money for these dogs. The judges were Mr. John Davidson and Dr. H. M. Cryer. About 325 dogs were exhibited and the club, owing to their liberality, scored a distinct success both in the quality of the dogs and attendance.

### American Coursing Club.

Mr. Hough, in his excellent report of the American Coursing Club's meeting, gives us a very good idea of the worse than weak state the club seems to be in at present. Such weak-kneedness and vacillation will make the club a laughing stock to the coursing world. In horse racing, coursing and kindred sports it is especially imperative that the rules be strictly lived up to and correctly interpreted. If racing has its board of control it would seem as if the coursing element in Great Bend stands very much in need of some such body with the backbone and intelligence to correct existing evils. The consideration of the Pearl of Pekin and Chicopee Lass affair is ludicrous in the extreme and will certainly create a feeling of distrust among right-thinking men. Their action in the Luse expulsion case is reprehensible; if expulsion is too severe (?) there should be some punishment meted out to a man who will thus falsely seek to get the better of his fellows who are sportsmen. The East was well represented by Mr. J. Herbert Watson, of Brooklyn, who brought his legal education to bear upon several matters during the meeting, especially in the events of the Luse false entry case and the "Pearl of Pekin incident" farce.

In contra-distinction to the proceedings at Great Bend, it is a pleasure to turn to a review of the Beagle Club trials. There may have been at times a difference of opinion, but judges were always pleased to explain and everything went as smooth as possible, there being no such thing as a kick. The evenings were spent in pleasant conversation in a quiet and orderly manner, a regular love feast, as one of the men remarked. The judges did their work well; at no time did they loiter, but were always intent upon their duties which were arduous in the extreme. All were pleased to see Mr. Dorsey, that old-time beagle breeder and exhibitor win with Lee II., and though he got a knock or two he remarked to us, "They gave me a little of the bitter at first, but the sweet at the end made up for it." There is talk of another field trial being held about Christmas near Boston, a sort of local affair, but we trust it will not be found necessary to create a side club to carry it out. Better have it under the present club rules and all keep together. These little splits often do a great deal of harm, eventually.

### Brooklyn Dog Show.

THE bench show committee of the N. G. C. are fast getting things into shape for their big dog show this month, and indications are that they will have an entry more than large enough to fill the building. The following railroads will carry free those dogs who are accompanied by owner or caretakers on showing identification tickets: N. Y. C. & H. R. R., Erie lines, Central of New Jersey, New York, Ontario & Western, Pennsylvania, Michigan Central, New York, New Haven & Hartford, West Shore, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Grand Trunk, Lehigh Valley, Philadelphia & Reading, Baltimore & Ohio and Chesapeake & Ohio, and the express companies will carry dogs at their usual liberal rates—prepaid double rates and free return. They are the Adams, American, Wells, Fargo & Co., New York & Boston Dispatch Co. and Long Island. The National Greyhound Club have made the following additional classes: Class 18A, bloodhounds, challenge dogs and bitches, club medal; 70A, Clumber spaniels, dogs and bitches, $10 and $5; 79A, bulldogs, dogs under 45lbs., $10 and $5; 79B, bulldogs, bitches under 45lbs., $10 and $5; 113A, Irish terriers, puppies, dogs and bitches, $5 and $3. Classes for dogs and bitches will be subdivided when five of each sex are entered. All great Dane specials, excepting those offered by the N. G. C., are for club members only. Two challenge classes have also been made for this breed. A number of additional specials have come in but space is too precious to give them in full this week.

### Hamilton Local Dog Show.

That Hamilton is a progressively "dogly" town has been patent to all for some time. Their latest venture shows that without outside aid they can hold a very respectable exhibition. The gathering of local dogs on the evening of Oct. 24 at the Palace Rink, Hamilton, was held under the auspices of the Hamilton Kennel Club, of which Alderman A. D. Stewart is the secretary. Confined strictly to local dogs the entry of 148 is a gentle reminder of what the club could have done had they held a regular show this fall with proper inducements in the way of money prizes. Local men, members of the club, officiated as judges, their special idiosyncrasies being in most cases considered in governing their choice. The following is the list: Bedlington and black and tan terriers, Mr. Andrew Murdoch; boarhounds, wolfhounds and whippets, Mr. R. B. Harris; fox-terriers, Dr. Griffin; collies and St. Bernards, Mr. E. R. Close; spaniels and pugs, Mr. W. B. Palmer; Yorkshire and toy terriers and King Charles spaniels, Mr. John Hackett; great Danes, Newfoundlands and Dalmatians, Mr. A. D. Stewart; harriers and foxhounds, Messrs. E. Tinsley and Wm. McDonald; mastiffs and Dandie Dinmonts, Mr. H. P. Breay; fox-terriers, Mr. J. W. Morden; setters and pointers, Mr. E. Tinsley; greyhounds, Messrs. A. Murdoch and Wm. McDonald. We are sorry that space this week forbids our giving the full list of awards, and in view of the local aspect of the affair it is scarcely necessary. In spaniels there were 32 entries, chiefly cockers. Greyhounds also showed a good entry, and of course among the 22 fox-terriers some well known dogs were found. Foxhounds, St. Bernards and toy terriers were next in order of numbers, the other breds having as a rule about one or two entries each. The H. K. C. continues to do good work, and during the two years in which it has been in existence it has done much to foster the breeding of good dogs. The officers of the club are to be congratulated on the results of their efforts in this direction.

### An Important Decision.

The Court of Appeals affirmed judgment Oct. 25, in the case of George B. Gallup, appellant vs. August Belmont and others. This was an action brought against the defendants, the officers of the American Kennel Club, for alleged libels published in the *Kennel Gazette*. It will be remembered the articles complained of alleged that in September, 1889, the advisory committee of the A. K. C. ordered the suspension of the Albany Club for the nonpayment of the prizes awarded by it at its bench show, held in March, 1889, and that, no official notice having reached the office of the American Kennel Club, all the officers of the Albany Kennel Club, of whom plaintiff was one, had been suspended. The general term sustained the demurrer upon the ground that such publications were not libellous on their face and were not calculated to injure the plaintiff in his character. Thus ends another chapter of the suspension troubles.

### Suffolk Coronet.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, with that restless spirit with which he is imbued, felt that he could not rest content, for a time at least, until he secured a monopoly of the stud fox-terriers in his township. Suffolk Coronet, owned by Mr. J. W. Morden, was a big thorn in the way, therefore it was plucked and now is an inmate of the Bonally Kennel. Mr. Morden writes us that the dog has been very successful, but this stud business took up a good deal of valuable time, and he decided to let Alderman Stewart have his way for a year or two. Suffolk Coronet was originally Blemton Coronet, and did some winning both in Mr. Belmont's and Mr. Mortimer's hands, but since he has been in Canada he has attended strictly to his home duties and has not been seen in public till last week's local show.

In speaking of the Hamilton show we are reminded of a letter appearing in a contemporary signed "Sunshine," in which the writer questions our remarks regarding certain handlers taking their dogs to Ottawa in preference to Rochester. For the information of this bright individual we might as well say that on the boat coming from Kingston to Cape Vincent this very subject was brought up and no other than Ben Lewis, in the presence of Messrs. Spracklin, Teg, Thomas and others, counted up the dogs they would have taken to Rochester had not the unfortunate conduct of the Rochester people caused the abandonment of the Hamilton show. If "Sunshine" wishes more light on the subject he is at liberty to appeal to those named for further indorsement of what we said.

Major J. M. Taylor's new book containing records of all field trials and bench show dogs, and "men" too, will be ready, he tells us, by Saturday. We have seen an advance volume, and it is quite handsome in appearance. It contains a record of all that happened in the field trial and bench show world in America from 1874 to 1891 inclusive. Pictures of a number of the principal sportsmen, field dogs and bench show winners are given. In the records of field trials, etc., he gives ownership, name of dog, sire, dam, color, breed, prize won and handlers of all field trial winners. The handlers' records alone required three months work in investigating, and is interesting reading. All beagle trials, collie trials, and coursing meetings are also recorded. Then there is an alphabetical list of all sires of field trial winners, and also of all the dams of field trial winners, and this alone is invaluable to breeders Lists of officers and standards of all specialty clubs are given, also a list of all the bench show records of winning dogs, judges names, etc.: in fact the record data is bewildering in its completeness, and we can only afford to merely speak of a tithe of the records which have taken the Major about two years steady labor to complete. There are over two hundred illustrations, and the book will prove invaluable to both field men and exhibitors. The price will be $5, and, considering the amount of information given, that cannot be gained from any other source, the price is little enough.

An exciting wolf chase took place at Wallace, Neb., Oct. 23. Twenty-five greyhounds were used in the fun. Wolves were plentiful, but the intention was not to kill them. So after the dogs had run one down in a two-mile chase, the hunters jumped from their horses and pulling the dogs off secured the wolf and put it in a cart. Another wolf was bagged in the same way, and the rest getting scared it was difficult to sight another. Then the 'trail hounds," whatever these are, were brought up, and some good sport ensued, interfered in somewhat by the numerous wire fences. This is sport with a smack of danger in it, but anything else seems tame to the Westerner.

The Eikridge Hunt Club, of Baltimore, Md., ran a drag at Catonsville, Oct. 26. They have a new pack of English hounds, thirteen in number, and an English whip, who accompanied the hounds over. Mr. Alex. Brown is the master. The ground was very dry, but the hounds gave a good account of themselves—doan't cher know.

A special show of dogs will be held in Toronto, January or February next, to determine which dogs shall represent Canada at the World's Fair show. A commission of five, to be appointed by the C. K. C., will make the selection. The Minister of Agriculture has authorized Prof. Saunders to assist the club financially in making arrangements for the show.

In presenting the pictures of dogs and members of the Beagle Club in this week's issue we are reminded that credit is due to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* for the spirited sketch of beaglehunting in England, published in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 20, which proved of great interest to those present at Nanuet last week.

The Mitchell Kennel Association, of Mitchell, S. D., held a grand coursing meeting Nov. 2 and 3, and hung up valuable cash prizes to be competed for by the thirty or more greyhounds entered. Arthur Massey, of Great Bend, Kas., officiated as judge at the meeting. A valuable silver cup, donated by the association was offered in the consolation race. This is the first meeting of the kind held in the State.

The owner of Ocean View Park, San Francisco, Cal., is trying to arrange an international match with Australian dogs and an all-American match with crack dogs of the Eastern States. The latter arrangements will be made in a week or two. Members of the American Club are expected to bring thirty-two of their crack dogs. The match will be a sixty-four dog stake—California against the pick of the East. Mr. Canavan offers a good inducement for the Eastern men to come there. He will pay all entrance fees for the thirty-two dogs, all expenses of dogs and horses used in training, and of the men sent with the dogs, and beside this will give a $100 cup, together with a stake of $1,280 in cash. The first prize will be $640 cash and the $100 cup, second prize $320, and third and fourth prizes $160 each. It will be the greatest coursing event known in California, and will probably take place about Thanksgiving.

A meeting of the New England Field Trial Club will be held at the Town Hall, Assonet, Mass., Monday, Nov. 7, at 9 P. M.

A meeting of the field trial committee of the National Beagle Club was held on Wednesday night to consider the question as to whether the only remaining entry, B. S. Turpin's Clyde, should be allowed to fill in class C. It was moved and seconded that the single entry should be allowed to fill and run the allotted time before the judges, and merit of dog be left in the hands of the judges, and pool divided according to Rule 1, *i. e.*, forty per cent. of entire pool to go to first of class. This was the only fair way to treat Mr. Turpin's entry, as it would have been manifestly unfair to bar his dog unless the prize carried some condition as to the number of dogs entering before the stake could be run.

Mr. W. W. Bainbridge has purchased the pointer Nick C. (champion Nick of Naso—Nellie) and the pointer Fedora (champion Graphic—King Bow's Dawn); also the St. Bernard Beauty II., a granddaughter of champion Duke of Leeds, by Plato ex Wanda.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Child's Tony Weller was shot by some miscreant after the dog's return from the beagle trials. It is hardly possible Tony will recover, as his spine is injured.

We have received the Seminole Kennels' new catalogue, and it is replete with notices of good things in the way of collies, Irish setters and pugs. Each noted dog in the kennel is described, and on nearly every page is a half-tone of one or other of their celebrated dogs. The catalogue is a further proof that this large kennel means to stay in it and keep as near the top as possible, and we wish their owner every success.

Mr. C. S. Hanks has secured T. W. Turner to manage his kennels at Seacroft, Mass. Mr. Turner was for several years head kennelman to Mr. H. W. Cooper, Ashburne, Derbyshire, Eng., and has dabbled in fox-terriers quite a good deal.

At a meeting of the Irish Setter Club, held Oct. 24, at Glenside, Pa., Messrs. Ray Tompkins, Elmira, N. Y., and Arthur R. Sharp, Taunton, Mass., were elected members. Advertising bills amounting to $39 were ordered paid.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitted to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

### He was Surprised, but We are Not.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1892.

*Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:*

DEAR SIRS—When I was first asked to advertise in FOREST AND STREAM, the suggestion struck me unfavorably, for I thought that yours was a class paper and would be of little use to my business. However, I was at last persuaded to give you a trial for a short time, and I have been greatly surprised at the results received from this advertisement. It has been running now three weeks, and I can say without exaggeration that I never used a medium for advertising which brought me such large returns in so short a time, and at so trifling a cost. I congratulate your company and myself on these good results. Yours very truly

ALFRED J. CAMMEYER.

# Yachting.

THE reply of the Cup committee to Lord Dunraven, as read at the meeting of the New York Y. C., contains little of moment other than the quoting of the very peculiar resolution passed at the previous meeting of the club, "That while the trust deed obliges the club having the custody of the cup to accept the conditions therein prescribed, if so elected by the challenger, as it also permits such club to accept any conditions mutually agreed on, this club regards any further understandings or agreements as unnecessary, and will make no agreement that, in the event of becoming a challenger, it will adopt said terms in its challenge."

As a specimen of "English as she is wrote," this sentence is worthy of a place in the new deed itself; it would be a difficult matter to frame the same number of words into a more indirect or round-about answer to a plain question.

The first two clauses amount to nothing, and might well have been omitted; the final clause simply means that the club does not consider it necessary to discuss the prime question of the legality of the new deed. Whether Lord Dunraven and his prospective backer will also consider such a condition as unnecessary before challenging, remains to be seen.

APROPOS of the measurement discussion, Lord Dunraven makes the following suggestion in the *Field*:

SIR—Though the arguments anent measurement for rating are, I think, proceeding on false premises, namely, that the present rule produces an undesirable type, a change in our rule appears imminent. Would it be possible, before recasting the rule, for the council of the Yacht Racing Association to approach our American cousins with a view of ascertaining whether an interchange of opinions would be likely to result in the adoption of a uniform system in both countries? Such a consummation is so devoutely to be wished that the possibility of attainment would fully justify the continuance of our present rule for a reasonable time. DUNRAVEN.

There is probably no good reason why a system of measurement which is applicable in one country should not be equally good in another, and the advantages of a common system of measurement between at least the United States and Great Britain are too clear to call for proof. It would mark a great advance in yachting if the next change of rule by either side could be made in conjunction with the other, giving one common rule for both nations.

THE comments of the Boston *Herald* on the deed of gift are rather vague this week; in fact, it goes so far as to term that important document a "deal." Of course it still declines to discuss the issue of the legality of the new deed, and of the manner in which it was adopted, the sole allusion to this matter being as follows: "About the secrecy business of five years ago, the late Philip (?) Schuyler had the terms of the new deed two days in his possession, and carefully went over all of its clauses, and returned it to the members of the New York Yacht Club." Every one knows that the new deed was submitted by the committee to Mr. George L. Schuyler; our point, which the *Herald* as usual dodges, is that it was not submitted in any way to the members of the New York Yacht Club until it had been finally executed.

THE most remarkable statement in Mr. Smith's semi-official defense of the New York Y. C. is the following: "If he [Lord Dunraven] wins the cup we do not require of him that it should be held under the deed of gift. He can hold it to be challenged for, subject to the conditions under which he won it, or he can be even more liberal if he so elects." Directly opposed to this positive statement of a member of the Cup committee is the equally positive statement of another member, Gen. Paine, that "This challenge is under the new deed of gift." With these two statements before him it is not strange that the meaning of it all is not clear to Lord Dunraven, or even that charges of quibbling and equivocation are made by the opponents of the club.

THE representative of the Boston *Herald* has visited Bristol and returned with the interesting information that the mast of the Carroll 84-footer is to be made from a 22in. stick. From this valuable data he proceeds to evolve the various details of the new boat. His statement that the boat is to be built *à la* Thistle, concealed from all save designer and workmen, we cannot credit, as such methods are entirely un-American. Locked doors and soaped windows may be the proper thing on the Clyde, but no American builder would descend to such tricks.

IT is not to be wondered at that, as Lord Dunraven says, the meaning of this clause is not clear to him; but its practical operation is well understood on this side. In the event of his winning the races the America's Cup will not be delivered to him until he has signed a paper acknowledging the new deed as the only valid instrument under which the Cup can be raced for. All the verbosity and circumlocution in the world cannot change this plain fact.

## New York Y. C.

THE regular October meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 27 with Com. Gerry in the chair.

The following members were elected as a nominating committee for the next board of officers: Lloyd Phoenix, Ralph N. Ellis, Archibald Rogers, Robert Center, W. P. Douglass, W. E. Iselin, E. M. Paddock, J. R. Platt, E. E. Chase, and H. C. Ward.

The following members were elected: F. de Funiak, Dr. S. H. Dickson, Lieut. B. H. Buckingham, Nathaniel Reynal, Nathan Seeley, Alfred Hooper, T. R. Hostetter, Lieut. J. P. Wilson, Horace P. Hutchins, T. Henry Mason, Joseph Decker, A. E. Tower, and Roland S. Pettit.

The letter sent by the Cup Committee to Lord Dunraven was read, being as follows:

NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1892.

*My Lord:* Your letter of the 16th of September was submitted to the New York Yacht Club at a meeting held Oct. 18. The club appointed a committee of five, with power to arrange a match for the America's Cup with any qualified yacht club upon the terms of the "new deed of gift," with the exception that no dimension except the length of the load waterline need be given by the challenger, and the addition that neither yacht shall exceed by more than 2 per cent. the length upon the load waterline named by the challenger, and any excess over the length upon the load waterline named by the challenger on the part of either yacht shall be counted double in calculating time allowance; provided that no yacht of the specified rig either now existing or under construction, and known to be available for the use of this club in defending the cup, shall be barred or penalized.

This committee cannot, of course, say what yachts excepted by the above proviso exceed by 2 per cent. the load-water line of your vessel until they are informed of the intended length.

We note that the above terms seem to infer the time allowance of the New York Yacht Club, which we therefore consider part of the proposition.

We would further add that as to the details of sailing the match alluded to in your letter, we think they can be easily arranged after a challenge has been made in the proper form by a qualified yacht club.

Regarding your Lordship's proposition that "it is to be understood and agreed that should I win the cup the club obtaining the custody of it shall hold it open to a challenge on the same conditions as those under which I challenged," we are instructed by the New York Yacht Club to reply "that while the trust deed obliges the club having the custody of the cup to accept the conditions therein prescribed if so elected by the challenger, as it also permits such club to accept any conditions mutually agreed on, this club regards any further understandings or agreements as unnecessary, and will make no agreement that in the event of becoming a challenger it will adopt said terms in its challenge."

This committee heartily concurs with your Lordship in expressing the hope that next year may be productive of a most interesting international contest.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,

CHARLES J. PAINE, Chairman.

## Lord Dunraven and the New Deed.

THE following lengthy interview with Lord Dunraven was cabled to New York by the Associated Press on Monday:

LONDON, Oct. 30.—Lord Dunraven has given to the Associated Press, in an interview, a statement of his position in connection with the challenge he recently sent to the New York Y. C. for a race for the America's cup.

Since he returned to London last week Lord Dunraven has refused to discuss the challenge, but in view of the apparent hitch in the negotiations he consented before departing for Scotland last evening to explain his position.

Being asked, "Are the chances for a race good?" he replied:

"I cannot possibly tell. I hope so, but a definite opinion is impossible until I hear further from the New York committee. Judging from what I have seen in the American press, I greatly fear the chances are doubtful; but—excuse my saying so—I do not attach much importance in such cases to newspaper gossip."

"To what do you especially allude?" Lord Dunraven was asked.

"A New York paper of Oct. 20 states that the New York Y. C. had voted that 'while the deed of trust obliges the club having the custody of the cup to accept the conditions therein prescribed, if so elected by the challenger, as it also permits such club to accept any conditions mutually agreed upon this club regards any further understandings or agreements as unnecessary, and will make no agreement that, in the event of it becoming a challenger, it will adopt such terms in its challenge.'"

"The meaning of this is not clear to me," continued Lord Dunraven. "If it means that the club declines, should it become the challenger, to bind itself absolutely to observe the conditions of my challenge, I quite agree and resolve never to think of asking them so to do. If it means that the club through which I challenge, in the event of my winning, must hold the cup under the full terms of the new deed of gift, then we are no further forward than we were in the case of the Valkyrie, and this projected race will also break down."

"Must that obviously be the meaning of the resolve?"

"No, not obviously, but I admit that it looks like it. The New York club must have known that it would be useless to revert to the position which broke up the Valkyrie match, and would have simply declined my challenge."

"But if under the new deed of gift your challenge can be accepted and you are at liberty to accept a similar challenge, are not all of your wants fulfilled?"

"Certainly not. For simplicity's sake I will confine my objections to the dimensions clause, and for the sake of argument will assume that I am challenging the representative opinion of yachtsmen and yacht clubs here. When the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1887 stated that the new deed would be fatal to international racing it spoke for us all. Opinions have not changed. I am perfectly certain that no challenge will issue from us according to the terms of that deed."

"It is true the deed contains a clause permitting the challenger and the challenged mutually to arrange the dates, the courses and other conditions, and also to waive the ten months' notice. It is under this permissive clause that the Valkyrie's challenge was accepted. It was pointed out that thereunder the Royal Yacht Squadron, if it won, could accept any challenge it liked. That may or may not be so. The meaning of the donors is a matter for lawyers to decide."

"For myself I say that the fact specially mentioned that ten months' notice may be waived means that the other main rules may not. In any case our position cannot depend upon legal interpretation of the phrase. We object to the deed as unfair in the abstract. I am unwilling to do anything that can be construed as implying that we think it fair in the event that we are challenged.

"Please understand that in my conditional challenge I ask no sort of favor from the New York Yacht Club. I do not ask for conditions which in my humble opinion should govern international races. Taking the deed of gift as a basis, I suggest the smallest possible alteration that I think will make sufficiently fair conditions to all concerned. I challenge under certain conditions. If the New York Club accept, good; but whether it accepts in accordance with or defiance of the deed of gift is no matter to me. But I insist that if I win I not only may but must accept a challenge on the same conditions."

"Of course it does not follow that I can accept a challenge under those conditions only. I do not mean that at all.

"If I win the cup and the New York Club challenges, there is nothing to prevent them from so doing under the terms of the deed if they like. I could not possibly refuse such a challenge. They may furnish me with not only the length on the load-water line, which I consider sufficient, but also with the beam load-water line, and other stipulations of the deed. They may send me a midship section, the length of her lines or the vessel herself if they like. I could not possibly object. On the contrary, I should be exceedingly obliged. My proposal in no way limits the powers of a future challenger. It does not involve any admission on the part of the New York Yacht Club that in their opinion the conditions of the deed of gift is too onerous. Nor will it prevent them, as possible future challengers, from giving practical proof of their faith by giving in their challenge all dimensions mentioned in the deed. I only insist that it be perfectly clear that I hold the cup on the same terms under which I challenged, and that in no way sanction rules which as applied against myself, I consider unfair."

"But would you not be practically annulling the deed of gift?"

"I think not only—putting it partially in abeyance. The opinion is freely expressed here—and I think not here only—that Mr. Schuyler had no legal right whatever to agree to the new deed, and that the cup is legally under the old deed. I think that the New York Club might consider the intention of the donors. If the latter meant international challenges to encourage racing, it must be evident to every one that the objects are frustrated by an instrument rendering international racing impossible.

"I confess I do not see any legal difficulty or who would object if the club should amend the deed to enable the club to carry out the donor's intentions. I fail to see how the New York Club can in any way satisfy themselves by agreeing to my proposal. It would be easy to stipulate that the club transmitting my challenge should hold the cup if it wins subject to a precisely similar challenge, provided that it be not thereby debarred from accepting a challenge containing the dimensions provided for in the gift. But such a proviso appears to me totally unnecessary. No club will refuse a challenge because it contains more information than is required."

"Then, if the New York Yacht Club insists that the cup must be held according to the full terms of the deed, does your challenge fail to the ground?"

"Yes, but I cannot believe that the New York Yacht Club contemplates such action, which would be simple reverting to the position that broke the Valkyrie challenge, and is obviously equivalent to meeting the present proposal with a flat *non possumus*."

"Will you, in any case, build a yacht to defend the cup offered by the Royal Victoria Club, for instance?"

"Really, I have no thought about that. I do not know whether it is true that Mr. Carroll has ordered a cutter of the Herreshoffs which he intends to bring here. I hope the report is correct. Unless some one builds, and I see no indication at present to fear Mr. Carroll, I shall not have much sport.

"One cup lies with the Wendur, the other with the Iverna. Without disparagement to my friend Lord Calldon's ship, he might as well sail a Thames barge as the old Wendur against the new Herreshoff. The utmost possible would be got out of the Iverna, but she is not as good as the Thistle. You know what the Volunteer did to the latter. I can guess the fate of the Volunteer with the new Herreshoff. I am afraid the big cutter would have an exciting time. The forties would have a chance in very light weather and that's about all. We are badly situated at present. With a possibility of a change in the rating rules, no one is inclined to build. All the same, I sincerely hope Mr. Carroll will come. He will find all our regattas open to him and he will meet with a very hearty welcome."

As Lord Dunraven was about to depart the reporter asked: "Are you sanguine of success should your challenge for the America's cup be accepted?"

Lord Dunraven replied: "If you mean as sanguine as when I challenged with the Valkyrie, certainly not. I have an immense opinion of Herreshoff's boats. It is probable my antagonist would be designed by him and she will be very hard to beat, but I should like to try conclusions. If the cup could only be placed under regulations fairly satisfactory to both parties, racing for it would be frequent, and in course of time we should bring it here. But it might take time. The big Herreshoff is an unknown quantity at present—to us at any rate."

The last quarterly number of the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute is devoted entirely to a very full report of the six lectures on "First Aid to the Injured, and the Transportation of the Wounded," delivered last winter by Dr. Henry G. Beyer, Passed Assistant Surgeon U. S. Navy, to the first class of cadets at Annapolis. A large number of good illustrations supplements the text.

## Newspaper Comments.

The New York *Recorder*, which has thus far supported the new deed through thick and thin, deals with the present state of affairs in true Donnybrook Fair fashion—where you see a head, hit it—and in the course of one article contrives to get in a blow at the Royal Yacht Squadron, Dixon Kemp, Lord Dunraven, Mr. Watson, the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., and last of all, sad to say, at the New York Y. C. itself, the latter being as follows:

"The New York Yacht Club, in the matter of Lord Dunraven's challenge, has made up its mind to masticate a small dish of crow and try to keep it down. It is not the huge platter of that unsavory bird presented for the delectation of their palates by the Britisher. That in good sooth might have been too much for the premier yacht organization of the Western World to swallow, much less digest, but in the olla-podrida which the club has undertaken to partake of, the flavor of crow—faint, it might be—permeates and predominates like the morsel of garlic in a well made Spanish omelette.

"The New York Yacht Club virtually agreed to give up this objectionable deed of gift for whose provisions it has fought so strenuously three years ago. That was its little dish of crow. I hope it may prove palatable. The situation has not changed in the slightest degree. By its action the club concedes that the document was originally unfair. It admits that it was the work of sea lawyers and not of sportsmen, as the *Field* has always contended. John H. Bird, who drew up the deed, told me that Gen. Paine fully agreed with every word of it, and that it was also approved of by most of the representative yachtsmen of New York and Boston. The opinions of these yachtsmen have undergone a wonderful change in a short time. Kemp has made hosts of converts. He deserves congratulations."

While the *Recorder's* statement of the situation may not be far wide of the truth, no other paper has yet ventured to depict it in such harsh and cruel language. The *Tribune* says: "The pressure of public sentiment and in a measure a change of heart on the part of the members of the New York Y. C. have made another race possible. That faction which would place barriers in the way of an international race has lost its numbers and its prestige. The healthy sporting sentiment of the club has asserted itself and the popular side now is the one which favors making every possible concession if by so doing a race can be brought about and the long deadlock broken. That contingent which two years ago considered it high treason for one to lift his voice against the last deed of gift now fails placidly into line, and each vies with the other in expressions of delight at the concessions made. This change has not been brought about without long and hard work on the part of the better elements of the club and by a general public sentiment which even the New York Y. C. could not wholly ignore. It is high time that the members of the New York Y. C. realized that while the public neither knows nor cares what they do as a club, yet as trustees of the America's cup they hold in trust the honor of American yachtsmen and the maritime pride of the nation, and the public demands, and has a right to demand, a strict accounting. Not so long ago a prominent member of the New York Y. C. said: "I don't see what the newspapers and the people have got to do with the cup anyway. The members of the club are the only ones who have a right to say anything. Such a case as this is of course hopeless, and auger gives place to pity."

## Rights or Concessions?

THE New York papers of Oct. 30, published the following cable:

LONDON, Oct. 29.—The *Field* to-day publishes a very severe arraignment of the New York Yacht Club, brought out by the club's letter to Lord Dunraven regarding a race next year for the America's Cup. The *Field* accuses the club of attempting a confidence trick, and says it is to be hoped that no British yacht club will be found complaisant enough to back a challenge made under the new deed of gift or while the deed is in existence.

Continuing, the *Field* says that the American people should understand that the obstacle to a contest for the America's Cup in American waters is the manner in which certain members of the New York Yacht Club have tempted with the trust confided to them by five American gentlemen since 1857. The club, it adds, was made the trustee for the whole yachting world. The terms of the trust have been so altered that the aims of the donors have been frustrated."

Very naturally this criticism has given offense to the New York Y. C., and has resulted in an interview on the part of the representatives of the various papers with Mr. James D. Smith, one of the older members, an ex-officer of the club, who has taken a prominent part in all past negociations over the cup, and is now on the special committee of five.

In the course of an extended interview, Mr. Smith expresses himself very freely in regard to Mr. Dixon Kemp, at the same time citing the names of previous challengers as fully satisfied with the treatment accorded them by the New York Yacht Club.

The latter portion of the interview is as follows:

"'Since 1851, when the America captured the Cup, up to the present time we have made a variety of concessions to the challenging party under the mutual agreement clause. I may summarize some of them as follows, without regard to chronological order:

"'First—The change from an inside course to an open course.

"'Second—With regard to time allowance, that in the event of a failure to agree there should be no time allowance.

"'Third—Making the races best three in five, with the proviso that in the event of failure to agree upon these terms the possession of the Cup should be settled by one race over the inside course.

"'Fourth—Consenting to have the races sailed over both windward and triangular courses.

"'Fifth—Changing the length of the course.

"'Sixth—Changing the time limit for making the race.

"'Seventh—Waiving the time required under the deed of gift for making a challenge.

"'Eighth—Accepting only load waterline length from a challenger instead of the various dimensions stipulated for under the deed of gift.

"'Ninth—To sail only one yacht against the challenging yacht instead of a fleet, the America having won the Cup against a fleet of British yachts.

"'Tenth—Agreeing to match a yacht not more than 2ft. longer on the load waterline than the challenging boat under the penalty of double time allowance for all excess of length beyond that.'"

This decalogue of favors sounds well to the casual reader, but will not stand a very close analysis.

In the first place, the interpretation of the mutual agreement clause which the club is now insisting on is the strongest possible condemnation of its course in the past in refusing to make any agreement with challengers, and forcing one yacht to sail against the fleet, in granting one race only, in insisting on a course notoriously unfair to the deeper vessels of the challengers, and in declining a mutual agreement as to size of defender and challenger. So far from being concessions, the club has exacted the most onerous conditions, only abandoning them one by one as it has been compelled by public opinion.

The restrictions as to dimensions were never in the original deed, but were made by the club, and have only been abandoned within the past two weeks in order to induce a challenge.

As we understand the recent action of the club, the "no time allowance" clawse, would work to the detriment of the challenger, and not to the benefit, has not been abandoned, but in the event of any late disagreement just priorto a race, the club has still the right to fall back on this clause, and to meet Lord Dunraven with the largest yacht at its disposal, without time allowance. This point, like most of the others in the new deed, is not very clear, but as we understand it, a disagreement at any time permits the defender to avail himself of the unfair provisions of this clause.

It is a matter of history that the inside course after being condemned for years by many American yachtsmen, was only abandoned when the club realized that the 22ft. draft of Mayflower and Volunteer was more heavily penalized than the 13ft. draft of Genesta and Thistle. Similarly, it was not until the theory of the superior speed of the centerboard boat down wind was exploded and her superiority to windward fully demonstrated that the clause calling for windward starts was thought of.

Many of these matters, like the starting of the fleet against one yacht, are dead issues, and so little to the credit of the New York Y. C. that we have no desire to resurrect them, but when a representative member of the club is so unwise as to dig them up and present them in false guise as evidences of the club's generosity and liberality, it is his fault and not ours if we are forced to expose them.

There is more in the history of the past Cup races to hurt than to help the club, and it will do well to confine all future discussion to the abstract, but most vital question of what conditions constitute a fair match to-day between two yachtsmen. If there is to be any more racing for the America's Cup it must be under conditions which are recognized by both American and foreign clubs as absolutely fair and sportsmanlike to both holder and challenger.

Lawley & Son have nearly finished their 70ft. steamer and have framed the Providence schooner. They are getting out the frames for a catboat for St. Johns, N. B., from a design of Mr. Burgess, and have also ready the design for a 90ft. steam yacht which they may build for Mr. R. E. White.

### Mutual Agreement.

So much has been said about Gen. Paine's discovery of the "mutual agreement" clause which was to smooth away all obstacles and bring about a renewal of racing, that it might well be supposed that there was really something new to it all. On the contrary, a mutual consent was one of the most prominent features of the true deed of 1857, though it has been frequently ignored by the New York Y. C. in treating with challengers. The only difference in this respect between the true and and the new deeds is that in the former the making of a match by mutual consent is considered first, following which are certain conditions which only come into play in the event of a failure to agree. In the new deed, on the contrary, the much vaunted mutual agreement clause is preceded by the dimensions clawse, imperatively compeling a certain mode of procedure, including the sending of the dimensions, before any question of mutual agreement is considered. That under pressure the club is willing to depart temporarily from the method of proceeding which it has laid down, does not prove that this method is neither unjust nor dangerous.

Gen. Paine's interpretation and exaltation of the mutual agreement clause is so directly at variance with the repeated declarations of the club and with its past policy, that it is no wonder that it comes to some of the members with the charm of novelty. When in 1876 the Royal Clyde Y. C. made overtures for a mutual agreement as to size, the New York Y. C. decided that as it built no yachts itself, and could not dictate to owners, it could place no limit on size, and must accept in the trial races any yacht however large owned by a member. This excuse was made for the failure to agree on a common size for defender and challenger.

Again two years later, when Lord Dunraven challenged with a 70-footer, the decision of the club was that its duty, as the custodian of the Cup, compelled it to meet the challenger with the fastest vessel at its disposal, regardless of inequality of size.

Either of these claims, if true in 1887 or 1889, would prevent the club from agreeing to Lord Dunraven's request to-day. That they are as absurd and groundless as we then pronounced them is shown by the present action of the club; in its eagerness to secure a challenge on any terms, both of them are forgotten, and the club practically binds itself to provide a defending yacht which shall not exceed the challenger by more than a small margin, if at all.

The mutual agreement which it has just offered to Lord Dunraven is far more liberal than the one which it refused to consider in the case of the Royal Clyde Y. C. The sad part of the matter is that after such a practical condemnation of its course in the past, the club has failed either to delude itself into the idea that it is giving up nothing, or the other party into the opposite idea, that it has conceded everything.

### Michigan Y. C., Special Match.

DETROIT—LAKE ST. CLAIR.

The race of the Michigan Y. C., on Oct. 15, between the three 35-footers Alice Enright, Princess and Josephine, is remarkable from the intense interest which it has created, and the unusual amount of petty squabbling which has accompanied the negotiations from first to last. We clip the following item from a local paper, one of many comments of a similar tenor:

"The usual matinee yachting *conversaziome* began at the Hotel Cadillac yesterday afternoon and continued with a few intermissions up to midnight. Landlord Graves noticed with some dismay the rather spirited session and asked Frank Puddefoot, the café manager, if the boys were training for a Wild West show. If the discussions over the Josephine-Princess-Enright race continue to grow in violence until the day of the race it is hard to see how the time will pass without some one being killed. It is apparently impossible for yachtsmen to discuss the coming event without accompanying violent gesticulations."

The match came about through an offer of the Michigan Y. C. to put up $200, provided the owners of the Enright, Princess, Josephine and Lulu B. would each put up a similar sum, making a purse of $1,000 for a match. The Lulu B. declined, so the club finally agreed to put up $250, each of the remaining three boats to put up the same sum.

As soon as the agreement was made the trouble began. One of the conditions being that no yacht should be over the 35ft. class, and the Princess measuring more than this, her owners, as we have already mentioned, sawed notches in the stem and sternpost for the purpose of evading the measurement. This proceeding naturally created a disturbance, and in addition Josephine entered a technical protest against the Enright on the ground that her forfeit had not been put up at the required time, while the Enright in return refused to consent to a postponement which the Josephine desired to complete her preparations.

The Enright was fitted with lead and steel plate on the lower edge of her board, the Princess was put in shape and prepared for measurement as stated, and the Josephine was hauled up and a lead keel of three tons bolted on, with a steel centerboard working through it. Work was carried on continuously day and night for twelve days, but it finally became evident that the Josephine could not be ready by Saturday, Oct. 15, the date set, and a petition was circulated and widely signed asking for a postponement to Monday, to which, however, the Enright would not consent. The result was that only she and the Princess were at the line on Saturday morning.

The course was ten miles to leeward and return, the day clear and warm, the water smooth and the wind light. At the line was the steam yacht Grace, the judges' boat, having on board, besides the owner and guests, the judges, Com. Joseph Nicholson and Com. Geo. W. Gardner, of Cleveland; Mr. Mills, also acting as a judge; timers, Vice-Com. John A. Heames, Edward Grace and James R. Hayes; director, E. C. Sullivan; the regatta committee, Vincent Field, J. E. Harris and A. L. McLeod; Walter Oades, representing the Alice Enright; Judge William Look, of the Josephine; E. Brady Wendell, of the Princess; Thomas Lynch, C. H. Gale and representatives of the press.

The two yachts were measured in the early morning, the result being:

| | Sail Area. | Sq. Root. | Waterline. | S. L. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Enright | 1,754.27 | 41.88 | 34.02 | 37.95 |
| Princess | 2,316.23 | 48.12 | 34.80 | 41.46 |

The start was made at 10:50:30, the yachts being timed:

Enright ... 10 53 56 Princess ... 10 58 26

Both carried spinakers and clubtopsails, the wind being quite light.

The Enright proved the faster down wind, the times at the turn being:

Enright ... 1 23 49 Princess ... 1 30 24

On the wind Princess gained, but failed to pass the Enright, the latter winning by 14s. The full times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alice Enright | 10 53 56 | 2 55 44 | 4 01 48 | 3 57 32 |
| Princess | 10 58 26 | 3 00 01 | 4 01 35 | 4 01 35 |

After the race the Josephine's owners secured a lawyer and with his aid served a protest on the stakeholder on the following grounds: That the final deposit on behalf of the Enright was not made to the stakeholder personally, and that when the money was put up the Enright's owners gave notice that it would be withdrawn if the method by which the measurement of the Princess was decreased—cutting notches in the stem and stern at the waterline—was recognized by the regatta committee; that the alterations to the yacht in time for the race were delayed through the death of a workman, which was purely an act of God; and that the Enright was not measured at Schweikart's slip on the morning of the day of the race, as required by the articles.

Meanwhile, the Princess has challenged the Enright for a race for $250 per side, while the Josephine has challenged her for a race for $500 per side; but there is no prospect of another race this year.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The life of the yachting reporter in the West is evidently not entirely one of champagne and truffles, if we may judge from the following extract from a Detroit paper, the incident occurring at the close of the recent Enright-Princess race: "Arriving at the club anchorage the Grace stopped long enough to afford those on board the funniest scene of the day. Two afternoon paper representatives were anxious to reach the M. Y. C. telephone, and when a boat was lowered both tried to get in the bow. This wouldn't do, so one had to go astern, where it appears he did some tall thinking while a boy pulled them in to the float at the club. As the dinghy approached it he climbed over the bow and made a leap. The other reporter had designed his intention and jumped just long enough ahead to cause his rival to light on the absorbant surface of the Detroit River. It was shallow and he was only saturated to the knees, but he grabbed his apparently successful rival by the last leg and brought him to earth with a thud. This gave them an even start, and together they raced for the telephone, spending five minutes looking for it and failing to discover the much-wanted commodity. Finally one proposed they flip and see who was to get first call and it was accepted, the one falling in the river losing. The house man then showed them where the 'phone was and all ended happily.

The latest development in the Alva case was an application to the U. S. Supreme Court on Oct. 18 by counsel for Capt. Morrison for leave to file a petition for a writ of prohibition to prevent Judge Nelson of Massachusetts from proceeding upon the libel filed against Mr. Vanderbilt by the owners of steamship H. S. Dimock. The court was also asked for leave to file a petition for a writ of mandamus requiring Judge Addison Brown of New York to reinstate the suit brought by Morrison against steamship Dimock, William K. Vanderbilt and other persons claiming damages by reason of the collison on Oct. 24. All the justices of the U. S. Supreme Court were present at Washington. The court granted motion and also gave leave to file a petition for a mandamus on the United States district judge for southern New York to compel him to take up the case for trial. The motion was made returnable the second Monday in November.

The annual meeting of the Ohio Y. C. resulted in the election of the following board of officers: Com., John E. Gunckel; Vice Com., J. H. Southard; Rear Com., Henry Tracy; Sec't'y, George W. Stevens; Treas., Frank B. Hartman; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Woods; Meas., D. Stephens; Fleet Captain, Capt. R. Craig; Directors, J. V. San Fleet, D. W. Strouz, J. W. Boos and F. N. Quale. Com. Gunckel is an old member of the club and an enthusiastic yachtsman. He has long been active in the service of the club, and as its chief officer he is certain to place it in a position of prominence among the lake clubs such as it has never before engaged.

Lawley & Son are making preparations for an important improvement in their basin at City Point, South Boston. The basin will be extended 166ft, to the line of the reserve channel, with a wharf over 12ft. wide enclosing it. Sheer legs for hoisting masts and boilers will be put in, and the entire basin will be dredged. Lawley's is a favorite place for laying up, and the basin is always overcrowded. The firm has always had an enviable reputation for honest work and reasonable prices, and its excellent facilities for work and supplies induce many to lay up and fit out there.

The yachtsmen of Seattle have met with disappointment on the occasion of their first international regatta on Oct. 6. A number of yachts from other places, some from British Columbia, were present, but after waiting for three days the races were abandoned for want of wind; the money collected for prizes being deposited in bank for some future occasion. Great interest is manifested in yachting just now on the coast, and the sport may be considered as permanently established.

The schooner yacht Halcyon, after a career of several years as a smuggler, has lately been seized by the Customs authorities of Victoria, B. C., at the instance of the United States officials, on the charge of entering the waters of a British port in an irregular manner. Her last expedition was an attempt to smuggle ninety Chinese and a large amount of opium into the United States. She is, we believe, the old schooner Halcyon, formerly enrolled in the fleet of the Pacific Y.C., of San Francisco.

We call attention to the steam yacht Sanibel, advertised on another page. She was specially designed for Florida, possessing good accommodations on a very limited draft, and is an excellent yacht for Southern waters. She has made the trip from New York to Florida and back successfully, and gave good satisfaction during a winter's use in Florida.

The volume of "United States and Canadian Yacht Clubs," for 1892, contains a very full list of yacht clubs, officers and club members in mere compact form than the large yacht lists. It is neatly gotten up, with some good photos of yachts and club houses. In the future it will be published by H. P. Gibson, 181 Broadway, New York.

Barbara, 40-footer, is now advertised for sale, and Mr. C. H. W. Foster has in contemplation the construction of a 46ft. fin-keel, the design for which has been made by Mr. W. E. Waterhouse.

At City Island Wood Bros. are preparing to build the 82ft. steamer designed by Mr. Gardner. Nameless, Nemadjy and Pyxie are hauled up side at their yard.

Webber, at New Rochelle, is building a 25-footer from his own design, a centerboard boat of 3ft. draft.

Alcæa, schr., has had her channels removed and will dispense entirely with the main, while the fore will be reduced to half their width.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Hudson Rifle Club Tournament.

The fourth annual prize shooting festival of the Hudson Rifle Club was held at 35 Giles avenue, Marion, N. J., Oct. 25, 26 and 27. The festival was the most successful, satisfactory and finely conducted affair the Hudsons have ever held, and everything was quietly and skilfully operated. Tuesday evening was devoted mostly to the members shooting on the "Target of Honor," and the ring target was rather slow in making scores. Dr. Goode and Messrs. A. and G. Plog were among the guests present on that evening.

Wednesday evening opened more lively than the previous night and it was then the fun began, as there was a large attendance of friends and guests of the members, who tried their hand at the pasteboard "just for the fun of the thing."

At 10 o'clock on this evening the "Target of Honor" closed, and at 11 P. M., under the supervision of Col. Middleton and Senator Evans, the club's reliables, announced that the Target of Honor prizes were ready for distribution according to each man's score, beginning with the highest. The following comprises names, scores and prizes: 1st, J. Rebhan 68, six kegs of lager. 2d, M. Hoff 66, gold medal, two hams and $1. 3d, A. Matz 66, one-half gallon extract of vanilla and $2.50. 4th, H. L. Hansen 65, barrel flour and $1. 5th, J. Smith 64, two magnificent pictures and frames presented by Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, N. Y. 6th, Thos. A. Reynolds 64, one ton of coal. 7th, Chas. Staderman 59, handsome basket of flowers. 8th, Chas. K. Bird 58, one ton of coal. 9th, W. Murseh1 56, barrel of flour and $1. 10th, H. E. Boddey 53, barrel of flour and $1. 11th. J. J. Evans 52, one case wine, order for a hunter's cap and $1 cash. 12th, A. Heidorf 45, one box soap and $2. 13th, J. Buch 37, one pair shoes and knife. 14th, B. Theil 36, box cigars, picture and $1. 15th, S. Middleton 35, gallon of whiskey and a ham. 16th, H. Hahlenbrock 29, one ton of coal. 17th, C. Schleimacher 17, shaving set and knife.

It can well be said that the boys will have plenty to keep them alive and warm during the winter months, as the prizes were all of a useful or ornamental nature, and great credit was given to the two gentlemen who arranged the distribution, and all were well pleased and satisfied.

Thursday evening was the most exciting and interesting during the tournament. Hardly had the lights been lit, when Messrs. Dorrler, Ross and Holges, of the Zettler, and Messrs. Rosenbaum and Zettler, Jr., of the Empire rifle clubs, of New York, arrived and were ready for action. Mr. J. J. McBride, of the Hill, was also early on the grounds.

After the usual "blow off" my gun business had been attended to by the New York delegation, shooting commenced in earnest. M. Dorrler led with 72. 72 closely followed by W. Rosenbaum's 71, 72, and H. Holges' 71, 71. While the others were looking for the high honors Mr. Dorrler contented himself by resting, but Michael had not long to rest, as little "Rosey" landed a 74 which did not at all suit him; so crack, crack went the rifle, and before long a full score of 75 and 73 was made by Dorrler. Then Messrs. Zettler and Holges started to even up with "Rosey" and Dorrler, but with poor success, as luck seemed to be against both of these gentlemen; and about this time Mr. Ross, who had been so quiet in and for a time the markers had plenty to occupy their time.

Later in the evening the dear "Birdie" Vogel, of the Miller Rifle Club, and Mr. McCoy, of New York, arrived, but neither of these gentlemen were able to get the worm Dorrler had secured.

J. Rebhan and A. Malz took a few hits at the targets, but did not benefit their previous scores very much. The attendance during the evening was very large, and a great many friends dropped in and enjoyed the excitement, among them being noticed Messrs. Trainor and McCoy, G. W. Morgan, W. B. Simmons, J. Reynolds, O. Segar, Dr. Goode, T. T. Reynolds, A. Plog, G. Plog, Capt. Reinhardt, Palisade, R. C., and others. After the close of the shoot a grand collation was served by the club, and if any one went away hungry it was because they could not enjoy good "sole leather" and "Jersey" lightning, as there was an abundance of everything and from the general expression everybody was well pleased.

The prizes on the ring target were distributed by Capt. Hansen and Secretary Bird, after which three rousing cheers were given and all retired, leaving the headquarters in darkness and having enjoyed a good evening. The following scores were made on German ring target, three shots, possible 75:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M Dorrler | 75 73—148 | L Vogel | 70 70—140 |
| W Rosenbaum | 74 72—146 | C Zettler, Jr | 69 69—138 |
| H Holges | 73 72—145 | H Hansen | 68 68—136 |
| J Rebhan | 74 71—145 | M McCoy | 66 62—128 |
| F Ross | 72 72—144 | C E Bird | 59 57—116 |
| A Malz | 73 70—143 | J J Evans | 55 54—109 |

Before the close of the shoot "Birdie" Vogel offered to challenge M. Dorrler to shoot a 100 shot match, open sight rifles, 200yds., on Sunday, Nov. 5, and it is a question whether "Birdie" has as much backbone to meet his opponent as he has of wind. One thing is certain, that his fate is doomed if he appears for the match, and several H. R. C. members have already offered big odds on Dorrler.

The Eagle.

The officers and members of the H. R. C. offer their heartfelt sympathies to Mr. John Coppersmith, of Newark, N. J., for the loss of one near and dear to him and his family.—C. E. Bird, Sec'y.

### Rifle Shooting Under Difficulties.

Just imagine a wind that varies at short intervals from fifteen to thirty-five miles an hour and switches like a flash anywhere from "4" to "12" o'clock and you have an inkling of the conditions under which was held last Saturday's practice of the First Brigade Rifle Association at the Newark Shooting Park. The writer has shot over these ranges in all kinds of weather for a number of years, but never has he seen such a baffling wind as that of Saturday. Using the Frankford ammunition (45-55-405), the members of the party were obliged at times to use from 1½ to 1¾ points of wind on the "Buffington," and even this proved insufficient when an extra blast caught the bullet. Had the party been shooting on an open range such as Sea Girt or Creedmoor, they would have been unable to "keep on" to a 4×6 target, or even to hold a rifle to the shoulder in some of the gusts. Only three members reported and those who remained away were fortunate.

The scores made were as follows:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Major D L Wallace | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—40 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5—41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4—34 |
| | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4—39 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4—42 |
| Captain W H Howard | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 3—39 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 4 | 4 | 4—40 |
| Private C H Townsend | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—40 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3—35 |
| | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 8—41 |
| | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—42 |
| | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—42 |

The association will shoot at the above range every Saturday afternoon until further notice. The association is gaining strength right along and its organizers intend if possible to secure as members, every member and officer of the First Brigade, N. G., N. J., who is interested in the development of skill in the use of the State arm, with a view to securing increased facilities for practice. The only place at this time where the State troops can shoot is at Sea Girt, fifty miles away from any command in the brigade. The brigade needs one or more ranges for its own use and if the above association gets proper support from the shooting men, both officers, non-com's and enlisted men, it will be able to secure such ranges. Within a few months the association will begin to practice on the 33yd. range in the armory where they will devote their attention to shooting from the prone as well as the standing position.

### Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 23.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below. Conditions, 200yds. off-hand, Standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 10 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 9—81 |
| | 5 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 8—82 |
| | 8 | 9 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 7 | 10—90 |
| Weinheimer | 6 | 7 | 3 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 10—71 |
| | 7 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 8—69 |
| | 5 | 10 | 3 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 10 | 9 | 7—69 |
| Payne | 8 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 5 | 10 | 9—80 |
| | 10 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 10—84 |
| | 8 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 7 | 9—76 |
| Hauck | 5 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 5—74 |
| | 8 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 7—59 |
| | 3 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 5—58 |
| Wellinger | 8 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 4 | 9 | 7 | 9 | 3—67 |
| | 6 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6—67 |
| | 0 | 9 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6—69 |
| Stegner | 8 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 6 | 5 | 5—66 |
| | 3 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 8 | 4 | 8 | 10 | 7—61 |
| | 9 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 6 | 6—78 |
| Topf | 8 | 9 | 8 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 8—68 |
| | 7 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 9 | 0 | 9—67 |
| | 6 | 10 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 8—66 |
| Simon | 10 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 10—76 |
| | 7 | 6 | 0 | 3 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 5 | 8—76 |
| | 7 | 3 | 10 | 4 | 5 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 9—73 |
| Drube | 9 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 7—79 |
| | 8 | 7 | 4 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 7—70 |
| | 8 | 6 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 8—70 |

### Belleville (Ill.) Sharpshooters.

Oct. 16, which was the day set for the fall festival by the Belleville Sharpshooters, could not have been a more pleasant day than it proved to be. The morning train which arrived from St. Louis brought a carload of shooters, and after forming in line they were escorted by the Belleville band to the Shooting Park. Then the fun commenced, and there was no cessation until 5 o'clock, when the targets were rung down. After the award of prizes by their genial president, Mr. D. Schneidewind, the visitors left for home on the evening train with the usual remark, "We always have a good time when we go to Belleville."

Man target: W. Bauer 93 points; Chas. Baptie 88, V. Rapp 88, F. Kurka 88, J. Molles 87, M. Kacer 86, J. Wiget 84, D. Schneidewind 84, S. G. Dorman 83, J. Steffen 83, C. K. Dunkerly 83, L. Priester 78, H. Vogel 77, R. Bethman 77.

Point target: S. G. Dorman 256 points; W. Bauer 243, J. Wiget 209, D. Schneidewind 157, V. Rapp 153.

Ring target: D. Wiget 65 points; D. Schneidewind 64, Charles Baptie 62, Heuchens 60, V. Rapp 59, F. Kurka 58.

Man target, 5 shots, possible 30 points: J. Molles 26, F. Ettling 26, H. Vogel 25, W. Boun 24, S. G. Dorman 24, R. Bethman 23, V. Rapp 23, Huchens 23.

Namrod.

### Port Chester Shots.

Port Chester Rifle Club, Oct. 22, 200yds., off-hand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 7 | 10 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 6—68 |
| | 6 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 5—77—145 |
| T Bell | 6 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 4—59 |
| | 7 | 9 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 6—64—123 |
| R Rudd | 4 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 4—57 |
| | 9 | 10 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 4—62—119 |
| R McNeil, Jr | 5 | 4 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5—52 |
| | 4 | 5 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 6—57—109 |
| T Kiernan | 10 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 2 | 4 | 7 | 3 | 9—51 |
| | 4 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 8 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 4—52—103 |

R. McNeil, Jr., Secretary.

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Nov. 2.—Connecticut Trap-Shooter's League tournament, at New Haven.

Nov. 15-16.—Ted Ackerman's tournament, at Stanton, Neb.

Nov. 17.—Newark Gun Club live bird tournament, at John Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.

Nov. 22-23.—Union Gun Club tournament, at Springfield, N. J. First day targets; second day live birds.

Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.

Nov. 24.—John A. Hartner's sixth annual tournament, Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore, Md.

Nov. 24.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Wheeling, West Virginia.

November.—Al. Heritage's tournament, at Marion, N. J.

Nov. 24 —Arlington Gun Club tournament, at Cleveland, O.

Dec. 28-29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

1893.

May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry building, Rochester, N. Y.

## The Independents are Jersey's Champions.

"WELL, ve knowed ve was sure bei dot erster place," said "Dutchy" Smith, captain of the Independent Gun Club, when his team won its ninth victory in the series of shoots of the New Jersey Trap-Shooter's League, at Maplewood, on Oct. 27. And "Dutchy" may well be proud of his team for winning nine out of ten contests and rolling up the splendid average of 110 3-10 breaks out of a possible 125, or a percentage of 88.24. Not only this, but his pet team rolled up the highest four totals made during the tournament, namely 115, 114, 113 and 112. The highest scores made by other teams being 110 and 111 by the Maplewoods. Once the Independent team fell down to 97 breaks, but on no other occasion did they break less than 108 targets in a race.

The weather on the date of the final shoot was delightfuly mild and until well along in the afternoon overcoats were laid aside. There was scarcely enough breeze to carry off the smoke. The absence of wind was very much regretted when in one of the squads there were four men using black powder, the smoke from which settled like a pall over the traps. The light was not of the best, there being a troublesome haze at times hanging over the trees in the foreground.

The Maplewood Gun Club, on whose grounds the final shoot was held, is one of the best known clubs in the State, and one which does more shooting than any other club in Essex county. Its grounds are situated on a high tract of land back of the D., L. & W. railroad tracks, about three-quarters of a mile from the Maplewood depot. To reach them one must cross three or four fields, pass through a sparse wood and run the risk of piercing the person and tearing clothes by scaling a couple of barbed-wire fences, those blessings to farmers, but abominations to trespassers. A very neat and conveniently arranged club house of good size is on the grounds and behind this is a heavy wood. Directly in front of the house and about 250 yds. distant is a sparse wood extending for several hundred yards to the right and nearly to the railroad on the left. The right and left sides of the field are clear, and to the left can be seen the Orange Mountains, the wooded slopes of which at this season present a beautiful combination of colors in foliage.

The shooting was done from two sets of five traps each. One set of bluerock traps was placed directly in front of the club house, bluerock targets being thrown from them. These are the regular traps of the club, and on these the team race was shot. The leaves on the trees in the foreground were of every conceivable color and tint, and with the hazy atmosphere gave a puzzling foreground, and one which precluded the possibility for the big scores which usually prevail when the Jersey cracks get together. A look over the scores will show that in other than the 10-target events "straights" were few and far between.

The second set of traps was arranged about a hundred yards to the left of the club set. Here were Keystone traps throwing Keystone targets. The foreground was a trifle better than for the club set, but the unevenness of the ground made shooting as difficult as on the others.

Charles W. Brown, acknowledged to be the "chief hustler" for the Maplewood boys, was early on the grounds, and when the first contingent of shooters arrived everything was in tip-top shape for their reception. A temporary booth had been erected in one of the club house and here Mrs. C. W. Brown dealt out toothsome beans, *à la* Boston, savory coffee and other delicacies to tempt the palate of the ever hungry sportsman.

Among the earliest arrivals were Lieut.-Col R. Heber Breintnall, of the South Sides, of Newark; Wm. R. Hobart, secretary-treasurer of the New Jersey League, who brought along an armful of his excellent score sheets; Enoch D. Miller, of Springfield, and Ernest Fisher, of Newark. J. Warren Smith, of Orange, was also an early bird. A little later appeared C. M. Hedden, the veteran Newark field and trap shot, who is bemoaning the loss of his favorite setter, killed a few days previously, said dog having the reputation of being the best quail partridge dog in the State. Then there was "H. G." Getzler, a rattling good shot from the metropolis, who insists that he must use 4dr. of black powder in his 12-bore gun, and who causes the boys' ears to ring in consequence; Tom Brantingham was there from Plainfield with his high-colored "Princeton" sweater; Ferd. Van Dyke with his Francotte gun, New London diamond and same old childlike smile; "Uncle Billy" Sigler, who had a bad attack of rheumatics, but still shot a killing pace, and the ever jolly "Dutchy" Smith, captain of the Independents, of Plainfield. A still later train let out Oscar Hesse, the good-looking Red Bank expert, who is booming Walsrode powder and taking lots of orders; Asa Whitehead, the giant secretary of the Passaic Gun Club, of Newark; Eddy Collins, Fred Quimby's loading expert; Meyer, of the Boiling Springs; Fred. G. Moore, "Claremont" of the New Jersey Shooting Club, and "Big Jim" Smith, of Hackettstown. Still later we see "Little Neaf Apgar, Squire's right-hand man, who shoots left-handed and who is manager of the State League; Seymour G. Smith, of Middlesex Gun Club fame, who is beginning to get among the boys once more; Ernest O. Geoffroy, of the Woodsides, and F. H. Heller, his clubmate.

Sweep followed sweep in rapid succession until 3 P. M., when the team race is called. By this time Hall, Coeman, Bower, Jelleme and Abbott, of the Passaic City Gun Club, have appeared, as have Koegel, Hassinger, Schork and Heinrich, of the East Side—Mutuals; Heritage ("Old South Paw"), of the South Sides; Walters and Tom Dukes of the Woodsides, and the prince of practical jokers, Fred Quimby.

The Maplewood Club had arranged a very attractive program of open to all events, and these were well filled. The shooting was done under the revised rules of the American Shooting Association, and all shot from known traps at known angles, under the rapid-firing system.

The team match drew out seven teams, as follows: South Side Gun Club, Woodside Gun Club and East Side—Mutual Gun Club, of Newark; Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, of Rutherford; Passaic City Rod and Gun Club, of Passaic; Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield, and the Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood. Asa Whitehead and Isaac H. Terrill alternated as referees, and C. H. Townsend, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, was official scorer. Each team comprised five men, and each man shot at 25 bluerock targets. The first team to complete its score was that of the Maplewood Gun Club, which rolled out the fine aggregate of 111 breaks. The champion Independent team followed with 113, this being the top score of the day. Up to the 115th round it looked as though this team would excel its former record of 115 breaks, but "Dutchy" made a miss and Brantingham and Sigler followed his lead. The leading individual scores were C. Drake's 23, J. L. Smith's 24 and W. R. Hobart's 24.

The making of a clean score by C. Drake made him the winner of a handsome medal offered by the Standard Keystone Target and Trap Company to the shooter scoring the highest aggregate number of breaks in four consecutive contests. Up to this time E. D. Miller had a record of 95, R. H. Breintnall 93, Neaf Apgar 92, C. Smith 92, F. F. Moore 92, C. Drake 91 and Frank Post 90. The only one who could improve his chances, even by breaking straight, was C. Drake. Drake, who buckled down to business, fairly pulverized his targets and beat Miller out for the medal by a margin of one break in the aggregate. It was a nervy exhibition and the "blonde boy" deserves credit.

The full scores of the day's work are appended:

Maplewood G. C.

Drake.....1111111111111111111111111—25
W Smith.....1111111111011111101111111—23
C Dean.....1111111101111111111111111—24
J L Smith.....1111111101111111111111111—24
A Sickley.....0111110101111110101110011—18—111

Independent G. C.

Miller.....1111101111111111111111111—23
Sigler.....1011111111111111111111110—23
Brantingham.....1111101111111111111111101—23
Apgar.....1111011011111111011111111—22
C Smith.....1110111011111111111111011—22—113

Passaic City G. C.

Hall.....1001010100101010101010010—11
Coman.....0011011111010111111111011—19
Bowes.....1001110111110001111010111—17
Jelleme.....1011111111111111010111111—22
Abbott.....1111111111101011011111011—21— 90

South Side G. C.

Hobart.....1111111111011111111111111—24
Hedden.....1111101011111111011110011—20
Breintnall.....1111101111111111111110111—23
Whitehead.....1011111111011100111111110—20
Heritage.....1001111111111111111010110—20—107

East Side-Mutual G. C.

Koegel.....1111111111111011011111110—21
Hassinger.....1011110009100001111011111—19
Heinrich.....0000000301010101011111111—10
Schorck.....0111010111111101101111111—20
Fisher.....1010011100111111011001010—15— 80

Woodside G. C.

T Dukes.....1111110101101101101101111—19
Van Dyke.....1101111011111111111111011—22
Walters.....1111101100100001010010110—13
Geoffroy.....1111111110011011111111111—22
Heller.....0111111111111011110111110—21— 97

Boiling Springs F. and G. C.

Meyer.....1110111010110111111110011—19
Parry.....1111011111111100111111110—21
Collins.....1111111111101110001111001—20
Claremont.....1011111111111011111111111—23
Lenore.....1000101011001000101010010—10— 93

SWEEPSTAKES.

No. 1, 10 birds, $1: Breintnall 8, W. Smith 10, Hobart 9, Drake 9, Miller 8, Fisher 5.

No. 2, 10 singles, $1: Breintnall 9, Miller 9, W. Smith 9, Hobart 9, Drake 8, Fisher 8.

No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50: W. Smith 15, Hedden 13, Hobart 14, Miller 15, Breintnall 13, H. G. 13, Drake 12, Brantingham 12, Manning 12, Ziegler 14, Dutchy 12, Van Dyke 13, Fisher 10, Palmer 11, Jackson 8.

No. 4, 15 singles, $1.50: Sigler 13, Miller 15, Breintnall 13, W. Smith 15, Hobart 13, Drake 14, Hedden 12, H. G. 10, Brantingham 12, Hesse 12, Manning 13, Van Dyke 11, Fisher 13.

No. 5, 15 singles, $1.50: Sigler 13, Breintnall 12, W. Smith 14, Dutchy 14, Van Dyke 12, Hedden 14, Miller 15, Brantingham 14, Hobart 13, Drake 13, Palmer 12, Manning 12, H. G. 9, Hesse 11, Collins 12, Claremont 13.

No. 6, 10 singles, $1 entry: Sigler 9, Breintnall 9, W. Smith 10, Dutchy 7, Van Dyke 7, Hedden 8, Miller 9, Brantingham 8, Hobart 10, Drake 8, Hesse 9, Fisher 8, White 8, Manning 5, Meyer 7, Claremont 8, Collins 8, Dean 10, H. G. 10, J. L. Smith 8.

No. 7, 20 singles, $2 entry:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tyler.....01111111111111111100—17 | Hesse.....11101111111111111011—18 |
| Breintn'l11111011111111111111—19 | Fisher.....00111111101111001011—14 |
| W Smith.11111111111111111111—20 | Clarem't11110011111011111111—16 |
| Dutchy.....11111111111011111110—19 | H G.....11110011111101111111—17 |
| Van Dyke11111111111111111111—18 | White.....01110011101111111110—15 |
| Hedden.....11110011101111111111—17 | J C Smith11111111111111111110—17 |
| Miller.....11111111111001111111—18 | Manning..10001010010100101110— 9 |
| Brant'h'm11101111111111101010—16 | Dean.....10111111111111101111—18 |
| Drake.....11111111111111111111—20 | Collins.....00111111010111101110—14 |

No. 8, 10 singles, $1 entry: Sigler 9, Breintnall 9, W. Smith 9, Dutchy 9, Van Dyke 8, Hedden 8, Miller 9, Meyer 7, Drake 10, Hesse 8, Claremont 8, J. L. Smith 8, Palmer 9, Fisher 8, H. G. 8, Collins 8, Geoffrey 7, Heller 4, White 8, Sickley 10, Jackson 10, Manning 9, Dean 8.

No. 9, 15 singles, entry $1.50:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sigler.....111101001111101—11 | Palmer.....111110111011100—11 |
| Breintnall.....111111101111111—14 | Heller.....001010110011101— 8 |
| W Smith.....111011101111111—13 | Geoffrey.....111101111111100—12 |
| Dutchy.....111111111111111—15 | Sickly.....111111111110111—14 |
| Van Dyke.....111101111111101—13 | H G.....111111111111111—15 |
| Hedden.....111101101111111—13 | Apgar.....111111111111111—15 |
| Miller.....011111111110111—13 | S G Smith.....000001010101101— 7 |
| Drake.....111011111111110—13 | Meyer.....101101011111112 |
| Claremont.....111111111111111—15 | Fisher.....011011110111112 |
| J L Smith.....111111001111111—13 | Manning.....111111111111014 |
| Collins.....101111111111101—13 | Jackson.....111110101000000— 7 |
| Hesse.....111111111111101—14 | Brantingham..110101001011110 |

No. 10, 15 singles entry $1.50:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sigler.....111111111111111—15 | Hesse.....011010011110111—10 |
| Breintnall.....110111101111111—14 | Sickley.....101111011111113 |
| W Smith.....110111111111101—13 | Geoffrey.....111111110011113 |
| Van Dyke.....111111111111115 | Heller.....101111100111101—11 |
| Dutchy.....101111001111111—12 | Heritage.....111011100111101—10 |
| Hedden.....011110111111113 | J L Smith.....011110101111112 |
| H G.....011100111100010— 8 | S G Smith.....011111110010100— 9 |
| Apgar.....111111111101101—13 | Meyer.....111111100111113 |
| Miller.....111111111111115 | Manning.....111111101011113 |
| Collins.....100111010101010— 9 | Drake.....111111101011113 |
| Claremont.....010101111111112 | Fisher.....110011110111011—11 |

No. 11, 15 singles, entry $1:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sigler.....111111111100111—13 | H G.....101101010111111—11 |
| Breintnall.....101111111111114 | Heritage.....011110110111110—11 |
| W Smith.....111111100111113 | Palmer.....101111101011110—11 |
| Van Dyke.....110011111111012 | Hull.....000001011100100— 5 |
| Dutchy.....011111010111112 | Abbott.....111000011010101— 8 |
| Hedden.....111101111111114 | Coman.....001011010011100— 7 |
| Sickley.....111101110110112 | Walters.....111111101111114 |
| Apgar.....111011111111114 | Goeffrey.....011111011111113 |
| Miller.....111111111111115 | Koegel.....111101010111101—11 |
| Collins.....110101011110101—11 | Meyer.....111111111111014 |
| Claremont.....101110111011112 | Jelleme.....111101111011001—11 |
| S G Smith.....111100011110100— 9 | Drake.....111111111111104 |

No. 12, 15 singles, entry $1 50: Lemmon 5, H. G. 11, Claremont 12, Van Dyke 11, Miller 11, W. Smith 14, H. King w., O. Bots 6, Apgar 15, S. G. Smith 11, Jedell 6, Dutchy 13, J. L. Smith 12.

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES.

The above shoot brought to a close what can confidently be claimed to have been the most successful series of contests ever held by a State or other league, and one which has gone a great way toward promoting a renewed interest in trap-shooting, as well as cementing a bond of good fellowship among the members of the clubs interested. The meetings, ten in all, have passed off without a jar or wrangle of any description, owing to the careful attention to details on the part of Manager Apgar and Secretary Hobart, who have devoted a great deal of their time to the running of the team contests.

The league was organized last winter by those who had been interested in the old Essex County Trap-Shooter's League. The first shoot was held on the Newark grounds of the Woodside Gun Club, on Feb. 22, there being eight teams entered. The second shoot, held on the grounds of the Passaic City Rod and Gun Club, drew out ten teams. In the third contest, on the grounds of the Brunswick Gun Club, ten teams entered. Nine teams shot in the fourth contest, held on the Boiling Springs Gun Club grounds. The fifth contest took place on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, when ten teams shot. In the sixth contest, on the Independent Gun Club grounds, there were nine teams. At the seventh shoot, held on the New Jersey Shooting Club's grounds, there were also nine teams, as there were in the eighth shoot, held by the East Orange Gun Club. Seven teams took part in the ninth shoot on the East Side-Mutual grounds and seven also shot at Maplewood in the final contest.

In each case the club on whose grounds the team contests were held also arranged a number of open to all sweepstakes events and in some of these there were as many as 58 entries. At the shoot held on the South Side grounds there were 65 individual shooters on the grounds and at the Passaic and Boiling Springs shoots there were about the same number. The shooting during these open events was of the very highest order, as is usually the case when the talent of New Jersey gets together, which means that those who do not come up to the 90 per cent. mark are practically "not in it." At all of these meetings the utmost good feeling prevailed and many friendships were formed between clubs and individuals.

While it is to be deplored that there was not a closer competition for the leading honors, the outcome of the team contests was still satisfactory to all concerned. After the Independent team had won six contests it was feared that the interest would flag, but this was not the case, at least not to the extent that was feared. Had the team of the Independents been pushed harder it would have added zest to the various contests.

Another thing to be regretted is the rule which allowed men to change teams in the various contests. We have always contended that no man should be allowed to shoot on more than one team during a series of shoots. Of course, during these shoots it was legalized by the rules, but in the next series it should be prohibited.

During the series 88 team scores were shot, these calling for 10,975 targets, of which 8,399 were broken, the average per shot being 95$^{39}/_{88}$, or 76.45 per cent. The number of targets broken in each contest in order was as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st..... | 8 teams.....770 | 6th..... | 9 teams.....841 |
| 2d..... | 10 teams.....947 | 7th..... | 9 teams.....868 |
| 3d..... | 10 teams.....948 | 8th..... | 9 teams.....875 |
| 4th..... | 9 teams.....822 | 9th..... | 7 teams.....677 |
| 5th..... | 10 teams.....960 | 10th..... | 7 teams.....691 |

The following table shows the scores made by the teams in the various contests, and also gives the average of each team, the number of targets shot at and the percentage of the team:

| Clubs. | Scores. | Shot at. | Broke. | Aver. | Per ct |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Independent— | | | | | |
| 100 112 114 | 97 108 115 110 113 112 113 | 1250 | 1103 | 110$^{3}/_{10}$ | 88.24 |
| Maplewood— | | | | | |
| 106 93 97 | 98 104 108 110 101 106 111 | 1250 | 1034 | 103$^{4}/_{10}$. | 82.72 |
| South Side— | | | | | |
| 79 105 106 | 102 106 108 103 103 105 107 | 1250 | 1022 | 102$^{2}/_{10}$ | 81.86 |
| New Jersey— | | | | | |
| 94 103 104 | 95 88 96 102 108 ... ... | 1000 | 790 | 98¾ | 79 |
| Boiling Springs— | | | | | |
| 92 99 109 | 107 105 93 98 95 84 93 | 1250 | 975 | 97½ | 78 |
| Woodside— | | | | | |
| 104 93 93 | 104 103 ... 95 90 94 97 | 1125 | 873 | 97 | 77.60 |
| Passaic City— | | | | | |
| ... 85 75 | 72 96 93 88 97 85 90 | 1125 | 781 | 86$^{7}/_{9}$ | 69.42 |
| East Side-Mutual— | | | | | |
| 95 92 77 | 70 95 94 75 91 91 80 | 1250 | 860 | 86 | 68.88 |
| Brunswick— | | | | | |
| ... 72 95 | ... 89 64 ... ... ... ... | 475 | 320 | 80 | 69.93 |
| East Orange— | | | | | |
| 91 93 78 | 77 66 70 87 77 ... ... | 1000 | 639 | 79¾ | 63.90 |

The places held by the teams in the several contests are here shown:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Independents | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Maplewoods | 2 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 2 |
| South Side | 8 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| New Jersey | 5 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 9 | 3 | 3 | 2 | .. | .. |
| Boiling Springs | 6 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 5 |
| Woodside | 3 | 5 | 7 | 2 | 5 | .. | 5 | 8 | 4 | 4 |
| Passaic City | .. | 7 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 |
| East Side Mutual | 4 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 7 |
| Brunswick | .. | .. | 8 | 6 | .. | 8 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| East Orange | 7 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 9 | .. | .. |

It will thus be seen that the Independent team won first place eight times, and tied once for the same position with the Maplewoods. This tie occurred at Claremont, and at the succeeding shoot on the grounds of the East Orange Club the representatives of the sporting journals were given to understand that the above tie would be decided by the total scores made by the teams on that day. The Independents made 113 to the Maplewood's 101, and as a matter of course the papers stated that the tie had been won by the Independents. At last Saturday's shoot, however, members of the Maplewood club denied all knowledge of having agreed to shoot off such tie. Hence this matter will have to be discussed at the next meeting of the league. In the sixth contest the Maplewoods and South Sides tied for second place and this will also come up for discussion.

Appended is a list of all who made 80 per cent. or better shooting in five or more contests of the series:

| | Shoots. | Per cent. | | Shoots. | Per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E D Miller | 9 | 92.44 | W R Hobart | 10 | 86 |
| C Smith | 5 | 91.20 | W Smith | 10 | 84.80 |
| T Breintnall | 10 | 90.40 | E Phillips | 8 | 84.50 |
| R H Breintnall | 7 | 90.26 | F Van Dyke | 9 | 84 |
| N Apgar | 9 | 89.77 | E O Geoffroy | 8 | 84 |
| F G Moore | 7 | 89.14 | C Hedden | 9 | 83.55 |
| W Sigler | 5 | 88 | J Purdy | 6 | 83 33 |
| J L Smith | 6 | 87.33 | E Collins | 9 | 81 77 |
| C Drake | 10 | 87.20 | J H Richmond | 5 | 81.60 |
| F Post | 6 | 86.66 | C Dean | 9 | 81.33 |
| W F Simpson | 5 | 86.40 | A Whitehead | 6 | 80.66 |

In all 124 individuals took part as members of the several teams.

The leaders in the contest for the Standard Keystone medal offered for the best four consecutive scores were: C. Drake, 23, 24, 24, 25—96 (winner); E. D. Miller, 24, 22, 25, 24—95; T. Brantingham, 24, 23, 22, 24—93; R. H. Breintnall, 23, 25, 24, 22—93; N. Apgar, 24, 23, 22, 23—92; F. G. Moore, 24, 25, 23, 20—92; J. L. Smith, 21, 22, 23, 24—90; F. Post, 22, 22, 23, 23—90; W. R. Hobart, 20, 23, 23, 24—90.

Scores of 25 were made by the following: Miller, C. Smith Drake, W. Smith, Moore, Collins, Breintnall.

Scores of 24: Apgar, Miller (four), Brantingham (three), C. Smith, Squires, Drake (three), J. L. Smith, Baar, Purdy, Moore, Richmond, Hobart, Hedden, Whitehead.

Scores of 23: Apgar (three), Miller, Brantingham (three), C. Smith, Sigler (two), Soper (two), Dean (two), Drake, W. Smith (three), Addison, J. L. Smith, Van Dyke (two), Geoffroy, Purdy, Moore (two), Richmond, Post (two), Hollister, Meyer, Keller, R. Dukes, Hobart (three), Breintnall (three), Phillips (two), Bram, Shaw, Coeman, Van Nuis.

There were fifty-six 22s made during the series.

The prizes have been won as follows:

For greatest number of matches won, $20, Independents, who also win a 12-gauge Lefever gun presented by the Lefever Arms Company for the highest team average in seven contests; average 112 5-7, or 90.17 per cent.

Second prize, $15, Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Third prize, $10, won by the South Side Gun Club.

Fourth prize, $5, won by the Maplewood Gun Club.

Club winning fifth place the greatest number of times, a case of mounted quail presented by Schoverling, Daly & Gales, won by Woodside Gun Club.

For winning sixth place greatest number of times, ten bags of chilled shot, presented by Tatham & Brothers, won by Passaic City Rod and Gun Club.

For winning seventh place the greatest number of times, six bags of chilled shot, presented by the Le Roy shot and lead works, tied for by East Side—Mutual Gun Club and East Orange Gun Club.

For winning eighth place the greatest number of times, four bags of chilled shot, presented by the Le Roy Shot and Lead Works, won by Brunswick Gun Club.

Highest individual score in first match, one year's subscription to *American Field*, Thos. Brantingham; same in second contest, one year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, F. S. Moore; third contest, one year's subscription to *Shooting and Fishing*, F. G. Moore; fourth contest, one year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, R. H. Breintnall; fifth contest, one year's subscription to *Sporting Times*, C. M. Hedden. Where ties occured in the above contests they were decided by the scores of the succeeding shoot.

A solid silver soup ladle, presented by the *Sporting Times* for the best individual average in not less than seven contests, was won by E. D. Miller, average 92.44 per cent. C. H. TOWNSEND.

## The Great American Handicap.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Oct. 27.—As the target season is about over we shall go to work at once on our grand live bird tournament, which will be held the second week in January, and at which the grand American handicap will be shot. This will without doubt be the most important event ever shot in America, and as we are already beginning to receive inquiries in regard to the same have decided to allow individuals to enter at any of the offices of the members of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association in New York city. Their names and addresses are as follows: Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway; American Field Pub. Co., 19 Park place; Henry C. Squires, 178 Broadway; Jacob Pentz, 8 Murray street; J. A. H. Dressel (U. M. C. Co.), 313 Broadway.

Entries will also be received by Chas. Tatham, of Tatham & Bros., 82 Beekman street, and Mr. M. F. Lindsley, of the American Wood Powder Co., 50 Wall street, and such entries will be entered on one of the books at the offices first named.

In making application for entrance, either by mail or in person, a forfeit of $10 will be required. The balance to be paid on or before Jan. 1, 1893. The entrance for the handicap event will be $50. Anyone failing to pay the balance of entrance money within the specified time shall forfeit the same, and it will be added to purse given to the winners of the handicap. The purse will be divided (the first season) 60, 30 and 10 per cent. The added money given by the association will be added to the first money. The handicap for each purse must be shot down to one man. We will have circulars and entry blanks ready to mail on Nov. 15. Entry books will be at the different offices on Nov. 1. The handicap book for the present will be kept at 313 Broadway, and the distance from which each individual will shoot will be published not later than ten days after entering.

We have before mentioned that entries would not be received until Nov. 1, although several pigeon shots of America have written about same, desiring to know how much money it was necessary to inclose to enter the handicap. Mr. F. C. Fowler, of Moodus, Conn., has applied for entrance and inclosed a forfeit of $10, so under the circumstances will accept the same and enter it as soon as the books are received from the printers. His handicap will be 26yds., as he has never shot a live pigeon out of a trap. In this connection we will state that entries for the handicap will close on Saturday, Dec. 31, 1892.

Twenty-six yards will be the limit for handicapping. The scratch mark will be extended from 30 to 32yds., and that will be as far as any individual will ever be handicapped.

H. A. PENROSE.

## Riverview Gun Club Tournament.

THE first tournament of the Riverview Gun Club, of Amsterdam, N. Y., at McClary Driving Park was well attended by members of Eastern N. Y. State Trap Shooters' League. The early morning was threatening, but about 10 o'clock some thirty visiting shooters loaded down with gun-cases and shells climbed the hill to the shooting grounds. Among them we noticed the Saratoga "delegation" in force, Messrs. Gibbs, Peters, "Buck" Coster, Harry Levenston, and Ramsdill, along with them the crack Roberts, of Rupert, Vt. The genial secretary of the N. Y. Trap Shooters' League, Horace B. Darby, who edits the "Gun, Rifle and Rod" department of the Albany *Argus*, trudged on ahead with his score sheets along with John Y. Sanders, Taylor, Rockworth, and Leon, of Albany, Greer, Betts, Farman came later in the day. Dr. Wessels and Harry Bancroft of the Canajoharie Gun Club we found on the grounds, also Alvin Walrath and Fred Partiss of Johnstown. W. H. Cruttenden (the kingbird trap and target "Crutty"), of Cazenovia, had charge of the traps and did general "hustling." On his travel to Amsterdam he was accompanied by Geo. Mosher, of Fulton, N. Y., who shoots and sells the famous "L. C. Smith guns" for the Hunter Arms Co. Salisbury of Canastota came along to try a hand with Mosher in smashing targets. The Riverview Club members we found out in full force, doing all they could to make the tournament a success.

The general hustlers and workers were the Pres. Robert M. Hartley, Capt. A. B. Briggs, G. V. Hartley, and Messrs. Pierce, Trull, and others. There was some "kicking" by a few about the management of entries, etc., but this being their first tournament the members did the best they could, and that is about all anyone can do (kicked and all).

The traps threw the birds hard, with a stiff wind from the west and traps facing east it helped to make the shooting extremely difficult. The wind would catch the targets and they would fly up a couple of feet in nearly every case. Considering the wind the scores made were far above the average. The following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1, three moneys: Walrath 10, Mosher 5, Salisbury 7, Bancroft 4, Wessels 9, Reamer 5, Rockworth 9, Sanders 8, Roberts 8, Levengston 10, Partis 4, Leon 7, Greer 6, Peters 5, Buck 10, McGinnis 9, Kenmore 9, Betts 9.

No. 2, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1.30, four moneys: Mosher 10, Peters 10, Buck 9, Kinmore 10, McGinnis 10, Roberts 9, Betts 8, Walrath 7, Sanders 9, Rockworth 7, Bancroft 8, Wessels 8, Salisbury 10, Taylor 10, Crutty 8, Leon 7, Greer 8, Partis 6, Levengston 8, R. M. Hartley 6.

No. 3, 10 kingbirds, entry $1.30, four moneys: Sanders 9, Rockworth 9, Salisbury 7, Wessels 8, Levengston 8, Reamer 5, Mosher 9, Peters 7, Buck 10, Kinmore 9, McGinnis 9, Roberts 10, Betts 10, Bancroft 5, Leon 5, Taylor 10, Crutty 6, Richards 8, Walrath 7, Partis 7.

No. 4, 15 kingbirds, entry $2, two moneys and four merchandis :

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 111111111111111—15 | Betts | 101011001111111—11 |
| Peters | 111111111111011—14 | Taylor | 111111101111111—15 |
| Buck | 111111111111111—15 | Sanders | 111111101111111—14 |
| Kenmore | 111111111111111—15 | Rockworth | 111111111111101—14 |
| McGinnis | 010111101111111—13 | Leon | 111011011011011—13 |
| Roberts | 111111111111111—15 | Levengston | 111111111111101—14 |
| Wesselis | 111111111111101—14 | Greer | 111011010100101—10 |
| Sallsberg | 111101100011110—10 | Walrath | 111111111110101—13 |
| Crutty | 101111101011110—12 | Devendorf | 101101111110111—13 |

No. 5, 10 kingbirds, entry $1.30, four moneys: Mosher 8, Peters 8, Buck 10, Kenmore 9, McGinnis 8, Roberts 8, Richards 7, Taylor 8, Crutty 9, Betts 8, Wessels 9, Salisbury 8, Rockworth 8, Washburn 4, Levengston 10, Walrath 10, Leon 9.

No. 6, 5 live birds, entry $2.50, two moneys: Sanders 3, Mosher 4, Levengston 3, Bancroft 4, Walrath 2, Farman 5, Wessels 2, Peters 4, Watson 2, Rockworth 5, Leon 4, Betts 4, Salisbury 4 Armstrong 2, Buck 2, Thorn 4, Devendorf 4, Greer 5, Roberts 4 Parties 3, Crutty 4, Reamer 2.

No. 7, 20 kingbirds, entry $2.60, five moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 111111111101101111—18 | Taylor | 001010111111111111110—15 |
| Peters | 101111111111111111110—18 | Levengston | 111111111111111111110—19 |
| Buck | 111111111111101101—18 | Crutty | 011111111111111110—17 |
| Kenmore | 111111111111111111—20 | Betts | 101111111101110011—16 |
| McGinnis | 111110111111101111—18 | Reamer | 011010000101101011—11 |
| Roberts | 111111001111111111—17 | Wessels | 111111111111111111—20 |
| Sanders | 111110111111111101—18 | Leon | 101111101101110111—16 |
| Rockw'th | 101011111101011101—14 | Walrath | 111111111111110110—18 |
| Devendorf | 010100111101111011—14 | Partiss | 111010011110011111—15 |

No. 8, 15 kingbirds, merchandise, $2 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 011111111111111—14 | Salisbury | 001111111101011—11 |
| Peters | 111111101110111—13 | R M Hartley | 111111011110111—13 |
| "Buck" | 011111111111111—14 | Levengston | 111111111111111—15 |
| "Kenmore" | 111111111110101—13 | Walrath | 111110111111111—14 |
| McGinnis | 111010111111111—13 | Taylor | 111111111111111—15 |
| Roberts | 111111111111110—14 | Crutty | 111111101101111—13 |
| Rockworth | 111111011111110—13 | Leon | 111010111111111—13 |
| Sanders | 111111111111115—15 | Betts | 111111101011110—12 |
| G V Hartley | 111010110111110—11 | Wessels | 111111111111100—13 |
| E Trull | 010020100100011— 5 | | |

Prizes: Mosher, 1 year's subscription *Daily Recorder;* Buck, box cigars; Roberts, silk umbrella; Rockworth, derby hat; Sanders, 1 year's subscription *Shooting and Fishing*, box cigars; G. V. Hartley 1 year's subscription *Sporting Review;* Salisbury, outing shoes; Levengston, silk hat, case claret wine; Walrath, carving set, bag shot; Taylor, 200 loaded shells; Crutty, 1 year's subscription *Sporting Review*, box cigars; Leon, 1 year's subscription FOREST AND STREAM; Betts, box cigars; Wessels, 1 dozen whisk brooms, box cigars.

No. 10, 10 kingbirds, $1.30 entrance, 4 moneys, unknown angles: Mosher 8, Peters 9, Buck 9, Kenmore 8, McGinnis 7, Roberts 7, Sanders 10, Wessels 8, Rockworth 6, Levengston 8, Walrath 6 Betts 8, Partis 8, Bancroft 8, Taylor 8, Watson 3, Leon 6, Armstrong 5, Thorne 9.

No. 12, 10 kingbirds, $1.30 entrance, 5 moneys: Mosher 8, Peters 7, "Buck" 10, "Kenmore" 9, McGinnis 9, Roberts 8, Sanders 10, Richards 7, Wessels 8, Levengston 10 Walrath 9, Armstrong 8, Bancroft 5, Taylor 10, Devendorf 8, G. V. Harley 8.

Averages: For best averages in Events 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10 and 12, 100 targets. Buck, 95 per cent, first, won W. E. Cross gold medal valued at $25; Sanders and Kenmore, second, 93 per cent., divided $6; Harry Levengston, third, 93 per cent., $3; Taylor, fourth, 91 per cent., $1; Mosher, fifth, 90 per cent.; Dr. Wessels and Roberts, sixth, 88 per cent; Gibbs and Peters, seventh, 86 per cent.; Walrath, eighth, 84 per cent.

## Chicago Traps.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 28.—There seems to be an impression current in the East, though from what cause I cannot learn, that there is to be held in Chicago next spring a grand trap tournament under the immediate charge of the World's Fair, the tournament, indeed, to be a part of the Fair and one of its attractions. I cannot imagine how such a belief can have gained ground, and should not have known of its existence except for a visit from Mr. R. E. Cox, of New York, who is now in this region seeking a possible location for his old business of buying and handling pigeons for the trap, wherein he is well known in the East. Mr. Cox says that Mr. Neaf Apgar advised him that the World's Fair would be running a tournament all next summer, and both thought that this would offer a chance for business.

There was some talk long ago about a tournament under the auspices of the World's Fair, but nothing came of it, and no steps were taken toward what for many reasons would be an impracticable project, for want of room if for nothing else. It is probable, therefore, that the unfortunate trap shooters of this and other countries will not have the pleasure of shooting for the Nation's money, at the Nation's pigeons, or targets. The June tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has, however, always been referred to as the "World's Fair tournament," and president Organ at one time contemplated strengthening the hand of that association by getting some of its members deputized as officers of the Fair. This, however, would alter the real nature of the shoot, or strengthen its resources.

The truth is, that World's Fair tournament is as yet all in the air. It is easy to see that it will be a big affair, but how to make it biggest and best is still a study. President Organ has called a meeting of the executive committee of the Association for next Monday evening, and at that time there will be every effort made to formulate a plan for a work that certainly should be begun before long and prosecuted earnestly.

It was once suggested that a call be issued to the trap clubs of the country, asking for a contribution of $1 per capita, to go toward a world's open purse. The plan has good and bad features. If successful, it would still leave open the grave question, Who is going to run this World's Fair tournament of the Illinois Association next June?

That there will be a big shoot goes without saying. It will take a week, perhaps two weeks, to run off the State shoot for the championship badge alone, certainly two weeks to decide that and the club team championship also. With the number of shooters who will be present, it is safe to say that an open tournament of 30 or 60 days would not find the end of the shooters and the shooting enthusiasm. This tournament would follow right on after the State shoot, at Watson's Park, Burnside, and it would make big money for its management. But who is to be that management? Can it be the officers of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association? Can they, or any of them, give up 30 or 90 days of time to the tournament? If they cannot, which of the Association's members can? It would make the Association rich, but how can the Association afford to pay the price for such riches?

### A COMPANY SUGGESTED.

It has been suggested, and I do not off-hand think of any better suggestion, that a stock company should be formed to run this World's Fair open tournament, to put up purses, employ assistants, and in short, to run this shoot and take its profits. This company by its officers would represent a compact and movable force of ready, practical efficiency. It could be made up of men whose names would guarantee fairness and honesty. It could go to the leading manufacturing concerns interested in sports, and ask for large cash donations, with every prospect of success in obtaining them. With what the company could offer in cash and what a good, heavy sweepstakes entry would add, it seems easy to believe that very large purses would be in competition, doubtless larger than any ever seen before in this country. Thus, Mr. Organ's suggestion of a $25 miss-and-out shoot (even a 10 birds sweep might take weeks to shoot to a finish) might mean to the winner a neat fortune of itself should the suggestion be taken up.

There is no need for any company, if the State Association can swing the open shoot. If it cannot, some such idea must probably be entertained. The company idea would have the desirable qualities of offering a management compact and direct in action, and moreover accessible and responsible. There might be worse ideas, but this is only one suggestion, and has never been taken up. The definite plan of action is not yet determined upon, but when announced it will, we all hope, be found worthy of Chicago and of the World's Fair. This Association has a heavy contract to fulfill, but it is not in the habit of failing. The burden of this world's tournament rests not on the officers of the Fair, but upon the Illinois Association. The rights and privileges of this tournament belong to the Illinois Association. Whether it can avail itself fully of these, or whether it will find it necessary to delegate some of the privileges with some of the cares are questions now urgent, and we hope soon to be answered.

### THE CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB

held a most enjoyable shoot Oct. 16 on its grounds on the lake shore, at Calumet Heights. A large number of members and invited guests were present. The competition was keen and interesting. Delightful weather favored the event. The club house is situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, about 25 miles from Chicago, in the midst of a wilderness.

The first shoot was a practice shoot.

No. 2, team shoot for price of birds, 9 birds: Patterson 5, Lamphere 8, Isbell 7, Carson 4; total, 24. Bingham 8, Booth 8, Drake 1, Chamberlin 2; total, 19.

No. 3, team shoot for price of birds, 4 birds: Lamphere 1, Bingham 3 Isbell 2, Carson 1, Drake 3; total, 10. Booth 3, Patterson 2, Fleming 2, Davis 2, Chamberlin 0; total, 9.

No. 4, 9 birds: Lamphere 6, Patterson 5, Booth 5, Isbell 5, Chamberlin 4, Nichols 4, Fleming 5, Carson 6, Davis 1, Bingham 8, Carlisle 5, Purdy 1, Heikes 7. Bingham first, Heikes second.

No. 5, 15 birds: Booth 12, Patterson 13, Heikes 14, Bingham 13, Carson 11, Davis 6, Willard 10, Isbell 6, Lamphere 11. Heikes first, Patterson second.

No. 6, 15 birds: Heikes 10, Patterson 8, Bingham 6, Booth 11, Lamphere 10, Carson 8. Booth first, Lamphere second.

No. 7, 9 birds: Drake 5, Pierce 1, Fisher 7, Purdy 1, Hinkins 1, Chamberlin 1, Fosket 1, Carson 4, Waters 4. Drake first, Waters second.

No. 8, 9 singles, 6 doubles: Booth 7, Bingham 8, Lawphere 7, Patterson 8, Drake 6, Heikes 8, Purdy 8, Chamberlin 2, Divided.

No. 9, 15 birds: Chamberlin 7, Wills 1, Allen 0, Stevenson 4 Nichols 5, Pierce 9, Carlisle 3, Fosket 0, Fisher 4. Heikes 1, Purdy 0 Hillis 1.

No. 10, medal shoot, 25 birds: Isbell 18. Booth 20, Patterson 15. Lamphere 13, Fleming 17, Chamberlin 11, Pierce 15, Hinkins 2, Stevenson 3, Davis 5, Wills 2, Carson 17. Booth first.

No. 11, 15 birds: Booth 9, Patterson 10, Bingham 9, Lamphere 7, Carson 10, Willard 12, Breckinridge 6, Isbell 9. Willard first, Carson second.

No. 12, consolation shoot, 9 birds: Isbell 7, Breckenridge 4 Davis 4.

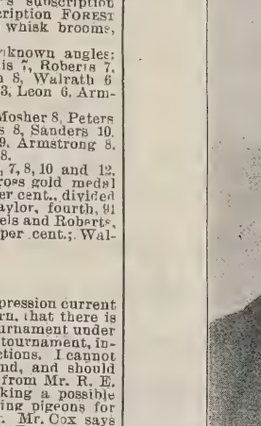
Messrs. Heikes, Bingham and Booth were handicapped by being required to hold the gun over the left shoulder before calling "pull." The club offered prizes in all shoots. To make it more interesting, the shooters made small sweepstakes of some of the events.

## Scores of the Moodus Interstate.

BELOW are the results of the various events shot during the Interstate Manufacturers and Dealers' tournament at Moodus, Coun , on Oct. 25 and 26.

*The First Day.*

No. 1, 10 singles, 75c.: Fowler 9, Brainard 7, Hobart 8, Apgar 10,



H. A. PENROSE.

President Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association in 1892.

Penrose 7, Edgarton 8, H. G. 5, Ayer 7, Alger 6, Mack 9, McGinty 5, Richmond 8.

No. 2, 10 singles, $1.00: Penrose 5, Hobart 10, Apgar 9, Treat 9, Mack 9, Brainard 9, Fowler 10, Mosher 8, Edgarton 8, Ayer 7, H. G. 6, McGinty 7, Alger. 7, Ventres 8.

No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50: Penrose 12, Hobart 11, Apgar 12, Edgarton 11, Fowler 13, Mack 12, McGinty 13, Brainard 7, Ventres 5, Richmond 13, Ayer 7, Alger 11.

No. 4, 20 singles, $2.00: Penrose 11, Hobart 14, Apgar 17, Edgarton 18, Fowler 18, Mack 19, H. G. 15, McGinty 13.

No. 5, 15 singles, $1.50: Penrose 12, Apgar 14, Hobart 13, Edgarton 14, Mack 10, McGinty 12, Alger 9, Brainard 11, Treat 5, Ayer 9, Fowler 12, Richmond 11.

No. 6, 10 singles, $1: Penrose 10, Apgar 8, Hobart 6, Fowler 8, Mosher 9, Alger 9, Edgarton 10, Mack 7, McGinty 9, H. G. 9, Potter 6, Richmond 6, Brainard 10, Smith 7, Ayer 7.

No. 7, 10 singles, $1: Fowler 8, Edgarton 8. Apgar 7, Penrose 7 Hobart 6, McGinty 8, Purple 10, Alger 5, H. G. 9, Ayer 6, Mack 8, Brainard 4.

No. 8, 10 singles, $1: Penrose 7, Apgar 8, Hobart 10 Fowler 9, Edgarton 9, Potter 6, McGinty 8, Brainard 10, Mosher 7, H. G. 9, Mack 10. Alger 7, Purple 7, Cook 9, Ayer 8.

No. 9, 10 singles, $1: Treat 4, Richmond 10, Purple 9, Cook 9, Penrose 6, Edgarton 7, Hobart 10. Fowler 9, McGinty 8, Potter 6, Smith 8, Mack 8, H. G. 8, Apgar 10. Alger 7, Ayer 5.

No. 10, 10 singles, 75 cents: Apgar 9, Penrose 10, Hobart 10, Brainard 9, Alger 5, Edgarton 8, Fowler 10, Treat 8, Mosher 9, McGinty 10, H. G. 9, Cook 10, Mack 10, Purple 7.

*The Second Day.*

No. 1, 10 singles, 75 cents: Hobart 10. Fowler 9, Ayer 6, Cowee 9, Williams 10, Alger 6, Merrill 8, Penrose 4, Bristol 9, Longden 10, Richmond 5, Brainerd 8, Apgar 8, Potter 7. Treat 10.

No. 2, 10 singles: Penrose 8, Apgar 8, Hobart 8, Fowler 10, Cowee 10, Alger 7, Mosher 9, Smith 9, Ayer 7, Bristol 8, Longden 9, Williams 10, Brainard 10, Merril 8. Richmond 9.

No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50: Fowler 13, Potter 13, H. G. 11, Penrose 12, Apgar 14, Hobart 13, Purple 9, Cowee 12, Bristol 11, Longden 14, Williams 8, Richmond 11.

No. 4, 20 singles, $2 entrance: Penrose 15, Apgar 15, Hobart 15, Fowler 19, Cowee 16, Merrill 13, Bristol 18, Langdon 17, Brainard 16, Williams 17, H. G. 13.

No. 5, 15 singles, $1 50 entrance: Fowler 13 Penrose 12, Apgar 14, Hobart 13, Alger 11, Richmond 13, Purple 7, Cowee 12, Longden 13, Bristol 14, Merrill 10. Williams 12.

No. 6, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Hobart 8, Apgar 8, Penrose 6; Brainard 5, Fowler 8, Cowee 9, Purple 6, Beebe 1, Potter 4, Longden 10, Bristol 9, Williams 9, Merrill 5.

No. 7, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Hobart 6, Penrose 4. Apgar 10, Fowler 5, Cowee 9, Bristol 10, Merrill 6, Longden 9, Cook 8, H. G. 7.

No. 8, 10 singles, $1: Penrose 8. Apgar 8, Hobart 9, Fowler 8, Banning 9, Leonard 6, Cowee 10, Purple 9, Bristol 8, Longdon 9, Beebe 6, Miner 5.

No. 9, 10 singles, $1: Fowler 8, Cook 9, Hobart 9, Apgar 8, H. G. 6, Bristol 7, Cowee 8, Longdon 8, Beebe 2, Alger 5.

No. 10, 10 singles, 75 cents: Penrose 8, Apgar 7, Hobart 9, Fowler 9, Cowee 9, Miner 5, Best 7, Bristol 9, Richmond 7, Cook 8, Banning 9, Merrill 8, Longdon 10.

## The Tournament at Newburgh.

THE West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club, which held its initial tournament on Oct. 27 and 28, is a new organization, having been formed last spring. It is comprised of some very enthusiastic sportsmen and officered as follows: Pres., J. J. E. Harrison; Vice-Pres., D. Brown; Sec'y, Geo. G. Chandler; Treas., J. A. Wood. The grounds of the club are situated about 200yds. from the old-fashioned and homelike hostlery known as Gedney's Hotel, and are reached from the Erie depot by a two-mile drive over a well made but terribly dusty macadamized road, the road leading by many stylish suburban residences and comfortable looking farms. The trap-shooting is done on a high piece of ground, which affords some fine views of the surrounding country. The club has a neat club house and shoots from a set of five traps set behind an earth screen.

The weather on both days was favorable for outdoor sport. The management of the shoot was attended to by J. J. E. Harrison, H. C. Higginson, George Taggert, David Brown and W. P. Rayland, who did all in their power to make the affair a success. Mr. Brown attended to the work of receiving entries, dividing and paying out moneys, while Mr. Taggert did the scoring. The attendance was not as heavy as was anticipated, but still there were enough on hand to give zest to the contests. The scores ran low, only two straights being made during the two days. The targets and traps worked well and the foreground was clear, so that the poor averages were unaccountable. Targets were deducted from the purses at the uniform rate of 2 cents each.

Below are the results of the first day's work:

No. 1, 10 Keystones, $1 entry: Taylor 9, Likely 8, Taggert 7, Kissam 6, Higginson 5, Kerr 4, Stansbrough 3, Wood 2,

No. 2, same as above: Kerr 9, Higginson 9, Gettle 9 Taylor 8, Kissam 7, Stansbrough 7, Likely 7, J. Rhoades 7, G. Rhoades 6, Gibbs 6, Post 6, Thonet 1.

No. 3, 15 Keystones, $1.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rayland | 111111101111111—14 | Thonet | 111100101101011—10 |
| Higginson | 110110011111010—10 | Taylor | 011100111111112 |
| Stansbrough | 101011011110101—10 | Kerr | 110011010000101— 8 |
| Post | 010111111101011—12 | Likely | 001111111010010—10 |
| J Rhoades | 111110101011112 | Gattler | 111111111111110—14 |

No. 4, 5 live birds, $3.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Patton | 10101—3 | J Rhoades | 10101—3 |
| Kerr | 00000—0 | Thonet | 11001—3 |
| Post | 00111—3 | Rayland | 11110—4 |
| H C H | 01000—2 | Taylor | 01011—3 |
| Wood | 00011—2 | Stansbrough | 01000—1 |

No. 5, 20 Keystones, $2:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rayland | 111111101111101101—17 | Thonet | 101001101110111000111—13 |
| Rhoades | 111111011101011101—16 | Kerr | 111101101101111110—16 |
| Gattler | 110101100111101011000—12 | Taylor | 111111011011111110—17 |
| H C H | 001110110001111011—11 | Stans- | |
| Post | 111111100111111111—18 | brough | 101010111111111011111—16 |

No. 6, 15 Keystones, unknown angles, $1.50: Light 4, Taylor 12, Thonet 7, H. C. H. 13 Rayland 5, Post 11.

No. 7, team shot, 3 men per team, 15 Kingbirds per man, entry $4 90:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H C H | 011101010111111—10 | Kissam | 100100010000001— 4 |
| Stansbr'gh | 111011111011101—12 | J Rhoades | 011111011111110—12 |
| Gibbs | 101111101111111—13—35 | Taylor | 011111101111111—13—29 |
| Getter | 011111101011111—12 | Likely | 111011101111111—13 |
| Ryland | 011111111010111—12 | Kerr | 010011101101110— 9 |
| Ward | 011111010001111—11—35 | G Rhoades | 101101110001111—10—32 |

No. 8, 10 singles and 3 pairs, entry $1:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Taylor | 1110100111 11 10 10—11 | T Rhodes | 0100010001 10 00 10— 7 |
| Thonet | 1101111111 11 10 10—13 | Rayland | 1111111110 11 10 11—14 |
| Post | 1110011101 11 11 11—13 | Moore | 1000000100 w |
| H C H | 0111111001 10 00 10— 9 | Wood | 1111101100 10 10 10—10 |
| Licht | 0101101001 w | Kerr | 0110100001 00 10 00— 6 |
| Kissam | 1111111111 10 10 10—13 | McDowell | 0010001001 00 10 00— 4 |
| J Rhodes | 1111111101 10 11 10—13 | | |

No. 9, 10 Keystones, $1 entry: Taylor 10, Rayland 9, Post 8, Licht 8, J. Rhodes 9, Higginson 7, Patten 2, Thonet 5 Stansbrough 7, Moore 2, Gibbs 5 Woods 7, Likely 5, G. Rhodes 7, Kerr 3, Kissam 6, Donahue 4.

*The Second Day*

drew out about the same number of entries as the preceding one, among the new comers being Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, N. J., H. Gattler, of Greenport, W. R. Hobart of Newark, Dr. Horton and Dr Mason, of Peekskill.

The event of the day was the one at 10 live birds $10 entry with 13 names on the list. The curious part of this shoot was that although the birds were only fair flyers no one succeeded in killing more than seven. "Wanda's" sixth bird escaped both barrels and settled on a tree, from which a few moments later he was knocked by a stone thrown by a boy. The scores of the day's shooting are here appended.

No. 11, 10 keystones, $1 entrance: H. G. 7, Thonet 6, Light 6, Post 10, H. C. H. 5, Wood 7, Taylor 8, Kerr 3, Lindsley 9, Case 5, Likely 9, Rayland 7, Stansbrough 8.

No. 12, 10 keystones, unknown angles, $1 entrance: Donehugh 5, Wood 3, Kissam 2, Post 7, H. C. H. 2, Thonet 3, Taylor 6. Likely 7, Rayland 5, H. G. 4. Stansbrough 4, Case 1, Condit 5, Lindsley 2.

No. 13, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gibb | 001011111111101—11 | Wood | 001111010010001— 7 |
| Kerr | 111111111100111—12 | Taylor | 111111111111111 - 15 |
| Lindsley | 110111011111101—12 | H G | 101011111111111—11 |
| Post | 011101111101101—11 | Rayland | 111111111100111—13 |
| H C H | 001111010111110—10 | Kissam | 111111110111111—14 |
| Thonet | 011111010100011— 9 | Stansbrough | 111011111111101—13 |

No. 14, 10 singles, $1.10 entrance: Condit 5, Case 3, Taylor 8, Donehugh 9, Kissam 7, Lindsley 9, Post 7, Thonet 6, H. C. H. 7, Kerr 2. Gibb 6, Rayland 8, Likely 7, Stansbrough 6, H. G. 7, Coyle 6.

No. 5, 20 singles, $3 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thonet | 11101011111110101100—14 | Rhoades | 00111111111011011101—15 |
| Horton | 11110111010110011001—13 | H. C. H | 01110111010010101101—13 |
| Mortimer | 11010100011000110111 - 11 | Linsley | 01000011010011111100—10 |
| Taylor | 11111110110111111110—17 | | |

No. 6, 10 live birds, $10 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Horton | 112c0111102— 7 | Post | 1210011021— 7 |
| Wanda | 0c311100210— 4 | H C H | 0222020211— 7 |
| Lindsley | 2222200201— 7 | Condit | 2022210010— 6 |
| Kerr | 0002000201— 3 | Kissam | 2221120c01— 7 |
| Mortimer | 1020222210— 6 | Stanbrough | 022c222200— 6 |
| H G | 0021210120— 6 | Rayland | 0120200200— 4 |
| Cave | 001c201112— 5 | | |

No. 7, 15 keystones, $1.50 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Rhoades | 100111111111113 | Lindsley | 001111101011111 |
| H G | 011111111001110 | Donahue | 011000110100001— 6 |
| Licht | 111101000000010— 6 | Post | 110111100011110—10 |
| McCormick | 011110011001111—10 | Rayland | 110110111111111—13 |
| Taylor | 011111111110'1—13 | H C H | 111111111000110—11 |
| Kissam | 101111011100100— 9 | Likely | 101111011101110—11 |
| Thonet | 011101011110111—11 | Hobart | 111111110011110—12 |

No. 8, 10 singles, $1 entry: Taylor 7, Gibbs 6, Rhoades 7, Kerr 4, Kissam 7, H. C. H. 4, Donahue 8, Brem 6, Cave 3, Lindsley 9, Rayland 7, McCormick 7.

## Annie Oakley's Return.

LAST Saturday evening we received the following:

"CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Newark, N. J., Oct. 27.—Will you kindly call and take dinner with us about 5:30 or 6 o'clock to-morrow (Friday) evening. We shall be very glad to see you, as we have just returned from Europe. Truly yours, FRANK BUTLER.
ANNIE OAKLEY."

Here was a nice pickle of fish. An invitation to take dinner on Friday and on said Friday we were at the Newburgh tournament while said letter was traveling about to find us. And worse still, to lose the coveted opportunity of being one of the first to welcome "Little Sure Shot" to her native heath, to which she had been a stranger for four long years.

But what can't be cured must be endured, so all we could do was to repair to the Continental and make amends for tardiness. Arriving at the hotel we were given the warmest kind of a greeting by the returned travelers, both of whom looked in splendid health, despite the arduous duties imposed upon them in the eleven different countries visited with the Wild West show.

Miss Oakley looked the picture of health, and, in fact, she said she never felt better than at present. She has the same pleasant smile and clear look as of old, and shows little or no trace of her hard work. During the past four years she has never failed to give her two performances daily when the show was in season, besides doing more or less practice work, match shooting and hunting. This record clearly proves that "Little Sure Shot" possesses an iron constitution.

All of her shooting paraphernalia was brought out for our inspection, and the collection is a fine one. Included in the lot is a Francotte bearing the name of Von Lengerke & Detmold, New York, this gun—a 12-bore—having been built on precisely similar lines to a high-grade Purdy. The "service gun" of Miss Oakley, with which her exhibition shooting has been done for over five years, is still in prime condition, although the stock, with innu-

merable scars, looked as though it had passed "through the wars." There was also an elegantly constructed .32cal. oval-bore rifle, built for shooting at the running deer target at Bisley. This is a magnificently-built weapon, and in the near future we hope to have the privilege of giving it a trial. Another fine weapon is a superbly gold-mounted Smith & Wesson revolver.

Miss Oakley has probably the largest and most valuable collection of medals and jewelry ever collected by a markswoman, some of the latter being superb in their style of work. The collection comprises, rings, bracelets, pins and necklaces without number, some of which were presented to her by European potentates who were captivated by her superior style of shooting. Wherever she appeared she received an ovation and had the entree of the best houses. She had, while in England, the privilege of shooting with the Hurlingham Gun Club, being the first professional shot who was ever honored thus. In one of the shoots on these grounds she won first paize alone by killing four English bluerocks in a miss and out event. Speaking of the relative quality of the genuine English bluerock, Miss Oakley says that those which are classed as "medium" are far superior to what American shooters call hard birds.

Over the mantel in Miss Oakley's parlor is a mounted English bluerock which was the winning bird in her match with Mr. Chapman, an English expert. She killed 19 birds to her opponent's 18, each shooting at 25. The birds for this match were brought on to the field, each in a separate box, and she says they were the finest lot of flyers she ever saw. This she considers her best work in England. She had previously won a big prize at Milan by killing 14 straight in a miss-and-out, but the Italian birds she says are not to be compared to the good ones of England.

"Little Sure Shot" has mastered many difficult feats since she left American soil, one of the most taking being the breaking of two glass balls, these being thrown in the air and fired at while sitting upright in the saddle on a horse that is leaping a hurdle as the shots are made. She has also become an accomplished rider of the bicycle and makes many difficult shots while propelling the machine.

Miss Oakley is about to purchase a farm somewhere in the rural districts of New Jersey in order to have a place of retreat when off duty. She will remain in Newark until the 9th inst., when she goes to Altoona, Pa., when she will take part in a 25-bird match against "Billy" Clark, of Altoona. From that place she will go to her aged mother's home in Woodland, Dark county, Ohio, for a lengthy visit.

### Veterans at the Traps.

ALTHOUGH the town of Bound Brook, N. J., has a goodly number of expert live bird shots very few matches have been shot there of late years. The town has no regularly organized gun club, and when its experts want to enjoy a day's sport at the traps they are obliged to go elsewhere. With the advent of new blood, however, the place is very likely to claim a full-fledged club in the near future. One of the most enthusiastic smooth-bore manipulators of the place is James H. Force, well known as a member of the old Middlesex Gun Club, of Plainfield, and as the former proprietor of Force's Hotel in that town. Mr. Force removed to Bound Brook seven months ago and embarked in the hotel business and is now trying to awaken an interest in live bird shooting in the vicinity of his new home.

Chief among the live bird shooters of Bound Brook is "Uncle" John D. Voorhees, who is over 70 years of age but still as enthusiastic over the sport as in his early days. "Uncle John" is known and loved by every shooter in New Jersey and never fails to put in an appearance at nearby tournaments when live birds are used.

Recently "Uncle John" and "Jimmy" Force got into a good-natured discussion as to their own relative merits as live bird shots, the outcome being the arrangement of a match at 20 birds each for $50 a side, the match to be shot at Bound Brook on Oct. 24. On the appointed day the principals and a number of their friends put in an appearance as per agreement, bringing along with them several crates of good birds.

The opening event of the day was the above match, which was shot under Hurlingham rules, except the boundary which was 50yds. Both men were in good form and some fine kills were made. The score follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Force | 22021202201212202O—14 |
| Voorhees | 20022010221010002012—11 |

The match was followed by three sweepstakes at 5 birds each, $5 entry, of which the scores follow:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Forest | 00121—3 | 21002—3 | 01110—3 |
| J H Force | 12102—4 | 02012—3 | 00000—0 |
| C Smith | 11111—5 | 21211—5 | 11120—4 |
| P Jov | 01121—4 | 01110—3 | ..... |
| J D Voorhees | 21122—5 | 00111—3 | ..... |
| E Shepherd | ... | 01100—2 | 00122—3 |
| W Anderson | ... | 20102—3 | 00111—3 |

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The last shoot of the season of the Bemis Park Gun Club, of Omaha, Neb., was held on Oct. 22. It closed a very successful season. Increased interest has been taken in the club, and the regular shoots have resulted in a very noticeable improvement in the marksmanship of the members. The prizes offered at the opening of the season have been awarded, and the first prizes, consisting of two handsome gold medals, were won by H. E. Chubback and Stockton Heth. George W. Loomis and William Salisbury are the winners of second place and elegant shell cases. The special prize, offered for the greatest improvement during the season, a steel fishing-rod, was won by Harry Reed The corduroy shooting coat, offered by the Bemis Omaha Bag Company to the member participating in the greatest number of shoots, was won by F. H. Blake.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., held its annual meeting on Oct. 27 and elected the following officers: Pres., Ed. A. Jeanneret; Vice-Pres., C. H. Coe; Treas., Lewis Laue; Sec'y, P. A. Jeanneret; Cor. Sec'y and Capt, Cornelius Collins. Directors, Ed. A. Jeanneret, C. H. Coe, Cornelius Collins, W. H. Huck, R. H. Peck, Lewis Laue and E. V. Jochem. The club will hold their regular shoot on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in each month, beginning at 2:30 P. M., for the next three months. The first shoot will be held on Nov. 9 The shoots are for cash prizes, each member to shoot at 25 bluerock targets, known traps, but unknown angles.

A shooting club has been organized at Monroe, Mich., with the following officers: President, Austin Wing, of Detroit; vice-president, J. S. Goddard, Chicago; treasurer, F. S. Sterling, of Monroe; secretary, L. J. Osborn, Chicago; trustee, W. C Sterling, Jr., of Monroe. The club consists of 12 members, two from Detroit, five from Chicago and five from Monroe. It has been named the Liberal Shooting Club, for one of the rules is that all game shot must be distributed among the members. The Sterling marsh has been secured and more is to be secured soon.

To the New Jersey Trap Shootere' League: In your next series of shoots award your championship trophy to the club winning first place the greatest number of times, and award all other team prizes on the basis of the best averages in say, four-fifths of the contests, and don't allow a man to shoot on more than one team during a series. Also arrange one or more individual contests, say at 25 targets per man, these to be continued through the series of tournaments, prizes of fair value to be awarded for the best average in four-fifths of the shoots.

That little 16-bore Parker shot by A. W. Du Bray is playing havoc with live pigeons in this vicinity. On Tuesday, October 25, at a social gathering on the Claremont grounds, Du Bray shot at forty live birds, 28 and 30 yds. rise, 25 yds. boundary and killed 39. The genial Southern salesman usually holds a gun pretty steadily when a live bird is in range, and his recent exploits have proven conclusively that a 16-bore is deadly.

W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., will hold a tournament at the Wapsononock Shooting Park, on Nov. 10-11, when both live birds and targets will be used. The great feature will be daily exhibitions of shooting by Miss Annie Oakley, "Little Lure Shot," this being her first appearance in this country since 1889. Miss Oakley and Mr. Clark will also shoot a match at twenty-five live birds each.

Al. Heritage says his tournament to be held at Marion the latter part of this month will comprise one day's shooting at targets and two days at live birds. As an incentive for shooters to take in both the live bird days Mr. Heritage will give $15 to first and $10 to second average in all programme events for the two days.

The Beatrice Gun Club has been organized in Lincoln, Neb., and the following officers elected: President, F. E. Kimball; Vice-President, E. L. Thrift; Secretary, W. D. Moulton; Treasurer, Paul Walter. Arrangements were made for a three days' shooting tournament during the first week in November, open to the State.

Enoch D. Miller notifies us that the Union Gun Club will hold a tournament at Springfield, N. J., on November 22-23. The first day will be devoted to Keystones and the second day to live birds of which a big lot will be on hand. Stages will meet at trains at the Millburn depot.

These officers have been elected by the Middletown (Pa.) Shooting and Game Protective Association: President, Samuel Gingrich; Vice-President, John Marquart; Treasurer, Michael Sheesly; Secretary, Leonard R. Hipple.

W. R. Hobart would like to correspond with all gun clubs in New Jersey in reference to the second series of shoots of the New Jersey Trapshooters' League. His address is 59 Halsey street, Newark, N. J.

Knoxville and the 1893 shoot are interesting trap shooters all over the country. It is not often that a club can be found with the hardihood to add $1,000 to the purses for a three-days' shoot.

One of the "Know-it-alls," who hashes up alleged trap news for an Ohio paper, says that the coming Elliott-Fulford matches will be nothing but "gate receipt contests." Bosh!

The Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, N. J., intends to call a public meeting of all Monmouth county sportsmen, for the purpose of discussing a revision of the game laws.

The shoot of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Wheeling on Nov. 24, will be a big affair, as every club in the State expects to send representatives.

The New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will hold a meeting in a few days for the purpose of settling up the accounts for the series of shoots just ended.

The Fairdale Gun Club, of Kansas City, Kas., has elected officers as follows: Z. W. Drake, General Manager; James Bates, Secretary; and John Hall, Treasurer.

Milwaukee will be the center of attraction on the 24th to 26 of this month. The Gun Club property was not destroyed in the recent fire.

The Newark Gun Club will hold an all-day's shoot at live birds on John Erb's grounds on Nov. 17. A big stock of birds will be on hand.

The initial shoot of the newly formed Connecticut State League will be held at New Haven on November 9.

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club will hold a trap tournament the later part of April or early in May.

The Riverview Gun Club, of Amsterdam, N. Y., will hold a shoot on Thanksgiving Day.

Has the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association gone out of existence?

The Essex Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot at Marion on Nov. 17.

What is the matter with the proposed team race at New London?

The Newark Gun Club will shoot at John Erb's on Nov. 10.

Don't forget the Altoona shoot on the 10th and 11th.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### A Series of Washingtnn Tours for the Fall and Winter via Pennsylvania Railroad.

As the various seasons come and go the principal points of interest, as well as those for enjoyment, put in their claims for the attention of the tourists and the traveling public generally. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, through its tourist department, are continually on the *qui vive* in selecting for their series of tours seasons and destinations best adapted for the comfort and pleasure of their patrons. These Washington tours which are announced for this fall and winter are among the most select and choicest of Pennsylvania Railroad tours, and are so well timed that it gives to the tourist the best traveling season and opportunity of seeing the National Capital in active operation. The second tour of this series will leave New York in a special train of Pennsylvania Railroad standard coaches on Nov. 10, and the round-trip rate of $13 00 will cover transportation in both directions, as well as include hotel accommodations at the principal hotels in Washington. Tickets, including meals *en route*, $1.50 additional. The tours will be of three days' duration. Later tours to this interesting city are announced to depart Nov. 24, Dec. 15 and 29. Application for itineraries should be made to the Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents or Tourist Agent, No. 849 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## *OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.*

IF the estimate may be based on the requests for amateur photography competition conditions the interest in what the FOREST AND STREAM has undertaken to do in this direction is widespread.

Now that so many outers have returned or are returning from the outing of 1892, with camera souvenirs of the vacation time, we hope that our collection may not be forgotten.

With the co-operation of amateur photographers we are giving some capital pictures of outdoor sport in field and wood, and in lake and stream. The addition of camera sketches to the pen pictures by FOREST AND STREAM contributors has been recognized as a happy thought.

## *FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.*

### THE BULLFROG.

THE flooded expanse of the marshes has shrunken perceptibly along its shoreward boundaries, leaving a mat of dead weeds, bits of driftwood and a water-worn selvage of bare earth, to mark its widest limits. The green tips of the rushes are thrust above the amber shallows whereon flotillas of water-shield lie anchored in the sun, while steel-blue devil's needles sew the warm air with intangible threads of zigzag flight.

The meshed shadows of the water-maples are full of the reflections of the green and silver of young leaves. The naked tangle of button bushes has become a green island, populous with garrulous colonies of redwings. The great flocks of wild ducks that came to the reopened waters have had their holiday rest and journeyed onward to summer homes and cares in the further north. The few that remain are in scattered pairs and already in the silence and seclusion of nesting. You rarely see the voyaging muskrat or hear his plaintive love calls.

Your ear has long been accustomed to the watery clangor of the bittern when a new yet familiar sound strikes it, the thin, vibrant bass of the first bullfrog's note.

It may be lacking in musical quality, but it is attuned to its surroundings, and you are glad that the green-coated player has at last recovered his long-submerged banjo and is twanging its water-soaked strings in prelude to the summer concert. He is a little out of practice and his instrument is slightly out of tune, but a few days' use will restore both touch and resonance, when he and his hundred brethren shall awaken the marsh-haunting echoes and the sleeping birds with a grand twilight recital.

It will reach your ears a mile away and draw you back over the happy days of boyhood when you listened for the bullfrogs to tell that fish would bite and it was time for boys to go afishing.

In the first days of his return to the upper world of water this old acquaintance may be shy and neither permit nor offer any familiarity. The fixed placidity of his countenance is not disturbed by your approach, but if you overstep by one pace what he considers the proper limit, down goes his head under cover of the flood. Marking his jerky course with an underwake and a shiver of the rushes, he reappears to calmly observe you from a safer distance.

Custom outwears his diffidence and the fervid sun warms him to more genial moods, when he will suffer you to come quietly, quite close to him and tickle his sides with a bullrush, till in an ecstacy of pleasure he loses all caution and bears with supreme contentment the titillation of your finger tips. His flabby sides swell with fullness of enjoyment, his blinking eyes grow dreamy and the corners of his blandly expressionless mouth almost curve upward with an elusive smile. Not till your fingers gently close upon him does he become aware of the indiscretion into which he has lapsed, and with a frantic struggle he tears himself away from your grasp and goes plunging headlong into his nether element, bellowing out his shame and astonishment.

Another day as you troll along the channel an oar's length from the weedy borders, you see him afloat on his lily pad raft, heeding you no more than does the golden-hearted blossom whose orange odor drifts about him, nor is he disturbed by splash of oar nor dip of paddle, nor even when his bark and her perfume-freighted consort are tossed on your undulating wake.

As summer wanes you see and hear him less frequently, but he is still your comrade of the marshes, occasionally announcing his presence with a resonant twang and a jerky splash among the sedges.

The pickerel weeds have struck their blue banners to the conquering frost, and the marshes are sere and silent and desolate. When they are warmed again with the new life of spring, we shall listen for the jubilant chorus of our old acquaintance, the bullfrog.

## *A MASSACHUSETTS MUDDLE.*

THE Massachusetts Association for the Protection of Game and Fish caused the arrest of a Boston restaurant keeper for having exposed quail for sale in the close season. The defense set up was that there was no law in Massachusetts forbidding the sale of quail at any season of the year; and this defense was accepted by Judge Adams, of the Municipal Court, who thereupon dismissed the case.

This is the way in which such an anomalous condition of affairs comes about. The game law of 1886 in the first section forbade the killing of quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, etc., between certain dates; and in the third section prohibited the sale of such game during the periods within which killing was forbidden by the terms of the first section.

In 1891 a law prescribing seasons for killing was adopted. This was an independent new law, not an amendment of the first section of the old law, which section was declared to be repealed. The repeal of the first section, it was held, nullified the third section with respect to quail and the other species designated.

While it certainly could not have been the intention of the Legislature to remove prohibition of sale in close season, and while the enactment of the 1891 statute in its present form was manifestly a piece of carelessness, Judge Adams's ruling appears to be sound. But whether or not the present law forbids the sale of game in close season, it may be practicable to provide a new law early in the next session; and if that shall be done, the consequences of the blunder cannot prove of a grievous nature. The moral is that eternal vigilance is the price of game protection, and the vigilance must be exercised in the framing of statutes quite as diligently as in enforcing the laws.

REV. J. B. HARRISON, the well known apostle of forest preservation, has been talking on his favorite theme to the people of his own State of New Hampshire. Public forestry meetings have been held in the midst of the political campaigning, and that under such conditions the gatherings have been large and the audiences interested is a demonstration both of Mr. Harrison's skill as a teacher and of the gratifying growth of forestry sentiment. Mr. Harrison has a way of talking hard, common "horse" sense; he discusses the forestry problem on the hard-pan basis of the profit and loss involved for the people of the Granite State; and by so demonstrating the practical bearing of the subject upon the financial welfare of the people, he is preparing the way for the adoption of a better and wiser economy.

## *THE FALL'S SHOOTING.*

UP to the present time the shooting in the Eastern States has not been good. Birds are apparently more plenty than usual, but they are very hard to find. This results from the extreme dry weather of the past two months, which has so parched the ground that the scent does not lie at all. The dogs cannot smell the birds, and either run over them without giving the gunner warning or else pass them by unnoticed. The result in either case is the same. This drought appears to have prevailed over almost the entire country, for the same story is heard from the Atlantic Coast almost to the Mississippi Valley. In a few places there have been local rains, which have moistened the ground sufficiently to make it possible for the dogs to use their noses, but such places are the exception to the rule. Out in Kentucky things are so bad that the field trials which were to be held there have been given up on account of the drougth, and the scene of the trials transferred first to Columbus, Indiana, and again to Mississippi.

But while the drought makes the shooting bad and the bags light, it is certainly a good thing for the game supply. There is always water enough for drinking, and the birds scattered out on the dry uplands are safe except when by accident they are stumbled on and two or three shots are had at the bevy. To one species, however, this dry weather brings danger: the woodcock cannot feed in parched, hard ground, and is obliged to resort to the swamps and wet places whose area is now so greatly contracted. Usually in autumn these birds are dispersed over a wide range of woodland and hillside, but in times of drought they may be found in great numbers in the few damp spots that remain in the dried-up swamps.

Reports which come to us from Connecticut and Massachusetts state that the woodcock are shifting now, and under ordinary conditions the flight should be at its best at this very time. Nov. 10 is a red-letter day on our woodcock shooting calendar. All New England reports tell of abundance of quail and ruffed grouse, but there is universal complaint of the dry weather, and the leaves are said to have hung on the trees longer than usual.

But little can be said as yet of the prospects for the duck shooting. We hear prophecies of a cold, hard winter. It is said that there has been an early and unusually large migration of small birds, that the wild geese and ducks have all gone south already, that the muskrats have built high, that the goose bone is hard and dark, and that the corn husks are thick. So, it is said we are to have a hard, long winter. Let us wait and see. A cold, stormy winter usually means good fowl shooting.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

It is understood that a shipment of wild animals captured in the Yellowstone National Park is now on its way to Washington for the National Zoölogical Park. The list is as follows: Two yearling elk (male and female) and two calves (male and female), one mule deer (female), two red foxes (male and female), two black bear yearlings (male and female), three bear cubs (two male, one female), one badger (male), one beaver (male). The three bear cubs were taken from two different mothers, both of which were followed by twins. One of the four captured cubs died. In each of these two families the mother and one cub was cinnamon color, or brown, and the other cub black. Captain Anderson, Superintendent of the National Park, had some other animals in captivity, but—one night his yearling bullock broke into the pen where the antelope was kept, and the next morning it was found that the latter had gone where the good antelope go. A wolverine died. The shipment under consideration will, however, make a considerable addition to the stock of animals now in the National Zoölogical Park.

The late Elihu Phinney, of Cooperstown, New York, was a life-long, consistent, active and influential advocate of the protection and preservation of nature's bounties of fish and game. He believed and held to the belief by preaching and practice and by example that one generation should enjoy these good things of the earth, only with a jealous regard for the generations to follow.

It is hoped that there may be a good attendance and a profitable discussion of interests at the meeting of the executive committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game at Syracuse next Thursday.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## A TRIP TO WYOMING.

THE town of Gardiner, built on the northern confines of the Yellowstone Park, is a typical frontier settlement. The Park line is said to run through the middle of the single street. South of this the mountains rise from a narrow belt of plain, bordered on the east by Gardiner's River. North of this line a few frame or log buildings stand on a lofty bluff some 300yds. from the Yellowstone River. The intervening space is occupied by an assortment of empty cans, old hats, broken stoves and cats who are, perhaps, enjoying a tenth existence, but who have certainly lost grasp of their nine earthly lives.

These acres, generously provided with material for a widespread pest, are purified by the clear air and seem to be no source of anxiety to the natives. Indeed, when I called the attention of my courteous host to a smell which indicated an open drain, at least, he, being furnished with a sense of humor, told me that that was impossible, because there wasn't a drain in the place.

From Gardiner we packed south through the Park. It will not be wise to give here those details which are set down in the excellent guide books which one can buy. We had an advantage in starting after the tourist had finished and being, for the time, in sole possession of our route of travel. We camped in full sight of Old Faithful, who tossed up sheets of shimmering silver for us by sunset and moonlight, and sunrise, and other kinds of illumination. We looked at leisure into the boiling blue of the crater of the Excelsior Geyser and rode at ease, except for the freaks of the pack train, along the beautifully tinted beach of Shoshone Lake.

And here I make a contribution to the literature of beaver sticks. The beach at Shoshone Lake is composed of pebbles of volcanic origin of dim blue and pink and maroon shades of color, and these pebbles stretch out from the shore under water for a considerable distance. Behind the beach at one spot there is a little slough or pond with a still inhabited beaver house at one end of it, and a plain fresh drag trail from the slough, through the willows and across the beach.

Now white wands recently peeled by beavers lay off shore a little distance in the lake, some few of them floating and others resting on the pebbly bottom.

It will be seen that these latter could not have been held in place by being imbedded in mud or other adherent matter, for the bottom, as I have said, was of pebbles. Moreover, the sticks were freshly stripped, and the fact that some few were floating on the surface goes to show that they were not waterlogged. Now what held down those sunken sticks?

Through the Park we traveled by wagon roads and beaten trails and saw no game, not even a porcupine; but on the edge of the timber reserve we caught some trout, and our bill of fare took on an air of more varied luxury.

We had a simple but effective outfit. A lodge and a large wall tent, two excellent men, ten ponies, my companion the doctor and myself. One article of furniture I had never before seen carried with packs, that was a sheet iron stove. It was about a foot wide, nine inches high and two feet and a half long. It had a door in one end, a stove hole and a place for a pipe on top, and it had no bottom. You cleaned off a space of ground, set down the stove and heaped a little dirt around the edges. Then you had an opportunity for some cooking and a great deal of grateful warmth. To pack this article you turned it over, put in it the stove pipe, in a telescoped condition, also the bake oven, the hobbles and ropes and other loose things, enough to fill it up; then it was corded up in a canvas and had the excellent virtue of exactly balancing my bed on the other side of the horse.

We followed down the Snake River and came out of the timber reserve near Jackson's Lake. For some time we had been able to catch glimpses of the point of a thin blue cone over the ridges that bounded our view. Here we came in full sight of the Grand Teton, to which the cone belonged, as well as the rest of the Tetons, including Mount Moran. This broken range rose on the west and south of Jackson's Lake with Alpine grandeur, strongly resembling the northern spurs of the Rockies in the chief mountain district. Mount Moran, probably because it was nearest to us, seemed the most impressive. It purported to have no secrets and did not hide away its ice fields in dark recesses, but carried them like breast plates on its broad, scarred front.

There is said to be an account extant of the ascent of the Grand Teton by an early explorer; but cautious rumors say that the ascent has never been made otherwise than in fancy.

The explorer's imagination in that case rose to a creditable height, and an object in life is still left to some climber who has conquered all the world beside.

From Jackson's Lake we came to a neighborhood much frequented by elk. The mountains were rather low, and the ascents easy. There were long, grassy openings in the evergreen woods that clothed the greater part of the mountain sides, and here and there were aspen groves and patches of willowy marsh. On favorable nights we could hear the bulls bugling their long flute-like whistle with the hoarse roar that follows. Often several old fellows would be holding concert at the same time. Sometimes, even, the bulls proclaimed their challenge during hunting hours, and helped us greatly. But to one earnestly desiring meat or trophies I address this word of wisdom: "Walk!" You will be told that you can ride all over the country, which is practically true; that elk take an interest in horses and come near a rider to study the mount, and other statements of this kind. It will save a great amount of labor to ride to the vicinity where you hope to find your game. Then get off and use all the learning at your command about the direction of the wind and noiseless methods of approach, for, if game be scarce and shy, you can get it in no other way, as a usual thing.

Fortunately in our case game was neither scarce nor shy. On some days you would see nothing but a few porcupines, more or less. At other times one or the other of us would see as many as 20 or 30 elk in an afternoon and very likely get a shot at one of them.

I myself wore a mascot in the shape of a cartridge belt with a bear's head engraved on the buckle. This was found by our packer, George Gray (his true name was Arthur Henry, but no one, except perhaps his sponsors in baptism, called him that), at an old camp, and I put it on because a great hunter among my friends wears one like it. The first day it brought me a spike bull, and I astonished the company by bringing the meat home myself. For it appears to be the custom even among the adventurous Britons who frequent the region to have a guide always at their elbows to insure against losing their bearings, and always to leave their dead for the guide to cut up and pack in the next day.

The mountain where I killed this bull is called Gravel Peak, and its summit and northern exposure lie in the timber reserve. The peak is composed of pebbles of volcanic origin like those on the beach at Shoshone Lake, but bound together by a hard cement so as to make an enduring rock. On a peak of similar formation a little further east, I found quite a lot of silicified wood and brought down with me a large piece to confound all doubters.

We next moved camp to a small lake higher in hills. On the way thither the Doctor and I road ahead, spied some elk afar off and had the luck to successfully stalk a reasonably presentable bull. Another surprise was in store for our men, for we not only found the way to the new camp unaided, but brought in the bull's head with its accompanying pelt packed on one of the horses.

This we were told was quite unexpected in dudes; for it must be understood that all persons not native to the land are dudes in this region. Even the most battered old campaigner seems to have taken a plunge into the fountain of youth and fashion when he strikes the limits of the Park.

An exception may perhaps be made in favor of Mr. Roosevelt, who appears to have the faculty of awakening the deep regard and admiration of the mountaineers, but the rest of the world are dudes without escape.

At the little lake we stayed for some days with only one noticeable excursion.

It was storming snowballs, that is small round hard pellets of snow which could be classed neither with flakes nor hail, nor sleet. Now and then the storm would lull a little and a faint bellowing came down the wind.

Billy (whose real name is Thomas Elwood) said that the noise indicated that there was an elk within a mile of us. The estimate did little credit to Billy's ear for music, but it was my day for a walk anyhow so I set out up the mountain.

The storm kept up and the intervals of silence on the bull's part became longer until I thought that my intended victim had left the country, but at last my courage was revived when I had almost reached the crest by again hearing the well-known note.

Peering over the top of a ridge I saw on an adjoining knoll, some three or four hundred yards away, a famous sight. A herd of about thirty cows were held there by five or six bulls. The latter wandered through the band lowing or harshly bawling in noisy challenge, like domestic cattle excited by a storm. The cows that showed a tendency to stray were promptly followed and prodded back by some watchful male, and once two old fellows, after an infinite amount of fuss, lowered their heads and charged together with a crash. For a moment they swayed, pushing against each other; then one of the combatants jumped lightly aside and the victor resumed his pompous patrol.

The bulls seemed to have several notes, but the usual voice was a strident, reedy whistle followed by a kind of barking bellow. I did not notice any clear flute notes, and thought that perhaps the latter might be an effect of distance, rendering the strident quality of the whistle inaudible.

For about a quarter of an hour I sat watching the show, until I began to grow uncomfortably cold, then came the question of getting a shot.

The distance was too great to select any single animal in the shifty crowd with a reasonable chance of hitting it, and I wanted no cows nor did I want to cripple any animals uselessly. Silently backing down into the gulch, I followed behind a fringe of trees, and when I again came in sight of the elk I found that they had come part way to meet me. The cows were lying down and a small bull stood a hundred yards away. Soon a big fellow took the place of the smaller bull, and I took quick aim and dropped him.

The rest of the band plunged down into some desperate country on the other side of the summit, and although two or three vainglorious males waltzed around showily in the rear I was too much shaken by the climb and the cold to take a decent running shot. So I took off the head and pelt according to the rules of art, and got back to camp well content, while the storm held on with increasing vigor.

Nothing of great interest occurred after that during our stay.

Once I heard the shrill squeak and saw the stumpy little body of a chief hare among the slide rock, but though we changed camp we got no more good heads. A partial thaw had taken place, and the crumbling of the crusted snow made stalking difficult.

My companion, I forgot to say, had already secured his maiden antlers, and I got one bull calf to replenish our failing larder, beside buying a bear skin from some trappers near by.

Then we dropped down the Snake River, riding through lovely weather, the air crisp yet vibrating with the rays of the clear autumn sun.

We crossed the Teton Pass, getting views of those impressive mountains from every side. We found a genial, accommodating Mormon, who took our baggage in his wagon and drove us in two days to the railroad, where we again entered the great and usual world.

H. G. DULOG.

### Dry Covers in Pennsylvania.

TOWANDA, Pa., Nov. 5.—The season for quail and rabbits opened in this State on Nov. 1. A number of our prominent sportsmen tried their luck afield, but found quail very scarce and hunting difficult for dogs, owing to a very dry autumn. Snider, Brown and others made a bag of two grouse and one woodcock; Laplant, shooting alone, killed one woodcock, one grouse, one quail and one rabbit; Graves, alone, three woodcock; Turner, Decker, Montanye and Dittrich together bagged seven quail.

W. D. DITTRICH.

## MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

My last moose hunting trip to Nova Scotia, I am sorry to say, was not as successful as I hoped. I chose a rather out of the way place as a starting point, as heretofore I have found too many parties of hunters going in by way of the more accessible points.

Almost the first thing we saw after landing in the Province was the head of a large bull which was claimed to have been killed the day before.

Our hunting grounds were on the headwaters of the Shelburne River, and we were to meet our men with ox team and provisions at Indian Fields. We had a drive of ninety-five miles, taking nearly two days. We found our men waiting for us, and loading our things on the ox team went some five miles back across the barrens to where we made our main camp. We kept our camp here for a week, going out every afternoon and staying out all night on the grounds, where we were to call the next morning. We had four unusually good mornings for calling. On the first my companion heard a bull, but he wouldn't come. That was the only indication of moose during the week. I saw quite a large bear on a barren one afternoon, but failed to get a shot.

We then decided to move our camp, and went some nine miles further and called morning after morning with no success; in fact there did not seem to be a moose in the whole region. One night it rained quite hard and we stayed in camp. Toward morning it cleared, but was quite windy. My companion woke up about daylight and thought of going out a short distance back of the camp to call. His man was willing to go, but said there was hardly any chance, so it was given up. After breakfast we were sitting by the fire, when my man, who had gone some 100yds. back of the camp, came in saying there was a moose in some birches back of the camp. We took our rifles and crept out, but it was too late. It seems that the moose was traveling across the barren and came within 250yds. of the camp and turned and ran back; and my man heard him when he went through the bushes. From the size of the track and the noise his horns made we thought it was a large bull. In the afternoon we started out each with his caller, going in a different direction. That night I heard two moose and tried calling them in the morning. My caller, who was on top of a ridge, saw them both at quite a distance away. They walked slowly into a thick spruce swamp and after waiting about an hour we decided they had lain down. My man proposed that we should try to still-hunt, I said, "We will go to camp and get my companion and bring him over here this afternoon and perhaps he may get a shot in the morning, as the moose are likely to stay here if left undisturbed." So we went to camp and found my friend rather blue. He had tried calling the night before just at sunset, and a moose had come when it was too dark to see him, within 60yds. of them and had got scent and gone off. I told him to "brace up," we had two waiting for some one to kill them.

Back we went that afternoon and at night heard the moose again. At daybreak we placed my companion where we thought the moose would come out, I went some distance away on the other side of the ridge and sent the caller to the high ground to call. I stayed in my place for more than an hour without hearing anything. I noticed the caller was not calling, and looking up to him he made signs that he had seen the moose. I left my place and worked quietly toward where we had left my companion, intending to get within some 300 or 400yds. of him. Suddenly I heard the moose moving in the swamp directly opposite me; I crept in at once toward them and got a glimpse of one. I saw they were walking along just in the edge of the swamp, and I backed out from where I was and ran some 150yds. to get in ahead of them. I crept toward the edge of swamp again and got there just as the moose came along. I killed one almost in its tracks and wounded the other. The wounded moose went off through the swamp and we did not follow him. I did not get a chance to shoot him where I wanted to, as there was a large rock between us and I had to stand on my toes to see over it, and had to shoot him high in the shoulders. In fact, I ought not to have tried to kill both, one was enough and gave us all the work we wanted to get it out. It seems both of the moose came within about 60yds. of where my companion was posted and stayed for nearly an hour in the swamp directly opposite him. He didn't know what to do; he could hear them moving about and see the tops of the birches and small trees sway about as the moose brushed against them; but he never got a glimpse of them, as the growth where they were was very thick. He kept thinking they would show up on the edge of the thicket and was afraid he would start them if he tried to get nearer. Finally, they walked slowly in my direction.

My time being up, I had to start out. I had arranged to be in the woods two weeks, and the morning I killed the moose was my last, whether I killed any game or not. My friend stayed a week longer, but did not get a shot.

My companion on this trip was a gentleman from the West, who had hunted and killed a good many deer. He had never hunted moose, and wanted very much to kill one. He certainly deserved to get at least one. He worked hard, and had traveled a long distance, but luck seemed dead against him.

Altogether it was the poorest hunting I have ever had in Nova Scotia. Heretofore I have always heard a good many moose and seen plenty of fresh signs. I rather blamed myself for choosing such a place in preference to the region I hunted last year; but on my way home I met one of a party who had been hunting on the grounds I was on last year, and he said the woods were full of hunting parties; only two moose had been killed, and his party had not seen one, had heard one answer their call, but he did not come. I heard from another section, where I hunted on two previous trips, that but one moose had been killed there, and one of the best native hunters had spent three weeks without getting a shot, it being the first time in five years that he had come out without killing one or more moose. It certainly seems as though it was an off year in the Province for moose.

The grounds I hunted on my previous trips were not very far from where we were this year; a day's tramp from our last camp would have taken us to either of the places. An acquaintance of mine hunted the last two

seasons on the same ground we were on, we made one of our camps at the spot he camped on last year. He killed on his two trips three moose, wounded three more, saw twelve in all, and heard others. Yet we could not find them, nor even see them. I still think there are a good many moose in Nova Scotia, but I think the day for successful calling has passed. The moose have been called and fooled so much, and have heard so many unearthly sounds intended for calling, that they are very suspicious. An old hunter, who came to our camp one day, said, "I have hunted moose for fifty-two years and have killed hundreds of them. Years ago I could go out and call, and the bulls would answer and keep answering as they came. Now, darn 'em, not one of five will answer at all, and, if they come at all, come quietly and from some direction where you are not looking for them." I think the old man was about right, and that many a moose comes to a call, but you never know it. For instance, a bull comes up quietly to a call, he is likely to stop in the edge of some thicket three hundred or more yards away, and stand there watching for a long time; and if you move at all he sees you and turns around and sneaks off; and you never suspect there was one about. Also they will circle around the place the call came from, and if there is the slightest wind they quietly leave when they cross the wind of you.

There is this much about moose calling as it is done in Nova Scotia, it is pretty hard work. Staying out night after night, some two to four miles away from camp, without a fire, so as to be ready to call at daybreak, gets to be rather monotonous if you do not hear or see your game. Winter hunting in the Province is rather hardier. I tried it once, and although we killed three moose, I do not want any more of it. After the rutting season is over, about the 1st of November, is said to be a good time to kill a big bull. At this time they do not travel much, but browse a good deal and lie down often, and prefer to do so on open ground in the sun, and can be seen at quite a distance; they are very indifferent and do not seem to be on the lookout for danger. At this time they are good for nothing as far as the meat goes, being very thin. I have never hunted them at this season; the above is what I am told by the native hunters.

The game laws of Nova Scotia as far as the protection of the moose is concerned are simply a farce. The Provincial government says, "In order to preserve our moose from being exterminated we must impose a hunting license of $30 on each non-resident sportsman." A sportsman goes to Nova Scotia on a hunting trip; he spends his money on the steamers, railroad, stage lines; buys his provisions there, hires his men, and for every moose he kills will leave at least $200 in the Province; that is, averaging the number of sportsmen with the moose they kill. He may not see a moose or fire a single cartridge from his rifle, yet the protection of the moose requires that he shall pay $30 extra for his license just the same. I know two men, each of whom spent between two and three weeks hunting moose; they left over $400 in the country. Neither of them got a shot at a moose; the only use one of them made of his rifle was to shoot at a hawk, which he missed, the other only shot a few shots at a rock, yet they paid $60 license fees, making their trip cost them fully $500.

Not one moose out of every 25 killed each season is killed by visiting sportsmen. The native hunters, the Indians and the white men are the ones who will exterminate the moose. They kill them when and how they please; they snare them, kill them with dogs, in season and out, with no regard to numbers. How often are they fined? Occasionally a snarer is caught. Last year some were caught. There were about a dozen in the gang, but there was only evidence against two or three. They were find, but I understand a compromise was made, and it was not to the full extent. The rest of the gang made up their share of the fine. They were afraid the convicted ones would squeal if they didn't; it did not cost them as much each as the sportsman pays for his license. If the moose in Nova Scotia are not exterminated until the non-resident sportsman kills them all they will last until the day of judgment. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, Oct. 20.



WHIPPING THE STREAM.

Photograph by Dr. J. Max Mueller.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

# Natural History.

## ECHOES OF THE PANTHER'S SCREAM.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read with considerable interest the discussion concerning the scream of the panther, cougar, mountain lion or California lion. Negative evidence in this age of investigation is not considered to be of much value. No one should make the mistake of supposing that because he has never observed a thing the declaration of one who has been more favored is erroneous.

As the result of twenty-seven years' observation and, it might be said, intimate acquaintance with this animal in all the Western Territories, the writer can say most positively that it can, and occasionally does, cry, scream, howl or yowl, whichever the observer may prefer; and that there is no more startling, blood-curdling sound than its voice heard close at hand in the silent woods after dark, when they are most given to crying.

My acquaintance with the cougar began at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1865. I had killed three elk and was, with one companion, packing out the first back load about dusk to the canoe, in which we had left our arms. We heard stealthy steps following us but a few feet behind, which we thought was the noise of rabbits in the dense sal-lal brush. We were soon undeceived, however, when the most weird and mournful cry rang out, loud and prolonged, causing us to make a hasty rush to the canoe, into which we piled and pushed from the shore. Although we expected to pack out the rest that night we concluded not to do so. In the morning we found two quarters eaten and the rest mauled through the dirt and brush, which everywhere bore the marks of their remarkably large feet and claws.

In 1870 I established a camp in a wild part of the Medicine Bow Mountains, Wyoming, which was my home for over two years; during which time we depended entirely upon large game for fresh meat, of which we always had an abundance hanging in camp. The second night of its occupation the mules gave notice that something was prowling around, which we thought to be wolves. After everything was quiet there arose the old familiar call of my tawny acquaintance, waking everybody and causing the mules to snort and plunge.

Our camp was infested with these animals. We never knew how many were around, but were certain of two, who fearlessly entered camp on dark nights for the refuse of the cook house, and kept up such a fearful screaming that the men complained they could not sleep and requested permission to put out poison to get rid of them. I sat up many nights to get a shot, often crawling stealthily toward their voices, only to hear them soon after in an opposite direction. One night when the moon was bright I heard the call and saw the cougar distinctly outlined on a ridge at the distance of about seventy-five yards. It was apparently the size of a large Newfoundland dog and was switching its sides with its long tail. I waited until it called again, then fired and missed. Twice we saw one plainly just before sunset on a prominent rock overlooking camp, and each time our attention was first called by its voice. I endeavored unsuccessfully to catch them in beaver traps, and spent days hunting them in the mountains without ever getting a fair shot.

On one occasion while hunting several miles from camp we killed a number of elk which we spent the afternoon packing out in reach of a wagon, and then laid down covered with blood in a cottonwood grove to sleep the sleep of tired but happy hunters. We heard a faint rustling in the dark, evidently not more than 15ft. from our heads, which we agreed was a skunk or marten, when again the voice of this night prowler arose, raising at the same time our hair until we could get hold of the rifles. On this occasion I heard for the first time a "spit" catlike sound which sometimes (perhaps always) follows the loud cry, but which can only be heard when close to the animal. In the morning we found about one-third of our meat eaten; one quarter, hanging 8ft. high, had been pulled down and carried about 60yds. Although our meat was not 200yds. from us we heard not a sound during the night in that direction. We had evidently been trailed to our resting place before they touched it.

The disturbance in camp from these animals finally became so great that I gave permission to put out poison, and although we could find but one half-grown one, we never again heard their voices, much to my regret.

To me the cry has always seemed like *moo woo-o-o-o-woo*, long drown out with a rising inflection, followed by falling, and sometimes terminated by *yow*, which then has an unmistakable catlike sound.

I do not mean to state that the animal is always caterwauling like a vagabond tomcat, for a more stealthy, wary animal, when necessary, does not exist; but I believe its voice usually needs the stimulant of hunger or the scent of blood and fresh meat.

If any one is further interested in this subject let him go to the Central Park menagerie, New York city, about 4 P. M., feeding time. He may then hear some of their cries, modified of course by the restraint of captivity.

W. L. CARPENTER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

If a cat has nine lives a popular fallacy must have at least ninety and nine, for it is almost impossible to kill it and its name is legion; and they exist in all forms and shapes.

Take for instance the so-called equinoctial storms. Notwithstanding the assertions of meteorologists and weather experts to the contrary, 999 persons out of every 1,000 of our intelligent countrymen believe and are certain that we are in for a big three-days' storm whenever the "sun crosses the line."

Until quite recently columns of (figuratively speaking) "blood-curdling" tales have been written and published about the wounded "grizzly" following the terrified hunter up into a tree, where a desperate combat would take place, generally ending by the hunter with his big hunting knife hacking off one of old "Ephraim's" paws, etc.

I was, I believe, the first to assert through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM that *Ursus horribilis* is not a tree climber; still it is now a common belief among the miners and hunters of the northern Rockies that the "silver tip" can climb a tree.

I first made my acquaintance with the panther in my early boyhood days, only forty years ago, and have kept up a partial acquaintance since that date. In my early days when I heard an unusual sound in the woods or on the mountains I was told that it was a "panther's scream," and I then believed it. As I grew older I learned that while every old "settler" and hunter said that a "painter" screamed like a woman, none of them ever saw one of those animals while actually screaming, and no two would give the same noise in imitating the scream, though all agreed in one particular, that when surprised while eating or standing over the carcass of a deer the "painter" would, open-mouthed, utter a shriek like *yik* or *ye-ek*. This sound I have myself heard them make when disturbed at their feasts.

When I was old and large enough to carry a rifle, I began to follow up these "painter screams," not only during the daytime, but with companions on bright moonlight nights, and on those hunts we never saw any fresh signs of a sneak-cat; but we learned that a screech owl could give a variety of screeches outside of their regular gamut, and we also learned another fact, which is not generally known even among hunters, that the red fox can and does on certain occasions give a "hair raising" scream that would make the woods and mountain sides ring and re-echo seemingly for miles around us. On those night hunts we had many other interesting experiences, though we caught no *Felis concolor*.

In some localities along the Pacific slopes and on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia, panthers are very numerous, and I have found the Indian hunters there familiar with their habits. When questioned about the panther's scream, they invariably reply in their Chinook jargon. "Swad-wa wake hy-as skoo-kumely. Lee-loo pee sis-ki you tinas puss-puss nah," which means, "Panther never scream, wolf and bobtail lynx hallo." Still in the face of the above facts I am forced to believe that in some southern localities and under certain conditions that the panther does scream, for such straightforward testimony as "Mississippi Lowlands" gives us in your this week's issue, cannot be disputed. The writer accompanied by gun and dog intends to spend the coming winter in the Mississippi lowlands, and we pray that we may ourselves hear that sound.

My personal experience which extends well over the northern portion of this continent, is that the opinions of the average white trapper and hunter (unless he happens to be an educated man), cannot always be relied on; they are full of fallacies and are oftentimes ignorant of many traits and habits of the animals they hunt and catch, though the said habits are well known to the naturalist. When any of the northern readers of the FOREST AND STREAM meet a person who has heard a panther scream, get that person to give you an imitation of the sound, and make a note of it. After you have met a half-dozen or so of such persons, refer to your notes and you willfind that each person differs from the others as to the sound of the much talked of scream.

I tender to you, Mr. Editor, my humble apology for having unwittingly in my former letter reopened this subject, and will for some time to come listen and not talk. STANSTEAD.

HIGHGATE, Vt.

## HOW A SNAKE SHEDS ITS SKIN.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the contributions of your correspondents who have discussed the manner in which a snake sheds his skin, I do not remember that the actual occurrence of molting has been witnessed. As such an event—or part of it—once fell under my observation, I send it.

The snake was a rattler about two feet long, which had been caught near Portage, N. Y., and was on exhibition in a glass case at a drug store in Perry, N. Y. When dusting off the case in the morning the proprietor noticed that the snake's skin was rough or loose at the back of the head. A little later a distinct ring of new skin was visible between the head and the old skin. When I saw the snake in the afternoon, about four inches, or perhaps six, of the body was free from the skin, and the work of emergence was proceeding slowly and with difficulty. The body would shorten and expand under the old skin very much as the body of an eel grows rigid in the hand when grasped. Then while the old skin was held tight by the expanded part within, the part immediately in front of the old skin extended, narrowed, and one or two rings slipped out of the skin, which was slowly inverted just as the finger of a tight glove is inverted when it is removed from the hand. After a period of rest the process was repeated, each effort freeing, I should judge, about one-sixteenth of an inch of the body. As the box in which the reptile was confined was less than a foot deep, the opportunity for observing the shedding was exceptionally good, since no one would care to get in such close proximity to a rattler in his native wilds. The whole process was not completed when the store closed for the night, but in the morning following the cast off skin lay on the bottom of the box, while his snakeship was resplendent in a bran new suit. I inclose a photo of a young woodcock which our botanizing party found in the spring, which may serve as an appendix to the "Mrs. Woodcock's Home" series. I. P. BISHOP.

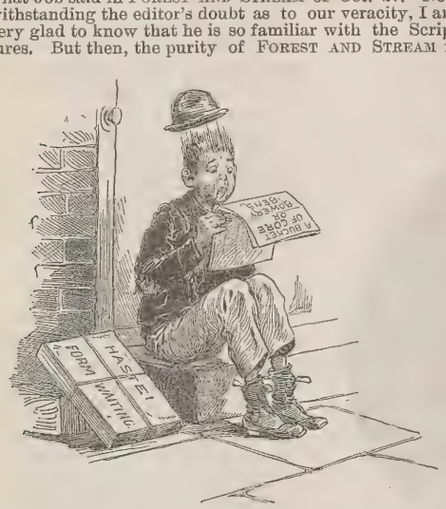
# Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

## "PANTHERS AND THE HAIR."

ERROR driven in and clinched is exceedingly hard to eradicate. Even when the clinches are cut it don't come out easy. It's easier to stay in a rut than to climb out. How many thousands of years did it take to disabuse men's minds of the belief that the earth was flat, or that the sun swung around the earth, or that an eclipse of the sun was a sign of impending doom, or that witches were realities? How many thousands of people nowadays believe in the sea serpent, hoop-snakes, that potatoes planted in the full of the moon will all go to tops, that an opossum's young are born in the pouch, that panthers don't scream, that snakes spit, that a hen "sets" and that whisky is a good thing for the stomach? The idea that a person's hair don't rise on occasions of intense fright is one of those errors people hang on to simply because they have never experienced or seen it. That proves nothing. That would be great evidence in court, now, wouldn't it?

The editor calls upon us to state whether we are telling the truth when we say that "our hair stood on end," and says that "scientific authorities (!) assure us that the hair rising belief is a notion without substantial basis in fact." Authorities indeed! Much they know about it! Why there are plenty of authorities ready to make affidavit that they never saw a panther, yet they exist. This is more of that so-called science that discredits the Bible, and promotes unbelief in that sacred book. You heard what Job said in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 27. Notwithstanding the editor's doubt as to our veracity, I am very glad to know that he is so familiar with the Scriptures. But then, the purity of FOREST AND STREAM is




Phenomenon of the effect of a panther story on a messenger boy as he hastens from the photo-engraving establishment of Mr. H. C. Brown to the FOREST AND STREAM press rooms with cuts that the make-up is waiting for.

evidence sufficient of such familiarity. The idea of so-called authorities putting up their mental "five" against such an array of opponents as was marshaled in the issue referred to is simply ridiculous. Men who have unexpectedly been saluted by the blood curdling scream of the panther, or have come suddenly face to face with a grizzly don't want to be bothered by "authorities."

I suppose such "authorities" would claim also that "there is no substantial basis in fact" that blood curdles. Here is opportunity for more argument, but as Kupling Ripyard says, that is another story. When a man feels his hair stand up, he has no use for argument. In proportion as a man has brain power so does it act on the follicular nerves running to each individual hair. The brain acts in different ways. In the case in question it is unconscious cerebration, as it is in cases where hair is turned white from fear or fright. Authorities don't dispute the latter, do they? Scarcely. Well, if the brain can dissolve the pigment in the hair, as an electric current is shot through any substance to alter its consistency, why shouldn't it have power to elevate the hair? It takes men of brains to experience such shocks. An idiot couldn't have a hair raising, and I don't believe an "authority" could either. Job and Shakespeare, and Virgil and Judge Greene, and Arefar and Mr. Rushton and the rest of us sportsmen know whereof we speak.

There was a man once, who, I think, lived up in Wisconsin, and he went out to the woods to chop wood, and he had on a cap over which he tied his handkerchief to protect his ears, knotting it under his chin, for the weather was cold and windy. Suddenly from out a thicket he was approaching, there smote upon his ears the awful, hand-in-your-checks scream of a panther, such a scream as nothing in the wide world but a full grown healthy panther can emit. The man forgot his axe, forgot his dinner pail, forgot everything but his legs and home and put straight for it, and when he got there, which he was so fortunate as to do, and attempted to remove his cap, and found that his hair had risen straight through it (for it was tied down and couldn't rise as they usually do), and had clinched his handkerchief so that it was woven fast to his cap, and that the hair follicles had become so shriveled and weakened from fright that a mass of hair came off with the cap, I say do you suppose that man wanted any authorities to attempt to prove to him that hair don't rise? When a man says he knows a thing by such experience, that closes debate. O. O. S.

### Literal or Figurative?

THAT is the question FOREST AND STREAM asked me in issue of Oct. 27. I delayed answering that I might think about it, and I have come to this conclusion. It was a figurative expression that I believe to be the literal truth. Just at the time when a man's hair "stands on end," he does not have a mirror before him, and perhaps cannot be sure. But there's a mighty queer feeling under one's hat, that makes the owner think his hair knows about what's going on in the woods. If you don't believe it, take in the concert as I did, and then tell us what you think of it. J. H. RUSHTON.

### Frozen Fact about the Scream.

ARIRONDA, Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Though long silent, I still live, and live to offer my unimpeachable testimony to the fact that the panther does scream, whereunto I will bring forward the attestation of the panther itself. It is as absurd to assert that the panther does not utter loud cries when moved by anger, love or pain, as it would be to make a similar assertion of the familiar domestic cat.

I have heard its cries under all these conditions a thousand times, while hunting and fishing and while sitting by my lonely camp-fire in the primeval wilderness of Adironda.

I may say, without fear of being accused of nervousness by those who have also heard it, that notwithstanding the frequency of the experience, each recurrence has caused an involuntary start, so loud, sudden and terrific is the sound.

But to the proof that the panther does scream. During the past winter a fine young cow belonging to a neighbor was killed by a panther while ranging the woods for browse, as is quite common with cattle of this region where hay is scarce. The cow had calved quite recently and had a full udder when killed. This the panther did not touch when at first he feasted on the carcass, and before he returned to obtain a second repast all that remained was frozen solid. The condition of his food supply did not prevent the panther from making a full meal, wherein was included the udder with the congealed milk which it contained.

The gorged cougar then retired to his lair, but not to sleep, for his interior was assailed by a colic so excruciating that he rushed forth in a frenzy of agony. Apparently not knowing or caring whither he went, he sped directly through the one short street of the little mountain hamlet where I now reside, and was seen by almost every inhabitant, myself included, all being summoned to doors and windows by the ear-piercing yells that issued from the fanged jaws of the monster.

At every leap he uttered as distinctly as a human voice could and with twenty-fold volume, the words, "I scream! I scream!"

Some would have it, "Ice cream! Ice cream!" believing that he made agonizing protest against the treacherous delicacy that was rending his interior, but I hold firmly to the opinion, and probably I am the coolest observer among some twenty-five or thirty, that he was proclaiming to all that he did then and there scream, as he most indubitably did.

And if my word needed such substantiation, I could bring the twenty-five or thirty good and truthful persons to bear witness.

There is some potent property in the atmosphere of Adironda which makes it impossible for one who breathes it to tell a lie. Yours for truth,

MAJOR JOSEPH VERITY, U.S.H.M.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## A MAINE HUNT.

THE reports of big game in Maine continue most remarkable. There is not the slightest doubt but what deer have made a big gain during the year, and there is little question but what more moose have been killed in that State this season thus far than any season since the stringent game laws were passed. A gentleman from Phillips, Me., tells a sporting friend of mine that a moose has just been killed within six miles of that town, and he suggests that if my friend will come up on the first good tracking snow, he can be almost sure of a moose. A moose has also recently been shot in the neighborhood of Shirly, Me., in the last settlements of the Moosehead region. A gentleman, who has hunted in Maine a good deal, tells me that if the law preventing the shooting of cow moose at any time is enforced and the crusting of moose kept in check there is no doubt whatever of the continuation of that noble game in Maine.

Mr. W. H. Coggin, recently mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM as starting for the woods north of Houlton, Me., on a hunting trip, has returned. To say that he is more than pleased with his trip would no more than express the truth, and to say that it was full of new experience and novel adventure to an amateur hunter, would give but a faint idea to the reader of what Mr. Coggin has gone through. He has a brother-in-law, Mr. W. H. Doane, of Hampden, Me., and this brother-in-law is a friend of Dr. W. B. Nason, of the same town. This Dr. Nason has a brother, C. A. Nason, who is one of the most enterprising and pushing lumbermen on the headwaters of the St. John River, or rather of the Aroostook River, a tributary of the St. John. His camps are on the skirts of Mooselick Mountain, and from that wild country he put in 4,500,000ft. of lumber last winter, and it may be mentioned that his logs were about the only ones that got down to the mills on the remarkably low water of the spring of 1892. It was done by sheer push, however. This winter he will put in between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000ft. Through the above-mentioned chain of friends Mr. Coggin obtained an invitation to visit Mr. Nason's camps for a hunt after big game. Included in the party were Mr. Doane, Dr. Nason, Mr. Charles Wales of Hampden, and Mr. Jacob Parker, a traveling salesman for Thurston & Kingsbury, a leading wholesale grocery house of Bangor.

The party went to Houlton, the principal town of Aroostook county, by rail. From that town to Mr. Nason's camps at Smith Brook it is seventy-five miles. Fifty miles of this distance, to the little plantation of Oxbow, the last settlement on the Aroostook River, the party made by team without particular adventure, except a splendid ride through a new country, with farms and forest intermingled. At Oxbow the real woods business begun, or rather some of it was water business, a most novel experience to the city boys it was. Twelve miles was to be made up the Aroostook River, here only a shallow stream, especially on the dry weather of the present autumn. A pair of horses were hitched to the bow of a batteau, the long and strong boat used by the river-drivers of Maine. All of the "duds" of the hunting party, as well as themselves were loaded into the batteau, and under the whip of an expert the horses were put into the middle of the river and started up stream. Rough and rocky is no name for the condition of that wild stream. Mr. C. A. Nason and a stout river driver were in the bow, to fend off the big rocks and boulders. But this was not all. The boat had to be pried off the rocks and skidded over the rough places. Part of the time the horses were in the water up to their bellies and part of the time they had to swim. Then the boat had to be poled with the harnesses unhooked. About the first adventure Mr. Coggin noticed was very early in the trip, when Mr. Nason jumped out into the cold water up to his armpits. This was done to fend off the boat from some rocks and to unhitch the horses. Soon the batteau came near going over, and all hands were jumping out into the water. Mr. Coggin suddenly found himself across the stalwart shoulders of Mr. Nason, and deposited on dry land. When questioned as to why he did it, as it was no worse for Mr. Coggin, in Mr. Coggin's own opinion, to get wet than it was for the others, Mr. Nason replied that he wanted him to keep dry as long as he could, for he would get wet enough before night without a doubt. This Mr. Coggin found to be true. All the boys were wet to their heads before the river part of the journey was done, and wading the river in October water had become a part of the fun, though a little cold at the first dip. But 12 miles up river was made in this way, when the batteau was left for another mode of travel, that first given to man. Camp Saponifique was at last reached, the first of Mr. Nason's lumber camps. But added to the part-by-batteau and part-on-foot travel, there was a distance of 12 lumberman's miles to be made on foot by tote road. Mr. Coggin expresses the same idea of State of Maine lumberman's miles as does every other sportsman who has tread them for the first time, "I'll wager that that 12 miles is more than 20."

But the Smith Brook Camps are reached at last, with the boys tired and so lame. "Oh, for home or anywhere!" "Can I ever sleep in these little bunks, with only spruce brush for an underbed?" "The cords of my left leg are drawn up so that I cannot straighten it. I shall die before I get out of this. Here I have been tramping in the mud and water all day, and not a particle of sweet cream or vaseline to rub my joints with! Why did I come There are not moose or deer enough in the Maine woods ——" "All up! all up!" in stentorian tones. "What is the matter? Oh, I have really been asleep. Now I know. The cook has come in from the cook and eating house and is summoning the men to get up to breakfast at 4 o'clock in the morning. In less than three minutes every man is out of his bunk and dressed. Dressed, did I say? Yes; well it did not take long, for they generally slept in about all their clothes. I will turn over and try to get another nap. No; I am awake and I will steal a march on the other fellows. I will quietly speak to my guide, that sturdy young fellow that the good Mr. Nason has assigned to me. I begin to like him already. Perhaps I can get a deer or a moose the first morning out."

Mr. Coggin was up before the rest of the party, and with his guide, each with a rifle, they started for "The Farms." "The Farms" are really no farms at all, but a long open space in the great woods, two or three miles up the side of Mooselick Mountain, above Smith Brook Camps. The opening is the result of a fire at some period, or else the soil is so thin that trees of much size do not grow. Here is a great feeding place for moose and deer. The guide suggested caution, as they traveled along over the newly fallen leaves. Soon he poked away the leaves. "There is a deer track," he remarked. "I guess he has not been gone a great while." Soon he stops again. "There is where a deer slept last night," he says. "He is not a great ways off, I judge." Mr. Coggin's heart was jumping out of his chest already. "Sh! sh! Look just behind that bunch of leaves and little spruces!" Mr. Coggin strained his eyes to the utmost, but could see no deer. The animal bounded and started to run, but the guide's rifle was to his shoulder in an instant, and though already on the run, the deer was hit. Mr. Coggin had previously suggested to the guide to fire; it was venison the first morning that he was after, and not mere sentiment. But the deer was not down, and by careful following, our friend Coggin got the final shot that finished him. It took but a moment for the guide to disembowel the game, a handsome doe. The body he threw across his shoulders, and they turned from the camp, already some three or four miles away, and down the mountain.

SPECIAL.

### The Rattlesnake as a Game Protector.

THE St. Augustine *News* of Oct. 31 reported:

"While Dr. Philips and Mr. S. W. Crichlow were out hunting yesterday, a valuable dog, belonging to the doctor, was bitten by a rattlesnake. The hunters afterward killed the reptile, but the dog is in a very serious condition. Mr. E. Oliveros, who was hunting in another place, came upon a rattler, which attacked his dog, but did not reach him. Mr. Oliveros killed the huge snake, and found it had eight rattles. None of the hunters were hurt."

Commenting upon which "Didymus" offers these reflections:

Somewhere in "Mother Goose's Melodies" may be found these warning words:

> Three children sliding on the ice
> All on a summer day,
> The ice it broke, they all fell in,
> The rest they ran away.
>
> Now had these children been at home,
> Or sliding on dry ground,
> Ten thousand pounds to one penny
> They had not all been drowned.

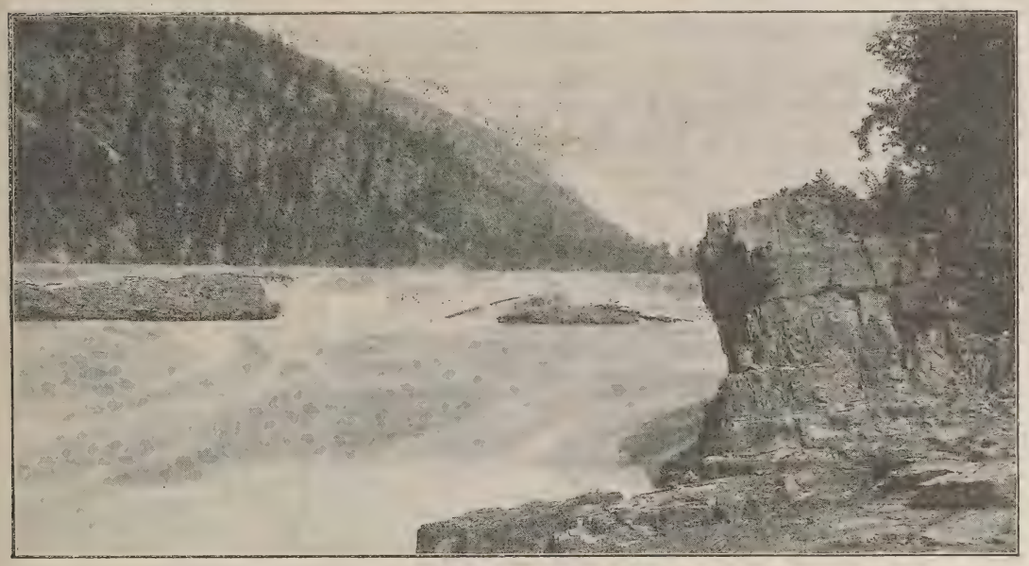
There's a time for all things—a time for sliding and a time for shooting, and had these "alleged" sportsmen been at home, or at some legitimate occupation instead of shooting quail in October, in direct violation of the law, ten thousand pounds to one penny they had not lost their dog, for rattlers have a subtler sense of honor than pot hunters, and merely stay out of their holes during the "close season" to protect the birds till the proper shooting season, when they quietly leave the field and go into winter quarters. But why "the subtlest beast of the field" should show such a lack of discrimination, and so little sense of justice as to strike the innocent and let the guilty go free is a mystery; surely the servant should not suffer for the sins of his master. DIDYMUS.

## MAROONING IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

### Chapter I.

WHEN an Indian is about to die his highest aspiration, it is said, is to reach some ideal hunting ground where game is inexhaustible and intruders come not to vex or disturb. His upturned eyes have a far away look, and like St. Peter in his dream, he seems to see in the firmament aloft a great sheet let down by the four corners and filled with all manner of creatures which he is at liberty to kill and eat if he will but rise and bestir himself.



KOOTENAI FALLS.

But such elysiums are not exclusively ideal. That they exist in nature, even on the hither side of the great mortal divide, can be proven by other than second sight; and it does not require to die in order to reach them. For, right here, within the unexplored fastnesses of the five great parallel mountain ranges which rib the axis of the continent, the supremest realization may be found.

Within the month I have journeyed over the entire region made accessible by the Pacific extension of the Great Northern Railroad, which was opened to traffic only eight weeks ago. I have seen it all by daylight, and I can only say that the natural wonders which the new route disclosed were like a revelation from Olympus. Through gates ajar I gazed upon the red man's paradise! In the far distant perspective I saw the Temple of the Sun. Lakes bluer than Geneva laved the feet of the mountains. Rivers deeper than the gloomy Saguenay were hidden under their shadows. Cascades of crystal poured out of the defiles. Trout disported in every emerald basin. Elk, moose, deer, bear, caribou and cougar, I was told, thread each mural labyrinth. Goats, ibexes and bighorn sheep scale their precipitous sides. The sweep of eagles' wings brushes the snow from the shoulders of the high peaks.

Of such were cosmic glimpses going westward. Taking the back track slowly and doing the same route over again in detail, I have since been able to gather something more than a superficial view. Sometimes I would leave the rail and follow a pack trail for twenty miles astride a cayuse. Anon, I boarded a lake or river steamer and traveled fluvial distances greater than any in New England or the Middle States. Occasionally I made a dashing trip by canoe down some impetuous tributary. But, before I venture to delineate a region so interesting and eminently picturesque, and without doubt the most extensive natural game preserve in the world, it may be well in accordance with the editor's suggestion, to indicate what localities for hunting and fishing lie along the entire extension of the route from Havre, Mont. (where the road branches to Great Falls and Helena), to the Columbia River, a distance of some 650 miles, also what hotel and camp accommodations may be available, as well as the names of reliable guides, with some hints regarding present facilities for transportation. When I have enumerated these with some precision in the detail, the interested reader will be better prepared to appreciate the stereopticon of landscape which I shall spread before him. I will take him from Acheron to Parnassus.

Of course the country is all a virgin wilderness where no sound of axe or saw was ever heard until two years ago. Trees which lie prone are the victims of fire and windfall only. Unbroken forests cover the grand old mountain slopes and fill the gloomy cañons as far as eye can reach, and beyond their dark green limits tower the everlasting peaks white with snow. With the exception of prospectors, trappers and traders, who have tracked over it for half a century or so, few persons have penetrated its secret places. Nevertheless, there are well-beaten trails all over the flanks of the mountains and across the divides, and down to the lake side and river margin, where the wild goats and sheep clamber in single file in quest of precarious sustenance, and the herds of caribou cross in their yearly migrations, and the black bears and deer come out of cover to drink or forage in grassy meadows fringed with willow and red service berries. Very convenient for miners and sportsmen are these far-reaching thoroughfares which the instinct of brutes has demarcated with the intelligence of skilled cartographers. There are no surer or shorter paths to points of vantage.

In this secluded Arcadia I have loved to dwell, where the trout leaped in the outlet of the lake which flowed past the camp, and magpies, ravens, crows, camp robbers, squirrels and woodpeckers, and birds of unknown polyglot, whose language a Garnier might envy, filled the adjacent trees with loquacious chatter. Here I have sat at eventide and watched the kindling fire grow brighter while I listened for the sound of rhythmic oars returning home on the still surface of the lake. Sometimes when I am writing in the cabin, a mountain rat, maltese in color, with a tail like a squirrel, steals forth from his covert in a soap box and plays the mischief with loose articles lying around. These mountain rats are more mischievous than monkeys, and twice as cute. I must try to remember to give you my experience with the *Mustellus* who sublet that soap box in the camp. He keeps everything in disorder.

But I notice that I am wandering over pleasant bypaths to which the expectant reader has no clue. The Rocky Mountain climber needs a guide book, and I will therefore at once premise by stating that the orology of the Great Divide comprises, as I have mentioned, no less than five distinct parallel ridges which are popularly designated as the Rocky, Mission, Cabinet, Selkirk and Cascade ranges, and these are intercalated by the Flathead, Kootenai, Pend d'Oreille and Okanagon valleys with their profound basins and magnificent fluvial systems in comparison with which the Hudson and all New England rivers dwindle.

Beginning at Havre, a place of 600 population, with excellent accommodation at Mr. Rivers's "Windsor Hotel," when it is not overcrowded, I found a few mallards on the Milk River bottom and a good showing of sharptail grouse and sage hens in the vicinity. Thence westward for the next 130 miles it is sheep, horse and cattle country all the way to Cut Bank station, where it is stated that small mountain trout may be caught in spring, this being the most eastern point of its natural habitat. An acquaintance of mine, who stopped over there one night on business last week, amused himself by wiring a half dozen good-sized suckers and pickerel. This creek is crossed by a railroad bridge 250ft. high. At Blackfoot, twenty-six miles west of Cut Bank, is the center of a good antelope country, and by writing to Wm. Jackson, J. W. Schultz, Louis E. Pembrun or Joe Kipp, who captured the FOREST AND STREAM grizzly for Central Park in New York, their services can be secured. There are no more intelligent and reliable guides in the whole western country. The famous St. Mary's Lakes can be reached from Blackfoot Station. At Midvale, twenty-two miles further on, is an undulating mountain park, partly open, with ponds, meadows, water courses filled with trout, lots of blue grouse, deer and small game—a wide area with heather, furze, alder, sumac and willow, inclosed by foothills — very charming. Here lives Hugh Monroe, 108 years old, who named the St. Mary's Lakes*, and his oldest son, aged 78. He is known all over the West as a guide and Indian interpreter, and has dwelt in this vicinity for sixty years. Three miles north of Midvale, where the Great Northern Railway crosses the Mairas Pass through the Rockies, is the trail to Two Medicine Lake, with a high bridge crossing the Two Medicine River — beautiful haunts among the folds of the foothills. Four miles beyond this lake is another lake nestling right at the base of tremendous peaks, from whose shores, by the aid of a glass, bighorn sheep and mountain goats can be seen almost any day feeding on the high cliffs. In the swamps and heavy timber around the lake are moose, elk, deer and bear.

Summit Station is thirteen miles west of Midvale. It is 5,200ft. above sea level. Here the brooks and rivulets run west as well as east, the small beginnings of the Marias and Flathead rivers. Here is a wide area thirteen miles in length, almost level, with a swampy meadow interspersed with willows, tamaracks and spruce. Mountains with snow tower high above and around. Fires have swept two-thirds of the area. Here are a section house, tank, round house, coal yard, saloon, a cluster of log houses of which five are occupied, a lone grave inclosed by a picket fence, three dogs, men with fur caps and mittens, temperature 36°, ugh! If a hand car can be procured from the section men a trip can be



THE CAMPER'S PARADISE.

* There is another St. Mary's Lake and river in the East Kootenai district.

made to Bear Creek, 7 miles; Java, 8 miles; Essex, 4 miles; Paola, 5 miles; Nyack, 9 miles, and Belton, 11 miles; 45 miles altogether. Blue grouse by thousands on Bear Creek and myriads of trout. The scenery between these stations is magnificent, perhaps the finest on the route, and streams filled with trout line the way. From Essex there is another trail to St. Mary's Lakes. The Baring Brothers, London bankers, visited this region for several years. Down the Flathead River a grand voyage may be made in a canvas canoe for twenty to fifty miles, almost within sight of the track the entire distance, with only a few short riffs to carry around.

Belton is the starting point for Lake McDonald, a great body of water which fills a bottomless cleft right in the heart of the mountains, where big game of nearly all varieties may be found, and four varieties of trout running from 4oz. to 30lbs. in weight: black suckers, squaw fish and round whitefish, very palatable. At this season they gather at the inlet of the lake by myriads to spawn, and the big trout feed on them. Frank Gedulm, Miles Apgar and Charles Howe have cabins at either end of the lake, which is eighten miles long by four wide, rivaling lakes Luzerne and Thim in Switzerland for Alpine features. It is reached by an excellent trail of two miles through the pine forest direct from the station. The cabins are commodious, convenient and neat, and the cuisine is exceptionally good. There are half a dozen sailing craft, skiffs, batteaux and canoes on the lakes at present, and by next season there will be a naphtha launch 60ft. long. This lake is destined to be the most famous mountain resort in America within a very brief period, and will be sought by summer cottagers. Its future will be as eventful as Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks. The number of visitors this year has been large. The following names are taken from the register, to wit: Dr. Bird and L. Wissmeyer, Oklahoma; W. D. Hoard, ex-Governor of Wisconsin; E. A. Driver and E. R. Ripley, Riverside, Ill.; C. A. Mair, J. N. Marble and J. P. Brooke, of Chicago; Mr. Farnsworth, of Oconto, Ill; Judge Noyes and Mrs. Beatty and son, of Warren, Pa.; Bishop Gilbert and Mr. Shepherd, of St. Paul; Mrs. Burns and Mr. Judd, of Anaconda, Mont.; Charles Hallock, of New York; C. E. Le Munyon, Geo. Treat, Herbert Madison and Robert Phillips, of Great Falls, Mont.; L. Wakeman, of St. Cloud, Minn.; Dr. Curtis, L. Beard, J. J. Marsh, C. C. Treat and N. Kersey, all of Decorah, Ia.; F. A. Day, of Duluth; Messrs. Madison and Dickerman, of St. Paul; F. R. Mills, S. Pratt, W. Jennersen, J. Voght, J. Sheldon, G. H. Adams and wife, J. Foy and wife, Mr. Palmer, wife and two Misses Palmer, Mr. Stoner, Mr. Kenyon, F. Stallings, Supt. W. B. Green and F. Langerman, all of Kalispell, Mont.; General Manager A. L. Mohler, St. Paul, and Jas. Dundy and wife, Warnesky and wife, Pereiance and wife, Reed and wife, and J. Lewis, of Columbia Falls, Mont.—a total of 58 persons in all.

Six miles north of Lake McDonald is Camas Lake, four miles long, which lies in the heart of a sheep, goat and moose country. Frank Gedulm, with a party of three, came down with two fine goats while I was in camp. In this vicinity is a glacier covering an area of 25 or 30 square miles, which is a very interesting objective point. In the morning a thick mist gathers over it, but as the sun gradually comes over the mountains the veil lifts and the immense field of ice and snow shows its glittering surface, dazzling white. Horses can go over the trail.

Caribou are found in this vicinity in some numbers. It is said to be the most southern limit of their range. They feed just below the snowline on a clean white moss which depends from the trees, except in the month of April, when they come down to the valleys to drop their young. Very fine mounted heads and full specimens, male and female, may be found at Spokane, Great Falls and Bonner's Ferry, and other places in the vicinity. I have seen immense horns, one pair from a buck which is said to have weighed 1,100lbs. on the hoof, and a small pair from a cow which dressed 640lbs. Such weights seem almost incredible. Caribou of such size are not found elsewhere that I know of, unless it may be in Alaska. Moose are not rare.

It is likely that Camas Lake will be known hereafter as Ackerman's Lake, to commemorate the death of an Iowa sportsman of that name who was drowned there last September. Camas is the name of an edible root with stem like an onion, which deer and Indians are fond of. Twenty miles north of this lake is another glacier lying at the head of Glacier Creek, which flows into the North Fork of the Flathead. A good many goats may be found in the mountains in which Goat River heads, about ten miles from the British boundary line, near Bedlington.

Coram, a station 9 miles west of Belton, is a famous place for red deer, which congregate in a bend of the river. Mule deer and whitetails are found here together.

Whitefish Lake is accessible from Columbia Falls, 8 miles west. Here are deer, trout, blue grouse, partridge and fool hens. These three varieties of grouse are found all over the country west of the Rockies. Information of this locality can be obtained from Mr. C. T. Wernecke, manager of the Rocky Mountain Tourist Co., and from Messrs. H. H. Garr and J. B. Monroe.

At Kalispell, a town of 1,200 people, is headquarters for the Flathead Valley and the country lying north of it. A dozen lakes and streams are accessible from it, including the Flathead River and its three great forks, with their numerous tributaries, which have their sources in the mountains, the Stillwater and Whitefish rivers, Swan Lake, Blaine Lake, Foy's Lake, Pine Lake, Whitefish Lake, Trail Lake and many other fine bodies of water. Flathead Lake is 28×15 miles in extent. Four steamboats ply upon it. One of these took an excursion party of 150 persons to the Indian Reservation at the foot of the lake to inspect Mr. Charles Allard's herd of 90 buffalo which have been bred in captivity. This was on Oct. 3. Visitors may apply to C. E. Conrad, banker, or the agent of the Kalispell Town Site Company, for information. Capt. Cheney, of the steamer State of Montana, and Capt. Harding, of the steamboat Crescent, are familiar with the lower lake country. The editors of the *Graphic* have a snug shooting box on the Stillwater, in the upper country. Ducks are abundant in these waters, and it is said that no less than 27 varieties have been observed in the proper season, including redheads and canvasbacks. The United States Fish Commission propose to establish a salmon hatchery at Kalispell at a cost of $15,000, and two experts have been recently examining obstructions at the mouth of Clark's Fork of the Columbia, which at present prevent the ascent of the salmon into Flathead Lake and other waters in western Montana. Good hotel accommodations at the West House.

The Flathead Valley lies between the Mission and the Cabinet ranges.

From Kalispell to Spokane it is good hunting and fishing all the way. There are thirty railroad stations en route, and it will take space to specify all of them. Pleasant Valley and Lake View are desirable hunting localities situated west of the Cabinet mountains. This is a shallow body of water surrounded by lily pads, with many coots, dippers, and butter ducks along the shores. Wolf Creek is a clear, wide river which has never been fished except by construction crews. There are many shadowy ravines carrying gelid waters into the Kootenai. Oh! ye anglers! You have only to make a little journey of two or three thousand miles to reach the verge of living waters!

The Kootenai River is reached at Jennings, eighty miles from Kalispell and 1308 from St. Paul, from which a steamboat runs north each Monday to Tobacco Plains and Fort Steele, a Hudson Bay post in British Columbia. Messrs. Jones and Dupuy, merchants at Jennings and owners of the steamer Annerly, a 95ft. boat, will render sportsmen every assistance. It is 127 miles to Fort Steele. Mrs. McCracken, noted as the huntress of Montana, has a log store at Jennings, where a photograph may be bought with Madam in full shooting costume and two slain deer lying at her feet. This is a capital hunting and fishing point. Board can be had at the Annerly House for $7 per week. A trapper named Smith lives here. He has bought no less than 170 bear skins within the year, for which he paid from $18 to $50 each, not to mention mink, fisher, wolf, and wolverine. Back of Libby Creek station, an important mining town thirteen miles further west, there is good hunting and fishing. W. A. Hiller lives eight miles up the creek. He takes FOREST AND STREAM and is a good guide. From Libby Creek on to Bonner's Ferry, a distance of forty-nine miles, the Great Northern crosses a large number of streams which head in the Cabinet mountains off to the south. It is a country covered with dense forests spread over hills and mountains veined with precious metals. The Kootenai Falls, thirty feet high, dashing through massive walls of rock, are very picturesque. Yakt, Leonia and Crossport are great places for deer and may be easily reached from Bonner.

Bonner's Ferry is the head of the Kootenai River navigation. Steamers leave four times a week and take the tourists right into the heart of the Selkirk Range, the grandest in America. Kootenai Lake is 80 miles long, of unknown depth, and together with the river comprises 267 miles of inland navigation. Eight steamers ply on river and lake. The largest have abundant state-room accommodation. No grander trip can be found in Switzerland. Snow-capped mountains drop down to gloomy abysses and form a continuous line of serried peaks from end to end. All the way up the river, until the lake is reached, there are innumerable breeding places for water fowl. The Kootenai overflows its bottom at high water in the spring, excepting a narrow ridge along the margin, and every lagoon that the receding waters leave harbors a raft of ducks, swans, geese and brant. A British company with a capital of $200,000 is now engaged in building a dyke 110 miles long to reclaim the land for farming and grazing.

Right at Bonner, within a mile of the village, is a group of reedy lakes which I saw alive with water fowl one calm Sunday morning.

The Moyen River is reached by an eleven-mile trail from Bonner over the benches. Dr. Bishop and I took sixty trout there on Oct. 5 with flies, although August is supposed to be late in the season.

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, a real estate agent, is good authority on sport at Bonner, and so is Purser Jim McEachran of the steamer Spokane, William Doyle, William Lamb, William Ainslie and William Eaton (all Williams) are very good guides and know the whole country thoroughly. Mr. Ainslie took out a party into the mountains on Oct. 3, the day I left. They had four saddle horses and three pack animals, and were going to the head of Yahk after goats and sheep. Major Barnes and Mr. Rickart, who are Customs inspectors at the boundary line, sixty-three miles north of Bonner, are good men. There is an extensive but somewhat intricate system of interior communication by wagon, rail and steamboat in the Kootenai district, and upon the lines of railway which connects the mining town of Nelson, with its population of 1 200 souls, with Robeson, there are three hunters' lodges numbered 1, 2 and 3, which are furnished with camp stuff and kitchen utensils and rented at a nominal rate of $1 per day. Salmon and salmon trout are caught here with fly in the spring and with spoon in the fall. The river from Bonner to Kootenai Lake is very crooked, with clay banks and muddy bottom, and only a few trout are caught in its waters. It abounds with squawfish (a species of *Coregonus*) and suckers.

Pend d'Oreille and the Priest Lake country are great sporting regions, and so is Coeur d'Alene. These have been accessible for seven or eight years by the Northern Pacific Railroad, and are pretty well known. The Great Northern Road follows the Pend d'Oreille River, or the Little Spokane, nearly the whole distance to Spokane City. It follows the Pend d'Oreille for thirty-five miles, and then crosses it at the Albani Falls over two iron spans 300 and 180ft. in length, connected by rocky island in mid stream. At Newport, one mile west of Albani Falls, the Newport Transportation Company operates a line of steamboats to the Metalline District and sundry points on the river. Dr. Faust, editor of the Newport *News*, is well informed. Priest River enters the Pend d'Oreille a few miles east of Albani Falls, heading in a large lake of the same name. Rufus Cheney at the lake and Jim Judge and J. W. Horner at Priest River Station, are good guides. You can go by boat or trail from the station to Vermillion Lake, as it is known on government maps. A. M. Jenkins has a cabin at Priest Lake, and pack horses, and will come in to the station if written to at Priest River in advance of arrival. Rufus Cheney saw seven bighorns in one day, and is authority, I believe, for the statement that one such was shot there which weighed 400lbs.

At Chatteroy station, seventeen miles from Spokane, a drove of seven deer jumped into the brush just at dusk, as the team passed.

Spokane is the converging point of eight railroads, which render a large number of fishing and hunting resorts accessible. One of the most popular in the immediate vicinity is Spirit Lake, in Idaho, 35 miles distant. It is a perfect gem among the mountains, and a great game region. Mr. John R. Revers, of the Spokane Mining Exchange, and formerly of the New York *World*, hunts there a good deal, and so does W. D. Knight. Peter Rhoderback, an old soldier who lives at the lake, is a good guide.

In the Okanagon district, west of Spokane, there are antelope, elk, bighorn sheep, three kinds of deer and a species of small goat, not half the size of the big white goats of the main Rockies, and quite different also from the goats of Alaska. Some fine specimens may be seen at Meeker's gun stone in Spokane. They are much more comely and cleaner limbed than their big congeners.

Lake Chelan, a crooked body of water 60 miles long by 4 wide, lying among the mountains just west of the Columbia River, will become a popular resort as soon as the Great Northern Railroad is opened to traffic to the Columbia. Many parties of ladies and gentlemen from Spokane have been camping there the past season, and there are three steamers running regularly from the railroad crossing up the Columbia to the outlet of Chelan, and into the lake, and thence to all lake points.

With this most western point so far reached by the Pacific extension of this great trans-continental line, I conclude my lengthy memoranda with the admonition that game can be marketed in the State of Washington only during the month of December. The hunting season lasts until Christmas, at which time heavy snowfalls may be expected. Dogs and camp outfits are carried in the baggage cars free of charge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 3.—This morning, as I unfolded the drapery of one of Mr. Pullman's narrow but high-priced couches from about me, I found a small but urgent cockle-burr secreted in the blanket, in such position as enabled it to get the most out of life there was going. A cockle-burr is a simple thing, and ordinarily incites not so much to reflection and meditation as to immediate action and prompt profanity. In this case, however, I forgave the cockle-burr, and handled it tenderly. It was a cockle-burr with an alternative, and in alternatives there may be mistakes, and hence injustice. Either I got that cockle-burr out of one of the towels in the hotel at Great Bend, or picked it up somewhere during the two days' hunt in which I indulged near Great Bend after the hotel had ceased to be a necessity. The acquisition was very possible in either case, but out of charity I supposed the latter, and so regarded the small nuisance with a feeling kindred to affection, wishing the while that I were going West for more of them, and not East with this solitary reminder of joys that be these days of drear November.

Perhaps being constantly among sports and sportsmen will, after a time, take the wire edge off from an instinct which can never really be dulled. Men may be different in that way. In my own case, I believe that the impulse to get out and kill something is no longer any stronger than the pleasure of meeting new types of men, and of seeing new phases of this great big, wonderful, impossible, incredible America, wherein a man may live out his life in travel and yet not know half of the land fanned by the prettiest flag that ever swung on land or sea. From the blue grass land to the red rock land, from the wind-waved prairies to the quiet piñon country, what worlds, what peoples, what pictures. America for Americans—that is good doctrine. It is the best of earth to those who most deserve it. In smaller sense, too, it is a precious panorama whose individual pictures time shall one day sort out and enshrine. So big a heritage makes children careless for a while.

No panorama of America without the plains—that mysterious region which fascinated us when we were boys. This is the country of which Col. Long, who crossed Kansas in 1823, wrote as follows:

> There is an extensive desert in the United States. It extends from the base of the Rocky Mountains, 100 miles to the east, and 500 miles from north to south. There are deep ravines in which the brooks and rivers meander, skirted by a few stunted trees, but all the elevated surface is a barren desert, covered with sand, gravel, pebbles, etc. There are a few plants, but nothing like a tree to be seen on these desolate plains, and seldom a living creature to be met with. The Platte, the Arkansas and other rivers flow through this dreary waste.

This dreary waste is no longer such, except in part. Kansas has grown up in the desert, a level, apparently monotonous country in history and in natural features, but really often one of violence, of storm, of tempestuousness, of somber energy. In Kansas you will see the best that is now left of the Great Plains. This you will see best, again, in the Cheyenne Flats of Barton country, just above the great northern bend of the Arkansas. See these flats in a storm, or rather upon the verge of a storm, and you have a picture as startling, as distinct and as impressive as any you have seen anywhere, no matter how big the land with mountains, with forests or with sea. The picture is flat and even throughout in foreground and background, and the colors are few—grays, purples, storm colors—but the result, the effect, is there unmistakably. It is as wild, as desolate, as terrifying, as any scene of more theatric elements. Turn from the low lights of the little village on the far edge, leave out the big and desolate ranch house on the left, and look off over the Great Plains whose stories thrilled you. Face the foreboding clouds, feel the chilling wind cut through you, look off as far as you can see over the unsympathetic land—it is only a step then, as your heart sinks coldly in your bosom, to feel yourself the lost traveler of early days upon the plains. How you want a house! How you want a fire! How keenly you understand the feelings of the rugged settler, to whom his little house, low down and almost a part of the earth, seemed a palace, because it was a haven, a refuge, a home against this awing land, these pitiless clouds—a place cut off from the last rallying ground where Nature sullenly makes stand, and where, in wavering mirage by day and in streaming clouds of vapors in the night, phantom braves even now pursue their natural herds in phantom. My word, there are Indians there, and buffalo. I have seen them, large Indians and large buffalo. They will always be there, for these plains belong to Nature, not to man. If you doubt this, go there yourself and see. Go there of a black day in November. Ride down off the rim of hills in the wild evening, when you are cold, hungry,

apprehensive of you know not (because you don't happen to think it is the spirit Indians chasing you)—and then see if the light of old man Jones's house, one story, but a mansion, does not look to you the most welcome thing in all the world. I know it seemed that way to us. And when the ponies had pattered off the miles that still lay between us and the light, and when we had with difficulty pushed through the crowd of various expostulating dogs, and gained a seat under the roof and near the light, what a warm, relieved, happy, contented feeling came into the heart! You have to be a hunter to feel that way, because, unless you belonged to one of the two families who live on the Flats, you wouldn't be there unless you were a hunter.

Chauncey Jones, or old man Jones, as he is more generally called, has as yet had no artist to paint him, but he should have. He is one of many, a type, the old-timer, of whom too few are left. He used to shoot buffalo on the flats and sell the tongues to the emigrants down where the trail crossed Walnut Creek. He now grazes some cattle over the old wallows. His sons, John and Frank, shoot ducks these days on the "Black lake" pond on the north side of the flats, where Deception Creek overflows the level and so comes to an end. If you can not have a good time walking and talking and shooting with these, while the daughters, Nellie and May, stay at home and cook supper for you, then you aren't any kind of a man at all. But I suppose some one will be wanting to know just how many ducks we killed, and to this essential part of the programme I must hasten.

### Four Dozen a Day.

The two boys, John and Frank, had been averaging about four dozen ducks a day for some time. John told me that he thought he had killed 2,000 ducks himself this fall. This was all on a bit of lake about a mile square, so shallow that one could wade all over it. Its shooting properties lay in the fact that it was this year the only water on the Flats, and was moreover very abundantly supplied with feed. The Arkansas River is dry at the Bend this year. The only other water at all near, so far as I know, is the "salt marsh" below Raymond, twenty to thirty miles distant, where also remarkably good shooting has been had this fall. The conditions being such, and there being very few shooters on the lake in the Flats, the birds had refused to leave, and had offered the two Jones boys, who live only half a mile or so from the lake, a duck shooting privilege which might well turn almost anybody a dark green color of envy.

John and Frank were out on the lake when we arrived, and we went out in the dusk to have a look at the country. We found the wide and shallow lake with shores absolutely bare and affording no cover. The water-growth was from 12 to 16in. high, and scanty. To make a blind seemed impossible. Nevertheless the birds were flying in hundreds, every way we looked. We saw plenty of mallards and pintails, and great numbers of spoonbills and teal. While we lay in the dark along the bank, trying to get on the flyway of the ducks, we heard the chatter of four different flocks of white geese, and the sonorous honking of one flock of genuine Canadas. Repeated flashes of fire beyond us told where the boys were at work in the flight, and we knew that they shot into the flock of honkers, though we could not say with what success. We staid long enough for me to find that I had torn a big hole in one of my rubber boots, and so was *hors du combat*. Then, for fear of getting lost on the Flats, as even the Jones boys and their father, long as they have lived there, have been known to do, and as a stranger is almost certain to do, we pulled out for the house.

When the boys got in that night they told us that they had bagged that day 63 ducks and 1 goose. The goose was a Canada, and John killed it out of the flock we heard come over the marsh at dusk. Both assured us of good shooting the next day.

"The weather doesn't seem to make much difference," said John; "the ducks never leave the lake, but just fly around all over it, all day long." This Elysian state of affairs betokened ducks that were not educated, and I rejoiced, until I remembered about the torn boot.

"You can't do anything without hip boots," said John, "but you'll have time to drive over to Hoisington in the morning and get another pair. It's only two or three miles."

### No Boots, and No Balm.

Accordingly I went over to Hoisington in the morning, thinking to equip myself early and easily. Alas! the disappointments to which the human heart is subject. Not a store in the entire city—and there were two stores—had a pair of hip boots, though I was assured cheerfully that plenty were ordered and on the road, and that if I could wait a couple of weeks I would see Hoisington fuller of rubber boots than anything I ever did see. Not having quite so much leisure I went to the livery stables, to the gun stores, to every place, and made private quest for high boots. I inquired for local shooters, and even stopped on the street two or three men who looked as though they might have hip boots at home. It was of no use. There were no boots in Hoisington. At the time it seemed to me there was no balm in Gilead. I could see four hundred million ducks flying just out of reach, myself on the bank with no boots. This is something which Dante thoughtlessly left out of his Inferno. A punishment so exquisite in pain that no good shooting man could ever really deserve it.

I drove back to the lake, and John seeing me coming, rose up out of the scanty cover and waded out to meet me. "Johnnie," said I, "did you ever hear of the Chevalier Bayard?"

Johnnie allowed he didn't remember him.

"Well," said I, "the Chevalier Bayard was once lying on the field of battle, pretty much cut up and thirsty as usual—I mean cut up as usual—and another gentleman was lying near by in much the same shape. It came a question as to which of them should take a drink. 'You need this worse than I do,' the chevalier said. 'Go ahead. After you.'

"He was pretty white, wasn't he?" said Johnnie.

"That's whatever, my friend. He was a man worthy of imitation. Now, I couldn't get any boots in Hoisington."

"The —!"

"No. Yet still, my friend, I observe that you have on a pair of very good ones. I notice also in you a family resemblance to the Chevalier Bayard. Behold me! I am that other soldier. My necessity is a whole lot greater than yourn. Besides, I will give you six bits for those boots for the rest of the day. Shuck them off, Johnnie, or I don't know what I may do to you."

Johnnie shucked 'em, though I must say he did not do so for the money. "You're only here for one day," said he, "and I can shoot here every day. Take 'em along, and go right on out to my boat, you'll get plenty of shooting. I've killed eight already this morning."

There are plenty of Chevalier Bayards lying around in the country, if you only go about it right in developing them. From now on, Johnnie Jones has a warm place in my heart, and I owe him an obligation which no six bits can discharge. Still, feeling as I did about it, it was probably a wise thing for him to take off his boots when he did.

Putting my decoys—a dozen canvas ones—and a lot of shells into a sack, I waded out to the boat. It was a home-made affair that sat low down on the water. The heaviest of the scanty cover barely concealed it, and I saw at once that the only way to get any shooting was to lie flat down in the boat and keep still. So I put out my decoys, and got out my caller, and was soon in a very enviable frame of mind.

It did not take long to prove that Johnnie Jones was a duck shooter, and that he had picked the very best place on the whole marsh for his blind. A point of land jutted out just back of this spot, and narrowed the flight which passed over from one side of the lake to the other. Moreover, a great patch of torn up bulb grass and other water grass showed that the ducks had found plenty of feed near by. In my mind I complimented Johnnie while I thanked him in my heart.

About now two spoonbills came over and I turned over and let go, killing one and knocking the other down a little further than I probably ought. "Look at that," thought I. "Oh, but this is a snap. I'm a duck shooter from away back, and I'll kill a thousand ducks right here." Then a flock of gadwalls drew by, and I didn't get a feather; and a flock of teal went over and I didn't touch a teal; and a lot of spoonbills tried to light on the decoys, and I didn't get a spoonbill. After missing eight or ten shots I modified my views somewhat, and compromised on a hundred. It was about 10 o'clock when I began to shoot, and for a time I never saw ducks fly better, though it was nearly all long shooting. At noon it came off warm and the wind went down, so that the flight stopped partially. At that time I did not have quite a hundred ducks, but I did have seven in the boat and several in the weeds. The edge was off my appetite and I had boots to lend.

After lunch at Butler's, nearby, where Mrs. Butler, a sister of the Jones boys, cooked us a very good meal, we traded around some on the boot question, Frank taking my boots, I taking his and Johnnie resuming his own. Frank went over to Hoisington on business and Johnnie and I went after jacksnipe, of which we only got 4, the mud flat lately populous with them having dried up too much, so that we only saw 7 birds in our tramp. In my absence after the snipe, a gentleman from Hoisington sneaked up on my nice fleet of canvas decoys and shot the stuffing out of two of them. When I got back I found him in the boat, and we had a settlement then and there about those decoys. He was the most comically disgusted man I ever saw when I stated the price to him. "Gee!" he said, "that's more'n a feller'd get for a whole dozen of actooal ducks." I explained to him that it served him right for pot-hunting, and that he ought to have waited till the decoys were on the wing. Though vexed and angry with him to a degree, he seemed so humble and contrite about it that after he had settled and gone off in the marsh, I lay down in the boat and laughed till I ached.

In the half-day's work at the ducks, the three of us got a little over 30 birds. The evening being clear and moonlit, the geese did not come in on the marsh until it was too late for us. I pulled up my decoys promptly at sunset and hustled ashore quickly as I could, for although Butler's house was only a short distance, it had no window on the side next the lake, and would be easy to pass in the dark. Having been lost once on these flats I did not want to try it again. If you lose one direction there you lose them all.

"I got lost once going home from over here," said Frank to me, as we talked of this later, "and I couldn't tell where on earth I was. At last I hit a wire fence, and then I knew where I was, for it only had three wires. I knew the line fences had four wires, and the division fence three, so I got the line for home all right. I came in on the east side of the house instead of the west. Once a lot of Great Bend hunters spent the night in the coursing club's house, over in the middle of the flats, and started out early for the lakes over in the Carvey pasture. It was a foggy morning, and the first thing they knew they came square up against the club house from the east side, when they thought they had been going straight west from it all the time."

### Opening Day on Quail.

The following morning closed my stay at the duck marsh, and lack of time forced me to decline Mr. Jones's urgent invitation to go up Deception Creek after prairie chickens, of which he had a number located. This was Nov. 1, opening day on quail in Kansas, and I had promised Dick Taylor, eight miles from the Jones place, to join him in a quail hunt on opening day. Moreover, to make matters more obvious, I had Dick Taylor's dog, Dick, with me at the Jones place, although much to the dog's disgust I had not allowed him to retrieve ducks in the icy water.

I am satisfied that I am the luckiest man on earth about running across good dogs. If I should fall off a ship in the middle of the sea I would doubtless come up with a good bird dog in each hand. All over this country, where I couldn't take a dog of my own, I meet these trained dogs, in all sorts of shapes, but of just the sort a shooter needs. I don't mean dogs with lofty lineage, but dogs with nose, dogs that don't get tired, but which will range, point and retrieve—in short, dogs that is a solid and unalloyed comfort to shoot over, and dogs with which you can go out and get game. Now, of all these dogs whose acquaintance I have made at different time, I would rather have this same dog Dick. If he were mine the biggest $500 bill in the world wouldn't buy him. Dick's sire was Mr. W. W. Carney's old setter Mack, a handsome and well-bred dog, and his dam was an unknown quantity owned by Cal Krülly, of Great Bend. Dick himself is a stout, handsome fellow and more eager after the gun than any dog I ever saw. Everyone in the country takes him hunting and there is no shooter in Great Bend who does not use Dick more than his owner. Mr. Taylor always has a bird dog or two about him, and is an admirable trainer, but he does very little shooting, and seems just to keep the dogs as a sort of public convenience. Dick owns any man for master who can shoot a gun. Having been with me a whole day, he seemed to think I owned him, and when in our shooting either Mr. Taylor or myself killed a bird Dick always brought it to me. Instead of being vexed at this Mr. Taylor was amused and laughed at it. So you can see he is a pretty good sort of a man.

Frank Jones and I took the buggy and started on a leisurely drive over to Mr. Taylor's place in the morning. We were within half a mile of the house—which has a commanding site on a high hill and can be seen a long way from every side, even beyond the owner's wide acres—when Dick, who had been running along in the road, suddenly left it and came to a stiff point at the hedge row. Frank pulled up and tied the team, and I sought an opening in the hedge, Dick meantime occasionally looking back over his shoulder to see if we were coming, as if imploring us to hurry up. We did hurry, and on the rise of the bevy we got three birds. Then we followed them down the hedge and got a couple more, Dick picking out the singles in a way simply elegant. Swinging up the hedge on the other side of the field after some birds we had marked down, the dog began to road rapidly, stopping and looking back for us in a way of his own. Presently he pointed hard, and up went another bevy, but on the wrong side of the hedge, so that we got no shot. We could not see where the birds went, but Dick unquestionably marked them down, for when we got through the hedge he took us directly to them, on a bit of wheat stubble. On the scattered birds his work was fast and positive, with never a break nor a flush, and I remember no prettier experience than we had here. In a few moments we had an even dozen birds in our pockets, and so drove up to the house after fifteen minutes shooting, mightily pleased with everything in the world. Mr. Taylor and his pleasant family put us perfectly at home, and so went on an experience entirely too brief of Kansas hospitality and Kansas sport.

### Ideal Sport.

The country we were now in is quite unlike the Cheyenne Flats. It is rolling farming land, well settled up, with some hedges and occasional clumps of trees. Walnut Creek, lined with heavy undergrowth, runs a mile back of Mr. Taylor's house, which is only about four miles from Great Bend. In every hedge row, on every timber claim and in almost every bend of the creek, we found a bevy of quail. They were everywhere. Shooting began within ten minutes' walk of the house, and one hardly needed to go two miles from home at any time. Mr. Taylor had all the bunches located, and as soon as one was too much scatterred would lead off for another one. Shooting under such circumstances, in a country full of birds, with a guide who knows the haunts of each bevy, and with a dog which knows the business thoroughly and needs no admonitions and no handling—this certainly is ideal sport, and one cannot ask to see it surpassed. "There are quail all over this part of the country," said Mr. Taylor. "I could take you to new places every day for a week." A stranger would not fare so well, and would besides continually fall foul of the posted lands of the Alliance farmers. We shot most of the time on Mr. Taylor's land, or that of friends of his.

In the afternoon we were joined by a young man from town, Charlie Zulerman, who brought out his dog, a pointer. He and Frank took this dog and Mr. Taylor and I took Dick and went in another direction. We crossed the corner of a cornfield and picked up four birds, and then went on over to the creek, hearing the others shooting very often further east. Shooting along the steep and heavily covered banks of the creek we found to be difficult work, and the birds had a good deal of fun with us here. Dick kept on finding bevies and singles, however, and we kept on shooting. When we met the other party Mr. Taylor and I had seventeen birds in our pockets, Charlie had five and Frank four. Frank was trying the experiment of shooting 12-gauge shells in his 10-gauge gun, and it didn't work very well, I imagine. Going home we got half a dozen more birds, making a total for a few hours of very easy and leisurely shooting of something over forty birds during the day.

The next day I had to leave for the East. Of course a fellow always has to start for some place else just when he gets well located. Nevertheless, Mr. Taylor and I got into the buggy early in the morning and took a run over to a cornfield after some chickens, which we put up, but too wild for a successful shot. Then we drove toward the house again, and of course, as we passed a hedge Dick came to a point. Mr. Taylor left his mettlesome horse, Ned, without tying him, as the horse was used to shooting and had never made any trouble about it. This time, however, Ned felt different about it, and when three shots sounded quickly just behind him he started off on a dead run, only hitting the ground once in a while with the buggy. That broke up the shooting match. Mr. Taylor started after the horse and I started after him. Dick didn't care a cent about the runaway but went right on pointing singles all along the hedge, looking grieved because I wouldn't stop to shoot, but pulled him off his points. At a farmhouse Mr. Taylor stopped for a saddle horse to follow the refugee, who, as he heard, had struck the road and gone straight to town. "He's all right," said Mr. Taylor, with the usual Western philosophical way of looking at horse escapades; "I'll ride on into town and get him. You just come along to that clump of trees and go in there and shoot till I come back."

Doubting if he ever would come back with a sound horse and buggy, I nevertheless followed instructions, and as usual found a bevy of quail, of which I bagged three before they mysteriously disappeared, quail fashion. In half an hour I heard a shout and there came Mr. Taylor with the buggy, driving Ned, who looked very complacent and none the worse for wear. "They had him unhitched and in a livery barn when I got into town," said Mr. Taylor. A runaway here or there is nothing out in Kansas.

We now went back to the house again, and found that we had 7 quail accumulated somehow or other, without any work. I said good-bye to the family, much to my genuine regret, and again we started Ned for town. Fool-

ing along the road, never over three rods from the road or a hundred yards from the buggy, we put up three more bevies of quail within a mile of the house, and added 10 more to our string, Dick working like an angel. This was just the easiest, nicest shooting there ever was in the world, and under the pleasantest circumstances possible. I think I could have stood a week or two more of it without serious injury to my health, but it could not be, so I had to say some more good-byes and go, regretting more, certainly, to leave the shooting, than to leave my friends. And Dick, the dog—may he live long and prosper, and never meet a temporary master who does not know him as a wise and faithful servant, and therefore deserving of all kindness! There is only one man fit to own Dick, and that is Dick Taylor. Both man and dog are known through all that countryside, and are fit to be known through all the world.

### Western Notes.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., Nov. 4.—The White River Utes, of Colorado, are this week reported to have left their reservation and gone into camp on Spring Creek, thirty miles below Meeker. They are killing hundreds of deer for the hides alone. The citizens are protesting against the wholesale slaughter of game, and have resolved to drive the Utes back.

From Ogden, Utah, comes a wild and apparently faked-up story regarding two Brooklyn, N. Y., men, Frank M. Conroy and J. F. Barkelow, who are said lately to have left Ogden to explore the caves of the early cliff dwellers along Nine-Mile Creek. Barkelow returned alone and reported that Conroy had fallen over a precipice with his burro, and that as he lay injured on a ledge below he was attacked by eagles, which drove him from the ledge and continued their onslaught upon his mangled remains.

Yesterday a St. Louis boy, Frank Smith, playfully snapped a .22cal. target rifle at a man named Sims Grace, lodging the ball in Grace's back. Grace may die. The boy was not aware that the weapon contained a charge.

Yesterday William Parks, of Kansas City, went out hunting and got the muzzle of his gun choked up with mud. He tried to clean the barrels out with his fingers, and in doing so shot off his left forefinger.

These incidents remind one of the exploits of hunter Dills, of Uniontown, Pa., three days ago. Hunter Dills crept up on Mr. Gates, who was in a blind calling turkeys, and firing a load of buckshot by guess killed Mr. Gates where he sat.

Snow fell in South Dakota Nov. 1. On Nov. 2 a blizzard was forecast for Kansas, but materialized only in a cold rain. The flight of geese is not yet all in over western Kansas.

A Fort Scott, Kas., man is buying a carload of dogs, whether for sausage or field trial purposes it is not declared.

A California little ostrich bird has just yielded 300 feathers, worth $65, at one sitting, or rather plucking.

The flight of wildfowl this week is so heavy on the Salt marsh south of Raymond, on the Santa Fe, that hunters from as far east as Topeka have come to take advantage of the shooting. The Rattlesnake pond holes below Great Bend are also affording good sport.

Much land is being posted by the Alliance men in Kansas. The farmers publish notices in the local papers warning trespassers to keep off their lands. They describe their lands by range, township and section lines, put up notices on the corners, and moreover chase an offender off when detected. This is all very well. It hurts nothing if all Kansas becomes a game preserve. The salvation of American game lies in the the trespass law.

Any one who has ridden or walked much in Western Kansas knows how the alkali dust of certain sections offends the skin of the face and lips. In a few days the lips become painfully sore and crack open, bleeding and refusing to heal. No one should use vaseline or cold cream for this trouble, for either will only make the trouble worse. The best remedy is collodion, which is rather a preventive. Spread upon the lips, it forms a tough, adhesive coating, which keeps out the air and dust. It is useful also to cover any abraded surface, or to apply about the finger-nails in case of hang-nails or other trifling wounds, which under cold air and alkali dust and alkali water, rapidly become very annoying. The collodion coats the skin like the film upon a photographic negative. Take the collodion bottle along on a trip to California or the plains.

### Death of Lieut. Schwatka.

Lieut. Frederic Schwatka, of Arctic and Alaskan fame, was found dying in the streets of Portland, Oregon, at 3 A. M., of Nov. 2. He died at 4:50 of the same morning; the cause of death being supposed to be an unintentional over-dose of laudanum, a bottle of which drug was found near him. This ends the life of a fortunate and unfortunate man, a man brave and yet weak, a man who sufficiently well illustrates the continual contradictions of human life and human accomplishment. E. HOUGH.

### Enforcing the Ontario Law.

BRACEBRIDGE, Ont., Oct. 22.—The first trial in this district under the Ontario game law was held to-day before Mr. James Boyer, J.P. On information of R. D. Brown, deputy warden of the Township of Stephenson, the following persons were arraigned and convicted of hunting deer out of season: L. Markle, B. Botterell, J. Preble and A. Markle, all of Brunell Township, and were each fined $20 and costs. These convictions will have a salutary effect throughout the Province and will show that the Ontario government intends to prosecute any cases which come under their notice.—*Toronto World, Oct. 24.*

### An Election Day Hope Not Realized.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 7.—The weather has been very favorable for ducks during the past few days, and a telephone from the Currituck Club grounds reports a large gathering of black ducks and sprigtails. I saw to-day a fine assortment of these birds at the commission house of Mr. J. B. White, who is a member of the Ragged Island Club. Grover Cleveland and President Harrison are both honorary members of the Ragged Island Club, and to-morrow, the 8th, being a sort of off-day for them the crowd is hoping they will be persuaded to put it in on the marshes. CHARLES HALLOCK.

## THE FALL MONTHS AT BILOXI.

BILOXI, Mississippi.—It has been my good—as well as my bad—fortune to visit Biloxi during the fall months for the past two years. My bad fortune was because I was compelled to make the trip to rid myself of an attack of malarial fever, contracted in the swamps; and my good fortune was in being able to find a place where I could have all the comforts of home and as fine fishing and hunting as can be found anywhere in the South.

We were called shortly before daylight the other morning, and after "discussing" a first-class breakfast prepared for our especial benefit by our sable friend Jessie, who presides over the destinies of the culinary department of the Montross, we bundled ourselves, dogs and guns into a very comfortable buckboard that Colonel Montross had in waiting for us. A drive of ten minutes brings us to the ferry across Back Bay, an arm of the gulf that puts in back of Biloxi, and into whose waters flow the Biloxi River. A quarter of an hour and we are across the bay, while another ten minutes brings us to an open field, where the dogs are invited to step down and out. The dogs were Punch, a four-year-old pointer, through whose veins flows the blue blood of Faust and Keswick; Queen, a lemon and white pointer bitch from the Hempstead Farm Kennels, and Lady Likely, a black, white and tan setter who can boast of such ancestors as Roderigo, Gladstone, Sue and others.

We had scarcely gotten our guns out of their cases and put together, when Paul, our driver, exclaimed, "Look at Queen!" Sure enough she had struck the scent, and with every nerve quivering was roading up a small opening by the edge of a heavy canebrake. She had not gone very far before she brought up solid. Calling the other dogs up we started toward her. The moment Lady and Punch crossed into the opening they saw her and backed her finely. The sight was a beautiful one—all three of the dogs standing as if they had been carved out of marble. Mr. King stepped forward a couple of paces, and up whirred a bevy of at least twenty-five birds; an instant later came the crack of three guns, when five of the feathered beauties left the bunch and fell, striking the ground with a thud.

At a word from their owner the dogs who had dropped to shot retrieved our birds finely. There was no use to look after the scattered birds, as they had pitched into the middle of a very heavy cane brake, where they were perfectly safe. Calling in the dogs we bundled into our buckboard and drove across a heavily timbered bottom to an open field beyond. Here the dogs were again put out. Before they had gone a hundred yards Punch, who was working among some palmetto scrub, "brought up standing." Once again the other dogs backed, a second more and the bevy was in the air. This time we did not do so well, the trouble being that all three of us fired at the same bird, cutting him into ribbons. We bagged three, however, and marked the rest of the bevy in the timbered bottom we had just crossed. As there was little or no underbrush in the bottom we decided to give it a turn.

On the edge of a small stream that ran down through the timber Punch again straightened out, and as Mr. King and myself walked toward him, we heard the flutter of wings together with the familiar half chirp and half whistle of a woodcock. I took a snap shot at him as he was going through an old tree top, and was gratified to hear my friend say, "you downed him." After picking my bird up we looked around for Lady and Queen, and found them standing in some palmettoes not fifty yards away. This time it was one of our scattered birds. As he cleared the brush, Mr. King's Greener cracked and the bird whirled over on its back as dead as a stone.

It was now getting along toward noon, and as the sun was nearly overhead, the heat made tramping about in the open anything but a pleasant occupation. We accordingly called a halt, and once more mounting our buckboard drove about five hundred yards to the banks of the Biloxi River, where, under the shade of some magnificent oaks we ate lunch.

While we were lounging about I noticed the swirls of some large fish as they fed among the lily pads that fringed the river banks, and Driver Paul informed us that in his opinion they were "green trout," but that he would show us to a certainty if we would have a little patience. He immediately began to skirmish through his pockets, finally producing a piece of what had once been a waterproof trout line. After straightening this out he began searching under the sweat leather of his hat. From this receptacle came a large and fearfully and wonderfully made fly. Red all over body, hackle, wings and tail. I thought that if trout would bite at any such fly as the one in question they must be green, sure enough. After tying fly and line together Paul went in search of a rod. This he soon found in a piece of cane about 7ft. long and as stiff as a poker. After making connection between the line and his improvised rod, our fisherman walked slowly and cautiously to the river bank. Imagine our surprise when at almost the first time the fly struck the water a fish took it and was unceremoniously "yanked" out of his native element and landed high and dry on the ground at least 10ft. from the water. For the first time I had an opportunity of examining a "green trout," and found it, just as I had supposed, a large-mouth black bass. While we were waiting for the day to get a little cooler Paul caught 5 more of his "green trout," showing conclusively that with the right kind of tackle one could have the finest kind of sport. When we were ready to make another start our gunner informed us that if we would drive back in the country three or four miles he was sure we would find "right smart" of partridges.

Nor was he wrong, for during the afternoon we flushed no less than ten bevies, out of which forty-six partridges fell to our guns, making our bag for the day fifty-seven partridges and one woodcock, not so very bad for our first trial.

The next time we visit that neighborhood you can be very sure that bass tackle will be part of the outfit. Two or three hours' fishing under the shade of the magnificent oaks that grow along the river banks will be a very pleasant way of passing the heat of the day. While talking over our day's work with Col. Montross, he told us that a little later when the bass left the shallows and sought the open water they were caught by the hundred in both gill nets and seines. At this rate it will not take very many years to deplete our waters of this gamiest of all fresh water fish. A little later in the season the writer and Mr. King are going to try our luck back in the country, where we are told there are any quantity of turkeys and deer, with an occasional bear thrown in. On our return I shall report. In the mean time I can truly say if a man wishes to find a place where he and his family can be perfectly comfortable, and at the same time have all the fishing, both fresh and salt water that he wants, together with very good shooting, Biloxi, Mississippi, is the place for him to come to. BILOXI.

## THE SYRACUSE QUAIL CASE.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 6.—The pot-hunter arrested by Game Protector Jackson for snaring seventy partridges near Cicero (not Constantia, as before reported), was brought before the police justice last week through the assistance of Andrews Bros. He was fined $50, the charges against the firm not being pressed. The name of this hunter is Benjamin Brackett.

Wednesday last warrants were issued by Police Justice Mulholland for the arrest of Andrews Bros. for having snared birds in their possession contrary to law. The Onondaga Sportsmen's Club were the prime movers in this action, and its interest is being looked after by Attorney Shinaman. Both H. B. Andrews and J. M. Andrews were arraigned. They pleaded not guilty, and their attorney raised the question that the justice had no jurisdiction, Justice Mulholland plainly told the defendants that he had the jurisdiction to try the cases, if the defendants so wished, but it was their privilege to give bail for the Grand Jury without first securing an order from a higher court. The accused gave bail in the sum of $500 each for the action of the Grand Jury. The bail bonds were signed by A. Ames Howlett, of the Lefevre Arms Co., and G. M. Barnes.

It is to be hoped that the Sportsmen's Club wins in this action, as it will prove a death knell to all such kinds of pot-hunters, and if full judgment is secured, $1,775, it will enlarge the club's treasury, as one-half goes to the State and half to the club.

Henry Johnson, game constable for the Onondaga Anglers' Association, has returned from Oswego county, where he has been on a "still-hunt" for offenders. Utter disregard is paid to the game laws in that section, and consequently game is very scarce. In one day he discovered and destroyed sixty partridge snares in the woods.

Three arrests were made last week of game snarers. They were William Trumble, George Trumble and Benjamin Brackett, of West Amboy. The last named is an old offender, being connected with the Andrews Bros. bird case and who was fined $50 in that case. He is also a noted offender in this kind of work. They will be tried before Judge Northrup some time this week.

The fishing in Onondaga Lake has been much improved the past year. Mr. Jackson says that only two nets were taken last month, and at present there is no net fishing being done in this lake. D. K.

## COLD BARRELS.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind.—Noel E. Money asks an explanation of the fact that a hot gun barrel shoots harder than a cold one. It is because the expansiveness of gases is largely dependent on their temperature, and the cold barrel absorbs so much heat that it reduces the power of the propelling gases. O. H. HAMPTON.

RED BANK, N. J.—The appeal of Captain N. E. Money, manufacturer of E. C. powder, to the general public to solve the problem why his powder when fired out of a cold gun does not give the same velocity as subsequent charges, when fired out of a warm gun, is rather surprising, coming as it does from the manufacturer of a nitro powder. It is a well established fact that all nitros are very susceptible to cold, and therefore the loss of velocity of the first shot out of a cold gun is occasioned by the rapid cooling of the high pressure gases in the cold gun barrel. If Captain Money will experiment a little he will find that at 40° Fahrenheit a standard charge of 42grs. E. C. will lose 90ft. or about ten per cent. of its velocity, and that at a freezing temperature the loss is still greater, so as seriously to impair penetration. This fault, however, if known, is easily overcome and can be guarded against in loading. To guard, however, against atmospheric influences, dampness and dryness, is much harder, and this serious fault has been overcome by one nitro only, the new Walsrode smokeless. WHIPPOORWILL.

## MASSACHUSETTS DEER LAW.

Massachusetts has no law on deer except as to Plymouth and Barnstable counties, Session Laws, 1883, Chap. 169:

SEC. 1. Whoever hunts, chases, or kills a deer within the counties of Plymouth or Barnstable, except his own tame deer kept on his own grounds, shall forfeit for every such offense one hundred dollars.

SEC. 2. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed May 5, 1883.

There was up to 1886 a general deer law. Sec. 8 of the Public Statutes of 1882 provided:

SEC. 8. Whoever between the first day of December and the first day of November takes or kills a deer, except his own tame deer kept on his own grounds, shall be punished by fine of one hundred dollars.

This section was amended May 2, 1882, by Chapter 199, Laws 1882, Sec. 1, as follows:

SEC. 1. Section 8 of Chapter 92 of the Public Statutes is amended so as to read as follows: Whoever at any time in the year except Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays in the month of November, hunts, takes, wounds or kills a deer except his own tame deer kept on his own grounds, and whoever on any Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday in the month of November, hunts, takes, wounds or kills in any pond or river, or within two hundred yards thereof, a deer, except his own tame deer kept on his own grounds, shall be punished for each offense by a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars, and not more than one hundred dollars, etc. etc.

Chapter 276, Laws 1886 (passed June 10), enacted as a substitute for Chapter 92 of the Public Statutes, makes no mention whatever of deer, but does by Sec. 11 specifically provide for the entire repeal of Chapter 92:

SEC. 11. Chapter ninety-two of the Public Statutes, chapter thirty-six of the acts of the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

This leaves only the Plymouth and Barnstable law, as given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

### Denver Shooters.

DUCK shooting here this fall has been exceptionally good. Bryan Haywood, of the Queen City Gun Club, on Sept. 1 killed 27, on the 8th 37, on the 22d 54, on the 29th 59, on Oct. 5 114 and on the 19th 78. These were killed on the Queen City lakes and were all large ducks, being mostly canvasbacks and redheads. Hayward shoots a Spencer repeater when duck hunting and is the most expert wildfowl shot in this section.

Vic Kennicott and Sid Schroeter killed 29 mallards and 2 geese at Hardin last Sunday; on the same day at Fort Morgan D. L. Mechling and Geo. Robinson killed 52 ducks and one goose.

Bert Cassidy will start for the lakes in the vicinity of Loveland on the 10th and expects to kill any quantity of snipe, ducks and geese. John Collier, Geo. Tuck and myself expect to leave Saturday night for Boyd Lake, as we are informed that the wildfowl are coming in fast. Guy Chamberlin and Rudolph Kroeck have just returned from a hunting trip in Rouet county. They killed five bear and numerous deer and elk. Large game is more plentiful this fall than it has been for a number of years.

The Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association hold their fourth annual tournament at River Front Park on Nov. 10, 11 and 12. The managers have arranged an attractive programme and a large attendance is expected. The excitement in regard to buffalo hunters has all died out and the general impression is that it was a false alarm. TESEEBY.

### Birds in Virginia.

LEXINGTON, Va., Nov. 5.—I regret to report that in my experience of thirty years' shooting in this county, I have never before known birds to be as scarce as they are this season. Although we have had a dry summer, one peculiarly suitable for rearing young broods, the quail do not seem to have recovered from the effects of the deep snow of December, 1890, which killed them by thousands. A tramp of a day resulted in seeing not one single bird. Another day resulted in a bag of three. The largest bag made being thirteen.

I was not a little surprised to see in your last issue that a "New York correspondent who has been traveling in Virginia expresses surprise at finding the robin there esteemed only as an article of food."

I was born in Virginia, have lived here all my life, and I consider that, the mockingbird excepted, the robin is one of the sweetest, if not the sweetest, songsters we have. In Virginia the robin is, I fancy, quite as domesticated as in the North. I have known as many as four pairs to build in my yard, one pair building in a climbing rose on the porch.

The laws of Virginia prohibit the killing of the robin at all times, though I fear the law is not strictly enforced.

T. M. S.

### The Coon in Eastern Massachusetts.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., Nov. 6.—I write a line to correct the impression given by the paragraph on the Wayland coon in "Special's" article in the issue of Nov. 3, that the presence of the raccoon in this section is of rare occurrence.

This town adjourns Wayland and coons are reported here nearly every year. Within the last three years I have handled five, all taken within five or six miles of my house; one of them I shot myself within 20yds. of my front door, from an elm overhanging a much traveled street, only about three-quarters of a mile from the town, and no large woods near. I have heard constantly of coons in this vicinity during a residence here of nearly forty years, but I may safely say that they are more often met with of late years than earlier, contrary to what we might expect.

I take advantage of the opportunity to express appreciation of the very interesting and instructive article by Mr. Rich on the lynx. It is the securing of such papers as these that tends to make FOREST AND STREAM a journal that "no one can do without."

F. C. BROWNE.

### Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Dr. Morris, of New York, known to all your readers, and Mr. Norton, of this city, came in from a shooting trip along the shores of Cayuga Lake the other day with a bag of forty ruffed grouse and woodcock. This, so far as I am aware, is by far the best bag scored in this vicinity this season. Complaints from this and adjoining counties have been quite general that the supply of ruffed grouse is limited, and my own experience, based on twelve or fifteen days afield, bears out the universal verdict. The cover for these magnificent birds grows more restricted with each recurring season in central New York, much to the regret of all the good fellows who love the dog and gun and wooded slopes. Why not shorten the season and stop, if possible, the impending extermination? Gray squirrels, "the oldest inhabitant" tells us, come once in seven years. This is one of the seventh years they are due, and I must confess they have been with us in force. M. C. H.

### A Toronto Quail Case.

THOMAS H. CLEGHORN, the Yonge street fruiterer, was charged with having exposed for sale some quail at his store. Mr. Hope, secretary of the Game Protective Association, swore that he saw the quail at the defendant's place of business. Mr. Cleghorn stated that he bought the quail in Chicago. The plea that they were imported did not enter into the question when the new statute of 1892 was looked up. Mr. Boyd raised the point that the Ontario Legislature could not pass legislation that interfered with trade and which fairly came within the purview of the Federal Government. It was a peculiar thing to his notion that the Dominion Parliament should place a duty on quail and then the Ontario Legislature should turn around and virtually prohibit the importation of them. His Worship administered the law as he found it and fined Cleghorn $10 and costs or ten days. Mr. Cleghorn immediately gave notice of appeal.—*Toronto Telegram.*

Quasimodo's little niece has been stopping with him, and occasionally making him smile with her quaint remarks. Here is the latest: "Uncle, do dogs get married?" "Married! No, my child, certainly not." "Then what right has Nettle to growl at Rover while they are eating their breakfast?" Quasi is thinking it over still.—*Drake's Magazine.*

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## SALMO KAMLOOPS.

HOW AND WHERE WE FOUND HIM.

OUR vacation last summer, besides rest and recreation, had in view a special object. We sought the acquaintance of the landlocked salmon, ouinaniche, or by whatever other name the fish of that species might be known on our coast. We had frequently heard the designation silver trout and had sometimes taken young salmon in our streams before he had taken his first bath in salt water. We had heard of golden trout, but we were not going in the direction of Mount Whitney. But the most significant suggestion came from an English sporting journal, which had attracted our attention some seasons before and made a deep impression that the game fish corresponding with our idea was to be found in the waters of Kootenay Lake in British Columbia, and that he rose readily to the fly. A theory, too, quite attractive to a summer tramp who loves the rod, was advanced that the engineers had discovered that the difference in elevation between the fountain sources of Columbia and Kootenay rivers was slight, and that at some time of great flood, the sources of the former being higher, overflowed and carried spawn or salmon fry over and into the waters of the latter and so into the lake. There they developed into the landlocked salmon. When or exactly how this took place, so far as sport was concerned, made little difference to us for the while. The theory was pleasing because there was added romance, and was somewhat ingeniously supported by reference to certain historical accounts of Catholic missionaries who from the early settlement of our country are known to have intelligently and accurately observed and reported much valuable matter concerning their field of labor in the wilderness. Some old and musty books or records, too, were supposed to be on the shelves of the library of the British Museum which disclosed interesting and corroborating testimony.

However, without consuming too much space in your journal, the writer yielding to the fascinating influence of the story, awaited the arrival of his friend at the rendezvous in northern California where we had met, as was custom, to tarry awhile and gather pith and vigor to overcome the effect of sedentary habit before going further on. So inspired we passed through Portland in the early days of July on our way to Spokane Falls in the State of Washington, thence north by rail to Marcus and Little Dalles on the Columbia River, where we took the steamer Lytton, plying between the latter place and Revelstoke, a station town on the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was our purpose to stop off at Sproat's Landing at the confluence of the Kootenay.

There is a charm in this trip from Little Dalles to Revelstoke which stirs the blood and thrills the nerves. The little steamer sturdily fights her way through the wild waters which buffet her until she has passed the mouth of the Kootenay, for the great volume which pours out of Arrow Lakes meets the outpouring of Kootenay, and being forced into the narrowing channel, to be supplemented by the additional waters of Clark's Fork, or Pend d'Oreille as sometimes called, whirls, bubbles and hisses in a state of steamy fermentation. After passing the Kootenay come the Arrow Lakes, an expansion of the Columbia River, which greet you with smoother face until after a night's rest on the steamer you meet the cool morning shadows of the Gold and Selkirk ranges, with their glacial peaks which have been found to yield the right of way to the mighty Columbia. It takes a day and a night run from Little Dalles to Revelstoke, about twenty-four hours' time, and 230 miles river navigation.

Soon after taking steamer at Little Dalles we made the acquaintance of General Assistant Passenger Agent Brown of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was enthusiastic in his recommendation of sport on the Kootenay, having just returned from the stream. He kindly gave us the use of the lodges then being built by his company for the accommodation of parties visiting the falls. We stopped over that evening at Sproat's Landing.

Kootenay Lake is elevated about three hundred and fifty feet above the level of Columbia River and discharges into it through a rugged but not narrow cañon with high gray granite walls. It is not bare of forest or undergrowth, but the timber does not appear to us of special value. The stream is twenty miles long and flows out of the extreme west end of the lake, which is nearly equal length with the river. It is broken by falls about midway between the source and confluence, the series of falls covering about three miles of the river's course. The first in ascending is the St. Agnes, which is about thirty feet vertical height on the north side and of such volume and velocity on the other, that the ascent of salmon from the Columbia is barred. They nevertheless gather at the foot in great numbers in the vain effort to ascend, and in consequence the fall was once a famous resort of the wild tribes for their supply. Within two or three miles further on, the other falls, Pillar and Geyser, are met with, respectively deriving their appropriate names from suggestions of nature. There is much beauty in the scenery, which appeals strongly to the best gifts of pen and pencil. The water is magnificent and fascinating in its display, and the whole scene is wild, bold and impressive.

So irresistibly inviting to the angler it was impossible to pass such opportunity, and so between these falls we found the sport we had anticipated and succeeded in taking the fish we were in quest of, to be afterward taken with surer identity in other waters of British Columbia, as will be described further on. We camped during parts of the second and third weeks in July; found the average temperature agreeable; the morning and evening fresh, we can hardly say cold; were not annoyed by insects; had during our stay occasional showers, followed by sunshine, which gave no discomfort, but added pleasure, for the bluebells, which never grew richer in Scottish Trossachs, with other dainty flora, always rose resplendently in recognition of nature's favor of sunshine and flower. We have heard since of the experience of others not so happy as was ours.

Breaking camp and returing to Sproat's Landing, now Robson, we met the Lytton again on her regular trip north through the lakes to Revelstoke. We had information that we would find our fish in the waters of Kamloops Lake, one of the Shuswap series, at its foot, where the South Thompson receives its flood and bears it to the Fraser, which mingles its volume and delivers it to the Gulf of Georgia.

Savona is the station, about two hundred and twenty-five miles east from Vancouver, where we found a hospitable host in Mr. Adam B. Ferguson. Here the best specimens were taken and the best opportunities afforded of observing the beauty and grace of this superb fish, whose gracious quality follows him to the table.

It strikes me like the sound of a trumpet, to use an expression of the gentle author of "Angling Talks," as I recall my friend's triumphant halloo as one evening his voice came cheerily up stream and I turned to behold him erect in the bow of his boat, every sense of the accomplished angler concentrated with new born joy as he realized that he had well hooked a superb specimen on his fly. Forty feet of line out straight and a flash of silver shot in the air and glistened in the rays of the setting sun. It was dangerous game for a novice, joy for an accomplished hand. Then the wild dash for freedom and the fierce struggle under the water. The reel clicked, hummed, and five times again under the strain of the practiced rod the silvery phantom flashed in air until at last, with steady and skillful play, the gallant struggle of the perfect fish, whether landlocked salmon, ouinaniche or silver trout, as we were to be advised scientifically, was over and the net inclosed him. Four pounds, and as silvery and bright as the dollar new coined and fresh from the mint. We unjointed our rods, and as we turned our faces toward the hostelry, from afar up the lake came the wailing cry of the loon.

Our vacation this summer was the natural sequence of last season's pleasant experience, and carried the purpose of not only renewing the sport with which we had become familiar, but also of securing specimens for scientific examination. With this plan we met at our rendezvous. My friend who got a day ahead of me, by an accident which was in no way a disaster, was on his way to Portland where I joined him early in July. He had carefully made preparation for preserving and bringing home some well-selected specimens of the fish known as silver trout, only, in the waters where we had found him, but so distinguished from other Salmonidæ that the Indian, in his own dialect, had honored him with a distinct name. Believing in the preservation of aboriginal native names, I choose to use it that it may become popularly known among anglers. We agree that Stit-tse is distinguished by better fighting qualities than any other of his species that we have taken in any waters west of the Mississippi. Almost any bright-colored fly lures him, but preference may be given to colors of the golden pheasant, with dash of silver tinsel on number two hook. The South Thompson at the outlet of Kamloops Lake at Savona is six hundeed feet wide and from fifteen to thirty feet deep, with current of six or seven miles per hour. Rainbow (*irideus*) and Dolly Varden (*Salvelinus*) trout are abundant at this point. The rainbow was locally named redsides, weighing not uncommonly as much as nine and a half pounds, and on hook or platter is only inferior to Stit-tse. Either of these fish, Stit-tse or rainbow, may be taken in the lake by trolling, and often of larger size. The better time for the anglers here is from June 20 to July 15 as a rule, depending somewhat on the condition of the waters, and the best is when the water is falling. The hotel is within one hundred yards of the lake, the best point for sport being a mile and a half from the hotel across the lake and is easily approached by boat, or on foot as the river is spanned by an excellent bridge at the outlet of the lake.

When we left Portland it was with the intention of going as far as Banff Hot Springs, with a side trip into new country also contemplated. We purchased tickets, going by rail by way of Tacoma, Seattle and New Whatcom to Mission Junction on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and thence to Savona, where we stopped to accomplish our purpose. The satisfactory result, which is due to the thoughtful preparation and excellent care taken of the specimens by my friend, is given in the following paper. G. B. C.

STOCKTON, Cal., October, 1892.

### Description of a New Species of Salmon.

*Oncorhynchus kamloops*, from the lakes of British Columbia.

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN.

(Copy of MSS. sent to Smithsonian Institution for publication).

*Oncorhynchus kamloops*, species Nova:

Head, 4½ in length to base of caudal; depth, 4½; dorsal rays, 11, not counting the rudiments; anal rays, 11 in one specimen, 12 in the other, besides 3 rudiments; scales, 30. 145, 26 (in second specimen 135 scales); about 120 pores; length of body, largest specimen, 16¼in.; smaller specimen, 15¾in.

Body moderately elongated, somewhat compressed, the general form resembling that of the silver salmon (*Oncorhynchus kisutch*); jaws in the typical specimens not prolonged, the maxillary extending beyond the eye, its length not quite half the head; snout slightly rounded in profile, the profile regularly ascending; eye large, about as long as snout, four and a half times in head; teeth moderate, some of those in the outer row in each jaw moderately enlarged; teeth on tongue and vomor, as usual in *Oncorhynchus;* opercles striate, not much produced backward; branchiostegal rays, eleven on each side; dorsal fin rather low, its longest ray slightly greater than the base of the fin, 1 3-5 in head; anal fin lower and smaller than usual in *Oncorhynchus*, its outline slightly concave, its longest ray greater than the base of the fin and a little more than half head; adipose fin moderate; caudal fin rather broad, distinctly forked, its outer rays about twice inner; pectoral fins rather long, 1⅛ in head; ventrals moderate, 1⅝ in head; gill-rakers comparatively short and few in number, about 6 plus 12 or 13.

Coloration, dark olive above, brightly silvery below, the silvery color extending for some distance below the lateral line where it ends abruptly; when fresh the middle of the sides in both specimens was occupied by a broad band of bright, light rose pink, covering about one-third of the total depth of the fish; back above with small black spots about the size of pin heads irregularly scattered and somewhat more numerous posteriorly; a very few faint spots on upper part of head; dorsal and caudal fins rather closely covered with small black spots similar

to those on back but more distinct; a few spots on the adipose fin, which is edged with black; lower fins plain; the upper border of the pectoral dusky; a vague dusky blotch on the upper middle rays of the anal; ventrals entirely plain.

The intestines had been removed and so no account can be given of the pyloric cæca.

The existence of this fish was first known to me from conversation with Mr. A. C. Bassett, of Menlo Park, Cal., a very enthusiastic angler, who had taken the fish in the Kamloops Lake in British Columbia. I was unable to identify the fish from the account given by Mr. Bassett. In going for a summer outing in July, 1892, Mr. Bassett went to Kamloops Lake and secured the two type specimens, which were carefully placed in alcohol and sent to me. The following statement of their habitat was furnished me by Mr. Bassett:

"These specimens were taken at the outlet of the Kamloops Lake into the South Thompson; the North Thompson flows into the upper end of the same lake. These waters connect with the Shuswap lakes, and this fish we find in all the tributaries of the last named lakes, also in Okanagan Lake, the waters of which flow toward the Columbia (the other lakes being tributary to the Frazer River). Reliable information gives the weight of the largest specimen ever caught in Okanagan Lake as 17½lbs. The Shuswap Indian name for this salmon is *Stit-tse*. They have been taken fifty miles below the Kamloops Lake in the Thompson River, but not in large numbers."

This seems to be a species of salmon entirely distinct from the five hitherto authentically recorded from the waters of the Pacific coast. There is not much doubt from the account of Mr. Bassett as well as from the appearance of the fish that it is a "landlocked" species of salmon. Its nearest relationships seem to be with the king salmon or quinnat (*Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*), but from the quinnat it differs somewhat in coloration, and especially in the very much smaller size of the anal fin and in the reduced number of branchiostegals. It is possibly descended from the quinnat, but in any event it is so modified that it must be regarded as a different species.

I have given the species the name of the lake from which it was first taken. One of the two type specimens has been sent to the United States National Museum, the other is in the museum of the Leland Stanford Junior University. With these two specimens was a small fish about 5in. long of the kind on which these salmon were feeding. This little fish was without spots, and has some eighteen rays in the anal fin. Apparently it is the young of the quinnat salmon; certainly it is not the young of the species in question.

The discovery of this landlocked salmon lends additional probability to the theory that the small landlocked salmon of the various lakes in British Columbia and Washington which has been known by the name of *Oncorhynchus kennerlyi* is really to be regarded as a distinct species as Dr. Bean has maintained and not as a form of *Oncorhynchus nerka*. The *kennerlyi* reaches a length of about 10 or 12in. and the weight of little if any more than a pound. It can be distinguished from the present species by its small size and by the very much greater number of its gill rakers, which if my notes are correct, are upward of forty in number in the Nerka. The small white salmon to which the name of *Salmo warreni* was given by Dr. Suckley is probably the female of the *kennerlyi*. I do not find among the various nominal species described by Dr. Suckley, any which seem at all to correspond to *Oncorhynchus kamloops*.

PALO ALTO, Sept. 12.

## POTOMAC NOTES.

BLACK bass fishing is still the rule here, and this month, especially during our Indian summer, good sport may be expected. In September and October many bass were taken, some very good ones, too. Major Kirby leads, so far as we are informed, with a 5½lb. bass. The Major is a member of the South Mountain Club, and his catch naturally enthuses the whole club. A Mr. Lewis recently had good fishing at the Little Falls of the Potomac, taking a number of very good sized fish. M. A. Tappan sought recreation at Romney, West Virginia, and had several days of splendid sport, catching all the bass desired. Romney is on the South Branch of the Potomac, which is one of the best black bass waters near Washington. Mr. H. C. Coburn showed me a very nice string of bass, seven in all, which he took off the Anglers' Club House a few days ago. The wind was very strong and made fishing from boat quite disagreeable, else he would have doubled his catch. Charley Laird and Henry Weye took a trip to the Great Falls recently, but met with poor success. Messrs. Hunter, Lanvoigt, Demonet and Hancock have made some fair catches. The Potomac water is clear and cold now, the temperature being 53°.

What a paradise for anglers Washington must have been twenty-five or thirty years ago. Gentlemen of the old school found 5, 10 and 15-pound rockfish more plentiful in their day than we do even yellow perch. A good story is told of M. Du Bante. This gentleman spent many an hour fishing from the Long Bridge, and one evening was rewarded in the capture of a 12-pound rockfish. The exact place of hooking the fish was carefully marked by a nick in one of the timbers of the bridge, and M. Du Bante from that moment felt a sort of individual ownership of that especial part of the structure. He hastened up town and of course had to let some one into his secret; so hurrying on he soon reached Hancock's restaurant, and there to the original host of that establishment, Andrew Hancock, he told all about the capture. "Andrew, I catch him; see?" Even the private mark—the notch in the bridge—was referred to. The next day M. Du Bante again repaired to the bridge, and who should he find sitting plumb upon his nick but Judge Bibb. Du Bante was furious and soon confronted Andrew with a charge of gross unfaithfulness for having told the Judge about the notch in the bridge. "How do you know," asked Andrew, "that I told Judge Bibb?" "Because no one but you knew anything about it," retorted Du Bante. Matters were soon adjusted. Judge Bibb failed to catch a 12-pound fish from the notch and Du Bante became reconciled.

At another time this same ardent angler was fishing for rockfish above the long bridge on the Virginia side of the river. Mr. ——, cashier of the Bank of the Metropolis, accompanied Du Bante and soon succeeded in hooking a fine fish. Du Bante was rather nervous. It happened that the cashier wore large colored glasses. "Let me land him, let me land him!" cried Du B., but the cashier proposed to have a full hand in the matter, and kept working the fish nearer the boat. Du Bante, growing more and more excited, exclaimed: "No, no!" "We will bring him up close to the boat," insisted the cashier. "And then, rockfish see green spectacles, and in five minutes be at Alexandria," thundered Du Bante. Sure enough, it is said, the fish in the wrangle was unhooked, and with a vigorous movement of the caudal portion of the body started for Alexandria, and was lost. When M. Du Bante had no longer use for his tackle, owing to approaching old age, he offered it to one of a new school of anglers for a modest sum, saying: "John, it is the finest you ever saw, only 25 years old."

In a talk with Mr. W. V. Cox some few weeks since he told me of the good trout fishing had in company with Messrs. Chappelle and Reynolds a year ago. This was in Difficult Creek, Indian Creek and the Blackwater, Garrett county, West Virginia. Trouting in these streams was very good. Indian Creek, though a very small stream, is said to be full of trout.

Gunners are out in force. Quite a number of quail have been shot just outside of the city. The weather has been so unusually dry that parties having good dogs do not care to work them in the bush until after a rain.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3. BON.

## MORE KEKOSKEE CONFIRMATION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Blessings on Mr. Hough! The Kekoskee fish story, while both entertaining and instructive, at the same time creates within one an increased desire for truth, and an utter fearlessness in adhering to the same at all times and under any and all circumstances. What a relief from campaign literature! Everbody hails the publication of this remarkable statement of facts, or statement of remarkable facts, as you like, with rejoicing. All appreciate it. Even the oldest fishermen surrender the palm to Mr. Hough, and betake themselves to a seat in the rear without a murmur. The Kekoskee version is a good one; but all must admit that it required the touch of a masterhand to put it on paper after the fashion in which it appears in FOREST AND STREAM.

But, aside from the merits of both the story and the writer, to whom we extend our most sincere thanks, I am personally conscious of a peculiar appreciation, in that it brings to my mind the earliest recollections of my childhood. The first sheet of water my wondering eyes ever looked upon was the Horicon; and the first fish I have any recollection of was a sleigh (not wagon) load of those identical Kekoskee bullheads. No, I did not mean to say it just that way after all; I must modify that assertion a trifle. They were not really Kekoskee bullheads, for they were not taken from the celebrated geyser; but they came from the same source, the Horicon, and were just as good. Although I was but a wee bit of a girl them—my years were few and I had not yet learned to date them—those bullheads made a never-to-be-forgotten impression on my mind. I have long felt like telling the readers of FOREST AND STREAM about them, but I somehow lacked the courage. Not that I feared anybody would doubt my word, but you see it happened so long ago that I feared some mathematical mind might go to work on the intervening years, exactly as Mr. C. H. Ames has already done on the product of the Kekoskee eruption, and perhaps make me out— but I won't say anything about it and it may not be noticed.

My paternal grandfather's home was situated on the ledge, a few miles up the lake from the unfortunate Kekoskee, and directly overlooking the then lovely little Horicon. It was in a beautiful spot, about two miles from the lake, and a charming piece of woodland lay between. At this point the ledge was very high, and in summer we looked down upon the tops of the trees, with their mass of green foliage, beyond which sparkled the waters of the Horicon. In winter when the trees were bare, it seemed only a step down to the margin of the lake. Here the Indians hewed canoes from the trunks of great trees, and it was a mystery to me how they were going to get them into the water when finished. In this woodland I first listened to the tinkle of a cow-bell, and always felt very much afraid of the sound; and that feeling has never left me. I can imagine no more lonesome and melancholy sound than that of a tinkling bell in the depth of a dense wood. Here many wonderful things were revealed to me in those days, and I begin to think it must be a wonderful place somehow: and am more and more convinced of the fact as I read, and re-read, Mr. Hough's fish story.

In this same wood I have seen men engaged in burning coal pits, and, in another locality, making maple sugar, and here, too, I fired my firsht shot at game. The gun was a hammerless (though my husband interrupts me here to say I must certainly be mistaken, as there were no hammerless guns in those days) and with the first shot down came a blackbird with red wings. Unlike the majority of feminine first shots, I never felt the jar of the gun in the least, and if it kicked at all I did not know it. My good fortune, no doubt, was due to the fact that the old hammerless was firmly held by the hands of my big brother, while I fired it with a match. Everybody, of course, knows something of the nature of a domineering elder brother, and I was just at the right age to do anything and everything he told me to. We thought it great fun then, but I am afraid it would take him a long time to persuade me to touch a lighted match to the tube of a gun now. That old, dilapidated gun was the only one I ever knew my father to own.

Another time we found game of much more importance than blackbirds, and we followed it, in company with my grandfather's old house dog, for many hours, and I was sent again and again to beg my father to come out and see what we had found. When at last he came and found that we were following a great lynx he was very much surprised, and immediately dispatched my brother for a man with a gun, while he stood guard at the roots of the tree which held our game. When the gun arrived the animal was soon brought down, and found to be a very large one.

But it was my original intention to tell what I know about K— no, Horicon bullheads, and I've got to talking and forgotten all about it, but I'll try it again.

It was in winter; we were paying a visit to my grandfather, and as the fishing was said to be very very good, my father, though not much of a fisherman, went down to the lake to try his luck, and he brought home a whole sleigh load. They fastened a large basket to the end of a long pole, cut a hole through the ice and dished them up by hundreds. We had all the fish we could eat for a long time, and then father had the story of his wonderful catch of bullheads to relate to his friends for the remainder of his life. While I have no recollection of the Kekoskee eruption, I have certainly eaten of the bullheads taken from the Horicon in the winter of 1860, and was, as one might say, brought up on the story of my father's wonderful catch.

While on a visit to the old place a few years since, I was sorry to find a great green marsh in place of the old-time Horicon Lake. The old trees have been cut down, too, and everything has changed—the memory only remains.

* * * * *

By the way, can FOREST AND STREAM give us any information as to the whereabouts of Mr. "Podgers?" We miss him even more, we think, than he once missed the bear stories; and we don't think it's fair for him to drop out of sight all at once, after getting us in the notion of hearing from him each week. MARION.

GEYSERVILLE, Cal.

## THE GAME CATFISH OF THE PECOS.

PECOS, Tex., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seeen it stated either in FOREST AND STREAM or Hallock's "Gazetteer" that the catfish is unfit to be fished for by gentlemen fishers, and unfit to be eaten except by blackguards and negroes—or words to that effect. I wish to take issue with him who made that remark.

I have found a catfish in the Pecos River which is as gamy a fighter as the black bass, and in the quality of edibleness is not inferior to any fresh-water fish known to me. His flesh is far better than that of the black bass. It is rich and savory, and of an excellent, delicate flavor. The fish is often very fat. This morning I sat down to a bountiful repast of them, from which I arose with a feeling of much satisfaction. Indeed, it is a fish for an epicure. Understand now that he who says this is no greenhorn as to fishes, but a man learned in that line.

They are very numerous in the Pecos. They are a handsome fish. They have small heads, forked tails, and the smaller ones are full of black spots on their sides, which are of a whitish color. As the fish increase in size, the white spots disappear, and he becomes almost white. When first taken from the water they glisten like new silver. They grow to a large size. Judge Nicholas Van Horn of this place told me to-day that he caught one not long since which weighed eighty-two pounds. He says they may be called a "channel cat," but are distinctly a "Rio Grande cat," being, as he thinks, confined to that river and its tributaries. I have seen what they call the channel cat in other parts, but they were not so handsome and grew not so large. When you go fishing, you catch these of all sizes, from a few ounces to several pounds' weight. They bite readily at grasshoppers, bullfrogs, or a chunk of meat of any sort. I judge they would also take a fly as readily as the mountain trout.

The soft-shell turtle also abounds in the Pecos, and I write him down the best by far of all turtles. I think there is no comparison between him and the green turtle of the seas in point of goodness of meat It lays a great many eggs, and they too are tip-top to eat.

The Pecos is a remarkable river. It flows through a region where the trees grow under the ground instead of above ground, through a wide, alluvial valley, whose soil is impregnated with sulphate of magnesia and potash or soda, and salt. Its water tastes strongly of these minerals and is not good to drink. It runs with a powerful current which where a little swollen carries with it more sediment to the cubic foot than any river in the world, I think. When not thus swollen it is a beautiful stream.

But judge not that the Pecos Valley is sterile. On the contrary, to judge by results it is of enormous fertility. They produce such great crops of sweet potatoes and onions here that I dare not state how much per acre, for I would hardly be believed. And I hold that the Pecos sweet potato is the best on earth. I am enthused over it, insomuch that I am continually exclaiming with Falstaff, "Let the sky rain potatoes!" The European grapes—*vitis vinefera*—are as successful here as in California.

Therefore, if any of your readers desire to turn philosophers and to grow fat on channel cats, sweet potatoes, turtles, grapes and wine, let them come hither. There is room enough, for folks as yet are powerful scarce in this great valley. All farming is done by irrigation from the Pecos and artesian wells, of which there are not less than 30 in this little town of 500 people. N. A. T.

## NEVADA NOTES.

MR. GEORGE T. MILLS, State Fish Commissioner for Nevada, has labored for several years past to bring the fishing in waters of his State up to their old standard. The Truckee and Carson rivers have been planted again with fish. The brook trout of the East, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, the rainbow of the West and landlocked salmon have been introduced. Mr. Mills states that he has put in upward of 100,000 fish a year in the Truckee alone. The introduced trout are found far superior to the native, or Tahoe, trout, as the latter is soft fleshed. The rainbow trout are doing especially well and now greater numbers of this fish are caught than of the native black-spotted trout. They are taken from ¼ to 5lbs. in weight and are considered more game than the natives. They take the fly regularly. Mr. Mills himself had the pleasure of catching a 4¼-pounder in the Carson River. A gentleman from Rene took one weighing 5½lbs. These fine fish were both taken with the artificial fly.

The Truckee and Carson rivers, and Lake Tahoe, have been planted with landlocked salmon from the Atlantic side. Those put in three years ago are beginning to show up well. One of 6lbs. has been taken and is evidence that suitable conditions prevail for their development.

Legislation has been secured from both the California and Nevada legislatures prohibiting the emptying of sawdust into the streams, and now nearly all of the mills have abated the nuisance and the Truckee is fast regaining her its condition. Suitable fish ladders have been erected at every dam in both Nevada and California, and the bottom of the river being free from sawdust the fish

find proper spawning places and are rapidly increasing in numbers.

As in many other States, the great drawback in Nevada to any extended effort is the lack of funds, the appropriation being but $10,000.

### A St. Lawrence River Catch.

CLAYTON, N. Y., Oct. 29.—On Wednesday evening last (26th) I saw a very handsome catch of fish lying upon the Hubbard House veranda.

It consisted of 2 moderate-sized, but most beautifully and clearly marked mascalonge, 5 pike (*Esox lucius*), weighing, I estimate, from 5lbs. to 8lbs., and last, but not least, a prize in the shape of a 7lb. pike-perch. The lucky anglers were Mrs. Hubbard, the worthy landlady of the popular house of that name, and her friend, Miss Eliza Wood. The bait used was Skinner spoons, No. 8, and James Green was their oarsman.

Green has since informed me that the second fish hooked by the ladies was a mascalonge, which, after being brought alongside the boat and treating them to an unceremonious shower bath, made good his escape. Green estimated this fish would have weighed 25lbs.

In justice to the ladies it should be stated that they were inexperienced in handling fish of this size, otherwise the result might have been more satisfactory.

There was a time in the history of the St. Lawrence River when the wall-eyed pike, or pike-perch, were quite plenty in this vicinity, but indiscriminate netting produced the usual results, and of late years the taking of one or more of this species is sure to be commented on. It is believed that a greater number have been taken in this vicinity during the past season than for many years previous.

Last August Clayton was favored by a visit from Commissioner W. H. Bowman, of Rochester, and Monroe A. Green, superintendent of the Caledonia Hatchery. Upon examination of the needs of our waters they expressed themselves as satisfied that we needed only a liberal plant of wall-eyed pike, which Commissioner Bowman assured us he would endeavor to have placed in the river next spring. CLAYTON.

### Sea Fisheries of Jamaica.

MR. EDWARD M. EARLE, of Jamaica, who is now on his way to England to perfect the details of his enterprise for the development of the fisheries of Jamaica waters, has shown us the manuscript of what promises to be a work of decided interest and value. The volume will treat of "The Sea Fisheries of Jamaica, Their Possibilities," and something of its scope may be inferred from these chapter titles: Fish Work, Fish Food Supply, Our Food-Fishes, Methods of Capture, Oyster Cultivation, The Turtle Trade, Proposed Fishing Operations, Curing Fish in the Tropics, Poisonous Effects of Some Fish, Sport in Jamaica, Fish of the Cayman Islands Mr. Earle's advancements in this special field and his public-spirited activity in the furtherance of Jamaica's fisheries are such as to warrant us in bespeaking a wide reading for his book.

### "Sand Lake Trout."

Park Rapids, the county seat of Hubbard county, Minn., is convenient to Shell Lake, Fish Hook Lake, Elbow Lake and the Crow Wing Lakes, which contain pike, perch, black bass, croppies, pickerel and mascalonge. It is likely to become a prominent fishing resort. It is on the line of the Great Northern Railroad. At Elbow Lake I heard the mascalonge spoken of as "sand lake trout." This is the furthest fetched yet. It is worse than calling a wall-eyed pike a salmon. Please make a note of it.

C. HALLOCK.

### Big Score.

ACCORDING to the Pittsburgh *Post*, Captain Tom Duff has made a great reputation as a successful angler. The Captain was out with the Wheeling Mark Twain Club, which camped at the head of Fish Creek Island, and in one morning he caught 45 bass, 7 pike and 5 catfish.

### ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.
Dec. 6 to 9.—First Annual Dog Show Hermitage Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn. Robert C. Stockton, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 3 to 6 – Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 14.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Princeton, Mass. J. H. Baird, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trials, at Columbus, Ind. W. J. Beck Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

## PHILADELPHIA K. C. FIELD TRIALS.

### All-Age Entries.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I take pleasure in inclosing to you a list of the entries for the first open All-Age Stake of the Philadelphia Kennel Club field trials, which closed Oct. 15, to be run at High Point, N. C., Nov. 28. The entries number fifty, thirty English setters, twelve pointers and six Irish setters. This is a very satisfactory showing.

There were paid sixty second forfeits in our Derby Stake, so that we may look for a fine big field of starters.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

BEN HUR OF RIVERVIEW—Pennsylvania Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Ben Hill—Zoe W.), 4yrs.
SANDY GLADSTONE—S. M. Mitchell's orange and white dog (Breeze Gladstone—Delaware), 18mos.
ST. ANTHONY—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Rowdy Rod—Celeste C.), 14mos.
RUPERT—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), 5½yrs.
BELLE S.—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), 5yrs.
NOVELIST—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Woodhill Bruce—Llewellyn Novelty), 3½yrs.
HARRY C.—Greenfield Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Countess House), 4yrs.
COUNT RODERIGO—W. C. Kennerley's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lady Gladesse).
BOB COOPER—Blue Ridge Kennels' white and chestnut dog (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.), 2½yrs.
GOSSIP—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont), 3½yrs.
BRIGHTON TOBE—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Locksley—Leddersdale II.), 3yrs.
PRIMA DONNA—E. J. Myers's blue belton bitch (Rockingham—Donna), 2½yrs.
DIAMOND—F. R. Hitchcock's back, white and tan bitch (Dick Roy—Cad's Pet), 3yrs.
ANNIE F.—F. R. Hitchcock's black and white bitch (Roderigo—Juno A.), 3yrs.
LENA—Charles Heath's black and white bitch (Prince Lucifer—Junean), 3yrs.
PETE—Charles Heath's black, white and tan dog (Prince Lucifer—Junean), 3yrs.
LORA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), 2½yrs.
MISS RUBY—P. Lorillard, Jr's lemon and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), 2½yrs.
COUNT ANTEO—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white dog (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl), 2½yrs.
ANTEVOLO—P. Lorillard Jr.'s white and liver bitch (Count Noble—Trinket II.), 3yrs.
GUY—Geo. T. Leach's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Lady). 5yrs.
COUNT GLADSTONE—A. Dill's black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), 3 yrs.
NANON—S. M. Mitchell's black, white and tan bitch (Ben Hill—Mary S.), 3yrs.
GATH—W. B. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Joy—Dart), 2yrs.
BEN HUR FRANKLIN—W. B. Smith's lemon and white dog (Ike—Leda), 5yrs.
PLUTO—C. H. Phelps, Jr.'s black and white dog (Mars—Venus), 3yrs.
DAN NOBLE—A. J. Klofandar's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Flame M.), 2yrs.
TENNYSON—Fairmount Kennels' lemon and white dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti), 2yrs.
ROSEBUD—Fairmount Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Czar— ——), 1½yrs.
THORNDALE—Hempstead Farm Kennels' white and black dog, Tom Bowline—Belle C.).

POINTERS.

PROMOTION—Fairmount Kennels' lemon and white dog (Lord Graphic—Belle Bishop), 2½yrs.
GROUSE—C. C. M. Hunt's lemon and white dog (Mainspring—Swain's Fly), 3½yrs.
PRAWN—Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Crab—Polly Peachem).
DICKON—Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Ightfield Bloom).
HEMPSTEAD—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow).
HEMPSTEAD COURT—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow).
SANFORD DRUID—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Exon Don—Sanford Quince).
HEINEKEN—J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog (Flockfinder—Yon), 4½yrs.
JUPITER—C. C. Cushing's liver and white dog (Tom Boline—Belle C.), 4yrs.
GENESTA—J. W. M. Cardoza's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Hops), 4yrs.
DELPHIC DUKE—J. W. M. Cardoza's liver and white dog (Dick of Delphos—Genesta), 1½yrs.
DELPHIC DAISY—J. W. M. Cardoza's liver and white bitch (Dick of Delphos—Genesta), 1½yrs.
WILD DAMON—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog (Damon—Flora), 2½yrs.
OUTCAST—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog (King of Kent—Hops) 2½yrs.

IRISH SETTERS.

HOPE BORU—George E. Gray's red bitch (Brian Boru—Biddy), 2yrs.
MERLIN—C. T. Thompson's red dog (Grab—Flora), 3yrs.
HENMORE SHAMROCK—F. L. Cheney's red dog (Muskerry—Avoca), 4yrs.
ADONIS—R. E. Richards's red dog (Tim—Currer Belle III.), 2½yrs.
COLERAINE—Glenmore Kennels' red bitch (Fingal III.—Aveline), 2½yrs.
FINGLAS—Glenmore Kennels' red dog (Fingal III.—Aveline), 2½yrs. FRANCIS G. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

## NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

### All-Age Entries.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I take pleasure in forwarding you the following entries for the All-Age Stake of the Eastern Field Trials Club's second annual trials, to be held at Assonet, Mass., Nov. 8 and following days. There are nineteen English setters, six Gordon setters and two pointers:

SIR FREDERICK—Seminole Kennels' blue belton dog (champion Royalty—Olinda), June 9, 1886.
POLLY II.—Bayard Thayer's black and white bitch (Lincoln—Polly).
TENNESSEE VANDAL—Oakland Kennels' black, white and tan dog (The Corsair—Effie Hell), Jan. 19, 1891.
DASH G.—H. B. Tallman' black, white and tan dog (Unm—Dot), June 24, 1886.
GROUSE—Joe Lewis's (agent) black, white and tan dog (MacD.—Pansy Mason), April 28, 1888.
TONY GLADSTONE—Joe Lewis's black, white and tan dog (Champion Paul Gladstone—Belle Ward), 1889.
KENT II.—Cohannet Kennels' blue belton dog (Count Howard—Lady Westmoreland), July 10, 1887.
THE CORSAIR—E. O Damon's black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Haydee), Aug. 9, 1887.
ROD'S WHIM—E. O. Damon's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone), July 3, 1889.
JENNIE STEVENSON—E. O. Damon's black, white and tan bitch (Fred W.—May), Feb. 22, 1890.
MARK NOBLE—Chas. Kelley's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Fleety Noble), July 1, 1889.
MACK G.—E. S. Coggins' orange and white dog (Follett's Mack—Belle), Feb. 15, 1888.
WAGTAIL—O. W. Donner's black, white and tan dog (Roi d'Or—Belle Piedmont), 1890.
CLAUD—Fred H. Clark's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lillian), May 20, 1886
OUR PET—Oakland Farm Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (The Corsair—Chula), April 11, 1889
MINCH—F. W. Whitlock's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone), July 3, 1888.
MOLLY DALE—E. S. Gordon's black and white bitch (Gath's Mark Jr.—Belle Dale), May 1, 1890
BESSIE II.—Edward Brooks's black, white and tan bitch (Dick—Daisy), May 4, 1884.
REVERDY—J. L. Wells's orange belton dog (Gath's Mark—Rosa), Aug. 1888.

GORDON SETTERS.

COMUS—James B. Blossom's black and tan dog (Roy—Dot), February, 1888.
SALLY BEAUMONT—J. B. Blossom's black and tan bitch (Beaumont—Countess Flo), October, 1889.
FLOMONT—J. B. Blossom's black and tan bitch (Beaumont—Countess Flo), October, 1889
ARGUS II.—J. B. Blossom's black and tan dog (Beaumont—Venus), June 2, 1890.
RANGER B.—Noyes Billings's black and tan dog (Tom II.—Neva), July 30, 1887.
COUNT NOBLE—Miss S. A. Nickerson's black and tan dog Pratt's Ben—Aldrich's Belle), Feb. 15, 1890.

POINTERS.

DUKE—Henry Dutton's lemon and white ticked dog (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso), May 30, 1890.
GROUSEDALE—R. R. Moore's dog (Underwriter—Trix), Nov. 20, 1889. E. K. SPERRY, Sec'y.

## IRISH SETTER CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

### All-Age Entries.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The following are the entries for the All-Aged Stake:

COLERAINE—Glenmore Kennels' bitch (Fingal III.—Aveline)
FINGLAS—Glenmore Kennels' dog (Fingal III.—Aveline).
ELPHIN II.—Glenmore Kennels' bitch (Tyrconnel—Kinvara).
RUBY GLENMORE—Glenmore Kennels' bitch (Glencho—Magg.
WINNIE II.—Glenmore Kennels' bitch (Frisco—Grouse II.).
BETSY CRAFT—Glenmore Kennels' bitch (Keno—My Maud).
BEAU BRUMMEL—Glenmore Kennels' dog, (Elcho, Jr.—Red Rose).
RANGER—Glenmore Kennels' dog (Irish Elcho—Irish Belfast).
JERRY JARVIS—Seminole Kennels' dog (Elcho, Jr.—Maid).
BEDFORD—Jas. B. Blossom's dog (Minstrel—Aurore).
SQUAW—Dr. J. H. Meyer's bitch (Darrah Pat—Ruby Glencho).
LADY ALICE—H. B. Anderson's bitch (Redstone—Lady Noreen).
ADONIS—H. E. Richards's dog (Tim—Currer Bell III.).
HENMORE SHAMROCK—F. L. Cheney's dog (Muskerry—Avoca).
QUEEN VIC—W. H. Beazell's bitch (Kildare—Red Rose).
HARTE'S BESSIE—W. Harte's bitch (Carless—Jessie Loraine).
ESTELLE—Omer Villere's bitch (Nedio Red—Vineta).
MERLIN—C. T. Thompson's dog (Grab—Flora).
CURRER BELL IV.—G. G. Davis's bitch (Tim—Currer Bell III).
ROMAYNE—Dr. Wm. Jarvis's dog (Elcho, Jr.—Romaine).
HOPE BORN—Geo. E. Gray's dog (Brian Boru, Jr.—Biddy).
ELCHO'S MAID—Geo. E. Gray's bitch (Elcho, Jr.—Maid).
MAID OF BORSTAL—Nelson McIntosh's bitch (Inchiquin—Onota Belle).
HAWKEYE QUEEN—Perry and Switzer's bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont).

The entries in the Derby Stake last year were 13, and in the All-Aged 19, a total of 32. This year there are 22 Derby entries and 24 All-Aged, a total of 46, being an increase of 14 entries over those of last year. G. G. DAVIS, Sec'y.

## AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS PUPPY STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MARK VAL JEAN—A. E. Field's dog (Gath's Mark—Lady Jean).
HARRY L.—A. C. Waddell's dog (Captain G.—June Warwick).
PEGGY B.—W. J. Beck's bitch (Gus Kneussell—Mazo Mana).

POINTERS.

TUXEDO—John B. McGuffin's dog (Ossian—Cornelia G.).
ALTO KING DON—A. B. Reeves's dog (King Don—Patti M. II.).
LADY FISHEL—U. R. Fishel's bitch (Devonshire Sam—Lady Wallace).
LEACHE'S BELL II.—W. A. Thompson's bitch (Grand Duke—Meteor's Dell).

IRISH SETTERS.

GLENMORE DONOWAY—Glenmore Kennels' dog (imported Finglas—Betsy Crafts).
GLENMORE FLYAWAY—Glenmore Kennels' dog (imported Finglas—Betsy Crafts).
DUDEEN—R. J. Withers's dog (Tearaway—Kenmare Cora)

W. J. BECK, Secretary.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

### Manitoba Matters.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—The *Free Press* (Winnipeg, Man.) has some crisp correspondence of late on matters pertaining to the Manitoba Field Trial Club and the Northwestern Field Trials Club. The two secretaries, Messrs. Johnson and Adams, are the chief writers of the correspondence.

The *Free Press* stated on official authority that the Manitoba Field Trial Club elected thirteen new members at its recent meeting, specifying Mr. Gotzian "and twelve other late members of that club" (the Northwestern).

Mr. Johnson, in his reply touching on this matter, said: "It is not true that twelve members of the Northwestern Field Trials Club resigned, but just one, Mr. Gotzian. * * I will enrich the Winnipeg general hospital $100 if even a fourth of the members mentioned, members or late members of the Northwestern Field Trials Club joined that club as stated."

Mr. E. D. Adams in reply stated as follows: "I would say that I furnished the information for that article, and must admit I did not notice the exact wording of that portion which refers to Mr. Gotzian and twelve other members of the N. W. F. T. C. as having joined our club, else I most certainly would have corrected it at the time to read 'supporters,' as it was not my intention to do the N. W. F. T. C. an injustice. The gentleman who proposed these members stated most distinctly they were or had been supporters of the N. W. F. T. C., and on reference to the published report of the trials of that club at Morris I find the names of several of them mentioned as having taken an active part therein."

Mr. Adams referred Mr. Johnson to Points and Flushes in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 8.

In reply Mr. Johnson, among other remarks, said: "He also suggests a perusal of FOREST AND STREAM, which he says will explain why the N. W. F. T. Club has an existence. It would be hard to get your readers to place much confidence in the veracity of that report when it is known that it was inspired from the same source as the official account of the Manitoba Field Trials Club's meeting." By "report," Mr. Johnson means the Points and Flushes referred to as being in the issue of Sept. 8.

The authority for all the statements in the aforementioned Points and Flushes was, as stated explicitly and fully therein, the minutes of the Manitoba Club's meetings as spread upon the club's books, and from the original correspondence preserved by the club as part of its records. There was no attempt to make out a case against Mr. Johnson. As stated at the time, or soon thereafter, in Points and Flushes, it was treating of matters which were common gossip in Manitoba. Mr. Johnson's version of the matter has been set forth fully in reply, so far as he has thought proper to present it.

There is one matter, however, that is worth the thoughtful consideration of both clubs, and that is that the unpleasant wrangling which has been begun and which is being perpetuated, will do neither club any good. On the contrary, it will do much harm in checking the growth of their support. Sportsmen who love sport for its own sake and have a feeling that there should be propriety and refinement in sportsmanship as well as out of it, will hesitate to join any public organizations if they are to become, at the same time, joint owners in a factional unpleasantness.

There is room enough for two organizations in Manitoba. There also is room enough in Manitoba for each club to run its trials on different grounds. There is nothing so particularly valuable or useful about Morris, Man., that it cannot easily be duplicated elsewhere. There is a broad field for the energies and talent of both clubs in furthering the interests of field sports and promoting the cause of good fellowship. A great deal of energy will be misdirected and lost, if expended in nursing grievances and making bright quirks.

In a letter received from Mr. Johnson, under date of Oct. 19, he says: "I am sorry you did not get our view of the case before publishing so one-sided an account. I could prove to you that the charges against our club were just the opposite, and could be fairly charged to the other." I can only repeat that, in my opinion, it is not too late for Mr. Johnson to present his refutation. Neither FOREST AND STREAM nor myself is endeavoring to make out a case against him. What has been written on the matter was intended for description of field trial matters in Manitoba. If the history lacks completeness and Mr. Johnson can supply the missing matter, it seems to me that he owes it both to himself and the field-trial public to publish the full and true history.

### Unbroken Dogs at Field Trials.

I have had a number of indorsements of what I wrote on the subject of unbroken dogs running in field trials. The following extract from the letter of a well-known trainer is so forcible that it deserves publication:

"No better plan could be adopted by dishonest competitors than to enter a string of rank duffers for the express purpose of defeating every dog they happened to be drawn against. You know it to be a fact that the best dog in the world cannot perform his work moderately well in company with an opponent which refuses to back, or crowds up when he should back at sight at any distance away from the pointing dog; or that jumps in and flushes or chases; or that needs to be yelled at to make him perform work that should be done voluntarily. Every trainer knows that no dog, however well trained, will work in company with a rank untrained dog and do his work well. A day's shooting in such company will demoralize a thoroughly trained dog to such an extent that several days' work, under strict discipline, is required to reconstruct him."

The unbroken dog has been given a thorough trial and generally was found wanting. The dash and energy of the unbroken state were found to be misleading. The wild dog of one year, rated high from what constituted natural qualities, was found to be worse the following year when broken. There is not one valid reason why an unbroken dog should be started in a competition, and there is every reason why such dog should be thoroughly broken.

### Classes of Field Dogs.

I have had in mind the importance of this subject, and have been intending to write on it for some weeks, but the columns of FOREST AND STREAM are crowded with such good matter every week that other good matter has necessarily been forced to await its turn in publication.

Concerning dogs as field performers, they can be divided into three classes, on their manner of doing field work. The distinction is a most important one, and must be learned sooner or later by all who aspire to a thorough knowledge of what constitute a dog's field qualities and how they compare relatively in a competition. Beginners never, in a field trial, estimate the work properly in respect to its relative value. They always look closely to the details, and the dog which gets the most points, etc., is, in their judgment, necessarily the best dog. They do not consider the class of the dog at all.

A high-class dog may have but one or two opportunities to show his abilities, yet he may show a quickness, capability, confidence and finish in his work that would far excel the work of a competitor which in quantity was much greater.

### The High-Class Dog.

No dog is more misunderstood and misrepresented than the high-class dog, and, strange as it may seem, field trial men have done the most to foster the contempt for high-class dogs—not intentionally, however, but none the less effectively. It seems strange that men would act in opposition to their own interests, but it is easily and often done in all lines of business, the love of gain being the impelling cause. Permanent success is sacrificed for the gain of the moment.

The high-class dog has suffered in the good opinion of the sportsmen at large for the simple reason that field trial men paraded the claims of certain dogs to high-class merit when those dogs had no such claims. The sportsman who often strenuously insisted on the high-class qualities of his dog quite as often hungered for fat stud fees in connection with his claim. The course of reasoning from a fat stud fee to a high-class dog is very direct, from some owners' standpoint.

The bogus high-class field trial dog has done much to depreciate the true high-class dog in the estimation of sportsmen.

The true high-class dog is such whether in a field trial or ordinary shooting. His qualities, briefly stated, are as follows: His disposition to work well and correctly is such that his training has not impaired any of his qualities. His range is wide or close, as the character of the ground requires In ranging over a rough country, or grounds partly open and partly cover, he comes out at the right point of his range to catch sight of his handler, and takes his course at all times from that of his handler as a base of operations. He works for the body scent of birds, draws to them with skill and judgement, and points at the proper distance from them, all being done with quickness and decision. He is sweet-tempered and delightfully obedient, receiving any order with cheerfulness and prompt attention. He directs all his efforts skilfully in the interest of the gun. His endurance is sufficient to meet any reasonable demands of shooting. He is "level-headed," a term which simply denotes a good, steady brain and the absence of nervousness or nervous excitement.

"Bird sense" governs all his efforts. The term denotes the skill, knowledge of the habits of birds and how to work skilfully and successfully in the interest of the gun, the memory of places, etc. The high-class dog stays out at his work, rarely works over the same ground twice in succession, yet he works out all the promising territory within his range.

The high-class dog is a rare dog indeed, and, in late years, has become scarcer, although plentiful as a speculation.

This sort of dog is most formidable in competition, and there is none better for practical field work. He works well without orders or assistance, and is happy in pleasing his master.

### The Bogus High-Class Dog.

This kind of dog is very numerous, and is not to be described on any basis of set qualities. They commonly present distinct qualities or peculiarities as compared one against the other, but they have a similarity in having one or more traits in common with the high-class dog, or traits which are similar apparently, but not in reality, as for instance, when a dog ranges wide and well so far as appearance goes, but lacks in judgment in working out the likely corners, and finds nothing, notwithstanding his imitation of good work.

This class of dog is most difficult to describe. The bogus high-class dog may range and find well, yet, from excessive nervousness or bad judgment, work badly on birds. He may run fast and range wide, yet work his ground with bad judgment, look to his handler for orders at every turn, and often be working behind his handler instead of ahead or aside of him. He may apparently be hunting well, but in reality he may be self-hunting; and at every opportunity he takes occasion to be lost to enjoy his self-hunting without interference. Judges do not deal so severely with this kind of a performer as they should. Sometimes the bogus high-class dog may have every appearance of a high-class dog in his manner of work, supplemented with his handler's assistance, such kind of dog being very inferior in intelligence. This kind will point on footscent and will require a lot of skillful helping from his handler to get him placed near the birds. In ranging he often casts behind the handler, works the same ground twice or more, and has no knowledge of the kind of places birds haunt; in short, is a high-class machine dependent on the handler for direction. This kind of dog, however, goes with so much dash and earnestness and does the work with such confidence that he often deceives both judges and spectators, the pretty points and great speed distracting their attention from the fact that the handler is furnishing nearly all the plans.

Then there is the hard-headed, disobedient dog which finds birds in his own way, and the shooter works to him. Loud whistling, hoarse shouting and much hard running are necessary in handling this kind of dog. He is a hustler, works to the gun part of the time and self-hunts in the rest of it. He is sometimes a half mile or more away in sight and sometimes he is a half hour out of sight. You will be told that all this is due to high-class. In short, the bogus high-class dog presents many forms of field performance. Judges should keep a sharper eye for his especial benefit. "Every dog has his day," but the bogus high-class dog has had his years.

This kind of dog may have a great deal of merit as a worker, but is only bogus when thrust into a class in which he does not belong.

### The Plug Shooting Dog.

This class is a most useful one. The name is of recent origin, and is used more to distinguish a good field dog from a field-trial dog. The plug shooting dog is infinitely superior, if a good performer, to the bogus high-class dog. The plug shooting dog may be a field-trial performer or a field dog, according as he is prepared and run. The name itself is misleading and is founded chiefly on a revenue basis, inasmuch the distinction between the plug shooting dog and the field-trial winner must be made as wide as possible with a view to high prices.

The field sportsman, one whose test is "an ordinary day's shooting, should not be hasty in his adverse conclusions in respect to field trial dogs. It does not necessarily follow that a dog is high-class because he is a winner, and it does not follow necessarily that a dog is high-class because his owner claims the quality for him.

Field trial judges, who have not already done so, would do well to note these distinctions. They have escaped the notice of some judges in the past.

### The Ordinary Dog.

The ordinary dog in a field trial may have one or two good qualities of some kind, but his abilities are so inferior that his struggle is hopeless if there are a few good dogs in the race. It is commonly a competition for him, including the united efforts of dog and handler.

The classes of dogs which run in field trials may therefore be divided into three.

1. The high-class dog, which works well to the gun, but independently of assistance from his handler.

2. The dog of many good qualities, but whose deficiencies have to be supplemented by the brains and assistance of his handler.

3. The dog which requires his handler to do a large part of the work and the thinking.

A more careful consideration of the class of the dog would enable judges to arrive at much more accurate decisions than they sometimes do at field trials.

### Kennel News.

I noticed recently in a contemporary the mention of the death of the famous field trial setter Chance, as a piece of news. There was in it no mention of the date of his death. He died many months ago. There was nothing newsy about the item at this late day.

The same contemporary is constantly and skillfully adding to a well-earned reputation for literary excellence, particularly in pure classical English construction. This week I notice some choice phrases for which the public should feel indebted and which it should cherish. The term "new beginner" was used, a term most comprehensive and satisfying. Again, a most finished phrase is as follows: "Mr. E. W. Jester writes us that he has sold *all* his hounds, *including* Babette," etc. No one can now doubt that when the gentleman sold them "all," he included the others.

### Art.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—I had the pleasure not long since of receiving from Mr. Edward Dexter, Buzzard's Bay, Mass., a photograph of Rip Rap and Maid of Kent, both famous in field trial history for great performances in competition. This photograph was from a painting by Mr. E. H. Osthaus, of Toledo, O., and it is remarkably spirited and skillfully arranged in respect to the pose of the dogs. There is a most pleasing fidelity to anatomical detail, a most important consideration in any painting of animals. The texture of the coat appears to be perfectly represented, a feature in which many painters fail more or less. The coat of a pointer is often represented in paintings by something which appears to represent a close-fitting seamless tin jacket, while the coat of a setter looks like amateur crochet work in yarn. Artists who take delight in their work and strive for a truthful portrayal of their subjects, as does Mr. Osthaus, are most desirable acquisitions to the guild of sportsmen. In a letter recently received I learn that Mr. Osthaus will visit the more important field trials this year. It will afford those who desire faithful portraits of their dogs a rare opportunity to get them, if they can succeed in making arrangements with Mr. Osthaus.

### The Untrained Dog.

While fully appreciating the shortcomings and harmful qualities of the imperfectly broken dog, I did not appreciate the fact that there are so many professional trainers who are fully aware of all the facts concerning the matter. Here are some extracts from a letter written to me by a trainer who stands equal with the best in or out of his profession. He says: "I quite agree with you in your recent letter to FOREST AND STREAM. There is no unknown quantity more entirely unknown than the merit of a half-trained dog. * * * It is the mode of reasoning, pursued by the judges, which is at fault. They say, here is a well-trained dog of no quality, and here is a dog of great natural quality but untrained. If trained, the latter could win it easily; and we cannot justly blame him, because it is the fault of his handler, and so the rank fellow gets it. How would it be on the track if a horse were allowed to break every time a competing horse crowded him, and he was thereupon allowed his time to recover, just because when he did not break he showed greater bursts of speed than his competitor? Then suppose the judges would say: Oh, well! It's the fault of his driver. If he held his horse on his feet he can out-trot anything on the track; therefore, in consideration of his showing the greatest natural trotting gait, we will allow him his time the same as if he had not broke his trot.

"It is all wrong. If I am anything I am practical, and too well up in my business not to know the comparative merit of dogs in different stages of training. * * * Any practical man knows the racing dogs are not hunting. Any animal in the wild state does not hunt in any such manner. I do not refer particularly to their pace, but to their manner of hunting, working out the ground intelligently and their general bird sense."

There is a great deal of practical wisdom in the foregoing. Field trial associations and field trial judges will not go wrong in their field trial practice if they hereafter insist that dogs competing in the trials be properly trained. They should also insist on less noise being made by the handlers than is made at an ordinary *charivari*.

There is not a single reason, founded on fairness, why dogs should not be properly trained, and there is every reason why they should be so trained.

### The American Language.

And now I desire to say something more about the English language (practically the American language) as used by some of the kennel press.

From a literary standpoint FOREST AND STREAM is admittedly without rival, and from any other commendable standpoint it has no superior. One has but to turn to its bright pages to see the results of the work of the skillful, educated editor, and to see the higher class of writings admitted to its columns. Its contributions are almost uniformly instructive and elegantly written; they are not a mass of trashy nothings. Briefly, its matter is written in the English language.

But, I keenly regret to write it, some journals use the American language with such added inspired philological idiosyncrasies as present themselves. In a mild, gentle manner I aspired to be a benefactor to the kennel world by improving, up to a colloquial standard at least, the editorial American language of a contemporary. It was visionary in theory and a failure in practice. For reward, I only expected the gratitude of the public. All self-imposed reformations are thankless attempts. I now attempt for fun what I before attempted as reform. The following is a valuable contribution to the American language noted in the news of the week:

"Unaware of the approach of an express train from Doncaster, the pack, which had been engaged in cub hunting, was crossing the Great Northern Railway, and was run into before the driver could *pull up*."

I do not think that American locomotive engineers "pull up" their engines, although drivers in England may do so.

"The huntsmen, who were following, narrowly *escaped losing* their lives." That is good.

"Which *includes* a *new* Scottish terrier *in* Ashley Plug," is not bad for "English as she is spoke," with a seasoning of vacuity.

"He arrived with the dogs all in first-class condition *in spite of* the very severe passage." How he could do so "in spite of" an impersonal or inanimate object is not explained.

There are numerous other quaint expressions, but space is too valuable to enumerate them in these columns. Besides it is wrong, inasmuch as many things which are not conventional are grandly picturesque. Magnitude and stability are always grand. Any one would cut a sorry figure attempting to smooth the Rocky Mountains with a blacksmith's file, or attempting to make a trout brook of the Mississippi River. The majestic grandeur of each would remain intact. Hence a man is facing disappointment when he attempts to reform the American language.

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In last week's FOREST AND STREAM I noticed the mention that Mr. W. W. Titus had moved to Waverly, Miss., and would hereafter confine his training to dogs for field use. I received a letter of the same tenor from him. I believe that he will find his departure in business a profitable one, and will probably have more business offered than he can accept. But what I wish more particularly to mention is the loss to field trials by his withdrawal from active competition. He is a man whom everybody esteems and admires, and deservedly so. He ran his dogs skillfully, fairly and quietly. In the many years I have seen "Billy" Titus run in trials I never saw him attempt a mean trick or even take an unfair advantage. I never heard him roar as a kicker

In defeat or victory he was always considerate and gentlemanly. Aside from being friends, these are the reasons why I am especially sorry he will not be at the field trials in future. We need more like him. May he always prosper.

A new organization, composed of gentlemen of high standing, was recently formed at Canton, O., under the title of the Ohio Field Trials Club. It will hold its first trial for pointers and setters beginning Nov. 23. There will be a Members' Stake, All-Aged Stake and Puppy Stake. It is expected that there will be about forty starters in the two last mentioned. Mr. John Bolus, Wooster, O., will judge. The trials will be held at Zoar, O. Mr. A. H. Smith, Canton, is secretary. The purses will be over $400. Next year the club contemplates holding a trial in Ohio which will rank with the best in the land. B. WATERS.

## NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB TRIALS.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

ASSONET, Mass., Nov. 7.—On Monday evening, Nov. 7, the quiet little hamlet of Assonet, a typical little New England village, was invaded by the members of the New England Field Trials Club, all seemingly eager for to-morrow's fun. The club quarters are in the Town Hall, a more modern building and admirably adapted for the purpose, that is if a man does not mind a little publicity. On the first floor is the dining room and the town fire engines, the latter the facetiously inclined hint at as a very wise arrangement. Upstairs is a large hall where about fifty cots are arranged, which are to be our "roosts" during the meeting, but gives rather a hospital flavor to the gathering. At one end of this hall is a stage and piano, on which Messrs. Goodwin, Clarke, Higgins and Tucker discoursed sweet music till the "wee sma' hours."

Among the members present to-night are Messrs. W. A. Power, E. O. Damon, sprained ankle, crutches and all; L. A. Pearle, J. A. Ellis, C. H. Higgins, J. A. Garland, F. W. Whitlock, Harry and W. Tallman, George W. Lovell, J. L. Wells, D. A. Goodwin, Jr., F. W. Freeman, F. H. Clarke, N. Billings, W. W. Lewis, H. Merriman, H. W. Stokes, E. S. Hawkes, A. E. Davis, C. B. Dubois, C. R. Taylor, H. F. Keyes, F. H. Roberts, Hollis White, W. S. Clarke, J. C. Sharpe, Jr., A. R. Sharpe, C. P. Curtis, Walter Baylis, C. E. Davis, Dr. Hayward, and the judges, N. Wallace and W. A. Coster.

At 9 P. M. a meeting of the board of governors of the club was called and the following were present: W. A. Power in the chair; George D. Lovell, D. A. Goodwin, Treasurer Wells, Secretary E. K. Sperry, and Messrs. Clarke, Tucker, Damon, Hayward and Whitlock.

After the minutes of last meeting were read and approved, Mr. Whitlock announced the presentation of the two medals from the English Setter Club for the best dog and bitch at the trials from a bench show point of view. Mr. W. Tallman was selected by the club to award these as soon after the drawing for the All-Age Stake as possible.

The motion to change the method of making the Derby entries was referred to the Committee on Rules for consideration. Meeting adjourned.

A meeting of the club was then held, with these additional members present: Messrs. Merriam, Billings, Higgins, Pearle, Freeman, Ellis, J. C. and A. R Sharpe, Bayliss, Curtiss and Dubois. The following were elected members: S. S. White and G. W. Amory, Boston, Mass.; H. E. Twombley, Newton, Mass.; C. R. Taylor, Providence, R. I. The drawing for the Derby then took place, and resulted as follows:

Cohannet Kennels' Roy Kent with Dr. J. E. Hair's Albert's Daisy.

Oakland Farm Kennels' Tennessee Vandal with A. M. Tucker's Bud of Kent.

E. O. Damon's Rod's Mirth with Geo. W. Lovell's Dash A.

Geo. W. Lovell's Wild Lilly with Agawam Kennels' Druid Noble.

Willard W. Lewis's Rod Belton with D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s Bradley.

A. M. Tucker's Rowdy Roy with E. O. Damon's Rod's Chaff.

H. B. Tallman's Nellie G. with T. W. Whitlock's Count Berkshire.

Noyes Billings's Roy Wilson, a bye.

ASSONET, Mass., Nov. 8.—*Special to Forest and Stream.* The morning opened very stormy and rain fell heavily. While this improved the ground and was badly needed, it prevented an early start.

About 9.30, however, the weather cleared and the sun came out. The big covered wagon was ordered up to convey us to grounds about two miles from the village, and at 10.05 the first brace,

ROY KENT AND ALBERT'S DAISY were put down near the Quaker church. A lot of ground was worked over and some of it very bare. In 45 minutes Roy was first to point almost on top of a bevy; Daisy brought to back; handler flushed, fired and killed. After this Daisy wheeled on a single very prettily, bird flushing while held for Roy to back. Another bird flushed down wind from Daisy, excusable. Down 57m. Daisy had the best speed, range, with fair nose. Roy Kent sluggish mover at first, livened up after.

TENNESSEE VANDAL AND BUD OF KENT.—This heat was all in favor of the setter, as Bud of Kent, the pointer, loafed most of the time and made one bad flush while just loafing around. After some careful roading Vandal nailed a single in thick cover, Bud refusing to back. Then Vandal did a nice piece of work on hill, pointing stylishly. Bud came up and walked right into a large bevy, both steady to wing. Vandal will do to go down again.

ROD'S MIRTH AND DASH A. were then put down. Both ranged well, but the setter Rod's Mirth showed up the best. A lot of travelling and lunch intervened before Mirth pointed two birds unsteadily in swamp cover. No further game found; down altogether 48m. Both got out to their work well, but the setter seemed to have most sense and speed on the work shown.

WILD LILY AND DRUID NOBLE.—This heat was all one-sided, the pointer running rings round Druid, who though he got out at time did not hunt with much sense. Lily was first to make a real point after Druid trying hard. This was on a bevy and Druid paying no attention to Lily, walked right into the birds for a very bad flush. On the singles Lily scored once beautifully but was backed indifferently. Her owner put bird up, shot and killed neatly. Dogs down 50m. Lily will stay in.

ROD BELTON AND BRADLEY.—Rod Belton did very indifferently, false pointing several times. Neither were certain on their points. Belton loafed round handler most of the time. A bevy was flushed and the several points were made by both on running singles, Bradley doing best. Speed, style and ranging all in Bradley's favor. He will stay in, probably. Down 49m.

ROWDY ROY AND ROD'S CHAFF.—This heat opened well, Rowdy pointing; Chaff also coming in, a bevy was flushed. Afterward in swamp Chaff got right on top of a bevy just in time, birds flushed wild. Afterward he got a single nicely of this bevy. A lot of false pointing was done by both in heavy cover; no further score. Chaff may stay in.

Count Berkshire being withdrawn,

NELLIE G. AND ROY WILSON went down. Roy was first to point running bevy. Nellie coming in to one side also pointed, birds were flushed, both steady. Then Nellie picked up a single. No more game was found, but Nellie ran rings around the other and showed herself a good hunter. Will stay in.

At 5 o'clock they were called up, as darkness had come on. A two-mile drive to the village and the first day's work was done. Birds were scarce, but the dogs, for Derbies, showed very good training and did well on the whole. There were about sixty spectators out to-day, and everything promises toward an enjoyable meeting. H. W. L.

# DOG CHAT.

### Death of Lord Melrose.

No sooner does Mr. E. H. Moore begin to feel as if his lane of ill luck had at last a turning than the death of Lord Melrose, the best St. Bernard he has yet bred, and probably the best American bred dog of that breed in the country, again entitles him to the sympathy of his fellow breeders. It is more than probable if the truth was known, Mr. Moore felt a greater regard for Lord Melrose than any dog he has had in his kennel, and he was justly proud of him. This dog died last Tuesday from gastric colic. Further particulars have not yet been received from Mr. Moore. Lord Melrose was only about 3½ years old and was champion Ben Lomond's best son, out of Recluse, both owned by Mr. Moore. Though Lord Melrose was a dog of good parts, with a well-shaped, massive head, straight forelegs and good bone, as well as a richly colored dog, barring his lack of face shadings, it was his gigantic size that at once made him conspicuous. He was, without doubt, the tallest St. Bernard in America. With the possible exception of Donald, he was the only dog that could safely be said to be over 35in. in height, and had his body filled out proportionately he would have been simply enormous. Lord Melrose was not extensively shown, but we believe his last appearance, at Rochester, qualified him for the challenge class. He has been used extensively in the stud during the past year, as he afforded a suitable outcross to the Plinlimmon blood, and we trust he has left something of worth behind him. Mr. Moore has our sympathy, but we are pleased to think that he still has a winning hand in the wonderful Alton—Judith litter, which contains such handsome dogs as Melrose, Alton, Jr., etc. Mr. Moore has now lost, within the space of three years, such celebrities as the mastiffs champion Minting and Ilford Caution, the St. Bernards champion Ben Lomond, Alton, Saffron, champion Plinlimmon and Lord Melrose, besides smaller lights, the aggregate value of which in cold dollars represents quite a little fortune. No wonder Americans are fighting shy of high-priced St. Bernards.

### How Many Dogs Were Killed?

"Podgers" sends us this clipping from a California paper: "A Seattle man, tired of the ordinary slow method of catching fish, threw a lighted bomb into the place where the fishes were last week and awaited developments. To his disgust a retriever dog he had with him jumped into the water, and seizing the explosive in his mouth made for the shore. When he landed the man realized that his only safety was in flight, but even that nearly proved futile, as the trained animal made a bee line to deliver the trophy at his master's feet. He would have succeeded, but the bomb got in its deadly work just in time, and soon nothing but the vacant spot where the dog used to be and the breathless man was left to telll the tale." We printed the same story the other day clipped from a Maine paper, and told of a Maine man and a Maine dog. How many dogs were killed by that same bomb?

### Show Dates.

Those kennel clubs which intend holding dog shows during the spring of 1893 must send in their claims for dates before Dec. 1. On that date the committee appointed by the O. K. C. will proceed to make a final allotment of dates in accordance with the club's intention to have the spring shows make a complete circuit. While this circuit plan has its advantages on the score of saving expense, etc., there is no gainsaying the fact that the dogs suffer from the artificial life they lead for several weeks in the hands of handlers, however careful the latter may be of their charges. Drawing from experience in this matter we should say that a divided circuit would be better, so that three weeks or a month could intervene, thus allowing the dogs and everyone else to recover from the strain of four dog shows in a month. Commence the season earlier if requisite, but let us have a recess in the middle, and men will be better able to do justice to themselves.

### Tony Weller.

We are exceedingly pleased to find that in Mr. H. E. Carrier, the S. P. C. A. in Philadelphia have an active agent. Through his efforts the miscreant, Thomas Williams of Cheltenham Township, who shot the beagle Tony Weller, was fined $10 and costs. Much credit is due Mr. Currier for the efficient manner in which he secured the evidence in the case. If agents of the S. P. C. A. can be relied upon to exert themselves in such cases, we should soon hear less of the indiscriminate shooting of dogs by wretches who have no more conscience than to cripple a dog and leave it to die, as was the case in this instance. It is Mr. W. H. Child's intention, we are told, to prosecute the shooter for damages, as Tony Weller, if he does not die from his injuries, will be of no further use to his owner.

### Nashville Show.

Secretary Morrow writes that the railroads entering Nashville are acting very nicely with the Hermitage Kennel Club; they offer to bring dogs through as baggage when properly crated and will give reduced rates for 150 miles around Nashville during the week of the show. The entries are beginning to come in and some of the best challenge dogs in the country are already entered, and the indications are that all classes will be well filled. Mr. Harry L. Goodman will be superintendent and receive and care for all dogs personally, so exhibitors who cannot come with their dogs will know they will be well cared for and have the best of attention. Entries close Nov. 22, so if you have not already received enough entry blanks write Robt. C. Stockton, 428 Church street, at once and he will give you full particulars.

### Irish Terriers.

Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, who steers the kennel division of the English *Stock Keeper*, still holds on to his pet breed, the Irish terrier, despite the attractions that several Russian wolfhounds, old ch. Eclipse, the collie, and some Bassets may have. He showed a taste of his Irish terrier quality at the late Swindon show, when in four classes he won four first prizes and the special. Daniel II. took challenge honors; Brian O'K., first open dogs; Meteor, first open bitches; and Dan's Gyp first in novice class. This is a nice little record devoid of any "ifs or buts" that would make any man, even a kennel editor who is supposed to be impervious to any feeling, do a bit of a crow.

### Heredity.

In an excellent paper on heredity which Mr. Abele recently read before a meeting of the Veterinary Medical Society in connection with the Ontario Veterinary College, a report of which we find in the *Canadian Sportsman*, he said: "The dog is so old he is a conundrum. He seems to have had nearly as many fathers then as now. All our pedigreed stock can be traced back to curs with no resemblance to the present types, but the distant origin is doubtful. When the Eskimo gets short of dogs he catches a wolf pup and adds it to his stock and in a few generations no trace of wolf is left. The Indians of S. A. have pet jackals they use for dogs. They are known to breed jackals to dogs with ease."

### Sale of Claremont Clara.

In telling us of the sale of his Irish setter bitch Claremont Clara (Claremont Patsy—Nellie Glencho) to the Seminole Kennels, Mr. F. H. Perry adds: "In my opinion they have one of the best bench show and field bitches ever bred. Clara ran in the Manitoba Derby, and all of the sporting papers gave her a good standing as to being a fast and wide ranger and a very high class field dog. I trust the Seminole Kennels will put this bitch to the front, especially in the field, as she has style, dash, energy and endurance that 'Irishmen' like to see."

### Irish Setter Lost.

Mr. F. H. Perry, of Des Moines, Ia., has lost his dark red Irish setter dog Rancho. The last seen of him was on the morning of Sept. 19, on the street going toward his home. He has a very small white spot on breast, one white toe nail on left hind foot. He was a very fast and wide ranger and a very eager worker. Had a pacing gait when not running. This dog must have been stolen, and should any sportsman run across him Mr. Perry would be glad to be informed of the fact.

T. S. Bellin, Albany, N. Y., has purchased in England from Mr. Bonly three wire-hair fox-terriers, which he expects to arrive in this country this month. He expects to exhibit them at the coming Brooklyn show. Mr. Bonly likes wires with a wire coat, and these dogs are said to be natural and good coated and never want the "barber" like the poodle-coated specimens that have often won here. One dog won this month at the Birkenhead, Eng., show and is by Rustic Trick out of champion Tack, twice winner of the 50 guinea challenge cup. She will make her first appearance at Brooklyn, and if breeding, make and shape, coat and terrier character mean anything it is expected by her owner that she will make a name for herself.

The steamer Nomadic, of the White Star Line, arrived Nov. 1, at pier 44 N. R., with an assortment of live stock on board. A bull-terrier was consigned to F. L. Dever, Peoria, Ill., which town seems to have struck a "bully" gait (no pun intended). To Mr. Wm. Iselin were consigned three boxes of English hares. The president of the Florida C. & P. R. R., Col. H. R. Duval, of New York, also received a coop containing a first prize Indian game cockerel. And Mr. W. A. Conklin, of New York, had four cases of swans and waterfowl consigned to him.

Our paragraph about Mr. Manice's new venture in bassets has stirred up Mr. Chas. F. Leland, of Cambridge, Mass., to telling us that he also has some dogs of this breed. At his Primrose Kennels, Newport, R. I., he has ten bassets in all, eight bitches and two dogs. Most prominent is Ninette (cb. Merlin—Blossom), and formerly owned by Mr. Everett Millais. Among the young stock are Primrose Folly and Peggy, and the dogs Primrose Juggler and Nabob. We are pleased to find there are so many of these quaint hounds in this country, and as Mr. Leland intends to show at New York and Boston next year Mr. Manice will not have a walkover.

Mr. E. H. Mulcaster, who judged at Great Bend, left that point Saturday, Oct. 29, for California and Merced meet. He takes with him Mr. J. Herbert Watson's likely one, Royal Crest, and will see him fitted and run.

The Cowley County Coursing Association, whose first meeting comes off Nov. 15, at Winfield, Kas., expects a thirty-two dog stake easy enough. Mr. H. C. Lowe goes from Great Bend to this meet with some of his good ones. Mr. J. R. Ballard, secretary of the Cowley County Association, attended Great Bend meet and got well down with the tough puppy Buckskin.

The Seacroft Kennels, owned by Mr. C. Steadman Hanks, have had an addition to their stock of Russian wolfhounds by the birth of six pups out of their bitch Khratka, by Leekhoi.

The black and tan terrier men in England seem determined to have a specialty club even if they (the clubs) die off every six months. The old English Setter Club seems to have fallen into innocuous desuetude and another one has come to light under the presidency of Mr. Berrie, with Dr. H. T. Foote, of New Rochelle, N. Y., and C. S. Dean, owner of Prince Eric, vice-presidents.

Jones—"Why on earth do you offer such a large reward for the return of that horrid yapping, snapping cur?" Brown—"To please my wife." Jones—"But such a large reward will be sure to bring him back." Brown—"Oh, no, it won't. He's dead. I drowned him myself."—*Judge.*

We note among the new offers for sale, the following: English setters, Dager & Osthaus. Buckeye Kennels; rabbit hounds, J. Hope; pointers, J. R. Pursell, Maumee Kennels; beagles, H. L. Kreuder, Albion Beagle Kennels, Woodside Beagle Kennels; fox-terriers, Bowman & Byrne, Wilton Kennels; Gordon setters, Thos. Satterthwait; Llewellin setters, Jos. Pullman, E. Beach; cockers, Geo. Bell.

As to that sheep dog picture—Why do the heathen rage, and the people *imagine* a vain thing? The text is very old, but it's very pat.

## BRONCHIAL.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As I am somewhat affected with asthmatic bronchitis I am desirous of finding a location which will arrest this disease. Some of my friends have suggested that I rent a small hotel in some part of the country beneficial to my health where game is plentiful, and I have no doubt but what their promises to keep the house full during game season would be fulfilled. I prefer Tennessee or Kansas, but if any of your readers know of such a place I would like to hear from them. I would move my kennel of Irish setters wherever I locate. CHAS. K. FARMER.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

"Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish dealer. "Throw them?" queried the dealer. "Yes; and then I'll go home and tell my wife that I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—*Exchange.*

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

## THE NATURAL DIET.

FROM further advance sheets of Dr. J. Frank Perry's new book, "Kennel Secrets," we are enabled to publish an interesting chapter on "The Kennel Diet," discussing at length the rival merits of a vegetable or meat diet for dogs:

It is an indisputable fact, says Dr. Perry, that some breeders feed very largely on meat and their dogs do well. Not unnaturally, therefore, they believe it to be the all-important food. On the other hand, there are some who rely almost wholly on vegetables and starches, and they in turn are as strongly convinced that their diet is the only appropriate one for all dogs.

A novice accepts the theory of the first and feeds on flesh, but he does not meet with the success which he anticipated, and his dogs go wrong in the course of a few weeks and eventually become wrecks. Another tries the other theory, and with much the same ending—his dogs in time going to pieces.

The result of these unfortunate experiments would at first thought seem positive evidence that both theories were absolutely wrong, yet literally they proved merely that the diets employed were unsuited to the victims under the existing conditions. But had these dogs been placed under precisely the same conditions as those of the breeders whose radical views were accepted, then the results would undoubtedly have been different, and very likely both novices would have become ardent advocates of their several theories.

The fact is, there are many other influences which bear quite as heavily for or against the health of dogs as the dietetic, and one rightly fed may go wrong because of insufficient exercise, improper cooking, damp, draughty quarters, neglect of cleanliness, foul drinking water, etc., while another fed indifferently, on food poorly suited to his wants, may yet remain in good health under kindly hygienic influences.

Equally as correct conclusions regarding the potency of these influences can be drawn from the experiences of men, for they act upon them as on dogs. Sailors, for instance, on fairly long voyages are forced to subsist largely on beef and pork which are submitted to methods of curing that render them so indigestible the nutritive properties retained are in such form that a goodly proportion can be extracted only with exceeding difficulty. These meats, with biscuits—very often "weevilly"—and canned goods for only rare change, make up the most of their bill of fare. Yet where can be found a healthier, hardier class than this—and all due to the pure air they are in and the hard work they are required to perform. But put these same men on shore in close-built cities or towns, let them live indolently and on the same kinds of food they had on shipboard, and they must soon decline in health and vigor.

On this subject man is singularly inclined to jump at conclusions. One calls attention to the fact that he is of a family of giants and that neither he nor any other member of it had scarcely any meat during childhood. He sees the city youngsters of to-day fed on mixed diet containing a large proportion of meat, and from this he reasons that their undergrowth and washed out appearance are due to the meat. Yet he fails to realize that in his early years he doubtless consumed in the form of eggs and milk nearly if not quite as much animal food as they, and that in consequence of their peculiar situation in life these foods in fresh and pure state, and in abundance, are generally denied them, and meat is therefore substituted. He forgets, also, that he lived under very different hygienic conditions from theirs—he in the open country and in pure air, while they are in cities, which are rightly called the "graveyards of the human race;" moreover, that from his mother or father there came to him a sturdy inheritance, while to the youngsters he looks down upon were more than likely bequeathed infirmities which had been in their families for several generations.

Men have theorized over their own diet for scores of years, yet they are scarcely nearer agreement now than they were in the beginning. One calls attention to the fact that Scotch Highlanders, the Irish, the peasantry of Italy, Spain and Portugal, Chinamen, and other races thrive on oatmeal, potatoes, corn, chestnuts, olives, rice or lentils, with little or no meat, and that in Scotland a mountaineer will walk thirty or forty miles a day on oatmeal cakes or porridge with a little barley broth and a modicum of milk or butter, while an Indian palanquin-bearer will carry his burden twenty-five or thirty miles a day with only two meals of unleavened cakes and a little *ghee*.

Another points to the Eskimos, to the fishing population of Norway, and to the *Pecherais* of the southern end of South America, who subsist most of the time wholly on animal food: also to the fact that for months the hunters of the West have little or no food but the flesh of the animals they kill.

What do these facts prove? Merely that man can live on vegetable or on animal foods.

All this in relation to man's diet, while seemingly foreign, has a bearing on the diet of dogs, for he is singularly inclined to consider that their requirements are much the same as his own. But such reasoning is not always sound, for the dog is of a different order of animals and of different structure, and although he has accommodated himself to other than his natural diet, there must be limits to his powers in this direction. Nor does it follow that if one man is right and his dog is doing well on some peculiar diet all others who feed differently are in the wrong.

There is an old saw, "What is one man's meat is another's poison." Nearly all mankind to whom they are accessible can safely eat strawberries, but still now and then is encountered a person on whom they bring out a most annoying rash. Nature's first food for every child animal is milk—and yet there are not a few animals who are made ill by it. The egg is certainly one of the most harmless of foods, nevertheless instances are on record where the merest trace of it has caused convulsions.

But ignoring these idiosyncrasies, which are fortunately but rarely encountered in man, while if they exist in dogs they can scarcely be any more common, two persons seldom meet who are fond of and can digest with equal ease the same kinds of foods, and such being the case, individual peculiarities surely must occur occasionally among their humble companions so often fed from the table.

Another fact which has a bearing on the question under discussion is, that the immediate results of diet are by no means to be accepted as final. In other words, because a man or a dog apparently keeps healthy and strong for several years on nearly all meat or on nearly all vegetables, it does not follow that the chosen diet is a suitable one, for it might be doing harm and hidden changes be going on which must sooner or later result disastrously.

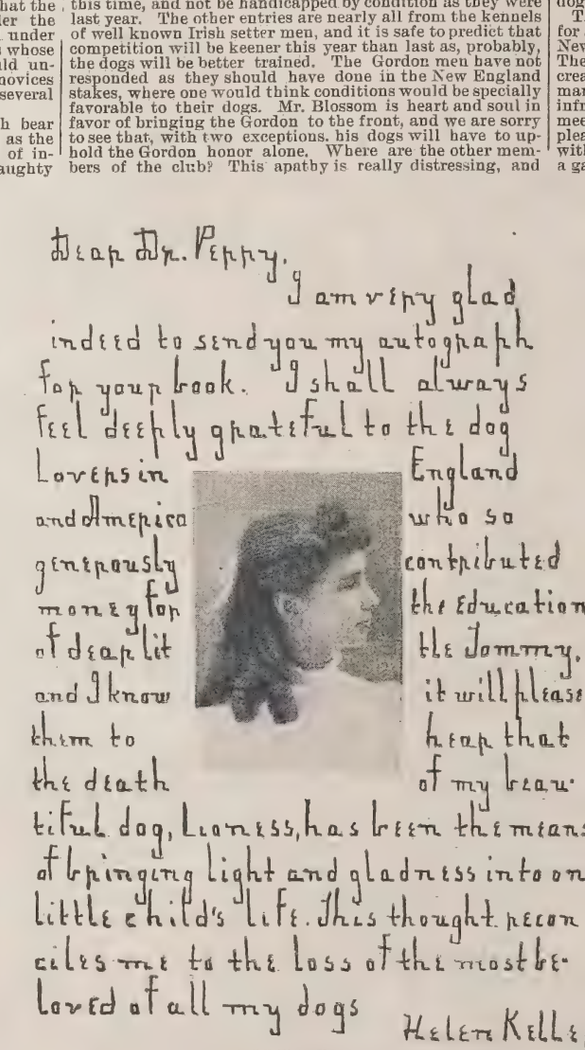
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Messrs. H. G. Nichols and J. Harvey Reid, of Mitchell, who attended Great Bend meet, took back with them for entry, Sir Hugo, one of Mr. H. C. Lowe's likely puppies.

## FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

FIELD trial entries have been coming thick and fast the last week or two and a glance at the increased entries all round, with the exception of those of the old established Eastern field trials, plainly indicates the widespread and growing interest in field trials and "bird" shooting. The Eastern Field Trials Club seems to have been left in the race, and the attendance of sportsmen and general feeling among the handlers indicated as much last year. The club needs a shake up, and at the meeting for election of officers at High Point this week it is more than likely that some of the old officers will step down and let some new blood have a turn. This was hinted to us as probable during the summer by one of the oldest and most influential officers of the club.

The advance made by the Irish setter men is particularly gratifying to the lover of the red dog. The Glenmore Kennels, we know, have been busy with their entries all summer, and those they will choose to uphold the honor of the Kansas kennel will, no doubt, be put down in proper shape this time, and not be handicapped by condition as they were last year. The other entries are nearly all from the kennels of well known Irish setter men, and it is safe to predict that competition will be keener this year than last as, probably, the dogs will be better trained. The Gordon men have not responded as they should have done in the New England stakes, where one would think conditions would be specially favorable to their dogs. Mr. Blossom is heart and soul in favor of bringing the Gordon to the front, and we are sorry to see that, with two exceptions, his dogs will have to uphold the Gordon honor alone. Where are the other members of the club? This apathy is really distressing, and especially so when we see Dr. Meyer, a confessed Gordon admirer, letting his fancy run to the red dogs. Pointers, strange to say, will not be well represented at Assonet, only entries being forthcoming in All-Age Stake. The English setter seems to have the call all round.




HELEN KELLER.

With fac-simile of letter.

From "Ashmont's" forthcoming work, "Kennel Secrets."

## CALIFORNIA COURSING ITEMS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Coursing—that is, legitimate coursing—has been rather dull on this coast during the past few months, but just now, on the eve of the great Interstate meeting at Merced, things are again brightening up and all the leashman of this city can be seen in the early dawn; some on foot, some on horseback and others in buggies, exercising their favorites and getting them into shape for the great meeting.

In the country districts, too, great care is being taken by many of the owners of their dogs, and it is pretty safe to say that if beaten it will not be for want of training. This Merced meeting is now looked upon by the various owners as the test of a greyhound, and the dog that can come out on top from the terrible ordeal gains for itself and owner a reputation that does not fade away in a few months, but remains a red-letter indelibly printed in the coursing man's calendar.

The Merced meeting commences on Tuesday, Nov. 15, and will continue from two to three or probably four days. The purses put up by the citizens of the city of the famous plain are most liberal, and should, and no doubt will, be the means of bringing together the greatest gathering of lovers of the leash that has yet been seen on a coursing field in America. The first prize is fixed at $400, the second at $200 and the third at $150, while dogs winnning three courses will get $20. It is almost certain that sixty dogs will go to slips.

It seems now that there will be no dogs from this State at Great Bend this year. This is certainly to be regretted, as there are some half a dozen of young dogs in and about this city that are popularly, and indeed with good reason, supposed to be good enough to hold Chicopee Lass's banner up with credit in any company. No doubt there has been some dissatisfaction felt over the Pearl of Pekin affair, and the seeming want of backbone shown by the officers of the American Coursing Club in not giving their decision in the matter long before this. Another reason, too, is the uncertainty of the stake amount, as there is nothing definite in sight but the $100 given by Dr. Rowe. As to what the purse may be does not count; it may be $300 and it may be only $100. This, it can be readily seen, is no inducement for the coursing men of this State to travel all the way to Kansas, however pleasing it would be to all of them to meet the Eastern gentlemen on their own grounds.

Now, it seems to the leash men here that the Kansas Club should take a leaf from the Merced people, and go down into their pockets and issue a programme guaranteeing certain amounts in each purse, and then depend on the public and dog men for that assistance that is never refused; but under any circumstances, say what the amounts would be, and be prepared to give it. Unfortunately the men who are the patrons of the leash in this State are not rich men; indeed, it may be said of them, with a very few exceptions, that they are quite the reverse, and consequently are not in a position to go so great a distance for mere pleasure. Again, I say if the Eastern gentlemen would but guarantee good purses it is almost certain that they could count on finding among them each year a fair sprinkling of the coursing men of California, and that they would find also among their dogs competitors second to but a few—if any.

The Occidental Coursing Club are making preparations for an open meeting on Thanksgiving Day at their park at Newark, which is situated some 25 miles from this city. The meetings of this club are always most enjoyable, and create quite a furore among all dog men. The meetings are managed with great care and precision, and the slightest infraction of coursing rules is never tolerated, hence their meetings are always looked forward to with the greatest pleasure. The Merced meeting this year will dovetail nicely with the Occidental's on this occasion, so there will be quite a gala time among the dog men of the coast in November next.

GAZEHOUND.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

## GREAT DANES IN AMERICA.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have endeavored through writings to help the breed, but grow daily stronger in my conviction that something more efficient is required, and I am going to breed great Danes and sell no progeny for some time to come. The great Danes bred thus far in this country are inferior, and I have seen or heard of none that are entitled to championship. The reason for this I have found in the fact that the material used in producing them is on a par with stock prized in Germany in 1880. Nowadays this sort of stock we are importing from sharpers and ignorants is not tolerated there at shows, but deemed good enough for America. The fight for supremacy between the two champions of Chicago, which two dogs differ so materially in the make-up, tends to lead the weak breeding attempts astray. We want a typical dog that will beat them both and is a good stock getter. Such specimen cannot be bought from sources from which we have been getting our great Danes. The reputation of being vicious originates from the mistake of wrong selections.

Some breeders are breeding for size and get a big dog, but nearly a mongrel. Others are breeding for type, and get snipy, houndy specimens with rat tails. Colors are mixed up in all shades of the rainbow. What is wanted is a combination of type, size and pure colors, to sacrifice not one point for the other and excuse the absence of type and character with an additional 25lbs. of flesh. I have bred great Danes successfully before, and lost money by it, and I am ready to lose again if I can be successful in producing something.

A. H. HEPPNER.

NEW YORK CITY.

## BROOKLYN DOG SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The premium list of the National Greyhound Club is to hand, and I am sorry to see the committee have only made one class for Scotch terriers. There are quite a number of these dogs both in the States and Canada, and at Toronto we had nine entries, all putting in an appearance. I think you will agree with me when I say the committees of dog shows should give all the encouragement in their power to breeders and exhibitors. Personally speaking, were my dogs to win first or second money, I would gladly waive my claim to the same if only the necessary classes were provided. As a matter of fact all terriers, except bull-terriers, for which there are no less than nine classes, have very little show, especially the rough-haired classes. Irish terriers have no challenge or puppy class, black and tans no challenge class, while Scotch, Dandies, Skyes and Bedlingtons have but one class each. Then again, bulldogs, poodles and toy spaniels are harshly treated. The premium list in many respects is very inconsistent and unlikely to commend itself to exhibitors unless they happen to be bull-terrier and beagle men, and my grumbling is but one instance of many I have heard.

W. T. FRASER.

TORONTO, Canada.

## ECHOES OF THE BEAGLE TRIALS.

IT is more than probable that next year the Beagle Club will provide regular prizes for the different events, as this percentage arrangement is not at all satisfactory to the majority of owners who ran their beagles this year. Another class will soon have to be provided. Now that there are so many winners of different classes it would be wise to arrange for a champion class. It is scarcely fair for the newcomers to have to contend on equal lines with the previous winners. This is the practice in vogue in other field trials, and the Beagle Club having now held their field trials, there are enough previous winners to assure an entry that will make competition very keen. This stake should in no way conflict with the "absolute winner" of the regular classes for the current year, or if thought best the winner of the challenge event could also be eligible to compete for the "absolute," though we should think the title of field trial champion would be sufficient honor. Another way would be to have a Champion Stake run at the end of the trials and the "absolute winner" only be eligible to compete of the dogs that ran that year. Thus this dog would stand a chance of winning both titles.

## DISTEMPER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It is stated in *Chronicle* that Dr. J. Sutcliffe Hundall, the English veterinary surgeon, claims to have discovered a prophylactic against the bane of dogs—distemper. He says he has been experimenting for four years, and in recent tests, where he has exposed inoculated subjects of his practice to certain infection, he has found them incapable of contracting the disease. Can any one give me his address?

C. M. SELFRIDGE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. J. W. Morden, Hamilton, has sold the smooth terrier Suffolk Coronet, well known, to Mr. A. D. Stewart.

A good many spaniels leave Woodstock but still there is room for an occasional arrival. Mr. George Douglas has bought Yankee Hustler, a black bitch with a white breast, by Ebony out of Vic, from Mr. C. G. Browning, of Worcester. Mr Douglas has also sold the black bitch Lady Stanley, a four-year-old black bitch, by Robin out of Fraitzie, and the dam of several winners.

Fox-terrier breeders here will soon have a big choice of stud dogs. Mr. Stewart is putting three at stud—Suffolk Coronet, his last purchase; Raby Domino, sent over to him by Mr. Raper, and his new youngster, My Fellow.

Mr. Murdoch, Hamilton, was down this week. He told me their local show was most successful and that their exchequer is thereby increased to the amount of some $50. Not so bad when it is considered that the show was open to the public but for three hours.

I hear Mr. J. M. Harris, proprietor of the Hamilton *Herald*, has got over a good bull-terrier dog. His name I have not learned, but surmise it is Pride of the Navy, mentioned by the *British Fancier* of Oct. 14. If I am right he was sent out by Mr. James Brown, of Church.

Hamilton grows more doggy every day. I hear that several more good dogs are now located there, including a black and tan bitch recently imported from the United States by Mr. J. E. Anderson, and the collie bitch Mayflower (Bonnie Dunkeld—Merry), a winner at Hamilton and Ottawa, bought from Messrs. McEwen & Gibson by Mr. George Vanderlip.

Dr. H. S. Griffin writes me that his bull-terrier bitch Kathleen Mavourneen whelped a nice litter of four (two dogs) to his Principio last week. The importation of this brace was noted in these columns some weeks ago.

Mr. W. P. Fraser, Toronto, has sold a Scottish terrier bitch puppy, by Kilroy out of his Grey, to Mr. B. L. Clements, New York.

Mr. J. L. Gibb sent to his son, Mr. J. Gordon Gibb, of Lawrence, Kansas, a brace of fox-terriers and a collie dog. The terriers are Lloyd's Trump, by Punch out of Lady, Cotswold Daisy and Gibb's Madgie, by Pickle (Suffolk Coronet—Elora Tatters) out of Judith (Blemton Trump—Bachante). She was bred by Mr. Geo. Hanson. The collie is one of McEwen & Gibson's, a black and tan by Scotsman (Edgbaston Excelsior—Ryland Lady) out of Madge (Highlander—Hasty). Mr. Gibb has been most successful in exhibiting cattle, and is now about to try his luck with dogs.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held here on Friday the 11th at 8 P. M. Several important matters are to come up.

The Toronto Kennel Club met on Thursday, Nov. 3, and decided to hold a local show, open to members only, on Nov. 15. Mr. Wm. Brodie will be asked to judge all classes. The new club rooms will be opened to the members on Thursday, Nov. 17. Mr. A. D. Stewart of Hamilton will be asked to speak on his favorite breed, fox-terriers: Mr. R. W. Boyle on the cocker spaniel, and Mr. Brodie on any breed which he may select. Two dogs of each breed will be brought up for illustration.

Can any reader oblige me with the breeding of Quayside Lad, a Bedlington terrier imported a few years back?

H. B. DONOVAN.

## UNITED STATES TRIALS.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Ky., Nov. 6.—There are fourteen starters in the Derby. They were drawn to run in the following order: Troublesome and Mame S., Ginger Ale and Kent's Queen, Lady Peg and Onward, Boy's Faust and Earl of Kent, Croxie O'Bannon and Biz, David C. and Lad of Rush, Pomme de Terre and Kent Elgin.

The weather has been very dry, and the scenting is poor in consequence. Birds are reported as being very scarce. A large number of prominent sportsmen and Western handlers are here. The judges are Col. A. G. Sloo, Vincennes; Messrs. P. H. Bryson, Memphis, and B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., the latter to judge in the pointer Derby: Maj. J. M. Renfroe and Mr. J. M. Freeman, the two judges who were to judge with Col. Sloo, may be present later to act. The quality of the dogs present is said to be very high. A light rain fell this evening, which will probably improve the conditions for work.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

ELIZABETHTOWN, Ky., Nov. 7.—Notwithstanding having rains last night the scenting to-day was very poor. Birds are extremely scarce and the work therefore unsatisfactory and undecisive. But five or six bevies were found. Nearly all the work on birds was done in unfavorable cover. To-morrow the dogs will be run on different grounds and if the unfavorable conditions are found to be permanent it is probable the trials will be concluded elsewhere.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

ELIZABETHTOWN, Ky., Nov. 8.—The pointer Derby was concluded to-day. Lad of Rush first, Mame A. second, Lady Peg third. Birds so scarce that club held a meeting and concluded with the unanimous approval of handlers to move to-night by special train to Columbus, Indiana, where grounds and abundant birds are assured. The club pays the expense. A large number of prominent field trial men in attendance.

[*Special from Indiana.*]

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 9.—Horses scarce. Grounds and birds unsatisfactory. Weather bad. Trials postponed till February in Mississippi, before or after the Southern trials.

B. WATERS.

FOREST AND STREAM
Amateur Photography
Competition.
See details in another column.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Governor—Blemton Reefer.* G. B. Birrell's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Governor to J. B. Martin's Blemton Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel), Sept. 14.

*Shamrock Belle—Onota Belle.* E. Beaver's (Conshohocken, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Shamrock Belle (Henmore Shamrock—Daisy) to H. G. J. Hallowell's Onota Don (champion Chief—Bizreena), Oct. 8.

*Iroquois Rhoda—King Regent.* Werowance Kennels' (Trenton, N. J.) rough St. Bernard bitch Iroquois Rhoda (Mt. St. Elias—Lady Bernee) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent (Prince Regent—Duchess of Kent), Sept. 28.

*Lady—Bradford Ruby II.* Mrs. F. Knight's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.) Oct. 8.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Rochelle Majestic.* Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Majestic (champion Broomfield Sultan—champion Meersbrook Maiden), Sept. 15, seven (three dogs), by the r Merry Monarch (Halifax Charlie—Nell).

*Meersbrook Maiden.* Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch champion Meersbrook Maiden (Meersbrook Chance—Meersbrook Empress), Sept. 28, six (three dogs), by their champion Broomfield Sultan (champion Broomfield Turk—champion Broomfield Belle).

*Sarah.* E. Brooks's (Hyde Park, Mass.) Dandie Dinmont terrier bitch Sarah (Border Jim—Fan), Aug. 22, five (two dogs), by his King o' the Heather.

*Myrtle the Mouse.* F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Myrtle the Mouse (Elora Rambler—Elora Blue Bell), Oct. 4, four (two dogs), by his Stormy (champion Royal Krueger—Pussie).

*Flossie.* D. F. McCarthy's (Tiburon, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Flossie (Blemton Shiner—Jess), Sept. —, five (three dogs), by J. B. Martin's Blemton Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel).

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Lavender.* Fawn Italian bitch, whelped September, 1888, by Prince out of Pearl II., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. W. Mack, Dayton, Ky.

*Lum.* Apricot fawn pug dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Harry Campbell, same place.

*Jenny.* White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 23, by Blemton Shiner out of Nell, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to Caldwell & Mercer, Seattle, Wash.

*Empress Josephine.* Orange and white rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 2, 1889, by Maximus out of Velvet, by Werowance Kennels, Trenton, N. J., to F. Smyth, same place.

*Pinto.* Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped July 27, 1892, by Gipsey Jack out of Nelly Bly, by Werowance Kennels, Trenton, N. J., to Rev. T. Hogan, same place.

*Major Domo.* Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 1, 1892, by Hugo out of Iroquois Rhoda, by Werowance Kennels, Trenton, N. J., to H. Murray, same place.

*Hilda.* Orange and white rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped Feb. 1, 1892, by Hugo out of Iroquois Rhoda, by Werowance Kennels, Trenton, N. J., to Prof. Thos. White, same place.

*Bruce.* Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 1, 1892, by Hugo out of Iroquois Rhoda, by Werowance Kennels, Trenton, N. J., to C. Golding, Sing Sing, N. Y.

*Ben B.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1892, by Patsy Bolivar out of Midget Nellie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Miss Hattie Jones, same place.

*Tricket.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1892, by Patsy Bolivar out of Mabel E., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to A. B. Noble, Council Bluffs, Ia.

*Miss Brownie.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1892, by Patsy Bolivar out of Mabel E., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to G. A. Huewe, same place.

*Midget.* Black and tan toy terrier bitch, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Wm. Botts, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

S. D. B., Fort Wayne, Ind.—C. D. Bernheimer, Morey Kennels' Fairfield, Conn.

R. E. McE., New York City.—The dog is not at all too old, and "Training vs. Breaking" would be found very effectual.

C. M. S., San Francisco, Cal.—We do not know Dr. J. Sutcliffe Hundall's address. Write to the *Stock-Keeper*, 169 Fleet street, London, Eng.

J. S., Black Hall, Conn.—Please tell me the price and where I can get Mr. Ashburner's book on the beagle hound. Ans. The price is 50 cents. We can supply it.

BUFFALO READER.—Will you give me extended pedigree of Effie Elcho (15,515), owned by Wm. Denny, of this city? Ans. We can find no mention of Effie Elcho in stud books.

W. I. S., New York City.—Will you kindly give pedigree of Irish setter Jack, owned by James Lewis, the actor, in your next issue? Ans. We can find no mention of this dog in either of the stud books.

R. S., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Will you kindly give me the number of Dreadnaught (mastiff), whelped May 5, 1886, dam Rena—also, let me know cost of pedigree in full. Ans. Dreadnaught (A. K. R. 3924) by Dictator (A. K. R. 1503) out of Rena (A. K. R. 262), by Duke out of Pride, by Duke (imported Romeo—imported Juliet), out of Juno, by Towser out of Josie. Duke, by Buff out of Belle.

F. R., Reading.—A mastiff about a year and a half old has on the side of him something similar to a tumor; it is soft, and at times it is large and then it goes down and is not noticeable; every day that change takes place. It is not quite as large as a hen's egg. The dog is very large and pretty fat. Ans. It is probably a serous abscess and will have to be opened. Take the dog to a veterinarian.

J. P. T., Atlantic City, N. J.—Can you tell me what to give my setter dog to cure a weak stomach? He seems to be unable to retain food, for almost immediately after eating he vomits. Especially is this the case after drinking. He is 4 years old and otherwise seems to be in good health. Ans. Give 10grs. of carbonate of bismuth every 3 hours shaken dry on the tongue. Feed entirely on minced raw meat for a few days, small quantities at short intervals. Limit the water to a few tablespoonfuls.

A CONSTANT READER, Lima, O.—Will you kindly give me the pedigree in full of English setter bitch Belle of Lima (A.K.C.S.B. 15,522)? Also of Van Allen, English setter dog, and is the strain a good one? Please give me the owner's name of each of them. Ans. Frank Cornelius's, Lima, O., Belle of Lima, by Duke of Bradford out of Queen Mab, by Ponto out of Lady Snow, by Duke of Montclair out of Prairie Rose: Ponto, by Belton out of Snow: Duke of Bradford, by Count Royal out of Nelly D., by Fleet out of Bess. Geo. Hull's, Lima, O., Van Allen, by Dr. Prim (15,715, Vol. VI.) out of Kate, by Fred out of Jessie, by Rosenthal's Nick out of his Flora II.; Fred, by Pride of the Border out of Fairy; Dr. Prime, by Pride of the West out of Dashing Primrose, by Dashing Monarch out of List, by Lincoln out of Petrel II.; Dashing Monarch, by Dash II. out of Moll. The strain is good.

### Business.

THE GLOBE OFFICE, Boston, Mass.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.*: GENTLEMEN—After a good fair test of the kennel papers, I take pleasure in saying that I shall hereafter run my advt. only with your paper and the *American Stock Keeper*. I have given the *American Field* and *Turf, Field and Farm* a good test. You can glean my opinion from the above. It seems a pity that personal matters could not be left out of the kennel departments of the various papers. I congratulate you on the high tone of your own department. May it long continue. HERBERT M. HOWES.

### Why Did Oliver Ask for More?

BECAUSE the sample he had had gave birth to the belief that more of the same would be a beneficial acquisition. Just so with FOREST AND STREAM kennel special advertisers. As thus: *Forest and Stream*—We are very much pleased with the numbers of inquiries received from our ads. in the FOREST AND STREAM, and we inclose you two more to be in *two* issues of your paper. Yours very truly, MAUMEE KENNELS (Box 294).

# Yachting.

WHILE the latest communication from the committee to Lord Dunraven has not been made public, it is plain that the situation is unchanged from that of two weeks ago. The question of a race to all appearances hinges on a quibble over the exact meaning of the word "hold." If Lord Dunraven can be persuaded that in "holding" the Cup open to challenge under the immediate conditions as to dimensions, time allowance and other secondary details that are accorded to him, he is not at the same time bound by the new deed of gift and nothing else, there will be a race. If, however, his Lordship is astute enough to understand that his challenge is considered by the New York Y. C. only as offered and accepted under the new deed, and that most of the objectionable features of this noted document are still in full force, there is little chance of his persisting in challenging. The present dickerings and bickerings are creditable to neither side; if the New York Y. C. is not prepared to annul the new deed, the proper course is to say so squarely and frankly. If Lord Dunraven really means what he has said, condemning the new deed as illegal in its origin and unfair in principle, the only dignified course open to him is to decline all terms, however tempting on the surface, which carry with them a virtual indorsement of the deed.

HAVING produced the fin-keel, Mr. N. G. Herreshoff has this year given some thought to a rule which would, if deemed desirable, bar this type of yacht. He has suggested the use of the displacement, D, as a divisor in the present formula, which would be then $\frac{L \times \sqrt{S} \times A}{D}$, a constant being used according to the unit of lineal or cubic measurement desired. Of course, such a rule would at once put a premium on increased displacement, to the confusion of fin keels of all sorts.

IN utter innocence of its sarcasm, the Boston *Herald* discusses seriously Lord Dunraven's remark that were he a holder of the Cup, he would gladly receive the full dimensions and even the entire design if a challenger insisted on the right to send them; thereby proving the deep duplicity of the present challenger. The present position of the New York Y. C. is that of insisting on its right to furnish that same information which every designer and owner desires to conceal; an *opera bouffe* proceeding which is too ridiculous for serious argument.

THE receipt at a late hour last week of a large amount of very important kennel news was responsible for the partial wreck of the Yachting and Canoeing departments. The attempt of a compositor to set up an interesting dog story with one hand while he was correcting the proof of a yachting article with the other resulted in some startling orthographic effects, but we hope that our position in relation to the new deed of gift will not be mistaken in consequence.

WE publish this week a letter from a yachtsman whose views as to the new deed are directly opposed to our own, and who commends the course of the New York Y. C. We need not remind our readers that while we propose editorially to make the best possible presentation of that side which we believe to be right, our columns are always open to those who dissent from us.

### Comanche.

THE steam yacht Comanche, of Cleveland, O., has laid in Manning's Basin for the past ten days, making the final preparations for a winter cruise to the West Indies. The yacht is interesting as being of American design and workmanship throughout, and the second seagoing steam yacht built on the Great Lakes. Her dimensions are: Over all 185ft., l.w.l. 165ft, beam 25ft, 2in., depth 13ft., draft 11ft. 3in. Her engines are triple compound, 14in., 23in. and 36in. by 24in; boiler 12×6ft.

So far as the American design is concerned, the less said the better; the builders would have done well to have copied any good English steam yacht. Not only is there nothing distinctively new or American in the model, but there is a strong resemblance to the ordinary British tramp steamer about the bows, with a general lack of style and finish to the whole design of hull and rig.

At the same time the work is in many ways commendable, the plating is smooth and well done, the workmanship throughout appears to be thorough and honest, and the interior arrangement and decoration are specially good.

The deck house is long enough to give a snug smoking room forward, a saloon with piano, from which the main stairway descends, a roomy galley and to cover the engine room.

The crew is berthed aft, with the officers between them and the machinery, and the owner's quarters are all forward. The main saloon and the various staterooms are large and well arranged, and the finishing and furnishings are in excellent taste. Light wood, oak and butternut has been used throughout, the joiner work and carvings being free from over-ornamentation. The forecastle even is finished handsomely in polished butternut; the officers' quarters are still more elaborately finished. The yacht is fitted with electric lights throughout, and with bathrooms, running water and all the conveniences of a well-equipped city house.

She has two pole masts, with a heavy rake, carrying square yards. She was built by the Globe Iron Works, of Cleveland, and is owned by H. M. Hanna, of that city.

The bridge is well amidships, with a large space over the forward end of the deckhouse. The side ladders are of a new and ingenious pattern, skeleton ladders, which fold flat as they are hoisted, and are then folded up and secured close against the outside of the bulwarks, out of the way and secure from damage, but ready to be lowered at a moment's notice.

### Lake Ontario.

BAY OF QUINTE.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Oct. 31.—The yachting season is over in these waters, and a retrospective glance over the achievements of our local craft this year is not quite so pleasant as it was a few years ago, namely in 1884, when they won $870 out of a possible $1,185, and, barring accident, would have run their winnings up to $1,045. The simple fact is that our yachts have been beaten because they have been out-built. Owing to local conditions we will probably have to stay in the 40ft. class—the favorite here—behind the leaders of the procession. No resident of the Bay of Quinte district would build a Zelma or a Yama, as their draft is too great for cruising in these waters, and against such fine, powerful craft we cannot hope to win in their class with centerboarders. It may be different in the largest class. Norah, after one of the best races ever run, lost the Fisher Cup to Onward, a much more powerful boat, by only 46s., she allowing 3m. 19s. over a course of 26 nautical miles. The weather was just the thing for the victor, the wind being strong, with heavy puffs. Onward carried a dozen extra good heavy men, who made excellent shifting ballast, and would not, I think, have won without them. Norah carried only her regular crew, she is a low-sided and deep-waisted boat, and had a heavy load of water on her lee deck when on the wind, and a leaky cabin trunk filled her over the cabin floor in the last round. Taking these circumstances into account, it seems possible to improve Norah so much as to make her beat Onward. The attempt will, if I am correctly informed, be made, as the yacht has been taken to the shipyard at Desoronto, where her sides will be raised and she will be given a flush deck.

The rebuilding of Atalanta has been a long job, and she will remain here until next year. She will probably have a try for the Fisher cup before going to her future home at Chicago. Her sides have been raised 14in., and she has now a flush deck. The planking, all of which is new, excepting four strakes in the bottom, is of choice oak, and the old craft will be better and stronger than ever before. Mr. John Allen, our local shipbuilder, has done an excellent job.

PORT TACK.

Nellie, catboat, has been sold by M. F. Plant to Samuel Stenson, and Mr. Plant will, as recently stated, replace her with a new Crosby cat.

## Changes in Measurement Rules.

WHEN the present rule of the Yacht Racing Association was adopted in 1887, one of the provisions was that the rule should be unchanged for a period of seven years, unless repealed by a vote of two thirds of those present at a general meeting. Naturally there has been some opposition to the new rule at times, in spite of its obvious advantages over the old tonnage rule, but at no time has this opposition assumed a definite form, nor has any effort been made to secure the repeal of the rule before the original limit expired.

The fact that the coming season will be the last of the seven years has awakened of late a very active discussion of the rule, as it is necessary to the continuance of yacht building that if a change is to be made due notice must be given. The opponents of the rule have not only overlooked the vast improvement shown in the larger yachts, as in the present 20 and 40-raters compared with the 30-tonners and 40-tonners produced by the old rule; but they here laid to it all responsibility for extreme light construction, fin-keels, reduced displacement and other real or alleged evils.

The discussion of the question in the *Field* and the *Yachtsman*, though quite extensive, has thus far produced no practical results, although formulas by the dozen have been suggested. Many of the disputants have not contented themselves with the main issue of a desirable system of measurement, but have wandered off into the side issue of the measurement of the waterline and taxing of overhangs, going into elaborate mathematical demonstrations.

The present Y. R. A. rule, by length and sail area, is objected to by some on the ground that the principle involved is wrong, and that the hull only should be considered in yacht measurement. Thus far this party has not proved its case, but the ideas of measuring by either size or length of hull are firmly fixed in the minds of many yachtsmen.

The most practical discussion of the whole subject which has yet appeared is by Mr. Dixon Kemp in the *Field* of Oct. 22, a summary of the various methods of hull measurement used or proposed in the past. We reprint the article in full, as the subject is of no less importance on this side than in England. Mr. Kemp writes:

"An opinion has always been cherished by many shipbuilders that a measure of size, whole bulk or measured bulk, is the proper basis for a time allowance in competitive sailing. For at least thirty years this proposition has been propounded and refuted more or less successfully in our columns; and we refer to it now only because it cannot very well be avoided in discoursing on a bull measurement for time allowance. $\frac{L \times B \times D}{\text{Constant}}$ is the favorite form of the rule, where D is either depth of hold or draught of water. The rule $\frac{\text{Length} \times \text{Breadth} \times \text{Depth}}{95}$ was in use for many years in the United States—in fact it was the 'registered tonnage' of the country before Moorsom's rule was adopted—and it suited the shallow yachts of America, although probably it had not much to do in creating the shallowness. However, there is not much doubt if such a rule were adopted—whether depth or draft were used as a factor—that extreme shallowness of hull or draft of water would soon be the result and the draft of water would be pretty much the same forward and aft; in fact we should have the straight keel nearly parallel to the load waterline, formerly in fashion and still to be met with on some parts of the coast. If a depth rule were used in combination with a tax on sail, the shallowness or smallness of hull would be still more apparent.

"Displacement or immersed bulk has also been tried by the New York Y. C., in 1851, in the days of the America, and again in 1871, when the Livonia visited America, it being supposed that the rule would operate unfavorably on the heavy displacements of British yachts. After this the New York Y. C. tried whole bulk [cubic contents], which is the same as our registered tonnage, excepting that the measurement was to outside of planking instead of to inside of ceiling. In 1883 the New York Y. C. measurement committee, in reviewing these rules, came to the conclusion that any system which taxed breadth, depth or bulk would favor or foster an opposite quality. This pithy remark of the New York committee really sums up the whole situation with regard to systems of rating founded on the hull. It contains an unalterable principle, which is bound to guide the framers of a rating rule based on any quantity relating to the hull.

"One quality can be advanced in favor of internal capacity, or bulk, which we now use as registered tonnage, and that is, such a rule would encourage enormous scantlings. The frames would be of great moulded depth, and the plank would be thick, and all sorts of dummy material would besides be introduced in the way of casings over beams, frames and floors. Should, however, registered tonnage (R.T.) be introduced to obtain a co-efficient of fineness, $\left(\frac{L \times B \times D}{R\,T}\right)$ or $\left(\frac{\text{Sail area}}{R\,T}\right)$, then the object would be to cut down the sizes of the frames, etc., to the last possible point consistent with safety, and the alleged tendency of all rating rules would be emphasized. We are, of course, not arguing that the shipbuilders' rule would not class fairly enough existing yachts, but it is necessary to look very much beyond that in providing a rule for yacht designers to be bound by.

"The old British tonnage rule did not tax depth at all, breadth only being used besides length. This length and breadth rule was thus formulated for Custom House purposes (prior to 1854): $\frac{(L-B) \times \left(\frac{B^2}{2}\right)}{94}$ and was modified by the Y.R.A. to $\frac{(L+B)^2 \times B}{17.0}$. This rule was much easier on beam than the old Custom House rule, but it still produced nothing but narrow, flat-sided vessels, and was finally rejected, mainly for that reason. The considerations which induced these results would be revived should beam be taxed in any modified form; no matter how slight the tax, so long as length remains the more valuable quality, and draught of water remains untaxed, a narrow, flat sided vessel would be the result. Should depth of hold be taxed, a shallow T section would be the result; and if draught be taxed, a broad U section, shallow in proportion to what the section would be if only length and breadth were taxed. It should be noted that a rule which taxes length and breadth alone, like the old Y.R.A. rule, is practically the same in its effects as a $\frac{L\,B}{D}$ rule would be, as it compels a large use of depth, draught, and displacement, consequent on the cutting down of beam.

"If length and some fraction of breadth were taxed and used in connection with sail area, the most likely result would be (no limit being placed on length) a very small sail area and a long, narrow, canoe-shaped hull with deep lead keel.

"Another form of rating has been used, and indeed, still is used in France, by simply taking length and girth. A great deal was written against this rule in our columns in the year 1881, and before that date and since. The French rule is $\frac{\left(\frac{\text{Girth}}{4}\right)^2 \times \left(L - \frac{B}{2}\right)}{\text{Constant}}$. This rule, it will be seen, would tend to increase beam and reduce depth, because depth would stand at its full value in the formula, while beam would be used to reduce the value of the factor length. We do not think that rule would produce desirable results in the hands of our yacht designers, any more than a rule $\frac{\left(\frac{\text{Girth}}{4}\right)^2 \times \text{length}}{\text{Constant}}$ would,

"The girth here used is taken from gunwale across the deck and under keel back to the starting point; but girth from load waterline under the keel to load waterline has either been proposed or used, beam being only measured so far as it operated in expanding the V measurement taken. It is obvious that such a rule would encourage enormous tops, and designers would soon learn to design yachts to sail more or less on their sides.

"When we were discussing the girth rule in 1886, Mr. Mark Robinson, a marine engineer, proposed that the rating rule should be $\frac{\text{Sail area} \times \text{length}}{\text{Girth}}$ (the under water girth only being used). Such a rule naturally commends itself to a marine engineer, as it so much resembles one of the formulæ by which the co-efficient for steamboat performance is obtained: $\frac{\text{I.H.P.}}{\text{Area mid-section}}$ In fact, Mr. Robinson proposed as an alternative rule $\frac{\text{Sail area} \times \text{length}}{\text{Area of mid-section}}$, or $\frac{\text{Sail area} \times \text{length}^2}{\text{Displacement}}$ It is obvious that of these two formulæ the first would produce a large mid-section, and the second a large displacement; or comparatively mid-section and displacement might be large in both.

"It is equally obvious that a rule $\frac{\text{Sail area} \times \text{length}}{\text{Girth}}$ would tend to produce a vessel with a hollow T section, as the girth could be increased by the deep keel (to reduce the rating), while there need be little or no area to pile up the displacement and consequent resistance.

"The French yacht clubs formerly (prior to 1886) used a rule which much resembled a 'bulk rule' and was as follows: $\left(\frac{L \times B \times D}{\text{Constant}}\right)$ D (depth) in this rule was taken at the quarter beam, and this method of measurement fixed the size or area of section with a much greater exactitude than the old English way of taking depth to the top of floors.

"Of course the effect of such a rule would be to produce shallow beamy boats with T section.

"A size, displacement, or bulk rule, or a dimensions rule will lead to a reduction of the quantity to be driven, or of a cutting down of the least valuable of the dimensions in order in either case to obtain an increase in the element (length) which facilitates the driving of bulk. These are the inevitable consequences of any possible combination of length, breadth and depth in a rating rule unless one of the terms is used for reducing the resultant rating. If sail area (or the driving power) be included in the combination of terms, the reduction of bulk or displacement will be still more marked, inasmuch as taxing the driving power is pretty much like taxing the quantity driven. This represents the elementary situation presented to the yacht designer by the Y. R. A. rating rule. He is set the problem, say, of designing a 5-rater which in his eyes is represented by the figures 30,000 (5×6,000). These figures divided by the length of waterline show him what sail area will be allowed, and then he has to consider the following complicated propositions, weight being used as synonymous with displacement:

1. Weight retards speed.
2. Weight accelerates speed by increasing stiffness.
3. Length increases speed.
4. Increase of length diminishes speed (under some conditions) because it reduces sail area.
5. Increase of sail area reduces speed (under some conditions) because it reduces length.

"Thus the problem set before the yacht designer will be to drive as little weight as possible at the greatest speed possible, with as little sail possible in order to obtain the most advantageous length possible.

"The best possible combination of length, sail spread and weight to solve this problem and to design the most successful boat up to date has been produced by a tentative process, the designer having gradually increased length and decreased sail area, and decreased weight, making up for it (as righting power) by giving increased leverage to the lead keel,* and reducing the weight of material used in the hull, so as to obtain a maximum weight of lead. The objectionable features in this production are mainly smallness of hull and insufficiency of strength The length and the small sail spread are unobjectionable by themselves, and that it may be said, any objectionable peculiarity in the form of lead keel could at any moment be altered.

"From this view of the case it would appear to be highly important that, in any combination of dimensions and sail area in a rating rule, one dimension should be used to insure a sufficiency of bulk, it being assumed that the existing rating rule does not insure this; in the small classes at least, although no standard of sufficiency has been named. In fact, we believe that any fixed standard or hard and fast safeguard would be objected to. A rule which would insure a sufficiency of bulk is the one we proposed last week: Rating $\times \frac{L}{D^8}$, D representing the depth at the quarter beam measured from the deck level amidships. In existing yachts of what are admitted to be "wholesome types," this depth is about one-eighth the length of waterline, and where this depth falls short of that standard, a penalty would be imposed by the rule instead of insisting that the standard must be complied with. The tendency of this rule obviously would be to produce a boat somewhat of the old length class type with a large mid-section; but the exaggerated form of these boats would, perhaps, not be reached on account of the tax on sail. Another tendency would also be to reduce the beam in order that a greater length might be measured; this also would operate against the formation of a length class type.

"The general conclusion which we arrive at is that the most satisfactory hull rating (sail area being left out of the rule altogether) would be length of waterline alone; and next to that a $\frac{\text{Length} \times \text{Breadth} \times \text{Draft}}{\text{Constant}}$ rule, but either of these rules would be inapplicable to existing boats, and for the present, at least, should only be applied to the classes of 5-rating and under. We are even inclined to think that the Royal Windermere rule fixing a liberal maximum of breadth and draft for any given length would be better than L×B×D, taking length alone for time allowance, or length in combination with sail area. Thus, if the length and sail area be retained for the classes of 5-rating and under, the most simple way of insuring more sail being carried for any given rating is to limit the length. But this would not necessarily mean more bulk or depth of body, as the requisite power to carry the increased sail area might be derived from extra beam or extra draft, or both combined. The length check could, however, as already pointed out, be supplemented by limits to breadth and depth. The rule would then resemble the Royal Windermere rule, as well as the old C class rule.

"If length is to be left unrestricted, then we think some provision should also be made to insure a greater bulk of body. We do not think any rule which is 'easier on sail' than the Y. R. A. rule would do this. The enormous value of length is now so well understood that for any given rating more length and beam would be taken instead of more sail, and, if more sail were taken, that would not of itself insure the 'wholesome type' of yacht of which every one has an ideal, because stiffness to carry the extra sail would be provided by an increase in beam and not by an increase of bulk. Perhaps, however, a satisfactory hull rule, or an amended length and sail area rule, may be produced before the Y. R. A. measurement committee, adapted for the small classes. Under any circumstances we do not think it would be wise to enact that the rule shall remain in operation for a given number of years. The present rule, it will be remembered, was installed for seven years, unless repealed by two-thirds of those present at a general meeting.

"So far as the classes above 5-rating are concerned in the immediate future, there does not appear any necessity for limiting length if some provision is made against extreme shallowness of hull. As we have already pointed out, if beam is taxed to insure a fair depth of body, beam will necessarily be cut down to the extent it was under the old tonnage rule, and we think that, up to a certain proportion of beam to length, beam ought not to be taxed. For the sake of illustration, we can say that the proportion of untaxed beam is fixed at one-fourth the length, $\frac{L}{4}$, and any beam in excess of that to be added to the length used for the rating. Thus a 60ft. 40 rater, to escape penalty, would have to be of 15ft. beam, and the sail allowed would be 4,000sq. ft. If a greater proportion than 15ft of beam were used, either the sail area would have to be reduced, or the length would. For 17ft. beam the sail area would have to be reduced to 3,870sq. ft., or the length to 57·5ft.

"We have already pointed out that limiting length by the rating in the large class would prejudicially affect the production of vessels of the Lethe and Amphitrite class, and we need say no more on that subject.

"If, therefore, the present rating rule is to be retained, the simplest plan of obtaining the results which are regarded as desirable is, for the small classes of 5-rating and under to limit length, breadth and draft of water, but make the limits sufficiently large so as not to cramp designers. For the classes above 5-rating, place a tax on beam after it exceeds a certain proportion to length. What that proportion should be can be hereafter fixed, and when we placed it at $\frac{L}{4}$ we only did so to show how such a regulation would be worked."

* Of course, this means that the metric height is increased in exact ratio to the decrease in weight, so as to preserve an equal moment of stability at any practical sailing heel.

## Miramichi Y. C.

THE most interesting thing in the season's experiences was the way the old champion of many races, Kilbride, went to the rear in the hands of new owners. In Com. Miller's hands, and with him at the stick, she won 9 races out of every 10, and this year, under new management, she was the last yacht in, every time. Many a racer's reputation is due, in the same way, to skillful management. The new flagship, Maud, won only the last race of the season. But she improved steadily, and, with the alterations she is to undergo this winter, she will probably carry the commodore's flag to the front next season

Club members who think it necessary to have professionals to sail their yachts in races met with an eye opener this season. Calypso, a beamy boat of local design and great power, had always been handled by professional boatmen, and had always been beaten. Vice-Com. Stewart, with a crew of amateurs from behind counters, sailed her to victory this season, winning handsomely over the whole squadron, and in a subsequent race, under the same conditions of wind and water, she was handled by the crack professional helmsman of the river and badly beaten by the same opponents. Her owners have concluded that amateur handling is good enough for them in future.

The yachts are going into winter quarters after a good season's racing, cruising and afternoon sailing.

One keel has been laid for a new boat, and one or two more are talked of as probable. Calypso will have an overhanging stern next season and more headsail.

The utmost harmony has reigned in the club, and all the races have been conducted without a dispute of any kind arising.

## International Racing.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Looking on at the quarrel between English yachtsmen and the New York Y. C. from Canadian moorings, where I am in a position to view both sides of the question disinterestedly, I can see no reason, except English stupidity or pigheadedness, for failure to make a match for the coming season.

The Englishmen objected, with reason, to the measurement clause of the new deed and very properly refused to comply with it. The N. Y. Y. C. does not ask compliance with it, but offers to accept just what is offered—length on load waterline. Now what sense or reason is there in howling about that clause any longer? Some inconceivable stupidity persuades the Englishman that if they win the Cup they will be forced to exact compliance with the clause from future challengers. What nonsense! The winners will hold the Cup on the same terms as the N. Y. Y. C. holds it and will have precisely the same power to accept challenges. They can trust themselves, surely, not to exact the pound of flesh from challengers. If they win they can accept challenges that give the waterline length only, or challenges giving no dimensions at all.

The N. Y. Y. C. has promptly conceded everything in its power that Lord Dunraven asks, except that it refuses to debar or penalize existing yachts. This refusal renders it necessary for the challenger to build up to the size of the largest American cutter afloat or on the stocks, which is, I believe, about 84ft. If he intends to challenge with a big boat this refusal cannot embarrass him.

The N. Y. Y. C. has no power whatever, it seems to me, to make any agreement with anybody as to the terms that shall govern challengers when the Cup shall have passed into the keeping of other hands.

Public opinion has forced the holders of the Cup to ignore the clause. An English winner would not have the assurance to do otherwise than ignore it. These precedents would govern for all time and the objectionable clause would be as harmless as the blue laws of Connecticut.

If the English really want a race, and are not so stupid as their talk about the new deed suggests, there will be one. Their grievance has been removed, their terms have been accepted. It only remains for them to complete the formalities and build their boat. If they want any further concession, let them ask it. If, for instance, they want a match between 36-footers or 70-footers or 80-footers, let them say so, and suspend abuse of the New York Y. C. until the request has been acted on. Let them say what they want. My opinion is that the N. Y. Y. C. is just now in the humor to agree to any fair terms for a race. J. L. STEWART.

CHATHAM, N. B., Nov. 3.

[As we understand the issue, it involves much more than our correspondent assumes, and the dimension clause is but a detail. The true questions are as to the right of the New York Y. C. to return and receive again the Cup or to alter in any way the terms laid down by the original donors. After it has been proved that the assumed rights of the "surviving donor" ever existed and that any temporary holder could return the Cup and reassume the trust under new and different conditions, there still remains the question of the fairness and legality of these conditions. Until these questions have been settled, it is useless to assume that all objections to the abrogation of the original deed and the adoption of a new one have been removed because the New York Y. C. has been compelled to offer special inducements in order to obtain a challenge.]

*Harper's Weekly* deals boldly with the real issue in the following words:

"Should we have no race for the America's Cup, sportsmen throughout the land will know that the New York Y. C. has again prevented an international contest, and will consider the offering of a trophy which may indeed be a national one, in fact as well as in name. It is incredible that a club like the N. Y. Y. C., whose members include the ablest and most advanced yachtsmen in the country, should permit a handful of their number, cherishing the relics of ancient prejudices, to so misrepresent the club's and the country's sentiment. No sportsman can find fault with Dunraven's challenge, save possibly in limiting the size of yacht. That ought to be left open, and time allowance will equalize matters.

"This department has many times placed itself on record on this deed of gift problem, viz., that the new edition is neither sportsmanlike nor fair. All the resolutions the New York Y. C. might pass would not change the fact that this new deed of gift was railroaded through by a clique in the club who thought to play it very smart on the Englishmen.

"The N. Y. Y. C.'s present edition of the deed does not by any means represent the ideas of the five original donors, and every sportsman in America knows it. What right one of those donors, at the suggestion of the N. Y. Y. C., had to to change the spirit of the original deed has never yet been explained."

This [the committee's] reply is so muddled and mixed, however, that Dunraven may be pardoned for failing to comprehend it. It is signed by Gen. Paine, who is a splendid yachtsman and sportsman, but whose forte is evidently not writing letters. What the committee tried to say was that Dunraven's challenge would be accepted when sent under the mutual agreement clause of the last deed of gift, and that future contests might also be managed under the same terms. If this had been made clear to the Britisher he could have done nothing else but forward his challenge. The committee's letter was so misty and misleading that it conveyed just the contrary impression to what was intended. All of which shows that the committee ought to go to a night school and study "The Complete Letter-Writer," or some other equally valuable publication.—*Recorder.*

## The Loss of the Catarina.

WE copy from the *Field* the following account of the loss of the yacht Catarina, a brief notice of which has already appeared. The cutter Phryne was designed and built by the late Dan Hatcher in 1863, a wooden vessel 85ft. 10in. l.w.l., 14ft. 2in. beam and about 10ft. draft, 56 tons by the old Y. R. A. rule. She raced successfully for some years, but for ten years past has been a cruiser under the yawl rig, her name having been changed to Catarina. The account of her loss as told by her mate, Henry Diaper, the sole survivor, is as follows:

"The yacht Catarina, 56 tons, with six hands, viz., Thos. Scrase (master), Henry Diaper (mate), three able-bodied seamen, viz., Hayward Harnett, and Mason and Wiltshire (steward), sailed from Southampton on Sept. 8 last, and on the following day sailed from Cowes for Marseilles, calling at Portland, Weymouth and Falmouth, from which port she sailed on the 16th. She arrived at Gibraltar on the 27th, and sailed on the 29th for Marseilles; and nothing of consequence occurred until the morning of the 6th inst., steering a course for Marseilles; wind southeast, blowing fresh; course as per committee's letter under close-reefed mainsail, staysail and small jib.

About 3 A. M. sighted a revolving light on the starboard bow, which the master supposed to be Planier. I was mate of the yacht, and about five minutes to four o'clock I told the master, who had just gone to the cabin, that the light was very close, and I thought we had better lay to until daylight. He replied that we had better let her run until 4 o'clock.

At 4 A. M. called the watch, and before we had time to haul the foresheet over to windward she struck the ground. The master went below to get bluelights and rockets. When he returned on deck I asked him to get the boat out. He replied, "Not yet." Vessel lying on her beam ends and sea breaking over her heavily; vessel gradually sinking in the sand. We got the boat out and got into her, but she immediately turned over and we were washed out. We swam to the vessel again and got into the weather rigging. After awhile we tried to get out the dinghy, but she was washed away off the deck; we all got into the rigging again and afterward clung to the masthead, as the rigging was under water then. A very heavy sea washed us all off, and I saw no more of my shipmates except the steward, Wiltshire, who had got hold of a piece of wood. I found two deck planks and got on them, and drifted with the current, which carried me ashore, close to the lighthouse at Saintes Maries, as I have been informed. This was about 11 o'clock, and some French people took me to the village of Saintes Maries to the Syndic of Seamen, where I was very kindly treated. On the following day the body of Wiltshire was found and identified by me, and his body was buried in the cemetery there. On the 7th inst. I was sent to the Commissary of Marine at Arles, who was very kind to me, and I was well looked after while there. I was kept there to identify any corpses that might be washed ashore.

On the evening of the 7th inst. I was informed that a second body had been found on the beach at Beaudue, and on the 8th two more bodies were found in the same place.

On the 9th I proceeded with the Commissary of Marine of Arles, Mr. Kennedy, agent of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Marseilles; Mr. Frank Randall, an English gentleman resident at Arles, and the Rev. M. Saile, French Protestant clergyman, to the cemetery of the hamlet of Bacarin, where I identified the bodies as those of Thomas Scrase, master of the yacht, George Hayward, able mariner, and William Harnett, able seaman, who were all buried in the cemetery there, according to the rites of the Protestant Church, and the natives of the place showed the greatest respect and sympathy with us. The only body not recovered was that of Henry Mason, able seaman. The yacht had not carried away anything or suffered the smallest damage up to the time of going ashore, she did not make a bucketful of water, and we were all very happy and comfortable on board together. The great kindness and attention of Mr. Flaudrin, Commissary of Marine at Arles, of Mr. Frank Randall, of Arles, and of Mr.

Kenuedy, who attended to everything as representative of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and sent me home after the formalities had been completed at the British Consulate at Marseilles, I shall never forget; they could not have been kinder to their own sons. The vessel filled so quickly after turning on her side that there was no time to get the life-belts from below, and I did not see any one use the life-buoys on deck.

### Detroit Y. C.

DETROIT, MICH.—LAKE ST. CLAIR.

THE Detroit Y. C. closed its season on Oct. 21, by a fall regatta, sailed in a moderate and variable breeze, the course being from the anchorage off the Park House, around Grosse Pointe lightship, the "double cat" class rounding the "Dummy Light."

The times were:

| | Start. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST CLASS. | | | |
| Princess | 1 53 13 | 4 44 57 | 2 51 44 |
| Crusader | 1 52 20 | 5 30 05 | 3 27 45 |
| Cora | 1 50 32 | 5 50 42 | 4 00 10 |
| SECOND CLASS. | | | |
| Josephine | 1 52 48 | 4 40 05 | 2 47 17 |
| Alice Enright | 1 47 08 | 4 36 26 | 2 49 18 |
| Lulu B | 1 52 18 | 4 59 12 | 3 06 54 |
| Gertrude | 1 55 .. | 5 09 28 | 3 14 28 |
| THIRD CLASS. | | | |
| Shamrock | 1 48 27 | 4 51 44 | 3 03 17 |
| FOURTH CLASS. | | | |
| Madaline | 1 46 30 | 5 02 49 | 3 16 19 |
| Ugo | 1 54 25 | 5 17 25 | 3 23 .. |
| Madge | 1 46 49 | ..... | ..... |
| FIFTH CLASS. | | | |
| Eureka | 1 53 20 | 5 34 20 | 3 41 .. |
| Let Her Go | 1 48 24 | ..... | ..... |
| DOUBLE CATS. | | | |
| Puritan | 1 50 52 | 4 34 50 | 2 43 58 |
| Nettie N | 1 46 20 | 4 37 50 | 2 51 30 |
| Lois | 1 49 40 | 4 45 13 | 2 55 33 |
| Augusta S | 1 53 55 | 4 50 56 | 2 57 01 |
| Gladys | 1 54 39 | 4 58 15 | 3 03 36 |
| Josephine | 1 49 07 | 4 54 42 | 3 05 35 |

Enright wins both the Hanley watch and the Mabley trophy. Campau cup has been won by Princess twice and Crusader twice, and they will sail off. The Kramer trophy lies between Augusta S. and Puritan. Nettie N. was disqualified.

After the race the Josephine was sold by her owners to a new syndicate. The various challenges and counter challenges arising from the late sweepstakes have as yet resulted in nothing but talk.

### Lord Dunraven's Challenge.

A SPECIAL meeting of the committee was called on Nov. 4, Gen. Paine coming on from Boston to attend. All were present except Mr. Rogers, Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's representative, was present by invitation of the committee. After discussion a message to Lord Dunraven was framed and sent by cable, the contents not being made public. After the meeting Gen. Paine, Mr. Smith and Mr. Kersey dined together at Delmonico's.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Brunhilde, schooner, recently purchased from J. J. Phelps by D. H. King of New York, is now at Poillon's; where she has been completely overhauled under the direction of Captain Howard Patterson. She has been altered at bow and stern, greatly improving the ends and increasing the deck room, the new ends being planned by Captain Patterson. Mr. Driscoll, Poillon's foreman, did an excellent job with the stern, all the new work being got out and laid on deck before the yacht was docked; the old stern being then cut off and the new one erected. The cabins have been remodeled, the sheer has been changed and improved, and changes have been made in the rig, so that the yacht will come out greatly improved in appearance.

The new Maxwell schooner will be built by a comparatively new firm, S. L. Moore & Sou, of Elizabethport, N. J. The firm has carried on a large foundry and machine shop for many years, but it is only about three years since it put in a complete steel building plant on the shores of Arthur's Kull, or Staten Island Sound. It has already built the steel ferryboat Cincinnati and the practice cruiser Bancroft. The new schooner will be 110ft. on deck, 82ft. l.w.l., 22ft. 9in. beam, 10ft. draft, 3ft. 9in. freeboard, and will carry about 55 tons of lead. Her forward overhang will be 11ft., and after 17ft. The keel is straight for the greater part of its length, running up in a straight line, but at quite an angle from the end of the straight part to the forefoot.

The keel of the new Carroll yacht is nearly ready for the blocks at Bristol, while the steel frames are bent and drilled and the stern and sternpost are nearly ready. As the steel plate is on hand, the work of building will progress rapidly after the keel is laid. The 24ft. boat is partly decked, as is the 30ft., while the oak frames of the 90ft. steamer are bent.

Messrs. Stewart & Binney have made a design for a Canadian gentleman of a 36ft. cruising yawl. She will be 50ft. over all, 11ft. beam, and 8ft. draft. They have also in hand a design for centerboard cabin catboat 24×11ft. and a 16ft. boat for a lake in New Hampshire.

Avenel, steam yacht, in very bad shape after her late collision off Execution, is out at Poillon's for general overhaul and rebuilding.

Wadena, steam yacht, Mr. J. H. Wade, Jr., was at Halifax on Oct. 28, bound from New York for Cleveland, O.

Eclipse, sip, is out at Sondheim & Abrams, Twenty-sixth street, for a new and longer stern.

## Canoeing.

THE notice of the annual meeting of the A. C. A. executive committee is unusually brief this year, as the meeting will be held on Thursday next. Several notices of amendments have been published this fall, but as the report of the regatta committee has not been published, it will not be possible to make any amendments to the racing rules at the meeting. The distance from New York, Albany and Boston is likely to operate to prevent a general attendance on the part of members of the committee, but it is desirable that as many as possible should be present or at least represented by proxy. The principal business of the meeting will be the selection of a site for the next meet.

### In a Rowing Boat.

I.

WHILE this cruise and its narration were as yet things of the future, I had fancied borrowing a title and calling it the "The Story of the Rear Column," for it had been planned that the Vim, the Cruiser, the Sneak and the Bessie, with their respective crews were to precede the Dorothy, leaving Saturday afternoon and reaching the camping ground the same night. The latter was to follow on Sunday morning. From one cause or another, however, the Dorothy being the only one to start, the writer was forced to forego the satisfaction of seeing the above heading gracing this screed. A less startling one had to be chosen, for if the use of these military terms is allowable, we were advance, main and rear columns all in one.

We are firm believers with Nessmuk in "smoothing it," and in accordance with this belief all that could be done to make our short cruise pleasant was attended to beforehand; room engaged for our stay over night, lists made out of the different portions of our outfit, bills of fare for the four meals gotten up, and we lay the success of the trip at the door, so to speak, of this forethought.

Most of us will confess to a feeling of anxiety when it comes our turn to be cook, this planning of satisfactory meals—meals which will be not only of a suitable quality but also furnish a pleasing variety. We can look back to cruises in the days of our apprenticeship when we lived, like "Seneca's" friend, on "condensed milk and crackers." We do better now; in fact, not long ago, while one of the present crew was a guest at a camp supper, Mrs. "Bessie" requested Mr. "Dorothy" to make the tea; "he makes such good tea," she remarked sweetly—but that is another story. The point I wish to impress on the mind of the beginner is this: That if he will spend a few spare hours in working at his outfit—and who can imagine a more delightful occupation—making a list of the surviving "fittest" for future reference, he will find cruising a much more enjoyable way of spending a vacation than many of the published reports of cruises would give him reason to believe. This is not cruising, however, so, as I have a tale to unfold, let me begin.

I went down late Saturday night laden with the usual assortment of bags and bundles. It was a beautiful night, but quite cold; cold enough for a top coat, cold enough to make one think of open fires, ulsters and the price of coal. The moon had gone into the silver-plating business for the time being, and was very busy putting a coat on the earth. As it was nearly twelve o'clock when I reached the the boat-house, I was much more concerned over getting to sleep than in the view out of doors, and within a very few minutes from the time of my arrival the bundles had been dropped on the table and I was in my little bed—said bed consisting of four boat cushions laid on top of the lockers—fast asleep.

Like Sancho Panza I have a talent for sleeping. The day's duties, however, must have weighed heavily on my senses, for I awoke at six o'clock Sunday morning, an hour before my usual time, without the least desire to roll over for another nap. I turned out to find the day clear and cool, with a light south-east wind blowing, which lasted with varying degrees of force until night fall.

After a hasty breakfast I worked for two mortal hours at cleaning the boat and stowing our outfit, finishing just in time to change into decent boating clothes and to welcome my sister who arrived on the nine o'clock train, and who must figure hereafter in these lines as the coxswain. J. came down half an hour later shifting his clothes so quickly that we obeyed the coxswain's order to "Give way!" for the first stroke of our long pull at ten o'clock.

Our craft is seventeen feet long and closely resembles the well-known Whitehall boat both as to model and interior arrangements. She is very, very far from being an ideal cruiser, having been built to serve as a means of communication between the Landing and a certain little red house beloved of the crew and their friends; but as she carried us safely to our journey's end and back again, far be it from me to abuse her. Our outfit is stowed thus, commencing at the stern; rolled up snugly behind the backboard is the coxswain's oilskin cloak and ulster and our two coats; on the two stern sheets on each side rest the two hand bags containing necessaries for the toilet; the awning being rolled up and buttoned to the under side of one of these seats. The mess chest fits under the first thwart, with the water pail, which has a tight-fitting cover, resting against it; under J.'s seat is stowed the camp kit in its box; beneath mine lies the anchor and cable with a slight lashing around them; and on the bow seat the painter is flemished down, the boat sponge being underneath. While rowing, the small sprit sail—we only use it for running before the wind—lies on the thwarts to starboard, with the boat-hook to port. When under sail the oars occupy the same positions.

Dear, dear, how we improve! I notice in a recent article descriptive of a canoe trip, the simple camp kit and mess-chest of yore, now figure as a "camping kitchen" and "steward's pantry" forsooth! The two wooden boxes which I have mentioned by their simple names are representative of what other and more experienced cruisers consider best, each in its way. The mess-chest is 12×18×8in. with a cover fitting over and outside of it, said cover forming a very good tray, bread-board, etc. It is hardly proper to call either of these by a specified name as they are invariably used in conjunction with each other, being packed as best suit the exigencies of the situation.

On this cruise the one I call the mess-chest contained four china plates, three cups and saucers, the dish towels, some sweet crackers, a loaf of cake, a few boiled potatoes—for frying—and some cold roast lamb, all brought from home. The camp-kit box, 18×8×9in., held the tin pail, nested inside of which were the *flamme forcé* stove, the pepper and salt shakers, two glass butter jars with screw tops and a piece of salt water soap; the frying pan, knives, forks and spoons, can-opener, cork-screw, pliers (for lifting hot dishes), the strainer, bottle of alcohol and the waterproof box for matches. The sugar, coffee and tea were in square tin boxes with screw-tops, and the rest of the stores consisted of a bottle of strawberry-jam and one can each of corn, lima beans, tomato soup and duck paté and six eggs nested in the frying pan. These boxes are both sufficiently waterproof to resist a rainstorm. We do not calculate on upsets, the Dorothy not being that kind of a boat.

The only provision we made against the rain was to see that the coxswain's oilskin cloaks and the oilskin bag were on board. This bag is waterproofed with the recipe given in "Canoe and Camp Cookery." It is large enough to hold the four boat cushions, the hand-bags and all our coats; yet when not in use, folds up into a very small bundle. J. and I weighed the bother of taking each a suit of "oilers" against the chances of getting wet and risked the latter alternative.

The wind was ahead and tide against us as we left the float, the weather being simply perfect. We dug away, passing the breakwater, with its motley throng of boats and fishermen; up channel for a short distance against the strong ebb tide; a turn; a few hundred yards more pulling, and then the tide is with us. The wind is, too, so come to the oars and up goes the sail, I shipping the sprit while J. overhauls the sheet, passing it aft to the coxswain, who trims it and catches a turn around the cleat.

Now we take things easy for a spell, our course giving a free wind for about a mile. The turns and channels, however, are no respecters of persons, this particular one's direction soon being dead to windward, the sail comes down and oars are shipped again.

No act nor scene of the cruise has left so strong an impression on the panorama memory has preserved for me as this of setting or stowing the sail. Even now fancy recalls for me the sensation of trying to stand erect forward and furl the sail neatly while J. is lunging around aft for his oars, without the least regard for the difficulties of my situation. Again I am standing up, my toes curling downward as if to help me to hold on, sheet passed between my teeth to keep it out of the flapping folds of the sail and away from the tossing boom—the boat meanwhile pitching villainously in the short chop sea. I presume this was one of the faults of our outfit, and the advocate of some other rig who, perchance, reads this, will settle down deeper into his seat and mentally exclaim that we should have had his rig.

And now, as if to solace us for having brought the oars, down drops the wind. Down drops the perspiration, too, as we go on our way, by a low-lying island famed for years for the fish dinners served at its single hotel; by the dock, to be stared at by any quantity of fishermen who are bent on filling their baskets with the little snappers that are "jumping" all around us, and so on down to the main channel, which we reach just as a big excursion boat sweeps by, all three decks black with people, most of whom consider it necessary to wave a salute of handkerchiefs at every passing boat. No doubt it would have been more good-natured on our part to have responded to the one we received, but J. and I had both hands full making up against the last of the ebb tide, while the Coxswain was trying to decide what two catboats and a naphtha launch were going to do, therefore no heed was paid to the strips of linen fluttering at us.

It being now high noon, we anchored on the north side of the channel opposite the site of an abortive attempt at a "villa settlement." As soon as the anchor gripped in the sandy bottom the mast was stepped, the awning unrolled and spread over the boat from the mast to a short staff stepped in a brass tube screwed to the transom. The shade was very grateful. I recall reading in a friend's log-book an opinion of awnings on boats, and as he is an old boating man, I think it well worth quoting.

"Of all cruising appliances," he writes, "there is nothing so conducive to comfort and a sense of privacy as an awning for one's boat;" therefore, he who reads and is awningless should run and get one immediately.

When I planned at home that for this meal we were to have cold meat, fried potatoes, stewed corn, bread and butter, sweet crackers and coffee, I own it was with many misgivings as to whether all this could be done, and the various articles kept warm on a single alcohol stove. We managed very well, however, and this is how it was managed: The kit box has a lid on top which folds back, while the front one opens downward. This lid after the stove is lighted is closed up again, thus confining the heat in a small space.

While I opened and emptied a can of corn into the tin pail, adding a little water and a piece of butter, J. was peeling and slicing the potatoes; then all the tableware, condiments, etc., were unpacked and disposed of to the best advantage. The corn, now being piping hot, was set on one side, and the potatoes slipped into the frying pan. While these were sizzling in the hot butter, the meat was sliced and the first course was ready.

J. served the corn, the pail was given a hasty wash over the side, filled with fresh water for coffee and put on to boil, being quite ready by the time the meat and vegetables had vanished.

We were very busy for the next half hour, the only sounds the wind heard as it came blowing gently in under the awning were the clicking of knives and forks, and the rattle of cup against saucer, diversified by an occasional growl of disgust from J. and I and a milder exclamation from the coxswain, as a steamer passed by throwing up waves which tossed the boat about, and made us all reach for our coffee cups to prevent their contents landing in the wrong place. Finally, as the last morsel disappeared, one said "Ah!" and another said "Ah!" and although I was a poor third, I said "Ah!" too. Then, as was befitting after our arduous labars, we rested.

Presently J. remarked this would never do. We agreed with him and wanted to know what he was going to do about it. He suggested that we should set to work, clean up and "get a move on." J. is given to using slang. For the sake of a quiet life we put up our book and Sunday paper, with it's "complete novel given away to every reader," washed and packed up the dishes and stores, stowed the awning and sail, and getting the anchor aboard took to the oars again.

This channel reaches along behind a great summer resort. Piers project along the sandy shore at frequent intervals, each one ornamented with a row of fishermen, who never seem to catch anything. Two of these piers serve as landing places for as many lines of excursion steamers, and as at nearly every one of them boat liveries are established and, in the summer time, well patronized, the scene is always full of life and motion. It is not an uncommon thing to see one or more fine yachts anchored here; indeed, as we looked astern, we could see, beating up the channel, the sails of a schooner yacht, which was discovered at anchor the next day on our return, and proved to be the Fenella, N. Y. Y. C.

It was not long after we left our mid-day anchorage before we passed under the railroad bridge, which about divides our bay in half. Here we change off for an hour, J. going aft, the Coxswain taking his place at the oars. And now the wind picks up enough to make rowing against it hard work. The weather, which I have said was perfect, begins to look decidedly stormy. A bend in the channel enables us to lay a course; again we cease rowing and make sail.

The sky is overcast with great masses of smoke-colored clouds, and the wind coming in off the sea blows damp and chill. Phew! how the gusts come, striking the small sail, pressing the Dorothy down and down. The coxswain, who is sailing the boat, hangs on to the lee tiller rope in obedience to our command, but looks relieved when the puffs lighten up and the boat regains its equilibrium. As we drive along we pass a man in a shell who looks strangely out of place, so wintry is the wind and so summery is his costume.

This state of things continues for about two hours, until we have sailed up into a little cove, to visit which had been one of the objects of this expedition; but the light of other days is not shining on it now and the place looks deserted and gloomy. The only evidence of summer life in sight are a small skiff with a ragged sail, in which two youths vainly endeavor to overtake us as we go out of the cove, and a white rowboat, in which a young man was giving two elaborately dressed girls an afternoon's row. So dark and cool had it grown this group in the summer finery looked as much out of place as the single occupant of the shell had done.

W. B. MCCORMICK.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### Algonquin C. C.

THE new club house of the Algonquin C. C., which has been in the course of erection for the past two months, has just been completed. It is one of the finest in the State, and standing on an eminence nearly opposite the old Cadwalader mansion, commands an excellent view of the picturesque Delaware for more than two miles in either direction.

It is a two story frame building about 40ft. square, but the tower walls are built of heavy stone and are well fitted to withstand action of the winter torrents. Adjoining the stone wall on the upper side is a breakwater, constructed at the expense of Mr. Edmund C. Hill, in order to render the little castle more secure.

The lower story of the building has 28 cribs where the canoes are kept. Upstairs is the toilet room, where each member of the club has a private locker and a club room about 20ft. square, with a large bay window looking toward the river.

The interior of the club house is of light wood finished in oil, and the club room has a large open fireplace which bids fair to make it both warm and cheerful even in the most inclement weather. It will be lighted by gas, and the fixtures to support the globes and chandeliers are to be of black enameled iron.

The furniture is to be upholstered in leather, and in about two weeks when all is in readiness the new club house will be opened with a grand reception. It will be used mainly for a club room until spring when the canoeing season opens.

The distance from the new club house to the island is but little over a mile, and by taking a street car as far as Cadwalader Place the members of the club can reach their summer camping ground more easily and quickly than they could when they were compelled to paddle all the way from the bridge.

Fronting toward the river is a portico and an open veranda, upon which one may sit and view the summer sunsets or enjoy the evening breezes. On the southwest corner is a tower, which, when lighted up, will be a sort of miniature lighthouse, throwing its rays far acros the water. The building complete will cost about $8,000.

The Algonquin C. C. is composed of the old Park Island Canoe Association and some of the residents of Cadwalader place. It has twenty-four members and the shares are all taken. Mr. Edmund C. Hill is the Commodore; Mr. E. D. Anderson, Vice-Commodore, and Mr. E. E. Booze, Secretary and Treasurer. The Board of Trustees consists of the above officers along with Messrs. W. C. Lawrence Fred Donnelly and Harry Allen.—*Trenton (N. J.) Times.*

### The Executive Committee Meeting.

THE following notice of the date and place of the annual meeting of the executive committee of the A. C. A. was received after we had gone to press last week:

The annual executive meeting of the American Canoe Association will be held at the British-American Hotel, Kingston, Ontario, on Thursday, Nov. 17, 1892, at 11 o'clock A. M.

W. H. COTTON, Commodore, A. C. A.

KINGSTON, Nov. 1.

### Vesper B. C.

THE Vesper B. C. inaugurated a new form of winter amusement on Oct. 26 in its first phonographic camp-fire. Beside a number of musical selections, the evening entertainment included phonographic songs and recitations by a number of well-known canoeists who were, of course, not present in person. Among these were Messrs. J. W. Cartwright, C. B. Vaux, C. B. Ashenden, Com. Wing, G. L. Metze, Dr. F. R. Rix and Thomas Nelson Page. The entertainment was unusually interesting.

### GIVE CALIFORNIA A CHANCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the fishermen, the bearmen and the snakemen have been getting in their work, and having it all their own way, I have kept quiet and bided my time, but that came at last, and I enter the list with a consciousness of a fair show to a place in the front rank. Here is the story to make all previous candidates quail and hide their diminished heads. Print it; give California a chance. It is a quail story:

A few days ago James R. Holt, the big member of the Holt & Gregg corporation, left the big brickyard near Anderson for a quail hunt along the banks of the Sacramento River. Under a cover of brush he discovered a nice flock of the birds, but when he raised his gun to have a shot they disappeared. He felt satisfied that there were quite a number under a particular brush and he blazed away. The noisy fluttering which followed told him the result, and he ran for his prize, and just as he was reaching out his hand to catch a wounded quail, he was shocked to discover an enormous rattlesnake in the line of the bird. Jim, although weighing nearly 300lbs., jumped backwards 6ft. from the brush, and then gained his breath. He approached the birds again, with his gun cocked and ready for a sudden shot, and learned that the snake was dead. When he fired at the birds he killed the snake and six quail, although none of the birds or the serpent were in view. The snake had eight rattles and a button, and was 3½ft. in length.

And here is another one from the Spokane *Morning Review:*

No two better and more congenial prospectors and miners than Paul Becker and Swanson ever lived, and like all true men of the mountains, are full of expedients if any emergency arises. A short time since they started up the mountain to work on a prospect, and when about a mile from camp unexpectedly raised a flock of grouse that lit in neighboring trees. Here was a dilemma, no dog, no gun, without them no chicken dinner to relieve the monotony of "dry salt." A bright idea seized Paul. Said he, "Swansy, run back to camp and get the gun while I hold them here by playing dog by barking at them." Back Swansy went, while Paul used his vocal powers to their fullest extent in imitation of the canine bark. The ruse was successful; the birds sat still, no doubt thinking a genuine hunter of the most approved breed had treed them. Swansy returned on the double quick, and while he brought down bird after bird Paul kept up the bark, saying afterward "he almost split his throat, but the scheme succeeded, as fried bird and savory potpie later on attested. This plan of securing birds is now made public as no patent can be obtained.

### Game Heads and Antlers.

MESSRS. W. W. HART & CO., of 11 and 13 Jacob street, will shortly issue a handsomely illustrated catalogue of game heads and antlers. In addition to the half-tone cuts, it will contain a full list of prices for mounted moose, elk, caribou and deer heads, as well as heads and whole specimens ready for mounting, antlers and the smaller animals, birds and fish. It will also contain a list of rugs, with or without mounted heads, including lion, tiger, polar, black, brown and grizzly bear, leopard, tiger cat, wolf, fox, etc. This catalogue will be sent free to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Garden City Rifle Team.

THE Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening at Burley & Erickson's shooting gallery, 146 South Halstead street, Chicago. Conditions were 25yds., 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target, possible 300 points. Scores as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H S Burley | 275 | F Erickson | 262 |
| A McBean | 273 | C A Hemple | 259 |
| W J Gibbs | 270 | R B Taylor | 255 |
| G A Nisja | 268 | J C Martin | 253 |
| Al Sorensen | 250 | | |
| T L Thornton | 249 | | |

After the shoot a sweepstake was shot for and won by Mr. Burley by a score of 114 out of a possible 123.—W. J. F.

## Ephrata Rifle Club.

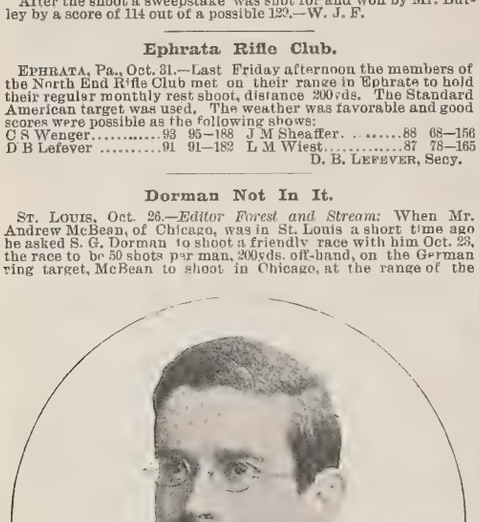
EPHRATA, Pa., Oct. 31.—Last Friday afternoon the members of the North End Rifle Club met on their range in Ephrata to hold their regular monthly rest shoot, distance 200yds. The Standard American target was used. The weather was favorable and good scores were possible as the following shows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C S Wenger | 93 | 95—188 | J M Sheaffer | 88 | 68—156 |
| D B Lefever | 91 | 91—182 | L M Wiest | 87 | 78—165 |

D. B. LEFEVER, Secy.

## Dorman Not In It.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When Mr. Andrew McBean, of Chicago, was in St. Louis a short time ago he asked S. G. Dorman to shoot a friendly race with him Oct. 23, the race to be 50 shots per man, 200yds. off-hand, on the German ring target, McBean to shoot in Chicago, at the range of the



MR. ANDREW MCBEAN, of Chicago.

Chicago Rifle Club and Dorman at St. Louis. The targets were duly forwarded, scores shot and then exchanged. Dorman's score 979 points, average 19.58 was poor, which was partly on account of a gusty 2 o'clock wind which made it almost impossible to place a bullet in the center of the "bull," although he used a 38-55 Winchester, using 55grs. of powder and 285gr. patched bullet.

Mr. McBean used a 32 40 Winchester, 35grs. powder and 165grs. lubricated bullet, and considering the fact that he shot the 50 shots without having a marker to show where any of the shots landed, the target is a beauty, and will be found hard to beat under the same conditions.

The target showed 45 "bulls," and 26 shots were 22 or better and inside of a 6in. circle. The total score footed up 1,059 points, average 21.18, leaving Mack the winner by 80 points.

Never mind Mack, we don't blame you, it's the Chicago style to take everything that is in sight. NAMROD.

## How Can Rifle Shooting Be Revived?

THERE has been a remarkable falling off in the interest in rifle shooting in this section of the country during the past two years, and even shooters themselves are puzzled to account for it. In 1888 the sport received a great impetus by the action of the Newark Shooting Society in projecting and carrying to a successful issue the week's prize shoot of the International Sharpshooters' Union, this affair having been the most successful and best managed shooting festival ever held in America. During 1889 and 1890 the interest was still alive; in 1891 there was a perceptible falling off, while during the present year there has been almost a stagnation, so far as the Schuetzen men and their sport is concerned. There have been some few festivals, the only ones of which could be classed as successful being those of the Newark Shooting Society, the Zettler Rifle Club, Miller Rifle Club, Excelsior Rifle Club and the one held at Ridgewood. And these can be called successful only from the fact that they were not financial failures.

When compared with affairs of 1887 to 1890, inclusive, a great difference is noted. During those years shooters from all over the country journeyed to New York and New Jersey to shoot along with the local shots, and from 50 to 75 shooters were usually found in the shooting houses. Among those who flitted about for pure love of the sport and to have a pleasant time with friends may be mentioned Messrs. Norris, Homrighausen and Rothart, of Baltimore; Seely, Daly, Koebler and others from Syracuse; Crain, from Maine; Beardsley and Wheeler from Bridgeport; Huggins from Pittsburgh; Gindele from Cincinnati; Cartwright, Jewell, Talbott, Stevens, Farrow, Wentworth and others from Massachusetts; McCafferty from Wilmington, and Lyons from Collinsville, Conn., this being only a partial list. During 1892 the only one of the above seen in this section was S. J. Lyons of Collinsville, Conn.

And then of the local men many are missing from the ranks, notably J. A. Boyken, Gus Zimmerman, Alex. Stein, T. J. Dolan, Geo. Doyle, G. W. Downs, C. E. Geusch, H. R. Pierson, Ferd. Hofele, C. C. King, Dr. Radbourne, E. J. Case, none of whose names have appeared in a prize list during the season. Dr. Boyken was prevented by business from devoting any time to shooting, and Gus Zimmerman's old enemy the rheumatism had him in its clutches, but why the others have been conspicuous only by their absence can only be conjectured. The prize lists have been fully as heavy as in previous years and the shooting has been no more difficult, nor have higher scores been necessary in order to win a place. I am inclined to the belief that much of the apathy is due to the monotony of individual contests and the need of something in the way of a variation in the manner of arranging contests. Year after year the Zettlers, Newark Shooting Society, Miller Rifle Club and other organizations publish the same old-time programmes offering prizes for 3-shot tickets on the German ring target, prizes for the best bullseyes and premiums for the most flags. There gets to be a sameness in the look of these programmes and shooters I am sure would welcome a change no matter in what shape.

This monotony could very easily be broken and the said breaking need not be an expensive venture. I have always been and am still a firm believer in the value of team shooting as compared with individual contests. Let it be understood however, that herein when I refer to "individual contests" I refer solely to the re-entry shooting at tournaments and not to strictly individual "matches.") I believe that one team match does more to create a love of emulation and to create a bond of fellowship between members of various clubs that does a dozen re-entry affairs. There is no reason however, why the latter should by superceded by the former. In fact one should help the other. A club arranging a programme for a prize shoot could well afford to put up a purse of say $25 (or perhaps $50) for a team race to be shot in with the regular events. Say for instance a contest is arranged for teams of three or four or even five men each from any club, each member to shoot 20 shots on the German ring target. Let the entrance fee per team be $10 and to the amount of the entry fees let the management add $25, the purse to be divided into two, three or four moneys according to the number of entries.

"But," says an astute (!) manager, "how can we afford to give back all the entrance money and an additional $25 or $50?"

Very easily, my dear sir, and make money by so doing for won't each one of the team men need sighting shots, and in order to get them won't they be obliged to spend their "cold cash" in your regular contests? Try the experiment just once and see if it will not be a paying venture and increase your attendance.

Then, again, by the way of still further varying your programme, arrange another team match, each team to comprise one expert and one novice: let each man fire ten shots on either the ring or point target; charge each team say $3 entrance, deduct if you wish 10 or 15 per cent. for expenses and divide the balance into prizes according to the number of teams entered. Either or both of these plans will at least vary the monotony of the present style of shooting, and will, I am positive, increase the receipts in the regular prize contests.

And then, in order to keep up the interest during what are known as the "off months," let the various clubs arrange friendly team matches to be shot on different ranges. The Newark Shooting Society has at least a dozen good shots; the Zettlers have over a score; the Millers and Excelsiors could each turn out a fair team; so why not arrange a series of matches between them for this coming winter? Let the teams comprise from eight to fifteen men each, let each man fire ten shots on the German ring target at 200yds., let each team at each contest pay an entrance fee equal to $1 a man, the winning team to take the pot, less expenses for the range. This would serve to keep up a lively interest between seasons, and would also serve to bring the members of the various clubs into closer communion.

The above are only suggestions, hastily thrown out, and now let such enthusiasts as Messrs. Hayes, Watts, Coppersmith, Walther, Zettler brothers, Dorrler and others give their views.

Y'RATILIM.

## Rifle Shooting in a Gale.

THE members of the First Brigade Rifle Association seem fated to have unfavorable weather conditions for their Saturday afternoon practice at the Newark Shooting Park. Last Saturday they were obliged to do their shooting in a wind that varied in strength from fifteen to thirty miles an hour and constantly flicking from "2" to "5 o'clock" and back. As a result it was difficult to hold either elevation or windage for any number of consecutive shots. There was a fair light, however, until nearly 5 P. M. During the past month politics have somewhat interfered with the practice of this association, but now that the campaign is closed the members are expected to turn out stronger.

The same old trio reported for Saturday's shoot, Major D. D. Wallace and Captain W. H. Howard being the first on the scene. Major Wallace is developing into a strong shot and succeeded in keeping above "centers" in the day's work. The Major is surgeon of the First Regiment and thinks that close attention to off-hand shooting will steady his hand so that he will be the better fitted for cutting off "necks" during the 1893 encampment of the First Brigade. When asked what kind of necks he will practice on, he simply says, "Mumm's the word!"

Capt. Howard, who holds the responsible position of Inspector of Rifle Practice of the First Regiment, is an enthusiastic devotee of military shooting, but his greatest forte is in depicting on paper the faces and forms of his friends. He has few equals as a cartoonist, and would undoubtedly have held a leading position with *Puck* but for the fact that there was no position open when he applied.

After the Major and Captain had emptied a few boxes of ammunition and got chilly enough to go up to the hotel "to see Alex," the shooting scribe appeared, so after several "smiles" had been exchanged the trio once more moved to the shooting house and resumed the business of hunting for bullseyes. The Major and the Scribe had each an idea that they were in prime shooting form, so agreed to shoot a 40-shot match, the result as usual being in favor of the wielder of the pen, although it was a narrow escape. Each of the contestants were credited with one miss, but neither of them is willing to acknowledge their faulty holding. Below are the scores made during the afternoon:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maj D L Wallace | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —36 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —42 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —40 |
| | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | —42 |
| Capt W H Howard | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | —38 |
| | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —36 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —37 |
| | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | —38 |

Forty-Shot Match.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maj Wallace | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4 | —41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | —40 |
| | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 0 | 4 | —38 |
| | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 4—44—163 |
| Priv C H Townsend | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—43 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 0—38 |
| | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—42 |
| | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—45*—168 |

* Club record to date.

Nov. 8 was the day set aside for the American people in general to take a loaf and incidentally to cast ballots for or against "tariff for revenue only," "protective tariff" or whatever fad the shrewd wire-pullers of the great parties choose to make "the issue of the day." Now the First Brigade Rifle Association is not a political machine nor have its members any interest in tariffs. Consequently a shoot was arranged and about 2 P. M. the fun began. The wind was "fishy," sheering from "11" to "3 o'clock," and changing its gait about as rapidly as a politician changes his policy. The light was good. The militaire, medico and the rifle inspector were the first to report for duty, the scribbler being the next to arrive. By this time it was near 3 P. M., and the business of the day was soon under way when along came Sergt. Black and Sergt. Ward of Company B, first regiment, both of whom were recently elected members of the association. Both of them are enthusiasts in rifle matters, but on this occasion the bullets and targets did not seem to connect in proper fashion and consequently their scores are suppressed. They will soon learn the difference between the shield and the bullseye and then look out for breakers.

Quartermaster George W. Church was the next arrival, and he soon got down to a style of shooting that opened the onlookers' eyes, and incidentally their mouths, it being customary to ask, "What'll you have?" when a man surprises himself by bringing up a "flag." Capt. Church is not only regimental quartermaster, but is treasurer of the rifle association as well, and for this reason he is treated with great respect (our stock of ammunition is not large).

Then came Captains C. B. Champlin and G. M. Townsend, who fired a string apiece and came out satisfactorily. Capt. Champlin's nerve will be steadier, however, after he has an opportunity to render a few bills for repairing "bursted" water pipes, which will probably be very soon. Captain Townsend forgot to bring along his second pair of eyes, and in consequence the target seemed too far away. The shooters were all in an election day humor and every time a "red flag" was waved "the boy" was called to serve out nervine. The shooting, although difficult under the weather conditions, was fully up to the average. The surprise of the day came in a forty-shot match between the Major and the scribe, in which they tied on aggregates. By some unforeseen method of figuring the Major won the shoot off of the tie and the score will probably be found in his office in a gold frame.

The record scores were as follows:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Capt W H Howard | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3—37 |
| | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3—38 |
| Capt G W Church | 4 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—40 |
| | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—39 |
| | 5 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4—38 |
| Capt C B Champlin | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 0—34 |
| Capt G M Townsend | 0 | 4 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0—17 |
| Sergt Ward | 3 | 4 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4—24 |
| | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 0 | 4—23 |
| Sergt Black | 4 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 0 | 4—25 |
| | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 0—16 |

Forty-shot March.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Major D L Wallace | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4—42 | |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5—43 |
| | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5—41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—38—164 |
| Shoot off of tie | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | | | | | —23—187 |
| Pvt C H Townsend | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5—43 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—40 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4—43 |
| | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3—38—164 |
| Shoot off of tie | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | | | | | —19—183 |

Y'RATILIM.

## Hudson Rifle Club.

MARION, N. J., Nov. 7.—Regular weekly competition, Hudson R. C., 25yds.:

First Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chas E Bird | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23—242 |
| John Rebhan | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22—241 |
| H L Hansen | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 21—241 |
| A Malz | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22—235 |

Second Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| John Smith | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21—231 |
| Mich Hoff | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21—230 |
| H E Boddey | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 20—227 |

Third Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Buch | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 21—238 |
| S Middleton | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22—237 |
| C Staderman | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21 | 20 | 20 | 18—220 |
| C Schleimacher | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 19 | 19—224 |

CHAS. E. BIRD.

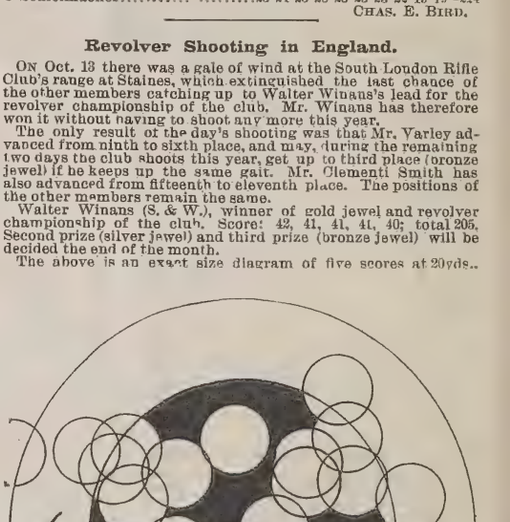
## Revolver Shooting in England.

ON Oct. 13 there was a gale of wind at the South Loudon Rifle Club's range at Staines, which extinguished the last chance of the other members catching up to Walter Winans's lead for the revolver championship of the club. Mr. Winans has therefore won it without having to shoot any more this year.

The only result of the day's shooting was that Mr. Varley advanced from ninth to sixth place, and may, during the remaining two days the club shoots this year, get up to third place (bronze jewel) if he keeps up the same gait. Mr. Clementi Smith has also advanced from fifteenth to eleventh place. The positions of the other members remain the same.

Walter Winans (S. & W.), winner of gold jewel and revolver championship of the club. Score: 42, 41, 41, 41, 40; total 205. Second prize (silver jewel) and third prize (bronze jewel) will be decided the end of the month.

The above is an exact size diagram of five scores at 20yds.,



possible 210 (30 shots in all), with which Mr. Walter Winans has just won the revolver championship of the South London Rifle Club for 1892.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First score | 7 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 | —40 |
| Second score | 7 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | —41 |
| Third score | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | —42 |
| Fourth score | 7 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 7 | —41 |
| Fifth score | 7 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | —41—205 |

These scores were shot on five different days, the rules of the club for the championship allowing only one score, made each day, to count for the aggregate for the championship. Shot under Bisley rules as to military revolvers, except as to sights.

## New Jersey Notes.

THE regular monthly meeting of the H. R. C. was held Monday, Nov. 7, at 35 Giles avenue. After the regular business was attended to Capt. Hansen read the following proposition in the form of a challenge, viz.:

*Greenville Rifle Club, Jersey City, N. J.:*

This is to certify that Hudson Rifle Club, of Jersey City, does hereby challenge the above-named club to shoot a series of matches, best 2 out of 3, for a trophy to the value of from $15 to $25 upon the following conditions:

Team to consist of 10 men. Each man to fire 10 shots (3 shots allowed each man for sighting), standard 25-ring American target. One match on the H. R. C. ranges; one match on the G. R. C. ranges; one match on neutral grounds to be selected by a committee of two reliable members from each club.

(Signed), C. E. BIRD, Secretary.
H. L. HANSEN, Captain.]

After a little discussion it was decided to forward the challenge to Greenville and await reply selecting dates.

"P. S.—The matches to be shot in three consecutive weeks."

It is rumored that the Hudson Rifle Club is soon to issue a challenge to the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, to shoot a match consisting of five men from each club, each man to fire 50 shots.

There is great competition in the H. R. C. teams for the honors, and the following members are pushing very hard to secure them: First team—J. Rebhan, H. L. Hansen, C. E. Bird, A. Malz. Second team—John Smith, T. A. Reynolds, Michael Hoff, H. E. Boddey. Third team—S. Middleton, A. Heidorf, C. Staderman, J. Buch.

There is very little doubt but that the Hudsons will have lively times this winter at their headquarters, as the members are hustling to secure new members. Monday evening Messrs. Aug. and Geo. Plog, Geo. W. Morgan and Wm. Meyre were elected to membership. THE EAGLE.

## Rensselaerwyck.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The following scores were made to-day at Rensselaerwyck Range by members of the Third Brigade Rifle Association. Weather conditions were favorable for off-hand shooting:

Off-Hand.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wm C Gomph | 9 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7—90 |
| | 9 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 8—81 |
| Wm T Mayer | 8 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7—75 |
| | 9 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 5—74 |
| Col Wm E Fitch | 8 | 6 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 3—78 |
| | 10 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 5—81 |
| Chas P Fry | 9 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 9 | 7 | [illegible] | 4—74 |
| | 6 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 7—59 |
| | 6 | 6 | 8 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 8—57 |
| | 5 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 6—54 |

Rest.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wm T Mayer | 10 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 7 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 9—104 |
| Wm C Gomph | 12 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 8—106 |
| | 10 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 11 | 9 | 12 | 12—106 |

## Portchester Rifle Club.

PORTCHESTER, Oct. 29.—At 200yds., off-hand, Standard American target: R. McNeil 90, R. Rudd 90, T. Bell 85, J. Smith 85, G. Vermilye 80, T. Kiernan 55, E. Vermilye 43.

*Nov. 5:*

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| R Rudd | 7 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 8—67 |
| | 6 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 4 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 4 | 7—65—132 |
| J Smith | 6 | 6 | 10 | 4 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 8 | 6—59 |
| | 7 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 3 | 4 | 8 | 3—62—121 |
| R McNeil, Jr. | 4 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 7—55 |
| | 2 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 5—46—101 |
| T Kiernan | 3 | 8 | 7 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 7 | 3 | 7 | 5—45 |
| | 10 | 8 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 2 | 5—49— 94 |

R. MCNEIL, JR., Secretary.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

## FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Nov. 15-16.—Ted Ackerman's tournament, at Stanton, Neb.
Nov. 17.—Newark Gun Club live bird tournament, at John Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Nov. 22-23.—Union Gun Club tournament, at Springfield, N. J. First day targets; second day live birds.
Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.
Nov. 24.—John A. Hartner's sixth annual tournament, Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore, Md.
Nov. 24.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Wheeling, West Virginia.
Nov. 24.—Standard Gun Club tournament, Acton's Park, Baltimore, Md.
November.—Al. Heritage's tournament, at Marion, N. J.
Nov. 24.—Arlington Gun Club tournament, at Cleveland, O.
Dec. 28-29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.
May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsman's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry building, Rochester, N. Y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The new Lake View Shooting and Fishing Association opened its new club house on the Santa Fe, about 20 miles east of Topeka, Kas., with a jolly party of friends and members on hand. The event of the day was a match between teams of five men each from the Lawrence Gun Club and the West Side Gun Club, of Topeka. Each man shot at 25 bluerocks, the score being 96 for the West Sides to 78 for the Lawrences. A beautiful flag was presented to the Lake View Shooting and Fishing Association by the following named ladies of Topeka: Mrs. Aus. H. Piety, Mrs. J. C. Clark, Mrs. W. N. Hall, Mrs. George B. Palmer, Mrs. J. W. Nowers. Mrs. Frank G. Willard, Mrs. William Henderson and Miss Maude Buhre. The ladies of Lawrence will present to the club a very handsome lamp for the club's dining room on or before Thanksgiving Day next, at which time the two above named gun clubs will have an all day shoot at live birds and bluerocks. The club, which is regularly organized and chartered under the State Law, and is known as the Lake View Shooting and Fishing Association, has 100 members. About one year ago the organizers of the association secured a lease on the lake for twenty years, including 300ft. all around the lake. The lake is about two and one-half miles long and about 200yds. wide, and is well stocked with fish of the black bass, crappie and sunfish species. The shares of stock in this association are evenly divided between Topeka and Lawrence, holding 50 shares each. At the organization of the association shares of stock sold for $30 each, but they have advanced, the last one sold a few days ago for $80. The officers of the association are: J. C. Clark, Topeka, President; Wm. Bromelsic, Lawrence, Vice-President; W. Metcalf, Lawrence, Secretary; W. N. Hall, Topeka, Treasurer. Board of Directors—J. C. Clark, Topeka; Aus. H. Piety, Topeka; Wm. Bromelsic, Lawrence; J. O. Holloway, Lawrence, and Eben Baldwin, Lake View. The new club house was erected at a cost of $2,585. It is a frame building and has rooms conveniently arranged for the wants of the members. The building is in the rustic style of architecture and has wide porches on all four sides. On the first floor the principal feature is the large dining room. On the side of the room is an alcove and an immense old-fashioned wood fireplace with seats inside the alcove. On the second floor are the private rooms and lockers of the club members. What the boys keep in the lockers no one knows save themselves, as each member has a key to his own locker, and he seldom, if ever, goes to the locker unless he thinks he needs something. The club house and grounds are in charge of S. L. Rench, of Topeka, and the boys think they have the right man in the right place. Mr. Rench's family resides there with him.

The following has been received from J. A. Penn, anent the Thanksgiving Day shoot at Wheeling, W. Va.: "The proceedings in connection with the formation of our State Association have been thoroughly advertised throughout the State, 50 leading papers inserting full notice of same in their columns. Owing to the game season, which will be at its height with shooters here in November, the association will only attempt to give a one-day's shoot Thanksgiving Day in order to entertain the boys from other clubs. In May, 1893, we expect to give a three or four days' shoot to be known as the first annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association for the protection of Fish and Game. At this tournament we expect to decide the championship of the State on targets and live birds, and shall have an emblem to give to the winner of same, to be contested for annually. This tournament will probably be given the week preceding the World's Fair shoot at Chicago, and one set of traps will be open to all, to be run by Paul North. We expect to make same a grand success, and everything will be done between now and then by the Island Gun Club, of this city (where same will probably be held), and all other gun clubs in the State to bring it to a successful issue and to place the association on an enviable oasis. The tournament Thanksgiving Day will be run under the Parker handicap system, with bluerocks and electric pull, open to all."

Bryan Taliaferro, secretary of the Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club, is known to a large number of Northern shooters, having spent several weeks during the early summer in visiting the prominent tournaments, both North and South. We first met him at Winchester, Va., and recall with pleasure a long drive over the famous Shenandoah pike in company with Mr. Taliaferro and A. W. Du Bray. Behind a spirited team of horses we whirled away up over the top of the mountain, passing some magnificent farms en route, and none of us thought of turning back until we reached the old Shenandoan toll-gate, full ten miles from Winchester and well up toward the summit of the range. Long before this the sun had lowered himself behind the western ridge and the stars had begun to twinkle overhead. Mons. Du Bray began to get poetical and there is no telling to what length his fancies would have driven him had not the Jacksonville man reminded him that he had better reserve his eloquence until the following day, when he could use it in making "Parker converts" among the Winchesterians. Mr. Taliaferro informs us that his club will hold a tournament at Jacksonville on Dec. 28 and 29, when there will be awarded $300 in cash and merchandise prizes. There will also be $500 guaranteed in the purses. Professional experts will be barred.

Books are now open for entries for the grand American handicap to be held in New Jersey in January under the auspices of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, and two entries have already been received at this office. Those who enter are requested not to forget to send $10 forfeit along with their entry, as otherwise their entries will not be filed. The balance of the entry money ($40) must be paid on or before Jan. 1, 1893. Each person entering will be given a receipt for their $10. When the balance of $40 is paid this receipt must be sent along, when it will be receipted in full on the back, this entilling the holder to take part in the contest. Those who have entered at this office to date with their handicaps are F. C. Fowler, 26yds. and Allen Willey 28yds.

It is time that the subscribers to the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association held a meeting and discussed the existing handicap, which is an injury to the Association and to the sport. To claim that a man who is once an expert is always an expert is rank nonsense. What the Association wants is a system of handicapping that will class a man according to his shooting from one event to another. The present handicap is driving shooters out of the field at a rapid rate, and the sooner it is abolished the better. Why do not the shooters of the country express themselves on this handicap question? To our way of thinking, the most equitable handicap of the day is the one devised by John Parker and adopted by the Michigan State League.

A private letter from W. T. Mitchell, of Lynch, Va., states that he is having great sport among the quail. He says, "50 to my gun one day; another day 61 to two guns and one evening in 55 minutes I bagged 22, at which point I stopped shooting, having all the birds I wanted. Don't you wish you were down here?" Well, rather.

Several Winchester, Va., shooters will take part in the tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association at Wheeling, on Thanksgiving Day. Some from Ohio and Pennsylvania are also expected.

Owing to an error in our record of the work of one club during the recent tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League our list of winning teams was incorrect. The way the clubs stand follows: Independents win first prize and special premium for best average; Boiling Springs win second prize; Maplewood and South Side tie for third place on four, second places won by each, but as they tied in one contest the shooting off of said tie will drop one club out; New Jersey Shooting club win fourth place; Woodside and East Side Mutual tie for fifth place; Passaics win sixth, East Orange and Brunswick tie for seventh place.

Owing to a mistake in summing up we gave, last week, an incorrect list of the standing of the clubs in the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League. Below is the correct standing: First prize and special premium, won by the Independents; second prize, won by the Boiling Springs; third prize, tied for by the South Sides and Maplewoods; fourth prize, won by the New Jerseys; fifth prize, tied for by the Woodsides and East Side-Mutuals; sixth prize, won by the Passaic Citys, and seventh prize, tied for by the East Orange and Brunswicks. Otherwise our report was correct.

At the recent Oregon Exposition held in Portland the management arranged a trap shoot at 20 singles and 5 pairs of Peoria blackbirds, the first prize being a silver water pitcher; second prize a pair of pastell paintings and third prize a basket of cut flowers. There were 15 entries. P. A. Kinzell, C. Merritt and R. Cropkey tied for first prize on 25 each, Kinzell winning on the shoot-off. For second Jas. Caraher, W. A. Story and C. E. Hughes tied on 24 each, Caraher winning the shoot-off; third was won on a shoot-off by W. Monteith, who had tied with R. Parker and Wm. Winters on 23 each.

At the annual shoot for the champion badges of the St. Joseph (Mo.) Sportsmen's Club, each contest was at 10 live birds. In the champion badge shoot J. W. Batchellor and R. S. Dinsmore tied on 9 kills each, Dinsmore securing the badge on the shoot-off. In the shoot for the Franck badge Dinsmore won on a score of 10 straight. There was also a contest at 15 bluerocks for the target badge, this also being won by Dinsmore, who broke 13. In the first two events the birds are said to have been very fast.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Los Angelss, Cal., recently held a banquet in honor of its victory in winning the Shelby team trophy at the State shoot. The Shelby trophy consists of a large plush base, upon which rests a marble slab supported by birds' feet in silver. From this rises a marble column, surmounted by a silver pigeon; guns, ammunition boxes, etc., of oxydized silver are appropriately arranged on the trophy, which is altogether a handsome piece of work.

It is stated that there is a handsome balance in the treasury of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. If this is true can the manager explain why the promises of the Association were violated in regard to guaranteed purses at Watertown and Auburn? Early in the season the Association pledged itself to give guaranteed purses at all shoots and these pledges should have been kept. The fact of the attendance being light should be no reason for broken pledges.

The shooner Rattler, of Rockport, Maine, which has started for Behring Sea and the Japan Coast in search of seal, walrus and like game, carries forty-eight Parker hammerless shots, weighing 9¼lbs. each, and with 32in. barrels; fifteen .40-65 Winchester rifles, 1886 model; 850lbs. of powder; 2½ tons of shot; 16,000 brass shells; and 82,000 wads. The vessel will carry twelve men to do the game shooting, these being in addition to the regular crew.

Miss Annie Oakley left Newark on Tuesday for Altoona, Pa., to take part in the Wapsononock tournament to-day and to-morrow. From there she will go to Ohio to visit her mother, returning to Jersey in a fortnight. She contemplates purchasing a farm somewhere in the State, probably in the vicinity of Long Branch. She will install her brother on the farm as manager.

All this fall the Bay City (Mich.) Gun Club has tried to get on a team match with the Saginaw Gun Club and several dates have been fixed for the same. In every instance, however, the Saginaws have requested a postponement, and the Bay City men have finally concluded that the Saginaw men are afraid to meet them.

Abe Kleinman, the well-known Chicagoan, recently fell into the river at Washington street, and had a narrow escape from drowning. Having on a heavy overcoat, his swimming abilities availed him little, and it was only by the aid of a rope thrown by a bridge-tender that he escaped a watery grave.

Jack Brewer has been game shooting in Indiana. Wonder if he will visit Chicago before returning. The Chicago *Globe* says he may possibly be at the initial shoot of the Chicago Shooting Club tomorrow. Fulford and Budd will also be there and some matches may be the outcome.

Live-bird shooters who would be willing to enter an open sweepstake at 100 live birds, $100 entry, are requested to send their name and address to the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, N. Y.

The Parker sliding-scale handicap will be used during the 1893 shoot of the Knoxville Gun Club. And what an entry list that $1,000 in added money and the hundreds of dollars worth of merchandise prizes will draw.

A letter from Dr. H. E Lupas informs us that the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, will hold an individual match for the championship of Maryland at Acton's Park on Thanksgiving Day. The club will add a purse and a silver cup.

FOREST AND STREAM would be pleased to publish opinions anent the existing handicaps used in target shooting, and experts and amateurs alike are invited to send us their views for publication.

The ties for the team prizes in the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League will be discussed at the coming League meeting, and the manner of deciding the same will then be determined upon.

Teams of eleven men each from the Highland and Forester Gun Clubs shot a match at Moline, Ill., on Oct. 23, at 25 targets per man, the Foresters breaking 200 to their opponents 170.

E. D. Miller, who made the fine percentage of 92.44 in the team contests of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, used the same Parker gun that he has manipulated for three years.

Parties desiring information anent the 1893 tournament of the New York State Sportsman's Association should address H. M. Stewart, corresponding secretary, Rochester, N. Y.

Frank Mason has returned home from a six weeks' trip through Chicago and the West. He says he met many old trap-shooting friends en route.

What gun club in America will pit a team of 10 men against a like team from the Newark (N. J.) Gun Club for a match at 10 live birds per man?

All the Jersey experts and many from other States are expected to attend the live bird tournament of the Newark Gun Club, at John Erb's, on Nov 17.

The Orlando Gun Club tournament, announced to take place at Orlando, Fla., the last week in October, was postponed to a later date

Ted Ackerman's annual tournament will be held at Stanton, Neb., on the 15th and 16th inst., and an attractive programme has been published.

Oscar Hesse, of Red Bank, N. J., reports a growing demand for the smokeless Walsrode powder, of which he is sole agent for the United States.

The West End Rod and Gun Club of Newark will hold a live bird and target shoot on its Grove street grounds on Thanksgiving Day.

The Keystone company is putting up more new target machines and hopes to be able to catch up with their orders by spring.

The Union Gun Club tournament, at Springfield, N. J., on Nov. 22-23, will be attended by a number of well-known Pennsylvanians.

Among the treasures brought home by "Little Sure Shot" is a five-months-old puppy dog of the famous Pinlimmon strain.

Every West Virginia sportsmen's club is expected to send a delegate to the convention in Wheeling, on Nov. 24.

The Arlington Gun Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, announces a grand open tournament to take place on Nov. 24.

The Milwaukee live bird and target tournament, Nov. 24-26, is expected to be the best attended of the season.

The Lynn (Mass.) Fish and Game Protective Association will hold a trap tournament on Thanksgiving Day.

Frank Butler says that Mons. Journeau, the French expert pigeon shot, is the best second-barrel shot he ever saw.

Every gun club in New Jersey should take part in the coming series of team contests of the State League.

Jack Brewer will have a handy task to defeat "Snapper" Garrison with the odds he allows the latter.

The New Jersey Trap Shooters' League will begin a new series of team shoots before the holidays.

The New York Athletic Club has arranged to hold weekly shoots at Travers Island during the winter.

The Essex Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot at live birds on the Marion grounds, next Thursday.

"Little Sure Shot" will be one of the star attractions of the Wild West Show, in Chicago, in 1893.

The gun and ammunition firms will soon be deluged with applications for 1893 calendars.

Some big open sweeps are to be arranged for John Erb's shooting grounds this season.

John L. Brewer is still seeking for matches but no one seems willing to face him.

Jas. F. Thompson intends to organize a gun club in Martinsburg, West Virginia.

The New Jersey Shooting Club will hold its regular shoot at Claremont on Saturday.

"Big Jim" Smith will hold a live bird shoot at Hackettstown in December.

Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. during Newark Tournament day, Nov. 17.

Paul North says bluerock targets and expert traps are "cock of the walk."

H. A. Penrose was looking after his interests in town last week.

The V. L. & D. "Lightning" shell is rapidly gaining friends.

E. C. powder has the call in and around Washington, D. C.

"Tee Kay" Keller has returned from his Southern trip.

The Willey—Smith match is still hanging fire.

Harvey McMurchy was in town last week.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### The Pot Cover Trap Club.

THE trap-shooting craze has at last struck New Brunswick. The sportsmen of St. John and Dorchester have been pulverizing the inanimates for some time. Late last winter the Fredericton Gun Club, alias the Pot Cover Trap Club, was organized, and of this body I propose to give a short sketch. It is small as regards the number of members, but what it lacks in size it makes up in individuality. There is probably nothing in North America just like it.

Its membership is limited to 13. It has for its object the making of its members quicker and better shots on game. (Incidentally, every member is a reader of FOREST AND STREAM). Every member must be a sportsman—one who goes afield after game, and all pot hunting and sweepstake shooting is resolutely sat down on. Each man shoots, pays for his share of the birds and is satisfied. If he beats some one else he wears his honors modestly; if he is at the tail of the drive, as some one must be, he has had a heap of fun, anyway, and is no worse off than the winner.

The boys took part in a shoot in connection with a picnic where a painting was offered for the best score, and they talk of having a medal for the best average during the entire season, but that is probably about as far in the direction of shooting for prizes as they will ever get.

The first regular shoot of the season was held at Camp Comfort, Hart's Island, July 1, and the veteran Indian guide and canoeman, Joe Paul, was taken along to prepare dinner. Joe had understood that they were going to have a shoot, but his ideas on the subject of the kind of game to be killed were a little hazy. When they began to unpack the bluerocks, and it dawned on his mind that these were the targets, he asked in surprise: "You shoot them pot-covers?" And pot-covers they have been ever since. That is how the club got its best known name.

One of its promoters, as well as one of its most active members is A. Moore. When "our uncle Adam" unlimbers that old 10-bore hammerless, and goes into action, he has a nasty habit of making "straights" and getting them nearly all. At the picnic shoot mentioned above, he got 23 out of 25, and to see how long he could keep this sort of thing up, he was allowed to shoot at twelve more, which he broke, when the trapper struck and refused to play "flushes" against his "straights" any longer. If he continues to tread this "straight" path, he will be made the subject of a ten yard handicap.

W. Chestnut, of R. Chestnut & Sons, shoots in the same class with the writer, inasmuch as sometimes he gets them and sometimes he doesn't, but unlike the latter, he gets them a little the oftener.

W. H. Lawrence finds 'em "pretty middlin' often," but if you want to see W. H. shoot his best, you must get him after a couple of whistler ducks. He cuts his inner powder wad from the vamp of an old shoe, and if you could see him smash his game right and left, it would shake your faith in the popular delusion that an old shoe, or any part thereof, thrown after one means good luck.

David Cremin, as a game shot, is noted for the ease and celerity with which he can miss his bird with the first barrel and plaster it all over with the second. Indeed, it is said that he sometimes fires his first to confuse the game and his second to kill. A young New Yorker, who saw him shoot, said he was like John L. Sullivan—"he depended chiefly on his deadly left." He shoots best in the gray dawn of morning, when "somebody" isn't looking, and on inanimates, if allowed both barrels, it is a mighty tough and nimble bluerock that can get away from him.

W. H. Moore, a young taxidermist, and an occasional contributor to the Natural History columns of FOREST AND STREAM, does his best work about the same time of day as David, but he never gets rattled. He is considerably handicapped by a too open shooting gun.

Harry Chestnut can give an Indian points on propelling a bark canoe, and when he trains that 12-gauge Lefever on a 90yds. incoming bluerock, he crushes it to impalpable powder, just a little coarser than smoke.

A. Jackson is the club's long-range man. A trap to get a bird beyond range of the old 10-gauge Ithaca in his hands would have to throw at least 80yds.

There is a young man, not yet admitted to full membership, who says he shoots a "mortified choke" gun and can get them oftener than any one in the club. A gun like that ought to be a "deadly" weapon, and many of us would like to see the combination working.

Mr. Byron Phair, of the Postal Service, was not at the shoot I attended. He and Mr. Arthur Porter—another Pot Cover man—were on the Miramichi with Harry Braithwaite, the veteran trapper, after moose.

Mr. Porter is regarded as one of the coming shots of the club, and the new 10-gauge Lefever he has ordered will, in all probability, when he "gets its hang," enable him to roll up even better scores than he has made heretofore.

A Lefever "fever" seems to be breaking out among the boys, and some of them talk of discarding guns of standard makes and ordering that "brand." Harry Chestnut's gun is responsible for this state of affairs. It hangs nicely, is a good shooter, and has enough cast-off to enable a man with a decent breadth of shoulder to find the center of the rib without straining the cords of the neck.

I have the scores made at the last shoot, but in deference to the wishes of some of the club members will not forward them.

The final shoot of the season will be on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 10. L. I. FLOWER.

### Shooting at Ridgewood Park.

THE bitter cold gale of Saturday last did not prevent the members of the Ridgewood Gun Club from holding their proposed team shoot at C. Deckelmann's Ridgewood Park. John Schliemann and L. C. Gehring captained their respective teams of seven men, who each shot at 10 birds, 25yds. rise, modified Long Island rules. John Schliemann with his straight score of ten was the means of his team winning by the score of 40 to 36. The losing side had to pay for wine suppers for the teams and guests as well as for the birds. The hot supper was very welcome after such a cold blustering afternoon's outing. A return match will probably be arranged during the month. The score:

| Schliemann's Team. | | Gehring's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schliemann | 1121212112—10 | L Gehring | 0002020201— 4 |
| P J Eppig | 1210211021— 8 | F Ibert | 1221200212— 8 |
| J Schneider | 0020012020— 4 | J Welz | 0012012122— 7 |
| I Martin | 0002002000— 2 | G Dutch | 0 0020020— 4 |
| C Deckelman | 0100020010— 3 | G Kudel | 1020002012— 6 |
| G Kramer | 1122020220— 7 | C Wagner | 0020020200— 3 |
| C Laeger | 1120020220— 6—40 | H Waegells | 0200122000— 4—36 |

Referee, Conrad Laeger. Scorer, F. J. Martin.

### Ephrata Gun Club.

EPHRATA, Pa., Oct. 31.—The members of the Ephrata Gun Club held a special meeting last Saturday afternoon and engaged in target shooting, each shooter getting 50 birds in two matches of 25 birds each. The following are the best scores made, five Keystone traps being used: W. L. Bixler 17, S. E. Sharp 17, C. W. Gier 17, W. D. Winters 16, J. M. Krouse 16, Geo. A. Heilig 11, R. W. Bickley 9, A. Heinsman 7, E. Alrich 13, Dr. Reamsnyder 13. The Ephrata Gun Club enrolls a membership of 125, among which are some fair shooters. SAMUEL L. SHARP, Sec'y.

## Chicago Traps.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 23.—Energetic and well conducted Garfield Club of Chicago issues a neat card showing the record and percentage of each shooter for the past year. As example for other clubs this is given entire as submitted by Secretary Brown.

GARFIELD CLUB PERCENTAGES.

| | Shot At. | Broken. | Percentage. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Class A.** | | | |
| James P. O'Brien | 210 | 185 | 84 1/10 |
| Thomas O'Neil | 180 | 151 | 83 9/10 |
| H. B. Tefft | 260 | 210 | 80 8/10 |
| C. P. Richards | 320 | 246 | 80 8/10 |
| Edw. Steck | 340 | 269 | 79 1/10 |
| Thomas P. Hicks | 400 | 309 | 77 2/10 |
| F. E. Coppersnoll | 400 | 312 | 74 2/10 |
| Charles Antoine | 80 | 59 | 73 7/10 |
| Charles Grubbs | 120 | 88 | 73 3/10 |
| J. H. Robbins | 80 | 58 | 72 5/10 |
| J. W. Meek | 160 | 116 | 72 5/10 |
| M. L. Bowers | 300 | 212 | 70 7/10 |
| Silas Palmer | 280 | 190 | 67 8/10 |
| George Lauterbach | 340 | 220 | 64 7/10 |
| M. R. Bortree | 280 | 148 | 56 7/10 |
| **Class B.** | | | |
| Samuel Young | 260 | 183 | 70 4/10 |
| G. H. Brown | 360 | 243 | 67 8/10 |
| E. M. Ackerman | 220 | 143 | 66 |
| F. R. Campbell | 280 | 180 | 64 1/4 |
| F. E. Pilz | 340 | 217 | 63 8/10 |
| William Northcott | 260 | 157 | 60 4/10 |
| F. S. Baird | 300 | 179 | 59 7/10 |
| G. S. Norfolk | 100 | 57 | 57 |
| John Northcott | 340 | 191 | 56 2/10 |
| William Palmer | 300 | 166 | 55 1/3 |
| S. M. Meek | 100 | 41 | 41 |
| William Sparks | 60 | 24 | 40 |
| **Class C.** | | | |
| A. C. Paterson | 220 | 136 | 61 8/10 |
| D. S. Stevenson | 140 | 64 | 45 7/10 |
| A Cruver | 180 | 81 | 45 |
| F. A. Hodson | 340 | 153 | 44 1/3 |
| A. V. Drake | 300 | 121 | 40 1/3 |
| Thomas Meek | 80 | 30 | 37 1/2 |
| **Unclassified.** | | | |
| W. R. Fleming | 60 | 38 | 63 1/3 |
| O. Johnson | 50 | 30 | 27 7/10 |
| N. Burkland | 40 | 14 | 35 |
| Charles Eseman | 20 | 7 | 35 |
| T. A. Snow | 60 | 20 | 33 1/3 |
| A. Peters | 20 | 5 | 25 |
| P. A. Schriver | .. | .. | ..... |
| Townsend Smith | .. | ... | ..... |
| Thomas Pond | .. | ... | ..... |
| James McElligott | .. | .. | ..... |
| B. B. Jones | .. | ... | ..... |
| E. Hough | .. | ... | ..... |
| B. W. Goodsell | .. | ... | ..... |
| William Green | .. | ... | ..... |
| N. Rowe | .. | ... | ..... |
| Charles Ball | .. | ... | ..... |
| F. W. Lamb | .. | ... | ..... |
| F. L. Srevenson | .. | ... | ..... |

James P O'Brien wins Class A medal; Samuel Young wins Class B medal; A. C. Paterson wins Class C medal

GEORGE H. BROWN, Secretary.

## Live Birds in the Delaware Valley.

MENTION a live bird shoot to a Jerseyman and he will forego his dinner for the sake of taking part. Incidentally a few Jerseymen got wind of the fact that some live birds were to be trapped on Oct. 26-27 at Roxbury, a small village in the Picturesque Delaware Valley, and as a consequence when the initial event was called there were on hand such jolly Jerseymen as "Bill" Apgar, the whole-souled boniface of Frenchtown; Mahlon Fox, "the shooting blacksmith," and Ed Updegrove, formerly president of the now defunct Mercer Gun Club, both of Trenton; Miller Mowder, of Netcong; Brink, Schenck and Fred Searle, Jr., of Belvidere, and "Big Jim" Smith, of Hackettstown, who brought along a big bag full of his famous "kill-'em-all" hand-loaded cartridges, which were in great demand after "Jim" had shot himself into first place in several consecutive sweeps. Among the shooters were also noticed George Givens and "Mack" of Easton, Pa. The weather was favorable on both days and the birds a fair lot, very few of them having to be flushed.

The only incident of note was the shooting of a boy by one of those parasites popularly known as a "bushwhacker." The charge struck the boy in the face, but fortunately escaped his eyes. It is about time that this outside shooting is stopped, and measures to stop it should be taken by tournament managers.

Below are the scores in detail of the various events. On the first day Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at 4 birds each, $3 entry; No. 4 at 8 birds, $8 entry, and No. 5 at 3 birds, $2 entry. All the shooting was under Hurlingham rules:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 2121—4 | 2111—4 | 1111—4 | 12111121—8 | 111—3 |
| Apgar | 2211—4 | 2212—4 | 0212—3 | 11212111—8 | 211—3 |
| Fox | 1111—4 | 1113—4 | 2212—4 | 01121112—7 | 221—3 |
| "Miller" | 1221—4 | 2212—4 | 1211—4 | 02211110—6 | 211—3 |
| Givens | 1112—4 | 2110—3 | 0110—2 | 21211221—8 | 112—3 |
| "Mack" | 1210—3 | 1112—4 | 0111—3 | 11111120—7 | 211—3 |
| Updegrove | 2120—3 | 1121—4 | 2021—3 | 00112211—6 | 201—2 |
| Pierson | 0220—2 | 1112—4 | 1212—4 | 12201201—6 | 101—2 |
| "Schenck" | .... | 2101—3 | 1021—3 | 11012001—5 | 212—3 |
| Searle | .... | 1121—4 | 0101—1 | ..... | 290—1 |
| Brink | 0220—2 | 0110—2 | 1112—4 | ..... | .... |
| Wells | .... | .... | .... | ..... | 012—2 |

*On the Second Day.*

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 were at 4 birds each, $3 entry; Nos. 5 and 6, 5 birds, $5 entry. The results:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Apgar | 1021—3 | 2011—3 | Pierson | 0101—2 | 0110—2 |
| Fox | 1113—4 | 1012—3 | Brooks | 1020—2 | .... |
| Updegrove | 1220—3 | 1021—3 | | | |

No. 3:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Clinton | 1221—4 | Rodenbaugh | 0111—3 |
| Mack | 1012—3 | | |

No. 4:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Clinton | 1012—3 | Mack | 1211—4 |

| | No. 5. | No. 6. | No. 7. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apgar | 10101—3 | 22111—5 | 0202—2 |
| Fox | 11111—5 | 01211—4 | 1112—4 |
| Pearson | 00011—2 | .... | .... |
| Givens | 01212—4 | 11211—5 | 1221—4 |
| Clinton | 12121—5 | 11222—5 | 1111—4 |
| M C K | 10010—2 | 21201—4 | 1120 3 |
| Rosencrumb | .... | .... | 1100—2 |

| | No. 8. | No. 9. | No. 10. | No. 11. | No. 12. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Apgar | 1101—3 | 1121—4 | 2120—3 | 0122—3 | 1111—4 |
| Fox | 1110—3 | 1211—4 | 1122—4 | 2211—4 | .... |
| Givens | 2112—4 | 1111—4 | 0212—3 | 0211—3 | 1010—2 |
| Clinton | 1101—3 | 1121—4 | 2201—3 | 2111—4 | 2122—3 |
| Schenck | 1210—3 | 1110—3 | 1101—3 | 1111—4 | 1210—3 |
| M C K | 1200—2 | 1110—3 | 1211—4 | 1102—3 | 2112—4 |
| Schortter | .... | .... | .... | 0002—1 | .... |
| Meldon | .... | .... | .... | 1020—2 | 0122—3 |
| Brown | .... | .... | .... | 1220—3 | .... |

## The Waverly Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Waverly Gun Club was held on Monday, Nov. 7, at Dexter Park. Only six members were present to compete for the club's gold medal at 70 bluerocks each, 20yds. rise. A strong westerly wind was blowing, which considerably bothered the shooters, hence the small scores. C. Mohrman was the winner with 5. The live bird sweepstake was the best of the day, darkness preventing the ties to be shot off. The scores:

Shoot for club medal, 10 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M Schultz | 1010000000—1 | G Ellerhorst | 0000000901— 1 |
| L Grave | 0111000100—4 | G Hulmer | 0001101100— 4 |
| G Helmstead | 0100010101—4 | C Mohrman | 1010010010— 5 |

Live bird sweepstake, 5 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M Schultz | 21020—5 | G Ellerhorst | 00022—2 |
| L Grave | 21121—5 | C Mohrman | 12222—5 |
| G Helmstead | 21112—5 | | |

Sweepstake shoots, 6 targets, 25 cents entry, 2 moneys in each.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M Schultz | 010070—1 | 110100—3 | 000010—1 | 011100—3 | |
| L Grave | 010110—3 | 001111—4 | 011000—2 | 000001—1 | |
| G Ellerhorst | 000000—0 | .... | .... | .... | |
| G Helmstead | 000100—0 | 000111—3 | 001000—1 | 100000—1 | |
| G Hillman | 010100—2 | 100010—2 | 001011—3 | 011011—4 | |
| C Mohrman | .... | 100110—3 | 000001—1 | 000111—3 | |

Referee and scorer C. A. Dellar.

## Charter Oak Tournament.

CHARTER OAK, Ia., Oct. 25.—The first annual tournament of the Charter Oak Gun Club commenced Monday morning with a fair attendance. Bluerock targets were used, and the live birds were shot from 5 ground traps. They were a good lot and kept the shooters guessing to make a straight score. Monday evening the gun club gave the visiting sportsmen a banquet and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present. To-night the most of the shooters go to Omaha to attend a three-days' tournament.

Every one was highly pleased with the Charter Oak tournament, and when the second annual tournament comes off the boys will all be on hand. Among the shooters in attendance were Parmalee, Read, Smith and Nason, Omaha, Neb; McWilliams, Arff, Abbott and Saul, Charter Oak; Elliott, Kansas City; Abischere, Campbell, Meares and Baer, Dennison, Ia.; Ackerman, of Staunton, Neb.; H. J. and E. D. Trotter, of Kingsley, and Budd, of Des Moines.

*First Day.*

Summary of the target events is as follows:

| | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 9 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Abbott | 12 | 17 | 8 | 16 | 11 | 17 |
| Parmalee | 14 | 20 | 12 | 20 | 17 | 25 |
| Nason | 13 | 14 | 9 | 14 | 9 | 10 |
| Elliott | 13 | 17 | 12 | 19 | 16 | 24 |
| Arff | 12 | 17 | 11 | 18 | 12 | 20 |
| Budd | 14 | 17 | 10 | 19 | 15 | 23 |
| Read | 10 | 16 | 8 | 16 | 14 | 21 |

| | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 9 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E D Trotter | 15 | 18 | 13 | 17 | 13 | 22 |
| H J Trotter | 13 | 15 | 12 | 15 | 8 | 18 |
| Saul | 9 | .. | 6 | 14 | 9 | .. |
| Ackerman | .. | 19 | .. | 19 | 17 | 24 |
| McWilliams | .. | 15 | .. | .. | 11 | 14 |
| Smith | .. | 18 | .. | 17 | .. | 19 |

No. 2, 8 live birds, entry $5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 11121211—8 | Parmelee | 11012211—7 |
| Elliott | 12112111—8 | Read | 11211200—7 |
| Abbott | 01201112—6 | Arff | 11122121—8 |
| Nason | 11221121—8 | E D Trotter | 01211211—7 |
| McWilliams | 02001020—3 | Saul | 12011202—7 |
| H J Trotter | 11200100—4 | Boer | 11211201—7 |

No. 6, 10 live birds, entry $7, $10 added.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ackerman | 1210212112—9 | Arff | 1020210201— 6 |
| McWilliams | 1000022201— 5 | Elliott | 1112212112—10 |
| Read | 1112211110— 9 | Nason | 1022102211— 8 |
| Baer | 1221220010— 8 | E D Trotter | 0011122122— 8 |
| Smith | 0121121112— 9 | Parmelee | 1112211221—10 |
| Abbott | 1112221121—10 | Weaver | 0022011100— 5 |
| Budd | 1212112112—10 | H J Trotter | 1111201122— 9 |

No. 8, 8 live birds, entry $5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nason | 11201221—7 | Budd | 11111221—8 |
| Parmelee | 11121012—7 | Saul | 21102111—7 |
| Smith | 01220121—6 | Read | 11111220—6 |
| E D Trotter | 11220121—8 | Arff | 11121121—8 |
| Elliott | 11111220—7 | Weaves | 10022001—4 |
| Abbott | 10221102—6 | Baer | 11211221—8 |
| H J Trotter | 11221110—7 | McWilliams | 01010222—5 |
| Ackerman | 11012110—6 | | |

Extra No. 1, 5 live birds, entrance $4:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nason | 01120—2 | H J Trotter | 00001—1 |
| Elliott | 11221—5 | Budd | 10201—3 |
| Parmalee | 11112—5 | Arff | 12211—5 |
| Read | 11111—5 | E D Trotter | 12220—4 |

Extra No. 2, 7 live birds entrance $5:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Abbott | 0102210—4 | Arff | 1123022—6 |
| Baer | 1221212—7 | Budd | 1121211—7 |
| Meaves | 1221121—7 | Read | 1112100—5 |
| Dane | 1222112—7 | E D Trotter | 1122122—7 |
| Parmalee | 1111220—6 | Ackerman | 1211220—6 |
| McWilliams | 0002120—3 | | |

*The Second Day.*

To-day's target events:

| | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 18 | Ex |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 9 | 13 | 19 | 13 | 10 | 13 | 19 | .. | .. |
| Parmalee | 10 | 14 | 20 | 14 | 9 | 14 | 18 | .. | .. |
| Read | 8 | 10 | 16 | 17 | 5 | 11 | 13 | .. | .. |
| Elliott | 8 | 13 | 17 | 14 | 9 | 11 | 19 | .. | .. |
| M'Williams | 5 | .. | 7 | .. | 13 | 11 | 6 | .. | .. |
| Abischere | 1 | 6 | .. | 9 | 0 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Arff | 4 | 12 | 17 | 14 | 8 | 12 | 17 | .. | .. |
| Ackerman | 10 | 8 | .. | 14 | 8 | 15 | 17 | .. | .. |
| Campbell | 5 | 6 | .. | 10 | 7 | 7 | 19 | 5 | .. |
| Smith | 9 | 11 | .. | .. | 9 | 13 | .. | .. | .. |

| | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 16 | 18 | Ex |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E Trotter | 8 | 12 | 15 | 15 | 9 | 15 | 19 | .. |
| H Trotter | 8 | 9 | 15 | 10 | 7 | 11 | .. | .. |
| Young | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Saul | 5 | .. | 12 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Abbott | 7 | 8 | 13 | 13 | 9 | 9 | 15 | .. |
| Meaves | .. | 10 | 10 | 10 | 12 | .. | 6 | |
| Nason | .. | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | |
| Baer | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | |
| Duncan | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | |
| Dixon | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | |

No. 15, 10 live birds, entry $7:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Parmelee | 0011121120— 7 | Baer | 1122111211—10 |
| Ackerman | 1122101100— 7 | Elliott | 1112211110— 9 |
| Budd | 1102201112— 8 | Smith | 1120121112— 9 |
| Read | 1101212110— 8 | H J Tratter | 1112210011— 8 |
| McWilliams | 1201001022— 6 | Abbott | 0112122112— 9 |
| Arff | 1220100110— 6 | | |

No. 17, 15 live birds, entry $15, $25 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arff | 112112012110212—13 | Elliott | 1102211102221—13 |
| Parmelee | 1111101212121—14 | Read | 0101012111211—10 |
| Ackerman | 1112201111212121—13 | Baer | 1022012011021—10 |
| Budd | 1112211012112—14 | Abbott | 1201110201002—10 |
| H J Trotter | 1112011121212020—12 | | |

Extra No. 5, 10 live birds, $5 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 1202121011— 8 | H J Trotter | 1111102200— 7 |
| Saul | 0121212121— 9 | Abbott | 1100212100— 6 |
| Read | 2010121210— 7 | Arff | 2011002121— 7 |
| Parmelee | 2111212212—10 | Elliott | 2111212210— 9 |
| Ackerman | 1020111112— 7 | McWilliams | 0111221010— 7 |
| Hersam | 0201120021— 6 | Baer | 2120201121— 8 |

Extra No. 4, miss and out, $2 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arff | 0 | H J Tuttle | 122120 |
| Read | 1221110 | E D Trotter | 0 |
| Parmelee | 11212120 | Smith | 122110 |
| Young | 0 | Saul | 1220 |
| Ackerman | 1211210 | Elliott | 12211122 |
| Baer | 120 | Abbott | 122120 |
| Budd | 1211120 | | |

Extra No. 3, 10 live birds, $5 entrance:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arff | 1002012211— 7 | Smith | 0102201102— 6 |
| Parmelee | 1111102211— 9 | Budd | 1102012010— 7 |
| H J Trotter | 1221212122—10 | E D Trotter | 1120021211— 8 |
| Read | 1111221111—10 | Elliott | 1021212120— 8 |
| Ackerman | 1021212121— 8 | Abischer | 1202012020— 6 |
| McWilliams | 1021201112— 8 | Abbott | 0201022111— 7 |
| Baer | 1121220122— 9 | | |

C. W. BUDD.

## Big Matches at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 26.—The shooters of this section are once more beginning to show signs of life, and matches galore are being talked up. The opening contest of the season took place yesterday on the grounds of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, when C. E. H. Brelsford and John S. Dustin tried conclusions at 100 targets each for a stake of $100 a side. J. H. Worden was referee and H. B. Shoop scorer. The time of the match was 47 minutes, and here is the score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Brelsford | 1111101111111111101111111101—22 |
| | 1011111111111111111111111111—24 |
| | 1111110111101111111111101111—22 |
| | 1011110111111111111001110011—20—88 |
| Dustin | 1101110011111111111110110—20 |
| | 1111110111011111111111111—23 |
| | 1111111111101110011010100—18 |
| | 1111011111111111111101111—23—84 |

This afternoon J. H. Worden and J. S. Dustin had a go at 80 live birds each, 20yds. rise, for $100 a side. H. B. Shoop was referee, Philip Swob scorer, and George Fleming trap puller. The time of the match was 1h. 47m. The wind was blowing a gale from score to traps, and the birds were an excellent of flyers. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dustin | 1222111111112122121—20 |
| | 1110121212122111118—19 |
| | 2111112202122122111—19 |
| | 2111111110001122220—16—74 |
| Worden | 1122101121112221122—19 |
| | 1120112122111111021—18 |
| | 2111210112201011110—17 |
| | 2121212020202212201—18—74 |

## Traps at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 4.—Scores made here to-day by the Chicago Shooting Club for club medal and small sweep added, 20 live pigeons each under new Illinois State rules:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wdsw'th | 12220202002022202w. |
| Atwater | 20201020022122102w. |
| Heikes | 22201112[1]12101021022—16 |
| Anson | 11100120120 02212w. |
| Mussey | 22202210322102200—14 |
| Dicks | 10000030010012202[1]w. |
| Adams | 00002120002012222w. |
| Kleinman | 01221222212111211011—18 |
| Watson | 02112202010010201w. |
| Thomas | 20022202202222212222—16 |
| Cairncross | 01110120102211112201—15 |
| B Rock | 10112220101 0 w. |
| *Patterson | 10010121111111w. |

* Guests.

Kleinman won the medal and first money, also the tie brought from the last shoot. Heikes and Thomas div. second, Cairncross third.

Birds good and brisk, N.W. wind blowing across the traps from the left.

RAVELRIGG.

## The Great Shoot at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Richard Merrill, E. P. Thomas and A. H. Chapman are hard at work preparing for their live bird and artificial target tournament which is to take place in this city Nov. 23, 24, 25 and 26, and judging from the amount of local interest that is being manifested and the letters of inquiry they are receiving from all sections, it is going to be one of the most successful meetings ever held in the West

The tournament is open to the world; no one handicapped or barred.

With the large number of entries in prospect and the $800 added by the managers, the purses in the live bird events ought to range from $100 to $500 each. An extra lot of birds have been procured. They will be shot out of King traps.

Inanimate targets will be shot from traps on one side of the club house where it will not interfere with the live bird matches. U. S. targets and Best's trap pull will be used.

This tournament opens the trap-shooting season in this city, and from then on the clubs in general will hold their regular weekly shoots. There are several matches with outside clubs in prospect. The Milwaukee Field and Trap Association expect to soon try conclusions with clubs at Waukesha, Whitewater and Janesville, as well as settle matters between themselves and the genial Fort Dearborn Gun Club, of Chicago, who defeated our boys in one match and received a similar compliment in return. We are all looking forward with pleasure to the day the championship will be determined. No doubt both clubs are confident of winning. The result will be very interesting

J. P. CARMICHAEL.

## Shooting at Dexter Park.

A very pleasant sweepstake and match shoot had been arranged to be shot off at Dexter Park last Saturday by Alec Blinn and a party of friends, but on arriving at the grounds they found a stiff northwest gale blowing, so the majority of the party backed out and let Blinn shoot out his birds, and to the suprise of all present succeeded in killing 43 out of 45, when he had to give up from the cold—he had backed himself to kill 40 out of 50. Mr. Blinn is an old member of the Lake Ronkonkoma Gun Club, and he was elated at the fine score made under such adverse weather. His seventeenth bird fell dead out of bounds, and his fortieth was a fast right quartering driver. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alex Blinn | 2211121121212101121212111111111111112101221—43 |
| A. Rice | 20120 — 3 |

E. Rankin, E. Blinn, M. Euler withdrew.

## The Crescent Gun Club.

THERE was a very small attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Crescent Gun Club at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Nov. 3. Only five members competed for the best averages of the season, for a Parker hammerless gun and other annual prizes, also first and second extra club prizes for the shoot. J. Vagts and Walter Gilman tied for the first prize with seven each and the tie was shot off in the following sweepstake. C. Hubbell took the second prize with a score of six. In the sweepstake shoots the ties doubled up and the final result was W. Gilman took first and J. Siegmund second. The scores:

Club shoot and three sweepstakes, 25yds., $1 entry, 2 moneys:

| | Club Shoot. | 1st. | 2d. | 3d. | Ties. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Hubbell | 1201112—6 | 21221—5 | 11011—4 | 011—2 | 10 |
| J Vagts | 1112111—7 | 11122—5 | 12110—4 | 021—2 | 1210 |
| P Jones | 2112001—5 | 11110—4 | 00122—3 | 211—3 | 1120 |
| B H Morry | 0202202—3 | 22100—3 | 00121—3 | 112—3 | 0 |
| W Gilman | 1111111—7 | 01211—4 | 12111—5 | 110—2 | 1122 |
| J Siegmund | | 21011—4 | 10101—3 | 212—3 | 2122 |

## The Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE Atlantics had a fine day's sport at the West End grounds, Coney Island on Thursday, Oct. 27. The principal competition was for the Newton diamond badge and extra added prizes. Nineteen entered each to shoot at 10 birds, club handicap. C. Monsees, C. Furguesen, Jr., and C. E. Morris had each won the trophy three times, which made shoot interesting. The two first-named again tied with W. F. Sykes on straight scores of ten, but on the shoot-off D. Monsees added another win to his list by killing 5 more straight. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R J Sutherland | 1o12202122— 8 | C Fuguerson | 1121221211—10 |
| J B Vorshea | 1111211210— 9 | G Roderick | 1112110120— 8 |
| E H Garrison | 0000202220— 4 | G Nostrand | 1100012102— 6 |
| C E Morris | 2111210210— 8 | T Buckley | 0202012111— 7 |
| R Newton | 0122110010— 6 | J Dooley | 0003121010— 5 |
| H Kromka | 0112010120— 6 | D Monsees | 1212122211—10 |
| C M Meyer | 9 | G Kleist | 6 |
| W F Skyes | 10 | J Jamieson | 4 |
| C A Sykes | 8 | D Deacon | 8 |
| C Mohrman | 6 | | |

Sweepstake shoot, miss and out, $2 entry, 30yds, rise: E. Garrison 22222222, C. Furguerson, Jr. 12222210, C. M. Meyer 10, C. E. Morris.

## Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

SEVENTEEN members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club competed at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Oct. 27, for the Claus diamond badge. There was several ties on 7 straight for the trophy, which was again won by R. Phister, Jr., the winner of the Eppig badge of last season. Most of the members were somewhat depressed at the absence of Ex-President Peter Sutter, who was very sick with pneumonia, and his death resulted the next day. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| R Phister, Jr. | 1111111—7 | W Vorbach | 1011221—6 |
| W Levens | 1101222—6 | J A Still | 2201110—5 |
| J Schlieman | 1111110—6 | C McGee | 0101101—5 |
| C Englebrecht | 2222211—7 | W Linnington | 0021110—4 |
| M E Hayden | 1221222—7 | F Maier | 1101211—6 |
| T T Edgarton | 2101110—5 | A Du Bray | 1001222—5 |
| J Young | 2212010—5 | P J Eppig | 1001101—5 |
| W Hartye | 2111101—6 | C W Vincent | 2201121—5 |
| P Reed, Jr. | 1121211—7 | | |

Sweepstake shoot at 5 birds, 25yds., $2: C. Englebrecht 3 J. Young 3, J. Schlieman 5, P. J. Eppig 5, M. E. Hayden 3, C. Vincent 5.

## Sweepstake Shoot.

A GOOD sweepstake shoot was held at C. Deckelman's Ridgewood Park on Saturday, Oct. 29. The conditions were each man to shoot at 25 live birds, 25yds. rise, modified Long Island rules, gun below the elbow until bird was on the wing, the loser to pay for a champagne dinner and the next lowest the birds. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| P J Eppig | 1200110010010201021202112—15 |
| J Schneider | 2110011010210200120120l—15 |
| J Welz | 2110101010201201010120l—17 |
| C Deckelman | 0001210110000100010202112—11 |
| I Martin | 2101201201201300011112—14 |
| F Ibert | 2120212010210-21212112122—19 |
| J Simpson | 2202020102011212212122200—18 |

Sweepstake, 5 birds, same conditions:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Simpson | 12121—5 | P J Eppig | 12020 3 |
| F Ibert | 10011—3 | | 01011—3 |

## Saratoga Gun Club.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Nov. 1.—The Saratoga Gun Club takes pleasure in announcing its first live-bird tournament, which will be held on its grounds Tuesday, Nov. 15 next. If this tournament proves a success in its attendance, it will be the precursor of a series of pigeon shooting matches, given each fall and conducted upon the same liberal scale of our inanimate target tournaments.

Twelve hundred of the best birds procurable have been secured, all strong flyers, and such as will give first-class sport. We do not expect the shoot to prove profitable, as the birds are charged for at as near their actual cost as possible, viz., 25 cents for birds and we keep those killed, or 30 cents each and the shooter to keep them.

W. H. GIBBS, Secretary.

## The First German Gun Club of New York

Held a club shoot at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Oct. 25. Only ten members were present to compete for a club medal at eight live birds each, twenty-five yards rise. C. Dietz was the winner with straight score of seven. Scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| G Rested | 00011011—4 | G Grau | 10110111—6 |
| A Goetz | 10110011—5 | A Stolzenberger | 11100011—5 |
| F Schell | 11106110—5 | C Pfaff | 01111011—6 |
| J Schwaack | 00101211—5 | P Wannemacher | 10101110—5 |
| A Neusch | 10110111—6 | C Dietz | 11110111—7 |

### The Utah Championship.

OGDEN, Utah, Oct. 21.—The fourth contest for the championship of Utah took place in this city yesterday and was won by Dermody, the present holder of the badge. Conditions, 40 single bluerocks, 5 unknown traps and 10 pairs. Score:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bigelow | 11111011011010111111111001111011111110111—32<br>11 11 11 11 01 11 11 10 11 01—17—49 | |
| Dermody | 11111011011110111111111111111111111111111—37<br>01 00 11 11 11 01 01 11 11 11—15—52 | |

OGDENITE.

### An Expression from Virginia.

LYNCH, Va.—In a recent issue of your journal I noticed your comments on the slim attendance at our shooting tournaments and think you arrive at a wrong conclusion. I think the trouble is that as shoots are now conducted they are most all in the interest of clubs giving them. Nearly all are run as a money-making scheme for the managers, and as the shooters are on such a plane of equality that when they have paid the small entrance and taken out three cents for each target there is but little chance for a shooter to get back much more than his entrance, and as this is becoming known, the shooters who would travel to these shoots were there a chance to win, stay away. This, and a failure of managers to stick to their published programmes have about killed target shooting. You seldom see men at these shoots except local shots, unless there is good added money, as guaranteed money is no longer a drawing card since the ridiculous action of the manager of the Manufacturers' and Dealers' interstate shoots in cutting down guaranteed purses, and last but not least, changing their last shoot into a sweep to save the guarantee, and I must say I doubt if the paltry saving to the association met their approval when it made their association the laughing stock of the shooters of the world, as there was an implied contract between each shooter attending their shoots that they would be run under the published programme, and it was a breach of faith for the management to change the same, and had these shoots been run otherwise no doubt they would have been a success, as they opened up well at Baltimore and had a good entry at Stanton, where the cloven hoof first appeared, and friends were protected and guarantees cut down, from which time a repetition of the same, till to-day a corporal's guard cannot be mustered to their shoots. But let us hope their unwise course will be the means of showing others the folly of trying to hoodwink the shooters, and evolve a system that will draw hundreds to their tournaments. I would suggest as a trial that known angle shooting be abolished, as it is too much like child's play to see men standing at the score with butt of gun to their shoulders, with muzzle pointed nearly at the place of the apex of the target's flight, when they will only need to swing said guns a few inches, as the targets pass the line of flight, and pull to insure a break, but instead give us all unknown angle shooting and divide shooters upon a more equable base; that is, let all who can break 85 per cent. shoot from five unknown traps, unknown angles, and all who can break 75 per cent. shoot unkown angles from known traps. Let unknown trap shooters shoot from a score in front of No. 3 trap and shoot in squads of five or six when they can shoot fully as fast as by the Keystone system, as the indicator has to be used, which gives ample time for next shooter to step up to score. Then let all ties be shot off at their respective handicap at another set of traps if management so wish, and fully as many targets can be used as under the present system of rapid fire, and the man who has the nerve to stay and win one purse is solid for the day, while should he win twice or more a day he could leave the tournament a bloated bondholder instead of as now, win a piece of every event and be forced to foot it home unless with more than average forethought he provided himself with a round-trip ticket.

W. T. MITCHELL.

## Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. S. Greenpoint, N. Y.—The State law on "high-holders" applies to Long Island; they are among the "wild birds" which are protected at all seasons.

A. B., Cain's P. O., Lancaster Co., Pa.—Please inform me what is the best treatment for the distemper in dogs. Ans. Keep the dog indoors in a warm place—nurse well; give one grain of quinine three times a day.

J. W. G. D., Club House, Blooming Grove Park, Pa.—The description of bird No. 1 answers very well to the English or jacksnipe (*Gallinago celata*). Bird No. 2 was the ruddy duck (*Erismatura rubida*), a bird notorious for having 66 different English names. See Trumbull's "Names and Portraits of Birds."

W. R. P.—Please let me know if the true golden-bellied, smallmouth bass ever weighs 5lbs. All those we catch which weigh over 2lbs. have yellowish bellies and some are golden. My largest weighed 4¼lbs., 21in. long, and was as yellow as a perch. Ans. The small-mouth black bass sometimes exceeds 9lbs. in weight. Mr. A. N. Cheney has recorded one in these columns that weighed more than 9lbs.

G. M., Boston, Mass.—I have a setter bitch, and when I came home to-night I noticed a large lump about the size of an egg up near her shoulder just at the bend of the leg. It is soft and puffy; don't seem to hurt any. What shall I do with it? I was going to lance it. Ans. Lance it and keep open for a few days; it will then gradually disppear.

A. N. K., Harrisburg, Pa.—Will you please tell me what to give a young pointer puppy to cure him of fits when taking him out in the field. He does not get them often; only sometimes. The puppy is six months old. Ans. Treat for worms and then give following mixture: Donovan's solution 1dr., water 4oz. Mix. Give one teaspoonful twice a day.

DR J. F. D., Wadsworth, O.—Expecting to go South this winter I wish to ask how we might be able to capture a porpoise, dead or alive. What are the methods used to capture those animals? Ans. The harbor porpoise is probably the kind you will seek in the South, although not the only one that enters the brackish water of river mouths. The Maine Indians shoot the porpoise; fishermen along the coast catch them in fish traps and in gill nets and seines made for the purpose. Still others capture them from boats and vessels by means of the harpoon. By addressing the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., you may obtain a monograph of the porpoise family containing descriptions of the species and accounts of the fishery. In Florida you may be able to pen a school of porpoises in one of the small creeks which they ascend to feed upon fish, and use a rifle to kill one or a strong seine to capture a living specimen. It is said that drum are sometimes driven ashore and killed by them and tossed ashore. There is sport in store for you if you will chase the porpoise.

W. H. STEWART, New York.—The German ring target is numbered from 25 down to 1, the rings being ¾in. apart. The bullseye is 12in. in diameter, counting from 25 down to 18, inclusive. The measurements of the standard American (200yds.) target are as follows, the entire target being 4×6ft.:

| DIAMETER OF CIRCLES. | | WIDTH OF RINGS. |
|---|---|---|
| 10 circle, 3.36 inches. | Bullseye. | 9, 1.09 inches. |
| 9 " 5.54 " | | 8, 1.23 " |
| 8 " 8. " | | 7, 1.50 " |
| 7 " 11. " | | 6, 1.90 " |
| 6 " 14.80 " | | 5, 2.44 " |
| 5 " 19.68 " | | 4, 3.16 " |
| 4 " 26. " | | 3, 4.11 " |
| 3 " 34.22 " | | 2, 5.37 " |
| 2 " 44.96 " | | |

1 Balance of target, 4×6ft.

The 8, 9, and 10 comprise the Creedmoor bullseye; 4, 5, 6, and the center, counting 4.

### Praise at Parting.

A VIRGINIA subscriber and contributor of long standing writes: "I am in receipt of your card notifying me that my subscription will expire on the 15th inst. I write to say that I wish the paper discontinued after that date. I am getting too old to indulge in field sports. I take leave of the paper with regret, as I have derived much pleasure and profit from the perusal of its pages, and I take this occasion to express my appreciation of the uniform courtesy and kindness I have received at your hands, and to wish for the paper a long and prosperous career.

### The Dog's Fatal Trick.

A RATHER reckless Biddeford man, with no respect for law or gospel, is said to have devised a scheme for catching trout by the wholesale, which did not work as well as he thought it would. He thought that a bomb exploded in the brook would bring all the fish in it to the surface so that he would only have to pick them up. He provided himself with a bomb powerful enough to blast a schooner out of water and went to a local brook in which there were said to be lots of trout. He fixed the fuse, ignited it and threw the bomb into the brook. As he did so, his dog jumped in after it, seized it in his mouth, got back to shore and started after his master who was legging it across the field as fast as he could in the realization of his danger. The man had the good luck to get over a fence, which bothered the dog, and a moment later, hearing an explosion, he looked around to see his dog going skyward.—*Lewiston Journal.*


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Imported. Has proved the most successful stock dog in America, who has only been 18 mos. in stud and has shown 1st prize winners at N.Y. and Boston. Sire of Avondale, winner 1st N. Y., 1st Washington, 1st Pittsburgh, only times shown. Sire of Minnie L. and Frank L., winners 1st and 2d at Boston. Sire of Maid of Borstal and Alice Kent, winners at all the large shows whenever shown. Puppies by this unequalled sire out of prize winning bitches, comprising the best blood both of Europe and America, constantly on hand. Stud fee, $25. Send for pedigree and cut. JOHN J. SCANLAN, P. O. Box 339, Fall River, Mass.

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### MELROSE KENNELS ST. BERNARDS.

Stud dogs, puppies and brood bitches.

**Lord Melrose at Stud.**
Fee $50. Largest dog in the world.
**E. H. MOORE, Melrose, Mass.**

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### CLAREMONT PATSY.

The best Irish setter stud dog in America. In the field his get are the equal in style and dash of any breed living, while their beauty has placed them right at the front on the bench. Address

F. H. PERRY,
Des Moines, Iowa.

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### TYNE.

Gath's Hope ex Daisy F.

He is a big, fine fellow, and a brother to Daisy Hope and Daisy Hunter. Is a grand fielder and cuts his work out like the rest of his ilk. Has more Campbell blood than any setter in stud.

**Fee, $35.00.**

JOHN A. HUNTER, Bloomington, Monroe Co., Ind.

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### Stud ST. BERNARDS

**Scottish Leader, $50; King Regent, $40.**
Puppies and bitches for sale. SWISS MOUNTAIN KENNELS, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

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**IN STUD.**

**Ben Butler** (A.K.C.S.B. 20,657), 2 yrs. old, best son of champion Hesper and Princess of Heatherfield. Surest stock getter and sound and finest puppies received from him. **Fee $15.** RAVENSWOOD ST BERNARD KENNELS, 838 Vernon avenue, Long Island City.

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## In the Stud.

AT STUD.

### SCOTCH TERRIERS.

**KILROY.**

Born June 2, 1890. A.K.C.S.B. 25,089.
**Sire Ch. "Kildee." Dam "Bitterweed."**
Black brindle, perfect head and ears, grand body, bone and legs; superb coat. Winner of 12 first prizes and 5 specials, and twice winner of the 30 guinea Champion Cup in England, and first and special Boston, 1892.
**Stud Fee $25.**

**KILCREE.**

Born July 12, 1890. A.K.C.S.B. 26,242.
**Sire Ch. "Kildee." Dam "Zembra."**
Black brindle, perfect head and ears, grand body, bone and legs; splendid hard coat, and without exception one of the best Scotch Terriers living. Winner of 6 first prizes and 4 specials, including the 30 guinea Champion Cup in England.
**Stud Fee $25.**

**KILBAR.**

Born June 2 1890 A.K.C.S.B. 23 573.
**Sire Ch. "Kildee," Dam "Shiela."**
Sandy brindle, good head and ears, grand body, legs and feet; splendid hard coat. Winner of 5 first and 3 second prizes.
**Stud Fee $15.**

HENRY BROOKS, West Medford, Mass.

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### Chestnut Hill Kennels'

**COLLIES AT STUD.**

**Christopher, - - $50.**
**Wellesbourne Charlie, $50.**
30 per cent. off to members of Collie Club.

**IRISH TERRIERS.**

**Breda Bill, - - $20.**

Puppies and grown stock for sale. Dogs of all breeds taken to board, conditioned for shows, kept at stud and sold on commission.
Address
**CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS,**
Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

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### Champion Aristocrat,

(21,064)

Winner of forty-five first and special prizes. The most successful stud dog of the day. Sire of Baronet, winner of forty prizes and specials, Lord Courtenay, winner of 2d prize at the last St. Bernard Club show; also Aristos, winner of 1st at the great Kennel Club show, London. His last two litters numbered 11 and 10.

**PUPPIES**

by the great dog now for sale, dam by Champion Hesper.

**DUTCHESS KENNELS, 1639 Third Ave., N. Y.**
EDWARD BOOTH, Manager.

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### HEATHER KENNELS.

**Dandie Dinmonts**

**IN STUD.**

**KING O' THE HEATHER** (Mustard).
**AMPHION** (Pepper).
**LAIRD O' THE HEATHER** (Pepper).

The above dogs are winners of firsts and specials in the best shows in England and the Border. Dandie puppies for sale, both peppers and mustards.

**CHESAPEAKE BAY DUKE,**
bred by Edward Lynch, Maxwell's Point, Md.
EDWARD BROOKS,
Hyde Park, Mass.

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### REFUGE II.

Winner of over forty prizes, including the *medal for the best stud dog*, Agricultural Hall, London, 1891. **Fee $40.00.**

**Champion Kingston Regent.**
**Fee, $35.00.**

SEVERAL LITTERS SIRED BY THESE DOGS FOR SALE CHEAP.

**NEW YORK ST. BERNARD KENNELS,**
138TH ST. AND THE HUDSON RIVER.

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**In the Stud. Fee $25.**

### WHYTE B.,

By Roderigo—Florence Gladstone.

Divided 3d, Southern Field Trials.

Broken dogs and puppies of strictly pure Llewellin breeding always for sale. The blood of my kennel is the bluest of the blue.

HERBERT S. BEVAN, Lamar, Miss.

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### MEADOW CITY KENNELS,

The leading English setter kennels of the East. Our field trial and bench show winners

**The Corsair and Rod's Whim**

AT STUD. Fee $35 and $25.

Young stock by these noted winners out of our Count Noble ex Gladstone ex Sue bitches for sale.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

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### Seminole Kennels,

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

OFFER THE SERVICES OF THE FOLLOWING

**STUD DOGS:**

**Rough-Coated Collies.**

**Champion THE SQUIRE,**
(20 881). The greatest collie living. Fee $50. By Champ. Charlemagne—Champ. Flurry.

**Champion ROSLYN DANDY,**
(17,577). By Champ. Scotilla—Champ. Cora II. Fee $25.

**IRISH SETTERS.**

**Champ TIM.** 1st and special, N.Y., '92. Fee $25.

**JERRY JARVIS,** (A. 15,347) litter brother to Duke-Elcho. Fee $10.

**PRIDE OF PATSY** (25,144)

**ENGLISH PUGS.**

**BONSOR,**
(21,054). Winner 1st, Chicago, New York and Pittsburgh, 1892. Fee $15.

Extended pedigrees of any of the above on application. Bitches entrusted to us receive the best of care. Fine specimens of the above breeds for sale at reasonable prices, including several good stud dogs and brood bitches in whelp.

**Young Stock Always on Hand.**

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### FOX-TERRIERS IN STUD.

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| **Starden's King** | **$25** |
| **Brockenhurst Tyke** | **15** |
| **Reckoner** | **15** |
| **Champion Raby Mixer** | **15** |

$100 will be given for the best pup sired by any of these dogs during the year 1892. Prize to be competed for at the New York show of 1893. Donor not to compete.

**HILLSIDE KENNELS,**
LANCASTER, MASS.
Puppies always on hand.

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### BLACK WONDER.

A.K.C.S.B. 23,557. Whelped Jan. 30, 1890
King of black pointers, and was the king of all colors at the United States field trials, 1891, winning the Derby and All-Age Stake. He won two firsts and one second on bench. He is a dog that knows how to hunt and not afraid of briers. Fee $25. JOHN A. HUNTER, Bloomington, Monroe Co., Indiana.

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**Cocker Spaniels**

**STUD DOGS:**
Champ. BLACK DUFFERIN..... Fee $15
LITTLE LAD..... " 10
PUPPIES FOR SALE.
JOHN E. WESTON, UTICA, N. Y.

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## The Kennel.

**EVERY ST. BERNARD**

IN OUR KENNELS

**FOR SALE.**

**IF OUR PRICES DON'T SUIT YOU, NAME YOUR OWN.**

THEY MUST AND SHALL BE SOLD.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

**WYOMING KENNELS,**
**Melrose, Mass.**

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### I Train Shooting Dogs Exclusively

**BUT NOT PLUGS.**

I have located at Waverly, Clay Co., Miss., and am prepared to train dogs for field use in my usual thorough and reliable manner. Terms reasonable address as above. W. W. TITUS.

N.B.—I also always try to keep a few well trained dogs on hand, whose experience on game and thorough training make them bargains, and my prices are in keeping with the times.

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**TRAINED DOGS.**

Parties in want of good dogs for this season's shooting will do well to look over my stock before purchasing. Have some that are right in both pointers and setters.

GEO. W. LOVELL, Middleboro, Mass.

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### ST. BERNARDS,

Bull-terriers and King Charles Spaniels, all ages low prices. Box 75, Lake View, Mass.

# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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## *THE CAMP AT DAYBREAK.*

IT is still night. In the darkness not a sound can be heard, save now and then the stamp of a horse's hoof on the frozen ground, or, faintly, their plucking of the grass, for the horses begin to feed early. The sounds of the middle night are hushed. The owls long ago stopped their hooting, and now on noiseless wing are making their last hunting rounds before the day shall come.

Within the lodge it is darker than without. On the ground in the middle can be seen a pale shadow—the white ashes of the long cold fire; above, through the smoke hole is a patch of sky less black than the invisible inclosing walls, and in this bit of the heavens shine two stars. In a circle about the fireplace are shapeless white masses—the sleeping forms of men. They are silent and motionless.

Now on the still air very faintly is heard a distant tone of music; a sweet whistle, at first low, rising and falling, then gradually becoming more distinct. It comes nearer and nearer until it fills the air all about, then passing on, recedes, grows fainter, till at last the sound is lost. The wild ducks are flying. From the lake comes a far off trumpet note, and then another—the mellow call of the wild geese. The world is awaking. The day is near.

The stars which looked in at the smoke hole are paling now. Upon the horizon in the east lies a line of gray, which slowly broadens and makes twilight where all before was dark. The outlines of the tree trunks are seen standing like ghosts reaching out shadowy arms, as if feeling their way through the dimness. The chirp and flutter of migrating birds that through the night slept in the low bushes begin to be heard.

As the light grows, dusky shapes appear in the little park behind the camp—the horses feeding. Close to the lodge door, the two dogs are curled up in the grass, still asleep. Their long black coats are white here and there with frost, and in their sleep their muscles twitch as they shiver from the cold; yet their rest is sound.

Day is at hand. Now a stir is heard within the lodge. There are muffled grunts and groans, a yawn or two, the rustling of clothing, then the faint sound of footsteps, and suddenly the pale glare of a match—increasing to a little glow as the shavings catch, and then to a bright flicker which lights up the whole lodge as the larger sticks take fire and crackle, and white smoke and a few sparks float from the smoke hole. Soon the door of the lodge is thrown back. A man steps out and looks about, yawns and shivers. He breaks the ice in the water bucket and pours some in a basin. Others in the lodge are getting up. Voices are heard. The men of the camp pass in and out at the door. Some prepare breakfast, others busy themselves about the packs and lash the bundles. Two of them build a corral of ropes about three trees, and then start off to drive in the horses. Soon these are seen coming toward the camp. The men spread themselves out and drive the animals into the inclosure, where they are caught and tied up. While this is being done the call to breakfast is heard.

Meantime, the light has spread itself over all the heavens. In the east the streaky clouds have flushed to deep red and paled again to richest gold. To the west the snow-clad mountains are wrapped in a garment of rose. Looking again toward the east, the limb of the sun appears over the prairie ridge. The day has come.

## *A NEW CODE FOR VERMONT.*

THE Vermont Fish Commissioners, Messrs. John W. Titcomb and Charles C. Warren, have prepared and submitted to the Legislature a codification of the game and fish laws of the State. Without taking into consideration the merits of all the specific provisions of the bill, it is not too much to say that the enactment of a new statute in such form as here proposed would mean an advance of ten years for the game and fish interests of the Green Mountain State. It is an old story, and most of us know to our cost how the obscurities and blind statements and conflicting provisions of our protective legislation often prevent a popular understanding of what the law means. The very first requirement of a fish or game law is that it be intelligible, understood by the people, the common, every-day average man, who is not versed in legal technicalities nor trained to interpret statutes about the meaning of which, as in the case of the Vermont six-inch trout law, even public prosecuting officers entertain a difference of opinion. If the public is expected to respect and observe a statute, the public must understand the statute, and without paying attorney's fees to have it explained. To make the game law plain is to promote its efficiency. The Vermont laws as now on the statute books are not clear. To overcome the difficulty, to put the law into such simple, direct, intelligible form that there may be no mistaking it, has been the endeavor of the framers of the new bill. It may be explained, for the benefit of others engaged in a like undertaking, that the Commissioners and the Game Law Committee of the Legislature supplied themselves with copies of the *Book of the Game Laws* for the purpose of a study of the legislation of other States, and they appear to have followed closely the new code adopted by New York. As is well known, the New York law was the result of the work of a special codification commission charged by the Legislature with the task of reducing to a clear and consistent code the chaotic accumulation and accretions of years of bungling and tinkering with the statutes. While the New York law is not perfect in all details, it is a model of arrangement, and affords an excellent standard for the work of similar commissions elsewhere, and Vermont has done well to adopt it.

The Commissioners deserve full credit for their intelligent work in this direction; and every friend of the State will share our wish that the bill may be approved.

## *FISH BASKETS AND POOR FISHING.*

THE old, old struggle against illegal fishing is still progressing in Pennsylvania. Fish Commissioner Powell has sent us from Harrisburg a statement of the difficulties experienced by Fish Warden Enos Moyer in destroying fish baskets, nets, and outlines which line the Susquehanna between Muncy and Lock Haven. A spot which is practically favorable for the illegal fisherman and especially fatal to game fish is at the junction of Loyalsock Creek with the Susquehanna. Here the unlawful implements have been destroyed many times, yet they are constantly renewed, and the warden finds it impossible to get sympathy and assistance in performing his duty. The warden continued his work down the river as far as Harrisburg, and removed a great many nets.

The wings or stone dams forming adjuncts to the fish baskets have been repeatedly pulled down, only to be replaced as soon as the officer's back is turned. The Juniata, the Susquehanna, and the tributaries of both rivers are full of these illegal obstructions to the free movements of fish, and many of the wardens are unwilling to remove them and prosecute their owners.

The natural and inevitable consequence of such fishing is a scarcity of fish. Fishermen are dissatisfied with the existing regulations, and are now preparing amendments which they hope to introduce into the fish laws at the next session of the Legislature. Some of them want to use the deadly outline, and others are clamoring for an extension of the trout season from April 1 to August 1, instead of April 15 to July 15, as the present excellent law stands. The Fish Protective Association will have to be on the alert to defeat these threatened dangers to the already precarious future of the brook trout, black bass, and pike-perch. What with the pollution of the streams by mine and mill refuse, and the lax administration of existing law, the fish are having a hard struggle to maintain themselves, and improved fishing is out of the question.

The destructive qualities of fish baskets and outlines are denied by no one who has a grain of sense, yet their employment is made possible through sympathy with the law breakers and fear of incurring their enmity.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

NOW THAT the Columbus celebration has been forgotten in the excitement of the national campaign, and the election itself has receded into the past, the "time is ripe" for Assistant District Attorney Townsend to consider the practicability of bringing that notorious Delmonico woodcock case to trial. When the new calendar of the City Court was made up last summer, this case was left off from it entirely. But thanks to Game Protector Kidd, it has been restored, and is numbered 2009. There are something less than one thousand cases ahead of it, so that in the regular course it would be reached some time next year. It should be tried in 1892. District Attorney De Lancey Nicoll has stated that it was his wish to have the Delmonico case disposed of as soon as practicable. Might he not instruct Mr. Townsend to move for an advancement of the cause? It is probable that the Court would accede to such a motion if the facts were duly set forth that this case dates from the summer of 1890; that its obstruction in the district attorneys' offices of two counties has been watched with impatience by the sportsmen of the State; and that as the evidence is strong for the People there is little likelihood that the actual trial will consume much of the Court's time.

A Pennsylvania ferret breeder, whose communication is printed on another page, represents that the use of ferrets in rabbit hunting does not exterminate the supply as is usually contended, but fosters it. He accounts for this fact—if fact it be—by a theory which is plausible enough. We believe that it is a matter of record that the supply of skunks in a certain region in Connecticut was once largely increased when the Shakers set to work to trap the animals for their fur; and the same rule has been found to hold elsewhere. The law against ferrets is based on a belief in the exterminating effects of ferreting. It would be interesting to know how far the Pennsylvania ferret man's theory is borne out by observation in other localities. For that matter what place does the rabbit (or hare) hold in popular estimation as a game animal? How is it looked upon by the average gunner, by which is meant the bird shooter? In some States, as in New York, the rabbit has no protection by law.

The political campaign brought out a lot of talk about wildcat currency, and there were reminiscenses galore of the good old days when we had to refer to "Thompson's Bank Note Detector" to determine whether a bill was genuine or not. Now that the campaign is over it may be pointed out that we need to-day not so much a wildcat currency detector as a wildcat and panther yarn detector, to distinguish the true from the counterfeit. Nine out of ten of the newspaper tales of ferocious panthers that lug off women and devour babies are lies of the baldest character, and while they may shed luster upon the imaginative ability of those who get them up, they do little credit to the sagacity of the editors who pay "special" tolls on them.

By means of subscriptions from scientific societies and private donations, a marine biological laboratory has been established at Bergen, Norway, under the direction of Doctor J. Brunchorst. Biological science is already deeply indebted to Norway and will receive still further assistance from this new center of investigation.

The panther's scream is an old subject, but we've never had so much fun out of it. Nor more interesting stories of actual personal observation and experience. The oldest, most thread-bare and bygone topics take on new life and interest when discussed and illuminated by the host of bright FOREST AND STREAM contributors.

The convention of the executive committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in Syracuse to-day affords every promise of being well attended by delegates representing all sections of the State and sincerely interested in the serious work of the organization.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## IN WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.

DO you remember seeing in FOREST AND STREAM within a year mention of the Capon Iron Works, West Virginia? Well, that's where we went, J. P. H. and his friend, for a fortnight's hunt, fish and general relaxation from business, for we are very busy men, J. P. in doing the work and I in watching him. Then, he had a new Parker hammerless which he wanted to break in. These are sufficient reasons for going most anywhere in the fall.

We got away early in the morning. Our train was late into Philadelphia. We had a mile to go to reach the B. & O. station, and just 12 minutes to go it in. We tumbled into a cab, impressed the facts in very few words on cabby, and told him to push on the lines hard. When he drove into the station the engine bell was ringing, the gateman was closing the gates, porters picking up their stools and the conductor cried, "All aboard!"

"Settle the fare," said I to J. P. as I shot for the ticket office, and as I ran I shouted to the conductor, "Hold 'er!" hardly expecting he would, for the train was a Royal Blue Flyer, New York to Washington. In a jiffy the agent wrote two excursion tickets to Capon Road, which I seized, and the gateman slid back the gate as I dashed through, picked up all the grips J. P. hadn't been able to corral, and with the assistance of the porter climbed aboard as the wheels revolved, and we were off for the West, panting nearly as hard as the locomotive. Now, I don't like such haste as that. A man can't go through the motions gracefully, and I am graceful or nothing, but it was that or getting left at Harper's Ferry, so we scrubbed and felt better after we cooled off.

After a pleasant journey via Baltimore and Washington we left the main line at Harper's Ferry, noted for chicken sandwiches, as being the scene of John Brown's mad exploit, and stirring events later, '61 to '65. Part of the gateway of the old U. S. Arsenal and its chimney are still left, but "John Brown's Fort," the little engine house, has gone to Chicago to visit the exposition, along with Libby Prison.

It was now after noon, and kindly waiting for us to tackle a sandwich, the valley train pulled out southward, the romantic Shenandoah on the left just begging us to come out among the rocks and sample its bass. Through Charlestown we went, where John Brown's soul took wing from the scaffold, then through Winchester, now and forever linked with the name of the immortal Sheridan, and so on down the beautiful valley in sight of the famous pike, where hosts of Blue and Gray alternately in victorious pursuit or sullen resistant retreat choked the white road and overflowed into the fields, while the booming cannon and sharp crack of rifle snuffed out life and sent mourning all over the land. We pass Middletown, near which, in surging ebb and flow the famous battle of Cedar Creek was fought with "Sheridan twenty miles away," and at Capon Road, fifty miles below Harper's Ferry, we leave the train.

Here we had hoped to find Mr. Thos. B. Wilson awaiting us, to take us to his home among the beautiful mountains which loomed up in the west, but to our disappointment he was not there, though we had written him of our coming on that train. It was Saturday evening and there was no hotel, though we had been informed by the conductor that Mr. Williams, the store keeper, who had a large, roomy house, usually entertained travelers. He refused, however, saying his wife was ill. So there we were in a pocket, no game pocket either, or it might have been endurable. But there was a hack or stage or wagon just about starting for Capon Springs, a summer resort sixteen miles out, three miles off the Iron Works road. The Springs had just closed house for the season, but the driver said the proprietor was still there and would take care of us, so as there was nothing else to do, and hoping to meet Mr. Wilson en route for us, we tumbled up and were off. The horses, wagon and road were in fair condition, and as the "culled gemman" who handled the ribbons and was custodian of the U. S. mail wanted to reach the Springs in good season, we made very good time. Our course led northwest across the valley to the first range, Little North Mountain, thence across it into the valley of Cedar Creek, just at the ford of which, eight miles out, we found Mr. Wilson and his son Peter—so called because his name is Henry—and a two-horse team on the way to the station to meet us. To say we were glad to see them is to tell the honest truth, and in a jiffy we had changed teams and the horses' heads were turned westward. So the second time this day we hit it when we expected to get left.

This Cedar Creek is the same on which the battle was fought, or for which it was named, flowing here northeast between Great and Little North Mountains, until it can get around the north end of the latter, when it turns southeast, and flowing irregularly across Shenandoah Valley empties into the North Fork of the Shenandoah near the battlefield and the north end of Massanutten Mountain. It would be a lovely stream where we forded it but for a large steam tannery just above, which, in addition to leather, tans the hitherto limpid water a dirty brown, and takes the romance and trout out of it. Along the road we move on, from far away nooks among the mountains come daily many wagons, two, four, six-horse or mule, loaded with tan bark for the tannery, for this bark business is a big one, affording a not very remunerative employment to a goodly number of people. It is all oak bark, and it seems as though the end of any profitable hauling to this tannery was near at hand, so denuded have the mountains become. Indeed we learned that the owners had already begun the erection of another further back in the range. Three dollars a ton was the price for hauling a distance of fifteen miles or so, taking two days for the round trip, crossing and recrossing the mountain. It doesn't seem at first glance, or if you have time, at any other, that there is sudden and bewildering wealth in this, but it is probably better than loafing at the crossstore.

We jogged slowly along, for Mr. W. had already come sixteen miles, not over a race track either, and the same back would make a pretty good day's trip, not, of course, as Hank Monk drove in Nevada, but as they drive in West Virginia, where to-morrow is just as long as to-day. We were now ticketed through to the Iron Works without change, had a large six-spring wagon with more room than we could use, good company, glorious scenery, if one could see it (which they couldn't for the night had come down), so what more would you have. No need of haste. We leaned back at a comfortable angle, and as the moon sailed into the sky concluded that our introduction to West Virginia was about the right thing, the more so as Mrs. Wilson had thoughtfully provided a bounteous lunch which we duly considered. We approached Great North Mountain through something Gap, where on the right, tilted up on almost perpendicular edge a couple of thousand feet or so into the heavens was a Titanic toboggan slide, from which no slider would ever return. With many a question and answer, including many incidents, chiefly hunting, from the life of our host who has lived as did his father and grandfather, in these mountains all his life, we slowly pulled up the mountain, slipped over the crest, made better time down the other side, and over a very good road slid down around the bends into Capon River Valley, turning southward into the Winchester pike, which we kept for a couple of miles, leaving it at a point about three miles from our destination, and zigzagging up the valley of Wait's Creek eastward, fording the beautiful trout stream occasionally, at 11 P. M. pulled up at the front door of the house, which is tucked away here in the mountains rising all about, and which gleamed white in the moonlit clearing as we approached from the wood-shaded road and splashed through the pretty stream that skirts the yard and sings now in pianissimo cadences, for a protracted drought had reduced the streams to nearly their lowest terms and cut short the crops.

Here for many years has Mr. Wilson entertained sportsmen, fishers in the spring, for there are divers trout streams hereabouts, and hunters in the fall who would, but don't always, cruelly slay the timid, graceful deer, the wary, suspicious turkey or the hurtling grouse, for as Mr. W. wrote me, "You can't sit in my back yard and kill game." Mr. W. is a man of truth. There is game in these parts beyond a doubt and also beyond reach of the gun (some guns)—deer, bear, turkey, grouse and squirrel, some plentiful, others scarce, but the stranger needs to be a tramper, a stayer and a good shot, as well as to know the habits of the game, to be able to bag it; even then, not being thoroughly acquainted with the country he is apt to come short of his expectations, which is more or less true of all localities, but especially true of mountainous regions, where you have to climb for all you get.

We spent two very pleasant weeks there, and undoubtedly would have scored better on game had we been a fortnight later, for the leaves were still on the bushes, but we could not go later. We can, however, comfort ourselves with the thought that we left more game for late comers. As an outing simply, it was a success. With new experiences, perfect weather, the loveliest views from jutting crag or wind-swept clearing on the mountain side or crest, charming rambles in shady old back roads, long in disuse, leading everywhere and nowhere in particular, near the sides of which, in the thick undergrowth, the watchful grouse sat silently until you passed and then sped away to safety under cover of his thunder, watching the gracefully poised trout in limpid pool, or far aloft in the upper deep the soaring buzzard, swinging and wheeling, symbol of grace and power.

With such adjuncts to enjoyment, with a little game now and then, together with the efforts of the whole family to make our stay pleasant, the fortnight was quickly and happily passed. We were up betimes in the morning, before daybreak, perhaps, and off to the mountains for squirrel, turkey or a deer drive, and the climb, the quickened pulse, the day's existence in the open air with hearty enjoyment put us in fine trim for Mrs. Wilson's table of good things when we got back, and a restful sleep thereafter.

Deer dogging is prohibited by statute in West Virginia, but driving by men is not. There didn't seem to be much "driving" while we were there, although efforts were not wanting, for the deer in thick cover could skulk or dodge while the beaters went by. Standers are posted at the crossings and drivers go to suitable distances and come down toward the stands in skirmish style, trusting to driving the deer before them; and later this is often successfully done, for then the vision of hunted and hunters is not so limited. Mr. W, and several of his neighbors tried faithfully on several occasions to drive a deer into danger, but without success. One day a deer crossed just above J. P.'s stand out of sight, and getting his wind whistled, which attracted the hunter's attention and a load of buckshot; but in the thick brush the buck was not shot, which was not strange, for he was very nimble on his pins and the cover was heavy. Deer tracks could be found without difficulty, wildcat sign was common (a half-grown one had been killed the week before we were there by Henry and the dogs) and bear range the mountains, one having been killed since we were there.

The Monday before we left had been selected for a deer hunt on Paddy Mountain some miles away, but on Sunday afternoon Mr. W. went up to the ridge field on top of a low mountain, to look after his calves, and took his Spencer shotgun to fend off the bull. Very unexpectedly he ran over, almost, a gang of twenty-two turkeys in the edge of the field—queer how such things happen—and away they all went, with a couple of loads of shot, down the mountainside, and away went Mr. W. to get below them; which he did, after a big detour, and by dark had them well scattered, and came home. With a big flock of turkeys scattered it wouldn't do to go away off somewhere else after deer, so the next morning, while yet the stars sparkled through the frosty air, ere the first flush of day appeared over Great North Mountain, four of us filed into the trail up the steep ascent, with considerable expectation and little noise. Mr. W. led us to the spot of scatteration, nearing which a turkey flew from the top of a big chestnut, and sailed away in the darkness. John Thorpe, a neighbor and good caller, with J. P., took one position, while Mr. W. and I went further down. As the darkness faded, I heard a faint call, and while I was trying to locate it, a bang from the rear broke the stillness and a hen turkey's neck at the hands of J. P., to whom it had been called by Thorpe. I imagine my friend felt a trifle "toppy" as he picked up his first turkey, America's most royal game-bird. Not another shot did we get, nor bird did we see, though Mr. W. said he heard some below us, and quietly intimated that I scared them away by my calling. Perhaps that was so, for it is long since I had practice, and then I was calling only for young green birds, and didn't want any old sharps around to take exceptions, (I'm not referring to Mr. W.) The next morning, however, he surprised a lost hen in a field on the mountain, and brought her corpse to the house. That was the sum total of our turkey bag, though I saw eight streaking it across the upper end of the same field one day, but couldn't come up with them, and J. P. saw presumably the same flock in another place, but the leaves were so dry that it must have been a deaf turkey, indeed, that couldn't locate a hunter a good way off.

Scarcely a day passed that some one or all of the party didn't bag squirrels, so that fried squirrel and cream gravy grew to be quite familiar features of the dining table. Mr. W. led the party I believe, in the squirrel business, but then he was acquainted with them, which was "diff'nt."

Hunters can most generally always find good and substantial reasons for failure in hunting, that is, satisfactory to themselves you know, however flimsy to others. For instance: I shot at a turkey one day after Mr. W. had tried his hand at it, and it wasn't more than 30yds. away either, but then it was going like lightning you see, and the brush was awfully thick you know, and I had to put my shot through a hole in the brush not over 6in. square you understand, and I wasn't well acquainted with the country either, so what could you expect.

Somewhat similarly the squirrels, they had different manners and customs from any squirrels I have ever interviewed. They hadn't any curiosity—not a mite. Now in other places if you surprise a squirrel on the ground or anywhere else, and you remain perfectly quiet, ten to one in less than five minutes he will show himself from his hiding place and open up on that tail motion and bark he has a patent on; while there, if you surprised one on the ground, which was extraordinarily seldom, he never stopped until he was clear out of sight or in his hole, and there he staid and you might wait until dark for all he cared. He wasn't curious about anything. If one barked, it was with that long drawn *diminuendo, pianissimo* squeal which plainly said, "I'm in my hole now, or mighty near it, and I'm on to your little game," and when a squirrel got fairly straightened out for home on the tops of the trees, with all that underbrush around your legs, you might as well chase Nancy Hanks. The fact that we killed what we did, proves our superior skill.

One day J. P. and I went to the Capon River, four miles away, for bass, but the stream was very low and sport poor. We brought back a few small bass, some sunfish, goggle-eyes and the memory of a delightful day along the crystal water that meanders northward through the beautiful valley.

Capon Iron Works is an institution of the past, though the wreck of the machinery and buildings is there still. There is iron in the mountains, with limestone for flux, and wood for charcoal, but it would seem that the period for utilizing it is past, at least with the machinery of many years ago, for it was established 40 or 50 years since, and only abandoned since the war. Perhaps with modern appliances iron might yet be profitably manufactured, though it is far to the railroad.

Mr. Wilson's house is the post-office for several families in the little valley, with daily mail to and from Wardensville, four and a half miles distant, on Capon River, with Miss Maggie as carrier, who drives a two-year-old colt to road cart just as easy as you please.

Mr. W. has two belled does that roam the forest during the summer and are penned up in his park in October for the winter. This park contains four acres, is partly on the level and partly on the slope of the mountain, about 100 rods from the house, with a fence eight feet high inclosing it. On the hillside a rail or two is pulled off the top, allowing bucks to jump in, but not always out, though Mr. W. says bucks have jumped even that high fence on the level. Several have been killed in the park, which contains plenty of timber and grass, in addition to which a portion of the flat is plowed in the fall and rye sown. Dozens of fawns have been raised in years past and given away or sold. Cold weather brings the does to the house, and one morning the mercury stood at twenty-four, while we were at breakfast, the tinkle-tinkle of the different-toned bells announced the arrival of the wanderers, which staid around the yard for a couple of hours, allowing us to pet them and witness their graceful movements, after which they wandered off leisurely to the hills again, and that day while after squirrels I heard the musical jingle of their bells, and sitting down watched them approach me unwittingly, daintily moving about, stopping to pick up an acorn or nip a choice bit of grass or weed, occasionally lifting their heads and throwing their ears forward as they listened to some sound suspicious, or sniffed some odor faint and illusive to other nostrils, causing them to forget for the nonce that it was unnecessary to flee for safety to their loved mountains. Sometimes, indeed, some vagabond dog strikes their trail, and then the sacred beauties have need of all their speed, cunning and endurance, but woe to the dog if he comes within reach of Mr. Wilson's rifle. By law if a belled or collared deer is killed by a dog the owner of the latter is liable for the value of deer. Two or three days before we left the does were penned, and the afternoon before we left J. P. and I went up to the park to bid them good-bye. After some little search we found them on the highest ground lying down under the trees, watching us with eyes not altogether void of fear as we approached, yet permitting us to come within a few feet before they rose, the younger coming up to us gingerly and permitting us to stroke her, while the elder at the gentlest touch sidled off suspicious. They would not touch the apples we brought, though cut in pieces, but walked about close by, nipping a plant morsel here and there, while we sat and watched them as they lay down again and began chewing the cud in their funny mincing way. It was a very pretty picture, for which we needed a Kodak; and as we left them, thinking we had been lying in wait only the day before to kill their kinfolk, our consciences pricked us just a little, and we resolved we wouldn't kill another deer—this year.

The two weeks were all too quickly gone, and the next morning at 3 o'clock after an unconscionably early breakfast or late supper, we bade Mrs. Wilson, Misses Maggie and Lou, and Henry good bye, and drove away into the darkness under the motionless oaken canopy, which here and there revealed the aging moon and sparkling stars in a cloudless sky. As day broke we had left the pike and Capon Valley, and were slowly ascending the mountain from the upper slopes of which was revealed to our delighted gaze a gigantic panorama of such regal splendor as, I am sure, two of us never witnessed before, and

can scarcely hope to enjoy again. Down the mountain-side far beneath us to right and left, and across the valley, rising to the summits of the nearer mountains and stretching away in rank overlapping rank as far as eye could reach, the brilliant crimson of the dogwood, the deep blood red of the gum, rich yellow of the hickory, variegated maples blending all three, oaks just faintly tinted, with here and there dark spots or bands of pine or hemlock shading the whole, completed a picture which for loveliness in detail and gorgeousness in ensemble belongs to the Alleghenies alone, a vision that holds one entranced, a vision baffling the loftiest flight of the poet or most skillful brush of the painter, a vision matchless that will always rise in delightful memories of Great North Mountain. O. O. S.

# Natural History.

## MORE ABOUT THE SCREAM.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Apropos of panthers' screams. I never met with a panther at large, but I have many times been with individuals of the kind for days together in menageries while I have been engaged in making drawings. The conclusion I have arrived at is that the panther is in all respects a huge cat. It indulges in a caterwauling that is precisely like that of the domestic animal, but proportionately deeper and louder.

This yelling it utters more at some seasons than others, and is chiefly indulged in by the male. All males that I have observed—some thirty—were prone to it. The voice of the common tomcat is often horribly human, as in fact is that of all the *Felidæ* except the lion, so far as my observation goes, and I cannot see anything ridiculous in the comparison when one likens the scream to that of a person in anguish. I know that many a time while in the London Zoo my hair would indeed have been set a-prickling by the horrid yells of an old male panther but for the fact that I knew what and where the screamer was. The same sounds heard at night in the woods would have been simply appalling.

As to the possibility of the hair being set on end, see Darwin on the "Expression of the Emotions" and Bell on the "Anatomy of the Expression," and you will there see the matter scientifically examined and the fact established that under rare and extreme circumstances of human horror or terror the hair rises on end as in the lower animals. The physiology of it is pretty well understood. The minute muscle that is attached to each hair bulb is nearly atrophied in the human subject, and has lost connection with the voluntary nerve supply, but it is there still and may be acted on by sudden or severe cold, as in goose flesh, or by terror, as already stated.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

TORONTO, Canada.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

When "Stanstead" made his daring assertion (in the face of what I supposed a conceded fact) that a panther had no more scream in him than a bulldog, I felt that he had stuck his foot in a hornets' nest, and I fully expected the flood of opposition that is pouring in.

I confess to being a know-nothing in the line of screams, but I'll relate an incident. Many years ago I was in the northern part of Maine, and as I was taking a drive with a man in whose veracity I have boundless confidence, we came to a place that sloped from the road down to a meadow. "Now, here," he said, "is a place that I shall never forget as long as I have a memory. It was a bright, moonlight night, and I was going over to a neighbor's in a sleigh with my sister when we saw a big dog coming up from the meadow just ahead of us. When he got to the road we were scarcely 20yds. from him and the horse stopped in terror. Then the big dog turned his head toward us, crouched down in the snow, swaying his tail from side to side, and gave a scream that fairly curdled our blood. I knew that scream and knew that something must be done, and there was but one thing to do, and that was to turn the horse, which I proceeded to do, expecting every moment that the beast would make a spring for us; but he did not, and when the horse got round he went as if he wanted to get away from something. That was several years ago, and my hair has never got down flat to this day, and I still sometimes imagine I hear that unearthly, horrifying scream."

No! the panthers scream is not a "myth"—it's a sound.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla. DIDYMUS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I think that the evidence submitted in the last number of your paper concerning the scream of the panther ought to satisfy any unprejudiced person that this creature can scream on occasion, and that quite effectively. I myself have heard it, but as I did not see the animal in the act, I hesitated to appear in evidence. If the capital "cougar skin" story of "O. O. S." is to be believed, and there is nothing incredible about it, that ought to have settled the question.

Yes, the panther can scream, 'twere pity if he were the only cat which couldn't. The elephant, the horse, the bear, the mink, the hare, the rat, and even the bullfrog can scream when they see reason; then why doubt that the panther can do the same thing at his need, not to say his pleasure.

Let him henceforward scream in peace. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Two years ago I was hunting in the Florida Everglades, where we found deer, bear, turkey and plume birds very plentiful on the many different mangrove islands we visited. Some of the islands seem to be several feet higher than others, with large mounds of decayed shells and the growth principally hemp, Spanish needle, prickly pear, cocoanut and various kinds of poisonous vines, which sometimes cover half an acre in clusters. We found these places to be the home of the panther, catamount and rattlesnake. It is almost impossible to cross these islands without a large knife to cut one's way, besides you are pricked above your leggings at all times by needles. Our faithful dogs had already learned of the paws of panthers in the Gulf hammock and would not venture within 20yds. of one unless seriously wounded. On the margin of these islands were the only open spaces we could see any distance to shoot, and at night this seemed to be the panther's resort for gathering turtle eggs, crabs, young birds, etc.

We shot five with the head lantern in two nights, and killed two which we got, one measuring 7ft., the other 7ft. 8in. I have never heard one scream, but they would cry loudly in the manner of a cat. I left our camp-fire one night not more than fifty paces for some driftwood, and noticed something in front of me not more than 20ft. I thought it was one of our dogs and spoke to it. There was a signal of the tail and a low growl. I found I was almost in the clutches of a large panther. I had nothing to defend myself with, and called to my companion to come at once with the gun. He came, and so did the dogs, which gave the beast a fright into the scrub. When I would back from him he came toward me, and held his position when I would stand. I was not on the stand long, but just a little longer than I ever care to take another such stand, I am quite sure. I have his skin now among my collections. J. M. MCCRARY.

ORIOLE, Fla., Oct. 26.

A Bath, Maine, reader sends us this note from the *Plaindealer* of that town:

A Cameron correspondent says the residents of Swale are greatly excited over the appearance in their midst of a strange wild animal whose unearthly screeching makes the hair of the inhabitants thereabouts stand straight. Recently this unknown beast visited the farm of Roy Jones, a reputable farmer, and by its infernal howling aroused the family, which had retired for the night. Mr. Jones got his rifle and went forth to reconnoiter. He soon located the beast in an adjacent cornfield, and fired in the direction of the sound. The noise ceased, but began again a short distance from the first point. Calling his dog, a large shepherd, he sent him in pursuit. Soon after there were sounds of a conflict, and hurrying to the scene found his dog in the throes of doath, almost torn to shreds. The beast had escaped. It is thought to be a panther. An organized search led by Ross Hallett, will be made as soon as snow is sufficient for tracking purposes comes. The residents are in a terrified condition and dare not venture out after nighfall.

## THE CANADA LYNX.

TORONTO, Canada.—In December, 1890, we were going up the Sturgeon River on the ice. At a point about eight miles north of Lake Nipissing we saw an animal cross the river about a mile in advance. Not knowing exactly what it was I ran ahead with a .40-82 Winchester. On coming to the track in the snow I saw at once that it was a Canada lynx, and as there was an enormous bluff of rock on the shore in the direction taken by the anim l it seemed probable its den was in the vicinity. As soon as our dog came up he followed the fresh scent and found the lynx about 200ft. up the ledge crouching under a large rock. The ascent was so abrupt that I had the utmost difficulty in getting up, even the weight of the rifle told against me at times. The position of the lynx was such that it was impossible to see him without climbing on a large boulder directly in front of the place of the animal's refuge. I mounted the boulder, and stooping down looked in at the lynx barely 10ft. away, but I was so much blown by the exertion that it was necessary to wait a half-minute or so to recover my wind.

I remained on guard in front of the animal, and when sufficiently recovered knelt down and fired. One spring would have reached me, and its momentum must have precipitated me 200ft. down the face of the cliff. The position taken by the animal was such that he could not be seen except from the one point. He appeared rather frightened than vicious, so far as I could judge—when first seen his eyes were glaring green from beneath the rock, when ready to fire his position was changed. The head was not visible, but the breast only was exposed. The 360grs. bullet proved too much for him.

Hunters in northern Ontario do not consider the lynx at all dangerous. If taken in a trap they do not hesitate to attack the animal and beat it to death with a club. My own experience tends to confirm the notion that they are cowardly. S. R. CLARKE.

There are no Canada lynx about Nicatowis Lake, but the bobcat, which is often called the lynx by people who are not familiar with both animals, occurs there. Last Monday one of our guides was taking a young man down the lake, and just below the narrows they discovered a buck deer and some other animal swimming across the lake. They first killed the buck and then turned for the other animal. The young man fired at it and missed it. The animal at once turned for the canoe and showed fight. Their gun would not work and they had to use their paddles to kill or drown him.

I was about one mile behind them, and when I got to them they had both the cat and the deer in the canoe. They did not know what kind of an animal they had captured, but said that he was a savage one, and asked me if I could name it. I told them I could, and asked them if they had ever read in our papers of the Chain Lake serpent. They said that they had. "Well," I said to them, "that is the chap that you have read about. It is called by Machias people the great Chain Lake Serpent."

I have known bobcats and lynxes to kill deer on the land, but never before knew them to follow one across a lake. These cats are often seen in this section, and are troublesome to some of our farmers, killing their poultry, sheep and lambs. J. DARLING.

### Tried to Enter the Dining Room.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13, 1892.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you are interested in all that pertains to bird life, I will tell you of an occurrence which took place this morning at my house. While at the breakfast table, there was a thud against one of the windows, and looking up I saw a number of birds flying ontside. Upon raising the sash a bird was discovered lying in the yard, and a number of sparrows sitting on the fence watching him. The wounded bird was brought in to me, and to my astonishment it was a woodcock. Evidently the sparrows were chasing him, and in his fright he had flown against the glass. He weighed seven ounces. What do you think of living in New York and having woodcock flying almost into your dining room?

CHAS. P. FRAME.

### Black Muskrats.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Nov. 13.—Mr. Fred. Kraemer, who lives near a small stream emptying into Loyalsock Creek, several miles below the city of Williamsport, and who is very successful in raising German carp, has an open barrel sunk into the ground and just across a natural runway of muskrats. Said barrel does duty as an ever ready trap, and many a thieving muskrat has been entrapped on her way to the carp ponds and dispatched by Mr. Kraemer. Some time ago the above-named young gentleman, a very successful hunter and taxidermist, who has a fine collection of birds and animals of his own killing and mounting, found one of his late captured muskrats to be a melanistic specimen. The individual is black on the upper side from tip of nose to root of tail, darkest on middle of back. The black color also extends below each eye, sides show a very slight brownish cast, blending with the blackish silver gray of inside of legs, throat and under side. There is a complete absence of all reddish-brown on the animal.

Several weeks later Mr. Kraemer captured a second specimen, a full-grown female, which is a perfect counterpart of the first animal, and which he had the kindness to present to the writer for his own collection.

AUGUST KOCH.

### Ruffed Grouse Wanted for Breeding.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will, I am sure, remember my somewhat extended experiments in attempting to effect the breeding and rearing of the ruffed grouse in confinement, as will no doubt many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. I am now prepared to resume these experiments under more favorable circumstances than ever, and the object of this note is to beg the coöperation of any of the readers of "our paper" who could aid me in procuring birds for that purpose. With the larger runs and greater seclusion that are now available for such grouse as I may be able to obtain this fall, I feel reasonably sure of gratifying results the coming spring. Of course if I should succeed in procuring any specimens that had been in confinement for a year or so, the chances would be all the greater for success the first season. Any communications through the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, or sent to me direct will be most gratefully received.

J. B. BATTELLE.

### A Carnivorous Muskrat.

WHILE out shooting the other day I noticed something which had hitherto escaped my notice, that muskrats would eat birds. I had always believed that muskrats were not carnivorous, and I have always caught them with a parsnip for bait. After getting several plover and a black duck, last week, I shot a snipe, which I saw fall in some long grass and weeds near the edge of some bushes. I went to the place and found every necessary trace to prove that the snipe had fallen there, big feathers, blood, and an indentation in the soft mud. From this place the fresh tracks of a muskrat led for about 20ft. to a hole in the marsh. There was no snipe to be seen.

L. D. VON IFFLAND.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## NOTES OF THE SEASON.

Yesterday Mr. A. M. Holbrooke, of Foster's Point, a Bath, Me., paper reported one day last week, saw a large animal, which looked like a deer, swimming across the New Meadows river. At first he thought that he must be mistaken as he knew that deer are not very plenty around here, but he decided to investigate. He went to the house and got his rifle and started out after the game. He found out that it was surely a deer and as he neared the bank fired and killed him. He was a beauty and had two large horns. He weighed nearly two hundred pounds.

Note has been made in these columns of Mr. S. E. Worrell's hunting and fishing boats. A new notion, devised by Mr. John G. Mott, of Michigan City, Ind., is a tent covering for the Worrell boat. The box seats he had made detachable, and the body of the boat was used for beds, the whole being covered over with the tent covering.

A Quebec correspondent writes: I procured a small quantity of the wild rice and sent my man to sow it, not being able to go myself, very much to my regret. The man reports that in one of the lakes to which I sent him he found a few heads of precisely the same grain, a few kernels remaining on the heads, the rest having evidently dropped out. Query: how came they there? There is none of the rice hereabouts that I know of, certainly none within many miles. The lake is a favorite breeding place for the common white gulls, called by the French people "Mauve." Could they have brought the grain? Or is the grain the cause of their coming? We see and hear hundreds of them in summer about there, but notice but comparatively few elsewhere.

### Undoubtedly the Influence.

SUMAS, Washington.—Here is a clipping from the San Francisco *Examiner* in report of an execution by hanging of some Texas cowboys. My idea of the feat is this: The distance was not measured, or it must have been some remarkable variety of liquor, under influence of which the shooting was done:

"One day in the cotton picking season of 1869 Bill returned from Brenham, where he had gone to dispose of a few bales of cotton, slightly under the influence of liquor. He was at this time an excellent marksman with the pistol, his aim being so accurate that men stood in awe of his skill. One of his feats was to race a mustang a distance of 200yds. past a 4in. sapling and empty his six-shooter in the tree as he rode by, planting the bullets almost one upon each other in a circle no larger than a Mexican dollar." G. H. G.

## A NOVEMBER TRAMP IN INDIANA.

In "Cumberland's" article of Oct. 20 his allusion to the wrong side of 40 and the rapidly approaching time when our shooting will all be of the retrospective kind, has touched a very tender chord in myself, and no doubt in many others on the "down grade." While there is sadness in the prospect there is no doubt but what we old fellows enjoy our field days better than we did when we were so young that old age was not in sight. It is like the Indian summer days that are doubly enjoyed because we know that the drear days of winter crowd close behind them and will soon drive them away. So we who have outlived so many of our youth's companions, feel that every day we now get is just one more than we had reason to expect, and that perhaps the "next time" will never come. We enjoy it better, too, because we know so much better how to do it, and are provided with such good and pleasant implements, and it takes less game to satisfy us.

For twenty consecutive seasons I have shot quail over the same familiar ground; and it seems to me that what little shooting I've done this season has been the most enjoyable of all, although the birds are not so plenty as usual, the cover unusually heavy, and the ground very dry indeed.

In the younger periods of life a big bag was the one thing sought for, and the glorious weather, the gorgeous foliage of the trees, the rich plumage and the cute ways of the birds, were altogether overlooked in the eagerness to kill. Now, all these things furnish their quota of enjoyment. Joe, as well as his master, has outgrown his puppy ways and is a mighty comfortable dog to shoot over. He don't have to be watched to keep him from chasing rabbits, nor switched for breaking after a falling bird; in fact he understands his work and attends to it. The nitro powders, too, have made the shooting much pleasanter. The noise is so slight that it don't disturb nervous people, and the absence of smoke gives the shooter many more opportunities for using the second barrel.

Since writing the above, heavy rains have fallen, the weather clearing up yesterday with one of those rare days, entirely free from smoke, dust or wind—a day that was all sunshine. Joe evidently thought it was a good day for quail, for he was very uneasy and kept a close eye on me during the fornoon, and when I came out with the corduroy suit and the gun, his delight was boundless. He scattered the chickens right and left, planted the cat on top of the fence with arched back and reversed fur, and sent the hogs blowing and snorting to the back side of the orchard. A walk of half a mile to the west brought us to the edge of the Green Fork valley, a mile wide with gently descending slopes on either side, its bottom level and showing squares of yellow cornfield, green wheat, and gray stubbles grown up with ragweed, which affords both food and cover for the quail. One of the fields just over there to the right has been in corn, but it has been cut for ensilage and many weeds now cover it. Joe points very suddenly before he gets into it 100yds. Eight or nine birds get up and whirr away toward a field of high corn. I do my best to get in a right and left, for there will be no chance to shoot them in that high corn. They will run before the dog, and when they fly will not top the corn, but fly between the rows. Both shots scored. One tumbled into the weeds, and the other fell, fluttering, into the hedge. After getting the dead birds, Joe wanted to go into the cornfield after the others but I told him it was no use; but to hunt for some more in the field. Less than 75yds. away he made another point, or rather dropped flat on the ground and lay there. On going to him a rabbit scurried away. "Now Joseph," said I, "aren't you big enough and old enough to know better than"—*Whirr! whirr!* about fifteen great plump, strong-winged birds get up all round us, part of them going to the big corn, and the rest toward the farm buildings. The first barrel didn't shoot within 2ft. of the bird, but the second winged one. Most of those going toward the buildings found a soft place in the berry patch, too close to the house to shoot without annoying the inmates, but a few of the birds dropped in the weeds before they got out of the field. Joe was put after them, and found four single birds. Two were killed, one missed and the other flew toward the home. "Now Joseph," said I, "this is great sport; we've bagged five birds in ten minutes, and it is a good afternoon's sport if we don't shoot any more; but we will go across the Sugar Camp and try Study's farm, and then swing round to the left and take in De Witt Bond's place."

We put in a full hour on the Study place scouring two big weed fields and a weedy cornfield, but did not find a bird. Another hour was spent exploring some other likely-looking ground, so it was nearly 4 o'clock when the Bond farm was reached. Here was an ideal place for quail. A brushy woods bordered on the south by a gently sloping strip of ground, covered with rag weeds and bounded by a brushy slough on the further side. Joe soon found them and they flew into the woods, except one that was shot. A short distance in the woods a single bird was put up which flew back to the open, giving a fair shot, but it was a clear miss. Mark him! There, he is down, in the cornfield 30ft. to the right of that bush. The next bird that got up was killed, as was another that rose at the crack of the gun. The next one was missed by both barrels, but was marked down. Now we concluded to go for the two birds that were marked, for if we had too many marks to remember, we would forget some of them.

The last bird was found at once and killed, but the one in the cornfield had run away, and the dog had a good deal of trouble to make it out, but finally got it. It was missed by the first, but the second wounded it, so it flew but a short distance, and Joe caught it before it could get above the weeds.

Next we went back in the woods and Joe flushed one, which I ought to have killed, but missed it. Next I flushed one which tried to fly around and behind me. The bushes were very thick and the bird not over 4ft. above the ground, but I swung myself and the gun around and knocked the bird into pulp before it was 30ft. away. I don't know how I did it, but I did it, and have done it many other times; in fact, rarely miss that kind of a shot. It seems as if I don't know anything till I see the floating feathers and the falling birds. If I am conscious of anything it is of intently watching the bird. I know that I pay no attention to the gun. Shortly after this Joe pointed in a fallen tree-top and that bird got away. After another thorough search Joe found one more bird which was missed by the first, but tumbled into a brush pile to the second barrel.

From this place we started to another stubble half a mile down the creek. In the middle of a cornfield, in very small corn, and no weeds, Joe pointed. I saw a single quail within three feet of his nose; here was a temptation to shoot the bird's head off and make sure of it, and I confess that before I became a reader of Forest and Stream, it would have been done that way, but the lessons in true sportsmanship learned in its columns decided the case in the bird's favor, so it was flushed, flew straight toward a house, and got away. That quail should thank Forest and Stream that it is alive to-day. When we reached the lower stubble field I was pretty tired, so I told Joe to "hunt 'em up" while the old man sat on the fence. The fence was on the top of a hill and the stubble lay mostly in the "bottom." Joe went racing down the hill and at its foot ran over a rabbit. He stopped and looked at the running rabbit for a few seconds, and then turned and looked at me. A wave of my hand sent him in an opposite direction from the rabbit and he galloped in wide circles through the weeds, occasionally stopping and throwing his nose up to windward. After fifteen minutes of this kind of work his nose went to the ground, and after a few sniffs he began drawing, stopping every few feet and looking toward me. The man on the fence forgot that he was tired, and went to the dog. The dog led him almost in a circle. It was nearly sundown and the birds did not want to get scattered, so, as the cover was heavy, they tried to get away by running, but by urging Joe we out-walked and flushed them, and a fine lot they were. Not less than twenty great big strong-winged fellows. I got all mixed up and fired both barrels right at the "brown of 'em," but didn't get a feather. They came down in the thick brush on the hill side. "Well, Joe, it's a mighty bad place to shoot, but we will get above them and they will probably scatter next time and some of them will come back in the field, for they want to roost there."

They got up rather wild and scattered badly, but I saw three go down in the field and three more along the edge, in some willow bushes. We went for those in the field first, and got them at three shots, but they gave us quite a chase, for they were running, and Joe would not trail them fast enough to put them up. After getting those three Joe found where the others had run from the willows into the field and got them up. Two were killed but the third one got up wild. The rest of them had not been marked down, and it was getting too dark to shoot, so we started up the creek to cross on Bond's foot bridge. Right on top of the bluff, and close to the edge, Joe pointed one, which flew over the creek and dropped into the water. It was a pretty cold swim but Joe got it in very short order.

Near the house I met Mr. Bond's little daughter and gave her a half dozen birds. As I passed the barn Mr. Bond greeted me with "Get out of here, I don't allow any man to shoot on my place." "Well," said I, "you're rather late about it; I don't object to being ordered off at this time of day." "Come in the house and have supper, and rest awhile," said he, but as it was late and somebody was waiting for me at home, and would be uneasy till I came, the invitation was declined and Joe and I tramped home, both thinking we had had great sport, and another day of pleasant memories to fall back on when we can do no shooting. It would hardly do to tell the truth about the supper Joe and I ate that night. It would exceed the Kekoskee bullhead story.

I have been at home fourteen days since the open season began, and have killed 157 quail. What did we do with them? Ate all we wanted (and that was a good many) and gave the rest to our friends.

Am expecting to go after ruffed grouse soon, and may have something to say about it. O. H. Hampton.

Williamsburg, Ind., Nov. 7.

## IN A MAINE HUNTER'S CAMP.

[*Concluded from page 400.*]

The carrying of loads by the Maine guides and woodsmen was a new experience to Mr. Coggin and his friends. Here was this sturdy young fellow—he hardly seemed more than twenty—with his deer across his back, making such time down the hill, over rocks, logs and fallen trees, that Mr. Coggin could scarcely keep up with him. "He declined my offer to carry his rifle," says Mr. Coggin, "and actually wanted to help me over some of the bad places. When we got into camp you should have heard the boys shout. It was but the work of a few minutes to skin the deer, and sooner than it takes to tell the first deer of the hunt was ready for cooking. The guides and lumbermen of the Smith Brook Camps dress a deer with the facility of experts. This deer was the beginning of venison every meal, when we wanted it. The other boys were soon off hunting, but as for myself, I had had enough for one day."

Mr. Coggin's next ambition was to get a moose. With his guide the next day they went well up and over the side of Mooselick Mountain. Soon the guide called the hunter's attention to moose tracks. "He is a big one!" was the only remark. The guide soon begun moving with the utmost caution. He would step so as not to make a sound in the fallen leaves. Not a twig did he break. The hunter followed his example as nearly as possible. They crept on for a while, when the guide stooped down, untied his hunting shoes and took them off. Mr. Coggin did the same. Neither spoke a word, scarcely in the lowest whisper. The guide listened, with his ear to the ground. Mr. Coggin did the same. The footfalls of the great moose could be heard. "Pat, pat, patter. pat!" slowly. "He is only walking," whispers the guide. The "pat, pat" suddenly stopped, when "gersh, gursh, gish!" the sound the moose makes when stripping off the branches of his favorite browsing trees and twigs. "He is feeding," whispers the guide. "I think you will get a shot." Our hunting friend's hair almost stood on end. He peered into the thicket, in the direction of the browsing sound, and the guide did the same. Neither could see the game. Very cautiously they crawled into the thicket. They could see no moose. Again the guide put his ear to the ground, and the hunter did the same. "Pat, pat, pat!" on the soft earth. "He is trotting," whispers the guide, as a shade of disappointment steals over his ruddy young face. "But he isn't frightened yet." They crawled a little further, peering cautiously over a little rise just ahead of them. They could now smell the moose very plainly—that peculiar odor that only the moose hunter has experienced. Gently as possible they parted the twigs of the thicket and worked towards the game. He must be very near! Not more than ten rods away, and yet they cannot see him, so dense is the wood. A little further—very cautiously. "Crash! crash!! smash!!! A railway train off the tracks could scarcely have made more noise. It seemed as though the whole woods were coming down. The moose had either scented or seen the hunters, and had taken the alarm. Away he went over the mountain. The hopes of our friend the hunter fell forty degrees. The guide jumped up in disgust. They quietly put on their shoes. There was not time that day to further follow the moose.

Rather crestfallen they returned to the camp. That evening Jim McGinn, the oldest guide assigned to the party, was rather inclined to sneer at the ill success of our friend Coggin and Nat Smith, the boy guide. He would go moose hunting himself with any one of the party the next day. He could "call." From his bunk he took his birch-bark horn and blew a blast. It was decided that Mr. Parker, the Bangor salesman, should accompany him on a three-days' hunt. The next morning Jim loaded some blankets on his back, with some food tied up in a bundle, and, with a rather lonesome look on his face, Mr. Parker, rifle in hand, followed him into the forest. The following day Parker returned, thoroughly tired out. He had killed no moose. Jim had called in the night and got a response, but the moose did not come. He was very silent at supper time, and all the early evening. When questioned about his success, "Um!" was his only answer. Only short expressions and sighs could be drawn out of his mouth. Early he went off to his bunk. The boys who watched him the closest say that he almost shed tears several times; he felt so badly that he had not got a moose for the hunters. He had followed the bull that had responded the night before, but had failed to get a shot.

There were other characters at the camp besides Jim, the elder guide, and Smith, the younger guide, assigned by Mr. Nason to our friend Coggin. Smith is really clerk for Mr. Nason. Indeed, among ninety men, the full crew at these camps, when in full operation, there should be some characters. The camp blacksmith, Moses Fleming, a sturdy fellow, strong as an ox, is a genuine sample of a thorough woodsman. No distance was too great for him, no load too heavy. The boys called him "The Distance Exaggerator," but distance reducer would have been better. He is guilty of many of the State-of-Maine-woods miles in that section. Jinks, the cook, is also a character that greatly interested the hunters. His "All up! All up!" in the morning was worth hearing, at four o'clock, especially if one was not obliged to turn out, as the lumbermen were.

The party staid at Smith Brook Camps six days. They got five deer in all. These were mainly used at the camps. It was too far into the wilderness to think of bringing one out. The patridge shooting was something to delight the heart of the amateur hunter. The birds were almost as tame as chickens. The boys shot them on the ground or on the trees with their rifles. They had no shotguns with them. The two guides would take their heads almost every time. "Shoot their heads off!" suggested Nat Smith, the guide, to Mr. Coggin, the first day out. That gentleman tried it for a couple of days, but found he was getting but few birds. Rifle shooting was comparatively new to him. Later he aimed at their bodies, and had the satisfaction of getting almost every one. He counted until they had killed eighty or ninety birds, and then got tired of counting. The party must have killed over one hundred ruffed grouse. Only one spruce partridge did they see. The guides report that these beautiful birds are becoming rare in the Maine woods. They are so tame that they cannot stand up against the great march of sportsmen that are invading that State. They saw no bear, though the signs were plenty. Mr. Coggin is confident that with a slight snow for tracking they could have obtained both bear and moose. The ground was very thickly strewn with fallen leaves, making it exceedingly difficult to approach these very wary animals within gunshot.

At the end of the six days they bid good bye to the kind Mr. Nason, who had done so much for their comfort and enjoyment. They left him, convinced that he comes fully up to his reputation as one of the most hospitable of lumber camp proprietors, and one of the most successful lumbermen in that region. The two guides were actually sad-hearted at parting with the sportsmen, and the sportsmen shared the same feeling. "Be sure to come again next year," were the parting exclamations.

From Smith Brook Camps the boys tramped the long twelve miles to Cape Sepomque, where they again rested. The batteaux and the horses were down river at the other end of the route, and that whole twelve miles had to be tramped. From Ox Bow they went six miles northeast to the Military Road that runs from lower Aroostook to Presque Isle. They were going out by Presque Isle, to see the country. At the Military Road they found a team, and started for the northeast. The first night they put up at Ashland, where there are a couple of good hotels. When within several miles of Ashland they passed a log camp, quite a distance from the road. Indeed they would scarcely have noticed the camp but from the fact that a couple of men ran out and hailed them. The men had rifles in their hands and packs on their backs, and from their looks the driver was scarce inclined to stop his horses, though the party also had rifles. But these rifles were stowed away in the bottom of the wagon. It scarcely seemed as though the hunters wanted to be stopped by these newcomers, but they ran on behind with a good deal of determination. At last the driver concluded to stop, the men seemed to be so much in earnest. They came up. They could speak fairly good English, though evidently French Canadians. They simply wanted the team to carry their packs for them. The driver was inclined to decline. His horses were light, and there were five men and their luggage already in the wagon. But finally he decided to accommodate them. He took the packs aboard and drove on, leaving the men to come on foot. At Ashland Mr. Coggin happened to think that the packs might be wanted before morning, and in the evening they took the packs out of the wagon in the stable, and put them on the piazza of the hotel. Then they had a chance to find out why the men were so much in earnest about having their packs transported. Each pack must have

weighed between fifty and sixty pounds. The men were on their way into the woods, in the extreme northern part of the State, to spend the winter trapping. In the morning the packs were gone.

Mr. Coggin was pleased with the ride from Ashland to Presque Isle. It runs through a new farming and forest country. Here farms and farm improvements are to be seen in all stages, from a log house and a "cut-down" to some of the finest farms in Maine. Some of the log houses, built a few years since, are being hewn, and some even planed and painted. Other farms have handsome modern houses and noble barns. At Presque Isle the journey home by rail begun.

The amount of pleasure Mr. Coggin has experienced in this, his first hunting trip into the Maine woods, is hard to tell of in cold letters. He is satisfied that a visit to the lumber camps in the Northwood is the way to go a hunting, and he believes that the "latch string hangs out" for the right kind of men to make such hunting trips. Invitations would be more generally in order did not the sturdy lumbermen fear the babyishness and meanness of the city dude and would-be sport. For the dude and the shirk there is no room in these camps. For the true gentleman, who expects hardship, and is willing to rough it, invitations are in order. SPECIAL.

## THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

THE prairie has been likened to the ocean, and the simile is not altogether wide of the mark, and as one looks out over the boundless expanse of rolling grass land, that spreads on every side until land and sky meet on the horizon line, it does not require such a great effort of the imagination to see the resemblance.

Though the waving grass gives life to the view it lacks the mighty heave of the ocean; that ceaseless pulsing of the waters is wanting; the swelling waves of prairie land seem to have stiffened and died, deserted by the impulse which gave them birth.

The mere turning of the sod reveals a rich, dark loam, that without fertilizing will yield several crops of corn, and produce a wonderful return in golden grain.

In late autumn the chickens resort to the fields of standing corn to glean, and rich pickings they find. They speedily become plump on this diet. Killed to-day and broiled to-morrow over a quick fire of corncobs, served immediately when done, they are perfection.

On a still, clear morning the scolding of the cocks begins at sunrise and the air resounds with their *kek-kek! kek-kek!* until long after the hoar frost has disappeared. Then you will see flock after flock leave the prairie and enter the corn, there to remain, unless disturbed, throughout the day. A short hour before sunset they run out to the edge and spring into sturdy flight for the night bivouac on the open plain.

At this season these camps of the prairie chicken often contain thousands of individuals, representing hundreds of coveys, that arrive from all quarters, coming sometimes from a distance of miles to this favored spot.

One will frequently see some belated party string across his path as he tramps along just after sunset. Silent as owls, they flit past on outspread wings and vanish in the gloom.

I first met the prairie chicken in Lee county, Illinois. It had been close season for several years, consequently the chickens were abundant and furnished delightful sport.

The shooting among the standing corn is, to me, the most exciting of any of the methods pursued in hunting this fine bird. * * *

It is early in the forenoon, and I will see if I cannot find some of the birds I saw enter that eighty-acre piece a while ago.

We are presently in the thick of it, and save for the rustling leaves on the tall stalks which rise above our heads it is very still.

The chickens are running, as I see by the trailing of my dog; and it is necessary to step out briskly in order to keep him in view.

There! He has struck a hot scent: hear how his tail is beating tattoo on the stalks as he worms his way along, crouching close to the ground in his eagerness to locate the birds.

At last, with head almost at right angles with his body, he stands rigid.

There they go. A dozen chickens whizz up through the corn about us. I catch a glimpse of one just as he clears himself, and pull on him almost without sighting. Crash! thud! down he comes, and quickly I have him in hand, a fine young bird, as I find by holding him up so that his whole weight falls on the under mandible, which breaks under the strain.

The difference in plumage of these full-grown birds is very slight, and it is by this simple test that we may distinguish young from old. In an old bird the lower mandible always sustains the weight of the body without breaking.

The old dog is pointing again!

A single bird rises this time and sails off uninjured, though I give him the contents of both barrels.

How easy it is to miss them in this cover in spite of their size. We move on.

There has been a covey about here, as numerous tracks tend to show. It will take careful work to put them up now, as they have doubtless taken the alarm ere this and are keeping well ahead of us.

There they go again off to the left! If we flush another bunch in this cover they will probably get up all together, as is their habit after being so disturbed. Try to pick your birds, for though they rise with a thundrous roar of wings and look very large, you will find, as in quail shooting, that pot shots can seldom be made.

Here is the edge of the field. I think we will work round to where we entered, and after trying that little patch between here and the house, I will wait until toward sundown, when they come out, and perhaps I may get a little flight shooting.

Chickens feed quietly among the corn, rarely betraying their presence, save to the keen nose of your dog. Once flushed they lie very close for some time after alighting, and will not scatter until thoroughly satisfied that danger is past.

This, however, is only in cover when they have been used to feeding undisturbed. Later in the season when constant gunning has made them wary, they will make for the open at first flight, and rarely return before next morning. Look here! see where they have been dusting in this dry loam, just like so many old hens.

Four o'clock! I walk out on the prairie to an old hay stack, that seemed to be located near the center of their flight, as they left the corn last evening and lie down to await developments.

High overhead, a flock of wild geese is moving south, travelers I guess from the height at which they fly, and the silence and regularity of their action.

Blackbirds in dense flocks are sweeping past, with incessant noise of harsh rasping cries.

Close by a miniature whirlwind is sucking up the stray heads of buffalo grass, and careering with them a short distance, where it leaves them awaiting the next puff, that shall waltz them off again.

Keeping a sharp lookout in the direction of the cornfields I presently see a covey of chickens rise. They come down well to one side, far out of shot but affording me a fine opportunity to observe their manner of flight.

Rising with a burst of strong wing strokes they attain an elevation of from 20 to 30yds., and scale off on extended pinions for long stretches, then with a renewal of wingbeats they acquire fresh impetus. In this manner they alternate, now scaling, now flying along until lost to sight over the prairie.

Here comes another covey, now they are close upon me. *Bang!* one—*bang!* again—as two cross each other in flight, and down they come. There are numbers of chickens sailing by, but none venture in my direction. It is nearly dark when I reach the house, as night shuts in very quickly. How cosy the firelight makes the room seem, after the silence of the prairie. The solitude on these plains after nightfall is depressing to me.

BAY RIDGE, Long Island, N. Y. WILMOT TOWNSEND.

## GAME IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

ENGLEWOOD, Ill., Nov. 7.—I have once more enjoyed the pleasures of an outing in South Dakota; and thinking some of the incidents of the trip, and especially the information as to where, when and how, to go to good shooting grounds, may be of interest to your readers I send you this brief account of the trip lately made.

With Dr. A. Vanderveen, of Grand Haven, Mich., I started on the evening of Oct. 13 for a two weeks' shoot. We met in Chicago, and having a few hours' spare time devoted them to looking up rates and routes. Our last call was on Major Heafford, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, and we could well have spared ourselves the extra tramping we had done had our first call been on him, and we were at once provided with tickets, sleeping car berths, etc. Left Chicago via C., M. & St. P. R. R. at 6:30 P. M., our first stopping place to be Vermillion, S. D. Here we were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. H. W. Dubee. The Professor is the musical director of the University of South Dakota, and is very proud of the young university; and well he may be, for it is a striking example of the enterprise and liberality of the new State. Two or three days were very pleasantly spent under his hospitable roof, or more properly speaking, the nights were spent there, for the Doctor and I put in our days on the Vermillion River and the fields adjacent, which were "swarming" with quail; we also found fair duck shooting on the river.

The second day of our stay we took a boat for an all-day's trip up the river; and had only left the boat house when just ahead of us we saw about a dozen ducks, which leisurely swam ahead of us, directly toward the shore where a barnyard came down to the water's edge. I was taking the first turn at the oars, the Doctor, with gun in hand, sitting in the stern of the boat. He, of course, was first to see the ducks, and got ready for a shot. Glancing over my shoulder and seeing the ducks headed directly for the shore, I at once concluded they were tame ducks, and warned the Doctor not to shoot. We drew nearer and nearer to the birds, and the Doctor exclaimed, "Well, G., those are the first tame redheads I ever saw." But so sure was I that they belonged to the barnyard that I gave the boat a short whirl round to bring me facing the flock, when away they went down the river, flying as only redheads can when they let themselves out. The turning of the boat cut the Doctor off from a shot, and I only had the satisfaction of saying something more emphatic than polite as I counted eleven fine birds as they whirled round a bend out of sight. I did not hear the end of the story during our whole trip, and I presume I never shall so long as the Doctor can repeat it. I only hope that on my next trip I may get a goose or a duck for every cigar I have had to "set up." Had we been out of sight of the town I should have looked before calling them tame ducks; but right at the public landing and only a few rods from a house, I thought the story would never stop should we shoot some good woman's ducks.

The sequel to the story, however, is more satisfactory. The birds lit a short distance below us, were fired at and came back up the river; we had the pleasure of dropping three of them, two to the Doctor's gun and one to mine, which he declared was more than I deserved.

On Monday we left Vermillione for Chain Lakes, northeast of Watertown, and made but a short stay there, finding the shooting not at all satisfactory. From here we went to Redfield, intending to take the Milwaukee & St. Paul R.R. to Aberdeen, thence east to Waubay; but at Redfield we learned that Cottonwood Lake was again partially filled with water, and we decided to try it. Here for four days we had all the duck shooting we wanted. When I last wrote you from Cottonwood it was a large lake, three miles long by one mile wide, with seven or eight feet of water; since then it has been dry, but now has about one foot of water, and is grown up thickly with grass and rushes; in short, is a big marsh about two miles long, and is a paradise for mallards and redheads. On quiet days we waded through the tall grass and rushes, "jumping" the birds. On windy days, taking our stations around the lake we kept them flying, and had excellent shooting. The last morning of our stay two of us brought forty-seven mallards and redheads, two canvasbacks and a number of smaller ducks, which were "not counted."

At Redfield we met John Trail, of Rosendale, Wis., the noted dog trainer. He has been spending the past season at this place and other points along the C. M. & St. P. R. R. and reports having had a very successful season, with plenty of chickens and good sport. He still had twelve dogs with him, some of them beautiful specimens. We had one day with him, but the season was too late for good chicken shooting, the birds being bunched in big coveys and very wild. We got but seventeen birds. In the season, from August to last of September, there is no better chicken ground than can be found from Armour north to Aberdeen. Two friends whom I recommended to try Armour in August came back reporting themselves more than satisfied. They spent ten days in the vicinity or Armour and killed 352 birds, hunting only for amusement and doing no hard work.

For goose shooting Waubay is the best point we found. There are several lakes and all are good. The place is easily reached. Leaving Chicago at 6:30 P.M., the C. M. & St. P. R. R. lands you at Waubay the next night, going via Aberdeen. For duck shooting alone Cottonwood Lake is good enough for any one, and to reach it one must leave the railroad at Redfield.

We found my old friend Wm. Sutton still living on the lake and the latch string was out for hunters as of yore.

The coming season the Doctor and myself hope to take our outing in chicken season and will go directly to Armour or Redfield. Armour is only about eighteen hours run from Chicago and no better shooting can be found. S. C. G.

## DENVER NEWS.

If there are any who doubt and have not seen 150 trout in a bunch, let them call at the office of Henry Wilcox this afternoon, 143 being the number caught by Mr. Wilcox in one day. They vary in weight from 2½lbs. to the yearling, and are as fine a lot of finny beauties as were ever tempted by a fly. Wilcox caught 230 on Saturday and Sunday, and is now in a position to deny the statement that Sunday is a bad day for trout fishing. This is Mr. Wilcox's first season in trout fishing, his total catch being 1,230.

The above appeared in the Creede *Chronicle* of Tuesday, Nov. 1. Wagon Wheel Gap is but a short distance from Creede and was considered one of the finest places in the State for trout fishing. If such catches as the above are permitted, in a very short time it will be entirely fished out. Our laws prohibit the catching of more trout than the fishermen can personally use, and there is a penalty for retaining fish less than 6in. long. If above clipping is correct Mr. Wilson violated the law in two particulars. I have called Game Warden Land's attention to this and he will investigate it at once.

The Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association meets here this week. A number of gentlemen who are very much interested in game protection will ask the Association to appoint a committee to revise the old or to prepare a new game law, and to bring all the pressure possible to bear on the coming Legislature to enact it. The present law is very ambiguous, and in some cases the open seasons on large game begin too early.

G. H. Lambson arrived in Denver Nov. 6, in charge of a special car of the National Fish Commission. He went to Leadville Monday night for the purpose of getting 150,000 yearling trout from the Government hatchery at Evergreen Lake, for distribution throughout the State.

Buffalo Bill is in the city preparing for a hunt for big game. He is accompanied by Alfred E. Hatton, of Bradford, England; T. E. Haworth, of Manchester, and Col. H. McKinnen and Major Milvehy, of Her Majesty's army. Several other Englishmen will join the party before they start. It is the intention of the party to spend several months in the mountains and to slaughter large game indiscriminately, I presume.

Captain Sedam, of the Kennicott Gun Club, has opened a shooting park a short distance out of town. It has a good club house, electric pulls, and all the paraphernalia necessary for trap-shooting.

*Nov. 11.*—The Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association held its annual meeting in Denver, Nov. 10.

President Hampson addressed the meeting at length. He recommended certain changes in the game laws, deplored the lack of interest among a large class of the population, and proposed that it be made a misdemeanor for a man to have more than one elk, deer or antelope in his possession at one time. He also asked that the bounty on bear be removed, but favored its retention on coyotes and gray wolves.

A recommendation that the name of the society be changed, as soon as it could be effected under the provisions of the constitution, to the Colorado Fish and Game Protective League was adopted.

Game Warden Land made an interesting talk on the game law question. He favored the shortening of the open season for trout fishing, and suggested that it begin June 15 instead of May 1, extending, as under the present law, to Dec. 1. He thought the open season for deer began too early, shooting should be prohibited until Sept. 1. There were more deer killed by the skin-hunters during the summer than at any other period of the year. He thought a proper open season for four-footed game would be from Sept. 1 until Dec. 15. Under the present laws much of the work of the game wardens proved futile, and without a seizure clause it must continue to be so. He also declared that the shooting of game for winter use should be prohibited.

He also touched on the question of Indians killing game, and asserted that they killed large numbers of elk and deer for their hides, which they sold to the Indian agents.

The chair announced that 100 members belonged to the association, and in addition nine new members had been admitted that evening.

The following were elected a committee on game law revision: F. A. Williams, L. Butterfield, Gordon Land, L. B. France and Milward Hewitt, and the chair was instructed to appoint a advisory committee of five.

Secretary Hewitt read a letter from William N. Byers regretting his inability to attend, as he was obliged to be present at a meeting of Colorado Pioneers.

F. A. Williams offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Governor to use all vigorous measures within his power to have the Indians returned to their reservations, stating that it was the sense of the association that in the enforcement of the game laws Indians should receive no better treatment than whites.

President Hampson offered his resignation, as his time was so occupied that he did not feel as if he could longer attend to the duties of the office.

The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the chair, to meet for the purpose of electing officers and hearing the report of the committee on game law revision.

TESEEBY.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DEER.

We have been to the Connecticut Lakes and are prepared to make a little memoranda. Deer hunting with hounds has now been permitted for two or three years, with varying success. This season more have been taken because there are more deer, perhaps, but probably owing to the fact that more hounds and more sportsmen have participated than formerly.

Vermont does not permit the killing of deer at all; Canada has a gun license of $20, with close season till October; Maine does not permit hounding, so that New Hampshire, wedged in as it were between these more highly restricted sections, is made to suffer more than all in loss of deer. We were at first surprised to find sportsmen from Maine and the Canada preserves, but when informed of the aforesaid restrictions we wondered no longer. We have not, however, ceased to wonder at the stupidity of the New Hampshire Legislature in permitting all this.

Further, it is a notorious fact that along our Vermont and New Hamshire border Canadians are allowed to "crust hunt," with no game warden on the "line" to put a stop to the work of the pot-hunters. The largest bag this season so far which has come to my knowledge, was the recent killing of eight deer in four days by a few gentlemen at First Connecticut Lake. And still they thirsted for more. It was a sight—a two-horse wagon load of venison being drawn to the depot from this little spot in New Hampshire, as big as a man's hand when compared to the better protected hunting grounds of Maine and Canada.

The Yankee is fertile in inventing methods to catch the deer. Dropping into a blacksmith's shop the other day, I saw him at work on a steel trap of peculiar pattern, and when I said, "Wherefor?" he replied, "Why, that there thing is fer to catch deer with."

Coming up with a lad who was peddling venison, I inquired into his peculiar *modus operandi*. He told me that, procuring a large piece of rock salt, and sinking it 18in. in a gentle spring in the woods, he was now possessed of an ideal deer lick, and it was there he got his venison. Jack shooting is practiced with an untiring persistency worthy of a better cause. For days and weeks together three boats were out every favorable night at Second Connecticut Lake, to my certain knowledge. These facts are almost a parallel to the statement made about a speculator in these parts, that he would never make a dollar by honest means—if he could help it.

Notwithstanding all this, we are able to chronicle our success this year in still-hunting.

Waiting till September, we pointed the prow of our somewhat too large craft for deer shooting purposes toward South Bay, Second Lake. Not long after the start from camp, two miles up the lake, we were joined by the cook and chambermaid from the hotel, who were bound for the same destination for blueberries! Blueberrying and deer shooting did not seem to mix well, at least to my way of thinking, yet, believing as I do in the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, and, besides, having two "kids" as spectators, who were taken along as umpires in the game, and who were desirous to proceed, Columbus-like, I kept on my way undaunted. Putting the lads beside a run just out of sight over a ridge, I ensconced myself low down in my craft close under some overhanging bushes, and waited—waited for the sun to drop below the treetops, and waited for the cook and chambermaid to withdraw. It was just here that I had, in three or four previous seasons, shot deer, so I was a good deal attached to the locality.

At a quarter past six, by my watch, as my eye scanned the further shore, I was gladdened by the sight of a deer on the edge of the lake drinking. The distance being too great for a shot, I forthwith shoved off and started toward the game. I had not gone a rod before the deer was joined by another, both full-grown does. They presently separated till they were perhaps ten rods apart. My progress was slow and water grass impeded the progress of the boat. I had now got within, say, forty rods, when one of the does sighted me and showed signs of fright. The other had not seen me and was quietly feeding at the water's edge with a little brush between us, and partly obscuring her body, but as she was standing broadside on I quietly dropped my paddle in the water, drew my piece—Colt lightning magazine—to shoulder and fired. Immediately the deer left the water, flag at half mast, and made for the woods. For an instant the other remained standing and so I was able to get in a hasty shot. The ball struck low down between the forelegs, and she only ran six rods. The other I did not find; may it be that she was not hard hit.

A friend had located a little bog on Coon Brook, and one fine afternoon betook himself to that locality for a twilight shot. Reaching the place, he sighted a large, leaning spruce, and thinking a climb into the limbs would enable him to command the situation, he first passed up his rifle as far as he could reach and then proceeded to draw himself up. To do so he must needs hold on by both hands, and while in this position he happened to glance in his rear, and there stood a buck attended by two females.

The buck was a little restive, but was still curious to know what our friend was in pursuit of up that tree. Something must be done, and done quickly, and so letting go his hold he made a lunge for the rifle as he dropped to the ground. Our friend is a quick shot and improved his opportunity to fire at the retreating quarry, but it was unavailing and the deer escaped without a scratch. Moral: When you go up a tree to find deer be sure first there are none standing at the foot of the tree.

Dr. Whidden, of Portland, went up East Inlet Brook—a dead stream—jack shooting. He was armed with a .45-90 Winchester, holding four cartridges. He imagined that Lyman sights and a rifle were the things to bring down game under the jack. The guide presently put him alongside three pairs of eyes, so wide apart as to show that they were not far away. One pair stood higher than the rest, and reasoning that this was the big one of the three let drive. When the smoke lifted the eyes had not changed position, and so he "pumped" another and another ball, as he supposed, into the carcass of the deer, but when the rifle was empty the three deer still stood their ground undismayed.

There was still one cartridge left, but that was in his vest pocket and well encased in a cud of spruce gum. Nothing daunted he leisurely whittled off the gum and knocking down his Lyman sight, he succeeded in knocking down the deer. It proved to be a good sized doe surrounded by her offspring.

Lately there has been a light fall of snow, and Judge Aldrich determined to improve it. Taking a guide and a friend he started off in the direction of Alder brook. The way was long and the judge is fat, and so he begged leave to build a fire and tarry for a while. The guide proceeded, and had not gone far before he struck fresh signs. Following it up he suddenly came upon a two year old buck which stopped and gave him a shot broadside on at five paces. The guide is a good shot ordinarily, but made a clean miss, but as the buck began to jump, the spell was broken, and he was brought to bag at the second fire, and putting him across his shoulders he staggered back to the judge, who was still resting himself by the fire.

A party coming on fresh moose tracks—very large—made a stern chase and a long one, but failed to sight the animal. And so the hunt goes on, and so it will till the last deer is shot, or till such careful legislation and such care in its execution that will allow a reasonable indulgence in this sport without lessening the supply of game.

C. H. Gleason.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Two weeks ago old Boreas waked from his sound slumber of six months. He stretched himself, felt of his muscles to see if his old rheumatic pains were still with him, and after a profound yawn, which froze the flame in his oil lamp, he stepped to the door of his den and gazed out upon a landscape rich with the bright colors of the dying autumn.

The mild breezes of the Indian summer blew softly through his icy whiskers; a mallard quacked contentedly in a near pond hole; a flock of red-winged blackbirds rose noisily from a bed of wild rice and fluttered before his astonished eyes; the subtle perfume of the timid muskrat was borne on the breeze to his imperial nostrils; the querulous cry of the rail greeted his ears, and a jacksnipe flushed in front of him and flew lazily away with a half angry *scape!* The rich deep blue of the sky was unmarred by a single cloud; a warm breeze arose from the marsh, and over the hills across the lake hung the purplish tinge that makes the perfect autumn day. All nature was as quiet as the late political headquarters are to-day.

The king was angry. He had not slept well of late, and his universal peace and contentment aroused his perverse spirit. He frowned and a gray tinge obscured the blue of the sky; a small cloud came skurrying from the north; the wild rice and the marsh grasses bowed their gentle heads in fear, and from the lake came echoing the weird, warning cry of the loon.

The king puckered up his frosty lips and sent an icy blast howling and shrieking over the marsh and across the prairies to the distant hills. Instantly all nature took the alarm. Mr. and Mrs. Mallard called their family together, and with hurrying wings sought to escape the wrath of the king of winds and stormy weather. Nor were they alone. All the wildfowl endeavored to reach the last patch of summer-blue sky that was fast disappearing toward the south. A prodigious quacking and gabbling and whistling of fast-moving wings stirred the blood in the heart of the hunter, he who had for so many days sat patiently in his "blind," waiting for the long-hoped-for "big day." Whew! a flock of mallards darts past him, hovering a moment over his decoys, and then *pi-tou, pi-tou!* a rapid right and left barrel leaves three fluttering beauties in the water before him. So it was over many a marsh in the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

The brave blast that old Boreas blew two weeks ago started the wildfowl of the far North on their annual excursion to the South, and thus filled the boats and gladdened the hearts of many an ardent hunter. But the ducks caught up with the patch of blue and settled contentedly in the marshes of lower Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. There they dallied in fancied security until last Saturday. Then old Boreas roused himself in wrath once more and again sent a chilling blast that chased the patch of blue yet further south. And over many a marsh and many a lake echoed the sullen "boom-boom" of the heavy guns sounding their farewell to the hurrying flocks of ducks as they came and went on their southward journey. But all of them did not go South. From the Horicon marshes in Wisconsin the reports of the closing of the season show exceptional sport. Dr. H. C. Buechner has undoubtedly been most favored. On the big day he scored 78 mallards and pintails, and ran out of shells when the birds were coming thicker all the time. A few days later he scored 67, all big ducks, and in three consecutive days killed 126. Percy Stone, Walter Grey, Fred Donald, Major Hanley, C. C. Lamos and W. L. Shepard likewise enjoyed superb sport, each averaging from 25 to 50 birds per day.

From Illinois and Indiana points also come accounts of good to excellent shooting. At Fox Lake last week, canvasback, redhead and bluebills were reported very plentiful, though I have heard of none of the bags made. At Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, last week, Ed Bingham and Al Knox had good shooting at redheads and bluebills. Lake Calumet, which is inside Chicago's limits, has been for the past week the nightly resort of thousands of ducks, but each morning they have been promptly driven away by the horde of reckless shooters who infest that region. Tolleston Club and the marshes of the Kankakee River in Indiana have furnished excellent sport. At Mak-saw-ba Club, Will Haskell, John Whiting, Joe Card and Le Roy Brown have had steadily good shooting at mallards, and John Watson has slaughtered quite a few snipe. Uncle John massacred 37 jacks last Saturday and Sunday. Bill Haskell killed 18 mallards in two days this week. The great body of the ducks are now on the lower Illinois River, and many Chicago sportsmen are down there among them.

Charlie Carhart of the Board of Trade, who has just returned from a week's visit to the Swan Lake Club, averaged over forty mallards a day, refusing to either hunt or shoot teal and other small ducks, of which he reports there were myriads.

At present there is no doubt but what excellent shooting can be had on the lower Illinois River, but a letter to-day from V. M. Lincoln, of the Undercliff House at Lake Senachwine, warns intending visitors to hurry or they may be too late, as a freeze-up may now be expected any time.

But with the approaching close of the duck season, quail are beginning to attract the attention of Chicago sportsmen. Magnificent quail country is to be found within easy reach of Chicago, and there doesn't live a true sportsman whose heart will not bound with excitement when the whirring wings of the little brown beauties beat a merry tattoo on the crisp November air. Oswald von Lengerke, Charlie Antoine, Rolla Heikes, Frank Place, Ben Dicks, Lee Hamline and other well known Chicago sportsmen, have already had grand sport and are not yet ready to quit. Von Lengerke and Antoine go out once a week regularly and their bags run from thirty to fifty each time. There never was a better quail year.

Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri and Kansas are great quail States, and in all of them this year's crop is phenomenal. The quail are nearly as numerous as Democrats this year.

Charley Comley has just returned from Mississippi, where he and a party of friends have had royal sport with deer, turkeys, quail, ducks and "sich." Mr. Comley considers it part of his regular business to make this trip every year. Mr. R. R. Street, of New York, and Mr. Henry Stephens, of Chicago, have been for the past two weeks at the grounds of the Eagle River Shooting and Fishing Club in Wisconsin. They went after bass, muscallonge and deer. They will be joined in a few days by a party consisting of Messrs. Al. Hofmann, Geo. Hofmann, Alex. White, J. B. Sanborn, Geo. T. Farmer and others, on a deer hunt.

Don't it make you shiver to think about fishing at this time of the year? Ugh! ugh! ugh! But actually, little more than a week ago, a man caught over sixty bass in the Deep River, near Liverpool, Ind. And he caught them on a hook and line, as the law provides, and Bill Haskell saw them. Ed Price started to say, "Pshaw, that's nothing. One time in December, I caught—" but we all stopped him, and the mate to the Kekoskee fish story remains untold.

Anglers of the West should rejoice that George W. Peck has been re-elected Governor of Wisconsin. Governor Peck is an enthusiastic fisherman, and during his administration has done much to encourage the preservation and propagation of the different varieties of fish native to the magnificent waters of Wisconsin.

The latest returns from Wisconsin indicate that Dr. Thomas has not yet paid that fine for his July deer.

W. P. Mussey.

### Massachusetts Association.

Hon. Geo. W. Wiggin occupied the chair at the November meeting of the association at the American House, Boston, last Thursday evening, 125 members being present. Three applications for membership were presented and referred to the committee. Messrs. Kendall H. Damon, Chas. F. Chamberlayne, Chas. F. McNamara and Chas. E. Butterman were elected members.

Messrs. E l E. Hardy, Chas. A. Brackett, Warren Hapgood, Geo. B. Appleton, Dr. J. W. Ball, Dr. M. A. Morris and John Fottler, Jr., were appointed a nominating committee to prepare and present at the December meeting a list of candidates for officers for 1893.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy, for the committee on the formation of a United Fish and Game League, reported that representatives from the Old Colony Club, the Southeastern Massachusetts Fish and Game League and the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association had held a meeting and had prepared a constitution for the proposed league. The main objects of this league are to obtain such legislation as will result in the propagation and preservation of fish and game in the interest of our fishermen and the general food supply of the people; to watch legislation, State and national, with the object of preventing adverse legislation; and seeing that favorable legislation is legally adopted to the end in view; to suggest to the Legislature such codification and amendment of the laws relating to fish and game as will advance the object of this league. The United Fish and Game League is to be an executive body composed of representatives from the different Massachusetts associations to better watch legislation.

After discussion the question was referred to the board of management for their consideration.

Richard O. Harding, Sec'y.

### The New York Seasons.

It is with pleasure after returning from a three weeks trip I sit down and read the accumulated numbers of Forest and Stream.

In noting the game reports from different parts, taking them as a whole there is a reported increase over last season's supply. Partridge and woodcock, so far as my observation goes, are certainly not so plentiful in the counties of Brown and Chenango, this State, and Susquehanna county, Pa., this season as last.

Under the condition of things, a season of only one and a half months duration in the first two named counties, the winter not being unusually severe, with the absence of ice storms, we looked for a good supply of birds this year. There seemed to be only one thing in the way of nature to retard them, a very wet and cold spring.

What should be done to try to preserve and increase these noble game birds? That something must be done to save them from complete annihilation can easily be proven by refering to some other parts of the country where they are practically extinct. To start the ball rolling in the right direction, let us encourage those who write for the public eye, that instead of writing of big bags, they formulate some plan of further game protection. My own ideas briefly stated would be to first offer sustantial benefit to those who bring game law breakers to terms. Another to adopt the Pennsylvania law in regard to bounty on game, exterminating animals such as fox, skunk, etc. Last but not least I would change open season to from Sept. 10 to Dec. 1. By all means I would take off the month of December. With the weather as it was last December, more birds were killed than in all the rest of the season, for the reason that the previous cold weather had driven them together into thickest cover, then to come out those warm December days and to be easily found by gunners. Let us hear an expression.

H. W. Brown.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Chimpanzee (professional humorist of the district, to lioness)—"I say, that dude hunter must have felt very down in the mouth when you swallowed him."—*Life.*

### Loading for Game.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 14.—After many years of practice and considerable experimenting with different ways of loading shotguns, I have come to the conclusion that the commonly accepted standards of proportion of powder and shot is not the best. The most important improvement in modern gunnery, both in artillery and small arm practice, is in the line of higher velocities of the projectiles.

For this reason the governments of Europe have adopted for a standard military rifle, a caliber of .30 or .31 with increased powder charge. All quail hunters must have observed that many birds seem hard hit but succeed in getting away. Let them now increase the powder and diminish the shot and they will be gratified with the result.

For a 12-gauge gun I use 4drs. black powder, two heavy wads, a scant ounce of shot with a card-board wad over the shot. With this charge the recoil is greatly reduced, and the velocity and paralyzing effect of the shot greatly increased. Though the number of pellets in the charge is considerably less than usual, there will be fewer wounded birds to escape. A friend has adopted this idea, reducing the shot to ¾oz. with 4drs. of powder, with the best results.

I have lately killed some large black ducks, using No. 5 shot. Some idea of the force or velocity of the shot is shown by the fact that every shot passed entirely through, even in the thickest part of the body, at a distance of 35yds. The difference in effect when using one or two wads over the powder is also noticeable. It is decidedly best to use two wads. T. C. H.

### New Jersey Game Notes.

HOMERSTOWN, N. J., Nov. 5.—Quail and rabbits are more plenty throughout this section than during any past fall for a long time. Since the season for shooting them came in (Nov. 1) scarcely any one who has gunned has not secured a good-sized bag. Pheasants, in the young growth of wood along the edge of the pines, are about as plenty as usual, so far as we can learn. This section is by all odds the best part of the State for the first two kinds of game, the country being diversified by many woodlands, belts of timber and bushes, tracts of good farming land and many stubble fields, and the pines but a short distance to the southeast of us, thus making as good a region for gunning in as any sportsman could wish for.

Gray squirrels were so plenty with us this fall that their name was legion. In fact they really became a nuisance, so that many of the farmers allowed, and often encouraged, gunning for them, even before the season was in, as the rodents made such havoc in cornfields adjoining wood lots that the owners were heartily glad to have them thinned out, consequently many sportsmen, taking advantage of the license, secured large numbers of them. Even now they are quite plenty, and should one hunt for the grays he could, in a short time, secure a goodly number.

It seems almost a mystery where such a host of squirrels came from this fall; the like was never known before, even by that often spoken of personage, "the oldest inhabitant."

So taking it altogether, the season is truly a splendid one for all kinds of game indigenous to this section.

A. L. L.

### Texas Game.

BALLINGER, Runnels Co., Tex.—In Concho county, which adjoins this county on the south, the prospects for quail shooting are very good. We have usually very good success with the Bob Whites—and by success I mean that a man, with dog of course, who knows the country can secure from thirty to fifty quail in each day's shooting. Near the towns, of course, the quail supply is very limited. We have also numbers of the crested California quail. These are not satisfactory, as their excellence when on the table does not compensate for their superior ability in running, and their unwillingness to remain in the vicinity of one's dog. In fact it is only possible to make a large bag of the Californian quail, at least of those found here, by driving them to an ambush and shooting from the hiding place into the flock. They really go in flocks at this season, when the coveys get together.

We have a very good crop of acorns this year on the oak ridges in the southern part of Concho county and in consequence one can count upon getting fairly good deer shooting. Usually both ducks and geese with an occasional swan afford ample remuneration for the time expended in hunting them. H. L. B.

### Zinc for Gun Rust.

LANCASTER, N. H., Nov. 5.—In looking over an October number of the *Iron Age* I was struck by an article relative to a rust preventive for guns. The article claims that a ring of zinc soldered around the barrel, or, better, a strip soldered along the barrel on the under side and out of sight would effectually prevent rusting. It is claimed that "the galvanic action excited between the zinc and iron effectually prevents oxidation of either metal, and as long as this zinc remains in contact with the iron not a particle of rust will appear on either the inside or outside of the barrel." I have seen this principle applied to tin water pails, a narrow strip of zinc being soldered across the bottom of the pail, and it really seemed to fullfil the claims of the manufacturers that the pails would not rust, and I know that a small strip of zinc placed in contact with a nail when driven into wood will prevent rust streaks on the wood when exposed to the weather. Who of the FOREST AND STREAM readers have ever tried the experiment on their guns? ROB.

### Ferrets and Rabbits.

SOUTH MONTROSE, Pa., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I commenced breeding and selling ferrets some twelve years ago; and from the demand I am quite sure they are used for hunting rabbits. When I first commenced to sell them I supposed there would not be a rabbit left in five years, as I have seen a large band of hunters go forth with good hounds, guns and ferrets, and when a poor innocent rabbit would run in a woodchuck hole the men would circle around and tie up the dogs so as to get a better shot at the rabbit when he runs out. Sometimes all hands would miss him. Then the dogs would be turned loose and the rabbit was surely killed. The boys hunt them with dog and bag and they are tracked in the snow to the hole. In fact it does seem that no rabbit could live and that in a short time all must go. But after twelve years of hunting with ferrets I find the rabbits more plenty than before, and I have tried to find the cause. I find that the male rabbits kill and eat all the young rabbits he can find; and it is the male rabbit that holes up and is killed, while the female runs and does not hole up so often, and is saved to rear her young.

There is a law in Pennsylvania which prohibits the use of ferrets. A few have been prosecuted, but not convicted from lack of proof, as you must catch your man in the act. You have a righ to carry a ferret and no one has the right to question what you are going to do with it. So far as I can see the more we hunt with ferrets the more rabbits there are for the "true sportsmen," as they are called in FOREST AND STREAM. The farmers' boys who raise the grain which feeds the rabbits all summer can't get a chance to hunt until the fall work is all done unless they take a rainy day when they can't husk corn. We have some true sportsmen that hunt the woodcock upon our hills as soon as the young ruffed grouse is strong enough to fly, and it is queer how many shots they get at the woodcock up among the maples and hemlock trees on the very top of our hills. SILAS DECKER.

### Rifles for Deer.

OCOS, Guatemala, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When "Aztec" or any experienced hunter who has hunted deer over all kinds of ground, recommends a .38cal. rifle as the best hunting rifle, *i. e.*, as an effective deer shooter, it should be encouraging to lovers of the exhilarating and exciting sport of deer hunting, particularly to the skilled marksman. Deer, if they knew it, would also rejoice, for their chances of escape would be greater.

I have hunted deer for about twenty years and have always had plenty of time to spare, usually hunting three or four times a week—still-hunting or with hounds. As nature "abhors a vacuum," I have been compelled to jack deer for meat to satisfy the "inner man;" this, I'm happy to state, has but rarely occurred. I have tried the small caliber rifles, but out of at least 2,000 deer that I have killed very few indeed fell to guns of that kind. Experience has proved to me that they are of very little use and it is my decided opinion that the .45 Express, or .45-90-300 Winchester is the most useful and deadly for deer hunting.

Old hunters are well aware that unless a deer is killed by the first shot the chances are nine out of ten that it escapes, and this is what very often happens when hunting with a small caliber rifle, even a .38. It may be effective in the hands of a skilled marksman, or even in the hands of an amateur, if the latter could only carry with him the proverbial "pinch of salt." GUATEMALA.

### Losing Wounded Deer.

HUNDREDS of deer have been killed through this section this season, and they seem just as plenty as ever. I have seen several parties that have come down from the east and west branch of the Penobscot River, and they had all the deer they wanted, and one party told me that some days a single man would jump as many as thirty that they would get sight of, and that they wounded many that they could not get.

I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM mention of a party in northern Michigan that killed four deer and wounded six, and a reply to it advising that such parties should come out of the woods and stay out. I would say that I have had fifty years' experience in hunting deer and other large game, and I know that our best hunters often kill their game and lose it. I have shot deer that did not live twenty seconds, and have had a hard job to find them, and sometimes would lose them. Where deer are plenty their tracks are plenty, and sometimes several deer are together, and if the wounded one does not bleed freely he may run ten or twenty rods and fall dead to one side in the thick brush and never be found, and the hunter may follow on the trail of those not shot at.

I have sometimes given up looking for my game when I was sure it was dead and not far away, and have gone back the second time and looked until I found it. I believe that more wounded deer get away from some parties than they get. J. DARLING.

### The Mink as a Dodger.

ITHACA, N. Y.—In the winter of '91 while hunting along Fall Creek, east of town, I ran across two minks. The first one I had four shots at, but at each flash of the gun the velvety-skinned fellow seemed to dodge, "bobbing up serenely" immediately afterward unharmed, and as mischievous as ever. At the fourth shot he glided to a rocky fastness hard by and disappeared. The second one afforded me two fair shots with the same results as in the first case. Later on in the season a similar and equally unsatisfactory experience was had along Buttermilk Creek. It was a fair shot, as I thought; but at the flash the illusive anatomy of the mink was not where it was when I pulled the trigger. In all three instances I used shells loaded with 3½drs. of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 6 shot. The distance from the quarry was not in any case over 40yds. In shooting I took particular pains to cover each animal well and close. The query is, therefore, can the mink dodge shot? M. C. H.

### North Carolina Field Notes.

AVOCA, N. C., Nov. 11.—The weather has been variable since my arrival here on the 7th, partly rainy, but favorable for turkey shooting. We flushed four of these, fine birds, on Black Walnut Creek yesterday, within a half mile of the Dukinfield House. There seems to be an abundance of quail, turkeys, deer, rabbits and squirrels on the plantation (Dr. Capehart's), which comprises 5,500 acres. Parties are beginning to arrive at the hotel, and there are a number of applications on the books. The Doctor has recently added several thousand acres to his already extensive territory, and purchased 1,000 live quail to be turned loose forthwith on the premises adjacent to the hotel. The stock of birds is certainly exceptionally large, and the inducements for sportsmen great. Time from New York by the Cape Charles route (N. Y. P. & N.) to Avoca, N. C., 19 hours. C. HALLOCK.

### A Successful Maine Trip.

I HAVE just returned from a short hunting excursion in the State of Maine. Our success was far beyond expectation. We killed one bull moose, three caribou, one very large, and one deer, and came back earlier than we intended because we had enough. Mr. Van Santvoord, whom you know, was my companion. We took each of us a guide from here, making four in the party.

CHARLES FENTON.

### Ten Straight on Woodcock.

WATERFORD, Me., Nov. 7.—Mr. Frank Haskell, of the Westbrook Manufacturing Company, Westbrook, Me., shot 18 woodcock in six hours one day the last of October. He shot 10 straight shots without a miss. Who can beat this? MR.

### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Ieet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

## Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

### THE PIKE-PERCH.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I should like to know something of the wall-eyed pike. Where is he found? How large does he grow? Is he thoroughly game? Can he hold his own against the black bass? For use on the table, how ranks he? Is he known to exist in any of the waters of northern New Jersey? And—I almost forget—with what kind of bait is the wall-eyed fellow generally captured? Once more, and finally, is there any reason to hope that the pike aforesaid can be made to live, thrive and propagate his kind in a certain New Jersey lake, which is a mile long and in places over one hundred feet deep? I may add that the lake in question has a gravel bottom, although at one end it winds up in a marsh. A small stream runs into it and through it. A. C. P.

NEWTON, N. J.

[The wall-eyed pike is more widely known as the pike-perch; it has received also many other common names. In Pennsylvania it has the unsuitable name of Susquehanna salmon. In some Eastern States it is styled perch-pike and glass-eye. In the Great Lakes it bears the names yellow pike, green pike and grass pike. It is the jack of the Ohio Valley and western North Carolina; the pickerel of Lake Erie and Canada; the white salmon and jack salmon of certain portions of the Ohio Valley. Among the Cree Indians it is the okow, and the French Canadians call it doré and picarel. The fur traders of British America often style it hornfish.

The pike-perch is native in the Great Lake region and extends northward into British America as far as the fifty-eighth parallel. It ranges southward in the Mississippi Valley to Arkansas and in Atlantic streams to Georgia.

This species is said to reach a weight of 50lbs., but market specimens seldom average 5lbs. In the Susquehanna occasional individuals weighing 10 or 11lbs. are taken.

As a game fish the pike-perch has few superiors, and its flesh is highly prized for the table. Anglers prefer live minnows to all other baits for its capture, particularly such as are more or less translucent and have silvery sides, as the dace, or fall fish, corporal, red-fin and gudgeon. The trolling spoon with black bass tackle is a great favorite on some parts of the Susquehanna between Harrisburg and Columbia. The fish is found on the bottom in clear, rapid waters, and lurks under sunken logs and rocks, from which it darts upon its prey. Its food consists chiefly of worms and small fish. It inhabits the same waters as the black bass and will hold its own against other predaceous fishes.

We have no information of the occurrence of pike-perch in northern New Jersey; it has, however, been introduced into the Delaware, where it will be protected for some time longer, and we understand it is likely to thrive if unmolested. The lake above described would appear to be admirably adapted for the experiment of planting pike-perch. If the tributary stream is large enough, the fish will probably run up to spawn in April or May, and deposit their eggs on sandy bars in shallow water. The eggs are very small, about 17 to 25 to the inch, strongly adhesive, and subject to great loss during the hatching period, which lasts from 14 to 30 days, varying with the temperature of the water.]

### Fish Colorings.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 9.—I am very glad to see "Rob's" notes on the "Trout of Third Connecticut Lake" and fully agree with him in the conclusion that there are two distinct varieties of trout in the Diamond Ponds. So far as my experience goes, the deep-bodied, brown-backed, light-fleshed variety are predominant in the smaller, or upper, pond, and the slim, blue-backed, red-fleshed variety in the larger, or lower, one. The flesh of the latter is more than a salmon-color, it is a "beefsteak-red," before cooking, and the carmine spots are very small, though very brilliant. I remember the first one I ever caught, I doubted it being a trout till I saw the red spots.

The heads of the pike family in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 3 are very good, but the bean-shaped, white spots on the pike proper are not quite clear and prominent enough. The golden green of the small species, the pickerel of the Connecticut, is simply golden brown, in iron-stained waters, like many of the New England ponds or smaller rivers, like the Chicopee, which drain large level districts, more or less impregnated with bog-iron sand. VON W.

## FEMININE SUCCESS IN TROUTING.

SIX O'CLOCK one bright October morning finds us hurriedly adjusting rods and reels on the bank of an ideal trout stream in the foothills of the grand old Cascade Mountains. The rosy-tinted summits of three snow peaks are distinguishable through the purplish morning mist that is rapidly breaking away before the first rays of the rising sun.

The atmosphere is heavy with the fragrance of the dew laden pines. What intoxicating draughts of pleasure such a morning affords! How lovable, too, nature is in her soft, shy mood of the early morning; even the water rippling over the mossy stones has a soft, subdued sound. Off there in the distance the musical tinkle, tinkle of a cowbell and a faint call of "So-o-k, s-o-o-k, Pide," rendered with inflections and accentuations, add a pastoral accompaniment to nature's own sounds.

There! my leader is now straightened out most beautifully, not a snarl left, and now for the first cast in that inviting riffle yonder. My husband always gives me choice of riffles, which is very gallant, I think, but then he is a true sportsman and consequently is generous. Ah, a rise already, and here is success to my last cast. The struggles of my beauty are soon ended by a quick rap of the head on the butt of my rod. Another cast elicits a faint response; again, a good rise. I'll just mark this place and return to it again in a few minutes. Now, I'll just draw this pretty royal-coachman and queen-of-the-water tantalizingly over this riffle and coax another effort. A splash, an instinctive twitch of the wrist, a speckled vision, and another trout is recorded to my list.

The Doctor is meeting with good success; I hear the song of the line humming its sweetest strains, showing his captives are quite gamy. Our fishing ground is a series of large, very swift riffles extending about a mile. On these riffles huge old salmon flounder awkwardly about, splashing the water furiously.

Further out there in the stream is a most promising riffle, so I'll just take the least possible abbreviation in my skirt and reach it. My suit is of corduroy velvet and so made that the skirt is easily adjustable to almost any length, by the use of the ever ready hook and eye. The trousers are narrow enough to allow the rubber boots to come up high over them. Such a suit not only allows perfect freedom of action, but is protective as well. There are no draggled edges of a skirt flapping about, and moreover it looks well. So, my friend, if you have indulged in ridiculous visions of the writer whipping a trout stream with her dress floating out on the current like an umbrella when she gets in deep water, just relieve your mind of such a funny picture, for with my suit I can whip a trout stream with as much convenience as any man, and not look ridiculous either.

I must'n't forget my soft felt hat: this is a very important adjunct to my costume. Just like a woman, I have digressed from the main point, and am talking about dress; but this is not vanity, I only want some other woman to know how to go trouting, that she will not only not be a laughing stock to her companions, but that she can combine ease and grace with pleasure. Having reached the desired haven I will let my line out well and make a cast beyond that log. Here is a big one, sure; but how deceptive, for the size has diminished very perceptibly since landing it. However, it is a fair specimen, and I will persevere until I hook and land a big one. Another cast, and how provoking! My hook is fast in that old salmon's sore back. During the spawning season the salmon are covered more or less with sores, caused by beating themselves against obstructions or fighting. They die soon after spawning.

The idea of my beautiful professor and royal-coachman, with their pretty tails and wings, waving like tiny pennants from the back of an old salmon, is too ridiculous. My giant prisoner, which is larger than I bargained for, makes a sudden rush for undisputed territory. The Doctor cries, "Look out," but his warning comes too late; the huge tail misses me but upsets my equilibrium, and down I go. A few struggles and my equilibrium is as firmly established as these slippery rocks and this swift current will allow.

The Doctor's line goes out with a cutting zip! that foretells a fight. But lo and behold! when landed not a beautiful trout meets his expectant, enraptured gaze, but only an ordinary steel-head salmon. With a disappointed air he tosses it on the bank, since it is too big for the basket.

He is now enticing another rise in that swift riffle below. I hear the hum of his reel again. His rod yields to the strain; the tip certainly will snap, for it seems to bend nearly double.

The captive leaps high out of the water, trying to free itself from the hook, then darts off either up or downstream, according to its fancy, with Doctor dancing attendance. After 15 minutes of careful playing the trout, weighing 3½lbs., is safely landed. It is left on the bank with the salmon, while we whip the riffle a little lower down.

Our other chum, Dick, is disputing with a hog the possession of the fish on the bank. The hog evidently thinks possession to be nine points of the law, so it makes off with a fish—the trout, too, maybe—while Doctor and the dog follow in hot pursuit.

In the mean time my professor and royal-coachman bob on the riffle at their own sweet will, while I watch the outcome of the race. All of a sudden my line goes out so fast it fairly burns my fingers, while the reel hums like a top. A big one at last! Instantly all the big fish stories I have read or heard run riot through my brain. The keynote of all these stories where success crowned the victor's efforts is "keep cool." Well, this is all very well theoretically, but practically it is somewhat difficult, with the first real big trout—of course it is a trout—it must not be anything else—leading one over slippery stones and through swift water at an astonishing rate of speed.

Keep cool I must; so down stream I go, then up, according to the whims of my gamy charge. Now he sulks, and I take advantage of this to breathe a little and clear out the water I have splashed into my eye. Now if my tip does not break, if—again my captive darts up stream and so do I; then down we go in the same fashion, then up again. This cannot last always, as the race is again repeated; my prize will soon exhaust itself at this rate. Oh, now he yields, as I carefully reel him in coaxingly nearer a good landing place. Oh, what a beauty, and see how his pretty speckled sides gleam in the shallow water. I am trying to keep cool with my pulse up to about 200 pulsations per minute and my cheeks burning like fire. Now, this is such trouting as we hear of, and how exciting—cooling I mean. A sudden flash and my seemingly vanquished prize suddenly is electrified with new life. Again my line goes out, and again I must follow up and down, and—my flies all at once are floating uninterrupted on the surface of the water, while the line curls lightly in the swift current and about the mossy stones. I might do as women are generally expected to do under such trying circumstances, viz., sit down and cry, but as there is no convenient seat in three feet of swift water I postpone the luxury. The Doctor returns victorious, and sorrowfully I narrate the unexpected capture and loss of my "biggest one that got away." We count twenty-six fine trout, the result of our morning's pleasure, which we consider very good, indeed.

Why do not more women enjoy trouting I wonder, and yet we may find a partial solution of the problem without taxing our brains very much. The husbands and brothers do not ask them to join in a sport that they find so necessary to their own health and pleasure. If they do, they probably laugh at the sister's or wife's first attempts, forgetting that they themselves once cast a fly awkwardly and got their hooks, too, entangled in all sorts of inviting meshes. Then, too, women often fail to picture any enjoyment in a sport they know nothing of, the indulgence of which would not only be beneficial to their health but particularly delightful enjoyment. An occasional outing is a panacea for most ills human flesh is heir to, woman's not excepted. Fishing, too, is a sport where there is comparatively no danger of injury, which makes it all the more possible for women.

We are glad to know that there are some sportsmen who consider their wives or sisters as real chums on a trouting excursion, instead of leaving them at home wishing "that they were men" that they, too, might enjoy an outing and leave their perplexing cares at home on a shelf.

A woman will soon learn to love the ripple or roar of a trout stream and the song of the reel as much as her husband or big brother, and look forward expectantly to a "day off" in the mountains enticing the wary trout.

OREGON. MRS. F. CAUTHORN.

## SUSQUEHANNA OBSERVATIONS.

*Aug. 23.*—Black bass running fair in size. Shiners best all 'round bait; stone catfish best for large fish. Crabs (crawfish) and Ho Jacks (helgramites) used to very little extent at present.

Salmon fishing poor. Trolling for these or black bass not successful. Still-fishing with live minnows good. River high for the past two weeks; now falling rapidly and clearing nicely.

The little darters are here known as "mud salmon." Is this not as far fetched as "Sand Lake trout" for mascalonge?

In collecting baits in the creek several kinds of shiners, the butter chub, the darter, the black-nosed dace and crawfish and helgramites were found. The darters are the commonest. Butter chubs, or cut-lips, are common enough at the foot of falls or rapids, in the foaming water close up to the current. How vigorous they are for their size! The angle worm is their weakness and they are ready biters.

Young lamprey eels are the only bait for "salmon" now.

In the river we take our bait with the hook. The grass chub (horny head, chub, jerker, horny-headed dace, etc.) was the principal and best bait taken. Shiner and cut-lips were also taken, but did not prove so good. The grass chub is so called because it is found along the grass patches. They are hardy, live well, and take two bass often before dying.

*Aug. 26.*—The river has fallen during the past week, although it is still above low water mark, and we have had good fishing. A dozen or more anglers here have had successful outings. The swift running waters found at and near the riffles below town have furnished the best fishing.

There seems to be no limit to the variation in the colors of the small-mouthed bass. They are taken here dirty-yellow, light green, dark green, dark, and sometimes very black. Of course the greener ones are mostly smaller fish, the large ones generally black, or green and black. But fish of the same size vary in color. They are found under the same conditions, so it would seem that it is not always safe to conclude that a fish's color is due to its environment.

We find a great difference in the strike of a fish. Some bass are hard to hook. Others hook themselves. It would seem at times that we had pulled the minnow out of the bass's mouth; while again it occurs to us that we gave the fellow just a little too much time. Size of bait also, undoubtedly, must enter into this question. If the bait be large ought not the fish have more time to turn it and commence the act of swallowing? An old and very successful bass angler once told me that he always counts 14 before giving the bass "the butt." The counting is done moderately slow. A very good plan, we find, is to pull out through the guides a couple feet of line and hold it in the hand so that the fish may make a short run without having to feel the resistance made by a reel with the drag on.

*Nov. 1.*—During the past season, which is just ending, some very good catches of fish have been made. The river took a long time to get down to low water mark, but when it did get there the mark was held for a considerable length of time. Salmon (pike-perch) fishing has been very fine. From the Juniata to the Columbia dam the sport has been excellent. A number of anglers caught handsome strings in the deep water immediately below the dam this week. Mr. Lemer, of Harrisburg, took 36 in one day at Fite's Eddy, weighing 75lbs. The Conewago Falls have furnished rare sport, too. Barney Doyle has been very successful there, and Mr. Aldinger, of Harrisburg recently caught 20 odd, which averaged very nicely. Other Harrisburg anglers have been to the Juniata and report good fishing.

BON.

BAINBRIDGE, PA.

First English Sparrow—The Legislatures are offering rewards for our heads. Aren't you scared? Second English Sparrow—No, I shan't worry until they call us game and pass laws to protect us.—*New York Weekly.*

## MAINE BLACK BASS SEASON.

CHESTNUT HILL, Mass.—I received to-day a note from the Maine Fish and Game Commission stating that there has been no close season for two years. I have a pamphlet of the "Fish and Game Laws of Maine," sent to me by one of the Commissioners, dated 1891. It contains the clause naming a close season. In your *Book of the Game Laws*, just purchased by me, said clause is also included, and yellow pages at end mention no cancellation of said law.

I bet a certain veteran that there was a close season, and opinion of those present forced me to lose; but I presented my authority, the two books above mentioned, and gathered back my payment. This letter from the Commission upsets me again. The bet was a trifle, but I wish to know where the proper authority is. Is there a close season, and if there is not, why do these publications state there is? X.

The Maine law as to black bass is given in the *Book of the Game Laws* as found in the statutes thus:

*Land-locked Salmon, Trout, Togue, Black Bass, White Perch.*—SEC. 47. There shall be an annual close time for land-locked salmon, commonly so called, trout, togue, black bass, Oswego bass and white perch, as follows, viz.: For land-locked salmon, trout and togue, between the first days of October and the following May, except on the St. Croix river and its tributaries, and all the waters in Kennebec county, in which the close time is between the fifteenth day of September and the first day of the following May; and for black bass, Oswego bass and white perch, between the first days of April and July. SEC. 48 [as amended 1887]. No person shall take, catch, kill or fish for, in any manner, any land-locked salmon, trout or togue, in any of the waters aforesaid, between the first days of October and the following May, nor in the St. Croix river and its tributaries, between the fifteenth day of September and the first day of the following May; or black Oswego bass or white perch between the first days of April and July, under a penalty of not less than ten nor more than thirty dollars, and further fine of one dollar for each fish thus caught, taken or killed; provided, however, that during February, March and April, citizens of the State may fish for and take land-locked salmon, trout or togue, and convey the same to their own homes, but not otherwise; provided, further, that the provisions of this and the preceding and two succeeding sections, shall not apply to the taking of black bass from any waters which have been stocked therewith for a period of five years.

*Black Bass.*—SEC. 55. Whoever takes any black bass during April, May and June, or at any time from their spawning beds, forfeits for each offense not more than twenty nor less than five dollars, besides one dollar for each bass so taken.

### The Vermont Game and Fish Bill.

THE Bill (S. 131) now before the Vermont Legislature provides for a Fish and Game Commission of two members, to be appointed by the Governor, and for fish and game wardens to be appointed by selectmen of towns or by the Commissioners. The close seasons prescribed are: Trout, land-locked salmon, longe, Sept. 1–May 1; black bass, Jan. 1–June 15; wall-eyed pike, pike-perch, white perch, muskallonge (except in Lake Champlain), April 15–June 15. Lawful length of trout, land-locked salmon, salmon trout, 6in.; black bass, 10in. Ice fishing forbidden in trout and land-locked salmon waters. Deer protected to 1900. Close season for rabbit (hare) and muskrat, May 1–Sept. 1; gray squirrel, raccoon, Jan. 1–Sept. 1; beaver, fisher, otter, April 1–Nov. 1; quail, wood duck, wild duck, wild goose, plover, Jan. 1–Sept. 1; ruffed grouse, woodcock, Jan. 1–Sept. 15; pheasant, Nov. 20–Oct. 1. Forbidden to kill woodcock or ruffed grouse (partridge) for sale outside of State.

### Florida Fishing.

WAUKEGAN, Ill., Nov. 7.—Let me tell you where to go fishing now that the winter is near at hand. Go to the Indian River, Florida. The past two winters I have stopped at Melbourne. There are fish by the millions at this point. A person can go a few miles north to the Banna River, where is fine fishing; and taking a boat and going down the river to the Inlet tarpon, sharks and other large fish can be caught. There is no place in America in the winter where such fine fishing and hunting can be found as on this Indian River, with the best of oysters, also the famous Indian River oranges and pineapples.

J. F. P.

### Seventy Years Ago.

A GENTLEMAN who recently visited Niagara Falls, and leaving there at 11:41 in the morning, arrived at Grand Central Station at 10:30 the same evening, after a delightful ride of 465 miles, writes regarding his trip as follows: "Seventy years ago, when Mrs. Sigourney wrote her 'Apostrophe to Niagara,' this ride would have been considered as wonderful as the Falls themselves. The New York Central is a poem, or an apostrophe in itself. Such perfect service does the road render, that it is not only a pleasure to travel thereby, it is a positive luxury."—*Adv.*

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Leaping Salmon and Swimming Trout.

In a very interesting article in FOREST AND STREAM, of Sept. 8 last, with the caption, "Ouananiche at Cinquieme Chute," "Rowdy Rod" pays an eloquent tribute to the leaping powers of the landlocked salmon of the Lake St. John region. After some remarkably fine word painting of the vigor and dash of this fish, he says: "At Cinquieme Chute I have seen the ouananiche, on his way up to Lac à Jim, leap full 10ft. against the face of the falls, and with scarce a perceptible pause again leap as high, reaching the top of the Chute and falling into the mirrory slide of the water be swept over the falls before he could get his head up stream, and his mighty tail going like the screw of an ocean liner."

There is a difference of opinion as to the height that it is possible for a sea salmon to jump when it is ascending a river to spawn and encounters obstructions. One well-known writer contends that salmon cannot jump the breast of a dam that is more than 6ft. in height, nor the breast of a natural fall of water that is more than the same height. On the other hand, Prof. Landmark, of Norway, who conducted a series of experiments to test the leaping powers of the salmon; Edward Fitzgibbon ("Ephemera"); H. Cholmondeley-Pennell; Twiss, the author of "Travels in Iceland;" Archibald Young, the veteran Inspector of Fisheries in Great Britain; ex-Fish Commissioner Henry Burden; the late Wm. J. Florence; Canadian canoemen who have spent more than a score of years on Canadian salmon rivers, and others that I might name, testify from personal observation, that salmon have jumped from 8 to 16ft. Prof. Landmark and Mr. Fitzgibbon say that they have seen the fish jump the last-named distance, while the others testify to distances ranging from 8 to 14ft. To display their jumping power at its best, salmon must have a deep pool from which to make the start, but Mr. Pennell personally vouches for the leap of a salmon made under the following conditions: The fish was discovered in a shallow creek by two young ladies. They walked in the water below it and drove it up stream until it was almost stranded, and as they stooped to secure it the salmon sprang completely over their heads and landed on dry land. Until a few days ago the only picture that I had seen of a salmon taken in the act of leaping was the one reproduced from an instantaneous photograph in Prof. Goode's book, "American Fishes." That shows the fish leaping a fall of water, and although the water is in good volume, the sheet thick enough apparently for the fish to swim up it, and it is an incline rather than a sheer fall, the salmon has made the jump in the air. I have just seen the negative of an exposure made at a leaping salmon in Alaska. (This reminds me that Prof. Goode told me that the picture in his book was also made in Alaska.) It was made by Mr. S. R. Stoddard, and when prints are made from this negative one may be reproduced in FOREST AND STREAM. In Mr. Stoddard's picture the salmon is in the act of jumping a dam, the height of which, unfortunately, he did not measure, but the measurement I shall obtain later. The crown of the dam projects down and over the water below, but there is no water running over it, so the fish is jumping a dry dam. This of itself is interesting, for salmon run usually only when the stream is in flood. The height of the dam appears to be about four times greater than the length of the fish. This dam was not a bar to the ascent of the salmon, for on the top of it a net is stretched to prevent the fish from jumping over it. Mr. Stoddard tells me that he saw fish make a clean jump to the top of the dam, only to be thrown back by the net. Since I have talked with him he feels that if he could again make the Alaska trip he might secure some photographs that would be interesting to a Congressional committee having in charge the fishing interests of that remote territory. The salmon is a leaper, but it does not always leap in passing an obstruction, and it can perform some astonishing feats in the swimming line.

The difference in tactics between a salmon and a trout in passing an obstruction is just the difference in action between the two fish when hooked. In nearly every case the salmon jumps to free its jaws from the hook, while the trout swims in desperation with the same object in view, and very rarely jumps above the surface. Although the salmon is a high jumper and the trout a desperate swimmer, in passing an obstruction neither confines its action to a display of its chief characteristic, for the trout is something of a jumper when forced to show its agility in that direction. As a boy I often wondered how trout forced their way over what were apparently impossible falls in mountain trout streams. That they did pass up over these falls I was convinced, but how I was unable to explain, even to my own satisfaction. Some years ago, perhaps fifteen, perhaps more, a well-known public man, the head of a lumber company in New York State, told me that during his visits to the lumber woods in the fall of the year he had seen trout swim up a vertical fall of water of several feet and pass over the dam that made the falling water. As I said to him at the time, therefore I do not mind admitting it here, it was a difficult matter for me to believe that his eyes had not deceived him, but I have had proof enough of it since. He described the operation thus: He was sitting on the bank of a stream near a dam that his own men had erected, when he noticed a movement in the water which attracted his closer attention. The water was falling from the crown of the dam in one unbroken sheet, 2 or 3in. thick, into a pool below. A trout would start from the pool up the sheet of water in a zig-zag motion so quick that it was almost impossible to follow it with the eye. Some trout would go over the dam, and some, after making part of the ascent, would fall back into the pool below, only to try it again. By watching closely he discovered that the trout fell back because they got their fins out of the water. The moment that a fin was exposed back the trout would go. Those of the trout that kept within the sheet of water made the passage without accident, and the ascent was as quick as a flash of light. Once in a while there would be a little struggle and a splash at the crest of the dam as the fish made the final effort and the turn at the same time, but this did not always indicate failure, though many fell back even from that point, when they were all but over. One of the foremen of the lumber company told me that he was once building a dam on a small stream to store the water for the spring river driving, and was obliged to put in a plank that had an auger hole in it. The bulk of the water was shut off, leaving the pool below quiet. Soon the water raised on the upper side of the dam until a stream poured through the hole, and as it gained a little head it discharged round and clear into the water below, agitating it. The foreman was looking at the stream thinking whether it was worth while to stop it with a plug when he saw a trout shoot out of the side of the solid stream. Then he watched and saw a number of trout try to swim up in the stream and some few succeeded in passing through the hole, but many fell back unsuccessful. After a time the head became so great that the force of the water was more than the fish could overcome. In these cases the trout accomplished what they sought by their swimming powers instead of by jumping.

While a dam at a storage reservoir of the Glens Falls village water works was being repaired a small leak was supplied with a trough made of two boards nailed together to carry the water away from the base of the dam. The lower end of the trough was, I should say, 15 to 20in. above the ground. The leakage found its way into the stream below, which was a trout brook, by a channel which it made for itself. A trout from the brook followed up this little leakage to the miniature pool under the end of the trough, then jumped into the trough, worked its way to the upper end of the trough in water not deep enough to cover its back, and was there found by Mr. Henry Gayger, a venerable bank officer living in the village. He carried the trout to the stream below, but soon found the same or another trout in the same place in the trough, and then he carried the fish to the water above the dam. I drove out to the dam and arrived just as Mr. Gayger had for the second time transferred the trout. Following the course of the leakage stream from the brook it seemed to be utterly impossible for a trout to swim in the small amount of water in the channel, and the height from this little pool under the trough to the trough itself was to my eye far too great for a trout to jump, and the water was not thick enough for a trout to swim up in it. Yet, that trout made the journey twice. I could multiply instances of this kind if it were necessary to show the power that a trout possesses to swim up over waterfalls that to the uninitiated are apparently impossible. The accompanying reproduction of a photograph shows a fall of water that is a fair example of the supposed barriers to the ascent of trout. The photograph is of Shelving Rock Falls, on Shelving Rock Brook, a stream that flows into Lake George, N. Y., on the east side, just south of the Narrows. The falls are but a short distance from the lake, and are considered well worth looking at, and many journey to the place for this purpose. The picture does not show the entire fall, but enough to indicate its character. Trout go down over these falls to the lake and return passing over falls. Trout that stay for a time in the lake take on a coating of silver from lying on the white sand, which almost covers the markings and mottlings and which gives them the local name of "silver trout." In this respect they are very like the so-called sea trout of Canada. When the trout have returned to the brook the silver coating gradually disappears and the spotting shows again in all its beauty and freshness. Years ago I was fishing this Shelving Rock Brook with a friend when he called to me to join him. He had just caught one of the silver mantled trout and was amazed to find it above the falls, for he knew well where it got its silver coat, but did not suppose it possible for a fish of any kind to swim up and over the falls. A man living near told us then that he knew the trout went up and down in the spring and fall when there was water enough to make the passage, but my friend declared the "silver trout" must have been carried up in a bucket of water, although he was afterward convinced that the trout could go up and did go up as the man expressed it, "slick as grease."

A. N. CHENEY.



SHELVING ROCK FALLS.

Photo by Miss Rose Welles Cheney.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

### Vermont Fish Law.

HIGHGATE, Vt., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Among the changes proposed in our present fish laws is one which, if it becomes a law, will, we fear, nearly exterminate the fish in this section of Lake Champlain. It is proposed to make a law giving our Fish Commissioners the power to grant licenses to seine the northern waters of the lake during the time that the fish are entering the mouth of the Missisquoi River to spawn. The reason given why licenses should be given here is that licenses are given on the Canadian side. That is a poor reason, for though Canadians do fish with seines, a large number of fish annually come into our river to spawn, and then return back into the lake and there remain within the borders of our State and furnish sport and food for a large number of our residents, as well as for summer tourists who come here during the hot season. If the above bill becomes a law, the same influence that caused the bill to be made and to become a law will be used to get licenses granted.

I believe that much of the net fishing done on the Canadian side of the line has been done by persons resident of this town and the towns of Swanton and Alburgh, Vt., and the fish caught were brought back to this side of the line and then shipped to the New York and Boston markets. A stringent law should have been passed and enforced to prevent this kind of work.

A few days ago one of our Fish Commissioners and the editor of a local paper were cruising in the lake near the mouth of the river, where they ran into a trap net that had some 400 fish in it. The Commissioner liberated the fish and took up the net, but it was left where it was stolen from him that night. The editor has not made any mention of the fact, which shows how his sympathies are. It is to be hoped that the good sense of our Governor will cause him to refuse to sign the bill. If not, we hook and line fishermen will be obliged to take our rods and our cash and go elsewhere for our sport.

STANSTEAD.

### An Automatic Striker.

An English firm has invented an automatic fish-striker, by which the line is twitched and the biting fish is struck entirely without the angler's intervention. "We have not tried this invention, as we do not care about automatic affairs of this kind, which all tend to reduce the interest of angling and its sporting character," says the London *Fishing Gazette*. "If you are fishing for your living, by all means use half a dozen lines (if you may legally do so) and automatic strikers, but do not as a sportsman claim any glory for fish killed by such means. 'Many a fish is lost,' say Messrs. Hearder, 'by not being struck the moment it takes the bait.' Of course it is, and that's one of the charms of angling. It requires skill, but if these automatic affairs do what they profess to do, then you only want a boy to pull in the fish and rebait for you."

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.
Dec. 6 to 9.—First Annual Dog Show Hermitage Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn. Robert C. Stockton, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 21.—Eastern Field Trial Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell. Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y

## THE UNITED STATES FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS.

### The Pointer Derby.

This stake began on Monday, Nov. 7, at Elizabethtown, Ky. There were fourteen starters. Owing to the scarcity of birds, a scarcity which was felt throughout the competitions, and which, in some heats, occasioned long, wearisome working with indecisive results, the stake was run in a slow, unsatisfactory manner. The standing of the dogs in the competition was many times necessarily decided on extremely narrow margins.

The grounds themselves were unfavorable, inasmuch as the large fields were so short of vegetation that they afforded neither cover nor a food supply for the birds. The large fields were covered by a short, light growth of grass; many were sown in wheat; the cornfields were entirely free of weeds, and there was little moisture in the ground. There were a few stubble fields, far too few for the requirements of the trials, and they were not very fruitful in results. What birds there were, however, used the few thickets, woods and other scanty cover which was available.

Hunting in the bare fields was a waste of effort. Hunting in the thickets or cover along the streams reduced the work to the level of pottering and hedge-hunting. Even at that, it was without much result in the way of finding birds, either as to quantity or quality of performance.

By noon of the first day, birds had been found in such few numbers, and the grounds were so unpromising, that many expressed grave doubts as to the possibility of holding the trials there. By night, the management was seriously considering a removal to other territory. Some local sportsmen, however, gave great encouragement by assurances of better success on other territory which was available. Their arguments prevailed. This territory was worked on Tuesday. It was no improvement on that of the previous day.

It is only just to say that the local sportsmen and land owners were as kind and courteous as it was possible to be. They were enthusiastic in their interest in the success of the trials, and gave all possible assistance. Excellent horses were provided. Every inducement which could be of advantage was held out, but the hard fact that the trials could not be run properly without birds always prevailed.

On Tuesday, after lunch, a special meeting of the club members was called to act on the matter. After a brief discussion of the situation, a motion to run the trials elsewhere was unanimously carried. It was then decided to call in such handlers as were directly interested in the competition and get an expression of opinion as to what locality they preferred. The president of the club explained the situation to them and stated that the wishes of the majority would prevail. Three places were mentioned—New Albany, Miss., Bicknell and Columbus, Ind.

New Albany was rejected on account of the difficulty and delay of reaching it, and being in an opposite direction from that which most of the handlers would take after the trials, namely, eastward to the Eastern trials.

Bicknell was objected to on the ground that some handlers had trained and worked their dogs there.

Columbus, Ind., was the place which met most general approval. Carlisle, Ind., was mentioned.

There appeared to be some few who were desirous of having the trials held as near their homes as possible. At this juncture, the irrepressible Andy Gleason made the following motion:

"I move that these trials be run at Alma, Kansas."

Alma is his home.

Everybody laughed, but the sarcasm served to show the absurdity of each handler desiring to have the trial at his own home. The motion to run the trials at Columbus was then put and carried unanimously.

Forthwith the secretary, Mr. Madison, began making arrangements for the change. He engaged a special train to transfer to Columbus the whole aggregation of owners, handlers, judges, reporters and dogs at the expense of the club. At 10:30 P. M. the train was ready and the largest field trial party ever seen on one train was soon on its way.

While this act showed the club management to be energetic, capable and equal to the occasion, it seems reasonable to assume that an accurate knowledge of whether birds were plentiful or not should have been obtained before the trials began. This could have been done by drawing the grounds a few days before the commencement of the trials by some representative of the club. All the unpleasant complications were a sequence to this oversight.

As to the merits of the dogs, it would, except in a few instances, be impossible to express a positive opinion or statement, owing to the small amount of work on birds. For the same reason, many of the heats were indecisive. They were necessarily so from the force of circumstances.

The judges exhausted all available facilities to give the dogs a thorough trial. Ample time was always given. Many times the dogs were worked till fatigue reduced their efforts to ineffectiveness. No judges could be more earnest or painstaking, and it is gratifying to state that their decisions were received with approbation.

The judges were Col. A. G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind., and Messrs. P. H. Bryson, Memphis, and B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn. Maj. Renfroe and Mr. Freeman, the judges engaged originally, were to arrive later; the election probably engaging their attention. Judges managed the trials skilfully, considering the many disadvantages which were consequent to unfavorable grounds and scarcity of birds.

Among those present were A. T. Smith, Texas; R. L. Shannon and wife, Louisville; Norvin T. Harris, St. Mathews, Ky.; Edwin Gar, John Bolus, Frank and George Richards, L. W. Blankenbaker, N. B Nesbitt, Dr. Mitchell, Nashville; Dr. J. N. Maclin, Mason, Tenn.; Dr. Otto Moebes, Athens, Ala.; H. W. Delaplaine, Louisville; H. M. M. Mundy, Louisville; D. C. McDowell, Jno. A. Hunter, W. Daniel, Major Purcell, A. J. Gleason, T. H. Poindexter, A. P. Gilliam, Thos. Bond, Geo. Maclin, J. H. Johnson, M. C. Wiles, W. T. Irwin, D. E. Rose, C. W. Barker, G. R. Howse, J. M. Avent, Jas. Williams, A. M. Yound, Nashville; P. T. Madison, Maj. J. M. Taylor, Victor M. Haldeman, L. A. Rice, Chicago; W. B. Rice, W. B. Stafford, Gus. F. Schrever. Capt. Clinton, Dr. N. Rowe, John C. Gude and many others.

On Tuesday, Mr. W. J. Beck, the secretary of the American Field Trial Club, arrived at Elizabethtown. He was consulted in respect to grounds at Columbus, Ind., and the report was circulated that he stated that part of the American Field Trial Club's grounds could be used on the first day, and in that time other grounds could be secured which could be used thereafter. It was hasty on the part of all concerned to contemplate a departure for Columbus before having an absolute knowledge of what could be secured, and how long it would take to secure what was needed.

No analysis of the competiton would be of any value, since the opportunities of testing the dogs' qualities were too limited to fully develop the merits or demerits of the dogs. An intelligent dog could range and beat out the likely places with rare judgment and find nothing for his efforts. The dog that ran fast and far without judgment made as good showing, so far as finding is concerned. There was so much bare ground that it was most discouraging to the dogs to make any effort to search. Many intelligent dogs refuse to beat out a bare field. In fact it is well known that the greater is the dog's intelligence the more he refrains from doing silly things; and beating out a bare field with a view to finding birds is one of them.

As to which dog was the best one, it may or may not be that the trials determined it. The opportunities were too few and too imperfect to make the test conclusive. It was, however, the best which could be done under the circumstances. The club was earnest and energetic. It did the best it could to readjust and make the trials a success, but the one oversight of taking for granted the reports of abundance of birds were true was what began the tangling consequences. It was most unfortunate since whatever course was pursued it worked a hardship to some one.

To go in any direction to another locality entailed added expense to some one or more on returning. It added a fatiguing experience to the dogs which had come on a long journey, but as the running progressed it developed that there was no other alternative.

Following is the order of drawing:

Edgemont Pointer Kennels' bitch Troublesome (Tribulation—Pride of Idstone), A. T. Smith, handler,
*with*
R. L. Shannon's bitch Mame S. (Osborn Ale—Pearl's Pride), G. R. Howse, handler.

R. L. Shannon's bitch Ginger Ale (Osborne Ale—Pearl's Pride), E. Gar, handler,
*with*
John Bolus's bitch Kent's Queen (King of Kent—Vera Bang), owner, handler.

W. T. Hunter's bitch Lady Peg (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo), F. Richards, handler.
*with*
G. W. Amory's dog Onward (Wise C.—Velce V.), T. H. Poindexter, handler.

Adolph Schmidt's dog Boy's Faust (Spotted Boy—Sally Ale), G. R. Howse, handler,
*with*
Gus F. Schrever's dog Earl of Kent (King of Kent—Sal), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

R. L. Shannon's bitch Croxie O'Bannon (King of Kent—Croxie Wise), E. Gar, handler,
*with*
W. Hinkle Smith's dog Biz (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo), Geo. Richards, handler.

Joseph Crugom's dog David C. (Duke of Hessen—Princess Marguerite), G. E. Gray, handler,
*with*
J. L. Adams's dog Lad of Rush (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

T. G. Barstow's dog Pomme de Terre (Ossian—Clipaway II.), W. B. Stafford, handler,
*with*
T. T. Ashford's dog Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

### MONDAY.

A heavy rain had fallen during the night. The morning was cloudy and threatening more bad weather, but it slowly cleared up and the sun shone forth for a short time. In the afternoon a raw breeze sprung up and clouds again obscured the sky.

*First Series.*

TROUBLESOME—MAME S.—They were cast off at 8:36 in an open field. Mame showed the better speed and range, in this respect being quite good. Troublesome flushed, down wind, an outlying bird of a bevy and dropped. Mame, a moment afterward, pointed the bevy. The birds were followed. Mame pointed a single and Troublesome also got a point. Both were steady. Troublesome made but a moderately fair showing. The heat ended at 9:30 with everything in Mame's favor.

GINGER ALE—KENT'S QUEEN.—At 9:32 they were started, and were taken up at 10:39 without finding birds, although they were worked both in open and cover. It was necessary to take them up as they were worked down to a very narrow range and had lost interest in working for birds which were not.

LADY PEG—ONWARD.—They began at 11:04. Onward did not work independently. He followed Peg constantly. Peg showed the greater superiority. Onward roaded up wind to a flush on a bevy—poor work. On the scattered birds Onward flushed a single in open, and Peg pointed the scattered birds. Both were steady to wing and shot. They were ordered up at 11:36, Peg the better in every respect.

BOY'S FAUST—EARL OF KENT.—They were started at 11:51, both ranging poorly. No work on birds of any consequence was done. Earl pointed a single and flushed once. They were ordered up at 12:35 and the party partook of an excellent lunch

CROXIE O'BANNON—BIZ.—In high weeds at 1:40 they were cast off. A reporter flushed a bevy, which was marked down in an unfavorable place for good work. Biz made a half point, standing on bare ground and pointing at some light, narrow cover on the bank of the creek. A single bird flushed wild from the point. Biz roaded and half pointed, then a bird flushed wild. No dog could have made a good showing under such conditions. Moved on, Croxie pointed a bevy in brush and high weeds. Steady to wing. It was followed. The dogs were worked around and around and back and forth to find them. Some flushes were made and it was difficult to determine whether the dogs were at fault or not, as handlers and horses were close on them. The heat ended at 2:10. All the work was done in cover in a narrow strip of land, too small and close to test the range of either.



THE ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD MARVEL.

Owned by Mr. W. C. Reick, New York City.

DAVID C.—LAD OF RUSH.—The heat began at 2:14. Both worked merrily. Dave flushed a single in weeds. The scattered birds flushed wild. Dogs beat about in woods. Both pointed hesitatingly, then roaded. Dave roaded to a point on a bird, and was steady to shot. Lad, brought up to back, pointed—footscent probably. They were worked in both open and cover. In open, Lad was much the wider ranger, but in cover had no superiority over his competitor. The heat ended at 3:10.

POMME DE TERRE—KENT ELGIN.—They began at 3:14 and worked till 3:28 without finding, when they were taken to other ground and started afresh at 3:43 in an open field. Stafford called a point for Pomme just as the bevy flushed. Kent made a false point. Up at 4:23.

This completed the running for the day.

### TUESDAY.

The day opened delightfully cool and pleasant. A trace of frost could be seen in places. New grounds were tried, but they were no improvement on those of the day previous. Only four bevies were found by diligent search before lunch. Large bare fields, with a scarcity of cover, were the prevalent features. The further the running progressed, the plainer it became that it was impossible to hold the trials at Elizabethtown under existing circumstances, therefore a move to other grounds must be made.

POMME DE TERRE—KENT ELGIN.—This brace was again put down. At 8:40 they were started. Kent pointed a bevy by the edge of woods and was backed by Pomme. The birds were followed into a thicket where the dogs beat about without finding. They were ordered up at 9:22.

*Second Series.*

LADY PEG—LAD OF RUSH.—They were cast off at 9:24. At 9:30 they were ordered up for a few minutes while taken to other grounds. The fields were exceedingly bare and unpromising. Lad, going down wind, flushed an outlying bird of a bevy near a small growth of brush. His handler flushed the bevy a moment afterward. The birds were marked down in the open and followed. Lad made a point, and the birds at the same moment flushed wild. They were next worked in to woods, where Lad pointed a single bird well and was steady to order. Peg was the wider ranger. Lad performed the better on birds.

MAME S.—EARL OF KENT.—They were worked across a stretch of open, then into woods, where a bevy was marked down. In beating about several birds were flushed by the handlers. Mame was first to find. She pointed nicely a bevy in a fallen tree top. Earl backed. In the open Earl

flushed a single. Up at 11:04 with every advantage in favor of Mame, and favorable prospects for her to win first.

GINGER ALE—KENT ELGIN.—At 11:09 they were cast off. At 12:06 they were watered, no finding having been made in the meantime. Kent flushed a bevy and was quite unsteady. On the scattered birds he flushed a single. Ginger showed the better speed and range. The heat ended at 12:26.

The party then went to lunch. After lunch the president called a meeting of the club members. It was carried unanimously that the trials would be removed elsewhere, as hereinbefore stated, and on vote of the interested parties, Columbus, Ind., was unanimously chosen. The announcement that the club would so change the trial grounds was greeted with cheers.

*Third Series.*

MAME S.—LADY PEG.—They were started at 2:55. Both, going down wind, flushed a bevy in open weeds. The birds were followed. Soon both made game and pointed the scattered birds. They were steady to wing and shot. Mame next flushed a bird. Next she pointed at the moment the bird flushed wild. She next pointed in cover. Peg refused to back and joined in the point. Nothing found. A bevy had been seen in a large open field and the dogs were worked here and there to find it. Peg flushed it. Mame was the better performer. Up at 3:31.

GINGER ALE—LAD OF RUSH.—They began at 3:35 in an open field. They were worked in woods to find a bevy which had been marked by a spectator. Lad pointed, Ginger joining in the point. Lad moved on and flushed a bird. He moved on and flushed again. Ginger had several opportunities, but made a poor showing. She was the better ranger. Up at 3:45.

*Fourth Series.*

MAME S.—LAD OF RUSH.—The owner of Lad was given a choice between twenty minutes' rest and going on at once. He chose the latter. The brace was started at 4:03. On a side hill, in the open field, Lad pointed prettily. Mame, about 30yds. away, backed handsomely. Both were steady to wing and shot. On the way after the scattered birds, Mame pointed a bevy in the open. Lad at the same time pointed a few yards away, on the foot scent probably. Moved on after the scattered birds. Lad pointed a single. The railroad was crossed, and more search was made for scattered birds. Lad pointed a bird. Next both pointed one. Moved on. Both chased a single, but stopped and came back to order. Up at 4:31. Mame made a chase during the heat, which destroyed her chance to win first.

Immediately thereafter the judges announced Lad first, Mame S. second, Lady Peg third.

Lad showed good work in locating and pointing birds. His range is about ordinary.

Mame S. far excelled anything in the stake in the uniformity of her work. She maintained a good range and speed. Her work on birds was also the best, although she carried a low nose when on scent, and pottered a bit at times. The chase was what set her back to second place, but she could have chased twice and been a good bit ahead of anything in merit.

Lady Peg made a good showing for her place. It can be said of her, as of the others, that the opportunities were so limited that it was difficult to determine just how well she could perform.

Thus ended the stake after a series of most indecisive tests. The Derby prizes were: First, $250; second, $200; third, $150.

### The Columbus Story.

At 10:30 P. M. Tuesday, the special train backed up at the L. & N. depot to take the whole party to Columbus, Ind.



MR. D. C. LUSE'S LADY BARTON.
Winner All-Aged Stakes, Great Bend, 1892.

There were two baggage cars and a passenger coach. It was nearly 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning when the party reached its destination.

While en route the English Setter Derby final entries were made. There were twenty-seven drawn to run as follows: Dick Fox with Dixie's Rod, Clem Gladstone with Hoosier Lady, Hoosier Girl with Teal Swinge, Dan Burgess with Gaiety, Nancy Foreman with Rex the King, Lochinvar with Direct, Belle of Kentucky with Lillian Russell, Duff with Elphin II., Ranger B. with Dessie Hope, Rap-Eye-Dan with Sport, Gladstone Pet with Cecil H., Cleo with Kingston, Brighton Clip with Sancho. The Laggard a bye.

The weather opened most unfavorably on Wednesday morning. It was cold, windy and threatening. A light snow began to fall, which increased in volume to an ordinary snowstorm, which lasted till night.

Early in the morning rumors began to be circulated that the grounds available for the trials were bottomlands, covered by heavy growths of weeds, cockle burrs, etc.; that birds were not very plentiful, and that a sufficient number of saddle horses and teams for carrying the dogs could not be obtained. Soon after 10 A. M. the president called a special meeting of the club. It was decided to let the future action in respect to whether to continue the trials at Columbus, postpone them till February and run them in Mississippi or mov. elsewhere at once, to the vote of the interested handlers and owners. They were called in. The president informed them that it was left to them to determine what course would be pursued. Suggestions and discussion were invited.

Soon thereafter it was plain that no unanimous action could be agreed upon. There were also indications that no action could be taken on the issue without causing keen dissatisfaction to some handlers. To postpone the trials entailed a large expense in attending them again, or a loss of time and money already expended. To go elsewhere would consume more time and would furthermore be more or less a moving at a venture. To remain was unsatisfactory.

At an early stage of the meeting Mr. Beck arose and said that he would like to make a few remarks. In substance he said that, concerning the requirement of the United States Field Trials Club, he thought that it was expecting too much action at once. The people of Columbus were doing all that they could. The club had come on them without any notice and they therefore were caught unprepared for the emergency. He, himself, had not promised that everything would be all right before the club left Elizabethtown. Men were out engaging horses which would be in ample numbers on the morrow. Men were out also engaging more grounds. The grounds already secured would be ample for the present and were better than common rumor made them to be.



MR. ED. H. LYON'S TRALEE.
Winner American Field Cup, Great Bend, 1889.

The president assured Mr. Beck that the club appreciated his kindness and efforts, and the contemplated action was not in consequence of any inattention on his part or the people of Columbus. It was simply recognizing the situation, many factors of which were outside of the case, as Mr Beck understood and had presented it. Already much valuable time had been lost. More time would be consumed in preparing for another start. At the best, the trials would hold over till late the following week. Many handlers had entries in other trials and would not remain till the close of these trials. Those who did remain would have limited time to reach the other trials, and their dogs would not be in the best condition to compete. The same objections would hold against moving elsewhere.

Mr. Gleason got the floor and said that it looked as if the trials were run in the interest of a clique. That there were two or three handlers who desired to have the trials run near their homes. He objected to New Albany, Miss.

The president arose and for the club said he repudiated Mr. Gleason's charge with indignation. The club was not run in the interest of any clique. It was run in the interest of all, and would be while he had anything to do with it. That it was run in the interest of all was evidenced by the fact that future action was left to the decision of the handlers at Elizabethtown, and was even at that moment being left to their decision. The control of the whole affair was within the powers of the club, and it could justly act independently of their wishes; but it was with a purpose to act with the utmost fairness that the club had called this meeting. No clique could control it. The vote of the majority in the present instance would prevail, as there was no alternative but to have in mind the greatest good to the greatest number.

Messrs. Avent and Nesbitt both explained that they were the handlers living nearest New Albany, Miss., and had not hunted on the grounds there nor been on them except at the trials.

Mr. Gleason again got the floor and explained that he did not mean his remarks in the sense they were understood. (As a matter of fact, they could not be understood in any other sense).

A long discussion followed, in which a number took part, but it was threshing the matter over and over again.

The strongest sentiment apparently was in favor of postponing the trials till February, and running at New Albany, Miss.

Mr. P. H. Bryson had, in behalf of the Southern Club, offered the use of its grounds after its trials were run. He further said that the United States Club could gain a permanent interest in the grounds by simply paying half the rent and expenses, which at present did not exceed $130 annually.

On the motion that the trials be postponed till February, before or after the Southern trials, a vote was taken by roll call.

Ayes—Stafford, Nesbitt, Wiles, Bond, Gilliam, Mobes, Schriever, Barker, Howse, Avent, Chilcott, Blankenbaker, Purcell, Gar, Smith, Hunter and Johnson.

Nays—Gleason, Riley, Gude, Richards, Gray, Maclin and Daniels.

The secretary announced seventeen for the motion and seven against it.

The president announced that the trials would be held in Mississippi in February, in accordance with the motion. He notified the handlers that the last payment in the Setter Derby would be refunded, and the stake thus stood open to others the same as if the last payment had not been made.

There was then a bustling about, and by night the greater part of the handlers and owners had left.

Capt. Pat Henry had gone to Elizabethtown after the field trial party had left, and arrived during the special meeting. Mr. J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, Ind., and Mr. H. J. Smith, Louisville, arrived on Wednesday.

That the move to Mississippi will be for the best interests of a majority of the competitors is indisputable. The vote shows it. The club would better fill its mission by holding its trials permanently in February in Mississippi. The vote shows that such is the sentiment of its patrons. With its trials held there, it would form a winter circuit in conjunction with the Southern and other clubs, which, with so much available support in view, would soon be formed. There is excellent material in Louisiana to form a first-class field trial club. They are sportsmen and experienced thoroughly in field trial matters. Some disagreements among themselves have been a restraint on field trial matters in the past two years. I was informed by a sportsman of that section, who is the peer of any in the land, that a new club would soon be formed in Louisiana.

The fall circuit is now too crowded, with a prospect of being still more so as new clubs are formed. Only the large clubs of the North can afford to hold trials so far South; or, in other words, the small clubs of the North will have to necessarily hold their trials in the North for financial reasons. Such clubs can do a great work in furthering doggy interests and sportsmanship. Local trials are needed and should be held. The time in the North in which such trials can be held is extremely limited—part of October and November. From December to March the trials can be held in the South.

Field trials are growing; they are growing in support, in standing and in importance. Spread out and make room, gentlemen.

A new club has been formed in Ohio, to hold its inaugural trial this year. Next year, it contemplates giving a trial equal to the best. There are three active field trial clubs in Canada. Michigan and Indiana each have a field trial club. Some other organizations are contemplated. New England has one. There are also the Eastern, Central, Philadelphia, Southern and Irish setter trials.

With all these important events it would be in the interest of all concerned to pay more attention to arranging a circuit with a view to making it properly consecutive as to places and dates.

B. WATERS.

## MITCHELL COURSING MEET.

*[Special Report.]*

THE first annual coursing meet, held at Mitchell, S. D., under the auspices of the Mitchell Kennel Association, was a grand success. The quality of the sport was far ahead of the expectations of those who had never before witnessed coursing, and the attendance of coursing men was very good and would have been better had our meet been more thoroughly advertised. A large crowd came out each day to witness the sport and stayed to the finish.

Mr. Arthur Massey was secured as judge and proved to be thoroughly competent and gave the best of satisfaction. Mr. Massey is well known by all the coursing men of America as the "Old Slipper" for the American Coursing Club, of which he has been the stand-by ever since its organization.

The only objection that can be made is the same made at Great Bend—the horses furnished the judges were not the stayers they should have been, and in one or two of the longer chases it was impossible for the judge to see the finish, which might have reversed his decision. For instance where Judy met Lady Bly after their undecided course, they came to the slips for their second trial. Judy led to the hare, but very little was done, as puss seemed to be too gay for her enemies after quite a long run and no work was done; for a moment they were out of sight of the judges, but not so with the crowd. When they came in sight again Lady Bly was working the hare back to the crowd, across some plowed ground. Parties who were near said that Judy quit and others that she took after another hare. It was decided in favor of Judy. Had the judge been better mounted his decision would evidently have been reversed.

The entries closed Tuesday at 9 P. M., filled with twenty nominations.

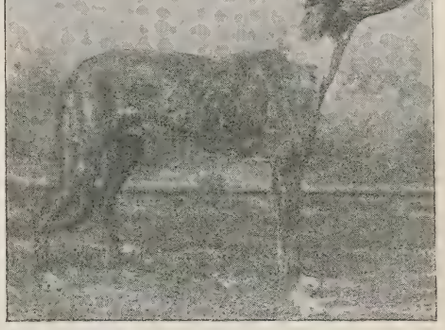
### WEDNESDAY, NOV. 2.

Wednesday morning a jovial crowd, mounted on horses, bicycles and others in carriages, gathered on the beautiful grounds of the club, about one mile southwest of town, adjoining the campus of Dakota University. We could not ask for a better day or the ground to be in better shape.

*First Round.*

FANNY—NIG.—The dog came away from the slips and led several lengths to the hare, showing marked superiority. At this point something which was not looked for came up. Several of the other dogs got away from their owners and assisted in the kill. Here the rule on this point was read for the benefit of those not acquainted with it, and no more such accidents happened during the meet.

CARTER C.—SIR HUGO.—Hugo led four lengths to the hare and turned in favor of Carter; he made a desperate grab for puss, but missed. Hugo rushed by, took full control and won easily; no kill.



MR. ED. H. LYON'S SCAVENGER.
Winner American Coursing Club Derby, 1892

DENVER DUKE—JUDY.—Went from the slips with Judy a little in front. This was a long lead, at least one mile before the work commenced. Then they got down to business, working toward town, and finally making the kill on Main street in town. The kill was made by Duke, but Judy had the best of him in points, and won.

BLUE PRINCE—JACK.—The former led from the slips and won all the way, making the kill unassisted.

TULU—FLY.—Fly ran away from Tulu and made several points; then Tulu doubled his speed, rushed by and made it too hot for Fly, making the kill and won.

BRINDLE DUKE—SKIP.—In the run up to the hare there was not much between them for speed, but Duke shot out and shifted with wonderful power, nailed the hare and won.

DELSARTE—CAP.—Delsarte led ten lengths up to the first turn, doing clever work, until finally Cap got by but scored no points, and the former won; no kill.

BOUNCE—VIXEN.—The latter was quickest from the slips and hardly let Bounce have a chance at puss for some time, when Bounce got in his work and making the kill, it was undecided. In a subsequent course Vixen won easily.

CATCH—FLY.—The former led to the hare three lengths, making several wrenches; then Fly made one or two points, when Catch again led the hare away, killed and won.

LADY BLY—LIGHTS O' LONDON.—The former was a little quicker from the slips, but the latter rushed by and made four points. Then Bly got in for a go-by and turned in favor of the latter, who made one turn, the former again taking possession, and keeping the same, making the kill and won easily.

*Second Round.*

NIG—SIR HUGO.—The latter led to the hare several lengths, showing great superiority of speed, made the kill and won easily.

JUDY—BLUE PRINCE.—From a poor slip Blue Prince was held back at least 100yds., and after a long, hard run got in,

but on account of the hare favoring the former he was unable to win the race.

TULEE—BRINDLE DUKE.—The former was a little quicker from the slips, but the latter made a go-by and quick kill, making it a short race but all in favor of Brindle Duke. This closed the day's sport, and the happy crowd (except one or two who were "knocked out") sailed in for town. The judge remarked that evening that the ground, and also the style that the jacks worked, was a great deal more satisfactory than any he had seen in this country.

THURSDAY, NOV. 3.

A good crowd was on the ground, eagerly awaiting the morning races, which were called promptly at 10 A. M. The hares were quite shy early in the day, but in the afternoon the sportsmen were made jubilant by striking a regular "jack pot."

*Second Round (Concluded).*

DELSARTE—VIXEN.—The former, as before in her courses this season, beat to the hare, but was not able to hold it long. Vixen went by, and after doing some fine work, made the kill and won.

CATCH—LADY BLY.—This was a closely worked hare and neither dog seemed to have the best of it and an undecided kill was made.

*Third Round.*

SIR HUGO—JUDY.—Hugo led several lengths to the hare and did some good work. Judy getting the lead later but was unable to do any work. No kill. Sir Hugo won.

BRINDLE DUKE—VIXEN.—The latter was much quicker from the slips, but Duke shot by and made a kill, winning all one way.

In the undecided course of Catch—Lady Bly, the former led to the hare, which was not turned from her course for about one mile. Then going out of sight of the judge, it was given to Catch. They afterwards came in sight with Lady Bly working the hare, but the judge was unable to change his decision.

CATCH (A BYE).—This was run with Judy, and made a quick kill.

*Fourth Round.*

SIR HUGO—CATCH.—Hugo led five lengths to the hare, then placed Catch nicely; but Hugo got in again, and made the kill, and won.

BRINDLE DUKE *vs.* BYE.—This was a long, hard run, which he ran with Carter C.

*Fifth Round.*

SIR HUGO—BRINDLE DUKE.—This was another bad slip, and just in the time when the crowd, as well as the owners, wished to see an equal showing. Brindle Duke was unsighted, and not until Hugo ran up, making five points, turning the hare back to the crowd. This let the Duke in, and running across some plowed ground, Duke had the best of it, being the larger and older of the two, and just as they struck the grass again, the hare was holed—not a long nor a satisfactory course. Duke won, and being a Dakota dog, also won the title of "Champion of South Dakota."

SUMMARY.

ASSOCIATION STAKE.—Open to the world, for 20 or more all-aged greyhounds; entrance fee $5, the winner to receive 50 per cent. of the entrance money and $40; the runner-up, 50 per cent. of the remaining entrance money and $20; third and fourth, 25 per cent. each of the money remaining after second division.

The title of "champion of South Dakota" will be conferred by the president of the association on the dog owned in South Dakota getting the best place in the race.

Consolation Stake.—Open to dogs who have not won in any previous stake; no entrance fee, the winner to receive a $50 silver cup given by the association.



DR. J. KIME WITH MINGO, JR AND LADY SPOT. MR JOHN DAVIDSON WITH LUCY C.

First, second and third, Amateur Stake, International Trials, 1892.

*First Round.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| McDermaid, Smith & Wedehase's b and t d. Nig—unknown. | beat | Wm. V. Miner's bd and w b, Fannie—unknown. |
| Rew & Nichols's blk and w d, Sir Hugo—Lord Neversettle—White Lips. | beat | F. N. Brisbun's blk d, Carter "C." Carter "H."—unknown. |
| George E. Connick's f b, Jerry—Fly. | beat | Rew & Nichols's be d, Denver Duke—unknown. |
| Rew & Nichols's be d. Blue Prince—General—Flora. | beat | James Curbin's Jack. |
| McDermaid, Smith & Wedehose's f and w d, Tulu—unknown. | beat | James Olin's blk and w d, Fly. |
| F. H. Brisbine's bdl d. Brindle—Duke. | beat | James Curtin's Skip. |
| Rew & Nichols's blk and w b. Delsarte—Lord Neversettle—Prima Donna. | beat | J H. Jones's Cap. |
| S. B. Barely's f and w b, Vixen—Pluto—Magdaline. | beat | J. M. Foote's blk d. Bounce—Fly—Bessie. |
| George E. Connick's bdl b, Catch-Jerry—Fly. | beat | Pat. Lyon's Fly. |
| Rew & Nichols's be b, Lady Bly—General—Flora. | beat | F. H. Brisbine's w and blk d, Lights o' London—Trales—Dick's Darling. |

*Second Round.*

Sir Hugo beat Nig.
Jerry beat Blue Prince.
Brindle Duke beat Tulu.
Vixen beat Delsarte.
Catch beat Lady Bly.

*Third Round.*

Sir Hugo beat Jerry.
Catch a bye.
Brindle Duke beat Vixen.

*Fourth Round.*

Sir Hugo beat Catch.
Brindle Duke a bye.

*Final Round.*

Brindle Duke beat Sir Hugo.

## INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

CHATHAM, Ont., Nov. 10.—The third annual field trials of the International Club passed off here very pleasantly this week, the runnings closing yesterday evening. The event might be characterized as small, but neat. Only seven starters in the All-Aged is not a heavy lot, though the Derby atoned in the matter of numbers. The experiment of the Amateur Stakes, dogs broke and run by owners, was well received, and this event will probably become a fixture in the future runnings of the club. Indeed, Chatham trials have always been practically amateur stakes, so large a number of gentlemen handling their own dogs there. Mr. Wells, Mr. Davey and Mr. Johnson do not need professional handlers. Under the loose construction of the conditions in this stake, the rules were not laid down very strictly this year. Mr. John Davidson, old-time judge and practiced hand with field dogs, appeared this year in a position the reverse of his customary one. He handled, and others judged his handling. The shoe was on the other foot, and Mr. Davidson came in for a lot of good-natured chaffing, a great many being willing to tell him that while he was good at judging, he couldn't handle a little bit. Mr. Davidson landed one dog second in the Amateur Stakes, but lost place in the All-Aged with his other. Those who know Mr. Davidson will imagine that he had to set his teeth pretty hard over this, but he took his medicine.



T. G. DAVEY AND DAME BANG.

First, All-Age Stake, and second, Derby, International Trials, 1892.

The judges this year were new at the work, but they were careful and conscientious, and hardly worked any serious injustice, in the general average of the opinions, though, of course, individual owners sometimes could not agree with them. Usually, this is part of the play, and is soon forgotten. This year the customary dissent took a more noticeable and not a commendable form when, after the first two days' running, Mr. Thos. Johnson drew his entry in the All-Aged, and left the town, under the excuse that he was sick. For shame, Tummas! You didn't ought to. But this will all come right next year. Our friends the dog men are as unable to harbor malice as they are to contain their choler, and their memories are short as their temper; which is all a very good thing.

In the Amateur Stakes the judging was done by Messrs. C. A. Stone, of Toronto, J. R. McGregor and Thos. Guttridge, of Chatham. These were called "boys" by one or two owners, but they quitted themselves like men, and were so careful in their work that error cannot be charged to them. Mr. Montagu Smith, of Forest, Ont., and Mr. J. E. Long, of Detroit, Mich., together judged the Derby and All-Aged Stakes very carefully and creditably, it is thought. Mr. Montagu Smith is a brother of Mr. L. H. Smith, one of last year's judges here. Mr. Long is an old-time shooter and lover of dogs.

That lucky and merry 'un, Mr. T. G. Davey, took another swift step in his rapid rise in the pointer world by landing a pointer first in the All-Aged and also second in the Derby. Mr. Davey always has a good dog or so up his sleeve, so to speak. It is to be hoped that he will now give Dame Bang a square meal. The Toledo Blade—Cambriana blood was, of course, in evidence in the string of Mr. W. B. Wells. That gentleman is a pillar of the club, both as secretary and as adviser-general and conductor-in-chief in the runnings. His place would be hard to fill and so would the places of his dogs. Dr. J. Kime had in a good lot of average-makers, a first and third in the Amateur, and a divided fourth in the All-Aged Stakes. In the bitches Lady Spot and Lady Patch, which, by the way, ran last year, he has two good ones, well broke as any and pleasant for a gentleman's shooting dogs. Mr. Johnson, from far-away Winnipeg, lost a peg in the field trial game this year, but he has no right to complain after the brilliant successes he has made here in other years. The popular idol, Ightfield Blithe, was not here this year.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The regular annual business meeting of the club was held on the evening on Monday, Nov. 8. The club chose as its president the venerable Sheriff Mercer, that hale and hearty sportsman who for forty years has been sheriff in Chatham town. Mr. W. B. Wells was, of course, again chosen as secretary-treasurer. Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Man., was elected first vice-president, Mr. Montagu Smith, of Forest, Ont., second vice-president. The executive committee was elected as follows: Messrs. T. G. Davey, of London, Ont.; J. G. Armstrong, of Detroit, Mich.; Thos. Guttridge, of Chatham; Dr. Totten, of Forest, Ont; F. W. Eddy, of Detroit; L. H. Smith, of Forest; Jos. Kime, V.S., of Chatham; C. R. Atkinson, Jr., of Chatham; John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich.; I. L. Nicholls, of Chatham.

It was moved by Mr. Davey, Mr. Montagu Smith seconding, that the club in the future have a regular Derby for puppy nominations, $2.50 entry, to be paid June 1 preceding the trials, $2.50 Sept. 1, and $5 to start, four moneys, 40, 20, 15 and 10 per cent, the club to retain 15 per cent. This was carried.

It was moved by Mr. Montagu Smith, and seconded by Mr. Davey, that the entry in the All-Age Stakes be in the future not closed until Nov. 1. This was also carried.

The International Club, though modest in a way, is in a very prosperous condition, and has more than the necessary funds for carrying out its plans. At the start it had $80 for its start in life. It now has $200 in the bank and will have more when needed.

THURSDAY'S MEETING.

On Wednesday evening snow fell to a depth of 4 or 5in., and this morning seemed an unfavorable time to try the dogs, snow continuing to fall till 11 o'clock in the morning. No decision had been announced in the All-Age Stakes last evening, and the impression was general that the party would go out again to-day to conclude the runnings. The judges this morning announced that it would not be necessary to go out again, as they had already seen enough to enable them to place the dogs. The only possible objectors to this—and of course these could not yet know whether or not they had cause to object, since the decision had not been announced—were Mr. Davidson and Dr. Kime, whose dogs might be naturally thought gainers by a longer running, since their chances not perhaps placed them so well on the day previous. At any rate Mr. Davey and Mr. Wells announced themselves ready to hear the decision. Mr. Davidson said he would stand on the rules. Dr. Kime objected. He thought his dog entitled to more work, and insisted that the dogs should be taken afield again. It came a question who should decide whether or not to go afield, and the rules were looked up. Rule 9 was found to read as follows on this point: "After the first series has been run through, the judges shall announce which dogs they wish to see run again, and order of running them. Discretion is given the judges to run the dogs as often and in what order they think best, until they are satisfied which are the best dogs; but they may announce the winners any time after the second series, provided the first and second prize winners shall have run together."

Under the rule the judges were safe to announce their decision if they liked, for although there had been only one heat in the second series, still the first and second dogs as placed had run together, and it was for the judges to say whether or not the others had done enough without going again. Manifestly Dr. Kime could not cry until he was hurt, or in other words, could not protest the action of the judges until he knew what the action was. It was explained to him that after the decision was announced, he could enter protest and bring the matter before the executive committee of 1892, under Rule 1, which reads: "The management of the meeting for the annual field trials shall be intrusted to the committee of the club, and with them lies the interpretation of all rules. They shall decide upon all matters not provided for in these rules." Accordingly the members went into session as a club body, to hear the decision of the judges.

Mr. Long, for the judges, announced the decision in the All-Aged to be Dame Bang first (Mr. Davey), Matane and Luke second and third (Mr. Wells), Lady Patch (Dr. Kime) and Carrie T. (Dr. Totten) divided fourth.

*Mr. Smith, Judge*—"We were ready to announce this last night if required. We had placed the dogs. We believe we act under the rules, and we ask your forbearance if there is dissatisfaction."

*Mr. Wells*—"For my part, I am satisfied, and while it may not look well coming from me, a winner, I would move a vote of thanks to the judges. I think they have done the best they could, and we could ask no better judges."



DR. J. KIME WITH LADY PATCH.

Divided fourth, All-Age Stake, International Trials, 1892.

*Mr. Davey*—"Hear! Hear! I second the motion."

*Dr. Kime*—"I know my bitch would have done better if she had had more chance. I know she had no chance to show her quality. She was not tried yesterday, and I wanted her to go out and have a fair opportunity to show what she can do."

*Mr. Smith*—"We certainly think your bitch had plenty of opportunity. Consider how long she was down—longer than many others. I admired the bitch, and think much of her, but young as I am in field trial work, I can see there is an element of chance in these trials."

*Mr. Davidson*—"As to the justice of this, I can think what I think, and hold my peace."

*Mr. Smith*—"I have only wanted to get at the qualities of the dogs. I am sure I have judged from the head and not from the heart."

*Dr. Kime*—"On the work as shown, I don't say I wouldn't have decided as the judges do; but I know about the working of my dog, and I know that on more work she would have made a very different showing."

*Mr. Smith*—"Ah, that's just it, it's the element of chance. We couldn't keep on running them till they had all done their best, perhaps. Dogs have good days and bad days, and good luck and bad luck. We had to judge on what they really did do, not what they might do."

*Mr. Wells*—"I own I was surprised to see the judges so lenient with the handlers. I confess I took advantage of that once or twice."

*Mr. Long*—"We were on to you all right."

*Dr. Kime*—"Another reason why I wanted Patch to go again was, I didn't think she was at her best yesterday. The dog and I both ate too much Tuesday night, and I know she was so full"—[Laughter and applause].

*Mr. Davey*—"I think the judges were lenient with Dr. Kime's dogs. I think he will admit that."

*Mr. Wells*—"I hope the judges will not again, through

kindness, hold the dogs down after they are satisfied they have seen enough."

*Mr. Davidson*—I would give more for Mr. Wells's bitch that was thrown out of the runnings than for any dog here; yet she chased, flushed and would not back."

*Mr. Wells*—"Yes, you mean Cleopotra. It would take more money to buy her than any of my others. That's the way it goes."

*Mr. Smith*—"Yes, it's the element of chance, you see."

The vote of thanks to the judges was now put and passed, and under Tommy Davey's lead all present joined in singing "For they are jolly good fellows," etc., etc. Thus war, bloodshed and sudden death were averted, and the meeting came to a close in harmony. In time Dr. Kime, though now feeling a bit cut up over the failure of his really excellent one to do better than fourth, will, no doubt, come to see that the return of a dog does not imply that the dog does not have literary merit, or that it may not be accepted elsewhere, but only that it is not available.

FUTURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB.

The young ladies of Canada are rakisher and sportier-looking than American girls, and the men go in for sport more generally than the average Yankee man. The atmosphere of sport in Canada is wholesome, and the belief in sport is deeply grounded. It is not to be believed, therefore, that this little club of enthusiasts will know anything but a good and prosperous future. It has the material in the men and in the dogs, and the impulse of a genuine interest. As a place for holding the trials, Chatham would be hard to replace. It is true that there is much log pile and close cover work, but in a country so far north there must be cover in plenty, or there will be no birds. The supply of birds here has always been ample, and such jealous care is taken of the birds that there is no reason to suppose that the supply will decrease. When news came up of the unfortunate experience of the United States Club in Kentucky this week, the members here congratulated themselves aloud, as well they might. The grounds are not far from town, and conveyances are plentiful, convenient and cheap. Moreover, Chatham is an interesting and agreeable town to stop in, and one can be comfortable there. Mr. Beck, of the Rankin House, headquarters for the field party, offers quarters far different from the uncomfortable ones so often met at field trial towns, and if he does not go bankrupt before next year, will doubtless see all his friends of this year and others also present next year.

Photographs for cuts shown herewith were taken by Mr. J. T. Baikie, photographer, of Chatham, who was at pains in the difficult work of photographing a dog.

Following is the account of the runnings, written out from the notes of Mr. J. E. Long, judge at the trials, the writer not being present at the runnings. E. HOUGH.

## MONDAY, FIRST DAY, NOV. 7.

Weather very decent for working purposes. The party took the boat up river four or five miles and got to work by nine o'clock. Birds were plentiful, ten bevies being found.

### The Amateur Stake.

AMATEUR STAKE.—All ages, professional handlers barred, owners to handle own dogs. Eleven entries, nine starters. Three moneys, 50, 35 and 15 per cent.

*First Series.*

TICKY TACK AND CLINKER.—Mr. A. Wells's Ticky Tack (Toledo Blade—Cambriana) and Mr. T. H. Nelson's Clinker (King—Fausta II.), both setter dogs. Down at 9:05, on stubble, Ticky-Tack showed the better ranging style. The field was drawn blank. In a low swale a bevy flushed wide ahead of Clinker, not to his fault. These were marked to a thicket, at the edge of which Clinker drew to a point. Tack coming around in opposite direction, three birds flushed, not to penalty. Tack a bit unsteady to wing, but dropped at command. Moving into thicket, Clinker pointed a bevy. Tack, refusing to back, ran in and stole the point. Nelson was ordered to shoot. Both dogs steady to shot. Down 40m.

MINGO, JR. AND SANCHO.—Dr. Kime's Mingo, Jr. (Mingo Rose Rapid) and Mr. G. P. Taylor's Sancho (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), setter dogs, cast off in stubble, they drew it blank, and were brought back to the cover where the first bevy had been marked down. Going down wind Mingo, Jr. drew to a point, but the birds went up wild. They were marked down, and Mingo, Jr., ordered on, came to a point, Sancho backing. Nothing was materialized from the point, however. In cover, Mingo, Jr. pointed a bevy that flushed wild. Sancho pointed at a brush heap and Mingo, Jr. backed, but it was a barren point, the birds having flushed. Turning back to the edge of the woods, Mingo, Jr. pointed a single staunchly, and was steady to wing when the bird was put up. Moving on, he again established a point, Sancho backing. Both dogs steady to shot. Down 50m.

LADY SPOT AND LONDON—Dr. J. Kime's setter bitch Lady Spot (Mingo—Lady Thunder) and Mr. R. Baugham's London (London—Lurea March). In ranging the bitch showed superiority both in speed and in style. At the edge of woods several birds flushed wild. The dogs were ordered on, and Spot pointed. London backed, but the birds evidently running, he left his back, moved up and established a point. The birds were put up and London showed unsteady to wing. Down 55m.

LUCY C. AND SIR HOWARD—Mr. John Davidson's setter bitch Lucy C. (Scottish Chief—Ailsa) and Mr. W. L. Donaldson's pointer dog (Sir Howard, Sr.—Bella). In the open Lucy showed by comparison the superior in speed and style. In a slashing Lucy pointed, moved on, and some running birds flushed. Ordered on, Howard pointed, Lucy brought up to back did so. The birds flushed and Howard chased wildly, not stopping to command. After being down 40 minutes the dogs were taken up for lunch. After lunch they went down on stubble. Lucy pointed, Howard backed. Moving on, Howard pointed a single. In the same field Howard false pointed, beautifully backed at long range by Lucy. Howard again pointed, this time getting out two birds. Further on Lucy pointed a bevy, both dogs steady to wing and shot. The birds were marked into a slashing. Howard moving on pointed a single, and was steady to shot. Further on, Lucy pointed at a brush pile. Howard, ordered up to back, refused, but went in and made point. Down 20 minutes; one hour in all.

MANITOBA PATTI—As drawn, Mr. Thos. Johnson's setter bitch Manitoba Patti (Duke of Gloster—Flora) was placed for a bye. Ticky-Tack went down with her. Running down wind in cover Patti flushed some birds and was none too steady to wing. Going on, Patti pointed, Tack backing nicely, both steady to wing when the birds were put up. Moving on into cover a bird flushed wild, Patti a trifle unsteady. The dogs were then ordered up for time being.

*Second Series.*

This closed the formal first series, and the judges now asked for Clinker and Mingo, Jr. These at 2:40 P. M. were cast off near a stubble which was drawn blank. In cover Clinker pointed a bevy, Mingo, Jr., backing. The birds put up to order; both dogs showed steady to wing and shot. Moving on, Mingo, Jr., false pointed. Moving on, Mingo, Jr., again pointed, Clinker backing, and the birds were flushed. This go was all for Mingo, Jr., in speed and style in action.

Lucy C. and Lady Spot were now asked for, and were put down in a slashing at 3:20 P. M. Lucy pointed at a log pile, and Mr. Davidson materialized a bevy when ordered to put up the bird. Ordered on, Lucy again pointed, and again a bevy was put up. Down 30m.

Manitoba Patti and Ticky-Tack were now called to go down again. In a cornfield Tack pointed, Patti backing. A bevy was put up and marked. Ordered on, Tack again pointed, Patti backing, both steady to shot and wing. Down 18m.

*Third Series.*

Mingo, Jr., and Lucy C. were called down together for the third running. They were cast off in a slashing, which was drawn blank. In a cornfield Lucy came to a point, with Dame the better. Dame pointed with only fair credit, the birds flushing and going to cover. Phyllis backed nicely. Moving on in cover Dame pointed a single, Phyllis refusing to back when brought up. On again Dame found and pointed another single, moving up on the running bird. Phyllis, again refusing to back, went in and worked up the bird, Dame steady to wing and shot. Phyllis showed fast, merry and stylish, but needing experience. Dame was seen to be a useful and dependable one, even so early in the work. Down 45m.

TOLEDO BEE AND MANITOBA SHOT.—Mr. Davey handled Mr. F. W. Eddy's setter bitch Toledo Bee (Toledo Blade—Maggy Bee). Mr. Thos. Johnson handled his own dog, the pointer dog Manitoba Shot (Ightfield Caton—Ightfield Psyche). Put down on a ragweed field, both showed much style and speed. Bee found the first bevy, and made a very handsome point, backed by Shot. Holding the point for some time, the birds ran, and here came in a nice bit of work for Bee. Bee left her point, drew around on a circle, ahead of the birds, and again pointed. Both dogs were steady to shot and wing. Bee later found another bevy, the birds being in full sight under a log. Bee was pointing these staunchly when Shot came up. Shot did not back, and though favored in every way, paid no attention to either dog or birds. The bevy was not flushed. Later on, Shot false pointed. Down 1h. 10m.

SHYLOCK AND NICK OF GLENCHO.—Mr. Davey handled his own dog, the setter Shylock (Rock—Maud), and expected more of this one than of any of his string. Huddleston handled, or rather mishandled, Mr. F. J. Abbey's red Irish setter dog Nick of Glencho (Pat S.—Allace K.). On stubble Nick first made game and pointed a bevy, Shylock backing to order only fairly. Shylock roaded up, not stopping to order, and flushed. Later he flushed a single. Nick false pointed later. Nick seemed staunch enough, but evinced no style nor speed. Shylock was also very disappointing Down 30m.

DIAMOND AND SIREN.—In the pointer bitch Diamond (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blithe), Mr. Johnson handled one of his own stock of which much should certainly be asked. Her training, however, was not that of the old-time favorite Blithe. Huddleston handled Siren, a pointer bitch owned by Mr. Jackson, of Monroe, Mich., not entirely to his own credit or to the fullest benefit of the dog. In the open, both dogs showed brilliant action and speed, Siren the better, an exceptionally high-headed and handsome working bitch, subsequently beaten by the indiscretion of her handler. On the stubble, Siren pointed a bevy, but rushed in and flushed, dropping to order. Marked to cover, where Siren flushed two singles, not improving chance for points. Diamond



INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS, 1892.

The field party after lunch, nearing the close of the All-Age Stake.

## MONDAY, FIRST DAY, NOV. 7.

Weather very decent for working purposes. The party took the boat up river four or five miles and got to work by nine o'clock. Birds were plentiful, ten bevies being found.

### The Amateur Stake.

AMATEUR STAKE.—All ages, professional handlers barred, owners to handle own dogs. Eleven entries, nine starters. Three moneys, 50, 35 and 15 per cent.

*First Series.*

TICKY TACK AND CLINKER.—Mr. A. Wells's Ticky Tack (Toledo Blade—Cambriana) and Mr. T. H. Nelson's Clinker (King—Fausta II.), both setter dogs. Down at 9:05, on stubble, Ticky-Tack showed the better ranging style. The field was drawn blank. In a low swale a bevy flushed wide ahead of Clinker, not to his fault. These were marked to a thicket, at the edge of which Clinker drew to a point. Tack coming around in opposite direction, three birds flushed, not to penalty. Tack a bit unsteady to wing, but dropped at command. Moving into thicket, Clinker pointed a bevy. Tack, refusing to back, ran in and stole the point. Nelson was ordered to shoot. Both dogs steady to shot. Down 40m.

MINGO, JR. AND SANCHO.—Dr. Kime's Mingo, Jr. (Mingo Rose Rapid) and Mr. G. P. Taylor's Sancho (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), setter dogs, cast off in stubble, they drew it blank, and were brought back to the cover where the first bevy had been marked down. Going down wind Mingo, Jr. drew to a point, but the birds went up wild. They were marked down, and Mingo, Jr., ordered on, came to a point, Sancho backing. Nothing was materialized from the point, however. In cover, Mingo, Jr. pointed a bevy that flushed wild. Sancho pointed at a brush heap and Mingo, Jr. backed, but it was a barren point, the birds having flushed. Turning back to the edge of the woods, Mingo, Jr. pointed a single staunchly, and was steady to wing when the bird was put up. Moving on, he again established a point, Sancho backing. Both dogs steady to shot. Down 50m.

LADY SPOT AND LONDON—Dr. J. Kime's setter bitch Lady Spot (Mingo—Lady Thunder) and Mr. R. Baugham's London (London—Lurea March). In ranging the bitch showed superiority both in speed and in style. At the edge of woods several birds flushed wild. The dogs were ordered on, and Spot pointed. London backed, but the birds evidently running, he left his back, moved up and established a point. The birds were put up and London showed unsteady to wing. Down 55m.

LUCY C. AND SIR HOWARD—Mr. John Davidson's setter bitch Lucy C. (Scottish Chief—Ailsa) and Mr. W. L. Donaldson's pointer dog (Sir Howard, Sr.—Bella). In the open the fortune, as it proved, of again finding a bevy. Going on, Lucy made game, and moved on. Mingo, Jr., coming up later, made a point at this same place. Lucy backed to order. Down 30m.

Clinker and Lady Spot were now asked for to go together. They drew a slashing blank. Further on Lady Spot pointed, Clinker backing. In a cornfield Clinker pointed and Lady Spot backed, but the point proved barren. On a ragweed field Clinker pointed, and a large bevy was raised. Going on to where these were marked, Lady Spot pointed a single. Down 55m.

The judges now announced their decision in the Amateur Stakes, as follows: Mingo, Jr., first; Lucy C., second; Lady Spot, third.

Mingo, Jr., first (Mingo—Rose Rapid), owned by Dr. J. Kime, of Chatham, is a handsome dog of the old Druid type, black, white and tan, about 60lbs. weight. An up-headed, good performer.

Lucy C., second (Scottish Chief—Ailsa), is the pride of Mr. Davidson's heart. A compact bitch, about 50lbs., black and white, with plenty of room for heart and lungs. In gait Lucy C. is not so stylish as in her pointing.

Lady Spot, third (Mingo—Lady Thunder), is white and black, with a peculiar chestnut spot over the left eye. A racy and well made bitch, more of the narrow and deep greyhound type; about 50lbs. weight. She also is owned by Dr. Kime, who thus has two winners in this stake.

## TUESDAY, SECOND DAY, NOV. 8.

Weather raw and windy, not very moist and not the best for working. The party again took boat in the morning, but unfortunately when still about a mile and a half below the grounds intended, the steamer went aground and bent her shaft, disabling her. The party got ashore by using an old scow. The captain promised to have up another boat by night, but did not do so, and it was the fortune of the party, judges and all, to walk home that evening, five or six miles, a sorrow difficult to drown. It turned out, however, that the accident caused small delay in the runnings, as the dogs were cast off on going ashore, and four bevies were found before the old grounds were reached, the first series of the Derby being thus speedily worked off. As was the case on the day previous the entire stake was run through and finished in the day. Birds were abundant.

### The Derby.

DERBY.—For entries born not early than January of preceding year. Four moneys, 40, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., 15 per cent. to club. Twenty-six entries, fourteen starters.

*First Series.*

DAME BANG AND PHYLLIS T.—Mr. T. G. Davey handled his own entry, the pointer bitch Dame Bang (Trinket's Cash—Van Bang). Mr. W. B. Wells handled his own entry, the setter bitch Phyllis T. (Mingo II.—Cambriana). Cast off in the open to show ranging qualities both showed speed, flushed a single and chased, quite out of control, refusing to stop at command. The dogs were now brought around to the place where in the previous heat the bevy had been left under the log. Mr. Johnson, of course, knew the exact location of these birds. He took Diamond around carefully, to the best possible advantage, Siren also going around. Diamond was taken up almost on top of these birds, but in spite of all put her nose to the ground and nosed the birds up deliberately. Down 30m.

CLEOPATRA AND LONSDALE.—Another case of the unexpected. Mr. Wells values his setter bitch Cleopatra (Mingo II.—Cambriana) above any of those he ran, but she was not up to mark. Mr. Johnson handled his own pointer dog Lonsdale (Ightfield Caton—Ightfield Psyche). Cast off in stubble, Cleopatra very meritorious in speed and style. Lonsdale flushed a bevy, and moving on made a false point. Moving on to cover, Lonsdale pointed on a small bunch of birds, Cleopatra, brought up to back, refused, flushed and chased. Both were unsteady. Later, Cleopatra flushed a single, both dogs unsteady. Down 30m.

COUNTESS SISS AND TIRASSE.—Mr. Mather handled his setter bitch, Countess Siss (Cornell—Dart), and Mr. Wells handled his own setter dog, Tirasse (Mingo VII.—Cambriana). Cast off in a field to range, Countess showed more speed, but evinced little stylish quality in the point she established. Countess flushed twice and then false pointed. Brought up to back, practically under the whip of his handler, Tirasse made a very indifferent back of it. Both seemed quite ordinary. Down, 55 minutes.

FRITZ AND MIDGET BOW.—Mr. Kramer's pointer dog Fritz (Count Graphic) was handled by Mather. Mr. Oscar M. Springer's red Irish setter bitch Midget Bow (Scott—Queen Wilkinson) was handled by James McGregor. In the open both showed fair speed and good, merry style. Midget ran into a bevy and flushed. On the scattered birds she pointed, but roaded up and flushed a single. Fritz again pointed, Midget backing nicely. Moving on, Fritz made two false points. They were taken up. Fritz showed stylish and handsome, quite a goodish one. Midget was quick and snappy, making not a bad impression in all. Down, 30 minutes.

*Second Series.*

Dame Bang and Siren were asked for at 2.40 P. M., it being the wish to see Siren have a chance more just to her. Siren, however, flushed twice. Dame Bang made one false point, not to penalty, however, then a flush, and again a false point, the latter a very excusable one. She then pointed staunchly. Dame Bang now was seen for a very sensible, level-headed bitch, not easily to be rattled, and safe to be let alone. For Mr. Davey, it must be said that, more than any handler present, he left the work for the dog to do, and showed confidence in the dog's ability to do the work. He was not continually cautioning and commanding, but took it easy. "I'll let the bitch alone," said he; "she knows her business." More such dogs and handlers would make field trials far more enjoyable. Siren, in her general work, ap-

peared unsteady, but could not be said to have been handled so well as she should have been. They had a good, decisive trial.

Toledo Bee and Phyllis T. now went down together. In speed, style and range Bee was superior and showed quality which meant a mortgage on first place. In the open Bee found a bevy and pointed handsomely, steady to



MR. W. B. WELLS WITH MATANE AND LUKE.
Second and third, All-Age Stake, International Trials, 1892.

wing and shot. Phyllis backed well, but broke in and chased. Ordered up.

Fritz and Manitoba Shot got their second go in company. Fritz was first to point, establishing a good one on a single in a brush pile. Shot was brought up to back, but did so indifferently, though Mr. Johnson steadied him by keeping his hand on the dog's back, refusing to cast the dog off to try for back when so ordered by the judges. Fritz held steady, and did not break his point even when a rabbit was put up ahead of him and ran near by in front of him. Fritz's bird was then put up. Meantime, as the judges stood on a log conferring, Mr. Johnson walked toward them with Shot, and Shot made a point near by, which was allowed him. Taken up.

*Third Series.*

Toledo Bee's work had already been enough to satisfy the judges that he should fill first place.

Dame Bang and Phyllis T. were asked for again. Dame established a point. Phyllis also pointed, but was unsteady till cautioned much by her handler. Going on, Phyllis flushed.

It was now near evening. This closed the runnings in the Derby. The judges announced their decisions to be: Toledo Bee, first; Dame Bang, second; Fritz, third; Phyllis T., fourth.

Toledo Bee, first (Toledo Blade—Maggie Bee), is owned by F. W. Eddy of Detroit, is a black and white setter, about 45lbs., of good nose and very fair speed, good head carriage and tail action, fairly merry in work.

Dame Bang, second (Trinket's Cash—Van Bang), is a very useful pointer, and in condition might look a good one, though she was not cursed with beauty as she stood this week, after a lot of hard work which had pulled her down about 9lbs. She is liver and white, about 42lbs., a fair goer and a fine finder, many worse for field work.

Fritz, third (Count Graphic, dam not known), is a liver and white pointer, 55lbs., of very decent style and range.

Phyllis T., fourth (Mingo II.—Cambriana), is, as Mr. Wells himself puts it, "an odd-looking, bow-legged little thing, that hitches up behind when she goes, and the only thing she does is to back." She is black and white ticked, 35lbs., a pleasant little worker.

WEDNESDAY, THIRD DAY. NOV. 9.

Better working weather than on the previous day, moister and not so windy. The party took conveyances out, the boat not having been repaired. In the wish to honor the courtesy of some farmers who had reserved lands for the club, the line of work was changed and the grounds found so desirable during the first two days were abandoned. This proved an error, as to-day the birds were scarce and hard to find. Out of this grew the only dissatisfaction of the meeting, one or two owners thinking that their dogs should have had better testing, even though that meant another day's running. The judges, however, thought that to-day's running afforded them opportunity to determine the relative merits of the dogs.

### The All-Aged Stakes.

ALL-AGED STAKES.—For all ages, setters and pointers, four moneys. Eleven entries, 7 starters.

*First Series.*

LADY PATCH AND DAPHNE.—Dr. J. Kime handled his own entry, the setter bitch Daphne (Toledo Blade—Cambriana). Cast off on a field for range. Both showed speed and high-headed style, but little tail action. The first field was drawn blank, and the party moved to an adjoining stubble. This was a good place for work, the wind favorable, and the owners certainly could not say the dogs had no chance here, for two bevies were on the field. The dogs, however, made very little of the opportunity. Working up wind, the dogs beat out the field, naturally working toward a patch of cover on the left. Both were close together when in a portion of the field. Beyond the judges a bevy was put up on ground over which both dogs had passed directly, missing the birds quite inexcusably. As the judges stood speaking of this, still another bevy went up near them, on ground which the dogs had beaten over earlier. These birds also had been passed unnoticed by both dogs, with no apparent excuse whatever. Moving on rather quickly to the cover, Daphne pointed fur, Patch backing nicely. On an adjoining stubble Daphne false pointed, Patch backing beautifully. Patch then false pointed, backed handsomely in turn by Daphne. On again, Daphne false pointed, possibly on fur, Patch backing. On again, Daphne established a point on a single, Patch honoring her duly. Taken up. Down 1h. 10m.

DONALD BANE AND MATANE.—Mr. Davidson handled his dog, the setter Donald Bane (Dick Bondhu—Western Belle). Mr. Wells handled his own dog, the setter Matane (Mark J.—Cambriana). Certainly a pair of handsome ones and a pretty picture in the field. Both showed style and speed, and for Matane it would be hard to say too much. Matane pointed a bevy very staunchly, and Donald was wanted to back. Mr. Davidson was taking him down the field further to get him the wind going up, and Mr. Smith, judge, called to him to cast off his dog to see if it would back. Mr. Davidson was steadying Donald where he was, when Donald made game and stood anxious to go up A small bevy went up near him. Mr. Davidson said, "I flushed that bevy myself. It was my fault." Donald was then brought up to where Matane stood and backed only under orders, Mr. Davidson apparently afraid to cast him off on his own resources. This too cautious handling did not impress the judges favorably. At order Mr. Wells put up the birds, fired and killed, Matane steady to wing and shot. Following to cover Donald flushed a single. After considerable birdless work Donald pointed staunchly, two birds going out. Matane, brought up to back, did so handsomely, Donald a bit unsteady to wing and shot. Taken up. Down 1h. 30m.

LUKE AND DAME BANG.—Mr. Wells handled his own dog, the setter Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana). Mr. Davey handled his pointer bitch, Dame Bang (Trinket's Cash—Van Bang). Two good ones. Luke was broke on the grass country, and is an exceptionally high-headed little fellow. Dame kept up her Derby reputation, though getting plenty of running for the week. In cover Dame did some sharp work, pointing a single staunchly, moving on, stiffening again on a single, and again pointing a single at a brush pile. In this Luke backed well. Luke now made game, and drew to a point, none too steady, on a bevy in a brush heap. Dame, brought up to back, excusably flushed a single. Moving on, in a grassy fence corner both dogs whirled to a point, standing staunch. The handlers moved up, trying to find the bird, Mr. Wells crossing the fence to try to put it up. The dogs thus broke the point, Luke casting smartly about to locate the bird. Dame went but a few steps and pointed firm again in the same corner. The bird was found hid close under a rail in the grass. Ordered up. Down 1h. 5m.

CARRIE T.—Dr. Totten's setter bitch Carrie T. (Banker—Smith's Bell) was odd dog in the drawings, and Luke went down with her for the bye. Carrie was a merry one, with fair speed but rather low head. Luke kept up a good impression in ranging quality and gait. Working down a rail fence, Luke made a high-headed and handsome point on a bevy, honored on sight by Carrie, which was across the fence, some 60ft. distant. When the birds were put up, both dogs were steady to wing and shot. The birds were marked down in corn stubble, and here Carrie made game, getting a probably excusable flush, as the bird might have been put up by Mr. Wells in walking near. Moving on, Carrie pointed again, and it was materialized. Luke also pointed a single Leaving the corn, Carrie flushed a single in a grassy swale On again, she pointed. On again, she flushed. On stubble, Luke pointed elegantly, several birds being put up, Carrie backing here nicely. Ordered on after a bird marked down along a weedy fence, Carrie did the bad work of roading up and flushing the bird. Ordered to the open stubble on marked birds, she pointed, backed by Luke. A



INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS, 1892.
Mr. J. E. Long. Mr. C. A. Stone. Dr. J. Kime.
Mr. Montagu Smith. Mr. J. R. McGregor. Mr. Briggs, Toronto.

photograph of this scene was made, but unfortunately did not print out well. Down 55m.

*Second Series.*

Dave Bang and Matane were now asked for at 3:45 P. M., to decide the question of first and second. They were put down in a very weedy cornfield. Both kept up their good work in range and style, Matane going a corker, pretty as a dream and fast as a ghost. Dame was also high-headed and eminently business-like, not excitable and not to be rattled by any means. Dame was first to find, pointing a bevy staunchly, Matane backing in great style. The birds were put up, both dogs steady to wing. Moving on, Dame pointed a cripple in a corn shock, with her nose thrust part way into the shock, her ears flapped up grotesquely. Mr. Davey came up and smoothed her ears down. Matane, not seeing very well, was brought around to back and did so under order. The dogs were now ordered up. Down about 30m. It was now nearing evening. No further running was done in the All-Aged, and on the following day, under the circumstances explained in the introductory remarks of this report, the judges announced their decisions in the All-Aged as follows: Dame Bang first, Matane second, Luke third, Lady Patch and Carrie T. a divided fourth.

Dame Bang, first, Mr. Davey's pointer bitch, has already been mentioned in the Derby. She here increased her reputation as a field performer.

Matane, setter, second, owned by Mr. W. B. Wells, large dog, rangy, 55lbs., black, white and tan, of considerable quality.

Luke, setter, third, also owned by Mr. Wells, is a small black, tan and white, about 45lbs., clever and up-headed, and a merry little fellow enough.

Lady Patch, setter, divided fourth, is owned by Dr. J. Kime, of Chatham. A stylish large bitch, white with heavy black mark on side; well built for going and withal well broke and pleasant.

Carrie T., setter, divided fourth, is owned by Dr. Totten, of Forest. She is a small black, white and tan, nervous, eager and merry, a bright enough one.

## NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIALS

THESE trials were brought to a fairly successful conclusion last Saturday morning. I say fairly advisedly. It is no use running dogs in the field to test their game-finding qualities if the birds are not there. It is all very well for the dogs to gallop around and look very busy, but as, in the language of the street, money talks, so in a field trial birds are the stuff the dogs are after. Birds to the number of about forty dozen have been turned down since the club put up its protective signs on the 2,500 acres leased for the club. It is safe to say, however, if the late arrivals are a sample of what went down before, the cause is not far to seek for the present lack of game. Out of one box of twenty-four sent from New York, eighteen were found dead, either in box on arrival or the next day in the field when put down. It is no use holding trials on such weak birds, they are probably devoid of scent, and in their weak state, unable to fly, they run about the ground and tend to break up the dogs. The policy of procuring quail from warm Southern States to undergo the rigors of a Northern winter on the exposed grounds of this club is another subject that is open to question. Plenty of good quail can be purchased next month and turned down in sheltered spots, so that the survival of the fittest will be in good order and their sons and daughters too, by next November, and also know where to go to when they are flushed. If we had stayed another few days on the limited grounds where birds were likely to be, we should be able almost to recognize each and every individual quail, so often did the dogs hustle the same bevies about.

The ground over which the club has jurisdiction is varied to a degree. A great deal of it is swampy and covered with low, thick brush through which it is next to impossible to see the dogs, and I am confident a good deal of the work was lost or imperfectly seen owing to this fact. The judges being on foot they were handicapped both in following the dogs and in the rough, hard work which they had to undergo the day through. There is plenty of open ground, though these parts are very bare as a rule. This could be changed by planting strips of grain and leaving it standing, affording more cover and sustenance for the birds than when cut and left to rot. There is no reason why the judges should not be mounted, for with a man to pull down and put up fences as in the trials down South, there are no serious obstacles to be met with, and rubber boots need not be worn. The judges could then keep the dogs well in view, and of course the press representatives would follow suit. Now that I have had a little say about the grounds and game, it is pleasant to change the subject to those who took part in the trials and help to make them such friendly gatherings. There is more fun and good fellowship displayed at Assonet in one day than was our experience of a month of trials in the South. In the latter it is "pizness, mein freund," from the start. There is here a flavor of sportsmanship that is noticeable in all field meetings where the New Englanders take part. The stakes are not thought of—at least not apparently—they are out for a good time and to swap tales. At the same time the New England thrift creeps in and the owner of the "barges" or covered wagons that conveyed us to the grounds took a cold-blooded view of our trials and sympathized with every one of us to the extent of fifteen cents every time we held down a seat in his "Pullman." In fact, this continual "dribble" paying was somewhat of a nuisance. Each meal was fifty cents, whether in the open or in "cover," and was demanded promptly at the second mouthful, until "Fifty cents, please," became the joke of the meeting, and this onerous or odious duty of collecting devolved generally on Pres. Power. This gentleman worked hard in varied ways to do his duty, and on him rested most of the work, which was no small affair in addition to his press duties. Dr. Heyward and D. A. Goodwin, Jr. also helped things along in their genial way and did much to contribute to the good feeling all round. The genial secretary, Mr Sperry, had a smile, a kind word and a cigar for every one, and Mr. Wells did all that was re-

quired of him. As stated last week the main body of the members and visitors found quarters in the Town Hall "bedroom" the beds, *i. e.*, cots, were there, and comfortables, too, but as for sleep, that was out of the question till the "darkest hour." The first three nights were given up to horseplay and varied amusements in which the collapse of a would-be sleeper who inadvertently dropping into a doze would eventually find himself on a solid foundation with all the cot and paraphernalia on top of him. This led eventually to action on the part of the club on Thursday, when the following notice, unique in its way, was posted over the stage:

"Voted during the progress of the field trials all lights at the club headquarters shall be extinguished at 10 P. M., with the exception of those in the press room, which shall be for the exclusive use of the press. Perfect quiet shall be in order, and no one shall be disturbed in his rest. Any infraction of this rule may be penalized at the discretion of the Board of Managers. By order of the Board, E. K. SPERRY, Secretary."

This idea is all right, but its construction is defective. Several influential members of the club had returned home who were conspicuous in the "fun making," and a mere handful was left to acquiesce to this mandate. It would have been in better taste had some prominent member of the club, when he thought things had gone far enough, called for order and quietly explaining the situation, referring to the judges, etc., asked for quietness, and there would not have been a dissenting voice heard, as the members and visitors present were gentlemen and not children in a kindergarten. The number of visitors and members present was unprecedented at any trials I have seen.

In addition to the names given last week the following gentlemen were interested spectators during the course of the week. Messrs. Ed. W. Brooks, Henry Dutton, W. B. Foote, G. O. Vickery, R. B. McClean, Chas. W. Sturgis, E. C. Davenport, W. M. Lovering, F. C. Felton, E. Bradley, T. W. Cheney, B. S. Turpin, F. W. Chapman, James Abbott, D. S. Bennett, J. W. Wheelwright and a number of strangers from neighboring towns in Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

On Wednesday evening the English Setter Club medals were awarded to the dog and bitch showing best bench show form. Mr. W. Tallman was the judge, and in the confined space of the dining room was successful in picking out the best. Most of the dogs in the two stakes were brought for-



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W. A. COSTER AND N. WALLACE, Judges.

ward and the issue soon lay between The Corsair, Kent II. and Rod's Chaff. The judge eventually plumped for the last named, who is owned by Mr. E. O. Damon, a rattling good one, slightly bitch-headed perhaps, but in keeping with his general contour, a beautiful expression, body well turned and standing on good legs. I shall expect to see this dog take a forward position even in hotter competition. The bitches were not so good and the issue lay between Molly Dale and Our Pet, the latter beats in legs, head and ribs, and was a good winner; she is owned by the Oakland Farm Kennels, of which Mr. A. R. Sharpe is the proprietor, and both he and his brother are enthusiastic supporters of the N. E. F. T. C. 'Nough said and an account of the running is now perhaps in order.

## WEDNESDAY.

The chaff has been separated from the wheat, figuratively speaking, in the Derby, in consequence of yesterday's busy work, and the judges announced last night that they would like to see in the second series Rod's Chaff run with Wild Lily, Nellie G. with Albert's Daisy, and Bradley with Tennessee Vandal.

This morning promised rain, the sky was heavily clouded and the air cold and raw with little wind. The rain yesterday had put the ground in good shape for scenting purposes. About 8 A. M. we started in the four-horse wagons for the Quaker Meeting House. The crowd was not so large as yesterday, but a contingent from neighboring towns who joined us about noon, increased the list to about sixty again. It is astonishing the great interest that these trials have excited round Boston, and if everything goes on in the future as it is doing now the N. E. F. T. should soon become a prominent club. At present its flavor is decidedly local. By this time we are at the little meeting house and

ROD'S CHAFF AND WILD LILY are at once cast off, at 8:37, in the open fields. Both are good rangers, but Lily the speediest. Shortly after the start Chaff pointed a swamp quail, as it is called here. A long tramp over the fields and Chaff was seen to point, moved on, nothing there. He made several false points after this, and Lily stopped as if she had something, too, but it was not till we reached heavy alder swamp that game was seen, and Mr. Whitlock "pointed" a bird, in a rabbit hole, which flew to a neighboring tree. Several birds flushed wild here and Lily pointed foot scent, backed by Chaff. The latter stopped on a single which flushed wild. He was loath to leave this part, but dogs were ordered together and then called up, the heat being somewhat less than brilliant and not winning work. Lily seemed to have put all her eggs in yesterday's basket, and barring her speed and style did nothing to attract attention. Down 53m.

ALBERT'S DAISY AND NELLIE G.—This was expected to be a rattling heat, but turned out a very uneven one, some good work and very indifferent being mixed up. Cast off at 9:52. Both bitches are fast and wide rangers, Daisy the best in this respect. Soon, in bare, open ground, Nellie pointed and bird flushed wild. Here the sun came out at 10 o'clock and livened things up a little, but not for long. Nellie pointed unsteadily in weeds by a fence and Daisy honored it, but nothing found. Then in open grass field Daisy ran right into a bevy; cross wind, dropping to wing. Daisy lower down then false pointed, Nellie backing to order. At edge of alder swamp Daisy, coming out, passed close by three birds that flushed wild when the crowd came up. Further on Daisy redeemed this somewhat by a good point on a bevy at edge of heavy cover; then on the singles she nailed one which handler flushed, steady to wing. Coming out of this, dogs were held up at 10:35. Daisy's pick-up at the finish put her straight with the judges. Nellie G. does careful work and was well handled. Down 43m.

TENN VANDAL AND BRADLEY.—These were put down at 10:42 in open. Bradley soon showed himself much more stylish in manner of working than Vandal. Vandal in alder swamp came to a good point on bevy and Bradley did the honors. A bird was killed and both steady. Dogs then hunted carefully through thick cover where it was almost impossible to see the dogs, and they were held up for a few minutes. In open, Bradley pointed two singles, Vandal also taking a hand in; handler flushed and fired, both dogs steady, and called up at 11:25. Here the judges consulted for some time and then announced that Dr. J. E. Hair's Albert's Daisy wins first money, $200; H. B. Tallman's Nellie G. second money, $100, and E. O. Damon's Rod's Chaff and Oakland Farm Kennels' Bradley divide third money, $50. The result was graciously received, Albert Daisy's showing in the first series being so meritorious that her misdeeds of to-day were passed over.

All the winners are English setters. Albert's Daisy is a trim built and racy looking little bitch and very much after Albert's Nell's make, that we all know about; Nellie G. is a handsomely formed and medium-sized bitch that has had something the matter with its head and had a running sore below the eye; Rod's Chaff is a very well formed dog, fit for any show and with one of the sweetest black, tan and white heads I have seen for some time. He afterward won the English Setter Club medal for best looking dog. Bradley is the largest dog but is an active worker and gets over his ground intelligently.

A long wait here ensued, the lunch wagon not being in sight. After the sandwiches and coffee had been disposed of the first brace in the All-Age Stake was called, they having been drawn on Tuesday night to run as follows:

R. R. Moore's Grousedale with Henry Dutton's Duke of Kent.
S. S. Gordon's Molly Dale with Bayard Thayer's Polly II.
Chas. Kelly's Mark Noble with Oakland Farm Kennels' Our Pet.
F. W. Whitlock's Minch with Jas. B. Blossom's Sally Beaumont.
J. L. Wells's Reverdy with E. S. Coggin's Mack, Jr.
Jas. B. Blossom's Flomont with O. W. Donner's Wagtail.
Fred W. Clark's Claude with Noyes Billings's Ranger B.
Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble with Oakland Farm Kennels' Tennessee Vandal.
E. O. Damon's The Corsair with H. B. Tallman's Dash G.
Cohannet Kennels' Kent II. with Joe Lewis's Grouse.

### All-Age Stake.

As it was nearly lunch time when the Derby was concluded, the powers that be thought that lunch had better be discussed before the first brace in the All-Age should be started. It was chilly work waiting for the coffee and sandwiches, but when they did come they served to "fill a long felt want" Not much time was wasted, and at 1:07

GROUSDALE AND DUKE OF KENT were put down in a turnip field. Both are good-looking pointers, and active, stylish workers, Grousedale especially so. W. Tallman handled this dog, and E. S. Eames steered Duke of Kent. Working out varied ground Duke was the first to point where running birds had been seen on the pine needles. Grousedale backed; both drew on carefully, stopping frequently; nothing found. After covering a lot of varied ground, Grousedale getting out with most speed and range, Duke, at edge of alder swamp, pointed a bevy; Grousedale took the scent too, drew across him and pointed; birds got up; following them Grouse pointed in fence bottom, and was a bit unsteady as Tallman flushed two birds; Duke backed close, both steady to shot. Grousedale sent to find wounded bird pointed again, and was steady to rise of single, but failed to find bird which had run on. Both worked back after the main lot of birds, and at edge of swamp one flushed ahead of dogs. Up at 2:15. Grouse had the speed and range, but both dogs hunted with intelligence and in good style.

MOLLIE DALE (a bye).—Mr. Bayard Thayer's Polly II. being withdrawn Mollie Dale ran alone, and was cast off at 2:37 in open field, side of swamp. She started off well, and after quartering a lot of ground made game and did a good deal of undecided work, crawling along on her belly and stopping every few yards, but nothing tangible came of it though. Some more fields covered and then edge of open swamp she pointed two birds and was a bit unsteady as handler moved to flush, but was steady to wing and shot, retrieving the bird in good shape, and then called up at 3:12. Not a very brilliant performer, but did well on the birds she found, and works close.

MARK NOBLE AND OUR PET.—These were a large and small English setter respectively. Mark handled by F. C. Waterhouse, and Our Pet by her owner, A. R. Sharpe. Down in strawberry patch at 3:15. Edge of cover both pointed a large bevy, dropping as birds flushed wild. In open near by Mark pointed and was honored stylishly by Pet. Nothing being put up, they were worked into the next field, and the crowd coming up flushed half a dozen birds that the dogs had evidently got wind of when they pointed; these they should have drawn to. Marked into very heavy swamp cover, dogs were sent in and both pointed, and the "man up a tree" said Pet had the call, and Mr. Sharpe flushed the birds, fired and missed; both dogs steady. Going through a churchyard, where a few of us with antiquarian tendencies investigated the old tombstones and found some very interesting dates. Outside of this yard, by white pine cover, the dogs passed birds which crowd flushed into cover, and dogs did not stop till their noses were right on the feathers, Mark pointing when he saw the bird. Up at 4:15. This closed the work for the day.

## THURSDAY.

When we pulled up our blinds this morning the outlook was cheerless in the extreme, heavy clouds hung all over and the rain came down in torrents. This compelled us to stay under cover all day and amuse ourselves as best we could. A wet day at Assonet comes to an end at last, but it was slow—very slow. Some fellows thought it was Sunday.

## FRIDAY.

During the night a hard frost had set in, and when we started this morning the ground was hard and a chilly northwest wind was blowing. The "barges" took us to the Quaker Meeting House as usual and we started in on the same old ground and after the same old birds.

MINCH AND SALLY BEAUMONT were the first brace called. Minch, a heavily-marked black, white and tan dog, was handled by owner, F. W. Whitlock, and the Gordon, Sally Beaumont, was in charge of W. Tallman. They were cast off at 8:07. Soon in heavy cover, while Minch was drawing to a bevy, the birds flushed and outside in swampy ground he nailed a single in good style, but Sally, with the perverseness of her sex went in ahead and flushed. Nothing more was found, but a lot of bad ground was worked out and dogs called up at 9:07. Minch far the best in range, speed and nose. Flomont and Wagtail should have come on now, but

REVERDY AND MACK, JR., were put down. The two were almost identical, white with orange markings, but Mack was a trifle smaller than Reverdy. Soon after starting, in sparse cover, Mack pointed uncertainly and was honored; nothing found. After ten minutes' run, in which Mack showed best range and speed, though Reverdy was probably the most intelligent hunter, Reverdy dropped to a point side of beech clump and Mack dropped to honor, poor style and no result. Then both pointed in opposite directions, but Mack had the birds which flushed wild. On singles Mack pointed undecidedly on running bird edge of bay berry bushes, Reverdy honoring; dogs drew on and bird was flushed by crowd. Up soon after at 8:45. Mack, Jr., did the better work all round, and is a more active ranger, Reverdy being a sluggish mover, but neither are stylish on points or in getting to birds.

FLOMONT AND WAGTAIL. — Flomont, a Gordon, was handled by W. Tallman, and Wagtail, a large English setter, was steered by F. C. Waterhouse. Down at 9:51 and both ranged well out in the open, though at times, after the manner of Gordons, Flomont showed a fondness for her handler. Wagtail was first to point after galloping around in a rather aimless manner, drew on and repeated, when handler flushed a bevy and fired, dog not very steady. Then Wagtail flushed two outlying birds, dropping to wing. Flomont coming up, took a hand in and pointed, was honored, Tallman started in to flush and Flomont moved on; afterward the bird got up under the FOREST AND STREAM man's feet. Flomont pottered a good deal in cover. Afterward in same low cover Wagtail pointed undecidedly and at same time Flomont got two points, the last just outside of cover, was a good one and well carried out as Tallman fired at the single. Called up then at 10:34. Flomont did best on birds, showing better nose, and Wagtail had the speed and range but hunts in an aimless manner at times and has a peculiar jumping gait, as if he wanted to see well ahead of him.

RANGER B. AND CLAUD.—Another Gordon and English setter. Claud handled by E. S. Gordon has very little white. Ranger B., the Gordon, was in charge of F. D. Freeman. Down at 10:38 in open. There was a good deal of intelligent ranging in which Claud showed conspicuously, but for a Gordon, Ranger was by no means disgraced in this respect. Claud nailed a bevy very stylishly in grass, edge of cover,



NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S OFFICERS.

E. KNIGHT SPERRY, Secretary. W. A. POWER, President. J. L. WELLS, Treasurer.

held point steadily while Ranger brought up to back also winded them to one side; Gordon flushed, fired, killed and Claud retrieved in good quick style. In fact this was as good a piece of snappy work as had been seen this week. The Gordon was loath to leave the spot and went back twice while Claud, under good control, hunted out fresh ground. Afterwards Ranger in heavy cover pointed a small bevy and dropped to shot. Dogs up at 11:10. Claud had the speed and range and was best on birds. Ranger lagged at times and was not under very good control.

Tennessee Vandal and Corsair having been withdrawn, the dogs left in of the two braces,

COUNT NOBLE AND DASH G., were run together. Cast off at 11:22, it was seen that Chas. R. Taylor handled the Gordon and H. B. Tallman the English setter. Some good ranging was a feature of this heat; the Gordon got out with such speed and range as I have not seen in any Gordon put down so far in trials. Dash G. pointed first, but Count paid no attention to him and worked all round the pointing dog. There was nothing found, but he should have honored; in fact, he seemed all through the heat to pay no attention to his partner. After dogs had passed through some pines the crowd flushed two birds. Dogs drawn to, and as they were roading several "weaklings," quail by courtesy, probably those put down two days before just near here, and of which eighteen were found to be dead in the box that laid in the open, a spectator caught one bird as it flew along. Then Dash pointed twice at edge of pines and was held for Count, who, as usual, paid no attention, but getting on to some weak runners picked one up and retrieved it. There was nothing to Dash's two points. Outside of pines Dash came to again, and Count coming round went right in and flushed birds and chased himself round the block. Count then pointed two birds steadily and dogs up at 12:10. Neither would do for final honors, but Dash was a "disappointed" dog, showing the most sense and under better control.

Lunch was now in order, and Dr. Heyward having arrived he piloted us to some new grounds about a mile further up the road where game was said to be more plentiful and stronger on the wing. During lunch two boxes of Tennessee quail arrived from New York, but they were a sorry lot, several were dead and others had retired within themselves, contemplating a speedy journey to happier hunting grounds.

KENT II. AND GROUSE were put down at 1:23 on the new ground, which was rough and stony, alongside the Assonet River. Kent II., handled by W. E. Jones, and Grouse by W. Tallman. After covering a lot of ground with speed and range in Grouse's favor the latter flushed a bevy at edge of small orchard. Grouse further on made game, and as he stopped a woodcock flushed. Working to pines several birds got up ahead of dogs. This was on a ridge, affording a view of some beautiful country that lay between the Assonet and Taunton rivers, which here winds tortuously through two pretty valleys. Dogs up here at 2:02. The work was in favor of Kent II., in so far as style and having made no

mistakes went. For a heavy dog he gets over his ground well and hunts it out intelligently. Grouse did not come up to expectation and he can do better. This ended the first series, and the judges having had their confab during lunch time were ready with the list of those that they wanted to see again.

They were Grousedale, Duke of Kent, Mark Noble, Our Pet, Minch and Claude. This seemed a just selection, with Grousedale and Claude the favorites. These two were cast off together shortly after.

*Second Series.*

GROUSEDALE AND CLAUDE.—Down at 2:15 on the same ridge. A number of fields and more or less rough ground were worked over, both dogs going well, but Grousedale having the speed and wider range. On a hillside, about 2:50 P. M., Claude either flushed or went dangerously near a bevy, which rose wild. Just before this the FOREST AND STREAM man met with an accident, and was compelled unwillingly to lag behind, Mr. Clarke kindly furnished me with the notes of the rest of the day's work. After these birds got up the dogs worked into the bottoms, and in thick cover Grousedale pointed and Tallman said he saw a bird some distance ahead. Nothing more was done, and dogs up at about 3:50.

DUKE OF KENT AND MARK NOBLE.—Cast off in pasture at 3:55. In cover Duke was first to wind the birds, and pointed a bevy staunchly, and was steady to flush; ordered on, Duke refused to move; handler investigated and found he had hypnotized a bird which lay close right under his nose. Following scattered birds, Duke pointed a single capitally, but broke shot as handler fired. Further on he got in another point and was steady to wing, on order. A false point, honored by Mark, then ensued. Coming out of cover Mark pointed, but Duke failed to honor and was unsteady to flush of single. He was a bit rattled here and needed steadying. Up at 4:17. Duke showed some good work and some indifferent; altogether, however, he was ahead of Mark Noble.

OUR PET AND MINCH.—Cast off at 4:25. There were no birds found in this heat and the dogs had worked back toward the old grounds, as birds were scarcer than ever on the new part. Our Pet showed much the better speed and range. Up at 4:48. It was thought that this would have given the judges a line and a decision be arrived at, but they thought best to have one or two more heats to-morrow. There was no little conjecture as to how things would go, as between there of the best there seemed little to choose.

SATURDAY.

This, the last day, opened cloudy and with a white frost on the ground. A trip in the barge, only one this time, as the crowd had dwindled to just a handful of club members, to the old stamping ground, and the first brace in the

*Third Series,*

DUKE OF KENT AND REVERDY, were called out at 8:30. There was some little surprise that the latter should be in it; for though he had made no bad breaks, still he had done nothing very noticeable. Several fields were drawn blank, but this showed the pointer Duke to be a much faster and wider ranger. Reverdy was first to find in edge of pine woods, but Duke failed to honor the point and went clean through the bevy, which lay close. Birds were flushed by spectators. Duke then located. Reverdy backed, and then both roaded on running birds, nailed them, and birds flushing Duke was unsteady. Up at 9:04.

GROUSEDALE AND REVERDY.—A little rest and these were turned down at 9:20. Reverdy seemed to have his nose today and was first to point, backed by Grousedale, but nothing found. Afterward he repeated this performance, Grousedale backing to order. Not a very winning performance for Reverdy. Up at 9:55.

CLAUD AND OUR PET.—This was the last brace of the series and proved the decisive one. Cast off at 10:05 Pet soon showed herself the faster and most intelligent ranger. Pet pointed first, and handler flushing, shot and missed. Pet was not quite steady but stopped at command. Following on Pet nailed the birds again, Claude honoring; birds were flushed and again Pet was unsteady, probably handler's fault as much as anything. Up at 10:45.

This closed the running, and the judges afterward announced that Claude wins first, Our Pet second, and Duke of Kent and Reverdy divide third. This decision was not altogether indorsed, and especially when the owner of Our Pet expresses himself as not satisfied that his dog had beaten Grousedale. This dog was thought to be hardly treated, and though I did not see the work in the last part of the series, still nothing that occurred seemed to indicate that he should be thrown out of it altogether, considering his consistent speed, range and general good sense. Mr. Tallman, who is a good judge of field work, handled Grousedale and saw the others work, was much disappointed over the result.

Still it's no use crying over spilled milk, and when the judges announced the placing of the Gordon setters for the special moneys offered by the Gordon Setter Club as follows: Ranger B. first, Count Noble second, Flomont and Sally Beaumont divide third, three cheers were given for the judges, winners and President Power. In this Gordon distribution Flomont, on work done, was fully entitled to second place, though she did not range so wide as Ranger B., still she was better on birds. Reaching town about noon the company began preparations for departure, and by evening the last of the stragglers had left quiet Assonet in repose for another year. H. W. L.

## BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB TRIALS.

OSSIPEE, N. H., Nov. 14.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Brunswick Fur Club's field trials will begin here tomorrow morning with the running of the Derby. The club headquarters are at the Carroll House, and there are gathered here to-night many enthusiastic fox hunters and sportsmen, among them A. C. Heffenger, Portsmouth, N. H.; J. H. Baird, Auburndale, Mass.; George J. Garrett, Columbus, Ga.; R. D. Perry, Braintree, Mass.; M. G. Whittier, Hontzdale, Pa.; R. H. Haggarty, Philadelphia; Geo. P. Berry, Salem Mass.; A. G. Hall, Brunswick, Me.; Richard Seely, Portsmouth, N. H.; E. B. Hayden, Plymouth, Mass.; E. W. Gill, Princeton, Mass.; S. H. Hill, Strafford Centre, N. H.; E. J. Bates, W. B. Clark, O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; S. Decatur, Portsmouth, N. H.; John M. White, Millbury, Mass.; N. Stewart, F. W. Noyes, Gorham, N. H.; W. S. Russell, Bath, Me.; A. McDonald, Rockland, Me.; Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass.; A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester, Mass.

The hounds have comfortable quarters in a large stable, and in the pack are representatives of the July—Avent, Goodman, Robinson, Buckfield-Byron, Wild Goose, and other celebrated strains. The ground is covered with about four inches of snow, and if this becomes crusted it will be bad for the hounds. The executive committee have appointed A. C. Heffenger, E. W. Gill and Bradford S. Turpin to judge the Derby.

The entries for the Derby closed to-night, and are as follows:

GARRETT—S. Decatur's tawny dog, 11mos. (July).
VIVEN—S. Decatur's black and white bitch, 11mos. (July).
NANCY HANKS—A. G. Hall's black, white and tan bitch, 12mos. (Wild Goose and native).
TRY—W. B. Clark, Jr.'s red and white dog, 7mos. (Wild Goose and native).
TRUE—W. B. Clark, Jr.'s liver and ticked dog, 7mos. (Wild Goose and native).
CAMP—R. D. Perry's black and white bitch, 11mos. (July).
POPPLE—R. D. Perry's black, white and tan dog 12mos. (Native).
STEVE—U. Q. Pope's black, white and tan dog 17mos. (Goodman).

The entries in the All-Age class close Tuesday night. There will probably be more entries than ever before in the history of the club.

*[Special to Forest and Stream.]*

OSSIPEE, N. H., Nov. 15.—An attempt was made to-day to run the Derby in the Brunswick Fur Club field trials. The ground was covered with melting snow and a heavy fog hung over the hills, hiding the hounds. The puppies failed to start and were ordered up after three hours' hunting. The Derby will be finished later. There are twenty-five entries in the All-Age, and these will be run to-morrow. Among them the White Oak Hill Kennels, the Kinney & White, the Portsmouth Hunt Club, the R. D. Perry, and other packs are represented. With good weather the trials promise to be successful. BRADLEY.

## AMERICAN F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

*[Special to Forest and Stream.]*

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 14.—Three stakes were drawn tonight. Frank, Ightfield Rhiwlas and Hi Di were the three starters in English setter All-Age. Quaker, Betsy Crafts, Hope Boru, Finglas, Marlowe, Beau Brummell, Elcho's Maid, Winnie II. and Ranger are the starters in All-Age Irish setters. Eric, Don Fishel, Wise Croxteth, Nutwood, Rex, Faust, King Don, Manitou, Midget and Maid of Ossian are starters in All-Age pointers. Weather has cleared up after heavy rains.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 15.—The trials began this morning under favorable conditions. The judges are as advertised. The weather is delightfully pleasant. Birds are in sufficient numbers. The work done was very inferior, inability to find birds was the prevailing feature of almost every heat. Hi Di first, Frank second, Ightfield Rhiwlas third in setters. The Irish Setter Stake will be finished to-morrow. The attendance is good.

English Setter Derby has three entries: Pembroke's Blue Grouse, Jim Dandy, Dan's Lady. Irish Setter Derby: Glenmore Appie, Sage's Tearaway and Elphin II. Pointer Derby: Pomme de Terre, Trinket's Don, Pride, King Don, Rex, Maan, Trixie of Axtel and Dick Fish-el.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 16.—Irish setter All-Age Stake: Finglas first, Elcho's Maid second, Hope Boru third. Weather pleasant, birds plentiful. Trials progressing satisfactorily. All-Age Pointer Stake begins next at 9:30 A. M. B. WATERS.

## CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith we hand you a list of 59 entries, 25 pointers and 34 setters, for our 1892 All-Age Stake.

C. H. ODELL, Sec'y and Treas.

SETTERS.

CECIL H.—J. L. Adams's dog (Dr. Maclin—Cosette).
RUPERT—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).
BETTIE S.—Avent & Thayer Kennels' bitch (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).
NOVELIST—Avent & Thayer Kennels' bitch (Woodhill Bruce—Lewellin Novelty).
BOB COOPER—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (Roi d'Or—Miss Nelly Y.).
GOSSIP—Blue Ridge Kennels' bitch (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont).
ZULU M.—Whyte Bedford's bitch (Toledo Blade— ——).
COUNT GLADSTONE—A. Dill's dog (Count Noble—Ruby Girl).
BRIGHTON TOBE—T. G. Davey's dog (Locksley—Ledlersdale VI.).
NAHMKE PHILIP—E. W. Durkee's dog (Ray Monarch—Saddlebags).
NAHMKE CHITA—E. W. Durkee's bitch (Count Howard—Calico).
TENNYSON—Fairmount Kennels' dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti).
ROSE BUD—Fairmount Kennels' bitch (Czar—Lady May).
COLERAINE—Glenmore Kennels' bitch (Fingal III.—Aveline).
FINGLAS—Glenmore Kennels' dog (Fingal III.—Aveline).
HARRY C.—Greenfield Hill Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Countess House).
NANCY HANKS—C. C. M. Hunt's bitch (Foreman's Noble—Flirt).
ANNIE F.—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Roderigo—Juno A.).
ALICE—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Jean Val Jean—Miss Thompson).
DIAMOND—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Deck Ray—Cad's Pet).
THORNDALE—Hempstead Farm's bitch.
MANITOBA PATTI—Thos. Johnson's bitch (Duke of Gloster—Flora).
DAN NOBLE—Ad. J. Klofanda's dog (Gladstone's Boy—Flame M.).
GUY (G. T. Leach's dog (Gladstone's Boy—Lady).
LARA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
MISS RUBY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
COUNT ANTEO—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s dog (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).
ANTIVOLO—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Count Noble—Trickett II.).
HAWKEYE QUEEN—Perry & Switzer's bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont).
QUAIL—Randolph Kennels' (Agent) dog (Dakota—Rose).
BESSIE BETHEL—Randolph Kennels' (Agent) bitch (Capt. Bethel—Erich).
PHILADA PRESS—L. Shuster, Jr.'s dog (Cincinnatus—Cornelia G.).
HAZEL THE BLACK LEG—L. Shuster, Jr.'s bitch (Cincinnatus—Cornelia G.).
DONCASTER II.—R. L. Shannon's dog (Doncaster—Louise Gladstone).

POINTERS.

FRANKLIN—J. L. Adams's dog (Robin Adair—Blossom).
LAD OF RUSH—J. L. Adams's dog (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.).
WILD DAMON—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' dog (Damon—Flora).
OUTCAST—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' dog (King of Keut—Hops).
EXILE—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' dog (King of Kent—Hops).
JUPITER—C. C. Cushing's dog (Tom Boline—Belle C.)
VARRO—J. B. Castleman's bitch (Rex—Nell).
WESTMINSTER DUKE—T. G. Davey's dog (Lad of Bow—Kate VIII.).
IGHTFIELD DOMINO—T. G. Davey's dog (Ightfield Dick—Perdita).
PROMOTION—Fairmount Kennels' dog (Lord Graphic—Belle Bishop).
GROUSE—C. C. M. Hunt's dog (Mainspring—Swan's Fly).
TORY BARON—T. Hitchcock, Jr.'s dog (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina).
PRAWN—Hempstead Farm's dog (Crab—Polly Peachem).
DICKON—Hempstead Farm's dog (Ightfield Dick—Ightfield Bloom).
HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Hempstead Farm's dog (Duke of Hessan—Lass of Bow).
HEMPSTEAD COUNT—Hempstead Farm's dog (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow).
SANDFORD DRUID—Hempstead Farm's dog (Exon Don—Sandford Quince).
MANITOBA SHOT—Thomas Johnson's dog (Ightfield Caton—Ightfield Psyche).
KESSLER FAN—E. Kessler's bitch (Don of Upton—Linda).
GROUSEDALE—R. R. Moore's dog (Underwriter—Trix).
IGHTFIELD UPTON—C. G. Stoddard's dog (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peachem).
TRINKET'S DELL—Sander and Whealen's bitch (Bracket—Robert's Trinket).
BOB—Simpkins's dog (Beppo III.—Belle Brandon).
BEN A.—Dr. D. W. Yandell's dog (Stoddard—Jett II.)
LADY PEG—W. T. Hunter's bitch (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo).

## THE WORCESTER FUR CLUB'S ANNUAL.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 11.—That it was to be a hard day for the nounds every one knew before the start was made this morning, but that so little work could be done was unexpected. Six o'clock found a large party of hunters well fortified with a hot breakfast at the Bay State House, ready for the 'bus which was to take them to the Haywood farm, where the meet is always called. The weather was clear and crisp, and a cold wind that threatened to nullify any efforts of Old Sol to warm things up kept every one well muffled up. Shortly after the arrival at the rendezvous the hunt was organized and each party with dogs were on their way to the particular runs laid out for them.

John M. White, of Millbury, took the Kinney-White pack to the Shoemakers. L. O. Dennison, ex-president of the Brunswick Club, W. R. Dean and Capt. Barney Williamson, of Marshfield, also put out their dogs in the same country. "Denny" Eager, of Marlboro, and N. Willard, of Northboro, were at Rocky Pond. Webster Thayer, D. M. Earle, Old Snow Perry, put out at Uncle Nathan's ground, the Harlow place. The greater part of the driving was done between here and the "Hen Man's," and those who were fortunate enough to hunt in this locality had a little music to enliven the dull day, in fact they were about the only ones who were in the hunt to any great extent. Only one fox was shot at, and it was merely out of courtesy to "Lisha's" guest that he allowed the popular captain to give him "two bar'ls." Off to the north there was some disconnected driving until afternoon, but nothing came of it, and as a whole the hunt was not the howling success that former years have seen, still every one was satisfied that a perfect or even a fair day was something that could not be expected every year and took their disappointment philosophically, looking forward to the club hunt later in the season, when they expect to even things up.

As usual at any sporting event of prominence, there were more or less remarks of a slighting nature made about one of the club's most popular and successful (so far as foxes are concerned) members, intended to establish some connection between him and the hound Popcorn, or to the effect that if he had not stopped to whittle the stick he might have stabbed the fox, but to those of us who know him (from association) the idea of Tom's being out "unarmed" is simply out of all human probability, the chances being that he had concealed about his person more "dynamite" than any three other men in the hunt could carry. That he would not waste it on a fox is credible, but that he was that far away from home and unprotected, never.

The supper at the Bay State in the evening put every one in good humor, and the next annual hunt will see every one as enthusiastic as if the score had been 10 instead of 0.

HAL.

## FARMINGTON FUR CLUB.

FARMINGTON, N. H., Nov. 14.—The annual meet of the Farmington Fur Club was held at Wakefield, N. H., the last of the month. The meet was the most successful in the club's history. An account of each day's hunt would take up too much space, so I will simply say that we killed nine foxes, beside several partridges, gray squirrel and ducks, shot on our way home from each day's hunt. The weather was fairly good, foxes were plenty and the running was simply immense, and for six days the cry of the hound in pursuit of sly reynard filled the air with music. How sweet that music, none but a "crank" on fox hunting can tell. One's blood must indeed be cold, who can stand on a hill top of a clear frosty October morning, and hear his favorite hound drive, unmoved. It is something more than the desire to kill that causes his pulse to beat faster, as his dogs come in hearing round some distant hill, and every moment brings them nearer, with what eager eye he watches for the first glimpse of the fox. Who but a fox hunter can tell the satisfaction he feels when his trusty gun ends his foxship's career. My old fox hunting friends will understand what I mean. To all lovers of dog and gun who never went foxing my advice is, try it.

At the close of the meet it was decided to disband and form a new club, and after considerable discussion the following association was formed: Forest and Stream Fur Club. President, J. A. McGibbon, Farmington, N. H.; Vice-President, I. A. Piercy, Rochester, N. H.; Secretary, H. I. Jones, Farmington, N. H.; Treasurer, W. Scott Hayes, Farmington, N. H.; Master of hounds, H. E. Tanner, Farmington, N. H. Executive committee—J. A. McGibbon, Farmington, N. H.; Frank I. Hayes, Lynn, Mass.; Chas. H. Gerrish, Rochester, N. H. M.

## ROCHESTER NOTES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am able to give you a list of the sale of the Flour City Kennels' mastiffs. Chas. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill., purchased C. O. D. and Minna Minting; J. J. Lynn, Port Huron, Mich. purchased Cardinal Beaufort and Lady Dorothy; H. J. Dolan, Beverly, Mass., purchased Linkwood Queen; Wm. Wade, Hulton, Pa., purchased Miss Caution and Lady Coleus.

Mr. Whitney presents Pansy to a friend in New York city and Facts to Mr. A. M. Hughes, and still has Lady Pamelia and Exeter Dirce as stable guards.

I ought to inform you also that the genial treasurer of our kennel club, Mr. Harry Yates, has lately taken to himself a life partner in the person of Miss Mamie Duffy, of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Yates will be at home after Jan. 1 at 227 Delaware avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Yates's large interests in that city compelling his removal from Rochester.

There is only one "Harry," and the fullest measure of success is wished him by friends without number.

As a link between himself and the kennel world Mr. Yates takes with him the well known cocker Obadiah, recently purchased from Mr. Geo. Bell, of Toronto, by Dr. O. Stewart Bamber, and still later sold to Mr. Yates, who once he had seen the dog would have him. TARIFF.

The "Kodak fiend" was very much in evidence at the New England field trials, but Mr. D. A. Goodwin, Jr., easily scored with his "Kodak model of '92," and the number of exposures it went through the first three days fully attested its popularity. Its chief charm lies in its simplicity, a child could work it—if it cared to. Like other cameras, over exposure gives a cloudy effect, and a dry "palate" is a *sine qua non* if good results are expected. Mr. Goodwin has applied for a patent, and pending this we cannot conscientiously describe its "internals," but may remark that when put on the market the demand from Maine and Kansas will quickly assure the inventor a competency.

# DOG CHAT.

### Brooklyn Dog Show.

The following are the entries received by the National Greyhound Club for their show to be held at Palace Rink, Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 22 to 25:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mastiffs | 11 | Bull-Terriers | 42 |
| St. Bernards | 51 | Dachshunds | 12 |
| Great Danes | 27 | Beagles | 29 |
| Newfoundlands | 4 | Fox-Terriers | 51 |
| Bloodhounds | 6 | Dandie Dinmont Terriers | 4 |
| Deerhounds | 7 | Scotch Terriers | 8 |
| Greyhounds | 28 | Irish Terriers | 16 |
| Psovois | 19 | Black and Tan Terriers | 7 |
| Chesapeake Bay | 3 | Redlington Terriers | 5 |
| Foxhounds | 9 | Skye Terriers | 2 |
| Pointers | 34 | Yorkshire Terriers | 5 |
| English Setters | 28 | Toy Terriers | 5 |
| Irish Setters | 38 | Pugs | 19 |
| Gordon Setters | 19 | Toy Spaniels | 10 |
| Spaniels | 30 | Italian Greyhounds | 4 |
| Collies | 19 | Miscellaneous | 5 |
| Poodles | 8 | | |
| Bulldogs | 21 | | 587 |

For the time of the year this is quite as good an entry as could reasonably be expected.

### Importation of Marvel.

Another sensation for the St. Bernard world over here. Mr. W. C. Reick, owner of the New York St. Bernard Kennels, has purchased from Mr. Shillcock, Birmingham, England, the crack dog Marvel. This is the dog of all dogs that is needed just now for stud purposes in America, as in this respect he stands in the foremost rank. Of Plinlimmon blood he has not a drop. By champion Pouf out of Mossy, he is brimming over with the valuable Bayard blood. Whelped Feb. 10, 1889, he is quite a young dog, and in all probability a successful career is before him. He was bred by Mr. W. A. Harper. Marvel's head is said to be a study and has earned him the cognomen "of the Marvelous Head." He is a deep orange, with fine markings, correct coat, great bone, a symmetrical body, and particularly good in loins. He has sired more winners than any rough-coated dog in England. Among them are Duke of Maplecroft, Clifford Marvel, Marvelous, Lord Norton, Young Marvel, Vicar of Bray, Lord Hawke, Greater Bute, Thomond, Lady Gerty, Lady Marvel and Lady Helen Stuart. The price must have been high, but whatever it was he must prove a good investment if judiciously handled, and his advent as a consort to Princess Florence strengthens the New York St. Bernard Kennel in every way. Mr. Reick is to be congratulated on his persistent pluck, and we trust he may have a happier experience than he had with Prince Regent. Dr. French is bringing Marvel over on the Teutonic, which sailed yesterday, so it is doubtful if he will arrive in time for judging at Brooklyn. Marvel's winnings on the bench include firsts at such shows as Crystal Palace, Manchester, Liverpool, Agricultural Hall (2), in all 26 firsts and cups; recently he defeated Young Bute and won first at late Crystal Palace show.

### Death of Chieftain.

Another old landmark in dogdom has gone the way of all flesh. We allude to the death of champion Chieftain, Mr. John E. Thayer's world renowned deerhound. The son of champion Bevis and Heathen died at the ripe age of eleven years, having been whelped Nov. 1, 1881. Mr. Thayer tells us that Chieftain won more prizes than any dog he ever owned. In his prime, undoubtedly this dog was one of the best specimens ever whelped. His winnings over here are known to the veriest tyro in kennel records, and among his triumphs may be counted specials for the best dog of all breeds in certain shows. He was a grand dog. Great as he was on the bench, he was far greater as a sire of winners and to him Mr. Thayer owes all his success as a deerhound exhibitor. Mr. Thayer remarks, "He would sire grand pups and to most any bitch." He is the sire of such noted animals as champion Robber Chieftain, champion Romola, that Mr. Raper considered the best bitch in the world; champion Theodore, Pride of the Heather, King of the Forest, champion Hillside Warrior, Hillside Harold, Ruth, Sylvia and a great many more. Mr. Thayer has our sincere sympathy, though with such a kennel as those named above the old dog's loss on the bench will not be felt—still there was only one Chieftain.

### New England Kennel Club.

Several Boston fanciers remarked last week that the FOREST AND STREAM had struck the right nail in its remarks anent the change in the management of this club, and the following letter shows that the club seems to have entered on a new era of activity: "New England Kennel Club meeting of Nov. 10 was a radical departure from the former formal ones. The new management have started in to make all their future gatherings social ones. The first was well carried out. The entertainment committee of the club provided an ample collation, both liquid and solid, which were appreciated so well that they will be continued. Much important business was transacted, chief of which was the election of eight new members and several changes in by-laws of the club. The coming bench show in April, 1893, was discussed and the hearty support of the club is promised to make it the largest and finest ever held in Boston.—J. W. NEWMAN, Sec'y."

### Death of Bonsor.

Many of our best dogs are leaving us just now. We regret to hear the news from the Seminole Kennels to the effect that their grand little pug ch. Bonsor is dead. He died Nov. 2, from dysentery. His loss to the breed in this country can scarcely be estimated. Never having encountered defeat in America, his career in England was also an honorable one. The Seminole Kennels had only recently purchased Bonsor from Mr. A. E. Pitts, of Columbus, O., who imported him, and their disappointment must be keen and Dr. Sauveur has our sincere sympathy. Fortunately a litter out of their Midget by the deceased dog is expected next month, and we hope their owner may derive some comfort therefrom.

### Beagles at the World's Fair Show.

Mr. H. L. Kreuder, president-elect of the N. B. C., has written to Mr. Buchanan, superintendent of the World's Fair Live Stock Department, that the same classes be made at their show as at Brooklyn show for beagles. Also intimating that the club would probably offer suitable specials, such as a solid piece of plate for best pack of four or more over 13in. and same for those under that height; also club medal for best beagle at show.

### Irish Setter Club Entries.

Mr. G. G. Davis writes: I find that I have made two mistakes in the list of All-Aged entries of the Irish setter trials. The first is that Dr. Jarvis's bitch Romayne is by Duke Elcho—Romaine instead of by Elcho Jr. The second is that Nelson McIntosh and William Warner are the owners of Maid of Borstal, instead of only the former as given.

Competition in wire-haired fox-terriers is likely to be keen next spring. Mr. Symonds has just been looking one over that came in from walk the other day. It is by Barton Sting out of Venus, that was placed among the top company whenever shown, and which Mr. Symonds lately sold to Mr. Fishburne, Illicthwait (this is the best we can do on this word), British Columbia. At the same time a brace of the Naso of Strasburg—Ruby VII. pups came in, also a pair of greyhounds by Gem of the Season, the latter Mr. Purbeck's. The pointers and wire-hair had distemper in early puppyhood, and were fed with a spoon for weeks, but their growth has not been retarded, thanks to George Thomas's assiduous care. Mr. Symonds also writes: "Mr. Fraser of Toronto is right. It is high time that show people recognize in their premium lists that the small breeds should be treated equal with the larger breeds. They pay the same premium or entrance fees. It costs the same to bench, and exhibitors are tired of begging for classes." Latest English market quotations: "Prices of English dogs have taken a great boom which must soon be reflected here, and quality is not commensurate with cost."

A Cortland, N. Y., reader tells of a recent outrage: "Dog killers are not all dead. Mr. A. D. Wallace's Irish setter and pointer puppies Patsey and Donald W. strayed out into the country on Nov. 1 and were shot by a farmer as being mad dogs; he killed the setter but the pointer escaped with slight injuries."

Apropos of psovoi color, Mr. H. W. Huntington sends us this note from a letter written to him by the well-known breeder Mr. Blees, of Moscow: "Englishmen place far too much stress on size, and this opinion is shared with me by Count Shojcicoff, who also attended the kennel club show. The Count has the largest pack of psovoi in Russia, having about 150. Fifty are black, with white and tan markings, so you see what nonsense it is to say that black is not an orthodox color. Those who say such a thing have some selfish purpose to advance and wish to get rid of some such formidable opponent as your Argoss. The Count values his 'blacks' above all the others."

Theo. Meyer, 549 Newark avenue, Jersey City, N. J., has found an English setter in Rockland county, N. Y., would like to find owner.

Mr. E. O. Damon, the owner of Rod's Chaff, The Corsair, etc., played in rather hard luck last week. The brightest anticipations are sometimes rudely shattered. He was about a month since preparing his dogs for the N. E. field trials and while out in the woods some distance from home slipped and broke his ankle. He had to crawl two miles as best he could before aid was procured. Then he put his dogs in charge of a handler, who worked them up to the commencement of the trials, when circumstances compelled the handler to return home. Mr. Damon was present at the trials supported by crutches, the foot being in a plaster cast. Of course he was unable to take charge of his dogs, and they had to be relegated to the care of a strange handler. Naturally this handicapped them considerably. Rod's Chaff, however, gave a good account of himself both in the field and as a bench show dog. The Corsair was withdrawn rather than undertake the handicap.

It would, perhaps, be as well if the New England Field Trial Club would pay a little more attention to the commissariat department during their trials. The only bright feature in this regard was the luncheon served in the field. Hot coffee is very acceptable on a bleak, cold day, and after tramping through swampy land all morning. But to come back tired and hungry to a dinner of canned corn beef and cold beans is discouraging, and the "Fifty cents, please!" does not add to the hilarity of the occasion. There are ample facilities there for cooking, and some substantial roast or boiled meats properly prepared would not be any dearer and be far more conducive to a contented digestion. The club should take as a motto: "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" The flesh of the American hog in its various disguises is all right enough in its way, but is disastrous to the "wind" that is so requisite when one travels after the dogs over the hills and dales that lie between the Assonet and the Taunton rivers. Mr. T. R. Cook and Son of Boston were the caterers on this occasion.

Our correspondent, Dr. J. S. Niven, of London, Ont., tells us that we may expect the news of the importation of a good Irish terrier bitch or two before long, as negotiations are now in progress.

A FOREST AND STREAM kennel note from far off San Antonio, Texas, brings back memories of several shining lights in the St. Bernard firmament when we note the names of such dogs as Eiger, champion Gemma and champion Sir Charles as the immediate ancestors of Mr. F. Paul Barber's St. Bernard pup The Prior. Eiger, the sire, was a demon in temper, but a good St. Bernard nevertheless.

It is not usual to see such a fine array of Dachshund and Basset hound stud dogs advertised, on this side of the water, as we notice this week in our business columns. Mr. E. A. Manice, Stockbridge, Mass., evidently feels that the time has come when his fine array of stud dogs of these breeds should be brought more prominently before the public, and naturally choses the best medium.

Mr. T. S. Bellin has sold the wire-hair Jack Trick, a litter brother to Sister Trick, that did some winning in this fall's shows, to Mr. C. L. A. Whitney, of Albany, N. Y. Jack is said to be a good one and is entered at Brooklyn.

From *Stock-Keeper* we learn that Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill) purchased a couple of wire-haired fox-terriers before leaving England. They are by Valuer and were bred by Mr. George Bozes.

The Duchess of Newcastle, so well known to fanciers in both hemispheres through her kennel of Russian wolfhounds, has purchased from Messrs. Toons & Symonds, owners of the Anglo-American Kennels, the fox-terrier Ebor Spendthrift, that was exhibited here in the spring.

A glance at our business columns this week will show that H. N. Howell offers trained black setter for sale: Wallace and Son, beagles and ferrets; Henry Franklin, trained blue belton setter; Ridgefield Kennels, foxterrier brood bitches; Dr. Jno. A. Hartman, setters and pointers; J. Feutner, choice English setters; H. C. Happerselt, r. c. St. Bernard bitch; W. H. Shawhan, Monk of Furness pups; Geo. Douglass, choice cocker pups; Chas. Codington, r. c. St. Bernard prize winning dog.


## A Stray Shinplaster

**Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.**


## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 12.—The trials of the American Field Trial Club will begin on Tuesday, the 15th inst. Starting them on Monday was seriously considered since the United States Field Trial Club postponed its trials till February next, but there were so many circumstances to arrange that the club finally decided to hold to the date advertised. Next year the American contemplates running on the best grounds obtainable, and broadening its scope largely.

The act of the United States Field Trial Club has occasioned a great deal of comment. This was to be expected under the circumstances, whether the club acted wisely or not. It was a most unfortunate matter to the trials, and a hardship to many handlers who had fitted their dogs carefully and incurred the expense of a long journey to the trials. One matter was agreed upon by all, namely, that the trials could not be run at Elizabethtown on account of the scarcity of birds.

The following questions have since arisen and are discussed from a legal standpoint in connection with the matter; that is, from the constitution and by-laws of the club:

(1) In any instance, did the Board of Governors of the club have the power to delegate powers conferred on them by the club?

(2) Were not the entry blanks, with all the conditions of the stakes and requirements in respect to entries printed thereon, a contract between the club and each individual handler?

(3) If the club abandoned the grounds, it did not abandon the date advertised; for that question was not acted upon. Could the club abandon its date without any action whatever?

In respect to the first question, there is little doubt but what the Board went outside its powers in delegating future action to a vote of the handlers. The Board could have formally adopted the action of the handlers as its own, but it did not so do, therefore the act was that of the handlers.

In regard to the second question, if the entries were contracts, a majority vote of the handlers could not annul the contracts of the minority, or of a single owner.

In regard to the third question, the advertised dates hold good yet, inasmuch as they have not yet been abandoned, unless when it was voted to run next February, such act annulled the old dates.

This is simply stating the status of the case as it is at the present time discussed among sportsmen. There is neither the intention nor inclination to make out a case against the United States Field Trial Club. On the contrary, the writer is a member of it, and is earnestly interested in its success and prosperity. The matter herewith presented is outside one's personal inclination. If the Board of Governors acted outside its powers, its intentions were of the best. It meant to do the wisest and best acts for the benefit of all in an emergency. B. WATERS.

## THE GREAT BEND MEETING.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In justice to a worthy officer of the American Coursing Club—Vice-President Dr. S. J. Shaw—will you kindly allow me to correct a statement in your report of the Great Bend meeting. Your correspondent states that the "estimable vice-president drove off in the morning, and left the judge to shift for himself in the matter of getting out to the grounds" (Thursday, Third day, Oct. 27). This is incorrect. The facts are these: Dr. Shaw agreed to call at the Morrison House for Mr. Mulcaster at a certain hour on Thursday morning, and take him out to the coursing grounds. The hour having elapsed, and the judge fearing the doctor might be detained, Mr. Ballard and myself (and not the "representatives of the press") invited the judge to a seat in our wagon. Dr. Shaw called for the judge, and found he had gone with us; and afterwards explained to me on the coursing ground, which he reached twenty minutes after us, that he had been unavoidably detained by a patient. When it is remembered that Dr. Shaw is a busy practitioner in Great Bend, his tardiness can be readily excused. A. J. CATTANACH.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. A. J. Groves has just got over from Mr. W. H. Gammon, of Dorchester, Mass., a young St. Bernard bitch, by Scotch Bonivard (ch. Bonivard—Maize) out of Bonny (Merchant Prince—Rita). His Premier, vhc., Toronto, has gone to a breeder in Quebec City.

Mr. Jno. Saunders, Harriston, Ont., a new convert to collies, is getting over, in fact the dog is probably here now, Finsbury Dude, by Edgbaston Excelsior out of Highland Annie. He is a rich sable with white markings, and is a winner of numerous prizes in England.

Messrs McEwen & Gibson have been selling out several collies lately, including two or three to your side of the line. Mr. W. N. De Grauw, Jr., New York, has bought a sable dog by Metchley Wonder II. out of Dawn, and Mr. Thos. Smith, Chicago, a black white and tan dog by Scotsman out of Jess.

A meeting of the C. K. C. executive was held last night, the members present being Messrs. C. A. Stone and J. J. Mitchener, Toronto; A. D. Stewart, Hamilton, and H. B. Donovan, secretary. Mr. Stone was voted to the chair. A lengthy report of the business to come before the meeting was read by the secretary, as were also letters from the president and Mr. P. G. Keyes.

Action was taken in the Troublesome protest case, by which the contention in the following letter of Mr. Wilkie's was sustained. This means that the judge's award of first prize to Troublesome is allowed to stand:

OTTAWA, Sept. 27.—Dr. Wesley Mills, President C. K. C.—On behalf of Mr. Geo. Bell, of Toronto, and acting as his agent, I beg to protest against the decision of the show committee in the matter of the disqualification of the cocker bitch Troublesome, in the open bitch class. Against the decision of the show committee I now appeal to the C. K. C., and inclose herewith $5 as required by the rules of the C. K. C. in such cases. If you will kindly notify Mr. Bell or myself of the time and place of the meeting of the executive committee of the the C. K. C. at which the appeal will be heard, one or the other of us will be present to show conclusively, as we think, that the judgment of the show committee is unjust and should not stand. R. G. WILKIE.

The St. Bernard Sir John case was again deferred awaiting a certificate of pedigree from Mr. James Watson. Mr. Fred Stettenbenz, Buffalo, whose dogs were placed second to Sir John, now claims the two firsts awarded the latter.

The protest entered against the bull-terrier bitch champion Starlight by Mr. H. M. Howes, of Boston, could not be entertained, as the time specified in Rule 22 for the making of such protests had expired.

The following letter from Mr. Purbeck was read:

SALEM, Mass., Oct. 13.—GENTLEMEN—The dog Pious Pembroke was entered as Echo, that being his kennel name, and the mistake was made by myself in making out the entries, and not discovered up to the day Mr. Thomas left with the dogs. I then asked him to point out the error when he reached Toronto, which I think he did. He is always called Echo, and the name is more natural than Pious Pembroke. I regret the error, and whatever action you see fit to take will meet my approval. ARTHUR W. PURBECK.

This left the committee no option but to sustain Mr. Wurtele's protest, which was done, and the dogs placed under Pious Pembroke at Toronto get a move up. The committee regretted being obliged to take this action.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Donovan, Stone and

Mitchener will confer with the committee appointed by the A. K. C. to arrange some mutually satisfactory plan of fixing show dates to avoid clashing.

A letter was read from Mr. Geo. Bell complaining of irregularities in the judging at Ottawa bench show. It was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Stewart, Mitchener, Gorman and Oldrieve to report on.

Five new members were elected, and it was decided to have the C. K. C. diplomas engrossed before being sent out.

H. B. DONOVAN.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Rod's Druce and Clip.* By West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., for black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped March 18, 1892, by Rod's Ace (Roderigo—Countess House) out of Rosa Noble (Breckenridge—Franchel Noble).

*Imperial Kent and Richard Kent.* By West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., for black and white pointer dogs, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent.

*Lord of Kent.* By J. M. George, San Antonio, Tex., for black and white pointer dog, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent.

*Star of Kent.* By Mrs. E. S. Avis, Ft. McIntosh, Tex., for black and white pointer bitch, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent.

*Fear of Kent.* By West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent.

*Cardinal Richelieu.* By J. W. Irwin, Little Rock, Ark., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent.

*West End Spot, Guy Fawkes, West End Beauty, West End Girl and West End Belle.* By West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., for black and white English setters two dogs and three bitches, whelped June 25, 1892, by Manitoba Frisk out of Sophia Hill.

*Neptune.* By Dr. W. T. Parker, Beverley, Mass., for pointer dog, whelped July 4, 1892, by Dan out of Fanny.

*Tony Forest, Noble Weller, Nettie Weller, Waltham Lily Grace and Weller's Fancy.* By National Beagle Kennels, Waltham, Mass., for black, white and tan beagle dogs and bitches, whelped May 17 1892, by Tony Weller out of Topsy S.

*Eberhart's Boy and Cashier's Daughter.* By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 9, 1892, by Eberhart's Cashier out of Flossie II.

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Peg II.—Henmore Shamrock.* D. C. Conig's (Lenox, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Peg II. (Snipe—Fan) to F. L. Cheney's Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca), Oct 7.

*Judy—Patsy Bolivar.* E. L. Crou's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Judy to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), Oct. 15.

*Petrel IV.—Kent II.* A. E. Davis's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Petrel IV. (imported Don Juan—imported Petrel III.) to Cohanet Kennels' champion Kent II. (champion Count Howard Lady Westmoreland). Aug. 28.

*Rhoda—Manitoba Frisk.* J. P. Cruger's (San Antonio, Tex.) English setter bitch Rhoda to West End Kennels' Manitoba Frisk (imported Dick Boudhu—Western Belle), Aug 15.

*Princess Royal—Count Swiveller.* West End Kennels' (San Antonio, Tex.) Irish setter bitch imported Princess Royal (Kildare—Stella IV.) to Henry Solms's Count Swiveller (champion Dick Swiveller—Kildare Ruby), Sept. 25.

*Cozzie—Bradford Ruby II.* Ben Hey's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Cozzie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Nov. 3.

*Obruga—Leekhoi.* C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, N. H.) Russian wolfhound bitch Obruga (Kroat—Harpadka) to his Leekhoi (Reezvee—Labiedka), Oct. 29.

*Kinjal—Leekhoi.* C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, N. H.) Russian wolfhound bitch Kinjal (Charaday—Prokaza) to his Leekhoi (Reezvee—Labiedka), Oct. 31.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Petrel IV.* A. E. Davis's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Petrel IV. (imported Don Juan—imported Petrel III.). Oct. 29, seven (three dogs), by Cohanet Kennels' champion Kent II. (champion Count Howard—Lady Westmoreland).

*Raskeda.* C. S. Hanks's (West Manchester, N. H.) Russian wolfhound bitch Raskeda (Krelet—Khralka), Oct. 16, six (four dogs), by his Leekhoi (Reezvee—Labiedka).

*Yum Yum.* B. P. Rothrock's (Williamsport, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Yum Yum (Rob—Daisy), Oct. 18, thirteen (seven dogs), by F. L. Cheney's Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca).

*Daisy.* F. L. Cheney's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Daisy (Chief—Leigh Doane), Oct. 31, seven (four dogs), by his Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca).

*Lady of Lyons.* Dr. Hugh Halladay's (Chicago, Ill.) English setbitch Lady of Lyons (Prince Phœbus—Lady Romp), Oct. 8, eight (five dogs), by his Mack (Locksley—champion Leddersdale).

*Svodka.* C. S. Hanks's (West Manchester, N. H.) Russian wolfhound bitch Svodka (Khedle—Krasotka), Nov. 8, five (three dogs), by his Leekhoi (Reezvee—Labiedka).

*Hillside Freedom.* R. G. Stewart's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Freedom (Russley Joker—Freya), Nov. 11, three (one dog), by Hamlet Owen's Ranter (Pitcher—Vene).

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Brownie.* Fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1892, by Patsy Bolivar out of Mabel E., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to C. A. Martin, same place.

*Count Swiveller.* Red Irish setter dog, whelped May, 1890 by champion Dick Swiveller out of Kildare Ruby, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to Henry Solms, same place.

*June.* Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April, 1889, by The Corsair out of Schula, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to H. D. Kampmann, same place.

*West End Spot.* Black and white English setter dog, whelped June 25, 1892, by Manitoba Frisk out of Sophia Hill, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to Chas. Hummel, same place.

*West End Belle.* Black and white English setter bitch, whelped June 25, 1892, by Manitoba Frisk out of Sophia Hill, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to T. G. Lock, West Lake, La.

*West End Girl.* Black and white English setter bitch, whelped June 25, 1892, by Manitoba Frisk out of Sophia Hill, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to J. D. Speer, same place.

*Lord of Kent.* Black and white pointer dog, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to J. M. George, same place.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

WOODCHUCK.—Yes, a combination of foxhound and shepherd blood would be good for running rabbits, foxes, etc. They are commonly called lurchers. Mr. Ashburner's new book treats of training beagles, which would apply to your case. Price, 50 cents. We can supply it.

C. C., New York City.—Most of the handlers are down South preparing for the field trials, and we do not know of a handler who could be intrusted to confine himself to the methods you speak of in training your Irish setter. There are several places round New York where the dog could be boarded until some of the regular handlers return about Christmas.

T. B. L., Holmesville, O.—You can commence a record of your foxhounds at any time with the kennel record book we supplied you with. The letters A. K. R. before a dog's number denotes that this dog was registered in the American Kennel Register, now incorporated with the A. K. C. S. B. The latter letters stand for the American Kennel Club Stud Book, and E. K. C. S. B. for the English Kennel Club Stud Book.

J. M. C., Norristown, Pa.—We have a house dog, small, black and tan, 6yrs. of age. He seems to be in good condition, except that his breath is very bad or tainted. Can you give a remedy? Ans. Probably due to the teeth. If there is an accumulation of tartar have it removed and also any teeth that are very loose. If not due to the teeth give an aperient and after, tablets of papoid and boracic acid (Pinkler formula), one twice a day.

# Yachting.

WHAT Mr. Dixon Kemp points out in the *Field*, as quoted elsewhere, is, we believe, correct. According to the new deed, all mutual agreements must be preceded by a peremptory challenge, naming dates and giving dimensions; the challenger *shall* send such a document and the holder must receive it. If the match is made without such a formal challenge as is minutely specified in the new deed, and the races should be won by the challenger, it would be perfectly legal for a member of the New York Y. C. to object to the delivery of the Cup on the grounds that it had not been challenged for as the deed demands.

COM. GERRY'S remarks as to the rights of the surviving donor form a very lame defense of this portion of the dispute, and in no way answer the points recently made by a correspondent in our pages, that all ownership on the part of Mr. Schuyler and his associates terminated with the establishment of a trust of which all yacht clubs were the beneficiaries.

PENDING a letter from Lord Dunraven, which may or may not arrive this week, there is nothing new in regard to his challenge. By next week the last letter of the committee and Lord Dunraven's reply will probably be made public, and yachtsmen will know something of the prospects for a race.

UNMINDFUL of its sad experience with the faked plans of Thistle in 1886, the Boston *Herald* now announces itself in possession of the dimensions, elements and approximate plans of the Carroll 84-footer. Unfortunately for its readers, its stern sense of patriotism compels it to reserve all this interesting news.

## American Model Yacht Club.

PROSPECT PARK, Nov. 8.—The last regatta of the club was sailed on Election Day. The Presidential election had its effect on the entries of the yachts in their respective classes, as might be expected. Considerable sport was had notwithstanding. The course for the windward races was the best that has been laid out for many seasons. The owners of the competing yachts could not find any fault as it was a fair dead beat to windward. The wind being W. N. W., the regatta committee were enabled to lay out a quarter of a mile course due W. N. W. It will probably be some time before such a favorable slant of wind will show itself again.

The second class was called to the starting line at 11:30 A. M., only three yachts showing up, Thorn, Mary S. and Comet.

The Comet was first over the line on the port tack at 11h. 47m. 10s., the Mary S. going over 33s. later. Thorn having some trouble against the head sea which was quite heavy, jumping in to the committee skiff quite often. The Comet held the port tack only for a short time, the Mary S. holding on too long was forced off her course by a streak of wind which comes out firm behind a large hill situated on the north shore of the lake, she losing about 200ft. by this move. The Comet keeping the middle of the lake in the true wind was hitching her way to the finish very rapidly.

The Mary S. finally coming about on starboard tack started to overhaul the Comet, which she did, catching her about 100yds. from the finish, but she was footing so fast that her owner was unable to catch her to put her on port tack for finish line, she sailing outside the flags clear up in the southwest cove before she was caught.

The Comet crossed the line winner of heat, beating the Thorn 1m. 11s.

Second Heat.—The Thorn withdrew, the Mary S. crossed the line 12:19:30, Comet 12:22:10, both on port tack. The Mary S. holding the tack and almost ruining her chances by same maneuver as in previous heat. The Comet's owner knowing better, gained at least 100yds. by this, she tacking up the lake as before. The Mary's owner, seeing he was being left, came about on starboard tack, footing like a steamboat (her owner, by the way, sticking close to his yacht), crossed the line winner of heat by 2m. 21s. elapsed and 2m. 14s. corrected.

Third heat the Mary S. out-footed the Comet and would undoubtedly have won the third heat and race, but she was doomed to disappointment, she being run down by the May, whose sailing master evidently must have been asleep. The Mary S.'s boom was carried away and steering gear, which was of brass, broken and twisted out of shape. This accident gave the race to the Comet.

The Mary S., with proper handling, can undoubtedly outsail any second class yacht on the lake, if not the larger boats.

The third class was started next, over the triangular course, one mile, entries being Jennetta, Electra and Marjorie. The Electra sailing away from the others, crossing starting line at 2h. 29m., the Marjorie next, followed by Jenuetta.

First class filled with four boats, Marguerite, Katie C., Maria Shoofly and Hornet. The Marguerite shows she has been improved since last year, winning first and third heats and race. Wind was very strong and steady all day, most of the yachts sailing with scuppers under. So ends the season of 1892.

SECOND CLASS—FIRST HEAT—TO WINDWARD.

| | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|
| Thorn, J. Pfeiffer | | 17 00 |
| Mary S., J. Sheridan | Got away from owner. | |
| Comet, George W. Townley | 12 19 | 12 57¾ |

SECOND HEAT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Thorn | Withdrew. | |
| Mary S. | 11 05 | 11 42¾ |
| Comet | 13 26 | 13 55¾ |

THIRD HEAT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mary S. | Disabled. | |
| Comet | 13 39 | 14 08¾ |

THIRD CLASS—ONE MILE TRIANGULAR COURSE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jennetta, George W. Lyons | 34 33 | 34 33 |
| Electra, J. Pfeiffer | 32 28 | 31 59 |
| Marjorie, H. Fisher | 33 49 | 33 19 |

FIRST CLASS—FIRST HEAT TO WINDWARD.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Marguerite, H. Fisher | 9 48 | 10 28 |
| Katie C., J. Sheridan | 13 49 | 14 14 |
| Maria Shoo Fly, G. W. Lyons | 10 29 | 10 53¼ |
| Hornet, J. C. Meyer | 11 57 | 12 08½ |

SECOND HEAT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 9 58 | 10 28 |
| Katie C | 14 54 | 15 14 |
| Maria Shoo Fly | 9 56 | 9 55¼ |
| Hornet | 11 58 | 12 09½ |

THIRD HEAT AND FINAL.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Marguerite | 9 21 | 9 51 |
| Katie C | 15 36 | 15 51 |
| Maria Shoo Fly | 9 47 | 9 56¼ |
| Hornet | 10 55 | 11 06½ |

F. W. NICHOLS.

## The Deed of Gift.

WE are not surprised that the New York Y. C. declined to attach Lord Dunraven's conditions as a permanent clause to the "new deed of gift." If they had the power to do that, they had also the power to alter the original trust imposed upon them; and the stand taken on this side of the Atlantic is that they had no power to alter that trust. The "sole survivor" had no legal right whatever to alter the trust, and we are certain that such an open-minded sportsman as Mr. J. C. Stevens, who was the prime donor of the Cup, would have been aghast at the quasi legal tinkering with the simple, straightforward deed, which was countenanced by the "surviving donor." The conditions asked for by Lord Dunraven and agreed to under the "mutual arrangement" clause are, we think, perfectly fair, and would form a befitting suggestion to attach to the original deed; but we feel certain that if the new deed is valid, the New York Y. C. has no power to contract itself out of the full conditions under which a challenge can be made. They may make mutual arrangements after the challenge has been made as to other matters; but the information required of the challenger cannot under the new deed be dispensed with. Accordingly, if an English yacht won the Cup under the conditions the New York Y. C. is now willing to accept, it would be competent for any member of the club, or, perhaps, for any American citizen, to move the courts to prevent the Cup being handed over to the winner.—*Field.*

SIR—Respecting your remarks on the attitude of the New York Y. C. with regard to the America Cup, I feel satisfied that they represent the views of most yacht owners or others who have studied the question, and that your correspondents have been most fair and judicious.

It may be that the late Sir Richard Sutton, Lieut. Henn and Mr. Beraced without "any equivocal objection" once they had decided to race on conditions agreed to.

They having done so does not ratify or confirm the act of the New York Y. C. in abrogating the original deed under which the Cup was presented to the club.

The committee of the club in question were doubtless men of repute in their own particular business, and this makes it all the more surprising to find they permitted the only surviving donor to cancel the old deed, and concoct a new one for their acceptance.

It was an *ultra vires* act, and beyond the powers of the donor and club respectively, and no matter how many races there may be under the new deed, the fact remains that the American courts could, and would, at any time set aside the new gift on being asked to do so, and quite irrespective of whether the terms were fair or otherwise.

What would be the result of a surviving executor or trustee purported to be able to set aside a will, acted on for years, in order to make a new one to suit interested persons?—*London Field.*

When told that yachtsmen recently seen in England questioned the right of the club, or of the late surviving donor of the America's Cup—Mr. George L. Schuyler—to legally change the deed of gift, Commodore Gerry said:

"They don't seem to understand that the club had as much legal right to request Mr. Schuyler to alter the deed, after that alteration had been agreed upon, as any man has to alter his will, or to change the conditions of any deed of trust by agreement of the surviving donor, or donors, of the article or securities in question."—*New York World.*

It is not likely that Dunraven has waived his objection to the new deed of gift under which the cup is held, objections shared in common by all sportsmen, be they English or American. And it seems quite as unlikely that the clique in the New York Y. C. which has heretofore "managed" the America's Cup will withdraw the obnoxious dimensions clause. Because once upon a time, many years ago, one English yachtsman tried to get the better of the racing contract, the New York Y. C. appears to set down English yachtsmen for ever more as knaves and American yachtsmen as simpletons.

Why not found an asylum for racing American yachtsmen, where every presumptuous and designing foreigner may be challenged at the entrance gate, and where the comings and goings of each subscriber are under the careful supervision of a distinguished committee.

The present deed of gift is not sportsmanlike. We have no right to ask from the challenger more than the waterline length and rig. For the rest, the record of the American sportsman shows that he is quite able to take care of himself even against a bold, bad Englishman.—*Brooklyn Standard-Union.*

## Rambler.

THE Rambler is a steam launch recently built for A. Warner and W. L. Polk of Vicksburg, Miss., by the Racine Hardware Manufacturing Company of Racine, Wis. She is 35ft. length by 7¼ft. beam, has 7 by 7 engine, and 12 horse-power upright boiler, fed by an injector and duplex pump. The hull is of wood, white oak frame planked with Alabama cypress. Cypress is considered by many to be a very superior timber for planking, owing to its durability, and was preferred by the owners to any other wood.

The Rambler was built for sporting purposes as well as light towing, and will be used during the winters on occasional trips after turkeys and wild fowl. She has open canopy extending full length of boat, except three feet forward, but can be completely and quickly closed by a curtain that is snugly pocketed when not in use just under the eve of the canopy. There is a 6½ft. × 6½ft. space flush with the seats in the stern for a bed, with 4ft. space between it and the engine for undressing and dressing when the bed is made, which is done by placing loose boards between seats and unrolling a 5in. mattress, the mattress and blankets being kept in a substantial rubber blanket during the daytime.

The boiler is fired from the forward end, coal being the fuel used. The launch has ample room for fuel and "calamities" for four sports, men for a two weeks' outing and two hundred miles round trip. On one side opposite the boiler the seat is omitted, leaving free and easy passage.

The wainscoting and fore and after decks are in oak, and everything about the boat is substantial and neat. In this respect a word of praise is due Fred W. Martin in charge of the boat building department for the company. The plans and verbal suggestions of the owners were faithfully followed with a painstaking care that a first class job be done that is somewhat rare. Mr. Martin thoroughly understands his business, having designed and built some very fine and fast boats.

When the wind blows, and it rains, and is cold, such conditions being propitious for wild fowl shooting, the Rambler can be made quite comfortable by letting down the curtain and fastening it snugly around the hull well below the coaming, and building a roaring fire in the boiler. Fifty or sixty pounds of steam makes the interior sufficiently comfortably, and will keep the boat pleasant all night without further attention.

There is no nicer way to go after game than with a boat of this kind. With two small paddling boats to use in going to and from the blind and for retrieving, with an ample number of decoys and other articles of use, the veriest of wild fowl shooter is greatly blessed. For instance, to find the game, the launch is used to coast along the bars until a suitable location is found. When that is done the launch is made secure by anchorage at a place just far enough away to keep her from being a "scarecrow." It is easy to cool down steam and step into the little boat, where the decoys have already been placed, paddle off to the most likely place for game, put out decoys, make a blind, generally in the willows near the edge of the water, and take the evening shoot. At dark, after the last glimmer of light has gone, and not even the splash of a duck on the water could be seen, how comfortable to paddle off a couple of hundred yards or so to the launch with a snug bag of mallards or green-winged teal, or both, lying in the bottom of the boat, to the launch, which is still warm from the hot boiler. And in the morning, just before the first streak of day, it is no great task to have an early cup of hot coffee and be back to the decoys, which had been left out, by the time the early flight sets in.

There is nothing chimerical in this. The owners of the Rambler used the launch Greenwing several seasons in just such sport, and they have voted it the most satisfactory way for river shooting. It is not always that game is to be had in abundance, but some is always obtained and the run to port is made with an ample supply for home and friends.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

While aspiring to be fairly well informed as to the noted writers of nautical fiction and general literature, as well as those who treat solely of technical matters, it was no small surprise to us to read, about a year ago, of the death in New York city of a writer who deservedly ranks with Cooper, Dana, Marryatt and Michael Scott; an author whose works we had long since read with pleasure, and yet whose very existence was unknown to many and forgotten by many more. The disappearance of Herman Melville and of his books is one of the curious incidents of the history of American authors; made suddenly famous by his first book nearly forty years ago, following it with other books, with magazine articles and stories and with poems, the author of "Typee" and "Moby Dick" retired voluntarily from the semi public life of the writer to the seclusion of the philosopher and dreamer, his existence forgotten even by those who had known him until it was recalled by the news of his calm and peaceful death. In addition to Mr. Melville's voluntary re-iguation of the honors of authorship, the entire edition of his works was destroyed by fire many years since, leaving but few copies in circulation. This loss is now being made good by the republication of a carefully edited edition of the most famous of his sea stories by the United States Book Company, of New York and Chicago, "Typee" and "Omoo" now being ready, while "Moby Dick" and "White Jacket" is announced. The volume of "Typee" contains a portrait of the author, with a very interesting biographical and critical introduction by Mr. Arthur Stedman. To those who, like ourselves, have long since read of Fayaway and the Happy Valley, of Captain Anab and Flask and Moby Dick, we need only say that this delightful fairyland of the South Seas is again opened to them. To the younger generation of yachtsmen who know not what they have missed, we offer the sound advice to forego for a time the mongrel French-American vulgarities that are found on so many cabin tables and devote themselves to a study of Herman Melville.

On Nov. 7 the Oswego Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., John T. Mott; Vice Com., Geo. B. Sloan, Jr.; Capt., John M. Schuler; Sec'y-Treas., W. B. Couch; Meas., W. P. Judson; Fleet Surgeon, J. W. Eddy, M. D.; Directors, Allen Ames, Geo. W. Sayward, J. D. Henderson. Delegates to the Lake Yacht Racing Association meeting, to be held at Rochester, Dec. 17, Com. Mott, ex Com. W. B. Phelps, Jr., and Allen Ames. It is proposed to shorten the Lake circuit, and the Oswego regatta will probably be omitted next year.

A match for 1893 has already been made, the parties being Harry Gray Otis, owner of the cat Magpie, and Walter Abbott, in behalf of the cat Typhoon. Three races, for $100 per side, will be sailed next July at Hull and Nahant.

The steam yacht El Vallede Annahuac, Wis., was recently sunk by a collision with the government steamer Gen. Gilmore, below St. Louis, while on her way to Tampico, Mexico.

Mr. Nathan Francis, of Boston, has ordered a cruising schooner of Stewart & Binney, a modern keel boat, 70ft. over all, 50ft. l.w.l., 15ft. beam, and 7ft. 6in. draft.

Detroit yachtsmen are still discussing the prospects of another race between the trio, Princess, Alice Enright and Josephine, lately re-christened Empress.

At Bay Ridge, Samuel Ayers is busy with a centerboard sloop and a row-boat for Com. Gerry, the sloop to be used on a lake in Delaware county.

The Gloucester Fisherman's Institute will establish a school of navigation with afternoon and night sessions every day through the winter.

Lady Mabel, steam yacht, has been purchased by Mrs. Langtry of Lord Ashburton for $135,000.

The U. S. Engineer's Office has advertised for proposals for removing the wreck of the Alva.

# Canoeing.

## In a Rowing Boat.

[*Concluded from Page 418.*]

As we go before the wind with boom well off to starboard we present a picture that might justly be entitled *otium sans dignitate*. I hope the reader will pardon this slip in my Latin—for the Coxswain wrapped in her ulster, is snugged down on the floor-boards, a cushion at her back and tiller-lines over one shoulder; J. is forward, likewise on the bottom-boards, two cushions under him, his feet upon the seat, while I am stretched across the boat between them, my shoulder resting on one rail and feet braced against the other. We pass astern of a sloop, on which a grizzled old bayman sits mending a sail. Our attitudes bring a gleam of amusement into his eyes. He stops work for a minute, takes a pipe out of his mouth and, breaking into a broad grin, says: "Havin' a good time, ain't yer."

We draw around the point ahead, on which stands a handsome house in the Colonial style of architeture, and then flip, flap, in comes the sail, dragging the sheet through the water. We now feel the strong flood tide coming it from the next bay; and as if to encourage us in the hard pull up to the bridges the sun comes out from behind the clouds, driving all thoughts of rain out of our heads and brightening up what our English cousins would call the "sweetly pretty" view on our hand.

Along this channel stretches a settlement, which is part of what a morning paper once called "the dogcart colony." We go by picturesque houses, set in the midst of lawns stretching down to the sea wall, from which each house has a little dock extending into the water. Groups of well-dressed people sit on the porches; a girl in a red gown crossing the shaven turf is a bright note of color in the view; back of the house runs a road, on which are constantly passing smart traps in all the glory of varnished wood and gleaming harness; high over all, the arms of the many windmills go dashing madly around in a comical fashion. These people are not only fond of horses, but also of good boats. For a few years they have been contented with a small building as headquarters for their yacht club; now a fine large house has been built on piles out from the shore about 100yds. It was not quite completed when we passed, and it seemed to be the resort of the servants from the cottages near by, one of whom unconsciously made a pretty picture, as in a lace cap and a blue and white gown, she sat on one of the broad ledges reading a book.

During the next 15 minutes all thoughts of the beauty of the day, the cottages or the maid servants vanished from our minds as we pulled and pulled against the tide. This was J.'s first experience in this creek, and a back breaking business he found it. We were glad to have the Coxswain steer us into a little cove just to the north of the first bridge across which the road runs, and to get ashore, that we might stretch our legs a bit. It now being the time of a full moon, the tide accordingly ran with much greater force than usual, and of course its volume was increased, so that after we embarked, rowed past the first bridge and came to the second the water was found to be so high as to prevent the boat passing under it. Here was a state of things! Half-past 4, an hour and a half yet to high water, and then at least 3 hours of ebb before we could possibly get the boat by the obstruction. This would never do. We decided to make a portage.

I went across the bridge and interviewed a man who was fishing from it as to the interval between trains. He said it would be an hour and a half before the next one came along. The information was as reliable as one usually gets from the local inhabitant, for by the time we had all our traps out on the bank one train thundered over the bridge, and just as J. and I got the boat hauled across the railroad embankment—I refrain from dilating on what a lift it was—another dashed by. A group of boys helped in carrying over the outfit, giving me cause to believe with Charles Dudley Warner that there is something in a boy to like after all. The author of "An Inland Voyage" is not so favorably inclined to the average urchin; patriotism—and a limited knowledge of boys from the point of view of a cruiser—imbues us with the belief that American boys are different.

Everything being stowed away properly we took to the oars again until we were free of the creek and out into the clear water of the bay. We endeavored to land on the outer shore, intending to walk across to the beach for a view of the ocean. A horde of mosquitoes rose up out of the fringe of meadow grass, causing us to remember suddenly that it was time for supper and that we really must go. As we got out in the middle of the bay, J. spotted a picturesque old windmill and was immediately seized with a desire to sketch it. He being in the bow, over went the anchor, out came the sketch-book and down he sat—immovable until his artistic labors were completed. It was evident, the windmill being large and ornamented with every description of window and tower known to architecture that the labors would occupy some time, so the Coxswain and I busied ourselves in the interval in preparing supper.

The sun was sinking down behind the hills off in the west by this time, and as it was growing cooler we did not spread the awning. The two boxes were hauled out, the stove lighted and water put on to boil for tea. While this was heating I broke six eggs into the cups—in lieu of a bowl—the Coxswain beating them up for an omelette. The bread was sliced and buttered à la afternoon tea; the pot of jam was opened and the plates, cups, etc., ranged convenient to our hands. Now the water is boiling, so the frying pan goes on the stove with a liberal pat of butter in it which soon sizzles; in go the eggs—I leave the omelette to the Coxswain—and just as J. hands me the book and asks for an opinion, supper is announced.

Before the meal is finished we regret not anchoring in a more secluded spot. Everybody who has a boat seems to be out on the bay and all sorts of craft go by us. The smallboat owners here are afflicted with a mania for yawling customs. We saw a 12ft. sneak-box with an ensign hoisted up to the topping-lift and a minute brass cannon on the forward deck, covered with what looked very much like one of those articles of wearing apparel which we are told Uncle Jerry Simpson has forsworn. Another ridiculous exhibition was a full-rigged cutter not over 15ft. on deck also togged out with an ensign, and, as her owner was ashore, of course an absence flag was flying. The absence flag, by the way, had been hauled up taut, parted the starboard shrouds, and consequently both it and the spreader were hanging lamely down to port.

We finish our meal, wash up, stow the dishes away hastily, get in the anchor, and within ten minutes after performing this act the bow of the boat rubs lightly against the well-kept landing place at the foot of one of the village streets. One-half of our journey is completed. The boatkeeper assures us everything will be put away safely for the night, and he goes about the work so briskly that we can readily believe his statement. Taking our bags and coats, we stand for a minute looking off to to seaward to watch the night shutting down and to cast anxious glances at a bank of grayish clouds driving in before the southeast wind—clouds that filled us with dismal forebodings for the morrow. The lamps were being lighted and the electric current had already been turned on as we walked up the main street of the village.

After reaching our rooms a vigorous application of soap and water and the clothes brush made us feel like ourselves again; so the alcohol bottle needing to be filled we strolled out to find a drug store and to have a look at the town. Our search took us as far as the railway station, where, as we watched the crowd surging into the cars, we could luxuriate in the sensation of being free, if it was only for another day. On our way back to the hotel we refreshed ourselves with some cream in a little restaurant, which was a marvel in respect to its neatness and service. It was not long after regaining our rooms before we were fast asleep, notwithstanding the fact that some one in a room below was performing on a piano and another musical being across the road was lifting up his voice in song. It had cleared by this time, and after J. had extinguished the light and raised the window shades the moon shone down out of a cloudless sky.

To sleep dreamlessly for ten hours inclines one on awakening to be up and doing. When J. and I got downstairs we found the Coxswain there to greet us. In describing Sunday as perfect I have robbed myself of the only adjective fit for this day of our return journey. For several hours of Sunday's afternoon we sailed under cloudy skies, but Labor Day, from early morn to dewy eve, was cloudless. It was a day to grow enthusiastic over in the long winter night when we gather together before the glowing coals and grow reminiscent. The satchels were packed before and after that meal—we had for a waitress a be-spectacled young woman whom J. called a "ministering angel"—he paid our bill, we took our departure and our traps.

It was a unique experience to come down to the boat and find it with all our outfit aboard, and if the things were not just where we would put them ourselves we did not discourage such good intentions by any rearrangement. Even the water pail was filled, therefore all we had to do was to "tip" the man, step aboard and take to the oars again, leaving at nine o'clock.

Although the tide was against us we made short work of the distance to the railroad bridge, where we went ashore and helped two men unstep the mast of a catboat, an operation in which J.'s sheath-knife played an important part, namely, starting the mast wedge. The men had nothing whatever to do this with, and were very grateful for an assistance.

The Coxswain and J. went ashore with the cable, which had previously been unbent from the anchor, made it fast to a piece of driftwood for a float and, going above the bridge, dropped it into the current. When it drifted through J. caught it with the boathook, made it fast in the bow, and the two ashore walked away with the tow line, J. meanwhile keeping the boat clear of the piling.

As soon as we were clear of the creek and out on the wide expanse of our bay, J. stepped the mast and shook out the sail. For the next hour, while the Coxswain sailed the boat before the light southerly wind, J. worked most industriously at cleaning the boat and arranging the traps properly. Beginning at the bow, the seat was washed off and the long painter flemished down on it; gradually working aft the whole boat was gone over with the sponge, inside and out, we keeping out of J.'s way as best we could, and by the time we had reached the main channel everything was in its proper place, ship-shape and Dorothy fashion.

The wind gradually grew stronger, and having a weather-going tide under us, we had little difficulty beating down to the railroad bridge. In home waters our red sail causes much comment and many allusions to the price of strawberries. Here no one seems to notice it, and before long we discover that colored sails are almost as common on this shore as they are among the fishing fleets abroad. We pass two small catboats with bright red sails and one lying at anchor shows a green sail hoisted up to dry.

All the world and his wife are surely out fishing to-day, their hired skiffs dotting the channel here in great numbers and making our course a very erratic one—now bearing away to clear this boat, the next minute close hauled in an endeavor to weather another. This, in our slowly moving craft, is vexatious; being near the bridge we lower sail once more, and under the influence of a spruce breeze pass under the bridge and down channel for half a mile to the landing stage at the end of the principal street of this noisy watering place. The Coxswain and I go ashore to buy some bread, our supply having been exhausted. The last holiday crowd of the season is coming off in a large excursion as we walk back to the boat, and we are forced to run the gauntlet of several hundred pairs of wondering eyes. I try to walk as if it was an everyday occurrence for me to be parading around in a pair of (once white) duck trousers with a yard of bread under my arm, but am conscious of the fact that I do not carry it off very well.

We push off and row along behind the big steamer as she goes down channel, rolling over the long swells in an exhilarating fashion until we have passed the last house on the beach, when we anchor to enjoy the last meal of the cruise. The awning is spread, seats arranged and the boxes hauled out. J. got up a stunning meal, hashing up the remainder of the lamb and potatoes, warming the mass in the frying pan; made sandwiches, using the contents of a small can of "duck pâtés" (one of the Franco-American Co.'s preparations and which cannot be praised too highly) and heated up a can of lima beans, while for dessert we finish the cake, scraped the jar of jam clean and topped off with oh, such a cup of coffee; Hitchcock's couldn't surpass it.

We prolonged our meal and the subsequent loafing time until the Coxswain dropped a remark about the desirability of getting home before the snow fell. This mild sarcasm had its effect. J. and I pitched in, soon having all the dishes washed, wiped and put away—we dried them with Sunday's paper, which was then thrown away, "complete novel and all; this accounted, J. said, for our subsequent quick run. The boat was so much lighter. The awning was lowered and rolled up, anchor taken aboard, sail shaken out, getting under way just in time to run across the wake of another big side-wheeler.

One of us being a Wagnerite, had been humming and whistling at tiresomely frequent intervals during the two days the "Steersman's Song" from the Flying Dutchman, so, although there was no lady awaiting either of us, the fair south wind at this point was "most kind" and blew up strong and true. We made the run across the bay—it is usually called five miles—in forty minutes.

I should like to tell in finishing, of rounding up to the dock with a bold sweep, of slatting sails and rattling sheets, but truth is mighty and must prevail, and I am compelled thereby to put on record that, tide being low, we ran on the mud in front of the float from whence the Orientas hove us a line and pulled us, with much shouting and laughter as is their wont, ingloriously up to the landing place.

W. B. McCormick.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

From a canoeing standpoint, we confess to a feeling of disappointment in finishing Mr. Poultney Bigelow's latest book, "Paddles and Politics Down the Danube." From our personal knowledge of the author as one of the few remaining disciples of Macgregor who can and does make long journeys in the orthodox cruising canoe, we had looked for another classic, like "Rob Roy in the Baltic," or the "Thousand Miles in a Rob Roy Canoe," and our expectations have hardly been realized. As a canoe trip, the voyage down the entire length of the Danube was evidently an interesting and exciting one, but of the true canoe life of Caribee and her crew, we gain but glimpses here and there. It does not follow, however, that the book is not enjoyable because it is read under a misconception of its true character. The fault of this lies with the author, who, in justice to his book, should have made the title more exact, as well as more alluringly alliterative, by the addition of two words. The proper title should be "Paddles, Petticoats and Politics, or Dancing Down the Danube," and anyone, canoeist or general reader, who opens the book with this fact in mind, is certain to read it through with increasing interest. Instead of being the heroine of the book, as strict canoeing ethics demand, Caribee was but the instrument which opened to her owner the wonderful inner life of the great river and the various countries through which it passes. Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria. The opening deals somewhat minutely with the canoe and the river, but after passing the Hungarian border, poor Caribee is nearly forgotten, as the author falls under the influence of Hungarian hospitality and music, and of the beauty of the female portion of the population. The middle part of the book is largely devoted to the ladies, but no true canoeist would find fault with it on that account. As Caribee crosses the eastern border of Hungary, petticoats give place to politics, and we learn much of a most interesting country and people. Mr. Bigelow is the possessor of some very positive and well-defined views on European politics, and his experiences on the lower Danube are adduced to support them. The book is bright and lively, and the author's sketches, though crude and making no pretensions to artistic excellence, are vigorous and expressive, and add to the interest. It is published by Chas. L. Webster & Co., of New York.

On Saturday, Nov. 26, the Hoboken C. C. will hold their first "smoker" for the season of 1892-1893, to which all canoeists are invited. The club house is at the foot of 10th street, Hoboken.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association is being held to-day at Kingston, Ontario. We shall give the annual detailed report next week.

### A. C. A. Membership.

The following gentleman, residing in the Atlantic Division, has applied for membership in the American Canoe Association: Morton B. Stelle, Jr., of Brooklyn.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 6.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 84 84 81 | Payne | 79 79 74 | Stegner | 68 64 65 |
| Weinheimer | 76 75 70 | Topf | 67 61 61 | Wellinger | 75 74 64 |
| Louis | 77 76 72 | Nagel | 44 54 41 | Drube | 71 70 61 |

## South London Rifle Club.

The shooting season of 1892 is now over. The revolver championship of the club has resulted as follows:

Walter Winans (Smith & Wesson revolver, Ira Paine sights) has won the championship for revolver shooting and the gold jewel representing the same. Score, 42, 41, 41, 41, 40—205.

H. Andrew (Colt, bead sights) won silver jewel. Score, 39, 38, 38, 38, 37—190.

Major B. MacKerrell (Colt, military sights) has won the bronze jewel. Score, 41, 37, 36, 36, 36—186.

Next best score:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F E Varley (Webley) | 37 | 37 | 37 | 37 | 36 | —184 |
| C F Lowe (Colt and S & W) | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | —180 |
| T W Heath (Colt) | 37 | 36 | 35 | 33 | 37 | —176 |
| T P Hope | 34 | 31 | 28 | 26 | 25 | —144 |
| T Collman | 37 | 36 | 36 | 32 | .. | —141 |
| Mortimer (Colt and S & W) | 34 | 34 | 25 | 25 | .. | —118 |
| E W Keen | 32 | 30 | 28 | .. | .. | — 91 |
| E Howe | 35 | 34 | .. | .. | .. | — 69 |
| Clement Smith | 34 | 27 | .. | .. | .. | — 61 |
| Dutton Hunt | 32 | 26 | .. | .. | .. | — 58 |
| A W Carter | 27 | 23 | .. | .. | .. | — 50 |
| A W Thompson | 33 | .. | .. | .. | .. | — 33 |
| Malsinger | 24 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | — 32 |
| Boxhurry | 28 | .. | .. | .. | .. | — 28 |
| Ayers | 26 | .. | .. | .. | .. | — 26 |
| Keeson | 26 | .. | .. | .. | .. | — 26 |

## Portchester Rifle Club.

Portchester, N. Y., Nov. 12.—At 200yds., off-hand, Standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 7 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 10—75 |
| R McNeil, Jr. | 6 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 9 | 3 | 8—60 |
| T Kiernan | 6 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 6—55 |

R. McNeil, Jr., Secretary.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

## FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Nov. 22-23.—Union Gun Club tournament, at Springfield, N. J. First day targets; second day live birds.

Nov. 23-26.—Milwaukee (Wis.) tournament, targets and live birds.

Nov. 24.—John A. Hartner's sixth annual tournament, Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore, Md.

Nov. 24.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Wheeling, West Virginia.

Nov. 24.—Standard Gun Club tournament, Acton's Park, Baltimore, Md.

November.—Al. Heritage's tournament, at Marion, N. J.

Nov. 24.—Arlington Gun Club tournament, at Cleveland, O.

Dec. 15.—Open shoot at 100 live birds, $100 entry, grounds to be announced later. Entries, if accompanied by $20, will be received up to Dec. 12, by Forest and Stream, 318 Broadway, New York.

Dec. 28-29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.

May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry building, Rochester, N. Y.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

An open to all sweepstake at 100 live birds, $100 entry, birds included, will be shot on Dec. 15 in New Jersey on grounds to be announced later. No one will be barred from this contest and there will be no handicaps. The contest will begin promptly at 10 A. M. Modified Hurlingham rules will govern and all will shoot at 30yds. rise. Entries, which must be accompanied by $20, will be received by Forest and Stream up to Monday, Dec. 12. Entries have already been received from H. E. Smith of Newark, N. J., and Captain Wm. Craumer of Jersey City. Send your entry early.

*Pleasures Afoot, Afield and Afloat*, an English publication, says: "A really strong team of American wing-shots would sweep all before them at Monte Carlo; the American gentlemen who usually visit the Riviera for the shooting would not rank in their own country as first-class trap-shots. Such a team as Captain Brewer, Mr. E. D. Fulford, Mr. Elliott and almost any other trap-shot taken haphazard would be first, second and third in every event at Monte Carlo—if they were permitted to contest."

Col. A. G. Courtney, the ever welcome and always genial "Court," who has always made such a great hit for the Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, is in town and everybody is happy. Mr. Courtney, who looks well, hearty and happy as usual, has along with him a full outfit of the firm's automatic hammerless ejector guns, and unless signs fail he will capture the trade in this vicinity. "Court" says the new ejector is a "daisy," and everybody wants it.

The Pueblo (Col.) Gun Club has elected the following officers: D H. Geist President, John Harms Vice President, L. G Moorse, Secretary, Victor Johnston Treasurer, J. M. Killen Captain, Jacob Harms Director. A committee of three, as follows, was appointed to arrange for a shoot on Nov. 24, with power to act: E. A. Moorse, Victor Johnston and G. W. Williford.

The Omaha (Neb.) Gun Club has closed its regular season, and the averages of those who shot the requisite number of matches are: Frank Parmelee, 89 9-19; Billy Brewer, 88; H. B. Kennedy, 87 6-10; the three prize winners, John J. Hardin, 81 2-10; Frank Gogg, 89; W. E. Nason, 79 6-10; George W. Loomis, 86; W. H. S. Hughes, 75; Goodley Brucker, 77, and Billy Townsend, 73 1-10.

The pigeon shooting season at Monte Carlo will reopen with the bi-weekly series on Dec. 19 and the grand international meeting on Jan. 26. The grand prix of 20,000 francs, with 200 francs entrance fee added, will be contested on Jan. 30 and 31; and after the close of the meeting, Feb. 4, the usual series will recommence on Feb. 6 and continue until March 15.

On Oct. 22 at Witton, Birmingham, England, in a shoot in the second heat of a handicap there were 33 entries, Mr. Large, of Wolverhampton, winning. In the third heat there were 37 entries. On the first round 25 men missed and on the second round 7 missed. At this stage the sport was stopped by darkness.

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., has taken the very sensible course of claiming dates for its 1893 tournaments. The spring tournament will be held on May 20-21, and the fall tournament on Oct. 21-22. Other clubs will please note.

John Klee and Billy Pease shot a match at 10 live birds each at Dayton, Ohio, on Nov. 8, each killing 9. On the shoot off at 5 birds each killed 3. Then a 10 bird sweep was shot; Klee's and Pease's scores in this to decide the tie. Klee killed 5 to Pease's 4.

Don't forget the Union Gun Club tournament at Springfield, N. J., on Nov. 22 and 23, Keystones the first day and live birds the second. Stages will meet all trains at the Willburn depot. Shooting from 9 A. M. until dark.

Dr. W. F. Carver challenges E. D. Fulford, to shoot a match at 100 birds each, 30yds. rise, 7½ or 8lb. guns, for $5,000 a side, the match to be shot in the early spring and each to furnish birds for the other.

The *Sportsmen's Review and Bicycle News* of Chicago will publish an elaborate Christmas number with an illustrated cover and souvenir, and sixty-four pages of reading matter, profusely illustrated.

Mr. Frank Patterson, superintendent of the Juniata and Wapsonocck R. R., is an enthusiastic advocate of the smooth-bore, and took part in last week's tournament at the "Wopsy" grounds.

On Thanksgiving Day there will be a trap tournament at Acton's Park, Baltimore; one at Bishop's Driving Park, Baltimore; one at Arlington, Ohio; and one at Wheeling, West Virginia.

On Nov. 7, the Cleveland (Ohio) Gun Club shot for the Sipe and

Sigler cups at 30 targets each. Tamblyn and Goodnough tied on 25 breaks each, Tamblyn winning on the shoot off.

George Work and Edgar G. Murphy are matched to shoot 200 birds each, 30yds. rise, for $2,000 a side. The match will take place on the grounds of the Westchester Club within two weeks.

Several Altoona men will go to Wheeling, West Virginia, on Thanksgiving Day. The West Virginia State Association tournament to be held on that day, promises to be a big affair.

The Italian agent of the Schultze Powder Company has established a branch depot at Vintmille, where all necessaries for the Monte Carlo meeting may be obtained.

The Spokane (Wash.) Rod and Gun Club will shoot live pigeons, targets and turkeys on Thanksgiving Day.

Don't fail to send us your entry for the 100 bird match, $100 entry, to be shot on Dec. 15. We want a big list.

Open sweep at 100 birds; $100 entry, Dec. 15. Watch for further information.

Milwaukee will be the Mecca for trap-shooters on Nov. 23 to 26, inclusive.

The East Rockaway Gun Club offers a gold medal to be shot for on Nov. 24.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## THE ALTOONA SHOOT.

ON Wednesday morning, Nov. 9, when the sun shone brightly over the city of Altoona, Pa., Billy Clark, manager of the Wopsononock Shooting Park, was happy. "Little Sure Shot" had arrived in town that day, bringing along her shooting paraphernalia. Her manager, Frank Butler, had plenty of ammunition loaded, and was ready to cast the plaster balls for Miss Oakley's exhibition work. Several hundred live birds were on hand and all over the town were big posters announcing that on Thursday and Friday Miss Oakley and Billy Clark would shoot live bird matches and that "Little Sure Shot" would each day give one of her unrivaled exhibitions with the shotgun, rifle and pistol. Invitations and programmes had been sent all over the country, and from at least 50 shooters Mr. Clark had received promises to attend. Everybody in the town was waiting anxiously for the coming of Thursday in order that they might see the work of the queen of markswomen and the Juniata & Wopsononock Railroad was anticipating two big days of travel.

On this same day at 2 P. M. we, meaning the FOREST AND STREAM, left New York, and while crossing the ferry remarked that the clouds and wind portended a storm. At 2:15 the "Columbian Express" carried us out of the Pennsylvania Depot, and as we passed beyond the sheds down came a light fall of snow. No one paid much attention to this for a time, but soon it became apparent that it was not merely a squall, but the setting in of a genuine snow-storm. The mercury began to fall, and the farther we advanced the faster came the snow. Reaching Philadelphia, the ground had taken on a white covering that warned us that winter was at hand. After pulling out of the Quaker City and getting out on to the main line the storm increased in violence, and no one doubted but they would run into a blizzard before reaching very far west.

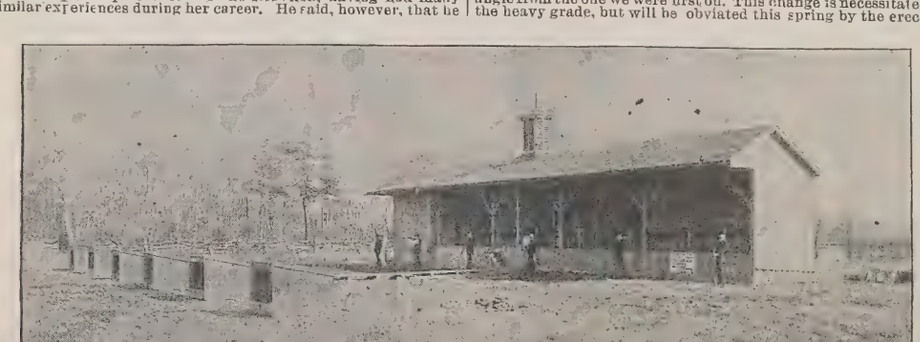
At Harrisburg we were told that the snow was five inches deep on the level, and west of that place it was still deeper and still falling. Altoona was reached just before midnight, and here everything bore the stamp of midwinter. We were told that the snow was six inches deep on the level, and soon found that the prospects were bad for a shoot on the next day.

As soon as we stepped from the train we were cheered by a warm welcome from "Uncle Jake" Pentz, who had arrived on an earlier train; our old Wilmington host, Charles "Bilderbach," Billy Clark and G. G. Zeth, both friends of Altoona. It did not take us many minutes to get rid of our traps at the Logan House and accept an invitation to visit Billy Clark's Red Lion Hotel, which we found much more comfortable than the car in which we had been shivering for nearly ten hours. Here we also had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Hume and Kelly, local newspaper men; "Buckshot" McDonald, Harry Dunham and several local shooters. After a few "warmers" had been put away the party dispersed for the night, all bearing long faces at the prospects for the morrow.

About 7 o'clock the following morning we reluctantly left our warm couch and at once took a look through the window, convincing ourselves by a brief glance that the day would be a most disagreeable one. It was then warmer than at midnight, and instead of snow a drizzling rain was falling, which was rapidly converting the snow into slush. After breakfast it began to get colder, and from 9 until 10 A. M. it gave a faint promise of clearing.

Strolling through the corridor of the hotel before breakfast we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting the great and only J. Nelson Aisip, of Clayton, Del., he who so ably refereed the target events during the recent great shoot of the Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club. "Nelse," as everybody familiarly calls him, is a great chum of Billy Clark's, and was until a few years ago a practicing lawyer in Altoona, where everybody is his friend. He is now employed in the superintendent's office of the "Pennsy" at Clayton, Del., and his trip to Altoona was his vacation outing. Genial, ever good-natured, a good singer and fine elocutionist, he is one who will never let a party grow sleepy for the want of divertisement. As a shot he has few equals in the field, but does little or no trap work.

Shortly after breakfast in came jolly Frank Butler, the well known manager for Annie Oakley, who was in the doldrums at the very dull prospect for the shoot. He had been very liberal in the way of advertising and had even started an advertising wagon about with circulars and electric-lighted signs on the previous night. Mr. Butler said, however, that there was no use crying over spilled milk, and he would have to make the best of a bad bargain, hoping that at some future time the weather bureau would be more obliging. "Little Sure Shot," he said, was taking her usual philosophical view of the situation, having had many similar experiences during her career. He said, however, that he would not think of allowing her to risk her health by going upon the mountain under the existing weather conditions.



WOPSONONOCK SHOOTING GROUNDS.

This was the outlook, and a gloomy one it was, but we had traveled a long while to get a look at the famous Wopsononock Park and the more famous railroad leading thereto, and weather or no weather we determined to get the said look. So at 10 o'clock a half-dozen of us boarded one of the cars of the excellently equipped electric line which nearly encircles the city and were carried to the depot at Juniata, the station being opposite the Juniata shops of the "Pennsy." At this hour the clouds had lightened up in spots and we tried, though it was hard work, to convince ourselves that we would have a clear day.

On this trip our party comprised "Uncle Jake" Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing*; Charles Fehrenbach, the famous "Bilderbach" who holds the responsible position of president of the wideawake Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club and who is developing into a very strong shot at either targets or live birds; George G. Zeth, proprietor of the well-known Zeth's Altoona Business College, and who incidentally edits the "Trap and Trigger" department of the Altoona *Gazette*, wherein he has done wonders in booming the sport; Edward Banks, correspondent for the Harrisburg *Telegram*, a hustler in trap matters, a rattling good shot at the trap or in the field, a genial companion and very popular all-around; the ever-welcome Frank Butler; J. Nelson Aisip, who has been mentioned before, and several others whose names I do not at this moment recall.

At 10:30 the whistle tooted, the Aisip and Bilderbach band started "We'll Soon be Riding 'Round the Bend," and a moment later we were started on our first trip to the summit of the world-renowned Wopsononock Range of the Alleghany Mountains. Before we had ridden a mile the mists began to gather, the clouds became once more heavy and dark and in a few minutes it began to drizzle. The temperature, too, got lower and the rain froze as it fell. But the party in the car was a jolly one, undisturbed by changes of weather, and all the way up the mountains they rattled off songs and jokes.

The views obtainable along the Juniata & Wopsononock Railroad are such as can only be justly described by the true artist, and we regret exceedingly that our pen is not trained to do them justice. From the start the train begins to climb a heavy grade; then it runs along for a distance through a magnificent valley with comfortable looking farm houses and fertile farms; then down into a deep ravine and up again on the mountain side. Every once in a while a look out the back window will show us the places we passed a few minutes before. Climbing a little higher we see a panorama of mountain ridge and valley with Mountain City in the distance. Then we come to "Horse Shoe Bend," which some claim presents more beautiful views than does the much-lauded "Horse Shoe" between Altoona and Pittsburg. Up again we go until we round "Butcher Knife Point," where one would suppose the track was a mile higher than a point passed a few moments ago. You can, however, get off the train and walk a few steps over the ridge to the right of the road and throw a stone down on the track over which you have just passed. Away up on a projecting point we see a little frame building, on top of which is an American flag, and this, we are told, is Point Lookout, the highest point on "Wopsy," and from which, on a clear day, one can look clear into Maryland, beside securing a bird's-eye view of seven Pennsylvania counties. The view from Point Lookout is indeed a beautiful one, showing the Juniata Valley in all its beauty. Soon we come to a place on the road where the track is on a jutting ledge with a deep ravine on either side. Here the train stops, the engine switches off to a side track, backs down and comes up to the other end of the train, when off we go up another grade, the track running off at a sharp angle from the one we were first on. This change is necessitated by the heavy grade, but will be obviated this spring by the erection of a section of trestle road over one of the ravines mentioned. A few minutes later we have reached the Wopsononock Station, to the right of which is the shooting grounds and to the left is the hotel. We are now at the highest summer resort in Pennsylvania, 1,500ft. above Altoona and 2,650ft. above sea level.

Are we glad we are here? Well, yes. But oh, don't the cold cut! The wind is blowing a gale from the northwest, and is bringing along with it a fine wet snow which cuts like a knife. And up here the snow is from 6 to 8in. deep on the level, covered with a crust which makes walking anything but a pleasant task. And yet when we have tramped through the crust and have entered the shooting house we have no regrets for having braved the elements, for inside the house we find, including our own party, fully thirty people, a far greater number than we expected to materialize.

There was Billy Clark, he of the Red Lion Hotel, whose love of trap and field sport has endeared him to sportsmen all over the country, and who is a hard one to beat at either branch of the work. It was this love of the sport and the knowledge that the Altoonians were in need of a good place for the work that induced Billy to invest in the equipment of these grounds, and he has been ably supported by the local shots. There was William Sands, "six foot and something over," who in addition to his truck work in the Pennsylvania shops is passionately fond of trap and field work, and who can do both kind of shooting in a winning style; J. E. England of Alleghany, who came over to see the boys and enjoy his favorite sport; J. F. Kipps of Altoona, a rattling shot but who has an unfortunate penchant for bringing his thumb and lip in contact when he is shooting; William Tappan, now of Altoona but who several years ago used to hold a residence at Pine Brook, N. J., and shot on Jon Erb's Newark grounds along with such veterans as Samuel Castle and others, and who is now considered one of the best field and brush shots in Pennsylvania. "Doc" Christie was also there full of shoot and fun, as was J. Manlove, one of Altoona's rising shots and formerly a well-known ball player. There were several other local shots whose names appear in the scores.



MISS ANNIE OAKLEY (Little Sure-Shot).

These shooting grounds, which are controlled solely by Mr. Clark, are splendidly equipped for the sport. The half-tone cut which accompanies this article gives an excellent idea of the arrangement of the house and traps. The main building is 75×16ft., with a 16ft. roof projecting out over the score so that the shooter is at all times under cover. The floor is 3ft. above the ground and the house is provided with plenty of seats, benches and gun racks. At the further end of the building is the store-room, which on this occasion was provided with a stove, which proved a great attraction to the shooters. The traps, six in number, are of the expert pattern, and the automatic pulling attachment, designed by Mr. Clark, is as good as any we have seen. As shown by the cut, there is a separate house over each trap. The foreground is clear with the exception of that to the right-quarter, where the targets are thrown toward a heavy growth of wood, this giving rather a poor light for No. 4 target. On this occasion only five traps were used, No. 6 being the idle one.

It was after 11 o'clock when the party unlimbered their guns and began to shoot, no one having any idea of allowing the cutting cold to interfere with the sport. Three events were shot before dinner and here are the scores. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 targets each, $1 entry, and No. 3 at 15 targets, $1.50 entry, there being three moneys in each event. The expert referee from Delaware, J. N. Aisip, gave the decisions, while G. G. Zeth manipulated the blackboard:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fehrenbach | 1101001010— 5 | 1101010101— 6 | 1101100101010— 9 |
| Quirk | 0101111100 — 6 | 0100011110 — 5 | 1001101111111111—13 |
| Doc | 0111111111 — 9 | 1100001110 — 5 | 1111101011001001—10 |
| England | 1111011110 — 8 | 1111111111—10 | 0111011111101110—11 |
| Clark | 1001111011— 7 | 1111111111—10 | 1111110101010011—12 |
| Edwards | 1010011101— 6 | 0011101001— 5 | 0101101010011100— 8 |
| Killetts | 1111010111— 8 | 1111111011— 9 | ... ... ... |
| Manlove | 0011101001— 5 | 1111100010— 6 | ... ... ... |

Some may think the above scores low, but those who were on hand and who realized the delights of a freezing cold gale, considered the shooters in great form. At the above stage a recess was declared for dinner, which was served in good shape by mine host Williams and his wife at the Wopsononock Hotel. After dinner the Delaware "band" regaled the party with such choice selection as "Old Man Simon," "Long Time Ago," etc., all of which were received in a tolerant spirit, the hearers seeing in just the humor to endure any kind of an infliction.

All this time the weather had been growing worse (and more of it) and Frank Butler had decided not to bring Miss Oakley out and risk her health, a conclusion approved by all. When the first afternoon train reached the ground, bringing along about a dozen people who had braved the elements for the sake of seeing the live bird shooting. Shooters cannot long be confined in a hotel parlor when a trap is within reach, so they soon tore themselves away from the sweet music (?) of the "band" and meandered back to the shooting house.

The first event was at 10 live birds, $3.50 entry, American Association rules, 28yds. rise, 3 moneys. Jacob Pentz was referee. The score line was about 2yds. in advance of the targets and was marked by a row of American flags. The light was simply abominable, there being a mist hanging over the outfield of such density that at times the boundary flags could not be seen. The birds acted in a peculiar manner, a number of those trapped during the earlier stages of the game refusing to fly, being chilled through by exposure to the piercing air. Later, however, after being kept alongside the hot stove they were a fair lot, some in fact being extra good. The scores of this event are here given:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Doc | 0011120112—5 | Killetts | 1111022211100—7 |
| Clark | 1020212221—8 | England | 1111211012201—7 |
| Bilderbach | 0022101011—5 | Edwards | 1111201220220—7 |
| Manlove | 0002011212—6 | Quirk | 1111200122002—6 |
| Bell | 1210111111—9 | Tappan | 1111061001120—4 |

Killetts and England who tied on 7 each for third money decided to shoot off at 25 targets each on the following day.

The next event was a match at 5 birds each for $25, 30yds. rise, a side, between Clark and Sands, each man shooting at 30yds. The score was a tie so they shot-off, miss-and-out, the result of which, pueing here given:

| | Tie. | | Tie. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | ↗↘↗↖↖ ↘↖ | | ↙↘↗↘↖ ↗↗ |
| Clark | 1 0 1 1—3—0 2 | Sands | 1 0 2 0—3—0 0 |

Neither man was satisfied with the result so they agreed that on the following morning they would shoot for $50 a side at 25 birds each. This was the first match Sands had lost for several years. Before the party started for home Sands and Tappan shot a 5 bird match for $10, the score being:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tappan | 21211—5 | Sands | 22210—3 |

This closed the sport of the day, and it is safe to say that despite the cutting sleet and general discomfort experienced no one had

anything but a jolly time. The ride down the mountain was marked by hilarity, and by the time the town was reached everybody was ready to do justice to supper.

At supper in the Logan House we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Charles Fehrenbach, who had accompanied her husband for the sake of getting a view of the scenery and to see Miss Oakley shoot, but who on this day was disappointed by being kept in doors. Mrs. Fehrenbach it was who superintended the arranging of the banquet served to the visitors during the recent Wilmington shoot, and like her husband she is an ardent lover of out door sport.

After supper a levee was held in Billy Clark's parlor, about a score of sportsmen being on hand. Songs, recitations and smoking, whiled away the hours until it was time for Billy to close up. Nelse Alsip distinguished himself by singing in a touching manner the old-familiar "Killarney" and by reciting "The Death of Little Wesley," both of which were listened to with rapt attention. There is one thing we must not forget to mention and that is the dish of pie sent in by Billy Clark. Oh, Billy! many fine pieces have we seen in our day, but never anything to compare with the pieces of mince so kindly donated by you.

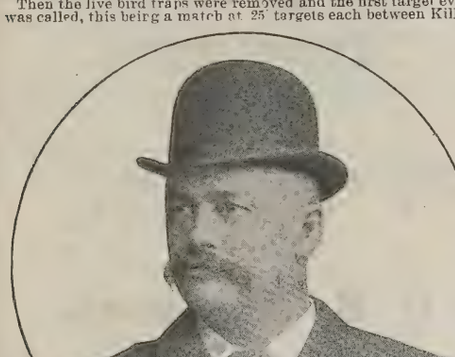
Early in the evening Frank Butler dropped in and informed the party that as the weather showed no signs of improvement he would call off Miss Oakley's engagement, and at 10:40 that night "Little Sure Shot" took a train for the West en route to visit her mother in Woodland, Darke county, O., this being her first visit home for nearly five years. Mr. Butler himself bade good-bye to the party at a later hour, as he proposed starting for the East by an early train on Friday.

*The Second Day*

opened with a partly clear sky, but still there was a hazy look that was not at all cheering. The air was cold and crisp, and up to 2 A. M. it had been drizzling. Some of the party started up the mountain on the 9 A. M. train, while others remained until 10:30 awaiting weather developments. Before this time, however, the clouds had cleared away and the sun had deigned to show its head. As soon as the early train arrived the match between Clark and Sands was started, the weather being fair and the air cold and crisp. The wind blew from the same direction as on the previous day, although it was not nearly so strong. The birds were in much better condition than those used early on the previous day, some of them being phenomenally fast and calling for all the skill of the contestants. Each man shot at 23 birds, 30yds. rise, and Clark won by the appended score:

Clark.....2102111202222210110o121—18
Sands.....0002102112001212110210—15

Then the live bird traps were removed and the first target event was called, this being a match at 25 targets each between Killets



W. G. CLARK, of Altoona.

and England to decide the ownership of third money from the live bird event of the preceding day. The Alleghany man was the victor, as here shown:

England.....1111111011111101011111111—22
Killitts.....0111010111111011111011011—20

Then came the following programme events, No. 1 being at 20 singles, $2 entry, and No. 2 at 10 singles, $1 entry, three moneys in each:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|
| Clark | 11101111111111111111—19 | 1111110110— 8 |
| Doc | 01011110111101111101—15 | 0100011111— 6 |
| Quirk | 11001101111101101101—13 | 1011000101— 5 |
| Killett | 10111101011111111101—16 | 1111110011— 8 |
| England | 11011111111111111110—18 | 1111111111—10 |
| Bell | 11100111011110111101—15 | 0111011001— 6 |
| Tappan | | 1100110111— 7 |
| Fehrenbach | | 1111110111— 9 |
| Edwards | | 1100100110 —5 |

Just here the party began to think of dinner, so over to the hotel they went, about a score seating themselves about the festive board. Mrs. Fehrenbach, Mrs. W. G. Clark and her four-year-old son, Master Charley, had braved the wind, and come up to see the shooting, remaining until after dinner. Master Charley is a bright little chap, and one who will be a sportsman when he attains the requisite age, being passionately fond, even at his age, of a gun and dog. After dinner there was more music by the "band," then a move to the grounds and a resumption of the target events.

And just here we would like to assert that in our humble opinion these grounds are in a class by themselves, as nowhere else have we heard of a trap-shooting ground where one might enjoy trap-shooting until wearied of the fun, and then by walking a few hundred yards in one direction, get a bag of woodcock or pheasants; walk off to the fields in the foreground and shoot cottontails, or by going half a mile or so secure (if lucky) a shot at a deer. Yet this is true of these grounds and the proof was given early in the afternoon. During the dinner the talk had drifted to game shooting, and one of the party gave a brief history of "Old Ironsides," a famous old buck with a magnificent pair of antlers who for years has defied the skill of the huntsmen. "Old Ironsides" is said to range as a rule on the opposide side of the ridge from the hotel and grounds, and although thousands of shots have been fired at him he is still monarch of all he surveys, and as he grows older he becomes more wary and alert to danger. All sorts of methods have been tried, but he is too keen to be trapped. Several times he has been hit and has been tracked by the blood marks, but never could he be found. While on this subject some one ventured the assertion that some of these days the wary old buck will lose his life at the hands of some inexperienced gunner, it being the rule that such game is killed by chance.

Incidentally it was also mentioned that a party of hunters headed by an Altoona farmer named Isaac Grazier had that day jumped two deer just below the hotel and that they were fairly sure of getting one or both. The forecast proved true, for about 2 P. M. along came the party dragging after them the carcass of a spike buck, killed about noon within half a mile of the grounds. Mr. Grazier stated that his party had jumped two deer, but that one had gone clear, although several shots were fired at it. We secured a picture of the party and the deer and then returned to the shooting house, where we were met by Mr. Banks, who had been missing from the traps for an hour. This time he had spent within a quarter mile of the house and had seen four pheasants, three of which he had brought back as the result of his tramp. We also secured a picture of Mr. Banks and his game.

During the afternoon quite a number of Altoona people visited the grounds and these were deeply interested in the shooting. None of the events had more than nine entries, but the scarcity of shooters did not deter those who were on hand from having the jolliest kind of a time. Below are the scores of the events shot after dinner. No. 3 being at 5 pairs of targets, $1 entry, and all the others at 10 singles, $1 entry;

| | No. 3 | No. 4. | No. 5 | No. 6. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Killetts | 00 10 10 00 10-3 | 1111001101-7 | 0010011111- 6 | 0010000101-3 |
| Doc | 10 01 10 11 01-6 | 1010111010-6 | 1111111111-10 | 0111101111-8 |
| Clark | 11 00 10 10 10-5 | 1111001111-8 | 1111111111-10 | 1111101101-8 |
| Bell | 11 10 10 00 00-4 | 1011101001-6 | | |
| Quirk | 10 11 10 11 01-7 | 1011111101-8 | 1011111011- 8 | 0010110116-5 |
| Bilderbach | | 1101111111-7 | 0111111001- 7 | 0111100111-8 |
| Kotty | | | 0101011000- 4 | 0010111111-7 |

| | No. 7. | No. 8. | No. 9. | No. 10. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Killetts | 0111110000—5 | 1110111111—9 | 0011110000—4 | 1011000100— 4 |
| Bilderbach | 0111010111—7 | 0111100111—7 | 0111001101—6 | 1111111111—10 |
| Quirk | 0111011011—7 | 1100001110—5 | 1010010000—3 | |
| Clark | 1111010011—8 | 0011111110—7 | 1101111111—9 | 1111001111— 8 |
| Doc | 1101001001—6 | 1000100001—3 | 1101110001—6 | |
| Edwards | | 0111111101—8 | 0110111000—6 | 1001011011— 6 |
| Bell | | 1110101011—7 | 1011001111—7 | 1110111111— 9 |
| Patterson | | 0001011110—5 | 1000001011—4 | |

Nelse Alsip refereed the above events, and on one occasion he created a laugh by a very unique decision. Bell was standing behind No. 4 trap, and when he called "pull" No. 3 trap was pulled by mistake and the target was shot at and missed. "Shoot at another target," said the astute referee, "you had no right to take that one." Bell did as he was told and broke his target, although it made no difference, his score being out of the division.

The final event was a miss and out, $2 entry, one money. There were only 19 birds on hand, so when this number was shot four of the five contestants were obliged to divide the pot. The score:

Tappan.....1121—4 Bell.....2121—4
Quirk.....1121—4 Killetts.....210 —2
Clark.....1111—4

Thus closed the second Wopsononock tournament, which, despite the inclement weather, can safely be classed as a pleasurable affair. Everybody was in a holiday humor from start to finish, and their good nature could not be ruffled by wind, rain, sleet, snow or cold. The contestants and spectators were of course disappointed at not seeing Miss Oakley shoot, but they consoled themselves with the hope of doing so in the near future. For ourselves, we are glad we took the trip, as we met a jovial, whole-souled lot of sportsmen, and had what we long wished for—a view of the famous "Wapsy" Mountain.

Coming down the mountain after the close of the tournament there was the usual hilarity, practical joking, etc., in which every one took a part. After supper another short "session" was held at Billy Clark's. Here we were informed that a three-days' tournament would be held during the early part of June, 1893, when it is hoped that the weather will be more favorable than last week. At 11:45 P. M. when we boarded the eastward bound express and had bade good-bye to the jolly Altoonians, we made up our mind that at the coming June tournament another visit to the place would be paid by C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Shooting at Dexter Park.

THERE was a fair lot of wing shots present at Dexter Park on Election Day and participated in one of Louis Miller's sweepstake shoots. R. Phister, Jr., and D. Snipe took away the best part of the money. The first six events were at targets from the rapid-firing system recently adopted at the grounds, and the last three were at live birds, five unknown traps, 25yds. rise. The score:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|
| R Phister, Jr | 1111110110— 8 | 0110111111—8 |
| T Short | 0111110101— 7 | 1010010011—5 |
| R Rathbone | 1110001110— 4 | 0010001000—2 |
| A B Merrihew | 0011010000— 3 | 1110111001—7 |
| D Snipe | | 0111100101—4 |
| C Vincent | | 1100100001—4 |
| | No. 3. | No. 4. |
| R Phister, Jr | 1111111111111111—15 | 1110101011—7 |
| T Short | 1101110011011110—10 | 1101011111—8 |
| R Rathbone | 1100111001000010— 7 | 0101110010—5 |
| A B Merrihew | 1001101010111011— 9 | 0001110001—4 |
| D Snipe | 1010000000010— 5 | 1111110110—8 |
| L Schortemeier | 0001011100111— 9 | 0110011110—6 |
| C Vincent | | 0000000110—2 |
| C Trees | | 0101011000—4 |
| | No 5, Experts | No 6, Experts |
| R Phister, Jr | 1010101100—5 | 0111000111—6 |
| T Short | 0010110111—6 | 0110100100—4 |
| R Rathbone | 0001010111—5 | 0000111001—4 |
| A B Merrihew | 0111100100—5 | 0011011010—5 |
| D Snipe | 1000010010—3 | 0001001010—3 |
| C Vincent | 0001111100—5 | 1010101001—5 |
| L Schortemeier | 1011001101—6 | 1101111101—8 |
| C Trees | 0000101010—3 | 0100000010—2 |

| | No 7 | No 8 | No 9 |
|---|---|---|---|
| R Phister, Jr | 112212—6 | 111011—5 | 112122—6 |
| T Short | 102111—5 | 112102—5 | |
| L Schortemeier | 112012—5 | | |
| R Rathbone | 101102—4 | 100121—5 | 021110—4 |
| C Vincent | 101121—5 | | |
| D Snipe | 212221—6 | 111111—6 | 120222—5 |
| A B M | 111121—6 | 221112—6 | 01c121—4 |
| C Loeble | 102112—5 | | |
| A Blun | 111102—5 | 112111—6 | 221121—6 |
| H Robinson | | 112100—4 | |
| J Hogan | | 011220—4 | 20212—4 |
| C Dethloff | | 200122—4 | 122201—5 |

## Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association

IN response to a call by the manager, dated Nov. 12, a meeting of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association was held on Tuesday last at the Astor House. There were present Mr. J. A. Dressel of the U. M. C. Co., Mr. Sampson, Mr. H. C. Squires, Jr., Mr. H. A. Penrose, Mr. J. W. Clinton and Messrs. Pentz, Lewis and Grinnell representing the shooting press.

The meeting was called to order at 2:15 and Mr. Penrose was requested to take the chair, Mr. Clinton acting as secretary. The minutes of previous meeting were read and approved and the treasurer's report, called for, was read and approved. This showed that after delinquent assessments had been collected and outstanding bills paid, a balance of about $150 would remain in the hands of the treasurer.

The question of organization for the coming year was then taken up and various plans discussed. It was moved at length that Messrs. Dressel, Pentz and the Chair be made a committee on permanent organization, to draw up by-laws and submit plans of work for the ensuing year. Two members of this committee having declined to serve, Messrs. Sampson and Grinnell were substituted for them, the committee as appointed standing Messrs. Sampson, Dessel and Grinnell, who are to report at the next meeting, to be held Dec. 1, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Astor House, New York city.

The question came up incidentally of the withdrawal at Watertown and Auburn of the guaranteed purses of the association. Of this Mr. Penrose said that at Watertown, on account of the great heat, the club held a meeting and requested that the purses be withdrawn as the weather was so hot that no one would shoot, and the money would be thrown away. In the case of Auburn it was said that the president of the Auburn Club had stated that there were a large number of shooters who would not enter if the regular entrance fee for these purses was charged, and that in order to secure this larger entry, the association has been requested to withdraw the purses.

As there seemed to be some uncertainty as to the position of a number of members of the association for the coming year, it was thought better to postpone further action until the next meeting to be held Dec. 1. The meeting then adjourned.

## The Unknown Gun Club.

THE members of the Unknown Gun Club were present on Thursday, Nov. 10, at Dexter Park, to compete for the club's championship trophy and sweepstake; for the first the best averages to count, all ties divided. J. Sampson, E. Vroom and H. Knebel, Sr., killed seven each. The rain beat down the birds so that they could not fly fast. The scores:

H Van Stader.....1110110—5 D Little.....1120211—6
J Sampson.....1212111—7 J Vaghts.....0112111—6
A B Merrihew.....1101201—5 C Miller.....2002111—5
E Vroome.....1211121—7 C Kollyer.....1010111—5
H Knebel, Sr.....2121112—7 J Rathbone.....0110222—4

First sweepstake, entry $1; Sampson 2, Merrihew 1, Little 1, Rathbone 2.
No. 2, same: Merrihew 3, Little 5, Rathbone 5.
No. 3, same: Merrihew 1, Little 2, Rathbone 0.

## The New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot by the members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club for the live bird trophy was held at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Monday, Nov. 14. Twelve entered at 10 birds each, 12 and 30yds., according to gun, under modified Hurlingham rules. All ties divided. The score:

Dr Wynn.....2012o21021—7 H Blattmacher.....0102101101—6
D C Burnett.....0121211112—9 W F Sykes.....1121210211—9
P Adams.....0110101121—7 C A Sykes.....11222120o2—8
P Hegeman.....1120211110—8 C Wingert.....0112111111—9
C M Meyer.....0102122222—8 J V T Shields.....0113011221—8
J Voorhees.....2102111011—8 J Lott.....0100111101—6

## American Manufacturers' Association.

THE following unsigned circular was sent out last week:

"To the manufacturers of sportsmen's supplies: There will be a meeting held at the Astor House, New York, Nov. 16, at 1 P. M., for the purpose of considering ways and means of promoting the interest of shooting in general, and trap shooting in particular, for the year 1893. Matters of importance to American manufacturers will be brought up, and you are earnestly requested to be represented."

In response to this a meeting was held on Wednesday at the Astor House at which the following firms were represented: H. C. Squires, American Wood Powder Co., U. S. Cartridge Co., Lefever Arms Co., Hunter Arms Co., W. Fred Quimby Co., Baker Arms Co., Tatham Shot Co., the American E. C. Powder Co., Cleveland Target Co.

When the meeting was called to order, Mr. Sanford, of the Winchester Arms Co., was chosen temporary chairman and Mr. Harry Squires temporary secretary.

Prospectus read by secretary set forth at some length the desirability of forming an association to increase the interest in trap-shooting. After it had been read in part, Mr. Quimby moved its adoption. Carried.

Mr. Quimby moved that the association be known as the American Manufacturers' Association.

Upon motion of Mr. Quimby the election of officers was taken up. Mr. Sanford was nominated for president, but declined. Mr. Chas. Tatham, nominated by Mr. Quimby, was elected president. Upon motion of Mr. Quimby, Mr. F. E. Belden was elected vice-president. Mr. Squires was elected secretary. Mr. Quimby, on motion of Mr. Lindsley, was elected treasurer. In the absence of Mr. Tatham, Mr. Quimby took the chair. Upon motion of Mr. Lindsley the chair was given power to appoint a committee of three upon organization, Mr. T. H. Keller, Mr. A. W. Dubray, Mr. A. D. Courtney. A recess of ten minutes was taken to give the committee time for discussion.

The committee reported that Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, be made manager for the year 1893. The committee was instructed to put the prospectus in such form that it may be sent out to the manufacturers. Upon motion of Mr. Lindsley the meeting adjourned.

## Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov 9.—Scores made here to-day by the South Chicago Gun Club, at 20 live pigeons each, under new Illinois State rules, for club medal:

L Willard 22121100212222212212—18 P Miller..2101020112222212111—17
A Reeves.1112210222211001021—16 D Larkin..1122021210101121220—16
J Watson.12111102211001111—17

L. C. Willard won medal.

For target medal, 30 bluerocks each: L. C. Willard, 16 out of 30; A. W. Reeves, 6 out of 21; John Watson, 5 out of 18; P. Miller, 20 out of 30; Doc Larkin, 7 out of 18.

*Nov. 11.*—Scores made here to-day by the Gun Club of Chicago, at 15 live pigeons each, under new Illinois State rules, for club medal:

J O'Brien .....012212112101111—13 W P Mussey..2101120221010222—11
L M Hamline.2212122220221121—14 *Cap Anson...0111121112111111—14
H B Foss.....20010010101010102— 7 *A W Adams..01011100121210120— 9
F Cop .....0103112202212001—11

*Guests. L. M. Hamline won medal.

Mussey, Anson, Hamline, Foss and O'Brien then shot a dollar freezeout three times: Mussey and O'Brien divided the first, Anson and Foss the second, and Anson won the third alone.

Five-bird sweep for birds:

Hamline.....20221—4 Mussey.....11012—4
Foss.....01122—4 Adams.....00211—3
O'Brien.....00101—2 Adams's brother.....00002—1

RAVELRIGG.

## Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

A DRIVING snow storm did not prevent the members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club from holding their regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, on Wednesday, Nov. 9. The shooters were divided in three classes, with a prize for each class. A. Botty, J. Blake and J. Short, had a good race for the medal and class A prize; the first being the winner with a straight score of 19. H. Selover won in class B, and A. Walden in class C. It was quite dark when the last shot was fired. The scores:

| Class A. | | Class B. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Bennett | 2111120—6 | H Bramwell | 1202111—6 |
| E Helgans | 1122121—7 | H Selover | 1110112—6 |
| A Andrews | 1112120—6 | H Bookman | 2012202—5 |
| T Short | 1212212—7 | C Reim | 1121012—6 |
| J Blake | 1111112—7 | Class C. | |
| A Browers | 2220211—6 | M Meyer | 2211021—6 |
| A Botty | 2112122—7 | P Wolfert | 1111022—6 |
| T T Edgerton | 1111111—7 | A Wahlden | 2121111—7 |

## Ridgewood Gun Club.

THE members of the Ridgewood Gun Club held their last shoot of the season for the club badge, at C. Deckelman's Ridgewood Park, on Friday, Nov. 11. G. Durst and F. Ibert tied with 6 each out of 7 at 25yds. rise. On the shoot-off Ibert won. There was a high wind blowing during the shoot, which aided the birds in escaping the shot. The scores:

J Welz.....1022210—5 G Durst.....2211201—6
C Schneider.....0022002—3 C Kadel.....0022000—2
J Gardes.....1020201—4 L Gehring.....0222011—5
C Zerweck.....0001002—2 F Ibert.....2222202—6
G Nolte.....0002000—1 P J Eppig.....0121000—3
R Weigel.....0000220—2 C Deckelman.....0000022—2

## A Tie Shooting Match at Dexter.

AN exciting shooting match was shot off at Dexter Park on Friday, Nov. 11, between Frank Ibert and C. Wissell, the former is a well known brewer and the latter is the proprietor of Cypress Hill Park. Both shot at 50 birds, 27yds. rise, for $50 a side. C. Wissell led up to the thirty-fifth round and then gradually fell off. Ibert had bad luck in his birds falling dead out of bounds, but managed to kill his last three and made a tie of 33 each:

C Wissell.....2101220122100022122101—18
01212020111010220202122210—15—33
F Ibert.....0102212122102o.102010e0—15
10cc2201220021222112e121—18—33

Referee, Mr. E. Helges.

## Fountain Gun Club.

THE Fountain Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot in a snow storm at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday, Nov. 9. Ten competed for the best averages at 10 birds each. Just half of the number killed 10 straight, there not being any cash prizes, a sweepstake was shot off at three birds, then miss and out. Dr. Van Zile and A. Crook divided on the ninth round. The birds were fair considering the storm. The scores:

C Wingert.....1112121121—10 H W Blattmacher.0111102011— 7
A Eddy.....1111111111—10 J F Orr.....1010122111— 8
Dr Van Zile.....1121211111—10 A Du Bray.....2111112111—10
W Shumacker.....1121210111— 8 A Crook.....0112221212— 9
E H Garrison.....0220202222— 7 R Phister, Jr.....1121211112—10

## Boiling Springs Gun Club.

THE first of the new series of monthly shoots of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held on Nov. 9, the sport being cut short by the snowstorm. In the club shoot each man shot at 25 targets. The scores:

James .....1011111100111001111001111— 18
Meyer.....0110000001100101110111111—14
Laribels.....0010110100000000011110000— 9
Edebohls.....0010111101010100111001111—16
Paul .....1101110011000300110011110—12
Tee Kay.....1111111101100010100100110—17

In two 10 target sweeps the scores were: Tee Kay 7—8, Paul 8—6, Hobart 10—7, Meyer 7—5, Edebohls 2—1, James 6—5, Jones 5.

## American Wood Powder.

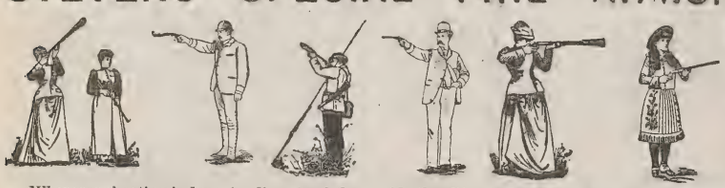
IT must long have been manifest from the FOREST AND STREAM'S trap-shooting reports from various parts of the country that the American wood powder has come to the front as a popular factor in trap work. The explosive has proved to possess so many points of excellence that its use may be fairly characterized as universal, and the leading cartridge-loading concerns catalogue American wood powder shells in their stock of standard supplies. The test of experience appears to have demonstrated the safety, efficiency and convenience of this form of nitro product.

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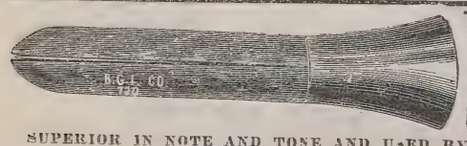
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I have had the honor of coaching many gentlemen, and have carefully studied the points especially requiring attention that have cropped up from time to time while giving instruction. I hope that those who favor me by studying this treatise may quickly gain the knowledge so essential for the making of an average if not brilliant shot.
I have purposely refrained from touching on the several merits of any class of gun—being a gun-maker myself; and, indeed, so many good works on the subject have been written, that it is really unnecessary.
I trust that authors from whose writings I have made extracts will pardon me when they recollect that I have at heart one object, viz., the advancement of a manly sport which gives pleasure, health and occupation to many, and to the patronage of whose followers I am indebted for many pleasant days.
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## *THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.*

THE constitution which was adopted last June by the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game provides for the complete separation of the trap-shooting and the deliberative purposes of the organization. The game and fish protection interests are intrusted to an executive committee made up by a representation of one delegate from each club, and this committee meets four times each year.

The first quarterly meeting of the executive committee was held in Syracuse last Thursday; and we are not saying too much in declaring that gathering to have been the most important in the recent history of the Association. For it was the Syracuse meeting of Nov. 17 which was to determine whether or not there was in the Association itself material for an efficient protective organization, whose members would gather in a business convention devoid of any shooting or other outside attractions whatever. The event more than justified the faith of those who were at the Syracuse meeting last winter and were determined to restore the State Association to its original purposes and activity, rather than to form a new society.

The meeting of last week was attended by delegates representing twenty-four clubs. The gathering was of mature, substantial, solid-looking men. The two sessions, morning and afternoon, were marked by interest, earnestness and harmony. For the initial meeting under the new order of things it was a grand showing of strength. In character and results the occasion gave the refutation direct to those carpers who, after the June meeting with the adoption of the new constitution, prophesied that we should see the same old purposeless and barren deliberative sessions. No one who was present and listened to the speeches of one after another, representing so many widely separated sections of the great State of New York, could longer doubt that the Association is rapidly getting into trim for a career of useful endeavor and achievement.

The time is certainly promising for such a renewal of effort, devotion and activity. There is no State in all this great Union where the conditions are richer in possibilities and promise. New York has in large measure passed beyond the stage of ignorant thoughtlessness and of criminal wastefulness as to her great natural resources of field and wood and stream and lake. The public has had a vast amount of wholesome education and enlightenment since the State Association was organized as the "Sportsmen's Club of the State of New York" in 1859; and since 1869 and 1879, and even 1889. Game protection, and more especially fish protection, have been growing in popular understanding and approbation, and they are, slowly it may be, but none the less surely, coming to have their right place in the public economy of a wisely administered commonwealth. At such a time and under such conditions, the new Association has had its birth, and the outlook for the future is most auspicious.

The keynote of this first Syracuse meeting was harmony and coöperation of sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs with the game protectors and the fish commissioners. And this must be taken as the keynote of the success of the Association.

There is in New York an admirable system of State Game and Fish Protectors. The system, it is true, is of human institution and cannot be perfect; but those who have given it the most careful and intelligent study are convinced of its possibilities. If game and fish are to be protected in this State, the work must be done by the State game protective service. The Association then has before it a very definite practical and practicable field of effort—to give aid, encouragement and support to Chief Pond and his deputies, and to develop and perfect the efficiency of the service.

A reading of the reports made by members of the Committee last Thursday will show that the clubs which have accomplished most are those which have called to their aid the district game protectors, or have secured the appointment of local protectors whose work they have directed and whom they have upheld in the discharge of duty.

While there is thus a practical mode in which every local protective club may accomplish its purpose, the converse is no less true, that in the Association and its constituent clubs the protectors have powerful allies. Indeed the aid rendered to the protectors by local clubs was gracefully and cordially acknowledged by Chief Protector Pond; and it must have occurred to every one present at Syracuse that such public gatherings of their friends and supporters will have a quickening and encouraging effect upon the protectors. It is a declaration to them that they are not fighting the battle alone.

The problem of New York game and fish protection is less complex than it was. The way to a solution appears to us to be clearly pointed out. It is to be found in the harmonious and co-operative working of the State protective service and the State Association.

It would be difficult to overestimate the possibilities of such a coöperation. The opportunity is an unusual one. But opportunities bring with them responsibilities. If the opportunity now inviting the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game is such as it has never had before and such as no other organization of similar aim has ever had, the obligations which go with that opportunity are no less unusual and momentous; nor are they the less binding because they have been assumed voluntarily.

The spirit shown by the delegates who met in this first meeting gave unmistakable and abundant assurance that the Association is now in the control of those who appreciate its opportunities and will not seek to evade its responsibilities.

## *DEER ON LONG ISLAND.*

THE autumn of 1892 will long be remembered by Long Islanders and those who go there to gun for the abundance of its game. Deer are said to be especially numerous and many of them have been killed. Ducks, too, are much more plenty than usual, and the Great South Bay is said to be fairly covered with broadbills and other fowl. About the abundance of the quail not so much is said, yet a great many birds are found—great, strong-winged, stout fellows, that rise with a rattle like half a dozen snare drums, dart away like so many ruffed grouse, and plunge in to the densest cat-briers, whence it takes a plucky dog to start them again, and a quick eye and hand behind the double-barrel to stop them.

Of all the accounts of Long Island game which we receive, perhaps the most interesting is that which tells of the abundance of the deer. A dozen years ago these animals were supposed to be almost exterminated, and not long after this the Legislature established a five-year close time, which was reasonably well observed and gave the deer a chance to increase. At the expiration of this close time a large number of deer were killed, for the animals were numerous and tame. Various changes in the law have taken place, and at present the legal time for killing deer is limited to seven days in each year, or from the 10th to the 16th of November inclusive. Even in this short time many deer are secured, for they are very tame. One observer reported recently that in his locality, from Nov. 10 to Nov. 15, no less than thirty-eight deer were killed in the Long Island woods. It is but a few days since the passengers waiting at a station on the line of the Long Island R. R. saw a wild deer feeding on a lawn but a short distance from the station.

That deer still exist, and in considerable numbers, on Long Island is due not to the law—though, of course, this helps to preserve them—so much as to the existence of large preserves at that point on the south shore where the deer are most numerous. The extensive ground of the Southside Club, and of Messrs. Cutting, Vanderbilt and Fraser furnish a feeding ground and refuge where the animals feel safe from molestation. No shooting is allowed on these estates, and the result is at present the deer are holding their own if not increasing. Hunters will understand that they cannot pursue game here. This fall a man wounded a deer, which ran on to Mr. Vanderbilt's place and fell dead on his lawn. The hunter followed it until he came within sight of the house and saw the deer. Then, realizing that the game had escaped him by dying on another man's property, he left for parts unknown.

It may be doubted if anywhere on Long Island conditions prevail like those about Islip. If there were more of these large preserves there would be more deer within one hundred miles of New York.

## *NEW ENGLAND FISH COMMISSIONERS.*

THE Fish and Game Commissioners of New England met at the Parker House, Boston, on Wednesday, Nov. 16th. There were to have been present of the Massachusetts Commission, E. A. Brackett, of Winchester, E. H. Lathrop, of Springfield, and J. C. Young, of Wellfleet; of the Maine Commission, E. M. Stilwell of Bangor, Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, and E. W. Gould of Searsport; of the Rhode Island Commission. J. M. K. Southwick, of Newport, Henry T. Root, of Providence, and Wm. P. Morton, of Johnston; of the Connecticut Commission, James A. Bill of Bill Hill, and Wm. S. Downs of Birmingham; of the New Hampshire Commission, E. B. Hodge, of Plymouth, Willard H. Griffin of Kenniker and G. W. Riddle, of Manchester; of the Vermont Commission, John W. Titcomb, of Rutland, and F. H. Atherton, of Waterbury. But several of these gentlemen were hindered from being present, though a good delegation was at hand. Hon. E. M. Stilwell was taken sick, soon after reaching Boston, and could not be present. United States Fish Commissioner McDonald happened to be in Boston on his way from Washington to Gloucester, and was made the honored guest of the occasion. The desirability of a uniform code of game laws was discussed, but no decisive conclusion was reached. The Gilbert trout bill, which was presented to the last Massachusetts Legislature, and which provides that reared trout and other edible fish, raised and grown in private ponds, may be put on sale during the closed season, was talked over, and many of the gentlemen present were in favor of this measure, but no action was taken toward furthering it. Indeed this proved to be a rather inharmonious feature, since the Maine Commissioners, with Commissioner Hodge, and several others, are very pronounced against any measure so dangerous to the wild trout of the several States.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

IN the work of awakening public sentiment on the forestry question in New Hampshire, Rev. J. B. Harrison writes in the *Critic*, a poem is needed, and he calls for some one to put into the "swinging movement of verse" the truth and the sentiment that shall appeal to the popular heart. "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes their laws." Mr. Harrison is right. The theme is worthy of our poets, and to aid in such a "campaign of education" were no mean ambition for a maker of verse.

At the Syracuse meeting of the New York State Association last week, a resolution was adopted calling on District Attorney Nicoll to bring the Delmonico woodcock case to trial. This may not move the District Attorney, but it will be quite likely to move public opinion, and public opinion will do the rest.

The date of the annual dinner of of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has been set for Thursday evening, Dec. 8. President Harrison, President-elect Cleveland, Governor Russell, and other distinguished guests, have been invited.

There is a possibility that a special building may be provided for the angling exhibit at the World's Fair. The plan heretofore adopted has been to make the angling display a part of the fisheries division.

We are told that the Vermont proposition to license netting in Missisquoi Bay is of the nature of a retaliatory measure against Canadian fishermen. The Vermont bill has passed both houses.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## RUSTLINGS FROM THE SELKIRKS.

LARDEAU CAMP, Trout Lake, West Kootenay, Aug. 31.—The FOREST AND STREAM reaches me at this point of the Selkirk range by the way of Revelstoke at the second crossing of the C. P. R., thence south twenty-eight miles by the C. & K. line of steamers to Hall's Landing on the Columbia, where the responsibility of the Government mail service ceases and the welcome visitor is forwarded by individual courtesy twelve miles by rowboat to the end of north arm of Upper Arrow Lake, and by trail of fifteen miles over the divide, where it is perused from time to time by twenty or more prospectors, who make this point headquarters for supplies both for placer and quartz mining. They pack their requirements for a trip of from six to ten days, as circumstances warrant, and rustle over the mountains of this undeniably rich mineral belt; and when the grub is out they return for a rest and feed, and to compare notes and exchange interesting souvenirs of their varied experiences. It is good manners and wise policy to refrain in any manner from questioning the veracity of camp-fire narratives.

These first-comers in a new mineral field get the cream of the finds. Later on rich locations may be made by expensive prospecting of covered veins.

It may be interesting (at least to your English readers) to know that developments of mining prospects in this section disclose large bodies of galena on several ledges that assay from 40 to 300oz. of silver, and at least three locations show ore in considerable quantities assaying from $600 to $1,400 in silver and gold, besides from 40 to 60 per cent. of lead to the ton.

In your issue of Aug. 11—lately received by pack train—you suggest that your angling columns are always open to communications. As this is a section abounding in game, consisting of bear in four varieties, caribou, deer, mountain goat, three kinds of grouse, and fish in variety, quantity and quality, there is something to write about.

But what about bears, caribou and fish? Well, this camp, consisting regularly of five shacks of six large tents, with occasional temporary additions of from two to six single fly tents, is abundantly supplied with salmon, trout and caribou, but no goats have yet been shot, although many have been seen, and one of our party, armed with a revolver, thought he had a lot of six corraled on the side of a cliff, where they could not escape, but four went up the nearly perpendicular cliff, where it did not seem possible to obtain a footing, and two went into a cave or grotto, where, after passing a very dangerous point of the rocks, he followed them, and seeing their eyes glistening in the dark several yards in the rear, he blazed away. Moving forward and hearing a scrambling to the left he looked round in time to see them emerge from the entrance which they had reached by a side passage. It takes a high climber to get mountain goat, and when found you don't most always get them.

In this section caribou are found during June and July lying down in the snow in some basin or side bench high up, where they can see any approach from below. All above the edges and in the hollows of the snow they find the fine moss blown from the trees and they are also less annoyed by flies and mosquitoes than on the lower benches, where they can be found evenings and at early dawn on the caribou marshes feeding or drinking. In August and September they remain lower down, and about the first of October the bucks begin to roam and round up the does and heifers into bands that work up the mountain when heavy snows come. They remain all winter high up among the balsams and gray moss. Last July, being camped about nine miles down the lake, I loaned my .55-38 Marlin to Andrew A., who was doing assessment work on a claim high up the mountains. The next day five caribou came up below him and lay down in the snow. His companion skirted the edge of the cliff, and at 150 or 200yds, shot two fat heifers. Each cartridge got a caribou, which was a very acceptable addition to grub supplies. It is lawful for miners to shoot all game required for food. A sack of the dried meat was brought to this camp, and about the time it was gone Blackburn's party shot a fat bull and cow that were discovered on the snow in a basin just below the summit. The velveted horns and most of the meat was brought down to camp, where it was smoked and dried.

Personally, I have toted a pole-pick more than a rifle this year in search of or examining other parties' finds of metalliferous deposits. Three days ago Juric N. came in and reported to me, confidentially, that "about four miles out on the North Fork trail, half a mile beyond Poole's shack, he found, on the first and second benches, plenty of caribou tracks, with the skunk's cabbage and devil club all beaten down." As I had leisure for a few days while waiting for the superintendent of the Revelstoke Smelter and an English mining expert, I put up four days' grub and packed out to the locality, camping at the shack. I found plenty of tracks, large and small, and the beaten down skunk's cabbage and devil club, that delusive and luxuriant species of the cactus that grasped at when climbing, "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," but although a dozen or more runways centered at one of the marshes on the creek, a mile up from the trail, the track-makers did not show themselves during a two days' stay. By my camping above the marsh they would have come to me, sooner or later, but the weather was bad, sleety and wet, and I did not at this time wish to risk the exposure in the open.

Now, a few words about fishing. Trout Lake is about twenty miles long and from one to three wide. My first experience fishing its clear water was in July and August last year. The sample, two hours' trial, was a success. Paddling a dugout canoe along the East Shore for a mile or so, trolling 100ft. of strong line and a large three-hook spoon tackle fastened with wire at the end, two 5lbs. salmon were secured after the usual circus of deep diving, high flopping and incoming tactics. Crossing the lake I caught two larger salmon weighing 10 to 12lbs. each. On the west side near a creek a 3lbs. brook trout was hooked and secured, and at the mouth of a large and deep creek at the extreme right of the lake two lake trout, with long heads and slim bodies, were hooked and "run in" after a plucky fight. The aggregate weight of the seven fish was about 48lbs. This was about average luck of the fishermen, although several spoons were lost by not having a wire fastening.

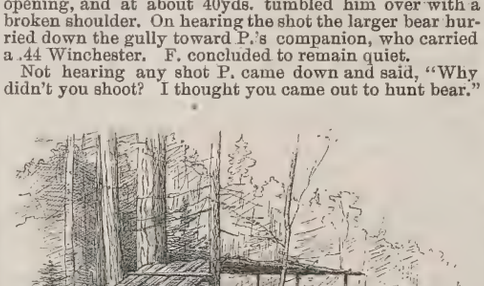
Later on, in August, when about six miles down the lake I put out the troll line, and on reaching my destination, 16 miles down, I showed up four salmon that would dress 8 to 10lbs. each, their tails being from 9 to 11in. broad and their length twice their center girt. A few have been landed that weigh 18 to 20lbs.

This year I fished with a rod and live minnow bait in the beforementioned deep creek, and hooked and landed two lake trout weighing about 6lbs. each. Mr. Hough should have been here to see the battle; he could tell the boys about it in a manner to make their desk chairs very uncomfortable sittings.

Silver and rainbow trout from ¾ to 1¼lbs. weight can be caught in August and September in the Lardeaux River that runs by our camp and empties into the northeast end of the lake. From 5 to 6 P. M. they rise readily to fly tackle and make good sport for an expert with light rod and reel. When a salmon takes off the spoon tackle he jumps out of the water the same as when on the line.

Regarding bear, the bulldog head grizzly will not always attack on sight as the long nose, white-face grizzly of the upper Columbia does; but they loom up large, and when wounded invariably go for the gun smoke, and they strike their foe without rising, as is customary with the black and brown bear. As it generally takes several shots to stop a large grizzly, old prospectors do not tackle them unless they have a clear field and possible opportunity for inflicting a mortal wound. Their weight in this section ranges from 600 to 1,200lbs. Last May Mr. P. and partner went up the mountain to the right of this camp for bear and found two grizzly in a gully about two miles from the head of the lake. P., who was ahead, shot one with his .45-90 Winchester. It was a fatal shot, at 75yds., but on locating the smoke the bear scrambled rapidly up toward it. P. waited coolly for a favorable opening, and at about 40yds. tumbled him over with a broken shoulder. On hearing the shot the larger bear hurried down the gully toward P.'s companion, who carried a .44 Winchester. F. concluded to remain quiet.

Not hearing any shot P. came down and said, "Why didn't you shoot? I thought you came out to hunt bear."



"WAYLAND'S" SELKIRK SHACK.

Made with cedar bark, without a nail, grooved and tied with cedar bark withes. Slanting roof 9x14. Flat roof 9x12.

F. is said to have stammered out, "I–I don't know as I've lost any bear around here."

The skin of this bear has just been sent out by pack train. It was in prime condition and the four claws were over 4in. long clear of the flesh.

Jack S. shot a charging grizzly dead, with his only cartridge, at 20yds. The ball went in above the eyes and ranged lengthways through the body.

Last month Tom A. and partner were chased by a grizzly that was rooting up gopher holes. They had no weapon but a knife. As a bear cannot travel as fast down as up hill, they struck down for the trail toward their cabin, not far distant. The bear was gaining on them and the situation was a serious one, both being nearly winded, when as a desperate resort Tom stopped suddenly, turned and swung his hat, at the same time shouting with all the strength of will he could master. For a wonder their pursuer stopped, which gave K. time to run down a bluff and reach the cabin where Tom soon joined him, followed by the bear, which stopped on seeing the cabin door shut in his face.

Only last week two men from this camp were prospecting on the west range, when, four miles from camp, they came upon four large grizzlies nosing among the roots of a green slide like a lot of swine. It is seldom that more than two are seen in company. Very few silver-tips have been met here this year. Only one has been shot, within my knowledge. Their skins are not so heavily furred as the grizzly. The hair is about 5in. long on the back, of which 3in. is black tipped with white. They weigh from 400 to 600lbs. The brown bears are also scarce and range in size with the black bear, which are very plentiful and weigh from 200 to 400lbs., and will run on sight of man. A good trapper can make large wages during the winter by trapping beaver, martin, fisher, otter, wolverine and skunk, and in poisoning black and gray wolves.

This melange will be wound up by the narration of a ten minutes' personal adventure last September in the Lower Arrow Lake section. As I was coming down the mountain a perpendicular bluff necessitated a detour. Turning to the right I struck a deer runway, and while following it down in a diagonal direction I was brought to a standstill by the sight of a stump or a deer's head and neck just showing up on the edge of the bench below at a distance of 800 or 1,000yds. The object was perfectly motionless and so was I, who was bound to wait a while for demonstrations in case the doubtful object should be animated. It seemed a long time to wait, but finally a slight movement of the head was made and then slowly the whole form of a full-grown black-tail deer came into view. Cocking my rifle I sunk down and crawled behind a rock and then worked my way down to a gully so as not to be seen by the approaching deer, which I soon perceived was accompanied by a young fawn trotting a few yards behind. The old doe came forward with a sort of ambling trot that took her over the ground rapidly. Occasionally she would stop and look round for the fawn and also to try and hear or get scent of something suspicious ahead. These tactics were repeated several times until within 100yds, or so, when it seemed she got scent of me, as she approached very cautiously and looked over to the tree behind which I was stationed, admiring the animated and rare display of untamed and undomesticated maternal solicitude. Although my rifle constantly covered the deer I had decided to refrain from pulling trigger until the quarry was at the head of the gully, about 60yds. away and squarely sideways to me. On nearly reaching this location the deer stopped and looked directly my way, at the same time turning her head round toward the fawn, which came trotting up. The deer then looked over to me and I fancied if she could talk would have said: "Sir, I cannot see you, but I feel that you are near me. I have taken extra risk of exposure by daylight in accompanying this little one to the lake for drink. Pray do not take advantage of my maternal complacency, but let us go in peace."

Although handy to camp I lowered my rifle and let her go on up the mountain.

WAYLAND.

## ANOTHER EXPLORATION.

QUEBEC.—Since our excursion to Lake Pas de Nom we have made another exploration somewhat more interesting. It was on a river well known now to many American anglers, but mostly on a part of it where in all human probability no fisherman before us had ever cast a fly.

Our rendezvous was at the Tenth Portage, familiarly known as "Le Dixieme," or "The Tenth." My Professor was a day late in arriving, which did not surprise or disconcert me at all, for I knew that the railway by which he must come from his summer retreat could be relied on to miss all the connections possible.

But when he did arrive we were all ready to embark, two canoes, three passengers and three boatmen. One canoe was my old Chameau or Camel, which it requires two men to handle properly or portage. She gets her name partly from her carrying capacity and partly because she has been so loaded and knocked about, so wrecked, repaired and re-covered that she has lost all semblance of her original form and looks about as much like a camel as she does like a canoe. She was originally covered with bark, but when that eventually got beyond repair I substituted canvas.

The river we were to go up has a bad name. The Canadians generally stigmatize it as *une méchante rivière* (a wicked river). I had taken care to have good men. The faithful Nazaire did not feel equal to the trip, and I took Damase in his place. Damase is a good all-round canoeman, though he had no special acquaintance with these waters. But he is a man a good deal of Nazaire's stamp. If there is a thing to be done or a place to be reached, you can rely on him to reach that place and do that thing, and I knew that he had courage and endurance *à toute épreuve*. There is no better man for work in the woods than Damase. He is a good deal of a hunter too, and I expect has killed more caribou than any other man in all this region. The manners and customs of all the beasts and birds whose tracks we came across were quite familiar to him. Those sharp eyes of his would see a muskrat's hole where I could find only a lot of brush. *C'est le diable pour se cacher* (he is the devil for hiding), he said of one duck that was seen a little way ahead of us on a river; but he spied him out in his tangle of branches, and we ate him for breakfast. I am rather afraid Damase has not all the regard for the game laws that a really good citizen ought to have, and I was half glad that no caribou came within shooting distance of us. On the duck and partridge question we were all right, but about the caribou it was not certain, and Damase did not seem to care. But I fear me much that if one had come within our reach I should have risked becoming *particeps criminis* with him by eating a piece of the steak. (We found afterward that my scruples were needless, as the close season ended on the first of the month instead of the 15th, of which I was not quite sure.) Just now I am reminded of what he said about the superiority of modern firearms. Formerly, in the days of the old-fashioned muzzleloaders, a good many caribou escaped, but now, with the Winchester rifle, *Quand on les voit on les tue* (when we can see them we can kill them). I remember once, a good while ago, I asked him if the caribou had any particular abiding places or if they herded together in yards, like moose. He said, "*Non, il est toujours chez lui*" (No, he is always everywhere at home). Damase is a good deal like that himself, always and everywhere at home in the woods.

The other two canoemen were men who go annually into the region we wanted to visit for the purpose of trapping, and so were somewhat familiar with the river. I find that many of these trappers remain on their grounds only some five or six weeks in the year, going into the woods about Oct. 1 and returning by the middle of November. They go two together, set some 300 or 400 traps and snares of different kinds, visit them twice or three times, and then take them up and go home, working in lumber shanties through the winter. They go about in their canoes, and get away before the ice is very troublesome. A smaller class stay longer, going the rounds of their traps of course on foot after the cold weather sets in. My men said that their first and last rounds, when setting and baiting the traps and when taking them up, usually took two weeks time, and the intermediate rounds about one week. They establish a good camp for their headquarters and for storing their furs, and carry a light tent for shelter on their journeys. The peltries are mainly beaver, otter, mink, muskrat, marten and foxes.

Having made the short portage of Le Dixieme, we were poled up the river, the current being too swift for much paddling. The first rapid we reached was "Les Trois Roches," where the passengers scramble through the woods as best they could, but the canoes were got up without unloading. Here we got the first trout of our trip and so were sure of our supper, but a couple of hours later, at the mouth of the Pierre, we could have taken enough for half a dozen suppers in a very short time. There we camped and caught what we wanted, putting back into the water all but enough of the largest ones for a couple of meals.

Next morning we started up river again. So far as this I had been fishing before, but beyond all was new—at least in summer. We were not going far and had plenty of time, so we dropped our flies in a good many likely looking places and rarely failed to get as many trout as we cared to stop for. We poled nearly all the way, but got on well. As Damase's help was not needed he took a gun and started off into the woods to try to get

us some partridges, he said, but I fear he was looking for caribou.

When he rejoined us toward evening he reported having seen in a swamp a pathway of caribou "*Ça de large et ça de creux*" (so wide and so deep). I discounted his story by 75 per cent., as I usually do with such reports; but even then it was apparent he had come across the track of several animals, perhaps four or five and perhaps a dozen. He said he waited a while in hopes of seeing one, but as it was getting late and we might need him he came away.

Our young gunning friend was all enthusiasm for going out early next morning to try for a shot. But in the morning, when he found that it had been raining during the night, and that the swamp was a couple of miles away, his ardor abated. Moreover, the night previous he had burned his boots so that there was not much left of them but the soles and the lacings, and on the whole he thought he had better stick to trout fishing, which he could do barefoot. I approved of his prudence, for I knew that Damase has no more idea of distance than an Indian, and his two miles were as likely to be five as anything else.

I occasionally get a laugh on Damase when he undertakes to tell how far it is to any place by repeating what an Indian is reported to have said: "*C'est tout proche; on voit la bocagne. Rien que quinze lieues.*" (It is close by; you can see the smoke. Only fifteen leagues.) Five or ten miles, I know, are nothing to him. I used to think I was a fair all-day snowshoer myself, but never, in my best days, would I have trusted myself to follow Damase on a caribou hunt. I only know of one man that I would bet on to do it, and that man hasn't any more meat on his bones than would decently cover a clothes pin. Damase isn't built that way at all. He stands about 5ft. 10in. and weighs 180lbs. He doesn't start suddenly, but when he gets to going he don't stop. He goes over the ground like one of those carcajons, whose tracks are occasionally—very rarely of late years—found in these woods; that same steady, monotonous, unrelenting putting of one never-tiring foot before another. And like the carcajon, he eats when he gets there, not before. There is no stopping for lunch or 5 o'clock tea with him. The good Nazaire was not an easy man to keep along with when he was in his prime, but Damase I always had a wholesome awe of in that particular and never took him on a long tramp. So I am not sure but our young friend was fortunate in having his boots burned.

At the rapids à Thifaut we found, as we expected, that we had serious work before us if we insisted on camping further up the river. At that stage of the water it was possible to get up the empty canvas, without passengers or baggage, and we decided to camp there and do the rest of our exploring without our impedimenta. So, while the tents were being pitched some of us fished. And such fishing! The river seemed to be teeming with trout, and they were hungry. So were we, but we avoided taking small ones as much as we could, and when we got them put them back. We took none so large as I thought it likely we should get. The largest ones were of about a pound and a quarter and from that down. We saved none that would weigh under about half a pound. I was rather surprised that we saw none of all of those three and four-pound fellows such as are sometimes found a good deal further up the river and in some of its branches. Not that I care about them, a trout that will weigh three-quarters of a pound or a pound suits me well enough for sport and is far better eating, but we were on an exploring expedition. There are, no doubt, some very large trout in the streams and lakes further up, but I have never seen them. In some places I believe they will take the fly and in others they will not. I heard to-day that a gentleman from New York recently took one weighing 7¼lbs. But it was taken with bait in 60ft. of water. My informant, a sportsman *pur sang*, who I think would sooner go hungry—just a little bit—than take *fontinalis* with anything but a fly, said he would as soon fish for cod. I don't exactly know how I should feel about it myself. I am not so much a sportsman as he. But as I said before, three-quarters of a pound will do very well, and six men can dispose of a very fair lot of them, especially when Damase is of the party. We got enough. We could not have eaten any more and had very little salt.

So we camped, and the next morning the empty canoes were poled up the rapids. The passengers, with Damase, took to the woods, where we found a very good path made by some lumbermen who had been obliged to portage a good part of the provisions for "the drive" on their backs. The rapids are called a mile and a half long, but the mile is a long one. The canoemen said that after the rapids we should have a mile and a half of *eau morte*, but I found their ideas of dead water very different from mine. Apparently, to them dead water is any water that is not broken into rapids white with foam. The current was still very swift, and we poled nearly all the way from the top of the rapids à Thifaut up to those of La Sauvagesse, where the passengers disembarked again. The water being low, we crept along the river bank. The rapids à Thifaut are wide and shallow, while those of La Sauvagesse are steep and broken by enormous boulders. One, quite in the middle of the river, called "*La tuque de la Sauvagesse*," bears a striking resemblance to that characteristic Canadian headgear, the "tuque." The canoes were coaxed along from rock to rock and from point to point, and at about a couple of miles further up stream we lunched—and fished.

There were trout everywhere.

Here too, as in many other places we found the "ouatasee." This fish is so common here that it seems to me he is hardly appreciated as he ought to be, for he is very good eating indeed and a really good sized one is no fool to handle with a light rod. I took one weighing about 2lbs. with a fly, just below the surface, although usually only the smaller ones rise. The Professor eventually succeeded in getting one home in order to settle a disputed point. Its real name is *Leucosomus pulchellus*, but it is variously called "roach," "roach-dace," "red-fin," etc., and is widely distributed. A man told me once that after a few days of fish diet he and the men with him actually preferred the "ouatasee" to the trout.

Having gone up river as far as I felt any special interest in going, and having reached a place where for a long distance the river was wide, and too shallow for either of our canoes, we decided on turning back. The Professor and I loafed and fished a little, our gunner went for ducks, but got us only one, and Damase took an hour's tramp into the woods, trying to find a couple of lakes where I was told by excellent authority I could load a boat with trout in a couple of hours. We didn't want a boat load of trout just then, but thought that if there were any such lakes in the neighborhood we should like to see them. We afterward learned that we had gone beyond them, and that if we had looked for them a mile or so further down instead of up the river, we should have found them in ten minutes. So there are more lakes that no fly-fisherman has ever visited and another excursion in store for us next summer. Two of my friends had come across these lakes when caribou hunting. Whether those big trout that were so ravenous in winter will take the fly next August remains to be seen.

We ran the rapids of La Sauvagesse in a very small fraction of the time it had taken us to go up. It was as exciting a business as I wish to engage in. If our canoes had not been beautifully handled we should surely have been swamped. I have run rapids before, but I will award the palm to La Sauvagesse. At the rapids à Thifaut a difference of opinion between our two men resulted in running us on to a rock, where we came within an ace of getting capsized. We ran part of them safely until we came to a place where Lazare said we must get out or risk the whole with no chance of getting to shore.

We disembarked and Damase ran the canoe down alone, reporting that we might all have gone as well as not, and got out with perfect safety within a few yards of our camp. There was a little friction between the two men about that time, but I incline to think Damase was correct, for we had already decided that Lazare's prudence verged very closely on timidity. But he knows more about running rapids than I do, and it is a matter in which it is best to err on the safe side.

At the foot of the rapids and close by our camp I fished again. And what quantities of trout there were! At almost every cast one, two and sometimes three little chaps would be out of the water at once, tumbling over and turning somersaults in the most ludicrous manner. I



A LITTLE FISHER MAID.

Amateur photo by W. C. Heid.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

laughed until I was tired. We did not care for many more fish and we threw the flies chiefly to see the trout jump at them, avoiding catching them as much as I could; but once in a while a bigger fellow would rush in, and make off with the hook himself. Him we saved for the frying pan, but the small ones went back into the river very little the worse for their experiences. Some people might say it was cruel sport, but I am of those who think fish are not very sensible to pain. It was only a few days ago that a trout carried off a poorly fastened fly for me, and within five minutes he rose again and I caught him with the hook still sticking in his mouth. Two acquaintances of mine were fishing together when one lost his whole casting line with three flies on it. A few minutes later the other man caught the trout and recovered the whole thing. So I do not consider that my quarter of an hour's amusement hurt the trout much, though I do not know that I ever before fished for trout that were not wanted to be eaten. I do not approve of cruelty even to fishes. I invariably kill my trout before taking them out of the landing net as the most safe, convenient and humane method. I do not like to see or hear them flopping about in the bottom of the canoe. I had a man with me once who used to put his fish alive inside his flannel shirt and next his skin for safe keeping. I should think the feeling would be disagreeable.

I have said we had very little salt and so we despaired of being able to send any fish to our friends. But one of the men found a logging road near our tents and some distance up the road was a camp and in the camp was a small box of coarse salt, left there because not worth carrying away. It was a godsend for us. We packed up a good lot of trout to send away and the Professor carefully salted and packed the 2lb. "ouatasee" to take home, for one of his friends had insisted that a fish with such a mouth as was described to him must be a sucker and would never rise to a fly. When the fish was nicely prepared for transportation we came away and left it, forgetting all about it. Perhaps he is there yet.

We went down the river, ran all the rapids, camped again at the mouth of the Pierre, caught more trout and other "ouatasee" and reached the railway near The Tenth two hours before our train was due and four hours before it arrived. There was plenty of time to amuse ourselves with photography and novel reading but we eventually reached a camping ground on our homeward route and arrived back at Lake Clair in good time the next day. The Professor allowed that it was all very well to visit and explore new fishing grounds but when one is in Paradise one might as well stay there, and that hereafter he was not to be tempted away from our favorite lake. It is true that of all trout the Lake Clair trout is "first and there is no second."

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

# Natural History.

## A PRAIRIE CHICKEN MIGRATION.

DURING the summer of 1886 it was my good fortune to make a ten days' visit to Isle Royale. I do not think any one was living on the island at the time except light-keepers, but I met quite a number of fishermen and old miners who as well as the light-keepers knew a good deal about the place and from all of whom I received much information concerning the beasts and birds that were to be there found. Of the latter the only game bird that was mentioned was the partridge or ruffed grouse.

Last summer (1890) I made a second visit to the rocky little island and was surprised to find that in addition to the ruffed grouse, the pinnated or prairie chicken was also an inhabitant. At our first camping place which was near by the abandoned Minong copper mine, we met with as handsome a covey of chickens as I have seen in many a day. They were real prairie chickens and no mistake.

Again I interviewed "ye ancient ones," for my curiosity was excited—excited not only because their presence run counter to the information of five years before, but for the further reason that the exceedingly rocky, rough, mountainous, timbered and bush-covered island was not the character of country in which I had been accustomed to seeing these birds. But the old fishermen and others assured me the birds were there, but they had "recently come in" they said. "How long since?" "Three or four years ago," answered one and "four or five" another, and "a few years ago" answered still another, and so on.

It is enough to say that I was satisfied that the prairie chicken was a recent arrival, but whence came it, was the next question. The island is from twenty to thirty miles from the North Shore of Lake Superior (I write without map or data before me) and it seemed reasonable enough that the birds could have crossed on the ice like the deer are said to do, but the country along the North Shore as seen from the deck of a steamer seemed so inhospitable to prairie chicken life, that it looked unreasonable to account for their presence from that quarter.

Later on Jo and I made a canoe trip along the boundary between Canada and Minnesota. We followed that somewhat remarkable lacustrine water way which begins at the mouth of the Pigeon River on the North Shore and leads northwesterly to the Lake of the Woods. Leaving the North Shore at Grand Marais we wagoned and packed across the country to the lake chain we were to follow, reaching it about fifty miles from the mouth of the river.

For a few miles after leaving Grand Marais the country was covered by a dense forest of timber, but on reaching the high land which was ten or twelve miles back from the lake we found ourselves in an exceedingly hilly, nay mountainous and rocky region, which at one time had evidently been a finely timbered region, but the timber had been swept away by fires and the whole country was overgrown with thickets of bushes and saplings. Our Indian guides, Shingibis and Swamper, spoke of this region as "the plains," and both assured us that prairie chickens were to be found on these "plains."

Shingibis was little if any short of sixty years of age, but was still rugged and capable. He had spent all his life in the woods as trapper and hunter, several years being in the employ of the fur companies. He was an intelligent woodsman and I have no reason to suspect the truth of what he said. We did not ourselves see any chickens, but we were told by others afterwards, who had been through the region, that the story of the Indians was true.

Whence came the chickens to the so called "plains" of the North Shore?

Before leaving the island I met with a very intelligent gentleman from Duluth, whose name I have forgotten, who gave me the following account of a chicken migration. "Some twelve or fifteen years ago," he said, "the prairie chickens invaded Duluth and vicinity in flocks of thousands. They came apparently from the west and south, and great numbers perished in the lake while others passed on down the North Shore and went no one knew where." It was generally supposed he said that they were fleeing from the hunters.

A more diligent inquiry might have resulted in more definite information, but I had no opportunity to make it. The question is one that is not altogether devoid of interest. Four-footed animals have been known to migrate—to leave one country for another when the former became too hot for them on account of the hunters, or too poor for them because of the lack of food; and so too the wild turkey and the quail will move from one locality to another in search of food. I know of an instance (from report of those who saw) of the wild turkeys traveling from one part of Indiana to another in the early day, in search of more abundant food. They traveled in a scattered flock and were half a day passing a given point. But this chicken migration is, to say the least, quite remarkable—remarkable because of the great distance the birds have apparently traveled, and because of the new conditions to which they seem to be habituating themselves.

D. D. BANTA.

### Eggs Killed by Heat.

QUAIL seem to be less numerous this season than for several years past. Some suppose the wet spring was the cause of the scarcity, but I cannot assign that reason, as the rains were too early, for it is known that the hatching season is not until about harvest time. My opinion is that the hot summer had much to do with it. Whether this opinion has ever been held by others I cannot say, but I noticed that after an uncommonly hot summer years ago the birds were unusually scarce. I reason upon the case thus: a degree of heat above 106° Fahr. is dangerous to the germ of the egg. Now, supposing the temperature of the egg at a certain stage of incubation to be 100°; when the bird leaves her nest in quest of food, the rays of the sun, should they find entrance to the nest, must in a short time raise the temperature of the eggs sufficiently to kill all or a portion of them. Does not the reason seem quite plausible?

WEST VIRGINIAN.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

## SWAMP RABBIT vs. MINK AND WILDCAT

DURING the highest rise of Red River in the great overflow of last summer, it was my misfortune to be an eye-witness of a scene that is rarely ever presented to a hunter.

In May the river warned the planters of the parishes on both sides that it was necessary to move their stock to the hills for safety. Barely had we time to drive our stock of mules and cattle from Gold Dust Landing to the foot of Indian Hill, on the Bossier Parish side, before the levees around Navigator Point broke, and the raging waters rushed under the residence of my son-in-law, Lawson K. Hodges. A delay of six hours would have drowned our entire stock.

Mr. Hodges remained in his house to take care of it, while my daughter and granddaughter went to Shreveport. From Indian Hill I drove the stock to the hills bordering on Lake Bisteneau. There I remained for several weeks, until my anxiety to learn the condition of my friends on the river determined me to take a skiff and row over to Gold Dust.

It was a Sunday morning, about the first of June, when I stepped into an excellent skiff at the foot of Indian Hill to go to Gold Dust. I had four good oarsmen to pull against the racing waters. This hill, named after the Caddo tribe of Indians, who had a village on its summit as late as the first settlement of Shreveport, was a splendid site for those dusky aborigines. Nowhere was game more abundant. The finest trout and perch literally filled all the bayous and lakes. Four large springs boiled up along the foot of the hill, thus affording the tribe the best of drinking water; and to this day do many families along the banks of Red River camp during a part of the summer at these springs, and enjoy themselves in hunting and fishing. It is only four and a half miles from them to Knox Point or Red River. A public road leads from the hill across the bottom to the river, and no doubt it had been an Indian trail for hundreds of years before the first white man traveled it. Half a mile from the hill runs Red Chute, which was crossed by a good bridge. In not many places is Red Chute fordable. At the bridge the bayou is some 400ft. wide, and just below it widens into Swan Lake, that is from half a mile to a mile or more in width, and over ten miles long. Red Chute takes its rise way up in Arkasas, where it is called Bodceau, which expands into a long, wide lake of the same name about thirty miles north of the bridge. From this lake it takes the name of Red Chute. During the summer Swan Lake goes dry, while Red Chute cuts its way above the bridge by a bayou known as Cross Bayou, which is two and one-half miles long and empties into Platt River, about a mile from Knox Point. My route would take me to the bridge and thence up the chute as far as the plantation of W. H. & C. B. Hodges, thence across that into a road that lead from my own place to the river at Gold Dust.

On the Sunday morning that I started I found twenty or more skiffs and canoes tied at the foot of the hill, with not less than a hundred negro men, women and children, some anxious, like myself, to learn the safety of their friends, others assembled for curiosity, and not a few to wait for the return of a party sent to rescue a cow that was reported to be standing on the gallery of a cabin on the Hodges plantation, with the water nearly over her back. Most of these negroes were refugees from the river and had now camped on the hill in brush tents for several weeks. The negro does not believe he is free unless surrounded with a number of worthless, mangy cur dogs. The rude tents were swarming with chickens, cur dogs and hogs, which they had brought with them from the river.

Before starting, the party arrived with the cow tied to the skiffs and her head pulled on the stern to prevent her drowning while being towed along. Great was the shout applauding the rescuers when the skiffs struck the land. I could but smile as the old negress who owned the animal deliberately hugged and kissed her poor favorite, that looked its gratitude, even if it could not express it, but in a long mournful low.

Everything being arranged to my satisfaction I ordered the skiff to be untied, and a few strokes of the oars bore us to where the water was 17ft. deep over the public road, a rise of 5ft. higher than in 1890. When we got to Red Chute, the bridge had been washed away and could now be seen knocked to pieces and lodged a quarter of a mile below against some trees, swaying back and forth like the gigantic sawyers of the Mississippi. The current thus far had been slack and easy to row against, but when the skiff entered the chute it was running like some mountain torrent. With the greatest difficulty could my four oarsmen pull against it. Many logs were rushing by us, and I dreaded lest we should be struck by one, and all hands sent full fifty feet to the bottom of the bayou. We were compelled to hug either side and keep close to the trees that fringed the banks, not only for protection, but to render the rowing easier. We were on a sea of water stretching for fifteen miles from the hills of Bossier to those of Caddo Parish. Soon after we passed the mouth of Class Bayou one of the oarsmen remarked, "What ails that big swamp rabbit?" All eyes turned to the direction he was pointing, and we saw a very large rabbit sitting on a big cottonwood log, with its head turned partly on its shoulders, intently watching something behind it.

"Look at that mink," another rower exclaimed, and we saw a mink slowly creeping down the log, evidently with the intention of catching the rabbit.

"Bless my soul, if there is not a huge wildcat swimming across the Chute, and it is coming right to that cottonwood log. Stop, boys, there is going to be some fun, you bet, and that pretty soon," said another oarsman.

The skiff was pulled to some overhanging branches of a tree and there stopped for us to observe the maneuvers of the three animals and await the result of the tragedy that was about to be enacted before our eyes. It was a struggle for food, mastery and life.

The rabbit paid no attention to us, while the mink, so intent on getting a breakfast, to break its long fast, no doubt, either had not observed us, or, if it had, did not care worth a cent. The wildcat, too, was intent on getting to the log, or to take shelter in the lofty pecans that were left standing in what was known as the "Hodges Cane Deadening."

When the mink got within distance to make a spring to catch the rabbit, pussy dived into the water and under the log, and rising some distance up the Chute eluded the mink, that ran down the log with the expectation of seizing the rabbit as soon as it should come to the surface at the foot of the log. Waiting a short time and not seeing the rabbit, the mink ran back and catching a sight of its intended victim, plunged into the water where pussy had been, but she was not there then. She had again dived under the log, and did not come up until very near its lower extremity, where she hid herself in the broken projections of the end of the log.

In the meantime the mink ran back and forth, in vain endeavoring to secure a sight of the rabbit. Coming down to the very extremity of the log it scented its prey, and made a quick plunge into the water to seize it. But the rapid current carried the mink some distance below; before it could recover the lost space, and the rabbit diving the instant the mink made its spring, came up on the opposite side of the log, and swimming low down in the water with only nose out up to the top of the log, concealed itself in the roots that were hanging down.

"Just see that wildcat," exclaimed some one. "He is going to have a finger in this pie, but if I had my gun I would make pie out of him. You bet, wildcat is good eating, better than coon, a big heap."

Looking in the direction the negro was pointing I observed an extraordinary large wildcat of the catamount species, leaping from a pecan tree to a water oak standing near the roots of the cottonwood log. No doubt the cat had observed what was going on, and hunger had emboldened it to make a dash for a breakfast, though his deadly enemies were watching it. By this time the mink had returned to the log, and was slowly creeping forward to the roots, closely scanning both sides for a sight of the rabbit. Before it could get in catching distance the rabbit again dived, with the mink in rapid pursuit. By some means it managed to elude its pursuer, and the rabbit screening itself by the side of the log sank with nose only out, while the mink crawled on the log to observe where the rabbit should rise.

During this part of the struggle the cat had leaped on the log and crouched so low as to escape the eyes of the mink, and there waited for further developments. The mink heard the slight noise the cat made on leaping, and supposing it to be the rabbit, ran rapidly forward and right into the mouth of the cat, whose voracious jaws closed on its victim with a snap quite audible to us. Rising in an instant with the mink in its mouth, the cat sprang on the oak, and running out on a large limb, leaped into the pecan and was lost to sight.

Pussy was saved and came out of the contest conqueror, and I was glad of it. The negroes wanted to catch her for their dinner, to which I positively objected. A rabbit that could elude and out-maneuver a mink and a wild cat was certainly entitled to its life, and I devoutly prayed it might live through the ravages of the overflow until the waves subsided.

Had I not been an eye-witness I could not have believed that a poor, innocent, helpless rabbit could have escaped the attacks of two such ferocious enemies. By no means could a cottaintail have gotten away from them. But the swamp rabbit loves the water, and is as much at home in it as on land. It generally makes its form either in water or in open marshy land with little or no grass around it.

This was the only incident worth relating on my route to Gold Dust. The current ran so fast that it required five hours of rapid rowing to land on the levee that was not swept away, a mile below Gold Dust. We anchored the skiff on the third step of the residence of Mr. Hodges. Water 3ft. deep was under it—water around it—water everywhere, and not less that 12 to 15 miles wide. Chickens and young turkeys were cooped on the galleries, safe from drowning, but dying from long confinement.

I found Hodges, Mr. Willis Graham, the cook and a couple of nego men, the sole tenants. I ought not to omit that my fine setter, Bruno, was also there. My daughter and granddaughter had gone on a steamboat to Shreveport.

The next morning I bade all adieu and returned to Indian Hill. Only one hour it took to row with the current to our point of starting.

This great, disastrous overflow has disgusted me with all rivers that overflow their bottoms, and I have vowed never to live on the banks of any overflowing rivers.

GEORGE D. ALEXANDER.

## A MINK TRAGEDY.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind.—It was my good fortune to witness a fight to death between a couple of male minks a fortnight ago, one of the most fearless as well as silent struggles I ever saw. In one of the largest stone quarries in western Ohio a small clear brook grows larger, deeper and wider by the help of the clear, sparkling water of many a spring, issuing from the crevices of the limestone, and flowing through little hollows and around pieces of stone that have been thrown out as worthless. In the course of years the accumulation of the rubbish or "dump," as it is termed, has made a perfect retreat for minks, weasels and rabbits. Having considerable amount of dirt in it the quarry affords a paradise for such animals that are in the habit of burrowing close to small streams. One afternoon as I was on my way to another block to give some instructions to my men I accidentally glanced toward a small sandy spot running out into the stream, forming a peninsula or cape by the junction of a little brooklet and the main or larger brook. The spot was bare with the exception of a few Spanish needles, and was overhung with small willows. Standing within six or eight feet from me were two large male minks, eyeing each other intently, their small eyes looking like coals of fire, and with mouth slightly open, their backs arched, necks stretched forward, their hindlegs close on the ground, they looked very much like miniature tigers waiting an opportunity to spring toward each other.

The first motion was a quivering of the bodies, followed by increasing rapidity in breathing. Then slowly each advanced toward the other until 18in. apart, when each seemed to be gathering all the strength possible to make a final leap. After standing motionless for a full minute, one of them turned his head a little to the right, and instantly the other did the same. Probably ten seconds elapsed while in this attitude, when quicker than the eye could follow they sprang toward each other, and catching by their throats just back of the lower jaw, held to each other with a grip that meant death to the one that should let go his hold. With a determination to conquer or die, they wound each other round and round until exhausted from loss of blood, when spreading their fore feet to brace themselves, they stood perfectly still until one of them staggered, then fell, pulling the other with him, laying them both down on the sand, growing weaker and weaker until they ceased to breathe. When they were dead, I picked one of them up, and the jaws of each were so set that it was with difficulty I pulled them apart. The battle was probably of a minute's duration, in which time the animals never noticed my presence, or if they did they made no signs of their knowledge of it. I presume the object was for one to catch the other so close to his lower jaw that he could get no hold upon his enemy's throat, when a very short time would decide the battle.

## AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

THE tenth annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union was held in Washington, Nov. 15, 16 and 17, in the lecture hall of the United States National Museum. There were present of active members the following gentlemen: Dr. J. A. Allen, Prof. W. B. Barrows, C. F. Bachelder, Capt. C. E. Bendire, U. S. A., Frank M. Chapman, Dr. Elliott Coues, D. G. Elliott, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Dr. Theo. Gill, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, H. Nehrling, Robt. Ridgway, John H. Sage, Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, Dr. L. Stejneger, L. S. Foster, Dr. D. W. Prentiss and Mr. Geo. B. Sennett. The associate members present were Vernon Bailey, Job Barnard, Prof. F. E. L. Beal, Dr. L. B. Bishop, B. W. Everman, Dr. W. H. Fox, Henry Hales, E. M. Hasbrouck, T. S. Palmer, Wm. Palmer, Witmer Stone, W. E Clyde Todd.

The sessions of the first day were devoted to business and were not open to the public.

The report of the secretary showed the present membership of the Union to be as follows: Active 45, honorary 23, corresponding 74, associate 416, total 557.

The report of the treasurer showed the finances of the Union to be in excellent condition.

Mr. D. G. Elliott gave notice that he was not a candidate to re-election to the presidency of the Union.

The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year. Dr. Elliott Coues, President; Wm. Brewster and H. W. Henshaw Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, Secretary and Wm. Dutcher, Treasurer. Additional members of the council were elected as follows: Dr. J. A. Allen, C. B. Corey, C. F. Bachelder, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Robt. Ridgway, Dr. L. Stejneger and D. G. Elliott.

The result of the ballots cast for active members of the Union showed the election to membership of Frederick A. Lucas, Witmer Stone and Leverett M. Loomis.

Sixty-six associate members were elected.

Complaint has been made that during the sessions of the Union there is not time enough for the reading of the papers offered to the Union. It was therefore voted that hereafter there shall be a session of the members of the Union held during the evening of the day on which the stated meeting of the council takes place, at which session the officers of the Union and members of the various grades shall be elected and whatever business may be brought up shall be transacted. As the meeting of the council takes place on the day preceding the opening of the general meeting of the Union, and as the first day of this general meeting is usually altogether given up to business, this change will add to the session a full day to be devoted to the reading of papers.

A resolution was passed that on the decease of any active member of the Union the president shall appoint a committee of one to prepare a suitable memorial of the life and work of the deceased, to be read at the first stated meeting of the Union, and to be published in the *Auk* as an expression of the sense of the Union.

On the last day of the session twenty-one associate members were present.

A resolution was passed thanking the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for use of the lecture hall of the National Museum.

A resolution was passed thanking the Washington members for courtesies extended to the visiting members.

The old Committee on Nomenclature and Classification of North American Birds, consisting of Messrs. Allen, Brewster, Chapman, Coues, Cory, Elliot, Henshaw, Merriam and Ridgway, was reappointed.

It was voted that a committee on communications, consisting of three members, shall be appointed by the president each year, which shall receive from the secretary all papers sent to him, from which said committee shall select those to be read at the annual meeting. Mr. D. G. Elliott, Dr. J. A. Allen and the secretary were appointed such committee.

The question as to where the next meeting of the Union shall be held was finally decided in favor of Cambridge, Mass. The session to begin on the third Tuesday of November, 1893.

The programme of papers read before the Union on Wednesday and Thursday, which sessions were open to the public, is as follows:

1. Birds of Lewis and Clarke in 1892. Elliott Coues.
2. Summer Birds of Indiana and Clearfield Counties, Pennsylvania. W. E. Clyde Todd.
3. The Geographical Distribution of the Genus *Megascops* in North America. E. M. Hasbrouck.
4. Summer Birds of Prince Edward Island. Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
5. A Partial List of the Birds of White Head Island, Maine. Arthur H. Norton.
6. The Origin and Geographical Distribution of North American Birds. J. A. Allen.
7. The Life Areas of North America considered especially in Relation to their Classification and Nomenclature. J. A. Allen.
8. The Fly-catchers of the *Myiarchus mexicanus* and *M. cinerascens* groups. J. A. Allen.
9. Notes on Birds observed in Cuba. Frank M. Chapman.
10. Remarks on the Origin of West Indian Bird Life. Frank M. Chapman.
11. A Review of the Faunal Literature of North American Ornithology. Frank M. Chapman.
12. Some Eccentricities in Geographical Distribution. D. G. Elliot.
13. Habits of the Knot (*Tringa canutus*) in Massachusetts. George H. Mackay.
14. Migration of *Charadrius dominicus* in Massachusetts in 1892. George H. Mackey.
15. The Autumnal Plumage of the Hooded Warbler. Wm. Palmer.
16. Food-habits of the Common Crow. Walter B. Barrows.
17. A Preliminary Investigation of the Food-habits of *Ampelis cedrorum*. F. E. L. Beal.
18. Notes on *Helminthophila chrysoptera*, *pinus*, *leucobronchialis* and *lawrencei* in Connecticut. John H. Sage.
19. Additions to the List of Manitoban Birds. Ernest E. Thompson.
20. Feeding and Breeding habits of the Manitoban Icteridæ. Ernest E. Thompson.
21. Feeding-habits of the Pinewood Woodpeckers. Ernest E. Thompson.
22. The Distribution of the Genus *Harporhynchus*. T. S. Palmer.
23. Exhibition of specimens of the Imperial Woodpecker. T. S. Palmer.

### A Black Lynx.

CALAIS, Me., Nov. 15.—Your cuts of the wild animals have all been very fine; the last, *Lynx canadensis*, very lifelike. This wildcat a few years ago was very common in our woods, and *Lynx rufus* did hardly ever occur. Now it is much more abundant than *canadensis*. About five years ago a taxidermist, Mr. Tappan, secured a black *Lynx rufus*, a very pretty, glossy black animal. I wanted to procure it for the National Museum, Washington, but as a black lynx was something very rare, he did not care to part with it. It was taken down into southwest Florida. I afterward saw him in Minneapolis and he consented to send the skin, which he had tanned. to Washington as a fur specimen. This wildcat (*L. rufus*) is very abundant in Florida, but much smaller in size. Hair thin and coarse even in winter. GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

### Black Muskrats.

BREWER, Me.—Black muskrats are not such a rarity as Mr. Koch, in your last issue, seems to think. Though not common in Maine, still some are taken here nearly every year, while in New Jersey and other States they are quite common, so that usually several thousand are offered at the London sales whenever any rats are sold. March 4, 1889, C. M. Lampson & Co. offered 22,965 black rats. January 31, 1890. they offered 9,920, and March 28 of the same year 14,932, while March 19, 1891, they sold 22,028. It is very safe to say that over 20,000 black muskrats are exported every year. M. HARDY.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

### THE PANTHER'S SCREAM.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The many stories you have published of late in regard to the horrible screams of the panther remind me of one which was current here years and years ago, and which I think is timely.

One of the first settlers here owned a farm which was but a short distance from Grand River. The head of the family was away from home most of the time trading with the Indians, and was on an expedition of this kind when the incident occurred. Late one afternoon one of the boys while working in the garden was nearly paralyzed by hearing the awfullest, blood-curdling, "hair-lifting" screeches and screams coming from the woods down near the river. He dropped his hoe and ran horror-stricken into the house to find his mother speechless—eyes, ears and mouth wide open, wondering what could possibly make such an unearthly, ear-splitting noise and where it came from.

An uncle who lived near by soon appeared, gun in hand, dog at heel. "Did you hear it, Jim? What was it? Get your dog and gun; let's go down in the woods," and away they hurried. A careful hunt was made, but no awe-inspiring monster was found, nor even any tracks nor visible signs were seen to indicate that any great calamity had visited that locality. After much wondering, considerable talking and a very careful looking around the house and adjacent fields the subject was dropped for the night.

In the afternoon of the next day, to their utter amazement there came from the woods down near the river a repetition of the wild, weird, soul-barrowing screeches, yells and shrieks of the previous day. Jim ran for his gun, called his dog, stuck the butcher knife into his boot leg, grabbed an ax and anxiously waited for his uncle, who fully armed and equipped was hurrying along as fast as his legs could carry him. Down into the woods hurried the would-be monster exterminators, full of fight and just aching for gore. The only means of crossing a deep run was a slippery moss-covered log. The dogs were over and scouting around in the thick brush; the hunters were about in the middle of the log when the dogs set up a howl and a bow-bow. The air was rent, "the earth trembled," so says one of the hunters, there was a succession of sharp, shrill blasts "strong enough to lift your hat off your head," or to awaken a good Indian. The noise went whistling and screaming through the forest until it caromed on the high hills, from which it rebounded, split into innumerable fractions, reverberated in discordant whoops across the river, or hissing, buzzing and ringing whirled and twisted away off into space up and down the river valley. Jim dropped his ax and at the same time slipped astraddle of the log, to which he clung until breath was recovered. When he looked back his uncle was just scratching up the bank, his wet and muddy clothes bearing ample evidence of where he had rested. "Come home, Jim, come home," he gasped, as soon as he could catch his wind and master his tongue. Toward home they hurried as fast as ever they could, looking back occasionally to see if the monster which had awakened so many echoes and fears was hunting them.

At home they found the "old man" listening to a nerve destroying tale from the "old woman" in regard to that "horrid thing down in the woods." "What kind of a noise did it make?" asked the father. Whereupon the trio screeched as loud, long and sharp as possible. "Ugh," grunted the old man, "nothing but a steamboat whistle, you durned fools."

It was the first steam whistle ever heard in the Grand River Valley. The boy is gray-headed now, but he often laughs about his hunting a steamboat whistle with dog and gun. A. W.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.


### The Fast Limited Train South.

COMMENCING Sunday, Nov. 20, the Richmond & Danville R. R. (Piedmont Air Line), in connection with Pennsylvania R. R., will run a solid Pullman Vestibule Train of Dining and Sleeping Cars between New York and New Orleans, leaving New York daily at 4:30 P. M. In addition the solid through train will be Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, New York to Columbia, Augusta, Asheville and Washington to Memphis. The new schedule from New York reaches New Orleans and Memphis within 40 hours; Atlanta and Augusta, 24 hours. The South Carolina R. R. and the South Bound R. R. will put on fast trains from Columbia to connect with the Limited, reducing the time between New York and Charleston to 25 hours, and to Savannah 24 hours, thus opening up a new fast line to southwest Georgia and Florida. Office 229 Broadway.—*Adv.*


## Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

### RECOLLECTIONS OF GOLDEN PLOVER.

BY the time I was twenty-one, inland shooting on the golden plover was a thing of the past in that part of New Jersey where I was raised. It seemed to run out very suddenly and in three or four years the birds became so scarce as not to be worth hunting. But when I was a boy there was little sport more interesting or more certain to be rewarded with a good bag than the shooting on this bird when he visited the plowed fields in the fall.

The golden plover made himself especially attractive too, by filling a serious gap in the shooting. The mellow twitter of the woodcock had died away in the swamp, while the sharper whistle of his more full-feathered wing was not yet heard along the sapling-covered hillside. Bob White was yet too small and the hare had not left the thickets and gone to the open where there was a better chance to find him. The dove, too, was rising but rarely from the blue masses of the bugloss, the pure penetrating note of the upland plover had died away along the sky, and his charming presence had betaken itself you knew not where. Nor was the whizzing wing of the wild duck yet seen along the shore nor the "scape" of the snipe heard in the meadow, nor was the obstreperous wing of the ruffed grouse yet ready to be clipped in the tangled brake.

This plover was known inland for only about three or four weeks of the year. The fringe gentian had not yet closed its blue, the reddish hue of the sorrel still tinged the slopes, the blue and white of the morning glory still lingered in the pastures, and sheets of flame were curling around the head of the maple, when the plover came to visit the freshly plowed fields of autumn.

"Rainbirds," "snipes," "plubbers" and other names they were called by the country folks, and when September rains had thoroughly soaked the fields that were plowed for the winter wheat, they often came in great numbers. High in the air they came, at first in long strings and wedge-shaped masses, now in a crescent with the horns forward, now in the same with the horns turned backward. Over the distant rim of woods he came where the hickory and the chestnut were yellowing, over the outskirts of the wood where blue was creeping over the flattened berries of the blackhaw and the gold of the highholder gleaming among the scarlet leaves of the gum tree whose berries he was watching for their ripening.

He came with soft, thrilling whistle, that seemed to ripple over from his throat whether swinging high above the hill top where saddening tints were creeping over the oaks, or fanning the air with wings that seemed only to tremble with speed above the fragrant buckwheat fields, or skimming low along the top of the corn where the pumpkins were yellowing among the rows. Gamy, too, he seemed in his robe of black and brown and gray, dotted with gold and white. Fat and sleek he was, too, and when he reached the earth you had something well worth picking up. It was believed that he came from the coast and was "driven in" by the storm; though why he should be driven in by anything it was hard to divine. For he evidently rejoiced in the rain, and when it was driving so hard against the windows that we could hardly see anything else, we could see the dark lines rising above the horizon and skimming the plowed fields as gaily as if rain were their natural element.

It used to be thought that the birds came for the worms turned up by the plow. This was rather a violent theory, but the fact remains that the freshly plowed fields were their favorite feeding grounds during the rain and after the rain and until they left the country.

It was along the edge of such fields that we made a blind under the still green and fragrant branches perhaps of some sassafras or wild cherry, or perhaps in a clump of fast reddening blackberry bushes in the corner. Nothing very scientific was required, and a few cornstalks or tumble weeds often served our purpose well. Some 20yds. out in the field from this were set the decoys. Decoys were necessary for real good sport with this bird, though occasionally some country lout with an old single-barreled bit of pot metal having as much fit and balance as a garden rake with a brick hung on the end, but with plenty of patience in hugging a fence corner all day, made a very fair bag. We used to say he suffocated his birds with his vile powder. He used to chuckle over his string and tell us our guns cost too much money, that we put on too many airs and had too much toggery. He used to swear that hornets' nest made better wadding than cut wads and that our caps were too fancy, and that the G. D. was the thing to kill. We had to stand this sometimes, but generally the good success was all our way, and the next year found him using decoys.

Decoys could at that time be bought in New York and were good imitations of the plover. But when we had none we used to use dead birds propped up with sticks and often used these to supplement the stock of artificial ones. Without a few artificial ones it was often hard to get a start with a few dead ones and involved much tiresome waiting, for when the birds were flying with nothing to guide them to any particular spot, you might wait long before any came close enough, though many were flying.

The decoys set, the whistle was next brought out, and the tender trilling call of the birds imitated as soon as a flock came in sight. This was a common whistle with a dried pea rattling about below the air vent and made a very good call.

Sometimes a flock three or four hundred yards and more away would swerve on the instant and come straight to the decoys almost from the first note of the whistle, although other birds were in the air calling or out in the middle of the field. There was nothing to do but have patience and keep tolerably well hidden and play gently with the whistle. Before long with wings hazy with speed they bore down upon you, answering your whistle with their soft notes, so many of them at once that from a large flock it came like the tremolo of some sweet organ pipe. They used to look so sweet and so artless as they came on and twittered in such touching tones that it would now give me some compunctions of conscience to shoot at them. But when I was a boy I felt they deserved all the bad treatment they got, for they came so seldom and made such a short stay and seemed so smart about keeping out of the way.

When they massed up a little in air and set their wings to slide down to the decoys then was the critical time with a young shot. Sometimes I could not wait but had to shoot prematurely, to see the whole flock sheer and rise with perhaps one whirling over to the ground. And sometimes I was so excited that I could not get what seemed a good enough aim until they were past and almost out of good reach. And sometimes my finger used to balk on the trigger and refuse to pull it when I had a good aim. Then, too, was the fact that farmer Squizzle's bumpkin was lying along the same fence with a revolutionary relic which was liable to belch villainous odors if anything came within 200yds. of it, and spoil a shot for me. The Reverend Simon Snoodle, too, the village preacher, had strolled out with his old musket that had not been fired since he shot his annual rabbit the winter before in a rail heap back of his house, and firm in the faith that his gun would "kill at 100yds.," a thing that all decent guns were supposed to do as a matter of course in those days, he might shoot from across the field at the very flock at which I was raising the gun. But when the gun was held right, three, four and sometimes half a dozen birds came whirling and gyrating to the ground together.

How pretty they looked in their soft combinations of gamy colors with black feet and bills and white stripe over the eye, and brownish tails barred with gray. And how gamy they looked even in air as they wheeled in the sun and let the light flash on their glossy black and sped twittering away. What wonder that we hastened out sometimes before the storm had fairly cleared away and shivered in the wet grass till late in the evening.

But the storm has gone at last and the sunlight streams mellow from a clear sky. Bright are the purple and orange of the meadow beauty that is lingering beyond its time, the pale blue corolla of the lobelia, the yellow disk and blue or purple rays of the aster shine afar across the pastures where the golden rod and other members of the great host of the compositæ are still tinging the land with a background of gold, and the birds are more plenty and numerous than ever. No longer do you have to watch for specks on the horizon or over the nearer wood where the butternut is yellowing by the creek or the chelone still rears its snake-like head in a corolla of white and red. Low down they come over the fences and the hedges, almost brushing the paling crown of the alder or the scarlet and flame-colored mass of the sumac, and making the sombre head of the red cedar seem bright with their presence as they whistle so softly past it.

Over the fence across the field comes another line of little dark bodies with wings quivering with speed on each side, and at the roar of a gun from among the white glistening scales of the everlasting along the fence, three come tumbling somersault to earth, while the rest radiate out in lines like a fan, and then grouping up in a black mass, rise higher and spin away for the next field. The birds you were so confidently expecting a shot at take the alarm and bear off, too. But you have not long to wait, for from over the corn not far away another line of dark spots is bearing down upon you. And just as it bends to your whistle and each dark bill seems set toward your decoys, out from among the red berries of the wild rose along another fence leaps another sheet of flame too far off for anything but to spoil another shot for you.

But there seems nothing to do but to stay here, for the birds seem to admire this particular field. If you should go away you might not find as good a one, and if you did some of your rural friends would follow you; for this was about as well established a custom in those days as for one boy to crowd up and drop his line into the same hole where another was pulling out more chubs and sunfish. I have seen a dozen guns around one twenty-acre field, and yet it would not pay to leave it unless to leave the neighborhood entirely. And if you did you might find nothing, for the plover had favorite places, and the greater part of the country they ignored entirely though the conditions seemed the same.

But your patience is soon rewarded, and another flock, turning to your whistle, comes spinning down toward the decoys. It runs the gauntlet of the other guns without drawing their fire, and stringing out in a crescent bears down with one end toward you. A whirl and a flutter and a medley of black, gray and brown with white and golden spots follows the report of the first barrel, and as the flock rises and sheers it bunches up toward you again, so that at the report of the second barrel it seems almost to rain plover. T. S. VAN DYKE.

### Ohio Small Game.

CADIZ, O., Nov. 10.—The opening season was ushered in with a light fall of snow, but notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather many of our local gunners were out to try their luck, but I did not hear of any large bags being secured. The writer was out with his merry little pack of beagles and had a grand day's sport with the cottontails, bagging five and having several exciting runs, which ended by Mollie going to earth. Quail and grouse are very scarce this season; only saw two of the former, which got up together and one of which was brought to bag by my second barrel. I was also fortunate in bagging a fine large male grouse, which the beagles flushed while working on the cold trail of a cottontail, and I would have had trouble in finding it if Dandy and Rover (the old reliables) had not come to my assistance, as it was only winged and had run quite a distance from where I had marked it down; and when the dogs came up it took refuge by flopping into the middle of a creek, where it was floating when I came upon the scene, just as the dogs were going into the water after it. I was out again on the following day and bagged four cottontails and three quail. Game of all kinds is not so plenty as in former years. S. C. G.

### Cold Barrel Shooting.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—In your issue of Nov. 10 I noticed an item regarding cold barrels. I have found the same to be true in rifle shooting. In U. S. Army rifle competition the riflemen take pains to keep their rifles warm, sometimes firing a few rounds of blank cartridge before going to the firing point. R. H. W.

## BEAR HUNTING IN NEW MEXICO.

NEW MEXICO, October, 1892.—This year I have confined myself mostly to trapping, for, thinking it might be my last trip for a while, I was anxious to obtain all the fur I could. The best part of the year (April and May) was lost owing to the illness of a friend, whom I nursed through what I believe to have been a bad case of la grippe, although I am no doctor, neither was there any near. As might be expected from traps, not a great deal of actual sport fell to our lot, but such as it has been I am ready to narrate for the benefit of others who may be making for New Mexico.

On May 28, 1892, we camped at the Puerco Espin or Porcupine. In the previous year this country had been overrun with bears, but they had all gone or been killed, and after having traps out till June 7, with no effect barring that one small black bear had got into and out of a trap, we moved to the vallés (valleys) where there is a pretty little river full of trout, some growing over one pound, fishermen say they grow over two pounds, but these I have not seen. There are also hot sulphur springs to which many invalids resort from Santa Fé, Albuquerque and other cities. Here we stayed till the 12th, catching muskrats, bathing, shooting ducks and fishing.

Our next camp was at the Calabaza (Squash) Cañon. Here bears had evidently been plenty, but the sign was mostly two and three days old. Two traps were sprung though nothing killed except a wildcat. On the 22d we started and on the 23d camped at the Cebolla (Onion) Cañon. Here things looked brighter. During the night a gun was fired close to the camp, and the morning disclosed to our anxious gaze a large black bear shot through the head and dead as mutton. So we had come to the 24th of June before getting any bear. However, I felt sure the tables would turn soon, and so they did, for on the 25th a cinnamon was trapped and duly brought into camp; two more traps had also been tampered with but failed to act. On the 26th a cinnamon was shot, and on the 29th another large male cinnamon was killed and the body left at the gun. The next day a man was sent to fetch it, and found it half eaten by a big black bear, which fell a victim to the same gun on the 1st of July. On the 3d a big she silvertip was successfully trapped, and on the 5th I killed an enormous male cinnamon. This bear bit the muzzle of the gun, a 12-bore Riley shotgun, and crumpled it up like paper.

Nothing more happened till the 12th, when we moved to the Piedras Négras (Black Stones). Here were two large dirty-looking rocks, standing by themselves in the center of a sheep-eaten valley, surrounded by towering peaks covered with black-looking pine trees, the monotony of which was broken by patches of quaking asp of an emerald green hue. On the 16th a bear went over the back of the pen where a trap was fixed (an old trick), took the meat and skedaddled. On the 17th I had intended to go and watch a trail, where I had recently seen a big bear track, about half a mile from camp; but "worse luck to it," a lazy fit took me, and I sent an Indian. He had been gone but a few minutes when three shots were heard in quick succession, followed by a triumphant yell, as of glee. Then I straddled a burro and started to fetch the game. On arriving there I found Andrés, who had just posted himself behind a tree to wait events, when he heard something coming up the cañon, and was not a little astonished to see a huge brown bear appear on the brow of the hill about ten yards from him. He fired, striking the side of its head. This knocked the bear down, but he was soon on his legs again, and making a dash at Andrés, who had mighty little time to put a bullet through his heart, which, however, he succeeded in doing. The third shot was fired just to make sure there was no kick coming.

On the 19th I rode to the Senorita Cañon, about fifteen miles, where we found huckleberries, raspberries, gooseberries, ground mulberries, and loads of unripe cherries and acorns, also plenty of fresh sign. On my return next day I found two bears had been to the traps, and one, a cinnamon, had been killed. At about 10 A. M. on the 22d I strolled out to the trail before mentioned, where two traps were now set. Not expecting to see anything, I did not even take any extra cartridges, having three in my gun. I saw the traps, and then thought I would take a short circular walk home. Coming to the summit of a ridge, I heard a branch crack, and looking over spied a cinnamon bear, sitting bolt upright, staring at me. There were two others jumping about her, one jet black and the other brown. A "Highland gathering," thought I, as recollections of Oban and Inverness, and of big burly Highlanders with their legs all covered with hair—some black, some cinnamon, and others, well, silvertip—flitted through my brain.

But away with imagination; I must look to practical business, and that right quickly. I did not at first take in the fact that the other two were cubs, for the grass and ferns were very high and I could only see them now and then, and could not move my eyes from the old lady, who went down on all-fours, still facing me, probably at a distance of 15yds. Taking steady aim I fired at her forehead. She fell, but scrambled up again, and instead of making for me, which I expected she would do, bolted like a streak with a second bullet from my express in her leg, leaving her cubs to shift for themselves, which they did, promptly enough. The black one scooted up the nearest tree, and the brown one disappeared in the scrub in double-quick time. I had one cartridge left and with it brought down the cub, who let out a dying yell that caused mamma to stop in her insane gallop through the woods and answer her lost child. Just about this time it struck me I had no more cartridges and no more business in the locality. Picking up my cub I departed for camp, taking many a glance back and trying to stretch my ears to catch the faintest sound in case the old vixen might follow, but she did not, and I soon arrived safe at home, where I at once had three horses saddled, and left with the hounds, one Mexican and M., my companion, giving orders to my cook that any one who might return from hunting should follow immediately, as I contemplated a split with the hounds and required all hands, knowing that the she bear and cubs had taken separate directions. The dogs, however, when turned loose, insisted on following the track of the latter, and after a sharp little gallop through shin oak, cedar and pine, down a steep hill and up a very rough cañon, they treed him within 20ft. of the spot where I first disturbed the family gathering at their feast of berries. M. and I dismounted and watched him for a few minutes while our horses recovered their breath, after which he was brought to bag.

It was now getting late, but notwithstanding I put the hounds on the trail of the old one, and off we went again. She had too long a start, however, and we could not keep up with the dogs through such dense timber, so after galloping about six miles we gave it up and returned. The dogs did not come back till midnight. So ended the 22d. On the 23d a cinnamon was trapped and shot. On the 29th all traps were taken up and the dogs turned loose in the Pedras Negras Cañon to work their wicked will on the first bear they came across.

They scented one from afar and instantly set up a roar, rushing off at full speed with heads and tails held high. They raced up and down this big rough valley for the best part of an hour, during which time I never moved from the spot where they were loosed, for I was saving my horse and could locate them far better from above than the men who went with them trying to follow close. When I was satisfied that they had treed I led my horse quietly down the almost perpendicular sides to where bruin was lying dead, just shot by one of the men, whose horses were blowing like grampuses. This turned out to be the she bear of the 22d. My first shot had cut a strip about ten inches long from the center of her back, and the copper tube of the second bullet was found in her leg. My excuse for these bad shots is that the front sight of my rifle was broken.

On Monday, July 1, we had a very long run after a silvertip. They never tree, and I think this one must have gone to Arizona. Soon we lost the dogs and came home to feed. The repast over, I sent men to the tops of the surrounding hills to listen for the dogs. One of the boys had walked up a she silvertip and two cubs. He missed the old bear two or three times, but killed a male silvertip cub with as pretty a fur as I ever saw.

On the 5th we moved to Senorita Cañon. Here I got a touch of poison ivy, and should have been badly off but for some remedies I cut out of FOREST AND STREAM a long time ago. I applied salt and saltpeter, of which I had plenty on hand for corning meat. For about three weeks I had an ungovernable desire to tear myself to pieces and then I recovered.

On the 11th a brown bear and a porcupine were trapped, and then a big sheep dog, which gave us no end of trouble, but we got him out safely, and glad enough he was to skip out of that country. On the 12th another brown bear was brought in, and on the 13th we killed a cinnamon and a wildcat.

On the 15th a bear came to the trap, pulled the pen to pieces, took the bait, and walked off. The same aggravating beast came again on the 16th, with like result. On the 18th a large beast (too large for a seventeen-pound trap) got in and out again, leaving a little fur to show his color. Another bear pulled off a set-gun and escaped. On the 19th we killed a yearling and a big bear, both brown, and a skunk. On the 20th a brown cub was brought in, and on the 23d a magnificent old male silvertip, with pure white neck, who had been known to the miners and Mexicans for years by the soubriquet of "Jumbo:" he had several old bullet wounds and considerable lead in him.

On the 25th the bait was taken from the trap, and on the 27th the meat was eaten off two guns which had got damp, and another bear got into and out of a trap. On the 28th a man came back from his line, early, reporting the escape of a wounded bear and a fresh lion track in the road, the latter beast having been seen in the morning by two lumbermen. I decided, however, to hunt the bear first, so sent one man to lift the traps and guns on that side of the range, and took another with me, turning the hounds loose near the discharged gun. This bear had two cubs with her, and either she fooled the dogs or else they ran another one. Anyway, I got disgusted, and started to return with Bulger and Tiger, two half-bred dogs, who had likewise given up the chase. Now came the fun. As we were riding casually along the narrow mesa, overlooking deep cañons of Nacimiento (Birthplace) on one side and Senorita on the other, two dogs threw up their heads and trotted to the the brink of the Nacimiento; then they went down, and in a few minutes the cañon was ringing again with frantic yells of the hounds and the barring noise of cubs. We dismounted at once and walked down about one hundred yards, when I spied a cub in a cedar tree. A ball from my rifle soon settled him, and I sent another after the old lady as I caught a fleeting glimpse of her on the ground fighting the dogs. All moved on now some hundred yards more, where the other cub was treed. This one was shot by my companion, and on we went, this time very cautiously, for the bear was near and the brush so dense as to make traveling very difficult.

When we arrived in sight of the dogs we found that my bullet had found the right place, and she was lying dead in a little ditch. As quickly as possible we removed the hides, and hung up the meat, and returned to our horses, who after a slight remonstrance were packed with the skins. Telling the Mexican to hunt up the missing dogs I returned to camp. During supper, my cook remarked that she could hear the horn blowing, and going to the top of the hill, I could hear from far away down in the bed of the river, quite two miles off, the baying of the pack, while from the mesa above the frantic blowing of a horn was plainly audible. Lanterns were lit and off we went, two Mexicans and myself, this time on foot, as riding through oak brush at night is not safe for shins or eyes. We had made about half the way, when we met the other man, who had descended into the cañon, in hopes of calling off the dogs, for they had run their bear into a trap. We soon located him by the noise, but in such a place! Down in a cañon as black as ink, in a perfect network of brush, probably 20ft. below us, could be easily distinguished the hog-like blowing, grunting, panting and puffing of old bruin in his desperate attempts to escape; these sounds, combined with the delighted yowling of eight long-eared hounds, completed the pandemonium. After firing a few random shots, we caught the dogs and retired for the night.

Next morning, M., I and a Mexican, started on horseback for our bear, while the others went their daily rounds to look after and reset traps. On arriving at the place we left the night before, we found he had moved out and gone up the hill. Next we discovered the log that had been attached to the trap all chewed up and discarded. It was no use going further, for a bear simply takes a 17lbs. trap (without a log) under his arm and trots off with it as if nothing were the matter, so we sat down, and sent Lucero, the Mexican, back for the dogs. When they arrived, I turned them loose, and in a few minutes more they had him. But here it became too rough to ride, so we dismounted and tying our horses started to climb the rocks in hot pursuit. We were somewhat blown, not being accustomed to this sort of fun, but struggled on bravely enough.

The Mexican, who was still mounted, took a wrong direction, and soon there was a huge dyke between us. As I had anticipated, the bear (a very large black male) took along our side of the ditch, and came in sight about 80yds. off on the opposite side of a hollow filled with dense oak from 8 to 12ft. high. On catching sight of him I fired and missed, and fired again, this time he faced around and charged down the hill into the hollow, making a bee line for us. Suddenly all was still, then from the brush came two or three great roars or groans, and the dogs began to yell again; another calm and I decided to go in after him, which M. and I did and found him dead, while the dogs were earnestly endeavoring to tear a hole in his hide and secure a hot lunch. He was the largest bear I ever took with a 17lbs. trap. While we were resting "crack, whiz," and a bullet flew over my head, and looking up, there was Lucero above us on a very pointed rock, floundering about in vain efforts to find us, for we were hidden by oak. I yelled out to know what he shot at, but being as deaf as a post he could hear nothing. Shortly after that he came down, and told us his rifle had gone off by accident.

There was lots of fun in this hunt, but I do not think either of us were sorry when it came to an end, for it is tedious work climbing these rocks as fast as you can, on a warm day in the month of August, at an altitude of over 9,000ft. On the 31st the traps were taken up. A bear had been to one of them, so we took dogs and turned loose on trail in the Mesa Nacimiento again. They found at once, and fighting bayed for about five minutes, but not time enough for us to get down to them, and Mr. Bear being a silvertip was not going up a tree, but made a sudden burst down the cañon two or three miles like a streak of lightning. We followed as fast as we could, but lost him in crossing from one side to the other. They must have run him a very long way, for it was six days before I got all my pups back. Until the 6th of September was spent chiefly in hunting dogs. On the 8th we moved again, camped one night at Piedras Negras, and the next at the "Valleys," where I caught about 150 fair trout and a coyote.

On the 12th we camped above the Polvedero, our old winter quarters, and on the 14th we went down into the Chama Valley, crossed the river and camped in Copper Cañon. Next day a move was made up the opposite range and late at night we found ourselves at "Julie's grave" (one of my hounds who was killed by a bear in 1890). Here the trout are somewhat small, but found in countless numbers, having a peculiarly good flavor and being indefinitely superior to their relations on the opposite range. On the 17th we set traps for mink and beaver, sent the men out to hunt bear tracks, and shot a coyote as he was crawling off with a lamb.

Finding very little here we moved on the 19th to a camp about eight miles away called the "Lagoonas." On the 12th we ran the dogs, but the trail was old and the ground very dry. One dog, however, while separated from the rest, found a bear and ran it all day, taking the men through a country full of fresh tracks, so on the following day I set out traps, but never a bear came near there again, and on the 28th I was compelled to lift them. We have no grass in this camp and much valuable time has been spent in hunting stock.

To-day is the first of October, bears have been located again, but a long way from grass and water. The drought has lasted so many days that scent will scarcely lie at all, however, I will let you hear what luck attends us. E. and S., formerly in my camp, now on the Brazos, have killed five bears, but report trout fishing poor. The Brazos fishing was seriously damaged by spring floods in 1890, when the river altered its course, making it difficult for the large fish to get up. My friends have only captured two "busters" this month, one of 3¾lbs. and the other 3½lbs. A few years ago I stood at one small pool and took out 11, averaging 2½lbs. I also hooked and lost many others, my friend had abstracted seven similar fish from the same pool on the previous day. That was piscatorial sport, I think.

A. P. F. COAPE.

## THE CUVIER BANQUET.

GAME in season. And appetites up to the requirements of the season. Such were the conditions that combined to make the Cuvier Club dinner last evening most enjoyable.

The large room of the famous club was given up to the tables and their occupants, and the latter were men of whom the patrons of the *Commercial Gazette* are accustomed to read. Of the hundreds who came to partake of the rich and palatable feast of game, with just enough of the other things to relieve monotony and make up one of the most appetizing menus ever presented, there were very few of whom the ci izens of Cincinnati have not heard in one capacity or other. Men who have represented the people in judicial and legislative and executive capacities were present; there were judges from the bench, city officials in present enjoyment of office, and several of whom the result of the late election entitle to official distinction.

There were men prominent in business and commercial life; men who have no part or interest in political life, but who bear their full share in the good fellowship that gives the charm to every-day existence. It was a "stag" gathering, and in that particular it stands forth conspicuous among the excellent annual dinners of the famous organization, for generally the ladies of the members have had their share of the good things set out for the annual celebration.

There were lots of these good things. Of course, the feature of the menu was the game, and this was abundant, had been gathered just in the ripeness of time, and was cooked in the perfection of kitchen art and to the full satisfaction of the most epicurean taste. There is no use talking—you never tasted such salmon, snipe, quail, venison and duck—it seemed they had lived with the Cuvier Club dinner in view, and wanted to make as good an impression in death as possible. They did all that could have been asked of them. They could not have done more. They seem to have fully appreciated what the club has done in protecting them against the ravages

of wanton hunters by enforcing observance of the seasons.

Among the guests of the club were C. C. Turn, Samuel R. Smith and Richard Morris, of Frankfort, Ky., who were cordially welcomed for the aid they have given the club in many ways.

Other guests of the club were Capt. Ed Taylor and John Collender, of the Wyandotte Fishing Club, of Columbus, O. These latter, like the gentlemen from Frankfort, have rendered the Cuvier valuable aid in furthering legislation in the interest of the preservation of game and the regulation of the season for gathering it.

The banquet committee consisted of H. H. Tinker, Lee R. Keck and Lowe Emerson, and the house committee of Luther Parker, John Egan and Alex Lewis. No one of these gentlemen had been lax in his duties, as the success of the entertainment showed. Besides these there was a reception committee made up of a large number of members, who divided the obligations of the evening in reliefs. —*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, Nov 17.*

## A BOSTON GAME REPORT.

BOSTON, Nov. 19.—The number of deer being taken in the Maine woods this fall is something remarkable. It is safe to estimate that more than 100 have already come to Boston; the results of the skill of sportsmen who have been to that State in the open season, and have generally taken their game honestly. At the Boston and Maine railroad stations I learn that they are coming every day, and have been since the first of October. At the steamers the report is the same. A gentleman well acquainted in Lowell, Mass., tells me that he knows of over 30 Maine deer that have been brought to that city by sportsmen this fall. A Franklin county, Me., newspaper says that fully 100 deer have been taken in that county since the open season begun. In the Machias district, and up through to Wesley, the number of deer shot has been simply marvelous. In the Megantic region the number is large. What a field of sport this is! It is all the result of protection, the great features of which are non-hounding and non-crusting. Both these methods may be practiced in some instances, but the fines are too great and the game wardens too vigilant to permit of the general destruction that would result, were these laws repealed.

Mr. Charles H. Glover, proprietor of the restaurant at the Boston and Maine railway station, in Boston, is a happy hunter. He has just got back from a hunting trip into the Maine woods. He had the good fortune to shoot two handsome deer, one of which he brought home. His party was made up of two Lowell gentlemen, besides himself; Mr. W. T. Patten, and Mr. O. H. Dexter. They went first to St. Stephen, then across to Calais, and up to Grand Lake. Their hunting was done in the vicinity of Clifford Lake, which is some four or five miles from Grand Lake. They hunted on the hills in the neighborhood of beech trees. The deer came for the beechnuts. Mr. Glover speaks in glowing terms of still-hunting for deer. The work he pronounces extremely fascinating. "You approach a beech grove, silently as possible, and towards the wind. Suddenly you see a beautiful deer. You make the slightest noise, and he is up and away. But the deer in that section will stand approaching within easy gunshot, if you go still enough." This party got eight deer in all. One monster buck weighed 221 pounds with all the entrails out.

Mr. H. Walter Pinkham is another successful hunter, who has been into the Maine woods. Besides Mr. Pinkham the party was composed of D. P. Power, H. Osgood, Geo. H. Sullaway, of Boston, and Fred H. Holmes of Belfast, Me. They visited the wilds of Wesley, the town where the two game wardens were murdered several years ago. They had great success. They took 75 partridges, three ducks, two deer and a fawn. This latter they secured alive, and it is now on exhibition at Pinkham's market, on Dudley street in Boston. It is a handsome fellow, a little buck, about five months old. It is already very tame, though it has been out of the woods not many days. How in the world they caught it alive, the hunters have not yet explained. They only say that "the mother was shot, and this one hung around;" so they caught him.

Mr. E. M. Gillam, already mentioned in the FOREST and STREAM as going to Vineland, N. J., on his vacation, where he met his two brothers, one the sporting editor of the Philadelphia *Record* and the writer of the celebrated advertisements of Postmaster-General Wanamaker, has returned to the Boston *Advertiser*. They had "a glorious vacation," hunting a good part of the time. They were on the ground on the first day of the open season on game in that State, November 1st. They secured twenty-three quail the first day, and with the rest of their success they got nearly one hundred quail in all. They also secured a number of rabbits. Hereafter it is possible that Ernest M. will not take a gun when he goes after rabbits. Nature has provided him with a natural weapon of good size. His brother, with his dogs, started a rabbit one day, and it ran directly towards Ernest. The brother shouted for Ernest to "Look out!" There was not time to get his gun into position, and the rabbit running very near, Ernest drew out his foot and "let him have it with a sidewise kick." The rabbit fell dead a rod away. Gillam tells this story on 'Change, and the flour and grain men look at his feet and smile. The Gillam boys did not get any deer, though they trailed a number. Ernest got two snap shots, and he is honest enough to own that he missed them both. One hunter in that section, however, got two deer and a couple of pheasants in one day. The deer they found to be extremely shy; frequently skulking away, even when the hunter was entirely hidden, and skulking so cautiously that they could not be seen. The Gillam boys are much pleased with what protection has done for game in New Jersey, the number of hunters is so great that it is hard for the game supply. SPECIAL.

### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Ieet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

## COLORADO GAME AND FISH.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 14.—It is reported that a band of the Indians from the Uintah Agency in Utah are killing elk, deer and mountain sheep in large numbers in western Colorado. The reports are from cattle men in that part of the country and are apt to be highly colored. They state that the Indians are killing large game by the thousand and take nothing but the hides. The number in the band is placed at 100, but this is in all probability exaggerated. The settlers say Indian Agent Waugh is responsible for this invasion, and hint that he and the Indians have a mutual understanding in regard to the disposition of the hides. The Governor notified the Federal authorities on Saturday, Nov. 12, and asked to have immediate steps taken to return the Indians to their reservation.

Game Warden Land is hard at work preparing his annual report to the Governor. In it he will recommend a number of changes in the existing law. It will be ready about Dec. 1.

Capt. Sedam's new shooting park was thrown open to the public Nov. 13. There was a large crowd of sportsmen there and several lively sweeps at targets were shot. The Captain is an enthusiastic trap-shoter, and has fitted up this place with all the requirements of the art. It is destined to become a very popular resort.

Messrs. Blayney, Haywood, Sibley and McKay, of the Queen City Club, killed 101 ducks at McKay's Lake on Nov. 13.

Mr. George 'Ady, general agent of the Union Pacific Railway, has had 23,000 young trout placed in the Platte River in the cañon. Considering that this stream is very easily reached from Denver, and that a special train for the accommodation of fishermen goes up the cañon every day during the summer, the fishing is very good. If the law in regard to retaining fingerlings was rigidly enforced the fishing in this stream would improve, but at the present time the "trout hog" has it all his own way, and numbers, not size, is the criterion of skill.

The people of the State are beginning to realize that our trout afford a source of revenue, and agitation for due protection is a natural result. I note this in the *Colorado Sun* of Nov. 16?

Probably no man in Colorado has had so good an opportunity to learn the true state of affairs as Mr. Gordon Land, State Fish Commissioner. It has not only been his official duty, but his personal pleasure to study the situation from every standpoint, and when he speaks, he does so advisedly.

"The supply of fish in Colorado streams," said he, "is growing less every year, in spite of the fact that hundreds of young fish are yearly distributed from the State and national hatcheries.

"In the first place, the number of fishermen who line the banks of Colorado streams during the summer months is something wonderful. I do not think that there is a great amount of fishing by illegal methods, but the numbers of rods and lines to be seen along the banks must convince anyone that the daily catch through the season is enormous.

"In one point I think the law might be changed to advantage, regarding the catching of trout. The present law allows trout fishing as early as May 1. This is about the time they begin to spawn. The spawning season usually continues about six weeks. During this time the fish seek the riffles. When the spawning is over they are very hungry and take bait voraciously. They are thus caught in great numbers.

"At this time they are so lean and soft as to be unfit for food, but many persons seem to be unaware of this, and the places where the fish congregate for spawning are lined with fishermen. The fish should be protected by law at this time.

"Many mountain streams that never had fish in them before have been stocked from the State hatcheries, and in every instance the fish have shown remarkable growth, but in most cases they have not been allowed to live long enough to attain a very great size. The fisherman comes before they are large enough to make a decent fry and carries them off.

"Colorado's fishing is one of her greatest attractions, and it should not only be properly protected by law, but the State should appropriate more money toward fostering it. Nature cannot be relied upon to keep up the supply, and the State should pay more attention to it. To lose her reputation with the fishermen of the East would by a calamity to Colorado."

TESEEBY.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 18.—One often has occasion to wonder why, in the many mistakes made by compositors and proof readers, the victim of the error always gets the worst of it, and never has his meaning or his method improved. In my copy for the issue of Nov. 10 I said, or meant to say, in regard to a Kansas quail shoot, that I left "regretting not more, certainly, to leave the shooting than to leave my friends." Inasmuch as I was quite indebted to my Kansas friends for the shooting, and inasmuch as I do not care to be publicly ungentlemanly, not to say ungenerous, I was somewhat horrified to see the types coldly and calmly announce that I left "regretting more, certainly, to leave the shooting than to leave my friends." Even the most callous newspaper writer could not let such mishandling pass without protest, for the offense is not to the writer but to others.

This morning telegraphic communication between this point and St. Paul was made by way of Denver, Ogden and Helena. The direct lines were blown down by the blizzard of last night. Nashville and Memphis, Tenn., communicated via Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and back through Chattanoogo. So it may be seen that the storm was general. In fact, it was worse south of here than west. This is the third bad storm of this fall, and it probably cleans up what little laggard flight of wildfowl there may have been left this week along this latitude. The late mallard shooting, which has been so good this fall, is now ended, unless a few birds remain holding to the heavily timbered streams.

The second blizzard, that of Nov. 7, was general throughout the entire West and Northwest, and the heavy snow that fell then would have been bad for the game birds had it not gone off quickly. The first hard storm was over two weeks ago, and not severe as these later ones. So far as can be learned, the quail crop will not be seriously cut up by any of these early winter entertainments.

Swan Lake Club and the open waters of Lake Senachwine have afforded good shooting within the past two weeks. Eddie Steck bagged over fifty birds, about half mallards, on Senachwine last week. Mr. John Earll bagged ninety, mainly mallards, on Swan Lake, two weeks ago, and at that time other Swan Lake men had heavy shooting. It is reported that Mr. Ed. Hunter bagged eighty-seven mallards on this water one day, and seventy-odd the next day, but as to this I do not have particulars or confirmation. Certainly the shooting there has been good. Walter Dupee yesterday said that he had word of a bag of eighty, mostly greenwing teal, on Swan Lake this week, but as to this also details are meager.

On the Kankakee, on Mak-saw-ba Club grounds, Dr. Norris, Mr. Shedder and two others one day last week killed eighty-four ducks, mostly mallards, and Mr. W. H. Haskell and Mr. Joel Kinney have continued in their good shooting at that point.

Mr. C. B. Dicks and Mr. Geo Holden left three days ago for a floating trip after mallards along the Kankakee. They will float over 100 miles of the river, starting from Mak-saw-ba Club, at Davis, Ind. The weather has been cold since they left, but whether they found conditions favorable or not can not yet be told. To make mallard shooting in this style most successful, the marsh must be frozen up, the stream in the timber open, and the weather rough and blustery. Granted these conditions, and no sort of duck shooting is more intesting and exciting.

Having been much out of town of late, I missed an invitation from Mr. W. Y. Wentworth, of Ft. Atkinson, Wis., to come up to shoot canvasback on Lake Koshkonong. Under date of Nov. 2 Mr. Wentworth said: "Every appearance is good for fair canvas shooting for the next ten days. Come up if you can. Governor Peck bagged eighteen birds yesterday, ten canvas, four redhead and four bluebills."

The present cold snap came too late for one unfortunate whose young eyes should have opened in a still colder clime. The little Esquimaux baby, Columbia Manak, born at the World's Fair grounds the first of the month, died about a week ago. The little one, so say the city news columns, was the pride of the Esquimaux colony, and her death is much mourned.

### A Judicial Quail Hunt.

Last week there went afield at Winamac, Ind., a party of grave and reverend seniors which included no less than four judges of the bench. These were Judge Dykeman, of Winamac, Judge Burson, of the same town, Judge Winfield, of Logansport, and Judge Johnson, of Chicago. Mr. F. C. Donald, vice-chairman of the Central Traffic Association, of Chicago, was along to add dignity to the occasion, and according to his story this was needful, for the judicial gravity was not very sternly observed after the shooting began. The party hunted over the grounds of Judge Dykeman, about a section of land in one body. Twelve bevies were put up and nineteen birds bagged, Mr. Donald getting 9. The cover was so dense the dogs could hardly work and shooting was next to impossible. I think that under the circumstances Mr. Donald has fully earned the right to be called "judge" also. It would be a shame to break the sequence. But if five judges go quail hunting and one judge kills nine quail, how many quail do the other four judges kill apiece, I wonder? I wonder, also, if five judges go hunting and one judge says, "How about that, Judge?" How many judges would say, "I don't mind?"

### Plenty of Quail.

Quail are abundant enough in Indiana, and nearly all of the Chicago quail parties there have been successful. Messrs. L. M. Hamline, C. B. Dicks and F. A. Place were at Warsaw, Ind., four days of last week, and averaged a good bag daily, their highest being 56. It would seem that about Marion, Ind., the birds are even more plentiful. A recent letter from a gentleman of Marion to a friend in Chicago has the following apologetic tone for a bag of "only 75:"

In regard to that contemplated quail slaughtering expedition of your friends, I spoke to Mr. B., who escorted the party out yesterday, and he stated that it would be useless to go out again before we had a good rain. The party yesterday only got 75; it was so dry the dogs would walk right over a covey without seeing them. As soon as it rains I will wire Mr. D., and if he can make it convenient to come Mr. B. and Mr. H. will take him or other friends of yours out for a couple of days. I feel confident that they will show them a good time. Bring no dogs; plenty good ones there.

Messrs. Oswald Von Lengerke and Charles Antoine, who pull together in the sporting goods trade in this city, have been having good shooting this fall along the line of the Chicago & Erie road, near Newton, Ora, and other points. On Oct. 15 and 16 they bagged 24 quail and 1 ruffed grouse. A week later they got 33 quail, and a week later still, 40, and then again 20. One day last week Mr. Antoine alone bagged 27, the two together bagged 38, and the day following Mr. Von Lengerke bagged 21. On Oct. 21 Mr. Von Lengerke was out with Italian Joe, inside the city limits, between Calumet Lake and South Chicago, and they bagged 36 jacksnipe and 6 ducks, 3 of the latter mallards. On the next day Joe and Mr. Antoine got 41 jacksnipe on the same grounds. This has been a great year for birds of all sorts.

Mr. Ernest Detmold, of the big New York house of Von Lengerke & Detmold, is in Chicago this week, naturally much with the younger firm here of Von Lengerke & Antoine.

Rolla Heikes spent a week in Indiana, shooting a little about Logansport, with a total of 65 quail.

E. HOUGH.

### New Mexico Game Notes.

EDDY, New Mexico, Nov. 12, 1892.—Mr. John Plowman, of this place, went into the Guadalupe Mountains, about 70 miles west, a few days ago, and killed three mountain sheep, the heads of which are now being mounted by a local taxidermist. This taxidermist, by the way, is making up a colletion for exibition at the World's Fair. He has mounted, thus far, good specimens of elk, black bear, mule deer, and several small quadrupeds. He has sent a hunting party into the Staked Plains, about 40 miles east of here, after Virginia deer and peccaries.

The quail season is now open and the game is plentiful. Several good bags have been made during the past few days. Ducks are coming in and will winter on the Pecos River. A few flocks of geese and brant have also been seen. War on the jack rabbits has begun and will be continued throughout the winter and until the weather becomes too warm for hunting, next summer.

G. O. SHIELDS.

### North Carolina Quail.

REIDSVILLE, N. C., Nov. 16.—This is one of the best hunting localities that I know of. There are more birds this season than usual. Good accommodations for visiting sportsmen. W. R. VICKERS.

## THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THE Executive Committee of the New York State Sportsmen's Association held its quarterly meeting in Syracuse last Thursday, Nov. 17. The delegates met in the spacious assembly room generously put at their disposal by Messrs. Averill & Gregory, proprietors of the Yates, the new and handsomely appointed hotel of which Syracuse is justly proud. In attendance, interest and prevailing spirit the meeting, which was the first under the June constitution, more than fulfilled the anticipation of those who had been most active in putting the Association on the new basis. The president, Charles B. Reynolds, of FOREST AND STREAM, was in the chair, with John B. Sage, of Buffalo, secretary. The roll call showed that twenty-four clubs were represented by delegates as follows:

Anglers' Association of Onondaga County—Henry Loftie.
Cortland County Sportsmen's Club—A. M. Schermerhorn.
Frankfort Game and Fish Protective Association—C. M. Rich.
Honeoye Falls Gun Club—Aaron Mather.
Leather Stocking Game Club—G. P. Mattison.
Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club—Harry Ayling.
Onndiaga Gun Club—Augustus Martin.
Rochester Rod and Gun Club—W. C. Hadley.
Syracuse Rifle Club—A. A. Stillman.
Spencer Sportsmen's Club—W. S. Gavitt.
Syracuse Gun Club—Henry M. Chase.
Syracuse Indoor Shooting Club—C. H. Mowry.
West End Rod and Gun Club—E. M. Klock.
Glen Haven Fish and Game Protective Association—E. D. Crosley.
Central New York Fish and Game Protective Association—W. S. Gavitt.
Caledonia Rod and Gun Club—James Annin, Jr.
Black River Fish and Game Protective Association—W. E. Wolcott.
Seth Green Club—J. B. Mullen.
Hemlock Lake Association for the Protection of Fish and Game—S. E. Filkins.
Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association—A. Mather.
Cheaper Food Fish Association—F. J. Amsden.
Canandaigua Anglers' Association—Homer J. Reed.
Anglers Association of the St. Lawrence—G. M. Skinner.
Niagara County Anglers' Club—Charles Ripson.
Associate Members—Gen. D. H. Bruce.

In addition to which letters were read from the Monroe County Sportsmen's Association, of Rochester, Poultney Rod and Gun Club, of Poultney, and the Lake Side Gun Club, of Geneva, making a total of twenty-seven.

There were also present by invitation Secretary E. P. Doyle of the Fish Commission, Chief Protector J. Warren Pond, District Protectors Hawn, Northrup, Ripson, Carr, Cotton; H. W. Thompson, secretary of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, Monroe Green and others, to all of whom, on motion of Mr. Amsden, was extended the privilege of the floor. The following letter was read from President Huntington of the Fish Commission:

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF FISHERIES, STATE OF NEW YORK.—NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—*Chas. B. Reynolds, Pres't N. Y. State Ass'n, etc.:* DEAR SIR—Your cordial invitation to attend meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game duly received. Allow me to assure you that it would afford me much pleasure to be present; that I regret exceedingly that it is impossible for me to avail myself of your cordial invitation owing to urgent engagements of an official nature. With my best wishes for the worthy object of the Association, yours truly, L. D. HUNTINGTON.

It was chiefly an experience meeting. The delegates had been asked to come prepared to report on the game and fish interests of their sections; and both sessions were for the most part taken up with such reports, supplemented in the afternoon with some accounts by the protectors of their work. The most encouraging and instructive lesson of the reports by delegates and protectors was that of the intimate relationship and mutual dependence of game protective organizations and the State force. Numerous hearty tributes were paid the several protectors for their faithful performance of duty and efficient activity, and in return Maj. Pond and his force were not wanting in appreciation of the material assistance and co-operation by societies.

The committee voted to recommend to the Association at the next annual meeting, Jan. 12, that the present club dues, a *per capita* tax of 25 cents, be abolished and the dues be fixed at $5 per club per annum. As the funds derived from this source will be insufficient to provide for the work of the Association, it is proposed to invite contributions from clubs and individuals. A Financial Committee to undertake such subscription was appointed, consisting of Messrs. F. J. Amsden, of Rochester, D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse, and H. W. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay.

A Committee on Legislation, to consider all proposed amendments to the law relating to fish and game, was appointed as follows: Walter S. MacGregor, Syracuse (chairman); G. M. Skinner, Clayton; F. J. Amsden, Syracuse; W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; J. S. Van Cleef, Poughkeepsie. The committee will receive and consider suggestions and will make their report thereon to the Association at the annual meeting.

The following resolution was submitted by Mr. Skinner, and after remarks in support of its adoption by Messrs. Doyle, Bruce and Reynolds, was unanimously adopted:

*Whereas*, It is a well known fact that the District Attorney of the city of New York has for two years failed to call the noted "Delmonico woodcock case" to trial, though supplied with unquestioned evidence of guilt, such delay being unnecessary and detrimental to the efforts which are being made for an enforcement of the game laws; therefore,

*Resolved*, That this committee calls upon the Hon. DeLancey Nicoll to forthwith bring such case to trial, and thereby show a willingness if not a desire to enforce the game laws as he would enforce other laws, thereby discharging a duty which he owes to the State.

A collection amounting to $20 was taken for defraying the cost of the stenographic report of the proceedings; and after a fitting vote of thanks to the proprietors of the Yates for their courteous tender of the assembly room, and an appreciative expression of the work of the FOREST AND STREAM as a factor in game and fish protection, the meeting adjourned.

### THE CLUB REPORTS.

Five minute reports were called for on the following points, and a portion of the responses are here given. Owing to a delay in receipt of the others, they must be deferred until our next issue. The entire report will then be reprinted for the Association by the FOREST AND STREAM.

1. What is the actual working of the present law in your section?
2. How is your local game protector performing his duties?
3. How is public sentiment in your locality?
4. What is the condition of hunting and fishing in your locality?
5. Have you any amendments to offer?

#### Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

W. C. HADLEY—As to the actual working of the present law I am totally unable to answer because I shoot but very little in the field. As regards the fishing portion I know nothing at all because I scarcely ever cast a fly. Of course we all take upon ourselves the opportunity of fishing if such an opportunity comes. As far as the game is concerned in Monroe county the Monroe Sportsmen's Association, of which Wm. S. Kimball is president, placed in Monroe county a year ago something over 5,000 quail, and I do not believe it was a success, although the intention was good. I cannot learn that a great many lived, although I have heard of once in a while a few being found.

As far as the game protector officially in Monroe county is concerned I am inclined to think that most of his attention has been directed to fish instead of game. I think perhaps he has devoted more time to that, in fact he has devoted all his time to fish protection. I have never heard of his prosecuting any one for the violation of the game law. As regards taking woodcock, ducks and other game birds out of season, I do know that in Monroe county a person may go to certain first-class restaurants of our lake resorts and purchase game suppers out of season. The fact has been brought to my notice a great many times that in July a person may go to Ontario Beach and purchase game suppers (Ontario Beach being our Coney Island), while up town in the city game suppers can be obtained out of season, yet they do not keep their practice before the public. As I said before, we need a little more game protection in Monroe county, such that it would have our game protected. If our game protector would kindly devote a little more attention to the protection of game certain of us would love to shoot.

I believe that Game Constable Swartz has done his official duty in Monroe county, and as far as I can find out I believe he has done good work in that way.

#### Cortland County Sportsmen's Club.

A. M. SCHERMERHORN—I agree with Mr. Hadley that our local protector's work has been done on fish. People have been shipping birds which is strictly prohibited. Complaints have been made but I do not know that anything has been done about it. The fish are well protected, but the game is not. There never was such a scarcity of game as there is now.

#### Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River.

G. M. SKINNER—The working of the present law has been entirely satisfactory. We have some amendments which we would like to offer at the proper time. We think we have a very efficient protector and that he is doing noble work. We are very glad to have Mr. Northrup as our protector. We think that public sentiment in our locality is growing all the while in favor of protection, but as has been said previously, too much attention is paid to the fish.

In regard to the fourth clause, fishing is improving. Our water is international water at the foot of Lake Ontario. The great trouble here is, the water being international water, that the Canadian fishermen are granted licenses, while we are strictly preserving the waters on our side. Nevertheless, we have experienced good results and we know that angling opportunities are increasing. Never before since our association was organized have there been so many small bass in the river. There have been exceedingly large numbers of muscalonge caught this year. I accept this as evidence that they are on the increase. Large numbers have been caught by angling, which is very encouraging. We have been told that next year a large number of wall-eyed pike will be put in the river. There was a time when wall-eyed pike were not much found. Providing we can get the amendments, which I will lay before you, we think we shall have everything in condition for good results.

I would like to add, Mr. President, as regards to the shooting, that there is very little done in this line. There have been but few partridges shot. I have but very little change in numbers to report in regard to ducks. The flight of ducks has been very large.

#### Syracuse Indoor Shooting Club.

CHAS. H. MOWRY—I find the actual working of the law in this section good as far as it goes, but it is too liberal for the welfare of the sportsmen and should be corrected. I believe the sentiment of our sportsmen is that the shooting season should commence on all game alike and close at the same time of the year. I would like to make this as an amendment to the law in regard to shooting of partridge, woodcock and duck, and also rabbits. As the law stands to-day there is no protection on rabbits. A man may go and shoot rabbits at any time in the year, and also shoot at young birds before the season opens. The season now opens on Aug. 15. This is far too early. I would suggest that there be no shooting at any time until Sept. 15. On the Montezuma Marshes there are a large number of mudhens. People go to these marshes and shoot them just before the opening of the season, and many do not hesitete to shoot anything that flies. Therefore, I would suggest that mudhens be included in the law. Although there has been no marked violation, there should be protection as well on other waterfowl.

In regard to our local protector performing his duties, the Onondaga Club has prosecuted not only for violations of the game law, but also of the fish law. I think the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club will stand pre-eminently high above any other society or any other organization in New York for protection of fish and game. We can report excellent work in the protection of both game and fish by our local protector. This fact is well known to a number of you here. On that point we feel that we have accomplished most satisfactory results and are very happy that we can report in this manner. No doubt, our attorneys will have something to say regarding our cases. Public sentiment is with us, in fact, shows that it is with us.

I believe the report is that hunting in this locality was never so poor as it has been this year. The partridge has been very scarce. There seem to be very few woodcock. Very few ducks came in here.

I would suggest that an amendment be strongly urged on the Legislature for further protection of game and fish in Seneca River. The present law permits the use of nets in Seneca River, in Cayuga and Wayne counties. It is something that is working a great deal of harm. Our lake being fed from Seneca River, and the taking the fish out of the river prevents our catching them in this lake in large quantities.

As the law stands to-day in regard to shipping game, it is not allowed to ship any game out of the county or into the county. I have no doubt, however, that game dealers in New York city and other cities do receive game and fish from other counties. I think that our efforts should be used to stop them. We must defend the law, so that there can be no shipping from one county to another. This is a point that we should be interested in. The non-transportation clause is a greater protection for birds than any other law that can be enforced. We see the good working of it right here in our own city.

#### Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

HARRY AYLING—I think that Mr. Mowry has stated everything that I can say, but I may mention the action we have taken in the Andrews partridge case. The case was prosecuted and the defendants gave bail to appear before the Grand Jury. The case is in progress now. In regard to game, sportsmen in this section think that if there could be an open season for everything and a uniform close season the result would be much better.

In regard to fishing in Seneca River. Formerly one could go out and in one day catch all the fish he cared for, while now some of the best fishermen can catch but a very few. In former years I could catch 40 or 50lbs., but this year I could not catch more than 10lbs. The river is full of nets. The law allows this, and they are taking advantage of it. They fish for bullheads and catch a great many pickerel. I would suggest that something be done in regard to fishing in Seneca River.

#### Syracuse Rifle Club.

A. A. STILLMAN—I can only indorse what Mr. Mowry has said.

#### Syracuse Gun Club.

HENRY M. CHASE—I will answer in regard to the third clause, which is in regard to the sentiment of the people. There are a great many people in this locality who pretend to be friendly to this association, but who are in reality hostile to the movement.

The shooting has been very poor. The Syracuse Gun Club would like to obtain such legislation as will accomplish the following results:

1. Uniformity of the law throughout the State as far as possible.
2. Lengthening the close (or breeding) season and shortening the open season.
3. Regulating the use of nets, and if possible their extermination.

#### Central New York Fish and Game Association

W. S. GAVITT—I do notknow that there is anything that I can say that has not already been spoken of. We are quite well pleased with the new law in many respects. As a whole, I do not think we have many amendments to offer, but there are two or three that I would like to call your attention to. The law now allows the shooting of rabbits and also the use of batteries in Sodus Bay, and I am strongly in favor of forbidding this. Shooting has been very poor in our section. In regard to fyke nets on Seneca River, I think that they supply the reason for the scarcity of fish.

Another thing, in the catching of bullheads in nets, many other fish are caught in the nets, and are thrown back into the water dead. There are many clauses that should not have appeared in the bill, but should have been corrected, and we suffer from this. The exemption permitting battery shooting on Sodus Bay was inserted through the influence of a gentleman of that State, and was done out of spite, and while perhaps there will be no personal benefits by reason of that clause in the bill, still I think that it shou d be stricken from the bill.

#### Lakeside Gun Club, of Geneva.

J. GEORGE STACEY wrote: "We think here that all shooting (quail excepted) should begin not earlier than Sept. 1 and close Jan. 1. Quail shooting Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Duck shooting will have to be kept open, I suppose, but I think March 1 late. Ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail, snipe, rabbits or hares, plover, in fact, all upland birds—not to be sold or had in possession after Feb. 1. That gives dealers five months in which to handle game. Surely that is enough. One word as to the meadow larks. I think the open season may begin Sept. 1. They are a shy, wary bird, and take very good care to keep out of gunshot.

"In regard to our local game protector, he is not performing his duties as he should do. The public would like to see a good man in his place—one that would do something in regard to illegal fishing."

#### Poultney Rod and Gun Club.

PRESIDENT CHARLES WAGNER wrote: "We would suggest that the law on partridge be changed from Aug. 15 to Oct. 15 following or Nov. 1. Our local game protector is doing his duty. Public sentiment is generally in favor of the law. Hunting has been poor, fishing fairly good. We suggest there be a law prohibiting fishing on the Sabbath day."

#### Monroe County Sportsmen's Association.

SECRETARY EDMOND REDMOND wrote: "I regret that I cannot be with you, but Rochester will be well represented in the meeting of the Executive Committee. I beg to submit for your consideration an idea that occurred to me yesterday, and which was published in the *Post-Express*. I am not sanguine that much good can be done right away, but that something should be tried is evident to all. The small publice preserve scheme would call for self-restraint on the part of sportsmen—and it might not be of any value to them. But I submit it for what it is worth:

A member of the Monroe Sportsmen's Association suggests that as an experiment the State Association should encourage clubs to establish in their respective counties places of refuge for game, where it would be absolutely free from danger of the gun. This could be done, he says, to some extent by leasing suitable grounds and prohibiting shooting upon them at any time. Such preserves would serve as safe breeding places for migratory and non-migratory birds, and in time the protected game would spread outside of the preserves and afford sport on the borders. If it

were possible to preserve the grounds rigidly it would at least serve to perpetuate some of the game that now seems destined to extermination. The suggestion is not a new one except as to the application of the idea to small territories. The Yellowstone Park affords an instance of the good effect of a preserve, and the private preserves in New Jersey also prove the value of the idea. In the vicinity of these places game from the preserves comes outsides the boundaries and affords sport when the original stock is exhausted. It is well known that what are called non-migratory birds, such as ruffed grouse and quail, while they do nos move from one climate to another with the seasons, nevertheless, travel over many miles of ground in the region where they are bred This practice would guarantee fair shooting away from the preserve, for some of the birds would be sure to come out. Such a place could without much expense be protected from vermin that is very destructive to game. If the sportsmen in the towns of a county could be induced to try this idea for a few years it might prove to be exceedingly beneficial to the cause of game preservation. Every one who goes out with a gun in this State knows that game is disappearing rapidly, and that it is only a question of a short time when there will be nothing in the woods to invite one out for a day's sport. The local preserve idea would also enable those interested to try, with some chance of success, the scheme of liberating quail or other birds, such as the Mongolian pheasant. If something of this nature is not done very soon the woods and fields of this country will be destitute of game.

### Niagara County Anglers' Club.

CHAS. RIPSON—The membership of our club is large. They take a great deal of interest in the laws for the protection of fish and game, and as the protector for the Fifteenth District I can assure you that they not only urge a strict enforcement of the game laws, but they materially assist me in many ways in the performance of my duties. How well those duties are performed I will have to leave to others than myself to tell.

The fishing in my locality is good. I think it is better than in years past; and though it may sound "fishy," I state from postive knowledge that persons have caught 500 perch and eighty large black bass each in a single day. This was done in Niagara River. I meet very few people who are opposed to the enforcement of the laws for the protection of game.

If this Association intends to make any recommendations to the Legislature I would suggest the following:

That the law with regard to Lake Erie remain as it is.

That the penalty for having black bass and muscalonge in possession should be $10 per fish. A total penalty of $25 will not pay a lawyer's fee in case you have to go into the courts.

Sec. 134, prescribing the size of meshes of nets used in lakes Erie and Ontario, should call for 1¾in. bar instead of 1¼in. as it now is.

One-half the penalty recovered should go to the protector, and $75 per month would not be too much pay for a man who is willing to do his whole duty and look after our interests in a territory covering three or four counties.

The law should be so amended as to prevent fishing within three miles of the mouth of the Niagara.

### Mink, Otter and Weasel Dodge Shot.

BREWER, Me., Nov. 19—In your last issue M. C. H. asks, "Can the mink dodge shot?" I have shot at a mink at close range which had its forefeet resting on a log covered with snow, the whole upper part of the body being fairly exposed. The shot cut the snow all up exactly where the forefeet rested, but the mink was not touched, as he dodged behind the log. I have repeatedly seen otter and weasel dodge rifle balls, which struck exactly where their heads had been when the gun was fired. Although I have shot otter, mink and weasel, which were looking directly at me when I fired, I do not consider this as any proof that they cannot dodge when they try to. M. HARDY.


### An Exclusively Vestibule Line.

THE Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs three solid vestibule trains each way daily between Cincinnati and St. Louis without change, permitting all classes of passengers to occupy the vestibule cars without extra charge. It is the only line running a passenger train between Cincinnati and St. Louis, notwithstanding the advertisements of competing lines. The running time is less than ten hours, easily made over its straight track and solid roadbed. The Ohio and Mississippi is the best and quickest line between St. Louis and Louisville and between Louisville and Cincinnati. Pullman buffet sleeping cars are run each way by this line between St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and between Cincinnati and Louisville. Tickets via Ohio & Mississippi Railway are for sale at offices of connecting lines East, West, North and South.—W. B. SHATTUC, Gen. Pass. Agent. F. W. TRACY, President, Cincinnati, O.—*Adv.*


### ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

## Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.—XV.

### CARP LAKE, MICHIGAN.

### The Carp Lake Camp.

*(Concluded from page 333.)*

I HAD to put on fresh fins every once in a while, as the trout would occasionally jerk one off the hook, and they were continually splitting and fraying them with their teeth till they soon became unattractive and useless.

I killed several of them as needed for their fins, and when I got through with one his belly was as bare as an eel's, for I found the pectorals answered as well as the ventrals or the anal.

When we had followed the winding stream about a quarter of a mile I thought I had about fished my share of it and asked Kelpie to change places that he might get some of the glory before it was all gone; but to my utter surprise he flatly refused to surrender his seat in the bow, where he had been sitting since we left the bridge, with his mouth watering—else he was made of different stuff from other men—to take a hand in the sport, for he was an old and crafty trout fisher, who would rather "poke" along a trout stream than to sit down to a feast of his favorite "red rozberries an' cream."

What had come over the man? Had the hot sun made him clean daft? Had I offended by fishing a longer stretch of the stream than courtesy would warrant? No. In the pure goodness and unselfishness of his old heart he wanted me to get all that was to be had out of the remainder of the afternoon, as I would not, he said, likely get another chance at the trout for a whole year.

"It stands just this way, Hickory, or sits rather in my case," he said, as he braced the oar against the bottom and held the boat in mid-stream. "We will break camp in a couple of days, as the arrangement is, and we will probably not have an opportunity to come back and fish this stream again. I can go trouting over where I live most any day when I feel like it, but you will not get to see another trout after to-day, it may be, till next year, and I want you to enjy the fishing in this stream while it's right here under your hand. I'll take my turn next year, if we come back to Carp Lake. Now, go ahead and fish and I'll hold the boat wherever you say 'stop 'er"—and he let the boat drift against the bank in a little pocket, where the current held it till he got up and deliberately filled and lighted his pipe, blew out the match and dropped it in the water, and then he sat down again, puffing complacently, while I stood looking at him and wondering if there was ever such another exhibition of self-denial "on the face o' this livin' airth."

I urged him in vain to take my place in the stern; his decision was not to be altered, and the boat drifted out in the current again, and I turned to be ready to "stop 'er" at the next trouty looking hole, but the sport had lost a good deal of its charm, for I was uneasy in my mind at the thought that I was, on his own insistance, however, robbing Kelpie of his share of a glorious afternoon's fishing. How many Kelpies are there claiming membership in the gentle craft? Too few and scattered.

A little further down we came to where there were some skids lying on the bank, where the lumbermen had rolled logs into the stream, and here was a hole deeper than any we had found, with some sunken logs in it, and one, bigger than its fellows, lying slanted out down the stream. Kelpie stopped the boat about 10 or 12yds. above it, and I let the bait drift down the current till it was nearly over the big log, when I saw a trout flirt out from under it and make a snatch at the slowly turning fins that made my blood tingle like from the shock of a battery. As he struck at the bait I gave the rod a quick twist that was a fraction of a second too soon, as he missed it and whirled back out of sight under the log.

Had Kelpie seen that trout I think he would have swapped places with me on the instant without further argument, for he looked fully as big as a three pound bass, larger if anything than the big fellow that I was sure was still hiding under the bank in the pool by the bridge crossing McConnell's Creek; but he was sitting too low down to get much of a view of the stream below him.

I said nothing, only to request him to "drop 'er down a couple o' yards," that I might have a better chance for a sure strike by using a little less line.

When the current again carried the bait down near the log and it was about to suck under, the big trout came out again with a dash, seized it and turned to go back under the log, but like the one up at the bridge he took the wrong direction, and right there began a fight, short, sharp and fierce, that was enough to make "gentle old Ike" turn over in his coffin.

The trout tried his level best to get under the log, which meant "good bye Hickory," but failing in this he made a wild rush across the stream and came near stranding on a small sandbar, and then before I could think to give or take up a little line he was back at the log making savage jerks and plunges to get under it.

It was a desperate case; if the line parted my hopes were blasted; if he got under the log he would saw the line in two before I could catch my breath, and with these two possibilities worrying me I was in a "state of mind."

The fight ended as suddenly as it began. At last he got the right purchase on the current with his broad tail and with a mighty surge disappeared from sight under the log and the hook flew back over my head and beyond Kelpie, stripped of both the fins.

I quickly reeled in the line to put a couple more fins on the hook, and there was the cursed fraud, a No. 6 Carlisle, straightened out to about the shape of a cant-hook iron. It hadn't the honesty to break fair and leave a clean record; it just lost its grip at the supreme moment, and me the big trout at the same time.

D—arn a Carlisle hook anyhow, or words to that effect; it is the thinnest excuse for a hook, whatever its size, that was ever put on the market to fool the confiding angler.

I was tired and sat wearily down on the little stool near the stern and "cussed"—cussed a whole catalogue of new fangled cuss words invented to suit the occasion, till the air grew thick and blue, Kelpie sitting meanwhile puffing calmly at his pipe, as though the loss of a big trout was one of the ordinary mishaps of life.

Finally, with his usual deliberation of speech, he said, holding on to a snag sticking up from the bottom with one hand while he took the pipe from his mouth with the other, "Hickory, I'm sorry about that trout; no, I didn't see him when you called to me, but I know he was a monstrous big one by the way the old rod worked, and by the remarks you made. Yes, I'm sorry you lost him," and that was all the consolation I got out of him, but it was enough, for I knew he meant it.

I found a No. 3 Limerick in my pocket calamity box and tied it on, and then cut a couple of bright colored fins from a dead trout and strung them on the hook in such a way that they would revolve in a most "bewilderin' an' enticin'" manner, but it was of no avail, even though I let it drift repeatedly under the log and pulled it back with the most captivating flirts and alluring jerks known to the art; the big trout was too smart, or too badly scared to again fool with a crippled, crazy-acting bug that had nearly dislocated his jaw during the brief time he was trying to let go of it.

I tried patiently for fifteen or twenty minutes to coax him out again, but it was only time wasted, and Kelpie once more let the boat drift with the current.

When we were within a few feet of the log the old fellow came out from under it like a flash and shot off down stream three or four rods and hid in a snarl of roots along the bank, but we paid little attention to him, knowing that he would not be likely to bite again that day. Kelpie stopped the boat just below the big log and I caught four good trout, 9 and 10in. long, and then we drifted along again to where I had seen the big trout go in hiding, but before we got within the boat's length of the snarl of roots he made up his mind the crazy bug was still after him and again he went off down the stream like a streak of light and we saw him no more, although we must have passed by him, lying scared nigh into fits under the bank, or behind some friendly log.

It was a crushing disappointment to lose that trout; I would have given my last "chaw tobacker," and thrown in an almighty dollar for just one more whack at him with the little Limerick, for after I tied it on I missed no more strikes nor lost a single fish.

The trout kept biting greedily—and so did the deer flies, but I had become so absent-minded and wrapped up in the fishing, and thinking of patient, unselfish old Kelpie sitting cramped up there in the bow, denying himself one of the greatest pleasures of his life—red-letter days of his life—he still refused to change places with me—that the flies failed to keep up the "enthusiasm" they had aroused in me on their first onslaught, and, besides, I had run out of cuss words of the right sort, and didn't think it quite fair to start over and treat Kelpie to the same old grist.

When we got down to where the stream widened and the bottom was sandy and free of logs, and roots, and snags, we found no more trout—at least they quit biting, and the most careful fishing for a hundred yards failed to provoke a rise; but we had had enough—a string of them tied to one of the rowlocks half as long as a man's arm, and there were no finerlings among them, nor had we returned more than three or four to the water, as under the lawful limit.

They ran from 8 to 11in. in length; a string of beautiful fish that made Kelpie's old eyes snap with the fire of youth, and I was in much the same humor.

Curious how a fine string of fish will take the old grizzled veterans back to their boyhood days, when they felt rich with a pole cut in the woods, a frayed straw hat, that took its turn as headgear and dipnet for 'minners, and a one suspender out-in-the-rear pair of breeches, a world too wide. Oh! the marvelous fishing—the wonderful days when we were boys.

The old rod was placed carefully in the bottom of the boat and we took our way down the stream, pushing with an oar apiece and standing up that we might better follow the devious water trail and look out for snags that might bring on a catastrophe at any moment and lay us out for the night in the swamp.

As long as the trout had kept biting, and while we were feeling our way out of the swamp as it were, I had forgotten I had such a thing as an appetite, but when we got to the mouth of the stream, and stopped to rest a few minutes alongside of the old wood scow, a hungry fit seized me that soon put the better part of the remaining lunch out of sight, and then shipping both pairs of oars, we followed the windings of the bayou out to the lake and out into the shadows of the falling evening that had just begun to darken the foot of the hills on the further shore.

We lifted our fish in the boat to save the drag, and bending to the oars—Kelpie had picked up muscle till he could pull a fairly vigorous stroke—were soon a quarter of a mile out and into a strong breeze blowing our way down the lake, one of the rare favors bestowed on us by the wind god since we had been in camp.

When we got back to the camp the sun was down, but there was still light enough left for the keeper of the fryin' pans to see to clean the trout and fry some of them for supper, and I managed to keep up my end in disposing of then, even though I had fared sumptuously on hard crackers and cold fried bacon less than a couple of hours before. The others were sprinkled lightly with salt, packed in a camp kettle and set in the "refrigerator" under the bank, well covered to keep night-prowling varmints out, and we had some for breakfast and some more for dinner, and there were enough left for a taste all round for supper next evening. Truly, the trout of Cedar Run are toothsome and comfortin' to the inner man.

Sitting around the camp-fire that night, Kelpied and I tried to induce the "Perfessor" and Johnny to spend next day on the Cedar, but the account we gave of the difficulties of navigating the stream and the danger of the boat turning over in the swift current with a couple of fresh-water sailors who were not thoroughly at home on the water in a "collar box," gave the "Perfessor" a backset, and he concluded he would rather risk a ducking in the warmer waters nearer camp than a bath in the frigid waters of Cedar Run.

Then we tried to talk the Colonel into making the trip with one of us, but he preferred the comforts of the camp and his pipe to being flayed alive by a swarm of blood

thirsty deer flies, and this moved us to try it again ourselves, that I might get even with Kelpie by holding the boat while he fished and "fit flies"—I would have to do the cussin' for him—but we at last abandoned the notion of going, as we had only two days left, Saturday and Sunday, before breaking up time.

These two days we could use up in loafing and enjoying the "Perfessor's" daily grind of ancient jokes and in packing up odds and ends before the final catastrophe came, wishing the while that there were no realities of life for us to go back to. Facing the realities was the hardest part of it all, for we had been so free of care or worry, and had become so attached to Robin's Nest Camp—the best of them all—that it was like breaking a heart string to leave it.

The "Perfessor" and Johnny were, however, going to stay three or four weeks longer.

They had thought of boarding with the Gerings or going up to Uncle Jimmy Nolan's, but country people are not always prepared to accommodate boarders, and it was at last arranged to leave them a tent—the big fly—a camp kettle, coffee pot and enough other necessaries from the outfit to get along with comfortable, and they could bring them home when they got ready.

On Saturday we fished a little, sat around and smoked and cogitated a good deal and debated what to do next; packed a few things just to make it look like we were in earnest about breaking up, and then we smoked and loafed some more, and felt tired because packing up was not the sort of work that agreed with our notions of the fitness of things.

Along toward sundown Kelpie and I pulled across the lake to get the minnow trap—we might as well have left it hang for all the good it had done us—and to fish a little from force of habit, but we didn't catch anything worth bragging about, and we didn't care much, for the wind up was so near that we were more concerned about that than the number of fish we could take back to camp.

When darkness fell we kindled the camp-fire and sat around it and smoked and talked a little about breaking up, and meditated undisturbed—the "Perfessor" had forgotten to wind himself up—for there was little else to do. At last Kelpie broke a long spell of silence with "Hickory, it's a pity you didn't skin that bear the other day and bring in the hide to take home with you as a reminder of Robin's Nest Camp."

This was not a very mirth-provoking subject to the Colonel, Johnny and me, as it reminded us of the last "episode" in which we three had taken a prominent and rather ludicrous part, Kelpie and the "Perfessor" not being in camp at the time.

One afternoon a few days before, little Emma Laidlaw came running down to camp out of breath to say excitedly there was "an awful big black bear swimming along down the lake only a little ways out just above their house, and for us to come up quick and kill him." Then there was mounting in hot haste, or words to that effect, for the Colonel and I had been "jest a achin' fur a b'ar fight" for lo, these many years. Johnny seized a hatchet, I grabbed up the axe, and the Colonel went for his gun—the big revolver—and a handful of cartridges, and jumping into the big white skiff away we went up the lake, Johnny and I at the oars pulling as though our lives were at stake, while the Colonel sat grimly in the stern filling the chamber of his big pistol with cartridges to be ready for the fray.

A strong wind blowing down the lake and a heavy sea made our progress aggravatingly slow, but the prospect of a real, genuine bear fight ahead only made us redouble our efforts at the oars till the sweat rolled off us in great drops—except the Colonel, who sat in the stern calmly scanning the water ahead with his "eagle eye" for a sight of the bear. Little Em, being a lighter craft and not being handicapped by a heavy head sea, as we were, shinned it up the road and stood on the bank waiting for us as we rounded the point at the lower end of the grove below the house, pointing to a dark object rising and falling on the water a hundred yards or more out from shore.

We were too far away to see our intended prize very distinctly, but our plan of attack was soon formed. We would pull in between the bear and the shore to "head 'im off," and when within close pistol range the Colonel would open on him with his battery, and if he only wounded him and he attempted to climb in the boat—which bears sometimes take a notion to do—Johnny and I would "do him up" with the hatchet and axe while the Colonel "filled him chuck full o' perforated holes" at arm's length range.

Johnny and I put on a little more steam, heading a point or two inshore, and we were soon near enough to get a good sight of the bear, when, there, slowly drifting with the wind and waves was—not a bear, but what had looked surprisingly like one doubtless to the vivid imagination of little Em—a curiously shaped charred and blackened old stump that had somehow got adrift in the lake and was rolling and bobbing along in the seas in a manner that had led the child to take it for a "really bear." Johnny and I suddenly shut off steam, as it were, and the boat lost headway, only pitching up and down in the seas, and then we looked at each other in a foolish sort of way and then at the Colonel, whose face was a study, and the Colonel looked at us in a foolish sort of way, and then we all laughed: laughed till our sides ached, while the boat drifted near shore, where we told the little maid her bear was only an old black stump.

"I thought it was a bear," she said so naively that we, thoughtless wretches that we were, laughed again, till overwhelmed with confusion at the joke unwittingly played on us, she started for the house shame-faced and nearly ready to cry, to find as we knew a balm for her wounded feelings—as who of us has not in childhood days?—in that haven of refuge and comfort, a mother's arms.

Johnny and I laid on our oars awhile, only pulling a lazy stroke at intervals to keep the boat head on to the seas while we rested and cooled off, and then we headed back for the camp, three mighty bear hunters we, crestfallen, and "bunkoed ag'in b' gosh," to be laughed at and "chaffed" till life was a burden to us for the next day or two; even the keeper o' the fryin'-pans had a grin on his face that reached from one ear to the other whenever anything reminded him of the "bear hunt," as he called it.

The "bear" washed ashore at the foot of the grove, where we passed him on our way back to camp, and I doubt not laid there the rest of the season to remind little Em, as she passed on occasional trips to the village, of the commotion she created in the Camp of the Kingfishers, and if sight of the old black stump moved her to laugh a little to herself at remembrance of our discomfiture we will not lay it up against her, for we enjoyed the "episode" more than she, and it was a source of much fun in the camp—at least to the "Perfessor," Kelpie, and the keeper o' the fryin'-pans, if not to the three who took so active a part in the "fight."

It may be noted that the Colonel and I are not "jest a achin' fur a b'ar fight" as badly as we used to be; we are satisfied with our record.

Sunday forenoon we packed up our personal "calamities" and some other things of the outfit except the tents, carried up the ironclad, let it dry out and packed it, and in the afternoon entertained a lot of visitors and friends who made a neighborly call and to say good-bye, among the rest Uncle Jimmy Nolan and his boys and the owner of the big white skiff that had served the Colonel and me such a good turn when we were shipwrecked on the wrong side of the lake.

After supper Kelpie and I took a boat and pulled down and anchored off the birch point to have a last "fish" together, but the bass were not in a good humor, and we got only one; and it was so dark when I struck him that I could barely see the line at the tip of the rod.

He was a small-mouth of exactly 3¼lbs., and made such a valiant fight for his life that we had a notion to return him to the water, but concluded that as he might be the last bass we would ever get out of Carp Lake we would have him for breakfast as a fitting windup to our last morning in camp.

The Colonel surpassed himself that night in building the most rousing of his famous camp-fires, but it didn't burn as brightly nor look as cheerful as usual somehow, because maybe it was our last night, and we might never gather around another one; certainly not for another year.

We sat around it till well into the night, thoughtful and quiet, for nobody seemed much inclined to talk, even the "Perfessor" had taken a "double reef in his jawin' tackle"—an amazing and unaccountable "episode"—and failed to grind out the usual grist of smartness and old "chestnuts," for which we felt profoundly thankful.

The others of us went off to bed at last, leaving the Colonel to sit out his last camp-fire and poke the chunks together for their last dying flicker, going back, mayhap in his dreaming to the old camps as he gazed with half-closed eyes into the waning fire and sucked comfort and reminders from his old brown pipe. Oh! the old camps! Would we could go back into the years when life was in the silk and tassel and make them all over again. But I am drifting into a reminiscent mood; old memories and breaking camp don't go well together.

Next morning by 9 o'clock everything was packed and ready except the tents. They were left standing till the sun got above the hill and warmed the night dews out of them, when they were packed in one of the big canvas bags, and last came "old glory," leaving old Sam's "dandy flag-pole" desolate looking and bare except for a wisp of withering leaves fluttering at the top.

The wagons were soon loaded—neighbor Gering's and another one—and we said good-bye and good luck to the "Perfessor" and Johndy ("the two Johns") and left them to laugh and grow fat, or fight it out over each other's pithless puns and witless wit, for Johnny was a chip off the old block and could give his "governor," as he called him, as good as he sent. (A letter was received from the "Perfessor" a week or more after, and he could not forebear inclosing one of his old decayed "chestnuts," to wit: "Johnny caught a 6lbs. bass yesterday, but when we took it down to Bingham end put it on the store scale the darned thing weighed only 3lbs.")

When in the wagon we drove by under the oak for a parting look at our little pets in the nest overhead, and left "Robin's Nest Camp" behind us with genuine regrets, for it was a camp the like of which we may never find again. True, we did not catch a great number of bass, but we got more than enough for our needs, which was, probably, more than some of us deserved, and a perfect camp and fish enough is better than a poor camp and "heap much fish," which being boiled down resolves itself into that truism of a lamented brother of the rod—and I may be pardoned for again quoting it—"It is not all of fishing to fish."

At Traverse City there were more regrets in store for the Colonel and me; Kelpie was to leave us there for his home on Central Lake, and he had so endeared himself to us by his gentle ways and sterling qualities as a sportsman that it was like saying good-bye to a well-beloved brother, but the parting was made easier by a promise from him that he would "jine" us wherever we made the next camp, if we made it anywhere this side of the North Pole.

(I like to write good things about my old comrades of the camp and the pleasant people whom we meet, and if it please them to read it as much as it does me to write it I'm sure it will be to our mutual pleasement. Pleasant neighbors, if you have any at all, go a good ways in making the camp enjoyable, and a good cook, one that can adapt himself to the different humors of a party, is a rare jewel, and Barney, the keeper o' the fryin' pans, is one of 'em, to which the Kingfishers will take their "affidavy.")

The Colonel and I arrived at home brown and rugged, and filled with pleasant recollections of "Robin's Nest Camp," but before a week we were examining maps and casting around for a new place to pitch the tents next time, where old Sam would find "more fish and fewer episodes."

We found it, and if these letters have not already exhausted the patience of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM I may take a notion, if I find time, to make a few "amphibious remarks" about it some time in the future.

And now, to bring these chronicles to a close, I crave the indulgence of the brethren for any shortcomings they may have found in them; I have tried to write to please you all, more especially my old comrades of the camp, and if I have failed it is the fault of the "old head" and not of the heart.

Errors there are in them, I know, typographical and grammatical; the first may be charged to the printer, the others—well, the critical reader may be reminded that in the past 35 or 38 years I have looked into a "minner bucket" oftener than in a grammar, and, besides, "The Joneses never *wus* used to the very best o' grammar, nohow."

KINGFISHER.

## A GAR'S VULNERABLE POINT.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have been a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM for the past ten years; and since reading your articles in regard to the Carondolet alligator gar, I take the liberty of handing you herewith some scales from one captured in eastern Arkansas last spring. It was taken from Dead Timber Lake, in Crittenden county in a seine, and was killed with the butt of an oar by striking it in the forehead. It measured 9ft. and weighed 176lbs. It was given to me. I had it skinned and preserved 2,000 scales. To separate the scales from the flesh had to boil them from seven to eight hours. When I tell you I was three days cleaning my 2,000 scales you can imagine the work connected with it. I do not believe this fish could be gigged as I have known men who have shot them with Winchesters and failed to do more than make them lash the water furiously for a few moments. This gar was a female, and her eggs were large and well formed, evidently they were about ready to deposit.

The horseshoe-shaped scales run down the back, the others lying obliquely on the sides. I send three scales from each side of the fish. The only vulnerable point about this fish seems to be the forehead, just between the eyes, which can be crushed with a hard blow.

J. H. BEARDSLEY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

[Dr. Goode quoted the following curious stories about the bony gars in the "Fishing Industries:"

Champlain wrote in 1609 of a fish in Lake Champlain which was undoubtedly the gar-pike, that "if it wants to catch any bird it goes among the rushes or reeds bordering the lake in many places, keeping the beak out of the water without budging, so that when the birds perch on the beak, imagining it to be the limb of a tree, it is so subtle that closing the jaws, which it keeps half-open, it draws the birds under water by the feet. The Indians gave me a head of it, which they prize highly, saying that when they have a headache they let blood with the teeth of this fish at the seat of pain, which immediately goes away."

In July, 1879, Mr. James F. Simmons, of Redhone District, Georgia, "had a narrow and peculiar escape. He was fishing on Flint River, and had attempted to swim across to get a batteau from the opposite side. About half-way over the stream he stopped on a root or tree to rest. After remaining there a short time, he plunged off for the other shore. Just as he made a plunge a tremendous fish known as the gar struck him, catching his thigh in its mouth, and leaving an ugly and painful wound. A regular battle then took place between the man and the fish, and lasted for some minutes, until finally Mr. S. got back on his resting place and his enemy departed. During the fight Mr. S. threw the fish some feet above the water, but it continued the attack. Mr. S. was thoroughly frightened and called lustily for help. He has several ugly and painful wounds given him by the fish, yet none serious. This is the first time we ever heard of a gar attacking a man, yet they say it frequently does so."

The species referred to in the latter account was supposed to have been the alligator gar.

In 1880 the writer had a number of arrow-head-like scales of the gar which he carried in a voyage to Arctic Alaska, believing that the Esquimaux would prize them highly for use in their weapons of the chase. The scales were frequently offered in trade to the natives, but excited no attention from any of them. A few were given as presents and may some day appear in a collection and cause some speculation as to the source from which the Esquimaux obtained them.]

## WITH A FLY-ROD.

IT will not be many weeks before the season will come for the appearance in our advertising pages of announcements by our fishing tackle friends of this tenor: "Trout and bass rods make excellent Christmas presents." And it is just as certain that many a fortunate fisherman, his father or mother, or wife or daughter, or son or cousin, or angling friend, having noted the suggestion in the FOREST AND STREAM, will be given a fly-rod for Christmas, and with it a presentation note of affection and well-wishing.

Now, if you were going to give such a holiday gift yourself, what would be your note to go with it?

A sentiment to accompany a fly-rod, what should it be?

The FOREST AND STREAM believes that suggestions in this line would prove timely and acceptable, and that a column in its angling pages made up of such notes would be capital reading. They are invited.—*Forest and Stream, Oct. 13.*

I.

MY FRIEND—The trees are always sympathetic, the birds never fail to welcome their lover, the landscape belongs to him who can see it, the story of creation, the purpose of being, the destiny of man are written on the face of the earth. May this little gift induce you to be oftener out of doors, away from yourself and the ever-disappointing world of men.

Sincerely yours, C. T. MC.

ANN ARBOR, Mich.

II.

The essence of good angling is not to catch too many.

MILLARD.

ARIOSA, Wyo.

### A Fishculture Lecture.

IN the Glens Falls (N. Y.) Lyceum lecture course Mr. A. N. Cheney, of that town, will lecture Dec. 27 on the "Progress of Fishculture."


### Desired Information.

WE desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily for St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth with Pullman vestibuled drawing room sleepers and coaches of latest design. Its dining car service is unsurpassed. This the public is invited to judge for itself. It is the only route to the Pacific Coast over which both Pullman Vestibuled, first-class, and Pullman Tourist cars are operated from Chicago via St. Paul without change. Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or to Jas. C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 22 to 25.—Brooklyn. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y, 148 South Eighth street.
Dec. 6 to 9.—First Annual Dog Show Hermitage Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn. Robert C. Stockton, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.
Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 28.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at High Point, N. C. F. G. Taylor, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.
Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y

## AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS.

ON the presumption that the United States Trials would not be finished in less than a week, the American Field Trial Club claimed Tuesday, Nov. 15, for the commencement of its trials. The former club having marched up the hill and then marched down again in less time than was anticipated, the feasibility of commencing on Monday was considered, but there were so many details to rearrange that it was finally decided to hold to the advertised dates.

The judges were Messrs. J. M. Freeman, Bicknell, Ind.; Royal Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind., and W. A. Thompson, Attica, Ind. They managed the running skilfully and their decisions were well received in nearly every instance. They were hampered greatly in testing the dogs by the small amount of work obtainable owing to the difficulty many braces had in finding birds.

The grounds were good enough to run a field trial on, but were mixed, good and common. There were undoubtedly more birds on them than the number found by the dogs would indicate. Many times birds were found by the horsemen which, it could reasonably be expected, should have been found by the dogs.

For a first trial it was conducted in a most praiseworthy manner. Few of the older organizations conduct a trial with less friction or more method. Mr. W. J. Beck, the secretary-treasurer, worked most diligently and efficiently in arranging and conducting the details of the competition, and it is but justice to mention that he did it skilfully and well. He is a prominent lawyer of Columbus, Ind. In managing a field trial, he seemed to have a knowledge from intuition which others acquire by years of experience.

The members are all gentlemen of high standing and ability, and the progress and elevation of field trials could not be in better hands. The section of country about Columbus is favorable for field trials, in respect to grounds. With a little care in arranging for a food supply for the birds, by planting sorghum or pea patches in favorable places, a sufficient number of birds could almost be guaranteed.

Mr. A. T. Quick, of Columbus, also contributed by his energy and personal attention to the success of the trials. That the trials are of public interest, and popular, too, was evinced in a thousand ways. Indeed, the uniform attention and assistance given by the club officers and members could not fail to win the appreciation of every one interested. The cordial welcome, generous hospitality and intelligent activity of the club this year won the esteem of the visiting sportsmen. It is in a section of country which, from its location, commands an assured support. Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland and many other cities are tributary to it in a field trial way.

More birds than were found are needed for a field trial, at its best, than the grounds probably contain, but there were many more birds than the finds would indicate. Many of the dogs were lacking in experience, and many of the handlers failed to beat out the grounds with care and some of them hurried too much.

The rumors of dense weeds, cockle burrs and heavy river bottoms, which so influenced the final action of the United States Club, were without foundation in fact. *En passant*, it may be remarked that Messrs. Beck and Quick had been out early on the morning of the arrival of the U. S. Club engaging grounds, horses and teams, and felt that the club acted hastily in not giving the matter a practical test. Indeed, the action of the club was hasty, both as to intention to postpone the trials and manner of executing it, for there are many questions concerning the legality of the action under the club's constitution and by-laws. A vote of thanks to the American Club could have been most appropriately passed for its consent to use some of its grounds and for the personal efforts of its members to aid it in every possible way. This oversight will undoubtedly be corrected at a later meeting. It so ought to be.

Among the visiting sportsmen I noticed Messrs. W. M. Kerr, S. H. Socwell, Indianapolis; C. O. Ferry, Roann, Ind.; C. Sanderson, Gardner, Ill.; E. H. Lyons, Emporia, Kans.; C. A. Paetzel, Hope, Ind.; F. J. Stroebel, Utica, N. Y.

Tuesday and Wednesday were delightful days, clear and mild. Thursday was rainy and Friday was cold and windy.

The Glenmore Kenels have a magnificent string of their Irish setters, about twenty-two in all, although only a part of them ran in the trials. They were in bench show form, too nice condition for field trials. Bench show condition and field-trial form are incompatible. The necessary work is distructive to fine feather and polished coat. To attempt bench show and field form at the same time is sure to end in disappointment.

The stakes were sweepstakes, 50 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second and 15 per cent. to third. The absolute winner of All-Age gets a cup, value $100; the absolute winner of Derby gets a cup, value $75; the absolute winner of the Puppy Stake gets a cup, value $50.

The officers of the club are Major Jos. F. Gent, President; A. B. Reeves, First Vice-President; U. R. Fishel, Second Vice-President. Board of Governors, H. B. Reeves, U. R. Fishel, C. S. Baker, A. T. Quick, E. Nowatny, E. B. Peel and W. C. Bruce. The club has a large membership.

While the trials dragged a bit from the causes mentioned, they are trials which deserve the support of all who are interested in genuine sportsmanship. The gentlemen of the club, who have worked so diligently for its success, are the right sort to welome. In Indiana these remarks are superfluous, for there the gentleman are well known to the sportsmen of America, who may not be fully informed in all these particulars these remarks convey a truth which is a benefit to the future progress of sportsmanship.

### TUESDAY.

The weather was delightfully pleasant after the heavy rains of the previous day. All the conditions appeared favorable for good work, but good work was the exception indeed. The grounds were not half hunted, yet about ten bevies were found, a large number of which were found by the spectators. All the work was decidedly inferior.

#### The All-Age Setter Stake.

There were three starters, and they made an inferior competition in every respect. The work done on birds was limited. Following is the order of drawing:

J. F. Pantler's dog Frank (Sancho—Bessie), J. H. Johnson, handler, *with*
Baker & Beck's dog Ightfield Rhiwlas (Downe—Schonaid), J. E. Fisher, handler.

George E. Gray's dog Hi Di (Hope—Trap, Jr.), a bye, J. Mayfield, handler.

*First Series.*

FRANK AND IGHTFIELD RHIWLAS.—They began at 8:30 in open stubble. Frank was first to point. He found a bevy in the open weeds, which he pointed for a brief time, when he pressed forward and flushed. Rhiwlas did not see Frank in weeds or refused to back it was difficult to determine which. There was a crippled bird left, which Frank ran forward to retrieve, but he stopped to order. No more work was done on birds. Frank had the better range and speed. Up at 9:34.

HI DI.—The bye dog was run with Coleraine for a bracemate, commencing at 9:41 in a stubblefield. Hi Di, close to a bevy, pointed at the same moment that one of the birds flushed wild. The birds were followed. Coleraine pointed just as the bevy flushed in open weeds. Up at 10:13. Hi Di showed only a fair range. He suffered some from a swollen nose.

*Second Series.*

HI DI AND FRANK.—One brace of Irish setters wrs run to give this brace a rest in the meantime. They were started at 11:08. Hi Di ranged the wider. Frank gradually narrowed his range from the beginning. Up at 11:37. No birds found.

The judges soon announced the winners as follows: Hi Di first, Frank second, Ightfield Rhiwlas third.

The running in the next stake was then resumed.

#### The Irish Setter All-Age Stake.

There were nine starters. The work was unqualifiedly poor. Some of the dogs were diligent enough, but apparently had little preparatory work on birds. At all events, they made many blunders and failed to take advantage of numerous opportunities. The spectators found quite as many birds as the dogs.

Following is the order of running:

A. A. Anderson's dog Quaker (Rex—Fannie), C. Harvey, handler, *with*
Glenmore Kennels' bitch Betsy Crafts (Keno—My Maud), W. T. Irwin, handler.

Geo. E Gray's bitch Hope Boru (Byron Barugo—Biddy), John Mayfield, handler, *with*
Glenmore Kennels' dog Finglas (Fingal III.—Aveline), W. J. Irwin, handler.

R R. Howard's dog Marlowe (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), J. Mayfield, handler, *with*
Glenmore Kennels' dog Beau Brummel (Elcho, Jr.—Red Rose), W. T. Irwin, handler.

Geo. E. Gray's bitch Elcho's Maid (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), J. Mayfield, handler, *with*
Glenmore Kennels' bitch Winnie II. (Frisco—Grouse), W. J. Irwin, handler.

Glenmore Kennels' dog Ranger (Irish Elcho—Irish Belfast), a bye. W. T. Irwin, handler.

Every dog nominated qualified and started—a most exceptional occurrence.

*First Series.*

QUAKER AND BETSY CRAFTS.—Down at 10:32, in open stubble. Quaker flushed twice, after which Betsy made a flush, this on a bevy scattered about in the open. Betsy next false-pointed. The birds were followed into woods where Betsy got a point on two which flushed wild. On a marked bird, she next flushed. Neither ranged wide. They had a number of opportunities to point, but failed to take proper advantage of them. Up at 11:00.

The brace of English setters was next run in the final heat of that stake. The party then went to lunch.

HOPE BORU AND FINGLAS.—Down at 12:50 in open stubble and weeds. Both pointed, or Hope pointed and Finglas backed. They were close together. Nothing found. Up at 1:34 without finding birds. Judges announced they would be put down again.

MARLOWE AND BEAU BRUMMEL.—Started in an open field at 1:43. After a half-hour's search Beau flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. The bevy flushed wild down wind. The birds were followed into corn, where another bevy was flushed, handlers and dogs close around it. These birds were followed into corn. Beau flushed a bird up wind. Both passed by birds without recognizing scent. Poor work. Up at 2:27. Both ranged moderately well at the start, but gradually narrowed their fling.

ELCHO'S MAID AND WINNIE II.—Down at 2:40 in open. The first birds were of a bevy marked down in woods by spectators. Maid dropped to wing as the scattered birds flushed on bare ground. Followed the scattered birds. Maid pointed one and Winnie refused to back. Maid moved forward and flushed the bird. Both passed a number of birds, which flushed wild after the dogs had gone on. Maid pointed; nothing found. Winnie refused to back. Up at 3:20.

RANGER had Coleraine for a bracemate, he having a bye. Down in open at 3:18. Irwin walked up a bevy which both dogs had passed. It seemed as though they should have pointed or recognized scent, as they were close to it down wind. Both flushed on the scattered birds. Ranger next flushed wilfully. Up at 3:49. Poor heat.

FINGLAS AND HOPE BORU.—They were started at 4:12 to conclude their unfinished heat. On some marked scattered birds Finglas flushed one. Boru pointed a bird in open. Up at 4:40. Finglas showed the better range, both being superior to the others in this respect.

The judges in the evening announced that Finglas, Hope Boru and Elcho's Maid would run in the second series.

### WEDNESDAY.

The day was delightfully pleasant and mild. Birds were hard to find. New grounds were worked, some of which were excellent, but a large part was too bare. A gentle breeze made favorable conditions for good pointing. The work was fairly good as a whole, some of it much better than ordinary.

*Second Series.*

FINGLAS AND ELCHO'S MAID.—They started near town in a stubble. Finglas had taken but few casts when he came quickly to a point in the stubble. Maid, coming up, caught scent and pointed the same bevy. Both steady to shot. Sent on, Maid, a few yards further on, pointed part of the same bevy. She next pointed a single, which was flushed after she was ordered on. Finglas backed nicely. Both beat out the ground well, working merrily. It was the best heat of the trials up to that time. Maid showed some indecision at times in her point work. Finglas showed the higher class work.

HOPE BORU AND WINNIE II.—Began at 8:52 in stubble. Hope roaded nicely to a bevy and pointed it accurately and well. It was quite a good piece of work. Steady to shot. Winnie made a bracemate for Hope, the latter having a bye. Up at 9:15.

The judges soon announced that Fingal won first, Elcho's Maid second, and Hope Boru third. The following stake immediately was begun.

#### The All-Age Pointer Stake.

The quality of the work as a whole was fairly good. It averaged far better than any preceding it.

Mr. Thompson having bred one or more of the dogs retired from the judging in this stake, Messrs. Freeman and Robinson judged.

There were nine starters, drawn to run as follows:

J. F. Shipley's dog Eric S. (Rank—Queen), W. B. Stafford, handler, *with*
U. R. Fishel's dog Don Fis-Hel (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang), owner, handler.

U. R. Fishel's dog Wise Croxteth (Croxteth—Amine), owner, handler, *with*
C. A. Paetzel's dog Nutwood (Ossian—Nellie E.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

G. A. Castleman's dog Castleman's Rex (Mainspring—Dell), W. B. Stafford, handler, *with*
A. T. Quick's dog Faust King Don (King Don—Queen Faust), J. E. Fisher, handler.

J. W. Scudder's dog Manitou (Luck of the Goat—Clary), W. B. Stafford, handler, *with*
Carrie Harvey's bitch Midgett H. (Harrop—Frankie), owner, handler.

John B. McGuffin's bitch Maid of Ossian (Ossian—Pickwick), a bye, Carrie Harvey, handler.

Every dog nominated was started.

*First Series.*

ERIC AND DON FIS-HEL.—Began at 9:33 in open stubble. Don maintained a good working gait and range throughout the heat, while Eric started a bit the faster, but soon contracted his range to narrower limits, and in the last part of the heat was covering far less ground than Don. It was nearly an hour before birds were found. Don found and pointed a bevy nicely on a side hill and was steady to wing. Down 1h.

WISE CROXTETH AND NUTWOOD were started at 10:42. Both ranged wide and fast. The handlers walked very fast, too very fast. A slow dog would not have kept up. Large fields were beaten out without finding. In a large field the judges gave the handlers orders to take a certain course. They took another one and were soon fading away in the distance, while the judges serenely kept their own course. The handlers had bolted. They returned after a while, neither drawing a long breath. Great range and endurance for both dogs and handlers. Ordered up about 12:15, while the party went to lunch.

To the judges and reporters this lunch was one of the events which at long intervals unexpectedly happens to break in upon the bewildering monotony of points and flushes. Such a spread of good things was never before seen at a field trial. And the ladies—bless their hearts!—lent their gracious presence to the feast, and saw that no careworn judge or bashful reporter left the board hungry. Yet, kind as it was, it was but a part of the hospitality and uniform kindness extended to all throughout the trials by the managers. The ladies were Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Quick, Mrs. Fishel, Mrs. Nowatny and Mrs. Cobb.

CASTLEMAN'S REX AND FAUST KING DON began a 1:34. Rex false pointed and was backed. Moved on. He next pointed and moved on in stubble from the bevy, which Faust a moment afterward pointed; it flushed wild. On the scattered birds in woods Rex pointed a bird nicely Faust coming in flushed it. Rex turned around and pointed a remaining single—a good piece of work. Steady to shot. Rex pointed; nothing found. Faust flushed a bird. Rex jumped across a fence and pointed two birds. Faust a moment afterward flushed them. He next flushed a single. Up at 2:06. Rex had the wider and better range. He hunted out his ground with good judgment.

MANITOU AND MIDGETT H.—Started at 2:29. Manitou backed Midgett's point on larks. After about one hour and fifteen minutes Midgett pointed sharply in stubble. Manitou swung in ahead without seeing Midgett, drew quickly to the same bevy and pointed it. Manitou steady to shot. Midgett broke in but stopped to order. Along a fence on the scattered birds, Manitou made three points. Midgett made a back on a shared point and one flush. Up at 3:50. Manitou the wider and better ranger. He beat out his ground with good judgment.

MAID OF OSSIAN ran a bye, with Wise Croxteth for a bracemate, commencing at 4:15. Wise pointed a bevy in a cornfield and Maid backed. On the scattered birds in corn, Maid pointed and was steady to wing. She next false pointed in open. She next pointed a bevy in open stubble, doing this work quickly and accurately. Soon afterward Mr. Harvey stopped from a sudden illness caused by overexertion. He is not physically strong and could not stand the pace; and indeed the pace set by his competitor was too fast. It required a rare combination of good health and good legs to equal it. At 4:32 Wise was ordered up. Maid then worked alone. A point on larks was all done thereafter. Up at 4:39. Maid showed good ability on birds but was narrow in ranging.

This ended the day's work.

### THURSDAY.

The morning was most unpromising. The wind blew a half gale and heavy clouds darkened the sky. The conditions were most unfavorable for work, judging from the dogs' performances, not one making a point, although they hunted diligently and had opportunities. The temperature was comfortably warm in the morning. Rain set in, and as the wind subsided, it fell steadily and by lunch there were many indications that it would be a rainy day. The start was made near the edge of town on the Perry farm.

NUTWOOD AND MAID OF OSSIAN.—At 8:15 they began in stubble. Maid ranged out better than in her previous heat, but was led out betimes by her competitor. She showed some puppyishness, as is to be expected from one so young. Maid pointed a lark and was well backed. After running about 20 m. they were worked on birds marked down by spectators in a bare field, but no point was made, although they were worked close around the birds. It seemed as if the birds were holding their scent. A handler flushed them. Up at 8:48, both having ranged diligently, Nutwood the better.

Eric was next called up and started at 9:28. He was run sixteen minutes without finding, when he was ordered up.

*Second Series.*

Five dogs were retained in the second series.

DON FIS HEL AND MIDGETT H.—Began the heat at 9:57 in woods. On some marked birds in woods they failed to score. They passed close to a bevy, which was flushed by horsemen. Both ranged fairly well. At 10:26 the rain began falling heavily and work was suspended for ten minutes. After running twenty minutes thereafter the dogs were taken up and the party went to lunch.

The storm showing no sign of cessation at the end of two

hours the work was ended for the day and the party went to town.

In the evening the judges announced that Castleman's Rex won first, Wise Croxteth second, Don Fis-Hel, Midgett H. and Manitou third.

FRIDAY.

Cold and windy weather prevailed. The severe weather had driven the birds to shelter and they were difficult to find, and more difficult to secure points upon when found. Grounds were drawn which had been quite successfully worked before, but the finding results were unsatisfactory. Not only were weather conditions unfavorable, but most of the competitors showed inexperience in finding. The work therefore was necessarily light and the decisions made on narrow margins.

### The English Setter Derby.

There were three entries. The work done was wearisomely slow and inferior. It is true the weather was unfavorable, but the work would have been bad under the best of circumstances. Following is the order of drawing:

L. A. Rice's dog Pembroke's Blue Grouse (Don—Belle of Hatchie), W. B. Stafford, handler,

*with*

John Roberts's dog Jim Dandy (Braxton Bragg—Gypsy), C. E. Tway, handler.

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Theo. Goodman's bitch Dan's Lady (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess), a bye. J. H. Johnson, handler.

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*First Series.*

PEMBROKE'S BLUE GROUSE AND JIM DANDY.—Down at 8:42 and up at 9:21. No birds found. Both ranged close to handler and were languid.

DAN'S LADY.—She was started with Coleraine for a brace mate at 9:30. Lady false pointed in weeds. She was stylish on point. It was said she pointed a roost. She ranged fairly wide and fast, going with spirit and diligence. Her work showed judgment. Coleraine, standing in the open field, nicely pointed a bevy huddled in a bunch by the side of the fence. Lady backed promptly and prettily. When the gun was fired she made a wild chase. Up at 10:10.

The other brace was taken on the scattered birds, but failed to secure any satisfactory work. They were ordered up in eleven minutes. The judges soon announced the winners: Dan's Lady, first; Blue Grouse, second; Jim Dandy, third.

### The Irish Setter Derby.

This stake had three entries. The work was poor, and this, combined with difficulty in finding birds forced decisions on very narrow margins. Following is the order of drawing:

Glenmore Kennels' Irish setter bitch Glenmore Appie (Desmond II.—Nellie), W. T. Irwin, handler,

*with*

George E. Gray's dog Sage's Tearaway (Tearaway—Tilly Boru), John Mayfield, handler.

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Glenmore Kennels' bitch Elphin II. (Tyrconnell—Knivara), W. T Irwin, handler.

*First Series.*

GLEN APPIE AND SAGE'S TEARAWAY—Off at 10:57. Up at 11:32. No birds. Both went merrily.

Went to lunch.

ELPHIN II. had the bye. Finglas made a running mate. Off at 12:18. After a half-hour's work, Elphin going upwind, flushed a bevy. Finglas pointed a single; Elphin backed. Up at 1:04. Both moved well.

*Second Series.*

GLENMORE APPIE AND TEARAWAY.—Off at 1:14. On a bevy marked down, Appie flushed twice, and showed some unsteadiness. Poor work. Up at 2.

No further running in this stake was done to-day, although the judges had intended to finish it. Delays in running other braces prevented it. Mr. Thompson withdrew in this stake.

The Pointer Stake was begun.

### The Pointer Derby.

There were six entries, drawn in the following order:

T. G. Barstow's dog Pomme de Terre (Ossian—Clipaway II.), W. B. Stafford, handler,

*with*

A. A. Wandell's dog Trinket's Don (Donald's Sensation—Trinket), W. T. Irwin, handler.

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W. A. Thompson's dog Pride of King Don (King Don—Meteor's Dell), J. E. Fisher, handler,

*with*

Geo. A. Castleman's dog Rex's Maan (Rex—Bird), W. B. Stafford, handler.

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W. A. Thompson's bitch Trixey of Axtel (Axtel King Don—Patti M. II.), J. E. Fisher, handler,

*with*

U. R. Fishel's dog Dick Fis-Hel (Don Fis-Hel—Leos), C. W. Tway, handler.

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POMME DE TERRE AND TRINKET'S DON.—Began at 2:03. Pomme stopped to a flush, held point, and in a moment a single flushed wild in the open. Pomme pointed, Don backed, broke back and ran in; nothing found. Up at 2:47.

PRIDE KING DON AND REX'S MAAN were cast off at 2:50. Pride pointed a bevy in the open; Rex backed. The bird flushed wild and both chased. Up at 3:52.

NIXEY OF AXTEL AND DICK FIS-HEL were started at 3:58. They were worked around a large stubblefield, then worked on birds scattered in the open. Both failed to point. Trixey ranged well. Up at 4:21.

This ended the day's work.

SATURDAY.

A cold, raw morning greeted the field trial party. A stiff wind blew steadily. Birds were not moving, and were, therefore, hard to find.

### The Irish Setter Derby.

ELPHIN II. ran a bye, Coleraine accompanying her. They were worked from 8:55 till 9:07. No birds found.

The judges then announced Sage's Tearaway, first; Glenmore Appie, second, and Elphin II. third.

### The Pointer Derby.

There were six entries. There was little work on birds, and the results were not very definite in consequence.

*Second Series.*

TRINKET'S DON AND PRIDE OF KING DON.—Left at 9:13 and ran till 9:32. No work on birds. Both ranged well.

POMME DE TERRE was run a bye with Coleraine, beginning at 9:37. Up at 9:55. Pomme made one point on a sparrow, and was steady to shot.

The judges then placed the dogs as follows:

Pride of King's Don first, Pomme de Terre and Trinket's Don divided second and third.

Mr. W. A. Thompson, of Attica, Md., offered as a special prize the services of Naso of Axtel to the best bitch in the Pointer Derby and puppy stake. The services of King Don to the best bitch in the All-Age.

*The Absolute Winner.*

SAGE'S TEARAWAY AND DAN'S LADY.—They began at 9:59. Lady roaded nicely to a point on a bevy, she standing in the open, while the bevy was on the other side of the fence in a cornfield. Tearaway backed well for a few moments, broke back and drew in. This disturbed Lady. She jumped on the fence, the bevy at the same time flushed and she chased. Lady was the better ranger. She worked with much dash and judgment. Up at 10:14.

PRIDE OF KING DON ran a bye with Winnie. They started at 10:20. Winnie pointed a bevy, Pride backed. Irwin ordered Winnie on. She then flushed the birds, both dogs broke in, Mr. Fisher shot and the dogs chased. Up at 10:30.

It was announced by the judges that Dan's Lady had won the absolute.

### The Puppy Stakes.

Birds were so difficult to find that it was seriously considered better to abandon the Puppy Stakes. It was finally decided that they should be run ten minutes to each brace merely to determine, range, speed, etc. This was the only alternative. There were eight starters. Two in the English Setter Puppy Stake, two in the Irish Setter Puppy Stake and four in the Pointer Puppy Stake.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

E. C. Waddell's dog Harry L., C. W. Tway, handler,

*with*

W. J. Beck's bitch Peggy B. (Gus Kneussel—Maza Mana), W. T. Irwin, handler.

Harry L., first; Peggy B., second.

IRISH SETTERS.

Glenmore Kennels's dog Donaway, W. T. Irwin, handler,

*with*

Glenmore Kennels' bitch Flyaway, W. T. Irwin. handler.

Flyaway, first; Donaway, second.

POINTERS.

U. R. Fishel's bitch Lady Fis-Hel (Don Fis-Hel—Lady Wallace), C. W. Tway, handler,

*with*

John B. McGuffin's dog Tuxedo (Ossian—Cornelia G.), C. Harvey, handler.

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King Don Pointer Kennels' bitch Leach's Bell II. (Grand Duke—Meteor's Dell), a bye, J. E. Fisher, handler.

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Leach's Belle first, Tuxedo second, Lady Fis-Hel third.

The absolute prize of these stakes was won by Harry L.

This ended the trials. Mr. W. A. Thompson showed some very superior pointers. Crowded space prevents a lengthy mention of them. The trials were most pleasantly conducted. There was little dissatisfaction. Every one left with a warm feeling of friendship for the club. At lunch on Friday Messrs. Mayfield, Irwin, Johnson and Harvey entertained the judges, reporters and some friends with a most enjoyable lunch. On Saturday Messrs. Mayfield and Johnson gave a similar lunch to the judges, reporters and a few friends. The manner in which the good things disappeared was the strongest testimonial of appreciation. May they always prosper. B. WATERS.

## WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB.

THE fifth annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club was held at Westfield, Mass., Nov. 16 and 17. While the attendance was not so large either at the hunt or banquet as last year, owing to the bad weather which ushered in the first day of the hunt, still, take it all in all, the meeting was a success, and will long be remembered with pleasure by those who participated. Good fellowship and hospitality will put a bright coloring on the dullest day, and even the driving rain and its attendant disappointments were forgotten in the company of the genial Westfield hunters.

The second day of the meeting made up in many respects for the inclemency of the first. It was as perfect a day as any fox hunter could wish for, but, unfortunately, it came too late to bring a number of well-known hunters who had signified their intention to be present. Among these was Mr. John R. Thayer, of Worcester.

The FOREST AND STREAM representative arrived in Westfield Tuesday night, the day before the hunt. It was raining and the Democrats were celebrating their recent victory, two circumstances tending to dampen one's ardor, if he happens to be a Republican. The hotel was crowded with politicians, the streets were muddy, and every now and then up to midnight and after, some devilish rocket would scoot skyward through the rain with a loud swish, or some equally sleep-dispelling cannon go off under the hotel windows. The night was warm and muggy, and the steam heat in the bed rooms could not be turned off. Windows wide open and a single sheet could only bring partial comfort, and refreshing sleep, during the early part of the night at least, was out of the question.

These distressing circumstances, however, only tended to brighten the reception accorded to a stranger by the club. President Roraback was everywhere at the same time, introducing those who stood in need of introduction, and putting every one else in a good humor. He was a flitting (though substantial) sunbeam. Nor were the other members of the club behind him in showing hospitality.

All Tuesday night it rained steadily. After midnight, when the Democratic enthusiasm had in measure been sated, one could hear the swish of the rain against the window and its gurgle in the escape pipes. It did not omen well for the morrow, and sleep when it came was full of troubled dreams.

The clock in the old town hall across the square from the hotel was just making up its mind to strike the hour of five Wednesday morning when the hunter's horn sounded through the silent corridors of our hostelry. I had been dreaming of that horn all night long, but despite the fact (or perhaps because of it) was so startled that I almost jumped out of bed. No doubt also the strong lungs of Mr. Alstrom, the bugler, had something to do with the electrifying effect. The night was dark as Pharaoh's Egypt. Outside the rain was beating a disheartening tattoo very dampening to the orchestral effects of Mr. Alstrom's bugle. I got up and having found a match, with difficulty dressed and went down stairs. There I met Mr. O. M. Ball, of Worcester, who was the first hunter to dress.

Wednesday was a day of disappointments. About 8 o'clock the rain let up a little and thirty or more of the hunters set out in half a dozen vehicles, driving down the broad, elm-arched streets of the town and through its western outskirt into the country.

Foxes are said to be remarkably plenty about Westfield, and before we had driven a mile we saw one. No one shot it, however, for the very good reason that it was a tame fox tied up in a farmer's yard.

The fox looked us over in a sneaking way and evidently did not like the looks of the hounds, whose heads appeared above the sideboards of the wagons. Though he felt a little worried, I doubt if he appreciated the full gravity of the situation. The truth is that all through that morning his life hung in the balance, for sundry of the hunters vowed that if they could not get another they would come back and purchase the privilege of shooting him at his stake.

"I don't like being skunked," said Mr. Ball, of Worcester, who was one of these dire plotters.

Our route led us to the west side of Palmer's Hill, four or five miles from Westfield Park Square. When we reached this point the rain, which had been toying with our hopes, decided to humor us no longer, and from a condition of neutrality developed into one of downright hostility. Down it came in torrents and we sought shelter in the tobacco sheds of a nearby farmer.

That settled our chances for the day's sport and the main body of the hunters soon after made their way homeward. A few, however, remained, and among them Fred F. Mosely and Owen S. Upson, Jr., and both of these gentlemen were lucky enough to secure a fox. I use the word "lucky" advisedly, for no one but a lucky man could hope for success under the unfavorable conditions that then obtained.

Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock supper was served in the Town Hall. About 125 members and guests were present, or about half the number who had sat down at the banquet last year. Among those present were: District Attorney Chas. E. Hibbard, of Pittsfield, who acted as toastmaster; Senator Kimball, Sheriff Clark and Mr. Chilsen, of Northampton; Major Geo. S. Merrill, of Boston; Insurance Commissioner of the Commonwealth Dr. Hatch, of Pittsfield; Secretary Knowles of the Worcester Fur Club, and O. M. Ball, of Worcester; Dr. H. H. Gamwell, A. S. Kneil, H. N. Kingsbury, J. R. Reed, R. W. Parks, L. F. Thayer, L. M. Clark, R. D. Gillett, Chauncey Allen, Chas. N. Oakes, W. B. Reed, Wm. Warren, C. M. Goodnow, John T. Way, Geo. W. Roraback, Robt. Kneil, Henry W. Ely, S. D. Connor, L. Delos Kellogg and Burton Holcomb, all of Westfield.

After the well cooked and well served supper had received due attention, the toastmaster, Chas. E. Hibbard, of Pittsfield, was introduced by President Roraback. Mr. Hibbard first apologized for the rain, and assured his audience if he had control of the weather he would have given them one of those rare days, "when it is a joy to be out and the bay of the hounds an indescribable delight." He alluded very pointedly to the "discipline of disappointment," which is every one's lot as well as the hunter's, and then introduced Henry W. Ely, of Westfield.

Mr. Ely's subject had to do with the charms of his own native place, and he painted Westfield with all the colors of the rainbow. His speech was of the hurrah kind and brought down the house more than once. It is only right to add that if ever exaggeration was warranted it was in this case, for Westfield certainly is an unusually favored town.

Mr. Ely was followed by Mr. Knowles, of the Worcester Fur Club, who told what he didn't know about speech-making. Mr. Knowles may not be a born Demosthenes, but he studied fox hunting with Uncle Nathan Harrington, and is a master of that noble art.

Robert Kneil told how President Roraback had given him his first lesson in fox hunting, placing him on his stand and telling him to keep quiet till he got his chance to shoot. Presently along came the fox (as they always do in stories), and forgetful of his preceptor's instructions as well as the fact that he was armed with a gun, he yelled at the top of his lungs, "George! Here comes the fox." Singularly enough, Mr. Kneil went on to say, the fox did not wait for George.

Major George S. Merrill, of Boston, followed in a speech which was one of the wittiest of the evening. Dr. Hatch, of Pittsfield, and Dr. Gramwell, Arthur Neil and H. N. Kingsbury, of Westfield, responded gracefully.

George W. Roraback, the handsome president of the club, was the last speaker.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was announced. Mr. Roraback, to whose efforts the success of the club is largely due, was despite his attempts to escape the honor, unanimously re-elected to the Presidency. Mr. F. S. Graves, of Pittsfield, was also re-elected First Vice-President; Wm. Warren, of Westfield, and Chas. E. Hibbard, of Pittsfield, were elected Second and Third Vice-Presidents; Secretary, C. M. Goodnow; Treasurer, Loring P. Lane; Executive Committee, H. N. Kingsbury, Robert Kneil and Jno. T. Way; Reception Committee, N. A. Harwood, Geo. E. Whipple and J. B. Cadle; Dinner Committee, Wm. Warren, T. J. Cooley, Jas. A. Lakin; Lodging Committee, R. D. Gillett, Dr. J. H. Shepard, Jno. T. Way; Master of Hounds, C. D. Allen.

A motion was made by Mr. S. S. Conner that the date of the next annual meeting be arranged so as not to conflict with either the Worcester Fox Club or the Brunswick Fur Club, as had been the case this year in the instance of the latter club. The matter was finally referred to the executive committee, and next year will not see a repetition of the blunder. There was also some talk of holding the next meeting at Pittsfield, but no definite action was taken in the matter.

When the meeting broke up the stars were shining brightly—a pleasing augury for the morrow.

Thursday dawned as perfect a day as ever President Roraback could have desired. Old fox hunters declared they had never seen such a day. The sky was cloudless and not a breath stirred the branches of the trees or the dewy grass, or even the big flag that hung in front of the big hotel. Shortly after daybreak some one—I think it was Burton Holcomb—released a captured fox in the Park Square, and after he had gotten a slight start the hounds were put on his trail. They soon caught sight of him and then fell over each other in their efforts to close their teeth on some tender part of his anatomy. But that fox knew a thing or two and did not keep to the open long. In two winks of a cat's eye he was under a fence and out of harm's reach.

This day's hunt was to the northeast of Westfield in a direction diametrically opposite that taken the day before. A four-mile drive brought us to a frame house at the foot of East Mountain that was to be the headquarters of one division of the party. Some had gone further north, while others still had left the main road at points nearer Westfield. We had scarcely entered the woods, after leaving our horses in charge of the farmer, when we heard the distant baying of the hounds, now rising in sweet melody, now almost lost to ear. We hurried on through the woods till we reached the foot of the ledges which constituted the mountain proper. Here for considerable distances the mountain side was devoid of vegetation, a tumbled mass of rocks.

The foxes like to take the dogs to such a place. They jump from stone to stone, "play checkers with them," as one of the hunters expressed it, while the poor dogs slip and slide and lose their wind and patience as well.

A number of hunters were placed on the rock slides, but all through that blessed day not a fox come that way. In my opinion, this was due to the fact that the drivers of several carriages that had managed to gain the foot of the ledges kept up a running fire of conversation the whole time. The day was preternaturally calm, and their voices could be heard at least half a mile.

To illustrate the stillness of the atmosphere, here is an incident that came under my observation during the morning. I was standing in an old pasture, three or four hundred yards from the mountain and some distance south of the hunters stationed on the ledges. Directly opposite my position was a long rock slide on the mountain side, and every now and then I could hear a slight noise as if one of the stones forming the slide had been moved in its position. Once a stone rolled clatteringly down the side a long way. From what happened next I concluded that these sounds were caused by a fox picking his way across the slide, for soon I heard the baying of a rapidly approaching hound. The hound crossed the slide, as near as I could judge by the sound, for I could not see him, just where the fox had, but he made a great deal more noise and dislodged rocks very frequently. But the point I wanted to note was this—although very nearly a quarter of a mile away, I could hear the hard breathing of the dog very distinctly. If there had been the slightest breath of air stirring this would not have been possible.

Off to the south we heard frequent shots, and those who

had seen no foxes congratulated themselves on the fact that others of the party were no doubt engaged in successfully sustaining the credit of the club. This conclusion was warranted that night when the outcome of the hunt was known. Later in the day I climbed the mountain and from the summit obtained a most lovely and entrancing view.

At my feet was a little pond surrounded by a fringe of yellow marsh grass and bordered by a bank of pines, and reflecting the craggy hill above it. A little further was a gently rounded ridge thickly grown up with chestnut trees. Beyond that the plain of the Woronoco Valley. This is a tawny yellow plain framed by the dark background of the hills. In it, each with its fringe of pines or hardwoods, as the case might be, nestled three lovely lakes, the Hampton Ponds. The dark line of hills that cut the western horizon was part of the Berkshire Hills. While I was on the mountain several of the hunters came along, following a chase to the northward. On the east side of the ridge I joined with them and finally found myself with Burton Holcomb in close proximity to Mount Tom. The hounds could be heard near the summit of a slide scarred hill off to the east. Here I left him and made my way back to the main party. No doubt he caught the fox playing along the ledges and secured the pelt, for Mr. Holcomb is one of the most successful hunters in Westfield, but of this I have no certain knowledge.

About forty hunters were out Thursday, and half that number of hounds. From early morning till sundown the woods about old East Mountain re-echoed with the musical voices of the dogs, and at almost any time during the day one in a good position could hear a chase running. Five foxes were killed, one by Dr. Cowing, of Northampton; one by Mr. Owen, of East Granby, Conn; one by Mr. Williams, of Southampton; one by Mr. Sibley, of Westfield; and one by a German farm laborer living near East Mountain.

At the hotel that evening President Roraback received a telegram from Mr. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., who had been present the first day of the meeting, saying that together with a friend he had killed three foxes before his pack on his own stamping ground. It was certainly an ideal day for fox hunting, and no doubt other good scores were made throughout New England.

## BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THE fourth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club were held at Ossipee, N. H., Nov. 15 to 19. The weather was most unfavorable, two of the three days devoted to the All-Age class being so foggy and rainy that at times it was impossible for the judges to see more than a few yards or to tell one hound from another. Yet the trials, everything considered, must be regarded as a success, and the awards as in the main correct. While a few changes might possibly have resulted had the All-Age class been run for three whole days as prescribed by the rules, still the best hounds undoubtedly came to the front. The judges worked faithfully. It is no easy task to judge a pack of twenty-five foxhounds running through the valleys and over the foothills of the White Mountains, and if mistakes were made they were due to the great difficulties which the judges encountered and not to any lack of zeal on the part of those officials. The decisions were well received by the majority of those interested. There was some grumbling, but most of the disappointed bore their defeat like true sportsmen. Foxes were very plentiful, and on Thursday no less than five were seen by one man. The country was not as suitable for a field trial as the region about Princeton; the hills are higher and there is more cover. The foxhounds entered at these trials were of the very highest quality and represented all the thoroughbred strains of the country. They made a notable pack, and the fact that all but two are owned in New England shows the great interest now taken in hounds in this part of the country. The record of the Brunswick Fur Club during the past year proves that its members will have no hounds but the best, and will spare no expense to get them. Many of those entered were veritable flyers, and the day is coming when foxes will be caught by the hounds in New England as well as in the South. The Carroll House was all that could be desired as a club headquarters, the proprietor doing everything possible for the comfort of his guests. Fox hunters are proverbially social, and the yarns spun around the great open fireplaces of the smoking room would fill a volume. Besides those mentioned in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM there were present during the week J. Rickard, Manchester, N. H., A. E. Thomas, Strafford, N. H.; N. Q. Pope, Poland, Me.; Robert Pevey and C. M. Hill, Centre Strafford, N. H.; F. G. Stewart, Poland, Me., and many others.

On Wednesday sportsmen and hounds arrived by every train, and in the evening the Carroll House was full to overflowing. But the proprietor found room for all, and a smoking hot supper of roast coon with all the "fixins" put every one in good humor. At the club meeting in the evening, President Heffenger in the chair, the *American Field* cup and the various prizes were exhibited and E. H. Hayden, Plymouth, Mass., was admitted to membership. The entries in the Derby were made and the judges selected as announced in last week's issue.

Geo. J. Garrett, Columbus, Ga., the breeder of the celebrated July foxhounds, was heartily welcomed by the club. He is the first Southern fox hunter that has ever attended a meet here, and his presence shows the constantly increasing interest which is taken among fox hunters the country over in the annual trials of the Brunswick Fur Club. It is hoped that other sportsmen from the South and West will follow his example; they will certainly receive a cordial greeting.

### THURSDAY.

The morning was cloudy and threatening, and in the afternoon the rain came down in a steady drizzle. The ground was covered with melting snow and a dense fog hung over hills and valleys, making it difficult to recognize the different hounds in the pack.

The party was up at 5 o'clock, had a hot breakfast and left headquarters at 6:10 with the Derby entries. Just outside the village, near the county farm, the hounds were cast off in a large field at 6:30. They went off well packed, at a good pace, and soon entered cover. Here most of them showed a desire to hunt and displayed intelligence in their work, but many had never seen snow before and to hunt on it was a new experience for all. So it is not surprising that, though they came across one or two fox tracks which looked fresh, they failed to take them. Working down into the valley the pack became scattered. A number of the hounds, confused by the snow and the strange country, returned to their masters and showed but little inclination to hunt. The fog was constantly becoming more dense and it was impossible for the judges struggling up the steep sides of Batson Mountain to see a hundred yards. Now and then a hound was heard tonguing, but no one could tell whether he was trailing the pack, his master or a fox. At 10 o'clock the judges ordered the pack up, the pups having failed to make a strike. Six of the eight entries came to the horn, but Camp did not get home till Friday and Popple was away till Saturday. These two hounds, with Garrett, did the best of the little work which came under the observation of the judges in this very unsatisfactory day's work.

In the afternoon A. McDonald and E. H. Hayden went on a hunt for fur, and the former shot a fox ahead of some local hounds, wounded a second and a third was started. These hounds belonged to Mr. Buzwell, and he proudly showed seventeen coon and four fox skins nailed to the side of his barn, all captured within a few weeks.

A club meeting was held in the evening, Vice-President Kinney in the chair. It was voted to run the All-Age class two days instead of three and to devote Friday to the Derby. This change was made to accomodate members who wished to leave Ossipee on Saturday morning.

As Dr. Heffenger had a hound entered in the All-Age, A. E. Thomas, of Strafford, N. H., was appointed to judge in this class with Messrs. Gill and Turpin.

The entries for the All-Age closed in the evening. There are five classes—hunting, speed, endurance, trailing and barking—and hounds can be entered in all or any of them. Twenty-one were entered in all classes and four in special classes, as noted below.

#### All-Age Class.

JOE J.—O. F. Joslin's black, white and tan dog, 1yr. (Wild Goose and Native).

LEADS ALL—E. J. Bate's red dog, 3yrs. (Wild Goose).

GRAY JACK—A. McDonald's black, white and tan ticked dog, 4yrs. (Native).

CEPHAS—A. McDonald's black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (Native).

HENDRICKS—Portsmouth Hunt Club's white and gray dog, 4yrs. (July)

JIM—R. Seeley's black and white dog, 2½yrs. (Buckfield—Byron).

JACK—Kinney & White's black, white and tan dog, 5yrs. (Native).

MAJOR—Kinney & White's white and tan dog, 3yrs. (Native).

BILLY—Kinney & White's white and blue dog, 3yrs. (Native).

LOGAN—Kinney & White's white and tan dog, 2yrs. (Goodman).

AGGIE—Kinney & White's tan and white bitch, 3yrs. (Goodman).

QUILTIE—R. D. Perry's black, white and tan bitch, 2yrs. (Wild Goose and Native).

CLINKER—R. D. Perry's black and tan dog, 3yrs. (Avent).

SPORT—G. P. Berry's black and tan dog, 4yrs. (Native).

BELVA—Dr. Whittier's orange and white bitch, 5yrs. (English and Native).

DUFF—J. H. Baird's black and white dog, 3yrs. (English and Native).

CLAY—N. Q. Pope's black, white and tan dog, 4yrs. (Goodman).

FRENCH—N. Q. Pope's black, white and tan bitch, 4yrs. (Goodman).

ORANGE—N. Q Pope's orange and white dog, 3yrs. (Goodman).

PEELER—N. Q. Pope's black and tan dog, 4yrs. (July).

FLEET—W. S. Russell's black, tan and white dog, 3yrs. (Golddust and English).

* CROOK—J. H. Baird's black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (Walker).

† CHUM—N. Stewart's black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (English).

† PADDY—N. Stewart's black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (English).

‡ JIM BLAINE—Dr. Whittier's black, white and tan dog, 9yrs. (Chester Co.)

### WEDNESDAY.

The rain pattered on the roof of the Carroll House all night, and each foxhunter peered anxiously out of his window when the gong sounded at 5 A. M. The outlook was not re-assuring. The rain still fell and the clouds hung low on the mountains, but the snow had disappeared. After breakfast the rain stopped and the All-Age class was at once ordered out. The line left headquarters at 6:45 and was soon at the place where the Derby entries were started on Tuesday. As the All-Age lined up waiting for R. D. Perry, M. F. H., to give the signal to let them go, the picture was one to excite the enthusiasm of a stoic. In the pack of twenty-five were not only typical representatives of nearly all the celebrated strains of this country, but imported English hounds were also present. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and as many foxhound fanciers truly said, "Such hounds were never seen together before in this country." At the sound of the horn the eager pack was off with a rush. They crossed the open field at top speed and entered cover. Here the pack divided, part working the woods and part coming into the open again. The latter division, led by Clinker and Quiltie, closely followed by Joe J., Leads All and one or two others, jumped the stone walls and covered the meadows very prettily. Crook, Aggie, Hendricks and a number of the hounds meanwhile clung to the woods. The ground was full of water and the continual rain had washed out all the tracks of the preceding night. In vain the hounds worked the hills and valleys; they could not find a trail hot or cold. A few seemed to think the hunt nothing but a lark, and were now with the pack and now with their masters. Duff was a little inclined to babble, and Fleet, Paddy, Logan, Major and Belva for a time divided their attention between the judges and the hounds in the wet woods, doing but little hunting just then. But they had not been out long before the majority of the hounds divided into two packs. In the first were Crook, Quiltie, Leads All, Clinker, Aggie and Clay.

The second was composed of Orange, French, Joe J., Peeler, Gray Jack, Hendricks, Chum, Cephas, Logan and Major. Most of the other hounds, some of them used to hunting alone, were working here and there by themselves, while one or two were looking for their masters. The packs covered the ground rapidly, and at least one of the judges, as he climbed the steep hills and waded the swollen brooks, thought what an easy task it was to judge beagles compared with the work he then had in hand. The pack had not been cast off half an hour when the fog began to grow thicker and thicker. Then Jupiter Pluvius took a hand in the hunt, and first sent a little shower or two and then, to show his power, threw down the rain by the bucketful. It never rained harder, and the spectators rapidly sought shelter, leaving the judges and a few others to follow the hounds. After a little time Jack, Clay and French managed to trail a short way and encouraged us for a few minutes, but it all came to nothing. Then Belva, Jim Blaine and one or two others decided to drive rabbits as they could not find a fox, and made the woods ring merrily for a half hour. By this time it was evident that nothing could be accomplished by hunting the dogs longer, and at 9:30 the M. F. H. sounded the retreat. All the hounds were in by noon, and thus another day went by without a run. A wetter body of men that straggled into the Carroll House between 10 and 12 o'clock it would be hard to find. Even a compass carried by one of the judges was full of water. The afternoon was passed in spinning yarns, drying clothes and whistling "Wait till the clouds roll by."

President Heffenger presided over the club meeting in the evening. It was decided to run the All-Age class Thursday and Friday and the Derby on Saturday; to hold the winter meet at Westminster, Mass., and to have the annual meeting hereafter in January instead of February. N. Q. Pope, Poland, Me., was elected to membership.

### THURSDAY.

When the gong awoke us at 5 o'clock, as usual, there was not a cloud in the sky, the wind was light, and everything promised a day of perfect sport. For the first time we were able to see that we were in a mountainous region, and Mt. Washington, with its snow-capped head, looked down upon the finest pack of hounds ever seen in New Hampshire. The club left the hotel at 6:10, and a half-hour later the hounds were cast off in Reid's pasture. Joe J., Leads All, Jack, Quiltie and Clay led the rush into cover and the balance of the pack followed them closely. As they hurried on, Gray Jack among the last, did a very pretty piece of work, striking a cold track which all the leaders of the pack had overrun. Hendricks, Sport and Crook harked to him and they trailed rapidly into cover leading away in the distance. They soon jumped the fox, turned, and as they entered a swamp Cephas and Sport were a trifle in advance of the pack and all were in full cry. But the swamp, which was almost impassable even for the hounds, threw them all off and they were at fault for some time, tonguing here and there. Finally Hendricks and Crook led off to the west, a division went to the east, and one or two put in time back tracking. Hendricks and the hounds with them soon struck a trail and carried it along to the foot of the Leighton Hill and jumped their fox at 7:40. He took up the hill and crossed the road in plain view of spectators, hard pressed by the pack, led now by Hendricks and Jack. The fox was turned and the hounds were at fault for a moment, and then were seen carrying the fox down the hill at a terrible pace; Jack was now well in the lead, but, in the open, Crook out-footed him and rapidly closed the gap, while the rest of the pack in full cry but somewhat strung out, followed on. This fox had no sooner got out of sight than a second fox was seen coming down the hill just in the rear of the spectators. On his track came Cephas, Clinker and Hendricks neck and neck, but they were all thrown off at the wall and failed to pick up the track in the open, though they cast well for it.

A half hour later a third fox came down from the summit; as he was about to cross the wall he caught sight of the crowd and turned sharply back. On came the hounds with a rush over the wall and into the open, where they circled for some time in vain. At last the loss was worked by Clay, and away the pack went again into the valley toward Batson Mountain, their voices dying out in the distance, the last to be distinguished being that of Berry's Sport. Meantime Peeler tried his hand hunting by himself, and soon hustled a fox out of a clump of pines and ran him well for some time. Still further to the east Leads All and Major, at the base of Batson Mountain, jumped another fox and hustled him at great speed till they compelled him to seek refuge in the ground. The hounds were now scattered far and wide, the mountain was covered with fresh tracks and the music from the various packs filled the air. It was impossible for the three judges to see more than a small fraction of the work, hurry as they would from one place to another. About noon a hound began to trail on the north side of Leighton's Hill, the others harked to him, and soon a burst of music showed that they had jumped their fox. He led away for Batson Mountain, Aggie and Leads All in advance; but as he came to the town road two small boys turned him back, and he ran to a grove of sugar maples. The fourteen hounds were badly thrown, but at last trailed back to the maples, where they made a dead loss. All day the scent had failed to lay as it should, and many unaccountable losses had been made. When the pack divided early in the morning, Peeler, Orange, Logan, Aggie and Jim Blaine led away to the east, jumped a fox and ran him out of hearing beyond Batson Mountain.

In the evening the judges announced that the best work of the day, in the various classes, had been done by the following hounds: Hunting—First Jack, second Gray Jack, third Hendricks. Trailing—First Leads All, second Jack, third Joe J. Speed—First Aggie, second Leads All, third Peeler. Endurance—First Jack, second Crook, third Jim Blaine. Barking—First Duff, second Leads All, third Aggie. Style—First Clinker, second Hendricks, third Jim.

### FRIDAY.

The sky was dark and a heavy fog hid the mountains. The party left the Carroll House at 6:30, and half an hour later the pack went off with a rush into the pine woods at the foot of the Reid pasture. Gray Jack, showing his usual ability for cold trailing, hit a track at the edge of the woods and went off rapidly upon it. The rest of the pack disappeared in the woods trailing on a ridge between two swamps. One of the judges, by a short cut, managed to get ahead of the pack. As they came by him Aggie, who was leading, threw her head in the air and with a rush shot into a bunch of birch shoots, and from the further side dashed a fox. It was a beautiful piece of work. The others were on at once. With a sudden burst of music and at a famous pace they dashed down the ridge. The fox immediately took to the swamp, and it was lucky for him it was so near. He got quite a lead on the pack while they were checked. After a few minutes they straightened out the track and away they went toward Leighton Hill, their voices growing fainter and fainter till they died out in the distance. All of the pack were not on, some having got thrown in the swamp, and they cast here and there for a trail, but only a few showed the energy of yesterday.

The fog was thick, and it was difficult to find one's way in the dark woods. Finally the judges got out of the wilderness, and going up Leighton's Hill found Clay, Jim and Billy trailing rapidly to the east, Clay doing the best work of the three. While these hounds were trailing, Duff, Crook and Belva, further up the mountain, jumped a fox and carried him away to Moody Hill, where Duff's beautiful voice could be heard now near and then far away. Meanwhile the fog had become so thick that it was impossible to see 30yds, and the judges took stands on different parts of the mountain, hoping by good luck to get a view of the pack. After Jim, Billy and Clay had trailed for a half-hour they jumped their fox, and away they went up the hill, and the greatest run of the week was on. Clay cut out the work and set a furious pace, Jim kept close to him, while Billy, in the rear, was straining every muscle to be in the race. So for an hour or more they drove the fox around the mountain. Then Hendricks struck on with them and these four drove reynard to the ledges and back again, making the circuit in a little more than half an hour. The fog lifted. As they came again to Leighton's Hill the fox took to a stone wall and checked the pack for a few minutes. Hendricks ran the wall, straightened out the track and once more they were off in full cry, Logan and Major now harking to them. At the railroad track they were checked, but Clay, who had been doing some wonderful trailing at top speed, hit it off and once more they went to the ledges. The fox now found he had no ordinary pack after him. He dodged into a flock of sheep, ran walls and went through swamps, but all in vain. These hounds were running to kill. As the fox became hard pressed there was no time for him to play his stone wall tricks, and he was looking only for safety.

The pack meanwhile had increased in numbers, and, while Clay and Hendricks led, Clinker, Leads All, Aggie, Joe J., and others followed hard. At noon they reached Leighton's Hill again, and Hendricks was now leading with Clay a good second, Logan third, and then the pack. Fifty minutes later the terrible pace had proved too fast for many of the hounds, but Hendricks and Clay were still in the lead and gaining on the fox. For a half hour more the chase continued, the hounds with Hendricks and Clay in front were crazy with excitement as they gained on their quarry. The dash and spirit of the hounds, their wonderful trailing and extraordinary speed had never been approached at the trials in the past. As a last resort the fox, almost exhausted, with the eager pack close behind him, made for the burrows. Not a moment too soon. As he entered a hound grabbed him, but captured only his brush. It was found by Dr. Heffenger at the mouth of the den. This ended a most exciting run, in which nearly all the flyers

* Entered only in classes for endurance and hunting.
† Entered only in classes for hunting.
‡ Entered only in classes for barking, trailing and hunting.

had taken part; it lasted for five hours, and throughout the whole time Clay had been in the race, showing dash, endurance and hunting sense.

In the evening the judges held a long consultation and made the final awards: Hunting—First Jack, second Gray Jack, third Jim. Trailing—First Clay, second Leads All, third Aggie. Speed—First Hendricks, second Clay, third Aggie. Endurance—First Jim, second Jack, third Clay. Barking—First Duff, second Leads All, third Aggie. Style—First Joe J., second Hendricks, third Jim.

The *American Field* cup and medal for highest general average was awarded to Clay.

A. B. F. Kinney's speed medal awarded to Hendricks.

A. B. F. Kinney's endurance medal to Jim.

Clay is a black, white and tan hound, 3yrs. old, and was bred by W. H. Huffstetter. He is 22½in. at the shoulder, 27in. in girth and weighs 48lbs. He has a heavy coat and is a strong, well made dog. He is a Ben Robinson and Maupin cross, combining July and English strains. Owned by N. Q. Pope, Poland, Me. Hendricks has a grayish tan body, white breast and legs, with lemon ears and muzzle. He is a July hound and was bred by T. E. Murphy, Macon, Ga. He is 4½yrs. old, 23in. at the shoulder, weighs 55lbs. and is of the greyhound type. Owned by the Portsmouth Hunt Club. Jim is black and tan with white points. He was bred by A. M. Geary, and is by Rush (Byron) out of Flirt (Buckfield). This cross between Southern and native hounds gives the pluck and staying qualities of the native with the speed of the Southern. He is a compact little dog, 21in. at the shoulder and weighing 45lbs. Owned by R. Seely, Portsmouth, N. H.

A vote of thanks was given the judges, and about midnight all turned in after a hard day afield.

SATURDAY.

The early morning was cloudy and a cold north wind blew straight from Mount Washington. Later in the day the sun came out and its warmth was very acceptable. The party that left the hotel at 6:30 was the smallest of the week, as many of the members had taken the morning train for home. There were originally eight entries in the Derby, but only Nancy Hanks, Garrett, Camp, Vixen and Steve appeared to-day. Of the absentees Try and True had returned home with their master, and Popple had not been seen since the unsuccessful hunt of Tuesday. As Judges Gill and Thomas had returned home, President Heffenger had been appointed to act with Bradford S. Turpin as judge of the Derby. At 7:18 the M. F. H. gave the signal and the pups disappeared in the cover on the side of Leighton Hill. They went off well and all showed a desire to hunt. They worked so well that within ten minutes they had in real puppy style jumped a white hare, and were sending him through the cover at a merry clip. They were soon at fault and then each hound made a start for himself, and the swamp was fairly alive with flying hares and driving hounds.

The judges ordered the pack up and with some difficulty they were caught. The hounds were worked away from the swamp and then we covered a great stretch of country without making a strike. It was not until this pack had been down six hours that anything promising was found. Then in low ground a cold trail was struck. The pups worked beautifully, and after a few minutes a fox was jumped. He ran toward Batson Mountain, the pups proving themselves to be flyers, and driving their game at a killing pace. The judges unfortunately were too far off to distinguish the hounds, but from the valley watched them as they rushed up the hill. The fox took to the stone walls, and the young hounds, not understanding this trick, were at fault after a short drive. They were then taken off that we might have time to catch the afternoon train for home. The judges were unable to make any awards, and declared the Derby race off. It was unfortunate that this class could not be run, for among the entries were some young hounds of great promise that will certainly make a record later.

This ended the trials, and afternoon saw nearly all the club members on the way home. BRADLEY.

## MITCHELL KENNEL ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 18.—Mr. Arthur Massey, who judged so acceptably at the recent coursing meet of the Mitchell Kennel Association, of Mitchell, S. D., is in Chicago this week, and will not leave for his home in Great Bend, Kas., until to-morrow or perhaps later, he being the guest here of his brother, Mr. Walter F. C. Massey. Arthur says that the Mitchell grounds are better for running purposes than those at Great Bend, as the ground is quite as level and not so hard, with more plow and soft fields. The hares found are larger than the Great Bend hares, some running as heavy as 15lbs. They are white-tails, great doublers and twisters, and make a good run. The Kansas jacks do not turn white in winter, but the Dakota ones do, and many were already hanging their coat.

The association is fortunate in having a fine club house, within three miles of town, with good quarters, hot and cold water, etc., and plenty of stable room. This building is the residence property of a gentleman who courteously turned it over to the club during the absence of his family, including the services of a cook and housekeeper. The same house is offered for the future meets of the club. Livery accommodations are about as they are at Great Bend.

The Mitchell Association will offer $500 toward an international meeting next year, and may make a determined pull for such a meeting. It is thought that coursing will have a boom in Dakota, and the club intends to hold further meetings. Next fall the association will also hold a field trial, dogs to be worked on prairie chickens, of which birds there is an abundance. All in all, it would seem we need keep an eye on this healthy youngster of an organization, who is apt to jump in and make some swift history—Dakota fashion. E. HOUGH.

## BEAGLE TRIALS FOR NEW ENGLAND.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

To the beagle owners of New England and vicinity I would say that it is proposed to form a field trial beagle club for the purpose of holding a field trial in April next after the N. E. Kennel Club's show, or thereabouts, and to continue to do so every year thereafter at a time either before or after the trial held by the National Beagle Club, so that dogs can be run in both trials without the expense of extra training for each, and the long wait consequent on holding only one trial a year. It is also further proposed to add a dachshund stake and a basset stake to the trials so that the owners and admirers of these dogs may have a chance to place them in public competition and bring forward their several qualities for field work, as has been done in the case of the beagle hound. Owners of bassets or dachshunds are therefore cordially invited to come forward and join us at this first meeting and give suggestions and directions as to matters pertaining to these breeds of dogs. A first meeting will be held at Young's Hotel, Dec. 17, 1892, at 7 P. M., where the club will be formally organized. All intending to join or expecting to be present, will confer a favor by corresponding with me at an early date.

MELROSE, Mass. F. W. CHAPMAN.

An executive committee meeting will be held by the American Spaniel Club during the Brooklyn dog show.

# DOG CHAT.

### World's Fair Show.

Time is slipping along at its usual gait, and more than once the question has been asked, When are they going to make a move to get things into shape for the World's Fair show? Canada is moving apace and is getting in line with her arrangements, but little has been done in this country toward providing a satisfactory solution of the difficulties that will arise in selecting the dogs to compete from the mass of entries that are sure to be sent in. As pretty nearly every one who can scare up a dog of his own will enter it, some provision will have to be made whereby the "great unwashed" shall be separated from those that are likely to catch the judge's eye. Recognizing the importance of the dog show, Mr. Buchanan, Chief of the Department of Agriculture of the World's Fair, paid a visit to New York city last week in order to gain the views of prominent A. K. C. officials and dogmen before making final arrangements. On the evening of Nov. 17 he held a conference with Messrs. W. C. Reick, A. C. Wilmerding, James Mortimer, James L. Anthony, Thos. H. Terry, Wilson Fiske, A. P. Vredenburgh and others as to ways and means. Although a premium list has been issued it was decided to make some alterations. The money that is usually given in the open classes will be given as premiums in a special class and in open classes medals will be given. The subject of judges was also discussed. Mr. Buchanan expressed himself as satisfied that everything will be arranged without trouble, and remarked that the World's Fair managers were determined that this dog show should be a memorable one. The live stock buildings are almost completed, and New Yorkers will welcome an old friend when they see the figure of their Madison Square Diana occupying a proud position on top of them.

### Dog Show at Pawtucket, R. I.

"LITTLE RHODY" is falling into line and during the last four days of December Pawtucket will be the scene of a dog show held, we believe, in connection with the Rhode Island Poultry and Pet Stock Association. From the preparations that are being made it is very likely the exhibition this year will be a more pretentious effort than that of last year, when held at Providence. Mr. Chas. H. Jencks, of Pawtucket, will superintend and Mr. J. Otis Fellows will, as the English would say, adjudicate upon all breeds. Dr. H. S. Smith is to be the veterinarian and Mr. T. H. Adams, of Pawtucket, R. I., will receive the entries up to Dec. 17. As the association has become a member of the A. K. C., all wins will count, and therefore there is no reason why Mr. Fellows should not find a representative lot of dogs put down before him. Premium lists are not yet out but will be ready in a few days.

### Canadian Pointers.

Notwithstanding Mr. Geo. La Rue, owing to business engagement, gave up his secretaryship in the Pointer Club, he has found time to invest in some good pointers, for Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, Ont., tells us he has just sold him Revelation and Dame Bang. The former is well known on the bench and Dame Bang's honors are fresh upon her, having won the All-Age Stake and ran second in the Derby at the last International Field Trials as reported last week in FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Davey has also sold Canadian Lillie to Mr. A. Cramer, of Chicago.

### Important Transfers.

Messrs. Toon & Symonds have just received that crack Clumber bitch, Lady Snow, having purchased her from Mr. Mercer. Mr. Mercer in turn buys from the kennel the noted Irish setter bitch Ballymoney, heavy in whelp to their Jack Briggs, together with a 12-months old bitch by Valley Boxer ex Sissy. The latter will be held at the kennels till bred to Jack Briggs. Jack Briggs, who has improved lately, will be the only representative of the Anglo-American Kennel at Brooklyn this week.

### The Great Bend Transportation Incident.

Mr. Hough wires us: "Correct unequivocally Mr. Cattanach's correction of my Great Bend statement as to the leaving behind of Judge Mulcaster. Mr. Mulcaster rode out in the press wagon as stated. Mr. Cattanach evidently refers to some other morning. I know my facts."

### Suffolk Coronet.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, Ont., who lately purchased the smooth stud fox-terrier Suffolk Coronet from Mr. J. W. Morden, has resold the dog to his former owner, who bought him for a client whose name is not at present forthcoming, although it is understood that Coronet still remains in Canada.

### Toronto K. C. Local Show.

The Toronto Kennel Club held a successful local show on the evening of Nov. 15. A number of well-known local dogs were exhibited, but space does not admit of giving the full list this week. The judges were Messrs. R. W. Boyle and William Brodie.

Kennel clubs are springing up in every direction. It seems, according to the Salt Lake City *Times*, that even the city of the Mormons is not behind the times in this respect, and its club proposes holding a show some time in January next. The Pacific Kennel Club, however, at a late meeting discussed the advisability of forming a Western circuit of shows, and the secretary was instructed to confer with the Salt Lake Club with a view to its falling into line with their show.

Whippet racing will take place at Fall River on Thanksgiving day. Farrow's Nellie, that took a conspicuous part in the whippet racing at Trenton in September last, is matched to run Ford's Buccaneer for $200, and Copper's Mischief will contend with Lord's Lady for $100.

The new kennel club in Detroit, Mich., held a meeting Nov. 3 and after adopting by-laws decided to hold a dog show in the Auditorium next spring.

Mr. Harry Twyford sails for Bay Ridge Nov. 25, by the same steamer (Mohawk) that carried him to England. By the way, we have received a letter for publication commenting on the misunderstanding between Messrs. Twyford and Elliot. As these two gentlemen have seen fit to air their mutual grievance in the English papers rather than at home, we scarcely think it right to inflict our readers with a side view of it. This reminds us that FOREST AND STREAM has also received letters more or less personal in tone concerning criticisms at Canadian shows in another paper. Such matter is not of general interest and is therefore declined.

Owing to our enforced absence from the office, one or two items of news got side-tracked last week. The fact that Manatang Kennels had purchased Henmore King and Chips, two noted English greyhounds, was one of them. These dogs were purchased from Mr. C. Hathaway. Some time since we had an inquiry from a correspondent as to how these two dogs would compare with the cracks in this country, and we answered to the best of our ability. How far we were correct will be seen at the Brooklyn show this week, where the two new ones will be exhibited. The black and white dog Henmore King was whelped in March, 1884, and is by Flowdale out of Sut, and has some rare old coursing blood in his veins, and weighs when fit about 62lbs. His winnings are numerous, first at Crystal Palace, 1890, is one of them. Chips, a white and brindle bitch, was whelped in March, 1888, and is by Bird of Prey out of Bessie. She is said to be very fast in the field and a sure killer. She also has done well on the bench, and a win at Birmingham in 1890 is part of her record. Mr. Hathaway was also the owner of Charles Davis and Maud Torrington before Mr. Albion L. Page purchased them.

The Seminole Kennels have hinted recently that we might expect some news, and now we learn that the collie Ormskirk Curzon is on board the s.s. Runic on the way to New York. This dog comes from the kennels of Mr. T. Stretch.

We should have remarked in our notice of Marvel's importation last week that the excellent picture of this dog which we published was from the English *Stock-Keeper*.

In our list of names of sportsmen present at the New England field trials we unwittingly omitted that of Mr. "Bob" Leslie, who was accompanied by a Cleveland badge, and in that happy frame of mind in which a man finds himself who has won three hats on the national result. Looking over our exchanges we find in the Lynn *Item* a picture of the gallant Major "Bob" on a spirited charger at the head of the "silk hat" brigade, surrounded by a halo of illuminations and hurrah in the Democratic glorification parade that taok place in that city a few nights since. The owner of Belle Randolph, a pointer bitch of much renown, is seemingly a prophet of some account in his own country, and as such we trust he will have influence enough to put life into the dormant Massachusetts Kennel Club, of Lynn, so that we may look forward to a bench show in the "shoe" city as something more than a probability.

That pups can be carried in good health long distances by rail if properly crated is proved by Mr. Wilson, the Chicago fancier, who in acknowledging the receipt of a black and tan terrier 4 months old, by Prince Regent out of Meersbrook Empress, says he never received a dog in better shape.

Mr. Barclay Field, one of the best known supporters of field trials in England, and an ardent sportsman, died Nov. 7. For many years he had been a breeder of pointers and his dogs generally ran well up in the different field trials. He was a member of the Council of the National Association, of which Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale is the president.

The boss liar now lives in Jerseyville, Ill., and here is his latest effort, which he told to an admiring crowd at the Laclede the other day: "There was a man in southern Illinois," said he, "who invented a salve that he claimed was just the thing for cuts. If you cut your finger off, apply the salve and the finger would soon grow out to its normal length. One of the residents of the town was somewhat skeptical, so he thought he would try it on his dog's tail. He cut off the tail and applied the salve, when almost spontaneously it commenced growing, and in a few minutes was as long as ever. In the meantime his little boy had picked up the end of the tail and put on some salve, and both the man and the boy were very much surprised to see a full-sized dog grow out from the end of the tail. The father and his boy are now dead."—*St. Louis Republic.*

We note among our new advertisements this week the following offers for sale: Foxhounds, D. Rowat; setters, P. J. Schild, G. H. Kunkel, Silas Decker; beagles, Somerset Kennels, E. O. Cornforth, W. G. Mott; cocker spaniels, Coachman; King Charles spaniels, Lucy; mastiffs, P. A. Place, T. L. Dennis; fox-terriers, E. Snell; Chesapeakes, A. C. Sill; Philip Daly, Jr., wants an experienced man to take charge of kennel; C. W. Ellis wants dogs to train; F. W. Forbes wants to buy a coon and a rabbit dog.

The question of making dogs as personal property is again a subject of discussion in the Georgia Legislature. There is the usual opposition that has hitherto defeated the bill, based on the idea that once dogs become property they will be taxed. It does seem funny that these people will fight for their dogs and risk almost anything personally to protect them, and yet refuse to countenance a law which would relieve their dogs in a great measure from the dangers they now run at the hands of any unscrupulous ruffian that comes along. Yet for some cities to tax dogs and not recognize them as property does seem a little inconsistent.

Even a dog should have a name which he would not blush to bear, were blushing possible to him. When he has been called by some ridiculous and inappropriate title, the fact frequently reacts upon the owner. There was a rich and somewhat overdressed "city woman" boarding in a pretty village, this summer, and she owned a canine pet who dragged out a miserable existence under the name of "Rags." One day he was lost and his bejeweled mistress was inconsolable. She walked the road in front of the house, clad in China silk, and calling "Rags! Rags! Rags!" in tones of piercing grief. Her pet did not answer. And she became quite indignant when some of the village youths took up the cry and from a sheltering fence cried "Bones an' ol' iron."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Mrs. C. C. Ellis, the owner of probably the best team of Basset hounds in England, is offering them for sale. Here is a chance for some of our fanciers, who seem to be waking up to the merits of this breed.

Apropos of Mr. G. F. Bowden, whose name has cropped up recently in connection with the picture of working sheep dogs we published recently, met with an accident in the hunting field, and according to the English *Stock-Keeper*, resulted to an injury to his wrist.

The Crystal Palace show this year is said to have been the best yet held by the company, both in entries and quality. Mastiffs were a good display, but the quality of St. Bernards was all in favor of the smooths. Marvel, "our new dog," beat his sire ch. Pouf and Angelo in rough challenge class. Mr. Brough brought out a new crack bloodhound in Burgundy, by ch. Beckford ex Bianca. Bulldogs showed nothing new of any moment. Irish terriers, however, were very strong, but fox-terriers were comparatively not a creditable exhibition, though Dorsay was on hand. Old Beaconsfield was beaten in black and tans by Prince Eric, who is said to be going cheeky. Collies were poor. Other terrier classes were well represented and the pet dogs are said to have been exceptionally strong. The pointers and setters were better than usual.

Major Taylor's new book is now ready for sale, and judging from a glance through its pages it is a masterpiece of plodding effort. At the same time the printing and general appearance of the book inside is scarcely in keeping with the importance of the work. The price is $5, sent post or express free.

## BROOKLYN DOG SHOW.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 22.—(*Special to Forest and Stream*).—The second venture of the National Greyhound Club is indeed a formidable effort, and the club as a specialty club must feel proud of the way in which their fellow dogmen have supported them. The show opened on Tuesday morning, Nov. 22, and will continue till Friday night. A glance through the prize list, and we have not time for any more than that before going to press a day earlier than usual.

There are a number of prominent dogmen present, among whom I notice Messrs. R. C. Cornell, John Moorehead, Jr., R. P. Keasbey, A. C. Wilmerding, E. A. Maulce, W. C. Wixom, F. W. Chapman, Dr. H. T. Foote, R. F. Mayhew, James L. Anthony, W. Wade, Wilson Fiske, Henry Jarrett, A. D. Lewis, H. B. Cromwell, H. W. Huntington, J. W. Appleton, Geo. Bell, W. S. Stewart, James Black, L. C. Whiton, George Jarvis, C. D. Bernheimer, F. Senn, John Finlayson and a host of others whose names we must chronicle next week. The benching is well arranged, but somewhat crowded. The building has hardly sufficient light for judging purposes. The attendance this morning is moderate. Judging commenced at 11 A. M.

The judges are: In ring 1, for mastiffs, W. Wade; English, Irish and Gordon setters, pointers, W. Tallman; foxhounds and beagles, H. W. Lacy. In ring 2, for St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, A. M. Hughes; Chesapeake Bay dogs, Clumber, cocker and field spaniels, E. M. Oldham; Great Danes, A. H. Heppner. In ring 3, for deerhounds, greyhounds and Psovois or Russian wolfhounds, H. W. Smith; collies, Martin Dennis; poodles, pugs, Italian greyhounds, toy spaniels and toy terriers, Dr. M. H. Cryer. In ring 4, for all fox-terriers, German Hopkins: Bedlington, black and tan, bull, Dandie Dinmont, Irish, Scotch, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, bloodhounds, bulldogs, dachshunds and miscellaneous, T. S Bellin.

Owing to Mr. August Belmont's absence, Mr. German Hopkins is filling his place in the judges' list very acceptably.

The quality of the dogs is particularly noticeable, especially is this the case in the good showing of American-bred stock. The pointer men are very excited and competition is keen, and it savored of old times to see Mr. R. C. Cornell leading out a winner in the heavy-weight dog class. A new fox-terrier dog is another of the surprises. Many of the awards so far made are not according to hitherto "cocker," but that does not say they are not correct. The club gave an elaborate lunch to judges, friends and press. When cigars were lighted Mr. Anthony proposed the toast of the Greyhound Club and Mr. L. C. Whiton responded. The following is the list of awards up to 3 P. M.:

ST. BERNARDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Fred Schmitt's Roland, Jr., and Otos; 3d, Otto Langenberger's Donnar. Very high com., New York St. Bernard Kennels' Refuge II. High com., Mrs. J. Smith's White Friar and Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent. Com., Emma Langenberger's Achilles. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and very high com., Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr.'s Ellen Terry, Altonette and Miss Anna; 3d and high com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunray and Princess Hepsey. Very high com., W. Gray's Judy. High com., Jacob F. Lutz's Princess Wang. *Puppies:* High com., Edward Booth's Lord Walbeck. Com., C. J. Field's Nero.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dunrobin Kennels' Olga.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dunrobin Kennels' Argyle; 2d, Henry Mollenhauer's Bismarck; 3d, J. M. Greenwood's Glencairn. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Madge Mac; 3d, Henry Mollenhauer's Tnora.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Albion L. Page's Maud.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Lord Neverstill; 2d, Tubby Hook Kennels' St. Regis; 3d, Wm. Schumacher's Prince Bismarck. *Bitches:* 1st, James Black's Dolly Dollar; 2d and very high com., Maybrook Kennels' Miss Dollar III. and Maybrook Nell; 3d, Wm. T. Faulkner's American Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Snowflight. 2d, W. D. Blenus's Dollas.

PSOVIE.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. W. Huntington's Argoss.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—55LBS. AND OVER—*Dogs:* 1st, George Jarvis's Lad of Kent. Reserve, Hempstead Farm's champ. Robert le Diable. *Bitches:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game. OPEN—*Dogs*, 55lbs. and over: 1st, Robert C. Cornell's Ponset; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Bang Bang; 3d, Rinada Pointe Kennels' Earl of Hessen. *Bitches*, 50lbs and over: 1st, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Duchess of Naso; 2d, George Jarvis's Lass of Kent; 3d, Banks & Da Russy's Bella. CHALLENGE—UNDER 55LBS. —*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's champion Duke of Hessen. CHALLENGE—UNDER 50LBS. *Bitches:* 1st, William H. Hyland's Fan N. OPEN—UNDER 55LBS. *Dogs:* 1st, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Ridgeview Donald; 2d, Chas. Connell's Rock II.; 3d, A. G. Hooley's Ridgeview Faust. Reserve, Robert C. Cornell's Roderick. Very high com., Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Prince and Bronx Valley Kennels' Axtel King Don. High com., Otto Hillmer's Chester.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—OPEN—*Dogs:* Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Stormer; 2d, Clarence Ratubone's Beverwyck Punster; 3d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Daysman. Reserve, L. B. Banks's Blemton Rattler. Very high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Laird, E. W. Irwin's Ruxton and Woodale Kennels' Dobbin. High com., E. Rand Hollander's Hillside Ruffian. *Bitches:* 1st, Chas. Stedman's Hanks Grouse II.; 2d and 3d, Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Regina and Miss Domino. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Faithful. Very high com., Edward Bird's Tuxedo Beauty, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Dusky II. High com., E. W. Irwin's Chinquipin Chink. Com., Woodale Kennels' Woodale Regina.—PUPPIES *Dogs:* 1st, A. D. Stewart's My Fellow C.; 2d, Wilton Kennels' Wilton Tripper. Very high com., Dr. A. W. Lawrence's Crafty. *Bitches:* 1st, E W. Irwin's Boscobel; 2d, Woodale Kennels' Woodale Dainty.

FOX-TERRIERS.—WIRE-HAIRED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Billy; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Dandy Jack; 3d, C. L. A. Whitney's Jack Trick. Very high com., Iolanthe Kennels' Carn Brea Prince, Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Grip and R. F. Mayhew's Brittle. High com., C. L. A. Whitney's Jack Prompter.

## A STRONG MASTIFF KENNEL.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Since the Omaha show I have strengthened my mastiff kennel very materially, having purchased Edric, winner of first in open class and defeating Elkson for special as best in that show.

It will be remembered at Chicago, 1892, Edric, being in wretched condition, was defeated by Elkson and Wellington, but at Omaha he turned the tables on both of them, defeating Wellington in the open class and Elkson for the special.

I have also purchased Caution's Own Daughter and Minna Minting. These, with what I already have, will make me a very strong kennel. C. E. BUNN.

PEORIA, Ill., Nov. 19.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

I WAS in error in respect to a statement I made recently concerning the judges who were to judge at the U. S. trials. Mr. J. M. Freeman was not engaged to judge. He was mentioned as a possible judge. As he had entries in those trials, he desired me to correct the error.

The Ohio Field Trials Club this year holds a membership trial. After this year's trials are run, beginning Nov. 23, the intention is to make future trials open to the United States. At present, the club has 1,200 acres and 2,000 more to add. The secretary, A. H. Smith, Canton, Ohio, writes me that there are plenty of birds, and that there will be good opportunities for the dogs to work. The grounds, five miles from city, can be reached by electric cars.

B. WATERS.

### Business.

THEY ONLY NEED A START.—Arkona, Ont., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by the advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM that a subscriber can start and take a paper at any time. In seeing the paper I have found that there is some very good information. I inclose the sum of $2 for six months issues. Please oblige by forwarding the following weekly issues.

G. R. DAWSON.

## CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB ENTRIES.

### Free-For-All Stake.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Herewith please find list of our Free-for-all entries, numbering 14 English setters and 6 pointers:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ORLANDO—Avent & Thayer's dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep).
BETTIE S.—Avent & Thayer's bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).
RUPERT—Avent & Thayer's dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep).
TREMONT—Bidford & Bryden's dog (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown).
BOB COOPER—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.)
PITTI SING—Thos. Johnson's bitch (Baron Doveridge—Norah).
LORA—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
COUNT ANTEO—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s dog (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).
HAZEL THE BLACK LEG—L. Shuster, Jr.'s bitch (Cincinnatus—Cornelia G.).
BRIGHTON TOBE—T. G. Davey's dog (Locksley—Ledderdale II.).
HARRY C.—Greenfield Hill Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Countess House).
ROWDY ROD—Greenfield Hill Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Juno A.).
DAISY HUNTER—J. A. & J. H. Huntington's bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).
MERLIN—C. J. Thompson's dog (Grab—Flora).

POINTERS.

RIP RAP—Charlotteville F. T. Kennels' dog (King of Kent—Hops).
MAID OF KENT—Charlotteville F. T. Kennels' bitch (King of Kent—Hops).
BOB—N. S. Simpkins's dog (Beppo III.—Belle Brandon).
GROUSE—C. C. M. Hunt's dog (Mainspring—Swan's Fly).
PRAWN—M. Heywood-Lonsdale's dog (Crab—Polly Peachem).
BLACK WONDER—J. A. and J. A. Hunter's dog (Cowell's Ike—Bang Bang's Pride). C. H. ODELL, Sec'y-Treas.

NEW YORK CITY.

I desire to correct the name of owner of Prawn and Dickon as entered in our All-Age Stake. The owner is Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, instead of Hempstead Farm.

C. H. ODELL, Sec'y-Treas.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*The Prior.* By F. P. Barber, San Antonio, Tex., for white and brindle rough St. Bernard dog, whelped July 14, 1892, by Eiger (Bello—Gemma) out of Swiss Beauty (champion Sir Charles—Loda).

*Graphic's Dandy, Daisy S. and Sue Ranger.* By A. W. Stevens, Cortland, N. Y., for liver, white and ticked pointer dog and lemon and white bitches, whelped Sept. 18, 1891, by Graphic, Jr., out of Dap Ranger (Dash Ranger—Queen Ranger).

*Graphic, Jr., II. and Graphic's Dawn.* By A. W. Stevens, Cortland, N. Y., for liver, white and ticked pointer dog and bitch, whelped Sept. 21, 1892, by Graphic, Jr. (champion Graphic—King Bow's Dawn) out of Dap Ranger (Dash Ranger—Queen Ranger).

*Edgewood Silk Gladstone and Edgewood Dot Bondhu.* By V. L. Bassa, New Canaan, Conn., for black and white English setter dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 30, 1892, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep) out of Rose Gladstone (Dan Gladstone—Belton's Princess).

*Edgewood Monk Gladstone and Edgewood Rose Bondhu.* By V. L. Bassa, New Canaan, Conn., for black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 30, 1892, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep) out of Rose Gladstone (Dan Gladstone—Belton's Princess).

*Edgewood Dell.* By V. L. Bassa, New Canaan, Conn., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 24, 1892, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep) out of Menia III. (Rock Belton—Menia II.).

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Loumont Kit—Comet II.* H. M. Howes's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Loumont Kit to his Comet II., Sept. 29.

*Rose—Comet II.* H. M. Howes's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Rose to his Comet II., Oct. 17.

*Bonaly Belle—Suffolk Coronet.* F. R. Close's (Hamilton, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Bonaly Belle (Blemton Trump—Hillside Baroness) to J. W. Morden's Suffolk Coronet (champion Result—champion Diadem), Aug. 21.

*Flossy—Gypsey Boy.* E. L. Stine's (Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Flossy (Little Prince—Uno) to R. Sherr's Gypsey Boy (champion Lee—Gypsey Nell), Sept. 29.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Bonaly Belle.* F. R. Close's (Hamilton, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Bonaly Belle (Blemton Trump—Hillside Baroness), Oct. 17, six (two dogs), by J. W. Morden's Suffolk Coronet (Result—Diadem).

*Dap Ranger.* A. W. Stevens's (Cortland, N. Y.) pointer bitch Dap Ranger (Dash Ranger—Queen Ranger), Sept. 21, eight (four dogs), by S. R. Tisdel's Graphic, Jr. (champion Graphic—King Bow's Dawn).

*Rose Gladstone.* V. L. Bassa's (New Canaan, Conn.) English setter bitch Rose Gladstone (Dan Gladstone—Belton's Princess), Oct. 30, five (three dogs), by his Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep).

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Bow Bondhu—Menia III whelp.* Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Sept. 24, 1892, by V. L. Bassa, New Canaan, Conn., to F. W. Bennett, Killingly, Conn.

*Henmore Shamrock—Onota Peg whelp.* Irish setter bitch, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to C. H. L. Zellinsky, Flatbush, N. Y.

*Henmore Shamrock—Dorah whelp.* Dark red Irish setter dog, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to C. H. Smith, same place.

——. Pointer dog, whelped July 4, 1892, by Mr. Corliss, Worcester, Mass., to Dr. W. T. Parker, Beverley, Mass.

*Max.* Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 25, 1890, by Murkland Ranger out of Bell E., by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to W. D. Spaulding, Waterville, Me.

*Donald W.* Liver, white and ticked pointer dog, whelped Sept. 18, 1891, by Graphic, Jr. out of Dap Ranger, by A. W. Stevens, Cortland, N. Y., to A. D. Wallace, same place.

*Nettie Weller.* Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 17, 1892, by Tony Weller out of Topsy S., by National Beagle Kennels, Waltham, Mass., to F. C. Mackenzie, same place.

*Little Lady.* Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 22, 1892, by Spokane out of Gladys, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. Sparrow, Pleasant Ridge, O.

*Star of Kent.* Black and white pointer bitch, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to Mrs. E. S. Avis, Fort McIntosh, Laredo, Tex.

*Cardinal Richelieu.* Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to Jos. W. Irwin, Little Rock, Ark.

*Richard Kent.* Black and white pointer dog, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to J. M. McCain, West Lake, La.

*Imperial Kent.* Black and white pointer dog, whelped April 27, 1892, by Trinket's Chief, Jr. out of Duchess of Kent, by West End Kennels, San Antonio, Tex., to Dr. E. H. Scharnberg, Shiner, Tex.

*Doctor P.* Liver, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Sept. 8, 1892, by Cinch out of Delaware Girl, by Liberty Kennels, Hyattville, O., to Hon. T. E Marriott, Delaware, O.

*Ruth.* Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 14, 1892, by Jubilee out of Nellie Bannerman, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to E. L. Stine, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Rachael.* Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 14, 1892, by Jubilee out of Nellie Bannerman, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to E. L. Stine, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Rip Rap.* Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 14, 1892, by Jubilee out of Nellie Bannerman, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to E. L. Stine, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Fannie Weller.* Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 14, 1892, by champion Tony Weller out of Dot, by W. H. Child, Glenside, Pa., to E. L. Stine, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Tony Forest.* Beagle dog, whelped May 17, 1892, by Tony Weller out of Topsy S., by National Beagle Kennels, Waltham, Mass., to Lewis Steffern, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Sport.* Beagle dog, whelped May 6, 1892, by champion Fitzhugh Lee out of Virginia, by National Beagle Kennels, Waltham, Mass., to C. L. Morse, Athol, Mass.

*Jule.* Black, white and tan beagle bitch, same litter, by National Beagle Kennels, Waltham, Mass., to Dr. Baker's son, same place.

*Ho Boy.* Black, white and tan beagle dog, same litter, by National Beagle Kennels, Waltham, Mass., to W. Genthner, Noblesboro, Me.

*Prop.* Black, white and tan beagle dog, same litter, by National Beagle Kennels, Waltham, Mass., to J. H. Tilton, Wayland, Mass.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

S. B., Brooklyn.—Please give pedigree of English setter Wellington. Ans. Wellington (A. K. C. S. B., 11,368) by Monk out of Mattie, by Killarney out of Milo, by Dan out of Venus; Killarney, by Grouse out of Brisk; Monk, by Blue Border out of Flirt.

C. S. H., Manchester by the Sea, Mass.—Would you kindly state cause of death in wolfhound puppy, ten months old. Ate hearty but kept very thin; coat out of order. Tried for worms without any success; found blood in her fæces. I took great care of her but she died suddenly. On opening her I found only one round worm about 6in. long. Her bladder was full of water, quite thick and yellow; her passage from rectum was all blood to her inside, which looked all right bar her liver, which was purple and white and very large. Ans. Probable cause of death exhaustion from diarrhœa and hemorhage of the bowels.

T. G., Troy, N. Y.—A dispute arose from a man's saying that a St. Bernard puppy, of my breeding, "had a very poor mouth for a thoroughbred because the roof was not black"—the flews are black, be it understood. I claim that the color (red or black) of the internal surface of a St. Bernard's mouth makes no difference in his scoring; that red is not ranked as a defect or fault, nor any points allowed in the standard to black color; that, if anything is given to black color, it would be no more than that, of two dogs scoring exactly the same otherwise, a preference might be given to the dog with a black mouth by a judge who preferred it, and would be denied it by a judge who did not prefer black. In other words, I claim that it is a fancy point not original in the breed, and finding its sole value in individual taste and selection. Ans. The idea that a pedigree dog should have a black roof to its mouth is a relic of the dark ages that does not obtain in modern dogdom. The color of the dog's mouth has no influence with a judge.

## Wonderful Word-Painting.

*Extract from Sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, in Brooklyn Tabernacle, Sunday Evening, Nov. 1, 1891.*

"WHEN last Thursday the swiftest train on earth pulled out from Grand Central Station for Buffalo, we started on a wondrous journey. The autumnal forests were in a blaze of splendor. Four hundred and forty miles of pageant! Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas. Along by the Hudson, and up and down the sides of the great hills, there was an indescribable mingling of gold and orange, and crimson and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming up into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of the Mohawk there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down and every whither by the winds. The most beautiful sight I ever witnessed was along the Mohawk Valley. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. Even the humble bush, like the bush that Moses saw, was 'burning, but not consumed.' If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the New York Central would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip-top of the crags, and then it had come dripping down to the lowest leaf and deepest cavern."—*Adv.*

# Yachting.

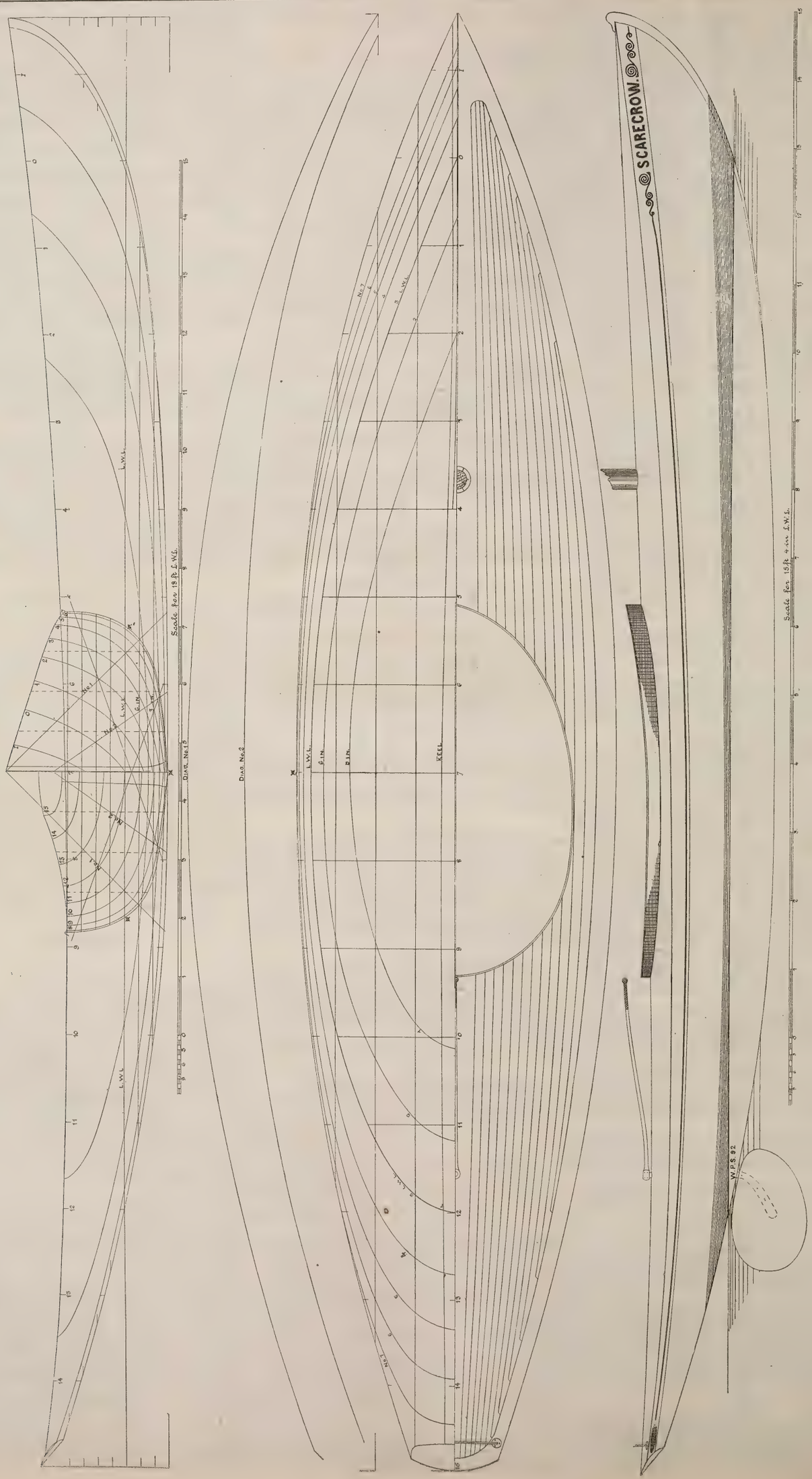
## Scarecrow.

IN the accompanying design, the sneakbox type, so frequently described and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM, is carried to a further degree of development than in the sailing boat La Gloria, illustrated on Oct. 27, the result being a fin-keel of the same general type that has proved such a success this year in the hands of Mr. Herreshoff. With a view to speed, the lines have been fined, and in conformity with fashion, if for no other reasons, the ends have been lengthened materially; but the characteristic features of the sneakbox and pram, the shovel-bow and full waterlines, have been retained. The design is of course very similar to La Gloria, the new boat being suggested by a practical trial of the old one. The general features of the boat were planned by her owner, Mr. C. J. Stevens, of the New York C. C., the design itself being the work of Mr. W. P. Stephens. Scarecrow, whose looks it is hoped and expected will belie her name, is intended mainly for sailing about New York Bay, between the Narrows, Sandy Hook and Raritan Bay; it is not proposed to race her, and she will be fitted with a complete canoe yawl outfit of tent, cooking and sleeping gear; at the same time the main object of the owner was to secure a fast, safe and seaworthy sailing boat. While the design as given possesses the general elements and proportions of Delta and La Gloria, and may be fitted with a centerboard of moderate weight, to carry a sail plan with little or no ballast, the boat now building will be a veritable fin-keel, after a peculiar plan devised by her owner.

The fin will be of Tobin bronze, about 1¼in. thick, 6ft. long on upper edge, about 4ft. long on lower edge, 3ft. 3in. deep, and carrying on the lower edge a weight of some 400lbs. in a lead cigar or bulb. The novel feature of the design is the fitting of the fin in a centerboard trunk a little longer than the cockpit shown, this trunk being strongly built, to a height of 3in. above the waterline, fastened at each end to a watertight bulkhead across the boat, and with the floor level with the top of the trunk, thus making the cockpit quite small and self-draining.

The trunk will be kneed off so as to take safely the heavy strain, and so far as strength goes, this construction is superior to the usual one of angle irons on each side of the fin, bolted through the floors and keelsons. The fin will be to all intents and purposes a permanent fixture, being left down when at anchor and at all times in sailing; but it will be fitted with special lifting gear, by which it may be raised in a short time for hauling up or any special emergency.

The proposed rig will show a jib tacked to the stemhead and a leg-o'-mutton mainsail of the sliding gunter type, precisely as used on canoes. The spars will be hollow, made by Young, of Bridgeport, Conn. The cockpit will be narrower than shown, and nearly rectangular; but in building from the lines the arrangement of centerboard or fin, bulkheads, size and shape of cockpit and height of floor may be varied to suit the special requirements of a case. Two large hatches will be placed in the deck, giving access to the stowage room forward and aft of the well. The "nasty rudder" of all modern small racers has been adopted, as little that would injure it can pass the deep fin; but for ordinary cruising use, with the common centerboard, the plain rudder hung on a scag would be preferable. The boat is now building by Samuel Ayres, of Fifty-sixth street, Bay Ridge, N. Y., and will probably be completed within the next three weeks, though she will not be rigged and fitted up until next spring.




"SCARECROW." 18ft. Sailing Boat. Designed by W. P. Stephens for C. J. Stevens, 1892.

We propose later on to deal with the details of construction for the benefit of those who may wish to build from the lines.

DIMENSIONS AND ELEMENTS.

(The small figures indicate eighths of an inch.)

| | 15ft. 4in½. l.w.l. | 18ft. l.w.l. |
|---|---|---|
| | FT IN. | FT. IN. |
| Length over all | 21 4⅝ | 25 |
| l.w.l. | 15 4¼ | 18 |
| Overhang, bow | 2 1⅝ | 2 6 |
| stern | 2 10⅜ | 4 6 |
| Beam, extreme | 4 8⅝ | 5 6 |
| l.w.l. | 4 3⅜ | 5 |
| Freeboard, least | 10⅜ | 1 |
| Sheer, bow | 11⅛ | 1 1 |
| stern | 4⅜ | 5 |
| Draft, without board or fin | 7⅝ | 9 |
| Round of deck | 4⅜ | 5 |
| Displacement, pounds | | 1833 |
| per inch immersion, pounds | | 342 |
| Area, midship section, sq. ft | | 2.80 |
| lateral plane | | 10.00 |
| l.w.l. plane | | 64.26 |
| Fore end of l.w.l. to— | | |
| midship section | 9.00 | 10.50 |
| C.B | 8.35 | 9.72 |
| C.L.R | 7.80 | 9.09 |

TABLE OF OFFSETS—15FT. 4½IN. BOAT.

Stations spaced 1ft. 3⅜in. Waterlines spaced 2⅝in. Buttock lines spaced ⅛ of extreme beam. Diagonals as in body plan.

| Stations. | Heights. Keel. | Heights. Deck. | Half-Breadths. Waterlines. Deck. | No. 6 | No. 5 | No. 4 | LWL No 3. | No. 2. | No. 1 | Diagonals. No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 | 2 5 | 2 5 | 0¹ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 0¹ | 0¹ |
| 1 | 1 2⅞ | 2 3⅜ | 4⅜ | 0³ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 5⅞ | 3 |
| 0 | 7⅜ | 2 1⅜ | 11 | 6⅜ | 5 | 2⅞ | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 0⅞ | 9¹ |
| 1 | 4⅜ | 2 | 1 4¹ | 1 0⅜ | 11⅛ | 9¹ | 6⅜ | 2¹ | ..... | 1 6⅝ | 1 2¹ |
| 2 | 2⅜ | 1 10⅜ | 1 8⅜ | 1 6 | 1 4⅜ | 1 2⅞ | 1 0³ | 8¹ | ..... | 1 11⅜ | 1 5¹ |
| 3 | 1⅜ | 1 9⅜ | 1 11⅝ | 1 10⅜ | 1 9¹ | 1 7⅝ | 1 5⅜ | 1 1⅜ | 6¹ | 2 3⅜ | 1 7⅞ |
| 4 | 0⅜ | 1 8⅜ | 2 2 | 2 1⅜ | 2 0⅜ | 1 11⅛ | 1 9¹ | 1 5⅜ | 11⅜ | 2 6 | 1 9⅜ |
| 5 | 0¹ | 1 7⅜ | 2 3⅜ | 2 3 | 2 2⅜ | 2 1⅜ | 1 11⅜ | 1 9 | 1 3⅜ | 2 8 | 1 10⅝ |
| 6 | ..... | 1 6⅜ | 2 4 | 2 3⅞ | 2 3 | 2 2⅝ | 2 1⅜ | 1 10⁷ | 1 6¹ | 2 9⅜ | 1 11¹ |
| 7 | ..... | 1 6⅜ | 2 4⅜ | 2 4¹ | 2 3⅞ | 2 3 | 2 1⅜ | 1 11⅛ | 1 6⅜ | 2 9⅜ | 1 11⅜ |
| 8 | 0¹ | 1 6⅜ | 2 4 | 2 3⅞ | 2 3⅜ | 2 2⅝ | 2 1⅜ | 1 11 | 1 5⅜ | 2 9⅜ | 1 10⁷ |
| 9 | 0⅜ | 1 6¹ | 2 3 | 2 2⅞ | 2 2⅜ | 2 1⅛ | 1 11⁷ | 1 8⅜ | 1 1⅜ | 2 8 | 1 10 |
| 10 | 2⅜ | 1 6¹ | 2 1⅛ | 2 1¹ | 2 0⅛ | 1 11¹ | 1 8⅜ | 1 4 | 3⅜ | 2 5⅜ | 1 8⅜ |
| 11 | 4⅜ | 1 6⅜ | 1 11¹ | 1 10⅜ | 1 9⅜ | 1 7⅝ | 1 3⅛ | ..... | 5⅜ | 2 3¹ | 1 5⅜ |
| 12 | 7⅜ | 1 6⅝ | 1 8¹ | 1 7⅜ | 1 5⅜ | 1 3⅜ | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 11⅜ | 1 2⅛ |
| 13 | 11⅝ | 1 7⅜ | 1 4⅜ | 1 2⅜ | 9⅛ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 7⅝ | 10⅜ |
| 14 | 1 3⅜ | 1 8⅜ | 11⅞ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 3 | 5⅜ |
| 15* | 1 7⅛ | 1 10⅛ | 7⅜ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 11 | 1⅞ |

*Transom.

TABLE OF OFFSETS—18FT. BOAT.

Stations spaced 1ft. 6in. Waterlines spaced 3in. Buttock lines spaced ⅛ of extreme beam. Diagonals as in body plan.

| Stations. | Heights. Keel. | Heights. Deck. | Half-Breadths. Waterlines. Deck. | No. 6. | No. 5. | No. 4. | LW L No. 3. | No. 2 | No. 1 | Diagonals. No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 | 2 10 | 2 10 | 0¹ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 0¹ | 0¹ |
| 1 | 1 5⅜ | 2 8⅜ | 5⅜ | 0⅜ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 6⅜ | 3⅜ |
| 0 | 9 | 2 5⅞ | 1 0⅜ | 7⅜ | 5⅞ | 3⅜ | 0¹ | ..... | ..... | 1 2⅜ | 10⅜ |
| 1 | 5 | 2 3⅞ | 1 6⅜ | 1 2⅞ | 1 1 | 10⁷ | 7⅜ | 2⅜ | ..... | 9⅜ | 4⅜ |
| 2 | 3 | 2 2¹ | 1 11⅜ | 1 9 | 1 7⅜ | 1 5⅜ | 1 2⅜ | 9⅜ | 0⅜ | 2 3⅜ | 1 8⅜ |
| 3 | 1⅜ | 2 0⅜ | 2 3⅜ | 2 2 | 2 0⅜ | 1 10⁷ | 1 8¹ | 1 3⅜ | 7 | 2 7⅜ | 1 11⅜ |
| 4 | 0⅜ | 1 11⅜ | 2 6⅜ | 2 5⅜ | 2 4⅜ | 2 3 | 2 0⅜ | 1 8⅜ | 1 1⅜ | 2 11¹ | 2 1⅜ |
| 5 | 0¹ | 1 10⅜ | 2 7⁷ | 2 7⅜ | 2 6⅜ | 2 5⅜ | 2 3⅜ | 2 0¹ | 1 6⅜ | 3 1⅜ | 2 2⅜ |
| 6 | ..... | 1 9⁷ | 2 8⅜ | 2 8⅜ | 2 8¹ | 2 7¹ | 2 5⅜ | 2 2⅜ | 1 9¹ | 3 2⅜ | 2 3¹ |
| 7 | ..... | 1 9³ | 2 9 | 2 8⁷ | 2 8⅜ | 2 7⅜ | 2 6 | 2 3³ | 1 10 | 3 3¹ | 2 3⅜ |
| 8 | ..... | 1 9¹ | 2 8⅜ | 2 8⅜ | 2 8 | 2 7¹ | 2 5⅜ | 2 2⅜ | 1 8³ | 3 2⅜ | 2 2⅜ |
| 9 | 0⅜ | 1 9 | 2 7⅜ | 2 7⅜ | 2 6⅜ | 2 5⅜ | 2 3⅞ | 2 0³ | 1 4 | 3 1⅜ | 2 1⅜ |
| 10 | 2⅜ | 1 9 | 2 5⅜ | 2 5⅜ | 2 4⅜ | 2 2⁷ | 2 0⅜ | 1 6³ | 5⅜ | 2 10⁷ | 1 11⅜ |
| 11 | 5⅜ | 1 9⅜ | 2 3 | 2 4⅜ | 2 1⅜ | 1 10⁷ | 1 6 | 7 | ..... | 2 7⅜ | 1 8⁷ |
| 12 | 9 | 1 9⅜ | 1 11⅜ | 1 10⁷ | 1 8³ | 1 3⅜ | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2 3⅜ | 1 5 |
| 13 | 1 1⅜ | 1 10⅜ | 1 7 | 1 4¹ | 10⁷ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 10⁷ | 1 0¹ |
| 14 | 1 6³ | 2 0¹ | 1 1⁷ | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 5⅜ | 6⅜ |
| 15* | 1 10⅜ | 2 2 | 9 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 0⅜ | 2⅜ |

* Transom.

All measurements to outside of plank. Small figures are eighths of an inch.

# Canoeing.

## The Cruise of the Elsa.

TOWARD the end of the summer the writer launched upon Lake Ontario a canoe yawl, built from his own designs for sailing and cruising, and from the time her keel was laid the idea of sailing her upon her own bottom to Montreal was ever present with him. She is 16ft. on waterline, 20ft. over all, 4ft. 6in. beam and 17in deep, with 9in. least freeboard, and carries a centerboard weighing 116lbs. and 250lbs. of iron ballast under her floor boards. The lines are very similar to those of La Gloria, lately published in the FOREST AND STREAM; the floor not quite so flat and the waterline not quite so full. The rig will be readily understood from the photo, the total area being about 230sq. ft.

For a month after her launch her skipper contented himself with short cruises and scrub races with the other small craft about, and worked diligently to get her into her best trim; which being at last accomplished, Elsa proved herself by no means the slowest boat on the lake. Then as the summer began to wane and the equinoctials to blow, the desire for a longer ramble became almost irresistible, and after waiting from day to day from one cause or another, Elsa at last cast off her moorings and filled away under jib and mizen to a brisk northwest wind on a bright morning in early October.

The N.W. wind is apt to be puffy and strong so late in the season, and the present case was no exception to the general rule; so the mainsail was kept in the gaskets and we (Elsa and I) jogged along comfortably and at fair speed under a weather shore. At noon the sky clouded and the barometer was away down, and the puffs began to come more viciously over the gravel beach and low clay bluffs, so that at times we were fain to luff a little, even with our shortened sail, and hug the shore close to avoid the short chop which occasionally sent a shower of spray over our decks outside.

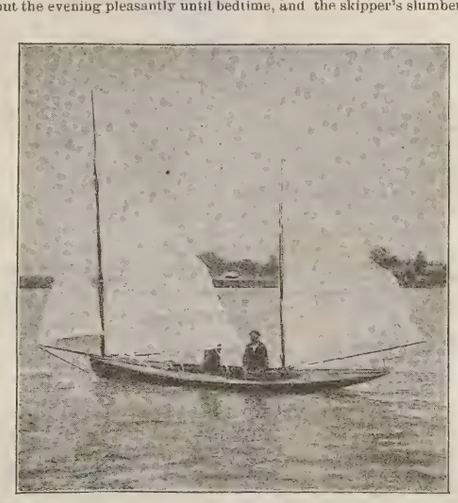
In three hours we had run abreast of Lakeport Pier, and stood in to allow the skipper to stretch his legs and get a bite of lunch ashore under shelter from the keen wind; and refreshed and comforted as to his inner man after half an hour's shore leave, the boat was got under way again and the run continued. Ominous looking clouds gathered to windward and drifted overhead, and occasional squalls of more than ordinary violence swept out of the bays and made the skipper thankful that he had a goodly quantity of ballast under his feet.

About 4 P. M. we came abreast of the island lying off Presque Isle Point, and stood off before the wind for the narrow gap between it and the mainland. Lowering the mizen and tricing up the centerboard, we ran through without much trouble under the jib, although the rudder bumped and hammered once or twice upon the flat rock bottom, and in a few minutes the mizen was got up again and the boat laid by the wind leading for the lighthouse.

Dusk was coming on as we passed it, and the wind lulling somewhat, first a reefed and then a whole mainsail was hoisted, for the beat into the harbor. With the multiplicity of red and black buoys and rangelights, this was rather anxious work in the gathering darkness, and in the teeth of the spiteful puffs, and against the short choppy sea; but Elsa behaved nobly and clawed to windward in wonderful style, so that before the darkness became complete the skipper hailed a schooner lying alongside the wharf and inquired for the snuggest berth for the night.

One of the pleasantest features about singlehand sailing is the interest which all the water side people take in the cruiser and his boat, and their eagerness to help him, and here, as is generally the case, the local boating crank came forward with his aid and advice and in fifteen minutes Elsa was snugly berthed, and her skipper on his way to supper under the guidance of his new found friend, turned out to be an ex master of the famous Atalanta of America Cup fame and the owner of a handsome boat of his own.

A smoke and a chat with mine host on yachts and yachting filled out the evening pleasantly until bedtime, and the skipper's slumbers



ELSA.

were none the less sound that he had got over the most uninteresting and exposed portion of the coast without mishap or discomfort.

Morning showed a fierce gale from due north, tearing over the water of Presque Bay, and the skipper felt more than ever satisfied that the outside work was over for the present. Under jib and reefed mizen again Elsa's head was turned eastward toward the mouth of the Murray Canal. Just as we got under way a sail appeared at the mouth of the harbor, and soon a fine schooner loomed up, beating into the bay. Coming about off the wharves, she headed after us, and came booming along under all plain sail like a steamboat.

Elsa does not claim to be a match for a hundred ton schooner reaching in a gale of wind, but she was not going to be overhauled without a struggle, so we tucked a couple of reefs in the mainsail and staggered along with rail awash, giving the big fellow quite a chase until within a few hundred yards of the mouth of the canal, where the channel became so narrow that Elsa got only an occasional puff while the schooner's lofty sails got an almost steady wind over the tops of the trees. Our turn came again, however, for the wind headed the schooner as she entered the canal and drove her on to the lee bank, while Elsa, holding a better wind, scraped by her and taking a short bitch to windward went on her way rejoicing.

With an occasional puff from over the tree tops we managed to make a couple of miles an hour, but it was near noon before we had cleared the last drawbridge and settled our toll at the canal office, and the gray, wind-tossed expanse of the Bay of Quinte appeared ahead between the entrance piers. The schooner had meantime warped herself off, and, beautifully handled, came rushing along with a large-sized bone under her forefoot and passed us just at the entrance. The way in which she lay down as she caught the full fury of the wind out of the mouth of the Trent River showed that Elsa was going to have all she could stagger under, and sail was again reduced to jib and mizzen.

This, however, while comfortable enough to run to leeward, did not seem to be the right thing for our beat to windward into Trenton, and heading to under the lee of a little island, the jib was stowed and a close reefed mainsail substituted for it. The changed proved to be a judicious one, and Elsa soon clawed her way up into smoother water under the land, but got aground among the weeds and mud flats. She was soon clear, however, and running into a slip belonging to an old deserted sawmill on the outskirts of the town the dinner can was got out and a cup of tea was made for dinner.

The boating man soon made his appearance and chatted with the skipper, holding fast the while upon the masts of a very shaky-looking old sloop tied up close at hand. Lunch over, sail was made again, and with eased sheets now Elsa tore away toward Belleville, dashing the short, choppy seas off her bows, sending a long, foamy white streak off on either hand.

A fiercer gust than usual carried the skipper's old felt hat away, and his hands were so full of business, on even a straight keel, that the chances of his picking it up before it swept by coming into the wind then bearing down upon it seemed to be too remote to be worth the wet and hard work which it would involve, so he reluctantly let the old tile go, and coming to under the lee of an island a little further ahead, a woolen cap was fished out of the clothes bag which did duty for the remainder of the voyage.

Here we found a fishing party on bourd a steam yacht, the Juanita, with a couple of beautiful St. Lawrence skiffs in tow. They were just setting off for the afternoon, and the elabarate outfit of the fishermen, overcoats, waterproof aprons and gloves, and easy swivel chairs to sit in, while the tired boatmen pulled them about, completely abashed the homely little Elsa and her roughly togged skipper, who was glad to turn the nose of his boat eastward again.

The bay of Quinte became narrower now, and Elsa sped on and on until the great bridge near Belleville hove in sight. A number of teams were going across snd we had to heave to for a minute, and then in response to a hail the ponderous draw swung aside, and fillingaway again, we shot through and laid our course for Belleville light.

Beating up the narrow harbor, Elsa came to at last in such aristocratic company as the Norah and some others of the Bay of Quinte Y. C., and on a slip hard by was the Atalanta, being rebuit. From the momentary glimpse the skipper caught of her it seemed af if the alterations in the shape of long overhang aft and increased freeboard had been well considered and carried out, and she had quite the look of an able and handsome craft, which, in spite of their reputation for speed, can not be said of some other of Cuthbert's productions.

A half hour's run after letters and telegrams and the crew was aboard again, and sweeping out of the harbor into the wide bay. Crossing to Missisauga Point was a rough traverse and Elsa had all she wanted before she got under the lee of Point Anne. Evening was drawing on, and spying a fishing boat ahead, she was overhauled and hailed and inquiries made for a resting place for the night. The fisherman, with characteristic hospitality, immediately volunteered a meal and a shelter, and as Shannonville was some distance off and at the bottom of a deep bay, Elsa's crew was glad to avail himself of the offer.

The fisherman proved to be an old-timer, and entertained the skipper much with his experience of Lake Ontario in bygone days. True stories of rough seas and gales and narrow escapes from shipwreck such as his kind can always tell to a sympathizing audience.

The barometer rose a little during the evening, and we hoped for a fine day on the morrow, which broke sure enough with good promise of fair weather. The wind had hauled to the west during the night, and with her mainsheet paid out to its extreme end, and mizen stowed, Elsa raced away from the little cove which had sheltered her for the night, and was soon sliding over the long easy swell from the westward, at the rate of six miles an hour.

Passing Trident Point the bay narrowed again, and for an hour we had a delightful run with dry decks, a lovely landscape and the skipper taking his ease on the cockpit floor. Soon the smokestacks and steeples of busy Deseronto came into view, and the Prince Edward shores became higher and bolder. Doubling a beautiful tree-clad point, Elsa was luffed up, got under her old mainsail and mizen canvas for the long reach to Pictou.

The barometer began falling again, and the wind, which had been blowing a stiff breeze all morning, now increased to a hard gale, which came in perfect sledge hammer puffs off the bold hills to windward. Close reefs were again in order, and even with these the skipper had to keep a sharp lookout and luff repeatedly to the more vicious of the squalls.

Getting out abreast of the mouth of Hay Bay the skipper was glad to take a rest after the strain on his nerves and to run in alongside a fisherman's boat for a cup of tea and a chat. The usual kindly welcome was accorded and the shanty placed at his disposal, and as the next few miles entailed a run in the trough of the sea, which could be seen racing furiously out of Pictou Bay and breaking on the low, rocky shores to leeward, Elsa's crew did not hurry to leave the hospitable shelter.

Still the barometer went down and the sky became overcast and the sun obscured by flying scud. A little steam tug came in for the fish caught the preceding night and reported very heavy weather, and presently from the eastward came plowing in a schooner, pitching her bluff bows into it to the knightheads, and throwing showers of spray which wet her headsails and foresail half-way up to the crosstrees. Clumsy and bluff-bowed as she was she made a handsome picture as she doubled the Point and squared away for Deseronto, lazily rising and falling on the now quartering swell, and with every shred of canvas pulling as if it would go out of the bolt-ropes.

All these things looked ominous for the Elsa, but after waiting in vain for signs of a clear up, her crew, tired of inaction, concluded to try at any rate whether it was as bad as it looked, and sail was made and a course laid for Barker's Point. By careful steering she eased through the heaviest of the puffs and sea, and went along dry enough until the Point was under her lee. Then the mizen was lowered and mainsheet paid out for the broad reach. At the first touch of weather helm the boat darted off like an arrow, cut the top off a wave with her bow, and running from under it allowed it to come down in a shower of spray on the skipper's knees. In half a minute this performance was repeated, and again and again until the water was visible swashing about in the bilge.

Both of the skippers hands were busy with mainsheet and tiller, so bailing was out of the question, and it looked as if the boat would be half full before we could again reach a lee. Reluctantly he brought her in stays and headed her back with her nose to the sea. Immediately she began climbing over the steep short seas dry and easy. The skipper breathed more freely. Surely matters were not so bad as he had thought, and we went about again for a second trial. Same result as before, and savagely the helm was put down again, and as the boat came round the skipper registered a vow that never again would he go to sea in so able a boat without at least a canvas cover for the open cockpit. Doubling Barker's Point for a second time we squared away for the little harbor behind it, with the high, angry swell roaring astern. An unusually sharp sea crept up behind, got under the quarter, and up, up went the stern and down, down went the bows. The jib was stowed on the very light bowsprit, which with no supporting stay above and a taut wet bobstay below, was arched until the end was far below the sheer line.

Elsa rushed forward under the impulse of the following wave, throwing the foam off on either bow as a snow plow on a down-grade throws the snow out of a cutting, and in her headlong rush stuck her bowsprit in the sea ahead of her. For a moment the tough ash bent like a hoop and then crash! and it was under her bows and towing alongside. Luckily the inboard end with the sail on it remained and the lashings held fast, and in a few seconds more we were floating calmly under the lee of a point and clearing away the wreck.

After waiting an hour for signs of a clear up, which did not come, the skipper concluded to try and beat up for Pictou under the lee of the bluffs; but the day was too far spent, and after two miles of hard and cautious sailing darkness began to gather. Such sailing was bad enough in the daylight, but watching for the squalls sweeping down upon us first from one direction and then from another in the dark became at last a little too exciting, and Elsa was run into a little cove and made snug, while her tired crew climbed the bluffs and made for a handsome farmhouse on the top. Again, after a momentary suspicion that they were being asked to harbor a tramp the story of the solitary voyage brought hearty welcome for the voyager from the simple minded farmer, and with a tear in his voice he told how his son had spent nearly all the ready money on hand in building the fine house and then had gone off and left him in his old age to manage the farm alone with none but his hired help. The story was a sad one and was another instance like the many which we meet with in these progressive days, where a man leaves home comfort and duty behind him in search of change and wealth, which last in most cases he never gets, and when perchance he does, does not know how to use.

HENRY K WICKSTEED.

COBOURG, Canada.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

# AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

## Annual Meeting of Executive Committee.

THE general business meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association was held, pursuant to the call of Lieut. Col. Cotton, the new commodore, at Kingston, Ontario, on Nov. 17.

Situated just at the point on the Canadian side where Lake Ontario narrows to form the St. Lawrence River, and just opposite the first group of the Thousand Islands, Kingston, close to that part of the river between Clayton and Gananoque, well known to A. C. A. men; and the location was very convenient in that it gave the committee an opportunity to visit any proprosed sites.

Owing to the length of the journey, but few members from the States were present, but Mr. Winne, the retiring commodore, with Messrs. Appollonio of Boston, Lawrence of Trenton, and Stephens of New York, reaching Kingston Wednesday afternoon. In the evening some of the party attended a reception and dance at the Artillery Barracks.

When the meeting was called to order in the parlor of the British American Hotel at 11 A. M., on Thursday, there were present Commodore Cotton and the following representatives. Northern Division—J. N. McKendrick, Galt; J W. Sparrow, proxy for F. Minns, Bobcageon; W. C. Kent, proxy for C. E. Archbold, Montreal. Central Division—C. V. Winne, Albany. Eastern Division—Appollonio, Boston. Atlantic Division—W. C. Lawrence, Trenton; W. P. Stephens, proxy for H. L. Quick. There were also present Messrs. E B. Edwards, Peterboro, W. E. Chrystie, Montreal, and R. E. Burns, Kingston.

Since his election in August, Mr. C. E L. Porteous has removed to Montreal, and consequently tendered his resignation as Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. Appollonio was elected temporary secretary of the meeting, and the minutes of the last meeting in camp were read and approved. The resignation of Mr. Porteous was then read and accepted on motion of Mr. Winne, and Mr. McKendrick presented the name of Mr. R. Easton Burns, of Kingston, as his successor. Mr. Burns was unanimously elected and Mr. Appollonio resigned his place to him.

Although it has been practically settled since the meet that the next camp would be on the upper St. Lawrence, no definite site has been mentioned, but Commodore Cotton had made arrangements for the committee to inspect one near Kingston, and a recess was taken in order to do so. After the arrival of the boat from Cape Vincent with Mr. W. R. Huntington, of Rome, on board, Mr. Folger, the owner of the steamer, took charge of the party and invited them on board. After a pleasant trip of half an hour, the boat landed at Long Island Park, a little peninsula on the north side of Abraham's Island, and in company with Mr. Brophy, the owner of the park, the ground was thoroughly inspected and approved by all.

After the return to the hotel, the committee resumed its sitting, the accompanying report of Secretary-Treasurer Wackerhagen, showing the payment by the retiring officers of the whole of the deficit left by their predecessors, was read and discussed. Mr. Stephens moving to accept the report, with thanks to Messrs. Winne, Wackerhagen and Huntington.

The question of the camp site was then taken up, and after an agreement was reached with Mr. Brophy by which the A. C. A. is to have entire control of the point during the month of August for a nominal rental of $1, Mr. Brophy conducting the camp store, the motion was made by Mr. Huntington, seconded by Mr. Lawrence,

that the meet he held at Long Island Park. This motion carried, the questions of date and duration of meet were discussed, and August 11 to 26 were finally selected on motion of Mr. McKendrick, after a motion by Mr. Appollonio to limit the meet to two weeks had been carried. The members were unanimous in favor of two rather than three weeks, imposing less work on the officers in command of the camp.

The resignation of Mr. Belman, Purser of the Central Division, was presented by Mr. Huntington, who suggested Mr. C. E. Wardwell to fill the vacancy, and he was elected.

Since his election, Mr. Colin Fraser, of Toronto, has moved his business to Winnipeg and consequently presented his resignation through Mr. McKendrick, and Mr. W. G. McKendrick, of Toronto, was elected in his place.

As two other members of the Central Division executive committee now come from Rome, Mr. Huntington tendered his resignation from the committee, but on motion of Mr. Stephens it was laid on the table.

Mr. Stephens then introduced an amendment to the Constitution, Art. V., Sec. 2, Par. 6, which after discussion was amended to read as follows, the words in italics being inserted: "In the event of one or more of the Division officers being chosen to fill these positions, *or of vacancies from any cause*, the vacancies so caused shall be filled from the Division to which the officers vacating the positions belonged, by the members of the *Division* executive committee, and the said vacating officers may vote on this and other questions on their Division Committee until their successors are elected." In connection with this change, Art. VI. was also amended by omitting the clause, "and power to fill vacancies until the next annual meeting of the Divisions."

Mr. Sparrow then offered the following amendment to the By-Laws, Chap. I., Sec. 2, Par. 3: To omit the clause, "Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1 for camp expenses;" and to substitute the following, "Every member attending a camp shall pay for camp expenses as follows: For general camp $1, and for a division camp such sum as may be determined on by the executive committee of the division, provided such sum does not exceed $1. The amendment was seconded by Mr. McKendrick and carried.

Mr. Winne called attention to the fact that the winners of the principal honors of the 1891 meet had never received the record flags to which they are entitled; and recommended that the Association should provide the flags as soon as possible. He also pointed out that this year, in the effort to clear the general Association of its debt, the officers had followed the precedent established in the previous year, of charging to each Division the expenses of mailing the Year Book and printing and mailing the transportation circular. He suggested that in the future such expense should be borne by the general treasury.

The reports of the pursers of the Northern, Central and Eastern Divisions were presented to the committee, but the reports of the regatta committee, camp site committee and pursers of the Atlantic Division were not at hand. It was understood that the regatta committee had no amendments to the racing rules to suggest.

The time of the librarian having expired, Mr. Winne nominated the present librarian, Mr. W. P. Stephens, and he was re-elected.

Mr. Dunnell's amendment, to create a board of governors, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM, was presented in his absence by Mr. Stephens, and was discussed at length, but most of those present being unfamiliar with the proposed change, it was decided to take no action at present.

Prior to adjournment, Mr. Edwards offered the following resolution, which was carried: "Resolved, That the members of the A. C. A. new present desire to place on record their appreciation of the great services rendered to the Association by Commodore Winne during his term of office, and to express to him and the other officers of 1892 their hearty thanks for their very successful management of the Association." The meeting adjourned at 6 P. M.

In the evening a camp fire was given in honor of the visitors by the Catasaqui C. C., the entertainment lasting until a very late hour.

The new camp site, of which we shall soon publish a plan, is located about five miles from Kingston. The little peninsula is about three-quarters of a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, the ground being from 6 to 11ft. above the water, a gentle incline over the whole of which tents may be pitched. An old wreck is built up to make a convenient and picturesque wharf at which large steamers can load, thus saving one large item of expense. The grounds are in good order, being used at times by picnic parties. The shores are of flat rock, and landing stages may be built very easily. The bank is only a foot or two above the beach. The land slopes gently from the middle to the shores, and is a dry, sandy loam. The committee visited it after several days of very heavy rain, clearing the previous night, and found it dry and hard. The proposed site of the main camp is on the northeast side, in an open grove of tall hardwood trees, free from underbrush. Near the head of the wharf is a kitchen and mess shed, much smaller than at Willsborough, but which can be made available at small expense. Another small building will be used as a store. A short distance to the west is a small hotel with eight rooms, which will be in charge of the camp site committee, and offers accommodation for ladies who do not care to camp under canvas. Just beyond this will be the ladies' camp, on a pretty little plateau, with shade trees about it.

The general arrangement of the camp will be as nearly perfect as possible, the wharf being in the center, the main camp on one side, the mess shed, store and hotel in the center, and the ladies' camp within convenient distance of the wharf and store without passing through the main camp. Headquarters will be opposite the head of the walk in the center of the camp, and the small number of trees will make the code signals visible from all points. There is an ice-house on the ground, which Mr. Brophy will fill this winter, and Kingston is an exceptionally good and convenient base of supplies, with excellent markets.

The river opposite the camp is over a mile wide, and offers a good choice of sailing and paddling courses in several directions. The shores of the whole island are broken by nooks and bays, and offer every attraction for short cruises, while the fishing is good. The view is by no means as grand as that from Willsborough, but no part of the Thousand Islands can be otherwise than picturesque and interesting, and what is of more importance, there is every probability of dry weather.

As regards transportation, for all coming from Montreal, Toronto and other Canadian towns, the facilities are better than to Grindstone or Stave Island, Kingston being an important point in the rail and steamboat traffic. It is directly accessible by steamer from Cape Vincent, Oswego, Rochester (Charlotte) and Toronto. Mr. Folger, of Kingston, owner of a number of river steamers, has interested himself, and promises a fast steamer, probably the old Sylvan Stream, well known to New Yorkers, to meet the morning train at Clayton and also the night express for New York and Boston; an arrangement that will fully accommodate all from the south and east. A steamer will run regularly between the camp and Kingston, connecting with trains and boats. The arrangements thus far are most satisfactory and promise a very successful meet.

REPORT OF SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE A. C. A., 1892.

W. B. WACKERHAGEN, SEC.-TREAS.

| *Dr* | | *Cr.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Camp site committee | $128 23 | Regatta committee | $31 39 |
| Transportation | 146 49 | Year book | 141 50 |
| Entertainment | 32 45 | By stamps | 5 35 |
| Office expenses | 36 49 | Signal code | 10 10 |
| Lease | 1 00 | Protest fees | 3 00 |
| Cartridges | 4 50 | Loans | 400 00 |
| Tents | 72 00 | Receipts, Atlantic Division, 30 per cent | 90 30 |
| Trophy cup, express and expense of tracing | 4 87 | Receipts, Central Division, total | 239 57 |
| Mail | 15 80 | Receipts, Eastern Division, 30 per cent | 153 90 |
| Badges | 19 10 | Receipts, Northern Division, 30 per cent | 46 50 |
| Comp. stamps | 13 00 | Camp dues | 228 00 |
| Loans | 400 00 | Divisions, mailing expenses, etc | 39 12 |
| FOREST AND STREAM subscription | 4 00 | Sale—Cannon and tent | 15 00 |
| Deficiency of 1891, paid in full | 528 84 | Interest on deposits | 4 62 |
| Balance Nov. 14, 1892 | 1 53 | | 1,408 35 |
| | 1,408 35 | | |

STATEMENT OF DEFICIENCY, 1891.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| To deposit as shown by report of Sec.-Treas., 1892 | $499 61 | By these amounts paid by Sec.-Treas., 1892: | |
| Other items rendered on account of 1891 | 29 23 | E. K. Baker account 1891 camp | $428 50 |
| | 528 84 | Rankin Pub. Co., 1891 account | 71 17 |
| | | Walter Young & Co, 1891 account | 3 75 |
| | | L. H. Clark, labor, 1891 account | 12 44 |
| | | S. Hemmingway & Son, second prize flags, account 1891 | 12 98 |
| | | | 528 84 |

CENTRAL DIVISION PURSER'S REPORT—1892.

C. G. BELMAR, PURSER.

| *Receipts.* | | *Expenditures.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Balance received from former purser | $240 51 | Office expenses | $46 38 |
| Dues of members, 1892 | 202 00 | Meet | 239 57 |
| Back dues | 9 00 | Balance Oct. 1, 1892 | 199 62 |
| Initiation fees | 34 00 | | $485 57 |
| | $485 57 | | |
| Membership Oct. 1, 1891 | | | 211 |
| New members 1892 | | | 34 |
| Reinstated | | | 2—36 |
| Dropped for non-payment | | | 43 |
| Died | | | 2 |
| Loss | | | 9 |
| Total membership | | | 202 |

EASTERN DIVISION PURSER'S REPORT—1892.

RAYMOND APPOLLONIO, PURSER.

| *Receipts.* | | *Expenditures.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nov. 14, balance brought over from Oct. 1, '91 | $23 19 | Typewriter | $13 94 |
| Dues collected for 1889 | 1 00 | Postage and messages | 21 25 |
| Dues collected for 1890 | 3 00 | Printing | 6 50 |
| Dues collected for 1891 | 13 00 | Ledger | 5 50 |
| Dues collected for 1892 | 261 00 | FOREST AND STREAM, subscription | 4 00 |
| Initiation fees 1892 | 85 00 | Expenses, Eastern Division meet 1891 (bills were not sent in until February, 1892) | 44 40 |
| Amount collected at Eastern Division meet for camp expenses | 19 00 | Year Books, express and cost of mailing | 15 10 |
| | $505 19 | Eastern Division headquarters at meet, tents and freight on same | 13 57 |
| | | Eastern Division share of expense for transportation circular | 9 78 |
| | | Expense of Eastern Division meet at Peddock's Island, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 1892 | 185 32 |
| | | Thirty per cent. due the A. C. A. Treasurer | 138 90 |
| | | Appropriation to the A.C.A. | 15 00 |
| | | Balance, Nov. 14, 1892 | 31 93 |
| | | | $505 19 |
| Members, Oct. 1, 1891 | | | 325 |
| New members | | | 85 |
| Reinstated | | | 14—99 |
| Died | | | 1 |
| Resigned | | | 4 |
| Transferred | | | 1 |
| Dropped for non-payment of dues | | | 54—60 |
| Increase | | | 39 |
| Number of members Nov 1, 1892 | | | 364 |

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that we have this day examined the books, papers and accounts of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association, and find the foregoing statements correct, and said accounts properly cast and vouchered.

(Signed) LOUIS P. DRAKE, THERON A. APPOLLONIO, } Auditors.

BOSTON, Nov. 14, 1892.

NORTHERN DIVISION PURSER'S REPORT—1892.

J. W. SPARROW, PURSER

| *Receipts.* | | *Expenditures.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Balance from Oct. 1, '91 | $8 07 | Printing account of 1891 | $10 55 |
| Arrears of dues for 1891 | 16 00 | Flag—Oldreive & Horn | 23 00 |
| Dues of members | 97 00 | Stationery, postage and sundries | 16 71 |
| Initiation fees and dues—new members | 42 00 | Printing | 17 60 |
| Receipts from Division Meet | 27 55 | Division Meet 1892 | 91 83 |
| Sundry receipts—Interest etc | 7 91 | Northern Division share of transportation circulars | 9 78 |
| | $198 53 | Northern Division share of postage, Year Book | 6 03 |
| | | Thirty per cent. due to A.C.A. Treasurer | 46 50 |
| | | Less amount still due | 27 50 |
| | | Amount paid on account | 19 00 |
| | | Balance | 4 03 |
| | | | $198 53 |

SUPPLEMENTARY ACCOUNT, NOVEMBER, 1892.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Balance | $4 03 | Paid A. C. A. Treasurer | $8 00 |
| Subscriptions | 4 00 | Postage | 32 |
| Interest | 29 | | $8 32 |
| | $8 32 | | |
| Members Oct. 1, 1891 | | | 194 |
| New members | | | 21 |
| Reinstated | | | 6 |
| | | | 221 |
| Dropped for non-payment of dues | | | 95 |
| | | | 126 |

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

We have examined the above account and believe the same to be correct. The present system of dropping members' names from the list, in our opinion renders the audit defective; and we would suggest that no names be struck off the roll without the authority of the executive committee, duly recorded in their minutes. The auditors could then accept their action as final. (Signed) J. L. KERR.

ALFRED JEPHCOTT.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Military Rifles in Newark.

THE members of the First Brigade Rifle Association, who shoot every Saturday afternoon on the 200yds. ranges at the Newark Shooting Park, seem fated to get strong winds, fishy winds, hazy lights, fitful light and all the other conditions which go to make difficult shooting. There are a number of enthusiasts in the association, however, and blow high or blow low they will be found firing away on every practice day. And some of them who a few weeks ago were shooting in indifferent fashion are now, thanks to persistent and conscientious practice, making a creditable showing.

Of course the scores made on this range cannot be cited as a fair criterion of what the members could do on a range in the open, as the shooting is done from a shooting house and through a "shield." This shield is about 25ft. from the firing point, and in a line with each target is a slot 2ft. high and about 8in. wide. As a matter of course the wind does not have much effect on the ball until after it has passed through the slotted "shield." Still the members are getting practice in holding, sighting and pulling as well as becoming accustomed to the recoil of the rifle, and these points are bound to be beneficial to them when they come to shoot on an exposed range.

The Association, which is only two months old, started out with five members, but so great an interest has been created that there are now close to thirty names on the roll, and every week new accessions are made to the ranks. Any officer or member of the First Brigade, National Guard of New Jersey, is eligible to membership, and before the winter is over the projectors hope to enroll every shooting man in the brigade. The object of the Association is to foster and encourage rifle practice in the First Brigade, and the projectors hope in a short time to secure such a strong membership as will enable the Association to secure from the State Legislature an appropriation for the establishment and maintenance of a range within easy reach of the several commands comprised in the brigade. Just now there is no military range in the State other than the one on the State Camp at Sea Girt, and to get there entails a ride of from two to five hours and the expenditure of a round sum for transportation. If the Association succeeds in securing a range in the northern portion of the State it will be a boon to the guardsmen.

On Satu day the first ones to appear at the range were the shooting-doctor, Major Wallace and his hospital steward, Sergeant Wilhelm, Capt. Howard and the scribe. Later Sergt. Black appeared, then came Sergt. Ward, Corp. McMahon and Lieut. Reilly. Several members of the Newark Shooting Society were also at work on the German Ring target, these comprising Dr. De Bonneville, the well known amateur photographer and Schuetzen rifleman; Geo. A. Strong, who comes over every Saturday to relieve his minds from the cares of Wall street, and Daniel Burr, who spends the most of his time selling coffees, but never misses a weekly half-day at the range, and who is developing into a strong schuetzen. The scores made on the German ring target were not kept, but below are the results of the military rifle work:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Capt W H Howard | 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 | | 4—39 |
| Corp McMahon | 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 | | 4—37 |
| | 3 3 3 4 5 4 4 3 5 0 | | 3—30 |
| | 3 4 4 4 4 5 3 3 4 4 | | 4—37 |
| | 4 4 4 3 4 0 4 4 4 4 | | 4—35 |
| | 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 | | 4—40 |
| Sergt Ward | 5 0 4 4 4 4 4 0 4 4 | | 4—32 |
| Sergt Black | 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 0 | | 4—31 |
| | 4 4 3 4 0 4 4 5 0 0 | | 4—28 |
| Sergt Wilhelm | 3 0 0 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 | | 4—29 |
| | 4 4 4 4 4 3 5 4 4 4 | | 4—40 |
| | 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 | | 4—41 |

Forty-shot Match.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Maj D L Wallace | 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 | | 4—41 |
| | 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 | | 4—42 |
| | 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 | | 4—39 |
| | 5 5 3 5 3 4 4 4 4 5 | | 5—43—165 |
| Pvt. C H Townsend | 5 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 | | 4—42 |
| | 4 4 4 0 4 5 5 5 4 4 | | 4—39 |
| | 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 3 4 | | 4—43 |
| | 4 3 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 | | 5—43—167 |

Y'RATILIM.

### Zettler Rifle Clubs.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The members of the Zettler Rifle Club met at Cypress Hill Park, L. I., for their regular bi-weekly shoot. The scores in the 50 shot series were as follows: F. Ross 1073, M. Dorrier 1068, B. Walther 1021, G. L. Hoffman 935, Dr. Gusch 933, Joe. Gunther 856, G. W. Downs 807.

The gallery season shoot began Nov 8, and will be continued every Tuesday until the last Tuesday in April of 1893. The scores for the first evening's shoot were as follows, possible 250 points: R. Busse 238, J. A. Boyken 243, M. Dorrier 244, M. B. Engel 240, H. Holges 246, G. Krauss 238, H. Ltrate 238, H. Witte 231, C. G. Zettler 243, B. Zettler 240.

*Nov. 21.*—The bi-weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club took place at their headquarters on Tuesday evening, Nov. 15, with the following results. Gorman 25-ring target, possible 250: M. Dorrier 141, H. Holges 247, R. Busse 245, M. B. Engel 244, H. Strate 244, C. G. Zettler 244, B. Zettler 244, G. Krauss 241, F. C. Rops 240, G. Percival 239, B. Walther 239, J. Beltramini 233, A. Bertrand 282.

### New York Revolver Scores.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—The following record scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, at their last regular weekly practice shoot, held at its gallery, No. 12 St. Marks place, on the 19th instant. Distance 20yds., 10 shots on standard American target:

| | |
|---|---|
| C B Bishop, .44cal. S & W revolver | 87 |
| H Oehl, .44cal. S. & W. revolver | 83 |
| A Bertrand, .44cal S & W revolver | 83 |
| F Hecking, .38cal S & W revolver | 78 |
| E Walz, .22cal Remington pistol | 83 |

F. HECKING, Sec'y.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 6.—Hedden—Castle vs, Sunderman—Smith, live bird match at Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J., followed by open sweepstakes.

Dec. 15.—Open shoot at 100 live birds, $100 entry, Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J. Entries, if accompanied by $20 forfeit, will be received up to Dec. 12, by FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York.

Dec. 28-29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

During Erb's tournament on Thursday, nearly everybody shot well, and afterward everybody thought they could do better work than everybody else. "Match talk" flew fast and furious, and for the time the prospects looked bright for a number of matches. Finally, however, the talk simmered down to solid business, the result of which was the arranging of a contest between a team representing Youth and one which Sam Castle called "Old Age." "Youth" will be represented by Richard Sunderman, of the New Jersey Shooting Club, and Harry E. Smith, of the Newark and Essex Gun Clubs, while "Old Age" will be personified by the Newark Gun Club veterans, Samuel Castle and Charles M. Hedden. The Youth's" team aggregates about 50 years of age, while the "Old Age" team aggregates close to 125 years. The conditions call for 25 birds per man (50 per team), modified Hurlingham rules to govern, 28 and 30yds rise, for a stake of $100 per team, the match to begin at 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, Dec. 6, on John Erbe's "Old Stone House" Grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J. Each team posted a forfeit in the hands of Mr. Erbe.

The monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Club was held at Marion, N. J., on Nov. 17. The attendance was light, as several members are off after game, while others were at Erb's tournament. The first event was the club shoot, this being followed by three sweepstakes, all at ten birds. The scores:

| | Club shoot. | Sweep 1. | Sweep 2 | Sweep 3. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Decker | 1022222102—8 | 1112012121—9 | 0011211021—7 | 1020010011—5 |
| Moore | 1121111221—10 | 0111111011—8 | 0111111112—9 | 1111212211—10 |
| Mackay | 1112110012—8 | 1110121221—9 | 1020112120—7 | 1212121120—9 |
| Henry | 1112201121—9 | 1110122211—9 | | |
| Terrill | 2120022212—8 | | | |

Saturday will be an interesting day at Claremont when members of the New Jersey Shooting Club will shoot off a tie for second place for the Quimby diamond medal. Those in the tie are Gus E. Grieff, F. G. Moore, Richard Sunderman, E. E. Bigoney, A. F. Compson and J. H. Richmond. The shoot is sure to be a close and exciting one.

The 100-bird sweepstake to take place on Dec. 15 is creating a great deal of interest, and speculation is rife as to the probable number of entries. This will be the first event of the kind ever shot in this country, so it is impossible to state how many will enter. Still there will be enough to make the affair an interesting one. The visitors to trap grounds are becoming tired of looking at small sweeps of from four to ten birds per man, and it is for the sake of variety that the above affair is arranged. This will be only the first of a series of big sweeps to be shot during the winter.

The heavy growth of timber which formerly fringed the eastern and northeastern side of John Erb's grounds in Newark has all been cleared away and there is now a splendid foreground for either target or live bird shooting. Previously nothing could be seen beyond the fence, but now a clear view can be obtained almost to Woodside.

John Erb is very anxious to have some gun club team of ten men shoot on his grounds against a like team from the Newark Gun Club. John says he thinks the Newarks can defeat any club in the country and is willing to put up a good prize to be shot for. Is there no club in this section to take up the gauntlet?

F. G. Moore and J. H. Richmond, of the New Jersey Shooting Club, were to have shot a match at 100 live birds each at Claremont on Nov. 16, but as the rain fell heavily up to 1 P. M. the match was postponed. These men are very evenly matched and shoot a close race.

A. G. Courtney, the Lefever representative, received a warm welcome from his New York city friends and did a good trade in Lefever ejectors. This was "Court's" first business visit to this city for over a year.

G. G. Zeth, of the Altoona *Gazette*, and Edward Banks, Altoona correspondent of the Harrisburg *Telegram*, are responsible for the great interest in trap-shooting matters in and about Altoona.

Don't forget the meeting of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, to be held in the Astor House on Dec. 1. Every firm anticipating joining is requested to send a representative.

Frank Class's backer announces his readiness to wager $500 that Class can defeat any man in New Jersey (J. L. Brewer excepted) in a 100-bird match. Here is a chance for a stiff pot.

Big money will change hands on the coming match between George Work and E. G. Murphy. The stake is $2,000 a side, but this is a nominal sum when compared to the outside bets.

Jerseymen are strongly in favor of having the Grand American Handicap take place on Erb's grounds in Newark, where the facilities for fast work are of the best.

The 100 bird sweepstake on Dec. 15 will take place on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark, and Mr. Erb will have birds to puzzle the talent.

"All the West" and a part of the East is at Milwaukee cracking away at targets and live birds, and the fun will not end until dark on Saturday night.

Rochester intends to make the 1893 tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association the banner event in the history of the association.

The Harrisburg Shooting Association are booming arrangements for the 1893 tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

This will be one of the greatest shooting days of the year, and nearly every club in this section of the country will have an outing.

At the tournament on Erb's grounds on Thursday A. W. DuBray shot a 16-bore Parker at 26yds. and killed 34 birds straight.

There will be a number of open sweepstakes at live birds at the Castle-Hedden vs. Sunderman-Smith match on Dec. 6.

New Jersey gun club secretaries, send your names and addresses to W. R. Hobart, 59 Halsey street, Newark, N. J.

Billy Clark will hold a two or three days' tournament at the Wopsononock Park, Altoona, Pa., in May or June.

Now the hunters will begin to return homeward and the live pigeon shooting will begin to boom.

John Erb's Lem is considered the best dog in the country for gathering pigeons.

Col. Courtney has been booming the sale of Lefever guns in this vicinity.

The grand American Handicap is expected to draw 30 or more entries.

Smith and Willey will probably shoot another match during the season.

Miss Annie Oakley will return to Newark within a fortnight.

Send along your entries for the 100-bird sweepstake.

C. H. Townsend.

## Chicago Traps.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 19.—About all Chicago will be at Milwaukee next week at the big Thanksgiving week tournament. This promises to be the best of the current events in this section and there will be a crowd at Dickie Merrill's town.

Calumet Heights Club has out its annual circular announcing preparations for the customary Thanksgiving jubilee, with trap and rifle matches, turkey matches, etc.

Anent the recent talk made by Jack Winston about coming up to Chicago and leaving a trail of mangled bodies behind him, Mr. Rolla Heikes issues the following challenge, signed and left at the common shooting headquarters, Billy Mussey's, yesterday:

"Will shoot Winston 500 bluerock targets for $250 a side; 100 rapid-firing system, 100 three unknown traps, 100 five unknown traps, 100 rapid-firing, known traps, unknown angles, 50 pair doubles. Or will shoot 100 bluerocks, $100, 5 unknown traps and unknown angles. Bluerock expert traps and electric pulls to be used in both the above races. R. O. Heikes."

George Kleinman, who now seems shooting in much of his old form, has this to say to Mr. Winston: "Tell him I will shoot him a 100-bird match, $200 a side, every day from Thanksgiving till Christmas." We may see a match out of this yet.

It is commonly understood that Mr. Fulford will not shoot a match with Mr. Winston, for fear of getting his feelings wounded. It is also currently believed that Mr. Fulford couldn't shoot straight enough to even wound anybody's feelings.

Cap Anson is here with the diamond for the year, but he will wear diamonds if he keeps on shooting the way he is now. He incidentally got all but one out of 30 yesterday, and when last seen was still getting them on that same string.

Yesterday, as the scores from Watson's Park will show, Mr. L. M. Hamline defeated Mr. W. P. Mussey in a 50-bird match, Mr. Mussey to add 3 birds to Mr. Hamline's score. The men broke even, and the handicap gave Mr. Hamline the race. The two will probably shoot the same race again. Mr. Mussey is also billed to shoot Mr. A. J. Atwater a 100-bird match soon. He ran his last 24 straight in the Hamline match, but the latter gentleman was pounding them down at all sorts of range and speed.

Dr. G. A. Scroggs, president of the Bone Hollow Club, of Beaver, Pa., spent a short time in the city this week, though I regretted I did not meet him. At Watson's Park Dr. Scroggs was introduced to Billy Mussey.

"Are you the man that owns that safe?" asked Dr. Scroggs.

"Same man," said Billy. "And permit me to introduce Mr. George Kleinman."

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Kleinman," said Dr. Scroggs. "Yes, I would have known you from your picture."

George had on his overshoes.

Mr. J. J. Kleinman, brother of George, and once as well known in the trap shooting world, is disappointed about the election, and has a novel explanation of the result, which shows his deep-seated suspicion of the human race.

"I'll bet the election was thrown; that's what I'll bet," said he. "They fix horse races and trap shoots, and I'll bet a hundred dollars this here election was fixed. I'll bet Harrison got a million dollars for throwin' the race. They could afford to give him that and I bet he did it."

Mr. A. D. Cairncross, the well-known trap shot, late of Amboy, is now in business permanently in Chicago. Another strong shooter added to a lot of strong ones. E. Hough.

175 Monroe Street, Chicago.

## Shooting at Dexter Park.

The fifth and final shoot in the Dexter Park Trap League series was held at Dexter Park, on Tuesday, Nov. 15. Only four teams competed for the two trophies given by Louis Miller the proprietor of the grounds. The Unknowns were the winners of the first prize with the best aggregate score of 417; Parkways second with 407; Glenmores third with 404 and the Emeralds fourth with 400. Tuesday's shoot was much delayed and was shot off in a driving rain storm. Each team had out its full number and no subs were required. The shooting, all though the series has been of a fair average, especially with the three leading teams. The scores:

| Parkway Gun Club | | Unknown Gun Club. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Blake | 12211o1211—9 | W Chichester | 12ollooloo— 6 |
| E Helgans | 2202122221—10 | H Krebel, Sr | 1112212112—10 |
| H Selover | 2200102111— 7 | J Flynn | 2202021202— 7 |
| T Short | 1121111212—10 | I Ryde | 2110111222— 9 |
| A Botty | 2201222221— 9 | D Mousees | 1111111110— 9 |
| J Bramwell | 1212222112—10 | E Vroome | 1112102111— 9 |
| J Bennett | 1221111111—10 | C Detlefsen | 2111122122—10 |
| L Miller | 2122001112— 8 | C Plate | 1121101111— 9 |
| W Mills | 2202022111— 8 | C Hubbel | 2112121001— 8 |
| A Andrews | 1o11002001— 5—86 | H Houseman | 0222220112— 8—85 |
| Glenmore Rod and Gun Club. | | Emerald Gun Club. | |
| W Levens | 2212022022— 8 | Dr Hudson | 1112222222—10 |
| T F Edgerton | 0211011220— 7 | P Butz | 0021122231— 8 |
| R Thister, Jr | 1211122212—10 | Gus Grieff | 2110022210— 7 |
| C Furguesen, Jr | 1111211022— 9 | J G Knowlton | 2222222122—10 |
| W Hartye | 2112222022— 9 | J H Voss | 1211011211— 9 |
| W Selover | 2002201222— 7 | J Maesel, Jr | 0222121020— 7 |
| C Englebrecht | 1121102101— 8 | L Schortmier | 2021102212— 8 |
| A Eppig | 2101122022— 8 | W F Quimby | 2200121122— 8 |
| G Hohlman | 2102121211— 9 | D Leveridge | 2100020001— 4 |
| M E Hayden | 0200000011— 3—78 | R Regan | 2122003001— 6—77 |

Aggregate total of the five shoots: Unknown 81, 83 84, 84, 85—417; Parkway 72, 82, 88, 79, 86—407; Glenmore 65, 86, 92, 83, 78—404; Emerald 78, 85, 84, 76, 77—400; Linden Grove 62, 66, 80, 81—289; Crescent 68, 78, 50—196; Wauregan 72, 74—146.

## The Smith—Willey Match.

Several weeks ago it was announced in this paper that a match had been made between Allen Willey, editor of the Hartford *Globe*, and Harry E. Smith, of Newark, N. J., but no date was given. Mr. Willey was "up to his eyes" in business, and neither man was particular about having the match take place until they could be assured of good, hard birds. So the affair hung fire until it had been forgotten by many. Not so with the principals, however, who were simply awaiting their own good time. This time came on Nov. 16, when a telegram announced to Mr. Smith that Mr. Willey was coming to town and would be ready to shoot. The early part of the day was marked by a heavy rain, but along about 1 o'clock the clouds broke and the rest of the afternoon was fairly clear with just breeze enough from the northwest to make the birds feel lively.

The match took place on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds where the principals and a few friends arrived shortly before 3 o'clock. The conditions of the match called for 50 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, modified Hurlingham rules to govern, for a stake of $100 a side, loser to pay for the birds. It was precisely 3:15 when the first shot was fired, C. M. Hedden officiating as referee. John Erb's famous black Lem did the retrieving.

Willey went first to the score, grassing a good right-quarterer, Smith following suit on a right-quartering driver. Willey's 4th was a strong and fast incomer that got lead enough to stop half a dozen birds but he managed to carry it a couple of yards beyond the boundary, where he gave up the ghost. This bird did not at any time rise over a yard above the ground, and everybody thought Lem would catch him, which he tried hard to do as soon as the second barrel was fired. For once, however, the grand old dog found a bird too smart for him, as with a quick twist it eluded his jaws and then went over the line, falling dead. Willey also lost his 6th, a left-quartering incomer by a slow second. His 13th and 16th were both fast birds, as was his 20th, the latter being very hard-hit with both barrels. All three were lost.

Smith's eighth was a very fast left-quartering incomer which caught both loads and carried them a yard over the boundary, where he ceased to live. His 10th and 16th were both hit hard but got away, as did his 24th, a very fast bird.

Willey's slow second lost him his 26th bird, a fast one. His 44th was hit hard, but managed to get over and fall into a charge from the gun of a "bushwhacker."

Smith's 49th was also hard hit, but this also went to the "bushwhackers."

As a whole the birds were as good a lot of flyers and lead carriers as have been trapped in this vicinity for a long time, not one of the hundred refusing flight when the trap was pulled, and every one starting off at a clipping pace. Some of them were equal to any we ever saw for speed and puzzling flight.

Willey's best ones were his 9th, 11th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 21st (dodged the first and caught the second at full 60yds.), 27th, 29th (another long second), 34th (very fast), 35th and 49th.

Smith's star birds were his 3d (killed with second at 70yds.) 11th (hit hard with a quick double, carried both doses to fences, against which it struck and fell stone dead)' 12th (very fast), 17th (a hummer and a long kill), 36th (long second on a fast bird) and 43d, (an awfully wicked zigzagger and fast). Time of finish 4:15 P. M.

Smith pulled out a winner by a total of 45 kills to Willey's 43, the score as shown by Forest and Stream's graphic score type being appended. The first line of figures show the trap from which the bird was sprung:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

```
                5 5 3 3 3 3 1 4 5 2 3 1 4 3 4 2 5 3 1 3 3 3 5 1 3
                →←→↓↓↙→↙↗→↗←→←↓→→↖↑↗→↖↗↖╫
A Willey.....1 1 1 o 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 1—20

                4 4 2 5 1 1 2 1 2 2 3 3 3 5 2 5 5 3 1 5 5 1 1 4 2
                ↙↗→↖↖→↗→←↖↑↗↙→↖→↗↖↗↖↖↖↖
                0 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—23—43

                1 3 3 3 3 4 1 3 4 1 3 3 3 1 3 1 3 5 4 2 3 3 5 3 2 3
                ↗↗↑→↑→↗↙╫→→↖↘→╫→↘↙←→←→
H E Smith....1 2 2 2 1 1 2 o 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1—21

                2 2 1 1 2 3 1 2 2 3 2 5 2 3 3 1 2 1 2 1 4 5 3 4 3
                ↗↘↑↘↙←↖↘↙↙→↗↙←→←↖↖↑↖→→↖↗→
                2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2—24—45
```

Each of the contestants had a few shells left, so they shot a friendly match at 10 birds each, 30yds. rise, with the following result:

```
                3 1 3 4 1 3 5 3 4 3                 3 4 2 3 5 2 2 3 3 3
                ↗↗←↖↖→↗↖→↖                         ↖→↖→↗↖$↖←↘
Smith.....1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2—10   Willey.....1 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1— 9
```

C. H. Townsend.

## Big Tournament in Nebraska.

Stanton, Neb., Nov. 16.—The first annual tournament of the Stanton Gun Club, held in this city, Nov. 15 and 16, under the management of Ted Ackerman, was fairly well attended. There were eight target and two live bird events the first day with $100 added money, and eight target and two live bird events on the second day with $125 added money. The entrances in target events ran from $1 50 to $4 and in live bird events $10 to $15. A very liberal programme and the attendance should have been double what it was. Ted Ackerman laid himself out to give the boys a good time and every one went home well pleased.

The shooting at targets was done from five bluerock traps. The birds were thrown very hard and low, making the shooting very difficult. The live birds were shot from five ground traps, made by J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and with Mr. Elliott to manipulate them they worked like a charm. The weather was clear and pleasant with quite a strong wind each day.

The shooters in attendance were Fox Stauffer, Grand Island, Neb.; Read, Parmalee and Smith, Omaha; Baldwin Bros., Creighton, Neb.; Connelly and Netheway, Norfolk; Speice and Schroeder, Columbus; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; Ackerman, Hinkle, Brown, Yorke Bros., Mathes, Luck and Good, Stanton, and Budd, of Des Moines, Ia.

The Trotter Bros. of Kingsley, and Abbott and Arff, of Charter Oak, Ia., were kept at home by sickness, but in letters to Mr. Ackerman wished those in attendance a good time. Read, Parmalee, Ackerman and Budd will attend the Milwaukee, Wis., shoot next week and are guessing how long it will take to walk home. The score:

*First Day.*

Target sweeps:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fox | .. | 7 | 10 | 13 | 8 | 9 | 12 | 15 | 17 | 10 | Smith | 6 | 9 | 18 | .. | 7 | 12 | 13 | 17 | 13 |
| Budd | .. | 8 | 12 | 22 | 11 | 7 | 15 | 15 | 18 | 13 | Hinkle | 7 | 7 | 10 | 6 | 2 | .. | .. | 21 | 9 |
| Parmalee | 8 | 14 | 18 | 13 | 9 | 18 | 15 | 19 | .. | | Brown | 6 | 11 | .. | 7 | 7 | 10 | 10 | 13 | .. |
| Baldwin | 3 | 4 | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | .. | 18 | .. | | Schroed'r | 6 | 8 | 17 | .. | .. | 14 | .. | 22 | 13 |
| Ack'rm'n | 7 | 15 | 21 | .. | 8 | 8 | 18 | 13 | 15 | | Elliott | .. | 11 | 12 | 11 | 9 | 17 | 20 | 19 | 11 |
| Connelly | 6 | 9 | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | | Stauffer | .. | 10 | 20 | 12 | 9 | 19 | 12 | 17 | .. |
| Speice | .. | 5 | 11 | 20 | 9 | 6 | .. | 11 | 18 | 10 | Liske | .. | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 18 | .. |
| Read | .. | 7 | 11 | 23 | 10 | 8 | 12 | 13 | 18 | 11 | Netheway | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 18 | 17 |

No. 4, 10 live birds, $8 entrance, $25 added, 4 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ackerman | 1111111121—10 | Smith | 1211111111—10 |
| Parmalee | 1212112222—10 | Elliott | 1011121111— 9 |
| Baldwin | 1211101211— 9 | Budd | 1102101111— 8 |
| Hinkle | 1121121100— 8 | Read | 1121210010— 7 |
| Speice | 1121222211—10 | Connelly | 0120102111— 7 |
| L Laske | 1111111011— 9 | Stauffer | 1111111111—10 |
| Brown | 1111110111— 9 | Schroeder | 0211222211— 9 |
| Netheway | 1111111111—10 | Good | 1021022220— 7 |

No. 9, five birds, $8 entrance, 4 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Stauffer | 1101120021— 7 | Ackerman | 2201111111— 9 |
| Speice | 1111121101— 9 | Brown | 1111111112—10 |
| L Laske | 1111101111— 9 | Schroeder | 1011111112— 9 |
| Budd | 1111210111— 9 | Smith | 2220111102— 8 |
| Read | 1112222221—10 | Hinkle | 0212121022— 8 |
| Parmalee | 1120112110— 8 | Netheway | 2121112211—10 |
| Elliott | 1111111121—10 | E Laeck | 0111110012— 7 |
| Baldwin | 1101100010— 5 | Good | 1021112110— 8 |

*The Second Day.*

Target sweeps:

| | 12 | 13 | 14 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Budd | 13 | 17 | 22 | 13 | .. | .. | 18 | 25 | 21 |
| Baldwin | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Stauffer | 14 | 16 | 23 | 9 | 11 | 15 | 19 | 24 | 22 |
| Schroeder | 12 | 17 | 15 | .. | 12 | 9 | .. | .. | .. |
| Ackerman | 11 | 14 | 22 | 12 | 14 | 12 | 15 | 24 | 24 |
| J. B. Smith | 13 | 14 | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 21 | .. |
| Parmalee | 12 | 19 | 21 | 11 | 15 | 10 | 20 | 23 | 18 |
| Read | 14 | 13 | 16 | 7 | .. | 13 | 17 | 22 | 18 |
| Hinkle | 10 | 10 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 |
| J. A. R. Elliott | 11 | 20 | 18 | 10 | .. | 12 | 16 | .. | .. |
| Splice | 14 | 14 | 21 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | .. |
| Brown | 11 | .. | 18 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 22 | .. |
| Netheway | .. | .. | 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18 |
| Mather | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| A. Lurke | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18 | 12 |

No. 15, 10 live birds, entrance $8, $25 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Netheway | 1111121111—10 | Brown | 2121221211—10 |
| Parmalee | 1222221111—10 | Ackerman | 1212222102— 9 |
| Stauffer | 1212101102— 8 | Budd | 1112111221—10 |
| Read | 1212121220— 9 | Schroeder | 1112121110— 9 |
| Speice | 0221110010— 6 | Hinkle | 0111220201— 7 |
| L Larke | 1011011012— 7 | Smith | 1922111220— 9 |
| Elliott | 1212122212—10 | | |

No. 22, 15 live birds, $15 entrance, $50 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ackerman | 0111122222212221—14 | Budd | 2111122121211111—15 |
| Smith | 0221022111220111—12 | L Lerke | 0100121210200w |
| Schroeder | 2112121011112l—14 | Hinkle | 2222222222222212—15 |
| Mather | 1110121111112022—13 | Stauffer | 1120111011112l—12 |
| Parmalee | 2211122221212222—15 | Elliott | 1222221111111111—15 |
| Read | 0223101112111222—13 | Netheway | 0112111201112l0—12 |
| Brown | 2102221211112—14 | | |

C. W. Bunn.

## Rocky Mt. Sportsmen's Association Tournament.

The annual tournament of the Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association opened at River Front Park, Denver, Thursday, Nov. 10. The attendance was very light, but those that were there came for a good time and they had it. Colorado is heavily handicapped in getting up a shoot, as there is but little outside territory from which she can draw shooters. However, the boys make up in vim what they lack in numbers, and one of these days we will send a team from here that will sweep the earth. The follwing are the scores:

*First Day, Thursday, Nov. 10.*

No. 1, 10 targets: Plank 10, Ramsey 9, Mechling 7, Young 7 King 7, Rowland 10, Mackay 8, Gallrua 7, Jackson 7, Woodworth 6, Jewett 8.

No. 2, 20 singles: Haywood 19, King 19, Jewett 16, Hewitt 15, Gallrua 15, Woodworth 15, Jackson 14, Mackay 18, Plauk 18, Rowling 18, Ramsay 17. Mechling 16, Young 13.

No. 3, 10 singles at known and 10 at unknown angles: Sterling 18, Hewett 17, Thomas 16, King 16, Young 16, Stevens 15, Root 18, Gallrua 11, Rowland 10, Jewett 10, Woodworth 12, Jackson 5, Mechling 18, Mackay 17, Haywood 16, Plank 16, Warren 6.

No. 4, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Rowland 17, Plank 16, Root 15, Jewett 15. Barton 14, Gray 11, Haywood 19 Ramsay 18, Mackay 15, Mechling 13, Young 13, King 11. Stevens 18, Thomas 16, Hewitt 14, Sterling 14, Woodworth 13, Seymour 12, Warren 13.

No. 5, 20 singles and 5 pairs: Thomas 28, Stevens 27. King 26. Sterling 25, Hewitt 23, Warren 21, Ramsay 28, Rowland 27, Plank 26, Mechling 24, Haywood 24, Jewett 23, Root 27 Gray 21.

No. 6, 10 singles, unknown angles: Ellis, Jr., 8, Hewitt 7, Stevens 7, Thomas 7, Haywood 5, Warren 2, Young 9, Mechling 8, Gallrua 7, Plank 6, King 6, Gray 6, Root 10, Sterling 9. Sedam 7, Thompson 6.

No. 7, 30 singles and 5 pairs: Mechling 36, Ramsay 33, Jewett 32, Ellis 32, Hewitt 31, Sedam 25. Root 31. Gray 23, Thomas 35, Plank 22, Stevens 29, Rowland 23, Warren 27, Haywood 26.

No. 8, 10 singles: Seymour Warren 10. Sterling 9, King 7, Thomas 7, Ellis 5, Hampson 4, Rowland 10, Ramsay 10, Adamson 9, Sedam 8. Young 8, Werley 5. Haywood 10, Plank 9, Stevens 9, Mechling 9, Gray 7, Jackson 3, Hewittt 8, Jewett 7.

No. 9. 20 singles: Haywood 18, Thomas 18, Sterling 18, Sedam 15, Gray 14, Adamson 13, King 18, Plank 18, Mechling 16, Hampson 16, Ellis 15, Warren 9, Root 19, Hewitt 15.

No. 10, 25 singles: Mechling 24, Adamson 21, Warren 20, Gray 19, Ellis 16, Robinson 13, Haywood 23, Thomas 22, Sterling 22, Plank 22, Sedam 21, Hewitt 12.

No. 11, miss-and-out match: Mechling 3, Adamson 2, Gray 1, Haywood 1.

*The Second Day.*

No. 1, 15 singles: Lauterman 14, Haywood 14, Sterling 13, Thomas 13, Root 13, Bingham 12, Plank 12, King 11, Jewett 11, Mackay 10, Rowland 10, Mechling 9.

No. 2, 10 known, 10 unknown singles: Root 18. Thomas 17, Sterling 17. Lauterman 16, Plank 16, Haywood 15, Mackay 15, Stevens 14, Ovington 13, Jewett 12, Beatty 12, Mechling 12.

No. 3, 10 singles, 5 pairs: Plank 19, Haywood 19, Ovington 17. Root 16, Jewett 16. Mackay 16, Rowland 16, Thomas 16, King 15, Mechling 15, Beatty 14, Lauterman 13, Sterling 13, Stevens 11, Bostwick 8.

No. 4, diamond badge, 50 birds, 30 singles and 10 pairs: Haywood 46, Plank 43, Thomas 42, Root 41, Mechling 40, Lauterman 39, Ovington 39, Rowland 35.

No. 5, Benjamin cup, 50 birds, 30 singles, 10 pairs: Haywood 45, Plank 43, Meeline 42, Thomas 42, Lauterman 40, Doan 39, Warren 38, Stevens 34, Jewett 32, Adamson 24.

No. 7, 10 known, 10 unknown singles: Thomas 18, Root 18, Plank 17, Mechling 17, Sterling 16, S. Warren 15, Lauterman 15, Haywood 13, Heald 12, Hampson 11.

No. 8, 20 singles: Root 20, Sterling 18, Thomas 18, Plank 18, King 18, Lauterman 17, Mechling 17, Haywood 17, S. Warren 17, Ovington 16. Hampson 15, Jewitt 14, Rowland 10.

No. 9, 15 singles: Plank 15, Root 15, Haywood 14, Lauterman 14, King 12, Mechling 12, Ovington 12, Thomas 12, Warren 11, Rowland 9, Hampson 8.

No. 10, 30 singles: Haywood 30, Plank 30, Root 29, Lauterman 29, Mechling 26, Thomas 25, Ovington 16.

No. 11, miss and out: Haywood 5, Root 4, Plank 3, Lauterman 0.

The diamond badge was won by Plank, as Haywood was not entered. As the attendance was so small the managers terminated the shoot on Friday, although the original programme was arranged for three days. Teseeby.

## Shooting at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 15.—At Independance Park, yesterday afternoon, the annual fall shoot of Kinnan & Bennett, assisted by the Kansas City gun clubs, was opened, and five events were disposed of, two of which were live birds and three targets. Quite a number of Kansas City sportsmen were present, as well as a goodly sprinkling of outside talent, the most prominent among the latter being J. B. Batcheller, of St. Joseph, and Robert Dinsmore, Md., of Troy, Kas. The day was all that could be desired for a shoot, as not a breath of air was stirring and the birds were swift. Following is the summary of events:

No. 1, entrance $5:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J B Batcheller | 1111212222—10 | A L Bennett | 1112112212—10 |
| J B Burrell | 1120011222— 8 | R Dinsmore | 2121212002— 8 |
| Bob Mize | 1222210o21— 8 | W Baker | 2222o0o2022— 8 |
| G Marshall | 2210121110— 8 | | |

No. 2, entrance $7.50:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J B Burrell | 2121122222—10 | R Dinsmore | 2o?1200011— 5 |
| W Baker | 0121220101— 7 | A L Bennett | 1202111121— 9 |
| J Batcheller | 1120220112— 8 | G Marshall | 010?212202— 7 |
| Bob Mize | o221221202— 8 | | |

No. 3, entrance $1 30:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J B Burrell | 1111111111—10 | A L Bennett | 1101110101— 7 |
| J B Batcheller | 0110111111— 8 | W Allen | 0110111110— 7 |
| Bob Mize | 1111100011— 7 | W Bennett | 1100100001— 4 |

No. 4, entrance $2.45:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J B Burrell | 1111111111111111—15 | A L Bennett | 1111111111111111—15 |
| Bob Mize | 0001010111010100— 7 | W Bennett | 1110010111101100— 9 |
| J B Batcheller | 1111101110111011—12 | | |

No. 5, entrance $1 30:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J B Burrell | 1011111111— 9 | A L Bennett | 1111111111—10 |
| J B Batcheller | 0111101111— 8 | W Kinnan | 1111111110— 9 |
| W Bennett | 1010111011— 7 | | |

## Traps at Watson's Park.

Burnside, Ill., Nov. 15.—Scores made here to-day by the Chicago Shooting Club, for club medal and added sweep, 20 live pigeons each, new Illinois State rules:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W'dsw'th | 0121220121221210222—17 | Anson | 1211222111212122013—19 |
| Heikes | 2211211201211021212—18 | Kleinman | 1211211122220101101—17 |
| Bingham | 0211211221222210222—18 | Mussey | 2222202000102112 2222—15 |
| Atwater | 0222210022111211212—16 | Holden | 0001012022212220213—14 |
| Hamline | 2222011001122121202—19 | Eich | 2212112052211211230w. |
| Thomas | 0212222222212220222—19 | O'Brien | 2121020112122222120w. |
| Hofmann | 1120121120111211212—17 | Dicks | 1112202211020000w. |
| Patterson | 2121200212212211212—18 | *White | 2222121211222111222—20 |
| Adams | 0221011011021010222l—14 | | |

*Guest.

Bob White first, Anson and Thomas div. second and tied for the medal and will decide for medal next shoot, Heikes, Bingham and Patterson div. third.

*L. M. Hamline vs. W. P. Mussey, 50 live pigeons each, new Illinois rules, Mussey to add three birds to Hamline's score.

| | |
|---|---|
| L. M. Hamline | 0212221222211212000102102102202222212001221222—40 |
| Added three | 1 |
| W.P. Mussey | 2212010120221212000020202112211112222222222222—40 |

Star sweeps, $1 entrance, freeze out, only one re-entry allowed.

| | |
|---|---|
| S. A. Parker | 00 120110 |
| R. B. Wadsworth | 2221022120 122222222 |
| W. P. Mussey | 202 202112221 |
| Geo. Kleinman | 2101220 22111122 |
| Capt. Anson | 2121222221212211212 211201122 |
| R. O. Heikes | 0211111231211222212 12111221 |
| L. M. Hamline | 12100 20220 |

Ravelrigg.

## The New Jersey Shooting Club.

The recent heavy rains played havoc at Claremont, almost inundating the grounds of the New Jersey Shooting Club. Nevertheless they held their usual shoot on Nov. 19, the scores being as appended:

No. 1, 20 birds, Keystone system: J. H. Richmond 16, Geo. S. Virden 14, E. E. Bigoney 13, H. Morris 10.

No. 2, a walking match at 10 bluerocks: J. H. Richmond 9, G. S. Virden 8, E. E. Bigoney 8, H. Morris 7, J. Horton 7.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles: J. H. Richmond 9, G. S. Virden 9, E. E. Bigoney 8, H. Morris 7.

No. 4, 15 singles, Keystone system: J. H. Richmond 12, G. S. Virden 12, E. E. Bigoney 10, H. Morris 9, J. Horton 7.

No. 5, a walking match at 10 targets: J. H. Richmond 9, G. S. Virden 8, H. Morris 7, J. Horton 6.

### Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun was rather poorly attended at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Nov. 16, partly on account of the weather and some of the members were away duck shooting. Eleven competed for the Eppig diamond badge and extra club prizes at 7 birds each, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. The rain had interfered with the birds at the start, but as the weather improved they got away a little faster. C. Detlefsen won the badge after out-shooting John Schlieman and Dr. Van Ord. The other prizes on the tie were divided. The score:

Club shoot for diamond badge:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| H W Blattmacher | 0111100—4 | H McLaughlin | 0021121—5 |
| W Dair | 2202121—6 | Dr Van Ord | 2112121—7 |
| C Englebrecht | 3201221—6 | C Detlefsen | 1211121—7 |
| L Eppig | 1121210—6 | W Greer | 0122000—3 |
| J Schlieman | 1111112—7 | J C DeFrain | 1112011—6 |
| F McLaughlin | 0011100—3 | | |

Sweepstakes, 5 birds:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| W Lair | 12021—4 | 12221—5 | Greer | 01201—3 | 21222—5 |
| C Englebrecht | 22121—5 | 20210—3 | Dr Van Ord | 21122—5 | 21221—5 |
| L Eppig | 22111—5 | 11220—4 | H McLaughlin | 21122—5 | ..... |
| Schlieman | 11112—5 | 11121—5 | F McLaughlin | 00100—1 | 21010—3 |
| Detlefsen | 11211—5 | 12201—4 | Blattmacher | 21202—4 | ..... |

Englebrecht won second. Referee and scorer, J. C. DeFrain.

### Some Good Sport at Erb's.

THURSDAY, Nov. 17, was the day announced for an all-day tournament at live birds on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark, and on that day the weather bureau was in a good humor so far as dealing out favorable conditions was concerned. The sun shone clear and bright, and there was just the suspicion of a breeze from the east. Shooting was expected to begin at 10 A. M., and at that hour just a trio of shooters were on hand, so the start was postponed and it was well toward noon when the first shot was fired. At this hour the trio had been strengthened by one more arrival. After one o'clock, however, the shooters began to come in until the entry lists showed nearly a dozen.

The grounds were in good condition, Fred and Jimmy were full of business and "Lem," that setter who has received so many encomiums from visitors to these grounds, was eager to get to work at retrieving. Among those who were on hand during the day were "Uncle" Burt the veteran scorer of the South Side Gun Club who spends his winters at his Newark home and his summers by the shores of picturesque Hopatcong; J. Cockefair, of Bloomfield; Frank Class, R. Leonard, Frank Piper, R. S. Martin and Miss Jennie Smith, of Morristown; Eddy Collins, of Hoboken, who deplores the fact that a lame shoulder prevents his shooting; Geo. Baldwin, the St. Paul, Minn., veteran expert; Allen Willey, the Connecticut shooter and journalist of Hartford; W. G. Hollis, of Harrison; Richard Sunderman, of Bergen Point; A. W. DuBray, with his 16-bore Parker, and C. M. Hedden, Samuel Castle, John Erb and Harry E. Smith, of the Newark Gun Club, besides seven press representatives.

The birds, previous to the coming of dusk, can be classed as a good lot. In fact, up to 4 P. M. they were above the average. After that, with the failing light and the growing moisture, they did not fly so well. As a whole, however, they were good ones for tournament birds. The first six events were "Jersey" sweeps, 4 birds, $3 entry, there being 3 moneys in Nos. 4 and 6, and 2 moneys in each of the others. The scores:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. | No. 6. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Erb | 1121—4 | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | 1211—4 | 2021—3 |
| Du Bray | 0112—3 | 1111—4 | 2112—4 | 1111—4 | 1211—4 | 2112—4 |
| Martin | 0222—3 | 1012—3 | 1201—3 | 2121—4 | 0212—3 | 0111—3 |
| Willey | 2111—4 | 1111—4 | 1112—4 | 1111—4 | 1112—4 | 1121—4 |
| George | ..... | ..... | 1012—3 | 2221—4 | 1221—4 | 1110—3 |
| Sunderman | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2202—3 | 2222—4 | 2210—3 |
| Hedden | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1022—3 | 111c—3 | 2120—3 |
| Hollis | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2211—4 | 1112—4 |
| Smith | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2121—4 | 1122—4 |
| Castle | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2111—4 |

All the moneys were div. excepting first money in No. 5 event, for which Erb, Du Bray, Willey, George, Sunderman, Hollis and Smith tied. This was carried over and decided by the scores in No. 6 event, when it was won by Du Bray, Willey, Hollis and Smith.

It was then intended to shoot a 25-bird event, $25 entry, but as the majority preferred smaller sweeps, Nos. 7 and 8 were made at 10 birds each, $10 entry, with 3 moneys in No. 7 and 2 moneys in No. 8. No. 9 was at 4 birds, $3 entry, 2 moneys, and the final shoot was a $2 miss-and-out, 1 money. The results:

| | No. 7. | No. 8. | No. 9. | No. 10. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Castle | 2111112112—10 | 0122110111— 8 | 1110—3 | 1211221 |
| Hollis | 2011111011— 8 | 1111221110— 9 | 1111—4 | 1111211 |
| George | 2111111221—10 | 1012211011— 8 | 0022—2 | 21111220 |
| Smith | 1111112222—10 | 1212121211—10 | 1221—4 | 121110 |
| Class | 2211211101— 9 | 2112112101— 9 | 1221—4 | 1210 |
| Erb | 2121111111—10 | 2121111121—10 | 1121—4 | 11c |
| Sunderman | 2022001120— 6 | ..... | 2012—3 | 0 |
| Willey | 2101112112— 9 | ..... | ..... | |
| DuBray | 2211111212—10 | ..... | 2021—3 | |
| Hedden | ..... | ..... | 1021—3 | |
| Martin | ..... | ..... | 2210—3 | |

On the eighth round of the miss-and-out event the light was very dull, so Hollis and Castle decided to divide.

During the day 384 birds were trapped and out of these 344 were scored dead, this being an average of 89.34 per cent. Erb killed 49 out of 51; DuBray (16-bore Parker at 26yds.), 36 out of 38; Smith 37 out of 38; Castle 33 out of 36; Willey 33 out of 34; Hollis 37 out of 40; George 41 out of 48; Class 25 out of 28; Hedden 12 out of 16; Martin 22 out of 28; Sunderman 19 out of 27.

### Phœnix Gun Club.

THE members of the Phœnix Gun Club held their last shoot of the season at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Nov. 16. Eight of the ten men composing the club were present and shot at 15 birds each, 25yds. rise, from H and T traps. M. Brown carried off the honors with a score of 13. There were no prizes shot but just for sport. The Phœnix is one of the oldest shooting organizations on Long Island, and has some pretty old wing shots in the ranks, the majority being over fifty years of age. The birds were good strong flyers, although it had been raining heavily. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D Freligh | 121111101201000—10 | M Brown | 111100211112111—13 |
| C Dunlap | 210021010230000— 7 | J Smith | 111111012100111—12 |
| A Botty | 111221100101110—11 | A Rutar | 111001000211111— 9 |
| J Henry | 111211110111001—12 | J Akhurst | 201111101120012—11 |

Referee, Captain Freligh.

### Falcon Gun Club.

THIS old Long Island gun club still adheres to the old-fashioned Long Island rules at their regular monthly shoot which was held at Dexter Park on Thursday, Nov. 17. Each man shot at 10 birds, 25yds. rise, from H and T traps, gun below the elbow until bird is on the wing; if the second barrel is used in killing a bird only a half bird is scored. J. H. Miller was the winner of the medal after a close race with John Meyer and John Bohling, who also killed 8 each, but used both barrels on 2 birds. The scores:

Club shoot:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P Moller | 1101001110—6 | C Doscher | 1102000212—4½ |
| J Bohling | 1102120111—7 | John Meyer | 1211201011—7 |
| J H Miller | 1101110111—8 | Chris Meyer | 0121110101—6½ |
| J Moller | 0001100002—2½ | J N Hermann | 1002000001—2½ |
| H Van Staden | 1001100100—4 | | |

Sweepstake, 10 targets:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J H Miller | 1111111110—9 | Chris Meyer | 1001101111—7 |
| J Moller | 1101111100—7 | J N Hermann | 1000000111—4 |
| H Van Staden | 0111111001—7 | | |

J. Moller was second on shoot-off. Referee and scorer, R. Hooper.

### Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

THE active season of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association opened on April 22 and closed Oct. 28. The leading averages during the season are here shown, each man shooting at 25 targets at each contest:

| | Shot at. | Broke. | Pr ct. | | Shot at. | Broke. | Pr ct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Elliott | 300 | 290 | 96 | Kilbourn | 375 | 323 | $86^{10}_{27}$ |
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| Mayhew | 325 | 284 | $87^{5}_{13}$ | Mizner | 300 | 228 | 76 |

Hunter won the club badge ten times and is now its owner. It was won twice by Gates, three times by Harris, once by Zoath, three times by Smyth, once by Knowlton and twice by Pfeiffer.

## Answers to Correspondents.

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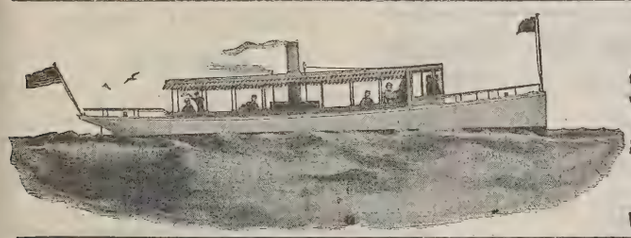
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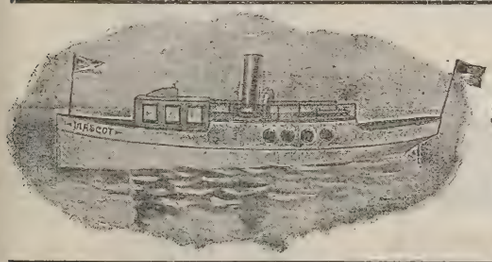
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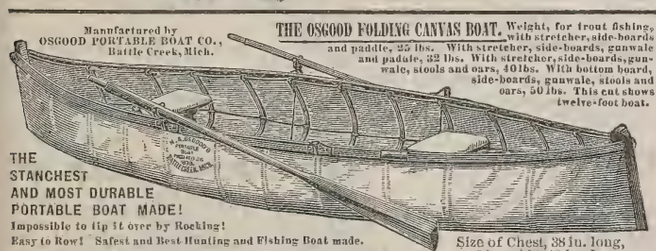
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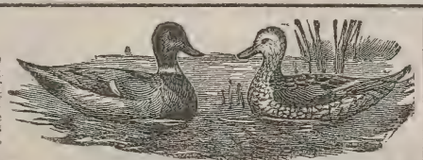
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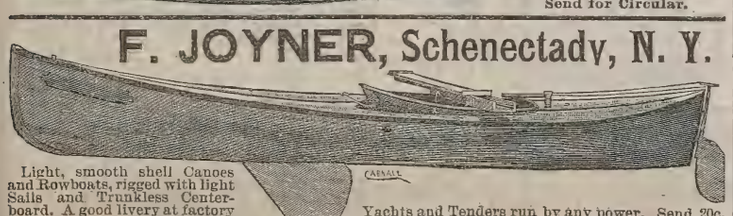
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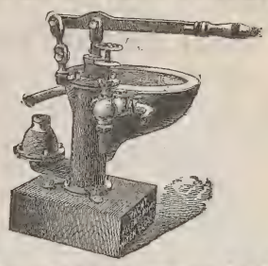
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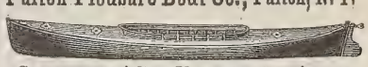
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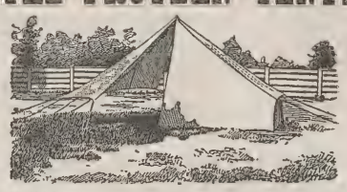
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(*Lynx rufus.*)

# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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## *SNAP SHOTS.*

THE showing which Gen. B. M. Whitlock makes in his first annual report as head of the Department of Rifle Practice in the New York State Guard is a most creditable one. When at the opening of the out-door practice season he issued his orders for the shooting by the troops there was a widespread cry of disapproval by those who thought that no improvement was possible in the old way of doing things. If results justify means then Gen. Whitlock took just the right plan, for the reports sent in to him show a greater number of skilled shooters than have ever before been reported in the Guard. The number of qualified marksmen in the State is now 6,315 out of a total enlistment of about 13,000, and a marksman means a man who has scored 30 in a possible 50 at five shots each over the 200 and 500yds. ranges. A sharpshooter goes a bit further and scores 42 in a possible 50 over the 500 and 600yds. This is very good work to get out of the Remington .50cal. supplied to the Guard, and 546 of the men managed to score as high as this.

The whole showing is a very excellent one and puts the New York guard of citizen soldiery on a very high plane of efficiency as practical, reliable fighters. It has taken years of work and talk, of preaching and teaching to get men to make these figures, but there are the scores and the men are here and there in every workshop and office of the State ready to drop into the ranks at an hour's notice as a trained army, not merely with guns in their hands, but with skill to use them effectually.

That rifle shooting may legally be promoted by a charitable bequest is the curious point of law which has recently been made by the English courts. A testator bequeathed money to the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, declaring that the object of the gift was to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe as that of Majuba Hill, in the South African war, where the British troops were defeated because the Boers excelled them as rifle shots. Contestants of the will urged that the bequest could not be classed as a charitable gift, since its purpose was the killing of one's enemies. The justice held, however, that it was not the killing of one's enemies, but the ability to defend one's self against them, which was the true purpose intended, and he was of opinion that this gift came within an old definition of a charitable gift, namely, "a gift to a general public use which extends to the poor as well as the rich," and gave judgment accordingly.

An interesting bit of special legislation—enacted at the demand of an individual and for the benefit of an individual, not desired by the public, and not for the benefit of the public—is embodied in a certain clause in the New York game law, which permits the use of batteries for shooting ducks on the Great Sodus Bay of Lake Ontario. Mr. E. P. Doyle, clerk of the Fish Commission, told the New York State Association meeting in Syracuse last week, that the clause was inserted at the personal solicitation of Senator Hunter. Now the Rochester *Union* informs us that the one person to benefit by the provision was a summer cottager on the shore of the bay. When, after protracted and careful consideration, a commission specially provided by the State has determined on a code of laws deemed wisest and best for the general good, it is intolerable that one man should step in and demand of the State of New York an exemption of his special bay or stream or frog pond.

To Mr. George Holmes, of Henderson county, North Carolina, we extend assurances of our most distinguished consideration; and we embrace this opportunity to express our gratitude to him for the rattler which is "in our midst."

Some weeks ago when Professor Cope's rattlesnake spitting assertion was under such searching and illuminating discussion in our Natural History columns, Mr. Holmes told us that he had a live rattlesnake destined for the FOREST AND STREAM office, to be employed in snake spitting tests. Soon thereafter the rattler of our fondest anticipation was converted into a rattler of vain regrets, by advice from our North Carolina friend that the beast had perished miserably, without ever having contributed one shred to science. The rattler of vain regrets has now in turn given way to a new rattler of lively surprise and pleasure, brought in by the expressman last Friday, and duly deposited, all alive, handsome, graceful, amiable and ready to sing his little song without unreasonable persuasion. He shall be well cared for, fed to repletion on anonymous communications, and if all goes well, given an opportunity to show us what he knows about Prof. Cope's snake-spitting theory. If any newspaper in this great and glorious country is prepared to dispute the FOREST AND STREAM'S proud claim of being the only journal to maintain an office rattlesnake we would be glad to know of it.

The FOREST AND STREAM'S rattler has been in the office less than a week, but has already given a fine illustration of the way in which insufficiency of data may lead to long and profitless discussion by observers of natural history. In presence of one visitor the snake rattled twice, each time concluding the long rattling with two very short rattles, at intervals of a second; and the observer noted that "a rattlesnake always follows his long rattle with two short ones." For the next visitor the snake repeatedly gave his long rattle, but there was no after-rattle following it. Now, it would probably require columns of newspaper discussion to convince either of these two persons that a rattler rattles as the other one heard this one rattle. Yet on quite as meager experience will a person often put forward his dictum, maintain it through thick and thin, and never budge, though the heavens fall.

We have noted before that the Vermont game and fish bill prepared by Commissioner Titcomb and his associates followed closely in form and arrangement the New York codification; and now that the bill has been approved Vermont has a law which is simple, plain and direct in its provisions, readily understood, and for that reason is likely to be better observed than a more complex and inconsistent set of laws could be. But what does the term "pheasant" stand for, in the clause which provides for the protection of "pheasant" between Nov. 20 and Oct. 1 following? The context shows that it is not a ruffed grouse nor a quail, but it may be a duck or "pheasant duck." According to Trumbull, "pheasant," "sea pheasant," "water pheasant" and "pheasant duck" are terms applied to certain water fowl. Is the Vermont "pheasant" web-footed?

One day last week a Fredericksburg, Va., wild turkey hunter, failing to return home, was sought by a search party, and discovered dead in a turkey blind. He had been shot through the head. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of murder by persons unknown, and subsequently a suspected individual was arrested for the supposed crime. It appears to be quite probable, however, that the unfortunate hunter met death in a way in which it has come to others skilled in the art of calling. For it has happened more than once that a caller gifted with skill perfectly to simulate the notes of the bird, has been shot in his ambush by some other hunter deceived into the belief that the turkey call came from a real turkey. Such a case was reported from Pennsylvania a fornight ago; and others will be reported so long as men shoot at sounds and at objects unseen.

THE reports of shooting casualties are this season as numerous as ever, and quite as instructive. Last Saturday a Massachusetts gunner riding in a wagon undertook to prop himself up with a gun, his hands over the muzzle. Four fingers were amputated. Monday the well-known Hebrew philanthropist, Baron de Hirsch, was wounded by the explosion of his gun. Tuesday a New Jersey farmer died from wounds self-inflicted while he was dragging his gun after him through a fence.

There is nothing in the cablegram to show that Baron de Hirsch was at fault, but every one of a score of other recent casualties may be accounted for on the score of gross carelessness. The New Jersey victim of the gun in the fence was reported to have committed suicide, and the report aroused much indignation among his friends; but in this age of the world an intelligent man ought to understand that pulling a gun muzzle-foremost from boat or wagon or fence is tempting fate in a degree little lower than that of the deliberate suicide.

If you have a gun selected for that boy of yours on Christmas morning let not these daily reports of fatal carelessness with firearms deter you from giving him the gift. A gun is a safe and sensible possession for man or boy. Life insurance companies do not discriminate against users of sporting firearms; there are no provisions in the policies that the insured must not go shooting. If gunning were regarded as an "extra-hazardous" pursuit, or even as one involving any appreciable or unusual degree of peril, public sentiment would not sanction the shooting excursions of President Harrison, nor of Mr. Cleveland. As a matter of fact, most intelligent people know perfectly well that a shotgun is a safe weapon in the hands of a man who will keep himself behind it instead of getting in front of it.

Thousands and tens of thousands of guns are used with safety. It is the ten thousand and first that does the damage we read of in the papers. See that this ten thousand and first handler shall not be of your kith and kin. Teach the boy to handle the arm after approved rules. Begin right. Caution is best instilled at the very outset. Habit is everything, and it is just as easy to acquire careful habits at the first. Give your boy a gun for his Christmas, give him with it an appreciation of its proper using, and you will have given that which will be a joy and a satisfaction to him long after he shall have reached a riper age than your own.

The fourth and last of the promised drawings by Mr. E. E. Thompson, illustrating American wild animals, is given as a supplement with this issue. It pictures the Bay Lynx, and the faithfulness of the portrait will be recognized by those who have had the fortune—good or ill—to observe the living creature at large. The publication of another series of drawings now in preparation, will be begun shortly. Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM in 1893 may look for an even more generous supply of illustrations than that which has marked the new departure of 1892.

The recent conference of New England Fish Commissioners in Boston, of which we gave meager details last week, was an occasion of general interest, and we trust that public notice may be given of the next meeting. A full report would undoubtedly stimulate thought and discussion on fish and game protection topics, and these are subjects which will profit by such open, free and general discussion.

The "Kekoskee Fish Story" has been reprinted by our London contemporary, the *Fishing Gazette*, and we confidently look for it in our Calcutta exchange, the *Asian*. It is a relation—a plain, simple, artless, ingenuous and unvarnished relation of facts, which deserves to make its way around the world.

There would be no difficulty in ridding Lake Keuka, in this State, of unlawful nets, if the protector of that district would set about it in a business way. Game Protectors Cotton, of Bath, and Clark, of Pulaski, made a raid on Keuka nets last week and had their men fined.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOUNTAIN FORESTS.

Ye mountains of New Hampshire, her glory and her crown,
Whose rocky summits proudly rise above the tempests', frown,
Around your shoulders, broad and strong, the ancient forests grow,
While from each cliff, with joyful song, the sparkling waters flow.

They grow and gather on their path to seek the ocean main,
They freshen many a fertile vale and many a sandy plain;
At every leaping cataract upsprings a city fair,
And sounds of busy industry awake the morning air.

The sun, obeying nature's laws, draws up each drop again
In clouds, which fall as gentle dew, or burst in drenching rain.
Each leaf and flower, each mossy cup, collect the welcome store,
And down the mountain side again the foaming torrents pour.

The God who made them gave the woods a mission upon earth,
To garner up and store the rain and give the rivers birth;
And every blow the woodman strikes to bring them to their doom,
But stills some hammer's noisy din, or stops some busy loom.

Amid the sheltering foliage builds many a bird her nest;
Beneath the shade the wild deer roves, the squirrel finds a rest;
The spotted trout leaps gaily amid the sparkling foam,
And many a lovely floweret blooms in its own woodland home.

Then, when the summer sun beats down on many a city street,
And all within its stony walls are sweltering with heat,
How many strive to banish toil, with all its cares and ills,
And seek new health and strength amid the "everlasting hills."

Up many a winding pathway, through many a shady grove,
By many a mossy boulder, their wandering footsteps rove;
Or climb some rocky summit, clear in the mountain air,
To gaze upon the world below in summer verdure fair.

Oh statesmen! spare the forests which grace our native land;
Save some of nature's handicraft from lucre's grasping hand,
That when your earthly labor's o'er, beneath their shade you rest,
The "generations yet unborn" may rise and call you blessed.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 20, 1892. SAM'L WEBBER.

## THE CANADA GOOSE.

THE gentler songsters of our groves approach us quietly and unobserved indeed by many, until on some soft, balmy morning the ripple of a sweet little voice is heard among the blossoms, and inspection reveals our tiny friends, who are chanting their delight as they fly from twig to twig amid the scenes of their last year's home.

These little warblers are the interpreters of nature's pastorals, their songs are full of balmy airs and sunshine.

For a wilder strain we must turn to other scenes, and in stormy days of March or November listen to the trumpets of the wild geese as they mingle with the gale.

See the dark forms clearly outlined against the sombre clouds as in perfect discipline they obey the bugle calls of their leader, whose broad wings beat the air with steady and majestic strokes, in the van.

Now in single file, now in the form of a gigantic V, and again in open order, they fly in response to his clarion note as it rings down the feathered ranks, but ever on and on, until the haven reached the flight is ended and the travelers rest.

"On high, above us in the heavens,
The passage birds fly forth in bands,
Their pioneer his legion leading,
Darts forward o'er the well-known lands."

A strong, sturdy fellow is the Canada goose. Indifferent alike to storm and sunshine, he pursues the even tenor of his way, and under all circumstances you find him the same elegant and graceful creature.

Ever on the alert, quick to take alarm and to warn his trusting followers at the approach of danger, he ranks among the foremost of the waterfowl that pass and repass our Atlantic seaboard in legions during the spring and autumn migration.

There are times when a sportsman will put aside the gun and visit his game in their haunts for the purpose of observing and studying their ways and habits of life.

We will join such an one on his jaunt as he starts for the beach. A brisk walk, and crossing the rickety old bridge, we are among the sand dunes.

Once through between them, the steady boom of the surf, which has been sounding in our ears during the walk, bursts upon us with a roar as it pounds upon the sands.

Far as the eye can reach up and down the coast we see the spurting mist of the breakers as they thunder along the shore.

The breeze is heavy from the sea, and the drifting sand cuts our faces now and again as we sit on the summit of a dune that tops its neighbors, giving us an unobstructed view of the uneasy ocean, as it heaves and tumbles in foaming billows almost at our feet.

A huge wave rears suddenly upward and rolls in, a solid mass of dull green! A moment, and we see a slight curling of its crest, then with a deafening roar it dashes into snowy fragments and sends its quivering foam flakes high in air above our heads. We watch it as it races its life away down the beach until lost in clouds of mist, it plunges wildly on.

For the past few days the geese have been flying, and as we look out over the surging waters several bunches are in sight, all bound east, and silently, steadily pursuing their course.

Here comes a flock, just outside the breakers; rapidly they approach, and we count twenty-three of the noble birds as they pass in review before us, the big wings moving with mechanical regularity, their white collars and glossy plumage glistening through the driving mists.

A single trumpet note, and the whole flock rises as one, and in an undulating line heads in over the beach for the quiet waters of the beach. Let us follow.

It is interesting to watch the maneuvers of a flock of geese as they approach to alight after traveling for hundreds of miles without a halt, as is often the case in their migrations.

They manifest their delight at the prospect of a pause in the long flight by a tremendous hubbub, as each gabbles and honks in as many different keys. Now one will drop as though he had found the proper location, then another, and so on, while the main body of the flock, probably older birds, sweep steadily along, leaving them far in the rear, requiring energetic efforts on their part before they close the gap.

Now the old gander in the lead suddenly jacks his wings, and followed by the entire flock, scales down in a long descent until, with a heavy surge, they enter the water, and the feat is accomplished.

The gabble is immediately renewed with fresh vigor, and continues with gradually diminishing energy, until the excitement having passed, they float quietly upon the calm surface conversing in ordinary tones.

Shinnecock Bay, Long Island, used to be a favorite rendezvous for the geese, and unless driven off by constant gunning, they would often spend days in feeding, recruiting, and generally enjoying themselves in its waters. At such times many a fierce battle is fought between the old veterans in command of the various flocks.

Approaching each other slowly, cautiously, now retiring a little, now returning, they finally work themselves up to the fighting point and pitch into each other with bill, feet and wings. Now you see them separate with ruffled plumage, and swim proudly back to their admiring friends, who honk clamorously as they welcome their respective champions, while with outstretched necks, they hiss spitefully at his gray-coated antagonist.

There are two gunners in that blind below us, with the glass you can see their live decoys preening themselves as they stand in the shallow water.

A solitary goose is flying past, high in air. Poor fellow! That subdued *broo-oom! broo-oom!* we heard a moment ago was evidently the death knell of your companions, and now your plaintive calls ring over the bay, as you vainly seek a response from your lost ones.

See! a flock is swinging in toward the blind. Hear them honk in answer to the decoys, as with extended wings they sail up, all unconscious of the reception awaiting them in the brown sedge grass.

Three puffs of soft white smoke curl up from the blind as we watch, and we see four geese drop from the flock, dashing the spray in showers as they strike the water.

The remaining birds wing their way overhead, the one in the rear indicating by rapid wing beats the severity of his wounds. Slowly he falls behind as his comrades leave him, until, with a last despairing struggle, he gives up, and falls from that dizzy height, striking the water with a sounding splash.

There he floats, still and dead, the yellow rays of the sun touching him gently as though in sorrow at his fate.

To-morrow will see him stranded on the shallows near the meadow, where the keen-eyed gulls will soon discover him, and with wild screams of delight they will pounce upon and rend the form so lately filled with strong, warm life. WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

## A PUZZLE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It was many years ago that I had a singular experience that I have never been able to explain on any reasonable grounds. At that time a mingling of business and pleasure led me to pass some years in the woods in southern Vermont, where, as is perhaps not generally known, one may travel for days meeting with few signs of man and his axe. Lynx and bears were quite plentiful, and sometimes a panther was to be seen or heard.

One day in December I started on snowshoes for a little settlement about eight miles distant. My way was partly through the unbroken forest and partly along an abandoned road that had connected the two places. It had snowed heavily the night before, and the day was dark and gloomy. It was nearly night, when I came to where something had crossed the path before me. The strides were long, and at first I thought were made by a man, but a close examination showed me that it was a round track and of a size that I had never seen before. It could only be made by a panther and a big one at that; and, what was more to the point, the trail was very fresh, having been made since a snow squall of half an hour before. Now, contrary to my usual custom, I was unarmed, and two long Vermont miles, most of the way through dense spruces, were before me, and at my best pace it would be dark before I was out of the woods. Possibly I may be a bit of a coward, but I will say that I had no desire to meet the gentleman who made those tracks. Yet I was not frightened. I examined the footprints carefully, following them to where they passed under a thick spruce, where the imprints were more distinct. I remember wishing I had even my Colt's revolver with me, and I think that for the remainder of my way I scanned the thickets on either side rather closely. When I returned from my trip I told my woods-mates of what I had seen, but some of them were a little incredulous as to the size of the tracks, and I did not blame them.

The next March I one day climbed a high peak of the Green Mountains in that vicinity, reaching the top about noon. There was a space of about two acres that was nearly bare of trees, only a few scattered bushes showing through the snow. It was dinner time, and I selected a fallen tree for my table and seat. It was an ideal day. The sun was shining brightly and warmly, and the first breath of spring was in the air. I had been in high spirits all the morning. The air and the sunshine was exhilarating after the dark days of winter. But no sooner had I seated myself than a strange feeling of uneasiness came over me. I felt as if I was not alone—as if I was being watched. I looked around me; all was peaceful and quiet. The ground was bare on every side of me except two little thickets, and they were probably 150 feet away. I took my revolver from its case and laid it beside me, at the same time laughing at the precaution. The creepy feeling grew upon me; I was oppressed by a sense of a disagreeable presence that I could not account for. The thicket to my left mady me uneasy, so I turned and faced it, but could see almost through it, and was convinced that nothing of any size could be lurking there. Then I turned quickly to the other thicket, half expecting that something would be visible there. Not a sign of life. It was too ridiculous; a bright day; in an opening where I could see clearly on all sides of me, and then to feel—well, not exactly frightened, but *creepy*—I who had camped out alone night after night in all kinds of places, and often with very little fire, from an innate dislike to gathering wood after a day's tramp. But—I settled myself so that I could watch both thickets, and besides kept a good watch over my shoulder.

As suddenly as it came that peculiar feeling passed away. I remember sneering at myself a little, and then as I lighted my pipe I forgot all about it. My smoke finished, I started down the mountain side, passing by the lower end of one of the thickets. After going a few rods, I stopped suddenly. There were big round tracks before me, and they came from the valley and went toward the thicket. The place was open, with only leafless maple, beech and birch, and after a quick glance to see that all was clear, I examined the tracks. I had no feeling of nervousness now, but a great deal of curiosity. There was a hard crust on the snow, but the warm sun had honeycombed its surface, and the round particles, like grains of coarse sand, displaced by the animal's foot, retained their original shape, showing that they had only recently been disturbed. The stride up the incline was about three feet, and the track measured six inches long by five and one half broad. The marks of the toes were distinct, and in some places the claws cut the icy surface an inch or more from the toes. I followed the trail to one of the thickets I have spoken of, and found that the animal had moved a little from his course and turned toward where I had been sitting. His steps were shorter here, and on leaving, he resumed his former course and passed down the other side of the mountain.

Now what puzzles me is this: On a gloomy, dark day, with night coming on, in a dense forest, I, unarmed, find recent traces of an animal I do not want to meet, yet I am not frightened, only think it wise to get out of the woods before dark. Again, at midday, with a bright sun, an open space around me, fairly armed, and in good spirits, with no thought of anything larger than a rabbit or a partridge, I suddenly become, if not afraid, at least nervous and on the alert for—what? Nothing, as far as reason tells me. Yet I find that at that time I was being watched by an animal that had an unpleasantly large, well furnished foot, with probably teeth to match—which I think I should have gone considerably out of my way to avoid meeting. Yet when I saw his tracks—the first tangible evidence I had of his presence—I was not disturbed. Can any one explain it? I cannot.

FRED. L. BALLARD.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 21.

## ANTICIPATIONS OF A WINTER'S CAMP.

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—I am glad that J. B. Battelle is so pluckily renewing his efforts to rear ruffed grouse in confinement. I have always believed it could be done, and there is no one to whom I would be so glad to see the honor and credit of such a success come as to our old friend "Jay Bee Bee." I hope to start in a week or so for a certain camp in the Maine woods, and I shall be on the alert for captive grouse, and if I get news of any Mr. Battelle shall hear of it.

In your issue of Nov. 17 L. D. von Iffland speaks of his surprise at the discovery that the muskrat is carnivorous. He need have no doubt that it was the muskrat that ate his snipe. If he will take a look about the haunts of any muskrat on Northern or Western lakes or rivers he will learn that the muskrat makes the fresh-water mussel one of the main articles of his diet, as the heaps of their shells will attest.

The "Angling Notes" and the fine picture of "Shelving Rock Falls" come pretty near to starting me on the discussion of the leaping and "climbing" powers of fish. There is nothing in A. N. Cheney's article that throws any strain whatever on my credulity, for I have seen such work by trout in the little New Hampshire brook where I fished as a boy as would match almost anything Mr. Cheney told.

Moreover, I saw such a fish leap once in West Indian waters as I never yet dared to put in print. As Mr. Hough said before, he got his courage up to print his "Kekoskee Fish Story," I may sometimes tell it—if I can be persuaded that it will be received in a proper spirit, and not treated as a pure fabrication and laughed to scorn. It is a very short story, but a perfectly true one, but such a whopper that I am not yet ready to "turn it loose."

I have about made up my mind to go to a new camp and a new region for my outing this year. I want a winter trip this time. I want to do some tracking and perhaps snowshoeing.

I want the fun of seeing in the snow the sure proof of what is going on in the woods. My morning newspaper shall be the white sheet on which the tiny wood mouse and chickadee and the partridge and fox, as well as the deer and caribou, have written the clear story of their marchings and prowlings. I am so eager for camp that I can hardly wait. I may not be able to get away, but what what fun I have had already in anticipation of it!

I have never seen the lake and camp to which I am going or the guide whom I have engaged, but all are well vouched for, and the guide writes me that there are plenty of signs of "big gaim."

Miss Fannie Hardy writes me that she does not personally know this guide, but that her father says "he spells like a good hunter, and that this is an almost unmistakable ear mark." I long to see Katahdin again all white from base to summit. I long to hear an owl hoot and a loon call. The owl I shall hear, but I suppose the lake will be closed and I shall miss my loon and my canoeing. But one can't have everything.

O you poor fellows who have had your vacation, do you not envy me? You must solace yourselves as best you can by planning for the next year's trip and retelling the story of how you captured that particularly big trout, judiciously adding an ounce or two to its weight whenever you think the strength of your leader will bear the strain.

I've already asked my most intimate friends which cut of the moose they prefer. It is always safer to arrange all these little things beforehand.

If the weight and measurements are what they ought to be, I will duly make report. C. H. AMES.

### Mr. Cleveland Appears to Believe In It.

WE all have noticed that many men, when they seek to appear especially wise and impressive, speak of "our business interests" as something awful and mysterious, and quite often when a proposition is under discussion its merits are no longer apparent to those *whose hair is on end* at the solemn suggestion that "our business interests" are lying in wait with numerous vials of wrath in complete readiness for those who arrive at an unaccepted conclusion.—*Grover Cleveland's Chamber of Commerce Speech.*

# Natural History.

## THE BAY LYNX.

(*Lynx rufus*).

NATURALISTS call the long-tailed, round-eared cats *Felis*, while those with short tails and with tufted ears are called *Lynx*. The panther, jaguar and ocelot are among the American forms of the genus *Felis*, while the common wildcat and the Canada lynx represent the genus *Lynx* in North America.

The lynxes which inhabit the northern and temperate regions of both the Old and New Worlds are thus described by Mr. Flower, the eminent English anatomist. They are "all of moderate size; that is, smaller than lions, tigers and leopards, and larger than the true cats, with long limbs, short, stumpy tail, ears tufted at the tip, and the pupil of the eye linear when contracted. Their fur is generally long and soft, varying, however, according to season and locality, and always longest upon the cheeks. Their color is always light brown or gray, and generally more or less spotted with a darker shade. The naked pads of the feet are more or less covered by the hair that grows between them. The skull and skeleton do not differ markedly from those of other cats, but the small anterior upper premolar tooth found in many other species is usually wanting. Their habits are exactly those of the other wild cats; they are excelled by none in the untameable savageness of their disposition. They capture their prey in the same manner, either lying in wait or noiselessly stealing within reach, and then making a sudden rush or spring upon it. Their food consists of any mammals or birds which they can overpower. In inhabited countries they commit extensive ravages upon sheep, lambs and poultry. They generally frequent rocky places and forests, being active climbers, and passing much of their time among the branches of trees."

Such, briefly, are the characteristics of this group, of which two well defined forms are generally recognized by American naturalists, while several other varieties or sub-species have been described. These are all known to people generally by the names wildcat, catamount, lynx or bob cat, the last name being perhaps the best, since it seizes at once on a characteristic feature, the short tail, bob cat being no doubt an abbreviation for bob-tailed cat.

The two best known forms are the bay lynx figured in this issue, and the Canada lynx. The former is much the more southern in its range, and so is perhaps the better known of the two. It is more common in the South and Southwest than in the East—which is only another way of saying that it does not flourish in a thickly settled country—but no doubt it still exists in every State of the Union. Both the Canada and the bay lynx are still occasionally killed in Connecticut, and the daily papers this fall have chronicled several of these captures. One of the most recent of these appeared in the New York *Times* of Nov. 26, and, though no doubt somewhat highly colored, may have a basis of fact:

"HAMBURG, Conn., Nov. 25.—Hayden Gray, School Visitor in the Alder Ridge district, and Alice Griswold, teacher of the school, had an exciting experience with a wildcat a day or two ago.

"The Alder Ridge district lies among the hills in the southern part of Middlesex county. The schoolhouse stands on a flat at the foot of a high hill.

"The day was warm, and a window on the side of the building toward the hill was open. The School Visitor had just dismissed a class that he had been examining, when a dog came tearing down the hill, and the next minute an immense wildcat sprang through the open window and landed on the floor in front of the teacher's desk.

"At sight of the animal the scholars ran screaming to a corner of the room and huddled together on top of the desks. The School Visitor, a man well along in years, climbed on top of the teacher's desk and yelled for her to come up, too. Miss Griswold is a plucky woman, and she had no intention of retreating. She stood near the stove, and, picking up a heavy iron poker, held her ground.

"Close on the heels of the wildcat came the dog, which sprang through the window and landed near the cat. The two animals clinched at once, and in less than a minute the dog slunk under the benches with one side of his scalp torn off and one forward leg so badly chewed that it couldn't use it.

"The cat was fully aroused and turned its attention to the School Visitor, who had taken occasion in the brief fight between the cat and the dog to lift a chair to the top of the desk and climb upon it. The wildcat leaped at the man. The School Visitor had picked up the school bell as a weapon, and when the wildcat reached the desk he struck the animal a blow on the head that knocked it to the floor and made it madder than ever. Digging its claws into the floor, it made another spring. This time it reached the chair and knocked it and the School Visitor in a heap on the floor.

"The cat sprang again at the man, who fought the animal off as best he could with the bell, but he would probably have suffered severely had not the teacher come to his assistance with the poker. The woman hammered the cat unmercifully with the iron bar and drove it into a corner, where she belabored it until it was dead.

"The School Visitor was scratched and his clothes were torn, but he was not seriously injured. The teacher came out of the fray without a mark."

The bay lynx is said to be rather uncommon in Maine and the Adirondacks, but becomes more abundant further south and west. In some portions of the northern Rocky Mountains, as also toward the coast in Idaho and Washington, it is very abundant, though not often seen, owing to its secretive habits.

We have seen a number of the young of this species in captivity and have always found them vicious, untameable little creatures even when very small. At all times they were ready to use their teeth and claws on the hands of those who fed them, and it really was not safe to touch them unless the hands were well protected. Even when only half as large as a domestic cat they would snarl, spit and fight most fiercely.

Chasing the wildcat with hounds is a favorite sport in some sections of the South and it may be imagined that it is exciting sport. Usually the animal takes refuge in a tree, from which it is dislodged by the shot of one of the hunters.

The bay lynx is a small animal and measures 3ft., or less, in total length, the tail being about 7in. long. Above and on the sides the fur is pale reddish in color, while the under parts are white, more or less spotted with black and brown. The inner surfaces of the legs are banded with black or brown. The tail is white beneath and brown above, with a black tip. Ears black, with a white patch within.

The illustrated supplement, which goes with this issue, gives a faithful portrait of the bay lynx, and a comparison of this sketch with that of the Canada lynx in our issue of Nov. 2 will show the different characteristics of the two.

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CHELSTOWN, N. H., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* John Danforth speaks of the "bobcat" in FOREST AND STREAM of the 17th as not a lynx. The "bay lynx" is commonly called by that name and is a common wildcat of the Southern States, but is found as far north as Canada. It gets its name from its color, as a bay horse does, and is slightly different from its cousin, the gray or Canada lynx.

Some of the early naturalists confused them and spelled the word with a big B, deriving it from Hudson's Bay, but the lynx of that latitude is the gray or Canadian.

One of these red or bay ones frightened a good many sheep and some boys in this town two summers since, and killed a few lambs, and was plainly seen several times sunning himself on a stump or stone. VON W.




A REMARKABLE PAIR OF HORNS.

## INTERESTING COLLECTION OF HORNS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In conformity with a request from the curator in charge of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, to Mr. Albert Friedrich, of this city, this is sent you:

Inclosed you will please find a photograph of a set of most remarkable horns, of which it can justly be claimed they have no equal on earth.

The curator, Mr. F. W. True, says in his letter: "The antlers are the most remarkable I have ever seen. In the number of points it far exceeds any specimen of which I have knowledge. Whatever you wish to publish regarding it I would suggest that you send to FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York. This is, as perhaps you know, one of the best sporting and natural history journals."

Mr. Friedrich is justly proud of his collection, which should be seen in order to be fully appreciated. Besides the head photographed he has a grand collection of antlers and horns, numbering over a thousand specimens, of which several hundred are finely mounted, many of them with head and neck in proper style and shape, as shown in this photograph. There is a perfect museum of specialties of this nature only. Next in interest to the head and antlers referred to, Mr. Friedrich has a deer head with forty-two prongs, which is quite as unusual as the first named. But of just as much interest as the horns alone is his collection of specimens of heads, with their coverings and adjuncts, in the way of horns, of similar defensive or offensive character.

From Africa can be seen two heads, respectively, of bull and cow buffalo. From the Cape of Good Hope the *Bos arnè*, African gems-bock, ibex, *Bos tragelaphus sylvatica*, yak, a common and brindle gnu, (*Catoblephas gnu* and *gorgon*), and a hartebeest (*Alcephalus cadma*). From India come a musk deer (*Moschus moschiferus*), an axis and mountain deer.

The great State of Arizona is represented by a large number of fine elk antlers. And last, but not least, comes Texas with heads and necks in proper natural style of wild Texas mustangs, fine specimens of Texas antelopes, fawns, etc. The Canadian moose has also a representative in this collection. Two pair of Texas steer horns which measure, one pair from tip to tip 7ft. 4in., the other pair 7ft. 1in., mounted on their original heads, some very large specimens of Russian deer, reindeer, Canadian caribou, Rocky Mountain sheep and wild goats. Another interesting feature is a large collection of rattlesnake rattles, which form a fine display, under glass; the collecting of these has taken a great deal of time, trouble and expense.

Mr. Friedrich is now making arrangements for numbering, grading and classifying this collection, as they are now displayed in his place of business at 223 Dolorosa street. We are also informed by the gentleman that if the right kind of inducements were made he would remove the whole to the coming Chicago World's Fair, where it would be of special interest to hunters and sporting people of the nations. SPORT.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 2.

## SOME CHAT FROM TEXAS.

PECOS, Tex., Nov. 17.—I was surprised to read in FOREST AND STREAM the expressions of the Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., touching the robin. He says: "In my native South the robin, so far from being considered a song bird, is regarded as a disreputable, gluttonous pest. * * * In my soul I am sorry for the people whose stock of song is so low as to prize as divine the cry of the robin."

Mr. Dixon, I am told, is a Tarheel, like myself; in other words, a native of North Carolina. Now, the robin in that State when I was a boy was regarded as a very lovable bird. They built their nests in the yards and orchards, and were very familiar creatures. While their song might not be considered as divine, yet according to my recollection it was very sweet. Does not Mr. Dixon recollect the sweet old song which the little girls of North Carolina used to sing:

"Robin, robin redbreast,
Oh, robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
When the summer time is here."

And does he not recollect the tale of the "Babes in the Wood," which the little folks used to tell to one another, how when the babes fell exhausted from their wanderings, the robins gathered leaves and spread over them to protect them from the cold; and how the eyes of the little ones would suffuse with tears at the rehearsal? All of this is fresh in my mind, and I believe the robin was more beloved than the mockingbird, who had no such pretty or affecting tales told of him. In those days one would have been looked upon as hardly better than a barbarian who would shoot a robin. If it is not so now in the "old North State," I am sorry indeed to learn it. And why does Mr. Dixon call him a "glutton?" I have heard him charged with sometimes becoming very drunk from eating berries of the china tree, but never before heard that he was a glutton. Even when drunk his deportment was the best that any one in that condition could put on. He simply went to sleep and slept it off—which thing, according to my observation, only good drunkards will do.

We have not the robin in Texas, except in winter, and I have often wished that we had him here in summer too. He is a dearly beloved bird to me, from the memories of the Auld Lang Syne which he calls up. I am curious to know how far south the robin nests. I know he nests in North Carolina. Does he nest below that State?

As to the screaming of the panther, if that animal does not do that, then all old Texas woodsmen err; for they all say that he screams. I have several times heard what I was told was the scream of the panther; though I never saw one open his mouth and let fly with it. If it was not the panther, then my mind is exceedingly perplexed to know what it was. A few months ago I heard it at night, three several times, in a deep forest on the Trinity river. I studied it with close curiosity as I heard it distinctly, coming apparently from no great distance. Others heard it, and said it was a panther. To my ear it sounded more like the hollowing of a rather fine-voiced woman than anything else I could compare it with. Now if it was not a panther, pray what was it, Mr. Editor? You have worried me. Was it the cry of an evil disembodied spirit? Will you make my "hair stand on end?" Will you fill me with superstition? Some may say that it *was* a woman. But that could not be, for the forest was uninhabited, and uninhabitable from frequent and great inundations, and of vast extent.

And I believe that the hair sometimes does stand up from a good, genuine scare. It has happened to me on two occasions; first, during our late war, when, on a miserable foggy morning, I ran all alone into about 17,000 "Yankees," supposing them to be Confederates, and secondly, since the war, when I thought that I was cornered by about seventeen bloody Injuns, who were wild to kill me and fully believed that they had me. On both these occasions my hair actually "riz" and stood up like the wires on a scrubbing brush. I did not see it so rise up and so stand, but I distinctly felt it, and am sure that it was so. However, I got away from both the Yanks and the Injuns and did not have a hair on my head hurt. Bless that kind Providence which takes care of fools! Even to this day, when I think of these two episodes, it almost makes my hair rise up.

And does not the Bible in the passage from Job quoted by FOREST AND STREAM state point-blank that Job's hair "stood up?" And whatever that Old Book states as a fact, I believe. As Napoleon Bonaparte said at St. Helena, "The Bible is not a mere book, but a living creature." And it is a living creature that never told a lie.

N. A. T.

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### Bird Notes.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 11.—This fall, up to a very recent date, the number of robins inhabiting the sparsely wooded lowlands adjacent to the Ithaca Marsh has been astoundingly large. A strolling minstrel from that shy, reserved band of dun-coated fellows must have flitted cityward.

At any rate, a robin has been in the habit for some time past of making regular daily (usually in the afternoon) visits to a tall, wide-spreading elm standing across the street from my residence. Away up in the topmost branches the solitary representative of a blithesome race would perch, and upon the ear of the alert listener would now and then fall the faint cadence of a tuneful chirrup that sounded almost weird and strangely out of place.

A few days prior to Nov. 1 I missed my feathered afternoon caller, and now, after ten days of keen watchfulness, I have come to believe that my hope for his return must necessarily be deferred until the coming year has donned its spring overcoat and demanded something new in the way of neckties.

An incident illustrating the tenacious hold the English sparrow has upon a more or less combative existence, came recently under the notice of a friend of mine. A sparrow flew against a telegraph wire in front of the city post office with such force that it fell stunned and apparently lifeless to the stone pavement below. A boy passing a moment later thoughtlessly kicked it into the gutter. My friend, from across the street, had seen the bird fall to the pavement, and hastening over picked the sparrow up and laid it upon the casement of one of the post office windows. It remained motionless as though dead for some minutes. Then a slight quiver ran through the short, stuffy little body, followed presently by an energetic picking of the legs, then a quick, deft beating of pinions; and a moment later, with the sprightliness of a Japanese juggler, the bird flew aloft to a favorite retreat, as vigorous, voracious and quarrelsome as ever.

By the way, I don't believe the sparrow has as many enemies as it once did. There is an impudent friendliness, a persistent and effusive familiarity about the little ruffian that tends to modify the popular verdict once passed upon him. M. C. H.

## MORE ABOUT THE SCREAM.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I know that the discussion of the panther's scream is getting to be an old story, but I want to add my testimony to the fact that he does scream, and she, too.

I spent several months in the Spanish Range of the Rockies, in New Mexico, and heard the scream a number of times there; but the first time is the one I want to tell about.

I wish I could make your readers realize what it is, but I know I can't. No one who has not heard it can imagine what it is like. We, that is my partner and myself, were lying one night, wrapped in our blankets, in front of our house in Mora county, N. M. About 100 yds. from us was the carcass of a calf that had died that day. We were both asleep when a cry came that, to speak for myself, raised me to my feet as if some one had me by the throat. It was the most horrid, hair-raising cry that I ever heard; it actually choked me. As we got on our feet, we brought our Winchesters with us and between us managed, notwithstanding our scare, to kill the animal. It was what they call there a mountain lion, really a panther.

It seems that some coyotes were already at work on the carcass and his scream must have been one of rage, for we found two dead coyotes, one with his skull crushed and the other with a broken back.

I do not care what any one may say, I know that the panther does scream, and I will never forget the first time I heard it. H. D. MCVEAN.

### One Effect on the Hair.

THE editor of the Ashtabula, O., *Sentinel*, sends us this note of a panther-slayer's experience, and adds that Mr. Spencer describes the scream as closely resembling that of a woman in distress: "Our townsman Sylvester Spencer is not a very old man, but has been white-haired for forty years. He was always fond of hunting, and when game became scarce in Ohio, he went to Michigan and Wisconsin for large game. In 1850, when he was 32 years old, he was hunting on the Wisconsin River. One day while following a deer, which took him along a regular runway, he heard a slight noise overhead, and in looking up saw, about 12ft. above him, a large panther on a limb, just preparing to spring on him. He looked it full in the eye and it settled back for a moment, which gave Mr. Spencer time to quickly raise his gun and send a bullet through the head of the beast, and stepping aside the panther sprang at him but fell dead on the ground. During the encounter, which did not take as much time as to read this, he was not scared, but when the danger was over it came to him in full force, and the effect was so great that within twenty-four hours his hair was as white as that of a man of 80. The panther measured 8½ft. from tip to tip."


### An English View of One American Institution.

A CELEBRATED English author recently made a short tour in the United States, and speaking of his trip from New York to Niagara Falls by "America's Greatest Railroad," he makes use of the following expressions:

"I have two ineffaceable visions before me, a river of peace, the broad waters of the Hudson, a river of tumult, the roaring cataract of Niagara.

"For about 170 miles, the New York Central runs along the margin of the Hudson, and if the eye were never lifted higher than its level, it would feast on a bouquet of colors, like a rainbow spread upon the earth."

Speaking of the dining and sleeping cars, the bath and buffet and barber shop he says:

"With luxuries like these, the 1,000 miles to Chicago may become a day's holiday, and if the journey be made by the New York Central, it will be amidst some of the most exquisite spots of this vast and beautiful country.

"After the Palisades come the Highlands of the Hudson. The river itself can never be forgotten. The eye cannot escape it. It fascinates. Its majesty amidst the majestic; beauty among the beautiful. Memory cannot obliterate it.

"A word about the New York Central. It is the only line in the States having four tracks, and the only Trunk Line running into New York city. To make itself worthy of the unique position it has erected a magnificent terminus from which any part of the city may be reached in half an hour, and on rainy days without even wetting the sole of the foot. The fastest train in the world leaves here every morning for Niagara Falls, accomplishing 440 miles in less than eight and one-half hours, or deducting stoppages, in 425 minutes actual running time—more than a mile a minute."—*Adv.*


### Stood It as Long as He Could.

SUFFOLK, Va., Nov. 16.—I inclose check for one year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. Have done without it as long as I can stand it. A. S. ELEY.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## RABBITS AND FERRETS.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You ask in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 17, 1892, What place does the rabbit (or hare) hold in the popular estimation as a game animal, and how are they looked upon by the average gunner or bird shooter?

In answer to your first question, the rabbit (or hare) is not held in high popular estimation as a game animal in this section of Connecticut.

Answering your second question, the rabbit (or hare) is looked upon here by the bird shooter as an animal beneath his own or his dog's notice.

Regarding hunting rabbits by ferrets. The Pennsylvania ferret breeder claims the practice one that does not exterminate, but fosters the breeding of rabbits. This theory is not modeled upon lines altogether unfamiliar. It is one skimmed over with adroitness. The theory advanced may be sound logic, but at this writing I am not ready to accept it.

Your correspondent says, "It is not the male rabbit that holes up and is killed, while the female runs and does not hole up so often, and is saved to rear her young." This statement is rather too sweeping to be entirely consistent with facts. At this point there is more than one breach of inconsistency.

Many barrels of rabbits killed by the aid of ferrets are shipped from the State of New York to this city, and fully 75 per cent. of the rabbits killed by the aid of ferrets and on sale at our markets are females. It would seem by this silent contradiction of the finely spun fancy and vain delusion that ferrets do not foster the increase of rabbits—in New York. If I remember rightly, Fisher's Island teems with rabbits: there they are protected—that is, the use of ferrets is prohibited by the club controlling the island.

It is claimed here in Connecticut by parties who know something about rabbits that "ferreting" them is a very destructive method of extermination, but it is unnecessary to dilate upon such unsportsmanlike means of taking game. When a man, with dramatic accentuation, which becomes woefully tiresome, advocates snares for ruffed grouse, nets for catching trout, spears for taking black bass from their spawning grounds, ferrets for rabbits, he reminds me of the advice given by a colored minister to one of his flock. The stovepipe happening to fall during a revival, the minister asked one of the "bredderin" to put it in position. Brother Johnson essayed to do it, but rather slow. The old minister said, "Pick it up, brudder, pick it up; de Lord won't let it burn you." Brother Johnson, with faith in the assurance, seized the hot pipe and of course had his hands badly blistered. He dropped it with the inappropriate but forcible and dramatic remark, "De debbil he won't." Moral: Do not put too much confidence in those who advocate snares, nets, spears and ferrets, for surely you will fare as Brudder Johnson did when he picked up the hot stovepipe.

A. C. COLLINS.

AUBURN, Susquehanna County, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice the communication of Mr. Decker in your issue of Nov. 17, which seems to be put forward as an excuse for selling ferrets when he knows they are to be put to illegal use; and, at the same time, get a little free advertising. Would not "I know" have been better than "I am quite sure?"

Now, Mr. Decker and I reside but a few miles apart, yet our conclusions vary widely. I am confident that rabbits are not holding their own, but, on the contrary, are rapidly decreasing. Ferrets were not used to any considerable extent in this locality until the past three years. Two years ago rabbits were very plentiful. The first time out I shot ten ahead of my beagle before noon. One year ago a considerable diminution was noticeable, and this fall, using the same dog and hunting over the same ground, three were the largest bag I have made, and often none at all.

Most of the rabbits killed are taken to the country stores and from these shipped to the cities. Ask any of the country merchants and they will tell you they are handling but a small per cent. of the shipments of two years ago.

No species of game can survive a mode of hunting where there is absolutely no chance of escape. One young fellow tells me of hunting two years ago with a ferret bred by Mr. Decker, and he killed from twelve to nineteen rabbits a day and kept it up nearly every day for three weeks. According to Mr. Decker such slaughter—"the more we hunt with ferrets"—conserves the supply. Never before have we heard it intimated that the rabbit was in the least carnivorous. We always supposed that its antipathy to anything like blood or grease was extreme. What proof has Mr. Decker that the male rabbits devour their young? Or is it a mere "theory," not a "condition?" We hope it is as well authenticated as was the fact that the old express horse Santa Anna subsisted and grew fat on an exclusive diet of bullheads.

And again, if it is only the males that hole when pursued by dogs, how does Mr. Decker account for the fact with which all rabbit hunters are conversant—that on some days every rabbit started will go straight to a hole, while on other days they will all run some time before going to earth?

And does not Mr. Decker show ignorance of the habits of game when he hints that the "true sportsman" shoots young grouse during the warm months "up among the maples and hemlock trees on the very top of our hills?" If we are at all acquainted with the habits of the ruffed grouse the heavily-timbered ridges would be the last place the true sportsman would look for them early in the season. And if they are so killed one lawless act does not justify another.

His assertions are: The more rabbits killed with ferrets the more there ir left. The male rabbits kill and eat their young. That the male only goes to earth when pursued. That the law prohibiting the use of ferrets can not be enforced. That rabbits subsist on grain. That the young grouse are found on the heavily-timbered ridges. How many of them will stand inquiry? Behold a new axiom in mathematics. Any part is greater than the whole, and the smaller the part the greater the total!

His sympathy for the "farmers' boys" makes me tired. It is so old, so very old and so very thin. When any one wishes the repeal of a protective law they always overflow with sympathy for the "poor farmer's boy," downtrodden and oppressed. It is the same self-interest sympathy whether coming from a grouse-snarer in the East, or a Pennsylvania man who wishes to hunt rabbits with a "bug." I was a farmer's boy for twenty-one years and have been associated with them ever since, and I know them to be above and beyond any such sympathy. And a large per cent. of the boys upon the farms of Susquehanna county could give Mr. Decker points on game and sportsmanship. BON AMI.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Although much ferreting is no doubt annually done in this section of the State the supply of rabbits holds out remarkably well. Good bags are scored daily now. I believe, however, that rabbits should be protected from Jan. 1 to Nov. 1. Between the ferrets, the beagles, and the breechloaders, bunnie has a small chance to thrive and multiply as the law now stands. Mart Oltz, a local trapper, tells me, with a wink of the eye that is rich in meaning, that he has already trapped over one hundred muskrats and two minks. M. C. H.

## THE LOST PARK BUFFALO AGAIN.

KENOSHA, Col., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Oct. 5 a prospector named Boeher, who has been prospecting during the summer, came in from Lost Park with information that he had met while in there two hunters, one of whom, named Foley, he had been acquainted with in times past on the plains and knew him as an old buffalo hunter. Foley confided to Boeher that his party were there for the express purpose of getting some bison for future mounting, and that two taxidermists accompanied the outfit for the purpose of preparing the frames, that they had already killed thirteen and had arranged with a party owning thirty jacks to come after them and pack their game out of the Park.

Boeher told his story to Mr. M. F. Case, of Kenosha, with whom he stopped that night, and offered to go back with him (Case) and locate the camp of the outfit, but Case at that time was sick (is now lying at point of death) and could not go. He did the next best thing, however, and notified the State authorities, recommending that they come to Kenosha and he would supply them with the necessary horses and camp outfit to go into the Park and make a thorough hunt for the killers, also that they could get Boeher to go with them, and have him show where he had met the parties and where he had seen the evidence of their having killed some of the bison. Gordon Land, the State Game Warden, thought the matter could be attended to from other points and so sent an outfit under charge of J. P. Lower, and with Jonathan Higginson, of Buffalo Creek, as guide they entered the Park from Buffalo Creek, and after searching two or three days came to the conclusion that there had been no killing and retraced their steps to Estabrook, where they heard of a pack outfit having passed a few days previous. They started on the trail of this outfit and traced it as far as Slaghts, where all traces of it were lost. As the Park can be entered from the vicinity of Slaghts, it is very probable that the parties they were tracking were the outfit that Foley had spoken of as coming after them. Having lost the trail Lower and company returned to Buffalo Creek.

Another party in charge of Deputy Game Warden Kimball went into the Park from this end after nearly two weeks' delay, but after a three days' search they returned not having seen any traces of the buffalo hunters.

A short note appeared in one of the Denver dailies from Florrissant, saying that two taxidermists of that place had left there on a hunting expedition, and no knowledge of their whereabouts being had it was supposed that they might be the parties sought after. These men have not returned to their homes yet, and it will depend on their word where they have been, whether they are the ones wanted or not. It is very probable that they have heard ere this that they are suspected of being the buffalo slayers and it will be an easy matter for them to get rid of the pelts, head, etc., if they have them; or they could continue on to Wyoming or Utah and on returning say that they had killed their game in those States, and there would be none to dispute their word, unless this man Foley could be found and brought before Boeher.

Lost Park is a long narrow valley about ten miles long and varying from a few feet to a half mile in width, there are many gulleys running into it and the country around is very rough and heavily timbered, so that it is an easy matter for a person to keep out of the way of any searching party that might go in after them.

There is no one living in the Park and the buffalo use it a part of the year for their grazing ground; and they range from Kenosha on this side to the vicinity of Pike's Peak on the other and all along the ranges intermediate.

S. S. CARRUTHERS.

DENVER, Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. S. S. Carruthers, of Kenosha, sent the following special to the Denver *Republican:*

KENOSHA, Col., Nov. 23.—[*Special.*]—Mr. James Gregg, a resident of Webster, who has been hunting in the neighborhood of Lost Park, reports that in Craig Gulch he found the carcass of a freshly killed buffalo. The hide had been stripped from it, leaving the head and meat. The hide had been dragged along the trail in the direction of the Paper Mill Camp at Chase. Some steps should be taken, and at once, to place a deputy game warden in the Lost Park country, and have him take up his residence there. If some such steps are not taken, it will be but a short time till all the remaining buffalo, one by one, will be exterminated.

This is probably authentic, as the buffalo are known to range in Craig Gulch. It is to be hoped that this miscreant will be caught and an example made of him. If the authorities move quickly they can follow the trail of the hide and thus locate the killer. TESEEBY.

### Florida Quail.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Nov. 19.—The quail are abundant this year. On the 15th John A. Pearce and Geo. Beard killed eighty-one. Quail shooting was always good, but March 1, 1892, the close season began, and that and other causes have made the birds numerous. D. D. B.

## A FIRE-HUNT.

My experience at fire-hunting deer at night with a headlight is limited to one hunt, and the tale briefly told runs as follow:

We started late in the afternoon to go two or three miles away from home where the hunt was to commence. With me was a friend, a veteran of two wars, his face seamed and bronzed by the suns and winds of the Rio Grande in '59, and afterwards by the hardships and exposures of Civil War campaigns in Kentucky and Virginia. I was a boy of fifteen who could only follow blindly his leadership.

We reached the hunting ground, and when it grew dark my companion adjusted the lamp to his head and took the lead. Our route was through the woods along some old roads but little used, rather a wild country at that time and abounding in game. We rode slowly, and it soon became tedious to me, as I had neither lamp nor gun, and had no chance to join in the fun of shooting anything. Very soon I became tired, and although on horseback began to nod. A growing boy, living in the country, where exercise and open air are abundant, can generally sleep under any and all circumstances. After riding for two hours my friend stopped and dismounted and went out through the timber following something. He crept along and got some distance away. This was a good opportunity for me, so I slid off my horse, sat down with my back to a tree, and without ceremony went to sleep. I don't remember ever having so sweet a nap as that. Very soon the report of his gun waked me up. He came back directly and reported that he had shot at a panther but did not get it.

As he came toward me he looked quite weird and uncanny out there in the darkness. The light from his lamp sent its rays out into the deep recesses of the thick woods, making the tall forest trees to appear more majestic than ever, and the darkness and the shadows were emphasized. At 20yds. away one could not tell what the lamp rested upon. The bearer was completely obscured. Thus it is that the game is lured to its destruction. In the still watches of the night, when mankind—the arch enemy of all the animal kind—is supposed to be rapt in restful slumber, it beholds approaching from out the still mysterious darkness a something it cannot make out nor understand. As it comes slowly on the animal stands up straining its eyes and every sense to their utmost tension. It gazes and gazing wonders. Its curiosity leads to its destruction, for those eyes, wide opened in eager wonder present to the hunter a shining mark. Like balls of fire or like shining gems, they stand out in bold relief from a dark background.

We journeyed on after that shot for several hours without encountering anything worth mentioning. We sighted game several times, but killed nothing. Finally we left the timber and entered the prairie. I had long since become useless to him as company, for I was asleep half of the time. Soon after entering the prairie he got a good shot at a deer and crippled it badly, we could see it staggering about in the light of the lamp, but it got away. He was shooting with a shotgun, and as is too often the case with this weapon, the game gets away crippled to die, a loss to the hunter.

This incident woke me thoroughly, and I now felt an interest in the hunt. Very soon he shot at another, and another—three deer in all with the same results. We crippled three, but not one could we get. It was now about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, when my friend concluded to draw off, as he, too, was tired and disgusted with his luck. We started for home, about five or six miles distant, and when we arrived there, lay down and got a little sleep. Not much, however, for soon after daylight my friend roused me and said we must return and get those deer. I didn't feel much like mounting a horse again, but I was ashamed to say so. I was tired and sore.

When we reached the place where we shot the last deer the night before and which now came first in our route, the dogs scenting around in the tall grass soon found the deer, which was badly wounded. We dispatched it with a rifle ball through the head. The game was dressed and placed on my brother's horse and we moved on hoping to secure the others as easily. When we came to the neighborhood of the next one and were looking about for it, we discovered another hunter busying himself after the same game. It was a large gray wolf and he must have been much interested in the search, for he did not see us until we were near him. My companion jumped from his horse and fired at him hastily, missing him. The wolf started for the timber about a mile away in the long swinging gallop common to them and I started in pursuit, riding a good horse. He didn't seem to expect pursuit, and for a while did not look back, and with his start of 200yds. the race for the timber was exciting. When half way he did look and found I had gained on him so much that he changed his gait to one meaning business. He evidently realized that the race was now one of life and death to him and struck out with his best gait. Both horse and wolf warmed to the work. Glancing back I saw close up to the rear my old friend, his broad sombrero bent by the breeze, sixshooter in hand, and fire in his eye. The dogs, wild with the excitement of the chase, were close at our heels and eager to close in. When less than 100yds. from the timber I passed the wolf, dropped my rifle and fired at very short range. The wolf turned over at the discharge of the gun though it is probable I missed him. I have seen these scamps when closely pursued and shot at or roped at to turn over and run the other way.

I passed him, but as soon as I could recover my horse I turned and saw him making for the timber again, this time accompanied by my friend, who was playing on him with his six-shooter. Both of our muzzleloading rifles were empty and useless. Some of the pistol balls took effect in the wolf, but for all that he would have left us if it hadn't have been for our faithful dogs. They came up to the charge in fine style as soon as the wolf arose after my shot and took hold of him. They could not hold him, however, for the wolf's fangs were sharp and his snapping jaws sounded like the clacking of machinery. They would all bunch up together in battle, but the wolf would throw them off and spring away only to be seized again. At such times as they were momentarily separated, my companion would get in a shot with his pistol. The danger of hitting the dogs prevented him from doing better shooting. In the excitement we were all on the ground together, and our presence and encouraging yells gave courage to the dogs. The wolf became weakened from the pistol balls, one of which wounded him badly, but was still far from being whipped. My companion's pistol became empty, and it too was useless to us, for there was no time for loading muzzleloading arms. I seized a club to help the dogs, for, like all boys I was very fond of my dogs and hated to stand by and see the fine fellows used up by this skulking rascal. Before this fight my brother and I had believed them invincible.

My companion called on me to stand back, and drawing from its scabbard his heavy hunting knife, took it by the point and with a quick dexterous movement threw it at the wolf, a distance of twenty feet. The knife entered the fleshy part of the hind leg, went through and cut its way out. This weakened the wolf still more, and all of us, men, dogs and wolf, were brought to bay. The wolf's courage was that of desperation, and he looked like he was desperate enough to do anything. My friend again took up the knife and made another throw. This time his aim was perfect. The blade went straight through the animal's heart. The despairing wolf seized the handle with his teeth, rolled over and was dead.

Looking about for our horses, which had been forgotten in the excitement of the fight, we saw them going across the prairie, just rounding a point nearly two miles away. There was no alternative for us but to undertake the return on foot, and when just within sight of home we met a servant with the runaway horses.

S. D. Calder.



AN UNCERTAIN POINT.

From a photograph by Mr. D. P. Cox.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

## ADIRONDACK DEER HUNTING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The season for deer hunting in New York State which opened Aug. 15, closed Nov. 1, and after to-day venison can not be legally had in possession. It appears to be universally conceded among sportsmen who frequent the Adirondack region, that deer have thus far increased rather than decreased in numbers under the existing protective laws, but it is also admitted that this gratifying state of things can not long continue, unless there are more strenuous legislative enactments or more rigid enforcement of the present statutes. While it is probably a fact that there are more deer in the Adirondack wilderness now than there were ten, fifteen, or even twenty years ago, it is equally true that the number of hunters is yearly on the increase, and at a rate with which the game can not keep pace. It is believed that there were five or more deer hunters in the wilderness during the past season, where there was one five years ago and ten this year where there was one ten years ago. Of course this means a very great increase in the number of deer killed, and it is feared the cervine animals can not multiply rapidly enough to fully replenish the stock.

In view of these facts the sentiment is rapidly gaining ground among sportsmen, and guides as well, that some steps should be taken to further protect the does, and many unhesitatingly declare in favor of the passage of an act prohibiting killing them at any time. The advisability of the adoption of such a measure has been discussed before, in fact, no longer ago than last winter, but the wisdom of it has never been seen as clearly or acknowledged as generally as at the present time, with with theseason's record of does killed at hand for reference. The record shows, as is always the case, that the percentage of does killed during the floating or jacking season was far greater than bucks, so much so that some of the hunters who have hitherto earnestly advocated that mode of hunting are now in favor of prohibiting it. Furthermore, everyone concedes that there are very many deer wounded, presumably mostly does, that escape the jack hunter only to die in the woods. The record further shows that during the balance of the open season fully as many does as bucks were killed.

The new law which limits the hounding season to the month between Sept. 10 and Oct. 11 is also the subject of much adverse criticism on the part of deer hunters. It is argued that under this arrangement the season is neither advantageous for the deer nor the hunters. The deer are not in prime condition until later in the fall, and they make long and often-times eccentric runs, being very reluctant to take to the water. Many believe that it would be better to open the hounding season Oct. 1 and close it Oct. 20, or make the dates even later than that. Probably dates opening the season the middle of October and closing it Nov. 1 or later, would be fully as satisfactory as the present. Any one who has had experience hunting deer with dogs knows that the animals will follow their runways more closely and take to the water more readily in October than in September, and the percentage of bucks killed is larger.

Many experienced hunters are in favor of doing away with hounding as wel as floating, claiming that with both abolished and the other restrictions regarding shooting provided for in the existing laws rigidly enforced, the deer would multiply so rapidly as to afford excellent returns for more legitimate and sportsmanlike methods of hunting within a very few years. There are very few hunters who would not prefer to watch on a pond or stream for a daylight shot at a deer, if the animals were so numerous as to render the chance of getting one highly probable, to floating or hounding. And still-hunting, which means taking the deer on their own grounds and pitting one's own intelligence and skill against their instinct, is the fairest and most exciting sport of all when there is game enough to warrant one in trying it. When watching or still-hunting the hunter can more readily determine whether the deer is a doe or a buck before he shoots than he can when floating or even when hunting with dogs, although it is not always a difficult thing to decide under the latter method.

No complaint has been heard concerning the clause in the new law restricting the number of deer which a person can kill to two instead of three, and it is believed to be a wise provision.

There is good reasan to believe that hundreds of deer were killed in the wilderness last winter for use in the numerous lumber camps and in the camps of the laborers employed in the construction of the Adirondack & St. Lawrence Railroad. It is said on good authority that 50 were killed by the men in one lumber camp between Forestport and North Lake. According to reports received from the Adirondacks there have been other flagrant violations of the game laws during the year, and it is believed that a special game protector should be appointed for work in that region who is active, fearless and thoroughly acquainted with the country. Portsa.

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 15.

## PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Some recent experiments conducted by me, showed that when two shells were loaded (one with black and the other with nitro powder), so as to be equal in penetration, the nitro powder made a considerably closer pattern. This result is accounted for by the theory that with the nitro powder there was less pressure against the charge, at the time it left the muzzle of the gun, than with the black powder. It is doubtless a fact that the nitro powder did not make so large a volume of gas as the black, but made it instantaneously, and from the time the charge began to move, the pressure began to decrease, owing to increased room for expansion, and the absorption of heat by the gun barrel, while the black powder, no doubt continued to burn and generate gas during the entire passage of the charge from breech to muzzle, and if the generation of gas were more rapid than the increase of room for expansion, the pressure was greater at the final exit of the charge than at any other time. The theory that the pattern is very much modified by the pressure at the instant the charge leaves the gun, is supported by the well-known fact that heavy charges of powder make the shot scatter, and the scattering is partly caused by the rear shot pushing against the forward ones, and glancing aside from them, after they are no longer confined by the sides of the barrel. If the preesure ceased entirely before the charge reached the muzzle, and there was no friction between the shot and the sides of the barrel, would they scatter at all? No doubt they would for so long as they remained in a body they would compress the air in front of them, and finding less resistance at the sides would glance away from the compressed air in front. Can you cite me to any pressure tests, where pressure gauges were used both at the breech and near the muzzle, and if so, what difference in pressure was noted? Is it supposed that the shot thrown from a choke-bored gun cross their lines of flight? That is would the pellets that came out along the right-hand side of the barrel be found at the left-hand side of the pattern and vica versa? It is well-known that the different pellets of a charge are thrown with irregular force. Some will barely bury themselves in a board while other will penetrate it a quarter of an inch. What part of the charge did the weak pellets occupy and why did they not travel as fast as the others when they all left the gun with the same velocity? While writing the quertion it occurs to me that it may be caused, if there is nigh pressure at the muzzle of the gun, by the rear pellets pushing against the front ones so as to impart a part of their force to the front ones and lose a corresponding portion of their own. This, however, is not in accordance with the theory that the rear pellets glance aside from the front ones, for in that case the weak pellets would be found around the outside of the pattern, when as a fact they are found all through it. O. H. HAMPTON.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind.

## BOSTON AND MAINE.

GOV. W. E. RUSSELL is a successful sportsman, as well as a politician who cannot be beaten. As soon as the recent exciting campaign in the Bay State was over, and it was known that the Governor had run many thousand ahead of his ticket and was elected for the third time, he hies himself down to Maine for rest and recuperation. The Governor, with Gen. Dalton and Col. Harry Hastings, has been spending a few days at Col. John E. Thayer's new camps at B. Pond, a few miles from Umbagog Lake. Did the Governor shoot a deer? is the question. If he did not he has the credit of it all the same.

Speaking of the increase in deer in Maine, Commissioner Henry C. Stanley says that it is a perfect wonder. He never begun to see them so plenty. His son, while out hunting one day this fall, actually near the village of Dixfield, shot one and saw eight or nine others.

Things are frequently put on ice, and more especially those nice pieces of venison that are coming from Maine now and then; the kind donations of friends. But other things get on ice. Our friend B. (he would be chagrined if I should give his full name to the FOREST AND STREAM) left some of his wearing apparel at camp last fall. The other day he wrote a letter to his guide, who was going up to see if matters were all right, to send so and so out to him by express. In due season the express brought a package. The boys in the office of a friend in Boston (B. lives over in Cambridge) saw where the package came from. It looked like venison, it smelled like venison, and there was some blood, or what looked like blood, on the package. At once they carried the package to a restaurant and asked privilege of putting it on ice till B. came over. Soon the owner came, in answer to the telephone. The package was brought and opened. It contained a pair of B.'s boots.

Boston Thanksgiving gunners did not have remarkable luck, so far as reported. The day was fine enough, but somehow the best of the shooting in this State has been absorbed, and Thanksgiving did not yield a great many birds. Quail shooting, though pretty fair in some sections at the opening of the season, seems to have been pretty badly run over, or at least so the Thanksgiving gunners report. Some of the Chamber of Commerce boys were out, but they do not mention a respectable bag in a single instance. L. W. DePass, assistant secretary of that institution, and Mr. Mackintosh, doorkeeper, planned a shooting trip over to Canton. They enlisted the sympathies of E. M. Gillam, of the Boston *Advertiser*, with his celebrated dog, but they brought back no birds, though having several very poor shots at grouse.

Mr. A. L. Finney, with Henry Savage of the cotton trade, and his friend Mr. P. W. Gifford, with Mitchel Wing of soap fame, have been down to East Sandwich on a hunt, and they have had an excellent time with much good sport. East Sandwich lies on Cape Cod, between Sandwich and Barnstable, and it is a good location for shooting; that is, if one has permission to shoot. It seems that of late years gunning has become such a nuisance to the residents and farmers of East Sandwich that many of them have posted their lands, and have generally kept hunters away. This has been very favorable to the multiplication of quail and other game. Now it happens that Mr. Mitchel Wing's father owns a farm of 160 acres in about the best shooting section of that town, and Mr. Gifford and Mr. Finney received an invitation to shoot there. They were quartered at the farmhouse for nearly two weeks. They had good dogs and the quail shooting was "simply fine," they say. The first day out they got only one, not being "on to" the hunting in that section. But each day after, that they tried for quail, they got from five to fifteen birds. The duck shooting was fine also. There are numerous creeks there into which the ducks come to feed. They got black ducks simply by lying in ambush near these creeks and bays, shooting some very fine birds—one, Mr. Finney says, was the heaviest black duck he ever saw. They also obtained almost every sort of saltwater duck to be obtained at this season of the year. They even bagged green-winged teal; though unusually late for those birds. But the game that surprised them the most was the foxes. They actually "ran on to" five of these fellows at different times during their stay. The farmers say that foxes are increasing very rapidly there, and are becoming a great pest; so much so that they are obliged to resort to trapping them. The hunters were not armed with rifles, and the foxes were careful to keep out of shotgun range, especially loaded with bird shot. Mr. Finney says that when he goes again he shall take a couple of hounds and a rifle along. The inhabitants tell him good stories of driving foxes down on to sandy points and shooting them. SPECIAL.

## NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

AT the Syracuse meeting of the executive committee, the delegates reported on the working of the present law in their localities, the game protectors, and game and fish interests. Some of these reports were given last week; others follow:

### Leather Stocking Game Club.

G. P. MATTISON, of Oswego—For over forty years I have taken a great deal of interest in the protection of fish and game. I have studied the game laws up to the present time, and in our section, in the locality of Oswego, the present working of the game law is very satisfactory. We have had for the past twelve months more protection than ever before, and our game protector is doing good work, but there is a great deal more for him to do. A good deal has been said about amending the game law. I think that since the game law has been understood in this State it has done excellent service, and I do not approve of amending it. It has been amended and worked over until I fear that the gentleman who introduced the law would not recognize it. We have all the protection we need, and I would not be in favor of offering an amendment to the present law. I do not think that I would be in favor, as is my friend from Lyons, of making the season closed from Jan. 1. The open season should commence early in November and close about the first of February. If the protectors of this State would see to enforcing such an amendment, of course I would be in favor of it, but it is of minor importance in my opinion.

Our protector has done marvelous work. He has prosecuted some cases, convicted some offenders and collected some fines. I sincerely believe in the prosecution of violators, and making them pay a fine.

My friend Mowry claims for the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club the honor of doing the most work toward the protection of the game and fish in this State, or at least in this part of the State. While I have always had a great regard for his advice, yet I beg leave to differ. Our club was organized in 1860 and we protected game and fish long before his club was organized. I myself have been to a great deal of expense to have the fish and game laws printed and given to the people who were interested in hunting and fishing, so that they might know just what the law was, and thus protect the game and fish. I am willing that the Onondaga Club should have its share of the credit, but I am not willing that they should go ahead of us. But for all we have done much, still we are going to keep on doing more. I do not think that we want any more amendments, but only live up to the laws we have and see that they are enforced.

### Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association.

AARON MATHER, of Canandaigua—As I do more fishing than hunting, I shall speak more particularly of the fishing. Most of my fishing is done in Hemlock Lake. They commence fishing there as soon as the ice is out of the lake. The fishing is very extensive, and if the lake was properly looked after and this early fishing stopped we would have much better results. I avoided taking a bass out of the lake this year. Nets are set there and more protection is needed along this line. We have been catching a good many pickerel there, but these should also be more protected.

In regard to public sentiment there, the greater part of the citizens are in favor of game protection, especially on rabbits. As for the protector's work, there are four lakes along in a chain and the protector cannot look after all of them.

### Cheaper Fish Food Association.

F. J. AMSDEN, of Rochester—All that the Rochester Club has done in the line of work has come from the Syracuse clubs to us. We work up new organizations. We have started several, at Albion and other places. These organizations are determined to stop illegal fishing and shooting. The State organization has helped us by giving its strength and encouragement in this direction, and I believe it has an interest in us. I indorse what one of the speakers before me said in regard to the importance of prohibiting the transportation of birds from one county to another.

Public sentiment with us is growing. I want to say this for our game protector, Mr. Swartz, that he has been a fearless protector. He has done his work constantly, and in our fishing community there has not been so much fishing in years as there is to-day.

### Seth Green Club.

F. J. BENTON, of Penn Yan—I have fished and shot from my boyhood up. I am very much interested in the locality of Keuka Lake. I have lived there and been proprietor of a hotel for forty years, and I am one of the oldest sportsmen in the county. For the first twenty-three years that I lived there it was no trouble for an amateur to catch before breakfast, one, two or three dozen pickerel. One morning fifteen fishermen went out from my hotel, and when they came in to breakfast they had 175 salmon trout. Some weighed 12 and some 16lbs.

Keuka Lake is a great lake for trout. I know of trout being caught that weighed 29lbs. Ten years ago they ran from 15 to 16lbs., and last season 12lbs., and this year 16½lbs. Ten years ago the average fish weighed 10lbs., while this year the average fish caught did not weigh 2lbs. After the death of Mr. Parish we had no protector and have had none since until the State appointed one.

I have notified Game Protector Sheridan time and time again of nets being laid in the lake. I have lain nights and watched people set nets, and given him notice, but it was of no use. I have gone myself and taken seven and ten nets. People in former years would come and stop at the hotel and hire some one to row them around for a couple of hours and give them five dollars. Then likely enough when they got back they would be so well pleased that hey would give them another five. We could get no protection on the lake. We finally went to work with the Fish Commissioner. We called on Mr. Pond and he came up to our lake. I introduced him to the parties of the steamboat line, and the business men of the town and people that would be interested. He wanted to know what our game constable was. I said, "There is his gin mill." That man has got that lake too dead to bury.

He has cases there that he cannot prosecute. I am a delegate here to obtain your help in the matter. A great many people came there and formed themselves into a club, and own a club house, and they come there and fish for ten days and two weeks and never catch a trout. I am sent here from the Seth Green Gun Club as a delegate. We want more protection.

Before I go home, I would like to offer an amendment for the protection of birds. I would suggest the opening and closing of all shooting for birds at the same time.

### Onondaga Anglers' Association.

WALTER S. MACGREGOR (in Mr. Loftie's absence)—In regard to the local protector, Mr. Hawn, I have this to say. Mr. Hawn has made an admirable protector. He has been fearless and indefatigable in his efforts to suppress all illegal fishing in this community. In the short time since he was appointed protector, by his fearlessness he has largely conquered the depredators on Oneida Lake. He has captured a large number of the nets and caught men in the act of using them, and has successfully prosecuted the depredators; and in that short period has so changed public sentiment that, while at first he worked at the peril of his life, to-day he has substantially driven out of the lake all the nets, and has caused many of the former depredators to cease and become honest citizens and gentlemen. The larger part of the information he has received of violations of the law comes from men who were once engaged in this business, but who now heartily aid him in his efforts to suppress all illegal fishing. Mr. Hawn was the first agent of the Anglers' Association to do its work, and that work was so efficiently done that we recommend him for an appointment to the Commissioners as a protector for this district. The record he has made entitles him to high honor and respect, and we congratulate the Commissioners and the Anglers' Association that so wise a choice was made, and that he has proved to be what we claimed. In regard to Mr. Jackson, I have this to say, he has captured a great many nets in the past two years, and has caught a great many persons in the illegal use of nets, and has prosecuted them and either recovered or forced judgment settlements to be made. With the exception of one or two summer resorts on Onondaga Lake, which persist in violating the laws by using nets to supply their tables with fish, the law upon Onondaga Lake is well enforced. I have this to say, that as the result of labors of the Anglers' Association and through its agencies, the fishing upon Onondaga Lake for the past two and three years has been vastly increased, so that almost anybody who goes there now to fish acknowledges that more fish and larger fish have been caught in the past few seasons than for years past, and a public sentiment has been created that the work has been good work and has brought golden fruits.

I hear gentlemen complain that they get no protection in their vicinity. I wish to say to you, Mr. Chairman, that if the shooters wish to see more game in their community they must organize to assist the protector by giving him information of violations of the law and by seeing to it that the offenders are prosecuted. The efforts of the Anglers' Association have been to aid the protector with their own funds by securing evidence of illegal fishing, catching the men, and prosecuting them strongly and fearlessly without regard to social or business position.

It has been unfortunately true for years that the State Association has devoted its time and money not to protection, but simply to trap-shooting, and nothing was done to preserve the game and fish in this State; but, I tell you gentlemen, the time has come when we must be united and organized to preserve both game and fish.

I desire to call your attention to another matter. There has been a sentiment throughout the country against persons or associations acquiring exclusive rights of hunting and fishing, and I believe it is the duty of this association to correct this false impression and sentiment. Streams cannot be stocked with fish except by the efforts of individuals and clubs, which provide funds for that purpose, and when they have spent that money to preserve the game and fish they are entitled to enjoy it and keep it protected. A private club acquiring the exclusive right to fish and game upon a stream and which stocks it with fish, not only benefits itself but the whole community through the entire course of the stream and its branches, because the fish so planted do not all stay within the preserve, but settle down through the whole stream and its branches, so that everybody who has a right to fish on that stream or upon any portion of the stream not preserved receives the benefits. If you have ever observed the reports in the sporting journals for the past two or three years you will have observed that there has been a great increase reported both in quality and size of fish caught, and this is proof positive of the benefits received through the clubs.

In regard to prosecutions in a great many communities the people have not come to see the importance of preserving our game and food fish and are reluctant to convict offenders in criminal prosecutions. I would advise private persons and associations therefore not to rely on criminal proceedings, but to bring civil actions to recover penalties against the violators, force to judgment and press to collect. Get judgments against the parties for a full amount of the damage and costs and get them to pay you right then. Do not depend too much upon your district attorneys; they are as a rule politicians who care nothing for protection of game and fish; but organize in your community, secure evidence, make offenders pay the penalty and so aid your State authorities,

The people are just beginning to recognize that if fish and game are to be perpetuated in this State the season of fishing and shooting must be limited to a short season so that the fish and birds may breed and increase in numbers.

As to the use of nets in the Seneca River, in Seneca, Wayne and Cayuga counties. No nets under any pretense whatever ought to be allowed in the fresh-water streams, lakes or rivers in this State.

### Black River Fish and Game Protective Assoc'n.

W. E. WALCOTT, of Utica—It is some twenty years since I first visited the Adirondacks, but since then I have been there two, three and even four times a year. I am a member of the Black River Club, so I feel somewhat qualified to speak on this subject. A great deal has been said about the wildernesses of the Adirondacks as a fishing and hunting resort. It is actually becoming a more popular resort every year. The lumber companies, pulp mills and saw mills are devastating the wilderness, and to a degree which is appalling to the lover of the woods. A century will be needed to replace the timber when it has once been removed. [Mr. Walcott read from an advance proof his report on Adirondack deer written for FOREST AND STREAM, and printed to-day.]

### Caledonia Rod and Gun Club.

JAMES ANNIN, JR.—I am sent here by our club to speak more especially on the rabbit question. The rabbits in our section are unprotected. We have some birds left and some rabbits, but the law has no closed season on rabbits. The majority of our birds are killed by the pothunter and mostly by fellows who are out shooting rabbits during the winter, when they come across the partridges. For my part, I should like to see the rabbit season open and close with the partridge. The old law used to allow it to run on another month after the partridge season was closed. There is more shooting in the month of January than before. We see a gang of fellows out shooting all through the month of January.

### Special Legislation.

SECRETARY DOYLE, of the Fish Commission—Regarding this amendment permitting the setting of nets in Seneca River, it was placed in the bill through the personal solicitation of Senator Hunter, of that district, and the only way in which we can hope to remedy the matter is through Senator Hunter, as he will again be in the Legislature the coming season. In relation to the law which permits the using of batteries in Sodus Bay, I would say that this amendment was obtained through the personal solicitation of Senator Richardson. The only way to remedy these matters is through the personal work of the members with the gentlemen who have secured the amendments of the bill.

## TENNESSEE IS WAKING UP.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Tennessee sportsmen are waking up to the importance of protecting fish and game.

The Chattanooga Fish and Game Protective Association has been formed, and at the first meeting fifty-two prominent citizens were enrolled as members.

This is the outcome of a series of articles in the Chattanooga *Times*, supplemented by strong editorials, calling attention to the prevalence of the nefarious and pernicious habit of netting quail and the general non-observance of the close seasons.

Live birds have been shipped by thousands from this section, and the consequence is that they have now become scarce. Certain unscrupulous dealers when caught with live birds in their possession evade the law by proving, at least to their own satisfaction, that the birds were caught in Georgia.

It is a well-known fact that many of these birds are used in the field trials at various points, and Tennessee sportsmen are utterly disgusted, to put it mildly, at those so-called sportsmen who advertise for live birds, as they must know the result of netting in any section.

The new bill will strike directly at the root of the evil, and it will in future be an expensive matter for any person, express company or railway, to have live birds in their possession at any time.

The new organization proposes to form a combination of ten or twelve counties, to revise the law of trespass, and put forward a dog tax law, to make dogs "property" in the eyes of the law, to secure much needed legislation regarding the close seasons, killing and selling of fish and game, and for other purposes.

At an election of officers F. I. Stone was made President, Robert Pritchard Vice-President, and F. H. Woodworth Secretary and Treasurer.

The great interest manifested in the movement is made apparent by the number of members enrolled at the first meeting. At the next meeting the membership will be greatly increased and surrounding towns and cities will be represented. Tennessee sportsmen intend to preserve the fish and game and are going the right away to work to do it.

D. G. CHARLES.

### Tennessee Fish and Game Interests.

Here are some good words by the editor of the Dayton, Tenn., *Leader:*

"It has probably not occurred to many of our readers that our game and fish are rapidly becoming a thing of the past. If there is not something done, and that quickly, in the way of lawmaking protecting both our game and fish, they will be exterminated. In the way of a fish law, all netting regardless of mesh or kinds of fish caught, and all gigging and seining, except for bait, must be abolished. The law against using explosives in fishing must be enforced. In fact fishing must be limited to hook and line only. When this kind of a law is passed and rigidly enforced—say with a fine of $100 for each offence, one-half to go to the prosecutor—our fish will naturally replenish, and a good day's fishing with hook and line will again be within our reach.

"Game must be still more protected. Our deer are almost extinct now and they ought to be given a five years' rest—with a very large fine for killing or having in possession, either dead or alive, within this period. Wild turkeys would get along very well with spring and summer protection. Ducks should not be shot between the months of January and November. Ruffed grouse (pheasants) should be protected ten months in the year. The quail is our main stay. Its flesh fairly rivals the woodcock and its pursuit with gun and dog is the finest sport we have; but it too, with all of its cunning and thrifty habits, is becoming scarce. Protect the quail, gentlemen of the legislature, whatever you do. Give it protection from the net, and the small boy's trap, the whole year around and only allow it to be fairly shot during the months of November and December of each year. Make it $100 fine to break the law, and one-half to the informer, and we will have a game law that is of some value."

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—Of course everybody has a notion that he knows where quail are thicker than they are anywhere else. Several of us were speaking in this wise last night. Mr. Leo Hamline thought there were more quail at Beeville, Texas, than any place else on earth. "You can shoot a week on one hillside there," said he, "and when you quit there'll be more quail there than when you started." Mr. Hamline was asked to explain this, but was lost in the general discussion. A bystander remarked that he knew a place where there were a good many quail. "Of course," said he, "I don't know whether they are as thick as they are at Beeville or not, but there were a good many. I went out on a farm to shoot a little while, and unhitched my horse to put it up in the barn, but the horse stepped on and killed seven quail while I was leading him over. That was before I got to shooting at all. Say, I had ——"

I don't see why it is that some folks love to pervert the truth.

### The Quail's Retained Scent.

My friend, Mr. Donald, relates to me a singular incident about the apparent faculty possessed by the quail of retaining the scent. "I was sitting on a log," said he, "and my good dog was lying beside me, when my friends put up a bunch of birds some distance further on in the wood. They flew straight toward me, and one lit on a heap of dry leaves not 10ft. from me, and hardly that far from the dog. I and the dog were not moving at the time, and the dog did not see the bird alight. The quail lay there flat on the leaves, with his wings stretched wide out. It had not been shot at at all, but it lay there with its wings wide open. Its little bead-like eye was fixed straight on mine, and it saw me well enough, but never moved a feather. I just concluded I would watch and see what would happen. I think we all sat there for five or maybe ten minutes, and the dog never paid the least attention to the quail, which lay within 10ft. of him. It was a still day, no wind one way or the other. I presume such a situation would not occur again in a thousand years. Certainly the dog never got the scent of that quail. I could hardly find the bird again after I turned my head for a moment, it lay so still, spread out on the leaves. At length I put it up and missed it, which also might not happen again in a thousand years, of course. You never saw such a surprised dog as that one, when the quail got up under his nose. This explained to me much of the mysterious disappearance of scattered quail. You can't see them; no dog can scent them until after they begin to move again. My dog had a good nose, and I had killed plenty of quail over his points that same day."

Bird dogs are in demand now, and about now almost every Chicago shooter resolves that he would keep a dog, if it wasn't so much bother and expense. 'I've got three dogs," said one gentleman the other evening, discussing this question; "one is down in Indiana, and two are at Corpus Christi, Texas. It's cheaper to go down to Corpus Christi to your dog than it is to keep a dog in Chicago."

"I think," said Billy, meditatively, "that the best sort of a dog for city use would be a cold-storage dog, one that you could freeze up when you got through using him, and take out again when you next needed him. You wouldn't have to feed that kind of a dog, and I don't know as you'd have to tip a baggage car man anything for carrying him. I don't know of any traffic regulation on a froze dog, do you, and say, they couldn't collect city license on an apparent corpse in a freezer, could they? You can keep bait that way, and I don't see why it wouldn't be a good idea with a dog. Say, once I had—"

### Saved by His Decoys.

The first cold wave caught the late mallard shooters who were winding up the season on Horicon marsh, and came near leaving a fatality to mark the annals of that club. Maj. Hanley, one of the members, had up with him a friend, Mr. R. M. Rogers, of this city, who went out on the marsh without a pusher. In the evening Mr. Rogers found himself in that part of the marsh known as the "Second channel," only a half mile or so from the club house, and in full sight of it. The storm came from the north, and the wind was so strong that, work as he might, Mr. Rogers could not push his boat up against it. He could have drifted ahead of the wind down to the dam, or indeed, clear into Horicon town, but this for some reason he did not wish or was unable to undertake. Night came on and found him on the marsh, and there he stayed till morning, ice forming in the mean time an inch thick. This was an experience just short of Mr. R. B. Organ's terrible experience one night last year on a Minnesota lake. Mr. Rogers had with him two live duck decoys, and to these attributes his delivery. He buttoned both ducks up tight under his coat, and their warmth helped him out amazingly. This is the most novel foot-warmer and pocket stove yet on record, and the facts should raise live decoys in the estimation of those hunters who go on wild grounds in wintry weather. Mr. Rogers is of a romantic turn of mind, and they do say it is a good thing to hear him tell the story of his night on the marsh.

"So long as the moon was up," said he, "I got along, for the moon sort of looked like a fire, though not a very warm one; but when the moon sank, and I bade farewell to her silvern disk passing behind the distant ridge of hills, my heart sank also in my bosom. I hugged my ducks convulsively to my bosom till they squawked in sympathy, and a tear stood in my eye. It stood there till morning, because it was froze on. Meantime I could see the gleaming light from the club house window, and could picture forth the scene of revelry within. Every time I thought of that I hugged the ducks again. I would have been very lonesome without the ducks, but my experience teaches me that four would have been better than two."

It is a remarkably easy thing to get lost on a marsh after dark, especially when the channels are involved and obscure as they are on this one. How interminably long the hours must seem to a man unsheltered, in an open boat, and with the chill of the blood which follows evening and the cooling down after a day with gun or paddle, is something, I presume, on which no one can speak who has not gone through the unwelcome experience. Mr. Rogers is to be congratulated upon his presence of mind, and also upon the presence of his live ducks.

Singularly enough, as I write the above there lies before me the newspaper account of an incident similar in some respects and more serious. In the blizzard which raged in Idaho last Monday, little Nellie Logan, of Hillside, only six years old, was lost while on the way to school. Search parties were out for three days. They found Nellie's dog, a terrier, frozen stiff. Yesterday they found the child in a sheep shed, nestled down among the sheep, whose warmth had saved her life through all the cold of the long days and nights.

By the way, speaking of Mr. Holden reminds one that that gentleman is a persecuted man, and the scape goat for the sins of others. Some time ago the compiler of a sportsman's guide wrote in to find out the name of the secretary of the Chicago Shooting Club, and some one, probably the real secretary, replied, giving Mr. Holden's name and address. Since then Mr. Holden has been receiving all sorts of literature through the mails, running from a request for the names and addresses of all the club members to a proposition to acquire an ownership in a setter pup. "This thing has got to stop," said he the other morning, excitedly, "or I'm liable to have to move. The house is beginning to think I don't do, and never did anything but shoot, or monkey around in this shooting business. Now, I'm not secretary of this blank club at all, and I only wish I could catch the fellow who said I was." Nevertheless this did not prevent his receiving the following letter, which I hope will be given literatim:

HARLAN, Iowa, Oct. 22.—*Mr. Geo. Holden:* DEAR SIR—Last spring I got in New Orleans, two black, white face, ringtail monkeys, and after I got through advertising with them, I sold them to Rev. J. H. Hummert, of Earling, Ia. Now he wants to sell them, they are coal black except under the chin, and white faces. Write him and tell him what you will give him for them. They are a fine pair, or were when I let them go. Please write him at once. Yours truly, W. W. WHEELER.

"Now, what do you think of that?" said Mr. Holden, brandishing this epistle. Wants me to buy two ringtailed monkeys, whether I want 'em or not! I ain't lost no monkeys, never heard of these monkeys, don't want no monkeys, never said a word to anybody about buying no monkeys, and what's more, I'm not going to buy any either. I think it's pretty near the last straw, that's what I think, when a fellow that ain't secretary gets held up to buy two ring-tailed monkeys with white faces, just because he is secretary, when he isn't. I want it stopped, that's all!"

### Death in the Field.

On Nov. 11 Richard Perkins, while hunting west of Chelsea, Wis., ran into a set-gun and was shot by it. When the help party got to him he was dead and frozen stiff. A hunter living in a shanty near by set out the gun. He decamped, and was pursued hotly at last accounts.

The despatches of this morning contain the following brief chronicle of still another sad incident in the hunting field: "WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Nov. 18.—Henry Hauga, a Superior jeweler, was shot and instantly killed last night by Frederick Rasmessen while hunting near Dedham. The coroner's jury this afternoon rendered a verdict of accidental death. Just a year ago Boyd Stiffler was killed within a few rods of the place under similar circumstances."

### Some Animals.

Some time ago "Jim Corbett," one of the sea lions of Lincoln Park, this city, escaped and made his way to Lake Michigan. Later he made his appearance at Jones's Island, near Milwaukee, about eighty miles from Chicago. A party of Milwaukee newspaper men tried in vain this week to capture Jim with a lariat.

An African lion broke out of its cage in the winter quarters of the W. B. Reynolds circus at Rockford, Ill., on Nov. 16, and killed a Shetland pony before it could be secured and caged again.

R. A. Turtle has in his shop for mounting two bald eagles, both killed within a couple of weeks and within a short distance of Chicago. One was shot by Sam Booth in the sand hills near Grand Calumet Club, below the city. The other was killed by an employe of the water works at Evanston, on the lake shore north of town. This bird was seen crossing the lake, working its way against the wind at the time of the heavy storm, was two hours going apparently a couple of miles. It was much exhausted and was easily killed after it had lit in a tree near the water. On examination of this bird a singular state of affairs was disclosed. Its feet, thighs, neck and throat were found stuck full of porcupine quills. The roof of the mouth and the throat were ulcerated from the long presence of the quills, and the bird was in anything but an enviable condition. This is the only instance of the kind of which I ever heard.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

### The Sodus Bay Batteries.

IT has come to the knowledge of a local sportsman that just at the close of the last session of the Legislature last spring an amendment was slyly put into the game laws of the State permitting the killing of duck by battery in Sodus Bay. The only pleasant phase of this abominable provision is that it applies only to the waters of Sodus Bay, for the reason that nowhere else in the State could people be found who were willing to ask for or consent to such a privilege. People living in that vicinity, as well as real sportsmen all over the State, are very greatly incensed, and call loudly for the repeal of this obnoxious provision. What adds to the anger of the people in Sodus and vicinity is the statement made with the apparent force of truth, that an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad is responsible for this unsportsmanlike and disgraceful provision being upon our statute books merely to gratify the one official who chances to have a cottage on the bay.—*Rochester Union, Nov. 25.*

## VELOCITY OF SHOT.

BERLIN, Germany, Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Noel Money's opinion, as expressed in his communication to the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 27, and pertaining to the availability of the chronograph for measuring the velocity of shot, is quite to the point. He mentions as an interesting fact that the velocity of shot discharged from a cold gun is lower than that from a shot fired from a warm gun, and wishes to know if any one can explain the cause for this phenomena.

Velocity and gas pressure are governed to a great extent by the tension created by the gases in the barrel. Cold barrels have a tendency to produce a chilling effect on the gases and to diminish the tension in the barrel. High tension generally is followed by a comparative high velocity and high gas pressure if we reverse the order of things, and as a sign of a high tension may be considered a heavy recoil.

Velocity is penetration, and if the former is below the standard figures the latter will surely prove insufficient. All gunpowders, especially the nitrous compounds, will produce a lower velocity in cold weather than in a higher temperature. Hence sportsmen in this country who are acquainted with these laws of nature increase their powder charges during the cold season.

If a certain charge of powder gives a satisfactory velocity and penetration in summer or as long as Jack Frost has not made his appearance, this charge must be increased a little less than 10 per cent. of its weight during cold weather. Such an increase is quite sufficient to balance the influence of a low temperature upon all gunpowders. Dampness also has a detrimental effect on most explosives. The effect of moisture in the atmospheric air should also be taken in consideration by the gunner. Some powders absorb less moisture than others. Black powder, for instance, is less affected by moisture than many of the nitrous compounds. Among the latter class the Walsrode smokeless powder shows the nearest approach in this respect to black powder.

ARMIN TENNER.

## WOUNDED DEER.

BREWER, Me., Nov. 19.—I am glad to see that Mr. Darling writes on wounded deer. The best shot in the world cannot get every deer which he kills when still-hunting on bare ground. Having talked with those who together have killed thousands, I judge that if one secures three-fourths of those which are badly hit on bare ground without using a dog, he is doing well.

So many write of deer falling dead or "giving a convulsive spring, only to fall a lifeless mass, that many seem to believe that this is the proper thing for a well trained deer to do; but unfortunately most of the few it has been my lot to meet did not know what was expected of them. While I have seen a good many drop at the shot, they usually struggled some, and more than half of all I ever saw shot ran from ten to forty rods and often had to be shot twice or three times at that. I have seen a small deer go fully forty rods with one shoulder and whole foreleg smashed, and two forty-six to the pound round balls fairly through behind the shoulders. I have seen a large buck with a ball weighing nearly an ounce, which smashed the shoulder and passed fairly through the lower end of the heart, go 100yds.

Many deer which go off badly wounded, and which on snow would be recovered, cannot be followed on bare ground, and eventually recover. I have skinned those which had been shot years before, and have taken a rifle ball from a deer's shoulder which passed through it and was encysted near the skin. This same deer also had several ribs broken by coarse shot, several of which I took out which had passed clear through, lodging on the opposite side. As the rifle ball showed the creases plainly, it was certain that two separate shots had been fired, and probably with quite a long time between; but in spite of these wounds the deer was very fat and showed no sign of being injured. When one remembers how many men in the late war recovered from wounds which every one thought mortal, it is no wonder that many fairly hit deer escape, and that some recover from wounds which would prove fatal to others.

M. HARDY.

### A Good Retriever.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Mr. John Venner, of Syracuse, tells me this story of what he saw during a recent hunting trip: It was at Little Sandy Pond, in Oswego county, and connected by water with Lake Ontario, when he winged a broadbill duck. The bird at once began to retreat by swimming toward the opposite side of the pond, a mile or more away, occasionally diving to elude further danger, but gradually approaching a still more serious situation. Two eagles saw the almost helpless wanderer, and at once resolved to secure a Thanksgiving dinner. They circled around and above the duck, intently watching its progress, occasionally dipping toward it as if to make a seizure, when the bird would dive to evade the talons which were set to make it a prisoner. As the bird paddled its way along, the attacks upon it became more and more frequent, as if to worry the duck, and for twenty minutes it would hardly show its head above the water before it was in imminent danger of being kidnapped. As often as it would go down it would bob up serenely, until the poor thing was half drowned, and at an unguarded moment one eagle seized it, lifted it from the water, and choosing to float along with the wind flew directly over the blind which Mr. Venner occupied, at an elevation beyond the reach of his gun. But he chanced a shot and was surprised and made happy by the fact that the eagle at once released its prey, which fell almost at his feet. The bird was still alive but badly lacerated and bloody as a consequence of its unnatural flight.

B.

### Adirondack Rabbits.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Nov. 27.—Few, very few, rabbits have been killed on bare ground this year about Northwood. I know of but one rabbit (*Lepus americanus*) killed that had the full brown coat. When the four inches of snow fell the ones that had hunted all the fall went out as usual, taking their dogs with them. A party of three men shot seven rabbits.

The hunters do not try to learn the regular runways of rabbits as they do of deer and foxes on bare ground, but wait until snow falls and then go tramping through the swamps until their dogs jump a rabbit, then they go on their back track till they get to the rabbit runway they crossed last, and stand there until they are most froze waiting for the game to come to them. He does sometimes, but if the dog is too fast or too slow the rabbit leads away to some other swamp or goes into some abandoned woodchuck hole.

The hunting of rabbits is kept up as long as snow lasts. The law would make little difference, except the rabbits are told of in the store if killed legally and nothing said if killed out of season. Traps are not used in their capture. The steel trap cuts a rabbit's leg nearly off at the first snap and the rabbit freed by its struggles to escape. The rabbits have not increased nor decreased perceptibly.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.


### Without a Rival.

THE most perfect and best equipped passenger train in the country to-day is the famous F. F. V. Limited, which runs solid between Cincinnati, Washington and New York via the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, aptly termed "the Rhine, the Alps and the battlefield line." This train is Pullman built, vestibuled throughout, lighted with electricity from headlight to rear platform, and heated with steam from the engine. The day coaches are of the latest design, luxuriously furnished, with comfortable seats, elegantly upholstered, separate toilet rooms and smoking apartment, and are looked after by polite and attentive porters—a feature that cannot be overlooked by ladies traveling alone. The Pullman Sleepers are entirely new and marvels of beauty, unrivaled in style, elegance and luxury; the dining cars, Pullman built, but owned and operated by the company, have established an enviable reputation, and altogether travelers by this train have every convenience, comfort and luxury that a modern hotel can furnish.—*Adv.*

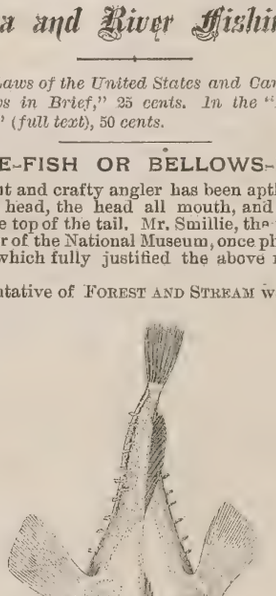

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## GOOSE-FISH OR BELLOWS-FISH.

THIS quaint and crafty angler has been aptly described as a fish all head, the head all mouth, and the mouth hollow to the top of the tail. Mr. Smillie, the well-known photographer of the National Museum, once photographed a specimen which fully justified the above rather loose description.

A representative of FOREST AND STREAM was attracted



GOOSEFISH, ANGLER, BELLOWSFISH, MONKFISH, FISHING FROG (*Lophius piscatorius*).

to Mr. Blackford's quarter of Fulton Market recently by the announcement of the arrival of a queer fish 6ft. long and with fishing rods on its head. Here is a picture of what he saw; the fish shrunk materially before the reporter came on the scene, but is nevertheless an interesting fellow and rejoices in many aliases.

Following it down the coast from Maine to North Carolina, it is recognized by fishermen as the monk-fish, goose-fish, bellows-fish, molligut, and allmouth. Its range extends to the other side of the Atlantic, where it appears as the angler, frog-fish, fishing frog, mermaid, etc., etc.

The goose-fish begins life in a veil-like gelatinous mass of a purplish or brownish color, in which the numerous eggs are thoroughly protected from birds and spawn-eating fish. The egg-envelope is about 1ft. in width and 30 or 40ft. long, and floats near the surface. It is a conspicuous object in the bays and sounds of New England in summer.

The young fish are occasionally taken at the surface, but usually descend to the deep waters, where their growth is rapid and the changes of shape remarkable. The adults attain to the length of 4ft. and weigh as much as 40lbs.

The goose-fish has little value in America as a food-fish, but it is prized by Italians and some people of Great Britain. It is an active destroyer of food fish, for whose capture it lies hidden on sandy bottoms, presumably with its curious rod-like cephalic spines bent forward, dangling their terminal tufts to attract the prey into its capacious mouth, where it is securely held by long and sharp slender teeth, as irresistible as the teeth of a threshing machine.

The shape of the fish and its adornment with tags and fringes of skin around the head and along the lower edge of the body give it great advantage in securing the prey, especially since its upper surface is colored in imitation of rocks and sea weeds. Geese, loons and ducks have been taken from the stomach of the goose-fish, which sometimes seizes birds at the surface, and mackerel, sculpins, sea-ravens, dog-fish, crabs, squids and lobsters have been observed in them by members of the U. S. Fish Commission. Perhaps the climax of a ravenous appetite was reached in those authentic records of gooose-fish having swallowed lobster-pot buoys and suffered capture by means of a boat anchor for a hook.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Fish Breeding.

A FEW weeks ago *Land and Water* contained a two-column leading editorial article under the head of "Fish Breeding," which would surprise a very large number of people in this country if they could read it. In a word, the writer of the article gave fish breeding by artificial means a very, very black eye, and incidentally put a very, very small poultice on it to relieve the hurt. The article says, in brief, that the fish breeding season of 1892 is at hand, and angling clubs, boards of conservators, fishery proprietors, etc., will order ova or fry, for, as a rule, yearlings are too expensive a luxury. "We venture to think that, if intending purchasers are wise, they will keep their money; for if they make the ordinary purchase of so many thousands, and turn them out in the usual way, the result is always the same—nothing. We say most unhesitatingly that seventy-five per cent. of the money spent on fish breeding is money wasted." Where the writer gets his data for this rather startling assertion there is no evidence given. *Land and Water* is a very excellent organ for the racehorse interests and for hunting men; for I believe it speaks intelligently and with authority upon both subjects. As a medium for shooting men, too, it holds high rank, and its political articles, I presume, are sound, and its theatrical and society gossip satisfying to those interested in such matters. Its articles upon fishing as a pastime have not been given the prominence that is given to the same subject in other journals, but so far as they have gone I imagine they have satisfied the demands of the clientage of the paper. I think there was a time during the life of the late Frank Buckland when *Land and Water* took an active and intelligent interest in matters pertaining to fishculture. But why this journal should now be competent to speak oracularly upon the subject of artificial fishculture is not wholly clear to me, judging as best I can from reading the paper in the past, and more particularly from reading the very article under consideration. After due reflection it would really seem as if the editor of the fishculture department was away judging at a dog show, or riding to hounds, and the article had been written in his absence by the horse editor. Let me continue the eye-blacking: "But we always find persons who are ready to hatch a few ova, turn them out, and think of the great and wonderful things they have done for the stream, while in reality all they have done has been to waste a certain amount of money. * * * It cannot be too strongly impressed on those who think of turning down a few trout that they could employ their money better, and that the spasmodic attempts to improve our fisheries that are made from time to time by well-intentioned people are useless."

It will please be noticed that it is old Mr. Pessimist himself who pushes the pen in that paragraph, for he could not trust any of the "subs" to do the subject justice.

But there is more of it: "For instance, a man will say that he or his club have done so much for a stream; they have turned down 10,000 fry—that is to say, the produce of some fifteen trout. * * Out of the 10,000 in question it is doubtful if 100 ever reach the stage of yearlings; it is not mere death they have to dread" (probably at this point the snake editor is taking a hack at it, and besides "mere death" the poor fish dread chills and fever and indigestion). "It is the hundreds of enemies with which an uncultivated river abounds, the change of temperature, the difficulty of getting food and the struggles that beset them. If any one takes the trouble to look at the enormous number of fry and fish he can see in a stream, and the very small quantity of adult fish, he will begin to realize how utterly absurd it is to hope by simply turning down so many fry to really improve a river."

Mr. Editor, is there not an old nursery rhyme about a wiser and greater than Solomon arriving in town, and some of the outfit were in rags, and some struggled with jags—not Solomon, for he was a prohibitionist, or have I confused two rhymes? Anyway, when I read what I have last quoted the indications pointed to the arrival of a greater than Solomon, and that there was imminent danger of his giving himself away. I admit that a change of temperature to some fishes may prove more fatal than "mere death," but then there is Florida and the Riviera for such of them as can afford it, and the water can be heated or iced for such as cannot, and all things considered, I think in time artificially hatched fish will take kindly to water and live in it, even if it does not agree in temperature with what they think it should be. Perhaps the most amazing count in the indictment is the admission that "enormous numbers of fry" can be seen in these streams where it is absurd to plant them. Fishculture has not yet arrived at that degree of perfection where two-pound trout can be hatched from the egg; and I do not know of any species of trout that upon arriving at an adult age are in the habit of coming out on the bank and forming in ranks to be inspected and counted. Enormous numbers of trout fry in a stream would appear to be the best possible indication of success in stocking the stream, provided they escaped "mere death," which, by the way, they do not have to dread; and in all probability, when such fish have passed the serious ills of infancy, like "changes of temperature" and the "struggles that beset them," and have arrived at an age of discretion, they would retire to haunts of seclusion, as it is the nature of such fish to do.

Having quoted much of the arraignment, which I called a black eye to fishculture, it is but fair that I quote what I called the poultice, and here it is, spread very thin: "We are not denying that under certain conditions artificial breeding had done and will do very great good to a river, but the cases where this happens are few." This seems to contradict in a measure what preceded it, and perhaps I was mistaken in saying that Solomon was a prohibitionist. There is one theory that I nearly passed over, and that is the statement that 10,000 trout fry turned down by the well intentioned people are "the produce of some fifteen trout." I find no fault with the figures, for fifteen trout may spawn anywhere from 3,000 to 30,000 eggs, depending upon their weight and condition, but in this connection there is an assumption in the article that it is better to breed fish naturally than it is to breed them artificially. I wonder if the writer of the article knows how many fry would have been produced from fifteen trout hatched naturally? He says 10,000 by artificial means, and fish

culturists hatch from 90 to 98 per cent. of the eggs taken in this manner. I cannot tell how many eggs would have hatched in a natural way, but I do know, as I have already stated in FOREST AND STREAM, that Mr. Alexander Mowat, a fishery officer in Canada, who examined the salmon beds in Lower Canadian rivers—Restigouche, St. John and Prince Edward Island—after the water had receded and left them dry, found by actual count that only two per cent. of the eggs were vitalized.

Now I pass to another part of the same article: "But we shall be told, as one always is in these cases, to look at America, and see the marvelous things that are done there by artificial breeding. We are quite ready to admit that on paper the results are marvelous, so much so that we wonder that any official document can gravely print them. For instance, the doings of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission are wonderful. It is stated that 100,000 salmon fry were two years ago placed in the upper reaches of the Delaware River—that is, the produce of say about a dozen twenty-pound fish. The result is stated to be that last summer quite a number of salmon, measuring from 12in. to 20in., were caught. Such fish would be worth seeing. One would be noteworthy, but a number would be a feature that required some explanation, and we shall be glad to hear what the Pennsylvania Fish Commission have to say of the number of two-year-old 12in. and 20in. salmon. Is it merely an attempt to see how much people will believe, or is it put forward in sober earnest? We should dearly like to see a 15in. smolt. Again, why were they caught? Was it as curiosities or as articles of commerce? * * Indeed, the whole statement is of a nature to throw doubt on the credibility of the reports of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. * * Truly the Americans are a great people, and not the least item in their greatness are the official statements on fishculture and the size of smolts. We must, however, protest very strongly against such statements being officially made."

Let me say in reply to this extract that we actually are doing some things over here in the way of breeding fish artificially that might, with truth, be called marvelous, but no salmon smolts 20in. long have been reared. The Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners have made no such report officially or unofficially. As a fact, Mr. H. C. Demuth, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, wrote me some little time ago that the report for 1890 and 1891 was still in the printer's hands, and it has not been issued. It will be one of the most magnificent reports ever issued by any fish commission, when it is completed. It is true that there was such an item printed in the daily newspapers, wholly without the sanction of the Fish Commissioners, and without foundation in fact, that salmon smolts 20 inches in length have been taken in the Delaware two years after the fry were planted, but like some other unsigned articles upon the subject of fishculture that I have read, the writer gave the best evidence in the article itself that he was stumbling along in the dark over unfamiliar ground. There were some smolts caught, it is true, but they were not as curiosities, not as articles of commerce, but because we have poachers over here, as I presume they have in England, and we have fish hogs, too, that catch baby salmon and call them trout, and do other things for which they should be sent to jail if they got what they deserved. At the time the 20-inch smolts item was going the rounds of the papers, Mr. Henry C. Ford, president of the Fish Commission, wrote me in part: "There have been many smolts taken in the upper Delaware during the past summer, though none have come under my observation. I have had correspondence with parties who have seen and recognized the fish. My correspondents made no reference to the length of the smolts, with one exception, when the writer stated that the fish he had seen were nine or ten inches in length. This seems to correspond more nearly with your experience." In other words the man guessed that the smolt was nine or ten inches long. I dave planted salmon fry and yearlings for the past nine years, both for the United States and the State of New York, and have caught a few smolts at the request of the Fish Commissioners to see how they were doing. The largest one I caught was, I think, a little over eight inches long; but it is in the Smithsonian Institution now and can be measured if necessary. This fish was planted in May and caught a year from the following October. Salmon fry are not uniform in growth. The largest yearling salmon taken in the upper Hudson one season was five inches long. Another yearling taken in the lower Hudson four days from the time the other was caught was seven inches long. These fish were hatched at the same station, at the same time. Both are figured in a New York State report. It is scarcely necessary for me to say to readers in this country that the official statements of our Fish Commissioners are to be relied upon absolutely as an expression of what they have accomplished.

A. N. CHENEY.

## VERMONT FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.

RUTLAND, Vt., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith list of officers elected at the annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League, held on the 22d inst. at Montpelier. The meeting was called to be held in the parlors of the Pavilion, but as many members of the Legislature are also members of the League, and there was an evening session of the Legislature, the meeting was adjourned to the Capitol, where we met in the room of the Committee on Military Affairs. About twenty new members were elected, including one life member, Erastus Baldwin, of Wells River.

The committee appointed at the last annual meeting as a legislative committee made a report which showed that they had done their work faithfully, and it was a matter of congratulation to all members present that we now have a new chapter of fish and game laws, all the old laws having been repealed; also the fact that we have an appropriation of $5 000 for the equipment and management of the State hatchery for the next two years. You will perhaps recall that this hatchery was built from the appropriation of $2,400 made two years ago. The Fish Commissioners of the State continue to have the annual appropriation which has been made in former years of $2,000, and this $5,000 appropriation is for the especial work of equipment and maintenance of the State hatchery at Roxbury. The time and place of holding the next meeting, as well as the question of holding a banquet some time during the present winter, were left to be decided by the president.

The meeting was presided over by H. R. Dorr, president, with John W. Titcomb secretary. Jas. W. Brock, treasurer, was also present, and made a statement showing that the League was in possession of ample funds.

The officers elected were: Henry R. Dorr, Rutland, President; John W. Titcomb, Rutland, Secretary; James W. Brock, Montpelier, Treasurer. Vice-Presidents, M. S. Colburn, Manchester; C. G. Williams, Essex Junction; W. W. Miles, Barton; E. C. Smith, St. Albans; Geo. W. Wing, Montpelier; Geo. W. Hooker, Brattleboro. Executive Committee, W. R. Peake, Bristol, Addison county; C. F. Orvis, Manchester, Bennington county; James Ritchie, St. Johnsbury, Caledonia county; W.W. Henry, Burlington, Chittenden county; N. Hobson, E. Brighton, Essex county; F. J. Hawley, Swanton, Franklin county; N. W. Fiske, Grand Isle, Grand Isle county; E. B. Sawyer, Hyde Park, Lamoille county, W. S. Curtis, Randolph, Orange county; L. D. Miles, Newport, Orleans county; F. D. Proctor, Proctor, Rutland county; A. W. Ferrin, Montpelier, Washington county; Walter H. Childs, Brattleboro, Windham county; C. F. Chapman, Woodstock, Windsor county. Board of Auditors, E. C. Orvis, C. C. Warren, Wm. W. Walker. Membership Committee, M. S. Colburn, C. M. Wilds, John W. Titcomb.

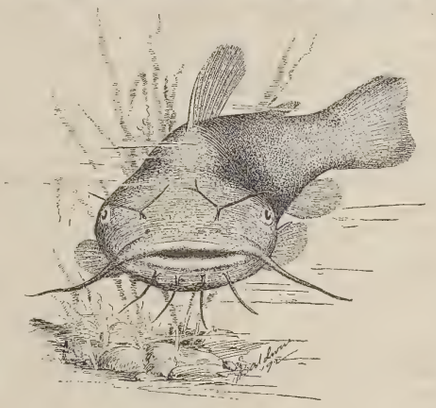
## THE CHANNEL CATFISH.

AMONG the fresh-water fishes now living in the aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission in Washington is a large and very dark specimen of catfish from the Potomac River. The species is known as the white cat, channel cat, and Schuylkill cat. The individual here referred to is remarkable on account of its color and especially because of the division of the barbels on its nose. The right nasal barbel is forked, and that of the left side doubly forked. The writer has never seen another example of the kind among the thousands of catfish which have come under his observation.

The artist, Mr. A. H. Baldwin, has represented the fish as it appears in the aquarium. The specimen is healthy and will take its food with becoming regularity. It was caught by Mr. L. G. Harron, at Bryan's Point, in the Potomac, last summer.

Prof. Ryder has studied the breeding habits and development of the common catfish, which is a very near relative of the channel catfish. His account was published in 1883 in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission.

Eggs were found in one of the aquaria on July 13. The egg mass was about 8in. long, 4in. wide, from ½ to ¾ of an



*The Channel Catfish*
*(with deformed barbels.)*

inch in thickness, and was estimated to contain 2,000 eggs, each of them about ⅛in. in diameter. "The ova were covered with an adhesive but not gelatinous outer envelope, so that they were adherent to the bottom of the aquarium and to each other where their spherical surfaces came in contact, and consequently had intervening spaces for the free passage of water, such as would be found in a submerged pile of shot or other spherical bodies. It was evident that the male was forcing fresh water through this mass by hovering over it and vibrating the anal, ventral and pectoral fins rapidly."

All of the eggs left in the care of the male were hatched, but of some detached eggs, which were placed in another aquarium with running water, scarcely more than one-half came out. The period of hatching was six to eight days, during which time the male was never seen to leave his charge, although the female apparently took no interest in the development of the eggs.

The newly hatched fish showed a tendency to school or "bank" like salmon, and to swim against the currents of water. The young began to feed on the fifteenth day after the eggs were deposited, and it was found that raw liver suited their taste perfectly. They were fed about a month on this food without the loss of a single fish. Teeth were developed in the young fifteen days after the eggs were deposited, and "they would pull and tug at the fragments of liver with the most dogged perseverance and apparent ferocity."

"It is worthy of note," continues Prof. Ryder, "that when pieces of liver were thrown into the aquarium the parent fishes would apparently often swallow them, with numbers of young ones eating at and hanging to the fragments. I was soon agreeably surprised to find that the parent fishes seemed to swallow only the meat, and that they invariably ejected the young fish from the mouth quite uninjured, the parent fish seeming to be able to discriminate, instinctively before deglutition occurred, between what was its proper food and what were its own young. As soon as the young began to feed they commenced to disperse through the water and to all parts of the aquarium, and to manifest less desire to congregate in schools near the male, who also abated his habit of fanning the young with his fins, as was his wont during the early phases of development."

According to Prof. Ryder, the early appearance of the barbels is the most interesting feature of the development of young catfishes. The barbels at the ends of the upper jaws appear first on the third day, then the outer chin barbels, next the inner chin barbels are formed. "By the seventeenth day all of the barbels have acquired very nearly the same length in proportion to other parts of the body, as may be noted in those of the adults, but they are nearly transparent and appear to be thickly studded superficially with specialized sense organs, which are probably tactile in function."

T. H. B.

## A FLORIDA HOUSE BOAT.

MR. JOHN S. DANFORTH, the celebrated Parmacheene guide and camp owner for so many years in the Maine woods, but now manager of the same camps for the Parmacheene Club, has designed and had built at Bath, Me., a floating hotel for Florida waters. His floating hotel has been navigated with safety as far as Boston, and it is now on its way to New York or has already reached there. The design of Mr. Danforth is to furnish sportsmen in Florida water with a floating home. The vessel is 125ft. in length, 50ft. beam, but only draws from 20 to 25in. of water, according to the load on board. She is designed purposely for floating up the Florida bays and rivers in water too shoal for any other sort of a craft. She has twenty staterooms furnished in good shape, and Mr. Danforth designs to take sportsmen on board and furnish them with everything they need for a fishing or hunting trip. He has a store on board, and he will sell, or let for a day or an hour, anything in the shape of fishing or shooting tackle. He designs to run the vessel 200 miles up the Indian, the Halifax and the Hillsboro rivers. The vessel has attracted a good deal of curiosity in Boston, where she was anchored at Rowe's wharf for several days. She has been visited largely by sportsmen who are acquainted with Mr. Danforth's celebrity in the Maine woods. On board Mr. Danforth has some twenty Maine guides, all anxious for a winter's sport in Florida. He has saved a good many curiosities during his many years' hunting in Maine, and some of the best of these he has on board his floating hotel. He has a moose head, the largest and the most perfect ever taken in Maine. This is perched over the cabin door and is festooned with bear traps. He has preserved a remarkable specimen of the work of beavers and has it with him on his ship. It is the stump of a white birch, nine or ten inches in diameter. This was cut down with the tree by the teeth of the beavers till the tree had fallen over, but leaving wood enough in the center to hold the stump to the roots. Mr. Danforth found this far away in the woods, freshly gnawed. It struck him as a remarkable specimen of the work of these great rodents. With his ax he cut the tree off just above the gnaw. Then he cut the stump up by the roots and below the beavers' work. It was a great load to carry, but he was equal to the task. Reaching his camps he wrapped the specimen in blankets till it was seasoned, in order that it might season with as little cracking as possible and without discoloring the wood. For his care and pains he now has on board his Florida vessel a sample of beaver wood cutting that is worthy of the National Museum. The teeth marks are as fresh as though made yesterday.

A number of Boston sportsmen are to meet Mr. Danforth in Florida this winter and have engaged accommodations on his novel craft. He also expects several members of his Parmacheene Club to join him in New York.

SPECIAL.

### Mascalonge of Upper Saranac.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Say ten years ago, perhaps more, pickerel, so-called then, were placed in the Upper Saranac Lake, N. Y., and I knew it, but kept silent about it, convinced, however, and awaited the result. It became known to a few, then after a while became generally known. It appalled me, the increase, with my known love of trout. To be explicit, however. Last May large quantities of so-called pickerel were caught running down through the sluiceway at Bartletts to Lower Saranac Lake weighing from 6lbs. to 19lbs. in an iron screen set for the purpose. I heard of it, and was appalled again at the thought of losing trout in the Saranac Lakes, Adirondacks, N. Y. Good Heavens! Whew! Well, in May of this year I was at Wabeek Lodge, Upper Saranac Lake, detained there by adverse winds and snow for four days. On the fifth day, down at the boat house, saw a so-called pickerel caught. The day preceding found a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM, May 14, 1891, containing a description of the pike family and cuts of mascalonge, pike and pickerel (I despise a pickerel). Rejoicing after examination of the above caught and called pickerel, I said to my guide the cuts in FOREST AND STREAM which we examined yesterday are mascalonge. He went immediately, and getting the paper we compared fish and cuts and unanimously agreed that it was so, and I still stick to my opinion, governed, dictated and influenced in my opinion by your published cuts. The great trouble is that authors disagree in their opinions regarding mascalonge and pickerel, and it leaves the question open for discussion, and creditability on the knowledge of authors. I think you are right, however, in spite of the abuse that has been heaped upon me, governed by your cuts.

R.

### Cayuga Lake Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 26.—Until the late extremely cold weather local black bass anglers have kept pegging away along the east shore of the lake, meeting with enough success to warrant them in braving the discomfort of stiffened limbs and rheumatic twinges, but the most persistent of them all, Mr. F. Randolph, has quit, winding up with a hard day's work with only a lamprey eel to show for it, and so it may be said that the fishing is virtually over at this end of Cayuga Lake. The opening day on bass resulted in a catch from Fall Creek Cove alone of between 60 and 70 of gamy fellows, some of them big ones, too. This retreat, however, had been closed to all fishing for several seasons past. The total catch for the season has been very good, I am told. A good lot of perch has been taken, 15 being the best single day's catch I know of for one rod. Perch have averaged considerably larger at this end of the lake this season than at the foot. A few nice sized muscallonge were taken during the summer, Ed. Buckbee being credited with a 15lb. one. At a point over the west shore some 50 or 60 so-called German carp were taken in one week. These carp must have been hybrids. At any rate, I am inclined to that belief, though I have the affirmation of old anglers to the contrary. Taking the season as a whole I think it has been a pretty profitable and enjoyable one for local anglers.

M. C. H.

## A KEKOSKEE MEDAL.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 12.—Some one, whom I do not know, but who signs himself "F. S.," has sent the following letter, dated Chicago, Nov. 10:

Your Kekoskee fish story takes first prize. It is a dandy. As facts are facts, it must be true, every word of it. I was thinking of going up there after a mess of bullheads, but after reading your story I thought I had better wait and learn if there were any left. Inclosed find your reward—a first prize medal. Although you deserve a better one, this is the best I can do for you at this time, as I have not yet got done laughing. F. S.

Now I wonder whatever on earth is "F. S." laughing at? At that story, that story of Kekoskee fish, that mere, bald, simple, straightforward story of plain facts? I am sure I don't see anything funny about it at all. It's just a plain, easy, true, honest kind of a story. I didn't make the story, and I didn't make the facts, and I didn't see anything remarkable about it, and can't understand why people laugh at it. It would make me hot if I thought




they laughed because they didn't believe the story, and I think things have come to a pretty pass when a fellow gets a medal sent to him for telling the truth. That looks a good deal like there was an insinuation somewhere.

The medal itself as it lies before me, however, is a worthy work of art *per se*, without the insinuation. It is of solid silver, with ornamental trimmings, of chased gold, bearing for its central design the conventional figure of a fish, the latter bearing blazoned the inscription "Kekoskee." I have sent this medal on to the FOREST AND STREAM office, for fear there may be some men down East who will doubt that I ever received such a medal. But I don't know what it's all about. I never saw such a fuss over a little cold truth. I have got more proof, too, if that is needed. E. HOUGH.

### Pennsylvania Fishing Camps.

FISH COMMISSIONER W. L. POWELL, of Harrisburg, Pa., informs us that one hundred and five camps were established last summer in the district guarded by Fish Warden George M. Permar, of Newcastle.

The number of fish caught was very large. A great many "salmon" (pike-perch) and pike were taken, some of them weighing from 10lbs. to 38½lbs. Catfish ranging from 7lbs. to 35lbs. were among the trophies. The black bass season was unusually good.

Newcastle is the county seat of Lawrence county, on the western border of the State. The principal fishing stream is Beaver River, in which pike of very large size have been known for many years. The mascalonge has been recorded by Prof. Cope, from Conneaut Lake, in Crawford county, and is occasionally found in the Ohio Valley. May it not prove to be the big "pike" of Beaver River?

Other waters accessible from Newcastle are Shenango River and Neshannock Creek, the latter containing black bass and rock bass. Baits of various kinds are easily obtained aud fishing is prime during the summer months.

### Pennsylvania Pike-Perch.

PIKE PERCH fishing continued to be good in the Lower Susquehanna in November. In deep water below the Columbia Dam, some very handsome strings were caught by Harrisburg anglers. At Fite's Eddy, on the Columbia & Port Deposit Railroad, Mr. Lemer captured thirty-six in one day, aggregating 75lbs., and fairly good catches were made by others.

It is well worth while to visit this part of the river on account of the scenery and the prehistoric records on the rocks, to say nothing about the fishing for black bass, striped bass and pike-perch.

### New Vermont Law.

THE Vermont bill noted in our issue of Nov. 17 was passed and has been made a law, with certain changes from the original text. The close seasons fixed by it are:

Trout, landlocked salmon, salmon trout, longe, Sept. 1–May 1. Black bass, Jan. 1–June 15. Wall-eyed pike, pike-perch, muskallonge, April 15–June 15 (except Lake Champlain).

Deer protected to 1900. Rabbit, hare, May 1–Sept. 1. (Gray squirrel and raccoon not protected.) Beaver, fisher, otter, April 1–Nov. 1. Quail, wild duck, wild goose, plover, Jan. 1–Sept. 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, woodcock, Jan. 1–Sept. 15. Pheasant, Nov. 20–Oct. 1.

### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Ieet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 9.—First Annual Dog Show Hermitage Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn. Robert C. Stockton, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.

Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.

April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.

May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 5.—Central Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Col. Odell, Sec'y.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y

## BROOKLYN DOG SHOW.

THE National Greyhound Club has scored a success. Good dogs, good attendance and good management. With these three concomitants, necessary to every bench show, continually brought to one's notice as we strolled through the aisles, the venture could not help but be a success.

Any one who saw the first dog show held by the National Greyhound Club in the American Horse Exchange in February, 1891, and noted its cold, bleak surroundings and remembered the train of distemper that followed in its wake, must have heaved a sigh of gratification and relief when they entered the Palace Rink in Brooklyn last week and saw the second effort of this energetic specialty club.

The quality of the dogs present cannot be spoken of too highly. In Russian wolfhounds, fox-terriers, bull-terriers, pointers, beagles, Great Danes, rough terriers and spaniels was this particularly noticeable. The arrangement of the stalls was as good as could be hoped for with the limited size of the building, and not many more than the 577 entries present could have been properly benched. Four judging rings were set up, but owing to the proviso that no nails or screws must be put in the flooring, the railings was a continual source of anxiety to the management, and men had to be placed in the ring to hold them up. The judging did not progress on the first day quite as quickly as it might have done, though there were plenty of willing attendants, but what with the crowd and confined space locomotion was not very easy. The gathering of prominent fanciers reminded one of a New York show on a small scale; one met a well known face at almost every step. By noon on Wednesday nearly all the specials were awarded and the club issued a marked catalogue singularly accurate, with most of the specials marked as well.

On Messrs. Huntington, Drake and Whiton's shoulders devolved the brunt of the management, aided by H. Osborn and E. F. Vacheron. Much credit must certainly be given the two first named, who held to it from first to last, one as secretary, the other as treasurer. The exhibitors spoke in glowing terms of their treatment by the club, and all seemed to have had a good time. Prizes were paid promptly and the array of specials was "glittering," the club itself being most generous in both money and medals for all breeds except the small terriers. The catalogue was arranged nicely and had few errors. Among those present, besides those mentioned last week, were Dr. J. F. Perry, G. Jarrett, John Keevan, G. Leibacher, A. W. Smith, H. S. Sands, Fred Schmitt, Col. Ruppert, Jr., W. C. Reick, J. L. Winchell, Julian Smith, Prof. Braive, Geo. W. Glazier, Albion L. Page, J. S. Bradbury, E. W. Irwin, W. H. Hyland, —Verity, Francis G. Taylor, Geo. E. Osborne, Dr. L. Sauveur, Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Jas. B. Blossom, E. H. Morris, Mr. Smyth, Thos. H. Terry, H. M. Howes, C. H. Mason. Winthrop Rutherfurd, Geo. Laick, H. L. Kreuder, Edward Booth, D. P. Foster, F. H. Clarke, Walter J. Comstock, Joe and Ben Lewis, W. Connors, Donald Munroe, Carl Heimerle, etc. The club's luncheon was a—well, *récherché* affair and quite in keeping with the style of the show. The attendance was very good, and especially on the first night did the Brooklyn 400 turn out in force. With Mr. James Mortimer's vast experience as superintendent to help things along and John Read to assist, the show could not but be kept clean and nice as a show should be. Dr. T. G. Sherwood won honors as well, did not stop a dog and was attentive to his duties throughout the week.

MASTIFFS (*W. Wade, Judge*).—The judge, who is known the dog world over as the most energetic supporter of the mastiff living, did not receive the support one would like to have seen. The good mastiffs are pretty well scattered now, and this may have been one reason, and it was not to be expected that in this instance the Mastiff Club would see fit to encourage the breed it is supposed to foster. With no challenge entries Mr. Winchell's Black Prince was the hero on this occasion, and as one passed along the bench it was no wonder that some were heard to remark "Is that a mastiff, too?" he di dlook so different from the rest. This grand dog has carried out FOREST AND STREAM'S estimate of him in the Albany report. Age has brought a dignity to his head, and certainly from the hips forward he is simply grand, and could one add four inches to the length of his body and let down his stifles, where is the mastiff that could beat him? Last week he moved a trifle stiffly and "chunkily." The well-known Merlin, second, was looking well, but was of course some distance from the winner; the other entry, Nero, was of no account. In bitches (5) there is room for difference of opinion as to the way the judge placed them. The winner, Ethel, had lost her fat to some extent, and thus looked better, but though she has a better type of head than Boss's Princess, in no other point is she superior or at all equal; much smaller, inferior in action, slightly cow-hocked, open feet, and not so well made in body. Princess is long in head; the skull is good; in the muzzle lies the trouble. This bitch afterwards took the special for best mover. She is probably a little light in pasterns for such a big bitch. Third went to Brun, second at New York last spring. She shows age, but is typical. Lady Teazle, hc., was in poor shape and looked much like a greyhoundy great Dane. Her head is the best part. A bitch that must have been overlooked altogether was Lucy II., with the best head in the class, good body and legs, only a little lacking in bone. She beats the winner. The prize was withheld from a bad specimen in the puppy class.

ST. BERNARDS (*A. M. Hughes, Judge*).—This was Mr. Hughes's debut as a judge. Though probably unknown to many of the present run of St. Bernard breeders, yet in the old Apollo, Duke of Leeds, Leila, Hector, Rigi days, Mr. Hughes was fairly in it. At this show the judge met a number of strange dogs, and if he made a mistake or two they were not very serious ones, if I except one or two cases in the rough bitch class. In challenge roughs, with Kingston Regent absent, Aristocrat, looking probably as well as we shall ever see him, had a walk-over, and in the bitch class that sterling good one, Lady Gladwin, followed suit. The open dog class introduced us to several second-rate dogs, from a bench show point of view. The winner proved to be Roland, Jr., that won at Danbury last month. He has a good, strong head, his profile being more pleasing than full face. His feet are faulty and he needs more swell of rib and twenty pounds more flesh. Second went to Otos, a new one to us, though he won at Mount Holly. A son of Ben Lomond, his head is a little on the Aristocrat order, beautiful markings, but eye like his daddy—full and showing the haw all round. He is very flat-sided, good legs and action, and has a rich orange body color—a handsome dog, but no crack. Donnar, third, has a nice head, deep square muzzle, stands back on pasterns, and inclined to cowhocks, body fairly good, a nice brindle, small sized. Vhc. went to Refuge II., well known. Though he stands out in front his fine head, very massive bone and good body make him a hard dog to judge. He has the component parts and excellent breeding to be a good stud dog, which he has effectually demonstrated, and his place is in the kennel, where he would not be exposed to defeat for faults only due to bad raising, probably. He should have been third. King Regent is even worse in front, good head, massive and well-marked, excellent body; only in his legs and action is he at fault. When dogs cannot hope to win, through these defects, why imperil their standing in the stud when their fine blood is bound to reproduce itself and be appreciated by breeders who study blood lines rather than prize cards. Percival, a dark brindle with poor expression, and White Friar, a big white dog, a handsome animal in his way, but a St. Bernard misprint, were the other hc. dogs. Achilles, c., a broad blaze still further spoils a long and narrow head; good forelegs; small sized. The bitch class (11) turned out a better lot all round. Miss Anna's sweet head cannot be denied, and despite her rather slack back and faulty pasterns and feet, her improved condition, great depth of body and intense quality no doubt influenced the judge in putting her over Sunray, who was just about looking her worst, shedding coat. She is finely built as we all know, but she has not the head quality the other possesses. Altonette, third, is improving in head with age. Judy, vhc., has a plain weak head, feet turn out, no chest, flat-sided, eye large and light, otherwise a large roomy bitch; there were better ones for the place; Ellen Terry, proving in whelp at last, deserved her three letters. In the hc. lot Princess Hepsey is a pretty little bitch with washy body color, but a heavily-marked head that is an engaging one, hardly enough stop, coat inclined to curl. Princess Wang is rather plain faced and a bit straight behind. Zenith and Guess Noble were left out of it and harshly treated. Zenith stands on good legs and feet, though they turn in a little at times like a foxhound's; her head is well shaped and if she had the shadings there are not many better; good body and symmetrical—in fact, is up with the winner. When shown she had bowel complaint and would scarcely stand up. Guess Noble, another left in the cold, though in indifferent condition, has head, especially skull, size and legs that must not be passed over. Perhaps she had too much white on body for the judge; she also moved a bit lame when I saw her. The neglect of these two bitches was unfortunate and unaccountable; they were afterwards given hc. Lord Walbeck won in puppies, a promising one with great bone. Duke of Alton, a big one of rich coloring, is faulty behind. In smooths there was no aspirant for challenge honors in dogs, but in bitches Empress of Contoocook in nice condition is always a great attraction.

Open dogs (4) were few but choice, and the struggle between Scottish Leader and Leicester was very keen. It's all a question of fancy; the two dogs are as different in aspect as possible. Although owing to the babyish tactics of the owner of Leicester we were unable to put both dogs together, we know them, and the decision that put his dog second is not so wrong as he imagines. Neither dog is right in head. Leicester is too houndy, on the Apollo order, and Leader has too square a look and not enough quality. At New York last spring Leicester had all he could do to beat Melrose at ten months old. At Rochester, six months after, Leader beat Melrose, and leaving out the latter's condition, he (Melrose) had only his superior quality to question the decision with, so the Brooklyn awards is not out of the way. The third winner, Czar O. is not in it with the winners—a leggy, plain sort of dog, with a long insipid-looking head. In bitches (5) that exaggerated type of her mother, Bellegarde, won easily over Charmion, both well known. Bellegarde's dewlap and loose skin would do for two bloodhounds almost, but nevertheless she brims over with quality and was looking very well. In fact, the condition Mr. Booth had his dogs in was very much to his credit. Bessie of Contoocook, third, has a beautiful skull and pleasant face; she dips in back a bit. The puppy prizes were won by two pups by Leicester. The Dutchess Kennels won the kennel prize.

[*Special Report.*]

GREAT DANES (*A. H. Heppner, Judge*).—My first impulse, as I glanced over the class previous to judging, was to resign and to call some one to perform the work who has a less pronounced idea as to what a Great Dane should be. I felt that with such material it was not a question of picking a real fine prize dog, but to compare them among themselves and give the one that comes nearest to the type the best prize, which should have been a vhc. in this show. I therefore cannot give you the desired explanation why I gave prizes to the respective dogs, but I will try and explain why I did not withhold them, as I intended, with precisely the same propriety that the first prize should have been withheld, a second prize should not have been given. There would have been no award in the challenge class nor any in the puppy class. The question whether the breed is far enough advanced in this country, where I know of only about ten real first-class specimens, or whether all prizes should have been withheld, waiting for a perfect dog to come along, was an open one until the dogs were brought before me into the ring.

Challenge Class.—First, Pascha shows age, is coarse and snipy, with an abundance of throat; has a good stern, but moves like a mastiff and is wide in front.

Open Class.—After this award had been made Maloc naturally came in for first, as he is better than challenge Pascha. When I saw Maloc on his bench afterward he did not look like the same dog that he had made of himself in the ring. His handler seemed to have trained him for the very purpose of showing himself. On the bench when I took my notes he had a brutal expression, too much loose skin about the face and wrong in eye. Ears wide apart, giving the skull the appearance of being round (like Imperator) and too large. He appears lippy. In the ring, however, he showed himself entirely different. His ears came up within 3in. of each other; the loose skin was drawn up tight and formed the folds on the forehead and between the eyes; the round skull disappeared and the corners and parallel and sharp lines became visible. He was then nearly a typical dog of enough merit for the first prize and beat in this position challenge Pascha and easily lowered the glories of Nora for the special for best dog or bitch. I wish to emphasize that Maloc showed in the ring a great deal of character, and came nearest the ideal dog before any in the show, as stated before, about as near as to get a vhc. in good company. He is wide in front and his movement under excitement in the ring with Pascha and afterward when beating Nora for best dog or bitch was better than either of his rivals. He showed more character and breeding than either of the two right through. His stern is in a bad condition from "striking the wire," but there is nothing missing. In making this award I also bore in mind that I was judging under the rules of the German Mastiff Club of

Chicago. This standard calls for just such a dog as Maloc. Under it Hannibal was placed after Helios. I recommend Maloc to the fanciers of Chicago, as there is no dog in America or abroad that to my knowledge, when properly shown, resembles more strikingly the illustration on the front cover of the monogram of the Chicago club, which is given as the ideal dog. I will gladly state his weight and size, which is of the most importance for Chicago, when requested. He would be a good acquisition in line with what Chicago has and fancies. Had a dog of the right type competed, I am mildly sure, however, that this ideal would not have been in it. Second, Duke, is an extremely light dog, who needs 25 per cent. more substance right through in order to be typical. With his other faults, such as a light eye and small, snipy head, he is the limit, beyond that nothing could be tolerated as a great Dane. Third, Stanley, a massive dog, the largest I ever saw for his age, claimed to be 14 months. Size is very much his only merit at present; he is not of noble bearing nor clean cut; he is decidedly weak and straight behind; he showed no temperament in the ring and had a sort of melancholy bearing unbecoming to a Dane. There is something common about his head that I do not like. The indentation between the eyes is too wide and promiuent. He is beefy, but may make up as he fully develops. Stern is wrong, eye too large and not set deep enough. Vhc., Pascha II., is more a mastiff than a great Dane. He, Fritz, a dog that shows some breeding, but is wide in chest, has no neck and is short in head; he is undersized. Cæsar, c., is a dog to be hitched before a milk cart or to drive cattle. The open class, bitches, was the best in the show. Nora, first, is a brood, but not a show bitch, and as to the point of money value at the present situation of the breed, I would consider the former worth double as much as the latter, but would keep her away from a show. She was shown with about 25lbs. of fat that interfered with her movements. Her head lacks character and is snipy. Her ears are thick and large. She has more throat than any dog or bitch in the show, barring none. She is not my fancy for a show specimen. Fanny, second, would have beaten the former and taken the prize for best in all classes, had she not been very weak in front. In puppies Schult Nero, first, is a nice upstanding puppy, with an undesirable color of white and brown; harlequins should be black and white, blue and white, porcelain and white, and brown and white, as named. Pascha III., second, and Flora, third, are both too young to be successful at a show. Peter, vhc., and Pascha, hc., are puppies and should stay home for another year. No special merit for any in this class. A. H. HEPPNER.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*A. M. Hughes, Judge*).—Until Mr. Vicary comes back and brings those promised cracks we must put up with the indifferent representatives of this breed that one meets with at most of our shows, and Brooklyn was no exception. First prize was withheld and second given to Pascha, a curly, long-headed specimen with good legs. The dog numbered 89, but not on the catalogue, was the best by far; straight coat, deep, fairly well made head, but his good temper had evidently never been developed. Whether he was shown or not I cannot say.

BLOODHOUNDS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Probably the best collection since Mr. Brough's team came over in 1888. Judith represented the "400," but she was hardly looking so well as usual, just off a litter. Victor, however, in open dog class made up for it, as I never saw this fine hound looking better, and he won well over his three younger competitors from Mr. Glazier's kennel. Javert, second, is a promising dog, rather shallow in body, bit out in front at times, still the forelegs are straight, well-shaped head with scarcely length enough, good wrinkle, peak and leather. Jean Valjean has a better body and is stronger in loin and quarters, but loses to the other in head, especially skull and wrinkle. Marius I like the best all round—best in body, bone, perhaps hardly so straight in forelegs as the others, as good a head,



SMOOTH ST. BERNARD SCOTTISH LEADER,
Winner First, Brooklyn, 1892.
Owned by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa.

losing only a little in peak to Javert. Benison was alone in the bitch class. This is not her first time of winning.

DEERHOUNDS (*H. W. Smith, Judge*).—With nothing from Mr. Thayer's kennel the quality in this breed was below par, though a couple from the Dunrobin Kennels helped to mend matters. Our old friend Olga, not in as good condition as we would like to see her, was the only challenger. In open dogs (4) Argyle, a frequent winner and oft commented upon, beat Bismarck in size and bone. Gleucairn is short-headed, stary-eyed, not straight in front, falls away in quarters; good coat. First was withheld in bitches, though Madge might well have been so honored. She has a nice head, good loin and quarters and legs, needs more rib. Thora, third, I had better say nothing about, as I believe she was prick-eared. Dunsloy in the dog class deserved a letter for his excellent coat.

GREYHOUNDS (*H. W. Smith, Judge*).—In view of the fact that this show had its being in the love certain men have for the longtails it is surprising there was not a better display of the breed. This does not mean that there were no good ones present, but the quality of the rank and file was hardly as good as seen at some other shows. Highland Chief and Balkis were simply on exhibition, at the same time old Balkis was in good fettle and could have held his own with any there. Maud Torrington with Ch. Harmony out for specials only, was the sole challenge aspirant. She was in fair shape; one foot needs attending to; nail has been torn. In open dogs (9) Lord Neverstill made his debut at an Eastern show, and in view of the many nice things that have been said of him we could like to have seen him in better shape. He has only just come from Kansas, was five days in transit, and worse still, was shipped when drawn fine for the slips, he having run at the Great Bend meeting. He looked a little flat in loin and his pasterns were not as we have seen them. His grand quarters and second thighs were noticeable, however; St. Regis, second, is stilty in front, does not show much power behind, fair ribs, loin and head, could be improved in pads and pasterns; Prince Bismarck is fine in pasterns and feet. The dogs of the Maybrook kennels, Dover and Baritone, should have had letters, Greenshine, their new dog, must depend more on his breeding than his good looks. Open bitches (11) had another crack at the head of affairs, Dolly Dollar, the New York winner, she was in fine fettle; second went to that smart little bitch Miss Dollar, recently commented on; America Daisy, third, is whippety and open-footed; Maybrook Nell vhc. Quality ended with the two first, though had Spider better feet she would deserve notice. Snowflight, the puppy class (3) winner, should not have beaten Dollas, for the latter is superior in ribs, loin and especially legs and feet, in fact the best Gem of the Season pup yet put down. Specials, of course, were numerous, but Mr. Whiton with Lord Neverstill took the lion's share and the kennel prize as well.



CRAIG F. R. DRAKE,
Treasurer National Greyhound Club.

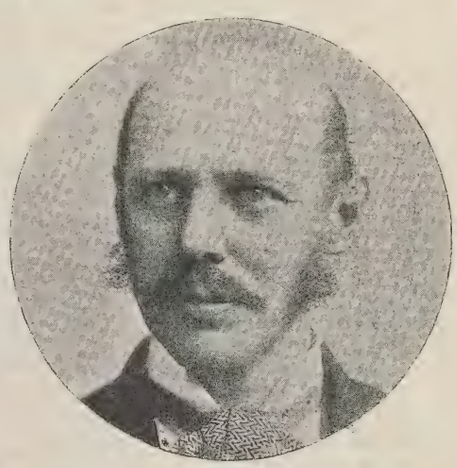
RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*H. W. Smith, Judge*).—One had only to walk along this bench to note the progress this breed has made in the last two years, for here was the best exhibit of "Russians" our shows have yet seen. There was not a bad one there. Argoss, who is causing so much heartburn in Psovie circles, had a walkover for his first challenge prize. He looked much better than at Rochester. Princess Irma looked delicate and as full of quality as ever. Then came three dogs, either one of which would have been thought much of a year ago. Sarvanates won. He is slightly coarse, and, excepting in coat and head, built on Argoss lines. His loin and quarters are just as good as the black and tan dog's, and both exceed anything yet seen here in this respect. Osslad is plain in head, carries his ears like a greyhound, when they should be held back. In general outline, quality and head I liked Leekhoi for the place, though his thin condition told against him. In the bitch class (9) present was a smasher, and the prize went to the best, Zerry, beautiful body, especially strong in loin and quarters, a sort of pocket Argoss, good legs and feet, head hardly so good as Modjeska, say, Armeda, second, runs the other close, is better in ribs and bone and a bigger bitch. Vinga, third, a rather fat, plain-bodied bitch, nice head and legs; Viewga, vhc., has rather a nice outline, though quarters fall away too quick, stands out at elbow at times, but has good straight bone and feet; Palma is faulty behind, good chest, ribs, forelegs and feet and a very sweet head. Raskeda and Modjeska were hardly treated without a mention, especially the latter, whose sweet quality and general outline is at once noticeable. The puppies (4) were promising, first going to Peter the Great, whose ears are not right—carried too high and forward—a big, well-formed young dog. Krimena, second, loses in front and head. The Marlborough Kennels took the persimmons in the way of specials and deserved them. Mr. Huntington has gone into the new breed with the thoroughness and ability which he displayed when he was a greyhound man.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS (*E. M. Oldham, Judge*)—This was an in and out for the only dog present of the three entries. Pride, the recipient of first honors, was in a similar position in New York this last spring. He looked bare in coat.

FOXHOUNDS (*H. W. Lacy, Judge*).—The fox hunting season being now in full blast it was perhaps too much to expect that the hunts round New York would be better represented. Nevertheless there were some good hounds shown, especially those from the Pembroke Hunt of Chestnut Hill, Pa. As it would have been manifestly unfair to both judge and exhibitors for the American and English types to compete on the same basis the breeds were divided at once, on the fact being brought to the notice of the officials. The American hounds Elite and Picket were first put down, and in casually looking them over the judge thought Picket the best, he is as far as general build goes, but when it comes to moving it was at once seen that Elite was the better on the leg, Picket being very faulty in hind action and front. In English dogs Denmark, one of the Pembroke's new importations, was at once picked for the winner, his fine front, good body and excellent head and expression beating the big headed and none too well fronted Gambler decisively. Rascal has some good parts, but is entirely spoiled by his very wide chest and bowed forelegs. Femur, well known at our shows, was alone in American bitches. Ransome, another good English hound, with whom little fault can be had, beats Sprightly in head, front, ribs and loin and general carriage. The specials went with the awards.

POINTERS (*W. Tallman, Judge*).—Though the number of pointers on hand was comparatively small considering the season of the year, the exhibit was most gratifying and some of our best specimens were paraded before Judge Tallman, who as usual acquitted himself in a creditable manner, and we should say he is now one of the most careful and conscientious sporting judges we have. In challenge heavyweights, Lad of Kent scored again, his opponent being Robert le Diable, whom he excels in shoulders, feet and hind legs. That grand bitch Woolton Game was alone in the corresponding class, and was put down in good fettle considering her late maternal duties. In open dogs (4) first went to a good headed one in Ponset, he showing a little blotch when I saw him, his toes could be closer and stifle more bent, but otherwise he won well from Hempstead Bang Bang, who needs more rib and is rather narrow chested yet, good action. Earl of Hessen's head is faulty before the eye, good front, body and quarters, but feet are not just true. The bitch class brought out three good ones, first going to Duchess of Naso, who beats Lass of Kent in head and expression, both are well made bitches and there is little between them. Bella, third, has a sweet head, is a bit heavy in shoulders and ears don't hang right; in body and legs she will do. In lightweight challenge dogs Duke of Hessen had no trouble in defeating Inspiration and was put down in fine condition; Inspiration being the reverse. Duke afterwards won the special for best dog, beating Lad of Kent in head, neck and shoulders, Duke losing somewhat in hind parts. Fan N. in fair shape had a walkover. Ridgeview Donald scored in open dogs (7), though small and too much cut out before the eye and faulty in pasterns, his good body outline and carriage excelled Rock II., second, who is now so well known. Ridgeview Faust, third, is heavy in shoulders and weak in pasterns; his head is good and of nice expression. Rhoderick, reserve, is too broad in skull, plain in muzzle and feet could be better, and his set on of stern could also be improved. Axtel King Don and Hempetead Prince, vhc., have their faults, the one being rather long cast and the other heavy in shoulders, open feet and drooping in quarters. Bloom of Kent has improved since Lewiston show and won nicely over Westminster Ina; though plain in muzzle she beats the other in head, Ina not having enough stop; she is also heavy in shoulder and wide-chested. Gaynell of Kent, third, is a smart-looking bitch, rather plain-faced and light in body. Reserve went to Miss Arkos, who loses in cleanness of shoulder, not square enough in muzzle and chest too wide; good rib, loin and quarters. Westminster Kate was thin and has a narrow, plain head. Daisy is plain in muzzle and shoulders not clean enough. Princess Lillie's light bone and poor head is against her. The Hempstead Farm Kennels won the puppy prizes with Bang Bang and Prince, and also took the kennel prize.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*W. Tallman, Judge*).—Some individual dogs were good, but on the whole the breed was not well represented. It is a bad time of year for dogs of this breed to be anywhere but in the field. In challenge dogs Francis S. and Francis G., both Philadelphians, entered Edgemark and Breeze Gladstone respectively, and the judge was certainly unkind in that he kept Francis G. so long on the tenter hooks of suspense, capping the climax by showing a decided preference for Edgemark up to the last moment. Breeze beats the other considerably in head and front, but is beaten himself in hindparts. No challenge bitches entered. That sterling good dog Glendon, looking better than ever before, could not be denied in open dogs (6), his splendid head, body and quarters making up for his turning out of toes, though his legs are straight. The Earl, second, is big, coat not O.K. and needs furnishing out in body. Benzine, third, is well known: he needs more stop to have a good head and coat is too wavy. Pride of Bronx, reserve, is faulty in front, good head. Sir Frederick, vhc., needs no describing: he was in fair shape. Kent's Rex, hc., is a little out at elbow, but I thought his good head, bone, ribs and quarters entitled him to another letter. Bitches (7) were headed by Donna Juanita, whose fat condition would have handicapped her in close competition; as it was, her good head, though muzzle is not just right, legs and body, in spite of her adipose matter, pulled her through. Doretta, second, is narrow throughout, head and all, body needs filling out. Kate Noble II. is plain in muzzle, fair skull, good legs and is nicely ribbed up. Daisy Bright, reserve, deserved her letters and so did Albert's Daisy, just fresh from her victory at Assonet. Neva B., hc., is not right behind and would do with more rib; a rather slack bodied bitch. Deceive, the winner in pups, and also most of the others, had gone home when I came to their benches. The kennel prize went to quite an inferior kennel, hc, being their best in regular classes.



H. W. HUNTINGTON,
Secretary National Greyhound Club.

IRISH SETTERS (*W. Tallman, Judge*).—There is no mistake about it the red dog is having its epoch, both on the bench and in the field. Here they formed one of the sights of the show. Competition between the two principal kennels being as keen as the Brooklyn air. Old Tim, looking in great shape, ran away from a wonderful challenge dog class of seven, all good dogs and true. Kildare was the runner up; this dog's coat is the most correct in texture of any on the bench. In the next class Norna for the first time lowered the colors of old Laura B. Of course there must come a time when age will tell and the old heroes must give place to younger blood. At the same time Laura is an exception so far, and only in gaiety of carriage, trimness of general build and cleanness of throat and shoulders does she lose to Norna, and is better in head, legs and body. In open dogs the winner, Montauk, Jr., has recently been commented on. Tim's Dandy, second, is an improved dog and has no glaring fault. Lad, third, is short and thick in skull. Young Glencho, reserve, is rather bloodhoundy in head, would do

with more swell of rib. Rob, vhc., has a thick, round skull, short neck and heavy shoulders. Ostler Joe, hc., has an English setter head and light body. Seminole Blarney is faulty in skull and quarters. The bitch class (12) was brimful of quality, or one might say a red hot one, and evidently the judge thought so, giving no less than six vhc. cards. The recipient of the blue ribbon, Fly, I thought rather lucky, as her feet turn out and her head is faulty in skull. Rose Sarsfield, well known, might with equal justice have been placed over her, better head and legs and quite as good body, and better color—at least so it struck me. Third went to Claremont Heather, recently commented on, Delphine getting reserve, and she is a bit flat-faced, but pretty good otherwise. Of the vhc. lot Alice Kent is well known and deserved her letters. Molly F. is not just right behind and head would do with more pronounced stop. Belle Ida has often been spoken of in FOREST AND STREAM and well deserved her three letters: she is rather faulty in quarters. Bonnibel, hc., I liked as well as any of them, nice skull, bit plain muzzle, but a good outline and color all over. Agnes, vhc., has a very long head, wide in chest and turns her feet out. First was withheld in puppies, second going to Topsy of Bay Shore, a snipy-headed bitch. The kennel prize went to the Oak Grove Kennels in a close competition, both Joe Lewis and Will Conners having their dogs in fine fettle, the Oak Grove Kennels having much improved in this respect.

GORDON SETTERS (*W. Tallman, Judge*).—Scarcely a new face among the lot, Ivanhoe defeating Rexmont in the challenge dogs, beating him in head. In bitches it was Duchess of Waverley and Flomont; the latter is plain in markings to the other. Comus won in dogs over the coarse headed Duke of Wellington; he has the best shaped head but shows little tan and is faulty in loin. Brillmont, third, is beaten in head, muzzle especially. Several well known faces took prominent positions in the bitch class, headed by Princess Louise, second going to Venus, rich tan but no pencillings, nice body and outline but not square enough in muzzle. Sallie Beaumont has been out before. Reserve went to Dorothea, straight behind, head well formed, short neck and heavy shoulders. Lady Beaumont should rest on her laurels as her tan is very washy, is short-necked, chunky-bodied, but has a nice shaped head. She won first at New York last spring. Roscoe won in puppies from an inferior litter brother. To Dr. Dixon went the kennel prize.

SPANIELS (*E. M. Oldham, Judge*) —Mr. Oldham made his second appearance in the ring and acquitted himself creditably. He had not such a difficult task before him as when he first donned the ermine at Toronto, at the same time he was well supported here. In challenge fields (3), Beverley Negus, although rather below himself, beat Bridford Ruby everywhere but in head. Beau looked rather ragged. In open black dogs (2), Judex could not be denied, though very fat. Warwick was second at Toronto; he loses in head to the other. In bitches (2), Dame Trot, shown in nice shape, won over Rosedale Bess, who beats her in head, but her coat is curly and wavy. In any other color (3) the blue went to The Shrew, whose good forelegs, head and lengthy body won well over Fancy, the Philadelphia winner. Mt. Vernon Prince is too coarse in head, rather high on legs, but they are well formed. The challenge cocker class (2) was divided, and this allowed Fascination and I Say to score each a blue ribbon; they deserved them, for they were in the usual Toronto condition. Open dogs (3), first went to Middy, who beats Donovan in quality, coat and front, though Donovan has a fairly good head and body; bit full in skull. Nigger, vhc., has a shelly body, is plain-faced, full-eyed, wavy-coated and a bit out in front. In the female division (9), Troublesome, a few pounds heavier, carried out her owner's intention when he named her; she is filling out, but will never be much more than a toy. Maid of Perth, second, a nice cocky type, rather snipy in muzzle, but good body and legs. Miss Chip, another of Jersey's get, was well placed, beating Woodstock Dora in head and front. Watnong Nell, vhc., is a little scooped out before the eye, nice body, but forelegs not just the thing. Miss Waggles we have all seen before. Any other color dogs had a Chestnut for winner, one of the cockiest little chaps one would wish to see, a capital body, nice head and legs, a little out of coat now: in fact, all these cockers are wanting in coat nowadays. Rollo, second, has a rather coarse head, too long in skull and broad, stands on good legs, nice height, does not always stand true, good body, if it is a little long. Watnong Dandy is plain in muzzle, but has a rare little body, though a bit small-sized. The others were of no account, though very pretty. In bitches Beauty had no difficulty in scoring over Nellie, a pretty liver and white, but toyish. George Bell, as usual, scooped up most of the specials in cockers, and A. E. Foster accounted for the field division. Judex beat Beverley Negus, and Troublesome scored over I Say for best cocker bitch.

COLLIES (*Martin Dennis, Judge*).—This breed, on the whole, was not conspicuously prominent in quality, and many of the dogs were at their worst as regards coat and should not have been shown. It does surprise one to think that exhibitors who wish to get good records for their dogs, and who are experienced in the business, will risk defeat where condition and coat play such an important part. In challenge dogs, The Squire, keeping well, is a better dog than Ormskirk Shep, and proved it here with something to spare, in head, front and loin. That perennial beauty Metchly Surprise was alone in her class. Open dogs (10), Mr. Jarrett showed his hand again with Toronto Wonder that he purchasad in the Queen City last September; carefully handled he will take the eye of many a judge. That handsome collie Woodsnansterne Trefoil, a black, tan and white that Mr. Mortimer brought over, is a capitally made dog, good long head, beautiful expression, good body and fair coat at present. Chrysolite, third, is well known; he cannot beat the others in head, but was looking well here. Conrad II., looking the shadow of his Toronto self, being all out of coat took vhc., while Roy K., a very handsome dog with the most profuse frill and coat in the show, a fairly good head bit broad in skull, capital legs and body, I thought harshly treated. Bitches (6) brought out a nice lot from the Hempstead Farm Kennels, but wofully lacking in coat. Their Deboran has a nice long head but ears not well carried, or seemed not to be, capital loin, ribs and quarters and good front, coat open but of good feel. Ormskirk Susie, second, is rather domy in skull but beautiful in expression, but I like their Ormskirk Julia, third, better in face and head, which is sweet in expression. Minnie Sefton is small and seemed to lack substance, nice ears and expression. Bertha II., hc., might have done better, though faulty in head. Puppies (3) found the winner in Meda, who excels Jeanness in head and body but is beaten in coat. Hempstead Farm won the kennel prize.

POODLES (*Dr. H. M. Cryer, Judge*).—The class did not require much judging, the winners being conspicuous, Dexter getting his new cords nicely now and well shown had a challenge class made for him In the open (7) it did not take long to pick out Fritz, a son of Styx, as the best, beating Tell in muzzle, loin, bone and cords. Fannie, reserve, a pup, went home early. Tom, vhc., is wooly-coated and weak in muzzle. Prof. Dodd's Educated Mickey was an attraction to those who like funny things.

BULLDOGS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—A first-rate show of these dogs, some of the best on view. Saleni of course beat Carisbrooke and Soudan in the challenge class, and Pathfinder, from the same kennel, won the ribbon in open heavy dogs (5), second going to Rustic Sovereign, who loses in ears, foreface and shoulders, which are not out enough; Barney C. won't do for this company. In heavy bitches (4) Miss Verne was given second; a little flat in skull, not out at elbow sufficiently, and cloddy in body. Lady Regent, vhc., is also deficient in volume of skull, but is better in front than the winner. Governor, vhc., does not like the common herd, and showed it. He is a bit on the leg, not broken up well in face and not out enough at shoulder. In dogs under 45lbs. (3) two sons of champion Harper were to the front. Wal Hampton has hardly sufficient volume of skull, but has a good deep muzzle and fair layback, body and quarters good, and is fairly out at shoulder. Heathen is a black and brindle, tremendous skull, good chop and wrinkle, body correct, and fairly well out at elbow. Battos, well known, seemed to have been overlooked. In bitches (4) first went to Magpie, whose good head and characteristic shoulders offset her open feet and weak pasterns. Rose is rather narrow in skull and not broken up enough in foreface. Dolly Tester's lack of skull volume and faulty chops, though she is well out in front, probably suggested her vhc. Rock Rose carries one ear down, has a long, narrow face and forelegs are far from straight; she seemed to be in whelp.

BULL-TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—One could scarcely remember ever seeing a better exhibit of these dogs even in New York. Looking down the bench it was hard to pick out a bad one among the favorite sizes. In challenge dogs (2), Carney met defeat again at the hands of Streatham Monarch, who looked in great shape while Carney was shown a bit below his figure. Challenge bitches gave rise to a hot tilt, Edgewood Fancy and Attraction, being placed as named; Fancy bests the latter in shoulders and front, the other having gone a bit there, both are good. Duchess of York not in good trim, came vhc., she was outclassed and cheeky, while Royal Rose is but a memory of real self. Heavy open dog (8) was a hard class to select from. Diamond King getting a bit wide in front won from Aristocrat who is rather "bully" in front and has too much stop. Billy Bulger, a serviceable sort of dog, a winner at Pittsburgh, took reserve. Cornet II. is well known and rather hardly treated. Woodcot Bill has a good head and eye, feet open, in fact he could be improved in front. Bully was outclassed here. The novice winner Fidget at New York won from the well known Grove Duchess in bitches (9), beating in head and body. Early Rose took the reserve number, beating British Queen in head and front. In the lightweight dogs Sir Rudolph won nicely, good head with correct eye, a little heavy in shoulder and not quite true in front, but for this he would be bad to beat, I had a better look at him here, as at Danbury he was cross. Dusty Miller, well known, came second, he is getting heavy in shoulders and cheeky. Snap Eye, reserve, is rather round in skull, coarse in tail and bit out in front. Woodcot Scamp, at present has a fairly good head but inclined to thicken, good body and legs. Autocrat Victor, hc., is short in head, feet open and fore legs hardly straight, nice body. In bitches (3) Woodcot Lily is a little round and full in skull, muzzle plain, otherwise good. Nettle I thought lucky, too much stop, front too wide and bone light. Luce, hc., has a short chunky head. Under 20lbs., Tubby Hook's Sailor and Soda Mint took the money, the former is a little out at elbow, skull round and muzzle not strong enough, something on the English terrier order, Soda is a "wee wan" too small to criticise much as you cannot get them like the heavier ones in build. Edgewood Wonder is a good stamp, nice long head, good body and legs, shoulders perhaps a little heavy, good carriage of stern in action. Some fair pups were shown. Frank Dole's aggregation took the kennel prize.

DACHSHUNDS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—Probably the best lot of dachshunds ever seen in public at an American show. Mr. Manice has got together a capital lot and is not afraid of letting them be seen. Windrush Rioter and Janet were alone in their respective challenge classes and never looked better, having been regularly hunted this fall. In open dogs (5) first went to Jay, the new one; nice lengthy head, but little open, strong on his pasterns, good crook and chest, coat somewhat rough on a loose skin. Tack, also an importation, has a nice head, scarcely enough peak, throws out in front, good bone, strong pasterns, nice chest and lengthy body, with plenty of loose skin. Our old friend Superbus II., of the thick head, took reserve, while Don Quixote II. scarcely fulfilled his promise, but is a sweet little dog, nevertheless: in body, legs and coat he is good, he may improve yet; had distemper. Fritz was outclassed here. In bitches Mr. Manice's new ones, Jargonelle and Jane Shore were first and second; the former is very strong on her pasterns, chest well let down, good crook, skull a trifle high and muzzle could be stronger, excellent body, loin and quarters, nice skin and length. Jane, little full in brow and faulty in ears, muzzle trifle plain and tail coarse, about her only apparent faults. Kate and Vic, hc., are not in it with these two. Glenrose's Dack is more like a dachshund in name than reality—stick to beagles Glenrose. The Manice kennel, of course, took the kennel prize.

BEAGLES (*H. W. Lacy, Judge*),—The number and quality combined was admitted by beagle men present to have scarcely been surpassed at any previous show. In view of this it was hardly fair for the judge to be compelled to judge them by such an uncertain light and in such a crowd as there was in the press room. But beagle men are proverbially in a hurry to have the agony over, and they had their way. Tricotrin, Roy K., and Racer, Jr., showed for challenge dogs over 13in., Roy holds Racer safe and Tricotrin beats Roy in front, body and action, especially behind. Tricotrin is faulty in head and carriage of stern. Elf, looking better than I ever saw her, was alone in her class. In open dogs Sherry easily disposed of his rivals, an improved dog, and was well shown, good legs, head, body and carriage of stern. Trifle, third, was at Danbury, and barring a rather cloddy appearance, he deserved his position. Jack Rowett had his front to blame for his reserve card. Pulboro Crafty is too coarse and big, had a bit off his tail. Thunderer is too long, faulty head and heavy front. Bitches were warm, very. Emeline, looking as I never saw her, so much different to Nanuet, where her fat snowed her under; here she was a different animal and turned the tables on Parthenia, who had gone off and lost her beautiful body outline, especially loin. Winnie K. beat Pearl for card honors in front and shoulders. Under 13in.: Royal Krueger looked in great shape, but had no competition, and champion Lou had little difficulty in beating the light-bodied Ava W. in that respect and head. Rockland Boy beats Little Wonder in coat, legs and quarters, but the latter has the best head. The bitch class was bad to judge, but Butterfly repeated her Nanuet victory, being in better shape, too. Marjory, though fat, is very typical, good body, legs, deficient in muzzle and not clean enough about neck and shoulders. Evangeline is faulty in front, body and head. Queechy deserved her letters. The specials were keenly contested. In smaller dogs Rockland Kennels' sorty pack had more substance and were more level. Over 13in. Hornell-Harmony's more level lot were fairly in it. For best beagle I thought Elf beat Royal Krueger in cleanness of shoulders, forelegs and carriage of stern.

FOX-TERRIERS (*German Hopkins, Judge*).—Mr. Hopkins judged very acceptably in place of Mr. Belmont. In challenge dogs Raffle beat Suffolk Toby, the wire, very narrowly. Open dogs (10) brought out a new one, of good style, rather thick and full in skull, and muzzle could be better, but otherwise good. Beverwyck Punster is well known now, and Warren Daysman, third, is round in skull. Blemton Rattler, reserve, was well placed. Of the commended lot that good terrier Dobbin well deserved his letters. Ruxton was at Toronto. In bitches (12) Grouse II. won another blue ribbon, followed by Ripon Regina, a new face, bit heavy in shoulders, pinched muzzle, soft coat, otherwise good. Warren Faithful is faulty before the eye, good legs. Tuxedo Beauty is full in eye, space will not admit of extended notice of all the card winners. My Fellow won in dog puppies, pressed by Wilton Tipper. Boscobel, the bitch winner, won at Toronto. Open wires (7) Suffolk Billy, first, has an excellent head, dips a little behind shoulders, coat could be harder. Dandy Jack, second, is rather light in loin, otherwise good. Jack Trick is a wiry sort, big ear, light in body. Suffolk Grip, vhc., is rather coarse in head, good front and bone, and Carn Brea Prince is also coarse in head. In bitches (5) Jess Frost, first, is faulty in head, but stands on good legs, nice body and coat. Vic Broom pressed her close, especially better in head and front. Carlisle, reserve, well shown, is a trifle full in skull, and could be straighter in front. Suffolk Tassel, third, was the Pittsburgh winner. Carlisle Glory won well in puppy class (3). Messrs. Rutherfurd won the kennel on a close call.

DANDIE DINMONTS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—All the winners are well known and it is always a tight go between King o' the Heather and Amphion.

SCOTCH TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—A nice show of these game terriers; the winners in the dog class (4), Kilroy and Kilcree, are now well known, and rightly placed. Ashley Plug, reserve, too full in skull, crooked front and poorly shown. Colored Preacher's feet turn out and he is coarse in skull, good coat. In bitches (4) Culblean, first, is not straight in front, nice body and action. Wankie Daisy, second, is a little out in front and body long, nice head, ears big. Thistle Down was too fat and wide in front.

IRISH TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—A capital show of them. The winner, Crib's, front should have put him well back to the others. Jackanapes and Romulus were equal second; the former has too much coat and cloddy in body, wide in skull but good front. Romulus, a drop ear, has a nice head and is better than the other for place; faulty in loin, perhaps. Merle Grady, equal third, has a good head but too dark in muzzle, excellent front, out of coat and rather soft, nice body; should have been higher up. Fenian, also equal third, has a nice head, though with too much stop and a bit heavy in shoulders. Bagman, vhc., is out at elbows. This was evidently a hot class to judge, but there need not be so many equals given. The bitch class was smaller (4) but choice. Candour, the Toronto winner, beats Dunmurry slightly in head and feel of coat only, both clinkers. Colleen Rue has been out before, and Kilmurry is faulty in pasterns and feet. A Breda Bill pup won in puppies, only entry. Candor won the special.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—The exhibits in these classes have been ding-donged round till their names have become household words in the fancy. Jasper lost on condition, head and front principally to Merry Monarch. Queen III. smothered Carmencita. Lady Salisbury I could not find.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS (*T. S. Bellin, Judge*).—With exception of Parilla, all well known. He loses to a good one in head and strength of jaw, but has a better feel of coat than the winner, Editor.

Skye terriers are both well known, and the Yorkshires were not high class, but I thought Prince should have beaten Beauty in the dog class; better head, coloring and coat. Toy terriers were poor, as usual.

PUGS (*Dr. H. M. Cryer, Judge*).—There was no Bonsor or Sprake in this lot, and quality was very poor, especially when a Curtis takes the challenge prize. Little Fritz in dogs won nicely in skull and muzzle over Dixie, who has been repeatedly commented on. Duke Howard's nice skull and muzzle got him the reserve. Little Jewell has gone off. Vega, the bitch class winner, won in Pittsburgh; she seemed wide in front and head small. Puppies were poor.

TOY SPANIELS (*Dr. H. M. Cryer, Judge*).—Outside of Romeo and Belle there was little to commend. A nice Jap in Tootsie beats Tamah, a frequent winner, in general quality, coat and head. The Italians were poor; a very delicate little thing of nice size was the winner; others known. Two fair smooth sheepdogs were shown in miscellaneous, and should, as a more recognized breed, have been put over the Chinese.

H. W. L.

## LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince; 2d, Mrs. Chas. Wallack's Merlin *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Ethel; 2d, J. L. Winchell's Boss's Princess; 3d, Miss L. H. Pusey's Brun. High com., J. R. Collins's Lady Teazle. *Puppies:* Prizes withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr.'s Aristocrat. *Bitches:* 1st, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr's Lady Gladwin.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. Schmitt's Roland, Jr. and Otos; 3d, O. Langenberger's Donnar. Very high com., New York St. Bernard Kennels' Refuge II. High com., O. Langenberger's Percival, Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent and Mrs. J. Smith's White Friar. Com., Emma Langenberger's Achilles. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr.'s Miss Anna and Alronette; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunray. Very high com., W. Gray's Judy and Co), J. Ruppert, Jr.'s Ellen Terry. High com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Princess Hepsey and J. F. Lutz's Princess Wang. *Puppies:* 1st, E. Booth's Lord Walbeck; 2d, C. M. Bull's Duke of Alton; 3d, J. Reiner's King Victor. Very high com., P. H. Roeder's Lord Percy. High com., C. B. Dake's Lady Charlton. Com., C. J. Field's Nero.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr.'s Empress of Contoocook.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader; 2d, D. P. Foster's Leicester; 3d, Miss L. Osborne's Czar O. *Bitches:* 1st, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr.'s Bellegarde; 2d, H. Schierloh's Charmion; 3d, C. B. Dake's Bessie of Contoocook. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, R. E. Cochran's Nemo and Dayma.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Leihbacher's Pascha. *Bitches:* No entries. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Jos. Livingston's Maloc; 2d, Dr. W. H. Shepard's Duke; 3d, Paul Clagstone's Stanley. Very high com., H. F. M. Podeyn's Pasha II. High com., Charles Fischer's Fritz, H. A. Lawson's Pasha L. and David Schmidt's Pasha. Com., John Frank's Cæsar. *Bitches:* 1st, H. F. M. Podeyn's Nora; 2d, Phil. Heckelmann's Fanny; 3d, G. Leihbacher's Louise. Very high com., H. A. Lawson's Fitz. *Puppies:* 1st, M. Schuli's Schult Nero and John Condou's Surpass; 2d and 3d, Martin Hahnle's Pascha III. and Flora. High com., Charles Fischer's Pascha.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—2d, Chas. Sutter's Pascha.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. L. Winchell's Judith. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. L. Winchell's Victor; 2d, George W. Glazier's Javert. Very high com. and high com., George W. Glazier's Jean Valjean. *Bitches:* 1st, George W. Glazier's Benison.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, Dunrobin Kennels' Olga. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dunrobin Kennels' Argyle; 2d, Henry Mollenhauer's Bismarck; 3d, J. M. Greenwood's Glencairn. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Madge Mac; 3d, Henry Mollenhauer's Thora.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Albion L. Page's Maud Torrington.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Lord Neverstill; 2d, Tubby Hook Kennels' St. Regis; 3d, Wm. Schumacher's Prince Bismarck. *Bitches:* 1st, Jas. Black's Dolly Dollar; 2d and very high com., Maybrook Kennels' Miss Dollar III. and Maybrook Nell; 3d, Wm. T. Faulkner's American Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Snowflight; 2d, W. D. Blenus's Dollas.

PSOVIE.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Argoss. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Princess Irma.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, C. S. Hanks's Sarvanates and Leekhoi; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Ossiad. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Zerry; 2d, very high com. and high com., P. H. Hacke's Armeda, Viewga and Palma; 3d, C. S. Hanks's Vinga. *Puppies:* 1st, C. S. Hanks's Peter the Great; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Krimena.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, Robert Milbank's Pride.

FOXHOUNDS.—AMERICAN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Elite; 2d, Tubby Hook Kennels' Picket.—ENGLISH—*Dogs:* 1st, The Pennbrook Hunt's Denmark; 2d and com., Rockaway Hunting Club's Gambler and Rascal. *Bitches:* 1st, The Pennbroke Hunt's Ransom; 2d, Rockaway Hunting Club's Sprightly.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—55LBS. AND OVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Jarvis's Lad of Kent.—50LBS. AND OVER—*Bitches:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Robert C. Cornell's Ponset; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Bang Bang; 3d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Earl of Hessen. *Bitches:* 1st, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Duchess of Nason; 2d, Geo. Jarvis's Lass of Kent; 3d, Banks & De Russy's Bella.—CHALLENGE.—UNDER 55LBS—*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's champion Duke of Hessen.—UNDER 50LBS

—*Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Hyland's Fan N.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rinda Pointer Kennels' Ridgeview Donald; 2d, Chas. Connell's Rock II.; 3d, A. G. Hooley's Ridgeview Faust. Very high com. reserve, R. C. Cornell's Roderick. Very high com., Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Prince and Bronx Valley Kennels' Axtel King Don. High com., Otto Hilmer's Chester. *Bitches:* 1st, W. C. Root's Bloom of Kent; 2d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Westminster Lu; 3d, A. S. Hoffman's Gaynell of Kent. Reserve, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Miss Arkos. Very high com., Lennox Kennels's Westminster Kate. High com., Mme. Salvotti's Daisy. Com., A. G. Hooley's Princess Lillie. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Bang Bang and Hempstead Prince. Com., N. Gerold's Nic.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. S. Brown's Edgemark.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rosecroft Kennels' Glendon; 2d, A. G. Hooley's The Earl; 3d, W. C. Downington's Benzine. Reserve, Bronx Valley Kennels' Pride of Bronx. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Sir Frederick. High com., Lenox Kennels' Kent's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Wood's Donna Juanita; 2d, G. E. Scheffler's Doretta; 3d, F. G. Taylor's Katie Noble II. Very high com., reserve, H. D. Ogden's Daisy Bright. Very high com., Dr. J. E. Hair's Alberts' Daisy. High com. and com., Messrs. R. H. Alberts, Jr., and W. E. Briggs's Neva B., Gwynnie. *Puppies:* 1st, Bronx Valley Kennels' Deceive; 2d W. H. Brush's Eastern Queen; 3d, Sunset Kennels' May Win. Com., Messrs. R. H. Alberts, Jr., and W. E. Brigge's Alberts's Ruby.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Tim. Very high com. and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Norna. Very high com., reserve, Seminole Kennels' Laura B.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Montauk, Jr.; 2d, G. Langran's Tim's Dandy; 3d, Redstone Kennels' Erin's Lad. Very high com., reserve, G. Langran's Young Glencho. Very high com., J. P. Allen's Rab. High com., Seminole Kennels' Seminole Blarney, D. F. Keller's Tipperacue and Sunset Kennels' Osbie Joe. Com., F. H. Major's Lord Chumley and C. H. Jackson's Chester. *Bitches:* 1st, C. T. Thompson's Fly; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Rose Sarsfield; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Claremont Heather. Very high com., reserve, Seminole Kennels' Delphinne. Very high com., G. Langran's Young Juno. Redstone Kennels' Belle Ida, Oak Grove Kennels' Molly F. and Alice Kent, and H. Hawkes's Agnes. High com., Oak Grove Kennels' Bonnibel. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Miss E. Truslow's Topsy of Bay Shore. High com., Seminole Kennels' Henmore Chief.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe. Reserve, Smith Bros. Rexmont. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly. Reserve, J. B. Blossom's Flomont. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Blossom's Comus; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington; 3d, E. H. Morris's Brillmont. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise; 2d and 3d, J. B. Blossom's Venus and Sallie Beaumont. Very high com., reserve, W. C. Gleason's Dorothea. High com., Prof. L. P. Braive's Lady Beaumont. *Puppies:* 1st and high com., C. E. Mather's Roscoe and Carmen Sylvia.

SPANIELS.—ALL BREEDS OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. E. Foster's Beverly Negus. Reserve, R. P. Keasbey's Bridford Ruby.

FIELD SPANIELS.—BLACK, OVER 28LBS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. E. Foster's Judex; 2d, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Warwick. *Bitches:* 1st, A. E. Foster's Dame Trot; 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Rosedale Bess. —ANY OTHER COLOR OR BREED, OVER 28LBS.—OPEN—1st, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's The Shrew; 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Fancy. Very high com., Dr. G. A. Longest's Mount Vernon Prince.

COCKERS.—ANY COLOR, NOT OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—Equal 1st, G. Bell's Fascination and I Sav.—BLACK, NOT OVER 28LBS —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy; 2d, Dr. J. E Hair's Donovan. Very high com., John Rodger's Nigger. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Bell's Troublesome; 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Maid of Perth. Reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Chip. Very high com., Dale & Thomas's Woodstock Dora and A. C. Wilmerding's Watnong Nell. High com., F. W. Kitchell's Lady Jane, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggles and J. F. Terew's Minnie. Com., John Rodger's Nell.—ANY OTHER COLOR, NOT OVER 28LBS.—OPEN —1st, Geo. Bell's Chestnut; 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Rollo. Very high com., A. C. Wilmerding's Watnong Dandy. High com., Lizzie Jones's Boss and Frank Jones's Tiger.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Beauty; 2d, Frank Jones's Nellie.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' The Squire. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Metchley Surprise.—OPEN —*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Toronto Wonder; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Woodmansterne Trefoil; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Chrysolite. Very high com., Hempstead Farm's Conrad II. High com., Mrs. Russell Keith's Roy K. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., Hempstead Farm's Deborah, Ormskirk Susie, Ormskirk Julia and Minnie Sefton. High com., Seminole Kennels' Bertha II. *Puppies:* 1st, John Hughes' Meda; 2d, Robert Buckle's Jeaness.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. H. Morris's Dexter.—OPEN—1st and very high com. reserve, M. W. Reid's Fritz and Fannie; 2d, Chas. Priem's Tell. Very high com., Mrs. A. Lagarde's Tom.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Wheatley Kennels' Saleni; 2d, Chas. A. J. Smith's Carisbrooke.—OPEN—45LBS. AND OVER—1st, Wheatley Kennels' Pathfinder; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Rustic Sovereign. Very high com., J. A. & W. H. Finlayson's Governor. Com., W. L. Titus's Barney. *Bitches:* 2d, Dr. D. L. Haight's Miss Venn. Very high com. Wheatley Kennels' Lady Regent.—UNDER 45LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's Wal. Hampton and Heathen. Very high com., J. A. & W. H. Finlayson's Governor. *Bitches:* 1st, C. E. Cox's Magpie; 2d, E. K. Austin's Rose. Very high com., J. H. Matthew's Dolly Tester. High com., Iolanthe Kennels' Rock Rose.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Moorehead, Jr.'s Streatham Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st, Tubby Hook Kennels' Edgewood Fancy; 2d, F. F. Dole's Attraction. Very high com., George House's Duchess of York. High com., Castle Point Kennels' Royal Rose.—OPEN—30LBS. AND OVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Retnor Kennels' Diamond King; 2d, P. C. Petitt's Aristocrat. Reserve, R. Carson, Jr.'s Billy Biger. Very high com., H. M. Howes's Comet II. High com., F. F. Dole's Woodcot Bill. Com., W. Wedgwood's Keno. *Bitches:* 1st, reserve and high com., Castle Point Keunels' Fidget, Early Rose and Wild Rose; 2d, H. M. Howes's Grove Duchess. Very high com. Retnor Kennels' British Queen. Com., William Wedgwood's Beauty.—UNDER 30LBS. AND OVER 20LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., F. F. Dole's Sir Rudolph and Woodcot Scamp; 2d, Retnor Kennels' Dusty Miller. Reserve, C. Trowbridge's Snap Eye. High com., H. M. Howes's Autocrat Victor. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Woodcot Lily; 2d, Retnor Kennels' Nettle. High com., W. Wedgwood's Luce.—UNDER 20LBS —*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Tubby Hook Kennels' Sailor and Soda Mint. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Wonder. *Puppies:* 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Castle's Pride. Com., W. Wedgwood's White Duke.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Edward A. Manice's Windrush Rioter. *Bitches:* 1st, E. A. Manice's Janet.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, very high com. res., and very high com., E. A. Manice's Jay, Superbus II. and Don Quixote II.; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Tack. High com., L. O. Seidel's Fritz K. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, E. A. Manice's Jargoenlie and Jane Shore. High com., Charles Pfizer's Kate and Vic.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—OVER 13IN.—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Tricotrin. Reserve, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Roy K. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Elf.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sherry; 2d, George Laick's Trifle. Reserve, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Jack Rowett. Very high com. and high com., Waldingfield Kennels' Pulboro Crafty and Thunderer. *Bitches:* 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Emeline; 2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Parthenia. Reserve, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Winnie K. Very high com., George Laick's Pearl.—CHALLENGE—13IN. AND UNDER—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmoney Kennels' Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Lou; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Ava W.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Rockland Boy; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Little Wonder. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Butterfly; 2d, Mrs. R. F. Mayhew's Majory. Reserve and very high com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Queechy and Evangeline. High com. and com., Rockland Beagle Kennels' Zellah and Lady Vera.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Raffle. Reserve, Hemnstead Farm Kennels' Sulfolk Toby. *Bitches:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Stormer; 2d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Punster; 3d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Daysman. Reserve, L. B. Banks's Blemton Rattler. Very high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Laird, E. W. Irwin's Ruxton and Woodale Kennels's Dobbin. High com., E. R. Hollander's Hillside Ruffian. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Stedman's Hanks Grouse II; 2d and 3d, Iolanthe Kennels' Ripon Regina and Miss Domino. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Faithful. Very high com., E. Bird's Tuxedo Beauty and L. & W. Rutherfurd's Dusky II. High com., E. W. Irwin's Chinquipin Chink. Com., Woodale Kennels' Woodale Regina.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, A. D. Stewart's My Fellow C.; 2d, Wilton Kennels' Wilton Tripper. Very high com. reserve, Dr. A. W. Lawrence's Crafty. *Bitches:* 1st, E. W. Irwin's Boscobel; 2d; Woodale Kennels' Woodale Dainty.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Billy; 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Dandy Jack; 3d and high com., C. L. A. Whitney's Jack Trick and Jack Prompter. Very high com. reserve, R. F. Mayhew's Brittle. Very high com., Iolanthe Kennels' Carn Brea Prince and Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Grip. *Bitches:* 1st, Iolanthe Kennels' Jess Frost; 2d, R. F. Mayhew's Nic Croom; 3d and high com., Hempstead Farm's Suffolk Tassel and Suffolk Venus. Very high com. reserve, T. S. Bellin's Carlisle Glory. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, T. S. Bellin's Carlisle Glory and Carlisle Crib; 3d, R. F. Mayhew's Brimstone.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Edward Brooks's King o' the Heather and Amphion. High com. and com., John Ferguson's Sir Robert and Meg Merriles.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Henry Brooks's Kilroy and Kilcree. Very high com. and res., Richard Elliott's Ashley Plug. Very high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Henry Brooks's Culblean and Wankie Daisy. Very high com., Henry Brooks's Thistle Down.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Thos. Wise, Jr.'s, Crib; equal 2d, Iolanthe Kennels' Jackanapes and Hempstead Farm's Romulus; equal 3d, Walter J. Comstock's Merle Grady and Hempstead Farm's Fenian Boy. Very high com., H. O'Connor's Gaitees, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs and E. C. Le Montagne's Bagman. High com., Thos. Wise, Jr.'s Shaun Rue. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Candour; 2d, Walter J. Comstock's Dunmurry. Very high com., Thos. Wise, Jr.'s Colleen Rue. Com., John Herlihy's Killmury. *Puppies:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Nellie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochelle Kennels' English Lady.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Merry Monarch; 2d, Frank F. Dole's Jasper. *Bitches:* 1st, Frank F. Dole's Queen III.; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Carmencita. Very high com. reserve, Iolanthe Kennels' Lady Salisbury. Very high com., Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Majestic.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, Wm. H. Russell's Editor; 2d, Harris R. Childs's Parilla. Very high com., Wm. H. Russell's Christmas Carol and Martin A. H. Thelberg's Qui Vive.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford; 2d, K. K. Carner's Endcliffe Maggie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Selig's Beauty; 2d, J. A. & W. H. Finlayson's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. W. H. Finlayson's Nell; 2d, W. H. Cooper's Maggie. Very high com., Morris Rothschild's Harry.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Morris Rothschild's Jerry; 2d, Mrs. May Lavitt McFeeters's Baby. Very high com. reserve, New York Pug Kennels' Gipsey. High com., Henry Stoetzel's Gyp.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mrs. M. M. Ballentine's Curtis; 2d, New York Pug Kennels' Nellie Bly. Very high com., J. Brombach's Bradford Rowdy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Bowden's Little Fritz; 2d and high com., Seminole Kennels' Dixie and Little Jewel. Very high com. and reserve, Howard Kennels' Duke Howard. Very high com., Mrs. S. S. Bowden's Ivy Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. M. M. Ballantine's Vega; 2d, Mrs. S. S. Bowden's East Lake Sister. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. M. M. Ballantine's Lady Muff; 2d, J. Bowden's Midget; Harry. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Bonnie's Baby.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Romeo and Yankee Boy. Very high com. reserve, J. Brombach's Duke of Wellington.

BLENHEIM, PRINCE CHARLES AND RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Bell.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. R. L. Crawford, Jr.'s Tootsie. *Bitches:* 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Tamah.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, F. H. Hoyt's Trixie; 2d and very high com., J. Brombach's Golden Rod and Pansy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, P. A. Raby's Tootsey; 2d and very high com., Hempstead Farm's Blue Light and Hempstead Maid.

SPECIALS.

MASTIFFS.—Best dog, Beaufort's Black Prince; bitch, Ethel; best mover, Boss's Princess.

ST. BERNARDS.—Kennel, Dutchess Kennels; rough dog, Aristocrat; bitch, Lady Gladwin; best smooth dog, Scottish Leader: bitch, Empress of Contococook; best American-bred rough dog, Roland, Jr.; bitch, Princess Hepsey; American-bred smooth dog, John Keevan's Patrol; bitch, Empress of Contococook; best rough puppy, Lord Walbeck; smooth, Nemo.

GREAT DANES.—Best kennel, G. Leibacher's; best dog, Maloc; bitch, Nora; Great Dane Club specials, best dog in open, Duke; bitch, Nora; dog puppy, Pascha; best American-bred, Nora; best solid colored dog, Duke; bitch, Fritz; best Harlequin dog Schult Nero; best brindle dog, Maloc; bitch, Nora; best dog or bitch, Maloc.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Best, Pascha.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Best dog or bitch, Victor.

DEERHOUNDS.—Best dog, Argyle; bitch, Olga; W. K. C. challenge cup, Argyle.

GREYHOUNDS.—Kennel, Woodhaven Kennels; best dog, Lord Neverstill; bitch, Maud Torrington; best in show, Lord Neverstill; Munro challenge cup, Lord Neverstill; also best American-bred that has won at a public meeting, Lord Neverstill.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Kennel, Mr. Huntington's; best dog, Argoss; bitch, Zerry, best dog pup, Peter the Great; bitch, Krimena; W. K. C. challenge cup, Argoss.

FOXHOUNDS.—Best dog, Denmark; bitch, Ransome.

POINTERS.—Kennel, Hempstead Farm; best dog, 55lbs. and over, Lad of Kent; bitch, 50lbs. and over, Woolton Game; best dog, under 55lbs., champion Duke of Hessen; bitch, under 50lbs., Fan N.; best dog, Duke of Hessen; bitch, Woolton Game; best that has run at field trials, champion Duke of Hessen.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Kennel, R. H. Alberts, Jr., and W. E. Briggs; best dog, Gleudon; bitch, Donna Juanita; Polhemus cup, Gleudon.

IRISH SETTERS.—Kennel, Oak Grove Kennels; best dog, champion Tim; bitch, Norna; best in show, champion Tim.

GORDON SETTERS.—Kennel, Dr. Dixon's; best dog, Ivanhoe; bitch, Duchess of Waverly.

SPANIELS.—Kennel, Geo. Bell; best field dog, Judex; bitch, Bridford Ruby; best cocker dog, Fascination; best bitch, Troublesome; Spaniel Club prizes—Best brace field spaniels, Judex and Beverly Negus; best brace cockers, Fascination and Troublesome; best field spaniel other than black in open class, The Shrew; ditto cocker, Chestnut; best field spaniel, Judex; best parti-colored field spaniel, Fancy; service of Fascination, Maid of Perth; best cocker get of champion Doc, Maid of Perth.

COLLIES.—Kennel, Hempstead Farm; best dog, Toronto Wonder; bitch, Deborah. Collie Club—Best dog, open class, Toronto Wonder; bitch, ditto, Deborah; best puppy, Meda.

BULLDOGS.—Best dog, Pathfinder; bitch, Saleni; Bulldog Club medal for best in show, Saleni.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Kennel, Frank F. Dole; best dog over 30lbs., Streatham Monarch; best bitch, ditto, Edgewood Fancy; best dog under 30lbs. and over 20lbs., Sir Rudolph; best bitch, ditto, Woodcot Lilly; best dog under 20lbs., Sailor; best bitch, ditto, Edgewood Wonder.

DACHSHUNDS.—Kennel, E. A. Manice; best dog or bitch, Janet; best dog, Windrush Rioter; bitch, Janet.

BEAGLES.—Kennel over 13in., Hornell-Harmony Kennels; under 13in., Rockland Kennels; best kennel, not less than five, any size, Hornell-Harmony Kennels; best dog or bitch over 13in., Elf; best ditto under 13in., ch. Lou; best in show, Elf; Beagle Club specials, best dog, ch. Royal Krueger; bitch, Elf.

TERRIERS.—Fox-terriers—Kennel, Messrs. Rutherfurd; best smooth dog, Ripon Stormer; bitch, Hanks's Grouse II.; best wire-haired dog, Suffolk Billy; bitch, Jess Frost; best American-bred under two years, Beverwyck Punster; best wire-haired dog in open or puppy, Suffolk Billy; bitch, Jess Frost. Dandie Dinmonts —Best dog or bitch, King o' the Heather; best brace, Sir Robert and Meg Merriles. Scotch terriers—Best dog or bitch, Kilroy; kennel, Henry Brooks. Irish terriers—Best dog or bitch, Candour. Black and tan terriers—Best dog or bitch, Queen III. Bedlington terriers—Best dog or bitch, Edith; bitch, Parilla. Skye terriers—Best, Sir Stafford. Yorkshires—Best in show, Nell.

PUGS.—Best brace, Curtis and Vega; best dog, Curtis; bitch, Vega (2); pug breeders' challenge cup, Little Fritz; best in show, Curtis.

Best King Charles spaniel, Romeo. Best Japanese spaniel, Tootsie. Best brace Italian greyhounds, Golden Rod and Pansy. Best exhibit by resident of New York city, Hempstead Farm. Best ditto in Brooklyn, H. W. Huntington's Russian wolfhounds.

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Information comes to us from Chicago that Mr. H. J. Nichols, who is so well and favorably known as a fancier of Great Danes and owner of the great Melac, cannot be found by his friends, who fear that something serious may have happened to him. We sincerely trust that this is not the case. Two days before he left Chicago he sold Melac and his other dogs to the Cumberland Kennel Club, of which Mr. H. L. Goodman is manager. This will put that kennel in the very front rank in this breed. Mr. Nichols was a prominent Mason.

## EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

A WHOLE week of pleasant weather from Nov. 21 to Nov. 26 favored the trials, there being therefore no weather considerations to interrupt the work.

The judges managed the running most skillfully, a most important consideration in testing the qualities of setters and pointers in actual competition. This refers more particularly in respect to picking out a route through fields and cover so that the route will be continuous, or at least so that there will always be room to work, thus affording every opportunity for the dogs to work continuously. But few judges can avoid tangling up the competition in woods, doubling back on the same course, or see-sawing here and there as one obstruction after another appears to interrupt the work. The judges were Messrs. H. Merriam, Memphis, H. B. Duryea and Washington A. Coster, the genial secretary of the club. He appeared, however, to have an idiopathic case of utter weariness which cut off his active service as judge about ninety-nine per cent.

The annual meeting of the club was held on Thursday night. The Board of Governors was elected as follows: W. Hay Bockes, James L. Breese, W. A. Coster, J. Otto Donner, C. Oliver Iselin, H. B. Duryea, C. C. Gray, F. R. Hitchcock, Jos. H. Hunter, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., H. Hulman, Jr., H. Merriam, G. T. Leach, P. H. O'Bannon and Edward Dexter. The conditions of the stakes for 1893 remain the same as this year, excepting the Champion Stake, which was abolished, and a committee was appointed to make another stake instead. The club meeting then adjourned and the Board of Governors held a meeting.

Mr. C. Tate was named as a candidate for membership. A committee, according to time-honored action, was appointed with power to look up new grounds. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Pierre Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-presidents, H. B. Duryea and Herbert Merriam; Secretary, Washington A. Coster. The new stake is called the New Subscription Stake. It is a free for all. $50 subscription which is transferable. The club adds $250. to go to first. Dogs to be named the night before starting. Heats to be two hours' duration and so arranged that a dog which runs in the morning will next time run in or about midday. Fifty per cent. sweepstakes to first, thirty to second and twenty to third.

The lunches served on the grounds were about as unappetizing as they could be consistently with a claim to a part of civilization, yet, to use a doggy term, they were "sorty," or much alike. Coffee was absent. Four or five plates were considered ample for twenty-five or thirty people, yet no sportsman should be so dudish as to expect much when he has the privilege of paying $2 50 per day for a little food and a good deal of inattention. To get waited on though imperfectly required a vigorous individuality and a persistent nature.

### The Members' Stake.

THE Members' Stake was run off this year under circumstances which never before occurred in the history of the club so far as the knowledge of your reporter reaches. The circumstances were the absence of the reporters and therewith the absence of any detailed history. FOREST AND STREAM had three staff representatives out in one week at different field trial events. Nothing could bear more direct testimony to the growth of field trials and the energy of FOREST AND STREAM in rising equal to the situation. In fact, there is not another paper in America which could send so many trained men to do such work.

But in respect to the Members' Stake, I was told that the work was only fair, and that birds were rather scarce.

Mr. W. A. Coster, the genial secretary, and Mr. Josiah Collins, Seattle, Wash., were the judges.

Following is a brief history of the proceedings:

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white dog Count Anteo (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl)

*with*

George Leach's black, white and tan dog Guy (Gladstone's Boy—Lady).

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W. B. Meares's black, white and tan dog McMurdo (Roi d'Or—Mildred C.). *with*

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s liver and white bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.).

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Herbert Merriam's black and white dog Nat Goodwin II. (Nat Goodwin—Royal Myrtle)

*with*

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby's Druid).

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Count Anteo, first; Guy, second; Antevolo, third.

Birds were scarce.

### The Derby.

The starters on Sunday night numbered 23 after the drawing was completed. In the morning, one of them, Mr. Herbert Merriam's Nat Goodwin II., was found dead in his kennel. It was a sad loss to his owner and handler. The dog was a valuable one.

The judges are Messrs. A. Merriman, Memphis, H. B. Duryea, Red Bank, N. J., and Washington A. Coster.

There are many of the old guard here with a sprinkling of new faces, and there is a steady growth perceptible from year to year in the evolution of the sporting costume. Where a few years ago the larger part of the spectators were content to appear in ordinary citizen's dress, a sporting costume now is worn.

The order of running is as follows:

Nahmke Kennels' lemon and white bitch Nahmke Alice (Nahmke Philip—Mercy), Tom Aldrich, handler,

*with*

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Bess (Chance—Bessie Avent), John White, handler.

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C. W. Tate's black and white dog Quail (Dakota—Rose), Frank Bevan, handler. *with*

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Lochinvar, (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

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Royal Robinson's black, white and tan bitch Gaiety (Lone Jack—Gay Rhœbe), Geo. Gray, handler,

*with*

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Dick Fox (Chance—Countess Rush).

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Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white bitch Hempstead Game (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), A. Cameron, handler, *with*

Fairmont Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Belle of Kentucky (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl), C. W. Barker, handler.

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Nahmke Kennels' orange and white dog Nahmke Philip II (Nahmke Philip—Mercy), Tom Aldrich, handler,

*with*

Blue Ridge Kennels' orange and white dog Hope's Mint (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady).

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Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Dot Rogers (Roderigo—Gladstone Girl), C. Tucker, handler.

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Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s liver, white and tan bitch Maiden Mine (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black and white dog Bonair (Roderigo—Juno A.)

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queeny II.), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler,
*with*
Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s liver, white and tan bitch Rod's Sue (Roderigo—Gladstone Girl), C. Tucker, handler,
*with*
Luke W. White's liver and white pointer bitch Graceful II. (Duke of Hessen—Concave), owner, handler.

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch Hempstead Blossom (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), A. Cameron, handler,
*with*
Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white pointer dog Conscript (King of Kent—Hops), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Hamlet (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,
*with*
Herbert Merriam's black, white and tan dog Nat Goodwin II. (Nat Goodwin—Royal Myrtle).

Herbert Merriam's black and white bitch Tan (Rowdy Rod—Eva), a bye, S. C. Bradley, handler.

As Nat Goodwin II. had died before starting, Tan was brought up to run with Hamlet.

The work done was inferior on the whole. Some sportsmen who were present were of the opinion that it was a good average Derby, but there was but very little good work done to sustain that opinion. Birds, it is true, were scarce, but when found there were many errors committed and many lost opportunities. Many times the handlers flushed birds which the dogs had run over. The pointing work was positively inferior. The scenting was thought to be bad some of the time, etc., but excuses did not change the fact. The dogs ranged well, apparently, and gave one the impression that they were good workers. A few of them were good workers. Most of them picked out the easy going, the open fields or the open, cleanest places in cover, the latter being avoided when possible. A dog which picks out easy, comfortable going may run across birds, but he does not find them in the proper sense of the term.

First prize was won by Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Rod's Sue, bred by Capt. Pat. Henry, Clarksville, Tenn., who gets the Breeder's Cup, value $100. She showed excellent "bird sense" in her work, hunted out the likely corners for birds and stayed diligently out at her work, working pleasantly and cheerfully.

Kingston, second prize winner, and Bonair, third, work much alike. They both are diligent workers and perform well on birds generally, but there is not the judgment in their work nor the thoroughness in beating out their ground, that Sue displayed.

The prizes were $500 to first, $250 to second and $150 to third.

## MONDAY.

The weather was clear and comfortably pleasant. Ten braces were run during the day. Birds were far too scarce for field trial purposes. Some of the braces worked diligently, but the returns in finds were few. The judges managed the running skillfully. A mild breeze blew during the day. There were a good number of spectators, among whom were Messrs. Bayard Thayer, Boston; Pembroke Pettit, Virginia; Edmund H. Osthaus, Teledo, O.; Major J. R. Purcell, B. J. Fisher, Ashboro, N. C.; Ernest Tate, North Carolina; F. R. Hitchcock, P. Oliver Iselin, New York; Herbert Merriam, Weston, Mass.; Edward Beadel, New York; Edward Dexter, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.; J. E. Orr, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jos. H. Hunter, Washington, D. C.; Major J. M. Taylor and V. M. Haldeman.

### *First Series.*

NAHMKE ALICE AND BESS—Were started at 8:55 about two miles from town, and were worked about twenty-five minutes before a find was made. Alice pointed a bevy. Bess called up to back got wind of birds and backed to order, moved on and was in motion when the birds flushed, although she did not flush them. Alice was steady and Bess unsteady to caution. Each pointed a single in woods. Bess next pointed a single which she willfully flushed. Alice again scored a point. Bess worked her ground nicely and was the wider ranger. Her style was poor. Alice ranged well, too, and her style was pleasing. Up at 9:27.

QUAIL AND LOCHNIVAR—Began at 9:30. Quail soon pointed a bevy and was backed by Lochnivar, the latter being prompted by a caution. Quail was notably steady and reliable on point. Lochnivar pointed a bird and after it was flushed went on hunting. Several birds which he ought to have pointed were flushed where he had left. Working in the woods Lochnivar flushed a single. Quail worked independently. Lochnivar had the better style. Pace and range about alike, although Lochnivar did not stay out at his work so steadily as he should have done. Up at 10:12.

GAIETY AND DICK FOX were started at 10:32, and soon Gaiety was lost for a few moments. As Dick and his handler worked into a corner a bevy flushed not far from Gaiety. She presumably was pointing it. On scattered birds, Gaiety pointed twice snarply and well. She did her work stylishly. Dick flushed a bird. Gaiety showed excellent range and pace, and worked without pottering.

HEMPSTEAD GAME AND BELLE OF KENTUCKY—At 10:02 were started. In a few minutes Game pointed a bevy. Next she pointed a bird, moved on and flushed it. She pointed soon a bird and held point. Belle was next to point, held point for a few moments, jumped a fence and then pointed steadily on a bevy. She was stylish in her work and displayed excellent judgment. Each dog pointed separate birds and Belle flushed one. Belle carried herself with dash and style, and was far superior in the latter part of the heat. She started a bit slow. Up at 11:35.

NAHMKE PHILIP II. AND HOPE'S MINT were started at 11:40, and were taken up at 12:24. Nothing found. Mint was far the better ranger.

KINGSTON—DOT ROGERS.—After lunch they began at 1:22. Kingston pointed a bevy prettily in a thicket, he standing in the open. Dot was not near to back. The scattered birds took to the treetops. Sent on, in a short distance Kingston pointed another bevy. Steady to shot. Kingston flushed a bird in the open, then a lot more flushed wild close by. Each scored a point. Up at 2:16. Kingston was the better finder and pointer of birds. Dot ranged the wider, yet both were but fair in this respect.

MAIDEN MINE AND BONAIR were started at 2:23. Bonair pointed a bevy, Maiden backed, broke back and flushed a lark, Bonair still holding his point. Steady to shot. On the scattered birds in woods Bonair pointed once and Maiden pointed twice, singles each time. Bonair was the more independent ranger. Both went at good speed and ranged well. Up at 2:57.

JINGO AND CHEVALIER commenced at 3:20 in the open. Jingo flushed part of a bevy, then pointed, and the remainder flushed wild. Both pointed scattered birds in woods. Chevalier flushed twice, singles, and Jingo pointed one. Up at 3:57. Neither made more than an average performance. The work on birds was mixed, good and poor, but far short of what the opportunities for good work afforded.

ROD'S SUE AND GRACEFUL II.—They began at 4 o'clock. They went over a rise and a bevy was seen to flush, but whether one of the dogs did it or not could not be determined. Each pointed a single. Grace backed nicely. Both were steady to shot. Sue pointed a bird prettily, but spoiled the work by breaking in and flushing the bird, and chased wildly. Sue false pointed. Soon she found and pointed a bevy, and was backed. She finished by making a sharp point on a bird in the leaves in the woods. Sue showed far the better range and judgment in working out her ground. She made a very superior showing in every way, barring some unsteadiness. Up at 4:51.

HEMPSTEAD BLOSSOM AND CONSCRIPT.—Began at 4:57 in open ridge and were worked till 5:23, no find being made. Both were faulty in the manner in which they beat out their ground, they picking the most open and easy places to run through. This brace finished the running for the day.

The club held a meeting on Sunday night, at which the following new candidates were elected to membership: C. W. Thomas, J. F. Simmons and R. H. Woodrum, Roanoke, Va.; G. G. Pabst, Terre Haute, Ind.; Edward Brooks, Hyde Park, Mass.; J. D. Orr, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. O. Iselin, New Rochelle, N. Y.; B. J. Fisher, Ashboro, N. C. Mr. Washington A. Coster was appointed to act in place of Mr. R. L. Cook, who could not attend. The club holds its annual meeting this week, on Thursday.

## TUESDAY.

The conditions seemed favorable for good work. The weather was clear and cool, traces of frost being visible here and there, and a thin skimming of ice topped the still water. The apparent scarcity of birds, however, made many heats most imperfect tests in every way. When good finding dogs were at work, birds were not so scarce.

HEMPSTEAD BLOSSOM AND CONSCRIPT.—Their unfinished heat was resumed at 8:43. Both made many errors and lost a number of opportunities to point. Blossom pointed a bevy in grass in a hollow, which was the only good work on birds in the heat, both having flushed several times. At 9:05 Blossom was taken up and Conscript sent on scattered birds. He pointed one well, made a doubtful point on another and flushed one. The heat ended at 9:10. Both had good speed, ranged well, but picked out the open, clear places to run in.

HAMLET AND TAN—Began at 9:16. Hamlet made two false points and Tan flushed a bevy in a bottom. The birds were followed into pine woods. Both made game and the bevy flushed. Up at 10:08. Both ranged well. No point made.

NAHMKE PHILIP II. AND HOPE'S MINT—Were given another opportunity, not having been tested on birds yesterday. They began at 10:23. A bevy flushed close to Mint, but it could not be told whether or not she was in fault. Philip pointed where the bevy had flown from and a single bird flushed near him. Mint made a point on a single. They failed to get any work on the scattered birds. Up at 10:40. Both ranged irregularly and did not cover much ground.

### *Second Series.*

The judges selected fourteen dogs in the order given in the reports of the heats hereinafter. It was most difficult to make the selection, but about four or five dogs were all that were worthy of consideration. There were so many dogs which had done a little good work and much poor, and others which had little opportunity to do any at all, that it was necessary to run the greater part over again if more than four or five were taken in. Much delay was caused by not having dogs up to run promptly in turn.

NAHMKE ALICE AND QUAIL—Began at 11:19. Alice pointed a bevy. Quail backed nicely. On the birds in woods Alice pointed; nothing found. Quail pointed a single nicely. Both were steady to shot. Alice was now over-cautious. Quail made three points in succession, doing some good work. Quail now was over-cautious. She next flushed a bird, and soon afterward flushed another. Up at 11:35. Neither showed a wide range. The greater part of the work, however, was done in cover, which did not admit of wide ranging. Quail showed quickness and accuracy in locating and pointing her birds, but toward the last became overcautious to a damaging extent.

GAIETY AND HEMPSTEAD GAME were cast off at 11:40 and taken up at 12:05. No birds found. Gaiety beat out her ground with judgment and had the better range. Game picked out open ground to run in and dallied with scents too much and too often.

The party went to lunch.

DICK FOX AND KINGSTON—Started at 1:38. Dick made a false point. Kingston got tangled with a bevy in some way. Some who saw it said he flushed an outlying bird, then pointed the bevy; others said he pointed the bevy. The dogs were separated at the time and all the reporters happened to be with Dick. The birds were followed into woods. Dick pointed some scattered birds nicely and was backed well. He next pointed and went on. Soon he pointed, and Rose failed to flush. The spectators afterward flushed the bird close by where the point had been made. Kingston false pointed, Dick backing nicely. Up at 2:15. Both made a poor showing considering their opportunities. Kingston was the wider ranger. Dick was close and slow in his range.

HEMPSTEAD BLOSSOM AND BONAIR—Made an ordinary showing. They began at 2:20 and ended at 2:42. In a stubble near the edge of the pine woods Bonair pointed a bevy. At the same time Blossom dropped to a point, probably on foot scent, as she was only about 20yds, from her competitor. Blossom made two flushes. She appeared to be off her nose.

HOPE'S MINT AND ROD'S SUE—Began at 3:12. Sue pointed in the open field near pine woods. She moved on down wind about 30yds, and pointed again, probably on foot scent. Moved on, and a few yards further down wind a bevy was reached. The judges and handlers flushed the bevy. In woods Sue pointed a single and Mint backed. Moved on. The latter next flushed a bird. In the open field Sue was drawing on a bevy when she flushed one and the rest flushed wild all around. In pine woods on scattered birds Mint flushed a single. The handlers were over eager and flushed a number of birds which they would not have done had they given their dogs a chance. Sue pointed and the bird was flushed after she was ordered on, her handler failing to flush. Sue next ran sharply into a pretty point on a single. Mint flushed a bird. Sue pointed; nothing found. Up at 3:45. Sue much the better performer. Mint made a poor competition in every way.

BELLE OF KENTUCKY AND GRACEFUL II. began at 4:00. Belle roaded nicely about 150yds, to a bevy and pointed it promptly with head and tail erect; steady to shot. The birds were followed. Belle pointed stylishly; nothing found. Belle pointed a bird and it flushed after she moved on. Grace made three flushes and two points. Belle next pointed—foot scent probably. She next pointed a single nicely and held point stanchly till a judge rode up. Grace was roading a bevy in the open and Belle flushed it. Grace pointed scattered birds in woods. Belle pointed a single well. Grace pointed and moved on, and the bird flushed. Belle was much the better performer. She located her birds quickly and showed judgment and enthusiasm.

BESS AND CONSCRIPT.—A delay was caused by the wagons and dogs not being at hand. The brace was started at 4:49 in the open field. Conscript pointed a bird in pine woods and was steady to shot. Bess pointed one well, but was not staunch. Her handler was not near her at the time. Conscript took a long cast in the open stubble and pointed a bevy in a strip of heavy weeds. The birds flushed wild and Conscript remained steady, though his handler was not near. Bess pointed a bird nicely. Soon she made a good point on a bird in the open field. Conscript pointed a bevy in sedge, Bess backing unsteadily. Up at 5:15. Conscript had the greater range.

This ended the day's work. On the way back to town Mr. Avent turned out a captured fox to give a chase. He had some of his pack of foxhounds with him. The poor fox appeared frightened and bewildered. It was difficult to drive him into the woods. He appeared to have more confidence in concealment than in his legs. After some difficulty he was driven into the woods. Soon the dogs were started and the tale is soon told. After a "chase" of three or four hundred yards, piercing tones of distress told that the hounds had captured and were killing the fox. To the writer such seemed to be an act of downright cruelty.

## WEDNESDAY.

The morning opened bright and mildly cool. Birds were found in fair numbers during the day. In the afternoon the temperature was lower, although not uncomfortable. A stiff wind sprung up in the latter part of the day and blew steadily. The conditions were favorable for good work. Mr. Coster did not judge on this day. The judging was done by Messrs. Merriman and Duryea.

### *Third Series.*

BELLE OF KENTUCKY AND BONAIR—Began at 8:56. Belle pointed up wind of a bevy. She abandoned the place, took a cast through the stubble, making game betimes. Bon pointed at the same place, then also took a cast. On returning, Bonair pointed near the same place as at first; he, too, took a cast in the open stubble. Returning, he pointed the bevy near where Belle had first pointed. Steady to wing. On the scattered birds in woods, Bonair roaded to a flush on a bird. Belle next pointed on the scattered birds nicely; Bonair backed. He dropped next to a point on a single and was backed. Up at 9:40. Bonair was the better ranger, though both were irregular, yet diligent and painstaking.

ROD'S SUE AND KINGSTON—Were started at 9:43 in the open. Soon after starting Sue cast beautifully to and fro on a side hill in stubble, gradually narrowing up wind, in her ranging, to a point. It was a beautiful piece of work, but nothing was found to the point. The result proved that there had been birds feeding on the stubble. Over quite an area ahead, both dogs made game. About 200yds. ahead, in a hollow, Kingston pointed; nothing found. Soon afterward, on a side hill in pines, Sue pointed; nothing found. King, after moving on, pointed; nothing found. Sue pointed, then moved on about 100yds. and pointed the bevy, doing a good piece of work. Steady to shot and wing. The scattered birds were followed. Each pointed and was backed and the result was nothing. The dogs were cast off to find another bevy. Across a hollow, Sue pointed; nothing found. Sue found a bevy; she roaded on and pointed it, and Kingston joined in the point. Up at 10:47. Both ranged well. Sue worked out the difficult corners and thickets pluckily and with judgment. Both had good range, but Sue the better. She was cheerfully obedient.

HOPE'S MINT AND CONSCRIPT—Were started at 11:06 in the open field. Conscript flushed three times on scattered birds which had been marked down, and which had been flushed by stray, self-hunting dogs. Mint flushed a bevy and chased. It was a good opportunity to point. Conscript was steady to order. The birds were followed. Conscript pointed a bird nicely. Steady to shot. Conscript pointed a bird and nosed it up. Conscript pointed a bird, then flushed it. Up at 11:40. The heat was a poor one.

BELLE OF KENTUCKY AND BONAIR—Were started at 11:54. Bonair pointed a bevy across wind, and was steady to shot. The birds were followed. Bonair pointed and nothing was found; next he dropped to a point on a single. Bonair was taken up at 12:07 and Belle run alone. She was taken up at 12:18.

The party then went to lunch. After lunch the judges announced the winners as follows: Rod's Sue first, Kingston second, Bonair third.

This ended the Derby.

### The All-Age Stake.

The running in the All-Age Stake was next begun. There were sixteen starters, drawn to run as follows:

Blue Ridge Kennels' chestnut and tan dog Bob Cooper (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie G.), D. E. Rose, handler,
*with*
C. C. M. Hunt's lemon and white dog Grouse (Mainspring—Swain's Fly), S. C. Bradley, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler,
*with*
Major J. R. Purcell's white and tan dog Jupiter (Tom Bowline—Belle C.), handler, owner.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tuckrr, handler,
*with*
Greenfield Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog Harry C. (Roderigo—Countess House), S. C. Bradley, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s liver and white bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.), C. Tucker, handler,
*with*
G. T. Leach's black, white and tan dog Guy (Gladstone's Boy—Lady), S. C. Bradley, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white dog Count Anteo (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl), C. Tucker, handler,
*with*
Westminster Kennel Club's liver and white dog Hempstead Duke (Naso of Kippen—Lass of Bow), A. Cameron, handler.

Avent and Thayer's black, white and tan dog Rupert (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler,
*with*
Fairmont Kennels' lemon and white dog Promotion (Lord Graphic—Belle Bishop), C. Barker, handler.

Hempstead Farm's liver and white dog Sanford Druid (Exon Don—Sanford Quince), A. Cameron, handler,
*with*
Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Gossip (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont), D. E. Rose, handler.

A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liver and white dog Prawn (Crab—Polly Peachem), A. Cameron, handler,
*with*
S. Dill's black, white and tan dog Count Gladstone (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).

Some of the work in this stake was excellent. Lora, the winner of first, particularly distinguished herself by her skillful work on birds, bevies and singles, in this respect she showed quickness, sharpness, rare judgment and accuracy. In ranging she worked out her ground admirably, turning to the whistle and taking her casts properly. She was hunting out likely places for birds and never showed a disposition to select a cast simply because the going was easy. She appeared to be a sweet tempered bitch withal and was most pleasantly obedient.

Count Gladstone was a rather unpopular second. He ranged with fire and dash for awhile, and had a most vigorous appearance of being a worker and finished performer, but his working powers apparently extended but little further than promising appearance. Toward the last he tired perceptibly, and pointed—when he did point—slouchily and often inaccurately. He had opportunities on birds in plenty, but his work on them was bungling and erroneous. Aside from his excellent way of going, which was not sus-

tained, he had less than ordinary merit, and good going without good performance on birds is worthless.

Harry C., third, made a much better all-round showing, though inferior to him only in the one quality of speed and range. Yet his speed and range were well sustained throughout.

Miss Ruby's work throughout the race was of a much higher order, though in her heat with Count Gladstone she did not work independently, the speed of the dog being too great for her to permit working out her ground independently, as she had done in previous heats, he often taking her cast from her. She, however, is a bitch of excellent working powers.

*First Series.*

BOB COOPER AND GROUSE began at 1:35. Grouse showed a most determined intention to find birds and was quick, accurate and sharp in his work. Bob made a poor showing.

LORA AND JUPITER.—Down at 2:40 in an open weed field. Lora soon pointed a bevy; Jupiter backed nicely, and both were steady to shot. This was a good piece of work. Lora pointed a bird in woods. She next pointed a bevy and Jupiter backed. Both steady to shot and Jupiter retrieved nicely. Up at 3:22. Lora showed excellent abilities.

MISS RUBY AND HARRY C. began at 3:26. Miss pointed a bevy prettily in the open and began what was the best heat of the meeting up to that time; Harry backed to caution. Both were steady to shot. Miss pointed a single, and next stopped to wing on a bevy. On the scattered birds Harry made three good points, Miss behaving steadily and backed when she had opportunity, both doing good work. On the scattered birds, Harry stopped to a point as a bird flushed. Both ranged well and worked on birds skillfully. Their performance was very superior. Up at 3:55.

ANTEVOLO AND GUY.—They began at 4:00 and were ordered up at 4:18: No birds. The wind had been gradually rising. This ended the day's work.

## THURSDAY.

Birds were found in sufficient numbers to make a fair competition notwishstanding that a stiff cold wind blew steadily from the north. The weather was clear. The judiciary was strengthened by the appearance of Mr. Coster for active service this day, he having been absent yesterday from the arduous duties of the judgeship. Mr. Coster went calmly through a couple of heats, where after the strong constitutional *ennui* irresistibly asserted itself, and by easy stages he detached himself from the active duties of judging and at last returned to town. These remarks are not intended in a spirit of censure. Quite the contrary. All praise is due a man who can judge dogs at a field trial satisfactorily, at the same time being elsewhere. Or, being



CASTLEMAN'S REX,

Winner First, Pointer All-Age Stake, Columbus, Ind., 1892.

present, can judge accurately by riding comfortably at the rear. An aversion to effort always marks a keen perception of what is comfortable. I have been accused of a robust constitutional *ennui* myself, and it is such a polite term that no one having heard it would use the term laziness instead. Nevertheless, it is not a good accomplishment to imitate. Three active industrious judges are better. The judges to-day were Messrs. Duryea and Merriman, with Mr. Coster now and then part of the day. The question of what a judge is for, is not herein considered.

ANTEVOLO AND GUY were started at 9:06. Guy made game in open weeds and pointed up wind of the birds. Antevolo about 50yds. down wind dropped to a point on the bevy and was steady to shot. On the scattered birds in woods, Antevolo pointed; nothing found. Guy pointed the scattered birds. He next picked up two good single bird points and was backed. Steady to shot. Good work. Guy next made a barren point, and was backed. Each next got a good point on single birds. Up at 9:34. Guy took wide casts and beat out his ground with judgment. Antevolo showed a fairly good range.

COUNT ANTEO AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Were started at 9:50. Count pointed and Duke backed. Nothing found Count drew on and pointed again, and Duke, about 150yds. away, backed prettily. Moved on and Count found and pointed the bevy. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds Duke pointed one in heavy weeds, then flushed one. At the same time Count pointed a bird a few yards away. Up at 10:25. Both worked with good judgment and ranged fairly well.

RUPERT AND PROMOTION—Began at 10:30. Promotion, in open field, pointed a bevy and held his point staunchly some minutes. Rupert was disobedient and could not be brought in in time to back. Both were steady to shot. In woods Promotion pointed a single and Rupert backed. Promotion nosed up a bird in grass. He next roaded to a flush on a bevy which Rupert was pointing. Promotion next pointed a bird. Up at 11:16. Rupert was by far the wider ranger. Promotion was troubled with *ennui* betimes.

SANFORD'S DRUID AND GOSSIP—Began at 11:19. Some birds were marked down. Both made some unsatisfactory points. After beating about in the woods awhile Druid cast out into the open field a short distance and pointed another bevy. Gossip pointed a single. Both were steady to shot. Up at 11:52. Both ranged fairly well.

PRAWN AND COUNT GLADSTONE.—Off at 12:05. Count pointed a bevy in thick cover. He next nicely pointed a single bird in pine woods. Each made a point which proved worthless. Up at 11:54. Count ranged fast and well.

After lunch the judges announced that there were twelve dogs in the second series. They ran as given herewith.

*Second Series.*

LORA AND BOB COOPER.—Lora made an excellent showing on scattered birds. The heat began at 2:51. A bevy was seen to flush about 150yds. ahead in an open sedge field, and Lora was in that vicinity. It could not be seen what was the cause of the flush. Lora pointed twice nicely, and Bob flushed the second bird from her point. Bob next pointed footscent. Rose's gun accidently discharged, the contents going up in the air. It is a most praiseworthy manner of discharging a gun accidentally, if accident there must be. Some of the handlers when flushing have the gun bearing on the judges and they (the handlers) do not seem to suffer the least alarm. The handlers all like the judges. A judge, moreover, is not made in a day; therefore, handlers, please be careful. Lora pointed a rat near an old pen, and Bob



A. T. QUICK,

Chairman Field Trial Committee, A. F. T. Club.

false pointed twice. Bob was the speedier. Lora worked her ground with good judgment and made a praiseworthy exhibition on scattered birds.

GROUSE AND COUNT ANTEO.—Began at 3:30. Grouse false-pointed and was backed. Count pointed a bird on a side-hill. Up at 4:08 Both were industrious and speedy. A large part of the heat was in hard going or cover. The opportunities on birds were few.

GUY AND RUPERT—Began at 4:17. Both pointed a bevy; that is, when the judges and reporters saw them they were so doing, but which, if either, got the point first, will never be known. Both pointed the scattered birds in woods. Each made a point on bare ground; footscent probably. Rupert made a false point in the open. Guy pointed in the open He moved on, making game. Rupert then was sent on and pointed near the same place where Guy had pointed. Guy cast off in the wrong direction. Rupert was sent to the opposite course and in about 40yds. pointed the bevy, which flushed wild. The birds were followed. Rupert was very disobedient and required a deal of loud whistling and orders to get him to work on any system. Rupert pointed a bird on the point of a side hill. He next pointed a bird and at the same time Guy flushed one and was a little unsteady. Avent flushed a bird and killed it. It fell in front of Guy a moment after he had made the flush mentioned and he ran to it and retrieved.

ANTEVOLO AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Were started at 5:00 They ranged moderately well. Antevolo pointed larks. She moved forward and flushed larks; kept on about 20yds. and pointed for a moment, then moved on and flushed a bevy. In woods, Antevolo pointed and Duke pointed or backed, seemingly the latter, but a bird was flushed near by him by his handler. Next, Duke made a point and Antevolo a flush. Antevolo went on about 15yds. and pointed a bird, and Duke going on behind pointed where Antevolo had just flushed. Up at 5:21.

## FRIDAY.

Mild, clear weather favored the trials. Birds were found in sufficient numbers for a good competition. Messrs. Dur-



SEC'Y W. J. BECK,

American Field Trial Club.

yea and Merriman were the judges. The stake was concluded on this day. The competition was fairly good.

GOSSIP AND HARRY C. began at 9:12. Gossip pointed near a bevy, then moved on. Harry, coming in, pointed the bevy, which flushed as the handlers walked to it. At 9:23 Harry was ordered up and Gossip sent on alone after the scattered birds. She failed to take advantage of several good opportunities to secure points and flushed four times in succession, being off her nose apparently. Up at 9:35. Harry was much the better ranger.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND MISS RUBY were started at 9:45. Count flushed a bevy by a fence. On the scattered birds Count pointed one and was steady to shot. At the same time Miss Ruby pointed or backed. Sent on, Miss wheeled prettily to a point on a single, Count turned when called by his handler, caught scent and pointed near Miss. Count was headstrong and disobedient. He pointed a single in woods. The judges here cautioned the handlers against rushing. The caution was much needed, for, some of the time it was more like chasing birds than securing points. Besides, it made the judges look undignified when wildly running through the woods, and it distressed the reporters to work so hard. There is too much enthusiasm when the reporters keep up with the judges, when the judges keep up with the handlers and the handlers try to keep up with the dogs. Count false-pointed in woods. In the open he ranged with great dash and speed, but not with the best of judgment in beating out his ground. One of the handlers flushed a bevy which was marked down in an open field. Miss pointed the scattered birds. The handlers were again kindly but firmly cautioned to take their time, which again was a good thing in itself, and a much needed precedent for all judges to note. There is no reason for handlers to rush frantically through scattered birds, wildly whistling and shouting at their dogs, and there is no justification for it when done. Miss pointed a bird in thicket and Count backed or joined in the point. Miss pointed; nothing found. Miss was ordered up at 10:36 and Count sent on alone. Count pointed in sedge; nothing was found, but a bird flushed near horses too far away for him to point. Count pointed again; foot scent perhaps. He flushed a bird, next he flushed scattered birds. Up at 10:37 after showing a very inferior performance on birds. He pointed often in poor style, was hesitating and uncertain on trail, and lost many opportunities to point. Miss did not range independently through the heat, and Count fell off in pace and range toward the last.

This ended the second series.

*Third Series.*

LORA AND RUPERT—Began at 10:46. Rupert opened the bird work by a flush on a bevy. Lora beat out her ground with excellent judgment. She crossed a hollow and pointed a bevy in the open near the edge of pine woods. Rupert backed. Steady to shot. Sent on, Lora pointed a bevy in stubble; good work. On the scattered birds, Rupert pointed one. Up at 11:39. Rupert was hard to handle. Lora showed excellent judgment in her work.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND HARRY C. were cast off at 11:59. Count soon showed signs of fatigue. He made a false point. Sent on, he again false pointed, one of them unmistakably so, for his handler beat out the cover thoroughly ahead of him without finding, the dog meantime standing staunchly. Harry was working on separate ground and flushed a single Up at 12:25. Harry went better, judgment and range both considered. Count's poor showing was enough to put him out of the race, for he really had not done one pretty piece of work on birds, while he had made many errors.

HARRY C. AND RUPERT.—After lunch, at 2:19, they were



GLENMORE KENNELS' FINGLAS,

Winner First, All-Age Irish Setter Stake, and Absolute Winner, Columbus, Ind., 1892.

started. Rupert false pointed and Harry backed. Harry pointed a bevy and got a good point on one of the scattered birds. Up at 2:59. Rupert had a slight advantage in speed, while Harry was a much better worker on birds.

LORA AND COUNT GLADSTONE.—They were started at 3:27. Count pointed a bevy slouchily up wind of it. His handler, walking up to him, flushed it. The birds were followed. Lora soon pointed and a bird flushed wild some yards away. Lora moved on, her handler moved forward, too, and the scattered birds flushed wild all around. Count made a false point. Lora pointed a bird and Count flushed it. Count made a false point. Lora made a good point on dry leaves. Lora flushed a bird. Count pointed; nothing found. Lora pointed a bird nicely on dry leaves. Count pointed in pines; nothing found. Count flushed a single bird. In the open Lora pointed a bevy and was backed by Count. Both were steady to shot. Count had demonstrated that he could do no better on birds, and it was difficult for him to do worse. On the scattered birds he made a point on one. He next pointed a dead bird. Lora took a cast across a hollow and was lost for several minutes. She was found pointing a single bird. Count was showing weariness, shortening range and speed. Sent on, Lora pointed a bevy. In woods each got a point on a single bird. Count pointed two birds in a hollow in a thicket. Lora pointed twice nicely on singles. Count pointed on footscent. Up at 4:29 and the competition was ended.

The judges soon announced that Lora won first, Count Gladstone won second and Harry C. third.

The stake was open to all pointers and setters which had never won a first prize in any open stake at any recognized field trial in America, First prize $500, second $250, third $150. Forfeit $10 and $20 additional to fill.

A fox hunt was arranged to take place after the trials ended. A drag was run to where the fox was turned loose, and the hounds killed the fox within 200yds. of where he was started. It is poor sport when conducted in this manner.

### The Champion Stake.

There were five starters in this stake, all famous competitors and winners. These were two pointers and three setters. The pointer Rip Rap added a most important victory to his own list of winnings and to the credit of the breed at large. He appeared to be in his oldtime form with the added accomplishments which come with time and experience. He was more obedient, and the wilfulness exhibited last year was hardly apparent this year.

Rip Rap is a handsomely built dog and his pace is swift and well sustained. He picks out the likely places for birds and goes to them with judgment and skill. On scattered birds he works quickly and accurately, carrying a high nose. His work is uniform and he makes few errors. He was closely pressed for the prize by that excellent performer, Lora, and won from her on a very narrow margin.

The following is the order of running:

The Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch Maid of Kent (King of Kent—Hops), C. E. Buckle handler,
*with*
Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan setter bitch Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Orlando (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler,
*with*
Greenfield Hill Kennels' black and white setter dog Rowdy Rod (Roderigo—Juno A.), S. C. Bradley, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white and ticked pointer dog Rip Rap (King of Kent—Hops), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler, a bye.

SATURDAY.

The weather was mild and pleasant. Part of the afternoon was uncomfortably warm, and hardly any breeze was perceptible. Messrs. Duryea and Merriman were the judges.

MAID OF KENT AND LORA were started at 9:05. Maid flushed a bevy in the open. Lora pointed a bevy. Steady to shot, Lora pointed a bird nicely. Maid made a no-bird point. In going up a side-hill, both dogs were ahead, out of sight. A bevy was seen to flush near them. Maid pointed some scattered birds, Lora pointed, no bird; footscent probably. In an open field, Lora pointed. Nothing found. Maid backed prettily. Up at 10:35. Lora ranged the better and showed excellent judgment in beating out her ground. She also was quicker and sharper on her birds.

ORLANDO AND ROWDY ROD were started at 10:38. Rowdy soon pointed a bevy. Orlando brought up to back, pointed the same bevy. Worked on the scattered birds, Orlando pointed; no bird. In the open, Orlando pointed a single bird well. He next pointed one, then, moving on, flushed one. Rowdy pointed one which flushed wild, He next made a point to which there was nothing. Orlando pointed a bird in woods. His next point proved barren. Rowdy in pines pointed a bird well. Orlando pointed; Rowdy backed; nothing found. Orlando next pointed a bevy, which flushed wild in the open. Working on scattered birds, Orlando pointed; nothing found. Rowdy pointed a bird and was backed. Orlando roaded on trail and a bird flushed wild. He next pointed uncertainly; nothing found. They were cast off in the open, Orlando was lost. When found he was pointing a bevy. On the scattered birds, Orlando made four points on singles and stopped once to wing. Rowdy backed. He flushed one bird. They were sent on for another bevy. Soon both struck a trail and made game. They went on the back track at first, then roaded into the woods and lost the trail. Working on and returning through the thicket, the bevy was flushed. Orlando pointed a bird and was steady to shot. Rowdy pointed; no bird. He next dropped to a point on a single. Up at 12:06. Both made errors in locating and pointed on scent. They ranged fairly well.

RIP RAP was run alone after lunch, starting at 1:51. He made good finds on two bevies. Two more bevies were found. He made eleven points on singles and scattered birds, and flushed but two or three. Up at 2:43. He went with dash and confidence, was quick and firm in his points, ranged with judgment, and was under good control.

*Second Series.*

ORLANDO AND LORA.—Started at 2:50. A good deal of work was done in this heat. Many times Orlando showed indecision and an indication to stop on scent and foot scent. Lora ranged with better judgment, was quicker and more accurate in her work on birds, her work in this respect being admirable. The heat ended at 3:19. Mr. Avent was told by the judges to hold Orlando in reserve, that he might or might not be called to run again.

LORA AND RIP RAP—Began at 3:30. Soon after starting Rip found and pointed a bevy. Lora, 30yds. away, backed nicely. On the scattered birds, Lora made two good points on singles and flushed one. Rip pointed one nicely. Rip turned down the valley about 150yds. and pointed a single. Up at 3:42. The race was very close.

RIP RAP AND ORLANDO—Were cast off at 3:49. Rip pointed, roaded on carefully to locate and, drawing a trifle too close, flushed a bird and the rest of the birds flushed wild. Orlando pointed up wind of scattered birds. Rip pointed a single nicely on a side hill in pines and was backed. The bird flushed wild. Rip showed better speed, range and judgment in searching, and he was more accurate and skillful in his work. Up at 4:13.

The judges promptly declared Rip Rap the winner, and he undoubtedly is the grandest pointer, taken all in all, of which the public has knowledge at the present day.

This finished the trials. B. WATERS.

## PHILADELPHIA K. C. TRIALS.

HIGH POINT, Nov. 27.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Derby of the Philadelphia Kennel Club was drawn to-night and had twenty-one starters, namely: Rod's Sue with Hempstead Game, Delphic Duke—Conscript, Tan—Bonair, Rosebud—Hempstead Blossom, Dot Rogers—Sandy Gladstone, Maiden Mine—Lochinvar, Hamlet—Delphic Daisy, Report—Graceful II., Roger's Spark—Kingston, Chevalier—Redemption, Brighton Clip, a bye.

It will be seen that this is largely a repetition of the Eastern Derby, thirteen of the twenty-one starters having run in it. The weather is threatening a rainstorm.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 28.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Derby commenced this morning with twenty-two starters. Weather cloudy, favorable for good work. Hempstead Game was inferior to Rod's Sue in judgment, ranging and on birds. Game was speedy, but liked the soft places. Conscript was run with Fan and did an average heat. Bonair and Hope's Bud worked well and merrily, but were too keen on birds. Dot Rogers out-pointed Hempstead Blossom, finding birds and doing well on singles. Sandy Gladstone and Maiden Mine ran an ordinary heat in favor of Maiden. Lochinvar and Report did not find birds. Hamlet did better work in ranging than Graceful, though the latter was speedy. Rogers Spark and Delphic Duke were next down, the latter handled by a negro. After running about 20 minutes the handlers protested Delphic's handler on account of color, declaring that they would not work with him. Club then retired Delphic Daisy and Delphic Duke. Redemption in heat with Kingston was outclassed. Brighton Clip and Chevalier ran well, the former doing capital work on singles. Hoosier Girl, in her bye, did but ordinary work.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 29.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Twelve were kept in second series. Dot Rogers and Chevalier first down, the former faster, and better ranger and more independent; Dot unfortunately gave chase once. Lochinvar and Report, though put down on marked birds, failed to point. Bonair and Graceful ran for an hour, but were inferior in work. Hope's Bud and Hempstead Blossom did mixed work, irregular in ranging, though speedy. Rod's Sue outpointed Hoosier Girl in every way. Hamlet proved superior to Brighton Clip in range and speed, the latter showing good nose and pointing well, but not courageous enough on birds. Lochinvar ran alone to test bird work; was only ordinary. Rod's Sue and Hamlet ran in the final. The bitch was higher class all through, speedier and better ranger, very obedient and a merry worker. Judges decided Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Rod's Sue first, Avent & Thayer's Hamlet second, Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Dot Rogers third. The All-Age has twenty starters, namely: Bettie's Guy with Prawn, Harry C. with Lena, Count Anteo with Coleraine, Count Gladstone with Grouse, Rupert with Jupiter, Hempstead Duke with Miss Ruby, Pete with Finglas, Merlin with Brighton Tobe, Antevolo with Heinenken, Lora a bye. B. WATERS.

## OHIO FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE Ohio Field Trials Club was organized late in the summer with the following officers: President, Daniel Cobaugh; First Vice-President, Henry Weber; Second Vice-President, Dr. J. M. Meyer; Secretary, A. H. Smith; Treasurer, W. F. Koons.

This organization was effected too late in the season to expect a large entry, particularly from outside, very few field trial patrons knowing of its existence. Hereafter it will be a go and open to all. The trials were run on the club's preserve midway from Canton and Massillon, on the line of the Inter-Urban Electric R. R., connecting the two cities. The grounds are beautifully situated and well adapted for trials. All the fields are in a high state of cultivation, principally in wheat, which insures plenty of cover and feed for the birds, which are quite plenty.

All the corn is cut in this section and the fields are covered with what is known here as tumble grass, which bears a seed a favorite feed of the Bob White. About 4,000 acres are under control of the club. The electric road runs through it. A switch, or siding, and a telephone office are on the grounds. The cars pass here every thirty minutes. Dogs are carried to the grounds free. The fare for the round trip is 10 cents. Handlers competing here are at this expense only for themselves and dogs, and should bear this in mind when making their entries. A large bank barn on the grounds is open for the accommodation of dogs free—no $1 or $2 stalls, no rigs to hire and no saddle horses are used. The country is open and rolling, no briars or dense thickets to run in. Every dog and handler has a fair field and no favor. The drawing for the trials took place in the parlor of the Hurford House, Canton, Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, and resulted as follows:

For pointer and setter puppies whelped on and after Jan. 1—First prize, Hurford House special silver cup; other specials for second and third by business men of the city. All dogs were handled by owners.

### The Derby.

W. F. Kron's orange and white English setter dog Ranger Caper (Caper Dick—Daisy,
*with*
H. Strunk's liver and white pointer bitch Daisy Beaufort (Don Croxteth—Lady Beaufort IV.).

W. L. Alexander's black and tan setter bitch Belle Lorain (Pilot—Ruby),
*with*
J. O. Eckroat's black pointer bitch Niger Ale (Springfield—Lady Beaufort).

A. H. Smith's blue belton English setter dog Handy S. (Paul H.—Belle Bardell), a bye.

At the finish Belle Lorain, quite a good puppy, with lots of bird sense, a good nose, staunch and steady to wing and shot, good disposition and obedient, won first. The rest in order: Second, Ranger Caper; third, Handy S.; fourth, Daisy Beaufort.

### The All-Aged Pointer Stake

was run next in the following order:

G. V. L. Mellinger's liver and white pointer dog Moxie (Springfield—Lady Beaufort)
*with*
P. W. Swartz's liver and white pointer dog Don Croxteth, by Croxteth.

H. Strunk's liver and white bitch Lady Beaufort (Jerry Lady—Beaufort II.)
*with*
A. Dannemiller's liver and white dog Damon.

C. E. Alexander's liver and white dog Dick
*with*
J. O. Eckroate's black and white bitch Gipsey G.

G. E. Leininger's liver and white bitch Primrose (Vanitus Bang—Bird Eye)
*with*
H. Loeffler's liver and white dog Cirge.

The work in this stake, taken as a whole, was only fair, a good deal of pottering, Moxie alone doing good, first class work, and was awarded the prize. The others in the order below:

First, Moxie; second, Primrose; third, Lady Beaufort.

### All-Age Stake.

Ten and one-half brace faced the judge in the All-Age Setter Stake. Some of the work was dull and listless while other was cheerful, prompt and in good style. The poorer dogs were weeded out after the first series and the remainder were soon gotten into good shape after the first and second prize winners had run together. The following was the order of running:

J. L. Arnold's black and tan dog Penn (Front—Bess)
*with*
W. L. Alexander's black dog Scout.

W. J. Alexander's black dog Sailor
*with*
W. F. Koon's orange and white dog Dick Caper (Caper Dick—Daisy).

W. Weber's black dog Front (Blain—Queen)
*with*
Daniel Colargh's black dog Fred.

J. Mackerly's black and white bitch (Royal Ranger—Daisy Queen)
*with*
A. C. Hall's black and white dog Ranger.

B. Cornell's black dog Duke (Royal Ranger—Melborn)
*with*
Dr. J. M. Myer's black and white bitch Matrix (Gun—Blitzen).

First went to Penn, a nice, upstanding black and tan dog, has an elegant nose, so staunch on point, steady to wing and shot, obedient to command, ordinarily fast, a wide, careful ranger, attends strictly to business and endowed with an abundance of bird sense, perhaps a trifle slow among scattered birds.

Second to Scout, an all black dog, very large and leggy, prone to potter, contracted in his range and speed, but has an elegant nose, is very staunch, steady to shot and wing, and obedient to command.

Third divided between Matrix and Duke, the first a nice little black and white bitch, a merry, stylish hunter, and in time will make a good one, is now 14mos. old. The fates were against her. Duke is nice mover, an oldtimer, fit to retire or be sheared.

First Penn, second Scout, third Matrix and Duke.

*Absolute Winner.*

The prize, an elegant solid gold medal. The running was begun on Thursday at 1 o'clock, between the pointer Moxie and the black and tan setter Penn, and cast off in a large clover and stubblefield. They started off rather tardily, but warmed up soon and ranged wide and well, Moxie being the quicker and at times faster.

The clover proved blank as well as a corn and wheat stubble. In making a cast off to the right in the fourth field Moxie dropped to a bevy about 100yds. away. He maintained his point nicely until Penn was brought up to back which he did promptly. The birds were flushed by Mr. Mellinger. Both dogs steady to wing and shot. When cast away Penn found an out-lying bird that failed to go with the covey. Moxie pointed next and this was duplicated by Penn. Cast away, Moxie dropped to a point and as he did so three birds flushed. Ordered on Moxie quickly pinned another. Cast again Penn comes in and finds one, Moxie makes a rush and drops to a beautiful point, then another and another. His quick, snappy way of getting to his game, and his elegant nose and great bird sense won for him the admiration of the spectators, who were invited by the judge to witness the heat, and the absolute prize of the Ohio Field Trials Club.

While Penn is not an ordinary dog by any means, he was outclassed in company with Moxie, whose work on scattered birds could hardly be excelled. His quickness and precision in locating game was grand. Down 40m. The winner is a nice bodied little dog, stoutly built, hunts for body scent, but at times is apt to go to foot. Very stanch and steady, and all right if let alone; a very good dog poorly handled. He is a grandson of Mainspring. The club furnished lunch for everybody. At 3 o'clock all boarded the cars and in a few minutes everybody was in town. John Bolus, of Wooster, O., did the judging, which from appearances and the manner in which every one took their medicine gave universal satisfaction. Thus ended the first Ohio field trials.

KILLBUCK.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 28.—The morning train yesterday stopped at High Point according to schedule. It did so the day before and probably will do so to-morrow, but it will be a long time before such a galaxy of field trial talent alights from it again. There were a large part of the Philadelphia Kennel Club and many of its admirers. Among them were Col. B. Ridgway, Germantown, Pa.; Walter B. Smith, St. Davids, Pa.; Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; E. W. Clark, Jr., S. Murray Mitchell, Henry G. Sunnott, J. H. Winslow, W. G. Wilson, E. G. Dougherty, Francis G. Taylor, F. S. Brown, Gerhard Schriever, Alex. Glass, John Mink and Charles H. Phelps, Philadelphia; W. Tallman, New York, and J. Leisinning. All were apparently in good spirits, and eager for the morrow with its competition.

### Rip Rap and Maid of Kent.

I mentioned, in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, having seen a photograph of a painting by Mr. Ed. Osthaus, of Toledo, O. It represents a most spirited and realistic field scene. Rip Rap is on a point and Maid of Kent is backing, each one in a spirited attitude. The coloring is most exquisitely fine and the portraits are excellent. Mr. Osthaus has visited the trials here this year and already has had a number of orders for portraits placed with him. Some portraits of Rod's Sue, Antevolo, Count Anteo, Conscript and Cosette, taken since his arrival, excite much admiration.

### Field Trial Grounds.

The signs seem to indicate that it is a mistake for two clubs to hold their trials on the same grounds. There are many reasons against it. The birds are so constantly disturbed and persecuted the first week that they go into hiding, are difficult to find, and are wild and cunning in the second week. Moreover, dogs which competed in the trials of one club, in the first week, have learned the grounds, the haunts of the bevies, etc., and have a positive advantage over dogs which have made their beginning in the trials of the second week.

All else being equal, a dog which knows the grounds and the haunts of the bevies will make his competitor look very inferior in a competition on such grounds. It may be an advantage to the club financially, but it is not for the best interests of a competition. Of course it may be inexpedient for a small club to own or lease grounds of its own, hence such club can only do the best it can. But there is a disposition on the part of the larger and stronger clubs to use the same grounds, as a record of the trials will show.

### A New Stake.

An effort is being made here to inaugurate a new subscription stake, to be run under the auspices of the U. S. F. T. C., at New Albany, Miss., next February. Mr. Pierre Lorillard and J. M. Avent have signified their intention to subscribe to it if at least two more can be secured. Subscription $250 each. The heats to be seven hours long, three hours in the forenoon and four hours in the afternoon. With two ready to subscribe, it would seem to be almost a certainty that two more will be anxious to do so. It will be a most thorough test and will settle some questions of long standing relative to the endurance of the modern setter, if it takes place. Unfortunately, it often happens that, from the owner's standpoint, good dogs are most plentiful when the opportunity for competition is furthest away.

The famous English setter bitch Daisy Hunter, owned by Mr. J. A. Hunter, Bloomington, Ind., strayed from Mr. Hunter's home on Nov. 16, and has not since been heard from. She is a valuable bitch. Mr. Hunter has offered $100 reward for her return. If she has been killed, he offers $50 reward to any one who will give him information of the person who did it. Daisy has orange ears, a white and orange ticked body, has only nine teats, is about 45lbs. in weight and is handsomely built. Any one having knowledge of her whereabouts could not do a better deed in sportsmanship than to notify Mr. Hunter.

B. WATERS.

## GLOVERSVILLE DOG SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club is feeling mighty smiling this season. They have secured the large rink in Gloversville for their show. It is almost in the heart of the city and is large enough to bench 300 dogs, besides having plenty of room for the poultry exhibit and a large judging ring. The specials are coming in in great shape, and inquiries from all over the country for premium lists, which will be out Dec. 1 or thereabouts. Mr. C. H. Mason is to judge all classes and the Glove City will surely be heard from this year.

We invite the whole fraternity and promise the fanciers a good time. F. B. ZIMMER, Sec'y.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 26.

An important move was consummated during the Brooklyn show in fox-terrier circles. Mr. C. D. Purroy and "our only" German Hopkins have joined forces, and the Grove Kennels will now be under the joint proprietorship. They have already about a dozen bitches and one or two promising young dogs and intend importing a good dog for stud purposes. Mr. Purroy has been successful in making both ends meet with his kennel so far, and we all know what Mr. Hopkins is with a fox-terrier, so another year may see them prominent in the fox-terrier world as "breeders, exhibitors and owners." We hope so.

Mr. W. C. Reick's crack St. Bernard arrived on the steamship Teutonic last Wednesday in good condition. We shall defer further notice of this celebrated dog until we have had an opportunity to see him.

# DOG CHAT.

## Central Field Trials.

We have received the following communication from the secretary of the Central Field Trials Club: "Nov. 27, 1893, Central Field Trials at Lexington, N. C.—C. H. Odell, Sec'y."

Messrs Guy Welton and Thos. Blake have been appointed a committee to confer with the A. K. C. about dates for the City of the Straits first dog show next spring.

Realizing that next year the Brooklyn show must be a greater one than that held last week, the N. G. C. are in hopes that they can secure the Twenty-third Regiment armory. The attendance last week was said to have been nearly 18,000.

Seminole Kennels purchased during the Brooklyn show the Irish setters Young Glencho and Tim's Dandy, the latter second and the former vhc. reserve in the open dog class. This purchase will still further strengthen Dr. Sauveur's good team.

The judging of the specials given by Messrs. Alesop & Sons at Brooklyn Thursday evening, was one of the events of the show. Mr. Huntington's Russian wolfhounds made a grand showing and there was little hesitation in giving him the ribbon for the best owned by a resident of Brooklyn. The other special was for the New Yorkers on the same basis. The Hempstead Farm Kennels showed 5 pointers, 5 collies, 2 bulldogs, 2 Irish setters and 4 wire-haired fox-terriers. Messrs. Rutherfurd, 5 smooth fox-terriers; Retnor Kennels, 4 bull-terriers; Tubby Hook Kennels, 4 bull-terriers, 1 greyhound and 1 foxhound; Woodlawn Kennels, 4 greyhounds; A. E. Foster, 3 spaniels; Col. Ruppert, 5 St. Bernards; E. A. Manice, 7 dachshunds; F. Senn, 5 toy spaniels. These made a splendid display, and as the special was for best exhibit, several very level teams had to go out and the issue was left between Hempstead Farm and Col. Ruppert. Taking it altogether the decision that gave the "ale" to the former could not be cavilled at. Mr. Mortimer has made his presence felt in the firm already.

During the judging of fox-terriers at Brooklyn a lady was heard to remark, "Well, Mr. Belmont may be a handsome man, but I don't like his style of dress," alluding to "our only German's" gaiters.

Mr. John Hefferman has had little luck with his St. Bernard bitch Lady Hibernia that he purchased from Mr. Booth. She died last Sunday week from the effects of poison. The death of this bitch is much to be regretted, as she was undoubtedly the best on the Pacific coast.

Frank F. Dole has sold Sir Rudolph and some bull-terrier pups to a fancier in Massachusetts.

The National Greyhound Club held a meeting Nov. 25 at the close of Brooklyn show. The Luse case was brought up and Mr. Luse suspended and ordered to show cause before February, 1893, meeting why he should not be disqualified for entering a greyhound in the Derby at the late Great Bend coursing meeting, that was over age. The case of Mr. Purbeck and Echo was referred to a committee, and Mr. Whiton's resignation as vice-president was laid on the table.

There is some slight difference between baby shoes and raw meat. The resemblance in parcels, however, led to an amusing incident at Brooklyn. Mr. Whiton giving Andy McGregor a small parcel of what he supposed was scraps that his servant had put up for Lord Neverstill, Andy in a hurry threw paper and all to the dog, when a handsome pair of new baby shoes fell out before his Lordship, who naturally turned up his nose at such lean fodder, and Andy hurried away.

Owing to the change of time in going to press last week, several telegrams from our representative, Mr. Waters, giving results of winning at the E. F. T. C. trials, arrived too late.

Mr. A. F. Hochwalt, of Dayton, Ohio, writes us that he and Mr. Windle have purchased the well-known pointer Rush of Lad (19,521). He is by champion Bow out of Gladiola, she by Naso of Kippen out of Glauca. Lad is a young dog, but he has already sired some good ones, chief among which may be mentioned Lad of Rush, who won first in the recent U. S. trials Pointer Derby. He will be placed in the public stud after the shooting season.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

AS a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite uct from the award by the committee.

# Yachting.

MR. HERRESHOFF writes us that the formula suggested by him in which bulk is employed as a divisor with the purpose of increasing the size of body, is as follows: $L \times \frac{\sqrt{S.A.}}{15\sqrt[3]{D}}$ or $L \times \frac{\sqrt{S.A.}}{15\sqrt[3]{T}}$, D representing displacement and T the gross Custom House tonnage. The first formula would probably attain the end in view, but there is a practical difficulty in its application, in that it would be necessary to dock each vessel and have her lines taken by the measurer; also making public the displacement, the very element which designers strive hardest to conceal. To the second formula, the one favored by Mr. Herreshoff, two serious objections present themselves; in the first place, Custom House tonnage fails to measure modern yachts, being inaccurate in all cases, and opening the way to endless discussion in the case of some new craft. In the second place, such tonnage would still place a premium on boat in the air in place of boat in the water, and would so contribute to long ends and excessive freeboard at the expense of under-water body.

IN commenting on the case of pilot Walsh and the yacht Amelia, the *Marine Journal* calls for a U. S. statute preventing any amateur sailor from navigating any craft in the North River below Harlem, this side of Riker's Island in the East River, or above Bay Ridge in the Bay. Such a measure as this would be as ridiculous as the ruling of the Inspectors of Steam Vessels in the Medusa case, that it was a yacht's duty at all times to get out of the way of a tugboat. In the case of the Amelia it was clearly proven that the yacht was run into while on her course and with proper lights displayed.

WHATEVER the opinion may be as to the merits of the changes recommended by the council of the Y. R. A., every credit is due to that body for the fair and thorough manner in which the recent inquiry, like that preceding the adoption of the present rule in 1887, has been carried out. The full minutes of the evidence, a copy of which we have just received, bear testimony to the liberal nature and wide scope of the investigation, and make most interesting reading. We hope to quote from them at length next week.

WHILE there is nothing radical in the proposed changes, the council, as we think, wisely, declining to attempt to dictate as to form, detail and construction of hull, the recommendations as to marking of waterline, limitation of crew, and measurement of fore triangle are all excellent. No doubt the inquiry, with the possibility of amending the rule at any time when the necessity is apparent, will exercise a certain restraining influence on the freaks.

THE Council has positively declined to tax either fore or after overhang, its view of the matter being similar to that advanced by FOREST AND STREAM, that excessive overhang at either end carries its own penalty.

THE Herreshoff 84-footer, now well advanced, has been thus far as carefully guarded as Thistle was, and with even less cause. It is very amusing, after the abuse which it showered on Mr. Watson and the Royal Clyde Y. C., to read the Boston *Herald's* justification of the American firm for doing precisely the same thing. What is still more amusing is that forced admission by the *Herald* that its alleged dimensions and elements of the new yacht are pronounced incorrect by the Herreshoffs.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention this week to the abuse of the term "rating," which has become so general in this country. No American yacht clubs recognize a rating rule, and none have ever adopted an official definition of the term rating; and under the secircumstances it is absurd and misleading to employ a term having already one specific meaning to yachtsmen which is widely different from several attached to it in this country.

LORD DUNRAVEN has laid down his views on international racing in an article in the *North American Review* for December, the subject being treated in a very broad and liberal manner. One remark is of especial interest at this time: "No challenge ever has been made or will be made under the terms of that [the new] deed."

## British Measurement Rules.

The inquiry into the present and prospective results of the Y. R. A. rating rule which was instituted by the Y. R. A. last August has just terminated, the following report appearing in the *Field* of Nov. 19:

A meeting of the Council of the Yacht Racing Association was held at the Royal London Yacht Club, Nov. 15, to consider the report of the Measurement Committee and the evidence of the yacht designers on the rule for the rating of yachts in competitive sailing. There were present Sir G. C. Lampson, Bart. (in the chair), Major Frank Willan, Major P. Hewitt, Mr. A. Manning, Mr. W. M. Dumaqe, Col. A. D. McGregor, Mr. T. B. C. West, Mr. C. E. Newton-Robinson, Mr. G. E. Lake, Mr. W. Baden Powell, Sir G. A. Leach, G. C. B., and Mr. Frederick Cox.

The committee and the yacht designers recommended the adoption of the Seawanhaka rule, that rule being a little easier on sail than Y. R. A. when the square root of the sail area is greater than the length of load line.

The council now, after a discussion lasting about four hours, decided to recommend that the existing rule be retained, and agreed to report to a general meeting, Dec. 6, as follows:

"As the present rating rule will expire at the end of 1893, the council appointed a committee to consider the working of the rule, and its probable effect on yachts and yacht racing, should it remain in operation longer than its assigned period of seven years (dating from 1887 inclusively). This committee obtained the views of the following yacht designers: Messrs. G. L. Watson, C. P. Clayton, W. Fife, jr., J. M. Soper, A Richardson, A. E. Payne, C. E. Nicholson, and H. W. Ridsdale, to whom the council desire to express their thanks for the trouble they have taken in attending the committee, and for the assistance and information they have been good enough to afford.

"The council having given the most careful consideration to the subject of the rating rule at present in force, and to the views of the yacht designers and others, agree in the view generally taken that, up to the present, the length and sail area rule has produced a fine seaworthy, and fast type of vessel; and the council think that the yacht designers, in their objections to the rule, have given too much weight to the anticipated effect in the future of the rule on yacht designing from the 'accommodation' point of view, and seem to have somewhat under-estimated the importance of speed.

"The council think that, in the designing of racing yachts, speed conjointly with seagoing qualties, should have first consideration; and they are of the opinion that no sufficient reason has been given for at present altering the existing rule, which they recommend should be maintained.

"With regard to details of measurement, the council, having considered this question, together with the evidence submitted, have come to the conclusion that neither overhang should be taxed, nor form be in any way dictated. The council are of opinion that overhangs, according to present practice, are not in themselves dangerous, though they may be rendered so through weakness of material or faulty construction. The responsibility of a dangerous overhang therefore rests with the constructor. This view is borne out by the evidence of the yacht designers.

"The yacht designers recommended that the load water line, which is to be measured for rating, should be marked at the bow and stern. The council agree with this suggestion, and recommend that this be done by the owner, and that Rule 15 be varied so as to allow ballast to be altered, subject to the conditions that it is not to be shipped, unshipped, or shifted after 9 A. M. of the day previous to the race, and that the weight of ballast on board shall at no time exceed that which was on board when the yacht was measured. The marks shall at all times be clear above the surface of the water when the yacht is lying in smooth water, in her usual racing trim.

"It was the unanimous opinion of the yacht designers that the total number of persons on board during a race should be limited in the classes of 10 rating and under, and the council recommend that such limitation be carried out after consultation with the yacht clubs as to the specific number to be allowed on board in each class.

"With regard to the method of measuring sails, the council recommend that in the fore triangle the perpendicular, I, be taken from the deck at the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremost headsail when extended cuts such perpendicular; the base, J, from foreside of mast to where the line of the luff of foremost headsail cuts the bowsprit, other spar or hull as the case may be; and in the classes of 10-rating and under the actual area of the headsail or spinnaker be taken.

"The council have given very careful consideration to the question of building to a specified standard of strength or scantling. The naval architects, in their evidence, objected to any supervision by Lloyd's, and did not think it desirable that the Y. R. A. should appoint an expert for the purpose.

"The council consider that many of the alleged defects in the existing boats, to which the naval architects referred, are mainly due to lightness of the structural design, and, owing to the great difficulty and expense of satisfactorily supervising the design and construction of racing yachts, the council consider it is better to leave the matter to the owners and their designers to safeguard the interests concerned.

"The foregoing recommendations, if adopted, will come into force at the expiration of 1893.

"The council do not recommend that the rating rule should be continued for any fixed term, as vested interests are guarded by General Rule 12, which provides that no alteration can be made in the rules except by a two-thirds majority, both of meetings of the council and of the association.

"(Signed on behalf of the Council), G. C. LAMPSON,
"Vice-President."

The *Field* also publishes the following report of another important meeting:

"A meeting of Clyde Yacht Club delegates was held in the Bath Hotel, Nov. 14. The various clubs were represented as under: Royal Northern, Messrs. Steven and T. F. Donald; Royal Clyde, Messrs. Ure, Neil, and W. York (secretary); Royal Western, V.-C. J. Stewart Clark and Messrs. M'Glashan and Thomson; Royal Largs, Messrs. J. Hilliard and Craig; Mudhook, Mr. Robert Wylie; C.C.Y.C., Messrs. J. Connell, W. A. Wylie, A. Mitchell, E. M. Richmond, and R. Harvey Pirie (secretary); West of Scotland Y. C., Messrs. Jas. A. Jarvie, Thomas Lamu and J. M'Kirdy. The questions to be dealt with were matters affecting two of the most popular classes on the Clyde, viz., the 17ft. l.w.l. and 23 l.w.l. boats. A reduction of sail area was sought for the former, and a fixed restriction of sail area and length over all for the latter. Ere discussing these matters, the various owners, both of present and prospective boats, were asked in rotation to give their views on the subject. This done, they withdrew, and, after long and careful discussion, the following rule was adopted: 'That the sail area of the 17ft. l.w.l. class be reduced from 530 to 470 square feet, and that, as before, the mainsail will contain not more than 75 of the total sail area.' In dealing with the second and more important class, a considerable diversity of opinion was shown as to whether the sail area should be limited or unlimited. In the end, a motion in favor of the former was carried, and the measurements for this class have now been settled not to exceed 23ft. l.w.l. and 30ft. over all, with a sail area restricted to 750 square feet. In the absence of reliable data as to existing boats, the settlement of fore triangle proportion was relegated to a sub-committee, whose ruling will be given in a day or two. In addition, no plate, fin, bulb keels, or centre-boards will be allowed in these classes, and the rules made will hold in force for five years. A vote of thanks to Vice-Commodore J. Stewart Clark concluded the meeting."

## Lord Dunraven's Letter.

THE looked-for letter from Lord Dunraven arrived on the Germanic on Nov. 18, and a meeting of the Cup committee was held to consider it. The letter reads as follows:

DUNRAVEN CASTLE, BRIDGEND, GLAMORGAN, Nov. 7.

SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th of October, containing the reply of your committee to my letter of 16th of September.

On the general terms of the races we seem to be at one. With regard to your remark that "as to the details of sailing the match alluded to in your letter, we think they can be easily arranged after a challenge has been made in proper form by a qualified yacht club," I take it that the details would be arranged within the propositions made in former letters.

With regard to your proviso "that no yacht of the specified rig, either now existing or under construction," I am quite agreeable to sail any such yacht without any penalty beyond taking or giving the ordinary trial allowances according to the New York Y. C.'s rules; and as my letter seems to have been ambiguous on this point, I may say it was under that rule of measurement and scale of time allowance that I proposed the match should be sailed. In 1893 I suggested that in calculating time allowance the mean of the rules in use by the challenging and challenged clubs should be taken, but the committee did not then see their way to agree, and I have no wish to reopen the question. In respect of the final clause of your letter, I stipulated that "should I win the Cup, the club obtaining the custody of it should hold it, open to a challenge on the same conditions as those under which I challenged." To this I adhere, as being only in accordance with my own idea of fair play, and no yacht club would place itself in the posititon of having the power to expect, or of appearing to expect, as the party challenged, terms different to those under which it challenged. But, feeling that your committee, with, I am sure, equal faith, believe in the absolute fairness of the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887, I had no intention of barring a challenge under these conditions. To make these perfectly clear I am quite willing to substitute for my former stipulations, "It is to be understood and agreed that should I win the Cup, the club obtaining the custody of it should hold it subject to a challenge on precisely similar terms to those under which I challenged, provided, always, that the club shall not refuse a challenge in accordance with the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887, and is at liberty to make any arrangement mutually agreed upon, as provided for in the deeds of 1857, 1882 and 1887."

I trust that no difference now exists between us, and on your cabling me that a challenge on the terms of my former letter, as herein modified, will be accepted, I shall at once endeavor to arrange for a formal challenge being sent through a qualified yacht club. I remain, yours faithfully, DUNRAVEN.

The following reply was sent by cable:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Lord Dunraven, 27 Norfolk st., London: Committee will recommend the club to accept a formal challenge based on your letter of the 7th November if reference to former deeds is omitted. PAINE."

On Nov. 26, at 12:40 P. M., the following cable was received and posted in the club house:

"ADAIR, Nov. 26.—General Paine, New York Yacht Club, 67 Madison ave., New York City: Secretary of Squadron wires me challenge mailed Oddie to-day. Reference to the former deed is omitted.
"A. CASS, Sec. America Cup Committee."

Mr. Canfield added at the bottom: "The above is not signed, but is undoubtedly from Lord Dunraven."

The greater part of Lord Dunraven's letter relates to minor details which are of no importance until the vital question has been settled. The main point in the letter lies in the final clause but one, which amounts to nothing less practically than the abrogation of the new deed of gift.

If the terms thus proposed by Lord Dunraven should be carried out by all parties in any future contests for the Cup, the dimension clause would be a dead letter, and other provisions of the new deed would share the same fate. While the committee in its reply accepts the substance of Lord Dunraven's terms, it still keeps up a show of maintaining the new deed by demanding that all allusions to the true deed as that of 1882 be withdrawn.

If the last telegram is genuine, it would appear that the Royal Yacht Squadron had at last withdrawn its objections and consented to challenge.

Even though a race should result, the position is a most unsatisfactory one. There have been so many indefinite statements throughout the whole negotiations that it is almost impossible that a series of matches can be arranged and sailed, and the cup won again or lost, without serious misunderstanding, and in the event of any dispute in the future, no man can say what conditions really govern the matter. While in common with all yachtsmen, we are anxious for a resumption of international racing; we are firm in the belief that a patched agreement like the present one can only result in further quarrels and ill-feeling between the two nations.

The *Field* of Nov. 26 says that according to telegrams the New York Yacht Club sends to English papers, Lord Dunraven is trying to negotiate a new deed and the club is trying to circumvent him. This is not edifying, but it represents the situation. The New York Yacht Club is making certain concessions as to what it will accept as a challenging yacht in order to obtain a match during the time of the Chicago Columbian Exhibition. The America's Cup

Committee appear to take it for granted that they will now get the deed of gift accepted by the British yacht clubs.

The *Field* further says: "We very much doubt if this achievement is more practicable now than it was six years ago. We on this side of the Atlantic hold the deed illegal as containing stipulations which render the winning of the America's Cup impossible. The Cup Committee now virtually say: "We admit this, but we make certain concessions regarding conditions, under the mutual agreement clause, so that you may have a possible chance of winning, but it is a thousand to one you will not win, and the deed must be confirmed by the club backing your challenge. We think the feeling on this side to be that if any British yacht club consents to back a challenge under the deed, the full conditions of the deed must be complied with. We cannot imagine a British club placing itself in the humiliating position of backing a challenge made under concessions wrung from the New York Yacht Club in its anxiety to bring about a match, especially as, after all, the cup, if won, might not be given up. Fortunately, no Brish club is likely to be so lacking in spirit as to authorize a challenge. Yacht owners rejoice at the decision of the Council of the Royal Yachting Association recommending the retention of the rule of rating.

### The Word Rating Abused.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The sports editor of one of the illustrated weeklies has been writing of yachts measured and classed under the Seawanhaka rule as "raters," and now the New York *Press* is guilty of the same misuse of language. What sense can there be seen in calling a boat of 25ft. sailing length a "25-rater?" Do they mix and confuse yachting terms in this way from a wish to appear to know more than authorities like the FOREST AND STREAM? Or are they simply ignorant?

"Rating" is a technical English term for size in yachts. A yacht's rating is found by a well known rule. There is no more sense in calling a 25-footer a 25-rater than there would be in calling her a 25-tonner. It is just as incorrect and misleading. It is absurd to borrow the word rating without the rating rule. To call a boat a 25 rater that is only a 24-rater under the rating rule is a farcial misuse of yachting terms. A class for elementary instruction to some yachting writers would be a boon to their long-suffering readers.

CHATHAM, N. B., Nov. 21. J. L. STEWART.

### Building Notes.

MR. WATERHOUSE is securing estimates on the fin-keel 46-footer for Mr. C. H. W. Foster; it is not decided whether to build in steel or wood. He has also an order for a 20ft. catboat for Nova Scotia, and a 21ft. cutter for New Bedford, as well as a new sail plan for the Burgess 21-footer Molly Bawn, of Montreal.

Stewart & Binney are preparing an exhibition of models for Chicago.

Mr. A. Cary Smith is very busy with large steamers, having an order for a Sound steamer 336ft. over all, 51ft. beam, 70ft. over guards and 13ft. 6in. loaded draft, with 600 tons of freight. The hull will be of steel and the vessel will be somewhat similar to the smaller but very successful Richard Peck. Mr. Smith has also several yachts in hand

Seabury & Co. are at work on a composite steam yacht, of their own design, for Mr. J. H. Hanan, of New York, the dimensions being: Over all, 154ft.; l.w.l., 130ft.; beam, 20ft.; draft, 8ft. Mr. A. Cary Smith is superintending both design and construction.

### Canadian Canals.

WE are advised that on Nov. 2 an Order in Council was passed by the Dominion Government, on the recommendation of the Minister of Railways and Canals, extending the courtesy of free passage through the Dominion canals to all pleasure yachts attending the Chicago Exhibition in 1893. The passage of vessels through the St. Lawrence Canals is limited at present by the minimum dimensions of the lock chambers, which are 200ft. by 45ft., with 9ft. of water over the sills. The dimensions of the locks on the new Welland Canal are 270ft. by 45ft., with 14ft. of water on the sills and the same depth of channel throughout. The St. Lawrence canals are being enlarged, and when completed will be of the same dimensions as the latter, but the work will not be finished for some years. There is no limit to the height of spars, as the bridges crossing the St. Lawrence and Welland canals are all swing bridges. We hope shortly to publish some charts and tables of distances from the sea to Chicago.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

A few weeks since we were favored with a visit from a handsome and stylish young Englishman, who introduced himself as a son of Mr. Dixon Kemp, the editor of the *Field*. Though professing to be temporarily embarrassed, he made no request for assistance of any kind, but left, after a pleasant chat on yachting, with a promise to call again. A few days later the same person, by name William Henry Bant, was arrested in New York for swindling a number of Americans by means of forged letters, his victims being mainly mechanical engineers or literary men. The man is about 24 years old, of medium height and slender build, smooth face and light mustache, gentlemanly address, and well posted on mechanical and yachting subjects. He has traveled in all parts of the world, is a ready talker, and as his career proves, a dangerous confidence man. From descriptions it seems probable that he is the same sharper who imposed upon English yachtsmen last winter as a son of Mr. Herreshoff. Both claimed to have been on the stage and to be making their way home after unsuccessful dramatic ventures, "Mr. Herreshoff, Jr." at the Cape of Good Hope, and "Mr. Dixon Kemp, Jr." in Australia.

On Tuesday, October 25, the steam yacht Athena, built by the London and Glasgow Engineering and Iron Shipbuilding Company, Limited, to the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. St. Clare Byrne, of Liverpool, made her steam trials at the measured mile at Skelmorlie, the mean of her several runs, with and against the tide, being 12.26 knots per hour, the guarantee being 12 knots and the indicated horse-power 504. She also had a trial of three hours at full speed, everything working very satisfactorily. The engines are triple-compound surface condensing; the cylinders are 13 in., 21 in., and 34 in. by 54 in. stroke, fitted with Joy's valve gear, so as to save length in the engine room. The air, feed, and bilge pumps are worked off the intermediate pressure engine by levers. The circulating pump is one of Drysdale's centrifugal pumps, worked by a special engine. In addition to the ordinary duplex feed donkey, a special duplex pump is fitted to pump bilge, and circulate water through the condenser in the event of the centrifugal pump becoming deranged. Steam is supplied at 160 lb. pressure by a single-ended boiler 11 ft. 6 in. in diameter by 9 ft. 3 in. long, having two corrugated furnaces 3 ft. 6 in. mean diameter.

SINCE the conviction of Pilot Thomas A. Walsh, of the tug F. W. Devoe, for manslaughter, in causing the sinking of the yacht Ameita, and the drowning of two men, his fellow pilots have labored hard for his release, and the case will soon come up on an appeal. The trial was a fair one, and the evidence as to the actions and position of the tug, as well as the condition of Pilot Walsh, seemed perfectly conclusive. It looks as though his fellow pilots were working to aid a guilty man to escape a just punishment, rather than to secure the reversal of an unjust conviction. The two victims are long since buried, and the collision so much a thing of the past, that there is a fair possibility of Walsh's final escape.

According to the *Yachtsman*, the dimensions of the Herreshoff fin-keel Wee-Win are; over all 23ft 9in., l.w.l. 15ft. 7in, beam 4ft. 8in, least freeboard 8½in., draft of hull 7in, draft with fin 2ft 11¾in. The sail allowed by the rule is about 192 sq. ft. The yacht has raced very successful in the Half-rating class this past season. Her general form is similar to the Scarecrow, published last week.

The fund for the three widows and twelve children of the lost seamen of the yacht Caterina has amounted thus far to £425.

Emperor William, owner of Meteor, has announced his intention of presenting to the Royal Yacht Squadron a new trophy in the shape of a challenge shield, to be sailed for at Cowes by yachts exceeding 100 rating, belonging to any recognized yacht club; the trophy to become the property of any yacht winning it three times.

The 20 rating class, which has fallen through of late though one of the best classes under the new Y. R. A. rule, with such boats as the two Dragons, Chiquita, Vreda and Jessica, will be revived on the Solent next year with at least four new yachts.

A German yachtsman, a member of the suite of Prince Henry of Prussia, has ordered a yacht from Fay & Co. of Southampton, and she will be designed by Mr. Soper, the firm's designer.

With the first snow comes the club book of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club for 1893, a reminder that there is plenty of good yachting in a warm climate for those who are fortunate enough to be able to get away from New York or Boston to latitude 25 degrees.

On December 2, Captain Nathan Appleton will deliver a lecture on "Columbus and Santo Domingo," before the Massachusetts Yacht Club at its town house, 15 Hayward Place, Boston. The lecture will be illustrated by a stereopticon.

The new Alva for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is now building at Laird's yard, Birkenhead, from the designs of Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne. She will be much larger than the old yacht over 300 ft. long and of upward of 2,000 tons. She will be very strongly built, with ample bunker capacity, and will be in commission next summer.

Corsair steam yacht, will be altered this winter, her round stern being replaced by the square quarters found in most British steam yachts. Her deck will also be relaid. She has gone to the builder's yard at Philadelphia.

The yacht Flora Temple, Raine and Doman were at Beaufort, N. C., the latter two sailing for Florida.

The Ohio Y. C. is active in formation of the Ohio Naval Reserve, a constitution similar to that of the New York N. Y. being adopted on November 22.

## Canoeing.

THE report of the Secretary-Treasurer of the A. C. A. is doubly gratifying in that it not only shows the Association at last out of debt, but Com. Winne and his fellow officers have demonstrated that by wise and economical management it is possible to run the Association for a year at an actual profit of over $500 in place of a deficiency nearly as great. Under the circumstances, no one would have objected if the results of some very severe economy had been apparent at the meet, but on the contrary the camp of 1892 compared very favorably in all ways with those of preceding years, the transportation being incomparably better than in '89, '90 and '91. This year, too, the principal receipts of the Association, from the four divisions and the camp dues, have been less by over $100 than in the two preceding years. The task of showing a surplus of $500 in place of a very serious deficit has entailed much unnecessary work on the officers, more than they should be called on to bear; but at the same time the balance sheet of 1892 should be one of the most valuable of the assets of the A. C. A., as it proves beyond question that with good management and due economy a reasonable surplus may be looked for every year.

THE question of a change of rules is now before the club, and preceding the general meeting, which took place on Nov. 23, a camp-fire was held on Nov. 2 for the purpose of discussing in advance all proposed changes. The owners of the racing canoes took no part in the discussion; but proposals were made for the establishment of a "general purpose" class, and for the abolition of the absurd limit of "clench-build" for the second class. We shall know by next week the results of the general meeting.

A CORRESPONDENT this week questions the record of the paddling trophy race at the meet, and suggests that the course was short. From the care and accuracy with which both paddling and sailing courses were this year laid off there is little possibility of error in the distances. If any error exists in the paddling times it is in the timing, not in the course. In the sailing races leg after leg was timed by different watches, so that no error was possible, the same high speed being shown in different races.

FOR the first time in twenty-seven years the Royal C. C. is called on to choose a new captain to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John MacGregor. Mr. MacGregor was the founder of the club and has held the office of captain since its organization, though of late years the position has been purely an honorary one. The club really needs an active and energetic head which shall keep it at the front in British canoeing.

THE canoe yawl has grown quite rapidly in favor of late in England, and many improvements over the old boats have been made. One of the latest of the Thames yawls, Jennie, built by Turk, of Kingston, has just been purchased by Mr. A. C. Coddington, of Philadelphia, and will be seen here next season.

### A. C. A. Finances.

THE statement which we published last week was not intended for publication, but was an abstract of the Treasurer's report. The complete official report, as it will appear in the Year Book, is as follows:

REPORT OF TREASURER FOR SEASON 1892.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| To Central Division—full income | $239 57 | By lease camp site | $1 00 |
| To Eastern Division, 30 per cent. receipts | 123 90 | By camp site committee | 374 67 |
| To Atlantic Division, 30 per cent. receipts | 90 30 | By regatta committee | 16 50 |
| To Northern Division, 30 per cent. receipts | 46 50 | By cartridges | 4 50 |
| To four Divisions, mailing, etc | 39 12 | By tents, etc | 72 00 |
| To Year Book | 529 00 | By transportation committee | 146 49 |
| To camp dues | 228 00 | By stamps for camp use | 13 00 |
| To camp site committee | 186 44 | By express on trophy and | 2 45 |
| To regatta committee | 47 59 | By expense tracing same | 2 42 |
| To signal officer | 10 10 | By carrying mail to camp | 15 80 |
| To stamps sold | 5 35 | By entertainments | 195 45 |
| To sale lumber, etc | 60 00 | By Year Book | 387 50 |
| To sale torches | 12 00 | By general office expenses | 40 49 |
| To entertainment com | 151 00 | By paid Atlantic Division loan | 200 00 |
| To protest fees | 3 00 | By paid Central Division loan | 200 00 |
| To sale cannon and tent | 15 00 | By badges for camp | 19 10 |
| To interest on deposits | 4 67 | Balance | 530 42 |
| To loan Atlantic Division | 200 00 | | $2,221 79 |
| To loan Central Division | 200 00 | | |
| | $2,221 79 | | |

STATEMENT OF DEFICIT FROM 1891—PAID 1892.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| To deficit as shown by Secretary-Treasurer, 1891 | 499 67 | By these amounts paid by Sec'y-Treas, 1892— | |
| To other items rendered on account 1891 | 29 17 | E. K. Baber, camp account 1891 | 428 50 |
| | | Rankin Publishing Company, book account, 1891 | 71 17 |
| | | Walter Young & Co., printing account, 1891 | 3 75 |
| | | L. H. Clark camp account, 1891 | 12 44 |
| | | S. Hemmenway & Son, for second prize flags, account, 1891 | 12 98 |
| | $528 84 | | $528 84 |

SUMMARY.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| To receipts from all sources for season 1892 | 2,221 79 | By total expenditures for season 1892 | 1,691 37 |
| | | By 1891 deficit paid 1892 | 528 84 |
| | | Balance | 1 58 |
| | $2,221 79 | | $2,221 79 |

### Paddling Canoes and Courses.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Having read some comments on the course for sailing races at the A. C. A. meets, it occurs to me that the course for the paddling races should be changed as well. It seems to me that a straight course does not tend to improve the "all around" boat, but to develop a racing machine pure and simple. We all know that the canoe that will paddle a straight course best is not the best on a narrow, crooked river. And if we wish to develop the best canoe for all around work, an all around course is the course on which to test it. Who wants a canoe so fined down that its practical usefulness is gone. The records of the last A. C. A. meet say, about four.

C. H. W.

[The paddling races at the meet are practically confined to special racing canoes except in the open class, single blades.]

### Atlantic Division Report.

THE report of the Atlantic Division was not received in time for publication last week. The report is most satisfactory in showing a substantial balance in hand with an increase in membership.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, ATLANTIC DIVISION.

PURSER'S REPORT.—F. L. DUNNELL, PURSER.

| *Receipts.* | | 1892 *Expenditures.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oct. 15, by balance from purser, R. Hobart | $200 02 | March 21, to loan to A.C.A. | $200 00 |
| By dues 1889 | 1 00 | April 1, to office expenses | 9 00 |
| By dues 1890 | 2 00 | April 13, Atlantic Division subscription to FOREST AND STREAM | 4 00 |
| By dues 1891 | 9 00 | May 31, to transfer to Central Division | 2 00 |
| By dues 1892 | 256 00 | June 1 to A.C.A. account expressage, stamps | 10 67 |
| By dues 1893 | 1 00 | July 1, to office expenses | 6 20 |
| By entrance fees | 34 00 | July 30, A.C.A. account 30 per cent. to Secretary-Treasurer | 86 10 |
| May 7, by sale of stamped envelopes | 6 54 | Aug. 1, to office expenses | 10 00 |
| | $509 56 | Aug. 29, to A.C.A. account, one-quarter expense on circulars etc. | 9 78 |
| | | Sept. 30, to A.C.A. account balance, 30 per cent. to Secretary-Treasurer | 4 20 |
| | | Oct. 31, to balance | 167 61 |
| | | | $509 56 |
| | | Nov. 1, balance to Purser F. L. Dunnell | 167 61 |
| | | Nov. 12, by loan from A. C. A. | 200 00 |
| | | | $367 61 |

MEMBERSHIP.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Members, Oct. 15, 1891 | | 290 |
| New members | 34 | |
| Reinstated | 5 | |
| Transferred from Eastern Division | 1— | 40 gain. |
| Resigned | 5 | |
| Transferred to Central Division | 1 | 330 |
| Deceased | 1— | 7 |
| Total membership, Nov. 1, 1892 | | 323 |

Audited and found correct,
(Signed) PERCY F. HOGAN, H. LANSING QUICK, } Auditors.

### Paddling Records.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The London *Field* need not worry over the time made in the sailing races at the last A. C. A. meet. If the sailing course was measured in the same way as the paddling course, there is nothing wonderful in very fast time being made.

I am surprised that the FOREST AND STREAM in its report of the trophy paddling contest should say the course was a full mile. The time announced is so absurdly fast for that distance that an old canoeist—such as the canoeing editor is—should not have been deceived. Here in Toronto we claim to know something about fast paddling. The five fast men mentioned by you as being absent, and thus depriving the trophy race of interest, all live in Toronto or vicinity. Mr. Johnson was champion paddler of America for several years; Harry McKendrick was also champion for one year, Mr. Muntz for another. I am quite certain that none of the three could do a mile under 8.46, yet we are asked to believe that five men—four of them quite unknown as fast paddlers—finished the mile in times varying from 7.36 to 8.46!!!

No, Mr. Editor, don't ask us to believe that course was a full mile. It is too much.

If Mr. Knappe will come to Toronto next summer and paddle over the mile course of the T. C. C. in that time he will then be a couple of hundred yards ahead of our men and can take back with him to the States the handsomest and most valuable cup ever offered as a paddling trophy.

When Ford Jones won the A. C. A. trophy for three years in succession he was not considered even then the champion sailor, as he did not win the New York Club's international cup. On the same ground paddlers may fairly take the position that the Toronto cup is that which carries with it the title of champion paddler of America. While the Toronto Club has not been so many years in existence as the New York Club it may fairly claim to be as representative of the paddling interests as the New York Club of the sailing. BOREAS.

### The Knickerbocker C. C.

Will hold a smoker in the boat house, foot of 152d street and Hudson River, on Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8 P. M., to which the canoeists of New York and vicinity are invited. L road to 125th street, and cable to 152d street.

### A Notable Railway Route.

THE TRAVELER of '92 is not content with ordinary transportation facilities. He demands fast and frequent trains, sumptuous coaches, smooth roadbed and enjoyable scenery. The route which affords these commands public patronage. The West Shore Railroad has a happy combination of all. Under its present management it is doing more than ever to satisfy modern tourists for business or pleasure. The summer pleasure-seeker needs no introduction to it, for along its line are more prominent places of resort than any railway of 400 miles in the country. Now the summer tourist has sought winter quarters, but the business man who goes to and fro and the travelers of both sexes who are ever making a tide of ceaseless motion, know the result of selecting the "West Shore," when going from East to West, or *vice versa*.

Its three through expresses between New York, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago, St. Louis and the West are models of comfort, and the system of through Wagner sleeping cars makes long tours possible with the minimum of personal discomfort.—*Adv.*

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

### THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

CHAMPION revolver shot Geo. E. Jantzer will on Saturday evening next meet Wm. E. Petty in contest for the Winans Trophy at the St. Mark's Place Gallery of the N. Y. Pistol Club. Mr. Jantzer took the trophy from the initial winner, Mr. Louis Bell, and subsequently Mr. Jantzer successfully defended it after a challenge from Mr. Henry Oehl, the President of the N. Y. Pistol Club. Mr. Petty is a member of the New York police force and was a competitor when the Winans Trophy was first opened for contest early in 1891. He did very well then and has since carefully perfected himself in his favorite sport of fine pistol scoring, and now feels that he can give plucky little champion Jantzer a close run for the lead.

### Jersey's Military Riflemen.

THE usual weekly shoot of the First Brigade Rifle Association was held at the Newark Shooting Park on Dec. 26, with seven members present. The light was bad all the afternoon and the wind, while not strong, was very variable and tricky. The scores:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Major Wallace | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—41 |
| | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—37 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—42 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—39 |
| | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4—40 |
| Capt W H Howard | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4—39 |
| | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4—42 |
| Lieut Green | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 4—27 |
| | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—29 |
| Lieut Reilly | 4 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 0 | 4—26 |
| Sergt Wilhelm | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3—42 |
| | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3—37 |
| Corp McMahon | 5 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 5—38 |
| | 0 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 5—38 |
| | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 5—39 |
| Pvt C H Townsend | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4—42 |
| | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4—42 |
| | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—38 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—41 |

Y'RATILLIM,

## New York Rifle Practice.

THE rifle practice of the New York State National Guard closed on Nov. 5, and the returns have already been tabulated by Gen. Whitlock and his assistant, Capt. N. B. Thurston. The figures show a very large increase in the number of qualified marksmen, the exact returns for the several organizations standing:

| | 1892. | 1891. | 1890. | 1889. | 1888. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Seventh Regiment | 1,077 | 1,047 | 1,014 | 1,043 | 919 |
| Twenty-third Regiment | 645 | 572 | 586 | 642 | 549 |
| Twenty-second Regiment | 319 | 177 | 157 | 174 | 141 |
| Seventy-first Regiment | 378 | 199 | 156 | 150 | 96 |
| Twelfth Regiment | 340 | 286 | 237 | 200 | 140 |
| Ninth Regiment | 327 | 178 | 170 | 273 | 143 |
| Thirteenth Regiment | 225 | 223 | 180 | 277 | 220 |
| Forty-seventh Regiment | 225 | 128 | 135 | 161 | 153 |
| Fourteenth Regiment | 193 | 81 | 85 | 140 | 109 |
| Seventy-fourth Regiment | 187 | 178 | 162 | 156 | 143 |
| Sixty-ninth Regiment | 164 | 123 | 86 | 156 | 110 |
| Eighth Regiment | 159 | 76 | 75 | 76 | 61 |
| Tenth Battalion | 147 | 113 | 117 | 100 | 96 |
| Sixty-fifth Regiment | ... | 118 | 102 | 142 | 212 |
| Thirty-second Regiment | ... | 43 | 57 | 63 | 43 |
| Separate Companies | 1,798 | 1 679 | 1,211 | 1,420 | 1,441 |
| Staff and Departments, etc. | 71 | 40 | 23 | 22 | 19 |
| Aggregate | 6,315 | 5 261 | 4,584 | 5,219 | 4 595 |

Of these bodies the Seventh, Twenty-second, Seventy-first, Twelfth, Ninth, Sixty-ninth and Eighth are New York city regiments, while in Brooklyn the Twenty-third, Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Forty-seventh are located, as was the Thirty-second prior to its disbandment.

The regiments are rated by a State Figure of Merit, which is obtained by adding the per cent. of those present for practice to the per cent of the rank firing and dividing by 2. The showing in this way is:

| | Per Cent. Present for Firing. | Per Cent. of Firing by Rank. | General Figure of Merit. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Seventh Regiment | 91 60 | 41.27 | 66 44 |
| Twenty-third Regiment | 62 90 | 34 05 | 48.33 |
| Tenth Battalion | 52.96 | 41 20 | 47.08 |
| Seventy-fourth Regiment | 37.23 | 43.14 | 40 19 |
| Twelfth Regiment | 51.84 | 28 20 | 40 02 |
| Seventy-first Regiment | 47.58 | 26 78 | 37.18 |
| Twenty-second Regiment | 48.99 | 23.64 | 36.32 |
| Thirteenth Regiment | 34.84 | 27.24 | 31.29 |
| Forty-seventh Regiment | 35 17 | 24.32 | 29.75 |
| Eighth Regiment | 33 72 | 23.59 | 28 66 |
| Ninth Regiment | 39.99 | 20.51 | 28 25 |
| Fourteenth Regiment | 25.84 | 18.63 | 22.24 |
| Sixty-ninth Regiment | 17.17 | 17.84 | 17.51 |

The leading companies in each brigade gain a prize of $50 each, and are as follows: First Brigade, Company F, Seventh Regiment, Capt. George W. Rand, 71 51; Second Brigade, Company A, Twenty-third Regiment, Captain H. C. Everdell, 56.54; Third Brigade, Twenty-seventh Separate Company of Malone, Captain George W. Crooks, 78 45; Fourth Brigade, Forty-second Separate Company of Niagara Falls, Captain M. B. Butler.

## Work at Conlin's Gallery.

CONLIN'S GALLERY, Thirty-first street and Broadway, New York.—The following scores have been made on the new British revolver target in the last month. This target has given great satisfaction to all the shooters. Almost every evening there is expert shooting by some of the well-known amateurs, with both rifle and revolver, and the exhibition of skill is sometimes marvellous. Many new scores and pictures have been added to the record parlor and will prove interesting to lovers of shooting.

Revolver scores, reduced target, 12yds: George Bird, two full scores: W. E. Carlin, full score; H. C. Faile, full score and one target of 41 in a possible 42.

Revolver, 20yd. target at 12yds.: Dr. C. T. Adams, two full scores, also made in 18 shots 124 out of a possible 126, and 121 possible 126. F. G. H. Blanchard, one full score. J. B. Millerlust, of Canada, one full score. Dr. Adams shot 6 times at 6 different ace spots and hit 5 out of 6 shots.

Rifle scores: Dr. J. G. Knowlton, 111 shots, 110 bullseyes at 12yds., and 20 shots in 20 different positions, 116, possible 140.

L. Boullon, of Paris, 20 shots in 35 seconds, 138 possible 140, and 10 glancing shots 59, possible 70.

Major D. Crocker of the Seventh Regiment made the two first full scores on this target, one on the 12 and 20yd. target.

E. Tipping made two full scores on the 12yd. target and one on the 20yd. target.

Capt. Money, the well-known live bird shot, made a full score.

H. S. Satteoltee, of Paris, made a full score.

G. P. Work made some fine shooting with a repeating rifle, such as cutting down bullets, splitting cards and hitting threads and pipes while practicing at 12yds.

C. Alkan made 69, possible 70, on the reduced target.

## Murphy Defeats Work.

THE cold weather on Nov. 22 did not deter sportsmen from visiting the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club at Babylon, Long Island, to witness the shooting match between Edgar G. Murphy and George Work. There was a gale blowing across the traps and the light was very bad. The birds were a carefully selected lot and were splendid flyers. The conditions were 200 birds per man, 30yds. rise, for $1,000 a side. The boundary was about 40yds.. The match began at 10:20 A. M. and was ended a few minutes after 3. W. B. Smith of the Tuxedo Club was referee. The scores:

| E Murphy | G Work |
|---|---|
| 20122021112220110222—16 | 11222110001121110112—16 |
| 12212120120000220212—14 | 20121121002100001111—13 |
| 11222222202222222221—19 | 21210220112021210021—15 |
| 22022222022202222220—15 | 22121002212210211101—16 |
| 22222222222222222220—19 | 00012202012121202222—13 |
| 02122021212222222222—17 | 01222112121010222221—16 |
| 21202222222202222012—17 | 22112111202110220122—17 |
| 12212022222010222221—17 | 12102222122222022022—17 |
| 22222222022222200222—17 | 21102222222212122220—18 |
| 02222222022202222222—17 | 12212111200211012201—16 |
| 168 | 157 |

## Col. E. Harrison Sanford.

RIFLEMEN the country over will hear with regret that Col. E. Harrison Sanford is dead. In the early years of Creedmoor he was one of the most skillful of military shots and one of the most enthusiastic in the ranks of the long range shooters.

Of abundant means and leisure he brought to the modern rifle world of this country, during its opening seasons, an intelligent appreciation of the difficulties to be met and overcome in placing American rifle shooting on the high plane it now occupies. He was an important figure in those days both on the range and in the board of directors of the National Rifle Association. During the winters Mr. Sanford enjoyed the sport of ice yachting on the stretches of the upper Hudson. Young in years, but experienced in many lines of sport, the sudden death of Col. Sanford removes a model sportsman from a very large circle of friends who admired his many high-minded qualities.

## The Forest and Stream Trophy.

ON Thanksgiving eve the FOREST AND STREAM Trophy, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey rifle clubs, was formally presented to the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken.

The occasion chosen for the presentation was the reception and ball given the Miller Rifle Club by their sister association, the Lady Miller Rifle Club. Mr. J. B. Burnham made the speech of presentation in behalf of FOREST AND STREAM, and President Dewey responded for the club.

After the presentation dancing was indulged in to a late hour.

## Winter Rifle Shooting.

JERSEY CITY, Nov. 21.—The Hudson Rifle Club has issued a challenge to the Empire Rifle Club of New York City to shoot a 5-men team match, best two out of three, each man firing twenty (20) shots. First match on Hudson ranges, using the H. R. C. American 25-ring target. Second on the Empire ranges, using the E. R. C. target. Third on neutral grounds selected by the club winning second match and using the standard 12-ring target. It will be an entirely friendly affair and will be the "ice-breaking" of many a match with the rifle clubs around New York, Jersey City, Hoboken and other nearby towns.

Mr. Chas. E. Bird, the secretary of the Hudson Rifle Club, has issued a challenge to Mr. E. Fisher, of the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, to a series of 100-shot matches, best two out of three, for a medal or trophy, said matches to be in three consecutive weeks. There is no doubt that this will be a very interesting contest, as both men have plenty of "grit" to stand the strain. Three different ranges will be used during the contest, and some high scores are looked for from both of these gentlemen.

Next week the Eagle will give some of his views on "How Rifle Shooting may be Revived," in answer to that question in the issue of Nov. 11. Now that the ball has started let some of the old riflemen give their views and let this winter bring forth more enthusiasm in rifle shooting than ever it has been before.

Where are Dorrler, Ross, Coppersmith, Rebhan, Hansen, Zettlers and all other well-known shooters? Send in your views and make things lively during the cold months. THE EAGLE.

## Hudson Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, Nov. 21.—Distance 25yds:

First Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| John Rebhan | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23—244 | |
| Chas E Bird | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 25—240 | |
| Hy L Hansen | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22—240 | |
| Hy Mahlenbrock | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21—232 | |

Second Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H E Boddey | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22—240 | |
| Jno Smith | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21—237 | |
| M Hoff | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 10—227 | |
| Wm Meyre | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21—229 | |

Third Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jos Buch | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 20—230 | |
| C Staderman | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 19—221 | |

Unclassified.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Geo W Morgan | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 21 | 20—227 | |

## New York Revolver Shooting.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The following record scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club at their last regular weekly prabtice shoot, held on the 26th inst., at their gallery, No. 12 St. Mark's Place, 10 shots on Standard American target, distance 23yds., .44 cal. S. & W. revolver:

G. E. Jantzer 95, C. B. Bishop 83, B. Walther 81, A. Bertrand 75, F. Hecking 75, F. G. Allen 66, E. Walz (22 cal. Stevens pistol) 82.

F. HECKING, Sec'y.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 6.—Hedden—Castle vs. Sunderman—Smith, live bird match at Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J., followed by open sweepstakes.

Dec. 15.—Open shoot at 100 live birds, $100 entry, Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J. Entries, if accompanied by $20 forfeit, will be received up to Dec. 12, by FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York.

Dec. 17.—Elliott vs. Fulford, at Kansas City, Mo.; 19, at Indianapolis, Ind.; 22, at Pittsburgh, Pa.; 24, at Williamsport, Pa.; 26, at Harrisburg, Pa.

Dec. 28-29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 17-18.—Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club tournament, live birds and targets.

Jan. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament. New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.

May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsman's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry building, Rochester, N. Y.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A. G. Courtney, an excellent photograph of whom appears herewith, is immensely popular among gun men and shooters all over the country, and since his reappearance in the field as salesman for the Lefever Arms Company, of Syracuse, N. Y., he has been given a royal welcome. "Court" has the happy gift of being able to agree with everybody on any subject, and this makes and retains the



A. G. COURTNEY.

friendship of all with whom he comes in contact. He is now in the National Capital, from where he will soon start South, taking in all the shooting towns until he reaches Jacksonville, Fla., where he expects to be during the Jacksonville Gun Club tournament. After that he will strike across the country and take in everything as far as Texas. He will not return home until February. He says the new Lefever ejector has proved itself the best in the world and will soon crowd out all its competitors.

We have received a very pleasant letter from Roger Van Gilder, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club, who states that programmes for the May shoot will be out early in 1893. The club will use two sets of 5 traps each and experts will shoot from known traps and unknown angles in all events, the North handicap being applied to all others. Full details are not yet settled, but the main programme will probably comprise 10 events each day, each at 20 targets, $3 entrance, with $30 added in each event, purses to be divided into 5 moneys. There will be special prizes for the best five scores each day and heavy prizes for the best averages in all events for the three days. The club is also considering the feasibility of running a team match, each team to comprise 5 men from any regularly organized club, each man to shoot at 60 targets (20 each day), entrance $30 per team, the Knoxville Gun Club to add $100 to the purse, the teams making the highest aggregate number of breaks during the three days to be declared the winners. The club will also attempt to secure from the sporting goods houses throughout the country a trophy to go to the team winning first place. This should draw a big crowd. In all the club will add $300 on each the first and second days and $400 the third day.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 25.—The Standard Gun Club held its annual shoot at Actos's Park yesterday afternoon. The cold weather kept many away, but the shooting was above average. The entries were from all parts of the State. The club put up a handsome silver cup, lined with gold, on which was engraved, "Individual Championship Cup of Maryland, won by ————, Nov. 24, 1892. Donated by Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, Md." This prize was won by M. H. Hunt, of Owings Mills, who broke 43 clay pigeons out of a possible 50. The other scores were: W. H. Buckbee 40, J. Devall 39, R. B. Bond of Jessups, Md., 38, Richard Cantler 34, F. W. Clements 33, H. M. Hefline 31, Thos. Evans 31, D. Franklin 28, H. E. Lucas 27, Geo. Baughman of Westminster, 25, M. Willey 22, A. C. Chase 19, H. Kalter 16. The wind was against the shooters. The winner of the cup is the recognized champion of Maryland. Out of the first 25 pigeons Mr. Hunt broke 22. Of the next 25 he broke 21. The occasion was the first shoot for the annual prize cup. One will be given each year. The Standard Club has a membership of about 60, and has a meet every Tuesday.

The usual holiday shoot was held on John Erb's grounds in Newark on Thanksgiving Day, the events being at six live birds each, $5 entry. The birds were a good lot, but the cold weather kept a good many shooters away. Those who took part in the sport were R. H. Breintnall, C. M. Hedden, Samuel Castle, John Erb, H. E. Smith, Clinton McGall, W. G. Hollis and R. Goodale. The scores follow:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. | No. 6. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hedden | 101115-5 | 201221-5 | 101011-4 | ——— | 111010-4 | 100111-4 |
| Erb | 111211-6 | 022101-4 | 110110-4 | 101111-5 | ——— | 111111-6 |
| Castle | 102211-5 | 110212-5 | 111111-6 | 111111-6 | 111111-6 | 111111-6 |
| Smith | 110201-3 | 110221-5 | 111110-5 | 111011-5 | 111111-6 | 111111-6 |
| Hollis | 102110-4 | 121101-5 | 111111-6 | 010111-4 | 101111-5 | 110111-5 |
| Goodale | 110212-5 | 121122-6 | ——— | ——— | ——— | ——— |
| McGall | ——— | ——— | 101011-4 | 111010-4 | 111011-5 | 111111-6 |
| Breintnall | ——— | ——— | 110001-3 | ——— | ——— | ——— |

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 12.—For some time past the sportsmen of Portland and vicinity have felt the need of an organization that will afford better protection to the game in this part of the State, and this feeling has taken the shape of a movement among the sportsmen of the city to reorganize the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club, with the object of promoting legitimate sport and protecting the game. The old club is at present represented in the Pacific Coast League by a massive gold medal valued at $250. Prominent among those who have avowed their intention of becoming charter members of the club are S. A. Green, D. P. Cartwright, Sherman D. Brown, Charles Herrell, George Clark, Robert Townsend, Robert Inman, C. E. Hughes, W. A. Storey, H. T. Hudson, James F. Caraher, Charles Starr, Fred. Henion and others. Such an organization in this city would have great influence in putting a check on the indiscriminate slaughter of game.

The ninth shoot for the Teipel medal took place at Teipel's Park, Covington, Ky., on Nov. 10, with seventeen entries. The conditions were ten live birds per man. Keiser and Condell tied on 10 each and shot off, miss-and-out, Keiser winning on the third round. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mercer | 1210212112—9 | True | 1011001122—7 |
| R Trimble | 2021111101—8 | Jeck Art | 1122220212—9 |
| Tug | 0112220111—8 | Duff | c003212122—7 |
| Belding | 1212226121—9 | Keiser | 2112122211—10 |
| Van | 222c221102—9 | Modoc | 1201011110—7 |
| Condell | 2111212221—10 | Woods | 1o1000—w |
| Schreck | 2102100212—7 | Dan Krout | 2101010201—5 |
| Wells | 2010102221—7 | McKnight | 01o2002022—6 |
| E Trimble | 22290—w | | |

Several Altoona sportsmen went out to the Juniata ball grounds on Thanksgiving Day and passed a few hours trying for honors in a contest at ten live birds each. The day was intensely cold, the ground was covered with and the air full of snow, while a brisk wind blowing away from the shooters caused the birds, once on the wing, to fly fast and far. The result was that the boys were obliged to shoot straight and quick or be content with "goose eggs." The score is shown below, the shooting being under Hurlingham rules:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| "Quirk" | 1221210222—9 | Parker | 0010211100—5 |
| Clark | 2022222110—8 | "Dock" | 0201221000—5 |
| Manlove | 2202110121—8 | "Edwards" | 0001120000—3 |
| Killitts | 0111221221—9 | | |

The *Commonwealth* of Covington, Ky., says: "The FOREST AND STREAM, a journal with a spicy Trap and Trigger column, wonders if there is a gun club in America that could put forth ten men to compete with the same number of men from the Newark, N. J., Gun Club. The *Commonwealth* will say that there is a gun club in Covington at present that can not only compete with, but can beat any ten men now in a gun club, not only in Newark, but in any section of the country. If the Newark Gun Club don't believe it let them come on to Kentucky and her boys will show them that this statement is correct and can be backed up by facing the trap."

WAUKEGAN, Ill., Nov. 24.—The Bachelor Club gave its second trap shooting contest to-day, open to all amateurs of the country. Contestants were not as numerous as was expected. Each was allowed ten clay pigeons. The first prize, worth $30, was won by William Dunnill, of Fox Lake, who scored 9; second prize, $10, by C. Hoffmann, of Waukegan, score, 8; third prize C. Kilpatrick, Waukegan; fourth prize, C. J. Spencer, Highland Park. The winner of the first prize also scores for the $150 presentation prize, which has to be won three times. Kilpatrick and Dunnill have now each scored once for this prize.

At the Union Gun Club's first day the total amount of entrance money in the ten regular events was $13.50. Those who shot through and the amounts they won were as follows: Hobart $12.46; Smith $10.22; Miller $10.14; Drake $9.44. Beside this Hobart received $1 and Smith and Miller $2 each as average money. Sigler shot in seven events, paid in $8 and drew out $7.68. This leaves each man a loser by the following sums: Hobart 4 cents; Smith $1.28; Miller $1.36; Drake $4.06 and Sigler 32 cents. But oh, what a lot of fun for the money!

The Coney Island Athletic Club proposes to offer an engraved gold cup, emblematic of the team championships of Kings County, N. Y. Every club of amateur shooters in the county will be invited to contend for the prize. The conditions under which the cup will be shot for are as follows: Each team to consist of five men, and each man to shoot at fifteen live birds; one shoot to be held each month for seven consecutive months, commencing in January, 1893, and the team winning it most times will be presented with the prize as its personal property.

TOWANDA, Pa., Nov. 25.—The following scores were made yesterday during a storm of rain and snow by two members of the Towanda Gun Club. Events Nos. 1 and 3 were at 10 targets, No. 2 at 10 live birds:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Snider | 0011111101—7 | 1201010110—6 | 0010001111—5 |
| Montague | 1011111111—9 | 1031010110—6 | 0113011001—5 |

The members of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club will go to Syracuse on Dec. 6 to shoot with the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club and take supper with that organization at the Vanderbilt House.

Agent Brown, of Burton, and W. H. Wheeler, of Hempstead, shot a match at Burton, Tex., on Nov. 21. The conditions were 50 live birds per man, for $100 a side. Brown won with a clean score against 46 by Wheeler, who lost three birds dead out of bounds.

The Hamilton (Ont., Can.) Gun Club will hold a live bird and target tournament on January 17th and 18th, and will offer over $1,000 in gold as prizes. This will give an excellent opportunity to American trap shooters to take part in a pleasant shoot and incidentally see what a Canadian winter is like.

In No. 4 there were three moneys, and in each of the others two moneys. Ties were all divided, except that for first money in No. 6 event, which was shot off, miss-and-out, and won by McGall, who killed 13 straight. Smith lost his thirteenth, Erb his seventh and Castle his first bird.

T. B. Ware is likely to become the owner of the championship medal of the Spokane (Wash.) Rod and Gun Club, he having won it five times already. The conditions are 20 singles and 5 pairs of targets, and in the last contest Ware broke 29. If he wins the medal twice more it will become his property.

W. G. Clark and Edward Banks of Altoona went hunting on Wopsononock Mountain and had good success. Among the trophies they brought back was a 30-lb. wild turkey gobbler, which they declare to be the finest specimen they ever saw. They are having it mounted.

The following officers have been elected by the Oskaloosa (Ia.) Gun Club: President, Joseph Stumps; Vice-president, G. W. Shockley; Secretary, C. V. Hoffmann; Treasurer, H. W. Seevers; Captain, Wm. Chew; Directors, Marq. Barr, E. McMains, Perry Timbrel.

The dates for the Fulford-Elliott matches have been arranged as follows: Kansas City, Mo., December 17th; Indianapolis, Ind., December 22d; Williamsport, Pa., December 24th; Harrisburg, Pa., December 26. Each match will be called at one o'clock, P. M.

We were in error in stating that at the 1893 Knoxville shoot the Parker handicap would be used. Experts will shoot from known traps, unknown angles, in all events, and others will shoot under the regular North sliding handicap.

Miss Annie Oakley is enjoying herself among the quail in the vicinity of her old home in Woodland, Dark county, Ohio, and finds an abundance of sport.

The Colt Hammerless, New Haven and Bristol Gun Clubs have each won four victories in the Connecticut State League tournament, and this will give an added interest to the next contest, to take place in Bristol this month.

At the November cup shooting of the Maplewood, N. J., Gun Club, the cup was won by W. N. Drake who broke 48 out of 50 targets. J. W. Smith broke 44; Dr. Fisher, 37; Ed. Reeves 38, and W. J. Smith 36.

W. F. King and H. McWhorter shot a 50-bird match for $100 a side at the Eagle Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa., on Thanksgivig Day. McWhorter being the winner. He had previously beaten King in a 25-bird match.

W. F. Tappan and Edward Banks, of Altoona, went to Lipton Run for a few hours' shooting on Nov. 25 and secured eight grouse. Three of these are en route to Herr "Bilderbach," of Wilmington.

The White House (N. J.) Gun Club will hold a live bird and target shoot, open to all, on Saturday. Plenty of good birds have been secured and a big shoot is expected.

A ten bird match was shot on the River road, near Paterson, N. J., on November 23d between Smith Hill and Eugene Pier for $30 a side. Each man killed 9.

The Hedden-Castle vs. Smith-Sunderman match at Erb's on December 6 will begin at 12 o'clock and will be followed by open sweeps. Bring plenty of shells.

J. H. Outwater and Wm. Richards shot a 25-bird match at Hackensack, N. J., on Nov. 16. Outwater killing 13 to his opponent's 7.

The Auburn (N. Y.) Gun Club house was recently broken into and about $50 worth of property destroyed.

On the first day of the Union Gun Club tournament 875 targets were thrown from one to four P. M.

Don't forget the 100 bird match to take place on John Erb's Newark grounds, December 15.

The Elgin (Ill.) Gun Club has been fitting up a new shooting house.

Dr. Carver says he will not shoot any matches until next spring.

C. H. Townsend.

## Thanksgiving at Baltimore.

Baltimore, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Standard Gun Club held a Thanksgiving shoot at their shooting grounds on Thanksgiving. The day was a clear one overhead, but with the thermometer at freezing point and the wind blowing a perfect hurricane from the northwest from early morn till night, had a tendency to keep many a shooter at home, and made the shooting very difficult, which accounts for the poor and miserable scores made.

The day was set forth for a great day for Maryland's trap-shooters, as the great championship race for the championship of Maryland was to be shot for, this race has been the talk of some time, and would no doubt, had the weather been more favorable, brought many more shooters in line. The race was won by W. H. Hunt, of the Standard Gun Club, who made a most creditable and remarkable score, considering the weather, of 43 out of 50. This score would certainly have been beaten had the day been a calm one, as many of the good shots dropped away below their average. The prize, a handsome silver cup, was donated by the Standard Gun Club, and when won becomes the individual property of the winner. Each year the club will donate a similar one for the championship of Maryland.

The following are some of the events and the race in detail:

Championship race:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hunt | 1111111011111111111011011111011111111011111101111—43 |
| Buckbee | 1101011111101111111010111001111111111111101111100—40 |
| Devall | 1111111111111111011010111111011010011111111111—39 |
| Bond | 0111111010110111110101011111001111111010011111111—38 |
| Cantler | 1111001111001111111001111001011010111111001001011—34 |
| Clements | 0101010101011110111111111111111010110100001010010—33 |
| Heflein | 0110111001110111101111010001010101010111011101111—31 |
| Franklin | 0111100111101111011111100101111101001001111—29 |
| Lupers | 0111011010010110001010011110101111101100100011010—27 |
| Evans | 1011110100101010110101010111010101001101101011—31 |
| Willey | 1100011000110000011000001111000101011011001111100—22 |
| Baughman | 0011110101101111010110000010000011000001111010101011—25 |
| Chase | 0010101010101010101000111101000010001000100—19 |
| Kalter | 0101000001010000010001001010010000000111100000100—16 |

No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Bond 9, Devall 8, Heflein 7, Evans 4, Cantler 4, Willey 6, Jory 6, Franklin 9, Buckbee 7, Lupers 8, Kalter 4, Clements 7, Dankmyer 7, Hunt 7.

No. 2, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Hunt 8, Lupers 8, Bond 6, Buckbee 5, Devall 5, Clements 5, Dinkmyer 6, Jory 7, Franklin 7, Baughman 7.

No. 3, 10 singles $1 entrance: Bond 8 Devall 6, Hunt 7, Clements 4, Baughman 5, Lupers 7, Dankmyer 5, Jory 7.

No. 4, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Clements 8, Devall 5, Bond 8, Hunt 5, Lupers 5, Baughman 8, Buckbee 7, Kalter 6.

No. 5, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Bond 8, Devall 5, Evans 6, Hunt 8, Frranklin 7, Heflein 8, Malone 4, Buckbee 7, Lupers 8, Cantler 7.

H. E. Lupas, Secretary.

## Putney Thanksgiving.

Putney, Vt., Nov 25.—The second annual turkey and chicken shoot of the Putney Rod and Gun Club was held Thanksgiving Day and proved a very pleasant and successful time. The weather was cold enough to make an overcoat necessary to insure comfort, but at 10 o'clock about a dozen shooters and a number of spectators were on hand waiting for the signal to start. Matches Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6 were at 5 singles, 30 cents entry, and No. 8, 10 singles, 40 cents entry, the purses being divided into three moneys of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Nos. 3 and 7 were at 10 singles, 75 cents entry, with a turkey for first prize, one pair chickens for second and one chicken for third. No. 5 was at 10 singles, 60 cents entry, with one pair chickens for first, one chicken second and one chicken third. The net profit to the club was about $12; and the closing shoot for the season of 1892 was one of the pleasantest events of the season to those who took part. Below are the scores made in all the regular events:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crosby | 01110—3 | 11101—4 | 1111001110—7 |
| Willard | 01010—2 | 11111—5 | 0011111001—6 |
| W E Aver | 10111—4 | 10100—2 | 1111011101—8 |
| F E Robertson | 11000—3 | 00000—0 | 0000000001—1 |
| Winchester | 00001—1 | 11000—2 | 1011011111—8 |
| Pember | 11111—5 | 11110—4 | 1000111111—7 |
| A J Aver | 10110—3 | 10011—3 | 0011111100—6 |
| Murphy | 00000—0 | 10000—1 | .... |
| Prouty | 10111—4 | 00010—1 | 1111110111—9 |
| F M Robertson | 10110—3 | 00100—1 | 1101001101—6 |
| Bailey | 01000—1 | 01000—1 | 1100001111—6 |

| | No. 4. | No. 5. | No. 6 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crosby | 10000—1 | 1111011111— 9 | 11111—5 |
| Willard | 10101—3 | 1110111110— 8 | 01011—3 |
| W E Aver | 11011—4 | 1010110111— 7 | 11011—4 |
| F E Robertson | 00000—0 | 1000101010— 4 | 00110—2 |
| Winchester | 01001—2 | 1010100110— 5 | 11110—4 |
| Pember | 11101—4 | 1001101001— 5 | 01100—2 |
| A J Aver | 11100—3 | 1001000011— 4 | 01100—2 |
| Prouty | 11011—3 | 1000010100— 3 | 01011—3 |
| F M Robertson | 11010—3 | 0110011111— 7 | 11000—2 |
| Bailey | 01001—2 | 1011101111— 8 | 01011—3 |

| | No. 7. | No. 8. |
|---|---|---|
| Crosby | 1010001111— 6 | 1100111101— 7 |
| Willard | 0100000000— 1 | 1001001110— 5 |
| W E Aver | 1111111101— 9 | 1111111111—10 |
| F E Robertson | 0100000010— 2 | 0000100011— 3 |
| Winchester | 1010000001— 3 | 1010100111— 6 |
| A J Aver | 0011000000— 3 | ..... |
| F M Robertson | 1010100000— 3 | 1000000101— 3 |
| Bailey | 1111111101— 9 | 0011010011— 5 |
| Warner | 0110111000— 5 | ..... |
| Davis | ..... | 0111101000— 5 |

W. E. Ayer, Sec'y.

## Watertown Thanksgiving.

Watertown, N. Y., Nov. 25.—I inclose scores shot yesterday (Thanksgiving Day) at club grounds. This was the first shoot of the winter season, judging from the attendance, and the members are not quite ready for the winter shooting as yet:

| | Shoot No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|
| Paddock | 0111111111101111101111111—22 | 1111101101011101111111111—21 |
| Kingsley | 1101110001011111001011000—14 | 1110001101111000100001001—12 |
| Tallett | 1111110111100011111111101—20 | 1111111110110111011111110—21 |

| | No. 3. | No. 4. |
|---|---|---|
| Paddock | 1101111111111101111111111—23 | 0111111111111101101111111—22 |
| Kingsley | 0111101111101111101111101—19 | 1100111100101110101011110—16 |
| Tallett | 1110011111111101101011111—19 | 1111011111111111111111100—20 |

Live birds, 4 each:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tallett | 1111—4 | Kingsley | 1111—4 |
| Paddock | 1111—4 | | |

J. C. Ayers, Sec'y.

## American Manufacturers' Association Prospectus.

The object of this Association, which is composed of the leading manufacturers of guns, ammunition, sporting goods and artificial targets in America, is for the purpose of increasing the interest in trap-shooting and to exhibit to shooters a full line of each member's goods in different parts of America at a minimum of cost.

In becoming a member of this Association it is hoped that each one will have a tent and display a full line of their goods, as one of the principal reasons for forming this Association is to make ten expositions during the year 1893 in different parts of America of the products of American makers of firearms, ammunition, targets and sporting goods. We also wish to impress on the minds of the shooters of America that this Association is not gotten up for the purpose of seeing how many targets we can throw in a day, but to see how large a number of shooters we can get together, and how pleasant a time we can give them and show them a full line of American makers' goods in guns, ammunition, targets and sporting goods; and then give the shooters $100 a day to come and look at them.

We propose to employ a competent man as manager—Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich.—at a salary to be determined by the board of directors, and expenses while away from home; such manager to have the management of all shoots, keeping in good condition all members' goods, packing and shipping the same from one place to another; receive all moneys at the different shoots and turn them over to a treasurer, who must be a member of the Association, and who will make all disbursements on vouchers from the manager. The manager must be impartial as to the different makes of goods displayed, and must agree not to participate in any of the shoots. He must make a report in full of each shoot, a copy of which must be mailed to each member and to all the leading sporting papers.

To take ten expositions and tournaments of two days each, commencing in February, 1893, and ending December, 1893, at points to be decided on by the board of directors.

This Association to add $200 cash to the purses of each tournament, making $2,000 in cash, given to the shooters of America by this Association during the year 1893. The Association to charge three cents each for all targets thrown, and the make of target used at the different tournaments to be agreed upon by the club under whose auspices each tournament is held. To pay each club on whose grounds the tournaments are held one cent each for all targets scored, and the club or clubs to whom we pay this money agreeing to use the same for improving their grounds and appliances.

Each member of this Association to have a full-page advertisement in each of the programmes, and a thousand or more of them to be distributed at each shoot. Assessments to be paid as required, the first to be $50, and the total amount for the year not to exceed $350. Address all communications to the secretary, who will answer any inquiry in his power.

178 Broadway, New York. G. Harry Squires, Sec'y.

## Rutherford's Thanksgiving.

Rutherford, N. J., Nov. 24.—Inclosed please find scores made by the Boiling Springs Gun Club to-day. The day was raw and windy, and the scores and attendance was light in consequence. The live birds were a grand lot, as good as ever shot at. On Dec. 17 we shoot the last match of series against Passaic City Gun Club. On the same day we will also shoot-off the tie for fifth place for the merchandise prizes of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, against the same club. The regular monthly shoot of this club, at bluerock targets, will take place Dec. 7 at 2:30 P.M.

No. 1, 5 live birds, $2 entrance, 1 money:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Meyer | 10111—4 | Paul | 01110—3 |
| Peck | 11101—4 | | |

No. 2, 5 live birds, $2 entrance, 3 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Stetler | 11101—4 | Coe | 11010—3 |
| Paul | 01010—1 | Peck | 01111—4 |
| Jones | 10000—1 | Meyer | 11011—4 |

No. 3, the same:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Coe | 10101—3 | Stiegelman | 01101—3 |
| Jones | 01101—3 | Coe | 00110—2 |
| Pellens | 00110—2 | Stetler | 01011—3 |

No. 4, the same:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Paul | 10111—4 | James | 11111—5 |
| Jones | 11111—5 | Coe | 11111—5 |
| Pellens | 11101—4 | Stetler | 11100—3 |

No. 5, the same:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Peck | 10111—4 | James | 11100—3 |
| Jones | 00111—3 | Burgess | 11110—4 |
| Vermorel | 11110—4 | Stetler | 00010—1 |
| Abbott | 11101—4 | Pellens | 00011—2 |
| Lenone | 01100—2 | | |

No. 6, miss and out:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Paul | 0 | Burgess | 10 |
| Vermorel | 0 | Lenone | 0 |
| Jones | 11 | Abbott | 10 |

Match at 25 single targets for prizes:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bu gess | 1110101101010001111001001—14 |
| Coe | 1011111111011010101101100—17 |
| Parker | 1101010000010000001110000— 8 |
| Lawrenson | 1001000101100110000000001— 8 |
| Pellens | 1110110000101001111110110—15 |
| Meyer | 0010111100111100000111111—15 |
| Abbott | 0010111111111110101111111—19 |
| Vermorell | 1000011111111111011111101—19 |
| Lenone | 0101101110111100110110101—15 |
| Paul | 1111111111010111100111101—20 |
| Jones | 1100101100000100000000010— 7 |
| Peck | 1100101100010111111000011—15 |
| Jeanneret | 0000100001001011103011110—10 |

Sweepstake at 10 singles, 50 cents entrance, 3 moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vermorel | 1110111111—9 | Paul | 0101111110—7 |
| Abbott | 0110011010—5 | Peck | 1100000010—3 |
| Burgess | 1100 00100—4 | Jeanneret | 0011010100—4 |
| Lenone | 1110010101—6 | Meyer | 0001001111—5 |

## Thanksgiving Day Sweepstake.

Louis Miller; the proprietor of Dexter Park, held his regular Thanksgiving Day sweerstake shoot and quite an extensive programme was got through with. The morning was devoted to target sweepstakes under the rapid-firing system, with electric pulls and the afteonoon to live bird shoots under Hurlingham rules. Darkess put a stop to the sport and closed a pleasant day's shooting. The scores, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, and 8 at 10 targets each, 3 and 5 at 15:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| T Short | 5 | 5 | 11 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 8 |
| G Grieff | 8 | 6 | 12 | 4 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 6 |
| Dr Little | 6 | 5 | 10 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 2 |
| S Lyons | 4 | 4 | 11 | 6 | 9 | 1 | .. | .. |
| J Bach | 3 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| G Pfohlman | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 5 |
| O Floyd | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 |
| R Rathbone | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 |
| H Loeble | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 |

Sweepstakes, live birds, 25yds, rise:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Little | 1212—4 | 01010—2 | .... |
| T P McKenna | 1230—3 | 02222—5 | 2022—3 |
| L Eppig | 1201—3 | 20101—3 | 1102—3 |
| C Englebreadt | 1210—3 | 10102—3 | 0211—3 |
| J Schlieman | 0012—2 | 11010—3 | 0211—3 |
| R Rathbone | 1001—2 | 11112—5 | .... |
| F Shock | 2202—3 | 11100—3 | .... |
| R Thister, Jr | 1210—3 | 11201—4 | 1211—4 |
| C Detbloff | 0012—2 | 02000—1 | .... |
| C Floyd | 1111—4 | .... | .... |
| H Fessenden | 0211—3 | 11211—5 | .... |
| G Pfohlman | 0202—2 | 22122—5 | .... |
| L Schortemeier | 1122—4 | 21112—5 | 1110—3 |
| H Housman | 0210—2 | 11121—5 | .... |
| P Sweeney | 1111—4 | 20012—3 | 0101—2 |
| O B Osterbout | 2110—3 | 01113—4 | .... |
| W Thompson | 1000—1 | .. .. | .... |

## The Guaranteed Purses at Watertown.

Watertown, N. Y., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of a statement recently made to the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association by Mr. H. A. Penrose and published in your issue of Nov. 17, to the effect that at Watertown the club held a meeting and requested that the purses be withdrawn, it is simply justice to the Watertown Club to make the following plain statement of facts:

On the first day of our Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament Mr. Penrose declined to adhere to the programme of guaranteed events, as the weather was excessively hot, and the attendance in consequence rather small.

At a meeting of the club, held at the Otis House in the evening Mr. Penrose entered uninvited and stated to the members assembled that if the Watertown Club would consent to give up the regular programme and shoot sweepstakes for the remaining two days he would donate the targets, beside paying printing bills and freight on the fixtures, at the same time considering the shoot simply postponed to some more favorable time in the future, when he promised to give us another shoot with guaranteed purses.

The club, upon vote, reluctantly yielded to Mr. Penrose's proposition and gave up the regular programme. The blame for the failure of the shoot would never have been publicly attached to the association or to Mr. Penrose had not the latter placed the club in a false position, thus making the above statement necessary.

J. C. Ayers, Secretary.

## Thanksgiving at Red Bank.

The Riverside Gun Club held a live bird shoot on its grounds at Red Bank, N. J., on Nov. 24, with the wind blowing a gale from the North. The birds were a lot of "hummers" and some brilliant shots were recorded. Events Nos. 1 and 5 were at 5 birds, $2.50 entry; Nos. 2 and 4 at 10 birds, $5 entry, and the others were miss and out affairs. The results:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 4. | No. 5. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Cooper, Jr | 02012—3 | 0212110021—7 | 0221011231—8 | 01121—4 |
| C Cooper | 22102—4 | 0221120211—8 | 22101112o1—8 | 0122o—3 |
| J Bergen | 11121—5 | 2121112210—9 | ..... | .... |
| R Cornwall | 21201—4 | 0201022005—4 | ..... | .... |
| J Cooper, Jr | 12121—5 | 1211122o12—8 | 1o111012101—7 | 11202—4 |
| T W Budd | .... | 0212222222—9 | 1222120212—8 | 02200—2 |
| S Littlefield | .... | 0021221101—7 | o0022200222—6 | 11111—5 |
| O Hesse | .... | ..... | 1112022103—8 | 12001—3 |
| L S Campbell | .... | ..... | 11111112200—8 | 02121—4 |
| J Davis | .... | ..... | ..... | 21020—3 |

Miss and out events:

| | No. 3. | No. 6. | No. 7. | No. 8. | No. 9 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| John Cooper | 111 | 220 | 10 | .. | .... |
| Littlefield | 220 | .. .. | ... | ... | .. .. |
| Bergen | 220 | o | ... | ... | .... |
| J Cooper, Jr | 0 | 220 | 221 | 20 | 1222 |
| Budd | 0 | 220 | 222 | 121 | 2211 |
| Cornwall | 0 | .... | ... | ... | .... |
| E Cooper | 0 | 1220 | 0 | 0 | 2221 |
| Campbell | .. | 0 | 110 | 0 | .... |
| Hesse | .... | 2112 | ... | ... | .... |
| Throckmorton | .. .. | .... | ... | 212 | 2110 |
| Davis | .... | .... | ... | ... | 1110 |

## Sweepstake Shoots at Woodlawn.

It was proposed to hold a big live bird and quail sweepstake shoot at Woodlawn Park on Thanksgiving Day, but on account of the cold weather the quail shooting had to be postponed. Seven events were shot off at live birds and some fair scores were made. Several of the shooters left early so as to participate in the Atlantic's shoot at Coney Island. The scores:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Furguesen, Jr | 11101—4 | 01111—4 | ..... |
| W F Sykes | 12011—4 | 01012—4 | ..... |
| G W Cropsey | 12221—5 | 21122—5 | 21100—3 |
| S Adams | 12020—3 | 00102—2 | 21111—5 |
| P Hegeman | 01111—4 | 11202—4 | 22020—3 |
| J Lott | 12212—5 | 11101—4 | 11121—5 |
| M Van Brunt | 21002—3 | 10010—2 | 11101—4 |
| S C Bennett | 11112—5 | 10002—2 | 10000—1 |
| C Fueguesen (2) | 12100—3 | 11100—3 | ..... |
| A Squires | ..... | 11001—3 | ..... |
| E Lohman | ..... | .... | 10120—3 |
| D C Bennett | ..... | ..... | 11111—5 |
| C A Sykes | ..... | ..... | 01121—4 |

| | No. 4 | No. 5. | No. 6. | No. 7. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Williams | 1101111111—9 | 11110—4 | .... | ..... |
| G A Sykes | 1022100100—5 | 11111—5 | 21000—2 | .... |
| D B unett | 2012201122—8 | 11211—5 | .... | ..... |
| C Adams | 1121000100—5 | 00001—1 | 21000—2 | 00121—4 |
| Chris Meyer | ..... | ..... | 22100—3 | 11110—4 |

## Emerald Gun Club.

The members of the Emerald Gun Club had a good day's sport at the traps on Wednesday, Nov. 23. The printipal event was the regular shoot for the two class medals at 10 birds each, club handicap. Dr. Leveridge and L. Henry killed 9 each and the former took the first class medal and Henry the second. The latter failing to kill all of his birds with his first barrel was barred from wearing the first medal and becoming his personal property. A small sweepstake was shot off after the regular shoot to finish up the birds and allow the members to get home out of the cold. The scores.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J H Voss | 2100011121—8 | T Fitzgerald | 0011220210—6 |
| T Hudson | 1221200100—6 | N Maesel | 1022212011—8 |
| T H Keller | 2102120121—8 | F T Russell | 2000100000—2 |
| P Butz | 0001010001—3 | T Burns | 2000001002—3 |
| G Grieff | 0111120011—7 | M Quinn | 0220012101—5 |
| R Regan | 0120210101—6 | L Henry | 1011211112—9 |
| J Maesel | 2000101201—8 | Dr Leveridge | 1021222211—9 |
| H Hogan | 0111010220—5 | J H Moore | 1120202002—6 |
| E Doelnck | 1010101111—7 | C Maesel | 0110220000—4 |
| L C Gehring | 0010010002—4 | S Horn | 1000111201—6 |

Sweepstake. 9 entries, $1 entrance, 3 moneys, 25yds, rise: R. Regan 3, N. Maesel 1, F. T. Russell 4, H. Hogan 1, J. H. Moore 4, Dr. Hudson 1, M. Quinn 1, G. Frieff 2, E. Doelnck 3.

## Passaic City Rod and Gun Club.

The following scores were made at the monthly shoot of the Passaic City Rod and Gun Club, on Thanksgiving Day, at 30 single bluerocks per man.

| | |
|---|---|
| C Kelley | 1111001111011000110111010111—21 |
| J H Hall | 0110001010101010000101001100112 |
| A W Shaw | 1010111111010111000111111101111—23 |
| W R Brown | 0300110001010100010000100100101—10 |
| H K Beatty | 0101000001011110101010101000000—11 |
| W R Evans | 1061100000111101010101010111—15 |
| J J Reid | 1110100101000100101101100000—12 |
| C. Lenone | 0100111100100010000101001100—13 |
| B F Abbott | 1011110011101011011001001010—17 |
| J Jelleme | 1101001010110111111100000100111—18 |
| C B Wise | 1110111110011010110111011110010—21 |
| C Vermorel | 1111001010111111111001111111100—22 |
| D Campbell, Jr | 0011010110010010011011011110—17 |

## Prospect Heights Gun Club.

The members of the Prospect Heights Gun Club held their usual Thanksgiving Day shoot at Parkville on Thursday, Nov. 24. It was at first proposed to shoot at 100 targets each, but the wind was too strong, so it was decided to shoot at 50. The prize was a handsome diamond stud and W. H. Atkinson was the lucky winner with 45. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| C S Reynolds | 1011100111010110101011111000111010111110111—35 |
| Capt Nichols | 0111010110101101111011011111010110111111101111—37 |
| H Ferris | 0011010011001100110110111001110101011011111101111—30 |
| G A Somers | 1110110101111111111111011011011111011101111011111—40 |
| W H Atkinson | 1110111111011111111111011111111111111111111111111—45 |

Referee, J. W. Sevoir.

## Linden Grove Gun Club.

The last shoot of the season of the Linden Grove Gun Club was held on Friday, Nov. 25 at Dexter Park. The contest was for the best averages for the annual prizes. F. Ibert, G. Major and J. Birmel killed 7 straight, John Schlieman being second with 6. The birds were a goood lot and fast flyers. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P J Eppig | 2202101—5 | J Birmel | 2121121—7 |
| F Ibert | 1122212—7 | G Major | 1211212—7 |
| J Schlieman | 1122212—7 | H Housman | 0021022—4 |
| F Weisenborn | 2101200—4 | M Euler | 1101101—5 |

Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

## Parkville Gun Club.

The regular shot of the Parkville Gun Club was held on the grounds at Parkville, L. I., on Saturday, Nov. 19. The contest was for the club medal at 50 targats each, under A. A. rules. Only five entered, and W. V. Nichols was the winner. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| W H Atkinson | 1100111010101100111011111101101101101111101111111—37 |
| G A Somers | 0101001100110011010111111111011011011011111111111—36 |
| W V Nichols | 1111101101101101101111111011101110111011111111111—40 |
| H Purvis | 1100111010110101101100011110101010110100111101111—32 |
| C S Reynolds | 0011001100101001100100011110110011011010101011111—28 |

## THANKSGIVING DAY AT WHEELING.

WHEN, on Wednesday, Nov. 23, we boarded a B. & O. train and started for Wheeling, W. Va., to attend the first annual trap tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, the air was rather cold and raw, but the sun was shining brightly, and we were inclined to think that Thanksgiving Day might for once be ushered in with fairly good weather that would attract a goodly number to the shoot and convention. After leaving Washington, however, the sun went under a cloud, the air got more chill and damp, and by the time historic Harper's Ferry was passed the snow, beautiful but unwelcome snow, was falling at a rate that caused us to feel decidedly blue. For it must be remembered that the success of nearly all tournaments, whether State or club affairs, is greatly influenced by the state of the weather on the day preceding the shooting, as it is then that the most of the contestants are compelled to leave their homes in order to be on hand for the opening events. West Virginia is scattered over a considerable amount of territory, and at least one-half of the club delegates would have been compelled to leave home on Wednesday in order to reach Wheeling in time for the fun. The coming of the snowstorm convinced us that the attendance would be seriously affected.

Passing Martinsburg, Cumberland, Piedmont and Grafton, the snow was still falling, the mountains had taken on a white covering, and the wind blew fiercely through the gorges. When we reached Wheeling, however, the fall had ceased, although there was no promise of an improvement in the weather. The following morning when we poked our heads out of doors the outlook was bad as ever, the thermometer showing its mercury very low, the clouds being dark and heavy and the wind chilling one to the marrow.

However, we were here and compelled to make the best of what should come. It was not the day for sight-seeing, so at an early hour we boarded an electric car, which soon carried us over the Ohio River to Wheeling Island and within a stone's throw of the grounds of the Island City Gun Club, where the shoot was to take place. Although the weather had given us a chilling greeting to the city there was nothing chilly about our reception at the club house of the Island City Club, either as regards the temperature of the room or the welcome accorded us by the genial sportsmen who were gathered therein. The welcome accorded to FOREST AND STREAM showed conclusively that South as well as in all other sections it has firmly established itself in the hearts of all true sportsmen as the great and only exponent of all land and water sports and pastimes.

In the shooting house we found Dr. Myer, R. B Burt, J. A. Penn, G. W. Lemon and J. E. Wright, the famous "Big Six" of the Island City Gun Club who won the great team race at Atlantic City in July; R. S. Cowen, of Bellaire, O.; Messrs. Bell and Smith, of the local club, and last but not least the ever popular A. G. Courtney with his great Lefever ejector gun. "Court" had been "doing" Pittsburgh and vicinity and was en route to the Sunny South, but concluded to drop off and see the boys at Wheeling and have a little shoot.

"But where are all the delegates from the outside towns?" we asked.

"Where are they?" said J. A. Penn, "the most of them are just where all of us ought to be in such weather—toasting their shins at the family fire. I have letters from a large number of clubs promising the attendance of delegates, and had yesterday's outlook been at all favorable each and every one would have been on hand; but as soon as the temperature dropped and the storm began we gave up all hopes of a large turnout. Then again some would not be away from home under any circumstances on Thanksgiving Day and others are off in the fields after game, so that altogether we have the short end."

The grounds of the Island City Gun Club are situated on the extreme end of Wheeling Island, which is separated from the rest of the city of Wheeling by the fast rushing Ohio River. The foreground is such as to make the shooting extremely difficult. From the club house to the water's edge is a wood toward which the targets are thrown, the shooting being done toward the north. To the north-west of the grounds, on the opposite side of the river, are several large iron mills and foundries, from the tall chimneys of which heavy clouds of dense black smoke are constantly pouring, this making the foreground still worse. The scenery from the grounds is very rugged, lofty mountain peaks being seen in all directions. On the extreme top of one of these peaks, northwest of Wheeling proper, is located a cemetery, which can be seen from any point in the city. The club has a small but comfortable club house, which on this occasion was provided with a roaring fire that was appreciated by all.

The shooting was done from 5 expert traps, the Parker three-class handicap being used. Outside the club house it was bitterly cold and the wind was strong and cutting. The targets were thrown hard, the traps being at their highest tension, but nevertheless the wind would cause them to take erratic flights. In consequence high scores were the exception. Those who were obliged to shoot under the three-trap expert rule were not able at any time to do any fair shooting, the shooting from known traps at unknown angles being of itself a hard handicap for the day.

While the crowd was small, it was still an extremely jolly one, not even the bad weather having any effect on the spirits of the shooters. Several bottles of spirits fermenti, however, were lowered during the day. There were five events shot off previous to noon, when a recess was taken for dinner, the most of the local contestants going to their own homes. J. E. Wright and FOREST AND STREAM were invited to take dinner with the genial George W. Lemmon, who resides within a half-mile of the grounds, and so urgent was the invitation that they could not resist. And the way Mrs. Lemmon's delicious turkey and concomitants did suffer at their hands was a caution. Portly "Court" took dinner with John A. Penn, and the labored manner in which the Lefever man walked upon his return to the grounds showed that he, too, had been trying to do justice to his host's treatment.

As soon as the clan had been mustered the fun recommenced, the event of the afternoon being the 50-target race for the championship of West Virginia, this being shot at known angles. This event was also a sweepstake, the entry fee being $5. The race was a hard-earned victory for George W. Lemmon, who was closely pressed by J. E. Wright. According to the terms of this match the winner holds the championship subject to one challenge every sixty days, when he will be obliged to accept or forfeit his title. Mr. Lemmon is likely to have his hands full, as we were informed in the evening that every member of the club proposed to challenge him. As he is only required to accept one challenge every sixty days, some one will have to make a long wait.

It was about 4 P. M. when the fun was ended, and soon after the party had left for their respective domiciles. "Court" and "we" refused an urgent invitation to dine out, and repaired to the McLure House in Wheeling. After supper a "session" was held at the furniture house of John A. Penn, where a couple of local newspaper men put in the evening in copying scores and the rest of the party discussed the past, present and future of trap-shooting, while "Court" expatiated on the good qualities of the Lefever ejector and showed wherein it was "the best" ejector in the world.

It had been announced that the State Association would hold a convention in the evening to elect directors and discuss the game and fish laws, but the meeting was not held, as only the local men would have been at hand. The meeting will be called for some later date this winter, when it is to be hoped that the members of the various West Virginia sportsmen's clubs, as well as individual sportsmen, will evince enough interest in the question of game and fish protection to be present. Judging from expressed opinions of those met at Martinsburg and Wheeling, there is great need of legislation, and now that the Wheeling people have showed their earnestness in the matter, they should receive support from the entire State. The next call will be issued for some day other than a holiday, so there will be no excuse for non-attendance. Due notice of the meeting will be given by FOREST AND STREAM.

Below will be found the result of the events shot.

Extra at 10 singles, $1.35 entry: Wright, Penn, Lemmon and Burt 8 each, Myers 7, Cowen 5.

No. 1, 10 singles, $1.25 entry, all known angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wright | 1111011111—9 | Penn | 1101111001—7 |
| Myers | 0010011111—8 | Burt | 1101111111—9 |
| Cowan | 0101100111—6 | Courtney | 0110011111—7 |
| Lemmon | 1111011111—9 | | |

No. 2, 15 singles, $1.85 entry:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wright | 1100011010101111— 9 | Lemmon | 1101011111111100—11 |
| Burt | 1110000011011100— 7 | | |

Semi-Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Penn | 1011011111110111—12 | Courtney | 1011001111111111—12 |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Myers | 1111111111111101—14 | Cowan | 1110111111100110—11 |

No. 3, same as previous one:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Myers | 0010111100011110— 8 | | |

Semi-Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Courtney | 0101110101101101— 9 | Penn | 1111111110101111—13 |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cowan | 1110111111111101—14 | Lemmon | 1111100111111111—13 |
| Burt | 1111111111111111—15 | Wright | 1111111111111111—15 |

No. 4, another like the above:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wright | 0111000100010001— 4 | | |

Semi-Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lemmon | 1111011011011111—12 | Penn | 1011101111111110—13 |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Myers | 0101111111111011—12 | Burt | 1110011101011111—11 |
| Courtney | 1111111110111101—13 | Smith | 0100100101000001— 5 |
| Corson | 0111110000001111— 8 | | |

No. 5, repetition of above:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Courtney | 1011110100100000— 7 | | |

Semi-Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lemmon | 1101110101111110—12 | Penn | 1010100101111111—10 |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wright | 1111111111111110—14 | Burt | 1111111111111110—14 |
| Cowan | 1011101100101101— 9 | Bell | 1011100001000001— 6 |

No. 6, same as preceding one.

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wright | 0001011010111011— 8 | Burt | 1110100000011100— 6 |

Semi-Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Myers | 0111111111011011—12 | Lemmon | 1111111111110110—14 |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cowan | 1111101111111111—14 | Coulthney | 1010101010111111—10 |
| Bell | 0000101010000000— 3 | Penn | 1110011111111111—13 |

No. 7, same as above:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lemmon | 0101101100011111— 9 | Cowan | 1010110111110001— 9 |

Semi-Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Penn | 0101101011111111—11 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bush | 1111010011111010—10 | Myers | 1100111111010111—11 |
| Courtney | 1000101101111111—11 | Bell | 0000101000100111— 6 |
| Wright | 0111111111111111—14 | | |

No. 8, fifty singles, known angles, for championship of West Virginia. Sweepstake entrance, $6.25.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wright | 1111111111111111111111111111111010111010111110011—43 |
| Lemmon | 0011100111111111111111111101111111111111111111111—45 |
| Burt | 1111111111000111111111111101011101111011111111111—43 |
| Penn | 1010101111111100111011111111101111111111011111110111—42 |
| Myers | 1111111000101111010110101101010101000101111110—33 |
| Courtney | 0111101101011111101110111111111101101010511001—31 |
| Cowan | 1110101000100111111111111111101101111111101—w |
| Bell | 1000001000100110101100110111010111110100—w |

No. 9, ten singles, $1.25 entry, unknown angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wright | 0110111111— 8 | Penn | 1101101111— 8 |
| Lemmon | 0111111101— 8 | Courtney | 0100111110— 6 |
| Myers | 0011111101— 7 | Cowan | 1111000111— 7 |
| Burt | 1111101111— 9 | Bell | 1011000101— 5 |

Previous to leaving Wheeling we were furnished by Mr. Penn with the scores of a tournament held by the club in October, these scores never having appeared in print. The shoot was an open one, and in some events there were 18 entries. There were a number of merchandise prizes in several events. The Parker handicap was used. Among those present were Elmer E. Shaner, "Jim Crow" and "Old Hoss," from Pittsburg, and J. E. England, from Alleghany, Pa. The scores follow:

No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entrance: Shaner 7, Crow 7, Penn 9, Lemen 8, Beekman 8, Myers 8, Burt 7, Wright 9, Dinger 7, Miller 6, England 9.

No. 2, same.—Experts: Penn 7, Wright 5, England 6. Semi-experts: Lemon 9, Beekman 7, Myers 9. Amateurs: Miller 5, Dinger 7, Burt 9, Crow 7, Shaner 8

No. 5, same.—Experts: Lemon 8, Myers 7, Burt 9. Semi-experts: Shaner 7. Amateurs: Crow 7, Wright 9 Verger 8, England 9, Dinger 5, Penn 8, Beekman 3, Miller 8, McCoy 10.

No. 4, 15 singles, $1.85 entrance:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McCoy | 100111110000000— 6 | | |

Semi-experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Burt | 1101011110110110—11 | England | 1001111010111011—11 |
| Wright | 1111011111010110—12 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dinger | 1111111111111115—15 | Miller | 1111110110011011—11 |
| Crow | 0110110111011111—11 | Bergess | 1111110101111011—12 |
| Shaner | 1110110111111110—11 | Lemon | 0110111011111111—12 |
| Penn | 1110010111111101—11 | Myers | 0111110011111111—12 |
| Beekman | 0011110111110011—10 | Greisinger | 1001111011111101—11 |

No. 5, same as above:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dinger | 1111111111111111— 8 | | |

Semi-experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wright | 1111111111011111—14 | Lemon | 1100101101011111—10 |
| Verges | 1011110111001110—11 | Myers | 0111010111110110—10 |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McCoy | 1001011111011111—11 | Crow | 1111111010111001—11 |
| England | 1110111011111111—13 | Shaner | 1110111011011110—11 |
| Burt | 1111111111010110—13 | Penn | 1111111110110111—14 |
| Beekman | 0011110011110111— 9 | Greisinger | 0010011110101000— 6 |

No. 6, same:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Penn | 1111111111111001—13 | Wright | 0111110111100111—11 |

Semi-experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| England | 0111110101111111—12 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| McCoy | 1111100100111111—12 | Beekman | 0011000110101111— 8 |
| Crow | 0111111011110011—11 | Ginger | 1111111011111111—14 |
| Shaner | 1110111111111110—13 | Vergus | 1111111111111110—14 |
| Miller | 1011000011111011— 9 | Bill | 0010011000010— 7 |
| Burk | 1011111111111011—12 | Collins | 1111101011101110—11 |
| Myers | 0111111111111011—13 | Kennon | 0100111000011110— 7 |
| Sommers | 1011111010111110—11 | Cowan | 0111011010101111—10 |
| Lemmon | 1111001101111010—10 | | |

No. 7, same:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Verges | 1010111111111112—12 | Dinger | 1011011100111111—10 |

Semi-experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Penn | 1111111101011001—11 | Shaner | 1111000110111011—10 |
| Myers | 1011111110011111—12 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| England | 0001111011111101—10 | Sommers | 1011101111110111—12 |
| Lemon | 1101000011111011— 9 | Collins | 0010010111111011— 9 |
| Crow | 1110101111110111—12 | Cowen | 1111111111110011—13 |
| McCoy | 0011110311111111—11 | Beekman | 1110100101111011—10 |
| Burt | 0100011111111111—11 | Bell | 0100100011101001— 6 |
| Wright | 1011111101111011—12 | | |

No. 8, 20 singles, $2.50 entry:

Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Verges | 1101011111110010111115 | | |

Semi-Experts.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crow | 1111101100011111111—16 | Wright | 1111101111111111011—18 |
| Myers | 1110111101111001111—16 | | |

Amateurs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lemon | 1111101101111101011—16 | Dinger | 1011101111111011110—16 |
| England | 1101111011111111111—18 | Beekman | 1001101010011101101—12 |
| Penn | 1111111011111101111—18 | Bell | 1100111011110111000— 7 |
| Shaner | 1111111011110011110—16 | Collins | 1101111111101111001—16 |
| Burt | 0110111111111111100—16 | Sommers | 0110111010111111110—15 |
| Miller | 0111111110011111111—17 | | |

No. 9, 10 singles, $1.25 entry: Experts—Penn 10, England 5, Wright 9, Cowan 9. Semi-experts—Miller 4. Amateurs—McCoy 8, Lemmon 3, Shaner 9, Crow 7, Burt 10, Verges 6, Gresinger 7, Clark 8, Myers 9, Bell 9, Dinger 7, Saul 7, Collins 6, Kennor 6, Beekman 8.

No. 10, same as No 9: Experts—Penn 4, Burt 4. Semi-experts—Wright 8, Myers 8, Shaner 8, Cowan 8. Amateurs—Crow 10, England 7, Lemon 10, Miller 7, Verges 7, Clark 5, Jones 8, Dinger 9, Bell 6, Kennor 7, Collins 6.

First average was won by J. E. Wright, second by J. A. Penn, third by E. C. Myers.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club was rather poor on account of Thanksgiving, the majority of the members preferring a hot stove to facing the cold wind at the seashore. Bonden furnished a fine lot of birds, with the expectation of seeing some matches shot off. The regular club shoot and sweepstake contests were held up till dark. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C E Morris | 2112122111—10 | M Bonden | 0101220002—5 |
| D Monsees | 2112002111— 8 | G Nostrand | 1122012c12—8 |
| J B Voorhees | 101c211111— 8 | R Richards | 2000200000—2 |
| T F Buckley | 0110212222— 8 | | |

Sweepstake, 5 birds, $2 entrance, two moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C E Morris | 21112—5 | C Furguesen, Jr. | 11111—5 |
| D Monsees | 21121—5 | W F Sykes | 00110—2 |
| C Meyer | 12201—4 | | |

Sweep No. 2: C. E. Morris 4, Monsees 4, Voorhees 6, G. Morris 3, Richards 2, Buckley 3, Hegeman 4, Van Brunt 4, Sutherland 2.

Sweep No. 3: C. E. Morris 5, Monsees 5, Richards 2, Hegeman 4, Van Brunt 2, Sutherland 3,

Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

## Keystones and Pigeons at Springfield.

NO MATTER what time of the year the Union Gun Club chooses for the holding of a tournament the fates seem to conspire against them so far as weather conditions go. It was pretty generally known that the club would hold a tournament on Nov. 22 and 23, and a good number of shooters in various sections had promised to attend. On the morning of the first day, however, the conditions were such as to cause a good many to change their minds. The clouds looked very much as though a snowstorm was en route, the air was heavy and damp and a strong wind was blowing. During the early hours there were frequent dashes of snow, and taken altogether the prospects were not encouraging. At noon the sky cleared and the sun appeared, but by this time the mischief was done, and when the shooting began it was with just five entries. The shooting on this day was at Keystone targets from five Keystone traps. The light discs were flitted about in merry style by the frisky wind and the shooting was extremely difficult.

The club announced that cash prizes would be paid for first, second and third averages in all programme events, and these were paid despite the light attendance, thus showing good faith by the management. There were 135 targets in the regular programme, and of these J. W. Smith broke 117, securing first average money ($2). Miller got $2 for breaking 116, Hobart $1 for breaking 114.

Events Nos. 1, 4, 7 and 9 were at 10 targets, $1 entry; Nos. 2, 3, 5, 8 and 10 at 15 targets, $1.50 entry; No. 5 at 20 targets, $2 entry, with three moneys in each event. The results follow:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 0111011100— 6 | 101111111111111—14 | 111110101111101—12 |
| Miller | 1011111111— 9 | 111100101111110—11 | 110101111111011—12 |
| Hobart | 0110111101— 7 | 111110101011101—11 | 111111001111111—13 |
| Sigler | 0110111111— 8 | 101100011111101—10 | 110111111111111—14 |
| Drake | 1100111111— 8 | 110111101101001—10 | 010111101111111—12 |

| | No. 4. | No. 5. | No. 6. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 1111111111— 9 | 111111010101011111—16 | 111110111111111—14 |
| Miller | 1111101111— 9 | 011011011111011111—16 | 111111111111111—15 |
| Hobart | 0111011101— 7 | 011011111111111111—18 | 111001170111111—12 |
| Sigler | 1111111110— 9 | | 111111111111111—15 |
| Drake | 1111011110— 8 | 110110101111111111—17 | 111101101111110—12 |

| | No. 7. | No. 8. | No. 9. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 0111111111— 9 | 111111111111111—15 | 1111011111— 9 |
| Miller | 1111011111— 8 | 111111111111111—15 | 1101111110— 8 |
| Hobart | 1011111111— 9 | 111111101111111—14 | 1111111111—10 |
| Sigler | 1011111111— 9 | | 1110111111— 9 |
| Drake | 0111011111— 8 | 111111111111011—14 | 0111111111— 9 |

No. 10:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 1111111111010101—13 | Hobart | 1111110111101111—13 |
| Miller | 1111010011111111—12 | Drake | 1111111110111111—14 |

The next event was the monthly club shoot at 25 singles, rapid-firing system, this being the eleventh of the prize series:

Class A.

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller | 1111101111111111111111110—23 |
| Sigler | 1111101111111111111011010—21 |
| Smith | 1111111011111111111011001—21 |

Class B.

| | |
|---|---|
| Drake | 1111111101011011101010111—19 |
| Bryan | 1101010110111011011011010—17 |
| Sickley | 0111010011010110001101010—13 |

*The Second Day*

was announced to be live-bird day, and good attendance was counted upon. But alas, alas and alack-a-day, the good attendance resolved itself into the coming of one man, and one man only. The comer was Harry E. Smith, of the Newark Gun Club, and he was full of shoot. His only opponent was E. D. Miller. The two, however, had lots of fun, shooting three matches instead of confining themselves to the regular programme events. The first match was at 50 live birds each, the second and the third at 25 each. Both men were in fine form, each killing 92 out of the 100. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| Smith | 2111111212012o1111111122—23 |
| | 2121111112111122121111l2—25—48 |
| Miller | 1122121101122o11121210212—22 |
| | 1212121122121212111111172—25—47 |
| Smith | 2212212112111011o1101221—22 |
| Miller | 0110121102222211111111221—22 |
| Smith | 1111121102211101122o22121—22 |
| Miller | 211o111122111111111211o—23 |

## The Carterets Own the Cup.

THE fourth annual competition for the club team trophy offered by the Larchmont Y. C. took place on November 29 on the club grounds in a driving snow storm. The only teams entered were those of the Larchmont Y. C and the Carteret G. C. of Bergen Point. The cup was first put up for competition in 1889, and was open to teams representing the following clubs: Westminster Kennel Club of Babylon, L. I.; Country Club of Westchester; Carteret Gun Club, of Bergen Point, N. J.; Tuxedo Gun Club and Larchmont Yacht Club. The Carterets won it in 1889 and 1890, the Larchmonts in 1891, and the Carterets in 1892. The conditions of the competition are as follows: Open to teams of four men from subscribing clubs, 25 birds per man, 30yds. rise and 50yds. boundary, five traps, under modified Hurlingham rules. The contest was started at 12:56 o'clock and finished at 3:15 o'clock.

In 1889 the Carterets won with 88 kills; in 1890 they again won on 88; in 1891 the Larchmonts won with 90 kills to the Carterets 89.

The conditions on Tuesday were bad, there being a blinding snowstorm from the northwest blowing directly into the faces of the shooters, and at times hiding the traps from view. The result of the match was a victory to the Carterets, who thus become final owners of the $500 trophy by virtue of three victories. The scores follow:

Larchmont.

| | |
|---|---|
| George Work | 120022212122112012212—21 |
| Capt Money | 0012210212222222102222201—19 |
| L F Davenport | 2201201222222222211122—23 |
| Edgar G. Murphy | 2222222222222222222-0022—23—85 |

Carteret.

| | |
|---|---|
| H Yale Dolan | 1222112211222121222012222—24 |
| J S Brown | 1222101202120202101212—19 |
| Oakleigh Thorne | 2021211221122212122022221—23 |
| L S Thompson | 1211222122222221222121222—25—91 |

## Live Birds at Newburgh.

THE West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association held a live bird shoot on Thanksgiving Day, there being 18 shooters on hand. The events comprised one at 5 birds and two at 4 birds. The scores:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Stanbrough | 11110 | 1011 | 0001 | Harrisin | 01101 | 0111 | 0010 |
| Likely | 11110 | 0011 | 1110 | Dixon | 01010 | 0000 | 1001 |
| Cave | 11110 | 1101 | 0101 | Taggart | 10101 | 1111 | 1111 |
| Gibb | 11111 | 0000 | 0010 | Dumville | 00101 | 0000 | .... |
| Rayland | 01111 | 1111 | 1111 | McDowell | 11100 | 0100 | .... |
| Higginson | 11011 | 1111 | 1001 | Donahue | 10111 | 0111 | .... |
| Sutton | 00011 | 0110 | 0010 | Rhodes | 00111 | 0101 | 1110 |
| Kissam | 11110 | 1010 | 0011 | Belknap | 00101 | 1110 | 1110 |
| Young | 10111 | 1100 | 0011 | Wood | 11110 | 0111 | 1000 |

## New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

THE attendance at the weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club was rather slim on Saturday, Nov. 19, at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I. Only seven competed for the gold medal at 20 targets each, 22yds. rise, A. A. rules. Dr. Wynn won it with a score of fifteen, which is about the best he has made at targets under the rapid firing system at five traps. He also got a good share in the sweepstakes that were shot at five live birds each, five unknown traps, modified Hurlingham rules. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bennett | 0111110011110000101O—11 | Dr Wynn | 0111111110101011101—15 |
| Adams | 1001100101001110101—11 | Sykes | 0001100111010100100— 9 |
| Wingert | 1101110001100011110O1—11 | Blatt-Hegeman | 0011001110101011101—12 |
| | | macher | 0110101100111001101—11 |

Sweepstake shoots, 5 live birds, 28yds. rise, $1 entrance, two moneys:

| | 1st. | 2d. | | 1st. | 2d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Wynn | 11212—5 | 11111—5 | Adams | 10200—2 | 12001—3 |
| Sykes | 02202—3 | 21002—5 | Nostrand | 10002—2 | 21210—4 |
| Koster | 00200—1 | 01120—3 | Wingert | 12111—5 | 11211—5 |
| Bennett | 10111—4 | 12111—5 | | | |

## Van Brunt Defeats Hegeman.

A MATCH shoot at 50 targets each was shot off at Woodlawn Park on Thursday, Nov. 24, between A. A. Hegeman and M. Van Brunt, both members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club, for a stake of $25 a side. Both shooters are evenly matched, but the high wind bothered them considerably. Van Brunt won by the score of 34 to 30. The return match to be shot off on Christmas Day. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| A A Hegeman | 0110110110010101101110101—15 |
| | 1101001011110011010101011—15—30 |
| M Van Brunt | 1110011010101010111011011—16 |
| | 1101100111010111011101111—18—34 |

## MILWAUKEE BIG WOLF SHOOT.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 25.—Mr. S. A. Tucker, representative for so long of the Parker gun, and one of the most esteemed shooters of the country, this evening said a few things to the writer which will do admirably as comment on the Milwaukee tournament now closing.

"Tournament is not much good any longer," said Mr. Tucker, "and everybody knows it. This tournament is a success in only one way, and that is as a success for the shooters. The $500 added money is a price for their attendance, and they are here. But who are they? They are the old familiar rounders you meet everywhere, say half of the fifty men who break 75 per cent. of the targets and burn 75 per cent. of the ammunition used in the trap shoots of America. You don't see a half dozen Milwaukee shooters here, and you don't see one young shooter. They are scared away, and they well may be. This is a crowd of wolves, and they will get all there is to eat. You never saw such a systematic dividing and dropping for place in your life. There is no sport to it. No one is here for the sport. It is not a sporting event. Nothing is shot to a finish, and the only question is for the combine to figure out the best possible divisions, and to shoot so as to get into the softest place.

"I wish your paper, which is fearless enough in anything it thinks is right, would take up this question. The time is coming when we will have to have honest shooting. This way of shooting is not honest. It makes trap shooting as rotten or more rotten than any other form of sport that is practiced. If horse racing were half as corrupt as tournament shooting, the public would not endure it. It will not endure this sort of shooting when it comes to realize it, and that is why I say there should be a stand made against it.

"I don't believe the amateur can be protected by any system of handicapping. He comes to a shoot with his eyes open. But I do believe that crooked shooting and dropping for place can be done away with in one season. Of course if managements do not care to take this stand there is no use talking, but if they will, they can at one step go far toward restoring the confidence of the amateur in shooting tournaments. Let the rule be, the three highest scores take the money, no division of ties allowed. No one could drop for place then. Or let managements promptly bar any man detected missing a target or bird intentionally, and ask him to leave the grounds. As it is now, the boys say that because a few will drop back in this way all have to do it to protect their own money. I don't doubt this is true, but if the bar on place-shooting were once established I think square shooting would naturally come to the front and our events become much more sportsmanlike. Of course not all such dropping could be detected, but a man could not deliberately fire in the air, or cut the shot out of his cartridge, or not put any shell in his gun on his last bird, and a good and sharp committee could make a man shoot again on a suspected bird until they had evidence enough one way or the other.

"I believe if the management would hang up the announcement, 'No handicap, open to the world, honest shooting only,' it would more justly invite the confidence of the general public than any recent tournament had done. An indifferent shooter need not be a fool. He may not want to present his money to a combine. But if he thought he stood a show to scratch into a good hole alone once in a while, without one or two experts dropping back on him, he might be willing to keep on shooting for a while."

Mr. Tucker speaks sturdily and wisely in this. I do not doubt that many of the gang of wolves, among whom I have many friends, will think this is hard doctrine, but at the same time there is not one of them who will not admit in his heart that it is true and just. There never a was shoot where all the arts of the "machine" were more openly and unblushingly practiced than at this one. As to class of the shooting, it is enough to say that there were present such Western shooters as Heikes, Budd, Elliott, Parmalee, Grim, McMurchy, Geo. Kleinman, Tucker, Lindsley, Rexroat, Sanford, Bingham, Stannard, Williamson, Eich, Anson, Dicks, Organ, Mussey, Bennett of Kansas City, Ackerman of Nebraska, etc., etc. As our friend Eddy Bingham would say, these were "not overlooking anything." Among the above names are those of a few men who came out for the fun of it, or out of courtesy to Dick Merrill. The others were there for revenue only.

The shoot, as viewed from the professional shooter's standpoint, was a success, inasmuch as the added money made the purses fat things for the shooters, but for the management it was not a successful affair. Dick Merrill will probably lose $150 to $200 on his tournament, and his associates having cheerfully declined financial complications, this loss will be a personal one for him. He was disappointed that the Milwaukee shooters did not support the tournament. The South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, did not give this tournament, but should have supported it. It has over 100 members, but of these only three or four, I believe, attended the shoot. The crowd of wolves scared them out. Mr. Merrill was disgusted at this, but after all how could he expect a different result? He hung up too much money. He split on the rock which has wrecked many a tournament of late, and tried to run a shoot which should invite the wolves and the lambs also. The lambs declined to mingle. If Mr. Merrill had sat down and mailed checks direct to the rounders early in the week he would have pleased them quite as well, would have avoided a tiresome formality, and would not have had to stand out in the cold for days refereeing matches as he did. I think this system of mailing out checks would simplify tournament matters very much in shoot open to the world. The motto, "Open to the world" sounds liberal and very American, but it is a very misleading motto. "Open to the world" really means "Open to a dozen shooters who are exercising a trade, and who will drop and divide equitably with each other to the exclusion of those who shoot for sport and not for business." An open shoot is really a closed shoot. It is an airtight thing. It is an hermetical, airtight, lead pipe, sandbag cinch, if you can figure just how that looks. The South Side Gun Club was on to it. Now, if Mr. Merrill and the general public and the wolves themselves will kindly refer back to Mr. Tucker's remarks, they will, I think, find in them cheap and nourishing food for thought.

The accommodations for the shooters at National Park were good. The target background is poor, but the live bird grounds are good. The live birds were a mixed lot, of course, but included some screechers. Cap Anson found some of these latter, which caused him to gaze over the fence with a look of mingled disdain and surprise. Live birds were shot from King traps, at 20 cents, the U. S. pigeon targets at 3 cents. The weather was wintery for the most part. Wednesday, the first day, was raw and windy. Thursday, Thanksgiving day, was the only pleasant day of the shoot, and was fair and warmer. Friday and Saturday came off blustery and blizzardy, so that shooting was rather a duty than a pleasure. Under such circumstances it was personally a great comfort to belong on a newspaper like FOREST AND STREAM, because it has such a red hot circulation.

Although this gay crowd of wolves are devoid of conscience altogether, physically speaking it would be hard to find a finer lot of men, and socially every shooter in the land knows them for the jolliest and most companionable aggregation out of jail. It is no sport to attend a wolf tournament, because the boys won't shoot to a finish and show us any fun; but there is a lot of pleasure in visiting around among them and hearing the talk, wise and otherwise, but good-natured always, which fills the air from the score to the cashier's desk. The regulars of the present American trap circuit live lives which would be too much for a Georgia mule, but they do not change and never will grow old. Following are the scores:

*Wednesday, First Day, Nov. 23.*

No. 1, 10 live birds, $10, $50 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Grim | 1122011122—9 | Yale | 1201211011—8 |
| C W Budd | 1111222112—10 | L Ackerman | 1112122010—8 |
| A C Anson | 1212201121—9 | J C Read | 1110201210—7 |
| R O Heikes | 0221222121—9 | Geo Hoard | 1201112112—9 |
| H McMurchy | 1001011101—6 | J E Lewis | 1110112111—9 |
| T Parmalee | 2111111110—9 | J A R Elliott | 2121111220—9 |
| M C Sanford | 1111212111—10 | | |

No. 2, 10 U. S. pigeons, $1.50: Bob White 9, Sanford 9, Heikes 8, Elliott 9, Ackerman 5, Grim 8, Skinner 6, Fogg 8, Howard 7, Rex 8, McMurchy 4, Case 5, Tucker 9, Budd 10, Reed 7, Anson 4, Parmalee 9.

No. 4, 15 U. S. pigeons, $2, $15 added: Heikes 11, Sanford 14, Budd 13, Fogg 12, Ackerman 13, Reed 12, Parmalee 10, Grim 14, Skinner 9, Rex 13, McMurchy 8, Anson 9, Bob White 10, Elliott 11, Lehman 13.

No. 6, 20 targets, $3, $25 added: Grim 18, Sanford 17, Skinner 14, Parmalee 18, Rex 19, Stannard 14, Meixner 13, McMurchy 13, Read 14, Fogg 14, W. Ackerman 13, Bob White 16, Budd 16, Heikes 20, Lehman 13, Elliott 17, Carmichael 16, Yale 14, Ackerman 19, Bennett 18.

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, known traps, $2: Grim 12, Fogg 8, Budd 13, Stannard 13, Parmalee 14, Heikes 15, McMurchy 11, Sanford 18, Lewis 5, Elliott 14, Read 10, Ackerman 11, Lehman 11, Meixner 9, Weise 8, Anson 9.

No. 10, 12 targets, $1.50: Grim 10, Budd 10, Sanford 7, McMurchy 8, Stannard 9, Heikes 9, Ackerman 10, Okershauser 6, Fogg 10, Yale 9, Meixner 7, Case 6, Parmalee 7, Read 4, Anson 9.

*Thursday, Second Day, Nov. 24.*

No. 3 was begun Wednesday, but not being concluded, was finished Thursday morning. In this shoot the largest single winning of the tournament was made. Mr. Read, of Omaha, was alone on second, and won $81. Parmalee, Lindsey, Grim and Elliott divided $108. The third and fourth men were not so fortunate, dividing $54 and $27.

No. 3, 15 live birds, $15, $45 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elliott | 2111112111221222—15 | Anson | 1220212121111022—13 |
| Grim | 1121212122212221—15 | Lindsley | 2222122222221112—15 |
| Ackerman | 1222222002222211—13 | Lehman | 1122211112010011—12 |
| Budd | 1102202122221222—13 | Read | 2212121012122212—14 |
| Heikes | 0211222202212222—13 | Parmalee | 1122212111111211—15 |
| Yale | 0212021020102112—11 | White | 1121022122021221—13 |
| McMurchy | 1121201100121211—12 | Chapman | 2101220222222210—12 |
| Sanford | 1111002112011222—12 | Carmichael | 2222222022222222—13 |
| Lewis | 2121101110211210—12 | Rex | 1110111121212020—13 |
| Merrill | 1122220201012122—12 | Bennett | 2221211010110210—12 |

No. 7, 10 live birds, $7, $30 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C W Budd | 2211111111—10 | Chapman | 0121221102—8 |
| F W Meixner | 0122222001—7 | Case | 0001012202—5 |
| Yale | 1000201222—6 | Eich | 0111112111—9 |
| Lindsley | 2210022222—8 | Lehman | 1020122012—7 |
| Parmalee | 0221112011—8 | Carter | 0120012220—6 |
| Bingham | 2102021111—8 | Rex | 1112211111—10 |
| Grim | 2121202011—8 | Elliott | 1212222212—10 |
| Bennett | 1221020112—8 | McMurchy | 1021022201—7 |
| Lewis | 1121122122—10 | Read | 0022201211—7 |
| Anson | 1122112112—10 | McKinney | 1020221221—8 |
| Ackerman | 1201211122—9 | Carmichael | 2222002220—6 |
| Heikes | 1102101120—7 | Friese | 0012000112—5 |
| Sanford | 2222122022—9 | White | 2112112211—10 |
| Deiter | 0221210111—8 | Sutherland | 0011100201—5 |

No. 16, 10 targets, $1.50, 15 added: McKinney 9, Bingham 9, Sanford 9, Heikes 10, Rex 9, Read 9, Lehman 10, Stannard 8, Parmalee 9, Grim 9, Keller 8, Skinner 7, Carter 2, Elliott 10, Sutherland 9, Ackerman 9, Ruble 7, Meixner 9, Bennett 10, Eich 8, Deiter 8, Yale 8, Frieze 7, Richards 9, McMurchy 9, Budd 8, Anson 6.

No. 18, 15 singles, entrance $2: Grim 12, Bingham 15, McKinney 11, Heikes 15, Ackerman 15, Skinner 10, Budd 14, Meixner 10, Yale 12, Elliott 13, Sanford 14, Dexter 14, Read 10, Keller 9, Stannard 12, McMurchy 12, Lehman 13, Richards 10, Parmalee 14, Bennett 13, Eich 10, Rex 15, Ruble 15, Anson 7.

No. 20, two-men team shoot, $4 per team, $25 added:

| | |
|---|---|
| Elliott | 011111111111101111—18 |
| Ackerman | 111110101111111111111—18—36 |
| Sanford | 111011111111111111—19 |
| Ruble | 111111111111111110110—18—37 |
| Heikes | 101111111111111111—19 |
| Bingham | 111011111111111111111—19—38 |
| Grim | 111111001111111101—17 |
| Lehman | 111011111111111111—19—36 |
| Read | 101110001110111111—15 |
| Rex | 011111110111111111—18—33 |
| Meixner | 111111000101101101—15 |
| Stannard | 011111111111101101—17—32 |
| Keller | 101111011011011111—16 |
| Deiter | 111001110110111011—16—32 |
| Anson | 111101010101001111—14 |
| McMurchy | 111111111111001111—18—32 |
| Parmalee | 111111111101111101—18 |
| Budd | 111111111111101111—19—37 |
| Yale | 010111011110001110—13 |
| Hanson | 001100011111101011—12—26 |

No. 22, merchandise shoot, 50 targets, $5: Bingham 45, Sanford 47, Keller 36, Grim 48, Budd 45, Anson 38, Bennett 37, Heikes 46, Elliott 41, Ackerman 43, Parmalee 43, Stannard 43, Lehman 39, Read 30, Meixner 43, McMurchy 45, Deiter 41, Rex 47.

There were 18 shooters in this merchandise shoot, and every man got a prize, which certainly should have been satisfactory enough. The awards were determined by lot and were as follows: Heikes, Deiter, Bennett, Sanford and Elliott each 100 Peters shells; Ackerman, 1 year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM; Meixner, 1 year's subscription to *American Field*; Stannard and Keller, 1 keg wood powder; Bingham, 1 expert bluerock target trap; Grim, 1 silk vest; Budd, 1 split bamboo rod; Anson, 1 gun case; Read, 1 hat; Rexroat, 1 box cigars. McMurchy received a handsome pair of striped pants (so billed), and Frank Parmalee acquired the useful commodity of a half barrel of pickled pig's feet, nearly all of which he had eaten before dark. "If I h-h-had a w-w-whole b-b-barrel of 'em," said he, "I c-c-c'could give up my kwisky at the b-b-bwoth."

No. 24, 10 targets, $1.50 entrance, $10 added: Parmalee 10, Ackerman 8, Bennett 7, Grim 9, Anson 9, Eich 7, Richards 9, Meixner 8, Heikes 6, McKinney 6, Tucker 7, Keller 5, Bingham 9, Elliot 9, Sutherland 5, Strasberger 4, Kennicott 7, G. Kleinman 6, Rex 10, Hansen 8, Read 7. McMurchy 8, Manniers 9, Lehman 8, Ruble 8, Morrison 4, Budd 9, Stannard 8, Wester 9, Deiter 6, Lindsley 6.

No. 26, 15 singles, $2 entrance: Rex 13, Read 11, Bennett 13, Hansen 8, Grim 13, Keller 10, Meixner 11, S. Mennier 8. Ackerman 12 Strassburger 8, Kennicott 10, Sanford 13, Lehman 13, Elliott 14, Bingham 12, McMurchy 12, Stannard 13. Tucker 12, McKinney 8, Heikes 15, Eich 12, G. Kleinman 8, Budd 13, Parmalee 15, Ruble 12, Morrison 9, Anson 11, Dillingham 5, Rumley 11.

Extra, 15 targets, $2 entrance: Bingham 15, Budd 13, Lindsley 10, Keller 10, McKinney 14, Skinner 12, Hansen 9. Grim 14, Read 9, Stannard 9, Yale 10, Sutherland 7, Sanford 15, Tucker 15, Deiter 14, Richards 10, McMurchy 12. Bennett 12, Anson 10, Ackerman 13, Heikes 13, Rex 13, Parmalee 15, Elliott 14, Ruble 12, Carmichael 10, Meixner 14.

*Friday, Third Day, Nov. 25.*

No. 9 (concluded from day previous), 15 live birds, $10, $45 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elliott | 1202112122121—14 | Eich | 2121111122212—15 |
| Lindsley | 1212001001111—11 | Anson | 1111221010112—13 |
| Read | 1021112022112—13 | Chapman | 2012200212112—11 |
| Lehman | 2022222221022—13 | Bennett | 2222012212122—14 |
| Ackerman | 2210202221011—11 | Bingham | 2222222222222—14 |
| Lewis | 2211110212020—12 | Kleinman | 2111222121222—15 |
| Heikes | 1222211112102—15 | Deiter | 1113022202102—11 |
| Budd | 1122221111211—15 | McMurchy | 1111122021211—14 |
| Grim | 1211111101222—14 | Sanford | 2202212001221—12 |
| Parmalee | 2211201111221—14 | Rex | 1111101222121—14 |

No. 13, 10 live birds, $10, $30 added:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mussey | 2222011222—9 | Budd | 2111122120—9 |
| Dix | 2012201202—7 | Ackerman | 2110222012—8 |
| Wadsworth | 2202210223—8 | Eich | 2120111111—9 |
| Heikes | 2102102221—7 | Anson | 1111212121—10 |
| Hingham | 0222022222—8 | Lehman | 2222202002—7 |
| Kleinman | 1022221022—8 | Sanford | 1111122121—10 |
| Parmalee | 2111212122—10 | Rex | 1111111102—9 |
| Bennett | 1212121211—10 | McMurchy | 1101112211—9 |
| Lindsley | 2022120020—6 | Elliott | 1111021220—8 |
| Grim | 2121122012—9 | Ruble | 1111111112—10 |
| Deiter | 2011110222—8 | Schmidt | 1011121210—8 |
| Lewis | 1101102011—7 | Chapman | 0111122111—9 |
| Read | 2222212021—9 | | |

No. 23, 10 singles, $1 50: Kleinman 5, McMurchy 9, Grim 10, Rex 10, Willard 7, Sanford 9, Bingham 8, Ackerman 10, Read 7, Parmalee 8, Tucker 6, Keller 6, Lehman 8, Elliott 9, Heikes 9, Ruble 10, Budd 9, Bennett 8, Anson 7, Deiter 6, Eich 9.

No. 30, 15 singles, $2: Read 9, Ackerman 12, Keller 10, Bingham 13, Rex 14, Grim 13, McMurchy 14, Willard 11, Tucker 14, Parmalee 15, Heikes 11, Sanford 13, Elliott 11, Budd 14, Anson 10, Lehman 11, Lynds 10, Bennett 14, Eich 9, Deiter 14, Kleinman 8, Ruble 12.

No. 32, 25 targets, $3: Heikes 24, Bingham 22, Keller 22, Elliott 25, McMurchy 22, Ackerman 23, Sandford 23, Read 15, Parmalee 20, Rex 24, Lehman 19, Grim 24, Budd 24, Lynds 15, Bennett 18.

No. 34, 10 targets, $1 50: Ackerman 9, Read 6, Keller 9, McMurchy 7, Sanford 7, Hansen 6, Parmalee 9, Elliott 6, Tucker 9, Grim 9, Budd 10, Deiter 9, Bingham 9. Willard 6, Lynds 8, Heikes 8, Eich 8, Rex 7, Ruble 10, Lehman 9, Anson 8, G. Kleinman 11, Bennett 9.

No. 36, 15 singles, $2: Ackerman 13, Read 8, Keller 12, Bingham 11, Sanford 13, Elliott 11, Grim 13, Heikes 15, Deiter 14 Anson 10, McMurchy 14, Parmalee 15, Budd 13, Rex 11, Tucker 11, Bennett 13, Kleinman 14. Lehman 11.

Extra sweep, 20 targets, $2.50: Heikes 19, Sanford 18, Parmalee 18, Read 11, Keller 15, Rex 18, Bingham 13, Grim 18, Deiter 15, Budd 19. Kleinman 10. Ackerman 15, Elliott 16, Anson 14, Lynes 10, Lehman 16, Stony 16, Bennett 17, McMurchy 17, Wadsworth 13, Rubel 13.

Extra sweep, 15 targets, $2: Read 10, Bingham 11, Kellel 13, Sanford 12, Heikes 13. Bennett 11, Hobbs 7, Budd 12, Story 13, Tucker 13, Lindsley 7, Parmalee 14, Rex 14, Alderman 10, Grim 14, Elliott 14, Heikes 11, Grim 13, Sanford 14, Bennett 11, McMurchy 12, Anson 11 Parmalee 13, Read 13.

AMONGST THEIR MIDST.

*Milt. Lindsley* (to a Milwaukee American)—What's der best powder in der huil vorld? Vood powder!

*H. McMurchy* (in response to request that he say something bright for publication)—What's the matter with a nickel-plated Sm—say, do you know who stole the surcingle off my Norfolk? I'll catch cold here in the graft.

*Dick Merrill* —When will I give another tournament like this in Milvowka? Not in the vinter ven the days are short—not in a thousand years!

*S. A. Tucker*—That game of billiards McMurchy and I played against Heikes and Willard was the only square game those fellows were in this week. No sir, Mac and I didn't drop for second place.

*Frank Parmalee* (translated)—Did you hear that dream Jim Elliott had after his Chicago matches? Well, Jim dreamed he went to heaven, and St. Peter says, says he, 'Who are you?' 'I'm Jim Elliott, a shooter from Kansas City,' says Jim. 'Oh no! You may be from Kansas City,' St. Peter says, says he, 'but you're no shooter.' (Not translated)—"S-s-say, I was t-t-tickled to d-d-death w-w-when the r-r-ref-ref-refer, referee called 'N-n-n-no, no b-b-bird' on me, that time the b-b-bird walked off. I s-s-stood there t-t-ten, ten m-minutes t-tryin' to say "N-n-n, no (you know what I mean) m-m-mys-self!"

*R. B. Organ* (referring to a dachshund, in the lunch tent)—Here's Dick Merrill's prize dog, Paul Bo. Bow-legged enough, isn't he?

*C. E. Willard*—Was it you and Roll Organ that worked a confidence game on Milt Lindsley, matching coppers? Well, a Jerseyman never ought to be allowed to come out into this country without a guardian.

*Mary Jane Eich*—I have shot the choke out of my right arm—burt the bone somehow. Guess I'll have to lay off for six months.

*Mr. Bennett, of Kansas City*—Why is my arm tied up? Why, a fellow shot me full of No. 8 shot, out quail hunting in Kansas the other day. He put 150 shot holes in my coat. Most of them were stopped by a silk shirt I had on, but I caught it in the hand and wrist. I am always going to wear a silk shirt out hunting after this. No, I was not near a chicken roost.

*Jim Elliott, of Kansas City*—W. W. Greener says my new pair of Greeners are the finest he ever sent to America. Will I shoot them in Chicago? Say, if I should come to Chicago and say "Five hundred dollars" out loud, all the Chicago shooters would go jump in the lake. Wait till I eat this man Fulford, then I'm coming to Chicago, and I'll hang out a large shingle painted red all over.

*Cap Anson*—These trap shooters make me dizzy. In base ball I can wink my eye for a hundred, and the bet goes. In trap shooting it's all talk and no business transacted. If I pull out my money to make a little bet, I have to run to catch sight of the fellow's coat tails around the corner.

*Charlie Grim*—I will shoot, run, jump, hop-step-and-jump, wrestle, kick, hitch-and-kick, flip, play mumble-peg or marbles with any man, woman or child on earth, and I won't drop for place either.

*Eddie Bingham*—That's me, too. I'm a dead game sport. I'll shoot anything, pigeons in the winter time and craps in the summer time. What! Why, of course, pigeons are better in the winter.

*Rolla Heikes*—I ain't sayin' a word, am I?

*Michael Cassius Sanford*—No, the development of my left eyelid did not come from winking to another fellow for a divide. I wouldn't drop for place—that is—(and he winked the other eye).

*George Kleinman*—Yes, I have on my overshoes, but I left my skates at home, it seems like.

*Charlie Budd*—Don't believe a word Tucker tells you about my horse. It's a corking good horse, if you get where the road is all down hill. Got a colt, too. I'm quite a farmer now. You don't want to believe anything Tucker tells you about my rolling stock. I ain't going to take him out riding any more, nohow. It's too hard on the horse.

*G. W. Rexroat*—Come and see me. I've got some quails and some guns and some dogs.

*B. Dicks*—Milvowka ist eine schöne, hein? Reminds me of Evanston, where the theological school is.

*Jack Ruble*—Ain't you shy 4 cents on this change, cashier?

*Plumber Read* (of the ticket agent)—What time does the 4:15 train go out?

*The Agent*—Three seventy-five, you son of a gun!

*The Wolves*—Good-bye, Dickie. When you want to be an "angel" again, let us know.

*Dickie*—I don't want to be an angel any more. Not in a thousand years. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## Thanksgiving Day at Peekskill.

FOR a raw chilly day, with the wind blowing a gale from the north, and the thermometer ten degrees below the freezing point. The Peekskill Gun Club turned out strong to enjoy, if possible, a live bird shoot.

The two doctors, Horton and Mason, chose alternately each a man from the numbers present, until all were taken, several of whom had never before faced a trap, and thus two teams were the contestants. The defeated ones agreeing to give a pigeon supper—if enough birds were killed.

The birds proved a strong lot, most of them "Homers" once upon the wing, went off like a streak. Dr. Horton shot exceedingly well, some of his kills were marvelous. One of Halsted's birds after receiving the contents of both barrels towered to a height of 30 or 40ft. and there hovered for at least half a minute. It was amusing to see Johnny hunting through his pockets for a third shell to use on the hoverer. The bird finally sailed off and fell dead just inside the bounds. Dr. Mason had hard luck—no less than three of his birds fell dead just outside. Following is the score of kills out of ten, excepting Col. Robertson and C. Leut who shot at five each:

| Horton's Team. | | Mason's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr Horton | 9 | Dr Mason | 4 |
| Halsted | 7 | Wessells | 7 |
| Wygant | 7 | Richmond | 7 |
| Soder | 5 | Turner | 6 |
| Hill | 3 | Dain | 4 |
| Evenughim | 7 | G Leut | 3 |
| Robertson | 0—37 | C Leut | 5—36 |

Saturday evening at 9 o'clock the club sat down to the pigeon dinner, at Wessell's. The birds were cooked and served in royal style with all the accompanying Blue Points, consomme, plum pudding, celery, coffee and cigars and were enjoyed by all.

We understand that a return match will be shot by the same teams on Dec. 9. PEEKSKILL.

## Erie Gun Club.

THE cold weather of Wednesday last had considerable effect on the attendance at the regular monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club at Wooplawn Park, Gravesend, L. I. The contest was for the club's medal and extra prizes. C. Detlefsen and John Plate were the only straight scorers with 7, the former winning the medal on the shoot-off of the tie. H. Janskowski took the second prize and the others divided. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Plate | 1120102—5 | H Janskowski | 2012222—6 |
| C Detlefsen | 2212112—7 | J Smith | 1012011—5 |
| M Elssasser | 0011222—5 | C Mohrman | 0012202—4 |
| J Plate | 2121112—7 | W Hartje | 2110001—4 |
| H Dohrman | 0120021—4 | J A Still | 2000101—3 |
| D Lynch | 1200301—3 | | |

Sweepstake shoot: C. Plate 4, Detlefsen 5, Elssasser 5, J. Plate 4, Dohrman 1, Lynch 1, Janskowski 2, Smith 4, Mohrman 3, Hartje 3, Still 4. Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

## Sweepstake Shooting at Dexter Park.

SWEEPSTAKE shooting at live birds was in order at Dexter Park on Saturday, Nov. 26. Only four participated, but some lively shooting took place. The first event was to decide a bet of $50 made by E. H. Blinn, that his brother Alec would kill 40 out of 50 live birds. This feat he failed to accomplish, the birds being picked and all fast blue rocks, Blinn only killing 15 out of 26. He will try again next Saturday. In the sweepstake shoots that followed he did some good shooting. The scores:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| M Enler | 00020—1 | 00012—2 | 02222—3 |
| J Schwartz | 11000—2 | 00202—2 | 12212—5 |
| A Blinn | 11120—4 | 02221—4 | 11121—5 |
| H Victor | 01201—3 | 22222—5 | 11111—5 |

Match at 5 birds, $10 a side, 25yds. rise:

J Schwartz 01020—2 H Victor 12000—2

Draw; too dark to shoot off. Referee, C. A. Dellar.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. D., Gananoque.—About how old is a mascalonge that weighs 40lbs.? Ans. Nothing definite is known to us about the rate of growth of the mascalonge. Hatching operations have been conducted at Chautauqua Lake under the supervision of Monroe Green, of Caledonia, but the fry were liberated at a very early age. Perhaps Mr. Green may be able to tell something about the growth of the fish; the books are silent upon that subject. One thing is certain; increase in size is extremely variable, according to the food supply.

# FOREST AND STREAM.

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### *THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.*

THIS is the last month for receiving work submitted in the FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition. All photographs must be mailed to us not later than Dec. 31. Nothing bearing a later post mark will be received.

Full details respecting the terms of the competition are given in another column (page 491), and these instructions in circular form will be sent on request to any address.

The collection of views already received is most interesting; and we shall give the readers of this journal the privilege of seeing many of the views reproduced in its columns.

### *SNAP SHOTS.*

NOVEMBER shad have been reported in the Hudson this year. Although only a pair were taken, the capture is unusual. We published, Jan. 8, 1891, an account of shad lingering in Maine as late as October, and making holes in soft mud and sand in flats which are uncovered at low water. Another curious circumstance was recently discovered by Mr. L. G. Harron in the U. S. Fish Commission water tank at the Bryan's Point hatchery on the Potomac. A shad about 3in. long was caught when the tank was emptied to prevent freezing. It was in company with a young alewife, a white perch and a gudgeon, or so-called smelt. A number of fish of several kinds were observed swimming about when the water had been drawn low, but most of them escaped. These fish have lived through the summer and fall in a tank without change of water, subjected to temperatures varying from nearly 90° to almost freezing point; yet the shad brought home by Mr. Harron is as large as its brethren which passed the summer in the Potomac. Truly there is something to be unlearned even about shad.

"Bon Ami" gives elsewhere an account of some large "salmon" (pike-perch or wall-eyed pike) in the Upper Susquehanna. We expected to hear of these big fish for the species grows enormously large in waters north of Pennsylvania. There are a good many expert anglers in Harrisburg and points further down the river who will scarcely agree with "Bon Ami" in his estimate of the game qualities of the "salmon," which is a great favorite and, fortunately, increasing in numbers.

Now that the prolonged negotiations between the New York Yacht Club, party of the first part, and Lord Dunraven and the Royal Yacht Squadron, party of the second part, have brought the two parties to a point where a match seems possible, it would be a relief to all yachtsmen to know that contention and argument were finally to give way to real sailing. Under the present conditions, however, it is too much to expect that this most desirable consummation will follow, as it is most evident that the challenger is repeating the identical mistake made three years since, in sending a challenge under the impression that it was not under the terms of the new deed. His retreat on that occasion was by no means a graceful maneuver, but it was a far easier task than that which lies before the Royal Yacht Squadron if it ever learns sufficient about Cup matters to understand the position which it has just assumed, and to wish to withdraw again, as in 1889.

We would be glad to receive for publication notes of meetings and of work undertaken and accomplished by game and fish protective associations in the United States and Canada. Reports of methods which have proved successful would be of special interest and value for the information of others who might adopt them.

The "pheasant" of the new Vermont law, several correspondents tell us, is the English pheasant. An importation of these birds was put out on the farm of W. S. Webb, of Shelburne, and the overflow has stocked the covers of the vicinity. Secretary John W. Titcomb, of the Vermont Fish and Game League, sends us a copy of a special act adopted by the last Legislature protecting pheasants and English partridge for two years from Jan. 1, 1893. We shall watch with much interest the undertaking to provide new game for Vermont.

The present organization of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game makes a wise provision for individual membership, that persons who are not connected with any club, but who are interested in the purposes of the Association, may give it their adherence and support. The membership fee is merely nominal. Doubtless many individual sportsmen will welcome such an opportunity to declare themselves on the side of protection. The secretary is Mr. John B. Sage, of Buffalo, who will on request send copies of the constitution and application blanks.

Bills are now before Congress which provide for the segregation of a part of the Yellowstone National Park and the granting a right of way to a railroad through it, and to-day we print a plea for the preservation of the Park and against these two propositions. This article will be issued in pamphlet form, and we shall be glad to supply copies of it in quantities to those sufficiently interested in the Yellowstone Park to be willing to distribute them among their friends who are not readers of FOREST AND STREAM. We ask the cooperation of every one of our readers. The pamphlet will be furnished without charge.

The FOREST AND STREAM'S office rattlesnake—of which the entire force was so proud—which might have shed light on many a vexed and venomous question of ophidian lore—for which our fond fancy had pictured a career of usefulness, scientific achievement, distinction, honor and renown rarely won by a reptile of his inches—and whose rattle sounding in our ears might have prompted many a day dream of mountain heights and reverie of mossy ravine—our rattler is no more. When poked at with a pencil last Friday he failed to respond; his skin is now tacked on a board to dry. The FOREST AND STREAM is not so proud as it was last week. Science is temporarily retarded. Winter has set in, and the office snake den must go untenanted.

Field trials, coursing meets and bench shows have multiplied of recent years beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who took part in the affairs of ten years ago. The growing number and importance of kennel events have come to demand at this particular season an amount of space in our pages, to supply which compels us to restrict the several other subjects. The due balance will shortly be restored, however, and an increased number of pages will be devoted to the shooting and angling departments.

With the enlarged opportunities afforded by the increased number of pages, dating from last January, we have given a more generous supply than ever before—and than has ever been given by any journal—of good reading in all of the special fields to which this journal is devoted. For 1893 the columns will be no less bountifully supplied. The FOREST AND STREAM will maintain its well-established reputation as an entertaining, instructive, outspoken, independent, progressive and clean journal for sportsmen. With the initial number of the year an entire new outfit will add to the typographical beauty of these pages, but no radical changes will be made in the features which have become so familiar.

# A STANDING MENACE.

## COOKE CITY vs. THE NATIONAL PARK.

### Statement of the Case.

COOKE CITY is a small mining camp located just without the northeast corner of the National Park. Its promoters claim that it is the center of a region of vast, though undeveloped, mineral wealth; that it is kept in a backward state solely on account of its inaccessibility, and that this inaccessibility is due to the existence of the National Park, which includes the only practicable railroad approach. They claim that Cooke City is in the same case with a land owner whose property is entirely hemmed in by another man's possessions; and that as the land owner has in law an easement over his neighbor's land to enable him to get out and in, so Cooke City has an indefeasible right to be allowed to use the only practicable outlet which nature has given her. They claim that the refusal of the Government to concede this right is working ruin to the interests of Cooke City and injury to hundreds of investors.

The United States bases its action in rejecting the demands of Cooke City upon the purposes for which the Park was created. The Government holds that the granting of these demands and the fulfillment of these purposes are incompatible objects; that railroads must not be permitted to enter the Park, and that whatever, not absolutely necessary for the comfort of travelers, tends to disturb the natural state in which the Park was discovered, must be strictly excluded.

The map discloses the geographical features of the question. The proposed route enters the Park where the Yellowstone River crosses its northern boundary; ascends the river to the mouth of the East Fork (or Lamar River); ascends the latter to the mouth of Soda Butte Creek: and ascends the Soda Butte valley to Cooke City. The right to use this route is sought by two distinct measures, all bills for the relief of Cooke City falling under one head or the other. One measure seeks to secure a simple right of way to build a railroad, and is represented by House Bill 4 545. The other measure, in order to evade the technical objection of having a railroad *within* the Park, purposes to cut off and restore to the public domain all that portion of the Park including and lying outside the proposed right of way. This is the so-called segregation project, and is represented by House Bill 2,373, establishing the boundaries of the Park.

The case of Cooke City is clearly that of a few individuals against the general public, and the burden of proof rests upon her to show that her case is one of such extremity as to justify the sacrifice of the interests of the many to those of the few. An examination of the question point by point will show how far she has succeeded.

### I.—Wealth of the Cooke City Mines.

It is not intended to go out of the way to say anything to the prejudice of Cooke City property. But when the public is asked to make a great sacrifice for the promotion of private interests, it is both its right and duty to inquire if those interests are of such magnitude as to justify the sacrifice. In this connection there are a few highly significant facts.

(1) It is generally conceded, even by those most interested, that the ores of the Cooke City mines are of very low grade. It matters not that a few tons of picked ores have been shipped to a distance and there reduced, yielding a margin above all expenses. It is an undeniable fact that the vast bulk of the ore is not of this quality.

(2) The Northern Pacific, the only railroad system anywhere near Cooke City, has steadily refused to build there, basing its refusal on purely business grounds. Thomas F. Oakes, President of the Northern Pacific, said in his evidence before the House Committee on the Park investigation last winter, "There is nothing in the Cooke City mines, and we did not want a railroad there."

Question by the Committee: "Your conclusion was arrived at after investigation?"

Answer: "Yes, sir. We had a report upon it by experts. There is a very large quantity of exceedingly low grade ore. The maximum value would not exceed twenty dollars to the ton, and most of it would not be over six dollars to the ton. If there had been one-tenth of the

deposit and the ore had a value of fifty or sixty dollars a ton, we would have made an effort to get a railroad there; but there is nothing there for a railroad. That is my judgment."

And it is the judgment, be it noted, of a shrewd business man, in whose calculations sentiment found no place, but who was ready to build through the Park provided he had anything to build for.

(3) Still more convincing is the argument that comes from the fact that Cooke City is still without a railroad. Does any one for a moment suppose that, when railroads have subdued all manner of engineering difficulties in the great mining regions of the West, they would pause before the very tame obstacles that bar the entrance to Cooke City if they had a tolerable inducement to build there? Enterprise invades every profitable field, but it has always shaken the dust of Cooke City from its feet.

## II.—Accessibility.

"But," it will be said, "the obstacles that bar the entrance to Cooke City are by no means tame—they are very serious. There is but one practicable route and that is through the National Park."

Let us see. The only expert testimony quoted in the Committee's report is that of Gen. Anderson, at the time chief engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Even he bases his conclusions upon "information derived from Army officers who have had occasion to pass through the country." Railroad companies do not ordinarily decide upon the practicability of routes from such meagre information as this. But Gen. Anderson virtually admits that a railroad could be brought into Cooke City from outside the Park on grades not exceeding 150 feet to the mile, or three feet to the hundred. Now what are some of the actual grades on Western railroads? The following are found in the Union Pacific system:

| MAXIMUM GRADE TO THE MILE. | FT. |
|---|---|
| Denver to Graymont, Col. | 185 |
| Denver to Central City, Col. | 171 |
| Elcho to Park City | 190 |
| Wallace to Burke, Idaho | 211 |
| Pendleton to Spokane, Wash. | 158 |

The following pertains to the Northern Pacific system:

| MAXIMUM GRADE TO THE MILE. | FT. |
|---|---|
| Elkhorn Branch | 211 |
| Helena and Northern | 327 |
| Drummond and Phillipsburg Extension. | 211 |
| Coeur d'Aléne Branch | 211 |
| Wallace to Burke | 248 |

It has been demonstrated by actual surveys over one route and by reconnoissances over another that a railroad can reach Cooke or its immediate vicinity without exceeding any, except possibly the least, of the above grades.

Fortunately we are no longer in the dark upon this subject. A complete railroad survey has been made from Cooke City north to Stillwater on the Northern Pacific Railroad, a distance of 75 miles. The "profile of graded line of definite location," as determined by this survey, shows no grade exceeding 3½ per cent. or 185 feet to the mile.

A preliminary survey via Clark's Fork from Cooke City to Red Lodge, Montana, about 75 miles, where the Northern Pacific has already extended a branch line, shows no grade exceeding 2½ per cent. or 132 feet to the mile.

A careful barometric reconnoissance by Capt. W. S. Staunton, U. S. Engineers, in 1881, over the Clark's Fork route, shows even lighter grades than the above.

It may once for all be taken as demonstrated that railroads can reach Cooke City from outside the Park by several routes, none of which present difficulties of construction or operation that are not far exceeded on existing lines in other parts of the West.

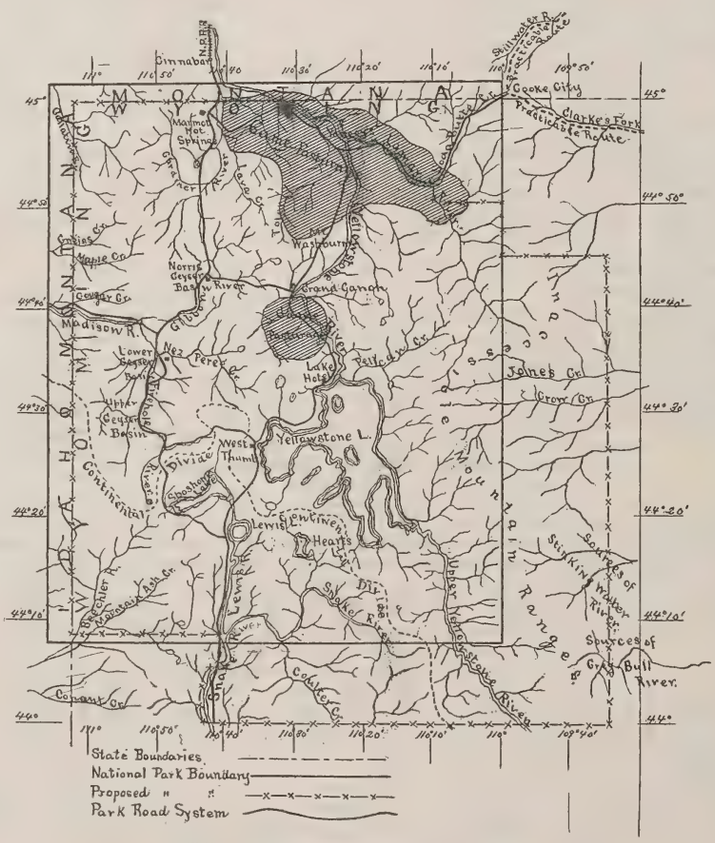
But how is it in regard to the Yellowstone route? It seems hitherto to have been accepted as by common consent that this line is an easy and practicable railroad route. The fact, however, is quite otherwise. Not only are there several excessive grades, but for 15 miles after crossing the boundary of the Park the route passes through a cañon of the Yellowstone where lofty vertical walls of rock abut directly upon the river. To pass this cañon would under any circumstances be a problem of grave difficulty. But if the railroad is restricted to the right bank—as it is in the Segregation Bill—the difficulties would be practicably insuperable; no railroad could afford to surmount them. If the railroad is allowed to cross and recross she river—as it is in the Right of Way Bill—its construction is open to special objections of a very serious nature, which will be considered in a subsequent paragraph.

Looking at the question of distance, we may assume that the object of any branch line to Cooke will be to give an outlet to the great railroad system to the north. Now the distance to the Northern Pacific by the Park route will be about 110 miles; by the Stillwater route only 75 miles; and by the Clark's Fork route about 136 miles. But the Park route for half its length lies through the National domain where the railroad would not be permitted to take up or lay down a pound of freight. No way traffic is here possible. The other lines lie entirely through territory which may be developed and made a source of revenue to the railroad.

## III.—Injury to the Park.

Injury to the Park will follow the passage of the pending bill in three ways.

(1) *Change in the Park Boundary.*—The friends of the Segregation Bill raise the point that the location of the present boundary is unknown, never having been surveyed and marked; that the new line will be a natural boundary, the bed of a stream, the precise location of which everyone will know. As to this point it may be said that the present boundary, although unmarked (a defect easily remedied by legislation), is only too well known to please that very class of people who are so much exercised about its exact location. It is itself a natural boundary, the most perfect that can be found this side of the ocean. It passes along a range of inaccessible mountains. No settlers can inhabit there. Poachers and law breakers cannot ply their obnoxious trades over this impassable barrier. But place the boundary along the beautiful valley of the Yellowstone and its principal tributary, and a regiment of soldiers could not patrol it sufficiently to protect the Park. The present boundary is the best possible for the National Park, for it is simply a huge, impassable, protecting wall of mountains. The propose boundary is the worst possible, for it allows an undesirable population to locate on its very borders. It is worthy of note that, with the friends of these bills, the "natural boundary" argument seems to have no value except as to this particular portion. For 250 of the 275 miles of boundary an artificial line seems good enough.


Cooke City
Clarke's Fork Practicable Route
Mammoth Hot Springs
Gardiner River
Gardiner R.
Yellowstone R.
Norris Geyser Basin
Grand Canon
Madison R.
Lower Geyser Basin
Lake Hotel
Upper Geyser Basin
Yellowstone L.
West Thumb
Shoshone L.
Lewis L.
Heart L.
Snake R.
Sources of Stinking Water River
Sources of Grey Bull River
Conant Cr.
Crow Cr.
Jones Cr.
Fall Cr.
Pitchstone Plateau
Absaroka Range
Gallatin Range
Snowy Range
Continental Divide
Yellowstone Park
Timber Limit
Stillwater R.
Pinnacles
Obsidian Cliff
Cooke
Park
Carbon
Big Horn
Sweetwater
Fremont
Hot Springs
Yellowstone
Gallatin
Madison
Beaverhead
Deer Lodge
Lewis & Clark
Flathead
Sanders
Lincoln
Silver Bow
Missoula
Ravalli
Granite
Powell
Meagher
Gallatin
Park
Park
Park

gain. It robs the Park of beautiful and accessible scenery, of a magnificent game preserve. It gives in exchange an inaccessible mountain region, which tourists will never visit, and which heavy winter snows render incapable of supporting game.

### V.—Precedent.

Congress has always been very loth to let any railroad enter the Park lest it open the way to their general construction there. The desire to avoid establishing this precedent has led some faithful friends of the Park to support the Segregation Bill, because under that bill the railroad is left out of the Park.

But such a course is simply jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. It is impossible for Congress to pass an act without creating a precedent. The question therefore, is not one of avoiding a bad precedent, but of choosing between two bad precedents. Of these two evils, then, supposing that one must be accepted, which is the least?

Under the Segregation Bill, surely every evil that applies to the Right of Way Bill will exist. The railroad in both cases occupies precisely the same territory. The ruin of an important tourist route, the danger from fires, the frightening away of game will be the same in one case as in the other. But the Segregation Bill carries with it far greater evils. It cuts off a large and important part of the Park. It permits objectionable people to hover on the very borders of the reservation where the policing of the Park will be most difficult. In short, it enhances ten-fold every evil which would result from the Right of Way Bill. As a precedent, we can easily imagine what will be the result to the Park if it is thus to be cut down for every attempt to get a railroad across its territory. Certainly the Segregation Bill will form the graver precedent. If it ever, unhappily, comes to a question of choice, Congress should by all means favor the Right of way Bill and reject the other.

This is the view of the Superintendent of the Park, as is shown by the following quotation from the report already referred to: "If a line through the Park is essential, then a right of way confined to the north bank of the streams is unquestionably preferable to a cut-off."

### VI.—Previous Attitude of Congress.

It is said that these bills in one form or another have frequently met the favorable recommendation of Congressional committees, and that therefore there must be something in the claims of Cooke City. Why have they received favorable report? Except for routine official reports the case on the part of the Government has thus far gone by default.

The Park is public property. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and no one feels called upon to assume the burden of defending a public institution. Had one tithe of the energy, persistency and money been expended in the defense of the Park that have been expended against it, these bills would never have seen light outside of the committee room. Judging from their reports, the committee could have received only *ex parte* evidence.

To show how utterly erroneous are the data upon which they have based their recommendations let us examine a few statements from their reports:

"Cooke City is pronounced by mining experts the most valuable and extensive mining district in the world."

(Compare Section I., above, "Wealth of the Cooke City Mines.")

"The road proposed is the only practicable route to reach these mines."

(Compare Section II., "Accessibility.")

"There are no objects of interest along this portion of the river."

(Compare Section III., "Injury to the Park," paragraph, "National Features.")

"It is capable of complete demonstration that the part of the Park through which the road should pass is utterly valueless to the Park; it is a portion thereof which will never be sought by tourists; access by wagons across it to said mines must result in far more injury to timber growth by fires and consumption than from a railway."

Every word of this is absolutely and unqualifiedly contrary to fact.

"We ask no cutting down with any speculative object in view." (Quoted in report.)

The effrontery of this statement is scarcely less than sublime. See a subsequent Section, IX., "Real Animus of the Movement."

And so it goes throughout the reports. Is it strange that favorable reports have been secured when they are based upon such utterly one-sided information.

### VII.—Views of Government Officials.

But how stands the case with those persons whose official duties have made them thoroughly familiar with the question? The Secretaries of the Interior, Superintendents of the Park, and Engineer Officers in charge of the Park improvement, have (with very few exceptions, mostly explicable on the grounds of personal interest) taken a strong stand against the whole movement. In short, simply to understand the case is to pronounce the building of any railway along the Yellowstone River prejudicial to theinterests of the Park.

### VIII.—Relief for Cooke City.

Admitting the force of all these arguments, there are still many who think that something ought to be done to relieve the situation at Cooke City. They are right, and the peculiar thing about the Cooke City case is that effective relief is at hand if she will only accept it. We do not now refer to the practicable railroad approaches from the outside; nor to the well-known fact that an important railroad system is at present looking in that direction, and not improbably will soon give Cooke City a far better outlet than the one she now seeks. We refer to an entirely different form of relief. For ten years it has been a part of the Government project for the improvement of the Park to build a substantial highway over the route sought by the railroad. The grades will be no heavier than those of the railroad, and over them a team could haul from three to five tons. It is capable of demonstration that freighting could be contracted for at rates but a trifle if any in excess of the railroad freight. Time is not an important element in the delivery of such freight as ores. The cost of the railroad would be at least three million dollars. The wagon road will cost Cooke City not a cent. The difference in the cost of the railroad and the wagon road, in this case amounting to the full cost of the railroad, will pay the wagon freights for fifty years to come.

But this is not all. The money for the railroad will be largely spent in Eastern car shops and steel manufactories, and in the hire of inported labor. A single freight train per day will yield but little money to the community. In the case of the wagon road every cent spent in its construction goes to people in that vicinity. The freight contracts would give employment to hundreds of persons and the raising of grain and hay for forage to hundreds more. The commercial business in wagons, supplies and the like would materially enhance the prosperity of both Livingston and Cooke. In all respects the wagon road will be of more permanent benefit to these two towns and to the surrounding country than the railroad. The wagon road is something that can be had just as soon as the Government is relieved of the menacing spectre of the Segregation Bill. The railroad is, to say the least, a doubtful possibility. Very few believe that it will be built even if the right is obtained.

### IX.—The Real Animus of the Movement.

It will now be asked, If such is a correct presentation of the case, why does Cooke City persist in her demands? The explanation is not hard to find. But to clearly grasp it, it is necessary to understand the relation of the town of Livingston to the project. Livingston is on the Northern Pacific at the north terminus of the Park route, and she hopes equally with Cooke City to profit by the proposed railroad. She wants the Cooke City business to pass her way. For this reason she contributes the major part of the expense of the Cooke City lobby in Washington. The fact also explains why the Park route is persistently demanded, where for Cooke City alone the other routes would be better. Now hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons have bought land or taken up mines at Cooke City or have bought town lots in Livingston. These people have invested purely on speculation. They purpose to develop no mines, to build no mills or smelters. They are waiting for the "unearned increment." They have been allured into investment by the fraudulent representations of that class of professional boomers and land sharks who have been the curse of every Western community. They are paying assessments, interest and taxes, and are eager to sell. To these people "wagon road" has an ugly sound. Nothing but the magic sound of "railroad" is adequate to the inception of a boom, and a boom of all things is what they are after. The permanent good of the towns is to them a matter of entire indifference. "Only let the bill be a law for one week and I don't care," said a hard-up mine owner the other day. A grand movement to "unload" undesirable property—such is the true "inwardness" of the whole scheme.

Finally the movement receives the unanimous support of all that objectionable population whose methods of gaining a livelihood are, to say the least, very questionable. To quote again from Captain Anderson's report: "There is gradually settling about the Park boundaries a population whose whole subsistence is derived from hunting and trapping." These people seek no greater bonanza than to invade the rich game fields to be thrown open by the Segregation Bill, and to dig that region full of holes in the futile hope that they may find mineral there.

### X.—Duty of the Government.

In a case like the present one it is the manifest duty of the Government not to rely upon an *ex parte* presentation of the case, but to send a committee of investigation to the ground, aided by expert assistance, to study the subject in all its bearings. It should examine the question of accessibility to Cooke City, of tourists' routes, of game, of forest fires, and of all other matters relating thereto. It could then form a fair judgment of the case. It would see that justice to Cooke City requires the immediate carrying out of the National programme adopted in 1883, that of building a good wagon road to the northeast corner of the Park. By doing this it would set the vexed question permanently at rest.

It is urged that the Government is placing a question of mere sentiment before that of actual material wants. So it is, and very properly. The National Park is founded in sentiment. It is a legislative recognition of the existence in human nature of something higher than the sordid love of gain—than the mere question of dollars and cents. No one supposes that the wonderful geyser formations, the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, or the multitudes of game in the Park will ever materially simplify the problem of daily bread. This question of sentiment was settled when the act creating the Park was passed. The people for twenty years have scrutinized the act and have declared that it is good. These same considerations of sentiment should therefore control future Park legislation.

To all that class who unblushingly place their little interests above a great public interest, who without scruple would inaugurate measures which must lead to the ruin of the National Park, Congress should oppose but one answer, and that should be written in distinct characters on every border of the Park:

"THUS FAR SHALT THOU COME AND NO FURTHER."

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### MAROONING IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

#### Chapter II.

IN my introductory sketch of the wonderful mountain region which the completion of the Pacific extension of the Great Northern Railroad has so recently made accessible to the tourist and sportsman, I made bold to assert that Lake Macdonald, situated in the main range of the Rockies, was destined to become the most popular resort in America. In thus hypothecating its transcendent claims I indulge in no rhapsody, for extended travel has made me something of an expert in comparative physiography. Certainly, if Luzerne and the high Alps have in course of time become the Mecca of tourists from all parts of the world, this rare Rocky Mountain gem with its superlative attractions has at least an equal chance.

Right here in our own America we have the counterpart of Switzerland, though on a grander scale; and it is reached without the tedium and hazard of an ocean voyage. Furthermore, it is exempt from all those unconscionable exactions and petty vexations which always mar a visit to foreign lands. For here there are no restrictions on tourists, no tolls or fees to pay, no tips to dole, and no streams and forests posted. Everywhere the physical scope is enlarged. The outlook is extended and amplified. There are more dominating peaks, rising from six to nine thousand feet. The glacial areas are broader, the waterfalls more copious, and the varieties of mountain climbing found more numerous and nimble. Mont Blanc, with its conspicuous elevation of 15,000ft., alone is lacking in the landscape.

Most mountain ranges are disappointing to the sightseer. Standing in groups they do not show their full proportions like isolated peaks. But on Lake Macdonald the enraptured beholder may stand at the outlet and gaze northward up the entire length of the sheet through a vista eighteen miles in length, and see the sharply cut outlines of no less than nine bald peaks defined against the sky, the humblest of which is higher than Greylock or Mount Washington.

The glaciers of this region, I venture to submit, are of themselves enough to insure the successful future of Lake Macdonald. There are two within easy access. These must attract crowds of curious visitors every summer, to whom the wonders of the Muir and Humboldt glaciers have so often been recited. No need any more to toil up the precarious precipices of the Matterhorn with alpenstock and safety ropes, or undertake the interminable voyage to Alaska, or even to climb Mt. Ranier or the Selkirks with infinite hardship, camping out on the snow night after night, and shivering in its icy breath. In this favored location an omnibus next year will take the visitor a couple of miles over the level road from the depot at Belton, Mont., 45 miles west of the summit, to the outlet of the lake. A steam launch will carry him to the head of the lake, from whence it is but an eight miles' horseback ride over a mountain trail to the edge of the *mer de glace*, where all the wind phenomena of the "Silent City Mirage" of the Muir Glacier are duplicated with fidelity. The glacier covers an area of 25 or 30 miles. Of course it is not an iceberg maker. Like those of Europe it is a spent glacier, whose remnants are annually wasting away by melting and evaporation from lack of replenishment. Yet many glacial phenomena are exhibited to the observer, and the attentive student may witness the visible demonstration of dynamic problems which have perhaps before seemed puzzling. In the morning a thick mist gathers over it, but as the tardy sun gradually comes over the encampment of the mountains the veil lifts, and all the knobs and spiracles of ice which roughen the surface of the ice field become distorted by the refraction of the vapor, and transformed into spires, domes, pinnacles and turrets, like the strange vraisemblances which we notice on semi-arid plains in the fervent heats of midsummer.

We all know what cumulative success followed Paul Smith's venture at St. Regis Lake in the Adirondacks, and how from small beginnings in a log cabin in the fifties, his hostelry enlarged until it could not hold the hundreds of eager guests who sought its commons. The humble germ of just such a great caravansary now stands at the outlet of Lake Macdonald, beside which St. Regis is tame and insignificant. A two-mile walk from the railroad depot, over a dry, smooth, level trail, through a forest of tamarack, pine and fir, brings us to the pebbly margin of Macdonald Creek, and as we emerge from the inclosing forest we discover the hospitable log cabin with its spacious

verandah directly opposite, at the edge of a pine grove, and quite above the reach of the annual spring rise, which raises the level of the lake some seven feet or so, and sends its gelid overflow whirling on its way to its junction with the Big Fork of the Flathead, four miles below. Beside the main cabin, which is 20x16ft. in size, there are a store house, ice house, root house, vegetable garden and other belongings. The interior appointments are very comfortable and the table is excellent. There are four double berths and room for half a dozen shakedowns. The regular tariff is fifty cents a meal, with no charge for lodgings. When guides go out with a party on a long hunt the charges are $5 per day per man, with animals furnished and everything found.

Quite a large fleet of skiffs, canoes and batteaux are drawn up on the beach along the bank, and by taking the creek one may run down to the station in an hour, the end of the route being up stream for the distance of a mile. Visitors have, therefore, the choice of a land or water route, going or returning. By the trail they can often pick up a timber grouse, a rabbit or a fool hen, and by the creek a deer and occasionally a mallard or a sprigtail. One morning we shot a veritable canvasback. What was that bird a-doing there? Deer tracks are plenty along the creek, and it is no trick at all to take a fire pan of an evening, run down a mile or so with the canoe and bring back a saddle of venison.

There is another hunter's cabin half way down the creek, and Charley Howe has a comfortable log sporting house on the lake shore a half mile east of Frank Geduhn's. His charges, I believe, are the same as Frank's where I put up. There is a private trail from the Flathead River crossing to his camp. At the head of the lake there is also a log house, with roothouse, storehouse and fenced garden belonging to Mr. Geduhn, and a shack belonging to one Mr. Crimmon, who contemplates erecting a saw mill a short distance above Goat Creek, which is the chief of three copious mountain streams flowing into the north end of Lake Macdonald and swarming with small brook trout (*S. mykiss*) in the spring. Goat Creek is but a quarter of mile east of the upper cabin. It is a favorite camping ground for Flathead Indians, who make periodical visits to this location in quest of venison and bucksin, capturing hundreds of deer at each battue. It washes the very feet of a mountain so high that the morning sun in early October does not appear over its crest until half-past nine o'clock. Excepting these five habitations named there are no houses on the lake. All else is a wilderness, whose denizens are seldom disturbed by man.

Mr. Geduhn has an efficient working partner named Milo Apgar, who is very much of a gentleman and keeps shaved up most of the time, a sure shot with gun or rifle. He has also a helper named Amos Damon, who is handy with push-pole, spear and paddle. These getlemen have built their snug premises with their own little hatchets and are holding down two quarter sections of government lands. They have done a great deal of work in cutting trails over the tablelands and divides, and up the sides of the mountains to sundry test pits, where they have prospected for ores, which are known to abound in all this region. They have cut and blazed through the forest from the railroad station and from the foot of the lake to its head, which a pack mule can traverse in six hours, and at low water in autumn animals can follow the beach the entire distance from one camp to the other excepting where rocky headlands project into the lake. Each of these promontories is a lovely site for a Swiss chalet or Queen Anne cottage, and indeed the whole forested beach along the western shore affords eligible building sites right on the water front. On the eastern side the land slopes more abruptly and the mountains plunge into the unmeasured depths at a steep incline. Yet there are several desirable building locations. I am prepared to see within the remnant of my lifetime this romantic lake well occupied with the summer homes of visitors. Perhaps a new Geneva will spring up.

From the upper cabin there are also trails to the Goat Creek Glacier, and to Knife Lake, which is a feeder of Lake Macdonald lying four miles north, and to Camas Lake, seven miles back. Knife Lake is ten miles long and a half mile wide, a huge deep trough in the mountains. Camas Lake is four miles in diameter and round. An Iowa sportsman named Ackerman, who was one of a party of fourteen who visited this lake was drowned there last September, and it is likely to be known hereafter as Ackerman's Lake. The water is very cold and deep, and the body has never been recovered. Both lakes are located in deep mountain clefts, with high peaks all around them, and it is possible that their depth is as great as the surrounding eminences. The same is true of Lake Macdonald, whose depth has been partially tested but never ascertained. It is a long and narrow body of water. Its width is four miles.

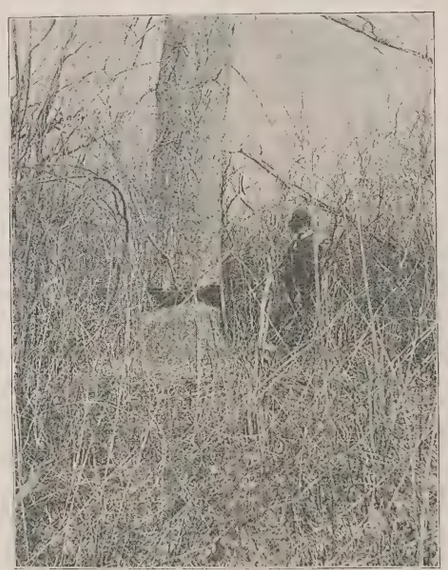
All this Rocky Mountain region is one grand preserve for big game. Moose, elk, deer, bear, caribou, sheep, goats, and mountain lions occupy in great numbers, and their beaten trails run all over the table lands and across the divides, and down the flanks of the mountains to lake side and river margin, where sharp-toed Oreopali clamber in single file in quest of precarious sustenance, and the herds of caribou cross in their periodical migrations, and the black bears and deer come out of cover to drink or forage in grassy meadows fringed with willows and red service berries. Very convenient for hunters are these natural byways, for they are always practicable for pack animals, and hunters calculate to go in with horses wherever they hunt, so as to carry the provisions and bring out the meat.

I have never before known caribou to occupy such altitudes excepting in Alaska. They seem to forage on the high table lands just below the snow line, except in the month of April, when they come down into the valleys to drop their young. There is no doubt of their abundance, as many mounted heads and full specimens which I have seen bear abundant testimony.

Frank Geduhn and a party of three visiting sportsmen came down to camp while I was there with the meat and entire skins of two fine goats ready for mounting. They were a very large female and a full grown kid. A breakfast was served of the meat of the kid, but I did not enjoy it, and wouldn't blame Jacob for selling his mess to Esau. It had a taste something like the odor which emanates from the domestic Billy when dead to windward. The hunters scooped their game by stalking the high cliffs on foot, after securing their pack animals, by picking them off the rocks at long rifle range. To secure their quarry they were obliged to let a man down a precipice 150ft. high with a rope. The meat was first sent up and the man hauled up afterward.

Besides big game, the mountain climber will find quantities of blue grouse half the size of turkeys which come into season about Aug. 1, and make a pleasant change from the regulation diet of sour venison and salt pork. The best period for hunting game of all kinds is from Sept. 1 to Christmas.

The autumn months in these high altitudes are delectable. The highest average October temperature in twelve years has been 54.4° and the lowest 42.9°; the highest day temperature 82°, the lowest night temperature 12°. The first killing frost occurs about the middle of the month, the same as in St. Paul, and yet the altitude of the lake level is 2,700ft. above the sea. During my visit the surface of the lake was scarcely ruffled for six days. It was continuously like a mirror. It was so calm that an awkward dragon fly plumping into drink made a whirl as big as a cart wheel, which could be seen twenty rods away. Ducks a half mile off loomed up as large as turkeys, and a rowboat could be seen for half the length of the lake with its bulk apparently clear of the water. By day the marvelous mountain view was pictured in sublime reflections. The garniture of firs which clothed the slopes, the scores of the avalanches, the snow patches on the summits, and all the selvedge of the shores were presented in such literal duplicate that a photograph makes no distinction between substance and shadow. At night the glory of the stars was repeated from infinite heights to infinite depths, and the round, full, harvest moon seemed regent of an illimitable macrocosm. In the sunshine continued rowing induced perspiration; but the instant the boat passed into shadow, the temperature dropped 20° at least. On shore bumble bees and butterflies hovered in the delicious atmosphere over the lingering flowers of fall. Berries of many kinds and seed pods held on tenaciously. Magpies, ravens, bluejays, crows, tallow birds and other representatives of the family



TREE GNAWED BY BEAVER, FOUNTAIN CREEK, COL.

From a photo by Geo. G. Cantwell.

Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.

Corvidæ chattered loquaciously at the edges of the cabin clearings. Black squirrels ran up the limbs of trees and scolded. For myself, I sat with my pipe and watched their pranks, enjoying the *dolce far niente*.

At this period of low water in the lake and streams the overflow is transparent as crystal, and it pours over a bed of parti-colored pebbles which pave the bottom; simulating cornelian, beryl, topaz, turquoise, amethyst and ruby. The roadbed of the mountain division of the Great Northern Railroad is ballasted with the same mosaic of beautiful stones. This water is so transparent that more than one incautious wader has stepped from 10in. of shallow into a pool over his head. It seems to magnify objects on the bottom and bring them right up to the surface; and it is so icy cold that a person falling in beyond his depth receives a shock which renders him almost helpless. In such gelid water mountain trout disport.

The cream of trout fishing is from June 15 to the end of August, though I killed several dozen trout on flies in the Moyea River in Idaho as late as the first week in October. During the spring freshets deep holes are formed in the channel, out of which barrels of the beauties may be taken by any device that offers. In the fall they run into deep water and few are taken, though I captured one with a trolling spoon at the edge of an offshore ledge in the lake which weighed a pound. At the same time bull trout marked with red and yellow spots seek the head of the lake where the inlet forms a gravelly shoal, just as they do at Magog and Sebago, in pursuit of the round whitefish (*Coregonus quadrilateralis*), which gather there in great numbers to spawn. Here also are found the squawfish, a species of small whitefish, the black sucker, and the red ribbon sucker, both of which grow to large size. The latter has a red stripe an inch wide extending along the lateral line from head to tail. His back is dark brown and his belly white. To my taste the whitefish are the best flavored of all.

One day Milo and I set out in a skiff from the foot of the lake for an 18-mile pull to the upper cabin. Damon took a canoe and paddle. There was never a more perfect day. Damon stopped en route to gather knots and birch bark for spearing, and so we reached the cabin first. It had been untenanted for several days, and when we entered we found everything in confusion—loose articles scattered about, utensils upset and playing cards strewn all over the floor. It looked as if a monkey and parrot had been having a picnic.

Milo said, "That confounded mountain cat had been here again."

In the course of our setting things to rights I discovered his nest inside an empty soap box which had stood on end, serving as a washstand. It was made of a stolen towel folded in shape of a turban, and lined with hair from a deer skin mat and cotton picked from a bed coverlet.

When we had swept and garnished the room we went out for a couple of hours and then returned. To my dismay I found that the mischievous scamp had carried off my hair brush, tooth brush, bag of tobacco and a pack of cards, which I had thoughtlessly left on a table in the center of the room. To get them he must have taken a flying leap from one of the sleeping bunks. Of course, I went directly to the soap box and found the missing articles, and just in time to rescue them from going through a big crack in the plank floor. I incontinently despoiled the nest, reclaimed the towel and set a figure four trap for the marauder, but did not catch him, though he was active throughout the night. Milo said he was of a maltese color, 7in. long, with black eyes and a 6in. tail like a squirrel. Several of them, I afterward learned, made their nests in the storehouse, though it is said that they usually nest in hollow trees.

I could tell you, Mr. Editor, of an 18 mile pull down that placid sheet of water, of spearing fish by torchlight on the shoals, of catching fool hens with a slip noose on a pole, of partridge shooting in the coverts, of horseback rides over the trails, of shining deer along the creek at night, etc., but this would be only a trite recital of adventure oft repeated for your readers. So, with the somewhat superficial sketch of the most magnificent mountain lake in the world, I close my second paper.

Sitting on the point of land at the outlet and gazing up toward the high escarpments of the grizzled peaks which flank the upper end of the lake, I seem to see, in my mind's eye, of course, a statuesque group of mountain goats standing, with a white-bearded patriarch in the middle. The old fellow has a far-away look, and the eyes of all are turned toward the place of the rising sun in contemplative pose. For generations past these hirsute servitors in the hill sanctuary have fed and lounged in safety upon their high perch, but now they scent calamity in the air. In the far distance they hear the rumble of the coming locomotive, and the shriek of the whistle evokes the echoes of the cañon. They see the coaches of the Great Northern Railroad filled with armed men pressing toward the battlefield. On they come! They mount the dizzy heights. They scale the Marias Pass. Sharp cracks of rifles are repeated along the serried lines. Volley after volley crashes through the defiles, diminishing at last until they cease and die away. That is the death rattle of *Aplocerus Columbianus*. His generation has lived its day. They are wiped out altogether, and no trace of them is left save a whiff of a musky odor which is wafted eastward on the Chinook breeze.

## Natural History.

### GILBERT WHITE.

THROUGH Selborne's dewy fields I seem
To see thee pass as in a dream,
Around thee still the quiet haze
That mellows all those elder days:
To listen as thou walkst along
The linnet's or the red-breast's song,
To mark the missel-thrush or teal,
Or in the pond the wary eel,
While from the "Hanger," loud and clear,
The cuckoo's voice assails thine ear;
The squirrel runs along the bough
With sprightly grace, whilst keenly thou
Dost mark the swallow's glancing flight,
The distant circling of the kite,
The cricket's chirp, or slender track
Of snail with house upon his back;
For bird and beast, however small,
Were by thy love encompassed all.

I think of thee as nature's priest,
Who never at her altar ceased
With sacred rites to minister;
And when from distant Finisterre
The swallows came, with sudden wing,
They brought for thee the joyous spring
While in the leafy month of June,
When all creation seemed in tune,
As oft at eve across the vale
Was borne the song of nightingale,
Thy heart leaped up to greet the bird
Whose strains of melody were heard:
And e'en when Boreas wildly blew
His trumpet harsh, and snow-wreaths flew
Before the blast, thou still couldst find
A pleasure in the ruffling wind;
The rabbit leaped across the snow;
The leafless boughs swung to and fro;
The small birds sought within the brake
A shelter from the whirling flake;
Or when closed in the wintry night,
And burned the sea-coal fires so bright,
As while alone thou ponderedst o'er
Some volume of forgotten lore—
Perhaps 'twas Ray or Scopoli,
Or Derham's sage "Theology"—
The staring owl cried through the dark
Responsive to the watch-dog's bark.

T. J. CHAPMAN

### Eggs Killed by Heat.

I CAN corroborate "West Virginian" in regard to the killing of quail's eggs by heat. I have repeatedly found nests of dead eggs in my meadows, and have taken note that these nests were exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Once I brought a thermometer to the nest and tested the heat, which about noon was 125° on the ground, with a south exposure on a rather steep hillside facing the sun.

Necessarily, as I have found in experience with incubators, eggs would be quickly killed by exposure to this temperature. One year I noticed that after a heavy crop of clover was mown on a field, many eggs in the nests were killed, although I know the hen birds did not leave them, as they stayed long after the mowing. H. S.

## ANOTHER MINK TRAGEDY.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.—For a couple of months I have been trying to solve the problem of a dead mink I found lying in my barn on my return to my home here. The mink had been dead but a short time, and had no wounds upon it except at the throat where two small holes had let out its life blood. How it came to its end has troubled my mind ever since, until I read the account of a mink tragedy in FOREST AND STREAM of last week. There were no cats in the barn, and the rats "instinctively had left it" as well, during my absence from home. I at length concluded that two male minks must have had a quarrel in the barn and one had become a victim of the fight.

The barn is close to the dam of one of my ponds, and has been frequented by minks in pursuit of the chickens which sometimes took up a night's lodging in it. But as they were removed to other quarters the minks must have had the building all to themselves. I skinned the body, which could not have been dead many hours, and the marks in the throat showed that only one firm and deadly grip had been taken. The graphic account of the tragedy referred to brought the whole thing to my mind's eye, and this occurrence must have happened in precisely the same manner. It is interesting to know that these cruel beasts have no bowels of compassion even for each other. H. S.

## PHEASANTS IN CONFINEMENT.

LONDON, Ontario.—I am only a novice in the business, and consequently my *ipsi dixit* may not carry much weight, but I think there are many who would like to keep a few of these pheasants if they knew how easy it is to do so, and how much pleasure they would have to watch these most beautiful birds. I have had them for over two years, and I feel that I have lost many years of pleasure in not having them before. They are most interesting from the day they leave the shell till they strut about showing off their variously colored plumage. There is no bird that flies that can be compared to the various species of *Phasianidæ*. One is only more attractive than the other.

My collection consisted of Reeves, Swinhoe, Lady Amherst, versicolor, silver, golden and ring necks. There are many others, but even this lot gave me plenty to do to look after and care for, but I found it was very simple work. All they needed was plenty of room, plenty of food, green and hard, with fresh water, and not to be disturbed too much.

My coops are not very large, but I find they thrive very well in them. They are 4ft. wide by 12ft. long, with a covered space of 4ft at one end. The outside rim is 5ft. high and covered with wire netting. I should advise 1in. mesh, as in that way it will be rat proof as well as sparrow proof. I find these little thieves take almost as much food as the pheasants. I have the coops covered with 2in. mesh. Added to this, my coops are in a small grass plat surrounded by a 6ft. board fence with several catalpa trees growing in it, which affords shade in the very hot days.

I allow all my birds out in this inclosure, having first cut the wings of any that is particularly wild. They won't fly unless frightened by the appearance of a stranger or any animal, such as a dog or cat. It is wonderful to see how soon they know their own coop, and when it is necessary they go to their own place much more easily than chickens.

This next summer I intend to cover this whole inclosure with old fish nets supported on high poles, so that the predatory cat may not get in nor the birds fly out if disturbed. Always get the birds to their coops before roosting time or you will find them perched up on the trees or fences; and it is quite a business to get them in, but if driven in before that time, say at 5 P. M. in summer and 4 P. M. in winter, you will have no trouble.

I feed my birds twice a day, the same as my chickens. In the morning soft feed, corn meal, barley meal, oat chaff, one part to three parts of millings, and added to this occasionally boiled vegetables and meat or Spratts biscuit and ground oyster shell. I give lots of lettuce leaves when I can get them or any other green food. The grass from the lawn mower is splendid in winter, with cabbage, beets, apples, etc. The second feed is wheat, buckwheat, corn, barley, etc. I don't stick to any, but just change about from one to another. German millet is much appreciated, also hemp seed. Pheasants don't eat very much, so that the actual cost of feeding is very little.

I have three houses and runs covered with about four inches of fine gravel, and a dust box in each of them, as they dearly love to dust themselves, especially when the sun shines. Fresh water is given daily, oftener in the hot weather. I find that even in our Canadian climate they prefer to roost in the open on the very coldest night, and I have seen them in the early morning with an inch of snow on their backs and the thermometer 10 or 12 below zero. It does not seem to affect them as much as the extreme hot days of summer.

They are usually very amiable, but sometimes the cock birds are very cruel to the hens and it is necessary to separate them: this happens in the fall and winter, but they are quite peaceable in the breeding season, which begins about the middle of March.

For the most part pheasants are polygamous and you may have four or five hens with one cock, but with silvers I think they mate with one hen only; but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the various breeds to know definitely, but I do know that if you have two silver hens with one cock the eggs of one only are fertile.

Pheasants sometimes will lay their eggs in a nest, if they have a retired spot, but for the most part they drop them anywhere, and I find that if they are disturbed much at this time that the eggs will come while the birds are flying, and consequently they are broken. It is necessary to pick up the eggs as they are dropped, as pheasants are egg eaters to a very large extent; they generally lay their eggs in the afternoon or evening. They lay, generally, alternate days, sometimes two days and stop one. I find that in confinement they produce fourteen or fifteen eggs each, but if they have larger runs they are said to lay twice that number.

Hen pheasants sometimes set in confinement and bring out their young, but I think this is the exception and not the rule, therefore it is necessary to be provided with foster mothers for their eggs, and as hatching and rearing of the young pheasants is quite a large subject I will give it in another paper. I do not intend going into the wholesale raising of pheasants such as is done in England for the restocking of coverts, and also in this country by Mr. V. de Guise, of Mahwah, N. J., but to give how I raise a few for pleasure and the having. M. B.

### Grouse in Confinement.

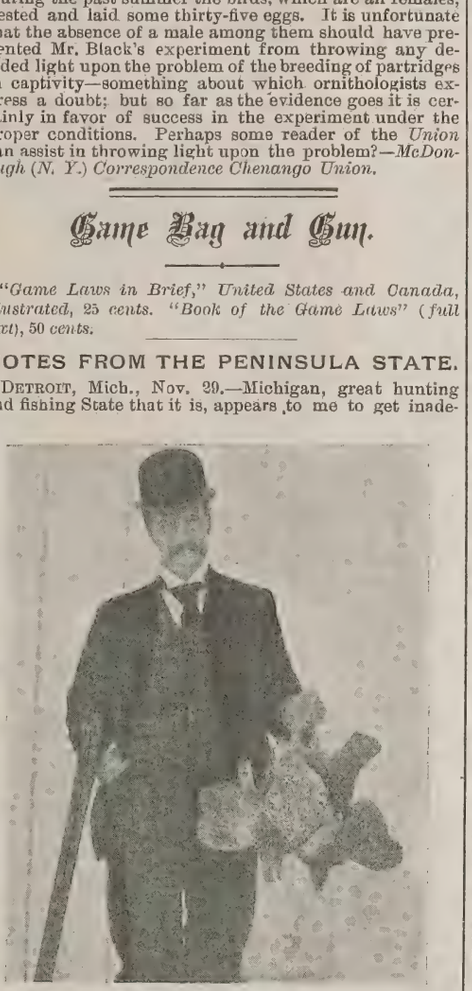
Mr. Clark Black, of this town, is the possessor of a group of interesting tame partridges. The birds, which are three in number, were taken by Mr. Black a year ago last summer, soon after they had left the nest, and at present they have lost their natural timidity sufficiently to associate with the poultry and to permit Mr. Black's young daughter, who has made them her special charge, to capture them with her hands. Further than this, they will take food from the hand of other members of the family and are easily approached except by strangers. During the past summer the birds, which are all females, nested and laid some thirty-five eggs. It is unfortunate that the absence of a male among them should have prevented Mr. Black's experiment from throwing any decided light upon the problem of the breeding of partridges in captivity—something about which ornithologists express a doubt; but so far as the evidence goes it is certainly in favor of success in the experiment under the proper conditions. Perhaps some reader of the *Union* can assist in throwing light upon the problem?—*McDonough (N. Y.) Correspondence Chenango Union.*

# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## NOTES FROM THE PENINSULA STATE.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 29.—Michigan, great hunting and fishing State that it is, appears to me to get inade-



ED. BANKS AND HIS GROUSE.

See "Drivers and Twisters."

quate representation in the columns of the old reliable FOREST AND STREAM. "Kingfisher," with his realistic letters from that heart-stirring camp on Carp Lake, has done his part, it is true, and "Kelpie" occasionally drops in a line or two in behalf of the Wolverine devotees of rod and gun. But there are wide territories and countless incidents of sports afield in the State that are never heard of. Here in the peninsula State the angler may find a long array of brooks, rivers, streams and lakes, from the cold spring rivulet to the wide waters of Lakes Huron, Michigan, Erie, Superior, and St. Clair, the swift and magnificent Detroit, St. Clair and Sault Ste. Marie rivers, and the hunter revel in the deep and untrodden forests of the upper and lower peninsulas and the islands of the lakes. Here the trout and grayling and bass and maskalonge, game to the backbone, and all their lesser brethren of fresh-water findom, are ready for the fly and the less aristocratic live bait; here the black bear, the Virginia deer, the lynx, the panther, the wild duck, the Canada goose, the partridge, quail, all the snipe family, an occasional wild turkey and a few pinnated grouse are still to be found in their season by the gun that is not handled by a porker on two legs.

Most of the fish and game appear to be increasing in numbers, owing to the increase in effectiveness of the machinery employed in enforcing the game laws of the State. State Warden Charles S. Hampton, of Petoskey, has proved himself energetic and impartial in his work, and during his two years' incumbency of the office has taught the violators of the law that the office of chief game warden was not created for the mere purpose of drawing another fat salary from the pockets of the taxpayers. There has been a change in the State administration, and a new game warden is to be appointed. It is to be hoped Gov.-elect Rich will have the foresight to select a man who will be as efficient and intelligent as Mr. Hampton.

The Turtle Lake Club, which owns practically the whole of Turtle Lake, 40 miles into the wilderness west of Alpena, is composed mainly of Detroit business and professional men. E. H. Gillman, one of the most enthusiastic of Michigan sportsmen, is the ruling spirit. A number of members of the club have been up there lately after deer. They took a party of guests with them, including a judge or two, a few doctors and lawyers, and several others. They are just returned and report a most successful hunt. Thirty-three deer fell to their guns, and feathered game beyond counting. John C. Merrill, of Lock Haven, shot a white (albino) fawn weighing 87lbs., which he presented to Howard Barnes, of Detroit, who will have it mounted.

Some idea of the game conditions existing close to the most populous portions of the State is given in a letter from Algonac which lately appeared in the *Detroit Free Press*. Algonac is a small town on the American side of the St. Clair River, near its mouth, 30 miles from Detroit and contiguous to the famous St. Clair flats. The writer says:

"From a sportman's point of view the fall of 1892 has certainly made itself worthy of remembrance, as having afforded more game and consequently better sport, than has been enjoyed by St. Clair and Wayne county sportsmen during the past five or six years. All species of game are exceedingly plentiful and in fair condition.

"More ducks have been killed in the St. Clair marshes this year than has been the case for several seasons previous. When one takes into consideration the immense number of guns which have been at work this fall among the duck on the St. Clair flats, and also the large bags which have been made by both sportsmen and pot-hunters alike, the question arises in one's mind, 'Where do such countless numbers of duck come from, and how long will they last?' and this latter question is a very pertinent one.

"It is conceded by the majority of sportsmen that it can be but a question of time ere the mallard, red head and other species of duck which are obtainable in such large quantities now will follow the much prized canvasback, the ruffed grouse and the wild turkey, formerly so common, into almost total extinction. The statement of Chris and Henry Smith, of Algonac, more skilful duck hunters than whom do not pull trigger in America, to the effect that in a day's shoot resulting in perhaps a bag of 150 ducks, only an odd flock of canvasback will be decoyed, is proof of this assertion.

"The only game bird which seems unaffected by the onward march of civilization, and which, in the estimation of many, is the most royal game bird in America, is the quail, and they are as plentiful or even more so than ever. In spite of the reports published in sporting columns early in the fall to the effect that the heavy rains had drowned the first broods, quail are to be met with in large bevies in almost any direction. Large bags have been made in the country around here and Robert's Landing in St. Clair county, and a staunch dog, a good gun and above all a man to hold it straight, go far to make up the wherewithal of a day's enjoyable sport. Algonac can be recommended as a good center for a week's shoot. It is centrally located for both marsh and field shooting, accommodation can be obtained at a very reasonable figure, and it is within easy reach of Detroit by boat.

"Grouse, though not so plentiful as quail, can be found in fair numbers in this vicinity, while the gray rabbit, deemed nothing short of vermin by some, can be found under nearly every brush pile. Owing to the extreme dry weather prevalent in the early fall, no large bags of snipe and woodcock were made, although snipe were killed at a later date this season than is usually customary for them to be found.

"A sight which is well worth a journey to see is the Smith Bros.' boat house on Sunday after the result of a week's shooting is all sorted ready to ship to Detroit and Eastern markets. A *Free Press* correspondent paid them a visit last Sunday, and found the two well-known hunters literally up to their knees in ducks of every size and variety, from the weighty mallard down to the diminutive butterball. On inquiry Mr. Smith stated that canvasback and pintail, though quite as numerous as heretofore, are too well educated and too wary to be killed in any quantity. Immense quantities of redheads are shipped to New York and there sold by the restaurant keepers as canvasback, which species they closely resemble, both in color and flavor."

Some time ago I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM an inquiry from Walter B. Savary, of Tacoma, Wash., who quoted a news telegram from Detroit in the Boston *Traveler*, which told a story of an eagle in Presque Isle county, carrying off a child six months old. Mr. Savary doubts that an eagle is capable of lifting a child of that age, which ought to weigh at least 10lbs. I am sorry that I cannot set Mr. Savary's mind at rest on this subject, but I can at least do so as regards this particular incident. In the course of my duties as a daily newspaper editor I had this eagle case investigated. As I suspected, I quickly found that the whole thing was a "fake." The story originated in the imaginative brain of a special correspondent in Detroit, who took this means of increasing slightly a depleted exchequer.

The big Monroe Marsh has afforded some excellent duck shooting this fall. This marsh is owned mainly by wealthy Eastern gentlemen, only three Michigan men possessing shares. It is shot over only four weeks in the year, two in the spring and two in the fall, and night shooting is confined to one evening a week. This policy, with a most rigid warden system, has naturally made the marsh each year a better hunting ground and a favorite stopping place for the birds on their migrations north and south. W. J. HUNSAKER.

### Ithaca Marsh Ducks.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 26.—This fall the best duck shooting experienced in years has been enjoyed on the Ithaca marsh bordering the head of Cayuga Lake. No phenomenal bags have been scored, but the shooting, all the same, has been uniformly excellent considering the comparatively limited extent of marshland. Very few ducks were shot in October, but in the early days of November the fun commenced in good earnest, culminating this week in some tumultuously exciting morning shoots. In the evening the birds invariably flew high and well out of reach of the 8-bores, but in the early morning they just as regularly flew low and decoyed beautifully. About thirty birds were scored the 22d. Between forty-five and fifty the 23d, fifteen of that number falling to the guns of Walker and Miller, and the remainder being scored by Billings, Brown and Billy Hill. A good majority of the ducks bagged on this date were redheads, mallards and black ducks. The flight on Thanksgiving morning was not satisfactory, but a desultory fusilade was kept up during the day, the score being, as near as I can learn, between thirty and forty birds. Since the 24th, owing to the freeze up, the shooting has been decidedly poor. M. C. H.

## BOSTON DEER HUNTERS.

Capt. James H. Jenkins, the well known sportsman's friend and game warden of West Barnstable, Mass., utterly denies the story that has recently been published extensively in the Boston papers, to the effect that deer are being hounded and killed in that section, in considerable number. In a letter to Mr. F. R. Shattuck, a well known conservator of game and fish in Boston, Capt. Jenkins says, in reply to a newspaper clipping sent him, that he believes the whole story to be false. No deer have either been hounded or killed openly in that section this season.

Still the happy hunters are returning from Maine with deer, with the report that has been repeated a good many times this season, that the deer were never so plenty in that State. They are even killed quite near the settlements. Mr. Geo. R. Cutting, of Andover, Me., a son of Charles H. Cutting, one of the best trout guides in the country, writes me: "My Dear Mr. — I wish that you could have been here to have gone deer hunting with me on the first snows. I have been out only twice and have killed two deer and fired at another, without hitting him. I have shot one of the finest bucks I have ever seen. I have sent the head to be mounted. I value it at $25. The law will not let me kill but one more deer, and I am going after that to-morrow." Now this is a case where a smart man, a guide and a lumberman, shoots his three deer, the meat of which he will probably use in his own family. Undoubtedly he is only one of the hundreds, living in the backwoods towns, and having enterprise enough to gout out and get a supply of venison. Great has been the preservation of game in Maine. It is very easy to remember back only a few years when the killing of a deer, even as far back as Andover, was a very rare occurrence. So it is in the other towns in that State. I have it second-hand that between 300 and 400 deer have already passed over the railroad through Bangor, the property of sportsmen. It is also mentioned, from good authority, that a taxidermist at Bangor has already some 400 heads of big game, the results of this season's shooting; the heads to be mounted. This sounds like a big story, and yet from the source through which it comes to me it should be true

For some reason the reports of caribou killed in Maine this season are very meagre. I have no positive account of any being killed by Boston sportsmen, except the one killed by Dr. Heber Bishop, already mentioned in the Forest and Stream. There are a few newspaper accounts of these animals being taken by hunters, but even such accounts are very few. The number of moose killed has been larger than usual, as already mentioned, but there are no very late accounts.

Waltham gunners are not out of the race this season, though not very much has been said about them in the papers. There are a good many real sportsmen in that city, both with rod and line and rifle and shotgun. Mr. A. W. Tompkins, now of the firm of Foster, Weeks & Co., Boston, since the death of Mr. Foster, who was not wholly unknown to the readers of the Forest and Stream, has just had a day out with some friends. They went up to their camp on the Sudbury River. They spent most of the day in gunning on the Sudbury Meadows. The grass was something like a couple of feet high and filled with snow. The swamps were only partly frozen, and the snow and grass made it next to impossible to tell exactly where the meadow left off and swamp began. Such a condition was naturally the cause of several struggles to gain dry land. At last a black duck was sighted in a creek. Very carefully Mr. Tompkins crept up, but the duck was alarmed and flew, giving only a long-distance snap shot, that proved a dead failure. But by watching and waiting in the snowy grass for a long time the duck was seen again to come down into the creek but further up. Another crawl in the wet and snowy grass gave a better shot, and the bird was pitched into the water by his own gravitation and was dead. But he was on the other side of the creek, and Mr. Tompkins had to go up half a mile to cross and down as far to get where the duck was. This resulted in one rubber boot full of water, cold as it was, and the other about as bad. One of the other boys got a partridge, and at the camp, with its new kitchen, they enjoyed a game dinner, all the more for having earned it.

Mr. E. E. Jennison, a druggist at Waltham, has recently returned from the Maine woods with a moose that weighed over 800lbs. Mr. Jennison was so much pleased with his success that he has given a "moose supper," and invited all his friends. Special.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 27.—Some gentlemen of New York must have been big-game hunting in the West this fall, or else must have been buying some trophies. At any rate, they have been having some fine trophies mounted here in Chicago, as I learn from the Chicago taxidermist, R. A. Turtle. Mr. Turtle's books show that on Oct. 7 Mr. Edson Bradley (of Paris, Allen & Co., New York) left for mounting 4 mountain sheep heads, 1 mountain goat head, 1 brown bear skin, 3 deer skins, 1 mountain sheep skin and 1 wildcat skin. On Oct. 9 Mr. E. N. Dickerson (of 64 East Thirty-fourth street, New York) left 4 mountain goat heads, 4 large skins of the same and 1 small skin, 2 mountain sheep heads, 3 mule deer heads, 1 mule deer skin, 1 mountain sheep skin and 1 brown bear skin. Certainly the two above represent very fine collections of game, and perhaps the New York gentlemen may favor Forest and Stream readers with stories of the hunts.

Mr. Turtle also has in hand a small-mouth black bass caught by Calvin S. Smith, of Chicago, weight 5lbs. 10oz. He mounted also the large brook trout (over 11lbs.) which lately furnished some of the Chicago boys a fine supper after losing its skin. Another interesting piece of his work is a pair of wild mallards, lately killed by Walter Dupee in Washington Park, of this city.

Some of these things I learned last week in course of a little hunt down at Water Valley with Prof. Turtle, or rather, Dick Turtle, as he should be called when out shooting. Dick dearly loves a gun, and handles one well—well enough, I know, to beat me quail shooting on a screeching windy day, such as we had, though on rabbits I feel that I could say a thing or two. We met bad weather and found but little game, but we found a lodge in the wilderness of the Kankakee country. This is no less than the studio box of Arthur Pierson, an artist of no mean ability, who for six months has been studying the Kankakee scenery, with which he is thoroughly in love. Mr. Pierson has spent eleven years in Paris, would rather speak French than English, and would rather paint than do either. His little lodge is a thoroughly cozy and comfortable affair, highly decorated and well furnished within, and here lives, altogether Bohemian and quite alone, the only man I ever knew who appreciated the full possibilities of the Kankakee country from the standpoint of an artist. The artist of America has shown himself so far eager chiefly to do Old World subjects. The artists of the West have commonly gone to the East or to Europe. The West has had few artists for itself. The world does not know how singular, how striking, how grand or how beautiful some of the pictures of the West will be when finally they are put on canvas. I hope Mr. Pierson will not grow weary, and that he may find inspiration equal to his task. His lodge has been put up since I was last at the Water Valley, but I hope to sleep there again sometime, with a brocaded fez for a nightcap and an embroidered afghan over my flannel shirt.

### The Possum Club.

Your uncle, Bill Werner, whose new catering establishment is at 93 Thirty-fifth street, has concluded that the Possum Club is something that should not willingly be let die, and as the cold winds of autumn brought to ripe maturity the flash of the skin-tailed varmint, he jumped himself together and made a vow by the great horn spoon that he couldn't wait any longer, and would not only call the Possum Club men together every winter on his own hook, but would do it now, right away quick. So he did, and on last Tuesday evening a Possum Club supper was held, Mr. Werner as host, and nine enthusiastic and hungry possum-eaters as guests. There were present Messrs. L. M. Hamline, C. B. Dicks, F. A. Place, W. P. Mussey, Tom Patterson, Gib Harris, O. A. Malcolm and E. Hough, of Chicago, and Geo. I. Maillet, of Crown Point, Ind. There was a whole lot of possum—that is, there was at first—and if anybody thinks possum isn't good, he is hereby invited to attend a meeting of the club and eat some of Bill Werner's sort. It is the main purpose and chief mission of the Possum Club to promote, set forth, establish and support the great fact in natural history that possum is good to eat. Any doubter of this proposition will upon making himself known be taken to the club headquarters and filled so full of possum he can't talk, all objections being thus silenced.

After the club had been in session for some hours, with no sound to break the silence save the chug of the possum going to his long home, Mr. Maillet rose and made the formal motion of confidence in the administration which is put every evening, Mr. Mussey being called to the chair.

"I move you, sir," said Mr. Maillet, "that it be the sense of this meeting that possum is good to eat." This was carried in due form, and the meeting then went into the stage of the second business meeting. Mr. Werner was thanked for his happy idea and its pleasant fulfilment, and then was politely asked to leave the room, which he did under protest, as he was afraid to leave the silverware. In his absence Messrs. Mussey, Place and Hough were chosen a committee to select a suitable souvenir to present to Mr. Werner at the next meeting, to be held two weeks from date. Mr. Place then moved that each man bring a friend to the next meeting. This was objected to, and it was shown that the old Possum Club plan had developed a large, loose and incoherent body, with no real membership. It was resolved on motion to make the new club a close corporation. The Chair and Mr. Werner were chosen as committee on membership, they to select a third member. These reported the following for members: Messrs. C. B. Dicks, T. W. Patterson, L. M. Hamline, F. A. Place, R. A. Turtle, O. A. Malcolm, G. B. Harris, Geo. I. Maillet, Bernard Waters, Geo. Holden, A. C. Anson, D. Rad Coover, A. E. Thomas, Ed. Bingham, R. B. Organ, Abner Price, F. Donald, C. S. Burton, W. N. Low, R. S. Cox, M. J. Eich, W. P. Mussey, Wm. Werner, E. Hough. Any of these failing to accept and qualify will be replaced. The club will not go much beyond this size, as Mr. Werner's quarters will not seat more. No meeting of the Possum Club will in the future be held elsewhere than at Bill Werner's. This is part of the constitution.

Mr. B. Borders, of Winamac, sent me up an invitation to be present at the Winamac annual Thanksgiving hunt, a side hunt on the old system of points, a custom of very questionable value to the game supply, perhaps, but productive of plenty of fun. The conditions of the hunt are stated as follows:

"Parties wishing to join in this grand hunt will deposit sixty cents with either captain, the losers to pay the supper. All hunters must report at 7 P. M. Wednesday at the office of M. A. Dilts. Supper at Jellison's new dining room. The game will count in points as follows: Prairie chicken 50, pheasant 50, quail 10, squirrel 15, rabbit 15, mallard duck 25, small duck (any kind) 20, wild goose 200, swan 300, brant 200, coon 100, opossum 100, wolf 1,000, fox 500. M. A. Dilts and T. B. Hedges, captains."

Mr. Max Middleton, of the Globe Training Kennels, Servia, Ind., writes a friend that the quail are not as abundant as usual, but that coons are plentiful, and that his old coon dog was never in better voice in his life. There is talk of a grand coon hunt before long, in which the Possum Club entire may join.

Mr. Chas. Zutavern writes me from Great Bend, Kas.: "I have just noticed an item in the *Evening News* in regard to two fellows shooting quail. You having enjoyed some of that sport here, I thought you would be interested. Such shooting is likely to affect the future quail shooting in this locality, if there is not a way in which such butchery can be stopped. The item reads, 'Barney Cone and Howard Bishop have broken the record on quail hunting, one having shot sixteen and the other fifteen at a single shot.'

"I was up by Heizer on the Walnut about a week ago and found lots of quails. Found four ducks in a popcorn field of not over two acres. I am going to take a Thanksgiving quail hunt on Blood Creek, and expect a fine time. Hope if you are out here next year to enjoy another hunt with you, that is, if the butchers will leave the quail alone. Please let me know if there is any way to stop this abominable work.

"Dick Taylor had two ribs broken and was injured internally by his horses backing the mowing machine on him, but at this time he is getting along finely."

I do not know of any provision in the Kansas law against this destructive and unsportsmanlike style of shooting. The only thing that will stop it is general sentiment against it. The local newspapers may be ignorant of sportsmanship, as the paper quoted certainly is, and if so sportsmen should go to the editor and show him that he does wrong in commending and not condemning such things as these. Farmers certainly should not allow on their lands persons who will thus destroy the game. Thus gradually tabooed, such shooters may come to learn better ways. It is hard to exterminate quail by fair wing-shooting. Pot-shooting, trapping and hard winters are the worst enemies of this bird.

About the accident referred to by Mr. Zutavern, Mr. Taylor himself writes thus simply:

"I have not shot a gun off since you were here. Am laid up for the time—had three ribs broken by a mowing machine, a near thing for me. Cal Crülly has had Dick off hunting for over a week. He killed 26 the other day along the hedge row and then went on to Hoisington for supper. While he was eating some one stole all his birds but 4. He was pretty mad. The horse that ran off, old Ned, sends his regards, and I must say he seems ready for another gallop.

"The Young American Coursing Club has sprung into existence here since you left, run by the boys of the place. They ran off a 16 dogs stake on my place last week. Will send particulars."

### Some Freezers.

If anybody wants to do a little protecting, and is hunting for game freezers, he can find a freezer at Estherville, Ia., one at Emmettsburg, Ia., one near Lake Whitewood, Dak., several in Nebraska (details later), a number in Minnesota and several in Illinois, known but not named here.

### Self-Hunting Dogs.

A correspondent propounds to me the following question: "Can you not give some remedy to make one's dogs in the country stay around home and not go off hunting by themselves? It destroys half the pleasure of keeping them to have to keep them confined."

I presume these dogs are what Mr. Waters, of the Forest and Stream kennel wisdom department, would call self-hunters of a pronounced type. Mr. Waters is away from Chicago at the field trials, and I am a little shy on kennel wisdom, but the best way I could think of to make such dog learn to hunt to the gun and no other way, would be to take them out hunting often as possible with the gun, and so teach them the true inwardness of the bird dog idea. Last week I spoke of a Kansas bird dog whose owner lets every one take him out shooting. This dog is within a quarter of a mile of good game ground, but he never goes out hunting by himself, though he will follow any gun. He knows the relation of the gun to the bird very well, and so do all really good bird dogs. A tramp fox-terrier or a cur with a leaning toward rabbits can entice a good bird dog away from home and about ruin him in a little while. Such evil associations should be broken off. I used to have a bird dog which was very fond of visiting, and I fell into a habit of lamning him every time I caught him away from home except on my invitation. In this way he came to love his home, because he never could figure just where he was going to meet me away from home. Unless it were in the case of an old dog that had been running practically wild and unworked for a time, I should think good feed and good treatment at home, with plenty of field work with the gun, would gradually overcome this sort of trouble. As a bird dog grows older, he commonly "learns more sense" and stays more and more closely at home. One dog is not so apt to go out on a hunt without a shooter as are two or more dogs. I think a bird dog ought be kept away from other sorts of dogs as much as possible, and as much as possible near human associations. They "learn more sense" that way, too, and so come to see the fun of hunting only when the gun comes out.

### North Carolina Quail.

From Mr. J. B. Burnham, of the Forest and Stream office, I have the following, which I am very glad to print. I have never shot in North Carolina, and what little I know of that country is gathered from friends who attend the field trials there each fall. The information in Mr. Burnham's letter suggests the very natural inquiry: Why do not the owners of sporting hotels and sporting grounds, whose privileges are for sale, advertise them in Forest and Stream? It would only be business to do so, and it would be a paying form of business, too. My inquirer here is a case in point. My ignorant reply might drive a shooter away from Carolina. A fact stating advertisement might take him there. That is the difference. The letter reads:

I have just seen your reply in Forest and Stream of Nov. 3 to Mr. Geo. L. Eddy in regard to quail shooting in North Carolina. I think your answer is rather misleading, as there is plenty of the very best quail shooting to be had in that State without annoyance of any kind. As told in Forest and Stream of Sept. 23, Dr. Capehart, of Avoca, N. C., has 10 000 acres of preserved quail land that is free shooting territory to guests of his hotel, House Dunkinfield. This place was advertised in Forest and Stream last winter and will be again this season. The shooting there is first class, as I have been informed by gentlemen who shot there last winter. Lincoln, N. C., is another locality where visiting sportsmen can shoot to their heart's content over good ground, leased by hotel owners.

Some other points in North Carolina where a visiting sportsman would be reasonably sure of good quail shooting without annoyance at the hands of the "Farmer's Alliance" are Winston, Salem (Hotel Zinzendorf), Elizabeth City, Edenton, Bellport, Mount Airy, etc. In South Carolina Norman Bros., proprietors of the Carolina Hotel, at Rock Hill, guarantee plenty of quail on preserved land. E. Hough.

175 Monroe Street, Chicago.


### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the Forest and Stream one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the Forest and Stream during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Ieet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).


### The Iron Nancy Hanks.

The Empire State Express is the Nancy Hanks of the rails. On Thursday she left Rochester for Buffalo, and for ten miles kept up a speed of ninety-five miles an hour. This was done under unfavorable conditions, the road having at that part the heaviest grade on the whole Central system. The entire distance from Rochester to Buffalo, sixty-nine miles, was made in seventy-one minutes.—*The Budget.*

## A PANTHER ON A LEDGE.

DID I ever hear a panther scream?

Well, I can't say that I ever have, even after an experience of many months where they were plentiful, and signs could be found at any time, and after losing a horse or two by reason of the varmints, but the evidence, to my mind, that they do scream is certainly more convincing than that the woodcock when startled whistles "Johnny Get Your Gun" or some other ditty with his bill.

But if I cannot bear positive evidence in regard to the panther's scream, I can give some facts in regard to hair standing on end, even if I cannot describe the sensations, for it was not my hair.

In the fall of 188–, in charge of a surveying party, I was in the Sierra Madre, on the line between Chihuahua and Sonora, and one morning sent a negro man several miles to the rear to bring in a station flag which was no longer required.

As the flag was on an elevated ridge and not approachable very near by riding I had no expectation of Charley's return before 2 or 3 o'clock in the evening, and had loaned him my rifle, instead of the shotgun he usually carried, for there was a possibility of deer, bear, or even Indians on the lonesome ride.

About noon, glancing up the rough trail leading into the valley in which we were camped, I saw Charley returning, forcing old Sorrel to rather a dangerous gait, and on his near approach perceived at once that something exciting had happened, for an "ash of roses" tint on a real black face is unmistakable evidence of troubled feelings within.

Charley threw down the flag and dismounted, rifle in hand; then after glancing around him worked the lever, removing a cartridge from the chamber and replaced it in the magazine, looking anxiously at me as he did so, for it was an imperative rule that no gun was to be brought into camp loaded.

To my natural question—"What's up?"—came Charley's answer, "Say, boss, wha' kind o' beasteses hus got in dis country?" ('Twas only after considerable inquiry that I found he had seen some animal.) "Absut nine feet long, yaller, gray or brown, big paw like a cat and dat stared at him wid big eyes wide open." I concluded he had met up with a Mexican lion.

The badly demoralized darkey was, however, at last drawn out to tell the main facts, and it appeared that he had climbed up to the ledge or shelf on which the flag was fixed, which ledge was some 7ft. in height and nearly perpendicular. A fallen rock below and some crevices above offered means of scaling. So Charley carefully pushed the rifle up, and mounting the rock, with a spring succeeded in gaining equilibrium on the edge of the ledge.

There, not 6ft. from him at the foot of the mound staying the maguay pole and flag, the lion was stretched out just aroused from his nap in the morning sunshine.

Charley said he screamed—that is, Charley did—and "that de ha'r on his head stood straight up an' push his hat off and den he let go all holts and came down flam."

The situation for the scared negro was then hardly bettered, for he dared neither to retreat down the mountain nor attempt to regain the rifle, which was still on the ledge; but recovering his wits to some extent, with heavy hunting knife in hand he decided to get the rifle, as the attempt could be made out of sight.

The rifle recovered, the next move was to hold it above his head with both hands and shoot in the supposed direction of the lion and instantly to jump under protection of the rocks.

No startling results following Charley cautiously crept under the protection of the ledge to the end of it, and with exceeding doubt as to the propriety of the move, gained the line of the flagstaff, and after a careful survey no lion being in sight, advanced and removed the flag.

No time was lost in retreat and return to camp, and Charley when joked about his knotty wool rising up only answered: "'Fore God, Massa, dis nigga's wool rizz'd right up straight'r dan dat roached greaser's," referring to the Mexican cook, who wore his hair *à la* pompadour.

There was probably no imagination in the affair, but Charley's wool had subsided to its usual tightly knotted state. J. V. B.

TEXAS.

## *THE BREECHLOADER AND HOW TO USE IT.

IT is perhaps not generally known that the first use of small shot in firearms was by German peasants and shepherds about the middle of the sixteenth century. They used the single barrel wheel lock musket, but about a hundred years later double barrel guns had been made, and again a century after that, these double barrel guns were bound together by ribs. In the early part of the present century the flint lock fowling piece was thought by the sportsmen of the day to be an admirable weapon, and among our readers there may be some who can remember the discussion which followed the introduction of the percussion cap. It seems but a few years ago since the sporting papers seriously discussed the question as to whether the breechloader was as good a gun as the muzzleloader. What will be the next improvement in shotguns?

The latest work on this subject is from the pen of Mr. W. W. Greener. It would, perhaps, be difficult to name any one more competent than this gentleman to write on guns. For many years he has been a manufacturer of shotguns and is thoroughly familiar with all the technical details of these weapons; he has made a study of all the earlier history of the fowling piece, and he is also a sportsman of large experience. His earlier works, which are familiar to many of our readers, while they contain much valuable information, are yet sometimes technical, but in the present volume he has given us a work which is thoroughly popular and must be read with interest by every man who uses a gun. It will be of especial value to those who have only recently taken up shooting, and yet every sportsman, no matter how wide his experience may be, will gain from its perusal some new ideas, or will find here confirmed facts that he has learned from his own shooting.

In his brief introduction to this volume of nearly 300 pages, Mr. Greener says: "This treatise is written for that numerous class of sportsmen who delight in a day's shooting, but have neither the time nor the means to make the sport a life's study. Published at a popular price, it will, it is hoped, reach many who have hitherto been deterred from shooting, believing it to be an expensive recreation. The author's aim is to induce all he can to participate in a manly sport and to advance the interest of those who can look to the gun for pleasure, health and occupation.

"The book is not written for experts, nor for those who have special opportunities for the acquisition of the art of shooting; and in order to make it as attractive as possible to the general reader, many matters that would interest the enthusiastic shot only have been omitted."

Mr. Greener wastes little time in introducing his subject and almost immediately enters upon a consideration of gun barrels, describing how they are made and what metals should be used for them. In this connection he gives an interesting figure of bulged and burst barrels, of which he writes as follows: "All bulges shown in the illustration were caused by placing a small charge of shot between two felt wads (as a thick felt, then the shot, then a thin felt) at the spot where the bulges are and firing an ordinary charge from the gun. The burst was effected by increasing the charge of shot between the wads, the bulges appearing about 15in. from the breech end after firing. As many as five thick wads may be placed in any part of the barrel of the gun fired without causing a bulge, but as proved by experiment often the small quantity of ¾oz. of shot placed between wads at any place in the barrel will cause a bulge, even as near as 9in. from the breech. Different sizes of the bulges in the illustrations were caused by different charges of shot. The shape of the burst indicates the extent of bulging before bursting."

There is much in Mr. Greener's chapter on the shape and dimensions of gun stocks which is interesting, and many of our readers will be surprised at statements made here and at figures given showing the way in which gun locks can be changed and twisted to fit special conditions. The cuts on page 99 are very curious and the figure of the rational gun stock given on page 87 is also quite novel. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM who so frequently write in to know how they may free their guns from rust should read the statement that "water boiling hot kills rust." This probably means that if the barrels are greatly heated by boiling water and then wiped off, they dry so speedily that all dampness is removed, while the subsequent oiling prevents the rust from taking hold. On this same page see also the statement that a wire knitting needle or a bodkin is the best implement to use in putting lubricants on a gun, a fact which is by no means so well known as it ought to be.

The discussion of pattern and penetration is interesting reading, and these are subjects with which every one who uses a gun should familiarize himself. It is, of course, a well-known fact, that pellets of shot reach the target at different times; that is to say, that some pellets travel faster than others. These different rates of velocity Mr. Greener calls stringing, and they mean that at the time when the first pellets of a charge would strike the bird at 40yds., the slower pellets have not then reached a distance of 30yds. from the muzzle of the gun. About 5 per cent. of the pellets of a charge arrive simultaneously at the target. These are closely followed by about 25 or 30 per cent. and it is this 30 to 40 per cent. of the pellets which practically represents the killing value of the charge, for the remaining pellets either do not reach the mark in time to do any good or else drop from the charge, or turn off to one side or the other from the line of flight. If, therefore, some effective means could be devised of making all the pellets go together, the range and so the killing power of the gun would be greatly increased. This was the purpose of the old wire cartridge of muzzleloading days which sometimes did execution at astonishing distances.

The question of choke bores *vs.* cylinders is one upon which Mr. Greener has written a great deal and about which he feels strongly. He is an ardent advocate of choke boring and would carry it in many cases to the extreme of its limit. The importance of the system has been abundantly demonstrated in many ways, but, of course, its value depends largely on the character of the ground to be shot over. For shooting partridges in the open or grouse on the moors, or ducks or prairie chickens, the value of this system of boring can hardly be over estimated, but for some of our shooting here, such as quail, woodcock or ruffed grouse in the thick covers of the Southern and Eastern States of America, we are inclined to believe that the cylinder bored gun is often more useful than a choke bore.

Perhaps no chapter in Mr. Greener's book is more interesting than the one which treats of gunpowders, shot, cartridge cases, loaded cartridges and so on. In speaking of the nitro powders he states that the best wood powder gives about 30 per cent. solid residue and 70 per cent. available gasses, and that therefore one-half the charge of powder by weight is equivalent to a full charge of black powder, in which there is 65 per cent. of solid residue and only 35 per cent available gas. He states that the smokeless powders are rapidly superseding black gun powder for most sporting purposes.

Very useful and valuable is the chapter on How to Use a Gun, and it is fully illustrated by figures of position while performing most of the acts incidental to shooting. The danger of a gun is insisted on everywhere, and yet it is shown that a gun properly used is as safe as any other implement.

The concluding chapter of the volume is devoted to pigeon shooting from the traps, a sport which continues to grow in favor in England. In this chapter are given the rules for shooting at Hurlingham and many hints for success in shooting at the trap. The remarks on pigeon shooting scores are devoted very largely to those made by Americans, Messrs. Brewer, Fulford, Bogardus, Carver and Elliott being the names most frequently mentioned. Something is said of inanimate targets, the old-fashioned glass ball and the various so-called clay-pigeons manufactured in this country. Rules for inanimate target shooting are given and some records, as well as some description of how experts shoot, the experts being all Americans. The volume closes with a letter extracted from the London *Field* on grouse driving by Sir Frederick A. Millbank.

The subjects discussed in this valuable book are fully illustrated by cuts and engravings, many of them full page and of great excellence and beauty, and the work is one which ought to be in the hands of all sportsmen. We do not recall any volume which at so small a cost contains so much useful and pleasantly told information.

* The Breechloader, | and How To Use It, | by | W. W. Greener, | author of "The Gun and its Development," "Modern Shotguns," "Choke-Bore Guns," "Modern Breechloaders," etc. | Illustrated. Cut. | Forest and Stream Publishing Co., | New York | 1892. | Price $1.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A HARTFORD insurance man gave his son Toots a toy gun a few days ago, which Toots proceeded to break on the first day, and so badly did he smash it that his papa could not fix it, much to Toots's sorrow.

When prayer time came Toots said as usual, "God bless papa and mother and make Toots a good boy;" then he passionately but irreligiously added, "but I'd a blame sight rather you'd fix my gun." A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn.

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

AS a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us,

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## ANGLING NOTES.

### The Lion and the Lamb.

To a man up a tree it would appear that some of the people in the Adirondack wilderness are unduly exercised concerning the appearance of the pike, or so-called pickerel, in some of the trout lakes in that region. I say some of the people, for it is only a few of the people in the Adirondacks who propose, through fear of what the pike may do to destroy other fish, to introduce black bass to destroy the pike in the waters where they are unwelcome. Others of the people propose to fight the pike in a common sense sort of fight and keep them down to a point where they will do little or no damage to the trout in the same waters. It appears to the man up a tree that the people are unduly excited, because in other waters (streams where the trout and pike meet on more common ground, or in more common water, than in a big, deep lake) where the lion-like pike and the lamb-like trout consort together, the anglers who are most interested in these fish express no alarm that one will destroy the other. In these other waters a Chinese wall fifty feet high has been erected to keep out the black bass, but no one, so far as I can find out, has ever entered a protest against the presence of the pike in trout streams.

I have a letter before me written by Mr. William Senior ("Redspinner"), angling editor of the London *Field*, to Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*. Mr. Senior had been fishing some trout and grayling water in Hampshire, and this is an extract from the letter: "The grayling did not rise at all. All the fish I saw rise I killed—trout 2½lbs., trout 1½lbs. (about), pike 3lbs. (about) and three grayling, one about 1¼lbs., the others small. No wind, water glassy, everything deadly still."

In justice I must say that in another part of the letter there is an explanation that "killed," so far as the trout are concerned means, in this instance, caught, after which they were returned to the water alive. But think of it—pike, trout and grayling in the same water, and no proposition made to introduce black bass to kill the pike! No, these British anglers bear the ills they have, and do not trouble themselves to fly to others that they know not of.

### Ditto.

Mr. Edward Marston in the little book "Days in Clover," which I mentioned a week or two ago, writes of his catch in the Wye on one occasion as follows: "A few roach, some fair sized perch, a small trout now and then, and an endless number of the pestering little samlets, which we, of course, threw back to their own element, were all we could boast about." This is still worse. Roach, young salmon and small trout, all at the mercy of the deadly and to be dreaded yellow perch that has cleaned out some of the trout waters in the United States according to official report. But that which follows is perhaps the cap sheaf, and is found in the same volume: "Piscator waded, he threw his flies over every inch of the water, he spun his minnows in the finest style across every pool and up and down every stream, but neither pike, nor salmon, nor trout, nor grayling rewarded his energy." This was also in the Wye, so the deadly perch must have been lurking about too, although they are not mentioned with the pike, the salmon, the trout and the grayling, that were so unsuccessfully sought after. The author mentions these different species of fish in the same water rather as if they constituted one happy family instead of a devouring brood that lived chiefly to prey one upon another. I wonder after all if there is not a heap of rot that is being preached about the destructiveness of some of our fishes? Most fish are built that way, and it is to be expected that they will keep their stomach lined and well lined, and even modern fishculture cannot change the inherent nature of a fish. To be sure, there is a certain amount of ill-advised stocking of waters with unsuitable fish that is going on most of the time, but the impulsive, rushing Yankee is learning wisdom slowly concerning the kind of fish to place in certain waters, and he is not working in the dark to the extent that he has been, only to repent of his haste later.

### Contradictions.

There can be no fixed rule to follow in the practice of stocking different waters even with the same species of fish, to say nothing of the uncertainty of results in many cases of stocking different waters with different species of fish. I know beyond the peradventure of a doubt that in a pond that fairly swarmed with pike the introduction of black bass was the means of wholly and entirely exterminating the pike, so that to-day not one is to be found. Yellow perch were in the pond with the pike, and they are there now with the bass apparently undiminished in numbers. Yet Herr von dem Borne tells me that in Germany the pike are destroying the introduced black bass in many waters where they have been planted. In one of the Adirondack lakes in which the pike have made their appearance unheralded and undesired, and where it is proposed to plant black bass to destroy them because they prey upon the trout, a large trout was caught during the past summer and in its stomach was found a number of young pike, which it had eaten. In still another lake in another State it is claimed that the introduction of black bass destroyed the yellow perch and made the trout, upon which it is said the perch had been feeding, as plentiful as in the days remembered so sweetly by the oldest inhabitant. Some of the apparent contradictions regarding the habits of fish can be reconciled when the varying conditions that existed in each instance are explained, but the best rule to follow in stocking new waters with a new fish is to go slow. This "blowing your horn if you don't sell a clam" has worked injury that the horn-blowers have found out when it was too late to fill the cart with other merchandise.

### Snipe on a Fly.

Not long ago I gave in FOREST AND STREAM under the sub-heading "Caught on a fly," a short list of beasts, birds and things that had been caught at one time or another by anglers when fly-fishing for fish alone. I

ventured the opinion that this list might be added to materially, but no one has yet made a contribution, therefore I will add to it. Last summer an English angler, while fishing for trout had his fly taken on the back cast by a snipe. The bird was not hooked by accident for it took the fly in its mouth. I regret that I cannot tell where I read of this curious capture, but think it was in *Land and Water*. The name of the angler was given as well as other particulars, and all things considered it was perhaps the strangest capture of any that I have mentioned, and deserves to rank with Frank Forester's story of a snipe roosting on a fence—at least I think it was Forester who related it; with the Pennsylvania sportsman's tale of a wounded snipe diving four times and swimming under water like a duck, and with the oil painting of the race horse Black Maria tied to a tree.

### Size of Yearling and Two-Year-Old Trout.

A question that is constantly popping up to be answered is how large are certain fish at a certain age, and when I hear the question my thoughts go back to a can of yearling salmon that I once received to plant. The fish were all hatched at the same time from the same lot of eggs, and were kept together in the same pond until they were about fourteen months old, yet they varied in size from about 2 to 6in. in length. Varying conditions of food make even a greater difference in growth. I planted some brown trout in the famous Half-way Brook in Warren county, N. Y., and their growth was so remarkable that a native fisherman told me that he knew that it was impossible for trout at two years of age, which was their age at the time, to grow to the length that those fish did. They, however, were babies compared to some two-year-old brown trout reared by Mr. Thomas Ford, the English fishculturist, who has had trout 7in. long at eight months, and over 8in. long at a year. Three trout at two years of age weighed ¾, 1¼ and 1½lbs. respectively. They were left in a pond as yearlings, and 18,000 fry were put into the pond not knowing the yearlings were there. At the end of the following year there were only about 1,800 yearlings to show for the 18,000 fry, the three two-year-olds having accounted for the others. A. N. Cheney.

## PLAYING YOUR FISH.

Several years ago, being on the Peninsula of Alaska, trout streams plentiful and trout everywhere abundant, I started out one day to have some sport with my rod. I had often fished a certain stream with grand results, and this day decided to return to it again. It was in the salmon season, in which trout take roe bait, and this was used, and many a shining coat was laid away in my creel. At length, coming to a fall over which the waters fell and were churned to foam in the pool beneath, an ideal place for a fisherman to stand, by the roaring waters and the drifting spray, and drop his bait lightly amid the shifting foam, fish after fish was drawn from the cool waters.

Beside the stream grew blue berries and salmon berries in profusion. My appetite having been sharpened by the jaunt and the cool air, I began to gather and eat the fruit by the stream, paying little attention to my line, which was trailing with the current, when suddenly my hook was struck by some roe-eating monster of the brook, and off it started as if it had just received a telegram of a great feast to be held at the mouth of the river. I also started in the direction of the supposed feast, not wishing to lose my gear. It soon came to shallower water and I was able to comprehend what was taking my tackle and myself toward the sea. This plaything was an old, mouldy dog salmon, with sores along its sides and back, its fins and tail chafed and worn, and with a general appearance of dilapidation and decay. Yet this ancient and mouldy individual was game from the end of its decaying nose to the tip of its blighted tail. Talk about fun; there was fun "for an onlooker." In my endeavor to save my line and hook, not having any spare ones, I rushed after this *Salmo non grata* in frantic haste, and filled first one long rubber boot and then the other, and at last fell sprawling in the ice-cold stream. I arose with great dignity, or at least all I could command, and smiled a smile which at once congealed and thawed not for many a day. With a quick jerk on my rod I broke from the fish and saved my rod and line, and this grand fish kept on its way to the sea with a grin on its decaying features that haunts me to this day.

All the talk about playing your fish goes for nothing; this fellow played me. E. P. H.

## POTOMAC NOTES.

The cold rains beginning of Thanksgiving week settled the Potomac bass fishing. Many of our anglers had kept their tackle ready, intending to spent the 24th on the river, as the fishing had been fair up to the 18th, but they were doomed to disappointment, and all owing to the absence of the Government rain-makers in the eastern United States. The river resolved itself into a flowing mud puddle, the stores at once removed their stock of fishing tackle out of sight, so as to have "fresh goods" next year, and the fishermen so fortunate as to have guns, and the time to use them, at once set to cleaning out the rust spots, lubricating the working parts and planning with friends for a hunt.

Quite a number of good bags of quail have been made, any number of rabbits have come to grief, and a few wild turkey, grouse and pheasants have been secured within a radius of fifty miles of Washington.

Mr. John Pollock spent a week in Virginia, right in the Blue Ridge, and brought home three good turkeys. The largest, a gobbler, weighed 22lbs., a hen of 15lbs., the other still smaller. A very large flock was seen, and John's friends, living in the section, have shot several since. I was talking with a gentleman from Virginia last evening and he tells me that the practice of baiting turkeys is kept up. Many are mowed down in this manner.

In western Maryland there are usually more rabbits than you can shake a stick at. One of our ardent rabbit hunters succeeded in bagging twenty-three in one day in Frederick county recently. As Harry puts it, "they grow on bushes up there."

The manner in which quail are hawked around the streets here is a sorry sight. Whence they come, no one knows. They reach us in barrels, the regular, every-day kind, in which apples, turnips, cabbages and other produce is shipped, and are offered on the streets as the pseudo-hunter's own capture, "fresh from the covers."

Ducks on the Potomac? Yes, and steam launches and big-guns, too. Two weeks since a party of legitimate sportsmen went down the river and found ducks in fair numbers attempting to alight on the Potomac. A large flock would settle, when tu tu-tu-tu tu-tu-tu a small steam launch would steam up rapidly toward the game, and if near enough several gunners would rise in their places and fire a parting salute at the birds. The gentlemen of the small boats found it out of the question to get near enough to the many flocks seen that day, as the ever-present launch would be down on every fresh arrival before they could fairly settle. Is this not a great violation of the law, and the breach committed right in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol. Bon.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 28.

## SHARKS OF THE SOUTHERN SEA.

The northwestern coast of Australia thirty-five years ago was a land seldom visited by the whites and by these only from vessels touching at isolated points along the coast, as in the case of the whalers. No white settler was to be found in all that region. The aboriginal tribes alone roamed over its desolate waste; no European had at that time crossed that continent, either from east to west or from north to south, the central and northwestern portion of the continent being sparsely populated by the natives of the country, who stand the lowest in the scale of humanity of all the savage tribes I have ever encountered. The North American Indian, the digger of California, the Esquimau of the Far North, the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands all built themselves some kind of an habitation and made some attempt at clothing their bodies. It seems the natives of Terra del Fuego most nearly approached them in degradation.

These people roamed the desolate plains adjacent to this coast, clothed in nature's garb, and lying down to sleep wherever they might be when night overtook them. No implement of iron was seen among them. Their weapons were made entirely of wood—a hard wood spear with the points hardened by charring in the fire, this being used by a hand or throwing board, and the boomrang were their principal weapons.

During the years of 1857-'8-'9 I had many opportunities of observing the habits of these people, and their mode of defending themselves from the attacks of the ferocious sharks which are found in the shallow waters of this region in immense numbers, being peculiar to these tribes alone, are deserving of description. Having no boats, these natives are able to visit islands lying several miles from the main land, also ships at anchor, their aid to navigation being a small log of driftwood. They usually select one three or four feet long and say eighteen inches in diameter; this being rolled to the water, the native seats himself thereon with legs and feet straight out before him. His weight entirely submerging the log, and using his hands for paddles, away he goes.



AUSTRALIAN NATIVE AND SHARK.

The sharks in these waters are so ferocious they often seized our oars when rowing, yet these natives launch the little craft into the shark-infested sea, their only weapons being a few straight, tough sticks, a little larger than a lead pencil, from twelve to eighteen inches in length, sharp-pointed at the ends. The log protects the person of the native from attack from beneath, and the shark can only approach at the side, and as he ranges alongside the log looking for a chance to seize his prey, the native with a skillful thrust of the little stick stabs the monster in the gills. This is the vital point to strike a shark. I have seen them cut with a whale spade across the belly in such a manner that their entrails protruded and dragged behind them, yet not ceasing to feed on the blubber of the whale lying by the ship, and yet a slight cut across the gills of the largest would turn him from his meal with a countenance so full of woe as to touch the heart of any one except a sailor, and casting a look of reproach at its human tormentor, it dives into the depths of the ocean.

A shark struck in the gills never renews the fight. This fact being known to the native, he has no fear of the return of the monster after a wound in this vital spot, therefore, when the shark turns away, the native replaces the little spear in his hair and paddles along with as little concern as if he had killed a fly.

When given food on the ship, the natives would gorge themselves, rubbing their bellies to make good stowage, and when they could eat no more would seek a quiet place to lie down and sleep. Hard-tack and molasses gave them them the greatest delight of any food offered them. In person they were very thin—skin and bones best describes their condition—but they are possessed of great endurance as travelers, marching great distances and subsisting the while on a land so barren that a white man would soon be overcome in it with both hunger and thirst; but nearly all kinds of creeping things are food for them—grubs, worms and snails being toothsome articles.

The appetite of the shark is something wonderful; one specimen taken by us and examined contained in its stomach one barrel of blubber from a whale recently killed by us, one-and-one-half barrels of lean from the same source, the crown or upper shell of a green turtle 18 inches across, the partially digested remains of four sea snakes, "which are very venomous and the bite of which is most deadly to man," the bones of various fishes, the beaks of cuttle fish, and two sea fowl—"shags"—recently devoured. In addition to the above, the liver filled a 45-gallon cask, and 32 young sharks were found in the belly with the egg-like attachment by which the young is nourished in the belly of its mother. These young fish were about 14 inches in length and rather slender in body.

It is well known that the young of the shark is born fully developed and, under the instruction of its mother, is soon able to forage for itself and prey upon the smaller fishes.

It is often stated that the shark must turn belly up to seize its prey; this is simply nonsense. The shark takes its bite in any position, and when fastened to the object, with a few vigorous strokes of its powerful tail it so twists its body that the strong serrated teeth soon cut through the toughest substance. Smaller bodies are swallowed whole like the turtle above mentioned.

The movements of the shark are sluggish and it views its prey with a suspicious eye unless the object is familiar to its sight, or blood be following; in the last case the shark awakens to instant activity and rushes to the conflict with vigor.

That the shark is capable of rapid motion, a battle I once witnessed from the masthead on a ship between his highness and a swordfish will prove. It being a calm day, the vessel had little headway, and the sea was perfectly smooth. Which was the attacking party I know not, but when first seen a commotion in the water was noticed. Examining the spot with my glass, there plainly to be seen were a large shark and a swordfish, about ten or twelve feet apart, lying motionless in the water, their bodies glowing in the sunlight. Then there was a rush and the two had changed places and were heading for each other again with the same alert appearance. Again and again this took place before my eyes, aided by strong glasses. The movements of the two were like a flash of light and for a half hour there was no advantage on either side. Whichever may have been the aggressor it soon became evident that the shark avoided the formidable beak of the swordfish. Neither could run away, and so they passed out of sight with the battle undecided, and it may be both wishing themselves in some far distant sea. E. P. H.

## SPAWNING SEASONS AND HABITS.

Under this heading we propose to publish notes and comments upon the reproduction of the game fishes of the United States, and we invite anglers and lovers of natural history generally to contribute their observations on these subjects:

### The Smelts.

The smelts are well known in salt water on both sides of the continent and in Eastern lakes, especially of northern New England, landlocked varieties are found. The best waters for landlocked salmon are well stocked with smelts, which furnish abundant and choice food for their larger relatives.

Smelts ascend rivers from the sea in early spring to spawn; the landlocked form runs up tributaries of the lakes for the same purpose. In the Raritan River, N. J., the eggs are deposited in March. In Maine lakes spawning is in progress in May and June. The fish crowd up the streams at night only, and their small, golden, adhesive eggs coat every rock, twig and blade of grass in their line of ascent.

By July 1 the young smelt have grown to the length of from ½ to ⅝in., and constitute the favorite food of young trout and salmon.

It is an easy and remunerative task to transfer the naturally fertilized eggs to waters stocked with salmon.

## VERMONT FISHING INTERESTS.

Highgate, Vt., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a most fortunate thing for the interests of fish and game protection that the columns of your widely-read journal are ever open to correspondence on this subject, which will be read by nearly all those who are in a position to give the much-needed assistance in carrying out this work.

A journal like yours is an "educator," and when it has taught the intelligent public the breeding habits of our food and game fish there will then be no difficulty in making and enforcing suitable laws for better protection.

In your issue of the 24th inst. we note the following: "We are told that the Vermont proposition to license netting in Missisquoi Bay is of the nature of a retaliatory measure against Canadian fishermen." Such was claimed by the friends of the bill before it was passed, and now that it has become a law, as we before predicted, the mask is thrown aside and the true object of the bill appears, as will be seen by the following, which is taken from the last issue of a local paper, the acknowledged champion of the net fishermen: "Spring fishing once more. Hurrah! Don't forget that Editor ——— has always been on our side," etc., etc.

This means the undoing of the good work performed here by our former Fish Commissioner, the Hon. Herbert Brainerd. After our spawning fish have been destroyed then our legislators will be called upon for an appropriation to defray the expense of restocking the waters of Lake Champlain. The editor of that paper in an editorial in the same issue descends to personal blackguardism which in itself shows the rottenness of his cause.

We were surprised to read in the late report of our present Fish Commissioners that the wall-eyed pike or pike-perch (*S. vitreon*) of our lake, mostly spawn in the waters of Missisquoi Bay, on the Canada side of the line. Can it be possible that our Commissioners know so little about the spawning habits of this fish, which is the most important food fish in our lake? The pike-perch, like the salmon, only spawn on gravelly bottoms of streams where there is a moderately stiff current, and the only stream of this description emptying into this part of the lake is the Missisquoi River, which is on the Vermont side of the line. We can perhaps account for this mistaken statement of our Commissioners from the fact that they had but recently been appointed Commissioners, and that their report was necessarily hastily gotten up, and not being posted they accepted information received from persons interested in having it appear that this fish spawns in the Canadian waters of Missisquoi Bay.

We also notice among the recently elected officers of the State Game League the name of Capt. Hawley who,

when a member of our Legislature some years ago, was a most determined advocate for the interests of the net fishers.

The Captain is a most courteous gentlemen of great social abilities, and unless he has changed his opinions about the evils of net fishing his influence in the League is to be feared, though before the end comes he will be found on the right side. STANSTEAD.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 1.—Mr. C. C. Lamos, of this city, starts soon for an extended trip in California, with San Diego for objective point. He is looking forward to the coast visit with great expectations of sport and pleasure.

Mr. R. S. Cox, of Chicago, is just back from a long stay at Rice Lake, Canada, where he and friends have had excellent sport at duck shooting and fishing for muscallonge and bass. Mr. Cox speaks of the latest Canadian game law as Draconian in the extreme, especially for Yankee shooters.

Mr. Charles Grubbs, of Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, has been carrying light for that firm into the wilds of Colorado and New Mexico, and incidentally improving his own health during a stay of three months or so. He comes back physically much improved, having gained 28 pounds, though morally he is no better, having lost conscience altogether in the matter of fish stories. Mr. Grubbs says that the best sport he found duriug his stay in the remote West was in fishing for mountain trout. He had good fishing in the Gallinas and other tributaries of the Pecos. Duck shooting he found good at the lakes near Las Vegas.

The regular meeting of Calumet Heights Club will be held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Wednesday evening, Dec. 7.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club holds a special meeting at Club Room A of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Friday, Dec. 9, at 7 P. M. Action will be taken on proposed amendments to the constitution and general business of different nature will come up. A good attendance is desired.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

### Some Heavy Pike-Perch.

AUBURN, Susquehanna County, Pa., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to inquiries by "A. C. P.," in your issue of Nov. 17, you put the maximum weight of the wall-eyed pike as found in the Susquehanna at 10 and 11lbs. Individuals considerably heavier are occasionally taken.

Charles Vaughn, of Mehoopany, Wyoming county, took one from the river at that place with hook and line, on Sept. 7, that measured 34½in. in length, and weighed 12½lbs. Lowell Fassett took one behind the lower island opposite Scottsville, of the same weight. A Mr. Brown, of Syracuse, I think, who makes an annual trip down the river and makes a specialty of pike fishing, and is very successful, was seen by a friend while in camp at Mehoopany this season, and he gave the weight of his heaviest fish as 14lbs. One was found dead in an ice jam near Skinner's Eddy several years ago that weighed 24lbs. One measuring 31in. and weighing 10½lbs. was taken a short distance above Lanesboro by A. Hilborn on Nov. 7.

As a game fish they are not to be compared with the black bass. At least such is my experience. Our common pickerel (*Esox reticulatus*), pound for pound, will make a much better fight. When hooked it neither runs nor leaps, but remains nearly stationary and tries to dislodge the hook by swinging the head from side to side, and such efforts are often successful. I consider its flesh superior to that of the black bass. BON AMI.

### Pike, Pickerel and Company.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On looking over your paper of to-day's issue I saw an article on pike, pickerel and mascalonge. In it you stated that the common pickerel seldom exceeded 6 to 8lbs. in weight "and its limit is said to be 10lbs." As to this I can say I myself caught a pickerel 11lbs., and a great many of my friends have caught some from 12 to 15lbs., and that I can vouch for.

Where my friends and I caught these fish is on the borders of this State, at Cape Vincent, on the St. Lawrence River, and three miles from Lake Ontario.

I have two pictures, one of the pickerel I caught, which was 11lbs., and another of two pickerel, 15 and 15½lbs., caught by relations of mine. The former picture I will send you a print of, although it is a poor one, as I have the negative. E. H. P.

[In the absence of the photograph mentioned, we are in doubt what member of the pickerel family is referred to in the foregoing notes. If our correspondent will turn to FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 25, 1892, page 162, he will find figured there a "pickerel;" but that is really the pike, and not the pickerel described in our issue of Nov. 3. There is no clearer key to the pike family known to us than the one published in our columns.]

## WITH A FLY-ROD.

### A Sentiment to Go with a Gift.

III.

*My Dear Friend:*

May this little gift prove a veritable "open sesame" to you when "casting about" for treasure in lake and stream. T.

IV.

Good rods will bend but will not break.
They yield to force, but yielding bear
A greater strain than if they were
Stiff and unyielding in thy hand,
So when in straits by fortune's lack,
Yield gently till the storm be past,
But always ready first and last,
Again to straighten and spring back.
And in misfortune's darkest hour,
With hand on reel take up the slack;
Keep the line taut, and reel it back.
In patience thou wilt find more power,
Than by unreasoning struggles still,
To break thy heart by strength of will.

H. STEWART.

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 6 to 9.—First Annual Dog Show Hermitage Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn. Robert C. Stockton, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.

Feb. 21 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.

April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.

May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.

June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y

## A NEW GREAT DANE CLUB.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

For some time it has been evident to a great number of lovers of the great Dane that, although there is existing in Chicago a club calling themselves "The German Mastiff or Great Dane Club of American," if the interests and popularity of the dog were to be pushed to the front, more life should be infused into the cause than seems to have been done lately.

Many letters, appeals, and offers of membership have been sent to this close corporation, consisting of a very few men in Chicago and some eight or ten scattered over the East, without exciting any apparent interest or reply, except that they did not care to take any more members outside of Chicago. Not only that, but it seems impossible for a member already elected to find out what his membership consists of, what his duties or privileges are or any information whatsoever.

This peculiar state of affairs has induced a number of New York and Brooklyn men to come together and form a club that will be more liberal and progressive, and include all of those who have the interests of the great Dane at heart East and West, North and South, and who may wish to be associated with this movement. The club solicits members wherever they may be situated to join us in this work, which shall be a live one and tend to develop the breed by exciting an interest in breeding (and importing, if necessary) in the right direction, so that before very long the great Dane will be known from coast to coast by everybody, and we will have dogs bred in this country that can be sent back to Germany and win their prizes fairly in any competition, where now we have not a dog as yet bred in America that is anything like ideal. The club aims to do for the great Dane what England has done for the St. Bernard, and why not aim high? America has the money and push to make a grand success of it if those interested will only be enthusiastic and work in right lines.

Germany to-day stands to the front in breeding, as it is almost, one might say, her national dog, but it is simply due to the vast amount of material that she has to draw from, rather than any systematic policy that she has adopted to produce a certain type; she knows what she wants, but does not go at it in the right way. She has a stud book but few of her dogs are ever registered. She breeds a "Hannibal;" why may not we do as well, or better if we go at it with our eyes open, taking advantage of what she has learned, adopting her standard of type, and adding our American business methods and ideas. Then and then only will she cease sending her second-rate dogs here for us to make champions of. Our prize winners shall bear some resemblance to each other, which, sad to say, is not often the case now, and judging will not then be such a thankless undertaking.

By the courtesy of the National Greyhound Club, on the last evening of their successful show in Braoklyn, a meeting was called. Mr. Heppner being secretary and delegate for the German Mastiff Club, declining to take any active part in the meeting, Dr. Shepard was made temporary chairman, and read the following letter from the well-known artist, G. Muss-Arnolt:

TUCKAHOE, N. Y.—*Gentlemen:* Unavoidably prevented from being with you to-night, I cannot let the occasion pass without addressing you. I am very sorry that it cannot be orally, but Mr. Heppner's able tongue will be more than a substitute. Please listen to my few remarks with the idea that an absolutely impartial, unbiased lover of our grand breed speaks to you, as I am in no other way interested than to see this breed, through your able assistance and enthusiasm, brought to the front. Of course we are the pioneers, and I hope every one of you present will be fully up to the demand made on all pioneers—that is, to sacrifice a great deal personally for the total result we are striving for, and that is, first, to have only great Danes, as far as possible, up to our German standard, which also those eminent breeders, the English, have adopted.

Have your future judges instructed to judge only after that standard, and let them relegate back to its place every specimen not in harmony with our standards, and we will succeed in a wonderfully short time to drive our present mongrels to the background where they belong. Have no regard for any one who is short-sighted enough to overlook this vital question, or you will sooner or later stumble, in fact, over the allusion of the dissenters that we are partial, which they are bound to make and are already making.

We want as a club, and individually, to be almost over stern in discountenancing everything looking like a mongrel, as we intend to make the great Dane proper known as such, and not the mean, surly brutes we as an average now find on the benches. Let us educate ourselves, also, as far as possible, and I should think Mr. Heppner could get us for the club the best "doggy" journal of Germany, out of which those articles referring to our great Danes could be translated regularly for the benefit of all members.

Thanking you for having listened to my remarks I beg to submit my personal choice in the matter of officers for the club to your consideration, fully knowing the personal qualifications of each proposed for the places: For president, Mr. Chas. Bernheimer; secretary, Dr. Shepard; treasurer, Mr. Chas. Fischer; delegate to A. K. C., our friend Heppner, who has till now done more for our breed than anybody else, and my highest ambitions are to see each and every member strive to outdo the other in this direction. My compelled absence from your meeting is one of the hardest disappointments I have had of late, but I rest assured in the thought of your sincere enthusiasm to make it a success, to which end I will do all in my power. Yours sincerely,

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, of which the following were chosen: Mr. Chas. Bernheimer, 749 Broadway, N. Y. city, president; Mr. William Young, 206 Eleventh street, Brooklyn, vice-president; Mr. Chas. Fischer, 251 Thirteenth street, Brooklyn, treasurer; Dr. W. H. Shepard, 202 Fifty-second street, Brooklyn, secretary.

It was regularly moved and seconded that the president appoint a committee of five to draw up a constitution and set of by-laws, to be presented at the next meeting. Carried, and Mr. Bernheimer appointed Mr. Heppner, Mr. Jas. Mortimer, Mr. Muss-Arnolt, Dr. Shepard and himself.

Regularly moved and seconded that the club be called the Great Dane Club of America. Carried.

Regularly moved and seconded that the club apply for membership in the American Kennel Club. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the secretary draw up a paper, stating the objects of the club and reason for forming such and forward it to the different sporting papers. Carried.

Mr. Bernheimer then presented the club his check for $50 to start the treasury, for which he received a vote of thanks.

Moved and seconded that the annual dues be made $5 for each member. Carried.

As it was late and members were anxious to get their dogs home from the show, the meeting adjourned to meet again as soon as the committee is ready to submit the constitution and by-laws. W. H. SHEPARD,

Sec'y Great Dane Club of America.

DEC. 1.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 4.—The weather is almost perfect for enjoyable field work, though a bit too warm for energetic exertion of man or dog. If this pleasant weather lasts to the end of the trials, it will be a most fortunate circumstance, yet such is not to be expected at this season of the year.

It is rumored that the dogs of the Fairmount Kennels, owned by Col. B. Ridgeway, will be offered for sale soon. The Colonel was somewhat discouraged at the failure of his dogs in not making a stronger competition at the Philadelphia Club's trials. It is to be earnestly hoped that the Colonel will reconsider his determination, and remain in the guild of field trial men, for he is of the right sort.

Mr. Frank Richards, the well-known field trial handler, is lying seriously ill at this place, a threatening fever prostrating him. Mr. Geo. E. Gray will handle his entries in the Central trials, which begin to-morrow. All heartily wish the genial gentleman a speedy recovery, none more so than myself.

Very enjoyable sport was had at High Point following a drag after the hounds, but the race of Thursday night was the most enjoyable of all. After the conclusion of the Philadelphia club's trials, nearly all of the field trial party rode to town after Mr. Avent's hounds. Among the party were four ladies who had graced the trials by their presence during the day. It was a most dashing ride. Mrs. S. C. Bradley, the wife of the celebrated handler, led at the finish, passing Mr. Avent, who is not a slow rider himself. Mrs. Bradley, in galloping through pine woods, was swept off the saddle, but managed to keep on the horse and regain her seat, keeping pluckily in the chase the while.

Rarely was such an exodus seen from a hotel as that witnessed at the Bellevue, at High Point, on the evening of Thursday, the day on which the trials ended. The hotel is well known to field trial men. On a large board nailed to the front of the hotel is inscribed the following beautiful legend, painted in a number of gruesome tints which do not harmonize:

THE BELLEVUE.

Delightful Summer and Winter Resort. First Class Accommodations. All Conveniences of Modern Civilization. George T. Leach, Owner and Proprietor.

The grim irony of it! It would be funny were it not so sad and expensive.

The members of the Eastern Club are patient and long-suffering men, bearing the poor accommodations and exorbitant rates uncomplainingly, but the gentlemen from Philadelphia insisted very properly on something more than poor fare and worse service.

One party of four, who went on a day's shoot and took lunch with them from the hotel, were mildly surprised at noon to find three delicately carved sandwiches and two apples, which represented four lunches. The farmer at whose house they stopped to eat their lunch, was moved to compassion and invited them to dine with him, which they gratefully did. Many of the rooms were occupied by two, three and four people. Fires were 50 cents extra a day. Each occupant had 50 cents extra added to his bill for fire, so that where four occupied a room, there was a charge of $2 per day for fire. It is only fair to say that the sportsmen were too intelligent to pay for one fire three or four times over. Two, and part of the time three waiters, were supposed to wait on all the guests, some thirty in number. The waiting was largely on the part of the guest. Dogs were fed at the rate of 25 cents per day for each dog. Every one who had any business connection with the field trial men seemed to think that they were anxious to get rid of their money. One handler paid $8 for eight dogs' housing for four days in a small cheap barn, in which there were twelve or more other dogs. Another handler paid $2.50 per week for a stall in a barn about 14x16. The three stalls it contained rented for $7.50 per week.

Field trial clubs owe, to themselves and their patrons, accommodations which will not be ridiculously exorbitant. Simply furnishing grounds for a competition does not afford all the facilities for a field trial.

The Eastern Club's entries fell off largely this year, but I firmly believe it was not from any unpopularity of the club as a club. No club membership stands higher or is more esteemed than that of the Eastern, and deservedly so. The true cause is in the apathy of the club. It has got so matter of course that the trials are run in a most perfunctory manner. The grounds are growing up to brush and are less valuable for field trial purposes each year.

Now, what incentive is there for a handler or owner to go to a place where he is charged an exorbitant price for anything even the most trifling—sometimes four or five times its value. I firmly believe that, if the Eastern Club would get a little energy in its policy, select new grounds, and show that it is a live club, it would be one of the greatest in the land, and hold the prestige it is now in some danger of losing.

The large number of clubs which have sprung up does not, as many seem to think, lessen the chances or support of any club. On the contrary, the increase in the number of clubs helps each individual club. Any handler or owner would fit more dogs to run in two trials than he would to run in one. More handlers would enter a competition where there was a circuit than would enter where there was but one trial. More trials mean more money to compete for, more business to attend to, more records to make, more friends to meet, etc. It is absurd to consider the increase of trials as indicating their decline. What is wanted is the energy which is implied by the vulgar but expressive term hustle—less *ennui* and more hustle. B. WATERS.

## CONGRATULATION ON LADY BARTON.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Please permit me through your valuable paper to acknowledge receipt of many telegrams, also numerous letters from different parts of the United States congratulating me on Lady Barton's winnings both at Great Bend and Winfield, Kan. Many thanks. D. C. LUSE.

GREAT BEND, Kan., Nov. 29.

## PENNSYLVANIA KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THE Pennsylvania Field Trials Club held its trials commencing Nov. 28, at High Point for the first time, it being the ninth field trial held by the club, and the first one of the club's trials open to the world.

There was a good attendance of members, jolly sportsmen all. The trials were a success, the dogs started were of excellent field abilities, the stakes filled well and the weather during the week was most pleasant. The club has demonstrated its ability to hold a field trial equal to the best in the land, and it is to be hoped that it will continue in the good work in future years. It is rumored that it will come out stronger next year than ever, making some departures in field trial matters in the way of energetic management, larger prizes and better grounds.

The grounds of the Eastern Field Trials Club were not satisfactory. They have grown up so much to brush and briers, and are so rough withal, that each added year decreases their value for field trial purposes. The town itself is, from a field trial standpoint, an excellent one to leave, for most of the residents, who can make any business contracts of any kind with the sportsmen, discard all standards of fixed values and merrily pluck the stranger.

The judges were Messrs. Washington A. Coster, Saratoga Springs; Dr. W. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., and W. Tallman New York. Their judging, as a whole, gave good satisfaction, there being less than the average "kicking," which, from immemorial usage, appears to be a part of field trials. I heard one sportsman say that a kicker, nine times out of ten, is a man who can not stand the gaff, but I do not know just what he meant by the expression, there being a foreign word in it. The man who cannot take defeat quietly and calmly at a field trial is lacking in gameness.

The order of running the stakes was changed from that advertised in the programme, the Derby being started first instead of the Members' Stake, the latter stake being run while the All-Age Stake was run, thus saving time and obliging some owners.

### The Derby.

The competition was not of a high grade, considered as a whole. As will be noted in the list of dogs started, this stake was largely a repetition of the Eastern Field Trials Club's Derby. There were 22 starters.

The winner, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, Rod's Sue, was far superior to her competitors in every respect. She beat out her ground in a most pleasing style and with excellent judgment.

Hamlet, winner of second, made a creditable competition, though of a class inferior to that of Rod's Sue.

Dot Rogers, owned by Mr. Lorillard, did some excellent work on birds, and made a strong bid for second place. In many respects she was superior to Hamlet.

Following is the order of running, which is different from the order of drawing, the retiring of Mr. Cardeza's Delphic Duke and Delphic Daisy disarranging the drawing:

Pierre Lorillard, Jr's., liver, white and tan bitch Rod's Sue (Roderigo—Gladstone Girl); C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white bitch Hempstead Game (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game); Angus Cameron, handler.

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Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and wite dog Conscript (King of Kent—Hope); C. E. Buckle, handler,

*with*

H. Merriam's black, white and tan bitch Tan (Nat Goodwin—Royal Myrtle); S. C. Bradley, handler.

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Avent & Thayer Kennels' black and white dog Bonair (Roderigo—Juno A.), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

Fairmount Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Hope's Bud (Czar—Zoe W.), C. W. Barker, handler.

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Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white bitch Hempstead Blossom (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), A. Cameron, handler,

*with*

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Dot Rogers (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), C. Tucker, handler.

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S. Murray Mitchell's lemon and white dog Sandy Gladstone (Breeze Gladstone—Delaware), H. B. Anderson, handler,

*with*

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, lemon and white bitch Maiden Mine (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), C. Tucker, handler.

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Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Lochinvar (Chance—Haidee), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

Francis G. Taylor's lemon and white dog Report (Breeze Gladstone—List Noble), H. B. Anderson, handler.

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Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Hamlet (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

Luke W. White's liver and white bitch Graceful II. (Duke of Hessen—Concave), owner, handler.

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J. W. M. Cardeza's lemon and white pointer dog Delphic Duke (Dick of Delphos—Genesta), Olden Smith, handler,

*with*

L. Gardner's black, white and tan bitch Roger's Spark (Roger—Dora Deane), J. H. Lewis, handler.

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Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

J. H. Winslow's liver and white pointer dog Redemption (Graphic—Vandalia), S. C. Bradley, handler.

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Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

Thomas Hallam's black white and tan bitch Brighton Clip (Canadian Jester—Lassie), owner, handler.

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J. A. Hunter's orange and white bitch Hoosier Girl (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter) a bye, owner, handler.

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### MONDAY.

Heavy clouds and a foggy atmosphere were unfavorable signs, but gradually the fog lifted and the weather became clearer, though cloudy. Birds were found in sufficient quantities for the competition. The work as a whole was poor.

*First Series.*

ROD'S SUE AND HEMPSTEAD GAME—Were started at 9. Sue soon wheeled to a point on a bevy in open weeds and the bevy in a few moments flushed wild. Game flushed a bird. On the scattered birds Game made two flushes. Up at 9:30. Sue had the wider range and better judgment, and her work on birds also was better. Game had good speed and a dashing way of going, but took the open, easy places to run in.

CONSCRIPT AND DELPHIC DUKE—Were next in order, but, the latter being absent the next available dog was taken, after some discussion as to what was the correct procedure. Some thought that the braces could not be rearranged. On reading the rules, however, it was learned that the dogs were not drawn in braces. The rule reads: "Dogs shall be drawn by lot and numbered in the order drawn. Each dog shall run in the first series with the next available dog in that order." Each brace is therefore made up in turn as the judges call it.

CONSCRIPT AND TAN—Began at 9:50. Conscript roaded to a bevy which flushed wild. In woods, searching for the scattered birds, each pointed a bevy and were steady to shot. Conscript flushed a single bird, soon after which he flushed some scattered birds. Up at 10:18.

BONAIR AND HOPE'S BUD—Began at 10:22. Bud pointed a bevy, then pressed forward and flushed it. In woods, Bud pointed and drew on alternately, locating and pointing the bevy and was steady to shot. In a thicket in a hollow, each handler claimed a point, but no one could see the dogs before the birds flushed. Bonair flushed a bird; then Bud pointed one in pines and Bonair backed, Bonair pointed in pines; nothing found. At the same time, Bud pointed, drew on by the bird and missed it. Barker flushed it as he walked forward. Both worked merrily, ranged fairly well, but their work on birds was imperfect and unskilful.

HEMPSTEAD BLOSSOM AND DOT ROGERS—Were cast off at 11:03. Blossom dropped to a point in open sedge; no bird. Dot pointed a bevy and Blossom backed. The latter next false pointed. Each secured a good point on single birds. Blossom dropped to a point; footscent probably; next she pointed scattered birds. Two bevies were flushed in pines by the horsemen. Both dogs did some faulty work on the scattered birds, Blossom pointing inaccurately and Dot making a flush. Up at 11:31. Blossom had good speed, but preferred the easy places to run in. Dot made a fairly good showing on birds, but did not stay out at her work so well as she should.

SANDY GLADSTONE AND MAIDEN MINE—Commenced at 11:36. Both were found pointing a single bird in pine woods. It was said that Sandy was the first to point. Sent on. Both dogs roaded a bevy. They flushed two or three outlying birds, then pointed the rest. By the side of a ditch Maiden pointed a bird and was backed. Steady to wing. Sent on, Maiden pointed a bird. Sandy went by and roaded to a flush. Up at 12:05. Sandy made a poor showing.

LOCHINVAR AND REPORT—Began at 1:25 after lunch. Report pointed larks; Lochinvar backed. Report made two false points. Up at 2:16. No birds found. Both showed fairly good range.

HAMLET AND GRACEFUL II.—Were cast off at 2:17. On the scattered birds of a bevy flushed by horsemen, Hamlet pointed and the birds flushed wild. Moved on, Hamlet pointed in woods, Grace refused to back, went ahead and pointed a bird and was unsteady to wing. She appeared to be headstrong. Next, she roaded and pointed, then wilfully flushed the bird. She next pointed a bird. Hamlet made a point to which there was nothing. Up at 2:51. Grace had speed and dash, but liked the easy going places. Hamlet beat out his ground better and was not averse to working in thickets. The work of both on birds was indifferent.

DELPHIC DUKE AND ROGER'S SPARK.—The former was not present when called in the morning, but was on the grounds at this juncture and ready to start. They began at 2:58. It was observed that Delphic Duke's handler was a negro, or a gentlemen of terra cotta tinting. As the heat progressed, dissatisfaction among the handlers began to grow rapidly. Spark flushed an outlying bird and the horsemen flushed the rest of the bevy in the open weeds. In the woods, Spark flushed a bird. A protest or objection against the colored man from most of the handlers was entered, with a threat that they would not run if the negro was not barred. The dogs were ordered up at 3:30 while the matter was being considered. The objection was entirely on account of color. There is no doubt but that the competition should be exclusively for white men, but there is also no doubt but what the club should have acted with some sort of decision on the matter so soon as it was known that the negro would handle.

The club, knowing that the negro would not be acceptable to the handlers, should not have permitted him to start at all. The matter of a negro handling in field trials had been discussed at a club meeting a long time ago, and the sentiment was positively against it. The officers, in respect to this matter, held that they could not know the sentiment of the handlers until after the negro had begun handling and a protest against him was lodged. While they might not officially know it, they could easily have learned the sentiment of the handlers by a little inquiry. As the matter stood, nearly every white handler refused to go on with the competition unless the negro was excluded. A flimsy attempt at a compromise was attempted, when Mr. F. S. Brown, with the consent of the colored man, attempted to handle Duke in the heat, which was resumed at 3:29. Of course Duke would not work for a stranger when his handler was close by, and of course this was certain to be the case before it was attempted. At 3:35 another objection was raised on the ground that Duke was not present within twenty minutes when called to run after the heat of Rod's Sue and Hempstead Game. This was really a frivolous objection, inasmuch as the management had already condoned the matter and allowed the dog to start. The rule on this subject is as follows: "Rule 12—If absent more than twenty minutes it may be disqualified at the discretion of the judges."

The judges did not disqualify the dog. On the contrary, he was held in and called to run with Spark and did run. An objection at that juncture founded on the twenty minute limit was not well taken. Delphic Daisy was summarily barred, ruled out or something or other, which meant that she could not start. The intention of the club was most commendable, but the awkward manner in which it managed the matter was most unskillful. The better way, one which would have been praiseworthy, would have been to meet the issue squarely and fearlessly on its merits. Mr. Cardeza on the following day telegraphed his resignation from membership and demanded the return of his entrance money. The club assured him that it would be returned.

KINGSTON AND REDEMPTION—Began at 3:45. Soon after starting Redemption pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. An open field was beat out before the dogs were taken on the scattered birds in woods. Redemption pointed a bird, then wilfully flushed it. He next flushed a bird and chased it. Kingston pointed in pines; the bird was flushed after he moved on. Each made a false point. Up at 4:16. A poor heat.

CHEVALIER AND BRIGHTON CLIP began at 4:24. In an open stubble Clip had caught scent and was nicely drawing on to locate when Chevalier came in ahead independently, caught scent and pointed. The birds were further on. After the handlers had beaten out the ground ahead the dogs were sent on. Clip was the quicker and got to the bevy first, drawing nicely with head well up and pointing with confidence and judgment. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds Clip made a most skillful exhibition of single bird work, pointing bird after bird quickly and accurately. She made six or seven points. Chevalier made two, and one to which nothing was found. Up at 4:54. Clip was somewhat deficient in range, but was industrious and fairly speedy. Chevalier had fairly good range.

HOOSIER GIRL had a bye and ran alone, beginning at 4:56. She had only a moderate range and did not work her ground with the best of judgment. She roaded and pointed a bevy nicely during the half hour in which she ran.

This ended the first series and the running for the day.

### TUESDAY.

The sun shone clear and bright, and the temperature was pleasantly warm. Birds were found in plentiful numbers. Twelve dogs were kept in the second series, more than there was any good reason for.

*Second Series.*

DOT ROGERS AND CHEVALIER—Were started in an open field at 8:57. Chevalier flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds he pointed one in pines. Dot made a very skilful draw to a point on a single bird in pines. Chevalier followed Dot about constantly, and showed no independence or self-reliance. He pointed a bevy. Dot passed close by it without recognizing scent. In pines Chevalier pointed a bird. Dot flushed a bird and chased it, but she was not habitually unsteady. Chevalier roaded and pointed in pines; nothing found. Up at 9:35. Dot was the faster and wider ranger, beat out her ground better and was sharper on birds. There was too much rushing in this heat by the handlers.

LOCHINVAR AND REPORT—Were cast off at 9:45 to work on scattered birds in pines. Report was run alone from 9:45 to 10 without finding. Neither succeeded in scoring a point.

BONAIR AND GRACEFUL II.—Began at 10:11. After much searching about by both dogs, Graceful pointed a bevy in the open and was steady to shot. Next, she pointed some scattered birds, then moved on and flushed them. In the open and along the edge of pine woods, Graceful roaded and pointed, but failed to locate anything, Bonair was the better ranger. Up at 11:09.

HOPE'S BUD AND HEMPSTEAD BLOSSOM—Began their heat at 11:24. Bud, closely followed by Blossom, going down wind, ran into a bevy and Blossom dropped to wing. No points were made on the scattered birds. In the open the spectators flushed a bevy, which was followed. Blossom pointed the bevy in woods. She next pointed a bird. Blossom pointed at the edge of creek, then crossed over, roaded, and the bird flushed ahead of her. Up at 12:05. Both had good speed and range.

ROD'S SUE AND HOOSIER GIRL.—After lunch, at 1:43, they were started in an open field. Sue beat out her ground prettily and merrily. Girl had a narrow range and a pottery way of working. Girl flushed a bevy. She next false pointed. Sue made two points on single birds and one to which nothing was found. Girl flushed twice and made one false point. Up at 2:05.

HAMLET AND BRIGHTON CLIP—Began at 2:10. Soon Hamlet pointed a bevy in weeds, and was steady to shot. Another bevy flushed wild about 80yds. away in the same field. In pines, on the scattered birds, Clip made two points on single birds. She showed timidity in her work. Hallam handled skillfully and quietly. Hamlet was the bolder and wider ranger. Clip could do fine work on birds, but was lacking in confidence.

LOCHINVAR was run alone, beginning at 2:30, to test his abilities on scattered birds. He made two points, but showed a disposition to potter now and then. His range was ordinary. Up at 2:39.

*Third Series.*

ROD'S SUE AND HAMLET—Were started at 3:18 to comply with the rule which requires the first and second to be run together. Sue showed far superior range and judgment. Hamlet pointed a bevy which Sue had caught scent of by good ranging. Hamlet came in by luck, so he caught scent and pointed the bevy. Sue, close behind, pointed or backed. Both were steady to shot. In woods, Sue pointed a bird. Hamlet pointed and there were three birds to his point. Up at 3:38, and the judges announced Rod's Sue first, Hamlet second, and Dot Ranger third.

The prizes were $100 to first, $200 to second and $100 to third. Ten dollars forfeit, $10 additional to fill.

The judging was quite good and gave satisfaction to the majority.

### The All-Age Stake.

There were twenty starters, many of them famous in the history of field trial competition.

The winner of first, Harry C., is well known. He is a well built dog, an excellent performer and runs uniformlly well.

Lora, the winner of second, is a worker of rare merit, and outclassed Harry in every respect, save the one feature of working on scattered birds in which they both excelled. She beats out her ground with admirable judgment and marks the flight of birds as accurately and eagerly as could the most keen eyed enthusiast. In quality of work she also surpassed Harry by far.

Miss Ruby, third, also is an excellent performer, but she did not display the range and speed of the others. Her work, however, was very uniform and reliable.

Following is the order of running:

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Bettye S. (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

Geo. T. Leach's black, white and tan dog Guy (Gladstone Boy—Lady.

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Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white pointer dog Prawn (Crab—Polly Peachem), A. Cameron, handler,

*with*

Greenfield Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog Harry C (Roderigo—Countess House), S. C. Bradley, handler.

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Chas. Heath's black and white bitch Lena (Prince Lucifer—Juneau), Wm. Tell Mitchell, handler,

*with*

P. Lorillard Jr.'s lemon and white dog Count Anteo (Count Noble—Gladstone Girl), C. Tucker, handler.

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Glenmore Kennels' Irish setter bitch Coleraine (Fingal III.—Aveline), W. T. Irwin, handler,

*with*

A Dill's black, white and tan dog Count Gladstone (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), John White, handler.

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C. C. M. Hunt's lemon and white pointer dog Grouse (Mainspring—Swain's Fly), S. C. Bradley, handler,

*with*

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Rupert (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), J. M. Avent, handler.

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C. C. Cushing's liver and white pointer dog Jupiter (Tom Bohne—Belle C.), Major J. R. Purcell, handler,

*with*

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Hempstead Duke (Naso of Kippen—Lass of Bow), A. Cameron, handler.

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P. Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Chas. Heath's black, white and tan dog Pete (Prince Lucifer—Junean), Wm. Tell Mitchell, handler.

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Glenmore Kennels' Irish setter dog Finglas (Fingal III.—Aveline), W. T. Irwin, handler,

*with*

C. T. Thompson's Irish setter dog Merlin (Grab—Flora), J. White, handler.

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T. G. Davey's black, white and tan dog Brighton Tobe (Locksley—Leddersdale II.), T. Hallam, handler,

*with*

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s white and liver bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.), C. Tucker, handler.

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Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white pointer dog Heineken (Flockfinder—Ion), owner, handler,

*with*

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler.

Mr. Lorillard's dogs distinguished themselves most favorably, showing up in strong form in nearly every detail of field work. He is to be congratulated on his pluckiness in competing year after year till he developed a string of strong competitors. He is a good loser and a good winner. There can not be too many like him in field trial matters.

WEDNESDAY.

A pleasanter day could not be well imagined, although a trifle too warm through the midday hours. There were birds enough for field trial purposes. Messrs. Avent and Tucker gave the field trial party a lunch, one of the lunches which is excellent in itself, and doubly so by contrast with the meagre and slovenly-served lunches of the preceding days. There were two stuffed roast turkeys, cooked to perfection and served hot, cranberry sauce, roast pig, good bread, butter and crackers, pickles, eggs, cake and pies galore, and excellent hot coffee. It was neatly spread and was served with politeness. It was not furnished by the Bellevue Hotel. Now as to the contrast of previous days. The lunches were largely dry bread ham or beef sandwiches, the meat and bread was cut with a sharp knife and a steady hand, making a morsel of most wonderful thinness, yet tough and surviving. Some cheap sardines, on some days, reinforced the zephyr sandwiches, and the happy guest had a choice between water or cheap beer to drink, coffee being too much to expect when guests are paying from $2.50 to $3 per day at a country hotel largely devoted to cold draughts of wind and perpetual inconvenience.

*First Series.*

No brilliant work was done in this series. There was a great deal that was commonplace and some which was poor.

BETTYE S. AND GUY—Started at 9:15 and ran 33m. They took a wide cast. Bettye was close on to a bevy when Guy ran into it in the open field and flushed it. Bettye dropped to wing. In woods on scattered birds each pointed. Bettye flushed a bird. In sedge, Bettye pointed; nothing found. Bettye dropped to point on a bevy in sedge. Guy flushed an outlying single and dropped. In the open, Bettye made a good point and Guy backed. Steady to shot. Neither did well considering the opportunities. Each ranged well, Guy the more earnest in seeking birds and beating out the likely covers with the better judgment. Bettye made the better work on birds.

PRAWN AND HARRY C. began at 8:53 and ran twenty-six minutes. Harry took a long cast up a stubble field and pointed well. Prawn backed. No birds were found to the point, but when the dogs were sent on they roaded. Harry roaded from the stubble into pines and pointed the bevy, which probably ran from his point. Both were steady. Both ranged with judgment and at good speed, Harry the wider ranger. The work on birds, however, was small in quantity.

LENA AND COUNT ANTEO started at 10:21 and ran thirty minutes. Both made game and the bevy flushed wild on the other side of a fence. Lena made two good points on birds, one of which she wheeled into sharply and prettily. Antonio flushed twice carelessly and made one good point on scattered birds. He made a point in sedge and was backed; nothing found. He was the speedier and wider ranger.

COLERAINE AND COUNT GLADSTONE were started at 10:58 and ran thirty-two minutes. Count went very fast from the start, too fast, in fact, for he was racing and not hunting. No dog can run at such racing speed and maintain it long. Count paid but little attention to the gun, ranging where he pleased, staying as long as he pleased, and working out such ground as he pleased. He was headstrong and disobedient, except when close to his handler. Coleraine ranged close at ordinary speed. Count was led on chain with studied slowness across a large field, the handlers being brought together, Coleraine working in the meantime. It appeared to rest Count a good deal.

GROUSE AND RUPERT began at 12:28 and ran thirty-six minutes. In pines some work was done on a bevy, but the dogs were partially hidden in the thicket so that it was difficult to see what was done. As near as we could determine Grouse pointed the bevy and Rupert flushed a bird. On the scattered birds Rupert false pointed. Grouse on bare ground flushed scattered birds. Grouse false-pointed and was backed. Both ranged well at good speed. The work on birds was poor.

JUPITER AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Started at 12:07. Down 24 minutes. There was a lot of ordinary work done on scattered birds during the heat, the circumstances all favoring quantity. Duke made a good point on a bevy and was



O. M. Ball, E. S. Knowles, Pres. Geo. W. Roraback, Mr. Owens with Ruby.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB HUNT.

promptly backed by Jupiter. Both were steady to shot. In weeds in an orchard, Jupiter pointed a bevy and was backed. Both steady to shot. Jupiter next made two flushes on singles, then flushed scattered birds. Jupiter pointed and the bird was flushed after the dogs moved on. Duke made three more good points, one of which was on a bevy. Jupiter made one more point which was on a single, but which flushed as he moved on to locate better, and being brought up to back, pointed the bevy with Duke. The latter was much the better ranger. He was over fond of backing and would back Jupiter roading.

The party then went to lunch.

MISS RUBY AND PETE—Began at 1:58 and ran 32 minutes. A bevy flushed near both dogs, but no one could see which dog was in fault, if either was. Miss pointed a bevy in pines. Moved on. Pete pointed, and at the same time about fifteen yards further on, Miss pointed the bird. Pete in pines pointed; nothing found. Both backed well. Miss ranged the wider and kept up her fling more regularly.

FINGLAS AND MERLIN.—Began at 2:32 and ran 29 minutes on excellent ground, but neither would go much out of gun shot. No birds were found.

BRIGHTON TOBE AND ANTEVOLO—Commenced at 3:13 and ran 29 minutes. Antevolo flushed a bevy. It was followed Tobe was roading on this bevy in sedge in pines and Tucker accidentally flushed it. Antevolo showed some wildness and was headstrong. Tobe made game and pointed on bare wheat; nothing found. Antevolo flushed a bird. Antevolo pointed a bevy in a thicket and Tobe backed. Antevolo was getting steadier. Both were steady to shot. Both ranged well, although irregularly betimes, Antevolo the wider.

HEINEKEN AND LORA—Were started at 3:46; down 30m. A single was flushed before the heat began. Lora saw it. When cast off she cunningly followed directly in its course. She went into a stubble and pointed a bevy which was scattered about feeding. When cast off Lora followed directly in the course of the scattered birds and disappeared in a hollow. As the judges rode up a bevy was seen to leave the hollow. Lora when seen was cautiously drawing to where it had flushed from, it appearing that she had been pointing and that the bevy flushed wild. Lora when sent on followed the course of the birds into the woods. She got a point on them. She marks the flight of birds very accurately, and thus by her intelligence has a great advantage over every dog in this stake. Lora found and pointed a bevy. Heineken backed well. Lora was much the better pointer and was quite skillful in all the details of the competition.

GROUSE AND RUPERT—Were put down at 4:25 and ran 6m. Grouse soon pointed a bevy, which flushed wild. Rupert



J. M. Freeman. Royal Robinson. W. A. Thompson.

JUDGES AT AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS CLUB TRIALS.

made three good points on the scattered birds. Each backed well. Grouse made one point which was birdless.

This ended the day's work.

THURSDAY.

No pleasanter weather could be desired, though it was too warm for such dogs as were not in first class condition or which ran too hard for their endurance.

*Second Series.*

Too many dogs were taken into this series. About four were all that were necessary to continue the running on a proper grasp of the situation. One of the handlers referred to this series as a "consolation stake." There is positively nothing gained by trying to toady to owners and handlers, if such were the intention. If it was done as a matter of deliberate judgment, it did not show a keen discrimination. Some of the dogs taken into this series showed no merit whatever equal to the occasion. It costs the owner of a poor dog quite as much for team hire as it does the owner of a good dog. It is much better to prune the matter according to its merits.

JUPITER AND RUPERT started at 9:17. Rupert was much the better and wider ranger of the two, though he was a bit irregular and faulty in his casts and he also seemed a bit stale. In an open field he flushed a single bird of a bevy, then he stopped to wing and pointed. Jupiter backed well. On the scattered birds Jupiter flushed. He showed a disposition to point too often. He flushed a bevy and the heat ended soon thereafter. Down 15m.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND ANTEVOLO—Began at 9:40 and ran 17m. Count rushed out of sight from the beginning and but one or two glimpses of him were caught in the first ten minutes. He was unmanageable, showed no disposition to work to the gun and was simply racing, not hunting. His speed was great, but it was such as ends any dog's efforts in about an hour. Antevolo pointed a bevy near the edge of a pine thicket, she being up-wind of it. Antevolo followed Count much of the time, and showed some wildness. On the scattered birds Antevolo dropped to a point on a single, which flushed wild. Count could not be kept under control to work on single birds, he breaking away and keeping out of sight.

HARRY C. AND BRIGHTON TOBE—Were cast off at 10:15 and worked fifteen minutes. The judges flushed a bevy. Harry pointed two birds and was steady to shot. Tobe pointed scattered birds and Harry, called in, pointed or backed. Tobe, sent on, pointed a single. Harry showed superiority in every way. Tobe was a bit slow on birds, and showed an inclination to potter sometimes.

LORA AND BETTYE S.—Were started at 10:33. Down 33m. Lora located and pointed a bevy skillfully in the open field, doing it prettily and accurately, she going down wind on one side of it, then catching scent and drawing quickly to it. Bettye was lost for some minutes, and when found the indications were that she had been in the woods working on the scattered birds of Lora's bevy, Lora having been stopped till Bettye was found. The scattered birds could not be found, though one or two were flushed by the spectators. Bettye false pointed. Lora showed superiority in every respect.

LENA AND MISS RUBY—Commenced at 11:10. Down 10m. Lena soon dropped in sedge to a point on a single bird, was steady to shot and retrieved the birds nicely. In the open, Ruby pointed a bevy and was backed; a good, clean piece of work. Both were steady to shot and wing. Neither showed wide range or more than ordinary pace.

COUNT ANTEO AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Began at 11:27 and were run 31m. Duke dropped to a point on a bevy in the open. Count in the open near edge of pines, false pointed and Duke backed promptly. Duke flushed a bevy in the open. The scattered birds were followed. Duke pointed; Count backed to order; nothing found. Duke pointed to one side near the edge of pines. He was across wind from it and did not have the bevy located. Count passed close to it. He made a poor showing of point work, considering his opportunities. He was the better ranger. Duke was given to a fondness for pointing, and would make game around the likely corners by sight, so that, with making game also by scent, he appeared to be making game a large part of the time.

The party went to lunch and partook of some good coffee and the sandwich which altereth not, though it is a toil and a spin to eat it. The lunch had one redeeming fault, however, in that it was the last one.

*Third Series.*

HARRY C. AND LORA—Were started at 1:47. A bevy was seen to flush ahead near the dogs, but whether or not the dogs were in fault could not be determined. Sent on, Lora followed in the course of the scattered birds. Lora pointed a single. Harry next pointed a single and was steady to shot. Lora backed. Harry made two points and a flush and Lora pointed a single. Lora pointed a bevy in weeds. Lora made two points on singles, and Harry made two also. At 2:20 the judges ordered the dogs up and held a consultation which lasted thirteen minutes. Everything indicated that this was the heat which determined first and second winners, and everything indicated that the judges were not unanimous in their decisions. The dogs were again sent on. Lora soon made a long cast, skirted along the edge of woods, steadied and shortened pace as she turned into the woods in a manner which indicated that she was drawing on birds. Dr. Jarvis and myself galloped to where she disappeared, and as we were about turning into the woods where Lora disappeared I heard a bevy flush in the woods. When we got into the woods Lora was working across a hollow as if following marked birds. Soon afterward Harry C. came in and made game and pointed in the woods, probably on the footscent of the bevy which I had heard flush. Up at 2:55. Lora showed the better range, she working outside of Harry in looking for bevies. She beat out her ground with excellent judgment. She showed most excellent ability in finding and locating bevies. On scattered birds she was sharp quick and accurate, yet in this respect she had little advantage over Harry. She remained out at her work, beat out her ground with judgment and was quite easily handled. Harry showed excellent qualities and performed well, but he was not in Lora's class.

MISS RUBY AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE began at 3:17. Miss soon pointed a bevy in the open. Duke 200yds. away pointed and nothing was found to his point. On the scattered birds Duke picked up several good points in woods, but he was too ready to point on conjectures. Miss also did some good work on the scattered birds. Miss was the wider and better ranger, as the class of her work on birds was superior. The heat ended at 3:27.

The judges held a consultation and announced Harry C. first, Lora second, and Miss Ruby third. The prizes were $400, $200, and $100 respectively. Forfeit $10, $20 additional to fill.

The stake was quite well judged, so far as picking out the three best dogs are concerned, but they were not placed correctly according to their running. Lora was a higher class performer, and in the quantity of work done she also excelled. In a conversation with Mr. Coster, one of the judges, he assured me that Lora was his choice for first, but that he had been overruled by his associates, therefore the decision was not unanimous. Dr. Jarvis did not, I am quite sure, hear the last bevy flush in the heat between Lora and Harry, but had she found none, or flushed one or pointed it, she had done good enough work and enough of it to excel all the others.

### The Members' Stake.

This stake was run on Thursday, Mr. John N. Lewis, of Ramsey, N. J., being judge. Mr. Lewis is a famous breaker and field trial handler.

It seemed as if the members had some secret methods of handling which they did not desire to become public property, or their dogs were dark horses, since they went aside by themselves and gave the press representatives no encouragement to follow the stake. They did not inform said representatives that they could not go, but they assumed an air of modesty and exclusiveness which implied that they would enjoy their stake better without any spectators, so the press voluntarily denied itself the pleasure of seeing much interesting competition.

As to the competition, some of the rumors were that it was good, and some said that it might have been better, one or the other of which may be accepted as being true and part of the record. Also, it is said that some of the members were satisfied with the results, and some others were more so than some others, which all may be taken in evidence that the stake was interesting. All the history of the stake is hearsay and the above is the summary of it. The following is the order of running:

*First Series.*

S. Murray Mitchell's lemon and white dog Sandy Gladstone (Breeze Gladstone—Delaware), F. G. Taylor, handler,

*with*

Walter B. Smith's black, white and tan dog Gath (Gath's Joy—Dart), owner, handler.

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Pennsylvania Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Nanon (Ben Hill—Mary), F. G. Taylor, handler,



WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB HUNT

Pres. Roraback and Party.

*with*

Walter B. Smith's orange and white dog Ben Hur Franklin (Ike—Leda), owner, handler.

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Pennsylvania Kennels' black, white and tan dog Ben Hur of Riverview (Ben Hill—Zoe W.), F. G. Taylor, handler,

*with*

Fairmount Kennels' lemon and white pointer dog Promotion (Lord Graphic—Belle Bishop).

*Second Series.*

Nanon with Ben Hur of Riverview.

Nanon with Promotion.

First, Nanon; second, Ben Hur of Riverview; third, Ben Hur Franklin and Promotion. Prizes, $30, $20 and $10, first, second and third respectively. Ten dollars forfeit and $10 additional to fill.

### Brooklyn Show Awards.

Breeze Gladstone won first prize in the challenge class at Brooklyn, also won the National Greyhound Club's medal for the best dog, also the Polhemus cup for the best dog or bitch.

## ROBINS ISLAND FIELD TRIALS.

ON Friday, Dec. 2, the Robins Island Club resumed the annual running of their field trials. Since the organization of the club, some eleven or twelve years ago, there have been but two omissions. The first occurred when the night before the trials were to commence the club house caught fire. The next omission was last year, principally owing to the fact that two of the most enthusiastic workers at the field trials were engaged in business matters, and two others equally as energetic in the cause were confined to the house by illness.

George W. Green, the secretary of the club, is one of the most enthusiastic of the shooting men belonging to the club. Indeed, in this regard the club has been most fortunate in its selections. I can recall five men in the short history of the club each of whom have done everything to advance the interests of the club. The first was the late Leander Waterbury, then the late Samuel B. Duryea, then W. H. Stanley, and now Geo. W. Green.

More progress has been made in the last two years than ever before. True, at times large numbers of live quail have been purchased and forwarded to the island. But this present season three kinds of game are to be found upon Robins Island, each of which kind furnishes capital sport to the shooting man. These are the native quail, the English pheasant and the English partridge. Each of the latter kind has thriven wonderfully in their new home, the pheasant perhaps the better of the two. Superintendent Glessing was for many years one of the game keepers for the Baron Rothschild on his estate some forty miles east of Paris. Here the breeding of pheasants was most largely gone into. On this estate and the adjoining one, owned by Baron Rothschild's brother, some 8,000 birds were successfully raised each season. So that Glessing came to Robins Island with all the knowledge and experience necessary to run with success the pheasantry started by the club. Last year nearly 200 birds were raised and had it not been for the crow black birds the number would have been doubled. It was found, but not until a good many chicks had been killed, that these birds were carrying them off one after another in hawk-like fashion. The crow blackbirds breeding upon the island, it required some shooting to exterminate them. It was done, however, and Mr. Glessing looks forward with confidence to a great result in pheasants the coming year. A pheasant house has been constructed, divided into three compartments. Each has a yard attached some 30ft. long by 10ft. wide. Each of these compartments has running in it nine hens and a cock. When the writer examined these last Saturday they appeared to be in full vigor and in the very pink of condition, the plumage glistening in the sun like burnished metals. Already this season seventy-five pheasants have been shot by visiting members and their friends and the writer can attest that a large number are still roaming the grounds at will.

The pheasant is a warv fellow, ever on the alert and apt to rise away ahead of dog or man. When flushed he rises high in air and goes off uttering a peculiar *kluk-kluk-kluk*, which is more like the hoarse call of the crow blackbird (purple grackle) in matiug time, than anything I ever heard. Quite a number were put up during the trials. Of these but one lay to the dogs, and he was a beauty. Singular to say, the tail feathers of this cock bird were a pure white color, a marked contrast to the deep, invisible green of the bird's head and neck.

The English partridges have not done so well. They prefer the open fields and have become the prey of the marauding hawks which it appears to be impossible to rid the island of. They are shot at every opportunity, are caught in traps set upon poles in dozens of places, yet they still come. As fast as one is killed another takes its place. The rascals no doubt in migrating find what a "butcher's hall" the game of the island makes for them, and they naturally stop to enjoy the meat. Dozens and dozens are killed each year, and to that extent are the quail and the partridge spared.

The departure for the island was made on Thursday afternoon. Vague rumors of a heavy snowstorm at the eastern end were floating around, but as the train was ready at Long Island City the few present concluded to go on as far as Robins Island, at all events. The party was but four members—Wellington, Green and Austen and your correspondent.

Cutchogue reached half an hour later, it was found that winter reigned supreme. The snow was piled in long drifts and in depths varying from a foot and a half to four feet. Farmers had to turn out and shovel the roads clear the day before, as they were simply impassable. To add to the discomfort a heavy snow squall set in, blinding for a short time in its intensity. The station master was jocose. He saluted the party with "Had company here last night, your Mr. Swan (a member of the club) got here to take yesterday afternoon's train. After he got here he couldn't get away to train, no vehicle, couldn't walk. Passed the night in the station. Got off at 11 this morning; funny wasn't it?" Perhaps it was to him, but I would much like to know what Alden S. Swan had to say about it. New Suffolk duly reached after numerous delays, for riding up and down little short hills and hollows may be provocation of good digestion, but it is fatal to comfort. The sail from the main land was soon accomplished. A stiff wind making double reefs necessary saves time immensely, especially if the breeze be fair, which it was on the present occasion. The wharf reached, but little time was lost in the transfer of baggage to the club house.

After supper Secretary Green handed in the following entries:

### The Puppy Stake.

W. L. Wellington's orange and white Countess (Tardy Jack—Wanda).
Dr. S. Fleet Speir's black and white Prince of Wales (Duryea's Ned—Princess Juno).
G. W. Green's orange and white Buff (Roy—Queen Gladstone).
E. H. Litchfield's black and tan Douglass (Argus—Laura).
L. H. Bullard's orange belton Gluck (pedigree not given).

The order of running was drawn:
Prince of Wales against Buff.
Countess against Douglass.
Gluck a bye.

### All-Aged Stakes.

Chauncey Marshall's black setter Topsy.
L. H. Bullard's orange and white Bessie.
Dr. S. Fleet Speir's orange and white Dixie.
Dr. S. Fleet Speir's orange and white Joe.
Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Washington.
W. Flint's Frank.
G. W. Green's liver-colored setter Mack.
G. W. Green's blue belton setter Belton.

Dr. Speir's Washington, on account of sickness, and Flint's Frank, owing to lack of work, withdrawn. This left six to run. The judges were to use simply their own judgment and to be hampered by no given rules, the best dog in their judgment to win. Unfortunately the judges failed to come, with one exception. Judge Calvin E. Pratt, of the U. S. Supreme Court, sent a letter of regret, stating that it was impossible for him to come the weather was so against him. Mr. McLaughlin was detained upon urgent business. Mr. C. F. Lewis could not come, so no one of the old judges were on hand save Mr. Jacob Pentz, the judging by consent of all being left in his hands. That gentleman stated that, while he appreciated the compliment, it was preferable that some one should join him in the work. Mr. Austen kindly consented to assist in every way possible.

The drawing for the order of running:
Mack against Dixie.
Belton against Bessie.
Topsy against Joe.

### FRIDAY.

After a delightful breakfast Friday morning the first brace of the Puppy Stake was called.

PRINCE OF WALES AND BUFF.—They were cast off at edge of woods back of club house and hauled over the open pasture lots where in 1878 Charles T. Raymond's Lemonade made such a striking feature at that year's Eastern Field Trial Club's meeting. Prince showed much the more style in going and was faster in spots. Buff ran with an easy manner but not in handsome fashion, for he goes with head and tail both down. After the opening spin a turn was made to the bush lined bluff at west of island. Buff soon flushed a single outlying bird which in turn started a full bevy some yards ahead. Both dogs steady to wing. Moving on a grand cock pheasant flushed wild away ahead of dogs, his plumage flashing in the sunlight as jewel encrusted. Dogs steady. Soon a single flushed wild ahead of Prince. Buff so far proved the better ranging. Out to the marsh and both point. Nothing found. Then along south to ice pond. Prince pointed. A big bevy flushed wild. Glessing shot and killed. Prince broke at the shot and chased birds. Tried for a retrieve. Neither dog did it in proper style, the Prince almost refusing to fetch. On the way to the dead quail Buff flushed a cock pheasant. From here the island was crossed to east, hunting along past old feed house and the new pheasantry to the rye stubble beyond. In the blackberry cane lot almost at the north shore, Wales threw up his head and began roading. Buff came along, took the scent and roaded also. A big bevy of birds flushed to side of dogs, both steady to wing. The birds followed. Prince drew up in a bit of wire grass and stood for a second or so, then went on again. At the left away off another big bevy flushed wild and sought the cover of the scrub and oak timber. This last lot having been plainly marked down, were followed. Location soon reached. Both dogs making game simultaneously, so both moved along, the birds flushed wild ahead of them, Buff unsteady to wing. Wales comes in to his handler at the "whirr" of the birds. This patch of woods was thoroughly hunted without result. Small wonder. The snow was a foot deep in the lightest thickness. It was a blanket crushing down the tangles of weeds almost to the ground, but leaving hundreds of places with room enough for a bevy of birds to find harbor under the mass of snow and weeds. A turn to the north and another bevy flushed wild all of fifty yards away. Working in that direction a single bird flushed in front of Buff. That dog commenced roading again, but was checked by handler. The bird got up wild at the sound of the human voice. Another single flushed in front of Wales. Buff then got a point. Green put up the bird, Buff steady to wing. Dogs taken up. Time down just two hours.

COUNTESS AND DOUGLASS.—Instantly taken from the following wagon and started from where the others were taken up. Both went off speedily, ranging out well and quartering their ground nicely, Douglass especially going with a good deal of style. He is a handsome Gordon and showed beautifully against the snow. The dogs had been worked south and then west to the open. Douglass commenced roading, when fifty rods away a cock pheasant flushed wild. Douglass dropped to wing. Countess coming up at that moment caught sight of the black dog and backed capitally. Then both dogs made game and did some pretty roading side by side, Countess working off to right, Douglass to left. Both stopped and pointed. A crippled bird was in front of Douglass. In front of Countess a full bevy was flushed. Shot at and a kill. Neither dog retrieved well, but Countess's work the better. On again toward the old clay pit, Douglass pointed; handler claimed a point, but after a few seconds' stop he roaded along again. Then Countess got a point. Douglass came up and backed the bitch handsomely. Handlers put up a big bevy. Moving over to edge of bluff, Douglass drew to a point, Countess backing him. While standing a cock pheasant flushed itself ahead of the dogs; both steady. Then Douglass flushed a bevy, followed by a flush for Countess on a single. Then Countess got a point in a few seconds. Douglass called in for a back, refused, walking in and taking scent alongside of the standing Countess, but only then stopping to order of handler. Bird flushed by handler. Dogs taken up, time down 1h. 10m. Time, 12:30 P. M.

It was then decided to go to club house for lunch and afterward commence with the first brace of the All-Aged Stake, leaving the bye puppy to run off the next morning. At the club house a complete change of raiment was necessary, every man being wet through to the hips. Rubber boots proved but little protection, for when floundering through snow drifts the snow dropped in over the tops, giving one's feet an ice bath at every mile of travel. At half-past 2 another start was made.

MACK AND DIXIE.—The usual course followed, a spin of some minutes over the open pastures to west and then toward the little bluff, which with its cover was ever a favorite spot for hiding birds. At a little bit of rye field, Dixie running fast down wind, slackened his speed, threw up his head, and before he could draw up away whirled a startled bevy to closer cover. Moving on, a single outlying bird jumped in front of Dixie. Moving after the bevy toward the salt marsh Dixie flushed a single. Both dogs were going fast and well, Dixie showing the most style. Out to the big sedge grass meadow back from the sands to the bluff it hunted along, the hunters availing themselves of the old railrad bed. At very point of bluff, Mack, running fast, wheeled almost round and stopped fast, his body almost bent double. Dixie, who had been off hunting a wounded quail, called with difficulty in to back, came up, refused the back and went up to Mack, taking the scent himself. Green flushed the bird, killed with a capital second barrel as it flushed, Dixie unsteady to shot. Mack located dead bird, but refused to retrieve it. Moving past the break in the bluff, but still going south, Dixie drew to a point. Mack called in for a back did so, but in faint manner. Green jumped from the height of the bluff down on the tangle of sand-hidden bushes. Out bounded a big bunny, shot at and missed. Both dogs steady to fur and to shot. Still going south Dixie on the way flushed a single. Then he drew to a point; point claimed and allowed; nothing found. He moved on a few yards, jumped a half dozen times and picked up a crippled bird, Dixie hard to manage and headstrong. Quite a tramp was had before birds were found again. Then Mack got the point, bird flushed wild ahead of him, dog steady to wing. Then Dixie pointed, Mack backed handsomely. Bird flushed by Green, shot at. At report Dixie broke shot and chased the flying bird. Mack steady as a clock. Dogs ordered up. Time 3:35, having been run 1h. 5m.

BELTON AND BESSIE —Turned down where the others had been taken up without any delay save that of taking them from the accompanying wagon. They were hunted easterly along the edge of the timber which covers all the center of the island from west to east. Neither dog ranged off well, for the snow was in drifts every rod or so, in which the dogs sank up to their bellies at every leap. Rounding a little promontory of scrub oak which jutted out into the open, Belton drew suddenly into a most beautiful point. Bessie also stopped. It was a pretty picture and a "Kodaker" should have been present. A big bevy flushed wild at approach of men. Austin and Green each fired a single shot. The result was astonishing. The birds jumped, bunched, and no less than five birds fell. One was but wing-tipped and it started off running with head up as if untouched. This was too much for Belton. In spite of the cautions of his owner, in he dashed and never stopped his run until he had the bird in his mouth. He brought it in. Then Bessie retrieved but not in best fashion. Then Belton brought in one in similar manner. Bessie had been a little unsteady as the birds rose, but checked herself to order of handler. These birds were followed over the hills. A long hunt ensued before the birds were found again. The ground was thoroughly hunted along the 50ft. high east bluff toward the south. At the deep cut known as the "Ravine" both dogs straightened out and moved ahead slowly.

They were just moving, that was all, when a single bird flushed not a yard ahead of them. In a second the air was full of quail. They got up on both sides of the dogs, in front of the handlers, and seemingly from everywhere. At least 40 birds in the bunch. Green shot and killed. Bessie, sent in, retrieved the dead birds in most excellent style. Then, moving on, Bestie soon drew to a point. Belton backed staunchly. The bitch moved on a few yards and stopped again. Belton stopped as she did. Austin flushed the bird. Both dogs steady. Moving forward slowly, both dogs drawing, a single bird flushed wild ahead of them. Then the judges and handlers flushed a half-dozen birds. All those flushed had flown in direct line toward South Point. They could not be found, and a move was made toward the west. As the party walked along a bevy of birds flushed wild to the rear of the handlers. A moment after a cock pheasant flushed away ahead of the dogs. At this time all hands got in the wagon and were driven to the spot known as the sink hole, where, as grain had been reaped last summer, it was thought birds would be found. Reaching there, the dogs were cast off once again. Circling the spot, it was drawn blank. As the dogs came back Bessie pointed stiff, as did also Belton, within 50ft. of the waiting wagon. Austin flushed the bird, which proved to be a beautiful cock pheasant. It was not shot at. Dogs ordered up. Time, 4:45. Time down, 1h. 10m.

### SATURDAY.

Gluck had the bye. An early start was made this morning, for 9 o'clock saw Gluck and his running mate, Buff cast off at the usual starting place. Gluck is quite puppy-like in manner, seeming more disposed at the start to follow Buff than to hunt out for himself. Nothing was found in the pasture lots to east of club house. These were hunted carefully along the edge of the woods easterly. Then along the edge of the briar lot north to the beach. Then next along the beach to the bluff so often mentioned. Down the bluff and across to the marsh beyond. Glesssing claimed point for Gluck. Judge allowed the claim and ordered the bird put up; nothing found. Back from the bluff to the hills. Gluck flushed a quail directly in front of him, then stopped and pointed staunchly where the bird got up from. He then got a good stiff point and stood nicely. A big bevy of birds flushed from under his nose. Gluck steady to wing. Birds followed. A single flushed in front of Gluck but some distance ahead of him. Shot at and missed. Gluck steady to shot. The spot on the sandspit where the birds were thought to be thoroughly hunted out but nothing found. Gluck ranged well, quartered his ground well, but was not under good control. Back to the bluff again. At its edge a cottontail bounced out in front of Gluck. This was too much. Away went hare, away went dog. Back the dog would not come despite the warnings or the coaxings of his handler. The dog was wild with excitement. Ordered up as he had no chance of winning. The last of the all-aged braces put down at once.

TOPSY AND JOE.—Feeling that the last marked down birds were out in the sedge of bushes of the sand spit, the dogs were at once cast off there, Topsy ranging well and going fast ran up a single. She ran completely to the end of the marsh meadow, then called back to more carefully hunt her ground. Green, Glessing and Austin had crossed the marsh and stood at the lower end of the sedge grass. Topsy came along and wheeled to a point in front of them. Joe coming up on the other side also pointed. Austin flushed the birds and one shot followed. Away went both dogs after the birds. It was exciting but faulty. Back to the rolling land east of bluff. At a little patch of bayberry bushes out flushed wild a brace of English partridges and a brace of American quail. The partridges flew a mile. The quail dropped to cover after a short flight. Moving on, Topsy got another point in less time than it takes to write this paragraph. The birds flushed wild. Joe broke again. Topsy steady only to command of handler. Afterward a single bird flushed. Topsy made a couple of jumps but came back. Moving forward Joe established a point at the crest of one of the little hills. Topsy called in to back, did so for a second, then left her back, ran around and ahead of Joe for some distance, wheeled around and pointed the birds, the dogs facing one another, but some yards apart. Birds flushed to order. Shot at, one killed. At the report away went both dogs again like two demons in as mad a canine race as was ever seen. Coming at last, Topsy retrieved the dead bird in good style. The work of the dogs was excellent, but they were both simply crazy with excitement. Ordered up. Time down, 45m.

*Summary.*

Puppy Stakes—First, W. L. Wellington's Countess; second, E. H. Litchfield's Douglass.

All-Aged Stakes—First, George W. Green's Mack; second, L. H. Bullard's Bessie.

Thus ends the Robins Island Field Trials of 1892.

PECONIC.

## CANADIAN KENNEL CLUB AFFAIRS.

HAMILTON, Can., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to inform you that the sub-committee lately appointed by the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club to investigate certain charges preferred by Mr. George Bell, of Toronto, against Dr. Wesley Mills, of Montreal, has decided to go no further with its work for the present, as Dr. Mills, by virtue of his office as president of the Canadian Kennel Club, has declared the meeting of the executive committee at which the sub-committee was appointed to be illegal and unconstitutional, and has ordered the members of the sub-committee to refrain from investigating the charges. The annexed letter from Dr. Mills will explain itself. A. D. STEWART, Chairman Sub-Committee.

COPY.

COTE ST. ANTOINE, Montreal, Nov. 26.—*A. D. Stewart, Esq.:* I have your letter of Nov. 24. By Article 2, Sec. I. of the by-laws of the C. K. C. it is provided that "two weeks' notice of such meeting (of the executive committee) shall be given to every member of the committee." Such two weeks' notice was not given of the meeting of the executive, therefore that meeting was unconstitutional, and the affairs of the club are just where they were before it was held. Those who are so anxious to manufacture a case against Dr. Mills must therefore just exercise a little patience.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D., Pres. C. K. C.

Our New England readers will be pained to learn of the death of Mr. Chas. G. Wheelock, who at one time owned the Arlington Heights Kennels of St. Bernards. Some time since Mr. Wheelock took up his residence in California. It seems on the 15th of last month he was driving with Mr. J. Irving Crowell when he was thrown from the buggy and died on the 23d from the injuries he received. Mr. Wheelock seems to have made himself popular in his new home, and his sudden taking off will be a shock to his many friends in the East. Mr. Wheelock at one time owned such dogs as Scotch Bonivard, Home Rule, Hesperard, etc,

## COURSING.

### THE INTERSTATE MEETING AT MERCED.

[*Special Report.*]

MERCED, Cal., NOV. 17.—The fourth annual interstate coursing meeting was commenced on the Moran ranch, some seven or eight miles from Merced, Cal., on Tuesday last, Nov. 14. The day was beautifully fine for coursing purposes and the dogs were of the very best description, the soil being of a sandy nature, making it perfectly safe for dogs to travel over. The fact that but one dog was only injured to the extent of a toenail, shows the nature of the ground over which the coursing was held. The game, too, was plentiful, and here it must be said that they were, without exception, the greatest travelers that have ever been met with by any coursing club on the celebrated plain. Their extraordinary performances of Tuesday and Wednesday last will ever stamp them as the greatest heart breakers that hounds ever met with in any quarter of the globe. Tommy Hall's (the Merced coursing enthusiast) opinion of them, when questioned as to the hares likely to be found on the new grounds, was well sustained—"Hares!" said Tommy, "no, they're not hares, they're flying machines, and if you go down to the grounds any afternoon you will find them hard at work training. They know this meeting is coming off and Nancy Hanks can't have a shoe with one of them. I took Joe McAuliffe down there last week to freshen him up a bit, and slipped him and another dog after a little leveret I came across; I followed them for four or five miles and lost them; the other dog came back last night, and Joe McAuliffe and the little hare are up in Alaska now, hitting out for the North Pole. I tell you they're all Democrats this year; you can't stop 'em."

Tommy's opinion of this was fully borne out during the two days' coursing, for only five of them met death at the hands of their determined and swift pursuers.

There was a large crowd of spectators, male and female, in vehicles and on horseback.

On the eve of the coursing all the hotels in the solid looking little town were well filled, and of course "dog" was the only question debatable. The all-important ideas of free trade or protection were for the moment forgotten, and the probability or possibility of Mr. Watson's splendid imported greyhound and the other Eastern dog being able to get away with the California dogs seemed for the time to be the most important questions.

The Eastern dogs had many backers, especially Royal Crest; but the favorite with nearly all was the celebrated California dog Skyrocket, and yet in the very first course he was called to run he fell a comparatively easy prey to a dog that has not heretofore been looked upon as a flyer, and which in the very next course fell a much easier prey to Mr. Watson's handsome little bitch Dry Time.

On Tuesday morning the coursing field was reached after a pleasant ride of an hour about 9 o'clock, and immediately the field officers commenced to arrange for the day's sport Hon. Judge Pennie, of San Francisco, officiated as president of the meeting, and surely a more genial, whole-souled gentleman could not well be chosen. Mr. William Faney, of Fresno, and the well-known Mr. John Grace, of San Francisco, did the judging, the former gentleman doing the business in the forenoon and the latter in the afternoon. Mr. J. R. Dickson had the management of the field, assisted by Messrs. Seal and Wormington, and most assuredly Mr. Dickson's job was no sinecure, for the crowd was difficult to manage; but after the first three or four courses he had the excited spectators well in hand and kept them so during the balance of the meeting. Mr. Wm. Halpin wielded the flag, and a more efficient flag steward it would be difficult to find. The slipping was intrusted to Mr. James Wren, of San Francisco, and surely no finer or better work was ever seen on a coursing field. In California this gentleman is looked upon as a slipper in the same light that Mr. Grace is looked upon as a judge—*nulla secundus.*

To describe accurately each course is simply impossible, as almost in every instance the hares led the dogs such merry dances that none but the judge and possibly the riders who were allowed to go to pick up the dogs could see the major portion of each course, hence the short description of each event.

*First Round.*

ROYAL CREST AND LOOKOUT were the two first called to slips, and on being placed in Mr. Wren's charge they were soon ready for their work. The slipper had moved out but a few yards, when a little black-eared jack sprang from his couch and instantly the dogs were put straight on his tracks and slipped. Both dogs went off with a great burst of speed, Royalty having a slight advantage. Both went somewhat wide in their run toward the game, Royal Crest pushing to the front, and after driving his game from its line of running by a strong wrench, another hare came in the way, which Lookout followed. The black dog, however, stuck to his game, and after a run of over two miles killed and of course won.

SHANNON BOY AND DUKE OF MILPITAS.—This was a runaway affair, Shannon Boy never having a show, the Duke running his game to earth at the end of a three-mile run.

BAN GIRL AND JOHN MITCHELL.—This pair were slipped to another traveler, but he was at first inclined to dodge a little. After Mitchell drove him from his line of running he then straightened out and made for some safe quarters that were only a few miles away, and after leading his pursuers a will-o'-the-wisp-like journey, made good his escape. Mitchell won.

BLACK JOE AND DEXTER.—The former, in consequence of distemper breaking out in his owner's kennels, did not appear, the latter ran a bye.

DEPEND ON ME AND PETER JACKSON.—On this pair being slipped, the former dog shot out strong for his game and led Peter to the hare by a length and eventually took a turn out of the flying game just as they were all disappearing from view. Here Peter put on a spurt, and as they again appeared in the distance the pugilist's namesake was in the lead. The judge eventually returned after a three-mile trip and gave the course to Depend On Me.

BLUESTONE AND AL FARRON.—The pair being slipped the former dog shot out of slips and led his opponent a couple of lengths, and in less than 500yds. reached his game, turned it and got another wrench from it; the hare then straightened out and evidently recollected that his presence was needed up in Shasta county somewhere, and made tracks accordingly. Al Farron, too, took it into his head that he would bid good bye to his opponent, which he did, but he never got near Mr. Jack, though he tried long enough, so Bluestone got the verdict.

WHITE JOE AND JOE MCAULIFFE.—McAuliffe never gave this dog even a look at the game and won a straight course, puss getting away.

MERCED CHIEF AND YOUNG JESSIE.—The former dog, though hitherto supposed to be of very little account, showed on this occasion that there was more in him than he ever got credit for from any of his former owners, and in a pretty course beat what was known to be a smart bitch.

REDWOOD CHIEF AND DAZZLE.—Immediately after these dogs were slipped the black dog Dazzle shot out to the front followed closely by his opponent. The black dog got the turn and the next, and then the Chief, from the distance, seemed to have command of things and worked his game well, and eventually the hare fell between them. Dazzle got the flag. At this decision, the owner of Chief kicked a bit.

PENNYROYAL AND WILLIAM O'BRIEN.—The latter dog, it may be said, did everything in this course.

PRESTO AND FITZ.—This was another one-sided course, Tom winning everything in a long run.

DAN C. AND GANE.—This was a fine course, both dogs showing great speed, but the latter had always the best of it and won handsomely.

NATIVE SON AND DOLLY VARDEN.—This was also a fine course, the Son at first having the best of it, but Dolly had more grit and the Son, too, got blinked a bit in the stubbles, which marred his chances. Dolly won.

BLACKSTONE AND NATTY.—This was a runaway course, Natty doing all the work from start to finish, and of course winning.

MOLLY S. AND WILDFLOWER.—Molly S. had a very soft thing in this flower. She outran her and outworked her, and killed her game. Possibly Wildflower should not be thought too little of, though, for she was the first that met what turned out afterward to be the winner, and which effectually snuffed out the hopes of more aristocratic greyhounds than poor Wildflower.

SKYROCKET AND MOUNTAIN HARE.—When this pair was called up there was considerable excitement, as Skyrocket has had almost an unbeaten record for the last two years, having been defeated but once during that time, though he had met all kinds of dogs both in the inclosed parks and in the open, and treated them all alike, one after another falling before his speed and dashing cleverness. No one could be tempted to back the other dog at any odds—"no one was so poor as to do him reverence." Well, they were handed to the slipper and in a short time a perfect flyer popped up. The dogs were slipped and as usual Skyrocket dashed to the front as if shot from a catapult, and made desperate efforts to reach his game; they had gone fully a mile before he succeeded in bringing puss around, and here his opponent came in and began to dispute possession. Again the hare broke away and again Skyrocket dashed in pursuit, but Mountain Hare closed up with him and before they had traveled another quarter of a mile gave him a clear go-by by several yards, and during the balance of that fearful long course Skyrocket never got in again, Mountain Hare eventually killing his game and winning the course.

SWEDE AND DRY TIME.—This was the first short course of the meeting. No sooner were the dogs slipped than the fawn bitch dashed to the front and in less than 400yds. she brought her game around, and so quick were her movements that she did not give puss time to recover herself before she had her fangs deep in its back and the course won.

DAVID D. AND WHITE CLOUD.—This was a one-sided affair, the Cloud being too swift for David, who was never in it from start to finish.

SHORT STOP AND SIR JOHN.—These dogs were considered two of the best in the field, and each of them was warmly supported by their respective friends. On being slipped the former led to the hare by a clear length, but a mile was traveled before Short Stop drove puss from its course and got another turn before Sir John got in for a point. The hare then broke away, and after a considerable distance was gone ever Sir John was seen to be in front in vain pursuit of the flying game, which he failed to reach. When the judge returned he sent the flag up for Short Stop.



JOHN GRACE.
Coursing Judge.



J. R. WRENN,
Slipper.

CORK REBEL AND GILE.—On this pair being sent off both dogs shot out well, Gile having the best of it. For a few seconds it looked as if the Rebel would have a show, but the hare broke away and Gile had all the rest of a great run to himself. He won.

JOHNNY REX AND JUDGE MORROW.—The former dog is known as the greatest flyer of our coursing fields, and was looked upon by the Merced people as their forlorn hope when all others fail, but unfortunately he was attacked by distemper last week and of course could not appear. His opponent ran a bye. Great sympathy was expressed by all for Mr. McInerny, the genial Merced sportsman, over this occurrence.

It was now 3 o'clock and as the first round of the card was finished it was decided not to commence the second round so that all the dogs could start equal on the following morning.

During the evening betting on the dogs left in after the first round was pretty brisk, Royal Crest was in good demand as was also Gile and the other Sacramento dog, Gare.

### WEDNESDAY.

Sharp at 9 o'clock this morning all were again ready on the trysting grounds.

*Second Round.*

ROYAL CREST AND DUKE OF MILPITAS.—The crowd had scarcely moved when a regular buck-jumper went bounding away like a rubber ball. When the slipper got his dogs fairly in line he let them go, the Duke shot out, and by a sudden turn of the hare got well placed fully three lengths ahead of Crest. This advantage he held till he turned the hare, and in the next 100yds. he again scored the hare and then the dogs were lost to the spectators. The course was a very long one and most trying on both dogs. When judge (Fahey) returned he sent the white flag up for the Duke of Milpitas, but said that at the finish of course Royal Crest had full command of the hare, but lost the course by killing his game before his opponents score was wiped out.

JOHN MITCHELL AND DEXTER.—Mitchell ran away from Dexter and won a one-sided course.

DEPEND ON ME AND BLUE STONE.—This was a pretty course full in view of the crowd. Depend On Me winning with plenty to spare.

JOE MCAULIFFE AND ROY.—This was one of the courses that was but little seen by the crowd, with the exception of the first portion of it, in which the young imported dog gave splendid promise of future greatness. Joe won the course.

MERCED CHIEF AND DAZZLE.—This was another regular grueler over miles of ground. The Chief won.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN AND TOM FITZ.—Quick as lightning O'Brien shot out from slips and led by two lengths, he eventually turned the game and got on to plowed ground, where the judge said he was defeated by Fitz.

GARE AND DOLLY VARDEN.—Dolly was completely outclassed and lost.

NATTY AND MOLLY S.—This was comparatively a short course and really looked as if Natty had the best of it, but the judge said no.

MOUNTAIN HARE AND DRY TIME.—In this course great things were expected from the blue dog from the manner in which he polished off Skyrocket in the first round; but it is the unexpected that occurs in coursing, as well as other things, and so it was in this case, for the New York bitch again made a short job of it, and fairly smothered both her opponent and the hare in a very few seconds, and won a sharp course.

SHORT STOP AND WHITE CLOUD.—This course, a long one, was altogether in favor of Short Stop.

GILE AND JUDGE MORROW.—Gile showed great speed in this course, as indeed he did in his first one, and it was soon evident that Morrow was in a bad place and could not hold his own, Gile eventually killing and winning, but just then another hare came along and Gile's eagerness for another mess of hare made him drop the one he was mauling and go in pursuit of a demon that must surely have come there out of dire revenge for the death of his kin. This hare seemed to play with Gile for he would allow the dog to come so near him that he would open his mouth to make a grab at him, while puss would give a switch to the right or left and in place of a mouthful of fur Gile would find only a mouthful of California air. The dog was eventually picked up nearly half dead, while puss bounded away as if well pleased with her revenge.

This last course finished the first ties and luncheon was then announced, a capital one, by the way, sent out from the El Capitan and Cosmopolitan hotels.

As soon as luncheon was over Mr. Dickson called up and Mr. Grace went into the saddle to finish the balance of the meeting.

*Third Round.*

DUKE OF MILPITAS AND MITCHELL.—No sooner were the dogs slipped than Mitchell shot out and led the Duke a long run to the hare, getting first turn; the Duke then got in, but the rest of the course was Mitchell's, a long one too, the hare, as usual, escaping.

DEPEND ON ME AND JOE MCAULIFFE.—This was a sharp, short course, in which quick work was done by both dogs and a clever kill secured McAuliffe the verdict.

MERCED CHIEF AND TOM FITZ.—These dogs chased a demon of a little hare for about three miles. Fitz won.

GARE AND MOLLY S.—In this course Gare led the bitch for a considerable distance until the hare got into some plowed ground, where Molly laid him out cold, the hare escaping.

DRY TIME AND SHORT STOP.—In this course—a very long one—Short Stop had the best of it at first, taking the hare away from the bitch, but in the long lead to some cover the bitch passed him and did some clever work, and when the judge came back he sent the flag up for the bitch.

*Fourth Round.*

JOHN MITCHELL AND JOE MCAULIFFE.—This was a splendid course, and possibly had more work done in it than in any course of the meeting. Mitchell certainly had the best of it in the first portion of the run, but in the latter portion the superior condition of Joe told in the long run and the subsequent work, and together with a splendid kill no doubt secured him the verdict from Mr. Grace.

TOM FITZ AND MOLLY S.—Molly had the best of this course from the start and won.

DRY TIME AND GILE.—This course was not a long one, but Dry Time made a dash to reach the front, when the hare swerved to the other dog. She tried hard to shoulder him off, but he was too heavy for her and he swept her from his path, and the gallant little bitch that came 2,000 miles to contest for this stake went down before the prowess of the Sacramento dog.

*Fifth Round.*

JOE MCAULIFFE AND GILE.—After a short rest Gile was again called up to meet Hall's flyer, and on being slipped this grand dog went immediately to the front. Though closely pressed by McAuliffe, he shouldered him off and in an awful long run completely beat him to a standstill, the hare escaping. Joe had thus to put up with third position in the stake.

Molly S. ran a bye.

*Final.*

After the usual half-hour's grace Molly S. and Gile were placed in slips for the final tussle. It did not take long to find a hare. The course was an uninteresting one. Molly did all that was done, and Master Jack escaped without much trouble. Molly S. won the course and stake, Gile second, Joe McAuliffe third; Dry Time, John Mitchell and Tom Fitz divide fourth money.

The crowd gathered around the president's carriage and cheered him to the echo, as well as all the other officers. The Sacramento people were heartily congratulated on their good luck in being the possessor of such splendid greyhounds, as well as for their gentlemanly and sportsmanlike conduct throughout the meeting.

No finer coursing was ever seen in California, and certainly no better dogs ever went from slip in any county than many of the hounds that took part in this meeting. As for the hares—well, they were just a little too good for anything, and if Tommy Hall could manage to put a stop to their training next year it would be all the better for coursing.

The following is the summary of the running:

*First Round.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. H. Watson's blk and w d, Royal Crest, | beat | W. Creamer's blk and w d, Lookout. |
| Jas. Shannon's blk and w d, Duke of Milpitas, | beat | Ed. Kellier's blk d, Shannon Boy. |
| D. D. Roach's f and w d, John Mitchell, | beat | T. McInerny's blk and w b, Ban Girl. |
| John Hough's w and br d, Dexter, | beat | A bye. |
| T. J. Cronin's blk and w d, Depend On Me, | beat | Geo. Dougherty's blk d, Peter Jackson. |
| Dr. Proctor's blk and w d, Bluestone, | beat | J. J. Rademaker's br d, Al Farrow. |
| Thos. Hall's blk and w d, Joe McAuliffe, | beat | T. McInerny's w d, White Joe. |
| E. H. Mulcaster's f d, Roy, | beat | T. McInerny's blk and w d, Ban Boy. |
| Robt. Boyd's blk and w d, Merced Chief, | beat | J. J. Racemaker's br and w b, Young Jessie. |
| T. McInerny's blk and w d, Dazzle, | beat | Wormington & Seal's Redwood Chief. |
| P. G. Fitzpatrick's w d, Wm. O'Brien, | beat | Thos. Ford's blk and w d, Pennyroyal. |
| T. McInerny's blk and w d, Tom Fitz, | beat | Wormington & Seal's w and blk d, Presto. |
| J. McMahon's blk d, Gare, | beat | D. D. Roach's blk and w d, Dan C. |
| D. D. Roach's blk and w b, Dolly Varden, | beat | J. Shannon's w d, Native Son. |
| P. O'Connell's blk and w d, Natty, | beat | T. J. Hanrahan's blk and w d, Blackstone. |
| P. W. Sheehan's w and blk b, Molly S., | beat | P. C. Egan's blk b, Wildflower. |
| D. D. Roach's blk and w d, Mountain Hare, | beat | M. Curtis's blk d, Skyrocket. |
| J. H. Watson's f b, Dry Time, | beat | P. O'Connell's br and w d, Swede. |
| Wormington & Seal's w b, White Cloud, | beat | David D. Doust's blk d, David D. |
| M. C. Curtis's br and w d, Short Stop, | beat | Thos. Ford's br and w d, Sir John. |
| J. McMahan's blk d, Gile, | beat | Thos. C. Shea's f and w d, Cork Rebel. |
| W. Creamer's f and w d, Judge Morrow, | beat | A bye. |

*Second Round.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Duke of Milpitas beat Royal Crest. | Tom Fitz beat Wm. O'Brien. |
| John Mitchell beat Dexter. | Gare beat Dolly Varden. |
| Depend On Me beat Bluestone. | Molly S. beat Natty. |
| Joe McAuliffe beat Roy. | Dry Time beat Mountain Hare. |
| Merced Chief beat Dazzle. | Short Stop beat White Cloud. |
| | Gile beat Judge Morrow. |

*Third Round.*

John Mitchell beat Duke of Millpitas. Tom Fitz beat Merced Chief.
Molly S. beat Gare.
Joe McAuliffe beat Depend On Me. Dry Time beat Short Stop.
Gile, a bye.

*Fourth Round.*

Joe McAuliffe beat John Mitchell. Molly S. beat Tom Fitz.
Gile beat Dry Time.

*Fifth Round.*

Gile beat Joe McAuliffe. Molly S., a bye.

*Final.*

P. W. Sheehan's white and black bitch Molly S., by Hook's Gimlet out of Lady S., beat J. McMahon's black and white dog Gile, by Mohran out of Pride, and won the stake—$400. Gile took $200; Joe McAuliffe, $100; Dry Time, John Mitchell and Tom Fitz, $20 each.

J. R. D.

## BRUNSWICK FUR TRIALS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It may be of interest to the many fox hunting readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to know that the work done by the different strains was watched with interest. The Julys Hendricks and Pealer showed great speed and endurance and their splendid feet carried them through the week's work without a particle of foot soreness or lameness. They were quiet on a cold trail, but after the fox was up were free with their voices. Pealer was out of condition and did not show up as well as he will in the future.

The only Wild Goose entered was Leads All. He is a dog of remarkable speed combined with fine trailing qualities and has a beautiful voice. When checked he cast wide, showing great hunting sense.

The work done by the Goodmans was very uneven. While Clay, Logan and Aggie showed dash and splendid all-round hunting qualities, French and Orange exhibited little desire to hunt, and were devoid of ambition, preferring a sunny corner under a rock to driving a fox. I understand that Clay, Aggie and Logan were bred by W. H. Huffstetter, but French and Orange came directly from Mr. Goodman.

The Avents had but one representative, Clinker. His magnificent work last year, when he won the American Field Cup, is well remembered. At that time he showed speed and wonderful ability to cut ahead and get away with the fox. This year he did not do himself justice, being out of condition from a severe attack of distemper.

The heavy English hounds, Chun and Paddy, were withdrawn before they had time to show their quality. But if there is anything in looks their endurance must have been wonderful.

The Buckfield-Byron cross showed its valuable qualities in Jim, and Jack, a native, did very fine work especially in his first hard day's work.

BRADLEY.

## COURSING ENGLISH HARES IN NEW JERSEY.

IF any of our readers are fixed for coursing, I can tell them where a bit of sport is to be had within two or three hours' ride of this city. The place is Jobstown, New Jersey, reached via Pennsylvania Railroad from Jersey City, and the game English hares. Jobstown is a somewhat out-of-the way sort of a place, so any one anticipating the trip had better call at a Pennsylvania ticket office and secure a time-table and such other information as may seem necessary. There is a good hotel in the village, where they feed well and charge moderately.

I was down there last November, and brought home three hares that averaged eight pounds apiece after the entrails had been removed. This was their weight after drying out for several days. I should say a fully developed hare would weigh about eleven pounds, fresh killed. I was told some had been killed weighing fifteen pounds and over.

It is not much fun to shoot them after the novelty wears off. That takes place when you have carried your first hare two hundred yards or less, according to your muscle. But with a good greyhound, I should say it would be rare sport. The hares use altogether in the fields, so that you can have an uninterrupted view of the chase. An ordinary rabbit dog cannot run fast enough to keep one of them awake. I was out once with two setters, both young dogs and good runners. I shot at a hare, breaking one fore leg. The hare got about fifty yards start of the dogs. They caught him after a chase of three-quarters of a mile. On other occasions I saw uninjured hares lose these dogs in a few hundred yards. This was especially the case if the hare ran up-hill.

The hares are quite numerous all around Jobstown, and while most of the land is posted, I do not think the farmers would object to coursing. In fact, I am certain they would not. The hares are increasing very rapidly, and do an immense amount of damage, especially to young fruit trees.

W. L. HALL.

## THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The months are rolling on with their usual rapidity and the time will soon be at hand when the World's Fair bench show at Chicago will be in full swing. I have this day written to Mr. W. I. Buchanan, chief of the Bureau of Agriculture at Chicago, respectfully suggesting that much interest would be added to the show if the stalls and cages containing the dogs on exhibition could be marked so as to show at a glance the country from which each dog was sent. Thus, the American dogs could be distinguished by a neat tablet, on which could be engraved the Stars and Stripes; the Canadian dogs could be distinguished by the maple leaf, the English dogs by the rose, and so on *ad infinitum*. Not only would the tablets add to the interest of the show, but exhibitors themselves would prize them highly as souvenirs of the great exhibition, and I am confident that I have only to suggest this idea to insure its being heartily taken up by the kennel press.

You can do much to help this project with your pen, and if you see this matter in the same light as I do, I am sure that dog lovers everywhere will be glad if you will urge it for all it is worth.

A. D. STEWART.

HAMILTON, Canada.

## IT COST $26.66 A WORD.

IN this city last week, in the Supreme Court, Jacob C. Schuyler, of Page county, Pa., won his libel suit against Leslie C. Bruce and Hamilton Busbey, of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and got a verdict for $2,500. The libel was in a letter written by Col. Wm. C. Kennerly, of Page county, who writes over the name of "Old Dominion." The expensive little $2,500 paragraph was this:

> We have in my county a man by the name of Jacob C. Schuyler, hailing from Lebighton, Pa., and who has established what he terms a training kennel, and with a great flourish, claiming the name of it as "The Tammany Training Kennels, by Prof. Schuyler." Upon my honor as a man and my character and reputation as a sportsman, I denounce this man as a consummate and unmitigated humbug and his kennel as a pest house, from which dogs are weekly dragged out to rot upon the highway.

The defendants, through Messrs. Whitehead and Peshall, conceded that this was a libel, but contended that they had given Schuyler a chance to fire back at "Old Dominion" through their columns, and they seemed to think that this giving a man full scope for wordy warfare should compensate him for having his business broken up by a libel. Let us hope that the lesson of the verdict may prove wholesome. Heaven knows a lesson was needed.

## THE WINFIELD COURSING MEET.

WINFIELD, KAS., Nov. 20, 1892—I took a nasty cropper on Friday and broke my left arm at the elbow (for the fourth time), and in the melee I lost my notes of courses. So the best I can do for you is to send you the inclosed.

Mr. Lowe protested the Meteor—Prince Charlie course, but I scarcely think he can get any satisfaction out of it.

The weather was fine with the exception of Thursday, which was a miserable, rainy and raw day. The local attendance was good, and the crowd very hard to control.

### All-Age Stake.

For 16 or more greyhounds. Winner gets 50 per cent. of entrance and silver cup valued at $50, donated by citizens of Winfield. Runner up, 25 per cent; third, 15 per cent. and fourth, 10 per cent. of entrance. Entrance $10.

*First Round.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. W. Ramsey's r b Meteor (Jack Denton—Pearl Sidle), | beat | D. L. Luse's bdl and w b Belle of Eltham (Tester—Bit of Fashion). |
| H. L. Lowe's w and bdl b White Lady (Lord Neversettle—Parters), | beat | R. Howard's blk b Slipper (Unknown). |
| J. J. Fairbanks's b b Winnie (Lead—Wilkins's Minnie), | beat | E. Martin's f b Queen (Unknown). |
| H. C. Lowe's w and bdl d Prince Charlie (Lord Neversettle—White Lips), | beat | Q. Van Hummel's r and w d Van's O'Rell (Babazoun—Carmine). |
| D. C. Luse's w and bdl d Living Yet (Trales—Dick's Darling), | beat | J. R. Ballard's f d Buckskin (Cochran's Frank—Ribbon). |
| D. C. Luse's r b Lady Barton (Trales—Dick's Darling), | beat | J. Weakley's bdl b Whalebone (Brindle Jack—Fly). |
| H. C. Lowe's blk and w d Prince Rupert (Lord Neversettle—White Lips), | beat | E. Burgess's b d Sarsfield (Spring—Belle of Denver). |
| H. C. Lowe's bdl b Nancy (Lord Neversettle—Partera). | beat | D. C. Luse's w and bdl d Lord McPherson (Trales—Dick's Darling). |
| H. C. Lowe's blk and w d Voltaire (Lord Neversettle—White Lips), | beat | D. C. Luse's Lady in Black (Trales—Dick's Darling). |
| I. A. Robinson's bdl d Cap (Unknown—Grasshopper), | beat | Q. Van Hummel's bdl b Viola (Babazoun—Verdure Clad) |

*Second Round.*

Meteor beat White Lady. Lady Barton beat Nancy.
Prince Charlie beat Winnie. Voltaire beat Cap.
Prince Rupert beat Living Yet.

*Third Round.*

Meteor beat Prince Charlie. Lady Barton beat Prince Rupert.
Voltaire a bye.

*Fourth Round.*

Meteor beat Voltaire. Lady Barton a bye.

*Final.*

Lady Barton beat Meteor.

### Members' Stake.

Entrance $2 50, winner 50 per cent. of entrance and silver plate donated by citizens of Winfield; runner up, 25 per cent. of entrance; third, 15 per cent., and fourth 10 per cent.

*First Round.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cliff Steven's bdl d Cap S. (unknown). | beat | J. W. Ramsey's f and w b Blondie (Brindle Jack—Old Blondie). |
| J. R. Cochran's r d Golddust (Brindle Jack—Minnie). | beat | S. S. Raper's f d Clothershorse (unknown). |
| J. R. Cochran's f d Jayhawker. | a bye | J. W. Ramsey's Meteor. Drawn. |
| A. J. Bonnewell's f d Nero (unknown). | beat | E. B. Condit's bk d Midnight (unknown). |

J. R. B.

## ANOTHER DISTEMPER CURE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The following will no doubt be hailed with joy by all lovers of that noble animal the dog, as I now consider that the dreadful disease, distemper in dogs, has to a very great extent been overcome.

During September I lost in my kennels no less than eleven dogs by distemper. In the beginning of October I procured one of Coulter's vaporizers, and although I had some eight or nine dogs down in different stages of the disease at time of procuring the vaporizer, since using it I have not lost a single one.

My manner of treatment is as follows: I procured a large packing case and bored a hole in the bottom and placed the box up from the floor high enough to allow the vaporizer to sit under with the top put through the hole in the box, having first charged the instrument with eucalyptus oil and carbolic acid equal parts. I then placed the sick dog in the box and put the cover on, allowing sufficient ventilation so as not to smother him, and then set the machine in operation. I let the patient stay there from fifteen to twenty minutes, and I must say that I have yet to see a case, no matter how clogged the eyes, head and throat may be with putrid matter, that it does not clear right out after a few treatments.

C. A. STONE,
Sec'y Toronto Exhibition Bench Show.

TORONTO, Canada.

## THE FIELD TRIALS AT CHATHAM.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read with much interest the report of the International Field Trials at Chatham, Ont., in your issue of Nov. 17. In speaking of Lucy C. your reporter says she is the pride of Davidson's heart. Why should she not be so? A bitch that ran through her stake, finding and staunchly pointing more coveys of quail than the balance of the dogs in the stake, and never making a false point, or flushing a bird, backing on sight and steady to wing and gun—ought she not to find a warm place in any sportsman's heart? None of the coveys she found got up wild, as all were tramped up to her point. She made none of those down wind excusable flushes we read of, or false points where a bird might have been last year, but did her work from beginning to end without an error. I would ask your reporter whether fourteen is the balance of a covey of sixteen, or two the balance of sixteen. Lucy C. had swung around a hill, and not coming in sight, I went to the top of the hill to look for her. On getting to the hill top she was standing, with head and tail up, at least one hundred yards off, out in the field, the birds between her and the fence. In the meantime Howard was working on the birds alongside the fence which flushed not within one hundred yards of the others. The covey before Lucy C. was tramped up and shot at and went over into the slashing. Lucy C. then made a sensational point, with her front feet on the upper side of a log and hindfeet on the ground. Howard being asked to come up to back, pointed one in a pile of brush before reaching Lucy C.; that being tramped out he then came up to where the bitch was pointing and refused to back, going around the brush pile and pointing the same birds. On going over the fence out of the slashing into a pasture field, Lucy C. again pointed a covey. On this covey being flushed they went down in plain sight within the field. Your informant ought to recollect this. As the next two dogs were put down they went direct through their handlers and all, and on returning through them, the birds would stand no more such nonsence, but flushed, and both dogs started after them in a little go-as-you-please race. Those two coveys, with the two your reporter gives her credit for finding when down with Lady Spot, and the one when down with Mingo, Jr., make five coveys to her credit, out of the nine pointed in the Amateur Stake. Lucy C. is not for sale. When I want to find birds she can find them, if they exist and live in the neighborhood. I have used her many a time before to find coveys, and singles for other dogs to work on, but always considered her superior to those which could find nothing for themselves unless taken on marked birds. In many cases the necessity of logs and brush piles is very apparent to getting a point at all, as bare ground does not afford the bird protection enough from being flushed, or caught if it doesn't flush.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONROE, Mich.

## NASHVILLE AWARDS.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 6.—The Nashville show opened this morning with 165 entries. The excellent management and arrangements deserved a better entry and quality of dogs. Among those present are Dr. Van Hummel, Ben Lewis and John Naylor, who are here with some noted dogs. The weather is beautiful but the attendance so far is not encouraging. Judging was commenced at 4 P. M., Messrs. Davidson and Mortimer giving satisfactory awards as follows:

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Jewett's Beauregarde; 2d, Fall's Robert Lee. *Bitches:* 1st, Lewis's Ethel; 2d, Jewett's Winnie B.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Cumberland Kennels' Melac; 2d, Shoquoquon Kennels' Pedro.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Cumberland Kennels' Theseus and Norman; 3d, Brown's Prince Leo. Very high com., Anderson's Sander. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., Cumberland Kennels' Minerva, Phœbe, Charmion and Geller. High com., Shoquoquon Kennels' Jackson's Juno. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Shoquoquon Kennels' Jackson's Juno and Hager's Halka.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Anderson's Casper; 2d, Rahl's Fernwood Bruce, Jr.; 3d, Cumberland Kennels' Count Bruno. Very high com., Kraemer's Sir Harry Bedivere. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Cumberland Kennels' Silvern and Lady Watch; 3d, Mayo's Lady Herbert.—NOVICE—Fernwood Bruce, Jr., Sir Harry Bedivere. SMOOTHS—*Dogs:* 1st, Fulghum & Johnson's Lord Milton; 2d, Cumberland Kennels' Prince Ivo.—NOVICE—The same.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Pollock's Belhus, Jr.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Condon's Surpass, 2d, Whalley's Jumbo. High com., Johnson's Sport. *Bitches:* 2d, Cayce's Nellie Bly.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Anderson's Philos IX. *Bitches:* 2d, Williams's Kaluga; 1st withheld.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Anderson's Master Rich.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Van Hummel's Van Orell; 2d, Williams's Salvator.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Williams's Ranger.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Winslow's Inspiration. Other entries absent, excepting two indifferent puppies.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Smith's Max Noble; 2d, Downington's Benzine. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d and very high com., Shriever's Nettie G., Cleo S. and Cosette.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Shriever's Livingstone. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Shriever's Rosa Bonheur and Glass.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels Seminole. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Edna B.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Rose Sarsfield and Alice Kent.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dixon's Ivanhoe and Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dixon's Duke of Wellington and Duke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dixon's Prince Louise and Dago.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Bennett's Jack; 2d, Bowman's Romeo. *Bitches:* 1st, Patterson's Tess De Urbeville; 2d Bennett's Mate. Very high com., Boman's Juliet.

COLLIES.—Chestnut Hill entries absent. *Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Argyle Kennels' Roslyn Terry and Argyle Mac. *Bitches:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Maud Marion. *Puppies:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Argyle Sandy.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, Argyle Kennels' Argyle Mac and Madcap Bess.

POODLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Lewis's Biglow. *Bitches:* 1st, Dixon's Paris.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Illwis Kennels' Bo'swain. *Bitches:* 1st, Illwis Kennels' Duchess of Parma.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Illwis Kennels' Peckham Lass and Lady Nan.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dole's Bonnie Prince. No other entries.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Manice's Gula Y.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seidel's Fritz. *Bitches:* 1st, Manice's Jessie Victoria.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Middleton Kennels' June M.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Cockrill's Doctor and Deane. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Parthenia; 2d, Cockrill's Susie.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Leinster Kennels' Dixie Tartar; 2d and 3d, Rustic Kennels' Rustic Risk and Risk of Sharon. Very high com., Thompson's Gamester. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Rustic Kennels' Julip. Iolanthe Kennels' entries absent.

WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Rustic Kennels' Pincher.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Withheld; 2d, Connor's Galtces.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Colored Preacher; 2d, Elliott's Ashley Plug. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Elliott's Feather Brain.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Shinn's Sir Stafford.—*Dogs:* 1st, Barr's Sir Thomas.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Oliver's Dick York. *Bitches:* 1st, Oliver's Minnie York.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan. *Bitches:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' English Lady.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Thuss Brothers' Reaper. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Majestic and Carmencita.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Cumberland Kennels' Sprake.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Falls City Kennels' Simple Ben; 2d, Howard Kennels' Duke Howard; 3d, Cumberland Kennels' Comet. High com., Sparks's Link. Com., Schardt's Snip. *Bitches:* 1st, Ballantine's Vega; 2d, Davies's Toadie; 3d, Cumberland Kennels' Bonita. High com., Cumberland Kennels' Goldie. *Puppies:* 1st, Davies's Sprake Pattie.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Central Kennels' Royal Roy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Cumberland Kennels' Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, Cumberland Kennels' Prince.

Best dog owned in Kentucky, pug Simple Ben. Show of Great Danes very good, indeed.

H. W. LACY.

## THE CENTRAL'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE supporters of the popular Central Field Trial Club are already gathering in force. The three judges, Messrs. J. M. Tracy, N. Wallace and W. S. Bell, are here. Also Messrs. J. L. Adams, Louisville; Edward Dexter, J. H. Hunter, Capt. B. F. Fisher, E. H. Osthaus, W. Tallman, V. M. Haldeman, H. Merriam and Major J. M. Taylor. There is also a large attendance of handlers.

The Pointer Derby has thirteen starters, namely, Hempstead Game with Lad of Rush, Croxie O'Bannon, Jingo, Ginger Ale, Hempstead Blossom, Graceful II., Duchess of Highlands, Kent's Maid, Early Dawn, Conscript, Croxie Kent, Lady Peg a bye.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 5.—(*Special to Forest and Stream*).—The Setter Derby has twenty-three starters, namely, Kingston, Brighton Clip, Hope's Mint, Hamlet, Nahmke Alice, Chevalier, Gladstone's Pet, Fan, Clem Gladstone, Cecil II., Dot Rogers, Dick Fox, Bonair, Winnipeg, Maiden Mine, Lochinvar, Nahmke Philip II., Duff, Gaiety, Sir Kent, Rod's Sue, Roger's Spark a bye.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 6.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Pointer Derby decided this morning. Jingo first, Lad of Rush second, Graceful third. Nine heats of the setter Derby were run off. Nahmke Alice was disqualified for being absent when called. Weather pleasant.

B. WATERS.

# DOG CHAT.

### W. K. C. Show of 1893.

We are in a position to deny the rumor in a Western contemporary that the W. K. C. will charge a $10 entry fee and give prizes of $50 and $40 at their coming show. The entry fee will as last year be $5, and there will be no material change in the value of premiums. If any change is made it will be in providing a more liberal classification for some of the terriers, etc. The management intend to bench only on the main floor, and with that end in view the entries will be limited to a certain number. It will therefore be to the interest of those owning good dogs to enter them as early as possible, as the rule will be first come first served.

### Death of Lady Melrose.

We understand that Mr. E. H. Moore's troubles are not yet ended in that, in addition to losing about a dozen puppies and young dogs, the well known Lady Melrose has followed her litter brother to the dog's unknown. This is hard misfortune and enough to break any man's fancier heart. But we know what Mr. Moore is made of and there is little doubt that the owner of the Melrose Kennel will still have to be reckoned with at future shows. Lady Melrose was by champion Ben Lomond out of Recluse and whelped in 1889, and though not shown so often as her litter brother still had a number of prizes to her credit.

We have nothing to do with the trouble that Mr. Eberhart seems to have got into in regard to the pug photograph "mix up" that a contemporary is making so much of, but as showing another side of Al Eberhart's character we publish an extract from a letter written to us by Mr. C. S. Wixom, the well-known beagle and greyhound breeder. In speaking of the photograph affair Mr. Wixom goes on to say: "He [Mr. Eberhart] may be all that 'they' would have us believe but after the treatment I once received at his hands it will take a great deal of proof and argument to make me believe anything crooked of him. If you remember at Cleveland show, 1891, I was not feeling well, and on Friday, the last day of the show, quit after my return to the hall from dinner. I was taken very ill. For my own part I did not expect to leave the building alive. Mr. Eberhart was in the exhibitor's room when I was assisted there by a friend. He soon, with the superintendens's aid, had a physician in attendance. He got permission to have my dogs removed at 4 P.M. He, with Joe Lewis, put my dogs in their crates, procured an express wagon, loaded my dogs and sent them to the depot, got a hack for me, went with me to the hotel, got sleeping car berths made up and saw my dogs on board, etc. Probably I had other friends present who would have done the same, but Al G. Eberhart *did* this for me. We were almost strangers the week previous. Now with this experience staring me in the face I assure you it will be a long time before I believe any intentional wrong on Mr. Eberhart's part. He made a mistake—we all do that, but as for crookedness, I do not believe it possible with the generous, big-hearted whole-souled fellow. Put me down as a firm friend always of 'square deal' Eberhart."

Dogs have more than once played important roles in the detection of crime. We remember years ago that a brutal crime was brought home to a man in Blackburn, England, through the agency of a half-breed hound who tracked a murdered child to a chimney where the murderer had stuffed portions of its body. The recent Althorp horror in England affords another instance where a hound's intelligence and keen nose led to the discovery of the hidden remains of a young woman who had been murdered. The dog belongs to a whip of the Pitchley hounds, one of the principal packs in England. Two days before the discovery the whip was riding past a ditch accompanied by his dog when he noticed the dog suddenly stop and jump about in a most unusual manner whining piteously. Having no suspicion of the truth he called the dog off and thought no more of the incident. Two days after he rode past the same place, again accompanied by the dog who as before showed similar signs of distress. Still the man did not attach any importance to it at the time, but on thinking the matter over when he returned home, he thought probably there might be something there and to make sure informed a laborer of the occasion, who, on going to the ditch discovered the poor girl's body wrapped in a sack.

Dr. William Jarvis, the well-known Irish setter breeder, went South last Monday week and will do his winter's quail shooting at Blacksburg, N. C., putting up at Cherokee Inn. He will then be within easy reach of the Irish setter trials, which take place in a couple of weeks at Lexington, N. C.

Mr. A. F. Satto, Jr., who advertises some trained setters in this week's issue, is giving up his kennel owing to his removal to Denver or Chicago first of the new year, speaks very highly of his pointer and Irish setter's abilities in the field, especially the former, and over whom, (which he terms a meat dog) he has shot thousands of quail, chicken, snipe and woodcock, and is particularly good both on bevies and singles.

The stud book number of Rush of Lad, whose purchase by Messrs W. H. Windle and A. F. Hochwalt we noted last week, is 15,921. His sire was champion Lad of Bow.

Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., of this city, has just purchased by cable three St. Bernards from Mr. George Booth, of Hull, known as the owner of Lady Gladwin and Marquis of Ripon. They are Kingstonian Count (Scottish Prince—Septima), standing 34in. at shoulder, weight 200lbs., and having a large, massive, typical head (29in. around skull, 18in. around the muzzle); Kingstonian Beauty (Lord Bute—Altonella), 29½in. at shoulder, 165lbs., winner of five firsts in three shows, and Kingstonian Countess (Scottish Prince—Lady Glen), 29in. at shoulder, winner of first at Birkenhead '92, and second at Kennel Club show, London, in the same class where Kingstonian Beauty took first. They will be shipped from Hull by the Wilson line next Saturday.

### A GOOD COURSING COUNTRY.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I shall be extremely obliged if you will permit me, through the medium of your paper, to inform the members and all sportsmen interested in the American Coursing Club that recently while attending the coursing meeting of the Mitchell Kennel Club I made a very careful inspection of their ground and also elicited information which in my opinion will prove exceedingly beneficial in reaching the very acme of perfection in coursing; and, I may add, that I consider the grounds there better than any I have ever seen in England or America. The chief points to be noted are, jacks are plentiful, larger than the Kansas jack and give the dogs a much better opportunity of showing their ability than they get at Great Bend. The soil, too, is of such a nature that I will guarantee no dog in running a course will lose a pad or a toenail, as was frequently the case at all Great Bend meetings.

Barbed wire and all other fences are conspicuous by their entire absence for thirty miles.

Having given our four-footed friends due attention I will proceed with the facilities offered to ourselves.

The Mitchell Kennel Club Association, of Mitchell, South Dakota, has a fine club house situated about four miles from Mitchell, which will be placed at the disposal of the coursing gentlemen by the kindness of Mr. P. E. Page. It is fitted throughout with hot and cold water, with bath rooms and every other accommodations. There are also two large rooms which could be used for dogs and horses.

I consider that Mitchell would be a good place to hold the International Coursing meeting of 1893, as it is within easy distance of Chicago, which in all probability foreign competitors will make their rendezvous.

The Mitchell Kennel Club will contribute $500 to the International Stake, which tends to show that they are in every way prepared to entertain and encourage this great and growing sport in America.

I trust that this will have the approbation of all coursing gentlemen, and that the offer of the Mitchell Kennel Club will meet with due appreciation. ARTHUR MASSEY.

GREAT BEND, Kan.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

L. O. B., Gladstone, N. J.—I have a pointer pup that has small boils that discharge matter on his head and parts of his body. What can I do for him? Ans. Treat for worms. Apply boracic acid ointment to the boils.

G. A. F., Arlington, Mass.—We do not know of any Scotch staghound; we presume you mean deerhound, located anywhere near Savannah, Ga. If you will communicate with Mr. John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., he may be able to advise you, as it is possible he may have shipped one so far South.

H. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Is there a breed of dogs known as retrievers? Ans. Yes, but there are very few owned in this country, there being no demand for them. In England, however, where pointers and setters are not, as a rule taught to retrieve, these dogs are almost invariably used to bring in the dead birds. There are two divisions of the breed, curly-coated and smooth, and they form important classes at the dog shows in England.

W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—My setter dog is 13 years of age, and is getting very hard of hearing. He scratches his ears now and then a little; have looked in the ear, but see nothing. I noticed it about three months ago. Is it age? Is in good health. Ans. Put a few drops of the following lotion into the ears twice a day. At the end of a week syringe ears and thoroughly cleanse with warm water and alcohol (2 parts to 1);

| | |
|---|---|
| Ung. hyd. nit. | ʒ i. |
| Ol. amygd. | ʒ i. |

Mix. Use as directed.

R. A. R., New York city.—Can you give in your next issue a remedy for a weeping eye in a St. Bernard dog? Also what is a good regular diet for one about 10 months old and a kennel dog? Ans. Try the following lotion:

| | |
|---|---|
| Zinci sulph. | ℈i. |
| Tr. opii | ʒ ii. |
| Aq. ad. | ℥ vi. |

Lotion.

Apply four or five times a day with a piece of sponge. Bread and meat or dog crackers with a little meat.

G. R. R., Rutland, Vt.—Please give me the pedigree, as far as you know it, of a mastiff bitch, Quakeress, owned and registered by G. S. Roberts, of Vergennes, Vt., some years ago. Ans. Quakeress (A. K. R. 4,374), fawn bitch, whelped Feb. 17, 1886. Breeder, Miss Walker, Bristol, England. Owner, Mr. George S. Roberts, Vergennes, Vt. By Slatter's Prince Imperial out of Penultima, by Young King II. (Young King, E. 8,426—Madeline) out of Julia, by Young King (E. 8,426) out of Ball's Juliet. Slatter's Prince Imperial, by Crown Prince (The Emperor—Merlin) out of Idalia, by Dixie's Turk out of Brenda. You must send to American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, N. Y. city, for registration blank. The fee for registering is $1.

J. H. M., San Angelo, Texas.—Your valuable publication comes to our club. I have a setter bitch, about six months old, that seems perfectly healthy except that she seems weak in the loins. Her bowels seem in good fix and she eats heartily, but occasionally has a little fever. Just a little run seems to weaken her loins and makes her run sideways. If you can give me an idea of diagnosis and treatment you will greatly oblige. Ans. Treat for worms and then give the following mixture:

| | |
|---|---|
| Syr. hypophosp. co. | ʒ iv. |
| Tr. nucis vom. | ʒ ii. |
| Aq. ad. | ʒ viii. |

Mist.

Give one dessertspoonful three times a day.

W. J. D., Analomink, Pa.—Will you kindly tell me what to do for a spaniel which I think has canker of the ear. He is scratching his ears a great deal and also shaking his head. When he scratches his ears as if the trouble was deep in. I notice no discharge from his ears, although there is noticeable at times a sour smell, though not very strong. Sometimes the outside of his ear feels hot, but that is not very often. Otherwise he is in first-class condition. Ans. Give a dose of Epsom salts and pour a little of following lotion into the ear twice a day:

| | |
|---|---|
| Liq. plumbi sub acet. | ʒ iii. |
| Acid carbolic | mxv. |
| Glycerine | ʒ iss. |
| Aq. ad. | ʒ iii. |

Mix. Lotio.

B. GLADSTONE, New York City.—I have a young English setter, by Breeze Gladstone, who is about 1½ years old. Recently two warts have appeared on the loins. They are quite large and separated like the petals of a flower. Can you tell me how to remove them, or if wise to do so. Also, ever since I have had him (nearly a year) the top of his nose has been dry and rough, almost cracked at times. Is this as it should be? He is kept on table scraps and has a warm house filled with straw. I keep him indoors till bedtime and this cold weather he is not anxious to go out to his house. Is it harmful to do so or does it make him more susceptible to cold? Ans. Remove warts with a pair of scissors and then cauterize with nitrate of silver. The nose is probably the result of distemper and will always remain so. It is not harmful to keep him out of doors.

# Yachting.

IN view of the expressed determination of that portion of the New York Y. C. which created the new deed of gift to stand by the document to the last, and of the equally positive protest of foreign clubs against the deed as unfair and illegal, it has long been evident that a race would be possible only through the back-down of one party or the other, in short, the process commonly known as "eating crow."

Unlike the recent political disturbances of a seismitic nature, in which one party did all the laughing while the other sat at the table with wry faces and upturned noses, the repast in the present case has been a joint banquet at which the New York Y. C. has crossed legs under the mahogany with Lord Dunraven and the Royal Yacht Squadron.

As might have been expected, the shrewd framers of the new deed, though unable to utterly decline the invitation, have secured much the best of the bargain, and have been able to choose the comparative tidbits and less objectionable portions, leaving the bones and unsavory carcass to their august opponents.

As regards the New York Y. C., it in the first place assures a race for the America Cup, of which it is this year greatly in need. In the second place this race is sailed under the new deed of gift. These two points alone would be no small victory for the astute diplomats of the club, but their triumph is more marked by the fact that the challenger is the same Royal Yacht Squadron which three years since denounced the new deed and its sponsors.

ON its side the New York Y. C. makes several "generous concessions;" it for the first time in the history of the Cup distinctly recognizes the right of a challenger to a mutual agreement, and in connection with this agreement it binds itself not to outbuild a challenger. These two points are very important ones, long since called for in common fairness, but denied to former challengers. With them go two trivial ones, the granting of five races in place of three and the starting according to Lord Dunraven's suggestions.

AS TO the Royal Yacht Squadron, in challenging under the new deed, which is exactly what it has done in spite of all alluring offers and verbal intricacies, it has completely deserted the stand which it took in 1889, it admits the legal right of the New York Y. C. to impose any conditions to govern the Cup, and it accepts such conditions with one exception as fair. Not only has it swallowed the bigger share of the bird with good grace, but by way of *pousse café*, it has, at the dictation of the New York Y. C., promptly and humbly withdrawn all disagreeable allusions to former deeds which might in any way reflect on the present one.

In return it gets something and nothing; it is allowed to challenge without disclosing other dimensions than the waterline, and it has a guarantee against outbuilding both important points. The waiving of the ten months' notice amounts to little, as Lord Dunraven gave all necessary notice in August, and could easily have given a full year if his challenge had been immediately accepted.

So far as the formal document governing the Cup is concerned the R. Y. S. must, in the event of winning, hold the Cup under the new deed, as the New York Y. C. has in no way bound itself to execute any new paper in handing over the Cup. It is true that the R. Y. S. need not exact all dimensions from a future challenger, but neither would it have been compelled to do so had it accepted the new deed in toto from the start. As concerns the prime conditions governing the Cup, they are as laid down in the new deed and cannot be otherwise without the formal alteration of that instrument by the New York Y. C.

Lord Dunraven's position in the matter is a most curious one. That he is a man of more than average ability as a writer and thinker is proved by his recent articles on yachting, as well as by his reputation outside of the sport. He poses just now as the patron of international racing, anxious to secure its resumption on a fair and permanent basis, and he has just published an article on the abstract conditions of the subject. At the same time he proclaims again, as he did three years since, his utter inability to form an opinion on the one vital point which has been in dispute for five years, the legality and fairness of the new deed. He is capable of treating most minutely of every petty detail of starting races, but in the one great issue his mind is a blank. We leave it to our readers to reconcile his acceptance of the terms of the New York Y. C. with the following extract from his article, published last week:

"Though no other expression of their views was sent by any other British club to the New York Y. C., there is no doubt whatever that the Royal London Club expressed the universal opinion of yachting clubs and yachting men in the United Kingdom. *No challenge ever has been made or ever will be made under the terms of that deed.*"

WHILE we have never shared the opinions of Lord Dunraven and some American yachtsmen as to the desirability of the 90ft. cutter class, and its permanency in the event of continued international racing, we believe that fair and free racing for the America Cup will be of the greatest benefit to both sides. At the same time we have no confidence in the permanent resumption of the sport on such a basis of misunderstanding and temporary agreements as underlies the present negotiations.

OWNERS of prospective cup defenders are almost as numerous as the members of Mr. Cleveland's new cabinet. Among them are Com. Gerry, Vice-Com. Morgan, C. O. Iselin E. M. Fulton, Jr., R. S. Palmer, Archibald Rogers, Henry Bryant, and one or two syndicates.

LORD DUNRAVEN falls into serious error in assuming that the America Cup was given by Messrs. Stevens and their colleagues to be raced for by one vessel against a fleet, as it was originally won; the first deed of gift mentions explicitly a mutual agreement as the proper basis for a match; the conditions laid down being operative only after the failure to reach a mutual greement, and even in them there is nothing that gives color to the right to put the fleet in defense. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ashbury had a better legal right to a mutual agreement under the first deed than Lord Dunraven has under the third, the mutual agreement clause in the latter being subordinate to the clause dictating exactly and definitely the method of challenging.

THE opinion of the rating rule expressed by the designers is on the whole a very favorable one, and a justification of the action of the Y. R. A. in originally adopting it. The testimony is practically unanimous as to the excellence of the boats first built under the rule, and though it is admitted that the later boats are decidedly inferior, it has not been proved that all of their faults are directly attributable to the rule. Light construction, one of the disadvantages of the later craft, would have come before this under almost any rule; while the bulb or fin-keel would have been just as successful, in fact more so, under the old Thames or the 1730 rule. It must be remembered that these and other evils against which yachtsmen cry out today, and which are urged as good grounds for the change of one rule or another, are merely due to super-refinement in yachting, and would have come just the same under any ordinary rule. The bad results which many deplore have by no means been located as definitely attributable to the length and sail area rules.

MR. WATSON'S remarks on the value of overhang and the actual shortening of the loadline corroborate the opinion expressed by us on the advent of Gloriana, that her superiority lay in the peculiar form of the diagonals rather than in the fact that her stem ran out to a fine point of so many feet actual overhang.

THE British designers have made a curious error in regard to Harpoon, setting her down as a bulb keel boat, and crediting her with the defeat of Wasp. However much the old Beatrix was improved by her heavy board of 3½ tons, she was not the equal of Wasp, taking a place between that boat and Gloriana. As the representative of a distinctive type, Harpoon is in many ways more of a ship than the fin-keel.

### A New Valkyrie.

THE new challenger, as is announced by Lord Dunraven, will be a steel cutter, designed by Watson, presumably built by the Hendersons, and named Valkyrie. She will be about 85ft. l.w.l.

## The Y. R. A. Measurement Conference.

THE evidence of Messrs. Watson, Clayton, Soper, Fife, Richardson, Payne, Nicholson and Risdale, given before the Council of the Y. R. A. at the meeting of Oct. 25, is too lengthy to reprint in full, but portions of it are highly interesting to Americans in view of the similarity of the Y. R. A. and Seawanhaka rules, and in particular of the fact that the Herreshoff fin keels appear to be the main disturbing element, though in reality but little more extreme than many of the smaller British yachts.

The following letters and notes give a very good idea of the origin and scope of the inquiry, and of the ideas of the designers:

The following letter was issued to the yacht designers by direction of the Council of the Yacht Racing Association:

SEPT. 27, 1892.

DEAR SIR—I am directed by the Council to ask you to be good enough to state your views, as concisely as possible, on the working of the existing rule for the rating of yachts; and the probable effect of the rule on yachts and yacht racing should it remain in operation longer than its assigned period of seven years.

If you suggest any alteration to the existing rule, please be good enough to state, as shortly as possible, your reasons for making the alteration, and what you consider will be the effect of the alteration.

Please let me have your reply on or before Oct. 12 next.

I am, etc., faithfully yours, DIXON KEMP, Secretary.

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The replies are as follows:

108 WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW, Oct. 11, 1892.

*Dixon Kemp, Esq., Sec. Y.R.A., London:*

DEAR SIR—I herewith enclose two or three copies of the joint note which was drawn up at the meeting of yacht designers in London on Thursday last. We were all really unanimous on the subject, and felt that some modification would need to be made in the rule, so as (in the lower classes at least) to get more body. We shall all of us be very pleased to give the members of the Council any further assistance in our power should they require it. Meanwhile, I am yours very truly, G. WATSON.

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PRIVATE.—For the use of the Council of the Y. R. A.

LANGHAM HOTEL, LONDON, Oct. 6, 1892.

We (C. P. Clayton, William Fife, Jr., Charles Nicholson, Arthur E. Payne, H. W. Ridsdale, Joseph Soper, and G. L. Watson) have met together for the consideration of the questions put before us in the circular of the Council of the Y. R. A., dated September 27, 1892.

We have considered that, besides the saving in time to the Council and to ourselves, it would be more satisfactory for many reasons to have such a preliminary meeting for interchange of ideas on the important issues raised in this circular, and we trust that this course of action will be approved of by the Council. We may state that we are practically unanimous in the opinions hereinafter expressed, the only exception being on the one point of taxing overhang, Mr. Ridsdale feeling that he could not go with the majority in this.

We would, then, most respectfully submit to your Council that, as designers of racing yachts, we have no desire whatever to interfere with the present rating rule. It has the merit of being the existing rule, and is a perfectly fair one for racing yachts together by, as indeed is any rule whatsoever, so far as designers are concerned, provided its conditions are clearly stated beforehand. But as naval architects, and if we may be permitted to say so, as trustees for the yachting public, we think it our duty to point out any deteriorating tendency in a rule. We cannot help fearing that the present length ank sail area rule has such a tendency, and is leading if it has not already led, to an unwholesome type of boat.

We take it that the general yachting public require in a yacht, that she shall be safe in all conditions of wind and weather; that she shall combine the maximum of room on deck and below, with the minimum of prime cost; and that she shall be driven as fast as may be with the least expenditure of labor, *i.e.*, that she shall have a moderate and workable sail area. Therefore, as but few men can afford to build for racing, and for racing only, and that as the racer of to-day is the cruiser of a few years hence, any rating rule should by its limitations encourage such a wholesome type of vessel.

On the above assumptions we have based our advice, and it is for your Council, as representing the general body of yachtsmen, to determine whether these assumptions are correct or not.

We are all agreed, then, that the present length and sail area rule is a most admirable one for classification and regulation of time allowance of racing yachts. But we are also of opinion that the tendency of this rule is such as to induce a vessel of so large dimensions, relative to displacement and internal capacity (*i.e.*, the useful room on board the ship) that it is advisable to so alter or modify this rule that a type of vessel having more body may be evolved.

We suggest that length and sail area (as being the leading elements in speed) should be preserved in some form, but modified so as to make it to the interest of builders to produce a bigger bodied boat.

The direct method of doing this would be to introduce displacement or register tonnage in some way, as a divisor in the formula, but we foresee so many difficulties in the practical working of this that we are not prepared to advise it.

By taxing breadth and draft, or alternatively, girth, and by reducing the rax on sail, we think this result may be arrived at indirectly. As to the precise value that each element should take in such a formula, we at this stage are not prepared to venture an opinion.

The above on the general principles of the rule.

But we also feel that the details of measurement, etc., require revision.

On the Hull. The overhang, at least forward, should be taxed, as it may be carried to such an extent as to be a source of danger, but it need not be taxed excessively or to extinction.

The L.W.L. should be marked forward and aft.

Should girth or draft be used in the formula in centerboard vessels, some proportion of the drop of board should be added, and a limit should be placed on the weight of the board.

In the smaller classes at least, the crews should be limited.

On the sails. The perpendicular of fore triangle should be measured from top of deck to where the line of luff of sail would cut mast.

That the question of limiting the relative area of mainsail to total sail in the various classes be considered.

Mr. Alexander Richardson, of Liverpool, was unable to be present at this meeting, but this note has been submitted to him, and receives his endorsation.

NOTES OF CONFERENCE OF YACHT DESIGNERS.

OCTOBER 6, 1892.

I. Conference of Naval Architects at Langham Hotel, October 6, to answer Y. R. A. Circular, September 27. All thought this Conference advisable, and that it would strengthen the Y. R. A.

Result of Conference sent Y. R. A. October 11.

II. It was unanimously agreed to at at this meeting:

(1) That one measuring rule is as good as another for class or time allowance racing,

(2) That the value of a rule depends upon the type of vessel the rule tends to produce.

(3) That under the Y. R. A. rule the first productions, viz: "Dragon," "Deerhound," etc., were good.

(4) That all later productions have been gradually deteriorating.

(5) That if obliged to continue designing under the rule, and produce more speed, that productions will be still worse.

(6) There was a general desire for a rule that would tend towards the production of vessels with more compact dimensions, and with more proportionate displacement or register tonnage, viz., larger vessels.

(7) No combined attempt was made to scheme out a rule that would produce this result; firstly, because they were not asked to do so; and, secondly, because there was no time to do so. They simply advised that beam and depth or girth should be considered in the formula. That sail area might also be taxed, but not to the extent of the present rule, and all agreed that unlimited sail area tended towards big displacement.

III. Re defective details in present rule. Head sails, marking L.W.L., etc.

IV. Objectionable qualities produced under present rule:

(1) Excessive draught.
(2) Fin and bulb keels.
(3) Small registered tonnage to dimensions.
(4) Weak construction.
(5) Overhangings, specially forward.
(6) Mast in bow and big mainsails.

Taken in detail, objectionable:

(1) Excessive draught, objected to under 1730 rule, but worse and very objectionable in this.

(2) Fin and bulb keels, three-quarters, and more than three-quarters of draught going into steel fin, or hanging lead fin; bad for grounding; source of weakness, no body. The "Wee Win," has 7 inches depth of body; "Wenonah," about 16 inches. The 35 feet "Herreshoff" craft, built for Alexander (?) Morgan, in 1892, has 2 feet depth of body. The C.B. boat "Beatrice," having being fitted with bulb fin, beat "Wasp" and "Gloriana." This points to something of the sort being necessary in our 20 rating class, if not in larger vessels.

Nothing else likely to succeed in the smaller classes.

Compare the 35-feet "Morgan" boat to "Eclipse." What is she as a vessel?

(3) Small registered tonnage, decreasing in all classes. If it continues, there will not be 5 feet head room in a 40-rater, and generally small cabin space,

(4) Weak construction; dimensions are increasing, and displacement decreasing. The girth of mid section has increased in all classes, viz., about 2½ feet in the 2½ class, up to 6 feet in the 40 class.

Mid sections under the old rule were compact, with strength in their shape. Modern sections with straggling dimensions, due to unrestricted beam and draught. Hollow in shape, with deep hanging keels, and mast forward, a long way ahead of lead keel straining vessel.

Compare Lloyd's numerals on old-fashioned vessels, and compare same to numerals of modern vessels. (Such numerals are a fair test for real size.)

For Lloyd's numerals the length is taken stem to stern-post on deck, beam extreme, with the half girth of mid section.

If there is much counter, part of this length is added:

The ever all lengths—L.W.L. length—of same yachts are as follows: "Wee Winn" (18 feet 6 inches L.W.L.), 23 feet 9 inches overall; "Wenonah" (25 feet L.W.L.), 38 feet over all; "Dacia," 33 feet 8 inches L.W.L., 48 feet overall; "Herreshoff," 35 feet L.W.L. boat, 52 feet over all; "Gloriana," 72 feet over all, 46 feet L.W.L.

This over all can only be used to advantage in vessels of small middle body.

Lloyd's numerals in such vessels are enormous in proportion to displacement or register tonnage; large deck area to cover with planking, and large side to cover with planking. Generally no margin of displacement to cover this, and so the tendency is towards weak construction.

All agreed that building to a Lloyd's class, or under some regulated range of scantlings was not advisable, as the strength of a vessel did so much depend upon the sizes of scantlings, as upon the way they were put together.

V. Overhangs. All agreed that overhang forward was a source of danger. Three N.A.'s spoke of having been in doubt of their own boats giving out in a seaway when in them; they thump heavily in a head sea.

It was generally agreed that counters might be left alone.

Mr. Fife had some proposal for preventing excessive overhang, which Mr. Watson thought might be sufficient.

Mr. Watson however proposes, × cosine of angle of stem to L.W.L. by ½ freeboard. Add this forward where angle was less than 45°, and aft where less than 15°; *i.e.*, add the excess to length. (See letter.)

Mr. Clayton thinks it best to leave counters alone, as not dangerous as long as mast stands, and there is way on the boat, and allow 23° forward; anything under to be added to L.W.L., at the rate of 1 inch per degree, *i.e.*, 33°, 5 inches, and 20°, 15 inches. He thinks 15 inches, as it affects speed and sail area, of equal value in craft of all sizes.

VI. Bow, mast, and top-sail rig. Fit and proper in craft of 5 rating and under, but objectionable in 10 rating. Mr. Fyfe spoke against this in "Doreen." Mr. Payne had been asked to design two-sail 20 rater. All agreed a most objectionable rig, expensive to work, etc.

VII. All agreed that the interests of designers and owners were identical; that changing rules of measuring meant hanging up work. All prepared to go on designing under any rule, but thinking bad productions would ultimately affect racing boats; as such boats were soon out-classed, and unless after racing for cruising, etc. Designers wishing to act honestly towards their employers, wished that they should clearly understand what sort of craft they might expect if the Y. R. A. rule is continued.

VIII. All agreed that it would take several days to make a new rule. Designers more used to evade than manufacture rules of measurement, and said, if a new rule made, each ought to scheme out under it what he thought best, and also give his imagination scope in thinking out what somebody else might produce.

Agreed designers ought to criticise any new rule *in all its details*, so as to obtain, if possible, something perfect to start with and complete; alterations afterwards are objectionable.

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MORLEY'S HOTEL, Nov. 8, 1892.

*To the Yacht Racing Association Measurement Committee, London:*

GENTLEMEN—We understand that you do not consider our letter of October 6 sufficiently answered the questions put in your circular letter of September 27, and that you expected us to formulate some rating rule instead of the present one. We cannot see that your letter bears this interpretation.

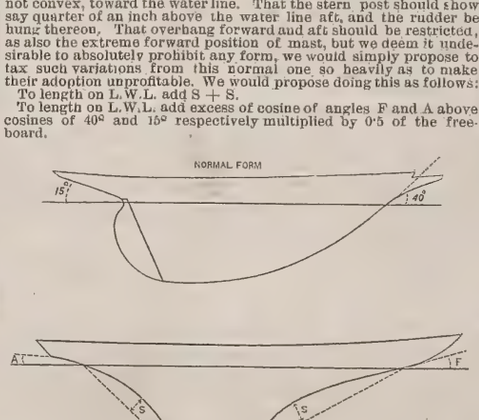
Our opinions, as expressed in that letter of October 6, practically remain unaltered; but so far as we are able to interpret the wishes of yacht owners, as stated in the public prints, and more especially as expressed by your Chairman and majority of your Committee, we now take it that speed, and speed before other good qualities, is what is to be aimed at.

We consequently withdraw any suggestions made in that letter as having been made under a misapprehension as to your requirements.

But while it may be determined to retain a length and sail area rule, either in its present or in some slightly altered form, we would most respectfully suggest that at least in the classes above 5-rating (if, indeed, a lower line should not be drawn), that the tendency toward abnormal and unshipshape form should be curbed in some way. The main direction in which we would propose such limitation in form would be in the outline of longitudinal section, and we would suggest that this should be bound by a fair line, concave, or at least not convex, toward the water line. That the stern post should show say quarter of an inch above the water line aft, and the rudder be hung thereon. That overhang forward and aft should be restricted, as also the extreme forward position of mast, but we deem it undesirable to absolutely prohibit any form, we would simply propose to tax such variations from this normal one so heavily as to make their adoption unprofitable. We would propose doing this as follows:

To length on L.W.L. add S + S.

To length on L.W.L. add excess of cosine of angles F and A above cosines of 40° and 15° respectively multiplied by 0·5 of the freeboard.




Where the mast is forward of the limit as per following table, such distance to be added to length on L.W.L.

In 10 raters or the equivalent corrected length from foreside mast to fore end of water line not less than ·3 of L.W.L.; in 20-raters, ·31; in 40-raters, ·32; above 40-raters, ·35.

We would further submit for your consideration the advisability of altering the relative value of sail and length by adoption of the Seawanhaka Rule, rating of course, by corrected length, in which event these length ratings might be arranged somewhat as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 40 | Rating, | 60 ft. | corrected length. | |
| 20 | " | 48 " | " | " |
| 10 | " | 39 " | " | " |
| 5 | " | 32 " | " | " |
| 2·5 | " | 26 " | " | " |
| 1 | " | 19 " | " | " |
| ·5 | " | 15 " | " | " |

We would advise that all existing boats should be allowed to race without restriction.

G. L. WATSON.
C. P. CLAYTON.
WILLIAM FIFE, JR.
C. E. NICHOLSON.
ARTHUR E. PAYNE.
J. M. SOPER.

RIDER.

I do not go with the majority in putting restrictions on the form of the vertical longitudinal section, either above or below the water line.

On all other points I entirely agree with present report.

H. WHEATLEY RIDSDALE.

The examination of each designer by the committee developed considerable divergence of opinion over details; the designers one and all expressed themselves as unable to suggest without further study a really satisfactory rule, though several rather crude suggestions were made. The following extracts cover some of the more important points touched upon:

Now, inasmuch as you have pointed out to us in your letter the danger of the heavy overhang, what would you suggest to get rid of that which you consider a dangerous element—the excessive overhang? I have given that some consideration, and I have had one or two proposals, and I think probably the best way of limiting it would be to tax the angle that the stem and ridge of counter make with the load waterline. The useful part of overhang is near the water, and my suggestion would be to multiply the co-sine of this angle by half the freeboard and add it to the length. That would be, as it were, take the mean length of the length above, and the length on the waterline.

That would be equivalent to taxing about how much of the overhang? Half of it. The useful bit of your overhang is pretty near the water. I would multiply the co-sine of that angle by half the freeboard. I should be inclined to allow an angle of 45°, and tax anything under that.

You take it it is important it should be taxed in some way? Yes.

Sir G. Leach—Will you explain, Mr. Watson, how the overhang becomes the serious danger you say it is. Is it weakness of construction? It leads with shallow-bodied boats to flat sections that hammer in a sea-way.

When she lists over then she throws the side of the overhang as it were against the sea? Yes, and it becomes a bottom as it were and strikes the sea with terrible force.

Is it likely if the overhang is only useful for a very short distance up that constructors would give very long overhangs? Yes, especially in the smaller classes.

Then it must be useful? Yes, it is decidedly useful.

Even beyond what you at first said? No, that would about make it; a man would debate as to whether he used overhang or not.

If it is no use, he would not extend the overhang to a dangerous extent? Not if it was of no use. As if he felt that useful as it was, he was paying too dear for it in length.

That being the case, are the builders likely to extend the overhang very much? If the shorter overhang is sufficient for useful purposes, why should they extend it to any great length? What you want to tax is the flatness of the angle of the stem with the water. I have seen boats thrash the sea in a very ugly way, and Mr. Fife spoke very strongly of having sailed on board a boat which he thought was going to break up, she struck the water so fiercely. I was suggesting an angle of 45°, as permitting you to make a nice looking bow, and being as much as was useful in a seaway, but not as much as is useful for speed, provided you could get it for nothing.

There was no difficulty in constructing it strong? When we knock the bow of a boat in we shall probably make the next one stronger.

You can make it stronger? Yes; but putting breasthooks in the bow of a boat does not improve her seaworthiness.

Would there be any difficulty in taking that angle in practice. If that was going to be the only measurement the least little change of waterline would immediately alter the tangent? There would be great quarreling.

Mr. Dixon Kemp—A correction for the angle would be made with every measurement? You could easily take a height at a distance out.

The Chairman—I take it you did not propose to interfere with it aft? I think it is as necessary to tax it aft as forward. I would put a minimum angle aft.

What angle would you put aft? I think it was 15° or 16°. I would limit the angle to what would be the extreme flatness of a good-looking stern, and if a man wanted to make anything particularly ugly let him pay for it.

Do you think overhang improves a boat's chance for speed except in so far as it dodges the waterline? I think it does; in a seaway she goes drier and more buoyantly.

It is not entirely due to being able to crib a little length on the measured length of the load waterline? When a boat makes waves under the lee bow she meets an easier ribbon.

The Chairman—She gains more in speed than she gains in length.

Mr. G. B. Thompson—I wanted to know whether it was the load waterline or the bow? I do not think you lengthen the load waterline at all, but it makes an easier ribbon line.

Mr. Prestcott Westcar—Do you think it would be sufficient if a tax were put on forward of so much per cent. of the load waterline? If you have a certain amount of overhang allowed, that is the kind of stern you would get (sketching a counter cut off). I have no objection to it except that it is abominably ugly.

Mr. Baden Powell—You have talked about the useful bit of length, and you have told us practically it is what may be immersed when she is sailing? No: there is really very little immersed when she is sailing in smooth water at least.

Then what is it useful for? Why do you call it useful? You say it is owing to this low piece of overhang you meet the water at a better angle? Yes, an easier angle.

That ought to make a better sea boat? Yes, when used in moderation.

That is a question of section. I am talking of the angle at which the stem (it is probably the keel) comes out of the water. The angle at which it comes out is useful in that it catches the water better? Yes, you meet it at an easier angle.

An therefore it must give the boat better sea-going powers? It lets her get through the water easier

Would there be any objection to the useful piece of overhang, supposing that the load waterline were marked, and that marks were bound to be kept above water in smooth water when she was lying still. Would there be any objection to that overhang? Limiting it, do you mean?

Supposing the load waterline had to be marked and the marks kept above water, would there be any objection to having any length of overhang? Yes, a man is bound to keep his marks above water or he would be over the rating.

But he has no water marks? If he has a conscience he has.

Taking that as the load waterline when at still water that would be above the water. When he is at speed he immerses that. Do you think that is objectionable? Not so objectionable aft.

But you think, supposing he were to have the same sort of bow, it would be objectionable? Yes.

Why? Because if you have a flat bow you are bound to have more or less flat section unless you have an extremely deep, narrow boat, and then there becomes no objection whatever.

Then it amounts to this, that it is a question of section, whether it is a bad thing or a good thing? It is a combination of the great overreach and the section.

The overhang is weight and windage? Yes.

Those are both dead against overhang? Yes.

The Chairman—Now the next subject is the centerboard. You think some limit should be placed on the centerboard. How would you propose to do that? According to the rating of the vessel. It would not want to be the same proportion in a big ship that it would be in a little ship. It would want to be a sliding scale. A rule could be very easily devised for that.

You think it would be desirable to have such a rule? I would certainly limit it, especially if we limit draft of water.

Sir G. Leath—Is it your idea that the centerboard should be merely a centerboard and not ballast? I think it should be limited to a reasonable workable weight. In a metal plate you would get a smooth working thing, and you can make a nice clean fit in the keel. Let it be a tenth of the rating in small classes and less as you come up.

Major Willan—I understood you to object to my proposal to limit the overhang because it was grandmotherly. Would this not be equally grandmotherly? Well, it might.

Mr. Baden-Powell—If you must limit the weight of a board in the first place, how are you to get at the weight. Supposing the case is down below the cabin floor? I think we are all sufficiently honest for that. If a builder declares it is a certain weight I think we may take that.

Assuming it was fixed, would not that drive men at once to give up the centerboard boat which could go into shoal water and go in for bulb keel boats—are not you limiting that most useful type of boat because it would only affect the small boat? My idea was to give a pretty generous boat.

If you limit it, you advise a man not to have a centerboard but a bulb keel, when he can carry what weight he likes. It would be a great tax on the measurers to have to consider the centerboard? You would have to ask him show me the weight of your board.

I should like to ask you what your objection to the weighted centerboard is? You go to such an expense in the structure of the boat.

Do you think a weighted centerboard require more expensive structure than a fin with a lead bulb at the bottom of it? Yes; I am inclined to think so.

It has nothing to do with the trouble of working it well, the winch or whatever it is? Men always want to save trouble.

That is a secondary consideration? Yes.

Mr. Manning—I think if Mr. Watson would consider that question and make any suggestion by which the boats could be properly built it would be very valuable. Even now there are boats built which in a month are leaking like a sieve, and probably that has led to the outcry about the unserviceable nature of the boats, especially in the small class? It would be an extremely difficult boat to do much in. For instance, the Winonah has probably a lighter hull than any of the 2½ raters, but is as tight as a bottle, and stands any amount of hammering about; but she is built with a double skin.

That answer rather emphasizes my point that it is very desirable that some authority (you say Lloyd's is impossible) should exist to see that the boats built for racing are scientifically built? Then you come to the man of moderate means again. Is he to be debarred from racing altogether?

Do you consider that the difference in cost of the hull of a boat very lightly built, and yet strong enough to keep tight, is increased over one that is thrown together in the most unscientific way? Every

pound you lighten the structure of a boat, and at the same time preserve the strength, costs money.

I happen to have had shown to me estimates for ½-raters, 1-raters, and 2½ and 5-raters, by a builder in America, built in what is called first and second class of building, and I was surprised to find that the extra cost of production at his place was not very much in excess of the price charged by some of our builders for what I call baskets and sieves, notwithstanding the fact that, as we know, labor is a much more expensive item in America. I hope the committee will pardon me for trespassing so long, but this is an important question, and we should be very gratified to you if you could devise some means by which good boats and strongly built boats could be insured? I will give it my consideration.

Mr. Clayton expressed an opinion that the bulb-keel would be the only successful type in sizes under 50 ft. l. w. l., and favored a rule with limitations on hull only, and leaving sail unrestricted. Mr. Payne favored a tax on forward overhangs, but not aft, and further expressed his opinion that in attempting a new boat to beat his 40 rater Corsair, he would be compelled to turn out a less desirable craft in all respects save speed. One of his answers was rather amusing, as follows: In answer to the remark by Mr. Manning, "I think you naval architects are desirous of preserving a good wholesome type of cruiser?" he said, "I think that we are desirous of preserving a good amount of business for the future. We are afraid that the boats developed will become so unsatisfactory that people would not continue to build them." Another remark of Mr. Payne's is interesting: "I should like to add that as regards the development of the present rule without any safeguarding, in my opinion would be that a capsizable centerboard boat would be built; I feel absolutely certain of that, and that the same boat will excel as a racer."

The common opinion of the designers seems to be that thus far the rating rule has produced a good type of boat, but that the type is rapidly degenerating through mainly the reduction of displacement, and that the immediate result must be the fin-keel in even the 20, if not the 40 rating classes.

## The Royal Yacht Squadron Challenge.

The following formal challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron was received by the Aurania on Sunday, though the text was already known in New York, having been cabled from London, on Friday, Dec. 2:

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CASTLE, }
COWES, Isle of Wight, Nov. 25. }

*To Secretary J. V. S. Oddie:*

I am requested by Lord Dunraven to forward to you a formal challenge for the Cup on the following conditions, which I understand have been agreed upon between Lord Dunraven and a committee appointed by the New York Y. C. to conduct negotiations and arrange all the details, viz.:

Conditions agreed upon between Lord Dunraven and a committee of the New York Y. C. and contained in Lord Dunraven's letters of Sept. 16 to Mr. Oddie, and of Nov. 7 to Gen. Paine:

First—Length of load waterline of the challenging vessel to be the only dimension required; this to be sent with the challenge and the Custom House register to follow as soon as possible.

Second—Any excess over estimated length of load waterline in challenging vessel to count double in calculating time allowance, but the challenging vessel not to exceed, in any case, such estimated length by more than two percentage; the yacht that sails against the challenging vessel not to exceed the estimated length of the load waterline of the challenging vessel more than two percentage, and any excess of length beyond the estimated length of challenging vessel in load waterline to count double in calculating time allowance, provided that no yacht of specific rig existing or under construction Oct. 20, 1892, and available for use by the New York Y. C. in defending the Cup, be barred or penalized beyond taking or giving ordinary time allowance according to the New York Y. C. club rules.

Third—It is to be understood and agreed that should the cup come into the custody of the British Y. C. it shall be held subject to challenge under precisely similar terms as those contained in this challenge, provided always that such club shall not refuse any challenge according to the rules laid down in the deed of 1887.

I, therefore, in behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron and in the name of Lord Dunraven, a member of the squadron, challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Valkyrie against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States for the cup, and would suggest that the match be sailed in August or September, 1893. Lord Dunraven would be glad if the precise dates can be left open for the time, but, if your committee so desire, he will name the exact date on hearing from them.

The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel:

Owner, Lord Dunraven.

Name, Valkyrie.

Length, load water line, 85 feet.

Custom House measurement will follow as soon as the vessel can be measured for registration.

Shall be much obliged if you will send your replying letter soon, so that the matter can be laid before the committee.

RICHARD GRANT.

In an interview reported by the Associated Press, Lord Dunraven, after outlining the above terms of the challenge, spoke as follows:

"A challenge embodying those terms was forwarded in my behalf by the Royal Yacht Squadron to the New York Y. C. on Saturday. The name of my vessel will be the Valkyrie; rig, cutter; length on load water line, 85 feet.

"The committee appointed by the New York Y. C. having assented to these terms there is sure to be a race unless the New York Club refuses to accept the recommendations of its committee, and declines to ratify this acceptance, which is improbable in the last degree. The race will probably be sailed in August or September, but I asked that the date be left an open question for the time being.

"The details will be practically the same as were settled upon at the time of my abortive challenge in 1889. The best out of five races sailed over the outside courses will decide the contest, three out of the five races to be sailed to windward.

"Mr. G. L. Watson will design my vessel, and she will probably be built on the Clyde."

Lord Dunraven has also given the Associated Press representative copies of letters which passed between him and Secretary Oddie of the New York Yacht Club, Gen. Paine of the committee, and H. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's representative in New York, showing the course of the negotiations which led up to the New York Yacht Club committee's acceptance of the conditions embodied in Lord Dunraven's statement.

In the last letter to Mr. Kersey, Lord Dunraven writes: "Personally, I am not particularly anxious to mention the former deeds, for I do not know or care whether the new deed is illegal or not; but the opinion that it is illegal is fully expressed here, and, for all I can tell, when I ask the club to challenge I may be met with the objection that they cannot derive power to make mutual arrangements from a deed they consider illegal. I won't ask the club to challenge until I am sure that it will be accepted. I cannot have the Valkyrie fiasco repeated. I aimed to sail a match on conditions which would not require an expression of opinion from the British club that the deed is fair or illegal and would not involve a surrender by the New York club of their opinion that it is perfectly fair and legal. I think that if the committee will properly consider my propositions, they will see those conditions fulfilled."

The challenge, which is practically identical with the above wording, was received at the club house on Monday morning. A meeting of the committee was held on Tuesday, and it was decided that the committee would take no action, but would submit the challenge to the club at a special meeting on Tuesday of next week.

## Lord Dunraven on International Yachting.

The current number of the *North American Review* contains a long and exhaustive article on international yachting, which subject, however, the author has considered in the abstract rather than in practical form as applied to the America Cup.

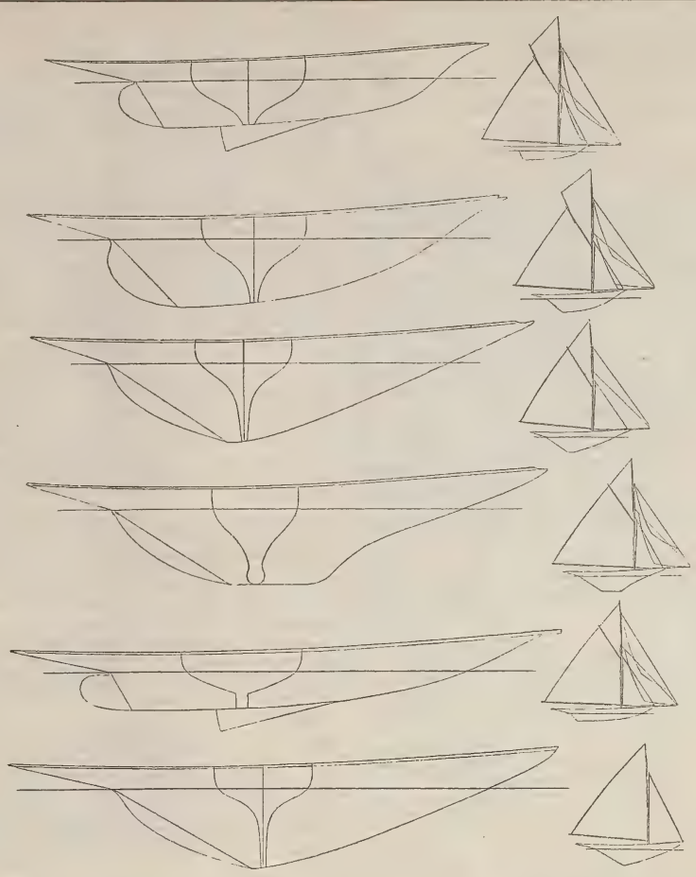
Lord Dunraven prefaces his article with an enthusiastic exordium of the sea and sailing, with a good word for the designer, sailmaker and skipper whose skill are so important in racing. He points out the great decline in the racing of large yachts of late years, attributing it to three causes—the advantages offered by steam, the specialization of the racing yacht as distinguished from the cruiser, and the lack of international racing. To this third factor he attributes serious importance, and the latter half of the article is devoted to a discussion of the conditions under which it may become permanent.

The importance to both countries of international competition has been repeatedly proven, in fact nearly all recent improvements in design, construction and racing rules may be credited to such yachts as Madge, Clara, Puritan, Volunteer, Mayflower and Minerva, which have demonstrated their superiority in certain respects. At the same time we cannot share Lord Dunraven's optimistic view, that international racing may be permanently established, with races sufficiently often, as every year or second year, to induce the maintenance of a regular class of 80 or 90ft. racing cutters.

A race next year will prove valuable to both sides through the incidental excitement which it creates among yachtsmen and the wide interest awakened among the general public; but with a race every year this excitement would soon disappear to a great extent, and we have no idea that yachtsmen would be impelled to build regularly a new supply of 90ft. racers.

Lord Dunraven sums up the history of the Cup races, but falls into error in assuming that the original deed sanctioned the sailing of a fleet against one vessel. This was done by the New York Y. C. only in face of the active opposition of Com. Stebbins and Mr. Geo. L. Schuyler, the latter protesting strongly against it in a letter still on record.

The writer's comments on the various points of an international match, such as courses, nature of challenge, outbuilding, etc., are very fair and to the point, and he makes clear a difference which American yachtsmen have always refused to recognize, between a mere challenge cup, open to all yachts, to be sailed for at a club regatta, and a trophy intended to denote national supremacy to be contested for by but one representative boat of each nation. As a mere abstract proposition he suggests a committee of three American and three British yachtsmen who shall draw up rules to govern international racing for some trophy, and that the first holder of this trophy should be decided by lot. The most notable point in the whole article, relating to the new deed of gift, we have commented on elsewhere.



## Alloys Used in Yacht Building.

We are indebted to the *Mechanical World* for the following table of the various alloys used in ship and yacht building. While yachtsmen are all familiar with Muntz metal, gun metal and yellow metal, few are informed as to the composition and uses of each, and the table will be found useful for reference:

COMPOSITION OF ALLOYS IN EVERY-DAY USE IN BRASS FOUNDRIES.

| | Copper. | Zinc. | Tin. | Lead. | Phosphorus. | Aluminum. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | lb. | lb. | lb. | lb. | lb. | lb. | |
| Admiralty metal.. | 87 | 5 | 8 | — | — | — | For parts of engines on board naval vessels. |
| Bell metal..... | 16 | — | 4 | — | — | — | Bells for ships and factories. |
| Brass (yellow)..... | 16 | 8 | — | ½ | — | — | For plumbers, ship and house brass work. |
| Common bush metal..... .. | 64 | 8 | 4 | 4 | — | — | For bearing bushes for shafting. |
| Gun metal..... | 32 | 1 | 3 | — | — | — | For pumps and other hydraulic purposes. |
| Hard-gun metal... | 16 | — | 2½ | — | — | — | For heavy bearings. |
| Manganese bronze | 85 | 5 | 6 | 5† | — | — | Metal for propellers. |
| Muntz metal..... | 60 | 40 | — | — | — | — | Metal from which bolts and nuts are forged, valve spindles, etc. |
| Phosphor bronze.. | 92 | — | 8* | — | — | — | For valves, pumps and general work. |
| Phosphor bronze.. | 90 | — | 10* | — | — | — | For cog and worm wheels, bushes, axle bearings, slide valves, etc. |
| Naval brass..... | 62 | 37 | 1 | — | — | — | Used by the Admiralty for bolts, nuts, etc. |
| Brazing metal..... | 16 | 3 | — | — | — | — | Flanges for copper pipes. |
| Brazing solder.... | 50 | 50 | — | — | — | — | Solder for the above flanges. |
| Aluminum brass.. | 60 | 40 | — | — | — | 2 | For large spindles, etc. |

* Phosphor tin. † Manganese copper.

The wreck of the Alva still lies where she first sunk, a serious danger to all vessels rounding the Cape. On Saturday the coal barge Beechwood, in tow of the tug Plymouth, struck the wreck and began to leak badly, being kept afloat by the tug's pumps. On Friday night in a gale the schooner Ethel Emerson, from New York for New York for New Brunswick with a cargo of fuller's earth, struck the wreck and was so badly damaged that her crew abandoned her in their boat, being picked up by the tug Herald. The vessel is reported as still afloat. Bids have been received by the Government for the removal of the wreck as follows: Kelly & Fausant, Atlantic City, $5,916; Johnson & Townsend, $12,395; Chapman Derrick Wrecking Co., $16,874.

Mr. W. E. Waterhouse, formerly head draftsman for the late Mr. Burgess, has just taken into partnership Mr. Albert S. Chesebrough, a nephew of Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, and for six years associated with the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. as draftsman. Mr. Chesebrough, whose mother is a sister of the Herreshoffs, is a graduate of Brown University, Class of '89. At the Bristol works he has had a valuable experience in designing and construction, and with the experience gained by Mr. Waterhouse in all of the Burgess boats from Puritan down, the new firm is well equipped for a successful business. They are now at work on a design for a steam yacht 98ft. over all, 78ft. l.w.l., 15ft. beam.

## Yacht Measurement in France.

As we have already noted, the measurement question has lately been very thoroughly discussed by French yachtsmen, both in printed discussions and in the congress of the Union of French Yachts, the result being the adoption by the latter body of a new formula of measurement.

One of the chief points in all recent measurement discussions has been that of taxing extreme dimensions, such as beam and draft, as in the fin-keel, and putting such a premium on displacement or area of midship section as shall encourage a rather roomy yacht of strong and compact form. The Y. R. A. Council has declined to recommend any such measures, nor are they likely to be adopted by any American clubs; but the French congress, on the contrary, has incorporated in the new rule just adopted a limit of girth which is likely to attain this end, whatever the finally resulting type or types may be.

The new rule is $\frac{\left(L - \frac{P}{4}\right) \times P \times \sqrt[4]{S\,A}}{180}$; or, P being the greatest girth of the yacht, the l.w.l. is multiplied by girth and square root of sail area, the product being divided by a constant.

One argument in favor of the new rule for French yachts is the importance of moderate draft in most French rivers and harbors, the difficulties attending the use of an extremely deep boat being much more serious than in England or America.

The accompanying sketches of various designs possible for a total measurement of 5, were made for the *Yacht* by M. Caillebotte, one of whose designs was reproduced in our columns some time since.

Whether one type will ultimately result, and if so, what its merits and defects will be, cannot be foretold at present; but the experiment of the French will be most interesting, and not a little instructive to American and British yachtsmen.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Of late years the subjects of yacht design and construction have been thoroughly treated of by experienced writers, but on the subject of sail making there has been no modern work, the only books relating to it at all being limited to naval and mercantile sails. This deficiency has at last been largely filled by Mr. Samuel B. Saddler, in a book entitled "The Art and Science of Sail Making." The author is a practical sail maker, formerly employed by Ratsy & Lapthorne, and familiar with the making of yacht sails. The book is thorough and practical, dealing in detail with the cutting of sails, and containing a number of tables and diagrams. It is, however, intended for the practical sail maker and not the novice or amateur, and there is a wide field left untouched which we hope the author may deem it worth while to treat of in a future edition. While sail making is not an art to be acquired by an amateur, there are many who desire or are compelled to make their own sails, and to whom an elementary work on the same practical plan as Mr. Saddler's more advanced book would be most valuable. To any one familiar with sail making the book will prove a valuable aid. It is published by Crosby, Lockwood & Son.

A number of gentlemen connected with shipping have taken up the organization of the Society of Naval Architects and Engineers for the purpose of promoting a knowledge of shipbuilding and designing. The organization thus far includes President Clement A. Griscom; Vice Presidents, Theodore D. Wilson, Chief Constructor of the Navy; Charles H. Cramp, George W. Melville, George W. Quintard, New York; Irving M. Scott, San Francisco; Gen. Francis A. Walker, Boston, and W. H. Webb, New York; W. L. Cappa, Secretary and Treasurer; members of the Council, H. T. Gause, Wilmington, Del.; Gen. F. W. Wheeler, West Bay City, Mich.; W. H. Jacques, Bethlehem Iron Works; Gen. T. W. Hyde, Bath, Me.; J. W. Miller, New York; C. H. Orcutt, Newport News, Va.; Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, J. F. Parkhurst, Cleveland, O.; Naval Constructors Hichborn and Bowles, of the navy; Charles H. Loring, Capts. Sampson and Chadwick, of the navy, and Harrington Putnam, of New York.

The coming election in the New York Y. C. is likely to bring some very important changes. It is certain that Com. Gerry will not be re-elected, and more than probable that Vice-Com. Morgan will succeed him, in which case the present Rear Com. W. Butler Duncan will become Vice-Com. Mr. Ralph L. Ellis is mentioned as Rear-Com. The other officers and the regatta committee will remain as at present. Vice Com. Morgan sailed last week for Europe, and it is likely that he will purchase a large steam yacht abroad.

On Nov. 29 articles of incorporation of the Valiant Y. C., of New Utrecht, Kings county, were filed with the Secretary of State. The managers are Henry V. Harding, William H. Turton, Henry B. Hardaburg, Edgar D. Williams, Julius A. Grudchos, George W. Mason, Henry W. Jones, John Noermann and Thomas W. Kelley, all of Brooklyn.

At Ayers's shop, Bay Ridge, the new Scarecrow is nearly completed. Mr. Ayers has an order for a second boat on the same lines.

Sagamore, steam yacht, chartered by E. M. Fulton, sailed on Dec. 3 from Norfolk for a five month's cruise in the West Indies.

Sybilla, steam yacht, J. F. Betz, Jr., of Philadelphia, has sailed on a gunning trip to the North Carolina sounds.

If we want to do anything, we must put heart in it, whether it is to go a-fishing, go woolng, chasing deer or advancing the cause of Christianity.—*Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton.*

# Canoeing.

## The Cruise of the Elsa.

(Continued from page 457.)

AFTER a night's rest in the guest chamber on a feather bed, which the skipper did not appreciate, he turned out eagerly into the gray morning to see what the prospects were for getting ahead. Barometer still obstinately refusing to rise, but the wind light with a little south in it. A start was made at 8 A. M., and a quiet, enjoyable run followed, past the stone mills and the "Lake of the Mountain," a natural curiosity which we were recommended to examine, but did not like to waste the fair wind for, past Fredericksburg and Adolphstown until we bore down upon the extreme eastern point of the Prince Edward Peninsula.

Between this point and Amherst Island is a channel locally known as the "Gap"—some three or four miles across. The storm signal was up at the lighthouse and the wind coming down in heavy puffs out of the southwest, driving a heavy roll in from the lake, and a steam barge and consort were making for a lee under the point. Things looked bad again, but the wind was well aft this time, so we concluded to try the passage, and putting a reef in the mainsail and snugging everything else down close, Elsa was headed for the open.

It was bad enough with the swell of the Bay of Quinte meeting that of the lake nearly at right angles and raising a nasty cross chop, but the lake wind came steady though strong, and there were none of the angry spitfire squalls of the day before, and the little boat though tossed about in marvellous fashion, went along easily and comfortably with a dry deck. Leaving the bay behind us the swell became more and more regular, and Elsa sped along, rising and falling upon the great broad-backed rollers in most exhilarating fashion, until just as the sun reached the meridian we rounded to opposite the little village of Bath, and to give the cook a holiday, went to the old-fashioned country hotel hard by the wharf for dinner.

The morning's run had been a good one and the spirits of the crew were high.

Again Elsa was under way, and we sped down the now comparatively sheltered north channel toward Kingston. The dreaded "nine mile point" was ahead of us, and seeing the angry look of the weather it was hardly expected that we should go further than Collins Bay, but getting abreast of it with the afternoon still young we concluded to run out to the point of Amherst Island at any rate and have a look at the open.

The survey being more encouraging than we expected, and the wind lulling a little, the temptation to get ahead was too strong, and out we went. The wind had now got round due south, and occasional rain squalls drifted in from the lake, but there was nothing more than a stiff breeze blowing, and the great swells were so long that we did not realize their size until we met a steamer coming west rolling to her guards, and a little later a great lighter, sloop-rigged, pitching to her hawse pipes.

On a close reach Elsa danced along gaily, and in an hour we had the Cape Island Light abeam and the spires and masts of Kingston in sight ahead. As it became dusk the wind died almost away, and we ran slowly past the wharves looking for a berth. A great iron steamer came majestically out the Campana bound for Chicago. As 6 o'clock struck we ran into a snug little slip and made fast alongside a couple of other small craft, and the skipper begat himself to a hotel with the half-regretful, half-relieved consciousness of having successfully wrestled with Lake Ontario during the equinoctials, and that henceforth his lot would be cast on sheltered waters, and that he had little to try his nerves except perhaps a bump on a sunken rock near by the Thousand Islands.

Morning broke bright and clear, the first really fine day yet, and the white-caps were chasing one another down the lake gaily and fast as Elsa turned her stern toward Kingston. The storm signal, which had so far confronted us at every port, was down at last, and the wind was back in the west again. With keen enjoyment the skipper took his seat on the weather deck. A fair wind, a blue sky, a good boat under him and a good breakfast inside, what sailor man would not be happy under the circumstances.

Ahead, everything was new and strange, and as the boat bowled along with a creamy streak on either bow, he made up his mind that nothing short of Brockville, fifty miles off, would satisfy him for a day's run. "L'homme propose." Six miles down, and just as the islands began to get thick and close, and the navigation intricate, a slight "clink!" was heard astern, and the man at the stick meeting her at the next scend, felt no resistance; the tiller lines were slack. The horrible truth rushed upon the skipper. The nut at the top of the rudder shaft had gradually worked loose and the rudder had dropped off into deep water. This was bad, but it would have been worse yesterday, and uncomplainingly the crew got out the single sweep, and with considerable exertion at last got the boat before the wind again.

Steering with an oar in half a gale of wind with a following sea is no easy work on the Elsa, and the crew had little leisure to enjoy the lovely scenery at first, but soon we got into the river-like channel inside Howe Island and the work became less arduous.

The run was hugely enjoyable after all, in spite of the mishap, and the inevitable delay ahead at Gananoque. Sweeping through the narrows at last we ran into the mouth of the river just after noon and inquired for a blacksmith. We were in luck as regards the locality of the mishap at any rate, and if there are better boat blacksmiths than J. J. Moore I have never struck them. Before the skipper had finished his dinner the new rudder was well under way, and at 3:30 it was finished, with shaft and doubling plates riveted on either side in the neatest way, complete. Mr. Moore makes a specialty of boat work and finishes in beautiful style with a coating of pure tin, which is handsomer than the ordinary galvanized surface, at very moderate cost. With the consent of the FOREST AND STREAM I tender him this free advertisement in grateful acknowledgment of his excellent and rapid work.

At 4 P. M. Elsa was under way again, and bowling down river under whole mainsail and mizen. Soon we swept past Stave Island, and as the sun sank in the west, taking the wind with it, we ran into the meadows at the "Fiddler's Elbow," and felt the first decided current.

We had left Lake Ontario behind us, and were drifting on the eddying bosom of the mightiest of North American rivers. It was the loveliest evening and the loveliest scene we had met with for many a day; westward stretched the placid surface of the lake, dotted with fairy isles and rocks, and just ruffled by the dying wind, the whole brilliantly lit up by the setting sun. An old paddle steamer passed us, bound for Kingston, with two great lighters in tow, the quiet breathing of her engines and the light streak of smoke from her funnel as she went by rather heightened than detracted from the quiet beauty of the scene. Against a dark island gleamed the white sail of a skiff which we had outrun all the way from Gananoque. To the east there showed the white lighthouse standing on a dark rock and marking the entrance to the river running swiftly away into the murky and mysterious looking east. A boat stole out of the gloom between the islands and glided toward the lighthouse, leaving the light keeper to his charge. A little further down the channel one of the great turreted mansions of the wealthy summer residents showed dimly between the trees, its rather staring facade and gaudy paint softened by the lazy atmosphere into harmony with the landscape.

As we glided into the channel the river seemed a type of young manhood setting out from his quiet, peaceful home for the great unknown world. On it goes, sometimes chafing and foaming angrily against opposing rocks and anon resting in quiet expansion, gathering sediment as the man gathers wealth in its struggles with the world, and dropping it again in the lakes as he spends it in the intervals of rest and pleasure. Smaller streams join with him at every bend and increase his power and dignity. Sometimes he divides his force into different channels the better to overcome the opposition to his progress; but the division is only momentary, and the channels reunite when the opposition is overcome. In the prime of his life he meets his consort, the Ottawa, and together they go rolling past the wharves of Montreal, and settling down to a steadier but no less majestic swing, go sweeping past the cities of men, serving his purposes and carrying his commerce, but none the less exacting their own tribute of sediment in return.

Below Quebec the course expands, and the beginning of the end is felt when the chill salt current of the Labrador coast is met, but the river still quietly and slowly presses forward, and still clings to its sedimentary wealth until at Cap des Monts it loses itself and its gains in the all-absorbing ocean.

Musing thus, Elsa and I glided slowly down between the islands until a prodigious coughing and spluttering is heard, and with a shower of sparks a fussy, practical little steam launch goes darting by, waking the echoes with its unearthly screeching steam whistle. Confound a steam launch anyhow. "What business has such an article in fairyland." But if the launch has broken the skipper's reverie it has not spoiled his appetite, and the darkness and chilly air warn him that he had better seek a resting place for the night.

Twinkling lights appear ahead and voices from unseen people in the gloom are heard. Elsa's nose is turned shoreward and in a few minutes she is alongside a wharf piled with cord wood, and her crew is making a hearty meal in the house which held the lights and conversing as gallantly with the young ladies who owned the voices as a solitary traveler of a somewhat retiring and bashful temperament, and carrying a few gray hairs in his head withal can be supposed to do with propriety. Darlings they were by name, darlings the skipper pronounced them in his heart to be for the interest and hospitality they tendered.

* * * * * * *

In the standard sensational novel of the day these stars represent an interval of years during which the hero is absent in a foreign land making his fortune. In the present case they represent a few days during which the skipper went home to attend to some pressing business, while Elsa rested quietly behind an angle of the wharf, rocked occasionally by the swell of a passing steamer.

On a bright October afternoon the skipper stepped off the train and wended his way to the wharf to find everything in good shape, and in a few minutes sail was made and we shot out into the stream. The wind was east and up the river, but with current under us we made good headway for a mile or two. Presently a steam yacht came down and hailing her we asked for a line, when rather to our surprise the yacht immediately lay to and tendered it. It was the old story of the pretty boat and the solitary cruiser winning their way to the sympathies of the captain, and not only did he tow us to opposite his home port, Alexandria Bay, but three or four miles below, and the only remuneration which he would hear of was a model, or the "lines," of the little cruiser, which had taken his eye and which we gladly promised to forward.

With a hearty "Good-bye" Elsa was cast off again and filled away for a long stretch toward the American shore. Coming about, she approached the Canadian as dusk was coming on, and headed for a solitary light. On landing the crew readily found a supper, but a bed was denied us owing to an already full house, and we were directed to the next house, a half mile lower down, and warned to look out for reefs and shoals. Out we went cautiously into the dark and soon arrived opposite the house in question. The night was so serene that we were tempted to run a little further and lay for a harbor further on, but after being half scared to death by bumping over a reef and nearly running foul of a spar buoy, the skipper concluded that beating through the Thousand Islands on a dark night was too trying to the nerves, and made for the landing. Again we found a friend and a boating man who sent us on our way rejoicing at gray dawn.

It was almost calm, the first calm we had had, but the current and an occasional air, "now east, now south," brought us six miles on our way before 9 o'clock.

A great dredge came out from the New York shore and at once went to work in the channel, and a great black steam tug went by quietly but steadily, cutting a furrow through the calm waters. Away over in the marshes on the Canadian shore we could hear the popping of guns and even the voices of men at work. Presently came a steadier air from the westward, a slight murmur came from under Elsa's bows. The murmur grew louder and louder until it became a roar, and in half an hour we were bearing down on Brockville wing and wing at a good 6-knot gait. In an hour we were abreast of the outskirts of the prettiest—probably of Canadian towns. A sail appeared ahead, which we overhauled hand over hand, and at 11 A. M. we rounded to at the boat house of Mr. McLean, a St. Lawrence skiff sailer, well known to fame.

Four hours were enjoyably spent in his society, and we visited Sauvé's boat building establishment together. Elsa's style and model were pronounced upon favorably, and Mr. McLean went so far as to say she was the prettiest boat hailing from west of Brockville. As this covered Clayton, Alexandria Bay and Gananoque, the declaration was rather a sweeping one, and may be set down as judicious flattery, but it was pleasant to the skipper's ears at any rate. At 3 P. M. we concluded we had lost sufficient of the fair wind, and that if we wished to make any sort of a day's run we must start at once. So Elsa was headed down wind again, and with mainsail and mizzen winged out we made some 13 miles without touching tack or sheet.

HENRY K. WICKSTEED.

COBOURG, Can.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK].

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

A new boat building company has recently been organized at Gananoque, Can., under the name N. Gilbert Boat Building Co. Mr. Gilbert has made a reputation through the very successful St. Lawrence River skiffs designed and built by him, as well as by some handsome sailing canoes. He is personally a very skillful woodworker, having been in charge of the machinery of the Gananoque Carriage Co. for some years, and he has devised a system of canoe and boat building in which modern woodworking machinery is largely used. The company is just putting up a line of open Canadian canoes, and other models of canoes and boats will be built as fast as the moulds are ready. Planking, ribs, stems and all parts for any required number of boats are got out to exact size by machinery, the parts being put together with varnish in the seams.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division was held on Nov. 30 at the Astor House, at which it was decided to hold a division meet from July 2 to 12, the camp ground being available to campers until July 16. The site will probably be on Pleasure Bay, near Long Branch, N. J.

The Knickerbocker C. C. had a very large attendance of canoeists at its smoker on Dec. 3.

The Hoboken C. C. held its smoker, as announced, on Nov. 16.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

W. E. PETTY, a member of the New York Police Force, is now the holder of the Amateur Revolver Championship of America, and the custodian of the Winans Trophy, the emblem of that championship. He won it from Geo. E. Jantzer at the gallery of the New York Pistol Club, No. 12 St. Marks place, in this city, on the evening of Dec. 3. The match was a very interesting one, and the record as made shows that the men are each of them experts of experts in getting shots closely bunched about the very small black of the 5in. cardboard disk upon which the measurements are taken.

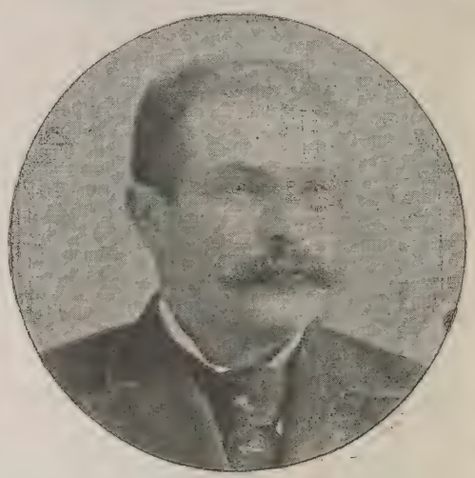
Roundsman Petty has not been satisfied since he shot in the initial open to all competitors, which introduced the match and the trophy to the revolver shots of this country. In that struggle by over forty of the best revolver shots of the country he came in fifth with a score of 22.33in. for his 18 shots. In that same match Jantzer put up a score of 20.40in. Dr. Louis Bell was the first holder of the trophy on his score of 17.52in. His winning record was announced on June 9. Mr. Jantzer was promptly at hand with a challenge, and on the afternoon of Aug. 3 the pair of revolver sharps met at the St. Marks gallery and fired a record which was decidedly off the championship standard. Jantzer won with a score of 22.5in. against 26.6in. for Bell.

The next challenge came from Henry Oehl, the president of the N. Y. Pistol Club. The shooting when they met on Oct. 15 was fair, but each of the men has shown better scoring in private practice and club matches. Only one full string of 6 consecutive shots on the 5-inch disk was made by each, Jantzer scoring 6.82 inches and Oehl 7.73 inches in the 6 shots. The result of this failure to keep the strings on the measuring disk was that the record of this match was taken on 16 shots, and the figures were Jantzer 19.11 inches, Oehl 19.82 inches.

The fourth and next match in this series was that of Saturday evening last, when Jantzer, after his two victories, was compelled to acknowledge the superior ability of his official friend. The two have done much practice together, and their instructions and advice each to the other has been of mutual help. In the match they each used S. & W., .44cal., 6in. barrel revolvers, firing a light charge with a round bullet. It was a fair square test of shooting ability and neither man had any fault to find with his weapon for not responding to his demand upon it. The opening shot of Petty's second string fell just off of the disk, and this he thought might be due to the cleaning the barrel received after the first round. At any rate, it was not cleaned during the remainder of the match. Jantzer's method of cleaning was by a current of breath down the barrel after each shot.

The arrangements of the match under the care of the Zettlers was, of course, perfect, and the shooters did not lack for good-natured raillery and advice at each shot, with Oehl and "Barney" Walther, Bishop and the rest of the clubmen there. The measuring of the targets was done by President Oehl, who is an expert manipulator of the machine by which Messrs. Zettler have decided so many important rifle and revolver contests.

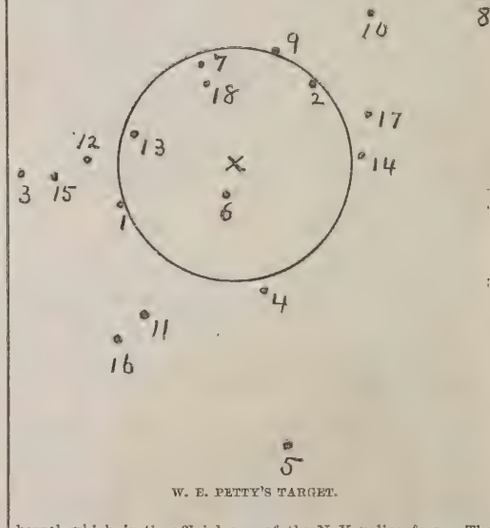
When the figures were totaled it was seen that the shooting had been of a high order, and Jantzer had lost, but he had not been



W. E. PETTY.

beaten by any "fluke" shooting but by close, clean skill from first to last. Mr. Petty has the best single shot, the best six-shot string and the best three strings out of five under the conditions.

Mr. Petty ought to win and win again and again, if intelligent attention to his pastime of revolver shooting goes for aught. He is strictly temperate, never using either drink or tobacco. In build he is solidity from sole to crown. He was suffering somewhat from weak eyes, a remainder of a recent attack of measles. Roundsman Petty frequently gives his fellow officers an exhibition of fancy shooting, lying down, snap work, side wise, backwards, any way in fact, and with the .38cal. S. & W. 3in.




W. E. PETTY'S TARGET.

barrel, which is the official arm of the N. Y. police force. The very skill of Mr. Petty only makes the absolute helplessness of the other 3,000 policeman as revolver shots the more conspicuous.

The record of the match of Dec. 3 stands as follows:

WM. E. PETTY.

| 1st string. | 2d string. | 3d string. | 4th string. | 5th string. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| .53 | .. | .58 | .56 | 1.42 |
| .54 | 1.81 | 1.67 | .65 | 1.55 |
| 1.25 | 2.50 | .62 | 1.03 | .63 |
| .73 | 1.02 | 1.13 | 1.19 | 1.61 |
| 1.72 | .39 | .98 | .66 | .95 |
| .13 | .62 | .86 | .48 | 1.33 |
| **4.90** | | **5.84** | **4.57** | **7.49** |

Record strings, **4.90, 5.84, 4.57.** Total, **15.31in.**

GEO. E. JANTZER.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1.17 | 1.17 | .41 | .77 | 2.20 |
| 2.49 | .73 | 1.51 | .67 | 1.54 |
| 1.25 | .98 | .90 | .80 | .91 |
| 1.37 | 1.07 | .67 | 2.17 | 1.30 |
| 1.79 | .82 | .90 | 1.15 | 2.14 |
| .76 | .55 | .... | 1.91 | .21 |
| 8.83 | **4.72** | | **7.47** | **8.30** |

Record strings, **4.73, 7.47, 8.30.** Total, **20.49in.**

### The Winner Challenged.

NO. 12 ST. MARKS PLACE, New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby challenge W. E. Petty to shoot a match with revolvers for the Winans trophy.

B. WALTHER.

### Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 4.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the standard target. Payne used open sight; Martin shot from a rest and Schuster used a sporting rifle. The scores:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 85 | 86 | 88 | Wellinger | 84 | 79 | 88 | |
| Simon | 80 | 80 | 77 | | | | | |
| Louis | 79 | 75 | 68 | Drube | 76 | 76 | 81 | |
| Martin | 85 | 74 | 73 | | | | | |
| Weinheimer | 72 | 75 | 78 | Topf | 73 | 70 | 64 | |
| Schuster | 56 | 48 | 37 | | | | | |
| Payne | 83 | 79 | 82 | | | | | |

### New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The following scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club at their last regular weekly practice shoot, held on the 3d inst. at headquarters, No. 12 St. Mark's Place. Ten shots on standard American target, distance 20yds., .44cal. S. & W. revolver: G. E. Jantzer 89, C. B. Bishop 86, B. Walther 84, H. Oehl 84, A. Bertrand 81, F. Hecking (.38cal.) 72, E. Walz (.22cal. Stevens pistol) 82.

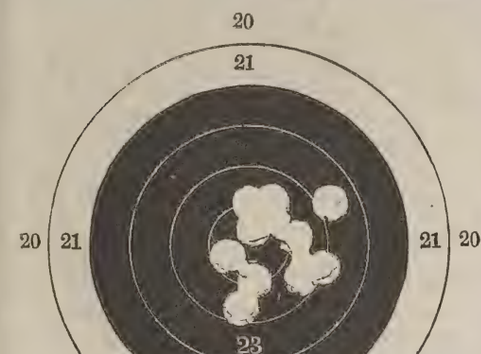
F. HECKING, Secretary.

### John Rebhan's Pattern.

INCLOSED will be found the target made on the Hudson Rifle Club range by Mr. John Rebhan, treasurer of the club, in the regular weekly competition.

John has been an enthusiastic shooter for a number of years, both on long and short ranges, and has competed in tournaments and matches with almost all the well-known riflemen. When he sets his mind to it he generally "gets there." Although the competition has been rather lively during the past few months, he had not reached a very high notch until the above was made.

It will be noticed that it is a very good pattern and his holding excellent. Although he leads in first team, he is closely followed by Bird, Hansen, Malz and Mahlenbrock, and before the season




JOHN REBHAN'S PATTERN.

closes some lively times and high scores are anticipated. Second Team—Hoff and Smith had a lively bout, as will be seen by the appended scores, having tied for first place. As they are both genial gentlemen, they decided to "toss up the penny" for place, which resulted in Hoff getting the "tail" but winning the "toss up." The score, regular practice, Nov. 14:

First Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| John Rebhan | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | —246 |
| H L Hansen | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | —240 |
| H Mahlenbrock | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | —238 |
| C E Bird | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 25 | 25 | 23 | —238 |

Second Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M Hoff | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | —237 |
| J Smith | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | —237 |
| W Meyre | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 20 | —232 |
| F A Reynolds | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 21 | 21 | 19 | —231 |

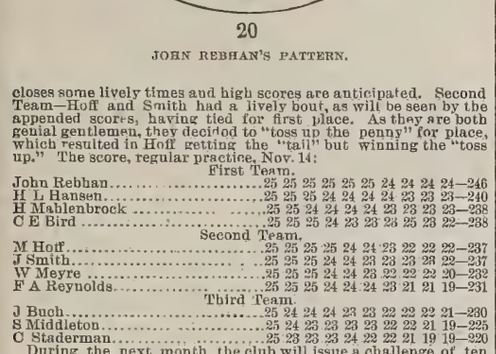
Third Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Buch | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 21 | —230 |
| S Middleton | 25 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 19 | —225 |
| C Staderman | 25 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 24 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 19 | 19 | —220 |

During the next month the club will issue a challenge of ten men to the Empire Rifle Club, of New York city, and it is expected that not only good scores will be made, but that a good time in general will be enjoyed by those two clubs, who are great friends of one another.

C. E. Bird is also to issue a challenge for a 100-shot match with E. Fischer, of the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken. THE EAGLE.

### A Perfect Score.




A RUN of 25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 25—250; made Oct. 7, 1892, by David Miller, on the Miller Rifle Club range, Hoboken, N. J. Rest, 10 shots, 80ft.

### Jersey's Military Shooters.

The First Brigade (N. G. N. J.) Rifle Association held its weekly shoot on the 200yds. ranges at the Newark Shooting Park on December 2, with the usual unfavorable weather conditions. The wind varied from 5 to 20 miles an hour and was "fishy" at that, while the light was so poor that the sport had to end at 4 p. m. The attendance was not as good as usual, there being only five member present. The majority of the members are tied up by business, but after the holidays they will be present in force. Within a few weeks a number of the members will come together in a fifty-shot match which may possibly be made an open affair. The scores made on Saturday were as appended.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Capt W H Howard | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | —40 |
| | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | —40 |
| | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | —36 |
| | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | —37 |
| Sergt Wilhelm | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | —43 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | —42 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | —41 |

FIFTY SHOT MATCH.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Major Wallace | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5—44 | |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5—42 | |
| | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—42 | |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—41 | |
| | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5—44 | —213 |
| Priv. Townsend | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—42 | |
| | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5—42 | |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5—43 | |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4—43 |
| | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4—42 | —212 |

### Zettler Rifle Club.

NO 219 BOWERY, New York, Dec. 3.—The bi-weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club took place on Tuesday evening, Nov. 29, at their headquarters, 219 Bowery, with the following results:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P Busse | 246 | B Zettler | 246 | F Ross | 244 |
| H Holges | 246 | M B Engel | 245 | C G Zettler | 243 |
| B Walther | 246 | Gus Nowak | 244 | H Strate | 239 |

### Port Chester Rifles.

PORT CHESTER RIFLE CLUB, Saturday, Dec. 3, 200yds., off-hand standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 7 | 10 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 6 | —74 |
| R Rudd | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 7 | 8 | —67 |
| R McNeil, Jr. | 7 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 3 | 6 | —66 |
| H Boeger | 5 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 8 | —59 |
| T Kiernan | 3 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 8 | 2 | 2 | 6 | —43 |

R. MCNEIL, JR.

### The Lancaster Cork Gun Wad.

The Lancaster Cork Gun Wad, for which patent is now pending, is an invention which should prove of great value to sportsmen. The manufacturers claim that the wads have all the advantages of felt wads with none of the latter's disadvantages. They are one-third lighter, which makes them much less likely to pass through the shot charge and disturb the pattern than a heavy wad. They contain no grease, oil or chemicals, and do not require an extra wad over the powder, insuring a shorter shell. The manufacturers claim that they also keep the barrels of a gun cleaner than any other wad, and that the recoil is less. Send for price list.—*Adv.*

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 15.—Open shoot at 100 live birds. $100 entry, Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J. Entries, if accompanied by $20 forfeit, will be received up to Dec. 12, by FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York.

Dec. 17.—Elliott vs. Fulford, at Kansas City, Mo.; 19, at Indianapolis, Ind.; 22, at Pittsburgh, Pa.; 24, at Williamsport, Pa.; 26, at Harrisburg, Pa.

Dec. 26.—Hartner's all-day target tournament, Orangeville, Baltimore county, Md.

Dec. 27-30.—Watson's live bird target tournament, Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill.

Dec. 28-29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 2.—Hartner's all-day target tournament, Oradgevilie, Baltimore county, Md.

Jan. 2.—Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club's all-day tournament.

Jan. 2.—South Side Gun Club's "annual," Newark, N. J.

Jan. 17-18.—Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club tournament, live birds and targets.

Jan. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.

May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsman's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry building, Rochester, N. Y.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

WILL H. CRUTTENDEN, the well-known "Crutty" of kingbird target fame, sends us his views in regard to the existing evil of dropping for places where the pots are divided into percentages alone. Just so long as purses are divided into percentages just so long will there be "playing for holes," no matter how much the shooters or the public may oppose the practice. The only way to do away with "dropping" is, therefore, to do away with purses, and this Mr. Cruttenden proposes shall be done by the introduction in all events of an innovation of the "jack rabbit" system. As is known under the "jack rabbit" system each break pays ten cents and whatever balance remains in the pot is divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. for first, second and third moneys. Mr. Cruttenden suggests an improvement upon this plan by paying to shooters twenty cents for each target broken, this doing away, of course, with any other division. The entries in all events would be at the uniform rate of ten cents per target, the shooter paying for the targets. The man who under this system could scheme to make a penny by dropping a bird would have to do some tall thinking. It is possible, of course, to use any handicap that is desired in order to place the contestants on as near an equality as possible. We are inclined to think that this plan of "Crutty's" would come as near, if not nearer than any other to give us honest shooting. Clubs can still add money for their shoots if they wish, but instead of putting it into "pots" or "purses" and tempting shooters to play combinations, let them increase the price they pay for each target that is broken. And they need not confine themselves to the above stated uniform entry fee, but can vary that if they choose. Taken all in all the suggestion is worth acting upon, as the only possible manner in which a shooter can get any money under the system is by breaking targets. Once this plan is adopted and we can forever bid "good-bye" to "combinations" and "wolf shoots." What club will be the first to try the experiment?

On Saturday, Dec. 17, will occur the first of the series of five matches between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and E. D Fulford. The match will take place in Kansas City, but not on the famous "Side Hill Park," where Fulford refuses to shoot. That this series will be hotly contested no one can doubt who has formed an unbiased opinion of the two men. Some infer, because Fulford made such a poor showing against Budd, that he (Fulford) is "no shooter," so far as first-class work is concerned. To this ruling we beg to take exception. Elliott has been beaten and he has not always succeeded in making phenomenal scores, but still no one would think of classing him as a third-rate man. And there is no reason for placing Fulford in the third class because he killed 81 out of 100 birds at Watson's Park. Let the public withhold its judgment as to the relative merits of the two men until they have seen them shoot.

Henry C. W. Matz, the popular president of the Reading (Pa.) Shooting Association has secured possession of the "Three Mile House" at Shillington, just outside of Reading. He has a half-mile track for horse or bicycle racing, and inside the track he has arranged traps for both live bird and target shooting. The grounds are enclosed with a high fence and the foreground is perfectly clear. The grounds are nearly as level as a floor. The grounds may be reached via the electric cars from 9th and Franklin streets, or 3d and Penn streets, Reading. It is more than likely that the Reading Shooting Association will shortly remove to these grounds from the Black Bear Inn, and that they will hold a three days' tournament there in February.

FORT DODGE, Ia., Nov. 28.—Below find scores of the Thanksgiving shoot of Fort Dodge Gun Club. The birds were a good lot, some very fast, right-quartering incomers, as the wind helped the birds in that direction. The day was raw and cold, and we quit at noon in favor of turkeys. The first event was at 15 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, No. 2 at 5 Peorias:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|
| Bryant | 211122211211122—15 | 11111—5 |
| Reynolds | 111111111121110—14 | 11111—5 |
| Green | 121012010112122—12 | 10010—2 |
| Carter | 122011112100011—11 | 01111—4 |
| Pray | 111120022002210—10 | 11110—4 |

In our account of the recent shoot at Wapsononock Shooting Park, Altoona, Pa., we mentioned the fact of having snapped a picture of Edward Banks, Altoona correspondent of the Harrisburg *Telegram*, as he returned from an hour's outside shooting, bringing with him three grouse which he had shot. On p. 489 is an excellent half-tone reproduction of said picture, showing Mr. Banks, his snow-spectacles, Wopsy gun, Juniata smile and last, but not least, the trio of grouse, which he afterward presented to "Uncle Jake." The attention of the public is called to the particularly graceful attitude assumed by Mr. Banks while the picture was being taken.

Tournament matters have been intolerably dull for several weeks, incidental, of course, to the open game season when everybody who can possibly spare the time goes shooting afield. Target tournaments are as a matter of course almost an unknown quantity from the early part of November to March, when live birds afford more interesting sport to the majority of shooters. Club shoots run along the same as usual, but these are rather lightly attended just now as another result of the game shooting. Soon the hunters will have returned from their jaunts, and after a week or two devoted to straightening out back business, the trap sport will again become lively.

The White House (N. J.) Gun Club held an all-day's shoot at live pigeons on Dec. 3. A big supply of pigeons was on hand, but the attendance was light. The birds were a good lot. There were five events at 4 birds each, $3 entry, and here are the scores:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cramer | 1110—3 | 0011—2 | 0211—3 | 1200—2 | 0220—3 |
| Bishop | 1210—3 | 2111—4 | 0011—2 | 0022—2 | 0111—3 |
| Brown | 1001—2 | 1002—2 | 2021—3 | 0010—1 | 1100—2 |
| Apgar | 0110—2 | 1110—3 | 1121—4 | 1220—3 | 1010—2 |
| Large | 0000—0 | 0001—1 | .... | .... | .... |

Next Thursday, Dec. 15, there will be shot on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds, in Newark, the first open 100-bird sweepstake ever shot in this country, and one which is bound to create an interest, even though the entry list be small. The entry fee is $100 per man, all will shoot at 30yds. rise and the shoot will commence at 10 A.M. Entries will be received at this office up to Monday, Dec. 12. The entries will not close at that time, however, but will be received up to 12 o'clock, noon, at Erb's grounds. Mr. Erb promises a good lot of birds for the shoot.

We understand that Mr. L. G. Duff Grant, secretary of the Smokeless Powder Co., of London, has been in New York for some weeks, the object of his visit being to arrange for the manufacture of his company's Smokeless powder in this country. Their business in the United States, due to the energy of their agent, Mr. George H. Sampson, of 23 Park place, New York city, and 147 Pearl street, Boston, Mass., has made very rapid progress; and their SS Sporting powder is now justly considered one of the best in the market.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold its regular "annual" on Jan. 2, 1893, on its grounds near the Emmett street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Plenty of holiday lunch will be dispensed, and those who run short of ammunition can procure an assortment on the grounds. These "annuals" are a familiar and popular institution, and always attract a big crowd of shooters.

Judging from opinions expressed by shooters in various parts of the country the American Manufacturers' Association has about struck the keynote of a successful career. If the association wants to cater to the mass of shooters, let it adopt the "Cruttenden Jack Rabbit," system and do away with all "pots."

The lay press seems to take strange delight in botching trap news. The *Evening World* of Dec. 2 says anent the grand American handicap: "The match will be at 100 birds, $50 entry * * *." The grand American handicap will be at 25 live birds, $50 entry, and entries will close on Dec. 30.

At the shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club on Nov. 30 the following scores were made out of a possible 100 targets per man: Smith 84, Meyer 83, Newton 80, Richmond 80, Tassell 77, Beyer 77, Norton 73, McVean 72, Borst 70, Van Ostran 68, Richman 66.

John H. Hartner announces all-day target tournaments at Orangeville, Baltimore County, Maryland, for Christmas Day, December 26, and New Year's Day, January 2. Keystone targets will be used and will be charged for at the rate of two cents each.

The Island City Gun Club of Wheeling, West Virginia, whose "Bix Six" team won the July match of the Atlantic City (N. J.) Gun Club, is willing to pit its team against a team of six men from any club in America at 25, 50 or 100 targets per man.

It has been suggested that at the expositions of the American Manufacturers' Association all the goods handled by the subscribers should be exhibited in one large tent. It is likely that this plan will be adopted.

The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular trap shoot at Walnut Hill on Nov. 30, and during the afternoon "Climax," one of the contestants, shot a brace of quail in the timber growth skirting the range.

Let some club come to the front with a target tournament programme, every event to be shot under the "Cruttenden Jack Rabbit" system. Put yourselves on record as being opposed to combinations.

John M. Watson, proprietor of the famous Watson's Park, at Burnside, Ill., announces a live bird and target tournament to be held on December 27, 28, 29 and 30th. The events will be open to all comers.

Carl Von Lengerke, the younger of the Von Lengerke family, is making quite a reputation as a bicycle racer. On Thanksgiving Day he won a gold stop-watch by finishing first in a one mile race.

The team match announced to take place on Erb's Newark grounds on Tuesday between Castle and Hedden, Smith and Sunderman, was indefinitely postponed.

At the November shoot of the Freehold (N. J.) Gun Club Burtis broke 19, Hall 17, Gummere 14, Van Schaick 14 and Davis 12 out of a possible 25 targets.

At the medal shoot of the East Park Gun Club at Decatur, Ill., on Nov. 30, J. L. Peak won with a total of 23 breaks out of 25 targets shot at.

The United States Gun Club, of Oakland, Cal., has leased a large tract of marsh land near Novato and Petaluma.

The Essex Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot on Al Heritage's Marion grounds on Thursday, Dec. 15.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### The Pot-covers' Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING, Nov. 10, the day set for the final shoot of the Pot-cover Trap Club for the season '92, was about as disagreeable as regards weather as it could well be. It snowed hard from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. Then the floodgates of heaven were opened and the rain came in torrents till late at night.

But a few inches of snow and a bucketful of rain, more or less, make small difference to the Pot-cover men. Some of them had to drive twenty miles, yet there was only one absentee. The snow made a beautifully soft bed for the missed targets to alight in, and the breakage was reduced to a minimum. One young man, a guest of the club, had a good many missed birds. He lives in what a friend of mine calls the "rhubarbs of Fredericton," and has for some time been spoken of as a probable addition to the membership roll. He is a nice young fellow, but somewhat given to speaking in a laudatory way of his past and future achievements. This practice is rated below par among the boys, and they fear that if he is elected a member it may introduce an element of discord, of which at present there is none. He had invitations to take part in several of the shoots held earlier in the season, but never accepted. He has, at sundry and divers times, however, whispered around among the outsiders that some day he was coming down to show the lads a score "as was a score." It was folly, he thought, for fifty to eighty per cent. men to harbor the delusion that they could shoot. He could hit apples and potatoes thrown in the air, every time, and he could smash bluerocks just as easily.

Thanksgiving Day he came, and, as I was not there, what he did can best be told in the words of a correspondent who will, I think, forgive me for making him contribute a paragraph to his favorite paper.

He says: "It was a fearful storm; but to my surprise I found four representatives of the club from Scotch Lake, and also Mr. S., our 'mortified choke' man. He was distanced. To use an election phrase, 'he didn't save his deposit.' Although he has frequently entertained us with stories of shooting partridges on the wing from a moving wagon, it is a fact that, with both feet on terra firma, he could not hit bluerocks. He could strike the iron trap-screen, and he did it so often that the trapper thought it prudent to lie low till he heard the command 'cease firing.' He broke two out of his first ten, and his next score was on his fortieth bird. He retired with three out of fifty."

The moral would appear to be: It is good to keep quiet, for you can't pretty much always tell how things will turn out sometimes.

With the Pot-cover rule—gun below elbow till after shooter calls "pull"—and unknown angles, I can certify that there is a chance for a bluerock to act as a great leveller of conceit, even when the victim is a passably good game shot.

My introduction to the sport was recent enough to leave a very distinct impression on my memory. My first bird was a left quarterer, and I caught and smashed it within twenty-five feet of the trap. There was a feeling of elation similar to that so aptly described by Mr. Hough in the story of his double on spoonbills. "Ugh! big Injin, me! Waugh-hoo! I'll do that some more!" And in trying to carry out this very laudable intention I missed nine consecutive birds. Then I retired for quiet meditation and when next I came to the score I got fifty per cent.

Mr. S. evidently made the mistake of trying to "paste" his birds too close to the trap, else he wouldn't have spattered the trap-screen.

While most live birds rise and go away with a gradually accelerated flight, the reverse is true of the "saucer." It starts with lightning speed, slows up and falls. It is good enough for straight-away shots, but the ideal target for quarterers and cross-shots would be fish-shaped, with a rocket in its tail, which would be exploded by the trap-arm. This would give it the gradually increasing speed of the live bird. Some ingenious and enterprising citizen of the United States will one day give us a target on this principle.

L. I. FLOWER.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

### The Traps at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 29.—Score made here to-day by the following named at 100 bluerock targets each from 5 unknown expert traps and Nordt's electric pull; entrance $10, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent:

H H McMurchy.....1111011111111030010—14
1111011111110111010—16
0001010111111111101—14
1101001100100010110—10
1001111111010010100—12—66
R O Heikes.....0000101011110101001—10
1000101000011111111—12
0010001111111010100—10
1010101011111111010—14
0110111111110111001—15—61
A Frothingham.....0000011010110110010— 9
1000010000001101101— 7
0000001010w
R C Merrill.....1111010111111101110—16
1111111010010101001—13
0010101110101010101—11
0111111101111010010—15
1101011010011101111—13—68
M C Sanford.....1111111011010101111—13
1110110110000101001—11
1110101111111111011—17
1101110111101000010—15
1110100011110000111—12—65
C W Budd.....1110111110011111110—16
1111010111001111011—15
0101110111111111011—16
1110100111000111010—12
0010001100110011011—10—69
A W Adams.....0100010100000000000— 3
1000000100110101000— 7
0011100000010000010— 5
1100000001001010090w 6—21
Ed Bingham.....0111101111111000101111—14
1111110101101111101—15
0111111111000101110—11
1011000101011110010—12
1111111110000101111—15—67
J C Read.....0110101011100100100—11
*0001100111111101101—13
0010110001101111001—11
1100000001111110101—11
0001111111111110011—14—60
F Parmalee.....1011110010111111111—16
1001001001111101110—13
0010101011010011111—13
1101011101110111110—15
0110111111111111010—15—72
Chas Grimm.....0111010001011101110—11
1111111000011011110—13
1000000111110011100—10
0110110101110000010— 9
0111011001010011111—13—56
A C Patterson.....1110111100110001001— 9
0011000100010101000— 6
1001000010011111001— 9
0000101100000101000— 6
0000000100001000000— 3—33

*Dec. 2.*—Chicago Shooting Club for club medal, 20 live pigeons each, new Illinois State rules:

Thomas...2022222122202222222—18 Stevens...2111221112112112112—20
Kleinman1212122210222121220—18 Rock.....2122120212211211122—19

Rock being allowed one dead bird added to his score tied with Stevens for the medal and the tie was decided by the score in the following sweep. Rock won, killing 10 to Stevens's 9.

Sweep, 10 birds, entrance $5, one money:

Kleinman.....1222012102— 8 Rock.....1122211111—10
Stevens.....2120121222— 9 Antoine.....2122202122— 9

Shot for birds:

Thomas.....21211—5 Kleinman.....20211—4
Stevens.....1211002222221221021—17
1221121111122221120—19
1102121021121202111—17
1021120011121111111—17—70

RAVELRIGG.

### Shooting on the Pacific Slope.

SPOKANE, Wash., Nov. 25.—The members and friends of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club had a pleasant time yesterday on their trap grounds, shooting live pigeons, turkeys, chickens and bluerock targets. Several hundred spectators were on hand and the day was an extremely lively one. Expert traps were used for the first time in this State, and these, with North's electric pull, were a revelation to the natives. The target events were all shot from known traps at unknown angles. The weather was very cold, but nevertheless the shooting lasted until the last glimmer of daylight.

In the turkey matches the range was 75yds., with the turkey's head as a target, and while this is closer shooting than most people imagine, the aim of those who participated was so true that the supply of turkeys was exhausted shortly after noon. The best shot of the day was made by Police Sergeant Charles Barlow. Joe Warren had wounded a turkey slightly and when it was released from the box it flew across the river and lodged in a tree fully 500yds. from the place where the marksmen were standing. Nearly all of the men began shooting at the turkey. Sergeant Barlow watched them for a short time and then coolly took aim with his heavy Remington and at the first shot brought down the turkey, shooting it through the neck. Joe Warren killed 10 turkeys and 7 chickens, the latter at 60yds. Joe Draper, of the Northern Pacific, killed 4 chickens in 6 shots. E. M. Shaner, Captain Merriam and W. H. McFarlan made several excellent shots.

There were three events at live birds and four at targets. No. 1 was at 10 bluerocks, $1 entry; No. 2, at 6 singles and 2 pairs, $1.50 entry; No. 3, at 20 singles, $2 entry; No. 4, at 10 singles and 5 pairs, $1.50. The scores:

No. 1.—Royer 6, Carson 5, Ware 5, Drake 2, Moore 1.

No. 2.—Ware 6, Moore 6, Royer 4, Drake 2, Carson 2, Knight 2, Draper 0.

No. 3.—McBroom 18, Ware 12, Moore 13, Royer 11, Eckhardt 11, Carson 9, Knight 8, Draper 7, Mason 7, Drake 4, Millins 3, Bolster 1.

No. 4.—McBroom 16, Ware 14, Eckhardt 11, Mason 9, Royer 9, Carson 9, Troch 9, Moore 8, Drake 5, Knight 4, Bolster 4, Draper 4, Stern 2, Millins 2.

Live bird events, No. 1 at 10 birds, $3 entry: No. 2, 5 birds, $2.50 entry; No. 3 at 10 birds, $5 entry:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Troch | 1122222222—10 | 02211—4 | 0201202111—9 |
| Pugh | 2122201111— 9 | ..... | ..... |
| T B Ware | 2022221120— 8 | 22211—5 | 0121221220—9 |
| Drake | 1011220222— 8 | 20001—2 | 2011001110—6 |
| Bolster | 1220221011— 8 | 02202—3 | ..... |
| Warren | 1212101102— 8 | 11102—4 | ..... |
| Broom | 2101202012— 7 | 12012—4 | 0212211212—9 |
| Moore | 1100221201— 7 | 21112—5 | 0220210002—5 |
| Draper | 2211201200— 7 | 20011—3 | ..... |
| Carson | 2102221100— 7 | 22222—5 | 2002110101—6 |
| Eckhardt | 0011222210— 7 | 10112—4 | ..... |
| Mason | 2100212201— 7 | ..... | 1110210111—8 |
| W Withers | 1110201210— 7 | 11111—5 | ..... |
| A Ware | 2200011221— 7 | 01201—3 | 1000000100—2 |
| Roger | 2200022012— 6 | 02222—4 | 0220222122—9 |
| Knight | 0022101120— 6 | 00111—3 | ..... |
| Nichols | 0100022222— 6 | ..... | ..... |
| Nelson | 0121010200— 5 | ..... | ..... |
| Schilling | 1200002012— 5 | ..... | ..... |
| J Withers | 2010012010— 5 | 10210—3 | ..... |
| Banard | ..... | 02121—4 | 2110121201—8 |
| Angel | ..... | 00002—1 | ..... |
| Thompson | ..... | 00001—1 | ..... |
| Marion | ..... | ..... | 0200210111—6 |

SPOKANE.

### About Handicapping

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the notes under the heading of "Drivers and Twisters," in your issue of Nov. 10, was a request to the shooters of the country to express themselves on the handicap question.

There is no question but that the system of handicapping a man for all time on the basis of one or two meritorious performances has been proven by the experience of the season just past to be very faulty and altogether wrong. The handicap itself was altogether too severe, and about the only persons who attended more than one or two tournaments where they were compelled to shoot in the expert class were those that were there in a business way and who generally were losers unless they had the opportunity to divide up the average money that was given for that class. With targets thrown 45 or 50yds. and the regulation height, I very much doubt if there is a man in the country that can average 80 per cent. day in and day out at that kind of shooting, and any one knows that 80 per cent. is not in sight at a tournament nowadays.

The system of handicapping by making winners of first and second money in the first event shoot from known traps and unknown angles in the second event, and allowing all others to shoot known traps and angles, and changing back and forth after each event, has been pretty generally tried and proven very satisfactory in the majority of places.

The addition of this handicap making the winners of first money shoot from the three center traps at both unknown traps and angles, the winners of second to shoot from the five traps at known traps and unknown angles, while the others shoot known traps and angles is a step in the right direction and will be used the coming season quite extensively. Some complain that it is too complicated and delays the shooting; but in my opinion that is the best point about it, and if some one would get up a handicap that would still more delay things at the average tournament he would be a benefactor to the trap-shooting fraternity.

To diverge from the subject of handicap I would say that the great necessity at the present time is to introduce new features at tournaments or go back to the old style of shooting and get rid of the everlasting monotonous grind that is the main feature of tournaments as now conducted and the principal cause of the decreased attendance at them.

In days past it was possible for a man to go to a tournament and win enough to at least pay his expenses there and back, and it was at the same time possible for a poor shot to attend the same shoot, have a good time, meet a great many old friends and not lose any very great amount of money.

Nowadays a man goes to shoot and shoots at from 200 to 250 targets a day, divides after each shoot whether he gets his entrance back or not, and finds that though he may have shot honestly and fairly to the best of his ability, and broken 90 to 95 per cent. of his targets, he is a loser, while some one who has hunted holes all day has broken far fewer targets and may have won more money.

Just figure out the expense of the average tournament to the one attending it and you will not wonder at the decreased attendance, but will wonder that the attendance has kept up as well as it has.

Take a tournament where there are thirty entries and the programme calls for 200 targets a day for three days, and you will see that the cost for targets and cartridges for each one will be $30, or $900 for all, to say nothing of hotel bills and railroad fare and incidental expenses, amounting to half as much more.

All this should be changed, and programmes should not call for more than 100 targets per day, two or three of the good old "one man up, five unknown traps" events should be given, and time should be given for a man to take at least a long breath between shoots.

There will not be as many targets thrown at tournaments perhaps, and the management will not make so much money, but the general result will be to relieve the feverish and unhealthy condition of affairs and place the sport of trap shooting on a better and more permanent basis.

There is no denying the fact that trap shooting as now conducted is getting to be more and more of a gambling scheme with a most horrible "rake off," and that every lover of the sport for the sport's sake, which includes the pleasure of meeting other sportsmen in a friendly trial of skill with enough of money consideration in it to make it interesting, should use his best efforts to bring it about is to discuss the matter fully in the columns of the sporting papers, which are always open to any one. PAUL NORTH.

### Sacramento Trap-Shooters.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Nov. 25.—The Pelican Gun Club held a live bird shoot at Agricultural Park yesterday, a large number of our crack local shots being on hand. There were also present E. Merrill, of Stockton, and Crittenden Robinson, of San Francisco, who rank among the best shots in the State. The judges were J. O. Kane, Les. Morrison, and F. M. Woodson, the latter also being official scorer. The weather was delightfully cool and crisp, and the birds were a good average lot. The shooting was under the American Shooting Association rules. The Pelican mascot—a big fat bird of the pelican tribe—looking solemn and wise, was staked out near the refreshment tent.

The first event was a sweepstake at 6 live birds, $2.50 entry, 3 moneys. The results:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Robinson | 111111—6 | H Gerber | 110110—4 |
| G Wittenbrock | 111111—6 | L Mauldin | 111010—4 |
| C A Merrill | 111111—6 | L Nicolaus | 100011—3 |
| W Gerber | 011111—5 | J B Griffen | 110001—4 |
| E Nicolaus | 111101—5 | N King | 100101—3 |
| G Zentgraf | 110111—5 | W A Boase | 000111—3 |
| J Gerber | 110111—5 | F Ruhstaller | 010100—2 |
| A Damm | 101111—5 | | |

The event of the day followed in the form of a sweepstake at 15 live birds, $5 entry, three moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Robinson | 111111111111111—15 | H Stevens | 001111111101111—12 |
| E Nicolaus | 111111111111111—15 | F Gotobed | 111001011111110—11 |
| C A Merrill | 111111011111111—14 | H Gerber | 1100110111w |
| Wittenbrock | 111111111011111—14 | FRuhstaller, Ji | 0100111011w |
| J Gerber | 111111111111110—14 | G Zentgraf | 111100110w |
| L Mauldin | 101110111111111—13 | J M Morrison | 011101110w |
| W King | 111110101111111—13 | J B Giffen | 001111110w |
| C Coons | 101111111111110—13 | W A Boase | 101101100w |
| W C Gerber | 101111011111110—12 | F Ruhstaller | 101111110w |
| A Damm | 101101111111011—12 | L J Nolaus | 10111010w |

No. 3 was another 6 bird event, $2.50 entry, three moneys:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W E Gerber | 111111—6 | E Nicolaus | 111011—5 |
| F Gotobed | 111111—6 | L Mauldin | 011011—4 |
| G Zentgraf | 111111—6 | F Ruhstaller | 111100—4 |
| R Helms | 111111—6 | F Coons | 1C00w |
| C Robinson | 111101—5 | G Wittenbrock | 1010w |
| H Gerber | 101111—5 | J M Morrison | 1010w |
| J B Giffen | 011111—5 | C A Merrill | 110w |

In each of the above events the three highest scores took the moneys. PELICAN.

### Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

THE Glenmores held their regular monthly shoot for the Claws diamond badge, at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Nov. 30. The attendance was not as large as usual on account of the death of a relative of one of its members, and a notice had been sent out to postpone the shoot, but too late to prevent the fifteen members who were present to shoot for the trophy. W. Hartye was the winner with a straight score of 11 killed. The ground being covered with snow made the shooting difficult, especially at light-colored birds. Louis Miller has had during the past two weeks as fine a lot of flyers as have been trapped all through the year. The scores:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J A Eppig | 1111022—6 | W Vorbach | 2112012—6 |
| R Phister, Jr | 1111111—7 | W Hartye | 1111111—7 |
| C Englebrecht | 1211121—7 | J A Still | 1020002—3 |
| L Eppig | 0112111—6 | F Thompson | 1020111—5 |
| W Letoris | 2110022—5 | T T Edgerton | 2102001—4 |
| G Pfohlman | 1122122 | J Young | 2112202—6 |
| J W Gastiger | 2021202—4 | C W Vincent | 1021120—5 |
| M Hayden | 0120002—3 | | |

First sweep, 5 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M E Hayden | 21002—3 | L Eppig | 22121—5 |
| C Englebrecht | 10122—4 | W H Hartye | 01111—4 |

Second sweep, 3 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Englebrecht | 212—3 | W Thompson | 122—3 |
| L Eppig | 111—3 | R Phister, Jr | 121—3 |
| J Young | 211—3 | G Pfohlman | 220—2 |
| J A Eppig | 222—3 | J A Still | 021—2 |
| C Vincent | 121—3 | T T Edgerton | 122—3 |

Vincent won shoot-off.

### Waverly Gun Club.

THE members of the Waverly Gun Club held their last club shoot of the season at Dexter Park, on Monday, Dec. 5. Only seven competed for the annual club prize and a gold medal donated by the president, George Helmstead; at 10 targets each, 20yds. rise. O. Hillmer won the medal with 8, and it is now his private property. M. Schultz was second, with 7, but he took the club's annual prize of $25, having been the winner of three shoots out of nine. The other winners during the nine months were: O. Hillmer, twice; W. Tomford, H. Van Staden, C. Mohrman and George Helmstead once each. Yesterday's scores:

Club Shoot—20yds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Mohrman | 01000101000—3 | J Mohrman | 10110100010—5 |
| M Schultz | 11111010001—7 | H Herman | 01100100011—5 |
| O Hillmer | 01011111111—8 | G Helmstead | 01011011110—6 |
| H Van Staden | 00010101001—4 | | |

No. 1, 5 birds; No. 2, 6 birds; No. 3, No. 4 and No. 5, sweepstakes, 6 birds:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Mohrman | 10000—1 | 001010—2 | 111101—5 | 000111—3 | 000000—0 |
| M Schultz | 11101—4 | 101101—4 | 010111—4 | 111111—6 | 100000—1 |
| O Hillmer | 10110—3 | 111100—4 | 111111—6 | 111011—5 | 111000—3 |
| H Van Staden | 01011—3 | 011100—4 | 110100—3 | 100101—3 | ..... |
| J Mohrman | 10101—3 | 000010—1 | 000000—0 | 110000—2 | 001000—1 |
| H Herman | ..... | 000010—1 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| G Helmstead | 01100—2 | 010001—2 | 011101—4 | 011011—4 | 110001—3 |

All ties in first four sweepstakes decided in the next.

### Do Away With Pots.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 2.—In the last issue FOREST AND STREAM, page 484, I notice quite a spicy article from your Western correspondent, E. Hough, for which he will no doubt have the thanks of most of the trap-shooters. He deals well directed and telling blows. I have no doubt that his remarks will be a benefit to many who have in the past attended tournaments for the fun there was in it; but as he truly remarks, to visit tournaments to be devoured by wolves it is quite time to call a halt and devise some means whereby the wolves will be obliged to seek some other food besides lamb chops. I think the inclosed scheme would be about the stuff.

Any number of known traps and angles, "say, 24 to 28yds. rise," the shooter to pay 10 cents each for targets, to receive 15 cents for all targets scored dead to him. Any one can shoot for targets 2 cents each, but will not be entitled to any dividends. Usually in 10 bird events with the division of purse, 4 moneys, the shooter who only scored 6 would get nothing if 7, 8, 9, 10 was scored. In this scheme any contestant who scores one or more targets will receive a dividend pro rata for the number of targets scored to him. There will be no dividing moneys, no shooting down ties, no dropping for places. For example, 10 target events, 10 shooters, targets 10 cents each, purse $10:

| | |
|---|---|
| A scores 10 | Receives $1 50 |
| B scores 9 | Receives 1 35 |
| C scores 8 | Receives 1 20 |
| D scores 7 | Receives 1 05 |
| E scores 6 | Receives 90 |
| F scores 5 | Receives 75 |
| G scores 4 | Receives 60 |
| H scores 3 | Receives 45 |
| I scores 2 | Receives 30 |
| J scores 1 | Receives 15 |
| Dividends | $8 25 |

The above example holds good for any number of targets or shooters. FAIR PLAY.

### The American Manufacturers' Association.

DEC. 1.—The second regular meeting of the American Manufacturers' Association was held at the Astor House yesterday, and lasted something over three hours.

There was a great deal of interest shown, and much healthy discussion and exchange of ideas as to the best methods to pursue.

Among those present were Mr. Elliott Smith, president of the American Wood Powder Co.; Mr. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; Mr. Webster, president of the Cleveland Target Co.; Mr. Hunter, of the Hunter Arms Co.; Mr. Stake, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales; Mr. C. H. Mowry, editor of the *Sporting Goods Gazette;* Mr. T. H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co.; Mr. G. H. Squires, of Henry C. Squires.

The meeting was called for the purpose of electing a board of directors, receiving new members and to discuss any other matters of importance that might come up.

Mr. Hunter was called upon to take the chair in the absence of president. The following board of directors were elected for the coming year: Mr. Harvey McMurchy, Mr. T. H. Keller, Mr. A. W. DuBray, Mr. Milt. F. Lindsley and Mr. A. G. Courtney, these, with the four officers making nine men on the board of direction and management. On a vote the committee on by-laws were instructed to make a by-law to read that three should constitute a quorum of the board of directors.

To the number already pledged Parker Bros., the *Sporting Goods Gazette* and the *Sporting Goods Dealer* were added to the membership. Most encouraging letters have been received from the Baker Gun and Forging Co., Colt Patent Firearms Co., American "E. C." Powder Co., the Wilkesbarre Gun Co., Cruttenden & Card, the American Arms Co. and others, and we sincerely hope that the progress made thus far and the obvious interest in the association shown by all concerned will induce every manufacturer of sporting goods to join us without further delay, and share the benefits the association proposes to give.

Another meeting will be held at the call of the board, and you are earnestly requested to be present or to write your views to the secretary. G. HARRY SQUIRES, Secretary.

### Vernon Rod and Gun Club.

THE Vernon Rod and Gun Club members held their second shoot since being organized at Dexter Park, L. I., on Tuesday, Nov. 29, in a driving snow storm which beat down the birds and made them easy targets. Only six competed for the best club averages at 7 birds each, modified Hurlingham rules. The Vernons propose to shoot at Dexter Park on the last Tuesday of each month, and as their membership roll has thirty names subscribed, they think that a team can be made up to compete in any of the forthcoming tournaments of next year. The veteran rifle shot, R. Rathbone, is one of the members and is making some good scores, but the weather of Tuesday was too inclement for him and several others although a good many of the members belong to the medical profession. The scores:

Club medal, 7 birds, modified Hurlingham rules, 28yds.:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| O B Osterhout | 2111111—7 | J G Merrihew | 1121111—7 |
| Dr Little | 2122221—7 | W H Thompson | 0111121—6 |
| F A Thompson | 2121100—5 | A B Merrihew | 2102111—6 |

Sweepstake, 3 birds, then miss and out, 28yds., 2 moneys:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| O B Osterhout | 111—2 | 1 | J G Merrihew | 021—2 | 22221111 |
| Dr Little | 010—1 | 1 | W H Thompson | 221—3 | 0 |
| F A Thompson | 021—2 | 12212222 | A B Merrihew | 111—3 | 1 |

### Interstate Association.

A MEETING of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association was held at the Astor House, Dec. 1, to consider the plan of organization proposed by the committee appointed for that purpose, and also to adopt by-laws. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co. was in the chair. The plan as announced by G. H. Sampson, chairman of the committee, is, briefly, to form a stock company under the laws of New Jersey with a capital of $2,500, fifty shares of $50 each. The incorporators are G. H. Sampson of the S. S. Powder Co., Chas. Tatham of Tatham & Bro. and J. A. H. Dressel of the U. M. C. Co. It is provided that stock in the corporation cannot be transferred except with the sanction of the executive committee. Four assessments of $50 each during the year have been decided upon. The board of directors, consisting of five, will be elected by the stockholders, and the officers and executive committee by the board of directors from its number. It was decided that the manager should not be a member of the executive committee.

Only such ammunition and targets as are manufactured or dealt in by members of the company will be sold in their tents on the shooting grounds, but the clubs holding the shoot are at liberty to have any targets or ammunition whatever for sale.

The certificate of charter and by-laws were both accepted substantially as drafted by the committee.

### Sweepstakes at Dexter Park.

FOR the second time Alec Blinn failed in his attempt to kill 40 out of 50 live birds at Dexter Park on a wager of $50 with Martin Euler. He gave up on the 35th bird, killing 24 and missing 11. The bright light on the snow considerably bothered him, and he likewise got slightly rattled on missing such good birds. He also lost a match of 10 birds with Tom Short of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club. The scores:

Sweepstakes Nos. 1, 2 and 3, 3 live birds, $1 entry, two moneys, 28yds.; No. 4, 10 birds, $10 a side; No. 5, miss and out.

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M Euler | 011—2 | 101—2 | 100—1 | 1111111111—10 | 11—2 |
| A Blinn | 011—2 | 102—2 | 200—1 | 1210100011—7 | 11—2 |
| T Short | 211—3 | 122—3 | 021—2 | 1212102101—8 | ..... |
| H Victor | 101—2 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 10—1 |

Referee and scorer: C. A. Dellar.

### Hurlingham Rules.

WE have the Hurlingham Rules, bound in blue and gold and in vest pocket size. Price 25 cents. FOREST AND STREAM.

### A Christmas Present.

FOR fastidious smokers a more acceptable present could hardly be secured than one of Smith's Patent Hermetical Cigar Boxes, adverts of elsewhere in our columns. The case is handsomely constructed from mahogany or quartered oak, with silver or gold mountings, and in addition to being absolutely air tight, is also provided with a "moistener." The original flavor of the tobacco is thus preserved under all conditions of dryness and dampness. These boxes, while an addition to any gentleman's study, are especially recommended for use by yachtsmen on the one hand, and on the other those living in a high dry atmosphere, such as Colorado or New Mexico. They are guaranteed to preserve the virtue of tobacco under the most trying conditions.—*Adv.*

## CHICAGO TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 26.—Chicago is fuller of good shooters to-night than at any time for months, the reflex work of Milwaukee shoot having paused here a while, possibly for a few days. There are present now Messrs. Budd, Elliott, Parmalee, Lindsley, McMurchy, Tucker, Sanford, Rexroat, Bennett, Ackerman and Read, all from out of town. Dick Merrill may be over from Milwaukee early in the week. There is a general shaking up of the local talent, and before many hours pass there may be razors flying in the air, though the probability is that nothing more serious than sweepstakes will result.

Winston did not come on from St. Louis, and both Brewer and Fulford left town last Wednesday. Fulford does not want to shoot Winston. He says it "wouldn't be worth while." A good many here think it wouldn't be worth while, either—not for Fulford. Brewer, of course, is challenging a plenty, and just now is begging Dr. Carver to step in his Prince Albert for a thousand. Dr. Carver probably will not—not in a thousand. All of which will leave a corner free for the wind to sigh through.

The Atwater-Mussey race has been postponed, Mr. Atwater having a sick child at his home.

The sweeps of the experts next week will probably take the form of "star sweeps" or miss and outs, privilege of re-entry for second or third time.

### AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., one of the members of the new shooting body, the American Manufacturers' Association, hands me here the recently issued prospectus which was referred to in the FOREST AND STREAM'S report of the inaugural meeting two weeks ago. The prospectus offers interesting reading to the shooter, for instance, when it says that the object of the Association is "not to see how many targets we can throw in a day, but how many shooters we can get together, and how pleasant a time we can give them. We show the shooters a full line of American makers' goods in guns, ammunition, targets and sporting goods, and then give the shooters $100 a day to come and look at them."

The American Association will give, it is announced, ten expositions and tournaments, each of two days, beginning next February and ending next December, at points not yet decided. It will add $200 cash to the purses of each tournament. It will charge three cents on all targets thrown, leaving the choice of targets to the local club and pay one cent each for all targets thrown, the fund so created to go toward improving the local grounds.

Fuller details will doubtless be found elsewhere in these columns, even comment here must be brief. The project seems to be well received here. Certainly the American is a fortunate and highly pampered individual. This is the third organization within five years whose purposes have been similar, and which have all sought to foster and build up the sport of trap-shooting. The American Shooting Association failed. Will the later association fail, will this one fail? It is to be hoped not. I believe that that association will succeed which can evolve some sure and equitable way of separating the men who shoot for sport from those who shoot for money. Under the best handicapping system yet found it is questionable whether this has successfully been done. Further remedies may be offered in abundance, but which of them is the one for this new association to take up for serious consideration? In these troublous and uncertain times, I cannot help turning back to the advice of Mr. Tucker at the Milwaukee shoot: "Bar any man caught dropping for place, and do it fearlessly."

Just how such a course would work is a question. It would probably at an early day cut off the attendance of many valuable target smashers, and target smashers are practically the heavy buyers of targets and of ammunition. If it did not bar them, it might gradually crowd them together into the one or two upper moneys, and so leave one or two lower moneys for the men who shoot for sport. In a ten-bird sweep there is not two birds difference in gait between a dozen of the men who shot at Milwaukee, but you cannot tell their gait from their score card, for they drop in to cover the fattest money in sight. A sharp and nervy committee could have nailed much of the place-shooting, and it could always, anywhere.

It would be a novel thing to see a shoot conducted not in a rushing, hullabulloo, money-making, business way, but in a quiet, careful, experimenting way, so that some sport might be possible in it. Suppose the American Manufacturers' Association gave a shoot of this kind, and just tried a few experiments, and didn't try to make the last dollar in sight, and didn't allow the shooters to do just what they pleased to get hold of this same last dollar. I wonder what the result would be? They will make their own plans, very possibly clinging to much of the old doctrine which I confess to me seems very well worth discarding, especially in the light of the past. Certainly they have a complicated problem before them. Every one knows that tournament shooting is what calls heavily for guns, ammunition and targets, and every one knows also that tournament shooting is not in a healthy condition to-day, because it does not appeal to the sport-loving public, a far larger and more desirable class than which is usually most strongly represented at tournaments to-day. Be all these things as they may, shooters should be glad to see the new association formed, as being a body of men who can wisely settle these questions if any one can, and men who will be just and fair to all so far as lies within their power. Already an interesting feature of next year's circuit is assured.

### THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOOT.

It occurs to me that the open tournament of next summer's Illinois State Association shoot, which will really be the World's Fair shoot, might be turned over, on some equitable basis to be determined, to the American Manufacturers' Association. We are looking for a stock company to take hold of that shoot and run it in a wide and representative American fashion. Why cannot this association broaden its purposes enough for this? It could make money. It could reach the shooters. It could teach its principles. It could show its goods. It could pay the Illinois Association a per cent. for its support. It could do a good stroke of business for itself and for the Illinois body at the same time, and solve a question which, already far too long delayed here, is growing more urgent and more knotty every day.

*Nov. 30.*—Yesterday and the day before have been high times at Watson's Park. Not content with the pigeon game of last week at Milwaukee, a crowd of the hardest shooters who met there—indeed, numbering among them many of the very best shots of the Western country—drifted into Chicago for a little further mutual entertainment. The result was a very nice little two days' tournament, and several very narrow escapes from matches involving great deeds upon the feathery field. It was noped that some of the foreigners would get tangled up to the extent of a few pool races, but they fought shy of each other; only two Chicago men appeared to do battle for their country. Much disappointment was felt by the local talent, who all wished the visitors to see some of the much-talked-of good birds, and to give them a taste of real shooting. The birds were called a "good lot" by the trap reporter of an esteemed contemporary published here (who was not on the grounds) but they were really very far indeed from being a good lot, and were only about a tournament average lot. This was not the fault of the birds, but of the weather, which was dull, muggy, foggy and dark, with no wind at all, both yesterday and Monday. The birds flew very dully, whereat John Watson said bad words in his whiskers. The sport of the two days was about the poorest ever seen on the grounds so far as the birds were concerned, and it would be hard to pick nastier days.

Failing of some pool matches, Mr. Fulford, Mr. Elliott and Mr. Winston all being somewhere else at the critical juncture, getting into form for more jamborees just like this one, it was hoped that some of the cracks would shoot to finish and show us a little sport in the star sweeps. Did they do it? Not in a thousand years. They shot down to where a few had a little money in sight, and then the wink and secret talk took place as usual, and so did the divide. They are all afraid to go against the combine. Talk about the Standard Oil Company, it isn't a marker for a monopoly alongside of the great American trap-shooting cinch contingent. So on Monday we had to report another section of tournament instead of a slice of spirited and interesting shooting. Trap shooting of to-day has grown to be very tiresome work, except for those who have their money in the pot. I like that word "pot." It is just right. Trap shooters are the worst pot hunters on earth. They are pot boilers, for sure, these sweeps. Our friend the trap shooter has one eye on the trap and the other on the pot, every day. Trap shooting is going to pot, mostly, if the present system holds.

### MONDAY'S STAR SWEEPS.

The experiment of the star sweeps was tried for novelty and for the purpose of seeing what the result would be as to finish shooting and value of purses won. The first sweep closed in the 15 hole, with the four experts, Budd, Heikes, Parmalee and Sanford, in at the divide. Naturally at the entrance charged no very big winning could be expected, especially when the birds were so easy. The four men left in would probably have shot the money all out before any finish could have been made. Score:

Star sweep No. 1, five birds, miss and out, $3, $2 re-entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C W Budd | 1122122221211222 | J C Read | 2222212021202120 |
| R O Heikes | 1222121111212011 | M C Sanford | 2122221121212222 |
| Chas Grim | 1120211211220 | F Parmalee | 1211121222221211 |
| H McMurchy | 1220120 | Ted Ackerman | 01110 |
| G Kleinman | 2112212200 | A L Bennett | 0110 |
| R B Wadsworth | 2012222221120 | R Merrill | 1021222020 |
| L M Hamline | 00 | M F Lindsley | 2222022222020 |
| W P Mussey | 0222222221120 | | |

Messrs. Budd, Heikes, Parmalee and Sanford divided $26.50.

Star sweep No. 2, same conditions:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C B Dicks | 022120 | R B Wadsworth | 2221212 |
| R Merrill | 1121122 | F Parmalee | 2112111 |
| Cap Anson | 2211122 | L M Hamline | 2022120 |
| A L Bennett | 20120 | C Grim | 2121111 |
| A Torkington | 0112112 | Gus Kleinman | 1122221 |
| M F Lindsley | 2022212 | C W Budd | 1112112 |
| J C Read | 2112100 | M C Sanford | 2201121 |
| Ted Ackerman | 01210 | R O Heikes | 2221221 |
| H McMurchy | 1122112 | W P Mussey | 2212222 |

It was dark when the score stood as above, and the money was divided among those remaining in.

### TUESDAY'S ATTRACTIONS.

Yesterday's weather was enough to make a plain citizen think of all his misdeeds and resolve to make his will. Neither men nor birds had any ambition, and the impression seemed general that the world had gone to the demnition bow-wows. However, the events of the day were more exciting in their nature, and under better skies it would have been a great day. The Atwater-Mussey medal was to have been shot to-day, but was postponed, as announced last week. Instead there was shot the match between Capt. Anson and J. C. Read, which was agreed upon at Milwaukee. It may be borne in mind that in the report of the Milwaukee tournament Mr. Read was mentioned as having won $81 alone in one purse of a live bird shoot. At least he stood to take down that much in the 14 hole, though perhaps Mr. G. W. Rexroat, who only got 13, can best say whether Mr. Read got $81 or $40 50. Mr. Read is an Omaha plumber, and after his winning in the above shoot he was called by no other name than that of "the Plumber." It may have been his supposed great wealth that made Cap. Anse tread on his coat, or Cap. Anse may have just objected to Mr. Read's owning $81, or a moiety thereof. At any rate they negotiated some and we saw the result Tuesday.

### ANSON—READ.

Match at 50 live birds, $50, American Association rules to govern, except new Illinois boundary. (The esteemed contemporary above mentioned reports this match as shot under new Illinois rules; but let that pass.) No odds were offered, but the Chicago man was favorite, not a great deal of Omaha money being in sight, though Frank Parmalee confidently assured everybody that "the Plumber would win in a jog." Both men were scared a whole lot for 15 birds, but after that, settled down. Read shooting a very steady and cool gait, at times with much judgment. The birds ranged from dark Blue Points to New York counts, with a few Chicago selects thrown in to lend variety to the occasion. They were a mixed lot of flyers, and therefore hard to gauge. Three birds in the 100 were flagged. Once in a while a screamer would go out. Anson had the worst of these by far for 30 birds, and as he is not especially quick with his first some of them got very high and hard before he stopped them. At these difficult shots he seemed perfectly at home, and made some cracking kills. His load was a Roman candle containing 3½drs. of Schultze powder, a handful of wads and a tin cupful of shot, yet his gun (the old heavy-muzzled Greener once owned by Jim Elliott, held the load together admirably and did fine work. Anson lost his twenty-ninth bird in a singular way. It was a high left-quarterer, shot through the head, and Anson's handler called to Billy, the trapper boy who does the retrieving skilfully, to go after the bird fast. The boy, doubtless against his judgment, obeyed, and the bird got up and flew out. It was not needed, however.

At the 20 turn the men were tied, and Chicago men looked dubious, because the Plumber was proving pretty handy and looked dangerously sophisticated for a man shooting his first match. At 23 Read missed, but Anse came back to him at 27, and the plot thickened. Anse missed his twenty-ninth, and the Plumber allowed he would mark down the price of plumbing in Omaha. At the thirty-third bird, however, the luck of the birds turned, as it usually does in a race of any length, and Read began to draw some hard twisters, which made for the deep field. Of these he missed 3 straight, and 4 out of 4, and 5 out of 10, and 7 out of 20, the doughty baseball general continuing to go after the birds about the same as before, or more so, and going out with a string of 44 at his belt and a smile which would have served very well for a sunset on a dark day. Your Uncle Adrian is this kind of a pigeon shooter: he will shoot up to his gait all the time, and will not have any waves of trouble in his chest during the match, though he doesn't claim to be a champion nor nothin'. It is now very likely that your Uncle Adrian will be pestering some of the Chicago boys for matches before long. It is also probable that the price of plumbing will have to go up now in Omaha. Mr. Read has changed his mind about that. Mr. Read has now shot one pigeon match, but I would not advise any stranger to pick him up for an easy one, by any means. John Watson refereed this and the other shooting, of course. Score:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

J C Read..... 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 o 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 2
2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 0 2—39

Capt A C Anson..2 1 1 0 2 1 2 0 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2
2 0 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 1—44

At once after the above race a live bird sweep was opened, on the same principle of those of yesterday, star sweep, miss and out, $3, $2 re-entry. Score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ed Bingham | 2222202222—9 | R Stevens | 2222222101—9 |
| G W Heikes | 1120011222—8 | T Ackerman | 0112222021—8 |
| C Grim | 2220202212—8 | R O Heikes | 1120212220—8 |
| C W Budd | 2211222221—10 | W George | 0221122022—8 |
| R Merrill | 2222101121—9 | W P Mussey | 2200222222—8 |
| F Parmalee | 1211211121—10 | J C Read | 2222222202—9 |
| R B Wadsworth | 2222212222—10 | A L Bennett | 2102110210—7 |
| M Lindsley | 0220012222—7 | M C Sanford | 1221221221—10 |
| H McMurchy | 2210111111—9 | A Torkington | 2201202201—7 |
| A C Anson | 1121111231—10 | Ben Price | 2121222202—9 |
| A E Thomas | 2222222222—10 | | |

Ties div. money as follows: First, 5 men, $63; second, 6 men, $47.25; third, 6 men, $21.25; fourth, 3 men, $15.75.

### A RED HOT TARGET RACE.

On Monday evening there was some talk of getting up a big target sweep at 100 targets, $25 or $10 entry, all the cracks to go in. "I hope they'll get that race up," said Rolla Heikes. "My wife don't like the piano we've got and I want to get a new one." "If they get that race up," said Eddie Bingham," my good girl has a cinch on a diamond ring." "This means another Des Moines lot on my farm," said Charlie Budd. And they all wanted it to go, because they all thought they could get about 99 or 100 targets out of 10 unknown traps, P. North electric piano, only three (visible) moneys in the purse. This target race was shot to-day, and you never saw such a disgusted lot of shooters. The old mechanical, ridiculous, rapid-fire, known-angle system was never more fully brought in evidence. It became evident that a lot of great shots can't shoot unless you hold a target up for them on a stick. At wing shooting, real shooting, such as they had to-day, they were not in it. Eddie Bingham's best girl will have to wear a tin ring for a while yet, and Rolla Heike's wife will have to struggle along with the old piano. Frank Parmalee, of Omaha, won first with a score of 72 out of 100, carrying $42. Charlie Budd let down in the darkish finishing time of evening and won second with only 69, $25. Dickie Merrill, a slim young man in brown clothes and a delicate mustache, from Milwaukee, won third, $16.80, with a total of 68. Now, there was another shooting event, and cold as it was, the target score had a constant line of spectators, watching the experts trying to shoot a red-hot shooting game. This was not tournament shooting, but it was a whole lot better. Mr. Watson sends in the scores later.

### BENNETT—MUSSEY.

Mr. A. L. Bennett is one of the firm who bought out Jim Elliott's Kansas City shooting park. Mr. Bennett was bei Milvowkee with the boys, and at that time he wore the dirtiest and raggedest sweater ever was, and had, moreover, a shirt with 150 shot holes in it, where an enterprising Kansan had patterned a 10-gauge on him. At present Mr. Bennett wears a brand-new sweater, and the price of birds at his park will remain the same. Billy Mussey says, "I was glad to see all the boys that came here this week except Bennett. I think I'll have to mark up the price of standing room in the hall a shade." You see, Billy Mussey figured that nobody with a back full of shot and a fall-down sweater like that could shoot a little bit, anyhow, especially if he came from Kansas City. So he looked sassy around the meek Kansas City man, who looked some sassy in reply, and the result was they had to ask John Watson for 25 birds apiece just to show there was no coldness. It is now thought that the ragged sweater was only a blind, and that Mr. Bennett could shoot better than he looked like, all along. "I couldn't very well beat him if he wouldn't miss one," said Billy, ruefully, "or if so, how could I?" Because Mr. Bennett not only killed his first and last bird, but he killed them all between, and did it as if it was easy and as if he liked it and was used to doing it.

This race was shot the last thing in the evening, and it was nearly dark when the last gun was fired. The air was murky and heavy, and the birds would hardly fly at all. The esteemed contemporary, who wasn't there, says, "The birds, like those of the Anson—Read race, were good, some of them taxing the skill of the shooters to the utmost to stop them within bounds." That is a good sentence to pad with, but it isn't so. The birds could hardly be scared out of bounds, so late was it, and so dully and heavy the weather. Mr. Mussey's style, both barrels about at once, most of his birds killed practically at the trap, is better at fast birds than at the slow sort, and had the birds been really good, it is hardly likely that a straight 25 would have been made by either man, or would be by any man. On the birds as they actually flew, with a majority of slow starters, incomers and hoverers, Mr. Bennett shot a perfect race, and was full of judgment and generalship till it struck out behind his ears. Mr. Mussey shot about his gait, or at a gait of 88 to the 100. He has usually averaged about 86 on good fast birds here, but as he feelingly remarks, it's discouraging to shoot with a fellow who won't ever miss a bird at all. Mr. Bennett was so disgustingly confident that he was going to win this race that he went and got his new sweater before the race was shot, and wore it all the time he was shooting. The conditions were not good for a pretty match, the background being such that a bird showed only dimly in the failing light. The men did not dawdle, but slashed through the shooting in rapid style, as they needed to do to finish before dark. Score, 25 birds, $25, new Illinois rules.

W P Mussey.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 o 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—21

A L Bennett.....2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1—25

We had with us in this little extempore shooting festival Messrs. Budd, Lindsley, Parmalee, Grim, McMurchy, Tucker, Sanford, Merrill, Read, Ackerman, etc., all well known enough in the West. Mr. G. W. La Rue, of New York, was also among the visiting shooters. These were met by such local men as Geo. Kleiuman, Rolla Heikes, Eddie Bingham, W. P. Mussey, Andy Thomas, A. C. Anson, R. B. Organ, etc. The result was a very hot class of shooters and a very enjoyable affair.

John Watson will give a four days' tournament of this same sort, at live birds and targets, Christmas week, and a great many of these same men will be here. They will see a harder pigeon game then, and let us hope that we will see more finish events, more matches, and above all, more shooting at unknown angles on targets.

To-night the boys scatter after another week of pleasure together. This is really the end of the Milwaukee tournament. Mr. Tucker goes down the line of his Mississippi towns from here, Mr. Lindsley goes to St. Louis to-day, and so does Mr. McMurchy. Messrs. Budd, Parmalee, Read and Ackerman left last night. Mr. Bennett could not stay to-day and that 100-bird race with his yesterday's opponent, as he was invited to do, and also left last night. Mr. Read says he will be back at John Watson's Christmas shoot, and will then shoot Cap. Anson a 100-bird race, if the latter is willing. To which the captain responded with a radiant, cheerful smile.

Our friend Jack Winston missed some fun, but asks to be remembered in the following postal card:

"St. Louis, Nov. 26.—Was in training, but have gone out. Now here is what I will do (in St. Louis) on ten days' notice. Will shoot Roll Heikes 100 blue rocks National rules, electric pulls, for $100. Will match Crosby against Heikes, same race and amount. Will shoot Geo. Kleinman 100 pigeons, Hurlingham, London Gun Club or Monaco boundary, for $100, or will match Crosby on same terms. Will you allow us our expenses to come to your village?"

Roll Heikes will hardly go to St. Louis. Of course, a home-and-home match might be shot at some half-way point, such as Amboy, but as nobody here knows where St. Louis is, all that is doubtful. Naturally Chicago shooters are mainly interested in matches that are to be shot in Chicago. We don't know anything about St. Louis. But if a St. Louis man should come up here about next Christmas, he might have a good time and maybe a match, though those latter are mighty uncertain things, it seems like.

Mr. Cooney Caboon, of Freeport, Ill., will receive his trap shooting friends at the tournament of the Freeport Gun Club, Dec. 8 and 9, the same being the diamond badge tournament, participated in by Freeport, Rockford and Amboy gun clubs, Mr. Caboon being resident manager. The badge is worth $150, the race at 50 targets, $3 entrance. Live bird and target events will fill up the remainder of the days, rapid fire, four moneys, winners of first money in one match to be handicapped in the match following. A pleasant little shoot will be had if the weather prove favorable.

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## Targets at Walnut Hill.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Nov. 30.—Below are results of to-day's trap contests shot here:

Gold coin match, 20 targets. 5 traps, Keystone system, and 10 targets from 5 traps, unknown angles: Barrett 27, Hosmer 25, Gale 24, Climax 23, Smith 22, Block 21, Snow 18, Nichols 15, Tyler 10.

Five targets, Keystone system: Barrett 5, first; Rule 3, second; Climax, Gale and Snow 2, third.

Five bluerocks, unknown angles: Barrett 4, first, Gale and Climax 3, second; Rule 2, third.

Ten targets, Keystone system: Gale 9, first; Barrett, Climax and Hosmer 8, second; Black and Smith 7, third.

Ten bluerocks, 5 traps, unknown angles: Barrett and Hosmer 10, first; Smith 8, second; Gale and Climax 7, third.

Ten targets, Keystone system: Barrett 9, first; Climax and Gale 8, second; Hosmer and Smith 7, third.

Five bluerocks, Keystone system: Barrett and Gale 5, first; Climax, Rule and Snow 4, second.

Five targets, Keystone system: Snow 5, first, Barrett, Climax, Smith and Snow 4, second.

Five targets, Keystone system: Barrett and Climax 5, first; Gale 4, second; Snow 3, third.

Five targets, unknown angles: Barrett, Climax and Snow 4, first; Gale and Smith 3, second.

Three pair targets: Rule 5, first; Climax 4, second; Gale 3, third.

Ten targets, Keystone system: Hosmer 9, first, Smith 8, second; Climax and Barrett 7, third.

Five targets, Keystone system: Barrett 5, first, Gale and Nichols 4, second; Hosmer 3, third.

## Crescent Gun Club.

THE members of the Crescent Gun Club held their last competition for the annual prize, a Parker hammerless gun valued at $100, at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Dec. 1. C. Simmonds was the only straight scorer with seven, and took the first extra money. Walter Gilman won the gun with a total of 47 for his best seven scores of the year. J. Vagts was a good second with 45 for the same number of scores. The Crescents are rapidly increasing their membership and will be able to have a strong team for next year's shoots. The scores:

Last monthly shoot of the season for the hammerless Parker gun:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Simmonds | 1111121—7 | L Hopkins | 1100002—3 |
| P Jones | 1021112—6 | J Siegman | 1011122—6 |
| G Elberhorst | 1221002—5 | W Gilman | 2201021—5 |
| J Vagts | 1212101—6 | J Collier | 1010222—5 |

Sweepstakes:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Simmonds | 11012—4 | 112—3 | L Hopkins | 22010—3 | 000—0 |
| J Jones | 11111—5 | 111—3 | J Siegman | 21222—5 | 220—2 |
| G Elberhorst | 12011—4 | 100—1 | W Gilman | 02111—4 | 100—1 |
| J Vagts | 10100—2 | 110—2 | J Collier | 20021—3 | 000—0 |

## Richfield Gun Club.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1892—The first shoot for the Annan cups by the Richfield Gun Club took place this afternoon, the attendance was light; only nine members contesting. Following is the score:

| | |
|---|---|
| E Canly | 1111111111111110111—19 |
| Borland | 0011101111111111111111—17 |
| C Conrad | 1111100111011111111—17 |
| M Barker | 0111110111111101111—17 |
| J Peckham | 1111100110111111110—16 |
| W Smith | 0101111101010111111—15 |
| Perkins | 0110111011110010101—13 |
| F Munger | 1000011111010111101—13 |
| C Goodale | 0000101000000100000— 4 |

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. P., Laurens, N. Y.—Can you give me the rabbit law of this State in the question column. The gray rabbits are troublesome here. Ans. There is no protection for them in the law except on Long Island.

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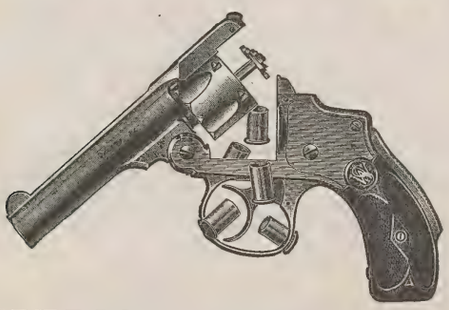
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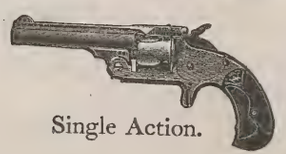
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### *THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.*

THIS is the last month for receiving work submitted in the FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition. All photographs must be mailed to us not later than Dec. 31. Nothing bearing a later post mark will be received.

Full details respecting the terms of the competition are given in another column (page 533), and these instructions in circular form will be sent on request to any address.

The collection of views already received is most interesting; and we shall give the readers of this journal the privilege of seeing many of the views reproduced in its columns.

### *HUGH MONROE.*

LAST week we received from Montana a telegram which announced the death of Hugh Monroe, one of the very last of the old-time race of trappers. He was about one hundred years of age, and of these more than seventy-nine had been spent on the plains and in the mountains.

Hugh Monroe was a remarkable man. His life was full of startling changes and sharp contrasts, of keen delights, and of deadly perils. Its story, if written, would be the history of a great region, utterly wild and savage when he first knew it, but gradually settled and civilized, until now it has cities and towns, and hamlets and farms, and railroads, and is no longer wild, uncultivated or distant. To write his life, too, would be to give at the same time the story of a people, who were once as free and savage and untamed as the wild beasts on which they fed, a scourge to their enemies and a terror to the white invaders of their land; but who are now quiet, industrious, occupied in peaceful pursuits, tilling the soil, tending their herds.

Monroe was almost the last survivor of a type wholly unknown to the generation of to-day, but who fifty years ago were the masters of the mountains and the plains. It was of such men that Irving wrote—and a little later Parkman—when they told, the one of the prairies and Astoria and of Bonneville, and the other of California and the Oregon trail. Of these men scarcely one survives to-day. Such names as the Sublettes, Bent, St. Vrain, Jack Robinson, Bridger, Peter Ogden, Meek, Carson and others come to the mind. Most of them died long ago, but some we have known and known well. They were men; they were the real pioneers. Beside them, how absurd to-day sounds the title "explorer," applied to the man who rides in a railway car to within a hundred miles of the country he wishes to penetrate.

Eighty years ago Monroe took service with the Hudson's Bay Co., and set out for the distant West. On foot, by packet, by brigade and by canoe he journeyed over the weary miles that lay between bustling Montreal and lonely Fort Edmonton, then the westernmost of the posts of the great company. Soon after reaching there he was sent out alone to live with the Blackfeet, for another interpreter was needed and he must learn the language. It was at this time that, wholly without intention, he marvelously impressed the simple Indians by lighting a medicine pipe with his burning glass, so that they believed that he had brought down the sun—which they worshipped—and they called him its child. From that time on he was a person of importance in the tribe, a welcome guest in every lodge. Soon he married a woman of the Piegans and reared a family of children, some of whom, and their children and grandchildren, were about him to the last.

At first a Hudson's Bay man, Monroe was by turns a free trapper, American Fur Co. employee and scout for the United States Government. During the explorations for a Pacific Railway route he served as guide and interpreter with Gov. Stevens and Mr. Doty, and on one occasion by his influence with the Indians saved the whole party of whites from being killed by the enraged Blackfeet and Gros Ventres of the prairie. Long before this, while on a war expedition with the Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, he had saved from death a party of 112 white men and Indians, under Peter Ogden, who were trapping beaver for one of the Sublettes.

Hugh Monroe was a man of most simple, gentle and kindly disposition, yet he was a brave man and the sire of brave children. He has told us many a tale of daring adventure, relating them as simply as a child, giving only the bare facts and leaving his hearers to draw their own conclusions. His sons John and Francois have good war records and the former, in one fight, alone against a party of Assinaboines, had thirteen balls put through his robe, three in his gun stock and two through the handkerchief bound about his head, and finally drove off the enemy. His grandsons, Robert and William Jackson, were good scouts and good fighters under Generals Custer and Miles, and one of them killed Lame Deer when, during a talk, he shot at Gen. Miles, who was sitting on his horse close to him. The General, we believe, still preserves the war bonnet worn by the chief, which shows in its forehead piece the round hole where Jackson's fatal bullet cut it.

Unwept save in his own immediate circle, unhonored save in these brief lines, Hugh Monroe has gone down to a lonely grave in the land he loved. Yet how great a service have he and his performed for this country and for all of us. Worthily he lived his simple life, never realizing, perhaps, any great part of all that he was accomplishing, with no purpose save to perform, as nearly as he knew it, his duty toward his fellow men, red or white. But it was through his life, and through the lives of such as he, that the broad empire, which was at first an unknown wilderness, then the far West, and is now flourishing States, was subdued and made habitable. Such men, the pioneers, nameless and unknown though they were, made this Nation possible. Their hardships, their toils, their sufferings, their dangers and their deaths were endured for all of us.

Away out in far Montana a link which bound together the past and the present was broken when, on the border of the vast plains he had roamed over for eighty years, under the shadow of the changeless mountains whose defiles he had so often threaded, Hugh Monroe paid the last great debt to nature.

### *THE LARGEST BROOK TROUT.*

HOW much will the skin of a grizzly have shrunk three years after the shot was fired that laid him low? Look at the trophy on your study floor and answer fairly. Measured in the excitement of the chase, it seemed to be ten feet long, but now you can almost compass the distance from head to tail at a single step.

Perhaps the same experience may be realized upon critical examination of the giant brook trout of the records. We mean the red-spotted *fontinalis*, and not one of its black-spotted western cousins. C. T. Richardson has recently mentioned the male weighing 12¼lbs. which was caught in 1867 by Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, Joseph Lamb and others while collecting eggs in one of the Rangeley lakes. He referred also to a brook trout taken in a pond at Mt. Vernon, Me., nearly a half century ago, which weighed upward of 20lbs. The first one was the same fish recorded by the late Mr. Page and was said to weigh 10lbs. three days after its capture.

It is possible, but hardly probable, that any authenic brook trout larger than the 12lbs. specimen caught by Seth Green and weighed by the late Dr. P. R. Hoy has ever been brought to the scales. The trout captured by Mr. Stanley was 30 inches long and 18 inches in circumference. Dr. Hoy told us the weight of the Seth Green trout, but could not recall its measurements. We recall the fact that Charles Hallock has mentioned a brook trout of 17lbs., but it is not sure that he really identified the fish as a veritable *fontinalis*. It may be that some of the supposed brook trout of unusual size are really lake trout, which is the largest species of its genus, and is reputed to reach 6 feet in length with the weight of 90lbs.

### *AN INDIVIDUAL APPEAL.*

ATTENTION is invited to the strong letters of indorsement, which we publish on another page, relative to our presentation of the case of "Cooke City vs. the National Park." These indorsements are from men who have studied the question intelligently, thoroughly and honestly; and their investigations have led them to the conclusion, which we believe must be reached by every candid and public-spirited investigator, that the National interest demands the preservation of the Yellowstone Park in its integrity.

Our statement of the case, in the last issue, has been reprinted in pamphlet form, that it may have currency outside of the wide publication given by FOREST AND STREAM. Every reader who appreciates the gravity of the situation, who would see the Park preserved for his children and his children's children, and who may be willing to make an individual effort toward accomplishing the defeat of the iniquitous bills now menacing the Yellowstone—every such an one is invited to assist in the Park defense movement by putting these circulars where they will best create public sentiment. The reprints will be sent in any desired numbers, post paid, to any address.

### *DEATH OF DR. P. R. HOY.*

Dr. P. R. Hoy, who died suddenly at Racine last Monday aged seventy-six, will be remembered by readers of FOREST AND STREAM as the discoverer of the food of the whitefish. Previous to 1870 he had preserved the partially digested stomach contents of these fish, and when the Chicago Academy of Sciences initiated the exploration of the deeper waters of Lake Michigan, he became associated with Doctors Stimpson, Lapham and Andrews and Mr. E. W. Blatchford, in the dredging operations. It was found that the species secured by Dr. Hoy were abundant on the lake bottom and constituted the chief food of the whitefish. They were two small crustaceans, a planarian and a little mollusk. The existence of crustaceans in Lake Michigan was not suspected until Dr. Hoy's studies brought them to light.

As a testimonial to Dr. Hoy's services to science Dr. Gill named a species of whitefish in his honor, and this stands among the recognized forms at present. Dr. Hoy contributed zoological papers to the transactions of the Wisconsin Academy. His interest in angling brought him into association with the lovers of the gentle art, and, we have it from his own lips, brought him health and a long life. One of his happiest experiences was his presence at the capture by Seth Green of a 12-pound brook trout in the "Soo."

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The International Fish Conference, which was adjourned from Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 8, 1892, will meet in Detroit, Mich., next Tuesday, Dec. 20. Dr. Herschel Whitaker, of Detroit, is chairman of the committee of arrangements, and invites the attendance and coöperation of all persons interested in securing uniformity of fish laws in the several States and Provinces.

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Mr. Nathaniel Wentworth, of Hudson, N. H., has been appointed Fish Commissioner, to succeed Col. George W. Riddle, of Manchester, whose term expired Nov. 15. Mr. Wentworth's appointment has been most favorably received by the press, and it is said for him that he will bring to the duties of his new office a warm interest in the work, and a fund of information gained from a life-long participation in outdoor life with rod and gun.

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"We were just cranks enough," writes a contributor in another column, "to insist on loading our own shells." The cartridge companies turn out millions of machine loaded shells, most excellent ammunition it is too, but there are yet left uncounted hosts of shooters who load their own shells, and they are not all cranks either.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## ALLEGHANY HUNTING GROUNDS.

Clearfield, Pa., Dec. 5.—From the dearth of news from our neck of woods one would scarcely know by reading Forest and Stream that some of the finest hunting territory that lies out of doors east of the Mississippi is to be found in central Pennsylvania. The Alleghany Mountains, with their spurs, foothills and adjacent ridges, make up a vast and almost unbroken wilderness, covering large portions of the counties of Blair, Cameron, Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Elk and Huntingdon, which is the natural home of the Virginia deer, the black bear, the wildcat, the fox, the raccoon, the white and the gray rabbit, the gray, the black and the red squirrel, the wild turkey and the ruffed grouse. I do not wish to be understood that all these animals may be found in any one section, but they are here and fair hunting of any of them may be reached in a day's travel from any of the localities named. It is not only true that these animals are here in quantities and numbers to make fair sport, but if properly protected by wise legislation, and the Herbivora and the Rhodentia do not become carnivorous, as a certain dealer in ferrets would have us believe they will, and eat each other, they are here to stay.

The day for lumbering, a business that once employed so many men in many of the counties named, has practically gone by. Thousands of square miles of forest that once covered the slopes and foothills of our mountains have been stripped of their pine, hemlock and oak, the "forest primeval," once the home of the bear, the panther and the deer of our fathers, and for central Pennsylvania the log camp and the log driver are things of the past. The camps of the hardy log men, built on the headwaters of every stream in the mountains, have rotted down, the log slides have fallen to pieces, the quaking asp, the fire cherry, the birch and the blackberry have bidden them from view, and the busy scenes of twenty years ago are now visited by the bear, the deer, the fox and the rabbit, and the owl and the porcupine have made their home amid the ruins.

While many of our best hunting grounds have been destroyed by the lumbermen, and farms have been cleared and railroads and towns have been built where we once hunted deer and other game, and while many of our trout streams are dried up and are forever destroyed as the home of the brook trout because the adjacent forest that furnished a shade for the streams and a reservoir to supply them with water is gone, yet there is a brighter side to the picture, and lots of encouragement for the true sportsman.

There are thousands upon thousands of acres of land in this section that forms the great mountain region above named that will forever remain a wilderness. Some of this land has been stripped of virgin forest, but the rough, barren and rocky character of the soil offers no inducements to any one to clear it, and over these vast stretches nature is asserting her claims, and a second-growth forest is fast taking the place of the timber that once covered it. Indeed some of our very best hunting grounds are now to be found in the log jobs abandoned years ago and allowed to go back to a state of nature, and some of our very best trout fishing may now be found along our mountain streams that for twenty years have known no log drives or sawmills and will never know them again. Then, again, there is a vast territory, generally mountain land, that never produced any timber save scrub oak, jack pine, red brush, laurel and rhododendron, that, owing to the character of its soil and the absence of any minerals in paying quantities, will never be cleared.

As a result of the above conditions our game and fish supply is growing more abundant. For many years deer, bear, rabbits, squirrels and grouse have not been so plentiful as during the fall and winter of 1892, and it can only be accounted for by the fact that the natural home of these animals has been enlarged, their range extended, and that they now find a refuge in the lands from which they were once driven.

While nature has thus done much to protect and perpetuate our game and fish supply, and our game animals have shown a disposition to take care of themselves, we believe in encouraging them and giving them a chance. To this end the sportsmen of Pennsylvania owe it to themselves that a more adequate protection is afforded our game animals.

The deer season, now extending from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15, should, we think, be limited to one month, and let that month be November, so that some snow may be had for still-hunting, and the law against hounding deer should be rigidly enforced. We suggest the shortening of the open season in order that the nefarious practice of market-hunting may be broken up. There are hundreds of men to-day scattered over our mountains who have not one drop of a true sportsman's blood in their veins, who hunt deer during the whole of the open season for the money there is in it. Many of these men are without any occupation whatever, and, too lazy to work, they hunt for a living. Many of them are too mean to eat any of their game because they can buy other meat cheaper at the butcher's, and are satisfied with a taste of liver and heart as their share of the deer they kill. If the open season were limited to one month, hundreds of deer now killed by these pot-hunters and shipped to Eastern markets would be saved and the supply thus increased. Again, our open seasons for different kinds of game should be made more uniform. As the law now stands the open season for woodcock begins in July, for squirrels Sept. 1, for grouse and deer Oct. 1, for wild turkeys Oct. 15, and for quail and rabbits Nov. 1. This gives the pot-hunter an excuse for going into the woods to hunt one kind of game that may be in season and at the same time to kill a dozen other kinds out of season.

But Pennsylvania fish and game laws will never be enforced until it is made the duty of some one to see that they are enforced. In other words there should be a law authorizing the appointment of wardens who will do their duty and be paid for their services. Like violators of our liquor laws, violators of our game laws are seldom punished unless somebody wants to get square with some other fellow, and courts and juries seldom look with favor upon prosecutions inspired by a spirit of wrangle. The game supply of Pennsylvania is part of the great commonwealth, the property of a great State, amply able to take care of it and protect it for the benefit of the people. We have seen the buffalo forever disappear from the plains of the great West, and many other large game animals are fast following in their footsteps. Let the people of Pennsylvania take warning by the fate of these animals. Let her game protection associations move in the matter, and let her Legislature pass laws that will preserve to us and our successors this rich inheritance so fast passing away in other States. F. Y. H.

## CHAT AND COMMENT BY "PODGERS."

San Francisco, Nov. 23.—I have just finished reading my last Forest and Stream and have been, as usual, much interested in it contents, and no little amused at the views on the question of panthers that have run through the last several numbers. If the panthers don't scream it is a wonder, for they have had such an overhauling as to cause them to yell to be let alone.

Snakes have had their day and the subject exhausted. Now come the panthers, with minks in the succession; and "that reminds me" to get in a little story myself on minks early in the day.

Down at the Jekyl Island Club, Georgia, we were greatly bothered with them and our chicken department suffered from their incursions. One day a little rascal ran into the woodpile, but being driven out ran for the chicken yard, with Peter our cook in full pursuit. On the way the little marauder encountered a hen, which he stopped long enough to kill by one dash at her throat. It was the work of an instant. Dropping her he ran on, and just outside the gate he met another hen, which he also killed in the same manner—and escaped.

Whether he wanted to show his contempt for us or could not resist the temptation to do a little business in his line, as he ran, I couldn't say, but we were out two hens and not in a mink.

The shooting hereaway has been very good since the season opened, Sept. 1. Large bags have been made of mallards, sprigs and teal. The clubs owning preserves have had exceptionally good sport, averaging as high as 75 birds to the gun per day. The ducks came early and have continued to be plentiful to date.

Quail shooting has also been very fair and so continues. Canvasbacks do not get along until February, when the flight will commence and the market will be plentifully supplied at from $1 to $1.50 per brace. In old times we seldom paid over 75 cents a pair and oftener 50.

So much of the shooting grounds and marshes has been leased to clubs that the market-shooters and pot-hunters have a poorer show for the previous slaughter indulged in. In consequence of the preserves for club shooting the game has become more plentiful; but it is a little rough on the Sunday Frenchman and hoodlum with a gun, who now must go to a greater distance or be content with mud hens—which, by the way, are not such bad eating; the market-hunters prefer them to ducks, using however only the breast and discarding the balance.

Fishing in the bay has not been worth mention, there having been no run of grilse, or as people persist in calling them, "salmon trout"—a fish that in all my experience I have never seen, and in my opinion does not exist. A salmon is a salmon and a trout a trout. A grilse is simply a young salmon, and there you have the category.

The name "trout" is given to more varieties of fish than one has fingers and toes. In many places black bass are so called, weakfish also, and in Kern River, in one of our back counties, there is a great lubberly, coarse, gar-like fish that they call trout, and by which term and a big yarn in a local paper about the big trout in that river, I was induced to spend ten hours by rail and $10 to reach the stream, and the same to return—on the strength of the editorial lie about "our big trout." Imagine my disgust on being shown one of the fish on my arrival that a seedy individual was trying to exchange at a saloon for a cup of what both cheers and inebriates—very bad whiskey.

As I wrote you, I found my favorite salmon fishing invaded by the seining for canneries and ruined, but some friends who journeyed to Eel River, too rapid a stream for seining, had good sport, and I had a notion to write to several expectant friends to come out, as contemplated, but never having taken in Eel River in my ramblings I did not like to risk it, for as everybody knows, when you send word to a friend to come to your ground, if the fish don't bite you are held personally accountable and duly blamed for the failure. Hence I am ever chary about saying come, for it is a well established experience that if you do the fish and birds take that especial occasion to be scarcer than men who have lost anything on election bets. Speaking of which, it is one of the current things in nature that you hear of great winnings by Brown, Jones and Robinson on the election, and not a word of any one who has lost anything.

There are two varieties of fish now abundant on this coast, for which we are greatly indebted to the Fish Commissioners—shad and striped bass, neither of which fishes existed here until planted; and now we have the largest, finest and most toothsome shad; and striped bass are on the slabs of every dealer. It is a treat to see the great big fellows awaiting sale. It carries one back to the rocks off Newport, West Islands, Pasque Islands and Chituate; and we involuntarily remark, "Welcome little stranger," although they are generally big ones. Striped bass fishing has now become one of our institutions, and we all say God bless the Fish Commissioners for our shad and striped bass. As said the old writer quoted by Walton, of the strawberry, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" so as to shad and bass; He might, but he hasn't made better fish yet.

I see that in a paragraph in a New York paper, giving a description of an electric launch built for Mr. Astor, it is described as the first electric launch built in the United States, which is simply untrue, as electric launches have been in use here for more than a year past. I was on board and had a sail in one not a month since, and she had been in use more than a year. The average range of a New York reporter's vision and knowledge does not seem to get beyond New York. He knows very little of the world beyond.

I see in a communication by your lady correspondent "Marion" an inquiry as to what has become of "Podgers." She will be surprised perhaps to learn that that very humble individual is within two hours' ride by rail of her fair self, and should she ever visit San Francisco and intimate her desire to see him he will be happy to pay his respects.

I see that your amateur photograph contributors are "doing noble" in their responses to your invitation to compete for prizes, although I am not certain whether your cuts of the shooting club men enter into competition or not. There is always something amusing to me in a cut of a shooting team and their dogs. The men look so conscious of being taken, throwing out their chests and wearing an expression of unutterable possibilities in the individual when his turn comes to shoot, while their dogs, poor things, are not posted and told to look pleasant, but wear tired and mournful expressions, taking little stock in the proceedings. It is not fair to the dog thus to run away with all the honors and not give them a chance to look pretty and intelligent. I am a friend of the dog; take his side always, and hence object to his being made a secondary figure in the procession. Podgers.

## THAT SHEET-IRON STOVE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Mr. Dulog's mention of a sheetiron stove, in his interesting letter which appeared in your issue of Nov. 10, brings to my mind a little bit of experience I had with just such a stove—bottomless, telescope pipe and all.

Several years ago I received an invitation to accompany a party of sportsmen on a trip into the mountains of British Columbia, and, as I was off duty at the time, I accepted it with pleasure. But when I met the party at the steamboat landing and inspected their outfit, I confess that my courage went down in my boots. There were few things outside the requirements of a modern hotel that were not in the lot, which included this particular kind of sheet-iron stove so accurately described by Mr. Dulog. As I was a stranger to the party, I felt a little reluctant in having anything to say as to what should or should not go. Besides, they had brought the stuff with them across the continent, and from the way they gave their orders to the packers I felt satisfied they were going to pack it into the mountains if it took all the horses east of the Cascades to do it. So I lit my pipe and silently watched the work of arranging the packs.

We had a hundred and thirty miles of mountain trail to cover, and the train consisted of twenty odd packs—a pretty big outfit for a party of four men. When the last cinch was tightened I moved across and inspected the animal that carried the stove. He was a sleepy-looking pinto, worn out and poor in flesh, with nothing else peculiar about him except that he had a Roman nose, and in my experience a horse with a Roman nose will stand watching.

However, things went along quite smoothly for the first few days, and I had just about made up my mind that probably I didn't know much about mountain travel after all, when on the morning of the third day the thing happened that I was looking for. As luck willed, it was in a level part of the country where the trail led through a grassy park of scattered pines. As was usually the case the pinto with the stove was lagging away behind, and looking as if he was trying to find some convenient hole in which to bury himself and end his misery, when suddenly something went wrong in the bowels of the sheet-iron stove. Whether it was a lid that had got loose or the pipe had got out of focus will never be known, but in an instant the whole appearance of that sleepy-looking bag of bones was changed. He threw up his head and listened just long enough to satisfy himself that the infernal racket came from something in his pack, then he stretched himself out about 2ft. beyond his usual length, and started for the front at a rate of speed that seemed to burn the wind. When he struck the train with this noise of a dozen kettledrums coming from his back, every animal in the band started, and for four miles the trail was strewn with the scattered wreck of the 20 odd packs. Flour, sugar, bacon, beans and other camp equipment marked plainly the route taken by that fleeing band, and the day was spent in retrieving what was worth of our belongings. The stove was picked up in a somewhat battered condition, but not so badly damaged, I was sorry to see, as to compel us to abandon it. A photographic outfit was rendered useless for the trip, and a bear trap was found up in the limbs of a pine where it had evidently landed from a parting kick from the brute that packed it.

But aside from this accident, my experience with this stove is that I found it about as *cultus** a piece of furniture as ever a man packed into the mountains, and when the pipe once gets a jam or two, which will certainly be the case on a long trip, an ordinary camper can make his fire and cook his grub in about the time that it takes to get the pipe in shape. With all due respect for Mr. Dulog, whom I know to be an old campaigner and a thoroughly experienced hand in everything pertaining to camp life in the mountains, I prefer to stick to the old-fashioned camp-fire. John Fannin.

* Chinook jargon for worthless or bad.

### Lumbermen Lost in the Woods.

Fish River Falls, Aroostook County, Me., Nov. 30.—We occasionally read of "tenderfeet," and even experienced hunters getting lost in the woods, but here is an account of a party of five lumbermen who were lost recently at the head of Fish River, Arrostook county, Me., Friday, Nov. 25. Henry Day, boss of the crew, started for camp after sunset from the end of a line he had spotted for a road. He thought to take a short cut, but at midnight pulled up and realized he was lost. Having no matches he worked till daylight chopping dry cedars to keep warm. He started as soon as he could see on his back track, easy to follow on the light snow. The crew at the camp were alarmed at the boss's not returning, and next morning a search party of four started on the trail and met up with the lost one running like a deer and almost as wild. After eating the lunch sent out by the cook, they decided to lay their course to camp by a short cut, but night overtook them still a lost tribe in the wilderness; but the relief party brought matches, so that a good fire made their lot endurable. Sunday morning all agreed that the longest way around was the nearest road to camp, so they retraced their steps and reached camp late in the afternoon. Pine Tree.

## A NOVEMBER OUTING.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 6.—We were plain, professional men. We had grown tired of our desks. We loved the fields and the woods. So we concluded to go hunting. Our wives consented on one condition, that they should be taken along. That was satisfactory and we began to look for the happy hunting grounds. We were all patriotic, so Pennsylvania, and western Pennsylvania in particular, polled a unanimous vote. We would go first to Butler county, then to Mercer and Crawford, meanwhile trying to keep ourselves posted on the flight of ducks at Lake Conneaut.

Our party as it left the city of iron, natural gas and smoke, consisted of four persons, namely, ourselves and our wives and three dogs. The dogs were all setters, for the confessedly primary object of the trip was to hunt quail. Pheasants came second in our estimation, rabbits next and squirrels next, while we were always ready to jump should a telegram as to ducks reach us.

As I said before, we were plain professional men. We knew what trap shooting was only from the rôle of spectator. We made no pretensions to being fine wing shots, though we confidently believed we could bring down a Bob White once in a while. Our guns were medium grade, good but not fancy; and we were just cranks enough to insist on loading our own shells. Our dogs were not particularly interesting from the bench show standpoint, but they were near and dear to us. Our main reliance was a fine old English setter, who in the long ago had had all the skill of a competent trainer. But his lot had been cast with a busy man, whose heart was too big to refuse the loan of him. The result has been that fine old Ranger, for that is his name, has two very bad habits. One is that he positively refuses to lie down. He will compromise on a sitting posture, but not another inch will he go. The other habit is that when Br'er Rabbit gets up he cannot resist the temptation to make tracks after him with all speed. Otherwise he is perfect. He is a fine ranger, a careful worker, as steady as a clock and a good retriever. Then we had an Irish setter, two years old, broken to everything except retrieving. His fault was that he was jealous of the other dogs, and insisted on getting as close to the birds as possible, occasionally flushing the game and always making us nervous. Our third animal was a handsome little English setter bitch of good breeding, only eighteen months old. She was so gun-shy that we did not consider it worth while to put her into the hands of a trainer. We simply took her along as a forlorn hope, and because two or three Pittsburgh nimrods of more pretensions than we had asked to be remembered in case we "were going to give her away."

We stopped first in Butler county. The village hotel proved a delight to the ladies, and we lost no time in getting the dogs out into the buckwheat fields with which we found ourselves surrounded.

We speedily made two discoveries. The first was that we were not in the same class with Elmer Shaner and "Jim Crow" of our town. We made too many misses, but we hoped for improvement. The other discovery was that farmers have to be cultivated. We found that they had partially organized against hunters of all kinds; and we were frequently ordered out with all the vehemence of a just cause. But as the farmers learned that we were gentlemen and law-abiding they grew kindlier and we had free range. The tales of wounded sheep, frightened cattle, ruined fences and frightful vandalism we heard from the farmers convinced us that they were right and that the great majority of hunters in our State are themselves responsible for the determined stand the farmers have taken. In a few more years, unless there be a reform, the game preserve will be all that is left to the respectable law-abiding sportsmen of Pennsylvania.

We spent a very enjoyable week in Butler county, and as our shooting improved our bags became, according to our modest standard, quite respectable. The English setter bitch spent the entire time at her owner's heels, save when a gun cracked, at which she dropped down and refused to move for some minutes. But we thought we detected some improvement, and concluded to keep her. The other dogs worked splendidly on quail, but not quite so successfully on pheasants. We bagged nine pheasants the first five days.

One day, as we were kicking around a bit of woodland for rabbits, we missed the old setter. He had last been seen leaping into an adjoining stubble field, which did not seem very promising. He had been gone for perhaps fifteen minutes when we concluded we had better look him up. He was nowhere to be seen, and we climbed over into the stubble. At last we saw something white ahead. On nearer approach we saw old Ranger quietly sitting down. As he caught the sound of approaching footsteps he got up and came to a stand. The same thought struck us both at once.

"Ranger got tired of waiting for us and sat down awhile," said Mr. K.

"Let's walk on past and see what he will do," I responded.

As the white gradually grew fainter we saw Ranger quietly squat down again. When we returned he resumed the stand, the Irish setter who had come up, backed him beautifully, and when we flushed the birds Ranger had the pleasure of retrieving three of the handsome brown beauties for us, while the little English setter bitch dropped down at our feet and trembled lest we shoot again.

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Then came a telegram that the ducks were in. Our wives soon had our trunks packed, we bade farewell to the kindly hotel keeper at the village and his good wife, and sped away northward. It had been spitting snow for a day or two, and as we went northward the beautiful grew deeper. At the depot on the lake we hired a two-seated sleigh, and to the merry jingle of bells bounded away over the hills to a little cottage hotel that nestled in the mouth of a ravine at the water's edge. It was jolly Jim Reaney's place. We had been told about Jim Reaney. Mr. W. G. Sargeant, General Passenger Agent of the Shenango Railroad, all-round good fellow and the only man in the western part of the State who can tell on sight every variety of fur, fin and feather this section produces, had written us: "If you go to Lake Conneaut, hunt up Jim Reaney. He's a dead game sport and his wife can cook for Victoria's table." And we found the half had not been told. Jim made us all at home at once. He told yarns of duck hunting until we were wild. Then he would tell of quail hunting twenty years ago in Ohio, of turkey shooting, and of big fishing. Mrs. Reaney cooked our game as we had never eaten it before, and our stay as far as hospitality was concerned was most delightful.

As our sleigh rounded the last curve and the little cottage hotel came into view two young Pittsburgh nimrods came staggering out loaded down with ducks. They hailed us with the airs of Roman conquerors.

"Is all the fun over?" we asked.

"Oh, no; just begun," was the reply that set our blood going faster.

It was growing night and we abandoned ourselves to Mr. and Mrs. Reaney, who soon had us all comfortable, save one of the ladies who had an attack of sick headache. Of course we did not sleep much that night. The lake had been almost covered with ducks that day and the day before. The waterfowl make this the first stopping place on their journey southward from Lake Erie, and if the sportsman is lucky he drops in when a big fly is on and can hardly see the water, so thick are the ducks. And there are all kinds, from the fine mallards, canvasbacks and redheads down to the palatable little butterballs.

We were out of bed at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Reaney had had prepared for us a delicious breakfast of buckwheat cakes with trimmings, but we forgot the trimmings; and long before daylight Jim Reaney had one of his boats ready and we sat down impatiently to wait. We kept our ears open for the rustle of wings, but they didn't rustle. At last streaks of gray began to thread the sky and we piled into the boat with as much grace as three sets of undershirts, two vests, a hunting coat and a heavy mackintosh would permit. Our fingers trembled on the triggers as Jim pulled us out across the lake, but we went clean across without hearing the whistle of a wing. Jim began to be nervous. He didn't say much but he kept looking around into the fast receding darkness. Then he pulled into the bay, and as the day broke the blue waves reflected back the image of nary a duck.

"Gone, by gum."

That was enough. We knew we had missed it just forty-eight hours. But we went on and managed to find a few flocks of butterballs. They had been through the battle of the previous days, and as the boat approached got up beyond our reach. It was only by the most careful work that we are able to carry back enough ducks to escape the merciless taunts of the merry jokers we owned as our better halves.

"Well, there are rabbits here if there aren't ducks," said Jim, disconsolately, and we readily assenting, he rowed us across the lake, where with aid of the snow and a hound we soon had fourteen "bunnies." This programme—ducks first, rabbits next—was repeated several days with always the same result—few ducks and all the rabbits we could carry.

The snow began to go, and as no more ducks came in we concluded that the last fly of the season was over and turned our faces southward. We found a nice little hotel in one of the small towns of Mercer county, and turned our dogs out again. They found a good many quail, and, suddenly, to our amazement, the little English bitch took to pointing. And she was over being afraid of the gun. She developed rapidly, and when we started home she had many a fine feat to her credit. "What's bred in the bone will out in the flesh" sooner or later, and it came out in this splendid little animal all at once. The boast of her father's owner was that he had never flushed a bird. We claim the same now for the young setter we so often threatened to give away. She proved the most careful of the three and would hold a point indefinitely. One day we had downed a pheasant over the back of the Irish setter. It was in a low, swampy thicket and we could not find the bird. A stream perhaps 15ft. wide, swollen by the melting snow and ice, ran through it. We could not find the fallen pheasant and called the little dog to help. She did not come. Looking down the stream for the cause we saw her at a point, standing belly deep in the middle of the swiftly flowing stream. And when we came to her a fine pheasant rose, and it went on, too. Pheasants are easier than quail to us if they give us the same chance, but pheasant shooting in a spot like this is not the easiest thing in the world. At least that is our modest unprofessional verdict.

The working of the three dogs was a delight. They backed each other up splendidly, and during the last three days of our stay, the three dogs in a row, all pointing at the same bird, was a frequent sight. I need not tell your sportsmen readers of the thrill of pleasure such a feat brings.

We did not make any such strings as we see reported in the FOREST AND STREAM. If we brought in a dozen quail, a pheasant or two, and a few rabbits, we congratulated ourselves. Often we didn't do so well. But we had a splendid time, and there was more genuine pleasure in watching the dogs work and back each other up than there was in the actual shooting. Twenty-two quail and four rabbits was our best day's bag. That day we got up five flocks of quail and our two guns were banging away from 9 to 3, with an hour out for a good dinner at the home of a farmer we had "cultivated."

Wherever we stopped we found the farmers ready to meet us half way. If they found us gentlemanly the best they had was ours. In only two cases were we rebuffed. A farm of 400 acres, said to abound with game, belonged to three brothers and a sister. None ever married and now they are getting old. We went direct to their house and stated our case. It was no go. Nobody could shoot their pets. They fed the squirrels and birds all winter and did not propose to have them killed. So we passed on, refraining from drawing beads on two handsome gray squirrels that scampered away from us as we passed off the farm through a bit of woodland. The other case in which we failed to make any impression was that of an old farmer of crabbed disposition, on to whose farm we strayed by mistake. He caught us red-handed, and he wouldn't be persuaded. But he intimated if we had asked permission before shooting we could have had all the sport his land would afford.

The time for starting home came all too soon, and we will long remember two November weeks in western Pennsylvania. We have no remarkable tale to tell, but as said in the first line, we are plain professional men, too busy to attain the skill of which most of your contributors boast. The great majority of the lovers of the field, we believe, are situated about as we are, and if they shall be interested in our story our object in writing this shall have been attained.

And about that little English setter bitch. The lesson is one of patience. Many a time we were so exasperated that the poor beast got no consideration at all. Many a time we threatened to leave her out in the country as not worth her railroad fare home. Now she is in the hands of a trainer, and though we are not rich it would take lots of money to make us part with her.

The idea of taking ladies along on an outing is a novelty, I judge, from reading the FOREST AND STREAM. Let these ladies testify that it was a most pleasurable change and one they wish to repeat next season. And the social phase of such an outing is not the least consideration by any means.

M. N. M.



A SNAP SHOT ON BRUIN.

From a photo by J. J. Mills, M.D.

(Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.)

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### The Ways of Wild Rabbits.

HUNTINGTON, L. I., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From experience and observation of tame rabbits, I am led to believe that the male will seek to destroy young of his sex only, and this is rather a benefit than injury; I am also inclined to think that it is more likely that the female wild rabbit (with young) will hole more readily than the male. I have found that tame bunnies when liberated burrow, the young being brought forth under the soil, with but few exceptions. From the habits of tame rabbits I conclude that the burrows frequently resorted to by wild rabbits when chased are likely to be of their own digging than woodchuck holes.

CLARENCE B. WARD.

[We should not be disposed to attach much weight to deductions as to the habits of wild rabbits (hares) drawn from the ways of life of the tame rabbit. It is well understood that domestication greatly modifies the natural habits of animals and it is also known that the ancestors of the tame rabbit differ widely from the hares in their mode of life. The European rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*) digs a burrow in which to bring forth its young; our gray rabbit never does so, but brings forth its young above ground in a "form" or little hollow, covering them from sight by leaves, moss and fur from her own body. The wild rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*) often takes refuge in a hole in the ground, or in a stone fence, but it is not thought that it ever digs such holes for its own use.

# Natural History.

## PHEASANTS IN CONFINEMENT.—II.

### Breeding and Rearing.

HAVING properly mated your birds about the middle of March, you may expect, if the surroundings are right, to find that the eggs begin about the first or second week in April; and as I said before, it is necessary to collect them as soon as they are dropped. The next important question is the incubating, and for this it is necessary to have a stock of small sized hens. Silkies are very much recommended, but as they are rather scarce, I have had no experience with them. My best brooder has been a cross between the brown red game and the Pekin bantam. The next essential point about the sitter is that she is very quiet. I have lost more chickens through the wildness of the mother than from any other reason. Therefore I consider as a *sine qua non* that any one expecting to raise pheasants is to have a very quiet docile mother.

Pheasants' eggs take a longer time to incubate than chickens'. Gold and silvers take 23 days, and English, Mongolian and many of the other varieties take from 25 to 27 days. I advise placing the incubator in a box at least 6in. deep so that it is impossible for the little birds when they appear to get out of it and away from the mother. This is most important, for the young pheasant as soon as it is hatched wants to run and hide, and if the box is not such that it cannot get out, there will be a great loss, as the young birds will get away from the necessary heat and perish.

For 24 hours after coming from the shell they need no feed, but only heat and quiet. The best feed at first is thick custard, which is made as follows: Take an egg, beat it up well and add it to two tablespoonfuls of milk at boiling point, which if well stirred will make a dry, crumbling mass. This is the best food for three or four days. Then add gradually a little bread crumbs or some of Spratts game meal.

After the first week I have always found that the birds do better if they have a very moderate supply of maggots or gentles. These are obtained by hanging up a beef head where the blow fly may get at it. Put an old flour barrel with some bran in the bottom, as the maggots when matured drop into the bran and are thus cleaned, as the fresh maggot is not good for the young bird and produces diarrhœa; but if allowed to remain in the bran or meal for twenty-four hours they appear to be the best possible food for them. About this time, four or five days old, chopped lettuce seems to be most eagerly devoured by the small birds, and I think it most useful. About the third day I remove the hen with her lively brood into a small box, with a run inclosed with one-inch wire netting. My boxes are rainproof, about 15in. by 18in., with a run 3ft. by 15in. These I place on a smooth lawn, and there is no chance of them getting out into any harm, nor that cats or rats may destroy them.

For the first two weeks I feed every two or three hours, as I find that if I leave the food for them they do not readily pick it up, and it is quite ten days before they understand their mother's call for food. I have tried feeding three times a day, but the little birds did not do so well. I mix up sufficient food to do from early morning till noon, and then as much as does till night. I find the greatest mortality among them during the first week, so that it is quite worth the trouble to get them over that period. After two weeks they will pick up small grain, and I think canary seed and a very little hempseed is good; as they grow stronger wheat is my staple food.

On fine, warm, sunny days I allow them out of their runs so that they may have a chance to dust themselves, which they seem to enjoy very much, and as they get tamer every day it is very little trouble to inclose them again.

As soon as they get their wing feathers they begin to fly a little, especially if at all frightened, so that it is necessary to have them, in an inclosed lawn or garden.

When they are about four weeks old, I think it a good plan to pinion any birds that are to be kept in an aviary, as it prevents them flying up and injurying themselves, and also saves the trouble of catching to cut their wings, which has to be done every four or five weeks if not pinioned. Here I may direct that in catching pheasants of any age, always hold them by the body, not the legs, as one does an ordinary fowl, as if you catch and hold them by the legs you will surely injure them, as they seem to be very weak about their leg joints. I have permanently lamed several birds by not catching by the body. I use a net about 18 inches in diameter with a short handle to catch my birds, and I find it very useful, as by that means you get the bird in such a position that you can grasp it by the body.

The pinioning is a simple operation, arm a needle with a strong thread, stretch out the wings, run the needle through between the bones of the second joint close to the smaller bone, then tie the ends of the thread round the larger bone or to the upper side, then with a pair of scissors cut off the first joint of the wing or above the first joint. In that way the principal flight feathers are removed. There is very little bleeding, but this may be stopped by applying tinct. iron or iron alum to the cut surface. In four days remove the thread, and in a very short time it is all healed up. This does not prevent the bird being able to fly on the perch, but it cannot fly straight any distance. The deformity cannot be seen.

When the birds are about six weeks old they can take care of themselves, and are fed twice a day, just as any growing chicken.

Thus far I have just given my own experience of rearing pheasants. It may not be all that can be desired, but I think, if my directions are followed out, that any one with a love for birds will be fairly successful, and I will be very glad to give any further information in my power to those wishing to keep these pretty birds.

M. B.

### What is Bred in the Bone.

AS TO the fierceness of the bob-tail cat or bay lynx, noticed in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, a friend of mine in Newbern had one which was born in captivity and grew to full maturity. It never saw a forest and was accustomed to the daily sight of man from birth: yet it was always vicious and untamable. Its natural traits being in no wise modified or expunged by fonding and feeding. C. HALLOCK.

### Eagles and Porcupines.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Dec. 3.—Mr. E. Hough tells in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1 of an eagle that was shot near Chicago that had porcupine quills in various parts of its body, and also says he never heard the like before.

When my father returned from Wyoming a year ago last September he brought with him two eagle feathers he had found on a branch of the Snake River.

The eagle, which was badly decayed, had a number of porcupine quills in its head and claws. One of them had penetrated between the bones of the neck and one appeared to have pierced the brain though the head was not cut open.

A few feet from the bones of the eagle was the body of a porcupine. In its side was a large gash made by the beak of the bird. Perhaps the eagle mistook the porcupine for a rabbit or some equally harmless animal, but may have been like some fool hunting dogs that attack the armored porcupine time and again, notwithstanding the barbed quills which get into its mouth and paws at each onslaught.

Some of the woodsmen here eat the porcupine and call it equal to a young roast pig. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

### Barred Owl in Niagara County, N. Y.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While out after rabbits on Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Arthur Leach secured a barred owl (*Syrnium nebulosum*), which was the first specimen of this species taken in Niagara county to my knowledge. I have collected here for the past fifteen years and have never secured it. The wing was broken at the elbow, and he kept it alive for nearly a week, thinking it might regain the use of it. Finding it would not do so, he kindly presented the bird to me. I very soon put it out of its misery by killing it with ether, and have sent it to the taxidermist to be mounted for my collection. I noticed that the eyes of this bird were brown, with dark blue pupil, the superciliary shield was also bluish. This is the first instance of a blue-eyed bird that has come under my observation. But there are many things yet for me to learn about birds.

J. L. DAVISON.

### The Mink as a Dodger.

INDIAN RIVER, Me.—It seems hardly safe for any one to make a positive statement in regard to the actions or cry of animals or birds. I notice, in your issue of Nov. 17, what Mr. "C. F." says about the mink's dodging. My experience has been different. I have shot several, and do not recollect ever knowing one to dodge, yet I do not consider that my experience proves anything against his conclusion. I can only say a mink can dodge as quick as any duck I ever saw. I know of but one animal which can equal a mink for dodging; that is a weasel. I never heard a panther scream, yet I can see no reason why they should not, if they want to exercise their vocal powers. I have heard and seen strange noises and sights while in the woods. The worst and most unearthly sound was made by an owl. C. J. RICHARDSON.

# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## THERE APPEARS TO BE GAME HERE.

VELASCO, Tex., Nov. 30.—To my brethren of the gentle craft, who complain of the lack of good sporting country, I extend a cordial invitation to come to Velasco. Besides having the only deep water harbor on the Texas coast Velasco boasts many other natural advantages which not only aid in building a city, but make it a pleasant place to live in for those who are at the building.

We have ducks and geese galore, and the graceful deer still range the forest a few miles from town. Besides the ducks, geese and deer we have prairie chickens, quail, jacksnipe, curlew, bear, wildcats, alligators and turkeys.

To reach Velasco from the North take the M., K. & T. Railway to Houston, Tex., and the Velasco Terminal to Velasco. When you get here stop at the hotel of the same name as the town, ask for "*Gast Meister*" Gueringer, explain to him that you came for sport. He will not only feed you with all manner of game and fish from our own preserves, but will take you out on a deer drive, a duck shoot or an oyster roast, as you please. He will wax eloquent over the glories of the chase, for mine host Gueringer is first of all a genial landlord and next a jolly sportsman. That is all he lives for, and the only reason he has never married is a fear that his wife would interfere with his proper exercise and enjoyment of the same.

There was a notable rout a few days ago in which some of the leading members of the Velasco Rod and Gun Club covered themselves with glory. The party was composed of J. M. Moore, president of the Velasco National Bank; M. P. Morrissey, manager Velasco Terminal; C. Chambers, of the Velasco Elevator; that genial knight of the scalpel, Dr. J. G. Boyd, late of The Dalles, Ore., and mine host Gueringer. The party were accompanied by the master of an English steamer loading in port with cotton, but he didn't count. The hunt lasted all day on the high rolling prairie near town, and the following is the bag: Chambers, 31 chickens, 6 quail, 4 ducks; Moore, 19 chickens, 14 quail, 7 ducks, Boyd, 7 chickens, 22 quail, 8 ducks; Morrissey, 17 chickens, 8 ducks; Gueringer, 4 chickens, 10 quail, 6 ducks.

The Englishman only killed a jack rabbit, but had more fun than any one else. He had traveled the world all over, and shot in every port, but he had never witnessed such shooting as could be had at Velasco, and the boys all agreed with him. From the moment the chickens commenced flying he began working his gun, and "turned it loose" in all directions and at the most unexpected moments, a dozen times endangering his companions' lives; but he was so ridiculously and supremely happy that they could not find it in their hearts to swear at him, but by keeping a wary eye on his actions managed to return skin whole.

They found the ducks on the lakes on the road home, and had their belts been supplied with heavier shot they could have had "a car load of the lovely burrids," as Morrisey put it.

There is a club organized for the protection of the fish and game. A few Sundays ago I witnessed a scene that would disgust and enrage any sportsman. Two pot-stuffers were exhibiting a couple of embryo fawns, about the size of rats, which they had cut from the dead doe after shooting her as she came to the river early in the morning. There are other parties who fish for the market with seines, taking the black bass from the lakes by the hundreds of pounds; it is proposed to make it warm for them.

Wild turkey are plentiful in Matagorda county, about 25 miles distant. This section of the State has been isolated, owing to lack of railroads, until the work of improving the harbor at the mouth of the Brazos River brought in the people, but it will be a long time ere the game is driven back into the canebrakes.

John Weems, the champion bear hunter of this country, had a lively adventure a short time ago out on the Bernard River. He wounded a half-grown cub ahead of the dogs, and as John was the biggest he concluded that he could lick it in a fair fight, and acting on that theory sailed in. The cub was not anxious for a fight, but like Bill Nye's *Boomerang*, when the fun commenced he was there. In about thirteen seconds John would have signed a warranty deed to his homestead for the pleasure of turning the cub loose, but he couldn't. The air was full of man, bear, dirt and profanity, and to add to John's discomfiture the "old she," which had been running about a hundred yards behind the cub, hove in sight and bore down on the combatants. Luckily, however, the dogs were close at hand, and the old lady only paused to give her offspring an encouraging growl, and lit out again.

When the dogs came up they separated the combatants, to John's relief, and the cub's disgust; and after some fine dodging the hunter got in a fatal shot.

It required a shirt, breeches and two yards of court plaster to fix John for the inspection of his wife, and he does not say much about that bear hunt when swapping stories with the boys.

A party from Illinois has been here some time hunting and looking up land investments. They are having very good sport. The weather is too warm for the duck shooting to be at its best, however. O'BRIAN.

## THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, last Thursday. The night was stormy and disagreeable enough out-of-doors, but all was warmth and cheer in the brilliantly lighted banqueting hall, where had gathered a goodly number of members and guests. There was an all-pervading and irresistible atmosphere of good cheer and camp comradeship. The band played catchy airs, in which every one joined now and again with a boom-de-ay. The menu cards bore charmingly suggestive vignettes of woodland scenes, with deer and grouse and quail. The talk was of camp and field and stream, and of fortune good and ill with rod and gun. President George W. Wiggin presided with much grace and dignity. When the meeting broke up there were congratulations for the dinner committee on what all pronounced to have been one of the most enjoyable annual banquets in the history of the Association.

The guests present were: Hon. E. H. Lathrop and E. A. Brackett, of the Massachusetts Fish Commission; Col. Daniel Needham, president New England Agricultural Society; Hon. H. P. Cooney, ex-District Attorney of the Middlesex District; Rev. Charles Follen Lee, Robert Grant, chairman Boston Water Board; Nathaniel C. Nash, president Massachusetts Rifle Association; Dr. Heber Bishop, president Megantic Fish and Game Club; and Charles B. Reynolds, editor FOREST AND STREAM. The members present were: Messrs. Walter M. Brackett, Edward E. Hardy, Chairman Edward A. Samuels, of the Dinner Committee; Ivers W. Adams, John Fottler, Jr., Arthur F. Barney, Secretary Richard O. Harding, E. E. Small, Walter C. Prescott, Jacob W. Hoffman, Sidney Gleason, E. Baker, Frank Moseley, Charles H. Tilton, George I. Briggs, of Bourne; John G. Benedict, Charles F. Chamberlayne, Elihu G. Loomis, Henry B. Weston, E. C. Moseley, C. A. Hawes, W. G. Hanson, Wendell P. Stevens, Harry E. Haynes, Thomas Dickson, G. F. Frost, Wm. Frank Keith, Zenas Loring, George Loring, J. N. Roberts, Chas. E. Butterman, Chas. G. Gibson, Belville L. Randall, John Woodbury, H. R. Beal, Wm. K. Churchill, John F. Tyler, J. T. Stetson, Wm. B. Smart, Chas. A. Bramble, Judge J. S. G. Cobb, of Providrnce, R. I.; Dr. Robert M. Read, Thos. J. Holmes, Robert Woodman, Thomas W. Wardley, Chas. H. Frye, W. W. Lockwood, Waldron Bates, Robert Holden, Jr., F. T. Parks, Harry J. McGlenen, S. W. Card, Charles Vose, Dr. W. D. Bull, W. B. Hastings, James H. Lake, Dr. A. R. Brown, L. Dana Chapman, Dr. Heber Bishop, Dr. E. W. Branigan, Dr. H. M. Perkins, Dr. W. G. Kendall, T. H. Hall, H. P. Plimpton, Wm. H. Gray, H. F. Colburn, Robert S. Gray, A. H. Wright, E. A. Slack, W. A. Plummer, J. R. Glover, S. W. Rich, Lee Hammond, C. A. Bacheller, Geo. H. Perry, R. Luizee Hall, E. W. Randall, Rollin Jones, Geo. H. Allen of New York, Loring Crocker, Luther Little, W. I. Almy, George O. Sears, P. W. Scudder, Mark Hollingsworth, C. F. Monroe, M. A. Pocock, N. D. Hurd, Charles Stewart, I. C. Young, Kendall H. Damon, Wm. Abbott, G. W. M. Guild, F. D. Willard, Humphrey Dyer, Andrew J. Davis, Robert A. Murray, Walter C. Brooks, James F. Dwinnell, Samuel Shaw, L. W. Ross, Nat R. Jones, N. P. Jones, Benjamin C. Clark, W. Hapgood, J. C. F. Cox, Henry Bacon, John P. Woodbury and A. C. Gould, editor *Shooting and Fishing*.

Letters of regret, to Secretary Richard O. Harding, were read from President Harrison and President-elect Cleveland. Gov. Wm. E. Russell, having another engagement for the evening, wrote:

I beg to send in my place my earnest thanks for the courtesy of your Association, and my best wishes for its continued prosperity in the very useful work it has done.

Other expressions of regret at enforced absence and of interest in the Association came from Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Lieut.-Gov. M. H. Haile, Secretary of State W. M. Olin, Lieut. Gov.-elect Roger Wolcott, ex-Gov. John D. Long, Gen. Charles J. Paine, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Attorney-General A. E. Pillsbury, Alex. Taylor, Jr., of New York, vice-president Megantic Club; Stephe

O'Meara, editor Boston *Journal*, H. O. Stanley, of the Maine Fish Commission; John W. Titcomb, of Vermont Fish Commission, and W. Sidney Downe, of Connecticut Fish Commission. Fish Commissioner E. W. Gould, of Searsport, Me., wrote:

SEARSPORT, Me., Dec. 6.—*Richard O. Harding:* DEAR SIR—Your esteemed favor extending an invitation to attend the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association received. It is with profound regret that, owing to adverse circumstances, I am obliged to forego the pleasure of being present, and desire to express my sincere appreciation of the honor shown.

In this connection permit me to say that the Commission of Sea and Shore Fisheries of Maine is under great obligations for valuable assistance rendered by the different fish and game associations, which fact in itself demonstrates the general good that would be accomplished by a harmonious working of the different associations with the Fish and Game Commissioners of the several States. It is earnestly to be hoped that a unity of purpose may be established and a working formula promulgated that will ultimately bring about the desired result.

The people of New England are gradually becoming awakened to the fact that the money expended by the different commissions in the enforcement of the laws relating to the protection of fish and game is an investment for general public good; and that the sportsman eventually pays dearly for the game that he shoots and is a direct pecuniary benefit to the immediate vicinity he may select as the scene of his exploits.

This change in public sentiment is largely due to the dissemination of these facts through the medium of the fish and game associations. That they should be fostered by the States goes without saying.

These associations as a rule are formed ostensibly for the sporting element, while in reality the prime object is to enhance the general public prosperity, as is evidenced by the stand taken by the Old Colony Club on the so-called "Lapham Bill" and the valuable and effective assistance rendered the States by their secretary, Chas. F. Chamberlayne, Esq.

Again regretting my inability to be with you, and hoping you will continue to use education as the weapon with which to eradicate the remaining prejudice against the protection of fish and game as being done wholly in the interest of sport,

I remain very truly yours, C. A. GOULD.

After the menu had been discussed and Mr. Tom Hall had sung a macaronic song, President Wiggin gave this interesting

## REPORT OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

### The Past.

Our organization began its existence in 1874 under the name of the Massachusetts Anglers' Association.



MR. EDWARD E. HARDY,
Chairman Committee on Enforcement of the Game Laws.

It was incorporated, as set forth in its charter, "for the purpose of securing and enforcing proper restrictions upon the taking and killing of fish, shellfish and bivalves, the promotion of fishculture and the introduction of new species and varieties of fish, and to disseminate information relating thereto."

Three years later the name was changed to the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and its purposes were enlarged so as to include the protection and propagation of game as well as of fish, shellfish and bivalves.

From its beginning the Association became actively engaged in carrying out the objects for which it had been chartered.

The records show that the attention of its members was early directed to such subjects as the preservation of fish in our inland lakes and streams, the decrease of fish in Massachusetts Bay, the destruction of lobsters on our coast, the preservation of trout in our streams, the seining of smelts in our bays.

That there was abundant need of action on the part of some one is shown by the following lines which I have copied from those records:

"But the most important phase of the subject relates to the future supply of fish. Last year (1874) we were nearly deprived of smelt; full-grown lobsters are now almost unknown; while trout and salmon have hardly yet, under the influence of stringent protective laws for several years, recovered from the effects of their almost total annihilation by being caught while in spawn before the laws were enforced."

From the beginning our records show an earnest, persistent and disinterested endeavor on the part of the Association to secure such laws as would tend to the preservation and increase of our useful food fishes for all the people of the Commonwealth.

Year after year committees from our Association have gone to the Legislature and asked for wholesome legislation for the preservation of our fish and game.

Year after year those committees have succeeded little by little until at last our laws are beginning to assume an effective condition.

These laws to-day are by no means what they should be, but they are infinitely better than they were when the work of this Association began.

But our efforts have not ended with securing better laws and attending to their enforcement.

Three years ago the Association decided to enlarge its sphere of action, and entered upon the work of introducing into the Commonwealth new species and varieties of game birds; and thus far we have imported and set free in various localities throughout the State 2,200 birds, and 87 Northern hares, and for that purpose have expended in round numbers $1,500.

The birds let loose have been of the following varieties: Pinnated grouse, 349; sharp tail grouse, 146; Southern quail, 1,020; Arizona quail, 658; Oregon quail, 26.

This work was started as an experiment, but reports



PRESIDENT GEORGE W. WIGGIN.

received from the localities where these birds were let loose indicate that it has been a decided success.

I am informed that, following our example, similar organizations to ours, in several of our sister States, have taken up and are carrying on a similar work to ours.

### The Present.

During the year just drawing to a close our Association has been blessed with a continuance of that prosperity which of late has marked our career.

At no period in our history has our organization been numerically stronger or more united than at the present time.

We began the year with a membership of 507, and we now carry upon our rolls 565 names.

Our financial prosperity has also kept pace with our numerical increase.

At the beginning of the year our available funds amounted to about $2,000. They now amount to over $3,000.

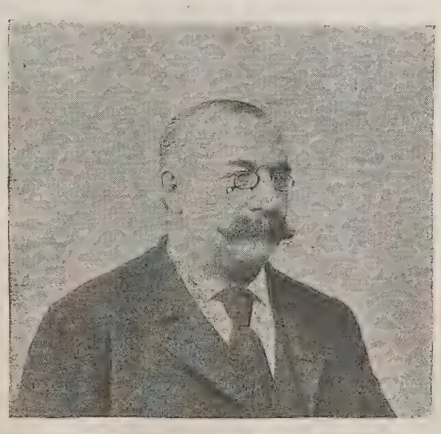
There seems to be no reasonable doubt that the effect of our stringent game laws has been to increase both the fish and game of our State, but the experience of our officers, gathered in the discharge of their duty, shows us very plainly that those laws still need amendments and additions.

The reappearance of deer in the western part of our State, the present season, has brought to our attention the fact that we have at present no law protecting deer in this State, except in Barnstable and Plymouth counties.

Attempts to enforce the law against the destruction of quail has revealed defects in that law also, while the snaring of partridge still goes on unabated, and that, too, legally, I am sorry to say.

These matters will need, and will undoubtedly receive, the attention of the Association during the coming year.

Our success in the introduction of new varieties of



EX-PRESIDENT EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

game birds into the State, brings forcibly to our minds the question whether the Association ought not to attempt something further in the matter of restocking our streams with trout and other useful food fishes.

In our efforts for the protection, preservation and propagation of fish and game, I feel that the field is broad enough for the employment of all our means and energies, without trenching upon the province of our State authorities.

They have their work to do, and we have ours, but all should labor for the accomplishment of the greatest good to all the people of the commonwealth.

One of the cardinal principles of our Association is the dissemination of information upon fish and game culture, and fish and game protection; and the degree of unfamiliarity with those subjects which we encounter whenever we attempt to secure some wholesome legislation, leads to the conclusion that we have still another broad field for useful work.

Ignorance and selfishness are two of the worst obstacles which we have to encounter in the prosecution of our labors.

If we can only succeed in convincing the people at large that we are laboring not for the gratification of our own selfish desires, but for the broader and higher purpose of benefitting the whole community, we shall make those people our allies in the enforcement of our laws, instead of enemies arrayed in hostile ranks against us at every step in our progress.

The putting out of birds upon the hills and in the valleys of our State by our Association, and the re-stocking of our rural streams with trout by our State authorities, has done, and is still doing, more to disarm that opposition which we have always had to encounter, than any other agency that has ever been set on foot.

The splash of the trout in our brooks, the whirr of the partridge upon our hillsides, and the whistle of Bob White in our meadows, are far more powerful and convincing arguments in our behalf than all the learned reports and essays which can be produced.

These are things which the farmer and the artisan can understand and appreciate.

Another powerful agency in our behalf is the local fish and game associations which are springing up all around us. I do not mean those associations whose members on a given day array themselves in opposing forces, and start out to see which side can outdo the other in the indiscriminate slaughter of birds and animals, a most barbarous and unhallowed sport, but those associations whose aims and purposes lie in the same direction as our own.

These organizations deserve, and ought to receive, our heartiest coöperation.

Put half a dozen of these local associations in every county throughout the State and interest them in our work, and we can bid defiance to all the hostile, selfish opposition that can be arrayed against us.

There is another class of men who ought to be with us, and in the future I believe will be with us. They are the market men.

They ought to understand, and I believe they are beginning to understand, that the indiscriminate destruction of



MR. HENRY J. THAYER,
Secretary Committee on Acclimatization.

our fish and game means, in the end, the destruction of a portion of their profits.

When once this fact comes to be fully realized by them, they, too, will be found on our side, instead of in the opposing ranks.

To gather up all these forces, to marshal them on the side of right, and to lead them on to victory is the work of this Association.

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Col. Needham congratulated the Association upon its large membership, full treasury and growing influence and weight as one of the factors making for public good in the Commonwealth. The Colonel's story of a 6½-pound prairie chicken he had shot in Illinois years and years ago, prompted the Rev. Chas. Follen Lee to declare his unquestioning acceptance of fish stories and sportsmen's tales, though he occasionally did feel called upon to 'make allowances." "I am reminded," said Mr. Lee, "of the incident of the old man who was reading to his wife the Bible narrative of how Samson caught the three hundred foxes and fastened to their tails firebrands and set on fire the corn of the Philistines. 'Five hundred, does it say, father?' 'Yes, five hundred.' 'That's a powerful number,' said the old lady. 'Our Zeke is a pretty good fox-hunter, and foxes are pretty plenty about here; but I don't believe Zeke has killed 50 in all his born days. Don't appear as if it could have been five hundred.' 'Well, mother, it says he caught five hundred foxes, but I suspicion that if the truth were really known, more'n three-fifths on 'em was skunks and woodchucks!'

"I always accept a fish story," went on Mr. Lee, "but if some of you were to tax my credulity as to your score of trout or salmon, I should suspect that some of the fish might have been mud eels or suckers."

Hon. E. H. Lathrop, whose experience as a member of the Assembly has given him excellent opportunities of observation, made a strong plea for effort on the part of the association in the direction of educating the legislative committees who have to do with fish and game. Mr. Lathrop spoke truly, not only for Massachusetts, but for the entire Union, when he said that the efficiency of our game legislation is largely due to the ignorant and harmful—if well meaning—meddling of legislative ignoramuses. Mr. Robert Grant read an impromptu poem, and related that the Boston Water Commissioners had granted permits for bass fishing in Chestnut Hill Reservoir, and although the hours were 4 to 7 A. M., there were always more applicants than could be given permission. Other speakers were ex-District Attorney Cooney and Mr. Chas. B. Reynolds, of FOREST AND STREAM.

## SPANIELS AND PARTRIDGES.

Cookstown, Ontario.—While all reports coming from south of the line speak of exceedingly dry weather, and on that account of poor sport, from the scent not lying, we here in Ontario have the exact opposite, rain, rain, and nothing but rain. The covers are still, and have been all fall, from six inches to a foot under water, and in consequence no woodcock are to be found. I have not killed a single bird this fall. Such a thing as not accounting for several bags of woodcock each season has not happened to me before. Half a dozen times I put on rubber boots (a thing I never remember to have had occasion other falls to do, but have always hunted in leather shoes) and searched every covert for woodcock within a radius of ten miles only to draw them blank.

Despairing of getting any woodcock, and as the season was becoming late for these birds, I thought I would try the high land and hillsides east of here near the lake for partridge (ruffed grouse). So on Tuesday morning, Nov. 1, I drove over in that direction some six miles, and coming to a likely looking place for partridge I tied the horse in shelter of some cedars, covered her with a warm blanket and left her as comfortable as possible, knowing that if game proved plentiful it would be hours before I might return. Walking over to a small bush composed of cedars, with a few small beech scattered through it, and situated on a hillside with a spring creek running at its foot, I found an old man chopping cordwood. On inquiring of him if he knew where I would be likely to find any partridge, he gave me the agreeable information that when he came in a little after daylight he had flushed six birds, and that they were still in the little bush on the hillside, about 100yds. from where we were standing. Ordering the spaniels (of which I had a brace with me) into the bush I stood ready for a shot. I had not long to wait, for no sooner had the dogs entered the bush than with a roar out came a bird. He got away to the swamp, minus a handful of feathers. The next one that came my way did not fare so well, dropping to the left barrel at nearly 70yds. I was using a No. 12 J. P. Clabrough gun, a great gun for a long shot, but rather too close and hard-shooting for the bush and covert. I now heard a third bird go out on the other side of the bush, a fourth, and the last I saw or heard, lit down close to the road. I went over to where I saw the bird light and ordered the spaniels to find, but the bird was not there. The old bitch made several attempts to go to a cluster of cedars right on the road, and I had called her back, feeling sure the partridge was where I had seen it light. The bitch was right, for when my back was turned she had made for the cedars. The partridge came over my head, just giving me a snap shot. I was not sure whether I had killed or not until the dog brought the bird to me.

This made four of the six partridges seen by the old man; the other two that the dogs failed to find must have been in the trees. Calling the dogs to heel I followed the creek east to another small bush some half mile distant, on reaching which the dogs flushed a partridge from among a number of small beeches, in rather an open place. The bird flew into the thickest part of the bush, and must have gone into a tree, as the dogs failed to raise it again. I was about leaving this bush for another to the south, when the bitch started a hare. I saw the hare out of gun shot, pass just about where the partridge flushed, so went and stood where it had passed, expecting a shot on its return trip. I had not been there half a minute, when from over my head off a beech tree a partridge flew. I looked up into the tree and wondered to myself how a partridge could ever sit in so bare a tree and not be seen by me. As if in answer to my wondering, another flew off the same tree, within 10yds. of where I was standing. I may be wrong, but I cannot but think, the men that talk about not shooting a partridge on a tree, either live where these birds are plentiful and tame, or else are satisfied with very few. For my part, I bag a partridge any way I can, on tree, ground or wing, although I kill as many of these cunning birds on the wing as in any other position. I left this bush feeling rather disgusted with myself, and made for a large bush covering hundreds of acres lying to the south, intending to hunt as much of it as I could before dark.

Upon my reaching this bush rain began to fall, so finding a dry spot under some hemlocks I had lunch and fed the dogs. After eating and enjoying my lunch, as only a hunter can, I started off again, rain still continuing to fall. Walking about half a mile I flushed a brace of partridges myself from under a small scrub pine, where they had taken shelter from the rain, one flew south, and the other made for a thicket to the north. I made a nice clean shot at the one going north. When ready for the other the bird was nowhere to be seen. The bitch, after hunting about for some time, took up a scent close to a snake fence among some cedars and spruce, and followed it a couple of hundred yards, when she flushed a partridge, which lit into a small spruce tree; the bitch made the bush ring with her barking at the bird. I walked over to where she was, and saw the partridge sitting on a limb about fifteen feet from the ground, and some twenty-five yards from where I was standing. I fired and the bird fell apparently stone dead (there was no underbrush here, a dead withered spruce lay at the foot of the tree). I went over to where the bird had fallen immediately to pick it up (my dogs are rather hard in the mouth), but there was no bird. The limb of the tree where the partridge had stood was nearly cut in two, with some of the feathers of the bird remaining on it. Quite a track of feathers marked where the bird had fallen through the dead spruce. A handful of feathers also showed where the partridge had struck the ground. I called the dogs, and to my astonishment they did not act or make the slightest demonstration as if a bird had been there. Had the bird been only wounded, and run away, the dogs would have trailed it, without doubt, I am certain the bird had not a spark of life in it when it fell from the tree, but what became of that partridge will always remain a mystery to me. It is the strangest thing that has ever happened to me in my long experience of hunting and shooting. I may add that I am a strict temperance man, and drank nothing stronger than spring water with my lunch.

The afternoon was advanced, the time being near 3 o'clock, so I turned my steps toward where I had left the horse and buggy. On my way out of this bush the dogs flushed three more partridge. The first bird went into a large hemlock, but flew before I got in range. The second one rose off a dead log; he got away without the loss of a feather. The third bird got out of some berry bushes; I winged him. Both the spaniels fought to see which would bring the game to their master. As I was getting over a brush fence at the edge of the bush, I started a hare. I shot at him, wounding him in the hindquarters. He made for the swamp across a twenty-acre field, the dogs following. After an exciting chase they captured him about the middle of the field. I must say, in watching the race I was with the hare, as the odds were all on the dogs, poor bunny being wounded.

When I got to where I had left the mare it was just getting dark. Putting her to, I started for home, leaving the dogs to follow; it seems hard on them after a day's work, but I never find that they are any the worse for it the next day. I always see that they are fed and have a nice warm, dry bed upon our return. I see to this myself.

I made a second trip to the same place on Monday, the 7th, getting there at 1 o'clock P. M. At the first bush on the hillside the dogs did not succeed in getting up anything. In the second bush I bagged a partridge that the dogs put into a tree. Instead of proceeding south, as before, I went north across the town line into the next township. I here hunted out a bush of some ten acres, getting three partridge, all on trees over the bitch, two of which I killed with one shot. The dogs flushed four more birds, but I did not succeed in getting a shot at any of them. Crossing a field, I was hailed by a young man ploughing to know if I had any squirrels, as he informed me that he had a few days previous trapped a gray eagle that measured seven feet across its wings, and that the bird was very fond of red squirrels. Soon after the dogs put a fine fat coon up into a beech tree. I shot him in the head. Upon his striking the ground the spaniels were on to him like two bulldogs. I thought if Mr. Coon was not next thing to dead, those little dogs would have got a surprise that they would have remembered for some time. I slung the coon over my shoulder and started for the buggy. I had not gone very far before I discovered that the animal was invested with smaller ones, so had to carry him the rest of the way by his legs. When I started with the coon he weighed about twenty pounds, when I got to my destination he weighed fifty pounds; I thought he did anyway.

I have not been out with the spaniels since, as we have had a heavy fall of snow and all appearance of an early winter. I intend the first day I can get away to give the beagles a run. I have not had the little fellows out this season. Their turn generally comes with the snow.

H. B. N.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

### Indiana Quail.

Argos, Ind., Dec. 4.—Among the shooters present at the late little impromptu trap tournament at Chicago was Mr. G. W. La Rue, of New York, and in the course of a little talk he allowed he would rather shoot quail than pigeons. Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, allowed he felt a good deal that way just then himself, and the result was a party was made up, consisting of these two gentlemen and myself, for the purpose of a flying trip down into Indiana after quail at the close of the week.

"I will telegraph over to Stony Point, in Ontario, to Tommy Davey and have him express Dame Bang over," said Mr. La Rue.

"He'll be apt to send her," said I, knowing well the value Mr. Davey put on this great young bitch, which within the 30 days last past had won first in the all-aged stakes of the International trials at Chatham, Ont., and also won second in the puppy stakes at the same trials.

"I think he'll send her if I ask him," said Mr. La Rue.

"Why?" said I.

"Why, I own her."

This was news to me, but nevertheless true. Mr. La Rue really bought her before the trials, and naturally does not now think the less of his purchase. Though he had never shot over Dame Bang but one day, he expressed himself as altogether satisfied with her and desirous of having more of the same sort of sport. Changing his plans, therefore, from a hunt in Canada to one in Indiana, he wired for the dog, and in due time, after the incidental transfer of $9 of his funds to the express company, she was handed over to him at Chicago, safe and sound, with the exception of a very bad toe which made her carry one foot up. In making some mention of the International Trials, I expressed the hope that Mr. Davey would feed Dame Bang one square meal. This he has failed to do, and the little one arrived looking like a hoop-skirt, with every bone in her frame showing, and with a mournful look on her wrinkled and preternaturally old-looking face. Dame Bang is old beyond her years, or rather her months. Only 20 months old, she looks 7 years, and acts it—the oldest-fashioned one-season probably ever was.

Mr. Organ borrowed a dog. He borrowed it of a shooting friend who seemed glad to have him borrow it. Perhaps the dog's owner thought Mr. Organ would train the dog some, and so be of use to the dog. At any rate, Mr. Organ had accumulated this dog when we came to get on the train—a white, black and tan bitch of small frame but good collection of fat, and a cheerful, benign expression of countenance. This dog's name, he so informed us, was Mollie O'Brien; a rather Irish name for an English setter, but it had to go. Personally I wish that Mr. Organ had not borrowed any dog at all, or, if any, one with a more phlegmatic disposition. It transpired, when we got into the village hotel late at night, that Mr. Organ and I and Mollie O'Brien all had to sleep in the same room. Mollie was used to sleeping on the sofa, and did not take kindly to the floor. Mr. Organ is troubled with insomnia, and only sleeps once in a while, so it didn't make any difference to him. I sleep whenever I get a chance, and, not having had very many chances lately, I was enjoying this one in advance. Every time I shut my eyes I would hear Roll Organ talking to Mollie.

"Lie down, you owl-eyed daughter of misery!" he would say, "lie down, blame you! Your father was a shepherd, for a hundred, but it's too late to help that now, and here you are, you wedge-faced sheep driver—keep that tail still, I say! You'll wake up the folks in the next room." (Groans from the next room, and expostulations from myself. Temporary silence, to be broken a moment later by much the same formula). "Keep still there, you Robert Burns collie, confound you, or I'll come after you and knock the everlasting oatmeal porridge out of your inmost thoughts! Keep that tail still, can't you? Dash bing a dog that'll wag its tail all night and keep folks awake! Lie down you son of a gun!" And so forth and so forth. On the whole, I can not say I am fond of sleeping in a room with a man and dog who are both troubled with insomnia, for I believe it is catching. However, as we didn't get in town till 1 o'clock in the morning and didn't get to bed till some time later, we hadn't so long to wait till breakfast time.

In the morning we made a latish start, the weather being very foggy. No one could tell us anything about the quail supply. The average opinion was to the effect that there were not many birds but plenty of posted land. We were encouraged to learn, however, that no one had been out lately after quail, and that there was not a broken quail dog in the town. This being the case, we thought we would be our own judges and our own guides, and so struck off east over country we had never seen before. Soon we came to a lake, which we discovered to be called Mud Lake, and out of this ran an outlet lined with a wide swamp which fringed out in thickets and brier patches in the edges of the corn and wheat stubbles. This impressed us as being about what we wanted, and on a couple of miles of this we made our dogs hunt.

On the first stubble we struck we walked up a fine little bevy at which Mr. La Rue and Mr. Organ both fired at long range. We marked them down and going on over, Dame Bang pointed at a fence, and much to her owner's surprise, materialized a dead bird. This bird had been hit without showing any signs of it, and had flown 300yds. Passing into the thickets, Dame soon worked out another point, and the birds going out near me, I got down a couple. Mr. La Rue, to my left, also got one with each barrel, and a moment later knocked down a third. On these birds Dame did very handsome work at finding dead birds. Mollie found one of my birds, doubtless the first quail she had ever seen, as she was broken and has been worked altogether on chickens. Our birds now jumped up in the thicket, and after some hard work here we emerged with only five birds, losing a wide cripple and missing one bird which Dame pointed handsomely. It was now easily apparent that while Mollie was too new at quail work to be of great value, Dame was as steady as a clock and not to be rattled at all.

We now went up on a high stubble, and drawing one field blank we entered another, a wide one, and one just fit for quail. Mr. La Rue cast Dame off to the edge next the wood, and in a few moments we saw his upraised hand, and coming up saw Dame on a staunch point. We got right among this bevy, and as they went up scattered we got a lot of fun out of them, including a number of handsome points to Dame Bang's credit. I had no idea a one-season puppy could be so wise, so methodical and so knowing of the ways of birds. Out of this bevy we cleaned up eight birds, Mr. La Rue doing some very nice work with a cylinder Greener, 28in. barrels. Mr. Organ was shooting a close-choked Parker and had to wait till the birds got off 30yds. or so before he dared shoot, though he killed two or three birds at astonishingly long distances. More clearly than ever before I could see the mistake of using too closely-choked a gun for field work. My own gun is rather open, but if I were to purchase another for quail shooting, or other cover work, it should have no choke at all, or, the very least, in either barrel. The dealer who descants on the elegant pattern of his gun and points out the number of shot it will put in a given circle often utters words of condemnation for the arm, so far as this particular sort of shooting is concerned.

After lunch we left Mollie at the wagon, as she was too fast to stand the work, and trusted our fate to Dame Bang. That plucky creature was cut by the briers, her tail whipped raw, her hurt toe so swollen that the nail was out of line. Moreover, she had in the morning met the singular accident of sticking a stiff stalk of coarse grass into her nostril. When we found out what caused her sneezing, we removed the stiff stem. It was thrust three inches deep into the nostril, and two inches of it was covered with clotted blood. Yet in this condition, with the straw still in her nostril, she found and pointed a bird I had killed, and even after the wound had had time to become sore and certainly acutely painful, she continued to hunt at a slashing gait, and never flushed a bird, but pointed a great deal better with three legs and only half a nose than most dogs do with a full equipment. "I don't know what we couldn't do if we had a whole dog along," said Roll Organ. No one could help admiring the courage of the gritty creature, or loving her for the quality of her work.

We got ordered off from a nice lot of stubble, where we were just about to find about 500 quail, and after that we had a long walk for nothing, and a wet one, too, for it began to rain. Then we struck a brier patch that showed a lot of signs of roosts, and knew the birds were using on a stubble near by. It was easy enough for Dame to make a cast around over the top of the hill—and there she was, stiff as a poker! We walked up and admired her for some moments before we put up the birds. A Kodak picture of her peculiar strained, intense, stretched-out point, would have been a beautiful thing to have. Not having the Kodak, we stood and took the picture mentally. When we put up the birds, Mr. LaRue and I fired together, and it seemed to me we had killed the whole flock, for I never saw so many feathers come out. We only found two birds, though, and Mr. Organ's long two-barrel shot netted a third. Then we followed the birds into the swamp, and there it was point after point, the bitch grabbing off singles as easy as husking corn. Mr. Organ made another 45yds. kill, and Mr. LaRue got one alone and assisted me on another, of whose immediate dissolution there existed no doubt. Then Mr. Organ and I both shot into the same bird as it topped the thicket, and a moment later Mr. La Rue and I nearly destroyed one which flew high directly over my head. After our hot corner we counted up and found we had eight quail more. Mr. Organ insisted that we must have just an even two dozen, as he wanted to send a dozen each to some railroad officials of the Nickel Plate road—of which corporation, by the way, Mr. Organ is general live stock agent at Chicago, a fact which helped us in locating our grounds and in getting accommodations on the trip.

It was now nearly dark, and a nasty rain was falling, but we took pity on the two railroad dignitaries who needed a dozen each, and tackled another stubble field. Of course, Dame got on the trail of a bevy before we had

gone far, and soon she nailed them. We each fired one barrel, and each killed a quail, and then, going on over the brow of the hill, Dame pointed dead, and we found a cripple which had gone down, hit by no one knew whom.

### In the Swamp Again.

Again we had to go into the wet and boggy swamp after the marked birds. Dame found them on the leaves, and they went off wild, Mr. La Rue and Mr. Organ failing to stop any as they rocketed over their way. Then in a boggy grass patch the bitch pointed again, and Mr. La Rue dropped the bird in great style. As I went toward him, I nearly stepped on a bird in the thicket, and took a snap at it as it sprang. Mr. La Rue did the same thing, and the result was that we disfigured the bird very badly. This was the last shot of the day, and we now had twenty-eight birds. They were all full-grown, strong birds, and handsome as only Bob White can grow to be.

As we went toward our wagon, we met two farmers, who ordered us off the land. As usual, we treated them politely, and agreed at once with a request which struck us as being now a little late in the day, though none the less stereotyped, and indeed, none the less distasteful. We intend shooting a little bit further in this locality, should there not prove to be too much posted land—a contingency which seems not in the least unlikely.

It may be that this portion of Indiana has not so good a quail crop this year as was earlier in the year thought to be the case, but it seems almost certain that there is abundance to afford good shooting at almost any place in a circle of a dozen miles or so radius about this point. Rochester is only 12 miles from here, and there is good shooting near there. Over Warsaw way, 28 miles from Argos, there are a good many birds, but also a good many farmers. Around Winamac, 30 miles distant, the birds have already been mentioned as plentiful, and that is good quail country. Tippecanoe, Knox, Ora, and any of a dozen other small country places in this part of the State will afford a fair shooting for what little is left of the season. Lake Maxinkuckee, the great Indiana summer resort, is only 9 miles from Argos. Make that the center, say, of the quail belt, and go over a circle of 25 or 30 miles, and one certainly would meet Bob White in royal form and democratic numbers. At Sidney, 32 miles east of here on the Nickel Plate, I am told the birds are unusually abundant, and the farmers unusually lenient. You have to take your chances, both as to the birds and the farmers, but it seems sure that the two above factors exist in ratio good enough to afford sport of a highly satisfactory nature. Of course, the usual trouble exists that we cannot stay long enough to find out a great deal of the country.

Along Mud Creek, the outlet of the Mud Lake, we discovered to-day, there runs a black loam swamp, covered with bogs, alders and thickets, which seems to me to be the finest looking woodcock country I ever saw. I can not learn much of any local shooters, but the landlord of our hotel tells us that in the summer time he has killed "a good many" woodcock there. There is quite a body of this swamp land, and I should think it a very good point to keep in mind for woodcock next season.

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CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—Our little quail hunt at Argos, which bid so fair to be a pleasant and successful affair, came to an untimely and unfortunate end. Dame Bang, Mr. La Rue's gritty young pointer, sprung a limp in a forefoot in the morning of our second day, and as this left her but two feet to go on, we had not the heart to ask more of her. During the morning we found only one bevy, out of which we got nine birds. In all we found five bevies on the trip and bagged thirty-seven birds. As we lost a few birds knocked down, of course, it may be seen that the work of the dog on the scattered singles was of high order. It was indeed a pleasure to shoot under such circumstances, for the sport was not a scramble for a shot, but an illustrated edition of quail shooting as it can be, the pictures by Dame Bang. On the bevy of the last morning the dog pointed in a long-drawn, telescopic attitude which made us all long for a camera. We marked the bird down in a swamp, and as we entered this cover Dame sprang up on a log to cross it. Instantly, as she stood with all four feet gathered together in the act of springing down, she whirled her head and pointed straight down under her feet, almost having to balance herself to keep from falling forward. I do not recall ever having seen a more singular or more brilliant point. Needless to say, the birds were there, under the log.

It was disheartening to have to stop in the middle of such fun, though no one could have wished to see the game little one go on under such punishment. But this was not all. We had left Mollie O'Brien, Mr. Organ's borrowed dog, tied up in a comfortable stall in the livery stable in town. When we got in we found that Mollie O'Brien, whatever may have been her faults, was exempt from all further criticism, by virtue of the old saying, *de mortuis*, etc. In short, Mollie was dead! We thought she might have strangled herself in her collar, but soon found that was not the case. Then we concluded she had been poisoned, but could see no indications of that, and were told that no one had been in that part of the stable since we left. The body was still limp, and we did not think the dog had been dead more than half an hour. Mollie was of very corpulent habit of body, and had been eating very heavily. She may very likely have died of apoplexy, induced by the excitement of wishing to join the hunt. Or her heart may have broken at being left behind. The plainest theory is that of poison, and it may be very well to warn any other shooters going to Argos to be very careful of their dogs. The natives there are none too friendly to city shooters. Mollie may have been the innocent victim of an unreasoning and unreasonable spite. At any rate, she was dead, and we could find no trace of the cause of her death. This of course brought all thought of further shooting to an end. It was rather an unpleasant duty that devolved upon Mr. Organ, that of telling Mr. O'Brien that his dog was not coming back home any more. Mr. Organ showed some sense of this when he sadly remarked, as he looked upon poor Mollie's body: "I'm afraid your father was a shepherd, Mollie, but it's too late to help that now, and I'm sure I'm not going to lay it up against you now you're gone."

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 10.—Mr. W. C. Jacus, long known in Buffalo, N. Y., as a prominent shooter, is in this city, guest of his friend, Col. Chas. E. Felton. These two are just back from a very pleasant and successful quail shoot at Little Rock, Ark., and can not speak too highly of that spot for a shooting trip. They ran out on the railway trains 8 or 10 miles into the country each day, and bagged two or three dozen to the gun daily without any special exertion. They speak also in terms of the greatest enthusiasm of the Richelieu Hotel, of Little Rock, and its proprietor, Mr. Jos. W. Irwin, who made them so thoroughly comfortable during their stay. A large Philadelphia shooting party was in during their stay, also a party en route for Texas. Deer are described as abundant within 25 to 40 miles of Little Rock, and quails in any numbers.

Eagle River Club, of Chicago, sent up a party of nearly twenty deer hunters in all this fall to its large preserves in Wisconsin. They sent out seventeen deer in one lot, and this does not represent the season's total.

At Pembine, Wis., this fall, the hotel took fire. Mr. Ackerman, of Lima, O., and a friend lost about all they had, including seven dead deer, the rifle of one of them, and a dog.

Mr. Walter Wilmot, late of base ball fame, now of Minneapolis, was in town this week. He says that in a deer hunt he and some friends had this fall in Minnesota, they killed an adult and full developed deer, a doe which weighed dressed only 31lbs. This freak is now in the taxidermist's hands.

Mr. W. H. Parker, of Grand Piles, Quebec, Canada, spent some time in Chicago this week, visiting with his friend, Mr. A. L. Rose, one of Chicago's '49-ers. Mr. Parker has long been interested in the formation of sporting clubs in Canada, was the promoter of the Laurentian and Shawinagan clubs, and is now forming the St. Maurice Club, with almost boundless preserves and endless trout privileges.

### The Calumet Heights Club.

Calumet Heights Club held business session on the evening of Dec. 7: present, Messrs. E. T. Ellicott, A. W. Carlisle, W. E. Wilde, J. Gillespie, K. Marks, E. W. Carson, W. Isbell, G. C. Lanphere, J. P. Fisher, R. W. Fleming, J. E. Hinkins, C. S. Case, S. Booth, C. A. W. Platt, Dr. J. G. Reid, Dr. F. A. Hodson, Dr. L. L. Davis, Dr. A. W. Harlan. Dr. Harlan was in the chair, Dr. Davis, secretary. The following new members were elected: Messrs. L. B. Wilson, H. D. Dale, G. W. Selby and J. D. Bisbee. Resolutions of respect were passed in memory of Mr. Geo. Suffern, a member lately deceased. It was decided to hold monthly pigeon shoots from next April to September, and to choose on the records a team for competitions with other club teams. The members were cordially urged to be present at the social quilting bee at Dr. Harlan's residence on the evening of Dec. 15, held by the ladies for the purpose of of raising club funds. Calumet Heights Club is now in better shape than it ever has been. Its tenure on its grounds is thought safe for fifteen years to come, and the present keeper is doing well. During the past year it has spent over $1,000 on the grounds. There are about 75 quail now on or near the club grounds, and more will be put down. Some of the members have been shooting these quail, one member killing nine in one day. This should be stopped with a round turn, until the birds have established themselves. Those now found are thought to be strays from the lots put down by Tolleston Club.

### The Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club held a business meeting on the evening of Dec. 9. This club also is in flourishing condition, and that it should keep up interest during the winter months shows that it is of the right timber.

### The Possum Club.

The Possum Club met at Werner's, 93 Thirty-fifth street, Tuesday evening, Dec. 6, present, Messrs. W. S. Haynes, F. A. Place, W. P. Mussey, Geo. Mailett, C. Hetherington, L. M. Hamline, C. B. Dicks, W. N. Low, R. A. Turtle and O. F. Malcolm. Adjourned late for a date after Christmas. Many weighty matters were discussed, spring shooting among others. There were not absent those who supported the old chestnut that to kill one old duck and eight young ducks left just as many ducks as though no duck had been killed; and who also stuck in the mud of the old proposition that if all the States in the Union couldn't set a day and hour for beginning at the same time to be good and rational in shooting matters, it was of no use for any one State, say Illinois, to be good and rational. Mr. Werner was strongly and openly opposed to spring shooting.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

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### NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THE New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game is now thoroughly organized with a membership of clubs in all parts of the State.

We are in perfect accord with the State Fish Commission and the Game Protectors, and the future gives promise of great usefulness.

The present game laws are a great improvement on those of the past, and are in the main satisfactory, though there are some slight imperfections which it is hoped soon to remedy.

The ordinary expenses of the Association will be kept at a low figure, in order that the assessments on the various clubs may be so small as to induce a large, harmonious and zealous membership.

It is a fact, however, that if this Association is to fill with credit the available sphere of its usefulness, funds will be needed in order that legislation may be legitimately watched, to the end that bad enactments may be prevented and desirable laws promoted and encouraged. It has been the experience of those engaged in the work, that bad laws usually come from a lack of information on the part of law-makers, rather than from ulterior motives and perverse disposition. It is a legitimate and worthy object of this Association to spread abroad the enlightenment, and create a public sentiment which shall result in real Game, Fish and Forest Protection, thus bringing to the people of the whole State tangible, palpable benefit.

A special fund for this purpose has been instituted, and your subscription is respectfully solicited. Contributions may be sent to any member of the Ways and Means Committee and they will be duly acknowledged in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

May we not confidently rely upon your cordial co-operation in the work?

C. B. REYNOLDS, President. GEN. D. H. BRUCE, Syracuse.
W. S. KIMBALL, Vice-President. F. J. AMSDEN, Rochester.
J. B. SAGE, Secretary-Treasurer W. H. THOMPSON, Alexandria Bay
W. S. GAVITT, Lyons.
Ways and Means Committee.

## AUTUMN DAYS WITH THE WOODCOCK

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 30.—Did it ever occur to you that it was a very long time to look forward, from now to the middle of next October? The fact has been forcibly impressed upon my mind during the past few weeks, since I got back to my desk again, after an altogether too short session with the birds. In looking over some old numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, and thinking over the incidents of my last vacation (which will have to console me for the next 11 months) I could not help but notice, what I have frequently noted before, how the opinions of different lovers of the fields and woods were often opposed to each other. Take the old grind of the woodcock's whistle. Of course I have my opinion as to how it is produced, and no doubt the advocates of the opposite theory have equally as strong reasons for their belief, and there is little probability that either of us could convince the other against what seems to both "proof positive." Then there was the question as to whether partridges roosted on the ground, or on trees. Those who declare that they roost on the ground may have seen them making use of the ground for such a purpose, and if so what effect can we expect to have upon them with the argument that we have as surely seen them roosting in trees, or at least have started them for their roosts in trees, as could be clearly proven by the droppings directly under the limb from which they started. And who shall say that they are not as close observers, as good sportsmen as we, even though our views seem to us correct beyond contradiction. Just a few weeks ago I read a very interesting article in this paper on the wind, and that is what brings me to my last vacation. The writer of that article no doubt finds the woodcock moving on a south wind, if he did'nt he would not look for them at such times. But to us it looks ridiculous. Why? Because we do not find them coming to us on a south wind, but on the contrary on a cold norther. Our observation and experience teach us that the woodcock come to us as early in the spring as they can get here, and stay just as late in the fall as the frosts will let them. Of course natives are moving about all the fall, but the flight has to be driven down from the north by cold weather, at least that is the way we figure it.

Columbus day was the date of the "Nessmuks'" annual "Big Hunt" this year. Daylight found us behind the bobtails, putting Worcester behind us as fast as they cared to travel. There is no earthly use in attempting to describe that morning, for probably every shooter in the country was out just as early as we were, and enjoyed it as thoroughly. Still I can't help remarking that it was a "powerful" fine hunting morning. It was high sun up when we reached the grounds, and not much later when we were "at 'em." We found a fair number of birds and had a good forenoon's sport. About 11 o'clock every one was hungry and the "Indian" was started for a farm house for a pail of milk, while the rest of us "took the horses' heads off" and fed them, started a fire and soon had the old coffee pot humming. There is something about an oyster stew on a cool day that is most acceptable, at least we found it that way, and after a liberal bowl of this, together with several sandwiches and a cup of coffee it would seem that the most voracious appetite might be satisfied, but not so, for the "Old Man" no sooner finished his second cup than he began dressing a woodcock. The rest followed suit, and the results of the morning's hunt were soon broiling over the coals.

After this no one was in a mood to continue the hunt, so we picked up and started across country to see "Charlie Puss," and from there drove home. It wasn't much of a hunt as hunts go, but the "Nessmuks" don't get an annual very often, and the day's pleasure is not measured by the heft of the hunting coats at night.

A stretch of fine weather followed, and we had good shooting, getting from 5 to 10 birds a day (two men), but toward the latter part of the following week there came a spell of weather. One night at the gathering at 'Lisha's it was remarked that if there were not any woodcock the next day there never would be any. The night was a ripper, according to our theory, a cold north wind blowing, with strong suggestions of winter. The next morning as I went through Lincoln Square the depot platform was pretty frosty, as I noticed with much satisfaction. Oliver and Ned were out on the front steps waiting, just as if a cold norther had put ideas of long-bills into their heads, too. We hunted the same ground as on the first day, and—well, we got as many as 5 or 10 that day. Yes, I remember of man's getting more than that straight, and he did not have them all either.

Don't talk to me about your Italian sunsets; give me a day with such dog flesh as we had that day, and with the woodcock away out in the thin birches and scattered scrub pines, not a breath of wind, the sun bright as it is only in October, and that is as near the height of physical enjoyment as I ever expect to get. Then come back to work and know that it must be nearly a long year before you can take the pup out again, it's "dead wrong, dead wrong." As I look ahead to that next outing so far off, there come before the eye pictures of ranging dogs, points and backs, birds bursting from the cover, some to be neatly stopped in mid air, others to keep right on until out of reach, the fire by the spring and the whole two weeks come back to me with a delightful reality, and I am satisfied that I have had my share of the fun this season. "It's an ill wind," etc. HAL.

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### Vermont Quail.

RUTLAND, Vt., Dec. 12.—On Dec. 9 a woodchopper near the village of Bristol discovered a lot of birds, and as he thought, about 100 in the flock. He reported this at the village, and the next day he saw the same birds again to the number of fifty. He succeeded in capturing one of them which had lost a leg and was about half starved. They turned out to be the regular Western quail. It is not known where these birds came from, and there are two theories in regard to them. Some two years ago the Rutland Fish and Game Club put out quite a lot of quail which they had received from the West, but have never heard from them since they were distributed. Possibly they have endured the mild winters of the last two years and these are a part of them. Another theory is, that they may have come from Shelburne Farms from a distribution made by Dr. Webb, although it is not positively known that the Doctor has distributed any at that point.

JOHN W. TITCOMB.

## "A STANDING MENACE."

### Cooke City vs. the National Park.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 28, 1892.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read with interest the statement regarding railroads in the Yellowstone Park. The views there expressed meet with my concurrence, and I am pleased to see such a thorough exposition of the subject. I have always believed that if Congress gave to one railroad company the permission admitting it within the Park, the step would entail the granting of similar privileges to other corporations and thus amount practically to the abandonment of the original act, by which the Park was dedicated for the benefit of the whole people and set apart to be free from private appropriation. This opinion is shared by all those who have had official relations with the reservation, and by every one who has investigated the subject from a disinterested standpoint.

It seems to me that when Congress fully understands the nature of the case, they will realize the importance of preserving the Park free from corporate intrusion, and I think the paper you publish especially valuable as showing there is no necessity for making a sacrifice.

Yours truly, W. HALLETT PHILLIPS.

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U.S. ENGINEER OFFICE, ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 29, 1892.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read your paper, "A Standing Menace," enclosed with your letter of the 26th. From a two years' residence in the National Park, and a careful study of the question discussed in this paper, I have no hesitation in saying that its presentation of the case is substantially correct. There can be no doubt that the success of either of the pending bills, or of any similar measure, will work the ruin of the tourist routes in that section of the Park, and the destruction of the finest game preserve in the world. Very truly yours,

HIRAM M. CHITTENDEN,
1st Lieut. Engineers, U. S. A.

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UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 5, 1892.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have just read the article "A Standing Menace," printed in the FOREST AND STREAM, in reference to the attempts made to destroy the National Park in the interests of Cooke City. I heartily agree with this article. It is of the utmost importance that the Park shall be kept in its present form as a great forestry preserve and a National pleasure ground, the like of which is not to be found on any other continent than ours: and all public-spirited Americans should join with FOREST AND STREAM in the effort to prevent the greed of a little group of speculators, careless of everything save their own selfish interests, from doing the damage they threaten to the whole people of the United States, by wrecking the Yellowstone National Park. So far from having this Park cut down it should be extended, and legislation adopted which would enable the military authorities who now have charge of it to administer it solely in the interests of the whole public, and to punish in the most rigorous way people who trespass upon it. The Yellowstone Park is a park for the people, and the representatives of the people should see that it is molested in no way. Very truly yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF
SUPERINTENDENT YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK,
MAMMOTH HOT SPRINDS, Wyo., Dec. 4, 1892.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have seen your article "Cooke City vs. The National Park," and I heartily indorse every word of it. You have clearly and unmistakably stated the facts in the case, and nothing but the facts. It is very refreshing to think that there are still left some friends of the Park to fight its battles.

It is right to emphasize the fact that it is Livingston that wants the railroad to Cooke City. Cooke City would be satisfied with a railroad connection in any direction, but only the route through the Park suits Livingston. A branch to Stillwater, to Red Lodge, or to some point on the Burlington would give Cooke City better facilities; but in that case Livingston would never handle a cent of Cooke City trade, hence the lobby.

Thanking you for the interest you have taken in the matter, I am, very truly yours,

GEO. S. ANDERSON,
Capt. 6th Cav., Acting Supt. Y. N. P.

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U. S. ENGINEER OFFICE, OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1892.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read with great interest the article you sent me entitled "A Standing Menace," and I heartily endorse all that it contains.

As you know, I was for four years in charge of the construction of roads and bridges in the Yellowstone Park, and was the first engineer engaged upon this work. As such I prepared plans for the improvement of the Park which were approved by the proper authorities, and are now being carried into execution by my successors.

While engaged upon this work I carefully considered all possible means of transportation in the Park and came to the conclusion that the construction and operation of railroads there, upon any pretext or for any purpose, could not fail to be a detriment and an injury to it.

The alternative plan proposed of cutting off that portion of the Park north of the Yellowstone River, is even more objectionable than the railroad. The present boundaries of the Park have been fixed and established by law for more than twenty years. This alone ought to make them forever permanent, and to change them now, because they happen to interfere with somebody's selfish plans would be a woefully bad precedent, and might almost be said to interfere with the vested rights of the people.

The hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, in round numbers, which it is proposed to take from the Park for the benefit of a few individuals, is almost valueless for the purpose of grazing or agriculture. But it lies upon mountain sides, and forms a valuable and necessary part of the watershed of the Yellowstone River. Being high and well timbered, it is admirably adapted to catch and hold snow, and by allowing it to melt gradually it tends to prevent freshets and subsequent periods of very low water. Thus it is a direct benefit to agriculture and navigation in the lower valley. If this region is de-forested, as it undoubtedly will be in time if it is removed from the Park and delivered to the railroad, the violence of the freshets will certainly increase, and the whole valley will suffer accordingly.

No one who has ever visited Yellowstone Park can fail to appreciate the wisdom that dedicated it to its present uses, or can doubt that it is destined to a great and valuable future.

It is not too much to say that if the Park can be preserved as it now is, subject only to such slight changes as are necessary to secure good roads and trails through it, and proper hotels to insure the comfort of its visitors, it will in time become a health and pleasure resort unequaled in the whole world. Its maintenance is of more than national importance; it is an object of direct personal interest, now and in time to come, to travelers and scientists the world over.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the disinterested care, wisdom and patriotism, which has established and maintained thus far this truly national Park, will be adequate to protect it in the future. Very truly yours,

DAN C. KINGMAN,
Capt. of Engineers, U. S. A.

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## RABBIT SHOOTING IN MORRIS COUNTY.

HAVING passed the milestone of more than three-score years, many of them in the woods and fields of different States, I thought I had put away my breechloader for a younger "Jacobstaff" to handle, or to be taken out personally only for a place behind the blinds for the webfeet or bay birds. My last trip for grouse over the mountains of Pocono only a season ago had settled the matter. My grouse days were done. But when I was advised of a pressing invitation from jolly George A. Sopher, a former popular resident of Jersey City (now of Madison, N. J.), to Mr. E. E. Fackert, the rotund and rollicking commodore of the Dolphin Fishing Club, of Jersey City, to come and bring "Jacobstaff" for a day among the Mollie Cottontails, how could I resist?

We were promptly met at the station by George with his carryall. A drive of three miles brought us to the residence of E. A. Tucker, a local shooter of the neighborhood, who added not a little to the pleasure of the trips. His mother—one of those good old mothers we read of, and all know—was ready for us and soon set before us an appreciated breakfast. Then a drive of a few hours through a diversified country brought us to our destination, the domicile of Mr. Silas Howell, a well-to-do farmer of Morris county, an ardent sportman and a good shot. We were welcomed heartily by Mrs. H., his wife, not to fail to mention the coming shooter, Johnny H., a chip of the old tree, a bright little fellow, and destined to wipe his father's eye some of these days. Mrs. H., the good housewife, had matters ready for us in shape of a hearty country dinner, but the boys were impatient for sport. A hasty bite or two of bread and butter with cold spare rib, a quaff of sweet cider fresh from the mill, and then the hounds were let loose and we were off for the swale and hillside but a stone's throw from the house. We crossed the cow lot back of the barn, and the dogs had but just entered the outlying copse, when with a whirr! whirr! whirr! three of the gamest birds in the world disappeared towards the hillside.

Of course we were not looking for anything of that kind there and then (often the case, you know), and were too far behind for a shot anyway. Soon one of the dogs gave tongue, joined in almost immediately by the other, a pup that will show his stock and breeding one of these days, and the woods were full of music. We separated, scattering along near the outskirts of the thicket. Soon a shot was heard, then another. "Ah, ha! Sopher, I wiped your eye that time." A clean kill for Tucker after George's hurried shot. Hold hard, here comes another, to be neatly bowled over by Fackert. There goes another. The woods are full of them. There is one for Sile, another for Sopher. In the meantime, having proposed to take things easy, I was up a stump, or rather on it. Casting my eye down a wood road through the bushes, I espied an old settler, a patriarch, we reckoned (as he turned out by far the biggest killed in all the time), leisurely hopping toward me, now and then stopping and changing the position of his ears to catch the fainter echoes of the hounds, then a quarter of a mile up the hillside. To knock him over, light my pipe and get back to my said stump was the work of but a moment. Not very scientific nor sportsmanlike, some of our ardent young shooters may say. Though we have not outspanned in Southern Africa and potted elephants, nor followed the spoor of the giraffe and others of the big ones in that region, we have had our share among the deer and with the bear of Wisconsin, the grouse of the prairie and the thicket, the quail in the copses and the snipe in the marshes. But those days are passed. And as next best, we now in our sere and yellow leaf enjoy the distant bay of the hound in the covert, and as he turns our way the delicate patter of *Lepus sylvaticus* or *arcticus* strikes our ear, and at the crack of our gun he turns a somerset in the air, a little of the same old thrill comes over us. Why not?

A few more shots and more of the heavy fellows added to the shooters' pockets, then the horn was sounded, and as the sun was slowly sinking behind the stone barn we wended our way to the house, all somewhat tired except the writer; he could have maintained his position on that stump another day if they would drive the game to him.

After our ample supper, stories were told, pipes and cider mugs emptied and we were off for bed.

We were up betimes in the morning, and having been informed by our worthy host that yesterday's page was only a preface as it were to the main work, we built big hopes for the coming bags. But, alas for human hopes. Upon glancing out of the window eastward we saw that old Sol was just trying to show his face, but it was in clouds of red and gold. "Jacobstaff" is too old a traveler not to know what that means. "You can shoot until about noon, boys, but look out for rain or snow thereafter. Had those crimson and yellow streaks been a legacy to us as the sun went down all would be bright for the following day, but always remember that 'a gray sky proclaims a hunting morning.'" "Pooh!" they all said, "no rain to-day."

Breakfast was soon disposed of and we were soon in Sile's big three-seated wagon, he proposing to drive over to the old Homestead, his father's place, some three miles back, where "rabbits were thicker than hairs on a dog." We found Lot Howell ready for us. He is an old grouse and rabbit shot of that neighborhood. Having been brought up there of course he and Sile knew just where every hare lived—that is, they would if there hadn't been so many of them. I don't know how old Lot H. and his wife are, but they are mighty spry and young looking to have the six-footer, Silas, as a son, and more, I am told, of like kinds. Lot having let loose his black and tan we were off up the sidehill. We struck nothing until we reached the top, which had been cleared of the larger timber, and a growth of younger scions had started. Here the music commenced. Whew! all the dogs sounding, and five or six rabbits were on the jump in as many different directions. First blood for Tucker, to be soon followed by Lot; then one for Sopher; then Jacobstaff, though somewhat blown coming up the steep hillside, had a shot at a little fellow scudding off by himself on his side.

The hounds up that way are what we used to call fox-hounds when we were boys. They ran the little hares too fast, and are apt to hole them a short distance from where they are started. But there are so many of the little fellows that though often more than one is started, only one perhaps is followed; and when it is holed in a stump or stone heap the dogs train it and take a fresh track. With an old beagle hound properly broken, we believe that an old man, though rheumatic and somewhat broken down, if he had the fever on, could renew his age. Because it is a fact well known of these little fellows that if pursued slowly by the hound they will do considerable play as long as they are sure of keeping ahead, and are certain to get around in time to the very place they were started from. We have known the larger *Lepus arcticus*—that changes his coat when the snow flies—to keep on his circle many times around until killed.

There were some comical episodes. Many misses and some good shots, notably one by Fackert at a cock grouse sailing through the tops of the swamp trees. We think he was as much astonished as the grouse when it tumbled. The day had been growing darker. The wind grew damp and cutting. We started for the house, but the rain and sleet got us before we reached it. "Jacobstaff" knew what he was talking about. We tarried not at the Homestead when we were urged to stay to dinner, and only were let off by the promise to come again and give the old family farm a shake up.

It takes all kinds of people, they say, to make up this world's inhabitants. That follows good in Morris county. We were crossing an orchard, when a hare jumped up "forninst us:" we fired just as he reached a rail fence built over a row of stones separating the orchard from another orchard similar in size. We jumped over the fence and were looking for blood or sign of a hit, when we were aroused by what at first resembled the bellowing of a wild bull. Upon looking up we discovered a big red-faced and red-haired specimen of the male gender with flashing eyes and huge fists doubled. "Get out of this lot. Get over that fence. You have no right to shoot here. I'll have the law on you. Get out." We tried to reason with the blonde maniac, saying we had not shot on his grounds, that we did not mean to intrude, etc., and much more in a pleasant manner; but the boor wouldn't have it. "You are trespassing anyhow, an' I'll sue you for that. Get over that fence this minute. We don't like to be talked to that way, though we may have been in the wrong, and we informed the infuriated land owner that in order to arrest us for trespass he would have to get a warrant from some judge or justice of the peace, and by the time that was accomplished we proposed to be in another county, perhaps another State; and as for jumping right back over that fence at once, we could not think of it. We thought at first that he was going to try it on us *vi et armis*, but he seemed to think better of it; but followed us along the whole length of his ground, filling the air with threats of what he would do. Bah! How different the treatment we received from the genial, big-hearted Howells, at whose house we finally arrived in a drenching rain, and where a big dinner of roast chicken and other viands made us all right again.

As it was necessary for Fackert to be home that evening, and I had had enough, we asked Sile to drive us over to Stanhope, while Sopher and Tucker stayed for another day's sport. We had forgotten to say that we had been joined that day by a Mr. John Spencer with his older dog. John lives close by Howells and is a good shot, but will be a better one when he gets a breechloader.

When we were ready to start we proposed to settle with Mr. Silas for his trouble. He was indignant. We talked to Mrs. H., and she wouldn't have it. What kind of people were these? Received us strangers with open hearts and hands, gave us the very best they had and that good and in abundance, drove us over the country and then to our station out of the way. No use talking. They said they were glad to see folks once in a while—that they didn't keep a hotel, and it was not the time for them to commence.

We finally invited Sopher and Tucker and Spencer to ride with us to Stanhope and see us off. We found on arriving at the station that we had an hour to wait for a train to Jersey City. Mr. George G. Boothney, proprietor of the Mansion House, had a very promising beagle hound that they were anxious we should see. We saw it. Mr. B. is a shooter, also a good fellow. They were all good fellows around Stanhope. We shook hands all around several times. We got our train, but promised, at least Fackert did, to Mrs. Howell's invitation to come again. I think she was astonished as well as pleased to see him appreciate those cakes.

Hare shooting in Morris county is not so bad.

JACOBSTAFF.

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### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Ieet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

## THREE MAINE DEER.

GLOUCESTER, Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Irving H. Pomeroy, of this city, has had an exhibition at Shepard's meat market; a large buck with a magnificient pair of horns. This deer was one of three which the Doctor shot while on a two weeks' hunting trip down in Maine. The locality where the deer were found was on Pleasant River, near the "Gulf," or Gorge, about ten miles above Mt. Katahdin Iron Works.

The first deer or rather fawn, was killed before Thanksgiving. The Doctor was out with a companion from whom he separated, after which he saw the fawn lying down. The fawn jumped up and started to run away when the Doctor put a bullet through its head just back of the ear.

The second deer, the buck, the Doctor trailed a long distance over a ridge, keeping him in sight most of the time. There was but little snow and walking through the leaves made so much noise that the hunter pulled off his boots and "hoofed" it in his stocking feet. The buck at last scented danger and stopped, snorting wildly. He turned side on and the Doctor put a bullet through his heart.

The third deer was killed after a running fire from several parties. The Doctor held the deer, for the wound proved that it was his small rifle bullet alone that had caused death.

Dr. Pomeroy's rifle is a .38-40 Marlin safety. The crowd at the camp at first made lots of fun over "that popgun," but after the Doctor had killed three deer with three shots, and had shot the heads off of a number of grouse, everybody thought that the gun or the Doctor was a "dandy."

At the some camp a Mr. Swift, of Dover, N. H., killed a large black cat. The guide said it was the largest one he had ever seen. I wish Mr. Swift would kindly send a description of that cat to FOREST AND STREA. It would prove interesting reading. HERMIT.

## COLORADO GAME INTERESTS.

DENVER, COLO., Dec. 7.—The sportsmen who are interested in having a proper game law enacted are working, and a bill will be presented to the next Legislature which will be a vast improvement on the present law. Judge France and other eminent jurists have the matter in hand, and will undoubtedly frame a bill that will be explicit, and will protect game.

The buffalo killers have been at it again, and this time it is certain that at least one has been killed. The following is a copy of a letter received from Mr. D. N. Cassell in reply to one asking him to verify a short special in the *Republican:*

CASSELL'S, COLO., Nov. 28, '92—Dear Sir: Yours inquiring about the buffalo is at hand. Statement is correct. I am personally acquainted with James Gregg, and saw him a day or so after the buffalo was fouud by him. It was found about five miles from my house. In regard to the advisability of having a game warden stationed in this locality, we are in need of one very much. About a year ago one hunter killed six mountain sheep out of one bunch within a half a mile of my place. Every now and then one is killed, and there will be none left to breed unless something is done soon. Yours truly, D. N. CASSELL.

It seems as if the State officials could certainly devise some plan whereby these few remaining animals would be protected. All of our most influential citizens are heartily in favor of amply protecting the few buffalo and sheep that are left, and an appointment of extra wardens by the Governor would meet with their hearty approval. Mr. Land does good work, but he cannot be everywhere. He is willing to prosecute, but he has not the time to hunt up proof in each case. The committee who are revising the game laws should consider this question and arrange for deputy wardens, with full authority, to be stationed in the game country. If the right men are selected the illegal killing would soon cease, as it did in Maine. This is a question that interests the whole nation, and such a pressure should be brought to bear on the coming Colorado Legislature that it will be compelled to fully protect the little remnant that is left.

Deputy Game Warden Kemble called upon me last week. He says he is willing to do anything in his power to stop the illegal killing of game, but he cannot do much on $500 a year and pay all expenses himself.

The sportsmen claim that one of two bad features of the present law is that clause which allows ranchmen to kill game in the close season for their personal use. The following was published in the *Rocky Mountain News* of Dec. 6, and gives a ranchman's view of it:

AUSTIN, Col., Dec. 1.—A few hundred years ago in England, the life of a deer was more than the life of a man; the pleasure of the wealthy few more than outweighed the misery of the many, in the eyes of the law. There is now a danger that these injustices may be engrafted upon the laws of Colorado, if the ninth general assembly enacts a game law in accordance with the recommendations of the annual address of the president of the Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association.

No person at all acquainted with the situation can fail to recognize that next to the rich mines and fertile farms, Colorado's future lies in her unsurpassed scenery, her teeming trout streams, her game preserves and camping grounds. But there are already scattered through the game regions farms on which brave, honest, industrious pioneers are seeking to wrest from nature the subsistence which has been denied them in the more thickly settled centers of population. These men, their wives and children, have to eat only what staples they produce and what game the surrounding hills give to them. Their beef and pork, if they have any, is practically the only thing which they can turn into ready money, and they must have clothes and groceries—which only ready money can get. Their only meat, then, is venison, trout and grouse.

Is it better for Colorado to have a yearly visit of a few weeks from a Boston or Chicago sportsman, who spends perhaps $100, kills five bucks when he cannot eat the meat of one; or to have a family of hard working people, living and working the year round for the upbuilding of the State?

Elk are now almost out of the question as a meat supply for the settlers. It takes from five to twelve deer to last through the winter. The present law provides that deer may be killed only one at a time for immediate consumption. The black-tailed deer of Colorado is essentially migratory in its habits and in any locality save clear back on the Continental Divide, the mid-summer range, or down in the Cedar Hills, the midwinter range, the deer are constantly on the move. Moreover, from Nov. 10 to about Jan. 1, the buck meat is too strong flavored to be eatable. The ranchmen, therefore, must lay in their winter's meat all at once or eat bacon. The new game law should provide for this.

The people who kill the deer, kill them ruthlessly, remorselessly, "just to see 'em kick," are the visiting "sportsmen." I have visited many abandoned camps, one of them that of a prominent member of the Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association, and found whole deer and pieces of meat hanging in the trees, rotting or rotten. At the junction of the two main branches of Miller Creek there are now five does hanging to a rail hung between two trees rotten. And it is not reasonable to suppose that a man will come two or three thousand miles to kill one deer when the woods are full of them; when there is not an active game warden in 50 miles, and when on arrest and conviction there is only $50 to pay.

Deer are naturally prolific, but the present game law has destroyed all the balance of the sexes, and barren does are now more common than bucks. Allow the killing of barren does until the balance is restored, stop the butchering in the name of sport, enforce a reasonable diligence in the pursuit of wounded deer, and, chief of all, stop hide hunting, and the natural increase will keep as many deer in the woods as are killed.

The life of a man is more than the life of a deer, but it is doubtful if the life of a hide hunter is more than that of his hundreds of victims. It might not be politic to hang these gentry, but the statute books should contain a law that would provide a residence in the penitentiary—nothing less—so that the first offense should be the last. A GARFIELD COUNTY RANCHMAN.

## MAINE BIG GAME.

THE accounts of successful deer hunting in Maine continue to come in. One of the most happy parties yet mentioned came out of the woods last week. It was composed of J. M. Taylor, night editor of the Boston *Globe*; L. T. Carlton, county attorney of Kennebec county, Me.; S. B. Glazier, of High Springs, Alachua county, Fla.; and John B. Lord, of Hallowell, Me. The party went to Schoodic Lake, in Piscataquis county, and had most remarkable success. The trio was favored specially by "a good tracking snow," the very ideal for still-hunting. Nine deer were the result of the trip. Mr. Taylor, of the *Globe*, was the happy shooter of two. All agree that deer hunting in that part of Maine is something wonderful this year. The camp they visited has been the resort of several other successful hunters this fall. P. O. Vickery, of Augusta, Me., is credited with three deer. W. H. Barnes, of Worcester, Mass., has also taken his three, according to reports. Station Agent Haggerty, of Oldtown, Me., is also credited with two.

But other sections in Maine have also been just as good, as already mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM. Andover, Me., must be added to the list, a town where only a few deer have generally been taken in a season, since they were plenty 40 and 50 years ago. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, of Boston, has a letter from G. P. Thomas, a successful Andover guide, which says: "Friend Chapman—It is the best snow to hunt on I ever saw. I have been out twice and fetched in a large buck both days. I have shot three bucks the last month. The last one had the largest antlers I ever saw on a deer. He weighed 225 lbs. before dressing. So, if any one wants to come down and get a deer, now is the time. Truly yours, F. P. THOMAS."

The latest yarn of Maine or Massachusetts manufacture is told by Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., of Bellows & Manson, a Boston iron firm: and it relates how a Brookline, Mass., hunter in Maine this year killed a big bull moose, and then captured alive a cow moose and made it haul the bull out of the woods for him. As Mr. Manson tells the tale with a perfectly grave face and great particularity it must be true.

As to the great abundance of deer in Maine there may be added an excellent report from Kingfield, where Mr. Isaac N. Stanley, a cousin of Fish and Game Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, has a fern some three miles from the village. There, and without gunning for them at all, he has shot his three deer, with an old United States muzzleloading rifle. One he shot from the window of his barn. The deer came down; the rifle did not happen to be loaded, but the animal very accommodatingly fed about in the field till Mr. Stanley had gone into the house and loaded the gun. He went into the barn and from an easy distance he put a ball through the head of a beautiful piece of venison. Mr. Stanley writes his brother in Newton, Mass., that a Farmington gentleman has even beaten his record. He started from Farmington in the morning, drove twenty miles to Kingfield. Here he found Layl Tarr, a noted hunter and guide, and together they drove up to Mr. Stanley's farm, and from thence up to the Taylor place, near Mount Abram. They hitched their team beside the road, and before night they had two handsome deer and saw tracks of many more. By nightfall the Farmington gentleman was on his way home. The wonderful tameness and boldness of the deer is what surprises Mr. Stanley, and in fact almost every sportsman who has been into the Maine woods this season. They are not run with dogs, and almost every deer will stand near enough for a fair shot. Mr. Stanley says that they are "about as tame as sheep."

Mr. S. C. Dizar, of the Boston shoe manufacturing firm of Prouty & Dizar, has been down to Rangeley on a deer hunt. Whether he secured his venison I have not yet learned, but feel certain that he must have done so, unless some cause was against him. SPECIAL.

## THE HUNTING RIFLE.

BERGERVILLE, P. Q., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see "Aztec" has again entered the lists, and am very glad of it, for I think this rifle question should be sifted to the bottom.

It is quite plain that for the following reasons a large caliber rifle should be used when hunting large game:

First—We have the testimony of many sportsmen that they have very often lost wounded game when using small caliber rifles; and on the other hand nearly all those who use large caliber and proper cartridges seldom lose game from insufficient killing.

Second—The extra weight of the larger calibers is fully compensated for by their increased power.

Third—Game shot by an expansive or split ball with a good charge of powder behind it (in a rifle of large caliber) very seldom has its meat bloodshot.

Fourth—Small calibers destroy more game than large ones, and send much of it away to die a cruel, lingering death.

Fifth—The shock which the nervous system of an animal receives from the impact of a ball is a very important element in causing instant death. This is of course much greater with a large caliber than with a small one.

If we are going to use a large caliber rifle simply to drive a bullet through the game we shoot at, the small caliber is only slightly less effective; but if we use the large bores as they should be used we find a great difference. I have seen and heard of many instances in which even .45cal. solid bullets have traversed deer and caribou from end to end, and yet some of those animals ran from one to ten miles from where they were shot.

Again, what is the use of the large bore rifle, if we use small bores for large game? We might as well do away with it altogether. Common sense, however, points the other way. I know that Mr. H., a friend of mine, and a very successful sportsman, dropped a large bull moose, dead, with a .58cal. expansive bullet. Again, he shot a fine buck with same gun and cartridge, which fell dead 20ft. from where it stood when hit. He told me that on the other hand, he had lost three deer, and one fine moose, when using a .44 Winchester, though all were badly hit (the moose by three or four bullets).

An animal must die more quickly when it bleeds from a large wound, whether vital or not, than from a small one in a similar spot. I have had occasion to shoot several large dogs, and in every case but one I used .45-90 Winchester with expansive balls. All the dogs I shot with this rifle died at once; the other shot with a 32cal. did not die till I had fired five shots into his heart. I also shot a wildcat the other day, and killed it with one shot. The bullet (split) made a terrible hole where it came out. I think it is a mistake to split the bullets too far down as they are apt to break off from the base, and I prefer a bullet which "mushrooms" well, rather than one which flies to pieces. L. D. VON IFFLAND.



THE OLD TRAPPER'S HOME.

HUGH MONROE WITH MORNING PLUME AND WM. JACKSON.

## IN THE GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS.

EDDY, NEW MEXICO, Dec. 1, 1892.—Messrs. W. J. Bonbright and W. J. Fisher, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, M. Gillen of Philadelphia, and Judge Hawkins, of this place, returned yesterday from a week's hunting trip in the Guadalupe Mountains, 100 miles northwest of here, with three deer and four wild turkeys. A herd of about 30 antelope were seen, within eight miles of Eddy, one day last week, and smaller bunches have been seen in the vicinity frequently during the past summer. It is expected that when the first cold weather comes, which will probably not be until January, the antelope will come in from the Staked Plains, and be plentiful along the Pecos River during the remainder of the winter.

A mountain man came in last week with three deer and three wild turkeys on his wagon, and John Donoway, who lives in the Guadalupes, sixty miles west of Eddy, brought in a brown bear that weighed 400 pounds. His loin was served to the guests of the Hotel Hagerman on Thanksgiving day. His skin is now being mounted for a collection that is to be shown at the World's Fair.

Coyotes are becoming more and more numerous here every month. The cattlemen are reducing their herds and are not paying as much attention to poisoning vermin as formerly, which is probably the cause of this increase in the coyote crop. Several have been killed near town lately and four were caught in traps, in one night, at the U. S. ranch, a few miles west of here. I

found one feasting on a dead horse just north of town a few mornings ago, and drove within 50 feet of him before he saw me. He then trotted off a few yards, stopped and looked at me until I drove by. Of course, I had no gun with me at the time.

Ducks are numerous along the river and several good bags have been made of late. W. S. Eustis, of the Engineer Corps, killed 24 mallards on Thanksgiving day.

G. O. SHIELDS.

### A Missouri Opossum Record.

SEDALIA, Mo., Dec. 2.—Prairie chickens, quail and rabbits are very scarce here this year. Generally we have good quail and chicken shooting, but a great many nests and young birds were destroyed by the June rains and thunder. G. W. Nilcoln, the Sedalia pork packer, killed a male opossum that weighed 13½ pounds. Can any of your readers beat it? It is the largest ever heard of.

NIMROD.

### Adirondack Deer.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 4.—My brother John and some friends went down to North Hudson, Mud and Clear ponds. They killed some 9 or 10 deer, and report deer very plenty. They got one of those "swamp bucks"—very short legs and large body. There are some 4 or 5 deer wintering on Green Hill, near our village, if they are let alone.

GEO. H. JAMES.

### The Hunter and the Farmer.

MUCH of the friction between hunters and farmers might be avoided by a reasonable respect for the property of the latter by the hunters. When the hunting season opens the country is invaded by an army of sportsmen and their dogs from the neighboring city. This array is ridiculously out of proportion to the amount of game to be captured, but there is amusement in the hunt even when there is no game in the bag. A man will rove all day without a good shot, just as a meditative fisherman will sit all day without inveigling a single fish into his basket. As in the serious business of life the anticipation of things is often more enjoyable than their possession, the hunter's chief amusement lies in this preparation for the day, and the hopeful search among the possibilities of upland and moor.

While the hunter is thus having a good time "possessory or anticipatory," the farmer greets him with anything but hospitality. He peppers local papers with curt trespass notices signed by long lists of names, so that the nomadic gunner may know specifically where he will not be welcomed.

The hunters are to blame for this apparent lack of "old fashioned" country hospitality. They rarely take the trouble to ask the owner's permission to invade his territory. They storm it like a hostile band of guerillas, laying waste fences and stone walls, and in other ways outraging the rights of property. A careless shot in a neighboring county, it is reported, fired a barn, which was totally destroyed. Should a band of farmers raid the yard of a city dweller in search of something which it would be lawful to catch on wild land, the band would be hauled at once before a magistrate and fined.

A single hunter occasionally making his appearance at the farmer's door and asking, in a proper manner, the privilege of gunning on the premises, would in many instances secure the desired license. The chances are he would be invited to dinner, and the farmer's boy would tell him where game abounded. When the Nimrods come not singly, but in battalions, and blaze away with reckless, sometimes with drunken indiscrimination, it is not surprising that the farmer declares war. The relations between the hunter and the farmer will not be settled on the proper basis until the hunters organize and purchase from farmers who are willing to sell, the right to shoot on their premises, under pledges to repair all damages. Game in season is free, but the right to shoot, or even to enter, upon the premises of another does not exist. There are laws in abundance imposing penalties for shooting on the property of another. They are not always enforced because the country constabulary is not well organized. To hunt up a magistrate and a constable is troublesome, and the chances are the invader will have made good his escape before the legal machinery is in effective running order.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## WITH A FLY-ROD.

### A Sentiment to Go with a Gift.

FROM A FATHER TO A SON.

ACCEPT this rod my boy,
At this time of Christmas joy,
For your love of sport and gentle temper mild.
For old Solomon hath said,
And he's very wise though dead,
That if you spare the rod you spoil the child.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 12. H. W. D. L.

## A BIG SEA DEVIL.

MR. S. G. WORTH, of the U. S. Fish Commission, has related to us the following incident which he had from a gentleman residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. His informant had followed the sea as captain of a vessel for forty-four years and had observed many curious things during his long sea life:

"Some years ago off the coast of Brazil," said the Captain, "I saw a fish which was so remarkable that it attracted the attention of the whole ship's company. The carpenter had been at the wheel, and when I came on deck he reported that a strange fish had been following the ship all the morning. I looked at the animal and found that it was shaped like a sting ray, 30ft. across the middle and with a tapering tail about 40ft. long.

"The fish swam just under the water and occasionally stuck out two horns, a fathom each in length, and situated on the fore part of the head. I was sure that the eyes were in the ends of these horns. Two young ones accompanied the large fish, one swimming just on top of either fin, right and left.

"I directed the first officer to get out a harpoon which some whaler had given him and a coil of rope. Just then the fish swam alongside and up to the bow, when the officer harpooned it, and the crew of about sixteen men commenced hauling it in. They hauled too fast, however, and I could not stop them until they had brought the fish half way over the rail, when the weight tore the harpoon out and the monster escaped.

"I saw both of the young disappear when the hauling was begun. I think the weight of the fish must have been 800lbs."

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will doubtless recognize in the above description the sea devil, devilfish, vampire or manta of tropical waters of America, although the tail in this species is not so long as the captain's observations would imply, but is only about equal to the length of the body. The maximum width of this great ray is usually stated to be about 20ft., which could readily be magnified to 30ft. under the excitement of such an experience as befell the narrator of the above story. The eyes of the sea devil are not situated at the ends of the hornlike projections of the head, but are located on eminences at the base of these frontal appendices.

The first popular notice of the occurrence of this great ray on our shores was published by Catesby and was based upon explorations in the Carolinas. Dr. Mitchill also described a specimen which was captured at the mouth of the Delaware Bay.

A graphic account of fishing for the sea devil is given in "Carolina Sports," by the Hon. William Elliott. Mr. Elliott devotes nearly one hundred pages to his description of devil fishing, and has embodied it in much that is novel and exciting. He relates the following circumstance, which shows the enormous strength of this great ray: "In one of the inlets of the coast of Georgia a trading vessel lay at anchor, and while her crew was on shore one of these fish seized the cable and dragged her off, anchor and all, to the consternation of the sailors, who pursued their retreating bark for some miles in their boat, and regained her when the devil fish had contrived, or seen fit, to disengage himself from his prize."

The same author relates another story of a negro servant in his own family. "The negro was fishing near the Hilton Head Beach for sharks, and accompanied by another hand was anchored about 50yds. from shore in a four-oared boat, when a devilfish seized hold of the shark line. Whether he grasped the line between his feelers or accidentally struck the hook into his body, cannot readily be known; but he darted off with the line, dragging the boat from her anchorage, and moved seaward with such fearful velocity that the fishermen threw themselves flat on their faces and gave themselves up for lost. 'After lying a long time in this posture,' said the old man, 'in expectation of death, I gained a little heart, and stealing a look over the gunwale saw iron swim—there was the anchor playing duck and drake on the top of the water, while the boat was going stern foremost for the sea! At last,' said he, 'we cut loose when he had almost got us out to sea.' The earnestness of the old man and the look of indescribable terror which he wore when telling the story, convinced me that he spoke the truth."

## MUCH FUN FOR LITTLE MONEY.

AMONG your many readers in this vicinity there are doubtless some who, like myself, are lovers of sport and yet feel that they cannot afford to give their families and themselves an expensive vacation. For the benefit of such I will give my experience of giving my family a ten weeks' outing, besides having a royal time myself without any loss of time from my business and at less expense than staying at home.

I reside at Evanston, twelve miles north of Chicago and about thirty miles across country from the fifty odd small lakes in Lake County, Ill.

Out of five pine boards, to be had at any lumber yard at an expense of $2.50, I built my own skiff (flat bottom) during my spare hours in winter, utilizing my hay-mow for a workshop. You can do the same, reader, if you only have the courage to try. As soon as the roads are thoroughly settled in the spring I engage a team for $7 to take our load to camp across the country, in order to save shipping over two roads and transporting. Our load consists of four spring beds and bedding, crockery, a few chairs, tents, etc.; on top of this we tie our boat and then pile our three boys into the boat. We start the load early so as to enable the boys to put up at least one tent before the arrival of their mother and little sister Ella, who go to Chicago and take the afternoon Wisconsin Central train, which lands them within one mile of camp.

We have four tents, which, with good floors in three of them, cost us about $60, and will last from 6 to 8 years, with ordinary care. We make our camp on the bank of a beautiful lake about 40 rods from the home of as "white" a farmer as the glorious State of Illinois can produce. Mr. Farmer supplies us with butter fresh from the churn at 15 cents per pound, milk at 4 cents per quart, eggs at 10 cents per dozen, provided my boys will go to the barn and hunt them, and 50 cents per week for the use of the ground and the wood we burn. He considers it an insult to offer him pay for buttermilk, skimmilk, ice, vegetables and "such little things," as he calls them.

I leave my business at 9:15 P. M. Saturdays and take the Wisconsin Central train at 10:45, which brings me to camp at about 12:30. I lose no time getting to sleep, for I am sportsman enough not even to let the sun get up ahead of me when on fishing ground. I have read FOREST AND STREAM and several other sporting papers for years, and have often had the blood tingle in my veins when reading of the large catches made in northern Wisconsin and Michigan, but I doubt if any of the gentlemen had any more real unadulterated pleasure than I have on my short and inexpensive Sunday trips not 40 miles away from home.

My catch in 11 Sundays and 3-week days the past season, after throwing back everything that weighed less than 1½lbs., was 123 bass, all large-mouths. My largest catch was 12 bass and 1 pickerel before breakfast on July 3. My next largest was on Aug. 14, when Mr. H. S. Farwell, of Chicago, who, by the way, is the most graceful bait caster I ever had the pleasure of meeting, did me the honor of spending a day at our camp. We took 15 bass, all above 2lbs, before 10 A. M.

Two incidents that transpired that day are too good to keep. Two friends, who are well known in Chicago business circles, and whom we will call S. and C., asked at the eleventh hour to spend Sunday at camp with me, but Mr. Farwell having already accepted my invitation, I could not accommodate them, so I found quarters for them at the farmhouse, and one of my sons kindly volunteered to row their boat, but luck was against them and 7 P.M. found them without a fin. To say that the boys were disgusted and looked blue around the gills is putting it mildly. Every little while they would uncover the ice-box and look at the 18 beauties therein, and again lament their luck; even my root beer lost its charm for them. After Mr. F. and myself had chuckled to our heart's content we divided with them, giving them the lion's share, which pleased them immensely. The next morning the farmer's good wife informed my family of the good luck my friends had had "late last night," and said she had advised her husband to go fishing after dark in the future. When S. and C. arrived home they presented the editor of our leading paper with their largest bass, which brought out in glowing lines the success they had had on their fishing trip and vouchsafed the information that they excelled everything in town in the piscatorial art. All any one has to do now to make their "necks swell" is to ask them how many cigars it takes to keep me from talking.

The other incident, which is somewhat harder to swallow, but equally true, is as follows: Mr. F. and myself had a strike at the same time. Mr. F. brought his fish to net, but just as my son was about to put the net under mine, the line, which was a size H silk, parted about 30 inches above the snell. I may have thought a great deal in a short time, but never a word did I say. The second day after my seven-year-old daughter Ella and myself were casting within one hundred yards of where I had lost my bass. Ella got a strike and began playing her catch in true sportsmanlike manner; suddenly she lowered he rod and exclaimed, "Oh, papa! he is gone." I told her to reel in her line and see if her frog was all right. On raising her rod she shouted, "He is on again, he is on again," and so he was. She brought him to net and was happy. My son Morris took him from the net to extricate the hook, looked disgusted and said: "Look here, papa; just see how she has got her line fixed. Well, if that is not just like a girl, anyway. Here is one hook and frog up here, and down there she has another hook with her fish on and no bait." On examination I found she had my lost fish. The only way I can explain the strange affair is that the bass took her frog, and that in the fight that ensued my lost line became entangled on her hook in such a manner that when he tore loose from her hook my line held him until he was brought to net. There is no doubt about it being my fish, for there was my 5-0 Kendall-sneck hook, my line and my knot. I brought him home and showed him to Mr. Farwell, and he too felt positive that it was my fish.

I retire early Sunday evenings and leave camp at 5 A. M. Monday, and arrive at my place of business at eight, sufficiently early for Monday mornings, feeling that I have put in a very big and a very happy day at an expense any poor man can afford, for by buying a 25-ride commutation ticket, the round trip from Chicago costs less than one dollar to the center of the lake region.

When I get ready to break camp in the fall I sell my skiff to the farmer for $10, and the storing of what stuff I want to leave until the next summer. The $10 pays for the teamster one way and the cost of material, besides having the use of it for ten weeks without cost.

Now reader, figure the difference between the cost of living at prices quoted above and, say, $12 for car fare, and what we pay in the city, to say nothing of the benefits in health and comfort your family derive from living in the pure air of the country during the hot summer months, and I think you will go and do likewise, or as much better as your means will permit. UNCLE JOHN.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Broiled Scrod.

I READ in the newspapers that broiled scrod has just been introduced into New York city from Boston, and has found such favor that there is an increasing demand for this excellent dish, but the fish dealers in New York are unable to furnish this fish and that the supply comes from Boston. My fondness for broiled scrod has caused some of my friends to poke quite a bit of fun at me. I have eaten it in all sorts of places in Boston and at all hours, but I did not first eat it there. Something over twenty years ago I was much in New York city, and in the fall and winter months, if it was possible I made it a point to go to Dorlon's in Fulton Market for lunch, if I was in the lower part of the city at the lunch hour. I was extremely fond of oysters, and believed I could get them better at Dorlon & Shaffer's than at any other place. One day I went as usual to Fulton Market and met Mr. Dorlon before I reached his store, and remarked that I was tired of oysters. He thought a moment and said "You go in and order two bottles of white label Bass, and I will furnish the rest." In a few moments he came in and sat down and the waiter put a covered dish between us on the table. When the cover was removed I found that the dish contained a broiled fish, and somewhat to my disgust it appeared to be a codfish. Dorlon thought I was finding fault too early in the game, and so I was, for when I had finished I thought I never had eaten anything of the fish kind that was more delicious. Mr. Dorlon said that when I came into the market the fish was alive. He called it broiled young codfish, and so I called it until I found in New England that it was called scrod or rather escrod; but call it broiled young codfish, broiled scrod or escrod, schrode or scrode, as it is also termed, and cook it in Boston or New York, it is good, fit for the gods and fishermen. One thing, however, is important, if the fish is not fresh out of the water, order something else.

### Hudson River Salmon.

This is a subject that I return to as a duty, and with a certain regularity as the seasons come and go, because it is a subject that I am deeply interested in, and wish to interest others in it. Last year the salmon made their way up the Hudson as far as Baker's Falls at Sandy Hill, and this because the dam was taken out at Fort Edward to be rebuilt. This year the new Fort Edward dam was sufficient to stop the salmon going above that place, but I thought surely they would be seen below the dam, which they were not. Then I heard that the fishway at Thomson's Mills (Fort Miller) was filled with drift and that it was closed and, so far as I can learn, nothing has been done by the New York Fish Commissioners to have it opened or cleaned. This fall I heard that a salmon had wandered way off up into Schoharie Creek from the Mohawk, and this made me think that something was wrong with the other fishway at Mechanicville, or the salmon would not try the Mohawk and its tributaries, for none have been planted there. Next I heard that the Mechanicville fishway was also filled with driftwood, and for this reason useless for the purpose for which it was built. This, indeed, was a state of things! After the State had spent $7,500 to build the fishways, the Commissioners did not evince sufficient interest to keep the fishways in working order. If the fishways had been in-

spected this year I would be glad to record it. Finally, I heard that a man had appeared at Mechanicville, one day last summer, claiming that he was one of the State Fish Commissioners, and spent a day watching the big salmon resting in the tail race coming from the mill wheels. The next morning this man who claimed to be a State Fish Commissioner appeared at 4 o'clock to the watchman at the Plaster Mill, which is near by, and asked for a gun or spear that he might kill some of the salmon, which species of murder he said he was authorized by the Fish Commission to commit. Admitting that the man was a Fish Commissioner, he had no more right to spear or shoot a salmon than any other man in the State, and the Fish Commission could not authorize such an act any more than a district attorney could authorize a burglar to rob a bank, or burgle a private house. If the Fish Commissioners wish to run this man down I presume they can obtain a description of him that may lead to his identity.

### Black Bass Season in New York.

Repeatedly I have pointed out in FOREST AND STREAM the evil resulting from opening the black bass season in New York State on May 30th. After all the testimony regarding the open season for fish and game had been taken by the Codifying Commission, Gen. Sherman, president of the Commission, did me the honor of consulting me in regard to the proper open season for some of our fishes. I contended then, as I had for years before in this journal, that as black bass spawn all through the month of June the season should not open before July 1st. Gen. Sherman was satisfied from his personal experience, and the evidence taken by the Commission, that July 1st was as early as the season should open anywhere in the State. But because of the strong opposition to a late opening the code was reported to the Legislature with the compromise date of June 15th for opening the black bass season. The Legislature very promptly amended the date making it May 30th, as before. The passage of the code wiped out many special laws applying to a dozen or more lakes and streams in which black bass fishing began on dates varying from July 1st to July 10th, and all the waters of the State with one exception were opened to June fishing, which means killing by statute law spawning bass and bass with young, unless moral law steps in; but we all know that statute law can give moral law cards and spades and a beating every time. The new code was scarcely printed and distributed before a howl went up from the very lake for which the May 30th law was passed, that the bass were growing scarce, and the state would have to restock it, or the season must be shortened, or something else must be done to save the fishing. As far as this particular lake is concerned, the people have made their own bed to fit the bass beds, and if the spring is stiff and lumpy, and the clothes short top and bottom, and the cool vernal winds get under the coverlet, let her blow; but there are other waters that never wished such a law. There is an opposition to special laws, but the people who earnestly desire to preserve the black bass from destruction have a remedy. Last summer in one of these waters, I urged that anglers throughout the State should see to it that the boards of supervisors in the different counties where black bass have suffered because of June fishing, should pass a law, as they are authorized to do, which would shorten the bass season.

The Board of Supervisors of Warren county, upon motion of Mr. Ross, have resolved: "That fishing for, catching or killing black bass or Oswego bass in Schroon River, the lakes, ponds and streams tributary thereto in Warren county, shall be prohibited by law except between the first day of July and the thirtieth of September in each year. For violating the provisions of this law a penalty of ten dollars will be imposed for each fish killed, caught or had in possession." This closes Schroon Lake, Brant Lake, Friend's Lake, Loon Lake—all places of summer resorts with hotels large and small: Smith's Lake in Chester; Round Pond, Burnt Pond and Long Pond in Horicon, and Sherman Pond, which is so close to the line between Bolton and Horicon I do not know which town it is in. Most of the waters I have named are well known to a large number of summer visitors for the black bass fishing they afford, and it will be well to bear in mind that a local law now forbids fishing in them for black bass before July 1. Why the supervisors cling to the name Oswego bass for the large-mouth bass they alone can answer. I never have heard of any large-mouth black bass in any of the waters covered by this law, and if there are it would be far better to stamp out the name Oswego, as applied to the fish. Closing the season Oct. 1 will do neither harm nor good, for very few bass are ever caught after that date, for they will not, as a rule, bite freely, but if they do they are in good condition to be eaten, for they do not spawn until the following spring. I am not inclined, for one, to find fault with the October closing since the supervisors have cut off the June fishing.

A. N. CHENEY.

## PENNSYLVANIA FISH WARDENS.

WE are indebted to Commissioner W. L. Powell for the following notes relative to fish protection in Pennsylvania. Warden James Kelly, of Huntingdon, has torn out nine fish dams and dismantled three baskets in the Raystown branch of the Juniata. He has destroyed three dams and two nets in the Juniata, one dam in Standing Stone Creek, and one in Vineyard or Crooked Creek.

The warden has brought suit against four persons who rebuilt dams and had two Italians fined for dynamiting fish.

The sheriff issued his proclamation against illegal fishing, and as a consequence, two dams and baskets were removed by their owners in Angwhick Creek, three in the Juniata and two in Stone Creek.

Warden Kelly has notified all parties who gig or spear fish at night, and those who use dip-nets and other unlawful implements that unless they stop the use of such apparatus he will prosecute them to the full extent of the law.

Warden Jonas De Turck reported from Exeter, Berks county, that illegal fishing is on the decline in his district. There is some unlawful fishing in the small creeks, but the last three suits have greatly improved the situation. There is no violation of the law in the river and none below Reading in the creeks, for these contain many fish, especially the Antietam and Monocacy. Although the Dauberville parties were not convicted, the suit cost them a pile of money and they will not break the laws again.

Warden De Turck complains that the Schuylkill swarms with monster carp, many of these fish 30in. long, are being caught. His largest one weighed 11lbs. At Linfield and the catfish dam many bass were caught, some of them very large. The Neversink dam is full of fish, but they have the flavor of coal oil caused by refuse from the gas factory.

## Fishculture.

### OHIO FISH COMMISSION.

THE eleventh annual report of the Ohio State Fish and Game Commission for the year 1891 has been received from the former president of the Commission, Dr. James A. Henshall.

The report is a general one containing chiefly a record of the number of fish distributed, the reports of wardens and of the hatchery superintendent. The appendix is devoted mainly to statistics of the fisheries of Lake Erie, obtained from U. S. Fish Commissioner MacDonald.

In March, 1891, the hatchery at Sandusky contained 39,000,000 of whitefish, which were planted about the Bass Islands and in Sandusky Bay. After the whitefish were deposited 15,000,000 of pike-perch eggs were collected, most of them were hatched, and the fry were planted in Muskingdom River, Cottage Grove Lake and Sandusky Bay.

From 16,000,000 sturgeon eggs the commissioner reports that they obtained 5,000,000 of young sturgeon.

With a special appropiation of $3,500, granted by the Legislature in 1891, a fish car was built. The car was finished in August, and in September began the work of transferring black bass, pike-perch, rock bass, crappies, catfish, suckers and other fishes. About 200,000 adult fishes were thus replanted. With characteristic generosity the railroads of the State, except two or three, hauled the car free of expense.

The sturgeon eggs were hatched in boxes in open water about the islands at the mouth of Detroit River. Some of the fry were planted at the mouth of the river and the remainder around the islands of Put-in-Bay. The eggs placed in the Sandusky hatchery did not develop.

### FISHCULTURE IN RUSSIA.

DR. NICOLAS BORODINE, Fish Commissioner of the Ural district in Russia, is now in Washington studying the history and methods of American fishculture and fisheries. He has visited most of the important fishing centers of the world and now begins the comparison of Old World systems with those pursued in the United States.

The Ural district contains no salmon or whitefish, its principal fisheries having as their object the sturgeon, herring, catfish and species of the carp family. The sturgeon is a very valuable fish, and the society whose representative is now among us is desirous of accomplishing its increase by artificial propagation. Singularly enough there is considerable activity in sturgeon fishing through the ice in certain deep parts of the Ural River. Judging from Dr. Borodine's description, the capture of those large and valuable fish is attended with great excitement.

Russia has only one kind of catfish, but America must yield the palm for giant size, since the Russian species, called *Glanis*, attains to the weight of 400lbs., and is esteemed for food.

### Colorado Trout Waters.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 7.—The United States Fish Commission took 100,000 trout eggs from Lake Wellington on Nov. 24 and placed them in the fish hatchery near Denver. From Lake Geneva the superintendent took 100 fish averaging 3lbs. each. This lake was stocked two years and five months ago. Game Warden Land says there are a large number of lakes in Colorado that are perfectly adapted for trout raising. It is reasonable to assume that trout placed in other lakes would grow as rapidly as those in Lake Geneva and the stocking of them is well worth the attention of the Fish Commission.

TESEEBY.

### The Great New York Central System

STANDS as a magnificent contradiction to the argument against concentrated railroad interests. Coming into existance in 1869, by the consolidation of short lines between New York and Buffalo, the system has vastly extended its control, and to-day operates the principal passenger service out of New York to Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. All through the history of its evolution from small things to the first of American railways, the management of this road have recognized that the people's interest was their interest; and that a policy that would best serve the public would be of greatest benefit to the road. This road to-day is giving the best passenger service in the world.—*Dixie.*

### Holiday Tour to Old Point Comfort via Pennsylvania Railroad.

CHRISTMAS week is a most fitting period for a short trip of recreation, and in order to provide a congenial outing for this purpose the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a holiday tour to Old Point Comfort. The party, under personal escort, will leave New York and Philadelphia on Tuesday, Dec. 27. The entire period of the tour covers four days, and the rate for the round trip, including all necessary expenses, is $18 from New York and $15 from Philadelphia. If one desires to vary the journey by returning via Richmond and Washington he may spend one day at the Hygeia Hotel, and return via the above cities, at the same rate. This is a most delightful tour.—*Adv.*

### Winter Shooting.

SPORTSMEN who are laying their plans for a southern shooting trip should make a note of the Princess Anne at Virginia Beach, Va. This hotel is happily known by those to whom comfort is essential, as combining an excellent service and appointment, with some of the very best shooting to be found on the Atlantic sea coast. In the immediate neighborhood of the hotel are favorite feeding grounds for ducks and snipe, while in the open country inland good quail shooting is to be had. To the north is the Virginia desert, where bear, deer and wild cattle abound. The advertisement of this hotel will be found in another column.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM
Amateur Photography
Competition.
See details in another column.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.
Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 3 to 6—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 19.—Irish Setter Field Trials, at Lexington, N. C. Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Greatest Dog Selling Agency in all America is the "Forest and Stream's" Kennel Special Advertising Columns. - See page viii.

### CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS.

THEY began on Monday, Dec. 5, and the stakes were run in the order of the advertised programme.

A great improvement in the rules was the abolishing of the time limit. As a consequence there were no repetitions of the wearisome experience of past years in following a brace of dogs around and around with no other purpose than to comply with an arbitrary and senseless rule.

The judges were Messrs. J. M. Tracy, N. Wallace and W. S. Bell, the latter of Pittsburgh, Pa. This trial was the first one at which Mr. Bell judged. He fell into line like an old-timer. In respect to them, they were the most alert and painstaking three judges of the season. They kept up with the handlers and watched the work constantly. I did not notice one get into a trance or dreamy contemplation of pleasant reminiscences, nor did I notice any overwhelming *ennui*. They worked earnestly and conscientiously. Of course there were a few who were kicking, but that showed a good normal field trial condition. Were a field trial to be run without a kick, it would be just cause for alarm in that it would be a departure without a precedent. One young man, a right good fellow on whose hair rests some of the hard frosts of forty-five winters, kicked through three different stages, lasting about three days. The first stage was funny, the second was silly, and the third was wearisome.

The grounds were most difficult to work, owing to the large area of open ground sown in wheat. This forced the competition into ground of which the larger part was difficult to work. As to the birds, they were most difficult to find on parts of the ground, while on other parts they were plentiful. It was an open secret that the local shooters had killed a large number of the birds on the grounds before the trials began, and that, most destrutive of all, the netter had been active too.

The trials were a success. They were well managed. Spectators, however, were accorded too many privileges, they being allowed to ride too close to the judges. They, however, were well behaved and not over eager as spectators sometimes are.

In addition to those mentioned last week in attendance, were Messrs. T. H. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C., P. Henry O'Bannon, H. B. Duryea, N. S. Simpkins, Bayard Thayer, John Simpkins, D. B. Thompson and H. W. Lacy, of FOREST AND STREAM.

### The Pointer Derby.

There were thirteen starters. The grade of work was most decidedly inferior, considering it as a whole. The ranging was poor, the point work faulty when it was not common.

Jingo was easily the best dog in the stake, on the work done and the manner of doing it, although he failed to sustain the grade of it in the absolute neat.

Lad of Rush made a good showing.

Graceful II. won third, but it was not so much on her high grade of work as on the inferiority of her competitors.

The order of drawing is as follows:

Hempstead Farm Kennel's liver and white bitch Hempstead Game (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), A. Cameron, handler,
*with*
J. L. Adams' liver and white dog Lad of Rush (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

R. L. Shannon's liver and white bitch Croxie O'Bannon (King of Kent—Croxie Wise), Ed. Garr, handler,
*with*
Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel's black and white dog Jingo (Mainspring—Qeenie), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler.

R. L. Shannon's black and white bitch Ginger Ale (Osborne Ale—Pearl's Dot), Ed. Garr, handler,
*with*
Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white bitch Hempstead Blossom (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), A Cameron, handler.

Luke W. White's liver and white bitch Graceful II. (Duke of Hessen—Concave), owner, handler,
*with*
Elliott Smith's liver and white bitch Duchess of Highlands (Beppo III.—Belle), A. Cameron, handler.

H. L. Regenold's liver and white bitch Kent's Maid (King of Kent—Galena),
*with*
Randolph Kennels' liver and white bitch Early Dawn (Duke of Beaufort—Ma'mselle), F. S. Bevan, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white dog Conscript (King of Kent—Hops), C. E. Buckle, handler,
*with*
W. N. Lipscomb's liver and white bitch Croxie Kent (King of Kent—Croxie Wise), John N. Lewis, handler.

W. T Hunter's liver and white bitch Lady Peg (King of Kent—Lass of Bloom), a bye, Geo. E. Gray, handler.

MONDAY.

The weather was more like that of late summer, so clear and warm was it—uncomfortably warm some hours of the day. Birds were found plentifully at times, at other times they appeared to be scarce. They however, far outnumbered the good performances of the dogs.

*First Series.*

HEMPSETAD GAME AND LAD OF RUSH began at 8:43. Both started at good speed, Game following Lad much of the time. Toward the latter part of the heat, she let down to a range of a few yards and pottered a great deal. Soon after starting, Lad was lost for a few minutes. When

found, he appeared to be roading, but found nothing. About 200yds. away, at the same time, Game false pointed. Sent on, Lad roaded as if on a bevy, but found nothing. Lad next found and pointed a bevy in the open and Game backed well. Both steady to wing and shot. Lad false pointed in woods. Next he pointed two birds. Game at this juncture was pottering a great deal. Up at 9:33. Lad also pottered betimes. He was much the more industrious and ranged the wider.

CROXIE O'BANNON AND JINGO were started at 9:41, and ran 36 minutes. Jingo pointed a bevy in the open and Croxie refused to back. On the scattered birds Jingo pointed, and again Croxie refused to back. Croxie loafed a great deal and picked out the easy going. She did not appear to be interested in hunting. Jingo was industrious, ranged fairly well and his work on birds was good.

GINGER ALE AND HEMPSTEAD BLOSSOM started 10:24; down 34 minutes. Blossom dropped to a point on a bevy in sorghum. Steday to shot. At the same time Ginger refused to back, went in ahead, caught scent but failed to locate, although the birds were close by her. She acted in a puppyish manner. Blossom required a great deal of help from her handler. She worked out the same casts repeatedly, and ranged poorly. One of the judges flushed a bevy which the dogs had passed. The birds were marked down in open weeds, yet the dogs could not find any of them. Thereupon they were ordered up.

GRACEFUL II. AND DUCHESS OF HIGALANDS were started at 11:04, and were worked 50 minutes. They raced about, watching each other and frittered away a good deal of time nosing up larks and pottering on false scents. Graceful pointed a bevy well in the open, although she was not ranging wide at the time. Duchess dropped to a back. Both steady to shot. On the scattered birds Grace roaded, and a single bird flushed wild. Both saw it and chased. Both dogs had gone through the birds which were most favorably scattered for good work, and which the horsemen flushed as they rode up. Graceful pointed a single bird, which flushed at the same moment. Duchess roaded to a flush. Next she pointed to caution when roading, pottered on, and the bird was flushed afterward. The work was poor and faulty. Both came in frequently to handlers for orders, and appeared to have little thought of birds.

The party went to lunch.

KENT'S MAID AND EARLY DAWN—Commenced at 1:05 and ran 23 minutes. Both pottered and loafed a great deal. Their range was close. Maid pointed a bevy in pines, then flushed it.

CONSCRIPT AND CROXIE KENT—Were started at 1:33, and ran 1h. 14m. The temperature was quite warm and not a breath of air was stirring. Conscript scented a bevy, and it flushed wild. On the scattered birds Croxie pointed a single. Conscript was out of sight a great deal and had an inordinate love for rabbit chasing. He was hard to manage. He showed good qualities for future improvement.

LADY PEG was cast off at 2:51 to run a bye. She had a number of good opportunities on birds, but she blundered badly, some of her errors being apparently willful. She had a moderately fair range.

*Second Series.*

LAD OF RUSH AND JINGO—Were started at 3:39 and ran 39m. There were sufficient birds in this heat to give abundant opportunities for good work, but only a small part was taken advantage of. Jingo was near a bevy which flushed in corn, but whether he pointed or flushed, I could not see. Lad went down into a hollow close by and pointed a bevy; it at the same time flushed wild. Sent on, Lad in heavy weeds roaded to a flush on a bevy. In woods on scattering birds both dogs made game. One of the handlers walked the birds up. Jingo made two points on a railroad embankment. Lad was fatigued and pottered betimes. Jingo was the better ranger.

HEMPSTEAD BLOSSOM AND GRACEFUL II.—Began at 4:25 and ran 35m. Blossom false pointed, and was backed. Both had their noses to the ground a great deal and pottered. Graceful dropped to a point on a bevy, Blossom dropping to a back. Both were steady to shot. Graceful found and pointed another bevy, got two points on single birds and was steady to wing and shot. Blossom backed.

DUCHESS OF HIGHLANDS—Started alone at 5:04 and was ordered up at 5:36. Nothing found.

## TUESDAY.

The coolness of the morning gradually changed to a warmer temperature. Heavy clouds on the horizon for a short time threatened a storm, but they soon disappeared. The sun then shone clear and the afternoon was warm. Birds were found in plenty. The work done, save a few heats, was exceedingly poor.

JINGO AND GRACEFUL II were started at 8:40. They were soon separated, Graceful going up a hollow, pottering here and there. She was given ample time each time to attempt to locate. While being brought back to join Jingo, Graceful made game, but so uncertainly that it was difficult to believe she was working on quails. She went into a brook and was soon out of sight. Soon a bevy flushed close by the brook where she disappeared, but whether she pointed or flushed is not known. On the way to join Jingo she false-pointed. Jingo in the meantime had roaded nicely to a point on a bevy and was steady to shot. Jingo ranged with judgment and industry. Up at 8:59.

LAD OF RUSH AND GRACEFUL II. were started at 9:00 and ran ten minutes. Both pottered wearisomely in good, open fields. They worked close to their handlers and constant urging did not keep them from putting their noses to the ground. Lad held his speed and industry comparatively the better, but neither made any showing worthy of commendation.

This finished the running of a stake which was most weakly contested.

The judges announced that Jingo won first, Lad of Rush second, and Graceful II. third. Four hundred to first, $250 to second, $150 to third. Winner of Derby, $100 additional.

### The Setter Derby.

This stake had twenty-three starters. There were a few heats in the first series in which some excellent work was done, otherwise the running on Tuesday was very inferior, the point work being particularly bungling and full of errors.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows, but did not so run on account of the non-appearance of Nahmke Alice:

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black and white dog Kingston Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

T. G. Davey's black, white and tan bitch Brighton Clip (Canadian Jester—Lassie), T. Hallam, handler.

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Blue Ridge Kennels' lemon and white dog Hope's Mint (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), D. E. Rose, handler,

*with*

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Hamlet (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

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E. W. Durkee's bitch Nahmke Alice (Nahmke Philip—Mercy), Tom Aldrich, handler.

*with*

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,

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W. T. Hunter's black, white and tan bitch Gladstone's Pet (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), Geo. E. Gray, handler,

*with*

H. Merriam's black, white and tan bitch Tan (Nat Goodwin—Royal Myrtle), S. C. Bradley, handler.

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J. L. Sneed's black, white and tan dog Clem Gladstone (Paul Gladstone—Latonia), G. E. Gray, handler,

*with*

J. L. Adams's black, white and tan dog Cecil H. (Dr. Maclin—Cossette), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

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P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Dot Rogers (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Dick Fox (Chance—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler.

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Avent & Thayer Kennels' black and white dog Bonair (Roderigo—Juno A.), J. M. Avent, handler,

*with*

Thos. Johnson's black dog Winnipeg (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), W. J. Giles, handler.

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P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, orange and white bitch Maiden Mine (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Lochinvar (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

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E. W. Durkee's lemon and white dog (Nahmke Philip II. (Nahmke Philip—Mercy), T. Aldrich, handler,

*with*

W. T. Hunter's black bitch Duff (Monitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

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Royal Robinson's black, white and tan bitch Gaiety (Lone Jack—Gay Pœbe), Geo. E. Gray, handler,

*with*

J. L. Adam's blue belton dog Sir Kent (Kent II.—Nicoletta), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

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P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Rod's Sue (Rodeoigo—Gladstone Girl), C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

L. Gardner's black, white and tan dog Roger's Spark (Roger—Dora Deane), T. Aldrich, handler.

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C. F. Joyce's black, white and tan dog Ky-Ko (Tan—Ightfield Sophie), F. S. Bevan, handler.

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The winner of first, Maiden Mine, ran well, but did work, by force of circumstances, which was out of her class. She goes to her birds sometimes with quickness and accuracy, at other times she false points with equal earnestness. Cecil H. ran a good race, doing some excellent, sharp point work on birds, and making a superior showing in range, speed and judgment.

Dot Rogers was a better ranger than Roger's Spark, the latter excelling in point work.

*First Series.*

KINGSTON AND BRIGHTON CLIP—Were started at 9:15 and ran 25 minutes. Each got a point on the same bevy. Both steady to shot. Clip pointed and roaded; nothing found. Kingston backed. Clip pointed a bevy in a listless manner, and it flushed, one or two birds at a time. A little ordinary work was done on scattered birds. Clip ranged close and was slow. Kingston was the better, though his range was inferior. A poor heat in every way.

HOPE'S MINT AND HAMLET—Began at 8:43; down 38m. Hamlet, going up wind, flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds each flushed. Hamlet pointed a single. The rest flushed wild. in the open, a bevy flushed and Mint was in suspicious proximity. Mint flushed twice on scattered birds. Hamlet was the better and wider ranger. The work on birds was faulty and little compared to the opportunities.

Nahmke Alice, being absent, the next brace was called and started, the twenty minutes' grace being timed by the judges. Alice not appearing in that time, she was out of the stake.

CHEVALIER AND KY-KO began at 10:34 and run 59 minutes. The heat was a poor one. Ky-Ko was a close ranger, slow and weak in speed. Chevalier in woods flushed a bevy. In open weeds, Ky-Ko pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Ky-Ko flushed a bird and Chevalier pointed one. Chevalier was the better ranger, though only fair.

GLADSTONE PET AND TAN were started at 11:37; down 25 minutes. Pet in the open flushed a bevy. In woods. Pet pointed; nothing found. Tan backed in a listless manner. Tan pointed scattered birds. Pet flushed scattered birds. The point work was inferior.

CLEM GLADSTONE AND CECIL H.—After lunch, at 1:20, they were started in the open. They were soon worked on birds flushed by horsemen. Cecil flushed one. Clem pointed a single in pines. He next flushed a single. Cecil pointed scattered birds in corn. Next she made two points on single birds in corn. Up at 2:06. Both ranged well. Cecil was sharper and quicker on birds. They were the first brace in the stake which, so far, had done any good ranging.

DOT ROGERS AND DICK FOX were started at 2:11. Up at 3:02. Dot pointed a bevy in a small patch of brush in the open field. She held her point nicely for a few moments. So far, it was nicely done; but she jumped in and flushed, then chased the birds to woods. A whipping improved her work. She next pointed a bevy nicely and was steady. Dick backed. The birds went off the Club's preserve, and could therefore not be followed. Dot was the better ranger and showed excellent qualities on birds, barring the unsteadiness. Both had narrowed their range at the end of the heat.

BONAIR AND WINNIPEG—Commenced at 3:05. Bon false pointed in open. Winnipeg flushed a bird and chased it vigorously. Bonair roaded to a flush on a bird down wind. Winnipeg flushed a bevy and chased it. He was ordered up at 3:50. Bonair was worked on the scattered birds. He showed fatigue and made a poor showing considering his opportunities. He roaded, but he needed a deal of coaching to get him to locate and point accurately on the single bird. Up at 4:03. Winnipeg had speed and range, but he was not well broken.

MAIDEN MINE AND LOCHINVAR—Began at 4:11. Maiden had a dashing way about her and went up to her birds with so much boldness and spirit that it looked as if she were not quite staunch, but she behaved well. First she pointed a bevy and held her point while her handler was walking up to her. The bevy flushed wild, and she behaved nicely. She next pointed a bird well. Both at the same time pointed some scattered birds in woods. Maiden flushed a bird. She next pointed; nothing found. She next pointed a single well. Next she pointed a bevy in pines. Up at 4:35. Both ranged well. Maiden was remarkably quick in her work on birds, going to them with a high nose and swiftly, but her work was marred by numerous false points. She would take all the work away from an average dog owing to her quickness. Her performance was good, yet she needs some finishing and more decision. She would point and go on of her own accord, but the constant stopping marred the good work that she could do.

NAHMKE PHILIP AND DUFF—Were started at 4:37. Duff pointed a single bird nicely. Duff pointed a bevy in woods, Philip at the time not being near. On the scattered birds Philip pointed one; Duff backed. They were run till about 5:10 without finding.

## WEDNESDAY.

The weather was cloudy and damp in the forenoon, and a rainstorm seemed to be a certainty. Later, the clouds disappeared for a time. The afternoon was close and sultry, there being a most uncomfortable oppressiveness in the atmosphere. Either the dogs were all out of form, or the weather conditions were unfavorable for good work, for a lower grade of work performed by good dogs was seldom seen. It was a most tiresome day from a field trial point of view. Birds, too, were hard to find and the grounds were difficult to work.

GAIETY AND SIR KENT—Began at 8:15 and ran 42m. Gaiety pointed a bevy in sedge. She next false pointed. Kent was tiring and at best ranged poorly. Gaiety was speedier and much the wider ranger. Kent was slow and ranged close to his handler.

ROD'S SUE AND ROGER'S SPARK—Began at 9. Spark became separated from her competitor and pointed a bevy indifferently. In a hollow, working on the scattered birds, Spark pointed one. Spark again pointed; Sue backed; nothing was found. Sue false pointed in woods. Spark backed. Spark pointed, then made game in woods; nothing found. Sue next made two points to which there was nothing. In open weeds, Spark pointed and Sue, forty yards away, jumped into a pretty back. Spark roaded up to a point on the bevy and was steady to shot. In pines, on the scattered birds, Sue made two points on singles, starting once on a chase, but stopped to order. Up at 10:06. Sue was the wider and better ranger, but her point work was inferior.

Nahmke Alice was started at 10:12 and was ordered up at 10:40. She pottered incessantly and pointed when she saw fit to do so, which was frequently. No birds found. She had been disqualified yesterday for not appearing when called. To-day Mr. Tracy informed the reporters that he had evidence that Alice was on the grounds before the twenty minutes grace had expired. The clause relating to the matter is as follows: "A dog absent more than twenty minutes when called, provided such delay was not caused by following the instructions of the judges, shall be declared out of the race," etc. Nahmke Alice was absent more than twenty minutes after being called, therefore, according to the rules, it was mandatory that she be declared out of the race. That she was on the grounds as a matter of hearsay was entirely irrelevant. The judges are supposed to act on personal knowledge and not on evidence. A dog could easily be on the club's grounds and still be absent from the trials. It is always better to live up to the rules.

*Second Series.*

Ten were left in for the second series. The work was extremely inferior. None of the dogs appeared to be able to do high-class work. The grounds were largely bare fields, corn fields or heavy ridge intermixed with briers. Birds were scarce, and such ones as were found went to thick cover, when flushed.

DICK FOX AND BONAIR ran a poor heat, the work on birds being extremely inferior. Dick pointed a bevy, getting quite close to it, and it flushed wild. He had the wind, and ought to have pointed it at a greater distance. Bonair roaded to a flush on a single bird and the rest flushed wild. Dick false-pointed and was backed well. Bonair pointed about ten points up wind of a single. Dick, at the same time, pointed; nothing found. He made two more similar points and flushed a single bird across wind. Started at 11:16 and ran twelve minutes. Bonair was the better ranger. Dick's range was ordinary. The heat was faulty and inferior.

DOT ROGERS AND HAMLET commenced at 11:33, and were ordered up at 11:57. Dot pointed a bevy nicely in woods and Hamlet backed. Both were steady to shot. It was a good piece of work. On the scattered birds, Dot ran quickly into a good point on a single. Hamlet flushed one. Dot stopped quickly on a good point on two birds in pines. She next pointed a bird. At the same time Hamlet pointed one. Dot was the faster, and her work on birds was remarkably speedy and positive. She went up to her birds in a gallop, with head well up.

MAIDEN MINE AND ROGER'S SPARK began at 1:16, after lunch. Spark pointed a bevy in woods. Each made two points on birds in woods. Maiden next pointed; nothing found. Sport backed. Up at 1:47.

HOPE'S MINT AND GAIETY began at 2:10, and ran 24 minutes. Mint flushed a bevy. Both ranged well. No more work on birds was done in the heat.

CECIL H. AND ROD'S SUE ran a long, discouraging heat. Both were industrious. Sue was the wider and better ranger. Both made a number of false points. The grounds were most unfavorable, the course being repeatedly changed on account of bare wheat fields, thickets and corn fields. The heat began at 2:42 and ended at 4:04. Sue pointed in ridge, Cecil backed; nothing found. Cecil pointed a single and Sue backed. Cecil nearly caught the bird, then it flushed. Cecil flushed a bevy down wind in woods. The dogs then became separated. Sue false pointed. Cecil pointed an owl or hawk in corn. Cecil pointed twice and nothing was found. In the meantime Sue had made a false point. The dogs were then brought together and sent on. Sue pointed a sparrow. This ended a poor heat.

CHEVALIER AND DOT ROGERS were cast off at 4:17 and ran till 4:35, both making a poor showing on birds. The judges flushed a bevy in heavy sedge, and the dogs were worked on the scattered birds marked down in open. Chevalier flushed one and tried to catch it as it flushed. Dot showed a disposition to chase, but stopped to order. Chevalier flushed one. He ranged close, and sometimes followed Dot, the latter being faster and wider in range.

After this heat ended, the judges declared the work for the day ended, the conditions apparently being against any good work.

A heavy rainstorm fell in the evening.

## THURSDAY.

The heavy rain of last night improved the conditions a great deal, and the character of the work improved accordingly. The weather cleared up in the middle of the forenoon. In the afternoon, it again became cloudy and a moderate stiff wind set in.

MAIDEN MINE AND CECIL H. were started at 8:38. Cecil roaded up wind to a flush on a bevy, a very poor piece of work. Maiden at the same time was making game. Each pointed one of the scattered birds in woods. Each backed. Both were steady to shot. Maiden made two more good points on single birds. In open sedge, Maiden pointed about 30yds. up wind of a bevy, doing a good piece of work. Cecil backed. The bevy flushed wild. Cecil pointed the scattered birds, Maiden a few feet away pointing or backing. In the open, Cecil made two false points. Maiden pointed larks. Up at 9:12. Both ranged well. Maiden was the quicker in point work, but showed a lack of confidence sometimes in working on birds, and many times she pointed when she ought not to. Both were industrious. Cecil was bolder on birds, but less skilful.

DOT ROGERS AND ROGER'S SPARK—Began at 9:17. Spark soon dropped to a point on a bevy. Dot was not near to back. Spark flushed a bevy, she having the wind of it. On the scattered birds, Spark pointed one in sedge and was steady to shot. Dot showed an inclination toward unsteadiness when a single flushed, but stopped to order. Dot pointed a bevy in pines. At the same time Spark pointed in the open; nothing found. Up at 9:32. Spark was a narrow ranger, but showed fairly good work on birds. Dot was much faster and sharper in bird work, and ranged far wider and better.

Rod's Sue was given another run, beginning at 9:39, and up at 10. She beat out her ground in beautiful style, found and pointed a bevy well and showed excellent judgment,

She was faulty in work on single birds, and showed a disposition to false point once in a while.

The judges soon announced Maiden Mine first, Cecil H. second, and Dot Rogers and Roger's Spark third.

The prizes were the same as in the Pointer Derby.

### The All-Age Pointer Stake.

This stake had thirteen entries. The work was inferior so far as it relates to good performance in finding and pointing. Many of the dogs ranged wide and fast, yet most of them were, in the manner of beating out the ground, lacking in judgment.

Lad of Rush was easily the best dog in the stake. He ran excellently well in his first heat, but fell off in his work afterward. At his best, he goes with speed and judgment, beats out a large area of ground and is a good performer on birds.

Wild Damon made a good, well-sustained showing. His range is good, and he is an industrious worker. He performs well in point work.

Sandford's Druid had little other than a racing gait to commend him. He took wide casts at great speed, but he did not beat out his ground and was ordinary in work on birds. Wide casts, with no reference to working likely places, and with large stretches of promising ground left unworked, is not good ranging. He is a young dog, and, if he only trains on properly, he will be an excellent field performer.

The order of running was as follows:

T. G. Davey's liver and white dog Westminster Drake (Lad of Bow—Kate VIII.), T. Hallam, handler,

*with*

J. L. Adams's liver and white dog Lad of Rush (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

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C. C. M. Hunt's lemon and white dog Grouse (Mainspring—Swan's Fly), S. C. Bradley, handler,

*with*

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog Prawn (Crab—Polly Peacham), A. Cameron, handler.

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Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Wild Damon (Damon—Flora), C. E. Buckle, handler,

*with*

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog Hempstead Duke (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow), A. Cameron, handler.

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John Simpkin's liver and white dog Bob (Beppo III.—Belle Brandon), H. Height, handler,

*with*

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog Sandford Druid (Exon Don—Sandford Quince), A. Cameron, handler.

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Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog dog Exile (King of Kent—Hops), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler,

*with*

J. L. Adams's liver and white dog Franklin (Robin Adair—Blossom), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

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C. C. Cushing's liver and white dog Jupiter (Tom Boline Belle C.), Major J. R. Purcell, handler,

*with*

Dr. D. W. Yandell's black and white dog Ben A. (Stoddard—Jett II ), Ed. Garr, handler.

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T. Hitchcock, Jr.'s, liver and white dog Tory Baron (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina), a bye; John White, handler.

*First Series.*

WESTMINSTER DRAKE AND LAD OF RUSH—Began at 10:16 and ran 40m. Lad pointed a bevy. At the same time Drake in the open pointed a single, Drake moved on before it was flushed, and his handler flushed it afterward. Lad pointed a lark and was backed by Drake. Lad in the open near the edge of pine woods pointed a bevy and Drake backed. Drake was slow and a narrow ranger. Lad ranged wide and fast, beating out his ground fairly well, the fault being that in his wide casts he left too much intervening ground unworked.

GROUSE AND PRAWN ran 43m., beginning at 11:02. They were given a spin in the open, then worked on scattered birds. Prawn pointed a single, then roaded up and flushed it. Prawn soon again pointed and Grouse backed uncertainly; nothing found. Both dogs were making game in the open field when one of the handlers walked up the bevy accidentally. Each made a point on singles in pine woods and each backed, Grouse unsteadily. Both were industrious and ranged fairly well. The work on birds was poor.

WILD DAMON AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE began after lunch, at 12:52. Damon pointed a bevy in corn, Duke backing. Sent on after scattered birds, Damon made a point on two of them. Duke false pointed. Damon pointed, on the trail probably, the bevy flushing about 30yds. away. Damon next pointed a bird. Duke false pointed repeatedly and did not work independently. The work on birds was faulty.

BOB AND SANFORD'S DRUID commenced at 1:27. Both made game, roading and pointing alternately. Bob roaded to and secured a good point on birds. Druid pointed a single. Druid raced wide and fast, yet he did not seem to be searching for birds. He took long casts, but made no pretense of beating out his ground. Bob ranged wide at a less speed, but he was hunting for birds apparently. Up at 1:50.

EXILE AND FRANKLIN were started at 2:03. Exile pointed a sparrow. Franklin flushed a bird. Franklin made one point and Exile two, to which nothing was found. Both showed good speed and wide range. Franklin was disposed to false point. The work on birds was inferior. Up at 3.

JUPITER AND BEN A. were started at 3:08 and ran 21m. Ben had fairly good range and speed and performed creditably on birds. Jupiter ranged close and lacked speed, and did not make much showing on birds.

TORY BARON ran a bye, commencing at 3:36 and running 20m. He made a poor showing in every respect and had no chance whatever to win.

*Second Series.*

The judges announced four dogs in this series, with Exile and Hempstead Duke held in readiness in case they were needed.

LAD OF RUSH AND BOB were started at 4:13. Bob flushed a single and attempted to chase. Lad made a good find and point on four birds. Bob roaded well to a point on a single. Steady to shot. Bob pointed another single and Lad backed. Bob flushed and chased a short distance. Lad was the better ranger and the better performer on birds. Up at 4:56.

WILD DAMON AND SANDFORD DRUID began at 5:01. Both pointed a bevy in the open field and were steady to shot. In woods, Damon pointed a single nicely. Druid backed.

### FRIDAY.

The weather in the morning was cool and clear. Toward midday the sky was overcast with heavy clouds. There was every indication of a heavy storm, but the day ended without any interruption of the work by bad weather. Birds were extremely difficult to find. There were rumors that the grounds were constantly hunted over by bird and rabbit hunters. Dogs which were worked constantly in the open fields failed to find many birds. The dogs which were worked mostly in timber had better success in finding, but there was little opportunity then to test their speed and range.

WILD DAMON AND LAD OF RUSH were started at 8:24. Lad pointed a bevy in open sedge, and was steady to shot. Lad next, going down wind, flushed a bevy. Next he pointed a single bird in woods, and Damon flushed one. Up at 9:16. Both ranged well, though both were working in poorer form than that of yesterday. They, however, were industrious.

The judges then announced the winners: Lad of Rush, first; Wild Damon, second; Sandford Druid, third. Two hundred and fifty dollars to first, $175 to second and $125 to third.

*Final Heat.*

This was to determine the absolute winner of the Derby, the two first prize winners competing for it, the winner to get $100 additional to the $400 already won. The total value of the Setter and Pointer Derby was $1,700.

MAIDEN MINE AND JINGO began at 9:28 in a corn field, and no one would have suspected for a moment on the work done that the winners were running. Maiden seemed disinclined to work from the start. She was frivolous and out of form, false pointing repeatedly and making game where there was none. In the open field, she pointed a bevy. Jingo, at the same time about 40 yards across wind was making game. Jingo came in ahead and pointed the same bevy. Both steady to wing. On the scattered birds, Jingo flushed one, then pointed the scattered birds. Maiden made two good points on a single, and Jingo also pointed twice well. Then Maiden made a number of false points, a few more than Jingo, the latter, however, being well up in this respect in this heat. Both in the latter part of the heat loafed and trifled away their time, although Jingo was going far the better. Maiden followed him about or loafed impartially, and she was constantly trifling with false scents, or pointing at nothing. As the matter stood, Jingo was the better; for the same fault of pointing inaccurately, though in a modified form, was present in all Maiden Mine's work in the stake. Better yet, the judges should have withheld any decision, thus practically withholding the prize. The heat ended at 10:48, the dogs showing a constant inclination to do worse.

### The All-Age Setter Stake.

There were fifteen starters, drawn in the following order:

Whyte Bedford's orange and white bitch Zulu M (Toledo Blade—Rhet), A. P. Gilliam, handler,

*with*

Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Bettye S. (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler.



JUDGE W. S. BELLE.
Central Field Trials.

A. Dill's black, white and tan dog Count Gladstone (Count Noble), John White, handler.

*with*

Blue Ridge Kennel's black and white dog Bob Cooper (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie G), D. E. Rose, handler.

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Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, lemon and white dog Count Anteo (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl), C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Avent and Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Novelist (Woodhill Bene—Llewellin Novelty), J. M. Avent, handler.

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Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Ad. J. Klofanda's black, white and tan dog Dan Noble (Gladstone's Boy—Flora M.), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

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Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, liver and white bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trickett II.), C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Greenfield Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog Harry C. (Roderigo—Countess House), S. C. Bradley, handler.

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Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, lemon and white bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby R.) C. Tucker, handler,

*with*

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Gossip (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont), D. E. Rose, handler.

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E. W. Durkee's lemon and white dog Nahmke Philip (Ray Monarch—Saddlebags), T. Aldrich, handler,

*with*

T. G. Davey's black, white and tan dog Brighton Tobe (Locksley—Leddesdale VI.), T. Hallam, handler.

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E. W. Durkee's cream and white bitch Nahmke Cheetah (Count Howard—Calico), T. Aldrich, handler.

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Lora, winner of first, is now so well known to the field-trial public that any lengthy mention is unnecessary. She sustained her reputation as a reliable bitch, sound in all the particulars of good field work.

Bettye S. ran excellently well and proved a good second. She ranged well and her point work was superior.

Miss Ruby made a good competition in work on bevies and single birds, her judgment and skill in that respect being excellent, but she is deficient in width of range, though she is industrious. In respect to range and speed she was excelled by several in the stake.

*First Series.*

The work done in this series was inferior in quality and scant in quantity. The grounds were most difficult to work owing to the large areas sown in wheat and the roughness and irregularity of the available grounds.

ZULU M. AND BETTYE S.—Began at 10:59 and ran 46m. Zulu false pointed in woods. Bettye pointed a bevy in open sedge. Zulu came in shortly afterward and pointed the same bevy. Both were steady to shot. Each pointed a single in woods. Bettye finished the work on birds by pointing a single. She was much the wider and better ranger. Zulu was a fairly good ranger. Both were industrious.

Lunch was next in order.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND BOB COOPER—Began at 1:14 and ran till 2:21. Count started out immediately and was lost for some minutes. He gave little heed to the game. He was fast and took wide casts but had no range in the sense of beating out his ground in the interest of the gun. Count, after being captured, false pointed, Bob backed. Bob made an indifferent point on a bevy in a plum thicket. He was steady to shot. Count was not near to back. Count, about a quarter of a mile away, pointed two birds, and as his handler walked up he sprang in and flushed. In sedge on scattered birds Count pointed a single. He next flushed excusably in heavy sedge and next flushed a single. The work was poor. Count was most difficult to manage at any time, and some of the time he was unmanageable. Bob beat out his ground better but was lacking in dash, range and skill on birds.

COUNT ANTEO AND NOVELIST—Started at 2:30. Down 47m. Both ranged well at good speed. In a run heavily grown up to thick cover, Count was working when a bevy flushed in close proximity to him. On the scattered birds each made a good point on a single. Count flushed some scattered birds. He was a bit unsteady to shot. He false pointed in open sedge. Novelist went into woods and flushed a bevy. Count, close up, stopped to wing. Count was difficult to control.

LORA AND DAN NOBLE—Were started at 3:21 and ran till 3:50. Lora was far the better ranger and had the better judgment. Lora pointed a bevy in the open near the edge of pine woods. She was steady to shot. Dan made two good points on single birds, and flushed some scattered birds which he should have pointed. He was steady to shot. He showed overcaution among scattered birds, and a disposition to false point. He was a close ranger.

ANTEVOLO AND HARRY C.—Were started at 3:52. Both ranged well and at good speed. Harry pointed a bevy in sedge. He was steady to wing. Antevolo was not near. On the scattered birds, each made a good point. Each made a point in heavy grass, nothing found. They made game as if birds were about. Sent into a large field, both took a long cast and were found at the other end of the stubble pointing a bevy nicely. On the scattered birds, Harry flushed one. Down 29m. Antevolo remained out of sight too much.

MISS RUBY AND GOSSIP—Were cast off at 4:26 and ran till 4:48 Gossip had not gone more than 60yds. when she pointed a rabbit. Ruby backed. Ruby pointed a bevy in pines. Each pointed single birds. Gossip flushed twice. Ruby flushed a single and pointed on the foot scent. Ruby pointed; nothing found. Gossip pointed at the same moment the bird flushed. Each pointed single birds. Gossip caught scent of a bird and flushed willfully. Miss Ruby was the better worker.

### SATURDAY.

A cloudy morning soon brightened as the sun rose higher and dissipated the mists. The temperature was mild. Birds were found in abundance at times. The work on the whole was good.

NAHMKE PHILIP AND BRIGHTON TOBE were started at 8:45. They were middling good rangers. Tobe was not stanch on point, he showing a disposition to flush wilfully when he could safely do so. He first made a point, nothing found. Philip roaded slowly to a point on a bevy in sedge, and he was steady to shot. Tobe roaded a single bird to a flush. Philip roaded and pointed, finally getting too close on the bevy which flushed. Tobe pointed a single at the edge of woods. Philip took a cast about 200yds. away in the open and pointed a single bird stanchly and well. Tobe drew in and wilfully flushed a single. The speed of both was moderately fast, but they were industrious. Both pointed in a dispirited manner. Up at 9:37.

NAHMKE CHEETAH had the bye. She ran from 9:39 to 10:20. No birds found. She was slow in her speed when ranging, although she made a phantom burst of speed in a chase after a rabbit, catching up with it and bounding over it at full speed within a few yards.

*Second Series.*

Seven dogs were left in. The dogs selected were the best.

BETTYE S. AND ANTEVOLO were started at 10:44. Bettye was lost. When found, she was on a point. Nothing found. In pines, Bettye pointed a bevy and it flushed wild. Bettye next pointed a bevy in sedge and was steady to shot. Followed the scattered birds. Antevolo pointed footscent. Bettye pointed, moved on and flushed a single in dense heavy grass. Bettye next flushed a bird. Bettye ranged well and showed good finding and pointing qualities. Antevolo was hard to manage and lost to sight too much.

LORA AND ZULU M. began at 12:46, after lunch. Lora pointed in sedge on a side hill, then roaded about 20yds. down wind to a point on a bevy. Good work. She next pointed a single bird well on dry leaves. Zulu pointed a single and Lora backed. Lora was the superior in every respect, although Zulu showed good qualities.

BOB COOPER AND HARRY C.—Began at 1:22. Both dogs were found on a point in pines after one of the handlers had accidentally flushed the bevy close by them. Harry did a very poor piece of work on a bevy, pointing and circling it twice, making a flush. He next roaded across wind to a flush on a bevy. He appeared to be out of his habitual good performance. Bob flushed a single. There were many scattered birds nicely distributed for good work, yet the dogs passed close by and failed to notice any of the birds, thus losing good opportunities. Bob appeared careless and unconcerned as to whether he pointed or flushed.

Miss Ruby ran alone from 2:20 to 2:54. She pointed two bevies, one of which she roaded nicely. Her pace was a bit slow and she ranged narrow at times.

LORA AND BETTYE S.—Commenced their heat at 3:21. A bevy flushed near Bettye in a thicket in a hollow. Each pointed a bevy in woods. Steady to shot. Lora pointed there, birds had flushed. Bettye pointed, a single bird, probably. Steady to shot. Lora pointed a bevy in weeds. Bettye, 50yds. away, backed nicely. She next flushed in brush in hollow. Lora came in and pointed foot scent. There was so much rushing that the birds were all flushed, and it was difficult to determine whether it was the fault of dogs or handlers. Bettye flushed. Lora pointed a bevy. Up at 4:02.

The judges held quite a lengthy consultation.

BOB COOPER AND ANTEVOLO began at 4:22. Bob pointed a rabbit. Antevolo pointed a rabbit, and Bob backed prettily. Antevolo flushed a bevy, which ended his career in the stake. He was difficult to keep track of, being heady and disobedient. Both were going well.

BOB COOPER AND MISS RUBY began at 4:50. Bob in woods pointed a bevy. Ruby at the same time in the open pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds Bob pointed, Ruby backed. Ruby pointed in woods, and a bird overhead flew out of a small sapling. Bob pointed a bird at the edge of woods. Ruby soon afterwards pointed a bevy, and the heat ended. Time, 5:02. Bob was headstrong and hard to handle. He ran, however, better than in the first series.

The judges soon announced Lora, first; Bettye S. second, and Miss Ruby, third.

The prizes were the same as in the corresponding pointer stake.

*Absolute Winner.*

LORA—LAD OF RUSH began at 9:09, on Monday, to determine the absolute winner of the All-Age Stake. Both pointed in sedge in pines. Nothing found. Lora pointed a bevy in open sedge, and was steady to shot. Lad was out on a cast at the time. Each made a point on single birds. Lad

pointed a single in sedge and was well backed by Lora. Lad, going down wind, flushed a small bevy in thick cover in a run. In open weeds, Lora pointed very nicely as the result of an intelligent cast. The beat ended at 9:58. The heat was an excellent one. Though Lad of Rush was defeated, it was done by one of the grandest field performers of the season, if not the grandest. Lora had better judgment, beat out her ground with skill, and was strong in every detail of field work.

### Free-for-All Stake.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 11.—The drawing of the Free-for-All Stake took place to-night. There are eleven starters, drawn to run in the following order: Black Wonder with Bettye S, Rowdy Rod with Lora, Pitti Sing with Maid of Kent, Prawn with Orlando, Harry C. with Rip Rap. Tremont a bye. This stake has three prizes this year, $500 to first, $300 to second, and $200 to third, which is much better than giving $1,000 to one, as heretofore prevailed. The forfeit was $25, $25 additional to start. It will be Friday at the earliest before this stake is decided. Each heat lasts four hours in the first series, after which the judges exercise their discretion as to the rest of the competition.

This stake began Monday afternoon at 12:54, Black Wonder and Bettye S. starting the competition. The heat was remarkably well run, both dogs sustaining their pace and range well to the finish. In fact, they were going almost as fresh and strong as at the beginning. Bettye was the better, she ranging more systematically and with better judgment. Black Wonder was not staunch on his points, nor did he point with any firmness and style, and he required cautioning to keep him in line. He, notwithstanding, made some willful flushes, and was at different times annoyingly disobedient. Still it was an excellent heat, full of diligent work and successful finding. The handlers were mounted, which is a desirable innovation, since is it distressingly fatiguing to the handlers who are not physically strong, or who have two heats to run in succession. The handlers were separated a large part of the time during the heat.

B. WATERS.

## NASHVILLE DOG SHOW.

ONE of the most enjoyable little shows it has been our lot to attend was concluded last Friday evening at Nashville, Tenn. With the organization of the Cumberland Kennel Co. recently, an account of which was published in FOREST AND STREAM at the time, it was only natural that the members and others should feel like having a dog show. Fired with enthusiasm in favor of man's best friend, such men as a rule can only find vent for their feelings in holding a show as the best and only means of doing mission work, as it were, in the advancement of canine interests around them. Too often, we are sorry to say, such efforts meet with poor encouragement, and the going down into the pocket to make good in cold dollars the losses they have incurred is apt to strike a chill to their enthusiasm that cannot be sufficiently deplored. We sincerely trust that this will not be the case with the good fellows of the Hermitage and Cumberland Kennel Clubs. The latter is a company rather than a club, and organized for the purpose of breeding and selling Great Danes, pugs and Italian greyhounds, the first named more especially. Its members, in a great degree, also compose the Hermitage K. C., which is a club formed for giving shows, and is a member of the A. K. C.

The officers of the club are: President, John W. Fulghum; Vice-Presidents, Gen. W. H. Jackson and Capt. W. C. Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, Robert C. Stockton. The show committee consisted of Mr. Fulghum, Frank Searight, B. B. Allen, J. D. Frizzell and Mr. Stockton. W. C. Rayen is the veterinarian and Harry L. Goodman, manager of the Cumberland Kennel Co., superintended the show, everything in this respect being left in his entire charge, so that with the aid of Mr. Stockton he was able to give us a show excellently arranged, well managed and orderly. In fact, we were surprised on entering the building on Tuesday morning to find everything so neatly laid out. Of course, with Spratts Co. doing the benching and feeding this was to be expected, but still there are other and important items that must be attended before the wheels of a show can run smoothly, and we might say artistically. Catalogues, so well arranged and printed on such good paper, as to call for comment on the part of the old-timers, were on hand at the opening of the show, and the judges' books, with the judge's name in gold on the back, were the best that we have yet seen. The catalogue was singularly free from errors and one's only regret was that so many of the classes provided had to be drawn blank, both the liberal prize list and the well-known judges being entitled to a better entry than 165. Many of these were absent. The uncertainty and changing of judges may have had something to do with this. Mr. Roger Williams, prevented from being present owing to the sickness of his wife, his classes were taken by Mr. Davidson, which did not entail much extra work on the latter. Mr. Frizzell was the ring steward, the judging being done on the stage of Amusement Hall, in which the show was held, and as a ring steward he leaves little to be desired, getting the dogs in quickly and attending to details in a businesslike manner.

The attendance was fair to middling, the evenings seeing the largest crowds. The fair sex, for whose beauty Nashville is so justly celebrated, turned out in force, and occupying seats in front of the stage, enjoyed the novel spectacle which the judging afforded. The members of the club, after the first day, relied on their secretary to attend to the executive duties, and Mr. Stockton worked like a beaver, having a thoroughly just conception of his duties. Prize money was paid by check Friday A. M., and really we feel that to say any more would seem as if we were determined not to find fault. Nevertheless we must remark that the neatness of the show was marred somewhat by the rough backs to the benching along one aisle that had to do duty in the absence of part of Spratts' fixtures. This was a contretemps due to the carelessness of the Western Union Company, who, when Mr. Stockton wired Spratts for extra benching for forty dogs that Ben Lewis was bringing, made the wire read four instead of forty, which made a wide difference and a slight eyesore to the public, but the club had the courtesy to put the boards behind their own dogs rather than the visitors'. With these remarks I may as well give an account of the dogs that were there. The list of awards sent by wire were published exclusively in FOREST AND STREAM last week with the one mistake that Mr. R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepard won in bloodhounds instead of Bellhus, Jr., who was absent.

Mr. John Davidson was the first to enter the judging ring and we give his classes in rotation instead of in the ordinary way.

*Mr. John Davidson, Judge.*

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—The only entry in dogs was the one Mr. Purbeck used to own, Philos IX.; he showed rather weak in pasterns, dirty in coat and his hocks turn in too much for a good one. He is well coated and a dog more of the Leekhol type. The bitch Kaluga is a poor sort, very much out in front, knuckles over, open feet, and forelegs not straight and is too full in brow, not having the lovely profile of a Modjeska or a Princess Irma. Deerhounds proved blank classes.

GREYHOUNDS.—The entries were few in number, but there were two or three present that would "stand some beating" anywhere. Champion Master Rich, looking as fit as a fiddle, was one of them; he moves a bit dicky behind now and did not look so good in spread of quarters as I have seen him in times past. The former partners in the Rockwood-Landseer Kennels, Roger Williams and Dr. Van Hummel, each had a dog in the open class, Van's Orell, the latter's dog, beating Salvator. The winner was formerly Faugh-a-Ballah, shown at Lexington, Ky., last fall. Van's feet are thick through the pads, but toes not close enough; he needs more rib and is plain in quarters, still he beats the slim-waisted Salvator, whose feet are open and is too high in skull, otherwise he is nicely formed. The bitch class introduced to us a good one, Viola, a bitch out of Verdure Clad, by Brabazoun, bred and owned by Dr. Van Hummel. She is a trifle small-sized, but behind the head one finds little to quarrel with, but much to praise, very good in ribs, loin and quarters, and especially broad in second thighs; she is weak in muzzle and short in head. Idle Wild, second, is not in it with her, flat-sided, open in feet and not good in head.

FOXHOUNDS.—Roger Williams's Ranger II., strange to say in such a fox hunting country as Tennessee, was the only one present, and he is not what one might say is a flyer on the bench, whatever he may be in the blue grass



SEC'Y ROBERT C STOCKTON.
Nashville Dog Show.

ranges of his native Kentucky; too long in body, back on his pasterns, bad feet and is not ribbed up enough, rather good head, neck and shoulders. This was the dog that arrived too late for Brooklyn judging.

POINTERS.—One entry in each class was the order here, and all but two are dogs whose names are household words in the fancy. Inspiration for challenge dogs. Looking better than at Brooklyn, but would still do with five pounds more flesh on him; Fan N, in challenge bitches; Rock II., from Philadelphia, in open dogs, these were all in Ben Lewis's string. The bitch entry was absent, and the dog puppy Oscar is quite a nice one by Ossian, good bone, well formed body, good legs and fair head, but ears not well carried.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—These classes turned out a little better. Edgemark in challenge dogs was entered, but absent,



BLOODHOUND JACK SHEPARD,
Owned by Mr. G. H. R. Huntington, Chicago, Ill.

Benzine being the only well known dog present, and in that dog class he met a worthy competitor in Max Noble, a little long cast but nice head, good legs and bone, a trifle light behind; Benzine lost to him in neck and shoulders, forelegs and hind action. Direct was in poor shape, is back on pasterns and flat-sided. Mr. Shriver showed something better, however, in bitches, his Nettie G., rather narrow chested, is very good in body, and especially so in quarters. Cleo S., second, turns her feet out and her head is only plain. Cosette, vhc., stands on poor feet, has not enough stop, and is plain in muzzle. A Gath's Mark pup out of Cosette, also Mr. Shriver's, easily beat the coarse-headed Echo, from whom a prize was withheld. Then two bitch pups by Gath's Mark, also from the Shriver kennel, completed the list. Rosa Bonheur is not much better than Glass; both have good bone, but are deficient in squareness of muzzle. The kennel prize went to Mr. Shriver.

IRISH SETTERS.—The Irish cause was well backed up by entries from the Oak Grove Kennel, in fact their seven entries comprised the lot shown and were really put down in full bloom. It reminded me of the old "Berkely" days in 1881, to see Ben at work on the reds with chamois and elbow grease. In a challenge class of dogs with Kildare, Dick Swiveler and Seminole entered the latter was the only one out for the dollars, his color is hardly as rich as the others and he stands a bit wide in front. Kildare and Dick Swiveler were out for specials only. In bitches with Norna and Edna H. entered, the latter was the only one to appear and shining like a new dollar walked out with the ribbon, though she has a rather plain head. Open dogs had no entries, but the bitch class contained Rose Sarsfield and Alice Kent, both well known and at Brooklyn a fortnight since. Rose Sarsfield wins easily in color and body, Alice has the better head but both lose to a good one in feet. Oak Grove of course took the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS.—The same old crowd. Of course Dr. Dixon is not to be blamed that he shows the same dogs so often, but it would add a little to the interest in this breed if there was a little diversion made. This eternal repetition of Ivanhoe, Duchess of Waverly, Duke of Wellington, Princess Louise, etc., is getting tiresome, but there seem to be no new ones coming on fit to take their places. There is a wide margin for improvement in this breed, especially in coloring, for most of the tan seen lacks richness, is either too dark, smutty or washy. Duke, who ran second to Duke of Wellington in open dogs, has a better head, but has a light eye and narrow front, the other is well known, and though he loses in neck and shoulders to Duke, is better in loin and quarters, there is little between them. In bitches the well known Princess Louise scores over Dago, from the same kennel, in body, head and tan.

SPANIELS were poor—a nondescript lot. Many of the classes were marked no entry. The one so-called Irish water spaniel class was represented by a cropped-tailed dog with a wavy coat, no pretensions to the breed at all; prize rightly withheld and explanation offered to the owner. Clumbers of course had no entry, but a liberal classification. Field spaniels also were *non est*, and the cocker challenge classes had no aspirants for honors. Open dogs, any color, had three entries, one absent. There was little type here, and first went to Jacko, a dog whose legs would command appreciative attention at Hornellsville, long in body also and just a fair head, but a rank bad cocker all round; second, Bowman's Romeo, is curly-coated, long-faced—in fact, n. g. Bitches had five entries, four present, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggles marked absent. The winner, Tess De Urbeville, is not so aristocratic in form as in name, in fact, the latter part is the only noticeable one from a fancier's standpoint. She is a smart looking little thing enough, but wavy-coated, what there was of it, and too long in body Mate, second, is fat, but had pretensions to type, an all-black with fair coat. Juliet, vhc., is very poor, in fact, none of them are worth criticising.

BEAGLES—Quite a fine collection for a new country, with two well-known dogs present, Ch. June M. was alone in challenge class, and she looked very nice. The open dogs brought out a really good, workmanlike dog in Cockrill's Doctor, one of the best bodies going, splendid bone, well shaped and on fairly good feet, nice carriage of stern, skull good, muzzle too long but fairly deep, ears too broad and not very nicely hung, fair coat, a dog that if well bred should do nicely with weedy stock; he is quite large enough. Drane, second, is too large and coarse, especially in head, but was fairly well put together and looked like pushing a hare to extremities. In bitches, the well-known Parthenia, picking up a bit, was easily winner; second going to Susie, whose light body, lack of rib and soft coat were in strong contrast; Maggie is weedy all through. Middleton Kennels' Snow was absent. Mr. J. R. Cockrill took the kennel prize. This concluded Mr. Davidson's labors.

*Mr. James Mortimer, Judge.*

MASTIFFS.—I have seen many a worse lot at more pretentious shows. There were only four present, with no challengers. In dogs the winner, a son of Beaufort and Vistula II., Beauregarde by name, is far too small in ear and not carried right, a short, fairly well-formed head, muzzle not deep enough, hind action owing to faulty hocks left something to be desired; Robert E. Lee, second, is a bigger dog, head not so typical as the other, flat feet but has better bone and is much better behind than the other, and therefore superior in action. Taking character into consideration the decision was right. In bitches our old Danbury friend scored over Winnie B., a bitch by Ormonde out of Lady Cobrey, a poor-headed slack-backed one, with poor hind action, nice ear; neither are good in feet. No puppies.

GREAT DANES.—An imposing collection, the Cumberland Kennel Co. and the Shoquoquon Kennels being the main exhibitors. With Imperator absent, Melac and Pedro were the aspirants for challenge honors. Melac had just as much as he could do to pull in a winner. Of course Pedro's turned in feet are against him, but he is much better in head and arch of loin than the winner, but there is no denying the latter's good legs, bone, ribs and size; his head does not improve with age, expression heavy and head coarse. Pedro was shown well, while Melac was off color. In open dogs there was room for difference of opinion, a lot of undeveloped dogs being brought forward. The winner, Theseus, is light yet in loin and body, but stands on capital legs, is of good style and type throughout, though head will be probably on his daddy Melac's order, and tail is too curled. Norman, second, is an imported red fawn, and not a dog that impresses one very favorably. His head is short; throaty, is rather flat in loin, quarters and thighs good, also legs and feet. Prince Leo, third, is rather straight-faced, is heavy in shoulders, feet a little open, nice body and bone. Anderson's Sandor, I thought, hardly got his deserts. He has the best and cleanest head in the class, nice long neck, fairly clean; his ribs need more spring, and loin might be broader, but it is well shaped. Bitches had six entries, one absentee. First went to Minerva, a nicely turned bitch, hardly furnished yet, legs fairly good and a head like the dog winner. She stands bad on pasterns. Phœbe, second, dips a bit in back. I liked her, barring this, as well as the winner. She is better on feet, but her carriage of stern is not so good. Charmion, third, is heavy in front, has open, flat feet, good body, quarters and loin. Zellar, vhc., a very light-colored bitch, loses in muzzle, and is throaty, excellent forelegs and shoulders, has, however, a rather plain, heavy look all through, and did not show well, being in season. Jackson's Juno is small, only a six months' puppy. In bitch puppies she won over Halka, who is larger, of same litter, and, I thought, better in head, legs and feet. Cumberland Kennels of course took the kennel prize.

ST. BERNARDS.—One could not expect much so far from St. Bernard centers, nor was one disappointed, for there were only two really good dogs, Casper and Lord Milton. Casper, the winner, did not look so well as when I saw him at Toledo years ago, and though he has a long head with not enough stop, still he shows quality and is well colored, of good size, good bone, and nicely put together: in fact, I remember that at Toledo he ran Plinlimmon, Jr., very close. Fernwood Bruce, Jr., is light in body and color, and coat inclined to curl, he is 9mos. old only, faulty in pasterns and feet, a little too much stop and inclined to dish-face, a nice youngster of good size that is bound to improve, for he shows quality. Count Bruno, third, has a plain head, hocks too close and body not depth enough. Sir Barry Bedivere, vhc., has not a bad head, fair front, coat curly, but has a good deal of white. Bitches had three entries, and Silvern returned the winner. They were a bad lot, the winner lacks quality, and only one side of head is marked at all, body nearly all white and long, feet open, but good bone, legs and action, gooseberry eyes, head fairly well shaped, but common. Lady Watch, though lacking shadings, has a fair head, but loses in depth, rather short body, but well ribbed. I thought she would have won on account of the other's bad markings, a dog with only one side of head marked lacks type and character. Lady Herbert, third, has a flat, snipy head, faulty quarters and stifle. Fernwood Bruce, Jr., won easy in puppies. The bitch pup Princess Josphine II. is plain in type, good bone and coat. Novice wins repeated.

In smooth open dogs (2), Lord Milton was strictly ahead of anything in the show as regards head properties and qualities. He resembles his brother Melrose to a T, but is a size or two smaller. Prince Ivo is better in pasterns than the winner, is rather roached-backed and has a long, narrow head, good bone. Prince Beno, given second in puppies, has a weak head with no shadings, good legs and body. Novice followed the open awards.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—A poor lot. In dogs the winner, Surpass, has the shorter head, but Jumbo has a smaller, smoother ear, deeper body, bigger and more bone. Sport,

hc., is small and weedy. Nellie Bly, third in bitches, is a snipy-faced, fat animal, with a fair coat and very short legs; no other prizes given.

COLLIES.—The Chestnut Hill Kennels entered a number of dogs, but failed to answer the call. This left challenge classes bare. The Argyle Kennels, however, made a brave showing, and Mr. George S. Siddons was welcomed to the fancier ranks. He cleaned the boards of all the prizes, having the only collies in the show. In open dogs the winner, Roslyn Tory, beat his kennel mate, Argyle Mac, in feet—the latter being very open—loin and quarters, the latter also knuckles a bit and is not straight in front. I thought him, however, better in coat and head than the other, better chest and shoulders and not so broad in skull as the winner. In bitches, Maud Marian, who has a plain, short head, had the class to herself. Argyle Andy, the dog puppy, has a nice head and expression, good bone and legs. In novices, Argyle Mac won, followed by same owner's Madcap Bess, whose feet turn out a bit and are open, ears big and carried low, a plain-faced bitch, with not much character. The Kennel prize, of course, went to Argyle Kennels.

POODLES.—The well known "rounders" Biglow and Paris had each a class, and consequently each went out with a ribbon. Neither had received Ben Lewis's finishing touches and straws in their coats were plentiful. In justice to Mr. Lewis, he had not returned from lunch when they were brought in.

BULLDOGS.—Quite a gallant show of these fellows, the Illwiss Kennels having a field day. Their exhibit commanded as much attention as anything in the show, as probably nine-tenths of the Nashville people had never seen a good one before. King Lud was marked for exhibition only, but he competed with the other nevertheless, and was beaten by his kennel mate champion Bo'swain in muzzle, bone, body and chest; neither are well out at shoulder. Duchess of Parma, in nice shape, represented the challenge bitches. Rustic Sovereign, the only entry in open dogs, was absent, as were all the Iolanthe entries. In bitches, that smart one, Peckham Lass, beats Lady Nan in volume of skull and shoulders. Lady Nan, second, is positively in at elbow, but is better broken up in face, deeper and broader in muzzle, better ribs, loin and quarters than Lass, but feet are open and is not as typical. The Illwiss Kennels of course took the kennel prize.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Frank Dole's Bonnie Princess, well known, hardly a flyer, but keeping well, was the only one present and took the ribbon in challenge bitches. Boston terriers were naturally drawn blank.

DACHSHUNDS.—All the three entries are well known. The challenge winner was Zula II., shown thin. Open dogs, Fritz K., that has been around all the shows this fall was the only entry, and this applies also to Jessie Victoria, first in bitches.

FOX-TERRIERS.—These little chaps turned up in force, comparatively speaking, though no challenge entries were seen. The open dog class called for six, but Ripon Stormer was an absentee. First went to Dixie Tartar, a son of Raby Mixer; he is a smart terrier, feet open a bit, little full in brow and body hardly well turned, a bit cloddy. Rustic Risk, second, is a bit wide in front and light in loin and quarters, head of good length, but plain. Risk of Sharon, also from the Rustic Kennels, is open in toes and big in ear, fair head and body. Gamester is a trifle straight behind, broad in skull and short-headed, an all white dog by Moonstone. First was withheld in bitches and second given to Julip, wide chested, plain head, too full in brow, a big bitch and coarse. Rustic Kennels, by dint of numbers, took the kennel prize. Wire-hairs had one entry present in the absence of Dandy Jack. Pincher, a little fuzzy customer from whom first was withheld, too short in head, etc.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Jackanapes was absent, but Lewis showed Galtees, well known on the late fall circuit: the judge thought it good enough for second only and graded the ribbon accordingly.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—The Colored Preacher beat Ashley Plug in shoulders and body in the dog class, but loses to the other in coat, head and front. Feather Brain is too weedy to expect recognition and was lucky to get second competing with herself.

Welsh terriers, Bedlingtons and Dandie Dinmonts were drawn blank and the $5 prize in these classes could not hope to draw the dogs so far from home.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Of course distance is no object to Sir Stafford, he goes with the crowd and Ben Lewis. Then Ben showed Sir Thomas a worthy son of the old dog in the open dog class; very like Stafford in head and ears, nice long coat and body length, a little light in middle piece, nice bone and typical action. In the bitch class the prize was withheld from a nondescript. Clydesdales were *non est* as usual.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Two pretty fair specimens were put down one in each class, both owned by Dr. Oliver, of Chicago. Dick York is light in tan, nice body color, bit mixed perhaps, and coat of good length. The well known Minnie York won in bitches, she is a silvery blue and shown in good coat.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—The Rochelle Kennels cannot be stalled off by distance, and though it is risky work sending black and tans so far with the dangers of sudden change in temperature in view, they seemed to be quite happy. Broomfield Sultan won in challenge dogs and English Lady the corresponding class. In open dogs a plain one, very light in tan and with too much stop, was deemed just about good enough to save entry fee with a red ribbon. In bitches Majestic and Carmencita fought their Brooklyn battle over again; both are small and whippety, Carmencita has the best tan and thumb marks. Rochelle got the kennel prize. Toy terriers and whippets had no entries.

PUGS.—Nine of them altogether with Sprake in the challenge class. In open dogs a new one came out and is quite a smart little chap, who succeeded in downing the redoubtable Duke Howard of controversial fame; but Mr. Howard can take his medicine, for has he not told us so? Simple Ben, the winner, is small, very, has a better skull and wrinkle than Duke; Duke is a bit deeper in body and better in quarters and hindlegs, and if anything sports a closer curl. Ben, with the help of his namesake, carried his ear better than his opponent. Third went to Count, large, long muzzle, open in toes, excellent curl. Link, hc., is too fat and long in muzzle. Snipe, c., has big ears, carried high, head too big and "mastiffy." Then came the bitches, both having fair owners. Vega is now well known; she is a cobby little thing, nice body and curl, smothering the other in condition; perhaps I should reverse the order as Toadie was altogether too fat, though of good type of head and very wide in front naturally, and heavy in shoulders; she loses in muzzle to the winner but has a better eye—more prominent. Mrs. Davis then showed a smart little puppy by Sprake, whose blue ribbon somewhat consoled her for her disappointment in the other class.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Only one shown, Royal Roy, well known, and he created a good deal of interest among the good people of Nashville, and I should not wonder at future shows if some local dogs are not shown, as he seemed to take. Blenheims were liberally provided for; in fact most of this classification was too liberal and not at all warranted by expectation. Two fair Italian greyhounds in Prince and Lotta, each scored without opposition in their respective classes for the Cumberland Kennel Co., and the judging closed. H. W. LACY.

Mr. Joe Lewis called at FOREST AND STREAM office in our absence, last Monday. He was on his way South with Mr. F. C. Fowler, proprietor of the Oak Grove Kennels. They intend picking up a few dogs at the trials.

## AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THE quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at 44 Broadway, New York, on Thursday, Dec. 8. Present: August Belmont, president; E. M. Oldham, delegate American Spaniel Club; Dr. W. T. Foote and Chas. D. Bernheimer, for associate members; J. D. Shotwell, delegate Collie Club of America; H. E. Twyford, Continental Kennel Club Company; Wilson Fiske, delegate English Setter Club; A. H. Heppner, delegate German Mastiff or Great Dane Club of America; Jas. B. Blossom, delegate Gordon Setter Club of America; Dr. M. H. Cryer, delegate Keystone Kennel Club; Wm. Littaner, delegate Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club; Edward Brooks, delegate New England Field Trial Club; G. Muss-Arnolt, delegate Pointer Club of America; F. S. Webster, delegate Washington City Kennel Club; H. B. Cromwell, delegate Westminster Kennel Club.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The Burlington County Agricultural Society and the New Jersey Kennel League were admitted as members of the American Kennel Club. Mr. Longstreet's credentials from the former society and Edwin H. Morris's for the latter were received. J. Flynn, Jr., was recognized as delegate from the Rhode Island Club. The resignation of the Chesapeake Bay Dog Club was accepted, the reasons for withdrawal being given as the allotment of show dates and non-acceptance of their delegate. The treasurer's statement of account was duly accepted, showing

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| Receipts from all sources | $11,657.11 |
| Expenditures | 7,332.42 |
| Balance in treasury | $4,324.69 |

The report of the committee on rules was accepted and ordered to be printed in the next issue of the *Kennel Gazette*. The committee on dates for shows was continued.

W. A. Power attended the meeting as a representative of the Boston Terrier Club, and asked for an immediate decision regarding the recoguition of the breed by the American Kennel Club and the admission of the club. After some discussion the request was withdrawn in favor of a motion to request the committee on this subject to report at the next meeting of the club. It was further decided that in the mean time bench show committees may continue to make classes for the breed.

The Higginson appeal from the decision of the Rochester Kennel Club in the matter of the removal of Streatham Monarch, the bull-terrier, from their late show, was disallowed. The bill of L. F. Whitman, of Chicago, for expenses in attending as delegate for associate members was ordered to be paid.

The application by George Jarvis for the prefix Kent being objected to by the Westminster Kennel Club and two breeders it was referred to the advisory committee.

The application of the prefix Mont by Jas. Blossom was objected to by Edwin H. Morris, who gave as his reason the importation by him of champion Beaumont in 1888 and the subsequent use of Mont as kennel name, as a suffix, the present owning of dogs with such names, and the use of Mont by others to distinguish them as coming from the strain he introduced. This was also referred to the advisory committee.

The complaint of E. Bardoe Elliott against H. E. Twyford was partially read, and then referred to the advisory committee with power to act.

The complaint brought by Dr. J. Frank Perry against A. Eberhart for the attempt to substitute a picture of an English pug for one of his, was also referred to the advisory committee with power.

Jas. L. Anthony moved that the secretary arrange with the lawyers in charge of the club interests in connection with the Albany Kennel Club disqualification, and submit their accounts at the next meeting. He called attention to the importance of the decision.

A resolution was made disqualifying Mr. Paterson for nonpayment of the Shillcock claim for the amount due for a St. Bernard.

The secretary asked for the appointment of an auditing committee.

On application from the secretary for instructions he was authorized to return the contributions for the social club which was in contemplation.

The meeting then adjourned.

## A DAY AT NASHVILLE.

THE Nashville show, though quiet as far as attendance went in the daytime, was still an enjoyable one, and was interspersed with kindly attentions on the part of the club members. On Wednesday morning three teams were placed at the visitors' disposal, and under the guidance of Harry Goodman the following drove out to see the Cumberland Kennels: Messrs. John Davidson, James Mortimer, George S. Siddons, Dr. Van Hummell, Judge Naylor, "Capt." Murphy and the FOREST AND STREAM representative. The kennels are situated about three miles from the city. Arriving at the farm the party first took a look at the kennels, which are situated in the midst of a park-like country of 85 acres, the farm proper being 185. Beautiful trees cast a shade over the buildings and yards, and this inclosure, so large and well shaded, would seem to be an ideal resort for dogs. There is plenty of water on the land, and in fact no place could be better adapted for the purpose of dog breeding. The kennel building is not very elaborate, but still sufficient for the mild weather encountered in this region. The building is about 100 feet long and 18 feet wide, on each side are five yards, 50 by 25 feet, and inclosed by wire and lath fencing; those communicate by a hole in the side of the building with the interior compartments, which are some 10 by 12 feet, and divided by wire and laths. The dogs seem to be kept on the perfect liberty system, several "bunking" together, and no chaining.

There were several great Dane pups and a sort of "disappointing" St. Bernard by Alton that had met with reverses in early life and has been more or less crippled ever since. The principal dogs were of course at the show. As soon as the FOREST AND STREAM man had commemorated the event by shooting off his camera at the group, the party partook of Mr. Goodman's hospitality in the room devoted to the use of the members. Mr. Goodman resides in a capital brick house, surrounded by numerous outbuildings, in which is every convenience for heating from a boiler. Jokes were passed, Naylor was scored on his judgeship, and Judge Mortimer, in fact, the judicial element of one sort and another was quite *en evidence*, got off a neat little story which commented on the facilities afforded by this country in the matter of "justiceships" as compared "wid de ould counthry," to the confusion of the latter. Then we took trap again and a three mile drive brought us to the gates of the world-renowned Belle Meade stock farm.

We were expected, or seemed to be, which gratified our complacency just as well, and were quickly discussing the points of the noted race horses Luke Blackburn, Iroquois, Inspector B., Tremont, Don Sylva and Great Tom. Iroquois and Luke Blackburn perhaps commanded the most attention, and John Davidson, who is as good a judge of a horse as he is of a setter, gave it as his opinion that though Iroquois was a fine horse and very clean limbed, he thought Luke Blackburn showed more quality in head and neck. They were all in grand condition, and while gazing at them one could almost imagine one heard the refrain of the shouts of triumph that had greeted these gallant horses whose victories have commanded the attention of the civilized world. May they live long in their Southern home and add still further to the prestige of their strain. Each horse has a separate, well-shaded paddock and small stable, and in fact everything that a thoroughbred horse could possibly desire. There are about 120 brood mares on the place, and several of them were seen to be in foal as they lazily whisked their long tails and strolled over the blue grass ranges of the parks and paddocks. Among them the dam of Tammany commanded attention.

We also made the acquaintance and picture of a famous Belle Meade character. "Uncle Bob," who was a slave to old General Harding, the original owner of Belle Meade. "You gemmen come from New York, huh! New York's great place—got to keep yoh hand in yoh pocket all the time. What wid de cars running overhead and cars running underneath, if one don't catch you the other will!" This is how Uncle Bob expressed himself in referring to his visit to the Empire City recently. It would take too much space to enumerate all the interesting things we saw, but probably the herds of deer in the main park, which extends over some 4,000 or 5,000 acres, commanded as much attention as anything after the horses. Personally, what struck me most forcibly was the keen scent they seemed to have for a camera and their modest and retiring dispositions. Two bucks were seen fighting, and inspired with visions of a special triumph in the photography competition and with professional instinct to get a scoop on the set-to, I essayed to immortalize the interesting scene, but alack! my stalking education seems to have been neglected, and, probably, getting between the wind and their dignity I can positively affirm that the result was negative.

Returning to the town in the evening, we were all invited by the Cumberland Kennel Co. to dine with the club at the Maxwell House, where we met a number of members. Mr. Frank Searight, the president, taking the head of the table a pleasant two hours were spent in discussing both the very excellent menu and dogly subjects in general. There were no speeches, but deep down in our hearts was a very kindly feeling, that needed no expression, for the jolly Tennesseans who had given us so much pleasure. H. W. L.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 10.—I have had three or four inquiries in respect to the order in which the English Setter Derby of the United States Field Trials Club was drawn. Those who are interested in the matter will find the order of running in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 17, in the report of the trials of the club.

I regret to learn that the Glenmore Kennels will be unable to start any of their Derby dogs in the Irish Setter Club's Trials, sickness of the dogs being the cause. It is most unfortunate and discouraging to the enterprising and meritorious Glenmore Kennels, but I feel sure that this misfortune will not lessen the plucky efforts of the kennel in furthering Irish setter interests.

Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr., has made a most wonderful list of winnings this year, as will be seen in the reports of the recent trials. Persistent and plucky competition backed by skillful management are sure to succeed. There is no one who does not feel pleased at Mr. Lorillard's success.

A remarkable circumstance in the list of field trial winners of this season is the number of bitches which have won. In the United States Field Trials Club's Pointer Derby, Mame S. and Lady Peg, two bitches, won second and third, Lad of Rush being first. Rod's Sue won the Eastern Derby, Lora won the All-Age Stake. Rod's Sue won in the Derby of the Philadelphia Club's trials, Dot Rogers being third. Lora and Miss Ruby captured second and third in the All-Age Stake. Graceful II. won third in the Central Club's Pointer Derby. Maiden Mine won the Setter Derby and Dot Rogers divided third with the dog Roger's Spark. Maiden Mine won the absolute heat of the Derby. In the All-Age Setter Stake the bitches Lora, Bettye S. and Miss Ruby made a clean sweep, taking first, second and third.

The manner in which some field trial clubs submit to the meddling of kennel owners and handlers is contemptibly weak and harmful. An instance occurred recently in which a prominent field trial club invited a gentleman to judge, and to oblige the club he consented. He knew how exacting and wearisome, often thankless, is the position of a judge. After he had consented the club received a letter from some one or other objecting to the gentleman as a judge. Thereupon the club became alarmed at the bugaboo, or valued a few dollars' worth of entry fees more than it did its manliness, and intimated to the judge that his withdrawal would benefit the club, whereupon he withdrew. Such a discourteous act on the one hand in respect to the judge, and pitifully weak act on the other in cringing to the noise of some owner or owners, apart from its offensiveness, is a very poor policy to follow. One timorous deference to some hungry aspirant for the club's money only leaves down the bars for a dozen other similar impertinences or dictations. The club should have stood by their judge after he had been engaged if every owner refused to enter. It should have shown some spirit, some individuality, some force, something other at least different from putty. The alarm and timidity were needless in that there were no grounds for them outside the club's gentle meekness. Field trials are the very life of kennel interests. By far the larger part of the owners and field trial competitors engage in these matters for the almighty dollar. The element of sport is trifling. Owners and handlers must go to field trials. Their existence as owners and handlers depends upon field trials. When they say they will not attend field trials they make a windy bluff. They always reconsider it before the next season sets in. Field trial club members could get along well if there were no field trials. Not so with breeders and handlers. There is too much bread and butter at stake. Nothing herein is intended against owners and handlers in their proper places. When they assume to dictate to an association whom it shall not engage to judge they are meddlers. If they do not approve of a judge or judges it is their privilege to remain away. In the matter of the protection of judges, clubs have been too indifferent in many particulars. They have permitted all kinds of disgruntled competitors to make any kind of remarks on the judges or their decisions. The judges should be under the protection of the club for which they are acting in so far as being treated with proper respect and courtesy are concerned. No insolence should be tolerated for a moment. These matters are not so bad now as they were a few years ago, and a few good public admonitions, containing names and circumstances, will make them less so in future. It is only necessary now for the circumstance to occur to have the rest follow, that is, the publicity. In justice to the gentleman aforementioned, it is but proper to mention that he did not furnish the information which I have used.

I received a letter from the well-known breeder of pointers, Major J. R. Purcell, than whom no more enthusiastic sportsman exists. In his letter, dated Dec. 10, Major Purcell reviews the heat between Lora and Heineken, as published in FOREST AND STREAM'S report of the Philadelphia Club's trials. It is impossible in the present crowded state of FOREST AND STREAM'S columns to give the letter at length, but it may be summed up by saying that Major Purcell holds contrary to everything said of Heineken and holds further that many doings of Heineken were not mentioned at all, the latter of which we, too, say is true, for if every time some dogs pointed, stopped to listen, stuck their noses

in the ground and bored for worms, etc., were mentioned, there would be reports like commons.

Mr. Frank Richards, whose illness was mentioned last week, is still confined to his room, but, it is a pleasure to write it, he is now free of the typhoid symptoms with which he was threatened.

A high price for a reading notice is $26.66 per word for 89 words, which the contract stated would be paid by *Turf, Field and Farm*. The Lord loves a cheerful giver.

The winnings of several of the field trial handlers amount to quite a large sum. The following is a list of their winnings at the United States, Eastern, Philadelphia and Central trials, the four-hour race of the latter not included:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C. Tucker | $2,850 | G. R. Howse | $200 |
| L. W. Blankenbaker | 1,000 | C. E. Buckle | 175 |
| J. M. Avent | 775 | E. Richards | 150 |
| S. C. Bradley | 550 | Luke White | 150 |
| Capt. C. E. McMurdo | 500 | J. N. Lewis | 75 |
| J White | 250 | A. Cameron | 125 |

A total of $4,800 up to date, not a small sum, and only a part of what will be won before March next.

B. WATERS.

# DOG CHAT.

### Nashville Show.

The management realized the importance of gaining the aid of the daily press, and the *Daily American*, Nashville's paper, devoted columns of space to descriptions of the show and dogs present. On Thursday evening Gov. Buchanan paid a visit to the Amusement Hall, and with Mr. Lasseter, who, with Mr. Geo. G. Schenck, owns the Shoquoquon Kennels, acting as cicerone, he became quite interested in the dogs, and expressed his gratification that Nashville could boast of having so good a show. When we left the building the prize winners in each breed were being paraded on the stage, while Mr. E. B. Elliot acted as master of ceremonies, announcing the names and standing of each dog in proper order before an interested audience. We did not envy the "Professor's" task, for the dogs entered fully into the fun of the thing and echoed in their own fashion all the nice things Mr. Elliott had to say about them.

This is the first show the Nashville people have had under A. K. C. rules, and in talking over the matter with Mr. Stockton he informed us that the club's affiliation with the A.K.C. and the consequent necessity of "listing" or registering the dogs, had affected the entry very decidedly. The local people could not be brought to consider in an A. K. C. light the benefits that would accrue to them by paying a quarter extra for the additional privilege of paying a two dollar entry fee, which latter they also looked upon as an imposition, the entries last year having been free. Thus it came about that the Nashville dog held aloof and left the spoils to the visitors. Ben Lewis had a string of about fifty, nearly a third of the show, and thus secured the handler's prize of $25. John H. Naylor had a collection of Chicago dogs, but their quality in some breeds was second rate. "Justice of the Peace" Naylor consoled himself, however, in reflecting that this might be his last show, as the duties of his justice's office would be materially increased before long. A canal is to be cut through his bailiwick, and as some thousands of navvies are to be employed, "Die-hard" Naylor with his knowledge of their nature fully expects the emoluments of the office will be so materially increased that he need have no care for the morrow. For his sake, not the navvies', we trust his anticipations will be realized.

### Mr. Reick Buys Sir Bedivere.

"I've bought Sir Bedivere to add to my string. I'm sorry I can't see you, but I'm off to Europe on Wednesday. Sincerely, W. C. REICK." In these few words are we given to understand that the finest St. Bernard yet seen on the bench is now an inmate of the New York St. Bernard Kennels and a companion of Princess Florence, his only rival; Marvel, Kingston Regent and Refuge II. In St. Bernards there is no denying that Mr. Reick now has a "full house." It is not necessary to go into any details about Sir Bedivere, the king of St. Bernards needs no padding.

His record and the sensational price Mr. Sears gave for him is in the knowledge of every one. Mr. Sears, by this sale, seems in earnest in his wish to leave the fancy, and we can only regret that he should see fit to take such a step. We draw attention to Mr. Reick's intention to dispose of his brood bitches with the exception of Princess Florence, and it is his intention to confine his kennel to stud dogs only. To a busy man like Mr. Reick this is perhaps a wise decision, as a breeding kennel in keeping with his array of stud dogs would entail much worry, trouble and disappointment. Princess Florence was bred again to Marvel, Dec. 12, and let us hope another Duke of Maplecroft may be the result. Mr. Harry L. Friend has been engaged to look after the kennel, and his experience with dogs should enable him to put this crack kennel down in good shape at next W.K.C. show.

### The Gallup vs. Belmont Case.

In the *Kennel Gazette* for November we find the decision in full of the Court of Appeals in the Gallup vs. Belmont *et al* case. Quoting the opinion of the judges as to the effect of disqualification on the plaintiff's character he says: "What those officers (Albany K. C.) are disqualified from doing is not told to the public in the alleged libel. The question here is not as to the actual vote of the committee, but relates to the *effect on the public of the publication as to the character of the plaintiff*. There is nothing disgraceful in being disqualified. Judges of the Court of Appeals and justices of the Supreme Court are disqualified from acting at the end of the year in which they become seventy years old. It would not be libelous to publish the fact that one of these officers had become disqualified to serve. * * * If it were a matter of public knowledge to exhibit or take prizes at such a show required the possession of high intellectual moral or social qualities than the publication of a statement that he was disqualified might be considered a statement that he did not possess these qualities, and therefore 'one calculated to injure his charater,' etc., and the interlocutory judgment overruling the demurrer was reversed and judgment entered for the defendants on the demurrer with costs as stated in FOREST AND STREAM at the time.

### A Dog Show at Seattle.

The exhibit of dogs and poultry given in Seattle last January was so successful that it is to be repeated. The Western Washington Poultry Association and the Seattle Kennel Club will join in their second annual exhibit during the week beginning Jan. 9, 1893. The members of the two organizations are bent on making the event the best show of the kind ever held on the coast, and are working hard with that end in view.

### A New Cocker.

Mr. W. B. Palmer, of Hamilton, Canada, has purchased of Mr. T. McK. Robertson the black cocker dog Obo III. Obo III. is by champion Obo (Farrow's) out of Gipping Floss. Obo III. was imported by Mr. Robertson direct from the kennels of James Farrow, England, and will no doubt prove a valuable acquisition to the cocker world on this side.

### Sale of Philos IX.

During the Nashville show Mr. Frank S. Anderson, through Mr. Naylor, sold the Russian wolfhound Philos IX., to a local gentleman, Mr. Drouillard, for $175, and when we left, this gentleman was also considering favorably the proposition to purchase Kaluga at $100, from Mr. Roger Williams. Mr. Drouillard wished to be original and get out of the beaten path. It only shows that these dogs only require extensive showing to become generally known and admired.

### A Kennel Club for Hoboken.

There is a movement on foot in the above town to organize a kennel club, and a meeting for the purpose was to be held last week at Mr. George C. Rnuton's residence. Messrs. W. W. Pollock, George Brandt and D. P. Foster are interested in the movement. It is expected that if a club is formed a show will be given in the Curling Rink at some future date.

### Elmira Dog Show.

The Elmira Kennel Club have decided on the following dates for their first annual bench show: March 15, 16, 17 and 18, 1893. We are members of the American Kennel Club and intend holding a first-class bench show.—C. A. BOWMAN, Secretary.

### Rough on All of Them.

Bill Lovick's bull-terrier got his head stuck in a pitcher, and Bill cut off the head to save the pitcher, and then broke the pitcher to get the head out! But could he have done any different? C. H.

After Mr. E. B. Bishop's plucky spirit in sending his dogs so far from home to run at the field trials, it is discouraging that several of his dogs are unable, through sickness, to keep their engagements. Elphin, the smart Irish setter bitch which is said to be pretty as a picture when in health, is down with distemper at Lexington, N. C., and ch. Ruby Glenmore is in season. Elphin probably caught distemper at Columbus, O., trials, as we hear of others who have been similarly affected. Mr. Stafford, of Trenton, Tenn., had word from home, while attending the Nashville show, that two of the youngsters he had at Elizabethtown and Columbus are coming down with the dread disease.

A live stock insurance company, limited, has been formed in England, among the officers of which are several well-known fanciers. Dogs are insured against loss through injury by fire or accident and through death by natural causes, from the ages of one to seven years, at the rate of 7½ per cent. of two-thirds of their market value. In such a country as Great Britain, where the number of valuable dogs is so extensive, we should think that such a company would meet with support. There has been something of the sort suggested for this country, but there are scarely sufficient dogs to make such a venture remunerative.

Mr. Fred Duckworth, who was over here in 1881, and is a well-known bull-terrier man, is giving a show at Fleetwood, Lancashire, England. Mr. Duckworth owned Victoria, the noted bull-terrier bitch, and from him the late Mr. Ed. Porter purchased her in 1884, afterward doing a lot of winning with her in this country.

Mr. Jos. S. Diggle shows his interest in collies not only as secretary of the Northern and Midland Sheep Dog Club, of England, but in a more practicable manner by repurchasing what is considered about the best collie bitch living—Lady Christopher—for $2,200, with two puppies thrown in. He followed this up by paying $300 for the new dog Anfield Glen.

This is Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s year in field trialdom, and in the same sense is it Mr. C. M. Tucker's, his manager and handler. Winning nearly $3,000 is not a bad season's work and exceeds even Mr. D. E. Rose's phenomenal run of last year. Mr. Lorillard has met defeat year after year with sportsmanlike stoicism, so that his run of good fortune this year by the aid of Lora and Rod's Sue is particularly gratifying. Mr. Tucker seems to take his success as a matter of course, and whether chewing the "cud" of bitterness in defeat or "Solace" in triumph, his features carry the same old look of immobility.

On Saturday evening, after the All-Age Setter Stake was decided at Lexington, N. C., Mr. Avent cast off his foxhounds, about eight couple, on a drag that had been laid to the village about four miles distant. The crowd was left at the start, and Messrs. Bayard Thayer, H. B. Duryea, J. M. Avent, B. Waters and "Dog Chat" followed through a nasty piece of woodland, when the two first-named missed the line. After a capital run, in which the FOREST AND STREAM men had the hounds to themselves for a mile or two, they were joined again by Mr. Avent and the hounds carried us straight to the village at a clipping pace. The music was glorious and the speed of the hounds such that we can quite enter into Mr. Avent's enthusiasm for his well-known strain. This is a pleasant diversion in the monotony of the field trials, and Mr. Avent is to be congratulated on the happy thought.

We trust it is not a freak of fancy, though we hear from a reliable source, that Mr. Huber, of Huber's Museum, New York city, intends to give a series of special dog shows in his museum. Our informant tells us that Great Danes will have the first call, Mr. Huber being himself a German, and an admirer of the breed. About four or five hundred dollars will be given in prizes, and Spratts Co., we believe, will bench and feed. A show of St. Bernards will follow in due season. Thus are the kennel interests of this country advanced and brought to public notice in strange and divers places.

Many a man will fight if you kick his dog who lets his wife carry in all the wood.—*Indianapolis Ram's Horn.*

A mistake or two crept into the report of Brooklyn show. Mr. Codington informs me that it was his St. Bernard dog Roland and not Roland, Jr., that won at Danbury show. In speaking of the bulldog not being broken up enough it should have been in "face" not "foreface."

When the Cumberland Kennel Co. were advised that Mr. Nichols was willing to sell Melac and his dogs, they sent Mr. Goodwin at once to Chicago. The latter saw Mr. Nichols, wired price, which was sent by wire, and Harry Goodman came back richer in the possession of Melac and seven young dogs.

An important meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queens Hotel, Toronto, Dec. 20, at 3 P. M. The business done at the last meeting, which the president declared illegal, will be reconsidered.

The appreciation of our kennel special columns is increasing every week. We find that in this issue J. L. Luhn has trained pointer for sale; J. Dinkel, pointer bitch; Box 735 bull pups; Corktown kennels, cocker spaniels; P. M. Carman, pointer pups; H. M. Altick, English setter pups; Dr. W. Jarvis' noted Irish setter bitch, Maid; Merry Mount kennels, Great Dane pup; Ed. Carrier, well bred English setter pups; H. V. Jamieson, trained beagles and bitches in whelp; Chas. E. Bunn, mastiff pups; E. H. Moore, three litters St. Bernards; W. H. Pierce, a Paul Gladstone dog; C. Perrin Lawshe, bull bitch pup; J. F. Stoddard, broken beagles; Maumee Kennels, Rip Rap puppies, also Duke of Hessen pups out of well bred bitches; Rockland Kennels' Sale catalogue No. 1. New York St. Bernard Kennels, all their brood bitches. In the stud, attention is drawn to the New York St. Bernard Kennels' advt. of grand stud dogs, including Sir Bedivere.

Another year, profiting by experience, it would be well for the Hermitage Club to eliminate their puppy and novice classes, and this would enable them to give a better premium list to the smaller breeds. It is the intention of the club to materially increase its prize list. After the show was over Mr. Stockton intended to set to work and organize a circuit for next fall, in which Louisville will take the initiative, followed by Nashville, then Memphis, with St. Louis to close the run. This would certainly afford an excellent opportunity to get a good class of dogs, and as the shows would be held in December the fall list of shows would equal, if not exceed, that of the spring.

The Hepburn Kennels sold their young great Dane Leader to a gentleman in Central America at a long figure after the Brooklyn show, and the dog arrived at its destination in good shape. The Hepburn Kennels are importing a number of new ones, which will arrive in time for the W. K. C. show.

The English papers are full of the Birmingham show, which was a pronounced success in everything but the judging, which seems to have given anything but satisfaction in some of the breeds. Strange to say, in many of these cases the judges were known as "breeders, exhibitors and owners" for years back, of the breeds they adjudicated upon. The entries numbered 1,300. Further discussion of the show must be left for another week.

Dockleaf, the new star in the bulldog firmament, cost Mr. Woodiwiss $1,250, and at his first appearance beat all the cracks, winning two firsts and seven specials.

Absence at the Nashville show and the field trials has resulted in several news notes and business communications, sent privately to us, being neglected. We would urge upon our friends the fact that all business communications should be sent to the business manager to insure timely attention.

Mr. Bowden, the hero, or otherwise, of the photograph, intends to bring out ten shepherds with their dogs from different parts of England and Wales, and hold sheepdog trials at the World's Fair show. None but the best will be brought over in men and dogs, so *Stock-Keeper* says. All expenses to the shepherds with their dogs will be guaranteed and railroad passes have been furnished in this country. This enterprise should give a great impetus to the sheepdog trials in this country.

The New England Field Trial Club will hold their annual meeting at the Hotel Thorndike, Boston, on Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1893, at 7 P. M. A change in the constitution is contemplated.

We have received a copy of the second edition of the Am. Spaniel Club's Book, but have not yet had time to look through it.

The noted greyhounds Henmore King and Chips, imported by the Manatang Kennels, arrived early this month and were sent to Mr. Huntington's kennels. With them also came the fox-terrier Huic Holloa (Daviden—Dusky Grace).

## FATEFUL PORTENT OF THE DOG'S HOWL.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Nov. 29.—Much valuable information is constantly elicited through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM by the intelligent discussion of abstruse psychological and biological questions. I have been much interested in past years with investigations of a varied character, and more recently with the "panther's scream." Now, let us have your readers' views upon the "dog's howl." Does it portend death? Last April a strange dog came up on the stoop of a very dear friend's house in Jersey City and howled until it was driven away, and that night his married daughter living in the same city died. Last night, again, the brother of the Mayor of New Berne died. That same morning the Mayor's dog, an Irish setter, sat up and howled. I heard him myself, for I live directly opposite. Both these instances are authentic, and have come under my personal notice. H.

## UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The U. S. F. T. Club's second annual field trials will be continued on the grounds of the Southern Field Trial Club, at New Albany, Miss., beginning with the Setter Derby, Monday, Feb. 13, 1893, which will be followed with the Pointer All-Age Stake and the Setter All-Age Stake in the order named. All dogs on which the second payment has been made in the Setter Derby and first payment in the all-age stakes will be eligible to start on payment of the starting fee. P. T. MADISON, Sec.-Treas.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Molly Glendyne II.—Glen Jarvis.* Glendyne Kennels' (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Molly Glendyne II. (Glen Jarvis—Molly Glendyne) to their Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), Oct. 3.

*Gem of Kippen—Duke of Hessen.* Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Gem of Kippen to their champion Duke of Hessen, Nov. 15.

*Lady—Conrad II.* W. W. Tucker's collie bitch Lady to Hempstead Farm's Conrad II., Nov. 15.

——*—Robert le Diable.* J. Van Pelt's pointer bitch —— to Hempstead Farm's champion Robert le Diable, Nov. 8.

*Hempstead Meg—Woodmansterne Trefoil.* Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Hempstead Meg to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, Oct. 14.

*Hempstead Countess—Conrad II.* Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Hempstead Countess to their Conrad II., Oct. 14.

——*—Robert le Diable.* H. E. Rice's pointer bitch —— to Hempstead Farm's champion Robert le Diable, Oct. 14.

*Marguerite II.—Duke of Hessen.* J. H. Dey's pointer bitch Marguerite II. to Hempstead Farm's champion Duke of Hessen, Oct. 19.

*Hempstead Lorna—Woodmansterne Trefoil.* Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Hempstead Lorna to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, Oct. 6.

*Lass of Bow—Sandford Duid.* J. H. Smith's pointer bitch champion Lass of Bow to Hempstead Farm's Sandford Druid, Oct. 1.

*Meadow Brook Meg—Conrad II.* Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Meadow Brook Meg to their Conrad II., Oct. 1.

*Lady Ellis—Woodmansterne Trefoil.* Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Lady Ellis to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, Oct. 1.

*Boski—Duke of Hessen.* C. B. Pineo's pointer bitch Boski to Hempstead Farm's champion Duke of Hessen, Oct. 1.

——*—Woodmansterne Trefoil.* Col. L. G. Cannon's collie bitch —— to Hempstead Farm's Woodmansterne Trefoil, Sept. 21.

*Lucille Kirke—Duke of Hessen.* A. Borie's (Louisville, Ky.) pointer bitch Lucille Kirke to Hempstead Farm's champion Duke of Hessen, Aug. 30.

*Wild Lilly—Pontiac.* G. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) pointer bitch Wild Lilly (champion King of Kent—Lass of Kent) to his champion Pontiac (Milton Bang II.—Climax), Nov. 15.

*Wanda—Pontiac.* G. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) pointer bitch Wanda (champion Graphic—Lady Vinnie) to his champion Pontiac (Milton's Bang II.—Climax), Nov. 2.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Georgiana.* Glendyne Kennels' (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Georgiana (Bixbye Ruby—Victoria), Oct. 3, seven (six dogs), by their Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid).

*Sedan.* Glendyne Kennels' (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Sedan (Chester D. Herald—Nancy), Oct. 25, one dog, by their Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid).

*Dimples.* Albion Beagle Kennels' (Toronto, Ont.) beagle bitch Dimples (Duster—Ringlett), Nov. 16, five (two dogs), by Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora).

*Zmeika.* Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) Russian wolfhound bitch Zmeika, Oct. 15, fourteen (eight dogs), by Duchess of Newcastle's Kaissack.

*Woodmansterne Deborah.* Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Woodmansterne Deborah, Sept. 21, eight (four dogs), by Rev. Hans F. Hamilton's Woodmansterne Crack.

*Lucille Kirke.* A. Borie's (Louisville, Ky.) pointer bitch Lucille Kirke, Oct. 30, ten (seven dogs), by Hempstead Farm's champion Duke of Hessen.

*Lou.* E. A. Carrier's (Westchester, Conn.) English setter bitch Lou (Gen. Ely's Breeze—Bessie Dale), Nov. 5, eleven (four dogs), by V. L. Bossa's Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Cinch's Pride.* Black, white and tan ticked English setter dog, whelped Sept. 8, 1892, by Cinch out of Delaware Girl, by Liberty Kennels, Hyattsville, O., to Rosenfeld Bros., Delaware, O.

*Seacroft Romulus.* Fox-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 2, 1891, by D'Orsey out of Damson, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to Prince Galitzin, Russia.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

C. H. W., Baltimore.—I have a fine young thoroughbred Scotch collie. He is in first class trim and very intelligent, but he has one fault, and about this it is I ask you kindly to give me information. He runs to every one that comes to the house, and is friendly to a wild degree. Can anything be done to prevent this? He is five months old. Do you think he will learn better as he grows older? I have tried to keep him away by kindness and by whipping, but with the next comer it is the same thing over again. Would be greatly oblized to you for any advice. Ans. Mr. Hammond, in his "Training vs. Breaking," relates that he has cured such cases by having the persons to whom the dog makes up thrash him, or by other severe measures rebuke his advances. If your collie finds by bitter experience that strangers are to be distrusted he will give over his friendly advances.


## An Unrivalled Route.

There is no better route between the West and East than the Chesapeake & Ohio, a railroad which reaches more health and pleasure resorts, passes through more grand and beautiful scenery, near more great battlefields, and over more historic ground than any other line in America. The famous F. F. V. Limited, running between Louisville, Cincinnati and New York via Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, is worthy of the road. It is a solid vestibuled, electric lighted train, with through dining car ventilated with electric fans, and the handsomest sleepers ever turned out by the Pullman Company, affording every possible comfort and luxury, and is conceded to be without a rival, even in this day of railroad perfection. For time tables and full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or address H. W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*


## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM.

All photographs will be submitted to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities; and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. D. H., Hartford, Conn.—1. Is there a law protecting the hair seals found off the Maine coast? and if so, what is it? 2. When do they breed? 3. Do they remain there all of the year, or do they migrate? and if so, where? 4. Can the skin be used for anything, or is it too oily? Ans.—1. No. 2. On rocky points and outlying ledges along the shore. 3. They remain throughout the year. 4. Yes, for clothing and covering trunks. The flesh is considered very palatable in Greenland. These remarks apply to the common harbor seals (*Phoca vitulina*).

W. P. S., Philadelphia.—Can you give me any information as to rearing and keeping game birds in confinement? Are there any books on the subject, and what are they? Ans.—You will find something in our Natural History columns to-day, a continuation from last week. There are other papers on the subject in FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 3 and Sept. 24, 1891.


## A Worthy Representative.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland, Nov. 16.—I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the many improvments made during the past year and to say how thankful I am for such a clean and healthy paper—a worthy representative of all manly sports, and especially worthy in that you have "the courage of your convictions" and always uphold the right because it is right. I have been a subscriber from your first year, have watched your progress and can speak understandingly, T. R. B.


# Canoeing.

## The Cruise of the Elsa.

*(Concluded from page 502.)*

PASSING Prescott and Ogdensburg, the current becomes stronger and the river begins to break up into different channels, and choosing the one next the Canadian shore as being sure to bring us into the Galop's Canal, we shortened sail in view of possible shallow water and noused the centerboard completely—none too soon! for soon, clukety-clunk went the rudder on the stony bottom over which we were flying along 7 miles an hour. The skipper's heart came into his mouth and he reduced sail still more, but the boat swept clear in this and several more small rips, and as dusk came on we hugged the shore close looking out for the entrance to the canal.

Soon an isolated crib with a flagpole, and beacon appeared ahead, which we rightly conjectured to have some connection with it, and dropping cau tiously past, for it was now quite dark, we espied lights close by, and hailing found we were actually in the canal itself and that all was clear ahead to the first lock, two miles. Hoisting sail again we soon covered the distance and ran into a slip behind a neat steam yacht, mooring "head and tail" for the night opposite the village of Cardinal.

The place was full of canal navvies, for the enlargement was in progress, and for the first time on the cruise it seemed likely that we should pass an uncomfortable night, but we finally found a quiet little inn close to the water and were fed and sheltered.

At 8 A. M. Elsa was duly entered in the canal office books, and paid twenty-five cents for a pass to Montreal. Armed with this document she passed through every lock west of Lachine without delay, except where other vessels were actually in the chamber before us, and in no single case was there a murmur from the tenders at being obliged to open the heavy gates for so tiny a craft.

Speeding down the wide canal below the locks with a fair breeze behind us and no anxiety about tacks or shoals, now chasing a flock of geese and anon exchanging salutations with the farmers and teamsters upon the towpath, Elsa and I were glad to acknowledge that, contrary to our expectations the passage of the canals, while not exciting, was by no means the least pleasant of our experiences.

Five miles brought us to another lock at the lower end of the canal and we passed again out on to the great rolling river for a short distance, when we entered the Rapide Flat at Morrisburg Canal. Here steam shovels and dredges were at work at intervals all the way along, and we experienced some little delay in getting past them, especially at one point where we met the steamer Alexandria coming up just where a large dredge occupied half the channel.

Hanging in the wind for a minute, Elsa waited until the big fellow's stern was clear and then hailed the captain upon his lofty perch and asked if she could pass. The august officer not returning any answer and the gap widening, the helm was put up and we darted for the opening, when lo! to the skipper's disgust, a line was hove from the steamer to the dredge, across our bows. Fearful of carrying away a spar and perhaps being dragged foul of the steamer's wheel, Elsa's helm was promptly laid hard across her, and leaving no room to come up in, she crashed into the bank with a thud which made everything on board jump.

The skipper for the first time on the voyage stood upon his quarter-deck and roundly abused the exalted commander on the steamboat, the more so as a clumsy deckhand had on his touching the bank jumped aboard the little yacht in order the better to be able to grasp and carry ashore another line from the vessel's bows—and was chewing up the dainty varnished foredeck with his great hobnailed boots. The captain taking the abuse very meekly and disclaiming any intention of violating the rights of the pigmy half-tonner alongside, Elsa's crew overcame their inclination to run into and sink the 200-tonner, and contented themselves with carrying the deckhand half a mile down the canal before setting him ashore. This was the only occasion on which Elsa met with discourtesy on the whole voyage.

At Morrisburg we landed for a few minutes only, fearing after our late start and numerous delays that we had lost too much time to be able to afford a dinner ashore. So the steward purchased a large bunch of grapes and off these and some crackers and cheese the crew made a meal.

So we flew along with a fair breeze and a current which ran at times three or four knots. The channel was most puzzling, sometimes hugging one bank and sometimes swinging round an island and over to the other, so that we had to jibe repeatedly and at times haul close to the wind. The meal was consequently taken by fits and starts in the intervals of straight running.

Overestimating our speed, we ran into the Farran's Point canal in mistake for the Cornwall and lost a half hour in locking when we might just as well have run the rapid, but by 4 P. M. we were fairly in the Cornwall canal, and landed on the tow path for a view of the Long Sault rapids.

While the Lachine are the best known and most celebrated, and the Cedars and Cascades probably more beautiful and diversified, the Long Sault is, I think, the wildest and most turbulent of the St. Lawrence River. One gets some idea of the volume and power of the great river as he watches the mighty surges and reflects that steamers of over 8ft. draft can pass over without touching. I believe it is an established fact that the mail steamers run through them some nine miles in all at an average speed of thirty miles an hour. As their speed is something less than fifteen miles in still water the velocity of the current must be about the same, which in spite of the picturesque accounts of travelers who shoot the rapids of comparatively paltry streams in bark canoes at "express train" speed, is an enormous velocity for moving water.

I got some idea as I looked of the labor of the earlier settlers and boatmen who started from Lachine with their Dedham boats and patiently "poled" and "tracked" with a line up the whole series of "chutes." And what shall be said of the nerve of the voyageur who first undertook to pilot one of the huge, unwieldy, square timber rafts of former days through that appalling vortex of tumbling and seething billows.

One of the most exciting passages I have ever made was that of the rapid of the same name on the Ottawa. The surges seemed paltry compared to those I was looking upon, but I remember that at times but little was visible of the forward portion of the raft except the bodies above the waist of the rowers pulling like steam engines at the great sweeps which steered her. Apart from the size of its "bouillons," the long Sault is an easy rapid to run, and few accidents have occurred upon it.

Evening was approaching, and wishing to have a clear day for Lake St. Francis on the morrow we could not linger as long as we could have wished over the fascinating scene. Starting again, the wind fell light, and we drifted slowly down upon Mille Roches, stopping at the hotel upon the bank for supper. Just at dusk a tug came down with a huge scow, and paddling out to her she obligingly caught our painter and towed us some three miles further. Here in a lock we overtook a tow of great grain barges and went through the remaining locks and on to Cornwall in their company, airing our French a little in conversation with the crew, all French Canadians. It was midnight before the last lock was passed and we pulled out on to the moonlit river and nearly 1 A. M. before Elsa found a comfortable and safe berth; so after trying in vain to arouse the inmates at three several hotels, we accepted gratefully a cot and a blanket in the lock tender's barracks, and were soon fast asleep.

Waking at daylight, we found a light easterly breeze blowing up the river and our tow of barges already departed, and wishing to make Valleyfield, if possible, that night, we pushed out at once into the great gray river, and were soon aided by the powerful current, making good headway beating from shore to shore. Landing three or four miles down we had breakfast at a farmhouse, and brought aboard some delicious apples. Breeze still ahead and failing, and at noon Elsa had only got fairly out on the lake and abreast of Lancaster. With a light air from the south, just sufficient to give steerage way but not enough to ruffle the polished steel metal surface of the water, we drew slowly down the shallow expanse, past several lighthouses on tiny artificial islands, praying for a breeze which never came.

As the afternoon drew on the sky became overcast and threatened rain, and at 5 P. M. we were fain to work ashore near a lighthouse at Pte. à Beaudet, just within the Province of Quebec. Our customary good luck brought us to comfortable quarters again, Elsa swinging in a shallow, reed encircled lagoon, and her crew reposing in the best room of a comfortable farmhouse, whose owner obstinately refused to receive any remuneration for his entertainment.

It had been a long day, and the crew were thoroughly tired. The morning broke rainy and dull, and it was Sunday morning withal, so it was later than usual ere the skipper bestirred himself, and nearly 9 before he had things ready for a start. The weather had meantime cleared a little, and a light northwesterly breeze was blowing, so sail was made without delay, and Elsa was headed for Valleyfield, 12 miles away on the opposite side of the lake. The big bridge over the river at Coteau soon began to loom up in the distance, and in an hour the spires of Valleyfield were in sight.

The breeze almost died away at one time and we began to fear that we should not have enough to stem the nasty cross current which makes the Beauharnais Canal so awkward to enter, but it luckily freshened again as we neared the range lights, and threading our way through the crooked channel we entered the canal a little after 11 A.M. A big Detroit propeller was coming out and we exchanged compliments with her captain as she swept by.

At the guard lock we suffered a few minutes' detention while some barges which had come down ahead of us were locked through and were the center of an admiring group of Sunday idlers. Then the great gates opened and we slipped in alongside of another barge which was awaiting her turn. In a few minutes we were through, and the breeze having gained strength in the interval we bowled merrily along the canal, which being retained on the north or weatherside by an embankment for its entire length, offering no obstruction to the wind, afforded some fine sailing.

A mile or two down we overhauled a pedestrian and took him aboard, greatly to his delight. Occasionally we caught beautiful glimpses of the rapids, and our friend pointed out the spot where the Columbian got ashore and was with great difficulty got off again. About five miles' run brought us to the first lift lock, after which they came at very short intervals, 7 or 8 in all, and at 4 P.M. we paddled out on to the final reach of water, Lake St. Louis.

Montreal Mountain showed up boldly ahead and it seemed as though we should easily make Dorval, some thirteen miles off, before 7 o'clock; but it was not to be. Getting abreast of Beauharnais the wind backed to the north and then to the northeast and dead ahead. It began to blow hard, too, raising an ugly, short, choppy sea; it was very cold and getting rapidly dark, and working under the lee of Isle Perrot the skipper landed to inquire for a berth. Some sportsmen with guns directed him to a wharf about a mile further back, behind which Elsa found a comfortable berth, and on the bank above the crew found a house whose inmates agreed to shelter them for the night.

In good time next morning Elsa shoved off and started for her last 10 mile sail, and an interesting and exciting one it was, with the water broken by reefs and shoals, and the wind coming in angry gusts out of the northeast. Clearing the shoals at last we took a long stretch to the northwest, and getting under the lee of the Montreal Island with smoother water the crew sponged out the water and shook the reefs out of the mainsail, and away we went past Pte. Claire and Valois Bay, until at 10.30 a line of masts announced the quarters of the St. Lawrence Y. C. fleet. Coming in stays opposite them Elsa ran merrily in among them, and fifteen minutes later we were at anchor and shaking hands heartily with the caretaker, and receiving his congratulations on the successful termination of the voyage.

In spite of the persistent heavy weather which was experienced all through Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte, the run had been a thoroughly enjoyable one, which the writer hopes to repeat again next summer in a still better boat, taking in if possible the A. C. A. meet as he goes. The Thousand Islands and the Bay of Quinte are ideal cruising grounds for a singlehander, and he would have been glad to spend more time among them than the day and a half consumed between Kingston and Brockville.

One great drawback experienced was the want of sleeping accommodations aboard. Not that the crew were subjected to any hardship or discomfort, but because of the anxiety which a properly constituted single-hander always suffers from when away from his boat. To camp ashore is almost out of the question, so much time being necessary to rig up and break camp, and cook. Elsa, or her successor, will be so fitted next summer that the crew can sleep and cook aboard.

I am repeatedly asked whether it is not lonely cruising by one's self all day. A man who can not find sufficient companionship in his boat, books, charts and barometer, and, above all, in communion with nature and her works, is no stuff of which to make a single hander, and had better ship aboard a big yacht with a few dozen of beer and a case of champagne. For myself, while I enjoy an afternoon sail with a boon companion, and the excitement of an occasional race with another boat, I find continual association with the same individual in a small boat much more likely to become irksome than solitude. "Two hearts which beat as one" are quite impossible to find, at any rate if they both belong to persons of the same sex. I have never felt lonely on any of my solitary voyages. "Never less alone than when alone." Hence, I have no use for any boat too large or too unhandy to be sailed by myself.

Six years ago I was one of Mr. Kuhardt's few supporters in his advocacy of the yawl rig, and I am still of the same mind and can find nothing which for all-round work is at all comparable with it.

Elsa, as will be seen from her photograph, is a cat yawl, an enlarged canoe, in fact. She is decidedly fast under the rig and handier than most boats, but she has two decided faults—without a jib it is difficult to get enough sail and good balance without carrying it very high aloft, which means diminished stiffness and a very heavy mast right in the eyes, and again, in a regular snorter it is impossible to stow a mere corner of the mainsail to lie to under without giving her some of the mizzen as well, owing to the forward position of the center of effort of mainsail. I purpose, therefore, coming back to the regular yawl, with mast stepped some 3 or 4ft. from the stem, and stayed if necessary.

I can heartily indorse the sail plan of La Gloria as very nearly the right thing. As for the model it is fine, but why cut the handsome fantail square off and clap a transom on, when the lines carried out fair would have allowed the boomkin to be dispensed with; and what is the objection to more dead rise and ballast where it would increase the power and ability of the boat so greatly. The bow lines are a trifle too full for my fancy, and I should imagine them rather conducive to splashing and pounding, but everything depends on the use and the waters for which the boat is intended. It is very pleasant indeed to see that, after good-humored arguments over points of design, the editor and the undersigned have so nearly touched one another in their ideas of what constitutes a first-rate single-hander.

COBOURG, Can. H. K. WICKSTEED.

## Royal C. C.

THE autumn general meeting of the Royal Canoe Club was held, or partly held, on Wednesday last; that is to say, that, the business before the meeting not having been concluded at a late hour, the meeting stands adjourned to some day early in December, to be fixed by the committee. The business of the evening was of an important character in more ways than one; it resulted in a complete change of officers, the adoption of Y. R. A. rating instead of over-all length for canoe yawls, the non-acceptance of sliding seats in the first class, and the passing by a majority of the new general purpose class (subject, however, to further consideration as to the effect of the rule in relation to majorities of votes). The election of captain to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late captain, John Macgregor, was the first business. The names of Mr. George Herbert and of Mr. W. Baden-Powell ("Nautilus") were proposed. The meeting by a small majority decided that the election should proceed without any discussion as to qualifications. Mr. Baden-Powell thereupon declined to stand for the captaincy, and subsequently declined to be nominated as a "mate." Mr. Herbert was elected captain, and Messrs. Nisbet and Webster as mates.

The motion for the admission of sliding deck seats produced a very lively and long discussion, and when voted upon, though a majority was obtained, the requisite majority of two-thirds of the members present was not obtained. We think in the interests of canoe sailing that the loss of the motion is most unfortunate. The meeting then, with only one dissentient vote, passed the alteration of the rule of classification of canoe yawls, which now reads as follows: "A canoe yawl shall not exceed 20ft. in length over all; she shall not be of less beam than 3ft.; the depth from upper side of deck to under side of keel (measured at any point) shall not exceed 3ft.; no ballast shall be carried outside or below the garboards, excepting centre plates or drop keels; no transom or counter-stern. For racing purposes a canoe yawl shall not exceed the Y.R.A. rating of 0.5, found by $\frac{\text{Length of L.W.L.} \times \text{Sail Area}}{6000}$ in accordance with the Y.R.A. rules.

The certificate of such rating granted by the Y.R.A. or the Thames Boat Sailing Association (same rule) shall be deemed the yawl's rating, subject to verification by the R.C.C. committee at any time if necessary. The L.W.L. length shall be marked at each end, and such marks shall be visible above water when the yawl is lying in smooth water in complete and usual racing trim."

The next business was the introduction of a new rule, viz.: "New class, general canoe." As this is not finally settled, we defer setting it out till after the decision as to the voting has been settled. The point is possibly peculiar, and though we hold no personal doubt thereon, the question being now under consideration we give no opinion, but merely state the rule, thus: "No *rule* of the club shall be *changed* unless at a general meeting after due notice given of the proposed change; such *alteration* shall be approved by two-thirds of the members present at the time of voting"—the italics are ours. The question to be decided is whether a new rule proposed which does not *change* any existing rule of the club is subject to the ordinary rule of a bare majority vote, or to the particular vote above stated. The business in relation to proposed new club quarters on the Thames, a question which probably includes that of the future locality of the club races was, for want of time, adjourned, as also a motion in the alternative of the "new class" is not passed. The business at the adjourned meeting is, therefore, as important as that which was taken on Wednesday.—*Field.*

We learn with regret that Mr. Ford Jones, for so long one of the leading sailors in the A. C. A., is out of canoeing for some years, in all probability, as he leaves this week for Calgary, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, to enter a legal partnership there.

### Driftwood from the East.

What an elegant showing Commodore Winne and Treasurer Wackerhagen have made with the A. C. A. finances during the past year. Something unique isn't it, this financial management of the funds so as to show that an economical administration can run the A. C. A. to a profit of $500 a year? Heavens, what a prospect! Why we'll own Willsboro in a few years at that rate. A permanent camp has, by the way, always been a hobby of mine. I don't believe that the men would get wearied of a permanent camp. Put it where you please, so long as it is permanent. One could then bargain on his vacation expenses to a dollar, and in my opinion more men would frequent the meets. Say what you will, the percentage of attendance at the A. C. A. meets is rather small—less than a quarter, as a rule.

The Massasoit C. C. held a very successful ball recently at Bethesda Hall, South Boston. Several new boats of home construction will be added to the club fleet next season. It is rumored that a fast paddler or two are being developed from the membership of this club.

A local meet will be held in Boston Harbor next season under the auspices of the Puritan C. C. Date to be decided later. Hereafter this meet will be an annual fixture. Useful prizes only will be raced for, with the exception of sailing and paddling trophies, open to all clubs within twelve miles of Boston.

The club fleet of the Puritan C. C. is degenerating in character, from a canoe standpoint. As the members grow older and stouter the canoes are running to *embonpoint* also. That is to say the canoe, as far as the strict definition goes, is disappearing. There are three 16½ft.×36in., three 16ft.×42in., two 19ft.×42in., and one 17ft.×42in. canoe yawls. Secretary Cartwright is the latest aspirant for "pot-bellied" honors, with a 15ft.×48in. Gloriana bowed craft. She will be provided with bilge boards and be used as a cruiser along the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The P. C. C. will give their usual entertainment. Look out for something unique, so the committee says. Winter sailing has increased in proportion to the beam of the canoes in this club this season, and every pleasant Sunday finds some one on the water.

The new officers of the Eastern Division have taken the arduous duties of their respective offices upon their shoulders, and now let us all bear a hand to keep all our old members and gather in plenty of new material, in order that the Eastern Division, as usual, may do her duty. The Puritan C. C. now numbers forty members and we'll all be in it during the next year.

But three clubs having responded to the call for contributions for the Eastern Division sailing and paddling trophies, the idea has been given up and the money refunded. The Shuh-shuh-gah C. C., of Winchester; the Wamesit C. C., of Lowell; and the Puritan C. C., of Boston, were the three clubs responding. I am afraid "barnacles" were as fatal to this scheme as "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" was to the Republican party in '84.

I went up to the Vesper Boat Club phonograph concert recently expressly to hear myself sing. I found myself seated in next to the front row of chairs and immediately in front of several fascinatingly beautiful young ladies of my acquaintance. At last it was my number. I pulled down my waistcoat and looked pleasant. The "juice" was turned on and the cylinder revolved slowly. At last a stentorian whisper emanated from the big tin trumpet, ending in a suppressed guggle from the instrument and giggle from the audience. I turned up my coat collar to keep people from noticing the rosy red color of my neck in back. The operator excused himself and said there wasn't power enough on the instrument, so he put more on. My neck and ears having resumed their usual peach-blossom tint I turned down my collar. The next verse sounded like one of those two-dollar-and-a-half dolls that say "mmama" and "papa" when squeezed. Some one squeezed me from the seats behind as if trying to get more sound. The operator got nervous, and getting desperate turned on all the power, when the last words came out of that trumpet, accumulator, I think they call it, in such a volume of sound that it made the windows rattle. I fainted, and it was not until several internal applications of "Vesper water" had been made that I recovered my equanimity. The diminuendos and crescendos of the phonograph are too marked, I think. But the Vesper men are a hospitable lot just the same. Ilex.

## Yachting.

Two facts appear on the face of the committee's report; in the first place the absurd offer of Lord Dunraven in his first letter to "sail a series of matches under the rules of the *new deed of gift*" has been put forward most emphatically as the basis of all subsequent negotiations and agreements. In the second place, the final acceptance of the challenge by the New York Y. C. is based on a series of brief and loosely-worded cable messages between the committee and Lord Dunraven, the Royal Yacht Squadron not being represented in any way in this vital part of the negotiations. The result is that Lord Dunraven has committed the Squadron to a race under the new deed of gift, a position as humiliating to British pride as it is gratifying to Com. Gerry and his able staff.

The past week brings the news of two more large cutters in addition to the Dunraven and Carroll yachts, and promises a certain revival of racing in the largest class. Mr. Watson has received an order from the Prince of Wales for a very large racing cutter, presumably 90ft. l.w.l., and another order from the Emperor of Germany for a large cutter. Undoubtedly the patronage of royalty will give a certain boom to the large class, however fictitious and ephemeral it may be, and even some good Americans may be persuaded that a 90ft. cutter is the proper thing now that H. R. H. will own one. At the same time if one yacht is much larger than the others, there will be little real sport, as she is likely to take all prizes by virtue of size.

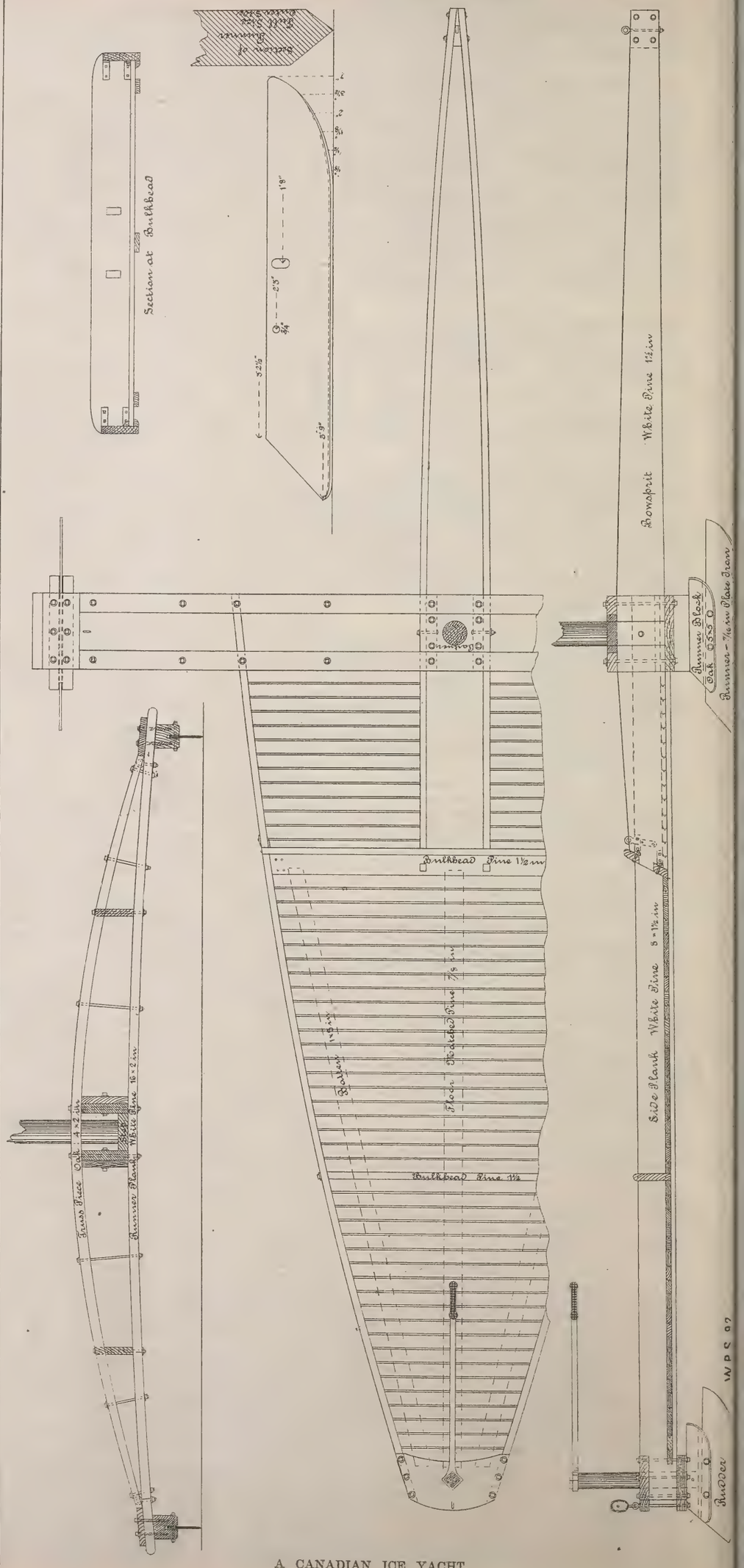
The New York Y. C. having voted to accept Lord Dunraven's challenge, it is taken for granted on this side that the matter is finally settled, and that no further obstacles to the race can interpose. Unless we are greatly mistaken, however, some interesting explanations must follow between Lord Dunraven and the Royal Yacht Squadron in regard to the manner in which his lordship has committed the R. Y. S. to an indorsement of the deed of gift which it once condemned.

### A Canadian Ice Yacht.

Toronto Bay, a clear expanse of fresh water frozen for several months of the year, offers excellent facilities for ice yachting, and though the boats are much smaller than those of the Hudson and Shrewsbury, and racing is not such a feature, ice yachting is very popular and much sailing is done. Many of the yachts are kept on hire and also used regularly to carry passengers between the city and the island, a mile away. They are of simple construction and far less expensive than the Hudson River craft, costing only about $100.

The yacht here illustrated, through the kindness of Mr. J. Ackroyd, one of the principal builders, is a good representative of the class. The construction is so clearly shown in the drawing that but little explanation is needed. The runner plank is of white pine, 2in. thick and 16in. wide, the upper members of the truss being two oak strips, each 2×4in. These are sprung over two pieces of 2in. oak, one on each side of the center of the runner plank. The truss is fastened together with ½in. bolts, as shown, the ends of the oak strips butting against pieces of 1¼in. oak bolted to each end of the runner plank, the same bolts, or lag screws, running down into the runner block. This is of oak, 5×5in., with a groove cut in the lower side, ½in. wide and 2½in. deep to receive the runner.

The mast rests on the runner plank, in a 2in. oak step bolted to plank, and the space at the top between the two oak strips is filled in with a similar partner piece through which the mast passes. The body of the yacht is made of two side planks, each 1½in. white pine 8in. wide, united at the after ends by two stern pieces of 2in. oak, through which the rudder stock works. The side planks are sprung to a curve and the forward ends are bolted into the truss of the runner plank. The floor extends the whole length of the body and is of ⅞in. white pine, battened in sections and removable. It rests on strips screwed to the inside of each side plank on lower edge. There are two transverse planks or bulkheads between the side planks, the forward one raking forward at an angle. These bulkheads are




A CANADIAN ICE YACHT.



SAIL PLAN OF CANADIAN ICE YACHT.

secured by lag screws through the side planks and also by iron knees, two to each end.

The bowsprit is of 1½in. white pine, the two planks being bolted together at the fore ends, while the after ends are tenoned into mortises in the forward bulkhead. The planks of the bowsprit pass outside the two oak uprights of the runner plank, and are secured by one bolt through each plank and upright.

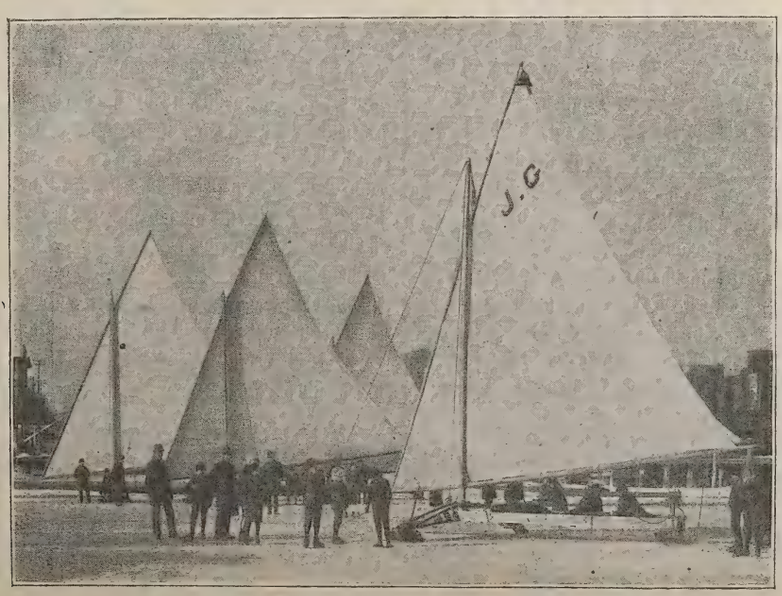
The rudder stock is tenoned into the rudder block, the tiller being of oak or iron. The runners are of boiler plate, beveled as shown, the rudder, of course, having the same bevel on each side. They are hung on two ⅝in. bolts through runner block, the forward hole in runner being oblong, to admit of free play.

yachts are all lateen rigged, with sails of 6 oz. duck, double bighted. The boom and yard are each made of two spruce poles with their butts spliced at the center of the spar; the splice being wrapped with hoop iron for its full length.

Ice yachts are also much used on Burlington Bay, at Hamilton, 30 miles from Toronto, also lateen rigged, but with sheer legs in place of mast. The dimensions of the present boat may readily be reduced to one-half or one-third, making a still cheaper craft.

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The King of Siam's new yacht Maha Chakrkri, when off the mouth of the Tagus, on the coast of Spain, ran down a large whale, her bow ram killing the great fish and supporting it partly above the water until the yacht was stopped, when the carcass slid off into the sea.




GROUP OF ICE YACHTS ON TORONTO BAY.

## The Dunraven Challenge.

About 200 members of the New York Yacht Club were present at the special meeting on Tuesday night, the following yachts being represented in the voting:

Schooners—Dauntless, Caldwell H. Colt; Curlew, W. L. Brooks; Alcaea, Messrs. Charles and L. Vaughan Clark; Atlantic, Messrs. Seely and Marshall; Brunhilde, David H. King; Fenella, Arnold Thayer; Fleetwing, J. R. De Lamar; Iroquois, Ralph N. Ellis; Palmer, Rutherford Stuyvesant; Volunteer, Gen. Charles J. Paine; Gavalia, H. W. Coates, and Lasca, John E. Brooks.

Sloops—Athlon, E. B. Haven; Bedouin, Archibald Rogers; Gloriana, Dr. W. Barton Hopkins; Gulnare, John E. Dwight; Harriet, Messrs. Stanley and Edward J. Greacen; Huron, Rear Commodore W. Butler Duncan, Jr.; Wizard, Ernest Staples; Peri, Gouverneur Kortright; Medusa, Robert Center; Pocahontas, James D. Smith; Saona, Alexander P. Ketchum; Vandal, Henry Stanton, and Ventura, H. D Tiffany.

Steamers—Aida, William P. Douglas; Corsair, J. Pierpont Morgan; Sultana, Trenor L. Park; Electra, Elbridge T. Gerry; Intrepid, Lloyd Phœnix; Vivienne, J. L. Hutchinson; Nooya, William S. Alley, and Stella, Messrs. Abbey, Walcott and Breslin.

The report of the Cup committee was read, giving the entire correspondence with Lord Dunraven and the Royal Yacht Squadron, including the challenge, as follows:

Royal Yacht Squadron Castle,
Cowes, Nov. 25, 1892.

Dear Sir—I am requested by the Earl of Dunraven to forward you a formal challenge for the America's Cup on the following conditions, which, I understand, have been agreed to between Lord Dunraven and the committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club to conduct negotiations and arrange all details, viz:

First—The length upon the load waterline of the challenging vessel to be the only dimensions required. This to be sent with the challenge and the Custom House register to follow as soon as possible.

Second—Any excess over the estimated length on the load waterline of the challenging vessel to count double in calculating time allowance, but the challenging vessel not to exceed in any case such estimated length by more than two per cent. The yacht that sails against the challenging vessel not to exceed the estimated length of the load water line of the challenging vessel by more then two per cent., and any excess of length beyond the estimated length of the challenging vessel on the load waterline to count double in calculating time allowance, provided that no yacht of the specified rig existing or under construction on Oct. 20, 1892, and available for the use of the New York Yacht Club in defending the cup, shall be barred or penalized beyond taking or giving the ordinary time allowance according to the New York Yacht Club rules.

Third—It is to be understood and agreed that should the Cup come into the possession of a British yacht club it shall be held subject to a challenge on precisely similar terms to those contained in this challenge, provided always that each club shall not refuse a challenge, according to the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887.

I therefore, on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron and in the name of the Earl of Dunraven, a member of the squadron, challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Valkyrie against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America for the America's Cup, and I would suggest that the matches should be sailed in August or September, 1893. Lord Dunraven would be glad if the precise date can be left open for a time, but if your committee so desire he will name an exact date on hearing from them.

The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel:

Owner—Earl of Dunraven.

Name of Yacht—Valkyrie.

Rig—Cutter,

Length on Load Water Line—85 feet.

The Custom House measurement will follow as soon as the vessel can be measured for registration.

I shall be much obliged if you will cable me the receipt of this challenge and let me have a reply by letter as soon as the matter has been laid before the committee. I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD GRANT,
Secretary Royal Yacht Squadron.

To J. V. S. ODDIE, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club.

The report of the committee continues:

"In regard to this challenge your committee would report as follows:

"Your committee had agreed to recommend for acceptance a challenge based on Lord Dunraven letter of Nov. 7, in which he writes: 'I trust * * * that a challenge on the terms of my former letter, as herein modified, will be accepted.'

"In the former letter here alluded to, that of Sept. 16 to Mr. Oddie, Lord Dunraven writes: 'I will sail a series of matches under the rules of the new deed of gift, with the following exception and addition:'

"This clause your committee considers as the basis of the whole negotiation.

"The terms of this letter to Mr. Oddie had been declared by the New York Y. C. as acceptable with certain exceptions which do not affect the force of the clause above quoted. The challenge contains no reference or equivalent to this clause, but purporting to recapitulate the stipulations required and agreed to, fails to characterize them as exceptions or additions at all and so does not even imply the existence of other and very important conditions of the deed, such, for instance, as the covenants and agreements required on the part of the winner of the America's Cup under the rules of the new deed of gift. Further, the challenge in no way sanctions the use of the preceding correspondence for the purpose of its interpretation.

"Your committee feared that this omission from the challenge of the explicit statement contained in Lord Dunraven's letter might involve a risk of some future misunderstanding, and considered that the most expeditious method of preventing any possible misunderstanding would be to obtain authority from Lord Dunraven to use his letters on which the challenge was to be based as explanatory of the challenge itself.

"As the committee feared that the limited time would prevent the obtaining of an authorization by the squadron to so use Lord Dunraven's letters, the following cable was consequently sent:

'NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1892.

'*Lord Dunraven, 27 Norfolk street, London:*

'Challenge, if explained by your letters, satisfactory. Do you agree? Club meeting Tuesday. PAINE.'

"To this the following reply was received:

'ADARE, Dec. 7, 1892.

'*Paine, New York Yacht Club, New York:*

'Copy following cablegram received: Challenge, if explained by your letters, satisfactory. Do you agree to club meeting Tuesday? Message ends I don't understand. Challenge is in accordance with our cablegram of 22d. DUNRAVEN.'

"As it appeared from this that the committee's cable had been rendered obscure by an error in transmission, the following cable was sent on Dec. 7:

'*Lord Dunraven, Norfolk street, London:*

'Will you authorize us to use your letters Sept. 16 and Nov. 7 as explaining challenge? PAINE.'

"On December 9 the following cable was received:

'LONDON, Dec. 9, 1892.

'*General Paine, New York Y. C. Club, New York:*

'Yes, certainly. Cable definitely London. 'DUNRAVEN.'

"As above requested to reply definitely, the committee sent the following cable:

'NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1892.

'*To Lord Dunraven, Norfolk street, London:*

'Your September letter proposes match according rules new deed with modifications. Challenge states these, but not as exceptions or additions to new deed. Your cablegram "Yes, certainly" is satisfactory. 'PAINE.'

"On December 12 the following cable was received:

'LONDON, Dec. 12, 1892.

'*To Paine, Yacht Club, N. Y.:*

'Have no authority from squadron relying on yours November 22. Believing everything finally settled, challenge forwarded terms. Your requested alteration impossible. I cannot further delay. Please cable definite acceptance or refusal. 'DUNRAVEN.'

"At half past twelve A. M, December 13, the following cable was sent by the committee:

'NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1892.

'*To Lord Dunraven, Norfolk street, London:*

Committee meeting and club meeting to-day. Will cable result immediately. 'PAINE.'"

The report, which was signed by Charles J. Paine, James D. Smith, Latham A. Fish, Archibald Rogers and A. Cass Canfield, ended as follows:

"In conclusion your committee would offer the following resolution:

'*Resolved*, That this club accept the challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in the name of the Earl of Dunraven, for the America's Cup, the match to begin ten months from Dec. 5, 1892, the date of the receipt of the said challenge by the New York Y. C., but the date of the match to be subject to alterations for mutual convenience and by mutual consent.'"

The resolution was put to a vote and carried unanimously, after which the meeting adjourned, the result being immediately cabled to Lord Dunraven and Secretary Grant, of the R. Y. S.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## To Interested Riflemen.

SINCE the article of "How Rifle Shooting Can be Revived" was published in the FOREST AND STREAM there has been under consideration the advisability of holding a tournament throughout Hudson county, N. J., to ascertain who compose a team of two men which can be called the best in the county.

On Dec. 8 Mr. Bird, of the Hudson Rifle Club, issued a call to all the clubs in the county to see if such a scheme could be properly instituted and in issuing same had more than one object in view.

First—By having such a tournament in which all clubs could enter several teams or as many as they wish, it would bring the members of the several organizations in close proximity with one another and increase the interest of rifle shooting to such an extent that more team and individual matches would be heard of.

The conditions of the tournament, briefly stating them, would be that each man fire 50 shots at each match and at the expiration of the tournament the money derived from entrance fees would be divided between the three best teams of the county who will be composed of only resident members of the several clubs.

Secondly—After the tournament shall come to an end let the best 10 men who have made the highest scores then be banded together and be known as the Hudson county team, and be ready to receive challenges, etc., from surrounding counties who might institute the same order of things, and in this way all the riflemen would get warmed up to the highest pitch, and the sport would increase and be of some interest to lovers of the sport, instead of lying dormant as a snake does during the winter season.

Thirdly—If all rifle clubs will take this into consideration and discuss it at their meetings, and form these county tournaments and get the best 10 men together, they will at once see that they will have plenty to keep them busy and interested, but if they let it pass by it may be the means of putting a damper on the sport during the indoor seasons.

Look through the sporting papers and you will find nothing but the regular weekly scores of the rifle clubs, with an occasional challenge, which is never heard from again. Where are all the "pushers" of rifle shooting and why do they not respond and give their views?

Start the ball rolling and see if some one cannot offer some other suggestions not mentioned here. If the interest of the sport is taken to heart in the right spirit I cannot see but that "rifle shooting can be revived" to its fullest extent. THE EAGLE.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 10.

## World's Fair Rifle Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 9.—The Chicago Schuetzen-Verein is away ahead of i s brethren of the shot-gun in World's Fair matters. It has already out its programme for an international rifle contest to be held at the Chicago Schuetzen Park from May till October, 1893, under the event-name of the "Columbia Schuetzenfest." The King target, the Columbia target, the "Stich," or point target, the Man target, the Creedmoor target and others will be represented, with entrance moneys from $3 up to $150. Those men are going at this in the right way, and will make a success of it. Those interested should address C. Schotte, 20 North Canal street, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

## Jerseymen with Military Rifles.

THE weekly practice of the First Brigade (N. G. N. J.) Rifle Rifle Association drew an even quartette of shooters to the Newark Shooting Park on Dec. 10. There was no wind to worry the shooters, and as a result, the day being damp and close, the smoke settled in front of the firing point so thickly as to make sighting difficult. The light was poor enough without the additional handicap. Despite the drawbacks the enthusiasts managed, by waiting at times to let the smoke clear, to pull out some fair scores, which are here shown:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Capt Howard | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4—42 |
| | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3—35 |
| | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4—35 |
| Sergt Wilhelm | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5—43 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4—41 |

Fifty-shot Match.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Major Wallace | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 3—41 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4—41 |
| | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—43 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4—42 |
| | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—40—207 |
| Private Townsend | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5—44 |
| | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—43 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5—43 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—41 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5—41—212 |

Y'RATILIM.

## Newark Rifle Matters.

MEMBERS of the Our Own, Excelsior and Puritan Rifle Clubs are endeavoring to arouse some enthusiasm among Newark gallery riflemen by a series of inter-club shoots to run through the winter. It is expected that the Essex Amateurs, Howards and Essex Indians will also join in the movement. Gallery shooting is in a state of coma just now, and some energetic work will have to be done to revive the old interest. A few years ago Newark could boast of twenty-two gallery rifle clubs, with an aggregate membership of close to 300, but this season politics seems to have put the pastime on the shelf. It is not likely to die, however, as a number of old-time enthusiasts are assisting in the effort to revive it.

The First Brigade (N. G. N. J.) Rifle Association will hold a shoot on the 200yds. ranges at the Newark Shooting Park on New Year's Day (Jan. 2), beginning at 11 o'clock. All the practice is done with Springfield rifles, the carbine 55gr. ammunition being used. Membership in this association is open to any officer or enlisted man in the First Brigade. The association will shoot every Saturday afternoon during the winter. Y'RATILIM.

## Peekskill Rifles.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 7.—We have a rifle club of about 35 members in this place. The following scores were made at our regular shoot to-day: 200yds. off-hand, Standard American target. The day was overcast and the shooting was nothing to brag of, there being but a few out:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Stephen Lines | 6 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 6—52 |
| | 6 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 5—60 |
| | 10 | 8 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 7—78 |
| Jas L Gregory | 7 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 7—87 |
| | 9 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 6—55 |
| | 8 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 2 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 6—66 |
| H P Dain | 3 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4—50 |
| | 8 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 2—65 |
| Chas Hyatt | 8 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 3—56 |
| | 3 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 8 | 6 | 1 | 8—52 |
| S I Pugsley | 6 | 6 | 5 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 10—50 |
| | 4 | 7 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 10 | 2 | 7 | 3—52 |

## Hudson Rifle Club.

HUDSON RIFLE CLUB, shot on Hudson Rifle Club range, Monday, Dec. 12; distance 25yds., possible 250:

First Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Rebhan | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23—243 |
| C E Bird | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23—242 |
| H Mahlenbrock | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23—242 |
| A Malz | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23—242 |

Second Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| T A Reynolds | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22—238 |
| H Boddey | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22—238 |
| M Hoff | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 22—238 |
| W Meyre | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23—238 |
| J Smith | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23—237 |

Third Team.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Staderman | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 22 | 20—234 |
| J Buch | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 21—232 |
| S Middleton | 25 | 25 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 22 | 21 | 21—231 |

Averages: First Team, 242⅝; Second Team, 237⅛; Third Team, 232⅛. Total average, 237¹¹⁄₁₂. The Hudson Rifle Club is patiently waiting for a reply from the Greenville R. C. THE EAGLE.

## New York Revolver Scores.

THE following scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club at their last regular weekly practice shoot, held on the 10th inst. at their gallery, 12 St. Mark's Place: 10 shots on standard American target, distance 20yds., .44-cal. S. & W. revolver: G. E. Jantzer 86, B. W. Balther 85, C. B. Bishop 84, H. Oehl 80, F. G. Allen 72, F. Hecking (.38-cal.) 69.

F. HECKING, Sec'y.

## Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The bi-weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club took place at their headquarters, 219 Bowery, on Tuesday, Dec. 6, with the following results, 10 shots per man, possible 250 points: M. Dorrler 249, M. B. Engel 246, H. Holges 246, F. Ross 246, Gus Nowak 245, B. Zettler 245, R. Busse 244, L. Schmitt 244, C. G. Zettler 244, F. Schmitt 243, H. Strate 241, Geo. Plaisted 241, Geo. Krauss 240, J. Beltramine 233, F. Hecking 230.

## Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER, Dec. 10.—Two hundred yards, offhand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 10 | 3 | 10 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 8—74 |
| V Horn | 5 | 6 | 10 | 4 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 7—71 |
| R Rudd | 4 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 9—63 |
| J Hess | 0 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 4 | 10 | 6 | 5—63 |
| E Dunham | 6 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 0 | 5—62 |
| R McNeil, Jr | 6 | 8 | 7 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 6—62 |
| F A Bachman | 2 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 6—51 |
| McQuilken | 10 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 4 | 4—43 |

Three Shot Sweepstake Match.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F A Bachman | 8 | 9 | 6—23 | R McNeil, Jr | 6 | 4 9—19 |
| V Horn | 8 | 5 | 9—22 | J Hess | 6 | 8 5—19 |
| J Smith | 4 | 10 | 5—19 | R Rudd | 5 | 4 9—18 |

Mr. Rudd used a 25-20 Maynard rifle.

R. MCNEIL, JR, Secretary.

## Denver Rifle Club's New Year.

THE Denver Rifle Club have appointed the following gentlemen a committee to arrange for the annual shoot on New Year's Day: Guy Chamberlain, chairman; J. H. Dean, G. C. Schoyen, H. B. Gilbert, O. E. Adamson, A. W. Peterson, John P. Lower, William Maguire, G. W. Biethmann and W. Y. Sedam. The shooting will be at the standard American target, 200 yards offhand. Rifles and cartridges will be furnished to shooters if desired.

TESEEBY.

## Empire Rifle Club.

THE second annual prize shoot of the Empire Rifle Club of New York, H. Zettler, president, will be held at their headquarters, 12 St. Marks place, between Second and Third avenues, Dec. 18, 19 and 20. Shooting to commence: Sunday, 2 P. M to 12 M.; Monday, 7 P. M to 12 M.; Tuesday, 7 P. M. to 10 P. M. Prizes, $25, $20, $15, $10, $8, $6, $5, $4, $3, $2, $1, $1; 25-ring target, open to all comers, any .22-cal. rifle. Tickets, three shots for fifty cents, two best tickets to count. Re-entries unlimited. All ties divided.



J. Polites. G. O. Nisja. J. Martin. W. J. Gibbs. A. Sorensen. C. A. Hinkle. T. Ford. E. A. Pierce. H. S. Burley.

GARDEN CITY RIFLE CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Well known shooting rules to govern. Shooting committee, Chas. Zettler, Jr., chairman; B. Zahn, secretary; Wm. Rosenbaum, shooting master; Wm. Miller, Arch. Rosenstrauss.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported

## FIXTURES.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

Dec. 17.—Elliott vs. Fulford, at Kansas City, Mo.; 19, at Indianapolis, Ind.; 22, at Pittsburgh, Pa.; 24, at Williamsport, Pa.; 26, at Harrisburg, Pa.

Dec. 19.—Live bird and target tournament, Hempstead, Texas.

Dec. 22-24.—Kansas City (Mo.) tournament, live birds and targets.

Dec. 24.—Williamsport (Pa.) Rifle and Gun Club, all day tournament at live birds.

Dec. 26.—Hartner's all-day target tournament, Orangeville, Baltimore county, Md.

Dec. 27-30.—Watson's live bird target tournament, Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill.

Dec. 28.—Tournament at live birds, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.

Dec. 28-29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 2.—Hartner's all-day target tournament, Oradgeville, Baltimore county, Md.

Jan. 2.—Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club's all-day tournament.

Jan. 2.—South Side Gun Club's "annual," Newark, N. J.

Jan. 17-18.—Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club tournament, live birds and targets.

Jan. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.

May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsman's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry building, Rochester, N. Y.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

## Fountain Gun Club.

ELEVEN members of the Fountain Gun Club were present at the last shoot of the year at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Dec. 17. C. W. Wingert was the winner in Class A. R. Phister gave him a close race for the first prize and the result was a tie and they take the two prizes in their class. J. E. Lake won the Class B prize. The scores:

Class A.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Wingert | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1—10 |
| R Phister | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1— 9 |
| Dr Shields | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1— 9 |
| Dr Van Ord | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1—8 |
| M Lindsley | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0—8 |
| E H Garrison | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0—6 |

Class B.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J E Lake | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0—10 |
| H W Blattmacher | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0—10 |
| W Laird | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0—10 |
| Wanda | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1—7 |
| W Schmadeke | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0—8 |

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A meeting of the Conneticut Shooting Association, of which, Joel Webb of Willimantic is president, H. A. Penrose of New London, vice-president, Allen Willey of Hartford, secretary, and F. C. Fowler of Moodus, treasurer, will be called at Hartford early in January. The association proposes to form an eight or ten club league of three man teams, each club to enter as many teams as possible, to contest for money and merchandise prizes during 1893. It is now proposed to have each club pay an entrance fee of $25 and if eight clubs enter the scheme, $200 will be "hung up." Twelve shoots will be given during the year and any club entering teams in six or more shoots will qualify for one half the money and every individual member of the teams who shoots in six or more contests will also qualify. This allows $100 to be contested for by the clubs and $100 for the individual shooters. It makes an object for the individual members who attend the shoots and does not throw the money entirely to the club which in many cases may contain 50 members and only four or five tournament "chosers." The plan is a fair one, because after men have spent their time and money attending team shoots, there is no sense in giving the winnings to the club to be enjoyed by members who never attend tournaments. If the clubs entered the teams and paid the team's expenses it would be different, but as they do not, it seems right to make it an object for the individual as well as for the club.

"Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 7.—A fine home for the South Side Gun club will be built upon the club's property in the Town of Lake, near Lake station, one mile west of Cudahy on the St. Paul road. The Club has owned 16 acres there for several years. At a meeting last night plans were adopted for the erection of four buildings including the finest gun club house in the country. A hotel will be built with nine rooms, a reception room, dining room, kitchen and bar, for the accommodation of the marksmen and any others, and will be kept open all the year. The club house will be fitted as a home for the marksmen of Milwaukee, and its proximity to the city will make it a popular resort for those who like to spend part of the day at practice and the balance in the enjoyment of solid comfort. The total cost of the buildings is estimated at about $8,000. The South Side Gun Club is counted among the wealthiest organizations of its nature in the West. It owns property valued at $18,000 besides a handsome sum always in the treasury. The membership is limited to 100, and has been full some time. The club now has quarters at National Park, but its small club house there has long since been outgrown. The club's tournaments have always attracted scores of marksmen from all sections of the country."

The Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club publishes an attractive programme for its shoot to be held on Dec. 28-29. Bluerock targets, expert traps and North's electric pull will be used. The club has secured special rates on all railroads and also at the Everett Hotel. The programme shows ten events each day, with an aggregate of almost $1,000 in guaranteed cash and merchandise prizes. Professional experts are barred. Event No. 5 each day will be at 25 targets, $4 entry, with $100 cash and $75 in prizes guaranteed. The prizes comprise insurance policies, blankets, cigars, barrels of beer, loaded shells, hunting clothes, a rifle or shotgun, hats, etc. On the first day there will be an interstate match for 5-men teams, 20 targets per man, $7.50 entry. The party making the highest average in the two days will receive a round trip ticket to the World's Fair, in 1893, presented by the club. Second average prize will be a $50 imported bronze. In all there are ten prizes for averages. Here is a chance for amateurs to take a look at Florida and incidentally have some good shooting.

Canastota, N. Y., December.—Some Uncle Jake Graham, who keeps a hotel in this town and another at Lewis Point on Oneida Lake, advertised for live pigeons, intending to have a big shoot, and he received assurances of a large number of pigeons, but when they came to be delivered the sum total was about fifty instead of three or four hundred, as expected. A scarcity of salt was probably the cause of the shortage. Uncle Jake fed the pigeons until they had cost him a good silver half-dollar each and then concluded to arrange for a supper match between some of his friends. The match took place on the grounds of the Canastota Gun Club, the teams being Messrs. Mosher and Salisbury against Schemerhorn and Cruttenden. Each man shot at 12 birds, the losing team having to foot the price of the supper. The weather was fairly good for the season. The match was closely contested as the scores show:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mosher | 212220122100—8 | Schemerhorn | 101101012111—9 |
| Salisbury | 002120111011—8 | Cruttenden | 321212222000—9 |

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Onondaga Sportsmen's Association shot a team match on the latter's grounds at Maple Bay on Dec 6, each team comprising 21 men and shooting at 20 kingbird targets. The Rochesters were short-handed so Harry Whitney, Ayers and Prettie shot with them. The scores were: Rochester—Whitney 19, Hicks 18, Tassell 18, Newton 19, Lewis 12, Gordon 15, Bost 17, Lane 19, C. Smith 19, Quirk 18, Babcock 19, Myers 19, St. John 16, Richmond 17, Norton 16, Prettie 14, Van Ostran 12, Putnam 17, Mann 17, Stewart 19, Ayers 12, total 382. Syracuse—Ginty 20, Geo. Mann 15, Lefevre 13, Hudson 19, Schemerhorn 18, Cruttenden 16, Mosher 16, Windell 14, Byron 16, Ayling 16, Hookway 15, Forsyth 10, Salsbury 12, Walters 19, Williams 13, Luther 16, Denison 7, Howell 14, Mowry 16, Holloway 15, Maurer 13, total 313. In the evening the visitors were given a banquet at the Vanderbilt House in Syracuse and everybody had a jolly time.

The O. K. Gun Club of Kansas City, Mo., held its final shoot of the season on Dec. 6 in a heavy rain. The birds flew well despite the weather. Each man shot at 10 live birds. The contest was for the club medal for which J. R. Porter, J. L. Bennett, J. L. Porter and F. C. Maegley tied on straight scores each. On the shoot off J. K. Porter killed 12 straight and won the medal. The scores of the main event follow:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J. R. Porter | 1222222222—10 | J. L. Porter | 2122212211—10 |
| J. A. R. Elliott | 1111122010— 9 | W. V. Baker | 2100000010— 3 |
| Ed. Hickman | 2211102222— 9 | Dan Quin | 2120210021— 7 |
| A. L. Bennett | 2212121112—10 | J. Thompson | 0101201002— 5 |
| H. P. Preston | 2212222110— 9 | W. Everingham | 1120010121— 7 |
| Oscar Cogswell | 1000001121— 5 | F. C. Maegley | 1111212221—10 |
| R. D. Mize | 1112110120— 8 | J. H. Thompson | 0000111111— 6 |
| F. J. Smith | 2222102212— 9 | | |

The Independent Gun Club of Plainfield, N. J., held an interesting shoot at live birds on Dec. 6, on the Hyde's Woods grounds. The birds were a splendid lot of flyers. Two team races at 7 birds per man, four men to a team, were shot, the results being as shown:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C. Smith | 1112121—7 | 2120211—6 | N. Ap.gar | 0220222—5 | 2121122—7 |
| W. Lair | 2002122—5 | 1100022—4 | M. Mulford | 2100102—4 | 1120002—4 |
| E. Shepard | 0101012—4 | 0202012—4 | T. H. Keller | 0111010—4 | 1101111—6 |
| W. L. Force | 2011010—4 | 0112010—4 | W. Pierson | 1011221—6 | 2122221—7 |
| | 20 | 18 | | 19 | 24 |

There will be a tournament at Kansas City, Mo., on Dec. 22, 23 and 24, under the combined auspices of the Kansas City gun clubs. There will be three events at live birds and five at targets each day. The big event on the first day will be at 15 live birds, $15 entry, $30 added; second day, same; third day, 20 live birds, $15 entry, $45 added, and 10 live birds, $10 entry, $75 guaranteed. Shoot No. 9, to be shot on the second day, is a novelty team race at 12 live birds for 2-men teams. Both members of a team will stand at the score, one on either side, and three birds will be sprung, each man having the use of both barrels.

The New Haven team of three men won the Keystone team race trophy at Bristol, Conn., Wednesday the 7th. The race was a wind up of the tie for the championship of Connecticut. New Haven has thus won five times, Hartford four, and Bristol four. The only peculiar feature of the race is the fact that Willey, Burbige and Whittlesey of Hartford won the trophy three times in succession, every time they shot for it—and lost the tie when their mascot, "McGinty," left the team. "McGinty" is now in southern California making straight scores on quail.

The New Haven Gun Club are now owners of the Keystone diamond trophy. The final contest took place at Bristol, Conn., on Dec. 9. Previously the Colt, Bristol and New Haven teams were tied on four wins each. The Colt and New Haven teams made a hot struggle, the New Havens finally winning by one break. The teams comprised three men each, and each man shot at 30 Keystone targets. The scores—New Haven, Potter 26, Sherman 25 Savage 23; total 74. Colt—Sterry 28, Wood 24, Vibberd 21; total 73.

Members of the Boston Shooting Association whose shooting grounds are at Wellington, Mass., are talking up a live bird shooting party. Mr. Frank Cowee says that the members are quite anxious to try their skill at live birds and propose some day this winter to visit New Jersey and have a day at feathers. Their plan is to order a number of birds, arraoge with Al. Heritage or John Erb for the use of their ground and hold a shoot for the members of their club only.

We received, too late for our last issue, the scores made at a live bird shoot of the Hinsdale Gun Club of Chicago, Ill. The club was organized last summer and this was the initial attempt at live pigeons. There were eleven members present and the scores were, out of 10 birds each, Dr. C. M. Roberts 9, Dr. J. B. Hench, 7, Wm. Duncan 6, H. C. Knisely 6, T. C. Morris 6, J. C. Ross 6, E. E. Shaw 4, B. E. Richie 3, H. A. Fulton 1.

The Riverside Gun Club of Red Bank, N. J., held its weekly shoot on Dec. 9. The opening event was a $25 match at 10 live birds each between W. T. Conover and Fred. C. Johnson, Conover killing 8 to Johnson's 6. L. B. Campbell vs. Albert Ivins, 15 birds each; Ivins 13, Campbell 9. Sweep at 15 bluerocks, J. Cooper 8, J. Bergen 8, O. Hesse 7, L. B. Campbell 4. At 9 bluerocks: E. M. Cooper 7, O. Hesse 6, L. B. Campbell 5, J. Cooper 4, O. Hesse, Jr., 3, Bergen 3.

A match took place at Colorado Springs, Colo., on Dec. 3, between teams of four men each from the Denver Athletic Club and Colorado Springs Country club. The men shot at 20 live birds each. The results: Denver, Fowler 16 Murphy 11, Bostwick 14, Voorhees 15; total 56. Country Club—Dr. Smith 20, Edsall 14, Tutt 12, Sanford 7; total 53. A number of miss-and-out events filled the rest of the day.

The Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club held a shoot at bluerock targets on Dec. 7, with turkeys as prizes. There were four 10-targets events with a turkey for each "place." The scores: Smith 5, 7, 5, 6; Thompson 8, 8, 7, 6; Dorrbaker 5; Davis 7, 9, 6, 8; Krauss 7, 8, 10, 7; Slow 8, 7, 9, 8. Krauss got 3 turkeys; Slow, Thompson, Davis and Smith 2 each; Dorrbaker 1.

Some extra interest in live bird shooting has recently developed in Connecticut. The nutmeg shooters say that if John Erb will give a few 20 bird $20 entrance shoots that quite a party of Connecticut shooters will attend such an event. In New Haven there are several old live-bird shots, while other gentlemen in the State wish a "go" at the birds.

The contests of the Central Gun Club of Long Branch for a $100 Parker gun offered by E. M. Murphy to the one making the highest number of hills in eight monthly shoots at 10 birds each was won by E. M. Cooper of Red Bank with an aggregate of 75 kills. Cooper shot a 10-gauge, 7-lb. Parker at 31 yds. rise through the series.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Rifle and Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament at live pigeons on Dec. 24, the day of the Fulford-Elliott match. The fun will commence at 9 A. M. American Association rules will govern. The grounds are splendidly equipped for the sport, and every convenience will be offered visiting shooters.

The Big Four Gun Club of Burlington, Iowa, will hold a tournament on Dec. 27-28. The main contest will be for the Big Four medal emblematic of the championship of DesMoines, Lee, Louisa and Henry counties. There will also be a contest for the DesMoines county championship medal and another for the L. C. Smith cup.

Fair minded shooters, those who are out for sport instead of for "dust," are a roughly in favor of doing away with "pots" and shooting under some such system as that suggested by Will Cruttenden and "Fair Play." Why should not clubs try one of the system as an experiment?

A rara avis and he escaped untrapped, at the Bristol, Conn., tournament Dec. 7, was Pres. A. C. Collins of the Colt club of Hartford. Mr. Collins has been the president of the Colt club three years and never before attended a tournament except on his own club's grounds.

George Strong of New London, Conn., who won the Keystone trophy at the Keystone tournament at New London this year on 49 out of 50 will represent his town in the Legislature. He is a good Democrat and a good shot.

There will be an all-day shoot at pigeons on John Erb's Newark grounds on Thursday, Dec. 28, the events to be open to all. Shooting will begin at 10 A. M., and there will be an event at 15 birds, $15 entry, on the programme.

The Kansas City, Mo., *Star* is responsible for the statement that in the event of Elliott beating Fulford in a majority of their races he (Elliott) will be willing to make a return trip over the same grounds with Brewer as his opponent.

The proprietors of the Mount Arlington Hotel at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., announce a shoot for a 2,000-lb. bull to come off on Dec. 21. The event will be open to all, as will a number of sweeptake events.

At the shoot for the Sipe and Sigler cup at Cleveland, Ohio, on Dec. 5, at 30 targets per man, J. A. Flick won with 29, Paul North got 28, W. H. Tamblyn 27, "J. L. C." 26, and L. C. Carter 25.

Garden City, Mo., will have a live bird and target tournament on Dec. 28-29. There will be two live bird and six target events each day. A purse of $25 will be awarded for averages.

The Post Office Gun Club held its regular shoot at Kansas City Dec. 1, Deputy Postmaster F. B. Nofsinger winning the Cady and Olmstead medal by killing 12 out of 15 live birds

An open sweep at 25 live birds, $25 entry will take place at Hempstead, Tex., on Dec. 19. Ed. Brown and W. H. Wheeler will also shoot a match at 50 live birds for $100 a side.

Allen Willey of Hartford, Conn., says that if he ever gets his new ejector Lefever which has been building since last May, he will try Harry Smith again.

The West Side Gun Club of Newark, N. J., will hold its club shoot for a gold medal on its Grove streets ground on Christmas Day. Live birds will be used.

At the shoot of the West Shore Gun Club of Syracuse on Dec. 6, Ackerman broke 30, Martin 30, Herman 30 and R. Ackerman 28 out of 40 targets.

A. M. Miller and Leigh Bachman had a shoot at eleven live birds each at Bethlehem, Pa., on Dec. 5, Miller killing 10 to Bachman's 8.

The South Side Gun Club of Newark will run two sets of traps at its "annual" on Jan. 2, and will charge two cents each for targets.

Sportsmen will regret to learn of the sad bereavement of H. A. Penrose in the loss of his wife, who died at New London on Dec 9.

"Snapper" Garrison and C. E. Morris will shoot at 100 live birds, for $300 a side at West End, Coney Island, on Saturday Dec. 17.

A. G. Courtney is on his way to Nashville, Tenn. "Court" says the Lefever ejector gun is "sweeping everything" in the South.

E. M. Cooper of Red Bank, N. J., used Walsrode powder in all the contests for the Murphy prize, won by him.

A contingent of New York and New Jersey shooters will attend the tournament at Hamilton, Ont., on Jan. 17-18.

Frank Cooper and Hart Minkler shot a match at Port Morris, Ill. on Dec. 7, Minkler killing 25 to Cooper's 18.

Shooters should not forget that entries for the grand American handicap will close on Dec. 30.

The Windsor (Mich.) Keystone Gun Club will hold a shoot on Christmas Day.

A new gun club is being organized in Harlem.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## CHICAGO TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 10—Mr. Cartwright, representing the American Arms Co., was in town during the week and is said to be looking about for grounds for the works of that company, which will probably come to Chicago in the near future.

Tatham's shot works will not be moved to Chicago, but will hereafter be represented by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Antoine.

A novel pigeon race is on for Chicago. Mr. L. M. Hamline backs Mr. A. J. Atwater, of this city, for $25, to kill 15 out of 50 selected birds, within the American Association boundary, with a bow and arrow, loser to pay for birds. Mr. E. D. Fulford takes the other end of this unique wager. When it is remembered that Mr. Atwater was once an expert archer, and that he is not limited as to the distance at which he is to stand from the traps, the chances appear to even up a little more. As the birds are to go from 5 automatic king traps, the archer will probably prefer to stand at least 5yds. behind the traps. It is likely that this strange match will be shot as soon as Mr. Atwater can get around, he having had sickness in his family. It is said that Mr. Atwater would back himself to kill 15 out of 25 on these terms. The match will attract attention.

In a practice shoot Thursday Mr. Fulford killed 24 out of 100 birds, of what he says were a good selected lot, inside of the American boundary. Under the Hurlingham boundary he would have scored his 100 straight inside of a string of 106. Mr. Fulford declares he goes to Kansas City the strongest man that ever faced Jimmy-Jim-J. A. R. Elliott.

E. HOUGH.

### Shooting Match at Coney Island.

C. E. MORRIS AND SNAPPER GARRISON had a friendly match for the price of the birds at the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds, West End, Coney Island, on Thursday, Dec. 8. Each shot at 50 birds and Morris won with the score of 47 to 46. The weather was wet and foggy, which affected the birds and made them easy targets. The score:

C E Morris (30) ..0112221111220212122121201212121211122112121111211—47
E H Garrison (28)2211111121102111211010211222121112122101112111111—46

A match for $300 a side will be shot off next Saturday, at West End grounds, Coney Island, at 100 birds each, both 30yds. rise.

Sweepstake shoots followed. The scores. No. 2:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E H Garrison | 2120222100—7 | J S Voorhees | 0201112220—7 |
| C Morris | 0?2222222—9 | W Hughes | 1200021202—6 |

Garrison second on shoot off.

No. 3, $1 entry, two moneys, 5 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Jamison | 20000—1 | 00101—2 | M Bonden 00000—0 |
| N Johnson | 20211—4 | 00121—3 | W Hughes 00210 |
| J Gavin | 20010—2 | 01101—3 | |

### Massachusetts State Shoot.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 4. *Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts State Shooting Association held the second of its series of monthly shoots for championship honors at the grounds of the Worcester Sportsman's Club, Nov. 22.

It was a brisk day for shooting and the birds flew in elegant form. They were, however, reinforced by a strong northern gale, and some scientific shooting was the result. It was a cold day, too, for outdoor sport, but this novel attraction called experts from all over the State to contest for the State individual and team badges.

Quite a good-sized squad of shooters assembled and the State events were well fought. Among the group could be seen such experts as W. L. Davis, M. D. Gilman and C. E. Forehand, of Worcester; Denny Eager, of Marlborough; Warren and Wardwell, of Boston; J. C. Martin, W. F. Brown, C. A. Hastings and Frederick Forbes, of Lynn; while quite a number of the home club were present also. Shooting began at 10 o'clock, but the Lynn delegation did not arrive till 1 P. M.

The principal event of the day was the individual contest for the State challenge gold badge, which was well fought from start to finish. Eager was the first man to the trap and lost his eleventh and fourteenth birds, but under the conditions he crawled out with a good score. Boston men looked upon him as the winner, but Forehand was his successor and broke 13, losing his second and third birds. Gilman lost his sixth and nineteenth, and here tied three men on first position. W. F. Brown was the next man to the trap, and while the conditions were against him, Lynn looked upon him as a winner. He shot 15 straight, lost his sixteenth, a dazzling left-quarterer, and shot the rest of his string in fine form, breaking 19 birds.

The team contests were closely contested, but the Worcester team had the advantage over the Lynn and Boston men, and easily won both the amateur and professional team badges.

Event No. 1, 6 bluerocks, known angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Davis | 111111—6 | Harris | 001111—4 |
| Forehand | 111011—5 | Harvey | 110011—4 |
| M Gilman | 111101—5 | Doane | 101010—3 |
| Kinney | 111110—5 | A C Walls | 101010—3 |
| Eager | 011011—4 | Wardwell | 000011—2 |
| A Gilman | 011011—4 | | |

Event No. 2, 10 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Harvey | 1111111101—9 | Eager | 0001101011—5 |
| Davis | 0111111101—8 | M Gilman | 1110100010—5 |
| Wardwell | 1011101111—8 | A Gilman | 1010001000—4 |
| Forehand | 1111010110—7 | Kinney | 0001000111—4 |
| A Walls | 0100111111—7 | R Walls | 1010001100—4 |

Event No. 3, 4 pair bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eager | 10111110—6 | Kinney | 11011010—5 |
| Forehand | 01101011—5 | A Walls | 00011111 5 |
| Davis | 11111000—5 | Wardwell | 11100010—4 |
| A Gilman | 01101011—5 | R Walls | 11100000—3 |
| Harvey | 10110101—5 | | |

Event No. 4, 10 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Davis | 1111110111—9 | M Gilman | 0101110111—7 |
| Harvey | 1111110110—8 | A Gilman | 0111100111—7 |
| Kinney | 1111101101—8 | Wardwell | 0100011111—6 |
| Eager | 0111101101—7 | R Walls | 0110011001—6 |
| Forehand | 1111001110—7 | A Walls | 1011101010—6 |

Event No. 5, 6 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eager | 111101—5 | Wardwell | 111010—4 |
| Davis | 111110—5 | M Gilman | 100010—3 |
| Gilman | 111101—5 | Harvey | 011010—3 |
| Forehand | 011011—4 | Kinney | 110100—3 |

No. 6, 20 bluerocks, individual State badge:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Brown | 11111111111111111101—19 | F Forbes | 01111101010000011111—13 |
| Eager | 11111111110110111111—18 | J Martin | 11000101111101011110—13 |
| Forehand | 10011111111111111111—18 | Warren | 01110101101100011111—13 |
| M Gilman | 11111011111111111101—18 | W Dean | 10111011111001101100—13 |
| Hastings | 11111100111011101111—16 | A Gilman | 11101110100000011111—12 |
| R Walls | 10011101101111111110—15 | Harvey | 01011101000011111011—12 |
| A Walls | 11111101111111100100—15 | Harris | 00110111110011001100—12 |
| W Davis | 01110111111110100110—14 | Kinney | 01100100111101100100—10 |
| Wardwell | 01111110000111101011—13 | C Doane | 11111000100110110000—10 |

W. F. Brown won badge and first money; Eager, Forehand and Gilman second; Hastings third.

No. 7, amateur team contest, State badges:

| Worcester. | | Boston. | | Lynn. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| For'h'nd | 1111111110 | Eager | 1011111111—9 | Hastings | 0111110111—8 |
| Davis | 1110111010—7 | Warren | 1011011110—7 | Martin | 1111010011—7 |
| Gilman | 1011011011—7 | W'rdw'll | 1010111001—6 | Forbes | 0101001111—6 |
| | 24 | | 22 | | 21 |

No. 8, 6 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eager | 111111—6 | Davis | 111001—4 |
| Forehand | 111111—6 | Kinney | 101110—4 |
| Gilman, M | 111111—6 | Warren | 101110—4 |
| Wardwell | 111111—6 | Forbes | 011001—3 |
| Harvey | 111110—5 | Martin | 011001—3 |
| Hastings | 111110—5 | Gilman, A | 110090—2 |
| Brown | 111110—5 | Dean | 010100—2 |

No. 9 Professional Team Contest for State Badges.

| Worcester. | | Boston. | | Lynn. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Foreh'd | 1111111101—9 | W'rdw'll | 1111111010—9 | Hastings | 1011001111—8 |
| Davis | 1111011011—8 | Eager | 1111101101—8 | Martin | 1001000111—5 |
| G'lm'n M | 1110111011—8 | Warren | 1011011010—6 | Forbes | 1010011000—4 |
| | 25 | | 23 | | 15 |

A. J. KELSEY.

### On the Old Stone House Grounds.

QUITE a number of sportsmen traveled up Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., as far as John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds on Dec. 6 with the expectation of seeing the much talked of match between the teams representing "Youth" and "Old Age." Neither one of the team of youths materialized and only one of the aged team was on hand, this being Samuel Castle. Upon inquiry it was learned that the match had been declared off, and that two of the principals, Harry E. Smith and Charles M. Hedden had gone to Sayville, L. I., to have a shoot on the ducking flats of Green Brothers. (Apropos, I have since learned that in three days they bagged 61 ducks, mostly broadbills.)

The falling through of the match was a disappointment to those who visited the grounds, although they saw some good shooting as a partial recompense. John Erb always has a supply of birds on hand and on this day there were some shooters and guns. Among the visitors were Frank Class, of Morristown; Mr. Morfey, a well-known shooter and boniface, from Paterson, and Jockey Goodale, of New York, who is rapidly coming to the front as an expert manipulator of the smooth-bore.

As soon as it was found that the team match was off the party began enjoying themselves by shooting sweepstakes. The first three events were at four birds each, $3 entry; No. 4 at 7 birds $5 entry; Nos. 5, 6 and 7 at 10 birds, $10 entry. The birds were a good lot of flyers. The scores follow:

| | No. 1 | No. 2 | No. 3 | No. 4 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Goodale | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | 1120—3 | 1110011—5 |
| Morfey | 2222—4 | 1121—4 | 2212—4 | 2011221—6 |
| Castles | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | 1101—3 | 2201110—5 |
| Class | 1111—4 | 2111—4 | 1121—4 | 2121122—6 |
| | No. 5 | No. 6 | No. 7 | |
| Goodale | 1101201011—7 | 0012111111—8 | 0001111102—6 | |
| Morfey | 1112101111—9 | 2121111210—9 | 2110111010—7 | |
| Castle | 1111220211—9 | 1102112121—9 | 2102011111—8 | |
| Class | 2112212010—8 | 2212021210—8 | 1112012221—9 | |

This closed the sweepstake shooting and the day was wound up with a match at 15 birds each between Chris. Reinhart and Frank Class, the result being as below:

Reinhart .....101122220111202—12 Class .....012201212211120—12

*The Newark Gun Club's Day.*

Dec. 8 was the date for the monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club, but owing to absence from the city, pressure of holiday business and other causes the majority of the members were kept away, Messrs. Smith, Collins, Breintnall and Hollis being the only ones present. The day was a dark, dank and murky one, the mist lying low and heavy and the clouds threatening a heavy downpour, and not a breath of air stirring. It was just the day in fact when one would expect to see a first-class lot of pigeons transformed into "duffers." On this particular occasion, however, the birds were a revelation. Before the shooting it was remarked that on a good shooting day the birds in the crates would be a rattling lot, but no one expected to see them fly under the existing conditions of the weather.

From start to finish, however, the birds flew as though their only thought was to get away, and of the 140 trapped only one had to be flushed. Twisters and zigzaggers there were aplenty, and it required a quick eye and a straight hold to bring them to grass. Toward the close of the day there was brought to the score a crate of birds that for beauty and life would be hard to equal. Every one blue in color and every one an old bird, they were a lot fit to trap in any kind of a match. There were several carriers in the lot. Of this crate every one proved to be full of life and vitality and hard flyers.

The opening event of the day was the club shoot at 10 birds per man, which was also made a sweepstake, each man putting in $5;

event No. 2 was also at 10 birds, $5 entry. In the club shoot Smith and Collins tied for first money, and decided to shoot off for the same, when Smith won the cash. In No. 2, Smith and Hollis tied for first and shot off, miss-and-out. Smith being the victor. The scores follow:

| | No. 1. | Tie. | No. 2. | Tie. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 1121221202—9 | 11 | 2112121211—10 | 122112 |
| Breintnall | 1221100122—8 | | | |
| Collins | 2122120-11—9 | 10 | 0022121111— 8 | |
| Hollis | 2111120110—8 | | 1111211111—10 | 221110 |

The next events were miss-and-outs, $1 entry each. In the first Collins missed his bird then re-entered, finally tieing with Hollis and dividing the pot. The scores:

| No. 3. | No. 4 | No. 4. |
|---|---|---|
| Smith.....1110 | 2111211211211122 | Hollis.....1221 | 1221211121111210 |
| Collins....0 | 12111120..... .. | *Collins...1212 | ..... |

*Re-entry.

Hollis's face assumed a curiously disgusted look when he lost his seventeenth bird in the final event, the bird being an incomer and far easier than any other at which he had shot.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### East Side Rod and Gun Club.

STAMFORD, Conn., Monday evening, Dec. 5.—The organization of the East Side Rod and Gun Club of Stamford was completed by the adoption of a constitution and election of the following officers: President, Walter M. Smith; vice-president, Col. W. H. Tallmadge; treasurer, Harry Bell; secretary, John R. Rimsey; directors (in addition to officers), A. W. Sibley, Nathan Olmstead, Chas. E. Thompson. The club is an outcome of the movement of the XIII. Club and of the old "Weed Club." It has leased a couple of acres of land at the head of Jagger's Creek, and has already a small house and horse sheds erected. Most of the members own boats of some sort, from the sloop yacht Pocahontas to a skiff, and all are devoted to the sport of shooting and fishing. It is expected that upon the broad stretches of Salt Meadow, lying between the creek and the new Shippan Boulevard there is to be a half-mile trotting track constructed, and thus bring the vast speeding ground for trotters into direct association with the hunting and fishing sports of the club. Jagger's Creek, where the club's field and shore headquarters are established, is a little lagoon that sets in from Long Island Sound at the angle made by the east line of Shippan Point and the general line of the coast. It is convenient to the vast fishing ground in our waters.

It is a curious fact, but there is good historical warrant for the statement that the obscure and little known geographical feature of the town known as Jagger's Creek is probably the only spot which has carried down from the earliest settlement of the town the name of one of the original proprietors, who came to Stamford from Wethersfield in 1641. The club has many "mighty Nimrods" upon its roll of members, as well as those "who go down to the sea in ships," and bring back the denizens of the deep. It is a fundamental principle of the club that each member must be an expert with a catboat, a rod and reel, an eel spear, a rake, clam fork and a gun, and further, as a condition precedent to continued membership in good standing, he must be equally expert in cooking and serving to his co-members the products of his skill with the various implements of warfare mentioned above. On the list of members may be found the names of ex-Com. Jas. D. Smith, N. Y. Y. C., Walter M. Smith, Col. W. H. Tallmadge, J. Woolsey Selleck, Edgar Johnson, Seth G. Fessenden, Capt. Lyman Morrell, Capt. Chas. E. Hobbie, Nathan Olmstead, and other gentlemen well known here and in New York. The membership limit is thirty-five and is already full, with one or two on "waiting list."

### The Garfield Diamond.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—The second contest for the diamond at 20 live birds each man in the Garfield Gun Club took place to-day. Our new king traps were used and are a pronounced aid in making birds fast and shooting good. "Cop" won the diamond for the second time, on a score of 19 out of 20. The day was cold with a strong northwest wind, and the birds fast and strong. "Am Field" and Antoine each shot at 40 birds, they not having been present at the first contest:

| | |
|---|---|
| "Cop"....2022221121212222222—19 | Brown....20202221021022200000—11 |
| Hicks ....2211102212210221011000—15 | Baird.....0222212221002122122012—16 |
| Eseman..2112221101202210202—16 | Paterson..1022012111222222222010—15 |
| Uterbych.1122210222121210102222—17 | Antoine...2120011100110002102—11 |
| O'Brien...1121222220212212211110—18 | "Am Fld"21120101110221202221—16 |
| Flemmi'g 2022020101212210010l—13 | Young....2222210221212210221 2—18 |
| O'Neil....1222022002212222202—16 | Campbell.12012001220120202221—15 |
| W Palm'r.2222110121102020212—16 | Antoine..2111102111021162212—17 |
| S Palmer.0122201012100011212—15 | "Am Fld"21120100011011030021—12 |

"Cop" wins the diamond for the second time.

### The Riverview Gun Club.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Dec. 6.—The Riverview Gun Club held a shoot here to-day at kingbird targets in a wind so strong as to make good holding difficult. Events No. 1, 2 and 3 were at 10 targets, $1 entry; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 at 5 targets, 50 cents entry. There were three moneys in each event. No. 1:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A B Briggs | 1001110010—5 | E D Trull | 1111111101— 9 |
| D S Pierce | 1111111111—10 | F Appleton | 0101111011— 7 |
| E V Hartley | 1101111011— 8 | Z R Jacoby | 1111011011— 8 |

| | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A B Briggs | 1111110111—9 | 1101111111—9 | 11111—5 | 11101—4 | 11111—5 |
| D S Pierce | 0111011011—7 | 1110010100—5 | 11000—2 | 11111—5 | 01111—4 |
| E V Hartley | 1101111101 1—8 | 0111111011—8 | 01110—3 | 01011—3 | 11111—5 |
| E D Trull | 1111111100—8 | 1111101100—7 | 11110—4 | 10111—4 | 11001—3 |
| J Billyer | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 11101—4 |

### The McWhorter—King Match.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 4.—Following is the score of a live pigeon match shot Thanksgiving Day between Mr. E. H. McWhorter and Mr. W. S. King on the Herron Hill Gun Club grounds for $100 a side and the expenses, at 50 live pigeons each, American Shooting Association single live bird rules to govern, with Mr. C. M. Hostetter (Old Hoss) as the referee. Mr. A. H. King, Jr., was stakeholder and Mr. F. E. Davison scorer. The birds were the best that were ever seen trapped in a singlehanded match around Pittsburgh. It was a cold day, with a very strong wind that blew away from the traps, which may account for a few of the towering twisters that were shot at by both shooters and hit hard with both barrels, still you would hear the referee call out when the bird passed the flags "lost bird." Mr. King was first to the score, and he killed his first bird in great style with the first barrel; his sixth bird was a bluerock, sure. With the first barrel it dropped among the traps, killed to the eye, but when his gatherer started to gather it, it flew out of the boundary and was scored dead out of bounds. His twenty-sixth bird was challenged killed on the ground. The referee called "no bird," and he was ordered to shoot at another bird, which he hit hard with both barrels and it lived to just get outside of the flags, and was scored dead out of bounds. McWhorter's first bird was hard hit with both barrels, and it fell dead out of bounds; also his twentieth bird was hard hit with both barrels, and it dropped about 1ft. from one of the boundary flags. Very few pigeons got away without being hit. Mr. E. E. Shaner's setter dog was to do the retrieving of the birds in the match, but when he was tried before the match he wanted to play with the birds, so the shooters each appointed a gatherer. There is some talk of another match in the near future between the same gentlemen. The boundary flags are not in it with McWhorter's great and only second barrel:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

McWhorter...o 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 o 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 o 2 2 2 2 2—18

King .....1 1 1 1 o o 1 2 0 o 2 o 1 1 2 0 1 o 1 2 1 1 o 1 1—17

o 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 o o 2 1 2 1 0 1—19—36

### Live Bird Shoot at Pattenburg.

IT was announced that a live bird tournament would be held at Pattenburg, N. J., on Nov. 29 and 30, but for some reason or other the shoot did not draw a large list of entries. The birds were a good lot and those who were on hand had great sport. Among the contestants were mine host Billy Apgar, of Apgar's Hotel, Frenchtown; H. P. Millburn, of Newton, and Jacob Mason. The events on the first day were at 4 birds, $3 entry, two moneys, and the scores follow in detail:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A S Care | 1111—4 | 1212—4 | 1002—2 | 1111—4 | 1112—4 |
| W C Apgar | 2111—4 | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | 1012—3 |
| H P Millburn | 1121—4 | 2112—4 | 1011—3 | 0101—2 | 1221—4 |
| C Moore | 2110—3 | 2120—3 | 1111—4 | 1112—4 | 1210—3 |
| J Dilts | 2120—3 | 0120—2 | 1111—4 | 1011—3 | 2221—4 |

*The Second Day's Shoot.*

The attendance of the second day was somewhat better than on the first, several local men joining the ranks. There were seven events shot, the first six being at 4 birds, $3 entry, 2 moneys: No. 7, at 9 birds, $9 entry. In No. 1 Case and Holges won first money by shooting out Gano. Case and Holges also won first money in No. 3 by out-shooting Stryker. In No. 7 all tied and shot off, at 3 birds each Apgar getting first, Stryker and Millburn second. The scores:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. | No. 6. | No. 7. | Ties. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Mason | 1022—3 | 2111—4 | 0202—2 | ..... | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | ..... | ... |
| A S Case | 2121—4 | 1121—4 | 1111—4 | 2001—2 | 0011—2 | 2222—4 | 101211121—8 | 112 |
| H P Millburn | 1111—4 | 2101—3 | 1210—3 | 1120—3 | 2222—4 | 0101—2 | 221121202—8 | 022 |
| S Stryker | 2220—3 | 2112—4 | 1111—4 | ..... | 1000—1 | 0100—1 | 221220221—8 | 022 |
| Wm Holges | 1221—4 | 0011—2 | 2121—4 | 0222—3 | 1002—2 | 2021—3 | ..... | ... |
| Theo Pierson | 0100—1 | ..... | ..... | 1202—3 | 0100—1 | 2100—2 | ..... | ... |
| B Gano | 2212—4 | 0112—3 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ... |
| W C Apgar | 2101—3 | 2122—4 | 1111—4 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 121111201—8 | 221 |
| J Scyper | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1110—3 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ... |
| G Schenck | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2222—4 | ..... | ... |

### Unknown Gun Club.

THE attendance of the members of the Unknown Gun Club at Dexter Park on Thursday, Dec. 8, was a good one. Twenty-three competed at seven birds each, club handicap, for the annual prizes. Several tied with straight scores, but on account of darkness the shooting off was postponed until the next shoot. It is a close race between Ike Hyde, E. Vroome and H. Knebel, Sr., for the prizes:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E Vroome | 1110211—6 | W Emken | 1210001—4 |
| J Simpson | 0011111—5 | A B Merrihew | 2121111—7 |
| J Hyde | 2122112—7 | C Detlefsen | 1011111—6 |
| J Bobling | 2211121—7 | C Plate | 1211111—7 |
| J Akhurst | 0112101—5 | G Pfohlman | 1112112—7 |
| H Knebel | 2111111—7 | J Vagts | 1001111—5 |
| M Chichester | 1111110—6 | H Boemerman | 1011001—4 |
| J Rankin | 1010103—3 | Dr Little | 1010111—5 |
| R Rathbone | 1110010—4 | D Snipe | 0111121—6 |
| J Bolland | 1101111—6 | E Lohman | 1110211—6 |
| J Flynn | 1121121—7 | J Diederich | 0111111—6 |
| H Kolb | 1010101 -4 | | |

### Anent the Handicap System.

LYNCH, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been very much interested in the articles published in your journal concerning the best method to protect the amateur against the professional dropper for place, and can't see how any of the ideas suggested will meet the needs of the hour and yet draw a crowd, as the new one of so much for each target broken is about the least liable to draw of any yet suggested. Were we to give a shooter 20 cents for each target broken and charge him 10 cents for each target shot at, were he to break 15 straight he would get his $1.50 back and $1.50 additional. Now, from $1.50 take off 45 cents for shells, which would leave him just $1.05 on a straight, and 10 shoots a day would be only $10.50 for hotel, railroad, etc., and as no shooter can average over about 85 per cent., expert rules, upon which all handicaps will probably be based, it will soon break up target shooting to adopt such a system, and again, we know added money is what draws them. How can such a system be figured out on added money?

Now, it is well known that all shooters are more or less gamblers and willing to risk their cash with a reasonable show to win. I would suggest that there be a handicap based upon the respective abilities of each shooter participating, and that the moneys be divided into three purses—50, 30 and 20 per cent.—and when all have shot out their score, the referee toss up a dollar, and if it falls heads the three best scores take the three moneys and if the dollar falls tails the moneys be divided according to class shooting, as under this method no man could afford to take the chance of a drop, as the dollar might fail to respond to his wishes and leave him out in the cold. It is useless to try and devise a method that will make a winner of any one class and yet draw a good crowd, and no one will attend tournaments when he knows he has no chance to win, no matter how well he shoots; and what we need is a system that will enable the winner to make a few dollars when all will be striving for that end and take the chances of that uncertain element which attends all sport—luck.

As shoots are now conducted too many targets are used, and the manager gets all of the shooter's cash, and my opinion is that all shoots should be at 10 targets. Then flip the dollar and shoot off the ties, allowing of no division. My idea is the shorter the race the better chance the amateur has for a purse. I also think the sliding handicap a farce, and that the dealer should handicap every shooter according to his past scores, and make all unknown shots shoot at the extreme handicap until their abilities are known, when they should be rated, and don't think any men should be allowed to shoot known trap and angles, as such fledglings can cut no important figure anyway and should not be considered.

W. T. MITCHELL.

### Favors "Crutty's" System.

EVER since the organization of the State Association I have followed the State shoots, read the FOREST AND STREAM, watched with interest the different plans adopted and tried at the traps, both at live birds and inanimate targets, and I am frank to confess that I sincerely believe that my friend Cruttenden has struck the keynote of reform in that line in the good old days of wild live birds when I used to meet such men as Hudson, Hoage, Mayo, Uncle Ben Catchpole, and contest with them for an honest position. Even then the spirit of "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," would crop out. But alas, where is the poor amateur's chance to-day in a race with the big salaried professionals, who make trap shooting a business and are under no obligation to any one except themselves and the friends they represent? I am of the opinion that there must be something done and that speedily to restore the confidence of the weak and heretofore badly bled ordinary shooter, or the annual State meet will be lightly attended; let us try Cruttenden's plan at once. It is certainly worthy of a trial.

DAN.

### Sweepstake Shoot.

A three handed match shoot took place at Woodlawn Park, on Thursday, Dec. 8th. The entrance fee was $10 a side the lowest to pay for the birds. John Schlieman and R. Hyde killed 21 each out of 25. J. Siegman being the loser with 16. Another sweepstake was shot off at ten birds, and the stakes were divided. The scores:

| | |
|---|---|
| J Schlieman | 1111211021021102112202121—21 |
| R Hyde | 2020212022112212202221211—21 |
| J Siegman | 2120020111201120221107111—19 |

No. 2, $5 entry, 10 birds, 25 yards.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schlieman | 1221202102—8 | L Behman | 2020122012—7 |
| R Hyde | 0102201222—7 | J Shevlin | 2110012111—8 |
| J Siegman | 1002012210—9 | J Cottier | 2201221201—8 |
| W Gilman | 2112012201—8 | | |

### New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

THE dull heavy weather of Saturday, Dec. 10, prevented a large attendance of the members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club at Woodlawn Park, L. I., for the monthly shoot for the live bird trophy. P. Hegeman was the winner with a straight score of ten. Sweepstake shoots followed until darkness stopped the sport. The scores;

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W F Sykes | 0102020000— 4 | H W Blattmacher | 0020222110— 6 |
| D Bennett | 1201111122— 9 | C A Sykes | 1212002111— 8 |
| G Nostrand | 1110121211— 9 | J V P Shields | 0112111211— 9 |
| P Hegeman | 1121221221—10 | G Cropsey | 1112022021— 8 |
| C Wingert | 1111112110— 9 | | |

First sweepstake: W. F. Sykes 2, G. Nostrand 4, P. Hegeman 5.
Second sweepstake: G. Nostrand 5, P. Hegeman 2, C. Wingert 5, J. V. P. Shields 4, G. Cropsey 4, Dr. Van Zile 3.


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## *THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.*

THIS is the last month for receiving work submitted in the FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition. All photographs must be mailed to us not later than Dec. 31. Nothing bearing a later post mark will be received.

Full details respecting the terms of the competition are given in another column (page 533), and these instructions in circular form will be sent on request to any address.

The collection of views already received is most interesting; and we shall give the readers of this journal the privilege of seeing many of the views reproduced in its columns.

## *FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.*

### THE VARYING HARE.

IT IS wonderful that with such a host of enemies to maintain himself against, the varying hare may still be counted as one of our familiar acquaintances. Except in the depths of the great wildernesses, he has no longer to fear the wolf, the wolverine, the panther and the lesser *Felidæ*, but where the younger woodlands have become his congenial home, they are also the home of a multitude of relentless enemies. The great hawk, whose keen eyes pierce the leafy roof of the woods, wheels above him as he crouches in his form. When he goes abroad under the moon and stars, the terrible shadow of the horned owl falls upon his path, and the fox lurks beside it to waylay him, and the clumsy raccoon, waddling home from a cornfield revel, may blunder upon the timid wayfarer.

But of all his enemies none is more inveterate than man, though he is not, as are the others, impelled by necessity, but only by that savagery, the survival of barbarism, which we dignify by the name of the sporting instinct.

Against them all how slight seem the defenses of such a weak and timid creature. Yet impartial nature, having compassed him about with foes, has shod his feet with swiftness and silence, and clad his body with an almost invisible garment. The vagrant zephyrs touch the fallen leaves more noisily than his soft pads press them. The first snow that whitens the fading gorgeousness of the forest carpet, falls scarcely more silently.

Among the tender greens of early summer and the darker verdure of mid-summer, the hare's brown form is inconspicuous as a tuft of last year's leaves, and set in the brilliancy of autumnal tints, or the russet hue of their decay, it still eludes the eye. Then winter clothes him in her own whiteness so that he may sit unseen upon her lap.

When he has donned his winter suit too early and his white coat is dangerously conspicuous on the brown leaves and among the misty gray of naked undergrowth, he permits your near approach as confidently as if he were of a color with his surroundings. Is he not aware that his spotless raiment betrays him or does he trust that he may be mistaken for a white stone or a scroll of bark sloughed from a white birch? That would hardly save him from the keener sensed birds and beasts of prey, but may fool your dull eyes.

In your summer wanderings in the woods you rarely catch sight of him though you come upon many faintly traced paths where he and his wife and their brown babies make their nightly way among the ferns.

Nor are you often favored with a sight of him in your more frequent autumnal tramps unless when he is fleeing before the hounds whose voices guide you to a point of observation. He has now no eyes for you nor ears for anything but the terrible clamor that pursues him wherever he turns, however he doubles. If a shot brings him down and does not kill him, you will hear a cry so piteous that it will spoil your pleasant dreams of sport for many a night.

After a snowfall a single hare will in one night make such a multitude of tracks as will persuade you that a dozen have been abroad. Perhaps the trail is so intricately tangled with a purpose of misleading pursuit, perhaps it is but the record of saunterings as idle as your own.

As thus you wander through the pearl-enameled arches, your roving glances are arrested by a rounded form that, though as white and motionless as everything around it, seems in some way not so lifeless. You note that the broad footprints end there, and then become aware of two wide, bright eyes, unblinkingly regarding you from the fluffy tuft of whiteness. How perfectly assured he is of his invisibility, and if he had but closed his bright eyes you might not guess that he was anything but a snow-covered clump of moss. How still and breathless he sits till you almost touch him and then the white clod suddenly flashes into life and impetuous motion, bounding away in a halo of feathery flakes as if he himself were dissolving into white vapor.

Happy he, if he might so elude all foes, but alas for him, if the swift-winged owl had been as close above him or the agile fox within leap. Then instead of this glimpse of beautiful wild life to treasure in your memory, you would only have read the story of a brief tragedy, briefly written, with a smirch of blood and a tuft of rumpled fur.

## *A NEW SERIES OF ANIMAL PORTRAITS.*

THERE have been published four supplements of drawings of American wild animal life by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, as follows: Sept. 18—The Panther; Oct. 6—The Ocelot; Nov. 3—The Canada Lynx; Dec. 1—The Bay Lynx. They have been received with so much favor that we have provided a new series for 1893. The drawing of the new illustrations will be much more elaborate and even more effective than the first set; and the portraits will admirably sustain the reputation of Mr. Thompson's work as spirited and faithful delineations of our wild animals in their haunts. The new picture supplements will be: Jan. 5—The Wolf; Feb. 2—The White Goat; March 2—The Coyote; April 6—The Antelope; May 4—The Fox.

## *SNAP SHOTS.*

AMONG the vagaries floated in anticipation of the World's Fair is the ancient scheme of a National Sportsmen's Association, this one to meet and organize in Chicago some time next year. The circular letter received at this office announcing the project sets forth:

> Prominent among the benefits to be derived by organizing a National Sportsmen's Association are the following; the better protection of fish and game during the breeding season, greater uniformity in the game laws, the preservation of our now rapidly disappearing forests, and establishing in each State as far as possible a public park, where the destruction of trees and the killing of fish and game would be strictly prohibited, thus furnishing natural game preserves from which there will be a constant overflow, as from a fountain in the wilderness.

This catalogue of "benefits" is certainly enticing, and if all of them, or if any one of them, could be attained by a Chicago convention, by all means the convention should be held. But the cold fact is that no one of the interests named would be advanced a whit by such an association. So far as any practical game or fish or forest protection goes, the National Sportsmen's Association scheme is a delusion. It has been tried, and has failed, as in the very nature of things it must fail if tried again. The time may come when something practical ought to be accomplished by a national organization, but that time will not be in the year 1893.

"A Native" of Wisconsin, who writes of two classes of game killers, puts a pertinent question; but his case would be more effective if it were not so manifestly a bit of special pleading. In America, that many-sided being, full of contrarities, known as the "true sportsman," does not sell his game in the market; although we believe that some of the Southern Atlantic coast shooting clubs do send their ducks and geese to Baltimore game dealers. On the other hand, a "true sportsman" does not waste his game, as "A Native" intimates was done in the instance cited by him. Nor is the average individual styled "game hog," one who sells game to eke out the expenses of an outing. It is readily conceivable that a case might be made out—as this Wisconsin one—where the so-called market-hunter stands on a loftier plane than does the shooter dubbed a sportsman.

In Great Britain a different code obtains. There it is quite the correct thing to slaughter game by wholesale and send it to market. The cable reported last week that in a three days' battue at Witley Court the Prince of Wales and eight others killed 4,000 birds, and we may assume that, after the British custom, the Witley birds went to London game stalls.

British sentiment is opposed to American sentiment in this, and each may be explained as reasonable enough for the country where it is held. In Great Britain game is "preserved," *i. e.*, reared, in such supply that there is no necessity of restraint of destruction for reasons of economy. The shooters, who slaughtered their 4,000 birds, killed in effect so many domestic fowl, reared expressly to provide a battue, and the killing of which in nowise diminished the game supply, nor restricted the sport of any one else. The stock being artificially maintained—and maintained for a privileged class—no consideration of a diminished supply comes in to restrict killing. Unrestricted killing involves a larger bag than those engaged in the shooting can take care of, and the surplus is sent to market. In short, the marketing of reared game in Great Britain does not mean game diminution or extermination; and is not, on that score, to be reprobated.

In America, on the contrary, different conditions obtain; and these have bred the perfectly sound and reasonable prejudice which here prevails against killing game for market. Shooting is free to all classes. The game supply is limited. There is barely enough for the temperate and reasonable supply of those who pursue shooting for recreation, and who can themselves utilize what they secure without sending any surplus to market. There is not enough game to go around, among sportsmen, for sportsmen; and under these conditions it is quite reasonably argued, from the sportsman standpoint, that the individual should be content with supplying his own personal needs; and should not go beyond this, to supply the markets, and thus to deprive some other sportsman. This, we take it, is the ground of the prejudice against marketing game in America. It is a perfectly reasonable sentiment, and is rendered none the less so because certain sportsmen act the part of Greedy, and slaughter game in excessive quantities, to be left to rot.

The supervisors of Onondaga county have just appropriated $500 to be expended under direction of the District Attorney, for the enforcement of the fish protection laws and the stocking of public waters. This action is in recognition of the grand work done by the Onondaga Anglers' Association, whose members have spent thousands of dollars in public-spirited and highly successful fish protective efforts.

The Mexican Government has just made a fifteen-years concession to a Gen. Mario Martinez of exclusive fishing and hunting privilege for a coast line of from 250 to 300 miles. The dispatches say that the grant includes all kinds of shellfish, pearls, alligators and sea-birds. Which means perhaps that the millinery feather business is to boom.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## MEIGGS'S CABIN.

How many favorite old camping grounds—quiet nooks in the deep woods or by the side of mountain streams—have been swept out of existence, even within the last decade, by what is known as the encroachment of civilization. I venture to say that there are few readers of FOREST AND STREAM who do not, with me, mourn the loss of just such places.

Fifteen years ago, after exhausting all my resources in a fruitless chase after a golden pile in the different mining camps in the mountains of British Columbia, and with impaired energies, I wandered down to the coast, fetching up in a quiet little hamlet on the shores of Burrard Inlet. To one who was eager to lay by for himself a share of this world's goods there was certainly nothing very inviting in the looks of the place. To me, however, sick and tired of the unequal struggle, the spot bore a most restful look, while the slumberous hush that brooded over the quiet waters, the tall, stately pine trees, their tops just moving in the gentle breeze, the deep, solemn forest that held unexplored mysteries, all combined to charm me to the sport and induced me at last to pitch my tent, and here I spent ten years of the happiest portion of my thirty years in the Province.

Game was plentiful then, and when the day's work was done, the evening generally found me with my rifle on my shoulder, not so much on slaughter bent as for quiet strolling through the labyrinth of the giant trees. Occasionally, however, the death of a deer or black bear would be the result of these wanderings. It was on one of these excursions that I came upon a trail leading straight into the woods, and wondering where it would take me, I followed it, and in the course of half an hour came to the edge of a little clearing about 50yds. in extent. Here I paused, struck with the scene before me.

In the center of the clearing stood a log cabin, the typical form of those found throughout the mining districts of the country, built of rough logs, roofed with split stakes and with a chimney on the outside constructed of sticks and mud. About 15ft. from the cabin was a low shed, roofed after the style of the cabin, but open on three sides, the fourth being protected with what seemed to be the cloth of an old tent. Outside of the shed, sitting lazily on the top of a small stump, to which it was chained, was a coon, while just in front of the cabin door a couple of Stellar's jays divided with a varied thrush the pickings of a handful of crumbs which had evidently just been thrown out.

In the open doorway of the cabin stood the tall form of its owner, a man probably well into the fifties, square-shouldered and straight as the tall firs which surrounded his home. With a frank good-natured smile he welcomed me to a seat on the rough bench outside the door, and in the course of an hour's conversation I found out all I ever knew respecting the old man's past life.

He had followed the fortunes of Grant through the Civil War, and when peace dissolved the armies of the great republic, he drifted off to the west, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and following the occupation of miner and trapper, reached the Pacific Coast, finally fetching up on Leach River, Vancouver's Island, where he spent two years with varied success washing the bed rock of that stream in search of the yellow dust. But rheumatism, that dreaded inheritance of those who buffet the storms of the mountains, compelled him to abandon his claim, and crossing the Gulf he wandered up the Inlet, settling in the spot where I found him.

He pointed to the shed which contained his stock in trade. A pile of shingle blocks with a dozen or so bunches of neatly shaved shingles. He was doing well enough he said—making grub, with a few extra dollars to meet emergencies. Yes, he still followed trapping, but more through force of habit than for any great profit that could be got out of the business. Mink, wildcats, coons and skunk were the chief products of the neighborhood. His ingenuity in the matter of constructing wooden traps was simply inexhaustible, and almost within sight of the cabin were a dozen traps, and no two of them alike. With my coming—for from the very first we became fast friends—this old passion of his younger years began to revive, and taking me with him he extended his line to a creek some three miles away. There we found beaver and otter, but on account of the tangled net-work of undergrowth along its borders it was next to impossible to examine its banks with any degree of satisfaction. So after a good deal of speculation, hard work and hard language, we managed to transport an old punt from the salt water overland to the creek, and then commenced the work of exploration, hauling the little punt over stretches of drift and fallen trees, or skulking along beneath overhanging branches, which in many places arched the narrow stream from side to side. Now and then we would come out on an open stretch of clear water, where, impressed with the very silence of death which prevailed, we would rest on our paddles and allow the sluggish current of the stream to take us on to the next obstruction.

Here and there, as a favorable spot was suggested, we would set a trap, and more than once did we surprise bruin feasting upon the sour fruit of the wild crab, when he generally paid the penalty of his life for his lack of wariness, and when everything else failed we would pick off a grouse or two from the limbs of the trees, for we were not particular about a pot shot so long as the old man's larder was replenished.

So things went on, and in course of time Meiggs's Cabin became the favorite rendezvous for the few kindred spirits residing in the neighborhood. The late Mr. J. C. Hughes, whose writings at that time on the natural history of the Province were familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM; Dick Griffin, well known among the loggers and trappers, and my companion on many a mountain goat hunt; Scammux, the old Indian guide, and last, but not least, Baptiste, a French Canadian who had a sort of mania for getting into trouble with wounded bears.

Now there was nothing in Baptiste's record to show that he was anything of an expert in the matter of woodcraft or hunting. His stock in trade in the way of shooting irons was a singlebarrel muzzleloading shotgun; nothing more. This he packed with him wherever he went, and through sheer good luck, or bad luck, as he called it himself, he was continually stumbling on to black bears, even in places where no one ever saw a bear before, and in this respect he was the envy of the camp. On sight of bruin Baptiste never hesitated to fire, whether he was loaded for bear or snipe. Past experience and hairbreadth escapes had no deterring effect on his actions when face to face with his old enemy. Twice he came out of these encounters with his clothes hanging in shreds and himself pretty well chawed up. Once while picking berries a short distance from the beach where he had landed with his canoe, a black bear suddenly rose up before him with its paws on a log about ten feet away. Quick as thought the old shotgun came to his shoulder, but just as he fired a vision of his last encounter evidently flashed before him, for dropping his gun he tore out for camp at a rate of speed that took him there in an incredibly short space of time, where he related to his partner his narrow escape from being torn to pieces, declaring that the bear was just at his heels for nearly half the way. Arming themselves with axes the two went back to the place, where they found the gun on one side of the log and on the other the bear lying dead with the top of his head nearly blown off. The Frenchman's shot had paralyzed him on the spot.

Griffin had rather a poor opinion of the fighting qualities of black bears—white-faced ones and all—and I may tell one story as a sample of the contempt he entertained for bruin.



TALKING IT OVER.

One morning I was startled from my sleep by some unusual noise, and raising myself on my elbow I listened. From across the water, a mile and a half away, came the sound of the 6 o'clock whistle of the Moodyville Mills, while close to the house could be heard the loud tapping of a pileated woodpecker, but these I was satisfied were not the sounds that awakened me, because they were both familiar ones. And while I was still studying as to the cause of the noise there came a low rap at the door. Wondering who could be the early caller, I was on the point of leaving my bed, when I heard Dick, who slept in the next room, start to answer the call, and on opening the door commence talking with the person without, whom I recognized as Old Angus, a good-natured Scotchman, who did the work about the slaughter house close by, part of which work was the carrying of meat to the mills, which he did in an open boat.

As he spoke very low I could not catch the old man's part of the conversation. At length Dick asked, "How long ago is it?" "About an hour." "About an hour!" repeated Dick. "Well if this inlet isn't getting to be the headquarters for all the stupid fools on the coast. Yesterday this frog-eating Frenchman who keeps the hotel next door spent two hours trying to frighten a panther away from his hog pen with a pepper-box revolver, and when the panther finally walked off into the woods unhurt he remembered that we had a couple of rifles here and that we might probably have shot it, and so he came and told us. And now you spend all morning throwing rocks at a bear, and after he walks off with one of your pigs you spend an hour loading your boat and then come and tell your story after the bear has got away probably two miles in the swamp. I hope you won't have a hog left by sundown to-day." And slamming the door in the old man's face Dick strode back to his room. I sprang out of bed and opening the door called the old man back, as he was walking off muttering something to himself. He came back slowly and when he reached me commenced speaking in the same low tone.

"It was you I came to see, Mister Jack, and not that rattle-brain ye have inside there." And then he told the following story. It appears that while he was loading his boat with beef he heard a racket among the pigs, and leaving his boat he hurried up to see what the trouble was, and there found a large black bear walking off with a pig in his arms. So Angus commenced pelting him with rocks, and finally succeeded in making him drop the pig, but either from fright or injury the pig seemed to be paralyzed and remained standing where the bear had dropped it, and although Angus spent quite a time trying to drive the bear off, bruin refused to leave his prey. And then, as the tide was going out, the old man had to return to the beach and move his boat into deep water: and when he went back to the scene of the conflict both the pig and the bear were gone. I assured the old fellow that we would go down at once and inspect the ground.

When we reached the spot we found it an easy matter to follow the trail; for although the bear appeared to be packing the pig clear of the ground most of the way, he left a pretty broad track through the underbrush and ferns. After going a hundred or more yards, we came upon the pig dead with a piece freshly eaten from its side. About thirty yards from where the pig lay was a convenient tree, with brushy limbs reaching down near to the ground. Into this I climbed up twenty feet, sending Dick home to await the sound of my rifle. For two hours I kept this perch, and at length was about to give it up for a bad job, when from about a hundred yards back in the deep woods there came a distinct snap, which had the effect of warming up the blood in my veins. Snap, snap, 50 yards, still closer, and, with eyes riveted on the fringe of undergrowth which skirted the little opening where the pig lay, I waited for the black mass to appear. But five minutes passed and not a sound was heard, and then a loud snort and a rush back through the thick brush told me bruin had got my wind, and that I might as well go home.

After breakfast I proposed to Dick to bring in Meiggs and try and trap the brute; but he did not seem to hear me, for walking across the room he picked up an old muzzleloading goose gun, the barrel of which was about 4ft. long, and which had stood unused in the corner for the last year, and turning round toward me he said, "Let's set her." And set her we did. It was a difficult matter to tell just which way the bear would come, and the unevenness of the ground made it also difficult to judge the right elevation that would catch the enemy in a vital spot. However, we made a rough guess, set the infernal machine, and went home to wait for the report. Supper time came and went and no sound had been heard, and we were just discussing the advisability of leaving the gun there all night when the old piece belched forth, wakening the echoes for a mile around. Snatching up my rifle, I started for the place, followed by Dick.

About 30ft. from where the gun was set was a log about 4ft. through, over which we had to climb. When we gained the top I saw that the pig had not been disturbed, and that just on the other side of it lay a black mass perfectly motionless, and concluding that the bear was dead, I slid down from the log and commenced making my way through the tangled mass of tall ferns, with Dick close at my heels. But just as we reached the little opening, up rose the bear on his hindlegs with his right foreleg shattered and dangling by his side. The gun had been set too low.

If ever there was a fighting mad bear, there was one now before us, and with its one front paw cleaving the air, and mouth wide open, flecked with the foam of pain and rage, it came straight toward us on its hindlegs.

There was no time for fear—there was scarcely time to think, for a dozen steps would bring the enraged brute upon us. But just here a good deal of the romance of the thing ends, for as I covered the brute with my rifle Dick said, "Let's pack the son of a gun out alive." I pressed the trigger, expecting to send the bullet square in the bear's open mouth, but I came near making as clean a miss as ever I did in my life. The shot, however, threw the brute to one side, when my second pierced his heart, dropping him within a few feet of us. "I was going to tell you," said Dick, as he took out his knife and commenced to skin the bear, "that you would miss that first shot if you didn't hold more to the right."

From the slaughter house already mentioned there had escaped a half-dozen sheep, which took to the woods and in a very short time became as wild and wary as their cousins, the bighorns, and old Angus requested me to shoot them wherever I came across them, and to let him know when I did so, and he would go and pack them out.

One evening as I was tramping through the woods, making my way toward Meiggs's, I got a glimpse of one of these sheep skulking along a trail which intersected Meiggs's shingle trail, about 300yds. above the cabin. Feeling confident the sheep had not seen me, I stole cautiously after it, trusting that it would turn down the shingle trail and that I would get a shot nearer home. But just as he reached the junction of the two trails and had turned down toward the cabin, a black bear sprang from an ambush on the upper side of the trail and landed at the very heels of the astonished sheep. Of course both were out of sight in a second, but a bound or two brought me to the junction just in time to see the bear disappear round the next bend.

The trail was made by Meiggs to haul his shingle timber down to his shed. It was down grade all the way, but as it wound in and out among the big trees a clear view of over twenty yards could not be had of any portion of it, and although I joined in the race at my best speed I knew that my chance for a shot was slim. As has been said, the sheep and bear had a pretty even start at the first, but when the sheep tore through Meiggs's shed, upsetting him and the bench at which he was working, it must have been fully fifty yards ahead of the bear, for Meiggs had time enough to pick himself up, look down after the retreating sheep, then up the trail just as the bear came in sight. The bear sprang off the trail and disappeared in the thick timber, and a few moments after I appeared on the scene and was greeted with the query from Meiggs, "Well, what in thunder is coming next?"

I afterward succeeded in shooting two of those sheep, but what became of the rest was never known.

The first snow was always a big day with Meiggs and me, and when we awoke in the morning and found the fresh white mantle covering the ground, business for that day was suspended, a circuit of the woods made and the tracks of the different animals found and noted. But perhaps the principal object of these excursions was to

locate "coon trees," and in fresh snow this is a very easy matter. During the winter months the low tides on this coast occur at night. The coon is a great lover of fish and clams, and when the tide is out his harvest is ripe, and the broad trails going and returning from the beach betrayed the poor little brutes.

Smoking coons out of a big hollow cedar and picking them off the top branches with a rifle may not be considered legitimate sport, but all the same there is a good deal of fun in it, and a mat made of a dozen skins got in this way in the neighborhood of Meiggs's cabin is now lying on the floor where I write, and cannot be bought for money.

One morning in early fall the long-drawn howls of a wolf woke the echoes of the little settlement, and although wolves were not uncommon in the district, the boldness of this particular one was the subject of a special meeting held at Meiggs's cabin, where after a good deal of discussion and some rather wild propositions from the Frenchman, the honor of destroying the intruder was assigned to me. But the brute was a wary one, and after failing to bring him down with my rifle, I set a trap, and half an hour afterward caught the Frenchman's dog. This lowered me considerably in the estimation of Meiggs, and caused a coolness between myself and Baptiste, which however wore off as the dog got well.

But I am getting a little ahead of my story. There is one circumstance connected with this business which I have kept to myself because I did not wish to bring an old companion—my rifle—into disgrace. I did have one chance to annihilate that wolf. It was at the end of a couple of hours' tramp through the wood that I sat down on a little mossy knoll, placed my rifle across my knees, and was just in the act of taking out my pipe, when, on looking back over the way I had just come I saw the wolf trotting along with his nose to the ground, evidently following my track. Slowly raising my rifle I covered him with the sights, and as he was coming straight for me it was an easy matter to keep him covered. But I was going to take no chances with a running shot, and so waited till he was within 30yds. of me, when I whistled. He stopped at the sound and threw up his head, giving me a splendid chance at his full breast. I pulled the trigger, but a dull click was all that followed. The cartridge had failed to explode, something that never occurred before with that rifle during all the years I had carried it. I was so surprised that before I could recover my senses the wolf was out of sight. After this I set the trap with the result above mentioned.

The wolf still held the fort, till one morning, as Meiggs lay awake, revolving the thing in his mind and thinking whether it would not be better for the credit of the community to step in with his cyclone of traps and take the job out of my hands, a blood-curdling howl started the echoes among the big trees which encircled the old man's cabin. Springing to the floor he grasped his old Spencer rifle from the pegs above his bed, and without waiting to dress, stole out into the foggy air and down in the direction from whence came the sounds, and presently located the wolf sitting on a log with its nose in the air ready for another howl. The old man raised his rifle and fired, but the rest of the story must be told by himself.

"You see I hadn't used the rifle for a long time, and the cartridges are some that I have been packing through the mountains for the last ten years, and I guess are no good anyhow, because when I fired I distinctly saw the ball leave the muzzle of the gun and watched it all the way till it struck the wolf on the side and fell down on the log. The wolf sprang off the log toward me and I made a break for the cabin, but my drawers fell down about my feet and tripped me up, and I pitched head foremost into a brush heap. I reached the cabin, part of the way on my hands and knees and part of the way by rolling over, but made as good time as I probably ever made in my life. I'm a good deal scratched with the brush, but I'm going to catch that wolf inside the next forty-eight hours or I will never set another trap in the country." But he failed to keep his word, for the wolf was never heard of after.

Another somewhat ludicrous circumstance connected with our trapping, and one which turned the laugh on me, may be mentioned here. I had made several attempts to procure a specimen of a great blue heron to make a skeleton of, but was always unfortunate in breaking some of the bones when shooting them, so our inventive genius was brought into play. After a great many experiments a trap was made of steel wire, coiled in the form of a cone, but so constructed that when pressed flat and set the coils at the apex opened out and formed the outside circle, and when sprung these coils came together and, of course, grasped firmly anything within their folds. The trap was kept in a set position by a number of wire levers, which connected in the center with an upright spindle on which the bait was fastened. So far so good. The trap was set on the beach, carefully concealed with sea weed and baited with a temptingly fresh fish. But an Indian instead of a heron was the first victim, and the stoical indifference to pleasure or pain which is said to characterize the noble red man of the forest did not count for much on this occasion. Walking along the beach the peculiar position of the fish attracted his attention, for stuck as it was on the wire spindle it looked as if it floated in space. He walked cautiously round it and viewed it from all sides. He approached closer, and bending forward and resting his hands on his knees, looked long and earnestly at the phenomenon. He muttered something in the guttural language of his tribe, which, if interpreted, would probably be "Well, I'm blowed if that don't get me," and was about to turn away when, suddenly, either from curiosity or a desire to obtain a cheap breakfast, he reached out and took hold of the fish.

For a few moments the men who were watching the performance saw nothing but flying mud and seaweed, and a confusion of legs and arms, but at length the Indian, thinking no doubt that he was being slowly encircled in the coils of a sea serpent, sprang to his feet, flew up the bank and tore away in the direction of Meiggs's cabin, where he was freed from the supposed monster, and the object of the trap explained. But if ever there was a disgusted Indian that was one. He strode out of the cabin and down the beach in the direction of his canoe, remarking in the most classic Chinook, that if ever he went in search of a *pilten* (fool), the first white man he met would suit him.

At the approach of September preparations were made for our annual hunt for mountain goats, when guided by the old Indian Scammux we pitched our tent on the summit of the mountains whose rugged peaks could be seen from the door of Meiggs's cabin. These were trips full of enjoyments—enjoyments which seldom come even to those who are capable of appreciating them.

The ascent of course was a struggle for the best of us, but then the summit brought with it more than a full measure of compensation. The cool breeze that came to us from the snowy peaks; the open stretches of grass and heather; the deep cañons, their sides densely clothed with low bushes, out of which we were always sure to start a goat or bear; the stalking of some solitary, shaggy-coated old male; the rifle's crack, which wakened such strange echoes among the gloomy peaks; the rest for lunch after a successful morning's work, and last but not least, the evening camp-fire with its pleasant stories of by-gone trips, and then the quiet smoke after the evening meal, in which we forgot that we had ever slipped or barked our shins on the way up.

So time wore on till one day I was offered and accepted an appointment in a distant part of the Province, and for three years amid the absorbing duties of my new position I lost sight of Meiggs and his cabin. But at last



ON WATCH.

a longing to revisit the old haunts came over me, and procuring a leave of absence I boarded a steamer which landed me on the evening of an October day at a place nine miles from my destination. These nine miles were covered by stage, which was to leave at 9 o'clock the following morning. But I was impatient, and at 9 o'clock the following morning I hoped to be taking a quiet smoke with Meiggs in his cabin. I rose at 5, went down to the kitchen of the hotel, where I procured a cup of coffee from the good-natured cook, and long before the city was astir I was out beyond its outskirts and on to the sandy road, which led through the grand old woods to the salt water.

It was a beautiful still morning; just a breath of air, bearing with it the scent of fern and cedar and balsam, seemed to meet me at every turn of the tortuous road. Among the branches of the stately firs the little pine squirrels were busy throwing down their winter store of seeds. Now and then a ruffed grouse would strut across the road in front of me, and with a flirt of its tail disappear in the thick bushes, or a hare would prance away out of sight at the next bend, a hundred yards ahead.

How often I footed it across that road, and how much I enjoyed the scenes it always afforded. There is not a turn in it, nor a tree that guards its sides, that I am not familiar with.

A tramp of a couple of hours brought me to the bridge which spans the little stream, the scene of our adventure with the old punt mentioned earlier in this letter. Here I took out my pipe for a smoke, and wondering whether Meiggs still continued his trapping in this direction I scrambled down in search of tracks leading beneath the bridge, our hiding place for the punt. Down by the edge of the stream a coon had made an early breakfast off a couple of clams, which he had fished from the shallow water, while on the opposite side, where the soft clay showed the fresh tracks, a great blue heron had stalked along on the lookout for a hapless sucker.

But nowhere on either side could be seen the tracks of human feet. I parted the bushes and passed beneath the bridge. The old punt was there just about as we left it three years ago, but its gaping seams and warped seats gave evidence that it had not been used for a long time. I looked up over the stringer and found the paddles in their usual hiding place, but they were covered deep with dust which had sifted down through the cracks of the bridge. I began to feel apprehensive of some disappointment in the result of my trip, and reaching the road hurried on, not stopping till I arrived at the spot where the big log crossed the ravine to Meiggs's trail. But the log was gone and in its place a massive railroad bridge, over which two iron tracks stretched away in the direction of Meiggs's cabin. No vestige of the trail was left, and so one of my anticipated pleasures was blighted.

I had forgotten that during my absence the Canadian Pacific Railway had wormed its way down from the Rocky Mountains along the cañons of the Fraser to the coast. I reached the spot where the little clearing should be, but what a change. The cabin was still there, but for a hundred yards back, the tall, stately firs which used to stand like grim sentinels keeping watch and ward over the charmed spot were cut down and now strewed the ground in blackened heaps. I picked my way over their charred trunks to the cabin, and reaching the door, which was slightly ajar, pushed it open. The empty frame of the old man's bunk was all the furniture the cabin contained. A few sprouts of grass and weeds had forced themselves up through the joints in the flat stones which formed the hearth. A bushrat scurried across the floor and disappeared beneath the bunk, and this was all of life within the old place. What a greeting to my coming back!

I turned away, and working my way down to the beach followed on to the old Frenchman's cabin, where, finding him at work, I plied him with questions.

"Meiggs, oh he lef' more two years ago. He no see you? Well he speak he go see you sure. What's matter he go? Oh he no like railway; make too much noise; cut down all big trees; by 'n' by plenty peoples come; Meiggs he no like it. Sell him hax, saw, every ting and lef'. Where he go? Oh I spec' down bee-low [California], may be Horigon, don't know. He no come back sure."

And so Meiggs's cabin, with all its pleasant memories, are now things of the past.

JOHN FANNIN.

VICTORIA, British Columbia.

## FROM THE FLORIDA COAST.

TROPIC, Fla., Dec. 1.—In a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM I noticed an article of the evidence of mind in animals. I did not suppose that it was any more a matter of doubt. It has always been a mystery to me how any one at all observant of our dumb friends and their ways could for one moment question that animals show almost all the faculties that are supposed to be the inheritance of man, only in a less degree. No one who has had for a companion a faithful and intelligent dog but must have felt that he had as a friend one who daily exhibited many of the highest virtues and an alert intelligence altogether remarkable, and showing in every way an intellect differing not in kind but in degree only from his own. The mentality of animals has always been a subject of great interest to me, but this is not the subject of this communication and so I forbear.

The wide, beautiful sheet of water known as the Banana, girding Merritt's Island and in reality only a part of Indian River, is now coming a good deal into notice. It has for many years been a favorite resort for those who love duck shooting, but the beauty and fertility of the strip of land lying between the river and the ocean, where frost never reaches, has only recently come to the knowledge of men. One can here sit in his cottage door and look out on the one side over the broad Atlantic and on the other one on the river.

For some reason the ducks are slow this season in making their appearance, and there are not so many as there were at the same time a year ago. A few English snipe have put in an appearance along the savannas.

A recent experience with a large rattlesnake only serves to confirm what I have written you before as to their character. A neighbor and myself were riding along a trail, when the horse stepped over the rattler who was leisurely crossing the road, and so slow was his movement the wheel of the wagon just missed the end of his tail. The horse showed no alarm, nor did the snake make any movement toward an attack, but crawled slowly toward a pile of palmetto logs. My companion leaped from the wagon to get something with which to kill it; and of course on his approach the snake sprung his rattle, but did not coil and was easily killed by a blow from a light stick. Indeed these people seem to regard a rattler as of no more consequence than a harmless snake, so sluggish is he, and so easily dispatched. The only quick movement he makes is when you are within say 3ft. of him and he is coiled, has given his warning rattle and is ready to strike. I have noted this common incident because multitudes of Florida's winter visitors come with such absurd ideas regarding snakes, and especially rattlers, that much of their pleasure, if they are in the country, is spoiled by needless fear of meeting venomous serpents, when the fact is that they may spend many winters without ever meeting with anything but the most harmless grass snake; and if by any chance a rattler should be met, the snake left to himself, will slowly move away.

Of the fishing on the Banana there is no need to speak. The whole river fairly wiggles with fish of every description, to be taken in any way the fisherman may desire. One way is this: We were coming up one evening, after landing from the yacht, through a narrow canal, opened for drainage purposes, when we alarmed a large number of mullet which had been spending the afternoon up the canal. Disturbed by our approach they started back for the river in great haste, and meeting the boat attempted to leap over the obstruction; thirty-nine of them landed in the boat and were secured. This, although a fish story, is not fishy.

After all, the great charm of this vicinity is the climate and surroundings, and this little section of the Indian River country lying below Canaveral and known as the peninsula is the most desirable of all. W.

## ON THE PAMPAS OF ENTRE RIOS.—II.

In a former letter on the above subject I mentioned the carpincho as one of the animals abundant in Entre Rios. This animal is known to scientists as the *Hydrochœrus capybara*, or water hog, and it is the largest of all the living rodent animals. In appearance it is repulsive and clumsy, being about 4ft. long, very squatty and bulky, its stomach not more than an inch or two from the ground. Its muzzle is heavy and blunt, and its eyes are small and set very high in the head. Its body is covered with quite long, coarse brown hair, and its incisor teeth are enormous. Its feet are partially webbed, and it is equally at home on the land or in the water. It swims and dives with ease, and when frightened it always takes to the water, diving at first, then rising to the surface, showing only its eyes and a small portion of its head. It is always found in small herds and makes its home on the banks of streams or lakes.

I shall never forget my first introduction to the carpincho. We had gone twenty-one miles from the ranch to a woods that grew on the banks on a stream called the Guallyguaychu to get a load of firewood, there being no trees nearer. While the men were taking their siesta after dinner I amused myself by strolling along the bank of the stream, taking in whatever there was of interest to be seen. Walking leisurely along I came to some large mud holes just like the hog wallows we see in this country. While debating in my mind the best way to avoid them, there arose from each of them huge, strange, horrible looking animals, each one of which gave an awful snort and grunt, running rapidly toward the stream, while I ran as fast the other way.

Finding the beasts were not following me I returned cautiously to the bank of the stream, first cocking my 7in. Colts revolver that I always carried with me. Looking carefully over where their muddy trail showed me they had gone in, I saw a pair of bright eyes, and the end of a broad snout showing above the water. Taking careful aim I fired and by good luck planted a bullet in one of the eyes. The animal immediately sank, and in a few moments there was a tremendous boiling up of mud and water where he had disappeared. I knew he was mortally wounded, and hurried back to the men, who told me it was a carpincho, and seemed delighted at the prospect of getting it. They said the body would rise after four or five hours and we could then secure it. We went to the spot about sundown, and sure enough there he was, and a very large one too. We hauled him ashore with a lasso, and the men soon had him skinned and his fat collected, which they tied up in the skin. The flesh is strong and coarse and is not eaten by the natives, but the skin is very highly prized by them, as it is peculiarly suitable for making lariats. They cut the skin into a long string about 2½in. wide, which strip they stretch while green by fastening one end to a post, and pulling on the other with a horse. This brings it down to about 1in. in width, and it is then fastened securely at the ends and left to dry. When thoroughly dry it is softened by being pulled through a cleft stick a number of times. When ready for use it is soft and pliable, and no amount of strain, or wetting or drying will cause it to get hard or stretch, and it is about as strong as a piece of telegraph wire. As the lariats are used almost exclusively for tethering out horses at night, these properties are very desirable.

The carpincho is rarely found away from permanent water or by itself, but one case came under my own observation where one of them had wandered twenty miles away from its habitat, and had apparently been living for some time in an almost dry arroyo. It was discovered by one of my men, who reported it. Taking my gun I went to the place indicated and found the beast wallowing in a partially dried up mud hole, and it seemed to be in a very bad humor, showing fight on our approach. The right and left barrels of my No. 12 Hollis caused it to roll over on its side apparently dead. I approached as near as possible and poked it with the butt of my gun, when it suddenly gave a snap and caught the butt in its terrible curved teeth, holding on and pulling tremendously. I called Benancio, the man who was with me, to grab me round the waist and help pull. For several seconds it was a tug of war between us. I was afraid the carpincho would get the gun or pull me into the mud, which was of unknown depth, and where he would have had me at a very great disadvantage. However, he soon weakened, as he was mortally wounded, and let go his hold.

One day while hunting caroinchos in the Arroyo Gualleguy, quite a large stream, I met with an adventure that might have resulted disastrously, but fortunately I got out all right. I was working my way up the channel through a swamp in a boat. The bushes were very thick and growing in water from six to ten feet deep. At the place where the accident occurred it was at least a quarter of a mile to either bank, and half a mile to where I entered the swamp. I was hauling the boat through the water by pulling on the branches of the bushes. A large and strong one that looked as if it ought to have stood a good pull broke with me, and I fell over backward into the water. On rising to the surface to my horror I found the boat had drifted away quite rapidly. Stopping a moment to think what it would be best to do, work through the bushes to the bank or keep in the open water and work toward the place where I entered the swamp, I noticed the boat had swung against the bushes and was fast. Quickly regaining her I was soon out of the swamp and had my clothes hanging up to dry, and it is needless to say that I did not hunt carpinchos any more that day.

The Gauchos had very few firearms, and the one who possessed an old musket was considered wealthy indeed. They were very poor shots and after wounding any kind of an animal they rarely fired at it again, but relied on their lasso, knife, or bolas to finish it. Some of them carried pistols that had large bell-shaped muzzles and were called trabucos. Their theory was that the wide muzzle caused the bullets to scatter, thereby doing more execution, and in this connection they had a saying which, freely translated, reads, "That which will kill the man will at the same time kill the horse." The most indispensable article that the Gaucho possesses is his knife. This is usually a large, long-bladed knife, frequently made from the end of a sword and having a silver-mounted handle. The knife is carried in a rawhide sheath stuck through the belt or sash well back on the right hip. They use the knife with wonderful dexterity, killing and skinning cattle with it or as easily cutting strips of rawhide so fine that they can be used as thread with a needle. They also eat with their knives, cut up their tobacco for their cigarrillos, and not infrequently commit murder with it. They are very quick to draw their knives, and I have seen a good many of them badly carved up.

Twice during my sojourn in Entre Rios I had knives drawn on me. The first time by a young Gaucho about nineteen years old, to whom I had administered some rather rough demonstrances on account of his scaring the sheep with a lasso at shearing time. Fortunately, there was a convenient strip of pine board lying near me, with which I knocked him down, captured his knife and broke it short off at the handle. The second time was quite an exciting episode in my life on the pampas. I had sent an Indian with a cart and two horses to a neighboring estancia to get some stores. As he did not return that night or the next morning, I sent another man to look for him. This man returned in a short time with the cart and one horse, and reported that Crespo, the Indian, was lying on the pampas drunk and that he had killed one of the horses by sticking him with his knife. That afternoon I saw Crespo making his way on foot toward the estancia. My room was quite a large one, with a pine table in the middle. I always sat at the side of the table furthest, and opposite the door, when giving orders or paying the men. Crespo came up to the door, and when I asked him why he killed the horse he answered very insolently that he killed him because he would not follow behind the cart. I told him his services were no longer needed and that I should deduct $5 from balance due him to pay for the horse he had killed. I had no sooner said this than he pulled out his knife and made a vicious lunge at me. As I jumped back from the table he came around toward my side, but seeing me grab my gun from the deer horns over my head he ran out and around the kitchen, a detached building near the door. In my excitement at the attempt on my life I let go both barrelsof the gun at him. I saw a large piece fly out of the kitchen, which was a thatched structure, and thought, of course, I had shot the man. A reaction then set in and I sat down on my bed, feeling horribly at the thought of having shot a human being. Finally, I nerved myself to go and look at him, but not seeing his gory corpse lying on the ground I looked up, and saw him at least a quarter of a mile away and his horse running for dear life. About three months after this he reappeared, and at a warning from me not to get off his horse he pulled up his shirt and showed me his back, which was seamed and scarred up terribly, which he told me was from extracting the shot I had put into him.



CARPINCHO, WATER CAVY, OR CAPYBARA (*Hydrochœrus capybara*).

The Gauchos are on the whole a pretty good-natured set of fellows when sober, but are quarrelsome when drunk. They get $5 to $6 a month and work very well until they have accumulated $10 to $20, when they consider themselves rich, and invariably knock off work, going to the nearest pulperia or store, where they stay and drink and gamble as long as their money lasts, which of course depends on their luck. I have known some to stay away three and four months and then come back looking for a job. They are inveterate gamblers, and when their money is gone they will stake their boots, hats, whip, lasso, bolas, saddle, and in fact everything they possess except their horses and bridles, which they never part with. I have seen them frequently leave the estancia to go on a spree, decked out in grand style with fine saddle, beautifully made whip, which they decorate themselves, many colored poncho and chiripa, in fact, with all the finery they had been able to accumulate since their last spree. In about two or three weeks they would return with nothing on except pantaloons and shirt, riding bareback.

Dogs are very numerous around estancias, being mostly mongrels, but they never molest sheep. There are also a good many wild dogs, called *perros cimmarones*. They are very destructive to sheep if they find them unattended at night away from the buildings. Sometimes a careless shepherd will leave a small point of sheep out on the pampas, and if they do not come home themselves, which they are not apt to do, there will probably be none of them left by morning, as the wild dogs will destroy them. They hunt in packs, but do not all run together. Selecting a heavy mare or old stallion for their prey, two or more of them will start after it on a full run, working in a large circle. When the first dogs become tired, fresh ones will take their places, keeping their prey on the run all the time. The horse soon becomes tired and will stop and try to keep off the dogs by kicking and jumping on

them, but in a short time they have their victim down, and by morning there will be nothing left but the bones.

There was quite a large dog den or burrow near the estancia, but I could never get a shot at them. They are very cunning, and always keep a sentinel outside the den, who gives the alarm on the approach of an enemy, and the dogs run out and scatter in the high grass. I had a pair of Spanish galgos, which were my constant companions. They were named Lion and Tigress, and were very intelligent animals. When in the house they were always apparently listening to the conversation, and if while talking with any one I should say without changing the tones of my voice or giving them any sign *Salir a fuera* (go outside) they would both get up without any instruction on my part; they seemed really to understand what we were talking about, and if we would bring into the conversation such sentences as "Hunt the cat" or "Strange dog" they would dart out all excitement.

Before I had full charge of this estancia, and while I was going through an apprenticeship, as it were, I was put in charge of a flock of twelve hundred sheep, and lived in a small straw questo or hut for three months. These dogs were my only companions as I saw no one for days except the man who brought me a fresh horse every morning, and once a week the manager. There was a small square hole in the side of the hut about four feet from the ground which served as a window. It was almost a nightly occurrence for my dogs to leap through this window excited by some noise or scent, and they would generally return in a few minutes with an opossum, which they would lay at my feet. Sometimes it would be a skunk, and they would return smelling vilely, but they never brought the skunk with them, although they invariably killed it. These odoriferous beasts abounded on the pampas, and animals and men were constantly scented up with them. Foxes were very plentiful, and one pair that I saw nearly every day puzzled me no little by disappearing when the dogs got after them. I watched them often to find out where their den was and finally discovered it neatly hidden just under the top of a very high bank of a deep arroyo. My dogs would tackle anything from a mad bull to an iguano, except a tarantula. When they came across one of these they would make a great fuss barking, circling around but keeping at a very respectful distance.

One evening on returning to the estancia after being away all day, I was met by Tigress who was very proud of a litter of cubs she had. She seemed much more pleased to see me than usual, jumping up on me and licking my hands. She ran behind one of the buildings, then looked to see if I was following; finding I was not, she tried in every way to attract my attention. Thinking that something was wrong I went with her, and she led me to a deep hole in the ground that had been made by pulling up a large post. In the bottom of the hole was one of her cubs which had fallen in. The strange part of this is that the dog should have waited for me to release the pup when there were several others about the place all day. They told me she had been restless all the afternoon, constantly going out of the inclosure, and looking in the direction she thought I was coming, but not once did she try to call their attention to her imprisoned pup. These Spanish galgos or hounds are very aristocratic, and will not associate with the common dogs. They stay in and about the main house and will not allow a common dog to come near it, but keep them on their own territory which is near the kitchen. EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

BALTIMORE, Md.

## ADIRONDACK DEER HUNTING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Referring to an article under the head of "Adirondack Deer Hunting," and published in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1, I beg leave to criticise the points taken by the author of that article.

First, I do not think deer have increased for the past few years about here. It is true, there are more deer in certain localities. But then, there are large tracts where there are but very few deer where they used to be plenty. This is partly due to the extensive lumber jobs now going on in the Adirondacks, and much more the result of hounding.

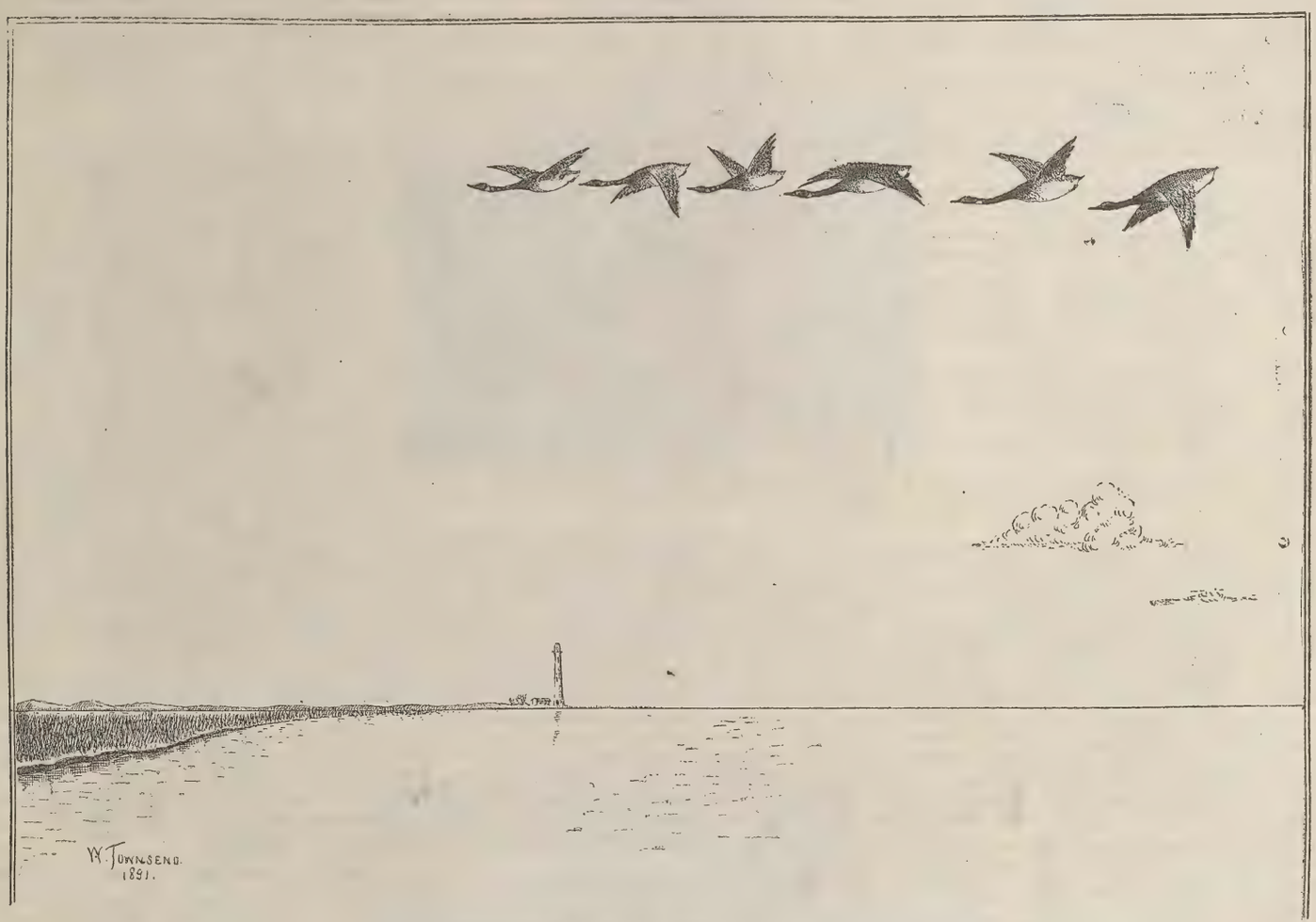
I travelled through the woods of Maine soon after hounding was prohibited in that State. Deer seemed to be in clusters or herds. In some secluded spot at the head of some stream they appeared to be plenty, while in other places on equally or more favorable grounds I would travel for miles and not see a deer's track. I was in the Maine woods again this fall and found that the deer were gradually spreading themselves all through the woods. I agree with the author that more stringent measures be taken to insure the deer supply. But whoever makes the assertion that by having the open season for hounding later in the fall would be advantageous both to the deer and the hunter, either has not the proper protection of deer at heart or is ignorant of the facts concerning late hounding. I admit it would be advantageous to the hunter, but not to the deer.

I believe also that it is the general opinion that venison will not be injured so much by the race in later and cooler weather, in October, as in warmer weather, in September. So far from this being the fact, venison will be injured more in a race of fifteen minutes the last of October than it would be in a whole hour in September. The reason is obvious. During the early stages of the winter's coat, which comes on the latter part of August and early September, the hair is short, small, firm or solid, admitting of the more free escape of animal heat. But as it gets later in October this hair not only becomes long, but expands laterally and becomes exceedingly light and porous, filling up all the interstices between the hair and becoming one of the best non-conductors of heat known, and thus enables the deer to stand the rigors of a northern clime. Now, the heat does not come from without, but from within. The fear and over-exertion causes the rapid circulation of the blood and consequently the rapid accumulation of animal heat, which cannot escape by reason of this non-conducting coat of hair. The deer is soon over-heated, suffocation takes place and it rushes to the nearest water. The worst hounded venison I ever saw was killed in the coldest weather in December.

Hordes from all around the woods would hail with delight a law that would admit of later hounding, for they know they could kill more deer. There is a certain class here, and I suppose this is the case all around the woods, that know nothing about the two deer clause, but make a business of hunting deer during the whole open season for hounding. It is reported on good authority that one man at Long Pond killed over twenty deer in one season by hounding. Last year on the 20th day of October there were eighteen deer killed in the two little lakes within one and a half miles of my house. This year there has been a falling off of fifty per cent. in the number of deer killed by hounding due to the closing of the season the 10th instead of the 20th as last year.

The assertion that there would not be as many does killed in October as in September is erroneous. It is, in fact, the reverse. During October the bucks travel the least of any deer. They seek some good feeding place and remain quiet preparatory to the rutting season in November. The hound will not be as likely to find as many buck's as doe's tracks in October. During September the bucks have recently shed the velvet covering from their horns and then they are the finest, and, too, the early winter coat, which comes on with the bucks the latter part of August, is by far the prettiest for mounting, and as there is no trouble for the sportsman to secure his allotted number in September, why should the season for hounding be extended into October only for the slaughter of the deer by meat hunters? I should be heartily in favor of abolishing both hounding and jacking. It is impossible to frame a law that would please every one. Hounding being by far the most destructive method should have the shortest time. The present law with an amendment closing the hounding season Oct. 1 would, I think, generally give as good satisfaction as any that could be devised consistent with the proper protection of deer. MUSSET.

NUMBER FOUR, Dec. 12.




AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XIX.

From a drawing by W. Townsend

### A Long Shot.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 8—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A year ago last spring I was living on a shanty boat on the St Mary's Reservoir. My boat was anchored on an island east of the Twin Islands, and here it was that I made a shot that I shall remember the longest day I live. I had just finished cooking breakfast and opened the door to cool the boat somewhat when I noticed a bald eagle flying to the ice, about 500 yards from the boat. Some of the good old fishermen were raising nets from the ice around my boat, among whom were Sam and Charlie Marshall, Felix Sweigart, Tom Carter, Dave Dines and Swarts. I raised my rifle to my shoulder and pulled, expecting the bullet to fall short of the bird, but to the surprise of myself and the fishermen he gave a sudden flap of his wings and fell. He weighed 18 pounds, and measured 7 feet 1¼ inches from tip to tip. F. B. M.

## DUCK SHOOTING FROM A HOUSEBOAT.

Lake Champlain.

WHAT is a houseboat blind? Simply a flat-bottomed boat with a house thereon, covering three-quarters of its length, and hidden entirely in cedar boughs, top, sides and all around. And so artfully is the cedar arranged that the resemblance to a green islet (save for its somewhat regular outlines) is complete.

With tight roof and sides, the interior of this little house is a veritable snuggery furnished with bunks, table, camp stools, gun rack, shelves for provisions and cartridges, and last but not least, a kerosene stove, which, when kept properly cleaned and trimmed, will give you a smoking hot dinner at short notice.

And after a day spent in the open air, when the lungs are filled to cracking with the pure breeze that filters down through the groves of pine and hemlock covering the hills, and comes all pungent with balsamic odors, to dance about the clear waters of Champlain, "a smoking hot dinner," sauced with the ravenous appetite of a wolf, is not to be despised.

The house, occupying three-quarters of the boat's length, leaves the bow clear, and here you have ample room to stand and with a good field glass may sweep the lake in search of fowl.

A portion of this space is occupied by a roomy and comfortable coop for the live decoys, the cedar being carried up in front and at the sides to about shoulder high, so that the fowl when lured within the "dead line," which is the space covered by an ordinarily strong shooting gun, say about 40yds., are in plain sight when you stand erect.

A flock of ducks approach; their every movement may be watched through sundry little peepholes among the twigs as you crouch low with ready gun.

A moment, and they are within shot. You see the bright eyes, the hovering wings, and rising rouse the echoes with both barrels.

'Tis done! What is done? Why, you have either brought sundry ducks to bag or scared them "inside out," in which case you will form some idea of what a scared duck can do in the way of speed as he buzzes off, quacking in terror the while.

Ducking from a "houseboat" is the very acme of comfort in this oft times arduous pursuit. "Blow high!" blow low! you have your cosey cabin, and pleasant it is to sit within, puffing a quiet pipe and listening to the pouring rain while the storm rages.

At the first sign of clearing weather one is literally "on deck" for business.

Fifteen miles from Burlington, Vt., over a good road, winding amid everchanging scenery, you reach Sand Bar Bridges, a roadway connecting the mainland with Grand Island.

South and west extend the flats, it being possible to walk in some directions here quite a mile from shore without bringing the water above knee-deep.

On these flats the blind was moored, and therein it was my privilege to spend a few days in September.

To the north and west lay Grand Island, distant about three miles. Above its rounding hills and flanking the lake shore, far as the eye could reach to the south, loomed the silent Adirondacks, grand and sphinx-like in repose. The play of light and shadow gave a wondrous depth of tone to the scene. Even the wandering clouds seemed to linger with a soft caress about the mountain tops, reaching out with long, filmy streamers from summit to summit, leaving each slowly, regretfully, as though parting with an old friend.

The use of live decoys was a feature of duck shooting that was unfamiliar to the writer, and I had looked forward with impatience to the day when Elmer was to initiate me.

A word as to this same Elmer E. Bean, of Milton, Vt. I have knocked about with many an honest fellow, in rough weather and calm, but for all-round straightforwardness, good nature and "git thar," combined with downright shooting qualities, commend me to Elmer.

The decoys were sturdy specimens of blackduck nearly pure wild blood (as I am told) and certainly their markings were exactly similar to those of their wild brethren.

If it were not for a certain sluggishness of movement, due possibly to their having spent the summer in the barnyard among plebian ducks and chickens, it would be almost impossible to distinguish them from the wary thoroughbreds that frequent the lake.

The manner of working with them is as follows: A small platform, or log, is placed some 20yds. from the blind in front, its top just flush with the surface of the water.

A decoy is tethered by a string to a peg firmly thrust into the hard sand of the flats, about 6ft. distant, said string being just long enough to allow of the decoy reaching the platform, where it will stand and preen its feathers, quacking meanwhile with energy at every passing bird, or in more subdued tones holding converse with its companions in the coop on the blind.

The live decoy occupies the apex of a triangle, the sides being strung with the ordinary wooden decoy, in greater or less numbers as inclination may suggest, although the squawking of this feathered siren makes a large display unnecessary.

When a flock of ducks appear, her calls seldom fail to attract their attention, and as she stands upon the little platform, she shows up in such fine form, that they generally turn to investigate.

And now Elmer will take a decoy from the coop, crouching low as he grasps it firmly with both hands. A quick toss sends it high in air above the blind, where with noisy expostulation it presently sails down with outspread wings and joins its tethered mate.

This rarely fails to decide the action of the wild birds. They either set their wings and at once scale in to the decoys, or circling a few times alight, and after consulting together, swim up within range of the leaden death that is lurking within the cedars of the blind.

Should they act as though suspicious, the judicious tossing of a few more decoys will settle it, and it is curious to see the air of fearlessness which now pervades the flock as they swim rapidly up.

It often happens that several bunches of ducks will swim in from different directions at the same time, and then it is a pleasure to see the careful way in which the decoys are handled.

No tossing now! Instead a decoy is quietly pushed through between the cedars on the opposite side the blind, and quacking loudly with a sense of freedom, it hurries to its chums, who are already disporting themselves about the little platform with its tethered occupant.

With bated breath we peep through the boughs at the approaching fowl; not a sound is made by us as they come in; a look is all that is required; it says, "Are you ready!" a wink answers yes, and rising we cut loose.

Not waiting to see what execution has been done, each grasps a spare gun, and again we stop a couple as they cross in wild affright; "doin' stunts," as Elmer says.

With the clearing away of the fog of burned powder, we see eleven ducks scattered here and there waiting to be gathered, and wading out we attend to them.

But what of the live decoys? During all this excitement they have been huddled in a compact bunch near the little platform, and are now unconcernedly swimming about among the dead and dying.

I go to the blind, raise the sliding door of the coop, and Elmer walking behind them, our duck assistants swim to the gangway, and waddle up and into the coop in a matter of fact manner that is laughable.

Fully plumed for flight, not hampered in any way, the idea that they are free to go never seems to enter their silly heads. Once in a while they will leave for parts unknown, but this seldom occurs.

In the use of live decoys it is found of great advantage in accustoming them to their duties, to have a few well trained older birds, whose example is quickly followed by the younger members of the flock.

It is very necessary to take pains at the outset in the arrangement of the little board or gangway, which leads up from the water to the coop in the blind. The incline must be easy, so that at the first attempt on the part of the decoys to enter, they will find no difficulty in comfortably ascending. If too steep an incline, they are likely to slip and flutter clumsily in the effort to regain footing, and ever after will hesitate to make the attempt, swimming and dodging about the blind until finally driven in.

This of course is very annoying and seriously interferes with the results of a day's sport. With proper attention to these details, however, there appears to be little trouble afterward, and certainly to one who finds something of interest in the accessories of duck shooting, and whose entire enjoyment of a shooting trip is not confined to the mere killing of game, the working with live decoys is extremely interesting.

In selecting a decoy to tether out as caller, a female should always be taken, as she has the well known loquacity of her sex in general, and proves, as with human beings, a greater attraction than the male. The drakes are rarely tethered, being reserved for tossing into the air.

In calm weather when the fowl are not moving about, the door of the coop may be raised, and the whole flock will go out and disport themselves, romping and playing tag as it were, having a big time generally for an hour or so, returning of their own volition when ready. In giving them liberty as above, always see to it, that one of their number is tethered, as they are then less likely to stray. With regular feeding and plenty of exercise a decoy will keep in excellent condition the season through. There is amusement in watching their many antics. For instance, one habit they have is to pitch into the decoy that has just been released from its tether, the instant it is returned to the coop, and the scramble that regularly takes place on these occasions is ludicrous, each one trying to thump the luckless individual, and all squawking and tumbling about the coop in wild confusion.

Why they should wish to vent such spite is beyond my comprehension, but such is the case, and at each change of decoys the scene is repeated, with never-failing regularity. When fowl are moving the sport from such a blind is fine, as they come right up until one can see their eyes twinkle.

I hope to live over again those delightful hours in the "houseboat," and in the meantime I dwell in remembrance on what has been, until the scene in imagination is again a reality. I see the sun touch the mountain tops with gold, the stars glisten once more in the throbbing waters, and the plash of tiny wavelets lulls me to rest.

BAY RIDGE, Long Island. WILMOT TOWNSEND.

## ANOTHER PANTHER EXPERIENCE.

I NEVER caught a panther in the act of screaming, but I have camped out in the deep woods where they held forth, and was once followed by a big one nearly a mile. It was in Warren county, N. Y. I had been over the mountain some five miles from our house, to Uncle Joel Dayton's, our nearest neigbor in that direction, for a back load of buckwheat. I had secured the meal, which was well strapped on my back. There was considerable snow on the hemlock brush, and this brushing off fell on my shoulders and breast and was then melted by my breath only to freeze securely over the straps in front. It was about 7 o'clock of a January evening. I had reached the apex of the mountain and was on the bend downward. At the foot of the mountain, after passing a running brook, was our cabin. I was aroused by a scream, piercing, intense, resembling as near as I could describe it, to the cry of a woman in great fear or distress. I knew in a moment what it was, for I had heard it before in the wilds of Wisconsin, and the scream of a panther can never be forgotten nor mistaken for anything else. I tore down that mountain side, tugging at the frozen straps of my pack. The cry was repeated three times. I reached the brook, and not looking for the log, plunged in and fell headlong, almost unconscious, on the cabin floor. Mrs. "Jacobstaff" removed the pack with the help of warm water, and I told my story.

The next morning, with my gun and dog, I took my back track and found that an enormous animal of the cat kind had followed me nearly half way down the mountain side. I measured the point of one of its paws in the snow, and it took the width of both of my hands to fill it, and one of the jumps by measurement was thirty-three feet. It must have been a full grown dog panther. I followed that track all day, until toward night it began to get rather hot among the rocks twelve miles from home and I gave it up.

There is a small owl (I don't know its name; it is not the common screech owl) that is capable of making a piercing, hair-raising cry, entirely out of proportion to its size, but it is not a panther's scream by several octaves.

Old Ralph, a fellow trapper with me in northern Wisconsin, told me once that while watching for deer, near where a tree had been felled across the stream for a bridge, he saw a painter (he called it) come toward him on the log. It crouched down, waving its tail back and forth and gave several yells which, as Old Ralph said, "stopped his heart a beating," and he was no coward. Ralph said the critter was answered by a similar cry, though somewhat different in tone and intensity. Ralph didn't shoot then, for the creature turned back and sprang into the woods. JACOBSTAFF.

## VERMONT DEER AND SHEEP.

THE following letter received by a Vermont correspondent has been sent to us for publication: A client by the name of Charles A. Church, was in the office last Saturday afternoon, and made some casual comments regarding deer in his neighborhood. His remarks were of so curious a nature that we quizzed him considerably, and the condition of things in Moretown and vicinity with reference to the performances of deer seemed so unusual that we thought you might be interested in knowing about it. This Church is a blustering farmer of Moretown, whose post office address is Montpelier, and the statement that first attracted our attention was that over twenty sheep had been killed by deer in his neighborhood within a year.

He said that the first evidence he had of deer troubling sheep was one Sunday morning about a year ago. He was up early building a fire, when he heard a scampering and scurrying in the barn yard, and stepped to the door just in time to see his whole flock of sheep rush in from the pasture and huddle together in a corner made by the fence. Right behind them, not more than five rods from his verandah, was a fine buck which had evidently chased the sheep from the hills. He stole into the house and called his children to see the buck, and the animal stayed there for some few minutes, apparently without timidity, and then slowly bounded away. Church didn't once think of shooting the buck, though he had a loaded gun in the house and knew nothing at the time of the penalty; but the sight was such a pretty one, and he had so little thought of the buck harming his sheep that he only looked upon the affair as a pleasant incident and something very unusual. A few mornings after, while in his barn feeding the stock, he looked through a hole in the flooring down into his sheep pen and saw just outside a buck rising from the spot where, from the appearance of the snow, he had spent the night. Since then he and the members of his family have seen deer frequently—Church says almost every day. He has seen bucks playing with his sheep, and one day saw a buck run a sheep off over the hills. The sheep "never came back any more." He has had sheep come in bruised as if punched with a pointed instrument, so that they have died, and on skinning them the flesh would have many marks indicating that they had been tossed by a buck. Church has lost, in all, five sheep in this way, as he asserts, and he is going to sell his flock for the reason, as he says, that he can't afford to suffer such losses.

Barney Mayo, of Moretown, has had several sheep killed by bucks, and he feels particularly confident that deer killed them because he was behind a bush and saw one of them killed by a buck. The buck evidently was in heat and would toss the sheep about and punch it in a playful manner, evidently not realizing that he was harming it and not intending to do so. It is Church's theory that the bucks do not wish to harm the sheep, but desire to mate, and do what they do in playfulness.

John Carrigan, of Moretown, has also lost sheep in this manner, as has Matthias Cannon, of Northfield, and Andrew Sleeper, of Moretown.

A peculiar incident happened to Church the forenoon of the day he saw us. He was at the miller's, not far from his house, when a neighbor shouted to him that he would better look out for one of his lambs if he didn't want a buck to kill him. Church ran into his pasture toward the point indicated, and saw a young lamb trotting along beside a large buck, there being a perfect understanding between the two apparently. As he neared the two the buck bounded away, and to Church's surprise the lamb followed. He gave chase, and finding that he might have a difficult job of it threw off his coat and shouted to his boys to send up the dog. Meanwhile the buck and lamb were making good time across fields and through wood lots, so that but for a light fall of snow which enabled Church to follow them, he would have lost his lamb altogether. As it was he kept up the chase for over a mile till his dog came along, when the buck broke away and the lamb ran down into Andrew Sleeper's barnyard, near which they were when the dog separated them. In the chase the lamb showed the greatest persistence in following the buck, scrambling through holes in the fence and running around obstacles that the deer could clear in a jump.

Mrs. Sleeper came out and claimed the lamb, but Church persuaded her it was his own, when he found to his surprise that his girls had neglected to let the sheep out that morning, so, although on his farm, the lamb could not belong to him. The Sleepers afterward identified it as one of their own, which, together with its mother, had disappeared over three weeks before without having been once seen in the interval. The ewe did not appear on the scene at all.

Church has a respect that borders on veneration for the law—according to his own story—and even went so far as to try to persuade us that if a deer was found dead on any of his land it would cost him a hundred dollars; but he thinks "Uncle Sam," as he expresses it, ought to modify the game laws so that bucks found killing sheep can be sent to their long home. He says deer are very plenty all through his neighborhood, whereas a few years ago one was rarely seen at all. He claims to have been a resident of the Canadian border, and to know all about the habits of deer, and says that the bucks and does never yard together, nor does more than a single buck occupy a yard. He says that there is no trouble with the does, and that few of them, comparatively, are seen.

We assured Church that the Fish and Game Commissioners were interested in all such matters, and were glad to learn of the unfortunate operation of any fish or game law that they might take steps to remedy it at the next Legislature.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 17.—Speaking of game parks and preserves, the following from the daily despatches may be found of interest: "DENVER, Colo., Dec. 10.—Col. W. F. Cody ('Buffalo Bill') has just brought back a party of Englishmen and Americans from a hunting trip through northern Arizona and southern Utah. The party included Col. McKinney, of the British Grenadier Guards, who started for New York to-day and will sail for England on the 14th; Major St. John, of London; Col. Prentiss Ingraham, a Southerner; Col. Frank Baldwin, of General Miles's staff, and Col. McKinley, Major J. Burk and Col. Ellison Naylor, of Washington. The hunters had an escort of thirty-five cowboys and scouts and plenty of arms and provisions. One object Cody had in making the trip was to find a place which he might use as a game preserve. His idea is to establish a large park, stock it with all kinds of game and use it as his private shooting grounds. He found several places both in Arizona and Utah which exactly suited him."

The millennium of uniform game laws is not yet put beyond hope in the West. Last week's convention of the wardens and others interested, at Minneapolis, Minn., was probably the most thoughtful and well considered effort in this direction yet made. So far as is possible through the efforts of those present, the States of the Northwest will work together for uniform laws, and will consider any offense against one State as an offense against all. Much lies between such plans and their fulfilment, of course, but I believe the day will come when we will see such plans in large fulfilled. That so important a meeting should be held for this purpose shows in the first place a realization of the fact that the game is passing away, and in the second place a clear understanding of the proper way of preventing its extermination. We do not get all we ask for, but we get nothing for which we do not ask. On the whole, the situation in the Northwest in game protective matters is very far from discouraging. We need, all of us, to be careful not to find content in saying, "Let the good work go on." The good work will not go on unless we push it on.



WAITING FOR TIDE TO RISE.

Last night our friend Dick Cox, a gilded young Chicago sportsman, was in a reminiscent mood, and told some stories of the time when he was in Seattle, Washington, diligently acquiring experience in his profession of the law, and also preparing to write a book on the habits of the game birds of the Northwest coast.

"That was in 1886," said he, "and I was out there on the urgent request of my father that I should grow up some with the country. I was willing to grow and did not mind practicing some law, when it didn't interfere with the shooting. My associate in crime was a French gentleman, name of Teddy Haller. We were the youthful members of the bar, and we drew our first cases about together. My first client was a Chinaman who had been selling whisky to the Indians, and I always thought I worked that case fine — for the State. You see, everybody knew my client had been selling the whisky right along, and there was no defense. The usual thing in a case of this kind was a plea of guilty and a sentence of two months. This didn't suit me, and I set in to clear my man. I made an able showing and summed up in a brilliant speech. I succeeded in getting my client into the penitentiary for nine months, which was more than the District Attorney could have done, if I had kept still, by about seven months.

"Teddy Haller's case was defense for burglary. His man had been caught and held up in a store one night *in flagrante*, et cetera, and he had no defense on earth. If Teddy had pleaded plain guilty his man would have got about a year, but Teddy wouldn't have it that way. 'Your Honor,' says he, 'we admit the criminal act, but would like to plead extenuating circumstances. We should like to put the accused on the stand, and have the Court examine him as to his innocence of other similar acts.' Well, the Court did examine him, and blamed if Teddy's man didn't plead guilty to a whole lot of other burglaries and things, right there. He must have kind of got mixed up in his mind as to what Teddy wanted him to say. Maybe Teddy was a little mixed, too. The Court sent Teddy's man up for five years. Then Teddy and I went out duck hunting again. We were helpin' the Commonwealth right along, and nobody could kick on our going hunting occasionally after such forensic struggles as that.

"But the best case we ever had—or maybe I'd better just call it our other case; anyhow it was our masterpiece —was our sheep case. You see, one old settler had a lot of hounds, and another old settler had a lot of sheep. Our client was the man with the sheep. Everybody knew the hounds were killing the sheep. One morning the owner of the sheep found fourteen dead sheep in the pasture. The hounds showed plenty of sign of a sheep barbecue, and the thing was a cinch for us to collect big damages. We allowed our sheep were worth easy $10 a head. Teddy and I brought out our witnesses to show above facts, and then we submitted our case without argument—allowin', of course, that we had a cinch. But what did the attorney for defense do but bring in a lot of other testimony, and make a speech an hour long. He showed the six peers of the jury that our man was a dirty, low-lived, mean sort of a fellow, and that it served him right to have his sheep killed. He also showed that that neighborhood was much infested by cougars, and declared that it certainly was cougars that had killed those fourteen sheep. 'Unquestionably, gentlemen,' says he, 'these cougars would have killed many more sheep had not my client's dogs appeared upon the scene and driven away these destroying animals. The claim that we should pay damages for these 14 sheep is preposterous. Upon the contrary, we shall urge a counter-claim of salvage for the whole remainder of the herd, thus saved from destruction by the courageous efforts of the noble dogs belonging to my esteemed and wrongfully accused client, whom to know is to respect in the most unqualified manner!' Of course, the jury couldn't stand that, and they promptly cleared the other fellow, and assessed damages on us. So we had to pay for the sheep we didn't get killed. That sheep salvage case was one of the jokes of the Seattle bar for a long while after that. I think you will agree that Teddy and I had a career at the bar which was brilliant though short. After a while I got tired of growing up, and concluded to transfer my talents back to Chicago again. It's pretty good shooting around here, too, and if you're trying a sheep case here they can't spring no cougars on you, see?"



MORNING ON HORICON MARSH.

At Warsaw I met Mr. C. E. Irvin and Mr. C. W. Douglas, to both of whom I had the letter of Mr. M. E. Moran, now of Chicago, but formerly of Warsaw. Mr. Moran and Mr. Douglas are partners in the Kosciusko Kennels at Warsaw. Mr. Irvin was home on a visit, which included some quail shooting and a good deal of mixing up in doggy matters, he being much of a lover of a fine dog. "We've only got 36 dogs now," said Mr. Moran, "but if you think that'll do, you might go out and have a little quail hunt." Naturally, therefore, we all drifted down to the kennels and had the usual pleasure in looking over a fine lot of dogs. Warsaw is one of the sportiest towns of its size I ever saw. Good bird dogs are common in the streets, and some of them are very good indeed. Mr. Lee Hayman had along with him on the street when we met him a bitch which would need fear little in a bench show, and his brother, Judge Hayman, of the Circuit Court, had another good one at his knee when we called at his home. "My business is shooting and fishing," said the Judge, "and, of course, this dog of mine is the best one on earth. Yes, shooting is my business. I just hold court as a sort of side show!"

Mr. Irvin had for his string this fall the stylish dog Twin Mark, and two puppies, Noble and Sinbad, of which he expects much when they are old enough to hunt. Certainly they are handsome specimens. It took only a short time to decide that we ought to have a quail hunt. So Mr. Irwin, Mr. Douglas and myself made up a party. We took along Twin Mark, a little bitch called Domino and a three year old dog, Ham's Vic, owned by Mr. L. M. Hamline, of Chicago, who hunts in this vicinity, and leaves Vic at the kennels.

We drove about 12 miles out from town, stopping at the farm house of Arthur Knoop, and here we had a quail hunt as was a quail hunt. The weather was execrable, with rain, slush and mud in plenty, yet in parts of two days we bagged 76 quail. The first half day out we put up nine bevies, and I presume we saw over two dozen birds in all. The birds were the wildest I ever saw, and it was next to impossible to get much work out of the singles, for often the bevy would go nearly half a mile before alighting, and it was hard to mark them with any certainty. The country was wheat stubble, marsh and timber, and would have made good grounds for field trial work.

We found most of our birds on the stubble, and after the rise would have to go to the woods for the scattered birds, which ran, hid under the leaves, took to the trees, and used all the other arts of old and wily quail, much to our displeasure. We took it rather easy, however, and certainly got as many quail as we need want. I had my pack-sack full of them when I got in, for my Warsaw friends would not keep a single bird, but asked that Mr. Moran, in Chicago, might be remembered with some of the quail killed over his dogs. Mr. Moran is in the gun department of Montgomery Ward & Co. I took him up fifty odd quail, and there was an immediate onslaught upon him by Horace Greeley Holt, Rolla Heikes, Eddie Bingham, Charlie Grubbs, etc., so that I doubt if Mr. Moran ever got many of his quail home with him. I saved three quail from the general ruin, and have so far eaten one of them, though I have designs on the other two.

When a man has two pleasant shooting companions of the right sort, and the dogs are of the right sort, too, and he has a nice new light scatter gun that will kill a quail if pointed over in its direction, and when the quail are obliging enough to be found every half hour or so, I don't see what more that man can want by way of happiness. I shall remember this brief quail trip very long and very pleasantly, I am sure, and next year I shall be on hand at Warsaw some more, maybe in the spring for snipe, or in the summer for woodcock. The dogs of Warsaw are explained. There is something there to hunt with dogs.

Two of our dogs, Mark and Domino, had been broken on woodcock, an unfortunate thing for a quail dog, though these two had not yet been long on quail. Both these were very careful and close workers and good pointers. I doubt if any dog ever had a better nose than the little Domino. We relied on her much for the singles. Dick was a high-headed, slashing, ripping goer, and he found the bevies for us, much helped by his earlier training on quail in Kansas and Texas. Mark is a very stylish dog, and take the three together they make a great field team, both for show and service. Sometimes we had them all pointing at once; one time, I remember, they were all bunched up, pointing stiff on a quail that was right under their feet. The dogs all backed well, except when one got an occasional notion that it was its turn on a bevy, and so got up too close, in that strange jealousy which dogs often so plainly show over the success of a rival in finding that strange, fascinating scent which it is the aim and object of their lives to discover and denote. Dogs are different as men. You can not find out all about a dog from seeing him alone; you must hunt him with other dogs to see all the phases of his character.

I mentioned my new scatter gun. It is really an old one, but I am in love with it. After shooting a choke bore for a term of years, the manual labor of hitting a quail with a cylinder bore is much less. Mr. Irvin traveled still lighter than myself, using a 6½lbs. Whitmore, in which he shot 2½drs. powder and 1oz. shot in a good sort of way. Charlie Douglas labored with a heavier chokebore, and him we persuaded he could not hit a barn the first day, though on the last he beat us both. I should call the best gun for late quail one with the left barrel drawn down a little, say a modified choke, though for the right barrel on upland shooting I can see no need of any choke at all. My new old gun makes a pattern which I will back against any gun, bored under any system whatever. It think it will throw shot further toward the edges, over the end of a barn, at 20yds., than any gun ever was. It is a very discouraging sort of a gun for a quail to try to get away from, though by patient effort I found I could occasionally miss one, even as it was.

The quail season in Indiana closes next Tuesday, Dec. 20. Then the potting and netting will begin, if the snow falls heavily enough. Given any decent show after the legal season closes, and the supply of quail next season in northeastern Indiana will be a great one. The birds are there now in abundance, strong and fully able to take

any fair odds in the struggle for self-preservation. The country is admirably adapted for them, and the occasional kicking farmer should be looked upon not as a nuisance, but a blessing. Every posted farm is a preserve. The shooting about Warsaw is the best of any I have struck in Indiana this fall, though I struck it much too late to see it at its best. In Thanksgiving week Messrs. Douglas and Moran killed on one bit of dry marsh, in three days of Thanksgiving week, 53, 72 and 64 quail, also half a dozen grouse. We passed across this same country, and it was covered with roosts and sign, a veritable paradise for quail apparently. Next year, if I have luck, I am going to try to own at least half the running gear of a good dog, and I think I will leave him at Warsaw. I don't see how a Chicago shooter can do much better than make Warsaw his base of operations, if he likes an occasional turn at the prettiest of upland shooting. As for that, no small part of the anticipated pleasure would be the prospect of again meeting Mr. Irvin and Mr. Douglas, and again bringing up the question of which of us really could get the most quail in a day, at unknown angles.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## BOSTON MEN IN CANADA.

THERE are several stories of albino deer taken in Maine this fall, but none so well authenticated as the one that comes from Lowell, Mass. It is given me by a reliable gentleman, though he did not see the deer, nor the man who shot it. It seems that H. E. Shaw, a real estate agent in that city, with the cashier of the First National Bank there, W. M. Sawyer, have been down to Moluncus, Me., on a deer hunt, and have taken four of these beautiful game animals. But one of them was the most remarkable deer ever seen in Maine. It had a small brown spot on the head, but otherwise it was perfectly white. It was a buck, with a fine set of antlers. It is also reported that the skin is to be mounted. Mr. Shaw thought the deer was a ghost when he first saw him, but not to be intimidated by spirits in the woods he put a rifle ball through the animal's brain. The theory is that this deer must have been a very old one. Dr. Smith of Portland, Me., is also reported as having killed a deer this fall that was nearly white.

Mr. Henry B. Moore, of C. E. Soper & Co., of the Boston grain trade, is as fond of a good story and a good joke as he is fond of the fly rod and the shotgun or rifle, and that is saying a good deal. Some of his hunting stories have occasionally been read by the patrons of the FOREST AND STREAM. Now he has been up to a practical joke on his cousin, G. C. Moore, a manufacturer of North Chelmsford, Mass. The hunting trip this fall of the Harry Moore party was made to the Inglewood camps, in New Brunswick, quite early in the season, as has already been stated in this paper. The party was pioneered by Leroy S. Brown, of Blaney Brown & Co., and he took a great deal of pains to have the visit of the gentlemen of the party to the Inglewood region as pleasant as possible, since Mr. Brown himself is one of the house committee of that club. In the party were also Mr. Faulkner, a manufacturer of Lowell, Mass., and Mr Calvin Austin, superintendent of the International Steamship Co. here. This time it was the main object of Harry Moore to keep the rest of the party in the best of spirits, since both hunting and fishing were none of the best. Sometimes he had to resort to practical jokes in order to carry out his purpose, and his cousin, of whom Harry thinks the world, was oftenest the victim. Arriving at St. John, where the party made a halt, Harry procured a team, with the view of showing his cousin the city. He desired to show him the insane hospital, which is situated on a hill a little way from the center of the town, where the view is especially fine. They drove a short distance, when Harry was suddenly conscious that he did not know the way. He reined the horse up to the sidewalk, where a respectable looking gentleman was standing, with the request that he would direct him to the insane hospital, as he had a gentleman in the buggy whom he was anxious to get there with as soon as possible. The look on the gentleman's face was enough. Mr. Geo. C. Moore saw the point.

But the worst joke of all was reserved for the trip home. They stopped at McAdam junction to connect with the Maine Central train, and also for the customs official to have an opportunity to examine their possessions. Mr. Leroy S. Brown had kindly looked after this part of the programme, making the usual deposit on the way in for each gun and rod, and returning the money to his fellow sportsmen on the way out. Now, Mr. Geo. C. Moore is one of the most methodical of men. He carries his belongings in a strong box on his hunting and fishing trips. The cover is screwed down with many screws. But the owner always has the required screwdriver in his hand bag. Stopping at McAdam junction, Harry kindly called the attention of the Custom House officer to George's box, with the suggestion that he did not know what it contained. At the same time he tipped the officer a wink or something, and he "took on" in a moment. Harry had previously arranged with the conductor of the train to say, on being asked, that his train would start "in about two minutes." The Custom House officer passed all of the parties' baggage with scarcely a glance till he came to George's strong box.

"What's in this?" he demanded.

George protested that it contained nothing but his personal effects.

"But I must look into it!" said the officer.

Poor George went for his handbag and his screwdriver. He went at the dozen screws gloomily but with a will. The box was opened at last.

"Take things out!" demanded the officer. "I must see the whole of it."

Shirts, both soiled and clean, came out, with stockings and other things in the same condition. At last the bottom of the box was reached, with the things all in a heap on the platform. The officer good-naturedly remarked that he found nothing dutiable, All this time the boys had stood one side, ready to burst with merriment.

George began the rather hopeless task of righting his belongings, which had been inspected by everybody. Harry then stepped up.

"You will have to hurry. Do you know what time this train leaves?"

"In about two minutes," replied the conductor.

Then there was rushing and a general smashing of things into the box. The sweat stood in beads on George's face. The boys could stand it no longer. They roared with laughter. George saw it all then in a moment.

"Confound you, Harry Moore! If I don't get even with you for this, it will be because I don't live long enough."

Now Harry is generally expecting something when in George's company.

The gunning season is about ready to close. On Jan. 1 game in New England can generally breathe easier. The legal open season will then have closed. This season has been a fairly good one for Massachusetts gunners and a remarkably good one in Maine. The number of deer taken is the greatest on record, not even excepting the earlier times, for then there were no records.

Mr. F. R. Shattuck, of L. A. Shattuck & Co., metal brokers, and Mr. George Linder, of Linder & Meyer, were down to West Barnstable on a gunning expedition two days last week. They were on the lands of Capt. James H. Jenkins, Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner at that point. The captain had been saving the quail for these hunters, or at least he had not permitted hunting knowingly on his grounds. The weather proved to be stormy, in fact, it rained both days that the gentlemen were at the hunting grounds. They hunted early and late, putting in all the time they had, though wading in water on the meadows a good part of the time. The thickets of scrub oak and brier were almost impenetrable and loaded



A DEATH LOCK.

with water, but both gentlemen are plucky to the last, when on a hunting or fishing excursion. They were accompanied by Mr. Linder's excellent setter, Jim, and he proved to be one of the stanchest and best trained of his kind, though the rain made the scent of game weak and hard to follow. They shot several partridges, but no quail. The partridges proved to be very wild, not lying to the dogs scarcely at all, but were plump and heavy when really obtained. They were greatly surprised at not finding any quail, and were about ready to believe that the Captain's grounds had been hunted surreptitiously, since they found fresh shells that had evidently been loaded with smokeless powder, but the worthy Captain could scarcely believe that the boys had been "over him on the sly." On the way home they had to be at the train fairly early, and were somewhat chagrined to hear lots of quail whistling in the meadows, as they rode to the station. But the weather had cleared, and here was just the difference. They now believe that rainy weather, especially in December, is not favorable to quail hunting at Barnstable.

SPECIAL.

## THOSE VERMONT QUAIL.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 15, under the article headed "Vermont Quail," Mr. John W. Titcomb, of Rutland, states that "on Dec. 9, a woodchopper near Bristol had discovered a lot of quail about 100 in the flock," and wonders where they came from.

I think that very possibly I may be able to give him the information desired, and that both the theories advanced by him may be wrong.

Early this year I procured from Mr. Woodward, of New York, some ten dozen quail. Some of these I turned down on the point on which the historic forts St. Frederick and Crown Point were built and some in Addison, Vermont, just across Lake Champlain, which at this point narrows up to about a third of a mile in width.

These quail were turned down as an experiment, and incidentally to break some pups on, and for the pleasure I expected to have with both after Nov. 1. The birds did remarkably well, mated and hatched out some large bevies. While looking after them early in the summer, numerous nests were found filled with eggs, and only one nest was afterward discovered that was deserted and did not hatch out birds. The whole country round about there at sunrise seemed filled with the unusual call of Bob White; and as the young birds thrived and grew I looked forward with great anticipation to the time of the opening of the season.

It was no unusual thing to find early in the season 8 or 10 bevies during a short afternoon. About October, however, many of the bevies began to travel, and at one time there were seen one lot of perhaps 40 or 50 birds traveling, and successfully to cross the lake into Vermont, and the last seen they were headed toward Bristol.

This lot seen in Bristol (if some of those turned down by me, and I think they must be, as none of Dr. Webb's have in previous years appeared in Addison) is the second lot of traveling birds heard of by me, some earlier than these having been seen near Lake Bomoseen in Vermont. If any more have been, or are, seen in Vermont or this section of New York I should be pleased to know of it and to find out how far and where they travel to.

The birds remaining here I shall have fed and looked after during the winter months.

It may interest some to know that the pheasants turned down on Shelburne Farms by Dr. Webb are scattering around the country. A cock and hen were seen late in September by Mr. M. Barnes on his farm in Addison, some 30 and more miles from Shelburne Farms.

W. C. WITHERBEE.

## COLORADO GAME INTERESTS.

Gordon Land, State game and fish warden, accompanied his biennial report to the Governor with the following letter:

*To His Excellency, John L. Routt, Governor of the State of Colorado:*

I have the honor to submit, herewith, my report for the years 1891-92. The work of the Fish Commission for the past two years has been very satisfactory in its results, since every effort has met with a marked measure of success; not only have the growth and introduction of trout into new waters shown the wisdom of such planting, but the people have realized in many instances, direct and substantial benefits much sooner than was expected. Each year the demand for trout to stock either new or depleted waters has grown beyond the ability of the present State hatcheries to supply. So urgent and interested have the people become in their desire to obtain a stock of fish for the available waters of the many sections they represent, that it is with pleasure I place before you the manifest needs of this growing and desirable branch of the public service.

Fishculture is no longer an uncertain field of labor, nor is it an occupation fit only for the award of some political favor, but replete with a broad and ever increasing opening for the exercise of intelligent skill and impartial judgment. I find so much to do in order to properly provide for the needs of the State in this desirable industry, that I deprecate the unwise action that prompted the last General Assembly to impose the added duties of a game warden upon the Department of Fish Culture, and ask that you recommend the immediate repeal of the entire act relating to game and fish wardens, as the experience of the past two years has shown that such a law is a complete failure in its present form. So imperfect and crude an act rarely finds a place upon the pages of even frontier legislation.

The experience has been costly, the damage to our game interests great. The utter inefficiency of local wardens, who are influenced by their surroundings and governed by their friendships, the unwillingness upon the part of those who live in remote sections of the State to inform upon their neighbors or in any way aid in the enforcement of laws for the protection of the game that they believe is solely to benefit the tourist and city sportsman, and, finally, when these people who are in every other regard honest, upright, intelligent and law-abiding citizens, witness, as they do every succeeding year, the wholesale killing of our four-footed game by skin-hunters and Indians, I am only surprised that they do not kill more than they find convenient for their winter's use. Whatever the game laws may be for the needs of the future, the rights of those who occupy a place on the confines of our Western wilds should not be forgotten.

I would also ask that no bounty laws be passed that embrace a premium on either bear or mountain lions. The claim made that these animals are particularly destructive to both stock and game is not well founded, since in the case of game, as is well known, the deer, antelope and elk existed in far greater abundance when there were no such laws, than they do now; and as for the killing of stock by mountain lions, I am of the opinion that the worthless beings, I will not call them men, who pursue and hunt these animals with dogs, solely for the reward, are far more destructive to the live stock interests than are these solitary beasts of prey.

As for the wolves and coyotes, I am led to advocate for the sake of the sheep and cattle interests, the passage of an act giving a greater bounty, and one in which the punching of a clear cut hole in each ear of the scalps presented, shall serve as a sufficient cancellation, and thereby allow of the skins and scalps being subsequently sold entire, thus enhancing their value to the hunter.

I do not desire to be understood as advocating the abandonment of any form of protection of our four-footed game, but rather favor the enactment of such restrictive laws as shall tend to make their enforcement less difficult and provide a State game and fish warden whose supervision shall extend over the entire State and who shall have power to arrest without warrant until such process can be had at the proper place, and also be authorized to seize all illegally killed game and confiscate and dispose of the same for the benefit of the game and fish interests, and above all things, provide him with funds to defray his necessary expenses and not expect him to use his meagre salary for such purpose, as is now the case with the stupid law that at present mars our statutes. I do not favor a law that will call for such a number of wardens as that now in force, it is not necessary; nor do I favor the enactment of a law that will create districts, for that calls for patronage and political preferment, and the past experience has shown that such local officials are of little use. The State has not the money to spare to support such an army of paid partisans, nor is it necessary. One well paid officer or State marshal, with two deputies, can, if the proper man is selected, enforce the game and fish laws over the entire State, he having no fixed section in which to reside and become too well known. Such an officer would command the respect of the people and render violations of the game laws extremely hazardous.

My report in detail, which is to follow this outline, will show many points of interest to the general public, the angler and the huntsman.

In concluding this brief mention of the work entailed, I beg to submit for your approval and recommendation the real need of as liberal an appropriation as the merits of this branch of the public service deserve. Very truly yours,

GORDON LAND, State Fish Commissioner.

Buffalo Bill and party have returned from their hunting trip. Col. Ingram, of dime novel fame, who was one of the party, amused himself while in Denver with try

ing his latest hairbreadth escapes on innocent newspaper reporters, and had the satisfaction of seeing them published with "scare heads." I do not think the party killed much game. It was more of a triumphal march through the hunting country than a hunt, there being nearly 50 men in the party. I'll not vouch for the number, as Col. Ingram is the authority.

One object of the trip was to find a location for a mammoth game preserve, and several places were noted. Whether this is merely an advertising dodge or is a fact I am unable to ascertain.

A number of geese have been killed down the river during the past week. The sudden cold snap seemed to start them moving. TESEEBY.

## "A STANDING MENACE."

### Cooke City vs. the National Park.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to thank you, on the part of one interested in the National Park, for the firm and able position your paper has taken on the bill granting a right of way for the proposed railroad to Cooke City. I spent the open season of 1889 and '90 in geological study of the northern portion of the Park, and of the country lying to the north and northwest of it, and am, consequently, well acquainted with Cooke City and its topographical surroundings, and have seen the evidences of its mineral wealth, and I believe your statement of the case to be an absolutely just and impartial one. There has been a steady attempt on the part of interested speculators to give the idea that Cooke City contains thousands of miners impatiently holding down claims until the access of a railroad allows them to pour their treasures out. As a matter of fact, and as you state, these ores are well known to be of very low grade and it is not even certain that they exist in "enormous" amounts. The Governor of Nevada stated the other day that there was not a single silver mine in that State that was paying a dividend; the present low price of silver, the enormous overstock of it in the market, with the certainty that this can be maintained, even if the bi-metallic conference takes a favorable issue, which is more than doubtful, having brought about this result. And the same conditions are affecting mines of low grade ore everywhere. Even if at the present moment a railroad was in active operation to Cooke City, it is almost an absolute certainty that its mines could not be profitably worked and it would be absolute folly to invest one cent in them. And as to the size of the place, I was informed on good authority that in the winter of 1888-'89 it consisted of seven persons.

Moreover, there is an economic side to this question which seems to have been much overlooked. A railroad as proposed would certainly result, as experience has shown a thousand times and as you remark, in the destruction of the Park timber and also that on the great block of mountains lying to the north of the Park and called in general the Snowies. If these areas are deforested it means disastrous floods in spring and absolute dryness in summer to those large districts lying along the Yellowstone at the feet of these mountain ranges. These areas already support a large population engaged in a profitable farming and wheat raising industry which is wholly dependent on irrigation. And a more improved system of irrigation means a great increase in this population and culture. Their combined wealth already tenfold exceeds that which Cooke City could furnish in the wildest dreams of a speculator. If these people understood the danger which threatens them, they would guard these forests as their holiest altars, tooth and nail and with arms if necessary, against the introduction of any railroad which might threaten their destruction.

No more important subject can engage the Government than means for the preservation of the timbered areas in the West whose waters can place districts under irrigation.

In all other respects you have stated the case so admirably that it leaves nothing to say. L. V. PIRSSON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 11, Sunday Evening.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The old adage, "Better the day, better the deed," will apply to this. I have just read nearly three pages of the last issue of your valuable paper, and "thus far and no further" will I read before asking you to send me a package of at least fifty of the Yellowstone Park pamphlets, which I will distribute among my friends, many of whom do not read the FOREST AND STREAM, "more's the pity." J. L. DAVISON.

### Snakes Spit.

THE discussion as to whether the rattlesnake spits or not has been interesting. I do not know as much about rattlesnakes as I do of copperheads. I know that they spit.

A number of guests were present at our club preserve near Youngstown, Pa., when two snakes were found and one was killed with sticks and stones, the other obtained refuge in a short piece of rotten log. A friend and myself came up to the scene of action and recognized the dead snake as a copperhead.

We went to the log, one at each end, and 'soon saw that the reptile was a large copperhead. They were evidently mates. I saw his head and my friend caught his tail. Drawing him gently forth I kept my hand carefully around him until by touch I knew that I had him by the neck. Then Jim tied a string around the copperhead's neck and fastened the other end to a long stick. One of the boys got to teasing him, the snake made an effort to strike, but failing to reach his mark, discharged a quantity of greenish matter upon the man's shoe without striking it. Perhaps the rattler can do the same. DEACON.

### Kentucky is Behind the Times.

KENTUCKY fishing interests have not received from the Legislature the consideration which public sentiment demands, and persons concerned for the welfare of the State are greatly discouraged. Some citizens of Bryantsville who had made arrangements to secure fish for stocking Dix River have given up their intention because the stream cannot be protected from destructive fishing. Unless Kentucky wakes up thoroughly she will soon have a corner in fishless rivers.

## IS THIS CASE CORRECTLY STATED?

KOSHKONONG, Wis., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please explain this: A common, every day man who owns nothing much besides good health and an equally good gun, which he knows how to use, by strict economy is enabled to take an outing each year. The game that he kills is shipped; and the proceeds go to supply the deficiency in his salary caused by said outing. During this trip by his perseverance and knowledge of the ways of game he makes a big bag; and it is all killed in an honorable sportsmanlike manner, but nevertheless he is styled by the writers of your paper a game hog, market and pot-hunter.

Another man, who is possessed of thousands of dollars, owns a first class outfit and controls large interests in some club preserve that excludes all other of its more humble brethren who have not the means to get in. This gentleman has a man, who has previously located the game, to put him in the right place, where all he has to do is to shoot it. He also makes a large bag, but does not market it. What he does with it is never told. He is the true sportsman of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Please tell us poor ignorant natives of Wisconsin why one is a game hog and a market hunter, and the other is a sportsman. The one controls just what game he kills, the rest is public property. The other controls all he kills and all the rest in the neighborhood. A NATIVE.

### A North Carolina Game Country.

MR. E. P. MCKISSICK, the popular manager of the Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina, who has been visiting Hon. John S. Wise, in this city, gave us an entertaining account of the shooting attractions of Asheville the other day. "We have game right there," said he. "Thanksgiving Day I was out with a gun and brought back 7 woodcock, 2 mallard ducks, 28 quail, 8 rabbits and 2 squirrels—but you need not count those." Mr. McKissick has shooting privileges over thousands of acres for the Battery Park guests; and has had there Mr. Lorillard, the Thayer brothers and other well-known sportsmen who resort to North Carolina.

### The Sierra Nevada Sportsman's Club.

THIS club was organized in Truckee, Cal., recently with upward of thirty members. The president is Stewart McKay, the secretary Wm. O'Neill. The membership includes all the local anglers. The club has posted printed notices of the fish and game laws around the lakes and streams of the locality, and will look after the protection of the public interests. One of the first problems presented to their attention may be the management of the mill refuse which pollutes Truckee River.

### Moose on Spencer Stream.

WILTON, Maine.—Dr. C. F. Rowell and D. L. Hall of this place came home this morning bringing with them two large moose and one deer, which they captured 41 miles from Kingfield, on the lower Spencer Stream. They report plenty of large game there, and had lots of fun and amusement. Dr. Rowell takes great delight in such sport and is a crack shot. Mr. Hall, one of our business men, likes such sport as well as any one and is a crack shot. J. C. C.

### It Might Have Been a Scrimmage.

AUSTIN, Tex., Nov. 28.—Once here in Travis county, armed only with a shotgun and small shot charges, I sallied out of camp to ascertain the cause of some disturbance, and in the darkness followed an animal down to a water hole and across a creek, but without getting a shot. The next morning I congratulated myself, for I discovered that it was a panther that had killed a yearling a short distance away. J. V. B.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### Talking It Over.

A group of shooters after a California morning in the field. The photograph comes from "Podgers," and he tells us that it faithfully represents the customary happy mood of Californians returned from the quail grounds.

### The Death Lock.

These locked horns, with the skeletons of the bucks, were found on the deer ridge of Long Point, Lake Erie, Ontario, Can., and now adorn the dining room of the Long Point Club. The plate is from an amateur photograph by Mr. John T. Lord, of London, Eng., sent us by Mr. W. Gayer Dominick of this city.

### "Main Sheet!"

The little cutter in the photograph, sent in for the amateur competition, has figured in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM, her adventures on a duck hunting expedition having been told in the issues of Nov. 15-22, 1888, by Mr. J. C. Miller, the central figure in the picture. The yacht is the Kittoch, owned by Mr. Jas. Miller, who holds the stick, and the photo was taken when in the Bay de Vin, Miramichi River, N. B. Messrs. Miller are two of the leading yachtsmen of New Brunswick, both having held the office of commodore of the Miramichi Y. C., the only yacht club in the Province.

### Sharp Work at the New England Field Trials.

The incident is a point by Rod Belton, honored by Our Pet, in the New England Field Trials of 1892. Rod Belton is owned by Mr. Willard W. Lewis, of Rockland, Mass., and Our Pet, winner of second in All-Age Stake, is owned by the Oakland Kennels, of Taunton, Mass. The plate is from an amateur photography competition picture sent in by Mr. R. M. McLean, Cambridge, Mass.

### On Watch.

The scene is one of a deer stand on an Adirondack runway and the picture is from an amateur photo (FOREST AND STREAM competition) by Mr. A. Ames Howlett.

### Morning on the Marsh.

THE picture is of the start for a day with the ducks on the famous ground, and the plate is from an amateur photo (FOREST AND STREAM competition) by Mr. Percy F. Stone.

### Waiting for Tide to Rise.

This realistic illustration of goose shooting from a blind, is from an amateur photograph (FOREST AND STREAM competition) by Mr. J. C. Miller. The scene is Konchebonguac Beach, New Brunswick.

# Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## WITH A FLY-ROD.

### A Sentiment to Go with a Gift.

I SEND you, by bearer, a mark of esteem,
Which I trust you will christen in some mountain stream,
And return, to inform me at some later day,
How you felt when the big one you struck got away.

PHILADELPHIA. L. H. T.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Rods I have galore which I seldom use and oft am puzzled which to choose. As one by one o'er the lot I glance I say shall it be split-bamboo or lance? This distraction gives me trouble sore, until I wish I had but one—no more. In your suggestion I now see the way to reduce the lot next Christmas Day. By your alluring hint I'm half beguiled to spare a rod if I spoil a child. Methinks I know a youth of summers ten, a born fisherman, surnamed Ben, with hempen string and hook of pin he fisheth, and oft he tumbleth in. It will fill his very soul with joy to once possess this dainty toy; I know 'twill give him serene delight, and with it an epistle I'll indite. And if you want to know what I'll say I'll show you; I'll put it somewhat this way:

Young man, behold this emblem of patience, truth,
A fit donation to such a fishing youth.
Do your duty, be in all your fishing square,
Treat it tenderly; throw not your fish in air;
And when you feel the thrilling strike,
Be it speckled, trout or voracious pike,
Play him gently and with skill,
For while you fish for sport you fish to kill.
Heed not the big ones you do not get,
And be handy with your landing net.
Above all things, be truthful as to weight,
Give correctly time, place and date.
A fisherman's reputation ever value high,
Be a little George Washington and never tell a lie;
Truth first, last and at every cast.
Tell no whoppers of the big one lost,
Emulate not those who write for F. & S.:
Let there be one "truthful Jeems" the less.
And those shooting tales you see, my son,
Should make you swear you'll never own a gun;
Then your horn you'll have no need to toot.
Be content to fish, my boy, but never, never shoot.

PODGERS.

FROM A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

DURING all the years that you have so generously overlooked my foibles and forgiven my faults, there have been none of my wanderings that you have so freely condoned as those which carried me to the shaded banks of some clear stream where the wary trout waited for his prey. For there was no quest so successful as to awaken your envy; none so barren as not to command your sympathy; and each recounted pleasure of the wave and shore lived again in your responsive mind. To you who have always studied, but never practiced the piscatorial art; and yet have known and realized all the angler's joys, as seen through another's eyes, I present this emblem of our entrancing craft, trusting that the same proxy to whom you have hitherto committed all your labors with the fly-rod may long continue to serve you in like capacity. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 17.

## CRYSTAL LAKE FISHING CLUB.

ARTICLES of incorporation were filed Dec. 4, at Covington, Ky., by Jeptha L. Workum, Geo. F. Ahlers, C. G. Smedburg, Geo. C. Walker, Fred Kinsinger and Richard McGraw as the Crystal Lake Fishing Club, with a capital stock of $5,000, divided into shares of $100 each, and with the privilege of increasing the stock to $10,000.

The principal place of business of the club will be in Kenton county, but it may establish branches at other places in or out of the State.

The purposes of the company are to establish and maintain a fishing lake and game preserve; to raise fish and game, and hunt and sell the same; to encourage the sports of hunting and fishing by spreading information on the subjects of fish and game; to protect the fish and game in Kenton and the adjoining counties.

The officers will consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer and such others as may be needed. The annual meeting of the stockholders will be held in April.

Crystal Lake has a water surface of 16 acres; its greatest depth is 33ft., average depth 22ft. It is fed by eight springs and drains about 500 acres, chiefly of blue grass lands. Its location is at Ryland, eleven miles by rail or pike from Covington.

At present the officers are Geo. C. Walker, president; Chas. G. Smedberg, secretary and treasurer; Richard McGraw, superintendent.

The club will soon stock its preserve with choice game fish, in which it will, doubtless, seek aid from the U. S. Fish Commission.

There are many fine fishing lakes in the vicinity of Covington, and probably none more successfully managed than those on the estate of Joseph Schlosser, several miles from the city. In these waters are multitudes of black bass, crappie, pike-perch, catfish, buffalo and carp, and a few years ago the proprietor introduced some trout and salmon which he obtained after the close of the Cincinnati Exposition from the Fish Commission exhibit.

From personal observation we know that the region is well adapted to black bass and pike-perch, which, doubtless, will be among the fishes selected for introduction by the Crystal Lake Club. Before leaving the subject we may state that Mr. Schlosser, in 1888, had a buffalo fish weighing upward of 60lbs. in one of his lakes.

### Minnows for Hogs and Hens.

NEVER before has there been so large a number of minnows in Oneida Creek, at Willow Grove, as at present. People living near there are engaged in catching them by the wagon loads and selling them to farmers, who feed the fish to their hogs and hens.—*Oneida (N. Y.) Union.*

## THE MAINE BLACK BASS LAW.

BOSTON, Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early this fall I visited an old friend of many Boston sportsmen, Nat. Hoxie, of Chiltonville, and while enjoying his tales of bass fishing I mentioned my trips to Maine in search of this superb fish. Our conversation drifted to the game laws, and he informed me that there was no close season for bass in Maine. I immediately stated that there was a close season covering April, May and June, and backed up my assertion with the bet of a good cigar to that effect. This led to an investigation. I wrote to Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, and he informed me there had been no close season for two years. Then I turned to the game laws of the State, in print 1891, and as far as I could see there was a close season noted under Chapter 40, Sections 47, 48, 49, 50 and 55. Still doubting I turned to your *Book of the Game Laws* revised to October, 1892, and got the same results. *Shooting and Fishing* also distinctly states that the close season extends from April 1 to July 1.

I wrote to you for an explanation and received your reply, stating that after a thorough investigation you were convinced that the law as stated in your book was correct and that bass were protected during the three months noted above.

In your letter of Nov. 5 you state that "Sec. 55 (which prescribes a close season for these fish for April, May and June) has not, so far as I can learn, been repealed." The Fish Commissioners, however, take a different view of the matter. Mr. E. M. Stilwell, Fish Commissioner with Mr. Stanley, states in a letter to me Nov. 12: "It is true the Legislature did not repeal in terms so much of Sec. 55 as restricts the taking of bass in April, May and June, but the amendment of 1887, removing the restriction in Sections 47, 48, 49 and 50, has been understood and construed by the Commissioners to have repealed by implication so much as relates to April, May and June."

I cannot agree with the Commissioners.

Let us turn to the laws. Chapter 40 of the revised edition, Section 47, states that "there shall be a close season for black bass between the first days of April and July." Section 48 states that "No person shall take, catch, kill or fish for * * * black bass * * * between the first days of April and July under a penalty * * * provided that the provisions of this and the preceding and two succeeding sections shall not apply to the taking of black bass from any waters which have been stocked therewith for a period of five years."

Now, as no Maine waters have been stocked with bass during the last five years, this proviso very evidently annuls the close season laws noted in Sections 47, 48, 49 and 50. But passing on to Section 55, which stands boldly by itself with no annulment or proviso, we find that "whoever takes any black bass during April, May and June, or at any time from their spawning beds, shall forfeit for each offense, etc." This section clearly prohibits the taking of bass during these months, and prohibits taking them from their spawning beds not only during those months, but at all times.

If this matter needs the decision of the court, it is a shame upon the makers of the laws that so simple a rule could not be put in terms sufficiently plain to prevent misunderstandings. It is an imposition upon honest sportsmen who endeavor to follow and uphold the game laws. If the laws are correctly stated and the Commissioners construe it wrongly, and so neglect enforcement and protection, it is time that the matter was attended to and the wanton destruction of this favorite game fish stopped.

In the last number of a contemporary paper the subject is mentioned, with a quotation from Mr. Stilwell in exactly the same words which he wrote to me.

The law, as it is now construed by the Commissioners, gives "insiders" an advantage in the fishing over those who rely upon your publications for guidance. After the publication of this letter, I shall apply to higher authority for a definite construction of the law.

A. G. WEEKS, JR.

## BY SEA AND RIVER.

MR. JOHN MURDOCH happened in the other day and told us of the fine day's sport had with tautog or blackfish at Manomet one day last July. In company with Mr. Thaxter and Master John, thirty tautog were taken on one tide. The fish run well in size, the largest an eight-pounder, being caught by Mr. Thaxter. Lobster was the bait used. Mr. Murdoch made several subsequent trips to the point, but owing to the high surf could not venture off in a small boat.

During the summer Audubon Ridgway spent several weeks in Massachusetts. In ponds near Boston he caught very large white perch; they run as high as 2lbs. each and were found in good numbers.

Mr. W. B. Kendall tells us of the movements of a very large school of tunny or little horse horse mackerel off Barnegat. Last summer as the Fish Commission schooner Grampus was cruising along slowly, these fish made their appearance and surrounded the vessel. The school was a mile or more in diameter and consisted of fish about 3ft. in length. They schooled close up together, similar to the common mackerel. Ordinarily they would merely flirt their tails out of the water, but at other times they would leap clear out; then again they would swim alongside the schooner quietly, scarcely making a ripple. The boat was sailing very slowly. Lines were gotten out and an effort made to catch some of the tunnies, but without success. A white rag was the only lure offered them.

This recalls to my mind a conversation had with Mr. Edwin Yarnold upon the same subject last year. This gentleman observed the tunnies off the Cape of Good Hope while on board a British troopship. The attention of the ship's company was called one calm day to what appeared to be an approaching storm. The noise made by the fish was like that of a rushing wind. Just as soon as the cause of the commotion was made known by the man on the lookout, everybody hastened to get ready what tackle was aboard, and by the time the fish had reached the ship many were casting in their lines with baited hooks. Strips of salt pork or other meats were used, and quite a number of the fish caught. The school extended as far as the eye could see, and was a very noisy one, the fish leaping out of the water and sporting around all the time. They kept on their course, which was opposite to that of the ship's, and in several hours had entirely disappeared.

Mr. Kendall tells me that on Sept. 30, 1892, while the Grampus was off Cape May, near Macrie's Shoals, 15 miles off shore, they run into a school of very large weakfish or "trout." The fish were feeding on anchovies. About a dozen sharks were seen playing about the school and every now and then they would get right in among the fish, when the trout would settle and remain out of sight for a moment. It was evident that the sharks were destroying the fish. A dory was lowered, and nineteen large fish were gaffed from it, weighing 5 and 6lbs. each.

For the kingfish, barb, etc. (*Menticirrus*), Dr. Smith was given the additional name of "roundhead," here in market the other day.

Eight large tilefish were captured during the past summer by the U. S. Fish Commission. The rediscovery of this fish is one of great interest, its discovery, disappearance for a number of years, and now its rediscovery in 1892 furnishing one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of its kind.

What a pleasant surprise it was to find, when the Government fish ponds in this city were drawn off, a colony of large-mouthed black bass numbering thousands. From a parent stock of 15 fish obtained in Illinois, this large stock of fine young fish has come forth as if by magic. We feel a deep interest in the matter, as a good supply is promised for the Potomac, where they will thrive and add much to the river as a resort for anglers—such as cannot resist the temptation to go a-fishing when they know black bass are to be had. BART.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10.

## GAME QUALITIES OF THE PIKE-PERCH.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

An editorial paragraph in the issue of Dec. 8 seems to imply a doubt concerning "Bon Ami's" diagnosis of the fighting qualities of the pike-perch, and the authority advanced for burying him is the opinion of "many expert anglers" in Harrisburg and points below, who entertain adverse views and call the fish a salmon. Now, my dear Mr. Editor, that won't do. If you have an opinion of your own on the subject, fetch it right out and respect will be duly accorded, for your voice on matters piscatorial has ever an appreciative audience among anglers. But when you fire at us some other fellow's theories respecting a fish's valor, and cite as authority to support their views the testimony of persons so lost to piscatorial enlightenment as to call a pike-perch a salmon, then other precincts will be heard from. Great Izaak! If this thing be true then Canada will lose its revenue by the depreciation of her salmon stream leaseholds, and America will become flooded with the returning shekels.

But concerning the pike-perch as a fighter. Now, I am not an expert. Simply a plain, persistent, every-day-when-I-can-get-a-chance fisherman. In the course of a somewhat varied and unscientific career with rod and reel I have happily angled for the aristocratic warrior of the Restigouche, and his pugnacious namesake of the Columbia, which old hands call the salmon. I have also taken the pike-perch from the running waters of the Susquehanna and the sylvan lakes of Minnesota, while sandwiched between times occurred interviews with the knights of the trout stream and scraps with the doughty *micropterus* and predatory *Esox*. But rarely ever have I felt the thrill of real combat in landing the pike-perch. In my humble way I feel that I can appreciate the fight to a finish of a game fish, and the wall-eye does not fill the bill. Often have I caught him on the strong troll and light casting line from the youthful two-pounder to—well, to the limits of an angler's veracity, call it something less than a round dozen of pounds. And yet I have always loved him, but mainly for his symmetrical beauty and edible qualities.

The pike-perch has never seemed to me to possess any great amount of pluck. No startling rushes when hooked, such as marks the wild onset of the tough of the lily pad beds. No cleaving of water and air to send a succession of messages along the pliant lancewood to tingle through the nervous ganglea. Rather is it the sullen resistance of avoirdupois. His rushes, if such his resistance can be termed, more nearly approximates the gyrations of a heavy, short-winded body struggling clumsily against the will of superior force. It is true that both from a gastronomic and piscatorial standpoint he is a popular candidate for favor, but as a gamy fish, an out-and-outer, he can't swim or fight, when hooked, into fame, alongside of quite a score of other varieties, to say nothing of the warrior whose name has been caricatured in his personification by the experts below Harrisburg. Hence I range alongside of "Bon Ami" and back his opinion on the subject as expressed. Tell these experts that I've got a gun, and they had better not fool around trying to sandbag me because I've told the truth, and perhaps happened to throw a stone in their fishing ground. CAYUGA.

### Hot Water Trout.

EXPERIENCED ichthyologists have taught the credulous public to believe that low temperatures only are favorable to the propagation of mountain trout; but this opinion is exploded and scattered by the fact that cut-throat trout are found in great numbers in the warm waters of the Yellowstone Park, as has been ascertained by Prof. Jordan's recent reconnoissances. Large swarms were found at the mouth of the stream which drains the Mammoth Hot Springs in a temperature of 75°, young suckers (*Catostomus griseus*) in a temperature of 88°, chubs (*Leuciscus atrarius*) in a temperature of 85°. To cap the climax he mentions bullheads or millers's thumbs (*Cottus bairdi*) which delight in water so hot that they are sometimes boiled before they feel at all uncomfortable. Three boiled specimens were observed at the mouth of a hot tributary of the Gibbon River. Who need now despair of raising *Salmonidæ* in warm water? All the fishculturist needs is the stock and the stream. Faith and adaptation will do the rest.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

### Gogebic.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 16.—One of the good records of the past season at Lake Gogebic, Mich., is that of Mr. S. D. Thompson, who spent nearly the entire summer there. In one day Mr. Thompson took twenty-three bass whose total weight was 85lbs. The largest of the catch weighed 6lbs. 1oz. E. H.

# Fishculture.

## CALIFORNIA FISHCULTURE AND PROTECTION

THE Fish Commissioners of California are: Joseph D. Redding, President; Raymond E. Wilson, Secretary, and Joseph Morizio, Treasurer, all of San Francisco. The office is located at 419 California street.

The biennial report of these Commissioners has recently been received. It covers the period from March 17, 1891, to Sept. 1, 1892. The board as at present organized was appointed by the Governor June 28, 1891. This board upon its organization discovered that all the funds allotted to the Commission for the business of the forty-second fiscal year had been exhausted and that a large number of bills of the old board remained unpaid, not a very encouraging state of affairs to encounter at the outset of official duties.

The work of the Commission is arranged under two chief divisions, the patrol and the hatchery departments. Under the former is included the maintenance of the fish and game laws, for which there is an annual appropriation of $5,000. "With this amount at hand we are supposed to engage competent deputies to patrol the various wharves and fish markets of San Francisco, and the other large cities of the State; to watch all the avenues of ingress, and prevent the importation of certain fish and game when out of season; to keep a vigilant eye on the 250 miles of the bay lines of San Francisco and confluent bays and rivers, and to make continuous trips from one end of the State to the other, and throughout the length and circumference of all its streams and waters for the same purpose." Finding it impossible to do all of the necessary protective work with this small amount of money the Commission devoted its attention almost entirely to the following objects:

(1) The prevention from sale in the markets of San Francisco of fish and game at the time when it is unlawful to sell the same.

(2) The prevention of illegal fishing in the bay of San Francisco, especially in the catching of the young of fish.

(3) The prevention of illegal fishing in the Sacramento River.

(4) The prevention of dumping sawdust and other deleterious substance into the various rivers and streams of the State.

(5) The requiring of the construction and maintenance of fish ladders.

The Commissioners assert, and with reason, that there should be an annual appropriation of at least twenty thousand dollars for the proper carrying on of their work.

An extraordinary increase in the salmon run is recorded for 1892 in the Sacramento River. Several canneries, which had been idle for some years opened up and did a thriving business. The run was so greatly in excess of that of any preceding year within the past decade, that the Commissioners are doubtful whether it is the natural increase from fishcultural operation or due to some phenomenon of migration.

The report notices the increase of shad, striped bass and black bass, which have been introduced from eastern waters. No reliable information has been received as to the success of transplanting lobsters from the Atlantic. Fresh water crayfish, which were excessively abundant in fresh water streams around San Francisco bay, have become almost exterminated through over-fishing, and require protection for a period of years.

California has now three hatcheries, one at Sisson, on the headwaters of the Sacramento, another at Lake Tahoe, and the third in Bear Valley, Marin county. The hatchery at Sisson was established in 1891, and received its principal start in life by a gift of nearly three millions of eggs of the quinnat salmon from the United States Fish Commission. Mr. J. A. Richardson is superintendent of the Sisson station. The Bear Valley hatchery has capacity for one million eggs, and is managed by Mr. Eugene W. Hunt. The Lake Tahoe hatchery is used only for hatching eggs of trout native to that lake.

The kinds of fish distributed by the California Commission are quinnat salmon, all of which are deposited in the headwaters of the Sacramento, Lake Tahoe trout, eastern brook trout and rainbow trout. In 1891 there were shipped from the Lake Tahoe hatchery 88,000 fish. In 1892 the Bear Valley hatchery furnished 317,000 brook trout and 331,000 rainbow trout.

The eggs of the eastern brook trout were taken jointly by the California and Nevada Fish Commissions from Marlette Lake, Nevada. The eggs of rainbow trout were obtained from Shovel Creek, Kiyou county, Cal.

The Sisson hatchery, besides distributing quinnat salmon, furnished 175,000 rainbow trout, hatched from eggs taken in Shovel Creek.

The hatchery department has an annual appropriation of $5,000, which the Commissioners find entirely inadequate to the needs of the State, and therefore ask that the appropriation be increased to $10,000 per annum. They recommend certain changes in the game and fish laws, with particular reference to the importation of unseasonable game and fish from other States, the cold storage of fish and game out of season, and the extension of the close season for salmon so as to include August as well as September. They also recommend that ditch owners be required to place screens at the entrance to the ditches, and call attention to the necessity of protecting through the game laws such birds as the pheasant and wild turkey for a period of years. They further recommend that a tax of 4 cents per case be placed and collected upon canned salmon, and the revenue applied to the hatchery department in consideration of its having planted about 3,000,000 of salmon in the waters of the State annually.

Superintendent E. W. Hunt made some inquiries during the summer of 1891 about the landlocked salmon planted in Donner and Independence Lakes. He was informed that two or three were caught in Independence Lake during the spring and summer of 1891, weighing from 1½ to 3lbs. each. They are said to be decreasing in numbers. He could not learn of any having been taken in Donner Lake. Rainbow trout had thriven in the Truckee, and the anglers reported them to be the best and gamest fish in the river.

Superintendent Richardson reported, under date of May 17, 1892, that 402,000 trout eggs had been taken up to that date. A new run of trout appeared on May 17, which were thickset, rather short and highly colored, especially with regard to fins. He noticed a few specimens that were so highly colored that it seemed unnatural. The pectoral, ventral and anal fins were bright scarlet, tipped with white. Mature males were very scarce. Fly-fishermen were taking from 10 to 20 trout a day at the time of Mr. Richardson's visit. The salmon fly was upon the stream in thousands.

Messrs. Stevens and McKinney hatched trout far the California Commission at Independence Lake. These were varieties of the black-spotted or Rocky Mountain trout. The eggs hatched in about forty days. The variatons of water temperatures were from 44deg. to 52deg., the average being 48deg. One of the varieties of trout was taken from White Rock Lake. The color of the eggs of the White Rock Lake trout is cherry-red, and their size is about three-quarters as large as those from Independence Lake trout. The color of the latter is lemon, and in size they are about the same as the Tahoe and Donner Lake eggs.

At the McCloud station of the U. S. Fish Commission the average yield of thirty-one female quinnat salmon was 5,516 eggs each; the largest number of eggs taken from a single female was 8,000. The smallest fish caught was a female

weighing 3¼lbs., and the largest a male weighing 40lbs. Mr. Richardson saw a leather carp at the McCloud station, which was one of two taken there in September, 1891.

Appended to the report of the Fish Commissioners are reprints of six bulletins relating to the salmon and trout of the Pacific Coast, which were prepared for the Commission by Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. A review of the bulletin upon the salmon and trout was published in FOREST AND STREAM last spring.

Dr. Jordan's description of a new species of trout, *Salmo kamloops*, has also appeared in this journal. In the reprint before us a figure of the Kamloops trout is presented for the first time. One of the types upon which the description is based was deposited in the National Museum at Washington, and we have examined this specimen. After having studied the fish we find it difficult to understand why the describer of the species failed to recognize in it the Gairdner's trout of Richardson. The Kamloops trout can be seen any day of the week at Blackford's, in Fulton Market, but if you ask Mr. Blackford its name he will tell you that it is the steelhead. T. H. B.

### THE CALEDONIA HATCHERY.

THE season of egg collecting for the Caledonia, New York, hatchery has been a remarkably successful one. Superintendent Monroe Green reported the taking of eight and one-half millions of lake trout eggs from lakes Huron and Michigan, while the brook trout at Caledonia yielded 1,135,000 and the brown, or von Behr, trout 1,110,000 eggs.

To the Fulton Chain hatchery one-million lake trout eggs were sent, and to the Sacandaga station, 150,000 eggs of brown trout.

The European sälbling, or saibling, a red-spotted trout of large size and slender, but elegant, proportions, furnished ten thousand eggs. The sälbling was introduced from Germany by the U. S. Fish Commission in 1881 and subsequent years, and some of the eggs were allotted to the New York hatchery at Caledonia.

There is in lakes of Maine and New Hampshire a trout very much like the sälbling in appearance. Thus far it has been reported from Flood's Pond, Me., Dan Hole Pond and Sunapee Lake, N. H. It has been found difficult to collect the eggs from this fish when kept in captivity.

### Quinnat Salmon.

THE quinnat salmon at the Baird, Cal., station of the United States Fish Commission were not abundant about the middle of September last year, and there were six times as many females as males. The average number of eggs per female was 4,500. In size the eggs varied greatly, the average diameter having been three-tenths of an inch, while some scarcely exceeded one-fifth of an inch, or about the size of rainbow trout eggs. The station obtained nearly 3,000,000 salmon eggs from the fall run this year.

### Fisheries Apparatus.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 14.—Notes from the World's Fair state that five carloads of fisheries apparatus have been forwarded from the U. S. Commission in Washington to be put in use in the fisheries exhibit at the Fair. A complete system of fishculture as practiced by the U. S. Commission will be shown, also models of different types of fishing vessels of the present and of early days, together with much interesting material by way of implemets, etc. E. H.

### The World's Fair.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, who has been in charge of the Angling Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, has recently been appointed chief special agent in charge of administration and fisheries in the place of E. C. Bryan, resigned. The resignation of Wm. P. Seal, who superintended the construction of the aquaria for the Exposition, is among the current rumors.


### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Ieet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

### Old Point Comfort, Va., and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's Tour.

During the holiday season there is always additional gayety in military circles, and nowhere is it felt more than at Fortress Monroe. With this in view the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has planned a charming Christmas holiday personally-conducted tour to Old Point Comfort, leaving New York at 8 A. M., Dec. 27, covering a period of four days, at a round-trip rate of $18.00. This rate includes railroad fare, accommodations at the famous "Hygeia" Hotel, and all necessary expenses. At the same rate tickets, including one day's board at the hotel, will be sold good for return via Richmond and Washington by regular trains within ten days. For further information apply to ticket agents, Pennsylvania Railroad, or Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

### An English Financial Opinion.

If the New York Central fails to attract the British tourist and induce him to travel over "America's Greatest Railroad," it cannot be laid at the door of the Passenger Department, which has issued one of the most voluminous illustrated guides we have seen dealing with the districts served by the system. It is like turning over a volume of *Harpers* or the *Century*, and we advise all those of our readers who are thinking of crossing the Atlantic to get a copy of the book at the European agents, 35 Milk street, Cheapside, and not to forget to ask for the other pamphlets, included in the "Four-Track Series." They are valuable as picture books alone, apart altogether from their business purpose.—*Financial Times, London, Eng.*

FOREST AND STREAM

Amateur Photography Competition.

See details in another column.


# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

1892.

Dec. 27 to 30.—Tonawanda, N. Y. H. M. Fales, Sec'y.
Dec. 27 to 30.—Pawtucket R. I. T. H. Adams, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.
Jan. 10 to 13.—South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. John B. Gadsden, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Jas. Watson, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Sec'y.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 15 to 18.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas., Indianapolis, Ind.

## CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS.

### Free-for-All Stake.

THIS stake began on Monday, Dec. 12. As will be seen by the list of starters, nearly every dog in the stake was a winner.

There were some changes in the details of the running as compared with that of last year. The heats were four hours long in the first series only. After that the judges ran the dogs as long and in what order they chose. The handlers rode on horseback or walked, as they pleased. They were pleased to ride most of the time, and some of the riding was entirely too fast for a field trial or field work. The time limit, as in the other stakes, was abolished, and the club is now in the front rank of progress.

Orlando, the winner of first, did some remarkably good work in the stake, although faults cropped up in his work, at times, in pointing where nothing was found. In pointing on foot scent, his handler assisting him often in getting an accurate point on single birds, by urging him skillfully on till he made a firm point.

Lora, second, excelled any dog in the stake in the class of her work. She missed first, considering her as a whole, by a very narrow margin. Before the last heat began she was considered almost a sure winner. She is a remarkably good bitch, sound in all the details of field work.

Rip Rap, third, was not running up to his best form. On the work done, either Harry C. or Bettye S., in my opinion, was better. Orlando first, Lora second and Bettye S. third would have been a better placing of the dogs.

But of course people see these things differently.

It was a great stake, well worth seeing. Heretofore the lump sum of $1,000 was given to the winner. This year a more sensible arrangement obtained. The $1,000 were divided into three parts—$500 to first, $300 to second and $200 to third.

The dogs were separated so much in their competition in the heats that it was impossible for one reporter to keep an account of the points, flushes, etc.; therefore, there may be a slight difference in the totals. The class of work, however, is correct.

Herewith is the order in which the thirteen competitors were run:

J. A. & J. H. Hunter's black pointer dog Black Wonder (Crowell's Ike—Bang Bang's Pride), J. A. Hunter, handler,
*with*
Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan setter bitch Bettye S, (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler.

Greenfield Hill Kennels' black and white setter dog Rowdy Rod (Roderigo—June A.), S. C. Bradley, handler,
*with*
Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan setter bitch Lora (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler.

Thos. Johnson's liver and white bitch Pitti Sing (Baron Doderidge—Nora), A. Cameron, handler,
*with*
Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white bitch Maid of Kent (King of Kent—Hops), C. E. Buckle, handler.

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white pointer dog Prawn (Crab—Polly Peachem), A. Cameron, handler,
*with*
Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Orlando (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler.

Greenfield Hill Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Harry C. (Roderigo—Countess House), S. C. Bradley, handler,
*with*
Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white pointer dog Rip Rap (King of Kent—Hops), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler.

Whyte Bedford's and P. H. Bryson's black, white and tan setter dog Tremont (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown), a bye. A. P. Gilliam, handler.

*First Series.*

BLACK WONDER AND BETTYE S. began the competition in this stake at 12:54. The heat was most interesting. Both dogs worked diligently and finished the heat without any show of weariness. Black Wonder stopped a few times in this heat to potter on footscent, but he had no intention to shirk work. The pace of both was good and well sustained. Bettye maintained the more uniform gait and conducted her ranging with more judgment. She worked to the gun much better than Black Wonder, the latter requiring constant watching and cautioning to keep him within proper limits. Notwithstanding this he would betimes flush birds willfully, would often range beyond control and was not always working properly to the gun. On point he was not rigid. It was more a stand than a point. Bettye was faulty in point work, in that she would point rigidly to a flush and hold her point till ordered on. However, the work was excellent taken as a whole. There were thirteen bevies found during the race, but three of these were found by spectators. Each backed. Bettye was steady to the gun. Black Wonder was so voluntarily sometimes, and sometimes so by earnest caution. Black Wonder pointed three bevies, flushed one and pointed thirteen single or scattered birds and flushed three. Bettye pointed five bevies and one after the dogs were ordered up. She pointed eleven single or scattered bird points. She flushed one bevy and two singles She made two false points. This is not presented as an absolutely correct account of the point work, as the handlers were separated a large part of the time throughout the heat. It, however, approximates very closely.

TUESDAY.

The sky was entirely obscured by heavy dark clouds. The air was damp, and a light fog obstructed the view. A fine drizzle fell during part of the forenoon and afternoon. The grass and cover were saturated with dampness. The grounds were wet and heavy. Birds were found in abundance. There was no work done in the forenoon.

POWDY ROD AND LORA were started at 1:07. They ran an excellent heat. Both dogs ranged wide and fast in the first two hours. There was none of the annoying searches for lost dogs, notwithstanding that both ranged wide. Both worked skilfully to the gun. In the beginning of the third hour both showed some signs of fatigue. The ground was heavy, and the soil was so tenacious that it clogged the dogs' feet. Lora, at 2:40, showed signs of stopping work, but soon thereafter birds were found and she resumed her diligent search to the end of the heat. Both did excellent work on birds. Lora, in the first half of the heat, outranged Rowdy. In the last half Rowdy had the advantage in range some of the time. While Rowdy did skilful work on birds, Lora was a bit better in judgment and more skillful and quicker in locating. She more than once got to the bevy quicker than Rowdy on the find of the latter. When Rowdy, after pointing, moved on to locate, Lora would draw quickly ahead to the bevy, an act she could perform with great accuracy. Both backed stanchly and honestly, were steady to the gun and handled nicely. The dogs found about twelve bevies during the heat, Lora finding the greater number, and also pointed a greater number of single birds. Very few flushes were made. The birds were difficult to work on, as they ran a great deal from the points. Lora pointed six bevies, Rowdy pointed two. One or two of these Lora got by being quicker and building up on Rowdy's find. Rowdy got eight or nine points on singles and Lora got eleven or twelve. Lora flushed four times. Considering the amount of work done there were few flushes made, about seven or eight, there not being much difference in this respect. Lora had better judgment, proved the better in finding, and was a higher class worker in every detail of point work.

WEDNESDAY.

The sky was dark and heavy. A lively mist fell during the forenoon. Every pine leaf and twig held a drop of water. The ground was heavy and stuck to the feet of the dogs and the boots of the people who were afoot. Birds seemed to be on the move and were found plentiful.

PITTI SING AND MAID OF KENT started at 8:27. They ranged well at good speed in the first two hours, though both were deficient in judgment in beating out the ground. Pitti was disobedient and hard to handle. On back she was unreliable at times and needed a deal of cautioning. In the third hour, Pitti showed signs of tiring. In the fourth hour she practically had quit work. Although she did not come to heel, she trotted about close to her handler. Cameron should have then withdrawn her, as it was far from a kindness to run the bitch when she was so wearied, and had not the slightest show in the competition at that stage. Maid, too, in the third hour became weary, but she did not stop working diligently till near the end. In the latter part of the fourth hour, her back appeared to trouble her greatly, and at times it was extremely difficult for her to run, or even to walk. She, too, should have been withdrawn. The wet cover had probably chilled her. She had no chance in the competition after stopping work, and it was punishing a good bitch needlessly to make her work on. Maid had quite a good showing to her credit on birds. She pointed five bevies, and had a divided bevy point with Pitti, the latter getting three points on bevies besides the divided point. One of the bevies she flushed after pointing it. Maid pointed eight singles, and flushed four times. Pitti pointed four times and made one fluke. There was very little false pointing done. There were eleven bevies, all told, found in the heat by dogs and horsemen. It is but fair to mention that Pitti had been in season up to Sunday last, and had had no work in five weeks excepting two short runs on Saturday and Monday last.

PRAWN AND ORLANDO began at 1:05. Prawn was entered by mistake in the name of the Hempstead Farm Kennels. He is owned by Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, Shavington Hall, England. Prawn was exceedingly lame from a sore forefoot, or shoulder, and ought not to have been started. Had he not been a game, plucky dog, he would have quit in a short time. His limp made more exertion necessary, and it was therefore much harder for him to run. Not being able to keep out at his work with quickness, gave Orlando a chance to do nearly all the bird work, and Prawn's greatest showing was, therefore, in backing. His lameness prevented him from any showing of his real form. Orlando was, therefore, practically working alone, so far as a competition was concerned. He made an excellent showing and ran up a fine string of single-bird points. He showed excellent merit but required careful coaching on birds, he not going up to them with sufficient promptness and accuracy. To be more explicit, he would sometimes point on footscent, and his handler would quietly send him forward till he refused to go further, when he was quite sure to have a bird to the point. He made a few false points and two flushes. He made about twenty-one points on single birds, and found and pointed five bevies. Prawn pointed one bevy and four singles. He made four flushes, one excusable one. Cameron rode part of the time in this heat, and in the last part of the heat he stopped urging the dog on, which was the next best thing to withdrawing him that he could do. He ran a game race, and it is regretable that he was not in proper form, as Cameron says he is one of the great pointers of the day. Orlando ran so fast at the start that it looked as though he would break down, but he later struck a steadier working gait and finished strong with good work.

THURSDAY.

The weather was delightful. A heavy frost covered the vegetation. As the sun rose higher the frost was melted and made cold, wet running for the dogs. A good half day was lost in following the bye dog. One judge could have taken charge of him, and the other two judges could have followed the other two dogs.

RIP RAP AND HARRY C. began work at 8:08. Both worked industriously to the end, Harry the better ranger, though he worked out of bounds betimes, and had an uncontrollable fondness for following the birds of a bevy, he marking their flight well. He also needed cautioning when locating, as he appeared a bit over-eager at times. Both were steady to shot and backed nicely. Rip often dropped to his points. He did not range with regularity nor did he work up to his best form, he showing hesitation and lack of confidence when locating birds. Rip pointed five bevies and had one divided point on a bevy. Harry had the same number of bevy points. Harry did one excellent piece of work in locating a bevy of which he struck the trail up wind. Rip made six points on singles and never flushed. He made one point at the edge of dense cane, too dense for the handlers to beat out to flush. Harry made six single bird points. He flushed two singles and a bevy. He made several points to which nothing was found. The heat was energetically worked throughout. It was a good one. Harry, all things considered, had the best of it. The dogs were separated so much that the reporters got a good bit of information from the judges.

TREMONT ran a bye. He was started at 1. His range was but moderately wide at the best, and often it was quite close. He beat out his ground well, but often wasted time by working the same ground over more than once. Betimes he returned to his handler to get orders. He was prettily broken, a bit overbroken in so far that he would return for instruction when he should remain out at work. He pointed in beautiful style, some of his poses being magnificent. If he got close to his birds, however, he dropped on point. He was over cautious and pointed on footscent among scattered birds sometimes. He made about eighteen single bird points. Many of these he made quickly and nicely, yet he missed many opportunities among scattered birds. Birds were out feeding on the stubbles nearly all the afternoon, so that the conditions favored easy finding. Nearly every bevy was pointed within 100yds. of the handler. He made three flushes, and stopped too much on scents, although then he moved on, generally without any assistance. He found ten bevies. Had he been down with some of the other dogs in the stake, he would have had very little showing, as they would have ranged outside of him and picked up the greater part of the points.

FRIDAY.

The weather was foggy and cloudy, the signs being favorable for either good or bad weather, accordingly as one was pleased to predict. Some said that the sun would dispel the fog and the weather would be good. All took their rain coats along, however, even those who thought that there would be no rain.

*Second Series.*

There were six dogs reserved to run in the second series. It was a good selection. Tremont, however, had run poorly as compared to the others, but having run alone it was no more than fair to run him in company.

LORA AND BETTYE S. were started at 8:52. Soon after starting the handlers were cautioned by the judges against using any unnecessary noise, Mr. Tucker having objected to Mr. Avent's whistling. Bettye in the open field pointed a bevy. Lora in coming up to back, caught scent quite a distance away and drew with great rapidity to a point. Both were steady. The birds were not followed. Lora pointed a bevy in sedge. Bettye made three points in succession, to which nothing was found. Lora pointed a sparrow. Sent on Lora pointed the bevy accurately, while Bettye 40yds. away pointed the footscent. The heat was now running at a lively rate, the handlers riding in a fox trot, and all bowling along merrily—too fast, however, for bird hunting, and not fast enough for fox hunting. Each pointed the scattered birds. Lora pointed a single in pines. Bettye at the same time pointed at the same place, but abandoned the point. Up at 9:56. The heat was a good one. Both ranged wide and fast. Lora was the better ranger, the more finished worker and had better judgment and finding abilities. She was also a more skillful performer on birds in every particular. Bettye worked far below her form of the first heat.

HARRY C. AND ORNANDO were started at 10:07. Orlando pointed a bevy in open sedge. On the scattered birds, both were found on a point on a single bird, or Harry backed. Sent on, Harry soon pointed a single nicely. In woods, Harry flushed a single and Orlando pointed one. Harry pointed a bird which flushed wild. Olando pointed a bird, after which he pointed twice and nothing was found. Working on scattered birds of a bevy flushed by the judges, Orlando made two points; nothing found. Harry pointed a single nicely in open sedge. Up at 11:04. The last part of the heat was run in the rain.

The judges decided to postpone further running for the time being. There was no good reason for so doing, as it had stopped raining. The weather was but little worse than it had been all the morning, and better than it was part of the time, inasmuch as it was not raining. An early lunch was eaten. There was then some speculation about the weather. The judges consulted with owners and handlers. There appeared to be a disposition to please everybody in so far as running or not running at once was concerned. The proper way was to either go on and run the trials or go to town. Dawdling about was not running a field trial. The judges were the ones to decide whether the running should or should not be suspended. Once open the question of weather to the pleasure of owners and handlers and no man is so wise as to forecast the time when a trial would be run or ended. Moreover, some of the running had been in worse weather. It was understood that Capt. McMurdo was ready to run with Rip Rap and Mr. Bryson would prefer better weather for Tremont. The judges finally decided to run the dogs. After getting about a mile into the fields, the weather thickened. The judges consulted then and announced that the running for the day was ended. This was shortly after 2. A steady rain set in soon after the start for home was made.

SATURDAY.

The weather was cloudy, damp and slightly foggy. The heavy rains had saturated the soil. The grounds were soft and in places muddy. Birds, however, were not difficult to find.

RIP RAP AND TREMONT began at 9:46. Rip, standing in the open, pointed a bevy in a thicket. Tremont backed. Both were steady to shot. The birds were followed. Tremont made two points on single birds. Rip made a good point on the scattered birds. Rip pointed a single in open sedge; a moment afterward Tremont pointed the same bird. Next Rip flushed some scattered birds. Rip made two points on scattered birds. Next he pointed a bevy in open sedge. In the open Rip stopped to wing on a bevy he flushed in some thin weeds. Taking a circle in the field and coming back in the open on this bevy, Rip struck the trail and pointed the birds, Tremont joining in the point. The heat ended at 10:44. Rip was the better ranger, though his range was irregular, sometimes narrow and sometimes fairly wide. He was the better finder. Tremont had a narrow range and part of the time followed Rip. Each was steady to shot and wing.

LORA AND ORLANDO began the final heat at 10:57. Both ranged wide and fast, Lora showing better judgment. She was "off her nose" appreatly, as her point work was far below that of her previous heats. Among some scattered birds each secured a point on single birds. Lora pointed in a thicket; nothing found. Next, Orlando in the open got two points on singles; Lora one. Orlando pointed in a thicket; nothing found. A bevy was seen to pass in woods. No one knew what flushed it. Lora pointed a single which flushed wild in woods. She then pointed foot scent. Orlando pointed a bevy in a cornfield. Avent was ordered to wait, but he flushed the bevy before Lora could be got in. Lora pointed in sedge; nothing found. At the same time Orlando pointed, then moved on and flushed the single bird. Orlando pointed scattered birds. Lora had not seen the bevy when flushed from Orlando's point, therefore was at a disadvantage in working on the scattered birds. In the open Orlando pointed a bevy in weeds. Lora, about one hundred yards away in weeds, pointed a bevy at the same time. The judges thereafter consulted six minutes. The dogs were again sent on. Lora roaded in the open to a good point on a single. Orlando at the same time pointed a lark. In pines Lora pointed; nothing found. Lora flushed a bird and flushed another which Orlando had barely pointed. Up at 12:35.

It was said that Orlando had given Lora a sound beating. He had not done so. He had beaten her in this heat, but not on a very wide margin. Moreover, the work in her previous heats of this stake was of a much higher class than that of Orlando. Lora at her best can give him a sound beating when he is at his best, judging from the class of work done in the stake by each dog. Lora carries herself in an easy, graceful manner, although she could be improved in style. Orlando runs with a low head, his tail carried straight out behind and almost motionless. He, however, points in good style generally. His manner of working is inferior to that of Lora. He did a large amount of single bird work in his first heat, but that was largely a matter of large opportunity and having a lame competitor.

The judges, however, got through a long trial with most



LORA.

Absolute Winner All-Age Stake, Central Field Trials, 1892.
Owned by Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

commendable diligence. They handled the competion skillfully. They were constantly alert. They were not stampeded a single time by any emotional cry of "Point, judges!" and very little of it was attempted. The audible soliloquy of a few handlers in explaining the large number of things which might be to a point which had proved barren, might have



LAD OF RUSH.

Winner All-Age Pointer Stake, Central Field Trials, 1892.
Owned by J. L. Adams, Louisville, Ky.

been left out, for it did no good. It might be profitable for those handlers, who deign to explain any doubtful work to the judges, to learn that they are simply wasting their time to no purpose, aside from the implication which the explanation of the work carries what it—that is, the implication that the judges can not comprehend the work. In short, the management and judging was far ahead of that of past years.

B. WATERS.

## MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

We must remind our Manitoban friends that in future, to insure the accounts of the club's doings finding place in these columns, said reports must be forwarded in due season, and not after they have appeared in other papers.

We are informed that the annual meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club was held Monday evening, Dec. 3, at the Clarendon Hotel, Winnipeg, and was a great success, being largely attended. After the usual routine business had been disposed of, the election of officers was proceeded with: Patron, Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., Montreal; president, Frank G Simpson, Winnipeg; 1st vice president, F. H. Gotzian, St. Paul; 2d vice president, E. Hughes, Brandon; secretary-treasurer, E. D. Adams, Winnipeg; managing committee, D. Hope, F. Dorsey and Alex. Clarke; auditors, D. H. Telford and T. L. Peters.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers for the very successful manner in which they had conducted the business of the club during the year, and for the very promising condition in which its affairs now stand.

The events for next season are to consist of an Amateur Stake, open to dogs owned in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories only, and handled by amateurs, winners of previous events barred; the Derby and All-Aged Stake. The prizes for open events to be divided as follows: 60 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second and 15 per cent. to third.

The date for holding the trials was not fixed, owing to an intimation received by the secretary-treasurer that a new club was about to be organized in northern Dakota. If that proposition is carried into effect, and we earnestly hope it may, it is very desirable that both clubs should work harmoniously together. It was considered advisable in view of this fact not to fix upon a date until they had a further report from their American friends.

The advisability of holding the trials of the club at a point further west was discussed and laid over to come up later. Twenty new members were duly elected. There was a strong feeling manifested among those present that the season of 1893 was going to be the most successful in the history of the club.

## MASTIFFS AT BROOKLYN.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In Mr. Wade's criticism of the mastiffs he judged at the last Brooklyn dog show, he speaks of the bitches thus: "Bitches—The class was all bad in head, distinctions being in degree. First, a big roomy bitch on short legs, good skull, fair ears, muzzle too long and lacking in depth but square."

Take her as he sees her, what is there about her to recommend? Does she amount to anything? Then he says, "The second, Boss's Princess, an immense bitch, good all over except in muzzle, higher legs than desirable, but her muzzle is execrable, not merely too long, but shockingly overshot; a mastiff may have a longer muzzle than hers and still be typical of the breed."

When he says that Boss's Princess is overshot in the least he is much mistaken, in fact "shockingly mistaken." On that point it is not a matter of opinion of what he thinks or what I think. He is no more correct in that than he would be were he to say she is all black or all blue in color; one would be as evident to an observer as the other. But when he says her muzzle is execrable, that is a matter of opinion; he can call it anything he chooses. She is simply old type in muzzle, as good or better than three-fourths of the mastiffs in America, and better than a majority of the prize dogs a few years ago. The best thing about the first prize winner seems to be her skull according to his report, but the skull of Boss's Princess measured four inches more around than she did as measured, after the awards were made, by Mr. Geo. Glazier. If the bitches were scored by points it is my belief that the second prize winner would score thirty points more than any in the class. Had she been benched by the side of any other dog save Black Prince her one solitary defect would not have been so apparent. What sort of a show would the other bitches have made in her place? To use the expression of many, Mr. Wade's awards in the bitch class were "peculiar," to say the least.

As Mr. Wade, in his many letters, is such a "stickler" for good movers and most generously offers prizes for such here and in England (my bitch Girda, the dam of Black Prince, won the five pounds he offered in England, and Boss's Princess the $10 he offered at the Brooklyn show), he is particularly down on all unsoundness—cow-hocked dogs and the like. The "peculiar" part comes in when the two bitches are compared together, the second prize winner getting the prize for the best moving mastiff in the show. A very correct idea can be formed of the first prize bitch by reading what the critics say in the different papers. "The winner had lost her fat to some extent and thus looked better, but though she has a better type of head than Boss's Princess, in no other point is she her superior or at all her equal; much smaller, inferior in action, slightly cow-hocked, open feet, not so well made in body," and "the winner is very moderate, faulty in head, good in body, none too good in hocks. Boss's Princess, second is a very large upstanding, good-bodied bitch and a very active mover, has a good skull but weak muzzle, lacks character in head, still she ought to have won as she beats the winner so in size, legs and feet, and neither are good in head." I consider her as many others do, one of the best all around bitches that has been shown. I do not deny but what she has an old fashioned type of head, I will say she is my ideal of a mastiff save in muzzle, just such a one as I hope to show some time with the muzzle of Black Prince.

Boss's Princess was weighed by the baggage master at the Grand Central Depot when I came home from the show; she weighed 183lbs. She stands 32in. stick measure, at the shoulder; is 77in. long and in girth she measures 40in. tight; correct in color, perfect markings with a small jet black ear and jet black muzzle. Perfection is not often reached even with the best material. We hope, we anticipate.

J. L. WINCHELL.

FAIR HAVEN, Vt., Dec. 15.

## NATURAL FOODS.

WE are enabled, through Dr. Perry's kindness, to give some further extracts from his coming book, "Kennel Secrets."

"In giving raw meat," says "Ashmont," "there are certain precautions to be observed which are well worth considering here. The dog commonly 'bolts' the food placed before him largely because there is little if any necessity for him to do otherwise, but accustom him to foods which require mastication and the assistance of the saliva, and he soon shows that he has sense—or instinct—enough to know that he must chew them before he swallows them. In feeding raw meat the facts are often ignored that dogs have teeth for cutting and tearing, and that if the same are industriously used on this food it will be converted into a form favorable for digestion. As a consequence the erroneous practice of giving it to them in pieces but little smaller than the fist is a common one; and to this can be attributed many of the digestive disturbances of which breeders have occasionally complained and for which they have blamed their food.

"It ought not to be necessary to urge that raw meat for dogs, old and young, that are fairly healthy and have good, sound teeth should when possible be put before them in a form which will make it necessary for them to cut, tear and crush it before it can be swallowed; or in other words, it should be in very large pieces, and preferably attached to bones of good size. And when it cannot be obtained in suitable form it should be cut into small pieces or crushed with a mallet before it is fed out; or if intended for puppies or for the sick it should be minced or scraped."

A good many people have an idea that raw meat affects the dog's scenting powers. Commenting on this "Ashmont" remarks: "Where this food is given intelligently its effect upon the secenting powers is transitory merely and limited solely to the period of active digestion. In other words, after he has eaten his fill of meat, for two or three hours his sense of smell is less keen, but as soon as digestion is well advanced it is restored and just as powerful as before eating. And it can safely be said that a sporting dog might be allowed meat from puppyhood until incapacitated by age, and his 'nose' would not in the slightest degree fall off in consequence of his diet. But meat will injure this sense if it is given out of proportion to the amount of work or exercise, for then the dog is sure to become feverish and his nose must fail him as well as his general health. And where such failure has occurred in consequence of meat it has been invariably due to the lack of judgment on the part of the owners—they giving too much of this food and too little exercise."

"Ashmont" now goes on to lay down rules for feeding dogs of the different breeds, from the smallest to the largest, and under the various conditions of life. He states definitely the proportions of meat, vegetables and starches required, and the influences which should modify them, how these foods must be prepared, the quantity to be given at each meal, the requisite number of feedings, etc., etc. In fact, he gives accurate diet tables for Yorkshires as well as St. Bernards, and of what each meal of the day should consist, and in covering this vast territory he starts with puppies about leaving their mother, and remains with them until after they are matured, and even continues on with the dog in the stud and the bitch in whelp, leaving absolutely no room for speculation, but making clear every point and turn.

Mr. H. L. Kreuder has sold the noted beagle champion Racer, Jr., to Mr. E. Gerry Roberts, of Red Bank, N. J.

# DOG CHAT.

### "Scotch Baillie."

There are many dogmen in this country who will be pleased to learn that Mr. D. Baillie, familiarly known as Scotch Baillie, is still in the land of the living and "cakes." Mr. Baillie was for some time manager of the Meadowthorpe Kennels, at Lexington, Ky., recently dispersed, and for a couple of years was a familiar figure at our shows, generally having in tow a large team "o' all maks"—Gordons and terriers predominating. He wants to know how his old friends Messrs. Hitchcock, Mortimer, Mason, Oldham and many others are, hoping they are still going ahead in the fancy. Mr Baillie intends to visit this country next year to attend the World's Fair dog show "with an extra good team of sporting dogs." He is now manager of the famed Glenbeig Kennels of Gordon setter renown. They have now the largest and best stock of pointers and Gordons in the world. They have over 60 Gordons and 40 pointers, "all fit to win." He remarks: "To give an idea of our stock we had 13 setters and pointers at Birmingham and won 9 firsts and 4 seconds; all won in hot classes; as you are aware the sporting classes are very strong at that show." He likes his new surroundings better than his Kentucky venture, as he can sell 12 dogs there for every one he sold down South. He also gives us the news that Mr. Freeman Lloyd is now the kennel editor of the *Sporting Mirror*. Scotchmanlike, Baillie works in a little "biz" in his entertaining letter. He is willing to buy and bring out on commission any sort of dog that exhibitors on this side may require, with one exception—black and tan terriers. There is no doubt that if Mr. Baillie comes over he will receive a "braw" welcome from many a friend, ourselves included,

### The Boston Terrier.

The Boston Terrier Club is becoming disgruntled over the tardy action of the committee appointed by the A. K. C. to consider their claims to recognition by that august body. At least this is what we should imagine, judging from the expressions of some of its members at the meeting of the club held Dec. 14. At this meeting permission was kindly given by the B. T. C., allowing kennel clubs holding shows under A. K. C. rules to provide classes for the Boston terrier. We fail to see what there is in the claim that certain dogs of the breed can show pedigrees extending several generations. The dogs still come, as might be expected, from their mongrel origin, in all sizes and shapes. Its general recognition is bound to result in confusion, for the average public is already burdened with the difference between a bulldog and a bull-terrier, and if we make extended provision for the missing link confusion will be worse confounded. A novel reason brought forward by one of the members why the terrier had not been recognized by the A. K. C. was that if this "terrier" was some new breed from over the sea it would quickly gain recognition, etc. This is poor logic. Why, the very essentials of their terrier came from the other side, and the breed is by no means an American terrier. It is nothing more nor less, refined by inbreeding in some cases, perhaps, than the old English bull and terrier. The general appearance of these dogs at our shows would tend to undo all the educational influence that the friends and judges of the pure white bull-terrier have so long striven to uphold by instantly turning out of the ring all brindled and "bully" specimens of the so-called bull-terrier, and now happily but rarely seen. The Boston terrier is a local fad, let it remain so.



SHARP WORK AT THE NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIALS.

### Washington City Kennel Club.

The Washington City Kennel Club held its annual meeting at the club rooms, Washington, D. C., on Dec. 15, 1892. They are more enthusiastic than ever, and will be "on top" with a big "Columbian Show" for 1893, and have claimed the circuit dates of March 14 to 17, 1893. Mr. Webster, the secretary, writes:

"We have secured one of the finest halls in the country, in a brand new building. The hall is about 360 feet long by 220 feet wide. This great space will easily bench 1,000 dogs. Further particulars and a full outline of the proposed show will be furnished later. It is intended to have this show second to none in character and importance in the circuit of this year. The officers for the coming year are: S. W. Stinemetz, President; Jos. H. Hunter, Vice-President; F. S. Webster, Secretary; H. E. Barrett, Treasurer; Board of Governors—W. R. Traver, Dr. E. K. Goldsborough, Howard Perry, T. Henry Gulick, George J. Brannigan, John Wanstall, A. H. Hancock.

### Sale of Aristocrat.

Mr. Shallenberger, of Alma, Neb., seems to be after the good ones in St. Bernardom, for he has just purchased the well-known dog Aristocrat. This dog was noted for his stud qualities on the other side, and his career while here is familiar to all. Mr. Booth reports two very fine litters by him out of bitches that whelped last week. The Duchess Kennels' new dogs are expected to arrive on Sunday next, an awkward time indeed, as Monday being a holiday they will probably have to remain on board till Tuesday.

FOREST AND STREAM was the first paper to call Mr. Booth's attention to the severe criticism about Lady Hibernia, that he shipped to Mr. John Hefferman, of San Francisco. To show what a needless smoke there was made from very little fire, we may quote Mr. Hefferman's words in a recent letter to Mr. Booth, in which he says, in speaking of Lady Hibernia's death by poison: "Mr. Booth, she was the first prize winner at our coming show, and if I conclude to purchase another shall certainly call on you for your list. * * * I want to ask you, Mr. Booth, have you got another Lady Hibernia for sale? etc." This shows that Mr. Hefferman, at least, was contented with his bargain.

### The Birmingham Show.

This show, notwithstanding it was boycotted by most of the specialty clubs, seems to have been quite as much a success as in former years, and the quality of the dogs was also just as good.

The duration of the show was one day less than in former years owing to the outcry made last year against the five day show. The judging seems to have given in some of the breeds anything but satisfaction. Mr Lloyd Price, for instance, an old breeder and thorough-going sportsman, made a "bash" of the retriever classes, in one class, where several good ones appeared withholding first prize, in another class giving Mr. Shirley V. H. C. for one of the best he ever bred. Other judges made almost as many blunders. Another, Mr. Funniston, took five hours to judge 70 bull-terriers. In St. Bernards, the owner of Duke of Maplecroft (Marvel—Princess Florence) had things about his own way, Duke winning the special for best in show, Marvel stock was well in front, for, besides Duke of Maplecroft, Mr. T. Smith ran second in open dogs with Clifford Marvel. A Scottish Prince—Hepsey bitch, Rustic Beauty, won in open bitches. The fox terrier Vice Regal beat the crack D'Orsay under Mr. Tinne, according to *Stock-Keeper's* extract from the judge's book, in head, ears, neck, shoulder, chest, back and loin. The Russian wolfhounds from the Duchess of Newcastle's kennels made a great showing. In all there were 987 dogs benched and 1,300 entries, according to the marked catalogue kindly sent us by Mr. R. Toon or George Thomas. By-the-by we note that the Toon & Symonds' greyhound bitch Southern Beauty won in open bitches, and their Wild Rose was also among the lettered ones. In challenge pointers Mr. Norrish's Ch. Saddleback was again to the front. The sporting classes as usual contained the cream of the fancy in pointers and setters. As each dog was examined by the "vet" the attendant was given a certificate, and this was delivered at the entrance to the show and held by the secretary as proof that the dog had been examined and passed. This was a safeguard, and the example might be followed by other shows.

### The Hollywood Hunt.

A new fox hunting club has been organized in New Jersey, to be called the Hollywood Hunt. The kennels are to be at the old Monmouth Park race-course and the club house at Hollywood, Long Branch. The ruling spirits are to be Messrs. Fred Gebhard, Fred. Hoey and P. F. Collier. James Blute, lately whip of the Meadowbrook Hunt, will be huntsman, and sailed the other day to England for the purpose of getting together the best pack that can be procured. In Mr. Hoey's case the step from fox-terriers to foxhounds is excusable.

### Good News for the Irish.

OWENSBORO, Ky., Dec. 17.—My Irish setter, Hiawatha, Jr. (Hiawatha—Lalla Rookh II.), only 13 months old, has done some elegant field work, and I should like to hear what others think of it. I took him into the field and he retrieved every bird that I killed, and made each point with the staunchness that would do credit to any old dog. While bringing in a dead bird he came to a firm stand with the dead bird in his mouth, about fifteen steps from where I stood, and I tell you it was a grand sight. I flushed the bird and killed it and the dog brought both in at the same time. I had enough, and witnessed the finest work I ever saw a dog do. J. G. BURCH.

### Gloversville Dog Show.

The Gloversville people, or to speak more correctly, the members of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, are doing a little better this year, and are getting their premium list out betimes. By the list just to hand, we find that in all classes (except challenge classes) where there are more than three entries, the first prize will be $3 and $2. If there are more than three entries the prizes will be $5 and $2.50. In challenge classes where there is only one entry the prize will be $3, more than one entry $5 will be the prize. Third in open and second in challenge classes will be diplomas. For these prizes the club charges a $2 entry fee and entries close Dec. 24., with F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y. The special prize list is unique; the club confining itself chiefly to diplomas as kennel prizes for different breeds. The Greyhound Club donates several medals and the Spaniel Club two $5 cash specials.

The number of gloves donated reminds one that this is the "glove" city. Mr. Manice, if he sends his dachshunds, can supply himself with his winter socks, and the owner of the best American foxhound bitch will receive a special of 50 cents, and two cakes of dog soap is a special for best foxhound pup. The Wankie Kennels and "A Friend" take care of the Scotch and Dinmont terrier specials with solid cash, and Mr. Kreuder gives $10 for best kennel of beagles. The sweepstakes at the end of the schedule should read "specials," as there is no entry fee for these. The handler who expects to win the $25 special given by the club must bring not less than eighteen dogs, and to win second, a steel engraving, twelve dogs are required. The exhibitor showing the greatest number of dogs will get from Mr. C. H. Mason a copy of "Typical Dogs," and the homeliest dog in the show gets a 20-pound ham; while the member of the club making the largest number of entries and winning the least number of prizes will be given 12lbs. of sugar to sweeten his defeat. Mr. C. H. Mason will judge all classes, and Mr. Ray Hillabrandt will superintend the show.

### Brunswick Fur Club Meet.

The fourth annual meet of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Westminster, Mass., Jan. 16, 1893. At this meet the officers are elected for the year, and any one who is fond of fox-hunting, in the rough, as it were, may be sure of having a good time both during the day and round the fireside in the evenings. Mr. J. H. Baird, Auburndale, Mass., is the secretary, and any further information may be had from him.

### Proposed Beagle Field Trial Club.

The meeting to form a New England Beagle Club was held at Young's Hotel, Dec. 17. The matter was discussed informally, but no action was taken. Letters favoring the project were received from H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass; Henry Hanson, Fall River, Mass.; and Paul C. F. Hoffman, Rockville, Conn. A number of gentlemen have expressed a desire to join the club. Another meeting will be held some time in January and the club will probably be organized at that time.

Mr. Winchell takes exception to the picture of Jack Shepard, published in FOREST AND STREAM last week, saying it is a picture of his Victor made by Harper & Bros. from a photograph of Victor taken in 1890, and appeared in their journal Feb. 28, 1891. Jack Shepard is a brother to Victor, so it's all in the family. Still, we do not like to be imposed upon. The plate was given to us, marked Jack Shepard, by Mr. John H. Naylor, who had that dog in charge at Nashville. If this sort of thing continues, we shall have to call upon the A. K. C. to insist on photographs being registered and authentic "pedigrees" furnished.

We understand that Mr. George Raper will judge again at the coming dog show of the W. K. C. At the same time, when we asked Mr. Mortimer if this would be the case, two weeks since, he replied that the subject of judges had not yet been discussed, but that it would be considered on his return to New York from Nashville show.

In 1893, as in 1892, the FOREST AND STREAM'S Kennel columns will give the news, and all the news, promptly, intelligently and fairly. The paper every week will be one that a gentleman may put into his pocket to take home without a horrible apprehension that he may unwittingly have buttoned to his breast a nauseating, disgusting and sickening mess of personal rows and wrangles, such as make up the kennel departments of some papers. "There is a mud-slinging trust, but we are not in it."

We wish our friends of the kennel world on both sides of the Atlantic A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

### Death of Champion Cambrian Princess.

One of the most noted specimens of the mastiff that has ever been shown either in England or America died last Sunday week in the kennels of Mr. Sanborn, Rochester, N. H. Cambrian Princess was a few months over 10 years old. Her sire was champion Beau and dam Modesty. Cambrian Princess was considered by many mastiff men as almost perfection in form, and her numerous prizes, including the valuable challenge cups, attest to the truth of their opinion. As the dam of the well-known champion Minting, that was considered more than the peer of any mastiff of his day, her record as a brood bitch was assured, to say nothing of being the dam of many other winners. Cambrian Princess was imported about 1889, by Mr. E. H. Moore, who has brought over so many of the crack mastiffs of the day. At the disposal of Mr. Moore's mastiff kennel Princess passed into the hands of Mr. Sanborn. In her late appearances at shows she has not been seemingly in good health, in fact such a bitch should have been granted the rest she had so honorably earned. Mr. Sanborn has our sincere sympathy in his loss.

### Pacific Fox-Terrier Club.

Mr. J. B. Martin, the secretary, tells us that at a regular meeting of the Pacific Fox-Terrier Club, it was determined to offer cups to be competed for by the dogs owned by members only at the bench shows of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, April 19 to 23, 1893, and the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, May 3 to 6, 1893, as follows: Best fox-terrier in show, best fox-terrier dog in open class, second best fox-terrier dog in open class, best fox-terrier bitch in open class, second best fox-terrier bitch in open class, best fox-terrier dog puppy, second best fox-terrier dog puppy, best fox-terrier bitch puppy, second best fox-terrier bitch puppy, best fox-terrier puppy bred in California. Cups numbers 1, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 will have an engraving of a fox-terrier upon each. All cups will be suitably engraved with the name, owner and prize won.

Mrs. Smythe, the fair owner of the Swiss Mountains Kennels, seems determined to get to the front, and she will be considerably aided in her laudable ambition by her latest importation, the St. Bernard Eboracum. This young dog arrived safe and sound on the steamship Bovic, Monday night, and we had a look at him on board. He is a nicely made dog, excellent color and markings and particularly good in front: shows a good deal of quality, and when in good flesh and further developed will have to be reckoned with when the money prizes are given out. Speaking of reckon reminds us of the chief steward of the Bovic, who, in the kindness of his heart, took Eboracum into his private room the first night out, and the dog, impressed with the English idea that "there's nothing like leather," made a supper off the steward's Sunday "shoon." Mr. Chapman is keeping his weather eye open for the owner of the dog.

Some people have been remarking that St. Bernards were on the down line in popularity. This scarcely seems to be the case, new men are coming in all the time. Mr Schmidt, of New York, is fast getting together a good kennel. He already owns Roland, Jr., and Otos, first and second, Brooklyn, and has now bought the bitches Guess Noble and Lady Bountiful from Mr. W. C. Reick. Lady Bountiful is a much improved bitch since she arrived in Mr. Geo. Raper's care last February, and is a specimen of more than ordinary merit.

Many of the handlers and others who attended the New England field trials will be sorry to learn that "Mandie," who looked after their comfort so well, has since then got herself into trouble owing to a misconception of *meum* and *tuum* which led the old colored lady into a scrimmage with the mother of her former master's wife. Needless to say that "Mandie," physically, came out ahead, in spite of her rheumatics, though in the eye of the law she will probably play second fiddle.

The numerous exhibitors at the late Brooklyn show given by the National Greyhound Club will be sorry to hear that the club sustained considerable loss; the deficit, however, will be met by the guarantors. That the members of the bench show committee are game is evidenced by the remark of one of them to us last Tuesday: "We've lost this time, but we'll have another show next year, and a better one, too."

The City of the Straits Kennel Club has been incorporated with a capital of $2,000 in shares of $10 each. Geo. M. Hendrie, A. L. McGrae, A. T. Knowlson, G. D. Wellon, C. F. Backus, G. Nicolai, W. H. Muir, T. C. Oneliette and C. W. Wolfritz are the directors for the first year.

Mr. L. C. Whiton's greyhound champion Spinaway won first at the late Aberdare show under Mr. Astley.

The rumor that the bulldog His Lordship has been sold to

an American, or any one else, is emphatically denied by his owner in this week's *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.). This dog, it is further stated, will be matched against the young crack Dockleaf.

Dr. C. H. Littleton, of Philadelphia, Pa., has purchased of Mr. Chapman, owner of the Glenboig Kennels, the pointer dog Heather Bounce. This dog is by Sandford Bang out of Regent of Milton.

Mr. J. R. Oughton, of Toronto, Canada, has purchased from Mr. Chapman, Glenboig Kennels, Scotland, the Gordon setter Heather Lad, that, according to *Stock-Keeper*, won second in the late Edinburgh show.

Messrs. Smith & Baker evidently have something to take the place of their late Premier, as *British Fancier* speaks of a seven and a half months old dog pup, by Young Bute—Rustic Beauty, that is a wonder, and if lucky will be the coming dog. Plenty of room at the top.

Mr. Harry Twyford arrived safely on the steamship Mohawk. He now styles himself the "British Chicken," but is evidently moulting, or would have made himself apparent to his friends ere this.

A Philadelphia correspondent writes: "I had the pleasure to-day of seeing a brute of a man locked up in the station house, to remain until some friend pays his fine or to slumber there for twenty-four hours. A gentleman with an English setter was waiting at one of the railroad stations in this city this afternoon for a train for up the State, where he intended to have three or four days' sport. A tough with a half-breed bulldog in his arms made his appearance at the station. When he saw the setter lying quietly by his master's gun case the tough dropped the dog so as to create a fight, which the bulldog did without any ceremony. The bull was pulled off two or three times by his master, but let go only to renew the fight. The owner of the setter made quick time in getting his gun from its case, and had not the owner of the bull got his dog away I feel sure that death to the bull would have been the result. After the brute of a man had taken his dog away it was found that the setter had been badly bitten on the right foreleg. The owner of the setter followed the man with the bull, got an officer and had him taken to the station house. Had the owner of the setter had time to remain until evening to prefer charges it might have proven serious, but the tough was only locked up for disorderly conduct."

The sledge dogs, in Kamtschatka, are trained to their future service at a very early period. Soon after birth they are placed with their mother in a deep pit, so as to see neither man nor beast, and after having been weaned they are again condemned to a pit. After six months they are attached to a sledge with other old dogs and, being extremely shy, they run as fast as they can. On returning home they are again confined in their pit, where they remain until they are perfectly trained and able to perform a long journey. Then, but not before, they are allowed their summer liberty. This severe education completely sours their temper, and they constantly remain gloomy, shy, quarrelsome and suspicious.

A contemporary states that there are 2,859,235 dogs owned in France, of which 2,074,687 are classed as working dogs and 784,248 as dogs of high degree. The former pay a tax of 3 francs and the latter 10 francs. All shepherd and watch dogs are exempt from taxation, and we should imagine that the definition of a watch dog is often stretched to its fullest capacity.

Mr. Cecil Cox kindly sent us a marked catalogue of the Crystal Palace show, and as usual with Mr. Taunton's progressive management the publication is replete with good things. We notice in the bloodhound bitch class that Mr. Brough's Banner, that won first, is a daughter of Belhus and Rosemary, and bred in America by Mr. Winchell, who forwarded her afterwards to Mr. Brough. Mr. Taunton had on exhibition no less than six noted mastiffs, most of them challenge winners. The index to classes and prizes is an arrangement we would recommend to the attention of secretaries of our large shows.

Those people who wish to buy a dog for a Christmas present cannot do better than look through our kennel special columns this week. Among the new "ads" D. C. Luse offers greyhounds for sale; H. S. Peach, trained English setter; E. E. Calder, Gordon setter dog; M. & W., mastiff pups; Lock Box 380, St. Bernard dog; Henry N. Howell, well-trained English setter dog; C. W. Winship, choice pointer pups; Glendyne Kennels, Irish setter brood bitch; Handsome Brook Kennels, trained cocker spaniel; W. H. Pierce, trained young pointer of good lineage; J. R. Purcell, some well-trained pointers; J. L. Winchell, bloodhound litter and choice mastiff pups; Riverside Kennels want dogs to train. We also draw attention to Dr. Sherwood's notice.

We have received a very neat catalogue, extensively illustrated with half tones of their dogs, from the Findern Kennels, owned by A. C. Shallenberger, Alma, Neb. The kennel contains St. Bernards and English setters of the very best breeding.

In your issue of to-day I read an account of a dog who had swallowed a gold watch and who was killed for the purpose of recovering the timepiece. The owner of the dog was not only cruel, but also idiotic, for the dog, if allowed to live, would, undoubtedly, have been the most valuable watchdog in the United States. Though troubled with ticks, they would soon have disappeared.—*Correspondence New York Sun.*

## ANOTHER DISTEMPER CURE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Any remedy for this disease would be hailed with joy, as Mr. Stone intimates in your last issue; but unfortunately many of the so-called remedies are about as bad as the disease, and the latest discovery does not prevent the serious effects, but rather clears the lungs and channels of offensive matter. Therefore any one who has made a careful study of the disease must agree that it can only be taken as an aid in certain stages.

In the FOREST AND STREAM soon after the Boston show of 1890 appeared a note from Mr. R. Moore regarding the benefit derived from the application of a remedy in use in many English foxhound kennels, and by the president of the English Kennel Club. Messrs. Smith Bros., of Deep River, Conn., gave their experience in a very severe case with the same remedy, when some learned doctors were talking of bench show distemper. Messrs. James Mortimer, George Thomas, Frank Dole and many others who have large numbers of dogs under their care have since used it successfully, and as I got the most satisfactory results with it in England, and have found it equally valuable in America, I would say that it is a prepartion brought to perfection through long years of application by some of the most experienced kennel men in England.

Its action is to drive out all offensive matter through the bowels, water and lungs, preventing any serious complication or the attacking of any particular organ.

I shall be glad to give any further information through your columns or direct.

EDWIN H. MORRIS.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Dec. 12.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

DEC. 12.—This evening I had the pleasure of a call from from Mr. Geo. T. Leach, proprietor of the Bellevue Hotel, at High Point. He had his book containing the accounts of the field trial week with him. He assured me that I had done him an injustice in "Points and Flushes" last week, and desired me in a friendly way to go over his book with him and examine the accounts of his guests who were present during the field trials. His book, so far as I saw the accounts, showed uniform charges of $2 per day and 50 cents extra for fires. Where there were two or more in one room, the books showed only one charge for the fire, and not one for each guest as was represented to me and as I stated last week.

Mr. Leach desired me further to say that the lunch sent with the party of four was not intended for them and was taken by accident. Instead a basket with lunch for four was left by an oversight in the hotel.

He says also that there were four waiters instead of three. Four waiters to wait on about thirty guests are not enough. There were three the first few days and four afterward.

Also that he was not in any way connected with the exorbitant charges exacted by outsiders, the charges for housing dogs not being anything he had any connection with. This is true, and it is also true that I did not state that he had any connection with it.

Mr. Leach at first seemed to think I had some personal motive in making the statements I did. Such is not the case. It was an impersonal statement of matters, as I had the best of reasons for believing the facts were interesting to sportsmen.

I still maintain that $2.50 per day or $17.50 per week, a week being charged for at day rates, is higher than the accommodations warranted.

To show that the rates are not uniform, as in fairness they should be, I subjoin three different bills:

*J. M. Avent, Esq.,*

*To Bellevue Hotel.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dec. 5. | To 13 days for self, from Nov. 19 to Dec. 1 at $2 | $26 00 |
| Dec. 3. | To 1 day at $2 | 2 00 |
| Dec. 5. | To 1½ days at $2 | 3 00 |
| | | 31 00 |

The first week Mr. Avent had a room-mate, the second week none. The above bill included fires, Mr. Avent assures me.

*Maj. J. M. Taylor,*

*To Bellevue Hotel.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dec. 1. | To 11½ days' board, including fires, at $3 | $34 50 |
| | Less 50 cents per day | 5 50 |
| | | 29 00 |

The fifty cents per day reduction represents an objection to paying such a rate.

My own bill was made out at the rate of $2.50 per day, including fires. Mr. H. B. Anderson informs me that Mr. Leach made him a rate of $1.50 per day.

Here are four different rates.

I do not desire to do Mr. Leach an injustice or an injury. If I have misstated anything pertaining to the matter, there are an ample number of sportsmen who were present who can correct me. If I am in error, my standard of what a guest should receive for $2 50 per day is broken.

I have been favored with an opportunity of seeing some of the illustrations of Dr. Perry's forthcoming work. They are most exquisitely perfect half-tones. I learn that the work will be profusely illustrated. All the portraits are from perfect photographs, therefore are truthful in every detail. Such extensive illustrations add to making a most valuable work, yet make a very expensive one to publish. I note, from some advance sheets, that its pages are written in "Ashmont's" clear, vigorous style, and he writes because he has matter worth writing. Everyone knows that what Ashmont does is done well, but I predict a surprise for dogmen, in the way of this new work far exceeding their anticipations.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 18.—The Washington City Kennel Club, Washington, D. C., at a meeting held last Thursday night, decided to hold a bench show in the middle of next March. The club contemplates securing an entirely new lot of judges.

Distemper is playing havoc with the field trial dogs in different parts of the country. Mr. W. T. Irwin, in charge of the Glenmore kennel of Irish setters, has been most unfortunate. The valuable imported bitch Elphin II. is dangerously sick. There is very little hope that she will survive. Seven of the puppies, he informs me, were sick, two of which died. Other kennels are affected. Last week I mentioned that the Glenmore Kennels would not start any puppies in the Derby on account of sickness. I was told so by Mr. Irwin, the manager of the kennels. Two are entered to start, therefore Mr. Irwin was mistaken in what he told me.

It has become a settled fact that netting and shooting birds have been practiced on the grounds of the Central Field Trial Club. Several nets are owned by residents near the grounds. One descendant of a race of colored kings admitted that he had been guilty of netting birds. When Mr. Tracy informed him that it was unlawful and punishable by law, he suddenly became violently law-abiding and incorruptible. I think the emotional wave of honesty which swept over him remained till the party got out of sight. The club contemplates making some additions to its grounds, thereby making them more convenient and valuable for field trial purposes. To this end more ground will be secured, and some at present leased will not be leased again. The club should insist on the owners protecting the leased ground from poachers. It probably will do so. It was a common sight to see a group of men, boys and dogs hunting on the club's grounds while the trials were in progress. Bird hunters shot birds within sight and hearing of the field trial party several times. They appeared to have very little fear of punishment and no perception at all of right or wrong. If the club required that a certain number of bevies be found on each farm, or that the owner of a farm would receive a certain sum additional to the rental for each bevy found, and so made it a part of the lease, it would make a great and beneficial change in the moral perception of the horny-handed son of toil, the honest farmer. As it is at present, the club pays its money with no guarantee of anything in return except a privilege to hunt for something on the farmers' lands, a something which they have permitted their friends to gather in before the club begins its work. The time has arrived when the wise rural gentleman in his hunt for the innocent city lamb should be impressed with the idea that the latter gentleman can appreciate square dealing.

It has recently afforded me pleasure to mention the progress made by the Central Field Trials Club in its rules, its management, its judging, etc., all of which are the effect of many causes—a practical knowledge of field trials and their requirements, and a skillful management and managers. As a matter of course, energy and earnestness are an essential supplement, and the club has both. In a conversation with a prominent officer of the club I learned of something which was both gratifying and surprising. I had the impression, without any very tangible reason, that Col. C. H. Odell, the secretary-treasurer, was something of an obstructionist in a way. Not that he was really opposed to progress, but that from an earnest belief that the old order of things was correct, there was no need of the new. I imagined that the improvements which have been made were something which he tolerated without really approving. I believe that there were several others who had similar views, otherwise I would not dwell upon the matter so elaborately. In any event, it all simply goes to show how easily one can be mistaken. The aforementioned officer of the club informed me that Col. Odell was in accord with every detail of progress, and that every improvement had received his earnest support and cordial indorsement. That also no man was readier and prompter to promote the welfare of the club in every respect than Col. Odell. Owing to a serious illness after the first trials of the club, Col. Odell has attended but one trial since, if my memory is correct in the matter. I feel truly sorry that I have done Col. Odell the injustice in thought of believing that by holding to the old order of things he was obstructing the new. I hope this brief mention will set the matter right and that the credit will be conceded to him in the dog world, to which as the organizer and promoter of such a grand body as the Central Field Trials Club he is entitled to.

The question of grounds is one which interests more than one great field trial club this year. The grounds of the Eastern Field Trials Club are unsuitable. That club has appointed a committee on grounds. The United States Field Trial Club has no grounds. In searching for available grounds, all clubs postpone the matter till too late a date. Action is taken in late spring or early summer. No man can tell much about grounds then. They may look all right. The vegetation of summer is deceptive. In the fall or winter, many undesirable features are apparent which can not be observed in summer. This is written to call to the attention of clubs that now is the time to investigate and secure grounds.

The conditions of weather now are the same, or nearly the same, as when the trials are run.

A club can learn now whether birds are plentiful or make certain grounds their habitat. This cannot be done in summer.

By securing grounds now, a club can arrange for protecting them and planting in the spring a food supply for the birds.

The Free For All Stake has been decided, and added to the fat purses of some of the handlers. It is necessary now to change the amount of the winnings of three handlers given in the list of last week. J. M. Avent, $1,275, C. Tucker, $3,150, and Capt. C. E. McMurdo, $700, are the winnings up to the present of these handlers.

Mr. John White informs me that the setter dog Count Gladstone has been purchased by Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, of New York. In the report of his work in the All-Age Setter Stake of the Central trials, I made a mistake. He made two points and no flush at the close of the heat. In copying my notes the mistake crept in.

It is rumored that Mr. J. M Tracy has been invited to judge at the Southern Field Trials in February next.

Mr. P. H. Bryson was present during the running of the Free For All Stake last week. Capt. Pat Henry saw the last part of the stake run. Both gentlemen are famous in the doggy world ever since the inception of field trials in this country, yet I believe that this is their first visit to the trials held in the East.

Mr. Chas. T. Thompson's Irish setter bitch Rockwood Hen (Tim—Estelle) died yesterday of pneumonia. Mr. Thompson intended to run her in both stakes of the Irish setter trials.

B. WATERS.

## FLAPS FROM THE BEAVER'S TAIL.

TORONTO, Can., Nov. 19.—The Ottawa bench show committee have protested against the decision of the executive of the C. K. C. in the "Troublesome" case, and will appeal to the club.

Mr. F. Hobart has sold the fawn and white greyhound dog Fullerton (Jolly Boy—Nell), vhc. last Toronto show, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. J. M. Harris, Hamilton, has imported from England the white English terrier Turk. Dr. Bedell Benison was the vender.

TORONTO, Canada.—The business to come before the meeting of the executive committee of the C. K. C., Dec. 20, was as follows: To decide as to the legality of meeting held November 11, 1892; election of members; Troublesome, protest; Sir John, disqualification; Pious Pembroke, protest; champion Starlight, protest; conflict of show dates; express rates; incorporation; statements of Mr. Geo. Bell re-judging at Ottawa show; reception of reports and communications; reports of meetings of C. K. C.; correspondence by members of the executive in the press; World's Fair dog show; revision of the constitution; engrossing C. K. C. diplomas.

There is a possibility of a dog show being held in Ottawa in February next in connection with the show of the Eastern Ontario Poultry Association. If a suitable hall can be provided the show will be held and prizes awarded on the percentage plan.

A meeting of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club was held recently. The names of nine gentlemen were put in nomination for election as club judges, and a vote by mail of the members will be then taken, six to be chosen. It is probable that the club will hold a specialty show in the spring under C. K. C. rules.

Mr. F. Maclean, of Hull, has joined the ranks of black and tan breeders and has made a start by purchasing a brace by Kaiser out of Desdemona from Mr. J. V. Campbell.

H. B. DONOVAN.

## THOSE RUSSIAN HOUNDS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In looking over "The Dog and its Races in the Five Parts of the World," with 202 drawings, by "Busse," St. Petersburg, Russia, 1859, I find the following names applied by the author to the now called psovoy borzoy, copied *verbat. et lit.* The numbers refer to the illustrations:

"61-62. Русская борзая костлявая, C. grajus villiosus s. rossicus. Le Lévrier Russe. Der Zottige Russische Windhund. The Russian Greyhound."

The illustrations 61-62 show the dog in dispute and clearly shows that the Russians themselves called the dogs Russian greyhounds in English. This being true, would it not be better and less confusing to call them that than to use Russian names that are spelled differently by different persons and pronounced properly by (I almost said none) extremely few.

Z.

## SOUTHERN FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I inclose list of the entries to All-Age Stake of the Southern Field Trial Club. They number 33—25 English setters, 5 pointers and 3 Irish setters. I also inclose list of Derby entries which paid second forfeit. They number 43—37 English setters, 5 pointers and 1 Irish setter.

T. M. BRUMBY, Sec.-Treas.

MARIETTA, Ga.

### All-Age Stake.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

BETTYE S.—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

RUPERT—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

NOVELIST—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

JEAN—H. M. Short's black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Miss Thompson).

TENNESSEE AXTELL—B. M. Stephenson's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone).

TENNESSEE DICTATOR—B. M. Stephenson's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone).

TENNESSEE ROD—B. M. Stephenson's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone).

LITTLE MISS—Maclin & Poindexter's black, white and tan bitch (Vanguard—Rhett).

JACK THE RIPPER—F. Y. Myles's blue belton dog (Dan Gladstone—Maggie G.).

JESSIE JAMES—F. Y. Myles's black, white and tan dog (Zazoo—Dimple).

WHYTE B.—H. S. Bevan's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone).

TREMONT—P. H. Bryson's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown).

GLEAM II.—J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog (Gleam—Tuberose).

ROD ROI—F. S. Ward's black, white and tan dog (Roi D'Or—Miss Nelly Y.).

LORA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).

MISS RUBY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, white and lemon bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).

ANTEVOLO—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, white and lemon bitch (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).

COUNT ANTEO—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, white and lemon dog (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).

DAN NOBLE—Ad. J. Kofanda's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Flam M.).

EUGENE T.—Ap. Gilliam's black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Rhett).

ZULA M.—Whyte Bedford's lemon and white bitch (Toledo Blade—Rhett).

DE SOTO—Whyte Bedford's black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Florence Gladstone).

DELTA BELL—Whyte Bedford's black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Florence Gladstone).

BOB COOPER—Blue Ridge Kennels' lemon and white setter dog (Roi D'Or—Miss Nellie G.).

IRISH SETTERS.

RUBY GLENMORE—Glenmore Kennels' bitch (Glencho—Magg).

COLERAINE — Glenmore Kennels' bitch (Fingal III.—Aveline).

FINGLAS—Glenmore Kennels' dog (Fingal III.—Aveline).

POINTERS.

JUPITER—J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog.

F. F. F.—J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog.

LADY MARGARET—J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch.

REVELATION—George W. La Rue's liver and white bitch.

DAME BANG—George W. La Rue's liver and white bitch.

### Second Forfeit Derby Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

FAY—F. T. Myles's black, white and tan bitch (Dan—Princess Belton), April 10.

MODOC—F. T. Myles's black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Princess Joy), May 21.

BEV. S.—F. T. Myles's blue belton dog (Tennessee Dictator—Tennessee Livy), July 10.

ONWARD—D. C. Jones's black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Sees II.), October.

THE LAGGARD—E. O. Damon's black, white and tan dog.

BABE BLUE—W. B. Stafford's black, white and tan dog.

ROD'S SUE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), March 3.

DOT ROGERS—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), March 3.

MAIDEN MINE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s white and lemon bitch (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), Jan. 8.

SCHLEY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Chance—Lufra), May.

PROCTOR KNOTT—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), Jan. 6.

HOPE'S MINT—Blue Ridge Kennels' orange and white dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), Jan. 6.

DICK FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Countess Rush), April 8.

LADY BROOKS—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Chance—Countess Rush), April 8.

MISS WRAY—Blue Ridge Kennels' blue belton bitch (Gath's Mark—Mollie Belton), July.

CLEO—J. W. Shriver's black, white and tan bitch (Gun—Victoria Laverack), August.

DIRECT—J. W. Suriver's black, white and tan dog (Gun—Victoria Laverack), August.

RAP EYE DAN—Miss Helen McCreary's white and black dog (Ben Hill—Dolly S.), May 9.

DESSIE HOPE—P. T. Madison's lemon and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Stocking), May 9.

GAIETY—Royal Robinson's black, white and tan bitch (Lone Jack—Gay Rnoebe), Feb. 13.

PAUL DOMBEY—H. S. Bevan's white, black and tan dog (Chance—Nettie Bevan), June 4.

KINGSTON—Avent & Thayer's Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.

HAMLET—Avent & Thayer's Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.

LOCHINVAR—Avent & Thayer's Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May 30.

SHADOW—Avent & Thayer's Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), June 7.

MISS JUNO—Avent & Thayer's Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Juno A.), Aug. 11.

RUBY BLADE—R. B. Morgan's black, white and tan bitch (Toledo Blade—Zulu C.).

ANDREW WHITE—M. F. Rogers's black, white and tan dog.

PET GLADSTONE—W. T. Hunter's bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Gladstone's Girl), March.

GALE NOBLE—H. K. Devereux's black, white and tan bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble), March 21.

REX THE KING—Jackson-Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Lad B.—Phyllis), Jan. 2.

LILLIAN RUSSELL — Jackson-Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Philip Gladstone—Lark), May 15.

——— —Whyte Bedford's black, white and tan dog (De Soto—Ruth), July 27.

——— —Whyte Bedford's black, white and tan bitch (De Soto—Zula M.).

——— —Whyte Bedford's black, white and tan bitch (De Soto—Zula M.).

SPORT—Manchester-Watrace Kennels' liver and white dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), Jan. 8.

PINK—Manchester-Watrace Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), Jan. 8.

IRISH SETTERS.

ELPHIN II.—Glendyne Kennels' red bitch (Tyrcunne—Kinovara), May 21.

POINTERS.

RIDGEVIEW BEPPO—Graphic Kennels' liver and white dog (Beppo III.—Revelation), February.

KENT ELGIN—T. T. Ashford's black and white dog (King of Kent—Vera Bang), March 2.

LADY PEG—W. T. Hunter's bitch (King of Kent—Lass of Bloomo), March 20.

DON PASQUAL—W. N. Kent's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Vickerey's Daisy), Aug. 25.

LADY MIGNONETTE—J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang), Feb. 3.

[In the original entry published Sept. 1 the entries of The Laggard and Babe Blue were not given.]

## IRISH SETTER CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 17.—The Irish setter trials are now in order. The judges, Messrs. John Davidson and W. Tallman, are both here. The writer acts as referee. The secretary, Dr. G. G. Davis, is present, and as energetic in furthering the interests of the trials as close attention and industry can accomplish. There are also present Messrs. Charles T. Thompson and James B. Thompson, Philadelphia; Dr. William Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; H. B. Anderson, Glen View, N. J.; Horace Smith, Monroe, N. C., and others. The Derby was drawn to-night and has eight starters, namely: Glenmore Ownie with Tillie Boru II., Sagas Tearaway, Rockwood Dandy, Hawkeye Queen, Romaine, Molleen, Glenmore Appie.

The All-Aged Stske has 20 starters, drawn as follows: Winnie II. with Lady Alice, Ranger with Elcho's Maid, Beau Brummel with Bedford, Coleraine with Hope Boru, Betsy Craft with Queen Vic, Finglas with Merlin, Harte's Bessie with Adonis, Ruby Glenmore with Romayne, Squaw with Henmore Shamrock, Currer Belle IV. with Estelle.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 19.—*Special to Forest and Stream.* The Irish Setter Derby was concluded to-day at 3:24 P. M. The work done was inferior in every respect. First, Sagas Tearaway; second, Tillie Boru; third divided between Molleen and Rockwood Dandy.

Three heats in the All-Age Stake were run off. The work done therein was quite good. Romayne was withdrawn and Maid of Borstal was enteredin the list of starters. She will run with Ruby Glenmore. The weather is unfavorable.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 20.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The first series was concluded this afternoon. In the second are Lady Alice, Elcho's Maid, Bedford, Hope, Tillie Boru, Squaw, Estelle, Henmore Shamrock and Currer Belle. The grounds are soft and wet from the heavy rainfall of last night. Weather pleasant. Expect to finish tomorrow by noon.

B. WATERS.

## AMENITIES OF KENNEL JOURNALISM.

THE editor of a Manchester, Eng., dog paper and a writer for a New York horse paper have been saying sweet things of one another; and the only reason they do not fall into each other's arms is that the salt, salt sea lies between. Here are some of their loving words:

| *The New York man of the Manchester man.* | *The Manchester man of the New York man.* |
|---|---|
| The rottenest carcase in the English kennel world— | Pent up choler and petulance— |
| Uncouth editor— | Unscrupulous scurrility— |
| Stupendous and asinine blunders— | Literary scavenger— |
| Mean, sneakish and cowardly insinuations— | Lie in the throat— |
| A low fellow— | Obsequious hireling— |
| The rottenest plum— | Beautiful biped— |
| Cellar flap dancing marauder— | Literary leper— |
| Vile and filthy repute— | Rancorous rubbish— |
| Wicked and filthy sheet— | Poisoned parchment— |
| Natural liar and blackguard— | Coarsest of calumny— |
| Blackguard would harg himself— | Loathsome linguism— |
| He was lying— | Low penny showman— |
| That tough carcase— | Cellar flap dancing— |
| Prince of blackguards— | This cur, sunk to the lowest depths of mental depravity— |
| Slimy marauder— | This vitiated villain— |
| Dastardly coward— | Will have to undergo a long crystallistic or purgatorial process of purification— |
| Scoundrel— | Blasphemy— |

To speak after the manner of the rival cocoa manufacturers, the Manchester man's terms of endearment are "grateful and comforting," but the New York brand "goes farthest."

## NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

An adjourned meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Beagle Club was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Dec. 17. The meeting was called to order by the president at 8:15 P. M. F. W. Chapman, W. S. Clark, W. A. Power and Bradford S. Turpin were present, and, in the absence of H. V. Jamieson the latter was appointed secretary pro tem.

Voted: That the treasurer be directed to pay all prizes won at the field trials of 1892 at once.

Voted: That W. S. Clark and W. A. Power be appointed an auditing committee to examine the club accounts for 1892.

Voted: That the treasurer be directed to bring the books and accounts of the club to the next meeting of the executive committee. Adjourned at 8:30.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec. pro tem.

## TORONTO KENNEL CLUB.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have been directed by the Toronto Kennel Club to convey to your company a sincere vote of thanks, passed at the last meeting of the club, for their kindness in contributing to the club's library the following works: "House and Pet Dogs," "Dog Training, Training vs. Breaking," "Training Shepherd Dogs."

H. P. THOMPSON, Hon. Sec'y.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

**☞ Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Zoe Zoll, Meg Jeremy and Judith Shakespeare.* By E. A. Carrier, Westchester, Conn., for blue belton English setter bitches, whelped Nov. 5, 1892, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep) out of Lou (Gen. Ely's Breeze—Bessie Dale).

*Ruth Jeremy and Bonda.* By E. A. Carrier, Westchester, Conn., for orange and white and black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped Nov. 5, 1892, by Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo Beep) out of Lou (Gen. Ely's Breeze—Bessie Dale).

*Glencoe, Crown, Jean Valjean, Cossette and Diana* By Evan H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., for black, white and tan and black and tan ticked beagles, three dogs and two bitches, whelped July 14, 1892, by Chubb (imported Blue Boy—Mystic) out of Mystic II. (Ross—Spot).

*Jolly Trumpeter, Hunter's Pride, Little Joker and Hare Bell.* By Evan H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., for black, white and tan and black and tan ticked beagles, two dogs and two bitches, whelped Aug. 10, 1891, by Chubb (imported Blue Boy—Mystic) out of Mystic II. (Ross—Spot).

*Sir Snoozer.* By J. F. Barrell, Chicago, Ill., for orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Dec. 27, 1891, by Mascot Bernard out of Lady Carrie.

*Brown.* By J. F. Barrell, Chicago, Ill., for sedge Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1891, by Barnum out of Ruby III.

*Multnomah Kennels.* By D. L. Williams, Portland, Ore., for his kennel of Chesapeakes.

### BRED.

**☞ Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Mystic II.—Chubb.* E. H. Bragg's (North Sidney, Me.) beagle bitch Mystic II. (Ross—Spot) to his Chubb (imported Blue Boy—Mystic). Dec. 12.

*Œnone—Tip Obo.* Corktown Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Œnone (Obo, Jr.—Tough) to their Tip Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo). Oct. 29.

*Nellina—Corktown Cupid.* P. E. Keyes's (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellina (Prince Imperial—Fancy) to Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid (Obo, Jr.—Dot Smirle). Nov. 22.

*Tip—Tip Obo.* W. J. McGrath's (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tip to Corktown Kennels' Tip Obo (Bob Obo—Cleo). Nov. 29.

*Mack's Juno—Kent Elgin.* T. T. Ashford's pointer bitch Mack's Juno (Rex Morgan—Fleet), to his Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang).

*East Lake Virgie—Patsy Bolivar.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.) to their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), Dec. 5.

*Flirt—Blemton Reefer.* C. F. Tottenham's (Penryn, Cal.) fox-terrier Flirt to J. B. Martin's Blemton Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel). Nov. 19.

*Snowflake—Blemton Reefer.* M. Kerr's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Snowflake (Blemton Shiner—Fanny) to J. B. Martin's Blemton Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel). Nov. 24.

*Nellie—Bradford Ruby II.* G. S. Brecount's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Nellie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.). Nov. 25.

*Grace Briant—Flash.* Jas. Black's (Sheepshead Bay, L. I.) greyhound bitch Grace Briant (Aberbriant—Grace Ridley) to his Flash (Huic Holloa—Phœbe Mayflower), Oct. 22.

*Dolly Dollar—Flash.* Jas. Black's (Sheephead Bay, L. I.) greyhound bitch Dolly Dollar (Pinkerton—Mrs. Goldfield) to his Flash (Huic Holloa—Phœbe Mayflower), Nov. 1.

### WHELPS.

**☞ Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Flodeyka.* C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch Flodeyka, Nov. 16, six (three dogs), by his Groubian (Groza II.—Obreevaia).

*Marguerite.* Manatang Kennels' (Marblehead, Mass.) greyhound bitch Marguerite (champion Balkis—champion Cassandra), Oct. 12, six (five dogs), by A. W. Purbeck's Pious Pembroke.

*Lady Lavelle.* Manatang Kennels' (Marblehead, Mass.) greyhound bitch Lady Laville (champion Memnon—champion Harmony), July 30, eight (four dogs), by Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hazelhurst (champion Balkis—champion Cassandra).

*Roslyn Constance.* Manatang Kennels' (Marblehead, Mass.) collie bitch Roslyn Constance (Christopher—Wellsbourn Lady), Aug. 13, twelve (eight dogs), to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellsbourn Charlie (Edgbaston Fox—Purity).

*Romp C.* E. G. Roberts's (Red Bank, N. J.) beagle bitch Romp C., Dec. 10, two dogs, by Glenrose Kennels' champion Bannerman.

*Tough.* Corktown Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tough (Wildair—Belle), Nov. 3, four (two dogs), by their Corktown Comet (Obo, Jr.—Dot Smirle).

### SALES.

**☞ Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Devonshire Queen.* Liver and white pointer bitch, by Rival, Jr.—Devonshire Fan), by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., to Mr. White, Orlando, Fla.

*King Don II.* Liver and white pointer dog, by King Don out of Patti M. II., by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., to J. L. Guernsey, Orlando, Fla.

*Sister.* Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped March 9, 1892, by champion Bonsor out of Midget Nellie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to B. B. Scripture, Winona, Minn.

*Eberhart's Boy.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 9, 1892, by Eberhart's Cashier out of Flossie II., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to D. C. Anderson, same place.

*Seacroft Bramble.* Fox-terrier dog, by D'Orsay out of Damson, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to Geo. Killion, Wakefield, Mass.

*Jed.* Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Feb. 27, 1892, by Ned out of Lou, by E. A. Carrier, Westchester, Conn., to A. K. Gardiner, New York city.

*Gyp.* Chesapeake Bay bitch, whelped Aug. 15, 1890, by Duke II. out of Jess, Deer Lodge Kennels, Deer Lodge, Mont., to D. L. Williams, Portland, Ore.

*Dan.* Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped June 24, 1891, by Doc out of Lass, by Karl E. Meyer, Pitaluma, Cal., to D. L. Williams, Portland, Ore.

*Lum Tum.* Silver fawn pug dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Albert Gross, same place.

*Lute Peck.* Silver fawn pug dog, by Kash, Jr. out of Queenie, by Friant & Moer, Ashland, Wis., to Charles Griffiths, same place.

*Beppo.* Brown cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 15, 1892, by Obo's Echo out of Lora, by C. E. Bradley, Patten, Me., to Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass.

*Chubbert V.* Black and tan cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 5 1891, by Catchen out of Lora, by C. E. Bradley, Patten, Me., to Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass.

*Dick.* Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 5, 1891, by Catchen out of Lora, by C. E. Bradley, Patten, Me., to Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass.

*Lady Laville.* Red and white greyhound bitch, whelped July 2, 1890, by champion Memnon out of champion Harmony, by Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass., to Dr. W. F. Minard, Waterbury, Vt.

*Lady Martha.* Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Sept. 15, 1891, by Kilmarnock Tam out of Lady Carlo, by Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass., to L. D. Cole, Island Pond, Vt.

*Billi.* Black and tan collie dog, whelped Aug. 13, 1892, by Wellsbourn Charlie out of Roslyn Constance, by Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass., to E. Coddington, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Lady B.* Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Aug. 13, 1892, by Wellsbourn Charlie out of Roslyn Constance, by Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass., to C. E. Bradley, Patten, Me.

*Seacroft Antiope.* White and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 2, 1851, by D'Orsay out of Damson, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to J. Perkins, Cleveland, O.

*Jolly Trumpeter, and Little Joker.* Black, white and tan and black and tan ticked beagle dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1891, by Chubb out of Mystic II., by E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., to L. S. Turner, Mt. Sinai, L. I.

*Hunter's Pride.* Black, white and tan and black and tan ticked beagle dog, whelped Aug. 10, 1891, by Chubb out of Mystic II., by E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., to R. H. Pooles, Serena, Ill.

*Diana.* Black, white and tan and black and tan ticked beagle bitch, whelped July 14, 1892, by Chubb out of Mystic II., by E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., to Dr. W. N. Taylor, Moores, N. Y.

*Glencoe.* Black, white and tan and black and tan ticked beagle dog, whelped July 14, 1892, by Chub out of Mystic II., by E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., to G. B. Strout, Topsham, Me.

*Jean Val Jean and Cossette.* Black, white and tan and black and tan ticked beagle dog and bitch, whelped July 14, 1892, by Chubb out of Mystic II., by E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., to H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.

*Crown.* Black, white and tan and black and tan ticked beagle dog, whelped July 14, 1892, by Chubb out of Mystic II., by E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me., to Chas. F. Herreshoff, Jr., Bristol, R. I.

*Clip Graphic—Mack's Juno whelps.* Black and white pointer dog, by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., to E. C. Arnold, Knoxville, Tenn.

*Clip Graphic—Dora Dot whelp.* Liver and white pointer dog, by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., to W. B. Townsend, Pratt Mines, Ala.

*Kent Elgin—Lucky Trinket whelp.* Black and white pointer bitch, by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., by E. C. Arnold, Knoxville, Tenn.

*Bourbon—Agatha whelp.* Fox-terrier dog, by Chas. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to A. B. Shaw, Cleveland, O.

*Blemton Reefer—Blemton Brilliant whelp.* White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Oct. 17, 1892, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to H. Lowden, same place.

*Pious Pembroke—Marguerite whelp.* Black and white greyhound dog, whelped Oct. 12, 1892, by Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass., to A. W. Purbeck, Salem, Mass.

*Wellsbourne Charlie—Roslyn Constance whelp.* Collie dogs, whelped Aug. 13, 1892, by Manatang Kennels, Marblehead, Mass., a black, white and tan to L. D. Cole, Island Pond, Vt., and a sable and white to Hornelly-Harmony Kennels, Covert, N. Y.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will receive careful attention.*

G. C. A., St. Paul, Minn.—Antonio by Roderigo out of Bo Peep —Gath's Mark by Gath out of Gun.

C. S.—Apply to the National Greyhound Club, secretary H. W. Huntington, 148 So. 8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., for your special.

W. H. K., Oswego, N. Y.—1. No dew claws on English setters. 2. Of what breed are Countess Waldersee and Royal Duke? 3. We do not know the firm.

WYCKOFF, N. Y.—*Re* Irish setter bitch Nanon. Kindly send name and address and further particulars of what you wish to know; also mention the show held in 1891.

R. T. P., Framingham, Mass.—We know of none in your neighborhood. Write to Mr. G. Leibacher, High Ground Kennels, Grove and Myrtle avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. S. W., Fort Assiniboine, Mont.—Yes, as far as we know. The names given in the pedigree show good strains, and we think you can depend upon it, especially if from the Osceola Kennel.

S. R. C., Greenville, Pa.—Where is the black pointer owned that took first premium at the last Toronto (Can.) bench show? Ans. We do not remember a black pointer winning at the show you mention.

U. F.—Please give pedigree of St. Bernard Hilda II., and tell if she is of good ancestry? Ans. 1. Hilda II. (A.K.R., 5,467), by Folko out of Borrina, by Smith's Barry (E., 6,414), out of Silverbell. Folko II., by Rollo, out of Ouida. 2. Fairly.

N. A. B.—1. The English setter is much superior on the whole. Consult our special kennel advertisements. The best works on training and care of dogs are Waters' Modern Training, etc., price $2 00, and Hammond's Training vs. Breaking, price 50 cents. We can supply them.

S. S. Christiana, Pa.—Will you kindly inform me what to do with my eight months old setter dog. He has that nervous disease in his front legs called chorea, brought on, I think, by distemper. Has been suffering about a month, and getting worse. Ans. Give the following mixture:

| | |
|---|---|
| Syr. hypophosphitesco | ℥ iii. |
| Liq. arsenicalis | ♏ i. |
| Aq | ℥ vi. |

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARMENT.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE, And the Wonders of the World We Live In. By the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, M.P., F.R.S. With numerous illustrations and full-page plates. Uniform with the new edition of "The Pleasures of Life." Macmillan & Co., New York. Price $1.50.

Sir John Lubbock's recent book is one that appeals strongly to a large class of FOREST AND STREAM readers. It is a delight to one already a lover of nature though its purpose is more to inspire such love in the careless and indifferent observer. The author of "The Beauties of Nature" clothes his scientific facts and speculations in such a simple and attractive garb as to impress the ordinary mind with the idea that they are not too great for it to approach and make acquaintance with, while to those who are better informed on such subjects as are treated of in this volume and can best understand and appreciate the difficulties overcome in thus presenting them, a renewed acquaintance with the beauties of nature is welcome.

The author makes his readers of whatever class feel with him "It is well to realize how much of this world is beautiful," "that mansion," as Seneca calls it, "That fears no fire or ruin, covered with a roof which glitters in one fashion by day and another by night," whose loveliness is too often overlooked because it is constantly before us. Interspersed throughout the book are apt and spirited quotations from various authors. Seneca, Humboldt, Jefferson, Emerson, Ruskin and Kingsley.

The author considers animal life and immortality, the formation of the land and plant life that clothes it, the humblest of these forming an inexhaustible study that he considers would well repay the study of a lifetime and passes from the thousand species of ants, "no two of which have the same habits, living in complete harmony in their separate communities," to the harmonious order and illimitable wonders of the starry heavens.

At the close, many readers will assent to the truth or be ready to learn it, expressed in the introduction; "Happy indeed is the naturalist; to him the seasons come round like old friends; to him the birds sing as he walks along, the flowers stretch out from the hedges, or look up from the ground, and as each year fades away he looks back on a fresh store of happy memories."

## ROD AND GUN AND CAMERA.

As a recognition of the important place of amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, the FOREST AND STREAM offers a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera. The conditions under which these prizes will be given are in brief as here set forth:

There will be ten prizes, as follows: First $25. Second $20 Third $15. Fourth $10. Six of $5 each.

The competition will be open to amateurs only.

The subjects must relate to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—game and fish (alive or dead), shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land or water.

There is no restriction as to the time when the pictures may have been or may be made—whether in 1892 or in previous years.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31, of this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted in any other competition, nor have been published.

There are no restrictions as to make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM

All photographs will be submitteed to a committee, shortly to be announced. In making their awards the judges will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs must be marked only with initials or a pseudonym for identification. With each photograph should be given name of sender, title of view, locality, date, and name of camera.

The photographs shall be the property of the FOREST AND STREAM. This applies only to the particular prints sent us.

From time to time we shall reproduce by the half-tone process samples of the work submitted, and should the interest in FOREST AND STREAM'S Amateur Photography Collection prove to be what is anticipated, we may ask for an expression of opinion by a vote of all our readers after the manner of the successful and famous "Camp-Fire Flickering Vote." Such popular vote will be quite distinct from the award by the committee.

### The Duluth and Superior Special.

IN full keeping with its well-known progressive policy the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) has recently inaugurated through train service between Chicago and the Lake Superior region. This new train is known as the "Duluth and Superior Special," and it leaves Chicago daily at 5:50 P. M., arriving at Superior at 8:20 A. M., and Duluth at 8:52 A. M. the next day, making the journey in the remarkably quick time of fifteen hours. The train is made up of baggage cars, standard day coaches and palace buffet sleeping cars of the most modern and approved design, and all classes of passengers are carried through without change of cars. Supper is served in dining car after departure from Chicago, and breakfast is served from a well stocked buffet before arrival at Duluth. To insure yourself a quick and comfortable journey be sure to ask for tickets via the North-Western Line. Any ticket agent can furnish full information regarding this railway, or it will be promptly furnished upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.—*Adv.*

# Yachting.

IT now appears that for some reason, we suppose a good one, the report of the measurement committee of the Y. R. A. was not published with the evidence, to which it properly belongs, but was published separately, for the members of the Y. R. A. only. In this report the committee recommend the Seawanhaka formula as being easier on sail than the existing one, but to retain the same class limits and allowance tables the form is changed to read thus:

$$\left(\frac{L+\sqrt{S}}{2}\right)^2 \div 6000.$$

The effect of this change would be to place the same relative value on sail as in the Seawanhaka rule, at the same time retaining the unit of rating instead of sailing length. Of course the question of classification was not involved, no change in this matter being proposed. The recommendation of the committee was not accepted by the Council.

THE action of the Clyde yacht clubs in prohibiting fin-keels and centerboards in certain classes has brought out a number of hostile comments on this side; all of them, so far as we can see, being based on a misunderstanding of the actual conditions of the case. The two classes to which the limitations apply are old established ones, and are made up of a particular type of small keel cutters; not over fast, but so closely matched that they are raced together regularly and give good sport to all interested. The advent of one modern fin-keel or centerboard boat in either class would immediately wipe out all existing yachts, destroying the class and producing no other in its place. At the same time there are other classes on the Clyde, in which races are plenty, and good prizes are given, which are open to fin-keel and centerboard, without tax or restriction.

The result of unrestricted racing, even in small craft, is evident now on the St. Lawrence River, where the cost and labor of racing have increased very rapidly. The later boats with sail plans expanded to over 400 sq. ft., the hull being about 24ft. l.w.l. and 8ft. 9in. beam, require a crew of six men, and in order to win the owner must keep together a picked crew of skilled racing men. The expense and work involved in running a racing skiff have discouraged some of the keenest of the racing men, and for a time at least the racing has seen its best days.

### A Chat About Scotch Fishing Boats.

LAST summer I did not go abroad, or to the Norfolk Broads with my own canoe yawl as I've done for the last I don't know how many years for my holiday. I'd never been to Scotland, and from a distance had always looked upon it as a country that was overrun with tourists. However, when an opportunity arrived for seeing something of the west coast, without living in big hotels and making weary journeys in train or steamboat along with droves of tired and personally-conducted travelers, I was not sorry to embrace it. An invitation, most kind and urgent, was extended to me to join seven other good men and true, half of us being R. C. C. men, on the good ship Satellite, a cruising yawl of some seventy tons.

I don't intend to spin you a yarn about our cruise, although it was very enjoyable, nor shall I enlarge on the lovely scenery, with the ever changing play of light over brown hills and sunlit waters, for most of your readers know it all themselves, or if they don't, there are those with you who are far more apt than myself at painting it in words for them. I did essay, once or twice, to put it down in color, but my skill was altogether unequal to the task, and I threw it up in disgust, but remained full of wonder at the beauty or grandeur of the scene brought before us by the Great Artist.

Well, if the scenic effects were altogether beyond my powers there was another point worthy of note, in which, if a keen interest could assist, more success might be looked for. I mean the boats of the country. Every one who has seen the photos in the *Yachtsman*, etc., will be fairly familiar with the yachts. But it is quite possible that they may not be equally well acquainted with the fishing craft in common use here, and it is because I think that information about them may interest that I'm now writing.

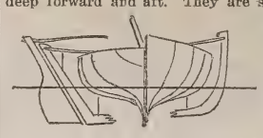
Fishermen are much more conservative than yachtsmen and make changes in their craft only very slowly, for which reason doubtless the boats I saw and sketched will be almost exactly the same as have been in use for years, nay, perhaps I might say, generations. Of course the boats themselves on that rockbound coast will hardly be likely to have as long an average life as those in use where mud and sand are the prevailing elements, but, nevertheless, Sandy probably orders his new boat on somewhat the same lines as his father's, that is, if he's at all like John, in the southern portion of the island.

The first point noticed was that the Scotchman's boat, like himself, is almost invariably sharp at both ends. Next, that it is always rigged with a lugsail, either of the standing or dipping sort.

The Loch Fyne fishing boats, which I saw at Tarbert and Ardrishaig, are from 20 to 30ft. long and 7 to 10ft. beam, with a strong rake to sternpost and a draft of 2 to 3ft. aft. The waterlines forward are fairly straight, the midship section a little aft of center of length, and the extreme roundness of the gunwale line aft gives them quite a characteristic appearance and almost as much power as a square-stemed boat. At the same time the buttock lines aft are easy and give the water full leave to depart readily without having to crawl round sharp corners.

The mast, stepped well forward, rakes aft until its head is over the center of the boat. The sail is a standing lug sail (tack to mast), with only a short yard and no boom, and a jib is generally also carried. The forward position of the mast leaves all the center of the boat free for working the herring nets or for other fishing operations, while its rake aft is said to ease the boat in a seaway. They usually have a bit of deck forward, covering a small "cuddy," but the after portion of the boat is quite open. There is plenty of rock handy, and I expect (but am not sure) that that is what they are ballasted with. This rig and style of boat is found along the coast to considerably north of Oban. We left Isle Ornsay not long after one, and ran through a small fleet of them near Kyleakin, and in fierce mountain squalls they seemed good, able boats, and speedy, too.

When passing through Scarba Sound (further south) I noticed two or three little craft with the rig shown (see sketch) which, it will be seen, is almost identical with that of the fashionable 2½-rater. At Oban the dipping lugsail begins to show itself. Though mightily unhandy, it has the reputation of being a good "lifting" sail, and easy on the boat. The boats (skiffs) used at Oban and along the Sound of Mull are about 18 to 20ft. long, 6 or 7ft. beam and about 4ft. deep forward and aft. They are similar in general form to the Loch Fyne boats, and have a midship section somewhat like this: the garboard and sheet strake being nipped together before coming to a flaty floor, with considerable initial stability. By the way, I understand that, though clench build is cheaper in the smaller classes, in the 30ft boats it is considerably more expensive than carvel build, and as most of them are clench built, it is evident that the fishermen prefer the lapstreak built boats, even at more money.



In passing down the Sound of Mull we met some of the big East Coast herring boats. These are fine able craft about 40ft.×15ft.×8ft. depth of hold, with a large well which can be hatched over, converting them to practically fully decked boats. The foremast rakes aft and the mizzen mast forward, as in the Penzance luggers. They carry large crews, five or six men, I believe, so the unhandiness of the huge dipping fore lug is not so much felt.

The Fife boat is an East coaster, and the one I sketched, at Tobermory, was 19ft.×7ft. and fully 4ft. deep forward and aft; I saw a similar boat sailing under a dipping lug, the luff of which was kept flat by being propped out with a wooden "bowline."

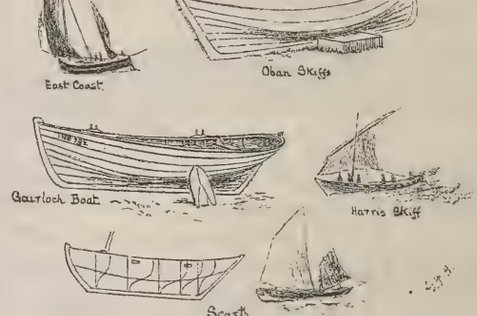
Up at Loch Broom, our furthest north point, Gairloch (note the spelling) boats are used. They sail under a dipping lugsail, or are rowed with a pair of immensely long and cumbrous sweeps—of course by two men. They are fuller in the bows and approach more nearly to the regular Norway yawl, the influence of which is still more noticeable in the Lewis skiff. I saw one of these at Ullapool. She was about 19ft. keel, 30ft over all, 10ft. beam and entirely open, and had crossed the storm vexed waters of the Minch in order to fetch a cargo of mussels for bait. The six hardy Norsemen who formed her crew rigged up a tent with the oars and sail, and camped out on top of the molluscs with which their craft was loaded.

There (at Ullapool) I also saw an east coast "scarth," a boat which I thought looked "like going," but I couldn't get any definite information about the class.

Probably some of the Scots who are now "at home" in the States have imported with them their ideas, and it would be interesting to trace the influence of these craft on your local boats. Anyway, I had a good time up there, and felt that it was likely to interest your readers; FOREST AND STREAM, to which I've been indebted for so many hours of enjoyable reading, was entitled to have the benefit of it.

GEORGE F. HOLMES.




### The Registration of Yachts and Mercantile Flags.

A MOVEMENT has been on foot for some time among yachtsmen looking to the protection of individual rights in private flags, and as a result the following petition and accompanying bill have been prepared by Mr. Clarence L. Burger, of the Larchmont Y. C., and introduced by Congressman Coombs:

To the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

We, the undersigned, present herewith for your consideration a bill for the protection of the distinguishing flags and symbols used on commercial and pleasure vessels of the United States; and we respectfully represent that we are owners of certain flag symbols, which have long been displayed as distinguishing marks on a large number of vessels duly registered, enrolled or licensed under the law, and engaged in beneficent commerce or serving as useful examples to promote the science of naval construction; that these vessels comprise many important and illustrious specimens of the shipbuilders' art, and our flag symbols have, by reason of long continued association with such vessels, become of great value to us.

Many of our flag symbols have been copied and imitated without license by owners of greatly inferior vessels and displayed thereon with the intention and effect of deceiving the public as to their owner-ship and character, and there is no statute under which these infringers can be prosecuted for such infringment, or restrained therefrom.

Your petitioners, therefore, respectfully pray that the accompanying bill be enacted by Congress in order that relief may be had.

The New York Yacht Club, by Elbridge T. Gerry, Commodore; Eastern Yacht Club, by Malcomb Forbes, Commodore; Larchmont Yacht Club, by Caldwell H. Colt, Commodore; American Yacht Club, by Frank R. Lawrence, Commodore. Corinthian Yacht Club of Philadelphia, by Ogden D. Wilkinson, Commodore; Atlantic Yacht Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., by David Banks, Commodore; Vernon H. Brown & Co., New York; Snow & Burgess, New York; Boulton, Bliss & Dallett, managers Red "D" Line of steamers, New York; Paul F. Gerhard Company; agents the United States and Brazil Steamship Company, New York.

An act for the protection of distinguishing flags and symbols used on vessels of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

SEC. 1. That owners of distinguishing flags or symbols used on marine vessels plying between the United States and foreign ports or ports of different States, provided such owners shall be domiciled in the United States or located in any foreign country or countries which by treaty, convention or law afford similar privileges to the United States, may obtain registration of such distinguishing flags or symbols by complying with the following requirements:

First—By causing to be recorded in the Bureau of Navigation in the Department of the Treasury of the United States (1) a statement specifying the name, domicile and and citizenship of the party applying; (2) a description of the distinguishing flag or symbol itself, with a fac-simile thereof, and a statement of the length of time during which the flag or symbol has been used; (3) a written declaration, verified by the person or by a member of a firm, or by an officer of a corporation applying, to the effect that such party has used the flag or symbol on a vessel plying between the United States and foreign ports or ports of different States, and has at the time a right to such use, and no other person, firm or corporation has the right to such use, either in the identical form or in any such near resemblance thereto as might be calculated to deceive; and that the description and fac-simile presented for record truly represent the flag or symbol sought to be registered.

Second—By paying to a collector of customs for deposit in the Treasury of the United Strtes the sum of $2, and complying with such regulations as may be prescribed by the Commissioner of Navigation.

SEC. 2. That the time of the receipt of each such application shall be noted and recorded, and that a certificate of registry of the flag or symbol forming the subject of such application shall be issued in the name of the United States of America, under the seal of the Treasury Department, and shall be signed by the Commissioner of Navigation, and a record thereof shall be kept in books for that purpose. Copies of such flags or symbols, and of the statements and declarations filed therewith, and certificates of registry so signed and sealed, shall be evidence in any suit or action in which such flags or symbols shall be brought in controversy.

SEC. 3. That such certificate of registry shall remain in force for thirty years from its date. At any time during the six months prior to the expiration of the term of thirty years and of any renewal of such term such registration may be renewed on the same terms and for a like period.

SEC. 4. That the Commissioner of Navigation is authorized to make

rules and regulations and prescribe forms for the transfer of the right to use flags and symbols entitled to registry under this act, and of certificates of registry signed and sealed as above and for recording such transfers in the Bureau of Navigation.

SEC. 5. That any person who or member of a firm or officer of a corporation, which shall use or reproduce, counterfeit, copy or colorably imitate any flag or symbol entitled to registry under this act without license for the owner of such flag or symbol, shall be punishable by a fine of not more than $1,000 or imprisonment not more than twelve months.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The strong English prejudice against centerboards was shown to be still alive at a recent meeting of representative Clyde yachtsmen, when a rule was passed barring out all plate, fin and bulb keels and centerboards from the 17 and 23ft. classes on the Clyde for the next five years. This action is undoubtedly the direct result of the tremendous beating administered to the Clyde cracks the past season by Mr. Allan's Herreshoff fin Wenonah. There seems to be a decided lack of fairness in this action and strong evidence of narrow mindedness. If the fins and centerboards are found to be too smart for the cutters, why shouldn't the cutters be classed by themselves? And if there is so great an antipathy felt by Scotch yachtsmen in general toward the American ideas as to preclude the possibility of a sufficient fleet of this class being owned on the Clyde, would it not be more generous to simply tax the Yankee craft than to force her into ordinary? The argument of a contemporary that this act is an ample defense in itself for the position so long held by the New York Y. C. on the America's Cup question seems decidedly weak, although in perfect consistency with the stand held by this paper throughout. All boats were eligible to contest for the Cup under the original deed of gift, and inasmuch as the Englishmen claim that to be the only legal document, they would not in all probability think of drafting any additional rules, should they ever win the trophy, to disqualify Yankee ideas. It is true that the Scotchmen stand directly in their own light by this action, and they attempt to undo all the progress of recent years and put a heavy tax on originality. It will work against them eventually. At this same meeting restrictions were placed on the sail area of the small classes so that a 23 footer will hereafter be taxed to an over all length of 30ft. and to a sail plan of 750ft. The 17ft. is restricted to 19ft. over all and to 470ft. of sail spread.—*Boston Transcript.*

Arenel, steam yacht, formerly Narod, is out at Poillon's for a radical re building and re-modelling. Although comparatively a new yacht, but little of the old hull will be used, beside the keel and interior joinerwork. Apart from the damage received in a collision last fall, the immediate cause of repairs, it has been necessary to re-timber and re plank the yacht, including new bow, stern and deck, and she will be greatly improved in appearance.

Titania, 70-footer, now being altered at Piepgrass's yard, will be re-christened Dagmar when she comes out as a schooner.

Mr. W. B. Waterhouse has been chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Burgess on the consulting committee on yacht construction of the United States Standard Steamship Owners', Builders' and Underwriters' Association. The other members of the committee are A. Cary Smith and J. Beavor Webb.

Adrienne, schr., of the Southern Y. C., sailed last week from New Orleans on a cruise to Havana.

Evelyn, Theresa and Fra Diavolo, all large steam yachts well known in this vicinity, were fitted with Roter's boilers last season and their owners speak in the highest terms of the result.

The Cleveland Y. C. has finally secured from the city the lease of 400ft. of the Lake front and will build a fine club house.

The Hull Y. C. has taken the initiative in a movement to establish a cup, probably costing $500, for the 21ft. class, to be open to challenge and raced for yearly by one yacht for each of the clubs interested.

The nominations for officers, as posted at the house of the New York Y. C., is as follows: Com., Edwin D. Morgan; Vice Com., W. Butler Duncan, Jr.; Rear-Com., Ralph N. Ellis; Sec., J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch. Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell; Committee on Admissions, Edward M. Brown, Frank T. Robinson, James C. Bergen, Daniel T Worden and Robert Center; House Committee, E. A. Houghton, Frank M. Cronise, A. B. Jones and L. Vaughan Clark; Library Committee, J. M. Woodbury, M. D., William Gardner and Sanford B. Pomeroy. The election will take place at the annual meeting, Feb. 2.

A heavy gale on the Pacific Coast at the end of last month did serious damage to the shipping of San Francisco, the yachts and the houseboat fleet coming in for a share of the damage. The yachts Bell and Duke were totally wrecked.

On Dec. 17 there sailed from New York for Florida a new auxiliary of small size but most complete in all details. The Alma, designed and built by Chas. L. Seabury & Co., for Chas. J. Clarke, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is 56ft. over all, 45ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft. She is rigged as a schooner, with a liberal sail plan, and in addition she has twin screws, driven by two Daimler motors, of 10 horse-power each; clean, compact and with no smokestack. They set low in a small compartment aft, and occupy little space; the estimated speed is 7 miles. The yacht has a trunk 22in. high above deck, large and roomy and well divided. Under the forward deck is a large naphtha tank, and next abaft is a chain locker and stores. The owner's saloon is 15ft. long, and fitted with wide comfortable seats each side, used for sleeping berths, with storage or clothes lockers underneath. This saloon is finished in cream and gold enamel and is beautifully upholstered in silks, damasks, etc. It has an extension table, book and chart rack, gun racks, china closet, etc. Aft on the port side is a toilet room and on the starboard side is a large galley. Aft of galley is motor. The cabins are lighted by electricity, and an electric windlass, the invention of Louis S. Clarke, a son of the owner, is used for hoisting the anchors. The yacht will go by canal to Philadelphia and thence by the inland passage to Florida, her final destination being Lake Worth. Capt. Thos. J. Miller is in command.

As the results of the trials made last summer, contracts have been given out for 75 electric launches for the World's Fair, the Detroit Boat Works building 50 and the Racine Hardware Mfg. Co. the remainder. The successful launch which will serve as a model, was the Electra, designed by Gardner & Mosher, and fitted with electric installation by the Electric Launch and Navigation Co., which designed and built the batteries and machinery. The yacht is 34ft. over all, 6ft. beam, and the battery includes 78 storage cells, each of 125 ampere hours capacity, the total energy being 2,250 Watt-hours. With a load of 25 people she made on her trial a continuous run of 10 miles, at times reaching a speed of 11 miles. The electric launch Corcyra, built for J. J. Astor, and fitted with the same power plant, is now out at Ayer's yard for alterations.

The annual meeting of the Rochester Y. C. was held on Dec. 5, the following officers being elected: Com., E. N. Walbridge; Vice-Com., A. T. Hazen; Fleet Captain, J. W. Robbins; Sec'y, Thomas B. Pritchard; Treas., W. H. Briggs; Meas., James Pillow; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. J. Herriman; Directors, R. K. Dryer, J. R. White, I. W. Butts, C. M. Everest; Delegates to the Lake Yacht Racing Association, Walbridge, Cartwright and Burroughs; Alternates, Dr. Saunders, T. B. Pritchard and C. S. Davis. The prizes for the year were distributed, the majority going to the Fife 25-footer Nox, built and sailed by her amateur owners. After the meeting a dinner was served, followed by speeches. At the close of the meeting a toast was drunk to the memory of the late Com. Newell.

The Pavonia Y. C., at its annual meeting on Dec. 13 elected the following officers: Com., Norman L. Rowe; Vice-Com., Frank M. Randall; Fleet Capt., George James; Financial Sec., William F. Tobin; Recording Sec., B. J. Soper; Treas., W. Chester; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Van Mater; House Committee, A. B. Smith, John Leonard and James Costigan; Trustees, William Kent, M. Pritchard, Enoch Smith, D. W. Kohn and C. G. Mallet; Anchorage Committee, John Kreymeyer, Alexander Rose and Robert McFarland; Regatta Committee, Louis Mittlesdorf, O. W. Kohn and B. H. McClain; delegates to the New York Yacht Racing Association, Norman L. Rowe, F. M. Randall and A. B. Bennett.

Mr. Frank Cowper, an English yachtsman and follower of Mac Gregor and McMullen as a cruiser in small craft, is the author of a yachtman's coast pilot on a novel plan. The sailing directions are quite minute, but intended only for yachts of moderate size, and not for large vessels or coasters, and the most interesting portions of the coast, which are hardly mentioned in the large books, are fully described for the benefit of the single hander. This book is not only a pilot, but a guide book as well, describing all points of interest on shore. It is written in a pleasant chatty vein that makes it readable even by one who is not in special need of pilotage instructions. The present volume covers that portion of the Thames and East coast from Teddington to Aldborough, the author's intention being to continue the series in succeeding volumes to include the whole coast of Great Britain and Ireland. The title of the book is "Sailing Tours," and it is published by L. Upcott Gill, London.

Triton, schooner, recently sold to Rufus King, is having a new stern put on at Solheim & Abramson's yard, South Brooklyn. The present stern was put on some three years since.

Miranda, schr., has been sold by Com. G. W. B. Hill to Mr. J. O. Coleman, of San Francisco, and will sail for that port early next spring.

Shamrock, schr., has been sold by J. Roger Maxwell to Willard P. Ward, of New York, owner of Minerva.

Nymph, the c. b. 40-footer, has been sold by F. W. Flint to W. H. Harris, of Yale College.

Drusilla, 35ft. fin-keel, has been sold by Vice-Com. Morgan to Rutherford Stuyvesant, and is now at Tebo's Docks.

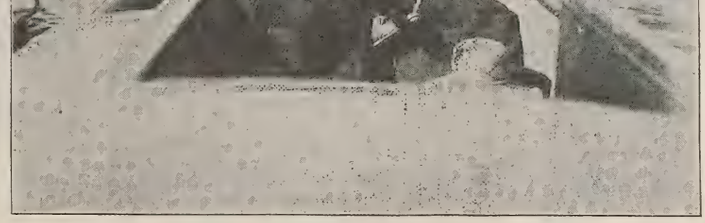
R. D., the McIntyre 21-footer, has been sold to Fall River yachtsmen.

### Model Competition and Exhibition.

THE London Sailing Club has decided to repeat the model competition and exhibition inaugurated last year, the conditions of the '93 exhibition being as follows. The exhibition promises to be specially interesting to sailing men:

The large measure of success which attended the exhibition of models and designs of 1.0 raters, held last March, has induced this club to repeat the experiment and to announce another exhibition and competition to be held at their club house at Hammersmith for half models of boats of 1.0 rating, Y. R. A. measurement, and Mr. Dixon Kemp has kindly consented to act as judge and to award the prizes.

It is, however, felt that a boat which might show exceptional qualities on the smooth and shallow water of the upper reaches of the Thames would be entirely overcanvassed on more open waters, such as the Solent, and it has, therefore, been decided to divide the exhibition and competition into two classes.



"MAINSHEET!"

(A) Class for models of 1.0 raters suitable for sheltered waters, such as the upper reaches of the Thames.

(B) Class for models of 1.0 raters suitable for open waters, such as the Solent.

After carefully considering the suggestions which were made with reference to the former competition, the club regrets that want of space to exhibit the models prevents its making separate classes for professionals and amateurs; but in order to equalize the chances of amateur designers in competing with professionals, the finish of the model will not be calculated as an element of merit in awarding the prizes, and also for the protection of professionals, all models and designs entered for the exhibition will remain the property of the persons exhibiting them, and no one will be allowed under any circumstances to take any measurements except the judge for the purpose of judging. (A member of the committee of the club will be present throughout the time the exhibition is open to insure the strict observance of this restriction against taking measurements.)

Entry for the competition must be made by application in writing to the honorary secretary of the London Sailing Club, and on payment of an entrance fee of 5s. for each model proposed to be exhibited a card for each proposed exhibit will be furnished containing the exhibitor's name and address. No application for entry will be received after Feb. 4, 1893.

The model, packed in a box containing drawings and measurements, hereafter referred to, and also the entrance card inclosed in a sealed envelope, marked on the outside "Entrance Card," must be delivered at the club house, Hammersmith, on or before Friday, Feb. 17, 1893.

In order to avoid confusion it is requested that each box be marked "Class A" or "Class B" as the case may be.

No exhibitor will, under any circumstances whatever, be awarded a prize in respect of any models or drawings on which his name or identity, except in a sealed envelope, is in any way diclosed.

The secretary will, on receipt of the boxes containing the models, mark in the order in which they are received a number on each model drawing and sealed envelope, for the purpose of identification. The sealed envelopes will not be opened until after the prizes have been awarded.

Class A. Half model centerboard sailing boat 1.0 rating Y.R.A. scale 1in. = 1 foot.

Class B. Half model sailing boat (centerboard [optional) 1.0 rating Y.R.A., scale 1in = 1 foot.

In both classes there may be deposited with each model the following drawings:

(a) Sheer plan.
(b) Body plan.
(c) Half breadth plan and the following particulars:
  (a) Displacement.
  (b) Weight of proposed ballast inside and on keel.
  (c) For and aft position of center of buoyancy to be noted on sheer plan.

The drawings and particulars are required by the judge to enable him to form a correct estimate of the models. Supplying them is, however, optional on the part of the competitors, but they must understand that the merits of a design may fail to be observed if a model only is placed before the judge. A competitor may, however, inclose his drawings or particulars in a sealed envelope or wrapper, and mark same "for use of the judge only," in which event the drawing and particulars will be produced to the judge at the time of his making the award, and afterwards sealed and returned to the competitor.

For class A the club will give a first prize of seven guineas for the best boat according to the judge's award. A second prize of three guineas, and also certificates of merit.

Class B.—First prize, seven guineas; second prize, three guineas; also certificates of merit.

In both above classes third and further prizes will be given if in the judge's opinion the exhibits, owing to their number or other circumstances warrant recognition.

The committee of the club will take every possible care of the drawings and models of the exhibitors, but they undertake no legal liability whatever for any loss or damage.

The decision of the committee, except in the award of prizes, and all matters of dispute arising out of the competition and exhibition will be binding and final on all competitors.

The exhibition will be opened on Tuesday, Feb 21, 1893 and will remain open for a fortnight only, between the hours of 2 and 9:30 P. M. Admission free on production of visiting cards.

Any further information desired will be furnished on application to the honorary secretary. LONDON SAILING CLUB.

LOWER MALL, Hammersmith, S.W.

### New Yachts.

THE most important event of last week was the signing of a contract by Archibald Rogers on the one hand and the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. on the other for the construction of an 85ft. cutter to meet the new Valkyrie. Mr. Rogers, who now owns Bedouin and Wasp, is the head of a syndicate of New York Y. C. members, the others being as yet unknown. The material for the new yacht will be ordered at once, and her keel will be laid as soon as the Carroll yacht is launched. The latter is about plated up, and will be ready for the launching about the end of January.

The Herreshoffs are putting the cabin joiner work in the 90ft. steamer, the 30 and 25-footer are about completed, and they have lately received orders for a catboat and jib and mainsail boat, each 20ft. long, for New York.

Saunders, at Bristol, is building a cutter for C. H. Merriam, of Providence, to be 33ft. 6in. over all, 29ft. 1in. l.w.l., and 9ft. draft, also one 23ft. l.w.l. for W. G. Lewis, of Brooklyn, and a centerboard 23ft. over all, 18ft. 6in. l.w.l. and 7ft. beam, for H. Perkins, of New York.

At Lawley's yard the White steamer, 95ft. l.w.l., is in frame, a 75ft. steamer is partly in frame, and a 70ft. steamer is completed, while the 55ft. Providence steamer is nearly completed. It is reported that the Lawleys have signed the contract for the Waterhouse 46ft. fin-keel for Mr. Foster, the yacht to be built of steel.

Stewart & Binney have designed a 21ft. knockabout boat, like the Jane and Nancy, for Com. J. J. Souther, Hull Y. C.

J. Borden, Jr., has designed a 21ft. centerboarder which the *Globe* describes as follows:

"The boat will be a centerboard of moderate beam and light draft, but with a heavily weighted board and a big sail plan. She will be 20ft. designed waterline, 32ft. over all, 9ft. beam and 16in. greatest draft. The long overhangs forward and aft are close to the water, and additional power when the boat is heeled is thereby hoped for. A gain will undoubtedly be made aft, for the body is carried well toward the stern and the quarters are low, but that a corresponding gain can be made forward is doubtful except occasionally in a seaway.

"The model of the boat shows a little keel below the sharply turned garboards, a long floor with quite a little dead rise, and an easy turn of the bilge into almost a straight side. The waterlines show no hollow forward, and the bow is not greatly different from the one which takes it name from its originators, the Herreshoffs.

"A peculiarly designed form of construction will give the boat great strength to resist twisting strains. The board will be of brass, hollow, and about an inch and a half in thickness. In the hollow of the board will be carried about 400lbs of shot, so arranged in pockets that when the board is up the shot will be distributed over its entire length of 9ft., while when it is down the shot will be found massed in its lower corner.

"For a rudder a flexible brass plate will be used. It will be fastened along the keel at its forward end, but will be free to play for about 4ft. of its length. To its outer end a curved tiller will be fastened which will come through a well in the counter and through an opening in the washboard to the cockpit. The tiller will be pivoted in the well, and the effort of moving it will be to bend instead of turn the rudder, as in ordinary usage.

"Mr. McIntyre claims ease of steering for this device, which could not be gained with the ordinary rudder.

"For a sail plan the boat will have a mast 27ft. above the deck and a bowsprit 10ft. outboard. The jib will be 20ft. on the foot with a pole. The mainboom will be 28ft. and the gaff 24. The gaff will peak upward very sharply, for the hoist of the mainsail is only 17ft. Mr. McIntyre's own preference in the class is for a fin-keel, and he may build a racer of that type later.

"Two models of racing 21-footers have been made, one by Stewart & Binney and the other by Smith, the City Point builder. Both models are likely to be built from, particularly if the $500 cup is offered.

"The Stewart & Binney model is that of a fin-keel of rather high power, though not such an extreme in that direction as the Freak. The model shows extremely clean and easy lines throughout, long overhangs and and all the latest ideas of speed.

"The Smith model is a centerboard of light displacement and moderate beam—about 8ft. 6in. The influence of the Alpha model is shown, and Mr. Smith frankly avows that his chief object is to beat the Herreshoff wonder at any cost. If the boat is given a wooden board she will carry some outside lead in the form of a fin. If a metal board is used the fin will be done away with. The model shows fine lines, considerable dead rise and a very easy bilge. A moderate sail plan would be given.

"The three boats just described are the only 21-footers in sight just now, but it is known that others are in the wind."

At Bay Ridge, Wintringham has three small yachts under way, all designed by Charles Olmstead, an amateur, of Brooklyn. The dimensions of one is over all 37ft., l.w.l. 23ft., beam 10ft., draft 4ft. 6in., keel 5,000lb lead. She will have a centerboard. The fore overhang is long and the bow quite full. Another is a centerboard 30-footer, and a third is a keel boat with the fashionable freak outline, like Wasp; to be 23ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam and 6ft. 6in. in draft. Iroquois is wintering on the ways at the yard, and El Chico is safely housed in a close building.

Ayers has nearly finished the sloop and a handsome Spanish cedar dingy for Commodore Gerry. He has finished the hull of Scarecrow and laid the keel for a second boat of the same size and model for Mr. Burtis, of Brooklyn.

Wallin & Gorman are busy with a number of centerboard boats.

Solheim & Abramson, of South Brooklyn, have finished the stern on Eclipse, and are building a sloop for Major J. C. Mallory, Corps of Engineers, to be used about St. Augustine, Fla. She is 33ft. over all, 22ft. water line, 14ft. beam and 3ft draft. They also have in hand the schooner Triton for a new stern.

C. H. Bilyen will build a schooner for W. H. Putnam, of New York. She will be 76ft. over all, 58ft. l.w.l., 17ft. 6in. in beam, 4ft. 8in. in draft. The work will be done at the foot of Twenty-fifth street, South Brooklyn.

At Essex, Mass., Story is building a fishing schooner from designs by Thomas F. McManus, an amateur, the designer of the "Gloriana Fisherman" of last year. She will be 114ft. over all, 94ft. 6in. l.w.l., 24ft. 6in. beam, 10ft. hold and 12ft 3in. draft.

At City Island Piepgrass is busy with the alterations to Titania, and Wood & Son have a large force at work on the Mosher steamer, having greatly improved their shops and plant.

### Yachts at the World's Fair.

In view of the attendance of yachts at the World's Fair, the Yacht Club, recently organized in Chicago, has planned very extensive improvements to the lake front for the accommodation of a large fleet. In accordance with these plans, an ordinance was introduced before the Common Council on Dec. 8, providing for the construction of a naval academy and a yacht club house on East End Park. The preamble of the resolution recites that the lake commerce of the city should be promoted, and that knowledge, skill and experience in navigation and seamanship among the people of Chicago should be encouraged. The ordinance provides that the public ground lying between Fifty first and Fifty third streets and the lake shore, and the harbor in front thereof be devoted to a naval park and harbor for yachts and other vessels not engaged in commerce. Permission is given to the yacht club described as a voluntary association for the purpose of creating a naval academy to carry on in the park such naval academy.

This permission is made subject to the following conditions: That

the building so erected shall be the property of the city of Chicago, together with the land; that the Secretary of the Navy, Governor of the State, Mayor of the city and Collector of the Port shall be ex-officio members of the Board of Regents; that the building shall not exceed in ground dimensions 225×125ft. and shall cost at least $80,000.

The academy is required to be maintained without cost to the city, but control of the harbor and grounds is to be given to the city. The ordinance was sent to the World's Fair committee.

It is also proposed to construct a breakwater some 2,200ft. long, forming a large inner harbor, with a second breakwater outside. This will be at Morgan's pier; at 18th street a pier and landing will be erected, and on the North Side, between Ohio and Indiana streets, will be a very large boat house. At Chicago avenue another basin will be built, and at Evanston a club house and harbor. If these plans are carried out, there will be no lack of harbor and landing facilities for all yachts which may visit Chicago.

### International Racing.

Since the cable to Lord Dunraven announcing that the New York Yacht Club had accepted his challenge, there has been no communication between the two parties, the only important news being that relating to the new Rogers yacht. The final telegram from Lord Dunraven, which we quoted last week, was obviously incorrect, as it was impossible to make sense of it as read to the club and given out to the papers: "Have no authority from squadron relying on yours Nov. 22. Believing everything finally settled challenge forwarded terms. Your requested alteration impossible. I cannot further delay. Please cable definite acceptance or refusal." The *Times* alone, of all the papers, gave a reading which is other than sheer nonsense, and is probably correct: "Have no authority from squadron. Relying on yours of Nov. 22, believing everything finally settled, challenge forwarded, terms you requested. Alteration impossible. I cannot further delay. Please cable definite acceptance or refusal." In spite of its importance, but little weight was placed upon this cable at the meeting.

Thus far the Rogers boat is the only one to be positively depended on to defend the Cup, as Mr. Carroll is very desirous of going across and challenging for the Royal Victoria cup as well as the other trophies. It is probable that Vice-Com. Morgan may build a third boat, but nothing will be known until his return from Europe, probably next week. If he should do so she will also be a Herreshoff craft, and these three will be about all that the Bristol shops can turn out by July.

Thus far nothing definite has been heard from Boston, but either Gen. Paine or Mr. Henry Bryant is likely to build. The probabilities are that Boston will furnish one boat and New York two, besides the Carroll boat.

According to the *Field*, the design for the Prince of Wales's cutter has been ready for some time, the decision whether or no she should be built merely waiting for the final settlement of the measurement question. She and the new Valkyrie will probably be well under way in a very short time. Both will be of composite construction, the Rogers boat being of steel throughout. The story that at least four large cutters are to be built abroad, the other three accompanying Valkyrie to this country, is decidedly fishy.

### Florida Yachting.

Schooner yacht Whim, chartered for the winter by Mr Bradford McGregor, Larchmont Y. C., arrived in Key West last week after a long and stormy passage from New York. Mr McGregor, his mother and his friend, Mr. Lanman Robinson, who had reached Key West by steamer, joined the yacht there and proceeded in her to the Caloosahatchie River. They will spend the winter cruising, tarpon-fishing, etc., and expect to visit Biscayne Bay about regatta time.

At the time when most other yachting seasons are ending, that of the Biscayne Bay Y. C. is beginning. The club house went into commission for the season of '93 last week, and active preparations are being made all along the water front for the winter's sport.

Commodore Munroe has sold Micco to Mr. Arthur Merriam, of Manchester, Mass., and has built a 40-footer American yawl Wabun, in which he is now cruising down the coast. Mr. Jas. B. Hammond has a new Wintringham boat 50 feet over all, an American yawl, named Lounger, in which he is now on his way to this place. Mr. Albert Gallet has bought schooner the Markat, which makes the third of the Biscayne Bay fleet now making its way southward from New York.

Kirk Munroe's Allapatta and Walter Browne's Holgazana have each received entire new suits of sails, and have just gone into commission. Nicketti and Clapham yawl Roslyn are both on the ways being thoroughly overhauled. Atala, Gypsy, Presto and Egret are awaiting the arrival of Messrs. Bolt, Falls, Trowbridge and Nichols from New York. As Vice-Commodore Hine will not come south this winter, Nethla is for charter. The annual regatta of the Biscayne Y. C., open to all yachts of recognized clubs, will be held on February 22. Regatta open to all Biscayne Bay boats will be held under the club auspices later in the season. O. K. CHOBEE.

COCOANUT GROVE, Fla.

### A Good Word for the Fin-Keel.

The fin-keel craft have lately come in for some severe condemnation from yachtsmen and designers, but they have found one earnest advocate in Mr. Henry Allen, owner of Wenonah, who writes to the *Field* as follows: In the opinions expressed as to the type of boat produced under the Y.R.A. rule, I notice that there is a very general condemnation of the 2½ rater Wenonah and similar "bulb-keel" designs. My experience of Wenonah is briefly as follows: 1. In a heavy sea she behaves splendidly, and it was always in the hardest gales last season that she appeared to the best advantage as compared with other boats in her class. She is so buoyant that nothing but spray comes on deck. 2. She is very handy, and answers her helm very quickly and easily on all points and in all weathers, except when reaching with a strong breeze on the quarter. Then she is hard on her weather helm, but not much worse than most other 2½-raters. 3. Though severely tried last season, she has never leaked a drop nor shown the least sign of straining in any part. 4. She is as comfortable and has practically as much accommodation as any other racing 2½-rater. 5. It is perfectly easy to beach her. No one who has sailed in Wenonah has had a word to say against her. Some think her ugly, but she was never intended for an ornament. What better type of boat could one wish for?

### Lake Y. R. A.

ANNUAL MEETING, ROCHESTER, DEC. 17.

The annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was held yesterday afternoon in the rooms of the Rochester Y. C. Ellwanger and Barry building. The following delegates were present: Commodore A. R Boswell, Norman B. Dick, and George E. Evans, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; J. F. Monck, and Messrs. Ambrose and Grant, of the Royal Hamilton Club, Hamilton; John T. Mott, W. B. Phelps, and Allan Ames, of the Oswego Y. C.; Charles S. Davis, Edward Walbridge, and John J. Leary of Rochester. Matt Cartwright, president of the Association, presided.

The report of Hon. Sec. Geo. E. Evans was read by that gentleman and proved very satisfactory. Following this there was a discussion which lasted several hours over amendments to the constitution and the sailing regulations proposed by the Hamilton and Toronto clubs. The sailing regulations at present provide that any dispute or protest which may arise among yachts taking part in a race shall be decided by the Sailing Committee of the club holding the race, whose decision shall be final unless it is thought proper to refer the dispute to the Executive Committee of the Association. An amendment was offered to admit of an appeal from the decision of the Sailing Committee to the Executive Committee of the Association. The amendment was rejected by a large majority

Several amendments in regard to measurements were withdrawn, and a committee was appointed to consider the measuring rules and report at the next meeting.

An amendment offered by the Royal Canadian Club to the effect that the secretary-treasurer have voice but no vote in the proceedings of the annual meeting and other meetings of the Association, and that his expenses be paid by the Association, was adopted unanimously.

That part of Rule 4 which required a yacht's owner entering a race to provide a scrutinizer, be stricken out.

Rule 15 was amended by adding this paragraph: "Finishing—A yacht shall be considered to have finished the race when on completing the course any part of hull or spars shall be on or across the line."

The following were added to the sailing rules:

"Ballast—All ballast shall be properly under the platform or in lockers and shall not be shifted or trimmed in any way whatever; and no ballast shall be taken out or put in within 24 hours before a race." "None but the usual chains or anchors shall be carried during the race, and they must not be used as a shifting ballast or shifted to alter the trim of the yacht after she has started in the race."

It was decided to hold the first regatta at Charlotte, on July 4; Hamilton, July 8, and Toronto, July 11. There will be no regatta at Oswego, as the racing men of that city will be away most of the summer. Belleville was not represented at the meeting yesterday, and there will be no regatta from that place.

The following officers were elected: Pres., D. S. Mallock, Royal Hamilton Club; Vice-Pres., A. R Boswell, Royal Canadian Club; Sec.-Treas., Geo. E. Evans. Mr. Evans was elected for the tenth time. The next meeting will be held in Hamilton.

The delegates were tendered a theatre party at the Lyceum last evening, and supper at the Genesee Valley Club after the performance.—*Toronto Mail.*

## Canoeing.

### Do You Sail a Canoe?

THERE is one cardinal principle that governs my entire life (and sometimes gets me into trouble), and that principle is never to admit that there is anything in the world I cannot do. My associate in business has lately become afflicted with canoe fever, hence it came to pass that he asked me in an innocent kind of a way if I "knew how to sail a canoe?" Alas, my evil genius, "the principle," prompted me to assure my comrade, Joe, that if there was one thing more than another that I was posted upon it was canoe sailing. I even became so reckless that I darkly hinted that Gen. Oliver, Paul Butler and R. W. Gibson, together with many other canoe sailors, were constantly beseeching me to give them points on the science of sailing a canoe.

To say that Joe was delighted to find in me such an authority mildly expresses it, "for," as he said, confidentially, "I know almost nothing about it, and I am delighted to find that you do."

Fatal vanity, fatal principle. Headlong I rushed to my destruction, never seeing the pit that was yawning to swallow me up.

So when he reverentially asked me my opinion of "rigs," "dandies," "reefing gear" and a lot of other technical bother, I managed to keep head above water and increase his respect for my knowledge by bestowing knowing winks and "ahs" and "ums." I was feeling very puffy and important when the trap fell, the explosion came and the collapse followed.

The cause for the collapse will not sound very terrible, and was brought about by the very harmless request on the part of Joe that we take half a day off, go over to South Boston, where I should give him points practically as to how to sail a canoe.

Never in my life did my natural assurance come so near deserting me; but with all the power at my command, I summoned a smile, sickly though it was, and assured him (although my heart was in my boots) "that nothing would delight, charm, or give me more unqualified and unadulterated pleasure than to initiate him into the mysteries of how to sail a canoe." Full of glee and satisfaction Joe bade us adieu, and told me to be promptly on hand the following day and he would have the boat at the Puritan C. C. all ready for me to rig and sail.

No sooner had he disappeared than I frantically grabbed my hat, put on my coat and sought the exhilarating strength to be found in a large glass of soda lemonade with a straw in it. Then went up to my room, locked the door, got on to the bed and went over the motions of the frog, as taught by my preceptor in swimming lessons as being the proper caper for those who would retain bouyancy in water. I even went so far as to fill the wash bowl with water, put my face in it and see how long I could stay under without choking to death. I then sat down at the desk, took a sheet of paper, made a few notes as to how I wished my personal property disposed of. On another sheet I bade farewell to all my friends, assuring them that I was tired of life and that I was anxious to go to a haven (via water) where there would be no constant striving for a living.

I won't linger on the agony of mind which I feebly disguised to my intimate friends by an unusual and unnatural obstreperousness of spirits the following 24 hours. Everything I looked at I felt to be gazing upon for the last time, and every one spoken to I felt should never be seen again. How I got to South Boston will never be told. I have a faint recollection of having a row with the conductor as to whether I paid my fare or not, but at last I found myself at the gate of the Puritan Canoe Club; then I found myself inside the gate, and at last face to face with the smiling Joe, and in the presence of the canoe, which I looked upon as a coffin.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" said Joe, "you look pale." In response I summoned up a mechanical smile, and murmured something about lobster salad, ice cream, and then courage failed me. Life seemed so sweet, the sun never seemed to shine brighter. I could not bear the thought of leaving this warm (90 degrees in the shade), kind world, so down on my knees I went and owned up to Joe that I was a humbug of the worst type, that I did not know which side of the canoe was to sail uppermost, that I could not tell a lateen sail from the folding center board, that I was a poor, miserable creature, and all I asked was to be let off.

A look of scorn and contempt took the place of that of pleasure on Poe's face, and thus he spoke: "I do not propose to risk my life with you, but this I insist on, that you take that canoe, after I have set the sail, that you get into it and that you sail away, and may Heaven have mercy on your soul."

There was no alternative. We rigged the canoe as best we knew how. I entered it, sheeted home the sail and glided away. I've been gliding ever since, and have the plans in hand for my fifth canoe.

ILEX.

### Some Notes From "Tarpon."

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—It is a long time since you have heard from me. So long that I would make an apology if I knew how. I have been very busy. We have had a long, dull summer, and one had to be busy in order to be level-headed. But the summer is over at last, the cool nights have come, the winter tourists are coming, and the quail, the turkey and the fish are here.

Everybody is hard at work loading cartridges, overhauling fishing tackle or painting boats.

Speaking of boats reminds me that we have another flyer, something on the model of the "Cape Cat." We have two of that class here now; both fast. Then there are several "Mosquito" boats from Atlantic City builders that are on hand when it comes to getting there. Cruising boats, good, bad and indifferent, are numerous. There is one cruising cat built by Rushton that has lots of go, but her owner will not race her.

Canoes are represented by several from crack builders of various parts of the country, and the amateur built canvas canoes are legion. So you see we're fixed for water travel.

I must compliment you on the fine appearance of the FOREST AND STREAM, it is improving all the time, and I used to think a long time ago that it was as good as it could be.

I am glad to see there is a prospect of another international race; I'll risk my shekels on the Englishman, not because I believe in English boats, for I don't, but because it's about time for the tide to turn.

By the way, we don't hear anything from Mr. Clapham lately, what's the matter, has he quit the business, or is he designing another type. And "Podgers," haven't heard from him since he told us about that cutter in California. He ought to be ashamed of himself anyway, its bad enough for a man to own an English cutter, without being twitted about it.

Yes! the panther screams, but you can't make me believe that rattlesnakes spit. But I have spun out this yarn so long, that I've forgot what I wanted to say, and I think it is time to reel up and go home. S. D. KENDALL.

### The New York C. C.

THE New York C. C. held its twenty-second annual meeting on Dec. 19, one of the most important meetings in the history of the club. The purser's report showed the experiment of the removal to Bensonhurst, which was regarded as doubtful by some members last year, to be a financial success, the increased income offsetting any extra expenses involved by the removal, and giving promise of a larger annual income in the future. Beside a reduction of the club debt from its income, the club has lately received from Messrs. W. W. Durant and G. H. Daly a donation of bonds to the amount of $500 each, with smaller donations from Capt. Whitlock and Purser Stevens, materially reducing the bonded debt. The report of the mate, J. R. Lake, was a very interesting and instructive document, while Mr. Vaux, in behalf of the regatta committee, made a full report of the year's work, giving full credit to the FOREST AND STREAM for much valuable advice, which has enabled the club to raise the standard of its regattas. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions of regret over the death of Capt. John McGregor, an honorary member of the club.

The following officers were elected: Capt., J. R. Lake; Mate, Schuyler Schieffelin; Purser, C. J. Stevens; Ex. Com., Mr. Marbury. Mr. W. W. Durant was unanimously elected an honorary member.

In pursuance of the steps recently taken to incorporate the club, the articles of incorporation were signed by those present.

The questions of enlarging the house by the additon of a second story, of reducing the dues of active members, and of affording special facilities to the owners of canoe yawls, were favorably considered and referred to the trustees for further action.

### Psyche.

THE familiar red, white and red of the New York C. C. is now seen almost daily on Biscayne Bay flying from the masthead of Kirk Munroe's famous canoe Psyche, which after a thorough overhauling looks as fresh and dainty as though just from the builder's shop. She was built for exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876, and is thus the oldest canoe now in active service in the country, or at least in the A. C. A. She has cruised in every navigable waterway of Florida, including those of both coasts; has thoroughly explored the Adirondacks, a score of Canadian and Maine rivers, is well known in all waters about New York. She explored the everglades and Lake Okeechobee as long ago as 1881, and was the first white man's sailing craft to find a way into these wilds. As her owner now makes his permanent home on the shore of Biscayne Bay, where he is collecting quite a fleet of small boats, it is not probable that Psyche will ever again be seen in New York waters. At present her great spread of sail and sliding seat are exciting the amazement and admiration of the bay boatmen, to whom she is a most interesting novelty. O. K. CHOBEE.

COCOANUT GROVE, Fla.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentleman, residing in the Eastern Division, has applied for membership: Stephen C. Powell, M.D., Newport, R. I.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

### A Revolver Expert.

GEORGE E. JANTZER, whose face appears herewith, is one of the leading members of the Pistol Club. In the opening competition for the Winans trophy Mr. Jantzer was very near the top, and took one of the FOREST AND STREAM prizes supplementary to the main trophy. He then took the trophy by challenge shoot from



GEO. E. JANTZER.

Dr. Louis Bell, successfully defended it against Mr. Henry Oehl, and early in the present month met defeat from the steady hand and brilliant record of William E. Petty, the present holder of the trophy. Mr. Jantzer finds in revolver shooting a change and relief from business matters, and is very enthusiastic in the sport and earnest in his advocacy of it to friends as a gentlemanly means of relaxation.

### Chicago Sharpshooters.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The following scores were made by the Chicago Sharpshooters in their weekly prize shoots for the year 1892. All shooting is at 200yds., off-hand, on ¾-inch German ring target, one entry each week.

Ring target, best average:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. A McBean | 20⅚ | 5. Mart Grau | 18⁴¹⁄₄₅ |
| 2. Dr Merkle | 19¹⁹⁄₂₁ | 6. H Thorwart | 18⅔ |
| 3. G F Schmidt | 19⅙ | 7. C Schotte | 18⁵⁄₁₈ |
| 4. F Loggenburger | 19⅛ | | |

Best single scores on ring target for gold medals:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. H Thorwart | 220 | 2. A McBean | 220 |

Union target, best average of 3 shots, possible 75 rings:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. A McBean | 60¾ | 5. F Loggenburger | 55 |
| 2. G F Schmidt | 56⅔ | 6. Dr Merkle | 54½ |
| 3. H Thorwart | 56⅙ | 7. C Schotte | 54 |
| 4. Mart Grau | 56 | | |

Best single scores on Union target for gold medals:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. F Loggenburger | 70 | 2. Dr Merkle | 69 |

Stich target, best average of 3 shots, possible 39 rings:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. G F Schmidt | 21 | 5. F Loggenburger | 15⅔ |
| 2. A McBean | 19⅔ | 6. Dr Merkle | 15⅓ |
| 3. H Thorwart | 16⅔ | 7. Mart Grau | 14⅔ |
| 4. C Schotte | 16 | | |

Best single scores on Stich target for gold medals:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. E Thielepape | 32 | 2. G F Schmidt | 31 |

Most flags or 3-inch bullseyes:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. H Thorwart | 564 | 7. Mart Grau | 208 |
| 2. F Loggenburger | 491 | 8. J Helmold | 164 |
| 3. G F Schmidt | 472 | 9. R Helmold | 140 |
| 4. C Schotte | 311 | 10. H Miller | 102 |
| 5. A McBean | 241 | 11. H Borsch | 98 |
| 6. Dr Merkle | 237 | | B. |

### Military Rifle Shoot in Newark.

AN open to all practice shoot will be held by the First Brigade (N. G. N. J.) Rifle Association on the 200yds. ranges at the Newark Shooting Park on Jan. 2, beginning at 11 A. M. The shooting will be open to all New Jersey guardsmen, using Springfield rifles. No ammunition heavier than the .55-405 carbine will be allowed and this will be sold on the ground. A feature of the day will be an open sweepstake of 50 shots per man, $5 entry, one-half the contestants being winners and one-half losers. This will be started about 1 o'clock P. M. It is hoped that shooters from every command in the First Brigade will be present. Y'RATHLIM.

### Miller Prize Shoot.

THE sixth annual prize shoot of the Miller Rifle Club of Hoboken, N. J (Captain R. W. Dewey) will be held at headquarters, new No. 428 Washington street, Sunday and Monday, Dec. 25 and 26. The programme calls for fifteen prizes from $30 to $1. Open to all comers. Any .22cal. rifle. Tickets of five shots 50 cents, two best tickets to count. Re-entries unlimited. First day shooting commences at 10 A. M. and closes at 11 P. M. Second day shooting commences at 10 A. M. and closes at $10 P. M. Well-known shooting rules to govern. Shooting committee, David Miller, chairman, J. H. Kruse, E. Fischer, John Meyer, J. Carragher, Aug. Meyne.

### Major Ties the Record.

AT the weekly shoot of the First Brigade (N.G., N.J.) Rifle Association at the Newark Shooting Park, on Dec. 17, Major D. L. Wallace, surgeon of the First Regiment, put on an extra spurt and made 45 out of a possible 50 at 200yds., tying the club record, previously held by C. H. Townsend. The day was a fairly good one for the season, the light being clear and there being no troublesome wind. All the shooting was done with Springfield rifles and Government carbine ammunition, with 55grs. of powder and 405grs. of lead. The attendance was light owing to the rush of the holiday trade. After New Years a better turnout is looked for. The scores follow, the usual 50-shot match being shot between Major Wallace and Private Townsend:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Major Wallace | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—43 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3—39 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4—42 |
| | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—45 |
| | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 5 | 4—39—208 |
| Sergt Wilhelm | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5—43 |
| Private Townsend | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4—43 |
| | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5—42 |
| | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4—43 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5—43 |
| | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5—43—214 |

Y'RATILIM.

### Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 18.—This club has adopted fitting resolutions emoodying the regret of members at the lamented death of their friend and shooting companion Hyram H. Nieman; and a copy of the resolutions was sent to the bereaved family.

The association held its regular practice shoot at its range today and made the scores as appended below. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. The captain again distinguished hiruself with a full score of bullseyes. Schuster used a sporting rifle:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gindele | 86 | 84 | 85 | Simon | 77 | 77 | 76 | Schuster | 53 | 51 | 46 |
| Louis | 76 | 70 | 67 | Stegner | 69 | 68 | 70 | Beinert | 50 | 52 | .. |
| Payne | 84 | 82 | 77 | Drube | 78 | 71 | 69 | Putthof | 44 | 59 | .. |

### Prize Rifle Shooting in Brooklyn.

THE two days' prize shoot on Jos. Link's new galleries, 800 Broadway, Brooklyn, closed on Saturday night. The shooting was done with .22 al. rifles, the best single ticket to count. There were ten cash prizes and one gold medal. Three men tied on full scores, and on the shoot off for the medal Jos. Lutz won. The cash winners and their scores were in order as follows: Philip Neuth 75, G. Noon 75, J. Lutz 75, Chas. Rein 74, J. Guenther 74, C. Richter 74, W. Rosenbaum 74, R. Wirth 74, J. Bermel 74, S. Appell 14.

### New York Revolver and Pistol Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The following record scores were made by the members of the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, at their last regular weekly practice shoot, held on the 17th inst., at their gallery, No. 12 St. Marks Place. Ten shots on standard American target, distance 20 ds., 44cal. S. & W. revolver: G. E. Jantzer 85, B. Walther 84, H. O'Neil 80, F. G. Allen 70, F. Hecking 68, E. Walz (22cal. Stevens pistol) 88.

F. HECKING, Secy.

### Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER, Dec. 17.—Two hundred yards, offhand, standard American target:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J Smith | 4 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 4 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 5—71 |
| R Rudd | 5 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 9 | 10 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 7—64 |
| F A Buchman | 9 | 6 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 7 | 7 | 8—61 |
| R McNeil, Jr | 8 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | 5—52 |
| H Bleger | 4 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 4—50 |
| McQuilken | 4 | 3 | 7 | 3 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 1 | 3—43 |

R. MCNEIL, JR., Sec.

### An Ideal Winter Resort.

THE Oglethorpe of Brunswick, Ga., under the management of Mr. Warren Leland, Jr., is a splendid hotel in every respect. It is delightfully situated by the sounding sea and among pine forests, and famous for its charming walks and drives. Abundant opportunity is afforded for yachting and fishing, and excellent shooting is to be had over neighboring preserves, of which Jekyl Island is the best known. The climate is mild and dry, and it is altogether an ideal winter resort.—*Adv.*

## Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 22-24.—Kansas City (Mo.) tournament, live birds and targets.
Dec. 24.—Elliott vs. Fulford, at Williamsport, Pa.; 26, at Harrisburg, Pa.
Dec. 24.—Williamsport (Pa.) Rifle and Gun Club, all day tournament at live birds.
Dec. 26.—Hartner's all-day target tournament, Orangeville, Baltimore county, Md.
Dec. 27-30.—Watson's live bird target tournament, Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill.
Dec. 28.—Tournament at live birds, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.
Dec. 28-29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 2.—Hartner's all-day target tournament, Oradgeville, Baltimore county, Md.
Jan. 2.—Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club's all-day tournament.
Jan. 2.—South Side Gun Club's "annual," Newark, N. J.
Jan. 17-18.—Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club tournament, live birds and targets.
Jan. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.
May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.
May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.
June 12-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Elwanger & Barry building, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Shell Lake Fishing and Hunting Club, of Memphis, Tenn., held its annual meeting on Dec. 13 and elected the following officers: Pres., M. T. Garvie; Vice-Pres., A. T. Hayden; Sec'y, Jos. Theirs; Treas., Jos. Brignadell; Ex. Com., W. A. Scales, Jos. Specht, Jr., and Ed Sebrell. A general discussion ensued touching the plans which were submitted for the improvement of the club buildings. They were accepted as drawn. According to the arrangement the old building, which is 28×16ft., is to be divided into three compartments, to be used as kitchen club keeper's sleeping room and dining room. The new building will be 20×40ft. and divided into two club rooms of 20×20 each. This addition has been decided upon as necessary to meet the increasing membership, the limit of which has been changed from 50 to 75. The affairs of the club are in excellent shape. Its hunting and fishing territory embraces 13 lakes besides Blackfish Bayou. These lakes abound in all varieties of fish found in this climate, and the hunting is excellent throughout the season. The club will have at its disposal 32 boats instead of 22, and nothing is to be left undone to make it an attractive resort for its members and their invited guests. The rule as to certificates of membership issued to members will be strictly adhered to, and every one will be expected to have his certificate when he visits the club.

After the big sweep at Erb's, Frank Class expressed a wish to shoot a match against Harry E. Smith at 100 live birds each for $250 a side. Later we were informed that Mr. Smith's father has expressed his willingness to make a match for "his boy" on the above conditions, so that there is a good chance for a match. The progress of Harry Smith as a shooter has been rapid and shows conclusively what persistent practice will do. One year ago last January, when he began shooting as a member of the Essex Gun Club, he was classed at 6 birds out of 10, and for a time did not succeed in gaining a great many "points" over his rating. Soon, however, he began to catch on to the game, and so rapidly did he improve that at the close of the season he was up among the top winners. He never loses an opportunity to shoot, seldom misses a shoot of the Essex or Newark clubs, and is always on hand for match or sweepstake shooting, no matter what the conditions may be. In his proper form we consider him good under almost any conditions for 88 or better out of 100, and ordinarily he should be good for 90 or better. The strongest men he has met previous to the big sweep were G. L. Freche and Allen Willey, both of whom he has defeated. If he meets Class the latter will have no "cinch," but will have to shoot his best pace, and even then he will not be sure of a victory.

The success of the 100-bird match shot on John Erb's grounds last week led to a request for a repetition. Consequently another event of the same character will be shot on the same grounds early in January (the exact date to be announced at least two weeks ahead) with an entrance fee of $100. If four or less entries, there will be one money; five to seven entries, two moneys; eight to ten entries, three moneys; eleven to fourteen entries, four moneys; fifteen or more entries, five moneys. Entries, which must be accompanied by $20 forfeit, must be sent to C. H. Townsend, trap editor FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York.

An open-to-all tournament at live birds will be held on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds, in Newark, on Thursday, Dec. 28, and a large and enjoyable time is anticipated. The date comes right in a week when business will be stagnant, so that everybody will be at liberty to attend. The trouble will begin at 10:30 A. M., the events in order to be as follows: Six birds, $5 entry; 10 birds, $10 entry; 15 birds, $15 entry, and 6 birds, $5 entry. All events will be under modified Hurlingham rules. John Erb has plenty of birds on hand, and on the above occasion will trap a lot that are guaranteed to dodge anything in the way of a regulation charge.

A letter from Charley "Bilderbach" writes us that Poet-Secretary James K. Woodward, of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, has severed his connection with the club. This will be a severe loss, as Mr. Woodward was a faithful worker, a fair shot, a splendid tournament manager and hustler, and above all a genial friend and companion. The club will have hard work to replace him. Mr. "Bilderbach" also states that Vice President Frank Biggs, Capt. Harry "Hire-a hall" and Quartermaster "Jersey" De Cray have gone to southern Delaware for a couple of weeks' gunning and recreation, and thus far have secured plenty of birds. The spring tournament of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club will be held in March or April.

The Newark Gun Club will have a jolly day's outing on John Erb's grounds in Newark on Thursday, Jan. 5, when they will have as guests the Parkway Gun Club, of Brooklyn. The visitors will arrive before noon and open sweepstakes will be shot until lunch time. Afterward there will be a friendly team match with teams of 15 men each, 10 live birds per man. Each club will turn out in strength and an enjoyable time is anticipated.

George E. Knowles, manager of the South End Gun Club, of Albany, sends us the programme for a tournament to be held on Monday, Dec. 25, beginning at 10 A. M. The programme comprises five events, all at live birds, in order as follows: 5 birds, $3 entry; 5 birds, $3 entry; 7 birds, $5 entry; 10 birds, $7 entry, and 5 birds, $3 entry. In the 5 bird events there will be 3 moneys and in the 7 and 10 bird events 4 moneys. The grounds may be reached by electric cars from State and North Pearl streets to Kenwood, thence by stage to the grounds.

Our attention has been called to an error which we inadvertently made when commenting on Will Cruttenden's innovation of the "Jack Rabbit" system. We stated that under Mr. Cruttenden's system a dividend would be paid for "all targets" broken. This should have read "to all who break over 50 per cent. of the targets." Thus in a 10-target event a shooter breaking 5 targets would be shut out, while those breaking 6 or more would receive a dividend on each target broken.

Frank Class, the well-known Jersey trap-shooter, has secured a lease on the Morristown Driving Park, formerly managed by Sire Brothers. Mr. Class will put the grounds and hotel in thorough repair, and will at once start in to boom live bird and target shooting. The grounds are admirably adapted to both styles of shooting, the foreground being excellent and the traps in full view of a commodious grand stand. He will hold a three days' tournament in January, when both live birds and targets will be used.

We have been informed that the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club have decided to make their January tournament last three instead of two days, as formerly announced. The shoot will begin on Jan. 17 and close on the 19th. The big event of the tournament will be at 21 live birds, $21 entry, to be shot on the first day. Entries for this event will close on Monday, Jan. 16. A number of shooters from the States will attend the tournament.

To day Pittsburg lovers of trap shooting are looking at the work of Elliott and Fulford in the third of their series of matches. Elmer E. Shaner will be referee. On Saturday they will shoot at Williamsport, Pa., James H. Millspaugh doing the honors as referee, and on Monday the final match will be shot at Harrisburg, when James H. Worden will referee.

The programme for the four days' tournament at Watson's Park, comprises two events at live birds and five at targets on the first day two at live birds and four at targets on the second day; three at live birds and four at targets on the third day; three at live birds and four at targets on the final day. On the second day there will be a sweep at 20 live birds; $15 entry; four moneys.

The lay press still insists that the series of matches between Elliott and Fulford are for the championship of the world. As neither man has ever shot for nor held such a championship, it is difficult to see how the possession of that title hinges upon the result of these matches. The principals themselves claim to be shooting for $200 a match, with an additional $200 to the one winning three out of five of the contests.

Harry Matz, of the Reading Association, engineered a fox chase at his Three-Mile House, Skillington, December 17. Billy Fieles, of Christiana, furnished the fox.

The Harrisburg Shooting Association will have 200 selected birds for next Monday's Elliott-Fulford match. The shoot will be held at Island Park, beginning at one o'clock, P. M.

Miss Ethel Virgin is considered one of the best game shots in the vicinity of Platteville, Ill.

The last badge competition of the Hastings (Neb.) Gun Club was won by Frank Crabill, who broke 21 out of 30 targets.

The Badger Gun Club was recently organized at La Crosse, Wis., with H. Holway as president; E. Gautch, captain, and A. Petricek, secretary treasurer. The club will shoot every Saturday afternoon.

The South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., will hold all-day shoots on Dec. 26 and Jan. 2. Valuable prizes will be shot for.

The Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, of Circleville, O., will hold an open shoot on Dec. 28. A feature will be a match at 25 live birds each for $25 a side, between Al Mason, of Columbus, and F. D. Alkire, of Circleville.

The Roxborough (Pa.) Gun Club will hold an all day shoot at live pigeons on Jan. 2.

Mr. L. G. Duff-Grant, secretary of the Smokeless Powder Co., will lectured most interestingly at the United Service Club, New York, on Saturday, the 17th inst, on "Smokeless Powder and Magazine Rifles."

John H. Hartner expects a big turnout at his shoot at Orangeville Md., on Dec. 26. The events will be open to all, at artificial targets.

The Amateur Gun Club of Newark, N. J., will have an all day shoot at bluerock targets on their Fifth avenue grounds on Dec. 26. Shooting will begin at 10 A. M.

Jerseymen will now have a chance to resume trap shooting as the open season for game closed on Dec. 15.

Unless all signs fail, John Erb's record for the season for live birds trapped will crowd that of Mr. Watson, of Watson's Park. Thus far Mr. Erb has had a fine lot of flyers and has trapped a large number.

Entries for the grand American handicap will close on Dec. 30.

Jack Parker will manage the Hamilton shoot in January.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### Live Pigeons at Pine Brook.

CHARLES VERMORAL and T. W. Morfey, both of Paterson, N. J., drove over to the Pine Brook Hotel on Dec. 14 and had a pleasant time shooting over the traps. A good lot of live birds were on hand, and although the day was not a favorable one these flew well. The first shoot was at 25 live birds each, for $25 a side, 50yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The scores:

Vermoral ..... 1112120111221012121010020—19
Morfey ..... 0011100012101212001210—16

Then came a sweepstakes at 5 birds, $5 entry, 2 moneys:

Morfey ..... 11131—5 Holl ..... 00112—3
Martin ..... 10011—4 Vermoral ..... 01201—3

### Coney Island Athletic Club.

THE Coney Island Athletic Club, of Coney Island, N. Y., offers a trophy emblematic of the championship for teams representing the regularly organized gun clubs of Kings county, to be competed for in a series of monthly shoots, commencing during the month of January, 1893. The value of said trophy to be not less than $500.

Conditions: 1. Entry open to any regularly organized gun club in Kings county, N. Y.

2. Each team to consist of five members from each club, and if more than six teams enter said contest, 15 live birds per man; six teams or less, 20 birds per man.

3. Each club entered on or before Jan. 1, 1893, shall file with said athletic club a list of 20 members of the club, and the five selected as the team thereof shall be from said list. Any man in such list to be entitled to shoot on the team of the club naming him. And in case of being a member of one or more clubs, and his name appearing upon the list of said clubs, he shall only be entitled to shoot upon the team first securing his services (except in case of withdrawal), and will not be permitted to shoot but on *one* team on the day of the monthly contest.

4. The shoots shall be conducted under Hurlingham rules, 80yds. boundary, 28yds. rise, 12 gauge guns; 30yds. rise, 10 gauge guns. The first and last shoot of said contest shall be upon the grounds of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club on Coney Island, and the grounds for the intervening shoot shall be named by the club or clubs making the highest score at the previous shoot, but in no event shall two successive shoots be held upon the same ground.

5. The club making the highest score of the total of birds shot at by each club to be declared the winner and owner of the cup, and seven shoots to decide the contest.

6. The referee to be mutually agreed upon on the day of each monthly shoot by the competing teams.

7. Birds to be furnished by the club under whose auspices the monthly shoots are conducted, but each club to pay for its own birds.

Entrance free. Clubs in making an entry will please furnish the undersigned with the name and post office address of president or secretary of same.

CONEY ISLAND ATHLETIC CLUB.
C. A. DELLAR, Official Scorer.

### Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., Dec. 12.—The Hopkins gold medal, mentioned in one of my previous communications, is in the hands of our secretary, and is without doubt the handsomest trophy yet presented to the Hamilton Gun Club. It was up for competition for the first time to-day, and owing to the conditions on which Mr. Hopkins wished it shot for, namely, 21yds. rise and each man pull his own trap, unusual interest was taken in the contest. The medal is to be won four times. Our popular secretary won to-day with 11 out of 15, which, considering the handicap, was a good score.

For the Hamilton Powder Co.'s medal ties in November and December shoots were shot off, William Stroud winning in both.

Encouraging reports are received daily regarding our tournament, which promises to be one of the most successful held in our city. Mr. M. F. and Mrs. Lindsley have signified their intention of being present.

Hopkins medal handicap:

| | |
|---|---|
| Crooks, 18 birds | 001110101011100100—10 |
| Spencer, 16 birds | 0011001010101110 — 9 |
| W Stroud, 17 birds | 0001000100100100 — 5 |
| Hunt, 15 birds | 0001111 0010000 — 5 |
| Wilson, 15 birds | 111101000110111 — 7 |
| Clifford, 15 birds | 0100 000000w |
| A Smyth, 15 birds | 101101010111111 —11 |
| J Stroud 19 birds | 0100001001100001111— 7 |
| Kaiser, 19 birds | 00000 0010101010010— 5 |
| John Smyth 15 birds | 1101110101000111 — 7 |

Hamilton Powder Co. medal handicap, unknown angles, rapid-firing:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wilson, 23 birds | 0110111111001110111111 —18 |
| Spencer, 27 birds | 1111111101111111110110011001 —20 |
| Crooks, 31 birds | 1110101011100111001100001001—18 |
| W Stroud, 26 birds | 0111101101101101111111111 —20 |
| Clifford, 27 birds | 1100111111100110111110111 —20 |
| A Smyth | 1010011111111111110111 —20 |

W Stroud won ties.

J. E. OVERHOLT.

### Damascus vs. Brockwayville.

ON Thursday, Dec. 15, the Brockwayville and Damascus gun clubs shot a match at Ridgeway, Pa., on the Damascus's grounds. The teams comprised ten men each, and each man shot at 25 blue rock targets, from three traps, unknown angles. The scores follow:

Brockwayville.

| | |
|---|---|
| P Thomas | 1111111101111101010111111—21 |
| Alex Hynd | 1001110111110101011111111—19 |
| M Harvey | 1110111111101110001101—18 |
| J Thomas | 1111110011111111011110011—20 |
| N J Wilburn | 0110110000111101011111100—14 |
| J L Bond | 1010000101000010001030111— 8 |
| Thos Morehead | 1101111000001111011111101—19 |
| M D Milks | 1111101101111111110101—21 |
| Denton | 0111111101111111111111060—20 |
| M Hutchinson | 1101100011101101111111101—18—169 |

Damascus.

| | |
|---|---|
| L B Elliott | 1111101111111111111110101—22 |
| Joel Miller | 1101001111110011111111111—20 |
| J M Hanscom | 1111111011111111111111—22 |
| Lynd | 1111010111111011111010111 0—19 |
| Hugh Millen | 1010111111111111111110111—22 |
| Bruce Kime | 1111111111111111 111110—24 |
| F G Earley | 1111100111101000111101101—17 |
| F L Warren | 1001110110011011011111011—17 |
| J H Rigdon | 0101111111101111111111111—21 |
| M Elliott | 1111111111101111111110111—23—207 |

### North Side Gun Club of Long Island.

The snowstorm of Tuesday, Dec. 13, prevented the majority of the members of the North Side Gun Club from attending the last regular club shoot of the year at the Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I. Only five entered for the club's gold medal at seven birds each, modified Hurlingham rules. G. Grau was the winner with a straight score. In the sweepstake shoot, C. Meyer and J. Tiernan had a good race. The scores:

Regular monthly shoot for annual prizes:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Tiernan | 2012222—6 | H Manning | 1012111—6 |
| A Duryea | 0?1211—5 | G Graue | 1212221—7 |
| J N Meyer | 1220000—3 | | |

Sweepstake, $1 entry, one money, 3 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Tiernan | 111—3 | G Graue | 000—0 |
| C Meyer | 122—3 | A Duryea | 112—3 |
| J N Meyer | 202—2 | H Manning | 122—3 |

Ties:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Tiernan | 1112110—6 | A Duryea | 0w |
| C Meyer | 1112211—7 | H Manning | 10w |

### Live Birds at Milton Point.

A PARTY of New York sportsmen went up to Milton Point to Vanje's club grounds on Dec. 14 and had a pleasant half day's shoot at live pigeons. The first event was a match between two teams of three men each, at 10 live birds per man, the winning team to receive $30 and the man making the highest score to receive $10. The scores were as shown:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P Hunt (28yds.) | 2122010111—8 | J Arickson (28) | 1121111212—10 |
| T Jenson (30) | 1210211101—8 | J Mills (28) | 2012211122— 9 |
| L Kolter (28) | 1202012000—5—21 | D Stuber (28) | 2202020211— 8—25 |

Two sweeps at 3 birds each, $2 entry, three moneys, were also shot, the results being:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | | No. 1. | No. 2. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Janson | 202—2 | 000—0 | Arickson | 110—2 | 011—2 |
| Kolter | 021—2 | 210—2 | Stuber | 122—3 | 210—2 |
| Hunt | 101—2 | 121—3 | Knof | 121—3 | 121—3 |

F. Knof was referee.

### Sweepstake Shoots.

Several members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club had some quiet sweepstake shoots at Dexter Park on Friday, Dec. 16. Some good scores were made, the birds being rather poor, but the money and expenses were about evenly divided. The scores:

Ten live birds, 28 yards rise, entry, $5 each.

| | First. | Second. | Third. |
|---|---|---|---|
| M E Hayden | 2122212212—10 | 2122010221—8 | 2122210210—8 |
| R Jones | 2212210211— 9 | 1101122011—8 | 1122102111—9 |
| W Thompson | 2221120101— 8 | 2221121212—10 | 1222111012—9 |

Match: $10 a side, 20 birds, 25 yards rise.

P Gastiger 2121211122201211201-18 J Gastiger 1112212211201011011-17

Referee, W. Mills.

## Fulford—Elliott.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 17.—The first shoot of the series of five matches to be shot between J. A. R. Elliott and E. D. Fulford, took place in the Ball Park in this city this afternoon in the presence of about 500 spectators. As is usual in Kansas City the visitor carried with him the sympathy of the audience, and when he was tried out in the latter end of the race he was encouraged to a "fare-you-well," every kill being applauded. The shooting as a whole was considerably below par, Fulford winning the race by a score of 86 to 85 out of 100, and as that there is a protest on referee McGee's decision on Fulford's 77th bird. The bird was a left-quartering driver and was hit slightly in the wing. He circled around and alighted on a crossbar some twenty feet above the ground, and after balancing for about a minute lost his hold and flew downward. Luckily for Mr. Fulford there was a wire screen in front of the grand stand, which the crippled pigeon flew against and then fell into the grounds. Referee McGee had called "Lost bird," but when the bird fell in bounds he changed it and ordered the bird scored "dead." Elliott protested the decision on the ground that it was a lost bird under the rules governing the shoot, and the match was proceeded with. The score at that time was 64 to 62 in favor of Fulford. From that time on it was a hot race, Elliott losing but one bird while Fulford lost two more, and the disputed bird would have made it a tie if referee McGee had stood by his original decision.

The rules under which the matches are being shot are a special set of London Gun Club rules, and Rule 10 says: "If a bird which has been shot perches or settles on the top of the fence or on any of the buildings in the ground higher than the fence it is to be scored a 'lost bird.'" The bird never fairly closed his wings, but was certainly "perched" for probably a minute. The decision will have to stand, however, as Referee McGee is satisfied that his last declaration was made on the question of the perching or settling of the bird, and he is the sole arbiter of that point, and Fulford is declared the winner of the first match.

There are five races to be shot in this series, at $200 a race, and $200 on a majority of the contests. The next race takes place at Indianapolis Dec. 19, and the others at Pittsburg, Williamsport and Harrisburg, Pa., in the next 10 days, and local sportsmen are confident that Elliott's way of using wood powder will result disastrously to his shooting record, it being the general opinion among Kansas City Gun Club men that his loads were faulty and lacked penetration, as bird after bird hit by both barrels carried the load over the high fence.

The shoot commenced a few minutes after 1 o'clock, with Capt. James H. McGee as referee and James Whitfield official scorer. Elliott shot a 7¼-pound new Greener, and the loads for both barrels were 47grs. of wood powder and 1⅛oz. of No. 6 shot in an Ely case. Fulford shot a hammer Greener weighing 7lbs. 12½oz. He used the U. M. C. shell, loaded with 33grs. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of shot, No. 7s in the right and No. 6s in the left barrel.

The day was a typical trap-shooting day, barring the several inches of snow that covered the ground. The birds were a good lot, and while not particularly quick to wing, were of the kind that can carry out of any bounds a good load of shot if it fails to strike a vital part. This can readily be perceived by the scores of 86 and 85 out of 100, under London Gun Club rules, in a base ball park, with "the earth" as a boundary and a year's time in which to gather a wounded bird.

Elliott was first to the score, and started in by losing his first bird, an easy right-quarterer which scaled the fence, and missed his 7th, a fast one in the same direction. Fulford started out like a quarter horse, grassing his birds in good style, killing them clean with one barrel until the 8th, which he missed clean with both loads; but Elliot lost the next three in succession, leaving the Easterner four in advance. Thus early in the race the inefficiency of Elliott's loads were observed, as Fulford's shot alone was heard to rattle on the back fence. Fulford missed his 13th, 20th and 22d, and Elliott killing straight was only one behind, but his 24th carried the load beyound the fence, and at 25 birds he was two behind, the score standing 21 to 19 against him.

Elliott fell behind further in the next ten, losing his 32d and 33d birds, while Fulford dropped back on his 36th and 37th, and both missed the 40th bird. Fulford lost his 41st dead out of bounds and his 43d clean, which left the score a tie until the 45th round, when Elliott missed a hard right-quartering driver which flew the coop, and at the end of the 50th round Fulford was one ahead on the poor score of 41 to 40.

Elliott lost four out of the next 25, and Fulford but three, which gave the latter a lead of two on the main score, two of Elliott's and one of Fulford's falling dead out of bounds. On the 77th bird, as above related, Fulford was fortunate in having a baseball foul tip screen save him from losing a bird. He missed his 79th clean and lost his 82d dead out of bounds, which again made the score a tie, without counting the bird protested by Elliott. From that out, however, Fulford shot a good race, killing out straight,while Elliott missed his 86th bird and lost the match. Elliott still insists that Fulford's 77th bird should be scored "lost," but Referee McGee's decision will doubtless prevail, as he is the sole judge of the question under the interpretation of the rules. In his opinion the bird had not "perched," and while up in a balloon and only kept from flying out by a wire screen, he decides that under his construction of the rule it was a "dead bird," and there you are.

On the whole, Fulford was lucky in a marked degree. He got a bird that would have been lost on any other ground, and outdrew Elliott all the way through. Elliott did not show good generalship, however, frequently wasting powder and shooting too quick with his second barrel when he had plenty of time for deliberate shooting. His great weakness, however, according to the sportsmen who watched the race, was in the lack of penetration shown by his loads, bird after bird going out that was apparently riddled with shot.

The following is the official score of the shoot, giving the traps shot from (King's trap used), the direction of flight, etc.:

*Trapscore type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

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                5 3 2 3 2 5 5 4 2 2 4 4 4 2 3 3 3 5 1 1 1 4 5 5 4
                →→↙↗↖H↗→→←H↗↗→↑→→←→↗→↗←↑←↖
Elliott.....o 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 o 0 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1—19

                4 2 1 5 3 5 4 3 5 2 1 2 2 5 1 3 3 5 5 4 2 4 1 4 1
                ↗↗←←←←↗↗↗→↖→H←↗←↑↘←↗↖↖↖↗↗
                1 2 1 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 1—21

                2 3 1 4 5 4 2 5 2 3 1 3 2 5 4 4 2 2 4 3 1 5 5 3 3
                ↖↖↙↖↓→→↗←↑↓→→↗↗↗↑→↑→↗H↗↓
                o 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 o 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1—21

                1 3 3 1 2 4 5 1 2 5 2 5 1 2 4 5 5 5 1 5 3 1 4 4 5
                ↑→→↑↑↓→←↑↗↗→H↗↗→↙↗→↑↗H↙↖
                2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—24—85

                3 2 3 1 4 1 1 5 4 5 4 3 4 1 5 3 1 3 2 4 3 5 1 4 3
                T→↗→→↘↓↗↗↖↗↑→↑↑→↖←→↑↗↗↖↗
Fulford.. ....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1—21

                2 2 4 1 4 2 5 5 3 2 5 3 2 5 1 3 4 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 4
                ↑↑↖↗←←↗↓↗↑↗↑↗↓↖↗→↗↗↗↗↖↗↑
                2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 0 2 1 0 o 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 1—20

                3 1 4 3 4 5 1 2 2 2 4 2 2 3 4 5 4 2 2 3 4 2 3 3 3
                ↖↗↙↗↖↗↗→↖↑↑→←↗↗H↖↑→↗↗→↗
                1 1 1 2 1 o 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2—22

                5 5 2 3 3 4 1 4 2 2 5 4 1 2 5 5 5 3 2 5 2 2 1 5 1
                →↖←↓→↗←←↖→←↗↘→H←→→↗↗→→↖H
                1 2 2 0 1 1 2 o 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1—23—86
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WHITFIELD.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

The second, at Indianapolis, Dec. 19, resulted:

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Fulford.....2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—25
            2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2—24
            2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 1—24
            1 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2—23—96

Elliott.....1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2—25
            1 1 2 1 1 1 1 o 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 0—22
            0 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1—23
            1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 o 2 1 1 1—23—93
```

o Dead out of bounds.

## The Knoxville Gun Club.

AT the January meeting, 1892, the Knoxville Gun Club devised a scheme to encourage a friendly rivalry and create an interest among the members to attend the regular monthly shoots as follows: To give three cash prizes, $10 to first, $7.50 to second, $5 to third in each of the three classes. Class No. 1 to shoot unknown traps and known angles; Class No. 2 to shoot known traps and unknown angles; Class No. 3 to shoot known traps and known angles. The entire membership was classified into classes, Nos. 2 and 3 subject to be advanced into next higher class as follows: A member breaking 23 out of 25 twice would be advanced into Class No. 1. A member in Class No. 3 breaking 21 out of 25 twice, would be advanced into Class No. 2.

To determine the three winners in each of the classes a member's best 7 scores were selected to determine his average. The highest three averages in each class to win respectively first, second and third prizes in the class in which the shooter was located at the end of the year. After the regular December club shoot the averages of the best 7 scores were made up and it was found that the following members had won the prizes:

Class 1:

| | Per cent. |
|---|---|
| R. Van Gilder, first, prize $10.....19 21 21 22 22 24 25—154 | 88 |
| S. Van Gilder, second, prize $7.50...18 19 22 22 22 23 23—149 | 85.3 |

Class 2:

| | |
|---|---|
| F. A. Morris, first, prize $10.....20 20 21 21 21 22 22—147 | 84 |
| T. C. Eldridge, second, prize $7.50...19 20 20 21 21 21 22—144 | 82 |
| G. H. Wilson, third, prize $5.....14 16 19 19 19 21 18—126 | 72 |

Class 3:

| | |
|---|---|
| C. B. Ross, first, prize $70.....17 18 18 18 20 20 21—132 | 75.5 |
| J. C. White, second, prize $7.50.....14 17 18 19 19 20 20—127 | 73.5 |
| S. B. Dow, third, prize $5.....7 9 10 14 15 16 18— 89 | 50.8 |

The lowness of some of the scores can be attributed to the high winds and bad weather at some of the meetings.

Some members in Class No. 4 who had good scores missed shooting on several club days hence they not having 7 scores for an average were barred.

This scheme on the part of the club has helped to keep interest in the club and has proven beneficial, and I hope other clubs will adopt some such method to revive lagging interest.

R. VAN GILDER, Secretary.

## Pigeons and Keystones at Watertown.

THREE members of the Watertown (N. Y.) Gun Club had a seance on the club grounds on Dec. 15, when they shot at both live birds and Keystone targets.

The first event was at 18 live birds between Tallett and Paddock, Kingsley keeping them company for a time. The scores:

```
Tallett ....2212101101111212l—16  Kinglsey.....021212020—6
Paddock....2120011102111111—15
```

Then came two events at 25 targets each, all shooting from unknown angles and putting up the following totals:

```
Paddock.....1111110111111111111111111—24
Tallett.....1111111111111111111111110—22
Kingsley.....0110110101101111111101111—19

Paddock.....1111111111111111111111110—24
Tallett.....1101110111111111111111111—22
Kingsley.....1110111111010111111010101—18
```

*Dec. 17.*—The following scores were made at to-day's shoot:

Event No. 1, at live birds: Paddock-2111, Ayers-012, Tallett-110.

Event No. 2, 25 Keystones, unknown angles:

```
Paddock.....1111101101101101101111111—19
Tallett.....1011111000011011111111101—18
Ayers.....1111111111111111011010111—22
```

Event No. 3, same:

```
Paddock.....0111111111111111111011111—24
Tallett.....1111111110111101101111011—21
Ayers.....1101111111111111111111010—21
```

Event No. 4, 5 pairs:

```
Paddock .....01 10 10 11 11—7  Tallett.....11 10 11 11 10—3
```

No. 5, same:

```
Paddock.....10 10 11 11 11—8
```

## Harry Smith Wins the Purse.

IN spite of all predictions to the contrary the big open sweepstake at 100 live birds per man, $100 entry, shot on John Erh's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark, on Thursday, Dec. 15, was a success. True, there were only three entries, but these represented precisely three more than were predicted. Then again the weather bureau was not at all kind in the manner of weather conditions dealt out; in fact, until 9:30 A. M. it looked as though there would be a wading match instead of a shooting match. The air was misty and heavy, while the clouds were dark and threatening as though ready to send down a torrent at slight provocation, and there was scarcely a suspicion of a breeze. Long about 10:20 the clouds grew lighter, a little wind came down over the Orange Mountains, and the outlook became more cheering.

It was about this time that we reached Erh's place, where we found one shooter in the person of Phil Daly, Jr., of the Hollywood Gun Club who had been waiting an hour for some one to come along with a gun. It was another hour, however, before any one else arrived, and then came J. Frank Class, of Morristown, and Harry E. Smith, the promising young expert of the Newark and Essex Gun clubs. After a wait of another half hour and no sign of any accession to the ranks, sweepstake shooting was proposed in order that the guns might be warmed up for the big event of the day.

The traps were in position, a big lot of birds were on hand, "Lem" was impatient to do some gathering, so at the fun they went. The opening event was at 5 birds, $5 entry, one money: No. 2 was at 10 birds, $10 entry, also one money. In this all killed straight and decided to shoot off for the pot at 7 birds each, the birds to be paid for out of said pot. The results:

```
Class.....22221—5   2221112211—10   1211011—6
Daly.....21002—3    2211121212—10   0121121—6
Smith.....12221—5   1221111121—10   1111111—7
```

Here it is thought best to call a halt in order that the 100-bird sweep might be shot off before the light grew dim. The entries were: H. Frank Class, Phil Daly, Jr., and Harry E. Smith, each of whom put up $100, and decided that the pot less the cost of the birds should go to the winner. Very little time was lost in preliminary arrangements, Dr. P. J. Zeglio, of Warrenville, N. J., being chosen to officiate as referee and C. H. Townsend being official scorer.

It was just 12:50 p. m. when Class first called "pull," and with a neat first grassed a strong driver. Daly followed by losing a right-quarterer, although it was hit, while Smith sent both barrels into an incomer and scored. At this time there were probably a hundred spectators present, although the crowd kept increasing as the day wore on, until there were fully three hundred on the ground. Among the visitors were John Cockefair, of Bloomfield; Fred. Class, of Boonton; Frank Piper, J. R. Leonard, R. Trimmins and A. Moffatt, of Morristown; J. F. Morfey, of Paterson; George Raynor, of Orange; E. F. Pierson, of East Orange; George Work, of New York; Samuel Castle, senior and junior; C. M. Hedden, W. G. Hollis and others, of Newark.

The birds despite the unfavorable weather conditions flew splendidly, and what they would have done on a cooler, drier and more sunny day can only be conjectured. Not over half a dozen birds refused flight when the traps were sprung, and of these only two were called, the others starting off within an instant. Some few were slow as a matter of course, while a large number were as fast and tricky as ever left a trap. As a whole they could fairly be classed a good lot.

Class shot in good form during the early part of the race, killing 24 in the first quarter; his 9th bird, a twisting left-driver, being hit but falling dead just over the boundary. His 54th, a zig-zag incomer to the right, also fell within a couple of yards of the score line.

Daly's shooting was a puzzle. Nearly every bird was hit, but during the first half he seemed to have a penchant of putting his charges too low, and did not seem to lead his birds enough. As shown by the score, he lost four out of his first five birds, although every one of these were hit. In the second half he "got on" in better form, and killed 46 out of the 50.

Smith shot his same old gait throughout, his deliberate first barrel being effective. Of the 36 times his second barrel was used at least one-third was merely for safety.

At the end of the first quarter of the race Class led on 24 to Smith's 22 and Daly's 19. Here bets of 30 to 25 were offered on Class with no takers. On the half Class had scored 46 to Smith's 44 and Daly's 38, and the odds were made 50 to 25, and still no takers. On the third quarter Class was still in the lead with 70 to Smith's 68 and Daly's 62. On this round Smith lost his first bird and killed the remaining 24. On the final quarter both Class and Smith kept up their good work for a time, when suddenly Class began to let his birds get away. He killed 9 straight and still led Smith two birds. He then lost his 10th, 12th, 13th and 15th, when it began to look like a victory for Smith, who kept on killing, making a straight run until the 24th round, when he lost a bird. Class also lost his 20th, and at the finish it was seen that Smith had won by the fine total of 92 kills to Class's 90 and Daly's 84. Class could not account for his sudden dropping back, as he said all his shells were out of one lot, and he thought he held correctly on the birds he lost.

Smith's finish was a very strong one, he killing 48 out of his last 50, and making a run of 47 straight. He also made another run of 19. Class's best runs were 24, 13 and 30. Daly made runs of 15 and 28.

The first quarter of the race was shot in 47m., the second quarter in 39m., this being 1h. 26m. for 150 birds. The last half was shot in 1h. 32m., the trapping of the 300 birds consuming 2h. 58m., or a little better than 100 an hour.

Class's 26th bird was shot within a few yards of No. 3 trap, but when Lem attempted to gather it the bird showed considerable life, and before the dog succeeded in getting it in his mouth he had to chase half across the field to the right and then back near No. 1 trap, where he finally captured it. One of Smith's and one of Class's birds would have gone out of bounds had there been a low fence boundary, each of them striking against the high board fence. One of Daly's birds settled on the top rail of the fence, from where he was gathered, and under the conditions governing the match was scored.

Thus was shot the first open sweepstake at 100 live birds ever shot in this country, and as has been before stated it was a success. The birds were good, the trapping such as can be found only at John Erb's, and from start to finish not a dispute nor a jar occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

Below will be found the detailed scores of the match, the first line of figures showing the trap from which the birds were sprung and the third line the barrels used:

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

```
                3 3 2 5 5 5 3 5 5 4 3 3 2 5 2 3 3 3 2 3 3 3 3 5 1
                ↑→→↘↘→←↗↘→←↖↗↗←H↗←→↘↗→←
J F Class.....1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 o 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2—24

                3 2 2 4 3 5 1 2 2 1 3 3 4 1 5 3 5 2 3 5 5 3 1 1 3
                ↗→↓↑H←↗←↖↗↘↘↘H↗↙←↗↘↖←↙↖←
                1 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1—23—46

                3 3 1 4 2 3 4 2 1 3 2 3 2 1 5 1 4 3 2 2 2 5 2 3 4
                ←H↙↘↗↙↘↗←H←↘↖↗←↑←←←↗↙←←
                1 1 2 o 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2—24—70

                3 4 3 2 5 3 3 3 3 2 5 2 1 4 3 4 3 5 3 1 4 2 3 1 3
                ←H↗↗↙↓↘↖↑←H↓↑↗↓↑←→↙↘↙←→
                1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 1 0 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1—20—90

                1 3 3 3 2 1 4 2 3 1 1 2 1 3 1 5 5 3 1 3 4 2 3 3 3
                →↖→→↗↑T←←↗→←H↗↗→→←↘→↗→H→
P Daly, Jr.... 0 0 2 0 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 o 1 2 2 2 2 1—19

                2 3 4 1 2 4 4 2 1 3 3 3 2 3 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 4 3 1 1 2-
                ↓↙↗←↙↘HT←←↘↙↗→↗↙←↗←↘H↖→T↑↗
                2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 2 0 1—19—38

                2 2 4 3 4 3 5 1 4 2 2 4 3 5 5 5 5 5 1 5 4 1 5 2 3
                ↖→↖↗→↘↖→↗↗↖T↑→→↘↗→→←↖↖↗↘→
                0 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1—24—62

                2 3 4 3 5 4 2 1 3 2 3 2 2 2 4 2 3 1 5 2 1 4 1 1 1 4
                ↓↓↗→↗←←↗→T↘→↗→↓→↗←←←↓↗→→
                2 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 2—23—84

                3 3 3 4 2 2 4 5 1 5 3 3 2 3 5 3 5 4 3 4 3 3 2 1 4
                ↓H←←←↗↗←→↗→↗←←↙↓↖↓↗↗→→↓↗
H E Smith... 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—22

                2 4 4 2 4 3 4 3 2 3 5 4 2 5 2 2 3 3 2 3 5 3 5 3 1 3
                ↖→↘↗↘↓↙←↘↘↖↗↗↗←→↘←↙←←↘↖T
                1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 1—22—44

                1 4 3 3 2 5 5 2 3 3 5 3 1 3 2 1 3 1 4 5 5 4 2 4 4
                ↖→↗↘↘↘↖←→↗↖↗→→→→←↓↙↘↗↗→↗
                0 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2—24—68

                1 4 3 2 5 1 3 2 4 4 2 4 4 1 3 5 1 4 1 3 2 4 1 3 2
                ←↗↗←→↑↗→↓↓→↓↗↘↑←→↙→↘↙→→↗
                2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 1—24—92
```

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Kingbird Target Match at Albany.

SOME time ago a party of Albany sportsmen who were chatting in Elmer Vine's store, got into a discussion as to the relative shooting merits of John B. Sanders, the youngest shooter in the Eastern New York League, and one of the old standbys who we will call the "Old One." Glenyl, of the South and West End Gun Club expressed the opinion that young Sanders was the better shot of the two, and this "the Old One," who was present, took as a challenge, the result being that before the party left for home a match had been arranged to take place on the West End Gun Club grounds on Dec. 15, each man to shoot at 100 kingbird targets. The match came off as agreed, and the manner in which it terminated is shown by Horace B. Derby's story in the *Argus*:

"The day designated for the match proved a terror in the raw air, cold, wet sodden grounds, and a heavy atmosphere wherein a gruesome gray haze pervaded all space and gave to the light of day a dingy character that brought out the best efforts of the sharpest eyes to catch on to the whirling kingbirds and follow them in their swift and long-continued flight. A few fitful precipitations of rain shortly after midday caused many sportsmen, who had been given the tip and who were anxious to witness the match, to fear that it would not be shot out, consequently the event was rather slimly attended.

Leon. Wadsworth, Stone, Glenyl, Barron, Colloton and Shafer, all club members, were on hand, and of the other visitors I noted John Mullaly, of the South End Gun Club, and W. I. Wemple and William Bunn, of Amsterdam, members of the rifle club in that bustling little town. The boys had all come to see a good race and take a hand in the shooting, and they were gratified in both directions.

The contestants in the 100-bird match were called to the score shortly before 3 o'clock. The conditions of the match were, 100 kingbirds per man, three traps, known angles. With the wretched light, the chilling air, the swift flight of the birds, and the sharp angles at which they were thrown, the shooting of both men was very creditable. The match was closely contested, the shooters hanging to each other with grim determination from start to finish; but the lead the young fellow gained in the first 25 he maintained to the end, and won the game handily though his margin was a narrow one. Sanders used an L. C. Smith hammerless, 12-gauge gun, his opponent using a Colt of the same calibre.

The detailed score:

```
John B Sanders .. .....1111101011111111111111111—23
                       1111110111111111111011111110—23
                       1111111111111111111011111—24
                       0011101111101101111111111—20—89
The "Old One".....1110111111011011111111111—21
                       0100111111111111101101111—20
                       1111111101111111111111111—24
                       1110111110111111111110101—21—86
```

The veteran was not assured by his defeat that the young chap was the better man with the breechloader, and the victor was immediately challenged to shoot another match, under the same conditions, the date to be decided at a future conference. Both men are well-seasoned experts, and a slashing race may be looked for.

The other shooters present shot out several scores, some of the men shooting in excellent form and rolling up splendid totals. As these scores were made only for practice and pleasure, detailed mention is not needed. It would be unjust, however, not to notice the finest aggregate score of the competition, made by Henry R. Sanders, an elder brother of the winner of the individual match. This skillful marksman, with a 12-gauge Winchester repeating shotgun, scored a total of 91 out of 100 kingbirds."

## Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

The last regular club shoot of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club for 1892 was held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, Dec. 14. There was a good attendance of the members, nineteen entering for the club medal, class prizes and the best averages for the annual prizes. Each shot at seven birds. Class handicap—Class A, 28 and 30 yards; Class B, 25 and 27, and Class C, 23 and 25. J. Bennett, A. Botty and A. Waeldin tied with seven each for the medal, and on the shoot off Bennett won it, also the special prize in Class A. J. Link, H. Selover and H. Bookman tied with six each for the Class B prize, which J. Link won on the shoot off. A. Waeldin took the Class C prize. The first annual prize is a hammerless gun, valued at $100, and it is a close race between J. Bennett and A. Botty as to who shall take it, there being a difference of one bird on the best scores. The score of shoot:

Class A.

| | |
|---|---|
| A Botty.....2112111—7 | A Andrews.....0022222—5 |
| E Helgans.....2120101—5 | T Short.....0112020—4 |
| J Bennett.....2111212—7 | A Brower.....1121210—6 |
| J Blake.....1012l1—6 | W Selover.....0321011—5 |
| A Miller.....1202120—5 | H Le Mairo.....1321002—5 |

Class B.

| | |
|---|---|
| J Link.....1111011—6 | M Ellis.....0021202—4 |
| H Selover.....0222121—6 | H Bookman.....1202111—6 |
| G O Berry.....1102110—5 | C Rein.....1122000—4 |
| H Bramwell.....2001211—5 | |

Class C.

| | |
|---|---|
| M Meyer.....2121110—6 | A Waeldin.....2112112—7 |

## Shooting Matches.

A FOUR-HANDED match was shot off on the same grounds and date between four prominent Coney Island hotel keepers at 10 birds each, 25yds. rise, the loser to pay for the birds and wine. H. Sturdevant was the victim.

Another match at 10 birds was shot off between Frank Goodale, who has joined the Atlantics, and C. E. Morris. The latter won easily. Scores:

```
H Sturdevant.....2010000100—3  G Vandervaer.....2101021112—8
C Stuebenbord.....2100002001—4  F Gallagher.....0220122111—8
```

Match for the birds:

```
F Goodale.....0001101220—5  C E Morris.....1120211112—9
```

## Plenty of Sport at Rutherford.

THE members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, along with a delegation from the Passaic City Rod and Gun Club, had a pleasant outing at Rutherford on Dec. 17. The day was a fairly good one for trap work. The main feature was the shoot-off of the tie for fifth place in the New Jersey Trap Shooter's League tournament. This was shot by teams of five men each, at 25 targets per man. The result follows:

Boiling Springs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Kless | 01111101110110101111011111—19 |
| Hollister | 01111101111111101111101111—21 |
| Ed Collins | 11111111111111111111111101—24 |
| Post | 10111111111101101011111110—20 |
| Atwater | 11011100010101111111100000—15—99 |

Passaic City.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wise | 01111111111111101111110100—20 |
| Shaw | 10001000010100000011101001— 9 |
| Vermorel | 11111101001111111111010111—20 |
| Kewitt | 00000111111110011010100011—15 |
| Abbott | 11011111001100110111111111—19—81 |

Then followed the third of the series of 10-men team matches, at 25 targets per man, between the two clubs, each of which had previously won one match. The race was closely contested, and it was only after a struggle that the Passaic team finally won the match and thus the series. The scores are appended:

Passaic City.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hall | 01011101001111101111100000—15 |
| Connan | 11111011110010010111111100—17 |
| Gaston | 10111011111101101010001010—16 |
| Shaw | 11101111111010110011111111—20 |
| Kewitt | 11100101010000101011111100—13 |
| Jellame | 10010111100010111011010101—15 |
| Vermorel | 10101010111011111001000101—13 |
| Wise | 10111011111111111111111101—22 |
| Hemion | 11111010111101111101100100—17 |
| Abbott | 10101111011100011110101111—18—166 |

Boiling Springs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Kless | 11111111111100111011110—21 |
| Huck | 10011110111101110011010—17 |
| Lane | 11111110100101010101010—15 |
| Paul | 10110111011111100011111—18 |
| Peck | 10110101100010111000011—13 |
| James | 11111111111111000111111—21 |
| Krebs | 11011000010101001111101011—13 |
| Collins | 01110101000010111001111—15 |
| Hollister | 11111000010101111011100—17 |
| Coe | 01000010010011011010000—9 |

The rest of the day was devoted to sweepstake shooting, the ten target events being $1 entry; 15 target, $1.50 entry. The results follow:

No. 1, 10 singles: Hobart 8, Jeanneret 7, Hedden 6, Lenone 5.

No. 2, the same: Lenone 6, Hobart and Hedden 5, Jeanneret and Peck 3.

No. 3, the same: Hedden 10, Hobart 8, Peck and Lenone 7.

No. 4, the same: Hobart 10, Hedden 9, Huck 8, Paul, Coe, Lenone 4, Peck 6, Collins and Burgess 5.

No. 5, as above: Hobart, Hedden and Huck 8, Coe and Collins 7, Lenone 6, Burgess 5, Peck 4.

No. 6, like the last: Hobart 10, Hedden 8, Coe and Lenone 8, Wise, Huck and Paul 7, Peck and Hall 5, Collins 4.

| | No. 7. | Ties. | No. 8. | No. 9. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hedden | 1111111010— 8 | 11111 | 1101110101— 7 | 101111010111111—12 |
| Wise | 0111101111— 8 | 11011 | 0011001111— 6 | 111011111010001—11 |
| Paul | 1010111111— 8 | 11111 | 1011101111— 8 | 111111101111111—14 |
| Lane | 0111101110— 7 | ..... | ..... | 101011111111010—11 |
| Peck | 0110000010— 3 | ..... | 1000011100— 4 | ..... |
| Hemion | 0101011111— 7 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Hobart | 1111111111—10 | ..... | 1111011110— 8 | 111100100101011— 9 |
| Klees | 1111011110— 8 | 10101 | 1111111011— 9 | 101110010101011— 9 |
| Shaw | 0110010001— 4 | ..... | 1111111110—10 | ..... |
| James | 1110010111— 8 | 01000 | 1101000111— 9 | ..... |
| Outwater | 1110101110— 7 | ..... | 0010110111— 6 | 001101010011111— 9 |
| Cowan | 1111111111—10 | ..... | 0010010011— 4 | ..... |
| Post | 0110111111— 8 | 01001 | 0001001001— 3 | 110000100000001— 4 |
| Krebs | 0111101101— 7 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Vermorel | 1101010110— 6 | ..... | 1111101111— 9 | 100101111110100— 9 |
| Kevitt | 0111111001— 8 | ..... | 0001101111— 6 | ..... |
| Bowes | 1011110001— 6 | ..... | 1111101110— 8 | ..... |
| Abbot | 1110101001— 6 | ..... | 0110011101— 6 | ..... |
| Jellame | 1111011011— 8 | 11111 | ..... | ..... |
| Lenore | ..... | ..... | 1110010000— 4 | 010100010010000— 4 |
| Hall | ..... | ..... | 0011101100— 5 | ..... |
| Huck | ..... | ..... | 0001111010— 5 | 110110011101110—10 |
| Collins | ..... | ..... | ..... | 101110111011110—13 |
| Hollister | ..... | ..... | ..... | 111110101111111—10 |
| Coe | ..... | ..... | ..... | 001011110100010— 7 |

## The Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

THE attendance of the members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday, Dec. 14, was up to the usual average, twenty-two competing for the Eppig diamond badge and extra club prizes at seven birds each, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. A good race took place between C. Plate and C. Detlefsen for the trophy. The former won with twenty straight. S. W. Northridge won the second prize, outshooting "Snapper" Garrison. Dr. Van Ord won the third and the fourth and fifth were divided. The scores:

Regular monthly shoot for the Eppig diamond badge and club prize:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W Lair | 2102122—6 | R Lambert | 1010212—5 |
| Dr Van Ord | 1201012—5 | J J Eunis | 0121211—6 |
| E McNaughton | 2122122—7 | J E Lake | 1002212—5 |
| F McLaughlin | 2120212—6 | C Plate | 1211121—7 |
| W Green | 0010022—3 | C Detlefsen | 1221222—7 |
| Dr Little | 0200122—4 | H W Blattmacher | 2122022—6 |
| L Eppig | 2102122—6 | J B Voorhees | 2012112—6 |
| J Schlieman | 1110211—6 | F Ibert | 0101021—4 |
| W Lohman | 0010021—3 | J Cottier | 1010120—4 |
| C Englebrecht | 2121221—7 | W Scheelje | 1212212—7 |
| S W Nordlinger | 2102121—6 | E H Garrison | 0122222—6 |

The birds were good but bad light.

Sweepstake shoot, 25yds., 3 birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J Schlieman | 121—3 | Dr Van Ord | 112—3 |
| L Eppig | 112—3 | R Lambert | 210—2 |
| C Englebrecht | 100—1 | W Lair | 010—1 |
| Dr Little | 012—2 | F Ibert | 000—0 |

## Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

As there is no regular prize put up for competition for this month's shoot by the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club the members present had a good afternoon's sport at sweepstake shooting at the West End grounds, Coney Island, on Thursday, Dec. 15. It was more of a trial of skill between the novices of the club, the older members and more experienced staying out. The birds were a first class lot. C. E. Morris in practice killed 48 out of 50 picked birds. The score. No. 1, 5 birds, lowest score to pay for the birds; No. 2, 3 birds; Nos. 3 and 4, 5 birds each:

| | No. 1. | Tie. | No. 2. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| R J Sutherland | 01111—4 | 122 | 111—3 | 22111 |
| R Richards | 10111—4 | 210 | 010—1 | ..... |
| J Gavin | 01101—3 | ... | 111—3 | 21220 |
| D Sturdevant | 01111—4 | 100 | 012—3 | ..... |
| G Vandeveer | 11111—5 | ... | 111—3 | ..... |
| | No. 3. | | | No. 4. |
| R J Sutherland | 12112—5 | 21221120 | | 00101—2 |
| R Richards | 21101—4 | ..... | | 01101—3 |
| J Gavin | 12111—5 | 12221111 | | 12001—3 |
| D Sturdevant | 01210—3 | ..... | | 21022—4 |

## Garrison Defeats Morris.

THE long talked of match between C. E. Morris, president of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, and E. H. Garrison, the well-known jockey, of the Fountain Gun Club, was shot off on Saturday, Dec. 17, at the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds, West End, Coney Island. The conditions of the contest as arranged were at 100 live birds each under modified Hurlingham rules, gun handicap. Morris used his E. C. Higham gun, 10-bore, 30yds., Garrison a Scott gun, 12-bore, 28yds., the stakes being $300 a side. The birds furnished by Bonden were a good lot; the weather was cloudy and cool. Morris was well handled by Dick Monsees, and Garrison had the services of C. W. Wingert in his last 50, which materially aided him in winning the match.

The match was started promptly on time, 1 P. M., Garrison winning the toss and sending Morris to the traps first, who downed his first, a straight driver, in good style. Garrison followed with a fast left-quartering driver, which he nearly stopped; he missed his 2d bird, a fast right-quartering driver, Morris following suit on a fast incomer; he again missed his 9th and 11th, both incomers; 15th, a right-quartering driver; 19th, another incomer, and 23d, another right-quartering driver, making a total of 6 out of 25.

Garrison, after killing 14 straight missed his 17th, an incomer, 18th, 21st, 22d and 25th, all quartering drivers, and tieing the score.

Morris then killed 15 straight and then missed his 39th, 40th and 49th, the first another incomer and the two last drivers.

Garrison missed his 34th, 37th, 42d, 44th and 47th birds, nearly all being drivers, leaving him 2 birds behind on the first half of the match, the score standing Morris 41, Garrison 39.

After a recess of 10 minutes the second half was commenced. Morris lost his 56th bird, a fast straight driver from No. 3 trap, which was hard hit, and dropped dead for alighting on the fence. He also missed his 69th, an incomer; 71st and 74th, both right-quartering drivers, although hard hit, got away.

Garrison did some tall shooting with a straight run of 20. He missed his 71st bird and finishing the third round 1 bird ahead.

In the last round on his 84th bird Morris's gun got very stiff and hard to pull and caused him to miss a fast left incomer, but he kept on with it, although it caused him to miss his 87th, 90th and 91st, all incomers, and his 99th, a fast right-quarterer.

Garrison missed his 78th, a hard straight driver, which dropped dead over the fence. He then killed 17 straight, 16 with the first barrel, but missing his 96th, a fast incomer, having killed 47 out of his last 50, and winning the match by the score of 86 to 82. The best runs were: Morris, 15, 9, 9, 8, 7, 6. Garrison, 23, 17, 14, 8.

Both made some good kills, the most notable were Morris's 86th, a fast left-quartering driver; Garrison's 60th and 85th. The score:

C E Morris, (30yds.)
↑↗↘→→←↘↙↙↙↙←↗→←↙↘↘↘↖←
.2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 o 1 1 1 0 1 2—19
↖←↖→↗→↑↗→←↘→↖↖↖↖↑↖↘←↗←←→↗↖→
1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1—22
↖←→↖↑→↗→←→←↘↗↘→←↘↗↘→←→→→
2 1 1 1 2 o 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—21
→↙↙→↗↗→↑↙↓↖↘↑↓↙↙↓←←→←↙↗↗
2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 0 2 1 0 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 1—20—82

E H Garrison. (28yds.)
↖↗↗↙↗↗↗↗↘↘←↙↙→↙↙↗↖↘↖←←↖
1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 1 0 2—19
↙↙↖↗↗↘↙←↖↙↘↗↗↗↗↙←←↖↗↗↖↗→↘←
1 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 0 1 2 2—20
↖←↘↘↘↗↗↗↖↘↙→→→→H←↗↘↙↙↗↘↘↗↙
2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 3 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 3—24
↗←↑→→T→↘→↖→→→→↓←↑←↘↓↓←↘↓↘
2 2 o 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 2—23—86

Referee, E. H. Madison. Scorer, C. A. Dellar.

## CHICAGO TRAPS.

*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 17.—John Watson has invented a new word for the trap shooters, and not a bad term either, though nobody would think, just to look at John Watson, that he was threatened with philology, synonyms, or anything of an equally painful nature. In the programme which he issues of his holiday tournament, Dec. 27-30, Mr. Watson specifies certain shoots which are to be shot under the "manotone system." A little figuring will enable any one to see that by this Mr. Watson means the rapid-fire system. There will also be, however, a large number of events at unknown traps. Of course there will be plenty of live bird events, among which is the very interesting one billed as follows: "Twenty-eighth and last contest will be a straight freeze-out, shot to a finish, at live birds specially and carefully selected, entrance $5." In short, Mr. Watson evidently aims to give a tournament a little outside the fragile and worn out lines of the old sort. Speed the day when we may have more shooting worthy of this day in the development of sport. Shooters coming to this tournament will probably see some good birds and good shooting. Singular comment on the present confused condition of shooting rules in this section is to be found in the announcement of the rules for this tournament—American Association, except 1¼oz. of shot, except boundary, which is the Illinois horseshoe, except distance, which is 30yds. for all guns. Truly bastard rules, and in one particular, at least, of bastard vicelousness.

CAPT. ANSON'S PARK.

Capt. Anse has bloomed out as a shooter of energy and resource. Not content with the deplorably dilatory action of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's inexecutive committee in the matter of next season's tournament, he has concluded arrangements for the leasing of the South Side baseball park at Thirty-fifth street for a term of weeks next summer, and will hold a World's Fair shoot, targets and birds, open to the world, on his own hook. He will make money, and deserves to. Is there no way in which Adrian can be made an annex to the inexecutive committee? In his enterprise he may associate others with him, and has already offered John Watson a half interest in the project.

INCORPORATED.

Messrs. Thorssen & Cassady, of this city, will on Jan. 1 merge their firm name into that of Thorssen & Cassady Co., articles of incorporation having now been filed. It will please many friends over the country to hear that Mr. H. F. Jenney, of the late Jenney & Graham Gun Co., will again come back into the sporting goods trade, where he was so long and favorably known, and will be henceforward at the sign of the new company above mentioned.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Dec. 6.—Score made to-day by the Fort Dearborn Club for the club medal; 15 live pigeons each, under new Illinois State rules:

| | |
|---|---|
| Geo Kleinman | 2120211111111122—14 |
| F R Bissell | 0100120220012—9 |
| Abe Kleinman | 0211222222212212—14 |
| J A Macomber | 1111010211111122—13 |

The two Kleinmans will settle the tie next shoot.

For target medal same day, 20 targets each from 3 unknown traps; Abe Kleinman 15, Geo. Kleinman 9, Bissell 13, Macombey 11.

*Dec. 14.*—Score made to-day by the South Chicago Gun Club for club medal: 20 live pigeons each, under new Illinois State rules:

| | |
|---|---|
| L Willard | 21011122111212222211—19 |
| F Willard | 21212111?211222211222—20 |
| Dr Larkin | 00212212111201010002—14 |
| Ben Fogli | 10212121212111111222—19 |
| J Watson | 10122210221101111222—17 |
| P Miller | 12011122111021011102—16 |

Sweep for birds:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| L C Willard | 0211212111—9 | Dr Larkin | 21222—5 |
| Fogli | 0211202012—7 | Watson | 12101—4 |
| F E Willard | 01121—4 | | |

For target medal, 30 targets each from 3 unknown traps: Miller 15, L. C. Willard 14, F. E. Willard 13, Fogli 14.

RAVELRIGG.

## Massachusetts Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 14.—The third tournament of the Massachusetts Shooting Association was held at the grounds of the Brocton Gun Club yesterday. It was an elegant day for trap-shooting, but a small delegation were present to compete for the State trophies. This meet saw more of the eastern "cracks" come together, but there was one fault, that the entire State was not well represented.

We saw no representatives from Springfield, Palmer and the western section; not a soul from Fall River, New Bedford or vicinity. It was about the same sporting crowd that assembled at the first tournament at Clarendon Hills, but considering the dreariness of this season of the year, the attendance though small is certainly worthy of notice.

Competitors from Lynn, the "Angel City," were there in the persons of Capt. Martin, W. G. Wetherbee and Friedrich Forbes; Coate, Gore, Bradbury, Gale and Snow, of Boston; C. E. Forehand, E. Tolman, Chas. Colvin, and W. L. Davis, of Worcester, and last but not least, many enterprising members of the Brocton Gun Club.

Shooting began at an early hour and continued till dark. As an average the scores were very uneven and several local cracks, who are considered 90 per cent. men, made a poor showing in the individual match.

W. L. Davis won the race by one bird. Thus far three of the best "cracks" in the State are tied on first position, namely Mr. Bennett, of Boston, who won the badge at Clarendon Hills; W. F. Brown, of Lynn, winning at Worcester; and W. L. Davis, of Worcester, winning at Brocton.

The team races were closely contested for, but the Brocton men flying high and won both the amateur and professional team badges.

Following are the scores:

No. 1, amateur team contest, State badges:

| Worcester Team. | | Brockton 1st Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Forehand | 1111111111—10 | Wilbur | 1110111111— 9 |
| Tolman | 1101111011— 8 | Kneel | 1111111011— 9 |
| Davis | 1110100101— 6—24 | Leroy | 1011111111— 9—27 |
| Boston Team. | | Lynn Team. | |
| Choate | 1110111011— 8 | Welch | 1100100011— 5 |
| Gore | 1011101111— 8 | Wetherbee | 1100*11001— 6 |
| Bradbury | 1100110101— 6—22 | Forbes | 1010100101— 5—16 |
| Brockton No. 2 Team. | | | |
| Jones | 1111011101— 8 | Wood | 1100101111— 7—18 |
| Atwood | 1001010000— 3 | | |

No. 2, individual race, 20 singles, for the State challenge badge:

| | |
|---|---|
| Choate | 11101011110101011111—15 |
| Forbes | 11001000101001010— 9 |
| Forehand | 11101111011111101111—17 |
| Wood | 11011011010100110111—16 |
| Wilbur | 11011101110110110110—14 |
| Kneel | 11111011111011111111—18 |
| Post | 11110111111101111111—18 |
| Leroy | 11111111101111101111—18 |
| Gale | 11110101101101101101—15 |
| Davis | 11111111110111111111—19 |
| Bradbury | 11110111101111110111—17 |
| Smith | 11110111011011011111—16 |
| Gore | 01110111011101101101—14 |
| Jones | 10011011101110111010—13 |
| Snow | 10101001101110110110—13 |
| Colvin | 10100110101101010101—11 |
| Martin | 10110110101010101111—14 |
| Weth'bee | 10001010010000000101— 7 |
| Welch | 10111110111111101111—17 |

Davis won first position and sweep; Kneel, Post, Leroy, second; Forehand, Bradbury and Welch, third.

Professional team race for State badges:

| Boston. | | Lynn. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Choate | 1001101010—5 | Welch | 1101101100—6 |
| Gore | 1101111011—8 | Wetherbee | 1100011010—5 |
| Bradbury | 1101110110 7—20 | Forbes | 1111011101—8—19 |
| Worcester. | | Brockton No. 2. | |
| Forehand | 1010110101—6 | Wood | 1110101101—7 |
| Tolman | 1111101111—9 | Atwood | 1111011010—7 |
| Davis | 1011111101—8—23 | Tisdale | 1111101111—9—23 |

Brockton Team No. 2 won this match, having shot out Worcester on the tie.

The next tournament of the Massachusetts State Trap Shooting Association will be held at Walnut Hills, when we hope to see the entire State well represented.

A. J. KELSEY.

## Falcon Gun Club.

ONLY three members competed for the Falcon Gun Club's gold medal, at Dexter Park, on Thursday, Dec. 15, at 10 birds, each under Long Island rules, bird killed with the second barrel to score as a half bird. J Vagts won the medal. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| J Vagts | 1112121121—8½ |
| J H Miller | 2110101111 7½ |

Sweep at 10 targets, $1 entrance, 1 money:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miller | 1111111111—10 | | |
| Vagts | 1110111111— 9 | Van Stader | 1111011011—8 |

Referee, W. Miller.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R., Gray, Me.—The following question has caused considerable discussion, and all parties are willing to leave it to you for final settlement: A put out fox bait and sets trap to a light drag. B, passing by the following day, discovers fox and shoots him about 10 rods from the bait. The fox was in the trap. B returns the trap to A, claiming the fox. Now, will you decide to whom does the fox belong? Ans. To A.

D. B. C., New York.—What rivers that flow into Lake St. John have the best hunting? How far up can one go in a 21ft. naphtha launch? Would you advise me going up any of those rivers in a naphtha launch on a hunting trip? Ans. The rivers are: Ashuapmouchouan, navigable for 15 miles; Mistassini, navigable for 20 miles; Ticouapee, navigable for 30 miles; Peribonco, navigable for 30 miles. But for a small naphtha launch the above distances might be exceeded. Correspond with Mr. B. A. Scott, Roberval, Lake St. John, who will give all information referring to hunting and guides, etc.

## Cleveland as a Fisherman.

WM. H. CRANE, the comedian, is somewhat of a fisherman himself, but he yields the palm to Grover Cleveland. "I never saw a man," said Mr. Crane, "who had the passion for angling and the patience at it that Cleveland has. He doesn't seem to care whether he catches any fish or not; he'll sit for hours under a broiling sun, watching his bob go dancing in the water, and never utter a complaint if he doesn't get a nibble. I went out several times with him last summer—Joe Jefferson took us out. Joe isn't any sort of a fisherman—he's a great actor and a great painter and all that kind of thing, but he can't fish a little bit. Joe can't bait a hook; seems to be afraid of the worms; so Cleveland and I took turns at putting bait on his hook. Joe got restless before we had been out half an hour; he kept wanting to move around—was sure that it 'was better fishing on the other side of the pond.' Perhaps you've been fishing with that sort of a man. It worried Cleveland a good deal, and by and by says he: 'Joe,' says he, 'when I was a small boy I went fishing with my uncle Elihu, and I remember that he told me that one of the secrets of success in life was to stick to the place where you'd thrown your anchor out. Too many folks,' said uncle Elihu, 'spend all their time pulling up anchors and rowing around; they don't catch the fish.' 'As for me,' says he, 'when I start to fish I sit right there and fish until either the pond runs dry or the horn blows for supper.'"

THE strangest couple in the menagerie in Central Park are the raven and the common crow, who share a cage in the aviary. The latter imposes on his giant cousin in the most barefaced manner. The crow never deigns to descend to the ground to get his food, which is raw meat. The raven humbly flops to the floor and, selecting the largest piece of meat, puts it in its beak and proceeds to masticate it and then return to his perch. When it is sufficiently tender, bit by bit is exposed, the remainder held firmly with the powerful beak. The crow then deigns to peck at the tender morsel, and it is not until he is thoroughly satisfied that the raven dares to begin eating his own meal. It may be that the raven thinks the crow is a young bird of his own clan, and only wants feeding up to grow. Whatever, however, may be his delusion, it is a fact that this curious comedy may be witnessed every day in the aviary about 3 o'clock.—*New York Evening Post.*

An interesting case of a wild rabbit living in an almost tame condition is recorded by Helen J. Murray in the current number of *Nature Notes*, the Selborne Society's magazine. Mrs. Paul, a fisherman's wife, living in a hut between Ardnahein Farm and the mouth of Loch Goil, deserves the credit of having achieved this result. The rabbit was brought in when very young by a cat, and reared by Mrs. Paul, from whose hand it still feeds. It now spends part of its time in the woods and part on the low sloping roof of the hut among the pigeons, or at the door among the fowls. It is shy in the presence of strangers, but quite friendly to the fisherman's wife.—*Nature.*

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Pioneer Mail* of Allahabad, the thatch on Burmese houses gives a tempting shelter to snakes, especially during the rains, and many of the occupants of the houses would be surprised if they knew the number of snakes that share the shelter of their roof on a rainy night. One night an officer was wakened up by a noise in his room; and by the light of a lighted wick, floating in a tumbler of oil, he made out that two combatants were disputing the possession of the small space in the centre of the bedroom. The belligerents turned out to be a snake and a rat, that somehow had jostled against each other in the tiny tenement.—*Nature, Dec. 1, 1892.*

ON and after Sunday, D. c. 18, important changes will be made in through trains via Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving New York as follows:

Columbian Express at 9 A.M. daily instead of 2 P. M., arriving at Pittsburgh 9 P. M., Chicago 10 A. M., Cincinnati 6:35 A. M. and Indianapolis 7:55 A. M., with sleeping and dining cars through to those points. At Philadelphia connection will be made with Fast Line for all points in central and western Pennsylvania, Cleveland and Toledo.

Pennsylvania Limited at 12 noon daily, instead of 10 A. M., arrive Chicago 12 noon. Sleeping car to Cincinnati discontinued on this train.

St. Louis and Cincinnati Express at 12 noon instead of 2 P. M., with through sleeping and dining cars, arriving in St. Louis 5:30 P. M. and Cincinnati 8:15 A. M.

Southwestern Express will leave at 7:50 P.M., Sundays 7:45 P.M., forty minutes earlier than present schedule; no change in through connections; sleeping and dining cars.

There will be no change in Western Express and Pacific Express.

New York and Washington Limited will leave at 10 A. M. instead of 10:10 A. M.

The 2:10 P. M. train for Washington and the South will be changed to leave at 2 P. M.—*Adv.*

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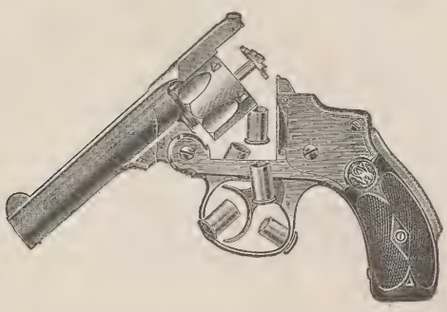
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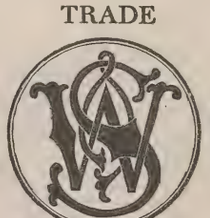
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Photo by F. E. Frisbie.

Forest and Stream Amateur Photography Competition.

# THE HUNTING PROSPECTOR.

*Supplement to Forest and Stream, Dec. 29, 1892.*

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VOL. XXXIX.—No. 26 No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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### *THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.*

THIS is the last week for receiving work submitted in the FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition. All photographs must be mailed to us not later than Dec. 31. Nothing bearing a later post mark will be received.

### *POLLUTION OF STREAMS BY CULM.*

A SUBJECT of much importance to Pennsylvania anglers and to guardians of the public health is the washing of coal mine refuse into the streams of the State. This has resulted in the destruction of fish and the contamination of the water supply, followed by various diseases growing out of such pollution.

Those who have suffered most from this cause have expressed their indignation through the press and to their representatives in the Legislature. One of the aggrieved parties brought suit against a coal company and secured a verdict awarding damages for the injury to his property. The case was that of David S. Elder against the Lykens Valley Coal Company. Mr. Elder claimed that his property was damaged by the washings from the company's mines into Wiconisco Creek. The plaintiff's lawyers were John E. Fox and Lyman D. Gilbert, while the coal company was defended by Hon. L. W. Hall. The trial took place before Judge Simonton, and the jury, after several hours' deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff of $1,507. Mr. Hall moved for a new trial, which was denied, and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court.

The public will continue to agitate the matter and insist upon its rights until relieved of the nuisance and menace to health.

### *PATRIOTISM IN 1893.*

WE have sent out numbers of pamphlet reprints of our recent statement of the case of Cooke City vs. the National Park. The document has been widely called for by individuals. It has gone very generally to the press. On another page are copied some of the comments.

The Park issue is momentous, truly national in its bearing, and concerns the future more than the present. Being of such a character it should have the consideration of every individual who counts himself a true American. Every claim of patriotism and love of country should prompt to personal interest and exertion to withstand this menace to our magnificent National Park. If

Peace hath her victories
Not less renowned than war,

it is no less true that in peace, no less than in war, the good citizen is called upon individually and personally to do something toward achieving those victories. That is an exceedingly narrow and inadequate conception of patriotism that would limit the exercise of the virtue to conflicts of war. He is the truest patriot who waits not for a rally to arms, but hears as well the demand of the hour to secure good government, and to preserve intact for the people of to-day and to-morrow the national possessions which of right are theirs.

With the beginning of 1893 no higher privilege is open to one as a public spirited citizen than that of protesting to his representatives at Washington against the progress of this iniquitous scheme to rob from the people a portion of their Yellowstone National Park.

### *SNAP SHOTS.*

WE have often pointed out the value of the aid transportation companies may render to the protection of big game by refusing to transport hides and carcases. Enlightened railroad managers understand this, and certain lines which find sportsmen-tourist patronage profitable have not been slow thus to ally themselves on the side of protection and the laws. California, from whose limits elk and antelope have disappeared, has for two years had a close season on deer, with a view to preserving the species from extermination. The close time will expire next year. The measure has been decidedly effective; deer have increased and again become plentiful. The Fish and Game Commission report that the efficient working of the law has been due in a large degree to the co-operation of the express companies, the Southern Pacific Co. and Wells, Fargo & Co. These have refused to transport carcases to market, and thus have compelled the market-hunter to give over his occupation.

Once in a while a transportation company learns a lesson, as did one in New York State not long ago, when a game protector brought suit for an unlawfully carried carcase of venison. "We received 20 cents for carrying it," said the president of the line, "and it cost us $100 fine and counsel fees. That doesn't pay." And it didn't.

The Michigan game law reads, as to possession: "No person shall sell or expose for sale, or have in his possession for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the kinds or species of birds or animals protected by this act after the expiration of eight days next succeeding the times limited and prescribed for the killing of any such birds or animals." In a recent suit brought by Game Warden Hampton against F. J. Dettenthaler, of Grand Rapids, for selling venison out of season, the defendant admitted the charge, but contended that as the venison had been purchased in open season it had then become his property and the statute could not prevent his selling it when he pleased. The judge, Gove, thereupon took the case from the jury. It need not be added that the defendant's plea would not stand for a moment in any court familiar with the accepted principle of law relating to game protection.

The Minnesota case cited by "Jay Beebe," we assume, was decided on different grounds. Possibly the contention in this case was that the prohibition of selling venison may be construed as relating only to venison killed in the State. Judge Cory is himself a sportsman, and is informed on game legislation; his decision is presumably based on defensible ground.

In the spring of 1892 the California Fish Commission planted 317,000 fry of the Eastern brook trout in streams of Los Angeles, Mendocino, Marin, Sonoma, San Mateo, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, Calaveras and Placer counties. Planting began on April 1 and closed on May 31. The eggs were taken jointly by the Nevada and California Commissions at Marlette Lake, Nevada, and they were hatched in the Bear Valley hatchery, California. The tributaries of the San Gabriel received 25,000 of the trout.

Staten Island, in New York Harbor, would hardly be looked upon as a profitable game field, but the actual revenue derived from small birds on the island the past season has been $400. The average price of birds there has been $5, paid by gunners to the local justice, and the precise number of birds killed on the island and so paid for may be found by dividing 400 by 5.

News stand purchasers of FOREST AND STREAM next week will welcome the new and more legible head which is then to be used for the first time. And every one will be pleased with the new outfit of type with which we shall mark the beginning of another volume, the fortieth.

With all the bear stories, which from time to time run their course in the pages of this journal, few of them are grisly tales of hand to hand conflict, where fate is one moment for the bear and the next for the man. For the most part, actors in scrimmages with the grizzly, when come out of the fray alive, are not given to writing; and it is rarely that they find adequate pen chroniclers. The average daily newspaper account of a bear fight is so overdone that one must discount it, and a discounted bear story is as flat as cold-storage game. Those who have known Mr. Ira Dodge, and have hunted with him as a guide in the Rocky Mountains, will readily bear witness that his story of the encounter with a grizzly is to be taken for its full face value—the modest relation of an old hunter, who has been through a fracas just as he tells it; and by such readers his story will be followed with liveliest interest and sympathy.

we expressed our distrust of the advantage to be derived from a National Sportsmen's Association. We do have faith, however, in the united efforts of groups of contiguous States to secure uniformity of laws and a certain union and co-operation in game and fish protection. Such a movement was given impetus in Minneapolis the other day, when Fish and Game Commissioners and Wardens met in a convention representing the six States of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota and South Dakota, a report of which is given elsewhere. There is reason to believe that the ends sought in such a way, and by such men, may not be impossible of attainment. The specific purposes of such a conference are clearly recognized, and command respect and approval.

Those who have admired Mr. E. E. Thompson's spirited animal drawings in FOREST AND STREAM and elsewhere, or are familiar with his interesting writings on natural history subjects, will learn with pleasure that he has been appointed Government Naturalist for the Province of Manitoba, and is commissioned to prepare and arrange the native products exhibit of that province at Chicago for the World's Fair. Just at present all Toronto is agog over Mr. Thompson's wolf picture, which is to be exhibited at Chicago. The picture by its excellence appeals strongly to art critics, but its realism and the horror of the subject horrified people at first. At length, however, as the public became a little accustomed to it the picture received universal applause.

Mr. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, passed through the city last week on his way to Florida, where he will spend a winter vacation. As Agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Mr. Gregory is emphatically a man of affairs, and the Canadian days are all too short for the responsible duties of his office. But as it is from the busiest men that most is demanded, Mr. Gregory has been called upon in the course of his official life to render courtesies and services uncounted and unstinted to American sportsmen visiting the Dominion. Now that our Canadian friend has come over the line, it is a pleasure to bespeak for him like favors among the sportsmen of the South, that his winter may be as full of sunshine as a Canadian summer.

A reproduction of an amateur photograph (one of the FOREST AND STREAM series) by Mr. F. F. Frisbie, accompanies this issue as an extra page supplement. The subject is the "Hunting Prospector," and Mr. Frisbie has supplemented this charming picture with not less pleasing descriptive text. We count the prospector in his far Northwestern wickyup happy in the finding of such an artist with camera and pen to introduce him to the FOREST AND STREAM public, and in behalf of that public we wish him a Happy New Year and in 1893 a richer strike than in any of the years that have gone before.

The man of rod or gun is so much of a traveler that his patronage is well worth the seeking by hotel managers, and it is surely sound business enterprise on the part of Southern hotel men at this season of the year to put a card in FOREST AND STREAM, where it will catch the eye of the South bound sportsman tourist. The hotel list in our advertising column is growing. Care is exercised to give representation to good houses only. The list should prove useful to tourists.

Our contract with a subscriber calls for a thirty-two page paper weekly. We have been giving in addition frequent illustrated supplements. As announced last week, a full page supplement illustration, from drawings by Mr. E. E. Thompson, will be given with the first number of each month for the first five months of the year. That of next week will be of the Wolf.

This number is the last one of Volume XXXIX.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## PALLAD.

BY O. O. S.

De vintry vind ish plowin',
Der croundt ish vite mit shnow,
De leetle pirds vot singen
All to de Soud dit go;
Und in dere blace de rafens,
Und ploochays vot can't sing,
Is groakin' and a schreamin'
Und all dat sort of ting.

De vaggon wheels go greakin'
All in de schnowy roadts,
Und icigles so peaudiful
To de trifer's nose ish growed;
Und de horses mit dere noses,
So pig und red und round,
Ish plowin' shteam like avery dings,
Shoost like a enchine sound.

De shickens not can scratchen,
Und kit somedings to eats,
So dey shtands demselves oopon von leks
Und varm dere leetle feets.
It's fun do pe a shickens,
Mit fedders shlick und nice,
Und pool your feed ub ven dere cold,
Id's de pulliest ding on ice.

De caddles all ish hoongry,
Dey don'd go far afay,
Bud go behind de vaggons round,
All loaded fool mit hay.
Dat's easy way do fodder,
Id dond cosht anydings;
I dink I knows some beoples
Vat does shoost de same tings.

Somedimes id's pooty vindy,
At leasht vill bass for dat,
Ven id plow de hair off of your het
Und plind you like a pat.
Mit dust a vlyin' in your eyes,
Und shtones und shnow und shticks,
Und durn your umpril inside oud,
Und all dese gind of dricks.

De shtreams ish covered ofer
Mit shrouds so cold und vite,
Bud lifetb, aldough in a crafe,
Und hitten from de light.
Yed, in de coming shpring dime,
Ven natcher laughs mit clee,
'Tvill shparkle in de sonnenschein
Und ripple merrily.

So ish id mit each von of us
Vot roams dis vorld around.
Ven fortune ish soom gontrary
Und all our plans ice-pound.
Haf batience shoost a leedle vile!
Id isn't alfays vinter,
De vheel durns round, our durn vill coom,
Dere's notings den vill hinter.

De dimes ish bassing rapidly,
Ve don't got long do shtay,
A few short years of lapor
Ve doo vill bass afay.
Id's hoory, vork und droubles
De vhile ve lingers here,
Und of vhe dond look scharply oud
'Tvill pe mooch more so *dere*.

De old man Ninedy-dwo ish cray,
He's feeble ash can pe,
He basses shwiftly oud of sight
Und ender Ninety-tree.
So vhile ofer de fading pasht
Ve drops a barting dears,
Ve hopeful say mit crasped hands,
"De Habbiest of New Years!"

## THE HUNTING PROSPECTOR.

*(See Supplement Illustration.)*

THE life of a prospector in the mountains of the forest is a rough one, but one not devoid of charms and attractions for many.

It is a life free from the restraints, cares, conventionalities and annoying trifles of society and civilization; and there is in the soul of most every man a slumbering desire to throw aside, for a time at least, all bonds and trammels and become a savage, once more living, as his ancestors did in the ages past, the life of a free unrestrained animal.

The life in the open air, pure and free from all that can contaminate it, and the necessity of a plain, though hearty diet, serve to give the average prospector perfect health, and while he may suffer hardships and be deprived of all that to the dweller in the city makes life worth living for, in the way of luxuries and even the common comforts of life, still the prospector is ligh-hearted and happy. He rises in the morning, and cooks his simple meal, and eats it with a relish unknown to civilization; and shouldering his tools, proceeds to search for that hidden wealth which he hopes to uncover with every stroke of his pick, or lay bare with every "blast" he sets off.

Buoyed up by hope, life looks rosy to the hardy toiler, as he labors on in the "drift," sinks his "shaft," or runs his "tunnel" into the mountain side, and thoughts of how he will spend his "pile" when made keep his brain busy and drive away all loneliness.

The illustration accompanying this is no fancy scene, but was taken from life in the mountains of Idaho, near the South Boise River, about 100 miles from the Union Pacific R. R.

The amateur artist who made the photograph, was living in the mountains in a little outside mining camp, and the "subject" was camped near by. One morning when our prospector arose to cook his bacon and coffee, the camera was placed, and when he seated himself, the lens was uncovered an instant—and we had him.

In the foreground sits the prospector, just in the act of pouring out his coffee. His tin plate lies on a convenient log. At his side is his bread pan, with his "sour dough" cake. Above his head a primitive shelf holds the syrup jar and the sugar bag. At the extreme right can be seen the "fireplace" and cooking pots, while on the left the entrance to his sleeping hut or "wickyup" made of fir boughs, shows darkly. In this hut he slept during rain and snow storms in September and October. The prospector's "gold-pan" leans against the boughs of the "wickyup" and his axe is where he can easily find it. Though the morning is cold and frosty, a pair of overalls and a shirt were all our hardy prospector thought necessary to don as a breakfast toilet. No one objects to his "style" and he is "monarch of all he surveys."

When ready to move his camp, his little pony is brought in from some neighboring gulch, all the camp equipage is packed on its back; and off goes our prospector for some new camp.

If his larder is growing low, he shoulders his rifle and hunts a day or until he can hang up a deer: then with plenty of venison, some flour and coffee he is happy, until the deep snows of winter drive him to some mountain town. Or he may put up a little log cabin in some valley, where the game "signs" are good; and here with a winter's supply of grub he stays and traps and hunts until spring, when he goes to some frontier city and sells the furs and skins he has taken during the winter. If he is of a more industrious nature he gets work, doing anything that turns up, generally preferring, however, to work in some mine in some large "camp." In either case he saves his money; and when spring comes and the snow has disappeared from the mountain sides, our prospector starts out again to seek his fortune, "Hoping on, hoping ever."

The subject of this sketch is a man who has a hunting record that few men can equal, as he killed in fair combat with a club and a common butcher knife a silver-tip grizzly bear.

PRAIRIE DOG.

## THE CHARMS OF LAKE WORTH.

ANGLERS and tourists to Florida hear of the beauties of the Indian River, and apparently with the satisfaction that they have "seen it all," terminate their trip either at Rockledge or Juniper Inlet, thereby missing Lake Worth, the gem of the South Atlantic coast. It is easily and comfortably reached from Jupiter by a narrow gauge railway, eight miles in length, to Juno, where small steamers are in waiting to convey persons and baggage to points on the lake.

The lake is a salt water lagoon, about twenty-two miles long and one mile wide, formed by the ocean receding, and forming a narrow ridge of sand, now about one mile wide at its widest part. It is connected with the sea by a shallow inlet at its northern end, through which the tide ebbs and flows. The channel in the lake is 200 or 300ft. wide, with water 6 to 8ft. deep, decreasing very much in depth at the southern half of the lake.

The climate is very greatly influenced and tempered both in winter and summer by the Gulf Stream, which passes close to the shore at this point. The normal winter temperature is about 70° to 75°, falling to 40° under the influence of "cold northers," and probably once a winter the very tender leaves of the banana trees will be lightly touched by frost or affected by the low temperature.

The scenery of this section is entirely tropical, the native palmetto palm, with its bunchy, plumelike top, being very conspicuous above the other foliage; with numerous cocoanut palms, in the vicinity of each settlement, lifting their graceful fronds above, entirely different from any other foliage. Behind these are frequently seen those red and golden tropical sunsets, where everything is still: the smoke, rising from a cottage chimney while the evening meal is being prepared, apparently stands up in a straight, perpendicular line, with definite and sharp edges, until it vanishes 50ft. above; a synonym of silence. To this tropical foliage and scenery must be added at day dawn the songs of mockingbirds, robins and catbirds; numbers of redbirds, crested woodpeckers and other birds common to the North, who are also enjoying the climate. At night the whippoorwills keep up a continuous condemnation of poor William. Almost any day the strange and apparently awkward-looking pelicans may be seen feeding in the lake, and flamingos ranged in line on the sandbars.

The cocoanut palms, as nearly every one knows, originated here by a Spanish bark being wrecked on the coast in 1879, and the nuts were washed ashore and scattered along the beach for miles. Cocoanuts are now shipped North in large numbers, amounting to over 2,000 barrels in 1891; besides, considerable numbers are sprouted and planted in the vicinity.

The strip of sand, one mile wide, between the lake and the ocean for about five miles of its length, appears to have the richest soil in this section. Here are located the extensive tropical gardens, costly mansions and tasteful cottages of the Northerners, a number of whom come long distances and have braved many discomforts in years past to enjoy six winter months of ideal out of doors existence. Visitors must not forget that they are near the frontier in this section, and that all the comforts and conveniences that the natives and land owners now have and enjoy were brought from and produced mostly in the North, and the skilled labor from at least as far as Jacksonville, 330 miles.

A description of these tropical gardens would alone make an interesting article. Those of Mr. Cragin, of Philadelphia, Mr. McCormick, of Denver, and Mrs. Lane, of New York, are the most extensive. Some of these gardens are said to be worth $80,000, and land near the hotels $1,000 per acre. Tropical plants and trees from all parts of the world are gathered here. Walks shaded by groves of cocoanut palms are laid out in geometrical patterns bordered with concrete curbs, and with the lawns protected by curved sea walls of concrete and coquina on the lake front. Oleanders, hybiscus and passion flowers are in bloom. Mangoes, guavos, limes, lemons, oranges, figs, sappadillas, date palms, bananas, pineapples and early vegetables are common in all the gardens; some have strawberries ripe in February, and tomatoes in abundance in March. Rubber trees, royal ponceana, paradise, coffee, travelers, and numbers of curious trees ornament the gardens, and the gnarled straggling arms of great live oaks covered with knobs and bunches of two varieties of orchids and hanging moss, by weird contrast add to the beauties.

The cacti garden is alone worth an extension of your trip to see. Walks 20 feet wide and one mile long, bordered with cocoanut, palms, oleanders and azaleas, lead from the lake front, where are located all the residences and hotels, to the ocean front, which is almost a perpendicular bluff from 10 to 15 feet in height, with a steep and narrow beach of crushed shells and little sand, upon which with a magnificent surf the ocean breaks, in color a clear, bright, ultamarine blue, entirely different from the dull, green color of the ocean on the New Jersey coast. In a ditch along one of the avenues may be seen two alligators, each 7 feet in length, with their young; somewhat tame, being accustomed to being fed, so that you can approach within six feet of them.

The western shore of the lake, and for four miles into the interior, is occupied mostly by homestead settlers, many of the most recent ones being negroes. Here are large pineapple plantations, each year increasing in numbers and in production. Thirty miles to the west is Lake Okechobee and settlements of the Seminole Indians, who occasionally make their appearance at Fort Worth, generally dressed as the "white man." A short walk of two miles takes you into the Everglades, where you walk over the dazzling white level sand, with a hard crust like snow, in which your foot makes only a slight impression, the toe of your shoe cutting a little cup in the sand as you walk. Here are the dwarf evergreens of several varieties, that for ornamental purposes would make a quick fortune could they be transported to and withstand the climate of the North.

On the west shore of Lake Worth are at least two oyster shell mounds 10 feet in height of pre-historic origin, and several canal-like excavations, both objects of interest and study. Nearly all the sea fish are found in the lake, such as bluefish, spotted sea trout, cavallé, gray snapper, barracuda, pompano, sawfish and mullet, only the three first kinds were caught by me during my visit last winter, as they were the most numerous, or at least the easiest caught. Mullet or cut fish was used for bait. Red fish or channel bass were heard drumming, but none were caught, as suitable bait could not readily be obtained. Tarpon are not found here, although they are caught north and south of this point. For the angler or epicure who is fond of fish food, the delicate and delicious pompano fresh from the water will be a revelation. These are generally caught in nets and served on all the steamers and at the hotels. During a "norther" which lasted three days, mullets could not be caught for bait, and the game fish would not bite. To a northern person until acclimated, these cold winds are very unpleasant. The visitors from the Northwest, with clothing suitable there for temperatures 20° or 30° below zero, were uncomfortable and hugged the stove; while the native without any underclothing on, would probably wear his coat for a change or stay indoors until 9 or 10 o'clock A. M.

The largest fish caught were 11lb. bluefish, 17lb. cavallé and 8lb. spotted sea trout. Nineteen bluefish, weighing from 3 to 8lbs. each, were caught in less than two hours with rod and line without chumming, by two persons, one a novice, and we quit fishing because we had as many as could be used, and not because they ceased biting. All the fish were fat and in excellent condition. For the hunter innumerable flocks of ducks are at times on the lake, mostly bluebills. Deer are found two or three miles in the Everglades.

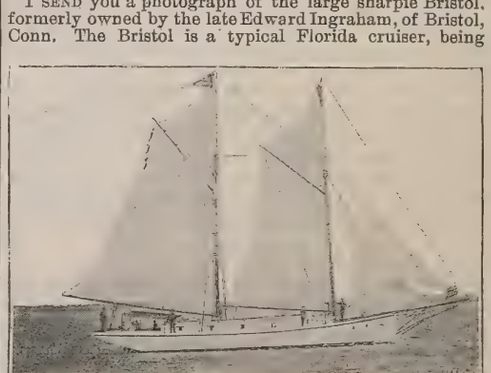
The last of March is the end of the visitors' season for several reasons. The principal reason is that continuous south winds then hold the water out of the Indian River and make the water so low as to seriously interfere with navigation by the steamboats, which, although only drawing 3ft. of water, makes the time and length of their trips very uncertain. Another is that the sections further north are becoming more pleasant. From my observation, there is no place on the east coast of Florida, north of Lake Worth in the winter where the air is so soft and balmy, and in which invalids recover their strength so quickly as here. The air is so dry that beef can be kept indefinitely, and cured by simply hanging it in the open air. There are numererous hotels and boarding-houses ranging in price from $2 to $4 per day. Among them are the Cocoanut Grove House at Palm Beach; Lake Worth Hotel, Oak Lawn House and Pitts's Island House. The last two are nearest the inlet and therefore most suitable for anglers. There is a daily mail to and from the North and telephone from Juno to the telegraph station at Jupiter.

For those who care to venture further south without going to sea, to Miami and Biscayne Bay, there will this season be operated by the J. T. & K. W. R. R. a stage line trip of two days from the lower end of Lake Worth.

J. M. T.

## AN INDIAN RIVER CRUISER.

I SEND you a photograph of the large sharpie Bristol, formerly owned by the late Edward Ingraham, of Bristol, Conn. The Bristol is a typical Florida cruiser, being



THE BRISTOL.

built for the Indian River and similar waters. She is 77ft. overal, 73ft. l.w.l., 24ft. beam, 6in. draft forward and 27in. aft. She was built by J. McFadden, of Melbourne, on the Indian River, in 1891. She is schooner-rigged and has a large cabin house elegantly furnished, offering accommodations for a large party. The yacht can

make about eight miles per hour and carries a crew of five. The large cockpit aft gives space outdoors, a great convenience in warm weather. The Bristol cruised all last winter on the Halifax and Indian rivers and Lake Worth, Mr. Ingraham extending a generous hospitality to his friends. She will be sailed this winter by his son.

TROPIC, Florida. W.

## MAROONING IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

### Chapter III.

HAS any living person, be he geographer or explorer, scientist or layman, any approximate conception of the magnitude and superficial extent of the mountain system of the great Northwest, lying between the Great Plains and the Pacific Ocean? Only a veteran mineral prospector who has eked out a weary life in wandering from belt to belt and range to range can possibly know. Twenty Switzerlands are to be found in Montana, Idaho and Washington. In the Cascades are sentinel peaks higher far than Mont Blanc, whose white and lofty summits are strangers to human feet. The Alleghanies and the White Mountains are mere foothills in comparison. In British Columbia the ranges are even higher in the aggregate and far more extensive. There are at least seven distinct groups and parallel chains, with intermediate fluvial systems carrying more navigable water than any in New England or the Middle States. The Kootenai Columbia and Okanagon, with their tributaries, are greater than the Ohio, while the Flathead, Pend d'Oreille, Fraser and Thompson vie with the Merrimac and Connecticut. All of these grand bodies of water are crossed by the line of the Pacific extension of the Great Northern Railroad.

The Kootenai River itself has 3 to 4 miles of navigable water. At least nine steamboats ply upon it, albeit the country has hardly been open one year, and accessible by rail only since the middle of last August. This river and the Columbia interlock in a most remarkable manner in their search for a passage through the intricate mazes of the mountains. The upper Kootenai starts a little north of the 51st parallel of latitude, and runs due south three degrees to about the 48th parallel; then swings sharp around the terminal spur of the Purcell range, and flows due north to nearly the same latitude it started from and only some 40 miles west of the point of departure. The Columbia starts a little north of latitude 50 degrees, at a point within a mile of the Kootenai channel and flows due north to the 52d parallel, when it likewise makes an abrupt turn called the "Big Bend" around the terminal abutment of the Selkirk range, and runs due south to about the 46th parallel, meanwhile uniting its waters with an outlet of Kootenai Lake at a point midway between the 49th and 50th parallel. The courses of the two rivers are exactly reversed, like two letters U inverted and interlocked.

The district drained by the Kootenai occupies a tract 200 miles wide, lying mainly between the 115th and 118th meridians. It comprises the East and West Kootenai Divisions, the first being reached by steamboat from Jennings, Montana, and the latter from Bonner's Ferry, in Idaho, both on the line of the Great Northern. The distance between these two stations is 63 miles, and the railroad follows the river the entire distance, passing the Kootenai Falls en route. This is a wild bit of scenery, beginning with a chute of white water lashing mid-channel rocks, and then tumbling over a series of steps, followed by a double plunge of twelve feet or so, and a succession of white and green whirls, and finishing with a tumult of angry rapids and a rush through a gorge twenty-five feet deep, with crags and mountains on each side, and a rock forty-five feet high in mid-stream crowned with trees. It is very charming.

The stern-wheel steamboat "Annerly," Capt. Dupuy, 95 feet long, runs from Jennings twice a week to Fort Steele, a Hudson Bay Company's post established in 1864, a distance of 165 miles. Just above Jennings Fisher Creek joins the Kootenai. Here is a great game country, with deer and bears in the lower ranges, and grizzlies higher up; trout in the stream, grouse and pheasants in the bottoms, geese and ducks in the river. Blue grouse are found in the hills, pheasants and fool hens among the brush in the coulees. The pheasant has white meat and is the analogue of the New England partridge. For a long distance above this point the river bottom widens to several miles and forms a remarkable agricultural valley known as Tobacco Plains, where fine crops of oats, hay, potatoes and vegetables are raised by irrigation. At Tobacco Plains Landing is a store and a permanent camp of Kootenai Indians living in log houses. Above the Plains the Elk and Bull rivers come in, famous for elk and deer. At Fort Steele the river divides into several branches, with rolling uplands and high benches, trout brooks flowing out of the foothills, and high mountains a few miles to the north, where much gold, silver and copper-bearing quartz has been found and several lucrative mines developed. Eight miles south of the post there is a princely domain of 18,000 acres of bottom land called "Cranbrook Ranche," owned by Hon. James Baker, M. P., who raises wheat, barley, oats, blue grass, red top, hops, tobacco, fruit and dairy products. He also controls 200,000 acres of grazing lands which pasture large herds of graded cattle—altogether quite an anomaly in a rough mountain region.

The river trip is interesting, though incomparable with the trip down the Lower Kootenai, the two fluvial divisions being united by a long succession of impassable rapids, of which the Falls are the scenic culmination.

Bonner's Ferry is the head of navigation for the Lower Kootenai. It occupies an elevated flood plain above the reach of the ordinary spring rise. The town was started only last spring and now has 600 population, being the largest town in the Idaho panhandle, which is but 56 miles wide. Adjacent portions of the bottom are overflowed in June, and when the flood subsides it leaves expansive lagoons and sloughs, some of which remain permanent and become the resort of various kinds of ducks and waders. One of these ponds lies within a mile of town, separated from the river by a natural dyke or levee 10 rods wide, partly of rock formation, overgrown with trees. This neck is an ideal camping ground. One calm morning near the close of September I found the surface of the lake fairly alive with ducks and geese moving about in the center out of gun range, but a few properly disposed stools and blinds set out the night before would have given some good sport. It was Sunday, and I contented myself with rambling alone about the rocks. Whenever I sat quietly for a few moments, congregations of blue-jays, magpies, camp robbers, crows, ravens and woodpeckers would gather on the fences and trees, and squawk, scold, chatter and scream like parrots. The ravens had an apparently extensive gamut and vocabulary. There are a few large trout in the river, but the bottom is clay and not favorable. Suckers and squawfish are abundant, and the latter gather in schools around the steamboat landing, picking up waste from the kitchen of the boat. From Bonner there is a horse trail leading up to the Moyea River and lake, both of which are full of cut-throat trout. Two of us rode out 11 miles and took five dozen in a couple of hours' fishing.

The American steamer Spokane, Capt. Robt. Gray, an ardent sportsman, leaves for northern landings on Sundays and Wednesdays, and the Canadian steamer Nelson on Mondays and Thursdays. Both are commodious boats, 180ft. long, with stateroom accommodations for thirty or more cabin passengers, and excellent table, supplied with landlocked salmon from Kootenai Lake, frogs' legs and wild game. There are six other steam craft plying on the lake, five of them freighting for the mills and mines. From Bonner to the rival custom houses on the international boundary the distance is 62 miles; from the boundary to the head of the lake 32 miles; from head of the lake to Pilot Bay 30 miles; from Pilot Bay to the Hot Springs and town of Ainsworth 8 miles; from Ainsworth to Kaslo 13 miles; from Kaslo to Balfour and Nelson 26 miles, and from Kaslo to foot of the lake 28 miles. The Hot Springs are the sole surviving relic of the ancient volcanic disturbances which upset this region. Kootenai Lake is eighty miles long and six miles wide. The places named are all mining towns which have been built up within a year or two. Kaslo has 600 population, Nelson 1,200, and Ainsworth 200. Each has its quota of hotels, stores, banks, sawmills, electric plants, newspapers, schools, churches, sidewalks, real estate offices, etc. Pilot Bay is the site of the Kootenai Smelting and Reduction Company, which operates a plant of fourteen immense buildings worth $250,000. These towns are all on the lake. The passenger steamer Ainsworth runs from Kaslo to Nelson by an offset or outlet of the lake near its center, and at Nelson connects with a railway twenty-eight miles long which runs to the town of Robson, on the Columbia River, where connection is had with boats running south to Little Dalles, Wash., and north to Revelstoke, B. C., on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

To those who have been accustomed from childhood to regard this part of the continent as an untracked wilder-



KOOTENAI BIRCH CANOE.

ness, its recent development is a marvel. Within less than two years, communication by railroad, wagon, steamboat, canal and telegraph has been established between every important business and mining center, in spite of almost insurmountable engineering difficulties. In some cases wagon roads have cost an average of $1,000 per mile. The magnitude of all these improvements is wonderful to contemplate. A great deal has been done by American capital, but the Canadians are energetic, too. To this vast inter-montane system the great Northern Railway is the key and conclusion. It unites and binds the whole by no less than eight transverse connections which cross the boundary and touch the Canadian Pacific Railway at Port Moody, Sicamoose, Revelstoke, Letheridge, Regina, Deloraine, Gretna and Emerson, the two last named running to Winnipeg.

Steamboat service on Kootenai waters is subject to the Great Northern schedule; and as the regular trains arrive and depart at midnight at Bonner, it was not until 3 o'clock A. M. that the Spokane blew her warning whistle and got under way for the lower landings. The river runs north from Bonner, so that down river is north. The tourist will require to bear this always in mind. At 7 o'clock, Sept. 28, the weather was so warm that an overcoat was not needed. The water was green as emerald and its surface without a ripple. All the trees and shrubs were reflected. Ducks and muskrats swimming left a wake as long as the boat. Clumsy dragon flies plumped into the drink, and after a brief struggle were pulled under by the squawfish. Occasionally we met the quaint birch canoes of the Kootenai Indians, who are an association of runagates from sundry tribes on both sides of the boundary, whose model is something like that of the modern war ship, with submerged beak at both ends. I have never seen canoes of this pattern except in Alaska.

The river is for the most part deep and sinuous, and its features are much alike for the entire distance of 63 miles to the lake; banks wooded and so high that one can seldom look over them from the roof of the pilot house. At meridian the sun is warm, but by 4 o'clock in the evening the temperature falls. The difference is noticeable when we pass under the shadow of an impinging mountain, and anon into the sunshine of a broad bend. Place a prairie four or five miles wide between two mountain ranges, slash it with a tortuous channel which swings alternately from one to the other, fringe the banks with poplar and balm of Gilead, and you will have the general features. These high mountains, gray, blue, green and white, rising out of a waste of forested foothills, are continuously present. There are perhaps 50 shacks, claim shanties, farm houses, Indian hovels and cattle ranches on the bank of the river, some with garden patches green with cabbages and turnips, and others surrounded by big mounds of hay worth $25 per ton—a product quite as remunerative as some of the captivating ore beds which venturesome men endure so many hardships to develop. One ranch grazes 500 head of cattle and another cuts 200 tons of hay. There are six cattle ranches all told.

Haying is a winsome occupation, I ween. The crop is harvested while the summer skies are brightest, and cheerfulness broods like a dove over the lea. But the miner's task is ever in Cimmerian gloom, deep in the earth. His weary bones know no perfect rest day or night. Bent under the weight of grub sack, blankets and pick, he trudges over the ranges year after year, delving and prospecting, until at last he bends for aye under the weight of adversity and accumulating years, and lies prone. But then, the precious ore is so alluring! It glitters; it shines! More than all, a miner is apt to strike it rich at any time and so become independent for life. This is the incentive which attracts and holds him—ever glistening, ever tempting, ever present, but yet, forsooth, always distant, like the pot of gold at the base of the rainbow.

Into these precincts of the gnomes and the grottoes of Monte Christo, an Appian way is being built, and scores of workmen are busily making the rough places smooth. By the first of January it is expected that an incomparable wagon road, 35 miles long, will be completed across the rich Slocan mineral district from Kaslo to the Arrow Lake country lying west, over mountains 8,000 feet above sea level, and steamboats will run to its termini all winter, breaking the ice whenever it forms. New tramways are being constructed in all directions, and all is hurry and stir and busy preparation for the anticipated output of ore which the mines are promising for the coming year. All this is interesting to sportsmen because it makes a broken country so accessible.

Ever and anon a new settler comes in and squats or stakes out a claim and raises his little edifice of logs, which looks so neat and clean and cosy when it is spick-span new; and they come and come, silently, without notice or premonition, and in numbers so widespread that already a population of 200,000 has gathered within a radius of 150 miles of Spokane where there were only a few hundreds twelve years ago. Spokane itself has 30,000 inhabitants, and in all its progressive features is fully abreast of any city of its size.

About fifty miles down river from Bonner is a landing at the beginning of a trail which runs across country 15 miles to the Pend d'Oreille, or Priest River district, which is a favorite resort for goat and bighorn hunters. At the international boundary are the two neat custom houses, one mile apart, and here the unwilling passenger is incontinently cinched. Opium is the *point d'appui* of scrutiny. Consistent protectionists may here put one foot on each side of the line and behold the beautiful workings of the principle in all its varied phases. Its operation is cheerful. It inspires patriotism.

Just at this point begins the great dyke, 110 miles long, of the Kootenai Bottom Reclamation Co., which is to be finished in five years. The land at present is subject to overflow in spring when the ice melts on the mountains, the river rising from 14 to 20ft. It is expected that 600,000 acres will be reclaimed, and the coast is estimated at $2,000,000. This is of course a Canadian venture. It may pay. At present the outflow forms innumerable lagoons which become the breeding places for the various kinds of wild fowl. There is a big one ten miles below the mouth of the inlet where a market hunter would fairly revel. Another grand and gigantic enterprise already undertaken by the Dominion Government in British Columbia is, to run the Columbia River through an ancient bed known as the Grand Coulee, which will then form a ship canal sixty miles long, shorten river navigation 100 miles, flank eighteen rapids and irrigate 2,500,000 acres of arid land at a cost of only a quarter of a million of dollars—a bold and happy conception.

In due course of the voyage the steamboat turns an abrupt bend of the river and the tourist comes unexpectedly upon one of the grandest views in the world. Kootenai Lake is before him, the Cabinet Range is on his right hand and the stupendous Selkirks on his left—a continuation of the same marvellous range of giant peaks which has made the Canadian Pacific Railway famous among tourists. Looking down an illimitable vista, which seems to terminate in blue haze, he beholds a mighty alignment, bold, snow-capped and scored by avalanches, looming up to an average height of 6,000ft. on either side as far as the eye can reach, and dropping down in mighty inclines to depths more profound than the measureless Saguenay. Eighty miles of continuous wall rock climbing to the sky and interrupted only at mighty intervals by cañons hundreds of feet deep, but modified to mere scratches on the surface by the distance. Capes Eternity and Trinity all the way! Who can grasp the titanic proportions? The sense is bewildered by such a combination of height and depth, and immensity of space. It is Alaska condensed. Then such reflections of all upon the water! Every detail of these sublime expressions is repeated with startling distinctness. Nay, more. I have sometimes seen, not only individual reflection, but reflection laid upon reflection like the colors of a chromo, where at some favoring angle the shadows from a projecting point of land, with its gay autumnal foliage, were thrown athwart the foundation picture.

It will be perceived that Kootenai Lake occupies a mighty V-shaped chasm in this vast realm of depression and upheaval, whose proportions are in scale with the entire stupendous formation. Yet, in spite of its dimensions the inflow of melting snow in spring is so immense as to raise its surface level some fourteen to twenty feet, the marks of its high water line being visible on the vertical cliffs along its shores. At that season the scarred and rifted mountain sides fairly gush with deluges of water from the accumulations of snow which the warm Chinook winds are dissolving. Hundreds of waterfalls higher than Yosemite leap from parapet and shelf. Torrents pour out of the cañons and ravines, and there is a continuous roar and resonance from height to height which simulates the ocean surf in a storm. Rocks tumble from high eminences and ledges are wrenched from the flanks of the cliffs. Such wild ravage and commotion is in marked contrast with the calm repose of the autumn, when these grand forces of nature are in quiescence, and mosquitoes come not to annoy. These pests of the forest and stream all disappear with the subsidence of the floods. But they are mighty while they last.

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IF YOU HAVE a friend, good and true, whom you would like to remind of *his* friend, fifty-two times in the year—once every week—why not ask us to see that a FOREST AND STREAM wrapper has his name on it, with your initials in the corner of the address label?

# Game Bag and Gun.

*"Game Laws in Brief," United States and Canada, illustrated, 25 cents. "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

## "AN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE."

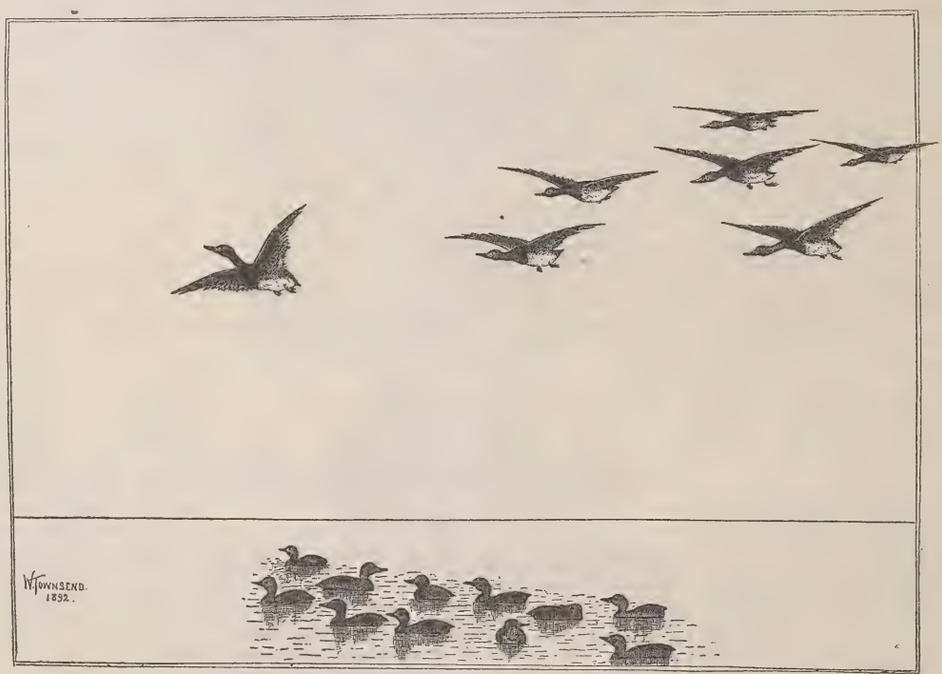
THERE is a fascination about the sport of wildfowling that at best can be but feebly portrayed with pencil and brush. If the gunner possess, in addition to his love for the pursuit of game, a pair of quick eyes, and will cultivate his power of observation, he will find an hitherto undiscovered charm to complete his delight when indulging in his favorite sport.

The wild duck is the embodiment of nervous energy. Built for speed, and inheriting from long generations of ancestors a suspicious nature and active brain, he is at once a most striking example of "the survival of the fittest" among the feathered tribe. When closely observed one will find a purpose in his every action. The gunner hidden in the blind among the rustling sedge, can tell the moment his eye catches sight of a flock in air their kind. And as they whiz along on buzzing pinions, their subsequent actions tell him whether they will swing to his decoys and allow of a shot.

"An Investigating Committee," composed of broadbills (*Fuligula marila*), have come up to look over the bunch of decoys that float so innocently on the still water near the meadow bank. If a novice were in the blind he would most likely be tempted to fire at the fowl, as depicted in the sketch, but our "old hand" says, "Wait! you see by their action that they are not at all alarmed, and you may rely upon it that after going off for a short distance they will swing back again. Then, just as they bunch up over the decoys preparatory to settling, fire, and unless 'badly rattled' you will secure three or four to your shot, as with fluttering wings they endeavor to alight."

It is exciting to lie perfectly still in the blind and have them come right up to you, and until one learns by experience the temptation to fire at such a moment is well nigh irresistible. Many times I have blazed away under such circumstances, sometimes bringing one, sometimes two, from the flock, and again never a feather has rewarded my undue haste. But when, after letting them go and waiting ("everything comes to him who waits," even ducks) until their return as above, one's forbearance is usually rewarded.

I trust the action displayed in this little sketch will commend itself to my brother sportsmen and revive memories of bright days among the sedge grass. In such spirit I offer it. WILMOT TOWNSEND.




AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XX.

AN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE OF BROADBILLS.

## DEER AND BEAR IN CAROLINA SWAMPS

"TO GO or not to go," was the question which puzzled me most. Not that there was any doubt in my mind about wanting to go, but whether or not I should take the time from my business. I thought about it until visions of deer and bear floated before me awke or asleep. It seemed there was but one thing for me to do, and I did it. Six hours after having decided, I was on my way south.

For twelve months I had been planning a hunt in North Carolina, and many letters from different sections of the country were received. Finally one came from a source which I could rely upon; in fact, from a friend, and that settled it. So on Oct. 30 I left the Quaker City, and after a long and tedious ride—I say tedious, because we had a break down on the railroad and I missed connections in Norfolk and had to wait there for twenty-four hours and then go another route, with an additional wagon drive of thirty-five miles, and part of the road "corduroy." Kind reader, don't go into that country expecting to find luxury, if you do, you will be sadly disappointed. Go prepared to rough it in every way. I had luxury compared to many because as I said I stopped with friends. Go for game and nothing more unless it is to study the natives, and if you take with you a "Kodak" you will be amply repaid. Unfortunately for me my camera was broken during the thirty-six mile drive, thoughts of which will ever linger on my memory. I had expected some good photos for FOREST AND STREAM, but alas! "the best laid plans," etc.

This section abounds in game. Deer, bear, quail, woodcock (called there "snipes"), coon and possums, ducks, geese and swan, can be had for the hunting.

It is a veritable sportsman's paradise. But when you go, take everything with you, as you can't buy much there, and the little you get is of the very worst to be had.

I have read several times about the people of North Carolina being hostile to the Northern sportsman; but I never met a more hospitable people in my life. I was given permission to hunt and shoot on every farm and in every swamp I visited; and more, was asked to visit and break bread with all I met.

Wednesday, Nov. 2, was my first hunt there. We (Tommy, Pappy and myself) were late starting out, having lingered too long over good mother S's. hot corn bread, chicken and coffee, but as the "huntin'" grounds were only a half mile away it did not make much difference. After a fifteen minutes walk the dogs were put in a swamp, and in less than ten minutes more they had jumped a deer, and the woods were full of music—music such as thrilled body, soul and brain of one who spends eleven months out of twelve attending to business. I stood there in that great Dismal (so-called) swamp, drinking in everything in nature that God in his goodness has made for man's enjoyment and happiness. It seemed to me that there was music in everything—every bird, every leaf; every tree seemed to speak to me in a separate and distinct voice. I stood as if in a trance. I forgot what I came there for. The sound of the dogs had died away in the distance, gradually I seemed to awaken, the baying of the hounds became nearer and clearer, and almost before I knew it a big buck sprang into the air and across the road at one bound, and was gone. I watched him cross within 20yds. of me; I did not attempt to shoot him, there was more pleasure in that than in shooting at him. No, it wasn't buck fever either. We started four deer that day and that was the only one that I had an opportunity to shoot.

Thursday my host and self went to the same stand and in a half hour both shot a doe. We saw three deer that day before 2 o'clock. In the afternoon we rowed (at least Tommy rowed us) eight miles down the river to hunt bear. They hunt them by moonlight. That night we went up the creek in a dugout, paddled by mine host. And the way he put that skiff up the creek without swamping us will ever be a mystery to me. It seemed as if there was nothing in the water but snags and stumps and logs. I could almost feel my "hat raise" before we had gone a hundred yards. The bears come down to the water's edge to feed on the gum berries, and when a suitable tree is found, he climbs it and pulls the limbs in and eats the berries. In the bright moonlight he looks like a huge black man. The least noise will cause him to vacate at once. Our first night was a failure. Not a sign; but the second night ditto until after I had gone to my bunk in the shanty. Then it was I had the bear fight of my life. Talk about "hair raising," and "The Panther's Scream." Go bear hunting, wound your bear and then fight it out. Such a night! I nearly killed my friend before he could awaken me. Saturday we went for deer again, and saw two fine bucks, but did not get a shot. Sunday was a day of absolute rest. Monday we saw three deer and got one.

Tuesday at 3 A. M. started on a 9-mile drive to the boat for home—having had one of the most, if not the most, enjoyable trips of my life. Too much cannot be said of my host and friend, both as a hunter and an entertainer. He is brim full of adventure, and his hunting stories are of the best because true. His son Tommy, a bright young man and a good hunter, attempts at times to teach the old gentleman how to hunt. But Tommy occasionally gets rattled too. One day when his father and I both shot at and missed a doe, he guyed us considerably about "letting deer run over us, and getting a rope and catching one for us," etc. The next day a magnificent buck swam within 20ft. of him and he aimed carefully and fired, but never touched him, and the deer swam out and gave him a broadside shot, with the same result. Tommy hadn't much to say about it except that "he didn't believe his right barrel had any buck shot in it," having found where the shot from the left struck.

As said before, the country abounds in all kinds of game, and if nothing happens to prevent I shall try the geese and swan in February. If any brother sportsman would like to go there on a hunt and will send me FOREST AND STREAM credentials, I will be pleased to give all the information possible. Why I say this is because my friend will entertain only sportsmen and gentlemen. He has a lovely wife and two charming daughters that make everything bright and cheerful. In fact, it is homelike. May they all live long and prosper. J. R. P.

PHILADELPHIA.

## HUNTING THE WHITE HARE.

NORTH TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—On Wednesday, Nov. 23, Dr. M. and the writer started for a three days' hunt of white hares (*Lepus americanus*). We were accompanied by Lead, a foxhound, and as good an all-round dog as lives, and will run anything from a cottontail to a bear; Sport, what is commonly called a "rabbit hound," and Bub, a beagle, being a son of champion Frank Forest.

Big Indian, a small hamlet situated on the Ulster & Delaware R. R., in Ulster county, New York, was our destination. We arrived there in good season Wednesday eve, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Willard Marsh, at whose house we stopped. Everything looked favorable for a good day on the morrow, and after spending a very enjoyable evening with plenty of music and singing, we retired. On awakening in the morning we found the weather anything but favorable for a good day's sport; wind blowing a gale and snowing quite hard. However, not to be daunted, and wishing to make the most of our time, after partaking of a most excellent breakfast we started out. We found the hares very plentiful, but owing to the high wind and falling snow the dogs had hard work in holding a trail. However, we succeeded in making a fair bag.

Friday was another such day, with high winds and plenty of snow falling. On this day we took a different route, which we afterward regretted, as we found the game very scarce on the mountain we hunted this day. We had several good runs, bagged a few hares and several ruffed grouse, flushed while following the dogs.

Saturday was an ideal hunting day, with just snow enough on the ground for good running, no wind, and the sun out quite warm. We hunted this day on the same mountain that we hunted Thursday. We found plenty of hares, and the way the dogs hustled them was a caution, and such running it has never before been my lot to see. As soon as one hare was started and killed another was jumped; and so it continued all day, and when evening came hunters and dogs were pretty well tired out. But after returning to the house and partaking of the good things Mrs. Marsh set before us all fatigue passed away, and the evening was spent with music and song.

Big Indian is situated in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. The hares are always found at the top of the mountains, never at the bottom, making a tedious climb to get to them. So the walking is up hill or down hill about all the time, level stretches are few and far between. The mountains are full of wood roads, made for the purpose of hauling out timber. The hunter can keep to the roads and get all the sport he wishes without going into the brush. The sides of the mountains are covered with fallen timber, which were cut and peeled of their bark for tanning purposes, and the logs left lying as they fell. Great huge trees lying in every direction making the going for dogs about as hard as one could find anywhere. If any one has a pack of beagles that they care to test for gaminess and staying qualities, I know of no place the equal of this for the purpose. A dog must be a stayer "from away back" or he is of no use in hunting this game. We had several runs that lasted all of three hours each before the game was killed; and quite often the dogs would be out of hearing for over half an hour, but would always bring the game back to the starting point. The first hare that we started took a circuit of at least five miles, the dogs were out of hearing for a long time, and D., who had never hunted this game before, insisted that the dogs had lost the trail. I had hard work in persuading him to hold his stand and wait. Finally, after a long wait, the dogs were heard coming toward me, and the hare passed within 30yds. of D., who shot at and killed it.

Any one wishing a few days sport with the white hares will do well to write to Willard Marsh, Big Indian, N. Y., who will care for them and post them as to the haunts and habits of the game. Mr. Marsh is a whole-souled, good-natured gentleman, a good shot and a thorough sportsman. Mrs. Marsh cannot be excelled for her cooking, and the good things that she places before a tired and hungry hunter on his return from a hard day's tramp, will brace him up and take all thoughts of weariness from him. Her husband being a sportsman, she fully understands the wants of man and dog, and is always ready and willing to do all she can for them. Their rates are but $1.50 per day, which means plenty to eat and the best, nice warm rooms and soft beds, and good care for the dogs.

Big Indian is easily reached from New York city by

the Hudson River R. R. to Rhinecliff, ferry connects from there with Ulster & Delaware R. R. at Rondout. Or by the West Shore R. R. to Kingston, where the Ulster & Delaware R. R. can be taken.

If all goes well and the weather should be favorable, I expect to pass the holidays in hunting *Lepus americanus* at Big Indian. OSSINING.

## THE PRESS ON THE PARK SCHEME.

### A Mischievous Scheme.

OUR weekly contemporary FOREST AND STREAM is doing a good service by circulating as a pamphlet an article which recently appeared in its columns, opposing the projected railroad through Yellowstone National Park. A like view was long ago taken in the *Times*, but its reiteration is called for by pending legislation. The object of the proposed road is to connect "a small mining camp," which rejoices in the name of Cooke City, with Cinnabar, a station on a branch of the Northern Pacific Railway. Cooke is just without the northeast corner of the Park on Soda Butte Creek, and its proposed railroad would run down that creek to the East Fork or Lamar River, and thence to the Yellowstone. But that is not the only practicable route. Expert testimony given before a House investigating committee has shown that a railroad might be brought to Cooke wholly outside the Park, on grades not exceeding 150ft. to the mile, or certainly not over 185. These are high grades, but on the Union Pacific system are found maximum grades of 175, 185, 190 and 211ft., and on the Northern Pacific itself grades of 211, 248 and even 327ft. If such grades are undertaken where there is no obstacle, except what nature imposes, certainly inferior grades should be submitted to where they can only be avoided by sacrificing public interests to private, and intruding upon a national Park, which for twenty years has been established and kept free from such encroachments. * * * Outside the Park a road could also build up a line of settlements for local traffic. Here, perhaps, it may be well to explain that one bill pending in Congress cuts off from the Park the northeastern corner, including the area north of the streams and rivers already mentioned, along which it is proposed to build the railroad, so that the latter may be outside the Park border with a river boundary intervening. To compensate for this loss of area, it is proposed to add strips on the south and east, which will much more than make up the loss, but FOREST AND STREAM argues that the scheme adds quantity and takes away quality. "It robs the Park of beautiful and accessible scenery, of a magnificent game preserve. It gives in exchange an inaccessible mountain region which tourists will never visit and which heavy winter snows render incapable of supporting game." * * * It is alleged that land speculators and others at Cooke City and Livingston are counting on Congressional permission for the railroad in order to advance the value of their property, and that they are the chief urgers of this scheme.—*New York Times, Dec. 25, 1892.*

### An Impudent Job.

FOREST AND STREAM published on Dec. 8 a very full exposure of the schemes of a lot of speculators and land jobbers, interested in Cooke City, a mining camp situated at the northeast corner of the National Park, to wreck the Park for their own selfish interests. The Park should be kept in its present form and extent as a great forestry preserve and national pleasure ground, and no selfish private interests should be allowed to intrude upon it. Its boundaries were carefully fixed, when it was originally established, to inclose territory most interesting for its natural features and most valuable as a preserve for wild game and for the forests at the source of two of our greatest rivers.

The whole Cooke City business is a job, and to dismember the National Park and to open it to the raids of private speculative greed should damn every member of Congress who gives it a moment's countenance.—*Louisville Commercial, Dec. 20.*

### Preserve the Yellowstone Park.

But we don't want a railroad there at all. It would be against the public interests any way, and could not be defended as a local necessity. The minerals of the Cooke City region might be hauled by wagon along the proposed railroad route; and to that there would be no objection, and in fact the Government could build the road. Or the railroad, if it was insisted on, could follow either of two other practicable routes, both leading directly away from the Park. They might be costlier to make, but if the mineral wealth of the Cooke City region is what it is represented to be, such a railroad, far outside the Park limits, might pay for itself.

Our esteemed contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM, shows the valley through which the proposed railroad is to run to be "incomparably the finest in natural scenery in the entire reservation. It is destined to be the great scenic route of the Park. Here and here alone is a coaching tour which cannot be excelled elsewhere in this country. A railroad will so monopolize this route as to ruin it for tourist travel." In narrow gorges there may be hardly room to build both a road and a railway, and in any case there would be constant danger of accident from fright to teams. Besides, the proposed railroad would pass directly through the finest winter pasturage for game in the Park, where the grass is thick and luxuriant and the snow moderate.

The proper course for Congress to take in the matter is very plain. It need not be put in a dilemma. When asked to choose between two evils, it should choose neither. If an increase of area is valuable for picturesqueness and for guarding the sources of rivers, as is said to be the case on the east, or for a breeding ground of elk and deer, as on the south, let it be acquired. But there is no need of giving up any desirable area on the north in exchange for it. If the railroad now projected is likely to devastate that area no right of way should be granted.

Yellowstone Park is a magnificent pleasure ground, set apart for the enjoyment of the people of the United States. The like of it exists nowhere else in the world; and in a future generation, when its wonders and beauties become more widely known, and access to it is easier, it will be a resort for all peoples. It is also the great zoological garden and game preserve of the continent. There are probably more buffaloes there to-day than are left roaming in all the rest of the United States. Vast herds of elk and deer may be descried there by the tourist, and hundreds of antelope in a single band. The value of its fur-bearing animals, and the possibilities of restocking from this source parks and preserves in various parts of the country must be kept in mind. This noble reservation is also a valuable natural reservoir and water supply, great rivers rising there which take divergent courses toward either ocean. A prime duty of Congress is to guard against any injury to this national possession, and to prevent any encroachment upon it in private interests. —*New York Sun, Dec. 20.*

### A Kansas Opinion.

FROM FOREST AND STREAM, a pamphlet entitled "A Standing Menace," referring to the attempt of Cooke City to secure a railroad through the Yellowstone National Park, has been received. Congress should never permit a change of boundaries (except to enlarge) of this wonderful reservation, nor should a railroad line be permitted to run through any portion thereof. The reasons given by the editor of FOREST AND STREAM are conclusive, and the greed of speculators should never be allowed to prevail. The park is a national curiosity and should be kept in a state of natural wildness. Ignorance, or the power of a lobby, could be the only excuse for any legislator favoring the opening of this park to a railroad.—*Olathe (Kansas) Mirror, Dec. 22.*

## CRIPPLED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR.

I HAVE killed 126 bears without ever receiving a scratch, but at last I have been badly mangled by one.

I have been asked a great many times to relate my experiences in bear fights and encounters with wild animals, but have always touched very lightly upon the subject, and some of those with whom I have talked have been put off with very unsatisfactory replies considering that they came from one who has had so much experience with bruin. Now that my time has come and I have been so completely taken in, I feel that I have a subject which may be of interest to many, if my precarious condition will permit me to put it together intelligibly.

My wife and I were camped on the west side of the Wind River range in Wyoming, and after reconnoitering as one has to do in a strange country for a day or two, I succeeded in locating a small amount of signs high upon the side of the mountain. On the morning of Nov. 2, my wife concluded to ride out for the mail, a distance of seventy-five miles to Big Piney, expecting to return on the fourth day. After seeing her safely started with saddle and pack-horse, I started up the mountain side looking in the fresh snow for the tracks of bears or any other game that might be of value to me. Elk, deer and antelope were seen every little way as I passed along from bench to bench, zig-zag up over peak and crag, until suddenly I came upon the tracks of bear.

I was not long in deciding to follow them as they seemed to be quite fresh in the last night's snow, but I thought some distance would have to be covered before starting them, so I stuck to my horse and followed the trail as closely as possible over down timber, logs, boulders and other obstacles which made very rough traveling. Now and then I would get off and lead my horse, making quite a circle from the trail and coming back to it at a point further on. After following a few hundreds yards I saw the bears had separated and I learned that there were three of them—all large bear—and as the toe nails or claws seemed to protrude a few inches ahead of the toes, I was glad to recognize *Ursus horribilis*.

A good portion of the day was yet ahead of me, so I pushed on cautiously and as fast as practicable. After following about two miles, crossing open ground and small patches of timber, the bears entered a dense growth of underbrush. There I knew some hunting must be done; so leaving my horse behind, I pushed my way into the brush, but after a few minutes' trial found it too thick to enter without being sure to startle the bears should they be in there, so I retraced my steps and made a wide circle around the thicket, and before completing my circle discovered that the bears had gone out of the thicket and returned to the same mountain on which I had first struck their tracks.

Securing my horse, I lost no time in going back over the two miles just covered, the bears having traveled back in a line parallel to the trail by which they came to this place, probably for the carcass of an elk. When they started up the muontain side I followed, sure now that my game was close at hand, so tying my horse and making some other precautions, I took up the trail and followed it, slowly, carefully, up the mountain side. I had not gone very far, when I came upon a bed, then another, then a third; but these were not fresh, so I did not think that they had taken alarm by any noise I had made, the wind being in my favor all the time.

After they had satisfied their hunger, bears will often make from one to a dozen beds during a day, each time getting up, taking a survey of the surroundings, satisfying themselves that all is well, then make another bed not many feet perhaps from the one they have just left. As these beds became very frequent I knew I might expect to see these bears or at least start them any minute, therefore it was necessary to advance as fast as possible and at the same time make no noise that might attract their attention. The drawing of one's pantaloons across a little bush may seem to the ordinary hunter almost noiseless, nevertheless it may be heard by the animals; or the swaying of the twig may be caught by their watchful eye, and then the next move or noise in that direction is sure to be seen or heard and then all his efforts thus far are in vain. But I was after the bear and felt sure that they could not be more than 50yds. or so distant, so that one mismovement of mine at this stage would spoil all.

Presently I discovered where the bear had gone back on their back track, as it were, and passed in behind me to my left. As the wind favored me from that quarter, I now felt that I had the best end of this hand. Carefully stepping over or going back around any little leaning bush that a bear would go under, I passed on a few yards, when I saw a very large bear lying in its bed; but the brush being too thick for me to locate any vital point and shoot it in that place, I concluded that a bullet from my .50-100 placed near the center of that bear would do its work. Besides, how could I know but that those other bears were watching me at the same time, and should any of them make one jump my chances were gone. As the sound of my gun died away the air was filled with one of those hideous bawls, squeals or roars, such as are made by the grizzly bear.

I advanced cautiously, expecting that one of the two other bears had crossed the opening to a bunch of brush much resembling a sieve, only coarser. I placed a ball in the center of this bunch as nearly as I could direct it, when another roar rent the air and mingled with those of the first. I now again advanced, watching in every direction for the other bear, which I knew was near by and might be looked for any place. Something led me to believe that the third bear had preceded the second one shot, I therefore passed by the first one as it lay there apparently in the agonies of death, passed on to where the second one was rolling around in the snow.

As I failed to discover it, I returned to the first one shot; but upon reaching the place my bird had flown. Taking up the trail, I followed but a short distance when I discovered it in a clump of bushes. It raised up on its feet and I fired at it back of the shoulder, and it dropped to the ground and commenced rolling over and biting itself in bear fashion. I threw in another cartridge and discovered that the bear was coming toward me. It raised above the bushes, giving me what I supposed a good shot, but just as the gun fired the bear dropped, and I knew that I had missed. As the bear came on, I discovered that it had jumped a log and by coming down to the ground had dropped out of my sight in place of falling. I endeavored to throw out the old shell, but it would not come. It was stuck and the bear was on me.

Here came the point where I have always maintained, and backed my assertions by strong arguments, that if a man had nerve enough the bear might come very close but would never come to him, but would always stop. But that little "if" was in my way—I did not have the nerve. I felt that the bear meant fight and that I must get out of the way, so I started to a large tree that stood near by and made a complete circle before I was overtaken. The first thing the bear did was to strike me in the breast, and down we came together. The bear then grabbed my right leg just above the knee and commenced biting and jerking with all the force of a furious beast. I reached for my gun and tried once more to extract the shell, but it would not come. All this time the bear was biting so close to my body on my left leg that I concluded it was best to sacrifice my right hand by placing it in the bear's mouth so as to guard against, so far as possible, any internal injuries and giving me the free use of my left hand to wield my butcher knife. I drew this but found that all the force I had was not sufficient to drive the blade through the hide of this bear in any part that I could reach. It now made a dive for my head, catching me on the bridge of the nose with its upper and holding on to the cheek bone with its under jaw. It held me in this position until consciousness almost left me. It was so exhausted that it fell upon me while in this position and lay there for some time. It would not do for me to estimate the time, for minutes seemed hours. Presently I revived and discovered that the animal had left me, and cautiously peered around to see if it was ready for another dive, but no bear was in sight so I got up, picked up my gun and stood it up against a tree and started down the mountain side to my horse.

I would fall, then raise myself, fall again, bathe my face in the snow and by efforts which seemed a little beyond me succeeded in returning to my horse, bearing in mind that all my troubles were not over, for on this particular occasion I had a horse that few would ride under the most favorable circumstances. Now that I was covered with bear's and human blood, it would not be surprising if he would be a little mean. Both of my hands were injured, almost useless, but I found in my right hand two small fingers a little grip. I fastened them securely around the horn of the saddle and by making great effort I sprung squarely into the saddle and he started with me on anything but a steady gait toward the camp. My right eye was entirely closed, and I could only see out of my left by holding the lids apart. When I passed near our camp I concluded that would be a cheerless place to stop, as I expected no one for four days, so I passed on, thinking to go to a ranch some 12 miles below, but most fortunately I met a hunter where he was stopping for the night, and he offered me the hospitality of his camp.

I had already ridden 12 miles and was nearly chilled to death and covered with blood. He offered me, and of course I accepted, the best bed in the house, viz., one saddle blanket and a few antelope skins. He then took my saddle horse and started for my wife and medical aid, both of which arrived as soon as horseflesh could bring them.

This, brother sportsmen, is what I believe to be a fair and just description of my fight, and while many of you may feel like censuring me for not doing differently, I believe, with the control I had of my mental powers, I did the only thing I could, and all that I could under the circumstances. IRA DODGE.

WYOMING.

### Pennsylvania Game.

WE learn from Fish Commissioner H. C. Ford that eighty deer have been killed in Pike county during the past season. A goodly number of bear were shot; one of them weighing over 400lbs. was obtained near Marshall's Creek. Five or six wildcats were reported among the captures, two at Pond Eddy, two at Dingman's Creek and one near Porter's Lake.

Commissioner W. L. Powell states that upward of 100 wild turkeys have been brought to Harrisburg. The largest one he has seen weighed fully 25lbs. This fine bird came from the South Mountain near Fayetteville. A curious habit of the wild turkey in captivity was once observed by Mr. Powell in connection with one kept in a cellar. When alarmed by the approach of any person it would run into the shelter of a vault and hiss like a goose.

MARSH, Pa., Dec. 17.—Game in this section of Chester county has been unusually plentiful this season. As elsewhere, the gray squirrels have been many and good bags have been taken. Rabbits are always with us and quail have been more numerous than for years past. Most of our local shooters are rabbit hunters and bird dogs are scarce, so the partridges, as we call them, have stood the season well, some bevies having never been shot into, while the majority of them contain from seven to ten birds for seed. Woodcock were scarce this year and the pheasant is, doubtless, hunting more wooded regions, although a few are still found on our hills.

O. BULL.

## A LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

LAST fall a friend and myself, in quest of sport and recreation, were situated in Humphrey's county, Tenn. We were twenty miles from any railroad, in a very wild country, and among a people who eke out a most poverty stricken existence from the results of their corn and peanut crops. They live, as we did, on pork, molasses and heavy biscuits.

Our host, Capt. O., who had been a captain of the original Ku Klux, was considered quite a monopolist down there, because he had a home with two rooms and a hired man named "Jodie." My friend and I slept in one of the rooms along with "Jodie" and four dogs, while the captain and family (wife, mischievous boy of nine, bright little girl of thirteen and baby) occupied the other, which also served for dining-room—a rather cramped *salle à manger*.

The baby had arrived a day before my friend and I did, and naturally the captain insisted that his New York guests should name it, and so we duly christened it Dorothy, a name quite unknown in that region, though apparently appreciated. Of course, as we gave the child a name we had to send it a dress when we got home, and if our host had any thoughts of that at the time, I am glad to think we did not disappoint him. And little Cora, though only thirteen, after a few lessons became such an adept at bird stuffing, that I sent her down as well a set of implements, which doubtless she has put to good use.

But I am not enough of a writer to try to describe the people and the country, nor do I intend to go into the details of our hunt, which was quite successful. I have only written this to lead up to a letter recently received from good old Capt. O., of which I herewith transcribe an exact copy. It gives a slight idea of the nature of the people and of the present prospects for sport in this part of Tennessee, and if it strikes everybody as being half as funny as it did me, it may be worth the trouble of reading:

Dec the 11th 1892

Mr. S— and Mr. C— of New York

Dear friends

it is with pleasur that i seate my self to write you all afew lines to let you know that we hant for got you yet these lines leaves us all well and hope they will find you all well, well Mr. S— i wish you had ben with me the secone night of this instaut i went and found a bunch of wild turkeys and i kild two that night and one next morning i had to let the major G— have one and if i hedent ben so busy i would have sent you all one i was not dun getherin corn then but i are don now and if i kill eny more i will send you them thay are a good meny around here this fall i would be glad if it is so you can come down this winter and spend two or 3 weeks or amonth with me you and Mr. C— ort to see Miss Dorithe now she can go any where she wonts to and can talk i will send you some of her hair, thay hant very meny quail here some two or three bunches right around here and the ducks is just now comence to come in here now i went up to the slough yesterday evning and i saw some 10 or 12 but did not get non of them, Cora skind the pretest hawk you ever saw and was going to send it to you but the cats got holt of it and tore it up we will send you some this winter if we all keep well, we all received your presents and was glad of them we wish we had something to send you but you know how it is and you must wate till i can send you a turkey i think maibe i can send you one be fore long i have got my crop in now and i think i will hunt some but I will hunt with you all if you all will come down here this winter if you come down let me know whin you will get to W— and i will meat you there, Jodie ses he wore his hog skin gloves to se his girl but when he went to put his arm around hur wast he puld them off so i will close for this time hoping to here from you all soon i remain as ever your friend

The length and apparent strength of "Dorithe's" lock of hair, which accompanied the letter, speak well for that little one's health and for the country's being, in spite of some disadvantages, a good place for babies, even if their parents are somewhat behind the age. But if I have seemed to laugh and make too much fun of a most honest and heart-whole people, I take it all back, and assure any one who might be tempted to take a trip to this region, that he will receive a royal welcome, and at very slight expense will have the best the country affords. And he will return to town with better health and spirits too in spite of the pork and molasses and heavy biscuits.

FAD.

## NEW ENGLAND GAME FIELDS.

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—With the present week the season on big game in Maine closes. Then the moose, deer and caribou should be at rest for eight months, with a chance to increase and multiply. It would seem that everybody in Maine, and out of that State, should be willing to give the big game a chance, since it is now so absolutely certain that letting the game alone for a reasonable portion of the year is so prolific of good results. Such a season for big game has never been experienced in New England as that which Maine has just passed through. The number of deer taken in the open season has been something wonderful, and concerning which a good deal has already been written. The number of moose taken is a surprise to those who had begun to regard this noble game as nearly extinct in New England. There are reports of two more big moose killed by Franklin county sportsmen within a week. As for caribou, they have failed to put in an appearance this season.

Probably the last Boston party after big game this season left town on Thursday for the game preserves of the Megantic Club. They will also visit the Moose River Valley of Maine. The company consists of Messrs. Waldron B. Hastings, Harry W. Sanborn, Stephen S. Johnson, all of Boston, and N. C. Nash of Cambridge, President of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The party is convoyed by Dr. Heber Bishop, President of the Megantic Club, and they accompany him on his annual Christmas hunt. The party expected to arrive at the club camps about noon Friday, where they had arranged to go into the woods at once for moose, caribou and deer. But the weather suddenly came off the coldest of the season and held so until Sunday. This may have caused some delay to the hunters, though, doubtless, the bravest of them will spend the most of the daytime in the woods. Their time is short, since the close time of the game they wish to hunt begins on Jan. 1. Indeed, they propose to be back in Boston Jan. 2.

Mr. Walter S. Hill, son-in-law of John B. Squire, the celebrated Boston pork packer, is to take a short rest from business with shotgun in hand. Mr. Woodward, of Norfolk, president of the Ragged Island Shooting Club, of Currituck Sound, has for a long time been inviting him to come down and enjoy the shooting. He has lately written Mr. Hill, and will not take no for an answer. So Mr. Hill was to start on Tuesday of this week. To say that his expectations are great would only express what is fully more than true. President Harrison has shot at these camps, I believe. Mr. Woodward writes that the shooting should be excellent. This club is one that has good rules, and is reported to live up to them. Mr. Hill says that one of these rules is—he is quite certain—that shooting is allowed for two days, and then a halt is called for two days, in order that the game may have a chance. It is also believed that as many birds are obtained, and obtained easier, than would be the case were shooting allowed every day. The birds are not all frightened away, as they would be by constant shooting.

Mr. Harry Dutton, of Houghton & Dutton, a well known Boston dry goods house, intends to soon go on a quail shooting expedition to Tennessee. Reports mention excellent sport there. Mr. Dutton has one of the best dogs in the world, and those who have followed the FOREST AND STREAM field trials carefully will remember the exploits of Duke of Kent.

With the recent cold weather the ponds in New England have all been frozen thoroughly, and now the pickerel fishermen are at hand. Already some good strings are reported from the ponds in Plymouth, and at Lake Weldon. In Maine the pickerel fishermen have been at it for some weeks, the ponds in the northern and middle portions of that State having frozen over early. Better results are mentioned than last year.

SPECIAL.

## DEER RIFLES AND SPLIT BULLETS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Two items in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 17, "Rifles for Deer," and "Losing Wounded Deer," attracted my attention. My observation and experience cause me to agree with the writers of those items. My sporting friends, men of large experience, in hunting deer, concur with me on those points, as I know by frequent conversation with them.

We all have used rifles of different calibers, but those friends now use caliber .45. I would not want a rifle for deer hunting of a caliber less than that, unless I could make it as effective as a caliber .45 at least. For the last fifteen years or more I have used a caliber .40, but for a few years past I have made it as effective I believe as a caliber .50 or more, solid bullet. I use 75grs. powder, 320grs. bullet, bullet 1¼in. in length, split.

In molding my bullets I insert between the jaws of the molds a thin piece of paper, extending from the tip of the bullet about one-half its length. When the bullet is taken from the molds, the casual observer would not notice the charred paper in the bullet. When such a bullet strikes a bone or tough muscle, the two points will spread, and roll over toward the butt end of the bullet making a wound larger than a .50cal. solid bullet, larger I believe than a .50cal. express.

Three years ago I killed a large buck, shot it through the body with such a bullet. The wound apparently was large enough readily to admit the end of a broom handle. I killed with such a bullet a spike buck, by shooting it in the neck from the front, the bullet passing through the shoulder and cutting in two five ribs and lodging in the hip.

The wounds in deer killed with such bullets were so great, and noticeable, that my companions would jocosely remark to me, they would rule me out of the hunt on account of using such things. My observation is that many more deer shot with buckshot are lost than with the rifle of the caliber now generally used. I believe the difference is occasioned by the bullet being larger in diameter than the buckshot, for one thing. A deer wounded with a bullet of large diameter will bleed much more rapidly than when shot with a small bullet, and the deer will become exhausted quicker, besides that the large bullet seems to shock, paralyze the animal to a greater extent than a small bullet.

When a lad I shot squirrels in tall trees with shotgun, No 6. shot, filling the animal with shot, perhaps breaking a leg, and still the squirrel would hang to the tree top, sometimes requiring a second shot. When I came to use the rifle for the same game, I found that when only a leg was broken he would fall. I then but a lad believed as now, that the bullet shocked, paralyzed the game. There is another reason why a rifle of large caliber is preferable to a small one. A heavy bullet will crush bones that a light one will not affect. The hunter using buckshot frequently finds shot lodged against the bones of the limbs without breaking them, so with small bullets. Of course bullets now used, fixed ammunition, as a rule are much heavier than the spherical bullet of the same caliber; the same may be said of the larger calibers.

I believe not one-half the deer shot by good hunters, men skilled in the use of the rifle, are secured. I have hunted deer for over thirty-five years, and in different places, and but few times have I found the game accommodating enough to give me a standing shot; the most they would concede would be a snap shot. If the hunter waits for an opportunity to select a point so as to make a dead sure shot, he will in all probabilities leave the timber without meat.

It is surprising how far a severely wounded deer will sometimes run. I have had more than an ordinary opportunity to vereify this idea. In most of my deer hunting, I have had with me my bird dogs, trained to slow trail deer, and with their aid seldom lose a severely wounded animal.

On one occasion I was hunting with a companion in the Rockies and a black-tailed deer ran past us. I fired the rifle and missed, then let the buckshot go. The deer gave no appearance of being hurt. I watched it running for about a quarter of a mile, untill it passed over a bluff into a creek bottom out of sight.

From some reason, what I cannot say, an impression was on my mind I had killed the animal. I so stated to my companion, and that I would follow it. He said it was folly, that there was never a gun made that would kill a deer with buckshot, the distance I had fired. I followed the trail and found the deer at the foot of the bluff shot through the heart with a buckshot. On another occasion I shot a large doe in the edge of the timber as she ran past me. It ran out upon a freshly burnt prairie. I could see no blood but with the aid of my dog trailed her over two miles until she struck into an old deer trail, and coming to the conclusion I had not hit the animal, gave up the chase. A few days afterwards while following that old deer trail, I found the doe dead. One of her shoulders was badly broken by the bullet. I shot a buck as it ran past me, shot it with the rifle, it fell, then sprang up and was out of sight in the brush before I could get in another shot. I followed it about half a day, there being a snow, before I could get a second shot. The animal was shot through the breast, low down. The wound was evidently mortal. When hunting where there are several camps of hunters, within a few miles of each other, it is not an uncommon occurrence to find dead deer evidently killed by some of the hunters. I could multiply instances to illustrate the points under consideration. It is better for the sportsman and mercy to the deer to use as deadly a weapon as possible.

H. L.

## CHANGES IN NEBRASKA.

DAWES COUNTY, Neb.—Northwest Nebraska is not usually a very inviting field to the sportsman. Six or seven years ago there was game here in abundance. Deer and antelope in goodly numbers roamed the pine-clad hills and pastured in the unbroken prairies, while now and then a huge antlered elk could be seen browsing in the valley or standing with head erect on the steep hillside. At that time, too, grouse, the pin-tailed variety, were here in countless numbers. I think I can say without warping the truth that I have seen single flocks of these savory birds that contained upwards of 1,000. They were almost as tame as the common domestic fowl and the settlers killed them by thousands. In fact this was the chief source of subsistence to many a poor homesteader during the winter of 1885 and '86. It was fried grouse for breakfast, broiled grouse for dinner and grouse cold for supper, day after day for months. To give some idea of the tameness of the grouse here then it will only be necessary to tell how a vast number were slaughtered. The hunter, armed with a .22 breechloading rifle, would walk boldly up to within a few yards of the tree on which a flock of these birds had settled and there stand and shoot until a dozen or more had fallen dead to the ground before their companions would take flight. I have known fifteen to be killed in this way from a single standpoint.

It is usually too dry here for waterfowl, but the past season was uncommonly wet, and in consequence large ponds and lakes were formed in various places throughout the country, which induced a good many cranes, geese, ducks and snipe to sojourn a while with us on their way South.

For a few days after our heaviest rains great flocks of curlew visited the stubble and pasture fields and feasted on big plump grasshoppers.

Six years ago there was not a quail in northwestern Nebraska, but some gentlemen at Long Pine, about 150 miles east of here, had a few shipped in and turned loose; and they have increased and scattered abroad over all this part of the State. Last fall I saw several coveys of from 10 to 20 young birds. I think they will do well here, for our winters are generally mild, and there is an abundance of food and shelter.

The place seemed more civilized and homelike when these cheerful little rustlers appeared on the scene and began to pipe in the bright June mornings those old familiar words, "Bob White," I had loved to hear since early boyhood.

Song birds are a great deal more numerous here now than a few years ago. During the summer of 1885 I think I saw but two robins and one thrush, although I kept on the lookout for my feathered friends. But now the fields and groves are endeared by the low sweet notes of the robin and the mild joyous melody of the thrush from April until October.

Last year a good many robins and meadow larks wintered here; the former kept close to the timber and brush, but the latter, during stormy weather, sought the barn yard or straw pile for feed and shelter.

There is a marked difference in the song of the meadow lark here from that of the East; it is more shrill and harsh and has several variations. Perhaps the climate is responsible for the change.

T. S. ALLISON.

## COLORADO ASSOCIATION.

THE Rocky Mountain Sportsmen Association held their adjourned meeting in Denver, Dec. 19. The name was changed to the Colorado Game and Fish Protective Association, and all reference to trap-shooting was stricken from the constitution and by-laws. It is the intention of the members to work for game protection and leave all trap-shooting tournament to the shooting clubs.

The game law committee reported, and their report was adopted after some discussion. The following were the most important changes recommended: An open season on sage hens from Aug. 1 to Nov. 15, on quail from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1; to extend the season on wild fowl to April 15. to raise the maximum penalty in all conviction to $200 and the minimum to $50: to give power to the game warden to seize and confiscate all game, etc., unlawfully killed or in possession, and to search wagons, tents and outfits; to extend complete protection to bison, mountain sheep and goats; to prevent the sale of hides, and to make the open season on large game from July 1 to Nov. 1. They also recommended the repealing of the bounty law in regard to bears and mountain lions, and that the office of game warden should be separate from that of Fish Commissioner.

The following officers were elected: W. C. Bradbury, President; F. A. Williams, Vice-President; M. Hewitt, Secretary and Treasurer.

A vote of thanks was extended to the outgoing officers.

J. N. Barrett, Game Commissioner of Utah, has written Game Warden Land, informing him that M. A. Perkins of Dixon, Wyo., had 5,000 pounds of deer and elk meat in his possession and was preparing to ship it West. Perkins made an affidavit that the game was killed in Colorado. The market hunters are killing deer by the hundreds in the White River country and the meat is being shipped out by the wagon loads. Mr. Land has gotten Governor Routt to appoint G. A. Lechmere deputy warden for that country, and he will investigate this wholesale killing at once and, if possible, make some arrests.

TESEEBY.

### What a Store of Good Reading He Has Had!

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dear Sir: The bit of history you put on back of your letter in regard to the paper starting in 1873 reminds me that the first sporting paper that I subscribed for was the *American Sportsman*. I was printed by Parker Brothers., West Meriden, Conn. This was in 1868. The name was changed to *Rod and Gun* and then to FOREST AND STREAM.

I have been a subscriber off and on for many years, and will say that it improves with time.

P. W. S.

## OUR OUTING.

"Ye who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shower of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain shower and the snowstorm,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their palisades of pine trees,
And the thunder in the mountains."

—*Longfellow.*

YOU, dear reader, who are compelled by force of circumstances to forego the pleasure of an outing, far from the cities and towns, were none the less remembered while we were enjoying the beauties of nature, and a life of freedom and pleasure in the forest depths.

The term "our" is used in the plural rather than as a customary form, as the party consisted of my wife, eight-year-old boy and self—and the trip was the result of several years planning and anticipation.

I once read the advice given by an enthusiastic vacationist, "That it is better to begin planning your vacations as early as possible in January, even though they are not to be taken until September, or later, as with the long time ahead there is so much anticipation, and even if adverse circumstances prevent your going then, you have at least derived much pleasure from it."

Assuming this to be correct, the pleasure of our trip may be somewhat imagined from the length of time it was still in the stages of design. One bright, warm morning in July, after having satisfactorily closed up our domestic and business affairs in the city of L , in Ohio, with the necessary good-byes to friends and scenes of city life, we took the train for Indian River, Mich. "Oh pshaw, I thought that fellow was going off to some wild place." I imagine I hear the foregoing exclamation, but let me tell you that this place is selected after a successful hunting trip the fall before, for the following reasons—accessibility by rail and thence by wagon, good water for camp use, boating and fishing, an abundance of game, from bear and deer down, freedom from intrusion from settlers and pot-hunters.

It was broad daylight, and with a clear eastern sky lit up by the rising sun, when we descended from the sleeper at the end of our railroad trip the next morning after we left home, and for a few moments before going to the hotel for breakfast we enjoyed the fresh morning air and the beautiful scenery, the glittering sheen of the placid waters, the fresh glowing sun over the bright green pine-tops to the east of us, birds singing in the wood, and here and there the slowly rising smoke from a villager's cabin, which betokens that man as well as nature is at the morning of day.

After a hearty breakfast with our genial host, H., while I looked after a team and our camp outfit, the good wife was preparing herself for a combined trip on foot and by wagon to the scene of future incidents by laying aside traveling clothes and donning outing duds.

As usual on such trips, where I generally walk a great deal, and sometimes find an inquisitive bear, I carried my .40-65 Winchester as a precautionary measure, and well, too, for about 7 miles out on the route to camp, sure enough, there sat a pleasing specimen of *Ursus major* just beside the path, and he seemed to delight in the antics of the terrorized horses, until I concluded to come into the game with a full ante of 260grs. of lead. This dose settled matters so that we had to hitch the horses to a tree and let them get over their fright.

M., the teamster, assisted me in removing the hide and hanging the carcass, the skin and a few choice cuts being taken along to kind of break in to camp life on, leaving the balance for M. to take into town for himself and friends on his return.

### Making Camp.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we got to the little lake where I had desided on camping, and after getting the team nicely fed M. and myself unloaded and began making camp. Our 14x16 wall tent was first set up. Then the stove and other articles too heavy for one person to handle were put in place; boxes opened to get out the necessary materials for supper, which Mattie prepared while M. and myself carried the boat down to the lake, then we chopped off several fallen trees into good logging lengths and hauled them up to camp—for you know that to keep the cook in good humor, you must keep her well supplied with good firewood.

"I don't see much fun about that kind of an outing, there is too much work," you say, but that is to be expected and, of course, we do not look for a full measure of leisure for the first few days until things are somewhat "camp-shape." By this time supper is ready and, with the exception of bearsteak, our menu is quite civilized, excepting, of course, that we have said good-bye to milk in our coffee, with sundry dainties, and, henceforth, will take it as the Kentuckian does his whisky—straight. Supper over, M. hitches up his horses again for his return home, and after seeing him out of sight down the tote road, I resume my fit of industry and get a good bed built up in one corner of the tent, and of this bed I must tell you, for its comfort is grand: Four crotches driven into the ground so that two poles laid in them will be about 16in. high, across these two poles other smaller poles are laid slat fashion, then upon these we piled small hemlock twigs to a depth of 6 or 8in.—coarser ones at the bottom with butt ends all one way, then the fine ones on top. Over this is spread a piece of potter's cloth or a rubber blanket, then good heavy woolen blankets until it is soft enough. "Sheets?" why bless you, nor white goods of any kind—all clothing and bedding is as far as possible of woolen, and up there one can crawl in between blankets of a July night and not lose a minute's sleep.

### A Moonlight Row.

After completing the sleeping appurtenances, we go down to the lake for a row and spend an hour or so whiling away in the bright moonlight; just drifting about and talking of the pleasures of such a life, while the little boy in the bottom of the boat has laid his head on his mother's knee and gone to sleep, dreaming of the fish he will catch and the bears he intends to kill: for, like other children, he is full of life and hope. Once in a while we drift in shore and send a flock of water fowls scurrying up the lake; then as it grows later we occasionally see two bright spots in the shadows of the pines, and presently a deer steps down to the water to drink. Such scenes as this we are accustomed to and can witness without any desire to shoot at this season, as the deer are properly protected by the laws of the State of which we are guests and the freedom allowed sportsmen in the open season are considerations too binding to permit of unlawful killing of the State's game. Like all true sportsmen, we are so thoroughly appreciative of the pleasures and privileges of a resort to such a glorious place that no abuses will be permitted, and though deer may be seen every day, and within sight of the tent are partridges, or as they call them up here, sage hens, raising their young broods, yet no desire to kill is felt until the season is lawfully open.

Even my 10-gauge Remington is laid away till autumn and only the rifles are carried on our trip to secure our safety from a stray bear or an occasional wolf. Mattie uses a .32 Marlin repeater, which is well adapted to her, and her marksmanship is good, as is evidenced by the specimens in our collection—an eagle, two cranes, one great Northern woodpecker, a porcupine and some other miscellaneous trophies preserved by the taxidermist.

### Bass for Breakfast.

But by this time we have rowed back to camp, fastened the boat for the night and will retire. At daybreak next morning I am out and gathering up my fishing tackle, row quietly out into deep water, where a full mess of bass is caught for breakfast. In fishing as well as hunting nothing is taken more than to supply present needs, for of all abominations (Proverbs 12: 27) is the one who ruthlessly catches or kills only to throw it away, and as our stay here is to be a good long one, we want no unnecessary fuss to drive away the fish and game.

After cleaning those I have caught and setting them aside in a pan of clear, cool lake water, the next job is to get a supply of wood for our helpmeet and companion. As the chips begin to fly I hear a little stir in the tent; looking around I see a daintily wrapped figure emerging, fresh as the morning daisies. Somewhat anxiously I inquire as to how my wife enjoyed the night and her experiences thus far in camp life, for it is an uncertain experiment to coax a city girl off into the woods.

The dear creatures have such a horror of snakes, bugs and mice, but this particular little woman has accompanied me on several minor expeditions and acquitted herself honorably, so the fair reader can imagine that my questions were answered satisfactorily.

Taking a short stroll around the camp and vicinity and an exhilarating drink of water from the lake she returned to the tent to prepare breakfast.

"Hello there, son; where are you, and how did you like that for a night's sleep?" as the little fellow sat up among the blankets rubbing his eyes. "Oh, papa, ain't this fun, a real tent off in the big woods, and just think of what fun we can have here all the time." Then like a flash he was out of bed, climbing into his clothes, so anxious to be out and around that he could scarcely eat any breakfast.

Now it will take us a couple of days to get things fixed up in shape to really begin our outing, so I will leave the reader to follow Mattie and Walter in their rambles and walks around the lake while I devote my time to more arduous tasks about camp.

"Get lost?" Well some women might, but my wife is not in danger of it as she is provided with a compass that has a small map of the territory we are located in, said map being made after my trip through that section the fall before, and then, too, she carries the little Marlin all the time and two shots, our help signal, will start me on double quick to the rescue. Of course in these strolls alone she will not get more than a half mile from camp, and as I know the country thoroughly I could reach her if necessary in a very short time. Bears at this season are not troublesome at all, and I have faith enough in the finger that pulls the trigger to assure me that the little .32 would do its duty.

The reader may think that our preparations have been somewhat extensive up to this time, but I will say here that this is to be an outing in every sense of the word, and in all probability one that will last for me at least till the spring. Mattie and Walter will remain with me until cold weather (providing of course no sickness or accident occurs) so that she may try her hand on game both large and small; then she will return to the city, while I accompany her as far as the railway station, to guide back a party of chosen friends, who have come up solely for a shooting and among whom is my particular friend Frank B., who will remain with me for the winter and spring trapping.

With the coming of the gentlemen we shall abandon the tent and construct a substantial log camp in anticipation of long cold storms, but hold on, they have not come yet, and I must not get so far ahead of my story.

### "Outdoor Sports for Women."

The work being done up now and nothing to do but fish, row, bathe and roam through the woods, I must tell you of the new life it is putting into us all. I am an enthusiastic believer in "Outdoor sports for Women," and children, and having such examples of its virtues daily with me, I can fairly note the happy changes in my companions. Our fare is simple, hearty, easily prepared, while the work is almost nothing. As the food tastes better from Mattie's hands, I prefer to have her cook, though not because I can't, and I do all the dish washing and dirty work, leaving her to the many little pleasures of leisure. When it rains, we simply remain in the tent, reading, writing, or I make such additions to my map as have been suggested in our roamings. This map is serving a double purpose, that of keeping me in a spirit of close observation of my surroundings and as a very useful article when our party comes up. It is largely to this purpose that I am devoting it, for after an experience one fall in a strange locality, I wisely concluded that an accurate map would save many weary walks, and when a fellow downs a 200lb. buck four miles from camp, along toward the close of a November day, he naturally wants to know the quickest route to camp and supper, especially if there is snow on the ground, but of such an experience more anon.

### Berries and a Bear.

Sometimes we devote rainy weather to repairing clothing, etc., cleaning up the guns, or occasionally would use the lighter rifle or revolvers for target shooting. This necessitated reloading shells, a further source of occupation. Walter had seen some toy birch bark canoes on one of our trips, so I made a whole fleet of them for his amusement. He had also a little airgun using BB shot, which afforded him much diversion, but as we were favored with very little unpleasant weather, the time was passed quite agreeably. A neighboring huckleberry patch afforded many a relishing dish, and we dried not a few for winter use; then a little later, when blackberries began to ripen, we had many a feast, and it was on one of these expeditions that Mattie had a full opportunity of testing her valor and aim. We had been gathering berries until, tiring of it, we sat down to rest and eat some. I had walked off a little distance to look at a curiously grown tree, and while gone heard a scream followed by a shot back where the folks were. I turned and ran back, just in time to see a fairly sized bear go off through the brush, but not too late to send a few farewell mementoes with him. Assuring myself that all was well with the berry eaters I took up the trail.

About a quarter of a mile I found bruin sitting up licking his wound. As soon as he discovered my presence he assumed an attitude of defense, but presenting as he did such a fair mark, my first shot passed right through his heart, dropping him dead even while I was throwing the lever of my gun for another shot.

The killing of these two bears is recorded in very few words, no great excitement or tussle called forth, as we often read of. This may be attributed to two circumstances, first, both were good shots, secondly, the modern magazine or repeating rifle is a terrible weapon, both in penetrating and in speed of operation, and it requires more than an ordinary black bear to stop one of those 260 grain balls. But, dear reader, life was not always as smooth as when we were introduced to the presence of a bear. The other two that fell to our lot by the following spring, gave us a little more to remember them by.

Here we are a mile from camp, a woman, boy and a lot of berries to take care of, also a dead bear to hang and dress, but as it is early in the day, there is no hurry only on account of the last mentioned feature. I always prefer to get an animal dressed as quickly as possible after it is killed, as it is handled easier and is less objectionable for many reasons. Going back to report my success with bruin, I enlisted Mattie's assistance in my work. Together we got him hung up between a couple of trees, and when I removed the hide we found where the .32 ball had struck fairly enough, but in missing any of the vital parts, had merely caused pain enough to start him off. By the way, the aforesaid scream came from the throat of our brave little boy, who found a real live and very present bear loose in the woods, much different from his ideal as formed from acquaintance with tame ones in menageries, and his courage fell correspondingly, until his fears found vent in a yell. But once dead and safely placed, he had courage to approach and examine the cause of his fright. Mattie, too, felt much better then than before and ever afterwards, concluded to carry her own gun when we went away from camp, if there was any danger of my absenting myself from the party more or less.

This bear afforded us a great deal of meat and considerable gun oil. When brought into camp we immediately salted some and started more to smoking for winter use, for it would not do to waste any, and in fact that bear was partaken of until we were all nearly tired of bear meat. "Didn't you have any dogs?" No, not a dog—we have no use for curs, and as it was not open season for game a sporting dog would have been a useless feature. Then the laws distinctly prohibit hunting deer with dogs, so that we had no use for a hound, and as one dog will drive more game than five men, we did not want one on that account. Some dogs may be brought in later for use on birds and as retrievers in duck shooting.

We found plenty of diversion and excitement during the remaining warm weather, but nothing worthy of recording here. Our camp life is one continual repetition of leisurely fishing, rowing and walking excursions, which, with plenty to eat, are bringing color to the faces and flesh to the bodies, renewing life and spirit. Truly there is no remedy for the minor, and some of the major ills of life, like that afforded by nature in the seclusion of her fastnesses. Those burdened with domestic and business cares should try a season like the one herein described, for it is an efficacious medicine and one easy to take.

Day after day passed rapidly over our heads until we found the season open for smaller game, then taking advantage of it, we secured several substantial meals from the feathered denizens of the forest and lakes. With the advent of cooler weather, we feel like taking more extended rambles, during which the most likely places for larger game are noted carefully, and left as undisturbed as possible for future use.

### The Camp Company Changes.

At last draws very near the time for the arrival of our gentlemen friends and departure of Mattie and Walt for the comforts of city life, so we gather up and pack in the trunks the things of feminine and juvenile utility, and almost sadly start out to the nearest settler for a team to take them to the railroad. Certain it was that I should sadly miss the companionship so congenial and pleasant, yet with all enthusiasm Mattie assures me that she will look weekly for the letter detailing success in the chase, and Walt even has exacted the promise of a young fawn's skin to have stuffed for his own, together with sundry trophies so dear to a boy's heart. The farewells said, it was a hard job surely, but over now, and away down the track I watch the rapidly disappearing train bearing my loved ones away; yet in an hour will another loom into sight, and as she pulls in I see some familiar-looking boxes, etc., standing just inside the baggage car, but leaving that to the care of the station agent, I hasten to welcome the boys. Here's Tom, Frank and Doc, with two friends whom we will introduce as Hank and Joe, making with myself six in the party. We get our "truck" all loaded up and start back to camp as soon as possible, for it is getting late now and travel is not pleasant after dark in that country.

Nothing occurred to cause any excitement on our trip in, and immediately after arriving the eating, sleeping and unpacking preparations are entered into with vigor. Tom and myself are elected cooks, Frank is water man, while Doc, Hank and Joe will get up an appetite and a goodly woodpile at the same time; that being our arrangement while together, everything runs smoothly in the prescribed channel.

During the last few days of Mattie's stay I had gathered up sufficient material for bedding and wood enough for a few days at least, so that we could devote all the

time to getting our cabin built before snow comes. Now of course this particular job must be delayed more or less, for the boy's ardor for the hunt is such that it must be catered to, and with prospects of good weather and a good, comfortable tent to sleep in it does seem hard to work when we came up here to hunt.

One deer hung up near by satisfies all hands for the present, and the taste of wild meat makes them still more willing to get things fixed up, so that we can have an uninterrupted season of sport.

Now, this shanty or cabin is built of logs in the usual manner, covered with boards. It is sufficiently large to accommodate all hands, experience having taught us that a hunting party could stow away in pretty small quarters.

Hank and Joe take the boat almost daily with the avowed intention of providing ducks and fish, while the rest of us devote our time to deer and bear hunting, our evenings being spent in the usual camp fashion—cards, stories, smoking, and reading after mail days.

### Night Shooting.

Our usual programme is, arise at 4:30 and get breakfast over and work done up so as to be off to our runways and mast ridges by early daybreak. No dinner, only a lunch, carried in coat pockets. The first man into camp at night has to commence choring by firing up and lugging water. Supper after dark generally, unless there is to be some watching of runways at dark; if so, we usually dine at 2:30 or 3:30 P. M., that gives easy time to place ourselves by dark. This style of hunting is perfectly legitimate and usually successful. There is no light used, the hunter locating himself near a runway or feeding ground, waits patiently for the appearance of the game. If moonlight, a rifle, and if dark, a shotgun, with buckshot, will be the weapon to use. Keep absolutely quiet and still, and when perfectly sure of the game, then pull.

Perhaps to some nervous people this would be a trial, to be, as I have often been, sitting perfectly quiet for hours, as it seems, and at last you hear the slow step approaching nearer and nearer, then looms up the figure of a proud buck. No, not yet! Too far away; let him come a little closer. Steady! Hold your breath—now he is coming nearer; raise your gun very slowly and steadily, inch by inch, bending the head to bring the eye along the barrel, and just as soon as you think he is near enough, pull the trigger. If you have a rifle throw in another shell as quickly as possible, as you may need it, or if a shotgun hold your spare barrel ready for an emergency, offensive or defensive—even have two extra shells in your hand ready to throw into the gun—but no, he is down, and the next thing is to properly bleed him. Experience has taught that a wounded buck must be approached very cautiously, as even in their death struggles they are liable to seriously injure a man, of which fact Tom bears witness, as a few words will relate later on.

Now, for this night's shooting everything depends on the wind. A good strong wind is favorable if blowing from the direction from which the game may be expected and if brought to ground at first shot it is usually safer to plant a revolver ball in their foreheads before they recover from the shock. This will settle any little differences of opinion between game and hunter, and does not mutilate the animal like a body shot, nor does it nerve them into a fierce struggle as when they feel the edge of a knife at their throat.

### Tom's Deer.

Tom's deer you say? Well yes, and being his first I guess he won't care if I tell you about it, or perhaps he can do it better.

"Early one morning while quietly on my way to the 'North Grounds' as we called one of our favorite sections for deer, as I stepped into a little opening of perhaps four acres, I heard a rustling in the brush about fifteen rods away. With the motion of throwing my rifle into position, out jumped a large buck. He saw my motion and for an instant stood just as he struck, looking at me as I pulled the trigger. At the report of the gun he turned and bounded straight away from me into the brush but not quick enough to escape three more shots which I sent after him as rapidly as I could work the gun. Still with all my boasted marksmanship I saw my deer disappear in the brush. However, with some doubt as to my success, I started over to look for blood upon the leaves, and while following up the trail I soon came upon my deer, lying down in the struggles of death. Thinking to soon end his sufferings, I set my gun against a tree and drew my knife to cut his throat; approaching from behind I placed one foot on a prong of his antlers, and grasping the other branch of them so that I could hold him firmly, I reached over to put in the finishing touches, when as the knife touched the skin, rip! zip! thud! That deer had risen on his fore quarters and was trying to get over to where I lay on my back, about 20ft. from him. That he could not do, however, and finding myself not seriously hurt, I took my gun, thinking to finish him with a ball in the head, but as I made ready to shoot he dropped again to the ground, satisfying me by his actions that I could more safely approach him. This I did, but in future I will take no chances.

This deer, by the way, was a very large and powerful one, as we paid express charges on 205lbs. when dressed, the reader may judge of the size. The post mortem examination, which was conducted by an interested party, developed some remarkable results as to penetration, marksmanship and vitality, as of the four shots fired the first passed clear through back of the shoulders and out, another entering about an inch to one side of the median line and about an inch and a half below the root of the tail, passed through the large hip joint, shattering it completely, on through the stomach and ribs, then through the front shoulder blade and was found badly battered up just under the skin of the shoulder. One of the other two clipped off about 2in. of the tail, while the last, passing under the belly, ripped a gash about 8in. long. The cartridges used in this case were .38cal., 40 grains of powder and 180 of lead, developing, as shown, enormous penetration. From a description of these wounds it will be seen that a heavy calibered weapon is neccessary for deer hunting, as only in case of a heart or head shot will a light one stand any show.

During these hunts, where each man goes off alone, it may be of interest to the intending hunter to know what we consider a proper outfit of weapons, not touching the matter of clothing further than to remark that it should be of good texture and corresponding to color of trees, etc. Each man carries a repeating rifle, with ten to twenty extra cartridges, a belt, with revolver, knife and a small axe, a compass, of course, being indispensable.

Perhaps the reader may have become so interested in this subject as to want to know more fully all of the details of forest hunting. Before I became a sportsman I was an enthusiastic reader of sporting literature and eagerly devoured, as it were, ever scrap of outing miscellany. Even now my desires in that direction have not waned, and sometimes after a long day's hunt I am to be found at night reclining on the hemlock bed, reading, by the light of the lantern, the exploits of some other fellow who knows what it is to rough it in camp.

### Hanging Up a Deer.

Let us imagine a hunter as mentioned before, say about four miles from camp, standing over his 200lbs. buck, too far away to signal for help, and that deer cannot lie there till morning; it must be hung up, dressed and be so placed that foxes or other vermin cannot get at it.

Prepare from a good stout sapling a gambrel similar to that used by farmers at butchering time, insert it the same as for a hog or calf; now select a convenient tree with projecting limbs about nine or ten feet from the ground. On one of these limbs place the butt end of a stout pole, say 12 to 20ft., having first got the deer in shape under it, and with the small end of the pole passed through under the gambrel stick; now commence and work the deer up this inclined pole as far as you can, if necessary cutting notches for the gambrel to rest in to prevent slipping. With a good crotch stick ready, raise the small end of the long pole up alongside of some convenient tree as high as you can, placing the crotch stick under to hold it there. This will be high enough to dress it. Now if desired you can raise the deer still higher by cutting longer crotch sticks and pushing the end of the long pole higher thereby.

Dress a bear in the same way. This is a job where your ax comes in, and by the time it is done you find the shadows deepening around you, which, with occasionally an owl's hoot, gives warning of fast approaching darkness. You feel tired, but not desiring a lonely night's vigil by the root of a tree, you must hurry off to camp while it is yet twilight. Darkness will certainly overtake you, but you know the camp rules: "If any man is not in by dark, those in camp will fire two shots at intervals of two minutes, three times unless answered, then after fifteen minutes the same is repeated until answered, or two of the boys will start out with lanterns, firing signal shots occasionally." One shot from the missing party is the answer. Bang! Bang! Yes, they are shooting for you now; so raise the muzzle of your gun to deliver the sound well up in the air, and answer them. Away through the woods yonder came the sound of camp shots, cheering up the spirits and freshening the muscles for a finish of the day's work. Into camp again with a smoking hot supper awaiting you, then a general recounting of the day's adventures by all members of the party. Two deer, some ducks, partridges and a nice mess of fish are added to the list of eatables to-day.

Such is the usual routine of camp life, varied by less favorable days of storms and consequent scarcity of game.

### Winter in Camp.

Fortunately we have met with no accidents during our sojourn together, and with feelings of regret that the season is so soon over, Frank and myself help the boys pack up and see them aboard the train homeward bound, with a good supply of game in the baggage car for the folks at home. Back we go to camp for the winter, and as the daily events from now on will be so nearly alike, I will not bore the reader with more than a general idea of how we passed the time.

The season being one of severe storms, we usually hunt together for safety. Every morning making the round of our traps by boat when we can, on foot when the lakes freeze over, removing any game that may be caught for the fur, resetting when no signs of recent visitation from animals, or carrying into camp those we can find no new places for. When the ice gets stronger we fish through it for the gamy pickerel, or stormy days finds us close about camp, cutting wood, writing letters or reading, with the many odd little jobs to occupy our attention.

Our pack of furs is growing larger day by day, but as yet we have not succeeded in getting any more bears until along toward spring during a warm spell, we found some fresh tracks one morning not far from camp, and of course that fellow is our meat, even if we have to follow him a week. Back we go to camp for a supply of grub apiece and more cartridges; for at this time of the year that bear is hungry and cross, and in his search for food may lead us a long chase. How long the reader can judge from the fact that we camped on his track that night, and along in the afternoon of the next day came up with him in a swampy place, through which we had to crawl almost on our hands and knees. Hark! There he goes tearing through the brush, and bang! bang! bang! the old repeaters send messages of death after the black carcass. "Jeewhiz!" says Frank, "he is a buster sure, but I guess we will get him now."

Dropping all superfluous clothing and blankets on the snow, we tear ahead after him as fast as we can. After a good half-hour's chase, during which the sight of blood drops appearing on the snow with increased frequency is a strong stimulant to us—we come up to a little thicket of brush and are "brought up all standing" as a sailor would say, by a succession of very savage growls. Evidently bruin is at bay, and we must use great care, but care nothing! There is a rush and rustle of the brush, and before we have time to think that bear is almost on top of us. "Jump, Frank!" "Look out, Jim!" were the exclamations made as my .40-65 jumped to my shoulder in time to see Frank sprawling over the snow by a blow from that strong paw, and as he fell I fired at the bear's foreshoulder. Finding that he had another enemy, he turned to me, as again I sent a leaden command to halt, but halting was not in his mind then, and before I could get in the third shot, I was myself sprawling in the brush, while it seemed as though a mountain of hair and flesh stood over me. While trying to draw my revolver to give him a few of its soothing pills before he would be able to injure me much, Frank had gotten himself in shape and seeing my danger, took careful aim and fired, the ball entering back of his shoulder and passing through the heart. As he fell he gave me one farewell pat with those long claws which not only took off my coat, vest and shirts, but also went into the skin, leaving four little scratches to be patched up with court plaster. That's nothing, though, for a bear hunt, and "we got him," hide, meat and all.

### A Bear "Scrap."

While taking that bear into camp, we found where another had been eating the carcass of a deer which had evidently died of a wound. The weather being fine, we concluded to patch up a little before trying issue with that gentleman. Next morning bright and early, we started on the trail, following it all forenoon, and coming up to a settlers found that they had frightened the bear away from their pig-pen the night before. This settler, Mr. B., wanted a little bear meat and concluded to join us in the hunt. After a good warm dinner at his house all three started out, taking his mongrel dog Jack. We tracked that bear all the afternoon, and at night stopped with another settler Mr. Y., who joined with us the next morning in the renewal of the chase. The weather turning very cold in the night we hoped that our game would den up somewhere near.

Out on the track again, through the woods and "burnings" across lakes and streams, sure enough we found an apparent ending to those queer-shaped footmarks. Just ahead there is a tangled up mess of trees, branches and blackberry brush, the work of some wind-storm and the prolific brier. Leaving my three companions to wait for me, I start out around the pile, making a complete circle back to the waiting trio, finding no signs of bruin's departure. "Yes, he is in there," but how to get him out, is the question. My little strips of court plaster remind me that I don't want to crawl in there for a private interview with a sleepy, hungry, beary bear; for my gentle intrusion might suddenly awaken him to a renewed appetite and liveliness. No, that won't do, but as the others are a little backward about forming a close acquaintance with live bear meat, something must be done. We can't freeze him out, don't want to burn him out and can't coax him out. Our dog Jack, too, is very expectant (of a chance to run home as fast as he can), if his manner is at all indicative, for he stands back on the trail, with closely reefed tail and sides shivering with cold or fear, plainly showing that we can expect no assistance from him.

Well, I've crawled after the game before and as I'm here to hunt, hunt it is. Doffing overcoat and closely buttoning my canvas hunting coat about me, with my rifle left conveniently near the entrance, revolver in right hand, trusty hunting knife in the other I start in on "all fours." It begins to smell "beary" as I get further into the pile and listening quietly I hear a wheezy breathing still further in. Now, dear reader, don't think that I am a Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett, for candidly I am not, and just then I wished myself far away "o'er hill and dale" where I had more friends, but with a bear ahead of me and three men behind me to laugh at my cowardice (well they might laugh when they were better fixed to run or fight), the situation was becoming more desperate. I considered matters as calmly as my pardonably excited condition would allow, evolving a plan whereby I might wake up that bear without letting him know who did it. Locating his body as near as I could by the breathing, I backed out until nearly to the entrance, still having as I judged a straight course for the bullets. Noting the position well, I went on out to report matters as they stood, explaining my intentions. Knowing full well what dependence I could put on Frank, I had him remain at the entrance with rifle cocked, Mr. B. was detailed half way around on the right while Mr. T. took up a position on the left.

Thus arranged with due caution not to shoot me instead of the bear, I went back in as far as I dared, intending to send three or four shots from my revolver, and then get out as quickly as I could. This scheme worked perfectly. "Fools for luck" every time, with my third shot I commenced crawfishing my way out as best I could, and as I reached open air a yell from Mr. T. announced "Here he comes." Bang! bang! "Hurry up, boys," bang-bang-zip-zip-zip, there goes Jack, whose fear was forgotten in the excitement, the bear still going on through the windfall. "There! he's stopped to fight the dog," and pell-mell we rushed to the spot from whence Jack was sending yelps of offense. By not having an overcoat to hinder my motions I soon overtake T. and arrive first to the "scrap." One shot from me and from Frank, another and another, which finished matters just as B. and T. arrived on the scene. The hide was all we took, leaving the meat for our friends, as we had plenty in camp. Going back we stayed over night with Mr. T., taking the round of our traps the next day; and although we found an occasional track in the woods as spring approached, no more bears were killed.

We continued our trapping until about the middle of April, when breaking camp, we again sought civilization, feeling that our outing had been all that we had planned it to be, not, however, enough to completely allay the desire, and now each season finds us again, for the brief period allowed by law for deer hunting, living in a canvas house on the bank of a lake, where memory recalls many scenes of comfort and pleasure.

JAMES KNIGHT.

## Game Notes from the Pecos Valley.

EDDY, New Mexico, Dec. 20.—Mr. W. F. Krum and Mr. Harold Gregory, of Chicago, have just returned from an antelope hunt on the staked plains. They went out forty miles to a small lake, in the vicinity of which they found sumething like twenty bunches of antelope, from ten to fifty in each bunch. The country was almost perfectly level and the hunters found it impossible to get within easy shooting distance. They succeeded, however, in getting one antelope, plenty of quail and one coyote.

Mr. Albert Netherland, who lives in the Guadalupe Mountains, about seventy miles west, lately brought in ten deer and two antelopes, which he sold to a local meat market. A hunter who lives near Roswell killed and brought in, a few days ago, eight antelope, which he sold for $1.50 a head. Miles T. Stone brought in, on Wednesday last, nineteen deer and a bear, which he killed in the Guadalupes. All good people regret to know that this market-hunting is being carried on; but there is no means of preventing it, and since it is being done it is just as well to let it be known, in order that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may know where they can find game when they want it. G. O. SHIELDS.

## FOR UNIFORM LAWS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 23.—A meeting was held here last week to agree upon a uniform game law, which may be recommended to the several legislatures of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota. James J. Hogan, of La Crosse, was elected president and A. F. Ferris, of Brainerd, secretary. The following were present: H. W. Wilder, Grand Forks, N. D.; James Nevins, Superintendent of the hatchery at Madison, Wis.; T. S. Grigg, Fish Commissioner, of Spirit Lake, Ia.; Dr. R. O. Sweeney, Superintendent of the hatchery at Duluth; S. S. Watkins, of St. Paul; Wm. Bird, of Fairmount, Minn.; Frank L. Stetson, Game Warden of Minnesota; Secretary Andrus of the Minnesota Fish Commission. The meeting discussed a bill prepared by Mr. Andrus, and a committee on legislation was appointed, which consists of Senator Calvert Spensley, of Mineral Point, Wis.; Senator E. F. Mack, of Storm Lake, Ia.; W. L. Wilder, Grand Forks, N. D.; W. P. Andrus, Minneapolis; Dr. S. P. Bartlett, Quincy, Ill.; Col. Winsor, Sioux Falls, S. D. A thousand copies of the proposed bill will be printed and placed in the hands of the members of the several legislatures. A strong effort will be made for uniform seasons in the several States, which will do away with the shipping of game from one State to another. Spring shooting will be abolished and the season for ducks and chickens will open on the same date. It will also be unlawful to shoot any birds for sport. There was a strong sentiment in favor of a game warden or deputy in each county invested with enough police powers and backed up with a sufficient amount of salary to make them wide awake and fearless enough to head off and bring to justice the pot hunter and poacher.

It is an open secret that deer are killed out of season by parties that could easily be brought to book, but as the law now stands it is almost impossible to obtain convictions in country justice courts. W. F. D.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

*[By a Staff Correspondent.]*

### Trapped Quail.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Warden Bortree tells me that the markets here are full of trapped quail coming from Kansas. They come in thousands, by boxes, bags and barrels. "For heaven's sake," said Mr. Bortree, "shake up the sportsmen out in Kansas. What are they about? The destruction of quail this fall by netting and trapping is perfectly fearful. They come in here by thousands, not a wing broken and not a shot mark on them. We ought to have a clause in the Illinois and Indiana laws like that in the Missouri law, forbidding the having in possession any bird that does not show shot marks."

It is no unusual sight to see countrymen come in on the trains to Chicago carrying strings of very neat and not much demoralized quail. The most of these come from Indiana. I suppose many more quail are trapped there than are shot.

Our quail season is now over here for this year, closing last Tuesday for Indiana, where most of the Chicago shooters go. In addition to the good bags made by Chicago men on quail this fall I should add that of Mr. O. Von Lengerke, who bagged 41 on last Saturday near Ackron, Indiana, and 18 the day previous. Mr. F. C. Donald, in his November visit to Page county, Iowa, near the Missouri line, had very good sport, he and his brother-in-law bagging over 100 in four days' shooting. Their top bag was 32 in one day, which they thought was quite enough. Mr. Donald tells of a singular point made by his dog on this hunt. The dog was crossing a small stream, and when about half way across, and leg deep in the icy water, struck the scent of a bird on the opposite bank, and pointed hard and fast where he stood, the bird being put up some moments later, the dog remaining in the water, staunch on the point all the time. This I believe to be an incident that would not often happen.

### Mollie O'Brien.

Mr. G W. La Rue writes from New York regarding the obituary of the late Mollie O'Brien, the dog which Mr. Roll Organ took out hunting and didn't bring back. Mr. La Rue incloses a handsome picture of a shepherd dog for Mr. Organ to give Mr. O'Brien as a souvenir. I always wondered how Mr. Organ was going to break the news to Mr O'Brien about Mollie O'Brien's death. From Mr. O'Brien's story it would seem that it was much like the case of the laboring man who proposed marriage as a way of breaking the news gently to a lady who was ignorantly a widow.

"You know that dog I borrowed of you?" said Mr. Organ.

"Yes," said Mr. O'Brien.

"Well, you ain't got any dog now," said Mr. Organ, and then he walked away.

The jokes don't always go Roll Organ's way. I recall a time when Jack Wiggins and a friend or two were down in Florida. At a little railway station they met a negro woman who had a lot of children with her, one only a few months old. Jack got talking with the old aunty, and inquired the names of all the children. It appeared that the youngest had not yet been named. An idea struck Mr. Wiggins.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, aunty," said he. "If you'll name that boy of yours 'Roll Organ,' I'll give you a new calico dress."

"Go 'way!" said the lady.

"I mean it, it's business," said Jack.

"Well, sah," said the lady of color, "ef you'll jes' write dat name down on er piece of paper, an' gib me two dollahs fer a new dress, I suht'ny gwine baptise dat boy jes' dat veh'y name." So the bargain was concluded, and I do not doubt that to-day there lives in the wilds of Florida a hearty black boy who exults in the name of "Roll Organ." Under a system somewhat like this, about fifty of the pushers and natives around Mak-sawba club house have named their sons "Roll Organ," and I once met a dog in Indiana that was called "Roll Organ." He was no good, too—I mean, either.

### A Good Pack Bag.

These piping times of Christmas remind one of Santa Claus, and Santa Claus reminds one of a pack sack. I have discovered a pack bag made by a man away up in Duluth, Minn., which is a rare thing, a practical pack bag. It is patented but practical. It is about 22 inches wide, rather higher than that, and made with a cover flap, which gives it as much holding capacity as you like. The cover buckles neatly down with long straps. The carry straps are so set on that they catch the shoulder naturally, and can be adjusted. With this bag a man can make a tramp under a good-sized load with much more comfort than with any I have yet seen, and I have tried a good many poor ones and good ones. This bag also has the Indian forehead or "tote" strap, sometimes called "lump strap." An Indian will not pack except with the strap passing over the forehead. As to the shoulder straps, he usually remarks briefly, "Ugh! Hurt Injun heap!" I find my new bag very convenient for carrying rough clothing, ammunition, etc., on a brief hunt out of the city. Not so heavy as a canvas carryall-bag, more convenient than a long sailor-bag, and better than a trunk or any number of valises.

### For Advertisers.

At Warsaw, Ind., one day this week, I saw an advertising wall card which showed that the enterprising fakir had been faking in an newish sort of way. This scheme was to print on this elegant chart, guaranteed circulation half a million, the advertisement of each local merchant at, say, $5 a head, each advertisement to be framed in terms not of harsh prose, but in flowing English verse! The total was headed "Warsaw in Poetry." One of these sheets I obtained and shall long keep it as proof of the astounding things that human beings can do. The "poetry" was horrible beyond the wildest dreams of travesty. No one can know how ludicrously tough it all was, for I have only room for one sample, which I commend to the attention of the able advertisers who are to be found in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM in ineffective prose. The local sporting goods dealer was thus mirrored forth by the advertising artist:

Should you wish to go afishing
A fowling or what not,
Call in and view a sample
Of what H. J. Mansfield has got.

Sportsmen will find guns, rifles here
For shooting ducks, rabbits and deer;
He'll furnish powder, shot and shell
The very best and treat you well.

His double barrel shotguns
Are just what you desire,
And his rifles and revolvers
Did never yet miss fire.

All goods to suit the sportsman
On every class and kind,
Fishing tackle, and outfits
The best you here will find.

All of these things Mansfield supplies
And he's the man to patronize.
Tis said his goods are cheapest
And none deny his claim;
And if you trade with Mansfield
You will also say the same.

If Mr. G. Harry Squires, Mr. W. C. Thorne of Montgomery Ward, etc., or other hard laboring young men who have to frame new advertisements occasionally, will cast their eyes upon the above, I think they will learn something to their interest. The full flower of advertising as a fine art was left to bloom in Warsaw. New York and Chicago can only gaze in envy.

### Photographing the Fair.

Apropos of FOREST AND STREAM'S "Rod, Gun and Camera" series, an excellent thing, one that has attracted much attention in this section. It may be of interest to many amateur photographers to learn that a fee of $2 is charged at the gates of the World's Fair for any camera taken on the grounds, and no camera larger than a 4x5 photo is allowed to be used by any but the official photographer. The management is afraid of having its intellect photographed, I presume. It looks to me as though a good source of free and valuable advertising was thus cut off, and many of the people deprived of what might seem their right to an interesting and valuable privilege. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE ST., Chicago.

## THE POT-HUNTERS OF PIKE.

MILFORD, Pa., Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in your issue of Dec. 15 signed F. Y. H. should be read by every sportsman, pondered over, remembered and acted on. No truer words were ever written, and they confirm in every way all that I have seen or written on the same subject. I can even go further than F. Y. H. in showing up the pot and market hunters of Pike county. It is time that some action should be taken to save the game of this great State. There are men able to do it. Will they not act?

Not a better hunting district is to be found than in Pike county, but it makes the blood of a sportsman boil to see the slaughter of game, every law broken, no game associations, no game wardens, not a voice raised against the lawbreakers, the law a dead letter.

The lawbreakers are known. Year after year the same men continue their work. The county papers publish the names of the hunters, compliment them on their success as shots, and laud the results as a credit to the men and abundance of game. This season shows 100 deer killed, and a safe estimate of illegal killing by hounding is eighty. The best known lawbreakers have twenty deer to their credit. Grouse are snared by the dozens, other game killed out of season, and no word is heard against it. The farmers are desirous of a change in the game laws, and there is a possibility of some action being taken by the coming Legislature.

What is needed is a leader and unity of action. Cannot this be done? Y.

### Game in Minnesota.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 24.—At St. Paul, Minn., a few days since a decision was rendered in a suit brought for the violation of the game law of the State which raises an interesting question as to its effect, if sustained, on protection. Merrill Ryder, who keeps a meat market on Jackson street, in St. Paul, was arraigned in the civil branch of the municipal court charged with selling venison out of season. The accused showed to the satisfaction of the court that the game in question came from adjoining States, and contended that for this reason he was not amenable to the laws of the State of Minnesota in its sale. This view was sustained by Judge Cory, who heard the case, and the defendant was discharged. It would be desirable to learn what were the grounds on which the St. Paul court took this view of the violation of the State law, and whether he regarded the latter as in conflict with the law regulating interstate commerce. Is not this something new?

A Toledo game dealer the other day, in his list of game in season, advertises "English pheasants, the first ever brought to this market." JAY BEEBE.

## THE NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following amendments to the game law have been submitted to the Committee on Legislation of the Executive Committee of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game:

SEC. 30. Amend so as to read as follows: "Special Protectors: The Board of Commissioners may, in its discretion and at pleasure, appoint or remove a person recommended by any Board of Supervisors, or by any incorporated society, for the protection of fish or game, as special protector, who shall possess the same powers that are conferred upon State Protectors; such special protectors shall receive no compensation from the State, but they shall receive from the county wherein the work is performed, compensation for their services at the rate of $3 per day and their necessary expenses, not to exceed the sum of $100, exclusive of expenses in any one year, and the same shall be a county charge to be audited and paid as other county charges are paid. The accounts shall be verified as similar accounts are required to be verified. They shall make similar reports to those required from State Protectors."

SEC. 41. Amend by inserting after the word "venison" the words "elk and antelope," and strike out of said section the words "or out of the State."

SEC. 44. Amend by striking out the words "eleventh," "tenth" and "September" in the second line, and inserting in place thereof the words "first," "twentieth" and "October."

SEC. 47. Amend by inserting before the word "crusting" the words "floating and jacking."

SEC. 49. Add, "and rabbits and hares shall not be hunted, shot at, killed or possessed, between the first day of January and the first day of September."

SEC. 70. After the words "south of Iona Island," amend by striking out the words "and that portion of Lake Ontario known as Great Sodus Bay."

SEC. 75. Amend by striking out the words "or out of the State," and by adding at the end of such section the words "China pheasant shall not be caught, killed, sold or possessed in the State of New York for five years."

SEC. 77. Strike out the words "and excepting in the counties of Onondaga, Wayne, Oneida, Cayuga, Wyoming, Genesee, Niagara, Monroe, Erie, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and Orleans."

SEC. 102. Amend by adding the words, "Having in possession nets, or fish caught or killed in any manner or by any device, except angling, upon the shores, islands or inland fresh waters of this State, shall be sufficient evidence of the violation of this section."

SEC. 108. After the words "landlocked salmon" insert the words "pike and pickerel."

SEC. 110. Amend by inserting after the words "thirtieth of May," "except in the waters of Lake Ontario, in which black bass or Oswego bass shall not be fished for, killed or possessed between the 1st day of January and the 15th day of June."

SEC. 111. Strike out the words "eight inches" and insert in place thereof "one pound in weight or one foot in length."

SEC. 112. Strike out the words "thirtieth of May" and insert "15th day of June."

SEC. 120. Amend by inserting after the words "$10 for each fish caught," the words "killed or possessed."

SEC. 132. Amend by adding after the words "any islands therein," "nor within three miles of the mouth of the Niagara River," and by striking out all of the words in parenthesis as follows "The waters of Lake Ontario in the county of Jefferson, included between Blue Rock Point, in the town of Brownville, and the town line between the towns of Lyme, Cape Vincent, including Chaumont Bay, Griffin Bay, Three Mile Bay, are hereby exempt from the provisions of this act."

SEC. 134. Amend by striking out the word "eighth" and inserting in place thereof the word "half."

SEC. 140. Amend by striking out the words "It shall be lawful to fish for bullheads with fyke nets in Seneca River, in Cayuga, Wayne and Seneca counties, but not in any part of said river, within fifty rods of the mouth of the Clyde."

ART. 9. Amend by inserting a section after Section 214, as follows:

SEC. 214A. "After the laying out of the grounds for private parks, and the due publication and posting of the notices provided to be published and posted in this article, and upon filing in the clerk's office of the county where the premises are situated, proof by affidavit that the foregoing provisions of this article, as to posting and publishing notices, has been complied with, an order may be entered in any court of records in the county where the premises are situated, reciting the fact of such publication and posting of notices, and declaring that the premises therein described have been constituted a private park, in accordance with the provisions of this article."

A certified copy of said order may be read in evidence in any civil or criminal action or proceeding, as evidence of the facts therein recited.

SEC. 215. Amend by inserting after the words "or interfere in any way with," the words "or catch, shoot, kill or possess."

SEC. 217. Amend by inserting in the first line, after the word "article," the words "is a misdemeanor, and in addition," and by striking out after the words "damages in," the word "an," and insert in place thereof the word "the," and after the word "amount," strike out the words "not more than," and insert in place thereof the word "of," and after the word "lessee," insert the words "and penalties in the sum of $10 for each fish so caught, killed or possessed, and $25 for each wild bird or wild animal so caught, shot, killed and possessed."

SEC. 236. Amend by striking out in Section 236 as follows: After the word "may," in the fifth line, insert the words "prosecute for and," and after the word "penalties," in the same line, add the words "and fines;" after the words "such person shall be entitled to" strike out the words "one-half of," and after the word "penalty" insert the words "and fines," and after the word "recovered" strike out the words "the other half to be paid to the Board of Commissioners."

SEC. 237. Amend by adding the words "No person imprisoned under an execution against the person, as herein provided, shall be admitted to the liberties of the jail."

SEC. 248. Amend by adding to the section the words "the fact of giving such evidence by an offender against a co-offender in any civil or criminal action, prosecution or proceeding shall be a bar to any civil action or criminal proceeding against such witness."

WALTER S. MACGREGOR, Chairman.

### Long-Sighted Shooters.

For the benefit of those who have grown old and require spectacles to shoot on the wing, I give the following advice: Put the glasses upside down. This brings them higher than the usual way. Place the right-hand notch of the connecting arch over the nose, if you are a right-handed shooter. This brings the glasses to the left. With the glasses thus placed a shot made far around to the left will not bring the rim which surrounds the glass come between your eye and the game. If you are a left-handed shooter place the glasses to the right. By wearing the glasses in the usual way they are apt to slip down unperceived, and the rim gets before the vision or even below it, and in side shots the eye is quite sure to look outside the rims, and the shooter misses his mark without knowing the reason why. Old shooters, try it, and see if you haven't something to thank me for. N. D. ELTING.

### Woodcock Weights.

AVOCA, N. C.—While out shooting on Dec. 19 I shot a woodcock that weighed full 8oz. down weight. It was the fattest one I ever saw. Who can beat this? There seems to be quite a lot of them here for so early.

S. W. EVERITT.

### The Gun Tax Again.

MEDINA, Tenn., Dec. 19.—Quail are very abundant in this vicinity; turkeys scarce; foxes and gray squirrels, coons and possums fairly plenty: and well-trained dogs over plenty, as the writer has Bruce M. and friend Dick Morgan has a full dozen cracks along.

The farmers, or rather the planters, are, as a rule, friendly toward us, as we are here for sport and always ready to divide our bag of birds with them. The market shooter would find no favor here, as, in Southern parlance, "they have no use for him."

There is one nuisance that should meet "short shift" here, and that is the negro with his pot metal gun, who is found sneaking around every cornfield, cotton patch and fence corner, where it is his delight to find a covey of quail huddled up in a bunch to fire into, though every bird or beast that comes his way is meat for him. The only way to stamp out this evil is to put a heavy license on guns owned in the State, and then enforce the law rigorously. STANSTEAD.

### A Stray Pheasant.

BUSHKILL, Pa., Dec. 19.—The only English pheasant ever seen in this county, was killed lately by a party grouse shooting. It is supposed to have escaped from Tuxedo Park. Y.

### Making Up a Texas Party.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Texas to-day is the finest and best hunting and fishing ground in the United States, for such game as deer, antelope, chicken, quail, plover, geese, duck, brant, swan, turkey, curlew, snipe, wild hog, squirrels, rabbits and doves; and such fish as black bass, channel cat, blue cat, trout, perch and crappie; and on the bay we catch sea bass, trout, redfish, Spanish mackerel, flounder, tarpon and jewfish. Florida is "not in it" for tarpon. We are making up a party now and want six or seven more of our Northern sportsmen to join us. We shall leave here betwetn Jan. 3 and 10, and are going on a grand hunt on the bay for geese, duck, brant, swan, snipe and curlew, and on the Island for deer, coon, fox, etc. It will be one of the best outings one can have and the expense is very light; we shall be out from two to four weeks, which ever we agree upon, and our expense will not be more than $10 per week, that including board and boat. We shall sleep right on the schooner and have our cook and everything complete. There are now three from Illinois, one from Iowa and two of us Texas men, but we want a party of ten or twelve, as we can have a better time and it will not cost so much. We can hunt, fish and root up oysters, and go flounder spearing at night. This is only for some of the boys that really want a good time and to show what we have here. One can get round trip excursion tickets very cheap. Come and join us, you are heartily welcome. We don't sell town lots, nor are we real estate agents, but true sportsmen, and it does us good to see others enjoy themselves. L. F. MEYERS.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A SHORT time ago, just as the glorious orb of day was sinking peacefully to rest behind the western hills, a solitary fisherman might have been seen wending his quiet way toward a country hotel not more than fifty miles from the center of Ottawa county, Michigan.

The said fisherman's creel was as full of emptiness as when he shouldered it at early morn. His inward faintness, rumblings and grumblings plainly denoted nothing there "nuther."

The bar room of the hotel, barring a long board bench and a flaming poster announcing when the next county fair would be held, was as empty as both of the above-mentioned articles lumped.

There was no obsequious landlord nor pompous clerk with a seventy-five candle power electric light on his expansive short front to welcome the weary, hungry fisherman; but a dapper, bustling, nervous little woman soon put in an appearance, to whom the self-invited guest quickly made known his wants, which were simply supper, lodging, breakfast and a chance to wash; all of which the little landlady said could be furnished, "provided he would put up with country fare." Of course he would. All that was required for supper was bread, butter, tea and some boiled eggs. This matter being settled to the entire satisfaction of both parties, he was shown into the wash room, the little woman brought in a tin wash basin about half full of water, hurried out and soon returned with a piece of bar soap, the corners of which had been nicely rounded off probably in doing the family washing. There was more hustling about, when on her third appearance a towel was brought in and properly deposited on one corner of the sink. Silence reigned, with the exception of the spluttering over the wash bowl, for a short time, when it was again interrupted by the fourth appearance of the energetic little lady, whose entire manner and expression of countenance denoted perplexity and doubt. Gloomy gravity, seriousness and distrust were plainly frescoed all over her little face. She hesitated, sort of held back, as though she had undertaken a tremendous job and was sinking under the fearful responsibilities assumed. After the towel had been hung on the window fastener and the clean, shiny face of the party of the first part shone with becoming gentleness and lenience on her, she partially regained her former composure, sidled up to him, drew a long breath and mildly asked, "Would he have one or two eggs for his supper?"

A. W.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

### Perfection in Traveling.

AT 6:00 P. M. daily one of the handsomest trains in the United States and known as the North-Western Limited leaves the passenger station of the North-Western line in Chicago on its journey to St. Paul and Minneapolis, the twin cities of the Northwest. Vestibuled throughout, and equipped with buffet, smoking and library cars, private compartment sleeping cars, drawing room sleepers and superb dining cars, it furnishes its occupants with every comfort and convenience which could be desired by the most fastidious. While in its entirety it undoubtedly takes rank with the finest trains in the world, there are two features of its equipment which deserve especial mention, for they are new departures in the western railway world: The buffet, smoking and library car is furnished in the most luxurious manner with comfortable arm chairs, writing desks, book cases and a well stocked buffet, from which light refreshments are served. The private compartment sleeping car is designed especially for the accommodation of family parties and ladies traveling without escort. It is composed of ten separate compartments, each complete in itself, and containing washstand, hot and cold running water and all necessary toilet arrangements. Aside from these two features it is in keeping with the rest of the service to say that the supper served in the dining car after the train leaves Chicago is a meal calculated to please the epicure. In a word, if you desire to travel in the most comfortable manner and make the trip to St. Paul, Minneapolis, or any point in the Northwest, in the quickest time, be sure your ticket reads via the North-Western Line. Maps, time tables and full information can be obtained upon application to any ticket agent, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.—*Adv.*

## Natural History.

### HAVE ANIMALS A SENSE OF DIRECTION?

THIS is a suggestion of great interest to the lover of the dog, and the student of animal mentality generally, and one which has been threshed out round many a camp-fire, if not exhaustively, at least as nearly exhaustively as the condition admitted of. The general tendency has been to answer the question in the affirmative, on the plea that the facts adduced admit of no other construction. With a like tendency the question has been propounded and discussed even in scientific journals, and this, too, by men who could easily have reached right conclusions if they had only trained themselves to a habit of investigating such problems critically and systematically. Let me now put the readers of FOREST AND STREAM on the track of thinking out the problem for themselves.

A *sense* implies a sense-organ connected with the brain by a sensory nerve, which latter conveys to the brain the perception of objects apprehended by the sense organ. If the animal can locate an object beyond the sphere of the sense-organs of seeing and hearing, the presumption is that the special sense-organ must be very conspicuous. Not only can we not locate any such organ in the dog, for example, but physiologists and anatomists have failed to detect it. It is quite possible that some of the insects have special sense-organs of whose special mode of operation we have not and cannot have the faintest idea. The sense of sight does not afford any insight into the mode of operation of our other senses, nor could our five senses afford any possible clue to the mode of operation of a sixth sense. But turning to the higher vertebrate animals, the fact that we cannot discover an additional sense-organ, if not conclusive evidence against the existence of a sixth sense, is at least strong negative evidence against it.

Let us now approach the problem by considering the facts in evidence. A dog is taken by rail a journey of 200 miles in a circuitous course, and set free at a distance of fifty miles from his home. He disappears, and the next day turns up at his old haunts. Presumably he has taken the short cut, but perhaps if we could follow his tracks we should find that he did not take a bee-line, but first reached familar home scenes a mile or more off the direct lines. This is, however, parenthetical.

Now let us suppose that, during the dog's absence, the house has been burnt to the ground, and that the family has removed to a point five miles distant, and equally with the home from the point at which the dog is set down. If the dog had the supposed sense organ he would as easily locate the family as the old site, he will nevertheless make for the latter.

It may here be objected that there is not sufficient evidence on this point. Well, let us take another and more familiar illustration. The dog is chained. The master leaves the camp gun in hand, vanishes into the woods, and makes a detour which at the end of an hour brings him within half a mile of the camp on the opposite side. The dog is then let loose, and if he had the supposed "sense of direction" could locate his master at once; would, in fact, have located him at every step of his course. But, instead of making straight for where he then is, he trusts to his eyes and nose, and sets off on his master's trail.

Here, then, we have positive evidence that the dog has no "sense of direction," no extraordinary means of locating objects, no means of locating places, except through their perceived relation to the place on which he now stands. If the dog could locate an object by any faculty other than the senses which he enjoys in common with man, his being thrown off the scent would be no bar to his continuing the hunt.

A dog, at the close of a day's march, however devious, has a clear knowledge of the relation of the place he stands on, not only to the camp he left in the morning, but to every point of the route. The route is, as it were, mapped out to his perceptions at any instant he tries to recall it. This knowledge he, in common with all other animals, owes to a faculty of close observation, sub-consciously performed, along with an intelligent perception of relations.

This faculty is not inherent under all circumstances, and is enjoyed in varying degree by different individuals. It is, moreover, liable to interruption by any startling or confusing circumstance. The clue is of course lost in sleep.

It may be objected that this explanation does not cover the difficulty, that animals may be carried from home in closed cages, and will nevertheless find their way back. This is very interesting and remarkable, but as it is vain to hypothecate a sixth sense to account for it, the most reasonable method of accounting for it is to assume a highly developed sensitiveness to every change of direction.

Darwin made some experiments with bees which throw light on the subject. Having captured some bees, he placed them in dark paper boxes and carried them some little distance by a circuitous route. Being set free the bees all returned to the hive. He took more, carried them by a similor circuitous route, but while en route he spun the boxes round rapidly. Only one or two bees found their way back to the hive, and these, presumably, by accident. While being spun round they lost perception of the direction in which they were being taken.

This faculty of perception of the direction taken is very low in man; it nevertheless exists in sufficient strength to enable us to appreciate the higher development of the faculty in our friends, the other animals. Blindfold a man with his shoulders square to the wall of a large hall and bid him walk straight forward fifty paces: he will ordinarily deviate considerably from the straight line. Take his hand and tell him you will guide him in a straight line, and you may lead him around the sweep of a large circle while he supposes he is going in a straight line, but if you try to lead him round and round in a small circle he will quickly realize the fact.

Experiments with some other animals force us to conclude that animals caged, or blindfolded, may be carried and turned in any direction without for a moment losing their perception of the route they are being taken, with all its curves and angles, as long as their faculties are alert and their perceptions quickened to the task.

C. F. AMERY.

## Sea and River Fishing.

*The Fish Laws of the United States and Canada, in the "Game Laws in Brief," 25 cents. In the "Book of the Game Laws" (full text), 50 cents.*

### MY FIRST FISH.

UP to date my heaviest "string" has been fifteen chub and catfish weighing all told, including the stringer and a fair amount of thumb pressure, 2¼lbs. So I am going to tell of my first fish that could be honored by having his name commence with a capital letter. The string above referred to was one of several caught and proudly carried home many years ago, when a walk of ten miles before breakfast, a mud bath all day and a return on foot in the evening had no terror for a pair of hearty boys.

However, as the bald spot grew balder and I set up the remembrance of those days as the foundation of my knowledge of the sport, I concluded that fishing was "no fun," and all the yarns told by friends as to the pleasure to be had in whipping northern waters as mere emanations from a well stocked vocabulary.

It so happened that I reached Spirit Lake early one season and was there converted, it being, I think, the quickest conversion on record. It happened this way:

Mr. A., an insatiable old angler, round, plump and jolly, who has fished in all the waters of this fair land from Maine to Mexico, one morning took pity on my woebegone looks, and invited me to accompany him in his private boat. "For," said he "although you are not heavy enough for ballast you are plenty long enough for a mast and may be of some use in getting us home in case our engine breaks down; the engine in the case being Larsen, a stalwart Dane, whose superior as a waterman I have never seen.

So it turned out that in a few moments I was seated snugly in the comfortable tilting pivot chair at the stern of the roomy boat, prepared to string anything from a cod to a catfish, my mind not being exactly clear as to the kind or quality of fish to be found in the lake.

My companion, who occupied a mate to the chair I was in, in the middle of the boat, commenced business early and drew in several pretty perch, which he unceremoniously cast back into their native haunt, telling me, when I remonstrated, that he was "out for fish, not kickers." Quite frequently he would pull in a 3lb. pike, and when 7 or 8 of this tribe had been gathered to their fathers, while I had not felt the semblance of a nibble, I concluded that something was decidedly wrong, and determined to try the old plan, in which most boys have more implicit confidence than in their prayers—to spit on the bait; so I reeled in. Hardly had the spoon touched the water when a jerk nearly pulled the rod from my grasp, and in a moment I was all excitement.

"Whoa! Larsen!" I shouted. "By the great eternal! I've hooked a fish that is a fish! Whoa!"

"Steady, Doc," said my companion, "or you'll upset the boat and spoil the machinery. Just clean your hooks and drop them over again."

A quiet chuckle from him and a loud laugh from Larsen quieted me somewhat, and I subsided entirely as the spoon with a steady drag came to view with about 14 fathoms of weed. Several times this thing happened, and at each pull I would be positive that I had anything but the weeds, only to find my hook again and again entangled. Becoming somewhat discouraged, my mind reverted to the old days of chub and catfish, and I had about reached the old conclusion that fishing was "no fun," when the reel, with a zip-biz-iz z! startled me from my reverie.

"Hold on, Larsen," I said, "I've got another 'Burgess bite'," meaning that I had caught the bottom. The "Burgess bite" was named in sarcasm after one of the lodgers, who occasionally came in from his day's sport with same great yarn about a phenomenal fish which "carried away hook, leader, sinker and line, barely saved the rod by skillful handling; fact, now, sho!"

"Burgess, nothing! That's a daisy," growled Larsen.

"No, you've hooked a good one this time, Doctor, and if you let him get away, overboard you go," so said my friend in the middle of the boat as he rapidly brought his side line out of the way. "Take it easy," he added, as I, becoming aware that there was an indefinable something on the end of that line which sent a very extraordinary thrill coursing up and down my spinal column, made a lunge at the reel, which kept up its song until checked by my rude hand.

"Take it easy! Easy!" If every fibre in my body had been a nerve, and every nerve attached to an electric battery, I couldn't have been less at ease than at that moment.

Larsen kept the boat so situated that I constantly faced my game. I tried to reel in the hundred feet of line, but was so nervous that time after time my fingers slipped, and the quarry unwound more in a second than I could regain in a minute. I endeavored to pay attention to A.'s instructions, but his low groans and Larsen's words, "not loud but deep," rattled me, and at each biz-i-iz my reel made I grabbed for something, anything that was handy about my tackle. Once I had rod, line and reel all in a death grip for the purpose of checking that song, and brought up my runaway "all standing" with rod bent nearly double, and the line as taut and straight as a piano wire. I felt A. give the seat of my chair a kick, and a word from Larsen, not so deep this time, put a little sense into my calvarium, and I determined to have that fish, if I had to lasso him and pull him in hand over hand. The shock, luckily, had done no damage, for M. W., from whom I had borrowed the outfit, was too old a hand not to have the very best stuff in his tackle, so the only effect was to make the frightened beauty jump. And jump he did, his four feet of glistening scales and the enormous splash nearly making me lose my head again.

Giving ear to A.'s injunctions, I reeled in, once more endeavoring to bring my prisoner near the side of the boat, and still not too near. We had no gaff, and my companion considered a dip net only good for ladies' use. so I must work my yanking monster closer and closer all the time, fearful lest he dash against the side of the boat and free himself. His head appeared and a great shovel nose protruded above water. A hand reached far over; the brilliant, fiery eyes watched for a brief second

then the enormous mouth opened to an alarming extent, exposing to my wondering gaze the whole internal organism of that fish. It closed like a steel trap, and A.'s hand was out of sight—in his coat pocket. At the same instant he made a rush and again my reel sang its song. I thought I had lost him and was in despair, but Larsen just then shouted, "Never mind, Doc, he's all right. You've got him hooked clean down to his tail!" Cheering words, those, to a tyro with his first fish in tow.

Once more he leaped in a vain effort to free himself, although A. said he was merely endeavoring to get a good look at me before he came aboard. My heart leaped with him and I hung to the reel handle as firmly as though it was my only hope of salvation. I coaxed him in once more; he was getting tired now and fought less fiercely. His brilliant eyes glared again at the side of the boat. Surer than a gaff, A.'s plump hand had him by the small of the neck and with the same sweep lifted him over the gunwale and dropped him on the floorboards, where he laid but a second before commencing the most exciting dance I had ever witnessed. I became so anxious lest he jump overboard, that had it not been for Larsen's broad grin surely I should have lain down on the lively creature. He weighed a plump nine and was the best pickerel taken that season.

A few days later I took a mate weighing 7½lbs. on a hand line, but he made no fight until after he was landed.

A. seemed to think that I needed coaching, and I don't blame him, so I managed, under his judicious tuition, to make quite a pretty string of pike and bass before we turned homeward, but to this day I enjoy hooking nothing so much as a gamy pickerel.

A.'s lessons will be remembered long after those given by the professors of book and birch have been forgotten, and the teacher himself, or at least a vision of him, appears with every thrill sent along my nerves by a "strike."

JNO. PEABODY.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Further Concerning Hudson River Salmon.

MY information in regard to some one who attempted to impersonate a New York Fish Commissioner at Mechanicville, about which affair I made a note last week, was of course most reliable, otherwise it would not have been written; but thinking there was more to be learned about the matter, I wrote to a gentleman connected with the Pulp Company at Mechanicville, asking what he knew about it, and he writes me as follows: "The story about the visit of the New York Fish Commissioner to this place is true, because I am the one that he called upon. The man appeared to be under the influence of liquor, and he said his name was Barber and that he lived in Greenwich, Washington county. I pointed out a large salmon in the raceway, and then he wanted a gun or spear with which to kill it, as he said he had been notified by the Fish Commission to get them a salmon in any way that he could, and send it to them. The watchman at the Plaster Mill says that the next morning about 4 o'clock the man still calling himself Barber was at the mill and asked for a spear, but the watchman (Wheeler) would have nothing to do with him, although Barber offered to watch while Wheeler went for a spear. The fishway is filled up with drift wood so no fish can pass through it. No one has been here to examine or inspect the fishway except Commissioner Barber, and he is a daisy."

I presume it will be unnecessary for me to say to any one in the least familiar with the organization of the New York Fish Commission, that this man Barber is not one of the Commissioners, and that he was simply an imposter masquerading as a Commissioner. That he fooled my correspondent is evident, for all through the letter from which I have quoted he refers to him as "the Commissioner." I find, however, in the list of State Fish and Game Protectors that the protector for the seventeenth district is Charles H. Barber, and that his residence is given at Greenwich, Washington county, and that his district embraces Warren, Washington and Saratoga counties. Whether this is the man that appeared at Mechanicville, and, calling himself a Fish Commissioner, desired to kill a salmon illegally, of course I cannot say; but if it is, it would seem that he is wholly unfit to hold the position that he does. A gentleman who once held the office of Fish Commissioner in this State writes me: "It should not be necessary for private citizens to report upon the condition of the fishways, as the game protectors are paid to do that work. When I was on the board I made it a point to have them visit the fishways frequently during the season to see that they were in working order and that the law was observed." Of course game protectors have no right to spear salmon, and Fish Commissioners have no right to order it done. If the man who called himself Barber was really the State game protector of that name, it was his duty, when he found the fishway closed with drift so salmon were unable to pass through it, to see that it was cleared instead of wishing to kill the salmon that were prevented, by his negligence, from going up stream to seek spawning grounds.

### "Fifty Rods to the Fishway."

The New York fish and game law contains this provision: "The Commissioners of Fisheries are required to maintain, fifty rods from any fishway erected by the State, and on both sides of the stream, signboards containing substantially the following notice: 'Fify rods to the fishway; all persons are by law prohibited from fishing in this stream between this point and the fishway.'" A few years ago I wrote an article in which I took the ground that this fishway limit was too sweeping (at that time the distance was eighty rods instead of fifty rods as at present), as it was the intention of the law to prevent fishing for fish that congregated to pass the fishway. The close distance required at one fishway to protect ascending fish may be twice or three times as great as the distance required at another fishway. It is obvious that there must be a fixed distance to apply to all fishways, but what should this distance be? Is not fifty rods too much? Eighty rods was evidently, for it has been shortened.

My Mechanicville correspondent writes me on this subject thus: "I had a letter from Mr. Rogers a little time ago in which he said he thought the people should take sufficient interest in the fishway to keep it clean. Well, no doubt they would if it were not for one thing. The law which prohibits fishing within 80 rods of the fishway has spoiled the fishing for our place, and the fishermen who would be interested are now wishing the fishway would go down the river, or become such a failure that it would fall into decay. Now, I do not defend this view, but give it to you as I hear it. The law as it now stands stops all fishing here, for after you get beyond the limit the river is of no account, as all the rapids are covered by the limit. I think it might be done away with just as well as not and do no damage to the fish, for hook and line fishing cannot work a great injury."

It is apparent that the signboards at Mechanicville have not been changed since the limit was changed, for this correspondent writes of it as 80 rods. If private citizens must be depended upon to clear the fishways, if game protectors go to the fishways only to spear or shoot fish, it might be well to have such a law as the citizens want, and that they will then enforce: still, I think there should be some protection for fish around the mouth of a fishway, but 50 rods may be a greater distance than is necessary to secure this protection.

### Foresight and Hindsight.

Being greatly interested in the lake trout I have written much about them, their habits, manner of fishing for them, etc. Repeatedly I said that they never jumped above the surface of the water when hooked, when seeking food, or in play. I said it because I belived it to be true. I had fished for them for more than twenty years, fished in the spring when they were at the surface, and later in the season when they were at the bottom. I flattered myself that I knew quite a bit about the lake trout, and if any one had questioned the statement about their jumping I would have been quite ready to take issue with them on the subject. I had seen trout feeding on whitefish at the surface every spring for years, and knew the "boil" they made in the water without showing themselves as well as I knew one of these fish when it was dead in my boat. I had seen the fish, as I supposed, under all possible conditions and had never seen one above the surface until it was gaffed. One spring I was trolling and turned my head to watch an approaching boat, when between the two boats a lake trout shot out of the water with a leap as fair as ever was made by a black bass or a salmon. Within the next half hour another and larger trout jumped in a like manner clear above the water as gracefully as any fish ever jumped. The lake was still, not a ripple on it, and I recognized the fish distinctly, and in one minute hindsight knocked foresight galley west and crooked.

Only last week I said that I had not seen any complaints because pike were found in trout waters in England, and assumed that the people over there accepted them as a necessary evil and netted them out and kept them below the point of actual danger to the trout, and eschewed making any great fuss about it. That note was scarcely in type before I saw a letter in *Land and Water*, which, while it is not exactly a complaint against the pike, shows the fish in a new and undesirable light. The question as to the movements of pike in a stream having arisen—one authority, no less than the late Francis Francis, claiming that the tendency of the pike was to work down stream; another, Major Turle, that all fish except the grayling work up stream—the writer of the letter produced evidence that the pike works up stream, back for feeding and breeding, and more than that works up against very strong water. Writing of the Stour he says: "Higher up the stream is broken by low falls into sharp shallow water and swirling pools . . the keepers told me that they had killed a 9lbs. pike high up the river, so this fish must have ascended the small falls and rapids."

The pike is not credited, generally, with being able to ascend much of a fall of swift water, but I once caught a pike under conditions that I was careful about giving unless I had a witness to the capture close at hand. I was fishing under Palmer's Falls on the Hudson for black bass and my companion was Dr. James G. Porteous, of Poughkeepsie. The time was early in the summer and the water was at a "good pitch" in the river. We fished just below the falls, which are 60ft. high, in the rough water. Little by little I worked up stream until finally I put my bait directly under the downpour and was a little surprised to get a strike. A fish to get there from below had to go through wild water, and I have some doubt about a bass being able to do it. I hooked the fish that struck and the downpour of water formed such a current upward against the rocks I was able to save the fish, which to my intense astonishment proved to be a pike. Had he got out of the open stream section he must have taken my tackle simply from the force of the water below.

### Mr. Stanley's Trout.

The last issue of FOREST AND STREAM mentions Mr. Stanley's brook trout as weighing 12¾lbs. Is Mr. Stanley credited with two brook trout of about this weight? He was credited with one, I know, and concerning that one I quote from his letter now before me: "In regard to the big trout you want to know about, I cannot vouch for the truth of it, yet I think it is correct. They were caught after I came away. * * * He (Frank Henry, who was dipping blueback trout) first dipped the big fish (a female), which was so large he had the curiosity to weigh it, and it weighed 12lbs. A few minutes after he dipped a male of 10¼lbs., both ripe fish, and he put them back."

A. N. CHENEY.

## NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

THE annual winter meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse, Jan. 12. Each club will be entitled to representation by nine delegates. Important matters will be considered. A full attendance is desired. Clubs and individuals in sympathy with the association are cordially invited to unite with it. For copies of the constitution address JOHN B. SAGE, Sec'y, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Striped Bass and Black Bass.

THE upper Delaware River had a late run of striped bass, according to Fish Commissioner Ford. Large numbers of these fish were seen during the latter part of October and early in November. Anglers took them by trolling with lamprey eels for bait. One of the specimens captured weighed 8lbs. Black bass were plentiful at the same time. Just below Dingman's a bass weighing 5¼lbs. was taken.

During the season, states Mr. Ford, small bass weighing from ¼lb. to ¾lb. were in excess. He frequently took 50 or 60 in a day, and of this number not more than 15 would be carried home. The year 1891 was especially favorable for the spawning of black bass because of the absence of freshets during the nesting season in spring.

The last spring was favorable also for the rearing of black bass in the Government ponds at Washington. Fifteen adults, brought from Quincy, Ill., late in 1891, were placed in a large pond near the Washington Monument. The young fish observed during the summer were estimated to number nearly 80,000, and had it not been for cannibalism doubtless most of them would have survived. The number actually counted and stored in tanks for stocking ponds and streams reached nearly 39,000. Most of these were about 4in. long, but the cannibals, to the number of 500, averaged about 8in. in length, and some weighed fully ¼lb.

As a result of this first and extremely successful experiment the U. S. Fish Commission will be able to stock more than 100 streams and ponds. We are informed that arrangements will be made to increase this work greatly in the future.

## Fishculture.

### INTERNATIONAL FISH CONFERENCE.

DETROIT, Dec. 20.—A conference of the various State and Canadian Fish Commissions opened at the Hotel Cadillac this morning. The last conference was held at Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 8, 1891, when an adjournment was taken to meet here in October last, but owing to the pendency of the political campaign the meeting was postponed until to-day.

Those in attendance at the session were C. F. Osborn, of Dayton, representing the Ohio Fish Commission; L. D. Huntington, president, and W. H. Bowman, secretary of the New York Fish Commission; Samuel Wilmot, Ottawa, Ont.; Edward Harris, Toronto, Ont., and Thomas Marks, Port Anthony, Ont., representing the Dominion Fisheries Department; F. W. Gould, Leasport, president of the Fish Commission of Maine; Dr. Robert Ormsby Sweeney, Sr., of Duluth, president of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission; Herschel Whitaker, Hoyt Post and Frank N. Clark of the Michigan Fish Commission; C. W. Keyes, of the Sandusky Salt Fish Co.; Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, N. Y., member of the New York Cheaper Fish Food Association; S. A. French, of Baltimore; Judge J. J. Speed, W. W. Griffin, Wm. Dupont, A. G. McDonald, John Zimmerman, Otto H. and C. H. Rush, C. H. Moore, George C. Green, Wm. Craig, and A. Solomon, all of Detroit.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Whitaker, who stated the object of the conference to be a free discussion of the laws of each State governing fisheries, with a view to the adoption of a universal system throughout the entire country. It is also desirable, he said, to adopt a uniform law governing the duties and powers of State wardens which shall secure a satisfactory enforcement of such laws as should be adopted by the various States for the purpose of regulating the taking of fish and game. Commercial fisheries, said Mr. Whitaker, should also be an important matter to come up for discussion, as well as the best methods of restocking the streams and of securing to the public the benefits of artificial propagation. The various State and Dominion governments, he said, have been liberal in the matter of supplying fish for food, but we all know that the laws already enacted are being openly violated and therefore for the purpose of acquiring universal laws we have asked men interested not only in fishculture, but in commercial fisheries, to meet with us and discuss these important matters.

In the absence of Senator McNaughton, of New York, who had presided at previous conferences, Mr. Whitaker was chosen chairman, and Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, N. Y., secretary.

Letters were read from Hon. Emory D. Potter, of Toledo; A. Booth, of the Booth Packing Company, Chicago; Messrs. Dunning of Wisconsin, Skinner of St. Lawrence, N. Y., Secretary Stewart of the Canadian fisheries conference and a number of others, all of whom regretted their inability to be present.

A letter was also read from Levi Brown, of Saud Beach, Mich., a fisherman of 30 years' experience. He admitted that state fish hatcheris had been of incalculable value to professional fishermen, but thought more stringent laws should be enforced for the protection of the young fish. He would make a penalty of from $100 to $500 for every whitefish of under 1½ pounds found in the possession of any person, fisherman or otherwise. He also thought every state should adopt a close season system for the purpose of giving the fish a much needed rest.

Chairman Whitaker announced the first topic for discussion to be the necessity for an efficient enforcement of laws by a paid fish and game department, and intimated that as the conference was international in its scope Mr. Wilmot, of Canada, might enlighten those present on the subject.

Mr. Wilmot said that if the object of the meeting was to consider the question of game laws from an international standpoint he and his colleagues from Canada must withdraw, as international questions should only be discussed by the highest bodies in the countries interested. If it was to be an interstate session he would be glad to give those present the benefit of his observations. He, with the other Canadians present, had been appointed by the Commissioner of Fisheries to investigate the subject in all the Provinces. They were now on their way back from Manitoba to Ottawa, and were instructed to stop at Detroit for the purpose of attending the conference.

Mr. Huntington, of New York, gave an outline of the system now in vogue in New York for the protection of fish and game. The chief game protector in that State is paid $1,000 per year and traveling expenses. Violations of game laws are prosecuted by the State Commission and fines accruing from convictions are divided, one half going to the deputy protector making the complaint and the other half to the Commission, which is utilized in engaging counsel to prosecute obstinate cases. Mr. Huntington thought the only possible way to enforce fish and game laws was to place the entire matter in the hands of the Commission.

Mr. Bowman, also of New York, said his Commission had spent much time in educating the public on the importance of protecting fish during the close season and the results were better than could be expected.

Mr. Gould, of Maine, said the game wardens in that State were paid $2 a day and their actual expenses paid out of State treasury. They make a daily report and all fines go to the county treasury and thence to the State treasury. They have 200 wardens without any chief.

C. F. Osborn, of Ohio, said his state has one warden and a deputy for each county, and thought the only manner in which fish and game laws can be strictly enforced is by placing the wardens under the direction of the State Commission.

Hoyt Post, of Detroit, offered a resolution to the effect that the necessity exists for an efficient and uniform enforcement of protection laws by a paid fish and game department on the general basis of the New York laws.

Dr. B. O. Sweeny, president of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission, outlined the plan of action in his State. Deputy game wardens are appointed for two years and are compensated out of a treasury replenished by fines for vio

lations. He regretted to say, however, that the laws are violated with impunity, owing to inefficient laws which are yet in a crude state. In many cases charges are dismissed by police justices with the remark that deputies should be engaged in better business, as there is game and fish for everybody who has the time to hunt for it. The chief game warden is paid $1,500 per year.

Other members of the conference gave their views and an adjournment taken for lunch.

After dinner the delegates went on a tour of inspection to the fish hatchery on Joseph Campau avenue, and all the visitors were favorably impressed with what they saw. There are 180,000,000 whitefish in various stages of propagation at the hatchery. Herschel Whitaker says it is the greatest display ever gotten together.

The conference reconvened at the Cadillac at 4:30 o'clock. The subject discussed was: "Should There Be a Close Season for Whitefish?" Hon. Samuel Wilmot, of the Fisheries Department of the Dominion of Canada, argued long for the adoption of a law which would be uniform with the Canadian law making the month of November a close season. He also wanted the size of meshes increased to 4½in. This would prevent the capture of small whitefish, probably up to the size of 1½lbs.

C. M. Keyes, of Sandusky, opposed both ideas. He represented the interests of six large fishing concerns and claimed that November was the best month for catching whitefish. As to decreasing the size of the meshes he believed that the fishermen should be instructed to throw back into the water all fish within a certain limit, but protested that no law should be passed that would in any way hamper the fisherman's business.

In the evening the whitefish discussion was resumed, the almost unanimous verdict being that there should be a close season extending over the whole of November if possible to enforce the law.—*Detroit Tribune.*

## PENNSYLVANIA FISH CULTURE.

DURING the year ending June 1, 1892, the fish hatcheries of Pennsylvania produced nearly 78,000,000 of fish, which were planted in the waters of the State. The U. S. Fish Commission also deposited 9,500,000 shad in the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers by request of the Pennsylvania Commission.

The fish deposited included nearly 59,000,000 of pike-perch, 15,000,000 of whitefish, upward of 3,500,000 of trout, 345,000 salmon, besides rock bass, black bass, strawberry bass, yellow perch and carp.

In the Delaware, 32 shad nets, set in violation of the law, were captured and destroyed. Upward of 400 baskets were taken out of the Susquehanna, and numerous arrests were made for killing fish illegally.

Chairman Ford informs us that the State obtained about 35,000,000 whitefish eggs which are now in the hatcheries at Erie and Corry, besides the following trout eggs:

| | |
|---|---|
| Von Behr (or brown) trout | 250,000 |
| Lake trout | 400,000 |
| Hybrid trout | 400,000 |
| Brook trout | 3,500,000 |

The brook trout are about equally divided between the Corry and Allentown hatcheries.

The next legislature will be asked to appropriate money for a new hatchery in the central part of the State, to meet the ever increasing demand for trout. The appropriation for the entire work, including the protection of fish and game by wardens in nearly every county, is only $20,000 per annum, a sum which might be doubled with advantage to the State.

## BROOK TROUT DEFORMITIES.

ALL persons who have reared fish know that monstrosities are frequent among the young, and especially among trout and salmon. Individuals with two heads or two bodies are common. The spinal column is often bent more or less and occasionally is twisted into a spiral form. These freaks of nature seldom or never live to maturity unless the vertebræ resume, or nearly resume, their normal line of direction. Mr. Stone once marketed a trout aged three years which, from having a dark skin and a crook in his back, had been nicknamed the "Black Crook."

The accompanying illustrations were made from a series of typical deformed specimens which were presented to FOREST AND STREAM by Superintendent J. P. Creveling, of Allentown, Pa. The outlines were made by carefully tracing from the bodies of the fresh fish. The lengths of the trout are the following: Fig. 1, 5in; Fig. 2, 7½in.; Fig. 3, 6¼in.; Fig. 4, 8in.; Figs. 5 and 6, 6½in. Figs. 1 and 3 show parr marks very plainly; none of the others have these signs of youth.

Mr. Creveling has found that deformed trout often yield eggs and milt, but we have not yet learned from him what effect the abnormality of the parent has upon the development of young from its eggs.

Deformities of the kinds here represented are not always congenital; in some cases Mr. Creveling has traced them to injuries of the embyro after it has left the egg. Undue pressure on some part of the spinal column may produce several of the types of fish illustrated. The thickened lower jaw of Fig. 2 may have resulted from an accident after birth. The length of the upper jaw in the series of specimens shows that nearly all the trout are males.

Dr. Francis Day has given, in his "British and Irish Salmonidæ," a very interesting chapter on monstrosities. According to this author, "The following divisions of monstrosities and deformities, as seen among fishes, may be observed: (1) Due to *constitutional causes* as from young parents, hybridization, etc.; (2) *congenital or hereditary* causes as hereditary monstrosities such as the various races of gold carp; (3) *acquired* causes or *accidental circumstances* as arrest of development or accidents to the embryo prior to hatching * * *

"The types of simple monsters may generally be classed under one cause, arrest of development occurring in the normal course of embryonic life. And these may be shown in the head, wherein the eyes, mouth, upper jaw, lower jaw, or opercles may be affected; or the body, as in some portion of the vertebral column, or in the fins which may be shortened, lengthened, or the rays in an abnormal condition.

"Sometimes the upper jaw is the shorter, sometimes the lower * * *, and these monstrosities, especially the latter, are common among hybrids and fish raised from young parents. Although these monstrosities may be occasioned by increased growth, they are more commonly due to the arrest of development in some of the bones of the head.

"The bulldog deformity of the snout * * * is by no means rare, more especially in fishes raised by the fishculturist. The example figured was sent me from a burn near Perth, but I have also examples of *fontinalis* from Howietoun with a similar deformity, one of which was a female, from it many eggs were obtained, but none of the young were thus malformed, it not being inherited.

"There may be an apparently shortened lower jaw, as is more commonly seen in hybrids or in fish artificially raised than in those in their natural condition. Many, however, do not seem to be born thus, and at Howietoun it has been observed to be most common in such as are kept in wooden tanks, and supposed to be owing to their using their lower jaws with injurious force against the sides occasioning some deleterious effect. Sometimes the lower jaw is twisted round to one side, and may likewise be lengthened. * * *

"In 1747 Mr. Barrington sent a paper to the Royal Society on the 'Hog-backed Trout of Plinlimmon.' He remarked that they occurred in watersheds where there were considerable falls, and theoretically it seemed probable that such might be occasioned by injuries occurring to the embryo, and in 1886 I tried what would be the effects of concussion on eggs and their contents, and while the embryo was still unhatched, and assisted by Mr. S. Wethered, F.G.S., we ascertained that concussion had occasioned spinal injury. In accordance with its extent the young fish has curvature of this portion of the body, and in the slightest cases they recover but with shortening of the spinal column, occasioning hog-backed deformity."

An illustration of the effects of concussion in transporting eggs may be found in the last report of the California Fish Commission, page 25. Referring to operations with the eastern brook trout (*fontinalis*) which were brought from Carson, Nevada, to the Bear Valley hatchery, he wrote: "The total amount of spawn received was 362,000. The total loss of transplanting was 18,882. As the spawn neared the period of hatching quite a number of the eggs hatched out and died. The embryo would burst from the shell or membrane and die soon after. These were all organically weak, the result unquestionably of carrying the green spawn so far over the rough road. After the eggs were hatched there was an unusual number of malformed embryos in the troughs, the effect of the jolting the ova received on the way from the lake to Carson. Those embryos that came from the eggs in a healthy condition developed into fine healthy fish."

Among wild trout in our experience deformities are seldom or never seen. They undoubtedly occur, but in the sharp struggle for existence all of them fall victims to their vigilant and persistent enemies.

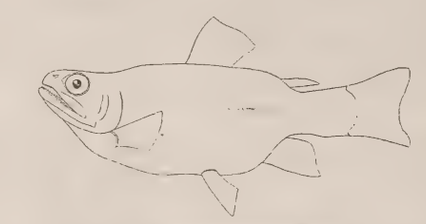


FIG. 1. 6¼ INCHES (PARR MARKS).

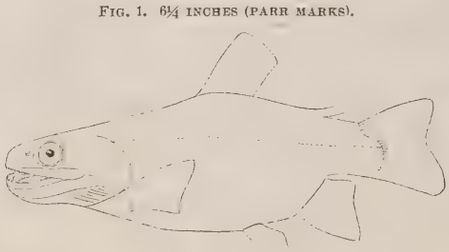


FIG. 2. 7½ INCHES.

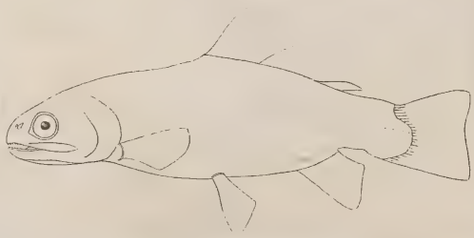


FIG. 3. 6¼ INCHES (PARR MARKS).

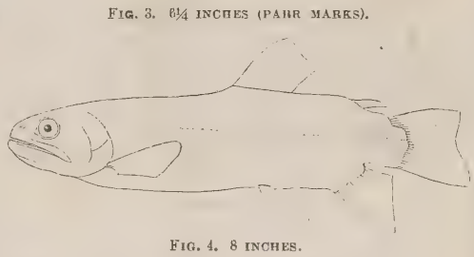


FIG. 4. 8 INCHES.

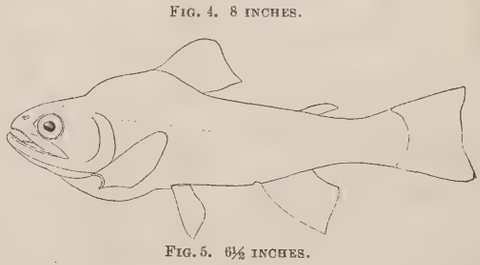


FIG. 5. 6½ INCHES.

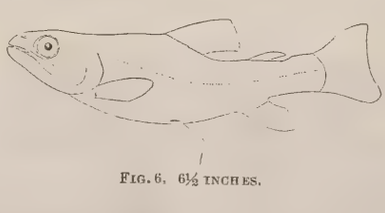


FIG. 6. 6½ INCHES.


### The Bristol Steel Fishing Rods.

THE Bristol steel fishing rods, made by the Horton Manufacturing Co., of Bristol, Conn., have stood the test of time and are growing in favor with anglers all over the world. From testimonials in the company's handsome little catalogue just issued it would seem that these rods combine lightness and elasticity with an unusual degree of strength. They are made in fourteen sizes varying from a 6½ oz. fly-rod to the heavier weights of casting and bait rods. Progressive anglers would do well to give this rod a trial.—*Adv.*

CHALLEN'S Records save publishers, advertisers, business and professional men time, labor and money. 10 Spruce st., N. Y.—*.*


# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### DOG SHOWS.

1892.

Dec. 27 to 30.—Tonawanda, N. Y. H. M. Fales, Sec'y.
Dec. 27 to 30.—Pawtucket R. I. T. H. Adams, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 3 to 6.—Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. F. B. Zimmer, Sec'y, Gloversville, N. Y.
Jan. 10 to 13.—South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. John B. Gadsden, Sec'y.
Feb. 21 to 24.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York city. Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 28 to March 3.—Keystone Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa. Jas. Watson, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. S. Diffenderffer, Sec'y.
March 14 to 17.—Washington, D. C. F. S. Webster, Sec'y.
March 15 to 18.—Elmira, N. Y. C. A. Bowman, Sec'y.
April 4 to 7.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. J. W. Newman, Sec'y.
May 3 to 6.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. Horace W. Orear, Sec'y.
June 13 to 17.—World's Fair, Chicago.
Sept. 7 to 10.—Hamilton, Ontario. A. D. Stewart, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

1893.

January.—Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersville, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 8.—Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—United States F. T. Club Trials, New Albany, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas., Indianapolis, Ind.

## THE IRISH SETTER CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE second annual trials of the Irish Setter Club began at Lexington, N. C., on Dec. 19. They were run on the grounds of the Central Field Trial Club, for which privilege a stipulated sum was paid, the sum it was said being $75 for two days and part of a third. Of course the business arrangements of the two clubs are their own private concern; but it impresses me that the sum mentioned is most unreasonably large for the privilege aforementioned, the more so when it is considered that the grounds were not in the least protected. It was commonly reported that they were shot over without limit; that birds were netted, which was strongly corroborated by the facts that nets were owned by parties on the grounds, and the large number of netted birds in the market. The Central Club did not complete its leases till a few weeks ago, therefore its ground were not a preserve in any sense of the word. If my memory serves me correctly, the large grounds of the Southern Field Trial Club only cost the club $120 or $130 per year rental. The Irish Setter Club could easily get grounds of its own, if it makes the effort. Any town should gratuitously and cheerfully rent grounds for any field trial club which will make the town its headquarters. What with charging full day rates to any dogman who stays a day or a month, the large demand for horses and carriages, the renting of a large number of vacant buildings for kennels, etc., the presence of a field trial club is a small bonanza to a country town and insures bread and butter for a year to a large part of it.

It is one of the anomalous features of a doggy man's life, however, that he has to pay full dog rates by the week, whereas a brother who is not a doggy man can get week rates which rarely in the country exceed $1 per day.

The judges were Messrs. John Davidson, Wm. Tallman and the reporter of FOREST AND STREAM, the latter acting as referee.

Many good dogs in the stake were improperly prepared both in respect to experience and training. It is a mistake to enter dogs in these trials in such a state. It brings the breed into unmerited adverse criticism. A trainer, who brings dogs improperly conditioned for hard work and imperfectly broken, is doing himself harm and his employer an injustice. I trust that Mr. Irwin will particularly note these lines, and the real cause of his magnificent kennel being out of the competition may be thus made plain to him. The expenditures of the hundreds of dollars was money wasted, not to mention the value of lost opportunities.

There is not, except in a few instances, the willingness that there should be among Irish setter owners to further, by personal effort, the interest of the breed. The many leave too much work and expense to the few. Such a policy can not fully succeed. United action is necessary. Apathetic expectation never accomplished much. If Irish setter owners would even give their support by making entries or giving some kind of material aid, such earnest and tireless workers as the efficient secretary, Dr. G. G. Davis, would attend to the rest, in all probability, if his ceaseless efforts in the past is any criterion of the future. Without a general shaking up among Irish setter owners, and concerted effort for the general good, no hope for any rapid progress need be expected. Still, the trials are a success and can be made permanent. I refer to rapid and important success. Among the admirers of the red dogs were present the secretary, Dr G. G. Davis, Chas. T. Thompson, James Thompson, Dr. Wm. Jarvis, W. H. Beazell, Pittsburgh; Nelson McIntosh, William Warner, J. M. Tracy, Frank Work, New York; Joseph A. Hunter, Washington, and others.

### THE DERBY.

This stake had ten starters. The work was very inferior. Few birds were found and these with great difficulty.

The winner of first, Sagas Tearaway, started well, ranged the best of any dog in the stake at the outset, but gradually narrowed down his range to a few yards and his speed to a trot. He carried a high head and had a merry action in his first heat.

The other winners, Tillie Boru, winner of second, and Rockwood Dandy and Molleen, dividers of third, may be grouped as indifferent performers and winners more from force of circumstance than from force of good work.

The drawing was as follows:

Glenmore Kennels' bitch Glenmore Ownie (Elcho, Jr.—Romaine), W. T. Irwin, handler,

*with*

W. H. Laird's bitch Tillie Boru II. (Tearaway—Tillie Boru), George E. Gray, handler.

George E. Gray's dog Sagas Tearaway (Tearaway—Tillie Boru), owner, handler,

*with*

Charles T. Thompson's dog Rockwood Dandy (Desmond II.—Fly), John White, handler.

Perry & Switzer's bitch Hawkeye Queen (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont), George E. Gray, handler,

*with*

Dr. Wm. Jarvis's bitch Romayne (Duke Elcho—Romaine), S. C. Bradley, handler.

F. L. Cheney's bitch Molleen (Henmore Shamrock—Daisy), Horace Smith, handler,

*with*

Glenmore Kennels' bitch Glenmore Appie (Desmond II.—Nellie), W. T. Irwin, handler.

MONDAY.

A dense fog and a raw temperature prevailed during the forenoon. The fog was remarkably thick. About 80 to 100yds. was the limit of vision, but it was rarely indeed that a dog got out of sight. The afternoon was favored with better weather. Still birds were moving all day long, as indicated by their presence in the open stubble and sedge fields when the dogs found them.

*First Series.*

GLENMORE OWNIE AND TILLIE BORU started at 8:50. Both made game roading quickly about with noses to the ground in open stubble. Tillie flushed the bevy. Tillie dropped to a point. Nothing found. Ownie refused to back. Tillie flushed a single. She was the wider ranger, though her range was but moderately wide. Ownie did not show any knowledge of point work. Up at 9:35.

SAGAS TEARAWAY AND ROCKWOOD DANDY were started at 9:38. They ran 54m. Both made game, roading and pointing alternately a long distance. Tearaway pointed a bevy. Dandy roaded and flushed a single bird, which Tearaway had stopped on a moment before. Tearaway made two points, to which there was nothing found. Dandy followed Tearaway about. The latter was the better and speedier ranger. His range was fairly good. He carried a high head and was searching with spirit. He had good tail action.

HAWKEYE QUEEN AND ROMAYNE began at 10:41 and ran 55m. They pootered a great deal at times. Their pace was slow. At 1:02, after lunch, they were again started. Queen pointed a bevy in thick cover in a run. Romayne flushed a single bird in corn. They ranged close in front of their handlers. Up at 1:18.

MOLLIE AND GLENMORE APPIE were started at 11:43. Irwin and Appie walked up a bevy. Thereafter Appie was bird shy and refused to go out to work. She was ordered up at 12:12. Molleen was worked among the scattered birds, but failed to get a point. She had a moderate range, but was industrious. Up at 12:17.

The party went to lunch.

*Second Series.*

Four were kept in. These were not selected so much on account of their good performance as upon the poor work of the others.

ROCKWOOD DANDY AND TILLIE BORU started at 1:22. Dandy tagged after Tillie a great deal. He showed fatigue. A bevy was seen to flush wild. On the scattered birds in woods, both roaded and pointed over a distance of about 150yds. Tillie across wind flushed a bird. They were turned back to where the birds were marked down. Both dropped to a flush in sedge and pointed the remaining birds. The work was poor. Tillie was ordered up at 1:43. Dandy was sent on, the judges wishing to know whether he would range alone. He worked close in front of his handler. Up at 1:52. Tillie was next tried alone. She went out and worked, although her range was but fair. Up at 1:54.

MOLLEEN AND SAGAS TEARAWAY started at 1:56. Tearaway acted as if on the trail of a bevy. He pointed several times, but no bird. On scattered birds, Mollie pointed one but was not stanch. Tearaway backed. Both were steady to shot. The work was poor. Both were going very slow and doing very poor work. Up at 3.

TILLIE BORU AND SAGAS TEARAWAY were started more to comply with the rules which requires that the dogs for first and second be run together. Both were tired. In fact, the further the stake was run the worse the running, and if there had been much more running the dogs would have been run nearly to a standstill. Tearaway flushed a bevy near a roadway in woods. On the scattered birds he pointed one indifferently well. Up at 3:25.

The judges soon announced Tearaway first, Tillie Boru II. second, and Molleen and Rockwood Dandy divided third.

The prizes were $200 to first, $100 to second, $50 to third. Mr. H. B. Anderson donates a special prize of $15 to the winner of first.

### The All-Age Stake.

The competitors were drawn to run in the following order:

Glenmore Kennels' bitch Winnie I. (Frisco—Grouse II.), W. J. Irwin, handler, *with*
H. B. Anderson's bitch Lady Alice (Redstone—Lady Noreen, owner, handler.

Glenmore Kennels' dog Ranger (Irish Elcho—Irish Belfast), W. T. Irwin, handler, *with*
George E. Gray's bitch Elcho Maid (Elcho, S.—Maid), owner, handler.

Glenmore Kennels' dog Beau Brummel (Elcho, Jr.—Red Rose), W. T. Irwin, handler, *with*
James B. Blossom's dog Bedford (Minstrel—Aurora), H. H. Anderson, handler.

Glenmore Kennels' bitch Coleraine (Fingal III.—Aveline), W. T. Irwin, handler, *with*
George E. Gray's bitch Hope Boru (Brian Boru, Jr.—Biddy), owner, handler.

Glenmore Kennels' bitch Betsy Crape (Keno—My Maid), W. T. Irwin, handler, *with*
W. H. Beazell's bitch Queen Vic (Kildare—Red Rose), owner, handler.

Glenmore Kennels' dog Finglas (Fingal III.—Aveline), W. T. Irwin, handler, *with*
C. T. Thompson's dog Merlin (Grabb—Flora), J. White, handler.

W. Harte's bitch Harte's Bessie (Carless—Jessie Loraine), W. T. Irwin, handler, *with*
H. E. Richard's dog Adonis (Tim—Currer Bell III.), J. White, handler.

Glenmore Kennels' bitch Ruby Glenmore (Glencho—May), W. T. Irwin, handler, *with*
McIntosh & Warner's bitch Maid of Bristol (Inchiquin—Onota Belle), T. Aldrich, handler, (in place of Dr. W. Jarvis bitch Romayne, withdrawn.

Dr. J. H. Meyer's bitch Squaw (Darrah Pat—Ruby Glencho), H. B. Anderson, handler, *with*
F. L. Cheney's dog Henmore Shamrock (Muscarry—Avoca), H. Smith, handler.

Dr. G. G. Davis' bitch Currer Bell IV. (Tim—Currer Bell III.), J. Cassidy, handler, *with*
Omer Villerd's bitch Estelle (Nedio Red — Vineta), H. Smith, handler.

Bedford, the winner of first, is good in his work on bevies and singles. His range is narrow and his speed but middling, though he gallops and is industrious.

Elcho's Maid, second, is a wider ranger, has better speed and beats out her ground better. She wiggled her tail on her point, and at times pointed in a slack attitude. She is a good finder.

Currer Bell IV. is an excellent puppy, sharp and quick in her work on birds and an industrious ranger. She acted a bit puppyish at times. Lady had but moderate range, was heavy in her way of going, and a fairly good performer on birds.

The awards were satisfactory to most of the winners.

One fault in the work of nearly every dog was that the performance was not sustained one heat with another. As the trial progressed nearly every dog would fall off in range.

*First Series.*

WINNIE II. AND LADY ALICE were cast off at 3:37. Down 30m. Alice had quite a fair range and hunted diligently. She made a very superior competition on point work, pointing one bevy nicely and two single birds. Winnie flushed the two singles which Alice pointed. Winnie trotted about close in front of her handler, showing little training and less preparation.

RANGER AND ELCHO'S MAID commenced at 4:15. Maid pointed a bevy in ledge and Ranger refused to back. Ranger flushed a bevy in open weeds. He immediately became timid and over cautious for several minutes. Maid pointed a bevy in open weeds and Ranger backed. Both were steady to shot. Down 30m. Maid was the better and more intelligent ranger. Ranger showed a lack of experience.

BEAU BRUMMEL AND BEDFORD began at 4:47 and ran 30m. Both drew about and frittered away a good deal of time on the scent of sparrows in stubble. Beau pointed a bevy in stubble. Bedford refused to back and stole the point. Sent on. Soon Beau began to draw on footscent. Bedford about 50yds. ahead pointed the bevy. He was steady to shot. Beau was a bit unsteady. Up at 5:17. Both ranged well. Bedford the better; also he had better judgment.

TUESDAY.

The steady rainfall of the night had thoroughly soaked the ground. The roads were muddy and streams were full. Bottom lands in places were impassable. The weather was clear and pleasant. Toward night it became quite cool. The work of the day was quite good. A late beginning was made.

COLERAINE AND HOPE BORU were started at 9:38. Coleraine ranged nicely, she going at a merry gait, beating out the stubble well. Hope also ranged well, but was lacking in the dash of her competitor. Hope roaded to a point on a bevy which Coleraine soon afterward flushed. On the scattered birds, Coleraine was timid and overcautious. She flushed again. Hope pointed a single and Coleraine backed. At 9:50 Hope was ordered up and Coleraine sent on alone for nine minutes. She still showed timidity in her work on scattered birds. She and Hope were then run till 10:12 without finding. Hope did decidedly the better work.

BETSY CRAFT AND QUEEN VIC were started at 10:18.



TOLEDO BEE.
First International Field Trials Derby, 1892.
Owned by Frank W. Eddy, Detroit, Mich.

Betsy pointed a bevy in sedge and backed by Queen. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds, each pointed one. Out in open sedge, Queen roaded down wind on a bevy which was flushed accidentally by one of the judges. Betsy made a point, her handler claimed, but the pines concealed her for the moment and the judges did not see her work. Betsy pointed a single. Queen pointed twice on singles. Up at 10:50. Queen showed the better judgment and ability in pointing birds. Both were slow, narrow rangers.

FINGLAS AND MERLIN began at 11:11. There were good opportunities to work on a bevy and single birds, but both made a poor showing. They ran a poor heat. Both pointed inaccurately at times. Up at 11:41.

HART'S BESSIE AND ADONIS started at 11:46. Bessie tagged Adonis a bit in the early part of the heat. Both were suspiciously near a bevy which flushed in sedge some distance ahead of the judges. Diligent search failed to find the scattered birds. Both showed fair range. Up at 12:35. Bessie did not seem to know much about searching.

The party went to lunch.

The judges, to give Adonis another chance on birds, put him down on scattered birds in a good place at 2:12. He made such a poor showing both in finding and pointing that he was soon ordered up.

RUBY GLENMORE AND MAID OF BORSTAL were cast off at 1:30. Ruby started, ranging well, but soon narrowed down to a small fling. Maid flushed a bevy. Maid got one point on a single and flushed several others. Both ranged close. Ruby appeared to have no knowledge of birds, and it was difficult to keep her handler near where they were marked. The work was poor. Up at 2:08.

SQUAW AND HENMORE SHAMROCK started at 2:25. They were worked on scattered birds in corn. Squaw roaded nicely. Shamrock was up wind of the birds when they flushed wild. Shamrock dropped to a point on a bird in pines. Squaw backed or pointed. Shamrock pointed a single. Both ranged well in a businesslike way and were industrious. Shamrock was the better ranger. Rock carried a high head. Up at 3:18.

CURRER BELL IV. AND ESTELLE began at 3:17. Bell pointed a bevy and was backed. This trial was Mr. Cassiday's first attempt at handling in a competition, and he did it nicely and skillfully. Moved on. Belle dropped to a point at the edge of a weedfield. She drew on, whereupon Estelle went in quickly and pointed. The bevy flushed wild in weeds some distance ahead. Bell behaved well on the scattered birds. Squaw worked in a businesslike way. Down 30m.

*Second Series.*

Eight dogs were kept in, namely, Lady Alice, Elcho Maid, Bedford, Hope Boru, Squaw, Estelle, Henmore Shamrock, and Currer Belle.

LADY ALICE AND ELCHO MAID began at 4:06. They ran a very even race so far as range and pace are concerned, but Maid had some the better of the ranging and was the better on birds. Maid wagged her tail sometimes on point, which marred her style. Maid pointed a bevy and Lady backed. On the birds in a thicket both pointed; nothing found. Maid pointed a bevy in the open. Lady going down wind, flushed the same bevy. Sent on. In open Lady pointed; Maid backed; nothing found. Lady pointed part of a bevy, which flushed wild. Maid sent in after Lady had moved on, pointed the remainder of the bevy. The birds were followed into woods. Maid made a flush. There was no positive work done, the birds flushing wild or being flushed by horsemen. Up at 5:15.

This ended the day's running.

WEDNESDAY.

The morning was clear but sharply frosty. A late start was made, the conditions not being unfavorable for good work.

BEDFORD AND HENMORE SHAMROCK started at 9:36. Bedford in the open dropped on a point too close on a bevy and it flushed wild. On the scattered birds in pines, Bedford pointed a single and Shamrock flushed it. In the open, both dogs roaded and before they located a horseman accidentally flushed the bevy. Bedford made a flush on a single bird in woods. Up at 10:11. Both dogs ought to have got more points considering the opportunities. Shamrock apparently was off his nose and did work inferior to that of his first heat. He ranged well with much dash, in which respect he was equal to the best in the stake. Bedford was quite good on birds, but was lacking in range.

HOPE BORU AND CURRER BELL IV. were started at 10:20. Both at the same time pointed a bevy in sedge and were steady to shot. Bell made two good points on singles and was steady to shot. She had the better range and speed and also was better in point work. Up at 10:43.

SQUAW AND ESTELLE began at 10:57 and ran 30m. Squaw followed Estelle in the forepart of the heat, not working independently. Their range was narrow. Squaw pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. No work was done on the scattered birds.

*Third Series.*

BEDFORD AND ELCHS'S MAID started at 11:34. Maid had much the better way of going, and was the better ranger both as regards the ground covered and the regularity of her fling. Bedford was much better in pointing birds, a feature in which he performed quite well. He pointed a bevy in open weeds, he casting to and fro on the footscent and locating it nicely. Next, each pointed a single bird and was steady to shot. Up at 12:15. Maid wiggled her tail when on point and was not rigid at all times.

Lunch was next in order.

CURRER AND BELLE LADY ALICE were started at 1:26. In a cornfield both found and pointed the same bevy. Both steady to shot. The birds were not followed. In the open, Lady roaded in an awkward manner to a flush on a bevy—a sloppy piece of work. On the scattered birds in thick cover, it was difficult to determine what was done. Belle pointed a single. It was said she stole the point from Alice. The latter was a poor ranger, ran heavily and came in frequently for orders. She required constant urging. Belle was much the better ranger, was sharper and more skilful in her work on birds. The heat and trials ended at 2:36 Both dogs were tiring and ranging close when ordered up.

Bedford won first, Elcho's Maid second, Currer Bell IV. and Lady Alice divided third.

The prizes were $200 to first, $100 to second, $50 to third.

## WOLFHOUND TYPE AND STANDARD.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You raise, in a short paragraph in your number for Oct. 20, a question as to the extent to which we should modify breeds we adopt from other countries. There is a good deal involved in this question. Climate usually works changes which we counteract only with difficulty and rather unsuccessfully, and had better accept, perhaps. But it seems to me unfair to continue to call a breed by the name given it when it originated, while we produce fundamental changes in its form. It therefore would seem to be wrong for the English successful breeders, as they are, to attempt to so modify the Russian wolfhound that he would become merely a long-coated greyhound. There is one feature in this breed on which all authorities seem to agree in Russia, *i.e.*, the enormous arch of back and loins. This arch affects even the skeleton and, as I understand from all authorities, a hound, especially a male, cannot be a Russian wolfhound without this arch. In this country this point does not seem to be distinctly recognized, for the judge of the miscellaneous class at Kingston was criticised in several quarters for putting back a hound with back and loin as flat as a board. As I understand it the dog not pass the Russian standard at all. Surely we must not begin by ignoring parts that affect the very skeleton of the animal. Nor do I think these Russian breeders were all wrong in this. For a dog of great speed for a short distance, and with his success in wolf-hunting depending on striking the fleeing animal so as to knock him over, this form seems to meet the case. If the arch of loin is desirable in a greyhound, how much more is it to be encouraged in a dog intended for a shorter course with tremendous impetus. If we are going to have the Russian wolfhound by all means let us not depart from essentials of structure and form. I do not write as an authority on this breed, but as a student of form in relation to function. WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MONTREAL, Can.

### To Cure a Gun-Shy Dog.

A gun-shy dog, or one that you want to be sure of under fire, treat as follows: Tie him in the yard; put a primed but unloaded shell in your gun; go near him, walk about as if you were looking for game; point your gun in the air and fire the primer; don't look at him, but go into the house and get another primed shell and repeat the act. Do this several times in the day for two or three days. Then begin to use some powder, and keep adding until you are "dead sure" he is without apprehension or fear. Always fire directly from him, not looking at him before nor after firing. Let some one observe his actions under fire. I had a Skye terrier that was afraid of the slightest rumble of thunder, which would drive him into the house and under the bed; but he was teachable, and I soon taught him to love the gun, and delight in its thunder when rabbits were to be had. N. D. ELTING.

Messrs. George Meister and Charles W. Sarvis, of Jackson, Mich., have entered into partnership to breed English and Gordon setters and greyhounds, and claim the name of the Jackson Kennel for their kennels.


### A New-Subscriber Offer.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Ieet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3),

# RECORD OF FIELD TRIALS OF 1892.

## Pacific Coast Field Trials, Jan. 18.

*Judges—Messrs. D. M. Pyle, R. T. Vandervoort and H. Y. Payne.*

DERBY—8 STARTERS.

| Prize. | Owner. | Dog. | Breed. | Color. | Sire. | Dam. | Amount. | Handler. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Mr. Kerchoff's | Sam K. Gladstone | English setter | Black, white and tan | Gladstone's Boy | Ruby D | .... | D. M. Walters. |
| Second | P. D. Linville's | Flake L | English setter | Black and white | Dan Gladstone | Florine | .... | W. Dermott. |
| Third | Chas. Studarn's | Rush Croxteth | Pointer | Liver and white | Point | Queen Croxteth | .... | Owner. |
| divided | D. G. Golcher's | Del Monte | Pointer | Liver and white | Nestor | California | .... | G. T. Alexander. |

MEMBERS' STAKE—5 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | J. M. Bassford | Queen Last | Pointer | | Mountain Boy | Beautiful Queen | .... | J. M. Bassford. |

ALL-AGE STAKE—8 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Thos. Higg's | Lady Trippo | English setter | Orange and white | Mingo | Lady Thunder | .... | Allender. |
| Second | H. Huber's | Sally Brass II | Pointer | Liver and white | Graphic | Mealy | .... | Allender. |
| Third | J. E. Watson's | Black Joe II | Pointer | Black | Old Black Joe | | .... | Allender. |

## Southern Field Trials.

*Judges—Messrs. P. H. Bryson, F. I. Stone and Whyte Bedford.*

DERBY—21 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Norwin T. Harris's | Wun Lung | English setter | Black and white | Capt. Bethel | Enid | $400 | D. E. Rose. |
| Second | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Count Anteo | English setter | Lemon and white | Count Noble | Gladstone's Girl | $200 | C. Tucker. |
| Third | Blue Ridge Kennels' | Hope's Mark | English setter | Black, white and tan | Gath's Hope | Lady May | $100 | D. E. Rose. |
| | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Miss Ruby | English setter | Lemon and white | Gladstone's Boy | Ruby D | | C. Tucker. |

ALL-AGE STAKE—21 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Blue Ridge Kennels' | Fannie M | English setter | Black, white and tan | Gladstone | Flame | $400 | D. E. Rose. |
| Second | R. Merrill's | Paul Bo | English setter | Black, white and tan | Paul Gladstone | Bohemian Girl | $200 | Frank Richards. |
| Third | Whyte Bedford's | Tremont | English setter | Black, white and tan | Gladstone's Boy | Speckle Gown | $100 | R. P. McCargo. |
| | P. H. Bryson's | Whyte B | English setter | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Florence Gladstone | | A. P. Gilliam. |
| | A. P. Gilliam's | Eugene T | English setter | Black, white and tan | Count Noble | Ruby's Girl | | A. P. Gilliam. |

## Manitoba Field Trials, Aug. 31.

*Judge—W. Tallman.*

DERBY—8 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Avent & Thayer's | Bonia | English setter | Black and white | Rod | Juno A | $150 | J. M. Avent. |
| Second | John Sharple's | Alberta Joe | Pointer | Liver and white | Ightfield Upton | Ightfield Blythe | $90 | Owner. |
| Third | Avent & Thayer's | Kingston | English setter | Black and tan | Chance | Bessie Avent | $60 | J. M. Avent. |

ALL-AGE STAKE.—13 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | W. F. Ellis's | Duke of Manitoba | English setter | Black, white and tan | | | $150 | Owner. |
| Second | Avent & Thayer's | Bettye S | English setter | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Bo-Peep | $90 | J. M. Avent. |
| Third | Avent & Thayer's | Novelist | English setter | Black, white and tan | Woodhull's Bruce | Llewellin's Novelty | $60 | J. M. Avent. |

## Northwestern Field Trials, Sept. 5.

*Judges—Rev. Hamilton Spence and B. Waters.*

DERBY—18 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | J. Sharple's | Alberta Joe | Pointer | Liver and white | Ightfield Upton | Ightfield Blythe | $198 | — Pickering. |
| Second | T. Stone's | Manitoba Shot | Pointer | Liver and white | Ightfield Upton | Ightfield Blythe | $85.50 | Thomas Johnson. |
| Third | Avent & Thayer's | Lochinvar | English setter | Black, white and tan | Chance | Bessie Avent | $49.50 | J. M. Avent. |
| | W. T. Hunter's | Duff | English setter | Black | Manitoba Toss | Pitti Sing | | Frank Richards. |

ALL-AGE STAKE—22 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | T. Stone's | Manitoba Shot | Pointer | Liver and white | Ightfield Upton | Ightfield Blythe | $114 | Thomas Johnson. |
| Second | J. Sharple's | Alberta Joe | Pointer | Liver and white | Ightfield Upton | Ightfield Blythe | $47.50 | — Pickering. |
| Third | L. W. Smith's | Atlanta | English setter | Black, white and tan | Jean Val Jean | Shena Van | $28.50 | L. W. Smith. |

## International Field Trials, Nov. 7.

*Judges—Amateur Stake: Messrs. J. R. MacGregor, T. Guttridge and C. A. Stone. Derby and All-Age Stakes: Messrs. M. A. Smith, J. E. Lang, and T. Guttridge.*

AMATEUR STAKE—9 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Dr. J. Kime's | Mingo, Jr | English setter | Black, white and tan | Mingo | Rose Rapid | .... | Dr. J. Kime. |
| Second | John Davidson's | Lucy C | English setter | Black and white | Scottish Chief | Ailsa | .... | John Davidson. |
| Third | Dr. J. Kime's | Lady Spot | English setter | White and black | Mingo | Lady Thunder | .... | Dr. J. Kime. |

DERBY—14 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | F. W. Eddy's | Toledo Bee | English setter | Black and white | Toledo Blade | Maggie Bee | .... | T. Davey. |
| Second | Thos. Davey's | Dame Bang | Pointer | Liver and white | Trinket's Cash | Van Bang | .... | T. Davey. |
| Third | Mr. Kramer's | Fritz | Pointer | Liver and white | Count Graphic | | .... | — Mather. |
| Fourth | W. B. Wells's | Phyllis T | English setter | Black and white | Mingo II | Cambriana | .... | W. B. Wells. |

ALL-AGE STAKE—7 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Thos. Davey's | Dame Bang | Pointer | Liver and white | Trinket's Cash | Van Bang | .... | T. Davey. |
| Second | W. B. Wells's | Matane | English setter | Black, white and tan | Mark J | Cambriana | .... | W. B. Wells. |
| Third | W. B. Wells's | Luke | English setter | Black, white and tan | Toledo Blade | Cambriana | .... | W. B. Wells. |
| Fourth | Dr. J. Kime's | Lady Patch | English setter | White and black | | | .... | Dr. J. Kime. |
| | Dr. Totten's | Carrie T | English setter | Black, white and tan | Banker | Smith's Bell | .... | Dr. Totten. |

## New England Field Trials, Nov. 8.

*Judges—Messrs. W. A. Coster and N. Wallace.*

DERBY—15 STARTERS

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Dr. James E. Hair's | Albert's Daisy | English setter | Orange and white | | | $200 | F. C. Waterhouse. |
| Second | H. B. Tallman's | Nellie G | English setter | Black, white and tan | | | $100 | H. B. Tallman. |
| Third | E. O. Damon's | Rod's Chaff | English setter | Black, white and tan | Rowdy Rod | | $50 | C. E. Stoehr. |
| | Oakland Farm Kennels'. | Bradley | English setter | Black, white and tan | | | | — Ellis. |

ALL-AGE STAKE—15 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | F. W. Clarke's | Claude | English setter | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Lillian | $200 | E. S. Gordon. |
| Second | Oakland Farm Kennels' | Our Pet | English setter | Black, white and tan | The Corsair | Chula | $100 | A. R. Sharpe. |
| Third | Henry Dutton's | Duke of Kent | Pointer | Liver and white | Tempest | Nadgy of Naso | $50 | E. S. Eames. |
| | J. L. Wells's | Reverdy | English setter | White and orange | | | | — Hodges. |

## United States Field Trials, Nov. 8.

*Judges—Messrs. P. H. Bryson, B. M. Stephenson and Col. A. G. Sloo.*

POINTER DERBY—14 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | J. L. Adams's | Lad of Rush | Pointer | Liver and white | Rush of Lad | Topsy L | $250 | L. W. Blankenbaker. |
| Second | R. L. Shannon's | Mame S | Pointer | | Osborne Ale | Pearl's Pride | $200 | G. R. Howse. |
| Third | W. T. Hunter's | Lady Peg | Pointer | Liver and white | King of Kent | Lass of Bloomo | $150 | F. Richards. |

These trials unfinished—postponed to Feb. 13 at New Albany, Miss.

## American Field Trials, Nov. 15.

*Judges—Messrs. J. M. Freeman, Royal Robinson and W. A. Thompson.*

ALL-AGE ENGLISH SETTER STAKE—3 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | George E. Gray's | Hi Di | | Black, white and tan | Hope | Trap, Jr | $15 | J. Mayfield. |
| Second | J. F. Pantler's | Frank | | | Sancho | Bessie | $7.50 | J. H. Johnson. |
| Third | Baker & Beck's | Ightfield Rhiwlas | | Black, white and tan | Downe | Schonaid | $4.50 | J. E. Fisher. |

ALL-AGE IRISH SETTER STAKE—9 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Glenmore Kennels' | Finglas | | Dog | Fingal III | Aveline | $45 | W. T. Irwin. |
| Second | Geo. E. Gray's | Elcho's Maid | | Bitch | Elcho, Jr | Maid | $22.50 | J. Mayfield. |
| Third | Geo. E. Gray's | Hope Boru | | Dog | Byron Baruge | Biddy | $13.50 | J. Mayfield. |

ALL-AGE POINTER STAKE—9 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | G. A. Castleman's | Castleman's Rex | | White and liver | Mainspring | Dell | $45 | W. B. Stafford. |
| Second | U. R. Fishel's | Wise Croxteth | | Liver and white ticked | Croxteth | Annie | $22 50 | U. R. Fishel. |
| Third | U. R. Fishel's | Don Fis-Hel | | Black | Devonshire Sam | Nellie Bang | | U. R. Fishel. |
| | Carrie Harvey's | Midget H | | Black | Harrop | Frankie | $13.50 | Carrie Harvey. |
| | J. W. Scudder's | Manitou | | White and black | Luck of the Goat | Clary | | W. B. Stafford. |

Absolute winner, Glenmore Kennels' Finglas—Cup, value $100.

ENGLISH SETTER DERBY—3 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Theo. Goodman's | Dan's Lady | | Black, white and tan | Dan Gladstone | Lilly Burgess | $15 | J. H. Johnson. |
| Second | L. A. Rice's | Pembroke's Blue Grouse | | Black, white and tan | Don | Belle of Hatchie | $7.50 | W. B. Stafford. |
| Third | John Robert's | Jim Dandy | | Blue belton | Braxton Bragg | Gypsy | $4.50 | C. E. Tway. |

IRISH SETTER DERBY—3 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | G. E. Gray's | Saga's Tearaway | | Dog | Tearaway | Tillie Boru | $15 | J. Mayfield. |
| Second | Glenmore Kennels' | Glenmore Appie | | Bitch | Desmond II | Nellie | $7.50 | W. T. Irwin. |
| Third | Glenmore Kennels' | Elphin II | | Bitch | Tyrconnell | Kinvara | $4.50 | W. T. Irwin. |

POINTER DERBY—6 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | King Don P'nter Kennels' | Pride of King Don | Dog | White, liver ticked | King Don | Meteor's Dell | $30 | J. E. Fisher. |
| Second | T. G. Barstow's | Pomme de Terre | Dog | White and liver | Ossian | Clipaway II | $15 | W. B. Stafford. |
| | A. C. Waddell's | Trinket's Don | Dog | White and liver ticked | Donald's Sensation | Trinket S | $9 | W. T. Irwin. |

Absolute winner, T. Goodman's Dan's Lady—Cup, value $75.

PUPPY STAKES—ENGLISH SETTERS—2 STARTERS.

| Prize. | Owner. | Dog. | Breed. | Color. | Sire. | Dam. | Amount. | Handler. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | A. C. Waddell's | Harry L. | | Black, white and tan | Captain G | Juno Warwick | $5 | W. T. Irwin. |
| Second | W. J. Beck's | Peggy B | | Black, white and tan | Gus Kneussel | Maga Mana | $2.50 | |

IRISH SETTERS—2 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Glenmore Kennels' | Flyaway | | Bitch | Finglas | Betsy Craft | $5 | W. T. Irwin. |
| Second | Glenmore Kennels' | Donoway | | Dog | Finglas | Betsy Craft | $2.50 | W. T. Irwin. |

POINTERS—3 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | W. A. Thompson's | Leach's Belle II. | Bitch | White and liver | Grand Duke | Meteor's Dell | $7.50 | |
| Second | J. R. McGuffin's | Tuxedo | Bitch | White | Ossian | Cornelia G. | $3.75 | |
| Third | U. R. Fishel's | Lady Fis-Hel | Bitch | White and black | Devonshire Tam | Lady Wallace | $2.25 | |

Absolute winner, A. C. Waddell's Harry L.—Cup, value $50.

## Eastern Field Trials, Nov. 21.

*Judges—Messrs. W. A. Coster and J. Collins.*

MEMBERS' STAKE—6 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Pierre Lorillard, Jr's | Count Anteo | English setter | Lemon and white | Count Noble | Gladstone Girl | .... | Owner. |
| Second | Geo. Leach's | Guy | English setter | Black, white and tan | Gladstone's Boy | Lady | .... | Owner. |
| Third | Pierre Lorillard, Jr's | Antevolo | English setter | Liver and white | Count Noble | Trinket II | .... | Owner. |

DERBY—22 STARTERS.

*Judges—Messrs. A. Merriman, H. B. Duryea and W. A. Coster.*

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Pierre Lorillard, Jr's | Rod's Sue | English setter | Liver, white and tan | Roderigo | Gladstone Girl | $500 | C. Tucker. |
| Second | Avent & Thayer's | Kingston | English setter | Black, white and tan | Chance | Bessie Avent | $250 | J. M. Avent. |
| Third | Avent & Thayer's | Bonair | English setter | Black and white | Roderigo | Juno A. | $150 | J. M. Avent. |

ALL-AGE STAKE—16 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Lora | English setter | Black, white and tan | Gladstone's Boy | Ruby D | $500 | C. Tucker. |
| Second | S Dill's | Count Gladstone | English setter | Black, white and tan | Count Noble | Ruby's Girl | $250 | J. White. |
| Third | Greenfield Hill Kennels' | Harry C. | English setter | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Countess House | $150 | S. C. Bradley. |

CHAMPION STAKE—5 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Charlottesville F. T. Kls' | Rip Rap | Pointer | Black & white & ticked | King of Kent | Hops | $225 and $100 cup. | Capt. C. E. McMurdo. |

## Ohio Field Trial Club's Trials, Nov. 23.

*Judge—Mr. John Bolus.*

DERBY—5 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | W. L. Alexander's | Belle Lorain | English setter | Black and tan | Pilot | Ruby | Sil. cup | |
| Second | W. F. Kron's | Ranger Caper | English setter | Orange and white | Caper Dick | Daisy | .... | |
| Third | A. H. Smith's | Handy S. | English setter | Blue belton | Paul H | Belle Bardell | .... | |
| Fourth | H. Strunk's | Daisy Beaufort | Pointer | Liver and white | Dan Croxteth | Lady Beaufort IV | .... | |

ALL-AGE POINTER STAKE—8 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | G. V. L. Mellinger's | Moxie | | Liver and white | Springfield | Lady Beaufort | .... | |
| Second | C. E. Seininger's | Primrose | | Liver and white | Vanitus Bang | Bird Eye | .... | |
| Third | H. Strunk's | Lady Beaufort | | Liver and white | Beaufort II | Jerry Lady | .... | |

ALL-AGE SETTER STAKE—21 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | J. L. Arnold's | Penn | | Black and tan | Front | Bess | .... | |
| Second | W. L. Alexander's | Scout | | Black | | | .... | |
| Third | Dr. J. M. Meyer's | Matrix | | Black and white | Gnu | Blitzen | .... | |
| | B. Cornell's | Duke | | Black | Royal Ranger | Melborn | .... | |

Absolute winner, G. V. L. Mellinger's Moxie—Prize, gold medal.

## Philadelphia K. C. Field Trials, Nov. 28.

*Judges—Messrs. W. A. Coster, W. Tallman and Dr. W. Jarvis.*

DERBY—22 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Rod's Sue | English setter | Black, white and tan. | Roderigo | Gladstone's Girl | $400 | C. Tucker. |
| Second | Avent & Thayer's | Hamlet | English setter | Black, white and tan | Chance | Bessie Avent | $200 | J. M. Avent. |
| Third | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Dot Rogers | English setter | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Gladstone's Girl | $100 | C. Tucker. |

ALL-AGE STAKE—20 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Greenfield Hill Kennels' | Harry C. | English setter | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Countess House | $400 | S. C. Bradley. |
| Second | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Lora | English setter | Black, white and tan | Gladstone's Boy | Ruby D | $200 | C. Tucker. |
| Third | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Miss Ruby | English setter | Lemon and white | Gladstone's Boy | Ruby D | $100 | C. Tucker. |

MEMBERS' STAKE—6 STARTERS. *Judge—Mr. J. N. Lewis.*

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Pennsylvania Kennels' | Nanon | English setter | Black, white and tan | Ben Hill | Mary | $30 | F. G. Taylor. |
| Second | Pennsylvania Kennels' | Ben Hur of Riverview | English setter | Black, white and tan | Ben Hill | Zoe W. | $20 | F. G. Taylor. |
| Third | Walter B. Smith's | Ben Hur Franklin | English setter | Orange and white | Ike | Leda | $10 | Owner. |
| | Fairmont Kennels' | Promotion | Pointer | Lemon and white | Lord Graphic | Belle Bishop | | C. W. Barker. |

## Robins Island Field Trials, Dec. 2.

*Judges—Messrs. Jacob Pentz and Austin.*

PUPPY STAKE—5 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | W. L. Wellington's | Countess | English setter | Orange and white | Tardy Jack | Wanda | .... | Owner. |
| Second | E. H. Litchfield's | Douglass | Gordon setter | Black and tan | Argus | Lora | .... | |

ALL-AGE STAKE—8 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Geo. D. Green's | Mack | English setter | Liver | | | .... | Owner. |
| Second | L. H. Bullard's | Bessie | English setter | Orange and white | | | .... | Mr. Green. |

## Central Field Trials, Dec. 5.

*Judges—Messrs. J. M. Tracy, N. Wallace and W. S. Bell.*

POINTER DERBY—13 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Charlottesville F. T. Kls' | Jingo | | Black and white | Mainspring | Queenie | $400 | Capt. C. E. McMurdo. |
| Second | J. L. Adams's | Lad of Rush | | Liver and white | Rush of Lad | Topsy L | $250 | L. W. Blankenbaker. |
| Third | T. W. White's | Graceful II. | | Liver and white | Duke of Hessen | Concave | $150 | Owner. |

SETTER DERBY—23 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Maiden Mine | | Orange and white | Vanguard | Georgia Belle | $400 | C. Tucker. |
| Second | J. L. Adams's | Cecil H. | | Black, white and tan | Dr. Maclin | Cossette | $250 | L. W. Blankenbaker. |
| Third | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Dot Rogers | | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Gladstone's Girl | $150 | C. Tucker. |
| | L. Gardner's | Roger's Spark | | Black, white and tan | Roger | Dora Deane | | T. Aldrich. |

Absolute winntr, Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Maiden Mine—$200 extra

ALL-AGE POINTER STAKE—13 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | J. L. Adams's | Lady Rush | | Liver and white | Rush of Lad | Topsy L | $250 | L. W. Blankenmaker. |
| Second | Charlottesville F. T. K'ls. | Wild Damon | | Liver and white | Damon | Flora | $175 | C. E. Buckle. |
| Third | Hempstead Farm K'ls.' | Sandford Druid | | Liver and white | Faxon Don | Sandford Quince | $125 | A. Cameron. |

ALL-AGE SETTER STAKE—15 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Lora | | Black, white and tan | Gladstone's Boy | Ruby D | $250 | C. Tucker. |
| Second | Avent & Thayer's | Bettye S. | | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Bo Peep | $175 | J. M. Avent. |
| Third | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Miss Ruby | | Lemon and white | Gladstone's Boy | Ruby D | $125 | C. Tucker. |

Absolute winner, Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Lora—$100 extra.

FREE-FOR-ALL STAKE—13 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Avent & Thayer's | Orlando | English setter | Black, white and tan | Roderigo | Bo Peep | $500 | J. M. Avent. |
| Second | Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s | Lora | English setter | Black, white and tan | Gladstone's Boy | Ruby D | $300 | C. Tucker. |
| Third | Charlottesville F.T. Kls.' | Rip Rap | Pointer | Black, white and ticked | King of Kent | Hops | $200 | Capt. C. E. McMurdo. |

## Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, Dec. 19.

*Judges—Messrs. John Davidson and W. Tallman. Referee—B. Waters.*

DERBY—10 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | George E. Gray's | Sagas Tearaway | | Dog | Tearaway | Tillie Boru | $215 | Owner. |
| Second | George E. Gray's | Tillie Boru II. | | Bitch | Tearaway | Tillie Boru | $100 | Owner. |
| Third | F. L. Cheney's | Molleen | | Bitch | Henmore Shamrock | Daisy | $50 | Horace Smith. |
| | C. T. Thompson's | Rockwood Dandy | | Dog | Desmond II. | Fly | | John White. |

ALL AGE STAKE—20 STARTERS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | Jas. B. Blossom's | Bedford | | Dog | Minstrel | Aurora | $200 | H. B. Anderson. |
| Second | Geo. E. Gray's | Elcho's Maid | | Bitch | Elcho, Jr. | Maid | $100 | Owner. |
| Third | Dr. G. G. Davis's | Currer Bell IV | | Bitch | Tim | Currer Bell III. | $50 | J. Cassidy. |
| | H. B. Anderson's | Lady Alice | | Bitch | Redstone | Lady Noreen | | Owner. |

### The Reason Why My Dog Did Not Win Is

Because he had an awfully sore foot. He stuck a thorn in it, I think. He is such a fine dog, too!

Because a blank nigger upset a bucket of feed the night before my dog ran his heat, and he ate so much he could not run any the next day. You ought to see him work when he is all right!

Because the judge had a grudge against me and I could not win. You can't beat the dogs and the judges, too. My dog is a corker!

Because my dog is out of form somehow. He worked all right yesterday, but he is out of form to-day or off his nose. He is a great dog, too.

Because my dog was sick last week. This week, when he was getting well, I could not manage him, he felt so good. He is the greatest dog in the world!

Because my dog ran so fast he lost his nose. It never happened before. He can knock spots off any dog in the race for $5 or $5,000, and don't you forget it. Do you want to bet?

Because my bitch is in season and I could not enter her. She would have won this stake easy. Talk about field dogs, you ought to see her work!

Because my dog is too well broken. You can't win when the other handler works your dog, see!

Because my dog is a first-class dog and the judges don't know what that is. They want plug-shooting dogs. I haint coming here no more!

Because the other fellow had all the prestige of a winner and the judges were afraid to decide against him.

THE CYNIC.

## CANADIAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

Canadian Kennel Club's Executive Committee held a meeting at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Dec. 20, 1892, beginning at 3 o'clock.

Present—Dr. Wesley Mills (in chair), P. G. Keyes, A. D. Stewart, H. Bedlington, H. Gorman, J. G. Mitchener, S. F. Glass, and H. B. Donovan, secretary.

Minutes of annual and executive meetings (as printed in *Gazette*) taken as read.

Troublesome protest.—Moved by Mr. Bedlington, seconded by Mr. Stewart, that decision of judge be sustained. Carried.

The following letter was read from the judge, Mr. F. E. Curtis:

"SIMCOE, Dec. 9, 1892.—G. Bell, Esq., Toronto, Dear Sir: In reply to your letter I would say that I awarded your bitch, Troublesome, 1st prize in the open bitch class, black, at the Ottawa bench show, held in September last, and had she been brought in the judge's ring should have awarded her the special for the best cocker in said class in the show.
"FRANK E. CURTIS."

*Resolved*, That this Executive is of opinion that the bitch, Troublesome, owing to protest entered against her was not allowed to compete for the special prize in the cocker spaniel class at Ottawa, and that had she been shown are of opinion from the communication since received from the judge, that she would have been awarded the special prize for the best cocker in the show. Mr. Bell waives all claim to the special prize thus awarded.

Sir John Protest.—The secretary was instructed to write to A. K. C. inclosing copy of amended pedigree handed in by Mr. Bell, which, if approved of by that body, will be received as authentic and make the dog eligible for registration. Also to write Mr. F. Stettenbenz, in reply to his letters of various dates, and to Mr. C. A. Stone, superintendent of Toronto bench show, stating that Sir John having been disqualified at the Toronto bench show of 1881, the dogs placed below him are to move up in same order as placed (see Rule 20). Prize money to be distributed according to new order.

Pious Pembroke Protest.—Moved by Mr. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Mitchener, that protest lodged by Mr. Wurtele be sustained, and that Mr. Purbeck refund the prize money. The dogs placed below Pious Pembroke to move up. Carried.

Further resolved that this committee are of opinion that Mr. Purbeck's error was unintentional and that he be exonerated from acting under any dishonorable motive.

Champion Starlight Protest.—The following explanatory letters were read:

"OTTAWA, Dec. 17, 1892.—H. B. Donovan, Esq., Sec. C. K. C.: Dear Sir—The inclosed will settle the matter of date in the champion Starlight protest. ALFRED GEDDES."

"OTTAWA, Dec. 17, 1892.—Alfred Geddes, Esq., P. O. Dept., Ottawa: Dear Sir—The telegram addressed to you from H. M. Howes, Boston, Mass., in reference to protest of champion Starlight, was received here at 11:35 P. M. on the 7th October, 1892. It was a night message and was delivered to you on the morning of the 8th October. The date (17th) on the message is a mistake. It should be 7th October.
"WM. NICHOLS, Chief Clerk G. N. W. Tel. Co."

Moved by Mr. Mitchener, seconded by Mr. Gorman, that protest of Mr. Howes be sustained. Carried.

Committee on Show Dates.—Moved by Mr. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Glass, that Messrs. Donovan, Stone and Mitchener be a committee *re* show dates. Carried.

Incorporation.—Moved by Mr. Glass, seconded by Mr. Stewart, that secretary be instructed to ascertain cost of incorporation under Dominion statutes. Carried.

At this point Dr. Mills left the chair, which, on motion, was assumed by Mr. Glass.

Mr. George Bell's Charges against Dr. Wesley Mills.—The following communications were read:

"TORONTO, Nov. 11, 1892.—H. B. Donovan, Esq., Secretary, C. K. C. Sir—I beg to hand you some charges against Dr. Wesley Mills, of Montreal, as under, and I hope that you will bring them up for investigation before the executive committee at its meeting to be held this evening.

CHARGES.

"1. That at the late Ottawa bench show Dr. Wesley Mills did alter an award as written by another judge in his judging book.

"2. That at the late Ottawa bench show Dr. Wesley Mills did judge his Great Dane bitch Minerva's Fawn in conjunction with another judge.

"3. That at the late Ottawa bench show Dr. Wesley Mills did judge and award his own setter dog a diploma for best in open class, at the same time awarding one to winning bitch.

"4. That at the late Ottawa bench show Dr. Wesley Mills did on his own responsibility, after a meeting of the show committee had decided that Mr. Corbett should not judge the Great Danes with him, secure the assistance of Mr. Corbett. I am sir, yours truly, G. BELL."

"TORONTO, Dec. 20, 1892.—H. B. Donovan, Esq., Secretary Canadian Kennel Club. Sir—I understand that the president of the Canadian Kennel Club has declared the meeting of the executive committee at which I preferred certain charges against him to be illegal and unconstitutional.

"I write now to say that I withdraw charge No. 4, but desire to add another charge in place thereof, so that my charges against Dr. Mills are now as follows:

[Charges 1, 2, 3 as before.]

"4. That Dr. Wesley Mills has been guilty of unbecoming conduct as president of the Canadian Club in that he has permitted highly damaging charges against his good faith and honor by Mr. H. Goodman, to pass undenied, thereby allowing Canadian dogdom to be disgraced in his person. I am, sir, yours truly, G. BELL."

"At a meeting of the Ottawa bench show committee held on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 8, 1892, the following resolution was passed:

"*Whereas*, So-called 'charges' have been laid before the Canadian Kennel Club by Mr. George Bell, against one of the judges at the late Ottawa show, and have been published in some of the widely read sporting papers, which 'charges' without explanation are calculated to impart an impression injurious to the Ottawa bench show committee, as well as the judge concerned, the following answers be forwarded to the secretary of the C. K. C., to be read at the executive committee meeting to be held on the 20th inst., in the event of the matter being discussed at that meeting.

ANSWERS TO CHARGES.

"No. 1. That Dr. Mills after Mr. Corbett had left, discovered that one of the awards in the English setter dog class read hc. reserve, and as this was an anomalous award suggested that there must have been an unintentional omission of the letter V, and further suggested that it should be inserted, in which the members of the committee present acquiesced, and by such alteration no change in the relative positions of the dogs was made.

"No. 2. He did, and by so doing no rule of the C. K. C. was violated. There was no competiton in this class.

"No. 3. Mr. Corbett having left for home, it was suggested that a diploma be awarded to each of the first prize winners, Mount Royal Rush and Lady Gordon, but the agent of the latter objected and no diplomas were given.

"No. 4. He did not, the committee having assented to the joint judging of great Danes.
"ALFRED GEDDES, Sec. Bench Show."

Moved by Mr. Gorman, seconded by Mr. Mitchener, that charges be considered in numerical order. Carried.

No. 1. The evidence not being clear in this case, the chairman, on motion of Mr. Stewart, was asked to telegraph Mr. Geddes, asking if proof were forthcoming that judges' book had been altered, and if it was, if it were done by Dr. Mills. The following reply was received:

"OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 20.—To S. F. Glass, Toronto, Ont.: Dr. Mills said he would take responsibility of altering. Did not see him make alteration. ALFRED GEDDES."

Moved by Mr. Bedlington, seconded by Mr. Gorman, that in the opinion of the executive committee that charge No. 1 is not sustained, no evidence or motive being shown for the change that occurred. Carried.

No. 2. Moved by Mr. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Bedlington, that the committse finds that this charge is sustained, Dr. Mills admitting that he judged the Great Dane classes with Mr. Corbett, but in the absence of any rule forbidding such action, and there being no competition, the committee exonerate Dr. Mills from blame in the matter. Carried.

No. 3. Moved by Mr. Bedlington, seconded by Mr. Gorman, we find the charge is not sustained.

Moved in amendment by Mr. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Mitchener, that the words be added, "as no diplomas were received by the owners of the dogs." Amendment lost. Motion carried.

No. 4. Moved by Mr. Bedlington, seconded by Mr. Gorman, that this executive committee declines to take any action in regard to charge 4, as it lies beyond their jurisdiction. Carried.

Mr. Bell was present in support of his charges and to offer evidence. The motions were carried after much discussion and cross questioning. Meeting adjourned for 30 minutes, and resumed business with the same members present.

Reports to Press.—Moved by Mr. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Mitchener, that secretary send reports of all meetings to the kennel press. Cost to be borne by the Club. Carried.

World's Fair Bench Show.—Moved by Mr. Glass, seconded by Mr. Bedlington, that competition for selection of Canadian dogs be held in Toronto on the third Tuesday and Wednesday in April. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Glass, seconded by Mr. Bedlington, that Messrs. Stone, Brodie, Donovan and Mitchener, be a committee to generally arrange the details in connection with the holding of the bench show competition for the World's Fair selection in April. Carried.

Stud Book Committee.—The president appointed the committee of 1892, Messrs. Gorman, Stone, Mitchener and Williams to act for 1893.

C. K. C. Diplomas ordered to be engrossed.

New Members.—The secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the reception of the following names, Messrs. R. Barnes, G. Bowman, H. Stableford, J. H. McNally, A. McKinnon, W. Barber, T. Swan Smith, H. M. Williams, R. H. Faithorne, G. H. Maxham, — Williams (Ottawa).
H. B. DONOVAN, Secretary.

## A PHANTOM COURSE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I was much astonished on reading the copies of FOREST AND STREAM containing the Great Bend report to find no account of the phenomenal phantom chase run the second morning of the coursing meet. I suggest that your reporter might have been so wrapped up in extricating an indefinite but agonizing sandbur from his Fauntleroy leggings as to have been oblivious of the race, while owing to the early hours the other newspaper men were probably warming their chilled visages in the club house. The judge, being too busy himself to write, suggested that I send you a brief account of the remarkable incident which cannot fail to be of interest to you.

You remember that the morning opened clear and cool, with best opportunities for that range of vision obtained over the Cheyenne Flats. The crowd of spectators had not yet gathered, but the press men were on the grounds, and a small knot of men were standing in the field admiring the level stretch before them. In the group was Mr. Buglethorn, one of Great Bend's favorite sportsmen; beside him stood in leash Mabyn, the clever brindled freak, resembling Clara Vere de Vere in the matter of high descent.

Not a drop of common blood coursed her veins, as was evinced in her clean limbs, aristocratic muzzle and keen nervous temperament.

Mabyn was in remarkably fit condition this year and running very fast, having been out all that summer, with that rapid youth Mr. Buff, of the Garden City of Meteor.

She was a prime favorite among the betting men, and great things were expected of her by the ladies on account of her rare grace.

Suddenly Mabyn, generally perfectly obedient, slipped her collar and darted out upon the prairie. Her master immediately urged her to return, but she gave no heed, and to his great surprise he saw evolve itself from the open air a gigantic hare. In the excitement of the moment its supernatural origin was not then suspected, but this being afterward ascertained, it was then known that Mabyn had scented the hare with her keen nose before it became fully materialized.

Now ensued a most remarkable race, and one cruelly punishing to the hound, as the hare turned almost immediately to rough ground on the right. The plucky little dog, however, followed like lightning, but was unable to gain one step on the quarry, which leisurely trotted along at an ever even distance from the flying pursuer.

Suddenly, from behind the strained group of spectators, darted a new comer, Pink Nose, a dog of low degree and wolfish build. His ears stood erect with excitement as he glanced past the men and gradually drew up to Mabyn. Drew up and drew by. A wild shout of enthusiasm went up in admiration of this telling pace, but lo, the hare kept just as far in advance of her new pursuer as of the first.

After a long circling course, on account of the peculiarly clear atmosphere, plainly seen by the intensely excited watchers, the hare was observed to make for the hills. "She's gone!" was the universal cry, except for those who gasped, "She's went!"

For a moment naught was seen by the crowd, and the following remarkable sight was nearly lost to sight for lack of witnesses.

Fortunately, early in the race, Mr. Swinburne Smith, J. P., observing in a fire guard near by an immense sunflower stalk of magnitude attained in Kansas only, shinned up its altitude and from this coign of vantage was enabled to report what next occurred. The dogs, Mabyn being slightly in advance, showing that blood will tell in a staying race, were about to enter the stony fastnesses, when they suddenly fell back on their haunches in amazement, for lo, bounding right at them, rushed the great hare, spectral gleams of fire emitted from its rough coat and big goggle eyes. On each ear stood a lambent tongue of flame!

Mabyn, like most of her sex, was of great delicacy of organization. The shock was too much. She fell over stone dead. Pink Nose, *au contraire*, feared neither man nor fiend, and immediately recovered from his momentary stupefaction, whirled round and followed the fleeting phantom with unabated cleverness and vigor.

The chase was retraced, the pursued ever in tantalizing distance of the pursuer's nose. The breathless gazers gaped at the breathless flight turned directly toward them. On danced the rabbit, elusive as a Morrison House banquet, when, just before the foremost horseman was reached, the hare, with a baleful gleam of its orbs, once more promptly and successfully resolved itself into "thin air." Pink Nose, like the hounds in "The Lady of the Lake," who, baffled by their quarry,

Raved thro' the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that rang again,

tore up the ground in impotent fury, and finally slunk off like a whipped cur.

Suddenly a mournful wail was heard from the club house, attracting the entire crowd by its bitter pain and insistence. An Eastern young man, feeling well nigh famished, had attempted to bite into a Hoisington sandwich, which, accidentally or maliciously, collided with his cheek. In the flurry that ensued the phantom chase was for a time forgotten, but as I was cantering home from the meet I fell in with Uncle Jerry Krüller, a mighty Nimrod of these parts, one who is as familiar with nature's prairie secrets as Chicago with coal smoke, and he said, "Talkin' about that there rabbit, no livin' dog could ketch it! 'Twas a spook! Nobody but me and the other old hunters know the goin's on at night on these here ha'nted bottoms. As fer the phantom Injun and bufferlers Mr. Hough wrote about, I could tell——"

But that's quite another tale. G. O.

## KENNEL SUGGESTIONS.

DIARRHŒA.

ONE of the most troublesome, inconvenient and often dangerous forms of illness to which dogs, and especially show dogs, are subject, is diarrhœa. Change of food and water, nervous excitement at shows, all tend to produce this troublesome state. When affected, whether at a show or in its own kennel, the dog should be kept dry and warm, and as quiet as possible, allowing no exercise at all. Dr. A. J. Sewell, in the English *Kennel Gazette*, gives some very plain directions as to treatment of the various forms of diarrhœa. This complaint, as he remarks, proceeds from various causes; indigestion, worms, chills, improper food, excessive secretion of acrid bile, etc. Contrary to the opinion of some doctors, Dr. Jewell recommends, in some cases of diarrhœa, a diet entirely of lean meat, preferably mutton, in small quantities and often. This well-known vet. then goes on to say that it a mistake to administer astringents at once; they may stop the motions, if continued, for a time, but the complaint asserts itself again as soon as the medicine is stopped. Besides, there is great danger in trying to stop the malady while the cause remains, of inducing inflammation of the bowels; it is therefore advisable first to try and remove the matter that is causing the bowel tronble.

Excepting in the case of worms, when a vermifuge is indicated as well, a dose of castor oil varying, according to the size and age of the dog, from a teaspoonful for small dogs and young pups to two tablespoonfuls for full grown big dogs, St. Bernards, etc., should be given. For simple diarrhœa, one of the mixtures he recommended is as follows: Laudanum, 2drs.; tincture of rhubarb, 1oz.; peppermint water, 6oz. Dose, one teaspoonful for small dogs and up to two tablespoonfuls for the large dogs, three times a day. A prescription for pills is also given: Kino, 1dr.; powdered ipecacuanha 1 scruple; powdered opium, 6grs. Excipient, q. s. Mix and divide into 12 pills. One or two to be given three times a day.

As to diet, it should consist of milk, thickened with arrowroot, weak beef tea, or mutton broth thickened with arrowroot, corn flour or isinglass, and rice or barley water, or water with the white of egg added, given to drink. When the diarrhœa is persistent, discontinue the milk diet and give only the thickened broth. If the dog seems to require a more solid food than that just mentioned, rice, tapioca, or sago pudding, made with milk and egg and baked, may be offered. When there are symptoms of inflammatory diarrhœa, and much mucus with blood is being passed with the motions, after giving the aperient (castor oil) the following mixture may be administered, but let the oil first work off before commencing it. Chorodyne, 1dr.; carbonate of bismuth, 2drs.; sol. gum acacia, 1oz.; water to 6 ounces. Two teaspoonfuls to two tablespoonfuls, according to size, three times a day.

When vomiting accompanies the diarrhœa, as in bilious diarrhœa, it is necessary to give some medicine to act on the liver, combined with a stomach carminative, such as a dose of calomel and opium. For small pet dogs ½gr. of each; fox-terriers and such dogs, ¾gr. of each; collies etc., 1gr. of each and such dogs as St. Bernards 1½grs. of each, made into a pill with some common extract. If the sickness continues after three or four hours, give, shaken dry on the tongue every three or four hours, from 3grs. (for pet dogs) to 15grs. (for very large dogs), of carbonate of bismuth. In extreme cases of diarrhœa an enema may be given just tepid and consisting of thick boiled starch and opium; one teaspoonful to one tablespoonful, according to size of dog, with from three to ten drops of laudanum added. Inject very slowly so as not to irritate the bowels and keep the dog as quiet and still as possible to avoid a motion.

Chronic diarrhœa, generally seen in the worst form in old dogs, though dogs of any age may be subject to it, is the result of neglected simple diarrhœa. In giving the aperient castor oil add a sedative; to one tablespoonful of castor oil three drops of laudanum, and up to ten drops of laudanum to two tablespoonfuls of oil, according to size. Repeat the laxative and sedative the next day and then give after the oil has worked off: Diluted sulphuric acid, 1dr.; tincture nux vomica, 1dr.; laudanum, 1½drs.; water to 6oz. Dose: Toy dogs, one teaspoonful; fox-terriers, etc, a dessertspoonful; and large dogs, one tablespoonful three times a day, given about one hour after feeding. The diet in this case should consist of raw meat, mutton preferred, cut up fine and given in small quantities three or four times a day.

## IRISH SETTERS IN CALIFORNIA.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I received recently from the Glenmore Kennels the Irish setter dog Glenmore Hoodlum, by the noted Finglas out of Champion Ruby Glenmore, and the Irish setter bitch Maid of Glenmore, by Finglas out of Betsy Crafts.

I am so thoroughly pleased with these dogs and with the manly, straightforward treatment that I have received from the hands of Mr. Bishop, that I write you of them, trusting that you will give the notice space in your interesting "Dog Chat." They were crated strongly but very lightly and came through in fine shape. They are both beauties, the dog especially so, strong, healthy, rich dark red in color, both possessing great quality and promising to excel anything hitherto brought to this coast. Mr. Bishop has won the confidence of the breeders here and will doubtless receive many more orders from this section. The breeders here have had a rather rough experience in purchasing Eastern dogs. When we are treated honorably we like to tell of it. Hence this writing. L. L. CAMPBELL.

BAY VIEW KENNELS, West Berkeley, Cal.

We note among our new ads. in the kennel business column this week the following:

Chas. W. Sarvis offers for sale his prize-winning greyhound, King Dick; W. H. Ashburner offers his partly broken beagle; J. Hope offers for sale his St. Bernard dog Kaiser; J. H. Miller wishes to dispose of some rabbit dogs and bitches. Jess. M. Whaite wants to take dogs to train.

# DOG CHAT.

### Mr. Geo. Raper Will Judge.

In justice to Mr. Mortimer perhaps a little explanation would not be out of place regarding the paragraph in last week's "Dog Chat," in which we exclusively gave the news that Mr. Raper would judge at the coming W. K. C. show. We supposed that the arrangement would be made by mail, instead of that the cable was used. On Dec. 5 we asked Mr. Mortimer if Mr. Raper would judge again and he replied that the subject of judges had not yet been discussed, but would be on his return from Nashville show. On Mr. Mortimer's return, Dec. 9, the first serious discussion on the subject of judges was held by the W. K. C. bench show committee, and it was not until the evening of the third day that Mr. Mortimer cabled to Mr. Geo. Raper, asking him whether he would come or not. He received Mr. Raper's reply in the affirmative on the following day, Saturday, Dec. 10. No one but himself and the operator knew that Mr. Raper had accepted the invitation until Sunday, Dec. 18, when Mr. Terry came to Hempstead Kennels and was told of Mr. Raper's reply. This completely clears Mr. Mortimer of any suspicion that he was withholding the truth from us on Dec. 5. In writing to us, however, on the subject Mr. Mortimer intimates that we had no authority for the "news." We will set that straight too. Mr. Thos. Terry told Mr. L. C. Whiton, and Mr. L. C. Whiton told us that Mr. Geo. Raper would judge, and now we have Mr. Mortimer's authority for the statement, which is conclusive, and Mr. Geo. Raper is down to judge again in 1893 at the W. K. C. show.

### Field Trials of 1892.

In the list of open field trials held in the United States and Canada during the past year we have been unable to ascertain the amount of every prize won, but where amounts are given we believe they will be found correct. As a ready reference the record of field trials of 1892 will be appreciated by field trial men.

Dr. H. H. Furness, LL.D., in accepting the keys of the new hospital for dogs, recently erected at the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, made an eloquent speech breathing of love for dogs and horses. In the course of his oration he remarked: "All honor, then, and praise to our surgeons of the canine infirmary. It is when our poor dumb friends are sick and in pain and are drawing nigh to death that we are conscious most oppressively of that barrier between us and them which debars us from expressing to the poor suffering things our deep sympathy and love. But let us not wish that this barrier shall be ever broken down, sweet though it might be to hear their gratitude for the kindness bestowed on them in this infirmary. No, no; it will be an hour of humiliation and shame for human mortals if the tongues of dogs or of horses should be ever unloosed and we have to listen to a history of torture, cruelty and agony to which even man's inhumanity to man can scarcely afford a parallel. Ah, no! Let them remain forever dumb to us, and in conclusion let us resolve not to call them brutes, but acknowledge them as teachers, whose lessons we may not disregard, of steadfast fidelity and unswerving devotion." Further on he said, "Moreover the kindness that is here shown is of the purest, untainted by any expectation of reward, or even of any audible expression of thanks. Time and money and skill have been and are to be here expended from the most unalloyed, the sublimated, motives of gentleness and tender mercy. There is no hope for us of any good round legacy in the wills of any of our patients: their good will here and now are our only guerdon. Neither can we expect that our sombre labors will be entwined by any mirth from our convalescents; there will be no sound of laughter, not even the merry tale of a wag; our highest hopes are bounded by the wag of a tail. And we have no other limitations. If we here foster the nine muses they most perforce be canine, moreover we must blink the temperance question altogether, and at our threshold prohibition must halt its domineering foot. It cannot be helped. It is inevitable. Wherever there are dogs there must be lickers—and there will be whines, and yet I'll warrant you we'll never have a case of inebriation—but if we should we'll not throw physics to the dogs; we'll give it to them gently with a spoon."

An advisory committee meeting was held at the A. K. C. office Dec. 21. Those present were Messrs. Anthony and Wise, Mr. Belmont coming in after the meeting had been on some time. As far as we can learn, the charges against Mr. Eberhart were not proven, and till further evidence is given the affair is laid on the table. In the Elliott—Twyford matter it was decided that Mr. Twyford must pay the difference between his board bill and the value of the dog, which was given as $30. The whole question seems to rest on this—is a man justified in selling a dog when he cannot collect the money for its board, or is he to keep said dog indefinitely and live on hope.

Why did not the owner of the Rockland Kennels receive a premium list of the Gloversville show, although he wrote twice to the secretary for one? Having no list Mr. Kreuder could therefore make no entries, but is allowed, however, to donate a kennel prize for best four beagles. As a fellow beagle owner Mr. Zimmer should certainly have made sure that Mr. Kreuder had a chance to enter his dogs.

Mr. Woodward, owner of bulldogs Bo'swain and King Lud, writes us that King Lud was not brought into the ring at Nashville to compete with Bo'swain in the challenge class. We say he was, and our statement is confirmed by the judge, who, however, was informed before giving out the ribbons that King Lud was not for competition, so the prize was given to Bo'swain.

Here's a pretty go, told in a *Times* despatch from Kansas City: The City Council, after two weeks' consideration, has arrived at the conclusion that the bills rendered by the poundmaster for the killing of unfortunate dogs have been excessive, he renders a bill for the death of 6,000 dogs during the past eleven months. The Council last night settled the poundmaster's fees by adopting the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the city impound be and is hereby instructed, from this date, to cut off and preserve the tails of all dogs killed by him and his employes, and to deliver the same to the city clerk on the last day of each month, together with the bills against the city for the killing of the same. The city clerk, after counting and ascertaining the correct number of dog tails turned in, shall then and there certify to the correctness of said bill before it shall be acted upon by the Council. All dog tails rendered to be forever destroyed by the said city clerk.

The sense of smell in dogs is always a subject of great interest. That dogs, as a rule, depend more on their nose than their eyes can be easily proven by the action of your dog in a crowded thoroughfare. Dogs not remarkable for their scenting powers losing their master temporarily will snuff first this one and then another until it finds the right one. Dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets where recognition by sight is quite impossible, and can find a hidden biscuit even when its faint smell is still further disguised by eau de cologne. In some experiments Mr. Romaines lately made with a dog he found that it could easily track him when he was far out of sight, though no fewer than eleven people had followed him, stepping exactly in his footprints, in order to confuse the scent. The dog seemed to track him chiefly by the smell of his boots, for when without them, or with new boots on, it failed; but followed, though slowly and hesitatingly, when his master was without either boots or stockings. Dogs and cats certainly get more information by means of this sense than a man can; they often get greatly excited over certain smells and remember them for very long periods.

The ballot for club judges of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club resulted as follows: 1, German Hopkins; 2, G. Bell; 3, C. H. Mason; 4, James Mortimer; 5, Richard Gibson; 6, J. E. Thayer.

We acknowledge the receipt of a photo of Mr. Charles K. Farmer's pug, Pansy's Judy, second Grand Rapids show, 1892. It makes an interesting addition to our collection.

We have a note from Mr. J. R. Ballard in which he says that Mr. Mulcaster did ride Oct. 27, in Dr. Cattenach's wagon, to the coursing grounds. "I recollect the circumstance very distinctly, because Mr. Mulcaster had his fawn pup Roy in the front and I had my pup Buckskin there; and when two men the size of Mr. Mulcaster and myself with two dogs, ride in the front seat of a surrey eight miles, one is apt to have a good memory on that point." This may all have happened and still a mistake have been made in the date. However, we are pleased to know that Mr. Mulcaster managed to get to the grounds anyhow.

Mr. W. T. Irwin is still at Lexington, N. C., with the Glenmore dogs, but will soon go on to Sherman, Tex., to be ready for the Bexar field trials.

The well known collie, Prince Wilkes, is something of a clever dog in his way. Mr. Frank R. Carswell, his owner, of Wilmington, Del., keeps the dog at a farm about 12 miles from Wilmington. Prince stays at the farmer's for a week or two and then turns up at Mr. Carswell's home. Along this road there are other farmers with whom he has boarded at different times. While on his way to Wilmington he will stop at all these places and sometimes stay a day or two. In the first instance he was taken to the boarding place in a carriage. Mr. Carswell lately lost his bitch Lady Mol.

How this would suit Mr. E. Brooks if such a state of things were to obtain in America. At Dumfries show, held Dec. 14, there were to be 150 entries in Dandie Dinmonts! A record entry. The collies numbered 200 entries.

Mr. H. L. Kreuder has sent us a neat little catalogue of the beagles he has for sale and at stud. The outside leaf of the catalogue is adorned with a capital pen and ink sketch of the owner, by the well-known artist V. G. (Gribaydoff). By the way, the Rockland Kennels lost old Ch. Myrtle by death through old age a couple of weeks since.

According to the Utica, N. Y., *Press* a verdict has just been rendered in the Herkimer county court, N. Y., in the case of Hitchings vs. Bartlett, by which the latter is to pay the sum of $8,000 for allowing his dog to run after a horse on the street.

Hornellsville show has 158 entries.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Dr. William Jarvis has sold his Irish setter bitch Maid to Mr. Charles T. Thompson, of Philadelphia. She is in whelp to Blue Rock.

Mr. Frank Richards is still confined to his bed, but is recovering.

Messrs. J. M. Tracy and N. Wallace took part of a day's shooting on the Central Club's grounds on Tuesday, and made a bag of 25 birds. They were all shot on the wing.

The recent trials of the Irish Setter Club publicly demonstrated what had been so long known by trainers and owners, that is, that the Irish setters are not a hard-headed, self-willed breed of dogs. On the contrary, they are as a breed pleasantly submissive as compared with the English setter. Many of the dogs were well broken. Mr. J. Cassidy made his début as a field trial handler, and he made a most favorable impression by the manner in which he handled Currer Bell and the manner in which she worked. The dogs of Mr. H. Smith also showed practical knowledge, although it was said that he had a very short time in which to prepare some of them. The idea that Irish setters are hard-headed dogs is one of the fallacies which live on, and on, and on. Still, it is one of the peculiarities of dogdom that many fallacies live on without reason, and many live on against it.

The Irish Setter Club adopted the rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club to govern its running. The club particularly favored the time limit. This, too, is one of the fallacies which has been proved absurd in theory and obstructive in practice. It is a rule wholly in the interest of poor dogs. There seems to be an absurd idea prevailing that an owner is entitled to a stipulated amount of competition for his money. Not a competition which rests on whether an owner's entry can make any competition, or whether his entry is thoroughly beaten from the beginning, etc., but he must have something fixed and certain. No judges will throw out a good dog on a question of time, and no poor dog can win by being kept in by legislation longer than he deserves. The time limit was adopted to satisfy the importunities of a few visionary theorists. Once adopted, it is difficult for a doggy organization to let anything go.

The tendency of the times in respect to judging at field trials is to let the judge decide according to his lights. The many attempts in the past to form a code of rules which would make the decisions of a judge automatically correct have been found weak and faulty. The attempt to put the dogs in a hopper and sift out the winners is a failure.

Some of the rules of the prominent clubs are absurd and ridiculous. Nearly all, under "Instructions to Judges," explain at tiresome length what constitutes a "break in," a "break shot," a "chase," etc. There is a large lot of such trash in the rules. If it were put in as instruction to handlers, it would have a possible excuse in that there are new handlers coming in who do not fully comprehend these matters, but to instruct a judge what constitutes a chase, point, back, break shot, etc., is a piece of presumption.

B. WATERS.

### A New Series of Pennsylvania Railroad Tours to Washington, D. C.

THERE will be six of the popular personally conducted tours run to the Capital during the winter and spring of the new year. Jan. 19, Feb. 9, March 13, April 13, May 4 and 25 are the dates selected. On Dec. 29 the last of the present series will be run, affording a splendid opportunity in which to spend the holidays. The remarkably low rate of $13 from New York includes railroad fare and hotel accommodations at the best of Washington's hotels during the three days spent on the tours. Further information furnished on application to ticket agents of Pennsylvania Railroad Company or tourist agent, 849 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.**

### NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Beaumont Kennels.* By James B. Blossom, New York city, for his kennels.

### BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Daisy Gladstone II.—Toledo Bee.* Chas. Deavis's English setter bitch Daisy Gladstone II. (Ned Gladstone—Miss Rhodes) to F. W. Eddy's Toledo Bee (Toledo Blade—Maggie Bee), Dec. 20.

*Clara Barton—Altoneer.* G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Clara Barton (Sir Bedivere—Judith) to E. H. Moore's Altoneer (Alton—Hera), Nov. 8.

*Lady Lamond—Alton, Jr.* G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Lamond (Alexander—Bessie) to E. H. Moore's (Alton—Judith), Nov. 11.

*Queen—Blemton Reefer.* J. B. Martin's (San Francisco, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Queen to his Blemton Reefer (Venio—Rachel), Nov. 20.

*Chief's Kate—Tearaway.* H. B. Ledbetter's (Farmington, Mo.) Irish setter Chief's Kate (Chief—Jennie P.) to Hatfield Kennels' Tearaway (Muskerry—Floss), Dec. 13.

*Pansy's Judy—Eberhart's Cashier.* C. K. Farmer's (Haartman, Mich.) pug bitch Pansy's Judy to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier, Dec. 15.

*Nadjy of Naso—Spot Dash.* Liberty Kennels' (Hyattville, O.) Nadjy of Naso (champion Nick of Naso—Temptation) to their Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sydney—Topsy), Dec. 22.

*Bess—Don.* J. B. Martin's (San Francisco, Cal.) mastiff bitch Bess to W. Growall's Don (Turk—Cassandra), Dec. 8.

*Lassie Bang—Prince Don.* F. S. Webster's (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Lassie Bang—Telie Doe) to his Prince Don (Tennyson—Nellie B.), Nov. 2.

*Cleo—Bradford Ruby II.* W. B. Smith's (Mount Lookout, O.) pug bitch Cleo to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Dec. 15.

*Judy—Eberhart's Cashier.* C. K. Farmer's (Indianapolis, Ind.) pug bitch Judy to Eberhart Pug Kennel's Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Dec. 13.

*Queenie—Patsy Bolivar.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Queenie (champion Penrice—Mint) to their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), Dec. 17.

### WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Nora.* D. G. Hirsh's (Lancaster, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Nora, Dec. 19, twelve (seven dogs), by W. Peirson's Beri.

*Veto.* C. K. Farmers's (Indianapolis, Ind.) Irish setter bitch Veto, Oct. 28, nine (four dogs), by his Hiawatha.

### SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

*Queen.* White and tan fox-terrier bitch, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to C. F. Tottenham, Penryn, Cal.

*Tops.* Apricot fawn pug dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to S. L. Williams, Chicago, Ill.

*Hiawatha—Veto whelps.* Red Irish setter bitches, whelped April 4, 1892, by C. K. Farmer, Hartman, Mich., one each to S. C. Kile and W. H. Havens, both of Indianapolis, Ind.

*Hiawatha—Veto whelp.* Red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 28, 1892, by C. K. Farmer, Hartman, Mich., to Lieut. J. M. Stotsenburg, Fort Niobrara, Neb.

*Dixie—Topsy whelp.* Silver fawn pug dog, whelped November, 1892, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. B. McFarland, same place.

*Cinch—Minnemac whelps.* Black, white and tan ticked English setter pog and bitch, whelped October, 1892, by Liberty Kennels, Hyattville, O., to Geo. O'Bannon, Hartwell, O.

*Blemton Reefer—Blemton Brilliant whelps.* White, black and tan fox-terrier dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1892, by J. B. Martin San Francisco, Cal., dog to D. M. Taylor, Mare Island, Cal.; bitch to F. E. Holden, Los Angeles, Cal.

# Yachting.

There appears to be a strong feeling on the part of some British yachtsmen in favor of the adoption of the Seawanhaka formula in place of that of the Y. R. A. for the reason that it would produce yachts more nearly of the American type. Whether or no this of itself would be desirable is open to serious question; but in any case such a type would not result from a mere change of formula for measurement, The American type is distinctly the product of a waterline classification, and would not be produced by merely changing the measurement and rule while retaining a classification by rating or sailing length.

AFTER the praises of the 90ft. cutter as the only yacht fit for a gentleman to race in, which were so loudly sung five years since, it is amusing to hear of wealthy yachtsmen who are stopping to do a little careful figuring before ordering a modern 85-footer, and who are one and all coming to the conclusion that it costs more than it is worth to win in the class, and still more to be defeated.

The news of more cup defenders comes in slowly, while time is becoming more precious every day. The situation in Boston is very fairly described by the Boston *Globe*, and the prospects for a new boat from that quarter are but slim. Vice-Com. Morgan returned from England last week on the Teutonic, and at once denied the reports that he had purchased a large steam yacht and that he would build a Cup defender.

EARLY in the coming year the FOREST AND STREAM will publish a "House Boat Number," devoted to an extended description of these useful and popular craft, with working drawings of several sizes. We will be glad to receive any description or photos from those of our readers who have used or owned house boats.

MR. MORGAN reports a diversity of opinion over the Dunraven challenge, many English yachtsmen deploring the fact that a match was arranged under existing conditions.

### Changes in Y. R. A. Rules.

THE meeting of the Yacht Racing Association on Dec. 8 resulted in a long discussion, as the result of which the report of the council, as printed in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1, was adopted. The proposal to adopt the Seawanhaka formula was not adopted, the changes being that beginning with the coming year the loadline of each yacht will be plainly marked by the owner with marks which will be out of the water at all times when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her usual racing trim.

The rule relating to ballast was altered to read "No ballast or other dead weight shall be shifted, shipped or unshipped, so as to lighten the water line, after a yacht has been entered for a race, nor without giving notice thereof in writing to the secretary of the Y. R. A., as enjoined in Rule 3; and no ballast shall be shipped, unshipped or shifted after 9 P. M. of the days previous to the race; and the weight of the ballast on board shall at no time exceed that which was on board when the yacht was measured. A race resailed shall be regarded as a new race, so far as the 9 P. M. condition is concerned."

In the 10 rating and smaller classes the crew will be limited, and in all classes the fore triangle will be measured by taking the perpendicular, I, from the deck at the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremast headsail, when extended, cuts such perpendicular; the base, J, from the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremast headsail cuts the bowsprit other spar, or hull, as the case may be.

## The Single-Handed Cruiser Myra.

In the course of a recent brief visit to Canada we found time to spend an afternoon at Cobourg with Mr. Henry K. Wicksteed, an old and valued correspondent of the Forest and Stream, and known to all our readers through his many stories of cruises in yachts, single-handers and canoes, as well as by many clever designs, Freda, Sylvia Madcap and other cruising craft.

On his drawing board was a new design, yet in pencil, another cruiser, a boat remarkably like the design of Scarecrow, which appeared just a week later in the Forest and Stream.

At our request Mr. Wicksteed has sent a tracing of the design, from which the accompanying cuts were made. Though not intended for publication his letter contains so much of interest concerning this popular class of small craft that we venture to quote at length from it as follows:

"I think the strong family resemblance between Scarecrow and Myra are very interesting, in that they have been developed by evolution in opposite directions, the former by giving a more yachtlike and stylish make up to the snakbox model, and the latter from the ordinary sailing skiff. The steps in your progression were the sneak box *pur et simple*, the cruising ditto, the Forest and Stream cruiser La Gloria, and lastly Scarecrow.

"In my case they were Hebe, a sharp-stemmed skiff of ordinary model; next a square-sterned boat, next the Montreal cruiser of 1889, then Madcap, which was merely an experiment in heavy centerboard and rudder in a boat of ordinary model, and then Egret, Elsa and Myra. As being the productions of two enthusiasts working in different grooves, the similarity in the final results may fairly be taken as an evidence of an approach to the highest development.

"Myra is still an effort in the direction of good rough-and-tumble qualities in open water rather than mere speed—which, however, was aimed at in part—I am quite prepared to believe that Scarecrow is the faster model of the two under ordinary conditions, independent of rig and greater size and power.

"For the rig, Elsa's is I think the better for afternoon sailing—and racing—the objection in camping was the very far forward position of the C. E. of mainsail, especially when reefed, making it necessary when going at all close to the wind to carry two pieces of sail which in a blow and narrow channel was sometimes more than I cared about.

"Again, the mast being so far in the eyes and incapable of being stayed aft, it sprang forward so that in a strong wind under the pull of the jibstay, with mainsail in gaskets the "jib and mizen" rig which is one of the excellent features of the regular yawl rig, was almost impracticable, the jib was a mere leeward pulling sack. Consequently I had to abandon the method of reducing sail and resort to double reefed main and reefed mizen with jib stowed. With two hands on board this could be carried in almost any weather, but on my October cruise I frequently found it more than I wanted, especially when it was desirable to drive easily through a choppy head sea.

"The mast in the eyes has other disadvantages in a cruiser, in getting ashore, attending to ground tackle and making and stowing headsail; but I believe the cat-yawl to be pretty near to perfection for a fine weather boat, equal to the cutter to windward and faster on any other point. Sail is more distributed fore and aft and the C. E. is lower, and as a corrallary more can be carried. The disposition of Myra's sail will admit of her being pointed to windward under a corner of the mainsail only, and as the mainsail comes down the C. E does not shift forward as it does in the leg of mutton rig.

"Again, the gaff is of moderate length and weight. A leg of mutton of same area and length of boom would require a yard of 14ft. or more. Elsa's was 12ft. and no trifle to swing up snug and taut in a breeze when under way, and even under close reefs it was always aloft and on end, adding to the weight of the mast in encouraging pitching and scending, although I must say that Elsa lifted at all times as lightly and quickly as any boat I ever had to do with.

"Lastly the battened sail is difficult to stow in a 'neat skin,' and sails bunched up in a slovenly way are an abomination to the sailorman.

"Myra's spinaker, as shown by the dotted lines, should be a good one. One of the great advantages of the cutter has always seemed to me to be that with her lofty mast she could spread so much more sail than the yawl going down wind, but I think the high peaked lug spinaker solves the problem of how to make the two rigs equal in spread.

So much for rig. Myra's steering gear is a great improvement on Elsa's and I think better than Scarecrow's. Commenting on my using a big rudder in the way of an after centerboard, somebody asked, "But she must carry a very strong weather helm." Not so, for the rudder being heavy naturally tends to leeward as the boat heels, and both Madcap and Elsa, and I believe Egret carried an almost imperceptible weather helm except in very strong winds. In Myra I have provided against this by making the C E move slightly forward when jib and mizen come in for a blow. To get rid of the tiller lines is a great gain—the boat is more sensitive and every sailor likes to "feel" the helm. A cruiser wants a big cockpit, so I have put one in and provided for partial closing by a hatch over forward end.

I have not quite decided whether the sailplan will be as per drawing or whether it will be like Elsa's, but in any case the position of the masts is about right according to my ideas. After the yard of the leg of mutton gets larger than 13 or 14ft., it is a heavy spar to swing aloft and I rather think the gaff sail is the best sail, it stows snugger without battens.

The dimensions and elements are:

| | |
|---|---|
| Length on waterline | 16ft. |
| Length over all | 23ft. |
| Beam on deck | 4ft. 6in. |
| Draft | 9in. |
| Least freeboard | 10in. |
| Displacement | 923lbs. |
| Sail area | 260sq. ft. |
| Sheer forward | 11in. |
| Sheer aft | 8in. |
| Area wetted surface | 58sq. ft. |
| Ratio sail area to do | 4.5 |
| Co-efficient of fineness under water body | .31 |
| Centerboard | 250 to 300lbs. |

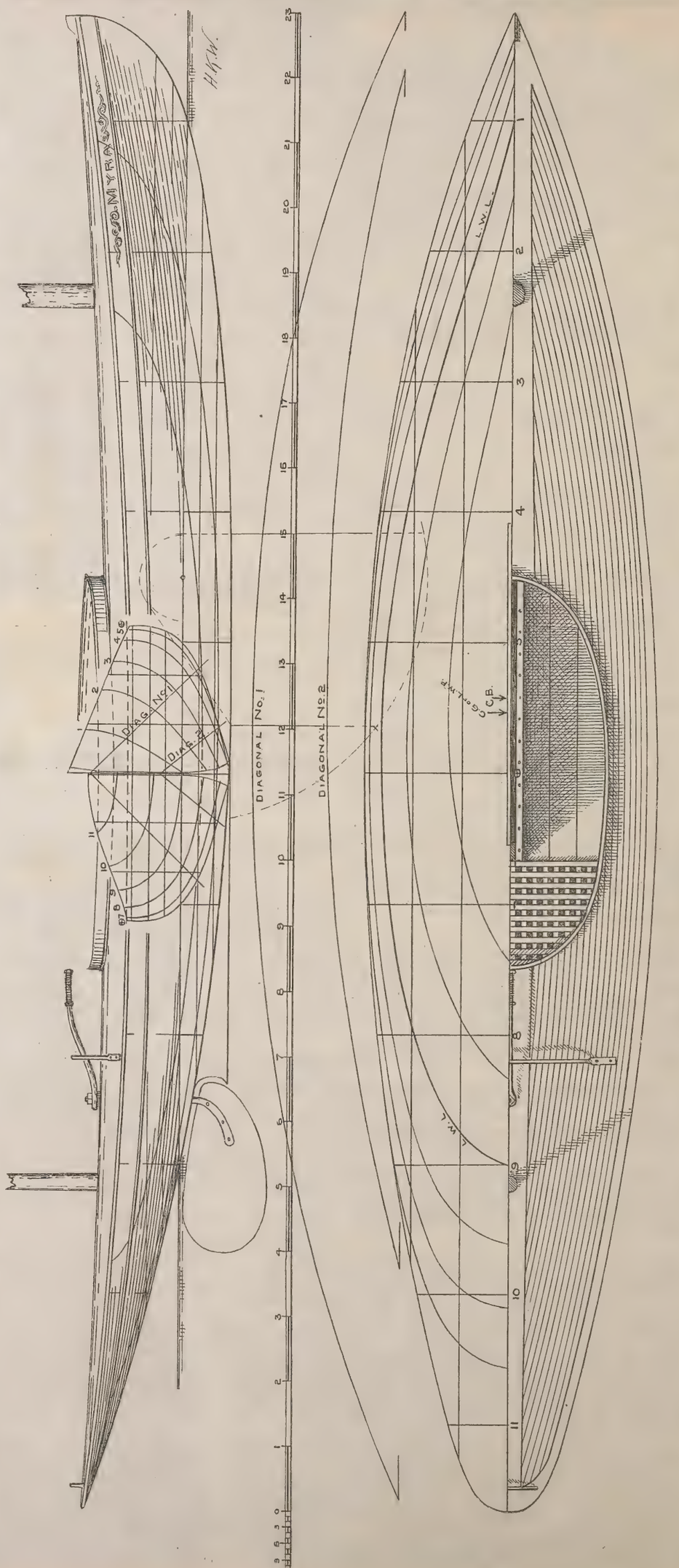
## The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

With ample evidence on every hand of material advances in all branches of naval architecture and marine engineering within the past ten years, there has at the same time existed a deficiency to which we have often alluded, the lack of technical instruction for learners, and of coöperation among those at the head of the two professions. For over 30 years Great Britain has boasted of an "Institute of Naval Architects," and in this country similar organizations have long since been perfected by both civil and mechanical engineers and by architects. Within a year we have been able to announce the inauguration of several attempts to provide the best technical instruction in the two branches mentioned, notably in the case of Cornell University, and now as the year ends comes the announcement of an equally important movement to form an association of naval architects and marine engineers.

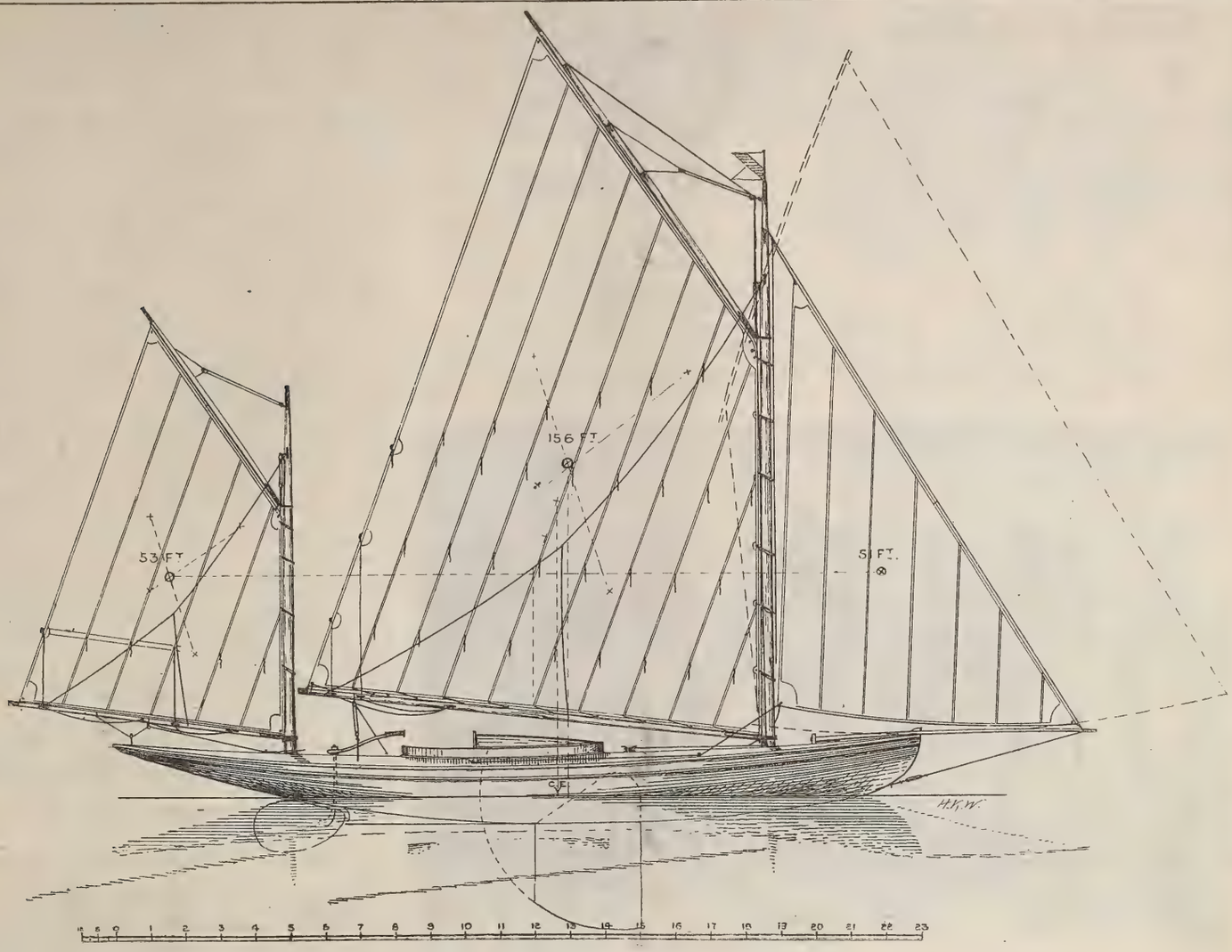
The organization of the new body, which will be known as the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, has just been completed, the officers and principal incorporators being:

President, Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia, president International Navigation Co.; First Vice-President, Theodore D. Wilson, of Washington, D. C., chief constructor, United States Navy; Vice-Presidents, Charles H. Cramp, of Philadelphia, president William Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Co.; George W. Melville, of Washington, D. C., engineer-in-chief, U S. Navy; George W. Quintard, of New York, president Quintard Iron Works; Irving M. Scott, of San Francisco, vice-president and general manager Union Iron Works; Francis A. Walker, of Boston, president Massachusetts Institute of Technology; William H. Webb, of New York, naval architect (retired); Members of Council Francis T. Bowles, of Norfolk, Va., naval constructor, U. S. Navy; F. E. Chadwick (assoc.), of Washington, D. C., commander, U. S. Navy; F. L. Fernald, of New York, naval constructor, U. S. Navy; H. T. Gause, of Wilmington, Del., vice-president Harlan & Hollingsworth Co.; N. G. Herreshoff, of Bristol, R. I., vice president and general manager Herreshoff Manufacturing Co.; Philip Hichborn, of Washington, D. C., naval constructor, U. S. Navy; T. W. Hyde, of Bath, Me., president Bath Iron Works; W. H. Jaques (assoc.), of Bethlehem, Pa., Bethlehem Iron Works; J. C. Kafer, of New York, superintendent Morgan Iron Works; Frank King, of Sparrow's Point, Md., superintendent marine department, Maryland Steel Co.; F. E. Kirby, of Detroit, consulting and constructing engineer, Detroit Dry Dock Co.; Chas. H. Loring, of New York, ex-engineer-in-chief, U. S. Navy; J. W. Miller (assoc.), of New York, president Providence & Stonington Steamship Co.; Lewis Nixon, of Philadelphia, general manager Wm. Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Co.; C. B. Orcutt, of New York, president Newport News Shipbuilding Co.; J. F. Pankhurst, of Cleveland, O., vice-president and general manager Globe Iron Works; Harrington Putnam (assoc), of New York, counsellor-at-law; W. T. Sampson (assoc.), of Washington, D. C., captain, U. S. Navy; Horace See, of New York, consulting engineer and naval architect; G. E. Weed, of New York, president Morgan Iron Works; F. W. Wheeler, of West Bay City, Mich., president F. W. Wheeler Shipyard and Dry Dock Co.; Sec.-Treas., Washington L. Capps, of Washington, D. C., assistant naval constructor, U. S. Navy.

The object of the society is the advancement of all branches of




SINGLEHANDER "MYRA." Designed by H. K. Wicksteed, 1892.




SAIL PLAN OF SINGLEHANDER "MYRA."

naval design and construction, both in hulls and engines; and in naval, mercantile and pleasure vessels. One of the chief means to this end will be the periodic meetings of members for the reading and discussion of papers, and the general interchange of ideas; together with the publication of the papers and discussions.

The society will include members, associates, juniors, honorary members and fellows. The first class of members is open only to naval architects and marine engineers, including professors of naval achitecture or mechanical engineering in colleges of established reputation; the requirements being that the candidate shall be at least 25 years of age and have been engaged in the practice of one or the other profession for at least three years.

The class of associates is open to all who, by profession, occupation or scientific attainments, are qualified to discuss the qualities of a ship or her propelling machinery; or the construction, manufacture or arrangement of some part or parts of the hull or its equipment.

The class of juniors shall consist of persons not less than eighteen years of age, graduates of technical schools of established reputation, or who have had not less than two years practical experience in marine engine works or shipyards.

The class of honorary members, limited to 25, will include only persons of special eminence in their professions.

The class of fellows will include persons in sympathy with the development of naval architecture and marine engineering who shall contribute not less than $200 to a permanent fund for the advancement of the interests of the society.

A meeting of the council will probably be held in January for the completion of all details of organization and the adoption of a constitution and by-laws; and following this it is proposed to hold the first general meeting in New York, at the time of the naval review next May. In view of the list of officers given above, it is hardly necessary to predict that the undertaking will prove a success from the start or that its influence in the improvement of all classes of vessels will be felt at a very early day.

### Boston and the Cup.

Now that New York yachtsmen are in the field of cup defence with a boat from the Herreshoff's hands, the one question among Boston yachtsmen appears to be as to whether or not they shall also be represented. Trial races without a Boston boat, after the splendid showing made in 1885, 1886 and 1887, would be something to which Eastern yachtsmen would not look forward complacently, and yet there is at the present time little else in view. Gen. Paine will not build, and Henry Bryant daily grows more doubtful as to taking the general's place. Possible syndicates have vanished into air when closely followed, and there is really no Boston boat in sight.

But if there is no boat actually in sight, it is true nevertheless that there is a strong undercurrent of feeling that Boston should be represented, and by a Boston designed and Boston built boat. This feeling may or may not come to the surface in tangible form, but it is certainly growing stronger rather than weaker, and in itself is a most healthful sign that the need of a choice of boats for a cup defender is being appreciated.

With Gen. Paine out of the fight "the Adams boys" are naturally looked to by the older heads in Boston yachting as best fitted to take up the work. They have gone step by step from small to large boats, and have shown themselves equal to everything in the yachting line which they have undertaken. No racing craft was ever better sailed or handled than was the Harpoon last year, and a very small score would be required for errors of judgment which occurred.

Why, then, do not the Adams brothers build a boat themselves or head a syndicate? is the question which most naturally arises.

In answer, it may be said that both George and Charles Adams frankly admit that an 85-footer represents an outlay of more money than they can see their way clear to devote to such a purpose. A 70-footer might have been built by them had Dunraven come with a boat of that size, but an 85-footer put them "out of it" at once on the ground of expense alone.

As to why they do not head a syndicate, nothing could better show their feeling in the matter than the thoroughly characteristic reply of Mr. George Adams to the writer when asked that very question.

"What," he said, "go around and ask my friends to build me a boat? Wouldn't I look fine running around and saying 'please build me a boat or the cup is lost,' to men who know more about it than I do!"

Which is, of course, a somewhat exaggerated idea of the way the yachtsmen who would be willing to back the brothers in a syndicate would look at it, and yet contains the pith of the whole matter—that the brothers would not go far magnify their abilities as to ask their friends to place them at the head of a syndicate, however much they might like to take a hand in cup defence.

"The Adams brothers would be just the ones to head a syndicate," said a yachtsman who has been deeply interested in cup matters, and who was one of the Puritan syndicate, "but I can fully appreciate their position of not careing to go begging for such a privilege."

And so the matter rests at present. A syndicate with the brothers at the head of it would undoubtedly be a first-class thing, but no way appears to bring it about, for even if the head of a syndicate were offered them, it is not known that they would accept.

As to the chances of a boat from Mr. Bryant's hands, that gentleman is himself the authority for the statement as to the growing doubts that he will build.

"Aside from the question of expense," he said recently in speaking of the matter, "the type of boat now being produced is in many respects so undesirable as to make one hesitate before building.

"The long overhangs which the Herreshoffs have introduced, while undoubtedly conducive to speed, I consider as a detriment to a boat's sea worthiness, while the shallow hulls give little room below In short, a man who builds a cup defender is not likely to find her of use for anything else.

"Here is what I hoped to build for cup defense when I came home from abroad," he said, as he showed photographs of designs for a steel boat of about 85ft. waterline, "but I find that this would not be in it with the boat Herreshoffs are likely to turn out."

The photographs showed a centreboard boat of clean lines, easy midship section and good displacement; a boat in which speed would evidently be attained, but not at the expense of future cruising qualities. The design was one of much originality in several ways, and the boat built from it would certainly have been favorably heard from.

But Mr. Bryant feels that something else is required, and so he is still in doubt.

In view then of the present situation in cup defense matters in Boston, there seems nothing left but to express the hope the Adams brothers may be persuaded to take the head of a syndicate, or that Mr. Bryant may build.

To hope for both would, indeed, be too much.—*Boston Globe.*

### "The Yachtsman's" Christmas Number.

THE English paper, *The Yachtsman*, has issued a special Christmas number which is altogether a very creditable production, in spite of the marked deficiency of the literary portion of its contents. The most notable feature is the design of the handsome 20-rater Chiquita, by Arthur E. Payne; a yacht built as late as 1890, but showing none of the freak features that have lately invaded even the middle-sized classes. She is a most wholesome cutter, of the general type of Minerva, her dimensions being: Length, stem head to taffrail, 64ft., l.w.l. 45ft. 6in., beam 11ft., draft 11ft. 9in. The best of several full-page reproductions is entitled "Gertrude, Prince Batthyany-Strattman," and is from a painting by Admiral Beechy, R. N.

No mention whatever is made of the interesting facts in connection with this picture. It represents the yawl, then owned by Lieut. Henn, in the noted ocean race of Oct., 1880, from Lisbon to Gibraltar, 300 miles, for a prize of £200. On board of Gertrude were Lieut. and Mrs. Henn, with Capt. Bradford. At the start the weather was so bad that the Portugese committee cautioned the yachts against crossing Lisbon Bar, advising that they should anchor when over the starting line and wait for the sea to moderate. Gertrude went away at once without a pilot, crossing safely. She was sold by Lieut. Henn when he built Galatea in 1886.

The other large plates show a group of Clyde 2½ raters, a close finish between Yvonne and Dora on the Clyde, the steam yacht Lady Ina, and two reproductions of paintings. There are several readable cruises, but the fiction is poor, the yachting novelettes being particularly so; while a description of a yacht race at Chicago is likely to be none the less offensive from a strong flavor of fact to its satirical descriptions. The article on Australian yachting, with its accompanying photos, is quite interesting. As we said at the start, however, the number as a whole makes a very good appearance, and the publishers at least deserve due credit for their effort to provide for yachtsmen the same amusement and entertainment which the illustrated newspapers offer so liberally to the general reader at the holiday season.

The ice yacht season on the Shrewsbury opened with the cold weather of last week, and a good race was sailed on Dec. 26. The Hudson River is just closing, but it is probable that the yachts will be out this week.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The officers of the Harlem Y. C. for 1893 are: Com., T. H. McDonnell; Vice-Com., W. J. Cooper; Rear-Com., W. J. Kennedy; Fleet Capt., W. A. Borst; Fleet Surgeon, H. M. Cox, M. D.; Meas., W. D. S. Hyer; Treas., F. H. Davis; Financial Sec., H. B. McAllister; Recording Sec., Sidney Macey; Corresponding Sec., F. W. Creegan; Steward, M. L. Goetz; Board of Directors, F. I. Fitch, R. K. Wylie, E. M Griffiths, T. W. Jackson, William Grophert, A. N. Bacon and W. A. Towner; House Committee, A. H. Van Every, R. Tate, W. T. Hyde, C. Hutchinson and G. A. Ryer; Membership Committee, Geo. Bergen, J. Conklin and W. A. Scardefield.

Capt. Howard Patterson has just completed the designs for a 90ft. l.w.l. schooner, which will probably be built this winter under his supervision. The yacht will be 112ft. over all. 90ft. l.w.l., 21ft. beam, 10ft. draft of hull, 20ft. draft with board down. She is intended for racing and will carry a large rig, with the mainmast well forward.

The records of the past season in British waters show Queen Mab at the head with a total sum of £1,187; 46 starts, 24 firsts, 11 seconds and one other prize. Iverna started 29 times, won 13 firsts, 2 seconds and one other, with £955. and Meteor (Thistle) made 31 starts, with 10 firsts, 10 seconds, one other and £645.

Miranda, schooner, has been examined by Mr. John Harvey, who built her in 1876, and has been found sound throughout. She will be re-coppered and fitted with new steel wire rigging under the direction of Captain Dudley Brand, and when ready for sea she will sail for San Francisco, probably under command of Capt. J. W. Buddington, an old whaler.

An exhibition of models, apparatus and everything pertaining to yachting, will be held at the Aquarium in London from Feb. 1 to March 15, and is likely to be most interesting to yachtsmen.

On Dec. 20 the members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. listened to a very entertaining talk by Prof. Charles Sprague Smith on the subject of "The Life of the Vikings," illustrated by lantern views.

The officers of the Audubon Y. C. are Com., R. Van Riper; Vice-Com., C. Wagner; Fleet Captain, R. Rowley; Treas., Robert B. Saul; Sec., E. O. Kramer; Meas., F. Schoffer.

The Corinthian Y. C., of New York, has extended the courtesies of its club house and anchorage to Lord Dunraven.

Jacob Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, the noted builder of the Hudson River ice yachts, died on Dec. 24, at the age of 60 years.

## Canoeing.

### W. C. A. Executive Meeting.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 24.—The executive meeting of the Western Canoe Association is called for Saturday, Jan. 7, at the Wellington Hotel, Chicago. In the evening the visiting canoeists will be tendered by the Chicago Canoe Club a dinner at the Wellington, which will be the occasion of a pleasant reunion and a general canoeing good time.

Where is the W. C. A. meet for '93 to be held? The leaning is toward Ballast Island. Several favor the Madison Lakes, of Wisconsin. Policeman Casey is said not to favor Winnebago. E. H.

### A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentleman, residing in the Atlantic Division, has applied for membership: Theo. Forst, Hoboken, N. J.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

We have received an invitation to the annual meeting of the Western Canoe Association, which will be held at the Hotel Wellington, Chicago, on Jan. 7, at 2 P. M., a dinner following in the evening.

A three mile canoe race was sailed on Thanksgiving Day by the Oakland (Cal.) C. C., with four starters, W. W. Blow winning in Jack, and Geo. A. Warder being 5s. astern in Gnat.

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Death of a Prominent Sharpshooter.

ST. LOUIS, Dec, 22.—Franz Lendi, a well-known German sharpshooter and shooting master of the St. Louis Club, died last night from the effects of a gunshot wound in his chest, which he received at the hands of Louis Brown, a river man, about noon on Dec. 14. Mr. Lendi was fifty years old, and leaves a widow, but no children. He had a large acquaintance and was loved and respected by all who knew him. As a rifleman he was always enthusiastic and an expert, as the many medals which he won in competition with the crack shots of this country and the old will testify. To the St. Louis Sharpshooters the loss of their shooting master, who was more of a father than master, the loss is irreparable. The boys will miss his kind words of encouragement and advice to "try and do better next time." The funeral will be under the auspices of the St. Louis Sharpshooters, Sunday, Dec. 25. A sad Christmas. RAMROD.

### Hoboken's Goose Shoot.

AFTER the close of the Miller Rifle Clubs's prize shoot Monday evening, a happy crowd of riflemen started up Washington street and to a shooting gallery by storm. The party was headed by big Barney Walther, and by the time the proprietor of the place could collect his thoughts, he had already consented to the boys shooting for the goose which he had on exhibition. It did not take long before the three shots allowed each man were ended and a summary of the totals were as follows, with four men for first



1. J. E. Overholt, Pres.
2. E. V. Spencer, V.-Pres.
3. A. Smyth, Sec'y-Treas.
4. E. A. Clifford.
5. C. R. Hunt.
6. T. H. Wadland.
7. Chief Hazel.
8. George Fisher.
9. Col. Thos. Axworthy.
10. Jos. Smyth.
11. John Smyth.
12. James Crooks.
13. Father Byrne.
14. E. B. Wilgate.
15. J. H. Hamilton.
16. R. Crooks.
17. Frank Kaiser.
18. Jno. Stroud.

HAMILTON (ONTARIO) GUN CLUB.

choice of the goose: Dorrler 32, Filter 32, Braun 33, Rosenbaum 32, Bird 31, Rebhan 31, Walther 31, Hutch 31, Ross 30, Keller 27, Mahlenbrock 21. It was then decided that the four winners should each shoot one shot, which resulted in another tie between Dorrler and Rosenbaum. As "Barney" wanted to see the goose go to New York and not remain in Jersey, he told "Rosey" "just so goot as he know," and Rosey won the goose, but when they looked he had disappeared as did Fred Ross and that big bird, the "Eagle." They searched the town but could find no trace of it, but when they arrived near the ferry the Honorable Mr. Keller asked the boys to have one with him, which, of course, they all refused, but it cost T. K. just the same. THE EAGLE.

### Revolver Shooting in England.

AN Australian team is expected again at Bisley in 1893. It may be remembered Australia sent a team in 1891 which was very successful in the rifle competition, especially the mounted ones, although they did not do much good with the revolver.

A French revolver team is also expected at Bisley, and the South London Rifle Club have decided to make them honorary members of the club so that they will be able to have a practice ground, so as to get used to the English miles and also the English climate.

Capt. Hamilton, who shot in the revolver competition at Bisley in 1891, getting a ninth and an eleventh prize in two of the series, has done very good work at Queensland, Australia. At their Rifle Association meeting just over, he carried off almost all the top prizes.

### Empire Rifle Club's Annual.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—The second annual prize shoot of the Empire Rifle Club, of New York, took place at their headquarters, 12 St. Marks Place, Dec. 18, 19 and 20. Small 25-ring target, any .22-cal. rifle, two best tickets to count, open to all comers. Distance 100ft. Some of the prominent riflemen of New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey visited the ranges and tried their skill at the targets. The scores of the prize winners are as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B Walther, Zettler R C | 73 | 72—145 |
| N R Isenbaum, Empire R C | 73 | 71—144 |
| H Holges, Zettler R C | 72 | 72—144 |
| B Zinn, Empire R C | 72 | 72—144 |
| F Ross, Zettler R C | 71 | 72—143 |
| M Dorrler, Zettler R C | 71 | 71—142 |
| C Busch, Harlem R C | 70 | 72—142 |
| Chas Zettler Jr, Empire R C | 73 | 68—141 |
| R Bendier, Manhattan R C | 74 | 67—141 |
| M Engle, Zettler R C | 70 | 70—140 |
| Geo Plaisted, Zettler R C | 71 | 69—140 |
| J Rebhan, Hudson R C | 73 | 65—138 |

After the closing of the prize shoot B. Walther, president of the Zettler R. C, shot a match with W Rosenbaum, captain of the Empire R fle Club for refreshments, in which Walther was defeated by 8 points. EMPIRE R. C.

### London Rifle Shooting.

THE rifle shooting at the South London Rifle Club is chiefly confined to the English army regulation rifle (the Martini). The rifle champonship of the club goes each year to the member making the highest aggregate in a series of selected scores.

The emblem of the rifle championship since 1890 has been a bronze statuette of a Rocky Mountain trapper and his horse, with all his trappings, etc., complete, the four corners of the stand being decorated with buffalo heads in bronze, the emblem being the work of one of the members of the club, Mr. Walter Winans.

This trophy had to be held two years in succession, or three years in all, before becoming the absolute property of the winner. Last year Mr. Trask won it, and this year he again won it, beating all the other members at all ranges from 200 up to 900yds. four times over.

The trophy, therefore, becomes his property, and the club will have to get another one for next year. This is being modeled by Mr. Winans, and represents a "road agent" who has galloped his horse to death and is standing over its dead body shooting a Winchester repeater at his pursuers.

Copies of both these trophies are going to the French art section of the Chicago Exhibition.

If Mr. Trask keeps up his shooting form he will add this trophy to his collection. He being the rifle champion of the club represents it against all challengers.

# Trap Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported

### FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 27-30.—Watson's live bird target tournament, Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill.

Dec. 28.—Tournament at live birds, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.

Dec. 28 29.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Gun Club's fifth annual tournament; $500 guaranteed purses; $300 in money and merchandise prizes added. Professional experts barred. Bryan Taliaferro, Sec'y.

1893.

Jan. 2.—Hartner's all-day target tournament, Oradgeville, Baltimore county, Md.

Jan. 2.—Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club's all-day tournament.

Jan. 2.—South Side Gun Club's "annual," Newark, N. J.

Jan. 12.—Open sweepstake at 100 live birds. $100 entry, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J. Entries (with $20 forfeit) will be received up to Jan. 10, by C. H. Townsend, 318 Broadway, New York.

Jan. 17-18.—Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club tournament, live birds and targets.

Jan. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap, live bird tournament, New Jersey (grounds to be named); Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary.

May 17-18.—West Newburgh Gun Club spring tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

May 23-25.—Knoxville Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added to purses. Also valuable merchandise prizes.

June 12-16.—New York State Sportsman's Association tournament, at Rochester. H. M. Stewart, Cor. Sec'y, 412 Ellwanger & Barry building, Rochester, N. Y.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburgh Gun Club fall tournament, at Newburgh, N. Y.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Gate City Gun Club held three shoots in Kansas City on Dec. 15, two of them being postponed shoots from October and November. The conditions were 10 live birds per man in each shoot. When these were finished it was too dark to shoot off the tie for the season's average between J. B. Porter and J. A. R. Elliott. The scores follow:

| | Oct. score | Nov. score | Dec. score |
|---|---|---|---|
| Burrell | 1111112222—10 | 2220211222— 9 | 2211012222—9 |
| Bolen | 1111000112— 7 | 2221210122— 9 | |
| Bennett | 1211221221—10 | 2111222112—10 | 2111212101—9 |
| Elliott | 2122111112—10 | 1021222220— 9 | 1112210111—9 |
| Kearns | 0112112122— 9 | 2211101012— 8 | 1010220222—8 |
| Self | 1110122221— 9 | 1122110012— 8 | 0102102202—6 |
| Mason | 2112222222—10 | | |
| Hallowell | 1100210120— 7 | | |

Jack Winston and kindred spirits are agitating a movement for banding together the dozen trap clubs of St. Louis, Mo., and by pooling their strength establish a park, which shall be known as the headquarters of the shooting interests in that section.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Dec. 18.—The Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club held their annual meeting, with a banquet at the American House on the 14th. The officers elected were: President, John M. Stevenson; Vice-President, John F. Noxon; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. W. Tracy; Captain, H. S. Russell; Chairman of Executive Committee, Henry Hine. The organization has stocked many of the brooks with trout fry, and has taken legal precautions to have the fish and game preserved. The result of their efforts is that the partridge and woodcock are more plentiful than usual. Rufus A. Teeling, a veteran member of the club, extended an invitation at the annual meeting to have the club come to his cottage on Lake Pontoosuc, and have a day's fishing through the ice, which they will accept in the near future.

The quarterly shoot of the South Side Gun Club of Kansas City, Mo., took place in a snow storm, which kept a good many members away. The shoot for the cup was at 50 targets, the winner being Mr. Wood, who broke 43, Green broke 40, Fenner 33, L. Kritser 33, Griffen 29 and P. Kritser 27. In the medal shot at 25 targets Wood won with 18 breaks, Green getting 18, L. Kritser 16, Fenner 15, Griffen 13 and P. Kritser 12.

FAIRBURY, Ill., Dec. 21.—The Fairbury Gun Club had a successful shooting tournament to-day. Eight matches were decided, 7 of which were at bluerocks, with 10 targets in a match, and one at live pigeons. In match No. 1, first money was divided between Wilson, of Peoria, and Wilds, of Gilman; in match No. 2, Wells, of Piper City, and Wilson were tied with clean scores; in match No. 3, Wilson, Fortier, of Piper City, and Fellows, of Wing, tied; match No. 4 was won by Fritz Singer, of Mossville; in match No. 5, first money was won by Wilds with a clean score; in match No 6, Bartlett and Mortimer, both of this city, tied and Wilson won match No 7 with a clean score. The live pigeon contest was at 6 birds, with 14 entries. A. Brown, Fosdick, Wilson, Singer and T. Morris tied for first money with 4 birds each."

The Reading (Pa.) Shooting Association held its annual meeting at Matz's Three-Mile House on Dec. 19 and elected the following officers: President, Henry C. W. Matz; vice-president, Peter A. Fritch; secretary, Walter D. Eiler; treasurer, John Shaaber; captain, Matt. Eisenbise; directors, George Ritter, James Kilpatrick, William H. Bauman. It was decided to hold a three days' tournament at the Three-Mile House Park in February, the dates to be arranged later and to erect a club house at the same point. Two days are to be devoted to target shooting and one day at live pigeons.

There will be another 100 bird sweep, $100 entry, on John Erb's Newark grounds on Thursday, Jan. 12, beginning at 10 A. M. Entries, accompanied by $20 forfeit money, will be received up to Jan. 10 by C. H. Townsend, trap editor FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York. The divisions of money, after deducting the cost of the birds, will be as follows: Four to six entries, two moneys; seven to nine entries, three moneys; ten to fourteen entries, four moneys; fifteen or more entries, five moneys. All will shoot from the 30yd. mark.

January 5 will be a gala day on Erb's Newark grounds, that being the date of the friendly team match between the Parkway Gun Club of Brooklyn and the Newark Gun Club. Each club will put in teams of fifteen men each and each man will shoot at ten live pigeons. The Brooklyn visitors will reach the grounds before noon and shooting will begin immediately upon their arrival. The Newarkers intend to give them a good reception and make the day a pleasant one for all.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club announces a "Jack Rabbit" shoot for Jan. 2. There are an the programme six 15 target events, two 10 target events, one at 20 targets and one at 25 targets. The latter event will be shot under the class system, with $3 entrance fee and four moneys. All the others will be straight "Jack Rabbit" divisions, the shooter getting 10 cents for each target broken, and the surplus being divided into three moneys.

The Auburn (N. Y.) Gun Club has elected the following officers for 1893: President, George W. Nellis; Vice-President, J. E. Brigden; Secretary, Lewis E. Fiero; Treasurer, William A. White; Committeeman, Charles R. Egbert. The above also comprise the Board of Directors. The reports for 1892 show the club to be in a sound condition.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J, anticipates a big attendance and great sport at its "annual" next Monday. Artificial targets will be thrown at two cents each. I. H. Terrill, manager, and W. R. Hobart, secretary, will look after the comfort of visitors.

The Hell Gate Gun Club was recently organized in Harlem with the following officers: President, Col. J. H. Voss; Vice-President, Henry Hanlein; Recording Secretary, E. Doelnick, Financial Secretary, A. Kiechle; Treasurer, Emil Stein.

"Dutchy" Smith and P. Williams, of Plainfield, N. J., will shoot a match at 50 live pigeons each on the Independent Gun Club grounds at Hyde Park, on Jan 3. There will be open sweepstake shooting before and after the match.

The Cicero Gun Club, of Chicago, have completed their new club house and will hold snoots on Saturday and Monday. Their grounds are at Oak Park, Home avenue and Madison street. Both live birds and clays will be used.

The American Manufacturers' Association will hold a meeting at the Astor House on Jan. 10 and will probably arrange its list of fixtures for the 1893 series of expositions.

The Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club, Roxborough (Pa.) Gun Club and the South Side Gun Club of Milwaukee, Wis., are among those who will hold open shoots on Monday.

Clubs who propose holding tournaments during the coming season should claim dates as soon as possible in order to avoid conflicts of dates.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, and Phil. Daly, Jr., of Long Branch, will attend the shoot at Hamilton, Can.

John A. Hartner will run his usual open tournament at Orangeville, Baltimore county, Md., on Jan. 2.

Louis Miller proposes to hold another tournament for teams from clubs which hold forth on his grounds.

Frank P. Class intends to hold a tournament on his Morristown grounds in January.

A live bird shoot will be held at Clinton, N. J., on Monday.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### Shooting at Springfield, N. J.

THE final shoot of the season of 1892 of the Union Gun Club was held at Springfield, N. J., on Dec. 20. Early in the morning the weather looked bad but about noon the storm clouds disappeared, the sun came out brightly, and the rest of the day was clear though cold. These club grounds are situated at the foot of the Springfield ridge of the Orange Mountains in an exposed position, where the full benefit is derived from the mountain breezes. However, Enoch Miller had a roaring fire in the stove, plenty of hot coffee and a bountiful supply of hot Boston baked beans, so that the shooters did not worry themselves much about the cold breezes.

The attendance was light, as was expected, owing to the threatening character of the morning hours, but those who were on hand were full of shoot. The main event was the club shoot at 25 Keystone targets for club prizes, this being the deciding contest of the season. The members were divided in two classes, each class shooting within itself for club prizes. Among those who were on hand were E. D. Miller of Springfield, J. Warren Smith of Orange, R. S. Williams of Elizabeth, A. Sickley of South Orange, J. Bryan of Springfield, Chas. M. Hedden and Wm. R. Hobart of Newark, C. C. Dean and W. N. Drake of Maplewood.

The club shoot was preceded by a number of 10-target sweeps, $1 entry, unknown angles. The results:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No 3. | No. 4. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hedden | 0001111010— 5 | 1111110111— 9 | 1100111011— 7 | 1100111111—8 |
| Smith | 1111111111—10 | 1111101101— 8 | 1111111111—10 | 1111111011—9 |
| Miller | 1111101111— 9 | 1111111111—10 | 1111101011— 8 | 1110111111—9 |
| Drake | 1111110010— 7 | 1111111110— 9 | 1101110101— 7 | |
| Addison | | | | 1111111111—10 |
| Roberts | | | | 1110101011— 7 |
| Dean | | | | 1110011101— 7 |

No. 5:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 1011111011—8 | Drake | 1111111111—10 |
| Miller | 1111111101 9 | Roberts | 1111111011—9 |
| Addison | 1101001111—7 | | |

Then came the club shoot at 25 singles, rapid-firing system, C. M. Hedden shooting along with Class B, although not as a member:

Class A.

| | |
|---|---|
| Miller | 1111111111011111111111110—23 |
| J W Smith | 1101111111111111111111101—23 |

Class B.

| | |
|---|---|
| W N Drake | 1111111011011111110111110—21 |
| A Sickley | 1111011111011111111111110—22 |
| R S Williams | 0100010110001011011110110—14 |
| J Bryant | 1101100111110101111001—18 |
| C M Hedden | 1111111111111111101111111—24 |

The prizes were awarded immediately after the above event, the winners being as follows: First prize in each class going to the shooter who won first place the most number of times; second for the most second places won; third for the most third places won, and in Class B a prize for the most fourth places.

Class A: E. D. Miller, seven firsts, $15; Wm. Sigler, four seconds, $10; J. W. Smith, third prize, $5.

Class B: A. Sickley, first, $10; W. N. Drake, second, $7.50; Geo. Pudney, third, $5; R. S. Williams, fouth, $2.50.

Special prize, a $50 trophy, for best average: E. D. Miller, 97 per cent., R. H. Breintnall averaged 94 per cent., Wm. Sigler 91 per cent., J. W. Smith 92 per cent., W. N. Drake 87 per cent. and A. Sickley 89 per cent. during the season.

Shooting in the appended 10-target sweeps, $1 entry, finished the day:

| | No. 6. | No. 7. | No. 8. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 1101110111— 8 | 1111111110— 9 | 0111011001— 6 |
| Drake | 1111111111—10 | | |
| Hedden | 1011010111— 7 | 1011111101— 8 | 1111101110— 8 |
| Dean | 1011010111— 6 | | |
| Miller | 1001111111— 7 | 1011111111— 9 | 1111110111— 9 |
| Roberts | 1011011000— 5 | | |
| Bryan | 1101111110— 8 | 1103111000— 5 | |

The club will be put into good shape for the season of 1893 and will start to work early in January. Valuable prizes will be offered for the competitions.

## Fulford—Elliott Second Match.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 19.—The second of the series of five matches between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and E. D. Fulford, of Harrisburg, Pa., for $200 a side and a side bet of $1,000 on the general result, was shot in this city to-day before a small crowd of spectators. Nothing but an enthusiast would have braved such unpleasant weather and the small attendance is chargable to that cause.

A score or more of the "cracks" of this and the surrounding towns were on hand early, despite the fact that it snowed more or less all day, and during the greater portion of the match it snowed directly in the faces of the participants and spectators, aside from being cold and a cold wind blowing in the faces of the crowd.

Among those in attendance were: Alvin Grube, Chas. Lockwood and T. A. Gentle of Southport; J. S. Dowling and Wm. L. Derman, of Greencastle; Ed Voris, of Crawfordsville; M. W. Washburn, of New Richmond; Geo. G. Whartin and F. H. Rigdon, of Marion; J. H. Wilson, of Rushville; M. W. Hutto and F. D. Dursler, of Noblesville. Among the Indianapolis representatives were Geo. C. Beck, who lost the championship to Mr Elliott, Dr. S. H. Moore, Dr. C. C. Evert, Dr. A. Martin, J. E. Humphrey, Henry Smith, E. A. Peck, and others.

Dr. O. F. Britton, of this city, acted as referee and fulfilled the duties acceptably and without a single protest from either side. Chas. Poister acted as puller and also as general manager for the shoot, and performed his work perfectly.

Five king traps were used, 30yds. rise; the ground being small, the fence was used as boundary, about 75yds. averaging.

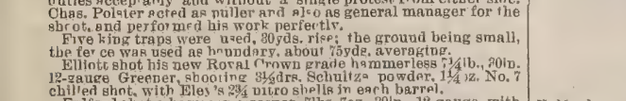
Elliott shot his new Royal Crown grade hammerless 7¼lb., 20in. 12-gauge Greener, shooting 3½drs. Schultze powder, 1¼ oz. No. 7 chilled shot, with Eley's 2¾ nitro shells in each barrel.

Fulford shot a hammerless Greener, 7lbs. 7oz., 30in., 12 gauge, with 3¼drs. Schultze, No. 7 chilled in right barrel, No. 6 in left barrel, loaded in U. M. C. green trap shells, metal lined.

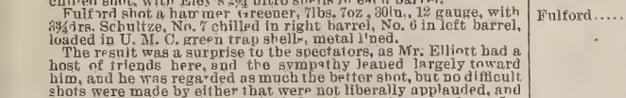
The result was a surprise to the spectators, as Mr. Elliott had a host of friends here, and the sympathy leaned largely toward him, and he was regarded as much the better shot, but no difficult shots were made by either that were not liberally applauded, and Mr. Fulford may assure himself that he carries away from Indianapolis the well wishes of all the spectators for his gentlemanly and dignified bearing. The match began at 1:20 the first half occupying 1h. 11m., the 100th bird of Mr. Fulford falling dead at 3:35, 2h. 15m. in all.

The birds were what might be called slightly better than an average lot. Some were poor, while a number were screamers. As regards the advantage of birds, neither shooter had much the best of the match.

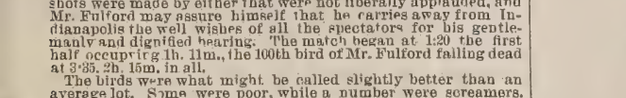
Mr. Elliott's 64th, 77th and 82d birds were "cyclones," but were stopped in beautiful style, also Mr. Fulford's 22d, 49th and 52d. Herewith find scores:



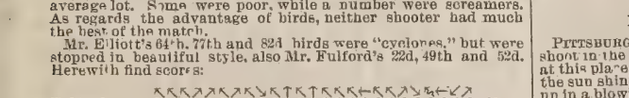
Fulford..... ...2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—25



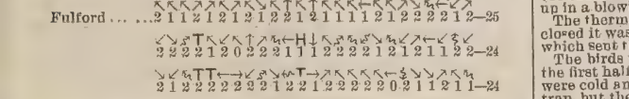
2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2—24



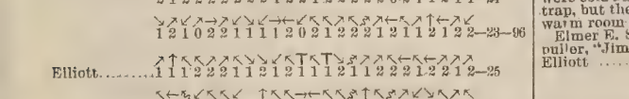
2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 1—24



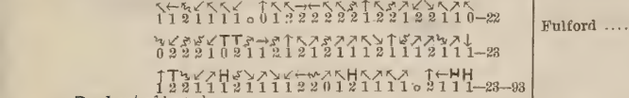
1 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2—23—96



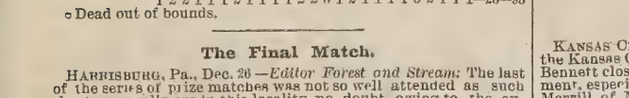
Elliott.....1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2—25



1 1 2 1 1 1 1 o 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 0—22



0 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1—23



1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 o 2 1 1 1—23—93

o Dead out of bounds.

## The Final Match.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last of the series of prize matches was not so well attended as such shoots generally are in this locality, no doubt owing to the extreme condition of the weather with the thermometer almost down to zero.

However, small knots of men might have been seen very reluctantly going out to the grounds, where these two contestants had previously faced the traps and where some of our local amateurs have piled up the same identical scores.

The match was somewhat delayed by Mr. Elliott objecting to the position of the traps, which had to be reset, thus giving the wind a direct driving direction.

Mr. J. H. Worden, Secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association of Pennsylvania was by appointment declared referee; Mr H. F. Lindsley, trap puller, and Mr. Ed. Banks and H. Brewster Shoop, official scorers. The birds were of excellent quality, furnished by Worden Bros. Yet a great number were called and the traps refilled, the birds not getting up the instant the trap was sprung, the shooting device (ball filled with shot) being considered inferior to the old style flannel duster. A pointer dog belonging to Mr. Jas. Worden and Jas. Dinger did the retrieving, dividing honors evenly.

Elliott shot one of his two new Greeners, 12 gauge, 7½ lbs, loaded with 3¼drs. Schultze powder in both barrels, with 1¼oz. No. 7 shot in Eley's cases.

Fulford used his Greener hammer gun, 12-gauge, 7lbs, 12oz., 3¼ drs. Schultze powder, with 1¼ oz. No. 7, in right and same quantity No. 6 in left, loaded in American U. M. C. green shells.

As North America seems to be the boundary in the rules governing, it was finally agreed that the outer fence encircling the race course should be the boundary on the occasion, which gave 90yds. from center trap.

Mr. Fulford won the toss and sent his opponent to the score. A bird went from No. 4 trap which Mr. Elliott downed in elegant style, and the match had started at 1:35. Mr. Fulford's first bird, a dark blue one, made a bad mistake when hovering, and the score was tied. Mr. Elliott's second one, however, gave him the slip, and though hit by both barrels wobbled over the fence and was out of sight. The shooting went smoothly enough until the fourth bird of Mr. Elliott's, which refused to fly on the instant the trap was sprung. Elliott refused to take it and left the score. The bird presently got up and flew. After the bird had crossed the boundary Mr. Fulford challenged it on the ground that the shooter had not declared "No bird." The challenge was sustained and it was scored a lost bird, which was freely commented on by friends of both contestants. Mr. Elliott claimed that his action in walking away from the score was evidence enough that he had decided not to take it.

The match ran along at a freezing gait until Fulford's ninth bird was reached, a driver from No. 4, which landed dead out of bounds wi h two leads that did not score. Elliott seemed to be shooting in a very decidedly reckless gait, as he slipped up on his 10th and 20th, apparently not doing those birds much damage.

Fulford showed determination and steadiness in a marked degree, using his second with good judgment often for safety only. The first quarter finished with Elliott 21, Fulford 24.

Elliott was the next to drop his bird, a right-quartering driver from No. 5, which should have stopped, but fell dead outside the boundary. Fulford missed his also, a fast climbing one from No. 3, and followed it up and scored another goose egg on his 30 h, another driver out of No. 10. Elliott lost his 32d, also the 38 h, both drivers; but finished his second 25 with 22, his 50 with 43. Fulford in his 35th one of the best of the shoot, a light snakey blue hen from No. 4, a low driving bird, which only stopped with the second. Failing to stop his 37th he ran along ordinarily until his 48th, when he received an ugly right-quartering twister from No. 5, which in his flight seemed as though he had indulged in egg-nog. After refusing three good ones which failed to jump, he slipped up on an apparently easy one from No. 3, ending the second quarter with 21, and the first half with 45.

He was next to fall a victim in his 53d, a right-quartering bird out of No. 2, when Elliott followed in the 58th round, a driver out of No. 2, but made a magnificent kill of a twisting driver out of No. 3. He repeated it on his 67th with one barrel. He missed his next, an incoming left-quarterer, repeating it again on his 73d, scoring 21 out of 25. Along went the shoot and along went the spectators dancing to keep warm, when suddenly Fulford's 63d, an income, left for Worden's coop. Failing to score on his 69th, he afterwards ran the 75 and gained one on his opponent, being 3 in the lead.

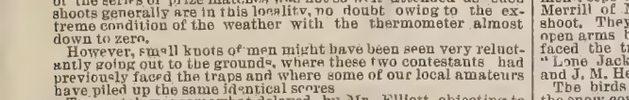
Elliott now changed from the left side of the score to the right side on account of the cold and biting wind. This seemed to brace his back, for up to this time luck had been against him to a remarkable degree.

His 77th bird, from No. 4, was a fast left-quartering bird, which he followed up with one barrel; this was a splendid kill. His 82d, after falling close to the boundary, drew out a good deal of discussion as to its probable scoring. The referee ordered another bird shot at, which was stopped, considerably nearer the traps. Then all went merrily as a Christmas bell, until on the 87th he once more failed to score, and twice repeated it; both birds falling out of bounds. He finished with a total of 85. The men now shot more rapidly, as the cold was almost unbearable. Fulford, somewhat improving, ran along until his 82d, when he scored a miss, his 89th falling dead out of bounds. He finished with a straight 90. The referee declared this fifth match in favor of Fulford.

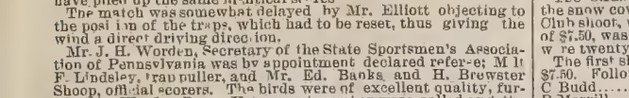
Mr. Fulford will go to his home in Utica, N. Y., for a short time and Mr. Elliott, in company with two brothers, will visit a brother on the eastern shore of Maryland. Summary of flights:

| | LD | RD | D | RQ | LQ | In RQD | LQD |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Elliott..... | 16 | 13 | 26 | 11 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 3 |
| Fulford..... | 11 | 13 | 34 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 2 | 2 |

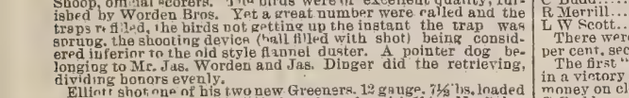
*Trap score type—Copyright, 1892, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*



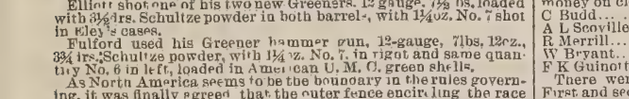
Elliott.....2 0 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 2—21



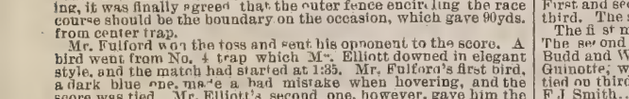
1 o 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22



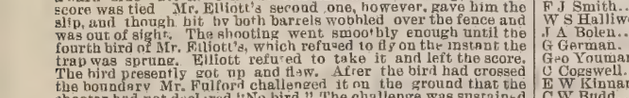
2 1 1 2 2 2 o 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 0 1 2—21



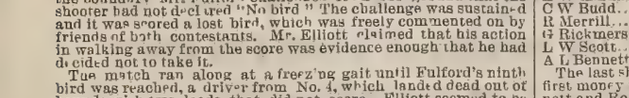
2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 o 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 o 2 2 o 1 2 2 2 1—21—85



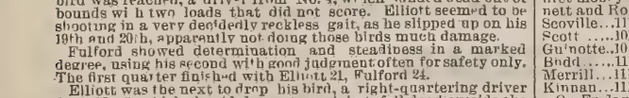
Fulford.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 o 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24



2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 0—21



2 1 o 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2—22



2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—23—90

J. W. HAGUE.

## Kansas Mid-Winter.

KANSAS CITY, Dec 24.—The midwinter holiday tournament of the Kansas City gun clubs under the management of Kinnan & Bennett closed this evening. It was a fairly successful tournament, especially so for Charlie Budd of Des Moines and Dick Merrill of Milwaukee, who quit nice winners on the three days shoot. They are both good fellows and always welcomed with open arms by Kansas City sportsmen. Among the visitors who faced the traps on Thursday besides Budd and Merrill were "Lone Jack" Dr. J. F. Lesh of Seneca, A. L. Scoville of Seneca and J. M. Hershey of Osage City, Kan.

The birds were a very good lot, and the shooting, considering the snow covered ground, was very good. The Kansas City Gun Club shoot, which was made a sweepstake with an entrance fee of $7.50, was the principal shoot of the day. In this shoot there were twenty-four entries, and three ties on ten straight.

The first shoot was a ten live-bird race, with an entrance fee of $7.50. Following is the score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Budd..... | 2112122222—10 | A L Scoville ..... | 1111121221—10 |
| R Merrill..... | 1212121122—10 | "Lone Jack"..... | 1201211212— 9 |
| L W Scott..... | 1221202112— 9 | A L Bennett..... | 2112111222—11 |

There were two moneys in this shoot, 60 per cent. first and 40 per cent. second. Both moneys were divided.

The first "mud pie" shoot, a fifteen bird sweepstakes, resulted in a victory for Karl Guinotte and Lill Scott, who divided first money on clean scores. Following is the score of the shoot:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C Budd..... | 111111111111110—14 | L W Scott..... | 111111111111111—15 |
| A L Scoville... | 110111111111110—13 | A L Bennett.. | 101111111111010—12 |
| R Merrill..... | 110111111111111—14 | C Bennett.... | 011110111101111—12 |
| W Bryant..... | 001011010110101— 7 | G Rickmers... | 111111111011111—14 |
| F K Guinotte.. | 111111111111111—15 | | |

There were three moneys in this shoot, 50 30 and 20 per cent. First and second moneys were divided, and there was no tie for third. The shoot was for $2 entrance. $10 added.

The first money in the big shoot amounted to $32. It was divided The second money, $24, was divided by Con. Holmes, Charley Budd and W. Bryant. After shooting out G. A. Fowler and J. K. Guinotte, who tied with them for second money. Those who tied on third and fourth divided. The score of the shoot was:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| F J Smith..... | 2102202020— 6 | J P Jackson..... | 2010020100— 4 |
| W S Halliwell.... | 2122220100— 7 | G A Fowler..... | 2112211201— 9 |
| J A Bolen..... | 1101122221— 9 | W S Field..... | 1200000 — |
| G German..... | 1211212122—10 | R G Purvis ..... | 0000120201— 4 |
| G-o Youmans..... | 2020011100— 5 | J K Guinotte..... | 2212220121— 9 |
| C Cogswell..... | 1212102202 — 8 | "Lone Jack" ..... | 2021122111— 8 |
| E W Kinnan..... | 2020212112— 8 | W Bryant..... | 2223111201— 9 |
| C W Budd..... | 1121120111— 9 | H McGee.. ..... | 21012 w. |
| R Merrill..... | 2122112121—10 | "Dan Quinn"..... | 01001110 0— 5 |
| G Rickmers..... | 1011022120— 7 | C F Holmes..... | 0111211211— 9 |
| L W Scott.. ..... | 1021221210— 8 | J Dennis ..... | 1222221222—10 |
| A L Bennett..... | 2211010021— 7 | A B Cross.... ..... | 0201101110— 6 |

The last shoot of the afternoon was a 20-target race. Budd took first money with a clean score, Scoville second, and Merrill, Bennett and Rodney third. Following is the score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Scoville...11111111111101111—19 | Halliwel .0101010001100000011— 6 |
| Scott .....10111011011111111—17 | Bennett...11111110110101111—16 |
| Guinotte..10111010111111111—16 | Rickmers 01101111100311001l—12 |
| Budd .....11111111111111111—20 | Bryan ....11101001111101011111—15 |
| Merrill....11101011111111111—18 | Rooney...01111011111110111111—17 |
| Kinnan...11101000111101001—13 | Bennett...11111111011101111111—18 |

On Friday the shoot in which the most interest was manifested was the novelty shoot for teams of two, both at scores at same time and shooting at triple rises, that is, three birds sprung from the traps simultaneously, two birds to be on the wing before any shot counts and the third one to be flogged in case he be a sluggard. The race furnishes a world of sport for spectators as well as shooters, and will be hereafter known as "cocked hat" from its resemblance to the bowling game where the three corner pins are only used. There were three moneys in the shoot and went to the teams making the three highest scores. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Budd & Merrill ..11111111101—11 | Holmes & Flow- |
| Smith & Bennett111101011111—10 | eree.....1001110111l— 9 |
| Milligan & Ger- | Bryant & Hershey1010101101101— 6 |
| man.....1000111001100— 6 | Scott & Scoville..1000001111l0— 6 |
| Bolen & Keene...1001001001l— 5 | |

The entrance in this shoot was $10, and the three moneys amounted to $24 50, $14.70 and $9 80.

The big shoot of the day was a fifteen live bird race with an entrance fee of $15 and $30 added money. This shoot brought ten men to the traps. Charley Budd and Merrill, who are shooting in great form and getting the big end of the moneys, tied in this shoot on clean scores and divided first money. The ties on fourteen shot off and German finally took the pot after killing twenty birds in the shoot off. Gordon and Hickman divided third money. The moneys in the shoot amounted to $71.25, $42.75 and $28.50. Following is the score of the shoot:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Budd..... | 221122222221l2—15 | Gordon..... | 1211211201112l1—13 |
| Dennis..... | 2021211111122—14 | Smith ..... | 1102020101020— 9 |
| Merrill ..... | 1222121222222—15 | Hickman..... | 1201111111012—13 |
| Hershey..... | 2010121101102l—11 | Bryant..... | 1211211112101l—14 |
| Bennett..... | 2120112111122—14 | German ..... | 0121a1121111211—14 |

There was a fair attendance on the closing day. The principal live bird shoot was the $100 guaranteed purse, 10 birds, $10 entrance, which drew out 16 entries. Budd won first money, being the only one to make a straight score. Bryant, Merrill and Bennett divided second on ties of 9. Hickman, Keene, Burrell, Schroeder and Scott third on 8, and Smith, Holmes and W Bennett fourth on ties of 7. The moneys were $48, $36, $24 and $12 respectively. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C F Holmes..... | 1012221210— 7 | R Merrill..... | 2112212202—9 |
| F J Smith ..... | 1001211101— 7 | A L Bennett..... | 1111102122—9 |
| J M Hershey..... | 0020 w | L W Scott..... | 2111101110—8 |
| Hickman ..... | 1221102110— 8 | W Bennett..... | 0222202021—7 |
| W B Bryant..... | 1112l1o211— 9 | J Burrell..... | 1022122022—8 |
| J A Bolen ..... | 0C11011101— 6 | J Keene. ..... | 2220222220—8 |
| C Milliken..... | 2'11100001— 6 | G German ... ..... | oo11212112—8 |
| C W Budd..... | 2221212222—10 | W S Halliwell..... | o100212010—5 |

The next live-bird shoot was a 10-bird sweep, $7.50 entrance, with 8 starters. Budd, Merrill, Hershey and Burrell divided first money, $24, on ties of 9, and Bennett, Smith and Bryant divided second, $16, after shooting out German. The score:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C W Budd..... | 1211212102—9 | F J Smith..... | 0101211222—8 |
| R Merrill..... | 1220112l2—9 | W B Bryant..... | 1122212002—8 |
| A L Bennett..... | 0011111211—8 | J B Burrell..... | 2122212202—9 |
| J M Hershey..... | 1120121222—9 | G German.. ..... | 0112211101—8 |

There were several target shoots during the day, in which Merrill, Budd, Bennett and Bryant took down most of the coin.

WHITFIELD.

## CHICAGO TRAPS.

*[From a Staff Correspondent.]*

MATTERS are a shade better in the outlook for the World's Fair shoot. The executive committee of the Illinois Association met last Thursday evening at the Sherman House, this city, one week after the meeting adjourned without quorum. Neither Mr. Nicholls nor Mr. Edbrooke has yet been present at any meeting of the committee. There were present this evening first Mr. Organ, president, and Mr. Shepard, secretary, Mr. Donald and Mr. Hough; no quorum, as Mr. Organ is only *ex-officio* a member. Mr. M. R. Bortree, city game warden, was present by invitation, as also Mr. F. S. Baird, of the law committee. These met in general session, and at length a timid knock announced the coming of Mr. M. J. Eich. Then some one said,

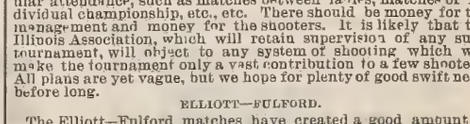
"THE ICEMAN HAS CAME,"

and there was much rejoicing, for there was now assembled the first quorum yet present at a called meeting of this committee. President Organ certainly has been long suffering and kind in a position which would naturally be one of considerable anxiety at this stage.

The matter of inviting one of the shooting associations, either the American Manufacturers' or the Interstate, to take hold of the open tournament of next summer came up for discussion. Mr. Eich thought no foreign corporation should be tendered until it had first been offered to the shooters of Chicago. This view prevailed. It was decided to call a mass meeting of the shooters of Chicago for 8 P. M. of next Thursday evening, Dec. 29, for the purpose of attempting the organization of a stock company with sufficient capital to give a tournament of the proper proportions and character. The secretary is now issuing invitations for this meeting. All present were made a committee to urge attendance of all those likely to be interested. The secretary was instructed to insert the proper notices in the daily papers.

The secretary was also instructed to write the secretary of the recent meeting of the game and fish wardens of the Northwest, for the purpose of establishing relations of mutual advantage in matters of game and fish legislation.

Warden Bortree called attention to the necessity for an improved game law, and the time before the convening of the Legislature being now short, to suggest early instructions to the law committee for the draft of a bill. The law committee will draft such bill and meet for discussion with the executive committee,



PICTURE OF EDDIE BINGHAM'S GUN.

or available part of such committee, at the Sherman House, next Friday evening, Dec. 30. It is probable that the bill will recommend the appointment of county game wardens with police powers. It may take up the matter of protecting birds sought to be acclimatized, and may have a shooters of Chicago. This view prevailed. It was decided to call a mass meeting of the shooters of Chicago for 8 P. M. of next Thursday evening, Dec. 29, for the purpose of attempting the organization of a stock company with sufficient capital to give a tournament of the proper proportions and character. The secretary is now issuing invitations for this meeting. All present were made a committee to urge attendance of all those likely to be interested. The secretary was instructed to insert the proper notices in the daily papers.

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PICTURE OF EDDIE BINGHAM'S GUN.

or available part of such committee, at the Sherman House, next Friday evening, Dec. 30. It is probable that the bill will recommend the appointment of county game wardens with police powers. It may take up the matter of protecting birds sought to be acclimatized, and may have a short-neck clause on quail. It was decided as an entire new bill, the old law to be repealed, but this latter is hardly likely. Indeed it is one thing to frame bills and another to get them passed as laws, the only thing certain being the fact that you don't get any more than you ask for.

The date of the annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was set for the second week of June. It will probably continue for nearly two weeks, and after that, at close or remote interval, there may follow whatever there is to be of the much-delayed World's Fair shoot. I would advise alarm as to this latter not to be too serious as yet. The start is the hardest step, and the matter is really a difficult question, but it is impossible to believe yet that Chicago is going to permit a failure.

A stock company could make a great thing and a good penny out of this World's Fair shoot. The gate money would net a large sum. Matches could be shot which would bring out a good popular attendance, such as matches between ladies, matches of individual championship, etc., etc. There should be more for the management and money for the shooters. It is likely that the Illinois Association, which will retain supervision of any such tournament, will object to any system of shooting which will make the tournament only a vast contribution to a few shooters. All plans are yet vague, but we hope for plenty of good swift news before long.

ELLIOTT—FULFORD.

The Elliott—Fulford matches have created a good amount of interest here. Chicago men mostly favored Elliott to win at Kansas City. The prediction here at this date, Dec. 24, before the race is shot, is that Elliott will win at Harrisburg. A turn about is fair play. The scores have run very even. Fulford has done good shooting—more than good—on Chicago grounds, in practice. He should shoot stronger here than before. He may get another race here this winter, and he may not. There is not a great deal of talk about it, but whether or not this is on account of his late high scores I can not say. Is Chicago a-weakenin'? By and by we can tell better, but I expect she am not.

CHRISTMAS IN THE STORE.

At Montgomery Ward & Co.'s gun department this morning I found lamentation and despair. You see, in view of the recent performances of Eddie Bingham at the trap, the boys of the gun department had resolved to make him a present of a new gun. They got one of very recent design, tin barrel and a real good spring, and put it in the clamps to have the stock straightened a little, as Eddie had said his bad shooting was due to his gun stock being too crooked. All the visitors to the store were allowed a glimpse of Eddie Bingham's new gun, and there was a general feeling of expectancy. But, alas! just as Christmas was about on hand, Mr. Moran, in order to be sure to have the stock straightened by Christmas, gave the screws one turn too much. There was a groan of riven timber, and Eddie Bingham's new gun stock parted company with itself in the middle! The whole house mourned and would not be comforted. They thought Eddie was going to lay up money with the new gun, and remove that odious tin ring from his best girl's index finger.

Rolla Heikes was not saying a word, but he was busy. "Don't bother Rolla," said Horace G. Holt, "he's studying. He's getting out a patent on his new auxiliary trap, for throwin' barrel heads."

"Say!" said Rolla, looking up suddenly, "you fellows think you're all-fired smart, don't you?"

"Yes," said Eddie Bingham, with fine sarcasm, "and I don't think they got the best of a whole lot of folks I know. I want to give it out right here that my good girl aint wearin' no tin ring—not after John Watson's tournament, nohow."

"There'll be a new piano on the West Side next week," said Rolla Heikes, "and there'll be music every evening at R. O. Heikes's home. I am going to mingle in that tournament deep and plenty."

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

## Christmas at Weidenmeyer's Park.

THAT portion of Hamburg place which borders on the Newark meadows, exposed as it is to a clean sweep for the wind as far as the bay and Elizabethport, is not the most comfortable place one could select for a winter's outing; but given a comfortably sheltered and well-warmed club house, a jolly lot of companions, plenty of ammunition and targets, a set of traps in position and above all a gun, and one can manage to forget or ignore the

Borean blasts which come across the waste. So far as the above accessories are concerned, they were all at hand on Christmas Day at Weidenmeyer's Woods, when the East Side-Mutual Gun Club held their annual Yule-tide outing. The day was extremely cold, although the sun shone brightly. The wind was strong, raw and penetrating, and overcoats and sweaters were necessary. There were over a dozen shooters on the grounds and several hundreds of bluerock targets were thrown, the shooting being difficult, as the targets were tossed hither and thither by the wind.

The principal event to interest those present was a supper match between two teams of seven men each, handled by Henry C. Koegel and Robert Schrafft. Each man shot at 15 targets, under the rapid-firing system, the scores resulting as follows:

| Koegel's Team. | | Schrafft's Team. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Koegel | 0110101001010111—9 | Schrafft | 1001000101001111—7 |
| Perment | 0100110010001101—7 | Schilling | 1111100111111111—13 |
| Hassinger | 1110001010001111—8 | Hague | 1101100110000011—5 |
| Schorck | 1110011100000000—6 | Heinrich | 0100000011010110—5 |
| Fischer | 0100001000011101—6 | Reach | 0101010010000010—5 |
| Perry | 0101001110010100—6 | Noon | 1000000000011100—3 |
| Henning | 1100101101010018—50 | Baar | 0110101111001010—7—48 |

The rest of the day was devoted to shooting sweepstakes at 10 targets each, of which the scores follow:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Perment | 1110000111—6 | 0111111101— 8 | 1011001011— 6 |
| Hague | 0000000101—2 | 1000101100— 4 | 1100111101— 7 |
| Koegel | 1011100110—6 | 1111111111—10 | 1111011011— 8 |
| Schork | 1010101101—6 | | 0010001011— 4 |
| Schrafft | 0100101010—4 | 1110010000— 4 | 0110001000— 3 |
| Hassinger | 1010001100—4 | 1010111101— 7 | 1101111011— 8 |
| Reach | 0100000111—4 | | |
| Perry | 1011000111—6 | | |
| Henning | 1000011000—3 | | 0001011111— 6 |
| Schilling | | 1110110111— 8 | 1111111111—10 |
| Heinrich | | | 0001010101— 4 |
| Koeller | | | 0101110101— 6 |
| Ulrich | | | 0000011111— 5 |
| Fischer | | | 0101000001— 3 |

### Live Birds at John Erb's.

CHRISTMAS DAY was celebrated with the usual series of live bird sweeps on the "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark, but turkey seemed to have more charms than pigeons, and the attendance was light. The sun shown brightly all day but the wind was raw and cutting, chilling the birds within a few moments after they were put in the trap. Despite this drawback, however, the birds flew well, but few having to be flushed.

All the events, 14 in number, were in the form of "Jersey" sweeps, 4 birds per man, $5 entry, 2 moneys. The results:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4 | No 5. | No. 6. | No. 7. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Canon | 2200—2 | 0002—1 | 1000—1 | 2021—4 | 0210—2 | 2202—3 | 1212—4 |
| Erb | 2120—3 | 1122—4 | 1111—4 | 2210—3 | 1121—4 | 2201—3 | 1112—4 |
| Hollis | 1211—4 | 1121—4 | 1101—3 | 1101—3 | 1212—4 | 1122—4 | 1112—4 |
| S Castle Sr | 1211—4 | 1010—2 | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | 2121—4 | 0111—3 | 1122—4 |
| J W Castle | | | | 2111—4 | 0202—2 | 0021—2 | |
| Mack | | | | 1211—4 | 0202—2 | 2221—4 | 1120—3 |
| S Castle Jr | | | | | | | 2221—4 |

| | No. 8. | No. 9. | No. 10. | No. 11. | No. 12. | No. 13. | No. 14 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Erb | 1111—4 | 1222—4 | 0121—3 | 1211—4 | 2121—4 | 1124—4 | 1111—4 |
| Hollis | 0101—2 | 1110—3 | 1121—4 | 2111—4 | 1211—4 | 1011—3 | 0111—2 |
| S Castle Sr | 2111—4 | 2221—4 | 1211—4 | 1111—4 | 1111—4 | 1122—4 | 1111—4 |
| Mack | 1221—4 | 1212—4 | 2111—4 | 1112—4 | 2012—6 | 2110—3 | 2112—4 |
| S Castle Jr | 0111—3 | 2111—4 | 2202—3 | 1212—4 | 2221—4 | 1120—3 | 1110—3 |

### Boiling Springs' Christmas Shoot.

THE Boiling Springs Gun Club members braved the cold wind which blew across the Hackensack meadows on Monday and had a jolly day's sport on their well equipped grounds at Rutherford. The wind was intensely cold and cutting, but the club house was provided with several roaring fires as well as an abundant supply of hot coffee, and cold weather had no terrors for the enthusiasts. There were over a score of shooters present, among them being Messrs. Vermoral, Abbott and Coe, of the Passaic City Rod and Gun Club.

The most interesting contest of the day was at 25 bluerock targets per man, unknown angles, this being one of a series of shoots for a gold watch valued at $50, presented by the club, and to become the property of the member winning it the greatest number of times in 12 shoots. The contest resulted in a victory for Paul Jeanneret, the scores being as below:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lenone | 0101101011000010001101—11 |
| Paul | 1111110111101111110101111—21 |
| James | 0110101111111011011111101—16 |
| Klees | 1111110000011010011111011—16 |
| Huck | 1100100001110000000011011—10 |
| Frank | 0100000000101101110000000—7 |
| Coe | 1110101101011111111101110—19 |
| C Collins | 0111100010101101011100111—15 |
| L Lane | 0101100011111111110000101—16 |
| Jeanneret | 1001111001010011101001011—13 |
| Peck | 0011100101001010101001011—10 |
| Seeley | 0111101101110111111101100—17 |

The following scores were made in a series of sweepstakes:

No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Huck 8, Motzen 6, Klees 6, Peck 5, Frank 3.

No. 2, same: Huck 7, Matzen 7, Klees 6, Frank 6, Peck 5.

No. 3: Matzen 7, Frank 6, Coe 6, Peck 5, Klees 5, C. Collins 4, Huck 4.

No. 4: Matzen 9, Collins 8, Frank 7, Huck 5, Klees 4, Lane 4, Peck 4, Steigelman 1.

No. 5: Matzen 7, Frank 6, Huck 5, Peck 3, Steigelman 1.

No. 6: Frank 6, Peck 5, Matzen 5, Huck 4, Steigelman 0.

No. 7:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lenone | 1111001111— 8 | Lane | 1101101110— 7 |
| Vermorel | 1011111001— 7 | Stiegelman | 0001001010— 3 |
| Abbott | 1111110110— 8 | Frank | 0111101110— 7 |
| C Collins | 1010110110— 6 | F Collins | 1001110111— 7 |
| Peck | 0011100111— 6 | James | 1101001111— 7 |
| Klees | 1111101010— 7 | Lawrenson | 0010010001— 3 |
| Coe | 1111110011— 8 | Huck | 0100011001— 4 |
| Paul | 1001111010— 6 | Jeanneret | 1111101101— 8 |

No. 8:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lenone | 1011111111—9 | Lane | 1011111111—9 |
| Abbott | 1010110010—5 | Peck | 0000110101—4 |
| Vermorel | 1110111111—9 | C Collins | 0111000011—5 |
| Paul | 1000000101—3 | Jeanneret | 0110010111—6 |
| Klees | 1111110011—8 | James | 1110101011—7 |
| E Collins | 1111011111—9 | Lawrenson | 0011000000—3 |
| Coe | 1011101111—8 | Huck | 0101011000—4 |
| Hecht | 0100011000—2 | Frank | 1011011101—7 |

No. 9, 15 singles, $1.50 entry:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lenone | 1101110110111001—10 | L Lane | 1101000101101110— 8 |
| Klees | 1111100100101111—10 | Hagen | 0010100010001101— 6 |
| E Collins | 1010010111111111—11 | Burgess | 0000010001101101— 6 |
| Paul | 0101101111110011—10 | Seeley | 1000110011110110— 8 |
| Abbott | 1111101111100011—11 | Hofman | 0000010011010000— 4 |
| Vermorel | 1011101011111011—11 | G Lane | 0000101000100000— 3 |

No. 11, 25 singles, $2.50 entry.

| | |
|---|---|
| L Lane | 1011101011011101110101111—18 |
| Klees | 1111010111011111111111111—21 |
| Matzen | 1010111110011111001111010—17 |
| James | 0110111101111011011111101—19 |
| Huck | 1101110010101110011111100—16 |
| Lenone | 1110011000101010000110011—12 |
| Coe | 0100110110011011010101101—14 |
| Laurenson | 0000010000000011100000101— 6 |
| Stiegelman | 0000010010100100001100000— 6 |
| Paul | 1101111111110010010110111—18 |
| Jeanneret | 1111011110100000110110111— 16 |
| Frank | 0111111101100101011010111—17 |
| C Collins | 0001000101111000101111011—11 |
| A Lane | 0000100000100000001000001— 4 |
| Burgess | 0000110000110000100101101— 9 |
| Abbott | 1101110101110001110011101—16 |
| Vermorel | 1110001011111111011111001—18 |
| Seeley | 0111010110101111011000001—14 |
| Hagen | 0000001100011100010100100— 8 |
| Peck | 1100101010010101111001010—13 |
| E Collins | 0101110101010111101111101—17 |

### Live Birds in Hunterdon County.

Nearly a dozen exponents of the smooth-bore and live bird shooting gathered on the grounds at Three Bridges, N. J., on Dec. 22, for some sport at the traps. The day was cold with a strong wind and the birds a good lot. The initial event was a team match in which Messrs. Case and Millburn were pitted against Messrs. Stryker and Mason at 23 live birds per man, "H and T" traps, otherwise Hurlingham rules for $25 a corner. The score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Case | 0211112010c210c01c02202101—15 |
| Millburn | 0110112110110212112201220—19—34 |
| Stryker | 1010122112222212101012200—18 |
| Mason | 0111111012011222122111212—22—40 |

The rest of the day was devoted to "Jersey" sweeps, 4 birds per man, $3 entry, two moneys, which ran as below:

| | No. 1. | No. 2. | No. 3. | No. 4. | No. 5. | No. 6. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Case | 1020—2 | 2212—4 | 1012—3 | 2202—3 | 0111—3 | 1120—3 |
| Schenck | 2022—3 | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Millburn | 1120—3 | 2100—2 | 1212—4 | 200w | .... | .... |
| Creeley | 0122—3 | 0221—3 | 0112—8 | 2210—3 | .... | .... |
| Mason | 2122—4 | 1211—4 | 2010—2 | 1222—4 | 0222—3 | 2122—4 |
| Stryker | 1220—3 | 1210—3 | 2011—3 | 1012—3 | 0121—3 | 1110—3 |
| Apgar | | 1020—2 | 1121—4 | 2102—3 | 2120—3 | 1012—3 |
| Henzler | | 1022—3 | 020w | 102'—3 | 2121—4 | 1022—3 |
| Holjes | | 2121—4 | 2101—3 | 0220—2 | .... | 2122—4 |
| Williamson | | 0011—2 | 2212—4 | 00w | .... | .... |
| Prall | | 2001—2 | .... | .... | .... | .... |

### Fulford Wins at Williamsport.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 24.—The fourth of the series of matches between E. D. Fulford and J. A. R. Elliott took place here to-day and for the third time Elliott suffered defeat. The score follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Elliott | 2111110222220121212121012022—22 |
| | 1122221122221212222222220—24 |
| | 2222122111212222222215022—24 |
| | 2002110112101222102101—19—89 |
| Fulford | 2222222222202022222222223—23 |
| | 1122221122121212022221222—24 |
| | 2212211122112221212011111—24 |
| | 2211221122122222222.22222—25—96 |

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B., New York.—1. Tanner has never taken a prize at a New York show. 2. We have no record of the race in question.

H. L. L., Greensboro, N. C.—1. It would be invidious on our part to give the names of kennels. 2. It all depends whether you require setters for bench or field.

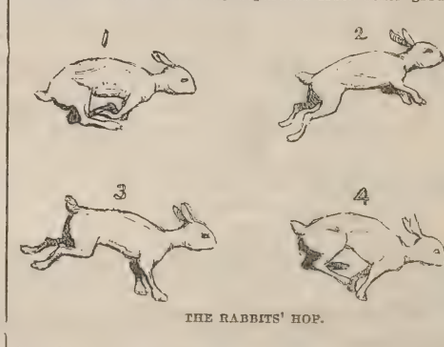
T. B. P., Rochester, N. Y.—According to the latest decisions of the courts, a yacht large enough to be classed as a sea-going vessel need not pay duty, tonnage dues or light money. Any small boat would be classed as a manufactured article and taxed accordingly.

HOUSEBOAT, Newark, N. J.—1. We have in preparation a very complete article on houseboats, which will appear shortly; there is no work on the subject. 2. "Steam Yachts and Launches," published at this office. 3. There has been for some years a school of navigation in Burling Slip, New York, which we understand is still open.

W. G. D.—Would you be so kind as to send me a formula for protection from moth and other insects of feathers for natural history specimens and others. Ans. One of the simplest receipts for poisoning against moths and other insects is the following: "Procure a quantity of alcohol sufficient when diluted with 50 per cent. of water to completely saturate the hair (or feathers) of the specimen and dissolve in it some corrosive sublimate, about one ounce to every three pints of the liquid. The point to strive for in making up such a solution is to make it as strong with the corrosive sublimate as it can be without leaving on dark hair a gray (or white) deposit when the liquid has evaporated." This solution should be poured over the specimen so as to reach to the roots of the hair or feathers.

R. T. N., Boston.—1. Where can I get first-class pedigree blanks? 2. Will a .40-60-210 shoot accurate at 500yds. and is it heavy enough for moose and bear? 3. Will a Colt frontier revolver burn all the powder in a .44-40-200 shell when shot, or is a large part of the powder wasted? 4. Where can I get my setter bitch registered, and where can I get the pedigree of Royal Albert? 5. I would like the address of Mr. Walter Winans as I would like to find out more about his new sights. Ans. We can furnish you pedigree blanks for 25 cents a dozen. 2. Yes. 3. A revolver of the caliber and cartridge named will burn all the powder charge. 4. At the office of American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York city; fee $1; send for registration form, which gives all information. Royal Albert by Sir Alister out of champion Novelty, by Blue Prince II. out of Cockerton's Flame; Sir Alister by champion Tam O'Shanter out of champion Daisy, by Blue Prince out of *old* Kate. 5. Brighton, England.

RABBIT, Ohio.—There has been quite an argument in regard to rabbit tracks. When a rabbit makes a track in the snow there are three tracks made as marked — ⁻ ⁻ It has been left to the FOREST AND STREAM to decide what way the rabbit is supposed to be going by such tracks and what feet made the different tracks. Ans. The rabbit was going toward the right. The tracks indicated by the single dash to the left of the diagram were made by the forefeet, which often fall so close together as to be confused for one track. The two tracks to the right were made by the hindfeet. This statement that the hindfeet fall ahead of the forefeet will no doubt seem erroneous to many, but may be verified by a study of the impressions of the rabbit's toes in a soft, wet snow. Provided the group of four impressions made by an individual leap be correctly separated from other groups, the



THE RABBITS' HOP.

direction of the toes will always show the hindfeet ahead of the forefeet. It will also be noted that the small tracks made by the forefeet are invariably close together, while the long tracks left by the hindfeet are widely separated. It is not an easy matter to explain the philosophy of rabbit peregrination, but the following is offered as at least a plausible hypothesis: Rabbits run with a seesaw motion, using their forelegs as props and their hindlegs as propellers. The motion is similar to leapfrog. In the accompanying sketches Fig. 1 shows the rabbit just as it leaves the snow for a spring. The impressions left would be of the hindfeet. Fig. 2 shows the animal in the air, and Fig. 3 in the act of alighting. In Fig. 3 the burden of its weight is borne by the forelegs. By the momentum of the animal (Fig. 4) the hindlegs are carried forward and on the outside of the supporting forelegs, and (Fig. 1 again) are planted on the snow ahead of the forelegs, which are quickly raised preparatory to a new leap. The group of tracks resulting from 3, 4 and 1, in order, would correspond to those at the head of this query.

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